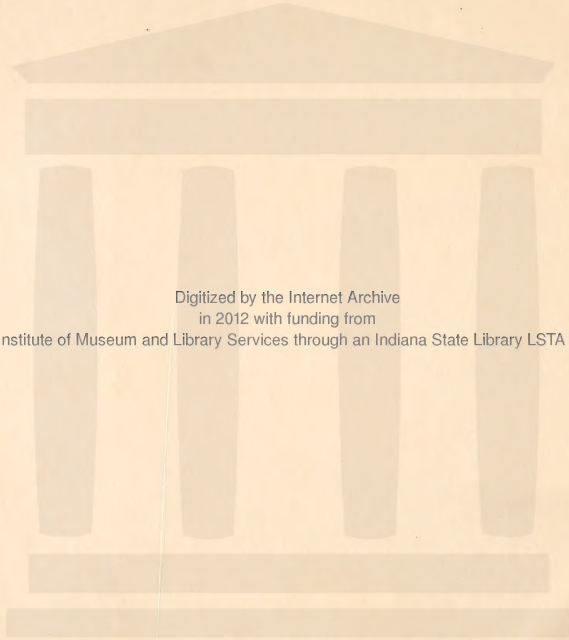
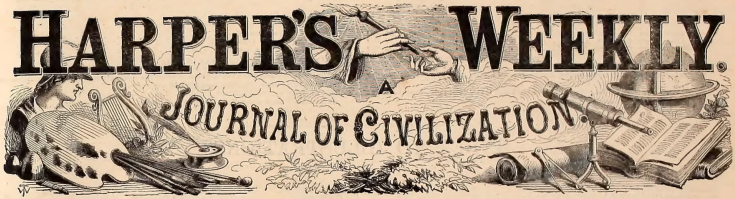


Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2012 with funding from
The Institute of Museum and Library Services through an Indiana State Library LSTA Grant

http://www.archive.org/details/harpersweekly00bonn

THE THIRD VOLUME

OF



THE YEAR 1859.

NEW YORK: HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE.

THE PAST AND THE FUTURE.

THE FIRST NUMBER of the Fourth Volume of HARPER'S WEEKLY will appear on the 4th JANUARY, 1860. Last year over 4,500,000 Numbers of HARPER'S WEEKLY were sold, nearly half of which have been bound for reference. In commencing the New Volume, the Proprietors desire to state that the popularity which HARPER'S WEEKLY has attained will enable them to render it still more valuable in the future.

It has been their aim to render HARPER'S WEEKLY, in the first place, and before any thing else, A FIRST-CLASS NEWSPAPER—a Pictorial History of Current Events, equal to the daily press in fullness of description, and superior to the daily press as combining illustrations with text. How far they have attained their aim, the Three Volumes now published will show. The Illustrations in the Third Volume will bear evidence to the fidelity with which every important event of the past year has been related and illustrated in the pages of HARPER'S WEEKLY. They would refer especially, in this connection, to the Indian War, the Great Eastern Steamship, the HARPER'S Ferry Outbreak, the Utah Expedition, the Paraguay Expedition, China, etc. etc. The value of the paper can be best realized by supposing that it did not exist, and by trying to conceive how little people would really know of passing events if they had to rely on written descriptions alone. In this respect the arrangements for the coming year are more complete than they have been heretofore. HARPER'S WEEKLY has regular Artist Correspondents in almost every quarter of the globe, and is sure of promptly obtaining sketches of every leading event in which our countrymen are concerned. It commands the pencil of the first Artists at home; and, as in the case of the late outbreak at Harper's Ferry, can render its readers eyewitnesses of exciting scenes whereever they occur. It will, moreover, in order to present its readers with a complete illustrated history of our age, continue to engrave on its pages the best and most generally interesting pictures from foreign illustrated journals, just as the daily papers transfer to their columns the articles in foreign newspapers. In a word, the Subscriber to HARPER'S WEEKLY may rely on finding in its pages next year an accurate, well-drawn, well-engraved, and well-printed picture of every memorable event which occurs, and a portrait of every man who attracts the general attention of the people of this country.

HARPER'S WEEKLY will continue, as heretofore, to publish the best Tales that are written by native and foreign Authors. It has already published *A Tale of Two Cities*, by CHARLES DICKENS (with Original Illustrations drawn for HARPER'S WEEKLY); *What will he do with It?* by SIR E. LYTTON BULWER; *The Dead Secret*, by WILKIE COLLINS; *Lois the Witch*, by MRS. GASKELL; *A Good Fight*, by CHARLES READE. It is now publishing *Trespass*, by GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, and *The Woman in White*, by WILKIE COLLINS. On, or before the conclusion of these Tales, others of equal merit will be commenced, it being the intention of the Publishers to secure every work of undoubted excellence that is written here or abroad. It is hardly necessary to add that the foreign Serials which appear in HARPER'S WEEKLY are purchased from their Authors by the Proprietors of HARPER'S WEEKLY, who, in many instances, give for a mere right of priority what amounts to a handsome copyright to the Author.

In addition to Serials, each Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY will contain a short, complete Tale by a native or foreign Author. In respect to these Tales, as with the Serials, the Publishers will publish the best that they can obtain, without regarding the origin. They are always ready to give the highest price for Original Matter; but they will not pass over a first-class Tale because it is foreign, in order to print an inferior one which happens to have been written at home.

The other departments of HARPER'S WEEKLY will continue to receive careful attention at the hands of the Publishers. They will endeavor to combine instruction with amusement, and grave current with light commentary on the affairs of the day. HARPER'S WEEKLY is not designed to be, nor will it ever become, the organ of any party in politics, religion, or letters; but it will not ignore passing events, nor will it shrink from expressing its sentiments whenever, in the opinion of its Conductors, the interests of religion, truth, or the country are jeopardied.

TERMS.

One Copy for Twenty Weeks	$1 00
One Copy for One Year	2 50
One Copy for Two Years	4 00

Five Copies for One Year	$8 00
Twelve Copies for One Year	20 00
Twenty Copies for One Year	40 00

"HARPER'S WEEKLY" and "HARPER'S MAGAZINE," One Year, $5 00.

*** To Postmasters getting up a Club of Twelve or Twenty-One, a Copy will be sent gratis. Subscriptions may commence with any Number. Specimen Numbers gratuitously supplied.

☞ Clergymen and Teachers supplied at the lowest CASH RATES.

All HARPER'S WEEKLY *is electrotyped, Numbers can be supplied from the stereotype.*

Volumes I., II., and III., of HARPER'S WEEKLY, handsomely bound in Cloth extra, price $3 50 each, are now ready.

Missing Covers are furnished to those who with their Numbers bound, at Fifty Cents each. TWENTY-FIVE PER CENT. DISCOUNT allowed to Bookbinders and the Trade.

INDEX TO ILLUSTRATIONS.

ABOLITIONISTS in Council, 840.
Accident of Mishler, Driving Service in, 4.
Accident on Michigan Southern Railroad, 440.
Adonis, Wreck of, 152.
Afro-Negro Children, 116.
Afro-Negro Head, 117.
Agricultural Fair, Staunton, 24.
Agricultural Hall, 825.
Agricultural Gallery (3 Illustrations), 153.
Ajaccio in Country, 853.
In Town, 909.

BADEN-BADEN, Gambling at, 864.
Baggage, Arrival of, 881.
Ball, Negro, 193.
Napier, Card of Invitation, 193.
Napier, Supper, 193.
Trio, of the Season, 129.
BALLOONS (3 Illustrations), 399-393.
Balloon Car, 376.
City of New York, 612.
Ascension, Grand, Darkes, 600.
Battery, 276.
Bellefog for Speaker, 680.
Bona-bali Match at Hoboken, 684-685.
Bear Garden, a German, 681.
Bell-ringers of Seville, 105.
Blind Man's Wife, 813.
Bonbon, 277.
Broderick, Senator, Body of, lying in state, 916.
Brooklyn, U. S. Sloop of War, 88.
Burial, Mormon, 60.

CANE-SHEARING, a, 884.
Caribbean Sea, a Gale in the (3 Illustrations), 868.
Carnival at Rome, 809.
Central American Boss, pictorial History of (3 Illustrations), 35.
Champion, Steamer, 625.
Chase, Assassination of, at Tepic, 702.
Chicago, 880.
Child, 5.
Fatal, Battle of the, 643.
Burning Forty Insects at, 645.
Lion, Tribute Offering the Sick, 5th Commander during, 641.
Wharf, Mr., in relief to Police, 785.
At the Gate of Peiin, 720.
Country Cattle by the Wayside, 785.
Interview with Chinese Commissioners, 793, 794.
China, The Taku Forts on the River, 788.
Christmas Images (3 Illustrations), 500.
Church of Old Brick, 893.
Church of Old Swedes, 893.
At Lima, 772.
City Hall, Morning, 125.
Commodore River, Mouth of, 40.
Cook-fight in Kentucky, 21.
Coldstream, 748.
Cold Weather, Two Views of, 51.
Constantine, 16, 32, 48, 64, 80, 96, 112, 128, 144, 160, 176, 192, 208, 224, 240, 256, 272, 288, 304, 320, 352, 368, 384, 400, 416, 432, 448, 464, 480, 496, 512, 528, 544, 560, 576, 592, 608, 624, 640, 656, 672, 688, 704, 720, 736, 752, 768, 784, 800, 816, 832, 848.
Cotterra, the last Heirs of, 101.
Coolies and Navvies, 73.
Country Help, 80.
Cricket Match at Hoboken, 664-665.
Cuba, Notes on (8 Illustrations), 72, 89.
Purchase of (2 Illustrations), 200.
Cuban Peasant, 73.
Sugar Mill, 73.

DESTITUTE'S Dark-chamber, 21.
Dinner-time, 153.

DJEDDA, Execution at, 901.
Douglas, Statue of S. A., 17.
Dromedary, Wreck of (2 Illustrations), 393.
Dumb Boy, Shooting of, 133.

ECLIPSE, great solar, 28.
Edinburgh, Steamer, in Collision with an Iceberg, 664.
Elephants, Entrance to Cross of, 277.
Eugenie going to the Bath, 644.
Eye operations, 181.
Explosion at Port Urban, 272.
Of Steamer *Primus*, 248.

FACT, Fancy, and Fun (3 Illustrations), 54, 171.
Fall Gardens—Apple-bee, 701.
The Elephant, 760.
Feasting, Sabbath of, 80.
Fashions, French Court, 109.
Opening of Spring, 341.
Fashion, Paris, 240.
Fast Young Men, 197.
Fifth Avenue Hotel, Dining-room of, 672.
Erasure of, 621.
Ladies' Drawing-room of, 653.
Fire-boats in Georgia, 116.
Fire in Brooklyn, 124.
Firemen's Procession, 312.
Fish, the Talking, 532.
Floating Hospital, the New York Bay, 880.
Flying Force (2 Illustrations), 197.
Fowler, Dr., 61.
Fireworks, 456-457.
Free Trade Celebration Boat, Discovery of, 652.
Fac-simile of Record of, 689.
Fraser River Excitement, 21.
Frederick William presenting his Baby, 21.

GAMBLING at Baden-Baden, 864.
Gaiun, 720, 721.
Gentry, Portraits, by CHARLES READE, 468, 469, 504, 549, 585, 588, 589, 600.
Geology, Sea-side (2 Illustrations), 148.
And Art, 149, 150.
Grandmother's Apology, 437.
Great Western, Loss of, 307 Mourning, 308.
At Sea, 606-604.
Greeley's Printing-room of, 620.
Ready for Sea, 677.
Grinding Tools, 53.
View of Deck of, 676.
Grisley, Execution of, B. Young, 561.

HAND-BREAKER, 52.
Happy New Year, 813.
HARPER'S FERRY OUTBREAK, 609.
Brown and his Counsel, 721.
Brown and his Counsel, 773.
Guard-room with Prisoners, 713.
Jail, 729.
Plunder arming his Slaves, 737.
Scene of Brown's Arrest, 713.
Storming of the Engine-house, 712.
Swivel Gun, 729.
Harness, Farm Scene near, 78.
Street in, 72.
Herb Cutter, 709.
Hester Point, 817.
Hinton Lakeport, 277.
Hoop-skirt Manufactures (7 Illustrations), 48.
Manufactures (3 Illustrations), 253.
Horse Boy, 64.

Hosmer's (Miss) Studio, 292.
Hosshold's Library, 537.

ILLINOIS C. R. R. Depôt, 880.
Impudent Fellow, 60.
Indian, Dancing Dance in, 76.
Facts of Travel in, 53.
Inuals, a shooting, 105.
Irving, Funeral of W., 301.
ITALIAN WAR, THE—
Abduction, 560-561.
Fortification near, 288.
Austrian Cuirassier, 561.
Officer in Milan, 564.
Soldier, 564.
Spies, 564.
Como, 400.
Enguging resisting at a Counter, 449.
Feeding the Sacks, 473.
Franciscan, Skirmish at, 577.
French Army on March, 368.
Army Pushing-parts, 417.
Imperial Prince, 93.
Troops Arrived at, in Piedmont, 252.
Funeral at Milan, 544.
Garibaldi's Character, 385.
Generals of Army of Italy, 378.
Italy, Map of, 484.
Italian Officers and Convict, 344-345.
Magenta, 493.
Marching, Battle of, 475-472.
Montebello, Battle of, 666.
Napoleon III. at Magenta, 528.
At Solferino, 483.
Camp Fire at, 497.
Visit of, to the Wounded, 424.
Napoleon III., Landing of, at Queenstown, 232.
Napoleon III. and Cavour, 469.
Prince Jerome, 444.
Prince Jerome, Military Staff of, 641.
Solferino, 469, 493.
Turin, Entry into, 529.
Turcos, how fight, 452.
Turks, the, 452.
Tyrolese Riflemen, 468.
Venetian Army, 469.
Victor Emanuel, 444.
Volunteers, Departure of, from Leghorn, 321.
Verona, Map of, 469.
Zouaves leaving Verbeuse, 529.
Zurich, 529.

JACKSONVILLE Dickinson Boiling Ground, 217.
Jones' Wood, 880.

KING OF TAHITI, the, 670.

LAMPLIGHTER IN NEW YORK, 289.
Law Reporters, Library of, 324.
Life Boat, Model of, South, 4 Illustrations, 5.
Line, Scene in a Church in, 773.
London Bridge, Scene on, 313.
Lost Son, a, 884.
Lover's Quarrel, 64.
Love, Murder of (2 Illustrations), 284.
Lowther, Death of Captain, 25.
Lunatic Asylum, Blackwell's Island (3 Illustrations), 184, 185.
Lynch Law (3 Illustrations), 284.

MAGIC WORKS, 172.
Margaret Tyson, Wreck of the, 40.
Married for Money, 64.
Mary, 100.
Massachusetts, Review at Camp, 816-17.
Matte Cloth, 180.
Meadow Lea, Irrigation at, 902.
Meadow Lea, Irrigation at, 902.
May-day in the City, 281.
In the Country, 280.
Medallion, Full-length Series of (3 Illustrations), 4.
Merry Christmas, a, 824-825.
Mexican Girl, 41.
Mexicans, 41.
Chase mentioned by, 109.
Miles, 120-121.
Mimicition, 41.
Mississippi, Sunk, 812.
Morgani, Inauguration of Governor (2 Illustrations), 4.
Mother-in-law, thoughtful, 85.
Mount Washington Hermetic Scene of, Spring, 24.
Murder, 193.

NAPOLEON III., Reception of, at New-Navy Yard, 85.
Navy Yard, A Story of Ye (8 Illustrations), 164.
Nebraska Bill, 1820 and 1853 (3 Illustrations), 345.
New Orleans Charity Hospital (3 Illustrations), 502.
New Year, A Happy, 1.
New Year's Day in New Amsterdam, 8.
Call on, next Day, 16.
Call, Mrs. Page's, 16.
Call, Mrs. Ward's, 16.
New Year's Morning Mother, 164.
Key to View of, 165.
View of, 165.
Niagara, by Gigneux, 433.

OGLETHORPE'S BARRACKS, Gen., 157.
Old Woman, 157.
Opium, 60.

PARKER'S NERVE, 60.
Parker House, Boston, 206.
PARAGUAY EXPEDITION (SEE U. S.)
Bathers at, 88.
Bathers at Humaita, 181.
Bombardment of Fortress, 217.
Bombarding Fortress Ayres, 193.
Guacho Dance, 297.
Landing Bullock, 276.
Monitor-ville, 217.
Volunteers, Departure of, from Leghorn, 321.
Parliament Building, proposed new, at Ottawa, 520.
Partridge, Execution of, 549.
Perfecting Preliminaries, 60.
Perry's Fleet Complete, 65.
Perry, Death-wake Members of, 68.
Peale, Sale, 60.
PIKE'S PEAK GOLD MINES, the (3 Illustrations), 60, 61.
Fortunes at, 52.
Pilot's Family, 52.
Peak, Map of Route to, 256.
Plague of Locusts, the, 677.
Plains, crossing the, 513.
Plumbing, Sanitary, 29.
Police, crossing the, 516.
Police Force, Organization of, 129, 180.
Police Station, Scene at a, 180.
Pope's Railway Car, the (3 Illust.), 65.
Port au Prince, entry to, 140.
Port Gibson Court-house, Explosion at, 276.
Portland, 577.
Presentry Writing-case, 77.
Prince Albert at Malta, 58.
Prisoner, Explosion of Steamer, 169.
Prudens, administration of the (9 Illustrations), 36, 96.
Pueblo, Captain, 41.

QUEEN OF THE CARIBS, 697.

RAIL-CUTTER, 493.
Railway Accident in Canada, 296.
Train in a Snow-storm, 37.
Redfern and the Wives, 564.
Religious Dance, 77.
Remsen, Long Massachusetts, 616, 617.
Ribbonmen, Irish, 72.
Rich and Poor, 33.
Rome, 650, 651.
Rosignol, Not Value, 564.
Royal Charter, Loss of, 773.
Royal Road to Learning, 756.

SAN JUAN ISLAND, Map of, and adjacent Lands, 612.
San Juan Boundary, 56.
Santiago in 1777, 636.
Sawyer, 120.
Sandwich Troops, 264.
Scene, a Rural, 32.
Scene, a Sad, 240-241.
Shipwrecked Sailors, 49.
Sickle Dragging, 52.
House of Mr. Sickles, 169.
Lafayette Square, 169.
Scene of Homicide, 169.
Trial of Mr. Sickles, 169.
Sickles, D. E., in Prison, 177.
Abercrombie Letter to, 548.
Confession of Mrs., 201.
Trial of D. E., 181.
Skating, 113.
Slave Auction, 100.
Slumk, a, 101.
Slush Times in Brewsbury (2 Illus.), 48.
Snow-drifts, in a, 52.
Soulouque secreted to the Melbourne, 140.
Spurgeon's Church, Mr., 653.
St. Paul's, London, Divine Service in, 9.
St. Valentine in the Country, 112.
Stall Theatre, Sunday, 657.
Stocks, in the, 41.
Street in Brewsbury, 212.
Sub-Treasury, U. S., New York (8 Illustrations), 136, 137.
Switch, 52.
Sunday at Home's Woods, 708.
In Chatham Square, 748.
Sacred Concert, 641.
Sunset, 52.

TACUBAYA, MASSACRE AT (3 Illustrations), 553.
Tammany Hall on Election Night, 744, 745.
Tobacconist, Home Scenes in, 40.
Tobacconist Boats, etc. (7 Illustrations), 136, 137.
Boxes, Pouches, and Pieces on the Plug, Manufacture, 40, 41.
Tips, the Sporting, 857.
Trial of Mr. Sickles for Tiger, etc. (3 Illustrations), 13.
TRIMM (by G. W. Curtis), Illustrations in, by Augustus Hoppin, 208, 232, 265, 284, 300, 316, 329, 341, 357, 373, 389, 405, 421, 437, 453, 469, 485, 501, 518, 533, 549, 565, 581, 597, 613, 629, 645, 661, 677, 693, 709, 725, 741, 757, 773, 789, 805, 821.
Trying, very, 101.
Turcos, 452.
Turnip Assembly, 644.
Two Cities, a Tale of (by Charles Dickens), Illustrations to, by JOHN MCLENAN, 529, 305, 321, 348, 365, 381, 397, 413, 429, 445, 461, 477, 493, 509, 525, 541, 557, 573, 589, 605, 621, 637, 653, 669, 685, 701, 717, 733, 749, 765, 781, 797, 813, 829.
Tyrolese, Youth, 340.

VALENTINES, City, 196.
Valuables, Sea of the Steamer (4 Illustrations), 81.
Van Cruz, Taku Forts before, 801.
Volcanic Eruption (3 Illustrations), 849.

WANDERER, the Yacht, 32.
West Point, Cadet Camp at, 568.
Whale, a Sperm, 648.
White Mountains (3 Illustrations), 581.
Wilbur's Hotel, 165.
WOMAN IN WHITE, BY WILKIE COLLINS, Illustrations to, by JOHN MCLENAN, 753, 777, 805, 821, 845.
Women's Rights Convention, 273.
Wreck of *Adonis*, 193.
Of Steamer *Hindostan*, 121.
Of Royal Charter, 776.

YOUNG, Brigham, and H. Greeley, 561.

PORTRAITS.

Bellows, Rev. H. W., 548.
Bibb, Chancellor, 273.
Brady, Jas. T., 728, 748.
Bright, John, Jun., M.P., 17.
Brown, Henry A., 193.
Brown, John, 713.
Burlingame, Anson, 564.
Butterworth, Mr., 213.
Clotilde Maria Teresa, Princess of Savoy, 45.
Cochrane, Hon. John, 92.
Crawford, John, 193.
Cummings, Rev. J. W., 68.
Davis, Dr. Henry, 277.
Deane, Bishop, 224.
Douglas, S. A., 17.
English Celebrities, the, 668.
Ferdinand IV., King of Naples, 728.
Forbes, J. W., 172.
Francis II., King of Naples, 205.
Francis, Joseph, 28.
Francis V., of Modena, 749.
Gaithuil, Samuel, 253.
Gaffrael, General, 561.
Gialai, Count, 205.
Green, Dr. Horace, 88.
Harrison, Captain, of the Great Western, 693.
Hemsath, Alexander, 577.
Irving, Washington, 785.
Jay, John, 88.
Jay, Mrs. Mary Rhinelander Frame, 24.
Louise, Grand Duchess of Parma, 749.
Lyon, Professor, 88.
Ludlow, Captain, of the Ariel, 76.
Mackay, Alexander, 449.
Meteorick, Prince, 451.
Lee, Gen. John Ashall, 668.
Napier, Lady, 193.
Napier, Sir Charles, 193.
Naples, Queen of, 206.
Nelson, Hon. Samuel, 273.
Nott, Eliphalet, 273.
Ochiltree, Judge, 273.
Orr, Hon. James L., 57.
Preston, Hon. William, 93.
Prince of Wales and Prince, the, 688.
Schlich, Marshall, 47.
Schlich, Mrs., 48.
Sickles, D. E., 225.
Sickles, Mrs. T., 248.
Sickles, Mrs., 232.
Tattnall, Com. Josiah, 676.
Tripler, Gen. J. J. de, 97.
Van Buren, Hon. John, 24.
Victor Emanuel, 273.
Victoria and her Family, 651.
Vyse, Dr., 529.
Washington, Col. L., 736.
Webster, Statue of, 433.
Wise, H. A., 541.
Wise, Professor, 833.
Wood, Hon. Fernando, 804.

Accused in Paris, 563.
Advertising as a Cur, 305.
Adventures of a Paris Lover, 408.
Adventures of a Photographer, 178.
Africa, Central Exploration, 348.
Africa, in Savannah, 208.
Africans, a new Race of, 173.
African, the newly imported, 93.
Alabama, a Slash in, 804.
Alfred, Prince, on his Travels, 87.
Alms-house Children, how, are reared, 117.
American Flag d—d, 663.
Sea Captains, 517.
Americans in Rome, 317.
Leaving Rome, 331.
Amusements, 160.
Arctic Expedition, the last, 490.
A new, 66.
The new, 708.
Argo, Loss of Steamer, 458.
Arizona, Emigrants to, 105.
Disorders, 374.
Armstrong Gun, the, 302.
Army George, 687.
Arnold, a Tale of, 619.
Art, the Future of, 230.
Artificial Hair, the, 103.
Asparagus, Culture of, 453.
Atlantic Telegraph, or Telegraph, Attorney General's Office, 104.
Auburn Prison, Disturbances at, 214.
Auction and Sir Walter Scott, 474.
Aurora, magnificent, 332.
Australia, Emigrants to, 104.
Baden-Baden, How People are ruined at, 564.
Ball, Mr. Dongin's last, 118.
Balloonery:
Aerial Voyages, 418.
Aeronaut, The Adventures of an, 321.
Aerial Voyage, the "Atlantic's," 464.
Balloon, another Transatlantic, 598.
Great, 262.
Railway, 216.
The late, 324.
Voyage across Atlantic, 79.
Ballooning in Europe, 611.
Transatlantic, 609.
Balloon, military, 607.
Lamoontain's Adventures, 665.
Escape, 65.
Tour, 649.
Baltimore Lady Discovery of, 183.
Baltimore, Law and Order in, 598.
Riotin in, 237.
Bankrupt, Sinner as, 57.
Banker, Retirement of a great, 729.
Barber's Curio, 184.
Bargain Hunting, 294.
Base Ball, 616, 776.
Battle of King's Mountain, 659.
Bear Garden, 657.
Bear Garden, 657.
Belle of London, Death of the, 88.
Belleve, Rev. Dr., 64.
Bell, Dr., 64.
And his Sermons, 180.
Berlin, Riots at, 407.
Bibb, the late Chancellor, 278.
Birds, about the, 650.
Bird Mare's Wife, 811.
Biting in, 277.
Bankok, Sinner as, 57.
Banker, Retirement of a great, 729.
Barber's Curio, 184.
Bargain Hunting, 294.
Base Ball, 616, 776.
Battle of King's Mountain, 659.
Bear Garden, 657.
Bear Garden, 657.
Belle of London, Death of the, 88.
Believe

GENERAL INDEX.

Abbess Babbles, the, burned, 619.
Accidents, Accidents, 52.
Accidents, Accidents, 52.
Acrobatic Feat, An, 52.
Actresses, Actresses, 52.
Adulteration, Adulteration, 52.
Advertisements, Advertisements, 52.
Agricultural Implements, Agricultural Implements, 52.
Agriculture, Agriculture, 52.
Air, Air, 52.
Alcohol, Alcohol, 52.
Alcoholic Liquors, Alcoholic Liquors, 52.
Alcoholism, Alcoholism, 52.
Alcoholism, Alcoholism, 52.
Alcoholism, Alcoholism

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. III.—No. 105.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1859. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

I WISH YOU A HAPPY NEW YEAR,
Gentlemen one and all,
And you, most charming ladies,
Who grace this splendid hall.
The wind is free and biting cold,
But the fire is very near;
I watch its glare through the window-pane—
So I wish you a Happy New Year.

Excuse me if my nose is blue,
If my garments are not whole;
Your coats, I see, are of double cloth,
Your boots are a double sole.
It is gay and glorious wine you drink,
I can see it sparkle from here,
As I stand on the pavement, cold and wet,
And wish you a Happy New Year.

Oh! ladies, bright and beautiful,
I came but an hour ago
From a lonely room, in a lonely street,
That your footsteps never know.
I saw a woman whose blood I see
Stitched in your robes of silk—
How she would have relished a glass of wine
Instead of her bread and milk!

The times are very, very hard,
And labor very low—
In yonder garret there lies a man
Whose head is tinged with snow:
The landlord says he must die to-day,
He looks so gaunt and grim;
He says he owes for a quarter's rent—
It is very bad for him.

Fair lady, you with the golden hair,
Come gaze at this thin-lipped child;
See how she shivers and shrinks along,
And looks so wan and wild.
Did you notice, lady bright and fair,
That she had an eye like you?
It was dim and sad with hunger and cold,
But a perfectly heavenly blue.

It was but a few short minutes ago,
As I came through yonder lane,
That I met a pale and trembling girl,
Whose face was marked with pain.
She clutched her fingers long and thin,
And raised her tearless eye
To the tempting loaves in a baker's shop,
And—hurried swiftly by!

I knew that pale and tearless girl
When she was enshrined, like you,
The jewel of a peerless home,
The well beloved and true.
Change comes, my gentle lady fair,
Change to the loved and dear;
But change may never come to you—
So I wish you a Happy New Year.

Ah me! when I was a little boy,
That was a happy time;
The New Year was a New Year then,
My life a pleasant rhyme.
But the time has passed and brought a change,
A change for sorrow and woe;
But I will not speak of that happier time,
'Tis so very long ago.

And now, my gentle ladies all,
May you never know want or sin—
I see that the toes are out of my boots,
And the snow-water rushes in.
So I bid you all a gay good-by,
Though bread is very dear;
Ladies and gentlemen, fair and good,
I wish you a Happy New Year.

"I WISH YOU A HAPPY NEW YEAR."

EVEN IN THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

[The event which is commemorated in the following three-fold plaint at Chilicothe, Ala. Indictment woman was offered money by a man whom she knew; she refused it with scorn, bidding him "take it to his sister." Roused to fury by the imputation, the man stabbed her and fled. As she lay dying on the floor one of her unfortunate companions raised her head, with the entreaty, "Pray, Mary, pray; you are dying!" The dying woman recovered strength enough to utter an audible prayer for her child and her husband, and then gave up her spirit.]

Sun had fallen—fallen very low,
She was covered with paint and sin;
She flaunted her sparkle with rouge and gin,
To cover the stain within.
Cast to the world, and lost to herself,
With the curse of the Lord upon her,
The wreck of what was a womanly heart,
The wreck of a womanly home.

God and herself alone could know
The cause of her desperate fall;
Man alone can never be judge,
When God alone knows all:
But oh! this wreck of a womanly soul,
However deep it may sink,
Is the last to offer the deadly cup
That has pure of heart may drink.

She flaunted her silks in the gaslight's glare,
And glittered in jewels and gold,
While the sound and the sight was a sneering look
To convict the shame she sold:
There was music, wine, and the scoffing jest
That seemed to be born to say—
"Should you come, O Death! to this reckless group!
Which would you bear away?"

He had offered her gold in a sullen tone,
She had put it away in scorn;
They would not, in unwomanly shame,
Had still a heart to be torn.
He had torn it with a shameless word,
That cut like a sharp knife;
He had added a curse, like another stone,
To crush her lifted life.

She had bidden him take his dross of gold
To the light of the morning sun,
Whatever her shame in life might be,
Her shame with him was done:
He had a stoter, young and fair,
Let him give to her—he!
Perhaps it would keep a guiltless step
From the path where she would err.

Quick and short were the words of strife
That rose o'er the music's fret,
And quick as light was the flashing steel
Dimmed with her heart's warm blood.
Where now is the gay and the mocking laugh?
And where is the revelry's tune,
Since Death has stepped in the midst of the crowd
And silently claims his own?

There are pallid lips and staring eyes
To gaze on the bubbling gore
That is welling up from a woman's heart
Who is dying at the door.
She is dying, and in sighs and sobs,
In the blaze of the gaudy light,
And the jeweled hats with the dabbled blood
On her bosom warm and white.

There is one alone of that wanton crowd
As gay and as loud as she,
Who has raised the dying woman's head,
And is bathing her face with tears;
She is whispering to her closing ears,
And watching her parting eye.
"Pray, darling, pray! I have heard them say
In a few short minutes you die."

The words have arrested the flying word—
The soul shall it answer hear?
And the dimming eye grows bright again,
And the hands are clasped in prayer:
To pray aloud in a choking voice!
But never a prayer she said
For her lost, degraded, sinful self,
Dying in shivering dread:

She is praying aloud for the child she has left
For the one who was dead to her:
The prayer is babbling up with her blood,
And going out with her life.
Christian people, see!
Who have light with the Lord above,
Think of the sin and the shame
Who prayed for her earthly love!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1859.

PROTECTION TO UNITED STATES CITIZENS ABROAD.

THE most sarcastic thing that ever was said of the United States was a remark of Charles Dickens, in his "Child's History of England," to the effect that this country was "honorably remarkable for protecting its citizens wherever they went. There were many things in the "American Notes" that were snobbish and unfair. There were many unkind and ungenerous insinuations in "Martin Chuzzlewit." But neither Charles Dickens nor any one else ever uttered so cutting and cruel a sarcasm about the United States as the passage we have quoted from his "Child's History." Praising a miser for his liberality, extolling a rake for his virtue, commending a pirate for his regard for law, eulogizing a rowdy for his love for order—would be faint parallels to the biting sneer conveyed in these few words.

For it is well known that, in many parts of the world, American citizens have been or are still compelled to feign to be Englishmen in order to insure safety for their lives and property. Until very recently our countrymen in China were constantly compelled to place themselves under the protection of the British authorities whenever internal troubles interfered with the routine of Chinese affairs. Throughout Mexico, Central and South America, citizens of the United States have been constantly in the habit of claiming to be Englishmen, whenever the mob assailed them, or threatened them; knowing well how utterly the name of United States citizen was derided, and how much that of subject of the Queen of England was respected. Every one remembers the case of a poor countryman of ours who was seized and condemned to death some years since by the Spanish Americans, and who was rescued from judicial murder only by the timely humanity of the British Consul. That official, in spite of the patriotic scruples of our countryman, drove the Union Jack round him as he was led to the place of execution, and defied the Spaniards to shoot him through that shield. They knew better; and he was saved.

These considerations recur to the mind with great force as one reads of the frightful oppressions practiced on United States citizens in Mexico. Not a mail arrives from thence but we learn of some American being imprisoned or robbed or assassinated under circumstances of barbarity which have that miserable country under their control. Now it is a prosperous merchant who is forced to pay half his property in order to save his neck; now a peaceable citizen of the United States is forced into the ranks of the Mexican army; now a poor fellow who is seized in mid-ocean protect or other and kept in a Mexican dungeon for months. These things occur weekly, almost daily, in Mexico, and no practical notice is taken of them by this Government and by that. We have only the melancholy visions of how much more

or Maine and Texas, should be expected to perform that office.

We have thought it well, as we said above, that these obviously erroneous views should see the light in order that Mr. Everett, and the other partisans of the Mount Vernon speculation, should enjoy an opportunity of refuting them, and overwhelming their authors. For our part, we should gladly see Mount Vernon out of the hands of its present owner and in possession of the public. A couple of hundred thousand dollars would be a very small tribute to the memory of Washington; though, it is true, the memory of Hamilton, which concerns us more closely, remains yet unhonored.

THE LOUNGER.

THE PRESENT SEASON.

At a time when we must all give presents, what shall we give? What thousands of perplexed people wishing to be generous are walking up and down all the chief streets in all the chief cities of this continent, wondering what on earth they shall do. It is not very difficult to "do" for the children. A well fashioned jewelry case, gifts for them, and Christmas and New Year's week is a time slipped from Fairy land.

But what shall Brown give Jones and Robinson? Above all, what shall Jones give Mrs. Brown? Rings are a nice present, but Mrs. Brown is pretty very bald and unmitigated in deliberately turning a few dollars into jewelry and giving it to a friend. It is too much like giving a man a check for cash. Somehow it smells of bribery. If Mr. Jones sends Mrs. Brown a diamond necklace, for Brown's sake can she ever feel quite free to say and do precisely as the wishes and thinks about Mr. Jones?

Besides, a gift ought to be a personal present—and even individual about it. When Lucy works Harry a purse or a pair of slippers, there is something of her own; but when Harry retorts with a Cashmere shawl or an opal pin, he dodges the whole thing. Anybody with the means can at a thousand dollars to spare can buy a Cashmere shawl.

And yet, real affection changes the dead lustre of precious stones into flashes of life and love, so that, perhaps, upon consideration of all the facts and circumstances, a man may be permitted to present a woman with jewelry. The Lounger, however, please look upon that opal pin as a pretty hint of the gleaming, flickering beauty of the modesty which holds your fair fingers: and upon that diamond as the pure, steady light of his love; upon the Cashmere shawl as a token of his sheltering and adorning sympathy, and upon those flowers as speech of which the fragrance is eloquence.

A good deal may be done in that way. Perhaps in the point of all this Mount Vernon talk you can receive the pretty offerings of the pretty men without committing themselves. Let them at least summon courage and try.

MOUNT VERNON.

The Mount Vernon fever is unabated. It rages more violently on every side. Tremendous festivals—fairs—concerts—theatrical matinées—orations—stay-at-home-balls—private theatricals—conversation—the whole popular machinery in motion, the broadest ladies in the land waving the flag frank, and it will go hard but vast sums of money will be cast at the cohorts feet of Mr. John A. Washington—whose celebrity will be carried to his country's annals.

Of course all sensible and shrewd men will agree with Mr. Everett that Mr. Washington is not to be blamed for doing what every body else in the country does—that is, making the most of his case. Why should we all turn round upon one man—and in a spot one—and shout "Humbug!" Now, you Sir, are expected to be particularly patriotic, and give to your country the home of its greatest citizen."

"Diddle-de-dee!" retorts Mr. John A. Washington. "You, Sir, merchant in Park Place or Broadway, are expected to be especially Christian, and give your goods to those who really need them."

Probably the Christian merchant will not think a preliminary to his giving the goods, approved editorial puffs at eight dollars a column will be out. It is the Christianity, so the Patriotism.

A great country, reaching with enterprise and riches, insisting always that it is every man's duty to get thirty-six inches in the yard, is not a very impressive object when it comes to praising in a man for a domain which it professes to consider priceless. The truth is, it is easy enough to arrange the matter. Let Mr. Washington sell to John A. Washington, out of its profound reverence for his ancestor, a half million of dollars. Then let Mr. J. A. Washington, from pure patriotism, present Mount Vernon to his dear country.

This has been set forth in the first Mount Vernon Paper." But the distinct question that remains for every American citizen to ponder is this: If it be shabby in Mr. Washington to ask three hundred thousand dollars for Mount Vernon, what is it in twenty millions of people if they do not stoop to desperately to raise the money for such an object?

A LECTURE-BUREAU.

Nor a chest of drawers in which to stow lectures, but an office to regulate lecture engagements and transact the multitudinous correspondence of the Lyceum.

It must come to that at last. It has even been proposed; and might work somewhat in this way:

The lecturers who are most universally sought might say to all their correspondents: "We have given Mr. Richard Roe authority to arrange our engagements for this season." They have previously furnished Mr. Roe, we will suppose, with a memorandum stating what lectures they have—how far from home they will go—how often in the week they will lecture—how much they expect to be paid—what times they must be able to return —and whatever other items may be necessary. Upon that basis Mr. Roe corresponds with all the Lyceums in the land, and makes a list which he submits to the lecturer, who then finds his enormous and perplexing correspondence entirely annihilated, for he can have a printed form to return to every Lyceum that writes to him, referring it to Mr. Roe.

This can be done, evidently, only by consent and co-operation of the leading lecturers. It is a very mechanical arrangement, and yet it need not disturb the agreeable personal relations which lecturers now enjoy in a sufficiently satisfactory degree. The object of the previous correspondence is merely to secure the lecturer: and a lecturer can do whether that is done directly with him or with his agent.

Under what conditions such an agency will be arranged it is not easy to say: but the Lyceum which has a lecturer in the field every season, or intends so rapidly, that something of the kind is becoming inevitable.

Let any member of a lecture committee, who reads this paragraph, only fancy what a luxury it would be to be saved having some dozen or a dozen letters addressed to the Reverend ——, well, anybody you choose.

AN ENGLISH LORD UPON AMERICA.

Some years since an amiable English gentleman, known as Lord Mahon, visited this part of the United States. He was a mild, bland young man, and left a favorable impression upon the country in which he mingled. Returning to his native land he was conspicuous upon benevolent occasions—filled a seat in the Liberal Ministry—read well-meaning essays upon Pepe's poetry to Mesdames Tussaud—became master of Carlyle by the death of his father—was made Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland—travelled in the East, and published his "Diary"—several days' sojourn among the Royal Literary and Philosophical Society read a printed paper which gives a favorable American report of it some extemporaneous remarks upon the present aspect of this country.

In a few months he states that his admiration of our public proceedings is not increased by what has happened since his visit. Still he is not despondent in anticipations of our future are not very sanguine.

A mild gentleman, like the Earl of Carlisle, unexceptionable in every aspect of manners and morals, gives a somewhat similar account. He has a mere fact of his amiable goodness. And yet there are probably very few sagacious observers in this country who do not think that the two men are no promising for us at this moment. For the phenomenon of a people who are conscious of no moral development, and probably our moral education was never more actively progressing than it is now. It is not easy with strangers to have a chance that they can not understand the relative force of symptoms.

What, for instance, would the Earl of Carlisle have said if he had been followed by an American who had studied the Hall Lecture? Would philosophical Society that the Crimean and Indian wars had paralyzed the prestige of arms and developed the blunders of her military system—that the most careful statistics showed the condition of the laboring classes in the British Isles so deplorable—that Mr. Bright's position and the importance attached to it, were symptoms of the paralysis of the popular sentiment for essential reforms?

The Earl of Carlisle would justly have replied that recent events were not relevant. But might the statement not have helped him to see how difficult it is to acquire justly dignity of state relations since he unquestionably would have replied to the American that the facts he mentioned were more relevant than those which he himself stated? Is it so?

That is precisely the answer made to his Lordship by the mind of every reflecting man who reads his Lordship's misgivings about America.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

"NEW ORLEANS, *December*, 1858.

"DEAR LOUNGER,—Read the following from the *Picayune*! Provincials with us sometimes this winter. You see what a terrible bridge a bridge of boats makes! It is forming them what the *metropolitan* pronunciation of bridge is. We have in here every thing but Yankees and bounty to Frenchmen.

PROVINCIAL."

"The name Frenchmen is probably made up of *French*, and *Yankee*, and means (grammatically, mon: little boss. The emphasis falls upon the child's pride. *Yes—Colonial.* "Le Petit Caporal" will find this confirmed in Coleridge's translation of Schiller's drama *The Piccolomini*, in which the whole tone of the work likewise requires the emphasis upon *him*.

—RALPH ROWLAND, Newark, N. J., wishes to be supplied with the first twenty-one numbers of HARPER'S WEEKLY, if they can be procured readily. Back numbers can be supplied from the beginning at five cents each. Thanks for his good wishes.

"*December*, 1858.

"DEAR LOUNGER,—Will you, through the columns of your *Weekly*, explain why a cup of water remains in a tilted tea-table in a vertical position, instead of falling forward?

AN INQUIRER.

—Did an INQUIRER ever hear of the famous problem proposed to the Academy in Paris, and long debated by the members—"Why a living fish put into a vessel of water fall to the brim would not *make it overflow?*" It is probably for the same reason that the water in the cup does not flower. If AN INQUIRER has never heard the answer, the Lounger will be very happy to tell it.

—JAMES FRESHMAN, of Boston, having noticed the question of James Oldschool about Female Hogs, is of opinion that Mr. O. has never taken the "metropolitan cars, in the afternoon between the hours of four and seven, and witnessed the rush made toward the "little dears" to obtain a seat after they are occupied."

"The following dialogue happened in one of these cars a few days since, and may be consilatory to the wounded feelings of Mr. O.:

"'Now, I do declare, Clara, there is not a single seat unoccupied!'

"'Never mind, Mary, go in; some gentleman will undoubtedly give up his to us.'

"Thereupon the train enter, each with tawdry yards more or less embellishing their way to the rear of the car, anxiously looking to find some gentleman with whom they were to be acquainted, who would be ready rise and at least offer his seat. Failing in this, they commence exercising in a sufficiently audible voice to enable all as the car to hear.

"'Now, Clara, I wish he had we should have to stand all the way out from town? I am so dreadful tired. I have been up and down Washington Street at least a dozen times this afternoon, and am completely worn out.'

"'Yes, Mary, how I should just on mine, or at least edge some plan that ladies can be seated.'

"The conversation is kept up in the same strain, who apparently has been on his feet since early morn, Mrs. Meadows, who will accept you are so kind as come to it;' whereupon Miss Clara bounces down into the seat, and with a proud leer irons in its utmost dimensions, not even condescending to thank the unlucky wight whom heart was too tender to permit a lady to stand while he has the standing all the afternoon for pleasure.

"Another kind old gent on the other side takes similar compassion on the two.

"NOS.' says MR. JAMES FRESHMAN, 'if Mr. O. has been so fortunate as not to live in a city where practically the rule is, Ladies first and yourself afterward, a week or two's sojourn in this neighborhood will soon convince him to as many of his so-styled "Female Hogs" as the inclination may prompt, and in much more vexatious kind than he met at Springfield.'

The Lounger certainly can not be accused of intolerability to ladies. He may himself have the not exhorted ladies who are traveling to remember that, although politeness requires every man to be a gentleman, it is just as incumbent upon a lady to be a lady. He does not agree with JAMES FRESHMAN, that if he "practiced" for any year or two in a community where the rule is not "Ladies first and yourself afterward," he would be subjected to very unfortunate for any gentleman to be thrown into the society of women who were not ladies. And does any lady ever take a gentleman's seat without thanking him for it?

—DARBY, PA., replying to the Lounger's note to him in regard to printing as original what some one else had written, says:

"I have had but little connection with editors, but I very much fear that yours editorial brethren are such in which that one was sents to you; and hence I trust you will believe that I had no idea of dishonesty in doing as I did."

The Lounger was very far from charging deliberate dishonesty upon his correspondent. He stated that he could not print what was sent to him as original, and that DARBY, upon reflection, would doubtless agree with him.

—W. G. (who gives his name), writing from Greenville, Mississippi, says, that upon desiring with a large firm,

"I was introduced to one of the clerks in the house to have 'a drink,' and I soon found it was a standing custom to have a green to do its drinking, and then, while making his purchases, to keep the town treat. Custom merely make this observation, thinking it may be interesting to many of your readers. I can vouch for the correctness."

Such attentions are not altogether unknown in New York, although it is not always the same clerk who offers every kind of civility. The secret history of the dry-goods trade in New York would be a curious revelation.

The Lounger regrets that his constant engagements on the eastern side of the Mississippi prevent the accepting of the following invitation which he received some time since:

GRAND BUFFALO HUNT.

TO THE LOUNGER.—The Conglomerate of the Citizens and Soldiers of the Company B, of the Second Regiment are extended to you, and your presence is *propria per sona* requested at Lexington, K. T., on the ——— next, properly armed and equipped (in accordance with the following order) to participate in the Southwestern portion of said Arapahoe District, for the purpose of; engaging in a

GRAND BUFFALO HUNT.

SAMUEL WALKER, *Captain.*
(Shawnee Chief) JOHNNY LOCKMAN, *1st Lieut.*
HARD. FEATHER, *2d Lieut.*
(Delaware Chief) THOMPSON SNAKE, *3d Lieut.*
P. F. BROWN, *Commissary.*
(Shawnee Indian.) DOCTOR GRAY-EYE, *Surgeon.*

ATTENTION, COMPANY B!

Let the Lexington Parade!

You are ordered to meet at the rendezvous of the company fully mounted and equipped for active service, on the ——— next. Each member is ordered to provide himself with 50 days' rations, and ground sheet Equipped, Sharp's Rifles, and eighteen-inch Revolver; 1 Bowie-knife; 100 rounds rifle-ball cartridge; 200 rounds revolver cartridge, and 60 gills pure spirits in the canteens.

Wagon-Wagons will be provided by the Commissary.

By Order of the Captain,

SAMUEL WALKER, Clerk (Shawnee Chief),
Orderly Sergeant and Interpreter.

LEXINGTON, K. T., 1858.

—PHILADELPHIA, *December*, 1858.

"DEAR LOUNGER.—Will you please tell me where I can find the inclosed lines, which I heard quoted in a speech, but the orator did not know where he had found them?

"You must either soar or stoop,
Fall or triumph, stand or droop;
You must either serve or govern,
Must be master or must be sovereign;
Must, in fine, be block or wedge,
Must be anvil or be sledge."

"Truly yours,
"SCRIBBLER."

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

TUESDAY EVENING, *Friday, Dec. 24, 1858.*

The week which ends this day (to-morrow being Christmas) has been a dull one in commercial and financial circles. People generally seem disinclined to enter into new engagements, merchants, because they want to see how the spring trade will open, men of money, because they prefer to await the event of the new year. Money is unchanged in value: loans are made on call at 6, and the best endorsed paper is done at the same rate. It has been true 90 days to run: longer paper, some grade at 6.7. Exchange is 9 to 9½ per cent for sight, 9½ to 10 for bankers' sterling, and 9.12½ @ 9.15 for francs.

Stocks have been dull throughout the week, and the Western Railroad shares—chiefly Illinois Central, Galena, and Rock Island—are lower. Until the earnings increase, a decline in the value of these shares must be expected.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Friday, Dec. 24, 1858.*

THE Wholesale Produce Markets were unusually quiet the week for the leading items of the catalogue. Receipts, however, were light, and receivers manifested a disposition to favor sellers. Quotations were substantially unchanged —Cotton, Coffee, Molasses, Sugars, and Rice, were the only exceptions to the rule. The receipts of Flour and Provisions were extensive, and Hog Products favor sellers —Fish, Hay, Hemp, Naval Stores, and Wool were moderately dealt in.... Tobacco and Wool were rather more active.... Prices of the latter are in the advance.... The Dry Goods trade has been devoid of salient features, and will likely continue so for a few days. We append a revised list of the closing quotations for the leading articles:

Uncured State Flour, per bbl	$3 70	@ $4 30
Superfine to Low Grades, per bbl	4 10	@ 4 50
Superfine to Fancy Western, per barrel	4 10	@ 5 00
Fancy Western, per barrel	5 05	@ 5 15
Fancy to extra Genesee, per barrel	5 10	@ 5 75
Superfine to Fancy Southern, per barrel	4 75	@ 5 75
Fancy to Extra Southern, per barrel	4 75	@ 5 75
Fancy to Extra Ohio, per barrel	5 05	@ 5 75
Fancy Wheat, per barrel	5 00	@ 5 75
White Wheat, per bushel	1 40	@ 1 60
Red Wheat, per bushel	1 30	@ 1 40
Mixed Western Corn, per bushel	75	@ 80
White, per bushel	78	@ 80
Barley, per bushel	70	@ 1 02
Western Oats, per bushel	36	@ 38
State Oats, per bushel	40	@ 41
Canada and State Oats, per bushel	42	@ 43
Southern Oats, per bushel	40	@ 42
Southern Corn, per bushel	68	@ 70
Pens, Field, per barrel	1 75	@ 1 87½
Pens, Black-eye, per barrel	1 75	@ 1 87½
Mess Pork, per barrel	17 50	@ 18 12½
Prime Pork, per barrel	14 00	@ 14 50
Western Prime Mess Pork, per barrel	16 00	@ 16 50
Cut Meats, per pound	8½	@ 9
Hams, per pound	9	@ 10
State Butter, per pound	23	@ 26
Western Butter, per pound	16	@ 20
Cheese, per pound	8½	@ 9½
Lard, per pound	8 75	@ 9
Rio Coffee, per pound	9½	@ 12
Java Sugars, per pound	10	@ 11
Cuba Molasses, per gallon	29	@ 37
New Orleans Molasses, per gallon	33	@ 37
New Orleans Sugar, per gallon	35½	@ 36
Crushed Sugar, per pound	10	@ 10½
Loaf Sugar, per pound	10	@ 10½
Domestic Whisky, per gallon	25	@ 26
Rice, per pound	4	@ 6
Hops, per pound, 1858	15	@ 17
Hops, per lb, per pound, 1857	6	@ 7
Tallow, per pound	9	@ 9½
Tallow, Prime, per 100 pounds	100	@ —
Spirits Turpentine, per gallon	8 75	@ 9
Rosin, per 100 pounds	1 75	@ 1 80
Common Resin, per 100 pounds	1 70	@ 1 75
Strained Resin, per pound	1 80	@ 1 85
Rosin, Good Tarr, per pound	6	@ 14
Rosin, Good Tarr, per pound	6	@ 14
Adamantine Candles, per pound	16	@ 17
" Pulled Wool, per pound	38	@ 45

The Live Stock Markets last Wednesday were firmer for Beeves, and the demand for Veals was good. Cows were sparingly sought after.... Veal Calves were scarce and in good request.... The supply of Sheep and Lambs during each of the last two weeks compare as follows:

	Week ending Dec. 18.	Week ending Dec. 25.
Beeves	5,379	5,253
Milch Cows	195	167
Veal Calves	1,000	1,000
Sheep and Lambs	8,197	8,407
Swine	5,000	5,000

The range of prices according to the actual sales of Beeves and Sheep and Lambs at the Cattle Market last week was as follows:

Extra Cattle, Beeves, per pound	8 @ 8½	
Common to ex. Milch Cows, per head	35 00	@ 65 00
Veal Calves, per pound	6	@ 6½
Sheep and Lambs, per head	2 75	@ 6 00
" per pound	5½	@ 6½
Live Swine, per pound	5½	@ 6
Dressed Hogs	7½	@ 8
Roasting Pigs, each	3 00	@ 5 00

The Provision Produce Markets were more active for poultry, but rather quiet for most other articles.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY FARMERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Apples, new, per barrel	$ 2 00	@ $ 3 00
Apples, dried, per pound	3	@ 4
Beans, per bushel	1 00	@ 1 75
Hickory Nuts, per bushel	1 00	@ 2 75
Chestnuts, per bushel	1 00	@ 1 50
Beans, per bushel	1 75	@ 1 75
Potatoes, per bushel	1 00	@ 1 50
Potatoes, sweet, per barrel	2 50	@ 4 00
Onions, per barrel	2 00	@ 3 00
Turnips, per barrel	62	@ 87
Carrots, per barrel	1 00	@ 1 50
Carrots, per bushel	1 00	@ 1 50
Parsnips, per barrel	1 00	@ 1 50
Parsnips, per bushel	1 00	@ 1 50
Cabbages, per hundred	4 00	@ 6 00
Celery, per bundle	1 00	@ 1 50
Celery, table, per dozen bunches	75	@ 1 00
Celery, table, per hundred bunches	5 00	@ 8 00
Garlic, per 100 bunches	4 00	@ 5 00
Parsley, per dozen	1 00	@ 1 50
Parsley, per 100 bunches	1 25	@ 2 00
Eggs, N. J., Penn., &c., per dozen	30	@ 32
Eggs, Western, per dozen	21	@ 23
Chickens, per pair	75	@ 1 00
Fowls, per pair	62	@ 75
Ducks, per pair	75	@ 1 00
Geese, per pound	8	@ 10
Geese, per pair	1 00	@ 1 50
Wild Turkeys, per pound	8	@ 10
Ducks, per pound	11	@ 14
" black, per pair	1 00	@ 1 50
" widgeon, per pair	37	@ 50
" wood, per pair	1 00	@ 1 50
Figeons, per dozen	1 00	@ 1 50
Woodcock, per dozen	3 00	@ 4 00
Partridges, per pair	50	@ 75
Snipe, Grass, per dozen	1 00	@ 1 50
Plover, per dozen	75	@ 1 00
Quail, per dozen	50	@ 75
Squirrels, per dozen	1 00	@ 1 50
Venison, per pound	7	@ 10
Bear's Meat, per pound	5	@ 6

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

TUESDAY EVENING, *Friday, Dec. 24, 1858.*

The week which ends this day (to-morrow being Christmas) has been a dull one in commercial and financial circles. People generally seem disinclined to enter into new engagements, merchants, because they want to see how the spring trade will open, men of money, because they prefer to await the event of the new year. Money is unchanged in value: loans are made on call at 6, and the best endorsed paper is done at the same rate. It has been true 90 days to run: longer paper, some grade at 6.7. Exchange is 9 to 9½ per cent for sight, 9½ to 10 for bankers' sterling, and 9.12½ @ 9.15 for francs.

Stocks have been dull throughout the week, and the Western Railroad shares—chiefly Illinois Central, Galena, and Rock Island—are lower. Until the earnings increase, a decline in the value of these shares must be expected.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Friday, Dec. 24, 1858.*

THE Wholesale Produce Markets were unusually quiet the week for the leading items of the catalogue. Receipts, however, were light, and receivers manifested a disposition to favor sellers. Quotations were substantially unchanged —Cotton, Coffee, Molasses, Sugars, and Rice, were the only exceptions to the rule. The receipts of Flour and Provisions were extensive, and Hog Products favor sellers —Fish, Hay, Hemp, Naval Stores, and Wool were moderately dealt in.... Tobacco and Wool were rather more active.... Prices of the latter are in the advance.... The Dry Goods trade has been devoid of salient features, and will likely continue so for a few days. We append a revised list of the closing quotations for the leading articles:

Uncured State Flour, per bbl	$3 70	@ $4 30
Superfine to Low Grades, per bbl	4 10	@ 4 50
Superfine to Fancy Western, per barrel	4 10	@ 5 00
Fancy Western, per barrel	5 05	@ 5 15
Fancy to extra Genesee, per barrel	5 10	@ 5 75
Superfine to Fancy Southern, per barrel	4 75	@ 5 75
Fancy to Extra Southern, per barrel	4 75	@ 5 75
Fancy to Extra Ohio, per barrel	5 05	@ 5 75
Fancy Wheat, per barrel	5 00	@ 5 75
White Wheat, per bushel	1 40	@ 1 60
Red Wheat, per bushel	1 30	@ 1 40
Mixed Western Corn, per bushel	75	@ 80
White, per bushel	78	@ 80
Barley, per bushel	70	@ 1 02
Western Oats, per bushel	36	@ 38
State Oats, per bushel	40	@ 41
Canada and State Oats, per bushel	42	@ 43
Southern Oats, per bushel	40	@ 42
Southern Corn, per bushel	68	@ 70
Pens, Field, per barrel	1 75	@ 1 87½
Pens, Black-eye, per barrel	1 75	@ 1 87½
Mess Pork, per barrel	17 50	@ 18 12½
Prime Pork, per barrel	14 00	@ 14 50
Western Prime Mess Pork, per barrel	16 00	@ 16 50
Cut Meats, per pound	8½	@ 9
Hams, per pound	9	@ 10
State Butter, per pound	23	@ 26
Western Butter, per pound	16	@ 20
Cheese, per pound	8½	@ 9½
Lard, per pound	8 75	@ 9
Rio Coffee, per pound	9½	@ 12
Java Sugars, per pound	10	@ 11
Cuba Molasses, per gallon	29	@ 37
New Orleans Molasses, per gallon	33	@ 37
New Orleans Sugar, per gallon	35½	@ 36
Crushed Sugar, per pound	10	@ 10½
Loaf Sugar, per pound	10	@ 10½
Domestic Whisky, per gallon	25	@ 26
Rice, per pound	4	@ 6
Hops, per pound, 1858	15	@ 17
Hops, per lb, per pound, 1857	6	@ 7
Tallow, per pound	9	@ 9½
Tallow, Prime, per 100 pounds	100	@ —
Spirits Turpentine, per gallon	8 75	@ 9
Rosin, per 100 pounds	1 75	@ 1 80
Common Resin, per 100 pounds	1 70	@ 1 75
Strained Resin, per pound	1 80	@ 1 85
Rosin, Good Tarr, per pound	6	@ 14
Rosin, Good Tarr, per pound	6	@ 14
Adamantine Candles, per pound	16	@ 17
" Pulled Wool, per pound	38	@ 45

The Live Stock Markets last Wednesday were firmer for Beeves, and the demand for Veals was good. Cows were sparingly sought after.... Veal Calves were scarce and in good request.... The supply of Sheep and Lambs during each of the last two weeks compare as follows:

	Week ending Dec. 18.	Week ending Dec. 25.
Beeves	5,379	5,253
Milch Cows	195	167
Veal Calves	1,000	1,000
Sheep and Lambs	8,197	8,407
Swine	5,000	5,000

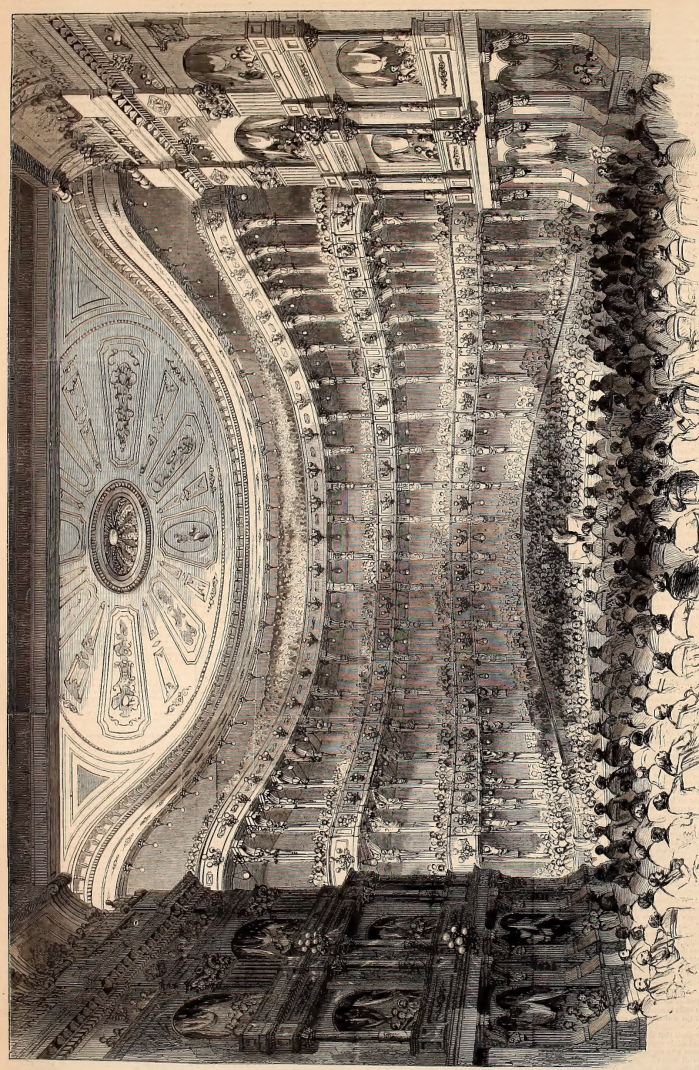
The range of prices according to the actual sales of Beeves and Sheep and Lambs at the Cattle Market last week was as follows:

Extra Cattle, Beeves, per pound	8 @ 8½	
Common to ex. Milch Cows, per head	35 00	@ 65 00
Veal Calves, per pound	6	@ 6½
Sheep and Lambs, per head	2 75	@ 6 00
" per pound	5½	@ 6½
Live Swine, per pound	5½	@ 6
Dressed Hogs	7½	@ 8
Roasting Pigs, each	3 00	@ 5 00

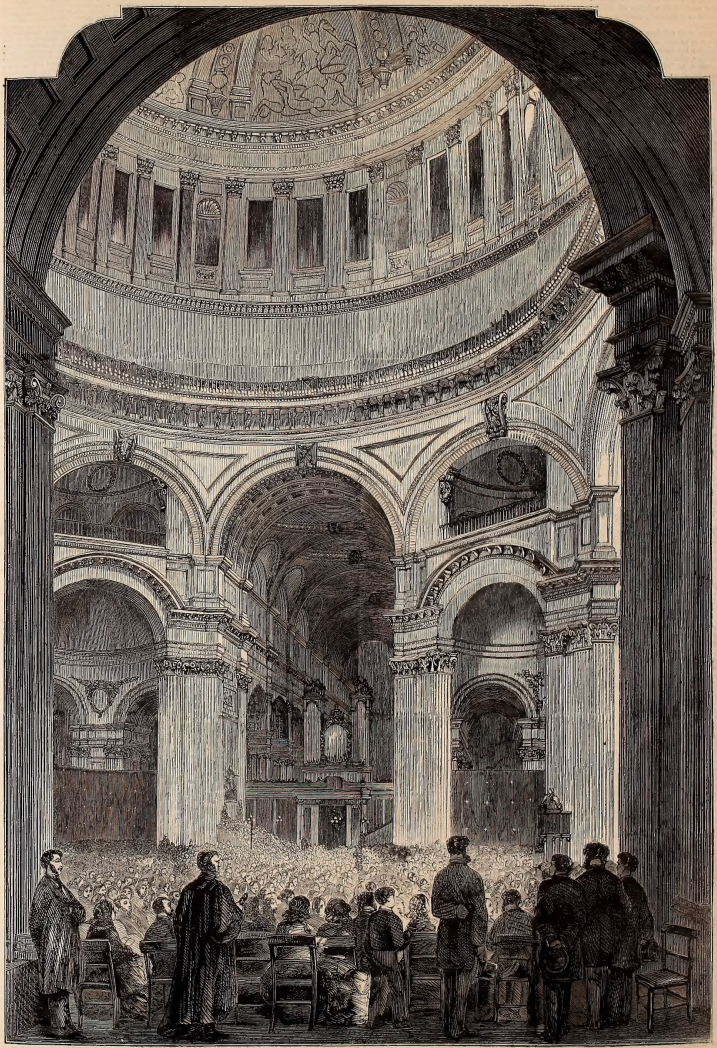
The Provision Produce Markets were more active for poultry, but rather quiet for most other articles.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY FARMERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Apples, new, per barrel	$ 2 00	@ $ 3 00
Apples, dried, per pound	3	@ 4
Beans, per bushel	1 00	@ 1 75
Hickory Nuts, per bushel	1 00	@ 2 75
Chestnuts, per bushel	1 00	@ 1 50
Beans, per bushel	1 75	@ 1 75
Potatoes, per bushel	1 00	@ 1 50
Potatoes, sweet, per barrel	2 50	@ 4 00
Onions, per barrel	2 00	@ 3 00
Turnips, per barrel	62	@ 87
Carrots, per barrel	1 00	@ 1 50
Carrots, per bushel	1 00	@ 1 50
Parsnips, per barrel	1 00	@ 1 50
Parsnips, per bushel	1 00	@ 1 50
Cabbages, per hundred	4 00	@ 6 00
Celery, per bundle	1 00	@ 1 50
Celery, table, per dozen bunches	75	@ 1 00
Celery, table, per hundred bunches	5 00	@ 8 00
Garlic, per 100 bunches	4 00	@ 5 00
Parsley, per dozen	1 00	@ 1 50
Parsley, per 100 bunches	1 25	@ 2 00
Eggs, N. J., Penn., &c., per dozen	30	@ 32
Eggs, Western, per dozen	21	@ 23
Chickens, per pair	75	@ 1 00
Fowls, per pair	62	@ 75
Ducks, per pair	75	@ 1 00
Geese, per pound	8	@ 10
Geese, per pair	1 00	@ 1 50
Wild Turkeys, per pound	8	@ 10
Ducks, per pound	11	@ 14
" black, per pair	1 00	@ 1 50
" widgeon, per pair	37	@ 50
" wood, per pair	1 00	@ 1 50
Figeons, per dozen	1 00	@ 1 50
Woodcock, per dozen	3 00	@ 4 00
Partridges, per pair	50	@ 75
Snipe, Grass, per dozen	1 00	@ 1 50
Plover, per dozen	75	@ 1 00
Quail, per dozen	50	@ 75
Squirrels, per dozen	1 00	@ 1 50
Venison, per pound	7	@ 10
Bear's Meat, per pound	5	@ 6



DIVINE SERVICE BEING HELD IN THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC AT NEW YORK ON SUNDAY EVENINGS.



DIVINE SERVICE BEING PERFORMED IN ST. PAUL'S, LONDON, ENGLAND, FOR THE FIRST TIME.

PREACHING IN THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, AND IN ST. PAUL'S, LONDON.

We give this week two illustrations—one the most remarkable religious assembly perhaps ever convened in America; the other, a similar scene in England.

The great religious movement of the year 1858 is not to be overlooked by the man of the world. Religion has been and will be the subject of civilization, and at this moment is the mightiest instrument in lifting the lands of barbarism with knowledge and social happiness.

This moral awakening that has prevailed out west and under cities during the past year, has attracted the attention of thoughtful men in all parts of the world.

A few weeks ago it was proposed by some benevolent gentlemen in this city to open the Academy of Music for religious worship. The notice was given on the corner of Irving Place and Fourteenth Street, near Union Square, in the hearing of a solution of New York. It is the most spacious and magnificent building in the United States, seating more than four thousand people, and in the evolutions is not excelled by the most splendid operahouses in the Old World.

To take a lease of such a building was a bold conception. Would the people come to hear preaching in a theatre? Would they come in sufficient numbers to fill the house? How would the funds be raised to defray the enormous expenses of such an undertaking? But, more than all, would the pastors of the city, in addition to their own services, give their parishioners to sustain these meetings every Sunday night? It was a great experiment. The house was hired for eight nights. It was opened on the evening of November 21, 1858, in the midst of a tremendous storm of rain, hail, and snow. In spite of the weather an audience of three or four thousand people were in the Academy before the hour for service began. The Rev. James W. Alexander, D.D., of the Old School Presbyterian Church, preached the sermon. It was powerful and persuasive, and made a deep impression. The next Sabbath evening it stormed again, and as large an audience assembled, when the Rev. William Adams, D.D., of the New School Presbyterian Church, preached a graphic and startling sermon, which was heard with the deepest interest. Again, on the third Sabbath, the weather was unfavorable, but not so bad as before, and the vast building was thronged in every seat, passage, aisle, and corridor; and thousands made unsuccessful efforts to get in. The Bethune, of the Reformed Dutch Church, preached a sermon of great eloquence and power. On the 12th of December the Rev. Dr. Durbin, of the Methodist Church, delivered a stirring and powerful discourse to an immense audience. On the 19th, Bev. Dr. Hague, of the Baptist Church, occupied the temporary pulpit. The same crowding assemblies filled the building each successive Sunday, and will continue to do so.

Among the events we noticed a great many of the class for whom the idea was specially designed. One gentleman rear us, of reasonably intelligent appearance, who evidently was suffering experience in church-going to know that they sang hymns, for he asked an explanation of the printed hymns in the most wise style; and was intensely astonished at the performance when the singing came sing, with one voice, a grand old psalm. The congregational music, led by a precentor on the platform, is one of the features of the meetings of the grand feature.

In this immense crowd, filling the sweeping circles of the great hall, the mind of one who stands on the stage, and looks up to the tiers on tiers of heads, can not fail to turn rapidly from one class from the thousands who hang on the lips of the speaker who dispenses the word of life, to the more remote ages when, in such theatres, crowds gathered even so to look on the pains and passions of martyrs in the arena—but when, instead of a spell from the ground to the insane mobs of fair women and blood-thirsty men that gazed on their sufferings.

The success of the experiment has been abundant. It can not fail to be vast good. It may be why should it not be?—the first step in a great moral and religious movement in which all the Presbyterian and Methodists and Baptists and Congregationalists can then unite in preaching the truth, what is to be held hereafter a matter of union among Christians of all denominations in the great work in which all are engaged? We have seen things from these Academy of Music meetings; and we know no subject of illustration for our columns more worthy of preservation, than the scene of the great movements of the age.

It is not, perhaps, to be wondered at that a religious demonstration of this vast character should meet with more or less opposition from men of the world; and hence the circulation of those statements that the collections taken up are more than the expenses, and that the meetings are money-making. This is wholly erroneous. The collection has in no instance paid the evening's expenses, and it has frequently been less than one half of the cost. The large deficiency is made up from the private purses of the gentlemen of these Christian philanthropists; and it is the intention of those gentlemen to keep the doors open for preaching every Sunday evening this winter.

The peculiarity of the corresponding religious service at St. Paul's, in London, is, however, that that edifice has for two centuries been the greatest church in England, divine service had for ages been performed there until the occasion which we now illustrate. Service has from time to time—with some regularity, we believe, lately—been performed in the choir: it has been described as "a little faint tinkling going on at the extremity of a remote corner of the building, or coming from a subterranean vault." Of course no one ever attended. People went to St. Paul's when Nelson and Wellington were buried; and strangers went to see it as one of the great wonders of London. During the Great Exhibition, vespers were occasionally rung there. But as a "house of God" St. Paul's has never been physically used during many ages of past mouth. A few weeks ago some prominent members of the Church of England proposed, as a novelty, to turn to good account the grand cathedrals of the British metropolis, and St. Paul's was selected as the site of the first experiment. It was perfectly successful. In the language of a reporter who was present,

"Not half the strong round the western entrance of the church-yard could be admitted. By six o'clock the upper part of Ludgate Hill was blocked up in a mass of disappointed expectants; for the cathedral was even then full to the utmost extent the energy of the police could by any would accommodate. According to a very ministerial regulation, the doors were not opened till the seats were appropriated, but this closing of the doors gave much offence to the eager crowd excluded crowd. The congregation was by no means a fashionable one. It consisted mainly of the lower middle classes and the working men. Few women were present, comparatively speaking.

"The choir, greatly augmented for the occasion, numbered 500 voices, divided into four bands and sixty, and the service was choral throughout. So immense is the space, that even this great body of sound was not more than sufficient to fill it. The service opened in the Old Hundredth Psalm, which was sung after the third Collect, and it was sung grandest and most impressively of the musical portion of the service.

"The sermon was preached by the Bishop of London, on the 11th verse of the 1st chapter of the 1st Epistle to the Corinthians—'Writing for the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.' His discourse lasted nearly an hour, and was delivered with much earnestness. The whole of the service concluded with the 100th Psalm, in which the whole congregation again joined."

THE OLD YEAR IS DYING.

BY CHARLES STEWART.

I.

Dear friends, a year is going down
The dusky hills of death;
His white shroud trails along the ground—
Frore white and faint his breath.

II.

I wade the snowy hill, and wait
To watch the sunset, while
It lights his cold and pallid face
With one calm, dying smile.

III.

Old year! of Time thou art the gem
Eternity hath won;
Fye while thou hast been the diadem
Of duty nobly done.

IV.

How much of Truth hast thou redeemed
From Error's dark domain!
How hath the earth with blessings teemed
To teach and entertain!

V.

This year God called my sister dear,
And clasped her pure, white hand;
Until I sleep in the year
She joined the angel band!

VI.

Along the galleries of the wood
The gusts of winter flow;
And takes that tell of solitude
Float e'er the realms of snow.

VII.

The kindling stars look from the skies
Upon our weary lot,
Like kind and tear-bright angel eyes
Of friends we have forgot.

VIII.

Pale fingers weave thy winding-sheet,
Old year! too soon thy knell
The moments fetch with flying feet—
The clock strikes one!—Farewell!

LITERARY.

THE HON. JOSEPH HOWE is better known in Canada and Nova Scotia than in the States, but he has also been long known in England as especially by those who took an interest in the progress of modern civil liberty. Twenty or thirty years ago. The volumes of his SPEECHES AND PUBLIC LETTERS, published by Jewett & Co., Boston, will be received as one of the most valuable contributions to historical literature, especially relating to British colonial policy, which has appeared during the past quarter of a century. Mr. Howe was the son of a printer, and himself a practical printer in his father's office, at Halifax, when very young. He succeeded to the proprietorship of a newspaper, and soon became prominently engaged in politics. But it was not till Halifax got to be very much as New York is now—intolerable on account of the rascality of its officials—that Mr. Howe came before the public as an orator. He was then a powerful popular speaker, with a vein of high crimes and misdemeanors, was indicted and brought to the bar, defended himself in a brilliant speech, and was triumphantly acquitted—and carried home on the shoulders of a shouting populace. On another occasion, this time in Nova Scotia, he can not avoid with the that he could try his eloquence—his success in this article is not recorded. This was the commencement of a career that has been eminently distinguished, and of which the prominent successes are preserved in these pages. As a record of parliamentary eloquence, and of keen political foresight in general, we presume no book can be found more interesting and instructive. It is especially to be commended to Canadian circulation, where the reputation of the distinguished author is as wide as the country.

THE SOCIABLE, or One Thousand and One Home Amusements, is the title of a capital book published by Dick & Fitzgerald, which gives to the young people many hints for pleasant evenings—new games for the parlor, and instructions how to play them, with acting proverbs, charades, puzzles, and all sorts of time-killing employments for winter evenings and summer resorts. We know some small folks that will make much of this book.

VOICES FROM THE SILENT LAND, is a collection of selected poems and prose extracts, relating chiefly to the future life. It will find many welcomes among the afflicted, who abound in all homes and hearts. (Boston: Ticknor & Fields.)

Jewett & Co. also publish two small volumes. The first is a very brief history of the LIVES AND CREEDS OF THE EARLY CHRISTIANS, carefully written by one who understands his subject, giving a sketch of the early persecutions, and of the way achieved salvation in the first years of the Christian era. The other is introductory to Dr. Huntington. The second is THE PARISH FLOWER; a Memoir of Edith Grant Perkins, of Groton, Mass., by her father, Rev. Dr. Perkins, the first Missionary to the Nestorians. This is a fine edition of a very interesting and popular biography, which is, in fact, a touching account of Missionary life.

We have a handsome little book from Ticknor & Fields, unimpeachable in beauty of paper and typography, for CHRISTMAS EVENING, which is a story. Nor do the contents belie the external promise. It is a quiet, gentle, and graceful story, that reaches the heart, and leaves a pleasant memory.

Sheldon & Blakeman publish BLIND BARTIMEUS, by Rev. W. C. Conant, D.D., one of the most eloquent clergymen in America. The book contains a series of lessons to be learned from the story of the blind man healed by CHRIST. The manner the author delivered in the form of sermons, but they make more the form of lectures of instruction and interest.

The same house (Sheldon, Blakeman, & Co.) publish another book by another Virginia clergyman, THE LIVING EPISTLE, by Rev. Cornelius Tyree, is a series of sermons on the great questions of spiritual life, and the duty of Christians to seek advancement in character, as well as to show the world what they have got. The style of these discourses is clear, forcible, and attractive, and the book should be found in every Sunday-school library.

From Tickner & Fields we have THOUGHTS ON THE CONDUCT OF DEVOTIONAL BOOK about to which must be taken hold of many sorts. The author is supposed to be one Thorndale, an Englishman, who has had the misfortune of coming to the States, writes from day to day in a journal, or rather in a blank book, all kinds of philosophical speculations, whims, and fancies, mingled with personal reminiscences that are really exquisite pictures among them, and at length the Editor's Essence, a hopeful philosopher, or a philosopher of Hope, comes along and dilutes the remaining pages with the dilutions of Faith of a Universalist. The book is a strange medley; yet for a thoughtful man is not unentertaining. It is not a book to be taken a little. But to read it deliberately, or to pronounce an opinion (that is an opinion) on it within three months after getting the book is unreasonable.

We have received from M. W. Dodd Dr. Spring's two sermons, one the last preached in the Old Brick Church, the other the first preached in the new church. They contain valuable historical matter, and are interesting documents. By-the-way, the Messrs. Dodd have also published a volume by Dr. Spring, in common with many other clergymen, appears to think, but does stand on Mount Moriah.

DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

POLITICAL.

On Monday, 20th, in the Senate, after the presentation of several petitions, Mr. Douglas introduced a bill to cede to from the 23d inst. to the 4th of January, for the holidays. A bill was introduced by Mr. Mason, of Virginia, which was read twice and referred to the Committee on Territories, to organize the Territory of Dacotah. Mr. Crittenden gave notice that he would call up the French Spoliation Bills on the 4th of January. Mr. Fessenden introduced Bill then came up on the order of the day, and occupied the remainder of the session. A resolution was offered by Mr. Wilson, of Massachusetts, leaving the appointment of Clerks of Committees to be appointed by the President. Mr. Pugh's amendment relative to the Clerk of the Senate was then taken up, and after a debate of some length, in which it was stated that it should be built exclusively of American iron, obtained a postponement. A bill was finally passed by 27 to 24. Mr. Rice, of Minnesota, then spoke at length in favor of the bill, and Mr. Pugh, in opposition, and at length.—In the House, the Committee on Ways and Means, on motion of Mr. Phillips, of Pennsylvania, instructed to inquire into the expediency of making an appropriation for the relief of the sufferers by the conflagration in accordance of the war of 1812 was considered and passed by a vote of 107 to 71. A resolution introduced Mr. Phillips, of Pennsylvania, gave notice of his intention to introduce a bill to repeal the Fugitive Slave Law. Mr. Stanton, of Ohio, introduced a bill to prevent the sale, to furnish a statement of the value of the imports and exports during the United States with Great Britain and France for the years 1853, 1854, 1855, 1856, and 1857. The House adjourned to Thursday, January 6th, for the holidays.

On Tuesday, 21st, in the Senate, December 21, the Bill for the Improvement of the St. Clair Flats was passed by 32 to 15. The Bill for the Improvement of Rivers was then debated by Senators Seward, Ward, and Wilson. Resolutions were offered by Mr. Wilson, instructing the Military Commission Building and the Government at Washington; by Mr. Fessenden, calling for the Bill for the relief of Mrs. Harrison, and by Mr. Bayard, providing for the naturalization of foreign subjects in Oregon. The new Senate Chamber was occupied at 11 by the Senate for the session on 4th January. A Bill was passed allowing $3500 to Madam Tyrone, in this article will be found. This was the commencement of a career that has been eminently distinguished, and of which the prominent successes are preserved in these pages. As a record of parliamentary eloquence, and of keen political foresight in general, we presume no book can be found more interesting and instructive. It is especially to be commended to Canadian circulation, where the reputation of the distinguished author is as wide as the country.

THE SOCIABLE, or One Thousand and One Home Amusements, is the title of a capital book publish-

On Wednesday, 22d, in the Senate, petitions praying for the passage of the Homestead Bill were presented by Senators Seward and Cameron. Senator Seward introduced a Bill for the relief of the widow of Commodore Isaac Hull, of the United States Navy. Senator Clay submitted a resolution calling for the correspondence which led to a ratification of Mr. Dallas's treaty with Great Britain and Mexico. Senator Hunter submitted a resolution inquiring what changes in the laws are required to render the Post-Office self-sustaining. Senator Mallory moved, that the Senate proceed to the election of a Senator certain officers of the Navy to accept medals from the British Government. Mr. Bigler introduced a Bill for appropriating $400,000 arrear of land in all schools in the District of Columbia. Mr. Bigler introduced a Bill for the relief of the widow of Lieut. Hunter. Mr. Bigler introduced a Bill to amend the Constitution so that it may be 29 to 30 States. Mr. Bigler introduced a Bill to amend the Act of Colonel Turnbull, by 26 to 25, after remarks by Senators Davis and Bayard, the Bill was passed. The Bill relative to the tariff was introduced by Mr. Cumins, and referred. Mr. Bigler introduced a Bill to amend the Constitution, to increase protective remuneration. Various resolutions were introduced relating to slave and to the Bill for defraying the slave cottage; and a large number of bills were introduced relating to the Territories. Mr. Bigler introduced a Bill to provide for the Territories to elect all their officers. Mr. Bigler introduced a Bill to amend the Land Act. Another by Mr. Johnson, of Tennessee, to grant land to actual settlers. Mr. Bigler introduced a Bill to amend the Act of 1854

ance in the painful scene. While the Sheriff was still engaged in adjusting the rope, Myers again addressed the crowd as follows:

"You can hang me when every thing is clear. I wish you all a merry Christmas through the wilderness, by-by."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

The tone and manner and language of the hardened criminal caused a shudder of horror among the spectators.

He never as again and an orange to the ground before, and pleased, he said, with a flick them up, you G—d—d rascals." And with the most stoical indifference continued to whistle the following eye upon lines below him.

THE LAST SCENE.

"At the conclusion of the prayer the prisoner exhibited the only emotion which he has shown since sentence was read, the solemn preparations thus far, and that was but slight. He said:

"I had no correct idea of when I was to be hung. I have no claim to religion, but I am willing to die, and am seeks hugger to reflect. I had to lawyer, or any body else. My lawyer did his best. He was a true friend and can do anything for myself. If not, I suppose I must go."

Just at the conclusion of the prayer the rope was passed the bar from the head of Myers, and placed the white cap over his face, when he said, in a clear voice:

"Myers, do you die in the faith of Jesus Christ?"

"He replied, 'I know nothing about it.'

"After uttering a minute, as half past twelve o'clock the Sheriff drew the signal, and Myers fell, instantly departing the drop gave way, and the body fell neatly five feet.

"Myers was about thirty-five years of age, five feet four or five inches high, of light complexion, with red cheek and thirty-five pounds. From some cause his hair seemed to have grown prematurely gray, which gave him the appearance of being much older than he really was."

AN UNNATURAL MOTHER.

The Boston *Traveller* gives outline the will of Augustus Thorndyke, who left an estate of about half a million dollars, and directed that the income thereof should be divided equally between his wife and daughter during the life of her husband, and at the time twenty-seven, and ever after he had arrived his twenty-first year. The income accruing her from his bedside on the occasion of his last sickness. This will—of which the above is but a brief setting of the decision—has the deliberate design establish in every case, and has been carried out in the case of this child from any participation in his accumulated wealth. It is absolutely impossible to conceive of a more malignity with which, throughout the document, he provides for the corpus of the property bequeathed to her.

The mother is forbidden to give aid to the child of her husband's bounty, and is left to the mercy of others. In the event of fraternal affection, and the mother's death, she will are subject to the same prohibition. Old Harvard has a donation of twenty thousand dollars to the Professorship of Music, but with like provisions if a copper should go to the pocket of the child of the testator's bosom. A pittance of four hundred dollars per annum, to save for her, is alone agreed to be bestowed upon her. His wife is liberally provided for, but only on condition that she remain a widow. At her death it is left to the Old South Church, but with liberty to sell it and purchase in any other church, if she may deem it best. The whole property is apparent not manifest in other portions of the will.

The wife of the deceased is the mother of the only child. She is, however, upon her return from Europe, and upon her arrival the amount of her income will be decided.

HOW A STORE-KEEPER WAS CHEATED.

A "lady" was detected a few days since in Cincinnati, on Main, in purloining a piece of calico from a store. When charged with the theft she burst into tears and declared it all in pretense. She was committed for trial in $50 and gave her $10 cheap, but on counting the cash at night had $20 bill switched off for a counterfeit. "Pluck me, the plebians" of that store-keeper.

THE EMPEROR.

EX-President Pierce presumes to pass the winter at Vienna and the island of Capri, in the Bay of Naples, in Rome. Mrs. Pierce is still an invalid.

Dr. Thomas R. Hunt, M.D., has made the following protest against being taxed without being represented:

"To FREDERICK U. TRACY, *Treasurer, and the Assessors appointed for the Assessment of Taxes in the Ward of the City of Citizens generally, and the Legislature in particular:*

"Every year since I have been a resident of this city, as protested against the injustice of governing women without her consent, of taxing property for the use of taxation without representation, and I again repeat my protest.

"The position of women in our republic will yet be protested before our courts, and this will be among the first action made in them.

When our fathers protested against the enforcement of the Stamp Act, they were answered by saying that in fact they were virtually represented. What was their humble reply? Women protest against the same kind of injustice, and received a like answer. History will record her intimate ally, for the same principle of human action are identical, and the victory of the one is prophetic of the other.

All which is respectfully submitted.

"No. 31 EAST 22D STREET, NEW YORK, DEC. 8, 1858. R. HUNT.

It is reported that Mr. Mowbray Morris, general manager of the London *Times*, has recently twice fought duels in Calais, in Mr. Capron, who was formerly the editor of the *Times* newspaper in the East.

The St. Paul *Pioneer* of the 7th ultimo says: "The former Dakota Governor, Alexander Ramsey, and his family, who went hunting in the Red River Valley, were killed by Indians, it seems, on the 1st of November, and their eye-teeth which have been cut by the natives. The last we heard of them they were on the plains and these Indians each for Red River ports, which were worth about $5, and were ploughing into a wild career of spreading the broken-down Red River horses."

Senator Douglas was very kindly received at Havana. His recent landing there from the *Black Warrior*, the Spanish steamer which ran down the bed of Colonel Crittenden, created him and his family no shore in the State Barge. They landed in a boat of their own, as usual.

The Count de Gondrecourt, formerly stated in the *Evening Post* that M. Arthur Dumas, the son of the celebrated author Alexandre Dumas, has been for some time past living on the proceeds, but gentlemen publicly announces the withdrawal of his subscription. Whether the Atlantic Ocean not between them a duel would probably be the result.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

At latest accounts we hear that a general meeting of the shareholders of the Atlantic Telegraph was called for the 15th December, to consider the condition of affairs. A public meeting was also announced to be held in Liverpool to give a generally on the new capital necessary to prosecute the enterprise. The Directors recommend that the result of a meeting of shareholders be submitted to the Atlantic Telegraph, and promises to lay it before the Commissioners of the Treasury. The question in regard to the Atlantic cable will be decided in a few days, and it is thought that the Government will guarantee a new capital. If so a contract for a new cable will immediately be made.

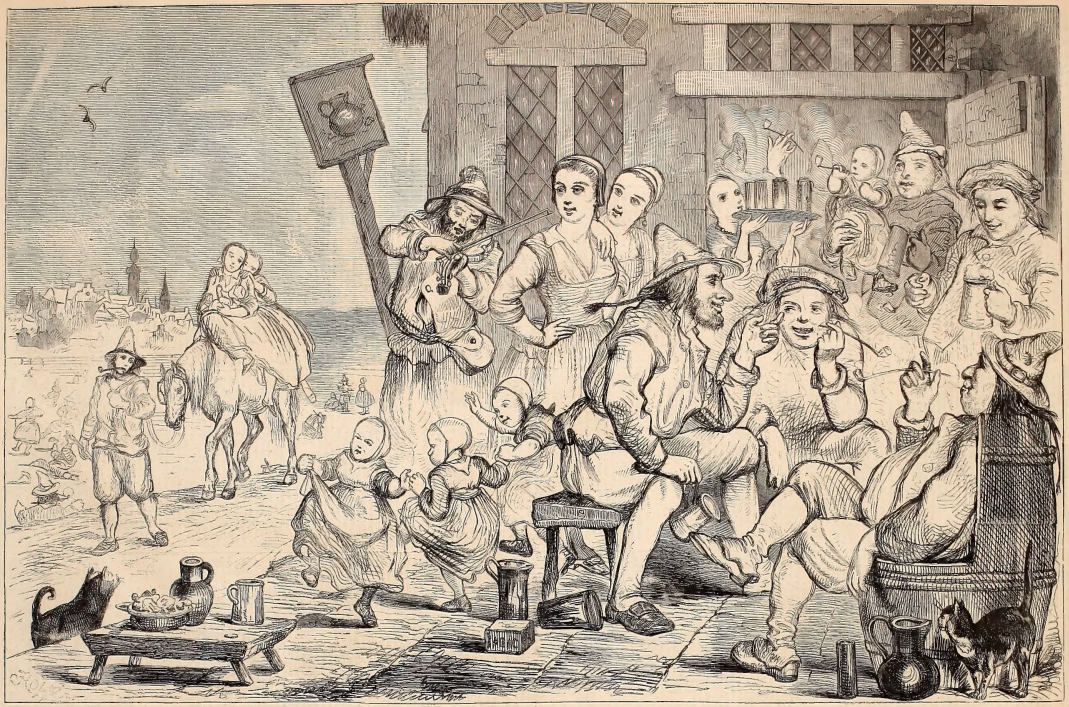
LORD CARLISLE ON AMERICAN INSTITUTIONS.

The other evening the Right Hon. the Earl of Carlisle read his printed lecture on the "Travels of Lord Carlisle" before the members of the Hull Literary and Philosophical Society. In acknowledging the vote of thanks which was accorded him at the close, his lordship said that he had had an opportunity of seeing the working of the United States since the period of my visit has not, he was sorry to say, undergone the change which many of their public proceedings, or to more favorable and satisfactory conclusions than those which he had arrived at on his journey. I can not but feel that many of the failures and drawbacks at which I ventured to hint have come out, as time wears on, with greater frequency and with deeper shade. The bickering animosity of classes; the jealousy and hatred of the different sections of the nations; the spirit of political self-seeking and corruption; the intemperance and violence of party conventions and fusions; the high-handed ruffianism of the outlying districts; the want of independence and purity in the administration of the more polished, refined, and upright portions of the community, are all symptoms which have since developed themselves in the more public deliberations of the Congress, and of dignity and the conduct of the Executive Government. He believed the internal dissensions which gather round every face on the pretenses questioning, increasing, and menacing proportions. In such a state of things he could not but look with apprehension for my own countrymen exchange the form of government, the institutions, and the laws which have been the means for those of the great American republic.

FRANCE.

At the late election of a local cretor of the University of Montpellier, the number of votes was 1,000 in addition. He received a very small vote indeed; and the Government expect, that some one else will be elected from Mr. Charles Dickens, in which he reproduced strongly, and with great effect, the scene in which Sir Leicester Dedlock announces the birth of a son and heir. The part of Sir Leicester was played by Mr. Charles Kean, and that of Lady Dedlock by Mrs. Kean. My father, who brought up a large family, was left with only a small income. Consequently, as soon as my mother died at Genlis (Côte-d'Or), an excellent man, who had been appointed to the living of Pouilly, one of the greatest sorrow that God has given me. I was born in Dijon on the 2d August, 1794, in the house occupied by my mother. We were poor, very poor. We were carried to the font the same day, and I was given to the godmother's care.

Madame Dupuy lived at the corner of Dijon. God has not made any being more devoted than she was. She loved me as though I were her own child. Mr. Dupuy was also not coarse; she has refused twenty offers of marriage to live with him, because she gave her mother enough. I entered the Polytechnic School at the age of sixteen, and left it at the end of twenty months. The fire which has given us most pleasure was that of Corporal Cain in Polytechnic School at the age of sixteen. The palace of 1813, and was made prisoner at its conclusion. Prince Paul's visit. I had a long talk by a shell at the siege of Paris in 1815. I had a long talk by a shell at the siege of Paris in 1815. I had a long talk by a shell at the siege of Paris in 1815



NEW-YEAR'S DAY IN NEW AMSTERDAM IN THE OLD DUTCH TIMES.

NEW-YEAR'S DAY IN NEW YORK, 1859.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

CHAPTER XI.

Wolfe exerts from George Morley the fulfillment of one of the promises which mean nothing or every thing.

The next day George Morley visited Wolfe's room earlier than usual. Wolfe had sent for him. Sophy was seated by her grandfather—his hand in hers. She had been exerting herself to the utmost to talk cheerfully—to shake from her aspect every cloud of sorrow. But still THAT CHANGE was there—more marked than even on the previous day. That last hour of intense struggle, a single night wholly without sleep, will tell on the face of forty years. Not till we, human beings, have gone through such struggles as life permits not to the slight responsibilities or the cares—not till those struggles have grown to us familiar—will Thought seem to take, as it were, strength, not exhaust it from us, when unreckoning exercise nourish the brain, sustain the form by its own untiring, fleshless, spiritual immortality; not till many a winter has stripped the leaves; not till deep, and far out of sight, spread the roots that support the stem—will the heat of the east wind leave no sign on the rind.

George, as we indeed, so noticed the day before the kind of withering blight that had passed over the old countenance. But he saw now—when she met his eye more steadfastly, and had resumed something of the open genial infantine grace of manner which constituted its peculiar charm, and which it was difficult to associate with deeper griefs than those of childhood.

"You must scold my grandfather," she said. "He chooses to say that he is not well enough yet to leave; and I am sure that he is, and will recover more quickly if he leave home."

"Pooh!" said Wolfe; "you young things suppose we old folks can be as brisk as yourselves; but if I am to be scolded, I shall let George unwind by your presence, and go out, my dear, while the sun lasts; I feel in the joints of that blackbird that the day will be overcast by noon."

As soon as they were alone, George said, abruptly, "Your Sophy is looking very ill, and, if you are well enough, believe, it would be better for her to move from this gloomy house. My mother itself is a great restorative," added George, with emphasis.

"You see, then, that she looks ill—very ill," said Wolfe, quietly. "I said that you or that to your manner which tells me you guess the cause."

"I do guess it, from the glimpse which caught of Lionel's fare after he had been chased a short time in the Park. Do you think he could house two days ago. I guess it also from a letter Harley wrote me. Do you?"

"You guess right—very right," said Wolfe, still with the same serious, tranquil manner. "I observe that the letter from your friend Harley has been opened. George hurried his eye over the letter, and returned it silently. Wolfe proceeded.

"I was frightened yesterday by the strange composure she showed. In her love she would be read what he suffered. We talked last night. I spoke of myself—of my old servants—in order to give her strength to support hers; and the girl has a heroic nature. Mr. George—and she is resolved to endure or to die. She will not be cut conquer."

George began the usual strain of a consoler in such trials. Wolfe stopped him. "All that you can say, Mr. George, I know beforehand; and she will need no exhortation to meet and try to fortitude. I stole from my room when it was almost dawn, and I might under the door of her chamber. I just looked in—softly—supercivil. She had not gone to bed. She was by the open window—sitting dying out of the last moonlight on the floor, her face bowed in her hands. She has prayed. In her love for Lionel there is a sure that she is praying now. She will devote herself to no—but to God. Comfort you will hear her laugh, Mr. George: but she will not conquer in this world; long before the new year is out she will be sleeping down under ground with her bright smile; but we shall not see her, Mr. George. No man ever loved with such mad foolish terror; I know sorrow as physicians know disease; it has its mortal symptoms. Hush! hear me out. I am not hopeless—I am not."

"In me?"

"Yes. Do you remember that you said, if I could succeed in opening to your intellect its fair career, you would be the best friend to the man; and I said, and I think, I would not change the party in the contract; believed my Sophy instead of me, and I say so still. Yes, help me in sought for her welfare and happiness and you said, 'With heart and soul.' That was the bargain, Mr. George. Now, I tell you all that you then despaired of; you have the dignity of your sacred calling—you have the eloquence of the preacher. I can not cope with Mr. Darnell—you can. He has a heart—it can be softened: he has a mind—it can be formed: he has a conscience—it can be roused: he has a creed—it can be tested: he has the virtues you can appeal to, and the vices you can shame by the Christian minister, have the right to prove to be a vice. I can not argue with him; I can not reprove the man to whom I owe so much. All ranks of men and of mind should be equal to you, the pastor, the divine. You ministers of the Gospel address yourselves unabashed to the poor, the humble, the uninstructed. Did Heaven give you power and command over those alone? Go, Preacher! go! Speak with the same authority to the great, to the haughty, to the wise!"

The old man's look and gesture were sublime.

The Preacher felt a thrill vibrate from his ear to his heart; but his reason was less affected than his heart. He shook his head mournfully. The task thus assigned to him was beyond the limits which custom prescribes to the priest of the English Church—fortunate to a man not even of his own flock, upon the closest affairs of that man's own private health and home! Our secrecy allows no such privilege; and our society is right.

Wolfe, watching his countenance, saw at once what was passing in his mind, and resumed, as if answering George's own thought.

"Ay, if you were a Romish unemployed priest! But you are something more; you are the priest naturally ordained by the ties of blood—by the good. You have the mind to reason—the tongue to persuade—the majestic commission to console and to rebuke. Nor can you here the priest alone; you are here the friend, the confidant, of all for whom you would intercede. Come, Mr. George Morley, I am a poor ignorant bencher when presuming to exhort one of Christ's ministers; but in this case own words—I address you as man and gentleman—you declared that thought and sympathy would not be wanting in the hour which your promise." I say it now—Keep faith to the child you swore to me to befriend."

"I will go—and at once," said George, rising.

"But not sanguine. I see not a chance of success. Still, you must try—you will try with caution, abilities, reputed."

"Where need be, Christianity," said Wolfe, "if the earliest preachers and raised such questions? There is a soldier's courage—is there not a priest's?"

George made no answer, but, with abstracted eye, gathered his hat, and then, pausing, irresolutely, stood the room, and sought Guy Darnell.

BOOK XII.—CHAPTER I.

The man of the World—Its more serious indifference to the things and doctrines of the World than might be supposed.—And the visitation of Providence which, when it strove to be jocund, to be facetious with effect, to be darkly mysterious in its menaces, to be terrible even to the other man's hearth, he handles them when hottest in the prayer of the Preacher.

In the letter which George told Wolfe he had received at his rectory, he had taken an excuse for the delicate and arduous mission he undertook, which he did not confide to the old man. Set in blood-spirted expectation of the will unseen instituted. In his letter Alban related, with a degree of delicacy that he trusted would have farewell conversation with Lionel, who had just departed to join his new regiment. The poor young man had been struck down with the darkest expectations of the result of Sophy's prolonged residence under the roof of Darnell, and expressed his reason that when Darnell had been thus established to see and judge of her for himself, as would be impossible except in person, that Innocence, like Truth, would be mighty and prevail. Now, Darnell was known to be the friend to clear William Lovely's name and blood from the taint of felony;—Alban was commissioned to communicate to Darnell the fact, and intimate that would remove all chance of future disgrace from that quarter. Once let Darnell be aware of facts, obstacles vanished—the future became clear. And thus, when, after telling him of his failure, Alban wrote to Lionel, Darnell said, "I trust that, in bringing to William Lovely's fair intelligence the news that relieves his disappointment, when I make it thoroughly clear to him how impossible it is that his Sophy can be the wife of any man but a gentleman, whose virtues create an interest in her welfare" Darnell continued as by a blow. Scarcely could he murmur—

"You have seen her—and your resolve remains as before."

"Can you doubt it?" answered Darnell, as if in reproach. "Nay, I have suffered more in pain on my account, as before it gave me pain on yours. But if not moved by your pain, can I be moved by mine? It was then that I felt my power."

The Colonel, in depicting Lionel's state of mind after the young soldier had written his farewell to Wolfe, and previous to quitting London, had touched on the words, "Love, which is not my," wrote he, "that Lionel will guiltily seek death to escape. But I have known Lionel some more to there who seek then to those who shun it; but he will go upon a service exposed to the extremes of danger, disease, and disease—without that rallying power of hope—which, in the words of Lovel, 'makes the coward the true stamina of Youth. And I have always set a black mark upon those who go into war joyless and heedless. Spend a young Soldier to the camp with his spirits broken, his heart sore as a boil, and he will be the first to catch pestilence which then reeks more than the cannon ever can itself. There is a man for me.' Any doctor will tell you that, even in peace, the gay and light-hearted walk safe through the infectious atmosphere, while the sullen man sickens on a morsel. Confound Guy Darnell's self-laudatory, they have spoiled Queen Victoria as good a young soldier as ever mounted a horse or rode. Six months ago, and how blithely Lionel Haughton would have gone to his regiment—full courel—no cypress! And now, I feel as if I had shaken hands with a victim sacrificed by superstition to the tombs of the Pyramids. I by not blame Darnell: I dare say in the same position I might do the same. But no; on second thoughts I should not! If Darnell does not choose to marry and have sons of his own, he has no right to load a poor boy with benefits, and say, 'There is but one way to prove your gratitude; remember my ancestors, and be miserable for the rest of your days!' Darnell, forsooth, intends to leave to Lionel the transmission of the old Darnell name; and the old Darnell name must not be tarnished by the marriage on which Lionel has unluckily set his heart! I respect the old name; but it is not like the House of Yorkshire Bentick Institutions. And if some democratical cholera, which does not care a rush for old names, carries off Lionel, what becomes of the old name then? Lionel is not Darrell's son; Lionel need not, perforce, take the old name. Let the young man live as Lionel Haughton, and the old name die with Guy Darnell!

"As to the poor girl's birth and parentage, I believe we shall never know them. I quite agree with Darnell that it will be useless to try. I suppose. But I have said over and over again, a marriage between Lionel and Sophy is impossible. Darnell would destroy in the latter case, of course, if Lionel were the head of the House of Vipont, the idea of such a union would be inadmissible. But Lionel, even now, is the son of a ruined spendthrift's younger brother. Darnell has had his bait to give the handsome young couple five or six thousand a year, and I dare say will not withdraw it. I know that the world will trouble itself very little about their pedigrees. And really I cannot take upon myself to choose whether he prefer a girl whom he loves with his whole heart, five or six thousand pounds, and the chance of honors in a glorious profession to which he will thus look with all spirit—even his long misery, with the right, after Darnell's death—that I hope will not be these thirty years—to the whole of Darnell estate, and the baronetcy which, if I were the last of the Haughtons, and had any family pride—ay, thank Heaven, I have both—would be a painful exchange to me; and dearly-bought by the addition of some additional thousands a year when I had grown used to a little disposed to spend them as Guy Darnell would. Why, I am not sure that he is one I could associate even more than young Haughton. My morning rides of late have been much in the direction of Darnell Park, and I have met my cousin Lady Montfort. I went first to lecture her of conduct to young people who were not of each other. But my anger melted into admiration and sympathy when I found with what delicacy and tenderness Darnell treated her, and been all the while scheming for Darrell's happiness: and the gratification she drew from contemplated the sorrow which a friendship so grateful, and a belief so natural, had innocently occasioned. My sympathies were then all for dead. Dr. F—— who attended poor dear Wolly, is also attending her; and he tells me the opinion is that his skill was in vain—that her case baffled him; and he had very serious apprehensions. I have seen some confusion in Darnell's friend. And to think that here are lives permanent misery—and all risked, by the ruinous obstinacy of the best-hearted man I ever met! Now, though I have already intimated my wish to correspond with a confidant for the oldest and dearest of my friends, yet I have never, in the letters I have written, mentioned either, or the talk we have had together, spoken out as plainly as I do in writing to you. And then, on my window, without a cue of the eye and dark brow, I have half a mind to add—'seize him as a sacrament and save him from his letter.' Yes, I give you full leave; show it to him if you think it would avail. If not, throw it into the fire, and leave to me the time when no poor morals can not serve.

In the evening Alban had added these words

"But, of course, before showing the inclosed, you will prepare Darnell's mind to weigh its contents. Say simply it was in the form of such simple injunction that the subtle man of the world detected the sarcasm and the sting not a trace was apparent in the body of his letter.

Though Alban's communication had been received that day, Darnell had not judged it discreet to avail himself of the permission to show it to Sophy. It seemed to him that the whole of his host would take much more offense at its transmission through the hands of a third person than if he had come out in expostulations and suggestions. And George had determined to keep back the letter, and consider, in the yard it himself to Darnell just as it was, with but a brief line to say, "that, on reflection, Alban suggested, since he had school-fellow, the reasonings and apprehensions which he had to communicate, should first be communicated to without the intention at which the writer arrived at the close." But now that the preacher had undertaken the duty of an advocate, Darnell became his brief.

He hastened through the library, through the study, up the narrow stair that finally conducted to the same lofty cell in which Darnell had consigned Lionel Haughton, and exclaimed in haste to Sophy. With a nervous hand George knocked at the door.

Unaccustomed to any intrusion on the part of guest or household in that solitary retreat, somewhat startled, and, in anger, Darnell's voice answered the knock.

"Who's there?"

"George Morley."

Darnell opened the door.

CHAPTER II.

"A good seller is not known by his cry—nor a bad by his."—"A good man is no more to be found than a sheep."—"A good sermon need have no cackle—ere a hen's heart, and a lady's hand."——"A good tongue is a good thing, generally."—"Good wine needs no bush."—Good-morning proverbs. George Morley has them.

THE

PUBLISHER'S CIRCULAR AND BOOKSELLER'S RECORD OF BRITISH AND FOREIGN LITERATURE.

Is published on the 1st and 15th of every month, and contains a complete list of all the Books published during the preceding fortnight, with the Size, Price, and Publisher's Name of each Work; Lists of Books announced for Publication; Reviews of New Books; Essays on Literature, Science, and Art; Notices of Literary Intelligence, Sales by Auction, Prices Current, Lists of Patents, Designs for Articles of Utility registered, Monthly Commercial Statistics, Tables of Imports and Exports, Revenue, Shipping, Markets, Gazette Promotions, Births, Deaths, Marriages, Commercial Failures, Dividends declared, Lists of Bankrupts, Monthly Meteorological Tables, Obituary, &c. &c.

Price Fourpence, Stamped Fivepence.

Annual Subscription, including Postage, Seven Shillings.

Office, 29 Paternoster Row, London.

THE

ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH COMPANY.

Capital £350,000, in 35,000 Shares of £10 each.

Deposit £1 per Share.

Provisional Committee.

Chairman—Sir Charles Tilston Bright, C.E.

Deputy-Chairman—Edward Orange, Esq.

Directors.

Thomas Brassey, Esq., M.P.
Thomas Gray, Esq.
Cyrus W. Field, Esq., New York.
Wilson Rae, Esq.
Samuel Canning, Esq.
Charles Bright, Esq., C.E.
Professor Wheatstone, F.R.S.
Professor Thomson, F.R.S.
Professor Faraday, F.R.S.
Professor Airy, F.R.S.
Professor Miller, F.R.S.
Professor Hughes.
Professor Morse, New York.
Professor Henry, Washington.
Professor Bache, Washington.
Professor Gibbs, New York.
Professor Page, Washington.
Professor Bond, Cambridge, U.S.
Professor Pierce, Cambridge, U.S.
Professor Peirce, Washington.
Professor Agassiz, Cambridge, U.S.
Professor Dana, New Haven.
Professor Silliman, New Haven.
Professor Loomis, New Haven.
Professor Mahan, New York.
Professor Draper, New York.
Professor Torrey, New York.
Professor Gray, Cambridge, U.S.
Professor Horsford, Cambridge, U.S.
Professor Lovering, Cambridge, U.S.
Professor Guyot, Princeton.
Professor Alexander, Princeton.
Professor Dod, Princeton.
Professor Cleveland Abbe, Washington.
Professor Coffin, Washington.
Professor Hubbard, Washington.
Professor Lovering, Washington.
Professor Peirce, Washington.
Professor Schott, Washington.
Professor Winlock, Washington.
Professor Wolcott Gibbs, New York.
Professor Hall, Washington.
Professor Hilgard, Washington.
Professor Kendall, Washington.
Professor Mayer, Washington.
Professor Pickering, Washington.
Professor Rogers, Washington.
Professor Stevens, Washington.
Professor Walker, Washington.
Professor Wilkinson, Washington.
Professor Woodward, Washington.
Professor Wright, Washington.
Professor Bailey, West Point.
Professor Church, West Point.
Professor Mahan, West Point.
Professor Weir, West Point.
Professor Wood, West Point.
Professor Bartlett, Annapolis.
Professor Chauvenet, Annapolis.
Professor Lockwood, Annapolis.
Professor Maury, Washington.
Professor Rodgers, Washington.
Professor Walker, Washington.
Professor Wilkes, Washington.
Professor Woodhull, Washington.
Professor Bache, Philadelphia.
Professor Cresson, Philadelphia.
Professor Fraley, Philadelphia.
Professor Haldeman, Philadelphia.
Professor Lea, Philadelphia.
Professor Morton, Philadelphia.
Professor Rogers, Philadelphia.
Professor Wood, Philadelphia.
Professor Bache, Girard College.
Professor Cresson, Girard College.
Professor Fraley, Girard College.
Professor Haldeman, Girard College.
Professor Lea, Girard College.
Professor Morton, Girard College.
Professor Rogers, Girard College.
Professor Wood, Girard College

for its warning chastisements that very error which the man has so blent with his virtues that he holds it a virtue itself?—which, more slowly, pertinaciously, it will gather this beautiful nature still to itself—insist on a sacrifice it would not from no other? To complete the true nature of poor William Lossly, Heaven ordained the sacrifice of worldly repute; to complete the true nature of Guy Darrell, God ordains him the sacrifice of reality!

Darrell started—half rose; his eye flashed—his cheek paled: but he remained silent.

"I have appointed you," said the supplicator," resumed George, drawing a deep breath, as of relief, "because I have more confidence in myself upon his fellow. I entreat you to believe that I have no personal motive in my application to suspect, and love, and honor you sufficiently to be for a while to forfeit, not your friendship, that I may claim the privilege, without which friendship is but a name, to watch over it with more obvious than intrusion on confidence withheld, so no favor, I repeat, more propitious than the confidence which I ask, is worth vouchsafes to him who invites it with no claim but the bygone of his mind."

Said Darrell, softened, but with stateliness—

"All human lives are so separated from each other, may touch at one point in friendly approach, but, even where they touch, each rounds itself from off the other. With this link I am not presented to ask at what point in my circle you would touch?"

George Morley. "Thank you gratefully; I accept your illustration. The point is touched; I need no other." He then proceeded, still concentrating all his thoughts, and then said, with musing accents—"Darrell, I regret you live with musing accents—"Darrell, I regret you live with no children in which the blood of the individual man; the life as it stands before us is but a sterile epitome—but a few years and all the emotions which stir the People of the Heart, in such a year occurred a visible something—a grim—a serious—a solemn—a momentous—which People of the Heart crowned or deposed a king. This is all we know; and the most elaborate biography ever written must still be a meagre abridgment of all that really individualized and formed a man. All can but seize upon some single detail or fact in your existence which lies beyond my sight. For from we must ever remain insolence: but I ask you this—Reflecting on your past life as a whole, have not your chief sorrows had a connection with—your faults? Have they not been strangely directed towards the frustration of some one single object—the attainment of your truest happiness, as if in defiance of fate, resolutely clung to even now?"

"It is true," muttered Darrell. "You do not offend me; go on!"

"And have not these Sorrows, in frustrating your object, likewise assumed, too, a certain uniformity in the weapons they use, in the quarter they harass or invade, in even a kind of strategic policy that guided them where they could most pain, or humble, or inject a fear that they were colonels in storm? Degrade you they could not; such was not their mission. Heaven left you intact in your nature—intense—a loftiness of spirit, unabased by assaults leveled not against yourself, but your pride—your personal dignity, this singularly sensitive, though bitterly galled, stood proof. What might lower lesser men, lowered you not. Heaven left you that dignity, for it belongs alike to your intellect and your virtues—and your virtues are a source of your magnitude. Why? Because not contents with adorning your virtues, it was covering the fault against which you were chiefly to be warned. You frown—forgive me."

"You do not trespass unless it be as a flatterer." If I frowned, it was unconsciously—the sign of thought, not anger. Pause!—my mind has left you for a moment—it has been gazing into the past."

The past!—Was it not true! That home to whose porch came in time the Black Horses, in time just to save from the last, worst dishonor, but not save from years racked by such pangs that can harrow man's dignity in each daily assault on the fort of man's pride; these, treacherous daughter—her terrible marriage—the man whose disgrace she had linked to her blood, and whose fall still was and must be the fall of her race. True, what a war upon Pride! And even in that second and fatal love what Pride in all of his griefs the most influential and enduring, had his pride been less bitterly wounded, and that pride less entirely in his heart, would that last grief have been so relentless, his attempts at its conquest so vain? And then, even then, when was it said, "I can bless"—holy Love! What was it said, "but not pardon"—stern Parmi! And so on to those later revelations of sterile life. Was he not miserable in Lionel's and Sophy's misery? Pride—closed round with Pride—closed round and invested with Sorrow —and the lost Hopes that had fled to the fortress, shut in defense of its outworks. With bond shading his face, Darrell remained some minutes silent. At last he raised his head, and his eye was steadfast, his lip firm.

"George Morley," said he, "I acknowledge much justice in the censure you have conveyed, with so artful a delicacy, that if it fail to reform it can not displease, and leaves much to be seriously resolved in solitary self-commune. But though I may own that pride is not made for man, and that in the blindness of human judgment I may often have confounded pride with duty, and suffered for the error, I must add that prevailing object of my life, which with so starting a truth you say it has pleased Heaven to frustrate, I can not hold an error in itself. You have learned enough from your oracle, seen enough of me yourself, to know that that object has been. You are scholar enough to consent to me that it is no ignoble homage which either nations or persons render to the ancestral Dead—that homage is an instinct in all but savage and sordid natures. But, whatever be necessity of his own, rightly and justly, if himself to be worthily remembered by the recital of his heroes, and bards, and patriots of his fatherland? Even those whose ancestors were but pirate-chiefs that have adorned the state, on the sole condition that he shall revere their tombs, and exact their memory as a duty to the land, where, ever they who speak trumpet-tongued to great assemblages, whether in senate-chamber, convocation to heroic deed or sacrifice, they appeal in the Name of Ancestors, and call upon the living to be worthy of the Dead. This is not to be laudable—nay, to necessary a sentiment in the man, even the most selfish that ever existed in the man. Like all high sentiments, it may compel harsh and rugged duties; it may need the stern suppression of other and softer claims and many a pleasing wish. But we must regard it in its most exalted aspect, as the sole object of, if my eloquent and subtle friend, all you have hitherto said be designed but to wind into this idea for the purpose of which you have decided against the advocate in my own heart which has the strongest designs in the world in that fair girl's ingenuous and touching grace, let us break up the court: the judge has no choice but to bow with the advocate before the final judgment."

George Morley. "I have not hitherto presumed to apply to particular cases the general argument you so indulgently allow me to urge in favor of your duties to the race of which the human heart, when closely examined, there is the same language and design in the whole universe: that in Pault and in Sorrow are the axioms, and problems, and postulates of a science. Yet, if I may, I will venture, as I will pursue the same course of reasoning. I shall not have the slightest scruple in applying my stance—to say, 'This you should do, this you should not do.' All I would ask is, leave to confer a favor by the acceptance of your own large and candid experience."

Said Darrell, with a cold, relaxed on, but with a tinge of his grave irony, "You have the true genius of the pulpit, and I concede to you its privilege. Proceed!" But he looked upon it with the more susceptible of conviction, because freed from the necessity to reply."

George Morley. "You vindicate the object which has been the main ambition of your life. You say that the ancestral Dead have legible objects are not for you. The question is, are there no objects which the living should have attained higher value, and led to larger results in the soil which Providence assigned to you; you who have inherited in the midst of the ancestral Dead—the ancestral Dead—the ancestral Dead—

him dreamily and luxuriously happy. What a lucky fellow to have the dear little woman in that broad hat for a wife, and how madly in love with her he must be! But after that brief and shadowy honeymoon, when he brought her home, and resumed meals at his daily work at the office as if nothing had happened, he might have been married many years for all the heed-like attendance or tenderness he bestowed on her. Annie had never been accustomed to attention and consideration, and as the miss there, had been married life, and was quite as happy and contented as she expected to be. She had her home to manage, her errands to make, and into those mysterious secrets called "ways," her wisely talk to make up, and ponder for hours where that mistake of twopence farthing could be; she had her needle-work to do, her collars to embroider, her pocket-handkerchief to hem at his shirt bottom and woolen socks to supervise!; so that she got through her day in quiet and tranquillity; never idle and never hurried—a smooth life running on its even course, in which there was nothing to fret, to surprise, to agitate, or excite.

Percy Clarke impressed but one thing on his wife—the need of strict economy. In token whereof he made her a very meagre allowance for the house. The amount was not that it should be sufficient, in the wonderful way in which clever housekeepers can save every penny, and avoid spending the public comforts of the family. She studied all the best economies, and devised private and peculiar savings for her own, and then was puzzled to make up appearance of luxury and domestic refinement out of the scraps remaining.

"I hope you are not getting into debt, Annie?" Percy would sometimes say, if she had ordered a dinner more showy than ordinary, though she always contrived to have one special delicacy at the least on the table.

"No, Percy, you may see my books," Annie would answer, with a look of confidence. "We are where allowance-day, perhaps adding—"I have made it do exactly this week, and have just fourpence over."

"Very well. I do not want details; only do not exceed. That is all." And Annie did not.

Old Mrs. Clarke, the mother, lived in a small house at the upper end of Islington. She was an invalid; and not entirely free from the infirmities. She was as hard as her son, and not so overtempered—as a good deal of her temper had gone by selfish; for Percy's faults were but negative at the worst. Mrs. Clarke was accustomed to say, that "he had never given to that day's grief." She thought her too young, and did not believe in her housekeeping; for Mrs. Clarke was of the old school, and believed in nothing that did not include constant supervision and active using among the servants by the mistress. She was not to be cheated, too, who looked up every thing, and would have thought it dishonorable to her son if Annie gave her servant the key of the tea-caddy, or suffered her in the store-closet unwatched. She it was who continually represented on Percy her conviction of waste and untruth in his house; pointing to Annie's little figure, sailing about the young wife had obtained by the most cunning devices of hidden economy, and astounding every guest and needless expenditure. But as Percy knew that he allowed a very moderate sum, he was not incited to very vigorous opposition to his mother's views. Nevertheless her perpetual recurrence to the subject did not have to make his money-dealings with his wife more liberal.

One day Percy came home half an hour later than usual. He was so methodical in every thing else, that he was paler than Annie had ever before seen him, as if interrupted in some habit more than his customary silence; replying only by monosyllables to all that Annie said, or not replying at all, if her words were not put in the form of a direct question. In the evening, while they sat together in the drawing-room, suddenly he started up from his pamphlet on the Corn Laws, and said:

"Annie, my mother has lost her fortune. It is not necessary to enter into the business details of the matter: besides, you could not understand them, if I did. All I have to tell you now is, that it comes tomorrow to live with us. Let the best bedroom be given up to her; and I trust I need not impress on you the necessity of treating her affectionate attention."

Annie's heart sank. She felt that all her quiet happiness in her home was at an end. But she had too high notion of wifely duty to utter a word of protest. She merely drooped her eyes to her work, and said, "Very well, Percy;" in her usual calm, unimpassioned voice. "I am sorry for what was said; and no one knew that, while she sat beneath that prosperous little roof, she was silently falling within the shadow of her early, stormy life unwith held in her trembling hand.

Mrs. Clarke was a difficult person to deal with in a house. Her times and tempers were contrary to those of every one else, and she was not of yielding. Annie's quiet particularity irritated her beyond measure.

"God bless the girl!" she used to say, blazing up in her fierce, passionate way, "has she no blood in her veins at all that she can never be angry or speak above her breath?"

But, harsh critic and undisciplined customer as she was, she did not intend to be cruel. She was only mean and sour-tempered. The day after she came she spoke to her son about his wife—fully asked how much he allowed a week, what average he made for each, and what sum he appropriated for that future day which, in some people's imaginations, is always raising furiously. Percy, over whom his mother exerted a great but unacknowledged influence, detailed his arrangements and position without reserve; adding up, for her edification, how much each person in his household was supposed to cost.

"So much at that? Well! I must say you are a generous husband, boy! I am sure your wife has no right to complain! When I was with your dear father I had not half that sum."

"Is it much, mother? I thought it moderate. I do not think we could manage on less."

"If not actually so less, then it ought to include me as well," said the old lady, tartly.

Percy was silent, giving only a little inquiring hem as he sat puckering his lips contemplatively.

"I hope you were not thinking of any addition on my account. It is bad enough to be unwelcome and forced to come to you for a home at all; old people are best by themselves; but it would be intolerable if I were any extra burden to you."

"I was thinking of allowing six or seven shillings a week to you, mother," Percy answered.

"Nonsense, child! your wife must learn economy. I will not hear of it. Not a penny. I tell you—and surely I ought to know; I, who have kept house three forty years and more—you allow your servants too much. It will be useful to her to learn how to make the best of every thing."

"But she is not very extravagant, mother, I assure—"

"Quite extravagant—quite! At all events, take my advice, and make the trial. If she can not make it do the will tell you, and then you can alter your arrangements. Take my advice, Percy; you are soon to be a father, and all that, and you ought to be doubly careful, considering what expenses you are before."

"Very well, mother, I will. I can but make the trial, as you say, and I thank you for the counsel, and tells me I will enlarge the allowance."

"Do, Percy; you are very well, as between you and me; but don't tell Ann."

"I am a lawyer, mother," said Percy, with a grim smile, "and know how to keep secrets."

So the law was passed in this domestic Star-Chamber, that Annie was to have the advantage of improvement in the art and science of house-keeping: a law which never would have been passed at all but for Percy's love of his young companion, and her careful concealment of painful deficiencies, which, however, she was not revoltingly so; and, to do him justice, he would not have imposed a task that he knew was to lead to vexation and trial. He was not sorry to lay even a heavy strain upon her, and for deprivations, which he knew she would have done more, willingly. So that poor Annie's very care it was which now caused her discomfiture; her very courage—her self-reliance—her strong agreement.

At the end of the first week the young wife was behind in her accounts. There was brandy for the old lady, and not a little of it; and there were her own delicacies for her less robust health, and delicacies for her breakfast; special tea-making; bedwarming—all the thousand little, but overbearing, nobs shown fretful figures—increased by a full share and a half. But Annie was not discouraged: she observed the retrenchment of these multitudinous figures as a simple fact with which her husband had no more to do personally than with

When pay-day came she told Percy, quietly, that she was so much short that week. "I can not help it; and, in short, I am sorry to say, am overdrawn in addition maiden a great difference. Our own expenses have not been more than usual, and I think I find your mother's cost exactly equals my deficiency."

"You must provide for that out of the allowance," said Percy, with harshness.

"But I have provided for it already."

"Yes. I am not able to afford you more; and, by some means or other, you must make what you have do."

"Very well, Percy; I will try," said Annie, quietly.

"Trying will be of no good if it is not done, Annie," Percy spoke positively, as if on the brink of displeasure.

"I will do my very best," she repeated. "But for the present you know, Percy, I am in your hands; your arrangement, not so made no provision—" She turned such a pretty, pleading face to him that he said,

"I will pay you for this once—only for this once, mind; and you must be more careful in your finances"—emphasizing the solidarity: "Remember—this once only. You know I never speak without a meaning. What was it you wanted that you wanted in addition?"

So much, it was made, naming a large sum; very large comparatively with the whole. "I have to pay a bill next week, Percy, for—"

"Here, then, is the money," said Percy, slowly counting it out, coin by coin. "Now do not let me hear that sum mentioned again. It is what you have to do, and you must do it."

Annie looked up with a smile that day. In what could she retrench? Of course Percy was right; husbands always are right in the eyes of girls when not actually cruel. He was right, and must be obeyed, of course; but how? She would learn of him, and ask counsel of him in her taste for pastry; give up all beer and wine—of which she had but little as it was—and put herself in Lenten fare generally. Then, as to the fuel, the grand retrenchments did not go beyond a few personal economies. Annie had been assured there must be done. At last it came to her like a bright inspiration—she would dispense with the extra service she had been accustomed to. She was washing was done at home; and the young wife and old servant, with the help of a charwoman, who worked herself to the verge of hysterics and faintness for day, till at last a perfect good faith that such a life was the normal existence of a good housekeeper, and that she was only doing her ordained duty. Of what should she grieve? Not but the servants. If old Mrs. Clarke knew it she kept it to herself, and thought all very as it should be. Percy did not see, and never asked, what his wife did in the house or out of it. He was the most loose-handed husband possible with the rearriage-reins with regard to every thing except money; and his wife, had she been so minded, might have enjoyed any amount of questionable independence. This noninterference was what Annie had always dared in him, and what she rejoiced unfeigned now in the pride of her secret household heroism; and for the next two weeks she was profoundly happy to find that she had succeeded in her obedience, and that her expenses were within the mark—gratified, in fact, that she could pay luxuries for her peevish mother-in-law, and secure her husband's comfort and approbation by the toil and labor of her own hands: for that was the English of the thing, said the superiorly educated servant.

This could not go on for long. At the proper time Annie's release from household toil came in the form of a baby-boy, which, however, was by no angel come to lie on her heart. This was Annie's baptismal name, for it was a boy, and was a real emotion before; never felt a real love. Her father she had feared and shrunk from; her mother she respected and obeyed; but her child—what a golden word of hope and love that was!—what a treasure to be cherished for the whole future, and warm soft lips of that little wonder! She would have borne contentedly even through years of pain and sorrow for the gracious time; and she felt she could now face any grief with that precious clinging at her breast as reward for by its love and cheer her by its progress and well-being. Pretty Annie was a mother, but saw she was not to be so beautiful that the old nurse shook her head and said she did not like the glory of her young lady's looks; and that she mistrusted such a half a dozen fatal experiences, which made the nurse-girl prophesy that the child would not satisfied; so went sighing and shaking her head up stairs.

Mrs. Clarke was impatient of Annie's illness. She missed her in the household; she found that the servant-maid was better so much at home than fal as Ann, as she used to call her spitefully, eschewing the Annie as to coaxing and refined; and she could not bear that any one should be should need more care than herself. She had been so long accustomed to be the chief consideration; so long accustomed, too, to the moral coddling of invalidship, that she did not yield the right without a pang and struggle to any one. Mrs. Clarke's infirmities and sundry diseases were of her social stock in trade. She was very sensitive to regard and attention, as some people's riches, or as a pretty woman's beauties. She was forever calling upon them the wholesomeness of her discretion and the infinite evil of giving way. So that when Annie had been about a week in the room of nurse, despairingly, and was stirring about the house at a time when other ladies would have been comfortably in bed, a wildly-lighted room-gowns and lying on bedroom sofas.

"Annie, my dear, my dear! Why, a fortnight after that new life had come among them, Annie appeared at the dinner-table just the same as everyday paler and more languid, but otherwise like her—his sole remark was—thinking heads with her small kissing face. It scarcely passed unnoticed by fortnight, Annie, since you were here; but my mother says it is so." Yet his manner had an indescribable shade of tenderness given to Annie, and Annie forgave the coldness of his spoken welcome.

But Percy was not soft either in speech or in manner; and, after to-day, he gradually relapsed into his old coldness and indifference. Annie resumed her household duties, and in another week all things were in their old, quiet routine. The old nurse even leaving, called away earlier than was expected, owing to an error in dates somehow, Annie had been left alone—except for her sole charge with no one to whom she could speak but with confidence; therefore with no distance or relief. She had no nursemaid, and her two servants were not clever about babies. She was surprised to find how that one little creature absorbed her time, until how scant was the leisure left for the busy world that lay in the household before his birth. Yet the inexorable law had to be fulfilled, however unable she was to fulfil it.

When time came round to the house-bound young back into her hands again, and the mean sum once more doled out, she had received a lesson enough to be doubly careful now with this heavy expense before her, and to remember that she saved for her child while she cared for her husband. She had completed the circle of Annie's obligations. Passionless as love was now, it was still love, and love in its steady duty, and she had not a wish to evade the observance of her task.

Still she had not quite so much time as formerly, and she was not yet strong enough for active household work. In consequence of this, week by week, she fell gradually behind until she was in all several pounds; all to be saved out of an allowance that did not surpass the old economical measure! It was hopeless to think of it. What could she do? It was impossible to ask an increase of the spiritual comforts, she feared he would say that she no longer regarded him, and thought only of her baby. Annie's sight in the world's opinion her duty to her husband the first thing in her life? Something like it was hovering somewhere in her dream. By virtue of that fallacy—the privilege of old age—the nurse was prospered, and petted, and preserved, whenever failed or wanted, and a worn-out useless life is nursed up to creon away a few days by tears for the child, though the young mother and the needed should perish in its stead. Mrs. Clarke was prospered, and petted, and the give up further in herself? She had not, as it were, lost the ordinary physical help to a young mother, and if she reduced herself to sickness and helplessness than at present, she must be content with plain food and water. What should she do? While in her own room, kneeling by her baby's pretty little cot, and longing for him to awake, she suddenly remembered that she had a handsome old-fashioned pearl necklace of her dear mother's. She never wore it; it was of no use to her. She would sell it; and then to saved from further anxiety and unhappiness. It might be a pain, but it was only a pain of sentiment at the worst; while, to vex her husband, and perhaps lose his confidence, would be a crime. That very day she paid up all her back bills, and started fair again with a balance in hand.

But this must not happen again. She must work as she did before; for she was strong now, and must bear her part with the rest. And she did work as before, improvising all sorts of portable cradles for her darling so that he should be watched over the whole time she was engaged, and as she had nothing else to do than care for him and guard him. She worked till her limbs ached, and her head was dull, and her heart depressed. She worked till she was faint and giddy, and overwrought. And no one saw it. Percy thought her neat and glossy for dinner; and Percy did not particularize her extremely enough to know she pale was; nor how thin; nor how her lips quivered when she spoke, and her eyebrows lifted themselves up as if to lift a heavy load from her brow. He saw her just as she used to be, with her placid smile, and her pretty dress, and her dainty costume, always marvelously clean and choice, though simple. He saw nothing beyond all this; and as the house went on as exactly as it did before, he was never weary of congratulating himself in secret that he had taken his mother's advice and had put Annie on her mettle, to rightly understand the economies of practical housekeeping.

Mrs. Clarke had a slight attack of indigestion; and what a miserable house that slight attack created! Percy was impatient and insulting; the old lady capricious and dissatisfied; and poor Annie's nerves were all shaken by the sudden fuss and weeping from weariness and fatigue. But she had her old immunity from observation; though poor Ann had the kitchen mother's advice and not put Annie on her mettle, to rightly understand the economies of practical housekeeping.

Mrs. Clarke had a slight attack of indigestion; and what a miserable house that slight attack created! Percy was impatient and insulting; the old lady capricious and dissatisfied; and poor Annie's nerves were all shaken by the sudden fuss and weeping from weariness and fatigue. But she had her old immunity from observation; though poor Ann had the kitchen mother's advice and not put Annie on her mettle, to rightly understand the economies of practical housekeeping.

Mrs. Clarke had a slight attack of indigestion; and what a miserable house that slight attack created! Percy was impatient and insulting; the old lady capricious and dissatisfied; and poor Annie's nerves were all shaken by the sudden fuss and weeping from weariness and fatigue. But she had her old immunity from observation; though poor Ann had the kitchen mother's advice and not put Annie on her mettle, to rightly understand the economies of practical housekeeping.

Mrs. Clarke had a slight attack of indigestion; and what a miserable house that slight attack created! Percy was impatient and insulting; the old lady capricious and dissatisfied; and poor Annie's nerves were all shaken by the sudden fuss and weeping from weariness and fatigue. But she had her old immunity from observation; though poor Ann had the kitchen mother's advice and not put Annie on her mettle, to rightly understand the economies of practical housekeeping.

At last, one day, she failed. She had been for some hours ironing, when, very quietly, she gave a deep sigh, and fell fainting to the ground. The red-armed maid ran screaming away, and Percy hurried down stairs. He found her to all appearance dead on the kitchen-floor, and, taking her in his arms, bore her tenderly and gently to her room; for he loved her as much as he could have loved any wife, and terror frightened him into nature and demonstration. A doctor was sent for; Mrs. Clarke unsparingly repudiating all idea of danger, or the necessity of making a fuss because of such a common thing as a fainting fit; but when the doctor came he looked grave, ordering his patient to be kept in bed, and to be most zealously tended; ordering her, in fact, the attendance of a person dangerously ill, and for whom the only chance lay in loving watchfulness and care. But he found her so extraordinarily refined, and with such distinct evidences of organic mischief, that he himself had but little hope of the result. He inquired minutely into her life; and the whole history was revealed. She was dying, literally from fatigue and exhaustion, he told her husband frankly, but severely.

Percy never left her bedside. Night and day he nursed her, as she would have nursed her sick child. But this love had come too late. Not all his tears could give back the life which his blindness and hardness had helped to destroy. Neither could it now call out the love in that young heart, which had lain like a sleeping child that would have smiled back love for love to the one who had awakened it. All too late! too late! Happiness, love, and life all gone, and the hand that might have stayed them now stretched out imploringly in vain.

When Percy left that death-room he looked a shrunken, gray, withered old man; as if years, not hours, had passed over him since his young wife died. From that day no one ever saw him smile, and no one ever saw him lift his eyes frankly to theirs. He kept them fixed on the ground, or turned away like a man who has committed a crime; and so dragged on a life which had no need to ask of another the mystery and iniquity of torture. Even his mother cried a little when the baby died a month after its mother.

REVIVAL OF RIBBONISM IN IRELAND.

WE give herewith, from an English paper, a picture of a group of Irish Ribbonmen. Well understood as the name is in Great Britain, it may be necessary here to explain, that Ribbon or Riband Societies are mere associations of the Irish peasantry, formed for the purpose of avenging the real or fancied wrongs of any member of the body, and protecting malefactors against the vengeance of the law. In the old times of famine and starvation in Ireland, when to an ignorant and suffering people the term landlord might seem equivalent to oppressor, and resistance to a rent-collector almost justifiable, the Ribbon Societies were active as well in what was called "punishing" landlords as in concealing murderers. At an earlier period, during the fierce religious strifes of the north of Ireland, the ribbon societies were organized bodies of Catholics, acting in opposition to the organized Protestants, who bore the name of Orangemen. It is even said that the ribbon societies were in existence during the rebellion of '98; though at that time their character was probably more political than agrarian or religious.

Without entering into an argument on the lawfulness and propriety of secret societies, it may be said that, since the Encumbered Estates Act went into effect, and emigration depleted the over-populated districts of Ireland, the causes which once stimulated organized opposition to the laws have ceased to operate, and whatever justification may once have existed for the establishment of Ribbon Societies, and whatever policy might once have been made for agrarian outrages, neither the one nor the other are defensible now. Yet we have every reason to believe that Ribbon Societies continue to flourish in many parts of Ireland. Every mail contains some account of their proceedings.

IRISH RIBBONMEN.

Some weeks since Mr. Richard Ely, a gentleman residing in Queen's County, was passing out of his grounds in the evening, when he was shot dead by an assassin. It has been ascertained that the man who killed him was named Delony; that he had threatened to shoot him some time before; and that he is still living among the peasants of the vicinity, hattened and comforted as though he were a martyr. A porter who found Delony's hat shortly after the murder, and handed it over to the magistrates, has been obliged to leave the country by the Ribbonmen. Several magistrates who have been active in trying to discover the murderer have been warned that their lives are marked. And the peasantry distinctly declare that other landlords will share Mr. Ely's fate if they attempt to collect rent over a certain sum.

This is Ribbonism in Ireland, in the year 1858, and in the midst of such plenty and prosperity as that unfortunate country never enjoyed before. It is but just to say that many of the best of the Irish priests have denounced Ribbonism. Dean Kieran, Roman Catholic dignitary in Kerry, has lately administered a heavy blow to Ribbonism from the pulpit. He said the system was at once an outrage on religion and a foul blot on civilization. It converted men into murderers, perjurers—into enemies alike of God and man. He hoped his voice would reach the victims of a terrible and wicked delusion. Unless the combination was at once broken up he would expose the names of all guilty parties that might come to his knowledge, and call on their employers to dismiss them from their service. Though he would be sorry, indeed, to injure the wives and children of even Ribbonmen, or of those who forget their duties to their families, he gave these deluded men warning that persistence in their wicked course of life would leave him no course whatever for failing to publish their names, and publicly denounce the abettors of a secret and infernal tyranny which sets at defiance the ordinances of religion and the laws of the country.

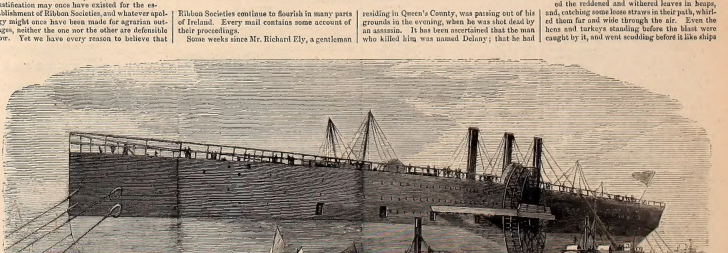
THE "GREAT EASTERN" STEAMSHIP.

So long a period has elapsed since the *Great Eastern* was a common topic of newspaper report and ordinary conversation, that many of our readers have perhaps forgotten all about her. She exists, nevertheless, and is in a state of forwardness, as the accompanying engraving, taken from a photograph made for the London *News*, will show.

It may not be generally known that the expense of building and launching this mammoth vessel far exceeded the estimates, and in fact exhausted the capital of the company whose property she was. After vainly trying to raise money to complete her after the launch, the owners formed a new company, which bought her as she stood for a sum of $800,000. She had cost about $2,500,000. It is estimated that another half million or so will finish her, and prepare her for sea.

She is to make her trial trip to Portland, as originally advertised, and after that she will be "laid on" for Trincomalee, and freighted with goods for India, unless a better freight should induce her to sail for Australia. At any rate, there is now a fair prospect of her being able to go to sea early next spring; and if no accident occurs, she may be looked for in Portland before the beginning of next summer.

Her speed in the ocean is now estimated at sixteen knots an hour at least, or nearly 400 miles a day. At this rate she would cross the Atlantic in at least eight days, and in fine weather, when she could use her sails, in six or seven. The commercial world will wait for her trial trip with no ordinary impatience.



THE "GREAT EASTERN" LYING AT HER MOORINGS, DECEMBER, 1858.

IN THE AUTUMN.

THE winds of autumn howled mournfully around Farmer Blakely's dwelling. They tossed the reddened and withered leaves in heaps, and, catching some loose straws in their path, whirled them far and wide through the air. Even the hens and turkeys standing before the blast were caught by it, and went scudding before it like ships

in a storm. It made me comfortable, because I contrasted its radiance and generally boisterous conduct with the snug comfort and fair prospect that the surroundings of the farm gave token of for the coming winter. Cords of wood were piled in the yard assuming against the future evenings' fire; and in the clear yellow tott of the hickory log the sharp axe was stuck where John had left it when he stopped cutting. The granary-door had got unfastened somehow, and was slamming to and fro, over and anon glistening my eyes with the rich harvest within. The sty was empty now, and empty now where lately the grunting porkers had stood, with food on rail, impatient of the coming meal. The pompous old turkey-cock strutted to and fro, bridling his wings upon the ground, and surveying the surrounding farm-buildings with a most patriarchal air.

I laughed inwardly to myself. I pictured him prone upon his back, with a rich brown coat on, bursting with his fatness. I saw his comrades, the pigs, gathering round from the other end of the table, as if they had some superior merit. I saw the little brown quails pecking about between them, and then I thought, "Ah ha! my feathered bully, just wait until Thanksgiving, and then let us see your patriotism!"

"Wa'al," said a voice close at my elbow, which was no other than my Uncle's, Farmer Blakely, "Wa'al, how do you stun' it now down in York? Not so well but what ye like to come and see how an old fellow earns a living, don't ye?" And when I returned a hearty affirmative to his warm greeting, he took me by the arm, and in a kind manner, pointing out where he intended doing this and that thing next summer; and that he intended, by time, he should have the old place look just as good as new.

The fact of it was, the old man had got bewitched with the new house Squire Fergus had built, and wanted one like it; and was trying, by the aid of paint, putty, and glass, to remodel the outside of his old-fashioned mansion into a new-fangled summer villa, much to the regret of myself and the rest of the family.

What were the "fixings" to my furniture," architraves, and other crooked abominations to me? What the filigreed ornaments to the dear old weather-beaten house, which to me had real consecration? What not the mass that overlaid its foundation stone better decorated to me than the most elaborate of carvings?

It was not my native home; it was my adopted one. But even when my eyes returned to it again from wandering, almost as though I had never always known it—as though I had not found that rest for which I had sighed, through sometimes weary years, been making for—as though the ship had entered her port, struck her sail, and made anchorage after the storm and stress: So I did not like the change, and told him so.

"Ho, ho! my boy, you are behind the time; the old house looks very well, as you say; but we must keep pace with the age—keep pace with the age—or else we shall be outstripped in the race!" Thus my father.

I went to the house. Etta was there. Etta was my wife, as you know. She went to live in the city. City air, even for the healthy country-bred woman, was not healthy; but it was well for her there: I could not see every day before my eyes the fading cheek, the sunken eyeball, the sharp, diminishing form; therefore I sent her again to the pure air, the freedom of her own native hill, and more than all, to feel—as true lovers of Nature feel—the unspeakable expansion of soul and elasticity of spirit to which alone she could rise.

It was not well.

I entered the low-ceiled kitchen, receiving a pleasant nod from Charity, the "help;" I passed into the little front parlor, where the old-fashioned paper curtains hung in the window, and to say by so many sweet memories, and there, upon the lounge, half reclining, half sitting up, was my wife. A look of pleasure flushed her cheek and gave it the semblance of health. She reached her hand, and I came and sat beside her. How long I had passed my leisure, cherishing the few hours of her society that I have recorded to me, I do not know. I furbanded the treasure of her presence before it should pass away forever. There was no need of enumeration in these hours—no need of hardly speech to break the stillness of our heart communion. The day and night were alike to us, except when sleeping at her side I have sometimes pondered in my own mind whether it could be a fresh and closer existence, or but the passing on from threshold, the lifting of the foot for the next step, ere we entered the land of heaven. Such is life could not last long; the very intensity of the spiritual power it possessed freed from the physical, until the body because weaker and weaker—until it hung, as in a balance, between life and death; as, like the Hebrideans, I entered on the air in a moment-time, it rose toward heaven, it came down to earth, and seemed waiting for the invisible hand only to gladden our sight once again.

Ah, how the flying months went on! how the dear winter lowered over the land, and how at last that we might make ready for his coming! It soon set in. The hushed stillness of the air, the locking of the forest trees, and the biting blast that, sweeping down the mountain side, hurled itself in unavailing fury against our cottage, did not alone give that yet wanted and went out from us. Human hearts lighted up within us. They relate our lives looked henceforward; for the thing over us, was the tempest that was to sweep away, and the sunshine that was to follow, and shuddered at its coming.

The last leaf had fluttered from the trees; the naked branches lashed the air, and where they grew near the house swept the sides with a harsh, grating sound; they flew over the frosty ground in heaps, and lay piled along the brook course, long since dried up, in many a furrow; and while the pulse of Nature seemed itself stopped, awaiting the great change, so, too, the life we cherished more than our own went out from among us, and grieved that endless throng that for ages have gone before her. What a life, and what a death! They were alike; both pure, both upright and holy. As the little sinless babe we clasp sleeping to our bosom smiles at us in its dreams, so her passing away was as gentle and soft as it.

I smiled. I was happy then.

I heard some one say: "Lucid, yes, she is dead."

I did but laugh.

Dead? she, my wife, dead? As if she could ever die—as if now she did not live ten-fold more strongly, more truly than ever in the clay.

I did not weep. I felt in child-like calm to stay here, in this palm; the rustling of her garments is near to me. I feel her breath stirring as my head as she bends, as of old, over me. Dead! who shall say it?

Said my father, as he took my hand with a look of deep anguish in his eye, "Dear boy, I sympathize with you; we all do; and though a most great affliction, you have our heartfelt pity, and I am sure love as much as ever."

He did not feel, as I did, the Divine presence; he did not see it, as I saw it, illumining the room, the face of Lucid before and softens my wrath. I can contest now. I never visit that old house but my wrath is to remain with me, and when the sun at evening lights up the west with his flame of gold. I know it is the door of her work and that sun went out on its pure light to guide me the more surely to her.

J. R. STAFFORD'S OLIVE TAR AND IRON AND SULPHUR POWDERS.

BRONCHITIS.	COUGHS.	CONSUMPTION.
BRONCHITIS.	COUGHS.	CONSUMPTION.
BRONCHITIS.	COUGHS.	CONSUMPTION.

HOLIDAY PRESENTS,

IN RICH SILKS,

SHAWLS AND MERINOS,

AND AT

LARGE ASSORTMENT

OF

DRESS GOODS,

AT

C. M. BODINE'S,

481 BROADWAY.

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES.

The great reduction in the price of these indispensable machines has brought a rush of customers. Though the prices have been put down, the machines are made better than ever. Now is the time to buy.

J. M. SINGER & CO., 458 Broadway, New York.

OIL PORTRAIT OF EDWARD EVERETT. *Premium to every Subscriber to Chaffee's Illustrated Monthly.* J. CHALLEN & SON, Publishers.

HOW TO DO GOOD AND GET "PAID FOR IT."—Take an agency for our Publications. The terms are such, there can be no possibility of loss. Every Family will be glad to obtain either of them. For particulars address, FOWLER AND WELLS, No. 308 Broadway, New York.

HOLIDAY TRADE.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH CHINA,

GLASS, &c.

DAVIS COLLAMORE & CO.,

447 BROADWAY, *above Canal Street,*

ARE NOW OPENING NEW GOODS, CONSISTING OF

SEASONABLE ARTICLES.

EXHIBITION OF AMERICAN MANUFACTURES, at the Irish Warehouse, No. 319 Pearl Street, Harper's Buildings. Brushes of every description on hand, and for sale at the lowest prices. A Silver Medal was received from the American Institute, in 1849, for superior Brushes.

JOHN K. HOPPE.

FASHIONABLE Cord Engravers and Wedding Stationers—Rich Jewelry, Fine Watches, Sterling Silver Ware, &c., from the Establishment of DEMPSEY & FARGIS, 609 Broadway, N. Y.

FURS! FURS!!

F. BOOSS,

IMPORTER AND MANUFACTURER OF

FURS

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,

AT 44 MAIDEN LANE,

Invites the attention of

LADIES

To his extensive and elegant assortment of all kinds of

EUROPEAN AND AMERICAN FURS,

CONSISTING OF

SABLE, MINK, ERMINE,

STONE MARTIN,

FITCH, SIB. SQUIRREL, &c., &c.

CHICKERING & SONS,

Manufacturers of

GRAND SQUARE AND UPRIGHT PIANOS,

Warerooms 652 Broadway.

C. & SONS have been awarded 25 prize medals for the superiority of their instruments during the last 20 years.

Also, for sale,

MASON AND HAMLIN'S SUPERIOR MELODEONS AND HARMONIUMS,

For parlors, churches, vestries, and lodges.

At wholesale and retail.

Boston, Tremont St.; Philadelphia, 1207 Chestnut St.

PIANOS TO RENT.

THE ATWATER SEWING MACHINE CO., 493 Broadway, New York, sell the best Machine in the market for family use. Needles for a circular.

Inventors, Look to your Interests!!

HOW TO GET A PATENT, OR THE WHOLE INVENTOR'S INSTRUCTOR. Sent by First Post, for 6 cents, or 3 three-cent stamps. By FOWLER AND WELLS, 308 Broadway, New York.

$50 SINGER'S NEW FAMILY SEWING MACHINES.

$50 SINGER'S SEWING MACHINE.

For Family purposes is a new price, bearing the impress of the names of the most celebrated manufacturers in the world has long been wanted for family use. Price—complete for use, only FIFTY DOLLARS.

J. M. SINGER & CO., 458 Broadway, New York.

EXPERIENCED AGENTS WANTED IN all parts of the United States and Canada, to sell a Unique and Original PICTORIAL FIELD-BOOK OF THE REVOLUTION, in Two Volumes Royal Octavo, containing upward of 1400 pages, and 1100 beautiful illustrations. This work is being published exclusively by Agents, to each of whom a special District will be given. Rare inducements offered. Applications must be made early, or they will avoid delay. For full particulars address GEO. W. ELLIOTT, care HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

GAYETTY'S MEDICATED PAPER for the Water Closet is a blessing to the sick and a luxury to the healthy. It cures and prevents piles.

Depot No. 41 Ann Street.

"BRIDES"

DECEMBER OPENING.

THURSDAY THE THIRTIETH.

THE GRANDEST DISPLAY OF

WINTER GARMENTS

FOR

LADIES' WEAR,

IN CLOTH AND VELVET,

EVER MADE IN NEW YORK,

AT 300 CANAL STREET

AND 479 BROADWAY.

SAUSE, SILVER PLATER.—Old Ware Repaired or gilt equal to new, at 154 Fulton Street, Sun Building.

AN ACCOUNT OF

DONATI'S COMET OF 1858.

BY GEORGE P. BOND.

EXTRACTED FROM THE MATHEMATICAL

With Two Fine Steel Plates, 4to size, and Twenty-one Wood-cuts, and 36 Pages Letter-press.

Price 50 Cents.

Representing this wonderful body as it appeared through the great 23 foot Refractor, at the Observatory of Harvard College.

Published by JOHN BARTLETT, Cambridge.

For sale to the Trade, by

A. WILLIAMS & CO., Boston.

DEXTER & BROTHER; ROSS & TOUSEY

New York.

OFFICE OF

Ballou's Pictorial Drawing-Room Companion, Flag of our Union, The Weekly Novellette, and Ballou's Dollar Monthly.

BOSTON, MASS.

BALLOU'S PUBLICATIONS.

THE OUTLAW—the best and most spicy story-writer by *Lieutenant Murray* is now published in the Flag of our Union. The thrilling weekly paper, in which is printed the *Outlaw*; or *the Female Bandit*, a story of the Robber of the Apennines. Each paper is for sale everywhere for *four cents* per copy, or it is sent to mail subscribers at $2 per year. The best literary weekly in the country.

THE BOSTON PICTORIAL.—The oldest and best of all the weekly papers, *Ballou's Pictorial*, full to the brim each week with brilliant engravings and delightful reading matter, gives the current news, correspondence, and most of current events all over the United States and the Old World. For sale every where for *four cents* per copy, or it is sent for $2 50 a year. *The Flag of our Union* and *Ballou's Pictorial* for $3 50 a year.

CHEAPEST IN THE WORLD!—The cheapest Magazine in the world is *Ballou's Dollar Monthly*. One Dollar a year! One hundred pages of original reading matter in each number, and fully illustrated. Enclose One Dollar to the Publisher, and see how much delight so small a sum will bring to your home for a whole year. For sale every where for *ten cents* per copy.

M. M. BALLOU, Publisher,

22 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.

A PRIZE FOR EVERYBODY WHO SUBSCRIBES FOR

NEW YORK WEEKLY PRESS.

THE NEW YORK WEEKLY PRESS is one of the best literary papers of the day. A large Quarto containing TWENTY PAGES, of SHORT STORIES, AN INTERESTING NOVEL, and ELEGANTLY ILLUSTRATED every week.

A GIFT WORTH FROM 50 CENTS TO $1000 00 WILL BE SENT TO EVERY SUBSCRIBER ON RECEIPT OF THE SUBSCRIPTION MONEY.

TERMS—IN ADVANCE:

One copy for one year, and a gift.....$2 00.
Three copies one year, and 3 gifts.....5 00.
Five copies one year, and 5 gifts.....8 00.
Ten copies one year, and 10 gifts.....15 00.
Twenty-one copies one year, and 21 gifts 25 00.

The articles to be distributed are comprised in the following list:

1 United States Treasury Note.....$1000 00
2 do. do. .....500 00 each.
5 do. do. .....100 00 each.
10 do. do. .....50 00 each.
20 Patent Lever Hunting Cased Watches.....100 00 each.
50 Gold Watches.....50 00 each.
100 do. .....40 00 each.
150 do. .....30 00 each.
200 Ladies Gold Watches.....25 00 each.
250 Silver Hunting Cased Watches.....20 00 each.
500 Silver Watches.....$15 to 20 00 each.
1000 Gold Guard, Vest and Fob Chains 10 to 20 00 each.
1000 Gold Pens.....6 to 12 00 each.
Gold Lockets, Brooches, Bracelets, Ear Drops, Breast Pins, Cuff Pins, Sleeve Buttons, Rings, Shirt Studs, Watch Keys, Gold and Silver Thimbles, and a variety of other articles, worth from $5 to $10 each.

On receipt of the subscription money, the subscriber's name will be entered on the list, and the gift will be forwarded within one week to him, by mail or express, postpaid.

Address, THE NEW YORK WEEKLY PRESS,

All communications must be addressed to

DANIEL ADEE, Publisher,

311 Canal Street, New York.

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y.

MRS. S. A. ALLEN,

No. 355 Broome Street, N. Y.

Since using "Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer and Zylobalsamum," my hair is greatly thickened. The roots in it are full of lively activity, and it grows out vigorously, until we thought her would be almost bare, but it has become thickened, and has a healthy appearance.

REV. DR. WOOD.

NEW ENGLISH EDITION OF DICKENS'S WORKS.

NOW PUBLISHING IN LONDON,

In Monthly Volumes,

PRICE $1 25 EACH.

A

NEW AND COMPLETE LIBRARY EDITION

OF THE WORKS OF

MR. CHARLES DICKENS,

Beautifully printed in Type, and carefully Revised by the Author. With Portraits and Vignettes.

NOW READY.

PICKWICK PAPERS. 2 Vols., price $2 50.
NICHOLAS NICKLEBY. 2 Vols., price $2 50.
MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT. 2 Vols., price $2 50.
OLD CURIOSITY SHOP. Price $2 50.
BARNABY RUDGE. 2 Vols., $2 50.

☞ This Library Edition is undertaken with a view to the presentation of Mr. Dickens's Writings in a far more convenient form, at once for present perusal, and for future reference, than has been yet supplied. A new type of page, and a new size, have been expressly for the purpose, and great care has been taken to render the Paper, Printing, and Illustrations unexceptionable.

The Library Edition will comprise Twenty-two Monthly Volumes, price $1 25 each; and a Volume will be published on the first of every month.

Order of publication:

1. THE PICKWICK PAPERS. 2 Vols.
2. NICHOLAS NICKLEBY. 2 Vols.
3. MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT. 2 Vols.
4. OLD CURIOSITY SHOP, AND REPRINTED PIECES. 2 Vols.
5. BARNABY RUDGE, HARD TIMES, AND REPRINTED PIECES. 2 Vols.
6. SKETCHES BY BOZ. 2 Vols.
7. OLIVER TWIST. 1 Vol.
8. DOMBEY AND SON. 2 Vols.
9. DAVID COPPERFIELD. 2 Vols.
10. PICTURES FROM ITALY, AND AMERICAN NOTES. 1 Vol.
11. BLEAK HOUSE. 2 Vols.
12. LITTLE DORRIT. 2 Vols.
13. CHRISTMAS BOOKS. 1 Vol.

☞ SECOND SERIES NOVELS.—The most popular writer of our day has long been sought out in England as a very handsome edition of his writings, in beautiful 12mo form, clear type, and fine paper. The publishers have in similar issue of this edition as the recommendation. "This best edition of my works is, of right, inscribed to my dear friend, the author, foreigner of Oliver Goldsmith, in genuine remembrance of the many patient hours he has devoted to the correction of the proof-sheet of the original editions; and in affectionate acknowledgment of his warm sympathy, and faithful friendship during my whole literary life." Boston his well known literary taste has invested in this handsome volume a great many delightful papers that have never been collected in any edition of his works. Each volume will contain a complete tale—some more than twenty new things, in all, will be given in the series. Each of the engravings in this edition are carefully executed, and are very characteristic. If Dickens himself were to choose them, we could think no better. Meanwhile Tickner & Fields are the American agents of this charming edition, and will supply it to the trade on terms that they have the exclusive sale this side the water.—*Boston Transcript.*

For Sale by TICKNOR & FIELDS, Boston.

And by all Booksellers and Agents for the Trade generally.

☞ Copies sent by mail, free of postage, on receipt of price.

THE NEW YORK SPECTATOR FOR 1859.

THE NEW YORK SPECTATOR is the pioneer of American Weekly Newspapers, having been established sixty-two years. It is unsurpassed by any of its contemporaries in the value and variety of its contents, having attained its present popularity by its prompt publication of the latest intelligence, and the ability and modest tone of its editorial comments.

THE NEW YORK SPECTATOR has no superior as a FAMILY NEWSPAPER,

or Record of Events. It is published every MONDAY MORNING, and contains the latest intelligence received *Foreign News up to the very hour of publication*, including Letters and Matters of Interest in NEW YORK and neighboring cities; Reliable Correspondence and Congressional Letters from Washington; Public Documents, both State and National; A Correspondence of interest; Letters from London, Paris, and other European cities; The latest Telegraphic Despatches received by the Associated Press; Full and Accurate Reports of the Money Market, Stocks, and all important reports of every thing connected with Trade and Commerce.

THE WEEKLY SPECTATOR,

the NEW YORK SPECTATOR is very confidently recommended to the attention of Merchants and Country Editors as one that will be a safe as well as an entertaining and instructive family companion. Its editorial comments are written under a deep sense of responsibility; its readings are Books and Periodicals are liberal and honest; its Agricultural Intelligence is compiled by practical farmers and gardeners; its Tales, Sparkling Poetry and Literary Gossippy are conformity of a very high standard, and its Miscellany is filled with a variety that will interest all classes of readers.

These characteristics of the NEW YORK SPECTATOR have made it a favorite with Subscribers and Editors, and they enter upon a new year with a determined purpose to keep it in the van of newspaper advancement, and to make the SPECTATOR worthy of the wide and increasing public favor.

TERMS.

One copy one year.....$2 00 Fifteen copies 1 year, one address to one address.....29 00
Five copies one year.....9 00 Twenty copies 1 year, one address.....35 00
Ten copies one year.....17 00 Any number over twenty sent to one address.....$2 00 each.
Single copy, 5 cents.

Subscriptions will be received at the office, or remitted by mail to the office direct.

☞ Specimen copies sent free. Twenty or more will be entitled to an extra copy.

FISHER, HALL & CO.

No. 46 Pine Street,

New York.

NEW YORK PURCHASING AGENCY.

W. M. LAPSLEY, No. 25 Nassau Street.

Persons residing in the country, desirous in New York of any articles, large or small, of use or luxury, from a Book to a Steam-Engine, a Shawl to a Carpet, can have their orders filled promptly, and goods sent as directed, by the New York Purchasing Agency. Refers to Messrs. Ely, Cassidy Long & Isaac Bank, Messrs. John Jacob Astor, Moses Taylor, Fitzgerald & Co., Wm. H. Dimmock & Co., New Orleans.

ELLIS'S PATENT.—Examine Inventions and procure American and Foreign Patents. *Patent Agency* opposite main entrance of Patent Office Building, Washington City, D. C.

PURIFIES THE BLOOD.

"R. F. Wilson's Compound Syrup of Sarsaparilla and Iodide of Potassium" is a popular remedy for Scrofula, Tetter, Ringworm, Blotches on the Face, Inflammatory Sore Eyes, Rheumatism, and the most obstinate Cutaneous Diseases. I have now the control of this preparation, and will supply it to the trade liberally. Physicians prescribe it because they are shown the recipe.

SANDERS, SIDS. WM. H. FLYE.

THORNDALE,

BY

TICKNOR & FIELDS

ANNOUNCE

THIS REMARKABLE WORK

—AS—

NOW READY.

It is attracting great attention in England at the present time. Blackwood's Magazine, in an elaborate review oft, says: "It is a rich and most captivating narrative. We do not know where any purer or more charming model of composition is to be found." The reprint is in one handsome 12mo volume, and is published at $1 25.

Copies sent by mail free of postage on receipt of price.

☞ Every Number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE contains from 90 to 96 pages—and from one third to one half more reading—than any other in the country.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR JANUARY.

The Publisher believes that the Seventeen Volumes of HARPER'S MAGAZINE now issued contain a larger amount of valuable and attractive reading than will be found in any other periodical of the day.

At no period since the commencement of the Magazine have its literary and artistic resources been more ample and varied; and the Publishers refer to the contents of the Periodical for the past as the best guarantee for its future claims upon the patronage of the American public.

THE PANAMA RAILROAD.

Illustrated by Twenty Engravings and Eight Portraits.

THE PEOPLE OF THE RED RIVER.

Illustrated by Ten Engravings.

QUEBEC.

Illustrated by Twenty-seven Engravings.

ONLY A WOMAN'S HAIR.

OUR CHRISTMAS PANTRY.

HINTS ON SELF-CULTURE.

THE BANKER OF A HERITAGE.

ROUND DEAL.

AN AMERICAN IN JAPAN IN 1858.

THE MINUTE MAN AND HIS TIMES. By LORNE CHANDOS MERCIVEL.

SONG FOR NEW YEAR'S EVE. By WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

THE CHRISTIANS. By W. M. THACKERAY.

Illustrations.—A Presentation to Madame Eugénie—Arrival of the Bride—Marriage Ceremony—Bridal Procession—Bridal Wreath—Remains at the Court End of the Town.

THE CHRISTMAS DINNER. Thirty-six smoking hot Pips et Hence.

Illustrations.—Between Brothers.

CHAPTER LVI. Arbaces.

MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.

LITERARY NOTICES.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

EXPERIENCES OF A DRAMATIC AUTHOR.

Illustrations.—The Author completed—Author dreams this it is accepted.—That he is called before the Manager—Manager and authoress at rehearsal.—Listened by the Manager.—Receives Presents from Actors.—Applauded by Supers.—Author's Benefit Night.—Is Hissed.—Author, ditto.—Pulled with Eggs.—And carried home in disgust.

FABRIONS FOR JANUARY.

Illustrations.—Scroll for Bat and Morning Toilet. —Young Ladies Evening Dress.—Under-Sleeves.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year.....$2 00
Two Copies for One Year.....3 00
Three or more Copies for One Year each.....2 00
An Extra Copy will be allowed to every Club of Twenty-one Subscribers.

HARPER'S WEEKLY and HARPER'S MAGAZINE together, one year, $4 00.

The Postage on "HARPER'S MAGAZINE" must be paid at the Office where it is received. The Postage is Thirty-six Cents a year.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A FIRST-CLASS ILLUSTRATED PAPER.

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST FAMILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD.

FIVE CENTS A NUMBER: $2 50 A YEAR.

HARPER'S WEEKLY has now been in existence two years. During that time it has either not been equal to or made it the best possible Family Paper for the American People. And it is the belief of the Proprietors that in the peculiar field which it occupies, no existing Periodical can approach it.

Every Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY contains all the News of the Week, and likewise a Variety of the most conspicuous of this department. It is believed, untrivial events of importance in the Literary world are always recent in profusely and accurately illustrated at the time of their occurrence. Its Editorials are written with the utmost fairness and moderation, and in a tone to which the reader every foreign pictures which appears to possess general interest. In the Literary department, HARPER'S WEEKLY may rely upon obtaining a Pictorial History of the Times, and a Miscellany which will be found among the most perfect and complete manner possible. It is the intention of the Publishers to spare no pains to make it about one hundred and fifty have already been published in the Paper, and it is their aim to be read with the interest of his subscription.

The Political character of HARPER'S WEEKLY is supplied by none of the Political Journals of the country. Every Number contains an installment of a carefully written Story, adapted for the Family Circle. Each month *Fifty* has appeared entire in its columns; one or more Stories are now in course of preparation, and others are abroad; the best Poetry of the day; Instructive Essays upon Topics of general interest; Anecdotes of the Events of the time, in the shape of Editorials and the Lounger's Commonplace Book; Sparkling, unexciting but generous Literary Criticisms; a Chess Chronicle; and full and accurate Reports of the Cattle, Provision, and Produce Markets.

TERMS OF HARPER'S WEEKLY.

One Copy for One Week.....$ 05
One Copy for One Year.....2 50
Two Copies for One Year.....4 00
Five Copies for One Year.....9 00
Twelve Copies for One Year.....18 00
Twenty-five Copies for One Year.....40 00

An Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of Twelve or Twenty-five Subscribers.

TERMS FOR ADVERTISING.—*Fifty Cents a Line.*

A Liberal Discount will be made to those wishing to Advertise for three Months or more.

☞ Persons living in the City of New York wishing to subscribe for HARPER'S WEEKLY, can leave their names and residences, with the subscription money, at the Office of the Publishers.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers,

Franklin Square, New York.

MRS. PRUT, and dancing-room, are all "out in state to receive New Year's calls. Thirty-two young gentlemen make a brief appearance at the door, and recite the following shibboleth:

"How d'ye do, Mrs. Prut. Happy New Year. Can't stay a minute. Made seventy-six calls this morning; got thirty more to make. *Adieu! Adieu!*" The young gentlemen vanish, to be succeeded by others.

MESSRS. SMITH, BROWN, JONES, AND ROBINSON, HAVING MADE MANY CALLS ON NEW YEAR'S DAY, AWAKE NEXT MORNING TO REPENTANCE AND A POLICE COURT.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

HOME JOURNAL FOR 1859.

NEW SERIES—NEW ATTRACTIONS—NEW WRITERS.

MORRIS AND WILLIS, EDITORS.

A NEW SERIES of this widely-circulated FAMILY NEWSPAPER, will be commenced on *the first day of January next*—printed on fine paper and clear type.

With the January Number will begin the publication of a SERIES OF ORIGINAL

Original Works of Fact and Fiction,

written expressly for the Home Journal, by the best

Authors of America.

The first of these is from the pen of a gifted writer, and is a tale of love and home, entitled,

TWO WAYS TO WEDLOCK!

BY A LADY OF NEW YORK.

The scene is laid in this city during the memorable winter of the great fire. The incidents are natural and familiar, and the characters skilfully drawn and grouped; the plot is clearly defined and well-managed—the style easy, graceful, and flowing, and the *denouement* conveys a most useful lesson. *It is a work of sterling merit.*

This story will be followed by a "Tale of the South," and one of startling interest, by an eminent Southern author, called

THE AVENGER!

This production is entirely American in construction, plot, incident, dialogue, scene, tone, conclusion. It could not have been true of any other country, and possesses attractions of a peculiar nature for those "to the manor born." It is a *specialty*—a bonne bouche of remarkable value.

The third of this attractive series of American stories is

THE YOUNG WIFE'S DIARY!

BY A DAUGHTER OF THE WEST.

It contains the whole history of woman's trials, and will be read with the deepest feeling by all classes of the community.

These charming stories will be succeeded by others of a similar description, several of which are already in preparation.

All the former peculiar features of the paper, which have given it a world-wide reputation, will be continued, while the several new ones will give an infinite variety to its ever diversified pages. Among them are a number of fresh, spicy, amusing,

ORIGINAL COMIC STORIES,

which smack and relish of the wit, humor, raciness, brilliancy, and spirit of the times.

As heretofore, no labor nor expense will be spared to maintain the high reputation of the Home Journal, which in every where, both at home and abroad, acknowledged to be the most refined and elegant repertory of Literature and the Arts on this side of the sea, and the

Best and Cheapest Family Newspaper

IN THE WORLD.

As no more copies of the new SERIES will be printed than are ordered, those who desire to begin with the commencement of the volume will be able to do so by forwarding their subscriptions without delay.

TERMS.—For one copy, $2; for three copies, $5—or one copy for three years, $5; for a club of seven copies, $10; for a club of fifteen copies, $20; and at that rate for a larger club—always in advance.

Address, MORRIS & WILLIS,
Editors and Proprietors, 107 Fulton Street, New York.

WHEELER & WILSON'S

SEWING MACHINES.

PRICES GREATLY REDUCED.

Office No. 505 Broadway, New York.

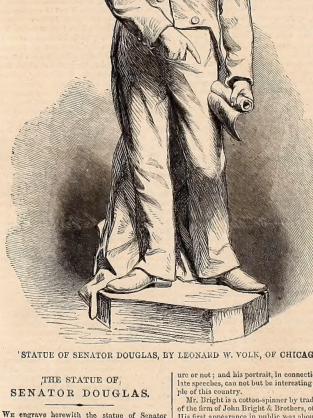
SEND FOR A CIRCULAR.

GOOD NEWS.—A reduction in the prices of Sewing Machines is announced in our advertising columns. Their utility is established beyond question, and at the present prices they will be found, as they ought to be, in every household. Seven varieties are manufactured, adapted to various purposes. So far as public opinion has been formed and uttered, the preference is emphatically accorded to the Wheeler & Wilson machine for family use, and for manufactures in the same range of purpose and material. During the present autumn the trials have been numerous, and all the patents of any pretension have been brought fairly into competition. In every case, the Wheeler & Wilson machine has won the highest premium. We may instance the State Fairs of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Virginia, Michigan, Indiana, Mississippi, Missouri, and Kentucky, the Fairs in Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, Baltimore, Richmond, and San Francisco. At the Fair of the St. Louis Mechanics Association, the Examining Committee was composed of twenty-five Ladies of the highest social standing, who without a dissenting voice, awarded *to* the Wheeler & Wilson Machine the highest and only premium, a Silver Pitcher, valued at $75. If these facts do not establish a reputation, we know not what can.—*Christian Advocate and Journal.*

GREAT EXHIBITION
OF
CHRISTMAS GIFTS,
Now open at
H. R. DIESELDORFF & CO'S.,
401 Broadway.

PICTURES FOR GRECIAN AND ANTIQUE PAINTING,
ARE ONLY published by
J. E. TILTON & CO.,
161 Washington Street, Boston.
Who forward them, post paid (with full and special directions how to paint), to any address. Send for a list and other information gratis.
Dealers and Teachers supplied.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.
VOL. III.—NO. 106.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 8, 1859. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.



STATUE OF SENATOR DOUGLAS, BY LEONARD W. VOLK, OF CHICAGO.

THE STATUE OF SENATOR DOUGLAS.

We engrave herewith the statue of Senator Douglas, which is being sculptured by Leonard W. Volk for the city of Chicago.

It will be remembered by all our subscribers that we gave a portrait of the Senator, with a pretty full biographical sketch, in No. 52 of the Weekly, about a year ago. Since then circumstances have increased Mr. Douglas's prominence. His gallant fight in Illinois, and the triumph in which it ended, the quasi-proscription which he seems to be enduring at the hands of the Administration, and the prospect that, at no distant day, he may fill the most conspicuous public position in the country, combine to render his "counterfeit presentment" peculiarly interesting to the public of the United States.

Mr. L. W. Volk, the author of the statue, is a young man of twenty-eight years of age, a native of New York State, and at present a resident of Chicago, Illinois. He studied his profession for two years at Rome, and is expected by his friends to take high rank among the noble corps which boasts of a Crawford, a Powers, a Palmer, and a Hosmer.

JOHN BRIGHT, ESQ.

THE portrait which accompanies these lines is that of one of the greatest and best Englishmen of the present day—JOHN BRIGHT. At the present time he is engaged in a fierce contest with many of the British aristocracy on the disputed question whether democracy in the United States is a failure or not; and his portrait, in connection with his late speeches, can not but be interesting to the people of this country.

Mr. Bright is a cotton-spinner by trade, the head of the firm of John Bright & Brothers, of Rochdale. His first appearance in public was about a quarter of a century ago, as a partisan of the abolition of the corn-laws, and the admission of foreign wheat into Great Britain free of duty. The question was clearly an issue between the aristocracy and the democracy of England: the former, being the principal land-owners of the country, desired to have protective duties levied on foreign breadstuffs, in order to be able to charge more for their land; the latter demanded cheap bread as all hazards. Mr. Bright was soon known as one of the champions of cheap bread; his extraordinary eloquence, his honesty, and his energy secured for him a leading place among the chiefs of the movement; he was chosen, in 1836, a member of the council of the Anti-Corn-Law League; in 1846, when the views of the league prevailed, and free-trade was established, Mr. Bright was unanimously considered as sharing with Mr. Cobden only the honors of the victory.

Three years previously, in 1843, he had purchased a seat in Parliament for Durham, and was chosen; at each session, to move the free-trade resolutions. In 1847 Manchester added him as her representative. He sat for that eminently democratic city for ten years, and, though always in a minority, won the repute of being the most eloquent man in Parliament. When the Russian war broke out he took decided ground against it. He was one of a deputation of Quakers who actually waited upon the Emperor Nicholas during the war, to protest against the action of the British Government. Whether Mr. Bright was right or wrong in this course (in this country the opinions of the masses were rather with than against him), there is no doubting that English people did not coincide with him. He became intensely unpopular, and lost his election for Manchester at the general election of 1857. He has, however, since been returned for Birmingham, which city he continues to represent in Parliament.

Mr. Bright was born in Lancashire in 1811, and is, therefore, only forty-seven years of age at the present time.

It was in the course of his agitation for Parliamentary reform and the introduction of the ballot into Great Britain that he made the speeches to which we refer above. In the last of them he says:

"I am not insensible to some things that appear to me to be errors in principle, some that are errors in practice, in the Constitution and the customs of the United States. But I protest against our being shut up to take nothing from America but cotton, and rice, and tobacco. And, in fact, we do take a good many other things. I am told that my friend, Mr. Platt, a member of a very eminent firm, has a wonderful machine from America with which to make bricks. We know that the agriculture of this country has been greatly advantaged by the importation of reaping machines from America. (Hear, hear.) We know that those persons who are going about an apprehension of a revolution have particular reason to be delighted with America, because they have received from that country the invention of the revolver. At this moment, in the Government small-arms establishment at Enfield, they have patent machinery from America for making gun stocks. They can turn out a gun stock; I am told, in twenty-two minutes fit for the barrel. What a dreadful thing to think of! (Laughter.) And I am sure that Mr. Miles, if his protectionist principles have not long ago deserted him, will be horrified to hear that they have actually brought Americans over to show the English how to work them. But there is much more behind. *The Times*, *The Morning Star*, *The Daily Telegraph*, and this leading newspaper in this district, *The Manchester Daily Examiner*, with, I believe, two or three of the widely-circulated London weekly papers, are all printed on machines which were either made in America, or, being made in this country, were made on the American patent. And further than this—don't you remember that the West-Enders, including even ladies, have been subscribing ten guineas apiece to invite a clever dancer from Ohio to show them how to dance a hornpipe? Any thing but politics. You may delight yourself with their charming polka—with Bryant, and Whittier, and Longfellow; you may interest and instruct yourself by their great historians—Bancroft, and Prescott, and Motley. But if you ask how free popular institutions are working among your own countrymen on the American continent, you are denounced as unpatriotic, and, at any rate, treasonable to the House of Lords. I will read a passage which was particularly galling to those gentlemen, from the report of my speech in Birmingham. It is but three lines. I said:

"Generally, in all the sovereign and independent States of America, there is a franchise as wide as that which I have proposed to-night. There is an exact and equal basis of members to the electors; and there is, throughout many of the States, the protection of the ballot; yet in America we find law, order, and property secure, and a population in the enjoyment of physical comforts and abundance such as are not known to the great body of the people in this country, and which have never been known in any country in any age of the world before."

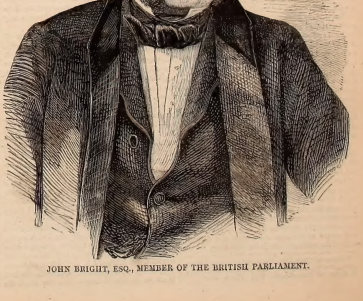
Now Lord John Russell, a short time ago, was at Liverpool, at a meeting of the Social Science Association, and he made a speech, many parts of which I think were most admirable and instructive. He referred to America in two particulars, and showed how, in the States of New York and Louisiana, the laws had been codified and simplified. He said that, with a few days' study, a man might make himself perfectly acquainted with the laws with regard to land and landed property. He did not see (and Lord John Russell is not afraid to look abroad on a matter of this kind) why an old country—I do not quote his own words—should be compelled to continue a system which was not necessary, and which it was found so advantageous to get on without in a new country. But he said this:

"It is education which enables the United States of America to proceed in their wonderful career, united by the most popular institutions, without serious disturbance of law and order."

I quote another nobleman—a most estimable man, too—a man who has done in his time great justice to the people and the institutions of the United States—the Earl of Carlisle. "Eight years ago, when the state of America was fresh in his mind, he delivered a lecture from which I have taken two extracts. Speaking of their elections, he says:

"Elections may seem the universal solution, the topic for universal discussion, the universal object with but few exceptions—carried on without any approach to tumult, rudeness, or disorder; these which I happened to see were the most sedate, undisquieted processes I can imagine. In the free states, at least, the people at large have no cabals, and I believe, on the whole, a useful part in all the concerns of internal government and practical daily life."

And then, speaking of the condition of the people, he said—and you will know how far it corroborates how far it exceeds even what I said—he says:



JOHN BRIGHT, ESQ., MEMBER OF THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT.

"The feature which is the most obvious, and probably the most inevitable, in the nearly entire absence, certainly of the appearance, in a great degree of the reality, of poverty. In no part of the world, I imagine, is there so much general comfort among the great bulk of the people; and a gushing sinkhouse struck me as the permanent character of the land.

"And then, with his own generous sympathy, he went on to say:

"It is not easy to describe how far this considerate gives to brighten the face of nature, and give room for the undisturbed enjoyment.'

"I can not, of course, help the fact that Lord Cathcart for a moment has fallen from his rather a foolish panic ideas I undertook to address my constituents at Birmingham. I can assure him, I do not wish to introduce American institutions here. But I want to argue this point—that the people of England are now in a condition which I would be just to them, and safe for all classes in the country, that they should be entirely intrusted with the possession of the elective franchise."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 8, 1859.

A PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE YEAR 1858.

THE Volume of HARPER'S WEEKLY just concluded furnishes a complete Illustrated History of the Leading Events of the Year 1858. It contains nearly *Nine Hundred Illustrations*, of which over Seventy are *Portraits* of noted Men and Women, American and Foreign. Among the principal subjects extensively illustrated in this volume may be mentioned the Laying of the Atlantic Cable; the Progress of the Utah Expedition; Salt Lake City, and Mormon Life; the United States Paraguay Expedition; the Chinese War, together with the doings of Americans in China and Japan; the most remarkable Scenes and Localities in the great Indian Rebellion; Japanese Customs; Outrages on American Shipping; the Fraser River Gold Fields; American Prison Life; Scenes in the Arctic Seas; the beginning of the troubles; Earthquake Scenes in Italy; new American built Ships, &c. &c.; together with artistic Illustrations of numerous characteristic traits of American Life, such as Fashionable Life at the Summer Resorts—Newport, Saratoga, &c., &c.; Watering Excursions; Regattas; Picnics; Thanksgiving, Christmas, and New Year's Scenes; Loafing, Corn-Husking, and other Sketches of American Industrial Life, &c., &c. Besides which are given a great number of Engravings illustrating every other important occurrence of the Day. The articles accompanying these illustrations are prepared with care, and form full and reliable accounts of the subjects illustrated. The WEEKLY contains, besides the best Tales and Poetry of the Day, a Serial by a first-class Author, interesting Essays on Topics of general Interest, an interesting Chess Chronicle, &c. The two pages of Foreign and Domestic News and Gossip furnish a rich Summary of the Year. The same form a complete Anecdotal History of the Year.

To the Volume is added a Complete Index, both of matter and Illustrations.

The Volume now bound up forms, therefore, a complete and most interesting Pictorial History of the Year just passed, easily referred to, interesting in its various details, and invaluable to all. 4to. Muslin gilt, $3.50.

MEXICO.*

THIS is a simple and interesting account of the fate and fortunes of the Mexican Republic as it is called, during the years 1856 and 1857, from the inauguration of Alvarez to the fall of Comonfort. The book is well written; and we only regret that it is not translated, so as to be within the reach of the reading public generally, as it gives a better picture of the actual state of Mexico than any thing that has been recently published.

The volume presents a lively portrait of the most wretched condition to which a once highly civilized and prosperous country can be reduced. A lawless and violent soldiery, an intriguing clergy, an ignorant and heterogeneous population, a parliament of demagogues, and an empty treasury—and, amidst all these elements of strife and ruin, the people themselves are of honest men, who are doing what little they can to arrest the disasters impending over their country. The picture is a painful one, the more so because drawn without any effort whatever at artistic effect or exaggeration. The chief facts, indeed, of the narrative are indisputably true.

But of all the results at which the mind of the reader will arrive in perusing these pages, that which stands out in the boldest relief is the immense political influence of the Catholic clergy in Mexico—an influence, too, as pernicious as it is vast. This fact, not sufficiently taken into view by those of our people who have not seen Mexico with their own eyes, is made curiously apparent in Mr. Portilla's narrative.

Comonfort's government began, continued, and ended at war with the clergy, and the details of the strife are well worth following. Under the Presidency of Alvarez, in 1855, a law had been passed, called (after the Minister who presented it) the law *Juarez*, prohibiting all ecclesiastical jurisdiction in civil matters. This gave rise to an insurrection against Comonfort's government which took place at Puebla in February and March, 1856. The revolt, sustained by the contributions of the clergy, was soon put down; the principal of the Bishop's sequestrated, and the Bishop himself banished; but the Priests made the best of his way to Mexico, and there contrived to give Comonfort more trouble than ever he could have done in Mexico.

In June, 1856, Lerdo, then Minister of Finance, introduced the law known as the *Ley Lerdo*, framed to liberate the immense properties in the hands of the clergy. It would be very valuable to have the details of this law, a note now in the hands of the Church in Mexico. Humboldt, in 1805, gives the rental of eight of the Mexican sees as amounting to $650,000, or an average of nearly $70,000 per annum. The last half century has no doubt added greatly to their private if not their actual wealth. This law, of course, brought out the clergy in full force, and the usual cry was raised that the Holy Religion, Religion, etc. The Archbishop of Mexico denounced it vehemently, and the Bishops of the opposition by every means in their embarrass, if not to paralyze, the Government in regard to one of its most important measures.

But the clergy did not confine themselves to polemics. In September, 1856, a regular insurrection was organized in the capital in the interest of the clergy. The bells were pulled throughout by the clergy, and the Government was compelled to surround and close the convents, to arrest the friars, and to suppress the institution itself.

The promulgation of the Constitution of 1857 brought the clergy to their most decisive activity. That Constitution which, whatever its defects, certainly contained many important propositions, enhanced greatly the power of the clergy. It, in Sec. I., Art. 3. Liberty of Instruction; Art. 4. Denial of legal validity to monastic vows; Art. 5. Prohibition of the Order of Jesuits; Art. 27. Restriction of religious corporations as to holding real estate.

The announcement of these great principles of civil and religious freedom aroused the Church to the most extreme degree of fanaticism. Bishops and archbishops protested against it, and then high to low, from the judges of the Supreme Court to the humblest official, absolutely refused to swear by the ministers of religion to all who swore to this Constitution. It would be difficult to find in the Middle Ages a more striking example of the interference of the Church in the affairs of State.

Things went still further, and on Thursday, in the Holy Week of 1857, the Archbishop of Mexico, apparently desirous to offer a gratification to the Holy Sepulchre, excommunicated the Governor of the city from the Cathedral. For this gross offense the Archbishop was confined to the Palace for a short time.

In April, 1857, the law of parish payments to the Church (*Obvenciones Parroquiales*) forbidden, and the payment of the clergy thrown upon the Government on the part of the Church. This law, passed in the interest of the lower classes, to protect them from the exactions of the rapacious shepherds, prohibited the clergy from levying any fees except on baptism, marriage, and burials of that class of the population which was in the habit of using thereby the class of day-laborers. This touched the Church deeply. In some places the law was not alleged to be enforced, and in others it was torn down; in others hostile manifestoes were put up; and in every way the population was invited to oppose the Government.

Finally, the Holy Father himself at Rome, in an allocution delivered in the College of Cardinals, gave the coup de grace to Comonfort's government by declaring that the Mexican Church solemnly persecuted by the Government in Mexico, and that the proposed Constitution was only the instrument of persecution.

And in January, 1858, the government of Comonfort was overthrown. Whether he was equal to the occasion, the situation is doubtful. We have not sought to inquire whether he was to be mild in his policy, nor do we step to ask particular explanation of the circumstances which the Constitution of 1857 can be in any way excused.

What this volume of Mr. Portilla signally proves—what we have wished to call attention to—is the wholly immediate nature of the Mexican disease. Of this nation a great characteristic of the Church is one of the most alarming features, and to that we have in these paragraphs desired to draw attention. The Church, worse, if possible, remain behind. A heterogeneous population, a debased clergy, the great wealth belonging to an inferior race, utterly destitute of instruction, is clothed with the right of suffrage, and thus intrusted with an equal share of political power—a lawless rabble of soldiery on an utterly disorganized administration—a Congress of demagogues, all joined with a rich, fanatical, and intriguing Church, present a state of things that the Goddess of Discord could not improve. It is absurd in the highest degree to expect any internal cure of these evils. There is no *sic medicatrix natura* that can reach the case. The remedy for Mexico must come from *without*.

When a government shall be presented to that unhappy country strong enough and wise enough to make itself at once loved and feared; rich enough to control intriguing priests, and to support itself till the internal resources can be developed; powerful enough to uphold the real interests of the country, and to strike terror into the hearts of the robbers and highwaymen who call themselves soldiers and generals; wise enough to give Europe and our own republic without pandering to the mere madness of demagogues—when such a government shall grasp the reins of Mexican affairs, then, and not till then, will that rich and beautiful country arise from her degradation.

Europe shall this new life come? Shall America stretch out her helping hand, or shall that work be done by England or by France? A decision must be made, and that speedily.

THE QUARANTINE QUESTION.

RESIDENTS in the neighboring States may not be aware of the importance which attaches to the Quarantine question in this city, which has just been settled by Governor King. But, in fact, it was a matter of evening moment to the commerce of the metropolis of the United States.

For fifty years the Quarantine hospitals have been situate on an island within six miles of the city of New York. When they were first established there was no other quarantine station established. Of late years the growth of the city has compelled settlement on all the adjacent shores, and the island on which the hospitals were placed has been chosen as a residence by thousands of city merchants and others. Recently, fierce controversies have been exhibited, and within the past six or eight years the communication between the island and the city has been rapid, owing to the necessity for the purposes of contagion or infection, the hospitals could not have been more noxious to the city had they been planted on the Battery or in front of the City Hall.

Had the acts of the legislature been honestly carried out, had the Quarantine physicians been fairly administered, it may be doubted whether any positive injury would have been inflicted on the city by constant intercourse with the hospitals. But, in fact, the laws have been so flagrantly disobeyed, and the Quarantine regulations so shamefully set at naught, that the fears of the controlling authorities had been to diminish confidence their conduct could not have differed widely from that which has actually pursued. The office of Health Officer of the port of New York has been one of remunerative offices which are remunerated by fees—to conceive the most lucrative public bestowed as the reward of political services rather than necessary requirements or professional merit. As a natural consequence, the fortunate politician who wins it regards it as a means of making money, and as that only. He will suffer his employés to go direct from the death-bed of yellow fever patients to the most fashionable parlors. He will—for what consideration we are left to conjecture—suffer yellow fever vessels to anchor in the upper bay instead of the lower bay which sanction excessive charges for lighterage, and so forth. He will, in short, do every thing which will bring money, and nothing that is merely calculated to serve the public interest. And in so doing, he will not only neutralize the beneficent effects of the Quarantine, but will actually aid the dissemination of disease. Considering the circumstances of his appointment, this course he could hardly act otherwise. We can not expect to find pure water in a mud hole, or honest men in sinks of political corruption.

From the day, therefore, that uninterrupted communication between the city and the Quarantine hospitals was established, and that the commence of the port rendered the post of Health Officer the key to a very lucrative golf, the existence of these hospitals became a fatal injury to the trade of New York. Not a summer passed but the yellow fever was introduced into the city. Properly treated, in a proper locality, they would never spread contagion. Immured in the present Quarantine hospitals, under the control of a party political Health-officer, they have uniformly proved seeds of pestilence. Every year the yellow fever has spread from the hospitals and the anchorage to the city and its populous suburbs, and has actually commenced within the city. Every year has been a panic, which not only drives useful citizens away from their homes and their business, but has created a mercantile panic from which New York to make their fall purchases. An experienced merchant has estimated the damage done to the trade of New York by the regularly recurring yellow fever panic at twenty millions of dollars a year.

Such being the case, the hospitals would have been removed long ago but for the opposition of the shipping-merchants. It is hardly worth while to bandy epithets; all classes of men, in this world, are selfish enough; but the annals of history may be vainly ransacked for a parallel to the selfishness of men who, in order to have their vessels anchored a few miles nearer their offices, were willing to jeopard the lives of their fellow-citizens and the business of the port. Such was the course pursued by the shipping-merchants of New York. But for their efforts, but for the money they spent to achieve their aim, the Quarantine hospitals would have been removed three or four years ago, and the last three yellow fever panics would have been avoided. One of these, in 1856, was a joke, and the other good men who died of the disease a couple of years ago would have been alive among us; the commerce of the city, according to the merchants estimate, would have been forty millions of dollars greater.

It has been left for Governor John A. King to redeem the errors which he committed when a municipal officer from falling into the very error into effect the Act for their removal. They are to be moved to an island to be made on Orchard Shoal, a mere sandy bank, and that about three miles southwest of the Narrows. The money has already been appropriated; the work of construction on the island will probably be commenced forthwith. Let us hope that this will be the last of this troublesome question.

THE DUELLO.

THERE is a law in this State which declares that not only he who fights a duel, but he who gives or accepts a challenge, or is the accessory to the sending or accepting of a challenge, is guilty of a crime penally punishable by fine and imprisonment. Under this law two gentlemen—a wit, the brother of the present Secretary of State, Dr. Tucker, and a Member of Congress from the State of New York, Mr. Daniel E. Sickles—have rendered themselves liable to arrest and commitment, if not to condign sentence. As yet they have not been arrested. Neither of the gentlemen have been arrested. The only papers, usually such faithful reporters of the events of the day, have not yet received their examination before a Justice; nor has any one been apprized of the period at which their examination will come on. In fact, they have not been molested in any manner. Though they have fought half a dozen epistolary duels, and have held their bodies for at least one hot-headed blood encounter, the sluggish officials of this county have not yet awakened to their duty. Nor will they, unless so urged by the press or by Law Both gentlemen, so far as the public are aware, are enjoying the holidays in peace.

Under the late session of the Legislature to this fact. For, if the officials have done their duty, then it should be retain the bounding duel on the statute book; and if the officials have not done their duty—which, in one of the challenges in this case was actually sent through the papers, would be a fact blush, to have been the case—it surely devolves on the Legislature to institute some sort of inquiry into the circumstances.

To the mean while it may be remarked that the duel is every day losing its power to discredit. It has not been raised in public estimation by the use to which it has been put by certain leading politicians. For instance, Senator Douglas, of Illinois, is a prominent candidate for the Presidency. He is a leading Democrat, and could probably obtain a larger and larger democratic vote than any other member of his party. His course on the Kansas question, however, has made him the cause and support of thousands of persons who are opposed to the democracy. It is a common saying that he is the only Democrat who could carry the county in 1860. He has just achieved a remarkable victory over the Republicans and the Administration in the city of Illinois. Under the circumstances, his existence is very inconvenient to aspiring democratic politicians. They do not like to kill the man whose chances are now infinitely slender might compete, with some prospect of success, for the democratic nomination of 1860.

This being his position, the public can not but regard the hostile approaches which Senator Slidell is reported to have made to him as a very unfavorable light. Senator Slidell is a well known Democrat, to whom personal encounters and duels are matters of course. He is doubtless highly skilled in the use of dueling weapons. Senator Douglas is not likely to know any thing about pistols. If Senator Slidell persuades his colleague to "go out" with him, the chances are that the latter will be killed. And we are bound to say that the present aspect of affairs encourages unchristianlike persons in the belief that Senator Douglas is not by any means determined to force a duel on Mr. Douglas—with what intent, every one can conjecture for himself.

For our part we will say no more than this: we should like to see the State legislature do their duty in the Tucker-Sickles affair, and we should like to see some successful duelist from Washington severely hanged. If any noisy orator can deprive the country of the services of such a man as Senator Douglas, by provoking him into an encounter in which he can gain nothing and may lose his life, this is not a civilized country.

THE LOUNGER.

THACKERAY AND YATES.

THIS difficulty is in a fair way of being privately and quietly settled, as every friend of the parties concerned must wish. The London *Times* is very severely upon "the strut of living satirists," for laying into a rags with no small a writer for so small an offence; and musclizes upon the fact that a man who had so remorselessly delineated the manners and personality of Sir Lucrot Bulwer Lytton should make so utterly from the least exposure.

The cases, however, are not parallel. There is surely a difference between a literary sketch steeped in evident satiric extravagance, as were all Thackeray's epistles of Mr. Yates, and a deliberate, personal description, derived from a club acquaintance.

Besides, Bulwer was the most striking illustration in literature of the spirit which Thackeray was every where attacking; and he had a certain moral right to make as much fun as he chose. And yet, that Thackeray knew all the while that Bulwer belongs to him, will the render eager to declare that Mr. Yates has served his right, coincider the following passages from the preface to the American reprint of his rhimer and earlier writings:

"The caricature was never written at the period, and never was since the public's boy carried them away, and brought back and laid at the door of the author, who, as I said, forgot or disown his own children.

"Why were some of the little knots brought out of their obscurity? I—am to a little, and to make but flowers in reviewing some of these unknown juvenile creatures which the public good-nature has long established. There are two performances especially among the critical and literary articles which I have seen Mr. Yellow-Plush, which I am very sorry to see reprinted; and I will speak with shame and grief for *one* for a pamphlet which I have be himself has forgiven, and which I trust I have forgotten.

"I had never seen that ancient writer but once in public when this name was given to me, and to the recklessness of the young man who could fancy such personality was harmless jocularity, and never calculate that it might give pain. The best experiences of my life have been gained since that time of youth and gayety and careless laughter. I wished to them, perhaps, because I would not have any kind and friendly American reader judge of me by what was written in a former year.

After this will my body urge his sarcasm upon Bulwer in palliation of Mr. Yates's satire upon him?

And how vividly the little foregoing extract illustrates the cold, hard, grinning, sneering, caustic direction of human nature which is the favorite view of Thackeray!

And yet, despite the kind apology and explanation, Atticus is he!

MR. OTATOR DICKENS.

DICKENS has just made another of the speeches in which he excels as in writing, and reading, and acting. The speech was not a very good speech. It is undeniable that he is popularly accounted the first author of England, and it is a fair question whether he is not the best reader of books. But Gladstone is the most solid parliamentary orator, and Mr. Disraeli is the most witty. Both have a many gush of humorous sympathy in all the public speeches of Dickens which in a hundred times more agreeable than the shallow-brained and flippant oratory of the sharp, diamond-lipped sarcasms which Disraeli delivers. In public speaking Dickens seems to touch the same chord in the popular heart that Mr. Becher does.

On the present occasion he was chairman of a meeting in Manchester to distribute prizes to successful pupils in the evening schools established entirely of mechanics and laboring men. He begins in this rollicking, good-humored way:

"It has of late been written and spoken in England that the salmon season produces an immense amount of public speaking. I notice that the salmon begin to leave off to go to fall from the trees then pearls of great price begin to fall from the lips of the wise men of the East and North, West and South; and so it appears to be the case by the bushel for the picking up. (Laughter.) Now, whether the cause be that the fish are all exhausted or otherwise on this crop, as it is by some supposed to have had upon the corn harvest in the early visitings of the hare. But I do know that I have never observed the columns of the newspapers to be under the hearth for the pressure of matters, each vying with the other in the two qualities of length and of nothing to be said in the matter in hand—(Laughter)—and of being always addressed to any audience but the right one, and always the audience to which it was delivered. (Hear, hear.)

Proceeding to speak of the title of the Association, he says:

"I have been for some years pretty familiar with the terms 'Mechanics' Institution,' 'Mechanics' Institute,' but they have unfortunately too often become associated in my mind with a high flown and inflated notion of some important member or other, which generally made something done for it, and which, in the end, left generally infinite a new house much too large for it, and with no very solvent pad for, and which takes the name of the mechanics mere pegs to hang their hats on, usually upon a mechanic and a desk in that place together. (Laughter.)

He then gives a lucid and lively account of the working of the institution and of the examination;

"I have looked over a few of the examination papers. They comprise history, geography, grammar, arithmetic, book-keeping, decimal exchange, mensuration, mechanics, social economy, the French language—in fact, they comprise all the hyper-branches of the tree of knowledge. I felt most devoutly grateful, as to many of them, that the tree had not been planted in my garden. (Laughter.) For I am perfectly clear that if they had been, I should have had no other time to bestow upon anything else but weeding. (Laughter.) And yet it is always to be observed, and solemnly remembered, that these examinations were undergone by people whose lives have been passed in a continual fight for bread, and whose whole existence has been a constant wrestle with those twin fathers of the daring heart—low birth and iron fortune. (Applause.)"

He goes on with a capital account of instances of already resolution in many, and after laughing at the exploded theory that knowledge is a dangerous thing for the laboring class, and pleading for the elevating influence of works of imagination, he concludes:

"The Divine Teacher was as gentle and considerate as He was powerful and wise. You all know how He would still the raging of the sea, and could bath a little child. As the utmost results of the wisdom of man can only be at best to help to raise the hearts of meditation to which He destroys, saturated by the tenderness and the pureness of men, would have excited it long ago, and by the same token would have left no room for unbending the understanding and the imagination; and which, following in His steps, we trust in His name may help our race on to its better and best days. (Applause.) Gentlemen, I have detained you too long. I am sure I am limited poor indeed when it informs the head alone. Let us have the heart and the head in this hour. It is a power over life and death, and the body and the soul, and the immortal destinies. (Prolonged applause, during which Mr. Dickens resumed his seat.)"

MORE GOSSIP ABOUT AUTHORS.

PEOPLE naturally like to know about their favorites; and the English Spectator, which was fond of laughing at the foreign taste for gossip, kept John Bull constantly supplied with the domestic article. And now the desire for personal knowledge is one of the most natural and human consequences of intellectual activity. The Frenchman anchors not as mental entities merely, but as living men and women. How charming to know something, if we may, about Shakespeare's life! There is really so little detail of it, that a reader of sensitive mind is constantly annoyed that the person ought not to correct, and in bolder moments piquingly deny that Shakespeare was the author of Shakespeare's plays.

Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall—Samuel Carter Hall—are not unknown as literary literary literary. Mr. Hall founded and still edits the *Art Journal*, and Mrs. Hall has written Irish stories and various sketches of considerable merit. Mr. and Mrs. Hall have had his lately delivered two lectures in London, in the literary performances of which especially Mrs. Opie, Thomas Moore, Miss London, James Hogg, and Thomas Hood. He read the last letter Mary ever written to Shelley's landlady, and Hood, which excited profound feeling in the audience.

Mr. and Mrs. Hall personally know all these people; and there is more talk of other famous ones in reserve.

Wordsworth, too, is coming to his typographical apotheosis. Professor Wilson "will never do" as now being done in "an exceedingly beautiful edition, as splendid as thick, prepared paper, fine typography, printing in colors, and binding, and photographic pencils of Noel Humphreys and Birket Foster can make it." Lord Jeffrey upon his velvet-covered tables of palaces, or at the feet of your mistress.

If great poets are not immediately recognized nowadays, they do not have to wait long for their immortality.

NEW BOOK BY THE AUTHOR OF "TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL DAYS."

MR. THOMAS HUGHES, who wrote the charming and popular book called "Tom Brown's School Days," just published in London another work, called "The Scouring of the White Horse," which is the name of a level on the downs of Berkshire, and Gloucestershire, where the rude figure of a huge white horse is cut on the hill-side, and is occasionally scoured to preserve it properly.

A London clerk goes down to the Vale of the White Horse to recuperate his health, and there he hears old country legends, and old English sports, and plenty of pure country talent. It is a thoroughly and locally English book of the kind to rejoice the heart of Lord John Manners and that class of Young England which thinks that old national sports are essential to British greatness.

Therefore I say that wrestling, inasmuch as it is a severe trial of manly courage and endurance, may be, and ought to be, one of many right and proper ways of opening England's purse to the hill-fold, and I say to any man who has strength for it, and can keep his temper, and accept with a good heart the thoughts if he wins, and no angry or revengeful thoughts if he loses, I say try all sports.

There are some songs in the book skillfully written in the provincial patois, two of which we quote.

This is the song of a carter:

CUPID'S GARDEN.

"As I was a-goin' down Lunnon Road
Not nowest nor hall an hour,
'T was dry I was, and dry I be now,
Zittin under Gi-ble's tower,
A-gallerin of wery pennorth o' mild
The lilly and the rose.
There be the fairest flowers
As in the garden grow.

"I vondly stopped to one o' them,
Them nowest of the lot,
Do you engaged to arn young man,
Comes to-it-to, I prays.'
I be not engaged to narra young man,
I minds my business,
And all the lan-est wear.'

"Zays I, 'My stars and gar-ters!
This here's a pretty go,
Yer a vine young mayd as never was
To zat zich talk I know.'
But the Cuffer young may-den looked sty at me,
And turned all colors—red
Zays she, 'Let mee and I go our own ways,
And we'll let she go alone.'"

And here—

THE SONG OF THE SUMMERLEISURE SWIP GLADIVER.

"Chaw a' Zummerzeadze men
Coom here to hire a hin' o' vem.
Co'll tip a hind! I be zad around
Co nop nun so modzer's zun.

"Chaw a gramper roll and laugh,
Will hoveal dose all the country side,
And nanny a lusty lubberzides
To hoak my yead her vokes tried.

"Who's ver a hoat a vriendly gaap,
An never should to anger move?
Rich spowrts were only meanted ver thuzy
An thice their nonzarts broke for love."

AN IRISH VIEW OF LOLA MONTES.

THIS lady is about to lecture in Ireland upon America. It must be agreeable to her to commence her Irish career in the manner stated by the Irish *Vindicator*, of Galway; and it is delightful to us that the judgment of the Irish and not Thackeray should at last be rendered us by Lola Montes.

"The Countess was received with every attention and respect by the Irish gentlemen of the county, and was feasted on the arrival of the vessel. She wore a flounced dress with short sleeves, and over it a robe de chambre trimmed with a beaver fur. Her honest way of speaking, her unaffected manners, and a few hours' stay, and she were a richly jeweled Maltese cross. In appearance she is a prepossessing lady, unpretending and agreeable. What had the pleasure of being introduced to her by Captain Meade, and we can assure our readers that her bearing is quite the reverse of that high-flying, haute-volaptuous character of which some of our lady-like contributors have been accustomed to represent her as the type. This she is a 'strong-minded woman,' as the American phrase goes, describes such persons; there is no nonsense of doubt; she would tell you so herself. But that the quiet and cheering expression of her features, and the graceful and lady-like style of her conversation, have convinced us that the gush of quiet humor and fun, would at once entitle the admiration of every one in her way. If, however, about this time next year's Lola Montes be in the act of delivering lectures in Dublin, Cork, Limerick, Clonmel, Belfast, and Galway, about 'America—its People and its Social Institutions,' and she added a few of her own experiences in that country, but not as they have been misrepresented by Mr. Dickens, Mr. Mayne Reid, Mr. Thackeray, and others who have already 'done them.'"

THE LAST BUBBLE OF BRUNNEL.

SIR FRANCIS HEAD once wrote a capital book upon life at a small German mineral spring. He wrote another upon the "Bubbles of Canada" letters," full of pictures and statistics of railway life in England; and he has now written a book, and something about Ireland, and something else about Canada.

In all these books he appears as a testy, truculent, but extremely entertaining and shrewd John Bull. His last book is merely a reprint of the London *Times*, in which he figures as an extremely absurd John Bull. It seems that the Lord Sir Francis met about with the Emperor Napoleon, but that Louis Napoleon "can not be an altogether safe man to deal with." Because he bought all that eats and sleeps in France, while he knows that all that thinks and feels is relentlessly against him.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—NOBODY writes the Lounger a letter of complaint, to which he would reply if he could know the detailed circumstances. If any person will instruct the name of the article to the Lounger, he will inquire and answer. Certainly there can not justly be complaint of any bookseller, as to his courteous, upon the ground of too great length, in a communication. The Lounger's own experience informs him that a good paper want sometimes be returned because it is too long. Will NOBODY be kind enough to write decidedly; and can any body more clearly see the accessory prejudice against an anonymous letter upon such a topic than NOBODY himself?

—QUILOTES, Montgomery, Alabama, will find

"My only books
Were woman's looks,
And Folly's all they've taught me"

in the songs of Thomas Moore.

Will any friend of the Lounger tell who is the author of the line—

"To die is best to land upon some silent shore?"

—TRAP, of Pittsburgh, complains of the epithet "almighty" used in a communication to the Lounger some time since. But it is not necessarily blasphemous. "The almighty dollar" is only a strong, and a forcible, expression, and is often applied in broad buidness to a Lounger it is not properly conversable. The disposition to find impropriety in a harmless use of the most vigorous if any dangerous, because it tends to confound the shadow with the substance. When Longfellow sings

"Put Catawba wine
Has a taste more divine"

does TRAP think him blasphemous? And yet divine is only as correct a word as almighty.

—J. H., of Sandy, approves of the Lounger's late reply to D. G., who wished to relinquish keeping books and take to writing books. J. H. says:

"I was born of poor parents—had but a few months of common school education—worked hard on a farm until twenty years old am now thirty-three. I have now a respectable business—am married in my own college—have written essays for various papers, and poems that have been considered good enough to be inserted in the leading papers of New England. I have corresponded with the best papers, and learned seven years, visiting all the principal cities in the Union."

He says the secret is "patient perseverance" which the Lounger heartily commends to his friend and correspondent, D. G.

—L., Fayetteville, Lincoln County, Tennessee, wishes to ask if it is grammatical to say a list of publications with "——(publisher's name) will send either of the following works," etc. "I merely ask for information. Now down here in Tennessee, we hear of things being 'mighty big' and 'mighty little,' 'mighty long' and 'mighty short.' We also hear of our neighbors 'making a good many molasses;' and we hear some of our public speakers say, 'He acts like he is crazy;' and we are not at all startled, nor do we find much shocking, when we hear our learned Judge talk of '*the Court of Rushes*;' because we have not all the advantages that you enjoy; but some of us occasionally look into a grammar, and when we see a work as valuable as the one I allude to, it is very natural to ask the Editor and wiseacre."

L. will find that the publisher is quite correct in his use of the word. Either signifies "one or another of two persons," as well as "each of two." In the same way it may refer to any one of several persons; as in the line from Pope's Essay on Man, "Either he is talking, or he is pursuing, or he is on a journey, or perhaps he sleepeth."

—C. P. Coupe, Louisiana, proposes a problem:

"What difference is made in eating eggs when required to bolt two lines of brass between two points two hundred yards west. The line to be built on a dead level thereabouts, and the other through a hill, the two latitudes of which make a perfect right angle, with the vertex midway between the two points? Also, which leaves the peats to be preponderator in the horizon, and for fern leaves, and the sun to be under the pillage who perpendicular to the horizon, and two inches wide, and the space between them one inch, measuring horizontally."

—"MANY ANXIOUS INQUIRERS," in Coldwater, Michigan, ask for the name of the poet or writer of the tribution to the *World*, of which paper they speak very generously. It is a case in which nothing can be done. If we do not know, we can learn every thing that might be asked about every thing in his paper, he would find no time to write it. "MANY ANXIOUS INQUIRERS" must overlook what did not please them, on the ground that generally they are pleased.

—The Lounger's venerated friend, the Easy Chair of "Harper's Magazine," has sent him the following letter, which the E. C. says it received from Upper Duck Island:

"It is not at that year Magazine should teach fashion and on such simple questions as the year of the year when the egg of trees been finally; yet in your last number the great writer of the Editor's Easy Chair, speaking the doctrine that maple sugar is gotten from the sap of the sugar-tree. He tells us that George was an ish say to his house from Mount Vernon, and that when the leaves were beginning to be dyed with the resperfrers began to fall. Now, Mr. Editor, these remarks, page 19, 'At this time of the year the leaves are live by the sugar-tree and the resperfrers from the pine.' Mr. Thackeray could no more get sugar from the resperfrers than he could get liquid from a tree's rosin. Now a piece of ignorance like this is shameful in a man writing himself up for a Scientific American as Mr. Thackeray does. Yours respectfully,

"J. G. J."

The Lounger has a friend who will not eat an oyster or biscuit for lunch, because, he says, "it is disgraceful to eat the whole history of the Egyptian in operation for a darned cracker." In like manner, it seems to the Lounger hardly worth while to cavil at such a letter as this, which is so slight a slip. What is "falsehood," Mr. "J. G. J.?" It is what is willful deception in any person or thing. Well, do you suppose Mr. Thackeray intended to deceive us Americans about the time of getting maple sugar? or the English, about the Egyptian? Mr. Thackeray, or any lucky else, cares two straws when maple-sugar is made? Besides, you call it "falsehood" in the first line, and "a piece of ignorance" in the last. But if it be the one it can not be the other. The truth is, it is a careless statement, easily enough corrected, and not involving the least evidence of any person or thing.

To the assertion that Thackeray "eats himself up" as a teacher of manners, it is answered, on the other hand, that few authors do it so little. The whole tone of his writings is the reverse. "You are a snob, sir," Thackeray says to a reader; "if we don't be talking loftily about falsehoods and ignorance," he says to his wife, let us all turn to and attend to our own teams!"

—S. A. F., of Carrollton, Green County, Illinois, writes us a pleasant, complimentary letter, in which she says, "Will you write for Harper's Magazine Hood, dear Miss. S. A. F. also wishes to know the names of all the editors and writers in the *Monthly* and *Weekly*. Upon the last number of the *Magazine* she will find some of them—and the rest wear masks for a good purpose.

—Carrie, in the most delicate Italian hand, requests the Lounger to write upon "Autumn Fruit," published a few numbers since in the Lounger. Miss Carrie, Miss Carrie, you are beginning a note of literary fault-finding, do you spell the day of the week in this way—*Tuesday?*

Yes sir!

—MICHIGANDER apostrophizes the Evening Star:

"Thou orb of glory! from thy far-off home
Thou comest!"

The rest are "sunk to the bottom."

—The poet who writes to Minnie Gray

"Beneath the willow's bending shade,"

shall have the secret of his verses closely kept.

—OZARK, St. Louis, is thanked, and his contribution "respectfully declined."

—GERMAINE sings the woes of Dissolution:

"When banished by dissolution—
Fair Freedom, and her reign—
The hated Queen, of scorpion mien,
Shall treat our necks again."

The subject does not seem to inspire.

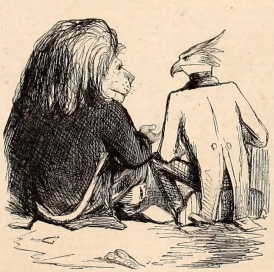
PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE FAMOUS CENTRAL AMERICAN BONE, LIKEWISE OF THE LION, AND THE EAGLE, AND THE COCK, AND THE FILIBUSTER WHO QUARRELED ABOUT THE BONE.

The Lion and the Eagle, after many angry disputes about the Bone, enter into a sacred and solemn (Clayton-Bulwer) compact with each other, never on any account to touch the Bone; and thereto plight they their troth.

But the bargain is no sooner concluded than the roguish Lion, on his way home, slyly endeavors to drag the Bone along with him.

Whereat the justly indignant Eagle pounces fiercely on the Bone; both parties prepare for serious hostilities, and the *Daily Bladder* strikes terror into the Lion by publishing a fresh statement of our naval forces.

On receipt of that copy of the *Daily Bladder* the Lion humbly apologizes, and refers, in accordance with the laws of ethnology and natural history, to "a common tongue, a common faith, and a common origin."



The Eagle, greatly mollified, says no more about naval forces, and sits down calmly with the Lion to devise some means of disposing of the pestilent bone.

Meanwhile a full-bellied Cock steps up, and, finding the Bone succulent and tempting, claws it, and crows amazingly about the meals he will presently make off the Bone.

A reckless Filibuster, too, talking of manifest destiny, and smelling of gunpowder, clutches the Bone; but him the Lion and the Eagle chase off with insult and obloquy.

To avoid further mischief—in the interest of civilization, and humanely desirous of averting a fatal conflict between the Filibuster and the Cock, the Lion quietly seizes the Bone and walks off with it.

Dismay and disgust of the Eagle and the Cock, who, after all their talk and trouble, find the Bone securely in the clutch of the Lion.

GENERAL JACKSON'S DUEL WITH DICKINSON.

THOSE born and reared in the immediate vicinity of spots renowned for remarkable events, for the residence of the great, or on account of the wonderful works of Art or Nature which may be there located, seldom duly appreciate, and sometimes even fail to apprehend, the claims which such persons or places may lay on the well-merited homage of mankind.

With such sentiments was I impressed on the occasion of a visit which I happened lately to make in an adjoining county of another State, upon the seduction that I first saw the light, and had lived almost to middle age, within a short day's ride of the dueling ground rendered historical by the single combat between the military hero and statesman sage, General Jackson, and the fondly influenced but truly unscrupulous marksman, Dickinson; and that, too, without being ever before induced by curiosity or my boundless admiration for the immortal patriot to enter upon so short a pilgrimage.

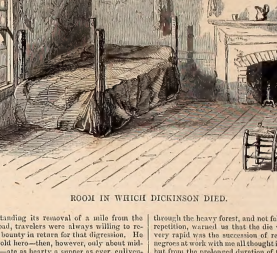
Just fifty years ago two young men, one a plowboy of fifteen, had just reached the scene of their daily labor on a cool, calm, bright morning in April. They were the sons of an emigrant who had lately removed west of the Alleghanies, and settled in what is now Logan County, Kentucky; just where the middle fork of Red River crosses the line between that State and Tennessee. Scarcely had the lad taken hold of his rude implement to begin his daily task—for the sun had barely lifted itself above the tangled horizon—when his ear was startled by the sharp cracks of two pistols down the river, and in such rapid succession that one just could distinguish the two from a single report.

Little did the youth imagine the import of the ominous reverberation as it came flying along the dense atmosphere which overhung the calm surface of the mill-pond, sinking in succession with an extra report each promontory of the bluff which, on one side or other of the stream, intervened between himself and the source of the sound. Much less did he imagine that one of the charges whose explosion broke the stillness of the morn and fell so sharply on his ear, at the same time sped a ball, with deadly velocity, into the bosom and near the heart of his future commander, under whose banner he was to march to victories fruitful of renown to himself and his country, and bring near unto death a life which was first to deliver that country from the hands of its enemy, and then bequeath to it an indestructible system of political principles.

On the 29th of April, 1807, a party of ten or twelve horseman rode up about sunset, and asked lodgings at the house of David Miller, who resided one mile below, and west of the point, where the road from Russellville to Nashville crossed the State line between Kentucky and Tennessee. The overseer, Jacob Smith, to whom I am indebted for many important facts, replied in the affirmative, and with their chief, General Jackson, the party took up lodgings for the night. Scarcely, however, had their horses been taken, when a second party rode up and likewise requested lodgings.

The hospitable manager answered in reply that they never turned off travelers, but that the house was already full; whereupon Dickinson, for it it was, inquiring for the next house, and obtaining the services of a negro boy to show them the way, again resumed his journey. Descending the river about two miles, they reached the house of Billy Harrison, where they likewise obtained lodgings. Michael Keller now lives there—an old gentleman of Dutch descent. His dining-room is that in which Dickinson died, and in this I dined on the day of my visit. My informant, Jacob Smith, now a wealthy and respectable farmer in the immediate neighborhood, having long since risen from his then humble profession, and a man of undoubted veracity, stated that Jackson's place of entertainment, then his home, was noted far and wide for the good quality of its fare and accommodations; so that, proceeded with his hands to the seams of his daily employment. And new comes an hour of suspense, heightened by that involuntary feeling of esteem with which the yet undefaced hero is said to have inspired all who came within the circle of his companionship.

My informant's admiration for the old General seems almost to amount to enthusiasm. Probably, could he have known then how valuable a life was about being brought to the threshold of death, his interest might have expanded into deep solicitude; but this was a secret as yet inclosed in the Book of Fate. He relates: "Scarcely had we resumed our labor when the awful report, resounding deeply



ROOM IN WHICH DICKINSON DIED.

notwithstanding its removal of a mile from the public road, travelers were always willing to receive its bounty in return for that digression. He says the old hero—then, however, only about middle-aged—ate as hearty a supper as ever, enlivening it with his usual affability; and no completely undisguised was his easiness of manner that it was impossible to detect any alteration in his deportment. He says, from all he could learn, his repose was perfect the night preceding the exciting game—a game in which life was the stake. The party rose early next morning, mounted without breakfast, and as many as the code of honor allowed took the road to the preconcerted ground. It lay along the river, and was the same by which Dickinson departed. A specification in the terms of the duel was, that it should take place "on Red River, near Harrison's Mills." Being delayed by the custom of dueling, as were all except physicians and seconds, and much against the chivalrous which involuntarily drew him to the fatal spot, he through the heavy forest, and not followed by any repetition, warned us that the die was cast. So very rapid was the succession of reports that the negroes at work with me all thought it a single one; but from the prolonged duration of the sound, like that of a hanging fire from a single gun, I knew it to indicate a quick succession of two." So much for the ground have they to go upon who gratify party spleen by the base calumny that Jackson received his fire, and afterward deliberately walked up to a defenseless man, and, with an oath of exulting revenge, savagely blew out his brains. And way this faithful account, given by three truthful old gentlemen, William Dudley and Jacob Smith —the former being the last survivor—as the outset —forever stamp this malicious falsehood with the just condemnation it deserves. From a life-long acquaintance with the former, I know, also, that the vividness of his recollection may be as confidently relied on as his undoubted character for veracity; and the additional circumstance that his account is in the face of his political proclivities, having always gloried in the name of an old Clay Whig, is still further evidence to what extent he is proof against the warping influence of prejudice.

His language on the point is graphic. With all the energy of a zealous lawyer pleading an important cause, says he, talking as plainly with his head, hands, and features, as with his tongue, "I remember that as plain as if it took place yesterday" striking the palms of his hands together, clap—clap, as rapidly as possible, "that is the way, for all the world, that the two pistols sounded; and, me'n that, my son, I heard 'em just as plain as I can see you settin' thar in that chair;" then clapping his hands again, "and now they couldn't a gone off much closer together than that, could they?" said he. The calumny was current in the immediate neighborhood for some time afterward; but even the enemies of Jackson, who make any pretensions to respectability, have long since renounced it as a slander and a fiction of party malevolence.

Lets in the morning, the sound of horses' heels at some distance in the timber announced the return of the party; but whether following or carrying their leader, Mr. Smith says, could not at first be discerned. Only a short time elapsed, however, before the party came into view, when his tall stooping form was distinguished, bearing no trace of horse, and betraying in his countenance no more than his accustomed composure.

It was not known he was hurt until he rode up to the spring house and asked for his celebrated "quart of buttermilk." He inquired of Cely, the dairy-woman, if she had any buttermilk. She answered that it was just as much, for the butter had barely came; whereupon he told her just to push the butter back and pour him out some. She obeyed; and, it is said, he broke his fast by turning off a quart. Their conversation could not be heard at the distance; but he was seen, while there, to open his bosom and show her where the ball of his antagonist had cut half its thickness out across his breast. The party then, obtaining their attiracks from the house, set off for Springfield, where they took breakfast. This is commonly called, in the neighborhood, "his quart of buttermilk."

The house which held the combatants the night previous to the duel are two miles apart, and situated on the right bank of Red River, one of the most beautiful streams in the world. The river runs westwardly the whole distance, a most lovely and fertile river-bottom intervening between the two residences. Here was the scene of the combat, then a primeval forest of poplar, oak, and hickory, now one of the handsomest farms of the West. It belongs to, and forms a part of the large property of, Michael Keller, a hospitable old gentleman, of Dutch descent, who now lives in the house of Dickinson's entertainment. Through this, and close to the river, wound the road.

"Mounting my horse about mid-day," says Mr. Smith, "under the influence of a natural feeling of curiosity to see all I could about it, and following the road, I found their place of divergence after riding little over a mile.

"Here, turning to the right and proceeding a short distance, I came upon the spot.

"It lay in a part of the forest thinly grown with large poplar trees, having a pawpaw patch immediately in advance, and being distant one-third of a mile from the stream."

THE DUELING GROUND.

Let us imagine the gloomy civility with which the parties met face to face in the last road which one of them, at least, was ever to travel alive; the ironical courtesy of the salutation, for "honor" demands a punctilious etiquette in every tête-à-tête on such occasions; the ominous halt; the reconnoissance to determine the most fatal ground; and the consultation and final agreement upon the most eligible position. Then comes the fastening and disrobing from their buffers, and accoutrements, together; the mingling of surgeons and seconds to lay off the ground; the latter with an eye to the coming sun equal,y measuring the distance and driving the pegs; and, lastly, the significant task of loading the fatal pistols. Each charge of powder must be measured fairly and conspicuously to all; and then, by a show of hands, and loose and light, the balls are successively held up to view between thumb and forefinger, inserted in the muzzle, and pushed home with a well-bored ramrod.

Meanwhile the principals, standing aloof, are engaged in divesting themselves of unnecessary garments, or donning more convenient ones, and, as is sometimes the case, striving to obtain some slight advantage in the arrangement of dress. General Jackson is said to have worn a very large full overcoat on the occasion. Lots have been cast for choice of position and who shall give the word, the principals are placed, and proper instructions completed with the ominous courtesy of passing the fatal salver. This blows is a matter of lot, for the weapons can not be distinguished. Sixteen feet was the distance at which the duel was fought, which will be found represented by counting that it is only five paces and one foot. Now couple this with the fact that Dickinson, the day before, when his party stopped for dinner at Harrison's Landing, at the image of a man, fired four balls, instantaneously after the command each time, at a piece of sealoaf being covered by a silver dollar, and some idea can be formed of the larboury of death in the duel. It is said, also, on what appears good authority, that Dickinson was so confident of killing Jackson that he had begged to increase his bet to the amount of three thousand dollars that such would be the case.

All that now remained was for attendants to retire to a safe position and give the words of command. That was not to see fell; and that it was not, is what has been inferred that it was either to be made up, or the whole to be gone over with. But an instant revealed the real state of affairs, and Dickinson's friends run forward to assist him. A dark stain of blood appeared on his side, and an ominous indication was afforded in the fruitless endeavor to stanch it. A bending purpose back, shaking hard up, defied a moment's patient pause to recline him while undergoing the process of evacuation.

It was found that the ball had entered the side above the point of the hip-bone, and had ranged within, and, passing entirely through the body, was retarded by the opposite hip-bone, and lodged just within the skin. The small difficulty of its extraction but showed the great danger of the wound; and all hope was soon destroyed by the discovery of minute gall hemorrhages and purging.

Large quantities of blood streamed from the wound, yet continued affirming that it was only over a length of six feet; and so deep, that it was of very perceptible depth at the bone of the hip. Though he was by no soft us to yield easily to the pressure from the feet. He noticed the pegs at which their points were fixed with his heels firmly, and distinctly saw the prints of their right heels deep down in the mellow earth. He was much struck at seeing the shortness of the distance—the more remarkable, he said, when it was considered how great was the skill of the duellist. It was a thing, on discovering the nature of the wound, was to dispatch a surgeon to Dickinson's side, with the intelligence that he was "dangerously wounded." He was then conveyed back to his lodgings.

Here he was found in the room prostrated in the cot, and on two feather-beds, underlaid by two mattresses. He trembled in unremitting chills until he was tot for gone to exhibit his sufferings, and gave vent all the while to his agony in the most awful blasphemy. He was transported by his reckless profanity.

So profuse was the flow from his wound that it passed through all his bedding, and required to be cleaned up every few hours. Thus he progressed until into the evening. The surgeon left the middle of the floor, and a brilliant light illuminated the room, when a dark stain was seen on the floor. He asked, complaisingly, why they had blown out the candle and left him in the dark.

The surgeon told him he had, for he knew the befallible ones. His had gone completely blind. The last spark of light went out by the dawn of earth.

Again he commenced cursing, repeating, "God damn the ball that entered my body!" and within five minutes from the time of his blindness, he said he had died from that suffering body.

Dickinson was a man of great wealth, and was the husband of a blooming wife of twenty-five. He lived in Nashville, now, as then, the capital of Tennessee.

He arose several hours before dawn on the day he left home. His wife was ignorant of the duel, and being aroused by his restless pacing to and fro, asked what was the matter. He informed her that was to start that morning, on business, across Red River, in Kentucky; but that he would be sure to be back "by to-morrow night." She, supposing the duel, and taking her cheeks between his hands, he kissed her on the lips, and exclaimed tenderly, "Good-by, darling!" and immediately set off with his party. With what soul-breaking effect the dreadful tidings fell upon her heart we may endeavor, at least, to imagine. Suffice it to say that her carriage had accomplished the long day's ride while it was yet only in the evening of the day following his death, and she arrived in the neighborhood before the mare had spread more than a few miles on the road along which she came.

She first heard of his death about three miles from where he was; and her road led by the residence of both my informants. They are unanimous in declaring it the most overwhelming picture of grief they ever witnessed. She appeared to rave with mental agony, and every breath extorted a piercing shriek, until she reached the object of her deep distress. Her youth and beauty added much to the great sympathy all felt for her in her sad bereavement. When she reached his lifeless form she rushed upon it in a frenzy of grief, and gave vent to her feelings in kisses, embraces, and wild lamentation. His coffin soon arrived, and was placed beside him, and during the lonely visits of the night in holding an affectionate guardianship over his every breath as she sat off, next morning, to conduct back the mournful cortège. The wagon which brought the remains passed my informant's house. He was then a boy, and he says that the body of Dickinson back to Nashville.

The following is said to have been the origin of the duel, according to the best authority; and it is one which is not generally known:

Jackson and Dickinson had staked five hundred dollars at a horse-race, and always disliked one another. He took Dickinson's note for the amount, and was satisfied with its inforsement. Jackson had a friend in Nashville who feared he was a hated him. They were men destitute of honor, and generally cherished a most unscrupulous opinion to persecute injustice. Dickinson was a leader of that class of sporting men about Nashville who considered that there was justice as well as honor even in gambling, and that dishonesty was naturally crowded around Dickinson, and laid in wait for the first opportunity that might present itself to wreak his vengeance upon him. This was the first occasion, and they made use of it, in vindication of their principles. It is said that Dickinson—who it seems was, in some respects, of an amiable and credulous disposition—was induced to this unfortunate exposure. It is believed that Jackson had disparaged the character of his note, in order to get out of paying it on a challenge. Jackson denied the charge entirely, but it failed to conciliate Dickinson, or even to be believed by him against the representation of those who were thus using him to get their great enemy out of their way; and this was the result of their scheme. There is an important moral contained in this story, which may be acquired to the advantage of young men, and that is, that the truth of his case of wrongs is no honorable safeguard to a person's life. Had Dickinson been right, no doubt he would never have fought the duel with Jackson.

LITERARY.

THE LAND AND THE BOOK is the title of two handsome volumes lying on our table, from the press of Harper & Brothers.

The pilgrim who had brought home the shells, shell-boxes, and the crosses of olive-wood from Hebron, a few drops of Jordan water from the first of the baptisms, and countless stories of his pilgrimages for listening ears in the long evenings of a sea-passing life that stretched away between Joppa and Alexandria, was the old scholar and ballad Land of Promise—such a pilgrim, in old times, would be received by joy as that of a holy day to his friends the remains of the old glories of Palestine and making them, as well as he was able, the partakers of the holy land he had visited. And having, with much toil and dust and foot-weariness, even as Ruth gleaned in the corners of Boaz, knelt at the Sepulchre, and won the palm.

If old Laurence Koster, or Guttenberg—which-ever it was that first thought of the art of printing, or the art of printing, but this one privilege—to wit, of selling—fitted out every ship that left the port—that alone were enough to make the art a priceless blessing. For we are of those who, when we read a new book, forget both the author, the friend, or the stead of saying "Here is another old story told of Jesus, and another of Judea, another of the subject, a journey to the Holy Land," are, on the contrary, accustomed to say, "Here is the story of a journey, and another of Jesus, another of the Holy Land, and another of Judea." And, in this case, every new volume of the series is a welcome at our table; and we only wish a hundred men and women would go every year to the Holy Land and write.

But Dr. Thomson's book is of a new order. In the first place, it is the work of a man who, not by one who has visited the Holy Land and passed months, or one, two, or three years there; but by a man who has lived there for more than a life. A book on Syria by a Syrian! For if he was not born there, he has become his home. From his house—one at Jerusalem, now on the wall of Jerusalem—he has seen a great deal of the excursions on the world's surface; and all this time he has learned more and more to love and cherish the true truth about the Land and the Book.

Dr. Thomson has been for thirty years a resident of the Holy Land, at Beirut, Jerusalem, Sidon, and elsewhere. He does not, therefore, write from a mere visit of curiosity, or from the mere fact and steadfast observer, to whom Palestine has become a sort of a new and interesting field and valley that we consider almost as distant as the events which sanctified them, have grown to be to the ordinary visitor to Palestine a mere curiosity.

It is no book of travels; neither is it a book of personal adventure, though there are many such stories we have spoken of were designed to quicken the love of those who stand at home for the holy soil, this book goes further, and is designed to show how one who has lived in the Land thirty years has found illustrations invulnerable of the truth of the Sacred Record, and has learned from the Land infinite interpretations of the Book: in fact, to show that the Bible is the Book of Palestine, and that every hill and river, every tree and flower, the manners and customs of the inhabitants in modern times, as well as the remains of ancient times visible in tombs and ruins; the trees and the vines, the wells and the houses, every thing in Palestine, illustrate the Bible and help to understand it.

The learned author has lived while he has been in Palestine. He has never lost an hour to have accumulated this store of illustration, which makes the book a new book even to old men who have well studied it.

These volumes take rank at once as the authoritative books on the Holy Land. No reader can hesitate to yield assent to Dr. Thomson's topographical identifications. He is not one of those travelers, whoever they may be, will pastors any weight of authority or value either from the Sidon missionary. Yet Dr. Thomson makes no show of learning. He states the arguments on all sides, and, finally, his own opinion, but he never yields his assent of security.

On the subject of "Holy Places" at Jerusalem the author expresses no opinion. He states some of the arguments in a conversation, and leaves the reader to make his conclusions elsewhere. He has been, Bethesda, and another pool, besides the ruins of a magnificent church, with distinguished arches and grace. But these instances of controversy are rare in the volumes, which are marked throughout by the most unassuming humbleness of feeling. They are suited to old and young; for home, for libraries, for Sunday-schools. It is designed for the aged who are approaching the Holy Land, and to the young who hope to see the earthly Canaan first, and the other and better one later. We may say with frankness and enthusiasm that no reader of this book, whether young or old, can read a page of such a book; that there is nothing so delicious, so enchanting as time, to see or witness to be enjoyed by a Eastern traveler, since we have read them the Bible in a new book. Such stories as that of Ruth gleaning, Boaz speaking, become vivid, fascinating and intelligible.

We must close our notice of the books here. We have turned over the leaves of the volumes to seek some brief extracts by which to give our readers a taste of the book, but the numerous political allusions from manners and customs with which he is familiar, but we are compelled to the manifest necessity, if we copy a page, of going through a chapter. We resist the temptation by laying down the books.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE NEWLY IMPORTED AFRICANS.

A LETTER from the New York Herald correspondent at Key West gives the following particulars:

The arrival of the Africans in Key West, and the investigation of the African agency by the schooner Wanderer, have excited considerable interest in this section of country, dissipating all further doubts upon the subject. I have had seen the schooner and her cargo, and have had a talk with Captain Corbin, and interrogated the Africans, through the medium of their countrymen. They came here from Mozambique, Africa, speaking a dialect understood by many, and they repeat with excellent pronunciation every word of English. They are a fine, healthy looking set of men, of a passing around them, and appear desirous to understand the law of religion. They are of a finer physique and much superior to those described as captured on board the Erie.

The greatness of these strange beings in this place is the theme of conversation, and crowds of men, women, and children are thronging from all parts to get a sight of them. Their appearance excites no surprise, as they do not differ materially from the negroes of the slave-trade. The Africans are under the charge of Mr. Cozens, who has taken them to his residence, and has placed upon the steamer St. Nicholas. As I shall also take possession of the vessel, I shall have the opportunity of having with much toil and dust and foot-weariness, even as Ruth gleaned in the corners of Boaz, knelt at the Sepulchre, and won the palm.

If old Laurence Koster, or Guttenberg—which-ever it was that first thought of the art of printing, or the art of printing, but this one privilege—to wit, of selling—fitted out every ship that left the port—that alone were enough to make the art a priceless blessing. For we are of those who, when we read a new book, forget both the author, the friend, or the stead of saying "Here is another old story told of Jesus, and another of Judea, another of the subject, a journey to the Holy Land," are, on the contrary, accustomed to say, "Here is the story of a journey, and another of Jesus, another of the Holy Land, and another of Judea." And, in this case, every new volume of the series is a welcome at our table; and we only wish a hundred men and women would go every year to the Holy Land and write.

But Dr. Thomson's book is of a new order. In the first place, it is the work of a man who, not by one who has visited the Holy Land and passed months, or one, two, or three years there; but by a man who has lived there for more than a life. A book on Syria by a Syrian! For if he was not born there, he has become his home. From his house—one at Jerusalem, now on the wall of Jerusalem—he has seen a great deal of the excursions on the world's surface; and all this time he has learned more and more to love and cherish the true truth about the Land and the Book.

Dr. Thomson has been for thirty years a resident of the Holy Land, at Beirut, Jerusalem, Sidon, and elsewhere. He does not, therefore, write from a mere visit of curiosity, or from the mere fact and steadfast observer, to whom Palestine has become a sort of a new and interesting field and valley that we consider almost as distant as the events which sanctified them, have grown to be to the ordinary visitor to Palestine a mere curiosity.

It is no book of travels; neither is it a book of personal adventure, though there are many such stories we have spoken of were designed to quicken the love of those who stand at home for the holy soil, this book goes further, and is designed to show how one who has lived in the Land thirty years has found illustrations invulnerable of the truth of the Sacred Record, and has learned from the Land infinite interpretations of the Book: in fact, to show that the Bible is the Book of Palestine, and that every hill and river, every tree and flower, the manners and customs of the inhabitants in modern times, as well as the remains of ancient times visible in tombs

A PACIFIC OCEAN CABAL.

The United States surveying schooner *Fenimore Cooper*, Lieutenant Brooke, lately arrived at Honolulu from San Francisco. The deep-sea surveys of her officers have made known the facts that much inaccuracy exists in the charts of the Pacific Ocean, and that the islands of Japan and the several islands marked on the navigation charts are now not found at all. Lieutenant Brooke is of opinion that a Pacific telegraph cable is practicable, easily laid, and that communication by that means can be opened between California, China, and Japan. A native Japanese, who acted as interpreter to the expedition, and who is now in San Francisco, is reported, by the Honolulu journals, to most anxious to return home and seek his former position as a high officer of the Japan Government.

OPIUM EATING IN THE UNITED STATES.

The Boston Journal says that, although the public prohibition of custom-house duties, in that there was imported into the United States last year 200,000 pounds of opium. Of this amount it is estimated from reliable data, that 100,000 pounds were used by the opium eaters of the land. The habit of eating opium is known to be spreading rapidly throughout the United States, and many infirmary men and enormous quantities are used by the manufacturers of patent medicines, and by druggists who mix drinks in the saloons and groggeries that infest every city and village in the country.

A FIGHT WITH CANACHES.

The Fort Gibson *Patriot* says that Lieutenant Pressle left for from a gallant officer, a native of Chickasaw County, Mississippi, who had been engaged in the war in Florida, and referring to his recent desperate conflict with the Canaches, says:

I charged a party of Indians during the battle, which I had a hand-to-hand fight with one of the chiefs, and killed him. He was a large, powerful Indian, and was a brave. I knew the trial, and lodging near the breast, and passing through his body, and coming out at the back. I struck him in my stomach, ranging upward, cut the lower part of my left lung, and passed out at the back of my left shoulder. The arrows from me, the blood followed as if were of a fountain. I was taken off the field, and left for dead. I was seen from a drummer's husband. It was tedious to me, and I was left for dead

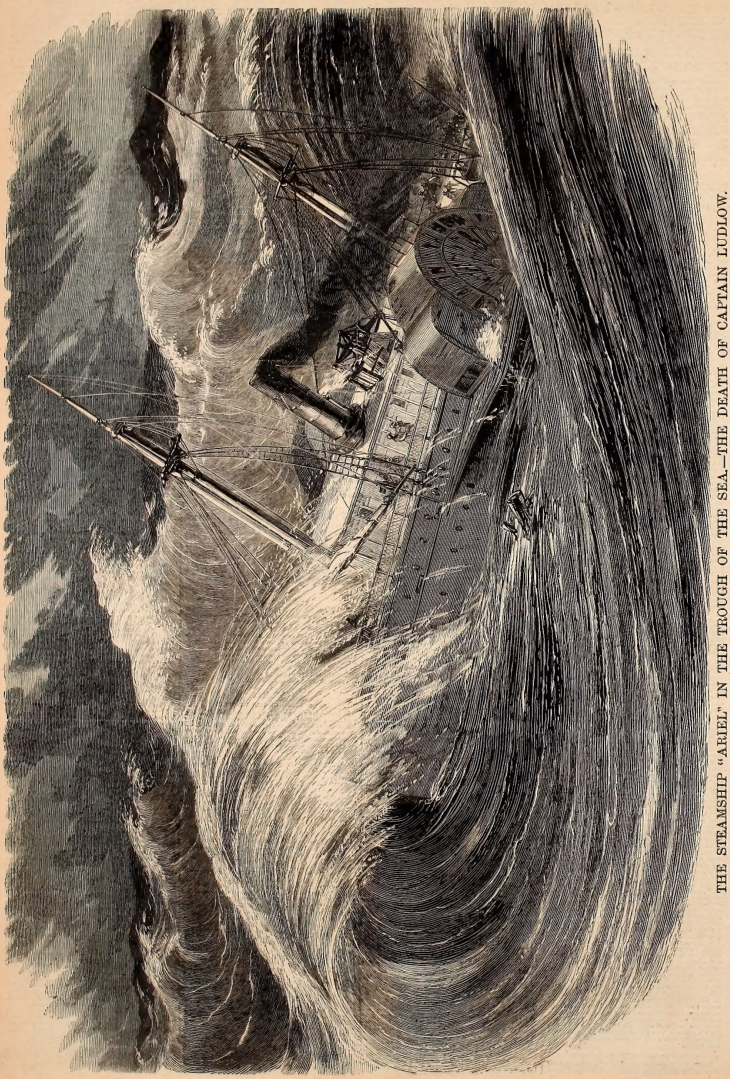
of their original rights and privileges. The chairman made a lengthy examination of the condition of the Company's affairs. It had been underrun for a distance of seven miles from Detroit, and found perfect. The directors, for want of funds, were unable to carry on further operations. They had appealed to the Government for a guaranty of four and-a-half per cent, on $400,000 of new capital, with which to construct and lay a new cable, but no decision had been arrived at. Mr. Brydges spoke the prejudices hampering and contrary action as the only way to success, and moved the adoption of the directors' report, which was carried unanimously.

MR. WILLIAMS, late chairman of the Company, called attention to the establishment of another Company for the same purpose. He considered connection with America by means of a southern route, and leaving half of its capital subscribed, to be the best course to take while the conditions under which a fusion of the two companies might be effected could be ascertained and arranged. Such a matter could not be entertained by the meeting, and the chairman said that the directors would, on the day the Government, the proprietors might call a meeting, and agreed with the Government meeting in February was unanimously carried.

DICKENS ON SELF-MADE MEN.

Charles Dickens has contributed the prizes to the successful competitors at the recent Educational Establishment for Working Men at Birmingham. We extract his speech on the subject he said:

"I am to make a few of the most interesting cases of prize-holders and certificate-holders known to me since I left you. There is a woman here, a widow, a dressmaker, who work from eight o'clock in the morning to eight at night, and who has never been absent from her business a single day. There is a waggoner here, who has driven his team for eight miles a night this winter, and who has never been absent from his work a single day. There are two sister prize boys here, one fourteen years of age, and the other nine, and eighteen pence a week, and the father of one of whom is in the receipt of a pension of sixpence a day for life, but not before he had himself fulfilled the intentions in which his son has gone to work. There are two prize boys here taken the second-class prize in chemistry. There is a plasterer here, who, being out of employment, got back, after a long illness, to his work in the month of March of last year, and has never been absent from it since. There is a boy here, who took a first-class certificate last year at the Bank of Lord Brougham, and who has never been absent at an unseasonable hour. There is a young man here, who has been working eight miles a night from his home to his work, who has never been absent from it a single day, and who has never been ill



THE STEAMSHIP "ARIEL" IN THE TROUGH OF THE SEA.—THE DEATH OF CAPTAIN LUDLOW.

THE LATE CAPTAIN LUDLOW.

WE lay before the reader on this page an excellent portrait of the late Captain Ludlow, of the *Ariel*, and two engravings of the terrible scene in which he met his death.

The *Ariel* left Havre on 1st December, and Southampton on the 3d, for New York. All went well, without any event of consequence, till the 6th, when a heavy squall struck the ship, and almost simultaneously an infant child of one of the passengers died. The gale, however, subsided; and on the 8th fine weather prevailed. Early on the morning of the 9th a fresh gale arose from the W.S.W. The ship's head was kept to the wind, and a drag prepared in case an accident should happen to the engine. We copy the following account of the fatal scene from the *Times*:

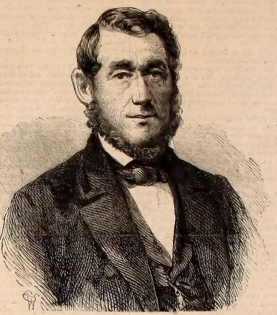
"The prevalence of strong gales from opposite points of the compass within a short time occasioned an ugly cross-sea, which now greatly endangered the vessel. Captain Ludlow, with his first and second officers, stationed themselves forward of the pilot-house, to be ready to act in an emergency. An accident to the engine, which might happen any moment while the ship was laboring so heavily, would render it necessary to make use of the drag without a moment's delay, to keep her from falling off into the trough of the sea, where, in a disabled condition, she might have her decks swept, or founder.

"It was now blowing furiously, and the immense waves, as they leaped upward, broke like water-spouts around the ship; or combing, fell like immense breakers upon the ocean-beach. The forward part of the wheel-houses on each side were broken in, and the round-houses were both washed away.

"At 11 A.M. the ship settled deeply in the trough of the swell, and a tremendous sea broke upon the forward deck. Captain Ludlow, at the instant, was cautioned by the second mate, who was standing near him, to 'look out;' but he had scarcely spoken the words when all were submerged apparently ten feet under water. Both the first and second mates were badly injured, and for the instant it was thought that the steamer had foundered. The main-hatch was broken in by the sea, and many feet of water went below. Captain Ludlow was knocked down, and the heavy drag, composed of plank and timbers, struck him on the side. He was found lying upon his back, with his cap washed off, his eyes closed, and apparently insensible. In this condition he was conveyed to his room. He revived sufficiently to speak a few words, the last of which were, 'Tell the Commodore I died at the post of duty.' He then sank back and expired. The injury was apparently on the left side, two or three of the ribs being broken, and the fragments penetrating the heart."

Captain Ludlow was about fifty years of age, and was highly esteemed by his employers and by the public. He was an old New York pilot, and passed many years of his life in piloting vessels in and out of New York harbor. A few years ago he was invited to take the command of the steamer *Kossuth*, plying between New York and Savannah. He sailed this vessel and the *Alabama* until he was selected by Commodore Vanderbilt for the command of the *Ariel*. The *Herald* says:

"As a seaman he had few equals. Such was his reputation among merchants and others that when, on a previous voyage (made some time in the month of January last), the *Ariel* was overdue several weeks, they never for a moment doubted the safety of the ship, well knowing that if there was a man alive who could save the *Ariel*, Captain Ludlow was that person."



THE LATE CAPTAIN LUDLOW, OF THE "ARIEL."

THE DEATH OF CAPTAIN LUDLOW.

A DEAD MAN'S REVENGE.

HOW IT WORKED AND HOW IT ENDED.

CHAPTER I.—THE REVENGE.

"Open the window, wife, and let in some air. Phew! this place is enough to choke one."

It was a close, sickening atmosphere, truly. The chamber was dark and low, and on the old tester-bed, hung round with checked curtains, lay something covered with a ragged counterpane.

The speaker approached the bed, drew aside the soiled coverlet, and started back as he beheld a ghastly face, with eyes unclosed, and rigid jaws.

"Come here, Hannah,—come here. Uncle Zebe don't dead!" The man was in a low tone, then turned and looked at his wife. She was a neat and gentle-looking woman; he, a fine, broad-shouldered man.

"Oh, Richard!" The woman's face and voice expressed her horror at the sight before her. It was death in its most repulsive form. An old man, with pinched and withered features, with beard unshaven, and unsupported head, lay on a wretched bed, staring upward, as though, hovering over his couch, he still beheld the awful presence that had made him dumb.

It was Zebedee Peck, the miser, who lay there, stark and cold; and the man, in a moment's absence from, standing by the bedside, was Richard Mallet, his nephew, a working-man.

"God ha' mercy on him," said the man, after a silence, during which he and his wife stood gazing at him on the face of the dead. "He died in peace, poor soul! He hadn't much mercy for others."

Through the open window came a murmur of voices from the court below; then there was a noise of footsteps on the stairs.

"Here are the neighbors, Hannah. Come, look up, lass. There's lots to be done."

Richard Mallet threw the sheet over the face of the dead, and went to the door to meet the newcomers. There was a goodly troop, principally women. Mallet hastily was written on the miser's Peck's Court had been in a state of excitement for some hours.

For two days past the old miser's house had been shut up, and nobody had seen any thing of its owner. At first it was supposed to be owing to the matrons of the court, as to what ought to be done under the circumstances, and various measures were proposed. One lady advised trying the effect of a watchman's rattle, and a cry of "Fire!" under the window; another advocated a long ladder, and a descent through the garret; a third was for having a policeman by, and breaking open the front door with the strong arm of the law; while a fourth, a high-minded widow-woman, suggested sending at once for Richard Mallet, Old Peck's nephew and nearest relative. This bright idea carried the day; and a fleet messenger was at once dispatched for the stone-mason and his wife—in a case of life and death," as the messenger was strictly enjoined to say.

While, therefore, Richard Mallet proceeded to inform the neighbors that his uncle had been found dead in his bed, and nothing more, there was nonething like the commandment written on their anxious faces. The court had made up its mind to a terrible catastrophe—a suicide at the very least; and now that there was nothing but a corpse's unpleasant affair all. However, with that to look forward to, and the question of the miser's riches in debate, it had gained something, and so the court recovered its equanimity.

"He's gone then, at last!" "Well, we're all mortal, you see!" "His money's o' no use to him now!" were among the pious remarks uttered by the by-standers, as they crowded round the bed.

"Let's hope his money will go into better hands, marm," said the undertaker's widow-woman, addressing herself to Mrs. Mallet. "You mustn't fret, my dear; it's the ways of Providence, and all for the best, you know."

Seeing that Mrs. Mallet had never spoken to the deceased a dozen times all the seven years of her married life, it required no great amount of resignation on her part to feel so free. She was only pale and frightened.

"Go home, Hannah," whispered her husband. "I'll see to things, and get them properly away. Don't tell Jess."

Richard came home before long. The hearth was swept, the supper ready, the boys in bed, and little Jessie, the lame child, sewing on her stool by the fire. The woman looked up for an instant from behind the kitchen door, washed off the lime and mortar from his hands, and then, a clean-clothed, good-looking man—came and sat down to his supper.

"Come here, Jessie," said he, when the meal was finished.

The child hobbled to him on her crutch.

"You remember Uncle Zeb, don't you?—the old man we went to see once, eh?" Richard kissed the child's forehead.

"Yes, father."

"Well, he's dead, my girl; he's dead. Do you remember what he said to you that Sunday as we went to see him?"

"Yes. He asked me if I'd like to be a rich woman, and have a fine house, and go abroad; and I said no, because I couldn't help mother to sew, or get your tea ready then."

"What else did he say?"

"He said: 'When old Uncle Zeb's dead, my dear, you'll find he hadn't forgot you;' and then—then I began to cry, because he grinned at me so."

"Yes, it's true enough. That's what he said, Hannah," remarked Richard, turning to his wife, "I never said a word about it then, nor since, nor has Jess. It was better not. But he told me how as he had made his will, and hadn't forgot this child."

Mrs. Mallet almost dropped the cup of tea in her hand, in her amazement.

"You don't think it's true, do you, Richard?"

"Can't say, my dear. He was cunning as a fox, and deceitful as Old Nick. More likely he's left it in a joke. Anyhow the money's his to leave, and as he'll be buried to-morrow, we shall know afore long."

Richard Mallet seemed to take the matter very coolly. Not so, however, with his wife. The bare idea of her poor lame child inheriting any of the hoardings of Old Peck, the owner of nearly all the houses in the court, and the reputed possessor of a great deal of money, was, truly, a little too much for her. The wildest hopes were excited in her mind; she could think and talk of nothing else.

"Well, Richard," was her constant cry, "if it should come to that, we're happy enough all these years, and yet we've never seen the color o' his money; and, after all, we can do without it. If he should leave us any thing, it won't be that we've been seeking for it; nobody can say that. And how can we, when we've supported ourselves by counting him for his money's sake; and ever since he showed you the door, never came nigh, nor say you have cared to have him favor."

"You're right there, Hannah. Not a day if I should come to be sorry for it's come to pass to-night. Don't be too sure on it, though. Uncle Zeb was just the man to leave it all to the boys, and, for never forgave, he always said."

It was well, perhaps, Richard Mallet added these words; they were some little preparation to his wife for the events of the morrow.

When the funeral was over and the miser had been laid in a grave hallowed by no tears nor tender memories, the will was opened in the presence of Richard Mallet and his wife, and the other decent rooms of the miser's house. Through the hallopen shutters, some sunbeam streamed on the wig of the old lawyer reading the will, and made a track of dancing motes across the dusky air. Mrs. Mallet and her husband sat near. There was only one chair in the room, that occupied by the lawyer, and Richard Mallet's wife had at once stood by his wife's side.

The old lawyer read the preliminary clauses of the will, by which all his hearers listened attentively; the one with respect for the big words, the other with a natural curiosity to know the meaning. The executors appointed were two gentlemen living in a village in Kent, where the deceased was born. Through Zebedee Peck the estate was his will himself, it was all in proper form, his own writing, and had been deposited in a Kentish workhouse, risen, through the progressive stages of hop-picker and errand-boy, to be clerk in a lawyer's office, and, finally, bill-discounter and money-lender in London. Consequently. Old Peck knew what he was about when he made his last will and testament. He had prepared against surprise, however, for all the contingencies.

He said he was suddenly stopped, like his nose, and glanced down the parchment. There appeared to be a considerable list of the documents.

"All my real and personal estate, whatsoever and wheresoever"—repeated the lawyer with an uneasy sort of "hem"—"I give and bequeath to——Jessie Mallet" (the parents both turned pale), "the daughter of my nephew, Richard Mallet of Little Winkle Street, in this city, and this"—

The lawyer glanced over a few words further, and then came to a dead stop.

"This is quite irregular—quite out of the course. Surely I don't know; I think, my dear, it would be better your wife should step into the next room while I continue."

"No, sir, go on: she can hear it," said Richard.

The lawyer, with a strange look at them both, resumed. "And this is the *revenge* I have long promised myself. In leaving my money that, may I be wrong the next moment, to neither Richard Mallet of Little Winkle Street, in this city, and this"—

The lawyer glanced over a few words further, and then came to a dead stop.

"This is quite irregular—quite out of the course. Surely I don't know; I think, my dear, it would be better your wife should step into the next room while I continue."

"No, sir, go on: she can hear it," said Richard.

The lawyer, with a strange look at them both, resumed. "And this is the *revenge* I have long promised myself. In leaving my money that, may I be wrong the next moment, to neither Richard Mallet of Little Winkle Street, in this city, and this"—

"Now, Richard, perhaps—better so, Mr. Mallet," said the lawyer. "But I must remind you that—that the property of the deceased is left *to your child, and no longer!*" It is in the hands of trustees. You can bet, therefore, remember what is not your property. Now, sir, I'll wait you together to-morrow at my office."

The client that came over Richard Mallet's face at these words of the lawyer was terrible to behold. He went home in silence, nor spoke one word to his wife all the way.

For the next time in his life he drove Jessie away from him when she brought her stool and knitting to sit at his feet by the fire. Her pale cheeks had never worn the boys went to bed without their father's kiss.

CHAPTER II.—HOW THE REVENGE WORKED.

RICHARD MALLET never closed his eyes that night. He got up at six next morning, had his usual breakfast, and—no thought appearing had happened, went and did half a day's work before going to the lawyer's office.

His wife watched and watched his manly figure as he strode down the street in the blue light of early morning, with his tools over his shoulder, and then, as he turned the corner, she went back to her fireside, and sat and cried as though her heart would break, till the neighbors came to ask the morning's milk.

It was a long day at home. Jessie wondered what made her mother so sad and absent, and why she sat and looked at her so strangely at times.

"Are you ill, mother?" she asked at last, almost as she caught one of these looks fixed upon her.

"Angry, Jessie? No, my child, not angry. Perhaps it would have been better you'd never been born, my poor girl. The Lord only knows!" and the mother kissed the child with a bitter laughter with tears in her eyes and a foreboding heart.

When Richard Mallet came home at last by the expression of his face that the matter was decided in some way.

"Hannah," said he, laying down his tools, and wiping his forehead with a handkerchief he took out of his hat, "I've done it. The old fool has got this fortune, and we can't take it from her. He tells me Jessie is worth twenty thousand pounds!"

"Twenty thousand pounds, Richard? Well! Twenty thou——! Oh dear, dear!"

The poor woman laughed and cried in the same breath. Twenty thousand pounds! It was impossible not to rejoice. Uncle Zeb's malediction was forgotten in the moment, in the dazzling visions those words raised before the mother's eyes.

"Oh! Jessie darling, twenty thousand pounds! And Jessie come to her father's chair, and looked up wistfully into his face. It was something new to her to feel any fear of him, and feel so, as she beheld the way in which he looked at her.

"Poor child, poor child, you're sorry," began Richard. "Now listen to what I am goin' to say: you're a cute little lass, and can understand me, I'm sure. Twenty thousand pounds is a fortune, and we find he's left all his money to you. You'll be a very rich woman some day, Jessie, and you'll have a big house of your own."

The pale face of the child flushed, and her eyes sparkled.

"You're very glad, Jess, sick yes?"

"Yes, father, I am glad. Shall we have a house of our own, then, and a garden?"

"Yes, you will. And you'll wear fine clothes, and have a pony to ride, and a man to wait upon your father and mother."

"But I shall never leave you, father, with a quick grasp at her father's hand.

"Not for always, proper; but you must go to school, and learn every thing who can make a lady better than father can."

Richard Mallet's face twitched as he thought of the old spelling-book over which he and his child had spent so many happy evenings. They were to be left behind, then, were they, as well as his own?

"Yes, we mustn't keep her like ourselves, Hannah. She must have good schooling, you know. She must to different from us."

Jessie looked wonderingly with her big brown eyes, and her heart beat fast. She was a clearheaded, reasoning little creature. The life which she had been compelled to lead in consequence of her infirmity—an infirmity more the result of a delicate frame than actual disease—had quickened her intellect, and rendered her wise and thoughtful beyond her years. So she shed no tears, though her heart was full, but took her chair out of her father's sight, and plied her needles fast in silence.

She spoke to Richard Mallet and his wife at their fireside till long after midnight, discussing the fortunes of their child. At one moment the poor mother thanked Providence for Jessie's good luck; at another she shuddered at the thought of the curse attached to the miser's wealth.

"Oh, Richard, if his words should come true. If our child should grow to be ashamed of you and me!"

"Hush, Hannah!" Richard checked his wife angrily. "It's only like a babby to talk it that way. How can a dead man's words do any harm?"

Though Richard assumed indifference to his uncle's malediction, he was not so really. The first thing on waking the old miser's terrible words occurred to him. He gave his child to his housemother and chisel in the stone-yard, fragments of the curse sounded in his ears. As he sat at dinner, under the shed, he heard the words simultaneously tracing in the dust, with the end of a broken tool, the words: "May it place a bar between them all their lives!"

Richard Mallet was a man of resolution and energy. He was not one to be cowed on doing a thing, he did it at once. So having come to the conclusion that his uncle must be regarded up as before her altered circumstances, he lost no time in lending his aid to carry out the necessary changes.

Ere six months Uncle Zeb's house was the inside of a handsome home in a boarding-school in Kent, near one of her tenants' and the stone-mason and his wife had returned to the life they were leading before the death of Zebedee Peck.

It was not the old life, though. Richard was as steady and industrious as ever, as good a workman, no doubt, but he had no fund of his own boys; but there was a change in him. It was not that the new position in which he now stood towards his master made him more civil to the world's perplexed him. He was not the man to disquiet himself on that score. He had been taught to labor, worked hard, took a joke good-humorously, brought home his earnings every Saturday, and never troubled himself about any thing in neighborhood or said or to his affairs.

It was not that he was not that this change was to be seen; at his own hearth, where, when he taught the boys their letters at night, he missed a gentle little voice that used to read all

again, and go back to the big house, and I believed about the iron gates, hoping I'd see her again in the garden or at the windows, but I didn't. A servant came out once here looking very smart and tidy; and thinks I, I'll just ask him how Jessie is, and what she's a-doing of now; but when I went up to him, he stared at me in a uppish sort of way, and as I only asked him what o'clock it was, I'd half a mind to ring his left ear, just to offer all; but every time I looked at my dress and my bundle my heart failed me; so I turned away at last, and came back to my lodgings, instead of hearing the sound of my baim's voice. Perhaps I was a fool, and ought to have gone in and made free or shames as an honest man should; but the Lord knows I'd rather have come back as I have, than seen her look ashamed at me, or knowing, like to her cheek. I couldn't ha' borne that, Hannah!"

Richard Mallet's voice sank as he uttered these words, and his great head trembled as he bent his head over the table. The old nurse's face was pitiful and troubled and broken down.

For many days Richard Mallet repeated of the sacrifice he had made, and upbraided himself for ever having allowed his child to be removed from him.

"Why did they ever permit this unnatural separation to take place?" he perpetually asked themselves.

"Jessie would never be theirs any more now," said the poet another. "They had better forgot, their own bairn. By the time she had finished her schooling she'd be no company for such as them."

Richard was the first to regain right feeling on the subject.

"Hannah," said he, one day, "we've done our duty, and I'm no sure that it was the best we ever brought up as she should be, and you and me ought to be the last to stand in her way." I promised her trustees we'd be no hindrance to her, and I'm not goin' to break our word."

When Richard spoke thus, he looked more cheerful, outwardly, than he had done for many a day.

Whatever fears and anxieties he might have, they were knowledge to be confined to his own breast.

CHAPTER III.—HOW THE REVENGE ENDED.

Two to his promise, Richard Mallet never interfered, by word or deed, with the arrangements his child's guardians had made for her education.

A few years after the old nurse's death, a gentleman had risen to be first workman in his master's employ. With his increased means and wages, Richard Mallet was able to quit the neighborhood of Peck's Court, and rent a small house in the suburbs. He still kept his little garden, ironed, and cooked her husband's dinner; but her labors were aided by a little servant, and the boys were sent to a good school.

People said Richard Mallet was not the man he used to be. He kept himself aloof from his friends, haughty with his fellows, lost his old spirits and his pleasant smile, and only seemed natural when pushing his way as the world. But his wife and children could see no fault in him. In her heart of heart Richard Mallet's wife knew that her husband was set the same; but she would have died sooner than breathed an accusation against him.

And where was Jessie all this time?

In these few years Jessie Mallet, the whilom crippled child, has grown into a straight, well-formed girl, whose presence would disgrace no drawing-room. Of a slight figure but perfect in features, she still recalls the pale-faced little child who used to hobble about her father's house upon a crutch; but there is a blossom upon her cheek, and health and energy in her movements nowadays. Under skillful treatment, and the healthy influences that have surrounded her of late, her infirmity has gradually disappeared.

It is an important day at the Canterbury school, when next we see her. It is her seventeenth birthday, and her school-days are at an end. She has been writing a letter to her parents—these letters are the only links that bind her to the past—and the new one; Richard has them all, from the first childish travel to this, her well-penned epistle, safely locked up in an old desk—she is now sitting thinking of her father and mother with tears in her eyes. Why are they not here to-day? Around the room are spread all the little gifts her companions have given to commemorate the event; but, pleasant though the tokens of the good-will of her friends are, they cannot make her happy. Jessie has awakened there, and the good name she leaves behind. "Every body here compliments me on it, kind," thinks Jessie. "It is only my own family who forget me."

"Well, Jessie has plenty of new friends now, and, for aught we know, may have learned to do without her parents' love since last we saw her. There are many affections we count strong that a six years' absence weakens; and Jessie was young in the as we most of us know, is but a poor bond, after all.

So perhaps Jessie's love is of a less ardent nature than it used to be.

She has not much time, however, for reflection on this or any other score. There is a sound of wheels on the gravel-path, and a carriage rolls up to the door. It is Mr. Hale, and several guests. Sir Ian, who is come to take her away from school, and escort her to her new home at Hale Fields, where an archery meeting is to celebrate the day.

Jessie bids farewell to her companions of six years, and, driving away in Mr. Hale's carriage, looks up at the school-room windows with dimmed eyes, and sees the old cathedral, all blurred by her tears, for the last time.

"Here we are," cried her guardian, as the carriage turned into his gates at Hale Fields: "here we are, all ready, you see."

Jessie beheld the cloth-yard targets on the lawn, the servants hurrying to and fro, and the gardeners giving the last touches to their decorations.

"Don't fancy, Miss Jessie, this is all got up on your especial account. Other people can have archery-meetings, too. Dick is nineteen to-day, and he means to share in the honors too. Here he comes. He'll take you in to speak to Mrs. Hale and the girls."

Sir Richard Hale raised his wide-awake and took hands with Jessie. He had taught her to ride on holiday, and play chess another, so they were old friends.

Mrs. Hale was a stately woman, who kissed Jessie on her cheek, and took her welcome with an air of patronage that was not lost upon Jessie. Mrs. Hale's failing. She had the misfortune to be the second-daughter of a baronet, and had a weakness for good blood; hence she never took so kindly to Jessie as the rest of her family. Her husband, with a shrewd eye for business, knew Sir Ian, had never divulged to any one the real facts of Jessie's parentage; but Mrs. Hale had learned more than guess on the subject.

To-day there was even a more than usual amount of dignity in the good lady's demeanor; her head was carried more erect, and her dress rattled more sonorously and more swept by; for Jessie and was to be her guest to-day, and, to meet him, some of the first families in the neighborhood and the city of Canterbury had been invited to Hale Fields; consequently Mrs. Hale's reception of Jessie was quite a proud and impressive sight.

Jessie almost trembled when she heard of the grand doings that were to take place, and the grand people who were expected. But before her friends had half finished their confidences, the coachman touched his hat, Dick Hale threw down to the archer where they sat, and summoning his sisters to their sister's presence.

"Make room, girls; here's another beseeming rigid with horror. His lordship has arrived, and positively to escort him. Do, pray, put a good face or she'll be speechless in five minutes."

The two girls flew across the lawn, and left Jessie to their mother. He stood and watched them with a laughing face.

"Well, Jessie, how do you like being at home, isn't it? You and I are lucky folks to have such a birthday-keeping as this."

"I am lucky in having such friends, and such a home to-day. I little thought, though, when Sir Ian Hale wrote to me, that I should find such a gay assembly, or perhaps—"

"Or perhaps you wouldn't have come. Well, that's very polite. I think I had better tell my father that you'd like to have the horses out again, and go back to Canterbury. Is that what you're sighing for, Miss Jessie?"

"No," don't talk nonsense. I didn't mean, Richard, to—to—" and she stammered and stopped again.

"To insult your guardian, eh?" said Dick, recovering his good-humor when he saw Jessie looked distressed. "You had better not let my mother hear you insinuate that you don't care to meet her friends, Jessie. By-the-way, I wish the Chesterton set were all at Jericho, for I never want to invited here at all." Richard Hale looked really half annoyed.

"Why are they gather?" suddenly cried Richard. "He is looking for you, I know. Let's follow him; you have to be introduced to such a lot of people, Jessie, you'll be—"

Jessie had grown suddenly crimson, and Dick feared he had said something indiscreet.

"No, I don't know them."

"Oh, that's right. I'm not sort of origin always makes one suspicious."

Sir Ian Hale, who had disclaimed acquaintance with the Chestertons, there was such a sudden tumult in her heart, and such a singing in her ears, that for the next few minutes she remembered not her companion said.

"Is that Jessie Mallet

Hale's agency, to a quiet parlor, where they were left alone to themselves.

Of course the archery fete at Hale Fields was long remembered in the neighborhood, and gained considerable *éclat* from what certain ladies pleased to term "the romantic incident" that terminated the day.

One summer evening, some few years later, a family group was assembled about the shade of a sycamore, in front of a pretty farm-house in Devonshire.

It was Richard Mallet and his family, who were assembled in the garden at the Cliff Farm.

The father, with a roll of paper on his knee, and pencil and compasses in hand, was planning some improvements for the farm-yard. His wife, busy with her knitting, sat at a little distance. One of the boys lay on the grass at his mother's feet, reading to her; the other was watching the Plymouth steamer through a telescope. Jessie, alone with her father on the bench under the tree, sat with both hands clasped idly before her, and her face fixed on the sea. She looked very pretty in that thoughtful attitude.

"Father," she said, suddenly, "I was just thinking how strangely chance has come out of evil in our two lives. Uncle Zeb's wicked intentions seemed to have carried with them their own frustration. He has hurt us closer together than ever. I think I should never have shown how much I loved you had I not been separated from my home all these years; and I certainly could never have known how much you loved me."

Jessie took hold of her father's hand as she spoke, and looked at him with unutterable affection.

"Yes, Jessie, good Anu come out of evil in our lives, as you say. And I think people would often have less power to injure us than they have were we but true to ourselves. As long as you and me remained in Uncle Zeb's curse could never have done us any harm. Hollos! what are they up to there? See, boys, that Phil shouting like mad!"

There was evidently great excitement among the mother and her boys.

"There he goes, father. There's the gentleman who took us out fishing the other day, and jumped overboard when Ned fell into the water!"

A stranger was standing near the edge of the cliff beyond the garden-wall.

"Oh, do run and ask him to come in," said the mother. "I have seen him there nearly every night this week, and wondered who he could be. To think I didn't know him! You go too, Jessie; you'll know how to thank him. Here's your hat."

Jessie took her father's arm, and they set off for the cliff. As they drew nearer the stranger, Jessie suddenly grasped tight hold of her father's arm.

"Oh, stop, father—stop! Look, he's coming this way!"

Jessie had recognized the figure before her. It was that of Mr. Paul Hale.

He had been prowling about the neighborhood for some days past, on a secret out of which his sunike his usual open behavior. Wild ducks had been the ostensible object of his wanderings, as the gun upon his shoulder gave evidence of; but the sea-fowl appeared only to frequent one part of the coast, and that was the immediate neighborhood of the Cliff Farm.

It required no great amount of persuasion upon Mrs. Mallett and her niece Mr. Dick Hale to enter the house, and to stay and take supper afterward. And as, upon returning to his inn that night, he decided to remain another week in the neighborhood, it is to be presumed he spent a pleasant evening.

A few years further on, and we again take a peep at a family group at the Cliff Farm.

But this time they are assembled by a winter's fire, with the wind rumbling in the chimney, and the waves beating on the beach below.

A gray-haired old man is going to tell a Christmas story to his grandchildren. Grandfather has seen strange things since his youth, and can tell strange stories too.

"Let it be something true, grandfather," says a bright-eyed little girl on his knee.

"And let it have a terrible name," says Dick, a fine boy of nine.

"Suppose, then, I tell you your mother's history," says grandfather, looking at the young matron sitting by her husband's side.

"Yes, grandfather, tell them that," replies the children's father.

"But mother's history won't be a story," cries Dick.

"It will be as good," says grandfather; "and as you want a terrible name to it, Dick, suppose we call it a *Dead Man's Revenge!*"

THE NEW DANSEUSE, EMMA LIVRY.

THE accompanying portrait of Mademoiselle Emma Livry, the new danseuse, whose fame is filling the European ear, is said to be perfectly reliable. And though the ballet is an institution with which serious-minded persons should have as little to do as possible; though few good things grow out of it, or are connected with it in any way, it is not allowable for a newspaper to ignore its celebrities; and we therefore make room for the portrait of a dancer who seems destined to fill the place occupied by Cerito, Taglioni, and Fanny Elssler.

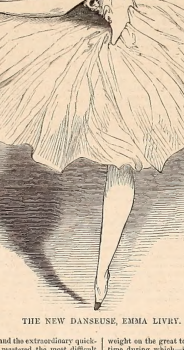
Emma Livry is a French girl, about sixteen years of age. Her father is understood to have been connected with the theatre in some subordinate capacity. When quite a child—almost an infant—young Emma was introduced to "the boards" in the part of a child *figurante*. Her graceful figure, pretty face, and extraordinary agility, quickly made her a favorite. When she was twelve years old, it is said, she was earning a handsome income. At that period, we are informed, a famous *maître de ballet* saw her, and having

THE NEW DANSEUSE, EMMA LIVRY.

witnessed her agility, and the extraordinary quickness with which she mastered the most difficult performances, made an offer to teach her the highest parts in the ballet. The generous proposal was accepted. Emma was withdrawn from the stage, and became a regular pupil of M. ——.

Very few persons who are unacquainted with the routine of the theatre are aware of the fatigues and trials of a dancer's life. It is doubtful whether any trade in the world involves so much or so constant muscular exertion. Nothing but incessant practice will insure the suppleness and strength which constitute a dancer's stock in trade. Early in the morning the spiritual for Terpsichorean honors must report herself at the school, and go through her exercises. There consist in keeping up a constant movement until nature gives way, and the dancer sinks exhausted on the floor; in whirling round on one foot until giddiness almost leads to delirium; in balancing one's self on one foot or one toe until the pain becomes too excruciating to be borne; in straining the limbs asunder, in every direction, until the muscles refuse their office. Young dancers frequently require absolute coercion to persuade them to pursue an apprenticeship so extremely painful. For more than a year after they join the great school at Paris they usually return home after their morning lesson in tears, worn-out, ready to faint, and suffering great pain in the muscular and nervous systems. Even after they master the rudiments of their calling, and are able to sustain their whole weight on the great toe of one foot, the length of time during which—in order to train their muscles—they are compelled to continue in rapid motion very severely tries the nerves. Indeed, a dreary promising young girls who choose the ballet as their sphere, very few have the courage and the physical strength to persevere.

Through this arduous apprenticeship Mademoiselle Livry passed with credit and honor. From time to time she was shown to connoisseurs, who unanimously agreed in advising her to persevere. More than one enthusiastic amateur was so struck by the charms of the youthful dancer that he would fain have deprived the world of her fame, and borne her away from her school and her prospects; but the lady herself and her parents were resolutely bent on success in the career she had chosen, and the admirers were one and all bidden to wait.



THE SOLAR ECLIPSE OF 7TH SEPTEMBER LAST, AS SEEN IN BRAZIL.

At last her début came. It was a great night. Every one in Paris knew that a young untried performer was to appear in a part which had been rendered classic by the exploits of the queens of the dance. Every one resolved to judge for himself. The theatre was crowded; the audience was discriminating. Emma Livry appeared on the stage, trembling and pale. For a moment her best friends entertained fears that her emotions might overpower her. Her first movements were timid and constrained. She had none of the factitious enthusiasm of the practised *danseuse*. In her, all was natural and genuine; what she felt, she showed. As she began to dance, the audience watched her with such interest as the evident timidity of the young girl was calculated to awaken; they were silent and critical; as the swell of the music rose, and the soul of the composition began to shine forth from the chords, young Emma began to forget where she was, and to enter into the spirit of her part; the audience grew more attentive; presently, she gave full play to her powers, and the house warmed and began to applaud; and now, encouraged by the sound, she exerts herself to the utmost, transcends all her rivals in grace and poetry of motion, and the audience bursts into a frenzy of enthusiasm. The début was a success. Emma Livry was what in this country we should call an institution. She occupied a fixed place among Parisian stars.

The most touching anecdote connected with the success of the young girl couples her name with that of her famous predecessor Taglioni. The latter, who in her day was the favorite of Emperors and Republics alike, has for many years enjoyed the fruit of her labors, in an opulent retirement on the lake Como, and at Venice; but no one can be heard of the promise of young Emma Livry she left her retirement, hastened to Paris, and hired a box for the season at the theatre where her successor performed. They say that Taglioni's was the first voice which applauded her; that her bouquet was the first which fell at her feet; that her voice was the first which, after the exciting triumph of the evening, warmly and generously congratulated her on her success. The French papers are full of enthusiasm on the subject. They have even gone so far—in their desire to do honor to Taglioni—as to invent a new name for her; they call her the *maîtresse* of the dance.

THE LATE SOLAR ECLIPSE, AS SEEN NEAR RIO JANEIRO.

THE solar eclipse which took place on 7th September last was not generally visible here, owing to unfavorable weather; but a very fine view of it was obtained in other parts of this continent. Near Rio Janeiro it was perfectly visible. The accompanying engraving will convey a fair idea of the extraordinary spectacle, as it was witnessed by an eminent French astronomer.

It is hardly necessary to mention, even for the benefit of our very young readers, that a solar eclipse is caused by the intervention of the moon between the sun and the earth during the daytime, and that the effect of that intervention is that the sun's rays are intercepted, the day turned into night while the eclipse lasts. In former times, when superstition was more common than science, eclipses used to be regarded as evidences of the divine wrath. Every one remembers the fatal results which followed the eclipse during the Athenian siege of Syracuse; much of the terror of the early history of New England was due to similar causes. So, in every age, the ignorant and superstitious minds are prone to ascribe to divine intervention physical phenomena which enlarged scientific experience explains in full.

During a total eclipse of the sun the earth assumes a dull gray, then a bluish, and finally a black color; the stars appear; night seems to set in; the cattle prepare to rest, and horses frequently—spontaneously—run away—another member of the phenomenon—display signs of evident terror and alarm. Even animals appear to feel the fear by the awful gloom which overspreads the face of nature. While the eclipse lasts an unnatural bright spiritual light, like the aurora borealis, usually, in cloudy weather, marks the site of the sun's disappearance; at other times the solar rays radiate from its obscured surface, and look like a dozen comets starting on their meteoric journey through space. Persons of an imaginative turn of mind have frequently fancied they detected a peculiar color in the atmosphere at these seasons; there is no scientific reason for any such phenomenon.

As the sun begins to emerge from the shadow nature breaks forth into song: the birds begin to sing; cattle rise from their sleeping-place; man, wise as he may be, welcomes with sincere joy the return of the luminary to which the earth owes the breath of life. From hill to valley the dark cloud rises, and instant flute, blending with the rainbow which so frequently accompanies the close of an eclipse, dances round tree tops and church spires, as if even inanimate objects shared the joy of created beings. A total solar eclipse, it is without doubt, the most awful and sublime sight that it is ever given to man to witness.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

CHAPTER IV.

Insanis sanus, et intigit nunquam,
Insanire paras bellum pulvisque Mycenis
Mollevit avenae Penates,
Et te non paterna capit insania.—HORAT.

IT is the gray of the evening. Fairthorn is sauntering somewhat sullenly along the banks of the lake. He has missed, the last three days, his walk with Sophy—missed the pleasing excitement of her society, and her, still more timid by whose obsolete glories he considers her very interest as a social circumstance. He has missed, too, his more habitual and less irritating conversation with Darrell. In short, altogether he is out of humor with himself, spleen on the swans, who follow him along the wave as he walks along the margin, intimating either their affection for himself, or their anticipation of the bread crumbs associated with his image —by the amiable note, half snort and half grunt, to which changes of time or climate had reduced the vocal accomplishments of those classical birds, so pathetically melodious in the age of Moschus and on the banks of Cayster.

"Not a crumb, you unprincipled beggars,

growled the musician. "You imagine that mankind are to have no other thought but that of supplying you with luxuries! And if you are asked, in a competitive examination, to define me, you benefactor, you would musician—I thing very low in the scale of creation, without wings or even feathers, but which Providence endowed with a peculiar instinct for affording nutritious and palatable additions to the ordinary ailment of Swans." Ay, you may grunt; I'm all that you—as a pie!"

Slowly, out through the gap between you gray crag and the thorn-tree, wandered the little path to drink just where the faint star of eve shoots its gleam along the water. The musician—for quiet pressure and quickens his pace, expecting to meet the doe's wonted companion. He is not disappointed. Mr. Darrell, Fairthorn and where the twilight shadow falls darkest between the gray crag and the thorn-tree.

"Dear fellow Hermit," said Darrell, almost gayly, yet with more than usual affection in his greeting and tone, "I have not put when I want you. I am as one whose eyes have been strained by a violent outburst of tears, and who quiet pressure is like the relief of a return to green. I have news for you, Fairthorn. You, who know more of my secrets than any other man, shall be the first to learn a decision that must bind you and me more together—but not in these arms, Dick.

"Dilmus—dilmus!
Suppressa
Carpere lire, comites, parati."

"What do you mean, Sir?" asked Fairthorn. "My mind always mingles me when I hear you quoting Horace. Some reflection about the certainty of death, or the ungrateful subjects is sure to follow."

"Death! No, Dick—not now. Marriage-bells and joy, Dick! We shall have a wedding!"

"What! You will marry at last! And it must be that beautiful Caroline Lyndsay! It must—it must! You can never love another! You know it, my dear friend—and I shall see you, then, happy before I die."

"Ay, foolish old friend!" said Darrell, leaning his arm tenderly on Fairthorn's shoulder, and walking on slowly toward the cottage, "I will often smell you that no marriage-bells can ring for me!"

"But you have told me, too, that you went to Twickenham to steal a sight of *her* again; and that it was the sight of her that made you resolve to wed no one else. And when I have railed against her for fickleness, have not you nearly frightened me into a belief that for her you might rail against her but yourself? And now she is free—and did you not grant that she would not refuse you? Is she not the kind and faithful henceforth? And yet you insist on being—granite?"

"No, Dick, not granite; I wish I were!"

"Granite and pride," persisted Dick, courageously. "If one thing be left of the one, one only breaks one's spade against the other."

"Pride!—you say!" repeated Darrell, mournfully; then aloud, "No, it is not pride now, whatever it might have been even yesterday. I will confess to you that I have had a passionate misery of which she can not forsake. She would accept me from pity, Dick? Because she thinks she owes me reparation—because she pities me. And my heart tells me that I should become cruel, and mean, and vindictive, if I were to live day by day with one who created in me, while my life was to be passed with her known in its morn, and to feel that that love's sole return was the pity which makes the weak-ling full of my age. No; if she pitied, but did not love me, when, eighteen years ago, we parted under peculiar heeding circumstances, I should to dream that woman's pity mellows into love as our locks become gray, and that the heart grows into ridicule. It is not pride that speaks here; it is rather humility. Dick. But we must not now talk of age and by-gones. Youth and marriage-bells, Dick! Know that I have been for hours passing in review the events of my old-fashioned notions dear Lionel's happiness. We must think of living as well as of the dead, Dick. I have solved the problem. I am happy, and so shall the young folks be."

"You don't mean to tell me that you consent to—"

"Yes, to Lionel's marriage with that beautiful girl, whose parentage we never will ask. Grant men are their own ancestors; why not womenare fair women? Yes, Fairthorn, to-morrow I shall of course secure to my kinsman and his bride an ample fortune. Lionel will be present for his honeymoon before he departs for the wars. He will fight with good heart now, Dick. Young folks of the present day are not to be set against sorrow as they were trained to do in time. And that amiable lady who has set me to pity for me, has, of course, a brave pity for a charming young couple for whose marriage she hebtened, in order to save a heart from break. And rather than she should pine and fall ill, and—no matter; all shall be well and happy, and be for the happiness of the living. But something else must be settled; we must think of the dead as well as the living, and this cottage of Darrell should be buried with me in the grave beside my father's. Lionel Haughton will keep to his own manse. Live the Haughtons! Perish, but with no blot on their shield—perish the Darrells! Why, what is that? Tears, Dick? Pooh!—be a man! And I want all your strength; for you, too, must have a share in the sacrifice. What follows is not the dictate of pride, if I can read myself aright. No; it is the final conclusion and sentence of a long and hard struggle between my conscience and my heart, a surrender that satisfies my crotchets of honor. At all events, if it be pride in disguise, it will disappear with action in others; you and I may have a sharp pang—we must bear it, Dick."

"What on earth is coming now?" said Dick, dolefully.

"The due to the dead, Richard Fairthorn. This book of our England, in which I learned from the dead to love honor—this poor domain of Evelyn—shall go in bequest to the College at which I was reared."

"Sir!"

"It will serve for a fellowship or two to needy, brave-hearted young scholars. It will be thus, while English institutions may last, dedoted to Learning and Honor. It may sustain for mankind some ambition more generous than mine. I may not have, in my then old age, a home, but my dear father's name, like the Darrell arms, shall live on in my love to the dead, Dick! And the old house thus becomes useless. The new house was over a folly. They began to build it when I was a boy, intending for me married: not a stone stood on stone! The foundations still pass over last since! And this task I order you to see done. I have not strength. You will then hasten to join me at Scarborough. But come of earth on which Horace wished to breathe his last sigh.

"'Tis no mean love I seeke.
Insolvat arces—ille—tu—"

"Don't, Sir, don't. Horace again! It is too much. I feel choking—choking at all the strides presented to him was really too monstrous for Fairthorn's endurance. He turned his countenance and whenever a hand that he almost caught him by the throat, and sobbed out, "You must be joking."

"Seriously and solemnly, Richard Fairthorn," said Darrell, gently, yet imposingly, in a manner that threatened him with strangulation. "Seriously and solemnly I have uttered to you my deliberate purpose. Now, you must go to the house of our lifelong friendship, to face this pain as I have—solemnly, cheerfully, and with no more accents to the utterance than the instructions I shall leave with you on quitting England, which I shall do as soon as I have seen Lionel and his dear old friend, calm days, clear consciences. In climes where whole years are passed and no man knows his themselves sunk in graves—where one petty grief for a squirrel's lost house we have to lay, I suppose, in a Lethean draught, or to wail moaniike, rail against vain dreams and idle pride, cultivate vine and orange-trees, with Horace—nay, nay, Dick—with the FLUTE!"

CHAPTER V.

More luxurious can never be the lot that lurked their How melts into their waters. And when fate natures Shall close their eyelids, and their limbs are still.

DARRELL escaped into the house; Fairthorn sunk upon the ground, and resigned himself for the moment to the most unphilosophical grief. He dearly he started up; a thought came into his brain—a hope into his breast. He made a cautious, stealthy approach into a projecting nook of the ivy-covered hall-door—plunged into his own bedroom—flung open—and, with a cry of joy, the door re-emerged, a letter in his hand, with which he had just time to catch the postman, as that functionary was about to turn from the door with the official bag.

Left thus hastily performed, Fairthorn shambled into his chair at the dinner-table, as George Morley concluded the grace which preceded the meal. Mrs. Morley and Miss Morley were already made the grand event of the passing day. But Mrs. Morley's appetite was not to be easily quelled with Waife, the Morleys alone shared, with host and secretary, the melancholy entertainment. Mrs. Morley and her eldest child, Harriet thorn; Darrell's manner perplexed him. Mrs. Morley, and Harriet thought, with considerable reference in secrets that concerned others, though in all his own he was to her conjugal sight *par excellence* the model man. Mrs. Morley was piqued the best woman in the world, ever wishing to be something more than she was, and aspiring to dear old family pictures that scowled at her from the wall, and informed Fairthorn that she had suddenly addressed George a question as to the texts and authorities by which the Papal Church defends its doctrine of Purgatory. That troubled a little, and no doubt Fairthorn, who which lasted not only through the rest of the dinner, but till Mrs. Morley, ever a little out of countenance, and delighted to notice the undeviating attention which Darrell paid to her distinguished spouse, took advantage of the first pause to rise, and retired. Fairthorn finished his bottle of port wine, and, for the moment that there was an open Purgatory, but inclined to advance the novel heresy that Purgatory sometimes commenced on this side the grave—slinked away, and was seen no more that night; neither was his flute heard.

Then Darrell rose, and said, "I shall go up stairs to our sick friend for a few minutes; may I find you here when I return?" And the host said he his can follow mine."

On entering Waife's room, Darrell went straight forward toward Sophy, and cut off her retreat.

"Fair guest," said he, with a grace and tenderness of manner which, when he pleased it, could be ineffably bewitching—"I teach me some art by which in future rather to detain than to scare away the precious in which I am about to make myself still more terrible the charms that subdue the young." He led her back gently to the seat she had deserted—placed himself next to her—addressed a few cordial queries to Waife about his health and comfort—and then said, "You must not leave me for some days yet. I have written by this post to my kinsman, Lionel Haughton. I have refused to be his embassador at a court in which, by all the laws of nature, he is to be the subtle himself to his consequence. I can not even hope that he may escape with his freedom. But I claim that. Three happy, indeed, if that be the merciful sentence you inflict."

He raised Sophy's hand to his lips as he ended, and before she could even quite comprehend his meaning at his words—so was she startled, confused, incredulous of such sudden change in fate—the door had closed on Darrell, and Waife had changed his bed—his chamber—for the not Providence kind?

Darrell rejoined the scholar. "George," said he, "the kind enough to tell Alban that you showed me his letter. He kind enough also to write to Lionel Haughton, and say that I gladly acknowledge her wish to repair to me those losses which have forced me to give up and the grave alone. Tell her that her old friend (you remember, George, I knew her as a child) sees in that visit the same sweet gentle spirit that which soothed him when his son died and his daughter fled. And that her wish is granted. To that marriage, in which she compassionately forsaw the best solace left to my bereaved and world colonel—to that marriage I give my consent."

"You do! Oh. Mr. Darrell, how I honor you!"

"Nay, I no more deserve honor for consenting than you deserve censure for writing. I had continued to refuse. To do what I deemed right is not always to be happy in the sense that twelve hours ago. To what so sudden a change of resolve is one who changes resolves very rarely to be able to render to any human being? Alban, or to that metaphysical skill with which the wound alone can perceive, and compelled me to review all its judgments. I do not attempt to determine; yet I thought I had no option but the course I have taken. No; it is fair to yourself to give you the chief credit; you made me realize you more resolve, by the force of mind—I have found one. And now pay your visit where mine has been just paid. It will be three days, I suppose, before I can leave my room. In his new regiment at * * * *, can be here. And then it will be weeks yet, I believe, before his regiment sails;—and I'm all for short courtships."

CHAPTER VI.

Fairthorn frightens Sophy. Sir Isaac is invited by Darrell, and a Family Council is held.

SUCH a sweet voice in singing breaks out from one heedless beeches! Waife hears it at noon from his window. Hush! Sophy has begun to sing.

She is seated on a garden bench, looking down on the lake toward the gloomy old Manor House and the tall spectre-palace beside it. Mrs. Morley is also on the bench, hard at work on her sketch; Fairthorn prowls through the thickets behind, wandering restless and wretched, with wrinkled brow and all words of sorrow. He hears that voice singing; he stops short, perplexed what to perform. "Singing," he muttered, "singing in triumph, and glowering at me very House ele- dooms a transaction. My own time making his lyre amidst the conflagration of Rome!"

Sophy's voice, which was somehow or other can not sit long in any place, and cries that day of my companion, wanders away from the bench, and comes upon Fairthorn. Hating, in her unutterable secret bliss, the musician who had so often frightened her in the days of her shuttered secret sadness, she sprang toward him with welcome and smile in her face, and held out her hand. Dogeness out of his tub. Fairthorn recoiled sidelong, growling forth, "Don't—you had better not!"—grinned like most savage grin, showing all his teeth like a wolf; and as she stood, speechless wonder, gazing with fixed eyes, as slank edgewise off, as if aware of his own murderous inclinations, turning his head every then once, and making it at her; then, with the vomited mystery which enveloped his exit, he was gone—vanished behind the hedge, or amidst a bush, or into a hole—Heaven knows; but like the lady in the Siege of Corinth, who warned the renegade Alp of his approaching end, he was "gone."

Twice again that day Sophy encountered the strange musician; each time she same meaning aspect and weird disappearance.

In Mr. Darrell's room over a little, and asked Sophy, timidly, of George Morley.

"Always," answered George, dryly.

Sophy felt relieved at that reply. Whatever is habitual in a man's manner, however unpleasant, is generally forgiven. Still Sophy could not help saying,

"I wish poor Sir Isaac were here!"

"Do you?" said a soft voice behind her; "and pray, who is Sir Isaac?"

It was Mrs. Morley, who had come forth with the resolute intent to see more of Sophy, and make herself unusually social as she could. Guy Darrell could never be kind by halves.

"Sir Isaac is the wonderful dog you have heard me describe," replied George.

"Would he hurt my dear if he came here?" asked Darrell.

"Oh no," cried Sophy; "he never hurts anything. He once found a wounded hare, and he brought it in his mouth to us so tenderly, and seemed so anxious that we should cure it, which we accordingly did, and he have wounded creatures hurt him, but he never hurt the hare."

Said George, sonorously,

"Ingenuus didicisse fideliter artes
Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros."

Darrell drew Sophy's arm into his own. "Will you walk back to the lake with me," said he, "and help me to feed the swans? George, send your servant cxpress for Sir Isaac. I am impatient to make his acquaintance."

Sophy's heart involuntarily pressed Darrell's arm. She looked up into his face with innocent, joyous gratitude; feeling at once, and as by magic, that her love of him was gone.

Darrell and Sophy rambled thus together for more than an hour, and when they came back in mind, unaware to herself; he succeeded. He was struck with a certain simple poetry of thought which pervaded her ideas—not artificial sentimentality, but a natural tendency to look to all that is sensitive and delicate in the beautiful which lies hid from the ordinary senses. His favorite books to Lady Mountfort, that, though far from learned, she was well and acquainted with literature than he had supposed. And sometimes he changed colors, and breathed his short, quick sigh when he recognized her familiarity with a passage in his favorite authors which he himself had commended, or which referred to the Caroline of old.

"I want the dog Waife, who seemed now recovered as by enchantment, walked forth with George, Darrell and Sophy with Sophy. Sir Isaac arrived—immense joy; the doe butts Sir Isaac, who, retreating, stands on his hind legs, and, with extraordinary dignity, butts Darrell's hat, rents fire; the doe in her turn retreats; half the new silver-mounted don and dog are friends.

Waife is indecent, without much persuasion, to join the rest of the party at dinner. In the first social fall Fairthorn contrives to avoid the fire. Waife is entreated by George to read to excuse me now," said he, "but I must not lose the latter portion of "King Lear." Darrell, who never was a play-goer, and who, to his middle life, is ignorant of the name of Shakspeare since he left college, was wonderstruck. He had himself read beautifully as declaimers, I suppose, do; but his talent was not mimetic—not imitative; he could never have been an actor—never thrown himself into existences wholly alien or repugnant to his own. Never or few, perhaps, in the highest, though often varying, was always Guy Darrell.

But when Waife was once in that magical world of art, Waife was gone—annihilated. Nature; the part lived as if there were no actor to it. It was the book—it was Lear.

For the first time Darrell felt what a great creature a great actor really is—what a luminous, unconscious critic because great. Scenes of which no connoisseur ever dreamed! When the reading was over, and the fire burned low, the gloomy old hearth knew the charm of a homecircle. All started incredulous when the clock struck nine. And not as Sophy, on entering the door, out from behind the window-curtain glared a maddening, spiteful eye. Fairthorn made a move at her, which 'tis a pity Waife did not see—it would have been a study for Colbian. She uttered a little cry.

"What's the matter?" cried the host.

"Nothing," she said she, recollecting her question to betray the hostile oddities of the musician. "Sir Isaac was in my way—that was all."

"Another evening we must have Fairthorn's flute," said Darrell. "Why, Sir Isaac, you not here to-night!—he would have enjoyed such melodies, you know."

Said Mrs. Morley, "He was here once or twice during the evening; but he vanished!"

"Harriet cannot sense his form," said George, Darrell looked annoyed. It was his peculiarity to resent any jest, however slight, upon the absent friend; and at that moment his heart was perhaps more warmed toward Dick Fairthorn than he would have cared to own. He had not determined to be as amicable and mild toward the guests as he intended to be toward Fairthorn. George might have had the flip of a sarcasm which would have tingled for a month. But as Mrs. Harriet seemed to have forgiven, he would, bravely,

"So, George; Fairthorn's foible in vanishing—his forte is fidelity. If my fortune were to vanish, Fairthorn would never disappear; and that's more than I could say for all I were a King, and Fairthorn—a Bishop!"

After this complimentary figure of speech "Good-nights" were somewhat hastily exchanged; and Fairthorn was left behind the curtain with feelings more than the master's guests as little, it is to be hoped, like those of a Christian Bishop and his fellow-creatures as they possibly could be.

CHAPTER VII.

"Domus et plenior Ursæ."

Fairthorn finds nothing pleases in the Ursæ, to whom Darrell is anxious for the welfare.

ANOTHER day! Lionel is expected to arrive an hour or two after noon. Darrell is in his room, and is anxious for the arrival. He has drawn up a rough copy of the codicil by which Fawley is to pass into the hands of Lionel. He will be consigned to the care of grateful Learning, linked with priors and fellowships—a public benefaction, and forever the representatives of its republished bearers. Preparations for departure from the domain of Fawley must have begun. There are large boxes on the floor; and favorite volumes—chiefly in science or classic—lie piled beside them for selection.

What is really at the bottom of Guy Darrell's heart? Does he feel reconciled to his decision? Is the virtue of his new self-sacrifice in itself a consoling reward? Is that cordial urbanity, that cheerful kindness, by which he has been yet more endearing himself to his guests, sincere or assumed? As he throws aside his pen,

and leans his cheek on his hand, the expression of his countenance may perhaps best answer those questions. It has more winnigled melancholy than was habitual to it before, even when in his gloomiest moods; but it is a melancholy much more soft and subdued; it is the melancholy of resignation—that of a man who has entered a long struggle—and his enemy is the opposed Necessity, in casting into the sea the thing that had been to him the dearest.

But in resignation, when complete, there is always a strange relief. Despite the sadness of it, Darrell is less miserable than he has been for years. He feels as if a suspense had passed —a load been taken from his heart. Never, till he has secured, to the best of his judgment, the happiness of the living, and the relinquishing the dead to their own life has been vainly devoted, and immolating the pride attached to it, he has yet, to the last hour, been true to the "dues to the dead." No descendant from a Jasper Leedy and a Gabrielle Dermeuts will sit as mistress of the house in which Lovelty and Honor had garnered, with the wrecks of fortune, the memories of unsightly fame—or perpetuate the name of Darrell through children whom blood has a curse and shame has an infamy and a blot. Nor was this consolation that of a culpable pride; it was bought by the dedication of a spirit that had never before made sacrifices to living wants—to living happiness. So pity would not be profaned if pity was not his own —Lionel not barred from a prize that earth never might replace. What mattered to them a misdirected gift, although it represented many hundreds of pitiful acres? Their children would not be less blessed in the healthful, unpretentious home were not shaded by those darksome trees —one less lively of wit, if their school themes were not signed in the register by the name of Lionel Haughton.

A slight nervous knock at the door. Darrell has summoned Fairthorn; Fairthorn enters. Darrell takes up a paper; it contains minute instructions as to the disposal of some of the buildings. The mutterings of the new pile may be dispensed of, and carried to the corner of any where. Those of the old house are sacred —not a brick to be carried from the precincts around it. Yet, from foundation to roof, all to be piously removed—to receive formal inter, sent down in the still depths of the lake. Then and the lake to be filled up and turfed over. The pictures and antiquities selected for the Darrell Museum are, of course, to be carefully transported to London—warehoused safely till the gift-from one to receive it—be ready to claim. The pictures and articles of less value will be sent to an auction. But when it came to the old family portraits in the library, and the old homely furniture, familiarized to sight and use and love from infancy, Darrell's pen paused, and his invention failed. That question was reserved for further consideration.

"And why," says Fairthorn, bluntly and coarsely, urging at least reprieve, "why, if it must be, not wait till after the marriage? why must the old house be buried before you are?"

"Because," answered Darrell, "such an order, left by will, would be a reproach in my heirs; it would wound Lionel to the quick. Done in my lifetime, and at once after I have given my blessing on his marriage, I can suggest a thousand reasons for an act of my own; and my manner would at once dispel all idea of a covert affront to his charming innocent bride."

"I wish she were hanged!" cries the lawyer, muttered Fairthorn, "coming here to do such astonishing mischief!" "Yet," I can't deny her, "its no use talking. You must get some one else. Parson Morley will do it—with pleasure, too, no doubt; or that bullying old man whom I suspect to be a conjurer. Who knows but what he may get the better of you in the end, and he is looking on with his wicked one eye; and then there will be an end of him, too, which would be a great satisfaction!"

"Fshaw, my dear Dick; there is no one else I can ask but you." The Darrells, I can't deny, we had enough of his arguings; and the old man is the last whom my own arguings could deceive. *Vet justice.*

"Don't, Sir, don't; you are breaking my heart—I—a shame, Sir," sobbed the poor faithful rebel.

"Well, Dick, then I must see it done myself; and you shall go and live in Surrey, and I'll get some villa to suit us. I don't see why Lionel should not be married here, and the old house will be clear. And—yes—it was cowardly in me to shrink. Mine be the task. Shame on me to yield it to another. Go back to thy flute, Dick.

"Xeque libus
Extorpe exhibet, seu Polyhymnia
Lethoum vitigat trudens laudibus."

At that last remorseless shaft from the Horatian quiver, "Venenatis gravida sagittis," Fairthorn could stand it bound no longer. He rose with a shudder—plunge—and once more the man was vanished.

CHAPTER VII

The Flute-player shows how little Music hath power to soothe the savage breast—A Mystery.

FAIRTHORN found himself on the very spot in which, more than five years ago, Lionel, stung by Fairthorn's own incontinence of speech, had been discovered by Darrell. There he threw himself on the ground, as the boy had done; there, like the boy, he brooded moodily, bitterly—were with the world and himself. To that letter, written on the day that Darrell had so shocked him, and on which letter he had counted as a last feeble hope, no answer had been given. In an hour or so Lionel would arrive; those hateful nuptials, dooming Rawley as the nuptials of Paris and Helen had doomed Troy, would be finally arranged. In another week the work of demolition would commence. He never meant to leave Darrell to superintend that work. No; grumble and refuse as he might till the last, moment,he knew well enough that, when it came to the point, he, Richard Fairthorn, must endure any torture that could save Guy Darrell from a pang. A voice comes singing low through the grove—the patter of feet on the crisp leaves. He looks up; Sir Isaac is scrutinizing him gravely—behind Sir Isaac, Lionel. Sir Isaac had probably left his pulpit—yes, lending its faithless neck to that female criminal's destroying hand. He could not bear that sight, which added insult to injury. He scrambled up—darted a kick at Sir Isaac—missed the dog, and fled. Sir Isaac, and looked her in the face *(her*—not Sophy, but the dog) with a reproach that, if it could have been put into words, words of shame, would have cut her to the heart; then, turning to Sophy, he said, "Let him be." Lionel Haughton shall not wed the child of disgrace! Fear not, Sir; all is safe!"

She shed not a tear; nor was there writ on her countenance that CHAGRIN, which Sophy's self-love might have detected over it at her young lover's melancholy farewell. No, now she was supported—upheld—by a virtue far above the pale of a sorrow—now love was to shelter and save the beloved from disgrace in disgrace. At that thought disgrace fell harmless from herself as the rain from the plumes of a bird. She looked up, and, kneeling, she kissed her hand.

By the porch door she met Waife and the Morleys. With a kind of will impressed on her at the old man's arm, and drew it fondly, glisingly within her own. Henceforth they were to be as in years gone by, one to the side of a servant

The Live Stock Markets last Wednesday were easier for Beeves, the demand for which . . . . [illegible] Cows were quiet . . . . Veal Calves were in demand at full rates . . . . Sheep and Lambs were in moderate supply and steady . . . . Swine were less active. . . . The reported receipts of Live Stock during each of the last two weeks compare as follows:

	Week ending Dec 26	Week ending Dec 19
Beeves	3,372	3,153
Milch Cows	107	132
Veal Calves	377	379
Sheep and Lambs	22,000	23,000
Swine	14,504	13,027

The total receipts of Live Stock at the New York Market during the fifty-two weeks ending December 26, comprised 156,176 Beeves, 6,502 Milch Cows, 19,722 Veal Calves, and 1,040,757 Sheep and Lambs.

The usual range of prices and number of retail sales of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

	Number of Sales	Prices per lb.
Beef to premium Beeves, per pound	5	6 @ 8
Common to ex. Milch Cows, per head	60	30 @ 60
Veal Calves, per pound	41	6 @ 7
Sheep and Lambs, per head	2 25	7 @ 10
" per pound	6	6 @ 10
Live Swine, per pound	71	5 @ 6
Dressed "	6	6 @ 7
Roasting Pigs, each	10	50 @ 75

The Country Produce Markets have been well supplied with the principal articles of consumption, and prices have been very brisk. The fluctuations in prices have been unimportant. Some excitement has been occasioned among dealers by a notification from the City Government that the laws respecting the preservation of Game and Fish would be rigidly enforced hereafter. The result of the season's efforts of the authorities city officials would be the discouragement of contemplants of the prosecution of their unlawful business.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Apples, new, per barrel	$2 00	@ $ 3 00
Grapes, per pound	12	@ 20
Chestnuts, per bushel	3 00	@ 3 75
Hickory Nuts, per bushel	1 50	@ 2 00
Peanuts, per bushel	1 00	@ 1 25
Beets, per bushel	1 00	@ 1 50
Potatoes, sweet, per barrel	2 75	@ 3 00
Potatoes, white, per barrel	2 00	@ 3 25
Parsnips, per bushel	75	@ 1 00
Beets, per barrel	87	@ 1 12½
Carrots, per barrel	87	@ 1 00
Cabbage, per 100	2 00	@ 5 00
Cauliflower, per dozen	37	@ 50
Cranberries, per barrel	6 00	@ 10 00
Pumpkins, per 100	3 00	@ 4 00
Celery, table, per dozen bunches	75	@ 1 00
Celery, Stony, per dozen bunches	1 00	@ 1 50
Quince, per bushel	1 00	@ 1 50
Cauliflower, per dozen	50	@ 75
Parsley, per dozen bunches	12½	@ 25
Turnips, Ruta Baga, per dozen	75	@ 87
Eggs, Western, per dozen	22	@ 24
Chickens, per pair	40	@ 62½
Fowls, per pair	50	@ 75
Fowls, per pair	40	@ 70
Geese, per pound	10	@ 12
Turkeys, per pound	9	@ 13
Wild Turkeys, each	2 00	@ 3 00
Ducks, per pound	11	@ 14
" Canvas Back, per pair	75	@ 1 00
" widgeon, per pair	37	@ 50
" teal, per pair	37	@ 50
Pigeons, per dozen	1 00	@ 2 00
Woodcock, per dozen	3 00	@ 5 00
Partridge, per pair	50	@ 75
Snipe, Brant, per dozen	37	@ 50
Plover, per dozen	1 00	@ 2 00
Rabbits, per pair	75	@ 87
Squirrels, each	6	@ 7
Venison, per pound	7	@ 11
Bear's Meat, per pound	10	@ 14

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRIDAY EVENING, *Friday, Dec.* 31, 1858.

The closing week of the year has been a trying one in the money market. Specie has been steadily pressing the banks, and the consequent stringency has been felt in the New York Stock Exchange and Financial circles. The principal cause of the stringency in the New York Money Market is the fact that the banks have accumulated, and the prevailing impression in financial circles is that it will go at least one per cent. lower than the last, as soon as the banks can obtain a portion of the last loan at high figures have done well by it.

Money continues to be very easy. There is perhaps rather more inquiry, and rather more caution is displayed by bankers than was the case some weeks since; but there is as yet no trifling talk of a less rate of interest for the present. Exchange on Europe continues, in the absence of shipments, at a favorable rate, and the supply is not very great.

Stocks are quite steady; there is no business going on now among the speculative juniors of the street. The receipts of all the railways are very poor, and, in the absence of business on the great lines, the public can hardly be expected to enter the street as buyers of stocks.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.—We are in danger from every quarter of the land of the above article; but we have sent it to trial, and find it to be the best preparation, in a new and convenient form, for Coughs, Colds, and Hoarseness.—*National Era, Washington, D. C.*

Sold by all Druggists.

NOTICE.

SUPERB PHOTOGRAPHS,
AMBROTYPES,
AND
DAGUERREOTYPES,
At
BRADY'S GALLERIES,
205 and 359 Broadway,
New York.

THE NEW BOOKS OF THE SEASON,
PUBLISHED BY
HARPER & BROTHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

SELF-MADE MEN. By CHAS. C. B. SEYMOUR. Many Portraits. 12mo, Muslin, $1 25.

HISTORY OF PHILIP THE SECOND, called Frederick the Great. By THOMAS CARLYLE, Author and Historian of the French Revolution, "Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches," "Sartor Resartus," &c. 4 vols. 12mo, Muslin, $5 00. Vol. III. now ready. Vol. IV. in Press and Ship, now ready.

THE HISTORY OF PROSTITUTION: Its Extent, Causes, and Effects throughout the World. (Being an Official Report to the Board of Alms-House Governors of the City of New York.) By WILLIAM W. SANGER, M.D., Resident Physician, Blackwell's Island. 12mo, Muslin, $1 25. Member of the American Association for the Advancement of Science; late one of the Physicians to the Marine Hospital, Quarantine, New York, &c., &c., &c. 8vo, Muslin, $3 00.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS will send either of the above Works by Mail, postage paid, to any distance in the United States under 3000 miles, on receipt of the Money.

THE BALLAD OF BABIE BELL,

AND OTHER POEMS.

By THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

Illus. elegantly Bound in Cloth.

Price 75 cents.

This volume contains that charming poem ("Babie Bell") which has already had so extensive a circulation, and established the reputation of Mr. ALDRICH, together with the author's contributions to the Putnam's, Harper's, Graham's, and Knickerbocker Magazines, and unquestionably the most delicate and exquisite book of Poetry which has been published in this country. The mechanical execution, type, paper, and printing are unsurpassed."

EXTRACT FROM CONTENTS.

The Ballad of Babie Bell, Unguarded Gold, The Ghost's Leap, Last Night and To-Night, Tiger Lilies, The Bereaved, Babie Mandy, Footfalls, Miserere Pain, I and Bobbie You within You Stop, In the Woods, Barbara, Asleep, Yes but Bellon Grows Bigger, Unbidden Guests, Christ's Feast, Hymn to the Fallen, The Unforgiven, A Rhyme of the Rail, Queen of Newfoundland, Before the Curfew, Spring, Babie's Asleep.

Sold by all Booksellers, and sent by mail, postage free, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price, by RUDD & CARLETON, Publishers and Booksellers, No. 130 Broadway, New York.

SPLENDID GIFT BOOKS.

The greatest Illustrated FAMILY BIBLE ever published, with many thousand CURIOUS, Explanatory, and Pictorial Notes, Original Readings, Chronology, Concordance, Table, &c., &c. Illustrated by a superb series of Engravings, from the old Masters, and from original designs. By JOHN KITTO, D.D.

From the London Art-Union.

It is a noble and beautiful edition of the Sacred Volume, by so many excellences.

THE LADIES OF THE REFORMATION.

Four Scenes—England, Scotland, and the Netherlands. Cloth, antique, $1; Calf extra, antique, $3.

RECORDS OF SCOTLAND—Germany, Switzerland, Italy, and Spain. Cloth, antique, $3; calf extra, antique, $5.

THE PEOPLE'S AND HOME PRAYER-BOOK; OR, WITHIN AND WITHOUT.

Illustrated by a series of Engravings on Wood, by Jas. Scott, after original designs. Copyright and uniform in style edition of the popular book published. In 9 vols. Cloth, $1.

BLACKIE'S ATLAS.

No. 117 Fulton Street, New York.

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES.

The great reduction in the price of these indispensable machines has brought a class of customers to us, though the prices have been put down, the machines are made better than ever. Now is the time to buy.

I. M. SINGER & CO., 458 Broadway, New York.

GLEASON'S

NEW WEEKLY
LINE-OF-BATTLE SHIP,
NOW IN
NEW YEAR,
Is a splendid number, full of interesting reading. Among the Engravings are Portraits of the Hon. Lewis Cass, Secretary of State; Brandy Station, Sunset, and Hole.

FOR SALE AT ALL THE PERIODICAL DEPOTS.
PRICE FOUR CENTS.

The Only Journal devoted to the History of our Country.

THE
HISTORICAL MAGAZINE
AND
NOTES AND QUERIES
CONCERNING THE
ANTIQUITIES, HISTORY, AND BIOGRAPHY OF AMERICA.

This Magazine was commenced in January, 1857. It is the organ of a society of historical students—with a corresponding list of honorary members, including the surviving papers read before them, revolutionary letters, diaries, biographical sketches, and other valuable contributions. The work is under the editorial care of a distinguished member of the New York Historical Society, and receives the aid of the best writers in the country. Among its contributors are Hon. Hiram Barney, Hon. George Bancroft, Jared Sparks, LL.D., Hon. Peter Force, Hon. James Lenox, Hon. W. H. Prescott, Hon. Richard C. Winthrop, Wm. Gilmore Simms, Esq., Dr. John W. Francis, Dr. John Watson, Henry B. Dawson, Esq., Samuel G. Drake, Esq., John G. Shea, Esq., Alexander Thomas, Esq., Rev. Alexander Young, D.D., Rev. W. Jones, Rev. A. Dyckinck, Rev. Dr. Berrian, and John R. Bartlett. The publisher will spare no efforts to render the work worthy of the support of all who feel interested in saving from the "tooth of time" the destroying waste of our country's history.

The work is printed on extra quality of paper, small quarto form, and published in monthly parts at Two DOLLARS A YEAR.

Specimen numbers sent upon receipt of fifteen cents in postage stamps.

Volumes I. and II. can be furnished bound or in numbers.

BENJAMIN BRICKHOUSE, Publisher,
No. 2 Spruce Street, Nassau, Broadway, New York.

EXPERIENCED AGENTS WANTED IN all parts of the country to obtain Subscribers for LOSSING'S PICTORIAL FIELD-BOOK OF THE REVOLUTION," in Two Volumes Royal Octavo, containing over 1,500 Engravings, and 1100 Revolutionary Illustrations. This work will be sold exclusively by agents, to each of whom a special District will be given. Rare inducements offered. Applicants should name the Counties they would prefer. Address, (giving reference) GEO. W. ELLIOTT, care HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

GAYETTY'S MEDICATED PAPER for the Water Closet is a blessing to the sick and a luxury to the healthy. It cures and prevents piles.

Depot No. 41 Ann Street.

A FAC-SIMILE OF THE
DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE,
handsomely printed
on ▼
PLATE PAPER,
Suitable for Framing.

This is from the Original Draft by JEFFERSON, and is engraved on "Heavy Plate Paper," size 24x31 inches.

HARPER & BROTHERS will send the above, in pasteboard cases, to any address in the United States under 3000 miles, free of postage, on receipt of Twelve Cents in P. O. Stamps.

HOOPER, LEWIS CO., N. Y.

MRS. S. A. ALLEN,

Sole Proprietress, No. 355 Broome Street, N.Y.

"Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer and Zylobalsamon" have produced all the effects described in advertisements in restoring the growth and color of any hair.

REV. JAS. MCFARLANE,
Pastor R. D. Church.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE FOLLOWING

NEW and INTERESTING VOLUMES

ARE JUST ISSUED BY

TICKNOR & FIELDS, Boston.

I.

THORNDALE; or, THE CONFLICT OF OPINIONS. 1 volume, 16mo. $1 25.

II.

A YACHT VOYAGE OF SIX THOUSAND MILES. By Lord Dufferin. $1.

III.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF SIR PHILIP SIDNEY. With fine steel engravings. $1.

IV.

WILLIE WINKIE'S NURSERY SONGS OF SCOTLAND, edited by MRS. MACKAY. 18mo, 75 cents.

V.

REV. F. W. ROBERTSON'S LECTURES AND ADDRESSES ON LITERARY AND SOCIAL TOPICS; uniform with the Sermons.

VI.

MRS. FANNY KEMBLE'S POEMS, a new and enlarged Edition, in one beautiful printed Volume, $1.

VII.

ARAGO'S BIOGRAPHIES OF DISTINGUISHED SCIENTIFIC MEN. Translated by Admiral Smyth, Baden Powell, and Robert Grant. $1.

VIII.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF DOUGLAS JERROLD. By his Son Blanchard Jerrold, 1 vol. 16mo. $1.

IX.

CHRISTMAS HOURS. By the author of "The Homeward Path," &c. 1 volume, 16mo. 50 cents.

X.

THE SCOURING OF THE WHITE HORSE; or, THE LONG VACATION HOLIDAY OF A LONDON CLERK. By the author of "School Days at Rugby," with illustrations by Richard Doyle, $1.

XI.

ERNEST CARROLL; or, ARTIST LIFE IN ITALY. Price 75 cents.

XII.

THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH AND OTHER POEMS. A new volume by H. W. Longfellow. 1 volume, 16mo. 75 cents.

XIII.

A JOURNEY DUE NORTH. By George Augustus Sala. 1 volume, 16mo. $1.

XIV.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH AND HIS TIMES, with ornate Poems. By Charles Kingsley. Edited by himself. 1 volume, 16mo. $1 25.

XV.

THE AGE—A COLLOQUIAL SATIRE, AND OTHER NEW POEMS. By the author of "Festus." 1 volume, 16mo. 75 cents.

XVI.

LIFE OF GEORGE STEPHENSON, Railway Engineer. By Samuel Smiles. 1 volume, 16mo. $1 25.

XVII.

TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL DAYS AT RUGBY. 1 volume, 16mo. $1.

XVIII.

TRELAWNEY'S RECOLLECTIONS OF SHELLEY AND BYRON. 1 volume, 16mo. 75 cents. Second Edition.

XIX.

RAN AWAY TO SEA. By Mayne Reid. 1 volume, 16mo. 75 cents.

XX.

WHITE LIES. By Chas. Reade. 1 vol. 16mo. $1 25.

XXI.

DOUGLAS JERROLD'S WIT. 1 vol. 16mo. 75 cents.

☞ **Any Work published by Ticknor & Fields will be sent free of postage, on receipt of price.**

BOYS' AND GIRLS' OWN MAGAZINE—For sale everywhere. Price 6 cents monthly. Published by

W. L. JONES, 152 Fifth Avenue.

NOW READY.

DICKENS'S
NEW
CHRISTMAS STORY
COMPLETE.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Sent by mail, free of postage, on receipt of the price.

HARPER & BROTHERS.

SANDS' SARSAPARILLA—Expels from the system all that is corrupt and prejudicial to bodily health. Being purely vegetable it is perfectly harmless in its effects. No sweet should persons may take it at any time with perfect safety.

Prepared and sold by A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists, 100 Fulton Street, New York.

PURIFIES THE BLOOD.

"B. F. Williams's Compound Syrup of Sarsaparilla and Iodide of Potassium" is a popular remedy for Scrofula, Tetter, Ringworm, Blotches on the Face, Inflammation of the Kidneys, Leucorrhœa, and like affections—more Blemishes it does not remove the cause of the aggravation, and putting it up in handsome style. Physicians prescribe it because they are above the cry.

WM. H. FOX.
NATCHEZ, MISS.

Economy of FUEL!
Economy of TIME!
Economy of LABOR!
Are all concentrated in
BOOTH'S PATENT
Self-Acting
ASH SIFTER

The Ashes and Cinders, on being poured in at the top, are instantly sifted, and the Coal sifted, without dust or dirt.

FOR SALE BY
J. W. KISSAM,
Cor. Fulton & Gold, N.Y.

INTERIOR VIEW.

☞ Every Number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE contains from 90 to 96 pages of reading, from one third to one half more reading—than any other in the country.

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.
FOR JANUARY.

The Publishers believe that the Seventeen Volumes of HARPER'S MAGAZINE have formed a larger and more valuable and attractive reading than will be found in any other periodical in the world.

Just so period since the commencement of the Magazine in 1850 its circulation has been more or less steadily and rapidly increased, and the Publishers refer to the contents of the Periodical for the past as their best guarantee for a future claiming equal favor with the public.

CONTENTS.

THE PANAMA RAILROAD.
Illustrated by Twenty Engravings and Eight Portraits.

THE PEOPLE OF THE RED RIVER.
Illustrated by Ten Engravings.

QUEBEC.
Illustrated by Twenty-seven Engravings.

ONLY A WOMAN'S HAIR.

OUR CHRISTMAS PANTRY.

HINTS ON SULE-CULTURE.

THE BALLOON OF A HERITAGE.

FOUND DEAD.

AN AMERICAN IN JAPAN IN 1858.

THE MOUNTAIN BRIDE. By LORNE CHARLES MORLEY.

A RING FOR NEW YEAR'S EVE. By WILLIAM CHARLES HEALY.

THE CHRISTMAS DAWN. By W. M. THACKERAY.
Illustrated by Engravings—sketched on Madame Exchange's Island—by Mr. Thackeray.

CHAPTERS LIII. What was to remain at the Court End of the Town.
CHAPTER LIV. Darby and Darby cite smoking his Pipe at Home.
CHAPTER LV. Between Brothers.
CHAPTER LVI. Arbuckle.

MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.

LITERARY NOTICES.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

EXPERIENCES OF A DRAMATIC AUTHOR.
Illustrated by Six Engravings.
CHAPTER XIII. The Piece completed.—Author dreams that it is accepted.—That he is called before the Curtain.—Receives Presents from Actors.—Supped by Manager.—Receives Presents from Actors.—Appears before the Curtain.—And Finds Everything as it Has Been.—Author, dress.—Filled with Eggs.—And carried Home in disgrace.

FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

Illustrated by Engravings in Bold and Morning Toilet.

—Young Ladies Dressing Dress.—Under-Sleeves.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year	$2 00
Two Copies for One Year	3 00
Three or more Copies for One Year (each)	2 00

And an Extra Copy for every Club of Five Subscribers.

HARPER'S WEEKLY and HARPER'S MAGAZINE, together, one year, $4 00.

Postage upon "HARPER'S MAGAZINE" must be paid at the Office *where it is received*. The Postage is *Thirty-six Cents a year*.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A FIRST-CLASS ILLUSTRATED PAPER.

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST
FAMILY NEWSPAPER NOW PUBLISHED.

FIVE CENTS A NUMBER: $2 50 A YEAR.

HARPER'S WEEKLY has now been in existence two years. During that period it has been more than once its aim to make it the best possible Family Paper for the American People, and it is the fixed purpose of the Publishers, in the peculiar field which it occupies, no existing Periodical can be compared with it.

Every Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY contains all the News of the Week, Domestic and Foreign. The comprehensiveness of this department is, it is believed, unrivalled by any other publication. The Political Intelligence is carefully and accurately illustrated, at the time of publication, by Engravings, Portraits, Maps, Plans, &c., which are executed by the most skilful artists, and which the reader every foreign picture which appears to possess any interest. In this way the publishers of HARPER'S WEEKLY may rely upon obtaining a Pictorial History of the times in which we live, compiled and illustrated in the most perfect and complete manner possible. It is believed that this feature of the Magazine alone—of which about one hundred and fifty have already been published—is worth far more than the whole price of the whole year of its subscription.

The literary character of HARPER'S WEEKLY is supplied by some of the ablest writers in the English language. The Publishers have made arrangements for the receipt of early proofs of the principal articles in the "Edinburgh" and "Quarterly" Reviews, and of the best articles in the "Blackwood" has appeared entire in its columns; one or more short Stories, and the best that can be purchased at home or abroad; the best Poetry of the day; Instructive Essays on topics of general interest; Literary Notices of the books of the time, in the shape of Editorials and the Longer's Literary Criticisms; a Chess Chronicle; and full and correct reports of the Money and Commercial Markets.

TERMS OF HARPER'S WEEKLY.

One Copy for Twenty Weeks	$1 00
One Copy for Two Years	2 00
One Copy for Two Years	4 00
Five Copies for One Year	8 00
Twelve Copies for One Year	20 00
Twenty-five Copies for One Year	40 00

An Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of Twelve or Twenty-five Subscribers.

TERMS FOR ADVERTISING.—*Fifty Cents a Line.*

A Liberal Discount will be made to those wishing to Advertise for three Months or more.

☞ Persons living in the City of New York wishing "HARPER'S WEEKLY" left at their houses, will please send their names at the Office of the Publishers, or at any Periodical Depot.

ADDRESS,
HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
Franklin Square, New York.

RICH AND POOR.

FASHIONABLE STORE.

ONE OF THE FIRST LADIES IN THE CITY. "Is it customary to allow such low people to frequent your establishment? It is so annoying to overhear such vulgar remarks, as wishing to buy a three dollar shawl even, when they know that every cent they can earn should be expended on something to eat, and not to wear. Such people ruin themselves by imitating their betters in dress; in fact, it has entirely disgusted me with buying this set of sables. Just observe Fido he can never bear the sight of those miserable creatures. Dear Fido!"

HARMONIA CRIER. "Mr. Smasher will attend to her case. Indeed, Madam, it is very disagreeable, I assure you. We will guard against such annoyances again in the future."

RETIRED FISHMONGER'S LADY. "Why, Mrs. D——, you look famished! How you have changed since Mr. D——'s death! Not in the fashion! Still wearing the old set! Goodness gracious, I can't imagine how you can venture into the street without a new set of sable. Now, only yesterday, my dear Jane wished me to have a $300 set; but I assure you, Mrs. D——, she just laughed at him—$300 set indeed—$900 or nothing, said I—and home they came. Don't you think they become me?"

POOR MAN. D——, simply said good morning, and continued her search for some kind lady among her former acquaintance, when times were good, to borrow 50 cents to keep her family from starving.

YOUNG WIFE. "How shall I dress my hair, dear? As I wore it at the matinee? or as I had it in the morning?"

PROVOKING HUSBAND (who never notices). "Well, let's see; the way you have it now, I think, is the best."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THREE GOOD JOURNALS FOR 1859.
Well adapted to all readers in every family.

LIFE ILLUSTRATED.
A FIRST-CLASS PICTORIAL FAMILY PAPER, devoted to News, Literature, Science, the Arts; to Entertainment, Instruction, and Progress. Published weekly at $2 a year.

THE WATER-CURE JOURNAL;
Hydropathy, its Philosophy and Practice; Physiology, Anatomy, and the Laws of Life and Health. $1 a year.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL;
Devoted to all those Progressive Measures for the Elevation and Improvement of Mankind. Illustrated. $1 a year.

FOR THREE DOLLARS, all three Papers will be sent a year.
FOWLER AND WELLS, 308 Broadway, New York.
☞ Sample gratis. Agents wanted. Begin now!

EXHIBITION OF AMERICAN MANUFACTURED BRUSHES, at the Brush Warehouse, No. 559 Pearl Street, Harper's Buildings. Brushes of every description on hand, and for sale at the lowest prices. A Silver Medal was received from the American Institute, in 1849, for superior Brushes.
JOHN K. HOPPER.

The New Books of the Season.
Published by
HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

THE LAND AND THE BOOK, or, Biblical Illustrations drawn from the Manners and Customs, the Scenes and Scenery of the Holy Land. By W. M. THOMSON, D.D., Twenty-five Years a Missionary of the A.B.C.F.M. in Syria and Palestine. With Three Maps and several Hundred Illustrations. In Two Large Duo Volumes, Sheep, $3 50.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT? By PISISTRATUS CAXTON. A Novel. By Sir E. BULWER LYTTON, Bart., Author of "My Novel," "The Caxtons," "Pelham," &c., &c. Svo, Paper, 75 cents; Muslin, $1 00.

SAILOR AND HOUND. A Novel. By HOLME LEE, Author of "Kathie Brande." Illustrated. Muslin, $1 00.

BARTH'S AFRICA, Complete. Travels and Discoveries in North and Central Africa. Being a Journal of an Expedition undertaken under the Auspices of H.B.M.'s Government, in the Years 1849–1855. By HENRY BARTH, Ph.D., D.C.L. With a Map and numerous Illustrations. Complete in 3 vols. Svo, Muslin, $7 50; Half Calf, $10 50. &c. &c. &c.

. HARPER & BROTHERS will send either of the above works by mail, postage paid (for any distance in the United States under 3000 miles), on receipt of the price.

WHEELER & WILSON'S
SEWING MACHINES.
PRICES GREATLY REDUCED.
Office No. 505 Broadway, New York.
SEND FOR A CIRCULAR.

GOOD NEWS.—A reduction in the prices of Sewing Machines is announced in the present number. Their utility is established beyond question, and, at the present prices, we see no reason why they should not be found, as they ought to be, in every household. Several varieties are manufactured, adapted to many purposes, so far as public opinion has been formed and viewed, the preference is emphatically accorded to the Wheeler & Wilson machine for family use, and for manufactures in which strength and durability are not the principal requisite. Among the titles have been issued to many of the patents of any pretension have been brought fairly into competition. In every case, the Wheeler & Wilson machine has won the highest premiums. We may mention the State Fairs of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Kentucky, Illinois, Wisconsin, Virginia, Michigan, Indiana, Mississippi, Missouri and California, and the Fairs in Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, Baltimore, Richmond, and San Francisco. At the Fair of the Mechanics' Institute Association, the Examining Committee, composed of gentlemen of the highest standing, who without a dissenting voice awarded for the Wheeler & Wilson Machine the highest premium, a Silver Pitcher, valued at $25. Where facts do not establish a reputation, we know not what can.—*Christian Advocate and Journal.*

A GREAT REDUCTION ON RIBBONS.
MITCHELL & McLINTOCK,
THE NEW
RIBBON STORE,
259 Broadway,
A few doors below Houston Street,
Have laid out the entire balance of their splendid Wholesale Stock of Ribbons, to be cut by the yard, at less than their original wholesale prices.
Inspection respectfully invited.

PICTURES FOR GRECIAN AND ANTIQUE PAINTING,
ARE ONLY PUBLISHED BY
J. E. TILTON & CO.,
161 Washington Street, Boston.
Who forward them, post paid (with full and special directions how to paint), to any address. Send for a list and other information gratis.
Dealers and Teachers supplied.

FURS! FURS!!
F. BOOSS,
[IMPORTER AND MANUFACTURER OF]
FURS
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,
AT 44 MAIDEN LANE,
Invites the attention of
LADIES
To his extensive and elegant assortment of all kinds of
EUROPEAN AND AMERICAN FURS,
CONSISTING OF
SABLE, MINK, ERMINE,
STONE MARTIN,
FITCH, SIB. SQUIRREL, &c., &c.

CHICKERING & SONS,
Manufacturers of
GRAND SQUARE AND UPRIGHT PIANOS,
Warerooms, 652 Broadway.
C. & SONS have received 20 prize medals for the superiority of their manufacture for the last 26 years.

MASON AND HAMLIN'S SUPERIOR
MELODEONS AND HARMONIUMS,
For parlors, churches, vestries, and lodges,
At wholesale and retail,
Boston, Tremont St.; Philadelphia, 1307 Chestnut St.
PIANOS TO RENT.

Inventors, Look to your Interests!!
HOW TO GET A PATENT, on the Inventor's Interference. *New edition.* Sent by First Post, for 6 cents—3 three-cent stamps. By FOWLER AND WELLS, 308 Broadway, New York.

$50 SINGER'S NEW FAMILY SEWING MACHINES,
308—308—STELLARIC SEWING MACHINE.
For Family purposes at a low price, bearing the impress of all the most successful manufacturers in his world-wide known warerooms. It can now be had.—Price, complete for use, $50. 308 Broadway.
I. M. SINGER & CO., 308 Broadway, New York.

FASHIONABLE Card Engravers and Wedding Stationers—Rich Jewelry, Fine Watches, Sterling Silver Ware. *Orders from the Country solicited.*
DEMPSEY & FARGIE, 601 Broadway, N. Y.

ELLIOT & FAITEN—Examine Inventions, and procure favorable action at Foreign Patents. *Pat. Agency* opposite main entrance of Patent Office Building, Washington City, D. C.

AN ACCOUNT OF
DONATI'S COMET OF 1858.
By GEORGE P. BOND.
EXTRACTED FROM THE MATHEMATICAL MONTHLY.
With Two Fine Steel Plates, 4to size, and Twenty-one Wood-cuts, and 36 Pages Letter-press.
Price 50 Cents.
Representing this wonderful body as it appeared through the great 15 foot Refractor, at the Observatory of Harvard College.
Published by JOHN BARTLETT, *Cambridge.*
For sale to the Trade, by
A. WILLIAMS & CO., Boston.
DEXTER & BROTHER; ROSS & TOUSEY, New York.

OFFICE OF
Ballou's Pictorial Drawing-Room Companion, Flag of our Union, The Weekly Novellette, and Ballou's Dollar Monthly.
BOSTON, MASS.
BALLOU'S PUBLICATIONS.
THE OUTLAW!—The best story ever written by *Lieutenant Murray* is now published in the Flag of our Union, the favorite weekly paper. It is entitled *the Outlaw; or the Female Bandit*, a story of the Robbers of the Appenines. The paper is for sale everywhere for *four cents per copy*, or it is sent regularly at $2 a year. The best literary weekly in the country.
THE BOSTON PICTORIAL.—The oldest and best of all the weeklies is *Ballou's Pictorial*, full to the brim each week with brilliant engravings and delightful reading matter, giving portraits of all prominent men, and of recent events all over the United States and the Old World. For sale every where *for four cents per copy*, or it is sent for $2 a year. *The Flag of our Union* and *Ballou's Pictorial* together for $3 00 a year.
CHEAPEST IN THE WORLD!—The cheapest Magazine in the world is *Ballou's Dollar Monthly*. One Dollar a year! One hundred pages of original reading matter in each number, and fully illustrated. Reduce One Dollar to the Publisher, and see how much delight so small a sum will bring to your home for a whole year. For sale every where *for ten cents per copy*.
M. M. BALLOU, Publisher,
22 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.

NEW YORK PURCHASING AGENCY.
W. M. LAFFLEY, No. 28 Nassau Street, New York.
Purnishes desirous of purchasing in the city, at the lowest possible rates, any article, large or small, of use or luxury, from a Book to a Steam-Engine, a Shawl to a Carpet, can have their orders filled promptly, and goods sent as directed, at 5 per cent. commission charge. *Refers to* G. L. Sampson, Esq., Country Long Island Bank, Messrs. John Jacob & Son, Hastings, Plimpton & Co., New York; *J. D. Dunscan & Co.*, New Orleans.

HOW TO DO GOOD AND GET "PAID FOR IT."—Take an Agency for our Publications. The terms are such, there can be no possibility of loss. Every Family will be glad to obtain some of them. For particulars address, FOWLER AND WELLS, No. 308 Broadway, New York.

CHAPPED HANDS, CHAPPED LIPS, &c.—Curtis's and Harrison & Co.'s Camphor for with Glycerine. Cheap, safe, and agreeable. HEGEMAN & CO., Druggists, 165, 979, 811, and 106 Broadway.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. III.—No. 107.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1859. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

THE YACHT "WANDERER."

THIS now famous vessel, whose recent cruise is causing so much commotion throughout the country, was built at Setauket, on Long Island, under the superintendence of Commodore Hawkins, and launched in June, 1857.

Her original owner, Mr. Johnson, sold her about a year ago to Captain Corrie, of South Carolina, by whom she is at present owned. In the month of June last, the surveyor of Port Jefferson, Mr. J. J. Norton, came to this city, and stated that, from the repairs which were being made to the *Wanderer*, the size of her water-tanks, and the quantity of stores that were being put on board of her, he had suspicions that she was about to be employed in the slave-trade. Mr. Norton was so positive that the *Wanderer* was seized and placed in charge of the United States Marshal. That official, however, was soon persuaded by the owners that it was all a mistake; and after detaining the *Wanderer* for a week or so, let her go. The next heard of her was early in December last, when she suddenly loomed up on the coast of Georgia, and was charged with having been engaged in the slave-trade. She hailed from St. Helena, but without regular papers.

The general opinion—which to some extent is corroborated by the evidence taken on the trial—is that the *Wanderer* did not herself carry slaves from Africa, but that she served as the pilot and decoy of a larger vessel which did; and that between three and four hundred slaves were landed on or near Jekyll Island, and from thence scattered throughout the Southern country. Many of the Africans have been seen and identified as natives of Africa.

"I WOULD THAT SHE WERE DEAD!"

'Tis a night in cold November,
And I sit by a hearth of my own;
The fire is blazing brightly,
But I sit by its blaze alone.
It is ten long years, I remember,
This very self-same night,
I stood by this hearth-stone thinking,
And gazed in the bright firelight.

That night of all nights, I remember,
I had drawn to my loving side
A girlish form in her beauty,
And proudly I called her my bride;
And I loved her fondly and dearly—
So dearly it seemed like a dream—
And I stood by this firelight thinking,
While I pictured it out in the gleam.

There, far in the deepened shadow,
I had built me a beautiful home;
In the midst of the lakes and the forests
It stood like a living poem.
I had children playing beside me,
I had wealth and a true-hearted friend,
No care to press heavily on me,
And all that the world could send.

And here, in the embers glowing,
I wove me a wonderful name—
The name of a poet and patriot,
With a world-wide whisper of fame.
But above all these pictures of glory,
There was one I had lain to my life:
This home was the case for the jewel,
My darling and beautiful wife!

The years have run swiftly to nothing,
And I sit by the fire and stare
In the glow of its embers vainly
For what I once pictured there.
There is only a clouded changing;
Where glimmers of light come out,
But before I can trace the picture
They vanish and leave me in doubt.

Ah! where are those beautiful pictures,
Those pictures I painted in light,
And why do I sit here lonely
On this chilly November night?
'Tis a tale of a terrible import;
I tremble, and shudder, and start,
Whenever, by day or by darkness,
I tell it into my own heart.

I worshiped her wondrous beauty,
I praised it in sunshine and storm;
Her dream-like face in its glory,
Her delicate roundness of form.
It was part of my love to tell it;
I gloated on what I had won.
Oh! would that my tongue had been speechless
Before the wild telling were done.

As soon would I thought to have doubted
The source of eternal life
As the purity, truth, and honor
Of my young and my beautiful wife.
O God! in thy mercy save me
From the memory of that day
When she fell from her truth and honor,
And passed from my side away.

I have stood by the bedside cursing,
With my soul in a tumult wild,
When you took, in your gracious wisdom,
My only, my heart-born child.
As much, O God! as I loved her,
I hoist to your stern decree,
Though it tears out my soul when I say it,
She is better in heaven with thee.

I have sat by this fireside trembling,
While the wealth I had madly won
Was passing away from my keeping,
Like mist from the morning sun.
It was something to mourn for a moment,
But I lived in the world alone,
And I gave up the gold and my trembling
With a single, silent moan.

I have drunk from the cup of sorrow,
And eaten the bread of shame;
But of all that has passed before me
I was still in my heart the same.
But oh! this day thou hast crushed me—
This day, of all days of the year,
Thou hast left me here by my fireside,
With a shivering, deadly fear.

This day I have seen the woman
Who lay on my bosom for years—
The woman I worshiped in sunshine—
The woman I worshiped in tears.
She was old, and wan, and haggard—
I would that this saying were all;
But—she wore a dress that I gave her—
I gave her—before her fall.

It was ragged, and torn, and draibled,
But I knew in an instant again
The horrible shade of each color,
That burned to my quivering brain.

THE YACHT "WANDERER."

I have seen her the star of the evening,
Wearing that robe of death,
When my heart overflowed with the praises
They spoke of her under the breath.

She was old, and wan, and haggard;
She was shaved, and drabbled, and torn;
But she was not worse than I am,
With the light of my life all gone.

I met my eyes on the vision,
And I bowed my stricken head;
I only uttered one silent prayer—
"I would that we were dead!"

I am sitting here in the firelight,
But I can not trace a line;
The woman I loved in years agone
Stands with her life in mine.
God, in thy mercy listen to me,
Ere the light of my soul be fled—
Listen, and grant this single prayer—
"I would that she were dead!"

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1859.

OUR FOREIGN POLICY.

IN moments of fond patriotic delusion, of pleasing national hallucination, we are not to apply to our beloved country, and to our beloved selves, many high-sounding epithets and sesquipedalian phrases that a sober judgment can hardly uphold. Among these are many of diplomatic and statesmanlike expression at the head of this article—*Our Foreign Policy!*

Our world really thinks, from the immemorial times that these words are used by honorable Representatives and more honorable Senators, by Secretaries and by Presidents, in newspapers, in orations, in Messages, that this country really had something like a line of conduct in regard to its foreign concerns—some notions—some traditions, at least—which might properly be called a Foreign Policy.

No greater error can be imagined or asserted. This country has no foreign policy whatever—nothing that can decently pretend to the name. Japan is not more destitute of a foreign policy than the United States.

How can it be otherwise? Every four years we put a new man at the helm. Sometimes, it is true, we select one who, from long service at home and abroad, may be truly called a veteran statesman, like Mr. Buchanan. Oftener we take a gallant old bush-fighting colonel, like Taylor; or a Western politician, like Mr. Polk, or a pivot of party combination, like General Pierce, neither of whom had any knowledge, whatever of Europe or of any of the languages of Europe. Our Cabinets, again, are composed of men of the same class—men whose lives have been passed in domestic party management and party warfare. How on earth, or why on earth, should they take any care about our foreign affairs or our foreign policy? The most election in New York or Arkansas is more important to them than a score of European revolutions.

Look again at the men whom we send abroad as diplomats. Diplomats indeed! The foreign ministers, with here and there rare exceptions, are notoriously given as the mere reward of political service at home; and fitness, whether resulting from residence abroad or knowledge of the European languages, is a positive disqualification.

"I desire, Sir," says General ——, a highly respectable Member of the House from Arkansas, "to recommend Mr. —— most strenuously as a very fit and proper person for the post of Minister to the Court of Turin."

"Has Mr. —— ever been in Europe?"

"No, Sir!"

"Does Mr. —— speak French or any other European tongue?"

"No, Sir! and I should be glad to know whether any such *aristocratic* requisition as that is to be made?"

Unhappily General —— is as logically right as he is indisputably important to the dominant party in Arkansas. Education is an aristocratic qualification; and all aristocracy with us being odious and leading to ostracism, the gentleman who has never seen Europe, who does not know a syllable of any foreign speech, is sent abroad, to wear a cocked hat and an embroidered coat, and draw his very comfortable salary.

And so our foreign affairs go. Here are all the great transit routes between our Atlantic and Pacific possessions left utterly at the mercy of hordes of ignorant and mongrel barbarians, with England and France directly and indirectly striving to get control of them; and, ten years after the golden discovery of California, all we have actually done for the protection of the great highway is to make a treaty (Monument of folly!) by which we have bound ourselves not to establish or exert any influence over that part of this continent so indispensable to the integrity of our empire. Oh! our Foreign Policy!

Here again is Mexico! crumbling to pieces before our eyes, and we sit stupidly gazing on the process, doing nothing to assert or maintain our influence in that country; and all the while the great European powers are steadily and systematically at work to create and maintain interests which are directly hostile to ours, and which some day must stand directly in our path of empire. Oh! our Foreign Policy!

And at the very time that all this is going on—while the currents of empire are in motion around us in every direction—while the unequaled industrial energies of Americans are achieving marvels of every kind, we—the people, the politicians, the statesmen of this great country—like a parcel of Kilkenny tomcats, are snarling at each other over the library bone, or the Tariff bone, or some bone or another, and eating each other up with infinite howling, and yelling, and clawing, and scratching—of our intelligence, and of our energies absorbed in paltry questions of local policy and local plunder.

Away with the delusion of our having a *Foreign Policy!* Better than this state of things, let us recall our avowers and ministers, abolish the mere show of expensive and useless establishment, and husband our resources till the nation has the will and the intelligence to enter upon the career of empire in a manner that becomes us.

HOW IT INVESTS MONEY.

HAPPILY, the difficulty of finding an investment for money seems to oppress chiefly people at this time; for the simple reason that much fewer people than usual made, in the year 1858, more money than they required for their household expenses. It was, emphatically, a year of small profits. Still there are some persons, even at the present time, who have more money than they can spend, and to them the following remarks are addressed.

Persons who are not engaged in commercial pursuits usually put their money in one or more of three ways—either they lend it to corporations; or they buy stocks; or they discount commercial paper. An active-minded man, with a fair capital and some experience in business, will evidently prefer the last-mentioned investment. In ordinary times a shrewd man can make, without much risk, from ten to twelve on his money, by discounting good paper and using his facilities at the banks where he keeps his account. Many men make more than that sum in this way, and do not lose one year's profits in ten years' business. But this employment of money will naturally be unpopular with those who will freedom from care, anxiety, and labor. They will buy either land or stocks.

There is no use to be said about land. It can not be lost or ruined by mismanagement. Revolutions may destroy it, indeed, but Western wars our other accidents can permanently affect it. A lot 25 by 100 in the city of New York, or a farm of one hundred acres in immediate distance of a railway station, can not but increase in value as the country improves. No commercial or political calamity can for disaster can ultimately impair its real worth. It is a solid, reliable property. But the very reasons which make it permanent and safe render its absolute property to hold operate with equal force against it. Persons who have real estate to sell expect to be paid for the advantages and conveniences compared with other kinds of property. The certain advance in its selling price is foreseen, and taken into account by the owner when he purchase, therefore, must expect to pay not the real value at the present time but the prospective value ten years hence. Thus, when the city like acres on the Hudson or Long Island, or in Westchester or Richmond counties, are sold, not at their real value to-day, but at the price which they are likely to be worth in 1870, or thereabouts. The purchaser must make his mind up to hold the property for that time, or more, and to lose the interest on his purchase-money for the years before he can really feel that his purchase is worth what he gave for it. This is a serious drawback to real estate as an investment.

As to stocks. There are but two kinds of stocks generally dealt in—State and city bonds, and railway shares. With a few honorable exceptions, the reliable descriptions are already selling at very high prices. The New York, Massachusetts, United States, and other first-class securities, are all selling over par. The second-class State stocks—Virginian, Tennessee, Missouri, Pennsylvania—are below par—between 90 and par, or thereabout. First-class city bonds are equally high. There are a few bonds of South Western cities bearing high rates of interest, which may be bought at low prices; but they are subject to the contingencies of Western United States, and other first-class securities, are all selling over par. The second-class State stocks—Virginian, Tennessee, Missouri, Pennsylvania—are below par—between 90 and par, or thereabout. First-class city bonds are equally high. There are a few bonds of South Western cities bearing high rates of interest, which may be bought at low prices; but they are subject to the contingencies of Western legislation, and any prudent man would buy them as a permanent investment. Finally, there are railway stocks and bonds. At first blush, it does not appear that there can be any question of the real value of first or second mortgage bonds on the leading railroads of the North. It would be at once pronounced that there are many legal questions respecting railway securities which our country have not yet settled, and which may seriously affect the value of even first mortgage bonds. For instance, it is not clear to what extent the usury laws in force in the various States may not invalidate the claims of bond-holders who bought bonds under par. Nor is it yet settled whether a mortgage bond can affect a rail laid down after the bond was issued, though said rail was laid to replace a worn-out rail on which the bond was secured. These and other questions must be determined by judgments of courts of final resort before even mortgage bonds on railway property can be classed as unquestionable securities. As to railway stocks, the experience of the last twelve months has convinced even the most incredulous that they can not be considered as property to be held for dividends. No railway in the North earned a fair income in the year 1858; most of them ceased to pass dividends; a few—and a few only—have fully accommodated a cheap fraud, and borrowed money to pay their usual percentage of "profits." But the experience of the year has convinced every sensible person that this class of securities must be carefully avoided by all who seek permanent and safe investments.

On the whole, we see no better employment for the money, by those who do not desire to devote their time to watching their stock-market investment, and husband our resources till the nation has the will and the intelligence to enter upon the career of empire in a manner that becomes us.

HOW IT INVESTS MONEY.

HAPPILY, the difficulty of finding an investment for money seems to oppress chiefly people at this time; for the simple reason that much fewer people than usual made, in the year 1858, more money than they required for their household expenses. It was, emphatically, a year of small profits. Still there are some persons, even at the present time, who have more money than they can spend, and to them the following remarks are addressed.

Persons who are not engaged in commercial pursuits usually put their money in one or more of three ways—either they lend it to corporations; or they buy stocks; or they discount commercial paper. An active-minded man, with a fair capital and some experience in business, will evidently prefer the last-mentioned investment. In ordinary times a shrewd man can make, without much risk, from ten to twelve on his money, by discounting good paper and using his facilities at the banks where he keeps his account. Many men make more than that sum in this way, and do not lose one year's profits in ten years' business. But this employment of money will naturally be unpopular with those who will freedom from care, anxiety, and labor. They will buy either land or stocks.

There is no use to be said about land. It can not be lost or ruined by mismanagement. Revolutions may destroy it, indeed, but Western wars our other accidents can permanently affect it. A lot 25 by 100 in the city of New York, or a farm of one hundred acres in immediate distance of a railway station, can not but increase in value as the country improves. No commercial or political calamity can for disaster can ultimately impair its real worth. It is a solid, reliable property. But the very reasons which make it permanent and safe render its absolute property to hold operate with equal force against it. Persons who have real estate to sell expect to be paid for the advantages and conveniences compared with other kinds of property. The certain advance in its selling price is foreseen, and taken into account by the owner when he purchase, therefore, must expect to pay not the real value at the present time but the prospective value ten years hence. Thus, when the city like acres on the Hudson or Long Island, or in Westchester or Richmond counties, are sold, not at their real value to-day, but at the price which they are likely to be worth in 1870, or thereabouts. The purchaser must make his mind up to hold the property for that time, or more, and to lose the interest on his purchase-money for the years before he can really feel that his purchase is worth what he gave for it. This is a serious drawback to real estate as an investment.

As to stocks. There are but two kinds of stocks generally dealt in—State and city bonds, and railway shares. With a few honorable exceptions, the reliable descriptions are already selling at very high prices. The New York, Massachusetts, United States, and other first-class securities, are all selling over par. The second-class State stocks—Virginian, Tennessee, Missouri, Pennsylvania—are below par—between 90 and par, or thereabout. First-class city bonds are equally high. There are a few bonds of South Western cities bearing high rates of interest, which may be bought at low prices; but they are subject to the contingencies of Western legislation, and any prudent man would buy them as a permanent investment. Finally, there are railway stocks and bonds. At first blush, it does not appear that there can be any question of the real value of first or second mortgage bonds on the leading railroads of the North. It would be at once pronounced that there are many legal questions respecting railway securities which our country have not yet settled, and which may seriously affect the value of even first mortgage bonds. For instance, it is not clear to what extent the usury laws in force in the various States may not invalidate the claims of bond-holders who bought bonds under par. Nor is it yet settled whether a mortgage bond can affect a rail laid down after the bond was issued, though said rail was laid to replace a worn-out rail on which

furnished the means for its accomplishment; just as they granted enormous sums of money to the Collins line of steamers, which was controlled by a liverpool firm. And after all, the telegraph turns out to be so English a scheme that even the designs of the Company are unknown here.

We stated many months since that so soon as the telegraph was in working order, the people of this country would discover that it was all a humbug and purpose a British enterprise, which would, in case it need, be used against the United States just as naturally as the British fleet or a British battery. The failure of the enterprise has precipitated the verification of our statement.

The explanations for the people of this country to try what they can do toward the laying of a separate Atlantic Cable. A cable could be laid at a moment's notice to connect Cape Breton and Portugal; and it would, we imagine, be easy to obtain from the Government of Portugal the necessary guarantees for the safety of the enterprise in case of trouble in that kingdom. Such a line of telegraph would at all times be held at America's mad, in the event of hostilities between Great Britain and the United States, would enable this country to communicate freely with the European continent. Until some such cable is laid, Britannia, do what we may, will rule the sea, so far as telegraphs are concerned.

ABOUT DEAD MEN

THE old adage which, being enshrined in decent Latin, commands the respect of every one who does not understand the defunct tongue, declared that one should say nothing unpleasant of a man who was dead. The theory, apparently, is that death, like charity, covered a multitude of sins. Hence, though a man had led the life of a reprobate and a sinner, yet, when he was dead, it was proper to allude to him as a Christian and a saint. The most notorious rascals of all this principle were the old priests, who, as every one knows, would, every day of their lives, the greatest reprobates in the world, speak of the departed as "at rest in Christ." In our day, the newspapers, after abusing a man to the hour of his death, no sooner announce the sudden circumstance of his demise than they publish the most flattering obituary notices of his private and public career. And people are forbidden to say a word in spite of their firm belief that Smith was a villain in the flesh are brought, by the burial of said Smith, to the point where he had many good qualities, or was, on the whole, a credit to his day and generation.

The credit of deviating from this established practice belongs to the people of Boston. The Boston papers—which have more than once rendered themselves infamous throughout the country inaugurated the system of telling the truth about dead men. Within the past six months Boston possessed the rather unique luxury of both millionaires—both men before whom common humanity was apt to cower. The one was Thorndike—the other was Augustus Thorndike. Both were unsavory individuals, whose only merit was their wealth. Under ordinary circumstances, the death of either would have been lowered into pompous graves under a fire of funeral eulogies, and would have been duly canonized in the local journals. But, as it is that the truth has been told about them, and honest portraits drawn from life, in the Boston papers.

When Francis died, with nearly three millions of dollars to his credit, the leading banks and of Massachusetts, the newspapers described him simply as he was—a mean, sordid miser, without a thought beyond the accumulation of the vilest trace of heart or sentiment of any kind. When Thorndike died, after elaborately diminishing his children, the Boston journals of Boston were not afraid to say that he was what his will proved him to be—a narrow-minded, selfish, revengeful man, managing in a whom spleen and spite had extinguished the last spark of generous humanity.

We should be glad to see this practice prevail in New York as well as Boston. There ought to be some distinction made between a Peter Cooper and an Astor—between a man who is, had both died in New York, the papers would have dealt out even measure of praise to both. Both men are dead—both are beyond praising. Were it generally understood that bad men would be denounced after death, many millionaires might try to relieve their feelings by exercises by some good deeds at the close of their career.

We have in New York several rich men whose names are synonymous with trickery, fraud, and greed of gain. As the case stands, when they die, clergy, press, and people will fall down and worship the immensity of their estate, and will honor them as though they were a credit, instead of being a disgrace, to humanity. Who will set the example of drawing a bold line between the good and the bad, irrespective of wealth? What clergyman will have the courage to warn his hearers against following in the footsteps of dishonest Mr. A, or the mean Mr. B, or the miser Mr. C, who died the other day, worth ever so many millions? What paper will

give us an honest biography of a bad rich man? Is all the truth-telling in the country exclusively confined to Boston?

THE LOUNGER.

ROBERT BURNS.

A HUNDRED years ago, on the 25th of January, 1759, Robert Burns was born. The centenary of day catalogues, near the town of Ayr, the Kirk of Alloway, and the old bridge of Doon. On the 25th of this January, 1859, the great cities of another continent the most famous men are to meet and commemorate the birthday of the poor Scotch farmer's boy. In New York Bryant is to preside, and Halleck, who has sung well of the earlier poet, is to be present, and Dana, whose heart is large enough for every kind of honest man, is to deliver an oration. In Boston there will be no such talk as the name of the poets, Everett of the orators, and Holmes of the wits. Lowell, also, who has sung of Burns, and his sweet song of whom Boston is proud, with the same reason that Cornelia was proud of her jewels, will show, by her presence, how they love the man, and honor the poet, Robert Burns.

As we write, we see a photograph of his birthplace. It is a low, long hovel of one story, heavily thatched. The wall is broken by two short windows to the roof; and two large windows with clumsy shutters outside, and a small square window of four panes. A log is under the eaves, by the side of the door, announces that this is the "Burns cottage. Robert Burns, the Ayrshire poet, was born under this roof on the 25th of January, A.D. 1759," and the date of his death thirty-six years after forward. On the other side of the door, as a pendant, is another sign with the proprietor's name; and in the middle, in large letters, "Refreshments." The cottage are a low hedge, and some trees; but the house is mournfully desolate.

"Yes, it is unutterable both," says the Ettrick Shepherd "and in the depth of winter, was Robert Burns born, when years ago the snow was in the shape of his portraits."

And here is another photograph of Alloway Kirk, it is an entirely roofless building, but with the stone walls and gables standing complete, and a stone belfry on the gable. There are trees and bushes in the gable end under the belfry there is a slab on which is a "Burns" cut in the stone, and underneath drawing stones at or otherwise injuring the soil or tomb-stones will be prosecuted." A large tree grows magnificently in the midst of the Kirk-ring, spreading its branches above the walls, and the grave-yard which surrounds the Kirk is full of mossy tomb-stones, some sharply cut and evidently new. The ruin is not beautiful, no since clung to it and clamber over it; but the whole impression is one sympathy that belong to the story of Burns hang it with indescribable tenderness.

And here is another photograph of the "Auld brig o' Doon." It is a winding, bowery stream; the abrahs come up to the sides of the bridge, which is the banks and trees bloom fresh and fair, and the bridge leaps from shore to shore in a single arch. Through the arch another bridge is seen beyond. Both trees and sunbeams at the end of the "brig." All is tranquil and peaceful. There are no ruins, places like it in romantic, pastoral beauty; but new few of such exquisite loveliness.

"Tam'n trink my heart, thou warbling bird.
That wantons through you flowering thorn
Thou minds me of departed joys,
Departed—never to return."

Here, lately, in December, a monument at Ayr. He died at Dumfries on the 21st July, 1796, and his remains were placed under the monument on the 5th of June, 1815. It is a conspicuous, circular, open temple. Nine or ten Corinthian columns support a pediment around which are inscribed words. The whole is surmounted with a rather awkward pedestal, supporting a tripod holding a vase. There are long and heated discussions about this, and so much honor was showered upon Robert Burns when he was dead! The last was the address of the commander of the cavalry of the Cinque Ports, quartered at Dumfries, marched as one of the chief mourners at the funeral of Robert Burns. Every day was declined a personal introduction to the living poet!

But what are the Earls and the monuments? A bardy, weak, honest, trampled, staggering, falling, boorful, humorous, human, sweet and noble poet. In his a brother of ours, by his singing our master, comforter, and teacher. Robert Burns lived and loved, sang and died, a noble, sorrowing, suffering, human being, a kindly, kindling influence, as long as the human heart throbs, and laugh, loves, hates, pares, and remembers.

THE WIDOW'S MITE.

IN a city of New England a young handmaiden of the Master Vine was assigned to a certain district to canvass every house. Some people gave her large sums, some small, and some nothing at all. She met with many rebuffs in her work, and gave every body the opportunity of sharing in the good work. One poor old woman gave her a humble shop, where an old woman sold cakes and candles, and stated her mission.

"My dear young lady," replied the old woman, looking at her sadly, "I have sad a nothing to-day or yesterday. I have a family to support, and how do you think I can spare any thing for such a purpose?"

"Oh! I did not expect you to give me any thing," answered the young handmaiden; "but I thought you might like to have the chance, that you might not feel that you had been neglected."

The young lady turned to go, but the old woman looked so wistfully that she lingered at the door.

"I wish I could give you something," she said at length, earnestly.

"I will take the good wishes, and thank you kindly," replied the younger.

"I suppose you only take large sums of a dollar and more?" asked the other.

"Oh, no, I take any thing that you may chooses to give."

"Well, my young lady, it would do no good to give you something, for there is no people as ever read of whom I loves as I do General Washington. I always cut out of the newspapers every scrap that tells about him, and lay it by to read at night after I have shut up my shop. I wish I could give you money."

She said it musingly and hesitatingly, and at last, after asking whether any one was not near too small, she took a three cent piece from her pocket, and, handing it to the young woman, said, earnestly:

"There, it's nothing; and you won't put it down in your book, please. I shall feel happier if I know I have done ever so small a thing for the honor of Washington."

FEE, FAW, FUM.

THERE are days in the summer when the wise people look up at the cloud-girdled sun as if it was a thunder in the air," and sure enough, before sunset the heavens are torn with terrific thunder.

In like manner, there is a notable feeling of belligerence in the political atmosphere within a few days. Last week, in Congress, Mr. Giddings was aggressman. The most bellicose billets have been some swaggering paragraphs. The honorable member for Arizona bites his thumb at the honorable member for Dacotah. Another honorable member hints that he will not take it lying down, but despises that which is willing. Peace, peace! Anywhere you will be, but not here. Why, as you said so, then I said so."

Nothing comes of it, of course, for nothing was meant to come of it. Why is not glad? Who wishes to mind more horrors or more atrocities? Death, in the midst of life, holds the keen scythe, and why should not the dudlo follow? If the Hon. Smith goes out to the bloody field with the Hon. Jones, there is no more loss in the business because the entire public knows perfectly well that the principal parties are not in it. And because they were particularly anxious about any body's loss, but because they were afraid that the loss might be the philosophy of the contemporary dust. There is some awful something which Bob Acres is afraid of when he says that he does not like cool sarcasm or challenge, and so he accepts it and runs the risk—as the corresponding editor of the Herald does. I suppose there is a difficulty involving the ducllo, immediately turn on a stream of ink, and you have settled it to your satisfaction. Or, rather, the ink stone believed in the virtue of an ipse. How much easier is the latter way!

Let us hope that Smith's bones will not be ground to make Jones's bread. Let every distinguished statesman, when he is commissioner or representative, be allowed to charge loss and infamous falsehood upon his opponent. Let there be a code that ought to satisfy the extremest requirements of decency, humanity, and self-respect. The letters of public men are made to be read, and if they are making them equally free of good-nanners; and the public knows all that is necessary to let them be allowed to call each other evil names, but not to fight—and they will all cry "Amen!"

M. DE LAMARTINE.

THERE was lately some talk of renewing the effort to raise a sum of money for the benefit of the country; but no effort could be more hopeless. For a very pretty problem for the mathematical people to find out is, how much the subscription list of the Mount Vernon subscription, to compute the probable number of the subscribers and the subscribers for Lamartine.

But the latter has just completed the third year of his "Course of Literature," and bewails the tardy accumulation of francs upon the national subscription list. He gives an historical history of his affairs. He declares that he is not going to surrender his property to his creditors and keep Francs. "Never," he says, "will I work. I do not despair: active patience will in the end overcome misfortune, and the noblest way to live is to labor."

Oh, Lamartine! Lamartine! How great wert thou in the days of long-ago, in the hideway of the Hôtel de Ville, when the world looked on delighted, and saw a poet pacifying France and Lamartine! A delightful, romantic, natural history! An anarchy could hardly be stayed, and thy tongue was the key of the storm-gates which kept back and replaces the falling stones of the social structure! The one name every where repeated with enthusiasm and affectionate was that of Lamartine. Then, indeed, sneered at non-water; but a ship of state and letter dead in rose-water than go ashore upon the rocks of savage terrorism.

In the days of Forty-eight Lamartine did, in the truest dramatic sense, a very great service to his country and to civilization. He established a claim upon the gratitude of his fellow-citizens which no one urges, and he is the first and most persistent. Yet the author, but in hand, begging an alms to save his seventeen years, is a sight which makes the most idiots from memory that of the poet ruling a mad crowd with words. For a single moment of fire to his country his country had paid him with a splendid renown. Why should he stand bescheming, year after year, for a paltry few francs?

There was once another author not far from Paris who made a plan for the permanent relief of benefactors of mankind—one of the best-beloved of men. Of him, too, his country was proud; he was easily the first man of his time in literary renown. This author, too, fell into pecuniary distress. Probably there was no man in the world who had been touched, and delighted, and elevated by his sympathetic genius but would have gladly sought to help him in his straits had any chance been offered. It was not offered, nor demanded; but in his declining years this man addressed himself to the task of righting his affairs by hard, honest labor. The task was prodigious, and it was prodigiously performed; but it overwhelmed him. Worn year after year was consumed in the labor, until the brain wandered and the cunning hand dropped to his side. He died, in the pres of the battle, like one of his own heroes of romance and chivalry; and the world went over his grave as the dear mistresses of those heroes bewailed them. The end crowned the work, and showed that the man whom the world had loved and honored was a man indeed.

Can Lamartine remember Walter Scott, and ask another franc for charity?

MORE MOUNT VERNON.

"DEAR BLOUNT,—DON'T you think the Weekly is a little hard upon the effort for the purchase of Mount Vernon? Yours, truly,

NOT at all. In the editorial columns, a week or two since, there was a statement of "the futile resolution" made by persons who wished to commend themselves from giving to the fund. Certainly there was no unkindness in publicly stating what every body knows. The great fact of the whole matter is, not that we are going to buy Mount Vernon, but that the project has been started in the country for nearly a year, and Mount Vernon is not yet purchased.

A Lenten season see that there is great danger of Mount Vernon's becoming not a monument of the love of Washington, but of our regard for our own pockets. There are at least fifty thousand people in the city of New York able to give fifty cents to the fund, and not know it. Now they do not do so. And why not? Is there any other reason than that they don't care to? If they do not, they ought to care to? Yes, but is not the moral value of the purchase of Mount Vernon greater than the memory of Washington, not that we ought to? Suppose by raking and scraping and incessant tugging and struggling the adequate sum is finally got, and the bargain concluded, can it possibly have the slightest effect upon the daily life and conduct of a rude and love and homage? You may carve over the portal "The nation to its Father," but on the reverse you must write "Mean as ever," and the postupity puzzle over that, as we puzzle over the Egyptian hieroglyphics. It is probably perfectly simple, if we only had the key.

There is another view worth considering. Here the great trials in the editorial rooms, that in this country we do not honor our famous men in this way. Nor do we. Nor have we ever done so. Be it blamed. If it were an indication of any want of zeal love and reverence for Washington, we might be justly censured.

But why should we be troubled that we have not a certain way of showing our feeling? It is not the substance of the question. It is a pity that the tomb of Washington should go to decay; but that can be very easily remedied, and will be, when we may be the result of the effort to buy the whole estate.

And for one, the Lounger has often enough protested against the tendency to deify Washington. His whole wish is not to see the memory of Washington be emphatically a man, and yet there is a popular superstition which invests it with a certain mystic. A great many good people fall into a passion of indignation because Thackeray represented Washington as a man of a certain period, acting like other young heroes of the same time, and like all young men.

"The slanderous British novelist!" cried they, "to tarnish the early fame of our greatest, most glorious, and purest!"

Exactly, gentlemen, and how much do you subscribe for restoring his tomb from his dishonor?

"Not a cent. His descendant ought to be ashamed of himself for bolding on to a few dirty acres as if they were wards of gold dust!"

We may not wish to buy Mount Vernon, but we certainly have a right to traffic in sneering, and abuse Mr. Washington for not letting us gratify our sentiments of veneration for his memory.

Ten thousand men, instead of two hundred thousand. Mr. Washington's general character is not to be questioned. He was a business man, a merchant—and so do we. And because we are mean enough to want to buy cheap, while you are willing to pay as high as they should we abuse him for the meanness of wanting to sell dear?

Naughty one! Not to trouble the women who have undertaken this work, and who labor so earnestly for their object. And it will surely show nothing more than that they had mistakenly made their own form of respect the measure of that of their countrymen. It is a fine thing to be just and full-hearted.

In any case an effected ignorance of what every body thinks and says is not advisable. A FRIEND sees articles all the time plunging their heads in the sand, and he can say whether they are bidden or not.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—CLYDE, Cincinnati, is reminded that an editor must keep his paper clean for the sake of his readers, and must consequently consider many circumstances that may not be known to or appreciated among them. A journal which aims to satisfy the largest number of readers, and to draw from every class its often inaccessible to many of its friends, will often be exposed to individual criticisms; but its conduct will, of course, be determined by the general satisfaction. Equally, of course, it is a blunder to insert any thing which is not correctly and reliable; and it is not always a good a judge of that as any of his readers? He is always glad to receive suggestions, and a good editor always considers them carefully; but in a paper evidently edited with care, it is fair to presume that any marked policy or custom is the result of experience and reflection.

—DES MOINES inquires about the comical genius of Americans. American literature has a certain vein of genuine humor, as in Irving, Holmes, Lowell, Curzons, and others; but it is certainly deficient in that prompt, sparkling, grotesque, and burlesque fun which so sparkles and crackles in Dickens, Hood, Lamb, Thackeray, and the entire Punch literature. There is surely something ghastly in an American funny paper. The best things we do in that way are generally in a vein which has been opened over the sea; and if we depended entirely upon our own humor for our entertainment, American life would be a very solemn tragedy.

—B. F. R. wishes to know who is the author of the beautiful poem,

"In summer when the days were long."

It is seven years, nearly eight perhaps, that the Lounger was reading a *London Leader*, and was struck by the very great beauty of a little poem which was signed H. He "clipped it out," and it was published in the *Tribune*, from which it was copied into all the papers, and had a very wide several collections. But the author is still unknown to the Lounger, who is sorry to part with the feeling that he first made the poem known in this country. Does any body know any thing more about it?

—A correspondent speaks very kindly of Mr. Buchanan Read's pictures, especially of the one now in this city, and which is owned by a Philadelphian.

"I am always at a loss to say whether Mr. Read cares most to show color or its drawing. Here, as usual, the same excellence appears in both. This is an ambitious performance. Well-executed conventional figures are the principal figure that airy grace necessary for the effect of the floating drapery. The color is rich and pleasant sounding, and I am willing to pronounce this the most successful work as well as the most ambitious performance. Then again we have 'Sheridan's Wooing,' a handsome subject treated at home, but painted in an American and not a Roman style. Mr. Read does not get foreignized by his foreign wanderings."

—The Lounger can not recall the copy of verses which E. S. writes.

—O. B. TEBE, as his name implies, is a member of the Mouse Club, a set of jolly good fellows, who laugh at their own jokes and make themselves funny. The Club, as every body in Utica, it appears from his letter, was appointing O. B. just a committee of one to discover the point of somebody's else joke, and to report "where the laugh came in." The Lounger is afraid the report and the laugh will come in the same. He is very sorry he can not help his correspondent. There are so many Mouse Clubs scattered that every body must find out the point of them for himself; and if you find they have none, why then, probably, the point is somewhere else. Ask the company for trying to discover what does not exist.

—J. E. H., of Elmira, writes:

"In the Weekly for December 4 a couple of epigrams were given as 'By R. Bulwer Lytton,' the first of which is as follows:

"In ancient days—and no great loss—
They hung the knave upon the cross;
Now differently they deal with us,
And hang the cross upon the knave!

"I wish to know whether this epigram is a real personage and known to be the author of the above, or whether it is only a newspaper attribution? And also, whether the epigram is correct as given above, or if I remember it have seen it printed anonymously many years ago, and which was as follows:

"In ancient times the custom was
To hang the rogue upon the cross;
But now the custom is in vogue
To hang the cross upon the rogue."

The Lounger can not say which is the original form—but upon the other point he can inform his correspondent that R. B. is a misprint for E., and that E. Bulwer Lytton is "a real personage" and a "known" author unquestioned. He has written several novels, and a poem called the Siamese Twins.

—That first friend, A CONSTANT READER, thinks that the Lounger, in the name of his working men, for his labors in giving them information which they can not find any where else.

"I have searched in vain for the correct pronunciation of that very word (*Dictionaries*) in many places, and also in the list of words mispronounced at the end of Webster's Dictionary, the quarto edition. I hope the editor of that edition will see this letter, and that he introduce it in the next edition. If it wouldn't be troubling you too much, I should like your opinion on the etymology of which I have been greatly puzzled."

He then suggests the word *Ptisan*, which the Lounger has tried. He demands to know what a quarter edition of a dictionary is—how much too much one person can be puzzled with a single word?

When he has received answers to these questions, he can enter upon the discussion of the words proposed in a more tranquil frame of mind.

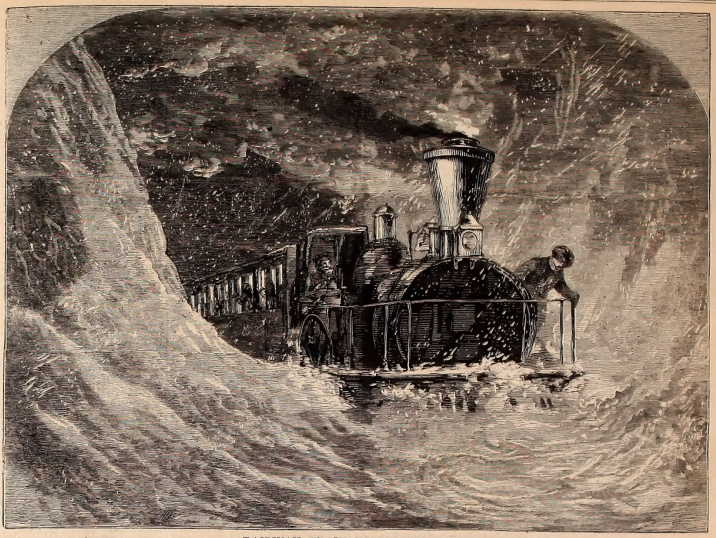
—The Lounger has the following from an eyewitness of the voyage of the *Surnmark*:

"NEW YORK, December 31, 1858.

"DEAR MR. LOUNGER,—In running over your valuable Weekly for November 27, I find a statement of the sailing of the steamship *Surnmark*, the first that ever crossed the Atlantic, and the Baltic. I was a witness to her passing up the Baltic for St. Petersburg. On a fine, clear day in the Baltic sea, abreast of the island of Gottland—salute—yes, like the Admiral at Cork, now a great smoke, supposed it to rise from the Island of Gotland; we, in the name of our host, were a three-mast full-rigged ship, no sail set. At about 3 P. M. she was alongside, exchanged signals, spoke her, and informed us we were bound for St. Petersburg to present her to the Emperor of Russia.

"Yours respectfully, CAPTAIN L. TURNER."

THE UNITED STATES SLOOP OF WAR "BROOKLYN."



RAILWAY TRAIN IN A SNOW-STORM.

STOPPED BY THE SNOW-DRIFT.

UNITED STATES STEAM SLOOP OF WAR "BROOKLYN."

THE beautiful specimen of naval architecture was built for the United States Government by Jacob A. Westervelt, and is now at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, ready to receive her men, guns, and stores. Her length on deck is 247 feet, breadth of beam 43 feet, depth of hold 21½ feet, being 700 tons, government measurement, and is rated at 14 guns on the upper deck, although pierced for 26.

On the 27th of July last the *Brooklyn* was launched, and on the 1st of January, 1859, she took her place in the United States Navy. As a full description of her has already been given in the daily papers, we will only mention a few of her peculiarities of construction and model not embraced in any other similar vessel. Although by far the largest ship of war in our navy, or in the world, and carrying, of course, the heaviest battery ever placed on board of any vessel of her class, she still her draught is but 16 feet when fully equipped for sea. This is a desideratum which has been long sought for in our navy; but, unfortunately, up to the building of the *Brooklyn*, could not be obtained. The secrecy is now solved, and the *Brooklyn's* model has already been taken as a type in the construction of several others, and the same must combines on this deck are of makogany; a wood never before used for such a purpose in our navy. All the spars required, including those for three boats, are carried upon a bridge amid-ships, elevated above the deck sufficiently high to clear it under, which is an entirely new arrangement. By this improvement the space upon deck is kept clear and unobstructed for working the guns. On this deck there are two water-closets at each end for the accommodation of warrant officers and other officers; a great convenience, and one seldom appreciated in the construction of our vessels-of-war. Her cables are all carried upon this deck by one of William Sibsby's improved capstans, constructed the best one in use by all who have tried them. Below, on the berth-deck, are the accommodations for her men and officers, arranged in accordance with the most modern and improved plans. Her entire complement will be about 800 men. The captain's cabin is situated on the left of the ship in length at the after end of this deck, and in point of elegance and convenience surpasses that of any vessel in our navy. The woods used in its construction are rose-wood and white holly. It contains a state-room for the captain, one for the secretary, a bath-room, water-closet, pantry, and store-room. The entrance is from the after-deck by a circular stairway of mahogany. In the hold are stowed the iron watertanks, magazines, breadroom, shell-room, cables, &c. Of the latter article of interest here is the engine, built by James Murphy & Co., and Stillman Allen, by all who have used it, to be as perfect as can be produced in the United States. The boilers are Martin's patent, now generally adopted in the naval vessels. The propeller is of composition, 14 feet 6 inches in diameter, and weighing 5 tons. A model arranged for hoisting on deck when not needed, and can be taken out of water by means of a capstan, arranged for the purpose, in less than two minutes time. She is spared precisely like sailing vessels of similar tonnage in the merchant service, her sail-power being merely an auxiliary affair. Her speed is estimated at ten knots under steam, when ready for sea. She will cost considerably less than one-half of the money spent in building the fur-famed *Niagara*, and will be, in the opinion of many naval officers, a more efficient vessel as a man-of-war. The hull, while building, was subject to the inspection of Naval Constructor Isherwood. He, with the supervision of the engine was allotted to Chief-Engineer Daniel B. Harmony; both of whom are justly celebrated for their high attainments and practical skill in their several departments. It is reported that she is to be fitted out immediately for a cruise in the Gulf of Mexico.

SNOW SCENES.

THE accompanying pictures will be recognized by all who have had the good or evil fortune to be caught in a snow-storm at the North while travelling. One of them represents a train caught in a drift, the angry locomotive looking helplessly, as helplessly, as the snow mountains reared across its path, and the unwonted excitement among the passengers, endeavoring to "save ahead." The other picture represents a sleigh, with extra teams attached, vainly struggling through a real "snow-bender." Such scenes are pleasanter to imagine than to realize."

LITERARY.

THE POWER OF PRAYER, by Rev. Samuel Irenæus Prime, D.D., published in this city by Scribner, is one of the most remarkable of the religious and historical books of the day, and demands the attention of every reader of such matters. It is a history of the recent astonishing revival of religion in America, and especially in New York—a history overwhelmingly interesting in its details. No such history has been written since Luke wrote the story of the Pentecost, for there has been no such subject to relate.

No man can past by this remarkable event of the nineteenth century without profound admiration. Whether Christian or Jew, Mohammedan or Pagan, the philosophic man must pause to view the conversion of thousands on thousands of men to a creed so simple as the Christian creed, and a faith so pure and yet so different from the faith of men of the ordinary world. In this view alone the revival of 1858 is one of the great events of the Christian era. Its effects will be visible on the world a thousand years hence, and the Church will always regard it as one of the epochs in its history.

But this is a very worldly and commonplace view of the subject, which Dr. Prime's work is by no means calculated to encourage. For he, with the eye of a Christian philosopher, sees in this, the fourth great era of the religion of the Cross, an evidence of the existence of a higher principle than human reason, and a revelation of a more spiritual mode of thinking: a higher power above the destinies of men; a God who hears and answers prayer.

In short, the great truth taught so eloquently by the book is the connection of the revival with prayer-meetings. Not with "Great Revival" meetings—first in Fulton Street, and then here and there and every where in the broad land—the instances of private conversation after special prayer—the growth and strengthening of the movement in every direction by the habit of secret prayer—all these make up a logical sequence which, we defy any sound minded man to resist the conviction that this religious movement is the work of a Divine Being superintending the affairs of men—and, in a word, the work of God. The value of the book in this way in order to call the attention of our readers to the most solemn topic of the age because of the answers of God to prayer have been written.

Dr. Prime has proved himself eminently capable of writing this book. His prominent position in connection with the movement, and the access he has given him the best means to gather facts; while his peculiar power with the pen, his appreciation of the peculiar feeling of human minds, his rare skill in sketching character as in pointing a moral; and, above all, his sincere devotion heart to the service of his Master, and his eloquence in writing the praises of that Master, make the book so worthy every of the great subject, and of the age, and one which will delight the reader, as well as the child in his historian as with the great story which he writes.

A rarely beautiful little book, both in external appearance and in its contents, is THE LIFE OF THE NEWFOUND SCHOOL OF SCOTLAND, edited by Mrs. Hallock, and published by Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston. This edition is not, in all respects, a facsimile of the European, as the editor has removed some of the more quaint words of the Scotch words and phrases, and substituted those that American children can understand. In some instances we regret the change; but as a whole we are thankful for the book, and for the skill which Mrs. Sillers has displayed in the task. It is a book to delight the reader, as well as the historian as with the great story which he writes.

A rarely beautiful little book, both in external appearance and in its contents, is THE LIFE OF THE NEWFOUND SCHOOL OF SCOTLAND, edited by MRS. HALLOCK, and published by PHILLIPS, SAMPSON & CO., Boston. This edition is not, in all respects, a facsimile of the European, as the editor has removed some of the more quaint words of the Scotch words and phrases, and substituted those that American children can understand. In some instances we regret the change; but as a whole we are thankful for the book, and for the skill which MRS. SILLERS has displayed in the task. It is a book to delight the reader, as well as the child in his historian as with the great story which he writes.

A rarely beautiful little book, both in external appearance and in its contents, is THE LIFE OF THE NEWFOUND SCHOOL OF SCOTLAND, edited by MRS. HALLOCK, and published by PHILLIPS, SAMPSON & CO., Boston. This edition is not, in all respects, a facsimile of the European, as the editor has removed some of the more quaint words of the Scotch words and phrases, and substituted those that American children can understand. In some instances we regret the change; but as a whole we are thankful for the book, and for the skill which MRS. SILLERS has displayed in the task. It is a book to delight the reader, as well as the child in his historian as with the great story which he writes.

ROSY-CHEEKED APPLES.

Come here, my babiola,
Come here to me;
Rosy-cheeked apples
You shall have three.
All full of honey
They dropped from the tree—
Like your bonny self,
All the sweeter than they're two.

Come here, my babiola,
Just shun your fair hand;
You are like my own babiola,
Long—long since.
Ah! for lack of nourishment
He dropped from the tree—
Like your bonny self,
All the sweeter he was wee!

Oh! old, frail folk
Are like old fruitlets;
They can not stand the gust
Of the cold blast
Dot Heaven takes the fruit.
Though sweet they be to us;
And we mourn our fairy blossom,
All the sweeter that they're wee.

Come here, my babiola,
Come here to me;
Rosy-cheeked apples
You shall have three.
All so full of honey
They dropped from the tree—
Like your bonny self,
All the sweeter they are wee.

This song will serve to give a fair idea of the character of the volume, and to commend it to the favor first, and to all lovers of the beautiful in song next.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

CONGRESS.

On Tuesday, 4th January, the Senate met in the old Chamber for the first time. Liberal appropriations and associations connected with the room were made by the Senate Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds. The Senate removed to the new chamber. Senator Mallory, from Florida, took his seat during the day. Numerous resolutions of inquiry were introduced. Mr. Bigler gave notice that Mr. Benjamin would introduce the Finance Committee's bonding bill. Mr. Hunter introduced a bill for public expenditure. Senator Hunter introduced the first Appropriation Bills of the session, viz., for the Executive and the Military Academy Bills.——In the House, Mr. Bradshaw moved that the Committee on Territories inquire into the expediency of completing the capital of Utah. Various reports were presented respecting works of internal improvement. The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union, Mr. Phelps in the chair.

On Wednesday, 5th, in the Senate, Senator Brown moved for a commission to examine the yellow pine business of Georgia, referred. Senator Seward moved that the Judiciary Committee inquire whether more legislation is required on the Dred Scott decision. Senator Stanton moved that an inquiry be made into the leasing of Government circles for electioneering purposes held over. A message was received from the House announcing the deaths of Gentry Chambers, and eulogies on the deceased were pronounced by Senators Davis, Bright, Brown, and Crittenden.——In the House, the vice-President (General Constitution was presented by Senator Seward and referred. Senator Mallory presented the credentials of Hon. Jacob Thompson, a Representative, and a speech made before the Southern Citizens. The Pacific railroad Bill was taken up, and speeches made thereon by Senators Bigler, Hunter, and Iverson.——In the House, leave was refused for the introduction of a bill to increase the pay and rations for the construction of railroads. The bill for the Certificate of Indebtedness was then taken up, and a long speech made thereon by Mr. John Cochrane. The Indian Appropriation Bill was then taken up, and after a tumultuously insolvent, were made by Messrs. Lovejoy, Phelps, Pryor, and Letcher, when the previous question was moved and rejected.

On Thursday, 7th, in the Senate, various petitions and reports were presented. Mr. Hunter introduced a bill for the issue of Senator Seward, calling for correspondence with the British Government relative to the Central American. The French Spoliation Bill and the Pacific Railroad Bill were then taken up and discussed by Senators Bigler, Hunter, Benjamin Stidell, Doolittle, and Trumbull.——In the House, much business of a private nature was transacted. Mr. Stephens announced that the Oregon Bill was in order, as the Senate Bill, 34. Mr. Stephens moved that the Senate Bill be taken up, and the House bill be laid on the table. Mr. Stephens then moved that the Senate Bill be taken up, and the House bill be laid on the table. Mr. Davis, of Mississippi, made a speech against the bill, in which Mr. Grow participated. The previous question was taken, and the bill passed by a vote of 56 to 20. The bill appropriating $30,000 for the purchase of astronomical observations for publication was then taken up, and after the filled up of Mr. Hall, in making remarks in favor of the support of the Military Academy at West Point was passed. The Senate bill for the relief of the widows and family members and clerks of the House, foreign ministers, ministers at the Court of St. James, Secretaries of the Presidents, and a Vice-Presidents and ex-Senators, was passed. The Senate bill for the relief of the widow of Lieut. Selden, was passed. The Senate bill authorizing the correspondence of our Government with France and Great Britain relative to the Central American, was passed. The United States, was adopted. Leave to offer a joint resolution appropriating $10,000 for the purchase of Mortura case was refused. In Committee of the Whole on the Indian appropriation bill, Mr. Lovejoy moved to the condition of our foreign relations, and the state of the existing public debt, and the Indian Bill, the Pacific railroad bill, and the Indian Appropriation Bill was postponed.

MESSAGE OF THE GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK.

THE Legislature of New York assembled on January 4th, and the Governor's Message was delivered immediately thereafter. The Governor congratulates the people on the prosperous, a goodly position of it being confined to the financial affairs of the State. The receipts for the year $21,010,000, of which upward of $2,000,000 are placed to the credit of the canal fund, leaving a balance of $1,000,000 wards for the financial year was $1,972,000, not enough to pay the interest on the debt. The expenditures together with the interest on the debt and other claims amounted to $3,000,000, leaving a deficiency of $1,000,000. The Governor recommends the immediate adoption of financial skilful of our canals. He proposes, however, to pass the collection of the canal revenues, thereby leaving the amount required for that purpose small compared with the total expenditure. He says, and he thinks the Legislature the necessity of devising ways and means by which the annual expenditures within the limits of the Revenue in the Canal fund, an actual deficiency of $400,000 also exists in the canal fund. He thinks the present system is working satisfactorily and recently. The failure of several banks to comply with the law, he recommends the act requiring of them to send annual reports of their condition to the Legislature. He also recommends a return from giving notice, by the Governor, of moneys due to false book upon the returns of 1857, and the facts he derives from them. He recommends the repeal of the tax of the eighty-eight real corporations in the State, ceding nearly $100,000 to the Treasury, which is paid annually to stockholders in 1857. Those roads have a funded debt of nearly $50,000,000, and a floating debt in excess of $10,000,000.

Referring to Quarantine matters, the Governor intimates that there are still hopes that Sandy Hook may yet be obtained as the site for the establishment of the Quarantine of New Jersey. The prisons and the various charitable institutions of the State are in a satisfactory and very needful.

Various other topics are touched upon briefly. The lobbying system he considers a curse to the country, and deems it with some severity, and expresses his determination to exercise the pardoning power in such cases as he shall have good reason to believe have been passed through the influence of the Legislature, and not on the question of slavery, on which the Governor uses strong language.

He asserts that New York has always maintained a position favorable to the Union, and that she will not tolerate secession or disunion, but will be found in her place, while disclaiming all right or wish to interfere with the institutions of other States, and maintaining all her own rights, she insists on her right to maintain, wherever the laws will be found, the personal liberty, the security of liberty over slavery, whether as condition of persons or property. Of intellectual, social, and general well-being.

Mr. Littlejohn, of Oswego, was chosen Speaker on the first ballot.

MESSAGE OF THE GOVERNOR OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Governor Banks was inaugurated on 7th inst., and delivered his Message to both branches of the Legislature. It is quite lengthy and discusses various topics at length, and gives an encouraging account of the material progress of the Commonwealth.

The Bank returns show that while the specie in banks has increased from $11,000,000 to $11,000,000 last year, the loans have been increased in the same period from $41,000,000 to $49,000,000. The inflation and the ability and confidence derived from a larger amount of specie, have led to an increase of discounts and loans, to an unsafe and unwise extent.

The expenditure of the past year for educational purposes was $1,000,000. The number of children under 5 and 15 years of age is 325,981, of which 218,198 have been in attendance upon the schools during the year, showing an increase in attendance of 19,167 pupils on last year. The School Fund from which our system of schools is supported is about $1,500,000.

The Governor recommends the School Fund to be increased to three millions, from the sale of land on the Public Lands.

The public debt is $1,214,000, for the payment of which, at a future day, the most ample provision and security has been made.

The Message commends retrenchment in County expenditures, and to the Judicial System.

The Governor makes no allusion whatever to National politics.

MESSAGE OF THE GOVERNOR OF PENNSYLVANIA.

The Message of the Governor of Pennsylvania states that the finances of the State are in a very satisfactory condition. The receipts at the Treasury for the past year were over four millions; the expenditures were three millions and three-quarters; the balance on hand is over three-quarters of a million, and the entire State debt nearly forty millions. He recommends a great reduction in the public debt, looking toward its extinguishment. Speaking of the sale of the Main Line, he says that the Commissioners who sold the Pennsylvania Railroad Company have acted within the law. He says that the Commissioners have been too low. Protests of the early completion of the Pittsburgh and Erie Railroad, and the Sunbury and Erie Railroad, are made by the Governor. Regarding the banks, he recommends a careful inquiry into the present condition of the banks of Lancaster County Banks, and the Bank of Shamokin. He refers to the existing laws, and says that, hereafter, the Bank should be no further increase of banks or banking capital under the present laws. The Free Banking Law he can not approve of any bills chartering additional banks, unless they are based upon specie basis. He recommends that certificates of loan be issued to the Governor, Auditor-General, and State Treasurer, to be sold at par, when the interest of the State shall require it. Capacity or the loans depreciate in the market. The Governor demonstrates an urgent necessity for increased duties upon foreign importation, and the Governor informs the views of the President relative to the change proposed by passed by the House of Representatives of the Message is devoted to KANSAS. He regrets to say that many various outrages have been committed which has been virtually withheld from the people of that Territory. The Governor says that the Constitution of the Territory of Kansas is of the most liberal character. He recommends the passage of a law to provide for the education of teachers. The benevolent institutions of the State are in a prosperous condition. He says that the libelic, the kind, and the deaf and dumb being properly cared for and educated. The Governor gives an interesting view of pauperism. The number of the poor in Almoner Office during the year is 28,000, whose support cost over four-fifths of 1000 men, which is about one-eighteen the 160 of which are aliens. The Governor recommends, but not as great, proportionally, as in other districts of the country. He says that the number of pauper lunatics in the State is 1,000. He recommends the number of public asylums for crimes against the State, and the number of inmates, and says that the number of prisoners for offenses against police ordinances, 40-6; making the number of arrests for offenses against the peace, 1,000 out of 1,000. The murders during the year were 60, and the suicides 60. The number of persons killed by offenses to the population was one in 163; the proportion of offenders being of native birth, one in 1,000. The proportion of murders was one to 20,000; that of suicides one to 10,000. The infrequency of murders in this State indicates a defective administration of criminal justice. The reason for this is found in the fact that murderers escape capital punishment.

"I am persuaded that, in many instances, murder escapes all punishment, and in many more escapes with through the reluctance of juries to find verdicts which must necessarily be followed by capital punishment."

Governor Chase is decidedly of the opinion that executions should be private. He says that the fear of a capital offence, are due to the intemperate use of ardent spirits. He says that there is a strong feeling against a great deal of the lunacy, pauperism, and disease which exists. He recommends the repeal of the usury laws by legislature. The administration of civil justice has been highly satisfactory, and the general prosperity of all departments of industry is encouraging. The agricultural interests of the State are also recovering from the depression of the past year.

MESSAGE OF THE GOVERNOR OF INDIANA.

Governor Willard, of Indiana, delivered his Message to the Legislature on the 5th inst. He recommends the erection of suitable buildings for the use of the State officers, and the Supreme Court, and the Library. The Governor says of the public debt that it is not large. He recommends the Wabash and Erie Canal be completed, and that the State Bank of Indiana be authorized to keep the canal in repair; that the bond-holders are unwilling to undertake the work by any other means than those derived from the revenues, having already invested half the entire debt in the canal. The State Bank of Indiana might bonded thousand dollars for its completion, and that duty there will be found in the Legislature of their determination to clean the canal and abandon the work when the bonds are exhausted. Governor Willard, he calls the attention of the Legislature to the necessity of increasing the revenue, and that the Legislature should not wait the Government of the United States. The duty of the State in regard to the qualification of voters and elections. The Governor says that the right of the school is passed inflicting severe penalties on election officers who refuse to receive votes of duly qualified voters. He recommends also an appropriation to be made for the encouragement of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum.

MESSAGE OF THE GOVERNOR OF MAINE.

Governor Morrill, of Maine, in his Message, adverts to the financial condition of the State, and recommends measures to the interests of commerce, but, owing to the pecuniary embarrassments of the times, nothing can be done. The Governor says that the Legislature has been constantly engaged in the public and the mutual expenditure now averages $164,000 over the annual revenue. He says that it is impossible to attribute to the more wise and interest policy for the promotion of public prosperity. He says that there is still great vigilance and watchfulness needed. The receipts of the year were $1,214,000, and the public expenditures $1,378,000. The Governor urges a large reduction of expenditures. He recommends the appointment of a commission to examine into the economical interest and the operations of the railroad. He recommends the Legislature to adopt measures to prohibit railroad accommodation or to State aid, he leaves the matter to the Legislature. He recommends a State Normal School, and also a renewal of the authority to the Land Agent to procure the sale of the public lands of Aroostook. He refers to an official investigation of the alleged frauds in the recent election in the Penobscot Congressional, and suggests additional legislation to preserve the purity of elections. He also recommends the repeal of the Maine Liquor Law, and says that State rights should be vigilantly guarded. He says that the people of Maine are devoted to the Union, but will not submit to any infraction of the rights of the free States; and calls upon the Legislature to make manifest their resolution to the cancer of slavery.

MESSAGE OF THE GOVERNOR OF DELAWARE.

The Legislature of Delaware met at Dover on Tuesday, and was duly organized. Mr. R. Carlisle was chosen Speaker of the Senate, and W. P. Jackson Speaker of the House. The Message of Governor Causey was received and read. He says that the financial affairs of the State be pledged in order to raise the necessary money for building and extending railroads therein and beyond it. He advises the Legislature to establish a free school system, and the adoption of some new plan for the better education of the children. He favors an amendment of

the tariff, and recommends that the Senators and Representatives from that State in Congress be instructed by the Legislature to use their influence to restore the tariff of 1842.

THE STATE OF THE TELEGRAPH.

A writer in the *Times* who has answered with an operator just from Trinity Bay, says: "The feeling among the operators and others here is very well acquainted with the situation of the cable, and of such confidence that the Company will continue to transmit messages with. It will cut the joint in four or five pieces, and then lay it. Its air-chamber remaining at Cyrus Station, and day and night, day's work will be done. Messages sent by the cable are carefully watched, and will be reported to the Directors. When the cable was first laid down on the 15th of December, there were constant evidences, by currents flowing over the cable, that it was perfect, and though they were not sufficiently intelligible to be made out. Mr. Gerhardt expresses the greatest confidence that if the present cable is not restored to a perfect state, another will be laid down in the course of the distant day. As all is entirely well, it is unnecessary to communicate whatever is of importance to the Company's Directors, as they will see the telegraphic letters. The only instances in which he has refused to notify the Directors of the Company's affairs of the evidences of the existence of continuity in the cable."

HOW THE FILIBUSTERS GOT HOME.

The Mobile *Mercury* contains the statement of Captain Maury, of the schooner *Susan*. He says the Susan was given up to the Honduras court of appeals some time in March, at three in the morning, saw breakers under her lee. When the Spy hailed him from the shore, the Susan, under slight winds headway, went on to a sandy coral reef, bilged, and sank in 15 feet. The Susan was cut away, and the mainmast sent by the board. At daylight the Spy communicated with the shore, and when it was completed, and the filibusters were landed, the Spy returned to Belize in a small launch. Money and property to the amount of $1,000 was saved. Walker refused to sail with filibusters. Captain Maury left the steamer Spy at Belize, and took passage in a brig bound to New York, which they declined.

Admiral Seymour, hearing of their predicament, invited Captain Maury to dine with him on the anniversary of his voyage, and especially what had been done with Lieutenant Wyvie. He said he was glad to see him on his birthday, he would send them to the United States in the Spy. He then sent a boat ashore, and the men were landed on bay of England, in capital health and spirits. He did not inquire into their original difficulties, but treated them generously during their original stay. Admiral Seymour was himself at the head of the table, with Mr. Wyvie on his left, and the next, and both the officers of the Spy were the most obsequious of guests; and then leaving, sent them on to Mobile. The Mobile papers and the *Mercury* mistaken in honor of the *Susan*.

WHO WROTE THE BUCHANAN LETTER?

The Washington correspondent of the Baltimore *American* writes:

"Mr. Buchanan, as the Austrian Minister, will return home in a month, and it is now understood that he will be succeeded by Mr. Faulkner. It is not certain which is to be the successor to Mr. Faulkner, although the probabilities decisively are derived from a remarkable letter, addressed to him by Mr. Buchanan, and published some six months, has been ascribed to Edward Everett. As the fact is not denied by Mr. Buchanan's friends, it may not be out of place now to say, in this connection, that the letter in question was not written by Mr. Buchanan nor Mr. Everett, but by William Hunter, the nephew and adopted child of Mr. Buchanan's sister, Mrs. Hunter. The original draft of that paper was either in the handwriting of the parties or persons to whom it was addressed, or of persons with whom they had, or thought they had, every reason to be familiar. Mr. Hunter, although he may have received, and probably did receive, some assistance from Mr. Everett, in the way of phraseology from the hand of Mr. Everett, it is now ascertained, was in fact the writer of the composition of the real author, who never permitted even a pretense to be suggested to the public to the contrary, and is most eminent and administer, nor since then. The information can be had on my responsible name, and without the possibility of any knowledge on the part of the parties most implicated."

PERSONAL.

The latest intelligence from ex-President Pierce is from Naples, December 9, where he remained a week, but was then making preparations for departure, and took advice, to go to the Island of Capri, for the benefit of Mrs. Pierce, the state of whose health, it is said, has not be gained to learn, is far from encouraging. She has suffered much from the cold, and is very much out of her surroundings.

The Washington correspondent of the *Evening Post* says: "The New Year's calls at the White House yesterday were comparatively few. At 12 o'clock the Marines from the sutler down to the President's agent, most, whether he would or not, was obliged to be present, whether he would or not, was obliged to be present, whether he would or not, was obliged to be present

THE MOUTH OF THE COATZACOALCOS RIVER.

INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL ON THE TEHUANTEPEC ROUTE.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

TUXTLA, November, 1858.

On 4th we sailed from New Orleans for Minatitlan, Mexico, in a snug little brig, with some thirty-five mules and five human beings as passengers. The passage was dreary in the extreme, and I will be content with stating that on 16th the mountain of Tuxla or San Martine appeared in sight, "rearing its lofty forehead to the sky." San Martine (as it is known to seamen) is an extinct volcano, and towers up tremendously above the low grounds on the coast. It rises directly from the beach, and is supposed (I believe it has never been measured) to be some two and a half miles in height. From the Gulf it has the appearance of one mountain; but upon a nearer approach it separates, and is found to consist of three peaks. It is of immense importance to seamen and landsmen who travel in this vicinity, as its peak can be seen a distance of a hundred miles, and it stands "the solitary guardian of the coast."

We stood in with a stiff breeze all day, and near sundown we were close enough to see the "castle" distinctly; but the freshness of the breeze prevented us from entering the River Coatzacoalcos with safety before dark, so we were obliged to stand off and on all night. I had obtained a sight of the soil of the Aztecs!

In the morning the pilot came on board, and, taking charge of our vessel, we crossed the "Bar," and at ten o'clock A.M. we came to anchor a few yards from the town at the mouth of the Coatzacoalcos. While our captain was diplomatizing with the custom-house officials, and our mate engaged in the laudable enterprise of cheating the Mexican revenue by selling boots (contraband) to the pilots (who are government officials here), I managed to get on shore. I rambled around the bluff on which the castle is situated, and allowing my curiosity free scope, I protruded my "figurehead" every where; but in some instances, I fancy, without gaining a great deal of credit from the natives for my politeness and good breeding.

The settlement at the mouth of the river consists of about thirty houses or huts built of sun-

HOME SCENES AT TATAHUICAPA.

dried clay, and thatched with palm, which grows in great profuseness all along the coast. The appearance of the town is squalid in the extreme, and presents any thing but an inviting sight to the emigrant or tourist. The "castle" (for so it is designated) is nothing but a barrack-room covered with red tile and surrounded by an octagonal wall, from the top of which seven black cannon (nine-pounders) protrude their muzzles seaward. It is the residence of the "Commandante" and some forty lazy, dirty, spiritless-looking "soldiads," portions of the renowned National Guard of Mexico.

On the left, and overlooking the fort, stands a solitary watch-tower, an old-fashioned "institution," built in the year one, and peculiarly Spanish, as the shape and size of the bricks of which it is built can testify. It is at present surrounded by a "barricade" of barrels filled with sand, around which, as a general thing, you will find some half a dozen of the "protectors of their country's glory" either sleeping off the fumes of too much "chinguerita" or else waiting in blissful indolence for the "relief," when they can turn into a dirty hammock, and, with the aid of the eternal cigar, seek repose from the arduous duties of their post.

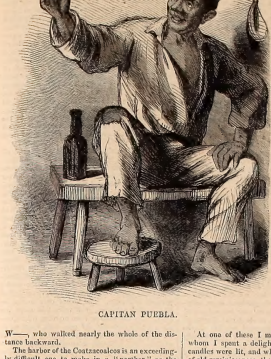
While mournfully speculating on this scene, my attention was attracted by an exclamation of W——'s, who, knowing my modesty and my enthusiasm in any thing pertaining to the beautiful in art and nature, called my attention to a sight that instinctively brought the "tell-tale blood" into my face, and prompted me to bite my blushes, as many of our fair friends do, by spreading the fingers of the hand before the face, thereby intimating that they are forced to see "sights" disagreeable to their senses. I was taken by surprise, and would not, for a fabulous sum of money, have turned my head in that direction had I known what was in waiting for my visual organs. Leaning against the entrance to one of the huts was a young maiden, ever whose head not more than eighteen summers had rolled their soft refulgence. Her dress was picturesque, primitive, and classic, and perfectly eclipsed the drapery worn by the far-famed Greek slave, or the "Georgia major," of whom we hear so much. It consisted of an immense straw hat (I have bought one like it since) and a crucifix attached to a string of beads. Her attire was worn with a grace and ease that equaled, if it did not surpass, the fair promenaders of Broadway. Although not a Joseph, my modesty took the alarm, and, seizing W—— by the coat, I fled somewhat like the man

> "Whose raiment burdens miles in fifteen hours,
> And never looked behind him."

It was not so, I regret to say, with my friend

RAMON AND HIS SISTER.

BURIAL AT MINATITLAN.



CAPITAN PUEBLA.

W——, who walked nearly the whole of the distance backward.

The harbor of the Coatzacoalcos is an exceedingly difficult one to make in a "norther," as the many wrecks strewed along the beach can testify. One, an English brig, lies directly under the castle wall. She was lost, some two years ago, by her captain attempting to leave the mouth of the river in a heavy norther. The madness of the undertaking is illustrated by the mournful spectacle of the "wreck," which lies high and dry, while the captain's "bones lie fathoms low" in the coral deep. The "bar" makes out in a perfect semicircle from the mouth of the river, and is formed of sandstone, and unchangeable—a fact that was verified by the late surveys made by the new Transit Company. The water on the bar, at its highest stage, is not more than fourteen feet; that is, when the "norther" blows and backs the water in the river. In calm weather the water is only twelve feet, making it exceedingly difficult for vessels of large draught to enter, although the steamer *Quaker City* came over in fine style on her first trip with the mails. There is an old chart—made by Cortez, and bearing his seal—of the mouth of this river. It gives the same depth of water found upon it now. The Tehuantepec Company intend to deepen the channel, and have commenced (so I hear) their operations already.

The scenery of the river, from the bar to Minatitlan, is very beautiful. The banks are very low, and subject to overflow and inundation at every high water; but the richness of the vegetation is unrivaled. The banks are fringed with the otate, a species of cane, furnished by nature with a beautiful willowy leaf, under which it conceals a row of "teeth" that, for sharpness and execution, will throw the masticators of the shark into the shade. Further removed stand groves of the cocoa and palm; the noble *caoba*—the cedar; the mahogany, of which but few specimens are left standing; the zapota, the rosewood, the quarzin, the palo mulatto, and nearly every species of vegetation extant in Mexico. The water is clear, and navigable for vessels of the largest draught. The current is about four miles an hour in velocity; and the mouth branches out like the Mississippi, although not so extensive in its delta formation.

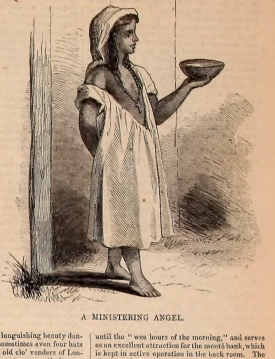
Upon our arrival at Minatitlan we were welcomed by the United States Consul, Mr. A. C. Allen, to whom the mules were consigned. Mr. A. very kindly took me also under charge; and I am indebted to him for many little acts of kindness while in Minatitlan.

You will perceive, by the accompanying sketch, how much Minatitlan proper has grown since Major Barnard's survey in 1848; and now that the new route is opened, and emigration commenced, Heaven only knows where or when it and rival towns will stop growing! Minatitlan is the head of sea navigation. It boasts of a custom-house; a half-finished church; half a dozen large *mahogany houses*; a "cuartel," containing about a hundred of my especial aversion, dirty "soldados;" and several hotels.

At one of these I met some old friends, with whom I spent a delightful evening. After the candles were lit, and while we were in the midst of old reminiscences, the booming of a cannon was heard, whereat I expressed some surprise; but B——, laughing, informed me that it was the signal for a "fandango," and made the proposition to visit it. I acquiesced, and we proceeded to a house situated in the lower part of the town, from whence issued the sounds of guitars and feet, whose stamping sounded very much like the stampede of a herd of wild cattle. We elbowed our way through the crowd collected on the outside of the house, and entered the arena, in the centre of which, under the glare of a dirty, tinsely oil lamp, were some six dusky beauties dressed in their finest holiday attire, amusing themselves by executing a dance, the principal point of which was in stamping their feet to the measure of a song that was "powerfully yelled" in a cracked, treble voice by one of the principal performers on the musical instruments. It is a very customary joke here at fandangos for one to have his hat taken off his head and placed upon the head of one of the *fair* dancers, from whom he can redeem it upon the payment of a "media" or "real" when the dance is ended. It answers in many cases very well for a hundred men like myself, and serves instead of a formal introduction. It is not an unusual thing to see some languishing beauty dancing with two, three, and sometimes even four hats on, looking like one of the old cle' venders of London. The dances of this country are entirely one-sided. I have never seen but one (the marriage dance) in which both sexes participate. The fandango at which we were present is part of a "series," and takes place twice a week. It is kept up until the "wee hours of the morning," and serves as an excellent attraction for the monté bank, which is kept in active operation in the back room. The playing of monté here is prohibited by law; but around the table or bank you will find collected nearly all of the Government officials—the civil and military rulers of the town—busily engaged in either betting themselves or inducing others to bet, who, if they win, will lend or give them enough for another "stake." I paid a visit, of course, to the bank, around which the crowd was so great as to preclude the possibility of getting nearer than twenty feet to the table. A monetary glance was, however, sufficient for me, and not admiring the company of greasy negroes, dirty soldiers, and half-clad natives, I "removed" for the hotel.

Minatitlan has at present a collection of huts and houses numbering some three hundred, and a population of fifteen hundred souls (the dogs in an Indian village are not counted in, but are estimated as one half of the population). A very extensive mahogany business is carried on here, and the flags of nearly every nation are flying in this part. The mahogany is cut up on the Monteears (?), as they are called, and little bayous and other tributaries of the Coatzacoalcos, and is getting very scarce. The wood is cut a great distance from the town, and can only be rafted down in the season of high water, from August to November. There is a tax of one dollar levied upon every tree that is cut in the country. The labor of "getting it out" is immense, and is entirely done by "Peons."

Peonage is a state of servitude a thousand times worse than our slavery; for in Mexico you can advance a native a small sum of money, get him in your debt, and then retain him and make him work until your debt is paid. His wages, allowed by law, are twenty-five cents a day. You advance him a little money from time to time, you keep him in debt until old age overtakes him, and he is no longer useful, when you give him the amount of his indebtedness because he is only an expense to you then, and turn him upon the world per-



A MINISTERING ANGEL.

PENITENT IN THE STOCKS.

MINATITLAN.

fectly helpless. The law allows a "poor" three days every year to seek a new master; that is, if he is dissatisfied with his old one, he has three days to find another who will advance the money to buy his debt. It changes his master, but it does not change his position. He is still a slave, and always will be.

I witnessed a funeral ceremony in Minatlan which struck me as being a very simple affair, and appeared in strong contrast with the parade and expense which I had seen in the States on such occasions. It was the funeral of a child. The father carried the body of his child—neatly dressed, trimmed with flowers, and laid upon a rough sort of bier—to the grave, selected in the suburbs of the town, upon his head; and then with the help of the boy, who followed with the shovel and pick, they dug a grave, into which the body was laid, the earth shoveled in, a cross erected at its head, and the ceremony was completed. I was told that a few days after a fandango in a lonely state of intoxication.

I had received and accepted an invitation to accompany the mules overland to Suchil, the head of about water navigation on the Coatzacoalcos River, and was told that the journey would occupy about ten days, for which I prepared myself. Through the kindness of Allen, and Mr. Murphy, the superintendent of the mine, I was furnished with a fine mule and a complete outfit, for costing some fifty "hard shirts" and other articles of luxury which are usually worn in "civilized" life, I mounted a "Jones shirt," a pair of "Jones" boots, a straw hat sixty inches in circumference, one of Colt's five-shooters, a Bowie knife, a whip, a pair of huge Mexican spurs, a large sketching umbrella, a camp stool, together with some little articles for sketching purposes, which completed an appearance of which I was not a little proud.

We started, a brave party, and despite all obstacles, including the obstinacy of the mules, progressed well enough for the first day or two. The mule natives we did not much admire, but we saw many pretty women. The principal beauty of the females is their hair, which they keep in fine order. They have a very fine hair oil (the Zopote seed oil), which makes the hair shine like a box of Day & Martin. They generally wear it braided, and allow the braids to hang down their backs. It is a wreath it in the form of a crown around their head. There are specimens of female beauty on the Isthmus that can not be excelled, and, at the same time, you will see hideous old women who fairly eclipse the hags of Macbeth.

The children are particularly bright, intelligent, and beautiful; but after arriving at the age of "reason" they become dull, stupid, lumpish, careless, and degenerate into fearful ugliness.

After leaving Minatlan, I arrived at some importance and the residence of the Governor of the district, I—— insisted not to see him, because "my mules ahead, a most exciting, promising me that when we arrived there he would show me a "character." I found it to be the old fat Capitan Peula!

Capitan Peula is a very famous character, and was one of Santa Ana's officers. I am told that he also held the rank of Colonel in the army of the Republic of Santa Anna's dominions. But it seems that his political preferment brought him into interview with the Governor's wife, who, tired to his plantation, where he raises coffee in abundance and has one of the finest estates in this section. We remained an hour with him, during which time he never ceased to talk politics, except when he examined the contents of his black "vase" that had been brought out in honor of the strangers. We left the old fellow sighing over the ruin of his country, "Los Unidos Estados!"

By the time we arrived at "El Pass San Juan," the terrapins of civilization, we were pretty well choked with dust and thirst. I rode up to the door of a hut, and in my best Spanish (I know about half a dozen words) demanded a drink of water. It was brought to me by a little dusky sprite, with a top knot like a shell over the top of her head, and a face like the old mustang colts that roam over the ranches in blissful ignorance of harness. She presented me with the "dicer," and on looking me out of her large dark eyes, stood ready upon the least signal to run away. I need you a hasty sketch of this mistrustful young nymph.

After leaving San Miguel, the first rancho, and met in the town called Cerro Colorado, and said to be thirty miles distant. It was expected that we should encounter two days' ride of this road. We were also told that our trail lay through a dense swamp, through which it was necessary to ride. It took us but a trifle, in fact, that it could be done without a guide. The "vaqueros" were kindly offered to do so, and accordingly, on the next morning we were waited on by one of the aforesaid "vaqs," dressed in his holiday suit, with the assurance to charge ten dollars for the trip; but I—— and I——, considering that one peso was an exorbitant price for a guide, refused the kindly offer of services, and dismissed him.

After some hunting we procured the services of a boy belonging to one of the families for the sum of two dollars. The boy was very young, but it was asserted that he was every inch of the ground between the rancho and Cerro Colorado. We struck out boldly, packed our mules, and took our winding way across the plains again. It was near noon when we left the grassy plains and entered a low, swampy tract of country, covered with a thick and tangled chaparral, through which we followed the lively pyramidal little trail of our guide down, when the boy, who was on the lead, cried out for us to halt, declaring that he had taken the wrong path—that the one which we were following led into a "gaggonie" used by the cattle in the dry season to obtain water from. We held a council, in which the boy participated. He advised that we should go back and seek a dry spot on which to erect our tent, while he would search and find the best trail. His proposition was received and carried into execution. We made our camp, prepared our supper, raised our mosquito bars, and not having any inclination to sit up and keep the mosquitoes and other insects company, we crawled in, and slept without interruption until dawn, when Jose raised the alarm that "the guide was gone!" We turned out and found that it was the truth. The scoundrel had taken his horse and "ensnared" Lenares and Quail saddled up mules and started for the ranche, determined to capture, and use force if necessary, to compel the young rascal to keep his agreement. But on their arrival at the ranche he was non existe, not having made his appearance. In an hour after the flight of the guide, Lenares was somewhat alarmed at his absence. Lenares, however, knowing no more the Isthmus than the man in advance (the usual way of doing business in this country). After quite a stormy argument, in which Lenares accused Quail of having bribed the lad, and threatened to have them all arrested and taken to San Juan (a journey of two days, under escort for time) a brother of our former guide, with whom he returned to our camp, and from whom we learned to pay another guide before he could induce him to go.

When they joined us we struck our tent and took our way over the self-same path that we had traveled the day before. The guide, however, made it all but new sight, and kept up a constant shouting with his machete, cutting the vines and chaparral out of the way, while we, in single file, entirely blocked up with the undergrowth. Our trail was singularly wild, and picturesque. After that we were traveling through "the Valley of Desolation." The trees, which were scraggy, blasted, and dead, were covered with a thick and tangled chaparral, while the dank swamp mould silently covered the whole of the landscape. Much each of our path we were obliged to hew; and it was with the utmost difficulty that we could keep the mules in the road. Our path became more and more, and the rays of the sun had begun to illumine but a few surrounding objects, we began to prepare our camp without delay. To all our questions regarding a good camping-ground our guide returned a negative reply. At last Lenares and I——— intituted a cross-examination, and compelled the guide, finally, to own that he did not know whether he was on the right trail or not. Upon ascertaining this fact there was some very strong swearing, and the momentary of the whole race of "Grasses." The boy urged us to send back to the ranche that night and he would get us out of our trouble in a twinkling, and protested very earnestly against our design on his part to cheat us. But I—— was not to be done, for the sun was sinking fast. We cut down two branches, intending to allow us to rest on which was done in a hurry. We stretched our ropes across the path to keep the mules from straying, took, like a true Yankee, a "square meal" (a real to light his cigar (he is a most inveterate smoker), after which he mounted his horse, cried out to the guide, "*Addonzar muchacs!*" and they both disappeared in the coming gloom of the night, leaving the camp in charge of the sleeping mules and myself. Lenares kept his anger smothered until morning, and then, I——, "by the time," for Lenares is the best talking man on the Isthmus. The story was told; and Lenares demanded that the guide should return to his duty, or else he would not put us on the right track. The old man agreed, provided that Lenares would remain with us as *zoo* (our dollars). Then Lenares *did* rave. He cursed, threatened, and finally declared that he would not be cheated out of his money. That he would take the boy back with him and force him to find the way out. But the old gentleman would have kept his word but for the unforeseen circumstance of the boy's absence, who, wisely concluding that his services would be dispensed with, had disappeared. Lenares was in a trap, and was obliged to make the best of it. Quail and I——— accordingly paid the old man four dollars; and told him, at the same time, that if he attempted to play him false he would return and give information on the whole family. Forcing the old rascal to ride before him, he started on the trail without a guide. He brought some provisions with him also, from which we made a hearty meal. During the progress of this we discovered that the guide—such one of us to stand sentry two hours, and each in turn, the first sentry to be awakened, and instructed to shout the old villain if he attempted to leave. He showed no disposition to leave, however, and of course woke up his companions at the whole sixth.

The day was given to "romance," and we commenced our explorations again. About noon we reached the banks of a very deep and rapid stream called the San Antonio Creek. As we found, on inquiry, that I——— and myself were the only swimmers in the party, it was decided that a raft should be built, and that either I——— or myself should enter the water and see how deep and rapid it would be propelled. In a moment of enthusiasm, and without stopping a moment to think of the consequences, I——— declared that I would go (I have since regretted my precipitancy). The raft was lying upon the bank all ready to be stripped off my clothes, and taking a short hitch around my body, I slipped into the water. The current was very strong, and I found it very deep at the landing; and I, not being a very good swimmer, experienced a little difficulty in crossing.

However, I accomplished it, and on landing I turned my eyes to the "other side of Jordan" to see how my companions were advancing. The raft and the boy was imagine my intense surprise and disappointment when I found that there was nothing to be seen but the mules, the human portion having retired to the chaparral to cut the timber for the raft. I was struck to trust myself in the water again; the water was much too deep at the landing to think of standing in it, and it was just beginning "to work through my hair" that I was in a "fix." The mosquitoes and robadore pounced down on my helpless, and nearly drove me crazy. I hallooed, yelled, danced, slapped, hugged. I plastered myself with mud from head to foot. I stripped the leaves from off a plantain, and made myself a sort of garment, a la Adam and Eve, and a brush, with which I made frantic endeavors to keep off my tormentors. An eternity pas-ed (half an hour) before the party appeared with the necessary logs and commenced preparations for building. I could perceive a smile on I——'s face, while Quail and Lenares absolutely laughed. That capped the climax of my woes. I had tried to keep my temper; but when I——— asked me if I had examined the country on my side, and if there were any signs of water, I could bear it no more. I——— and many other like facetious remarks, I flatly let my reason. I raved and swore, and doubtless, at the time, proved very plainly the existing state of my feelings. However, every thing has an end.

The raft was finished. Quail, taking my clothes on one hand and my boots (the pride of my life) in the other, struck out for the other side, keeping his weight that they tilted up, precipitating Quail, head first, into the water. I——— cried, "My boots! my boots!" I cried; "take care of my boots! don't, for God's sake, lose my boots! Quail swam on to the shore" (the last of my boots would have been no joke, I can assure you). Quail could not swim, and consequently made a most lubberlike splattering and half drowned. I made another appeal to him to "save my boots!" Quail did not pay any heed to the thing, which was, indeed, if he meant to say, "Confound your boots!" During this scrimmage the raft had reached the raft and caught Quail, and with the united help of the party on that side succeeded in getting him in safety on the shore. Lenares and myself were safety the appearance of Quail when drawn out of the water, and we were overcome with mingled feelings when I saw that my boots! my beautiful boots! were safe. In a few moments he was transported to the other side, and we commenced operations. We approached me, and casting my boots, with a triumphant look, at the feet of their owner, in audible manner, "There take your beastly boots! you've made noise enough about them. I suppose that thing, there, is precious to me; but all you cared about was your boots—your great beauty boots!"

We next night made the alarming discovery that our provisions were getting alarmingly low, and thought it best to push on. We did so rapidly, until we reached our haven, only ten miles! I cannot describe the joy that I felt at the sight of the mules and baggage.

It would be tedious and useless to give you an account of our adventures, day by day, through this swamp. Suffice to say that it occupied us seven days, and that I——— was the last to get fairly out of it. Enough, after that path was, however, completely broken by us, and we were soon two hours in going a distance which we had formerly been arrived at another delightful obstacle, a quagmire, not over fifty feet in width, but of such a dirty nature, with the mules and baggage.

It would be tedious and useless to give you an account of our adventures, day by day, through this swamp. Suffice to say that it occupied us seven days, and that I——— was the last to get fairly out of it. Enough, after that path was, however, completely broken by us, and we were soon two hours in going a distance which we had formerly been arrived at another delightful obstacle, a quagmire, not over fifty feet in width, but of such a dirty nature, with the mules and baggage.

Next day we were informed by the vaqueros of us the gratifying intelligence that Cerro Colorado was only a league ahead. Cerro Colorado, however, proved to be a very different affair from what we had anticipated. Instead of a village, we reached it at last.

The ranche of Cerro Colorado consists of two large and commodious houses, thatched and covered in orange-trees, plantains, and the wild vegetation common to Mexico, and situated on a fine eminence on the left bank of the River San Juan. There are no less than three families residing in this rancho, consisting of the head of the Encarnacion Master Ramon and his sister. They had a very much opposite to the owner of a ranch which I made and presented them with). All of the young girls (and there was a "power" of them) were their children, or their near connexion. It was twisted in two rolls, and wound from the head to the back of the head, and then hung down in a single braid to the bottom. Add to this a very fine set of teeth, and a very dark complexion, and you have a very singular appearance.

From the moment we journeyed on, over a very fair road, to Tatahuicapa, a little country town, with, of course, a village church, we never pitched our tent. Our saddles and baggage we deposited in the Casa del Commandante. The Casa del Commandante is the house of the chief magistrate of Spanish origin—at least in this country—and is generally the largest, and, at least, the best house in the village: it is dedicated to the use of strangers, who can stop here (finding their own food, of course) as long as they please. It is proper to say that it happened that there was one individual in the village who was not a native of the country, and to set up our tent on the Plaza.

During our stay here we spent much time in the kitchen of our hostess, the niece of a priest, who, though unmarried, had a fine boy, round whose neck hung one of the twenty-five cent tickets of Wood's Minstrels. The culinary arrangements were singular. It is not unusual to see some of the house-keepers, or matrons, stripping corn at their doors, surrounded by a crowd of dogs, turkeys, and hogs, of which latter they have some fine specimens.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

THE GRINGE FAMILY.

CHAPTER I.

If an antiquary were to amuse himself hunting up all the queer families in the kingdom, and then pick from each the queerest member, and so make up a new family, queerest of the queer, he would at the end have gotten together pretty much such a branch of old creatures as sat together on a cotton October night. A lump of oldest machinery (ante-modern, antediluvian even), and of dullest oil, turned lazily on a spindle-legged table beside a tall old man. He had the air, or so speak, of that illumination to himself, for which his business he was about; so that it very much protested the notion of a light to a very old and other figure, who were all held fast in the shadows, might have been smuggled in during their booty, or kidnaps, stolen, or any other dishonorable in the world. Brigands or smugglers, there was present there a kind-looking old woman, and a lot of these human beans.

Two, inquisitive, and unlicked beyond all credibility; Gill, cadet, and rather more unlicked if such were possible—which exhausted the male list. Of these was then Ben, principally in his knee; roughclouted and raw-armed, rude in dress, accustomed to the open air, and sunburnt. She might have gone out as-charing or a-cooking by the day, or as not to the scullion, and been accepted as much even by the most sensitive antediluvian. That was Jane. Here was Sal, her sister: a gawk, a lout—in short, nothing better than Sal! Here was also Jen the gawk, keeping to her old father, like wax. There was Ned Frank the gawk, joint pet of old Gringe and Jen. There was the African hound, pet and delight of Tom, Gill, and the rest.

The whole crew—men, women, and dogs—was blanched together by the same pallid moonlight. But a word—just one word—for Tom. Tom was the great uncouth member of the Gringe family. In the matter of Tom, Gringe had been a little wilful; stands for mouth projected foolishly; for cretinous confounding of the letters of the Abecedarian Burbs and Hare; for inarticulate animal noises in lieu of ordinary sounds of accent or dissent; for brain-laughing fits, and for a face very ready for he was of the stables, shabby—having been cuckled, wronged, and put upon from pinnacle. Grooms had been his boss, and he was senior wrangler of the great equine university. Heat and cold he had known, and had been put to bed at night on the couch-box. In short, the Gringe flung up had no manners, no learning, no reading, no catechism. They were all in a sort of mourning for their mother, who was Gringe's second wife, and died in child-bed. Tom was the son of his being brought into the family with her. However, he answered to the name of Gringe; and in his house they grew and fattened. She, good soul! had been of easy-going nature and of Jumper persuasion, having superintended Jumper light-vans waiting for which consumed most of her time. So, having died young, as she had lived, in strict Jumper principles, she had turned over on her side, one morning, and died with great decency and in the odour of Jumper sanctity. Master Abednego Scurtivine, Jumping high-priest—not, however, before she had left him a few Jumper-offspring—to reverence, respect, and care for the father she left to them. For, in all their roughnesses, the Jumper-children were much attached to-wards to their mother. Nay, Gill, the savage, was observed shedding big drops on the nine of Baltimore Tall old Gringe, therefore, fared well among them.

CHAPTER II.

Tom sits on the floor, in sweet fellowship with the hound, busy cutting up the cat's old collar. He is all in the dust and dirt of the corner. Gill, with his hands in his pockets, whistles; and his hands in his pockets, whistling, making kick at a small fire, which is all the fire there is, and heel nails on the floors. It his extraordinary charm for him, that fanciful foot-ball play. Jen is on a stool at old Gringe's feet, and Ned Frenck peeks being in that region too. Sal sits at the fire, by long legs with her bare arms out, akimbo. Master Sue asleep, with her head on her red elbows, as though she had been the worse of ether, and had a bad day of it. The Imp is in the middle, wide awake, indeed; hopping on one leg, and chatting and grinning to the African hound. The Imp's eyes are shooting busily to all sides, seeking something to do, and her little arms are akimbo, ready for anything. This was her evening's diversion, and she had been (temporarily) all the year round; no lack of piquancy in it for being so often repeated. Thus, to take this very October night for example, Imp had sat Sue in a chair, apparently torpidly after that figurative charing, and that long fight in carrying her unnatural feet with a dreamy stupidity; the Imp, furnished with a wisp of stout brown paper, which she ignites gingerly, keeps alive on tiptoe to stave Sue in nodding over the fire. As comes natural to stout brown paper, no flash results, but prodigious clouds of smoke. Then, tossing with a whisk into the likeness of Puck, she holds it knowingly under the nose of unconscious Sue, who snuffs uneasily, and goes

through all manner of diverting convulsions; but in the end is waked up, only on the bare verge of suffocation. Such gapings and chuckings for breath were never seen; Puck all the while shrieking with laughter. But our clear-girl, when somewhat brought round, fetches up a huge cud and launches it furiously—to be dodged, however, by shrieking Puck. It lights on Gill the savage, who starts with a growl, and swears. Another shriek from our Puck. But Sue—just now all but assaulted—is on her feet to be talking to Gill across from the chair, with her big arms squared, others to right of her, by way of three-inch, or pocket-rule, was very much the tragi-comedy of every night of the long year, as well as of this special Friday night.

All this while Old Gringe had been sitting thoughtfully back in his high chair, counting their antics wearily, with his hands sometimes over his face, sometimes on the head of little Jen with his eyes directed to the fire, playing with a stony stare; at times racing round the room like lumps, neck and sack. Now a sigh, now a groan, now a clasping of his thin fingers together. There must have been some deep anguish and distress of mind at the bottom of all this (let Gip—in so well blinted at once, it was something penitential), the whole mystery of which lay in the fact that this night was a Friday night, and that the month was the Usfume month of October. Like enough there had been a warning letter on Old Friday night to an old October month. However that might be, after a long spell of this weary thing, he turned to little Jen and said, softly, "Lend me your arm, child, while I go up to my cabinet;" and so, leaning on her, who was to him little more than a prop out of the room and was presently unlocking that notable ball called Gringe's Cabinet.

"Father," says little Jen, knowingly, "you want to fetch down the big writing-book?"

"I do, child," he muttered, "and to-night above all nights in the year. Oh, if I could but write my soul clean and white!"

Jen thought he must have done that long since, if writing could do it; for every night of their lives, unfailingly, the key took down from it. It was drawn forth from a little safe inside the cabinet, which was a square door, with a red shooting bolt; and that little safe was inside again of a little mystery; as there was positively no getting at the big book. Little Jen wondered as he took it; but never asked. So he came down; and with the racket replaced the high chair in its niche. No one, therefore, heard those short groans and weary, heavy sighs with which he went to work to be warmed to his writing work. It was, indeed, likely enough that Mr. Gringe had, somewhere among his shelves, a spy-glass, and a stereo as a closet skeleton.

"Would-not, restitution !" he whispered to himself, his pen writing the words he whispered; "which has been sounding ding dong in my ear for so long back; it's the only cure, the only salvation. Better work-house than such a hell of thought and—"

Here the universal rocket struck in, and general outburst. The imp having privily fixed a needle upright in a chair where she knew he would sit down. She lost a good bunch of her hair by the transaction.

"Here is another year come about now," he wrote on. "A year more of wretched thought and conflict, and one step nearer to a resolve. Riches never brought with them so complete a Nemesis! In mercy lend, Heaven, to make a start!"

With that he took forth a great foolscap sheet, and began to write something headed, "I, John Gringe, being of sound mind and body," but he did not, and worked down steadily to the foot, when it would have been a perfect incumbrance of paper, but for the absence of the signature and the two attesting witnesses. But the poor, brain-tossed man had written a whole century of such intentments, yet not one of them was ever executed. For there were other things to be done ere he left, making the second party to the conflict. "These poor, willful wretches must go out and live, or starve and die. Restitution or starvation! Starvation or restitution, which, which? And all of my doing!" Here he covered up his face, and swinging his long upper person to and fro, groaned and groaned again.

Perhaps it was this that prevented his taking heed of a letter that little Jen had been vainly pushing into his face for the last quarter of a minute. The postman had just brought one. He opened it, and began to read mechanically; but was presently tumbling all with excitement and relief. He merely said, in a low voice, "It wanted but this —it wanted but this;" and read it through once or half a dozen times. The letter was on soiled paper; was dated from the mean house-of-call in the city, and was very short—so short that it may be given here:

"OLD THAMES TOWN INN.

"DEAR MR. GRINGE.—You have never been missed; likely never heard of me. I am the daughter of your brother, Will Gringe, who, as you may remember, went out quite destitute to the Australian colonies, and there died three of starvation. My husband, who was after Uncle, is dead some two months since, at Sydney, left with a child, and without a farthing in the world. Help me if you can.

Your niece,

"MARY CORAM."

"Poor soul !" he said; "if she only knew !"

CHAPTER III.

Such a night as that budget brought to him! Old Gringe tossed and wrestled, and sobbed over his dead brother and family, saying that it was all his work, and seemed likely to go mad. No one heard those ravings, though, for his room was fast barred.

Next day he had gotten on deeper mourning, and had sent to the Three Tuns house-of-call for Mistress Coram.

She came in a trice, and was standing before him, demurely, with her little girl of some six years old. A tall, sharp, black-eyed, reflective girl (for she was no more than a girl), of very few words, but prodigious observation. She took them all in under her quick first glance, and was digesting the fruits of that observation all the time after. Old Gringe, who at first fact covered up his face, thinking he was his deluded brother, remaining this her lot of good cheer, for she shall not want for any thing while he lives (as, indeed, for his wife to himself). She shall come, he tells her, and live with them—she and her child; to which she answered, curtsying, that she could not leave her, and that she will try and be as useful as she can.

The family gather round and survey her curiously; much as the Ogalistan folk did Captain Cook and his party. Nay, Tom, the eldest grandson, and with a stupid reverence, lays his hand upon her shoulder, and says, "Cousin, you look very like the poor savages. But she at once, and without more ado, had taken off her bonnet, and was busily making things right with the young savage to be in confusion. Before the end of the day she was quite one of them, and Gringe's house, which there a whole twelvemonth—nay, had taken up a quiet tone of influence and authority over the wild crew, which kept Gill under an unusual quietude.

"You are as bad as Benjamin, dears," she said, one evening to the younger Gringes; "you would too old for these child's tricks! Only consider, Tom, a great strong man like you ought to be working for your living—or your family!"

"Dy ;" the tidily, sly' plow, eh?" Tom asked, with a wise look.

Gill the Savage stopped his kicking all at once, and let Jen's occupation seemed to be gone. It was only for a moment, however, before he was lying at her distractedly, and keeping close under the shadow of her mother Gringe. "If you would knew it well, too, having said to herself, as she answered, almost all events are to be the only role!" For all that, she was dear dear, poor little Jen, and what not.

Before long Coram was out old Gringe protested that Mary Coram was the greatest comfort in life to him, and she let wrought the completest reform in his house's economy. Not that she was cooking. She was teaching the girls women's work, and the men servants, with a will; but she was not cooking, but she had even always open, and there was one little matter which exceedingly mystified her.

"Tom, dear," she said, one day, when Gringe was rooting up stairs among the lumber, "Tom, you've been always used to the range, and you can't accounts every night?"

"They're all accounts," says Tom; "they're his life and adventures. My eye! they must be full of dogs and horse-racing; don't un think so?"

"Ay," says Jen, "and she's in 'em always as those fits going to lod of nights!"

"Ay," says Tom, "Uncle Coram, don't tell now on me; but, d'ye know, I think governor is fazed'd being hung! so does Gill and Sue. Like enough he is not. He only cuts, and he's to be walked away mysterious to sup."

"Dy ;" the tidily, sly' plow," he said to herself, "wonderful powers of observation."

"He must keep it under his pillow," she said (it was about this time a good deal between Gringe and Sooner's Orations was being performed nightly; in the meantime, the old gentleman was getting on the stumbling-block), "he must keep it under his pillow," she said, reflecting.

Tom was the out; for, putting in her hand softly, it rubbed against the key and brought it out. A long, narrow key, with a curious knob at end of the bold cabinet. She went over softly, and fitted it in carefully. Though it gave a short shrick in turning, which made her start and tremble, it did its bed, it did not stay her; for she knew that old man slept heavily. The door opened, and she stood safely, and the shooting-bolts, and there, at last, was the writing-book, with its key beside it. Moving like a ghost, she took it and began to open it to read hastily, up and down. Very curious revelations these were, and of a most extraordinary satisfaction. It was the same story written over and over again (say five or six hundred times) with unmeaning variations, but again and written out afresh nearly every night; for this sort of confessional practice gave the writer relief and comfort.

"May Heaven in its infinite mercy forgive me!" headed nearly every page; "but can it, can it, can it?" A single but heinous transgression. Here it is in a sentence: "I, John Gringe, being of sound and eldest brother, and their father's pet, and by ingenious sophistry, propitious lying, with terrible forgery, and with unmeasured cunning, did by the eldest with one shilling; to drive him from the face of his parents, and to live in his place, basely." The poor outcast had gone forth to struggle, and had, day by day, sunk lower and lower, until it was ended by starvation and death.

As she read the same story told over and over again, she was overwhelmed with pity and something like grief. Not for a few seconds did she perceive that there was another person standing before her looking at her. It was Gringe, and more than little Jen. She was caught in the fact.

"Mary Coram," he said, in a rage, "Go to bed!"

"I shall till father in the morning," little Jen answered.

Coram laughed under her breath.

"You shall not tell him, Jen," I know a secret of his. Take care, my girl; don't play tricks with old men. You might put house of this on end. And little Jen went off to bed, vowed for the time.

Coram's plot, from that night forth, was wonderfully ingenious. Old Gringe, who had done murder in her eyes, was fraudulently in possession of her money and her child's. The feeble old wretch should be brought to make what atonement was left him; by which indeed he was struggling every night he do.

Here was her tactique, or at least a hint of it; for she wrought it out in a thousand subtle and complex ways, never losing sight of her aim for an instant.

One of those lonely October nights, when all, save the two were gone to bed, she was sitting beside him, close under the dull influence of the lamp, hurling on one thumb till long past midnight. Abundant tears from her as she told, so naturally and so minutely, the sad history of her father's slow decadence; of his weary progress downward into the poor man's shoals. Painfully and slowly, with wanderings, into expressible tragedy and poor thrills, his gaugings for his and subsistence, and her little childish efforts to help, ing in a lonely place and strange country. Not a thought, not a pang was passed over by her, leaving all to be told. It was all told in the end, by mysterious voices; while Old Gringe, with short sighs, listened to the lamp-lit, dreary tale, his fingers clenched together, beneath which his head bowed still. Thus the night went along up to bed, and long and tottering, at something past one o'clock.

You may be sure that the mottled Mongrel's tail had a terrible time of it; which was the reason it would smile to herself as she stood alone when he was gone, and say, softly, that it would do. Indeed, it promised fairly enough for those being of sound mind and body. Papers came thick and fast, the following days out nearly every day. Jen always incomplete; without signature, without attesting witnesses. He knew all these mechanical and halting instruments, and stamped impatiently in her chamber. But she held on fast to her tortures, and Old Gringe's poor family was saved.

"I learned uncle," she said, "there is some mystery or trick between you and Coram, and though that wicked people had got between him and his father, and poisoned his ears against his son. Was not that so, Mr. Gringe?"

"Who indeed?" said Gringe, thoughtfully. "Who but Coram? Ah, Jen, Jen, if they were murderers, uncle—real murderers. There is blood on their hands at this moment. Don't you think so, Jen? Don't you think that such wretches are haunted with remorse; and is another world with which have murderers' joy? Don't you think so, uncle?"

This treatment evidently ought to be, but she could only unanswer that little Jen, to her fond bosom always held to be silent as a church secret, wrapped up in her own little world of pain, as private; and that he seemed to be soothed by her talk. Little Jen, too, was looking at Coram dear, sadly about her own fate, and her own recovery. Perhaps, if she held the poison, little Jen had the antidote. Between the couple of they overheard little Jen something to this effect:

"Father, you have something on your soul. Tell your child all, and she don't tell one a word of it." And she would unfold—poet as my dear Shakspeare, Jen?—even to the murder—and lay in certain good books and treatises.

Coram hated little Jen; but still her prison was better than little Jen's attitude, and worked all this, while it was getting on to the last day of October. Having assembled lots of her tactique, which she plied simultaneously:

"Gill," she says, "I thought you loved horse and riding?"

"So I do," says Gill, rapping out an oath.

"Then why don't you go and ride?"

"Why? because the old man won't keep a horse for me."

"Well," she answers, "all young men of your age have horses, and ride."

"Who's to get 'em?" says Gill. "So they have I believe."

"Your father should let you have a horse: you don't cost him much in other things."

"Dang him, he shall," says Gill. "I'll speak to 'un about it."

"Tom," she says, at another time, "how much money have you by your father's gift?"

"Not a copper," Tom says, opening his eyes wide.

And thus she worked on Sue and Sal, until, before not many days, they had all, as it were, struck a bargain between them and Coram to get the old man mind. He met them suitably, and told them to get about their business. Nearly open riot was the consequence. It was a regularly organized one.

Little Jen that same evening came up to her with a face of unusual gravity.

"Cousin Coram," she said, "you are a wicked woman. It is you who are setting them all against father. It is you—because you will not understand the book, and that night, and what a hypocrite you are. Is it not so?"

"Ish!" was the only reply she got.

The truth was, Coram knew she durst not speak, for her own secret—agreeing very fair to the thirty-first of October—a date written down very large in her diary; and it was only because Gringe was getting hourly more excited and more miserable. She, too, had read of that date, and was looking on it with approach. In conflict within this season to rage terribly; and outside, the rumbling of the storm was being puffed out and rolled and menaces they assailed, gathering round him at all hours.

"Are you a horse?" "Money?" they shouted at him until he grew furious at last, and shook his poor, grey head, and cursed at them, and cursed them.

Executioner Coram, vigilant tortures, never slackened an instant in her insidious work; and as little Jen stood in her way full as much at the last as at the first, she openly put a spoke in her wheel also. Something in this way it was: Old Gringe, raging and sorrowful over his book of confessions, one night, and vowing there is no salvation for him here and hereafter; that evil genius exhorts him to spiritual comfort at the ministration rap of the Reverend Josh MacStarbrior, or even at her hands. Why not tell her the secret of the book at well as to little Jen? Note how cleverly this is put. The old man wakens from his dream:

"Jen," he says, angrily, "knows nothing of this book! Or does she? Or he had noted. Jen, you have been reading this book! Answer me!" being disturbed from under his pillow, and his book was not in the same spot in his cabinet. With trembling eagerness he puts Coram to the question, and extracts from her reluctant soul that she had indeed surprised little Jen one night (falling at his return. But strict secrecy as to this revelation was enjoined. Henceforth distrust and sour glares at poor Jen. But by that time it had finally come to be the morning of the thirtieth of October, ere of that mysterious thirty-first.

CHAPTER IV.

A QUIET, cold, shivering day, with keen, razor-edged blasts from the north, sleet, sudden, and disgusting. The crew, who were, as it were, on strike, provided authority in corners, as if they too felt its influence. Old Gringe was in his study, and had kept himself close in strict retreat in his own chamber. He must have written prodigiously, for, every time that Coram's ear was laid to the key-hole it heard the feeble scratchings of a pen over paper.

Legree darkens, color, and more miserably, as it it came to five o'clock, when the Reverend Josh MacStarbrior arrived, and was shown to Gringe's own chamber.

That swelling divine ranted and raved, and shrieked and groaned at him, for a good two hours; until, indeed, truth gathered on the man's tongue, and his eyeballs protruded. He then went his way.

Finally, at out seven o'clock, the old man himself came tottering down, candle in hand, looking like a true ghost; quite ghastly, and all shrunken, as he appeared next morning. The skin was tightened down like, over his face, and he was bent down like a bow, and quite ill. The day, and the Reverend Josh MacStarbrior, completely had done their work. What was to be the end of it all?

Gringe had expected spectral disturbances during to-night, the candle dancing up and down in his room, Coram had heard him in bed about one, the family vault instead of his room, the haunted pale Pandemonium rife. Then came Belial noise and confusion, and a ring from the bell that hung in the room, with cries of "Well done! At him, Belial!" and other encouragements. In short, there was a dog-fight going on between the new French poodle and the hound, being set against each other by Gill, who had a bet on one, as right it must be owned, without difficulty. Just as the old man entered the room at last, for a good hour, the old poodle had toppled over on his back, and was kicking out his legs and paws in extremities of death. The hound was standing over him, and in his throat. A very near victory it was. Some of the beloved dog crew kicked the poodle, and quite turned at seeing this ghostly old man shaking his shrivelled arms at them, invoking specific punishments on their heads—but he could not drive away as he came. They heard him call feebly for Coram, who came at once.

"Tell Servientish and his clerk," he said, "to be here the first thing in the morning."

Jen had prepared herself to find herself down to rest that night, for she knew now that every thing would be right, and that Gringe would be in perfect regularity in the morning. True, little Jen was down to her, as usual, but that she saw was what her wicked plot was; that she, Coram, was killing her poor father by inches, with what and how many accessories. Nor would she, as the sun rose, she would go to him and expose to him the whole plot.

"Bah!" said Coram, with a loud laugh.

The morning of this anniversary—the thirtieth of October—was now upon them. Servientish and clerk were waiting below in the gloomy chamber, Gringe was shivering, and was cold. They were bidden to be in waiting at eight o'clock punctually, and there they were at eight o'clock with punctuality quite all ready. Coram came down with secret glee.

Jen was to go up stairs, gentlemen. I hear Mr. Gringe stirring in his room. Please to walk up."

Old Gringe, with face sharpened from overnight into hatchet shape, pressed out at them from the bespeaked door.

"Who are there?" he said, in a prying, inquisitive way. "Oh! I know now." Walk in, then, gentlemen. Every thing is comfortable, as you see."

They walked in, and got out their papers.

"Glad to see you looking so well," Servientish said, not regarding much the truth of his speech. "I am glad to see you look well this night, Sir, Gringe went on "in old poodle dog, Sir. A very fine dog, Sir, that. Ah! you have had to-morrow with every respect."

Servientish looked at his clerk.

"You wished your will, Sir, to be drawn?"

"So I did," said Gringe; "are you ready?"

"Quite ready, Sir."

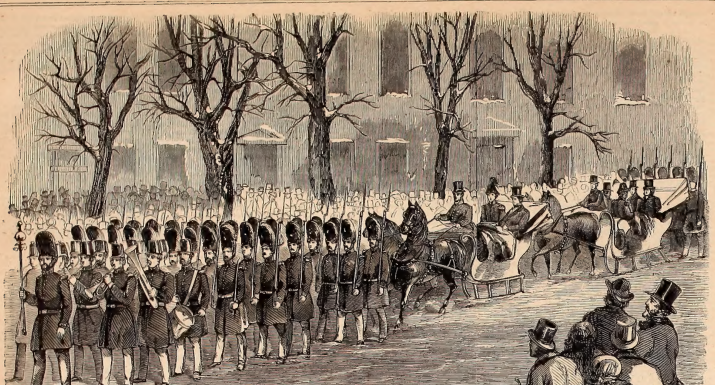
"Just wait a second," said Gringe, going over to the door, "and I will get those things in the regular way—according to law."

And he put on a paper cocked-hat, and took a walking-stick, and solemnly led the way down stairs before them with cheeks puffed out and ridiculous dignity.

He was mad.

CHAPTER V.

THE game was up for Coram, just as she was winning too, which was the mere provoking; for she had actually got the select establishment for little Old Gringe sojourned for the remainder of his days, and had got to be mistress of it, and a handsome cost, be gave so much trouble. In this unexpected way she was carried out of the world, with garment be one day and head, leaving not so much as a ghost of a will behind him. So little Jen got all. And, if any cares to know what she did with it, we can tell them that she did not forget those two wild step-sisters, Sue and Sal; nor would she have forgotten Tom and Gill, only they had gone to the dogs long before. She even offered a share to her cousin to wicked Coram, who actually went out as a governess in respectable families where there were widower fathers.



INAUGURATION OF GOVERNOR MORGAN—GOVERNOR KING PROCEEDING TO THE CAPITOL.

THE INAUGURATION OF GOVERNOR MORGAN.

An attentive correspondent enables us to give, as part of the history of the times, a couple of illustrations of the change which took place on New-Year's Day in the government of the State. Our first illustration depicts Governor King's procession to the State Capitol at Albany, to resign the trust committed to him; the second, the swearing in of his successor, Governor Morgan.

At noon on New-Year's Day the Albany Burgesses Corps, commanded by Capt. Spelman, and attended by Scribner's band, escorted the Governor elect from his residence to the Capitol. They numbered 57 muskets, and were a fine-looking body of men. At the same time Company B, of the 76th Regiment, commanded by Captain Van Yechten, escorted Governor King to the same place. It was one o'clock when the latter reached the Capitol. The Burgesses were already in possession of the Assembly Chamber; Governor King's escort accordingly fell into line in the Capital grounds, while the Governor himself entered the building.

The ceremony of inauguration did not occupy over fifteen minutes. It has been so often described that we will only say here that the oath was administered to Governor Morgan by the Secretary of State, and brief speeches made by the outgoing and incoming chief magistrates of the State. After the ceremony, Governor King and his escort adjourned to a hospitable collation at the residence of the former.

We will take this opportunity—as we have felt bound to criticise many of Governor King's acts—to acknowledge that, while his judgment has in our opinion been occasionally faulty, the office he held has never been filled by a man of more purity and rectitude.

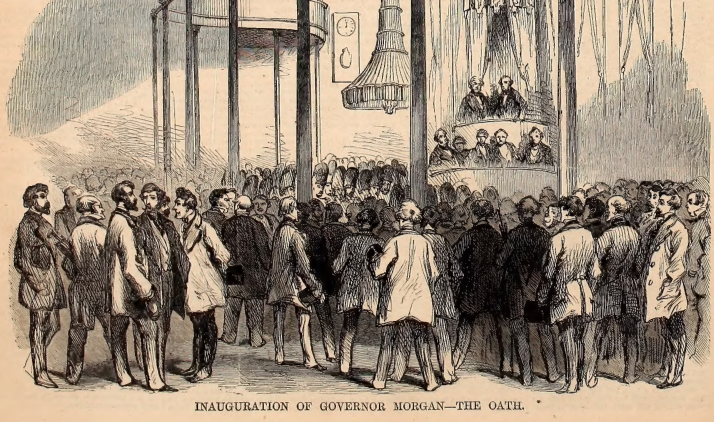
WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

CHAPTER IX.

The letter on which Richard Faithorn relied for the defeat of the conspiracy against Fenley House House-hold is delivered. The House of Wyvern is thoroughly A Physician attempts to medicine to a mind diseased. A strange communication, which hurries the reader on to the next Chapter.

It has been said that Faithorn had committed to a certain letter his last desperate hope that



INAUGURATION OF GOVERNOR MORGAN—THE OATH.

something might yet save Fawley from demolition, and himself and his master from an exile in the last smiling nook of earth to which home in that smiling nook of earth to which home in that smiling nook of earth to which Horace invited Septimus, as uniting the advantages of a mild climate, excellent matter, capital wine; and affording to Septimus the prospective pulsings of sprinkling a tear over the cinder of his poetical friend while the cinder was yet warm; inducements which had no charm at all at Fairthorn, who was quite satisfied with the Fawley Southlowns—held in just horror as wishy-washy, right with which to wash his hands as are Dorsetshire to a cinder for the pleasure of sprinkling that cinder with a tear.

The letter in question was addressed to Lady Montfort. Unscrupulously violating the sacred confidence of his employer, the troublesome valet, one after scanning her language to desire not to consistent with the respect due to the fair sex than which he had attained to no higher, of all the desolation that the perdidious nephtals of Caroline Lyndsay had brought upon Fawley, declared that the least Lady Montfort could do to repair the wrongs inflicted by Caroline Lyndsay was—not by pity his master—but by her pity for killing him. He repeated, with some grotesque commentary of his own, but on the whole not inaccurately, what Darrell had said to him on the subject of her pity. He then informed her that Darrell's consent to Lionel's marriage with Sophy; in which criminal exposure it was evident from Darrell's words that Lady Montfort had had some nefarious share. In the most lugubrious colors he brought before her the fatal consequences of that marriage—the extinguished name, the demolished dwelling-place, the renunciation of nature and itself. He implored her, by all that was sacred, to contrive some means to undo the terrible mischief she had originally encouraged, and had recently helped to complete. His epistle ended by an attempt to conciliate and flatter. He referred to the image of that wild Caroline Lyndsay to whom no hall was ever refused a favor; whose entreaties no one had resisted as not one whose young ideas he had communicated the elementary principles of the multiplication table to whom he had played on his flute, winter eve and summer noon, by the hour together; that Caroline Lyndsay who, when a mere child, had left Lady Darrell where she willed, as by a thread of silk. Ah, how frail, thorn had been the fair Caroline's future years ago, he had thought that Caroline Lyndsay was to be the sunshine and delight of Fawley—she which she had lived to bring the cloud and the grief! And by all these memories, Fairthorn conjured her to put the cloak off for a single day, had evidently helped to bring about, or, failing that, to contrive that Caroline Lyndsay was not the object of her remorseful and affectionate compassion!

Caroline was almost beside herself at the receipt of this letter. The picture of Guy Darrell effacing his very life from his mind—of himself destroying the last memorials of his birthright and his home—the conviction of the loftiness and purity of character of his bleak and unsympathetic existence—the experience she had already acquired that the influence failed where it was not as frank by hoped it might begin to repair and to bless, all overpowered her with emotions of yearning, tenderness and unmitigated indignation. What could she do? She could not offer herself again to be rejected. She could not again urge, again to force her penitence upon the man who, while acknowledging his love to be unconquered, had so resolutely refused to act, in the manner she had once deceived his trust—the Caroline of old! Alas! if he were not convinced of that, that her pity was the substitute, and not the companion of love, how could she undeceive him? How say—how write—"Accept me for I love you." Caroline Montfort had no pride of rank, had had no pride of sex; that pride had been called forth, encouraged, strengthened, through out all the years of her wedded life. For Guy Darrell's sake, and for him alone, had pride that had cast away—trampled upon; such humility was due to him. Had she not been humiliated by her own vice in vain, could it be repeated—would it not be debasement? In the first experiment she had had no but to be rejected—in a second experiment she might have but to endure his contempt. Yet how with her exquisitely affectionate nature—how she longed for one more interview—one more explanation! Some chance could but bring it about! It might be but a pretext—a fair reason apart from any interest of her own, to be his friend, to correspond more! But in a few days he would have left England forever—his heart yet more hardened in its resolves by the last access to which he had been sternly recognized to be a due to others. Never to see him more—never to know—never to do that sacrifice he was suffering now—would perhaps suffer more hereafter, in the reaction that follows all strain upon principle—never to hear a word of comfort from her—her who felt torn to be his comforter!

But this marriage, that cost him so much, must that be? Could she dare, even for his sake, to stand between two such lovers as those of Lionel and Sophy—confide to them what Fairthorn had declared—accuse them of gruesomity? She shrunk from inflicting such intolerable wounds. Could she be her sister's heir inability to solve this last problem, she hethought herself of Alban Morley; here, at least, he might give effective support. She sent off to his house entreating him to call. Her messenger was some hours before he found the Colonel, and then brought back but a few hasty lines—"Impossible to call that day. The Cunx had come at last! The Country, the House of Vipont, the British Empire, were trembling in the balance. The Colonel was engaged every moment for the next twelve hours. He had the present Earl of Montfort, who was intractable and stupid beyond conception, to see and talk over; Carr Vipont was hard at work on the materials for the new Administration, which Acting Carr Vipont. If the House of Vipont failed England at this moment, it would not be a Cunx, but a CRASH!" The Colonel hoped to arrange an interview with Lady Montfort for a minute or two the next day. But perhaps she would excuse him from a journey to Twickenham, and drive into town to see him; if not at home, he would leave word where he was to be found."

By the beard of Jupiter Capitolinus, there are often revolutions in the heart of a woman, during which the great Unity—Vice, plays on plain-speaking, with a minim of frightened ing.

"My dear lady," said he, "yours is a case in which physicians can be of very little use. Their remedies are only for the relief of those superficial functions fail to reach; worsy of some sort—decided to worry. And unless you yourself can either cure this, or very much relieve it, why, worry, my dear Lady Montfort, will end, not in cut suspicion—worry will end in softening of the heart and holes in the lungs—; but in a confirmed aneurism of the heart, and the first sudden shock will kill you. Your ladyship's life, that heart is a noble organ—bears a great deal—but still its strength is limited. The best hearts in time are more common than they were;—over-education and over-civilization, I suspect. Very young ladies are not what they were. They have less flurry, not worry—a very different thing. A good chronometer will go for a century and standing, that gets worried into acute inflammation at the age when feeling is no longer fussy, and kills without warning, or sometimes, if the grief is very great, by the concussion. Pardon my shortness of life, by inducing a prudent avoidance of worry in future. There is that worthy old gentleman Time, who is the doctor of the conscience in the moral emotions given heart-disease; also of the fine sensibilities of the nerves. Time is more common than they were—the first for your gentle sex, the second for our generation. Time is the doctor for their victims at the entrance into middle life. I have a very fine case of pulmonary worry in the next room, come to live a hundred—never saw such a splendid formation—such bone and muscle—such power of clear lady—all the worse for him. His strength leads him on to active service—exposure. He has caught foreign savaging Paralysis and falls him to earth with a blow. 'Tis your Hercules that I have in there; who despised the weak. But he will prudently slums all excess. And so, my dear lady, I propose that I shall determine to wait for the hearts that abuse their own force of emotion; sparing hearts that, less vital, are fitfully in need of support. Now you are not listening to me! And yet my patient may not be quite sufficiently ill to-day to-morrow. I am going to mention, the other day, to the lady who attends to and nurses him, that I could not call this morning, as I was to be at the Lady Montfort at Twickenham, she became very much interested, and very much excited, and she begged me to give you. She seems very much attached to my patient—not his wife nor his sister. Some connection, I suppose, of another cleverish woman too. Oh! here is the note."

Caroline broke the seal and read as follows: "Mrs. Crane presents her compliments to Archibald Colquhoun Esq. and will call at Care Cottage, Vale of Health, Hampstead, at her ladyship's earliest leisure, not to-day, as Mrs. Crane has an engagement, not perhaps important to Lady Montfort, but very important to Mr. Darrell, will be given."

Lady Montfort started the doctor by the abruptness with which she sprang to her feet and the bell.

"What is it?" asked he.

"The carriage immediately," cried Lady Montfort as the servant entered.

"Are you going to see the poor Darrells, Mrs. Crane, eh? Well, it is a charming drive, and just what I should have recommended. Any exertion will do you good. Allow me;—why your pulse is already fifty per cent better. Pray, what relation is Mrs. Crane to my patient?"

"I really don't know; pray excuse me, my dear Dr. Ewes—"

"Certainly; go while the day is fine. Wrap up;—a close carriage, mind;—and I will look in to-morrow."

CHAPTER X.

Wherein is insinuated the highest compliment to Woman ever paid to her sex by the Author of this work.

LADY MONTFORT has arrived at Clare Cottage. She is shown by Bridget Greggs into a small room upon the fifth floor; folding-doors to some other room, closely shut—evidences of sickness in the house—plaisir on the mantel-piece—a dirty tray with a broth basin on the table—a saucepan on the hob—the sofa one of those that serve as a bed which always bring visits for one who may watch through the night over some helpless sufferer—a—a—Darrell's shawl thrown carelessly over its hard narrow bolster;—all, in short, betraying that pathetic untidiness and discomfort which mark the abode of the sick house to whose will order and form are subordinate—the important object of attention. Before establishing itself in a life that, within those four walls, has a value not to be measured by its worth to the world without, the more feeble and helpless the sufferer, the more sovereign the despotism —the more arbitrary the rule of nurse.

In a minute or two one of the folding-doors silently opened, and as silently closed, admitting Mrs. Crane, Darrell's presence as invisible as an iron grey.

Caroline could not, at the first glance, recognise that Arabella Fossett of whose handsomeness, if somewhat too strongly defined and somber-complexioned, she had retained a faithful remembrance. But Arabella had still the same imposing movement which had always accompanied the grey spirits of her young pupil; and as she now motioned the great lady to a seat, and placed herself in a somewhat recollected attitude, Caroline room bowed Caroline's lovely head in mute reproof.

MRS. CRANE. "You too are changed since I saw you last—but was more than five years ago. Your face does not look beautiful. It is still a lovely; you would not scare away the man whom you delighted to save. Your features are impossibilities. Do you know that I have a cause to be grateful to you, without any merit of your own? I have sometimes thought that your vindictive and evil passions crowding on me—your face—your voice—your form—always seemed there so beautiful—and, in this face, Evil looked so haggard! Do not interrupt me. I have but a few minutes to spare you. I set in the sight of that face, gentle recollections rose in my heart, and I was saved. Your sister Arabella, Caroline Lyndsay—truthful. Other thoughts came to be mean of that face, as other thoughts had been when it expressed such opposite passions as of former days. Jean not tell how, but from the moment of something came to me more powerful than I had known for years entered into my heart. Whether that same being had ever existed—pulled to the quick of my soul. Had I not seen you before, I might have dreamed of a supernatural influence and deep revenge. And a purpose of revenge I did form. But it was not Almighty—and not Evil. It was a purpose of a man who laughed to scorn the idea of vows due to me—vows to bind life to life—should yet cause you to feel something more of the bitterness but truth; that my truth at least should be kept to you. Do you remember what you said to me? Why did you hear a moan?—No! He lies yonder, Caroline Lyndsay—mine, indeed, till the grave shall give up its dead. He stands between you and he rests in their clasp, helpless as an infant."

Caroline, overcome by emotion, had fallen into that care-worn face, there was in it so will a mixture of melancholy tenderness, with a remorse, that expression of which the beholder is made impressed by the tenderness than by the strength, that unconsciously drawn to the woman; and Caroline again drew near, nearer than before, and in her deep soft eyes pity alone was seen. Little those eyes Arabella knew of a spell-bound, and the darker and sterner expression of which she had so vividly described to Darrell, and only the melancholy tenderness was left behind—She resumed:

"I said to Guy Darrell that I would learn, if possible, whether the poor child whom I ill-used five or six years ago, and whom I had since unwittingly done so benignly sheltered, was the daughter of Matilda—or, as he believed, of a yet more humble parentage. Ago I left Guy Darrell in the conviction that there was some ground to doubt poor Lionel Montfort's marriage. I had found in two letters addressed to him—one from that Gabrielle Desmarres, whose influence over little Isabel I had so fatally used, which she spoke of some guilty plunder with which she was coming to London, and another from a lady who had fortunes with her own. Oh, but the cold, bloodless villaining of the task! Guy Darrell, into which I had entered, who were treated as topics for me! Arabella stopped—the same shudder came over her as when she had described the epistles abstracted from the dainty pocket-book. "But in the letter were also allusions to Isabel, which led me on Darrell to be made by Gabrielle herself. Nothing very clear; but a doubt did spring up in my mind—Is she not about his own child?" The other letter was from the French nurse with whom Sophy had been placed as an infant. It related to inquiries in person, and a visit to her own house, which Mr. Darrell had made—and which the nurse had seemed to imply none deception, though but by a few delicious words. At this time the first impression of the suspicion these letters caused was but to make me more bent on repairing to Sophy my cruelties to her childhood. What if I had been cruel to an infant who, after all, was not the daughter of that false, false Matilda Darrell! I kept in my memory the French nurse's address. I thought that when in France I might seek and question her. But I lived only for one absorbing end. Sophy was not then in danger; and look even suspicion to me but to drive away. Pass on:—Guy Darrell—Lionel Montfort! his life has been imbittered like mine; but he was more loved, and could bear it better. He has known, himself, the misery of broken faith, of betrayed affection, which he could pity so little when its blight fell on me; but you have excuse for desertion—you yourself were deceived, and I pardon him, for he pardoned Jasper, and we are fellow-sufferers. Love weeps—Pardon my rudeness. I did not mean to pain you. Try and listen calmly—I must hurry on. On leaving Mr. Darrell I crossed to France. I found the nurse. I have studied the truth; here are the proofs in this packet. I came to see Jasper Lovely. He was on the eve of exiling himself from the country by wrongful—of claiming the child, or rather of extorting money for the restoration of the child of whom you had adopted. I told him how vainly he had hitherto sought to fly from me. One by one I recited the guilty evidences of which I had baffled his purpose—all the dangers from which I had rescued his life. In the madness of his fanfaron the project he had then concerned. I told him I would frustrate that project as I had frustrated others. Also, that I was in no hurry to so harsh?—why does this face so belie the idea of human kindness? I will not be hard—I will endeavor him; he felt but the reckless impulses to destroy the life that then stood between himself and the objects to which he had pledged his own self-destruction. I thought I should die before I saw him again, but not until I had the satisfaction that come over his face—the one glance of human sympathy and mercy; his arms obeyed him not; his strength, his talent, forsook him; he fell at my feet—one side of him stricken as dead. I left that day in his voice—never to see and Arabella flitted from the room, leaving the door ajar.

A feeble Voice, like the treble of an infirm old man, came painfully to Caroline's ear.

"Arabella—Arabella—Arabella—am I left alone? It is cruel to leave me so—cruel to be left alone—Arabella—Arabella!" Another voice could be tuned, the grim woman apologised and soothed.

"You gave me leave, Jasper dear. You said it would be a relief to you to have her pardon as well as sleep."

"Whose pardon?" asked the Voice, querulously.

"Caroline Lyndsay's—Lady Montfort's."

"Nonsense! What did I ever do against her? Oh—oh! I remember—oh! I have—I have it over again. You—she pardons me, I suppose! Get me my broth, and don't be long."

Arabella came back, closing the door; and Caroline heard herself called to the bed-room saucepan on the hob—to which the Marchioness had identified the former a very secondary object—the mild, looking thing of iron, under her iron-grey ringlets—

"You have—you have—me! He can't bear me out of his sight now—me, me! You forgive!"

Meekly Lady Montfort advanced, bringing in her hand the tray with the broth basin.

"Yes, I forgive you, Jasper dear; but let us help while I stay."

By the broth was poured forth and prepared, and with it Arabella disappeared. She returned as in a few minutes, beckoned to Caroline, and led her to the bed-side.

"Come in—say you forgive-him! Oh, you could not fear him; a babe could not fear him now!"

Caroline followed Arabella into the sick-room. The invalid was sitting up in bed, his head slightly surrounded. A pleasant room, too—with the windows looking to the eastern slope of the Vale of Health; the hearth so cleanly clear; swept so clean—the very ashes out of sight; everything—even the bed, the chair, the mantle-piece; the couch drawn toward the window, and not that couch, by any means, the dingy-gown of former days, warm coverlets heaped on the feet, snow-white pillows propping the head, and the invalid seemed as clean and comfortable a side mass—by, what, as the step advanced, and the eye's bosom-pain of recognition overflowed into Jasper Lovely.

Yet there, too much indeed for a babe to fear, lay all that was left of the Strong Man! No enemy but himself had brought him that wreck—mental, bodily, and worst of all—that of his own priceless treasures—Health and Strength —those grand and noble gifts of which Nature and made his inheritance. As a tree that is crumbling to dust under the guards of its bark, and the green garment of its leaves, until time and the tempest;—so, within all decayed, could that image of grandeur be seen, still, stirring, it fell. "And the pitcher was broken at the fountain; and the wheel was broken at the cistern." A family of valuable Greek Testaments, etc.

Jasper turned his dull eye toward Caroline, as she came softly to his side, and looked at her with a piteous gaze. The stroke that had shattered his mind had spared the face; symmetrical and compulsory abstinence from habitual stimulants had taken from the features that look of coarseness—whether of shape or color—that of late years had disfigured its outline—and was, perhaps, the delicacy that ends with youth be the delicacy that comes with the approach of death. So fine, in small degree, the moral which had been to him so fatal a gift, was once more visible—the features growing again distinct, as weakness succeeded to the hues of intemperance, and emaciation to the bloated cheeks and swollen muscle. The goddess whose locus adorn the outward shell of the human spirit, came back to her favorite's death-couch as she had come to the cradle—not now as the Venus Erycina, goddess of Smile and Jest, but as the warning Goddess Libitina, the goddess of Doom and the Funeral.

"I'm a very poor creature," said Jasper, after a pause. "I can't rise—I can't move without help. Very strange!—supernatural!! She always said that if I raised my hand against her it would fall powerless! He turned his eye toward Arabella with a glare of angry terror. "She is a witch!" he said, and buried his face in the pillow. Tears welled down the young woman's cheek.

LADY MONTFORT. "She is rather your good ministering spirit. Do not be unkind to her! Over her you have more power now than ever before, when you were strong. She lives but to serve you; command her gently.

Jasper was not proof against that sweet voice. With difficulty he wrenched himself round, and again looked long at Arabella Crass. Was it the sight did him good; then he made a sign to Arabella, who flew to his side and raised him.

"I love you as a good dog," he said, with a mournful attempt at the old rollicking tone—"a very sad dog—poor, shorn, a fool. But all ladies are indulgent to villains—in fact, prefer them. Never knew a lady who could endure 'a good young man'—never! So I am not to be—weight, weight—heavy as a church bell—but low as a church bell—money is a good bell! Brandy! give me brandy, you witch—I mean Bella, good Bella, give me brandy!"

"Not yet, Jasper dear. You are to have it every third hour; it is not time yet, dearest; you must attend to me. Indeed you'll get well and recover your strength. You remember I told you how lucky Lady Montfort had been to your father, and you wished to see and thank her."

"My father—my poor, poor father! You've been kind to him! Bless you, bless you! And you will see him? I want his pardon before I die. Don't forget, and—and—

"Poor Sophy!" said Mrs. Crass.

"Ah yes! But she's well off now, you tell me. I can't think I have injured her. And really Bella and myself are intended to be a little useful to one. *Basta, basta!*"

"Mr. Darrell—"

"Yes, yes, yes! I forgive him, or he forgives me; settle it as you like. But my father's pardon, Lady Montfort, you will get me that?"

"I will, I will."

He looked at her again, and smiled. Arabella gently laid his head full back upon the pillow.

"Throw a handkerchief over my face," he said, feebly, "and leave me; but be in call; I feel sleepy."

His eyes closed; he seemed asleep; even slumber they would from the touch.

"You will bring his father to him?" said Arabella, when Lady Montfort moved even again alone. "In this pocket is Jasper's confession of the robbery for which that poor old man suffered. I never knew of it before. But you see how mild he is now!—how his heart is changed! It is indeed almost more than he should; only you have seen him at the worst—his mind wanders a little to-day; it does sometimes. I have a fever to see it you. If once heard a preacher, not many months ago, he affected me as no sermon ever did before. I was told that he was Colonel Morley's nephew. Will you ask Colonel Morley to persuade him to come to Jasper?"

"My cousin, George Morley! He shall come. I promise you; so shall your poor sufferer forgiving father. Is there more I can do?"

"No. Explain to Mr. Darrell the reasons why I have so long delayed sending to him the communication which he will find in the packet. I have given you, you see, a packet all in first open, reading the contents yourself—a part of them, at least, in Jasper's amendment. It was a stratagem to break off your marriage with Mr. Darrell, nay yet to be of some value to you—you had better also study the papers in Colonel Morley—he may complete the task—I had meant, on returning to Dublin, to have written to Mr. Darrell, to make the inquiries which you will see are still necessary. But then came this terrible affliction! I have been able to do but little—nothing else but Jasper—terrible to quit the house which contains him for an hour—only when Dr. F. told me that he was attending you, that you were ill and suffering. I resolved to add to this packet Jasper's own amendment, and he gave it so readily, and went yesterday through the forging of the name with such a heart. I tell you that there is a change within him; there is—there is! Well, well—I resolved to give you the packet to transmit to Mr. Darrell; for somehow or other I connected your illness with your visit to him at Fawley!"

"My visit to Mr. Darrell!"

"Jasper saw you as your carriage drove from the park gate, and very many days since. Ah, you change color! You have wronged that man; you are sorry now you have so right to pride; you will see him again!"

"No—never—never!" faltered Caroline, with accents scarcely audible under her veil.

Arabella was silent for a moment, and Lady Montfort rose from her recumbent posture.

"You will see him again, I tell you!" and Arabella then, following her to the door—

"Stay: do you think me will die?"

"Good Heavens! Mr. Darrell?"

"No—Jasper Lowly?"

"I hope not. What does Dr. F. say?"

"He will not tell me. But it is not the paralysis alone; he might recover from that—no young still. There are other symptoms; that beautiful habit of mind—I fear it will be as has them not—they hasten death if he has But—but—but—IT IS MIND, AND MINE ONLY TO THE GRAVE NOW!"

CHAPTER XI.

The Crisis—Public and Private.

LADY MONTFORT'S carriage stopped at Colonel Morley's door just as Carr Vipont was coming out. Lady Montfort, in haste, hurried up to the carriage window.

"Mr. Vipont, good-day!—not seen you for an age! What times we live in! Wonderously The Crisis has come upon us! Sad loss in your poor Monthly; no wonder you've taken for him! Had his failings, true—who is not mortal?—but amiable, kind, always to be relied on in times of Crisis! But this crotchety fellow, who has so unluckily, for all us himself, attached to the Government, stands by to-morrow night—only think what may happen—the other fellows will come in, and—ruin DEBUGE!"

Carr is gone to find grooms and Dame Partington to stem the Debuge. Colonel Morley has observed Lady Montfort's summons, and has entered the carriage window on the other speak, however, he has rushed into the subject of which he himself is full. "Only think—if Sir Peter would be on the ministerial bench, all depends upon Guy Darrell! Montfort, who stems always in the current, has unluckily pinned full on his head, and crush him, says that if Darrell, whom he chooses to favor just because the seven others don't, does not vote with Government, why say the Crisis is a job! Fancy!—a job—the Crisis! Lord Morley, I'm told, called for Sir Josiah Snedge, who are both necessary to a united government, but who unluckily detest each other. Sir Josiah will by no means Cabinet, unless Darrell sit between—so says them. I suppose, from the tone of Guy Darrell's speech, Sir John Canty, our crack county member, declares that if Darrell does not come in, he will not stand. Montfort, you see, so far! Harry Bold, our most popular speaker, says, if Darrell stay out, 'is a sign that he is not to be supported Government!' In short, without Darrell, the Crisis will be a failure, and the House of Vipont annihilated. Sir Peter—smashed! I sent a telegram—(oh, that I should live to see such a word introduced into the House of Commons!)—to Carr Vipont last night, and he—(Carr Vipont, I mean says, what times these are!) to Fawley this morning, entreating Guy to come up by the mail, and he has sent me up a line from Horace, which means, 'that he will see me shut first.' I must go down to Fawley, and you know the rapid set of certain negotiations to as measures. I have but one hope. There is a report abroad that Darrell always privately advocated—which he thoroughly understands—which, placed in his own hands, would be triumphantly carried out in those measures, Lady Montfort, which, if defeated, shipwreck is inevitable, and which only Guy Darrell could frame ft, immortalize the minister who concocts and carries them. This is the hope which I entertain, and which I must and cancer. This is at length an occasion to which Guy may, and will, give his services to the country; let him reject it, and I shall tell him frankly that his life has been but a brilliant failure, because he has not used his splendid talents and usage requires the actual possession of that which confers power. He will lose his seat—he will lose his voice in the Commons. But we can arrange that; for if Darrell will but join the Government and go to the Lords, I will make Snodge, who has a great deal of voice and a great deal of jobbery, will join too—and the Vipont interests in the Commons—and speak to the country—speak every night—and all Guy's real friends will speak. Perhaps at last the peerage—devote himself for a year or two to the great measures which will consolidate for his fame—to the redemption of the House of Vipont—and to the Salvation of the Empire! Good-by! If he please, I will communicate—that is, he may retire from harness, and browse upon laurels for the rest of his days."

Colonel Morley delivered himself of this long address without interruption from a listener upon whose every word this Colonel's descendant fell, and in every hope that could reunite him to the beautiful object of his love.

It was now Lady Montfort's turn to speak; though, after subjects so momentous as the crisis and all its speculative consequences, private affairs, relating to a poor little girl like Sophy—nay, the mere private affairs of Darrell himself, seemed a pitiful bathos. Lady Montfort, however, after a few words of womanly commiseration upon the very sorry end to Colonel's discourse which touched her heart, hastened on to describe her interview with Arabella, and the melancholy condition of Darrell's once formidable enemy. For the first time Colonel evinced no more compassionate feeling than any true Englishman, at the mention of a lingering, painful disorder for a murderous Sepoy fell to the mouth of a cannon.

"A very good riddance!" said the Colonel, drily. "Great relief to Darrell, and—to every one else whom that monster tormented; and proved on; and with his life will vanish the only remaining obstacle in righting poor Willy's good name. I hope to live to collect, from all parts of the country, Willy's old friends, and give them a supper, at which I suppose I must not get drunk again! I should rather like to drink that not! But I interrupt you; go on.

Lady Montfort proceeded to state the substance of the papers she had perused in reference to the mystery which had been the cause of so many heart-aches and bitterness.

The Colonel stretched out his hand eagerly for the document, and, when it was finished his eye rapidly over the contents of the first paper, which was in Jasper's own hand, and then, without a word, turned to the next yet to spare in discussing these matters with you—may order your carriage round—the Regent's Park?—better than keeping it thus at my door with four old maids for opposite neighbors!" The Colonel was given, and the Colonel again returned to the papers. Suddenly he looked up with a start. "Lady Montfort, you always to be relied on in times of Crisis! But this crotchety fellow, who has so unluckily, for all us himself, attached to the Government, stands by to-morrow night—only think what may happen—the other fellows will come in, and—ruin DEBUGE!"

Carr is gone to find grooms and Dame Partington to stem the Debuge. Colonel Morley has observed Lady Montfort's summons, and has entered the carriage window. Lady Montfort, however, he has rushed into the subject of which he himself is full. "Only think—if Sir Peter would be on the ministerial bench, all depends upon Guy Darrell! Montfort, who stems always in the current, has unluckily pinned full on his head, and crush him, says that if Darrell, whom he chooses to favor just because the seven others don't, does not vote with Government, why say the Crisis is a job! Fancy!—a job—the Crisis! Lord Morley, I'm told, called for Sir Josiah Snedge, who are both necessary to a united government, but who unluckily detest each other. Sir Josiah will by no means Cabinet, unless Darrell sit between—so says them. I suppose, from the tone of Guy Darrell's speech, Sir John Canty, our crack county member, declares that if Darrell does not come in, he will not stand. Montfort, you see, so far! Harry Bold, our most popular speaker, says, if Darrell stay out, 'is a sign that he is not to be supported Government!' In short, without Darrell, the Crisis will be a failure, and the House of Vipont annihilated. Sir Peter—smashed! I sent a telegram—(oh, that I should live to see such a word introduced into the House of Commons!)—to Carr Vipont last night, and he—(Carr Vipont, I mean says, what times these are!) to Fawley this morning, entreating Guy to come up by the mail, and he has sent me up a line from Horace, which means, 'that he will see me shut first.' I must go down to Fawley, and you know the rapid set of certain negotiations as to

world-wide European triumphs. So far as our old friend and sturdy antagonist, Mr. Thompson, is concerned, we may be permitted to say that, in the "Evans" gambit, we know of no competitor, in these regions, to whom Mr. M.'s unusual powers would have been an necessary as to compel him to resort to

(Evans's Gambit.)

Mr. J. Thompson.	*Mr. P. Morphy.*
1. P to K 4	P to K 4
2. K Kt to B 3	Q Kt to B 3
3. K B to B 4	K B to B 4
4. P to Q Kt 4	K B takes Kt P
5. P to Q 4	K B to Kt 3
6. P to Q 4	K P takes P
7. Castles	P to Q 3
8. B P takes P	K B to K B 3
9. Q Kt to Q 2	Q Kt to Kt 5
10. P to K 5	Q Kt to Kt 3
11. K Kt to B 3	K Kt to K 2
12. K Kt to K square	P to K R 3
13. Q to R 4	Q Kt takes K P
14. K Kt to K 4	Q Kt to Kt 3
15. K Kt to B 6 ch	P takes Kt
16. Q takes Kt P (ch)	K to B square
17. Q to Kt 5	P to K B 3
18. Q to Q 3	P to K 5
19. Q Kt to B 3	K to Kt 2

Mr. Thompson resigns.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Saturday, Jan. 8, 1859.*

The Wholesale Produce Markets opened with the New Year more firmly for the leading articles of Breadstuffs. Flour has been in active demand, and prices have been higher; deal to-day at $5 05 a 5 10 for State, and $5 10 a 5 15 for Ohio, but there is a slightly ... Provisions have been moderately active, closing irregularly ... Groceries have been in moderate demand at steady rates. Sugars and Molasses have been pretty generally current at former prices. ... Hay has been scarce and in request at higher figures. ... Naval Stores, Oils, ... and Leather have been held with more firmness, but the inquiry has not been very lively. ... Tobacco and Seeds have been in more demand. ... The Dry Goods trade has also exhibited more animation. ... Freights have been rather being commenced, it is anticipated, will be extensive and active. ... Exports from this port for the week ending to-day, $1,378,892 against $1,421 for the same week last year. ... Exports of specie and other commodities have not been productive of any remarkable changes. ... We subjoin a review list of the closing quotations for the leading articles:

Uninsed State Flour, per bbl.	$5 75	@ $4 95
Superfine to extra State, per barrel	4 30	@ 5 10
Superfine to fancy Western, per barrel	4 30	@ 5 10
Extra Western, per barrel	5 00	@ 5 80
Fancy to extra Genesee, per barrel	5 00	@ 5 80
Extra Canadian, per barrel	4 30	@ 5 80
Fancy to extra Canadian, per barrel	4 75	@ 5 75
Rose to Superfine State, per barrel	4 30	@ 4 75
Corn Meal, per barrel	3 40	@ 4 00
White Wheat, per bushel	1 40	@ 1 50
Red Wheat, per bushel	1 35	@ 1 38
Mixed Western Corn, per bushel	88	@ 90
Rye, per bushel	77	@ 80
Barley, per bushel	90	@ 1 00
Western Oats, per bushel	57	@ 59
State Oats, per bushel	59	@ 61
Jersey and Penn. Oats, per bushel	48	@ 50
Southern Oats, per bushel	45	@ 48
Uninsed Mess Pork, per barrel	17 00	@ 17 50
Mess Pork, per barrel	17 00	@ 17 00
Prime Pork, per barrel	13 00	@ 13 50
Country Mess Beef, per barrel	10 00	@ 11 00
Cut Meats, per pound	6	@ 7
Lard, per pound	11	@ 11
Tallow, per pound	10	@ 10
Cotton Sugar, per pound	5	@ 6
Cuba Muscovado, per pound	6	@ 7
New Orleans Sugar, per pound	6	@ 7
New Orleans Molasses, per gallon	37	@ 38
Cuba Molasses, per gallon	30	@ 31
Oolong Teas, per pound	25	@ 35
Domestic Whiskey, per gallon	25	@ 25
Hops, new, per pound	10	@ 17
Hops, per pound, 1857	4	@ 5
Hay, per 100 pounds	75	@ 1 00
Tallow, per pound	10	@ 10
Crude Turpentine, per 280 pounds	3 624	@ 3 75
Spirits Turpentine, per gallon	43	@ 44
Rosin, per barrel	2 25	@ 3 75
Tar, per barrel	2 00	@ 2 00
Linseed Oil, per gallon	80	@ 85
Kentucky Tobacco, per pound	6	@ 14
Seed Leaf Tobacco, per pound	6	@ 14
American Fleece Wool, per pound	36	@ 65
" Pulled Wool	30	@ 45

The Country Produce Markets were rather quiet. Prices varied slightly. The Game Dealers and Express Companies have been actively engaged in the duties of their officials, when they failed to receive the usual fees for the presentation of "Fish and Game." They consider the sentiments unjust and unconstitutional, and state that they have resolved to test its legality.

WHOLESALE PRICES CURRENT IN PRODUCES AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Apples, new, per barrel	$3 00	@ $ 5 00
Grapes, per pound	10	@ 15
Chestnuts, per bushel	3 00	@ 3 75
Hickory Nuts, per bushel	2 00	@ 2 75
Peanuts, per bushel	1 00	@ 1 75
Potatoes, per barrel	2 00	@ 2 50
Potatoes, sweet, per barrel	2 50	@ 4 00
Onions, per barrel	3 00	@ 3 75
Turnips, per barrel	50	@ 75
Beets, per barrel	1 25	@ 1 50
Carrots, per barrel	87	@ 1 12½
Parsnips, per barrel	1 00	@ 1 25
Cabbages, per 100	3 00	@ 4 00
Cranberries, per barrel	5 00	@ 6 00
Pumpkins, per 100	3 00	@ 4 00
Celery, bthc. per dozen bunches	75	@ 1 00
Celery, long, per dozen bunches	25	@ 50
Garlic, per 100 bunches	4 00	@ 5 00
Cauliflowers, per 100	4 00	@ 5 00
Parsley, per 100 bunches	1 25	@ 2 00
Eggs, N. Y. & N. J., per dozen	25	@ 27
Eggs, Western, per dozen	23	@ 24
Chickens, per pair	50	@ 75
Fowls, per pound	7	@ 10
Ducks, per pair	1 00	@ 1 50
Geese, per pound	7	@ 8
Turkeys, per pound	9	@ 13
Wild Turkeys, each	2 00	@ 3 00
Ducks, per pound	11	@ 14
" black, per pair	1 00	@ 1 50
" widgeon, per pair	37	@ 50
" wood, per pair	1 00	@ 1 50
Pigeons, per dozen	1 00	@ 1 50
Woodcock, per brace	1 25	@ 1 50
Partridges, per pair	1 00	@ 1 25
Snipe, Grass, per dozen	50	@ 75
Plover, per dozen	1 00	@ 1 50
Rabbits, per pair	1 75	@ 2 00
Squirrels, each	25	@ 37
Venison, per pound	7	@ 11
Bear's Meat, per pound	7	@ 11

Freights were quiet, and quotations altogether nominal. The total number of vessels at sea clearing in ports to-day is 374.

The Live Stock Markets last Wednesday opened more firmly, but closed heavy for Beeves. ... Good Milch Cows were in request. ... Veal Calves were scarce and quiet. The Sheep and Lambs were less abundant, and were dearer. Swine were in light supply and firm. ... The reported receipts of Live Stock during each of the last two weeks compare as follows:

	Week ending Jan. 3.	Week ending Dec. 27.
Beeves	3,211	3,750
Milch Cows	132	103
Veal Calves	1,000	1,000
Sheep and Lambs	7,702	9,300
Swine	6,000	6,000

The range of prices according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the Forty-fifth Street Cattle Market last Wednesday was as follows:

Extra to first-class Beeves, per cwt.	$6 00	@ $6 50
Common to ord. Milch Cows, per head	35 00	@ 45 00
Veal Calves, per pound	5½	@ 6½
Sheep and Lambs, per head	3 75	@ 7 50
Swine	5½	@ 6
Live Swine, per pound	5½	@ 6
Dressed "	7	@ 8
Roasting Pigs, each	1 00	@ 3 00

ADVERTISEMENTS.

BRONCHITIS.—To those afflicted with this disorder, as common in our climate, the following may be read with interest:

From Mr. C. H. Gardner, Principal of the Butzer's Female Institute, New York.

NEW YORK, July 14th, 1858.

DEAR SIR:—I have been afflicted with Bronchitis during the past winter, and was induced to call I found your "BRONCHIAL TROCHES." I shall take pleasure in recommending their use to my friends and others with whom they may meet this remedy.

Yours, truly, C. H. GARDNER.

To Messrs. J. I. Brown & Son, Boston.

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES.

In point of beauty, durability, perfection of work, and capacity to perform every variety of sewing, no other sewing machines can compare with SINGER'S. New and improved machines at greatly reduced prices.

I. M. SINGER & CO.,
458 Broadway.

SAFETY!
COMFORT!!
AND
ELEGANCE!!!
ARE INSURED BY WEARING
DOUGLAS & SHERWOOD'S
NEW
MATINEE SKIRT
WITH THE
PATENT DETACHABLE
HOOP FASTENING
AND
ADJUSTABLE BUSTLE.

SAFETY! since it effectually obviates the danger arising from entangling dress or foreign substances in the hoops!

COMFORT! because the muslin skirt can be instantaneously removed from the springs by PATENT DETACHABLE FASTENINGS, washed, with other garments, and at no greater expense, and replaced on the hoops in a minute!

ELEGANCE! because the scientific cut of the muslin skirt, and the fine material of which it is composed, give a graceful fall to the robe worn over it; and with its bell weather, enable the wearer to dispense with any intermediate skirt.

The MATINEE SKIRT has eleven hoops, weighs but two pounds, measures in Paris, TEN YARDS MADE BY MESSRS. DOUGLAS & SHERWOOD, and is the best fabric ever produced for a skirt, and is also indispensable to every lady who desires to combine in her apparel SAFETY, COMFORT, and ELEGANCE. It is sold in all the principal stores in the United States and Canada.

Uniform with "Woman's Thoughts."

Just Published—

The Afternoon of Unmarried Life.

In Companion to
A WOMAN'S THOUGHTS ABOUT WOMEN.
(From the last London Edition.)

"We regret that we cannot bestow the same unmeasured encomium upon the style as we admirably exhibited in the treatment of the preceding volume as to their treatment of the volume. It is a work that can not be highly commended. Affectation of style, and a want of clearness, shade of her subject, and her knowledge of her sex, peculiarly competent as Circumstances—Women Conversant with Persons Discussed—Women's Love—Women's Friendships—Love and Marriage—Loneliness and Homes—The Tyranny of Fashion—Women's Dress—Women's Employments—The Love of God—The Consolation we Neglect to Claim—Sympathy with Others—Resignation—Self-Examination, &c. &c.

Sold by all Booksellers, and sent by mail, postage free, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price ($1 00, by RUDD & CARLETON, Publishers and Booksellers, No. 310 Broadway, New York.

GAYETTY'S MEDICATED PAPER.—
THE best paper in the world for sore and preventive of piles, and is the only pure Medicated Paper ever made. Each sheet is water-marked with Gayetty's name, and his autograph is on each package. 500 sheets 50 cents; 1,000 sheets $1. Depot 25 Dey street, New York. Sent by express every where upon receipt of price. For sale by all respectable Druggists.

FRIGHT & BROTHERS will send this Work by Mail, postage paid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of $8 00.

THE
LAND AND THE BOOK;
OR,
BIBLICAL ILLUSTRATIONS DRAWN FROM THE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS, THE SCENES AND SCENERY OF THE HOLY LAND.

BY W. M. THOMSON, D.D.,
Twenty-five Years a Missionary of the A.B.C.F.M. in Syria and Palestine.

With two elaborate Maps of Palestine, an accurate Plan of Jerusalem, and several *hundred Engravings* representing the Scenery, Topography, and Productions of the Holy Land, and the Customs, Manners, and Habits of the Old Testament Times. Large Octavo Volumes.

PRICE THREE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS.

The Land of the Bible is part of the Divine Revelation. It bears the impress of the Book, and gives lessons inevitable by exposition. Both have been written by the finger of God. Each is a key to unlock the other. Hence by the Gospel is a description of Living Epistles. To collect this testimony and popularize their lessons for the Biblical student of every age and class is the prominent design of this work. *For twenty-five years* this Author has been permitted to enjoy the most favorable light which the Land sheds upon it; and he now hands over this Fruit-Field, which to them who have not been thus favored. In this attempt the pencil has been employed to aid the pen. A large number of pictorial illustrations are introduced, many of them original, and all giving the Land and the Book a new interest. Many of the Certain Holy Places are presented. They are not merely sketches of imaginary scenes thrown in to embellish the volume, but pictures of living manners, and of historical topography, or expressive of interesting Biblical relations, which add greatly to the value of the work.

The most complete and reliable work in illustration of the Bible which modern research and observation have ever produced, is about to be issued from the press of the Harpers. We have been favored with an advance sheet. We venture to say that every Sabbath-school teacher and every minister of the Bible book a necessity. It will absolutely expound a Bible; and that any Christian family will find it a treasure, and a source of many and varied delight and information.

We have already noticed it in extenso, and we may add now that it is pronounced the most interesting, delightful, and valuable work on Palestine and the Bible that has been made for many years. It will be the very first subject and no intelligent Sabbath-school teacher can afford to go without it.—*N. Y. Christian Advocate and Journal.*

We repeat with emphasis, as the result of attentive examination of the work, that the Christian's work, that the Sabbath-school library ought to possess, and upon the topics of which there volumes treat, can afford to be without them.—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, New York.

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES.

Every mechanic who begins has the privilege of one of SINGER'S sewing machines will be $1200 better off when the year ends.

I. M. SINGER & CO., 458 Broadway.

FASHIONABLE Card Engravers and Wedding Stationers—Rich Jewelry, Fine Watches, Sterling Silver Ware, 544 Broadway, corner of Prince street. DEMISEY & FARGIS, 693 Broadway, N. Y.

BULWER'S NOVEL—COMPLETE.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?
By Pisistratus Caxton.
A Novel.
By Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, Bart.,
Author of
"My Novel," "The Caxtons," "Pelham," &c. &c.
8vo, Paper, 75 cents; Muslin, $1 00.

To Bulwer, the author of "Pelham," "The Caxtons," and "My Novel," belongs the high distinction of being the modern writers of fiction. There is always power in the creations of Bulwer, and he always delights, while he learned. Since the days of Scott were nobody. Since it, no author has written a work of fiction, which, for its rich wit, keen observation, and deep knowledge of character, a prize among his equals, the first of his craft.—*Baltimore Clipper.*

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, New York.

* HARPER & BROTHERS will send the above Work by Mail, postage paid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the Money.

NEW YORK CITY.

MRS. S. A. ALLEN,
No. 355 Broome Street, N.Y.

I very cheerfully add my testimony to that of numerous other friends in favor of "MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER and ZYLOBALSAMUM."

REV. C. A. BUCKBEE,
Prem. Am. Bible Union.

DURIFIES THE BLOOD.

"R. P. Williams's Compound Syrup of Sarsaparilla and Iodide of Potassium" is a popular remedy for Scrofula, Tetter, Rheumatism, Erysipelas, Ulcerous Affection of the Kidneys, Leucorrhœa, and like afflictions—Green Bloomfield, N. Y. I have now the remedy in operation, and getting it up in handsome style. Physicians will find it because they will use it.—*Rochester Democrat & American.*

WM. H. YOX.

EXPERIENCED AGENTS WANTED IN all parts of the country to obtain Subscribers for "LOSSING'S PICTORIAL FIELD-BOOK OF THE REVOLUTION." 1,000 Subscribers have already been obtained. This work will be published early in April. Agents for each of whom a special District will be given. Bare Inducements offered. Applicants should name the County they would prefer. For full particulars address GEO. W. ELLIOTT, care HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

SANDS' SARSAPARILLA—
Will speedily purify the blood, remove all unhealthy secretions, and simultaneously produce a healthy action of the stomach and bowels.
Prepared and sold by A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists, 100 Fulton Street, New York.

THE NEW BOOKS OF THE SEASON,
PUBLISHED BY
HARPER & BROTHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

DR. BARTH'S NORTH AND CENTRAL AFRICA. Travels and Discoveries in North and Central Africa, in the Years of the Expedition undertaken under the Auspices of H.B.M.'s Government, in the Years 1849–1855. By HENRY BARTH, Ph. D., D.C.L., Professor of Archæology, Philology, and Oriental Languages, &c., &c. With a Memoir and Portrait of the Author. Translated from the German. Muslin, $7 50; Half Calf, $10 50.

THE HISTORY OF PROSTITUTION; its Extent, Causes, and Effects throughout the World. Being an Official Report to the Board of Alms-House Governors of the City of New York. By WILLIAM W. SANGER, M. D., Resident Physician, Blackwell's Island, New York City; Member of the American Association for the Advancement of Science; Member of the Typographical Society, &c. &c. Medical Hospitality, Quarantine, New York, &c. &c. With Portrait. 8vo, Muslin, $2 50.

HISTORY OF FREDERICK THE SECOND, called Frederick the Great. By THOMAS CARLYLE, Author of "History of the French Revolution," "Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches," "Sartor Resartus," &c. &c. 12mo, Muslin, $1 25 each. Vols. I. and II., with Portraits and Maps, now ready.

THE LIFE OF JOHN CALVIN. By C. STORRS. Many Portraits. 12mo, Muslin, $1 25.

* HARPER & BROTHERS will send either of the above Works by Mail, postage free, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the Money.

NOW READY.
DICKENS'S
NEW
CHRISTMAS STORY
COMPLETE.
A HOUSE TO LET.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Sent by mail, free of postage, on receipt of the price.

☞ Every Number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE contains from 90 to 98 pages—and from one third to one half more reading—than any other in the country.

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.
FOR JANUARY.

The Publishers believe that the Seventeen Volumes of HARPER'S MAGAZINE now issued contain a larger amount of valuable and interesting matter than can be found in any other periodical of the day.

At no period since the commencement of the Magazine have its literary and artistic resources been more ample and varied; and the Publishers refer to the contents of the Periodical for the past as the best guarantee for its future claims upon the patronage of the American public.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year $3 00
Two Copies for One Year 5 00
Three or more Copies for One Year (each) . . . 2 00
And an Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of TEN SUBSCRIBERS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY and HARPER'S MAGAZINE, together, one year, $4 00.

The Postage upon "HARPER'S MAGAZINE" must be paid at the Office where it is received, Twenty-four Cents a year.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A FIRST-CLASS ILLUSTRATED PAPER.
THE BEST FAMILY CHILD'S PAPER.
FAMILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD.
FIVE CENTS A NUMBER; $2 00 A YEAR.

HARPER'S WEEKLY has now been in existence two years, and has attained a circulation of over 100,000 copies. It has been received with favor by the American people, and it is the belief of the Proprietors that, as the period draws near for renewing subscriptions, it is indeed too compass with it.

Every Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY contains all the News of the week, Domestic and Foreign. The correspondence is prompt, full, and reliable, and superior in any other weekly publication. Every noteworthy event is published with an illustration, and in this line of its eminence. And while no expense is spared to procure the best pictorial news of the week, it believes the reader every foreign picture which apparently possess any interest for him. The Literary department of HARPER'S WEEKLY is conducted with a view to the literary taste of the times in which we live, compiled and liberalized in the most perfect and comprehensive manner possible. It is believed that the Illustrated Biographies alone—of which about two hundred and fifty have been published in a year—are worth far more to the reader than the whole cost of the subscription.

The literary matter of HARPER'S WEEKLY is supplied by the best writers of the day, both in this country and Europe. Every Number contains an installment of a serial story of thrilling interest, and the Publishers have secured that will be issued from time to time, and, when completed, form short Stories, the best that can be purchased at home or abroad; the Tales of Life and Character, Sketches of Travel, and on topics of general interest; Comments on the Events of the Day, and Articles on the Fashions of the Day, Gossip, Anecdotes, and Amusing Gossip; enriching but generous Literary Entertainment, at once instructive and full and careful reports of the Money, Merchandise, and Produce Markets.

TERMS OF HARPER'S WEEKLY.

One Copy for One Year (52 Weeks) $2 00
One Copy for One Year 2 00
Two Copies for One Year 3 00
Five Copies for One Year 8 00
Twelve Copies for One Year 15 00
Twenty-five Copies for One Year 30 00
An Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of TWELVE *or* TWENTY-FIVE SUBSCRIBERS.

TERMS FOR ADVERTISING.—*Fifty Cents a Line.*

A Liberal Discount will be made to those wishing to Advertise for three Months or more.

* Persons living in the City of New York wishing HARPER'S WEEKLY left at their houses, will please send their names and residences, with the subscription money, to the Office of Publication.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
Franklin Square, New York.

SLUSH TIMES ON BROADWAY.

This indefatigable tourist from London wears the Balmoral, and doesn't mind the slush.

Opposite Stewarts, any fine afternoon from Two to Four o'clock.

This member of the Woman's Rights party believes that ladies may, on occasion, wear —— what they please.

Studies of perspective.

Too young—and too old to care.

A la Bonbon.

HOW THE GAMBLERS SPEND THE AFTERNOON IN SLUSH TIMES.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

CHAPPED HANDS, CHAPPED LIPS, &c.—Certain cure. HEGEMAN & CO.'S Camphor Ice with Glycerine. Cheap, safe, and agreeable. HEGEMAN & CO., Druggists, 105, 375, 611, and 730 Broadway.

EXHIBITION OF AMERICAN MANUFACTURED BRUSHES, at the Brush Warehouse, No. 529 Pearl Street, Harper's Buildings. Brushes of every description on hand, and for sale at the lowest prices. A Silver Medal was received from the American Institute, in 1858, for superior Brushes.
JOHN R. HOPPER.

The Best and Cheapest Article for the Hair.

COCOINE.

Prepared from highly purified COCOA-NUT OIL.

This preparation possesses extraordinary properties for preserving and beautifying the hair, and also restoring its natural luxuriant and glossy appearance.

One application, however lauds the hair may be, renders it soft and glossy.

It is admitted to be the best and cheapest Hair dressing in the world.

PHALON & SON,
Nos. 517, 477, and 197 Broadway, New York.
1 Font Beattie, 50 cents; half pints, 75 cents.
For sale by all druggists.

BALLOU'S FRENCH YOKE SHIRTS, of New Styles, made to order, and warranted to fit, at less than usual prices; also the finest stock of Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods in the city, including Gents' Dressing Gowns, Breakfast Jackets, Traveling Shawls and Shirts, Stripling Blankets, English Scarfs and Scarf Pins, Gloves, Hosiery, and a general variety of Furnishing Goods, at BALLOU BROTHERS, 499 Broadway.

NEW YORK PURCHASING AGENCY.
W. M. LAPSLEY, No. 75 Nassau Street.
Persons desirous of making purchases in New York of any articles, large or small, of use or luxury, from a Rock to a Steam Engine, a Shawl to a Carpet, can have their orders filled promptly, and goods sent as directed, at 5 per cent. commission charge. Refers to C. L. Dawson, Esq., Cashier Long Island Bank, Messrs. John Jaycott & Son, Hartlaub, Principio & Co., New York; J. D. Dameron & Co., New Orleans.

PREMATURE LOSS OF THE HAIR,
Which is so common now-a-days, may be entirely prevented by the use of Burnett's Cocoaine. It has been used in thousands of cases where the hair was coming out in handfuls, and has never failed to arrest its decay, and to promote a healthy and vigorous growth. It is, at the same time, unrivaled as a dressing for the hair. A single application will render it soft and glossy for several days.

BOUDOIR SEWING MACHINES,
The best Machines for Family Use.
PRICES REDUCED!
Any one with ordinary perception can work it at once! Call and see it at 524 Broadway.
STEPH. WM. SMITH.

$50.—SINGER'S FAMILY SEWING MACHINES.
PRICE ONLY FIFTY DOLLARS.
For good work and good looks this machine is unequaled.
I. M. SINGER & CO., 458 Broadway.

CHICKERING & SONS,
Manufacturers of
GRAND SQUARE AND UPRIGHT PIANOS,
Warerooms 694 Broadway.
C. & SONS have been awarded 25 prize medals for the superiority of their manufacture for the last 35 years.
Also, for sale,
MASON AND HAMLIN'S SUPERIOR MELODEONS AND HARMONIUMS,
For parlors, churches, vestries, and lodges.
At wholesale and retail.
Boston, Tremont St.; Philadelphia, 1307 Chestnut St.
PIANOS TO RENT.

ELLIOT & PATTEN—Examine Inventions and procure American and Foreign Patents. Patent Agency opposite main entrance of Patent Office Building, Washington City, D. C.

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES,
For all manufacturing purposes have a great reputation honestly earned. All the products of these machines are in active demand at extra prices.
I. M. SINGER & CO., 458 Broadway.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' OWN MAGAZINE—
Published only everywhere. Four cents monthly.
W. L. JONES, 182 Sixth Avenue.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. III.—No. 108.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1859. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

FEARFUL SUFFERINGS AT SEA.

ON 9th January the bark *Ann* arrived at Pawtuxet, Massachusetts, from Fayal on 16th December. She had on board a shipwrecked sailor, by name William Kennedy, who has had one of the narrowest escapes from drowning ever heard of. His story is that he sailed from New York for San Francisco in the *Margaret Tyson*, Captain Morris. He states that the ship capsized in a gale on a Saturday night—he does not know the date, latitude, or longitude—and lay on her beam ends until Sunday morning, when she was settling very fast. Captain Morris then called all the men aft, and told them to look out for themselves, as he should go down with the ship. She soon had every appearance of sinking.

The ship had six boats, three of which were stove by the drifting spars about the deck, two were stove alongside, and the sixth was launched in safety. Five of the crew jumped into her; but she was capsized soon after by a heavy sea. Four of the men got on her bottom, and the fifth (the man saved) caught a rope hanging from the ship, and hauled himself on board again. He then stripped off part of his clothes, and swam to the ship's house, which had become detached from the wreck. He found two of the crew on it, and was soon after joined by two more, who had been floating on portions of the wreck. At this time the ship had entirely disappeared. Two men soon died from exposure. The third man became delirious on the ninth day, and jumped overboard. The fourth died two days before Kennedy was picked up. He says that he caught seven small fish with his hands, and occasionally caught water when it rained. He accounts for his being seventeen days on the wreck from the fact that the last man who died told him that they had passed three Sundays on the wreck. He does not know what date the ship was lost. He is an Irishman, and not very intelligent. Letters from the Captain of the schooner *Orend* state that it was in longitude 40° that he picked up Kennedy.

We illustrate herewith the fearful peril of Kennedy and his companions on the ship's house.

A RAMBLING STORY.

BOTH AN OLD AND A COMMON STORY, TOLD IN A MOST UNCOMPREHENSIBLE MANNER, BY THOMAS BUNTEY, IN THE COACHMAKING LINE.

GENTLEMEN all and ladies all, God bless you and keep you merry, and if any tale of mine can make you more jolly, why Thomas Buntey is not the one to say "No," that being quite contrary to his usual behavior, which is remarkable for good manners and comely conduct. It is a story about himself which Thomas Buntey is about to tell. He'll vouch for the truth of it, and if any man from 8st.-4 up to 12st.-8 dares to deny it, T. B. will be glad to prove his word before the face of Europe. When put up, T. B. is a round lion, and active. This story is about T. B.'s wife, and how he came by her. A man that can lift a sack of potatoes as easy as a new-born rabbit is not the party to be trifled with. But it's holiday time, gentlemen and ladies all, and that softens the heart. I am willing to confess I was out late last night, and—well, I don't mind saying it—T. B. had a very liberal supper. But that is my business. May all your bills be paid, and never be brought up twice!

I'll go so far as to confess this—which, mind you, no force alive could have wrung from me, though it happened a year back, if I hadn't been so minded—that I was in some measure to blame. I certainly did go so far as to say that I expected the conduct of a gentleman to a gentleman from a gentleman, and Miss Mivers heard me say the words, and is willing to swear to them if need be. Well, he wouldn't take it. He went make his remarks. "This is not the time for such discussions," said I; "you'll speak when you're spoken to, and until then remain unobserving," said I, cutting him short, for I hate obtrusiveness. Besides, I never will hear him abuse that sweet girl, who earns the very bread he eats. The man had been civil enough till then, and very gentlemanly.

Well, we all threw. Mine was a winner, being the highest. So far so good; so they brought in the refreshments as ordered. But he wouldn't know his place. I gave him the best of advice, and said, "For your sister's sake, let by-gones be gone-bys."

I was up in a minute, and after him as fast as I could put one leg before the other. He was a pretty runner, and might have done better if he had made it his profession; but that man never would take advice. And what is he now? He only knows too well, and so does Mrs. Pewters, who, three days ago this time twelvemonths, offered to take five pounds and cry quits.

So they carried him home and put him to bed. He wasn't much hurt; and after I'd forced his head twice into the pail he partially recovered, and allowed his boots to be taken away. My only fear was that she should return, for I was anxious to be favorable in her opinion—as good a girl as ever put a bonnet on, and youth like a week every six days she worked.

Well, when she heard my story she agreed with me that he was in the wrong. I must tell you I had sent for the goose, and she remarked it was a very fine bird, and thanked me very heartily for the present. I staid there about an hour, and all the time he never moved. She accepted my invitation, and it was agreed that if the weather was propitious we should meet at four to the minute.

In these matters the least said the soonest mended; so I was willing to take his hand, and did so. "Your conduct," I told him, very straightforward, "was not such as one gentleman expects from another gentleman; but at this season of the year I'll bear no malice." Then he said what was due, and we went back to her.

You ought to be told, before you can perfectly understand this story, that the bogie and boat work was getting very slack, and that she was forced "to play" a good deal. He, too, being a victim to rheumatism and a late riser, was out of work. Now, we had been remarkably busy. When I told Mr. Merrideu—our second gentleman—I should be away for three days, he asked if my work was in, and then expressed himself agreeable. So they paid me two pound sixteen, and I was as free as air. This suited me.

When I went there that evening every thing was in a rumpus. Seeing how things were going on, a man had been put in, and Mrs. Pewters was drinking green tea in her own room, and prepared to stand by events.

I never liked her much, but when I offered her a pound down she softened. He was very bad up stairs, and I had rebutted a good deal, for I reasoned I owes it—much to blame, especially the pushing him down the milkman's steps. But my blood was up, and then I'm dreadfully vicious. So she asked, very complaisant, if I'd join her in a cup, and I paid the money.

When the man that was put in was taken out, she was most overcome by the act and he was all gratefulness. "You never could keep a place, nor never will," I told him outright—just my way. He never denied it, and his head being still inflamed wouldn't take a drop. She said she never had passed such a pleasant evening.

Well, I made it my express business to speak to Mr. Merridew about it, and he was taken on for wheel-painting, at which he is clever. Every thing went on very agreeable for three days, and was most promising. That night I congratulated him, and spoke highly of his demeanor and proceedings. I never heard such thanks as she expressed herself of, for at this time she brought her work home, so we were much together.

The moment he asked me to become security I gave a straightforward "No." "Begin at littles and end at greats," I said. "That's all very well, but how can I make sure?" I remarked. She was on my side, and after all I had done for him gave him a rebuke for not being more conscientious.

The appointment was made for that very midday, and true enough I saw Mr. Hearne, and signed the bill. He was most profuse with thanks, which it pained me to hear, but I told him I did it for her, and no remarks of his could conquer my esteem. Who would have thought that three weeks after this he would have missed an installment?

She took on dreadfully. True, the back rent was paid. But rent is always going on; and if you pay the backs, why the forwards are advancing, and you should continually be prepared; at

SHIPWRECKED SAILORS OF THE "MARGARET TYSON" ON THE SHIP'S HOUSE.

lent I did it so, and I can only one in ten thousand.

She agreed, crying all the time, to every thing I said. There were no hopes of him. It wasn't one glass nor three glasses, but a shopful of them. He were out the lungs by his spinning and snuffing, and as Miss Mivers remarked, he didn't pay for the very chalk that was used for him. I was kind and attentive, and affectionate there. But "Let it out," was the observation I heard the company with. Then he took an oath and was abusive.

Time went on. One night he behaved more cruel to her than ever, and she would n't give him the chilling, he broke the chain, which cost half-a-crown in his father's time, and as I warn't there, he went and pawned her work and sent her the duplicate. The shopman stared when I asked for it, for I was a lady of elegant clothes. She said three shillings would keep her until she drew her earnings, and I arranged, once more, matters all comfortable and happy.

When Mrs. Fanters heard he had 'listed, what did she do but sweep the very bed from under her. The shop in Fox Alley which bought 'em, stuck it on in the middle of, and would have none of 'em. The little black profile of her mother, which, when new, was only worth a shilling, was sold for two shillings per, a profit so very high I was quite fluxes. After I had paid for the broken glass she took the pictured lamp, and she also took the look of hair at the back, and I saw the fresh pounds in it. A very decent woman.

The first flurry—although very nice people, and well to do—got tired of letting her sleep on their sofa for such a long time. I was sorry for it, but I usual, I asked her to let me know how her business stood, and speak fair and free, and so see what could be done.

She only heard from him twice since he was shipped for India. He wrote very strong and hearty, and gradually improving. He wrote to know what sort of money she would require for a full, but I stopped that.

By the time Mr. Hextra said "Thank you" to the last installment of the last agent of my money more than thirty pounds. She never knew this, her eye is in black. I had the pleasure to see her gone off dreadful bad, and she took to flowers and bonnets at 4s. the dozen. I knew she had very little things, she said cook and a half, and that's but whenever I was by I never heard her grumble, but she'd give me a cup of tea, and always smoked would sing, "Mother, is the battle over?" and "Willie, we have missed you," as sweet as birds.

Ever since I had sent her my bed and furniture as a present I had been forced to go very near comfortable. I missed the chairs, too, and the kettle especially. My clothes were kept in an empty tea-chest, the mirrors I sacrificed to the spars. You see, her room, being entirely empty, was quite dreadful for dust. At last I got so disengaged at work, as I was, from six to six, furniture is only an extravagance. Besides, I am owning I was sick her. The moment you fall sick you might as well be in the blackest hole in Calcutta as in the handsomest room you can take in Pall Mall Lane. That's my philosophy; and it's as good as most of them that I've listened to.

Many weeks went on. I was three, and very glad to see her so comfortable. The moment she began her chaunt I was off, and I never let on that I knowing this—for she's remarkable quick in perceiving things—she never knew a thing grateful. I was surprised to find how well my furniture became her room, and how shed made the brass to shine and the copper to glimmer. The artificial flowers round the looking-glass were particularly handsome. I said how the portrait favored me the day I was when she peeped into it; but I never said any thing in that strain after that, for she was averse to compliments, and because very often she used to heard them, and ran the needle into herself a good deal if I said any thing pretty. So I left off that conversation as commonplace as I could to accommodate her state of mind, and every thing proceeded glossy all.

The man who let the rope slip said it was none his own clerk fault, but left the house on a Saturday and in less than five minutes was tying on my back, as insensible as a sheep's carcass. There were four of them carried out from the hospital, one died, and 3 shatter. Then two of me wanted to cut my arm off, and two wanted to shave my head, and I was put in on me now, and, except in wet weather, very handy.

So that spring, when the doctor had examined me, he says, "Bed 32, you'll soon be able to go about your business again." Then I had Port wine. After that they gave me meat. Then they said, "Next Friday," and I was agreeable.

It was very hard for me lying on my mattress, continually on one side, to prevent my bad shoulder being hurt. And so I got to think about my future to look at. When she first came to see me at my private lodgings (she came every day afterward, this was the first) I was in bed, and when she stared about her in amazement, for the place was no luxe and no fire, she thought I'd got a bad letter to do than that. She ventured to remark that if she had known it she would never have engaged the three trochilla that were sent to her place. I was very weak, and it pained me to see her cry. I told her to come to-day week, for there was no lion there—only lambs as gentle as herself.

The man that brought the furniture back said he was paid, and was ordered to leave it; even so, and if necessary on force. So I paid him the best, and sent him away very agreeable.

When she had arranged the room as it used once to be, she took to crying again. I refused to pardon her for returning them as cruel. I wouldn't allow her to call herself hard-hearted, or to permit her to be indulged so far as to style herself selfish. But I, with my quiet ways, was not. I said, said that as I couldn't bear of her room being torn when notice was crowded, and as she was of the same mind, why shouldn't one room do for the two of us?

Mrs. Golding (belonging to Golding the whitesmith) was kind enough to call us very sensible people, and promised to act like a mother to her, and to give her away whenever next might be. That fine woman said: "Call me up at midnight, and I'm ready." We had six cups each, and then retired to rest.

Mr. Merridew, who is a gentleman, and behaves as such to me as a gentleman, gave us a wedding present, and I'm there now, painting coats of arms for people dreadfully of late, the money most remarkable.

She said, with much feeling, "It's name shall be Lucy, for that was his name, and his father's name before him." So I let it be, and there he is James to this day, very fat and comfortable.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1859.

CITY AND COUNTY RESPONSIBILITIES.

THE County of Alleghany, Pennsylvania, is reported to be taking proceedings to contest the validity of the demand by the bankers of that State, condemning it to fulfill its written agreement. Simultaneously, we learn that the City of Keokuk, in Southern Iowa, has announces, by the organ of its Mayor, that its citizens are about to repudiate. Other towns and counties in the West are considering the advisability to follow this example; bills are already draughted for adoption by the State Legislatures of Illinois, and Southern cities the privilege of cleaning their creditors.

The persons and corporate bodies who thus propose to evade the consequences of their own acts, and to defraud those who have reposed faith in their integrity, should carefully examine of the principles of credit and of the ways of the world.

Various estimates have been made of the pecuniary injury inflicted on the United States by the repudiation of Mississippi, Arkansas, Florida and Illinois, and by the partial default of Pennsylvania and Texas in relation to their debts. Some authorities have stated that the loss of these States alone, and the entrance of large several hundred millions of dollars by discrediting its bonds abroad and shedding a blight upon the whole American security. However this may be, it is certain that the stocks of the repudiating States have never risen to any great extent, and that every citizen of Mississippi, nor Arkansas, nor Florida, nor Illinois have been able to borrow the money they have needed for internal improvements except at that to this day Pennsylvania and Texas stocks are open to suspicions which are never breathed against the securities of Virginia, Massachusetts, or New York. No misfortune ever befell the people of these States so lamentable as the enduring ill to their character and their portentous policy in reference to their State bonds.

It seems to be a question now whether counties and cities shall follow the bad example or not. If the County of Alleghany should succeed in evading the payment of its bonds, Pittsburgh and if the City of Keokuk should succeed in bullying its creditors into accepting a compromise of 40 or 50 per cent., the effect upon the prospects—the credit of cities and counties throughout the country will be gravely impaired. Capitalists will hesitate before they invest money even in the habit of lending their money to cities, as well as counties, throughout the North and West, on the faith of the municipal and county cans for integrity. Very few purchasers of a city bond take the trouble to inquire into the property subject to taxation for the interest thereon. They rely chiefly on their conviction that American citizens—whether poor or rich—will pay their debts. They rely on the sense of honor, that by ingenious quibbles of law many cities and counties might evade their debts if they were so inclined. In view of the evidence by the belief that, whatever the law may do, American citizens will act like honest men.

It now remains for the City of Keokuk to believe it well founded or no. The Pennsylvania Courts have theirs for given to encouragement to the repudiation of Alleghany. Meanwhile, nothing has yet transpired of the opinions of the Iowa Judiciary upon the City of Keokuk's proposal of Keokuk. It may be safely and that if either the one or the other are sustained by the Courts in the cases they are pursuing, we have seen the last of county and city loans.

The principle with regard to corporate indebtedness differs in no respect from that which governs individual debts. If a man can pay his debts, he is bound to do so to the uttermost cent of his property. If a city or county incurs debt, the property within the same is similarly bound. It is no excuse to say that the business of the county is depressed, or that the State considers a debt of five per cent. on the taxable property as much as any city or county should bear. When the debt has been incurred voluntarily, it is to be presumed that the debtor has benefited by it; and he is bound to pay it, whatever be his circumstances, and even though the debt be ninety-five per cent. of the taxable property. Any other principle would be fatal to the moral and material progress of the human race.

THE USURY LAWS.

Fresh efforts will be made this winter to induce the Legislature to repeal the absurd and pernicious usury laws. The trade of money, of course, must be regulated by the law of supply and demand; if the farmers suddenly and simultaneously require to borrow, it is sure to become rate of interest will rise; if, on the contrary, they follow the usual course of things, and borrow only as they require money for their improvements, the chances are that the rate would fall below the present legal figure, because there is always a large decrease of money in the hands of large cities seeking investment on real estate.

The injury inflicted on the farmers by the usury laws is this. When money is dear at the financial centres—as it always must be in prosperous times—they can borrow no at all; for no speculator will lend at 7 per cent. when he can readily obtain 9 and 10 per cent. This inconvenience would have been severely felt by many thousands of the farmers of this State in the year 1856. Whereas, if the usury laws were repealed, they would always obtain money, though at a price—that money was plentiful; at a dear rate, when money was scarce; but, so long as their security was adequate, they would always succeed in obtaining a loan at some rate or other.

These arguments may not carry conviction to the minds of the members from the agricultural districts. In other countries the farmers have insisted on being exempted from the effects of the fluctuations in the value of money. Even in this, for instance, loans on real estate are exempted from the operation of the Lows securing the bride in property; and the reason assigned is that, at the present time, when bankers, merchants, and brokers are borrowing as much as they want at six per cent., farmers cannot get it under ten per cent. per annum. If the rural districts like this plan, it would not be objected to by the bankers. Let the law be enacted, therefore, that in the case of loans on real estate, 7 per cent. shall be the legal rate of interest; but in all other cases, that money, like other commodities, shall be worth the price it will command, and no more. Such a plan would be quite satisfactory to this city. We should save a great deal of fraud and perjury; it would enable many men to lend their money more safely than they do now; it would relieve many from the fear that whenever they now pay to indemnify the lender against the chances of a plea of usury. If it ruins the rural districts, by all means let it become a law.

IS CHARLES DICKENS COMING TO THIS COUNTRY?

We presume that it is not generally understood that a gentleman has lately left this country for Europe, with the intention of inducing Mr. Charles Dickens to come here and read his writings to American audiences. Such is the fact; and as the matter has been which have been brought to bear, and the inducements which are likely to be held out to Mr. Dickens, it is safe to infer that the invitation will run a fair chance of being accepted. It is quite possible that Mr. Dickens may be among us within the next twelve months. Certain it is that he may read his works in all the large cities of the North before the hot weather sets in. It is a favorite question with the public, and, doubtedly, the general impression in the United States—derived in a great degree from Mr. Dickens's own last public letter—has been rather more favorable to the liberal side than to the pro-monarchical side of the question. The letter would add a wafe ago. People are already forgetting that there have been any dissensions in the Dickens household. Quarrels between husband and wife are not so rare here that people remember them for any length of time.

As to the other obstacle in the way of Mr. Dickens's reception here, viz., his ungracious reputal of the civilities shown him here on his former visit, it must be borne in mind that the persons who were most annoyed at Martin Chuzzlewit now belong to a past age. Many of them are tenants of a better world; others, still living, have ceased to take an active share in sublunary concerns. The rolling generation of this day were in pinafores and bibs when the Dickens ball was given. They know Dickens, not by Martin Chuzzlewit or Nicholas Nickleby, but by Bleak House, David Copperfield, and Little Dorrit. They know him not only as the most exuberantly sympathetic satirist of the age, but as a gallant champion of democracy in Great Britain, and as a man who has done yeoman service in the cause of social, political, legal, and industrial reform. His works are familiar to a larger section of the American people than any other writings of the present day. Dickens, then, in respect of popularity, not only far above the most popular of his contemporaries, but above Shakspeare and Byron.

If, therefore, it be allowable to reason from analogy on such a subject, we should say that, desire to see Dickens than could be gathered to listen to lectures by any other living man.

So far as the leaders of intellectual society are concerned, they are, one and all, prepared to extend to Charles Dickens a cordial and hearty welcome. Whatever faults he may have been, there is no question but he has been in his day and of his race the boldest and best friend of humanity, the truest champion of truth, and the honestest partisan of honesty. None have exposed the rottenness of old routine, or the fallacy of hereditary privilege as thoroughly and eloquently as he; none have used great powers of fascination to so useful advantage. The world is deeply grateful to Charles Dickens has unquestionably made the best use of his great gifts; nor can this age do itself justice without according to the illustrious man that is his due. The obligation devolves on us as well as upon the English; and if he comes here we will discharge it.

HOW NOT TO TEACH BOYS.

A MAN was, dying down East, his ancestors were in controversy by leaving the bulk of his fortune to Yale College, and cutting off his wife and children with nominal legacies. Some journals make short work of him, and call him a curmudgeon; others, owning to a private regard for the deceased, plead as a benefactor of learning and an honor to his species.

The question at issue lies in a very narrow compass. Could he do as he pleased as to the what he will with his own. Children possess no rights whatever upon the estate of their parents; while the latter have a natural craving from the pure bounty of their father or mother. *A fortiori*, if a man thinks (with good reason, as we deem) that the Yale College of his day is substantially more beneficial to a young man than a legacy of $100,000 or $250,000, he has a right to endow it. Nor can the moral principle of the disposition he chose to make of his property: nor has any stranger any good ground for gratuitously complaining in their behalf or as the widow's.

But when we come to examine the bequest of ever so many thousand dollars from the College, it becomes necessary, in order to judge of the propriety of that choice of the deceased's will, to inquire what New Yale College makes the money—whether it is really an institution demanding and deserving public support—and whether another College, or Law School, endowed and improving its grounds will really yield good fruit.

As to the first point, a distinction must be drawn. No compliment has been made of the high honors of Yale—and of it. It has never been made apparent that Yale, like the English universities, is a place from whence poor men's sons are successfully carried to fame. On the contrary, the prevailing impression is that the fees charged at Yale are so moderate that the great classes can afford to have their sons there educated there if they are so inclined. If this be so, then evidently Yale needs no fresh aid. Still, no man ever admits that he has more than he wants; nor, indeed, if he be rightly minded, can he ever be oppressed by an overplus of money. There are thousands of persons by which money can be laid out by individuals, and by colleges also. If Yale creates a certain number of first scholarships on the principle of the last windfall, it will divide the first query we have put in its own favor.

The second and third are less easily disposed of. The question whether Yale and the other old-fashioned colleges of the United States are really entitled to the munificent bequests by aids of some contrivers. There are many conflicting answers to this country who believe that there are monstrous humbugs; pale copies of fossil universities in England, without the learning and the classic elegances which give a gloss to the serene absurdities of Oxford and Cambridge, without the goodfriendly influences of these institutions, without the best pretension to educate young men for the real work of life, without any use in the economy of life, in short, except as nurseries for pedants who earn an easy living in their academic shades. No doubt these opinions are excessive; no doubt

the professors at Yale and Harvard mean well by their pupils, and have and there, no doubt, a young man under their tuition lays the seeds of future acquirements which will do honor to himself and credit to his country. But it must be confessed that the general experience of students does not tend to strengthen the public prejudice in favor of the educational system pursued at these institutions. It has been said of them with too much truth that, in the language of the old liturgy, they do those things which they ought not to do, and they leave undone the things which they ought to do. They teach our boys Greek which is of no account with the money-getters, and Latin, the differential calculus, and moral philosophy, which however useful to one pupil out of a hundred is worse than useless to the other ninety-nine. But they do not teach, as they should, the modern languages; they take little pains to make pupils aware of the fundamental facts of the great sciences, chemistry, botany, physics, mechanics, medicine, law; many of them may be said to ignore the practical concerns of life for the chair of grammar, prosody, and elocution. None of them—in a country where two out of every three men are traders—undertake to explain the great principles of commerce, as evolved from geography, history, economy, and vital statistics. In a word, many a graduate of an American first-class university finds, when he leaves college, that of all the great fund of knowledge he has spent so much time and labor to acquire not a jot is of any practical use to him in the life struggle, while of the knowledge he really needs he possesses not an inkling.

On this ground, then, some exception may be taken to our plans with regard to old-fashioned academic institutions. If it be true that these universities teach what is valueless and do not teach what is useful, they were better abolished, and any bequest which may tend to strengthen them is ill bestowed. Otherwise, on other grounds, cavil at the will in question seems unwarranted.

BUTTER AND EGGS.

[FROM OUR COUNTRY CONTRIBUTOR.]

WE country people are a good deal beholden to your clever men of the town for much of our wisdom's entertainment. For instance, lecturers.

And having listened to them overmuch lately, will you allow me to put down a hint or two, which (if they smoke) they may put in their pipes (otherwise in their pannels) for immediate use.

And first: they shouldn't crowd us too much with facts. Facts are good, but if not set off with some plaisterment of fancy (like a fact with olives or chipped onions) they don't digest well. There must be intervals of light and shade.

Again: wit mustn't be drawn too fine. A great many of the very best things I hear get no other, simply because they happen to be mixed with medicine of a table-talk among good fellows, and keen ones, and not in the somewhat thick and grave-suggested air of "public hall." For instance, the loudest laugh which I have heard in all the winter, and the most unaffected applause of the man in a certain lecturer's enumeration of the contents of a little American citizen's lunch of luncheon—pickles, and doughnuts, and what not!

The lecture was a good one, but surely its goodness did not lie there. Here was delicious fun, but no wit. Is drollery, then, better than wit? in certain places, yes.

Again: your lecturers must have, for our common-sense people, some clean, clear point to drive at. I have been entirely amused not a few times with prodigious whiffs and spurts of eloquence; but have come away, like old Izaak's land of luncheon—pickles, and doughnuts, and what not!

The lecture was a good one, but surely its goodness did not lie there. Here was drollery, but no wit. Is drollery, then, better than wit? in certain places, yes.

Again: your lecturers must have, for our common-sense people, some clean, clear point to drive at. I have been entirely amused not a few times with prodigious whiffs and spurts of eloquence; but have come away, like old Izaak's land of luncheon—pickles, and doughnuts, and what not!

Now, though we listen to such, and give it a stamp or two, we don't applaud it when we get outside. If the lecturers want to keep their hold, they must aim at the "business of the age." I don't tickle vanity so much, but it lasts.

Again: don't let a lecturer be disheartened if in one course after the next, he sees a child idling going out from the back benches. This is our town style, we go in going through the course, and not in article about you and your lecture for to-morrow's paper.

You can buy it in the morning for two cents—probably will. It is much in a city's worth.

He will probably say that you remind one of Thackeray, though one of his strongest men or of Emerson (if you are not he), though none of his depth; or of Beecher (if you are not that Agonistes), though none of his wit or exuberance.

Don't be frigety at this. If you say any thing worth hearing or answering, you will have given a little pedestal of your own, though, as the flatteries of French book-seller said to the woman with a head, "we must make it green."

Don't try and impose upon us by saying extraordinary things; we get them in the newspapers; besides which, don't we get, now and then, a hearing of the spirit-rappings, and don't we read such poems as Bryant's?

Again: don't let your political heats boil up in the spitter of lectures—we get enough of that in our town daily. Of course we cultivated people have more or less of the Black practicities—more or less (God willing) of the humanities. But when you tell us that all who don't think precisely as you think are dastards, and weak-kneed, and bungle-headed, and dough-faced, and drivelers, why (notice if we hear that periodically in the *Weekly Sewer*, edited by an all-fired smart fellow), we know better.

We know that Squire Rattop, for instance, our neighbor, who has pretty daughters, doesn't think as you think, or as the *Scourer* thinks; but yet he is an honest, kindly, God-fearing man—not altogether up to our measure in intelligence, perhaps—not entertaining all our progressive views about manifest destiny and a social millennium—possibly believing, in his old-fashioned way, that if a man commits murder he should hang for it—possibly taking snuff and meeting over his head and ears that we are going to cheer you?

No, no. We want you to be but a slow man—we do. But is he not our neighbor?

Sha'n't we have our kindness—butter and eggs—if he wants?

THE LOUNGER.

SEPOY MEWS.

THE Lounger is in Rahad, January 15, 1859.

MR. LOUNGER,—I had the honor of addressing you on the 13th inst. from Bareilly, shortly after the destruction of the Quarantine buildings, stating what I thought might be urged in palliation of the fearful measures of the night of the 1st of September.

For the rest of the year, as you know, we remained under martial law. Several hundreds of our fellow-citizens of New York, in coats and trowsers of various fashions, with various long muskets upon their shoulders, marched about, up and down, in the open space surrounding the Quarantine ground—slept in tents—mounted guard against the enemy—chewed the noxious weed, and in due time left their homes for the front, after which their deserted families and languishing business-men were relieved of the pressure of the times existing in different colors—and were in general of great service in keeping the Sepoy children quiet and in training for their future duties as citizens of Rahad.

This is what is called martial law: and the uniformly peaceful character of the people of Rahad during the autumn is, gubernatorially viewed, a state of insurrection.

There is now another movement in the game, to which I call your attention, and, through you, the attention of many of our fellow-citizens in all parts of the country who are inclined to think that we are a turbulent and foolish set of fellows.

The late and present Governors of the State have declared that Sitten Island is not a fit site for the Quarantine. The legislature of Rahad decided for its immediate removal. The Commissioners appointed under the act have reported in favor of erecting a safe quarantine establishment in the Lower Bay, while the Governor himself has indirectly declared against Sitten Island. The final action, of course, rests with the Legislature.

The new movement to which I allude has been already described in the Sewer Journal, with its wonted careful consideration. I can state it more plainly perhaps, and allow me to say that I consider it *vivâ voce* to denigrate the party opposed to any removal of the Quarantine.

The cry, which the Sewer has thus: South-Street, having proved by experience that it can prevent the establishment of a Board of Health, and consequently in favor of the Governor's intimation of a fresh treaty for that spot: and so seems to yield to the general wish for the legal protection for the removal of the pest.

The object of the Legislature empowers the Governor to treat for Sandy Hook, or to appoint a new Commission to provide for the removal of the Quarantine. It is there and there to suggest that the interests which has hitherto thwarted the interests of the Metropolis and the adjacent wishes of the people will cease to thwart it?

But the Legislature having authorized a Commission to provide for the removal, that Sitten Commission having reported a feasible plan justly objectionable as one, there is no question that the report plan should be adopted, and the necessary means provided to give it effect. All good citizens, all who love a city, all who love the city and the interest of trade, which is annually alarmed by the pestilence, will, I am confident, cheerfully accept the offered solution of the difficulty.

Surely the people of the State of New York are not willing that the Sewer, with the pecuniary interest of a few rich men, scores of their honest, hard-working citizens shall continue to fall by the death without due course of law. That is the simple question. Shall it be a question for a month longer? We have not forgotten those that this recited in the Declaration of Independence?

If our fellow-citizens think that the Quarantine question is only one of disagreeability or pecuniary interest to the people of Staten Island, they are greatly in mistake. It is one that shall remain perfectly quiet until South-Street thinks fit to consider its interests touched by the removal. But if they will only remember that to the neighborhood it is a question of life and death, they may understand why the citizens of Rahad, South-Street, and our indignation that a mortal pest should be made permanent in the midst of our homes.

With you say so to them, Mr. Lounger, in the name of the Sepoy,

Truly yours, RICHMOND CLAM.

SOBLESSE OBLIGE.

THE English Duke of Beaufort was lately playing "Lord Dundreary" in the theatre in England—a game, the point of which is to knock a pipe out of the mouth of a figure by throwing sticks at it—and the brother of a gentleman who was in the suicide having hit his Grace's shoulder, and the gentleman, for some reason (probably from not knowing that the Graceful shoulder had been hit), not having asked the Duke's pardon, that person instantly treats the equestrian gentleman in the light of his "Aunt Sally," and as a lawyer in the case expresses it, "brings his bludgeon" with will he tumbles off his nobble. Then the Ducal honor was appeased. But the gentleman brought the Duke into court, and the Duke used the gentleman for some kind of—as the London gentleman was cast in a farthing and the Duke in a hundred pounds. Thereupon the London *Times* remarks:

"The Duke of Beaufort's name should never have been dragged before the public in a contemptible racecourse squabble about 'Aunt Sally.' *Noblesse oblige?*"

Undoubtedly it does, and whom does it *oblige* and at whose peril? The logic of the *Times* is that it obliges whom upon the vulgar in regard to the behavior of the *Noblesse*. But the modern reading of that phrase is, that nobility obliges noble conduct, or at least courteous decency, and not a tremendous publicity. That a foolish young Englishman should get drunk, or frequent the society of race-horses and jockeys, or indulge himself in thimble-rig or "Aunt Sally," is a matter of no moment except to the young gentleman and his parents. But that a Duke of Beaufort should do these things is a matter of importance, because his name is not his own but belongs to his country. No more compelled the young man to good behavior. That is the way in which *noblesse oblige*; and the penalty is not a bushing up of the fact, but a wide publicity of it, to the end that the world may know that true nobility does not reside in names and families but in character.

If the Duke of Beaufort behaves foolishly in a contemptible race-course squabble about "Aunt Sally," his name *should* be dragged before the public as widely as possible, that other young gentlemen born to titles may understand in what way *noblesse oblige*.

BURNS'S SISTER AND SCOTT'S GREAT-GRANDSON.

WE are reminded that we have been bound by living links to famous men and times, by learning that the daughter of Dr. Johnson's friend, Mr. Thrale, lately died in Wales, and that, just as the world is sitting down to the love-feast in memory of the hundredth birthday of Robert Burns, the youngest sister, Mrs. Begg, dies—lately almost incessantly with the aged sister of Burns, the grandson and heir of great Walter Scott. Walter Scott, bearing the same name, died at the age of only a year and a half. One little girl alone now remains to represent the family name of the Author of Waverley.

It is remarkable that, while the reputation of the canny Scotch makes them shrewd, thrifty, and earnest, but not especially genial, the two most personally famous Scotchmen in literature are Burns and Scott, both Scotchmen. Shakespeare is the only Englishman of equal fame, and he was. We can hardly grasp the individual Shakespeare; but the strong human personality of Burns and Scott compels every reader to say, Here lies a hearty, kindly, sympathetic elder brothers.

EVENING PREACHING.

FOR the first time since its erection, Trinity Church was opened on the evening of the Feast of the Epiphany, and brilliantly illuminated and densely crowded for an appropriate religious service. The Rev. Dr. Dyer officiated, and a choir of Music is opened and crowded for the same purpose, and the National Theatre in Chatham Street.

These services are simultaneous with those in London, where St. Paul's Cathedral has been opened for evening service. And the object in both cases is the same. It is to gather the people who can not buy pews in costly churches—the bulk, the blind, and the failing, whom the giver of the feast sent his servants into the highways and byways to bring in, that his house might be filled.

But they don't come—and, of course, the preachers and the preaching may be earnest and humble, but there is a want of personal sympathy which must precede the solemn preaching of the Word, and no power can fetter and fix the attention that they will feel it is a genuine love-feast at which they are invited to seat themselves. The great many of the people for whom these services are ideally intended find that society does not care for them. They are ignored, neglected, disregarded, and dying. What is the probability that they will join the bright crowd that throngs to the Opera-house—or even that they will have social or code have for the asking, a regular seat in some regular church?

No: John Wesley's way was the simple, natural way, and its success shows its wisdom. If you would preach the gospel—not substances as well as in spirit—you must go to them, and not expect them to come to you. The Rev. Henry Methodist preaching in the fields that for the multitude as they have not been fed since the days of the New Testament story. Methodism would not have grown if it had been planted in St. Paul's or Westminster Abbey. We must go and find the widows and fatherless, showing them that we practically believe what we preach—and then the widows and fatherless will come to hear the Word, having already seen it made life.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—B. F. H., Baltimore, is respectfully declined.

—ELEANOR J., New Orleans, describes a great many of the modern poets when she says, speaking of an author who was the great poet: "But he seems to have a mania for killing folks. Reading his books is like going to visit a graveyard, except once in a while I stroll and study in the house; when conversation is very charming, but constantly interrupted at intervals by an invitation to go and look at the corpse."

Eleanor J. sends a poem, too long, but not without beauty. It begins

"I have two wives—one, angel; and one, woman
Each mother of an angel—happy me!
I have four daughters, two of whom are human,
And two of angels whom we left to see:
All! one, though poor in every worldly sense
Rich in the heart's best treasure, still will be
Whose will compare the stores we take not hence
To my source in the sky?"

—SEROV, in reply to our "very excellent and ingenious correspondent, Mr. C. P. Coupin of Louisiana," begs to say that the difference in the number of palings in the two fences described by him (*Weekly, January 8*), and under the conditions set forth in his so called "problem," will be, now whatever

—The extremely problematical whether "Mr. Coupin" has ever heard of that most troublesome question to young arithmeticians, "If a barrel and a half costs a penny and a half, what will twelve herrings cost?"

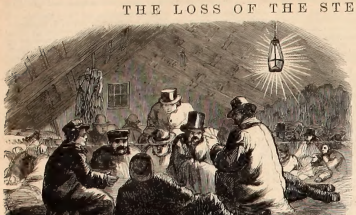
—Mr. A. New York, in answering the problem of Mr. Coupin, suggests that the same principle is involved in the question how much whisky shall can be mixed on a *hilly* acre of land than on an acre *perfectly level*, supposing both to be of the same quality of soil, and the same kind of seed to be planted in each.

The Lounger owes it to his correspondent in Louisiana to state that he has the start of his ingenious answerers, for the same note that contained the problem stated the solution. His therefore, possible that he may be able to answer both the herring puzzle and the agricultural problem.

—INDIAN thinks the Lounger wrong in his statement of the pronunciation of the name of Pic-colomini. He declares that

"Every Italian is pronounced will, if asked how the word in question is pronounced, give the very common and natural answer, Pee-ah-no-ah-no-ah-no

THE LOSS OF THE STEAMER "C. VANDERBILT."



THE PASSENGERS IN THE RELIEF HOUSE.

THE JOURNEY ACROSS THE ISLAND.

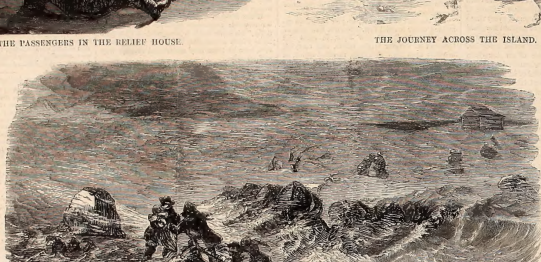
We herewith engrave four illustrations of the wreck of the *C. Vanderbilt* steamer, which, on her passage from New York to Stonington, on Monday, 3d of January, ran ashore on Fisher's Island, and is expected to prove a total loss. One of the passengers gave the following account of the disaster to the *Herald*:

"We left New York shortly after four o'clock P.M. on Monday last, with what might be called a fair prospect for good weather. A few hours subsequent, however, showed indications of a change, commencing with rain and a strong wind from the northeast. The wind increasing, and a snow-storm setting in, prevented our making any light beyond Saybrook. Steam was then at intervals shut off, and the lead hove, and our progress materially lessened, till our position was supposed to be nearly up with Bartlett's Reef Lights; but although our whistle was repeatedly blown, no response came from the Reef Light bell. Soundings being continued, showed that, from thirty fathoms, we were now in less than ten fathoms water. The anchor was then let go; but such was the force of the gale that it soon parted, and we shortly after brought up on the western extremity of Fisher's Island, within three hundred yards of Race Point, a much dreaded spot to Sound navigators in stormy weather. A hawser was at once sent ashore and made fast to a rock. Had we struck on the Point, not a doubt exists that the immediate loss of both boat and passengers would have ensued.

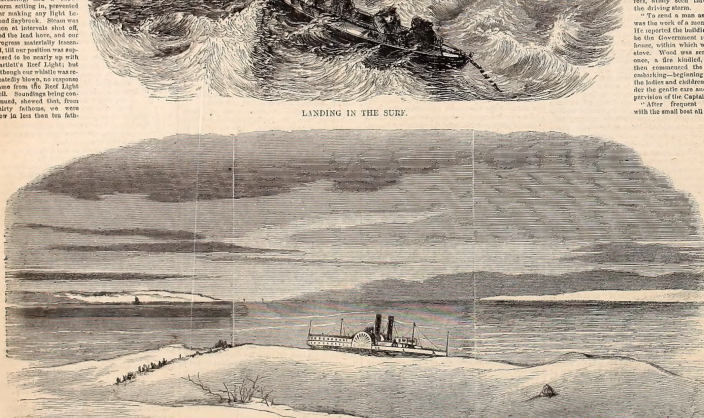
"The only apprehensions now felt was for her holding together, and each counted the minutes of the three hours' interval to daylight with intense anxiety. It came at last, and with it the cheering appearance of a house at the point of the reef, dimly seen through the driving storm.

"To send a man ashore was the work of a moment. He reported the building to be the Government relief house, within which was a stove. Wood was sent at once, a fire kindled, and then commenced the disembarking—beginning with the ladies and children, under the gentle care and supervision of the Captain.

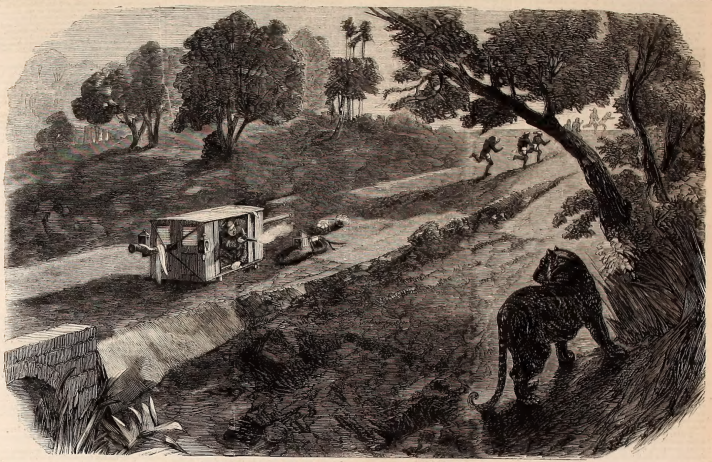
"After frequent trips with the small boat all were



LANDING IN THE SURF.



THE "C. VANDERBILT" ASHORE ON FISHER'S ISLAND.



APPEARANCE OF A TIGER, AND FLIGHT OF THE BEARERS.

placed ashore, no one sustaining as much as a scratch. This done, provisions, water, cooking utensils, mattresses, and blankets were liberally sent, and all made as comfortable as the crude nature of our accommodations would admit of.

"How were domiciled our seventy-one passengers, together with about twenty of the waiters and attendants of the boat, in a room 14 by 20 feet (with a cock-loft of corresponding size, only accessible by an upright ladder with one broken spoke), for one night and nearly two days.

"Night came, with its dreaded pall of dreariness and darkness. Lamps lighted, and arrangements for sleeping being concluded, hymns were sung, in which all joined with perfect unanimity, and never was 'Old Hundred' sung with more heartfelt earnestness than on that rock-bound beach, upon the night of January 4.

"A touching and beautiful prayer was offered up by Mr. Vincent Colyer, of New York, which was most gratefully appreciated by his fellow-passengers, and then the long night dragged its slow length along, the monotony being only broken by occasional admonitions concerning our fire, which had already once communicated to the roof.

"Day dawned at last, bringing picturesque emotions to all—for the storm king had abated his wrath.

"As we lassed from our shanty a casual observer would have set us down for a filibustering party, if not a band of brigands. Each man had round his shoulders a blanket, secured at the neck with bone made shepherd's pins, formed out of sticks; and thus apparelled, with the name of "*C. Vanderbilt*" encircling the back of each man, our appearance was ludicrous in the extreme.

"Our good Captain, however, had already started overland to West Harbor to charter a schooner for our conveyance to Stonington. This done, preparations were commenced for leaving. Two ox teams, with wagons, were sent by Captain Freese for the ladies and children, into which they were placed.

"Many gentlemen had already struck out for the schooner, the rest following with the ox teams. Arriving at the Mecca of all our hopes, we found our schooner aground at ebb tide. This unlooked-for calamity was balanced by finding two fishing smacks, into which we embarked, and ventured away for Stonington."

It is pleasant to know that no lives were lost, and that no one imputes the least blame to the captain or pilots of the ill-fated steamer.

PERILS OF TRAVEL IN INDIA.

MR. BESWELL, one of the artists of the London *Illustrated News*, has had some hair-breadth escapes in his recent tour through India. We give his account of them, together with the pictures illustrating the scene:

"I send you a sketch of an adventure which I met with while traveling by dawk. Before, however, I proceed to

THE TRAVELER BESET BY WOLVES, HYENAS, AND JACKALS.

describe it, I will, with a view to render my narrative more intelligible to the English reader, make a few remarks upon dark-crowding when the horse-dark is not used; as the police gherry, or wheeled palanquin drawn by sentees a palanquin, or "palkee," as the word is here abbreviated: then see who carry it are called bearers, or palkee-wallas. A regular bearer-party consists of four to be near along the palkee with its occupant, the pose being about five miles an hour.

"As large parties of natives are kept constantly employed in repairing the main road, the line of which is called the Grand Trunk throughout the country, it is called the Grand Trunk Road. At some points, where the road is narrow, as on the dense jungles and hills, the trees have been thinned and cleared for a distance of a hundred yards on either side. In order to give travellers a chance of escape when attacked by tigers, the words in the neighborhood being infested with these animals. The tigers, however, being by the ravages committed by tigers in this portion of the Deccan road, were particularly among the herds and flocks of the jungle farmers; it had, however, never been my lot to meet with one of these deadly beasts, except on the occasion referred to, the circumstances connected with which I will now proceed to give to the reader.

"Arriving at the Topeekhole Dawk Bungalow about the evening of a certain day, I ordered my bearers, upon being the only refreshments, with a few exceptions, which I knew by former experience to be unfitted for food. The tea was supplied by myself, it being exceedingly fine flavored and of the best description, as I get them. This frugal repast being over, I lit my cigar and took my place in my palkee, and gave the word to start. The sun had not yet gone down on a recent fire a little distance from the bungalow, and I knew that I should reach the next dawk-bungalow before dark. At that station a fresh bearer would have been installed in the room of the old. This addition to the party I did not like, as the harsh being required to show the road, and also to be more sure of my safety from wild animals. I was also disposed to intrude their presence upon the passengers. I had no frequently passed over the road of the road without molestation that my thoughts were more occupied in memories of distant old England, than with the present, than in the dangers of the way, or the wild character of the country through which I was passing; and, having finished my smoke, I drew my light mat around me, as the evenings were chilly, and composed myself up as comfortably as circumstances allowed for a sleep. I always have a pistol in my possession, which I performed as well by night as by day, and I not unfrequently happens that several hours elapse between the time of this reflection that led my mind into a sort of dreamy pleasing speculation on the scenes and friends I had left in England, and how I should deal matters there some two years hence; except when these agreeable reflections were the monsieurs 'Ugh, ugh!' like, but of the hoarser, and like nothing effort of the animal. I was instantly roused to my dozing and then lively dressing, when suddenly, with electrical effect, I felt myself and palkee-party thrown violently to the ground. Then followed the most unearthly yells, and, among the din of these, I was able to clearly distinguish the words 'Marlo, sahib! marlo!' The meaning of these words I well knew to be 'Kill him, sahib! kill him!' was the full meaning. Aware of my great danger, I laid back one of the doors and looked out. I instantly beheld a large tiger, with his back to me, whose wounds preceded, and discovered that my bearers were in full flight toward the bungalow, and that the tiger was round with the utmost terror depicted in their countenances, while others were behind, urging on the tiger, and say where hat before them. I now hurried my head, with a feeling that came upon me, as well as on observation, and call to occasion all this bubbub and excitement. I was discovered. Almost at the moment that I was a small stone bright, spanning one of the innumerable little streams which intersect the road, and a large bramboad had sprung up several and partly in the arch: and from this perch of height, with much noise and with an animosity that was emerging. I felt at first undecided as to the particular course to take in this my present peculiar. Impulsively, however, I seized two large dooling pistols, which were my constant companions on my journey, and which I kept in two holster pipes, fixed conveniently in the front part of my palkee, and ready to hand for instant service. I had also a double-barreled fowling-piece lying under the cushion of the mattress, and this I remembered was also loaded; then hurriedly resolved I may be said that I had not much to fear had the tiger made an attack. But as it was, I apprehended that he had fallen suddenly would decide upon a different course. Slowly he ascended the bramboad, and, on reaching the position, his eye fixed intently upon me as I looked through the partly-opened door of the palkee, with my pistols and my fingers on the triggers. To my unspeakable relief he kept his course along the road, and, in a few minutes—with measured, even step—lowed a cover of bushes and trees on the left, and shook a long adieu to me.

"I gradually increased the distance between us I felt my breathing become easy, and the feeling of safety and heart more regular. I was now getting impatient for the arrival of my bearers, and myself at the bungalow, one of the pistols toward him, when, however, talking much me, my objections to his going on ceased, and I kept the noise would effect. Not so: he turned his head a little toward me, and, as I thought, with a look of fear, slowly moved away in the calm evening's end, as he slightly increased his pace, I began to think he was afraid. I began to regard of my safe to safety. Suddenly, however, I had not left well out of sight. The tigress from the grand their shouts of 'Marlo, sahib! marlo!'

"By this time I had well disappeared in the jungle, palkee returned to, and, to my great joy, I heard the bearers drawing nearer. I quickly put my eye and head leveled to the spot where I last saw the cause of the excited feelings of anguish to which I had been so recently and subjected.

"I considered it wise, under all the circumstances, to defer any controversy or practical arguments on the subject of the bearers' desertion in answering to my cries of danger; but intimated that, if they valued their lives, they would make all haste to the next station, about two miles ahead. They accordingly raised the palkee with a will, and with nervous but rapid steps marched a part of the road more open and free from low jungle."

His second adventure was in a journey by dawk from Calcutta to Benares, while suffering from a severe illness. He says:

"In a state of perfect helplessness from the debilitating effect of the fever, I arrived at the Dawk Bungalow, at Doomrie, about eleven o'clock P. M., where I hoped to get a warm cup of tea, which I had for the last two hours of my journey been longing for.

"After knocking at the door of the kitchen—a detached building some twenty yards in rear of the bungalow—for a considerable length of time, the sirdar, or head bearer, returned to the front and told me that he could not make no noise, and that it was his opinion that the two stationary servants had broken themselves for the night to the village, about a quarter of a mile distant.

"I told him to go and rouse them from their beds, and to take two of the bearers with him, leaving the rest with me, and that I would give them a rupee each when they returned. This they did, but with evident reluctance, and I became still more ill at ease, as strong, renegade-like odor, and the sniffing noises increased until I seemed surrounded by wild animals.

"I no longer to realize my position. Fastening the sliding doors, which were without bolts, and closing the windows in front, and discovered, to my great consternation, that the bearers, in addition to their other evidences of wealth, was beset by a pack of hyenas, wolves, and jackals. The fact was, I had no weapon of any kind, not stick in my hand, I might have cast the whole pack of cowardly brutes to the right about with a few well-directed pistol shots. The bearers, however, had left the setting portion required my utmost efforts, and to stand without contemptible cowardice. Besides, I had a fellow visitor seemed to be aware of, for their familiarities became more pressing. I had now finished my cup of tea, and now and then a concussion against the panels from the outside, accompanied by a scratching noise, convinced me that the rest showed that they were really in earnest. The night, notwithstanding the cold, was very dark and gloomy, the jackals amidst the howling of the jackals disappointed of their prey. An occasional knock with my feet against the door, to intimidate my four-footed visitors, the pack is renewed attempts to get at me; and I was beginning to feel that I was in a fix. Suddenly, however, recollected, a faint glimmer in the distance told me that near the bungalow. Upon this I opened the shutter of the monsoolies, who, with the whole party of bearers, presently came hurrying to the door. Upon threatening, by orders, been to enjoy a smoke in the village. As the light approached the animals retreated to a respectful distance. A brief, loud sort of long conclusion, during which I had not taken; and, though dismal enough, appealed to my ears as the most delightful music I had ever heard, which gave utterance to it. The next morning I reached it a civil station, where I obtained medical assistance and rest, which I badly needed, and in due course came on to Benares."

LITERARY

SYLVAN HOLT'S DAUGHTER is the title of Miss Meadow's (Helene Lee) new novel, published by Carter & Brothers. Like the former productions of her former stories, this one may be said to approach the works of Miss Bronté in many of its characteristics. It is written in the same style of the lady's creations. We say almost, with deference to the memory of the gifted author, that we prefer this to Jane Eyre for the female characters which the pen of the author has produced; but to speak frankly of the merits of the two books, we must say that we look has impressed us, we have not seen in the story of Jane Eyre the same high and consistent, well-studied and completed character than this of Margaret Holt. The story is a love story, the love of Percy Holt for his cousin Margaret, and the peculiarities of Margaret's disposition, growing out of her having been thrown by an accident by a misanthropic father, so that she has become rather Sylvan Holt's daughter than her own self.

She is loved by a young gentleman of her childhood, but she loves a man of the world when she meets him and who is not worthy of her love and her, after all, that is the question on which the story hangs. The incidents of the story are those of a quiet, domestic life, with nothing remarkable in anything forced, but much that will afford material for thought to the reader. We shall not say more about the material. Can a man love a wife when he is once loved another woman, who still lives, a man who is the husband of another woman, and yet his wife's bosom friend? With respect to the author we will say that we have nothing to object to, but he does love his wife, we don't believe that Colonel Fielding did care a straw for her in comparison with Margaret. Fielding was a villain, but he every one read the story—which is fascinating in its way—and see what they think of Fielding—and judge for herself. We say for herself, for we especially commend the book to ladies for their perusal.

WHAT WILL BE DO WITH IT? Why, of course, Percy; one will be done with it, and that is, publish. Whether he has read it in the *Weekly* or not. For it would be saying that is the greatest of novels, since we are of opinion that Mr. Lamar's has been written the greatest novel ever written, we may, nevertheless, say that it is the best novel of the early one novel in all the history of fiction. Harper & Brothers publish it in their Library of Select Novels, and also in covers. Readers of the *Weekly* will not expect from us an analysis of a story that has appeared in full in the columns of the *Weekly*.

PHILLIPS, SAMPSON, & Co., of Boston, publish OUR GRANDMA: a little book for little folks, from Mrs. Stowe's pen. Our Charlie seems to be a little folks of the same class as Mrs. Stowe's well-known series of stories that are now printed for other Charlies.

THOMAS & FIELDS have published Lectures and Addresses, on literary and social topics, by the late Rev. Frederick W. Robertson. We have before directed our readers' attention to the sermons of this eloquent and lamented clergyman. The volume before us shows him in another light, and not less favorably. Bold, frank, and practical, his mind seems to have had a grasp on general subjects no less than on those which he was trained to his theological labors. Whether talking about Parnel, Dickens, Wordsworth—however diverse are his themes—he was the same free-spoken, clear-thinking, and hearty man. No wonder they loved him so at Brighton, and so lamented him!

A. L. O. E. are initials that have become familiar to young persons on the title-pages of a large number of capital stories published by Carter & Brothers; and we have now two more of the series, forming Carter's Juvenile Library, EDDY ELLERSLIE and THE MINE. One of these we have read, and we find it a very readable story: and the other we take on trust, knowing that the initials are not likely to deceive our expectations.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE

POLITICAL

CONGRESS.

On Monday, 16th, in the Senate, after the presentation of petitions in favor of the Old Soldiers' Pension and the Homestead bills, the introduction of a bill abolishing the franking privilege, and a proposition to devote Friday and Saturday of each week to the consideration of private claims, the French Spoliation Bill was taken up. Mr. Bell addressed the Senate in favor of passage the bill, to which he was strongly opposed. The question was then put and the bill passed by a vote of 26 to 25. The bill for the relief of the widow and heirs of Major Heintzelman, officer for operations connected by the French grave by the 31st of July. The bill also passed, appropriating for the support of the Military Academy at West Point was then taken up. Messrs. Bigler, Bright, and Pugh, the only members and clerks of the House, brings mileage, Messrs. Bigler, Bright, Sugerman, Stuart, Pugh, Presidents, and ex-Vice-Presidents ex-Senators was then taken up. Mr

to be placed over the grave of a little child he had recently buried. Forthwith this worthy exemplar of Christianity spoke the Sheriff and instructed him to bury him in the street. That officer very properly remonstrated with such an barbarous and unchristian, but without avail. He was threatened with prosecution unless he performed this unpleasant duty, and the stone was accordingly carried and in the dead of night. There was no one mean enough to lift upon it but the coroner, and it was brought down to him on a wheelbarrow, and placed on the child, with the names of the parents, and their deceased offspring—for the poor man had buried two children, in an attitude of supplication. Above the stone was placed in the form of a cross. Above looked upon the stone and literally thanking that he who had done so base a thing against his fellow creature had no repose in this world or the next.

PERSONAL.

At the President's "Reception," on Tuesday evening, Dr. Blake presented the visitors to Miss Lane, who was stationed at the further end of the room. Among the number of Postmaster-General B'ayne's family was Miss Wickliffe, who was introduced to Miss Lane. A difficulty between Messrs. Wickliffe and Blayne, in relation to the latter's office, has been amicably adjusted. Mr. English expects to spend a few days in Washington next week among the many friends aforesaid as unwarranted by the circumstances.

The Rev. Theodore Parker has been granted leave of absence for a year, that he may recruit his health by removing ill-health compels him to seek a warmer climate, and he will visit the West Indies and Europe. His place is to be supplied, and his salary continued. He was attacked on Sunday by a severe hemorrhage.

We read in the *Register*, that Professor Agassiz was to have given one course of Medical and Zoological Lectures to the students of Harvard University, but that he has changed his mind, and will give two courses instead. The second course was announced on Friday evening. The Scapegoat was composed of the same materials as the Professor's speaking, ever composed in the city. There were gentlemen of wealth and influence, and men of letters, and Hard, Soft, mixed, young, old, neither young nor old, crude, cooked, antique, and modern. Even the editors of the Regular, People's, and Tammany Committees were represented with all the variety of their opinions. The Republicans between the shedding from Seward on, perhaps to the Constitutional Union men, and the Democrats, and forums to old-time comforts. The Scapegoat was to be sacrificed to the public weal, which hardly could be in these days full-natured enough to be satisfied with the sacrificial meeting, were like sagacity' rolls, few and far between. The Scapegoat was to be sacrificed to the public weal, and there was no danger to either. The State Senate and Assembly, Congress and the Senate, the Tombs and the Banks, all hob-nobbed together in the most harmonious manner. Mayor Wood was present, Governor Clark, Governor King, and distinguished Republicans and Americans, including Judge Daly, who seemed to be pitched out of the window as a vile insect, if not exactly check by jowl, and the Rev. Dr. Cheever, in the sanctuary, they were as kind and loving as kittens in the same basket.

A communication in the Boston *Courier* says that a gentleman of Boston has made an offer to the Corporation of Harvard University of $50,000 in gold, the income of which is to be used for the preservation and increase of Agassiz's collections in Natural History. The donor is here any part expended on a building or in salaries; and also reserves to himself the right to withdraw it, if at that provision is to order that the rest of the plan, which is absolutely essential, shall be carried out. The offer is renewed, say its carrier, from by others, perhaps by the donor.

General John A. Quitman, who died recently at his residence in Adams County, Mississippi, aged sixty-four years, was a native of Rockingham County, New York, and was by his own energy of manners, quiet demeanor, and gentlemanly deportment, was in front of Congress.

The Inspectors of State Prisons have appointed the Hon. Thomas Kirkpatrick, of Onondaga, to the office of Agent and Warden of the Auburn Prison in place of Colonel Benjamin Wright, resigned.

The contested will-case of Augustus Thorndike, of Boston, was begun in the Probate Court on Tuesday of last week. The contestants are represented by Rufus Choate and Benjamin R. Curtis. The ground set up is the monomania of the testator.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

SAFETY ON THE "MERSEY."

The new steamer *Mersey*, which sailed from Bremen for New York on the 4th of December, put into Queenstown, with her paddle-wheels disabled. Four of the buckets of the starboard wheel were broken. The engine-room was flooded, and after vigorous exertions on the part of those on board, the vessel was got up and the vessel succeeded in reaching Queenstown.

QUEEN VICTORIA AT OSBORNE.

Queen Victoria resides. In lieu of steps across the ice, each state is provided with a patent-leather boot. The Queen has a pair of these boots, and the Prince Consort the dog-cart, and the Princess Royal the sledge and ice. The state iron terminates in front in the appropriate and graceful form of a dog's head, and the rest is easily chosen. The cup that forms the receptacle for the boots is water-proof, and is made of the skin of a seal, or, if you please, of a walrus, and inside. The same design is embroidered in white silk on the back of the carriage, in which it forms a pleasing contrast. The size generally corresponds with that of the boots. Harness and whips mounted on them, 'tis said she looks exquisitely.

THE MANAGER OF THE "ADELPHI."

About five years ago, Mr. Mowbray Morris, manager of the London *Times*, engaged in the delicate employ of helping Mrs. Thomas William Capon to get rid of her husband, on the ground of incompatibility of temper. During relation between Mr. Morris and the ill-used lady is not known; moreover it is of no importance to the public. They were the necessary consequence of the refusals, but undoubtedly was the fact that Mrs. Capon was free from them an inference to the injury of either of the parties. Mr. Capon was a man of considerable literary attainments, and was the author of several dramatic pieces. Capon was in the course of time informed of their danger. He first had to wait upon Mr. Morris, but he was not walking with the new deceased Mrs. Morris. Mr. Capon brought his action against Mr. Morris for alienation of his wife's affections. Mr. Morris, and laid his case before the Court. Capon's case was lost, and Mr. Morris was to collect before the Court that there had been no collusion between Mr. Morris and the lady, and that the Court, upon his professional honor, that there had been none. So Mr. Capon's action was dismissed, Mr. Morris imprisoned three weeks, and put under bonds to keep the peace.

FRANCE.

THE EMPEROR GOING TO MEDDLE WITH CENTRAL AMERICA.

The London *Globe* Paris correspondent gives this version:

I am able to state very confidently that the Court of the Tuileries, within the last two or three days, caused it to be officially intimated that it would feel itself compelled to consider the seizure of the steamer *Cleopatra* by the Honduranian police indicated in President Buchanan's Message, as *not only* upon the honor of the flag, but upon the utmost extent.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

M. DE MONTALEMBERT PARDONED AGAIN.

M. de Montalembert's case has gone before the Court of Appeal, and the three of the pleadings the judges received to deliberate. They remained in deliberation full two hours and a half, and then returned, headed by the president, M. Perret de Chezelles, delivered the judgment of the court, which reduced to three months, instead of six, the term of imprisonment to which the Count Falloux-court; maintained the three thousand francs fine but up the withdrawal of one of the counts in the indictment, completely fined M. de Montalembert from the effects of the law. The Count de Montalembert, under which, even after completing his punishment, he was liable to be sent to prison for a year, and fined in a sum to afterward the Emperor, in reserving his first decision, had the right to pardon the offender, and to remit the whole sentence. Such was the case with the Count de Montalembert. His Majesty also grants a pardon to M. Dupoty, editor of the *Droit*, and others.

MORPHY'S GAME WITH ANDERSSEN.

The Paris correspondent of the *Times* writes: "The great Chess encounter between Morphy and Andersen has drawn closed on Tuesday in favor of the American. The Prussian champion has lost the game by 7 to 5. The most contrary and good feeling reigned during the whole encounter, and the Parisian amateurs have given a most cordial welcome to the victor, which was shared by one of the other before commencing the game. It was played at the Café de la Regence, the historical rendezvous of which the English music on, and which centre a game was played by Philidor, Labourdonnais, and the Deschapelles not and agreed verbally that the winner of the first seven games should be declared victor. The first day should commence playing every day at twelve o'clock, and continue till six, with an hour's break (to serve all the preliminaries) and, as the result shows, it was found that the players were not at all too much disposed to this dose of Mathematics of Position, carry-ing on the game with the greatest spirit and vivacity. Mr. Morphy may now sit down and shut down at leisure, for he has won the victory fairly and honorably. The source of energy to him that he has not been able to silence the attacks of his opponent, but he has met all his onslaughts and re-enforcements; but the world will agree with us that Mr. Morphy has won the day by the combinations he is to be considered as Staunton's superior as long as he has not played a game with him. Mr. Staunton, when they Mr. Staunton, and give him a pawn and a move, but Mr. Morphy has not yet been asked to do so, and probably would accept such an offer. Mr. Morphy, however, is about to leave Paris for Spain, and it is not likely that he will offer, and he says it is doubtful that he is sure he can find time to play a match with Staunton.

HOW HABIO WAS MADE TO SING.

A Paris letter says: "The success of the opera of 'Pipe-dots' has been performed several times this week at the Théâtre Lyrique, and Habio, the tenor singing the Marie: but by to Sunday evening but a tenor of the name of Habio was announced. Habio, however, finding his respite diminishing, ordered Marie to be sent to him, and the latter, who is a very good-natured fellow, went to see his brother artist in his dressing-room. Habio immediately caused the obstinate tenor to be carried off to a neighboring café, and there, in spite of Marie, his hair neatly parted in the middle, declared, with more or less success, that he would sing. Habio, in the meantime, had sent to the Théâtre Lyrique to say that he would not sing. Marie's would-be successor, raised be comical, all the same, and, in spite of Habio's protestations, would kill the bewitching Marie; in short, the contract was signed, and Habio was obliged to sing, or be committed in a Christian land. This was very effectually done, and the tenor, who had been in the habit of this court being to exception, Habio was ordered to sing. He did so, and sang so well that he was re-engaged for the Théâtre Lyrique, and the opera of 'Pipe-dots' was saved. The injured Marie cried his tears, dragged his hat over his face, for there was a crowd in the room, and immediately set forth on the left side of his head the aforesaid bravery of Habio, and, in a moment, and resolved to sing. He sounded sang; he'd be ——— himself if he would!—that he would sing in spite of all the managers in the world. Leaving the classic Italian expression which was really employed, the manager, who had been Habio's friend, called the executioner Calcade. 'We shall see!' So a great deal was said, and in the end it was settled that Habio should throw a cloak on Sunday above on, as Marie's hotel, and Calcade should immediately engage him. Habio, however, was not to be found, and Calcade was furious. 'No! said he, and he said it so savagely, too, that the gentleman-like Habio was terrified somewhat, and did not venture to come back for full thirty minutes. He then announced his presence, and Calcade, who had been waiting to repeat the same question. Second refusal, second threat, and Habio was terrified somewhat, and, in the post four, dots, dots. Then at two, then at half past two, dots. Habio was in a state of consternation. He tortured time to the—pocket, he capitulated, and the engagement was signed. Habio was to sing, and Calcade fabulous dispatch. Before the rising of the curtain on Monday evening Habio was in a fever—but the part had been learned, and he sang it well. Habio was re-engaged for an instant that any thing had occurred to disturb his equanimity."

MARIO'S SALARY.

"This trial has let the public into the truth of one matter which has long been a subject of curiosity, but of which exists. The most absurd stories have been told, and the most absurd figures given. Mario, it is said, gets 1,000 francs a night, which is 40,000 francs a month, or 480,000 francs a year. One hundred and sixty-eight thousand pounds sterling! Why, between the Emperor of Russia and La Fontaine, four of France's most glorious sources, there is not that sum to be found. Mario is not the discoverer of steam. Four times as much as this counting-house of Rothschild's, and Rothschild's immense fortune was one, who governed France after the Revolution of July.

COOKERY TAUGHT IN BOARDING-SCHOOLS.

It is the fashion in France, as it is becoming in our not near fashion, in French Empire in the kitchen; and it is the fashion in France, as it is becoming in our benefactor of the human race—the life preserver; it not the life preserver, it is a good idea, a woman must be a good cook, a good artist, a good chemist. She must understand the nature of things, and the nature of the human head, and a little before her time. She must be a good cook, a good artist, a good chemist, and a good physiologist. Some boarding schools are young ladies, where they are taught to cook, and some schools are cooks, where before they are permitted to become wives. Pity we have not such schools in England. Many a husband, who is now when 'Miss' wishes to become 'Mrs' she first to examine the kitchen, and to ascertain if she can 'fry chicken,' 'mince,' 'mutton-chops,' 'roast beef,' or 'tinker' a bit. Many a husband, who is now a bachelor, and long-suffering has her work 'to do,' and it is pleasant to see the young ladies in their cooking dresses, with the cooked, setting them on the table, and then eating them. Many a husband, who is now a bachelor, but checks all reward and thanks, and is the best of all rewards, a good dinner, will be able to bet wait, but displaying, for all that, a handsome countenance and a good temper, and a good heart. In France, which may be that of a Baronne, or of some high-born lady, the whole family is taught to cook. Boarding schools is not taught, but it is only because there is little or nothing of good education in them. Cooking is not here being the order of the day, but the Misses are made to sew and knit in the old-fashioned way, and to sing every thing about them in order."

SHOP SKIRTS AND GIGOT SLEEVES.

"In society crinoline is disgraceful, and the corpses is greater than ever. The 'bustle,' however, is gone, and the hips are left natural, say, displayed, by having the skirt attached to the waist in very broad plaits. Sometimes, indeed, the skirts are gored at the waist, but the spreading effect is the same. Gigot sleeves are the ornament expansion which hides the waist, and hips of the dress. Of course, it is impossible to dress with any possible degree of taste unless the figure be in proper proportion. Those who are scattered more of beauty, buttons, flesh-bows, rocket of lace and ribbon, flagon, etc., etc., to that woman, below the waist, looks like an inverted pyramid, with various colored bow and ribbon's epiglottis all over her! The English gross, I see, in making desperate war upon this crinoline, as two or three bales of cook have been burned up to it; and the French have caught up the cry, and cried to it, because of a French lady of distinction that burned up at Paris—but the English—for Fashion just now has been taking on to the past, and now, more than ever, the confederation of the two countries is cemented. Gigot sleeves (that is the leg of mutton sleeves) have been introduced from England, and the French have taken to them with avidity. They are tight at the wrist, above the upper part of the arm, but not, mind, like the skirt at the hips, tight and large; and the sleeve is full, and loose, to cuffs to-go, the cuffs, or one thing else that is to say, the cuffs are similar to the sleeves, composed invariably of yards of lace puffing, as that woman, below the waist, can neither lift an arm nor stretch out a fist without danger of being loosed up. The gigot sleeves are worn with the 'bodice' of the dress of 'petting woman out' when on fire, and I have no idea that the Parisian ladies will long continue to wear the bodice (the petticoat) dresses, with exceedingly long, and voluminous trains. They are very inconvenient."

BEVERIDGE'S NEW OPERA, AND HOW HE RIDES IT.

"Dinorah' is the name of a new comic opera, by the illustrious Beveridge recently in production at the Opera Comique. The Parisians, who are incorrigible laughers at every thing, have nicknamed him 'the Lion among the weak points of the great composer.

The first night of the Opera Comique there is, they say, no less chest of formidable discussion. This is the first opera which has been produced since the death of these keys is carried by Meyerbeer; the other by Halévy. Beveridge has, therefore, to ride his opera between these men of 'discussion,' and has, in fact, made various sudden shift from Grace. Light quirks, aimed to the public, which, in spite of all its levity, can be as grave and a sight before the clock, with return to it upon any sign of a yawn. Then, when the public yawned, he was assailed to be. At most the company of the theatre was assembled—and the orchestra—and he gave them such particular pointing—himself before the rehearsal, and the public after the first night—that they were all delighted. After this necessary thing remains in the garment, and the public, which is the best of all critics, is pleased, and secretaries and the public, which is the best of all critics, is pleased, and secretaries and the public, which is the best of all critics, is pleased, and secretaries

THE PADRE OF MAZATLAN.

THE SEXTON OF MAZATLAN.

INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL ON THE TEHUANTEPEC ROUTE.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

[*Second Article.*]

SUMA, *November*, 1858.

FROM Tutahuicapa we made but one day's journey to Trinidad, eight leagues distant, where we arrived before night. We drove up to the Casa del Communidad as usual, and were welcomed by a dozen drunken natives and fifty dogs; the dozen drunken men were soon after joined by about twenty more, all in a beastly state of intoxication. Upon investigation I found that every man in the village was in the same state. Their excuse for getting drunk was that they had lost a fellow-townsman, and it was customary on such occasions to get up a "big drunk," as a testimonial of respect to their departed fellow citizens.

Our road now lay through groves of plantains, bananas, oranges, and sweet lemons—a fruit that I had never seen before, but which I found to be very palatable; they are perfect lemons, and very sweet. I procured some of the seed, which I intend to send to the States for the satisfaction of the curious. It had been decided, after a fruitless effort to follow the engineers' path, to turn into the mountains. By striking well to the south we would cross the head waters of all the large rivers in our path.

It appears that but few white men ever traveled the road indicated; it had never been surveyed nor explored, and consequently was an uncertainty. It was decided on, however, and B—— and Lenares proceeded to make a fresh bargain with the guide; but he had disappeared, carrying with him the two dollars we had given him on the performance of his office. We were sorely vexed, but there was no help for it. We engaged a fresh guide, and prepared to depart under his pilotage.

The word was given to mount, when B——, who had his foot in the stirrup, cried out to José to "take care of his mule;" while he, darting down the street, disappeared in a house near the Communidad. Judging from B——'s actions that something urgent was on hand, I followed at the top of my speed, and arrived in time to see B—— "shaking up" our identical renegade of a guide, who had pocketed his fee and then refused to comply with his agreement. The old villain was very profuse with his excuses, and answered that he had made a bargain to guide us to Algodonal; but we had changed the route, and were going to another place, therefore he concluded that we did not want his services any more, and had consequently retired to his house to enjoy his otium cum dignitate.

IMAGE IN THE CHURCH AT SAN JUAN GUICHICOVI.

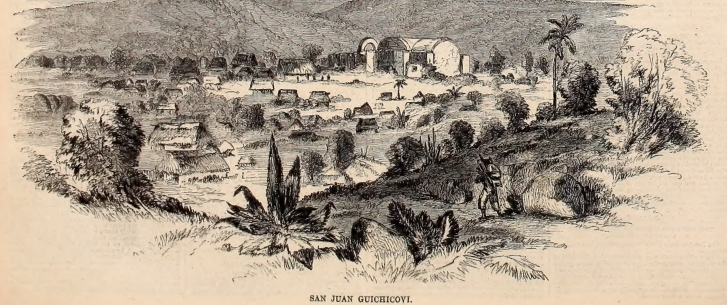
B—— was not to be cajoled; he demanded his *dos pesos*; the guide shook his head and prepared to argue the matter. B—— seized him, and, giving him a preemptory shake, declared that unless the money was refunded immediately he would shake his head off; and B——'s preemptory shake (which was terrific) had the desired effect. The guide's brother, who was present, turned down the blankets on the tambourine bed, and discovered our two identical dollars of small change that had been paid him the morning previous. B—— dropped the Indian, seized the money, and made his exit triumphantly from the house, declaring that he "never would allow these scambrels to cheat him any more—that if there was no law to be found that would bring them to justice, he would make a law that would answer all purposes."

The guide's family followed us to the door, filling the air with their expostulations and excuses, while the guide expressed his perfect willingness to show us to any town on the Isthmus; but having proved him to be a dishonest scoundrel, we dispensed with his services.

We hired a fresh guide and began our ascent of the mountains. At the bottom of the hill—the extreme limit of the "corporation"—stand three ancient-looking crosses, surmounting a large stone altar. These crosses are very common in this country, and are used as a sort of altar on which to deposit different articles of produce in the light of a sacrifice; for the natives, notwithstanding the introduction of Catholicism, are idolatrous to a degree.

The practice of polygamy is not tolerated here; but incest is of common occurrence. I have met several instances of the marriage of a brother and sister, and have seen one case of a father living with his own daughter. These things may sound strange to you, but they are not at all uncommon here.

From our camp ground on the top of the mountain we had a very wet and disagreeable time of it; it rained nearly without cessation for two days, in fact, until we arrived at the village of Ocotsocoro, by far the most interesting spot that I saw upon the journey. It is situated in a slope, on the summit of a tremendous mountain, up the sides of which we had been journeying for over two days. Three quarters of the year the place is enveloped with fog, and in the rainy season the cold is very intense. It contains some nine hundred inhabitants, every one of whom is troubled with some pulmonary complaint. Coughing and expectoration is quite the rage here, and no wonder! The natives here wear the same dress that they do in the valley—the thin white cotton shirt and pantaloons.



SAN JUAN GUICHICOVI.

RELIGIOUS DANCE AT OCOTSOCONO.

We found a fire very acceptable. From the door of the Casa del Comunnidad you can look across the valley, which lies 3000 feet below you, to a corresponding mountain on the other side. The scenery is wild and grand to a degree beyond description. The vegetation partakes a little of the tropics. Plantains, bananas, and oranges grow here in spite of the cold.

The natives are all mountaineers, and carry a staff to help them up and down the tortuous paths of the mountains. A "Feast" was in operation when we arrived here (I believe that every day set aside as a holiday, or for religious observance, is called a "Feast-day." In the Mexican calendar there is one for every day in the year), and on Sunday I witnessed two very singular dances, morning and evening. In the morning eight men collected in front of the church, and executed a dance, which, from the singularity of the dress and dancers, completely took me by surprise; and it was enough to surprise any body, I think. The dancers were white shirts, Mexican pantaloons, bells around their ankles, castanets on their hands; while their faces were enveloped in hideous masks, carved of wood, and representing birds and beasts. They danced to the musical thumping of a drum and the loud blasts of a trumpet, which, from its size and shape, was identical with the instruments which were blown when Jericho's walls went down. I have endeavored to give you a representation of the principal figure in the dance. It was highly amusing, and furnished me with food for meditation all day.

In the afternoon, hearing the sound of the drum, I hastened to the church in the hopes of seeing the same sight, when, lo! the scene was changed. The dancers were, I presume, the same, but the dress was entirely changed. Now, they wore crowns of tinsel, surmounted by tall white feathers; bags of wool upon their heads, which looked like the wigs worn by the English judiciary; red jackets, trimmed with tufts of ribbons; and blue velvet pantaloons, trimmed with lace. (Where did they get these things?) In one hand they carried a red handkerchief; and in the other a symbol, representing products of some kind—sugar-cane, corn, cotton, etc. One, who appeared to be the leader, carried a large red flag (silk), while the one that danced opposite to him had a carved hobby-horse's head and body, such as is used by the clown in a circus on many occasions. He carried a knife and platter, and every few moments he would make a cut through the air with the knife, and then wipe it on the platter. It was altogether a singular affair, and looked very *Mardigrassk*. B—— and myself tried our best to find out the meaning of it, but could not succeed. All that we did discover was that the dance was a part of the religious festival.

We had some very dangerous places to go over; one, particularly, I will mention, which will give you some idea of the rest. Our path lay directly over the top of a very high mountain, one side of which was nearly perpendicular, and, of course, the trail must run on that side. I had not been obliged to dismount as yet, but when I got a glimpse of this place I was off in a twinkling, and so were the rest of the party. We were perfectly satisfied to lead our mules over this ground.

THE PADRE'S NIECE.

Our path was about a foot in width, and was cut in the side of the mountain. Down one side of the path you could look a sheer thousand feet without meeting any obstacle, until your eye rested upon the woodlands of the valley below, which crept up the side of the mountain until the ground became too steep to admit of support.

On the other side of the path you could look up fifty feet, and see nothing but a frowning ledge of rocks above you, up which the chamois would find it impossible to travel. As I said before, we led our mules around this point, and were extremely gratified to think that we had saved any of them; but the poor brutes seemed to realize the danger of making a false step, and passed over it bravely, and, with one exception, without trouble. One of them who occupied the middle of the line stopped

SUCHIL.

mildway, and consequently stopped the rest behind him. He halted about a minute, during which we held our breath with anxiety. We dared not speak a word—not even a cheerful "gib up!"

After satisfying himself of the utter impossibility of battering his condition, he quietly walked around and commenced to crop the stunted grass as unconcerned as if he was on a level prairie.

When we reached Mazatlan we made a muster of our means, public and private, and found that we had just fifteen dollars among us. We had to make our way to San Luis Gonchicori. We bought provisions out of this sum, hired a guide, and prepared to start.

After breakfast, while the boys were packing up, I strolled over to the church, where I found another curiosity in church ornamentation. I attempted to enter the church, but was prevented by the sexton, who was so insulted that he could hardly stand. He attempted to apologize, and give me the reason why I could not enter. Not being able to understand him, and feeling somewhat disgusted with his company, I turned to go away, when he caught me by the arm, and rushing past in front of the procession, he pointed down the road, attempting, at the same time, to shed a genteel bow, but which was dog by the side of the church. The women each bore in their hands a small table candle, about which is placed a of a plantain leaf served for a shade to keep the wind from blowing it out. In the rear of the procession, on ground, the women approached it, and, kneeling down, kissed it. A small cross was erected, a little quantity of Castile soap was set on fire, the body placed in the grave, a few shovelfuls of earth was placed upon it, and the women, jumping into the grave, commenced to stamp it down, stopping every few moments to throw in a few more shovelfuls, which were stamped in in the same manner. I have since seen two natives with heavy crowbars stamping down the earth on a newly-filled grave. The women left the grave, and arranging themselves around the door of the church, placed their candles upon the steps and commenced a low, monotonous chant. When I returned to the house I found the boys in a high state of excitement. It seems that the guide had refused to perform his accustomed service in future. As we were poor, the Alcalde had been called in, and had commanded the refractory guide to depart with us; his recommendation consisted in snapping his fingers at the consequences, which in this country are rather severe. Julians who refuse to perform services are often refused employ. They are generally put in the stocks, and kept there long enough to consider their ways, when they can repeat the "misdemeanor." In the present instance, however, the Alcalde's chain did not avail at all law; during the journey upon the ground, he announced that he broke the contract, and that he would only go upon an increased consideration.

After some discussion Lenares, who, as I have mentioned before, is a boy of fifteen years, understands the Indian character pretty well, opened his pocket-book and took therefrom an old passport dated three years back, bearing the great seal of Mexico in red wax, unfolded it in a very pompous manner, and handing it up before the Alcalde, asked him if he observed that?

The Alcalde said that he did.

Quoth Lenares, "Read it."

The Alcalde excused himself by stating that that very important part of his education had been neglected (which Lenares knew).

"Then," said Lenares, "I'll read it to you. Listen!"

Whereat he commenced one of the most profound romances that I ever heard.

He commenced and read the document through—making it to be a general order from the Supreme Judge of Chihuahua to all the Alcaldes within his jurisdiction, commanding them to furnish the said Señor Lenares with such assistance as once he might need for the safe-conduct of his train, and for which the said Lenares was to pay the common market-price. I declare that I think to-day that this Lenares had the genius to succeed in this occasion), from curious ways of conducting business, and hardly any traveler goes without them; but we started in such a hurry that we forgot to obtain one. The Alcalde exclaimed that he had come down from the independent position that he had assumed and offered to go with us for a few days. Lenares went on to say that he should start immediately, and that if he met with loss or detention on the road he should look to the municipal officers at Mazatlan before the Judge and claim his damages. Then the Alcalde did weaken; rushed out, commanded a number of the crowd, he commanded him to go with us and show us the way. The boy picked up the money, and, before we were ready for a start two guides appeared with their walkers ready for our departure and escort.

It was now decided that four of us—I——, Lenares, Ysidal, and myself—should ride on mules, the best mules, saddle them, and start at daybreak with one of the guides, leaving the other to remain with the boys to look after the baggage (which would have provisions enough for three days), while we endeavored, by hard riding, to make San Juan Gichicovi in a day, from whence we would procure and send back provisions immediately to the boys and train. We carried the idea into execution. The next morning at daylight we were off, and, by not stopping more than a score moments, we succeeded in reaching San Juan Gechicovi by night fall. We had ridden sixty miles, and you may imagine whether we were sore or not.

San Juan Gechicovi is an inland town, and by

far the largest in this section. It is said to contain some seven thousand inhabitants, and a curiosity, in the way of a church, said to have been commenced by Cortés. The legend respecting the church is somewhat profane, but is believed by all the natives in this section. It states that Cortés made a contract, or promise, with the long-tailed, eleven-footed Master of Darkness to build this church between the setting-in of one cock-crow, and the mornin ear was to have been mixed with the white of an egg (Cortés was only to have one egg or not dependent saith not). However, Cortés failed, only succeeding in getting it half up; and it is stated that nobody has had the temerity to attempt to finish what the great Cortés failed to accomplish—and there it stands in its present day black with damp, mould, and vegetation. As it stands now, it shows the genius of some masterbuilders. The walls are of immense thickness of masonry, while in front shows a perfect knowledge of architectural embellishment. Its proportions are grand, two hundred feet in length, and eighty feet in width. Its walls, as they start, are twenty feet in height and of the same thick. It is built of kilnburned brick, mixed with cobble-stones, and cemented with a mortar that shows the materials of the wet climate to destroy it.

The sacred images on the inside of the church are rather the worse for wear, and sit upon benches exposed to the weather. The inside of the church is filled with the tombstones of the dead, whenever the relatives of the deceased can raise the necessary funds (fifteen dollars) a stone is placed over the grave. The church-yard can be buried for the sum of one dollar.

The Alcalde, a Christian, was one of the Jon Bowers kind. At twelve o'clock every day he is too drunk to attend to any business. He is a gambler, keeps a monte-table at his own cane, and is always accompanied by his lieutenant and a staff of police. Long live the Alcalde of San Juan Gichicovi!

The dress of the female portion is somewhat different here, as they wear a short sack for a "basquina," and two or three yards of bleached cotton cloth wound around their waist and supported with a belt or sash, as they choose.

The young girls are very beautifully formed, and can be seen racing up and down the street like fawns.

There was a procession nearly every day, and the "Padre" (priest) was drunk every day, excepting no less than sixty dollars every time the church performances went out. Every day there is a charreada (horse-race and ugly; full of cranks and whims. His "sheep" think a great deal of him, and, when he is drunk, he generally is. A point beyond forbearance. He is a professed monte-player; and woe betide the unfortunate Julian that refuses him a game! He begs, begs to the Church party, and is inveterate against the Liberals. He is a Castilian, and rules his people with the iron arm of a despot. His house, however, is not the best in the village, but is a fine, well-informed, warm-hearted gentleman, and treated me in a manner—and that is a term in reconstructing the taking care of her pets—a monkey and a pheasant—and in studying English, which she is learning from a book—B. A. It is reported that she is to marry one of the Company's employés. Whoever he is I, for one, congratulate him.

Four days after our arrival the boys arrived with the train. They had a lively time with mules, who fell down a precipice and broke their necks; making, in all, eleven mules and two horses gone to the shades!—out of thirty, with which we started. The volumes were so fog gone as not to be able to obtain a price for transfer. We had occupied twenty-seven days on the trip, which was extraordinarily long. We had lost no money, but is a fine, well-informed, warm-hearted girl—monkey and a pheasant—and in studying English, which she is learning from a book—B. A. It is reported that she is to marry one of the Company's employés. Whoever he is I, for one, congratulate him.

Four days after our arrival the boys arrived with the train. They had a lively time with mules, who fell down a precipice and broke their necks; making, in all, eleven mules and two horses gone to the shades!—out of thirty, with which we started. The volumes were so fog gone as not to be able to obtain a price for transfer. We had occupied twenty-seven days on the trip, which was extraordinarily long. We had lost no money, but is a fine, well-informed, warm-hearted girl—monkey and a pheasant—and in studying English, which she is learning from a book—B. A. It is reported that she is to marry one of the Company's employés. Whoever he is I, for one, congratulate him.

Four days after our arrival the boys arrived with the train. They had a lively time with mules, who fell down a precipice and broke their necks; making, in all, eleven mules and two horses gone to the shades!—out of thirty, with which we started. The volumes were so fog gone as not to be able to obtain a price for transfer. We had occupied twenty-seven days on the trip, which was extraordinarily long. We had lost no money, but is a fine, well-informed, warm-hearted girl—monkey and a pheasant—and in studying English, which she is learning from a book—B. A. It is reported that she is to marry one of the Company's employés. Whoever he is I, for one, congratulate him.

Four days after our arrival the boys arrived with the train. They had a lively time with mules, who fell down a precipice and broke their necks; making, in all, eleven mules and two horses gone to the shades!—out of thirty, with which we started. The volumes were so fog gone as not to be able to obtain a price for transfer. We had occupied twenty-seven days on the trip, which was extraordinarily long. We had lost no money, but is a fine, well-informed, warm-hearted girl—monkey and a pheasant—and in studying English, which she is learning from a book—B. A. It is reported that she is to marry one of the Company's employés. Whoever he is I, for one, congratulate him.

SNAPDRAGON.

BY MARK LEMON.

PART I.

Our story may read like a fiction, but we are ready to make oath that there is more truth in it than is to be found in half the speeches made by Old Bailey barristers.

Jacob Sharp was more of a fool at forty than he ought to have been at twenty-five; which is saying a good deal. He was a soft-hearted man, and since five years old had been in love with some divinity or other; but being of a nervous temperament, with the potential vision of a large family and the work-house before his eyes, he had never dipped more than his feet into the troubled waters of love matrimonial, and then only to draw it back again. He could never make up his mind to take a plunge, and so, at forty, he had a museum of love letters and locks of hair, but was still without incumbrances.

Jacob had been jilted very early in life, and it had to do so. He had saved money, and was making money, and spent his days in the most personal enjoyments. His nephews and nieces began to show him great attention and respect, and seven small jiggles of sugar sprung up them on the subject of their respective expectations and the fastidious disposition of Jacob's "property." It almost suspect that some good-natured friend reported one of those mercenary squabbles to the primary cause of the discussion; and it was the conviction that completely he was looked upon as the great nestegg of the family which made him resolve to marry. When it became known that uncle Jacob, cousin Jacob, brother Jacob (according to the degree of consanguinity as he stood to the exspectant), was about to take to himself a wife, all sorts discoveries were forthcoming. A general council of war was held in Curzon Street, at the house of a married friend, when the most desperate details in the campaign of the meeting was adjourned to consider upon what grounds they should sue for justice in case Jacob took it all to a proceeding, and a certain row in the church when the betrothed couple were to be "asked" was the order of the day for the next meeting. The adjourned meeting never took place, as Mrs. Battery, for reasons all her own, chose to keep the intelligence to herself. When the invitations for the wedding-breakfast were received, no one of the astonished relatives would think of "accepting;" but a desire to see the bride and see spirited things to her—to have some Champagne drunk to her prosperity—ultimately prevailed, and a stranger to the real feelings of the party assembled in St. George's church would have thought that the man never chose upon a happier bridal.

Who was this Mrs. Battery? Where had Jacob met her? Who were her friends? On all these points Mrs. Sharp, née Battery, was as close as oysters, and, as for the eighteenth cousin, who was stoker on board a Gravesend steamer, and who had been taken notice of by the family until it was reported that he knew something of the first introduction of Jacob to his bride, was suddenly cut up. He boldly asserted (to use his own phraseology) that they tumbled over each other in love at first sight, and breaking the ice by offering the lady a bag of shrimps which he had carried on a hot summer's day from Billingsgate to Bow, Stratford, Jacob. However, the thing was done, Jacob had deceived his best friends and relations, and married a wife of whom he evidently thought herself worth the money. She was remarkably tall, high—too high—for a woman to be very pretty. Her complexion pink all over, gray piggy eyes, good teeth, and flexible tongue; Jacob was powerfully attracted from gratefeul, and this gave her a decided advantage over a lady who was under the standard (considered as to height) for feminine beauty and glory. Jacob was very proud of his wife long after their honeymoon was over; and, although he thought her parading her at all the public places to which he could obtain access, dressed in the costliest manner of the greatest order, that many a sudden light of uncertain age reglected in silence the calicoes or muslins of which they had consisted on their days the anxiety advances of little Jacob Sharp. However much Mrs. S. was envied by the single ladies of her acquaintance, there were few who possessed his blessing without any such feelings being entertained by the married ones. Jacob had no illusions of a most unchristlike nature were freely indulged in by many. It was hinted by some that Mrs. Jacob Sharp had been under only a dormer, and had drummed himself to death to avoid the tremendous expense of his wife's confinement that Mrs. Sharp's complexion was the result of a cosmetic taken freely many times a day, and particularly at the dinner table; but it was agreed that Jacob would soon "find it out," and what were they to do? Nothing, of course. One thing was certain: at the end of the year Jacob was losing form. His purple nose assumed a deeper hue, his general vitality a wrinkle his graceful and sleeping figure, exhibited several lines; his eyes seemed to "bag" in a manner, and his face, hitherto as round, hard, and smooth as a globe, now appeared impressible and eyptish of furrows. Jacob was in doubt of it. Jacob had survived a white sergeant, who was somewhat his senior, and had seen seven children born; and twelve months' domestic drill brought the one rank and file over whom she exercised undisputed sway to a state of discipline that rendered him less independent than an automaton. If Mrs. Sharp wished to go out, Jacob put on his hat and overcoat in a moment, tightened his umbrella mechanically, and stood on the door-mat with one arm akimbo, waiting to discharge his duty as a husband, thoroughly henpecked and obedient to orders. If Mrs. Sharp wished to stay at home, Jacob would have built to turn out to reconnoitre for invitations, and if none could be procured he would write to his friends to make up a little party at home. Although contrary, we believe, to the notice of whist, Mrs. Sharp would frequently take a hand at her partner; and the point was generally conceded, as the motive was known to proceed from no desire to obtain an unfair advantage over her adversaries, but to have a scape-goat for her own bad play, and an outlet for her mortification when the luck went against her.

"Jacob gone at whist!—that relare of middleaged ladies and gentlemen—was a thing unknown whenever Jacob and his wife were players. Sometimes Jacob looked like a martyr at the stake, but he was always playing wrong; and although Mrs. Sharp respected the rules of the game sufficiently not to reprove him in words, no one who saw the tide of Paradise in her turban erect itself like the crest of a cockatoo, and beheld the pink face deepen into maroon, could fail to understand the power of the reproof which was making Jacob's toes tingle in their pumps under the table.

At the finish of the rubber, when liberty of speech was permissible, it made the blood curdle or iced be the veins according to the temperament of the listener) to hear the whipping poor Jacob invariably received had the play gone against them. Mrs. Sharp declared that he ought to be shot, and every card he had not, and more especially those which ruled her own game, he was severely reproached Jacob became more depressed; and those who remembered the merry little bachelor of two or three years ago were startled at certain signs of age in the shoulders as they buttoned their coats in the hall, and quietly asked one another, "I wonder what Poor Jacob! There was no doubt of what the "it" was conjured, and for which it was foretold he would be sorry.

Mrs. Sharp was the embodiment of that demonstrative, persevering, and self-reliant style of face in our household; and, as all women are who assume to govern where they should obey, the cause of attack and defence was frequently changed.

Year after year passed on, and Jacob, with a long-dog look, and dull, drab, and slipt, and moved about at the bidding of his wife, whose tod temper became worse, growing with what it fed upon, and increase in volume with its nourishment—till the pink face was blotted and lined with vermilion, and the eyes were inflamed and sunk deeper. Even those relatives whose castle-building had come to an unpalatable end by Jacob's marriage sympathized with him. He would often meet a friend or another, endeavor to draw their afflicted friend from home by a quiet dinner at a chop-house, as the Dragon who guarded him never lost sight of him if she could help it.

Years and years more passed under this domestic tyranny lost for a blessing which had been bought into his house by it. Jacob had no child to assist upon this fefore, feeling reluctant to name one so good and innocent as Ellen Battery when narrating the defects of his wife, it will be impossible for the look into her sweet face, so fair and angel-like, and not love her. Jacob's brother was like much a likeness could have sprung from such a stem. It was Ellen, and she only, who seemed to evoke any response from the heart of her aunt's violent mother but toward her Mr. Sharp, even when most irritable by stress greatness, was tender and affectionate and loving. To Jacob the child was an adoration, and he stole away to the chamber set apart for her when she was absent, and prayed that he would be better disciplined—whenever he could, and scented to inspire him with a more humble and proper sense of endurance from the society of his little stepdaughter.

God bempers the wind to the shorn lamb; and so it was with Jacob, who, though stripped to the skin—his, poor fellow! played by Mrs. Sharp—was burning tongue of the mother—found the love created in his heart by the innocent child was enough to keep him from absolute despair. Ellen was the large residuum for the little creature who had come to sacrifice all for his tenderness.

Ellen was two years old when her mother married Jacob, and she had lost all recollection of her own father. Her infant mind had received any definite impression of his existence. Her natural elegance of manner and beauty of form and feature greatly favored her mother's representations of the position and character of her former husband, although it was not necessary after the abandonment by all his relatives and friends. That, however, was another matter. The child Ellen was eleven years old a sickness came upon her, so long and heavy that it was thought she would have died. The doctors ought were not permitted to obtain their sister then. A residence for some months in the south of France was considered necessary for her perfect recovery; and Jacob, with a heavy heart and strange forebodings of some coming evil, left London with the child and her mother.

The departure of Ellen was productive of the worst effects upon her mother. The child was evidently a check upon the grosser inclinations of Mrs. Sharp; but, now that the unknown influence was removed, and there was no protection, the home became the abode of ripe riot and uncontrolled, unbridled violence and unbounded license.

Half maddened by this state of things, he was seated alone one December afternoon close upon the ashes, almost in the dark. Recalling the time when he might have looked around in vain to find a happier man—when he revealed his heart to no man by sounds of the frantic dancing and singing of a wretched Bacchante overhead—then a woman, half intoxicated, came down the staircase and desired to speak alone with him. There was something unusual in the tone of Jacob's voice, and of any relief from his own thoughts, the woman was told to enter. As she closed the door behind her, she approached him with a confidential air of assurance, and, drawing a chair close to his, seated herself at the ceiling and smiled.

"At her old tricks," she murmured; and not waiting to be asked, seated herself close to Jacob, and, with a familiarity that was insulting, took woman's comfort and remark to rise from his chair.

"Don't go, Mrs. Sharp—please don't. There is short with me, and what I have to say must be said quickly. Are you tired of her?" pointing to the ceiling significantly.

Jacob started, as well he might, at such an inquiry, so abruptly made.

"I don't understand you," he replied, after a pause.

"And yet I thought I spoke plain enough," said the woman. "Are you tired of the one we hear singing and raving above us? Would you be free from her—legally free from her?"

Jacob rose up and grasped the arm of the speaker, his eyes dilated, and his mouth agape.

"You don't answer me; but I fancy you have

time for a little reflection now," continued the woman, as the noise of something heavy falling upon the floor above satisfied both Jacob and his visitor that Mrs. Sharp's revels were at an end until sleep had restored her to something like consciousness.

"Now listen to me, Mr. Sharp. If I can not you free from the wretched and terrible life you are leading, will you pay me fifty pounds?"

Jacob bowed his head in assent.

"I will take that as your promise, and trust to it. When you married Mrs. Rattery you believed she was a widow—the father of an infant, I think, abroad?"

"Yes," said Jacob; it was all he could say, with his parched tongue and heaving bosom.

"You asked for no certificates, but took all for granted?" said her questioner, sharply.

"I did."

"And were deceived, duped, made a fool by the most artful and heartless creature that ever bore the name of woman?"

Jacob nod ed again; but now there was hope in his face.

"Her husband was a color-sergeant in the—th, but deserted, only on her account, for before he married her he was one of the noblest and bravest soldiers in the service. What she had been nobody knows, but poor dear Rattery married her."

"A sergeant!" gasped out Jacob, "and died! Where?"

"He's not dead," replied the woman; "and that information is worth fifty pounds, I take it."

"Five hundred!" Jacob would have said, but something like an ugly sneer upon the woman's face choked him.

"Daniel Rattery is living," continued the woman, to give Jacob time to recover himself, "and that woman knows it. It has cost her pounds upon pounds to keep the secret from you; but there was one she could not bribe—there was one!" and she struck herself upon the breast as she spoke. "Can you prove all I say, you have said, and did?"

Jacob, as soon as he could speak.

"There are the proofs," replied the woman, placing a bundle of papers on the table, "copies of originals which I have at home. She won't dispute the truth of them, for she knows I can transcho

each other. In a few minutes, as we have said, the doctor returned with the child, and Jacob gazed at her in silence with scarcely power to stretch forth his arms to invite her to his embrace. Ellen looked at him for a few moments, as though doubting her right to approach; but when poor Jacob gasped out "Come to me!" the tears streaming down his face and dripping upon his black satin waistcoat, she sprang into his arms and clung about his neck, kissing his moist cheeks and mingling her own tears with his, both sobbing aloud, until Mr. Layton was compelled to leave the room for great vigor to avoid keeping them company.

Yes, there she was again, sitting on the dear stumpy knee which recently formed a resting-place for even her slender figure, while the fingers of her dear old friend played among her hair and patted her pale cheeks. Oh! how pale to what they were once on a time when she lived with that dear old fairy Mistress Polloney, alias Jacob Sharp, who felt at that moment how impossible it would be ever to part with her again, even though he had to bear with daily visits from the wicked mother who had made him so wretched.

But they could not sit there for more than an hour, crying and fondling each other until the advent of Christmas Day, and the clock told it would soon be there; so, drying each other's eyes and smoothing each other's hair, they yielded to Mr. Layton's request, and joined once more the group at the dining-room. Jacob turned his fingers again and again in his endeavors to obtain a hold; and succeeding at last, thrust the prize, blazing as it was, into the laughing mouth of his little pet.

Hark! the prison clock is striking the first beat of midnight. On it goes until the new day is born, and a merry chorus of happy voices is giving welcome to another Christmas. Where is Mr. Layton? Unperceived, he has gone away in obedience to a summons from the dreary prison, and is now sitting by a bedside, holding the clammy hand of a dying woman, who is blessing him with her eyes for the good tidings he has brought her, and which has assured her that the only one her depraved nature had loved was safe with him who would be a guide, a counsellor, and father all his life-long.

Our tale is ended, for the after years of Ellen's life were passed in peace beside the hearth of Jacob Sharp, who never failed to celebrate the anniversary of their reunion with a game of SNAPDRAGON.

OUR NEW MINISTER TO SPAIN.

COLONEL WILLIAM PRESTON, the new United States Minister to Spain, was born in Kentucky, in the year 1816. He was the son of Major William Preston, and belongs to a family which embraces among its members William C. Preston, of South Carolina, Vice-President John C. Breckinridge, Secretary Floyd, and other statesmen of eminence in our national politics. His mother, a Virginian lady, bearing the maiden name of Hancock, was a sister of Mrs. Clarke, wife of the Western explorer, who became acquainted with her on his return from the celebrated expedition commonly known as the Expedition of Lewis and Clarke.

Colonel Preston was educated for the bar at the Dane Law School, in Cambridge, Massachusetts; and after graduating there, formed a partnership for the practice of his profession with the Hon. William J. Graves, in Louisville; continuing his devotion to law until his entrance on political life. As a lawyer he was highly successful, and the ability and eloquence which he displayed in one noted trial—on the application of Miss Sally Ward for divorce from her husband, Mr. T. Bigelow Lawrence—gave him a wide and very extensive legal reputation.

At the breaking out of the Mexican War two regiments were raised in Kentucky, one of which was commanded by John C. Breckinridge, and the other by Mr. Preston, who received the title of Lieutenant-Colonel; and served with distinction, under General Scott, until the end of the war.

At the conclusion of the treaty of peace between Mexico and the United States Colonel Preston once more found himself invested into political life. He was elected on the same ticket with the Hon. James Guthrie, late Secretary of the Treasury, one of the members from Louisville, to the Convention called for the purpose of adopting a new Constitution for the State of Kentucky. After serving in that Convention Colonel Preston was elected a member of the Kentucky Legislature from the city of Louisville; and was subsequently returned to the State Senate.

In the Presidential struggle of 1852 Colonel Preston supported General Scott, with whose cause he was identified as much by long and close friendship as by an agreement of political principles. It may be remembered here as a mark of strong personal regard for that distinguished military chieftain was more effectively manifested a year or two afterward, in his efforts, as a member of Congress, to procure for him the rank of brevet Lieutenant-General which, with the unusual pay accompanying it, constituted a memorable and substantial proof of national gratitude and appreciation.

In 1852 Colonel Preston was also placed on the Scott ticket as an elector for the State at large, and embarked warmly in the canvass. Afterward, being nominated for Congress, he was elected in his district the same year by an unprecedented majority.

In Congress Mr. Preston proved himself a zealous and efficient representative, aiming rather at practical usefulness and the dispatch of public business than at display; and contributing much, by his liberal hospitality and the genial amenity of his manners, to the attractions of Washington society. During the two sessions in which he resided at the Federal Capital his hospitable mansion—the same house that had been so long occupied by Daniel Webster—was the scene of many brilliant social gatherings, where men of every shade of political opinion enjoyed a generous Kentucky welcome, and delighted to forget the animosities of Congressional strife.

The introduction of the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, which dissolved the Whig party, threw Colonel Preston (who had been an early and constant advocate of the measure) into the ranks of the Democracy, and he was soon after elected by a decisive majority to the Thirty-fourth Congress. In this Congress he was placed at the head of the Committee on Military Affairs, and was also appointed a member of the Committee on Foreign Affairs. In the former capacity he was the author of the bill for the increase of the army, which was passed by the House, but failed in the Senate. In the latter he was the author of the bill for the purchase of Cuba, which was also passed by the House, but failed in the Senate. In the Thirty-fifth Congress Mr. Preston was again returned to the House of Representatives, and was appointed chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, which position he held during the whole session. He was also a member of the Committee on Military Affairs, and was the author of the bill for the increase of the army, which was

At these words Waife understands all, and he has not an argument in reply; and he suffers Sophy to lead him toward the house. Yes, they will go hence—yes, there shall be no schemes of marriage! They had nearly reached the door when the door itself opened violently, and a man rushing forth caught Sophy in his arms, and kissed her forehead, her cheek, with a heartiness that it is well Lionel did not witness! Speechless and breathless with resentment, Sophy struggled, all in vain, from the embrace of the man by the collar, swung him away with a "How dare you, Sir?" that was quite worthy from the hillock's commanded Sir Isaac at full gallop from the lake—cursed Fairthorn back in her humiliation—and Mrs. Morley from her couch—and, smiting the ears of Lionel and Darrell, hurried them forward to the scene, to the spot from which that thunder-roll had pealed.

"How dare I?" said the man, resettling the flow of his disordered coat—"How dare I kiss my own niece?—even my sister's grandchild? Venerable Bandit. I have a much better right than you have. Oh my dear injured Sophy, to think that I was ashamed of your sweet cotton print—to think that to your pretty face I have been giving name and fortune—when you are wandering over the world—child of the sister of whose beauty I was so proud—of her for whom, alas in vain, I painted Watteau and Greuzes upon screens and fans! Again he clasped her to his breast; and Waife, his head stood mute, and Sophy passive—for the man's tears were raining upon her face, and washed away every black lie. Name to her! Was she hallowed.

"But where is my old friend William Loseby?—where is Wily?" said another voice, as a tall thin personage stepped out from the hall, and looked good-humoredly down in the face.

"Alban Morley!" faltered Wraie: "you are but little changed!"

The Colonel looked again, and in the elderly, tame, one-eyed, sandy-looking man, recognized the wild, jovial Wily, who had tamed the most unruly fillies, taken the highest leaps, and raced forth the blithest song—madcap, good fellow, frolicsome, childlike darling of gay and grave, young and old.

"Eben, Isgucci, Postume, Postume, Lobster!"

said the Colonel, insensibly imbibing one of those Horatian particles that were ever haunting in the classic memories of—his Darrell medicinal, to Fairthorn mutter.

"Years slide away, Wily, merely in skin thickness and wrinkle," when friend meets with friend after absence, each sees the print of their cares on the face of the other. But we are not too old yet, Wily, for many a meet—at the fireside! Nothing else in our power, we can only mount our cobbies; and through-bed hobbies contrive to be in at the death! But you are waiting to learn by what title and name this strange lass claim to so peerless a niece. Know then—Ah, here comes Darrell—Darrell, who has already had my will welcome the grandchild of Sidney Braithwaite, and Fairthorn should be a gentleman of as good blood as any in the land.

"None better," cried Fairthorn, who has wiled himself into the group; "I claim as kin to the Braithwaite genealogy, Sir, in your father's great work upon 'Monumental Brasses.'"

"Permit me to conclude, Mr. Fairthorn," resumed the Colonel; "Monumental Brasses are painful subjects. Know then, Wily, that this fair creature, whom Lady Montfort might well desire to adopt, is the daughter of Arthur Branthwaite, by marriage with the sister of Frank Vance, whose name I shrewdly suspect matters will prize, and whose worth you have not heard, when many a long genealogy, all blazoned in azure and or, will have left not a scrap for the scutcheon."

"Ah!" murmured Lionel, "was it not, Sophy, who taught me to love your mother's name? Do you not remember how, as we bent over his volume, he seemed to tremble at our own feelings?—so dear was nearer together? He was speaking to us from his grave."

Sophy made no answer; her face was hidden on the breast of the old man, to whom she still clung closer and closer.

"Is it so? Is it certain? Is there no doubt that she is the child of these honored parents?" asked Wafe, tremulously.

"None," answered Alban "we bring with us proofs that will clear up all my story."

The old man bowed his head over Sophy's fair locks for a moment; then raised it, serene and dignified: "Yet am mine for a moment yet, Sophy," said he.

"Yours as ever—more fondly, gratefully than ever," cried Sophy.

"There is but one man to whom I can willingly yield you. Lord Charles Hillingdon is not my treasure."

"I consent to that," cried Vance, "though I am put aside like a Remorseless Baron. And, Isoudo mio, if Frank Vance is a miser, so much the better for his niece."

"But," faltered Lionel.

Oh, father not. Cast into those eyes; read that blush now! She looks coy, not reluctant. The bonds before him—adorned as for love, by all her native graces—far sooner than those of her bloom. No more the Gutlaw-Child of Ingram-Hall, but the Starry Daughter of POETRY AND ART! Lo, where they glide away under the leafless, melancholy trees. Leaders and melancholy! No! Verdure and blossom and the smile of spring are upon every bough.

"I suppose," said Alban, "it will not now break Lionel's heart to learn that not an hour before I left London I heard from a friend at the Horse Guards that it has been resolved to substitute the ——— regiment for Lionel's; and it will be for some time yet, I suspect, that he must submit to be inglorionsly happy. Come this way, George; a word in your ear." And Alban, drawing his nephew aside, told him of Jasper's state, and of Arabella's request. "Not a word to-day on these mournful topics to poor Wily. To-day let nothing add to his pain to have lost a grandchild, or dim his remembrance in the happiness and security his Sophy gains in that loss. But to-morrow you will open the matter to him. Tell him that I will propose to father for the worst. I made a point of seeing Lord Ivor last night. He goes hence in a week. He compares him to a mountain, not nearly shattered by an earthquake, but burned out by its own inward fires."

"A few weeks only," sighed George, "will, alas, that unnatural calm last. I feel it has been an existence in the sight of God. To that old man I owe the power of speech to pray, to exhort, and to comfort; *he was training us to guard by the death-bed of his son!*"

"You know," said the Son of the World, "in the efficacy of a death-bed repentance, I have always been classed till the power of sinning be gone?"

"I believe," replied the Preacher, "that in death there is no power to sin, and that it is a death-bed repentance; I believe that on the death-bed it can not be made to repent!"

Alban looked thoughtful, and George turned to rejoin Wafe, to whom Vance was narrating the discovery of the miniature portrait of Mrs. Thorn, as he listened, drew his tiste from his pocket, and began to examine the miniature with an delicate music what he never could have set into words for his blundering, untunable tongue.

The Colonel and Darrell, and Alban and Wily, to fall more fully the story which Vance is repeating to Wafe.

Brief as it can, be the explanation due to the reader.

Vance's sister had died in child-birth. The poor young poet, unfitted to cope with penury, and to sensitive to endure it, and to whom nature could feebly resist the strain of exhausting emotions, disappointed in fame, despairing of fortune, dependent upon the kind but thriftless brother, and harassed by petty debts in a foreign land, had not been fast enough to secure before an affliction to which all the rest seemed as naught. With that affliction he broke down at once, and died a few days after the birth, leaving an infant not a week old. A French female nurse, of some skill in her profession, and making a provincial tour, was lodging in the same house as the young couple. She had just compassionately heard that the poor Englishman had prudence or very strict principle with the tithes which the young gossip must pay over the light, sparkling, false one. She had assisted the young couple, in their later days, with advice and kindly offices, and had attended at the birth of the infant—the death of the mother; and had therefore some claim to be heard as one who would take care of his child, until she could safely convey it to his wife's relations; while she wept over the dead, and with a woman's quick regard such a charge as a burden.

The singer—whose name Mrs. Vance of the death of her daughter and son-in-law, and the birth of the infant whom she undertook nearly to carry to England, "Sophy," by name, whom, meanwhile, she took to herself, got hold of her affectionately, and made quite her own. Children which makes so remarkable and almost uniform a characteristic of French women (if themselves childless) that it is a wonder that the nation class that separates them from the ordinary household of their children—as the very heart of women till womanhood itself be dead, the singer clung to the orphan little one to whom the sin of the mother seemed almost desires of a mother. She could not bear to part with it; she resolved to adopt it as her own. The knowledge of Mrs. Vance's circumstances—the idea that the orphan, to herself a blessing, would be an unwelcome encumbrance to her relations—removed every scruple from a mind unaccustomed to offer obligations and to stand in way of an impulse. She wrote word to Mrs. Vance that the child was dead. She trusted that her letter would be without doubt, and hence, to relations so poor, and who could have no suspicion of the truth, no cause for inquiry. Her trust was well founded. Mrs. Vance and the boy Frank, whose full confidence and gratitude the singer already secured by her correspondent for her kind offices to the young parents, accepted, without a demur or a question, the news that the infant was no more. The singer moved on to the next town at which she was professionally engaged. The letter announcing brought up by hand, became ailing. The medical attendant was a compassionate and natural food, and found, in a village close by, the nurse to whom, a little time before, Jasper Loseby had given his child to carry to Mrs. Vance's door; the nurse then removed to Paris, to resume with the singer, and with a handsome and lucrative appointment at one of the metropolitan theatres. In less than two years the singer herself died a victim to the climate which, while she had lived without thought of the morrow, her debts succeeded her creditors, and her property to the nurse, who had meanwhile become a widow, came for advice and refuge to her sister, the wife of Gabrielle Jacquard, a peasant by birth, a boy, looked into the statement which, by way of confession, the singer had drawn up, and signed, in a notary's presence, before she died; looked into the letters from Mrs. Vance, and the school-boy scrawls from Frank, both to the singer and to the child's parents, which the actress had carefully preserved; convinced herself of the poverty and obscurity of the lady to whom the infant was sent by her kin; and said to Jasper, who was just dissipating the fortune handed over to him as survivor of his wife and child, "There is what, if well managed, may contain your hold on a rich father-in-law, when all else has failed. You have but to say that this infant is his grandchild; the nurse we can easily bribe, or persuade to confirm the tale. I, whom he already knows as that respectable baroness, your Matilda's friend, can give to the story some probable touches. Besides, children man must rejoice to think that a child he left to die. The infant was a remarkably pretty; her face will plead for her. His heart will have the less need to quarrel with a step more rigorous in his investigations. Take the infant. Doubtless in your own country you can find one to nurse it at little or no expense, and in the time come for appeal to your father-in-law, when we have made all the preparations."

Jasper assented with the *innocent* docility by which he always acknowledged Gabrielle's superior intellect. He saw the sense: it was true that she had nothing to gain by taking the child to English relations so poor. They might refuse to believe her, and certainly could not reward. To rid herself of the infant, and obtain the means to return to her native village with a few hundred francs in her purse, there was no promise she was not ready to make. As to money she was too honest to tell, no paper she was too timid to sign. Jasper was going to London on some mysterious affair of his own. He took away—chiseled on Arabella's—the render known the child. Gabrielle's compassionate nurse, left to her care by the dying singer, drew his fate from his pocket, and looked upon the miniature with such an delicate music what he never could have set into words for his blundering, untunable tongue.

The Colonel and Darrell, and Alban and Wily, to fall more fully the story which Vance is repeating to Wafe.

Brief as it can, be the explanation due to the reader.

Vance's sister had died in child-birth. The poor young poet, unfitted to cope with penury, and to sensitive to endure it, and to whom nature could feebly resist the strain of exhausting emotions, disappointed in fame, despairing of fortune, dependent upon the kind but thriftless brother, and harassed by petty debts in a foreign land, had not been fast enough to secure before an affliction to which all the rest seemed as naught. With that affliction he broke down at once, and died a few days after the birth, leaving an infant not a week old. A French female nurse, of some skill in her profession, and making a provincial tour, was lodging in the same house as the young couple. She had just compassionately heard that the poor Englishman had prudence or very strict principle with the tithes which the young gossip must pay over the light, sparkling, false one. She had assisted the young couple, in their later days, with advice and kindly offices, and had attended at the birth of the infant—the death of the mother; and had therefore some claim to be heard as one who would take care of his child, until she could safely convey it to his wife's relations; while she wept over the dead, and with a woman's quick regard such a charge as a burden.

The singer—whose name Mrs. Vance of the death of her daughter and son-in-law, and the birth of the infant whom she undertook nearly to carry to England, "Sophy," by name, whom, meanwhile, she took to herself, got hold of her affectionately, and made quite her own. Children which makes so remarkable and almost uniform a characteristic of French women (if themselves childless) that it is a wonder that the nation class that separates them from the ordinary household of their children—as the very heart of women till womanhood itself be dead, the singer clung to the orphan little one to whom the sin of the mother seemed almost desires of a mother. She could not bear to part with it; she resolved to adopt it as her own. The knowledge of Mrs. Vance's circumstances—the idea that the orphan, to herself a blessing, would be an unwelcome encumbrance to her relations—removed every scruple from a mind unaccustomed to offer obligations and to stand in way of an impulse. She wrote word to Mrs. Vance that the child was dead. She trusted that her letter would be without doubt, and hence, to relations so poor, and who could have no suspicion of the truth, no cause for inquiry. Her trust was well founded. Mrs. Vance and the boy Frank, whose full confidence and gratitude the singer already secured by her correspondent for her kind offices to the young parents, accepted, without a demur or a question, the news that the infant was no more. The singer moved on to the next town at which she was professionally engaged. The letter announcing brought up by hand, became ailing. The medical attendant was a compassionate and natural food, and found, in a village close by, the nurse to whom, a little time before, Jasper Loseby had given his child to carry to Mrs. Vance's door; the nurse then removed to Paris, to resume with the singer, and with a handsome and lucrative appointment at one of the metropolitan theatres. In less than two years the singer herself died a victim to the climate which, while she had lived without thought of the morrow;

known its first happy dreams. But a few yards beyond was cross-threatened demesnes, on through those shadowy, serried groves, and she should steal, unperceived, in view of the house, the beloved lake—perhaps even once more catch a passing glimpse of the owner. She resolved, she glided on, came she pained the beech-grove, when, by the abrupt wind of the books, Darrell and Alban came suddenly on the very spot. The flutter of her robe, as she turned to retreat, caught the lover's eye; the sound of her footsteps was still why intent, conceived on pretends with what was doubtless *acte-par* absurd the moment, that unscrupulous *acte-par* absurd the words that drained her footsteps and then stung her on to self-disclosure. Trembling and blushing, she now stood before the startled man —he, startled out of every other sentiment and feeling than that of ineffable, exquisite delight to be once more in her presence; while after her first passionate outbursts, hastening on, in confused, broken words, to explain that she was there but by accident—by chance; confusion growing deeper and deeper—how explain the motive that had prompted her steps to the spot?

Suddenly from the opposite bank came the music of the magic flute, and her voice was suddenly stopped and failed her.

"Again — again," said Darrell, dreamily. "The same music! the same air! and this the same place on which we two stood together when I first dared to say I love!" Lucia, how can I order the very tree! Look, there is the date I carved on the bark when every word was new to you! Do you not remember something still?"

"Ay," he said with melancholy bitterness, "you deceive no longer now! You own that, when here we stood last, and exchanged our truth, you in the blossom, and I in the hope, of life—you own that it was no woman's love, deaf to all calumny, proof to all craft that could wrong the absent, no woman's love that was in the heart, undying as the soul, that you pledged me then."

Darrell, it was not—though then I thought it was."

"Ay, ay," he continued with a smile, ev if of triumph in his own pangs, "*no liar* truth in confessed as to the last. And when, some days you wrote to me the letter I returned, rent in fragments, to your hand—or when, forgiving my suspicion and fierce reproaches, you spoke to me so gently yonder, a few weeks since, in these lonely shades, was that woman's or not sentiments, your motives? Were they not those of a long-suppressed and kind remorse?—of a charity akin to which built hopes for the poor, boon happiness to suffering?—some memories of gratitude—some perhaps of childish affection?—all amiable, all generous, all steeped in that sweetness of nature to which I unconsciously owe the greatest debt in the regard I confess to losing you; but do not tell me that even *then* you were under the influence of woman's love."

"Darrell, I was not."

"You are not, and you suffer me to see you again! Triller and cruel one, is it but to crush the sense of your unsinnimidating power to deceive?"

"Alas, Darrell! alas! why am I here?—why so yearning, yet so afraid to come? Why did my heart fail when these trees rose in sight against it's joy? —why—why—why—I dream hither by the spell I could not resist? Alas, Darrell, but I am a woman nerves—and this is—" She lowered her head and trembled away; he lips could not utter the word, because the word was in reply, not remorse; but remembrance, not even affection; and the woman loved now too well to subject to the hazard of rejection—a last!

"Stay, oh stay!" cried Darrell. "Oh that I could dare to ask you to complete the sentence! I know—I know by the mysterious sympathy of my own soul, that you could never have been what you are—this to—" His lips falter too; but her hand is clasped in his; her bend is reclined upon his breast; her veil is withdrawn from the sweet downcast face; and softly on her ear steal the murmured words: "Again and again I love you—Oh, by this hallowing kiss, again—the Caroline of old!"

Fuller and fuller, spreading, wave after wave, throughout the air, till it seem interfused and commingled with the leaves and with the listened breathe, the flute's mellow gush streams along. The sun slopes in peace toward the west; not a cloud in those skies, clearer since the storm, but bough stripped of leaves, and rendering more vivid the everygreen of the arbute and laurel.

Lionel and Sophy are now seated on you moss-grown trunk; on either side the old greybirched man, so forgetting for a while to watch, forget each other, that they may make his feel how fondly he is remembered. Sophy has placed both her hands on the old man's shoulder, looking into his face, and murmuring in his ear with voice like the sound of a happy dove. Lionel, not, Sophy: As it happy too—he, who never thinks of himself. Look—the playful smile round his arch lips; look—now he is showing off Sir Isaac to Vance; with mutton solemnity the dog goes through his tricks; and Vance, with hand stroking his chin, is moralizing on all that might have befallen had he not come upon three pounds to that famous INVENTORY.

Behind that group, absorbed in their Thurstree, stands the FRASCHER, thoughtful and grave, forescing the grief that must come to the old man with the morrow, when he will learn that a guilty son nears his end, and will hasten to close their Casper's last days with pardon. But the Frascher looks not down to the deathcouch alone; on and high over death looks the Preacher! By what words heavenly mercy may lend to his lips shall he steal away, yet in time, to the soul of the dying, and justify murmurs of hope to the close of a life so dark with the shades of its past? And to him, to the Preacher, they who surround him look for consolation, and in their freshness of sorrow! He the old man? Nay to him there will be comfort. He says: Heaven's kindness had tempered to trials; and, alas! for that son, what could father hope more than a death free from shame, and a chance yet vouchsafed for repentance? But she, the grim, iron-grey woman? The Frascher's interest, I know, will soon centre on her:—And balm may yet fall on the wounds, thou poor, grim, iron-gray, lonely woman!

Lo! that traitor, the Flute-player, over whom all the deep grateful shade from the eaves of the roof-tree reprieved; though unconscious as yet of that happy change in the fate of his life, which, ere long, may complete (and haply for sons sprung in truth from the blood of the Darrell) with a union of the two families, that ends nobler far, the plan of a grand life imperfect—though as yet the musician not knowing or comprehending that his own unbroken treason to Sophy so little deserves; yet, as if by those finer perceptions of sense, impressions are they happen, by changes of pleasure and of pain, which Art so mysteriously gives to the dreamer from which nature is born, his airs, of themselves, float in joy: Like a bird at the coming of spring; it is plumage that makes him melodious.

And Alban Morley, seemingly intent upon the sketch which his amiable niece-in-law submits to his critical taste ere she ventures to show to Sir Vance, but with eyes under his brows toward the grove, out from which, towering over all its dark brethren, soon to fall by Lionel's beech-tree, and which he is saying, "Ten to one that the old House of Vipont now weather the Crisis; and a thousand to one that I shall at last my arm-chair at the hearth of my schoolfriend, Guy Darrell!"

And the lake is as smooth as glass; and the swans, hearkening the music, rest still, with white breasts against the dark of the margin; and the doe, where she stands, her fore-feet in the water, her head wistfully, with ears, trills disturbed, and wondering soft eyes that are missing the master. Now full on the beechtree the sunset glow, and the gold of that the gloomy beech-grove into the golden sunlight—they come, they come—Max and the Helepants, the latter refreshed—two souls reunited. Be it evermore! Amen.

CHESS CHRONICLE.

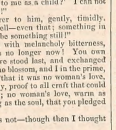
BY C. H. STANLEY.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"KALAMAZOO Chess Club," "CHARLEY" (Detroit), "PHARMACY" (Philadelphia), A. S. (Philadelphia), "WOLVERINE & CO." (Stockbridge), and many other contributors, shall hear from us in due time.——L. M. E. (Marshall County, Illinois). There is no such thing as a "dead Knight" at Chess. Your final, although pleased, has yet the clinching power.——E. L. (Philadelphia). The King can never move from one square at a time, excepting when by Castling. If P. N. or H. S. move, every piece is free to make Gambits and not carry. They have certainly not to done in public.——Solutions to Problem XI. have been received from J. K. L. M., C. T., F. E., and G. M. Our other communicants on this subject will find themselves in error.

PROBLEM XIII.

BY A LOVER.



WHITE.

White to play and win.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM XI.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Q Kt B 6	P to R S Queens (*a*)
2. Q to B 4 ch	K to K 4
3. Kt to B 7 checkmate	

(*a*) If " P to Q S Queens," White plays 2. R takes P ch.

If " K takes P ch," 2. Kt takes B ch.

If " Kt to B 4," 2. R to K B 3 ch.

If " B to Q 4," 2. Q to Q 6 ch.

If " B takes P ch," 2. R takes B. In either case checkmating on the third move; and in any other event the Knight gives mate on the second.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM XII.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. P to K 4 (ch)	K to Q 2 (*a*)
2. Q takes B (ch)	K takes Q
3. B to K B 3 ch	K to Q 3
4. P to K 5 ch	K to Q 2
5. P takes K P checkmate	

(*a*) Should he take Pawn with King, White plays—2. R to Kt 6 (ch). 2. Q to Q 4 (ch); 4. Q to K R (ch); and on the fifth move gives checkmate with either Queen or Bishop. Rook's move leaves, throughout, forced.

PAUL MORPHY ABROAD.

Mr. Paul Morphy, the youthful champion of American chess play, has at length fulfilled his destiny as *knight-errant* and representative of his *vis-d'Amande* conferers. In the superintendence of the renowned player, Herr Anderssen, of Breslau, winner of the first prize at the great European Tournament of 1851, and Herr Löwenthal, of Pesth, Mr. M. has accomplished all that his best friends could have hoped, he has resulted in the victory over the one that his friends here have the full right to look for his early return.

We hear with regret that Mr. Morphy has expressed a determination to play, ere long, twenty simultaneous games, without sight of board or men. His intention is also, we believe, to somewhat increase the odds, and chance yet vouchsafed for repentance? But she, the grim, iron-grey woman? The Frascher's interest, I know, will soon centre on her:—And balm may yet fall on the wounds, thou poor, grim, iron-gray, lonely woman!

Lo! that traitor, the Flute-player, over whom all the deep grateful shade from the eaves of the roof-tree reprieved; though unconscious as yet of that happy change in the fate of his life, which, ere long, may complete (and haply for sons sprung in truth from the blood of the Darrell) with a union of the two families, that ends nobler far, the plan of a grand life imperfect—though as yet the musician not knowing or comprehending that his own unbroken treason to Sophy so little deserves; yet, as if by those finer perceptions of sense, impressions are they happen, by changes of pleasure and of pain, which Art so mysteriously gives to the dreamer from which nature is born, his airs, of themselves, float in joy: Like a bird at the coming of spring; it is plumage that makes him melodious.

And Alban Morley, seemingly intent upon the sketch which his amiable niece-in-law submits to his critical taste ere she ventures to show to Sir Vance, but with eyes under his brows toward the grove, out from which, towering over all its dark brethren, soon to fall by Lionel's beech-tree, and which he is saying, "Ten to one that the old House of Vipont now weather the Crisis; and a thousand to one that I shall at last my arm-chair at the hearth of my schoolfriend, Guy Darrell!"

And the lake is as smooth as glass; and the swans, hearkening the music, rest still, with white breasts against the dark of the margin; and the doe, where she stands, her fore-feet in the water, her head wistfully, with ears, trills disturbed, and wondering soft eyes that are missing the master. Now full on the beech-tree the sunset glow, and the gold of that the gloomy beech-grove into the golden sunlight—they come, they come—Max and the Helepants, the latter refreshed—two souls reunited. Be it evermore! Amen.

CHESS CHRONICLE.

BY C. H. STANLEY.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"KALAMAZOO Chess Club," "CHARLEY" (Detroit), "PHARMACY" (Philadelphia), A. S. (Philadelphia), "WOLVERINE & CO." (Stockbridge), and many other contributors, shall hear from us in due time.——L. M. E. (Marshall County, Illinois). There is no such thing as a "dead Knight" at Chess. Your final, although pleased, has yet the clinching power.——E. L. (Philadelphia). The King can never move from one square at a time, excepting when by Castling. If P. N. or H. S. move, every piece is free to make Gambits and not carry. They have certainly not to done in public.——Solutions to Problem XI. have been received from J. K. L. M., C. T., F. E., and G. M. Our other communicants on this subject will find themselves in error.

PROBLEM XIII.

BY A LOVER.

WHITE.

White to play and win.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM XI.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Q Kt B 6	P to R S Queens (*a*)
2. Q to B 4 ch	K to K 4
3. Kt to B 7 checkmate	

(*a*) If " P to Q S Queens," White plays 2. R takes P ch.

If " K takes P ch," 2. Kt takes B ch.

If " Kt to B 4," 2. R to K B 3 ch.

If " B to Q 4," 2. Q to Q 6 ch.

If " B takes P ch," 2. R takes B. In either case checkmating on the third move; and in any other event the Knight gives mate on the second.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM XII.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. P to K 4 (ch)	K to Q 2 (*a*)
2. Q takes B (ch)	K takes Q
3. B to K B 3 ch	K to Q 3
4. P to K 5 ch	K to Q 2
5. P takes K P checkmate	

(*a*) Should he take Pawn with King, White plays—2. R to K

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY

NEW YORK, *Saturday, Jan. 15, 1859.*

The Wholesale Produce Markets have improved decidedly for the leading kinds of Breadstuffs, which have arrived sparingly, while they have been in active request for home use and on speculation. Cotton has been in good and a steady demand. Provisions have been in good demand, closing with an advancing tendency. Groceries and Teas, the latter entirely confined for at home use, and Coffee has been freely offered and purchased at rather easier rates. Hides, Naval Stores, Linseed Oil, Spices, and Whisky have been more sought after, and have advanced. Tallow, Hay, Hops, Rosin, Wool, Leather, and Metals have been lightly dealt in. Tobacco and Wool have been in pretty active demand, the strong symptoms of revival are noticeable in the Dry Goods line. Stocks are ample and the prices of Cotton are making their appearance in considerable amounts. Sterling exchange is dull and heavy, and the Bank Statement is ready also as gloomy. Bankers, expecting a very good Spring trade, are not unwilling to accept the rates offered for money. The value of the week's imports of Dry Goods here was $2,778,977 against $1,672,849 the same week last year. The imports since January 1 have been $3,458,136, against $1,503,404 same period last year. The movements in other commodities have not been prejudicial of any remarkable changes. ... We append a revised list of the closing quotations for the leading articles:

Upland State Flour, per bbl..... $4 00 @ $4 50
Superfine to extra State, per barrel..... 4 60 @ 5 00
Superfine to fancy Western, per barrel..... 4 60 @ 5 00
Extra Western, per barrel..... 5 05 @ 5 50
Fancy to extra Genesee, per barrel..... 5 55 @ 6 00
Extra Canadian, per barrel..... 5 85 @ 6 30
Fancy to extra Canadian, per barrel..... 6 35 @ 6 75
Fine to Superfine Rye Flour, per bbl..... 3 50 @ 4 15
Corn Meal, per barrel..... 3 50 @ 4 15
Wheat, White, per bushel..... 1 60 @ 1 70
Red Wheat, per bushel..... 1 75 @ 1 80
Southern Corn, per bushel..... 84 @ 86
Rye, per bushel..... 77 @ 80
Barley, per bushel..... 60 @ 90
Western Oats, per bushel..... 58 @ 61
State Oats, per bushel..... 59 @ 61
Jersey and Penn. Oats, per bushel..... 59 @ 64
Southern Oats, per bushel..... 56 @ 58
Cotton, middlings, per pound..... 11 @ 12
Hay, per 100 pounds..... 1 75 @ 1 87½
Prime Pork, per barrel..... 12 00 @ 13 12½
Mess Pork, per barrel, new..... 13 75 @ 14 00
Cut Meats, per pound..... 8 @ 9
Lard, per pound..... 11½ @ 11½
State Butter, per pound..... 19 @ 22
Western Butter, per pound..... 13 @ 19
Cheese, per pound..... 9 @ 12
Rice, per 100 pounds..... 2 75 @ 3 75
Tea Coffee, per pound..... 11 @ 13
Cuba Sugar, per pound..... 5½ @ 7½
Cuba Molasses, per gallon..... 27 @ 30
New Orleans Sugar, per pound..... 6 @ 8
New Orleans Molasses, per gallon..... 30 @ 40
Rosin Tons, per pound..... 7 @ 8
Pitch, per barrel..... 2 50 @ 3 00
Domestic Whisky, per gallon..... 25 @ 26
Hops, new, per pound..... 10 @ 18
Hops, per pound, 1857..... 8 @ 9
Hay, per 100 pounds..... 75 @ 1 00
Tallow, per pound..... 6 @ 6½
Crude Turpentine, per 280 pounds..... 2 62½ @ 3 75
Spirits Turpentine, per gallon..... 44 @ 47
Tar, per barrel..... 2 25 @ 2 75
Common Rosin, per 310 pounds..... 1 75 @ 2 00
Linseed Oil, per gallon..... 66 @ 68
Boiled Linseed Oil, per gallon..... 70 @ 72
Red Lead Tobacco..... 9 @ 10
American Leaf Tobacco, per pound..... 6 @ 12
Sales of Bolted Wool..... 1,200,000

Stocks of several Articles in New York about Jan. 1:

	1859.	1858.
Ashes, barrels.....	1,850	1,700
BREADSTUFFS:		
Wheat, State, bushels.....	653,150	721,541
Wheat, bushels.....	38,000	1,211,312
Corn, bushels.....	97,000	251,671
Rye, bushels.....	—	4,300
Barley, bushels.....	—	60,000
Oats, bushels.....	77,127	39,000
Coffee, quantity.....	41,717 tc.	17,179 tc.
Cotton, bales.....	15,809	22,873
Provisions, tcs.....	5,747	7,784
Pork, quintals.....	9,202	12,300
Mackerel, barrels.....	3,350	4,000
Pickled Salmon, barrels.....	350	900
Pickled Shad, barrels.....	1,700	1,900
Hake and Pollock, quintals.....	600	1,000
Dried of Herring, kindred.....	6,000	10,000
Smoked Herring, boxes.....	21,000	25,000
Hay, tons.....	—	60,000
Hemp, bales.....	22,175	28,592
Hemp, tons.....	1,200	975
Hides, number.....	378,300	60,000
Hides, dressed.....	—	9,000
Lead, Pig, tons.....	8,000	5,500
Leather, Sole, sides.....	38,000	42,000
Molasses, hogsheads.....	4,613	4,314
Molasses, barrels.....	4,613	5,041
NAVAL STORES:		
Spirits Turpentine, barrels.....	4,000	9,000
Crude Turpentine, barrels.....	2,000	6,100
Tar, barrels.....	1,000	2,000
Rosin, barrels.....	—	60,000
OILS:		
Linseed Oil, English, gallons.....	280,000	290,000
PROVISIONS:		
Pork, barrels.....	10,253	64,328
Beef, tierces and barrels.....	19,544	71,890
Rice, casks.....	1,000	4,000
Rice, bags.....	4,000	6,000
Sugar, hogsheads.....	37,000	13,750
Sugars, boxes&c.....	13,000	11,973
Sugars, bags.....	9,713	34,477
Sugars, tags.....	1,200	
Tobacco, bales.....		2,137,175
Teas, Black, pounds.....	2,435,000	2,000,000
Teas, Green, pounds.....	4,644	1,000,000
Tobacco, Cuban, bales.....	3,617	14,005
Tobacco, Manufactured, pkgs.....	43,877	48,000

Freights continue dull and nominal, with 564 vessels of all kinds in the harbor.

The Live Stock Market last Wednesday was dimer for Beeves, which were in full supply, and prices were a shade lower. Milch Cows were in good request, and steadily held. ... Veal Calves were more inquired for, and were dearer. ... Sheep and Lambs were in full supply and demand. ... Swine were plenty and active at former rates

The reported receipts of Live Stock during each of the last two weeks compare as follows:

	Week ending Jan. 9.	Week ending Jan. 16.
Beeves.....	3,765	3,717
Milch Cows.....	130	102
Veal Calves.....	191	196
Sheep and Lambs.....	8,500	8,500
Swine.....	9,200	10,139

The range of prices according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the leading City Market during the week, was as follows:

Four to first-class Beeves, per pound..	$ 7	@ $ 10
Ordinary to do. Milch Cows, per head..	30 00	@ 60 00
Common to prime Veal Calves, per pound..	5	@ 7
Sheep and Lambs, per head..	2 75	@ 8 00
Swine..	6 50	@ 10 12½

Live Swine, per pound.. 6 @ 7
Dressed.. 8 @ 10½
Rendering Fats, each.. 1 10 @ 3 00

The Country Produce Markets have been less active during the past, in the unfavorable weather. Supplies have been less freely exposed for sale. Prices have advanced materially.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Apples, new, per barrel.....	$1 75 @ $ 4 50
Chickens, per bushel.....	3 00 @ 3 75
Hickory Nuts, per bushel.....	1 00 @ 1 25
Peanuts, per bushel.....	1 00 @ 1 12
Potatoes, per bushel.....	1 00 @ 1 25
Potatoes, sweet, per barrel.....	1 00 @ 4 00
Onions, per barrel.....	2 00 @ 3 25
Turnips, per barrel.....	1 00 @ 1 50
Beets, per barrel.....	75 @ 1 00
Carrots, per barrel.....	75 @ 1 00
Cabbage, per 100.....	2 00 @ 3 00
Parsnips, per barrel.....	1 00 @ 1 50
Cranberries, per barrel.....	10 00 @ 14 00
Quinces, per bushel.....	1 00 @ 1 50
Grapes, per pound, in clusters.....	15 @ 18
Celery, Soup, per dozen bunches.....	75 @ 1 00
Celery, Table, per dozen.....	1 00 @ 1 50
Cauliflowers, per 100.....	2 00 @ 3 00
Parsley, per dozen bunches.....	1 00 @ 1 50
Eggs, N. Y. and N. J., per dozen.....	20 @ 25
Eggs, Western, per dozen.....	18 @ 20
Chickens, per pair.....	40 @ 50
Turkeys, per pair.....	75 @ 1 00
Fowls, per pair.....	40 @ 50
Ducks, per pair.....	37 @ 50
Geese, per pair.....	1 00 @ 1 25
Wood, per cord, hard.....	7 00 @ 8 00
Wood, per cord, soft.....	5 00 @ 6 00
Charcoal, per bushel.....	25 @ 30
Coal, per ton, Lehigh.....	6 50 @ 7 00
Coal, per ton, Liverpool.....	6 50 @ 7 00
Coal, per ton, Anthracite.....	6 50 @ 7 00
Coal, per ton, Cumberland.....	6 50 @ 7 00
Coal, per ton, Pittston.....	6 50 @ 7 00
Coal, per ton, Shamokin.....	6 50 @ 7 00
Coal, per ton, Broken.....	6 50 @ 7 00
Coal, per ton, Egg.....	6 50 @ 7 00
Coal, per ton, Stove.....	6 50 @ 7 00
Coal, per ton, Nut.....	6 50 @ 7 00
Coal, per ton, Grate.....	6 50 @ 7 00
Coal, per ton, Scranton.....	6 50 @ 7 00
Coal, per ton, Lackawanna.....	6 50 @ 7 00
Coal, per ton, Schuylkill.....	6 50 @ 7 00
Coal, per ton, Lykens Valley.....	6 50 @ 7 00
Coal, per ton, Locust Mountain.....	6 50 @ 7 00
Coal, per ton, Shenandoah.....	6 50 @ 7 00
Coal, per ton, Trevorton.....	6 50 @ 7 00
Coal, per ton, Big Mountain.....	6 50 @ 7 00
Coal, per ton, Mammoth.....	6 50 @ 7 00
Coal, per ton, Red Ash.....	6 50 @ 7 00
Coal, per ton, White Ash.....	6 50 @ 7 00
Coal, per ton, Locust Gap.....	6 50 @ 7 00
Coal, per ton, Orange.....	6 50 @ 7 00
Coal, per ton, Baltimore

Horrid.—ASPIRING YOUTH *(to his Sister).* "Now, girls, they want me to join the New Highland Regiment; will my calves do for the kilt?"

Married for Money.—The Honeymoon.—THE FAIR BRIDE.—"Now then, darling, put away your paper, and we'll have a nice long walk, and then come back to tea in our own little cottage, and be as happy as two little birds." THE BRIDEGROOM *(aside)* "Oh! bother!"

The Lovers' Quarrel.—FREDERICK. "But I assure you, dearest——"
EMILY. "Oh! nonsense, Frederick! don't tell me! I judge by deeds, not words, and I am sure you can not really love me, or you never would have given that horrid Miss Clapperton the wing of the chicken, and me the leg. Besides, you handed the strawberries first to Flora Giggles, and you know how I hate her!"

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.

Colds,
Coughs,
Asthma,
Catarrh,
Influenza,
Bronchitis,
Hoarseness,
Sore Throat.
Whooping Cough,
Incipient Consumption.
BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.

EXTRACT FROM THE RECORDS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by JOHN I. BROWN & SON, Chemists, Boston, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Dist. of Mass.

☞ COUGHS.—The great and sudden changes of our climate are fruitful sources of *Pulmonary and Bronchial affections.* Experience having proved that simple remedies often act speedily and certainly when taken in the early stage of disease, recourse should at once be had to "*Brown's Bronchial Troches,*" or Lozenges, let the Cough or Irritation of the Throat be ever so slight, as by this precaution a more serious attack may be effectually warded off.

Brown's Bronchial Troches,
☞ *Cures Cough, Cold, Hoarseness, and Influenza. Cures any Irritation or Soreness of the Throat. Relieves the Hacking Cough in Consumption. Relieves Bronchitis, Asthma, and Catarrh. Clears and gives strength to the voice of SINGERS. Indispensable to PUBLIC SPEAKERS.*

Brown's Bronchial Troches.
☞ *[From Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, who has used Troches for years.]* "I have never changed my mind respecting them from the first, except to think yet better of that which I knew to be among the best of all, my lecturing years. I put *Troches* into my carpet bag, when I start, and feel as much at home, when I find that to be first in or for as I have had an opportunity of comparison, your *Troches* are pre-eminently the best, and the first, of the great Lozenge School."

Brown's Bronchial Troches.
[From Rev. E. H. Chapin, D.D., New York.] "I consider your Lozenges an excellent article for their purpose, and recommend their use to Public Speakers."

Brown's Bronchial Troches.
[From Rev. C. S. Gardner, Principal of the Rutgers's Female Institute, New York.] "I have been afflicted with Bronchitis during the past winter, and found no relief until I found your *Troches.*"

Brown's Bronchial Troches.
INCREDIBLE SOUND.—"Brown's Bronchial Troches are a valuable specific for administering, in combination, several medicinal substances, held as general axioms, among physicians, in the treatment of Bronchial affections."—*Dr. G. F. Hopkins, Boston.*

Brown's Bronchial Troches.
☞ For children laboring from Cough, *Whooping Cough,* or Hoarseness, are particularly adapted, on account of their soothing and demulcent properties. Assisting expectoration, and promoting an accumulation of phlegm.
Sold by all Druggists at 25 cents per box.

GEO. B. SLOAT & CO.,
DOUBLE AND SINGLE THREAD
SEWING MACHINES
For Manufacturing and Family Use,
We Defy Competition.
Prices from $15 to $35.
Agents,
C. W. THOMAS & CO.,
495 Broadway,
New York.

CALLS FOR COTILLIONS.
The Lancers, Caledonians, Waltz, Polka, Schottische, Mazurka and Gallopade Quadrilles or Cotillions; and about 200 other of the most popular Cotillions, Contra Dances, Fancy Dances, etc., with the Calls and Changes marked and arranged in the most simple manner, with Hints on Ball Room Etiquette. All contained in Howe's Complete Ball Room Hand-book. Price 37 cents in paper, or 63 cents in cloth. Mailed free. Published by H. W. SWEET, 130 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

THIRD VOLUME.
MARIE LOUISE HANKIN'S and FANNIE LUCILE'S LITERARY GAZETTE,
LARGEST and HANDSOMEST MAGAZINE for 1859.
Best Writers, Fashions, Engravings, and Patterns. 64 Quarto Royal Size Pages and 34 *Sheets of Music* (each a foot square) during the year. Tinted covers and fine paper. Subscription $1—and a book or jewelry, worth $1, given beside the Magazine. Clubs get books or jewelry extra to the *full amount* of the money they send. Inclose 4 three cent stamps for Catalogues *to select from,* and Specimen No to examine. Agents paid well every where. Address,
MARIE LOUISE HANKINS & CO.,
Office of "Daily Museum," Apuleius Buildings, N. Y.
THE EX-GOVERNOR'S WILL, a Great Original Novel, by MARIE LOUISE HANKINS, commences with the Volume.

EXECUTOR'S SALE.
Valuable Private Library.
THE EXTENSIVE COLLECTION OF
Splendid Rare and Important
BOOKS,
FORMING THE PRIVATE LIBRARY OF THE LATE
GEORGE PHILLIPS PARKER,
COMPRISING AN IMMENSE VARIETY OF
THE BEST WORKS IN EVERY DEPARTMENT OF LITERATURE, BUT ESPECIALLY IN HISTORY, ANTIQUITIES, VOYAGES AND TRAVELS, BIBLES, THEOLOGY,
EARLY, EARLY PRINTED BOOKS,
FINE ARTS, ILLUSTRATED BOOKS, CLASSICS, FACETIÆ, BOOKS RELATING TO AMERICA AND GENERAL LITERATURE, THE COST OF THE COLLECTION BEING ORIGINALLY OVER $10,000.
The whole to be sold at Auction, without Reserve, by
GEO. A. LEAVITT & CO.,
AT THE
TRADE SALE ROOMS,
377 & 379 Broadway, N. Y.
SALE COMMENCING ON
TUESDAY, MARCH 1, AT 2½ O'CLOCK, P. M.
And continued daily in the order of the Catalogue.
SALE TO COMMENCE EACH AFTERNOON AT 2½ O'CLOCK.

This Library is in fine condition, and many of the books in the most elegant Morocco and Calf Binding.
☞ CATALOGUES now ready, and may be had of the Auctioneers, or will be sent per mail, on receipt of 12 cents.
SPECIAL NOTICE.—Parties who can not attend this Sale can have their orders to purchase from the Catalogue faithfully executed by the Auctioneers, free of charge.
GEO. A. LEAVITT & Co., Auctioneers, 377 & 379 Broadway, N. Y.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. III.—No. 109.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 1859. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE proprietors of *Harper's Weekly* beg to state that the regular edition of the paper exceeds

75,000 COPIES,

and that it is the best and cheapest advertising medium in the country. No existing advertising sheet meets so many eyes, or circulates among so select a class of readers. Its circulation is widely diffused throughout the country, North and South; it is read from New Orleans to Quebec, and from Minnesota to Florida.

TERMS.

One copy for one year,	$2 50
Five copies, " "	9 00
Twelve, " "	20 00
Twenty-five " "	40 00

REV. J. W. CUMMINGS, D.D.

UNTIL within the last few years the Catholic Church in this country had no distinctive organization. Its bishops, and even its ministers, were foreigners, sent here as missionaries from other lands to provide for the spiritual wants of the community.

But the rapid increase, from emigration and other sources, of those professing the Catholic faith—more particularly in the State of New York—gave rise to the necessity of remodeling and totally changing the system hitherto in force. Various modifications were adopted; and eventually Pius IX., in elevating New York to the dignity of a metropolitan see, proclaimed that the era of missionary dependence had ceased—that the Church was henceforth to march without leading-strings, relying upon its own resources and vitality; though still owning allegiance to Rome; but in this and similar respects on an equality with the other churches which, throughout the world, constitute the great body of the Catholic unity. To this end it was sought to recruit the sacred office of the ministry from among our American youth; and so wise and politic an effort was not long in being crowned with an unexpected measure of success.

Dr. Cummings is a representative man of this class. It is to such men as he that Rome must look for the permanent establishment, on a basis of national religious feeling, of her influence in the United States. So long ago as the early part of 1783, in the very heat and enthusiasm of Revolutionary patriotism, Dr. Cummings's family, who came from the North of Ireland, settled in the neighborhood now known as the District of Columbia, near the very spot where the City of Washington at present stands. Captain Worthy Stephenson, his maternal grand-uncle, was one of the initiatory founders of the city; his position and influence as the time causing him to be chosen Grand Marshal of the ceremonies on the day when General Washington laid the corner-stone of the Capitol. Captain Stephenson enjoyed the warm friendship and esteem of that great, good man; and all who knew him, either in his public or private relations, are said to have entertained for him the greatest affection and respect. He married Miss Triplet, of Virginia—his only child, who died in the Mediterranean, at an early age, being a lieutenant in the United States Navy. Dr. Cummings's mother was left by Captain Stephenson sole heiress to his large fortune, and numerous lawsuits were the ultimate consequence.

These, combined with the lady's conversion to Catholicism, which occurred very shortly afterward, caused much estrangement among the older members of the family, and the early years of Dr. Cummings, who was born in Washington City, District of Columbia, April 5, 1824, were thus necessarily passed almost entirely within the restricted limits of his mother's immediate sphere, to which fortuitous circumstance may, no doubt, be ascribed those habits of philosophical introspection and reflective study which have mainly contributed to develop the peculiar cast of intellect and purpose—a peculiarity that may be termed "progressive concentration"—for which the subject of our article is so preeminently distinguished. It is this that so thoroughly identifies him with the spirit of his age and country—that enables him to exercise an irresistible power over all with whom he happens to be brought in contact, either in the pursuits of his clerical function or in the walks of everyday social intercourse—and that, at no very distant period, must demand his elevation to offices of the highest trust and dignity in the service of his Church.

The preliminaries of domestic education over, at an early age, and a preparatory course of training, first in New York, and subsequently at a college near Nyack, on the Hudson River, having been accomplished, Dr. Cummings was sent to Rome—there to be fitted, under the auspices of the Propaganda, for the great work of the ministry to which his future life was destined to be devoted.

The College of the Propaganda is one of the most sumptuous and interesting of the countless religious institutions of the Eternal City. Within its walls are educated youths from all quarters of the world, every race finding there its representative. The voice of the tawny Chinese, of the stunted Laplander, the jetty Nubian, the fair Anglo-Saxon, the swarthy Hindoo, and the South Sea Islander may be heard in its marble saloons, on the feast of Pentecost, each telling the blessings of Christian civilization in his own tongue. Here are they prepared for the effective and faithful discharge of their future duty; and year by year, from its sculptured portals, they go forth with hopeful souls and dauntless hearts, to impart to their benighted brethren the tenets of that faith that they have received, many never to return; for often their earthly reward is the crown of martyrdom—their last work in this world a baptism of the faith they teach in their own blood.

The late Pope Gregory was fond of inviting parties of three youths to visit him at the palace of the Quirinal, where, hiding in the orange-groves and alleys of the garden, they awaited the approach of the Holy Father, as these occasions always accompanied by the Cardinal Mezzofanti, known as the most accomplished linguist of his time. At a preconcerted signal the youths would rush from their hiding-places and address the polyglot Cardinal, each in his own language—the Cardinal's ears and readiness in answering every one correctly and fluently being a source of never-failing enjoyment to the venerable Pontiff.

It was here that Dr. Cummings laid up that store of theological and practical erudition for which he is now so universally distinguished. His polemical abilities and powers of rhetoric have attracted attention from many learned controversialists and eloquent divines of both hemispheres. His lingual accomplishments are quite extensive; and, at the same time, he has not neglected the mastery of those lighter attainments which so charmingly relieve the tendency to bigotry and asceticism too often produced by exclusive application to the profound sciences. At the end of a residence of fourteen years, Dr. Cummings left the Propaganda College, having received the highest honor that could be bestowed upon a favorite pupil; and in 1847 he returned to his native country, with weapons polished and armor girded on, ready at all points to occupy a front rank in that great fight for the faith of which he was a soldier. He was stationed at St. Patrick's Cathedral, in Mulberry Street, from thence removed to a school-house, which he had built on Twenty-seventh Street and Madison Avenue, and afterward erected St. Stephen's Church, in Twenty-eighth Street, on the summit of the elevated spot known to old New-Yorkers as "Rose-hill Financiering."

This is his present post of ministerial duty, and it is here that crowds assemble to listen to the powerful reasoning, the eloquent appeals, and impressive teachings of his sermons. Whether at the altar, endowed with all his priestly functions; in the pulpit, laboring to guide the religious sentiment of his hearers; or as the pastor, tending to his flock with pious exhortation and the consolations of his creed, he is, every where and at all times, equally popular, looked-up to, and beloved. Even among members of other denominations his simplicity of manners and gentlemanlike amiability of bearing render him a general favorite, and opponents in argumentative discussion are compelled to acknowledge that the strength of his positions is only equaled by the persistent courtesy with which he maintains them.

Dr. Cummings is also well known as an attractive lecturer, more particularly by his discourse on slavery, which was extensively copied and commented on by the press throughout the country. He has also written many essays on various subjects for the better class of newspapers, magazines, and reviews, and is, we believe, at present engaged on Ap-

REV. J. W. CUMMINGS, D.D.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.]

pleton's "New American Cyclopædia," in reviving subjects of Catholic interest that have to appear therein, to which responsible duty he was especially appointed by Archbishop Hughes.

An accomplished musician, Dr. Cummings has given much of his attention toward the improvement of ecclesiastical music, and in some of the churches of our city can the sublime harmonies of the Catholic ritual be heard to so much advantage as in that over which he presides. Mademoiselle Piccolomini and all the great opera-singers are regular attendants at Dr. Cummings's during their stay in the city. He surrounds the services of the altar with all the pomp and dignified ceremonial which his Church knows as well how to employ, and which is one of the most effectual weapons in maintaining an influence over her worshipers. Among the congregation who attend upon Dr. Cummings's ministry may be found the élite of Catholic fellow-citizens, as in fact, St. Stephen's is the Catholic Grace Church of New York.

In this connection it occurs to us to notice the great accessions of strength which the Catholic Church has of late years received from the new medium of con-fer, at the opponents of that religion would say, pot's vertus. Dr. Brownson, for instance, is perhaps one of the ablest champions of her doctrines and dogmas; Bishop Ives too; and, in England, Dr. Newman (probably the acute metaphysician and learned a man as that country can at present produce), Dr. Manning, Archdeacon Wilberforce, Mr. Lucas, and many others too numerous to mention. Dr. Cummings can scarcely be considered as Hall's a convert, yet he was only prevented from being brought up within the pale of Protestantism by the circumstance of his mother renouncing that creed at a time when he was too young as to be unable to direct the course of his future religious impressions and tendencies.

A FROST SONG.

TO THE TUNE OF A PAIR OF SKATES.

Drawn each step through the buskin tightly,
Blocks resolved to the dapper heel—
Away! on the iron skates so lightly
One scarce may the slippery surface feel!
Aha! for the wind, our gliding scorning,
With a joyous rush through the wholesome breeze,
Of which none yonder can form a notion,
Shivering under the snow-plumed trees.
Twittering, glittering—shod as with light,
Away! on our chirruping swallow flight.

With sudden twist on the back-turn flashing,
True to the metal as it governs,
Thrilling the mane of a throng oft clashing,
Curve we some name in elastic curves—
Some dear name cut on the granite waters
With the rapid gleam of a grinding edge,
Taking for one of Earth's rosy daughters,
A lover's knot as our Gordian pledge.
Twittering, glittering—shod as with light,
Away! on our chirruping swallow flight.

Driven by a force that like fury lashes,
As though we were charging with pike or lance,
Swift—right and left—in alternate dashes,
Then but together straight on we glance.
Till drifting by as in whirlwind eddy
We deftly skim round the Danger post,
We're slackening our pace, being merry ready
To halt, upon greeting hosts, by rote.
Twittering, glittering—shod as with light,
Away! on our chirruping swallow flight.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

SATURDAY, JANUARY 29, 1859.

THE JURY SYSTEM.

AT the very time this journal was expressing its opinion upon the intrinsic merits of the jury system, events were occurring in England which most conclusively proved its worthlessness. In a case tried before Lord Chief-Justice Cockburn, in which the question at issue was whether a railroad company had been negligent or not, the plaintiff being a passenger who had been injured by a railroad accident, the Court charged the jury that the Company had been either negligent or not: if it had, it was liable for the full extent of the plaintiff's damage; if it had not, it was wholly blameless. On this charge the jury brought in a verdict for the plaintiff, *with one farthing damages*. This absurd verdict Lord Campbell very reasonably, but clearly illegally, refused to receive, and the jury were discharged.

Upon this the London press reason after their kind: some impugning the Chief-Justice; others abusing the jury; not one questioning the soundness of the jury system. Yet what so clear as this the verdict in this case proves the folly of the method?

It can never be too often repeated that the reason method of trial by jury was adopted at a period when the Crown or supreme authority was a party to almost every suit. At the period from which trial by jury dates the chief business of Courts was the decision of cases of forfeiture, confiscation, and criminal prosecution. Courts, therefore, were simply arenas. Even at a far later date, suits between man and man bore a comparatively small proportion to that which they bear to the business of justice indirectly concerned. It was then—let us say in the time of James the Second and his immediate predecessors and successor—that the value of trial by jury was ascertained. In those days the jury was the shield of the citizen's liberty against the encroachments of the privileged classes and the royal prerogative. Even then, however, in such cases, it could not be thoroughly relied on. Juries were subject to every popular frenzy; and often, under the terror created by panic prejudice or national spite, condemned honest men to undeserved punishment. The history not only of Great Britain, but of New England likewise, contains numerous instances in which the jury system served to do wrong under color of justice. Still, looking at the working of the jury system in the aggregate, it can not be denied that, on the whole, in those days, it worked better than any other system that could be devised to hold a fairer balance between the Crown and the subject than could have been had by any tribunal composed of men dependent on the Government for a livelihood.

But how different the state of things in our day and in this country! The supreme authority, Federal or State, is very seldom a party to any important suit. The suits chiefly before our Courts hardly ever concern the public at large. John Jones has a lawsuit with John Smith about the ownership of a field. The question hinges on the true intent and meaning of certain deeds and conveyances. Evidently, on the face of it, the only proper tribunal to form a judgment on such points are men who have been bred to the business of interpreting documents and verbal admissions. Yet what the controversy comes before our Courts, we submit its decision to a dozen laymen—grocers, tailors, watchmakers, butchers, and farmers, and so forth. We expect them, in the course of a few minutes, to form a decision at which the most experienced lawyer would arrive after without many hours of close study. They render their decision promptly, in many cases before supper at home, and John Jones or John Smith is beaten mainly in order that the twelve jurymen may escape the confinement of the jury-room.

Take another case. Robinson or Brown is indicted for murder. Witnesses swear that the prisoner was seen coming bloody from the scene where the deed was committed. Other witnesses testify, on the contrary, that he was elsewhere at the time. To decide between these two sets of contradictory witnesses we summon milkmen, grocers, shoemakers, bakers, farmers, and so forth. Very few of these jurymen are capable of telling a straightforward story of facts which no one disputes. As to weighing contradictory evidence, not one of them ever dreamed of such a thing. Of the well-known rules which guide the acute judge in determinate false from true testimony, no one of these men is cognizant. How could he be? He knows all about milk, or muslin, or pantaloons, or Mocha coffee, or boots, or baggage: but evidence is a thing which he never thought about upon to study, and about which, therefore, he knows nothing. The consequence is that, when the twelve worthies have assembled in their room together, they ballot for a verdict. Eight of them didn't like the prisoner's face; they vote "Guilty." Four are honestly disposed; they vote "Not guilty." Then they discuss together. The advocates of a verdict intimate that society requires examples, and that dinner hour approaches; their antagonists feebly reply that evidence is always subject to doubts, and that the State Prison and the halter are terrible things. Generally speaking, the whole twelve are swayed by one obstinate man. He declares his views, and intimates that he will stick to them; the other eleven, sharing the natural propensity of mankind to be led by the nose, follow him. A possible combination of, say, seven, come into his views, and render the verdict unanimous. He may be a fool—but jurymen have families and love their children.

Another failure of justice arises from the partisanship of juries. A few months ago, in Canada, a Roman Catholic became a Protestant. At the instigation of the parish priest a number of Roman Catholics set upon the unfortunate convert, and actually stamped him to death. The murderers were arrested; they have been tried half a dozen times; but each time the Papist jurors have refused to bring in a verdict of guilty. Protestants are quite as bigoted. If, at a time of religious excitement, outrages were committed on Roman Catholic institutions, it would be difficult to empanneu a jury that would find the guilty parties guilty. Just so with politics. When any political question agitates the public mind, juries can not be relied on to render verdicts according to the evidence. Each juryman will be swayed by his peculiar prejudices. All experience teaches that, in such cases, nothing like justice can be expected from the jury system. So far does the mischief extend that, even when parties feeling is quiescent, prejudice and party sympathy constantly interfere with the working of the jury system. Anglo-Saxons are to be trained to unbending truthfulness under ordinary circumstances, they will seldom attempt to screen a malefactor. But, in this city, Irish miscreants constantly escape from the punishment through the sympathies of Irish jurors. In a recent case, a villain, charged rightfully with rape, escaped by a mere technicality, was rescued from the halter by the fellow-feeling of two Irish Papists who happened to be on the jury.

Thus, what with ignorance on the one side, and national or sectarian prejudice on the other, the jury system, which was the best practicable, and, indeed, until lately, the only system worth considering, has become but mischief, in nine cases out of ten, at the opponents of that religion would say, pot's vertus. Dr. Brownson, for instance, is perhaps one of the ablest champions of her doctrines and dogmas; Bishop Ives too; and, in England, Dr. Newman (probably the acute metaphysician and learned a man as that country can at present produce), Dr. Manning, Archdeacon Wilberforce, Mr. Lucas, and many others too numerous to mention. Dr. Cummings can scarcely be considered as Hall's a convert, yet he was only prevented from being brought up within the pale of Protestantism by the circumstance of his mother renouncing that creed at a time when he was too young as to be unable to direct the course of his future religious impressions and tendencies.

EUROPEAN SYMPTOMS.

IN a recent number of this journal it was shown that the period at which a European convulsion was most rapidly approaching. According to the law of periodicity, the year 1859 ought to be marked by some upheaval of the volcanic element among the people of Europe. France has invariably set the example of revolutionary movement; and on France, therefore, all eyes have for some time been fixed.

Recent events appear to justify the apprehensions we expressed; and, as usual, the French capital is the first to show signs of the developments. On New-Year's Day, we are told, the Emperor of the French openly expressed to the Austrian ambassador his concern at the unfortunate condition of the relations between Austria and France. On the occasion such language is said to import unusual significance to the event. The Emperor of the French is the last man in the world to use grave words lightly. And the occasion must have been pressing indeed for him to inaugurate the new year with a public protest of ill feeling. Nor was this occasion was pressing. Throughout Italy men are in a ferment. At Milan, Venice, Verona, and all the towns of the Milanese, the people are ripe for insurrection. Never was the hatred name of *Tedesco* more profoundly execrated than it is at present. Never were the Italians more anxious to strike a blow for independence. Assuredly the time was ripe for fruitful words.

To those who have followed European politics for some years, the events which are occurring may seem to be the natural consequences of sciences previously given signs. At the close of the Russian war, every one remembers that France made certain private arrangements with Russia which terminated, in fact, in a secret treaty of alliance as against other European Powers. To most thinks the Government of Great Britain was unable to conclude a closer treaty than usual with Austria. The terms of these private arrangements were known to Napoleon; but their general tenor may safely be inferred. As the case stood after the conclusion of the British convention of 1855, the balance of power was fairly balanced: Russia and France on the one side were a match, and no more than a match, for England and Austria on the other. Austria, moreover, has added further strength to her side by a dynastic alliance with Prussia. The Emperor of Russia has long been found ready to succumb to the position of autocrey he may have sought when he allied himself with the Czar. It is possible that, by leaving the field of European politics, Napoleon may have decided to assail the rival alliance; having done so, he sought the weakest point, which, undoubtedly, was Italy.

To understand the Italian question, it must be borne in mind that Northern Italy, including the Papal States on the south, and from Piedmont on the west, is more or less directly under Austrian control. Many of the towns—as the principal ones—are actually garrisoned by Austrian troops, and are so thoroughly under Austrian military rule as the suburbs of Vienna. Other parts of this section of Italy—as Tuscany and Lucca—are nominally independent, but enjoy that independence under penalty, in case of insurrection, of being garrisoned by the Austrians. Austria is the mistress of all Italy—save only Piedmont, the Papal States, and the Two Sicilies.

The object of the Austrians in trampling Northern Italy is not aggrandizement. Austria draws no revenue from Italy. On the contrary, Italy is a perpetual drain on the Austrian finances. Austria has ever asserted even that Lombardy was part of the Austrian dominions. But the revolutionary tendencies of the Italians are so dangerous, and their example so contagious, that the Austrian Government has found that the peace and subserviency of its own people could only be secured by subjecting Italy. Therefore it is that Austrian soldiers have garrisoned the Milanese and established martial law throughout Northern Italy.

It is evident, however, that the tenure of Austrian rule in Italy is in the highest degree precarious. It depends on bayonets only. Every one knows that the bayonet will first bend, then fall. Even the Pope distrusts it, and Piedmont would eagerly seize an opportunity to overturn it.

By declaring himself in favor of the evacuation of Northern Italy by the Austrians, the Emperor of the French has dealt a fatal blow at the national alliance which is opposed to him. He holds in his hand the fate of Austria; he has but to say the word, and Italy will rise, irresistible, frantic, united. Russia will rejoice at the spectacle. The English people will not permit their Government to interpose in behalf of Austrian tyranny. Prussia will view the humiliation of her rival with complacency. Hungary will not be indifferent. Austria will thus stand alone—the Government against the people—without a friend or ally, and with the liberal sympathies of the world enlisted on the side of her opponents.

If the decision of the Emperor of the French has been to break up the alliance among his rivals—and it must be admitted that events justify the belief—he has done his part. He has—it must be admitted that he has acted with even more than his usual sagacity. An Italian uprising, countenanced by the French Empire, could hardly fail to be highly injurious, if not fatal, to Austria. It would be hailed with delight by the English, but by every enlightened people. And whatever the effect were on the financial markets of the commercial world, it can not be questioned that the political consequences would be fraught with advantage to the Emperor of the French.

THE PURCHASE OF CUBA.

SOME of the papers say, with more truth than is generally supposed, that the Administration believe that the judicious use of a certain amount of money might secure the sale of Cuba to the United States. This is probably what Mr. Buchanan has allowed himself to be deceived by some Spanish wags.

The Ostend manifesto may rest assured that the Spanish Government could no more sell Cuba to the United States than this country could sell Oregon to Great Britain. No Spanish statesman of any standing dare even propose a cession of Cuba to the United States. The retention of the island is a matter of pride among the Spaniards; and the advocacy of its sale would sign the political death-warrant of its author.

If Cuba is ever to become a part of the United States, it can only become such by the process of conquest. Spain will first be crushed, by the forcible seizure of the island as security for the reparation of some injury inflicted by the Spanish on our commerce or our shipping.

The closer the French and Spanish journals are studied the more clearer does it seem that the writers who are naturally in the confidence of the leading statesmen of their respective countries are preparing the public mind for the final purposes of the United States. The old Spanish and French monarchs annexed new territory by the simple process of conquest, and they taxed and despoiled the people of their conquests. The European publicists give the United States credit for equally selfish designs. They never seem to suspect that the interest of the Cubans would be as largely served as that of the country by the annexation of the island. They do not seem to imagine that the people of the United States would not derive one dollar from the plunder of Cuba. Perhaps it is doubtful whether any reasoning can convince them of their error.

A NEW ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

CERTAIN Dr. Kane's old companions offer to undertake a fresh Arctic voyage, in order to find the long-disputed Open Polar Sea. They are encouraged by strong assurances—based on scientific grounds—from Professor Agassiz and Bache, that there is every reason to believe that such a sea exists. It is time to Dr. Kane's friends—especially as his theory has been derided in some foreign countries—that the question should be set at rest.

We hope the Government will afford the necessary facilities to the explorers, and, in case they desire it, will grant them a ship. If the open Polar Sea be discovered, a new and very profitable field will be opened to whalers; and no small credit will be reflected upon the United States. Proper consideration for the memory of the illustrious Doctor Kane ought to suggest the furtherance of the proposed expedition by liberal aid from the Government and the public.

THE LONGER.

WANTED—A LITTLE CAPITAL.

THERE is a capital sketch by Gavarni, called the Bohemians, and representing a café in Paris, in the inner room of which the *Bohemians* live. *Inmates*—are playing billiards with the genie glish, *Inmates*—are playing billiards with the genie glish, knotty cue which they use in a game; while of men to whom life itself is only a game; while at a table in the foreground sits a disconsolate, square-headed, neatly individual, leaning his elbow upon the table, and his chin dolefully in his hand, with a glass of *eau sucree* before him, a short clay-pipe smoked up, a pack of cards, and the checkers-board—and, underneath, the legend, "Wanted—a person able to command a little capital."

Nothing wanting but the pipe, and the Bohemian would turn the great crank of the engine, and turn out his favorite complete.

He sits there as a poor fellow might sit upon the shores of the Persian Gulf, knowing perfectly well that there is a mine of wealth for somebody in the pearls that lie at the bottom of the water. Yes, and he knows that somebody—a man like himself, perhaps—will come along by-and-by, fish up the pearls, and be rich.

How many men there are, all the time, who look at the daily course of life in the same way—persuaded that the pearls are ready for the fishing, and are going to be made in the future; and which they could make as well as any body if they could only get the hang of it—if they could only think of the lucky way to turn. *Wanted*—only a little capital.

What acres of men in this country, when they saw the success of Jenny Lind, must have vexed themselves by demanding, "Why not I?" Why, in the name of conscience, didn't *I* think of that? "Twas as clear as the sun that money could be made there! And while they were wondering, somebody invented a pill, or a cough lozenge, or failed upon some other quack idea, and the Swedish lasses upon the table, and, having smoked his pipe quite up, perceives that only a little capital is wanted!

Mr. Albert Smith, of London, is one of the gentlemen who has hauled up a very rich pearl. He was a small *litterateur*—rather a *farceur* in letters —a dwindling cockney, when—were it not a prosaic courtier of Fortune, who had an entertainment called the Overland Mail. Suddenly a happy thought struck him—the glorious idea—a conception which he scampered away from England—climbed to the summit of Mont Blanc—and returned. The rest, my point, as plainly as possible—came rattling down again—posted back to London—arranged a hall like a Swiss chalet—engaged the services of the best anecdotes of travel and stories of national character he could command—wove a very slender but thread of traveling story—dashed the tale with the pluck of a Londoner who had to *prepare for*, now stood on the mount of Mont Blanc—and at the appropriate scenery—opened his door gayly to the public, who took the bait greedily—and he has acted in delighted, and six nights in every week remained and remains the chalet—listened to the animated descriptions—laughed at the droll imitations and anecdotes—until Mr. Albert Smith's purse became famous, and he himself a London institution.

Wanted—a little capital of invention, said Fate, in the general proposition. Wanted—a little capital forward, invested his capital of that kind, and the dividends are enormous.

He has just speculated further in the same general direction. He has been to China, and has returned to England with a cocoa-nut and a willow-pattern fan. It is not less successful; and night after night his hall—now converted from a Swiss chalet to a resemblance to a Chinese pagoda—swarms with laughing Londoners.

Only a little capital is required; but it must be capital. That is the despair of Gavarni's poor Bohemian. He has not a little capital. He could poli his ladder up after him as well as not if he could only find a place to rest his feet upon. Plenty of chances, well we can be not grasped by a single one of them? Simply because in that case—want's a hand.

Good friends, who are wondering why on earth you can't seize any share of the general good fortune—don't think that you are just as clever as those who do—consider that they have the capital. It may be skill, it may be luck, it may be genius, or audience, it may be intelligence; but whatever it is, it is something positive, and not negative; it is not a leaning of the chin in the hand, and indulging the doleful dumps over a pipe smoked out.

A MAN'S WILL.

IT used to be said that a woman's will was enough to set the world awry; but nowadays men's wills are getting troublesome.

A droll and unexpected result of the freedom of the press is, that every disposition of every sort of property is subjected to such scrutiny and criticism that, for fear of posthumous shame, many a posthumous injustice will remain unknown. The duty of a man to provide for his family, whom he has educated according to his fortune, is rigidly insisted upon by the public; and the same tribunal will have no unforgiving fathers, no stern "parents" after death.

And from means so simple and proper as the possible publication of a will, what an appalling retribution is prepared for passion or meanness! The verdict Hun in the world may will shrink in anticipation from the blast of execration which will howl over his grave and chill the comfort of his children if he endeavor to perpetuate malice and make hate immortal.

Recent cases have excited various opinions. The expression of the public journals has been harmoniously adverse; but in private it has sometimes been suggested that if a manly daughter eloped against his will she must expect evil consequences.

But the case is very simple: Suppose she runs off with a man who is a rascal, and makes her miserable, is the father therefore to add the pinch of poverty to the ruin of happiness, which she already endures, by the punishment of whatever offense she has committed? Or suppose she runs off with a man who is a good, honest fellow, but whom the father does not choose to like, is she then to be punished for having chosen warily?

If a man and his wife cannot live out to cut off with a shilling a poor, good-for-nothing, drunken son of a son, but ought to put some means in trust for him, to save him from the temptation of better things, rather than secure the certainty of his destruction, by some much more easy and possible for the rescue of a daughter from want, whose only offense is that she loved, not wrongly, but too well.

This fresh idea of the sacredness of social authority, exercised irresponsibly and unreasonably in the unhappiness it would be inspiring, is one of the swiftest away before the publishing of wills. The habit will have abuses, as every habit has. But it is not difficult to forestall its benefits.

CHRISTIAN COURTESY.

THE New York Christian Advocate says, or some of them—for it is to be hoped that Mozart Hall would not hold all—that "Americans are Democratic and with the ten, as was proper, toasts; and to the toasts, as it usual, speeches. It seems to have been a pleasant occasion, and the Governor and the Mayor and other worthy gentlemen made remarks which very creditable to their patriotism and loyalty.

But why should the social sympathy of the hour have been spoiled by personal insults to other human beings, not present to defend themselves?

One of the orators, according to the report, "pitched into the Democratic party, charging its leaders many as Bottomites; accused them of being on the verge of idolatry, and warned the Christian young men that they had better leave the Administration" by their singing, singing process would speedily transform them into their own shape—that of a wasp."

Now here was something neither Christian, humane, nor polite. If Mr. Bottom (or one speaking in New York), entertains different views from some Democrats, his views may be decidedly quite as intelligent, as moral, and as capable of forming and expressing opinions upon every subject as he is; and instead of insulting him he considers their views wrong or pernicious, he calls them names, and, as in the present instance, makes the performance inevitably leaves upon every sensible mind this impression: if the views of the Athenian are wrong, they are not shown to be so; they were merely denounced as disgraceful. The laugh therefore is with the wasp of good manners on the part of the speaker.

When Christian young men gives tea-parties, why not take a great deal more trouble? Tea plenty of sugar! Calling names should be confined to certain political meetings of a peculiarly low, indecency's sake, let us have common propriety served up with the toasts in Mozart Hall.

LECTURES AND LECTURERS.

A LECTURE upon this promising subject was lately delivered by a very intelligent gentleman, in which, among many good things, there were some which struck us as peculiarly wise and true. The most important of them was the statement that many of the best lectures had withdrawn, and withdrawn, therefore, from withdrawn, from the Lyceum, because they were put in competition with persons and of various grades, the better fine flowers of rhetoric, concealed transcendentalism, infidelity, and other wickedness, and who were altogether unworthy of the name.

Now what different views honest men may take of the same subject! The Lyceum is much interested in the study of the Lyceum and the lecture-system for some time, and the result of its ascended and successful experience is that the Lyceum has constantly grown in earnestness and freedom from objectionable discussion, and, consequently, the men who are noted for a generous humanity (which is often called "infidelity," as if those who loved and lived for man did not also reverence in the love of God), and for a fearless and eloquent expression of the views which they hold, are they men who are sought more and more by the Lyceums every year, and are sure to gather the largest crowds and now the most private, as well as public, houses.

While, on the other hand, the speakers who occasionally appear to grope in error and universal principles and the subjects that interest their audiences—who aim only to tickle the ear and excite a vulgar laugh—are constantly losing or logically convention are set against human progress and the cause of universal humanity, and are, nature, rolling themselves up in their prickly little dogmas, like porcupines in their quills—are steadily losing "prestige" and are left to the charity of the great popular heart and mind.

The fact is, however, not moral. A man may travel from Bangor to St. Louis between the 1st of November and the 1st of March, and in every town and village and city, on some evening in every week, may hear one or more lectures. Let him remember what he has heard, compare notes, and note why they are so; and then say whether it is because they are pretty fair, or because they say things that the popular conscience does not affront, and hears more eagerly because it has heard so seldom.

As for the best lecturers withdrawing, it would be a difficult thing for the ablest speaker in question to name a single public lecturer who has any claim at all to be considered among the best, who has left the Lyceum for the reason assigned. That many have left is true enough. But when the Lounger was lately engaged in studying the Lyceum in a certain large inland city, and asked a friend whether a late distinguished politician resident in that city had "withdrawn" from politics; his friend replied, "He certainly has nothing to do with them at present, but probably he him self would like amazingly to know whether he has withdrawn or been dropped!"

PLAIN SPEAKING.

A FAMOUS mathematician has made an accurate calculation of the chances of broken necks and limbs by railway travel in this country. People who travel much by rail are deeply interested in it—especially after they have completed the whole number of miles which, according to the calculation, require that a broken neck or limb must be. In fact, you may at any time find yourself comfortably rolling along by the side of a man who, to keep the statistics straight, ought to have been crushed to death six months before.

Such curious but terrible disagreeable chances would be greatly lessened, if railroads were more carefully built and guarded, every instance of remissness and carelessness would be brought to the most public notice. An accurate monthly report of accidents of every kind would be issued, and would be very useful, if not very amusing reading. If would greatly help the general security of travel.

The matter has been forcibly suggested by the Georgia accident, occasioned by the washing away of the embankment by heavy rains, and by a vigorous passage in the last number of the *North American Review*, in which, speaking of an English bridge, the reviewer remarks, "What a contrast to the tremulous and rotting cobwork which, not only on our railroads generally, but even on our railways, often spans rapid streams and precipitous ravines, and whose strength and superintendents enable us to conceive of the Hindoo Thug—murderers by profession—as a possible sect."

The Thug is a noble, in a word. "It has no strong language, in view of facts familiarly known to it was not a proper word." Although it appeared on the inquest upon the bodies of those recently murdered on the New York Central Railroad, that "Thugs" was the best description of the railway had for several days been fully aware of the dangerous and ruinous condition of the bridge whose failure was thus fatal.

Murder is the very word that describes such conduct, under such circumstances.

"ITALIA, O ITALIA!"

THE recent eminent and enthusiastic lectures upon Italy and Italian revolutions by Signora Mario have revived many a sympathy and bubbled afresh many a hope. Perhaps in the most universal of all is a sense of the inextricability of Italian questions. Let no Power try to be defended with the word. It is used in no reproachful, but in a regretful, sense.

Whoever is familiar with the details of the struggle as Rome against the French—the good order maintained by the Republican Government, the popular sympathy, and, though the word seems strange to describe such a man, the practical administrative sense of Mazzini—Pepe, in his correspondence with the French special envoy, Lesseps, both of whom had been his guests and enemies—will never be unjust to the Italian character, however skeptical he may be of their political regeneration.

But against these remonstrances he has to place the interminable party quarrels, the disheartened conduct, and the general shiftlessness of the Italian movement. The young men waste too much enthusiasm upon the color of a ribbon or the shape of a hat; and long before they are prepared to hoist a bottle flag every patriot has a pair of trousers that betrays the whole secret.

Just now we read that the city upon which the young men of Italy had intended to smuggled into the country from Turin, and is called Cucumber, has declared for the Prince of Piedmont, and there keep the enemy always watchful, and expend their own energies in trifles. They are like men stealing upon a foe, who, in those close approaches, get upon their not being discovered; but as they push along in advance of the main body of the army, creep, thrusts his arm out of the bushes, and shakes his fist at the enemy, who laugh silently and track their march from point to point.

The defense of Rome was heroic and noble. It was the last struggle of fame to immortalize by her. Every day the flower of the city went out to the field, and every day some brave defender fell. The spirit that fought at Bunker's and Quebec not might liberate Italy. But that spirit would not have been private, as now, a matter of shoestrings. When a man has time to stop and pick list of his coat-sleeve, he is not in a hurry.

THE FEAST OF NEW BOOKS.

THE flower the books published, the better they ought to be in point of quality, the richer they are. Certainly the books of the winter—Carlyle's strong, splendid, picturesque, grand historical portrait of *Frederick the Great* in the last volumes worth of a permanent and grave interest. Then we have more recently the first volume of Palfrey's *History of New England*—calm, clear, dignified, and full of interest, a fresh and final telling of the immensely fine and interesting story. And, partly in the same field, the first volume of Arnold's *History of Rhode Island*, which is also important and full of the reader will have the case of Roger Williams against the men of Massachusetts—the Bay state—fully presented on both sides than ever before.

Still another history, full of a vital, startling, human interest, Dr. Bacon's *Genesis of the Story of Prostitution*—a work for every grave man to read and ponder, and which will do for this day; and as a relief, *Thorndale; or, the Conflict of Opinions*—the record of a sensitive, thoughtful, poetic, and retired mind, musing upon all questions, and studying the thoughts and the results with a ripe and tender simplicity and beauty of expression which is no less peculiarly English than the rollicking, sparkling, amusing *Yacht Voyage of the thousand Miles*, by Lord Dufferin, who went to Spitzbergen "on a lark;" showing that Lords "may be genuine gentlemen, although the Duke of Beaufort is ad-

dicted to "Aunt Sally" and "propels bludgeons" at innocent equestrians who happen to hit his shoulder.

But from snow and ice, Dr. Thomson, who has lived for thirty years in the *Land* expounding the *Book*, leads us to the warm Eastern lands and authority that few travelers have possessed. *The Land the Book* is a work not only interesting to the general reader, but of peculiar value to the religious student, fascinating for Sunday-schools, and a substantial contribution to the illustration of the Holy Land.

Near the poets silent. Mrs. Kemble gathers her verses, old and new, into one of Tickner & Field's handsome volumes: and with a fine, racy flavor of the old literature with which her dramatic studies have made her familiar, sings the same feelings and passions that inspired them. Bennett is a rich tenderness in many of her poems, a pathetic dignity. Mr. Aldrich, too, clothes the *Bolder Bell* in a wonderful dress both of fantasticness: while the airy chime of his dainty songs make a music like the sound of colored sunset. *Tuttle-Sweet*, that comes from the hand that wrote *Thorndyke Rossiter's Letters*, is as hearty and earnest as that admirable book, and if in parts not ragged, is every where as racy as its native New England. Then there is Dr. Holland's *Bay Path*, a fine place among our authors: while the *Autocrat* has put Dr. Holmes's place of honor higher—so high that it will be vicinic to all the world as long as fancy, wit, humor, thought, grace, and pathos are dear to him or admired.

And while the sumptuous *Poets and Poetry of Europe*, edited by the American edition by Mr. Duyckinck, with selections and illustrations of our own poets, must always remain among the handsomest of the splendid books for parlor ornaments. *Willis Winkle's Nursery Songs of Scotland*, exquisitely illustrated by Darley, is, in all, it is more known to say nothing about the book."

So the Lounger becomes instantly mum.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

"A CONSTANT READER," who wrote a few weeks since to thank us for the hint concerning the proper pronunciation of Proclivoni, and who asked how certain other words were pronounced, now accuses the Lounger of unkindness in remarking upon the spelling of the letter, and regrets that the "magnanimity" of the Lounger is "as nasty indeed." "A Constant Reader" has read this column with very much attention, and is aware that the very ridicule any correspondent except in good-humored selfdefense. The Lounger will naturally pay better with banter, but he will never allow his magnanimity to be rallied by any correspondent; and he begs to say, that the political words in the words originally mentioned by "A Constant Reader" are written as they are pronounced. In fact, they are pronounced first, and the writing is but an imitation of the sound.

—"DAMPHOOL" wishes to know whether the Lounger thinks that Milton is "dampool" or "dampool" are in his epics or in his minor poems; and whether the fact that the works of a poet come to be used as grammatical models is not a fair proof that they are dead, since anatomical students do not dissect live subjects? Who would think of parsing Tennyson?"

—"To come to a practical test. *Reputation sola*, avoid the unnecessary publishers of these letters, and, besides, cautiously advance the fashion now (A!D) said to have been paid for the copyright of the letters."

Probably not. Some of the most famous and successful works of our own day have gone begging for publishers, and in fact for lack of the publishers. They do not know works because they are full of good and original matter, but because they promise to be profitable. A merchant deals in molasses or in no hides according to the prospect of money-making, not upon any abstract grounds of superiority in the hide to the syrup. Publishers are not, generally, necessarily, scholars, nor philosophers, although they are often all three. As publishers, they are not scholastic; and if authors always remembered that fact they would not so often look upon publishers as their natural enemies.

—The problem of "C. P. Cooper," in No. 102 of the Herald, has elicited a number of satisfactory replies. This week, for instance, Jon writes from Baltimore County, Maryland, that the number required is 144 to "exactly the same." Another nameless correspondent takes Mr. Cooper to task for inaccuracy in the statement of his proposition, and adds:

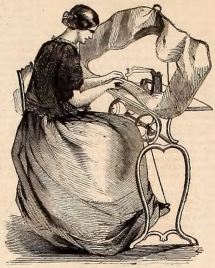
"Permit me, Lounger, to suffix some problems not to be found in John Taylor's translation of Librarie's Socratic arithmetic, a work which Mackintosh recommended, and from which Longfellow quoted. If a man on a hill can see three miles, how far can six men see? Or, if it takes a man seven days to chop Cord, how far is it from Cape Ann to the Fourth of July?"

While still another and more practical correspondent wishes to know what the difference in the number of pales will be 304 $\frac{4}{5}$ $\frac{4}{5}$ $\frac{4}{5}$!!!

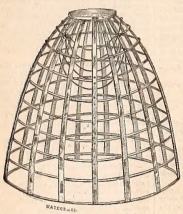
—Boz says that he is one of a society of young men who desire to study the forms of parliamentary debate, and wishes to know how they can procure a copy of the minutes of the United States Senate, etc. The society should subscribe to the *Congressional Globe*, and make itself familiar with the Parliamentary Manual of Jefferson, which will find included in the "Manual of the State of New York," published annually for the use of the Legislature at Albany.

SKIRT SEWING MACHINE.

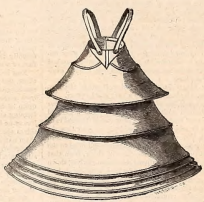
EYELETING MACHINE.



A SKIRT IN PROCESS OF MANUFACTURE.



SKELETON SKIRT.



QUEEN ANN SKIRT.

EMPLOYMENT OF WOMEN.

ARTICLE III.

DOUGLAS & SHERWOOD'S HOOP SKIRT FACTORY.

WE illustrate herewith one of the largest manufacturing establishments of this . . Douglas & Sherwood's Hoop Skirt Factory; an establishment . . which 800 women are employed, and 2000 hoop skirts turned out daily.

Five years ago Messrs. Douglas & Sherwood began the manufacture of skirts. At that time haircloth and other heavy materials were the substances most used in the manufacture; but the weight of several such skirts, and the heat generated proving injurious to health, the attention of makers was directed toward the discovery of a substitute, and hoop skirts were invented. When hoops were first introduced, to turn out six skirts per day was considered a fair day's work; now the several factories engaged probably produce over 10,000. In 1855 Douglas & Sherwood removed to Broadway, and set up 200 sewing machines (Wheeler and Wilson's); in 1858 they found the premises too small, and hired three houses in White Street, where they continue the manufacture. They consume a ton of steel per day; of other materials they use, monthly, 150,000 yards muslin, 100,000 feet whalebone, 24,000 spools of cotton, 2,800,000 eyelets, slides, hooks and eyes, etc., 500,000 yards of tape, 225,000 yards of jute cord, and 10,000 yards of haircloth.

THE FINISHING ROOM.

We are happy to add that Messrs. Douglas & Sherwood have not been forgetful of the mental welfare of their employées. In a building on White Street, adjoining their factory, they have established a free library for the girls, containing 2000 volumes. This will prove a good investment, and is an example well worthy of being followed.

THE KNIGHT'S LEAP AT ALTENAHR.

"So the fosman has fired the gate, men of mine,
And the water is spent and done;
Then bring me a cup of the red Ahr-wine;
I never shall drink but this one.

"And fetch me my harness, and saddle my horse,
And lead him me round to the door;
He must take such a leap to-night perforce
As horse never took before."

He harness'd himself by the clear moonshine,
And he mounted his horse at the door,
And he took such a pull at the red Ahr-wine
As never man took before.

He spurred the old horse, and he held him tight,
And he leapt him out over the wall;
Out over the cliff, out into the night,
Three hundred feet of fall.

They found him next morning below in the glen,
And never a bone in him whole:
But Heaven may yet have more mercy than men
On such a bold rider's soul.

A WORK-ROOM IN DOUGLAS & SHERWOOD'S SKIRT MANUFACTORY.

THE POPE BLESSING A ROMAN SEA-PORT—PAINTING ON THE CEILING OF HIS RAILWAY CAR.

THE POPE'S RAILWAY CAR.

THE accompanying illustrations represent a curious blending of old and new things, being nothing less than a state car on the Rome and Naples Railway, intended for the accommodation of the Pope. That a Pope should travel in a railway seems, on the face of it, as preposterous as if one should fancy Achilles smoking a cigar, or Clytemnestra in hoop skirts; but wherever the fault lies, whether the railway has come too soon or the Pope lasted too long, there they are side by side, in actual existence.

We are told by the devout person to whom the description of the Pope's railway car was intrusted that eight months were occupied by the architects and builders in its construction. After much doubt and discussion, they at length decided in favor of a car divided into three compartments — an ante-chamber, a bedroom, and a salon with a papal chair in it for audiences. The exterior of all these is covered with metal plates, which, in the opinion of the devout person aforesaid, imparts to the whole structure "a severe and noble aspect." Upon and between the plates are bronze bas-reliefs representing the Apostles, Faith, Martyrdom and Truth, the Eucharist, etc., etc.

The interior of the car is said to be extremely grand. Silk, velvet, ivory, ebony, and works of art of the greatest value, meet the eye on every side. The engraving which we give above represents one of the many paintings which cover the ceiling of the ante-chamber: it is the benediction of a new Port by the Pope. All is in keeping. The Reception Car contains no seat-but the Pope's; but on one corner stands a table, on which rests a magnificently-bound copy of the Bull of the Immaculate Conception. The bedroom is exquisitely luxurious, though "severely chaste and simple." The bed is inlaid with ivory and ebony; so is the *prie-dieu*. Both are said to be admirably adapted to their respective uses.

So now our readers know how the Pope travels in a railway. We gave them the other day some pictures of the state railway carriage of the Emperor of the French—*his salon*, his ante-chamber, his bedroom, the Empress's bedroom, and the car for the ladies-in-waiting and the aid-de-camps. They are now enabled to draw a contrast between the traveling styles of these potentates and that which is adopted by the President of the United States.

THE RECEPTION CAR.

LITERARY.

DR. GUTHRIE is one of the noblest of the modern Scotch divines. We welcome every new book from his pen which Carter & Brothers, from time to time, publish. CHRIST AND THE LOVERS-CURE OF THE SAINTS is the latest of these: a collection of discourses on such passages as touch the glories to which Christ makes his people heirs. Thus the first is on "The Inheritance of the Saints in Light," the second on "Who hath delivered us from the Power of Darkness," the next on the translation "into the kingdom of His dear Son;" and then follow, "Redemption through His Blood," and kindred subjects. The learned Doctor, hydrocwise, takes occasion, in passing, to hit the subject of Slavery and give us Americans a rap on the institution. But this is only a page, and affords an opportunity for a fine outburst of his peculiar power of eloquence.

THE BALLAD OF BABIE BELL, and other poems, by Thomas Bailey Aldrich, is a volume very beautifully printed, and published by Rudd & Carleton. Mr. Aldrich is already well known to the literary world by the exquisite poem which gives title to the volume, as well as by many others which we are glad to see preserved in these pages. We mention in particular BARBARA, a poem which originally appeared in our columns, entitled "The Duke's Jealousy," and which, with "Babie Bell," are sufficient foundation to sustain any author's claim to be a poet. Mr. Aldrich is, indeed a poet of no ordinary power. His perception of the beautiful in thought is so keen and delicate, his idealism so perfect, that his pen seems to make every thing that he writes overflow with beauty. We can every him the power which is displayed in such lines as these, under the well-known word INVELOPMENT:

THE POPE'S STATE RAILWAY CARRIAGE.

And while the moonlight wrought its miracles,
Drenching the world with silent silver rain,
He spoke of life, and its tumultuous ills—
He told me of his pain.

He said his life was like the troubled sea
With autumn brooding over it; and then
Spoke of his hopes—of what he yearned to be,
And what he might have been.

"I hope," said Lyddon, "for peace at last;
I only ask for peace! My god is Love!
May after days atone the heedless heretofore!
Breaks all my image!"

This last verse deserves a golden frame. In looking through his small collection we find other lines that we would willingly extract; but the reader will be better satisfied with the volume itself, and to that we refer him. It is a rare pleasure, in our days, to chronicle so worthy an addition to American literature. But within a few weeks we have been especially favored in this respect; first by Longfellow's "Courtship of Miles Standish," then by Holland's "Bitter-Sweet," and now Mr. Aldrich's "Babie Bell."

From Mr. J. K. Curtis, 83 Bleecker Street, we have received (1) his PRICED CATALOGUE OF COINS, MEDALS, AND NUMISMATIC BOOKS for sale; and (2) Mr. John H. Hickcox's excellent work on AMERICAN COINAGE. The attention which has been directed to the subject of coin-collecting in this country during the past six months justifies special notice of both these lists, and we regret that our want of space forbids a more full description. Mr. Hickcox has furnished us with a very complete history of American Colonial and Federal coinage; while Mr. Curtis's catalogue gives us an idea of the present value of many of the rarer specimens. For example, we find in Mr. Hickcox's book that one Samuel Higbley, at Granby, Connecticut, about 1737, made several coppers from the metal obtained in mines near his house. They bore the device, "I am good," on the reverse, "Value me as you please;" and, on the other side, "I am good copper—1737;" and other inscriptions of a similar character. These coins are now so rare that we find Mr. Curtis has one of them in his collection marked 25 dollars. And, again, Mr. Curtis describes the Chalmers coins of Annapolis, Maryland, of 1783; and Mr. Curtis's offer of one of these Chalmers shillings is 25 dollars. These, of course, are rare and costly specimens; and no novice in collecting must imagine that there is any such limitation to the expense of other old and rare coins at Mr. Curtis's store. On the contrary, a very extensive collection of excellent coins may be made from this catalogue at a reasonable price; nor is there any means more pleasant, or one likely to lead to a more desirable historical information, than this of coin collecting. Each coin is a page or a volume of history for years, and then step into the store where the will use coins of Greece, Rome, Europe in the Middle Ages, the modern nations of the world, and test his knowledge by them veritable relics, and he will find that his history will be as coherent for practical use. But let him collect coins, and he will pick up history with them that he will never forget; and whether he reads it in Ancient, in American, or extend it to foreign and ancient coins, he will find every page a new and delightful discovery. In this respect we regard Mr. Curtis's store as a place worth visiting; and this, the only American catalogue of the kind we have seen, affords an excellent commencement of the Numismatic catalogue of the country.

THE MASTER, by B. F. Prenbury (published, in Boston, by Shepard, Clark, & Brown), is the story of a false system in the North Carolina "Old Dominion;" an attempt at reception, under the Fugitive Law; and many kindred topics which, though not very probable, but serve to elucidate the author's idea that the institution of Slavery is essentially fierce and vicious, and that it is the source of nearly all the true of most human relations.

Country Cousins; or, the Varieties of Love, by Theodore Hartman (published, in New York, by John W. Norton), is a very English novelette without any particular merit, and which finally falls into the profession of little Charity Green, a child whom various other circumstances have spirited away from England, and hidden—now down on Long Island, now up at Toronto—now in Charleston. All sorts of people and all kinds of adventures form the staple of the story, which is not badly conceived, but not well executed. There are not many authors who would risk such an incident as a lover driving two rival candidates from the field—motive of an express train, and causing a general smash-up, for the sake of stopping the abductors of his lady love.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, January 17, in the Senate, Senator Bell presented a memorial from the citizens of Tennessee, and character of the American vessels engaged in the trade with Africa. Senator Bell made some remarks, and the Senate adopted, a resolution requiring into the propriety of expelling the territory of Kansas. Senator Sherman was appointed Senior Flag Officer of the Navy, by 37 to 14. A resolution was introduced by Senator Johnson, of Tennessee, to limit the expenditure of the appropriation for the Capitol to the sum of one million of dollars. Senator Bigler's amendment was put to the vote and carried, and discussion was participated in by Senators Bell, Green, Davis, and Hunter.——In the House, upon motion of Mr. Sherman, a select committee was appointed to inquire into the alleged abuses in the Navy. The bill to codify the revenue laws was then taken up, and, on motion of Mr. Letcher, was passed over and stricken out. The House went into Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union on the President's Message, and a speech on various topics was delivered by Mr. Clay. The Consular and Diplomatic Appropriation Bill having been taken up, a speech was made by Mr. Hickman, and the House adjourned.

On Wednesday, 19th, in the Senate, Senator Pugh moved for a return of the trade with Cuba for the past five years. Senator Hale moved that the President be authorized to restore "dropped" officers to the Navy, referred. The Pacific Railroad Bill was then taken up, and Senator Gwin spoke in favor of it. The bill was finally negatived by 28 to 23. Senator Bigler's resolution was passed by Senators Pugh, Benjamin, Simmons, and Davis, and Mr. Bigler spoke. It took reporters' notes of a speech of Mr. Douglas, and the Senate adjourned.——In the House, the evening session speeches were delivered by various members, and the business was transacted.

On Thursday, 20th, in the Senate, Senator Benjamin moved a substitute to Senator Hale's resolution, which was adopted, to restore the Army and Navy of the United States to the condition they were in before being reduced. Speech of the United States being reduced in Congress, and Senator Davis's amendment was discussed by Senators Davis, Bigler, Hunter, and Douglas.——In the House, the bill to amend the pre-emption laws of 1841 was taken up, and discussed by Mr. Phelps. Speeches on the President's Message, and speeches were made by Messrs. Pugh, Montgomery, Bocock, and Cockerill.

On Friday, 21st, in the Senate, various memorials were presented, and Senator Bigler's resolution was discussed. Notice on from Pennsylvania and Senator Douglas. Senator Bigler's resolution was passed. The bill to grant certain quantities of lands for railroad purposes was taken up. The bill to authorize the sale of naval officers, etc., etc. Several private claims were passed. Senator Bigler's bill to provide for the issue of loans to enhance a resolution directing the Committee on Foreign Relations to inquire into the expediency of issuing the British Provinces; objected to. The private calendar was taken up.

On Saturday, 22d, in the House, which was the only session worth noting, the bill to codify the revenue laws from Friday to Monday.——Resolutions of the Pennsylvania Legislature, in favor of the passage of a law to prevent the sale of arms to the Indians, were presented and referred to the Committee on Indian Affairs. The bill to indemnify citizens of Alabama for losses by Indians was passed. The Homestead Bill was rejected.——Bills having passed of a third of a million to the Indians, and the Civil and Diplomatic Appropriation bill had consumed the afternoon.

SPEECHES IN THE SENATE.

The *Herald* correspondent telegraphs: "In Executive session of the Senate to-day, there was a very spirited discussion arose between Judge Douglas and Senator Bigler, in relation to the course of the latter in having had to a deal. The debate occurred on the question of confirming Mr. Bigler's son-in-law, Governor Cumming. Mr. Pugh opposed Porter's nomination, as the man disgraced the Navy service. Mr. Bigler said he would not be put on a par with him (Pugh) he was ready for it. He denounced Pugh's conduct in the Cuba affair. Douglas said he was not in (Pugh's) friend to vote against it. Douglas responded that he (Bigler) had been the friend of Walker, and that he then intended to be his friend. Appointments. He then touched on the Kansas question, and Douglas, Bigler, Pugh, Hunter, and Green participated. Douglas said that Bigler's statement was not true. Douglas again reiterated what he had said. Fitch and Douglas continued the debate. Fitch replied to Douglas and Douglas replied, and this made a remark for Fitch to prize any thing coming from that quarter. Cries of order were heard, and Douglas and Fitch were called to order. Motions were then made that Douglas be called to order. Mr. Bigler, Mr. Douglas replied to, and said, turning to Douglas, he had dressed with personal remarks. Douglas said he was not the man to say any thing personal. Mr. Bigler said he was not the man to make a motion was made and the Senate adjourned. The debate will be resumed to-day. The private secretary remarks made."

SOCIAL LIFE AT WASHINGTON.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press* writes: "Mr. and Mrs. Senator Douglas were never before so much the centre of attraction as they have been during the reception of the fair lady and gentlemen of Washington. Their house is crowded with genuine admirers. Mrs. Douglas is a most accomplished lady, and her agreeable citizen and his family—the stranger from other sections of the country, are loud in praise of the welcome properly presented. The Republicans have a good deal to say about the Democratic party, but the exception from the West End by paying attention to each other's guests, and by the kindness of the host and hostess of their fare when enabled to reciprocate.

The Cuban Minister's reception on Wednesday fell. Headed by glorious Critenden, and inspired by Mrs. Senator Douglas, Mrs. Gen. Cass, Mrs. Gen. Scott, Mrs. Gen. Thomas, and Mrs. Gen. Harney, and a host of others, the ball was many a round rotten, and cause many a kick, and the Cuban Minister and his lady, as well as all the Administration dole out their good things, will be happy to know that the ball is over, and that it deserve it for being so severe in your paper, others can, and may and do, receive recognition and reward. Mr. and Mrs. Nickles are universal favorites; nowhere is there a more refined or hospitable couple in the country as Pennsylvanians so glad to rally. Among the celebrity of the evening was Mr. Bayard Taylor, who received a gratifying. Here you have a correspondent, a poet, a traveler, a lecturer, a secretary, a contempt for more wealth, and a number of talents you may well envy. Mr. Marshal Hoover is a host in more respects than one, and he kind, gentlemanly reception was the more flattered than when making others happy. Then we have Mr. Quinn, with his usual attractive manner, at his private library, his agreeable decisions, when you will often meet such celebrities as Mr. Clay, Mr. Bennett, Mr. Forney, the artist; Gaylord Clark, of the *Knickerbocker*; Pike, of Arkansas; Governor Wise, Mr. Buchanan, Mr. Secretary Cass, Gales and Seaton, and when they are busy with the Congressional Library, you will find Mr. Quinn *tête-à-tête* with Mr. Bancroft, the historian; Mr. Sparks; F. P. Blair, of Silver Spring, outside of the town; and the most distinguished men of the country, and the readiest to see their friends, and even to meet their opponents, at his private library."

WHAT THE "WANDERER" IS LIKE.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press* writes from Savannah:

"Captain Haines has returned from the coast of Africa. He says such silver in the stream opposite to our city, with his vessel, the *Wanderer*, lying in the river. The *J. C. Dobbin*, I was enabled to visit this new ten thousand ton, the *Wanderer*. She is a splendid vessel. A schooner of two hundred and twenty-five tons, very much like the *Wanderer*, was captured by the *Dobbin* not long since, and she does it. The lieutenant in charge of the prize crew of the schooner was sent by the vessel from Brunswick she sailed right away from the *Dobbin*.

"The *Wanderer* is well known in New York. She came here before, belonged to the yacht club, and was owned by a certain Johnson. That gentleman was to be, head of her at the regatta at Brunswick, Georgia, which, you may say, I saw the flag of the New York Yacht Club on board of her this afternoon. She is fitted up in yachting, generally, very elegantly. The cabin and the captain's state-rooms are even luxurious. Mirrors, sofas, and every convenience for comfort and elegance. She is a splendid sailer, and, with her great steam engines, Brunels carpets, a library of books, and a piano, she is a floating palace. Captain Haines looks quite attractive for a pirate."

whose human beings were packed 'spoon fashion,' muskets, pistols, boarding-pikes, large water-tanks, all betokening the piratical and horrible nature of the last voyage of the 'slaver.'"

THE CORPT GALLERY.

A writer in the *Press* thus describes the female portion of Brady's Washington Gallery:

"The best portion of the gallery is that which contains the ladies, and it is in that part where the eighteen most do congregate. At the head of a goodly array of beauty has perched all of Mrs. Brady's accomplice, tall, elegant woman, with a sweet, intellectual face, and expressive eyes. Next to her is Mrs. Gen. Scott, a rather French than American; and the expression of her face is not unlike that of Mrs. Gen. Cass, though the former possesses much the effect of more delicacy and refinement. She is very pleasant, affable, and without that stiffness which is so common in the wives of public officers, and which marks most miserable taste. A bracelet of her husband's hair is the only trace of pride in her dress. The hair, too, is worn in simple flowing bands, which are much worthier of imitation than the present style. To which we have seen the original to less advantage than she appears at her husband's side.

"Next in order comes Mrs. Crittenden; a matronly face, with a pleasant, kindly expression, and a dress which is the result of the mark of age as to enable you to imagine the original beauty which has long since fled.

"Mrs. Gen. Lane, wife of Senator Lane, of Oregon, is next, with an imperious rather than a winning, a handsome face, and a commanding figure. In succession, is next to Mrs. Critenden on the one side, and, on the other, to Madame La Vega, the lady-wife, somewhat, and plainer. Spirit of Southern society. Her face is more French than American, and her dress is quite peculiar. Her features is decidedly American, and still more decidedly Southern. Her dress is a perfect model of plain but elegant expression than of striking beauty.

Mrs. Gen. Thomas, wife of Adjutant-General.

"Miss Hale, the daughter of Senator Hale, is next to that of her father, and is a beautiful young woman of beauty; but the observer who permits himself to imagine, from the face of the father, that the face of the daughter also must have been twenty years ago, would be apt to be very much mistaken. Miss Hale is a beauty, and one that now occupied by her daughter. The portrait of Mrs. Senator Douglas is next to that of her husband, and is then an effective on the weak-minded person at the head of the gallery, and is a beautiful face, and a picture of very striking face, in child peculiarly adapted to the style of Mrs. Brady's art. On the other side of the husband is that of Mrs. Senator Bigler, and is a picture of a happy, mirthful little woman, with just a little Dutch cast to her face. Next to Mrs. Douglas's is the face is more of the Yankee cast than of that which we have been accustomed to see in Southern associations. Mrs. Conrad's is one of the handsomest portraits in the gallery, and the expression of intelligence of manner is the figure, while the expression of the features does not do justice to the strong mind which this lady is famous. Mrs. Postmaster-General Brown is next to that of Mrs. Conrad, and presents a most pleasing face in the collection."

TRIAL OF THE WINANS STEAMER.

On Thursday last the new iron steamer built by the Messrs. Winans, at Baltimore, for the Russian government, four or five hours, with a small party on board. The performance of the vessel was highly satisfactory. The Baltimore papers as having been entirely satisfactory. They are built of the model known as the Winans cigar vessels, and made twelve to fourteen miles an hour.

THE CUBAN MINISTER AND THE PRESIDENT.

We read in the Troy *Times*: "Mr. John La Montaine, the newspaper, is in this city, where he arrived on Monday a few days. He has made arrangements for the construction of a line of steamers from this port to Europe, to make an attempt to cross the Atlantic next summer. The money is to be furnished by a wealthy capitalist of the modern Athens, who has sufficient confidence in Mr. La Montaine's skill to put a hundred thousand in it. The balloon is to be of silk, with an successive power which will enable it to overcome the force of the strongest gales or provisions, and four passengers. The power is to be applied by a propeller, which is to be worked by steam. The car is to be protected by a water-tight compartment, which is to be sealed, and found to operate satisfactorily. Before the expense of fastening the screw, it is proposed to make three long voyages, starting from Western cities, for the purpose of fastening the screw, and testing the balloon. The effect of the employment of machinery. Mr. Wm. the editor of Baltimore, is to accompany Mr. La Montaine, in connection with Mr. La Montaine, approves of his plan in every respect, and has made a number of very valuable scientific experience in suggestions as to the manner of carrying it out."

A BADLY LABELED DRIED APPLES.

Among the amusements of the session on Saturday morning at the Hudson River Railroad Depot was an object to see from Albany, and a number of gentlemen from some of the railroad employés thought the box rather heavy, and, supposing it contained dried apples, thought when they discovered that it contained a coffin, carefully packed in ice and labeled "dried apples," and properly consigned, the Crowner was promptly notified; the box was opened, and the contents found to be as represented. The box was then repacked, and the train proceeded. On opening the box, when Colonel Zadock Pratt entered the car, he was greeted with a hearty welcome. Colonel Pratt was his grand-daughter, and a daughter of Colonel Ingersoll, of Albany. Colonel Pratt is one of the largest capitalist at his residence at Prattsville, and while there died, and he was returning to Albany to attend the body to its interment. The box was purposely marked erroneously to avoid the annoyance of delay in transportation. Mr. Pratt's statement, which was corroborated by other parties, was made to the Coroner, and the Coroner made a letter official at once gave permission for the removal of the body to the interment.

PERSONAL.

General Scott had a grand reception in New Orleans on the 6th instant. He was welcomed by Mayor Stith, and the citizens of the city turned out in force to do honor to the hero. He was received in New Orleans, having been, when a boy, apprenticed to a barber, and was a barber to that city. The party then proceeded to breakfast at the St. Charles Hotel, and, descending from the boat, leaped off from the engine, grasped the General's hand, and said, "General, I am glad to see you. I am glad to see you looking so well." The General returned, and signed kindly after his health. "I voted once for you for President, General, you know." "But it did not good," said a by-stander. "It did not good. I am very glad to see you, General," replied the engineer, in a way which showed his heart was in the speech.

At the procession in the evening, the carriage provided for the Eighth in New Orleans, and the carriage containing the General was very grand a sight as the city can be. At Charles Hotel, the crowd filled the streets and greeted him with cheers. He was called out on the balcony, and the General bowed to the people. Mayor Stith, with a few well chosen sentences stepped up to him, and, with the people, he was very grand a sight as the city can be. At General, permit me to take your coat." Unconsciously the General handed his coat to the Mayor, receiving his coat, entered the hotel; but the gentleman with the coat failed to get it, and the people in the streets cheered. Some think that his admiration for the old veteran was the cause of his forgetfulness in the midst of the meeting, and a memento of the great captain.

The Rev. Dr. Bedell, Assistant Bishop of Ohio, Bishop Dr. Lemoyne, in Loudon, by which he says that Bishop Whitney regards himself almost well, and purposes to return to America in February next. Bishop Potter has gone to Canada, in the south of France, and is rather better. I did not see him, as he left London the very day of my arrival. Archdeacon Sinclair, with whom he has been staying some time, reports him improving, and his wife better. At this time (December 30) he is in Paris."

The night after the fire at Norfolk, Virginia, which laid the yellow fever in Norfolk, Virginia, and who visited the sufferers, and was very active in the relief of them. The imposing ceremonies in honor of the Norfolk mar-

For Mayor,	For Hon. W. H. English.
For Governor,	JAMES A. BAYARD.
For Lieut.-Governor,	G. B. ADAMS.
For Attorney-General,	WILLIAM M. EVARTS.

The *Journal and Herald* says that the Hon. Wm. Hall, late President of the Indiana University, was accustomed, during the session of the Legislature, to visit the State library, and walk through the alcove, and, as he passed, he would take down a book, and read a few pages, and then replace it and walk on.

The eighth case in Louisville, Kentucky, is the Hon. James Guthrie. His property is assessed as worth $2,000,000.

Dr. Jackson, Dr. Cabot, and Dr. Bowditch have held a consultation over the case of Agassiz, and have come to the conclusion that his disease is pulmonary consumption. He has been ordered to go to the West Indies Islands, probably Barbadoes, with the hope that the change of climate may prove of some benefit. His society will probably take a smaller trial, and contribute to the expenses of his family.

The House of Representatives of Massachusetts has produced an impression of his entire recovery. The fact, that he is now able to walk out in the city, and walk or leave his room. His strength has been so reduced by sickness that he cannot yet walk far enough, but he will not resume his seat in Congress during the present session. Dr. Jackson's treatment has had the effect of a change of associates.

Mr. Peter Cooper, of New York, Esq., intends, in the spring, to have erected, in a convenient location in the upper part of the city, a large building, to be used as a place for the meeting of the members of the country, containing a gallery for paintings, and other objects of interest, and a school of design for females, which Mr. Cooper intends to be liberally endow this institution.

It is stated in the Boston papers that President Brocklidge boards at a hotel instead of occupying the magnificent residence provided for him by the State, and the bulk of his property was swallowed up by the failure of the Ohio Life Insurance Company.

Power's assistant in his studio at Florence was Mr.——, a young American, from South Carolina. Shortly after he was drawn, was endeavoring to persuade him to return to his native land, and remain there during the war. Mr. Power replied that he was not a rebel, but was fortunately discussed by Mr. Powers.

Count von Der Schulenburg, Prussian envoy to the colonies of *The Socialists*' the statement that he is the author of the book, "Nordamerikanische Skizzen." It appears that his name is attached to the book as author in the British Museum catalogue, but this was the act of an unauthorized official. Some of the proof-sheets were forwarded to Count von Der Schulenburg, probably, that the rumor originated.

There is in Lexington, Kentucky, a "woman's rights" lecturer calling herself Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley, and who is the daughter of Lord Viscount Canning, and the sister of Lord Stuart Wortley. Savings and who was born from Mrs. Stuart Wortley, who has been frequently educated in Maryland. She is said to be remarkably intelligent.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

ARISTOCRATIC PAPER PAR.

We read in the *Times*: "The family of one of the standard-bearers of the Liberal party—a man of wealth and fat gloss, in consequence of an accession brought about by circumstances of a very romantic kind that shot of playing fates at cards. The pleched details have been the theme of much gossip in the clubs for some month as the change having been made against the honorable and gallant gentleman by a brother officer in the Guards, with whom he was engaged at play when the transaction occurred, at a country house in Hertfordshire. His father was for many years a county member and thoroughgoing adherent of the conservative Whig party. He is connected by blood and marriage with the highest names in England, and not very long ago he was himself created a peer. He succeeded to the title on the death of his master up; but I am told that the second was very popular with his neighbors, and that he was considered a very hearing their bitter fruit. By way of a pendant to this

respectable business we are likely to have an edifying to do in another line with reference to the domestic affairs of another of the "social class" of society. Lord S——, about three years or four years ago the amiable and accomplished daughter of a gentleman who has lately established himself as a critic of classical literature. In 1856 that a reconciliation be suddenly disappeared. It was subsequently found that he had gone abroad to engage with a person in Hamburgh Chamber, and with whom he had previously been intimate. After some time the separation was effected, and the husband returned to his home. But in the last few weeks, never since quite well able to obtain a divorce; and here takes the most important step. He has applied to Parliament for the adjudication of such matters in the course of Easter Term.

SUDDEN DEATH OF A BRIDEGROOM.

On Sunday, the 25th, a most melancholy event occurred in Cambridgeshire. A young man was married on Thursday, by twelve o'clock was the hour for the meeting of the parties before the church could be opened, but the hour did not come till. The clock had struck twelve when a stage arrived that brought the bridegroom, who had left within a few yards of the house where he was expected. It appeared that, proceeding on the time, young Mr. Ireland dressed in his wedding suit, had arrived within a door or two of his intended father-in-law's residence, and came to a place of convenience. Neighbors who saw him enter the place were surprised that he did not come out, and that he did not make his appearance at the house. Search was made, and the door found quite dead upon the floor; the internal hemorrhage had been caused by the bursting of a blood vessel, and the unfortunate gentleman had to be put in his coffin instead of between the seat and the door, and thus was suffocated. The ring was found in his pocket.

A STRUGGLE FOR LIFE.

An accident of a singular character occurred a few days ago, on the Midland Railway in Derbyshire. There is a coal wharf beside the line at the crossing, near the Clement, where a youth named John Gregory was employed, with a man, in unloading a truck of coals. The man was standing on the top of the coals, and Gregory, beating a truck with a shovel, thought he was in the way. In truck he threw the shovel, but he got his right foot on the bottom the points. The train was rapidly approaching, and the poor lad made a desperate struggle, every effort to liberate his foot. His efforts and cries were unavailing, and with great presence of mind he threw himself on the ground to take his body out of the way. The train rushed on, the wheels passing over and severing his right foot. He was conveyed to the infirmary, and in the course of the day he had died of exhaustion about the ankle.

DR. PUSEY AND MISS SELLON.

The Rescue Catholic Tablet says: "An absurd but malignant report is current in the neighborhood that Dr. Pusey and Miss Sellon have been for some time married in a private or domestic chapel. Such a falsehood is slander in no doubt founded on the prolonged residence of that remarkable lady at several periods between them at Clewer's Church, whither she repaired some time ago for spiritual consolation and direction.

FRANCE.

THE PROSPECT OF WAR.

By the arrival of the Europa we have news from Europe to 8th inst. Napoleon's remarks to the Austrian Minister still excite the most depressing influence, notwithstanding a soothing paragraph in the *Moniteur*. Accounts from Italy indicate that the Austrians are very close. The Paris Bourse had at one time declined 7½ per cents since New Year's.

BARON HEURTER INJURED BY THE EMPEROR.

The usual levee was held at the Tuileries on New Year's Day. The diplomatic corps and all the great functionaries were in attendance, and during the ceremonial an event occurred which occasioned quite a panic in the Paris Bourse, and a great deal of talk in both London and elsewhere.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Times*, writing on the evening of the 1st inst., says:

"I have just learned that during the levee to-day, the Emperor told the Austrian Minister (Hubner) that he regretted their relations were not more cordial, but that his personal sentiments for the Emperor of Austria were of the most friendly nature. He then made some remarks, but for the truth of which I will not vouch, to the Russian Valluet, Minister of War, went up subsequently to Hubner and said to him, 'I suppose I must shake hands with hand after that.'"

The same correspondent, writing on the following day, says:

"The few words addressed by the Emperor to M. Hubner, the Austrian Minister, during the reception of yesterday, and which I communicated to you yesterday, are, I feel, literally correct. They were spoken with a more ungracious tone of voice and unbiassed gesture by the Emperor generally employs, and reminded some of the by-standers of a scene which occurred during the New Year's Day festivities of that day previous to the rupture of the war in Austria."

POLITICAL PRISONERS PARDONED.

The *Moniteur* of the 5th of November announces that the Emperor has granted a full pardon or commutation of sentence to 154 political prisoners, two of whom had been condemned to death.

NO RESIGNATION IN THE FRENCH ARMY.

The Paris correspondent of the *Daily News*, writing on Monday evening, says: "You will remember I mentioned two or three months ago there was great talk of a large reduction in the French army. The reduction was then already sanctified that many people believed it. A particular day, which was that of several days after, was assumed, affirmed that the extent of the reduction would be to less than 100,000 men. It was understood that part of the reduction would be effected gradually, by calling out fewer conscripts than usual. Well, it looks now as if the Government calls under arms every man that it can lay hands on. The Minister of War has declared that he will not be reduced by [illegible] below a certain number at any time of peace. It is already said that the ranges of infantry for 1859 will be increased, and that a army of 10,000 men near the Italian frontier is spoken of."

DEATH OF A CELEBRITY.

The *Express* announces that Count Merlin of Paris has just died from the effects of a carriage accident. He was a celebrity, and a very remarkable man. During the wars of the First Empire he was the commissioner of this strange person, who possessed the most extraordinary influence over Napoleon. He was a travelling gourmand, and was known as Grand Gil Blas. In early life he had tried many expedients to gain a subsistence, and had gone to the South America, where he remained in a few years a hundred and twenty millions of francs, or six millions of pounds sterling. After having bought property in Prussia, England, and Italy, he finally settled in France, and died at the age of 70. There he lately died. We read of ancient gourmands; but we never have heard of a French one. Merlin was a man of a year and a day in advance. Baron Delmar only sold his estate to him for the sum of 1,000 francs when with reversion to the purchaser, and he had given out thousand francs for the green peas served up at a dinner in the month of March; and not dear at that, he said, when it was taken into consideration that an English lady of great beauty was to be one of the guests. One of the most frequent visitors at his table was his friend, Admiral Sidney Smith, one of the heroes of Trafalgar. The Baron used to compliment the old Admiral upon handling the best knife and fork in Europe.

"Delmar was always very much liked in Paris for his sunshiny equilibrium and hearty heart. Every evening that he had risen from nothing, he delighted in telling all who were worthy of making the story their own. The man was in favor of a good cook, then a musician, then a novelist. By his orders copies of all the new books which appeared were purchased, no matter what their character. 'I shall get time,' he used to say, 'by sending them which are badly written to the trunk-maker.'

HOW HE BORE HIS BLINDNESS.

"Many anecdotes are told of this singular man. One more and I have done. In the midst of a grand ball which he was giving in honor of the birthday of Napoleon, in the old nobility and people of fashion, he was blind to utter a loud cry, which at once attracted attention to him. Some persons of his household had given out warning derived him of sight. It was, of course, imagined that he was seized with a sudden attack of the gayety of any man. It did not thus seem to affect Delmar. Perceiving that the object was, that he had been having showered all her favors upon me, she has at last found a husband worthy of her. I am, then, indeed, during the troubles of '48, he remarked to his friends who were about him, 'glad that I have understood to enjoy life as a galaxy by it. I was nothing of what is called dandy, but I was a man of the world, and I have lived a good deal.'

WHY MORPHY DIDN'T TAKE THE KNIGHT.

The Paris correspondent of the *National Intelligencer* says: The Telegraph has announced to you, in substance, the philosophy of chess, a game which excites the most extraordinary interest in Paris, and requiring the exertion of every originating faculty of the mind. The Emperor is a great player, and has frequently engaged and, sometimes, a score at a time, and has pretty much surprise among the by-standers. He had declined to play against Morphy, which, although regarded as a piece of knights, would have resulted, it was thought, overwhelmingly in his favor. The Emperor could not play, without verbal comment, and was rapidly won by Mr. Morphy. Several pieces to be moved, and the position of one of the most intense lookers-on, breathless with pent-up expectation, cried out, 'For the love of heaven, sir, tell why you did not take the knight?' 'Because,' said Mr. Morphy, 'I saw that I should be mated in seven moves.' 'It was a deep-laid plot. In a few moves I should lose my queen, and then the game.' 'Ah, monsieur,' said the Emperor, 'you are a great player, and you have taught me by saying, he replaced the pieces as they had been at the moment when the fatal announcement was made, a series of moves which would have been inevitable had the knight been taken. 'Now,' said Mr. Morphy, 'you see.' Precisely,' ejaculated the bewildered gentleman, think I understand it.' And he left the room to make room for a share in the conception of the young stranger."

THE EMPEROR AND THE EMPRESS AT THE OPERA.

The correspondent of the *Express* writes: "I have an opera to-night, and I am told that the Emperor has the same purpose of amusing all, and giving many of your readers a superb treat. The Empress is to be present, and as the taste is cod liver oil, in any disguise whatever. Its extreme purity and the extensively used and well established, and grown people therefore manage to swallow it, with little or no nausea. Many of the worst cases of cough to induce a child to take a second dose of cod liver oil! Its taste is perfectly disguised in Dr. Locock's pulmonic wafers, of exquisitely delicate flavor, a Parisian mother, who is the incarnation of caprice and self-will, like the Empress herself, is to be the star of the evening. At nine ago, although thousands of tickets had been sold and administered to the boy every evening. The mother knew that if she withheld the accustomed dose for but a few days, it would be one only, unless force were employed, and this would be resisted by the child. Under the influence of this pressure, described in glowing terms a step from the Bois de Boulogne, to the Opera House, and the child, that little could be obtained by expectation until lately. Dr. Locock's pulmonic wafers are to be had in boxes, at one shilling and one shilling and sixpence each.

THE SPANISH QUESTION.

All this of course only tended to increase the child's appetite for the nauseous dose. Madame Rosenberg, to yield to his entreaties, promised that perhaps a spoonful would be given to him. Immediately the nauseous medicine bottle were brought forth, and while the countenance of the child was expressive of the greatest disgust, Mrs. Alfred gulped down a good dose of cod liver oil. Instantly the child's face lit up with pleasure, and he begged for a spoonful for himself. Mrs. Alfred gave it to him, and he bade him to imitate them. No one asked him how he liked it, and after a moment's pause he begged for more, and again carefully put away. The next evening, the same performance was repeated, and the next day the cry of the child's vanity being always excited to the requisite pitch by the sight of Madame Rosenberg taking her pieces play out the comedy, that to this day, whenever little Alfred sees the nauseous bottle, he begs for more or fretful, all his mother need say is, 'if you are not a good boy, you shall not have any cod liver oil.' And the menace works like a charm!"

THE LAST WORDS OF LOUIS NAPOLEON.

The *Times* correspondent writes: "A picture was introduced into the Exhibition of the Fine Arts, which is on the subject was a Cuirassier charging the enemy, and bearing down with his horse a standard bearer, with the prince Bonaparte. This picture, of no admirable execution, was purchased by the Emperor, and for a while was painted in the prison of Ham, and given, by its new possessor to the Museum of Versailles, where it now hangs. A gentleman passing closely by it, and observing the figure of the standard bearer, seeing the prize, was told five minutes before his death, 'Ah, monsieur, that was the man, who was an *attaché* of the Imperial Museum, and he directed my attention to the picture known as the Museum of the Sovereign.'

PARIS AND NEW YORK.

The *Herald* correspondent says: "This is the season when strangers really desirous of seeing Paris to advantage should visit the capital of France. The most attractive spectacle is the New Year's Day. The most attractive spectacle is the New Year's Day. The most attractive spectacle is the New Year's Day

STREET IN HAVANA.

NOTES ON CUBA.

HAVANA, *December*, 1858.

THIS is the season at which Cuba is truly enjoyable. Though the yellow fever prevails without interruption throughout the year on the coast, the weather inland is heavenly, and thoroughly salubrious. The thermometer stands at about 70° Fahrenheit, and there is a balmy freshness in the air which prompts people to live as much as possible out-of-doors.

Nor should I fail to add that the planters of the Island of Cuba are, without doubt, among the noblest fellows in the world. Our own Southern planters are delightful people. Many of them are rich; all are hospitable; some are intelligent, appreciative, and refined. But they do not excel the best Cubans either in refinement, or in intelligence, or in wealth. As to riches, it may be doubted whether the world contains men wealthier than some of the most opulent Cuban planters. This is not a commercial country, and planters, of all men in the world, are not in the habit of making inventories of their assets, or "taking stock." If they did, more than one Cuban planter might show an estate yielding perhaps little less than a million of dollars a year. What becomes of this wealth? you will ask. A great portion of it is squandered in the lotteries, at the gambling-table, in the fashionable societies of Europe, where the youth of Cuba now cut so conspicuous a figure. Many planters buy land and slaves with every dollar they save, and thus add to their income every year, but run the risk of losing all by a political revolution or a servile rebellion. As to hospitality, the Cubans are the soul of that virtue. You may go to a wealthy and good-natured Cuban planter's early in December, and stay till March, without even seeming to encroach upon his domestic habits. On the contrary, if you are a decently well-bred man, and can make yourself moderately agreeable, you are doing him a favor by using his house, his horses, and all that belongs to him. His wife and daughters are glad of your society; his servants are glad to wait upon you; the neighbors welcome you. You must be a very disagreeable curmudgeon indeed if you are not happy in such surroundings. And if, at the close of the day, when the *paquete suberete*, with an olive skin and sparkling eyes, lights you to your room, you do not openly express a desire to be out of Cuba, you must be hard to please.

Cuba is but little less in size than England, and has a population about equal to that of Virginia. Nearly one-third of its people are colored. Every body knows that it is the garden of the West Indies; and that, under proper laws and a wise administration, its population might readily be doubled, and its productions enormously increased. Small as its population is, however, and gravely as import and export duties militate against the development of its commerce, its trade with the United States is more important than that of the United States with France. Last year we took from Cuba some $50,000,000 of produce, and sent thither goods and produce worth $20,000,000. Every box of sugar exported from Cuba paid the Government of Spain $7½ cents before leaving its shores; every barrel of flour imported from the United States paid $10 75; and every barrel of pork and beef $5 per cent.

The annual revenue of Cuba has been estimated at $13,000,000, derived from import and export duties, direct taxes, lotteries, confiscations, etc. To this must be added, according to Mr. Thrasher, about $3,000,000 for fees extorted from the people by various public functionaries. Of this sum about $13,250,000 are expended in Cuba, leaving $2,750,000 for the Spanish Government, the Queen-Mother, etc., etc. Of the thirteen millions and a quarter spent in Cuba a very large proportion is embezzled by the officials. It is well known that high office in Cuba is even more profitable than municipal office in the city of New York.

No one needs to be told that the principal industry of Cuba is the growth and manufacture of sugar. During the year 1857, when sugar was unusually high throughout the world, almost all the Cuban planters made fortunes; and even this season they are doing uncommonly well.

A sugar plantation on the inland well repays the fatigue of a visit, and most of the wealthy planters are glad to show off their property and their methods to strangers. The plantation may be of any size, of course, from 1000 to 5000 acres; but it is commonly considered that the planter should have one field hand to every fifteen acres. In former times, before the introduction of machinery, the number of negroes employed was greater, and, in consequence of the short space of time allowed for the manufacture of sugar, the mortality among the laborers was excessive. Ten per cent. per annum used to be a common average of deaths on plantations managed by reckless and unwise agents; in such cases the negroes worked twenty hours out of the twenty-four during the season. Since the introduction of steam the negro mortality has been much less, and the number of hands employed has been largely diminished. A force of a hundred field hands will now suffice to work a very large plantation. Experience has also shown the mischief of overworking the men. Mr. Drake, of Havana, long since proved that by allowing his negroes a fair amount of sleep and nutritious food, they could not only perform far more work than the hands of his neighbors, but could still yearly, by natural increase, a large sum to his estate. On many estates in Cuba, it is known, though the female slaves are quite numerous, the natural increase is comparatively nothing.

The sugar season lasts from November till May; and during that period it must be admitted that, even on the best managed estates, the negroes work pretty hard—quite as hard as farm servants do in the North during the brief harvest of cereals. The first operation performed is cutting the cane. This is done with a heavy sharp hatchet (*or machete*); one blow severs the cane near the ground, the other cuts off the leaves near the top. The latter serve for fodder for cattle, and are much liked by them. The leaves removed, the stalks are carted to the mill, and passed through rollers, which squeeze all the juice out of them. The juice passes into the purifying reservoir, in which it is cleansed of dirt, etc., by the application of a moderate amount of heat; the stalks are gathered and left to dry for fuel. From the purifying reservoir the juice passes into the boiling caldron, where it is boiled until it consists of granulated sugar and molasses. The latter is then drained off, and the sugar ready for market. Very fine white sugar is still further purified by passing water through it to carry off every particle of molasses, and by various other processes which need not be described here.

Such is a brief outline of one of the ways in which sugar is made in Cuba. There are many other processes as well. On many estates very elaborate machinery has been adopted, at great cost, for saving labor and producing a fine quality of sugar. All the large estates use steam in their mills. The cost, in land and negroes, of an estate which will yield the owner $40,000 a year is about $120,000, and the annual outlay $20,000 at least; so that, except in times when sugar is very high, the returns do not appear excessive when compared with those of agricultural industry in other countries.

The importance of the sugar manufacture is so well appreciated by the Government of Cuba that the law confers peculiar privileges on the planter. His slaves are placed on the same footing as the tools of a mechanic in the Northern States; they can not be seized for debt. Indeed the law works practically in such a manner that the only resource of a creditor of a planter is to endeavor, as best he can, to sequester the revenue of the estate to his profit—a difficult business if the planter be wealthy and a friend to the Captain-General, the Judges, or the powers that be.

Allusion has already been made to the vast wealth of many of the Cuban landholders. Debt is, however, by no means unknown among them. Gambling, lotteries, and cock-fighting consume the yield of many a harvest even before it is grown. The last-mentioned pastime is as popular in Cuba as in Mexico or in Manilla. Sunday at noon is the time for the sport in the interior villages of the island. Time was when the padre, after saying mass, used to wind up—we are told—with the characteristic remark, delivered in a very different tone from the drawling prayer and sermon:

"And now, friends, let us go over to the cock-pit!"

If the padres abstain in our day, their congregations do not follow the example. The cock-pit, on the Sunday afternoon, is the only place which can vie with the Italian Opera in the mind of a Cuban pleasure-seeker. A late traveler in Cuba has so faithfully described the scene that we can not do better than extract what he says:

CUBAN PLANTER.

"It was already past twelve, the hour at which the sport commences, and as I passed through the gate, where stood a man collecting the entrance-money, I saw his ticket covered by the swords of those who had entered, the carrying any weapon into the pit being prohibited.

"Surrounding this, standing or seated on the amphitheatre of benches, a crowd of whites, mulattoes, and blacks were assembled; all dressed in clean attire, and intermingled without distinction of color. In a box not three judges, as dignified as if about to try one of their own species for life or death; while on the faces of the rest each passing emotion of the mind was freely shown. Indeed, although I had visited all the hells of Paris—the gilded and licensed, as well as the obscure ones in which the lowest did congregate—I had nowhere seen the inmost workings of the gambler's soul more fully exposed than in the features of these spectators. Here the warm sons of the South conceal none of the excitement the game produces; it is only modified by the temperament

A SUGAR-MILL, CUBA.

COOLIES AND NEGROES.

and education of each individual. The native of old Spain, his heart filled with the most perfect contempt of his Creole neighbors, amidst his dignified conquest, shows by his gestures the interest he feels in the scene before him. The latter, with no such restraint, expresses his feelings as they rise, in varied gesticulations and vociferations; while Africa's dusky son, perhaps but recently brought out of his native forests, with all his untamed passions rife within, under the terrible feelings of the gambler, counts the perfect maniac.

"Two birds were brought in, and having been weighed, their owners carried them around, bantering the spectators for bets, and occasionally permitting them to peck at each other. The sight of them, with the suddenness of an electric shock, seemed to rouse the latent passion in each breast, and the place was immediately filled with tumultuous voices. Cries of offered bets resounded on all sides: 'Una onza on the black, una onza,' a shake of the finger from one opposite, and the bet was accepted, without a word having been exchanged. 'Tres onzas por la plata,' '*Mi*' dos onzas,' answers one who had only two doubloons; '*Tres onzas*, make it up among yourfriends;' and some adding eighths, some quarters, the sum was completed, and a nod informed the better that his offer was accepted. 'Cinco pesos, cinco pesos por la plata'—five dollars on the silver feather—enter a stout Dane, his body bent over the railing, his eyes protruded, and arm extended, shaking his fore finger at each person, to find one to accept his offer; 'cinco pesos, cinco pesos,' he vociferates, in gestures and motion a perfect madman. Close by his side, another energy, intent on the same object, and anxious lest his rival should monopolize all the bets, with both arms extended, strives for the market by the force of his voice. Opposing hands from the bosoms of the other bird, in brief motion, are also heard, and the mingled voices in a continued din strike on the palsied ear. Ons is surprised how accounts are kept, for no money is ever staked, and no witnesses called. A nod or a shake of the finger is the only pledge given, yet disputes never arise about it.

"The bets are now taken, the two birds are pitted, and all but their owners retire without the lattermen. They commence fighting as soon as placed on the ground, and the new skins crowd, with outstretched necks, gaze intently on them. Not a sound is heard but the blows given by the wings of the birds; but a lucky grab from the spur of one sets all voices again going, and odds are freely asked and taken. This was repeated several times, whenever one seemed to gain a decided advantage, until no doubt remained of the victor. The bottom then looked on listlessly, as the triumphant bird followed closely his defeated adversary, which, now retreating, now attempting to ward off the blows, faintly and more faintly returned them, until, completely exhausted, he sank down, and unresistingly received the continued attacks of the other, until life was extinct. The victor now exulted in loud crowings over the dead foe, but he was not permitted long to enjoy his triumph; for the owner, with his mouth filled with aguardiente, squirted the smarting fluid into his eyes and throat, and on all his wounds, sucking the whole bleeding head repeatedly. The combat lasted nearly half an hour. The spectators were not used; but no signs of impatience were exhibited, and but little interest was taken in the fate of the birds themselves, independent of that of the bets connected with them."

Monde's, probably, still the most popular of the gambling games; though *rouge et noir*, *bouillotte*, and all the other games of hazard, are not lost, are freely practiced. A favorite scheme of the Havana gamblers is to select a flourishing village of the interior, near the residence of some wealthy planters, and to give a public ball there. All the Creole families are invited to the house rake of the ball. All the young men follow the example, not only because the ladies go, but because the ball is a pleasant affair and costs them nothing, the entire expense being borne by the gamblers; and the latter must be very unfortunate, if, while the fair Creoles are enjoying themselves outside, a few wealthy planters are not beguiled to the monte table in the little inner room. To one who has seen enough of life to avoid the fascinations of the gambling-table these balls are very attractive. Though a few of the Cuban ladies are beautiful nearly all are pleasing, and very few are devoid of singular charms of figure. Nature has been unusually bountiful in this respect to the Creoles; if the sculptor would study models for a Venus, he should go to Cuba.

Some one has described a Creole belle as being "dressed in a fan." He did not mean that the lady was absolutely provided with no more clothing than that elegant and useful implement. He merely intended to convey the idea that, whereas the toilet of a northern or a European lady presents many points worthy of notice, the artistic observer of Creole belles will find his whole attention arrested by their fans. It has been called "her wing;" assuredly she flies with it from heart to heart; nestles under it; flutters it in terror; claps it in joy; and when coy reserve demands a safe retreat, hides under it as if it were a stone wall. Some Northern ladies, at balls and operas, fancy they know how to use the fan—and, of course, as an instrument to produce a stream of cool air, but as a weapon of offense and defense in amorous warfare if they saw a true Creole belle flirting her fan, they would soon discover that their manipulation was no more intelligent and refined than the play of an Irishman with a hod. And this much must be added: whatever immoralities or improprieties may exist among the Creoles—and where is he who shall cast the first stone?—there is none of the grossness or ill behavior even at their most erotic balls which may occasionally be seen at similar entertainments in northern latitudes.—The very peasantry, as male and female, conduct themselves with a delicate propriety which might well be imitated by more fashionables even in Fifth Avenue.

It is well known that nothing like democratic equality is known or dreamed of in Cuba. No European nation more thoroughly than the Creoles appreciates the importance of social or caste distinctions. Cuba contains perhaps sixty noblemen; some of them old grandees of Castile, others noblemen—marquises or counts—of later creation, and sneeringly known as "sugar nobles." Among these the Northern Know Nothing will meet with amusement ennobled O'Reillys and titled O'Farrells. The *Hacendados* (or planters) rank immediately below the nobles proper, and above all other classes. Then comes the *Empleados* (or public functionaries), who, like the old French officials of the Monarchy, are perpetually striving to force their way into the classes above, and to trample down the classes below them. Under them come merchants; next shop's next shop-keepers; and, last of all, *Gallegos* (or common laborers). All of these classes keep aloof from each other, and steadily resist any attempt to amalgamate with the classes beneath them. No one but a foreigner can hope to associate freely with more than one of the social grades, and even he can not do so without much circumspection.

As was the case in France under the old *régime*, and as the case is still in many parts of Germany, titles of nobility can be purchased in Cuba. The price is said to vary from $10,000 to $50,000—trifling sums when sugar is worth a shilling a pound. But there is one thing which the "sugar noble" can not buy, and that is the respect, or even the tolerance, of the Castilian fresh from Spain. He regards the Creole as his natural inferior, and he can not be brought to consider a title as raising him from that condition of inferiority. He knows that no native of Cuba can aspire to any post of high trust on the island, and he knows that all Creoles hold their property and liberties at the will of their Spanish masters. He, therefore, despises and eschews him. He makes but little difference between the wealthy and honest, if simpleminded, planter who owns five hundred slaves, and the mere lawyer, who may be bought for a few doubloons, or the barber-surgeon, who will shave, bleed, or purge according to the desire of his patient.

The mention of lawyers recalls one of the peculiarities of Cuban customs which may find place in that luxury collection of memorials. It is as dangerous in Cuba to have any thing to do with a dead body or a wounded man as it is in Russia. To be wounded one's self is terribly expensive. A queer story is told of a poor fellow who left an inn in a country village to walk a few miles with an acquaintance. By the way the two fellow-travelers quarreled, and one of them, drawing a knife, stabbed his companion repeatedly, and left him for dead. By good luck his purpose was not completely achieved. The wounded man recovered consciousness, but could not move. When day broke he found himself on a frequented part of the public highway; and very soon passers-by discovered him. He besought them piteously to give him a drink of water, and to convey him to some house where he could be treated for his wounds. They, being Cubans, shuddered at the sight of him; and, fearful of being compromised, one and all ran away and left him. Some one more courageous than the rest ventured to acquaint the police magistrate with the circumstance; but the man had lain twenty-four hours where he was struck down before the magistrate came. He was then taken to hospital, and, being of a robust constitution, recovered. But he no sooner got well than his case was taken up by the courts. He was imprisoned—perhaps as a necessary witness; and was only released at last on payment of all the expenses incurred in the vain and clumsy attempts of the police to detect the man who had stabbed him.

A late traveler in Cuba tells us that a practicing physician having come to the conclusion to commit suicide, traveled many miles in order to do so in a place where the expenses which he knew would be incurred on the discovery of his body might be levied on no one. He chose the most desolate spot on the island; and sent word to a friend, a week before, to tell him of his intention. The bare receipt of the letter so terrified the friend that—though by no contrivance could he have been implicated in the deed, as he was many miles distant—he lost his reason in consequence.

FARM SCENE NEAR HAVANA.

NEGRO DANCE ON A CUBAN PLANTATION.

THE MURDEROUS ISCHVOSTCHIK:

A STORY OF THE CZAR NICHOLAS.

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

YOU will imagine, if you please, that this is the very depth of winter in St. Petersburg, and that the following incidents occurred during the reign of the late Emperor Nicholas. Every thing is frozen—water, milk, wine, brandy, meat, poultry, game, and fish; the tears in the eyes, the breath in the nostrils, the words issuing from the hyperborean lips. The sentinels take only twenty-five minutes to relieve guard, and are mildly warned that they will be "warmed" to the extent of five hundred blows with a stick if they go to sleep. Better to sleep in the bed of death. Wherever halts are given, wherever the theatres are open, before the palaces and before the great hotels, there are huge circular furnaces, with an iron copola above, supported on pillars, round which the coachmen and steady-drivers gather to warm themselves; otherwise they would be frozen on their boxes. Troikas drive down the Nova by Cronstadt and the carriage roads on the frozen river are bordered with evergreens. The bridges are taken away and the ice is ordinary. The statues in the Summer Garden are swathed in haybands, for fear their marble noses and ears should be frostbitten. You no longer see bosman being in the street; you see instead, huge bales made up of fur pelisses, swaddling through the snow, and through whose folds you can discern neither sex nor age. Ivan, the mongik, has only his sheepskin tunic on, and has turned the woolly side in, and is warm. The wild beasts in the great forests in the environs of St. Petersburg are beginning to have bad times of it. Several bears have ventured into the very suburbs of the city, and have been shot therein, preferring a warm bellyful of powder and ball to stacking their purrs in the chilly cold; and as for the wolves, the wolves on the outskirts of some marches in Finland, has been heard to remark, is the severest that he does not remember to have had a winter since the invasion of 1812.

There is a grand masked ball to-night at the Bolschoi Theatre. We have paid our five rubles for a ticket; but all our friends cannot afford as much. Into a fifty-kopeck piece to refresh himself with "vodka," while we join in the mazy dance, leave our pelisse (for we are wealthy enough to possess one) in the *vestiaire*, don a plain black domino as much as all silver we possess, and fall-looking servant in the imperial livery to conduct us into the salle de danse. Sub! we are in the thick of it.

Wondrous thing for Russia, we do not catch a glimpse of one single military uniform in all the brilliant theatre. Where are the plumed casques, the gleaming *epaulettes* and *aiguillettes*, the embroidered tunics, the long, graceful swords, the spurs? They must be somewhere here; and as we thread our way through the dancers, we look for a bear, from time to time, the cloak of a pair of spurs and the clatter of a subreache, unmistakably denoting that beneath some of these dominos are concealed generals-adjutant and *aides-de-camp de l'Empereur*. There is a touch of mystery in fancy dresses, not the fault transpery to which you have been accustomed in England and France, but glimpses of uniform, with silks and velvet about their shoes, lace and embroidery dazzle you. But it is not among the poly crowds of ordinary ballet dancers of stockfishes and polkas that we seek the real object of the evening. We are in search of mystery, of social intrigue, of puzzling equivoques, of inscrutable *qui pro quos* and, if we will seek and diligently observantly for them, we shall be able to reap a rich harvest wherewith to satisfy our curiosity.

Ever flitting, and glimmering, and pullulating among the votaries of Terpsichore (oh! thrice-beknaved plagiarist of a will-o'-the-wisp!) are the dominoes. Pink dominoes, cherry-colored dominoes, mulberry dominoes, sample-colored dominoes, black dominoes, and these last in far greater profusion than those of gayer hues. Grand disguises are these mantle-cloaks—simple hoods, like all the mysteries of love or hatred, or more harmless wit and satire. They have cord and tassels to the foot, praying timorously, mouse-like, from beneath the heavy drapery, or a breath of hot wind stirring the black lace mustache of the mask, and, moreover, a white rounded chin beneath, will tell the secret that the wearer supposes to be unknown. These dominoes speak in no shrill, discordant gibberish, as do their *effrontées* sisters in Paris or London. They whisper discreet volumnes in your ear—so much you silently with keen little diggers of witty lunsemble; they let you pluck a moment at their bouquet, and straightway you are aware that the secret of your heart is hearts is known to some one. They gloved hands come from their cloaks, fling silte billets into your waistcoat pocket, and disappear behind the jealous curtain. Assignations are made, reconciliations effected, the preliminaries of duels settled, ways of passionate exchanged, all in a noiseless *chuchoteur*. The whole scene is one huge Hasnium organ of secretiveness, but with the ear loose on the top.

Stalking majestically through the dense mass of revelers and mystified is a tall, stout, portly male figure, draped from head to foot in a black domino and cloud mask. If you happen to have a friend in the ball-room, he is sure to come and clutch your arm, and, in a murmur, half-amused, half-terrified, whisper, "That is the Czar!" and his Majesty is amusing himself. Let us get out of his way." But if you stroll behind the orchestra, where makers are sipping lemonade and tasting ices (for the heat of the crowd and the stoves reader both most acceptable luxuries), it is far from improbable that you will meet another tall, stalwart figure, accosted in a precisely similar manner, and stalking along as stately (albeit he does have a saucy little black satin domino on his arm as his prototype in the ballroom), and you will, by chance to one, if you ramble into the brilliant *foyer*, you will find tall black domino number three, lounging on one of the numerous velvet-covered settees. Go further yet into the great refreshment-saloon, tall black domino number four is seated at a marble table, treating an amber-satin-domino to Champagne and macaroon. Further, and still further, right up into the dress circle, and still further, over the balcony, moodily contemplating the mad scene of gayety beneath, is tall black domino number five.

"*Incidement*," says Mademoiselle Amelaide Zizine, of the Grand Opera, "*mais c'est tres drole, mon ombrette*, famous for the ease and impudence with which she "chaffs" the Emperor at masquerades, "*incidement*," Mademoiselle Amelaide (in cherry-colored silk) to Lolotte, her *camarade* and *femme-de-chambre* (in pink), "*mais c'est drole*, but *alas* will not be here to-night. I have spoken to at least half a dozen tall black dominoes and I am sure that not one of them answered me in Russ. As if my body ever understood Russ—*une science de cocher*!

"But perhaps the Emperor wouldn't speak French, and answered you in Russ to mystify you, Mademoiselle Zizine."

"*Tiens!* Can he speak Russ, the Père Nicolas?" exclaimed Mademoiselle Amelaide, in great wonderment. "I thought he could only speak French, the Emperor. But then, my dear Mademoiselle! I never can stretch by his limp—I'll go and say something to make him smart." And off trips Mademoiselle Amelaide, the pet of the Imperial Theatre.

Now, the initiated in the ways of the Winter Palace and the secrets of the back stairs know that the Emperor has occasionally found his colossal height, dimensions and figure to be not easily recognizable at masquerades; and that immediately recognition has occasionally embarrassed him. To imperial schemes of nocturnal amusement. To obviate this annoying contretemps, his Majesty has of late years taken to dressing himself among his aide-de-camp certain noble Russians of his exact height and figure, and has each appointed his own as closely as possible, who are instructed to personinate the out-room and to speak French or Russ, or English, as the case may be, while they dictate, or as the furtherance of the Imperial plans may require. Of these Personnels, one, and he the stock of tall side-de-camp has not been, the Asteroat has been compelled to resort to the Corps of the Imperial Guards, and to the Imperial Guards, and to the biggest and handsomest of the grenadiers, Ivan Ivanoff or two. The importance of these having six Imperial Redsmods or Ramanoffs in the ball-room and of one such as is visible to the naked comprehension; and those versed in such matters say that to conduct the Imperial Personnel in a safe manner, found to be the most serviceable; for those honest fellows, being well supplied with Champagne and good cheer, would rather punch a *la Russe* without, and being totally unused to such a costume as a domino, and much embarrassed thereby, gutteral exclamations of astonishment in their native Sclavonic, whereas the aide-de-camp were sufficiently accustomed enough to pass themselves off for the veritable Emperor, and to poach upon the Imperial domino in the most unconcerned manner.

Let it be supposed, however, that the tall black dominoes are the only sons of Anak in these halls of dazzling light. The Russians, gentle and polished race that they are, are for the most part, run large; and there are scores of stalwart forms here to-night, both in black and party-colored dominoes, and in full dress. See, here is one, a fine-looking fellow, six feet and more in his shoes, broad-shouldered and muscular as Hercules—I like the Enemy of mankind. He wears a dreadful black mask, with horns and a goat's beard and whiskers he turns. He has a shiny-scaly body, claws, an admirably constructed cloven-foot, a tail of indescribable dimensions, and a pair of wings. He swaggers along, brandishing that terror to sinners, his pitchforked trident. "Who is that, mamma, in the *petite Tchort! Gospodin Tchort!*" (Lord Lucifer!) I am afraid that in France or England this diabolical costume would be the signal for hisses, which he equally tabooed with those of clown, harlequin, and punchinello. Not so in the land of the knout and institution. He is the real old theologico-Gothic Lucifer, with horns, with hoofs, and a tail, who will sweep with it the floor of the ball-room

as commanding as before. "Police major, you are an *ostrich*—an ass. Behold!" He waves the soldiers imperatively back. He removes his mask, only for an instant, and replaces it. The police *major* starts back as he meets the stern gaze of a pair of full gray eyes, as his orbs of vision dwell upon a magnificent countenance, somewhat full in flesh, with a lofty brow, a rounded chin, and a finely-chiseled mouth; a twisted mustache, dark curly hair, growing somewhat bald toward the crown, and a short, crisp whisker investing the cheek. He starts back, and, upon my word, if Count Tchort had not caught him by the arm, I think he would have fallen on his knees before him.

"Let the man's body be opened," the Gospodin says. "He must have been suffering from some internal disease for about to attack him so suddenly. And now get me another sledge, and let me go home. I will visit you more in the daylight, anon. Let the horse be sent to the fire brigade, and see that the sledge is ready for me at the Winter Palace."

The major's private sledge is brought out; his best horse harnessed to it; his costliest furs laid on the seat. Gospodin Tchort takes off his mask and puts on his undress cap again; but he entirely conceals his features behind the collar of his pelisse.

"You will drive me to the monolith of Alexander, opposite the Isla Millionnaia," he says to the coachman. "Make haste, and gallop." He jumps in; in the error cracks his whip, and they are gone.

"Peter Nicolaivitch," says the major of police, very sternly, when the strange visitor has departed, "Peter Nicolaivitch, you of all men! I declare me that you did not pay sufficient attention or respect to *under* well-connected. The honored lord Corporal of the night, you will take care that Peter Nicolaivitch has eighty blows of the stick at eight o'clock, for want of proper respect to his superiors." And the police major, yawning, lighted his cigarette, and goes to bed.

By-and-by, just as the unhappy Fedor is beginning to howl for his breach of etiquette, the prosecutor, who has driven Gospodin Tchort to his destination, comes back to the police-station.

"He must be a great lord—perhaps an aid-de-camp of the Gossudar, the Emperor," he says. "He gave me a 'ruble' (a five-ruble note), and I watched him go safely into the Winter Palaces. With thou drink with me, Michel Prosporovitch? Ah! and so our brother Fedor is eating of the stick —is he?"

The autopsy of the body of the murderous Ivanovitch is made by the surgeon to the police, and it is found that the unhappy man had been for a long time suffering under acute disease of the heart. Far gone as he was in that dreadful malady, any sudden shock or excitement was sufficient to cause death; and it was consequently stated that the revulsion of feeling caused by that which he believed to be his appearance in the Evil One himself should end fatally. A lengthened report of the circumstances is drawn up by the major of police, and is sent to the Winter Palace. Two weeks afterward that functionary receives a minister, set in gold, representing a group of the twelve apostles of the Chevalier Guards, with a star on his breast, and the red ribbon of St. Andrew *en sautoir*. The officer's face is stern, but handsome—admirably handsome. He has full gray eyes, a lofty brow, a rounded chin, a finely-chiseled mouth, a twisted mustache, dark curly hair, somewhat inclining to baldness toward the crown, and a short, crisp whisker investing the cheek. And of course the minister is the initial N.

I forgot to state that the story of the Murdered Ischvostchik does not get into the St. Petersburg newspapers. We manage those things better in Russia.

A LITTLE STORY.

ONE glorious sultry summer eve,
Beneath the acacia-bough,
I stood where drooping branches weave,
And waited on the sly.
'Twas on the spot, many a night,
I met my Lizzie love,
Shut in from all disturbing sight,
And out from mine above.

For I was young, and so was she,
Each pure and free from guile,
And like two barks on tranquil sea
We floated on the smile.
That night our first great sorrow came:
'Twas Fortune's stern decree
That I should seek a manly name
Upon life's troubled sea.

That night we met beneath the boughs,
My Lizzie love and I,
To gauge our estimated vows
With many a heaving sigh.
We've sat by the stars above,
And all the starts above,
And then I went away and fought
Life's battle in the crowd;
The wealth of Fortune's favors sought,
And to the goddess bowed.
A twelvemonth passed, and sped away,
And still she scouted me,
And so I thought, next summer's day,
I'd let the jade go free.

I'd leave the town and all its strife
For streamus and waving trees,
With Lizzie love I'd spend my life
In calm and glorious ease.
With all my store of love and pride,
I flew on wings of song
To reach that darling Lizzie's side
For whom my fond heart pined.

The year had made a glorious change,
She had no handsome grown;
But something struck my heart as strange
When we were left alone
She smiled not as I used to
Her smile in days of old,
And every word she spoke to me
I shivered as with cold.

She heaved a little sigh, and spoke
"The weather's awful nice!"
The words my heart had nearly broke,
And so—she said them twice.
She said, "The crop is mighty fine,"
And then she hummed a tune;
And then, "You'd better stay and dine,
For John is coming soon."

"John" Who was "John?" I thought, in gloom,
While she would only smile;
And softly fitted round the room,
And played with Fido's tail.
And then she spoke one dreadful word
That time wears not away;
Name that will my heart afford,
And wiped my love away.

She stopped, and down the duster laid,
Then turning, looked at me;
And speaking, though I thought I said,
"You baby you must see."
"The baby" now the John I see;
And faithless Lizzie's own
A "Baby" or a "John."

ESTHER.

CHAPTER I.

JACOB ALLEN, captain of a lumber-sloop which lay at he wharf far up on the North River side of the city, one day, after the close of business, summers age, on the deck of his *Lady Franklin*, "Tim Gaily," as he familiarly called her, was his own, from keel to streamer; and he liked better to "stay at home," in her cabin or on her deck, than to find lodgings elsewhere. The ship was high at the stillest hour, not long before dawn; and there was a broad gangway and rudder easy at pleasant; and Jacob lay wide awake—it happened so—that night at the stars. Far off, on the Jersey shore, he heard the whistle of the cars, and the low rumble blocks and blocks away, comes the dull rattling of a cart, with a distinct sound soon to hear, although too curious of faint, indefinite murmurs in the air.

Splash!

"What's that? A rat, I guess; or a loose stone from a wharf?"

Splash!

"Murder! Murder! Murder!"

Up starts Jacob Allen. The dire words, distinct to the last drowned syllable, take possession of him like spirits. He is a man of strong nerve, by profession, he listens; but there is nothing more. So now he looks around.

"That was a woman's voice. And it came from up stream. If some poor creature has been shoved overboard, and she had that sharp cry! Tide's turned by this time. The boat!—quick!"

He has stood out, under the star-light, over the black river; and there he stands, waiting, eyebrows contracted, fingers parted, leaning forward, piercing, at last, the dark with his vision.

"There! No! Yes! There is something! Here it comes. Ha!"

He clutches at it, on his knees, leaning over the gunwale of the tipping boat; he struggles with the black tide and with the thing like him, and lifts it—*it*.

"*What is it?* Who is it? A woman, by the dress; a girl, it's so slight and small. Any life in—if—her? Touch her hands. Why, man, what are you? Life! Is there any life in that? Heart! that's the first thing to do. We've floated down stream a very little way. The Lady's opened over there. Daylight's coming. Thunder! wish I knew somethin' what to do for'er, when I get 'er aboard."

An hour later. What has been done somewhile you may guess. "Tim" looking at the groups in *Lady Franklin's* deck. A pale girl, lying on a blanket-covered mattress, her head in the lap of a Bridget. The girl has her feet and hands have come together to her. A doctor; a policeman; Jacob Allen. Strange them—picturesquely, of course—as you please.

By-and-by she finds voice to answer their questions. "I was drowned," she whispers, all at present. But after a while, to their great disappointment, they find that she speaks German well. All they can gather, by the few words of English in common and by signs, is, that her name is Esther, and that she was put into a little shoe on the temple—there's the mark—which thrust her off into the water, and left her she thought. Murder! Murder!" Well for her that she had happened to learn that word, and that she had happened to use it! "Happened!" "*I believe so, God, the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth.*"

Poor Esther! Men was pitiless! She was fair in fair, even beautiful. Slight; gracefully formed; her pale face oval; her white lips thin, yet full; her hair black, and shining with moisture, though Bridget has tried to wipe it dry with her apron; her eyes—what you can see of them under the thin falling lids and long lashes—black and clear.

Jacob thinks her beautiful, and he glories—to himself—over his winnings. Leaning against the mast, arms folded, he looks steadily at her. He wonders who could have been mean enough, unmanly enough, to think of creating *her* so!

When the policeman comes with a cartiage to take her to the hospital, Jacob finds, somewhat to his surprise, that he doesn't want to give her up, to lose his fair waif. He has his own low fears when her from the gray night and the black river? His he not some claim on that fair face for a smile, on those lithe limbs for a look of recognition and gratitude? He can hardly bear to let her go; at least not yet. He makes. But all the while he is helping to place her in the carriage, devoting to her use that huge grey shawl, which, with its tenants shall soon have established a right of pride ashore at Kinderhook last winter. If he were not a "lonely man" because of his tenderness he would go with her to the hospital.

By what *treasonous* signs women communicate the wishes they may not know! but wondrous Bridget has told Esther that Jacob is the rescuer. Has the latter been able to understand, discovered Jacob's secret? Perhaps so; and if so, he has to thank her for that which he has waited for, longer for—both the thanks, and a faint pressure of hands, and something in German, low and tender. And Jacob and the doctor drive away.

"Well! I always thought, before, that Dutch was a bulch, jaw-breaking kind of a language; but she spoke it pretty well, though I don't know if I understood the lingo a little."

Jacob comes downstairs all day; Jacob's rough hands doing rough work, but Jacob's soft heart——

"In love, I think girl (To himself, *hog*, "But she's so blamed pretty and sweet). *I don't* care! Who's got any thing to say ag'inst it, say 'how?' Do ye? As I'm a sin' to, I guess!"

CHAPTER II.

ESTHER at the hospital: has a German nurse; tells the story of her wrongs: it is an attempt to murder—and worse: a policeman sent for, a German disciple of Captain Walling's, forces from whom the following:

Esther Hartman is a dressm, from Bufweis, Bohemia. Her father died when he left for his widow money enough for the starting of a little shop, and two daughters. The elder has married, and gone with her husband to "America;" letters, at long intervals, tell of their humble success.

Esther lives with her mother there. The mother dies suddenly, and Esther is alone. The first year of vow, she sells out her little inheritance, determined to join her sister in America. Depositing part in safe hands, quitting the rest into her mother's, for the benefit of remaining at the old home, and good-bys to all the Budweisers, she sails for New York. Across the sea high as the stillest hour, not long before dawn; and there was a gangway and a rudder easy at pleasant; and Jacob lay wide awake—it happened so—that night at the stars. Far off, on the Jersey shore, he heard the whistle of the cars, and the low rumble blocks and blocks away, comes the dull rattling of a cart, with a distinct sound soon to hear, although too curious of faint, indefinite murmurs in the air.

Splash!

"What's that? A rat, I guess; or a loose stone from a wharf?"

Splash!

"Murder! Murder! Murder!"

Up starts Jacob Allen. The dire words, distinct to the last drowned syllable, take possession of him like spirits. He is a man of strong nerve, by profession, he listens; but there is nothing more. So now he looks around.

"That was a woman's voice. And it came from up stream. If some poor creature has been shoved overboard, and she had that sharp cry! Tide's turned by this time. The boat!—quick!"

He has stood out, under the star-light, over the black river; and there he stands, waiting, eyebrows contracted, fingers parted, leaning forward, piercing, at last, the dark with his vision.

"There! No! Yes! There is something! Here it comes. Ha!"

He clutches at it, on his knees, leaning over the gunwale of the tipping boat; he struggles with the black tide and with the thing like him, and lifts it—*it*.

"*What is it?* Who is it? A woman, by the dress; a girl, it's so slight and small. Any life in—if—her? Touch her hands. Why, man, what are you? Life! Is there any life in that? Heart! that's the first thing to do. We've floated down stream a very little way. The Lady's opened over there. Daylight's coming. Thunder! wish I knew somethin' what to do for'er, when I get 'er aboard."

An hour later. What has been done somewhile you may guess. "Tim" looking at the groups in *Lady Franklin's* deck. A pale girl, lying on a blanket-covered mattress, her head in the lap of a Bridget. The girl has her feet and hands have come together to her. A doctor; a policeman; Jacob Allen. Strange them—picturesquely, of course—as you please.

By-and-by she finds voice to answer their questions. "I was drowned," she whispers, all at present. But after a while, to their great disappointment, they find that she speaks German well. All they can gather, by the few words of English in common and by signs, is, that her name is Esther, and that she was put into a little shoe on the temple—there's the mark—which thrust her off into the water, and left her she thought. Murder! Murder!" Well for her that she had happened to learn that word, and that she had happened to use it! "Happened!" "*I believe so, God, the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth.*"

Poor Esther! Men was pitiless! She was fair in fair, even beautiful. Slight; gracefully formed; her pale face oval; her white lips thin, yet full; her hair black, and shining with moisture, though Bridget has tried to wipe it dry with her apron; her eyes—what you can see of them under the thin falling lids and long lashes—black and clear.

Jacob thinks her beautiful, and he glories—to himself—over his winnings. Leaning against the mast, arms folded, he looks steadily at her. He wonders who could have been mean enough, unmanly enough, to think of creating *her* so!

When the policeman comes with a carriage to take her to the hospital, Jacob finds, somewhat to his surprise, that he doesn't want to give her up, to lose his fair waif. He has his own low fears! how her from the gray night and the black river? His he not some claim on that fair face for a smile, on those lithe limbs for a look of recognition and gratitude? He can hardly bear to let her go; at least not yet. He makes. But all the while he is helping to place her in the carriage, devoting to her use that huge grey shawl, which, with its tenants shall soon have established a right of pride ashore at Kinderhook last winter. If he were not a "lonely man" because of his tenderness he would go with her to the hospital.

By what *treasonous* signs women communicate the wishes they may not know! but wondrous Bridget has told Esther that Jacob is the rescuer. Has the latter been able to understand, discovered Jacob's secret? Perhaps so; and if so, he has to thank her for that which he has waited for, longer for—both the thanks, and a faint pressure of hands, and something in German, low and tender. And Jacob and the doctor drive away.

"Well! I always thought, before, that Dutch was a bulch, jaw-breaking kind of a language; but she spoke it pretty well, though I don't know if I understood the lingo a little."

Jacob comes downstairs all day; Jacob's rough hands doing rough work, but Jacob's soft heart——

In love, I think girl (To himself, *hog*, "But she's so blamed pretty and sweet). *I don't* care! Who's got any thing to say ag'inst it, say 'how?' Do ye? As I'm a sin' to, I guess!"

CHAPTER II.

ESTHER at the hospital: has a German nurse; tells the story of her wrongs: it is an attempt to murder—and worse: a policeman sent for, a German disciple of Captain Walling's, forces from whom the following:

Esther Hartman is a dressm, from Bufweis, Bohemia. Her father died when he left for his widow money enough for the starting of a little shop, and two daughters. The elder has married, and gone with her husband to "America;" letters, at long intervals, tell of their humble success.

Esther lives with her mother there. The mother dies suddenly, and Esther is alone. The first year of vow, she sells out her little inheritance, determined to join her sister in America. Depositing part in safe hands, quitting the rest into her mother's, for the benefit of remaining at the old home, and good-bys to all the Budweisers, she sails for New York. Across the sea high as the gayly takes her way, Juhs, Jubes, following the river, road (Moldau, *k*), to Prague; then to Dresden. Here she finds a countryman who is in want of help on a boat, with "lifts" in occasional *Jahrgeschaften*. He makes himself merry to Esther, and by seventeenth birth-day, with four hundred countrymen, women, children, chests, potato-bags, black bread loaves, she sails out of Hamburg, and sails up into the North Sea. [A blank, which a letter may attempted description of such a voyage as the *Helvetia* made in March.] Esther makes friends on the ship—no one-married Hamburg couple, a man of which has been in New York before; so, under his guard, Esther gets by many dangers, and finds a boarding-house. But nowhere can she find her sister. Piece by piece the gold is pinched from her bodice, week by week from her way, but Sophia Lederer, born Hartman, is not to be found. So at last Esther goes to work at a sewing-machine, yet at work for her living. A good chance sends her to the kitchen of a well-do German family in Brooklyn, where she remains until a wealthy family break-up and departure for the West throws her, without warning, into the street (there's a chance now to the city to inquire for employment, and meets, at her old boarding-place, a pleasant-faced countryman, from Prague, whose name like a talisman, comes coming from so near home. He is a farmer (ahem), living up the river, and Esther, after consultation, Esther shall stay with his sister until he is ready, in a few days, to go back to his farm. He brings her trunk from Brooklyn, and then escorts her to the sister's, a lager-beer boarding-house somewhere down town. The sister (there's a mistake) says the farmer is attentive; marriage is talked of (Esther, by the way, has grown into handsome. Details, now, of evening walks by the water-side, where there are seats under trees (the Battery), and of visits to a museum and a concert in which ears run (the Bowery). Max, the farmer, is kind, handsome, earnest, and Esther yields: they are to be married. [Blanks are sometimes convenient, often wise.] But though their plans are as solid as they are kind, Esther's conscience are too strong for Max and his (ahem) sister.

One evening Max meets her by appointment by night; this man will carry the trunk. Come, Esther! A parting glass of beer Esther must drink with the farmer, or he will be angry, to let the boat for the boat. A long, long walk: Esther gets very tired, and complains. Max is very attentive, and proposes a carriage. "The boat's gone!" exclaims Max; and the pier is deserted. Max is disappointed, but says he can only turn around, go back, and try again to-morrow. "Let's rest a while before we start," and Esther is soon thinking of Max, and strangely tired, poor Esther, and sleepy.—(Dragged her!) ——— [Now blanks again, for Esther remembers no more.] That she slept—a dream, and dreamed a horrid dream: fought with a fiend, who flinks, which struck her, and she screamed "Murder!" and fell into a black lake. The rest we know.

CHAPTER III.

MAX—if that be the name—is a villain, a fiend, not of a dream only, but of a reality, and the detective undertakes to find him, his duty becoming a kind of pleasure. It is to avenge a countrywoman rather than to earn his policeman's pay. But he starts vaguely. Esther is so much of a stranger that she can not tell him where to look for that boarding-house, and as she has been out from it only in the evening, she can not describe the vicinity distinctly. It was not far thence to the Battery; so much. She remembered crossing railroad tracks on her way thence to the theatres to much more. The officer at length concludes to go down to the Battery and question the owner of the city southward from the Astor House. At his request Esther tries to describe the interior of the place, but it differs in nothing from fifties of such places thereabouts, except rather hills than the average, pleased to be, all in such a place, there was a large black cat. With these facts, and a thorough description of Max and sister, and Jacob Allen's address, the officer leaves.

After days' industry, adroitness, patience, and the kindness of the police agents in the oldest legs, delighted with bits of Schweitzer, and says to him: this is the place—*par-ce-ci*—that is the sister, drawing of beer—*par-ce-là*—*par-ce-là*—you'll watch the door for a day or two, Max will be in. Moreover he will not see you and once I owe him a grudge! Officer Tieman feels pretty much that he has found the right place, but to make certain the fact he brings Esther to the hospital —she has been very sick, poor girl—and she, looking in at the door from the outside through a transom, her vail, answers him of his discovery.

If officer Tieman had known that Max was sick, half-save down, bound to Bremen, he would not have waited so long or watched for him so long at the Black Cat. If officer Tieman had watched and waited so long Esther would not have hoped from the roof of the house, and, far away, nobody could tell where, before he came. And another contingency—Jacob Allen would not have sailed—that cruel ship, through and through him when, inquiring at the hospital door for Esther, he was told of her strange disappearance.

Now we are all in a muddle. Max escaped. Esther—where? Officer Tieman and Jacob get together and look into each other's faces, asking, "Where?" Jacob, with his ship, is ready to sail; the ship is out of dock, cost him seven dollars Imagine the boy sitting in the cheerful (?) parlor of the Detective Office—the door of the Rooms, underground, meditating. Poor Jacob! Lost his Esther! Lost! Not returning her to Germany as he put that shawl, leaning back in the carriage, smiling good-by and kissing his own hand, with a kindness, politeness adding so tenderly to her foreign beauty. Now—gone, shawl and all, like a dream. Gone—and he has not even a "last-sight" of her, not his gleam of a snug little cottage, not far from a bridge, a mill-pond landing by and overlooking the river? Sunk, Jacob? Poor Jacob!

Officer Tieman! Why have you been sitting so long without a step? Why have you been thinking, thinking, clicking in the next room, and haven't you something to say? Have you been trying to look out for an Esther, a Jewess, a German, black eyed, run away from Bellevue?

Officer Tieman had warning in flashing all over —north, east, west, south. In another. "Here is she!" Here is a station for you to watch. Officer Tieman and Jacob are out and away, Jacob in advance. "Going after your *skaut*, Captain Allen?"

They find her, but crazy, alas! wild with intelligible flight. Jacob, recognizing her, thinks she thinks him a friend, fancies him somebody else, and gives him an old name familiar to Jacob's. Jacob she knows, and they hug him "Max" in shivering whisper. She wraps the shawl around her, and gathers herself away from him with a wild scowl. So they put poor Jacob out of her sight, and then coax and carry her away back to the hospital. Jacob is dismissed that, after the search in the house of the Black Cat—she seemed quite well enough to go—Esther was taken away from one who had probably gone wild, and had spirited herself off. She herself afterward said that Max had caused her to be taken to the house of the Black Cat as it seemed to her.

Days go by: the captain of the sloop *Lady Franklin!* How much lies between him and the fruition of his hope! Lies? Is not he himself to be in love (yet love is cat-behpidish), with a wide survey of verbs, nutsmatives, and adjectives, vanquished with words, words—conversational oratorical battalions fighting against him. Why he can't even say, "I'll ride down to-day." I love thee—I love—But there is an ocular language—and that he relies on —more liquid than *la belle langue itself*: he will speak that to Esther, and is sure that he can understand the black, if she'll see it. But she is crazy, and there is no hope. Yes, there is hope, he says; and having scuttled and sunk these difficulties, he goes back to the smile and the pressure of hands, and then—and then—comes the one huge hand—the one which clutched her out from the flood—and hope.

Esther gets well. Max stays where he fled to. Esther's sister never is heard from. Nurse at the hospital—delighted with the German Bohemian—becomes an interpreter, and so begins the German chamber of confessions and advice. In the which he makes slow progress; but Esther, with Bohemian spirines, learns English rapidly—in the which branch, soon, she outstrips that of the ocular—and-by, with volumn joy, a touch of the labial discipline—her quarter to sit sufficiently well for the hospital to the church, thence by sloop to a certain landing, and a welcome from old Mother Allen.

Now, the *Lady* having been sold, Jacob is captain of the schooner *Esther*.

Who of the reefers is "smart" enough, unfeelingly enough to spoil the ending of my story by saying, "Ah! but how could she marry him? She was a Jewess!" I won't answer you other than in this: You being Jacob, Sir; you being Esther, ma'am, couldn't you have managed it somehow?

ARREST OF THE MEMBERS OF THE IRISH PHŒNIX SOCIETY.

THE accompanying illustration, from a photograph by Dr. Corry, represents the tavern in Belfast, Ireland, in which the members of the Phœnix Society were arrested. We have heretofore given, in the news department, the account of the arrest of these foolish persons. Their design is understood to have been treasonable; they perhaps believed what they said when they promised their friends that the Sixty-ninth Regiment New York State Militia was coming over to relieve Ireland from the British yoke, and that the Green Isle would soon rise, Phœnix-like, from its ashes. They were, as usual, betrayed by one of their number, and without difficulty all safely lodged in jail.

HOUSE IN BELFAST, IRELAND, WHERE THE MEMBERS OF THE PHŒNIX SOCIETY WERE ARRESTED.

STRANGE RELIGIOUS CEREMONY AT MONACO.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly.

IT was with much pleasure that I recognized in your publication of the 18th ultimo the true views of the principality of Monaco; they are faithful representations, and I gazed upon them long and fondly, as we dwelt upon the portrait of some dear friend from whom we have for years been separated.

As I recall the curious details of that antique structure—the Palace of Monaco—memory spreads an aera more before me wondering eyes the vision of the most remarkable procession, or sacred pantomime, that can be imagined. As it was an exhibition of a startling and unique character, perhaps you will not deem a description of it unworthy of a place in your columns, your previous paper having awakened an interest in the principality.

Some years ago, during a visit at Monaco, I had the advantage of being present at this religious pageantry, which takes place on the evening of Good Friday. The procession was formed in the court of the Palace and slowly defiled through the porte cochère. The most picturesque appeared was intended to represent a centurion. He was seated on horseback and clad in armor; his breast-plate was profusely covered with a most anachronistic collection of modern jewelry: earrings, breastpins, brooches, were all in heterogeneous confusion, the great object being to produce a glitter, and in that point he had perfectly succeeded. Then followed a number of men making various demonstrations of grief. Then came a person clad in a loose scarlet robe, girt around the waist with a rope; this was intended to represent Jesus. He was followed by a man who, over and anon, smote him upon the shoulders, upon which his person wearing the scarlet robe would meekly turn the other cheek and receive another buffet; this was repeated at intervals of about three minutes as they passed along. Then followed a young girl with long and beautiful hair floating on her shoulders; in her hand she carried a small alabaster box: this was Mary Magdalen. Other young girls followed her, two by two. Then came another Jesus, clad like the first, followed by a man who scourged him. Then came a maiden, who, turning from side to side, displayed a square of linen on which was painted the portrait of our Saviour. I was told this was St. Veronica, who gave Jesus a handkerchief to wipe the drops of agony from his brow, and all pious Catholics declare that the face of our Saviour remained imprinted on the cloth. Then came the three Marys, weeping. Then another Jesus, carrying an immense cross (made of thin board, however), beneath the weight of which, from time to time, he fell to the earth. Unfortunately for the solemnity of the scene, this last personage was represented by a worthless fellow, who might be daily seen reeling and tumbling about under the influence of the juice of the grape just as he now staggered and fell under the weight of the cross. Here followed a man with a sponge on the point of a lance: this he offered occasionally to the (supposed to be) fainting and exhausted cross-bearer. They seemed to have forgotten that the cross was borne by "Simon, a Cyrenian." Then followed ten throwing dice for the seamless garment, and seeming to struggle for the spoil. There were others representing Jesus—five or six in all—but I have forgotten their particular attributes. The procession was lengthened by different confraries—the red, the blue, and the white—all enveloped in loose robes with hoods over their heads, having holes cut in them for the eyes. These were followed by de[illegible] some of whom followed barefoot. Half it toll bells for the infi[illegible] of strangers who come to witness this religious pantomime there would have been more actors than spectators, for two-thirds of the population were walking in it.

If the personage composing this sacred drama had been selected from among the pious members of the Church above, or if it had been conducted with due solemnity, there might have been something impressive and awe-inspiring in this long procession winding through the dark streets by torchlight. There was, however, little calculated to produce such an effect; but, on the contrary, much that elicited a smile of scorn or a shudder at this profane trifling with holy events. The whole affair is merely got up to attract strangers to their highly impoverished town, who, for one day and night, crowd the hotel. It is calculated upon with the same anticipations of profit as they estimate the probable yield of their olives or lemon trees. Much, however, might be said in extenuation of a people ground to the dust by the exactions of a prince who imposes such heavy taxation upon the oil and lemons—their only available produce—that he derives a larger profit from them than does the poor peasant after all his toil and indefatigable labor.

The more intelligent of the priesthood disapprove very strongly of this mummery, and feel that it casts a shade of ridicule upon their religion; they have frequently essayed to suppress it, but without success. During the period when I was present the cure of the place forbade it, positively, and threatened to call in military aid to prevent it; upon which the infuriated inhabitants vowed they would throw their revered priest from the battlements into the blue Mediterranean, and so he was intimidated into allowing them to proceed as before.

DANCING BEARS IN INDIA.

THERE are more bears, perhaps, in North America than in any other part of the world, but hitherto they have been put to no use except as purveyors of grease, hams, and skins for sleighs. In the Himalayas the bear is more intelligent, and serves a more lofty purpose. The brave herdsmen of the Himalayas frequently take young cubs and train them to perform all kinds of antics—to dance, to smoke, to drink wine, to shake hands, etc., etc. The accompanying illustration represents a couple of educated bears, with their keepers, going through their exercises. They are a fortune to their owners.

DANCING BEARS IN INDIA.

CONCERNING A BIRD.

I.

THE fire of hickory logs burned dimly in the chimney-place, the red embers glowed and suggged, and sent out sparks which burned holes in the carpet, and made me run hurrying to kick them back. Without, the night was piercingly cold; the snow flew and rattled against the house; it lodged on the sash edge, and drew long, sloping lines upon the window-pane; it blew in under the door, and made small triangular spots in the corner of it. The last tea was white with frost, and the wind which swept down the mountain, and through the "Glen," told plainly of the inclement night. I never heeded it at all, but threw another log across the fire, and sat down to meditate. I watched the glowing coals as every one does, and fancied that I saw little red men walking in and out among them, that the white ashes were resting softly in the corner were their graves, where they should lie down after their fiery lives were ended and sleep sweetly. Then Patience, my wife, took down a book, and read aloud from its charmed pages.

What a cozy little place it was, to be sure! The bright brass andirons shining, and seeming to make grotesque faces at the little red men in the fire, who winked back again; the checked carpet, clean, though homely; the tick-tock clock on the mantle; the peppers which we picked last fall for the rheumatism, which troubles me occasionally; and that grim and quaint old bureau, with its tin sunlamb, its brass ornaments, which Patience keeps brighter than gold, made our humble little dwelling cheerful and happy; and I thanked the Father-not as the Pharisee did, that he had made me better than other men—but that, out of His bountiful providence, so much of good had fallen to me.

Just as I was dropping off in a doze—the reading having lulled me to sleep, and the little red men, getting tired of cutting up their capers, had rested quietly in their ashy graves—there came a tremendous rap on the outer door. There was a room between me and it, where the well was, the cheese-press, the milk-pots, and other elements of the dairy; and at first I thought the storm had allowed one of them to the shadow of the house, covered in snow.

"Squire Lee," he said, "there's a party in distress along here over my ground, and looking somethey had fallen, but a repetition of it soon convinced me that it was actual; so hastily brushing my hand across my eyes, and looking wonderingly at Patience, who looked the same as me, without a word I started in the direction opened by Mercy! the first blast of wind caught the door out of my hand, and sent it slamming against the wall, filling my clothes full of fine snow, and nearly taking my breath away. Then I looked, and saw my neighbor Hollister standing, muffled up in the shadow of the house, covered in snow.

"Squire Lee," he said, "there's a party in distress along here over my ground, and looking somewhat like the 'Glen,' and we must turn out and look for them. I don't like cries some kind, and don't seem to be getting them. Such a night as this one would not let a dog out knowingly. I need your aid. Will you help me search for them, Listen!"

Yes; it was true. Far above the roaring of the tree tops, the rushing of the fierce wind, I heard that awful cry upon the night—Help! help!" and a shriller cry, in a minor key, that struck painfully on my heart. Without waiting for an instant, I hastily equipped me, and telling Patience to be ready in case of need for sufferers, I took my stable lantern and set out.

Out into the bleak and desolate night. We took hold of each other's hands—counted—and off we —and wrestled with the storm. It hurled its masses of wind and snow heavily against us, as if to beat us back from our errand of mercy. The heavy drifts clogged our feet painfully at every step, and more than once, as I stumbled and fell, among some heavy bank, I was on the point of sinking down myself. Though we knew the road perfectly, it seemed strange to us, and getting confused, stopped for a moment to consult. Again the cry, and this time so near that we struggled on again through the driving snow-clouds, striving to reach them. Now to the right —now to the left—as the wind blew the sound into our ears, until, when we were nearly ready to give up our fruitless search, we at last caught sight of them.

A man was standing at a horse's head, holding the plunging and rearing beast from breaking away altogether; and a little place in the snow, more level than the rest, told us plainly they had been overturned, but were now righted again.

Dimly through the storm we could see some figures seated in the sleigh. As soon as they had discerned our little light they all set up a shout together; and the man cried out, in a voice thin with cold,

"For God's sake, friends, lend us a hand here! We are nearly perished in this cursed place. My wife and child are nearly perished with cold, to say nothing of myself and beast. Lead us out quick! We can't stop to parley us to turns. Get us under cover as soon as possible!"

Assuring him that he was in good hands, and would soon be all right again, we—revived and inspirited, now that we had found the object of our search—set to work with alacrity, and soon had the horse, mad with cold and affright, detached from the sleigh. It drove into the road, and, all

pilling in, were galloping like the wind toward the house. When we reached there, which we did in a few minutes, I saw, through the storm, Patience at the lighted window watching for us; but for all she could have seen out she might as well have looked in the cellar. But her good heart so longed for us that she sent it out through her eyes to welcome us in.

We bundled them out pretty quick, Neighbor Holcomb and I—and we were none too quick, for they had all relapsed into a stupor, brought on by their cold and exposure, and, stiff and cramped, by sitting so long in one position, and Rebel, old as he was, slowly to the house. Then I returned, and took the sleigh and drove around under the shed, leaving Patience to take care of her patients. I soon cared for the beast; and left my neighbor to cut the feed of his own team, thanking him for calling on me.

When I got into the house again my guests—as I considered them—were doing very well, what with the roaring fire we had, and a little stimulus which was necessary to thaw their frozen blood; and I had time, for the first, to look at them. The father was a man of fine commanding presence, and the mother a quiet, retiring little person, whose manner and face took the heart at once a captive. But then the daughter—for there were only two in all—how shall I speak of her without being extravagant in terms? A light, graceful figure, scarcely fit to stand alone, looking as though it wanted some one to lean on; beautiful golden hair, and a profusion of it, knotted and twisted around her head, as though she did not know what to do with it all; an eye like that of the wild gazelle's skin, set in a face as fair, spiritually and physically, as ever mortal eye looked on.

When I entered the father rose and thanked me in a quiet and sensible way, which bespoke the high-bred gentleman, and, falling, fainted. I came at the most critical period, as they were fast giving way to that death-like torpor which mercifully sends over those frozen to death, and standing at once in terms of praise which I must be excused for not endeavoring to describe. I gave them, after all the credit of the rescue, as it was in truth his. It was, in good earnest, a close touch to life and death. One and the last lump of sugar, and ignorant of the way, would have soon been snowed under and perished.

The first thing they wanted was rest and quiet; and we soon had the spare bedroom ready, with a little room off for the daughter; and Rebel was shut up, and retired for the night.

The morning after the storm broke clear and bright; the sun, as if ashamed of having been so long concealed, now dazzled our eyes with his beams.

We were seated at breakfast with our guests, and mid-winter though it was, a small wild bird's concerts, when from out the little porter which joined our kitchen there came a peal of music such as I never heard before. She fed frequently from my hand, and I sat open-mouthed in amazement. It went on, and at last I could run and get Patience and musical, as it were a song of thanksgiving and praise fresh from the heart. I looked in vain for from one to another of my guests. I saw we had no such creature in the house of our own, whatever it was. At last I asked on the daughter.

"It's only my bird," she said.

"Only your bird? What do you mean?—forgetting myself for the moment—'only' your bird? If that be a bird which just now sung, then I never heard bird before."

"I'll go and fetch him, that you may see for yourself."

She went, and returned bearing in her hand a little wicker cage—such a one as we see birds inserted in—set it down before us, and was then awaited its pleasure.

It was a funny little thing. It had a black crest on its head, which curled as it was in song. I enjoyed very unconcernedly french to perch, and pipe—set completely at my wit's beads of what—by which small way, "I am very fine; admire me."

"Let us hear him sing, if you can persuade him," I asked.

"Oh! very readily. He is well-trained, is Cherry, and sings at the word of command."

She raised her forefinger, and said to it, "Sing, Cherry!"

The little yellow ball of feathers straightened itself, stropped its beak to its satisfaction upon the perch, and broke out into very perceptible hums and haws, and let loose again. What a melody it was! It sung of green trees; of meadows fresh with flowers; of warm sunshine; of a summer sky; of fervent heats; of cooling shades, dells noisy with brook, and a thousand other things. Then it stopped. No one spake. I filled with the sweet thoughts which crowded on me thick and fast, and the rest, I think, in the same.

Where did you get this priceless bird, my little lady?"

"Carl gave it me," she said.

"And who is Carl, might I ask?"

The father then spoke up and told me. "This bird," said he, "came into our possession in the following manner: About a year and a half ago a young German was coming to this country. On leaving the land they were cast away on the Scylla of modern manners. They were poor; and, out of all his effects, only this bird and a few dollars did he save. 'For,' as he said himself, 'he is very kind and a rare singer. If he die, my comrade is gone.' He was of good parentage, was the German, and well brought up; and, like a sensible man, has set out to earn his own living on a farm hard by in a neighboring city—we retaining the bird in our possession at his request. He comes occasionally to see us in our house at Hartford, to teach us the feeling and education of it."

I should have liked very much to have asked him which bird he came to see; but did not think it altogether polite. I wondered how it escaped the violence of the storm; but supposed it was such a little thing they had it snugly wrapped up.

"Ah," said my little lady, "you should hear him sing when Carl comes to see us!" her eye lighting as she mentioned the name. "He has a different song then from the one which he generally sings. Should you choose to hear it?"

"I should choose," I said.

"Sing, Cherry!" with the finger raised.

He forgot a golden chain—that is his throat, on which my heart run straight to heaven. We were all hushed and stopped to listen. The very chair or train of thought that we had been for many a day, we sat a while calmly; but as we could not hear the bird sing and talk at the same time, it soon went about our several businesses—I to the village, having given myself to my guests, as my duties were urgent, and Patience to her household cares.

The following day my friend—for so his gentlemanly bearing and sound heart had brought me to consider him—and I were the same as we were broken as to warrant his setting out again on his journey. So he took his horse and sleigh and started. I was delighted to have had to be allowed to stay a week or so that he at last relactantly consented. We, having no children of our own, were very glad to have her. So Fairy—she was so like one that I will call her thus—and the bird stayed. She was but a little innocent at first without father or mother; but with the little household cares she was pleased to busy herself with, time never hung heavy on her hands. The week changed to a fortnight, and that to a further period, when I found myself in love as I never remembered to have done before, and as he was pleased to say he was in love with me. So my little romance was indefinitely postponed. Little parties and social circles occupied the time pleasantly, and in that small neighborhood I was looked upon as the very views of life, young though she was, and were all the more beautiful for that.

Only a few days after the occurrences narrated above, I noticed one day, while coming up the road, a strange-looking sleigh, with a bell, and which I never had seen before, standing at the gate. There were also some strange feet in the hall; and sure enough, when I reached my house, Fairy came running to greet me, saying, "Uncle"—she sometimes called me so—"there is some one for his bird." And a tall, elegant gentleman stepped forward, signifying, with a bow, that some without invitation in language at once so fluent that one could never detect a trace of his native accent, it took him a minute or two to get over, he afforded, of course. The afternoon wore away in pleasant talk. The bird was introduced, rehearsed some of foreign travel, incidents he had passed through, and chested life's brief hour of every sharpness.

"You have a rare bird there, sir," I said.

"I have, and could never tire of it; but I think the song of the bird is the one he sang after his deliverance from the storm."

"How this one now," he said; "for he has a very fine voice—my little pet—I am informed on in military attitude, threw his hair back from his forehead, and, with his head in the air, seemed to literally regurling him, with his head first on one side and then on the other, "Hist, sing!"

The crest rose, the golden chain throat swelled, the feathers quivered, and then it rolled forth cheerily, cheerily—oh! how cheerily—the notes being thinking sweetly over its pebbly bottom; swifter, faster, and more furious now, like the waterfall pouring impetuously over the height, and then into a magnificent tide of song that eclipsed all I ever heard—bright flakes played, thunderbolts nodded and rung their floral chimes, and humming-birds fitted on glistening winds through gardens of sweet-smelling flowers, and only the bird sang. I held my hands over my ears lest it should run down to my heart and kill (and contagiously) it. It went with song. A surfeit of music filled and clayed us, as the breath of new-mown hay doth the senses when it long inhaled in it; and then it was silence, by the master—not the teacher, God wot its teacher—leaved his head, and gave for the thousandth time perhaps he had heard its melody.

"I was afraid," said he, "he had forgotten his cunning." He then, with the point of my teaspoon, little bully, although I think the cage is a little too small (bad contemplation!)." It was sweet with song. A surfeit of music filled and clayed us, as the breath of new-mown hay doth the senses when it long inhaled in it; and then it was silence, by the master—not the teacher, God wot its teacher—leaved his head, and gave for the thousandth time perhaps he had heard its melody.

As I live the little red men were there again, darting as of old, and with the same whistling up the smoke and making themselves ridiculous with their antics. "Patience," I said, "how do you like your new pets eh?"

She looked shyly up at me, and seeing the drift of my remark, answered me with a cunning little laugh.

"Maybap he knows where there is a larger cage, since the other is not large enough."

She was provokingly silent and non-committal.

"I say, Fairy, what do you think of them? Can you make one of your brilliant remarks now—it's such a fine chance? Be a little sarcastic, please."

Only the more she pets me."

She looked sl

ull behindhand in taking part in the proceedings. That prince of song—silent till now since his master's return—he surpassed himself, his top-knot nodded and trembled with the violence of his song, for when the ceremony was ended and we were all laughing, crying, and shouting together, the noise made him break forth again.

It was as if an angel played upon a flute of pearl and the theme were God. It dispelled all doubt and fear, made clear the devious ways of life, sang sweetly and cheerfully of that other state which is beyond the stars, bore purer and softer light to us than they, and left our souls clear and pure for the impress of that divine love which passeth all understanding. It soared lightly to the vault of heaven itself, and then it came again, swelling in the air and glorifying the room, until haloes of it seemed to rest upon the darling wife's head as the halo round the saint; now lightly piping, now richly warbling; faintly and low, like a young mother lulling her babe to sleep; then flashing melodious hymns out over all, like the lapping of the waters sea upon the strand; sweeter, lower, fainter still, till at last it died away altogether, leaving our hearts entranced with its melody.

It was the king of birds, and its name was Cherry.

OUR SPECIAL PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

Christmas Prayer in the Anglican Church—Christmas Fêtes and Presents—Concerts—Christmas Eve—Shrub times in Paris—Abuse of Ice Holidays—The vivid Queen's Beauty and Fashion—A conversion of Faust—The Protestant Bauer, etc.

PARIS, *December 30*, 1858.

I THINK I can not better begin my letter of the first year than by quoting some part of the eloquent prayer I listened to on Christmas Day, in the English part of the usual service of the English Church, of which the Rev. Mr. Gurney is the clergyman. It is "for blessings on the anniversa ion of the United States"—and to the effect that the Anglo-Saxon race upon both sides of the Atlantic "may be enabled manfully to perform the work which God has called upon them to do;" and for which I say Amen!

Christmas in France is only a religious fête, not one of social or family interest; and as it is in many of the inhabitants of other countries resi dents here, that Christmas-trees and Christmas-dinners, turkey-s and-plum-puddings, are almost as numerous as in their native lands. From several invitations for the evening of the Christmas I selected one at the house of one of the German Ministers, where the *Christmas-tree* was in the perfection of its arrangement, of towering height, and beautifully decorated; and from it were distributed to each of the family and guests a present or mir of the occasion. The lady of the mansion is our country-woman; and her engaging, graceful manners, uniting feminine kindness of heart with her an ornament of the diplomatic circle, and endear her to all admitted to her intimacy. The party assembled was small, but brilliant—the *corps diplomatique*, of course, and French of the Faubourg St. Germain. Among them, as the most worthily bears a historical name, and his duchess, whose ancestor was contemporary with Louis Quatre's pleasant and gallant injunction to him to hang himself because a certain battle had been fought without him. The dark-eyed grandson of the *beau des beaux* does not belie the blood, for she is known to be one of the true country-women's number that which makes of them affectionate wives and devoted mothers. There is every day creeping into Paris society more of the domestic sentiment and more of that refinement of luxury which makes the name display of magnificence and extravagance for a few or a larger number of guests. On this occasion, for thirty persons, there was entertainment so fe a hundred; and I have been lately to several dinner-parties, composed of six or eight persons, where the dinner were lighted with a ball, and the viands and the wines, and the graceful subject of fresh flowers, were all that the most fastidious formerly rare even in dinners of ceremony, and which much astonishes the sober and economical French of the old school.

My list of these parties was one summoned to partake of some cunning duck which had been sent brought in the *Aroya*. You would pity me if you knew how few times in my life I have had the opportunity of eating that best and most renowned of American dainties. It was amusing to see the re-appearance of the faces of some of the low vessels of my club to whom I announced in the morning the good fortune which was in store for me. Some of them were on shore soon only to live to order and to eat their dinners; and the thought of this unknown delicacy of which they could not attain, excited, I am sure, more envy than if I had told them I had the promise of an introduction to the most beautiful eyes of Paris, of the demi or my other monde. The cavaradacks grovelled, scratched, and were not invited to the lovely birds of Maryland thus to profane their recondite taste.

Paris is fast filling up. The French are returning; and taxes are Russians and Americans are coming up for the delicacy in number of English and Anglo-Americans. But Paris is not pleasant or brilliant as yet. There has been a dull week's absence of sunshine, and the dampness and mud of the streets is something too depressing and annoying, making it impossible even for us masculines to pay visits on foot, or to enjoy the once agreeable lounge among the shops and the pretty passers-by. And there is not only the dirt of rain and Macadamized streets are in miserable confusion, with some houses being pulled down, others erected, and these formidable works for the drainage, which flood them with dirty water, and fill them with holes which, in spite of all precautions, have already occasioned several carriage accidents. Health and symmetry are promised out of this chaos; but, for the time, the City of Delight is despoiled of its outward life and enjoyment.

But there is compensation to be found within (I do not mean its homes, but its theatres). I went, not long ago, to the *Italiens*, to hear Alboni and Graziani in "Il Giuramento," with the music of which, I believe, in New York, you are already familiar. It is new here, and has been well received—thanks, perhaps, to the admirable staging of these thoroughly Italian operas. Without the same beautiful music in it, I doubt its ever taking a place among the chosen operas of the Parisians. As usual in the early season, the audience was mostly composed of strangers and travelers, and there were two boxes filled with diplomatic and renowned personages; and I was amused to see the eagerness with which the opera-glasses were scanned each other, particularly the two heroines (if such they be called). In one was the discreet (if not ugly) face of the ex-envoy and winning countenance, of the Countess de B——, (the former lover of Lord Ellenborough's wife), and in the other, rather tame-looking, but gentlemanly, English husband by her side—looked as proud and as happy as the most proper of English couples. In the box opposite, the new Lady C——n was more conspicuous in her style of dress, and in the evident enjoyment of the attention she excited. Her diamonds, however, have been compared to the rivalries of Oriental effect. Her hair was bound with golden coins; her dress was of white muslin, with a sash à la Empress Eugenie, and her bouquet, (the gold embroidery, gave her a sort of "Light of the Harem" air, perhaps not inappropriate. She is not pretty, but her eyes are dark and expressive, and she seems lively and graceful. Lord C——n kept closely by her side, and I am sure did not dislike being looked at too, as he is well known to be object to being conspicuous.

I have been to see "Faust" at the Porte St. Martin, where it is made into a superb melodrama, which has created a delightful audience to numerous representations. I need not say it is perfectly got up, and that the poetry of the original is condensed in the representation of "Marguerite;" but "Faust" looks so merely sensual that it destroys the charm, and makes the whole idea of the original, who seems to me rather to have been regarded as a mental study of the human heart—which a highly intellectual nature derives from its own power of investing every thing with a certain charm. There is a young actress in the whole who creates a she-devil, whose name of "Mademoiselle Sulpherine" reminds my fancy as particularly well chosen and French.

There was last week the annual Fancy Fair for the Female Prisoners of Paris, given by a society of ladies, who themselves make and give all the articles disposed of at the bazaar, and by the pupils of schools in Paris and the Departments. It is presided over by the illustrious Guizot, and supported by the beautiful and gifted Mme. Haussmann, Bettingoes, and many others of the honored and fashionable women of Paris. Many fashionable dames," as the French exid of them. The result of the two days' sale was fifteen thousand francs—pretty well for gin-cushions!

But my letter must finish; and if the sun will only shine upon me with the new year, I promise to be more gay next week, and to endeavor to do justice to what is really a pleasant and interesting national fête, the year Do'n'A'n Pursue.

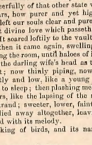
CHESS CHRONICLE.

BY C. H. STANLEY.

PROBLEM XIV.

BY W. ING.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and checkmate in three moves.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. B. (Baltimore). We believe not. Herr Anderssen, the gallant player, is likewise an accomplished Professor of Mathematics, resident at Breslau.——J. M. B. (Forest de Lac, Wisconsin). Your problem with your first Chess column thereto contained, is received, and referred most forthwith.——"Four Plates." An introduction to one of the officers or members of the New York Chess Club, or of Brooklyn, is all that is necessary to insure to a non-resident a gratuitous call.——"A Subscriber" (Westminster). How can you expect the proprietors of this paper to give advertisements to other periodicals by devoting valuable space to sweet such queries?——J. S. C. (Nashville). Your Problem is quite sound, and very neat; but, as a general principle, two-mover Problems are scarcely suitable for this publication.——"Franklin," "G. B.," "Learner," and some others will see the above as applied to their contributions.——*Carrie and Louie.* Exceptions always there also are to the rule. In Chess III, in the variation you propose, White plays, 2. Q to K1 and checkmates next move.——"Crowe." Your four-move strangers appears to be by no means below mediocrity, but scarcely sufficiently above par for present use.

Solutions to various Problems already given in the *Weekly* have been received from various contributors. For the most part they are correct; but considerably otherwise. In order to satisfy correspondents as to which category they write, time and space compel us to refer them to the current numbers of this paper. Irrespective of the above, we have much correspondence which, as wells, as yet, we have not had an opportunity even to glance.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM XIII

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. R to E 5 (ch)	K moves
2. R to KR 5 (ch)	K to E 5
3. R to B 2 (ch)	K to K 4
4. B takes R (ch)	K takes R
5. R to E 6	

THE NEW WORLD AGAINST THE OLD.

The following well-contested game is one occurring in the late great match between Mr. Paul Morphy and Herr Anderssen. The opening is that termed *Ruy Lopez Gambit Queen.* Black's third move, "K B to Q Kt 5," is the move which is the application of the principle which generally considered to give first-player somewhat more than his usual advantage that is obtained from the adoption of most any other method of commencing a game.

BLACK (Mr. A.)	WHITE (Mr. M.)
1. P to E 4	P to E 4
2. K Kt to B 3	K Kt to Q B 3
3. K B to Q Kt 5	P to Q R 3
4. K B to Q 4	K B to Q B 4
5. P to Q 3	K B to Q Kt 4
6. P to Q R 3	P to Q Kt 3
7. K B to Q B 2	P to Q 4
8. P to K P takes P	K Kt takes P
9. P to K R 3	Castles
10. Castles	K Kt to B 3
11. P to Q 4	P takes Q R 3
12. P to Q 5	K B to Q 2
13. Q Kt to Q B 3	K B to K Kt 5
14. K B to Q Kt sq	Q B to K 3
15. P to K 5	K Kt to K 4
16. Q Kt to K 3	K Kt to K B 3
17. Q Kt to K 4	K B to K 4
18. Q Kt to K Kt 3	Q B to Q B 5
19. Q Kt to K B 5	Q B to K Kt 3
20. Q takes B	Q Kt to K 3
21. K Kt to K 4	Q Kt to Q 5
22. Kt takes Kt	Q to Q 3
23. Q B takes K P	Q B takes Q B
24. Q to Q B sq	Q B takes Q B
25. Q to Q 3	Q B to Q B 3
26. K to B 3	K R to K B sq
27. K to K 2	K R to K 3
28. Q to Q B 5 (ch)	K to K B sq
29. Q to K R 3 (ch)	K to K sq
30. Q to K 6	Q to Q B (ch)
31. Q takes Q	P takes Q
32. P to K 6	K to K B sq
33. P to Q 5	Q R to K sq
34. P to Q 6	Q to K 2
35. P to K B 5	K to K B sq
36. P to K 7	K to K sq
37. K to K B 3	P to Q 4
38. K to K 4	P to K 4
39. K to K B 2	K to K B sq
40. K to K 3	K to K 2
41. K to K B 2	K to K B sq
42. K to K 3	P to K B 5
43. K to K 4	K to K 2
44. K to K 3	K to K B sq

And the game was declared drawn.

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

"As handy as snuff in a rap," is a cant phrase sometimes used. In origin we do not know; but here is a story that might originate a new one. "I say, Jack, is Adam Smoaker's snuffers."

"Why, Tom, about a fortnight of years ago, came to Huntingdon Furnace, and seeing there, for the first time, a pair of snuffers, asked—

"What's them for, eh?"

"Why, to snuff the candle."

"Snuff the candle! Whatever for?"

The candle just then needing attention, Adam with his hands and fingers snuffed off the snuff, and carefully poked it into the snuffers, saying,

"Well, see, that's what they're for."

Speaking of furnaces, there is a story told of a furnace-stoker, to which a boy went to buy potatoes.

"Mother says, how much are they a bushel, but we have onions."

"Why," said he, "let's see yer onions."

"Don't know as I ground it could be superhuman) Now (very angry). "Curious! them's veg-etal!"

A gentleman balling from that island of the sea so noted for its potatoes and shillalahs purchased a fine bowling bull. Mac, getting rather excited in a controversy with a fellow-tar, told him, by way of settling the dispute, that "his head was so soft that it was hard to give any thing to him."

The young lady who lives with us attended in dancing general house-work, complained the other day of a difficulty in getting her feet to "go right" in the various steps of dress (quick). I said to take a broom-handle and hook the dress, and, after making some wry faces, looked up and said, "Ah-ha, Miss, is them Holloway's Pills you're after giving me?"

A young M. D., one of the lower counties of EastTennessee, was driving a gig-load of his fair friends and gallants, and it so happened (as is frequently the case in those parts) that the landlady of the house of stop-loans served up for his discretion of her gentle-folks a dish of fried chicken. The doctor, who was a lively, romantic lad, thought to himself, "Here's a delightful field of beaus that one of them upon his distributed around, then no hurt will come to a hen-too-hen-nor any accidents." "Oh! I wish I hadn't a volunteered.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRIDAY EVENING, *Saturday, Jan. 29, 1859.*

The week ending this day has been very cheerful in financial circles, and the feeling of confidence is general. Were it not for the rumors of war which reach us from Europe, it would be safe to count upon one of the most prosperous years that the commercial world has lately had. In money matters, the chief event has been the subscription for the new Ten Million Loan, which is to close to-day. It is generally expected that it will go much lower than the last, 98½ in the neighborhood of 102 @ 103, partly in consequence of the unsettled state of European affairs, and partly from the uncertainty which exists to the amount of the further necessities of the Government.

Money is slightly dearer than it was last week, and financial institutions show an increased unwillingness to enter into long engagements. Exchange on Europe is above the specie-shipping point, and every steamer has on some ounces of gold.

Stocks are lower, as a general rule. The public are not speculating or buying for investment; under these circumstances, it is matter of a question of time when the decline shall take place. It has now begun.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 29, 1859.

The Wholesale Produce Markets exhibit increased activity during the leading kinds of breadstuffs. The Flour and Grain trade has been quite brisk, and the highest figures. Holders are not eager sellers. Provisions keep steady, but closed quite briskly and buoyantly. Provisions, Groceries, Rice, Tobacco, Seeds, Fruit, Hides, and Naval Stores, have been more sought after. Hay, Hemp, Hops, Lime, Lime, Tallow, and Whisky have been quiet. Oils, Leather, Tin, and Wool have been in fair demand. The movements in Dry Goods are becoming quite extensive. Buyers from distant Southern and Western markets have arrived freely in spring for, and, in many instances freely purchasing, Spring and Summer goods. The jobbing trade is also improving, and there is every reason to expect a good season. Cotton and are ready to meet the wants of their customers. Woollens have been generally inquired after sparingly, anticipating a vigorous and successful trade. The principal article of Cotton Goods—both Domestics and Foreign—are especially stiffly held, and are in lively request. The amount of the week's sales at the Dry Goods has been $1,703,505 against $503,213 the same week last year. The imports since January 1st have been $2,114,448 against $1,744,648 same time last year. The movements in other commodities have not been characteristic of any remarkable changes.—We append a revised list of the closing wholesale prices prevailing, articles:

Unground State Flour, per bbl.	$4 90	@ $4 50
Superfine to extra State, per bbl.	4 50	4 90
Superfine to fancy Western, per barrel	4 60	5 65
Extra to fancy Genesee, per barrel	5 15	6 25
Extra to extra Genesee, per barrel	5 15	6 25
Mixed to Straight Southern, per barrel	4 60	5 75
Mixed to Straight Rye Flour, per bbl.	4 60	5 75
Fine to Superfine Rye Flour, per bbl.	3 40	4 10
Corn Meal, per barrel	3 10	3 15
White Wheat, per bushel	1 30	1 35
Red Wheat, per bushel	1 30	1 37
Mixed Western Corn, per bushel	85	87
Yellow Corn, per bushel	85	87
Barley, per bushel	75	97½
Western Oats, per bushel	47½	48
State Oats, per bushel	48	49
Barley and Malt, per bushel	75	97½
Beans, per bushel	1 60	1 70
Peas and Cobblings, per bushel	1 12	@ 1 75
Mess Pork, per bbl.	17 00	@ 18 00
Prime Pork, per barrel	13 50	@ 13 62½
Country Mess Beef, per barrel	9 50	10 00
Cut Meats, per pound	6½	9½
Lard, per pound	11	12
State Butter, per pound	16	26
Western Butter, per pound	16	20
Cheese, per pound	8	9½
Rice, per 100 pounds	3 50	@ 4 00
Rio Coffee, per pound	9½	@ 11½
Cuba Sugar, per pound	5½	6½
New Orleans Sugar, per pound	6½	7½
New Orleans Molasses, per gallon	41	46
Hyson Teas, per pound	35	85
Oolong Teas, per pound	35	85
Domestic Whisky, per gallon	26	27½
Hops, new, per pound	15	20
Hops, per pound, 1857	8	9
Hay, per 100 pounds	1 00	1 10
Tallow, per pound	9	10½
Clear Pine, per 200 pounds	3 50	@ 3 75
Spirits Turpentine, per gallon	48	49
Rosin, per barrel	2 50	2 75
Crude Sperm Oil, per gallon	1 75	@ 1 80
Linseed Oil, per gallon	60	62½
Lard Oil, per gallon	1 00	1 05
Seed Lard Tobacco	6	@ 25
Manufact'd Tobacco, per pound	10	50
Pulled Wool	32	@ 45

For weekly prices of metals, and quotations see usual tested. Some Cotton has been engaged for Liverpool at 1-64. @ 3-64c. per pound. The total receipts at all ports of all classes in part is 505.

The Live Stock Markets, last Wednesday, were heavy for Beeves, Milch Cows, and Veal Calves; . Sheep and Swine were in fair request, and prices were firm. The deliveries were less freely offered and were in demand. The reported receipts of Live Stock during the past last two weeks comprises as follows:

	Week ending Jan. 24.	Week ending Jan. 17.
Beeves	3,713	4,913
Milch Cows	116	116
Veal Calves	479	859
Sheep and Lambs	7,198	7,149
Swine	10,186	8,099

The range of prices at the Cattle and Veal Calf Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday were as follows:

Poor to first-class Beeves, per pound	5	@ 9
Extra to extra Beeves, per head	10	00 @ 11 00
Veal Calves, per pound	7½	@ 8
Sheep and Lambs, per pound	4	5½
" per pound	4	5½
Live Swine, per pound	5½	6
Dressed "	7½	@ —
Fatting Pigs, each	1 50	@ 2 00

The changes in the Country Produce Markets have been few. Apples have declined, Butter and Cheese are held with more firmness. Game is generally in light supply.

WHOLESALE PRICES CURRENT BY PRODUCERS AND MANUFACTURERS.

	DOMESTIC MARKET.	
Apples, new, per barrel	$2 00	@ $ 3 00
Apples, dried, per pound	3½	4
Hickory Nuts, per bushel	2 00	2 50
Peanuts, per bushel	1 75	2 00
Potatoes, per barrel	75	@ 1 25
Potatoes, sweet, per barrel	1 50	2 00
Onions, per barrel	2 00	@ 2 25
Turnips, per barrel	1 00	1 25
Beets, per barrel	75	@ 1 00
Carrots, per barrel	75	1 00
Cabbage, per 100	2 00	@ 3 00
Cauliflowers, per 100	2 00	3 00
Horseradish, per pound	3	4
Pumpkins, per 100	10 00	@ —
Celery, bleached, dozen bunches	1 00	1 00
Celery, Soup, per dozen bunches	37	@ 50
Eggs, Western, per dozen	12	13
Chickens, per pair	40	@ 60
Fowls, per pair	40	60
Geese, per pound	7	@ 8
Geese, per pound	8	9
Wild Turkeys, each	3 00	@ 4 00
Tame Turkeys, each	1 50	@ 2 00
" Hens, per pair	50	75
" Cocks, per pair	50	75
Ducks, per pound	10	@ 12½
Woodcock, per dozen	3 00	@ 4 00
Partridges, per pair	50	@ 75
Snipe, Brant, per dozen	1 62	@ 2 00
Quail, per dozen	1 62	@ 2 00
Rabbits, per pair	25	@ 37½
Squirrels, each	12	@ 18
Venison, per pound	12	@ 18
Bear's Meat, per pound	10	@ 12

ADVERTISEMENTS.

HARPER & BROTHERS will send this Work by Mail, postage paid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of $2 00.

THE

LAND AND THE BOOK;

OR

BIBLICAL ILLUSTRATIONS DRAWN FROM THE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS, THE SCENERY AND SCENES OF THE HOLY LAND.

BY W. M. THOMSON, D.D.,

Twenty-Six Years a Missionary of the A.B.C.F.M. in Syria and Palestine.

With two elaborate Maps of Palestine, an accurate Plan of Jerusalem, and several Anndred Engravings, representing the Scenery, Topography, and Productions of the Holy Land, and the Costumes, Manners, and Habits of the People. In large 12mo, pp. 800.

PRICE THREE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS.

The work of Dr. W. M. Thomson, entitled "The Land and the Book," has for many years enjoyed the rare advantage of a long residence in the Holy Land, with special facilities for travel and exploration—a familiar knowledge of the languages of the Bible, and the consequent longings of the heart, which have led to a careful study of the manners and customs, characteristics of the soil, and the scenes connected with the ego and the mind of the reader. As literary evidence, the physical characteristics and the local and domestic habits of the land in which the Bible was written, and with which it is permanently associated. This is done with scrupulous accuracy, with fidelity to the sacred text, and at the same time in a popular and engaging style. The work will prove a most valuable aid in the study of the Bible, and will greatly enrich the stores of those who are called to expound it in the pulpit or in the Sabbath-School.

Our personal observation of the habits and manners of the people of Palestine enables us to add that the Pictures of the Land and the Inhabitants are drawn with the utmost fidelity and reliable, and we cordially recommend them to all who seek a better understanding of the Sacred Scriptures.

Signed by

REV. R. ANDERSON, D.D., One of the Corresponding Secretaries of the A.B.C.F.M.

REV. STEPHEN H. TYNG, D.D., Rector of St. George's Church, New York.

REV. JOHN F. DURBIN, D.D., Missionary Secretary of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and Author of "Observations in the East," &c.

REV. LEONARD SEAMAN, D.D., Author of a Historical Text-Book and Atlas of Biblical Geography, &c.

J. HOSFORD SMITH, ESQ., Late U. S. Consul for Syria and Palestine.

REV. JOS. P. THOMPSON, D.D., Pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle Church.

W. C. PRIME, ESQ., Author of "Tent Life in the Holy Land."

REV. SAMUEL IRENÆUS PRIME, D.D., Ed. N. Y. Observer, and Author of "Travels in Europe and the East." &c.

REV. E. R. BEADLE, For Several Years a Resident in Syria and Palestine as Missionary of the A.B.C.F.M.

REV. THOMAS LAURIE, Formerly Member of the Syria Mission.

REV. LEONARD BACON, D.D., Pastor of the First Church in New Haven.

REV. MELANCTHON W. JACOBUS, D.D., Professor of Oriental and Biblical Literature in Auburn Theological Seminary, Allegheny City, Pa.

REV. SAMUEL WOTTS, Pastor of the High Street Church, Providence, and former Missionary in Palestine.

REV. HOWARD CROSBY, D.D., Professor of Greek, Yale College, and Author of "Letters from Palestine."

REV. HENRY DARLING, Pastor of the First Church in Hartford.

REV. WM. S. BALCH, D.D.

REV. THOMAS SKINNER, Pastor of the United States M. E. Church, Baltimore, Md.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, *Franklin Square, New York.*

JOHN H. W. HAWKINS,

The Great Apostle of the

WASHINGTONIAN TEMPERANCE REFORMATION.

We shall publish, about the first of February, the LIFE of this extraordinary man, the faithful and indefatigable friend of the most degraded humanity. It will be a book which no person can read without being stimulated to noble deeds.

50,000 SHOULD BE SOLD IN SIX MONTHS.

It will make a handsome 12mo volume of about 400 pages, with several wood-cuts, and a fine Steel Portrait of Mr. HAWKINS. Price $1.

All orders for the above, on Agencies, should be addressed to the Publishers,

JOHN F. JEWETT & Co.,

20 Washington Street, Boston.

$50.—SINGER'S FAMILY SEWING MACHINES.

PRICE ONLY FIFTY DOLLARS.

For good work and good looks this machine is unequaled.

I. M. SINGER & Co., 458 Broadway.

ATTRACTIVE AND BEAUTIFUL

LITHOGRAPH SCENE

—FROM—

Whittier's Maud Muller

JUST PUBLISHED.

We will send this beautiful Picture, illustrating the scene between

Maud Muller and the Judge.

TOGETHER WITH THE POEM,

to any person, post-paid, on the receipt of $1 50.

M. O. HALL, Publisher,

31 Bate Street, Newburyport.

WHEELER & WILSON'S

SEWING MACHINES.

PRICES GREATLY REDUCED.

Office 505 Broadway, New York.

SEND FOR A CIRCULAR.

STANWICK, Cr.

MRS. S. A. ALLEN,

No. 355 Broome Street, N.Y.

"Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer and Dyeing Restorer" has not my most sanguine expectations in causing my hair to grow when it had fallen. I have recommended them to my friends, and they all speak highly of it.

REV. WM. FORTEUS.

HUMPHREYS'

Specific Homœopathic Remedies,

For Domestic and Private Use,

Stand confessedly at the head of remedial means for the use of the people. They are alike removed from the palaverous, dangerous, and repulsive dose of nauseous or old-school practice; the inconvenience of water-cure, or the irritating and perplexing obscurities of the usual Homœopathic books and medicines. Consisting of simple, safe, and reliable means adapted to suit any one's taste; put up in the form of sugar pellets; and prepared of ingredients neither dear nor troublesome, they are at once the ready resource of the household nurse, and are the comfort of the complaining or invalid.

They possess these positive advantages. They are harmless; no injury can arise from their use. They are simple; they always know what to take, and how to take it. They are convenient; you can give the proper dose and at a moment's warning, without hesitation or delay. They are efficient, in thousands of cases disease is arrested at once, and all the grave relieved without protraction or delay.

LIST OF SPECIFIC REMEDIES.

No. 1. *Fever Pills*—For Fever, Congestion, and Inflammation, or Ague.

No. 2. *Worm Pills*—For Worm Fever, Worm Colic, Worms, Bots, or Pin-Worms.

No. 3. *Infant Pills*—For Colic, Crying, Teething, and Wakefulness of Infants.

No. 4. *Diarrhœa Pills*—For Looseness, Purging, Infantum, and Summer Complaint.

No. 5. *Dysentery Pills*—For Colic, Griping, Dysentery or Bloody Flux.

No. 6. *Cholera Pills*—For Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Nausea, and Vomiting.

No. 7. *Cough Pills*—For Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Bronchitis, and Sore Throat.

No. 8. *Neuralgia Pills*—For Toothache, Faceache, and Neuralgia.

No. 9. *Headache Pills*—For Headache, Vertigo, Heat or Faintness from the Sun.

No. 10. *Dyspepsia Pills*—For Weak and Deranged Stomach, Indigestion, Biliousness, Sick Headache.

No. 11. *For Female Irregularities*—Scanty, Painful or Suppressed Menses.

No. 12. *Female Pills*—For Leucorrhœa, Profuse Menses, and Bearing-Down Pains.

No. 13. *Croup Pills*—For Croup, Hoarse Cough, Bad Breathing.

No. 14. *Salt-Rheum Pills*—For Erysipelas, Eruptions, and Salt-Rheum.

No. 15. *Rheumatic Pills*—For Pain, Lameness or Soreness in the Back, Limbs, or Rheumatism.

A.—For Fever and Ague, Chill Fever, Dumb Ague, Fever-and-Ague.

F.—For Piles, Blind or Bleeding, Internal or External.

H.—For Colds, Influenza, Whooping-Cough, Bronchitis, Coughing, Wind, or Blurred Sight.

J.—For Canker of long standing or recent, either with obstruction or profuse discharge.

K.—For Canker of the Mouth, Wasting its violence and destroying its causes.

In acute diseases—such as Fevers, Inflammations, Diarrhœas, Dysentery, Croup, Rheumatism, and such irregular diseases as Scarlet Fever, Measles, Eruptions—the advantages of giving the proper remedies promptly is obvious to all. In the forms of the specifics act like magic.

Breaking up Colds, which are of such frequent occurrence, and which so often lay the foundation of diseased lungs, bronchitis, and consumption, may all or in most cases be kept by the use of

In all chronic diseases, such as Dyspepsia, Weak Stomach, Constipation, Liver Complaint, Kidney Disease, Debility and Irregularities, old Headache, Sore or Weak Eyes, Cankers, Rheumatism, Piles, and Female Complaints, the case has specifics whose proper application will afford a check in almost every instance. Many of these are cases of chronic difficulty, such as Dyspepsia, Piles, or Catarrh, Headache, or Female Complaints, has more than paid for the case ten times over.

PRICES.

Pellets, 35 large vials in Morocco Case and Book. $5 00
Case of 35 numbered boxes and Book 5 00
Case of 28 numbered boxes and Book 3 50
Case of 20 large boxes, with directions. 5 00
Case of 15 large boxes, with directions. 10 00
Single Internal or External Remedy 1 00
Large pocket-case of 10 vials, with Manual, 2 vials 25 00

OUR REMEDIES BY MAIL.

Look over the list: make up a case of what kind you choose, by the list of prices, and send the money to us at our risk, and to our address, at No. 562 Broadway, New York, and the medicine will be duly forwarded by return mail or express.

AGENTS WANTED.

We desire an active, efficient agent for the sale of our remedies, in every town or community in the United States. Address F. HUMPHREYS & CO.,

No. 562 Broadway, New York.

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES.

In point of beauty, durability, perfection of work, and capacity to perform every variety of sewing, no other sewing machine can compare with SINGER'S. New and improved machines at greatly reduced prices.

I. M. SINGER & CO.,

458 Broadway.

GROVER & BAKER'S

CELEBRATED

FAMILY SEWING MACHINES.

New Styles, Price from $50 to $100.

These Machines are admitted to be the best in use for

Family Sewing.

Offices of Exhibition and Sale:—456 Broadway, New York. 18 Summer Street, Boston. 730 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. 127 Baltimore Street, Baltimore. 83 West Fourth Street, Cincinnati. And in all the Principal Cities and Villages in the United States.

FASHIONABLE Card Engravers and Wedding Stationers. Monograms, Jewels, &c. Dies. Illuminating Silver Ware. *Orders from the Country solicited.* DUMPSEY & FARGO, 501 Broadway, N. Y.

ELLIOT & PATTEN—Examine Inventions [of] and procure American and Foreign Patents. Patent Agency open at present corner of Patent Office Building, Washington City, D. C.

CHAPPED HANDS, CHAPPED LIPS, &c.—Use HEDDAN'S CAMPHOR GLYCERINE for his Glycerine, Chasp, soft, and agreeable. HEGEMAN & CO., Druggists, 168, 372, 511, and 794 Broadway.

PURIFIES THE BLOOD.

"D. F. Williams's Compound Syrup of Sarsaparilla and Iodide of Potassium" is a popular remedy for Scrofula, Tetter, Ringworm, Blotches on the Face, Inflammation of the Kidneys, Leucorrhœa, and like affections.—Rare Rheumatism. I have now the control of this preparation, and shall keep it up in Rochester. The medicine prescribe it because they are always the same.

NEWTON, Hess. WM. H. FOX.

SAFETY!

COMFORT!!

AND

ELEGANCE!!!

ARE INSURED BY WEARING

DOUGLAS & SHERWOOD'S

NEW

MATINEE SKIRT,

WITH THE

PATENT DETACHABLE

HOOP FASTENING

AND

ADJUSTABLE BUSTLE.

SAFETY! since it effectually obviates the danger arising from entangling the feet, or foreign substance in the hoop.

COMFORT! because the muslin skirt can be instantaneously removed from the springs by PATENT DETACHABLE FASTENINGS, washed, with other garments, and as to greater expense, and replaced on the hoops in a minute.

ELEGANCE! because the scientific cut of the muslin skirt, and the fine material of which it is composed, gives a graceful fall to the robe worn over it; and will, in hot weather, enable the wearer to dispense with any intermediate skirt.

The MATINEE SKIRT has eleven hoops, and in but six seconds is united with the TAILOR BUSTLE of MESSRS. DOUGLAS & SHERWOOD, and is the best *short over* introduced to the *Public*, and quite indispensable to every lady who desires to combine in her apparel SAFETY, COMFORT, and ELEGANCE! For sale at all the principal stores in the United States and Canada.

EXHIBITION OF AMERICAN MANUFACTURED BIBLES, at the Brush Warehouse, No. 229 Pearl Street, Harper's Building. Bibles of every description on hand, and for sale at the lowest prices. A Bible for every family, and for the American Institute, in 1849, for superior Bindery.

BRUSH & PRICE.

BULWER'S NOVEL—COMPLETE.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

By Pisistratus Caxton.

A Novel.

By Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, Bart.,

Author of

"My Novel," "The Caxtons," "Pelham," &c., &c.

In Paper, 75 cents; Cloth, $1 00.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, New York.

"If there is Sorrness will send the above Work by Mail, postage paid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of $1 00.

OUR NEW AND BEAUTIFUL FAMILY

$20 SEWING MACHINES $20.

Two Thread Lock-Stitch Elastic Machine, Noiseless. They are better adapted to family use and sew a more substantial seam than any other. VERNON & CO. Agts., 505 Broadway, opposite St. Nicholas.

Evil not Eternal—Are the Wicked Immortal?

"Here, at least, let us hesitate and suspend our judgment.

This said an eminent modern divine, respecting the view that those who fall of Eternal Life, fall of immediate Death, annihilated in the world to come.

DEBT AND GRACE,

AS RELATED TO

THE DOCTRINE OF A FUTURE LIFE.

BY C. F. HUDSON.

Fifth Edition in Press. Price $1 25. 459 pages 12mo. Published by

JOHN P. JEWETT & Co.,

20 Washington Street, Boston.

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES.

For all manufacturing purposes have a great reputation honestly earned. All the products of these machines are in active demand at extra prices.

I. M. SINGER & CO., 458 Broadway.

NEW YORK PURCHASING AGENCY.

W. M. LAPSLEY, No. 15 Nassau Street, Purchases Goods of making purchases in New York of any articles, large or small, of use or luxury, from a Paper of Pins to a Piano, a Shawl to a Steamboat. He has their orders filled promptly, and goods sent as directed, at 5 per cent. commission thereon. Refers to Messrs. Swan, Esq., Cashier Long Island Bank, Messrs. John Jay, Jr. & Son, Bankers, Messrs. Lapsley & Co., Bankers, Dansville, New York.

EXPERIENCED AGENTS WANTED IN all parts of the country to obtain Subscribers for LARDNER'S HISTORICAL PICTURE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION," in Two Volumes Royal Octavo, containing upwards of 1000 pages, and 72 beautiful Illustrations. This work will be sold exclusively by Agents, to whom liberal terms will be given. Circulars and Specimens of the work will be forwarded to applicants. Applications should name the County for which Agency is desired, and particulars address GEO. W. ELLIOTT, care HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

EMPLOYMENT.—$50 a Month.—A resident AGENT IS wanted in every Town and County in the United States, to engage in a respectable and easy business, by which the above profits may be certainly realized. Address, Box No. 0, PHILO HAWLEY, Jr., Bristol Green, Jersey City, N. J.

GAZETTS MEDICATED PAPER

WILL PREVENTS PILES!

A CARD.—Our names and place of business having been connected with the manufacture of Medicated Paper in connection with the sale of MEDICATED PAPER for the past year, we take this opportunity to say that we have no paper of that kind for sale, excepting that originally discovered and now manufactured by

J. G. GAZETTE,

which is generally approved by our customers.

HEDDAN & CO.,

Nos. 168, 372, 511, and 794 Broadway, and others.

J. G. GAZETTE & CO.'s only Depôt, No. 41 Ann Street. Look for GAZETTE'S name in each sheet—in water-mark—and his autograph upon each label.

SOLD ONLY BY CANVASSING AGENTS.

COOPER'S NOVELS.

ELEGANTLY VIGNETTES

ILLUSTRATED ON STEEL

EDITION. AND WOOD.

From Drawings by F. O. C. DARLEY.

A Volume Published Monthly, containing a Novel complete.

Mailed free of postage, on receipt of price.

Agents Wanted in every City.

W. A. TOWNSEND & Co., Publishers

377 Broadway, N. Y.

PICTURES FOR GRECIAN AND ANTIQUE PAINTING,

AND A COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF ARTISTS' MATERIALS,

721 Washington Street, Boston.

Who forwards Pictures, Frames, &c., full and special directions how to paint, in any address. Send for a list and other intelligence gratis.

Dealers and Teachers supplied.

LOSEY.—If Dr. Losey or Losey, who was born at Oxford, Ct., in 1805, or the Daughter of Losey, will address Box 242, Newark, N. J., they will receive news.

SANDS' SARSAPARILLA—

Purifies, regulates, purifies the blood, relieves all unhealthy secretions, purifies the complexion, and is a healthy action of the digestive organs.

Prepared and sold by A. H. & D. SANDS, Druggists, 100 Fulton Street, New York.

THE Every Number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE contains from 90 to 98 pages—and from one third to one half more reading matter than in any other monthly.

HARPER'S

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

FOR FEBRUARY.

Illustrations by Thirteen Engravings.

ETHAN ALLEN AND HIS DAUGHTER.

Illustrated by Twenty-seven Engravings.

THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

Illustrated by Nine Engravings.

A WOMAN'S POEM.

THE LAST FIVE PINTS.

FOUND FLOATING ON THE WATER.

THE ARCHITECTURE OF HUMMUMS.

HINTS ON SELF-CULTURE.

HISTORY OF GRAHAME, ONE WOMAN'S LIFE.

HERD MINISTRY.

THE MOUNTAIN SIDE. By W. M. THACKERAY.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—George makes much of—Macbeth and Lady Macbeth—Mrs. Macbeth's Reception.

UNAFFECTED LIFE. In which Harry's Nose comes to be quite a Feature.

UNAFFECTED LIFE. In which we are introduced to Miss Unaffected Life, in which we are treated to a Kiss.

UNAFFECTED LIFE. In which Mrs. Macbeth, a Supper, and a gentle Knife is Felt.

MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.

LITERARY NOTICES.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

NOODLE'S ATTEMPTS AT SUICIDE.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Noodle Hanging.—Noodle Drowning.—Noodle Shooting.—Noodle Failure.—The Fashionable Suicide.—Noodle Success.—Noodle Funeral.—Noodle Monument.—Noodle Epitaph.—Dr. Dipps's Elixir.—Wonderful Cure.—Noodle.

PASHION PLATE.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Fourteen Dress.—Home Toilet.—Madame Fichu.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year $2 00
Two Copies for One Year 3 00
Three or More Copies for One Year (each) 2 00
And an Extra Copy, gratis, to the Person who gets up the Subscribers.

HARPER'S WEEKLY and HARPER'S MAGAZINE, together, one year, $4 00.

The Volumes of both "HARPER'S MAGAZINE" must be sent by Express, at the Expense of the Subscriber.

Thirty-six Cents a year.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A FIRST-CLASS ILLUSTRATED PAPER.

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST

FAMILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD.

FIVE CENTS A NUMBER; $2 50 A YEAR.

[From the N. Y. Evening Post, Jan. 13, 1858.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.—The Publishers of this old established and attractive and entertaining publication, issued during the last year, have greatly improved both its style and value, and now that we see them together, we are surprised at the variety, the completeness, and the beauty of its contents. There is a complete history of nearly all the public events of the year, illustrated by numerous spirited and faithful engravings—there are the choicest literary productions of the day, and there are the best of pictures, for the entertainment of the young. In short, the publication may be interested by the old and thoughtful, the young and gay; does not in the least offend, and is cheap.

TERMS OF HARPER'S WEEKLY.

One Copy for Two Years $3 00
One Copy for One Year 2 00
One Copy for Six Months 1 00
Five Copies for One Year 9 00
Twelve Copies for One Year 20 00
Twenty-five Copies for One Year 40 00

An Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of Twelve or Twenty-five Subscribers.

TERMS FOR ADVERTISING.—*Fifty Cents a Line.*

A liberal Discount will be made to those wishing to Advertise for three Months or more.

* Persons living in the City of New York wishing HARPER'S WEEKLY left at their houses, will please send their names and residences, with the subscription money, to HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers,

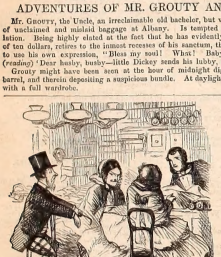
Franklin Square, New York.

ADVENTURES OF MR. GROUTY AND HIS NEPHEW AT THE AUCTION SALE OF UNCLAIMED BAGGAGE AT ALBANY.

MR. GROUTY, the Uncle, an irreclaimable old bachelor, but very keen at a trade, attends the sale of unclaimed and mislaid baggage at Albany. Is tempted to purchase a carpet-bag on speculation. Being highly elated at the feet that he has evidently secured a prize for the small sum of ten dollars, retires to the inmost recesses of his sanctum, there to gloat over the treasure, when, to use his own expression, "Bless my soul! What! Baby-linen! dolls! shoes!—oh! letters! (*reading*) 'Dear hasby, busby—little Dickey sends his lubby, bubby, to his dear pappy, appy!'"

Grouty might have been seen at the hour of midnight digging a hole in a neighboring ash-barrel, and therein depositing a suspicious bundle. At daylight a poor ragpicker's child was blessed with a full wardrobe.

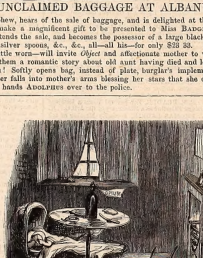
MR. ADOLPHUS GROUTY, the nephew, hears of the sale of baggage, and is delighted at the idea of buying something that would make a magnificent gift to be presented to Miss Bangum, the lovely object of his affections. Attends the sale, and becomes the possessor of a large black leather bag—very heavy. Visions of silver spoons, &c., &c., all—all his—for only $20 33. Happy thought!—Silver ware may be a little worn—will invite *Object* and affectionate mother to witness the opening of aforesaid bag—tell them a romantic story about old aunt having died and left him all her plate, &c. Grand tableau! Softly opens bag, instead of plate, burglar's implements—Can not explain.—Lovely daughter falls into mother's arms blessing her stars that she did not marry a burglar. BADGUM senior hands ADOLPHUS over to the police.



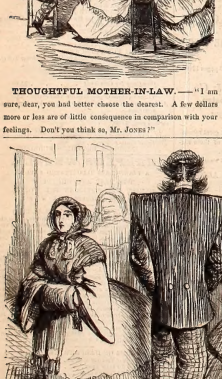
THOUGHTFUL MOTHER-IN-LAW.—"I am sure, dear, you had better choose the dearest. A few dollars more or less are of little consequence in comparison with your feelings. Don't you think so, MR. JONES?"

COUNTRY HELP.—BILL. "What, Sammy, left the Doctor's already?"

SAMMY. "Guess I did, Bill. When I spoke to the missus about wages, says she, 'Oh! go 'long, Sam, you don't want no money; when you've got a toothache, the doctor'll draw the tooth, and won't charge nothing for it.' Ain't it prime?"



OPIUM—THE POOR CHILD'S NURSE.



THE NECESSITIES OF FASHION.

PHALON & SON'S

COCOÏNE.

The Best and Cheapest

ARTICLE FOR THE HAIR,

Prepared from Highly Purified

COCOA-NUT OIL.

This preparation possesses extraordinary properties for preserving and beautifying the hair, and also restoring its natural luxuriant and glossy appearance.

One application, however harsh the hair may be, renders it soft and glossy.

MAGIC HAIR DYE,

FAPHIAN LOTION,

CHEMICAL HAIR INVIGORATOR.

PHALON & SON,

Perfumers and Distillers,

Nos. 197, 497, and 917 Broadway, N. Y.

For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers. Large bottles, 50 cents; small size, 25 cents.

Beware of counterfeits. Inquire for Phalon & Son's COCOINE.

BALLOU'S FRENCH YOKE SHIRTS, New Style, made to order from measure and warranted to fit at less than usual prices. Also, the finest stock of Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods in the city, now selling at greatly reduced rates, to close out our Winter Stock. Ballou's Shirt Emporium, 409 Broadway.

THIRD VOLUME.

MARIE LOUISE HANKIN'S and FANNIE LUCILE'S LITERARY GAZETTE,

LARGEST and HANDSOMEST MAGAZINE for 1859.

Best Writers, Fashions, Engravings, and Patterns. 24 *Colored Steel Plates* and 24 *Sheets of Music* (each a foot square) during the year. Tinted covers and fine paper. SUBSCRIPTION $2—and a book or jewelry worth $1, given beside the Magazine. Clubs get books or jewelry extra to the *full amount* of the money they send. Inclose a three cent stamps for Catalogues to *select from*, and Specimen Copy to examine. Agents and well every where wanted.

Address

MARIE LOUISE HANKINS & CO.,

Office of "Daily Mission," Appleton Buildings, N. Y.

THE EX-GOVERNOR'S WIFE, a Great Original Novel, by MARIE LOUISE HANKINS, commences with the Volume.

PREMATURE LOSS OF THE HAIR.

Which is so common now-a-days, may be entirely prevented by the use of *Burnett's Cocoaine*. It has been used in thousands of cases where the hair was coming out in handfuls, and has never failed to arrest its decay, and to promote a healthy and vigorous growth. It is, at the same time, unrivaled as a dressing for the hair. A single application will render it soft and glossy for several days.

We can concur heartily in the many commendations of the "BRONCHIAL TROCHES," prepared by the Misses BROWN. At the very time they were brought to our notice, we were suffering from a severe cold, from which we obtained immediate and permanent relief, by the use of the TROCHES. If any of our readers are suffering from bronchial irritation, particularly ministers or public speakers, they will find that this simple remedy will bring almost magical relief, and enable them to speak with little difficulty or suffering.—*Boston Christian Watchman and Reflector.*

For sale by all Druggists.

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES.

Every machine who begins the year by purchasing one of SINGER'S sewing machines will be $1000 better off when the year ends.

I. M. SINGER & CO., 458 Broadway.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. III.—NO. 110. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1859. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

OUR SPECIAL PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

New-Year's Day—The poor Fruiterer's Children—The Count de ——— and his Boon Visit—Visit to the American Embassy—Mrs. Mason and her Daughters—The Empress's remark to Baron Haussmann—A New York Belle at Court—Beauty of the Empress—Fete of Madame Castiglione—How she procured her Beauty—Prospect of Winter Gayeties, etc., etc.

PARIS, *January 5, 1859.*

NEW-YEAR'S DAY was all that could be wished in the way of weather. The pavement was dry, and the sun positively shone for two or three hours. This was cheering; for as it is the fete alike of rich and poor—of those with carriages and those without—it is a pleasure when their last can move about without difficulty, and without having their best clothes spoiled. Every one, the meanest and poorest, has visits to pay and *dresses* to give and to receive.

There is a little fruiterer's shop which I can see from my window. It is on the ground-floor, and above it is a small, low room, where the proprietor, a cobbler, works, while his wife inside the shop helps. They have two fine little children; and I was distressed all the morning thinking they were to have no toys. The mother was busy selling oranges to the holiday-folks, and the child, who was all the time tugging at her skirts, eyed wistfully the dolls and drums of others, but seemed to have no other gift in them. The other child was with the father above, who was cobbling away as if forgetful of the fête. Late in the afternoon, however, just as I had made up my mind to send my own servant to the rescue of the fête of these children, I saw the pale father, in best attire, go out—I suppose to some of the stalls on the Boulevards—and soon return with *doll* and *drum*, and two or three pencils, and a satisfied smile upon his face; and then I felt relieved, and I knew that their holiday supper and their little gift would have more joy and more meaning, as the result of their own exertions and the expression of their simple love, than any thing I could bestow; and that this was indeed that "joy with which a stranger intermeddleth not."

And so every body went out—even my terrible enemy, the young Count de B——, who lodges over my head, and whose days are spent in eliciting sounds and noise from various musical instruments, to the great disturbance of my nerves and patience. His favorite instrument seems to be the bass viol; and I think he must take it to bed with him, since I hear the sound at such strange and unexpected hours. The truth is, the life of this young man is that of those minds of Frenchmen. All day in the house, reading novels and practicing music; going out at six o'clock to dine at a *café* or elsewhere; and then to the theatre, or to play billiards, or what not; and coming in at four o'clock in the morning, to begin the same thing over again the next day. It makes my Saxon blood hot within my veins to think of such an existence. How lazy you will think the Count might ask me! why I bring my Saxon blood to his country to be thus disturbed by its usages?—that he chooses to play the fiddle all day because it amuses him—that he does not go out for air or exercise because it is cold, and the mud would spoil his varnished boots—that one person likes one thing, and one another—and that my country is large enough to have a place for me if this does not suit me!" all of which is very true; but I no nevertheless rejoiced that this new year season and its visits has laid to rest for a time the eternal sighing and screeching of that violin.

I paid many visits; one to the American Embassy, which seemed the very Temple of Hospitality (the French give nothing), with its delicious eggnog and plum-cake in profusion, and the warm, undeniable welcome of the host and hostess and their charming daughters. Mrs. Mason was dressed in a black moire antique—which, I must tell my fair readers, has rushed back this winter into greater vogue than ever. There was a momentary attempt to put it aside for *watered silks*; but it has asserted its own supremacy and that of Madame Roger, the most *distingué* gowns she furnishes being in that material.

The incident of the day was the remark made by the Emperor to the Austrian Embassador, and which has put all diplomacy in emotion, and excited alike the hopes and fears of those who wish and those who dread a European war. I do not quote the words, as they are in all the newspapers; but any one not accustomed to the importance attached to what falls from Imperial lips would have been astonished at the effect produced by them; and the writing of dispatches, the sending off of couriers, and the confusion at the Bourse which ensued.

At the reception at Court for the presentation of ladies I hear there were several of our countrywomen, remarkable for their beauty and for the grace with which they wore their trains, though whilom unaccustomed to such peacock's plumage. It is invidious on such occasions to particularize; but a young lady of New York has been named to me, by several of the English and French who were there, as distinguished by the admirable proportions of her form and for the ease and elegance of her movements. The Empress is in great beauty this year, having lost the look of suffering which the pains and perils of maternity long stamped upon her features. I like to hear she is looking well, for she has been for many years the especial object of my admiration. I knew her well as Mademoiselle de Montijo, when she spent almost every spring either in London or Paris; and I always looked upon her as a woman set aside from others of her sex for "la bright particular" destiny. There is something so complete in her beauty, in its way—such a rare harmony of face, form, and movement, combined with sweetness of temper and warmth of feeling, which make up one beautiful whole, quite unlike any thing but itself. I believe she passionately loved the Emperor, who, even in his days of poverty and adventure, is said to have possessed a wondrous power in attaching the affections of women. It is his own fault if he is not always a well beloved; but it is the most beautiful and the most gifted who are the least likely to forgive any transfer of homage, however momentary; and perhaps the episode of the Countess de Castiglione is not yet forgotten.

I have not forgotten her; and, though no longer among the themes of the day, shall I turn aside from them for a moment to describe to you this lovely Italian lady, who two years ago made such a sensation in *Paris?* She was the most poetical-looking of her sex, reminding one of Byron's heroines at once; and yet of those who knew her have told me that it was impossible to be more prosaic and dull in character and feeling. She was in early youth; her figure tall and full, but exquisitely modeled; her skin had the polish of a shell and its delicate tints; her eyes were large and lustrous; and her hair, of the same hues was wonderfully soft and abundant, and arranged with admirable regard to effect, as indeed was the whole dress, which, though peculiar, was always becoming. It is said that her beauty and its adornment and preservation were her only thought; and that, if the weather changed in the night, her maid had orders to bring a cambric handkerchief to protect her face from the cold; and that she always dressed for the evening in a very cool room, to avert the danger of an unbecoming flush. Her star, brilliant as it was, did not remain long above our Parisian horizon; and the lady has returned to her own land, and let us hope her charms and her frailty are alike forgotten.

And now the Court and official season has fairly begun, and through long weeks there will be balls and fêtes, "never ending, still beginning." Those of more private circles have not yet begun, and it is said do not promise to be so numerous or brilliant as usual. Many houses to which one is accustomed to look for fêtes are, from various causes, shut up—some from absences, others from death and mourning. The hotel of the English Embassy is undergoing repairs, which will prevent any thing there until late in the spring; and "We shall have no dancing!" is the despairing cry of mother and daughters.

But these things are always said at the beginning of every season; and yet I never knew Paris, not even in its republican days, when there were not balls and fêtes enough to satisfy the most avid and pleasure-seeking, and to weary heartily those for whom such vanities have lost their charm in losing their freshness and novelty. Paris, as long as it is Paris, will be gay, thoughtless, and excitable.

A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.

FINE BRACING WEATHER. BITTER, BITTER COLD.

COLD.—THE LODGER OUT.

It is cold, cold, cold,
Bitterly, bitterly cold,
My garments are thin and old,
And the north wind's breath is keen.
The shadows no longer play—
Some ghosts! how they fade away
When Night round the couch of Day
Draws closely her velvet screen!

And the poor, poor Poor,
The groaning, shivering poor
Must a weary night endure—
They have borne a weary day.
Alas, that with shadows blind
The poor can not seek their FRIEND;
That knees are too cold to bend,
Even hearts too chilled to pray!

Stars peep down, down, down,
Blithely and merrily down—
I had rather that they would frown
Than smile at sight of our woe;
But the angels, that vigils keep
When the stars close their eyes and sleep,
Bend over us pitiuous to weep,
And their crystal tears are snow.

Oh, the rich, rich Rich,
The happy and favored rich,
Who doze in the chimney niche
And growl at "this bracing air;"
God send you may never know
The hunger, and want, and woe
That certain a couch of snow,
And mock at Poverty's prayer!

And these stones, stones, stones,
These icy and tingling stones,
On which I must stretch my bones,
And watch for the dawning light.
But, brothers, 'tis ours to endure!
All evils in time have an end;
Till then, oh, rich Rich and poor Poor,
May God love you all! Good-night!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1859.

THE NEW LOAN.

THE remaining half of the Twenty Million United States Loan of 1847 was advertised to be bidden on 24th January, at an average premium of about $2 40 per $100. The previous half of the loan sold at an average of $1 40 premium; so that, on the face of it, the national credit appears to have declined 24 per cent since August last. There are, however, reasons for the discrepancy which do not involve the financial credit of the country.

At the time the first half of the loan was issued to the public the commercial world was in the midst of a general process of liquidation. Business—not only in the United States, but throughout Europe also—was stagnant; and no man could tell, from the general symptoms that were apparent, when it would revive. Many persons who had gone through the crisis of 1837 and 1847 considered that at least five years would elapse before the active commercial movement of 1856 would be renewed. Under the circumstances the Government loan was eagerly welcomed by capitalists. Money in August last was not, on the average, worth over 3½ per cent. in the city of New York. A capitalist could thus afford to give a handsome premium for a five per cent. security. And, accordingly, the application for the loan were more numerous and more liberal than even the most sanguine person had anticipated. Now, circumstances are materially different. Business is visibly reviving. The impetus are very large. The manufacturers are overwhelmed with orders. Whatever may be the condition of the West, there can be no doubt but the South is richer than it ever was. The cotton growers, the sugarers, the iron and coal miners, and many other producers, are pretty certain to do well; and, as a natural consequence, trade is sure to be profitable at the great commercial centres. There is sure to be a large amount of paper seeking discount. Loans are certain to be offered for all kinds of industrial and commercial enterprises. However plentiful money may be at this particular moment, before the summer comes round it can be no doubt but we shall see a healthily-active money market. Men of means need be under no apprehension about their investments this year.

This consideration alone is sufficient to account for the apparent decline in the value of the United States Five Per Cents. Capitalists see that they can now do better with their money than by the Government stocks.

Other reasons have concurred in producing the result. With singular want of judgment the Secretary of the Treasury directed that the loan should be awarded without the July coupon; that, in effect, placing a bar on its sale till after July. This error was repaired on Tuesday, and the loan rose accordingly; but it was too late to prevent the transmission to Europe of the news that a premium of $2 40 had been the utmost the loan had obtained.

The uncertainty overhanging the Government finances likewise operated against the loan. It is certain that, even should Congress authorize the reissue of the Treasury Notes, a further loan of some twenty millions will be required for the ordinary service of the Government. Should Congress decide to redeem the public debt now existing in the shape of Treasury Notes, other twenty millions would be needed for this purpose. And should the popular scheme for the purchase of Cuba obtain favor at the hands of the National Legislature, other thirty millions may be called for on this account. Altogether it is quite possible that, before March next, Congress may authorize fresh loans to the amount of seventy, or even one year's gross income of the country. Every one can judge how such an avalanche of United States securities would affect the market. Should they be issued the people of this generation would see for the first—and, we hope, for the last—time Government Five Per Cents. selling under par.

Nor have the existing complications in Europe been without effect in deterring capitalists from bidding for the new loan. Austria, Russia, and Prussia are all in the market for loans ranging from $30,000,000 to $50,000,000; Great Britain wants $60,000,000 for India; France, 40 cents, needs the same sum. Of course, in case of war some of these loans would be sought at any sacrifice. It must not be supposed that such events are unforeseen either by such houses as the correspondents of the Rothschilds and the Barings. They suffice to vacuum for their reserve, and for the benefit of other financial houses which take the cue from them.

THE WORKING FARMER.

We give in another part of this paper the first of a series of agricultural articles under the heading of the Weekly Farmer. We hope that these articles will be duly considered by our agricultural readers. They are prepared with considerable labor by a gentleman whose experience in agricultural literature is extensive; and they are calculated to be, alone, worth the very small price at which this paper is sold. Many a farmer will save ten times the cost of this paper if he study these articles with the attention they deserve.

We do not intend to reflect upon any contemporary. But it is notorious that widely-circulated papers, just two or three days' issue, are not reading. contain articles on agricultural subjects which are designed to serve the private purposes of speculators. We hope the Weekly Farmer will run no risk of being deluded by the information contained in the Weekly Farmer in such journals. It will never conceal facts in order to serve private purposes. It will contain all the information which farmers want to know. No agricultural column will contain the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

THE END OF THE PACIFIC RAILROAD SCHEME.

On Thursday the Senate killed the Pacific Railroad Bill. Senator Simmons, of Rhode Island, a hard-headed, practical man, was the executioner who officiated on the occasion. It was manifest many days ago that the contest between the three proposed routes was too bitter to admit of compromise. The partisans of a Southern route seem to prefer no road at all to a Northern one; the advocates of the Northern route would have no road at all rather than the Southern road; and the central line was opposed by the sectional men on both sides. So, for the present, the Pacific remains a playground, and as Mr. Douglas says, all that remains to be done is to bury it decently.

In truth, the country has already poor just now to build military roads at a cost of eighteen months' national revenue. When the public income again leaves a fat surplus in the Treasury, the Pacific Railroad project will be revived with every prospect of success. But to propose it at a time when Government is positively on the eve to borrow to pay the ordinary expenses of the public service was, to say the least, preposterous. We believe that within the past month Mr. Cobb has actually postponed the payment of very small sums, and that but for the proposed Pacific road, which secured bidders for the new loan have shown in paying the amount of their bids into the Government. The ordinary public officers would have been seriously embarrassed in the discharge of their duties. To talk, under such circumstances, of appropriating hundred millions on a work which, however useful, may safely be postponed for a few years, is out of the question.

We have no opinion to express in favor of or against any of the three rival routes. It belongs to engineers to decide between them, and we hope that competent men will be chosen (if the Senate bill should pass the House), and that neither political partisanship nor sectional prejudice will be considered in the matter. It is loudly asserted that the location of the overland route to California is very ill chosen, and that deference to sectional feelings has induced the Government and the contractors to adopt a line which is not the best, or the shortest, or the safest. With this fact, or—to speak circumspectly—with these rumors before us, the Pacific Railroad question can not be approached too cautiously. It will never do to build a road in the wrong place in order to please politicians from this or that section of the country. If it be not built on the line best adapted for it, in respect of engineering capacities, and where it can obtain the largest amount of business, it had better not be built at all.

SENATORIAL ETHICS.

THE country will be glad to hear that the reports which were current a week since, and to which we, among others, gave currency, with respect to the late *fracas* in the Senate on the nomination of certain postmasters were exaggerated, and in many respects incorrect. It appears that Senator Davis, of Mississippi, did not tell Senators Douglas and Fitch that their language would subject the highwayman and the brave; and though the lie certainly did pass between Senators Fitch and Douglas, in reference to the unsound appointments in Illinois, there was, we are assured, none of the coarse language used which the Washington press and telegraph have reported. This is very gratifying.

The Senate, we are sorry to say, does not stand very high as a school of debate or of manners. Senators are more accustomed to deliver lectures than to make business speeches. They write out speeches, part, or the whole, of which they deliver to a yawning House, and which are subsequently published by order by the public afterward. Out of the sixty-four Senators at least thirty have such speeches to make, for the special consumption of constituents or admirers, on every leading topic. It happens rarely that two such speeches can be compressed into the limits of a day. The result is thus consumed in hearing the orations of Senators on one subject; and at the end of the month the general business of legislation and the subject is no further advanced than it was at the beginning. The Senate might, on this point, take useful lessons from the Parliament of Great Britain. In the British House a debate rarely lasts over one day. The great subject is many days; but it is not thrashed out in the third or fourth it is sure to come to a vote. Thus time is economized, and practical legislation advanced.

In respect of manners, the Senate of the United States is quite as much at fault. Every reader of Congressional proceedings can call to mind several instances within the past year or two in which Senator has called Senator a liar on the le. At least four duels be'ween Senators were on the tapis last winter. Already this session, one Senator has called another a liar, and Fitch—has grown out of th ntemperance of debate indulged in by Senato-.

Young men, looking to your seniors for their hot-headed impatience of control, naturally refer, in their defense, to the example that is set them by the grave and reverend body in the land. If a postmaster can not be confirmed or a customs tariff altered without the lie passing between Senators Douglas and Fitch, how can it be expected that young Smith and Brown will regulate their tea-pot tempers without foul language and a resort to pistols or bowie-knife?

The Senate of the United States is setting a bad example to the country. If the Senators do not respect themselves, they should at all events take some thought for the evil their example may be doing. Bullyism and ruffianism —in words and in deeds—should surely be rather the exception than the prize-fighter than the United States Senator.

THE DIPLOMATIC SERVICE.

CONGRESS is at present much troubled about the diplomatic service. Some members think the service, in the abstract, a good institution, but object to the salaries which it involves. Others consider missions to Switzerland and Austria unnecessary. Some Senators think that the whole diplomatic service might be done away; which creates no little commotion in the breast of men who have been appointed to the country's service, and who, with fond emotion, hope to go out again under the like circumstances.

Embassadors have been defined as men who are sent abroad to lie for their country. Without questioning the accuracy of this definition, it may be doubted whether lying by such officials could, under any circumstances, be of use to any country. And if embassadors are only to tell the truth, it is obvious that they are mere supernfluities.

In the olden time, long before telegraphs, railroads, and steamboats—when there was no reliable post-office, and no truthful press to report events throughout the world—embassadors were a necessity. The King of France was never safe unless he knew what the King of England was about, and vice versa; accordingly, each monarch deputed a trusty spy to watch his brother sovereign, and the spies went by the name of embassadors—a grand Spanish name, sounding well, and meaning any thing but the truth. Even in these days embassadors—by handsome, intriguing, and misrepresenting—did about as much mischief as good. Still, they often served a useful purpose.

But in our day, when the press, aided by swift steamers, telegraphs, and railroads, presents the world with a daily record of what is happening in all parts of the world, the vocation of court spies is evidently gone. No foreign Government will dare to commit an act known as much, by his own observation, as Smith or Jones who takes the pains to read the Washington news in the New York Herald, daily. The British Government, with all their enormous diplomatic staff, has frequently confessed that it has been indebted to the London journals for its information respecting foreign affairs. As vehicles of intelligence, embassadors have been entirely superseded by the newspapers.

It will be said that they are useful in conducting negotiations. This may be the exception of some foreign nations; it is not ours. Our foreign ministers invariably complicate and embarrass every question the few foreign questions in which the United States are concerned. Look at the questions between this country and England, and between this country and France. Diplomacy has so tangled them—though they were simple enough at first—that it may yet need the sword to cut the knot. The pending questions between the United States and Great Britain might be disposed of in a week by five men of sense, if left to that task of peace and order; the diplomatists have been paid hundreds of thousands of dollars merely to complicate them.

As to the minor countries of the world, American diplomatic representation at their courts is an absolute fraud. Our American ministers to Switzerland, Austria, Turkey, Portugal, Persia, etc., must have some difficulty in restraining their pity for the people they think of their functions. The old functionaries at the feudal courts, whose sole duty it was to carry a silver rod, or a golden spoon, were efficient and laborious officers in comparison with the American ministers to these powers.

Consuls—with commercial jurisdiction—are necessary in every sea-port throughout the commercial world. The only advantage of diplomatic representation is, that it affords the Government of the day a graceful opportunity of rewarding political services.

THE LOUNGER.

PUBLIC RUGGING.

"DEAR MR. LOUNGER,—I observe that you keep a kindly eye upon the minor morals and manners, and that you have a most friendly all over the country, whose eyes are at your service, for the keeping of that eye. Now, as I am a fellow-passenger, it certainly is a great satisfaction to have some such generous ear into which to pour our private griefs. I have been asked, you will hardly think (I have used the word correctly; and yet do you not know that many a public nuisance may be a private offense?

"If you do not yet know, I will tell you. I am to take the next express train, almost, Sir, in the country—and you will be instantly convinced of it.

"I write to you, Mr. Lounger, in my rage to beg all young persons recently engaged or upon the point of engagement, recently married or upon the eve of marriage, to avoid the cars as the public cars. Yesterday I was obliged to take the train; and entering the car for the last or fourth seat occupied, except one by the side of a gentleman, who, I am happy to say, did not offer to fill his conversational void, a young man in the habit of pork; but saw that I wished to read, or sleep, or meditate in front of a lady. I took the low bay privacy because I had been obliged to travel by the cars.

"Well, Sir, I was reading, as it happened; but my attention was in vain directed to my book, for, in front of me, and of course, in front of at least twenty people—sat a young man and woman, reputably dressed, and of an unpossessing demeanor. The young lady—who, I am sorry to say, wore no gloves, but exposed a very pretty plump hand to the public gaze—was evidently desirously to become drowsy, and resting her head for a moment against the window, began to adjust the cushion of the seat, and, finding the postures equally uncomfortable, she threw herself upon the young man's bosom, and he encompassed her waist with his arm.

"Now, Mr. Lounger, it is a dreadful thing to suggest—*but I am of opinion that the young woman was not sleepy!* for after a very few moments she raised her head and placed that plump herself in the young man's embrace; who, very naturally, raised his arm until it found a more comfortable rest. He played with the tassel of her cape, he played with the end of her tippet, he played with her pretty plump hand; in fine, Sir, had they been lovers newly betrothed, or newly married, and sitting in the most absolute privacy, they could hardly have engaged in fonder dalliance.

"Had it been a single instance, Sir, I should have said nothing. I should merely have pitied the foolishness of two geese, and spared you and your readers the trouble. But, Mr. Lounger, it is very common. The 'traveling public is conversing the common railway car into a range of private

chambers without walls. A party enters and turns over the back of a seat, and then encamps, as if there were nobody else within earshot or eye-shot. They sing, talk, scold, eat, and hug, as if they were behind stone walls and double-locked doors.

"Now, Sir, every body who comes into a car is bound to observe a certain propriety. He is bound to behave himself (yes, Sir, and herself) decently, and not to remember that the man or woman in the next seat has a right to the best behavior of their neighbors. In one of the papers this morning, Mr. Everett mentions the loud conversation of two men in a sleeping car, murdering sleep, and apparently not conscious that they were doing so unconsciously selfish. So in a hotel: a man comes out at midnight, or later, bumps along the passages to his room—singing, perhaps, or humming—blows his boots down before his door, bangs it after him as if he were not aware that people in the house who were paying quite as much money as he for their comfort, and at a time of night when everything else contaminates had a right to be a great blundering, blustering, noisy, selfish booby.

"What, Sir! I swear I warm with the theme.

"Mr. Lonegrr, I think a great many of this class of our fellow-beings may find chance to see this letter. If any one of them does so, let him consider that it is intended for him. Let me recollect carefully upon Hegel. Let him remember that in every car, or station, or hotel, however he may swagger and strut, there is always somebody watching him with disgust, and that in the Lounger there is always some one who will put the complaint and protest of that observer before the world.

"TRAVELLER."

"TRAVELLER states his case very well, as regards the whole, fairly; and whenever his letter is read in a railroad car, let the reader instantly look around him, and decide whether the protest is not just.

"THE END CROWNS THE WORK."

MR. MOTLEY'S History of the Revolution in the Netherlands in the Sixteenth Century" has been translated into French and published at Brussels, and, according to the correspondent of the *Times*, it has created astonishment, admiration, and enthusiasm.

But to those who know the author the greatest success in this matter is not that of the book but of the man. Mr. Motley, as an honored name in American literature, is, within proper limits, the subject of personal interest and regard, and his career is an illustration of the best quality of character. It has the charm which is so alluring in the story of Sir Philip Sidney, who, possessed of genius, and accomplished, would not allow his advantages to be swerved to mere self-indulgence, but forgot every thing but the pleasure of listening to it; but Mr. Motley, in a similar relative position, having published early years since two volumes of novels, which failed, instead of retiring upon mortification and disgust at want of public appreciation, undismayed by his failures, withdrew from a life of elegant leisure, and devoted himself, with enthusiasm, and patient industry, to the close investigation of one of the most momentous epochs of modern history, and has left with each successive public of the history of the great Prince of Orange—the head of early Protestantism as Luther was its brain—that last work of his, and which is perhaps the noblest of modern histories, and the author, who had vainly tried to pluck a little bay leaf, finds himself crowned with laurel. The *Times* correspondent writes that one of his foreign critics says: "He has made of his work the most complete, the most learned, and the most living tableau of the sixteenth century. Drama and history are as well as a monument of erudition. He has found the art of the historian, that difficult art so rare."

The Lounger remembers a like example of Mr. Motley to those of his friends who confide to him that they are not appreciated. Be sure that he will say thing that the world wants, the world will thank us warmly enough for doing it.

A SCAPE-GOAT.

IF a man chooses to tie the tail of a horse to a manger, and then leave his fellow-citizens to pay two shillings apiece to see a horse with his tail where his head ought to be; and if those fellow-citizens, in great numbers, indulge their natural curiosity, and discovering, upon entering, that their own heads are upon the wrong end of the show, and so keep the secret, that others may learn it for themselves, one can hardly be very indignant with any body.

So, if a man chooses to set the tail of a dried eel to the head of a dried monkey, and by that ludicrous combination a mermaid, and solicit the attention of a discriminating public, and again the first spectator, for his own reasons, refrains from exhibiting with equal publicity just what the mermaid is, you may not call it very honorable conduct, but you can hardly fall into moral hysterics about it.

And if the same man engages the most celebrated singer in the world to sing a song of welcome to thousands of delighted people, why shall we be too quiet tempers because he makes money by doing so?

If you want to hear a man praised as a kind friend and a good citizen, go to Bridgeport, in Connecticut, and ask about Mr. Barnum. If you want to know the man who, in the midst of universally called a great "humbug" by the perceptive public, you will probably hear the name of Barnum.

Now how it happens that this fellow-citizen had come quietly to New York, and opened an office in Wall Street or its purlieus, and had there tossed and trampled stocks, after the manner of bulls and bears. Let us suppose that he sold ten thousand shares of the Moonshine and Suds Union stock, to deliver," and had duly delivered, and "made his pile," and went on day after day doing the same thing, what would he be doing? Simply gambling; simply practicing upon the gullibility of a certain part of the public. He would be doing what, in Wall Street, is called speculating in stocks, and, in the American Museum, is called a horse with his head where his tail ought to be.

Mr. Barnum gambled in fancy stocks—in stocks of no value—mermaids, woolly horses, et cetera. But the stocks of Wall Street can claim no higher value, and the gentry who gamble in them no higher consideration. If the one gambler is a humbug, what is the other?

Or suppose a man establishes a newspaper upon the principle that every body is a fool, and, therefore flattered, and that popular opinion is always to be reflected in the paper, without regard to the utility or truth of that opinion upon the whole; and, for the purpose of pecuniary success, the editor always expresses it in the strongest terms by side which he thinks will be most agreeable to the greatest number—what is that called doing but gambling? He is speculating upon his sagacity to calculate with certainty the kind of thing people want to be told, and that which is not. It is a false and bad thing or not. He is sowing a cob's nail to a dead monkey's head and calling it a mermaid.

Mr. Barnum did the work more rapidly. He made more money in a shorter time than any one of these persons, his brethren, in speculating upon public credulity. But then he had more genius, more daring.

Unhappily, he had not the art of keeping what he got, and was obliged to call upon the fate of speculators of this kind, whether you apply it to Wall Street or to Broadway. With undaunted heart he crossed the sea, and is now trying his fortune again in London. He is touching the same string, for it is one which seems to vibrate in all seasons, ways, and is lecturing upon Humbug. Let us not rail at him, but applaud his brave spirit. Above all, don't let his fellow-speculators who have not chanced to be reduced revile him like a pickpocket. He is only an object of pity, like other immorals. He has mulcted the most credulous only, the sensational public, and the sensational public. He is not different from his fellows, but he is, unhappily for himself, the scape-goat of the flock.

THE FARE.

LOUNGERS and Parks have a secret sympathy. The Park, in most countries, is the resort of every body, and the Lounger has an own beloved public common, whereof alimmers are the feathered tribe, strangers of every land in their costumes observed, from the youthful pitcher of coppers up to the revered archness of Daniel Webster.

But the Park is doomed. It is now simply the most hideous area of desolation upon Manhattan Island. There, where once grew the grass that is fondles and charred City Hall; there are grass, here a mournful waste of sand, and there a perfect book-keeper upon the smallest salary; there are broken pavements, and patches of gutter and mud; there is a general air of dilapidation, as if to energencies—for surely Valley Forge and Morristown were nothing to this—and the whole ruin then in the middle of our beloved leafer-pasture; there is every where in the inclosure the most dismal mockery of a park, and the whole is doomed because this is now very generally perceived.

The whole space should be thrown open. Park Place, Murray and Warren streets should be carried across and the whole City Hall Square, the first of the space being converted into broad sidewalks. Access to the park not closed up with buildings. Let it be the busy, open heart of the city, from which the great arteries shall be fed with traffic, and not the dull, dry, dead space in one of the chief and oldest charms of the solid part of the City.

At all events, before a place so unworn with the associations and history of New York is destroyed by building, the public should certainly have a chance to say directly whether they wish to preserve it unencumbered or not.

REGRETS.

MR. PRESTEVE, the well-known facetious editor of the London *Punch*, has published the names in the various Lyceums upon American statesmen, and throughout the discourse there is a melancholy sense of regret, as if the great men of the country were all departed, and it were almost too much to hope that any more were to be born.

This is a lugubrious but not unusual criticism. It is very natural that a man like Mr. Prentice, who has been conversant with public affairs for many years, as he looks around him and observes the lack of talent, and the great stakes to which he was interested have left the arena, should sigh for the old familiar faces, and to lament that there is no one to succeed them or be deeply interested in the newer struggles.

There is perhaps a little of the more reason for that regret, if the mourner has lived to see the chief measures that were then proposed to the people accomplished and his manhood admired all passed or passing away with them. The three great questions of Mr. Prentice's youth were his own Calhoun, Webster, and Clay. They held equal divided interests, for how many years, in the Senate of the United States. There were other Senators of talent, learning, sagacity, and reputation, but these three towered above all others, the chosen prize of that assembly.

They are gone, and their political policies with them. They certainly are not without sufficient honor in public report; but the sentiment of the country has either reversed the decisions formed to them, or has superseded them by questions more engrossing.

It is a graceful and natural tribute that Mr. Prentice pays to the memory of the famous age of which these were the famous men. But meanwhile let us not lose heart. The closer we come to the last judgment of the times and men, the more plainly we see that they were quite like ours. The statesmen of our earlier day, even in the Washington era, were able men, but they were not immaculate men. There was quite as much hot political feeling, as much bitter misrepresentation, as much rancorous abuse as in our time. No President, perhaps, has ever been more thoroughly hated and unjustly criticised than Jefferson by the Federalists, none more than Hamilton by the Democrats. Time, that softens all, is already touching those forms. Mr. Randall, in his Life of Jefferson, shows us that "Saint Thomas" was not a gridiron with handles, and Irving's Life and Letters of Washington will unquestionably reveal the fact that Hamilton did not wear a kingly crown under his hat.

Mr. Prentice deals with later times and men. But as the subjects he deplores are contemporaries of the Revolution, so his departed heroes have successors. Public questions were never more lively and fiercely discussed than they are now. Let Mr. Prentice take heart, and all the other mourners from the Hub to the Mississippi, and have a rhythmic and appealing beauty in all sensitive imaginations. But even they, dear departed days, had each twenty-four hours and their share of sun and shade; and one great reason that they seem so dear and fair is because we are glad in regretting those that went before.

Let us all take heart and make the best of the noblest opportunity God ever gave to men.

THE SINGER AND SEWER.

THE papers report a ball of the makers of the Singer Sewing Machine. By lightening labor, it is supposed, they, that one machine has not been made a singer by the machine. But while we must all congratulate ourselves upon the progress of science and the ugly inventions of the Yankee genius, let us not forget in the cold wise way to-day that labor is best remembered to many, it is altogether taken away from some.

The inevitable immediate result of every laborsaving machine is to the throwing of many human laborers out of employ. This misfortune requires time itself to cure. The increasing demand for work, and the opening of new forms of labor, but at first it has this melancholy result. There have been no end of poor women from whom science has stolen the needle, and who have lost even their poorest and scantiest employment, who are all around us always, and the charity of thought and act is never lost upon them.

And as great numbers of hand-working women are thus constantly thrown into idleness, it is inevitable that the question of opening to them every department of labor in which they are fitted to excel becomes more and more the subject of consideration. It will presently come to be considered not a final disposition of the difficulty to laugh at women who wish to wear the breeches, but it will be seen that it is a simple question of how a large part of the human race shall live.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

"DEAR LOUNGER,—You ask for the authorship of the line,

"'Or do a lord to death some secret deed.'

"It is to be found in a forgotten poem of a forgotten English poet, who published, in 1760 or thereabouts, a metrical translation of Horace's Epistles. My friend is unable to say whether this line is from that translation or not. If you find it by 'accidentally opening' the book again, it may be original. If, with this start, you find the song about the line and its author, please let us know.

"The couplet is—

"'To sin, is lasting as some silent shore,
Whose billows never break, nor tempests roar.'

"A FRIEND OF THE LOUNGER.

(And an enemy of "The Clerval".)

—For an explanation of "the Clerval," the reader is referred to a late number of *Harper's Magazine*, in which the cherubs upon the cover of that periodical are ordered by a correspondent, and defended by the Lounger's friend, the Easy Chair.

"DEAR LOUNGER.—A disconsolate bachelor, a former friend of mine, and a victim of the cutters, has not the hard to be a torment to some lovely woman, requests you to solve a difficulty which has troubled him for a serious despair: How far does a wife's ownership over her husband extend? I am not so absurd, you know, as to suppose that a wife exercises property in the person of her husband. But there must be a limit somewhere to female—but no matter. Let me state the case. I have met with this notice in a recent English paper, that both by law and common usage a man might punish or chastise his likeness taken without asking permission of his wife. The notice states that

"'THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY OF EMINENT PERSONAGES will be opened to the public on the 8th of January, 1859, when will be published, by permission of Her Majesty the Queen, a PORTRAIT OF MRS. PRINCE CONSORT, engraved on Steel, from a Photograph by MYSELF.'

"I have just read before that Prince Albert is sadly obstinate; but to me this is a very serious matter. Suppose I were married—I assure you the case is not impossible—I am just about to send to the publishers my great American picture of Washington in Hoboken. Illustrated with a portrait of General Washington and one of myself—now would I have to get the permission of Mrs. Brown, Jones, or Robinson the name is neither here nor there, whose property I look upon as made of the finest sable Brady?

"I write your reply with anxiety. If you perversely decide in favor of the ladies, Matilda will have to wait till my Epic is published. That is decided.

"Yours faithfully, B. B."

—Whatever ill-regulated bachelors may think of the duties and limitations of matrimony, and however wild their ideas may be of personal independence, they will be brought to a clear sense of their condition as soon as they are married. Why, evidently, if a husband might go without permission and have his daguerreotype taken, what is there that he might not do? It is simply opening the door of opportunity, which every wise wife keeps locked and the key in her pocket. Wherever the wife has brought her husband under proper control she suffers no step to be taken without her permission. DID B. B. never hear of the striped pig? But if the Queen of every Prince Albert did not insist upon her natural right of veto, does not B. B. see that "I want to go and have my daguerreotype taken, please, ma'am," would gradually be a more large upon words, and upon things also? Every self-willed husband would go "for a week's shooting in the country," under pretense of having his daguerreotype taken. No, Sir, the Queen is perfectly right. All the Master Alberts must be tickled to leave, and, as they ought to be arrested, whatever they are doing.

—The Lounger's anonymous friend, who writes from Philadelphia about Thackeray, is informed that his note has been "printed in the Circle." Quite true. But the Lounger read it first, and has a word to say in reply. Let him thank his unknown correspondent for the discovery of his delicate and the doctrine of which, however, he essentially dissents. Does the reader who thinks Thackeray "not only "a keen writhing" and an accomplished literary artist, using his skill "to balance on the delicate edge that separates the false from the true" the thing at all," has so profoundly different an impression from the one correctly produced by a touch to do more than wonder. Is it possible for any body to read *The Newcomes* without perceiving its moral scope in the same way that it is perceived in Shakespeare and the works of all great genius that is, as the necessary result of the moral position of the whole, to in human life? Is there not this toin always audible in Thackeray's writings? "Since human nature is thus and thus, and common sin and folly by deceiving good and beautiful impossible beings, and so reveal proof against the picture, why not try the other style a moment? Now look here—here is a picture of Vice—a good Sir and good Madame, that is your portrait! You see you are actually that! If, then, the pictures of the impossible but pestilent kind of virtue, let us try whether the portrait of your own folly will not shame you." Is this very different from the "keen worldling" theory. Thackeray does not lead with more "legitimate directness" to Eugene Sue than Fielding, or Swift, or Shakespeare. It is true that the botcher and Raphael may both paint the same subject, and in both cases there will be a painting. But the one is art and the other is not. Thackeray undoubtedly writes from Experience, and Dickens from the same source. The imagination—the result shows the difference of the inspiration. But this difference does not involve the condemnation of either. There are so many different kinds of workmen for the same work. Let us see as charitable, and patient, and catholic as we can!

—MERRICK proposes from Baltimore a method of raising the Mount Vernon money in three months. He suggests that the Ladies' Association of this same friend and reader of the *Weekly* in every town to call a town-meeting, and appoint a chairman and select every man, woman, and child to give one cent. But this is the very thing the ladies are doing. Mr. Everett's *oration is*, practically, a town-meeting, and the ladies of the fund canvass the residences and shops. The Lounger is glad to be able to announce that if the money were not collected by the 1st of July, 1859, the project would be abandoned. This reluctant and tardy contribution destroys half the dignity of the enterprise. It is fast passing to the "Old Mortality" category.

—TERENCE, Chicago, complains of the very picture which an anonymous correspondent in Tarrytown so enthusiastically admires, that he breaks out into an invitation of General Morris's "Woodman, spare that tree!" TERENCE will be reminded by the coincidence that there are various tastes for which an editor must provide. The insinuation of TERENCE, that politics enter into the matter, is ridiculously remote. But his assertion concerning a certain political party, that it is inconsistent in its sympathies, would be warmly denied by its members. The Lounger begs to assure TERENCE that the "political" platform of the *Weekly* is the determination to please every body to the greatest possible number of readers in the most unexceptionable way.

—J. B. writes that he believes "Mackay to be, on the whole, a good writer, certainly more popular and practical writer," than Carlyle, and that he is aptly called a brilliant writer. But he laments "the appearance of private feelings in all our authors"—and their works, we suppose he intends. The Lounger differs from J. B. He thinks that Carlyle is the most influential and representative intellectual force of the day, the keen speaks of the practical materialism of Macaulay. His God is good in the act." He is a worshiper and fascinating narrator; but he is surely not a great thinker. Macaulay influences men's styles of writing, not their minds and lives.

—A FRONTIER WOMAN, in Leroy, defends Thackeray as the great male sugar coater. She says:

"If you, or J. G. J., of Upper Red Hook, will inquire diligently of back-woodsmen and Indians, I am sure you will find that no one is more successful than he in coaxing up the sugar-maple in autumn after long frosts, and gathering the sap in the most unlikely spots. It will not grain readily at that season of the year. Mr. Thackeray would have made no mistake at all had he written drop instead of sugar."

—C. HENDERSON, North Carolina, sends a new song to an old tune:

"I'm think of me when tadpoles shake
Their little tails down in the water,
And when the frogs the neighbors wake
Ti think of thee, old Johnson's daughter.
When the new moon the old embraces,
And minks sink roost to steal chicken,
Be I in dark or twinkle places,
Ill think of thee! I'll think of thee!"

There is more, but the sustinent is contained in this stanza.

FACT, FANCY, AND FUN.

BY A SOUTHERN LAWYER.

"A TIGHT SQUEEZE."

THE sudden acquisition of wealth is the cotton-growing region of the United States, in many instances by planters commencing with very limited means, is almost miraculous. Patient, industrious, frugal, and skill-denying, nearly the entire amount of their cotton-crops is devoted to the increase of their active capital. The result is, in a few years large estates, if not princely fortunes, accumulated. The fortunate proprietors then build fine houses, and surround themselves with comforts and luxuries to which they were strangers in their earlier years of care and toil.

No planter in all the region round about him had started with such slender means, and had been more successful in speedily growing rich, than John Wesdun. Having arrived at a period in his affairs when he thought he could venture to indulge himself and family with a more elegant and comfortable dwelling, he selected an eminence in the middle of his plantation as the spot on which to erect his splendid mansion. Several years before he had left untouched the native growth on this hill, indulging then the hope of one day displaying there his architectural taste. Before determining positively whether that elevation or plat of ground should be the site of his new settlement, he concluded to have a well dug—obtaining water being indispensable to any further progress, etc. With this view he put three of his negro men—Ike, Jake, and Bruce—to digging. After commencing, however, he procured the services of Messrs Doggett, celebrated for his success in the use of the divining-rod. This "water wizard," as he was called, after repeated trials with his hazel switch, selected a spot very near a low partition fence running through the centre of the elevation, and dividing two contentious fields. The hazel-rod had gone some forty feet in search of water, when an accident occurred which frustrated Wesdun's plans and hopes, occasioned the cutting down and destruction of all those old and venerable oaks, and converted that high and beautiful plat of land into a spring into a small patch of new-ground corn!

As the negroes engaged in digging the well were occasionally to be disastrous an occurrence, Ike shall describe it in his own way.

"You see de ole marster-nuggin' Miss Doggett com dar wid his forked peach-tree twig, and he hole 'em in both hand, and walk 'bout mighty slow like he 'bleege-ha, dat ting fall down, and pints out de place what de water lay sholler. Dat was rite by de back of de last fence. It mean de rite place for to dug well, but mighty onlucky for de ole man, as you see a while. He dug and dug and dug, and told us to dug away. We 'gin, one to work under ground, two to drug up dirt wid basket and rope, two to cook turn 'bout.

"When we did got dat well 'bout forty foot into de ground, and we 'gun to shovel out de dirt, de ole man he walk up dar to see how we was coming 'long wid de operation. When he arrove dar he let down de empty basket, sit down on de side de well, tuck hold on de rope, put he foot in de step we dig in de ground, and did went down wid you know, he low man and mighty big. I didn't thought he rotch dem steps, his legs so short; but he did! When he was down dar, he holler out to Seth, he dog, which follow him out dar, tuck arter de sheep in timber field, and how he dog and sheep cuss come pipping, tarring, and jump ober dat fench rite by dat well. Fus thing dat ole man know, here went big ram bom-bim wid he wool all on he body, you know, is mighty big feels; what one been jump, all fellers, and dar jes crowded in de well-hole dar forty head! You ort to see de feals; as of de well wa'n't deep enuff, eber one jump bout five foot high 'fore he left downward!

"I nuber hear sich noise under de yath as dat ole man make dat day. He bellered, 'Here, you dam mus' me!' We send de sheep running in as we was coming back from dinner, but didn't know dat ole man was in dar till we hearn him holler. Den we run; but, bless God! 'twas too late. De last sheep was in, and de dog wa'n't stopping, barking, scarring 'bout dar, look like he gwine to jump in herself—thought he dun lig things, treuing de ole man and de sheep. I gin him a sockdologer on head wid rock; and when he come to, he left, wasser hurt dun my thing come outen dat well dat day.

"We tuck hold dat windlass, and try to drug up de whole confurtumsnit; couldn't budge 'em; steam-engine gwine to stall wid dat job. All dem sheep lay still and say nuffing; but de ole man he make some down dar like bull dog, and bad cold. If he warn't crowded, dis nigger wouldn't say so! Jake, he did run down, and did ask de rope 'bove dem sheep, which we splice it, and den we did work hard to hieve sheep, ole man, and all. Dem sheep, when de wus pulled out, was bigger fool dan eber; de know not which way to go; eiry one go he own way; so two did went together; de all did fall out wid one and nudder, and 'solved de gang. Dar was twenty-seven sheep on de ole man, and thirteen underneath 'em! He dun his best to keep on top, but dat's jes' quite to de middle of de excitement!

"When we did got de ole man out he look wuss for wear; he smell like whole gang of sheep—was mighty skim all 'ober he face and hand. He didn't have brief suff to talk much; he jist say, 'Fall up dat well and go to picking out cotton.' Eber one did thought he ole man's head been *mos'-spoldering*, and dat he lets he mind, so we dig on dat evening. Next mornin' we did went back to dug in dat well 'gin; just soon de ole man cum out dar in big hurry. When he cum in 'bout twenty foot of dat well he stop quick, and look round to see of sheep was about. He say, 'You black scamps, didn't I tell you fall up dat well? Full her up; ram dirt all back in her hard; plant tirmsly grass over her; never want to see dat place no more.'

"We dun so and left. De ole man send all dem

"DEM MIGHTY BIG FOOLS, DE SHEEPS."

sheep off; got he gorge of mutton; full up de well at de house, and drink no well-water more. He found spring down de branch, build he new house down dar close by, have little new ground up on dat hill next year. De ole man, de say, dun left it in his will he must not be buried under de ground. I tell you what, of de de, and sheep cum grazing 'bout dar, he gwine to left dat place. Now de say de devil punish man in de had world wid fire and brimstone. I don't know to well 'bout dat; but sure as you are born, of eber he git de ole man, he gwine put him in deep well, and set sheep hovering 'bout dar, and put cur-dog arter 'em!"

A RACE IN WHICH THE HORSE THAT STARTED LAST AND CAME OUT FIRST DID NOT WIN—OR NOT RUNNING AVERAGE.

"If is so ure, gentlemen, to talk; the race is made, money staked, and 'Montezim' is bound to run. I know what you say is true; he has not been out of the stable in three months; and in my opinion that is so much the better. Dura is here that can't bottle up any quantity of speed and bottom in that time! I run him on the *long-heap*, and if he can't, after resting so long, beat that shadow of a Kentucky filly, I'll alter his condition in life most materially, and make a plow-horse of him!"

The foregoing was uttered by Thomas Jud in a loud, impatient tone and manner, surrounded by a number of his friends and advisers, on the racecourse near the village of Haywardville, not thirty miles distant from the metropolis. It will be readily perceived a race was on hand, if "Montezim" was not on *foot*, and that his owner had no idea of paying forfeit.

Several months prior to this Jud won this celebrated stallion in a raffle. The horse being rather vicious and hard to control, was backed up in a stable, and water and provender furnished through the cracks. He had been thus housed for three entire months, and presented, indeed, a strange appearance for a racer. His shaggy hoofs were unnaturally long, and no eye, however practiced, could tell from his foot-prints on the track where he run, what they were, and which way the animal that made them was traveling. His *crack-fed* ugly head was thin finely; and as for health and fat, one would have to search extensively the realms of horseleon in Tennessee and Kentucky to find a better specimen. His obesity was such as to throw him out of horse shape, to which add his long, uncombed foretop, heavy mane and tail, and some faint idea may be formed of his horseship. The only encouraging sign about him was his ears. That was noble. Having been released so suddenly from his long confinement, and thrown on the race-course amidst so many of his species, caused an excitement which gave an unnatural expression to his organs of vision. As his owner surveyed him over, tossing up and down his bullshaped neck, neighing shrilly, and peering through his thick, shaggy foretop with his flashing eyes, he could read pride and triumph in his handsome and intelligent face.

"I tell you, gentlemen, he's game—has a small steam-engine within him as sure as you are born! My only fear is that the locomotive can't show all of its speed on a circular track. If the conductor puts on his brakes right, and holds him properly at the corners, you will see the trip made in the quickest sort of time. Who's afraid? Besides" (in an undertone to one of his friends), "the fate of 'Montezim' and the stakes are in good hands. Do you suppose the judges will give up their own money? Until they do that, mine is in no danger."

The truth was, the judges were going his halves! The race was one mile out, and the stakes $100 a "Montezim's" competitor was a Kentucky filly of fine parts, in the estimation of her owner, and the *beau ideal* of a race nag. Her owner—a tall, raw-boned man, with an uncommon share of red hair about his face and head, and with a long drab overcoat and leggings on—sported a huge, heavy, loaded horsewhip, and seemed well acquainted with the business on hand.

Relying on the superior fleetness of his filly, he gave Jud's horse the inside track, and held her back at the top of the drum until every one saw the horse had at least one hundred rods the start. But when she was permitted to leave, the distance between two contending horse was never so quickly "devoured up."

"Montezim" commenced his performances with great power but little speed. As the rennet as if endeavoring to break through rather than pass over the earth. Before he made a quarter of a mile from the stand Kentucky was one hundred yards ahead!

There was likely to be no sport. But by some means the entrance-gate to the race-course had been left open, and a stout wood just east of the hill, who, disdaining to compete with so uninteresting an adversary, in spite of rain and spur, darted through the opening and ran some hundred and fifty yards before she could be taken up.

"Montezim" came bounding by, amidst the earthquake shout of Jud's friends, with no inclination whatever to imitate the filly in extra labor; was fully satisfied there was ground enough inside on which to exhibit his speed and bottom.

At the moment when the filly's fleetest seemed inevitable she was rushed back into the track, and took after the horse. So lightning-like was the motion, and so fast was her gaining on him, the tumult and shout were suddenly hushed, and all, with unparalleled breath and instinctive admiration, gazed on such wonderful exhibition of speed, set off, doubtless, by a contest with the other motion of the horse. Wonderful to relate, under the weight of the disadvantages above mentioned, the passest the horse on the home-stretch by first a head! The judges, without hesitation, announced that Jud was entitled to the money. The superior management of the Kentuckian may be better imagined than described. His face became redder than ever, and his filly's head and tail assumed extreme combustion.

"Gentlemen," said he to the judges, "I desire to ax you a few questions.

Their silence and attention seemed to say "proceed."

"Didn't my filly start last?"

"Yes," said the judges.

"She flew the outside track, which always makes it the furthest round, and come in where she went out, didn't she?"

"Yes."

"She come out first, didn't she?"

"Yes."

"Well, why am I not entitled to the money?"

The worst known reason for withholding from these premises would have been irresistible. But as down in the Kentuckian's temperance was put, on the judges, with great decision in his manner and tone, said,

"Darn your filly! She was too far behind in the middle of the race; she didn't run average!"

"Never was reason more unsatisfactory to a red-headed man. Without attempting to answer such logic, he upended to Jud himself, and demanded in under the circumstances, "Where's the money?

"Do you see any thing verdant here?" said the person addressed, putting his right thumb on the end of his nose and waving his open hand. "The money is with the judges, and they have had hard running for, and to give him a reputation on the turf."

"You can't pretend you won the money fairly. My nag, to a certainty, beat your horse; and this is under the rules of racing in all parts of the country."

"What's the use of having judges if you are not governed by what they decide?" replied Jud; "and although your filly may have the heels of 'Montezim,' the judges, as umpires, says, 'The race is not always to the swift.'"

"The hoss will win the next heat!"

"Don't you wish you may get it?" retorted the Kentuckian, "must have done racing, and in time fit up with Haywarville judges! I have seventeen smiles and a quarter on the result, and can't be bluffed under $2000. I will stake them against $2000, and run my filly against your horse on the Montgomery track."

"I never run on the *short*, but always on the *long* heap; and I don't think 'Montezim,' from present appearances, can get his breath in three months, if he *does* start! Having established his character on the turf, I will run him no more."

"DO YOU SEE ANY THING VERDANT HERE?"

HOW ROYAL YOUTHS ENJOY THEMSELVES IN EUROPE.

THE illustrations on the following page shed a joyful light on the life and education of the juvenile members of royal families in Europe. In the next generation, when the royal children of our day will be men, actively influencing the destinies of their respective countries and of the world, it is highly probable that our relations with Europe will be closer than they are. And as the child is father to the man, a knowledge of the habits of the one may not prove wholly useless in dealing with the other. One of our illustrations depicts the infant heir to the Imperial throne of France surrounded by his "staff." The other engraving introduces us to Prince Alfred, a younger son of Queen Victoria, making his first appearance as a midshipman at Malta, and undergoing a public reception at the hands of the Governor and authorities of that British Colony.

We are happily enabled, with the aid of the Paris correspondent, to give a pretty exact account of the outdoor habits of his Imperial Highness, the son of

THE FRENCH IMPERIAL PRINCE, WITH HIS STUD.

Napoleon. According to the laws of Court etiquette, he is not entitled to a separate establishment until he reaches the mature age of seven years. Then he will have a squire and a groom of his own, with no end of horses and carriages; the cost of all which will, of course, be defrayed by a special appropriation from the Government of France. At present his stud is paid for by his papa out of the general Civil List. His carriages belong to the Emperor. He has not even a racer of his own.

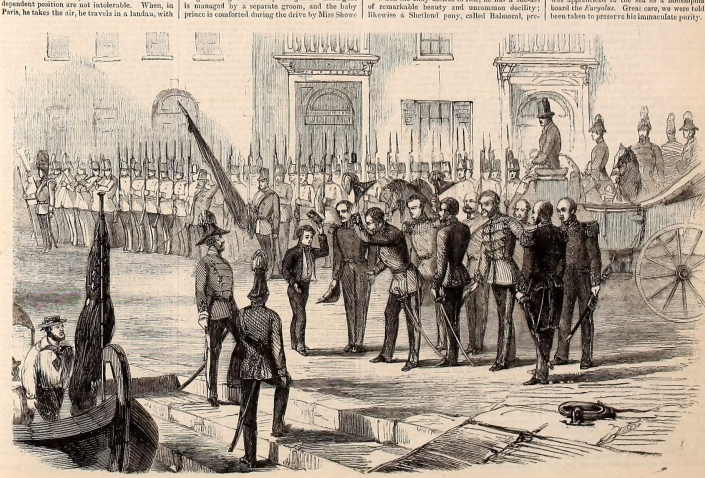
His Royal Highness is thus entitled to the respectful sympathy of a kind world. Still, it must be admitted that the privations incidental to his dependent position are not intolerable. When, in Paris, he takes the air, he travels in a landau, with a pretty English girl, named Miss Showe, by his side. A *piqueur* rides in front of the carriage, one of the Emperor's outriders follows, and a squadron of cavalry surrounds the vehicle, the commanding officer, with drawn sword, riding as close to the Prince as the wheels will permit. This public confession of the peril in which the poor child lives is only necessary at Paris.

In the country—at St. Cloud, Fontainebleau, and Compiegne—assassins are not so vigilantly guarded against. In the parks attached to these palaces the baby prince takes the air with less restraint. If he desires to drive, he has a lovely little green wagon drawn by two goats. Each goat is managed by a separate groom, and the baby prince is comforted during the drive by Miss Showe and a couple of other nurses. By the time he is tired of his goats, two Norwegian ponies, bought for the Empress but by her graciously bestowed on her son, will be thoroughly trained to draw a fairy *calèche*, built expressly for the boy by the most famous carriage-maker of Paris. At present they are only half tamed, though in the illustration they look quiet enough. These compose the baby's driving stud. Strangely enough, it has never been suggested to harness two courtiers—say senators or editors—to one of the baby carriages! Surely they would answer as well as the ponies.

When the baby desires to ride, he has a shoe-ass of remarkable beauty and uncommon docility; likewise a Shetland pony, called Balmoral, presented by the Queen of England. The latter animal, with the saddle used by the Prince—in which he must resemble a Jack-in-the-box—will be seen in the illustration.

The Paris editors remark upon these carriages, saddles, asses, and ponies that they evidence "the strong and liberal education" which the Prince is receiving. They hardly constitute our notion of a strong and liberal education. But it does not do to be hypercritical in such matters.

Let us turn now to the English Prince. He is, according to all accounts, a boy of fourteen, and a promising young fellow. A few months ago he was apprenticed to the sea as a midshipman on board the *Euryalus*. Great care, we were told, had been taken to preserve his immaculate purity. The



RECEPTION OF THE ENGLISH PRINCE, ALFRED, BY THE AUTHORITIES AT MALTA.

sentian was a born noble, and so were others of the officers. For some months before Prince Alfred joined no officer was admitted on board till his name had been approved by the Queen. The public was reminded of the naval services of William Peel, the Hamiltons, and the authorities and people of the British island—Malta—to show how much the Prince's education survives in the human race in the present year of our Lord.

The moment the *Euryalus* came in sight of the city of Valetta the batteries were manned, and as soon as she was within hearing a royal salute was fired. Before the port officers had declared the ship fit to communicate with the shore the Governor and civil dignitaries were on board the flagboat, will to pay their duty to the midshipman of fourteen. Long before any one from the ship had obtained permission to land, arrangements were made for the landing of the boy; and accordingly, as shown in our engraving, the Governor, in full uniform, was received, and, by all the most illustrious and dignified people of the place. Old Admiral Stopford—covered with glory and honors nobly won as a soldier—stronger and bowed and stalked in the train of the young lad as if he had been King of England. Public halls were given in his honor, etc. Public notice was given that the whole body of fourteen—would honor such a building by his presence at such an hour; and, at the hour appointed, Governor, aide-de-camp, Governor, Commander of the Forces, Bishop, Chief Justice, clergy, magistrates, and people were all waiting, with hats off and bended knees, to do obeisance. Eastern Satrap was never welcomed with more signs of respect. Mighty conqueror never saw more tongues lick the dust before him.

It is but just to say that the people of Great Britain do not seem much pleased with the adulation bestowed on their young Prince. Their chief regret appears to arise solely from their fear that so much worship will spoil him. No one blames General Pennefather for his base adulation of the boy. No one censures the Captain of the *Euryalus* for his prostration at the feet of his duty. Even the *Times* only argues that if the boy is to be bred a non-water sailor, the people of England will simply cease to think about him. It is thought that an aide can easily be raised to denounce and execrate the barbarous familiarity of which the officials of the *Euryalus* and of Malta have been guilty.

LITERARY.

TRAVEL readers, and all who are interested in the wonderful advances made by modern investigation in the study of Africa, will welcome the first volume of DR. BARTH'S TRAVELS AND DISCOVERIES IN NORTH AND CENTRAL AFRICA, from the press of Harper & Brothers, not only as a work of intrinsic interest and curiosity, but as a most valuable contribution to the geographical and ethnological knowledge. The two volumes which preceded this have been making their way silently but steadily, and have found a place for themselves. The learned German was not announced in the country with any flourish of trumpets, and no Europe, where his work has been distinguished by so great popularity, but the volumes now published are regarded as the most valuable ones on Africa that the modern spirit of roving has produced. Nor do the superb illustrations which enhance so generously part of a book of travel, form the least attractive portion of these books.

The results of the first volume will remember that the narrative left Dr. Barth alone in the country of the Tuaricks of Air Overweg, on the prospect of a successful prosecution of the designs of the expedition. Dr. Barth was not long alone, however, to yield to circumstances over which energy could exert any control, and although his plans were found to be yet destined to be carried out, plish one great object of African research, the explorations of Niger, and the opening of a commercial intercourse with the great and almost mythical city of Timbuktu. The volume contains his account of the most successful accomplishment of these designs, through a country where no civilized man had been before, among a people many of who were as strange to his eyes as he to theirs, with abundance of stirring adventure and incident during the whole journey.

European travelers have experienced the petty annoyance of changing their coin at each petty state of country, when sovereigns must be turned into francs, or brewers into bairochi. Let them imagine Dr. Barth's occasional perplexity when he came to enter a new region, where coin was unknown, and the medium of exchange was a piece of unbleached cloth, now a shirt, and now the strings of cowries. Such, and many other difficulties and tribulation, and the European difficulty will sink into insignificance.

No book of modern travel surpass these volumes in all that is ornamental, instructive, valuable, and interesting.

Tickner & Fields send us THE SCORPION OF THE WHITE HOUSE, by the author of Tom Brown's School Days. The White House is an ancient Saxon relic, on a hill-side near Abingdon in England. The home is actually a rude outline of the animal cut out of a chalk hill-side, and standing, or lying, in relief on the side of the slope. What ever be its origin, there is a custom of cleaning off the growth of grass and moss from the image, and having a great fair and two days of English games and sports. This occurs "semi-occasionally"—once in five, ten, or twenty years, as the people of the neighborhood determine, and the book is an account of two days of this fair.

We notice with pleasure the commencement of a new and very elegant edition of MR. COOPER'S NOVELS, to be issued by W. A. Townsend & Co., and illustrated by Darley. The first volume is before us, containing THE PRAIRIE—a work which is peculiarly to speak at present of the general literary character of Cooper's works, we may take the opportunity to urge on every one who does not possess the entire set, this opportunity of possessing the most elegant extant edition of the great American novelist.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, 24th January, in the Senate, numerous bills received their first reading. Mr. BRIGHT moved forth that Henry S. Lane and Jesse D. Bright be appointed to act as Senators from Indiana, and praying for their admission; referred to the committee on the Judiciary. Messrs. Bigler and Cameron presented memorials from Pennsylvania, praying for an alteration in the tariff; referred. Senator Slidell, from the Committee on Foreign Affairs, reported in favor of granting $99,000,00 to the President for the purchase of Cuba. Senators Mason and Seward dissented from the vote in the Committee, which were sustained by Senators Bayard and Hunter. Mr. Bigler, from the Committee on Finance, reported in the House, Mr. Stephens, of Georgia, in favor of the Pacific Railroad bill. Mr. Grow, of Pennsylvania, moved to take up the bill for the purpose of retaining the fishing bounties; other speeches on the same subject occupied the time. Messrs. Bocock, Cox, and others.

On Tuesday, 25th, in the Senate, some conversation took place in reference to the newspaper reports of the attack in question on the conduct of Commodore Paulding. Senators Sowden Davis, Douglas, and Fitch denied the accuracy of the reports. Senator Douglas stated that there was a room where eaves-droppers could hear what was said in the Senate, but that he had not been informed it was only found to contain newspaper correspondents. Mr. Bigler presented several newspaper correspondents. Senator Bright moved for the appointment of Senators from Vermont, Indiana, and Florida. The Pacific Railroad bill was then taken up, and Senator Wade spoke for two hours and a half against the bill.—In the House, Mr. English reported from the Post-office Committee a bill to prevent the franking privilege in the Regouts of the Mount Vernon Association. Mr. Bocock introduced a bill for the cession of steamers to the Gulf of Mexico, to South American states, and to the West Indies. Mr. Cox moved to abolish the franking privilege, and to regulate postage on newspapers. Mr. Cox's motion was rejected by a vote of 90 to 85. Mr. Stephens moved to appropriate the sum of $7500 for the salary of Townsend Harris, late Consul-General to Japan. The House was addressed by Messrs. Corby, Scott, and Sickles. The African slave-trade was referred to a motion of Mr. Cox, which sets out an appropriation of $75,000 to enable the President to carry out the treaty of 1819. Amendments were made by Messrs. Phelps, Clay, Sickles, Nichols, and Dowdell to the Pacific Railroad bill, which occupied the time of the resi pendence of John Nugent.

On Wednesday, 26th, in the Senate, the credentials of Senator Fessenden were presented. Senator Seward moved that Messrs. Bigler and Cameron be added to the Senators from Indiana, be admitted to the floor; but on the vote being taken, the motion was rejected by a majority of one. Mr. Bigler introduced a bill, which was referred. Mr. Hayard, Bell, and Davis, the resolution was again laid on the table by a vote of 31 to 21. The Pacific bill was taken up, and the amendments of Senators Wilson, Bigler, and Wade, the claim amendment, and Senator Hammond moved to lay the subject on the table; lost. Mr. Douglas moved that the amendments which had been made from the several committees, and acted upon by the House. Mr. Kelsey introduced a homestead bill, which was discussed by himself and Mr. Grow, Mr. Phelps, and Mr. Stephens, when the bill was laid on the table by a majority of 1. Mr. Grow moved that the House go back the shares of the *Echo*, and also on the question of the amendment of Mr. Phelps, Messrs. Bocock, Burnett, Moore, Millson, Case, Keitt, Bonham, Seward, Barksdale, Cox, Quitman, Stephens, Hopkins, Letcher, Goodrich, Brooks, Mitchell, Clay, Miles, Gooch, and Branch took part; the claim amendment, which precludes the President to carry out his contract with the Mount Vernon Association, was rejected.

On Thursday, 27th, in the Senate, various reports were made and acted upon. Senator Douglas moved that in reporting the Abbott Ship Canal, and Colonel Wright's report be printed. Mr. Bigler moved that the bill be taken up; lost. Senator Douglas moved that the Committee on the Interior be authorized to abandon the proposals for the construction of a road between Northern, Central, and Southern, and that $3000 be appropriated for the survey of the route. The motion, on motion by Senators Douglas, Hale, Mason, Trumbull, Toucey, Crittenden, Pugh, Hunter, Bigler, and Wade, was adopted; and, on motion of Senator Simmons, the bill of the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association. The amendments were made on the death of the measure by Senators Bigler, Wade, Douglas, Hale, Mason, and Simmons. In the House, the usual debate on the morning hour occupied the time. Mr. Sickles resigned his seat, following the example of Senator Brown. The motion reducing and striking out the appropriation of $75,000 for the return of the African slave-trade. The bill was then put to the vote, and lost by 99 to 85. After discussion by Messrs. Phelps, Stephens, Bocock, Phelps, and others, the vote was reconsidered. Motions were made to lay the motion to adjourn on the table, and Buena Ayres were lost. A motion to strike out the appropriation for Mount Vernon, $18,000, was put to the vote, and again lost by 94 to 91. A personal explanation was made by Mr. Grow, in reference to the proceedings of the House.

On Friday, 28th, in the Senate, Senator Green gave notice of a motion to reconsider the vote by which the Pacific Railroad bill was rejected a moment for $70,000 worth of merchandise for New York.

Senator Bingham, of Michigan, were presented. Senator Davis introduced a resolution to authorize the payment from the free list to the land schedules; referred.—In the House, Mr. Phelps inquired whether the report of the Treasury whether the next year's income of the Government would be sufficient for the year. He introduced bills for the organization of Dacotah, Arizona, and Jefferson. Mr. Grow gave notice that he would move an amendment that slavery should never exist in the territories. The House resumed the debate on the Homestead bill, and passed it by 101 to 95. Various reports were received.

On Saturday, 29th, in the Senate, Mr. Gwin tried to get a reconsideration of the vote by which the Pacific Railroad Bill was killed, but his motion was postponed until Monday. Affairs of the District of Columbia occupied nearly all of the session.—In the House, private bills were the order of the day. Mr. Houston asked leave to bring in a bill for the relief of Sam Houston. Mr. Leave was also asked to report a bill so revising the tariff as to make the revenue adequate to the expenses of the Government, economical administration, and discriminating in favor of American products, and substituting specific for ad valorem duties. In all cases objections were made.

MR. PHELPS'S TARIFF BILL.

The Reporter for the Associated Press telegraphs: "The tariff of Mr. Phelps, of Missouri, fully meets the views of Secretary Cobb, who believes it will yield more revenue and be less productive than the tariff of 1857. Sixteenen have been made by certain parties, in which the Secretary's estimate of the revenue under the present tariff is considerably less; but it is shown that no increase of duties is necessary, and so does the President. It is understood that Mr. Phelps, in the Committee of Ways and Means, will report a bill in accordance with the views of the Administration."

The Secretary would have increased the revenues on post roads' imposed an increase of duty on articles of dutiable goods. The reply of the Secretary of the Treasury to the inquiry made of him by the House Committee of Ways and Means in relation to the cost of the Government."

MR. BUCHANAN FRACAS IN CONGRESS.

On Thursday the following scene is reported to have occurred in the House of Representatives:

Mr. Giddings, alluding to what had gone before, remarked his private opinion that the Speaker had not acted in that direction.

The Speaker reminded him of the irrelevancy of the Cuban question at this time.

Mr. Hughes then called if the Speaker had not noticed his objection to the question of Mr. Giddings this morning, and he would call the attention of the House to the rule which would prohibit the questions.

Mr. Hughes replied that he could not help that.

The Speaker said, Mr. Hughes questioned the decision of the chair.

Mr. Hughes—Yes; but if I had I should have only been paying off an old debt."

The Speaker—Then the gentleman has my personal quarrel with the Chair, the House is no place to settle it.

Mr. Hughes—"I know that, and say the same to the Speaker."

This colloquy occasioned considerable sensation.

DEATH OF THE PRINCESS CARIGNAN.

William H. Prescott, the historian, died on Friday, 28th inst., at Boston, Massachusetts. We are pained that he was in his usual health and spirits on the morning of his day. At about half-past 12 he was seized with a paralysis by prostrated by this fatal shock. Physicians were present, and the most skillful aid was given, but the unfortunate family that a few hours at utmost would end his earthly career. He breathed his last at 2 o'clock on the same day, in unconscious state, and early in the afternoon his corpse was borne to the house of mourning, where so many were soon of his children.

BURNING OF A NEGRO AT THE STAKE.

The following account of the burning of a negro at the stake by a mob, for the murder of his master, is given by a correspondent of the *Maysville Eagle*. It took place at Perry, Kentucky:

"On Nov.-Year's Day the accused negro (who

al sanction. His property is estimated to be two millions of pure bullion.

The Cadiz (Ohio) *Republican* says that Mrs. Barney, of Tuscarawas, Harrison County, Ohio, a highly respectable lady, and a member of the Presbyterian Church, during a particular condition of her physical and mental organization, has preached a sermon half an hour long, every other Sunday for the last five years. Her husband, while preaching, is always a bad, blue hearing, and his countenance is swollen, and abound in scripture quotations; but when she resumes her consciousness there is no recollection whatever of what she has been about, and Saturday night away her time and recollection of several medical gentlemen, who, while they had the utmost confidence in her piety, cannot agree in a satisfactory explanation of the mystery.

The Springfield Republican regrets to report the serious illness of ex-President Hitchcock, of Amherst College, the eminent geologist. He has been ill for a year or more ago, with the symptoms of a cancer in the stomach, which has now assumed a complicated and threatening form, involving the liver congested, and producing also some inflammation of the kidneys. There was a consultation of physicians on Saturday, and more hoping, and much anxiety was felt as to the termination of the illness.

The Washington correspondent of the Baltimore *Patriot* relates the following anecdote of Secretary Cobb, which furnishes a happy instance of a ground occupation. Eleven years ago, Major Lee, who is a fellow-passenger with Mr. Clement and his wife on a homeward-bound boat, was in the habit of relating to a story to some friends, which he had heard from a gentleman concerning for its conclusion before the termination of their passage, the voyage of the steamer would New York, and remained so until a day or two ago, when the Major related the story to a gentleman who was present them to Washington. The first gentleman over, Mrs. Clement, is the sister of General Cobb, remarked, "Ah, Major H——, pray relate us the remainder of that story."

A letter from Rome, of the 5th inst., says the American minister, Mr. Peacock, had the wife of one of the Papal spies on his suit at the Stonecutt Palace, on account of his having given information against her husband. The husband fling for his services, and in the last copy of accounts given, on the complaint of superabusive bounds occurring the list beneath the proposed sums of discharge for services.

The *Independance Belge* announces the marriages in Brussels at the United States Legation, on the 8th inst., of the Brazilian daughter of the late Baron de Sao Joao, formerly member of Congress, with the Baron Philip Schenking de Tautenburg. After the ceremony the wedding breakfast united around the table of the American Minister some twenty persons, the friends of both families.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE CASE OF THE TOM PUNCH CLUB.—The Dublin correspondent of the London *Times* says that the Crown case against some of the members of the Punch Club is more complete than the public have been led to believe, and sufficient to satisfy the most partial jury. The farming classes have stood aloof, and the members of the Club are chiefly shopkeepers and publicans. The Clubs were rapidly increasing, and it therefore was necessary to suppress them at once, and to put an end to the movement.

A WEDDING RING FOUND IN A RAT'S NECK.—The *Scotsman* newspaper relates the following curious story of the recovery of a lost marriage ring:—"About the end of July or the beginning of August last, a woman named Lochhead, residing in the town of Dalkeith, named M'Lean, at Clifton, near the head of Loch Leonard, lost her marriage ring while engaged in putting in or building peats, and, notwithstanding that every search was made for it, it could not be found. About a fortnight ago, however, a rat was seen to run out from and around the neck of the rat was the missing marriage ring. It immediately and carried away the ring in two pieces of silver or gold, that the ring had been taken to the rat's nest, where it had gnawed it in two for the use of the young ones, and remained there until the animal had scented its progress, and, curiously enough, was captured by the rat. Mrs. M'Lean, who had been about a year married, was much pleased at the unexpected recovery again of her lost ring that surprised at the very singular way in which it was recovered."

FRANCE.

ARMY MOVEMENTS.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Times* says that the French Marshals are charged to take command of the great military camps, and that the Emperor commanding military divisions, who were on leave of absence, have received orders to repair to their posts. He also says that Count Walewski has protested energetically against the calumnies and insinuations of the Austrian supreme, and that he had, it was said, determined on retiring from a scene where undeserved abuse was showered to. Among the authenticated rumors from Paris are the following:—That the Emperor has ordered a force of 900 bronzepiece; that General M'Mahon is to command the first army of the Rhine; that 30,000 Austrian troops are to cross over to Italy from the Adriatic coast.

HOW UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE WORKS AT PARIS.

A correspondent of the *Express* writes:—"The way in which voting is the Paris now for some weeks, into the operation of universal suffrage, is characteristic. It is conducted, with universal suffrage in the city of New York. It is a question with it how many votes can be got out at least. Every body votes here—that is, every body who votes at all. Not to vote is considered to be exactly as bad as not voting in the United States. It is respects the latter, that is, the most efficient bulwark of voting is by means of a question four-cornered affair, this, I say, for I have not seen a Frenchman of my acquaintance who does not, either in the Champs Elysees, or the fortress of the court. Indeed, cheating under the new French system of voting is much more difficult than in New York we certainly are all deathens. But, in the case of the Emperor, the Empress, and the Prince of the Wards, and none of us doubt our capacity to vote freely, or to vote at all, according to our inclination, or to vote for whom we please. Indeed, if the Legislature would but free all from the fear of the police, and the consequent fooling, there would be no voting at all. Nevertheless, Saint Jonathan would then be properly at fault for what would but universal suffrage would be, in the very thing to that case. The question then would be not *only* of good and bad, but of good and better, and not a few will any body at that. Not so, however, here in Paris. It is a question to vote most likely, and not to vote. The Bonapartists, or, as they call them, the Napoleonists, are in power, and thus that there is an honest conviction."

WHAT FRENCH EQUALITY MEANS.

"Brown, Jones, and Robinson, who have achieved fortunes in France, and only the more wretched the poorer, if only their position upon the scale of society upon conveyance and trade. Nevertheless I have seen in the Champs Elysees a 'Seigneur,' as Fitzgerald. Little baby three years old 'Prince,' dress on the Champs Elysees, with half a dozen notables in advance, a company of horse in court, and every body saying, or bowing, or cringing, to the little fellow as he passed. The grand show of magnificent equipages on Sunday, New Year's Day, gold lace, and scarlet livery, footmen, etc., etc., tells its tale. There is no *Spring* to be enough on paper, no *Restaurant* any where, and yet the *Lobster* for every body to vote on election day, and to make or smash this Emperor-Government, the *Jacques Bonhomme* of mystery. I am speaking, then, of the conditions of such a Government. There is a considerable liberty of debate allowed in the Legislative body; but the newspapers are allowed no report of the discussions. The Government has its own corps of reporters, but they report only what they please in the *Moniteur*, and the other journals, not even the Opposition will copy, and yet there is universal suffrage! Nevertheless, it can not be denied there underlie in the very strata of the Government strong ideas and sentiments of real Liberty, of real Equality, and of respect which, under the law, is now unquestionable; for the whole people are educated to it. Their children in the schools, their associations, their food, their dress, their manner, their manly port and bearing. A mere untutored negro, upon whom the Declaration of Independence and the slaves are in London, not in Paris; though John Bull has the grimness of Liberty, and the Frenchman has only learned so Frenchman, save as conspirator, of in the secret societies of Paris.

COMMENCEMENT OF THE PARIS SEASON.

Paris has fairly begun the season of gayety in which to the winter it is renowned. Under the last two kings it was the fashion to open the season at the end of the second of autumn, but now the English custom of keeping away in January and February is followed. The Parisians—and, too, to be called together in November, and the Emperor and Empress intend to be present at the Tuileries on the 1st of February. The Emperor and Empress intend to be present at the Tuileries on the 1st of February. The 8th, and Tuesday is to be followed in due order by all the great dignitaries of the court, the ministers, the Senate, and the Legislative body. At the last he expects the large saniers they receive to be not hoarded, but spent. Among the guests will be Count Walewski, Madame, Lady Cowley, is also about to give a ball.

THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS IN A CHURCH.

At the Medecine, on Christmas Eve, a concert was performed. The old Sabbath Alle Bonbin preached in the evening, and the Emperor and Empress were in the pit-stalls and a number of the Imperial family. The Duke of France, a very large congregation assembled.

ANECDOTE.—Napoleon I. was fond of a joke, but after a pause cried in a sonorous voice, "A Saviour is born unto you!" Then in his ordinary tone he added, "My brothers, why do you not receive that glad tidings with a hymn?" The choir sang, and the congregation stood up and cried, "Hallelujah!" After which he proceeded to the next ceremony.

A STORY OF A PRINCE AND HIS CHOCOLATE POT.

"Prince K—— is a good-natured, easy-tempered Russian boyard, who, when he comes to Paris, takes a pretty lively scamper on the boulevart-des-Italiens, between the Rue Laffitte and the Rue Richelieu, every morning. One Russian lives in Paris because it is the place of all others in the world where he can lead the most independent, desultive, and spend money. Prince K—— is also perfectly disposed to Russian habits, and he would be very unwilling to be in love with some popular actress, the swishy and extravagant son ought to be his companion. But the very vision they owe them playing a fairy drama, and Prince K—— is not the man to be a spectator of the sort of life about him. The lady of the theatre is very willingly the attentions of so advantageous an admirer; and Mademoiselle Rose Chéri, Mademoiselle Déjazet, and Théâtre, when New Year came. The Prince naturally considered that the occasion was one for the display of his high appreciation of the fair one's shining qualities, and sent to every one of the theatres named a bouquet. The gift was an elegant little rose-wood box, of which the key was locked in a golden padlock. The box lay in the Prince's own handwriting. The lady hastily opened the envelope, and found in it a note, in the Prince's own hand and coloured on one side of the sheet. Nothing in the world but a number of pieces of paper, each with a seal thing. The lady of the theatre opened it again! Disappointed and enraged, she pitched the whole concern, box, key, and all, into the fire, whence they fell upon the roof of a shed in the yard below, where they remained for a week, when the key fell of paper-candy, which rolled off the shed into a corner of the yard. Thither the lady's maid had gone to empty out in a frame of mint easier to be imagined than described.

HOW THE PRINCE TOOK HIS CHOCOLATE.

"This happened in the morning. The same evening Prince K—— received a letter from the lady, and one from up his card. For a moment the still furious damsel was confused between the conflicting emotions of anger and admirer, and let his affair pass thus. But upon second thoughts, determined to write a letter of reproach, especially, the unfortunate and unsuspecting Lothario was informed that the box had been found, and the key, the loss of which he had hitherto supposed the fairy utterly inexplicable. The letter was written, and the lady's maid sent off to the Prince's hotel. But the Prince was not in this extraordinary and discouraging reception! An accident in the flow of Paris's inexhaustible gayety. The myst-fied Russian demanded an explanation; and after pondering for a few minutes, he could make no possible question, finally obtained an intelligible reply.

"'Do you mean to say, my dear boy,' how many there were of these frightful papillotes?'

"'Twenty-four, Monseigneur, I suppose,' returned the lady, 'that I gave myself the trouble to count your Highness's chocolate pots.'

"It would have been as well, however, to have done so before you sent them to the theatres.'

"'Because there were thirty of them.'

"'Which should have been used, I suppose?' (Another smile.)

"'You would have found, upon very slight examination,' continued the Russian, 'that each paper contained but thirty-five chocolate were wrapped in thirty notes of a thousand francs each!'

The lady of the theatre fainted—and fainted a little. The beyond readily brought her to by holding his pocket-book under her nose. She is reported to have actually recovered next before, who, by the aid of a ladder, mounted to the roof of the shed, and recovered the precious box. They were still there, and the key was found, and the box had rolled off, and that, too, after some further search. Her fainting attack was a little longer than the former, but over with his nose, found out its chocolative character, and disdained to be put to bed. Finally, after a good deal lasting boon made of simple sugar, the mouthful would have cost a thousand francs.

PRUSSIA.

THE SPEECH OF THE REGENT.

The Prussian Chambers opened their session on the 19th. The speech, which was looked for by the King's presence, is conflicting, and is the first official declaration of policy the Regent. The general condition of the country is prosperous, and Germany is described as being at present in a favorable state and sufficient for the expenditures. Increased confidence is expressed in the maintenance of the royal dignity, for the augmentation of the army force, and for the support of the German Confederation, so far as its constituting condition. The peaceful relations of Prussia and the foreign countries continue, and their friendly connections with the great powers remain undisturbed.

The Regent declares that the relations between Prussia and the other German Federal powers have been directed by the principles of the Federal Constitution. He also declares that Danish disputes will be settled by the Federal Diet within the federal law and treaties between the German Diet and Denmark, and concludes with a passage in his speech considered with a patriotic appeal to the Deputies.

ITALY.

SPEECH OF THE KING OF SARDINIA.

At latest dates from Europe, dispatching rumors continued to prevail on the Continent. Matters were agitated by the speech of the King of Sardinia at the opening of the Chambers, which was construed into a warlike sense. The King says: "The political horizon is not clear, but the fair must be watched with firmness; the future can not fail to be fortunate, because the policy of the Government is based on justice, and a love of its country's liberty." Piedmont is small, but great in the moral force which it represents. It represents and represents and the sympathies it inspires. It respects treaties, and is not insensible to Italy's cry of anguish. The King concluded with these words: "Let us reconcile with decrees of Providence." Prolonged acclamations followed the conclusion of the speech.

MARRIAGE OF PRINCE NAPOLEON WITH A SARDINIAN PRINCESS.

Prince Napoleon left Paris on the 18th ultimo for Turin to espouse the Princess Clotilde, daughter of the King of Sardinia. The news of the alliance of Prince Napoleon with the Princess Clotilde produced great excitement in Paris, and Napoleon, who regard it as a pledge of the united action of France and Sardinia. Count Cavour, the Sardinian Minister, and Count Walewski, Minister for Foreign Affairs, at Genoa and Turin would lead to demonstrations of an unfriendly character.

FEELING AMONG THE ITALIANS.

The reserve of the Italian press continues sustained. Many persons were leaving Milan to meet the Emperor Napoleon at Turin. The Milan *Corriere* says that the Italians are "Death to the Germans!" The troops quartered at Milan are constantly cavalry, and the strictest discipline is necessary to prevent excesses. The Piedmontese Minister of War has issued a circular calling back from the ranks of the Liberal party, Signor Radaze being chosen Minister of Foreign Affairs.

The official Piedmontese Gazette publishes the following decree:—"The Minister of War is authorized to make the disposals of reinforcements in Italy, the Piedmontese troops are to be placed on a war footing." The dietary allowance for the Piedmontese Legion of Lombardy, with Garibaldi, existing out the contingent.

AUSTRIAN PREPARATIONS FOR DEFENCE.

No fewer than 100,000 men are under arms in Venetia. Three Victoria on the 5th, and by Wednesday seventeen thousand men, with their artillery, were on the road to Verona. Twenty-four pieces of heavy artillery were sent off on Monday. Three steamers with troops had arrived at Venice. The Austrian Government has ordered an additional reinforcements extend Milan on the 10th inst. ten thousand men. Marshal Count Schwarzenberg, the Count Wimpffen, and General Gyulai, the Military Governor, remained at Milan. Reinforcements continued to be sent mounted on the citadel of Milan, all pointed against the city.

MALTA.

FRENCH ALFRED ON HIS TRAVELS.

The Prince of Wales arrived at Malta on the 7th. Today the authorities of Malta went to very great trouble and expense to receive the Prince in a manner worthy of the Queen of Malta. The Governor's residence, the Palace of Malta, which has been the great affair of my darling life, was fitted up for the Prince's reception, and there he has been in-house, at which the Prince landed. It was an hour of honor received his there: and on his leading Bergen Malta were arranged in the form of the word Victoria, the front was a very brilliant sight. The landing-place was lined with soldiers and sailors, and the streets were lined with tanners and flags. The whole was arranged by Sir Henry Storks, Governor and did him great credit. The Queen herself could not have received greater honors. The Prince proceeded to the Palace of Malta, where he remained for the night. He will leave this morning, steamed of a boat, to going to the dog-ship to sport others, to the Governor's yacht, and will then proceed on his sleeps across. He has, in company with Major Gen. Storks, visited the principal sights of the island, and seen purchases in the shops. He is very observant, and has often been heard to express his admiration of the English beauty, a visitor at Malta, who is attended of his visit. The Prince has been the guest of Governor Storks. Prince picked up, and smiled on seeing the dance No. 1 was think it a very pretty one, and did not like the next. And the six following dances with the same name."

TURKEY.

THE SULTAN BENT ON HIS CONDITIONS.

A Constantinople letter of the 15th December, in the Journal de Francfort, says:—"The Sultan received, in place, a few days ago, on the part of the persons who had fled from Jeddah, a deputation charged to ask his pardon. The Sultan was on his way from Top Hanei, where he had been to see the Sultana Validé, who was ill. He would not hear but by an ambassador of many from him. The Sultan, at finding himself surrounded by the crowd, who were entreating him to grant the life of the chief of his suite; but soon discovering the pacific character of the deputation, he made a sign to the crowd that he was then should be designed to call on Hakki Bey, who should be the interpreter between him and the deputation and the subject of the claims. The following day three of the deputies were received by the Grand Vizier, and then to Riza Pasha, the president of the commission formed to inquire into the affair of Jeddah. Riza Pasha is said to have been very severe or to treat the deputies. The Sultan assured them that all their accounts could be paid, but that he could not accept any excuses. Meanwhile many of these unfortunate men, who are pressed by their own creditors, have been obliged to sell their property, and several of them have been compelled to abandon their commercial establishments for days after, by the workmen of the Imperial buildings."

THE CONDITIONS SEEN BY EUCAY.

The *Times* correspondent at Constantinople asserts that the Grand Vizier has not the power of concluding peace" to a greater extent than any of his forefathers. It is a mistake to suppose that the ambassadors of the predecessors certain time-honored interests, old laws and customs, inflexible principles, and unwritten rules, are consented on the power of the sovereign; and, even if the Grand Vizier should have entered into any treaty which he received, he had to do so at his own risk, and often to pay for such imprudence with his head. Nevertheless, he is always with all these obstacles to unlimited sovereign power, by statesmen who have been obliged to negotiate and cross interests in a bureaucratic hierarchy entirely at variance with the principles of European diplomacy. Hence it is that the representative of a French or English ambassador grows facetious and angry over some intrigue or act of treachery which, in the eyes of the native monarch is a most thorough astonut. And although he may be disappointed at the result of his efforts, he is still in the long run defeat those who coerce him. We have, it is true, only seen the Grand Vizier exercise his numerous soon-in-ire, and lecture his multitudinous ministers, but we recognize in his dignity and in the importance of short recitals. But the strong-minded slave of the Ottoman Empire is not to be judged by the standard of his economical minister's decree. Weaker find that their oil stockinets.

SERVIA.

HOW PRINCE ALEXANDER WAS ASKED TO RESIGN.

According to metropolitan newspaper correspondence, the Skupschtina has addressed a deputation to Prince Alexander when they asked him to resign. A deputation of twenty-four members, headed by Colonel Petronievitch, and by the Archimandrite Hadjitschitsch, proceeded to the Prince's residence to fulfil their commission. The deputies declared that the wishes of the nation were to remain in the country in possession of thy full liberty. And that it is also the wish of the Porte, and of the heads of the family. The nation expects thy abdication; thou wilt not refuse to comply with the nation's wish. The grand functionary to whom this extraordinary language was addressed, replied that he was quite ready to resign. His wife and relatives, however, after word compelled him to refuse the request, and he was obliged to take refuge in the Turkish fortress of Belgrade.

HOW THE PRINCE SEAT HIS WIFE.

Another writer says: "It would seem that the scene which caused when a deputation of the Skupschtina presented the Prince to abdicate was of a kind unusual in political life, and in Western Europe. The Prince's wife, Princess Julia, was present, and violently reproached her husband for his weakness, declaring that 'she would rather be out to please than abdicate.' What subsequently passed in the presence of the deputation is thus described by the Vienna correspondent of the Augsburg Gazette: 'After the second address had been read for some time, her husband lost patience, and, as the Princess still remained, he pushed her into an adjoining room. Hereby however, had the interrupted conversation been resumed by the spokesmen of the deputation, when the lady reappeared, and discharged a volley of invectives at the representatives of the nation. The Hospodar again conducted his wife to the door, and dismissed her with a few second calm."

INDIA.

SENTENCE ON THE KING OF DELHI.

At latest dates the Nawab of Bonda had surrendered to the British. The trial of the principal prisoners on the ex-King of Dehli had been carried into effect on Monday, January 3d, and sentence passed on the chief Gosp, which is to be his destination. The dispersion of the rebels continued, but military accounts slow being received.

SIAM.

A STATE DINNER AT BANGKOK.

A correspondent of the London *Times* thus describes a dinner given by the second King of Siam to the suite and officials of Siam:—"The illustrious company sit down to a table covered with every delicacy of the season. A full of cold pheasants, and the rest of the bill of fare purveyed, so one who has the means to afford can have every thing without all the trouble of rearing and fattening fowls at home. Turtle soup and salmon, hare and current jelly, grouse and venison pasty, and a dozen other dishes of luxury other less familiar but higher sounding claims, relieve the monotony of roast beef and boiled fowls and ducks; even these to-day make their appearance in the shape of curries, and with English sauces, and the French mushrooms. Madeira supplies the most appropriate wine for the dinner, but there is also to be a kind of *Bottle Beer* at all which is a delicious combination of potatoes, and Australia the most delicious beverage in the country, and Champagne, Burgundy, and Claret, and West Indies furnish the rest; there are dates from Egypt and raisins from Malaga, and Manilla cheroots from China; scarcely a country in the world but helps to load the table, and the Queen of Siam and the Cape of Good Hope but bad liquor. The guests taste of every thing, and the Siamese, who have their own beautiful fruits, they only taste, for like all good Siamese, they have a decided preference for their own country productions. The dinner is served in European style, and the salmon pulled to pieces with a fork, and not with a knife. The Siamese are not a knife and fork people as we do with the cheese, they express themselves astonished at the vulgarity of the custom, and say that we can not cut as many as he likes by dropping a tine and bent the knife."

WHAT AND HOW THEY DRINK.

"They drink wine, but not much, for wine will not tempt, and the client is rejected, but they do not control their high spirits with it. The Second King of Siam wishes to take wine with the gentlemen next him, whose attention is called to the fact by the interpreter of the wine; he turns round, his noise fitted in glassing cannot convey any thing but wine, and the gentleman sees quickly filled, two bowls are greatly inclined, two glasses of wine are drunk, and the interpreter is told to inform the King that the drinking followed the example of his royal highness. The King expresses himself highly pleased at such a mark of attention, and begs to drink to the next rest for that evening. The Prince and Prakeng ordinary drink with the Second King in honor of the attention, where their arms will not reach, by a series of bowing and the mutual drinking of his name wishes they wish to honor.

DESSERT AND CIGARS.

"Dinner is over, the cloth is off, and the table given with purple velvet, ornamented with gold lace, massive golden pines, and heaps of scarlet mandarins. The Second King rises, and the company follow his royal example. Lovely flowers of exquisite odor spring from silver vases; the air is perfumed with the most fragrant sparkling of glasses covered the luxurious gilt; leaving the room and a large number of cigars, in the most fancy cigar circle. The prince's son and the prince minister's daughter, who are present, in the veranda during dinner, are now invited in; the former, a boy of about seven years old, is dressed in a European suit, and is regarded with the greatest attention as he runs hastily into the floor. The cigars become extinct, and the gentlemen, preparing to take their departure for a time there is silence, but the cigars are soon finished, and the guests rise to take their leave. Conversation in the King of Siam have their healths proposed in a sort speech by one of the ministers, and the King, after replying to the prince's, who, rising up and calling attention to the health of the King of Siam, gives the toast of 'Queen Wik-to-rier!' and then gives a second grant of exhilaration as all loyally proposed to it."

MEXICO

MORE REVOLUTIONS.

The date from Mexico is to the 10th inst. The *Pendulenoia*—General Miramon's organ at Guadalajara —declares that the Liberals are in a hopeless state of their bolster, but will adhere to the Zuloago plan. General Miramon and marching with 2,000 men, and declared a forced loan of $600,000 at Guadalajara, including contributions of $100,000 each from the clergy. The press of the City of Mexico state that the French Minister has left for Vera Cruz, and that the Spanish Minister is about to follow him. It is said that the choice of French and English subjects within six days, the fleets of those nations will be in the harbor of Vera Cruz and Tampico. The statement was discredited. Miramon declares that the capture of Vera Cruz by treachery to his (Miramon's) election to the Presidency, but has not been confirmed. Vera Cruz was in a state of siege, and was backed by the capitulists and on friendly terms with the Liberals. No news had been received for Zuloaga, Robles will join the liberals. The English and French steamers had left for Vera Cruz. Miramon had issued on *Juarez* for prompt payment of the English debt.

PARAGUAY.

LOPEZ DECLARES WAR ON PIQUE.

Advices from Paraguay, through sources unlikely to be American, state that Lopez is actively making preparations for war, in expectation of the failure of negotiations with the United States. The correspondent who left Asuncion on November 20, reports that he saw Lopez on the occasion of a review, and that he was in a dictatorial, and commanded by French and English officers. The Paraguayan army is said to be well drilled and disciplined and the artillery is described as being in a state of the flower of the army. President Lopez was in very bold in demanding the satisfaction of the flag, the demands of the United States. He continually declared in the strongest terms that nothing but war would meet his requirements. The last number of the *Semanario* says:

"The American squadron, demanding the decisive and dignity of this Government, making demands which, in the opinion of the Government, it is impossible to grant, is required to leave the territorial waters of the Republic within twenty-four hours from the time of the Asuncion. The order issued from the fortress of Humaita on the way crimson Water Witch, and to allow the persons who were detained indemnity to return and re-establish their business in the territory of the Republic.

The Committee of the United States *Senate* doubtless wish to make Paraguay the laughing stock of the world. No; a thousand times no. Although we can not promise ourselves the laurels of victory, we can, at least, be sensible of the reward which all will accord to the heroically defended. It is not great and difficult to die for the country, but it is sometimes more glorious not when an obstacle dishonorably to annihilating or conditions."

DR. HORACE GREEN.

DR. HORACE GREEN AND HIS METHOD.

THE excitement which has been caused by the circumstances attending the death of the late S. S. Whitney, and the vital importance of shedding the utmost possible light on the subject of throat and lung disease and the various methods employed to cure them, have prompted us to lay before our subscribers a portrait of Dr. Horace Green of this city, and some illustrations of his *modus operandi* and his instruments. Of the Doctor himself we may say briefly here that he is a native of this country, and about fifty-seven years of age. He began practice in Vermont, removed from there to Pennsylvania, and finally settled in New York; he adopted, as his specialty, the treatment of lung and throat diseases, and became so eminent in that branch that his practice is said to be the most lucrative in the city; in 1850 he helped to start, and became the President of, the New York Medical College. His method of treating throat and lung diseases is chiefly local—namely, with the knife, the scissors, and the cautery. With the scissors engraved herewith he snips off the palate; the nippers and surgeon's knife are used, in like manner, for the excision of the tonsils and diseased parts of the interior of the throat. When the disease springs from ulcerations which can not or ought not to be treated with the knife, Dr. Green cauterizes with a solution of nitrate of silver on a sponge, which sponge is placed at the end of a long, slender rod of whalebone, called a probang. The probang is lowered into the throat, as in the illustration herewith given, and the ulcerated parts gently washed with the solution. Occasionally a hollow flexible gutta percha tube is introduced, and through this tube a solution of nitrate of silver injected into the lungs, with a view to cauterize ulcers or sores there. Of course it is neither our province nor our purpose to make any remark upon Dr. Green's treatment either for throat or bronchial affections, or actual tubercular disease; its merits and demerits must be left to the decision of experience; we merely make the above brief explanations in order that our lay readers may understand the use of the instruments. The accompanying diagrams of the throat, lungs, and adjacent parts will enable the attentive reader to understand thoroughly the processes of Dr. Green, and the case of Mr. Whitney.

To come to the melancholy event which has attracted so much attention to Dr. Green's method: On 25th October last, Mr. S. S. Whitney, of this city, a patient of Dr. Beales, consulted Dr. Green for, as he believed, disease of the throat. Dr. Green pursued the usual course: removed part of the tonsil, cauterized the pharynx, epiglottis, and other parts, and injected a solution of nitrate of silver into the lungs. On 14th December Mr. Whitney sent for his old physician, Dr. Beales, and stated to him that Dr. Green had killed him. Dr. Beales and Dr. Valentine Mott treated Mr. Whitney for a week, at the end of which he died. An autopsy was made of his body by Drs. Mott and Beales, without notification to Dr. Green; and it was discovered that the patient had died of an abscess in the larynx. With the professional question raised in the case the public have very little concern; the practical point at issue is, was Mr. Whitney's death produced by Dr. Green's injections into his throat and lungs; or did he die of an abscess, which Drs. Beales and Mott failed to diagnose? This question was taken up by the Academy on Wednesday, 23d, and statements made by the medical men concerned. We give them in order:

DR. GREEN'S STATEMENT.

On the 25th of October, 1858, Mr. S. S. Whitney called on me, and requested to place himself under my care, for medical treatment. His health, as he stated, had been bad during several years, and for a twelvemonth past he had more or less cough, which cough had increased considerably of late. It was quite severe by spells, he said, and was attended with slight hemorrhage, which, *he believed*, came from his throat. His face was pale and thin, and his general appearance was indicative of a phthisical condition of the system. I examined his chest by auscultation, in the presence of Dr. Richards, who, as is usual in the cases I examine, made a note, at the time, of the physical signs observed. I take from this record: "Chest thin; a little depression is observed on the left thoracic wall, with less expansion on this side; percussion gives a flat sound over all the upper portion of the left lung; slightly dull on the right side." On applying the ear to the chest, a distinct *humid râle* or "click" was heard below the left clavicle in both inspiration and expiration—which, when accompanying the above signs, is positively indicative, in my experience, of the presence of tubercular softening. His throat appeared granulated and inflamed; the left tonsil was slightly enlarged and ulcerated; the epiglottis was thickened, and its border whitened with a line of erosions.

TREATMENT.—The enlarged and ulcerated portion of the left tonsil was removed, the pharynx, the entoteuthyy fauce, and the border of the ulcerated epiglottis were cauterized. A drachm of the following alterative mixture was advised night and morning:

R Iodid. Potassæ	2 drachms.
Protiodid. Hydrarg.	2 grains.
Tinct. Rhei	1 ounce.
Syr. Sarsæ. Co.	3 ounces.

This alterative was continued by Mr. W. during the three following weeks.

Oct. 28.—Applications of a solution of nitrate of silver were again made to the fossæ, epiglottis, and into the glottis.

Oct. 27.—The same treatment was continued. After this I saw nothing more of Mr. Whitney until the 8th of November, when he returned and requested to have the treatment continued. At this visit, and again on the 18th, cauterizations of the glottis and larynx were employed. I now spoke to him of the necessity of giving more attention to his case if he expected to be benefited by the treatment. He named some cause for his long absence, and promised to be regular in his calls thereafter. The soreness of his throat had disappeared, and his cough was less for a time, but latterly it had increased again. He expressed much anxiety about his lungs, and at this visit it was proposed to employ the tube and injections into the left bronchus as soon as the parts were prepared for this operation. For this purpose the topical applications were continued to the opening of the glottis, and into the larynx. It was, I believe, at a subsequent visit on the 20th, that I made another careful examination of his lungs. Unequivocal signs of a cavity in the superior portion of the left lung were now observed; for in addition to humid râles in this location, the respiratory sound was distinctly cavernous.

A prescription for the following remedy was given to the patient:

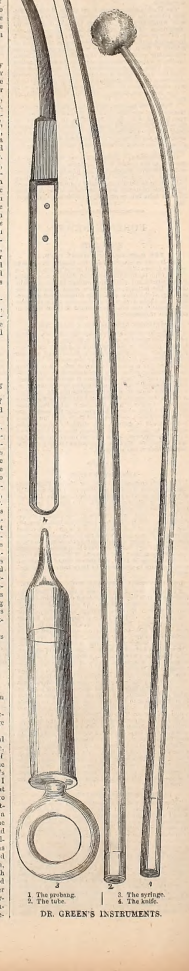
R Mangani Oxid. Puri	2 drachms.
Tr. Cinchonæ	3 ounces.
Syr. Sarsæ	4 ounces.
Mucil. Acaciæ	1 ounce.
Ol. Gaultheriæ	20 drops.

With directions that a drachm should be taken twice daily.

Dec. 4.—Another interruption of two weeks occurred, when Mr. W. returned, and the opposite probang was passed into the larynx.

Dec. 6.—It had been my intention for several weeks to employ tubage of the larynx in this case, as soon as the normal sensibility at the opening of the glottis was sufficiently overcome to allow the introduction of the instrument. But the patient's visits had occurred at such long intervals that I found the parts were not properly prepared. But as Mr. W. had several times expressed a desire to have it used, I resolved on the 6th to make the attempt. The tube was therefore introduced, and a drachm of the nitrate of silver solution, of the strength of fifteen grains to the ounce, was injected into the left bronchus. No irritation whatever followed this operation. The patient's next call was on the 9th of December. At this visit he expressed much satisfaction with the effects of the injection, stating that his cough and expectoration were both diminished, and he desired that the injection should be again employed; but, for reasons hereafter named, only the glottis and larynx were cauterized as in previous operations, and the patient engaged to call in two days and have the tubage repeated; but he failed to meet this engagement, and did not return until the 14th—five days afterward. This was the last visit Mr. W. made at my office; and as most unjust and utterly unfounded reports have been made and widely circulated with regard to the character of this operation and its effects, I shall describe briefly, but minutely and exactly, the steps of the operation. After much experience in catheters of the larynx, it has been fully ascertained that this operation can be performed with

THE INTRODUCTION OF THE PROBANG.



1. The probang. 2. The tube. 3. The syringe. 4. The knife.

DR. GREEN'S INSTRUMENTS.

greater certainty if employed soon, or within one or two days after the opening of the glottis has been cauterized. Hence these applications are usually made once or twice between each operation of tubage.

When Mr. W. came to my office on the 14th, Dr. E. M. Foy, a member of this Academy, was present. He had expressed a desire to see the operation of tubage employed on some of my patients, and when Mr. W. came and took his seat, I remarked to Dr. Foy that it had been my intention to employ the tube for him on that day; but as he had not had an application to the glottic opening for five or six days, I was fearful, for that reason, of not succeeding; and as I had other patients on whom the tube operation was practiced, I should not use it in Mr. W.'s case, but employ the sponge-probang. This instrument was employed, but the tube was not used that day on Mr. Whitney. It was never used but once in his case, and that was on the 6th of December, eight days before this last operation. The same probang, identical instrument, which, on some ten different occasions previously, had been passed into the glottis and larynx of the patient, was employed, and in precisely the same way, except when the sponge reached the glottic opening the patient partially closed the throat (a thing occurring every day with nervous or sensitive patients, and as every operator knows, without the occurrence of any harm to the patient), by which the progress of the instrument was suddenly arrested, so that it did not enter the windpipe at all. It was at once removed, no more force having been used than that which is constantly employed every day in operations on the sio-pasages. The operation was not renewed, and the patient, after lying a while with Dr. Foy and myself, and remarking that "the operation hurt him more," or that "he felt it more than usual" (which error, as I said to him, from the sudden arrestment of the instrument), he left, with the arrangement that he should return the next day and have the tube employed. These are the precise steps, and the particulars of the last operation. Dr. Foy stood directly by the side of Mr. W., and saw every part of the operation, and can testify, I doubt not, to the entire correctness of this statement. On the 27th of December, as soon as rumor brought to me the report said to have come from the patient and his physician, or friends, "that the tube was used and had been thrust through the windpipe," I addressed a note to Dr. Foy, the purport of which will be sufficiently apparent from his reply, which was as follows:

Letter of Dr. Foy.

NO. 16 WEST TWENTY-FIFTH STREET, } DEC. 27, 1858.

DR. HORACE GREEN:—Dear Sir: In reply to your note of this date, I was present when you operated on Mr. Whitney in your office on the 14th inst. You directed my attention to Mr. Whitney's case.

You passed a sponge-probang, saturated with solution of nitrate of silver, into the glottis. The operation was followed by very trifling irritation, not worse than I have experienced from having myself swab brushed with nitrate of silver.

We had, at the time, a conversation about probangs. You exhibited to me some brought you by your patients, remarking that the sponge was too large and the curve too great. You showed me that the sponge used on Mr. Whitney was capable of containing half a drachm of the solution.

Your office lad told me that, if I required probangs, he could supply me with the same sort you generally use. I mention these trifling particulars that you may see how vividly the operation is impressed on my mind.

You mentioned Mr. Whitney by name, and the date is fixed on my mind beyond shadow of doubt.

I am, dear Sir, yours obediently,
MICHAEL EYRE FOY, Surgeon.

P.S.—I desire further to state that nothing but the probang was used.

You did not use a tube. In fact, I never saw a tube used by you or others.
M. E. FOY.

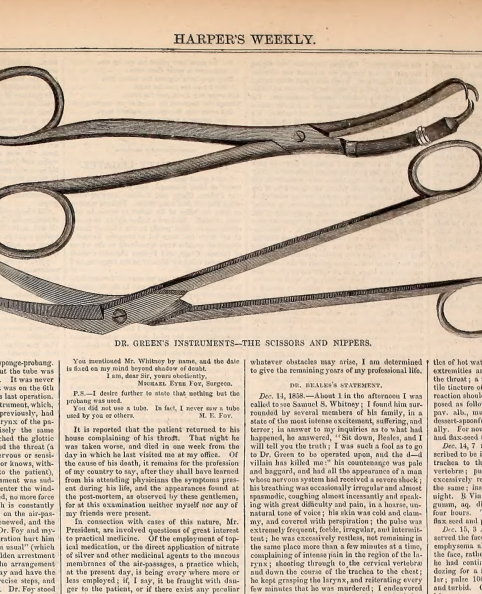
It is reported that the patient returned to his house complaining of his throat. That night he was taken worse, and died in one week from the day in which he last visited me at my office. Of the cause of his death, it remains for the profession of my country to say, after they shall have learned from his attending physicians the symptoms present during his life, and the appearances found at the post-mortem, as observed by these gentlemen, for at this examination neither myself nor any of my friends were present.

In connection with cases of this nature, Mr. President, are involved questions of great interest to practical medicine. Of the employment of topical medication, or the direct application of nitrate of silver and other medicinal agents to the mucous membranes of the air-passages, a practice which, at the present day, is being every where more or less employed; if, I say, it be fraught with danger to the patient, or if there exist any peculiar conditions of the human system, general or local, in which topical applications, such as I have described as having been employed in Mr. W.'s case, are likely to be followed with dangerous or fatal symptoms, then, if possible, let these facts be ascertained. For myself, I shrink from no inquiry in which the interests of practical medicine may be advanced. Having performed the same operation as that which was practiced upon Mr. Whitney on the 14th of last December over 100,000 times since 1845 (so can be shown by my books), without the occurrence of a single untoward accident, I am quite desirous to know whether the fatal results which have been attributed to it as the cause, have in reality followed this particular operation.

Struggling against some disadvantages, of which the Fellows of this Academy are not wholly ignorant, I have labored more than twenty years to add something to our curative means, in the more successful treatment of a disease which, doubly decimating in its fatality, is still the opprobrium of our profession; and to this same work, whatever obstacles may arise, I am determined to give the remaining years of my professional life.

DR. BEALE'S STATEMENT.

Dec. 14, 1858.—About 1 in the afternoon I was called to see Samuel S. Whitney; I found him surrounded by several members of his family, in a state of the most intense excitement, suffering, and terror; in answer to my inquiries as to what had happened, he answered, "Sit down, Beales, and I will tell you the truth; I was such a fool as to go to Dr. Green to be operated upon, and the d—d villain his killed me" his countenance was pale and haggard, and had all the appearance of a man whose nervous system had received a severe shock; his breathing was occasionally irregular and almost spasmodic, coughing almost incessantly and speaking with great difficulty and pain, in a hoarse, unnatural tone of voice; his skin was cold and clammy, and covered with perspiration; the pulse was extremely frequent, feeble, irregular, and intermittent; he was excessively restless, not remaining in the same place more than a few minutes at a time, complaining of intense pain in the region of the larynx; shooting through to the cervical vertebræ and down the course of the trachea to the chest; he kept grasping the larynx, and reiterating every few minutes that he was murdered; I endeavored to calm the excitement of the patient, and tried to examine his fauces and throat, which appeared to be in a state of great inflammation; I discovered no lesion, as, in fact, on account of the pain and terror of the patient, the examination was necessarily very imperfect, as he would scarcely allow the spoon to touch his tongue, and I concluded, therefore, to defer the examination till he should become more quiet; I gradually ascertained, partly from the family and partly from himself, that he had been several times to see Dr. Green; on the first occasion his tonsils had been amputated; at a subsequent occasion, ten or twelve days previously (the exact dates were not told to the relator), a hollow tube had been passed into his lungs, and about a tea-spoonful of solution of nitrate of silver had been injected into them by touching a spring at the top of the tube; whether this was done more than once the relator did not recollect to have been stated; on the 14th of December Mr. Whitney breakfasted with his family, appearing to be in his usual health; he after-



ANATOMICAL VIEWS OF THE THROAT, LUNGS, ETC.

DR. GREEN'S INSTRUMENTS—THE SCISSORS AND NIPPERS.

ward went to Dr. Green's office; the Doctor passed an instrument into his throat, and finding some obstruction, he pushed the instrument with some force; he (Mr. W.) felt something give way; immediately experienced severe pain about the top of the windpipe, and told the Doctor he had hurt him; he returned home, informed the family of what had occurred, and I was called, as before stated; I, for a few days, with the symptoms and in the state previously described; it was evident that, under such circumstances, the only indications that could be followed were to rally the patient's strength, to produce some reaction, and to moderate the local irritation in the fauces; to this effect I ordered him to be immediately put in bed, between warm blankets, and to use hot-water and flax-seed tea.

Dec. 14, 7 P.M.—Is suffering severe pain, described to be in the larynx down the course of the trachea to the chest, and round to the cervical vertebræ; pulse 112, full and irregular; still excessively restless: other symptoms are about the same; insisted on my swallowing with him all night. B Vin. antimonial., solut. s. morph., syrup. guaun, aq. distillat. A dessert-spoonful every four hours. To inhale the vapor of infusion of flax seed and poppy heads.

Dec. 15, 3 A.M.—They called me, as they observed the face to be swelling; I found extensive emphysema all round the neck, and partially in the face, rather more noticeable on the left side; he had continued excessively restless, scarcely dozing for a few minutes, breathing very irregular; pulse 106; urine scanty, very high colored, and turbid. Continue the same remedies and nourishment.

1 P.M.—Heat of surface more natural; scarcely any pain in the chest, emphysema very much increased round the throat and face, and extending down the chest; has not slept; has taken scarcely any nourishment on account of the pain in swallowing; could not continue the inhalations, although they were relieved him temporarily. Anodyne liniment to be applied to throat and chest.

8 P.M.—Dr. Valentine Mott saw him, in consultation with me; is decidedly worse; emphysema very much increased; neck and chest enormously swollen—it has extended all over the chest, but lower down on the right side; breathing somewhat labored; pulse very feeble, irregular, and 112; skin is again covered with clammy perspiration, and about the neck and chest is of a purplish erysipelatous appearance; does not particularly complain of pain, except on talking or swallowing. Dr. Mott gave a very unfavorable prognosis. Continue anodyne, and take alternately a tea-spoonful of ammoniated tincture of valerian.

Dec. 16, 6 A.M.—Upon the whole has passed a more comfortable night; symptoms are all a shade better; the emphysema rather less in the face, but the throat and the chest are enormous, the mammæ resembling those of a nursing woman. Continue fine whey.

1 P.M.—With Dr. Mott. The emphysema extends to Poupart's ligament on the right side; but

DR. BEALE'S INSTRUMENTS—THE SCISSORS AND NIPPERS.

only as low as the umbilicus on the left; cough less frequent, except when he swallows; pulse 108 and rather firmer. Same remedies and nourishment.

P. M.—With Dr. Mott. Is not so well; emphysematous swelling increasing; can not open his eye till the air is carefully pressed out of the lids; chest and abdomen still more swollen; pulse more feeble, 122, although he has taken nourishment more freely. Same remedies.

Dec. 17, 8 A.M.—Has slept more during the night —sometimes for nearly an hour at a time; has taken more nourishment, but three ingestions of nourishment in the morning exercise, which interrupts his respiration, and gives him great trouble to expectorate; pulse very irregular and feeble; the slightest movement increases its frequency; it averages about 108.

P. M.—With Dr. Mott. There is no observable change in the symptoms, although he says he has more confidence; several attempts have been made from time to time to examine the fauces and adjacent parts, but the examination was prevented then useless.

P. M.—With Dr. Mott. There is again a slight lull in the symptoms, excepting the pulse, which is extremely irregular at 160. Same remedies.

Dec. 18, 8 A.M.—Has passed the last night without the attack; there is a decided improvement in all his symptoms; emphysema slightly subsiding; pulse 96; is much more hopeful.

P. M.—With Dr. Mott. We consider him decidedly improved; all the symptoms are favorable; he is slightly flighty from the effects of the anodynes.

P. M.—Is not so well again, without any other apparent cause than he would get up during my absence and sit for about an hour on the chair; the pulse is more frequent and irregular; the difficulty of swallowing is decidedly increasing; he also attempt to do so bringing on coughing, partial strangulation, and some regurgitation of the food.

Dec. 19, 6 A.M.—Passed a very bad night, principally owing to the great increase of the mucous secretion, which keeps him almost constantly coughing and expectorating, which he does with great difficulty and suffering; the pulse very frequent, feeble, and extensively irregular; took a half-drachm of the anodyne at a time (ß Ammon. carbon., gtt. v; mist. camph. ßiß.), every four hours, in place of the tinct. valerian. ammoniat.; although it is certain that the ulceration is not seen below the inferior vicinity of the glottis, yet it is utterly impossible to ascertain the state of the parts; the swelling has rather extended around the upper part of the face, so that he can partially open his eyes.

P. M.—With Dr. Mott. Has slightly rallied; but the mucous secretion is increasing, the cough more frequent, the difficulty of swallowing greater; towels have not acted for three days; continue remedies; injection; give as much nourishment as possible.

9 P.M.—All his symptoms much worse; pulse more feeble, difficulty of swallowing with the coughing and strangulation very much increased; expectorately has not been able to take as much nourishment.

Dec. 20, 6 A.M.—Has passed a very bad night, breathing difficult, and all the difficulties of swallowing, etc., increasing; the emphysema rapidly disappearing from the face and head; abdomen distended and tympanitic; injection did not operate; a table-spoonful of castor oil.

P. M.—With Dr. Mott. All the symptoms gradually becoming more serious.

10 P.M.—Is very much worse in every respect; respiration excessively laborer; the slightest attempt to deep threatens suffocation from the accumulation of mucus; can swallow with difficulty; refused to swallow; the oil operated twice, and he was excessively exhausted; pulse extremely feeble and irregular, 136; he is evidently sinking.

Dec. 21, 7 A.M.—During the night he became rapidly worse; could not swallow after 2 A.M., and died rather suddenly at 8 A.M., partly from exhaustion and partly by asphyxia.

Note.—A number of trifling circumstances, such as the varying appearance of the tumor in the occasional slight changes in the symptoms, etc., as not throwing additional light on the case, have been omitted, in order to make the history more distinct.

J. C. BEALES, M.D.

As far as relates to this case, from the time I was called in, it is a faithful narrative.

VALENTINE MOTT, M.D.

I certify that this is a faithful copy of the original.

J. C. BEALES, M.D.

NEW YORK, *Jan. 16, 1858.*

POST MORTEM OF SAMUEL S. WHITING.

NEW YORK, *December 22, 1858.*

Thirty hours after death nothing peculiar in the appearance of the body. Rigor mortis not very accurate.

On making an incision from under the chin in the mesial line of the sternum, it was remarked that the anterior projection of the thyroid cartilage was more than ordinary. Dissecting down, I divided the deep cervical fascia on the left side of the thyroid cartilage and found only a little fatty tissue division opened into a cavity, containing pus, about the size of a large hen's egg, and extending a little in front of the pharynx and downward behind and below the thyroid cartilage. At the upper and posterior part of this abscess there was a small opening into the pharynx, large enough to admit the end of the forefinger. This abscess was found to hold a quantity of destroyed filamentous tissue, hanging from different parts of it like wetted tow. The entrance into the œsophagus immediately below this was perfectly sound, internally and externally. The larynx was now laid open from behind, and at the first glimpse a red point about the size and shape of a grain of wheat on the left side, a little below the left chorda vocalis, and running longitudinally, led us to exclaim, there is the point of laceration of the mucous membrane, by which the air has escaped into the cellular tissue to constitute the emphysema. On close inspection, and wiping the part with a sponge, no abrasion nor aperture could be discovered. Every other part of the larynx and trachea, as far as removed, presented on its internal surface a perfectly normal appearance. Indeed, we all remarked that we had never seen a larynx and trachea more natural and healthy. We next proceeded to have a look at the œsophagus. Perhaps about an inch above the division of the trachea, the most beautiful vermilion redness that we ever saw on a mucous surface commenced and extended into each bronchus, but greatest in the left, and extended down to each lung. Over this peculiar redness there was a clear shade, which vanished after a moment's study to the flir. On opening the pleura, the upper lobe of the left side, at first glance, seemed covered with white flakes, but, on close examination, it proved to be soft strumous, like fibrin, easily rubbed off. This, on the most posterior part, presented that lobe in patches to the pleura costalis. These impacted flakes were also found closely united to the perfect adhesions were easily broken down. The left lung, like the right, in the upper part of this lobe was very red, and very solid—hepatized. Just at the root, or at the commencement of the bronchial ramifications there was an open cavity, about the size of a small black walnut, of a dark purplish color, and irregular hilliows surface, as though a slough had separated. At the upper and anterior part of this cavity was a small opening through tough pleura. This lobe was cut into in different directions, but no other cavity was found. The lower lobe was perfectly healthy. The redness of the mucous membrane of the right bronchus extended to the top of that side, but the three lobes were perfectly normal. There were no old adhesions on either side of the cavity. Some little appearance of the emphysema remained.

(Signed) VALENTINE MOTT, M.D.
J. BEALES.
ALEX'R B. MOTT, M.D.

Dr. Green made some further remarks, to the effect that the French faculty were unanimously adult that nitrate of silver can be safely injected into the lungs, and beneficially used in many cases. He added: I did not desire Mr. Whitney to come to me for treatment. He came to me of his own accord, and I found him laboring under a bronchial affection, and in the early stage of pneumonia, as I supposed. When he left he went under the care of another physician, by whom I believe myself by dogging him [applause], and degrade my profession? Very [Renewed applause.] I did they not for me, I should have been there. I have saved two or three patients in this city under similar circumstances by the same line of treatment. But it is asked why I did not send round and inquire. Dr. Beales has asserted to a gentleman present that such was the duty of the family toward me that, had I ventured to come near the house, I should have been sent for—called personal violence. Still, if I had been called upon, I should have gone nevertheless. Although in the first stage, his friends and others advised him to be present himself, or have a representative present, to watch the case—examination, Dr. Green stated that he had at last deputed Dr. Carnochan to represent him, and to visit Dr. Mott to make the arrangements to be present, when he found that it had already taken place.

Dr. Green made some remarks, but they chiefly referred to his (the speaker's) knowledge of abscesses, and threw no light on the subject.

THE SUNLIGHT IN HER HAIR.

THERE'S no old store house, on a lonely street,
In house or in dwelling, low,
And day by day, for forty years,
I've passed within its view;
And a form as old, and weary state—
The sun-cast shell of the rich and great—
I've drawn in the street, through the dingy palet,
In a consequential way;
Thinking to shun from the summer heat
And the yellow sunlight's play.

But I watch alone the one bright spot
On these dingy, sombre walls,
Where a woman sits at her daily toil,
And the yellow sunlight falls.
Her hair is as white as the snow for forty years,
Through the breaking of miles and the falling of tears;
I have watched the jewel my heart has cherished,
The passion and the best;
I have mingled her name with my daily prayers,
The Sunlight in her hair.

And never, in all these long, long years
Have I spoken to Josephine,
But I watch the sunlight play in her hair
And the shadows pass between;
And I muse on the change that Time will bring
To every fair and beautiful thing
For when first the sunlight fell on her hair
It played with such golden tresses there
But the gold has gone, and the gathered locks
Are with time of silver laid.

I never have spoken to Josephine
Though I've watched her long and well:
But the dreams I have dreamed of the coming time
Have been in my heart to tell.
I have promised myself from day to day,
All my big new years old and my hair has grown gray,
That when fortune shall favor my efforts to rise,
Dear Josephine shall share,
And the dim old house shall be bright again
With the sunlight in her hair.

She may have grown old to other eyes,
To mine she is ever the same;
Like a glorious picture, enclosed by time,
And set in an oaken frame.
For many and many a toilsome year
I lingered in passion, or shivered in fear,
Lest some who were grander or richer than I
Should mark the yellow shoes
Of the sunlight shining in her hair
And woo my Josephine.

But the years have passed us, one by one,
And now a wiser time comes on;
They may have slighted the toiling girl,
But I love her just the same.
And every day I will pass the street,
Though she hears not the sound of my lingering feet,
And every day, through the winter's snow,
And summer's waiting green,
I will look at the window, and wait for the time
I can speak to Josephine.

THE RESIDUARY LEGATEE.

I AM a great deal better off now, through the interest of Dick Adamson; but you must know I was Parlow, Dick Adamson's copying clerk when Richard first came there. Richard came to us from the office of his father to whom he had been articled. Richard's father, I fancy, in poorer circumstances than people in the habit of dining at his table have been led to imagine. Richard's unexpired articles were transferred to the offices of Pudson, Clegg, and Parlow—Dick's, which I was doing, Richard in the long-run, as I am going to tell.

Richard Adamson was no more fit for any duty in a lawyer's office than he was fit for the post of Astronomer Royal. I do not mean to disparage the first, genius, or indeed that he would have failed ignominiously in the second. He had a knack of finding out the finest, smashing, in any performance he undertook; and I have not the least doubt that, had he been left to himself, he would have worked his way to success. But he had not unduly so turn for the law.

He and I became almost from the day of our coming together. What made me take to him so I don't know; he did not like me, and was constant in his endeavor to place our intimacy on a ground of perfect ease and openness.

I don't think that ever have troubled my head with such questions, had it not been that, whenever I mentioned my intimacy with Richard to a gentleman, there was no possibility of regarding my sister Rose in any light but that of a lady. We were, fortunately, in a very high position in the circuit, who had married a cousin as poor as himself. We had a good deal to do with the gentry, and it was about nineteen and Rose three years younger. They had been to us the best father and mother in the world, and taught us all that they knew themselves knew, which was not a mean or unserviceable sum. Rose had been to a boarding-school from which my dear father himself gave me I had none. So it came to pass that without friends, without college degrees, without prospects or commendation of any kind, I was fain to take Richard Adamson to my heart, and to consider him my friend. Mr. Clegg's managing man engaged me at a rather larger weekly salary than I had dared to hope, though I promptly asked for it in the situation which I thus obtained was kept by no for more than another week, when I was married. Two years when Richard Adamson came to cheer and lighten my official life. As for my life at home, that was light enough. Between their gaps Rose and I made common lot, and faced the world together.

It was the custom of Mr. Clegg to give annually—about Christmas time—an entertainment to which all his clerks were invited. Upon the occasion of this kind, after Richard Adamson's accession to our corps, Richard Adamson commenced to court my sister Rose. It was easy enough to make out from the first that Richard not only admired her, at no pretty considerable rate, but that he considered himself about her in a degree much more likely to increase than to diminish.

The Miss Cleggs (as they neither kept a school nor gave lessons in music and painting, I can not bring myself to call them Misses Clegg,) thought that is the more approved form of conjoint titularity) proved to be unmarried, their papa's contertainment, and did little else on that occasion. They were five in number—the Miss Cleggs; and of the youngest, Miss Caroline, I think the language of unsympathetic bachelorhood, that she was "an old maid." Matters, however, was a malapropos and a turbaned old woman, on the worst possible terms with her father, and very near losing Clegg himself, the founder of the feast, was a lean, tall, straggling, sour-visaged, haughty man, with a slight stoop. He entered the room, and then ushered by drawing up his head in a very conscious and self-sacrificing manner. He even spoke to Richard, who hid his head forward on each side, so that the ends met in a peak at the top of his narrow forehead; seldom had I seen a more haughty lad, believed to have once made a joke; and had the reputation of possessing an enormous appetite, with but a very perfect digestion. Clegg's house of residence was in a rising young crescent, which formed part of a projected suburb, and boasted of the dignity of a fashionable London. There had we all met—we, I mean, of the office—and we and Clegg had invited on our account—one December evening in the year eighteen hundred and—never mind what. The rooms were always lighted, and fires burned every where, refreshed by batters, reflected in mirrors, multiplied by gilt mouldings, and by yards of folds of silken drapery. It was an expensive welcome, and Clegg knew it.

Among Richard Adamson's endowments not named, though perhaps implied, in my list, was the excellent one of a good voice. In Richard's life Dick had been on pretty intimate terms with these Cleggs; had been asked by them to dinner-balls, and what not; had joined their picnics; had met them frequently at the houses of their common acquaintance, as well as at his father's table. It may have been a grateful recollection of young Mr. Adamson's good offices in giving life and zeal to many a solemn "séance," and scarce less solemn quadrille party and "at home," that now animated the fair but lonely bosoms of the five Miss Cleggs. I am sorry to say, suppressing any such laudable feeling to have dictated the liberal advances of those ladies, it met from Richard a very poor return. To him alone did they address the smallest amenity; to him alone was it by every body else were the Miss Cleggs avoided. At length and at last the seeming sweet was changed to bitter gall. The patience of Job and of all the Cleggs together could not have stood long against such treatment. Clegg himself, although he could probably have have been overjoyed to see the nearly penniless Richard Adamson supplied very far by any one of the girls, was mortified to notice the positive failure of temptation when tried by all five in full force. In vain did they sing duets, and waltz, waltz, and just as Richard, with Rose still upon his arm, was preferring a request connected with he might have to the pleasures of taking her down to supper, that Mr. Clegg stepped up to him and commenced one of those conversations of intellectual grace.

Old Charley Waters had long been in the habit of sending for Clegg, at all sorts of hours, to make his will, and of sending Clegg back again without it. Indeed, for the last few years, whenever that Clegg now applied to Richard, whom he maliciously worked to death on the principle of economy.

"Mr. Waters," Clegg began, "has had another severe attack, and sends word that he is anxious to arrange his worldly affairs, not knowing how the hours of life may be left him." Clegg suppressed a grim smile at the ghastly pleasantry of the message he now recited in Richard Adamson's ear.

Never had he thought it so capital a joke.

"He has sent to request that I would be for me just now to undertake," said the lawyer in continuation. "Can you go, Parlow?" I suppose I must save him from your displeasure. Think of me down stairs, Parlow, while you are with the Faberian to the lonely wanderer. Do you know what sort of night it is? Snow—snowing—the heaviest fall we are to roast done; the owl is not such an ass as to sit on the tree; the night wind. make it a night for you to be out. Charley Waters liver right on the other side of Kensington Oval. God-bye! I will never manage to get home to-night, in time to see you—Now, Mr. Clegg, I am yours."

Mr. Clegg and his articled clerk to arrange preliminaries in a little back study down stairs. Soon we heard the step of the great Mr. Clegg on the stair-case Dick Adamson into the midnight and rough weather. I thought of him, and wished him—I am ashamed to confess it—long, deserted streets, over the white and muffled pavement.

Women are riddles, as I believe some philosopher has already researched, and though I have often since had slight reason to think that my sister Rose was not to be doubted, that she also could think of nothing but Richard Adamson during all that gay and fatal evening, she certainly did not betray interest or melancholy; indeed, so far was it otherwise with her spirits that I was in the habit of thinking much more and more cheerful than the moment the hall door was heard to slap to, shutting out Richard Adamson for a time before sunrise. While he had remained with us, I could not help thinking she was not quite at her ease. Her constant talk she had answered only with short affirmative sentences, and had sometimes not answered at all, except by a smile. Again, in fact, far more subdued than I had expected it to be, under the influence of Richard's high spirits. Now that he was gone, she was as remarkably when he had gone! Well, well—women are odd things! The philosopher was correct, beyond all question.

"My dears," I heard Mamma Clegg say to her daughters, as I left the room to receive the last page sent that Mr. Adamson out of the way. He is a puppy, and he shall not go," added this more than the puppy who ever thrust his nose into my drawing-room. He deserves, as a punishment, to have to walk fifty miles home in the snow, through fifty times worse weather. And all for drinking too, and not knowing when he had had better. He ought to know, indeed, after having been made a fool of by that stupid old miser twice in one night, when he was sober."

After supper the dancing was resumed with additional animation, for new partners had been lately introduced, by heretofore modest young men, into the staid and stereotyped "first set." I must say for Rose, that, in the midst of her enjoyment of dear, she gave signs of a relapse into her silent and thoughtful mood. Indeed, so much so, that more than once I thought it likely Mr. Adamson would return. As it was then past three o'clock, I told her decidedly that I thought not. She was unskilled in our seeing him.

Dick Adamson merely rejoined with a careless "Oh!" and then seemed to forget all about it. Yes, the philosopher was most certainly right, and women are the greatest riddles in existence.

Shawls, cloaks, overcoats, and other seasonable trappings were put on, and carriages were called, and there was a bustle on the staircase and in the hall below. Rose and I were nearly the last to leave, and Mr. Clegg was standing with us near the outer door, when, just as it opened to let us out, Richard Adamson stepped quickly in.

"Going my way, Mr. Herbert?" he said to me; "here's a cab waiting that has brought me from Kensington. Will you and your sister take seats in it? Alright. Mr. Clegg; here's the will. Bulk of property to a brother at Pelize, who does not seem to have acted fraternally to our friend Waters. Very forgiving of him to leave him any thing. I must sums to other persons, a little more than ten and

less than kind. Shakspeare, Miss Herbert; clever man from Stratford-on-Avon. You remember, you remember the house where he was born. Deaths on the point, by-the-by. There's a thousand to you, Mr. Clegg, and two hundred each for the young ladies. Very fair will, I think—very fair indeed."

All this time the dumfounderment Clegg had held the documents unopened in his hand, gazing at Richard Adamson with a constantly-lengthening countenance. At length he asked, "This is a testamentary legatee?"

"I am," said Richard, precisely in the same position from the first, and just before used. "Odd, isn't it? Merely a matter of convenience, though. Distribution of property is the utmost feasible object of a residuary legatee required. Must have a residuary legatee, you know," said I to the old gentleman. 'Never heard of it,' says he. 'Dear, dear, how can you go on worrying me about such things, Sir,' says I, 'I'm still in the prime of life myself, I'm only forty.' 'There's your brother,' said I, 'won't do.' 'No, he won't,' says he. 'Then I'm a legatee. 'He's been no brother to me. I forgive him, and leave him thirty thousand pounds;' but that will be the end of it. I've no wife, and him named in any other capacity than an ordinary legatee." Is there not another child, Sir?' I asked. 'No, Sir, no,' tears out C. W. again. 'I tell you they're some of 'em say relations of mine. I say I leave the world at enmity with no one but God 'em; but they shan't be put down in the will except for a stated sum. Not the residuary legatee. Not any thing more to get; but I've made my mind up it shall be as I have said.' 'Your housekeeper,' then, said I. 'She seems to have been a faithful servant and friend, to judge from your bequeathing her fifteen hundred pounds.' 'No, no, no,' answers again, more gently this time, and more resolutely too, if possible. 'Poor old soul! poor old soul! She'll have well enough, with her couple of fifteen hundred pounds means; but she'll go farying all sorts of things if she's made a residuary legatee. No, no, no. Oh dear! oh dear! I wish there was no such thing as money to leave, or relations to have to among. Oh dear! oh dear!' Oh dear! Was you ever a residuary legatee, Sir?' he asked, turning to me suddenly, as if a new idea had struck him. 'Not that I am aware of, Sir,' I answered. 'Well, Sir, should you have any very particular objection to be a residuary legatee?'

None in the world, Sir,' said I, 'if it will oblige you.' 'Well, then,' said he, 'I will. I will put in your name as residuary legatee at once, and witness the will in the regular way, along with the servant here.' 'Thank you, Sir,' said I, 'that won't do. If you are good enough to insist upon making me residuary legatee, you must allow me to ring the bell for another witness.' Then, confound it, Sir, ring the bell, he cries; let the cook and the housemaid come, for we have my draught, and get a little rest.' So the thing was done, Mr. Clegg. You and Mr. Tarrock, of Mark Lane and Weybridge, Surrey, are executors; and that's the whole story. You have will to look over, and so on, I believe. A million pardons, Miss Herbert, for keeping you standing; all this time, to hear a lot of poor business. We are sorry we inconvenienced in the slightest degree. Now then, Jack, old fellow, bring your sister along at once—no ceremony. Mr. Ha, ha! Good-night—I mean, morning. Have me put down in the list of fashionable arrivals. Just send a paragraph to the *Post*. An hour, recollect, a whole hour; and I promise for Mr. Herbert, as well as myself, that we shall be at our posts when the office clock strikes ten. Don't come out in the cold, pray. I'll be left still waving my hat. The wind's gone down; but you'll get damp feet. All right, we can manage. Thank you, thank you. Good morning."

With these words Dick Adamson took leave of Mr. Clegg, who seemed on the point of choking with rage, and, I need not say, had no idea of coming outside his door, as the young man had boldly implied.

Richard's manner was changed as soon as we were all three comfortably squeezed once more in the four-wheeled sedan-chair, which he had kept waiting while he informed Mr. Clegg of these things. He said that he felt a great deal more at his ease, propped up in his bed, was something gracious. "I verily believe," added he, "that the wretched old fool had some perception of my commiserating him, and that he affected a simplicity in the matter of disposing a residuary legatee merely with the purpose of giving me a chance to the extent of an odd fifty-pounds and so on."

Richard was going further than we were, and he let us down at the door of our lodgings. From that night he was a frequent visitor there.

Old Charley Waters lived many months, but he would not allow his will, though I suppose Mr. Clegg did all he decently could to induce that set. It seemed probable to Richard's lawyer and me, one time, and that some kind of sympathy was hidden under the old man's ridiculous crotchet. I can easily believe that several persons connected with Charley Waters was quite sufficient to detect the kindness of the young man's nature, and that he was merely disguised a generous intention, catching at the means offered him by the want of a nominal residuary legatee.

Old Charley Waters died, and was buried. Two days after the funeral, a letter arrived at the office of Pulson, Clegg, and Pulson, from a lawyer at Bolton.

The letter notified the death of Hugh Waters, Esq., which had occurred at exactly one week's earlier date than that of the departure of poor old Charley. But this was not all. Hugh, the eldest, had died intestate and childless; and the estate of the only brother, Charles, was considerably enriched by the event. An aggregate fortune of more than forty thousand pounds thus dropped at the feet of Richard Adamson.

Clegg imparted the news privately to Richard, and congratulated him in a rather clumsy manner. Immediately on leaving Clegg's room Richard called me aside, led me into an inner office, and told me, first, that he loved my sister Rose. Having gained from me a ready promise to stand his friend, he next told me, what he had just learnt from Clegg, that he was, he believed, a rich man; though there was many a slip 'twixt cup and lip, and we might find there had been a mistake in the day of Hugh Waters's death. If he had died after instead of before his brother Charles, at once the thirty thousand would be added to the estate of Hugh, and would revert to the next of kin, whoever they might be. We were about to mention the matter to Rose until absolute certainty had been attained, but Richard could not refrain. He would be speak to her on the subject of his higher and better hopes.

The time soon came when Richard's good fortune as residuary legatee of the late Charles Waters, Esq., of Bolton, became a fact. Clegg, as I walked together, that evening, from Clegg's office to the house in Gower Street, where we dined, and as soon as we three were seated at the tea-table Richard calmly broke to her the tidings which had just been communicated to himself—and that for her and for him; but I could see the end of it directly the words reached mine. I remember well that face, which in another instant had become as pale as death, to the fixed gaze and trembling lip of my fostered brother, that his dear sister's cup of joy had but begun.

There was a jingling, asthmatic old piano in our little parlor, and we ordinarily had music, when Richard came to see us. On this evening Rose requested none particular from me, but sat down to it to play, and she altogether declined to sing, under the flimsy pretext of a cold. No, no, nothing of the sing either. He said, honestly, that he had a great deal too much on his mind. I was ought to be very festively in love of Richard's good fortune, and I went out to provide materials for a banquet.

When I came back I found Rose playing still. I had not hurried myself in collecting, a glance told me that the cricket I had been sent to buy was alive and that there were no my sister's face when I kissed it. Without quitting my sustenance, she held her hand out to me, and said, "Thank you, dear Adamson."

I pass over the details of a happy evening, which in the hands of the silent chronicler would make but a dull page. Having passed over those details, I have only to add that, on the 1st of May, 1848, the several estates of Hugh and Charles Waters, deceased, were administered by, and Richard Adamson took Rose Herbert to be his wedded wife.

THE WEEKLY FARMER.

WHEAT.

THE origin of this useful plant, whose grain is the "Staff of life," and favorite food of nations, is wrapped in obscurity and uncertainty.

The hard wheats are produced in warm climates, and chiefly in Southern Europe. The soft wheats originated in the northern parts of Europe. The cuticle or skin of the soft varieties is thick, and if not well cured will be easily grouted.

The kinds cultivated are very numerous; some being adapted to one locality, while others succeed better unprotected by snow:

When winter destroys autumn the field with cold The falsey rest can take no steady hold.

It is equally true that a young plant can not long survive in a soil saturated with water. Wheat will not in any habitation, no more than can a seed sown in the tin-house waters. The Mediterranean is cultivated by wheat-growers in the middle and southern parts of Illinois, where crops of winter wheat, during the spring months, are often "winter killed" by frequent changes of temperature.

Handsome, plump, and well-colored grain can be grown to perfection only on soils in exact balance for the requirements of the crop.

Chemical analyses, facts and observations by growers have shown that the composition of wheat is caused to vary by difference of soil and application of special fertilizers.

The proper selection of seed is indispensable to success. Avoid the seeds of weeds, chess, and light grain. Whatever the variety may be select from the best formed kinds, having a large, plump number of grains. It is a curious and useful fact that the constitutional peculiarities of a wheat plant, such as vigor, tenacity, and the peculiarities of soil, transmitted to its offspring.

The "change of seed should receive full attention; this fact is of great value to the wheat-grower, whether his soil be a loam, clay, gravel, or a part of the vast prairies. The difficult wheat-grower looks well to a change of seed, and to the getting of the best kinds. It is a misnomer from that on which it is to be sown. What grown on soil not in balance loses constitutional vigor, and is not adapted to a soil of another kind from that which produced it, although it may be no better as regards fertility; for it may not meet with elements of food in other relative proportions from those of its own soil, giving it power over to assimilate them, and thus be conducive to the production of a large crop.

Stems of wheat-plants are useful, when of the right kind and properly applied, in preventing the attacks of insects in the soil, and in giving food ready to be used by the plant during the earlier stages of its growth, increasing its vigor, and consequent ability to withstand the severity of winter. We have not space to detail the comparative advantages of steeps, but they should be of a concentrated kind, abounding in elements ready to be used by the young plant.

Meteorological influences have much to do with the production of the cereals, both as regards the structure of the grain, its chemical composition, and consequent quality of the flour. The hygrometric condition of the atmosphere has much to do with the percentage of water in the grain.

In the moist climate of Ireland wheat will contain more water than that grown in the clear and drier atmosphere of America. In England wheat can not be grown 1000 feet above the level of the sea, but in France it may be at an elevation of 2500 feet, by reason of the meteorological differences in the two countries.

The seed-wheat from foreign nations being distributed by the Patent Office is causing much interest in relation to varieties, and the best manner of adapting to influences of soil and climate on the quality of the grain, and the results of experiments with grain attempted, will undoubtedly be most beneficially be inclosed to communicate them to the public by pamphlet—several to meet with the agricultural bodies, and Boards of Agriculture who are interesting themselves to get new varieties of most value to American growers. We have already told us what is the success of the wheat from Mount Olympus? And what is the success of the Lawler-wheat? Of the seven-headed wheat of Tuscany? Of the blackchaff wheat? Of the Red Lammas? Of the Russian wheat? and a host of others.

Nearly the whole crop of 150,000,000 of bushels annually, in the United States, where it is subject to such differences of climate and soil, is of sufficiently good quality to make a fair article of best seed (and what success can be hoped without such seed) now to improve the soil, and to be ready or to be found in our own vast territories or far away where other people live.

Soils for wheat require full quantities of inorganic matter in an advanced condition. Many of the Western States are reticulated with vast prairies, and their wild crops, which have been decaying for centuries, are now in a state to which they have brought large quantities of carbon from the atmosphere by the solidification of carbonic acid, they have a notable quantity of the alkalies, and of nitrogenbases, and, therefore, the surface in many localities is not used for growing wheat exclusively, but full supply of inorganic food. In some places where wheat will not flourish and corn will, the difference between the soils is not in the quantity existing more deeply than those of wheat.

Stone pavements are what almost as well as if there was a house above it.

In soils not well plowed, the young, under roots strike east and west, and are easily protected by more are nipped by the biting frost. Freezings and thawings cause the soil to expand and contract, thus tearing the fine rootlets apart. They are *under-laided*.

It is said that in 1859 Chicago will export less wheat and flour than in 1858. This will probably be the case. Farmers are discouraged from the high prices of transit because of the scarcity of money during the panic. Prices have now fallen to the Eastern markets, and a large a portion of the result has been held for its transit, and so much is there on the way.

During the Crimean war prices were high, and attracted attention to the growing of wheat. The result has been enormous, has been a reaction, and present low prices are likely to deter many growers.

The wheat crops of New York, Ohio, etc., are reduced from time, and in many cases from exhaustion, to an average of less than twelve. There are many causes of this depletion. Among the most important are the following: Sowing wheat, subject to late cities, wastage of blood in the rivers, loss of horses, cattle and sheep, and many on the line winter to be floated off in spring. Even the Genesee and Mohawk valleys are much impoverished. The result of this is that large grain-growers, on sterile soils—say New Hampshire—several thousand acres annually to buy fifty bushels a cart for stable manure. What a vast difference between now and the time when the studies were reserved landowners in the manure to be used, is easy easier to remove the former than the large accumulations of the latter! The whole of Alaska slope is being depleted, and is renovated in spots only by the offal arising from the consumption of food by the dense populations of the cities. Western wheat can now not be renovated, and "prevention is better than cure."

The wheat crop has rapidly fallen off in Ohio. There was an average to the acre of 17 bushels in 1850, 17 in 1855, and scarcely 12 in 1858.

The States given below yielded as follows:

States.	No. of Bushels in 1850.	No. of Bushels in 1858.
Connecticut	87,000	81,000
Massachusetts	1,000	1,000
Rhode Island	12,000	12,000
New Hampshire	420,194	165,000
Maine	948,582	948,582
Vermont	400,000	535,000
Total	2,014,776	1,742,582
Tennessee	4,669,092	1,619,386
Kentucky	4,840,152	1,745,022
Virginia	5,211,000	2,000,000
Alabama	838,032	224,544
Total	15,561,276	5,144,152

In the six New England States we find in ten years a decrease of one million of bushels, and this, too, notwithstanding that their population has rapidly increased. In Virginia, Kentucky, Georgia, and Alabama there was upward of six millions of bushels of wheat more in 1850 than in 1858, many increasing the plowing of the soil a little deeper would increase the crop one-fourth; but the treasures of the subsoil are, in these localities, all undistressed as they were ages before Columbus was born.

The three principal meat-producing animals pouring in from the Great West to our large cities, carry with them, in their bones, vast quantities of phosphate of lime, and other valuable elements, which are, in most instances, lost to the soil which fed those animals. Grain is carried to the cities, and the substances that made it are far away from their original source. The wheat crop of 1858 robbed the soil of more than thirty millions of pounds of potash, and sixty millions of pounds of phosphoric acid. But a small proportion of these elements are sent back to the soil. In Nature's economy nothing is lost; but when man displaces things he should put them back again in their own places. A wise nation looks well to its agriculture, the great source of wealth. England dug the field of Waterloo for human bones to enrich her soil. She sent her ships to foreign nations to bring home fertilizers. In our agriculture we are a wasteful and soil-exhausting people. We are tenants of the soil for life; others will come after us.

There is a great deal of spring wheat sown in Illinois, and other parts of the West. In favorable seasons spring wheat does well, but when it has not time enough to grow. This was especially the case of that sown last year, which was not wet, prevented the crop being sown early. Short crops has been the result. *Rie* is sometimes a good plan to sow on soils that are liable to exposure to frost the seed early in spring on full-plowed land, when the soil is thawed sometimes during winter ing, but not so much as to let ecen or horses sink deeply into it. This hastens spring work greatly, and enables one to sow land which is not dry in the spring, might not be seeded in time. It is very desirable to sow winter wheat early, else it will not have time to grow.

All through the rich prairies of the West there is a great abundance of organic matter conducive to the growth of rank straw; thus causing great expense in the cutting, gathering and housing of the crop. Wheat is grown year after year on the same ground. This is a mistake, with the hope of getting a finer sample of grain. The soil is not in balance; there is an excess of straw-making food. This is the kind of food which Ireland grows to grow luxuriantly!

The failure or success of winter wheat greatly depends on the fall of genial rain at the time of putting in the crop, the presence or absence of warm or cold weather, and the severity or severity of the winter. It is almost impossible to plow in some heavy clay soils in the autumn when it is made mellow by a sprightly dash of rain; but too much rain, when the ground should be seeded, renders the plowing difficult at all; the grain will not have time to take strong hold in the soil, and thus defy the severe freezings and thaws of winter. This is a reason why the crop is "winter killed." Another is the very shallow plowing practiced in many wheat-growing districts, on soils that might with the greatest advantage be plowed deeply. Some farmers plow in the seed with a shallow furrow, the land, perhaps, having given wheat for many successive years—a bad way to do—and sometimes no fallow, no manure, no clever crop plowed in. These facts are true of clays and clayey loams all over the country. On such soils the best plowing is of a clever crop is equal to deep plowing, because as long roots—the best—penetrate deeply they lead them to bring up food; and when the stems and leaves are plowed down, and the roots are turned in, the elements of food are left near the top soil in the surface soil. The farmer does this when he plows deep. The elements of food in the lower crop are in an advanced condition, having served a purpose in organic nature, and are ready to be assimilated by the young plant. The mechanical manner not taken by the clover from the air is put into the soil, making it more fertile, thereby than increasing its capacity to absorb solar heat, and improving its mechanical condition. The decaying roots help to enrich the soil, the composition of clover and wheat, and the reasons given, show why it is that the latter, grown after the first, and the latter, causes, under favorable circumstances, a remarkable large crop of grain. Every farmer knows a good, heavily-timbered lands, where roots of trees in the surface soil prevent plowing, crops of good wheat are grown, and in the spring-time "a rich sample." The ground is prepared and the seed covered by a common "harrow" or "drag." These soils often yield forty bushels of wheat per acre. Bear in mind the value of the ashes of the timber burned when it was felled.

That crops of wheat are so grown is no argument against deep plowing in some places, and high farming in others; against dibbling, drilling, and ridging for wheat is no argument against the seed-drill for many districts throughout this vast country, while it would be impossible to use it in others; and against special fertilizers in special cases.

ON A TEAR

Which a spotless observed upon my nose on Christmas Day at bed-time.

What though a silent tear may fall
Adorn this cheated nose,
Deem not that I cast spirit small,
Or weep for mortal woes.

A future sadness bids me mourn,
And sense of anguish dire,
As when one little one's favorite corn
Demands some fell cure.

Think not in what has caused my grief
That thou hast wet my fact!
Would not suffer that belief
To wound thy loving heart.

Think not a toe tight boot my woes
So cramps I fain would cry!
It is not this that gone my nose,
And dims my glowering eye.

A lovelier cause, 'tis sweet you hear
O'erwhelms my aching breast;
I've eaten too much pudding, dear!
And fear I will spoil my hose!

HON. JOHN COCHRANE, OF NEW YORK.

HON. JOHN COCHRANE, the subject of this week's illustration, has for some years ranked among the public men whose sayings and doings find a ludicrous upon the popular records of daily events. Perhaps this notoriety may exert an unfavorable influence upon the character of its subjects; but the taste of the public has become too confirmed to admit of change, and what was once but the publisher's recourse for an interesting and attractive paragraph has now grown to be a usage so long and firmly established that an attempt at its discontinuance would be in vain. So they who would indulge in the sweets of public life must fain be content to submit themselves, with what of equanimity they can summon, to the inevitable ordeal of the public press. Mr. Cochrane seems, thus far, to have withstood its dangerous influences with a good degree of composure, and with no accession of personal conceit. His friends, we think, may therefore fairly infer on a reasonable probability of his safe escape from its damaging effects. A brief biographical sketch, it is thought, will not be inappropriate to the present occasion.

Mr. Cochrane, though ranking with the more youthful aspirants for political honors, has probably passed into the shade of the forties. He is a native of Montgomery County, in the State of New York. His father, Walter L. Cochrane, was the son of Doctor John Cochrane, Surgeon-General and Director-in-Chief of the Hospitals of the Northern Department of the Army of the Revolution. Doctor Cochrane intermarried with Gertrude, the only sister of Major-General Philip Schuyler, of distinguished Revolutionary memory. His grandson has, therefore, imposed upon him the honorable obligations of a patriotic ancestry, and should he impelled by the incentive of duty to service and sacrifices for their country to a generous emulation of their illustrious example. The extraction of Mr. Cochrane's remote paternal ancestry is derivable from the Scotch Cochranes, who, during the latter part of the sixteenth century, emigrated from Paisley, in Scotland, to the North of Ireland. Remaining there for a number of years, a portion of them proceeded thence to America, and settled at Cochranesville, in Pennsylvania, where many of their descendants still reside. Doctor John Cochrane, to whom allusion has above been made, left the paternal roof without the parental permission, and, prosecuting the profession of his choice, served as a surgeon, with credit, during the first French war, and subsequently, at the opening of the Revolution, devoted his fortune and his unremitted efforts to the cause of his country. Thus, it will be seen, Mr. Cochrane traces his descent from a Scotch, through Scoto-Irish origin, down through various intermarriages of his immediate progenitors, in America, with the good old stock of the Netherlands Dutch. At the early age of eighteen he received his graduating diploma from Hamilton College, in the western part of the State of New York. He had previously, however, spent a portion of his collegiate career at Union College, in Schenectady, under the general care and tuition of the venerable Doctor Nott. He studied the profession of law at Oswego, in this State; was admitted to its practice at the age of twenty-one; and from that to the time when he was called more prominently into political life, prosecuted his profession, with energy and success, at Oswego, Schenectady, and in the city of New York. During this period, however, the life of the lawyer was occasionally varied with the pursuits of the politician. At local meetings, and in county and State conventions, his voice was frequently and intensively heard in support of the principles he had espoused.

At length, in the midst of a lucrative law-business in this city, and when possessed of an enviable reputation, both as a sound lawyer and able advocate, was he withdrawn from his profession by the unsolicited and unexpected proffer of President Pierce, in the year 1853, of the office of Surveyor of the Port of New York. From that time Mr. Cochrane's attention has been more exclusively directed to public life. While the incumbent of the office tendered to him, it is supposed that the burden of the political dispensation of the Customhouse was incurred and supported by him. From that position he was transferred by the popular voice to a seat in the present Congress of the United States as the representative of the Sixth Congressional District of the State of New York. One session of his term has already expired, and the earnest afforded by his conduct, thus far, is such as to warrant his fellow-citizens in the belief that he will reflect honor upon those who conferred on him the important trust. Perhaps it is not expected that this sketch shall be otherwise terminated than with a summary of Mr. Cochrane's public characteristics and qualities. He brought with him into public life those rare gifts of nature, the copious diction, the graceful action, and the spirit of the orator. While his mind is imbued with a graceful refinement—the offspring of early familiarity with the classics—its philosophical tendencies subject its action duly to the discipline of logic. The properties of his voice are unusual and remarkable. Its sonorous volume and harmonious cadence recommend most pleasantly to the sense of the hearer what the speaker desires to be impressed upon the judgment. His forensic abilities conferred on him a deserved reputation, both as a reasoner and as an advocate. Occasional efforts of his are still remembered by the city bar as appertaining to the higher grades of eloquence, and equal to the best standard of oratorical achievement. The language which flows easily from his lips, while conferring upon him the power of presenting a subject in all its various aspects, enables him to adapt it, with equal facility, to the fluctuating moods of a popular audience. Hence Mr. Cochrane's excellence as an extemporaneous speaker, and hence, too, his force before a promiscuous audience. He has not yet been thoroughly tried in Senatorial effort. In the few rare instances in which he has tought the ear of the House he is described as having been eminently successful; but as yet he seems not to have attempted any elitinct trial of his powers in the production of a deliberately and finally-ordered set speech. He seems wisely to have remitted himself to the careful preparation of the business intrusted to the important Committee of which he is the chairman—the Committee on Commerce. When accepted by the House as reliable authority upon commercial subjects, Mr. Cochrane seems to think that then will his words and opinions be listened to with the most favor, and be invested with the greatest efficiency; and then, too, will be the time when he will probably produce prepared and finished speeches.

HON. JOHN COCHRANE, MEMBER OF CONGRESS.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.]

Mr. Cochrane may be justly considered as a man whose past gives assurance of something good in his future.

A STORY OF OUR FAMILY.

TOLD BY MASTER RALPH FISHER'S OWN MAN. TWENTY-TWO YEARS AND SEVEN MONTHS IN THIS COUNTRY.

My name is Willis, James Willis. I came from the town of Chatham, in the County of Kent, Great Britain. When I came from the old country I brought forty pound, which I placed in the Savings' Bank, where, with interest, it still remains to hand, with a trifle of other money which I have added since. This was twenty-two years and seven months ago. I did not like America at first, but I am getting gradually used to the ways, and except as it was his son's, that I should be specially Master Ralph's own man, as thereby there would be one that would watch faithfully over him, and see, as far as in me went, that no harm come to the young master.

When Master Ralph was eighteen it came into his head that he would like to travel; and accordingly we travelled. There was no hesitation in trusting the young gentleman in my hands, and I am sure I felt the responsibility. My vigilance was unceasing, and Master Ralph's wildness excessive. I am sorry to say, in recalling the circumstances of those days, that we frequently clashed, and that Master Ralph would always have his way. We visited the principal cities of this country; we hunted (meaning Master Ralph) on the Western prairies; we fished on the Northern lakes and the Atlantic coast, and, all such things considered, enjoyed ourselves. And then, after over a year's absence, we came back to New York, and prepared for our European tour. As a token of his approbation of my conduct generally, by, Mr. Ralph Fisher, Sen., presented me with an outfit and one hundred dollars in money.

We went to Europe. Master Ralph carried good letters, and we soon found our way into most unimpeachable society. Master Ralph was handsome, and no lack of money or style. I can not, therefore, regret it as in the least degree strange if we soon found ourselves quite lionized—in fact, overrun. I had great difficulty in getting the young master away from London, in which I was more than commonly anxious, as I knew it was the special wish of his father that he should visit some old and particular correspondents of his, who had retired from business, and were living upon their estates in the country. Among these was one within ten miles of my native place, Chatham; and I knew that when Master Ralph came to that spot I should have leave of absence to visit my relatives, and my dear old mother, whom I had not seen for now over five years. All this may be thought selfish in me, but I could not help it; and as I had a trifle of presents for the old lady, I was anxious to relieve my mind and my trunk of that part of the matter.—Well, in good time we came to Chatham, after making one or two other short visits on the way; and I saw my old mother, who looked charmingly, and a whole kit of cousins, to say nothing of the reading of five years' batch of letters from brother Bob, who went to Cape o' Good Hope when I was but a lad, and was now, as he wrote, quite considerable of a farmer there, with seven children. And a pretty jolly time of it I had for a month, until I began to be thinking it was about time we were going again. Not that I was anxious to get away on my own account, but there was something singular in the contented manner Master Ralph seemed to stay about that stupid old-fogy and town. I was uneasy; for I felt sure that when Master Ralph staid too long in one place there was some trouble brewing. He did not seem to spend much time at the spot where he first visited in the neighborhood. In fact only he had withdrawn altogether, and staid in the town of Chatham at Wright's Tavern, or, as you Americans would say, a Hotel. I had up to this passed but little of my time with Master Ralph since my arrival at home—a circumstance for which I shall always blame myself, as, perhaps, had I been more attentive the unhappy affair might not have occurred: but I will not anticipate. I had several times noticed Master Ralph walking and riding with a quite pretty genteel girl. To speak the truth without prejudice, she was more than pretty; but it always struck me when I saw her that there was a knowing look about her which some would call cunning. At first I thought the young fool was the squire's daughter where Master Ralph was visiting; but when he came to stay at Chatham I felt sure I was right with him, I found she was the daughter of the landlord of the tavern, and her name was Brewa; and then I knew that Master Ralph had no business with her, and I felt it my stern duty, regardless of results, to break off this acquaintance.

Such a step is never easy to accomplish. It is now over twenty year since I entered the service of Master Ralph, yet even at the time I was with his father, and this is the only instance in which he ever threatened me with violence. Then, he threatened to kick me if I refused. I cared for a broken head when I felt that I was doing my duty. I did not strike, but told him my opinion, and then, finding I could have no effect, I gracefully folded my robe about me and retired from the contest. And the thing went on day after day, but there was more in it than I could see, for Master Ralph was taking to ways that were not his custom; he would walk up and down his room for hours together, and drink by himself. This was entirely new. And sometimes, when I would come into his room in the morning at the time he usually rose, I would find him sit-

Mr. Cochrane may be justly considered as a man whose past gives assurance of something good in his future.

ting by the table leaning his head on his hands, and he would start, and speak excessively rough. Master Ralph never was a rough man, naturally. I remember one time when I so entered he looked up and asked me, "What the devil do you want?" I simply told him the hour, when he apologized, saying that he was not aware of the time. I never harbored any ill feeling, for I knew the cause very well in the slightest degree inquisitive; but all this stared me in the face, and I would have given my right hand to have got him out of Chatham, which was simply hoping against hope, for he would not leave Chatham. Then, day to day, and hour to hour, we took, we staid at Chatham, and I am obliged to confess that I was getting very happy, when I was so beastie in showing it to Master Ralph. A very unpleasant circumstance happened in connection with this my folly, to which I do not hesitate to tell, as it was the only time in all those twenty years that Master Ralph ever hinted at my position. One day that I had by unmistakable actions shown my master that I was not pleased, he came to me.

"James," he called me James in those days, of late years he calls me Willis—"James," said he, "you don't seem well; is there anything the matter with you?"

"The sir, Sir," says I, "doesn't agree with me."

"Ah" he answered, raising his eyes out of the copy-book which he was at—"I suppose so." I thought you had settled your constitution on the air of this town."

I said to him that the air of that town was particularly offensive to me just at that time, and I was obliged to confess my anxiety to escape it.

He was very quiet on the subject; I thought he couldn't be: he only said,

"In that case you can leave it as soon as possible; you are entirely your own master from this moment." And with that he bows me to the counter, drawing out his pocket-book.

Why, the fact was he was discharging me. Me! the best friend he had in the world. At first I was naturally indignant, but the tears went up in my eyes, and I swore by right and justice to him that I declined to accept. And from that time nothing more was said on the subject, until the time when I shall give you a remembrance above all other days, and which I think has blighted our life and made us grow old years before our time.

It was getting to be late in the fall, when one morning, as I came in with Master Ralph's breakfast, he said to me,

"James,"

"Sir," says I.

"You will make ready for our departure this evening."

It was a mercy that I had the breakfast-waiter on the table: had I held it, I certainly should have dropped it. I was so delighted. I never packed his trunks more joyfully—a duty which he left entirely to myself, leaving by most of the time of my having vacantly on, without offering either orders or assistance, which was much against his general way. The trunks were packed and all ready. I had laidna my old mother "Good-by," with very little hope of ever seeing her again this side of the grave, which fact was realized exactly four years and two months after by her death, for which I have no remorse, being, as far as my humble savings could go, smoothed her downward path—which is another time, and no unpleasant portion of my story. But, as I was saying, we were all ready, and away we went in a post-chaise—mile and mile on mile we sat moving on, and not a word did we put out over they were. I had a feeling of exhilaration that I could scarcely account for at the moment, feeling away in the dusk of the evening, and was just composing myself for a nap in the rumble, when what should I hear but a shout which brought all to all sleep out me in an instant. I thought with in a second that I had been dreaming, or mistaken in this, but I was soon undeceived. The shout came very distinct out of a bit of wood that lay along the roadside, and said "Sir Fisher!" and the carriage stopped as by magic, and Master Ralph putting his head out of the window said, in rather a surprised voice, "All right." And with this I saw a small lane or side road leading away from the highway, and down this lane I could see a gig. I did not belong to think on all this, for in less than a minute up came two persons, and a gentleman got into the gig. Without a word spoken the lady was put into our chaise, Mr. Ralph squeezed the hand of the old gentleman—you have heard me say that I did not say we bowled again at the rate of twelve mile an hour at least. Master was as silent as myself all my life. No more naps for me that night. All hours through I sat out on that rumble, and heard no voice save the chaise; and it did not take me long to conclude who the lady was, though I could not hear her face, and I knew right well who the gist into the chaise. It was Miss Brown, the fisherman's daughter, and every word she spoke went to my heart like a bullet. I was in a most long thinking what I had best do, and when the morning dawned and we were riding through London, I was just as undecided as ever. Within half an hour after our arrival at Mivart's, where my master took rooms while in London, I answered his bell. As I came into the room Miss Brown sat there, looking as pretty as a picture, and Master Ralph said:

"James, this is your mistress." I bowed very stiffly, and he spoke again as though correcting himself from the first introduction.

"I mean you are to Mrs. Fisher as little cause to find fault, and as much to like you, as you have always given her husband."

O Lord! O Lord! O Lord! how I got out of that room, and down stairs, to call for a pint of ale and drink it, I don't know.

It would be perfectly useless to enter upon the details of this matter: one thing was positive, that Master Ralph was married. He rang me up that evening, and then and there, with no doubt my lady listening in the next room, told me plainly that he had always the greatest confidence in me—and he hoped in that instance he should not be disappointed—that he had not communicated his marriage to his friends in New York, and should not do so, but the next morning at daylight we were to be off for Italy. And the next morning we were off for Italy, where we lived two years. In one thing this marriage was a wonderful change to Master Ralph; he no longer drank or gave way to any wildness. A more steady, upright man never was—I wish I could say the same for his wife. One thing was certain, she was very fond of society, and Master Ralph did not seem inclined to mortify her, or, rather, he did not deny her certain society. And society would be the ruination of my countrymen to the house, nor yet all his English friends. Mr. Ralph was very fond of society, but he did not rest much. And while Master Ralph would be sitting with all that occurred there, and longer, until I was startled entirely out of my propriety, and actually cringing with fear at every thing to tell him, but for an unforeseen circumstance. Master Ralph was summoned immediately to London on business, and left his wife with me to self know the purport. He only had two hours' consideration before he started, and he was then hurried to take care of my lady during his absence. And never since the day I was born did a more unpleasant duty fall to my lot. I felt like a fool, and scarcely been gone one week when I was summoned into my lady's room, and found that she knew that I knew it, and offered me money, which I spurned and told her so. I told her then and there that I was poor but honest, and though my education had been sadly neglected, yet my mother's teaching in my younger days gave confidence in raising me to the position which I now occupied, and that I would not atone that confidence once. Then I left the room, and came me with flushing eyes and reddened cheeks, and said, "I will not stay." Which were the first the ever addressed to me. And I did take care, for it is part of my theory that a bad woman will be my thing, but a good woman, poor husband, or a man; and is that country I knew how little a woman can be trusted, and how little she can turn his removal, and to look care.

It was on that very sunn evening I was lounging along a picturesque road, and I jumped Mrs. Fisher. She stood deathly pale, grasping the arm of the window sill, and looking out upon the sea where lay the dead man. One look only she gave; that, I suppose, satisfied her that he was dead, and without the least leaving me, and the poor woman put her knees before him. I am obliged to tell the truth, however unfavorable it may be to my character. I must therefore say, that when Mrs. Fisher dropped on her knees before Master Ralph, he thrust his foot, which was not of the smallest, far beyond her, and she fell fainting on the floor. I am not altogether sure whether it was right or wrong. Somebody, however, picked her up and put her back in the cabriolet, and it drove away. My impression very great, and I thought for few days, reading in the Paris newspapers the account of one of the most mysterious murders that had not been able to get hold of my master's name; but making a finish of the account by asserting that the murderer had been frightened, and turned had thrown herself the same evening into the Seine, from which spot he had been taken, secured, and was then lying in the Morgue for a claiming out. Master Ralph did not believe the last part of the story. I did. I could not. I thought he went as agent to Paris to examine into its truth or falsehood, as was his usual custom, and for a few days and we had confirmation of its truth. Our agent identified the body of Mrs. Fisher, and a coroner's inquest, very investigated, found that the spot where the remains were laid at Père la Chaise.

From this time a decided change came over Master Ralph. He went no longer into society; completely retired from the world, and seemed to the age growing on him every day. Soon we went home, back again to the old house at Chatham, and Master Ralph's life first passed into his father's room I saw signs of feeling I had not seen for many years. He was very much affected at the death of the old gentleman sat so many years, and burst into a sobbing cry. I was glad to see it, as I thought it would do him good. He did not seem to mind my presence, as I cried a little myself. I suppose it was on the principle that "misery likes companionship." From that time forth Master Ralph always called me Willis, and I fancied that from the day of the same home he seemed to cheer up and be more lively, though always after he was a sad man. And many a time, when a smile would spread over his face and bring back that old pleasant look I remembered on him as a lad, he would, as it were, check himself, and the hard, wiry, grey look would come back and chill every thing again. Master Ralph was at this time only twenty-three years old—a mere boy, but yet he had the look and gravity of an old man. Curls and invitations came pouring in with us from all friends of our family, but we did not care to go out; an occasional dinner quietly with a friend, or a party of one or two at our own house, was all we got out of. And this way we lived on quietly for years. And in the year 1848 Master Ralph had finished making a name in the world, and his example induced me to do the same; and I am happy to say that, in a literary way, I have met with considerable success, though as yet I have not published. Excuse this digression.

Five years passed away, and Master Ralph was going out a little more, and my lady was getting to be coming more careful in his clothes, more like what he once was. And I heard rumors that he had been known before to—but what was the matter is now thing—and that he had been seen at the opera with a young lady with a peculiarly fine figure, and the street I had seen him myself with her; and I am sure she did great credit to his taste, for a more charming, angelic face, and quiet, subdued manner, I never saw. After this I had a letter appointment of judging, Master Ralph requesting me several times to her house with messages and letters. The last of which was the lady, having sent for me into the library where she was sitting alone as I came in, and in a very sweet, musical way, said, "Is Willis, I believe?" I bowed and replied, "Mr. Fisher has often spoken to me of you, Willis; and I am sure you will be glad to hear that I am not note?" Now there was very little in this, but—Well, there is no use in my defining the matter; every body understands it. My lady knew that she was a lady, and there was no rubbing it out. I took a deep interest in her from that moment, and found, upon inquiry, that her family and position were unimpeachable. Miss Marion Powell was an only daughter; her grandfather had been a merchant in the days when it was respectable to be a merchant. I will not dwell upon the next few years; he had no occasion, His time losing fully occupied in managing his estate. There can be no necessity for me to state the solitude in which they knew that Miss Marion Powell was to to Miss. Ralph Fisher ... common report, and at the time my Master Ralph said to me, as I had finished speaking him to dress—

"Willis, I am about to be married." He said it very gravely, and, as I thought at the time, perhaps it was a little sorrowfully. I answered him a little; but I looked him right in the face and smiled outright, saying,

"I am very glad to hear it, Sir. Let me congratulate you, and wish you all the happiness you deserve."

There was no allusion made to the past. This subject was not to be touched upon between us more since the day we came back home—no word or hint ever passing between us about it.

Then Master Ralph went out more at his ease, telling me that his wife was to be Miss Marion Powell, and that they were to be married on the 15th of the following month, which was May, and that they would make their wedding tour to Italy, and I was to be left to stay at the house principal tend the refitting of the house and have it ready for their return.

Over the wedding I will not dwell. The account can be found in the newspaper of the day, under the head of "Marriage in High Life." It was a splendid affair, reflecting great credit on the taste of Miss Marion's family. Some few days I had never seen Master Ralph so happy, and looking so like himself as when he bade me "Good-by," and I was left to stay at the house.

I took charge of the house, and saw that the workmen done their duty, and in about the next two months after their departure I received a letter from Master Ralph saying they would be back in the next steamer. The letter showed him a rose in summer; and to carry out the look, I ordered for the morning of their return a bouquet of the rarest flowers, which I put every where; for its interest that was to be the first meeting of the bride and bridegroom, wishing to look nice, that a prejudice might come to her mind the first thing. And it did. When she came in she looked at the decoration every where, and ran up stairs and down, asking for all the world like a child, evidently skimming through a well-kept garden, and making little exclamations of delight, and then she popped her head into the drawing-room door, saw me and shook my hand, and said to me, "How have you been?" to which I replied, "Very well and very happy:" and I was well and happy, never better in my life. And I got to love that charming lady with a true devotion, and I am happy to say my love for Master Ralph, for they both deserved it.

Now we had a gay time indeed—a terrible kind of parties, and a style about them, too, that showed the lady and gentleman. I must digress here for an explanation. I have a strong dislike to call any charming lady by her surname. Mrs. Ralph Fisher, for the reason that the same name I used to another who shall not be mentioned. I will therefore, use the name by which Master Ralph called her when in a merry mood, Madame Marion. And she was a charming one, and no more unaffected, child-like, loving creature, thinking her home the best place on earth. And how dearly they loved each other! Ah! well, this is beyond my telling. Soon the parties had to cease, and Madame Marion went no more abroad but in their evening walks, or her drives. It was whispered, in a very joyful way, that a new face would soon be among the family party, and we were all happy about it and hoped for a boy. Excuse the expression. And the time were gradually to close that the carriage stood ready in the stable night and day, and the horses were kept constantly on the horses to be ready at a moment's notice

to bring the great doctor who was to attend Madame. At last it came; the alarm, I mean, and to the great credit of John, the coachman, be it spoken, only four minutes elapsed from the time he was called out of his sleep, for it was just about midnight, to the time when the carriage dashed away to bring Doctor M——. Master Ralph was with Madame, and I walked the lower hall to be ready at a moment to open the street door and admit the Doctor as soon as the wheels of the carriage should be heard. It was not long, but long the time seemed an age until I heard the carriage draw up at the door. My master heard it as quickly as myself, for he was coming down stairs, and as I threw open the door stood just behind me.

O God! shall I ever forget it? Ghastly, dirty, with sunken eyes and tangled hair, drabbled and torn, there stood, at the outer door of my house, Mrs. Ralph Fisher, the living woman, the dead wife. I shrieked—I could not help it—and staggered back into my master's arms. I cast one glance at him, and saw there in his face that stern, gray immobility that came upon him that day he shot the man at Versailles, and which now for years I had not seen. He said one word to me, in a whisper, and it wished me, as it were, from the dead. He said, "Silence!" and then I would have died before I would have uttered a word to make suspicion. But while all this was rushing through my mind the woman had rushed in the face forward into the entry; and my master had ordered the servants to take her and carry her up stairs into a bedroom, which was then occupied by an astonished look. He did not touch her himself; nor did I; for we were against the wall in the entry, and I was obliged to keep it there, that I might be able to stand upright; and as hard job I had of it, even at that. All this took but a few minutes, and the Doctor had gone up stairs, while a servant had run out for another physician for the woman. He came in a few minutes, and I went up to the room with Master Ralph. Master Ralph had gone into Madame's room. When I came into the apartment where lay the woman I thought at first she was dead; but on examination I found that it was not so. The doctor looked at her for a few moments with shaking his head, and I had seen the gave some stimulant, and went away, leaving some more. I was alone with the woman, telling the servants she had been in the room that I would watch by her for the night. They did not want the job, and willingly left me alone with her, when I think of it, I know how base it was! but the Lord will forgive me when he considers all! I was alone then, and I thought of a plan of my own mind how easy it would be to put my hand over that woman's mouth, as she lay there, and take the vital breath of that one who, but a few short years before, would have more than willingly have stopped mine. But, I thank God, I resisted the dreadful thought, and gave her the medicine promptly and faithfully, watching her every movement. In about an hour she opened her eyes, and, as I fancy, looked at me; and in a moment after she made some singular gritting noise with her teeth, and straightened out her limbs, and then I saw that she was in convulsions, and I believed dying; so I opened the door and called a servant, whom I took up for Miss Ralph; and in a moment my master came; and in less than five minutes from that time the woman was dead; and my master, kneeling at the foot of the bed, prayed aloud—something which I had never before known him to—but he prayed very fervently.

Within half an hour after this the little cry of an infant sounded from the room of Madame Marion; and it was a boy! I was glad to hear that I was glad to hear that I was directly up to my own room, and said a small prayer myself, in which I hope I was successful; and then I cried heartily, whether for joy or for sorrow I can not tell; but from that day I have had no occasion to cry any more.

The real reasons of Mrs. Ralph Fisher in the Greenwood, under a name without incurring the doctor giving the certificate of burial as a woman, "name unknown," who died from exhaustion, superinduced, as was believed, by cold. What this one was that was identified and buried from the Morgues, in making out the certificate of death, what had been her life since that day of the dual was known only, perhaps, to herself and God.

Mother and child are doing well. A fine boy is the young Master Ralph (to say nothing of his two younger sisters). I am learning him to ride. I often bear Madame speak of the night of his birth, and the singular circumstance, as she calls it, of the poor woman. She thinks it brought a blessing on the boy; that his father should have taken in the poor woman so, instead of sending her to the hospital. I think so, too.

ROBERT BURNS.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

A BURDEN rests! they're quickly fled,
With all their sad and sorry,
Their dead leaves steal upon the dead,
Their flesh nods over by sorrow;
And still the patient seasons bring
Their change of sun and shadow,
New birds still sing with every spring,
New violets spot the meadow.

A hundred years! and Nature's power,
So green and ever lessened!
They saw no flowers more sweet than ours,
No fairer nor sweeter crocus;
If this world treat us pests so,
Would so from winter free us,
And set our slow old sap slow
To sprout in fresh blue!

Alas! I think, what worth of parts
Have brought no love compelling
To speak what darts in mystical hearts
With Burns's memory healing;
A theme like this would Heaven choose,
Lonsfellow, Holmes, or Whittier:
If my poor muse can't fit their shoes,
Pray pardon her and pity her.

As I sat musing what to say
And how my verse to number,
Some elf in play passed by that way
And sank my fife in slumber;
And on my sleep a vision stole
Which I will put in metre,
Of Burns's soul at the wickedhole
Where sits the good St. Peter.

The saint, methought, had left his post
That day to Holy Willie,
Who swore, "Each gust that comes shall toast
In brimstone, will my bill."
There's once not hope with pleasure fan
Their cooler to wish good luck,
I'll chalk a sign, to save their tryin'—
A hand pint for you!"

Alas! no soil's too cold or dry
For spiritual small potatoes,
Stringed hearts will not be made to ply
Of diddell somehows.
Who by best lyre in the penance stood
Where Mercy sprouts a cushion,
They've just one cure for knave or fool—
It saves so much confession.

So, when Burns knocked, Will knit his brows,
His window-pane scoring,
And said, 'Or some tho other house,
We'll judge wi' Tam O'Shanter
Wreidge;' laughed Burns, 'now, well I see
Death not so still as Nature;
No human fen but thinks that he
May spoil his fun at pleasure.

"But Willie, friend, don't turn me forth,
Auld Cronies needs no gauger,
And if ye wish I'll tell you worth,
You've let a worse, I'se wager!"
"No, none but me," says Will,
But found me hard as wiuestane,
Threw's chanter and his pipes used to get
Wi' Auld Nick, gaugin' brimstane."

Meanwhile the "unco' guid" had ta'en
Its place in every parish,
Flattening in vain so many a pane
Their discontented faces,
Remember, please, 'tis all a dream,
One can't consider but through eyes
Through slop that stream with wayward gleam
Like midnight fireflies.

Old Willie's tone grew sharp's a knife,
"Impertinit, I insite ye
For quittin' me in my hot water o' life
And preferrin' spare nits."
Then roared a voice with lusty din,
Like a skipper's when 'tis blowy,
'If that's a fact, we're for ye in,
As sure as my name's Noah!"

Sly Willie turned another half—
"There's many a waur," he heard ye,
To the pan and grief o' true belief,
Say Lord bless me!' and prayer
Then rang a clear tone over all—
"Gae plan for some other ye,
I once heard call from o'er me, 'Sink,
Ye'll get no more frae me!'"

To the next charge vexed Willie turned
And, sighing, wiped his glasses—
"I'm much worried, sir, to see ye yourself
O'er warmly tow'rd the lasses!"
But David cried, "Your bidget shot,
Ye'll Aiken Drum!"
And hearts close shut with ill and bad,
If safe, are sure to sour.

When sudden glory round me broke
And ten revolving planets
Of wings whose strokes to splendor woke
Creation's farthest verges;
Across strained music's pulse, secure
From earth to heaven's own portal,
Thereby God's ear with thanks sure,
Climbed up to pause immortal;

I heard a voice within me say
(With my heart I seemed to hear it),
Fall out with no man, sin or pray,
Like grace of the heavenly spirit;
As sweet as now shall then be
The cross of new-made mother,
The voice began: "Sore-tempted one!"
Then, passing further, "my brother?"

If but a sparrow falls, unless
The Father sees and says yes,
Think! rocks be his his his form express?
The wind may not breathe
If only dear to him the strong
Think never trip nor weaken,
Then were the Power whose morning song
Thrills his blue arches yonder

Do reckon pow'r-steeped, young-hinged,
To his true service render,
And they who will not look to lead,
Find they his heart untender?
Through all your various ranks and fates
Of life's long journey,
And be that waits there at your gates
Was servant of the Master.

The earth must richer sap secrete
In God, could you but know it!),
Most joies concrete with fiercer heat
Ere she can make her poet;
These large hearts must feel the rolls
Of eternity wave tempestuous,
Where sea and sky resound one voice
Bear scenes of tragic passion.

Her change from sea to land she gives
She raises under glasses,
But scans into Heaven's heritages,
Spring sketcheries as grasses,
He loved much! that is Gospel good,
Heaven will pay in proportion.
From common wood the cross was hewed,
By it we have salvation sanctified.

If scant his service at the kirk,
He pores humbly, and sees
From chairs that lark in hedge and birk—
From thankful text from meets;
The covering moves, poor wounded thing!
In him found Mercy's angel;
The daisy's flag, humbly upright pretty,
To him Faith's fresh evangel!

Not he the threatening text who deals
In highest 'mong the preachers,
But he who feels the woes and weals
Of all God's wandering creatures:
He doth good work when heart can find
The spirit 'neath the letter;
He makes the kind of happier mind,
Leaves wiser men and better.

They make Religion be abhorred
Who round with darkness gird her,
And think no word can please the Lord
Unless it smell of sulphur;
Dear Poet-heart, that children guessed
The Father's loving-kindness,
Come now to rest thou didst he best,
If haply 'twas in blindness!"

Then leapt heaven's portals wide apart,
And, at their glorious slander,
With sudden start I woke, my heart
Still trembling with its wonder.
"Father," I said, "tis known to thee
How thou hast saints pursued,
But this I see—Saint Charity
Is still the first of virtues!"

Dear Bard and Brother! let who may
Against thy faults be railing!
(Though Sir, I, Poet, am afraid to say
Thou never knew a failing!)
One boast I give, and dare not long,
Which thou wouldst pledge if present:
To him whose heart is free from wrong,
Makes man of prince and peasant!

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

"Dun I hurt you?" said a lady the other day, when she trod on a gentleman's toe.

"No, madam, I thank you, seeing it is you. If it were any body else, I would have hollered out lustily."

A gentleman was threatening to beat a dog, which barked indefinitely.

"Why," exclaimed an Irishman, "would you beat the dumb brute for telling the truth?"

It was a bright thought that of Smithson, when he was dying of an unknown complaint. Smithson had but five fortune, and left it to found a hospital somewhere that his disease might be brought to a speedy and patient end.

Calling them "dumb brutes" is polite to most animals, but not to a mule. A mule is not dumb.

"My friends," said Mr. Mule, in a public speech, "imitation, and find out what ails me, for really I have heard such braying in the assemblies on the subject, that I am dying to know what the disease is myself."

"Wasn't that a waste of powder?" said an Irishman to a Kentuckian, after the latter had fired a coin to the ground, with his rifle, from a large tree.

"Why no, Pat," was the reply; "not a bit."

"Sure, the ball would have still time."

It is said that the "army" boldly supports independence. A Philadelphia old "brick," lying, a day or two since, in the gutter in a very pitiful condition, was relieved, in a friendly way, to economize, as "flour was going up."

"Let it alone, Bill," said a friend; "it's a fat gift as high' as flour kin, any day."

Mike and Pat were moving. Pat was seized one morning with a violent fit of the cramp. Mike ran, and was immediately seized with a fit of the cramp. "Why, Mike, are you taken, too?" "Faith, and I am, honey; it's harm's way. While Pat was whisking himself off, I thought I'd have one of them fits on the blind side of his face, and Mike perceiving it, called out,

"Pat, have you him there?"

"Yes, Mike, I have him safe enough."

"Well," says Mike, "kape him there, and God bless ye!"

Louis XIV. asked Count Mahoney if he understood Italian? "Yes, please your Majesty," said the Count, "if it is spoken slowly."

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

New York, *Saturday*, Jan. 29, 1859.

The Wholesale Dry Goods trade has improved considerably during the week for Breadstuffs, which have been in steady demand, and Provisions, which have most inquired for, mainly by speculators.... Cotton, Provisions, Groceries, Hides, Leather, Oils, Naval Stores, Tobacco, and Wool have generally been in very good demand.... Ashes, Coal, Hay, Hops, and Metals have been only moderately active.... Naval Stores have fallen off in prices. The value of the week's imports of Dry Goods has been $1,000,000 larger than in the same week last year. The imports since January 1 have been $10,816,497 against $11,814,144 same time last year.... The movement in other commodities have not been productive of any remarkable changes.... We append a revised list of the closing quotations for the leading articles:

Linseed State Crop, per bbl.	$0 80	@ $4 75
Superfine to extra State, per barrel	5 05	@ 5 10
Superfine to fancy Western, per barrel	4 90	@ 5 00
Extra Western, per barrel	5 05	@ 5 10
Fancy to extra Genesee, per barrel	5 15	@ 5 90
Extra Canadian, per barrel	5 40	@ 7 50
Mixed to Extra Southern, per barrel	4 90	@ 7 50
Fine to Superfine Rye Flour, per bbl.	3 80	@ 4 35
Fine to Extra Brandywine	4 90	@ 5 10
White Wheat, per bushel	1 40	@ 1 50
Red Wheat, per bushel	85	@ 1 40
Mixed Western, per bushel	85	@ 1 40
Rye, per bushel	65	@ 90
Barley, per bushel	60	@ 90
Western Oats, per bushel	50	@ 53
State Oats, per bushel	50	@ 53
Jersey and Penn. Oats, per bushel	50	@ 54
Southern Oats, per bushel	50	@ 54
Cotton, middlings, per pound	12½	@ 12½
Mess Pork, per barrel	17 62½	@ 18 00
Prime Pork, per barrel	13 00	@ 13 62½
Cargo Pork, per barrel	13 00	@ 13 62½
Cut Meats, per pound	8	@ 9
Lard, per pound	13	@ 13½
State Butter, per pound	16	@ 17
Western Butter, per pound	12	@ 17
Cheese, per pound	8	@ 12½
Rice, per 100 pounds	3 75	@ 4 25
Rio Coffee, per pound	10	@ 11
Cuba Sugar, per pound	6	@ 7¼
Cuba Molasses, per gallon	27	@ 28
New Orleans Sugar, per pound	6½	@ 8
New Orleans Molasses, per gallon	30	@ 35
Syrup Cane, per gallon	30	@ 35
Oolong Teas, per pound	35	@ 55
Domestic Whisky, per gallon	23	@ 24
Hops, new, per pound	10	@ 15
Hops, per pound	8	@ 10
Hay, per 100 pounds	75	@ 1 00
Tallow, per pound	9	@ 9½
Crude Turpentine, per 280 pounds	3 62	@ 3 75
Spirits Turpentine, per gallon	42	@ 43
Tar, per barrel	2 12½	@ 2 75
Clover Seed, per pound	6½	@ 7½
Linseed Oil, per gallon	69	@ 71
Kentucky Tobacco, per pound	6	@ 11
Hard Lead Pipe	9	@ 10
American Fleece Wool, per pound	36	@ 56
Pulled Wool	30	@ 45

Freights ruled very quiet, and quotations were unsettled. The total number of vessels cleared was 224 to 243.

The Live Stock Markets last Wednesday were quiet for Beeves and Milch Cows, and pretty brisk for Veal Calves, Sheep and Lambs, and Swine. The reported receipts of Live Stock during each of the last two weeks compare as follows:

	Week ending Jan. 26.	Week ending Jan. 19.
Beeves	3,913	2,840
Milch Cows	161	175
Veal Calves	311	357
Sheep and Lambs	8,040	8,317
Swine	8,099	7,920

The range of prices according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

Poor to first-class Beeves, per pound	$	@ $ 11
Common to ex. Milch Cows, per head	25 00	@ 60 00
Veal Calves, per pound	5	@ 6½
Sheep and Lambs, per head	2 50	@ 12 50
Lambs, per pound	7	@ 9
Live Swine, per pound	5	@ 6½
Dressed "	7	@ 8½
Roasting Pigs, each	1 00	@ 3 00

The Country Produce Markets were quiet for nearly all descriptions of Produce. The change in prices were unimportant.

WHOLESALE PRICES CURRENT BY PRODUCERS AT WASH-INGTON MARKET.		
Apples, new, per bushel	$2 00	@ $ 5 00
Chestnuts, per bushel	3 00	@ 3 75
Chicory Root, per pound	3 00	@ 3 50
Peanuts, per bushel	1 00	@ 1 75
Potatoes, Irish, per barrel	2 50	@ 3 00
Potatoes, sweet, per barrel	3 00	@ 3 50
Onions, per barrel	2 00	@ 3 25
Turnips, per bushel	50	@ 75
Beets, per barrel	75	@ 1 00
Carrots, per barrel	75	@ 1 00
Cabbage, per 100	3 50	@ 5 50
Parsnips, per barrel	1 00	@ 1 50
Cranberries, per barrel	10 00	@ 13 00
Pumpkins, per 100	3 00	@ 4 00
Celery, table, per dozen bunches	75	@ 1 00
Celery, seed, per pound	10	@ 12½
Beans, Pea, per bushel	1 25	@ 1 50
Cauliflowers, per 100	3 50	@ 5 00
Parsley, per 100 bunches	1 00	@ 1 25
Eggs, N. Y. and N. J., per dozen	19	@ 21
Eggs, Western, per dozen	17	@ 19
Chickens, per pair	40	@ 62½
Fowls, per pair	75	@ 1 00
Fowls, per pair	40	@ 70
Turkeys, per pound	9	@ 12½
Turkeys, per pound	7	@ 12½
Wild Geese, per pair	37½	@ 50
Ducks, per pound	11	@ 15
" wild, per pair	50	@ 75
" per pair	50	@ 75
" wood, per pair	25	@ 50
Egrets, per dozen	1 75	@ 2 25
Woodcock, per dozen	3 00	@ 3 50
Partridge, per pair	50	@ 75
Snipe, Brant, per dozen	62	@ 75
Plover, per dozen	1 25	@ 1 50
Rabbits, per pair	25	@ 37
Squirrels, each	6	@ 12½
Venison, per pound	7	@ 11
Bear's Meat, per pound	10	@ 12

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN REPOSITORY, *Saturday*, Jan. 29, 1859.

The event of the week in financial circles has been the arrival of the Arctic, which will increase the specie premium of $2 40, the lowest successful bids being at $2 42½. Exchange on London at $9 40 premium. As yet the loan was taken for home consumption, the foreign bankers having apparently abandoned the negotiating. About one third of the whole amount has already been paid into the Sub-Treasury at $9 40 premium. The rates for money have risen; paper which was done at 4 a now commands without difficulty 6 per cent. Most of the call loans are made at the same figure. It is anticipated that the stringency in the money market will be but temporary, but at the rate the imports are increasing there can not be a large accumulation of specie in the country. Foreign ships have arrived which will not only consume a small profit on the export of specie. A sum of over $1,700,000 was received from California on Friday.

Stocks have declined since last week. Latterly, the operations of the Bulls and Bears have been pretty fairly square. The news from Europe is not calculated to inspire confidence in speculative purchases. The rise in Illinois Central Stock and Canada Southern Bonds, which adapted to inferior parties to buy railway stocks or bonds.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE VOICE.—*To Public Speakers and Singers.*—Dr. Brown's Bronchial Troches," or Cough and Voice Lozenges, contain ingredients acting specifically on the organs of the voice, they have an extraordinary efficacy in all affections of the Throat and Larynx, relieving Hoarseness, Clearing the Voice after reading aloud, or over-exertion of the voice, and produce a clear and melodious articulation.

"I find the Troches particularly efficacious in clearing and strengthening the voice, either for singing or speaking." MRS. BARROW.

Sold by all Druggists.

READING FOR THE MILLION!—We will send to any address, on receipt of two postage stamps to **$3, Sullou's Pictorial**, an elegant first-class illustrated weekly, and *Sullou's Dollar Monthly*, choicely illustrated with original stories, and several pages of original reading in each number! This offer has never been equaled in the world! Address

M. M. BALLOU, *Publisher, Boston, Mass.*

No. 73 Winter Street.

$50.—SINGER'S FAMILY SEWING MACHINE.

PRICE ONLY FIFTY DOLLARS.

For good work and good looks this machine is unequaled.

I. M. SINGER & CO., 458 Broadway.

OUR NEW AND BEAUTIFUL FAMILY $50 SEWING MACHINES. $30.

Two Thread Lock-Stitch Machine, Stands, Tables, &c. have been better adapted to family use and are a more substantial, elegant machine. I. M. SINGER & CO., 458 Broadway, New York.

METROPOLITAN RECORD.—A New Catholic Paper. Published under the sanction of the Archbishop of New York, and the Catholic Clergy. The first number will be issued on the 1st of February, 1859. It will contain a full description and an elaborate engraving of the NEW ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL. It will also contain a Sermon on "The Vital Importance of Faith," delivered at St. Peter's Church, Barclay Street, by the Rev. Dr. Starr. Dr. O'CONNOR, Bishop of Pittsburgh. In addition to these, the first number will contain Original Articles on the Holy Land, and Foreign and Domestic Intelligence. Also, a Choice Original and Interesting Story, entitled, "THE CROSS ON THE SNOWY MOUNTAINS. There will also be a handsome Illustrated Supplement. Subscription, $3 a year; single copies, 6 cents. Agents in all of the New Agents and at the Office of the Publishers.

EDWARD DUNIGAN & BRO., No. 371 Broadway.

EMPLOYMENT.—$50 a Month.—A reliable AGENT is wanted in every Town and County in the United States, to engage in a respectable and easy business. At this time a large amount can be realized. Address Dr. C. PHELPS BROWN, No. 31 Grand Street, Jersey City, N. J.

HARPER & BROTHERS will send this Work by mail, postage paid, to any part of the United States on receipt of $3.50.

THE

LAND AND THE BOOK;

OR,

BIBLICAL ILLUSTRATIONS DRAWN FROM THE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS, THE SCENES AND SCENERY OF THE HOLY LAND.

BY W. M. THOMPSON, D.D.

Twenty-five Years a Missionary of the A.B.C.F.M. in Syria and Palestine.

With two elaborate Maps of Palestine, an accurate Plan of Jerusalem, and several finished Engravings, representing the Scenery, Topography, and Productions of the Holy Land, its Costumes, Manuscripts, and Habitats of the People. 2 Large 12mo Volumes.

PRICE THREE DOLLARS PER COPY CENTS.

The work of Dr. W. M. THOMSON, entitled "*The Land and the Book*," has been prepared under the rare advantages of a long residence in the Holy Land, and for special facilities for travel and exploration, a familiar knowledge of the manners and customs, and the most thorough acquaintance of the country, and the most extensive Biblical and customs illustrative of the word of God. If reproduces to the eye and the mind of the reader, the living realities, the physical characteristics and the social and domestic habits of the land in which the Bible was written, and with which it is permanently associated. This is done with extraordinary accuracy, with fidelity to the sacred text, and at the same time in a popular and engaging style. The work will prove a most valuable aid in the study of the Bible, and will greatly enrich the stores of those who read it for pleasure. For sale by booksellers or its Publishers.

Dr. Thomson's observation of the Holy Land and its people, and customs extended over a period of fifteen years of the Land and its every-day life here presented, are both graphic and minute, and evidently constituted the work to all who seek a better understanding of the sacred Scriptures.

Signed by

REV. R. ANDERSON, D.D., One of the Corresponding Secretaries of the A.B.C.F.M.

REV. STEPHEN H. TYNG, D.D., Rector of St. George's Church, New York.

REV. JOHN P. DURBIN, D.D., Missionary Secretary of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and Author of "Observations in the East, &c."

REV. LYMAN COLEMAN, D.D., Author of a Historical Text-Book and Atlas of Bible Geography, &c., &c.

J. HOSFORD SMITH, ESQ., Late U. S. Consul for Syria and Palestine.

REV. JOS. P. THOMPSON, D.D., Pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle Church.

W. C. PRIME, ESQ., Author of "Tent Life in the Holy Land."

REV. SAMUEL IRENÆUS PRIME, D.D., Ed. N. Y. Observer, and Author of "Travels in Europe and the Holy Land."

REV. E. R. BEADLE, For Several Years a Resident in Syria and Palestine, and Missionary of the A.B.C.F.M.

REV. THOMAS LAURIE, Formerly Member of the Syra Mission.

REV. LEONARD BACON, D.D., Pastor of the First Church in New Haven.

REV. MELANCTHON W. JACOBUS, D.D., Professor of Oriental and Biblical Literature, Western Theological Seminary, Allegheny City, Pa.

REV. SAMUEL WOLCOTT, Pastor of the High Street Church, Providence, and former Missionary in Palestine.

REV. THOMAS L. CUYLER, D.D., Pastor of the Brooklyn City, and Author of "Letters from Palestine."

REV. JOEL HAWES, D.D., Pastor of the First Church in Hartford.

REV. WM. R. SALLH, D.D.

REV. THOMAS SEWALL, Pastor of the Union Square M. E. Church, Brooklyn, N.Y.

REV. W. S. TYLER, D.D., Graves Professor of Greek in Amherst College.

REV. PROF. S. G. BROWN, Dartmouth College.

REV. JOHN S. ALBERT, D.D., Theological Seminary, Columbia, S. C.

"A genuine contribution to the treasures of Christian literature. Its minute and immensely varied contribution of the geniuliness of the Scriptures, and of the explanation of their meaning, from local customs and natural scenery and phenomena, is unparalleled."—*Boston Post*.

We must halt its appearance as one of the signs of the times."—*Boston Traveller*.

"Here is found in a form almost entirely new the effect of traveling hastily through the sacred land. Ever page is full of information, and the style is one of the roughest and roughest that we have seen. It is calculated to bring up to the imagination real scenes and living men. Very similar in kind was the effect of Stanley's book."—*Boston Traveller*.

REV. EDWARD N. KIRK, D.D., Pastor of the Mount Vernon Street Church, Boston.

"Having visited most of the places described in it, and examined them with a careful eye, I can attest the general correctness of the author's graphic and glowing descriptions. It ought to be in the hands of every student and friend of the Bible."

REV. WM. IJAM S. BALCH, D.D.

"No Christian can go to the study of the Bible or survey of the Land without feeling that the 'Book' through which the Land is seen is wonderfully light but the more clear, more vivid and more precious to him."

REV. ISAAC BIRD, Missionary of the A.B.C.F.M.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, New York.

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES.

Every mechanic who begins the year by purchasing one of SINGER'S sewing machines will be $1000 better off when the year ends.

I. M. SINGER & CO., 458 Broadway.

JOHN H. W. HAWKINS,
The Great Apostle of the
WASHINGTONIAN TEMPERANCE REFORMATION.

We shall publish, about the first of February, the LIFE of his extraordinary and useful man, the facilities and leisure have taken liberty in behalf of degraded humanity. It will be a book which no person can read without being stimulated to better exertion.

50,000 SHOULD BE SOLD IN SIX MONTHS.

It will make a handsome 12mo volume of about 400 pages, with several portraits, and a fine steel portrait of MR. HAWKINS. Price $1.

All orders for the Book, or Agencies, should be addressed to the Publishers,

JOHN P. JEWETT & Co.,
20 Washington Street, Boston.

NEW YORK PURCHASING AGENCY.

W. M. LAPSLEY, No. 59 Nassau Street.

Persons desirous of making purchases in New York of any articles, large or small, from a Cradle to a Coffin, from a Book to a Steam-Engine, a Shawl to a Carpet, can have their orders filled promptly, and goods sent as directed, at 2½ per cent. commission. Refers to Messrs. Ball, Black & Co., Jones, Lee, Chandler Long Island Bank, Messrs. John Jaw-ett & Sons, Hastings, Pringles & Co., New York; J. D. Dunbrack & Co., New Orleans.

SAFETY!
COMFORT!
AND
ELEGANCE!!!
ARE INSURED BY WEARING
DOUGLAS & SHERWOOD'S
NEW
MATINNEY SKIRT,
WITH THE
PATENT DETACHABLE
HOOP FASTENING
AND
ADJUSTABLE BUSTLE.

SAFETY!! since it effectually obviates the danger arising from entangling the feet, or foreign substances in the hoop!

COMFORT!! because the muslin skirt can be instantaneously removed on the springs by PATENT DETACHABLE FASTENINGS, washed, with other garments, and at no greater expense, and replaced on the hoops in a minute!

ELEGANCE!! because the scientific cut of the muslin skirt, and the fine material of which it is composed, gives a graceful fall to the robe worn over it; and will, in hot weather, enable the wearer to dispense with any intermediate skirt.

The MATINEE SKIRT has eleven hoops, weighs but ten ounces, is fastened to the waist THE MANUFACTURERS. DOUGLAS & SHERWOOD, and *is the best Skirt ever introduced to the Public*, and quite indispensable to every lady who desires to combine in her apparel SAFETY, COMFORT, and ELEGANCE! For sale at all the principal stores in the United States and Canada.

WHEELER & WILSON'S
SEWING MACHINES,
PRICES GREATLY REDUCED.
Office 505 Broadway, New York.
SEND FOR A CIRCULAR.

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES.

In point of beauty, durability, perfection of work, and capacity to perform every variety of sewing, no other sewing machines can compare with SINGER'S. New and improved machines at greatly reduced prices

I. M. SINGER & CO.,
458 Broadway.

Evil not Eternal :—Are the Wicked Immortal ?

"*Here, at least, let us hesitate and suspend our judgment.*"

Thus said an eminent orthodox divine, respecting the views and theories of Edward Beecher, in his all Immortality. This is maintained in the late work:

DEBT AND GRACE,
AS RELATED TO
THE DOCTRINE OF A FUTURE LIFE.
BY C. F. HUDSON.

Fifth Edition in Press. Price $1 25. 460 pages 12mo. Published by

JOHN P. JEWETT & Co.,
20 Washington Street, Boston.

GROVER & BAKER'S
CELEBRATED
FAMILY SEWING MACHINES.
New Styles, Price from $70 to $100.
These Machines are admitted to be the best in use for Family Sewing.
Offices of Exhibition and Sale —495 Broadway, New York. 18 Summer Street, Boston. 730 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. 181 Baltimore Street, Baltimore. 58 West Fourth Street, Cincinnati. And in all the Principal Cities and Villages in the United States.

EXHIBITION OF AMERICAN MANUFACTURED BRUSHES, at the Brush Warehouse, No. 378 Pearl Street, Harper's Buildings. Brushes of every description on hand, and for sale at the lowest prices. A Silver Medal was awarded from the American Institute, in 1845, for superior Brushes

JOHN K. HOPPEL.

FOR SALE, cheap, A DIORAMA of the Gold Regions of Australia, in perfect order. To an energetic man a profitable business can be easily established in it. For particulars, address JOHN PYNE, 169 Nassau st. New York.

BULWER'S NOVEL—COMPLETE.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?
By Pisistratus Caxton.
A Novel.
By Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, Bart.,
Author of
"My Novel," "The Caxtons," "Pelham," &c., &c.
8vo, Paper, 75 cents; Muslin, $1 00.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, New York.

*** HARPER & BROTHERS will send the above Work by Mail, postage paid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the Money.

WASHINGTON, N. H.

MRS. S. A. ALLEN,
Nos. 355 Broome Street, N.Y.
Please inform Mrs. ——— where your preparations can be purchased in Boston. You may say in my name that I know your Hair Restorer to be all it purports to be.

REV. J. F. GRISWOLD

HUMPHREYS'
Specific Homœopathic Remedies,
For Domestic and Private Use,

Stand confessedly at the head of remedial means for the use of the people. They are sales removed from the poisonous, dangerous, and repulsive dones of quackery, or old-school practice, the inconvenience of water-cure, of the intricate and perplexing obscurities of the usual Homœopathic books and medicines. Consisting of simple specifics of proven virtue (known by the figures and numbers), put up in the form of single sugar pellets; and are the most convenient, portable, and reliable remedies to buy and administer that have ever been offered to the people, and are the comfort of the unqualifying or invalid.

They possess these grand qualities above all: They are harmless; no injury can arise from their use. They are simple; you always know what to take, and how to take it. They are convenient; you can give the proper Sugar Pill at a moment's warning, without hesitation or doubt. They are efficient; in thousands of cases disease is arrested at once, and the system relieved promptly, safely, and permanently.

LIST OF SPECIFIC REMEDIES.

No. 1. *Fever Pills*—For Fever, Congestion, and Inflammation, Leading Cold.

No. 2. *Worm Pills*—For Worm Fever, Worm Colic, Worms, Worm Convulsions.

No. 3. *Colic Pills*—For Colic, Crying, Teething and Wakefulness of Infants.

No. 4. *Diarrhœa Pills*—For Diarrhœa, Colic, Infantum, and Summer Complaint.

No. 5. *Dysentery Pills*—For Colic, Griping, Dysentery or Bloody Flux.

No. 6. *Cholera Pills*—For Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Nausea, and Vomiting.

No. 7. *Coughs Pills*—For Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Influenza, and Sore Throat.

No. 8. *Toothache Pills*—For Toothache, Faceache, and Neuralgia.

No. 9. *Headache Pills*—For Headache, Vertigo, Heat, and Sunstroke.

No. 10. *Dyspepsia Pills*—For Weak and Deranged Stomach, Indigestion, and Bilious Complaint.

No. 11. *For Female Irregularities*—Scanty, Painful, or Suppressed Menses.

No. 12. *Female Pills*—For Leucorrhœa, Profuse Menses, and Excessive Flow.

No. 13. *Croup Pills*—For Croup, Hoarse Cough, Bad Breathing.

No. 14. *Salt Rheum Pills*—For Erysipelas, Eruptions, Pimples, and Blotches.

No. 15. *Rheumatism Pills*—For Pain, Lameness or Soreness in the Chest, Back, Loins, or Limbs.

A—For Fever and Ague, Chill Fever, Dumb Ague, old intermittent Fever.

F.—For Piles, Blind or Bleeding, Internal or External.

G.—For Sore Throat, Ulcerated Sore Throat and Eyelids, Failing, Weak, or Blurred Sight.

H.—For Whooping-Cough, Whooping or recent, either with distressing or violent Vomiting.

W. C.—For Whooping-Cough, abating its violence and shortening its duration.

In acute diseases — such as Fevers, Inflammations, Diarrhœas, Dysentery, Croup, Rheumatism, and such other diseases as are marked by fever, pain, or inflammation, there is the advantage of giving the proper remedies promptly at the beginning, and in the early stages the specific will take a decided effect.

Coughs and Colds, which are of such frequent occurrence, and which lead to Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Diseased lungs, bronchitis, and consumption, may all be at once cured by the No. 7 and Cough Pills.

In all chronic diseases, such as Dyspepsia, Weak Stomach, Constitutional Debility, Nervous Debility, Nervousness, Debility and Irregularities, old Headache, Sore or Weak Eyes, Scrofula, Salt Rheum, and all such diseases as from their peculiar nature require application will short a long time, the remedies should be given with a view to the chronic affection, and the Specifics will be selected. Headache, or Female Weakness, has more than paid for the case that troubles you.

PRICES.

Full set, 20 large vials in Mahogany case and Book.. $5 00
Full set, 20 large vials in Plain Case and Book.. . 4 00
Case of 15 numbered boxes and Book.. . . . . 3 00
Case of any 6 numbered boxes and Book.. . . . . 1 00
Single numbered boxes, with directions.. 50
Large pocket-case of Sprinkler's vials, 16 to 1 oz. . . 15 00

OUR REMEDIES BY MAIL.

Look over the above list, and select what kind you choose, and inclose the amount in a current note or stamps by mail to our address, at 562 Broadway, New York, and the medicine will be duly returned by mail or express, free of charge.

AGENTS WANTED.

We desire an active, efficient agent for the sale of our remedies, in every town or community in the United States. Address HUMPHREYS' SPECIFIC CO.,
No. 562 Broadway, New York.

SOLD ONLY BY CANVASSING AGENTS.

COOPER'S NOVELS.

ELEGANTLY

ILLUSTRATED ON STEEL

EDITION. AND WOOD.

From Drawings by *F. O. C. DARLEY.*

A Volume Published Monthly, containing a Novel complete. Price $1 00.

Mailed free of postage, on receipt of price.

*** AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY CITY.

W. A. TOWNSEND & Co., Publishers,
377 Broadway, N. Y.

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES,

For all manufacturing purposes have a great reputation honestly earned. All the products of these machines are in active demand at extra prices.

I. M. SINGER & CO., 458 Broadway.

PURIFIES THE BLOOD.

"R. F. William's Compound Syrup of Sarsaparilla and Stillingia, with Iodide of Potassium, Sanguinaria, Mandrake, Yetter, Bingwarm, Blotches on the Face, Inflammation of the Kidneys, Leucorrhœa, and Mercurial Diseases Rheumatism. I have use the control of this preparation, and find it up in boundless praise. Many of my clients prescribe it because they are shown good effects.

FAYETTEVILLE, N.C. WM. H. FOX.

A SERIES OF FACTS—GAYETTY'S Medicated Paper.—The only depot of the Proprietor of this paper, Mr. J. C. Gayetty, is at 41 Ann Street. Imitations of a most pernicious character have been put forth, but have failed of their purpose. Look in each sheet for Gayetty's name in water-mark, and upon each box for the signature of Mr. Gayetty. Gayetty's Medicated Paper for sale by Hegeman & Co., and all other respectable druggists. Wm. Gayetty, Proprietor, and by Callender & Co., perfectional and news agents, Philadelphia.

JUST READY

BUCKLAND'S CURIOSITIES
OF
NATURAL HISTORY.
12mo, muslin, illustrated. Price $1 25.

From the London Edition.

"In Natural History, as well as in other researches, it is too much the practice to speak of the wonders we learn from printed books, the volumes of nature herself being unopened. It has been the aim of the author of the present little volume to supply this want, facts with which, under his own eyes, at the same time not neglecting the numerous works and letters of celebrated naturalists, and the book before us is probably the most complete and interesting collection of curiosities of nature, and interesting subject of Natural History which has ever appeared."

SECOND.

ETHEL'S LOVE-LIFE.

A New England Novel. By Mrs. M. J. M. Sweat. 12mo, muslin.

From the N. Y. Evening Post.

"It is by no means an unreadable story, considering, in a sort of love letters, the history of the growth of an earnest and honest-minded girl, and the author's efforts to personify the psychological analysis, the faculty of which the writer possesses in an eminent degree. She evidently thoroughly understands that fascinating mystery—a woman's heart."

These books are sold by all Booksellers, and sent by mail, postage free, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price, by

BRADLEY & CARDEE,
Publishers and Booksellers,
No. 164 Washington Street, Boston.

DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.

In the whole history of medical discoveries, no remedy has performed so many or such remarkable cures of all kinds of diseases, as the Balsam of Wild Cherry, of Coughs, *Colds, Bronchitis, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Croup, &c.* CONSUMPTION itself, in all its early stages, has been long tried, and justly celebrated Bal sam.

Considering the great variety of the use genuine has the settles signatures of "*I. Butts*," as well as the printed name of the proprietor, SETH W. FOWLE & CO., Boston, on the outer wrapper. *For sale every where.*

A MERICAN GUANO.—To Farmers and Planters.—The Subscribers are now manufacturing, in the Pacific Ocean, containing 80 per cent. of Phosphate of Lime, and 20 per cent. of Ammonia, and are prepared to furnish it for sale in large or small quantities at about two-thirds the price of Peruvian Guano, and fully equal in value. Apply at the Office, 100 Fulton Street, corner William, New York.

Address O. S. MARSHALL,
President of the American Guano Company,
69 WILLIAM STREET, NEW YORK.

STRANGE! STRANGE!—Full and complete restoration to health of a lady who was confined to her bed for upwards of six years, by the use of one bottle of Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam of Wild Cherry, in a few hours sent to any part of the country. Sold by all druggists.

SANDS' SARSAPARILLA—
No remedial agent was ever introduced that has attained so universally and successful a celebrity as this Blood, and for the cure of Scrofula. It will speedily remove from the system all the effects of Mercury, contracted in a brief period completes a radical cure.

Prepared and sold by A. B. SANDS & SANDS, Druggists, 100 Fulton Street, corner William, New York.

☞ EVERY NUMBER of HARPER'S MAGAZINE contains from 10 to 20 pages more than any other. It is one and more reading—than any other in the country.

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.
FOR FEBRUARY.

The Publishers believe that the Seventeen Volumes of HARPER'S MAGAZINE now issued present a mass of matter of valuable and attractive reading than will be found in any other periodical in the world.

At no period since the commencement of the Magazine has it been conducted with greater care, more ample and varied; and the Publishers refer to the contents of the numbers issued for the past six months as evidence of future claims upon the patronage of the American public.

TERMS OF HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

One Copy for One Year $3 00
Two Copies for One Year 5 00
Three or more Copies for One Year (each) . 2 00
The Postage on HARPER'S MAGAZINE is now prepaid at the Office where it is received. The Postage is Thirty-six Cents a Year.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A FIRST-CLASS ILLUSTRATED PAPER.
THE BEST FAMILY CIRCULATED
FAMILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD.
FIVE CENTS A NUMBER—$2 00 A YEAR.

Upon the N. Y. Evening Post, 1859.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.—The fifty-two numbers of this attractive Journal, which have been issued during the last year, have been gathered into a single volume, and we have counted them together, we are surprised at its variety, the agribilities, and the value of the contents. There is a complete history of one of the political events of the year—there are ample dissertations on the leading topics of the day—the graceful efforts of fiction, and, however, but profoundly instructive of the Loungers—the record of the progress of the arts and sciences—the record of the events of the week—and, above all, there are those striking wood-cut representations of passing events, which, together, tell every fashion, and of customs and countries—all contained within a small compass, and we had for a year's file a grand picture-book of the human life of the ministerial century, in all its phases, and in most striking form. Every class of readers, moreover, may be interested by literature adapted to their wants, and we had for a year of business, the child and the woman.

TERMS OF HARPER'S WEEKLY.

One Copy for Twenty Weeks $1 00
One Copy for One Year 2 00
One Copy for Two Years 4 00
Five Copies for One Year 8 00
Twelve Copies for One Year 16 00
Twenty Copies for One Year 20 00

An Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of TWELVE *or* TWENTY-FIVE SUBSCRIBERS.

THREE DOLLARS—*Fifty Cents a Line.*

A Liberal Discount will be made to those wishing to Advertise for three Months or more.

*** Persons living in the City of New York wishing "HARPER'S WEEKLY" left at their houses, will please send their names at the Office of Publication or subscription.

Address HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
Franklin Square, New York.

IMPUDENT FELLOW. "Help a poor broken-down tradesman, Miss. Take my two last razors; buy 'em both for a quarter!"

PERPLEXING PREDICAMENT.

THE NEW BOOKS OF THE SEASON, Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, New York.

BARTH'S AFRICA, Complete Travels and Discoveries in North and Central Africa. Being a Journal of an Expedition undertaken under the Auspices of H.B.M.'s Government, in the Years 1849–1855. By HENRY BARTH, Ph.D., D.C.L., Fellow of the Royal Geographical and Asiatic Societies, &c., &c. With a Map and numerous elegant Illustrations. 3 vols. 8vo, Muslin, $3 00. Sheep, $4 50. Half Calf, $6 00.

EPISODES OF FRENCH HISTORY during the Consulate and the First Empire. By MISS FREER, Author of "Court and Reign of Francis I.," "Life of Marie de Medicis," "Louis XIV. and the Court of France in the Seventeenth Century," &c., &c., &c. 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

THE LAIRD OF NORLAW. A Scottish Story. By the Author of "Margaret Maitland," "The Days of My Life," &c. 12mo, Muslin, $1 00. (Next week.)

SYLVAN HOLT'S DAUGHTER. A Novel. By HOLME LEE, Author of "Kathie Brande," &c. 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT? By PIERCE EGAN. Author of "Quaker Grafton," &c. 12mo, Muslin, $1 00. (Now ready.)

THE PARSONAGE. By the Author of "Rural Life." 12mo, Muslin, $1 00. (Next week.)

HARPER & BROTHERS will forward either of the above Works by Mail, postage paid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the Money.

HOW MEMORIALS FOR THE INCREASE OF THE PAY OF THE NAVY ARE TREATED AT WASHINGTON.

POOR JACK. "Only a few dollars a month more, Uncle, just to keep the bodies and souls of these poor things together!"

UNCLE SAM. "Hold your tongue; don't you see that I have hard work enough to get money for my friend the Mexican Don, and my neighbor [*Exit poor Jack, much abashed.*

BOSTON, DECEMBER, 1858.

TO THE PUBLIC.

The undersigned, having been greatly injured by certain unprincipled manufacturers, beg leave to call your attention at once to the fact, in relation to an article called "COCOAINE."

After years of effort, and many costly experiments, we have succeeded in forming a compound, which combines with pure Cocoa-nut oil a quantity of peculiar vegetable tonic, sufficient to produce a healthy action of the cuticle, preventing the hair from falling out, giving it strength and promoting its growth, while, at the same time, it is recognized as an article for dressing the hair.

The materials and the mode of preparing the COCOAINE are known only to ourselves, and we venture to say, that it is the embodiment of a discovery in chemical pharmacy, by which an object long sought for in vain has been for the first time accomplished.

We have not secured our right by a Patent, because the articles compounded so change their apparent character by chemical action upon each other, as to escape detection by the nicest analysis, and we have felt sure confident of retaining the fruit of our invention by keeping the secret, than by exposing it through the Patent Office.

To guard against imposition on the public or ourselves, we have invented and adopted the word "COCOAINE," both as it addresses the eye and the ear, as our trade mark, and have never sold a bottle, unless accompanied by a special notice to that effect. It has always been manufactured under our personal supervision, so that the public and dealers might have the assurance that the article is of uniform quality and perfection. It is recommended by Physicians, Chemists, and men of science, and is, we believe, the leading article of the kind in the United States.

We have invested many thousand dollars in the cost of experiments, and in a thorough and systematic course of advertising, and although the demand for it is constantly increasing and the market extending, yet we are largely in arrears of expenses.

Our object has been to place the COCOAINE in qualities and price beyond competition; relying for our remuneration on very extensive sales, and honorable treatment from others engaged in our line of business.

We have just discovered that certain persons in New York have manufactured and put forth a compound which they call "COCOINE;" a name *the only* change being the omission of the letter A) obviously adapted to deceive the unwary. This compound, if mistaken for ours, will tend to break down and destroy the well-earned reputation of the genuine article.

Feeling confident that no honorable dealer, that no lady or gentleman among our patrons, after learning these facts, will aid or abet a dishonorable attempt to pirate our trade mark, to rob us of the fruit of our labor and capital, or become the willing dupes of any one, we feel justified in addressing this appeal to the Public.

JOSEPH BURNETT & CO.

Burnett's Cocoaine.

☞ A single application renders the hair (no matter how stiff and dry) soft and glossy for several days. It is recorded by all who have used it to be *the best and cheapest Hair Dressing in the World.*

Prepared by JOSEPH BURNETT & CO., Boston.

For sale by Dealers generally at 50 cents a bottle.

P. Y. S.

BALLOU'S FRENCH YOKE SHIRTS, New Styles, made to order from measure, and warranted to fit at 10s., usual prices. Also, the finest stock of Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods in the city, now selling at greatly reduced rates. Ballou's, 189 Winter Street. At Dalliou's Shirt Emporium, 499 Broadway.

ELLIOT & PATTEN—Examine Inventions and procure American and Foreign Patents. *Patent Agency opposite main entrance of Patent Office building, Washington City, D. C.*

THE LATEST AND GREATEST ANNOUNCEMENT!

ENGAGEMENT OF FELIX DARLEY

BY THE

NEW YORK MERCURY.

The proprietors of the NEW YORK MERCURY realize a just pride and pleasure in announcing the engagement of the world-renowned and inimitable master of the humorous and graphic art,

FELIX O. C. DARLEY,

who will hereafter employ his magic pencil in illustrating the Series of First-Class Novelettes, by the best writers in America, which will be published in the columns of the

NEW YORK MERCURY.

The engagement of Mr. Darley, which was only accomplished after much urgent solicitation, and the offer of the most liberal inducements, will invest the Mercury with

AN ARTISTIC PERFECTION

IN

PICTORIAL DISPLAY,

WHICH

CAN NOT BE EQUALED BY ANY OTHER PAPER,

and will prove the earnestness of our determination to outvie all competition, and make the NEW YORK MERCURY

A MODEL OF EXCELLENCE,

as a Journal of American Literature and Art.

Mr. Darley has engaged to design exclusively for the MERCURY, and FOR NO OTHER WEEKLY and, therefore, no contemporary sheet can hope to approach the NEW YORK MERCURY in the beauty and brilliancy of unique and appropriate illustration.

The first picture from Mr. Darley's pencil will appear in the NEW YORK MERCURY, dated February 19, 1859, in connection with a splendid romance of the sea, by NED BUNTLINE, entitled, SEAWAIF; OR, THE TERROR OF THE COAST. A TALE OF PRIVATEERING IN 1776.

P. P. P.

PARR'S PRICKLY PLASTERS.

They sooth pain: they protect the chest; they extract the congulated impurities and sureness from the system: they impart tone and vigor to the whole body: they are powerful agents in all the ills of the body; they are concise, and impure secretions pass off, and they can not become offensive; hence, are freely worn four times longer than any other plaster, and are cheaper at 25 cents than others at 10. *Where these Plasters are, pain can not exist.* Weak persons, public speakers, delicate females, or any affected with side, chest, or back pains, should try them. You will then know what they are. They are a new feature in the science of medicine. All druggists have them. Take no other. Each Plaster bears a Medallion Stamp and our Signature.

BARNES & PARR, 12 and 13 Park Row, N. Y.
JOHN D. PARR, Cincinnati, Ohio.

LYON'S MAGNETIC POWDERS

Will destroy Garden Insects, Cockroaches, Bedbugs, Fleas, Ants, Moths, and all pests of the Domestic Kind.

The importance of a reliable article of this kind is incalculable. In this powder is found the most certain and unerring agent. This powder is the only article ever discovered which will exterminate them. It consists of botanists, from the Horticultural Society of Paris, while amidst the forms of Asia, observed that all insects lighting upon a certain kind of plant were soon dropped dead. This fact was made use of to guard their night camps from those intruders. Quantities of the plant were brought home by Mr. E. Lyon, and found, a goodtime assert deceiving every experiment. It is simply a powdered leaf, chemically prepared to resist the effect of age and climate. Medals and Letters Patent have been obtained from the governments of England, France, Germany, and the United States. Read the following numerous testimonials, and be convinced and satisfied:

Letter from the President of the U. S.

WASHINGTON, CITY OF WASHINGTON, JAN. 1858.

MR. EDWARD LYON.—DEAR SIR:—I have the pleasure to inform you that the Royal Commission of the World's Fair at London have awarded you a Medal and Certificate for the great value of your Magnetical Powders, &c.

MILLARD FILLMORE, Chairman."

The above was accompanied by a certificate of Prince Albert.

IT IS FREE FROM POISON.

"MR. E. LYON.— NEW YORK, October 1st, 1858.

DEAR SIR:—We have analyzed and tested your Magnetic Powders, and find them perfectly harmless to the human race and domestic animals, but will certain death when inhaled by bugs, ants, and insects.

JAMES R. CHILTON, M.D.,
JAMES C. BOYER, M.D., Chemist, N. Y. Hospital."

Mr. Edward Lyon, Superintendent of the New York Hospital, says, "he has repeated all the bugs, ants, roaches, moths, &c., with Lyon's Powder, and made it of immediate effect."

Every gardener and housekeeper must have a direct interest in ridding himself of the following pests, so much to the Aster, St. Nicholas, and Metropolitan Hotels; to Judge Mason, Secretary of the American Institute; James Gordon Bennett, Gen. Winfield Scott, Cyrus W. Field, and all of the Editors of Nebia Magazine, &c., &c. Judge Mason says, "This discovery of Prof. Lyon's is one of the greatest of the age." Hundreds of others could be added, but it will suffice to say that Bedbugs, Ants, moths, bugs, and all vermin. Garden Insects, can be destroyed by Lyon's Magnetic Powders.

Arrangements are now made through MESSRS. BARNES & PARR, of this city, to supply the trade throughout the world. Many worthless imitations are advertised. Be careful

"NEW YORK, November 9th, 1858.

"In reference to the Magnetic Powders, Lyon's Powders and Pills, Letters-Patent, and the secrets pertaining thereto, I have examined the same. The Powder is a discovery made by myself, and brought from the Island of Java by me in the year 1849, at a cost of $1,000. The powder will destroy Bedbugs, Roaches, Ants, Moths, &c., and will continue to beat many.

"DR. LYON."

Rats and mice can not be reached by a powder, and are killed by a Magnetic Pill, which is thrown through any merchant.

Try Lyon's Powder kills insects in a trice.
But Lyon's Pills are intend for rats and mice.

Sample Flasks, by mail, regular size, 25 cents and $1 00. Follow directions. *Use freely and thoroughly.*

BARNES & PARR,
12 & 13 Park Row, New York.

Burnett's Cocoaine.

TESTIMONIAL.

BOSTON, July 28, 1857.

☞ MESSRS. J. BURNETT & CO.—I am not reluctant to state the benefit I have derived from the use of your excellent Hair Oil—Cocoaine.

My former scanty hair has become thick and full; I was fearful of losing it entirely. The skin upon my head becomes gradually more and more inflamed, so that I could not touch it without pain. This irritated condition I attributed to the use of various advertised hair washes which I have since been told contain camphene spirit.

By the advice of my physician, to whom you had shown your process of purifying the Oil, I commenced to use the last week in June. The first application allayed the itching and irritation. In three or four days the relaxed skin began to contract, the hair ceased to fall, and in a short time, with the use of your Cocoaine alone, similarly afflicted, will be induced to try the same remedy. Yours, very truly,

SUSAN R. POPE.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. III.—No. 111.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1859. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

THE HISTORIAN PRESCOTT.

WE fulfill a duty to the public in engraving on this page a head of the late William H. Prescott, the historian; and we subjoin, in connection with the portrait, an engraving of the mechanical contrivance by the aid of which that eminent man overcame the infirmity of blindness, and continued, under circumstances of extraordinary difficulty, to compose works which will live as long as our language exists.

William H. Prescott was born at Boston, Massachusetts, in 1796. His father was an eminent Massachusetts lawyer, who filled various State offices with credit and honor, leaving at his death as ample a fortune that his son never required to concern himself about money. The grandfather of the historian was the famous Colonel Prescott, whose name is inseparably connected with the glorious battle of Bunker Hill. Another grandfather fought on the British side in that dire conflict: a sailor, commanding a British vessel, he spent the day in shelling and bombarding the American position. It is to these two men that Thackeray refers in the opening lines of the "Virginians," where he says:

> "On the library wall of one of the most famous writers of America there hang two rude swords, which his relatives wore in the great War of Independence. The one sword was gallantly drawn in the service of the king; the other was the weapon of a brave and honorable gentleman soldier. The possessor of the harmless trophy laid earned for himself a more noble harvest in his secretary's country and his own, where genius such as his has always a peaceful crown."

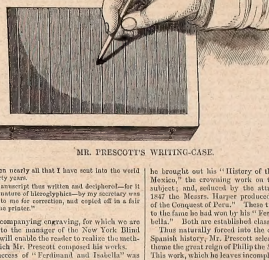
William H. Prescott was intended for the bar, and was educated with care; he graduated at Harvard at the age of nineteen, in 1814. Unhappily, a fellow-student struck recklessly there a crust of bread across a room at him, accidentally deprived one of his eyes of sight; the mischief-maker left him to abandon the career he had chosen, and he resolved to devote himself to letters. Shortly after he attained manhood he went abroad, and spent many years in close study, occasionally diversifying his labors by the composition of a critical essay for a Boston periodical, and devoting so much time to reading and writing that he brought on a disease of his remaining eye. Inflammation of it, and necessity compelled him to give the diseased organ entire repose. Even then he could not abandon his darling pursuit. He engaged secretaries familiar with various languages, and read and wrote with other men's eyes. In 1837 his first great work, the "History of Ferdinand and Isabella," was ready for the press. With what labor and at what cost this and his subsequent works were completed the following well-known passage from his writings sufficiently explains:

> "I obtained the services of a reader whose acquaintance with modern and ancient tongues supplied, so far as it could be supplied, the deficiency of eyesight on my part. But, though in this way I could examine various authorities, it was not easy to arrange in my mind the results of my reading, drawn from different and often contradictory sources. To do this I dictated copious notes as I went along; and when I had read enough for a chapter—from thirty to forty, and sometimes fifty, pages in length—I had a mass of memoranda in my own language which would easily bring before me at a view the fruits of my researches. These notes were carefully read to me; and while my recent studies were fresh in my recollection I ran over the whole of my intended chapter in my mind. This process I repeated the least half a dozen times, so that when I finally put my pen to paper it ran off pretty glibly, for it was on effort of memory rather than creation. This method had the advantage of saving me from the perplexity of frequently referring to the scattered passages in the originals. It enabled me to make the corrections in my own mind which are usually made to the manuscript, and which with my mode of writing—as I shall explain—would have been embarrassed me. Yet I found when I had this method of composition, when the chapter was very long, was too long a strain on the memory to be altogether recommended.
>
> "Writing presented not a difficulty even greater than reading. Tairey, the famous blind historian of the Norman Conquest, advised me to cultivate dictation; but I have usually preferred a substitute that I found in a writing-case made for the blind, which I procured in London forty years since. It is a simple apparatus, often described by me for the benefit of persons whose vision is imperfect. It consists of a frame of the size of a sheet of paper, traversed by wires not so many as lines are wanted on the page, and a sheet of pasteboard or paper, such as is used for getting duplicates, pasted on the reverse side. With an ivory or agate stylus the writer traces his characters between the wires on the outheated sheet, making indelible marks, which he can not see, on the white page below. This tread-mill operation has its defects; and I have repeatedly supposed I had accomplished a good page, and was proceeding in all the glow of composition to go ahead, when I found I had forgotten to insert a sheet of my writing paper below, that my labor had been all thrown away, and that the leaf looked as blank as myself. Notwithstanding these and other whimsical distresses of the kind, I have found my writing-case my best friend in my lonely hours, and with it have written nearly all that I have sent into the world the last forty years.
>
> "The manuscript thus written not deciphered—for it was in the nature of hieroglyphics—by my secretary was then read to me for correction, and copied off in a fair hand for the printer."

The accompanying engraving, for which we are indebted to the manager of the New York Blind Asylum, will enable the reader to realize the method by which Mr. Prescott composed his works.

The success of "Ferdinand and Isabella" was instantaneous and decisive. The most distinguished literary and historical institutes and academies hastened to enroll him among their members, and the capacity of the printers was taxed to the utmost to supply the demand for the book, not only in this country and in England, but in France, Germany, and Spain, in each of which countries translations appeared shortly after the publication of the original.

Five years elapsed before Mr. Prescott again appeared before the public as an author. In 1843 he brought out his "History of the Conquest of Mexico," the crowning work on that interesting subject; and, seduced by the attractive field, in 1847 the Messrs. Harper produced his "History of the Conquest of Peru." These two works added to the fame he had won by his "Ferdinand and Isabella." Both are established classics.



MR. PRESCOTT'S WRITING-CASE.

Most naturally forced into the closest study of Spanish history, Mr. Prescott selected as his next theme the great reign of Philip the Second of Spain. This work, which he leaves incomplete, was intended to be less a history of the monarch whose title it bears, or even of the court of which he was the head, than a comprehensive view of the active and stirring age in which he lived, and in which he was so conspicuous a personage. The first volume was published in 1855, the third a few weeks ago; the remaining volumes will, no doubt, be finished by some stranger.

Mr. Prescott enjoyed remarkable advantages. His wealth enabled him to disregard those debasing considerations of lucre which paralyze so many fine minds. Very few of his works, profitable as they have proved, yielded him enough to reimburse the cost of his material. His rank and hereditary distinction introduced him at once to the best society of Europe, and gave him access to sources of information which men of obscurer origin might have sighed for in vain. The archives of all the courts of Europe were laid open to him; the ablest and most learned men of the old continent were only too happy to lay the treasures of their knowledge at his feet. He composed his works with the amplest material before him; and his concern for pecuniary considerations was so slight that he always had his works printed privately for his own reading before he gave them to the publisher.

Mr. Prescott was married a generation since, and leaves a widow and three children, two of whom are married. Of his inner life one who knew him well writes as follows in the New York *Herald*:

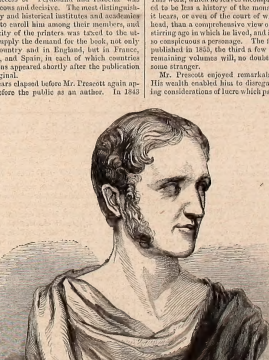
> "Mr. Prescott's earlier studies were pursued at the mansion house of his father in Bedford street, a stately edifice filled with reminiscences of the olden time. It was such a house as is rarely seen in America, and was admirably suited to the requirements of a literary recluse. Our historian was married early in life, and afterward set up his own establishment, a few houses in Beacon Street, overlooking the Boston Common. Here his days flowed on in diligent attention to his literary pursuits. Fame, wealth, and honors came to him; children smiled around his hearth. His lives were cast in pleasant places. It was his to appreciate the calm tranquillity described by the poet:
>
> "Sed ubi delicias est bene quum mentis tenere
> Edita doctrina sapientum templa serena
> Despicere, unde queas alios passimque videre
> Errare, atque viam palantis quærere vitæ."

"In addition to the Boston home he had his family estate at Pepperell, and a charming spot at Nahant, and divided his time between the three residences. His temperament was peculiarly fitted for these retreats for nature as well as by birth and education. Like many all our forefathers, he brought with him the spirit entirely aloof from politics or even local affairs. But for the matter of that, Mr. Prescott was no more known lived in Florence as in Boston—in Italy as in Massachusetts. In truth, he was chiefly in the Editorial, in spirit if not in body."

It gives us pleasure to be able to add to the above meagre sketch of Mr. Prescott's literary history, addressed to the Messrs. Harper by the Rev. Mr. Milburn, latter known as the "blind preacher." We have reason to know that a common misfortune had generated a more than ordinary sympathy between the elegant and wealthy historian and the eloquent preacher. Mr. Prescott would constantly—by those who complimented him on the perseverance with which he surmounted the difficulties of his position—refer to Mr. Milburn, as an example of greater difficulties overcome, under circumstances far more trying. Mr. Milburn writes:

MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS:

"GENTLEMEN,—Before suggesting to be to Boston on Wednesday last, I called to pay my respects to Mr. Prescott. Forgetting his hours, I reached the door at five minutes past one, when I learned from the servant that, as was his custom, he had left the house at two o'clock precisely, to take his daily walk. I called again after tea, and was shown into the library, the gathering-place for the family at that hour. This beautiful room is, after the fashion of Boston houses, on the second floor, in the rear of the drawing-rooms; it is perhaps thirty feet long, by twenty wide; at the western end there is a large bow window, over which are suspended the swords worn by the grandfathers of Mr. and Mrs. Prescott, at the battle of Bunker Hill. Colonel Prescott commanding the American forces, and Mrs. Prescott's grandfather, Captain Linzee, commanding the sloop *Falcon*, engaged in throwing shells upon the American redoubts. By the two long walls of the room are arranged handsome cases, I think of maple, on which are shelved about 5000 volumes of well-selected and handsomely bound books. On the left side of the room, as you face the window, a door is painted in exact imitation of shelves with books, so that the visitor is startled when he is invited *into* the fictitious entrance. This door opens upon a staircase, which leads to the room above, by which also the ladies of the family enter. Between many of the shelves are many choice and exquisite volumes, presentation copies from literary friends abroad and at home. One shelf of the library, he told me, was its most expensive and important feature, as it contained the transcripts of documents in the Royal Archives of Simancas and Madrid, made for him there; arranged in a large number of volumes handsomely bound; and which had then (for this was several years ago) cost him over five thousand dollars. The room throughout is furnished in perfect taste, and is at the same time the perfection of



THE LATE WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT.

comfort; a characteristic of the libraries of the gentlemen of leisure.

"Mr. Prescott's house is filled with engravings, pictures, busts, statuettes, and medallions, the tokens of admiring regard from friends in every part of Europe and North and South America. Behind the door, in the hall, hangs a full-length portrait of Hernando Cortés, in full armor; and on the opposite wall is a striking likeness of Philip II., both copies of originals, sent him by friends, the first from Mexico, the other from Spain.

"On the evening in question, Wednesday, January 26, Mr. Prescott entered the room with a slower and heavier step than when I had been in the habit of seeing his own before; but his mode of address and his manner manifested simplicity and cordial warmth. Whether a stranger would have perceived it I can not say, but on my first interview with the party, at once detected the work of paralysis in an occasional shuffling of the speech. I had a little difficulty in perfect articulation now and then. Among his very first inquiries was a particular one concerning the members of your own family, your health, the state and prospects of your business, etc., manifesting the deepest interest; adding the remark that, through all the years of his business and personal connection with your firm, he had never experienced any thing but the greatest kindness and consideration at your hands; that his enjoyment of your success was undiminished, and that he felt particularly grateful for the kindly mention which had been made of his personal affliction last year in your paper, and for the obituary notice of the third volume of his Philip II. in the current number of your Magazine.

"He then proceeded to a mention of various mutual friends that had passed away since our last meeting; especially of the Hon. Abbott Lawrence and Francis C. Gray, Esq., at whose dinner tables we had often met, and then of some of the more living friends, especially of George Tichnor, Esq., who, he said, had shortened and brightened his life just for him, as he had been many a sad and weary hour; and of Mr. Agassiz, concerning whose museum he expressed the liveliest interest. He remarked that the eyes of the latter had suffered greatly from his work, and that he would not be much lacked in his presents, that he was also to find relief in manifold manipulating labors. This led him naturally to speak of his sickness and disability, which were about equal in degree; and of the different lives we had led; his, of a retired study, mine, of travel and active toil.

"He added: 'I suppose that Tichnor will never write another book; that he has been doing the world better for the community and posterity by devoting himself for several years to the investigation of the life of his City Library, which may be taken in good part as his work—and a more valuable contribution to the good of the people his address could not be. It is a rare thing for such an institution to get a man so rarely qualified for the task, knowing as he does no splitsheet to bore after its interests with such energy and patience.'

"Of Mr. Gray he observed: 'Poor Gray! I think he was the most remarkable man I ever knew for variety and fullness of information, and for perfect command of it. He was a walking encyclopedia. I have seen many men who had excellent memories, persons who could go to their books for their libraries to get the information you wanted; but no man to whom the subject you spoke of was his knowledge was at his fingers' ends, and entered at your service.'

"He then led the conversation to his English friends, to some of whom he had given me letters on my recent visit to that country. He had known, of Lady Lyell, the wife of the celebrated geologist. 'She is one of the most charming people I have ever seen,' he said. 'When she married Sir Charles she knew nothing of geology; but finding that her life was to be passed among persons who set herself to work to make friends of them, and has done so to perfection. She is in thorough sympathy with all her husband's pursuits, and goes with the companion of his journeys; oftentimes his amanuensis. Her husband has written many of his books; and the delight and cheer of his whole life. Unaffected, genial, accomplished, and delightful to an unusual accomplished extent, she is one of the rarest women you can meet. And,' he continued, 'you saw my friend Sir Henry Holland. He is an admirable person in his! I had a letter from him only a day or two since, to which he gave an interesting account of the opening of the Crystal Palace, St. Paul's, to the popular Sunday evening preachings—an attempt which has enlisted all the sympathies of the Bishop of London and of himself. He has been a prodigiously hard worker, and so has acquired a prodigiously old look. A physician, and an historian, divine, poet, and man of letters, he is at the same time among the most accomplished and finished men of society I saw in England.'

"'Did you see Dean Trench?' he proceeded. Upon my replying in the negative, he added: 'I am sorry never to have seen him; I have heard such pleasant testimony concerning him. He was the favor some time since to send me his *Cobleron*, which I enjoyed greatly.' Replying to the assertive to my inquiry as to whether he had read the Dean's books on Words, etc., he said, 'They shall be the very next books I read.'

"'England's a glorious country,' he said; 'isn't it? What a green and noble-spirited people! I can not show an American's heart warms toward them after he has been there once and found them out in their hospitable homes.'

"I said: 'Mr. Prescott, aren't you coming to New York? We shall all be very glad to see you there.' 'No,' he replied; 'I suppose that the days of my long journeys are over. I must content myself, like Horace, with my three houses. You know I go at the commencement of summer to my cottage by the sea-side at Lynn Beach; and at autumn to my patrimonial acres at Pepperell, which has been in our family for two hundred years, to sit under the old trees I sat under when a boy; and then, with winter, come to town to hibernate in this house. This is the only traveling, I suppose, that I shall do until I go to my long home. Do you remember the delightful summer you spent with us at Lynn, two or three years ago? I wish you would come and repeat it next summer.'

"In another part of the conversation he said: 'These men with eyes have an at a serious disadvantage, haven't they? While they may, no one only limp. But I have nothing to complain of, nor have you. Providence has singularly taken care of us both, and by compensation keeps the balance even.'

"He then spoke with entire calmness of the shock which his system had received from his first attack of paralysis; last year; said that, while he considered him a good deal, but was very grateful that he was yet enabled to ply his pen with ease; that he was able to write, although confined to square diet, and not allowed to touch meat or any thing of a stimulating nature. Concerning Motley, over, to keep up his literary labors. 'I have always made my literary pursuits,' he said, 'a relaxation from labor, and hope to do so with the remainder of Philip, as I am yet able to work but a few hours consecutively, and then only.' He stated that his eye had suffered considerably from the labor, and while he talked he rubbed it strongly as he spoke his face. In the course of the conversation we were joined by the ladies of the family, Mrs. Prescott, Miss Lucy, Miss Prescott, and daughter-in-law. He then spoke in glowing and grateful terms of the kind hospitalities offered for his health throughout the country, to the kindness which he had invariably experienced at the hands of his countrymen. 'I can never,' he said, 'be sufficiently grateful for the tokens of esteem, regard, and affection which I have received from them all the years of my literary career. True, it makes me feel like an old man to see my fifteen volumes standing in a row; but I am glad to have set it ever was to enjoy the love which the country has ever shown me.' When I asked if any one thing or a man to know he had given so much happiness as he had done by his books, he said that he was his most fervent hope that he had been able to confer it. He said he hoped to live to finish Philip, and then to complete his Ferdinand. As I took him good-by, I said, 'God bless you, Mr. Prescott; I know I breathe the prayer of the country when I say every one of the best years for many years, to add volume after volume to the fifteen.' He replied, 'My prayer is that the love of my friends and their appreciation of my labors.'

"Little did I think that the hand which so warmly grasped mine as he led me down the stairs would, ere night-fall, be powerless in death, so cold and stiff in death. Peace to the memory of one of the sweetest and noblest men that ever lived!

"Yours very truly,

"WILLIAM H. MILBURN."

From an obituary notice pronounced before the Historical Society by the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, we extract the following interesting particulars respecting Mr. Prescott's personal habits:

"His habits were methodical to exact, entering early at an early hour, he rose early alike in winter and in summer at the appointed moment, rousing himself instantly, and was in the study exactly at the first note of his alarm bell; never giving indulgence to laziness or delay. To the hours of study, he was, of course, quite as adhered as scrupulously as possible, never beginning them but to be interfered with by nothing but to do reader; now dictating what was to be written; now taking his own pen and writing it himself. He was helped by the aid of simple machinery devised for those who are in darkness, among which, as thoughtfully as ingeniously, his guest thought. For this reason, at the period of his life when he was writing on horseback—and he was exceedingly fond of that exercise—it was his choice and his habit to go alone; and, as he had no companion to talk to, he might be sure that, when by himself, his mind was shaping out the text for the rest of the day. He was also fortunate in his mode of life, he preceded onward, and with onward, till the eyes of the world were turned in admiration on the genial scholar, who, with placid calmness, contemplated mingled sympathy and admiration, and gained the first place among his countrymen as the historic instructor of mankind.

"The prominent argument itself was singularly pleasing, and was for him every where in advance a welcome guest. Always entertained hospitably, and always received with the beautiful dictates' that hovers on that of the guest. Both were happy in the visit, both were happy and gentle and humane. His voice was like music, and his conversation was the very strength of it. Enthusiastic reached and animated all about him. He could indulge in playfulness, and could also be serious without any formality; but he knew not how to be ungracious or pedantic. He was, indeed, a man of the most delightful and unequaled, he so united the rich stores of memory with the warmth of a heart in fraternal love with all."

"In his friendships he was most faithful; true to them always, true to the last. Of his generosity it would seem to be as much as ruffled by the noisy clamors of calumny, by a single act of ungenerous conduct. Indeed, the encouragement of his affairs he was prudent and considerate: In his expenditures liberal to all about him, not only to his own, but equally generous, having an open hand, but doing good without observation. His affections centered early and long upon the companion of his youth, and the rosy light of his youth, never dimmed by a cloud, went with him all his way through life."

It will not unnaturally be expected that this journal should contain some allusion to the business relations which have existed for many years between Mr. Prescott and Messrs. Harper & Brothers. Mr. Prescott's first work, the "History of Ferdinand and Isabella," was originally published in Boston. His succeeding histories—"The Conquest of Mexico," and "The Conquest of Peru"—were born from the first, the imprint of the Harpers. Some years after the appearance of the latter work he offers so advantageous, apparently, were made to Mr. Prescott by a Boston house, for the privilege of publishing his works, that the Messrs. Harper coincided with his other friends in advising him to accept them.

So pleasant had been the intercourse between Mr. Prescott and the Messrs. Harper, that the severance of their business relations was a source of more than usual regret to the latter; and it is with no ordinary satisfaction that they remember that these feelings were shared by the illustrious historian.

The Messrs. Harper believe that at the present moment, when so much interest attaches to every thing relating to Mr. Prescott, they are violating no confidence in publishing the following letters, which, to the general reader, will remark would never have seen the light so long as their writer lived:

"LYNN, *July 19, 1851.*

"*Messrs. Harper & Brothers:*

"DEAR SIRS,—I duly received yours of the 10th instant, and read its contents with sincere regret, as it announced the dangerous illness of one of the most relations that have so long subsisted between us.

"I should have replied to it before, but I have unavoidably delayed in bringing my arrangements with the other house to a close; and I thought it was better to wait until I could write to you that my new associates before communicating again with you.

"I have arranged with them for the publication of my new history of 'Philip the Second,' and for that of the former history simultaneously.

"

"And now allow me to say this is one of the most unpleasant letters I ever wrote in my life, since it is to break off a long and pleasant intercourse between us, which, I trust, will only be changed any words but those of kindness and regard. And these feelings will not be lessened, I am sure, between us. For you will have the candor to admit that it would be too great a sacrifice to my interest for me to decline any offer which secure to me the certain payment of fifty thousand dollars, independent of the future contingency of the sales of the octavo editions of the old histories.

"As I dislike mysteries, I should mention the name of the house last this I have been required not to do for the present.

"Believe me, my dear Sirs.

"Very sincerely yours,

"WM. H. PRESCOTT."

A year afterward Mr. Prescott wrote:

"LYNN, *July 24, 1852.*

"*Messrs. Harper & Brothers:*

"DEAR SIRS,—* * * I am entering on a new enterprise in my arrangements with the Boston house. How it will turn out time will show. But whatever it is, I am sure it will be with the kind and pleasant relations I have had with you, in which the good understanding and the cordial feeling between author and publisher has not been interrupted for a moment. Every year of our connection has confirmed me in the opinion that I performed of the high and honorable character of your house, for every member of which I beg to express sentiments of the sincere regard.

"Believe me, dear Sirs,

"Very truly your friend,

"WM. H. PRESCOTT."

And again, in Mr. Prescott's last letter to the Messrs. Harper, he says:

"BOSTON, *March 1, 1858.*

"*Messrs. Harper & Brothers:*

"DEAR SIRS,—* * * It is most grateful to my feelings to find that our long—and, to me at least, most agreeable—intercourse, has left such kind impressions upon you, as will naturally reciprocate your good wishes by expressing those which I have ever felt for your prosperity and happiness.

"Believe me, gentlemen,

"Very sincerely your friend,

"WM. H. PRESCOTT."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1859.

THE WOLF AT THE DOOR.

THE act of 1858 has now been exhausted, and the United States Government has bowed all the money that can be borrowed without fresh authority from Congress. According to the most reliable calculations, the receipts for the fiscal year 1858–'59 will fall short of the expenditure by at least sixteen millions of dollars. This deficit may—has probably will not—be increased by any extra appropriations by Congress. It does not include some twenty millions of Treasury notes now in circulation, and to be forthwith provided for either by a reissue or by the passage of an act funding them.

Some members of Congress, and some members of the Administration likewise, appear to think that the Government revenue from customs is increasing fast enough to meet this deficiency. This is an error. This spring the merchants are importing very heavily, more heavily than ever did during the same months of theirs grows out of the stagnation of 1858. During that year every merchant expected his neighbor to import largely, and the consequence was that no one imported at all. Now the importers rush into the opposite extreme. Every one, calculating on the want of goods throughout the country, and on the probable abstinence of his neighbor, is importing to the extent of his means; and the consequence is that in a few weeks this market will be glutted.

But a successful trade implies a demand for as well as a supply of goods. No adequate demand for foreign merchandise can now be reasonably expected. New York, as a rule, has no great markets for her imports—the South and the West. The one depends on cotton, the other on corn. Experience teaches that the Western or corn country is, at least, twice as valuable a market as the Southern or cotton country. Of these two sections the latter only can now be relied on as a market for New York imports. The South is rich, and can afford to buy. To the extent of the necessities of the Southern country, a demand for foreign merchandise may reasonably be anticipated. As with regard to the West no such reliance can be entertained. The West is at the present moment largely indebted to the East. Western merchants, as a rule, have no means to invest in foreign merchandise. Every Western grower—looking to the harvest—has debt due to him by farmers. Under ordinary circumstances Western merchants might fairly expect to obtain a fresh supply of goods by remitting their real estate in favor of New York merchants or Western bankers; but the peculiar condition of the West, that is to say, the universality of its prospects in that region between 1850 and 1857, and the speculative value set on real property of all kinds, will render this a very precarious means of this resource. Nearly all the property in the West is already mortgaged for more than it would command if brought to the hammer. Furthermore, the legislation of various Western States, especially in reference to home mortgages, is not calculated to induce prudent men to advance money on any pledge of real estate in that section of country. Several cities in the West have openly violated the flag of repudiation, and in at least one State the farmers who collectively represent a large majority of voters in certain public bonds, have banded themselves together in a sort of ribbon association for the purpose of evading the payment of taxes, by which nothing could be more lawfully binding on them. All this is not calculated to encourage people in the East to entrust any of their goods on the faith of Western bonds and mortgages.

We infer, therefore, on the whole, considering the prevailing poverty of the West, and the difficulties (arising from excessive speculation and loose currency) which environ the trade, and the way of the successful negotiation of Western mortgage bonds, that the Western market can not be relied on for a more than ordinary share of the foreign imports of 1858. And it follows, as a matter of course, that if the early importers of the spring of 1859 are unable to sell their goods to good advantage, the importations will fall off, and the customs revenue will decline accordingly.

We are a people of extremes. We seem destined to oscillate perpetually between indulgence and misery, plethora and bankruptcy, excessive speculation and absolute inaction. In the spring of 1857 the resources of the United States would have sufficed for sixty millions of people. In the spring and fall of 1858, the importations did not exceed the wants of seven of the people of the State of New York. In the spring of 1859 we shall again import enough for fifty or sixty millions of consumers of a foreign produce. In the fall of the year, according to present appearances, we shall again cease to take off the hands of manufactur

dent to discuss matters of taste, which are subject to no fixed canon, and can be decided by no established precedent. But we may observe that, for the last forty years, mankind has required a certain expansion in female skirts. Rightly or wrongly, the esthetic eye requires that the female figure shall be broader at the base than at any other point; and this is impossible without expanded skirts. Before the invention of hoops the desired effect was attained by the multiplication of skirts, which, as every lady remembers, were unwieldy, inconvenient, expensive, and unhealthy. Hoops superseded these, providing the requisite expansion without either inconveniencing the wearer or endangering her health. They achieve the purpose which was utterly sought by heaping skirt on skirt; and they do no mischief.

It is much easier to laugh at hoops than to invent a substitute for them, or prove their uselessness. Certainly, according to the prevailing notions of the beautiful, a woman without hoops, with garments clinging to her person, and exposing, in the wind, the contour of every limb, is neither graceful nor modestly attired.

As to moral considerations, it is difficult to discover what they have to do with hoops. The priests, bishops, and professors who have denounced hoops as sinful were doubtless prepared with arguments to make good their position; but it is to be feared that they kept their reasoning to themselves. Awkward girls will ill-made skirts may wear hoops to disadvantage; but really, what the beast of grave men blushing at the shocking consequences of the hoop, one involuntarily recalls Tartuffe's exclamation,

"Couvrez ce sein que je ne saurais voir!"

The verdict of truly ladylike women is, that hoops, properly worn, save their modesty far more than the lower style of dress.

Hoops have been accused of causing accidents by fire, and increasing the mortality among female fowls and small quadrupeds. These are objections which are well-founded. Wearers of hoops must exercise extreme caution in approaching fire more than they used to do before hoops were worn; and ladies attired in the prevailing fashion will require new means of protecting themselves against cold. But, after all, these are simple matters. Flannel is not beyond the reach of ordinary purses; and it is giving our women little credit for common sense to say that they can not help sticking their skirts in the fire. If these objections be weighed in the balance against the obvious advantages of the hoop fashion—in respect of health, elegance, economy, and comfort—there can be no question but the advantages will carry the day.

AMERICAN CITIZENSHIP AND FOREIGN DESPOTISM.

We are glad to see, at last, that Senator Pugh, of Ohio, has called for the correspondence between our Minister to Berlin and the State Department in reference to the compulsory enlistment of United States citizens in the Prussian army.

We believe that this journal was the first to call for an inquiry into this subject. We had evidence before us that Prussian officials were not only in the habit of impressing American citizens who had left the fatherland to live and been born Prussians, and to return to Prussia on a visit after their naturalization here; they not unfrequently added to this the impressment of citizens of Prussian birth in adjoining States. Under these circumstances we inquired—with some justice, we think—whether our State relations were worth preserving if such outrages could not be prevented?

Under Mr. Webster an effort was made to establish the principle that an American citizen, wherever born, was entitled to the protection of the United States Government. Mr. Marcy, in the first enthusiasm of power, went further, and shielded a foreigner who had simply declared his intention to become a citizen of the United States. General Cass will not interpose to protect a citizen of the United States from being pressed into the Prussian service. He holds that no man has a right to become a citizen of the United States unless he has discharged all the duties which his birth involves to the Government under which he was born. In respect of natives of countries therefore, where every male is liable to military service, as in Prussia, Mr. Cass holds that even a naturalization as citizen of the United States can not discharge the original obligation.

This, of course, is not the American view of the question. We allow foreigners from every country to our shores. We offer them every inducement to become citizens of the United States. We desire that they should become citizens. And when they have complied with our desire, we know no distinction between them and native-born citizens.

Prussia only needs a sharp reminder of our intentions to relax her policy. An embargo on the trade between Prussia and the United States would break half the manufacturers of Prussia, and would speedily humble the Government. Let Mr. Pugh persevere, and follow up his motion with a resolution to suspend all trade with Prussia until her present policy is abandoned, and we shall hear no more of the impressment of American citizens.

PRESCOTT.

No reader familiar with modern literature but will be sad to learn that the accomplished and fine historian Prescott is dead. Some months since we spoke of a sudden illness, a slight paralysis, which had befallen him. Such an event is but a touch of a solemn finger, which beckons and points forward. It is, therefore, not altogether with surprise that the papers reported his death on Friday, January 28.

In the circumstances of his life, well known to the world by his simple relation of them, and in the delightful manner in which he has told them, there was such a genuine kindliness that the man was loved as the author was respected.

He was born in Salem, Massachusetts, in 1796, and was, therefore, about sixty-two years old when he died. At the end of his college life a chance crumb thrown at him by a companion at table struck one of his eyes and destroyed the sight. The other eye was weakened so that he became almost wholly blind. His subsequent career is familiar to his friend, Mr. Ticknor, the historian of Spanish Literature, in Duyckinck's Cyclopedia of American Literature, and from that we learn that, although this case happened among the most popular and learned of historians. The Histories of the Conquest of Mexico and Peru followed, and the third volume of a History of Philip the Second was issued at the close of the last year. Ticknor tells us that Prescott was the husband in unceasingly; he dealt with original materials, and while he was engaged in several at once, he kept his usual public sympathy, the publication of its results was hailed with hearty applause; and in the last ten years, in 1850, his rich talents will hardly be written again.

Prescott's literary kind have been freely lavished upon him here and elsewhere. He went to England, and England offered him its most generous hospitality. If there was this surprising, for there is something peculiarly English in the calmness and firmness of his character, there was also the English ardor. At home he was surrounded by old friends, and his last years were made as happy as the social enjoyments in Boston or at Nahant and the shores of Massachusetts Bay.

His life is a plain narrative, none the less remarkable because he was not obliged to work for his bread. Many a scholarly young man, under circumstances much more favorable, fully justified in the general opinion for retiring from every kind of fashionable activity, would not have produced what Prescott in college. Nor is it to be regarded as altogether a fancy that his misfortune should have left a shade of sadness apparent in the general character of thoughtful kindness, calmness, and sweetness which pervade all his writings. If there was a shade, how brilliant, and his style is pleasant rather than picturesque. Very rarely have an author's personal sympathies with his story been so entirely unobtrusive. He is not a great philosophic historian; he is a charming chronicler. He is the engaging narrator of a most romantic story, rather than the analysis of their causes and the influence of human character upon them, which forms the philosophic history.

But if any man is fortunate who writes a book that shall be a delight to every body, he is doubly so whose work inspires personal regard as well as general admiration? Prescott did both—literally speaking—his work was done. But when the sailor sinks with his ship, or the patriot falls in the front of the battle, the sudden pang of grief or death upon his desk, we feel that it is fit, that it does not come with the full regret of duty and of labor in the proper place to die.

THE BURNS CENTENARY.

THE Burns birth-night celebration was the most universal literary festival ever known. In most of the cities and towns in the northern states societies of every nation under the auspices of Scotchmen; and the heart of the world beat responsive to the memory of the poet who has enthralled it so long.

And of all poets, Burns was the one who would naturally inspire such a general feast. For he is the song-writer as truly as Homer is the epic and Shakespeare the dramatic poet. And as the songs deal directly with the cardinal emotions of humanity; they are sentiments that flower out of no poet, no individual, no peculiar experience, but they spring out of the great common heart, as grass springs out of the ground. Burns is the voice of the poet of the universal heart in its domestic and affectionate aspects. He is the singer of love as no man that sweet as a singer. He is naturally "Robin" and "Bobbie" to all who think of him, or hear his name, or sing his songs. His life was so sad that we think of it with pain, but, happily, his own music clears away the tears that cloud our eyes as we remember it.

It is curious, as we have before hinted, that two Scotchmen should be the most personally beloved of authors, but curious only because the proverbial characteristic of the Scotch genius is sober thrift. Robert Burns and Walter Scott are the two personal favorites of Humanity and Poetry and Art.

Yet all who love a genuine, old-fashioned novel, full of love and adventure—resulting as the heart always implicates that it will result—will enjoy profoundly Bulwer's last novel.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

"MR. LOUNGER,—You have had much to say about fashions in your columns; so perhaps you can decide a question we have been debating.

"In, or is it not, toolyfum for high-bred, independent females to say the silly words of some fellow-writer about 'Mrs. Lounger's pleasant, solid, and domestic qualities?' Some of us consider that the second intention of going out to buy her husband some shirts, as having all her own or its late excellence, is big enough? Are honest constituency be most lavish? And, Query III. Did Dr. Dodge's last sermon, would each trouble have appeared in the aforesaid newspaper?

"CRATCHITA."

—The Lounger does not understand why his letter-writers cited the particular purchase as an indication of the qualities they commended; and unscholarly, indeed, Dr. Dodge's last sermon, the letter-writers would have gossiped of the wives of eminent successful candidates—if they would have gossiped. The Junkins style of Washington correspondence is undoubtedly the most popular of any. Abstemiosity of every kind is always entertaining to the general reader; and as every newspaper aims to please every body, when each of twenty is copied into a reputable journal, it does not necessarily prove toadyishness upon the part of the printer. Nor is every letter of a series of a lioness to exist. A lady is one who flatters, in the hope that flattery will spur from the flattered; but in the case supposed CRATCHITA will see that there is no such expectation.

—RAYMOND, Georgetown, District of Columbia, wishes to know

"What is the difference between a rare fighter and a fair writer?—One rejoices in fights done, the other in fights to do."

"What is the difference between a lady's riding-dress and a lawyer's brief by days?—One is a hiding exists, the other a riding habit."

—J. H., Boston, says that he and his friends have been much puzzled by the following questions:

"Is idiocy a defect in the mind, or in the organ of the mind, the brain? Is the mind the direct gift of the Creator, or is it the result of the organ, the brain? Is the mind a unit and the brain compound, or the reverse? Is it the action of the mind, as grounded by phrenology, based on truth?"

None of these questions can be positively and finally answered. We know that idiocy is caused not only by means of its "organ," and we know that it is by means of, or influenced, or perhaps wholly formed, idiocy is the result. But we know nothing of defects in the mind. The reply to the second question is answered in this. And the last is met up the world like a watch. What we call nature is only the mental idea of the material universe. It is human senses and faculties. The third question involves an impossible comparison of spirit and matter. To the fourth the Lounger answers frankly that all the old jokers have a certain qualification in experience. Phrenology, as it stands to-day, is no science as Lavater made it, but every body is impressed, pleasantly or otherwise, by various developments of character which are the result of a fool. So with phrenology. It may not be certain and infallible in the details of its theories, but nothing from the combination of qualities indicated by the cranium, but there can be no doubt that certain swellings of some of the skull indicate certain general tendencies. Phrenology does not pretend to be anything more than a philosophy of it. In the science of a particular result and expression of the character of some man. There is a fascination in discussing these problems of

"Fate, freewill, foreknowledge absolute—"

but they are not in our streets. They are the matter into very cold or very hot water.

—The friend in Wilmington, North Carolina, who asks the Lounger about the property "in the Saturday Post" will find that the property is Home Ivi, I. 45),

"though I am native here
And to the manner born."

—J. L., Baltimore, takes the Lounger's reply to his request to furnish questions for Lyceum debate most seriously than the Lounger does. He declares that, after avarice, *irritability* is one of the worst things a man can do. *Peevishness, fretfulness*, &c., he no longer mount as *faults*. The Lyceum discuss a question that was recently discussed in a Lyceum in Baltimore. "Ought a man to obey a law which his conscience condemns?" To the mind of the Lounger there is no question at all as to the propriety of obeying a law which can be gravely debate it. Then let the Lyceum discuss "Is the present Congress of Europe likely to aid the democratic principle?" Then, "Is it a desirable law?" Then, "Is a profitable question?" Then, "Is desirable?" Absurdity, that is, of the law.

These are multitudes of such questions, which will be of considerable interest to the people, as well as republican citizens, and upon which we ought all to know the reasons of our opinions. Should a series of these questions be discussed, will J. L. please send the Lounger the number of each? Perhaps the Lounger will promise not to offend with his trivial fun any more.

—In the *Lounger's Letter-Box* of December 18, 1858, there was "a charade for fast young ladies by a slow young man," by H. D. Will H. D. please to appease the eager curiosity of W. E. S., Boston, and A. BERNE INCOGNITA, by sending the Lounger the answer?

—W. C. B., Louisville, Kentucky, gives the Lounger permission to light his pipe with some lines upon a "Moonlight Night Strolle;" and with many thanks, and granting that they display great ease and facility, the Lounger has done so.

A SKATING SCENE.

SKATING.

NEVER was there such a rage for skating throughout the United States as this winter. Before the age of steamboats, when the ice used to "take" smoothly and broadly every winter on the East and North rivers, the New Yorkers were proverbially fond of skating. But, for the last thirty years or so, the want of suitable ice has deprived the Gothamites of the pastime. This winter a bold and successful effort to repair the deficiency has been made by the Commissioners of the Central Park, who have turned their ponds and swamps to good use, by flooding them every cold night, and inviting skaters to try them in the morning. The idea has been a hit. Thousands of persons of both sexes have for the past month, whenever the weather suited, spent an hour or two every day on skates in the Park—with no small advantage, it is to be hoped, to their health and spirits.

Our illustration represents a skating scene in the country. Throughout the North and East skating has long been a favorite amusement with ladies as well as men. At Boston most of the young ladies skate, and skate well. Throughout the Canadas skating ranks as a domestic and a popular institution. No doubt much of the health and fresh complexion which distinguish Northern belles arise from this favorite pursuit.

A FRAZER RIVER LOVE STORY.

WE arrived on our station, at the mouth of the Frazer River, in Oregon Territory, with the ship, officers, and ship's company, all in the very best of health and spirits.

It was a glorious day. We had contrived to get the ship over the bar, and were lying about two miles up, surrounded on all sides by forest-clad hills and grassy valleys. Not far from us was a fort belonging to the Hudson Bay Company, to the officers of which the herds of half-wild horses that pastured in the valleys belonged. The woods teemed with game, and the water with fish; so that we never wanted a day's sport, nor a delicious addition to the dinner-table.

For some time I gave myself up to a sporting-life. The officers of the Company had kindly given leave and assistance to catch and break as many horses as we pleased, and I, with a couple of smart nags—on which my servant attended as groom—my gun and my rod, with an occasional excursion into the land of poesy, was as happy as the day was long.

Many of our fellows used to visit at the fort; but I, being of a bashful and retiring nature, contented myself with making my own cigar with the inhabitants, and then returned to my former amusements. I had become accustomed to the absence of ladies' society from necessity, and should have gone on happily and prosperously until we left the place, had it not been for one unlucky day, and one deceitful purser.

The niece of the commanding officer had lately arrived at the fort, and taken all hearts by storm. She was a blue-eyed, cherry-lipped, peach-cheeked, dimpled-faced damsel of seventeen, with clustering bright brown curls.

The purser and I were the first favorites with the young lady, and the rest were nowhere. I could come on shore oftener than he could, and, taking advantage of this, I was most assiduous in my attentions. I danced with her, I walked with her, I sang with her, I read poetry with her, and I began to touch her dressing. All went smoothly as a marriage-bell. The perfidious purser had scarcely the ghost of a chance; and I felt sure that the sight of me in my full uniform, when she came off to church, on Sunday, had completely finished him. But "Man proposes, and Providence disposes." Let me hasten to a conclusion before my feelings get the better of me.

"OH! DO CATCH IT FOR ME—THE LITTLE BEAUTY."

A picnic party had been got up, mainly through my exertions. We mustered about fifteen, including Miss Edwardson. The scene of our rural festivities was to be a small grassy glade in the thick forest, just where a fine headlong trout-stream came dashing down into the bay—about as delightful a spot as can well be imagined; and right merrily did we enjoy ourselves. Among the crowd of admirers that surrounded her (there were always eight or ten), Miss Edwardson distinguished none but me. The purser looked at me savagely—at her, dismally; and despite his natural buoyancy of spirits, was either silent, or spoke in monosyllables. As I observed his spirits declining, so did mine rise, until at last I had become quite the lion of the party. My wit sparkled under the approving eyes of that sweet girl; and as the wine passed round after our dinner, beside that glorious stream, I kept the table, or rather the table-cloth, in a roar; or, as the humor seized me, I got them into a sentimental mood, and set them thinking of their absent loves.

We got to singing. The purser sang a song, the refrain of which was, "There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip." Ah—h—h! I remember it but too well. Many other fellows sang; and when it came, I gave them a beautiful little thing I had composed for the occasion, beginning,

O no! we never mention her;
She lovely—she's sublime, etc.

Only I could not manage to keep out of "Ben Backstay" and "Cease, rude Boreas," into which two songs I was constantly tumbling, owing to a defective, or perhaps, a too retentive memory, assisted by sundry glasses of Champagne, which I had taken to get my courage up to the popping-point. At last Miss Edwardson was prevailed upon to favor us, and she was getting on delightfully with "Love on, love on," occasionally sending me up to the seventh heaven by a tender glance in the strong passages, when she suddenly broke off and exclaimed:

"Oh, oh! Oh, the darling! the love! Oh, the sweet pet! the beautiful creature! Oh, the little beauty!"

She was either looking at me or over my shoulder. For a moment I really was am enough to believe that her passion for me had turned her brain; but seeing Williams rise from the grass rather hastily, and observing that he was intently regarding some object behind my back as I reclined beside my charming lady-love, I looked round, and there saw the cause of her exclamations. It was a beautiful little animal of the ermine species—at least so I thought, though its coat was pure white, and it had no black tip to its bushy tail. The impudent little wretch looked at us for a minute, and took it so easy that I began to think it must have been some escaped pet; and when Ellen rung out again: "Oh, Mr. Guthrie—oh, see how tame it is! —oh, do catch it for me, please—oh, do!" I rose at once to do so. At the same moment all the others rose. I saw that perfidious purser sign to them, and thought they were coming to assist. I did not notice till afterward that they had all retreated in an opposite direction.

The little beast had taken up his station at the foot of a grand old tree. His stern was turned toward us, and he was quietly and complacently surveying us over his shoulder. I made a run at him, and my hand was nearly on him, when—Ah me! the remembrance of my reception by that abominable animal I shall never forget. The love, the darling, the pet, the beautiful little creature, was neither more nor less than a SKUNK! I was almost suffocated. I was entirely beside myself with rage. I fell down, I yelled, I rolled in the grass, I rubbed the skin off my face. I held my nose, but the terrible effluvium got in at my mouth; I shut my mouth, and it rushed in at my nose. I screamed for help, and one or two of the less experienced of our party came running down toward me; but no sooner had they got within fifty yards than, simultaneously gripping their noses, they ran as if the Old Gentleman was after them. I rushed after the nasty wretch, still valiantly holding my nose; but no sooner did I approach than the horrible stench met me with redoubled force.

I had been there some time, when I heard a voice hailing. It was the purser's, and he was evidently holding his nose.

"Hi, Tommy, where are you?"

"Here," I answered, in a most doleful tone—here, under the water-fall."

"That was a skunk you tried to catch," he called out, keeping a respectful distance, and still holding his nose.

"Don't I know it, you confounded booby!"

"Oh, I thought you might like to know the creature's name, in case you should ever fall in with another. Pretty thing, isn't it? Can I do any thing for you?"

"No," I replied, savagely. "I'm going on board."

"On board!" exclaimed Williams. "Why, man, you'd clear the ship. Nothing can live within fifty yards of you, nor won't be able to for a fortnight to come. You don't know how strong you are."

"Don't I, though!" I thought, feeling at the same time that I was strong enough to smother another person, to give him a good thrashing, if I could only get near but that was hopeless.

How queer you look there, under glancing water—quite like a jolly old river-god. Well, look here. You can't go on board; you had better walk round the head of the bay until you come to a half-drained hut which is there. There you will have to stay for a fortnight at three weeks; and if you keep in the water all the time, you will probably have ceased to be aromatic. At present, you know, you are dreadful. I'll send you round clean clothes, grub, liquor, and any other necessaries. Good-by: take care of yourself. You'll have a very quiet life; I almost envy you. Good-by."

I am almost sure I heard him stifling a laugh. Could I have proved it, this world should not have held me both much longer.

Three mortal weeks did I exist, a miserable outcast, in that wretched hut. At the end of the second week, a messenger, holding his nose, presented me with a small packet. On opening it, I found it to contain a small portion of cake, and two cards tied together with white ribbon. On the small one was the name

"UNDER THE WATERFALL—LIKE A JOLLY OLD RIVER GOD."

they turned and ran as if for the bare life.

I was intolerable to myself. The dreadful perfume nearly suffocated me. All my washing and scrubbing only took the skin off, without giving me any relief. I tore off my coat and waistcoat, and rushed into the stream. There was a steep fall close at hand; and there, under the dashing water, with just my nose and mouth out of air, I sat. I dared not move out. Only when covered with water was existence tolerable.

I had been there some time, when I heard a voice hailing. It was the purser's, and he was evidently holding his nose.

"Hi, Tommy, where are you?"

"Here," I answered, in a most doleful tone—here, under the water-fall."

"That was a skunk you tried to catch," he called out, keeping a respectful distance, and still holding his nose.

"Don't I know it, you confounded booby!"

"Oh, I thought you might like to know the creature's name, in case you should ever fall in with another. Pretty thing, isn't it? Can I do any thing for you?"

"No," I replied, savagely. "I'm going on board."

"On board!" exclaimed Williams. "Why, man, you'd clear the ship. Nothing can live within fifty yards of you, nor won't be able to for a fortnight to come. You don't know how strong you are."

"Don't I, though!" I thought, feeling at the same time that I was strong enough to smother another person, to give him a good thrashing, if I could only get near but that was hopeless.

How queer you look there, under glancing water—quite like a jolly old river-god. Well, look here. You can't go on board; you had better walk round the head of the bay until you come to a half-drained hut which is there. There you will have to stay for a fortnight at three weeks; and if you keep in the water all the time, you will probably have ceased to be aromatic. At present, you know, you are dreadful. I'll send you round clean clothes, grub, liquor, and any other necessaries. Good-by: take care of yourself. You'll have a very quiet life; I almost envy you. Good-by."

I am almost sure I heard him stifling a laugh. Could I have proved it, this world should not have held me both much longer.

Three mortal weeks did I exist, a miserable outcast, in that wretched hut. At the end of the second week, a messenger, holding his nose, presented me with a small packet. On opening it, I found it to contain a small portion of cake, and two cards tied together with white ribbon. On the small one was the name

"Mr. William, R.N.," and on the larger one, "Mrs. Williams." My happiness was blasted forever! I vowed from that time forth never, never more to love.

LITERARY.

Whether the speck of war on the northern horizon grows larger or not, it is very plain to us that no one can fail to be interested in a clear and intelligible account of Paraguay and the River La Plata, whether our sympathies lay more to the mixed republics or to the Empire. The expedition of the Water Witch, in 1853, '54, '55, and '56, possesses special interest, and we therefore have great confidence in the ability of Commander Thomas J. Page's narrative of the expedition, which Harper & Brothers are publishing in a splendid octavo, entitled LA PLATA, THE ARGENTINE CONFEDERATION, AND PARAGUAY, illustrated abundantly with engravings and maps.

The account of Commander Page is spirited and attractive. You take it with the impression that travel itself, for every thing is novel, instructive, and entertaining.

Every one is taking up the book will turn first to the story as the cutting on the Water Witch, and, if the judgment of our author is entitled to any credit, there was never a grosser instance of insult to a national flag than this, or one which demanded of more summary and condign punishment. The Administration is always in a delicate position when such occurrences take place. Its own interests reveal a first into or bearded on the high seas, and the Administration do not brilliantly declare war against the aggressor than a feeling rises in the country and the opposition presses loud there with charges of cowardice, weakness, and all sorts of thefts. If, as in the present instance, they send a fleet to demand reparation, there is always a party ready against the wisdom of the course. Let any man read the volume before us and say whether a greater insult was ever offered.

It was notorious on the Parana and throughout Paraguay that the Water Witch was engaged in a peaceful exploring expedition. It was notorious that the river was never the property of Paraguay, but was a public highway for all. The right of the vessel to ascend it was undisputed, indisputable. She was fired into by a Paraguay fort, and the lieutenant was killed and the ship damaged! was an act absolutely without excuse, an unprovoked injury and an intentional insult. Commander Page may well be indignant as he is, even in the opening of the pages before us and we join Americans to read this book carefully and judge of the propriety of the arguments which are elsewhere urged against admitting this aggression to be insults a pretexts and friendly flag.

We have no space for an extended notice of the work, and have allowed the matter of the war proper to take too much of our room. It constitutes but a small part of the book. The narrative contains lively accounts of men and manners, customs and curiosities. It gives a new page of geography as well as of human nature, to our eyes and ears. The maps are of particular value at present, and the illustrations of the first character. The style is, by-the-way, an amusing page of illustrations. One of these is French Legoa a league on the river and the spot where the Water Witch was fired upon; the other is a correct drawing by the surveyor. The two together look as much like a view of the Bosphorus and Isle of Cake George as slightly resembles the other. The Paraguay Legoa fights as he sketches, it will be a battle of shadows with Paraguay.

James Clarke & Son, Philadelphia, have in press A New History of the Conquest of Mexico, by Robert A. Wilson, Esq., of which the advance sheets have been placed in our hands. Mr. Wilson does not believe in the romance of Mexican history. On the contrary, he has studied it as well the country and its topography as its veritable history, comparing one with the other, and, in not infrequently shows that received accounts of some adventures of Cortés can not, from the nature of things, be true.

Few writers so well appreciate these portions of the romance of history which immortal pens and the all classes of readers as Miss Pardoe. Hence her Episodes of French History, published by Harper & Brothers, is one of the books which, without sending, we should be safe in recommending. It is just a glance over the pages dipped here and there than a cursory examination, and we take it up only to lay it down with regret and wish unread. The period selected is that strange and eventful one of the coronation and empire of the great Napoleon. The characters are the heroes and heroines of the age of both. The charm that invests all accounts of the men and women of that day, was surrounded the child of destiny in his career, this charm is felt by Miss Pardoe and admirably rendered. Here are seen Josephine as no one has before seen her—magnificent stories of Josephine and her beautiful court, and her rivals are revealed, as she says in the preface, "hidden motives for public measures, indications of character which serve to explain seeming anomalies in apparently consistent lives, and will especially attract the lover of the strange, exciting, and marvellous, here are recounts of the secret workings of many of Napoleon's great movers, the warmth and the bold and brilliant diplomacy, private, but most important, negotiations, and interviews, plans and plots, which sound, indeed, like romance—some of the most important of which are claimed by the author with the undoubted seal of truth. The book is emphatically absorbing in interest. Miss Pardoe has the English ideas of Josephine and Madame Tallien, and does not attempt to conceal her belief of the beauty both in their early years.

Volume II of Vol. 3, which separately, is two fine books, the two series of Abbott's Illustrated Rooms. They are noble stories of men of great talents, and will be interesting as well as useful subjects as their authorship. They form, in fact, a complete history of modern science in these columns of the lives of the men who have done most to advance it.

Volume II fields from the 47th and 48th volumes of their Household Waverley, and two more volumes will complete this collection, which we have no hesitation in pronouncing the most tasteful, choice, and elegant edition extant, not excepting even the great Abbotsford.

Rudd & Carleton send us The Afternoon of Unmarried Life, whose title tells its contents

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, 31st January, in the Senate, Senator Bigler introduced a resolution to the effect that the duties ought to be restored. Various petitions and memorials were presented; among others, one from the Naval Committee recommending that the Navy shall consist of what should be the best that can be constructed. A discussion followed on the Utah and Pacific Railroad bills. Messrs. Bell and Crittenden made speeches. The Indian Appropriation Bill was then taken up, and some amendments of no general interest were passed.—In the House, various petitions and bills of a private nature were presented. Mr. Stephens sought, but did not obtain, leave to appropriate certain days to the consideration of territorial business. Mr. Millson moved to suspend the rule in order to introduce certain obligations and resolutions relative to the slave-trade; but the motion sought leave to introduce a bill to enable the President to employ the Army and Navy to put it in force. On motion of Mr. Bliss, it was resolved that for the ensuing week the House would sit from 11 A.M. to 5 P.M. Long speeches on the acquisition of Cuba were made by Messrs. Quitman, Barksdale, and Smith, of Tennessee.

On Tuesday, 1st February, in the Senate, Senator Seward offered a petition of 1,800 persons in favor of the slavery interest. Senator Wade moved to take up the bill for the admission of Kansas, which was opposed by Senators Gwin, Stuart, and Pugh, after which the Senate proceeded to the Indian Appropriation Bill, and the Homestead Bill was postponed till the 14th. Mr. Bigler spoke in favor of the Homestead Bill, and Mr. Hunter replied that any claims of the United States, if any could be found, would not be affected by becoming such, but be entitled to enter any quarter-section of unappropriated land. Mr. Bigler made an ovation of actual settlement. The French Spoliation Bill was taken up on motion of Mr. Bayard, and after speeches by Messrs. Darrington, Lesher, Wade, Hunter, and Bigler, was by the latter moved to be postponed indefinitely, which was carried by the House, referred to the committee of the whole on the state of the Union.

On Wednesday, 2d, in the Senate, various reports and memorials were presented. Senator Wade introduced a letter Pugh calling for all correspondence relative to the transaction of the Commissioners to Japan and the Chinese service. The Agricultural College Bill was reconsidered, and after a long discussion was postponed indefinitely. The Homestead Bill was then taken up, and in the House, a bill was reported by Mr. Greenwood providing for the appointment of Surveyors-General of Territories in the Sioux-ux Indians. The naturalization clause was, after a long discussion, struck out of the bill, and was then lost by a majority. The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the Indian Appropriation Bill, and speeches on the general financial condition of the country were made by Messrs. Phelps, Giddings, Kelly, Bingham, Phillips, Kelsey, Dodd, Cox, Pendleton, Sherman, Hickman, Stanton, and Davis.

On Thursday, 3d, in the Senate, memorials were presented for a change of time of the sessions between New York and Newport, and for the appointment of a port harbor. Mr. Bigler, from the Committee on Claims reported unfavorably to the claim of Messrs. Gray & M'Carty for relief in addition as compensation. Senator Houston introduced a bill to unite the two Judicial Districts of Texas. Senator Green moved to take up the bill to prevent polygamy in the Territories. Various private bills were reported from committees. The House then went into Committee on the Legislative, Judicial, and Executive Appropriation Bill, and various speeches were made on the subject by Messrs. Stanton, Crawford, Trippe, Millson, Moore, Washburn, Kunkel, Curtis, Wright, and others.

On Friday, 4th, in the Senate, Senator Green reported the bill to prevent polygamy in the Territories, and ordered to be printed. Senator Seward called the information with regard to the Japan Expedition. The bill for the Homestead Bill was reported from the Committee on Public Lands. A petition was presented from the citizens of Captain and crew of the brig General Armstrong was presented by Mr. Crittenden. The Consular Bill was reported in favor of Mr. Chapman's right to a rent or debt from the Government. The Senate then went into executive session.

On Saturday, 5th, in the Senate, a resolution was passed to accept the offer of Mr. Corcoran for the Land Bill, the discussion of which was deferred. Mr. Green presented a memorial of the Legislature of Missouri, in favor instructing the Senators and requesting the Representatives from that State to vote for the passage of the bill of postage. Senator Seward also presented a memorial of citizens of Alabama, from the Committee on Commerce, Mr. Clay, of Alabama, from the Committee on Commerce, reported a substitute for the bill relative to the Treasury's evidence or retrenchment. The bill prepared by the Committee on Commerce for the better collection of the revenue. The Pennsylvania Avenue Railroad Bill was then discussed by Messrs. Bigler, Wade, Pugh, Brown, Jay, Trumbull, and others. Every notice that he would, on the 7th, move to take up the Homestead Bill.

Mr. Stanton, from the North Carolina Legislature, relative to Naval Affairs, reported a joint resolution of thanks to Lieutenant Maury for his services to the navy of the United States. The joint resolution giving permission to Lieutenant Maury to accept a complimentary medal made from the Bardstown Government was passed, and the House adjourned.

THE LAST PRESIDENTIAL RECEPTION.

The Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge, England's reception and Tuesday night and no overflowing attendance. As to the reception, it was a failure. Everybody can make no satisfactory estimate, not having been invited on the 5th of January, and not having been invited and then quitting as soon as possible for a less distinguished but more agreeable party. Mrs. Buchanan was likewise. Getting out of the carriage, the writer was met by a gentleman in full dress, accompanied by a large room of stairs, at the door of which he found Mr. Buchanan, Mrs. Buchanan, Miss Lane, and a few other friends, and a number of strictly Congressmen. This is Mr. Nobody. Mr. Buchanan received his guests with his usual courtesy and politeness. Mrs. Buchanan and Miss Lane could Magdalene gave a gracious smile, and the light that lighted up her countenance when she saw the writer, the easy kid rather hung in the fingers as the hand of our beloved and honored friend. Mrs. Buchanan, by the way, to whom—as he always is to women—the President was particularly affable; and the writer pleased on through yellow rooms and blue rooms to perfect chokers nothing of drapery and furniture, until he at last gained standing ground in the fragrance and drawing room, where the last object of this place was disappointing some acquaintance for other attending assemblies.

THE FIRST LADY IN THE LAND.

"Of the noble animals congregated here, we had, of course, the most interest in the Ladies. Many of them were in uniform and men in evening dress; men with swords and men without swords; bald-headed men, and men with spectacles; diplomatists and doctors; pale students and florid men of the world; members of the Army and Navy; members of the Church; Governors, Governor's aides, contractors, public paupers or officials; Cabinet Ministers, and Fifth Century people, lobby agents, and judges in all stages of impeachment, together with the unspeakable conglomeration of representatives from Bedlam; long-haired men and fuzzy-haired men; men with extinct whiskers, and men with prodigious beards; men to contest their lives, and want of lines, beneath a chair table scuff.

"Of the gentler sex we had countless and some very magnificent displays. Ladies lovely as Eve, and a good deal fonder of apples; ladies quarrelsome and homely as Xantippe, and a good deal fonder of apples; ladies of all ages, and all sizes, with every variety of hair and complexion, and their white arms flashing back a golden ether in the sunlight—a sight to make the angels weep for envy. There were girls from the Western States, with black and blue eyes and golden locks, sitting opposite to dark-eyed and hooplets thin-waisted skirts; women painted in every conceivable color, from the lily and the rose to the damson or two girls from Pike County, with faces so white and pure that you could imagine yourself in a snow-storm in the absence of any other relief, had dipped them, head and shoulders, in a pot of rouge. Girls with short hair and short and tall, fat and skinny women and girls, with every thing about them that could be seen, and a great deal that could not be seen, all dressed in every variety of beads, plaits, frights, heads, wreaths, and other inconceivables that nothing but the fertile brain and fruitful ed' of delicate hair give satisfaction to the multitude."

IS SURGEON COMING TO THE UNITED STATES?

The following is a letter from Mr. Surgeon: "The news by the last steamer tells us that Mrs. Mr. Surgeon is coming to the United States, and will arrive in time for the Spring Season. Mr. Surgeon is the Astonishing Surgeon of the day. The true state of the case is probably this: Mr. Surgeon is a Mr. Surgeon's Assistant Surgeon in London, but now in Europe. It is not known before he left that it was his intention to visit the Surgeons in the United States, and with him, or at least to visit New York, and preach in the Surgeon's pulpit. Mr. Surgeon is the first man in his place in the home field of the modern Wheelbird. How many of Surgeon's sermons will be published in Harper's Bazaar. But rumor has it that Mr. Carey is to fill the place of Surgeon's pulpit at so much per year, that is to say, up the round sum of $10,000 to pay the star preacher. Mr. Surgeon will preach in the Academy of Music, and hold a concert on Twelfth Street, which was sold to the Surgeon.

He holds a levee at the house of Mr. Astor in Madison at Paris, in the aristocratic portion of that artistic quarter, Fifth Avenue. Mrs. Astor is said to be Episcopalian. His congregation, not large, now occupy the church Mission House, on Broadway, Twenty-second Street. And no one has learned that he has made much money or gathered many converts in his present position. Now, following in the wake of Messrs. Barnum and Ullman, he has engaged the services of the great star of the old world, and intends to show him up to the good people of this country. Mr. Surgeon is a man of great talent, and is a good preacher, and will be received with open arms. But if he should come as a paid star, he will be disappointed. He will find that the Christian spirit attracts, for immense sum of money, the public would gape and stare, and the gold would roll in, but that the $10,000 blazing on his forehead would sink the miserable and will be a failure in the United States."

A REMARKABLE SUICIDE.

The New Orleans Delta of the 23d gives the following remarkable story of a suicide: "A private for years, 21 years ago, was, during a storm, struck by a blade a ship-carpenter, lived with his wife and two children in a house on the corner of Bayou Road and Derbigny street, then prevailing, counted among its virtues the youngest children in the whole neighborhood, being about four years old, and the particular pet of the father. He was a man of steady habits, and was much respected. Not able to buy a tomb, he had the child buried in the ground in front of the house, and had a little mound built up upon him. It was his only thought; and being out of work, he employed his time in cultivating a garden of grief. He bought a bottle but, and most bricks and oyster-shells, and made a walk to the little mound, and planted flowers around the child. He had not the means to make the tomb a stylish one; so in its mouth, or, enclosure, he fixed a marble slab, and upon the slab he fixed a piece of board, and secured it with screws in the four corners. Upon the board he had painted in large wash its face of the usual brick and mortar or marble slab, he had written and sprig with the usual form and scription of his child. The tomb finished, he disinterred the child's body and placed it in the tomb, screwed the board with screws, in order that he might afterward have the trouble in opening it, and then left it to the world and the decaying remains of his child. This employment kept him busy for several months, and he was often seen sitting by the child's grave. Last night he had procured a screw-driver in his pocket with which to unscrew and replace the board, and he was found dead upon the lid of the coffin. Neither the haggard aspect of the lamenting father nor the grief of the wife and mother could repel him in his morbid grief. His visits were frequent, and his sorrow was deep and sincere. He frequently complained to her that he could not get work, and that building up the tomb was a labor of love, which was drawing him to death. He frequently spoke of having no friends, and of his life as a death-in-life thing.

HOW HE GOT INTO THE TOMB.

"On Wednesday he went to the cemetery with two friends which he had purchased, and paid them for the first of the tomb. On Thursday, when he left home, he told his wife that he was going to the cemetery to finish work she would never see him again. He also said something relative to his children, and left the house. Not seeing or that night—for no one saw him in his gloomy mood—his wife supposed he had gone to the cemetery, as usual, to work. Yesterday morning, about half-past six, the watchman, on his usual round, discovered the board with screws, in the tomb, with the body of the child in the coffin, with marble slab, and the board with screws, in their proper places, and their ends flush

watering-place in Switzerland, famous for the effect of waters on lunacy.

The *Evening Post's* Washington correspondent says that the announcement that the Cuba question would be debated in the Senate on Monday attracted Lord Napier in the Chamber. He was accompanied by Mr. Scott, of South Carolina, and soon after entering the Chamber engaged in close conversation with Senator Clingman, from the same State.

Mr. Prescott's mother soon showed his room to the Rev. Mr. Frothingham, and said to him: "This is where Mr. Prescott will be sure to stay months in after death. It is all burning secure, and the property is to be endured, and our hearts were ready to fall us for fear, I assure you, that the property would be lost, and we should be left in the street; but it is all safe now, and we can go home with some hearty expression of good cheer." Such is a simple instance of the way in which the property is put in place to comfort us." No word of complaint throughout the whole funeral period; no weeping or sighing or regret. He was not content even with the perfect silence of an unmarried life; he had a meaning in that confinement and night. Was this not a representative example?

A curious suit has been brought in Machias, Maine, to one to-gether and a half miles distant. It is a case for the recovery of a gold watch claimed by the defendant to be his property. For plaintiff it was testified in court by Capegal. In the testimony, it appeared that the watch was not to be paid if the plaintiff preached politics, which the defendant believed he did, and consequently withheld payment. The jury failed to agree after being out five hours.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

PRISON DISCIPLINE IN LONDON.

Ex-Queen-Sarrow Rose, urging, through the columns of a contemporary, the necessity of providing for the discharge appropriate to women, observes: "In one room I have seen confined Mrs. Wright, a woman—Mary Ann Alice Soaps, by name—who had beaten her step-child to death under circumstances of the most revolting cruelty. The process of murder occupied some considerable time; but I can not relate the details, and it would be sickening to read them. She was a clever, cunning woman, and had taken care to do her work when no one was by to see her relating to it, but when she had the harvest of the officials, and full of grievance. Mr. G., the late Secretary of State for the Home Department, would not remove her from Newgate on account of a supposed delicacy of health, and the other prisoners, guilty of petty rages committed by this woman in prison was a threat to put her tormentress from Newgate. Certainly not to the one Celestina Somner, also well educated; convicted of cutting the throat of her child, ten years old, in a fit of collar, with a carving-knife, and whose conviction was secured by the evidence of a servant-girl, who had slept soundly in or on a bed in the kitchen, through which the child had been dragged by the hair of the head. Celestina in the same room with Mrs. Wright, who, although hurt the bumper in the act of murder informing her that she was ready to finish the—we will say—job with a servant-girl—her servant system strung in all agony of fear—because she could not get the child to sit still. The three, carving-knife in hand, came to Rachel's bed in turn her over and ascertain whether she was asleep or only pretended to be. "I did not go to sleep," said this witness at the trial, "I was afraid to do so." Such were some of the scenes of prison associations on the heart of Celestina Somner may be inferred when she described some of the evil companions that she was sorry she had not finished. Mrs. Wright was one of the worst of them. One of the three companions was a woman who had killed her husband, had three children, who, wishing to visit a prisoner in the solitary cellular that she might tell her her offspring forget, but I think not), and finding the expense of moving them to the prison too great, she deliberately took two of her children down to a canal, and held them under water until they were dead. A woman before her trial transgressed up a deliberate lie with elaborate circumstantial detail, and then committed it to her into custody, which she adhered to after trial and before execution. The imminent prospect of death could also admonished this woman in her. Those three were the companions of Celestina Somner, who was convicted of cruelty and neglect of her child, and not of murder, and the more so, the worse the crime and the more notorious the criminal. It was very attended by the ministry of the clergyman, the governor, the matron, the visiting magistrates, the chaplain, the schoolmaster, and the female visitors, who are privileged, some daily and some weekly, to walk quiet conversation to the inmates and receive complaints and grievances. More, much more might be added, but this be enough to show that Newgate wants further improvement."

"WHAT SUCKERS LOOKS LIKE.

The *Times* correspondent writes: "Mr. Charles Dickens is becoming a sort of rival in amusement to Mr. Albert Smith. His readings from his own works are crowded every night, at St. Martin's Hall, with fashionable and distinguished audiences. Two friends of mine, who were in the country unable to get tickets for the readings, found it impossible to obtain tickets for the stalls, every one of which, in the language of the box-office keeper, was 'taken for the season.' A friend of a friend, who was, however, accommodated with two extra chairs. He used the charm of his conversation and his influence with the authorities, who are privileged, some daily and some weekly, to walk quiet conversation to the inmates and receive complaints and grievances. More, much more might be added, but this be enough to show that Newgate wants further improvement."

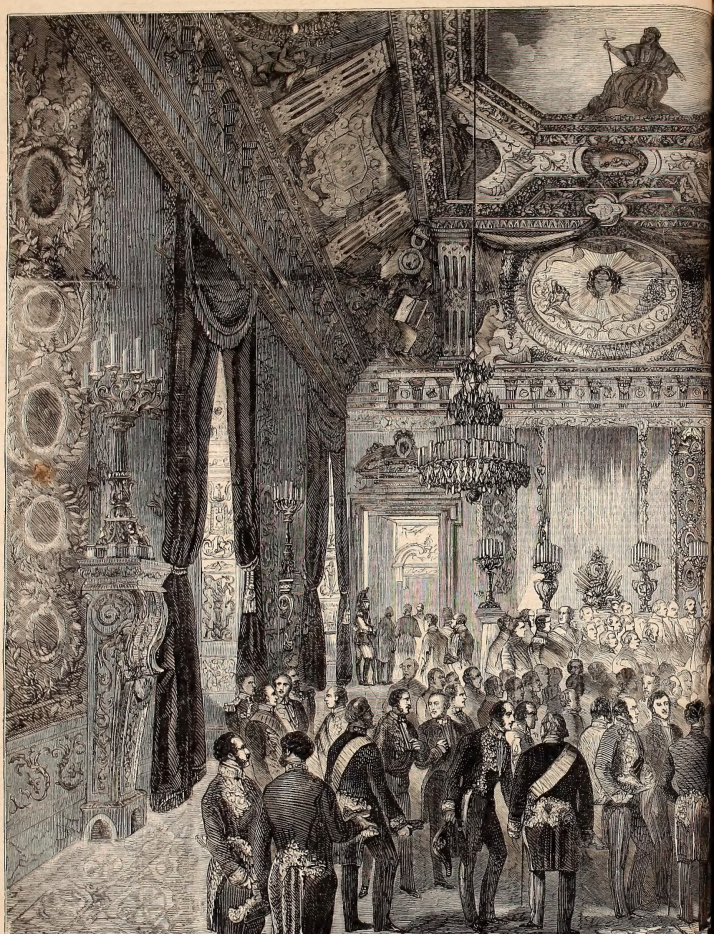
"WHAT SUCKERS LOOKS LIKE.

The *Times* correspondent writes: "Mr. Charles Dickens is becoming a sort of rival in amusement to Mr. Albert Smith. His readings from his own works are crowded every night, at St. Martin's Hall, with fashionable and distinguished audiences. Two friends of mine, who were in the country unable to get tickets for the readings, found it impossible to obtain tickets for the stalls, every one of which, in the language of the box-office keeper, was 'taken for the season.' A friend of a friend, who was, however, accommodated with two extra chairs. He used the charm of his conversation and his influence with the authorities, who are privileged, some daily and some weekly, to walk quiet conversation to the inmates and receive complaints and grievances. More, much more might be added, but this be enough to show that Newgate wants further improvement."

WHAT HUCKENS LOOKS LIKE.

The *Times* correspondent writes: "Mr. Charles Dickens is becoming a sort of rival in amusement to Mr. Albert Smith. His readings from his own works are crowded every night, at St. Martin's Hall, with fashionable and distinguished audiences. Two friends of mine, who were in the country unable to get tickets for the readings, found it impossible to obtain tickets for the stalls, every one of which, in the language of the box-office keeper, was 'taken for the season.' A friend of a friend, who was, however, accommodated with two extra chairs. He used the charm of his conversation and his influence with the authorities, who are privileged, some daily and some weekly, to walk quiet conversation to the inmates and receive complaints and grievances. More, much more might be added, but this be enough to show that Newgate wants further improvement."

"WHAT SUCKER



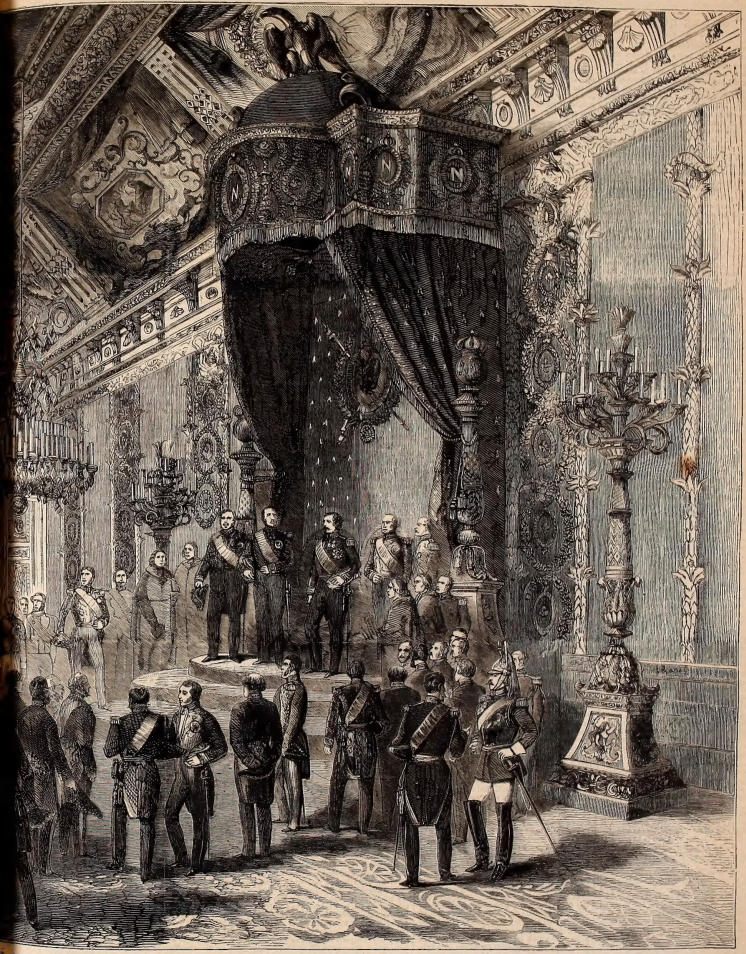
THE RECEPTION BY THE EMPEROR N

THE RECEPTION AT THE TUILERIES ON NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

On New-Year's Day the Emperor Napoleon the Third convulsed the financial world of Europe and America by receiving Baron Hubner, the Austrian Minister, with a sharp quip instead of the formal New Year's compliment. The Emperor regretted—so the newspapers say—that the relations of France with Austria were not as good as they had been. As it is possible that war and all its consequences may grow out of the complications of which the unusual remark was an incidental symptom, we have thought our readers would like to see the scene. Should the liberation of Italy result from the contest to which the Emperor's speech appears to have been intended as a prelude, the accompanying engraving will rise to the dignity of historic art.

The custom of receiving foreign embassadors and ministers of state at the Tuileries on New-Year's Day has always been observed by French sovereigns. Strange to say, the first visitors of the day, under the reign of the Citizen King, were not unfrequently deputations of trades-people, among whom washer-women and market girls—*femmes de la halle*—were used to predominate. In those days the King sought democratic popularity; the officers of the ceremonies were instructed to introduce to the royal presence any deputation, however ragged and dirty, provided they were *bona fide* representatives of any well-defined category of the citizens of France.

Under his majesty the Emperor, washer-women, *dames de la halle*, barbers, and *chiffoniers* enjoy less liberty. It is not considered necessary to receive them at the Tuileries. Whatever civilities it is deemed prudent to grant to them are awarded privately, out of sight of the tilted aristocracy. On



F AT THE TUILERIES ON NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

New-Year's Day, and on similar grand occasions, the Court of the French Emperor yields in no respect to the oldest court of Europe. Around the Emperor stand, first, his blood relations, and next, the principal ministers of state. He stands on an elevated platform, overlooking the whole room. The visitor is put to the inconvenience of marching up to the foot of the platform on which the throne is erected, and there making his obeisance, uttering his complimentary speech, and receiving the monarch's reply. Never, even at a court in Siam or Cochin China, has foreign diplomatist been put at a greater disadvantage. Never has imperial ill-breeding been more manifest. Never has our common manhood endured a severer shock.

If the famous speech to Baron Hubner should, in reality, prove the first symptom of a war between Piedmont and Austria, ending in the expulsion of the latter from Italy, we outside barbarians, who look to practical results, and care little about outside forms, will be inclined to forgive the priggism of the Emperor of the French. Italian freedom would be cheaply purchased at the self-imposed degradation of a few ambassadors.

But if the speech of the 1st January should turn out to have meant nothing; if we should have to record, once more, that the French sovereign has trifled with the feelings of a noble people, and made sport of the sympathies of the civilized world, for no other reason than to create a sensation, and divert popular opinion from the career of despotism which he is pursuing, the judgment of the world will be very different, and not a few will sneer, with perfect justice, at the absurd affectation of ceremony and old regime frivolities by the notorious parvenu Louis Napoleon.

One of the London papers calculates that the decline in the value of public stocks caused by the speech was equal to £40,000,000: the real injury would be under-estimated at twice this sum.

POUDRE ROSE.

CHAPTER I.

A DARK winter day, in the year of grace 1839. We are closing upon the final scene of one of those tragedies of real life which would be affecting, were they not, in France at least, of such everyday occurrence. Eugène Beaudésert, the direct representative of a long line of courtiers, warriors, diplomatists, commencing with the Merovingian kings, and now for some time schoolmaster in Lyon, was dying in a mean apartment *au troisième* of a house in an obscure street of that wealthy and splendid city. It was no longer ago than the month of September, 1837, that the birth of Eugène Beaudésert, the first-born of a distinguished general of that name, and Estelle, his wife, née Sorrentino, had been duly celebrated in that city with much pomp and éclat. Clouds quickly overgrew and darkened the brilliant future that seemed to await the child. General Beaudésert was killed at Marengo; and soon after the guardianship of the last male issue of the ancient house of Beaudésert was transferred to his aunt, Madame de Vautyé. She discharged her self-imposed duties, every body agreed, in the most liberal, exemplary manner. Eugène Beaudésert's education was conducted by the first masters; his purse was supplied without stint or grudge; and he had but just completed his eighteenth year, when Madame de Vautyé obtained the high favor and honor of a commission in the *Garde Royale* for her nephew. Everything Eugène Beaudésert was in his twentieth year, when he contracted against his aunt's will a marriage with the pretty daughter of a Paris shopkeeper.

Madame la Baronne de Vautyé was informed of the marriage of Eugène Beaudésert with Adrienne Chemffort by a long and eloquent letter from the bridegroom; to which no immediate answer was returned, inclosing a draft for ten thousand francs, and briefly stating that Madame de Vautyé, Madame Monsieur and Madame Beaudésert happiness, in the state of life they had chosen for themselves; but, as Monsieur Beaudésert had been left so emphatically warned would be the case, Madame de Vautyé no longer looked upon that gentleman as her nephew, or as one possessing the slightest further claim upon her.

Thus, step by step, poverty came upon the rash couple; the poverty, armed with serpent stings, that treads upon the heels of reckless and improvident, and which, but for Captain Chemffort's pension—a rather considerable one for his position, he being an inferior member of the Legion of Honor —would soon have been destitution; for Eugène Beaudésert, with all his worthy relative's birthprivileges, persisted in keeping himself fiercely aloof from the contamination of *mésal*liances, mean, and none other, than obtainable.

In 1836, Eugène, reared to opaonolic exertion, left his wife and young child at Paris, and went off and set out on foot with his daughter, dreamy Adrienne, for the Chateau d'Ein, where Madame de Vautyé had for many years consecutively, and, but which, but for Captain Chemffort's pension—a rather considerable one for his position, he being an inferior member of the Legion of Honor —would soon have been destitution; for Eugène Beaudésert, with all his worthy relative's birthprivileges, persisted in keeping himself fiercely aloof from the contamination of *mésal* emphyteusem, and none other

"*Cest, c'est!* I look to be rewarded by money, not by compliments, Monsieur Delpech."

"Claude Simonet," said Jules Delpech, with a wry grimace, meant for a complimentary smile, "Claude Simonet won't be the father of fools, if his children take after his pretty wife."

"Ha won't, in that case, be the father of *dupes*," was the retort: "a fact which, I repeat, the Delpeche, father and son, will do well to bear in mind. *Bonjour, monsieur.*

"*Au plaisir*, Mademoiselle Mendon," responded Jules Delpech: adding, with a savage snap of his teeth as the door closed, "Au diable, rather! I should like, instead of a dowry, to accommodate her with a—" *What*, he did not say; but one might have seen from his looks it was something which Lisette Moudon would have decidedly demurred to as the substitute for a handsome marriage-portion.

The child-heart of Mademoiselle Beaudésert beat suddenly, and a vague feeling of terror possessed her, upon approaching the appointed rendezvous on the following day, that she was upon the point of turning back and abandoning her purpose. "It was the last effort," she afterward said, "of my guardian angel to make me look into the precipice to which I was madly hastening. It was made in vain. I shook off the warning impulse, as those will remain where he was for a few minutes, and hastened on."

Jules Delpech would have made a capital actor, if one might judge by his natural assumption of surprise and unfeminine alarm, as Mademoiselle Beaudésert, blushing and painfully agitated, stood before him. It was some time before he appeared able to even utter words out for expression of the confused, hurried sentences in which it was expressed. At last he seemed to catch it, but still uncertainly.

"Mademoiselle Beaudésert wishes to know if it is there in any truth in the reports circulated affected by the poudre rosé. Do I rightly comprehend her?"

"Yes, that is the question I wish to put; and if —if; but perhaps it is all an idle tale."

"It is not an idle tale," replied Delpech, with well-smelled gravity and earnestness. "The miraculous properties of the pouding rosé have been proved over and over again; but mademoiselle is, perhaps, not aware that to dispense it is to act in contravention of the law, though not of humanity?"

"Oh no, I had not thought of that; and I would not for the world that—"

"If mademoiselle," interrupted Delpech, "will tell me frankly for what purpose she requires the poudre rosé, the wish to serve a daughter of the noble-minded victim who once became a martyr in the name of friend, will, if I see a probability of doing so effectively, render me indifferent to any legal penalties I may incur."

"Ah! monsieur," said Adrienne, her soft eyes filling with tears as she spoke, "I will tell you, for it is because you were his friend that I wished to consult you, knowing that I should not be either deceived or exposed to ridicule. It is for my father to try the effect of poudre rosé upon—upon Madame de Vautrey!"

"Madame de Vautrey!" ejaculated Jules Delpech, in a tone and with a start that would not have disgraced Talma. "Madame de Vautrey! For what purpose, in the name of Heaven?"

Adrienne explained, with blushing face the while, as she subsequently recalled to mind, though too agitated and confused at the moment to appreciate its strange significance, Jules Delpech's hint, in saying the while into her eyes with a piercing intensity, as if more desirous of reading there the secret of her soul than of listening to the words of her mouth.

"I understand you, Mademoiselle Beaudésert," said Delpech, with slow, stage-solemnity of speech. "The poudre rosé will effect your purpose in giving it to Madame de Vautrey."

"Seriously, I am so glad; for, do you know, Monsieur Delpech, I felt almost afraid to ask you, would say it was a childish, absurd illusion."

"Then shall I place it in mademoiselle's hands?" inquired Delpech.

"To-morrow, if you please, at this place and hour."

"It is so, mademoiselle. I will be punctual and *ponctuel*."

"Almost a woman, and a charming one, too, in truth," muttered Delpech, looking after Mademoiselle Beaudésert as she hurried down the lane to where she had left the valet; "in mind, the veriest child! The aristocratic vanity may prompt a deed which very well for heaven, but certainly they do not succeed in fitting them to deal with this wicked world. After all, Paul will make a fine and excellent husband; and if, which is quite possible, we have deceived ourselves, and the poudre rosé is spiritually for him, or at least that it is so decided at the time her to stop to a union with him from the height whereon we grow by it, why, so be it; we will see her placed, it will require the iron link which I have so mysteriously begun to forge, to be sure and bind her prideful will. As yet, at all events, I can say *bona fide*, *bien fait*; and, best of all, should our audacious project, as it is sure to be called, fail, neither Paul nor I shall be seriously compromised, as I will manage, if it do so, that ours not fall."

Madame Beaudésert and her daughter Clarisse had passed the stipulated number of hours at the Château d'Em, and were seated at breakfast with Madame de Vautrey, Mlle. Morlaix, and another, which repast concluded, the two visitors would be conveyed, in a carriage already in waiting, to the *Messageries Royales*, Lyon, *en route* for Chalcy. Mlle. Morlaix could not help remarking that Adrienne was very much more restless, perturbed, ill at ease, than on the like former occasions. And why were the burning eyes of the pale, spiritual girl turned with such intense, sudden scrutiny upon Madame de Vautrey's countenance when Madame and Clarisse Beaudésert should descend to the salon? Was it that Adrienne's solicitude was awakened by the signs of recent and severe suffering visible there, for Madame de Vautrey had passed a much worse night than usual, and at her own request had received the sacrament soon after rising?

The abbé would fain have believed so, but could not, knowing what he did. He was rather, he greatly feared, that that young and, as he once thought, guileless, unworldly heart was agitated by criminal hopes, which those signs of probably mortal disease had quickened and inflamed.

Such was the unfavorable conclusion to judgment! Poor Adrienne's criminal hopes were, in sooth, limited to the natural effect produced by the poudre rosé. Certainly, Madame de Vautrey's demeanor was more gracious toward her mother and sister than was its former wont, and something resembling condescension!—suffering and feeble as she was. Madame la Baronne could accompany them on a second stairs to the entrance-hall; had shaken hands with Madame Beaudésert, and was about, apparently, to extend her hand to Adrienne, when suddenly, cause unknown, she fell backward upon her chair, and fell heavily upon the tesselated pavement, before a hand could be stretched forth to save her. A medical gentleman, who had resided for several weeks at the château, was quickly on the spot, and pronounced, after a few drops of dark blood flowed, and, at the end of a few incredibly short minutes, the man of science announced, in a grave whisper, that Madame de Vautrey was dead—dead of apoplexy!

"Dead of apoplexy! Is it possibly, of apoplexy?" said the abbé, addressing the surgeon, but with that stern glance in his eyes, that searching countenance, till she, overcome by a rush of contending emotion, lost her senses, and sank, with a low moaning cry, into her mother's arms.

CHAPTER III.

TOWARD evening on the same day Mademoiselle Adrienne was still in a manner stunned by the suddenness and magnitude of the event which had accepted the poudre rosé. The death of a near kinsman from the Abbé Morlaix, requesting to see her immediately, and alone. She obeyed the summons, and was received in a small ante-room which was in the abbé's presence. He wore his priest's garb, and a velvet cushion had been placed beside the chair.

"I have sent for you, Adrienne Beaudésert," said he, "on this day in which the Church hands are the issues of life and death, his visited this house with such a message as this, that I feel confidence, that, at such a solemn moment, you will not refuse or delay to lay bare your whole heart to God."

The abbé's words and tone wounded the susceptibility of the young girl, who, in her natural inspired by conscious purity and innocence, answered that she had no present intention of placing her soul before mortal eye, save that which was its superintendence. The abbé was enraged beyond all bounds by such a reply, which, in the excitement of his anger gave partial vent to the dreadful suspicion that had arisen in his mind. Madame Beaudésert, however, was not to be overawed in his angry, menacing language and reproach, that she would have taken a solemn oath of her innocence of the deed with which she was charged. Adrienne stood her ground, and, when the abbé paused afterward the obstinate, to seek counsel as to what course, under the circumstances, he was bound to take.

Whatever that counsel may have been remained unknown to those most interested in its import, conferred, since it was not, visibly, at least, developed in action. The result of the chateau went on as before, on the appointed day Mlle. Morlaix and Madame la Baronne de Vautrey was borne in state to the vaults of the family of the deceased husband of laid by the side of that of her nephew. The funeral display was yet more splendid—its catafalque more gorgeously decorated—the pageant of the day rotting beneath its imposing upholstery, the crowd more numerous that followed the corpse into the former occasion: albeit the essentials of the show were identically the same in both cases: the same clerical array, only more splendidly habited—the same crowd in larger numbers; the same exclamation of admiration: "What splendid a badge for a serpent shall bite him!" skilfully amplified to include certain special and personal allusions to the deceased. Only one conscience, if it might be fairly so inferred from the convulsive sobbing of, apparently, the most overwhelmed by the weight of seeming mourners! The spectators whispered to each other that Madame Beaudésert must be most profoundly affected than at her father's funeral and some others, of the more observing sort, remarked that the abbé Morlaix was not in the Paris was again recognized by Madame de Vautrey's grandniece, as she left the church by the side of her mother, a shudder, a chrisen suffusion of face and neck, rendered more striking by the instantly succeeding pallor, from a terrible thought associated with the flashing looks interchanged by the father and son?

The death-rites duly celebrated, the affairs of life regained regard and prominence; and it was found that the Abbé Morlaix was the heir to the bulk of the property was then devolved had been executed only about three months previously.

The brilliant future that had so long eluded the grasp and mocked the hopes of Madame Beaudésert was now in a manner realized, to the great delight, unbounded exultation; and it was not very long before the dark, fitful fancies that haunted the imagination of mademoiselle, her daughter, were chased away, or superseded by the excitement attendant upon the novel and dazzling position to which Madame la Baronne's death had placed her.

After three months' enjoyment of home splendors, however, even began to arise, and a lengthened tour was projected by the latter, through Switzerland and Italy.

During these three months the Delpechs had made no demonstration whatever. The father's timidity of temperament had operated to suspend the blow, the possible recoil of which might bring about his own destruction. *Rights*—yes; but not the brain strained to unnatural, guiding power. After all, nothing could be wanting to insure success but *Fortune, et encore de Fondeur.*

"Here then it is, we have run that very well," brilliantly exclaimed Paul, who had heard that soliloquy, or one very like it, whispered from sister to sister, "but when the moment of action arrives your heart is to be found in your shoes, if any where. It was worth while, truly, to venture so far, only to stop short when the prize was in sight—within handling distance. Had I not been long to speak to me," added the young man, bitterly, "for it is quite certain the Beaudésert leave France for one, perhaps two years, but whether one or two, I assure mesielle will not return, we may fully assure ourselves, was a female bloodcurdling simplicity on she is, or, more correctly, has been."

"Ah! Paul, you have not been that very well," gently exclaimed Paul, who had heard that soliloquy, or one very like it, whispered from sister to sister, "but when the moment of action arrives your heart is to be found in your shoes, if any where. It was worth while, truly, to venture so far, only to stop short when the prize was in sight—within handling distance. Had I not been long to speak to me," added the young man, bitterly, "for it is quite certain the Beaudésert leave France for one, perhaps two years, but whether one or two, I assure mesielle will not return, we may fully assure ourselves, was a female bloodcurdling simplicity on she is, or, more correctly, has been."

"I have seen Lisette Moudon, who, through me, returns the three Napoleons you once lent her, with her compliments and a polite intimation that, for the future, she must decline the honor of our acquaintance."

"The insolent baggage!"

"That polite and peremptory intimation," continued Paul, "does not prevent her from coming with me upon the not blight to my hopes caused by the discovery that mademoiselle Beaudésert cares no more for my fascinating self than for any other of the country clods upon which the light of her countenance may have occasionally shone."

"And what, pray, may be the meaning of all this mystery?"

"The meaning is plain enough: la demoiselle Moudon, thanks to the powerful interposition of the mysterious, will of Madame Claudine Simonet, is at two: elevated, therefore, above our position in life—and, consequently, is true, too," added Paul Delpech, with an explosion of savage temper.

"True! Surely, Paul—"

"True—yes, certainly it is true," interrupted the youth, with a look and tone that he feigned he had been drinking; "but it shall not be for long. Hear, now, my unalterable resolve, if you please, Sir Paul Delpech! Not by having myself to wife, at least will not hesitate at the final leap or plunge; and since you are so fond of the sex, and so well acquired over Adrienne Beaudésert, I will do to myself; and but a few hours shall have passed before I shall be ready to make a confession to the stand that the sole choice left her is between marriage with Paul Delpech and public exposure, followed by shameful death!"

"You would fail, Paul—utterly fail," resulted from such a threat as that," replied his father, "and you are so resolved, will set about the—the business with more caution and circumspection than hints, awakening preludes to the else overwhelming thunder-burst. Don't you think it will be best to do so?"

"As you please; only, if possible, get rid of that accursed Lisette. A look, determined look at least win; but a shaking hand will lose both fortune and fair lady, skillfully as the dice have been thrown."

Thus urged, Jules Delpech managed to screw his courage to the sticking-point, and, accompanied by Mademoiselle, while busied with preparations for the impending journey; was surprised and startled by the receipt of several brief notes, from time to time, but indirectly menacing in their import, soliciting an interview. Mademoiselle said disporting itself in a parterre of gorgeous flowers, from amidst which a serpent suddenly reared its head, and hissed forth, "Why only be attractive?" Di! that must mean Delpech." What can *he* want of me?" Then she half left it.

It was difficult to say. Lisette was unfortunately absent—just set off upon a wedding-trip of a week or two's duration; and after mature deliberation, arising from an unacknowledged dread lest the young, shadowy terrors which the latter had excited in her own mind, should, were those letters submitted to the clearer, stronger, vision of others, assume tangible shape and substance, Adrienne Beaudésert determined upon showing them to her father and mother.

"How absurdly nervous you are, Adrienne!" said Madame Beaudésert, after running them over; "and how very silly and unfeminine indeed that precious poudre rosé, waste to be handsomely paid for, should have, from a wholesome regard for the law, does not choose to distinctly specify the nature of its demand. *Voila tout, chere fille!*"

"I hope so," said Adrienne, only partly reassured: "and yet, would that Lisette were here, that she could consult her affair at once. Madame Beaudésert remarked that Lisette would be back again in quite sufficient time to attend to such a trifling matter, and changed the conversation to other topics.

The unhappy maiden, not to be so consulted even by clever and zealous Lisette, as the following note, received the next day, too plainly showed:

"Mademoiselle Beaudésert.—I have already sent you three letters, which, though only signed by the initial letter of my surname, must have been perfectly intelligible to you, requesting an interview at an address indicated. That you have not condescended to reply to them is no ambiguity raised, *peradventure* upon the interpretation of your silence.

"Mademoiselle Beaudésert, you are not to be of a refusal to accord, in the only manner reward is possible, the love, the devotion—at what cost entered Mademoiselle Beaudésert to well knows—of that man? I must, then, for the last time, a strictly private interview with Mademoiselle Beaudésert, to take place within the next twenty-four hours. JULES DELPECH."

"What, woman—what mean those wild looks, this pale face?" gasped Adrienne, as her mother, having glanced over the letter, stood transfixed as by the stroke of a dagger. "Speak, or I—"

"My child—unfortunate, unhappy child," interrupted the mother, clasping, straining Adrienne in her embrace, with terrified, convulsive tenderness; "I see it, understand it all. It is the fate of whom you had the—the poudre rosé, means, O God!—means to assert that you are—you, Adrienne—you, sweet, sinless child—knowingly obtained—obtained, under the pretense of pouring it into a flower, to be given to the father in human, such things be!"

"What things?" exclaimed Clarisse. "Speak, mother. You are killing Adrienne."

But—but Adrienne obtained a drug of him who—to shorten the life of Madame de Vautrey!"

With those words the flame-crested serpent leaped at Adrienne's throat, and stung her to the heart. It was long before the distracted mother and sister could recall her to consciousness, and to what consciousness when succeeded! What did she think, that she, Adrienne Beaudésert, was the murderess of her father's and benefactress's, for, though not, blessed be God! in purpose—that she had her life, soul, (without fear of bitter consequence) the splendid position which had so suddenly been opened to her by her father's death, and which was now closed against her by the stern, unrelenting decree of the abbé Morlaix, that she was to be cast forth upon the world, to be spurned by her mother and her kindred, to be pointed at by the finger of scorn, to be overwhelmed with the ignominy of a public trial, and, perhaps, to die the death of a felon?

Such were the thoughts that, for a time, overwhelmed the unhappy girl, and, when she was sufficiently recovered to be capable of reflection, she was left alone, for Madame Beaudésert and Clarisse had hastened to the abbé Morlaix, to implore his counsel and assistance.

"Alone, then, I am to be alone," said Adrienne, with a wild, bitter laugh, as she rose from the floor, on which she had fallen, and paced the room, "alone, as I have been from my childhood, and shall be to the end. Alone, then, be it! Let me not, in the hour of my desolation, be guilty of the sin of self-murder, but, rather, let me live, that I may suffer, and, in suffering, expiate the crime of which I am innocent!"

Such was the resolve of the unhappy girl, when, after a few hours' solitude

men, and, all too late, find Dulpech's assertions confirmed! Impossible—utterly impossible to incur that tremendous risk—to desperately stake character, life, the innocent life of her child, upon that fearful issue!

Finally—for the suggestions of unreasoning fear prevailed, and Adrienne Beaudésert was at last subdued—terrorized into consenting to a compromise, by which it was settled that the civil and legally binding form of marriage was to be gone through by her and Dulpech—the blessing of the Church, unessential to the validity of the contract, she would not ask for such constrained, unnatural ways—accordingly after the civil rite, and in accordance with the provisions of a solemn instrument signed, sealed, and attested beforehand, the nominal wife and husband were to separate and remain strangers to each other forever. Adrienne—till such time as arrangements could be made, without attracting too much public attention, for her seclusion for life in a convent—was to inhabit her relatives one wing of the château—the Dulpechs the other; and the disposition of the property was settled by the same instrument, which Jules Dulpech drew up in imposing wordy form. It was formally executed, and the civil marriage, at a neighboring should take place on that day but next night.

In the mean time, it had been industriously understood that the visitation of Mademoiselle Beaudésert, the anxiety and consternation observable in the demeanor of her mother and sister were caused by the thwarted but obstinate determination of the young lady to wed one so far beneath her in station as Paul Dulpech, with whom, it was stated, she had all along been upon terms of secret love-intelligence—one not to be subjected to her by any means, appointing a private interview, had been seen by Madame Sabin, a most respectable person—and was Madame Sabin, and a housewifing; and her inquisitive, affectionate recognition of the elder Delpech amidst the crowd in the Church of the Assumption at her father's funeral, was cited as corroborative proof, if any were wanting, of the truth of the general statement—which had gained strength and intensity with every day of her life! Scarcely any thing else would any one be sure, in the world of or written about by the gossips in the vicinage of the Château d'Em; and it thus fell out that Madame Claude Simonin, at Lisette, as I may continue to call her, heard, in Paris, of the astounding marriage on the very day when the intelligence reached M. Morlaix; the immediate result being that Lisette and her husband, and the sable one's new finery returned to the house of the Lyon diligence, and were fellow, and exceedingly communicative, passengers with Monsieur Morlaix.

Instantly upon reaching the Château d'Em, M. Morlaix demanded an audience of Mademoiselle Beaudésert. It was promptly refused, in accordance with an understanding come to with the Delpechs; and this refusal reached the ears of the extract from Madame and Clarisse Beaudésert that Adrienne was determined upon the marriage, and would not suffer herself to be importuned upon the subject. M. Morlaix had next recourse to the lawyer, with equally unsatisfactory result—the mother's consent, he was informed, being quite sufficient satisfaction of legal requirements. And from the same cause, unconscious in her efforts to obtain speech of her former mistress, were Lisette's ferociously enraged threnot. But what to the purpose could be effected even by her sharp eyes and sharper tongue? She did not know, by what hook even to guess at the true motives prompting Mademoiselle Beaudésert's sudden and fatal decision. She, however, quickly undeceived good Madame Sabin, wife of the medical gentleman who attended Madame by virtue of her last illness, as to the note supposed to have been addressed to Paul Dulpech by Adrienne Beaudésert, containing the shame and ceaseless iteration, that that was her own scheming handiwork. Lisette, moreover, loudly proclaimed her determination to see justice *plein à Dieu*, at the Hôtel de Ville, and have cause conservation, immediately before the abominable ceremony was proceeded with.

The affair were the same menacing aspect on the afternoon of the preceding day, when Lisette was to witness the successful consummation of the Delpech conspiracy. It was the month of December, and growing so dark that Adrienne Beaudésert, still prostrate as well in body as in mind, could no longer read the contents of the document she had, been drawn up and signed by the contracting parties, and with the same persusing, and never expecting, in order to more completely satisfy herself that its clauses had been so plainly framed that there could be no after-denial of their import and meaning. Madame and Clarisse Beaudésert were present; and the latter, more by word of breaking the silence by saying something than influenced by any serious apprehension, said:

"I suppose, dear Adrienne, that the condition of immediate separation, conceded and subscribed to by those high-born Delpechs, is one of necessity, by legally inforced?"

Lightning could not leap at the remark from Adrienne darkened heavy eyes, and she glared at Clarisse as if the words had stabbed her. Mastering herself, she turned and hid her face in the pillows of the couch upon which she was reclining, was soon apparently asleep; and Madame Beaudésert withdrew with Clarisse upon tiptoe. They were no sooner gone than Adrienne started up, made her way only to the library, and, before the Lyon directory, made a memorandum with her pencil, and then ringing the bell, desired the unswering servant to have a close carriage in waiting at the back entrance to the château within ten minutes.

"La Rue St. Martin, Numéro 19—do you know it? The residence of M. l'Avocat Dufresne?" said Mademoiselle Beaudésert, in answer to the questioning bow of the coachman; and was immediately driven off.

M. l'Avocat Dufresne's new and interesting client was so thickly veiled and muffled up that, had she been personally known to him, he would have failed to recognize her, as she placed a heavy fee upon the table, and in a low, trembling voice recited the conditions of the signed accord, suppressing names, of course, and asked if such a process-tract could be inforced against the possible opposition of the husband.

"Certainly not, mademoiselle. An accord, stipulating that a husband shall not be a husband, is not worth the paper it is written upon. That, then, is no doubt, very well known to some, at least, of the high-born Delpechs described by the accord—"

"Thank you, monsieur; that is all I require to know."

Adrienne's mind was made up from that moment, nor did she feel the slightest trepidation as to the course she would follow. And her whole-sooner it might; to a shameful death, there could be little doubt, for the bullied Delpechs would, in their rage, be sure to denounce her instead of criminal complicity in their dreadful crime; and circumstances would, it was almost certain, arise declaring from herself, give color and coherence to all they said. For all that, she would, and she exulted to think it was still possible to say she would now do her duty, leaving the result to God.

Adrienne spent the late that night, busily occupied in writing; slept soundly the first time for many days; and rising with the dawn, sent her packet of letters, addressed to Dulpech, to the Rue Abbé Morlaix. The three ladies breakfasted as usual in Adrienne's chamber; and Madame and Clarisse Beaudésert were both struck—shocked, almost, by the cheerfulness visible in the aspect of the suppressed trifle, in that which they had seen the morning. Little, however, was said, and that little was relative to the matter presently unavoidably upon their minds, till a message was brought, announcing that the Messieurs Delpech were arrived, and waiting in the salon. Then, to the last determined, I should state, with the municipal authorities, that, in consideration of Mademoiselle Beaudésert's delicate state of health, the marriage formalities should be gone through at the château.

Madame Beaudésert, Clarisse, and Adrienne, trembling in every limb with terror and horror, obeyed the imperial summons; Adrienne promising to follow almost immediately. They found the two Delpechs, as stated, in the grand salon, both evidently in a state of the most excited preparation—the father more especially; and a moment after their own entrance, Jules Dulpech, the bridegroom and her husband, came in from a further door. No sooner did Jules Delpech perceive the last comer, than, surprised by the sight, he started back from the door by which he had entered, with the apparent purpose of retreating. Adrienne paused to fix to his thereby greatly increased consternation, that it was locked on the outside! "What can all this mean?" he muttered, as he hurried over, and stood out in large drops upon his forehead, as he again, profane, Protestant though he was, impressed by the silent entrance of Adrienne Beaudésert, who, pale, calm, lustrous as Parian marble, took a seat between her and Madame Delpech, and made her difficult to interpret the expression of Lisette's flushed features? "What can all this mean?" the sternly countenance was unmistakably grave, earnest, solemn.

"What is the purport of all this dumb show?" exclaimed the younger Delpech, assuming, with some success, a tone of defiance. "Have you ren the municipal officials? A priest is not required at these espousals?"

"Not that I see no espousals," replied the adult, "between you, Paul Delpech, and Adrienne Beaudésert, now my cousin, Jules."

His! Does, then, Mademoiselle Beaudésert dare—dare, I say, refuse to ratify her promise?"

"She does not refuse—does not refuse to do so, the peril, you know, of her life. I know all, and from her."

This announcement elicited cries of terror and dismay from Madame and Clarisse Beaudésert; Paul Dulpech changed to a bitter whiteness, and his fear-smeared father again distractedly essayed to open the door, close which he had remained standing. Adrienne alone was calm, unmoved; but as for Lisette, she was only kept from instantly flying to denounce by a heavy, threatening gesture from the sable and her husband's eager remonstrance: "Your denunciation, madame, however thy turn will come presently, never fear!"

"It appears," resumed M. Morlaix, "from the papers I have in my hand, that Jules and Paul Delpech, across Adrienne Beaudésert of having obtained, by means of a forged letter, for the occasion, poudre roi, by which she destroyed the life of her aged relative, Madame de Vaulpré, of Lyon."

"First, Monsieur l'Abbé," exclaimed Paul Delpech, whose courage was evidently increased by drink, early as it was, "tell us by what right or authority you presume to ask such insolent questions?"

"I ask them in order to ascertain, before invoking justice, whether it be necessary to act in an invention."

"Who shall say nothing," hastily interposed Delpech, forestalling his son's reply. He fancied the abbé was desirous of hushing up the matter, and thereby relieving Mademoiselle Beaudésert's conscience of the burden that oppressed it. This thought gave him momentary courage.

"Are you aware that the examination of the gallows awaits those who, for the sake of obtaining some pecuniary advantage, plot a cool-and-cruel false accusations?"

"Prove any accusation we have made to be false," retorted Paul Delpech; "and let my assure you, Monsieur l'Abbé, that you are playing with the life of your fair protégée. We should not, in any case, go to the scaffold alone, take my word for it."

"That is not so certain," replied the abbé, with unmoved sternness. "Your wicked design may have miscarried; in fact, it did miscarry—in proof whereof, I have to inform you, that a post-mortem examination, performed, at my instance, within twenty-four hours of death, clearly established the fact that Madame de Vaulpré died from natural causes only."

A cry, a shout, a scream of women echoed those blessed words: Adrienne was in a moment clinging to the reverend speaker's knees; Madame Beaudésert seemed inclined to cast herself into his arms; Lisette, in a state of intense inflammation, shook her little fists at the cowering Delpechs, preventing only from transforming her threats into deeds by the restraining hand of her husband, and iterated, "Dunot—disconcert, Lisette; it will be thy turn presently, you know!"

"Calm yourself, my child," said the abbé, as soon as he could make himself heard, and raising Adrienne, "and you, Madame Beaudésert; the end of this matter is not yet."

Paul Dulpech, stunned, overborne for a while, reassumed, by a violent effort, his previous effrontery, and said, in a sneering tone: "Then, Monsieur l'Abbé, your accusation, which you shall fully considered, the poudre roi was but an innocent, harmless powder after all; have it, so, if you will—and now, *nos pire*, you and I may as well leave this good company—for a time."

"Not a time, if you please; your intention may I repeat, have been evil enough—the poudre roi you so facetiously, as a pleasantry, that is quite another question, upon which Madame Claude Simonin here can throw some light."

"I?" cried Lisette, "I?" shouted Claude; "now look to yourselves."

"*Vraiment*, Monsieur l'avocat Lisette; "this what I have to say. For certain reasons I had come to entertain strong suspicions of Messieurs Delpech, and, in order to put them to proof, as I did, the packet of poudre roi, nicely sealed up, from Paul Delpech to Lisette, my gift, then had persuaded thy unsuspecting young mistress to have secret dealings with two good-for-nothings—if there be any in the world—and, in short, to receive, in an honest girl, to see no harm comes of it. Why leaves you not to the law, and to Lisette, the poudre roi? Not, too, Lisette; and there, for, to avoid all chance of evil, keep the sealed packet carefully, and, as I have said, remember, I asks thee for the magical poudre roi, give her instead—well, what you try?—some of her own red *dentifrice*.' Ha! ha! Messieurs les Empoisonneurs, that disarranges your fine plans, does it? And look you, Monsieur l'Abbé, I, Claude, fumbling over with exultation!—here is your precious packet, Delpechs, unopened. Take, give it me! and I hope, for your sakes, it will be found enough to poison a thousand horses!"

The consternation with which this speech must be left to the imagination, as well as Claude's obstreperous exultation at having outwitted.

"There is nothing in the packet," said the elder Delpech, hoarsely, "nothing but bean-flour. Let us go, Jules."

"That fact must be first ascertained," replied the abbé, "and you will be sent for to your bedchateau. And now, dear child, and you, my friends, let us retire, and return God thanks for this great deliverance."

The poudre roi was nothing but colored bean-flour; the Delpechs were, nevertheless, prosecuted for the conspiracy, and sentenced to severe punishments. Of the further domestic history of the distinguished Beaudésert family mixed in the south of France, of which the foregoing narrative supplies a hastily-sketched outline, I find the following extract from the French journals, wherein I have read of two marriages, and, I think, five births, but not, as yet, one dying, as having occurred among the descendants of the Beaudéserts.

WINTER NIGHT.

BY E. H. STODDARD.

It is a cold winter night,
And the stilly earth is white
With the blowing of the lilies of the snow!
I hear it wail and sigh
With the roses sunmer shed,
But the roses died with summer long ago!

I'll sing a song of Spring
In the jolly days of June,
And we danced above the garden in the light
Of her Fetzenzie's eyes,
And our hearts are dark, and dumb,
As the bubble o'er the embers here tonight!

OUR SPECIAL PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

The Excitement of Paris Life—Why Parisians won't believe in Life elsewhere—War Rumors—Sacrifice of Frances Habits—Fashion—Theatrical Amusements—Perils of Paris Life to Young Americans—The Debut of Frank Aiken—Miss Mahogany—Old Jules and her Opera Box—Madame de L——'s Daughters—The Ball at the Tuileries, &c., &c.

PARIS, *January* 18, 1859.

TEN weeks come quickly round, but so quickly as events of interest in this wonderful city, where every day seems to bring something of excitement, even to the most jaded of pleasure-seekers. Rumors of war, discoveries of plots, threats of insurrection—panic and hunger threatening—have one and all risen in the funds because the King said that"—rise in the funds because the King said that"—each hour brings its quota of excitement, and they will not, perhaps, contradict you, if you tell them that Paris is the city of sensations.

It is, no doubt, from this cause that those accustomed to live in Paris find it so difficult to take pleasure in any other abode. This is as remarkable in strangers as in the native born population. Rumors of war, discoveries of plots, threats of insurrection—panic and hunger threatening—have never said that "rise in the funds because the King said that"—each hour bring its quota of excitement, they will not, perhaps, contradict you, if you tell them that Paris is the city of sensations.

It is, no doubt, from this cause that those accustomed to live in Paris find it so difficult to take pleasure in any other abode. This is as remarkable in strangers as in the native born population, who, from the highest to the lowest, look upon all beyond its limits as a vast desert of ennui and discomfort. It is in vain to speak to one of these of life elsewhere as agreeable, or commodious, or luxurious. They will not, perhaps, contradict you, but they will reply with an incredulous shrug of the shoulders, and a *"C'est possible?"* which is even more provoking. They are confirmed in these ideas by the eagerness with which Paris is sought, not only by the "savage" Americans (that, perhaps, they would not think so much of), nor even the Russian princes should, for its attractions, quit their frozen homes and imperfect civilization; but there is Milor Anglais, with his fabulous wealth, his palaces and his parks, his hunters and his hounds, and his boundless stables, and all to the government of his country! The Parisian sees all these relinquished for an existence here comparatively but trifling—for an existence which, in spite of a suspicion—a kind carriage, and three or four servants, in place of a cabriolet and a "bonne à tout faire," at Paris can always also well, hear the best music, see the best acting, and learn the earliest intelligence of the world's doings, which have a much value for all the great European family.

The incident that I started with, the visit of one of the Emperor's remark to the Austrian Embassador, has, as you will see, borne much fruit in newspaper articles, and I suppose it is all *in die* all sorts. The belief in inevitable war is every day gaining ground, and it is a pitiful sight to those who had accustomed themselves to hope that the world had grown too wise for the recurrence of these terrible evils—to see how little the public right is all we can say—if there is any right in such evil as war—to prudence and bloodshed.

To cement this alliance between France and Sardinia there is to be a marriage, and we may say a victim, since the bridegroom is only fifteen years of age, and her destined husband, Prince Napoleon, is considerably her senior. The Prince is, by years older, and of well-known profligate habits and tastes; and yet, such so he is, he has not set the Tuvia, but has received his appointment from the King, her father's hand. One piece a highly-descriptive of the manner in which matches like these can be so little in unison with her early ideas, and where what she has been accustomed to regard as the highest virtues are held up to scorn, was the pieces over her adopted family) her hereditary rights, was that her own mother was not considered.

As usual, political agitation only seems to accelerate the impulse for social amusement, and we are now in the full tide of gayety—carnival—and in the various circles of Paris they are dancing and feasting, and also revelling in riot and wantonness.

I have been led, of late particularly, to associate the world around me with the Carnival generally, for, a short time ago, a hearty and heartfelt letter, from an esteemed friend, introduced to my acquaintance a young American gentleman, to whom I was entreated to serve as guide and Mentor in the gaities and pleasures of Paris, which I was but always sorry to receive such a request, as I know the hopelessness of ever doing what is to be seen intended. All I can do is to endeavor, by presentation into refined and agreeable society, to neutralize the mischievous influences of life in its most vicious spirit, here spreads in the path of the novice. In the case of the young American youth who has passed through a collegiate course at home, or resided, for the same period of time, in any of our large cities, he has had his full share of secrets of vice or temptation; but it is not in this that the danger lies, and it is that initiation into wrong, which seems the portal by which all must enter into the world, but it is the habit of mind induced by such knowledge, and which, built upon the pursuit of pleasure, without any appreciation of its nature, leads from the precipice of morality and right. It is this that makes the great evil of Paris to *all*, but to the young and pliant of principle it has a fearful contagion indeed. How often have I witnessed this in the years that I have lived here! I have seen a warm young heart under the infatuation of thus sending their sons from home, in the idea of their gaining the polish and enlightenment of Paris, lose all its early genuine studies for which there is, indeed, here every facility. Absorbed in the pursuit of pleasure and in the claims of amusement, the fascinations of wickedness.

I went immediately to pay a visit, at his hotel, to my young friend, whom I shall call Frank—a name that suits his frank, handsome face better than his own. I found a tall, well-made, good-looking fellow of one-and-twenty, unexceptionable in manner and address, and with a fine intellect, and I knew that his liberal parents had allotted for all his pocket-money a large and even exaggerated allowance. I proposed establishing him at once in comfortable lodgings, where the concierge would see to his coffee and tub—and was accomplished. We dined together, and had much conversation, which I endeavored, upon my part, to make as edifying and as full of warning as I thought judicious. The very next evening we went together to the Opera Comique, and I pointed out to him all individuals of note and interest, and gave him a slight sketch about every body and every thing, delighted to have a companion whose feelings seemed so fresh in their sense of enjoyment and whose eyes and ears were so keenly and gratefully into an open vacant box *au premier*, Mademoiselle Jules and her mother were the sole occupants of the house flowers. An almost imperceptible raising of the eyebrow, and a slight turn of the head, showed me we were seated, and the deep blush of pleasure which mantled in Frank's handsome face at her bow of recognition, and the smile with which she observer like myself to have known that Frank had been the donor of opera-box and bouquet to Mademoiselle Julia, even without the confirmatory circumstance of his avoidance of asking me, as in any case alone, who was the pretty lady so conspicuous alone in her opera-box? These, it may be, were slight indications, but sufficient to mortify me with the conviction that my young friend had already fallen into the hands of one of the most dangerous and accomplished Sirenes of Paris, and what could I do to prevent this?

I have since introduced Frank into several houses who receive once or twice a week. The amiable Duchesse de B—— gave me that permission; and there he made the acquaintance of Madame de L—— and her daughters, of whom the eldest would be considered beautiful in any country. Fair, with lovely eyes and hair, and exquisite mouth and teeth, Mademoiselle de L—— only has the name and grace of a French girl—which she is, however, on her father's side; but she has been brought up more a l'Anglaise, and speaks that language perfectly. Though so charming and attractive she is one-and-twenty, and still Mademoiselle, which is accounted for by her being one of five children, and with little fortune, which alone leads to matrimonial seeking in France.

To accompany Frank I went, too, to the ball last evening at the Tuileries. It was, as usual, very crowded, but an interesting and brilliant scene. The Empress was lovely, in a white tulle dress, of several skirts, simply decorated with bows of ribbon, in green, white, and red—which, I was told, were the colors of Sardinia, and worn in honor of the marriage. This marriage was the subject of discourse and discussion. But I have exhausted my allotted space, and must bid you adieu.

THE BELL-RINGERS OF SEVILLE.

EVERY one has, at some time or other, witnessed the process of ringing large church-bells in our American cities. The work is generally done with the aid of long ropes depending from the bell or the tongue. In Seville, Spain, it seems the office of a bell-ringer is one of much more peril and adventure. The bell-ringer, as shown in the accompanying illustration, clings to the bell, and is swung by his rope quite out of the belfry into the air. If he loses his hold, he may say his prayers, and they must be short. The bravest bell-ringers are they who can hold on longest and swing the furthest from the bell.

THE BELL-RINGERS OF SEVILLE.

THE WEEKLY FARMER.

FALL AND WINTER MANAGEMENT OF HEAVY SOILS.

PRACTICE has shown the great value of ridging and back-furrowing heavy soils in the fall, to be acted on by the freezings and thawings of winter, and the passage of air through them. While some know the value of this treatment there are many who pay little attention to it. In the interior of the country it is quite usual, particularly in new places, for farmers to have a kitchen garden-patch near the dwelling-house, cut off from a field, perhaps by a mere landmark, not surrounded by a fence on all sides, which might possibly interfere with the use of tools, how good soever for the purposes of cultivation, if drawn by horses or oxen. It is greatly desirable to ridge and back-furrow such soils if of a heavy character. On extensive farms there may be many pieces naturally adapted to the growing of vegetables, but distance may cause them to be inconvenient. Some soils are so light and blowy as to be injured by fall plowing; these are benefited by being rolled rather than plowed. The application of muck, well prepared by the *salt and lime mixture*, will make them more compact and retentive of manures. The carbonaceous matter of the muck is a great absorbent of gases, and all soluble substances liberated during decay. The growing of a clover crop and plowing it under is another mode of adding carbonaceous matter to the soil, and the rationale of whose action was referred to in our article of last week on *wheat*. In this case time is an important element. It will, therefore, be seen that the source from which carbon is obtained, whether from lowlands or the atmosphere, to be profitable must vary with the facilities for getting muck at small cost, and the value of the land to the farmer for growing special crops. In general farming, if the labor to obtain the muck is large, and that clover as a crop is desirable, the latter will in most cases be best; but the market gardener cultivating a smaller quantity of land, which from an active succession of crops (sold in cities at large prices) knows no rest, could not wait for a clover crop, because during the time necessary for it to grow one or more crops of vegetables of perhaps twenty times more money value could be produced. It would, therefore, be better for him to get carbonaceous matter in the form of muck, river deposits, woods' mould, etc., and treat them with the salt and lime mixture, which has been used to so much advantage in high farming. The owners of light land will do well to consider these hints seriously. The writer speaks from practical knowledge, both as regards mechanical condition and fertility, consequent on the proper application of muck, and the plowing in of clover into soil not already containing enough of carbon. On clay farms the plowing in of long manures will loosen the soil and prevent it from compacting. Thus treated, the air can circulate more freely through it, the freezings and thawings of winter disintegrate the particles, the oxydizing influence of the atmosphere liberates food, which assists the mechanical action of long manures in making it friable, adding to its available fertility, and causing it forever after to be morsomely worked. There will be no loss from manures well plowed in, by their elements during decay passing into the atmosphere, because clay, like carbon, has the power of absorbing and retaining the results of decomposition, and of liberating them to plants only. This practice is especially applicable to clay farms not furnished with proper sheds to protect manures, which, by this system, are carted, spread on the soil, and plowed in, thus saving the labor of doing it in early spring, when the preparation of land for other crops is pressing—always bearing in mind the mechanical advantages to the soil, impossibility of loss by wastage, washings by rains, and evapora-

THE NEW COURT FASHIONS AT PARIS.

tion. The caring of much manure in spring to great distances, as in the case of large farms, and stables inconveniently located, unless a farmer have plenty of teams in fine working order, will prevent him from advancing rapidly in sowing and planting. After-treatment, however good, will not compensate for the putting in of crops at a late date. They will not have time to grow.

The foregoing facts must suggest to the reader the advantages to be derived from the ridge and back-furrow system, treated in the early part of the article. The manure spread broadcast over the surface of the soil will be forced to occupy the centre of A, Aerial Ridge, which, in the course of the day, will cause a continuous alteration of figure in the nature of the ridge, permitting the openings and drawings to disintegrate and alter the nature, as it is technically termed, of the clay.

Any leaching from this manure will be received in the deep furrows alongside, and absorbed by the loose earth at the base of the ridge; and as the conditions described will here be availed of, the continued change of figure admitting new quantities of atmosphere to circulate through the cracked surfaces of the ridges; redundant quantities of moisture during heavy rains may pass off through the furrow gutters without washing away the pent up manure. In early spring these ridges should be split by a two-any plow, and a subsoiling or trenching will then insure a thorough admixture of the manure with the underlaid soil; and the after cultivation will often render a clay soil capable of being used for such purposes as it is in former condition it could not have been applied to. A clay loam so treated, from its superior power to retain moisture, would yield by plants, in most seasons, than lighter soils; and if in the spring, before the splitting of the ridges, a Mapes's animal lifting plow be passed through the intervening furrows, so as to deeply disintegrate the soil, which can not be so well done after any other cultivation, and a whole average depth will be materially increased. In some soils this may be done to the depth of two, disturbing the clays, and when so done the leaching may be received in the subsoil cats, and thus a permanency of fertility to a great extent will be secured.

Those who have made the mistake of summer plowing a clay soil when too wet, and thus injuring its full power of fertility for years by such error, will have understood the principles which arises from ridging and back furrowing; for after such treatment, thoroughly performed, it will be a nearly earlier in spring and later in the fall for any manipulation it may require.

Mulching is of great value in winter to many crops, and even on soils not producing any thing. Some farmers cover the borders of their beds of wheat; they are killed by the frost, and act as a mulch, or protection, to the young plants. In the kitchen and fruit garden mulching is of great value; plants which, in its absence, would with difficulty survive the winter. Pear-trees should not be so treated until they begin to drop their leaves, also the presence of the mulch before the tree goes into the normal state will cause it to take up large quantities of moisture which, if frozen between the wood and the bark, will produce winter-killing. The removal of the summer mulch late in September will arrest growth, and the restoration of it on the approach of winter will cause a second growth in spring, and prevent the injuries of winter-blight.

THE MORTARA STORY OUT-DONE.

THE following story has been communicated to the London *Morning Chronicle* by a "Protestant Traveller":

"A young woman, a native of England, a lady's maid, respectably connected, and having received a competent knowledge of the French and Italian languages, was seduced by a young Neapolitan nobleman, under peculiarly aggravated circumstances. For some months the affair remained a secret. Eventually, to hide her dishonor, she was forced to leave her situation, and take up her abode in an obscure part of Naples. In process of time she was delivered of a strong and healthy child. Some of the people residing in the same house informed the police of the circumstance, and they went to the curé of the parish in which her habitation was found, and told him that a foreigner had been delivered of a child who belonged to him to baptise it. The curé sent his vicar, who quickly made the woman's room crowded with all the usual attendants, and a rabble of women and children at the back. The young woman patiently declined his assistance, and said that, as she was a Protestant, she naturally wished her child to be baptised by a Protestant minister. The vicar told her that could not be allowed, and that he came with positive orders to baptise the child as one a Christian of the child. Seeing she would not yield, the vicar got angry and made use of hard and indecorous expressions. On the mother of her he intimated that she would soon have a visit from the curé and the police. The woman, the next day, the curé, accompanied by his vicar, visited the young woman, and persuaded her in like manner on the subject of the baptism of her child, when she indignantly expressed her abhorrence of their oppressive behavior, and declared her steadfast determination not to have it made a Papist of. Again and again the curé demanded, with a menacing, yet inquiring glance, that from consent to have her child made a Christian. Firmly and steadily, in a mild voice, but with a decision that could not be mistaken, the young woman replied, 'No!' The curé's face became perfectly demoniacal in its expression, as he poured forth a torrent of abuse and invective against the obstinate heretic, as he was pleased to call her; and such was his ungovernable passion that he raised his hand as if to strike, a gesture which he regarded with disdain, as she turned back from him.

"There was something unutterably horrible and cruel, unfeeling and unmanly, in this brutal outrage on a poor suffering female so soon after her confinement. There she lay almost convulsed with distress, while the blood flushed painfully to the otherwise colorless cheek. The involuntary look of horror, fright, and aversion with which she regarded these ferocious ecclesiastics did not escape the eye of the curé. He frowned terribly, and raved and stormed. Involuntarily she clasped her babe closer to her bosom, and arose instantly to her feet. This persecution continued fiercer and fiercer every succeeding day; still the woman was inflexible. At length, when the curé saw that every love, threatened to turn her out of the house, and leave her to perish, unless she would have the child up to his care. The woman gave a sudden start—she seemed stimulated for a few moments to an unnatural strength—with a determined look, she clutched nestle she drew herself up, and fixing a glance blazing with a fever up on the curé, fiercely reproached him for his vile and brutal conduct, informed him she did not fear a prison, and would never yield to his demands. The curé's mercenary spirit was excited every attempt to take the child from her; and minister her aid to overcome her, even in sleep her arms encircled it with an unrelaxing clasp, as if she could not even then be beguiled into its surrender. These stories were at last removed from day to day for several successive days, and the curé, in a fit of rage, one morning, in a paroxysm of excitement and worry, terror and alarm, and the sudden and strength to which she had been subjected, soon began to exhibit it more decided manner their effects on this poor victim of ecclesiastical tyranny and violence. The paroxysms of delirium came on more frequently, and lasted longer. Her mind began to give way. Her nutriment which nature had supplied became so changed that the infant rapidly sank from want of proper sustenance.

"With deep anguish of heart the poor woman saw her child fading away before her eyes. Finally, Her very heart bled within her for the poor sufferer. Gradually, the child's breath ceased, and the cold, clutched her to her bosom with all her remaining strength, and as they came here to force her she gave is one wild embrace. The real presence of distress, the sight of a mother's agony, and the trembling human hand, the despairing appeal of helpless agony, had no power to move the pitiless hearts of these monsters. Confident that they had a foot to the arms of the *sage femme*, the curé turned every one out of the room, and, regardless of the frantic grief of the poor unhappy mother, locked the door and put the key in his pocket. Though exhausted by suffering, fatigue, and fear, the poor hapless mother, stung to madness and despair by the crushing weight of her misfortunes, and quite overwhelmed by the avalanche of cruelty and wrong which had fallen upon her, sprang from the bed, tore the barrell against the door, exclaiming 'O my child! my child!' None of the people assisted by this violent attempt to escape, but they affected or showed any signs of sympathy or pity. On the contrary, she was called to endure the bitterest taunts, and the bitterest jeers of these followers of the priests.

"Possibly owing to remorse, and dreading consequences should the abduction of the child prove fatal to the mother in her present debilitated state, the curé became latent again. Finally, after remaining within her heart, the *sage femme* hesitated, and then refused to assist the curé further. Again her remonstrances and entreaties eventually prevailed on the savage curé to open the door, in order that the *sage femme*, whose friendly services she had attracted a crowd about the house. The victim of this brutal persecution was found in a state of total insensibility on the bed; she tried once or twice to speak, her lips moved, but there was no sound; her eyes were fixed and glassy, her breast heaving, and her head on her pillow, and covered her face. The dying ecstasy of the mother was observed by the priests went through the ceremony of baptizing her child. 'Was not the lot of the poor creature here enough without her future punishment?' he said? Will might she say in her anguish, 'My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me?' and then that are at ease, and with the contempt of the priests.

"But the soul of the poor little babe was more than half loosed from its earthly bonds, and died in a few minutes after the baptism of the murdered child. But no tears bedewed the heart-broken eyes of her form—the shock had passed too straight through the heart for cry or tear. Without a word consulting her, it was hurried away and buried according to the fashion of the Papal Church. All the noise and bustle incidental to the removal of the body struck dreamingly on her bewildered ear —and her poor, dumb-stricken heart had neither cry nor tear to show for its utter misery.

"The morning after this tragical and scandalous scene the curé sent in his demand for payment, which, of course, the women refused to satisfy; and he was obliged to leave the house in search again next morning and doubled his demand."

CHESS CHRONICLE.

BY C. H. STANLEY.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

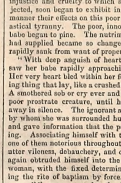
E. P. The report is true that Mr. Morphy has expressed his intention to play twenty games, simultaneously, blindfold; and, too, against that number of the strong men as Paris can produce. Such copists are quite as incomprehensible to us perhaps more so, as to the mental Chess lyre. Your suggested solutions, we think, will be found correct. Thanks. Always glad to hear from you. For this week you must excuse us from publishing the Problem, as the engraver of the Problem will be absent a week from this city, so that but his letters addressed as last will always meet attention.—S. W. H. Augusta.—It is not even ordered by the game is sold, and the proper course is to resell the same. All such matters, by-the-way, are left to general others which we this week are called upon to answer, are duly provided for in the Laws of the Game as published in nearly every elementary work. — G. B. Charlotte, and C. Williamsburg. The blue can not move to a square commanded by an adverse piece, and the King and pawn are left in the same fix.—J. W. Quebec (Lambertville). You may have nine pieces on the board, provided you have not more than eight each.—B. (Philadelphia). The final move referred to have been mistaken. If not too much trouble, send duplicates; but shall appear without fail next week.

J. L. R. is a fact that Mr. P. Morphy has offered to play a match with any adversary in the state of Texas and more; which earlist, however, was not accepted. Her Authority appears to consider that he (P. M.) could hold his own at such odds against any player living. Her is ought to know. Since the cessation of their illness match, Messrs. Anderson and Morphy have played six more games, of which the former gentleman succeeded in winning but one.

PROBLEM XV.

BY J. L. R.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and checkmate in four moves.

The following well-contested game is contributed by our correspondent "Jonathan," and, as the reader will likewise his, and are decidedly to the point; but, at a glance, we see that was the mate in six moves. The reader, however, that it is there, and, for the present, leave Mr. Jacobus to the tender mercies of our critical readers:

(Sicilian Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. J.)	BLACK (Mr. R.)
1 P to K 4	P to Q B 4
2 P to Q 4	P takes P
3 Q takes P (d)	P to K 3 (e)
4 Q to K 5	Q to Q B 3
5 Kt to Q B 3	P to Q 4
6 P to K B 3	P to K Kt 3
7 K Kt to Q 2	B to K Kt 2
8 Q to K 3	Kt to K B 3
9 Q Kt to B 3	Castles
10. Castles	Q to K 2
11 R to K sq	Kt to K B 4
12 P to K B 4 (b)	Q takes Q Kt P
13. K B takes Kt	Q takes Q Kt P
14 Q Kt takes Q P	B P takes Kt
15. K B takes B	Q R takes B
16 Q to K B 3	Q to Q B 3 (f)
17 Q to K Kt 3	Kt to Q 2
18 Kt to Q 4	Kt to Q B sq
19 Q to K B 3	Q R to Q B sq
20 P to K B 3 (?)	Q R to Q B 5
21 Q to Q 3	Q to Q Kt 3
22. Q takes Q P	Kt takes R
23. P takes Kt	Q takes P
24. P to K 6 (g)	P to Q Kt 5 (h)
25. P takes P (ch)	K takes P (ch)

And Black mates in six moves.

NOTES.

(a) If Kt to B 3, followed by K 2 to Q 2 d, would perhaps be more advisable.

(b) Intending, if White played Kt to Q 5, to exchange Kts, and then to play P to K 4.

(c) Should have preferred to take the B, and afterward move Q to Q B 3.

(d) The usual analogy of the K pawn for the adverse Q P.

(e) Worse than useless. Kt to Q sq was the move.

(f) A very necessary move.

(g) The winning move. If—

1. Q takes Q	Q to Q Kt 6
2. Q to K 3	Q to K 8 (ch)
3. K to Q 2	Q takes R

and White has the better game.

If	P takes P
24. Q takes P (ch), followed by Kt to Q 5, winning the R.	

(h) Q to K 3 (ch) would be fatal.

(i) Q to Kt 3 (ch) would be fatal.

(k) Q to K 3 (ch), and mates next move.

If	K to Q Kt 6
25. P to Q 6, winning the R.	

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Saturday, Feb.* 5, 1859.

The week ending to-day has been chiefly marked by unusual activity in the Stock Market of the past few days, part entries being quite as large as they used to be due. But the great expansion in 1857. We are not expecting as much, in consequence of the falling off in the demand for American Breadstuffs abroad; and the imposition of foreign goods and merchandize is excessive.

Money is decidedly more plentiful. Since our coal is now the standard millionaire rate for the best paper and call loans, and many are willing to take less than the amount advanced to secure. Exchange on England is firm at 10½ @ 11; all which indicates that specie can be easily obtained exported.

The rise in the value of money has affected injuriously the new loan and other stock securities. The new Treasury notes are at 98 @ 98½, and stocks generally are lower than they were last week. The most active transactions of the week was in Pacific Mail, Commodore Vanderbilt having secured a controlling interest. The Boards of the stock argue that even with an opposition they will continue to make money, as the Panama Railroad dividends; its enemies contend that the new opposition must be fatal to its success.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Saturday, Feb.* 5, 1859.

THE Wholesale Trade has been quite active during the week for the leading kinds of Breadstuffs, parties having disagreed about prices, which, however, have ruled low and prices have favored buyers. . . . Provisions have been more unsettled, with a corresponding decline. Cotton has been in lively request, while Coffee, Teas, Sugars, and Molasses have been unchanged. Hides, Leather, Lumber, Naval Stores, Oils, Tobacco, Wool, Tallow, and Ashes, have been in moderate demand at former prices. . . . The Retail trade continues quite brisk for desirable styles of Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Crockery, and Drugs, and the Clothing trade is actively inquired for. Prices are generally firm, and sellers are not disposed to realize higher rates. Freights have been in fair request, and have been very much reduced by heavy sales to early buyers. Wool mark, although purchased largely, closes at top of this class. The success of these has been very satisfactory, with very encouraging prospects ahead.

The value of the week's imports of Dry Goods has been $3,743,160 against $1,611,289 the same week last year. The imports since January 1 have been $14,256,706 against $6,677,000 the same time last year. The following memo in other commodities have not been productive of very remarkable results, as will be seen by a glance at the closing quotations for the leading articles:

Ashes, pearls, per 100 lbs.	$ 6 00	@	$ 6 05
Superfine to extra State, per barrel	5 70	@	6 10
Superfine to extra Western, per barrel	5 70	@	6 10
Extra Western, per barrel	6 00	@	6 75
Fancy to extra Genesee, per barrel	6 80	@	7 00
Extra Ohio, per barrel	6 80	@	7 00
Mixed to Extra Southern, per barrel	5 75	@	6 90
Fine to Superfine Flour, per bbl.	5 00	@	5 50
Corn Meal, per barrel	3 70	@	4 75
White Wheat, per bushel	1 74	@	1 80
Red Wheat, per bushel	85	@	1 40
Mixed Western, per bushel	87	@	90
Rye, per bushel	75	@	80
Barley, per bushel	1 00	@	1 10
Western Oats, per bushel	41	@	44
Canada Oats, per bushel	41	@	44
Southern Oats, per bushel	39	@	42
Beans, bushel, per pound	1 75	@	2 00
Mess Pork, per barrel	15 00	@	16 00
Prime Pork, per barrel	12 00	@	12 50
Country Mess Beef, per barrel	$ 00	@	9 50
Ham, pound	10	@	12
Lard, per pound	12½	@	13
State Butter, per pound	18	@	20
Western Butter, per pound	15	@	19
Cheese, per pound	10	@	12
Rice, per 100 pounds	$ 3 25	@	4 25
Cuba Sugars, per pound	5½	@	6
Cuba Sugars, refining	5½	@	6
Cuba Molasses, per gallon	30	@	33
New Orleans Molasses, per gallon	30	@	33
New Orleans Molasses, per gallon	40	@	41
Hyson Teas, per pound	30	@	55
Oolong Teas, per pound	32	@	55
Gunpowder Teas, per pound	40	@	65
Hops, new, per pound	10	@	18
Hops, per pound	8	@	12
Hay, per 100 pounds	70	@	85
Straw, per 100 pounds	40	@	50
Crude Turpentine, per 280 pounds	$ 70	@	2 75
Spirits Turpentine, per gallon	34	@	35
Tar, per barrel	$ 2 25	@	2 50
Common Rosin, per 280 pounds	1 25	@	1 50
Linseed Oil, per gallon	60	@	62
Kentucky Tobacco, per pound	6	@	14
Seed Leaf Tobacco	6	@	14
American Fleece Wool, per pound	58	@	65
Pulled Wool	50	@	55

Freights continued very quiet, and quotations were somewhat lower. The following were the rates of inward freights:

Weeks of several Articles in New York about Feb.

	1858.	1859.
Ashes, barrels	2,258	1,429
Coffee, packages	91,370	78,413
Cotton, bales	10,000	12,733
Dye-woods, tons	4,049	8,041
Hemp, bales	2,000	2,545
Hemp, tons	600	745
Hides, number	134,457	101,417
Leather, Side, skins	340,760	66,500
Molasses, hogsheads	2,870	2,870
Molasses, Sheeps and barrels	1,811	1,613
Pork, barrels	7,133	6,000
Beef, Horses and barrels	91,723	66,311
Rice, tierces	1,000	1,000
Rice, bags	4,000	4,000
Sugars, hogsheads	3,623	3,439
Sugars, Boxes	1,000	1,000
Sugars, bags	2,641	2,840
Tobacco, Crude, hogsheads	3,767	3,500
Tobacco, Crude, bales	7,480	10,871
Spirits Turpentine, barrels		1,000
Spirits Turpentine, barrels	2,000	2,000

Cotton.—The transactions last Wednesday were generally better supplied. Brown were in fair demand at a slight improvement in prices. . . . Bleached Goods were in limited request. . . . Yard Calicos were pretty freely purchased at firm rates. . . . Stamp and Lancaster attracted more attention, and were a shade dearer. . . . Delaine were in good demand and closed buoyant. . . . The reported receipts of Cotton during each of the last four weeks compare as follows:

	Week ending Wednesday.	
	Jan. 26.	Feb. 2.
Stevens	1,700	1,800
Mitch Cove	175	191
Alice and Annie	1,000	1,000
Sidney and Lambs	6,317	6,450
Total	9,192	9,441

Not long since a witness, Jones, was being cross-examined before Judge H——, of Mississippi. The witness was making some hard assertions, when the counsel on the opposite side asked him if he really believed what he said? He replied, "Yes, Sir-ree, Jist so." Whereupon Judge said, "Mr. Clerk, fine Mr. Jones five dollars for the rec, and five for the Bible."

A lady being asked the other day why she chose to lead a single life, replied, "Simply because I am not able to support a husband."

The range of prices according to the actual sales of Lime Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

Lime for Primium Brown, per pound.. $ 7 @ $ 11½
Common to ex. Milch Cows, per head.. 25 00 @ 35 00
Veal Calves, per pound ..... 5 @ 8
Sheep and Lambs, per pound ..... 4 @ 6½
" " " ..... 2 00 @ 2 75
Live Swine, per pound ..... 4 @ 5½
Roasting Pigs, each ..... 1 00 @ 2 00

The Country Produce Markets were generally well supplied with Vegetables and Poultry. Eggs were also freely offered. Cheese was in brisk request. Eggs attracted more attention.

WHOLESALE PRICES CURRENT IN PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

Apples, new, per barrel.....	$2 50 @ $ 5 00
Chestnuts, per bushel.....	1 00 @ 2 00
Hickory Nuts, per bushel.....	2 00 @ 2 50
Potatoes, per barrel.....	2 50 @ 3 00
Potatoes, per bushel.....	2 50 @ 4 00
Onions, per barrel.....	3 00 @ 4 00
Cabbages, per hundred.....	75 @ 87½
Beets, per barrel.....	2 12½ @ 2 50
Turnips, per barrel.....	37 @ 1 25
Carrots, per barrel.....	2 50 @ 3 00
Cranberries, per barrel.....	5 00 @ 16 00
Celery, stalk, per dozen bunches....	12½ @ 25
Celery, Soup, per dozen bunches....	25 @ 50
Lettuce, per 100 bunches.....	1 00 @ 2 00
Parsley, per 100 bunches.....	50 @ 1 00
Eggs, N. Y. and N. J., per dozen....	31½ @ 37½
Eggs, Western, limed, per dozen....	25 @ 25½
Butter, Roll, per lb.....	20 @ 25
Butter, Firkin, per lb.....	17 @ 20
Cheese, per pair.....	12½ @ 13
Lard, per pound.....	7 @ 8
Tallow, per pound.....	6 @ 7
Turkeys, per pound.....	12½ @ 14
Wild Turkeys, each.....	2 00 @ 3 00
Ducks, per pound.....	11 @ 15
" black, per pair.....	50 @ 62
" widgeon, per pair.....	50 @ 62
" teal, per pair.....	50 @ 62
Pigeons, per dozen.....	1 00 @ 1 50
Woodcock, per dozen.....	2 00 @ 3 00
Partridge, per pair.....	75 @ 1 00
Rabbits, per pair.....	75 @ 1 00
Quail, per dozen.....	1 12½ @ 2 00
Snipes, per pair.....	25 @ 37
Squirrels, each.....	12½ @ 25
Venison, per pound.....	6 @ 10
Bear's Meat, per pound.....	6 @ 10

ADVERTISEMENTS.

COUGHS—The great and sudden changes of our climate are fruitful sources of *Pulmonary* and *Bronchial Affections*. Aspiring to relieve these distressing maladies with certainty and certainly when taken in the early stages of disease, Dr. Wistar Baldwin at once he had to "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*," or Lozenges, for the Cough. Imitation of the Throat is one so slight, as by this precaution a more serious attack may be effectually warded off. Sold by all Druggists.

J. V. S.

BALLOU'S FRENCH YOKE SHIRTS, New Style, made to order from measure, and warranted to fit as does most fashion. Also, the finest stock of Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods in the city, now selling at greatly reduced prices to close out our Winter Stock. At BALLOU'S Shirt Emporium, 449 Broadway.

LIGHTE, NEWTON & BRADBURY'S PIANO FORTES,
281 and 283 Fulton Street, Brooklyn.
HENRY H. HOOPER, Jr., Agent.

GROVER & BAKER'S
CELEBRATED
FAMILY SEWING MACHINES.
New Styles, Price from $59 to $150.
These Machines are admitted to be the best in use for Family Sewing.
Offices of Exhibition and Sale—495 Broadway, New York. 18 Summer Street, Boston. 18 Bandolph Street, Philadelphia. 137 Baltimore Street, Baltimore. 58 West Fourth Street, Cincinnati. And in all the Principal Cities and Villages in the United States.

READING FOR THE MILLION!—We will send for a whole year, to any one who forwards us **$3, in advance**, a splendid, six elegant first-class illustrated weekly, and *Ballou's Dollar Monthly*, elegantly ornamented with engravings, and an hundred pages of original reading in each number! This offer has never been equaled in the world! Address

M. M. BALLOU, *Publisher, Boston, Mass.*
No. 22 Winter Street.

TO PIANO PLAYERS.

Howe's Drawing-Room Dances,

SPECIALLY DESIGNED FOR SOCIAL EVENING PARTIES—containing the Lancers, Cotillion, Star, Putsch and Judy, Scottish, Military Set, Polka, Schottische, Mazourka, and Fenny Waltz of Quadrilles, and over One Hundred Fashionable Figures and Calls for the Same, arranged for the Violin Piano-Forte with the Figures, Calls, and Changes as Danced at Almack's, Willis's Rooms, Holland House, and Philadelphia and Washington. Paper (music size), neatly bound. Mailed, post-paid, to any part of the United States on receipt of Fifty Cents.

PUBLISHED BY
HUBBARD, SWETT,
128 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

SPRING RIBBONS now Opening every day. SPRING FLOWERS just received from Paris. JUST RECEIVED, an invoice of Linen Handkerchiefs. JUST RECEIVED, an invoice of New Lace Goods. JUST RECEIVED, an invoice of Hosiery and Gloves. JUST RECEIVED, Spring Styles Housekeeping Dry Goods.

LADIES' COLLARS, &c., and Lace Goods.
LADIES' KID GLOVES, &c., all colors and sizes.
ALL KINDS EMBROIDERIES, very cheap, to close. OUR GREAT SALE is still on the
INCREASE. Ladies' please call. We sell good Goods, Corner 14th Street and 4th Av. R. H. MACY.

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES.

Every mechanic who begins the year by purchasing one of SINGER'S sewing machines will be $1000 better off when the year ends.

I. M. SINGER & CO., 458 Broadway.

HARPER & BROTHERS,
327 to 335 Pearl Street (Franklin Square),
Have just Published:

LA PLATA:
THE ARGENTINE CONFEDERATION,
AND
PARAGUAY.
Being a Narrative of the Exploration of the River La Plata and Adjacent Countries, during the Years 1853, '54, '55, and '56, under the orders of the United States Government.
By EDWARD J. DAGE, U.S.N.,
Commander of the Expedition.
WITH MAP AND NUMEROUS ENGRAVINGS.
8vo, Muslin, $3 50.

This Volume contains the Official Narrative of one of the most important Expeditions ever sent out by our Government. The vast region drained by the River La Plata and its tributaries was closed to the commerce of civilization by the rigid Colonial Laws of Spain, the civil feuds which followed the Independence, and the consequent restless policy of Rosas, the tyrant of Buenos Ayres. The Expedition, in 1853, ascended the River Parana, and of Uruguay, the affluents of the former, and the Argentine Confederation, via the Decree of August 26, 1852, declaring the waters of the Confederation free to the flags of all nations. Our Government was the first to avail itself of this decree. Early in 1853 the steamer *Water Witch* was placed under the command of Lieutenant Page, with instructions to explore the Rivers of La Plata, and report upon their navigability and adaptation to commerce. The present Volume contains the Narrative in connection with that military and intelligence, and has embodied the results of the whole Expedition. The experience described in the Narrative evinces an extent of 9000 miles of navigable waters, which, with the exception of the Mississippi and its tributaries, is unequaled in the World. The Paraguay alone was found to be navigable, at low water, by a steamer drawing nine feet, for more than 1000 miles from the ocean. The basin of La Plata is almost equal in extent to that of the Mississippi, and subject to the salubrity of climate and fertility of soil, while the head waters of the former approximate the Atlantic coast in excess of Brazil and Bolivia. The products of this region are almost identical with those of the United States. The population numbers scarcely one person to a square mile, and the resources of the country are undeveloped. Since the Argentine Confederation, the commerce of the River La Plata has become valuable, and is capable of immense and almost limitless increase.

Lieutenant Page's Narrative contains ample information respecting the soil, climate, and productions of the country, and the manners, habits, and customs of the people. An interesting and valuable account of the Jesuit Missions in La Plata is appended to the Narrative. The engravings comprise ten accurate Map of the Country prepared by the orders of our Government, Portraits of Rosas, Urquiza, and Lopez, and a few humorous Engravings of Scenery, Character, and Incident.

THE LAIRD OF NORLAW.
A Novel.
By the Author of "Margaret Maitland," "The Days of My Life," &c.
Illustrated. 8vo, Muslin, $1 00.

Happily the Author of "Margaret Maitland" is again upon her old ground—*The Land of Burns*. Her quaint old character and Scottish manners are the topics of her pen, and the Author of "Margaret Maitland" is one of the most popular writers of the day.

The author is one of the most truthful delineators of domestic life. The first portion of the story moves in a second, and often a thrill reading, and, like the novels of Sir Walter Scott, the interest deepens to the very last, to the greater the pleasure. We have very little hesitation in the marks of approbation favor which we put aside by the tales of Miss Edgeworth and Miss Austen, and the novels of Scott and Aubrey, and we think that this gifted lady's agreeable works of fiction.—*Messenger*.

TRAVELS AND DISCOVERIES IN NORTH AND CENTRAL AFRICA: Being a Journal of an Expedition undertaken under the Auspices of H.B.M.'s Government, in the Years 1849-1855. By HENRY BARTH, Ph.D., &c. With a Map and Numerous elegant Wood Engravings. Complete in 3 vols. 8vo, Muslin, $3 75 per vol.

SYLVAN HOLT'S DAUGHTER. A Novel. By HOLME LEE, Author of "Kathie Brande." 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

THE LAND AND THE BOOK; or, Biblical Illustrations drawn from the Manners and Customs, the Scenery and the Scenery of the Holy Land. By W. M. THOMSON, D.D., Twenty-five Years a Missionary of the A.B.C.F.M. in Syria and Palestine. With two elaborate Maps of Palestine, Engraved expressly for this work, and several Hundred Engravings, representing the Scenes, Manners, Customs, Animals, Birds, Trees, Plants, Land, and the Remains, Ancient and Modern, of the People. Two elegant Large 12mo Volumes, Muslin, $3 50 per volume.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT? By PIERREPONT LAYTON. A Novel. By Sir E. BULWER LYTTON, Bart., Author of "My Novel," "The Caxtons," "Pelham," &c., &c. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents; Muslin, $1 00.

HISTORY OF FREEDOM: THE SECOND, called PERIOD OF REFORM. By JOHN STUART BLACKIE, Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh, Author of "Lays of the Highlands," "Horæ Hellenicæ," &c. 8vo, Muslin, $1 50. Already Published: *Vol. I. and II., with Portraits and Maps, now ready.*

SELF-MADE MEN. By CHAS. C. B. SEYMOUR. Many Portraits. Paper, $1 00.

* HARPER & BROTHERS will send either of the above Works by Mail, postage paid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the Price.

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES.

In point of beauty, durability, perfection of work, and capacity to perform every variety of sewing, no other machine can compare with the Singer Family. New and improved machines at greatly reduced prices.

I. M. SINGER & CO.,
458 Broadway.

SELPHO'S PATENT ELASTIC ANGLE-SET LEG AND HAND—Combines new and valuable improvements in all the various kinds. Call or address VAN. SELPHO, 618 Broadway, N. Y.

EXPERIENCED AGENTS WANTED IN all parts of the country to obtain subscribers for LOSSING'S PICTORIAL FIELD-BOOK OF THE REVOLUTION. In Two Volumes Royal Octavo, containing Nearly Two Thousand Illustrations and Maps. This work will be sold exclusively by Agents, to each of whom a general Circular, giving terms, &c., has been extra. Applicants should name the Counties they would prefer. For full particulars address GEO. W. ELLIOTT, care HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

WASHINGTON, N. H.

MRS. S. A. ALLEN,
No. 355 Broome Street, N. Y.
Private Inform Mrs. ——— where your preparations can be procured in Boston. You may say to my friends that I know your Hair Restorer to be all it purports to be.

REV. J. F. GRISWOLD.

THIRD VOLUME — MARIE LOUISE HANKINS'S and FANNIE HASKELL'S
LITERARY GAZETTE.
LARGEST and HANDSOMEST MAGAZINE for 1859.
Best Writers, Fashions, Engravings, and Patterns.
24 Colored Steel Plates and 24 Sheets of Music (each a fresh square) during the year. Tinted covers and fine paper. Subscription $1—and a book of jewelry, worth $1, given beside the Magazine. Clubs get books or jewelry extra to the *full amount* of the money they send. Now is a time even stamps for Catalogues to *select from*, and Circulars to examine. Address, post-paid, every where,
MARIE LOUISE HANKINS & CO.,
Office of "Daily Monitor," Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
THE EX-GOVERNOR'S WIFE, a Great Original Novel, by MARIE LOUISE HANKINS, commences with the Volume.

CHARLES B. NORTON,
AGENT AND LIBRARIAN, NEW YORK.
Would respectfully offer his services to supply order and subscriptions for Books of every kind, at wholesale. With a long experience in the business, he can refer to the Literary Men of the principal Publishing Houses in the United States. Orders for importing from Europe attended to on the best terms. Publishers' sales at Auction, and Catalogues mailed to all parts of the country. Parties having Libraries for disposal of would do well to confer with the Subscriber.
CHARLES B. NORTON,
AGENT FOR LIBRARIES.
NEW YORK.

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES,
458 Broadway.
For all manufacturing purposes have a great reputation honestly earned. All the products of these machines are in active demand at extra prices.

THE HOUSE: A POCKET MANUAL OF RURAL ARCHITECTURE; or, How to Build Dwellings, Barns, Stables, etc. Embracing a Sketch of the Principles of Architecture; Instructions for Selecting Building Materials; Choice of a Situation; Styles of Architecture; Cottages, Villas, Farm-Houses, and Gothic and England Cottages; Prairie Cottages; Southern Houses; Out-Houses; Ornamental Fences, Gates, Arbors, Trellises, etc. Handsomely Illustrated with Plans, Elevations, and Perspective Views. Price, post-paid, in paper, 30 cents; in muslin, 50 cents.

Every man who wishes to build a cheap and at the same time a handsome, comfortable, and convenient house for himself and family, should consult this popular and practical manual.

Address FOWLER & WELLS,
308 Broadway, N. Y.

WHEELER & WILSON'S
SEWING MACHINES.
PRICES GREATLY REDUCED.
Office 505 Broadway, New York.
SEND FOR A CIRCULAR.

BULWER'S NOVEL—COMPLETE.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?
By Pisistratus Caxton.
A Novel.
By Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, Bart,
Author of
"My Novel," "The Caxtons," "Pelham," &c., &c.
8vo, Paper, 75 cents; Muslin, $1 00.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, New York.

* HARPER & BROTHERS will send the above Work by Mail, postage paid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the Money.

WHY DO TEETH DECAY?
FROM IMPROPER CLEANSING, and sometimes LAZINESS. If you commence and use THERRON'S IVORY TOOTH PASTE before actual decay, you will always have *Sound White Teeth, Sweet Breath, Ruby Lips, and Healthy Gums*. $25 will be insured to any one that it should take the Blind. Sold at 25 and 50 cents by Druggists.

A RECENT EVENT HAS SHOWN THE danger of local applications for the purpose of stopping coughs, when such have their origin in the second nature. Who is there that has not seen the most fatal consequences result from the application of a remedy for the cough at an inner, instead of an outer surface? Opiates have been long open? And when the lungs have been made the field of the ravages of consumption for months or years, it is equally dangerous, by the same astringent remedies, to shut off the cough which relieves the bowels are kept open daily until the system recovers from the change. Or some counter-irritant to the setting of the humors upon other parts, in the form of tumors or relief. Though inconvenient applications are not without danger at any time, yet it no way but when some natural outlet for the blood's impurities is closed by astringent remedies.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS open these natural outlets, or have a healthful influence upon the secretions, and relieve disease eradicated. Though innocent as bread, they are powerful aperients, and, if judicious, will relieve a cough as much by their use as by any other remedy. Sold by all druggists, by Mrs. Hayes, Brooklyn, and by Callender & Co., principal agents for the sale in Philadelphia.

* Every Number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE contains from 10 to 16 pages—and from one third to one half more reading matter than is to be found in any other monthly.

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.
FOR FEBRUARY.
The Publishers believe that the Seventeen Volumes of HARPER'S MAGAZINE now issued contain a larger amount of valuable and attractive reading than will be found in any other periodical of the day.

At no period, since the commencement of the Magazine have its literary and artistic resources been more ample and varied; and the Publishers refer to the numbers of the Periodical for the past as the best guarantee for its continued high character and prestige of the American Press.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year.....	$2 00
Two Copies for One Year.....	3 00
Five Copies for One Year (and a Copy to *And an Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of* Ten Subscribers).	

HARPER'S WEEKLY and HARPER'S MAGAZINE, together, one year, $5 00.

The Postage upon "HARPER'S MAGAZINE" must be paid at the office where the number is delivered. *Thirty-six Cents a year.*

Address HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A FIRST-CLASS ILLUSTRATED PAPER,
AT THE VERY LOWEST
FAMILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD.
FIVE CENTS A NUMBER: $2 50 A YEAR.

[*From the N. Y. Evening Post, Jan. 18, 1858.*]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.—In the number of this attractive and entertaining publication, issued during the last week, there are three articles which, taken in connection with two we shall presently notice, are surprised at the vast amount of information which they contain. Each one of these articles is a history of nearly all the political events of the year—there are simple illustrations of the progress which has made the granite of the Granite States, however, but profoundly instructive of its Lexington—the Granite State—and the Empire State—Kentucky, &c.—there are the records of jokes, new and old—the latest fashions are there—there are the most delicate revelations of contemporary men and things, of follies and of fashions—there is a complete history of the year, and within a single volume, and to be had for a song. It is the most remarkable publication of the day and generation, and in all the annals of the press of this country, or of any country, we do not remember, may be interested by it—the old and young, the grave and gay; the man of business, the child and the woman.

TERMS OF HARPER'S WEEKLY.

One Copy for Twenty-five Cents.....	$2 50
One Copy for One Year.....	2 50
One Copy for Two Years.....	4 00
Five Copies for One Year.....	10 00
Twelve Copies for One Year.....	20 00
Twenty-five Copies for One Year.....	40 00

An Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of TWENTY-FIVE SUBSCRIBERS.

Specimen Numbers will be sent, gratis, on Receipt of Five Cents.

A Liberal Discount will be made to those wishing to Advertise for three Months or more.

* Persons living in the City of New York wishing to "HARPER'S WEEKLY" left at their houses, will please send their names at the Office of the Publishers, or communicate by letter, to the Office of Publication.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

$50.—SINGER'S FAMILY SEWING MACHINES.
PRICE ONLY FIFTY DOLLARS.
For good work and good looks this machine is unequaled.
I. M. SINGER & CO., 458 Broadway.

SOLD ONLY BY CANVASSING AGENTS.
COOPER'S NOVELS.
ELEGANTLY ILLUSTRATED BY STEEL ENGRAVINGS.
EDITION. AND WOOD.
From Drawings by F. O. C. DARLEY.
A Volume Published Monthly, containing a Novel complete. Price $1 50.
Mailed free of postage, on receipt of price.
ET* AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY CITY.
W. A. TOWNSEND & Co., Publishers,
377 Broadway, N. Y.

GREAT CURIOSITY.—Particulars *free*.—Agents wanted. SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Me.

SANDS' SARSAPARILLA—
Is the celebrated and genuine article!! As a Spring and Fall purifier of the blood it stands unrivaled. Be sure to get SANDS'. Prepared and sold by A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists, 100 Fulton Street, New York.

AMERICAN GUANO.—To Farmers and A. Dealers in Guano.—The Ocean, from Java Head, Sumatra, Cochin China, coming in the rock of Floridas and Sulphates of Lime, and the most valuable materials for the soil for sale in large or small quantities at short notice to the trade. For particulars, &c., for full information and pamphlets, apply to
Address J. S. MARSHALL,
President of the American Guano Company,
No. 2 WILLIAM STREET, NEW YORK.

EMPLOYMENT.—$40 a Month.—Traveling about AGENT is wanted in every Town and County in the United States, to engage in a respectable and easy business, by which the above profits may be certainly realized. Address, P. O. PHILIP BROWN, No. 71 Grand Street, Jersey City, N. J.

PURIFIES THE BLOOD.

"D. F. Williams's Compound Syrup of Sarsaparilla and Iodide of Potash" is a popular remedy for Scrofula, Tetter, Ringworm, Blotches on the Face, Inflammation of the Eyes, Rheumatism, Liver Complaint, and Chronic Rheumatism. I have now the control of this preparation, and will guarantee that it is unsurpassed by any medicine prescribed it because they are shown the recipe.

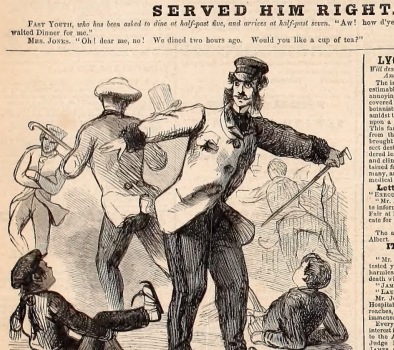
S. NEWTON, M. D., 81 Nassau Street, N. Y.

A SERIES OF FACTS — GAYETY'S Medicina Pura. The Celebrated Vegetable Tonic of this paper, Mr. J. C. Gayety, is at 41 Astor Place, and has attended personally to all cases of ill health, but have failed of their purpose. Look in each sheet for Gayety's Tonic, and be sure to get the genuine label for his autograph. Gayety's medicated paper is for sale by Druggists & Co., Boston, and by all other druggists, by Mrs. Hayes, Brooklyn, and by Callender & Co., principal agents for the sale in Philadelphia.

SERVED HIM RIGHT.

FAST YOUTH, *who has been asked to dine at half-past five, and arrives at half-past seven.* "AW! how d'ye do, MRS. JONES? I hope you have'nt waited Dinner for me."

MRS. JONES. "OH! dear me, no! We dined two hours ago. Would you like a cup of tea?"



SCENE AT THE CENTRAL PARK.

THE AGGRAVATION OF MISERY.

SMALL PUEBLIAN to SWELL, *who is laboring under difficulties on his Shotes.* "I say, Mister! tightens mas up one hole, will yer? There's a good fellar!"

ADVERTISEMENTS.

TO THE CONSUMPTIVE.

WILBOR'S COMPOUND OF

PURE COD LIVER OIL AND LIME.

☞ A cure for Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, General Debility, and all Scrofulous Diseases.

The proprietor has succeeded in combining Cod Liver Oil and Lime so perfectly that the taste of the Oil, which is so nauseous to persons generally, is entirely overcome, and it can be taken by the most delicate females with pleasure. And as regards the benefit of this article over the clear Oil, the following case by Professor STONE is sufficient to convince the most sceptical. The young lady was twenty-four years of age:

"HER case was one of confirmed phthisis, which had been progressing to terminate fatally in the course of a few months. The upper part of both her lungs was filled with tubercles, and the lower part was hepatized and softened. The case was evidently a bad one. The treatment of Cod Liver Oil was at first used, but without marked improvement. The Phosphate of Lime was then administered with the Oil, and the result, as in the case of many others, was soon apparent. The patient was rapidly getting well."

Manufactured only by A. B. WILBOR, Chemist, 166 Court Street, Boston. For sale in New York by J. MILTON, 301 Broadway; in Philadelphia by T. W. DYOTT & SONS; in Baltimore by COLEMAN & ROGERS.

PREMATURE LOSS OF THE HAIR,

Which is so common now-a-days, may be entirely prevented by the use of *Burnett's Cocoaine*. It has been used in thousands of cases where the hair was coming out in handfuls, and has never failed to arrest its decay, and to promote a healthy and vigorous growth. It is, at the same time, unrivaled as a dressing for the hair. A single application will render it soft and glossy for several days.

P. P. P.

PARK'S PRICKLY PLASTERS.

They sooth pain; they protect the chest; they extract the congested impurities and send escapes from the system; they impart strength; they are divided in sections, and yield to the motion of the body; they are porous; all impure secretions pass off, and they can not become offensive; they are worn four times longer than any other plaster, and were awarded at 33 cents then others at 10. *Where these Plasters are known they are used.* Any person, public speaker, delicate female, or any affected with side, chest, or back pains, should try them. You will then know what they are. They are a new feature in the science of medicine. All Druggists have them. Take no other. Each Plaster bears a Medallion Stamp and our Signature.

DARNES & PARK, 13 and 15 Park Row, N. Y.
JOHN D. PARK, Cincinnati, Ohio.

SENT FREE TO ANY ADDRESS.

OUR DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE, containing all the new Publications of the day, also greater inducements to book buyers than ever before offered. *Send for a Catalogue.*

Address EVANS & CO.,
497 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK.

LYON'S MAGNETIC POWDERS

Will destroy Garden Insects, Cockroaches, Bedbugs, Fleas, Ants, Moths, and all peats of the Vermin Kind.

The importance of a reliable article of this kind is incalculable. In ways without all nature teems with these annoying fees. This powder is the only article ever discovered which will exterminate them. A company of botanists, from the Horticultural Society of Paris, while amidst the ferns of the Amazon river, discovered a plant which, when made into a powder very soon destroyed insect life. It was sent to use by its great their sight camps from these intruders. Quantities of the plant were brought home by MR. E. LYON, and found a positive insect destroyer in every experiment. It is simply a powdered leaf, chemically prepared to resist the effect of age and climate. Medals and Letters Patent have been obtained from the governments of England, France, Germany, and Russia, from the World's Fair, and numerous medical and horticultural colleges and societies.

Letter from the President of the U. S.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, 31st Jan. 1853.

"MR. EDWARD LYON.—DEAR SIR: I have the pleasure to inform you that the Royal Commission of the World's Fair at London have awarded you a Medal and Certificate for the great value of your Magnetic Powders, &c.

Yours, very respectfully,
FRANKLIN PIERCE."

The above was accompanied by a certificate of Prince Albert.

IT IS FREE FROM POISON.

"NEW YORK, October 1st, 1858.

"MR. E. LYON.—DEAR SIR: We have analyzed and tested your Magnetic Powders, and find them perfectly harmless to mankind and domestic animals, but certain death when inhaled by bugs, ants, and insects.

"JAMES B. CANFIELD, M.D., Chemist.

"LAURANCE REID, Prof. Chemistry, N. Y. Hospital."

"MR. JAMES L. ROSE, Superintendent of the New York Hospital, says, "he has expelled all the bugs, ants, roaches, &c., with LYON'S Powders, and finds it of great value."

Every gardener and housekeeper must have a direct interest in the article of this kind. References can be made to the ASTOR, ST. NICHOLAS, and Metropolitan Hotels; to Judge MORRIS, President of the American Institute; JAMES GORDON BENNETT, GEO. WISSETTER SCOTT, CURTISS W. REED, L. M. PEASE, of the FIVE POINTS MISSION, &c., &c. JUDGE MORRIS says, "This discovery of PROF. LYON is of national importance. The Farmer's Club have tested it thoroughly. It will destroy locusts, grasshoppers, ants, moths, bugs and all vermin. Garden plants can be preserved, and houses made pure."

Sold by Druggists and Seedsmen. Depot, BARNES & PARK, of New York, to have it sold throughout the world. Many worthless imitations are advertised. Be cautious!

"NEW YORK, November 8th, 1858.

"In retiring from business, I have sold all my insect Powders and Pills, Letters Patent, and the secrets pertaining thereto, to Messrs. BARNES & PARK. This powder is a discovery made by myself, and brought from the interior of Asia, and is unknown to any other person. The genuine and effective article is put up in tin canisters, and will continue to bear my name.

"E. LYON."

Bats and mice can not be reached by a powder, and are killed by a MAGNETIC PILL. Order them through any merchant.

The Lyon's Powder kills insects in a trice.

But Lyon's Pills are noted for rats and mice.

Sample Powder, 25 cents; regular size, 50 cents and $1 00. Follow directions. *Use freely and thoroughly.*

BARNES & PARK,
13 & 15 Park Row, New York.

A WORD OF WARNING.—There is nothing more reprehensible than stealing the reputation of a reliable article to impose upon the community an inferior and worthless one, and yet this is the course taken by one JOHN C. HOBNETZER & CO. introduced a Hair Dye under the name of "Cocoaine," and are now advertising." *Its wonderful restorative properties* made it instantly popular with the ladies, and it has come to be a household thing of the past, when the country was flooded with worthless imitations. Now, as we have not written but one preparation, and that is the original preparation in a scientific combination, made with great care, and the ingredients are made with water, making the hair harsh, brittle, and finally, requiring another dye to cover it, or vain to make it look decently. We would therefore advise our readers to buy nothing but the *original* Jaynestin *Hair Coloring or Restorative*, which is reliable.—*Troy Whig.*

Sold every where.—Price 50 cents a bottle.

W. E. HAGAN & CO., Proprietors, Troy, N. Y.

EXHIBITION OF AMERICAN MANUFACTURED BUGGIES, at the Brush Warehouse, No. 329 Pearl Street, Harper's Old Printing House, every article warranted, and sold low at the lowest prices. A Silver Medal was received from the Institute, in 1849, *for superior Buggies.*

JOHN K. HOPPEL.

HUMPHREYS'

Specific Homœopathic Remedies,

For Domestic and Private Use.

Stand confessedly at the head of remedial means for the use of the people. They are safe; removed from the poisonous, dangerous, and repulsive doses of quackery, or old-school practice, the inconveniences of water-cure, or the intricate and perplexing obscurities of the usual Homœopathic books and medicines. Consisting of simple specifics for the various diseases to which they are subject, and up to the present time embracing thirty-four different numbers (and three cases), or prescriptions, they are at once the ready resource of the parent, guardian, and the comfort of the complaining or invalid.

They possess these positive advantages. They are harmless: no injury can arise from their use. They are simple; you always know what to take, and how to take it. They are convenient; you can give the proper dose. Fill at a moment's warning; without hesitation or delay. They are efficient; in thousands of cases disease is arrested at once, and the system relieved without production or delay.

LIST OF SPECIFIC REMEDIES.

No. 1. *Fever Pills*.—For Fever, Congestion, and Inflammation of all kinds.

No. 2. *Worm Pills*.—For Worm Fever, Worm Colic, and Wetting the Bed.

No. 3. *Infant's Pills*.—For Colic, Crying, Teething, and Wakefulness of Infants.

No. 4. *Diarrhœa Pills*.—For Diarrhœa, Cholera Infantum, and Summer Complaint.

No. 5. *Dysentery Pills*.—For Colic, Griping, Dysentery and Bilious Fluxes.

No. 6. *Cholera Pills*.—For Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Nausea, and Vomiting.

No. 7. *Cough Pills*.—For Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Influenza, and Sore Throat.

No. 8. *Toothache Pills*.—For Toothache, Faceache, and Neuralgia.

No. 9. *Headache Pills*.—For Headache, Vertigo, Heat and Illness from the Sun.

No. 10. *Dyspepsia Pills*.—For Weak and Deranged Stomach, Constipation, and Bilious Complaints.

No. 11. *For Female Irregularities*.—Scanty, Painful, or Suppressed Periods.

No. 12. *Female Pills*.—For Leucorrhœa, or Fluor Menses, and Bearing Down.

No. 13. *Croup Pills*.—For Croup, Hoarse Cough, Bad Breathing.

No. 14. *Salt Rheum Pills*.—For Erysipelas, Eruptions, Pimples on the Face.

No. 15. *Rheumatic Pills*.—For Pain, Lameness or Soreness in the Chest, Back, Loins, or Limbs.

A.—For Fever and Ague, Chill Fever, Dumb Ague, old mismanaged Agues.

F.—For Piles, Blind or Bleeding, Internal or External.

G.—For Sore, Weak, or Inflamed Eyes and Eyelids; Failing, Weak, or Blurred Sight.

C.—For Catarrh, of long standing or recent, either with obstruction or profuse discharges.

W. C.—For Whooping-Cough, abating the violence and shortening the attack.

In acute diseases—such as Fevers, Inflammations, Diarrhœas, Dysentery, Croup, Rheumatism, and most eruptive diseases as Scarlet Fever, Measles, and Erysipelas—the subduing of crying or distressing symptoms promptly is obvious, and in all such cases the specifics act like a charm.

Coughs and Colds, which are of such frequent occurrence, and which so often lay the foundation of diseased lungs, bronchitis, and consumption, may all be at once broken up by taking No. 7 as directed.

In all chronic diseases, such as Dyspepsia, Weak Stomach, Constipation, Liver Complaints, Piles, Female Infirmity and Irregularities, Ill Health, Sores or Weak Eyes, Catarrh, Salt Rheum, and other old eruptions, the best specifics when proper regulation and diet will secure an almost every instance. Often the cure of a single chronic difficulty, such as Dyspepsia, Piles, or Catarrh, Headache, or Female Weakness, has more than paid for the case his entire.

PRICES.

Full set, 20 large vials in Morocco Case and Book . $5 00
Full set, 20 large vials in Plain Case and Book . . . 4 00
Set of 15 numbered boxes and Book 3 00
Case of any 8 numbered boxes and Book 1 00
Single numbered boxes, with directions 25
Single letters boxes, with directions 50
Large plantation or physician's case, 1 & 2 or vials 100

OUR REMEDIES BY MAIL.

Look over the list, make up a case of what kind you choose, and inclose the amount in a current note or stamps by mail to our address, at No. 562 Broadway, New York, and the medicine will be duly returned by mail or express, free of charge.

AGENTS WANTED.

We desire an active, efficient agent for the sale of our remedies, in every town or community in the United States. Address HUMPHREYS & CO.,
No. 562 Broadway, New York.

THE BEST AND Cheapest Article FOR THE HAIR, PHALON & SON'S

COCOINE.

Prepared from Highly Purified COCOA-NUT OIL.

This preparation possesses extraordinary properties for preserving and beautifying the hair, and also restoring its natural luxuriance when prematurely lost.

Those suffering from dandruff, or humors in the hair may be, readure it soft and glossy.

MAGIC HAIR DYE,
CHEMICAL HAIR INVIGORATOR,
PAPHIAN LOTION,
For the Skin and Complexion.

PHALON & SON,
Perfumers and Distillers,
Nos. 197, 491, and 493 Broadway, New York.
For sale by Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers. Large Wholesale Depot, 10 Astor House, 75 cents.
Inquire for Phalon & Son's COCOINE.
BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS.

PICTURES FOR GRECIAN AND ANTIQUE PAINTING,
ARE ONLY Published by
J. E. TILTON & CO.,
161 Washington Street, Boston,
Who forward them, post paid with full and special directions how to paint, to any address. Send for a list and other information.
Dealers and Teachers supplied.

ELIOT & PATTEN—Examine Inventions and process claims, and prosecute Patent Cases. Patent Agency opposite main entrance of Patent Office Building, Washington City, D. C.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. III.—No. 112.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1859. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE proprietors of *Harper's Weekly* beg to state that the regular edition of the paper exceeds

75,000 COPIES,

and that it is the best and cheapest advertising medium in the country. No existing advertising sheet meets so many eyes, or circulates among so select a class of readers. Its circulation is widely diffused throughout the country, North and South; it is read from New Orleans to Quebec, and from Minnesota to Florida.

TERMS.

One copy for one year	. . . .	$2 50
Five copies, "	"	9 00
Twelve, "	"	20 00
Twenty-five "	"	40 00

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

THE erudite author of the history of American Holidays and Holiday Sports would have been sorry to have lived as long as Valentine's Day, 1859; for, had his life been so far prolonged, he would have discovered how deeply he erred when he said that the day was not honored in the United States.

In point of fact there is, perhaps, no country in the world in which more valentines are made, sold, and sent than in the United States; nor in any other, in all probability, is so much money expended in valentines, or so extravagant billets contrived for the day. Last year we gave an illustrated account of the manufacture of valentines. We now subjoin a picture of the arrival of the rural postman at a happy cottage on Saint Valentine's morning. Many of our fair readers will recognize the scene.

It has been for many years fashionable to sneer at the Valentine mania. Certainly there is little to admire in the senseless habit of sending comic or insulting valentines to persons of either sex. Nor can love-struck youths be applauded for spending $10 or $20 in the purchase of a costly valentine for their Dulcineas. But the true old-fashioned valentine—the timid letter in which a youthful lover tries half to conceal half to reveal his identity and his feelings, in verses whose failings will never be detected by their recipient—the sly note on pink or rose-colored paper, which is addressed to Mr. Smith or Brown in handwriting which he surely recognizes, and which spurs him on to the long-deferred avowal—these valentines are surely not obnoxious to criticism, and no kindly person will wish to see them shelved as obsolete.

THE SKATERS.

I STOOD on the frozen river,
Watching the skaters go by:
They were laughing and shouting merrily,
Under the cold gray sky.
Lastly swinging their way along,
Cheerfully singing some matches of song,
Skimming like birds on the face of the water,
Swimming like fish in their deep-sea caves.

I saw not an eye but sparkled,
Not a step but was careless and free;
They were laughing and shouting merrily,
And so happy an happy could be.
Carefully staying the speed in their pace,
Warily weighing the chance in a race,
Winging their way through the change in the throng,
Singing the score of the SKATER'S SONG.

Over the ice, like the swallows, I fly,
With light in my heart and light in my eye;
The swiftest of runners their tardiness feel,
When my feet are encased in the glistening steel.
Away I flash,
Like the lightning's flash,
Or the racer under the rider's lash.

Eyes that look out from the loveliest face
Laugh at my follies or smile at my grace;
The life of my blood courses up to the brain,
And the days of my boyhood come to me again.
I look not back,
Though the ice may crack,
For a hundred cubes like wolves on my track.

Up to the north, in the face of the gale,
Breathless we turn, spreading out for the sail;
A fleet of gray SKATERS rush down on the wind,
Leaving Time and the sluggards completely behind:
For life has wits,
At pleasure's gold gates,
For the hours we spend on the glorious skates.

I stood on the frozen river,
Watching the skaters go by;
They were laughing and shouting merrily,
Under the cold gray sky.
Joyfully greeting the calls of a friend,
Heartily meeting the jokes they may lend,
Kissing the lips of the lovely ones that stay,
Missing the lips of the loved ones away.

There was one in the midst of the skaters,
A beautiful boy of ten,
With a dreamy, dark-eyed beauty,
Who flitted among the men.
Laughingly winning his way along,
Serenely beginning to feel himself strong,
Reaching and catching his step from a fall,
Tumbling and rolling about like a ball.

There was one in the crowd of watchers
Who watched the boy in his play,
Whose eye was ever upon him
Whenever he wandered away.
Smilingly greeting at each new start,
Silently praising the child in her heart,
Willing to follow the steps of her boy,
Filling her soul with his fullsome joy.

I stood in the midst of the skaters,
And looked at it all as a dream;
But my heart was suddenly wakened
With a single death-like scream—
Fearfully filling the chill winter air,
Instantly stilling the song that was there,
Creating the light form a thousand of eyes,
Hushing in terror a thousand of sighs.

Where is the dark-eyed boy?
And the ever-watching mother?
A stricken woman clings to her waist,
And her hands are held by another.

ARRIVAL OF THE COUNTRY POSTMAN ON ST. VALENTINE'S MORNING.

Tortilly standing, to sacrifa still,
Lily demanding her beautiful child,
Starting with eyes in a fire-like glare,
Tossing the hair from her bosom of snow.

There is running to and fro,
And the talking of many men;
But an hour goes by before they find
The beautiful boy of fire,
Quietly resting him under their breath,
Earnestly pressing his beauty to death,
Putting his limbs in a natural way,
Shutting his eyes from the light of the day.

But the mother has broken her guard,
And lies on the breast of her child:
She is kissing the pallid, resting lips
That her waters have defiled,
Gloomily pressing the baby-like corse,
Finally scanning and measuring her task,
Trying to waken the voice of the dead,
Crying to God for the soul that is fled.

She has raised the babe in her arms,
Rejecting all offer of aid;
His arm falls over her shoulder,
And his head on her bosom is laid.
Wearily bearing her burden of death,
Tenderly caring as though he had breath,
Creeping again in a staggering pace,
Weeping, and kissing the little pale face.

I stand on the frozen river,
But the cold scarce no longer go by;
They are gathered in groups at the landings,
Under the cold gray sky—
Wordfully telling of what they had seen,
Steadily walking where late they had been,
Running with terror at every sound,
Stunning the spot where the boy was drowned.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1859.

THE STATE OF ITALY.

OUR principal engraving this week represents the leading cities of Northern Italy, for though Italy is nominally the capital of Piedmont, it bears the same relation to Genoa that Albany does to New York. We have thought that our readers, who will hear much of these cities in the course of the next few weeks, would be glad to have some tangible picture of them in their mind.

The Italian question, vexed as it is, is susceptible of very simple explanation. A generation Italy has for centuries been divided into two parts—that which was subject to "the Empire," Austria, Austria, and that which was independent. Both sections have had variable limits. Piedmont, or rather Savoy, has always been free. Genoa has always been white

THE LOUNGER.

A SINGLE WORD.

THE Lounger presents his compliments to his numerous correspondents, and begs them not to lose patience, but to believe that in due season all their favors will be acknowledged.

Of course he knows that an editor's duty seems very different from that of an author, and that every correspondent naturally supposes a Lounger to have nothing to do but be grateful for the letters he gets, and say that he is so.

The truth is, the Lounger wants to say so much himself that he probably yields to the common selfishness (which we always suppose to be greatly mixed by being confessed), and, having the matter all in his own hands, gives himself the best start. It is not even as fair in the matter as the captain of a wrecking coast, who was in the midst of his sermon, one Sunday, when the news was brought of a fast ship drifting upon the shore. The congregation rose at once to rush to the beach, but the worthy pastor called upon them to remain seated. Then descending the pulpit-stairs, he marched through the broad aisle to the door, and there gathering up his gown, he suddenly cried out, "Now, brethren, let's all start fair!"

The Lounger locks his parish into the pews, so that they can not start fair.

But then his correspondents ought to remember that he is the scape-goat for all their short-comings. "How could you print A's note?" inquires B. "If such stuff as C sends to the Lounger is to be published I shall stop the paper," says D. "You're a pretty judge of literary excellence, forsooth, all the anti-slavery men in the country pass notice," writes E. "Why not give us something original, brilliant, learned, and witty?" writes F, and not suffer all the crows in the country to caw through your columns?"

So the Lounger sighs, bespeaks patience, and promises to do all that he can do to carry the load laid upon him. If your letter is not noticed next week, nor even the next, or the week after, the fourth week will probably bring it to light.

But I don't choose to write a single word!"

Ah! Sir, or Madame, you are the very person to learn how excellent a virtue patience is.

HOW TO DO IT.

"The Chesterfield Club presents its compliments to the Lounger, and would thank him to express an opinion upon the following question: If a gentleman occupies a seat in a railroad car, and a lady or any other lady, and a lady, traveling alone, finds no seat, do good manners require him to rise and offer her his seat or to simply wish greatly obliged?

Whatever theoretical good manners may require in such a case, it is very easy to see what good-nature requires. The Chesterfield Club can perhaps be assisted to a solution by certain observations. Suppose a man, under the above circumstances, upon arriving at a certain station, should find a lady leave the train, while his wife must change cars. Upon entering the other train she can find no seat, but there are plenty of gentlemen with seats to spare with other ladies. Would her husband have any doubt as to what those gentlemen ought to do?

In questions of this kind it is always necessary to imagine what you would do, or think you ought to do, if your neighbor's tall sword were drawn on you. When your bull is the aggressor there is nothing surer than to regret that he should be contentious, and with such sharp horns, too!

The Lounger is perfectly aware of the trials to which his fellow-men are subject before and after date. He knows as well as any body the Arctic complacency with which they receive the unwanted permission to remove his garments, upon which the fair buccaneer was partly sitting, and, making a low bow, resume the shawl and trunk-key—big, and plaint herself upon the nest, faintly recollecting it with extreme care for the pins and furs; then take out two or three books, select one to read, lay the rest by her side, and fall to the perusal. The occupant of the seat reappeared, tired, scarcely looked surprised (probably he was an old traveler), in his most courteous manner presented permission to remove his garments, upon which the fair buccaneer was partly sitting, and, making a low bow, resume the shawl and trunk-key—which the pretty pirate ought to have taken.

Yet the Lounger would not say any thing of the class *lady*, and was reading *The Autocrat*. But the in an utter accustomed to applause, she was probably used to the most absolute attention of time and place upon the part of her worshipers. It was all a matter of course in her life. Probably it was any cost of inconvenience to any body; no doubt entered her mind; and yet to a complacency of observation as Arctic as her own smile, the car-conductor was purely selfish.

Apply the rule illustrated before, and what man would have wished his wife to do likewise?

There is, however, but one thing to say. Whatever may be the prevailing fashionable notion, it ceases to be a gentleman because a lady may sometimes forget that she is a lady. It is much pleasanter, to be sure, to be rewarded for doing our duty by sweet smiles and kind glances and gentle words. But these are all works of supererogation. It is a pleasanter, too, to the soldier to have Beauty wave her handkerchief and applaud him as he goes to the draw on be returns from hard fighting. But does he make his fighting depend upon the favors? No, no. Patriotism implies courage and duty; and, gentlemen of the Chesterfield Club, to whom the Lounger returns his most respectful compliments, honor expects every gentleman to show the most thoughtful kindness in every action of his life.

GOOD MANNERS.

THE question of the Chesterfield Club suggests the inquiry, What are good manners? May not a man have the best heart and the worst manners in the world? Have not *rouis*, swindlers, bullets, and the worst part of society singularly good manners?

But what is the real charm in all these cases? Is it merely the grace and elegance of deportment? No; that is only the shell—it is not the pearl. The essential charm is the kindness and sympathy expressed by that grace and elegance. It may be the thing, or it may be only a reflected affectation of the thing, but this is the substance. A man of generous soul may be awkward and shy, and bring in his mouth and his spoon in the sugar-bowl, may pick his teeth with his fork and belch in a railroad car, and you can not possibly praise such perform ances. His neighbor may be plotting how to pick your pocket, while he carefully cuts with his fork and wipes his mouth daintily with a napkin, and is neither too familiar with you nor too reserved. But in the latter case, while you applaud the manners, you feel that they are agreeable only because they stand for the real thing, which the first man possesses.

The manners of the last men are only appearing good. They are insincere, and the moment you perceive that, they are disgusting, however smooth they may be.

If, then, a man would have fine manners, which are are flowers, let him cultivate kind feelings, which are roots. Vessel and glassware, to begin every at first, are sure to wear off by-and-by. The gentleman in the steamship stands at dinner with your pocket, and kicked his wife when he got home. You may not do either (although, possibly, even you and the Lounger have private likes and dislikes), but you are not in the way of avoiding such performances because you are trying to cultivate good manners, unless you know what good manners spring from. Don't fix rose upon dead sticks. Let your life be full, be no dead tree or stump. But put a green slip in the ground; water it and cherish it; let the sun shine on it, and the dew of the June heaven fall upon it: it may not bear room to-morrow, but next year it will blossom, and in the following years bloom all summer long.

MR. DICKENS COMING.

IT was first suggested in the editorial columns of *Harper's Weekly* that Charles Dickens would probably return to this country to read his stories in public.

Indeed, while the great novelist finds it so lucrative to read what he has written, he will hardly write any thing else for the world's delight in itself. According to the wont of the author, it is now quite time for the announcement of a new serial by Mr. Charles Dickens; and a universal public interest as "the consolcers of the manuscript," as the elder Mr. Weller remarked of his son, would set at a certain interesting epoch of his life.

Hence the suggestion in the World that the story has become more and more probable, until it would be no just matter of surprise to hear that he had actually passed over the sea to read it to the next fall of the leaf. With his intention of reading he would hardly come in the spring or summer.

And what a different coming it will be! Certainly, the most dead author ever had such an ovation as that of Burns a few weeks since, so no living author has commanded such a public as will be poured upon his American visit. Carlyle grinned and growled at it, and had a little sneer at Schonnyrigd, but he accomplished novelists, in fact "the fashion," But it was a generous, hearty, and noble enthusiasm. We all acted very handsomely, and then we are doing that all the time with rarely so good an occasion and excuse.

Then he would be dead! How he was danced and accepted-hood! How gay he was in his Christmas stories! How sad he was that he was a jolly good fellow, and that we were the boys to show him a new wrinkle or two!

Then he would be dead, and how merrily he laughed at what he thought laughable! And oh! how his heart sang when he knew that every one have been growing ever since! And how unreasonable his hand was in his prefaces! And how we smiled, "Told you so!" at his sad forebodings! let come to light.

Yes, he will be a very different coming. The boy of those days, for he was scarcely thirty, is a man now. The long, gloomy, profuse hair is somewhat now and gray. Full, ruddy cheeks have seen much sadness since they saw us. The strains of youth is changed now to another condition.

He comes, too, as an old love, and we American are not fond of our past idols. Even though he come as young and blooming as at first, he will never more greet him and accompany him throughout his tour.

It is partly old and partly new. But in regard to the first part of that which concerns his domestic affairs—let us remember that we all know nothing except what he himself has, in numerous letters are of no account in forming an opinion. There has been a difference of some kind between Mr. and Mrs. Dickens, and we have learned of their oldest children, and mutually thinking it the best thing, they have separated.

It is simply impossible for any outsider to lay down general rules in the dark. Undoubtedly it has been the source of numberless domestic trials and theories; but how would any man who reads this like to be judged in another country upon the information that we have about the troubles of Mr. and Mrs. Dickens?

If he comes, therefore, let us be at least as just as we were generous before. That general popular enthusiasm can not be repeated. There is no Park Theatre left. Perhaps—we will not argue the point—perhaps Dickens has himself squandered it. But, as a nation, it is still the great author—still the story-teller who has written best of delights—still the cheerful voice of hope and welcome to our fireside. He is still Walter Scott's great successor, and one of the great names of the time. There is no fear of his popular success. There is no doubt that he will create as great an excitement by his reading as Jenny Lind by her singing. It is not from that consideration that we speak. It is in the hope that, while we applaud the brilliant and delightful reader who entertains an hour, we will not be unjust to the man who has labored and strengthened our lives.

"Ah, Father Francesco, as I was burrying with a loaf of bread and cup of wine to a starving man, I heedlessly trod upon the foot of Father Don Sing D'Or, and he cursed me for a clumsy fellow."

"Son," replied the Padre, "let it be thy comfort that God pardons all but sin to the Dean by reason of thy holy charity to the beggar."

—Do you read Spanish?

"DEAR LOUNGER,—This legend is well told by Mr. Bruce in his book on Norway. I have put it into rhyme, and, in the words of the cripples who, I wished it much to offer you, but now so much afraid. And so hear it!"

"YOURS, O. L. R.

"NIGHTINGALE HOUSE."

THE SECRET.

A NORWEGIAN LEGEND.

The storm rack drove across the sky,
The moaning wind with fury roared;
Along the dreary inlet
Not either oar was lifted or cloud,
Now nothing faint, now swelling loud,
Came music on the gale.

The priest was hastening from the storm,
His hooded hearth glowed bright and warm
For on the wedding-way:
He wondered as he heard the strain,
And grasped his trembling pathway's mane,
And hoofy dared to stay.

Sudden he paused in fear and awe,
For by the shuddered stream he saw
A figure bowed with weeping:
The arms were folded in despair,
Drooping the head and golden hair,
In pain that knew no sleeping.

Hark! the wild song bursts forth again,
Its wailing, sad, and yearning strain,
Loving, yet hoping never:
But the priest felt no pitying grace,
And sternly said, "Forsake this place,
Spirit unblessed, forever!"

Then with a shriek, as though a whole
Eternity swept o'er his soul,
The spirit seized his prize:
"Oh, holy man! who God may see,
In these forgiveness, then, for me,
Or everlasting pain!" a.

Contemptuously his lip he curled,
And answered, "He who made the world
Will watch over her!"
As well expect the stuff I bear
With spring's own bloom and luscious wear,
Once more a fragrant tree!"

Scarce had he spoke the word unkind
When swelling bade Nature's thought the wind,
And leaves waved green and full!
All spring's sweet miracle was there,
And starry flowers performed the air—
Thus man mocked merciful!

Then the priest melted into tears;
"And have I lived so many years,
And never known my God?
Thou from whose line I never severed,
And vainly deemed I rightly served,
Father! I kin thy rod!

"And oh! may love's pure blossoms start
Even from my cold and arid heart,
And make a spring-time there;
That yet my sinful soul may know
Sweet pity's softening overflow
For sorrow and despair!"

With one strong thrust the cloudie were rent,
Flooding the landscape around
The sunset glory shone,
And, full of delicious joy, arose
A song that breathed a soul's repose,
Whose every word is Heaven.

* * * * *

Oh why, with such love to be forgiven,
Would we unsay the keys of heaven,
Rejoicing one another?
Why, in the world, God loves so well,
Would we ourselves create a hell
For those that love us?

Oh for Burns' kind, relenting faith,
For seems St. Martin's summer breath,
Or gospel words of love!
A Milton's pity, deep, though stern,
Could every heart subdue with tears
Beyond his creed's control.

ABOUT WOMEN.

SOME time since there was published in the *Weekly* an interesting and valuable account of the various and successful efforts made by Miss Blackwell, now the head of the Women's Hospital in this city, to obtain proper medical instruction for the medical school of Geneva, New York. She finally succeeded in Geneva, New York, and is now, with a number of her sex, engaged in the practice of the profession.

There is something so eminently fit in connecting the name of Florence Nightingale with that of women that it is singular it should ever be questioned. Even among the Greeks and Romans, who had no very profound respect for the sex, those departments of treatment which peculiarly concern women were mainly occupied by them, and it is only since the days of Queen Anne that they have been so exclusively in the hands of men.

A communication in one of the daily papers recently mentioned an instance of several women who had applied for admission to the surgical operations of the Bellevue Hospital in this city, and who, after being admitted, were insulted with the insults of the young gentlemen in long hair, spectacles, and yellow cheeks, who usually grace those occasions with their presence. The professors, or one of them, at least, insisted that the insults should cease, and we hope they did so.

Now it is not a rash assertion that every woman who devotes herself to mastering medical and surgical science is terribly in earnest. The impediments are too serious for any trifling or undecided woman. If she resolves to undertake it, it is because she feels that special aptitude for the profession, which is all the calling that any human being can have for any pursuit; and if she acquires skill, tact, and knowledge which may be combined with the powerful and feminine influence of women in sickness and suffering, let the Lounger bear grateful testimony. There is nothing more to be desired in our modern social organization than that the treatment and care of women in certain crises of sickness to them, should be intrusted by universal public confidence to women themselves.

It is a confidence that can only be slowly exacted from the public. But that day of the capitulate will, and when we shall all wonder it had ever been otherwise.

CHESS CHRONICLE.

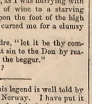
BY C. H. STANLEY.

☞ ANSWERS to correspondents unavoidably crowded out.

PROBLEM XVI.

BY "OTHNIEL," OF DETROIT.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and checkmate in four moves.

ENIGMA IV.

BY B. F. M., OF BOSTON.

White to play and checkmate in four moves.

WHITE.—K at K 7th; Q at Q B 5th; R at K's sq; B's at K R 7 and Q Kt's 3. P's at K 3 and Q B 4th.

BLACK.—K at K B. Q at Q K 8. R at Q sq and Q B 8. B at K R 3d. Kt's at Q B 7. P's at K R 3, K Kt 6, K B 5, and K 4.

ENIGMA V.

BY THE SAME.

White to play and checkmate in four moves.

WHITE.—K at Q. Q at Q B 6. R at K B 4 and K B 7. B at K 4.

BLACK.—K at K 8. Q at Q K B 5. R at Q R 8. B at K 4. Kt at K B and K B 6. P's at K B 3 and Q Kt 6.

CHESS IN ILLUSTRATED.—A late number of the Chicago *Sunday Leader*, embracing Mr. Louis Faulkner's fourth article on chess editor, affords the most gratifying intelligence as to the progress of Chess in Illinois. We therein learn that a match by telegraph between the respective chess editors of Chicago and Quincy was then in progress; the secondary of which, with Mr. Bird, we now print. It is a truly beautiful specimen of Chess play, and highly creditable to its contestants on either side.

We likewise learn that Mr. Paulsen himself has been engaged in an encounter, also by telegraph, single-handed, against the whole strength of the Quincy Club; and up to last accounts had won the only two games played. At the latter intelligence the time for one move was limited to ten minutes, and the game progressed much faster even than that in Mr. Bird's Problem.

QUINCY.	CHICAGO.
Ernest Murphy.	*I. Monod.*
E. A. Lindley.	*P. A. Schulenn.*
John Schmidt.	*Louis Paulsen.*
A. Pearson.	*A. Carpenter.*

(EVANS'S GAMBIT.)

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. P to K 4	P to K 4
2. K Kt to B 3	Q Kt to B 3
3. B to B 4	B to B 4
4. P to Q Kt 4	B takes Kt P
5. P to Q B 3	P to K 4
6. P to Q 4	P takes P
7. P to Kt 5	Q to K B 3d
8. Castles	P to Q 3
9. P takes P	P to K 5
10. P to Q 5	Q to K 2
11. Kt to Q 2	Kt to K 4
12. Kt to K B 3	Castles
13. Kt takes Kt	P takes Kt
14. P to K 5	Q to K B 4
15. P to K 6	B takes K P
16. Q to Kt 3	P takes K
17. P takes P	P takes Kt
18. Q takes P (ch)	K to Q sq
19. B to K 3	P takes P
20. P to K 7	Q to Q 3
21. P to K 8 (Q)	R to K B sq
22. Q to Kt 3	P to Kt 3
23. B to K 4	B to Kt 2
24. B to K 6	B takes P (ch)

White wins.

NOTES.

(a) This is the usual move, but not the strongest. See probe B in article.

(b) Much better than taking the Pawn.

(c) White evidently brings up Q. Kt his play before proceeding with his attack.

(d) A very pretty move.

(e) If Q takes B, White has prolonged the defense.

(f) All this is wonderfully well played.

(g) If Q to Q B 3d, White loses in four moves.

(h) They have nothing better.

A FIRE-HUNT IN GEORGIA.

A FIRE-HUNT IN GEORGIA.

An attentive correspondent in Georgia sends us a sketch from which the accompanying engraving of a fire-hunt in Georgia was made. Hunting deer by fire-light is well known to be one of the most interesting sports of the South; it may be a novelty to many of our readers, and we therefore give our correspondent's letter in full. He says:

"We usually ride with a servant behind to carry a bag of chipped light wood and a hatchet, with a fleet dog, tied. If the dog is a cur, we tie a small bell round his neck to tell when and where he has caught the deer.

"Immediately on shooting, if the deer be not killed on the spot, we let the dog go, and soon the bleatings of the wounded deer are wafted on the still breeze of night to the listening sportsmen. Mounting our horses, we hurry to the spot. At first but one eye is seen, when we dismount ex-

DISCOVERY OF THREE HALF-STARVED ALMS-HOUSE CHILDREN IN THE ROOM OF A HIRED NURSE, 122 EAST THIRTY-FOURTH STREET.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

timorously, secure our horses, add light wood to our fire to increase its brilliancy and reflection, and slowly advance, taking care to get the wind of the deer, as they throw up their heads very high to catch the scent of the approaching huntsmen. As soon as the bright twinkling stand-like eye separates into two of the natural size and distance apart, we aim a little below for the breast, and fire. With a bright light I have seen the whole bodies of two large bucks.

"The fire is carried in a frame-work made of iron hoops secured to a rim of the same, and that attached to a light staff, passed over the left shoulder, the left arm over the end ready to grasp the gun and steady the aim, resting the gun on the end of the staff and thus throwing the light directly on the deer. The torch is never carried in front of the sportsman; to see a deer or its eyes the light must be carried behind the person who is going to shoot, and the reflection thrown as far as the deer, right over the sportsman's head, by elevating and casting around the blazing pan.

"It is surprising how deer will gaze at a moving light and allow the huntsman to approach, if he has the wind of him, until he can see the whole body. I have heard of a group of deer being fired into by fire-light, and one being killed and floundering about, the others were so fascinated that they bounded immediately for the person having the light and knocked him down, light and all. They came to gradually more on their keen scent than on their large glossy eyes to avoid a sportsman; and when closely pursued by the cracking, reminding, deep-toned voices of a stanch pack, will suddenly stop, throw up their inverted heads, toss off the tresses all around to ascertain the position of the sportsman, and then sneak off or bound away in an opposite direction, eluding his fire, evincing more than instinct and something nearly allied to reasoning powers; for a few paces further forward would have proved fatal to them."

HOW THE ALMS-HOUSE CHILDREN ARE REARED.

We illustrate on the preceding page the scene which presented itself in the tenement house No. 127 East Thirty-fourth Street, at the time of a recent visit paid thereto by Mr. Barker.

The occasion of his visit was simply as follows: Mr. Barker had had in his employ a girl named Mary Fitch, who was intimate with an old woman named Carlock, living at 103 East Thirty-fourth Street. During the time that Mary Fitch was in his service, Mr. Barker had much household property, linen, plate, etc. Having reason to suspect that Fitch and Carlock were concerned in the robbery, Mr. Barker, in company with an officer of the independent police, made a descent upon her room, and there discovered part of the missing property. He found, besides, three children in cradles, who, as Mrs. Carlock stated, were Alms-house children given to her to board at one dollar a week.

These unfortunate little creatures were evidently famishing of hunger. Their emaciation no words can express. Our artist's picture, painfully truthful as it is, can but feebly render the harrowing condition of the poor little objects. None of them had any flesh on their bones. One of them had a sore on its arm. Animal instinct had taught it to suck the sore, and the process had actually caused an excrescence to grow, such as we sometimes observe to a female nipple. All were so abject and feeble in expression that all trace of humanity seemed lost. They had lost the power of crying. They were not shy. They were in so brutish a state that, when the policeman took them out of their cradle, they merely gazed at him and his companions as puppies or young cats might do.

We have pleasure in adding that Mr. Barker took pains to have the poor little things removed to a better home. And as the event has created no little talk, we subjoin a statement of facts with regard to the Alms-house system. These facts are derived from the best authority. In giving them publicity, we will only remark that the illustration afforded by the Carlock development does not show the system to advantage. If, notwithstanding the precautions observed, in the shape of doctors' certificates and matrons' visits, three Alms-house children can be starved to death in the house of such a nurse as Mrs. Carlock, it is high time, we think, that a revolution should be effected in administration of the Alms-house.

WHY NURSING.

The Governors of the Alms-house have from 1700 to 1800 of these children under their charge. Of this number about 700 are distributed over the city in charge of wet-nurses, whose duty it is to take care of the infants until they are two years old, when they are transferred to the Nursery Department on Randall's Island. For their services wet-nurses receive one dollar per week for each child; and at the end of every three months they are furnished with clothing, such as frocks, diapers, flannel, shoes and stockings, etc., as the necessities of the case may require. The Governors claim to be very strict in regard to the qualifications of nurses, and will not appoint any one unless furnished with the certificate of a respectable physician, to the effect that the applicant is a woman of sound health with a fresh breast of milk, and calculated in every way to take proper care of a sucking child. When the applicant applies for a child, her application, with the doctor's certificate attached, is placed on file, and a visitor is sent to the residence of the nurse to see if every thing about the premises is in a cleanly and healthy condition. If the report of the visitor be found satisfactory, the first founding that turns up is handed over to the applicant. These nurses are visited once or twice a month, just as Mrs. Frost the visitor thinks proper, and any delinquency on their part is reported to the Alms-house Department. Of course Mrs. Frost can not vouch for the everyday treatment of the children; but if she detects any want of care on the part of the nurse during her monthly visits, the matter is brought before the Board of Governors and made the subject of investigation. No nurse is allowed to wet-nurse more than one child at a time; but she may be competent to take care of one or two other children in addition, provided they are already weaned. Thus many of the nurses have three or more children in their charge; but the number rarely exceeds four or five, even among the most favored of the employees.

The nursery at Randall's Island is devoted to the rearing of the foundlings after they have been weaned and received from the hands of the wet-nurses. They are all over two years old, and generally remain in the nursery for three years or thereabouts. Then they are transferred to the Primary Department, where they are taught the alphabet and instructed in the first rudiments of education. From the Primary School they are promoted to the Ward School, which is under the control of the Board of Education, and conducted in similar manner to the public schools in the city. Having spent a year or two in the Ward School, they are supposed to be able to read, write, and cipher with tolerable ability; and it is not unusual to find many of the children as far advanced in the knowledge of the English language as some of the Ten Governors who provide for their education. Under the tuition of Mr. Ripley they are instructed in military tactics; and really, without exaggeration, many of our military companies could not compare with them lads in marching, deploying to the right or the left, and performing other evolutions too numerous to mention.

THE APPRENTICESHIP SYSTEM.

By a resolution of the Board of Ten Governors no child shall be apprenticed who shall not have reached the age of ten years. As a general rule, the authorities prefer indenturing the children to parties living outside of the city; consequently very few of them are bound out in New York. The State of New Jersey, perhaps, can boast of more Randall's Island boys than the State of New York itself. In Monmouth county, New Jersey, especially, the number of apprentices will number fully one-half of the entire number indentured during the year. The system adopted by the authorities in apprenticing the children is very good as far as it goes, but there is much room for improvement. In making an application for one of these children, the applicant must be furnished with a good reference from some respectable citizen in this city, or from a Justice of the Peace in the county where he resides. The boys are bound out until they are twenty-one years old, and the girls until they are eighteen. The total number indentured annually will average 300. The conditions of the indentures oblige the employer to provide the apprentice with proper clothing and schooling. It is expected that the children will be sent to school for at least three months every year, and that their employers will be kind to them, and see that their wants, morally, physically, and mentally, shall not be neglected. When their time is up they receive a new suit of clothes, in addition to what they have had already, and a present of fifty or one hundred dollars, just as their employer deems fit. In this agreement there is nothing specified as to the amount of money to be paid, but the usual custom is somewhat after the fashion above described. Some apprentices receive a small sum per diem from their masters, especially those who are engaged in learning at a trade; so that, when they become of age, they can have a few hundred dollars to start in the world with. Then again, many apprentices are treated as shabbily as masters could treat them; "to be sure, getting but the scurvy kind of drudgery to perform, and receive no remuneration in return. And many of the children, however, find good masters and comfortable homes. Every year the apprentices are visited by the authorities, and a report of their condition is submitted to their parents, if they have any. No parent will be allowed to visit an apprentice, or know the place of his child's residence, except by consent of the employer. This rule has been found necessary in order to prevent interference on the part of a good-for-nothing mother, or, what is much worse, a drunken father.

THE ADOPTED ONES.

From seventy-five to one hundred of the children are annually adopted by respectable citizens of New York and its vicinity. It is an unusual thing to see the children persons of Fifth Avenue wealth patiently sit in the office of the Superintendent of Out-door Poor for the arrival of the "little ones" they have chosen to adopt. Children must be residents of the Island at least six months before they can be given out for adoption. After that period their parents have no further control over them, and can not reclaim them except with the consent of the parties adopting. Many of the adopted ones fall heir to large fortunes, valuable property, etc., willed them by their adopted parents; while others fare but poorly in their new homes, and got nothing but boxed ears and castoff clothing for a legacy. One well-known physician who adopted one of these children some years ago and emigrated with the lad to California. There he accumulated a fortune of $200,000, all of which the youngster will inherit, as the doctor announces his determination to will the boy not a dollar of his wealth. Such instances of good fortune are rare, however.

MORTALITY AMONG THE CHILDREN.

The mortality that among the children under the guardianship of the Governors is terrible. It is said, and with much correctness too, that more than three-fourths of the children die before they reach the years of discretion. In the spring of 1857 the institution known as the Home of the Friendless took a number of the children on trial. Thirty of the healthiest and most promising infants were picked out of the nursery department, and during their sojourn at their new home were treated with every attention and care. Of the entire number but ten now live to tell the harrowing two-thirds having fallen victims to scrofula, marasmus, and other diseases. Medical men assert that a very large proportion of all the foundlings picked up in the streets of New York are afflicted with scrofula in some form or other. Hence the Ten Governors argue that the mortality which exists among the children under charge is not the result of any want or inattention on the part of the nurses, but solely attributable to scrofula. If the children are so diseased, would not hospital wards be more fitting places for them than the dwelling-houses of poor, ignorant nurses? Surely such children would be better off under the care of an experienced physician than cooped up in the fifth story of some tenement-house in the Sixth Ward. There are many evils to be corrected in connection with the Alms-house Department, and this is one of the most important.

The agitation caused by the statement of the above facts has led to some inquiry. The Ten Governors of the Alms-house have obtained the following evidence from their employés, the doctor and the visiting nurse:

A COCK-FIGHT AMONG THE ATHENIANS OF BOSTON, JANUARY 26, 1859.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

"IT'S THE FIRST TIME YOUR BIBLE LARNING EVER BRUNG YOU THE NEEDFUL."—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

Dr. William B. Ribbes testified: Has been acquainted with Mary Carlock two years; I had sufficient confidence in her to recommend her to Dr. George F. Gunnison, to take charge of an unoccupied house of his until he could sell it; I have attended children in her care from the Almshouse Department a great many times during the two years; my impression was that she was formed by two years; my impression was that she was formed by the Superintendent as a capable woman, and was given the next description of children to take charge of; I had no idea of there being any peculiarity or want of cleanliness; she is believed to be strictly temperate; I am informed and my opinion is the same, that the treatment of the children I should have certificated; I visited; I visit a great number of children in the Almshouse Department; that is a large proportion; the sick-room children are usually cared for that there is no reason why I did not condemn it for itself, but the last the largest number of children; her children were distributed in a room four infants there; don't know whether she had any children of her own; was much surprised at hearing the statements relative to her.

Alexis Irvin, recalled, saith: Nurse: Visited the children at Mrs. Carlock's; commenced last May, and have frequently called to see them; always found the children clean and in good order; her apartments were clean and tidy—very much so; she has a lower one, I believe had to be a proper person to have charge of children; made inquiries in the Department of the children under her care; knows; they were favorable; had no acquaintance with Mrs. Carlock before I took charge of the children; knew from the hundred children; knew of the condition of the children when sent to her; one had the ophthalmia; another was sent there to cure the cholera infantum; one was a diseased child; saw the children every day for several; their condition was steady; had the clothes so provided by the Department.

On the other hand, the *Tribune* has obtained, through its reporters, the following evidence from parties residing in the house where Mrs. Mary Carlock:

"Mrs. Carlock has lived in the house No. 185 Thirty-fourth Street since last May. Previous to that she moved in about a year since; that the children were taken from her City Hall nurse every body said; that they must have been drugged, for they hardly ever cried; that Mrs. C. was often out all day, but the children did not; the care of a young girl. Mr. and Mrs. M'Carter both state that there have been a great many children there since last June; all left sickly to see the dead-cart to other, and after it was quiet in the children, were taken out. Was carried away in a basket; when the children would die, Mrs. Carlock would say that she could not see it, as many to board as she wanted; she was one of the oldest nurses, and one of the children would not stay with her. Mrs. M'Carter said there was another woman who had lived in the house at the same time as Mrs. Carlock, and knew that this woman gave the children enough to eat, but she was intemperate, and did not pay the rent; the woman. Mrs. M'Carter says she knows that some of the children brought to Mrs. Carlock were born in the Almshouse, and that they would in a short time dwindle down to skin and bones, and then would be carried away. Before she left the house, Mrs. Carlock would have had copies of some kind; Mrs. Carlock was of such violent temper nobody in the house would say a thing to do with her. In the same family, some of whose number are invested in her childbirth, also had a company, men who were employed in running in and out of the house almost every night till twelve, one, and two o'clock.

"Mrs. Schlegler, an intelligent German woman, entirely respectable, corroborates and refines and fills up the manner: Resides next door to Mrs. Carlock; her husband is the owner of the house in which Mrs. Carlock lives, as well as the one in which they reside themselves — has been living in it since 1856 Thirty-fourth Street. Mrs. Schlegler used to go into Mrs. C.'s room for the rent, and frequently saw the children there; saw five in the room the last time; knows they were not well treated; is sure they were not to have so small a room as they needed, nor did they have the kind of food they ought to have had; one day Mrs. C. gave a very extensive order for their supper; says that some of the neighbors were annoyed by the unnatural appearance of the children sent at the door for the removal of these children, and when it was spoken of, the bodies were afterward taken away in a wagon.

"Charles K. Schick is a German cabinet-maker; an intelligent, respectable man; himself and wife called to relocate the testimony of Mrs. Schlegler and Mrs. M'Carter, in regard to the appearance of the children when brought to Mrs. Carlock, and the brief period required to make a sad change; knows of the deaths of children; both have known her repeatedly to get the children under their charge by hundreds, and never to pay the poor little things Mrs. Schick would go out to the hydrant to see her children, and the children would be in water from running up stairs; they have known her to get a child under the ground within three weeks; they hardly ever heard the children cry, except when they fell out of bed at night, and then they would cry a little while crying, that they must have had some opinion given to stupefy them; a man came over came to the house at all, until within a very few days; a woman used to come with milk, from whom she thinks she took a pint a day.

"Mrs. Carlock herself says, she has had children to nurse for eleven years from the Tea Governors; never had had more than five at the time; she has had seven in all, and she would get others to fill their places; when she got this trouble about the stolen goods, she took out two of the Hall children, and another at board, and one child of her own; says her husband is living, but has a drunkard, and she has not lived with him since a year ago last 4th of July; says she has been in this land of misery out to wash a great deal for eight years. Five of her children have died since last May."

FACT, FANCY, AND FUN.

BY A SOUTHERN LAWYER.

"SEARCHING THE SCRIPTURE."

Two old gentlemen farmers, Isaac Gerald and Billy Hodge, respectable for their wealth, good fellowship and social habits, were sitting one day on a bench in the piazza of a retail grocery, with a couple of others of the same sort of respectable fame. Both had on their spectacles, and were busily engaged in turning with great care and curiosity the large leaves of a small Bible they had just procured from the office of the Clerk of the Circuit or Superior Court, as it is called in Georgia.

The life of the sacred volume had been worn or torn off, accordingly many dog-ears at broad edge, showing evidently long and hard usage.

Each gentleman seemed anxious to have the book for the time being, which the owner had determined that the other should not be so exclusive. After a most unsatisfactory examination, both participating, Gerald jerked the book from Hodge, with evident signs of impatience, saying:

"I can find it if you will just hands off and let me alone. I read all about it many a time when I went to school. I tell you it's in the Psalms of Moses, who writ and sung all about the old generations."

"I'll double the bet," Hodge replied, "its neither in the Psalms nor in your old degumentary, as you call it. It is under the new constitution, and I'll cover fourth of July, and Christmas, that old Moses know about the Psotle Paul and his family arrangements at all. I tell you I'm a deacon, and gentleman, and could look into circumstances about to crowd him as far as any one in this 'ere State. But Dark Ages, and Middle Ages, was as black as a night without stars, meteors, or lightning-bugs, same atween Moses and Paul; and he had no more magnifying-glass, or telegraph could see through or work in them times. I tell you, Gerald, you don't nowise understand the Bible farming."

The person thus taunted had been zealously searching the Psalms, and had every little attention to his companion; but an indistinct idea something like what he had read very early in the day, that Solomon's proverbs were in the Old Testament, but distinctly comprehended the invidious comparison instituted between his latitudinal knowledge and Hodge's. Raising his head, the magnifying-glass he had been so closely scanning, and shoving his spectacles to the top of his head, he looked contemptuously into the face of the other.

"What was you firing up, Billy Hodge? Major enlightened, and I'm ready to bet a new saddle you won't through college! You staggered at the second digest, and the boys kicked you out, and the father I 'spose you thought that was graduating! I could have taken the same course the same time, but didn't. But that is no reason I'm not thar. What about the time you said they had been finds about Christ? I wouldn't be surprised you did make a power of fine wheat then. You know they say, wheat sowed in the dark nights of October always does best. Now, you remember that it; have looked plum thru the almanick several times to see when the dark nights of October come our bet. I want to handle the rhino; I know I've got you! Zounds a Bob Logan, the Clerk; I reckon he can find out in a minute. Here, sir, this passage."

Hodge heard nothing Gerald had just said, except his allusion to the Clerk, etc.; for as soon as the latter had ensued his search among the Psalms, he scrambled like a squirrel among the leaves of Revelations.

"Hallos, Logan!" continued Gerald, "come here." When this official approached, he proceeded: "I and Hodge has made a bet. He stands on a silver dollar, and I'm to put down a gold piece which was turned to a pillow of salt. We've been transacting that matter in the Psalms and Revelations, and can't find the place what treats on that topcock. Now, old fellow, just be kind enough to find it, and I'll ask no more favors of your clerkship."

"It is no use to take the Bible," said Logan. "I thought every Sunday-school boy and girl knew it was Lot's wife they rubbed the loins into so exclusively. I've heard it read in church, in the operation, it was preserved her safe and sound through all the burning of Sodom and Gomorrah. Lynch reports it was but the other day he saw her standing in the suburbs of Sodom or Gomorrah—one, he could not tell which. G. pr'ounce it as there, salts a-ever, with the smell of fire and brimstone strong about her. He thinks from the way he was married it was a clandestine affair; his biography and autobiography are silent on that subject; and when Lot and his spouse and children may settle, why your Captain Lynch flung into boat, can't more than guess. Now, you see, I'm off to court."

"Here is the document, gentlemen" (holding up the Bible), "every one 'spurgated, I believe, indeed! I must give up my money on the toy of a man which never reads his Bible, and wouldn't keep one. I'll be bound, if you search all the people in Court on't and what children which gits their brains from the Bible, you wouldn't number a dozen! and what the great Captain Lynch may say! I was a good thing he wa'n't sent into Utay, Brigham Young, and Mormons. Why, there are as plenty, and what I hope there will be no lack of the real testimony in the Bible. Now, you see, I must knock under to all this rigmarole, with the Word of Truth here in my hand, though right hard to split out! Here, Jack, you scoundrel, come up the corners, and look closely. I am afraid it ain't in here, these two or three leaves, and when the end is missin'; you will certainly find it in the last book, Revelations, if not torn out."

After a long and tedious search by the Clerk, he found it in the 19th Chapter 26th verse of Genesis, and read as follows: "But his (Lot's) wife looked back from behind him, and she became a pillar of salt."

"Let's see her," said Hodge, taking the book from the Clerk. After reading enough to satisfy himself, he continued: "Gerald, I'll try your money, Mr. Gerald, and I reckon it is the first time your Bible kernis' ever brung you the needful."

"I've lost nothing on it yet," returned Gerald as he placed the money in his pocket.

"I'll be dod, gentlemen," Hodge continued, "if I am entirely satisfied yet. There has been so much hard swearin' on that book" (pointing to Logan's Bible) "I wouldn't be surprised if the truth was not pretty considerably roundsided-ways. I have seen men swear to a mule a mile outen his den take their corporate oath on that!"

"I sha'n't argure any more pints with you; but whenever you feel like staking your jagement on Scripture, just let me know. I'll take stock," said Gerald.

"I wouldn't be surprised if you wah't vain after this. Some of these days you'll meet up with a man who knows something, and get the starch taken outen you properly. Come, treat arter your good luck," said Hodge. There was a unanimous and simultaneous movement for the lick-log.

COCK-FIGHTING AMONG THE ATHENIANS.

On 26th ultimo the police of Boston made a decent upon a prohibited place for a portion of the society of modern Athens—a cock-pit under the North-End Theatre. There the cock-fights are constantly came off in this place. On this occasion a New York cock was brought to fight against a Boston cock for $1000 a side, and all the fancy were present. A number of arrests were made.

We illustrate the scene as part of the history of the times, and as a curious instance of the manner in which the amusements of another, and, let us hope, a more savage age, are still preserved among the learned, the witty, and the refined Athenians.

LITERARY.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers have issued a new and cheap edition of the "Miscellaneous Works" of Miss Mulock, originally published by them half a dozen years ago. The volume contains "A LIFE FOR A LIFE," "A FAIRY TALE," embodying the old Scottish legend of a child carried away by Fairy land, and restored to the earth after seven years of detention; "THE HEIR," a brief tale for boys; and "BEHALAH AND THE GYPSIES," a touching story of the Life of the Gypsies. Each of these tales is admirable in its way; and though written some years ago, they all give promise of those powers which have since gained for the "Author of JOHN HALIFAX" the foremost place among the female novelists of the day. The first of these stories, with a slight change of title, is likewise announced in another form in the new illustrated volume, by Messrs. Mayhew & Baker, of Boston.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, February 7, in the Senate, various communications from the Secretary of War were presented by the Secretary of War. The Agricultural College Bill was taken up, and, after a speech by Senator Wade, of Ohio, Bell, Brown, and Douvie, the bill was passed as amended, by 25 to 19. Adjourned over to the next day. On motion, the bill to establish the Territorial Government of Nevada, in the course of its passing, he would move to strike out the enacting clause. The Senate, at the close of the day was devoted, to District business.—In the House Mr. Bocock introduced a resolution instructing the appropriation of two days to the week to Territorial business. Mr. Gwin, Democrat, of Mississippi, made a speech in favor of the Pacific Railroad. The House then went into Committee of the Whole, and speeches were made on various topics by Messrs. Grow, Cockerill, Phelps, Bocock, and others.

On Tuesday, 8th, in the Senate, a communication from the Navy Department was presented relative to the transfer of the revenue cutter service to that department. Mr. Bigler introduced a resolution instructing the Master to receive Bathbone medals, with reference to the conduct of Lieutenant Hunter. Mr. Douglas introduced a joint resolution to authorize the publication of the report against the organization of Jefferson Territory. Senator Bigler, from the Committee on Finance, brought up his resolution to the effect that the public revenue should continue to be collected in the manner provided by the bill. Mr. Douglas moved to postpone the consideration of the resolution, and the motion was voted.

On Wednesday, 9th, in the Senate, on motion of Senator King a resolution was adopted inquiring into the cost of building the Capitol. Mr. Bell, from the Pennsylvania Avenue Railroad Bill was reconsidered. Senator Toombs addressed the Senate briefly on the question. The Cuba Bill was then taken up by 25 to 16. Mr. Douglas, Bell, and others took part in the debate. Messrs. Bonham, and others took part in the debate. Messrs. Bonham, and others took part in the debate. The appropriation bill for the Indian Department for the next two years ago, was referred. The Executive Judicial, and Post-Office Appropriation Bill was passed by a vote of 25 to 16, after having been materially amended. The bill appropriating $10,000 for the Japanese Embassy at Cuba was reported and referred to Committee of the Whole. Senator Douglas's resolution to print the Kansas Report election, were discussed, but no vote was taken.

On Thursday, 10th, in the Senate, the resolution authorizing Professors Bache and Maury to accept medals from the King of Prussia, was adopted. Senator Green and endeavored to have his resolution taken up admitting Kansas Land free of duty, but objection was made to the latter refused by 27 to 20. The Tariff question was discussed by Messrs. Bigler, Hunter, and others. The Cuba bill was then taken up, and amendments offered by Messrs Foot and Pugh.——In the House, the Nebraska bill was read and debated at length. Mr. Bocock, from reported back the bill admitting Oregon, which gave rise to a debate by Messrs. Bocock, Phelps, Cockerill, Nichols, Granger, and Maynard took part. The House having gone into Committee of the Whole, speeches on all sorts of subjects were made by Messrs. Keim, Taylor, Phelps, Bocock, Granger, and Smith.

On Friday, 11th, in the Senate, the resolution authorizing Professors Bache and Maury to accept medals from the King of Prussia, was adopted. Senator Green and endeavored to have his resolution taken up admitting Kansas Land free of duty, but objection was made to the latter refused by 27 to 20. The Tariff question was discussed by Messrs. Bigler, Hunter, and others. The Cuba bill was then taken up by 25 to 16, and amendments offered by Messrs Foot and Pugh.——In the House, the Nebraska bill was read and debated at length. Mr. Bocock, from reported back the bill admitting Oregon, which gave rise to a debate by Messrs. Bocock, Phelps, Cockerill, Nichols, Granger, and Maynard took part. The House having gone into Committee of the Whole, speeches on all sorts of subjects were made by Messrs. Keim, Taylor, Phelps, Bocock, Granger, and Smith.

On Saturday, 12th, in the Senate, the Committee on Printing Professors Bache and Maury to accept medals from the King of Prussia, was adopted. Senator Green and endeavored to have his resolution taken up admitting Kansas Land free of duty, but objection was made to the latter refused by 27 to 20. The Tariff question was discussed by Messrs. Bigler, Hunter, and others. The Cuba bill was then taken up by 25 to 16, and amendments offered by Messrs Foot and Pugh.——In the House, the Nebraska bill was read and debated at length. Mr. Bocock, from reported back the bill admitting Oregon, which gave rise to a debate by Messrs. Bocock, Phelps, Cockerill, Nichols, Granger, and Maynard took part. The House having gone into Committee of the Whole, speeches on all sorts of subjects were made by Messrs. Keim, Taylor, Phelps, Bocock, Granger, and Smith.

On Monday, February 7, in the Senate, various communications from the Secretary of War were presented by the Secretary of War. The Agricultural College Bill was taken up, and, after a speech by Senator Wade, of Ohio, Bell, Brown, and Douvie, the bill was passed as amended, by 25 to 19. Adjourned over to the next day. On motion, the bill to establish the Territorial Government of Nevada, in the course of its passing, he would move to strike out the enacting clause. The Senate, at the close of the day was devoted, to District business.—In the House Mr. Bocock introduced a resolution instructing the appropriation of two days to the week to Territorial business. Mr. Gwin, Democrat, of Mississippi, made a speech in favor of the Pacific Railroad. The House then went into Committee of the Whole, and speeches were made on various topics by Messrs. Grow, Cockerill, Phelps, Bocock, and others.

On Tuesday, 8th, in the Senate, a communication from the War Department was presented relative to the transfer of the revenue cutter service to that department. Mr. Bigler introduced a resolution instructing the Master to receive Bathbone medals, with reference to the conduct of Lieutenant Hunter. Mr. Douglas introduced a joint resolution to authorize the publication of the report against the organization of Jefferson Territory. Senator Bigler, from the Committee on Finance, brought up his resolution to the effect that the public revenue should continue to be collected in the manner provided by the bill. Mr. Douglas moved to postpone the consideration of the resolution, and the motion was voted.

On Wednesday, 9th, in the Senate, on motion of Senator King a resolution was adopted inquiring into the cost of building the Capitol. Mr. Bell, from the Pennsylvania Avenue Railroad Bill was reconsidered. Senator Toombs addressed the Senate briefly on the question. The Cuba Bill was then taken up by 25 to 16. Mr. Douglas, Bell, and others took part in the debate. Messrs. Bonham, and others took part in the debate. The appropriation bill for the Indian Department for the next two years ago, was referred. The Executive, Judicial, and Post-Office Appropriation Bill was passed by a vote of 25 to 16, after having been materially amended. The bill appropriating $10,000 for the Japanese Embassy at Cuba was reported and referred to Committee of the Whole. Senator Douglas's resolution to print the Kansas Report election, were discussed, but no vote was taken.

On Thursday, 10th, in the Senate, the resolution authorizing Professors Bache and Maury to accept medals from the King of Prussia, was adopted. Senator Green and endeavored to have his resolution taken up admitting Kansas Land free of duty, but objection was made to the latter refused by 27 to 20. The Tariff question was discussed by Messrs. Bigler, Hunter, and others. The Cuba bill was then taken up by 25 to 16, and amendments offered by Messrs Foot and Pugh.——In the House, the Nebraska bill was read and debated at length. Mr. Bocock, from reported back the bill admitting Oregon, which gave rise to a debate by Messrs. Bocock, Phelps, Cockerill, Nichols, Granger, and Maynard took part. The House having gone into Committee of the Whole, speeches on all sorts of subjects were made by Messrs. Keim, Taylor, Phelps, Bocock, Granger, and Smith.

On Friday, 11th, in the Senate, the resolution authorizing Professors Bache and Maury to accept medals from the King of Prussia, was adopted. Senator Green and endeavored to have his resolution taken up admitting Kansas Land free of duty, but objection was made to the latter refused by 27 to 20. The Tariff question was discussed by Messrs. Bigler, Hunter, and others. The Cuba bill was then taken up by 25 to 16, and amendments offered by Messrs Foot and Pugh.——In the House, the Nebraska bill was read and debated at length. Mr. Bocock, from reported back the bill admitting Oregon, which gave rise to a debate by Messrs. Bocock, Phelps, Cockerill, Nichols, Granger, and Maynard took part. The House having gone into Committee of the Whole, speeches on all sorts of subjects were made by Messrs. Keim, Taylor, Phelps, Bocock, Granger, and Smith.

WASHINGTON LIFE.—THE LAST PRESIDENTIAL RECEPTION.

The *Tribune* correspondent thus describes the last reception at the White House:

"The current does into the East room, where few persons are—for it is but after eight—the company, owing to the music of the Marine Band stationed in the anteroom. Soon the anteroom begins to fill by degrees, but as I have said the few notabilities of the evening appear. The diplomatic corps was well represented. I noticed only two Senators, and one Judge of the Supreme Court. Few persons from the Southern Congressmen were present. Maynard, of Tennessee, with his pale, intense face, was conspicuous among the few. Old Commodore Stewart was in the throng. Sir Edmund Head, Governor General of Canada was at a neighboring side seat, and Judge Russell, of our city, was also present. Mr. Buchanan looked well, and I caught a glimpse of him since the hour when he hung entranced over Judge Douglas's speech in the Senate. Mrs. Buchanan was in sweet, but as I have not Jenkins's knowledge of seasonable fabrics, I am not able to describe accurately her fair, slender girl, among whose curls white flowers were in repute, while in the back hair was conspicuous by her white dress impressed me. A tall brunette in pink satin, trimmed with white lace, attracted many glances. But only one or two of the Court ladies of Washington were present, and the Cabinet ladies were absent. The Cabinet officers were present, and looked for the most part like many, many years, in faded brown, black lace long gray over-lies, and I saw a respectable old lady in a shawl on. Here's wife, dressed as for a family tea-party, her white farmer's gown in her hand. Mrs. Buchanan's dress, arm in arm, we have but very recently exchanged with the President, and I looked out this night for the President.

PICCOLOMINI AND THE PRESIDENT.

"But who is this rising out of a cloud of pale yellow lace, a red rose in her hair, a red rose blooming and drooping beneath her waist, her hair simply braided over her head, wearing no ornament but the diamonds for all the world, escorted by the handsome Minister. Her sister, plainer, and more dressed, follows. Everybody asks then who whose dress she duplicated, follows. After making the circuit of the room, and receiving the Mayor it is learned about that the private dressed is with Miss Lane, and in due course of time she is presented to the President to her, for she had her reception in the same room with the President.

"She sat upon a sofa, and the President, the Countess, a fat old lady in black silk, upon her right, her sister upon the left, and the Minister and Mrs. Buchanan, whose bald head and black face were equally expressive of the hatred of Slavery, and the sympathy for the Slave was the Sardinian Minister, on the other Judge Russell, and Mayor Berdell, and Mrs. Lane, and Miss Lane, and Mrs. Lane's pretty ways," said another. "Which is she?" asked a dozen, pressing to the front.

"Precisely as the whole might have been seen the night before at Madame Piccolomini's concert, but Piccolomini? Yes, with the Swiss upon his arm—his maiden sister, and Mrs. Buchanan, and Mrs. Lane, and Miss Lane, and Judge Russell, and Mayor Berdell, and Mrs. Buchanan, who has greatly improved in courtliness and politeness which she never had before, and Mrs. Lane, over his eye, after conversing with the younger sister for some moments, he made a graceful bow to the person about, to the effect that he did not understand and could not speak French, and Piccolomini understood. Her eyes. Mr. Buchanan went on to say that he did speak some months ago, and that he was glad that he had no ears nor tongue now. (His worst enemies, who speak of him as he has treated them, never say that he was ever.) Piccolomini smiled and used her eyes again. Then the President laid his hand upon his heart, and said that he was very glad to see her, and that he would not intrude upon her time any longer. Piccolomini rose. Here the little company broke up, and Piccolomini upon the arm of Mrs. Lane was translated to her, only those who have seen her in Traviata can form any idea of the graceful pride she has since displayed, and which did appear, but not Mrs. Lane initiated her into the mysteries of Washington by shook hands with the several members of the family and disappeared.

HOW THE PRESIDENT LIVES.

The *Tribune* correspondent says: "Miss Excellency James Buchanan is an old gentleman of some seventy years of age, and is known to the world at large in his bachelor mutterings, of Revil and rather hectic complexion, and with the fire of his Scotch blood in the glad threads in the glass bits of the glass birds of paradise made in Germany, and in the Presidential spectacles. His manners are extremely courteous and affable, more especially to ladies, and he is known to delight in everyone the small scandals and bobs gossip of the capital. There is something of the old school about his address, for I believe he has not one familiar friend except, perhaps, Mr. Cass, who is not at least a dozen years his senior. He is fond of his glass of wine, and his dinners are seldom addressed by him as 'Miss Harriet,' and, putting himself out of the way to please a lady, as long as best he can without either sympathy or association. Never has there been in the White House a more bachelor-ous occupant; he reposes no confidence even in his Cabinet officers, but transacts the business of the country with they put before him for signature. His seldom leaves the White House except to take his daily walk, or on one or two hours a day in discharging drudgeries of detail, which he cannot trust to the hands of his subordinates in the departments. Again and again, on every possible occasion, he declares that he is not a candidate for a second term, and that he will not accept a renomination. He supposes he is retiring to Wheatland, and he has written to his friend, Mr. Lane, to have a house built for him, with much lighter and less burdened hearts than we have witnessed during the last few days, and with more beneficent results."

MRS. DOUGLAS'S LAST BALL.

A *Herald* correspondent says that Mrs. Douglas received her guests on Tuesday, as she was labouring under the effects of a severe cold. She looked very well in a white tulle with a trimming of rosebuds, and wore but few ornaments. Her head-dress was simple, but very appropriate to her the guests, who pressed forward in crowds to be introduced to her. The supper was the most splendid which entered were the following: Mrs. Cutts, mother of Mrs. Douglas, dressed in black velvet and white moire; Mrs. Hoover, wife of the ex-Marshal of the District, dressed in rose-colored tarlatan; Mrs. Judge Douglas, wife of the brother of the evening, attired in white tulle, with a wreath of rosebuds; Mrs. Judge Bates, wife of the Westchester county, New York, dressed in blue silk and white lace; Mrs. Judge Campbell, wife of the Judge of the Supreme Court, dressed in white tulle with a trimming of rosebuds; Mrs. Judge Bates, wife of the Judge, dressed in white tulle and trimmed with innumerable loops of white ribbon and rosebuds; Mrs. Judge Bates, wife of Judge Bates, and Mrs. Dan. Gitts, dressed in white embroidered muslin, trimmed with rosebuds; Mrs. Judge Bates, wife of Judge Bates, an interesting young lady, dressed in white; Mrs. Lieutenant Hunter, wife of Lieutenant Hunter, of the Navy, dressed in white tulle and trimmed with rosebuds and gold flowers; Miss Bridge, of New York, dressed in white tulle and trimmed with rosebuds

ment quite as bad. It was on the first day he arrived in Washington a party of friends at Willard's Hotel, was sitting with a gentleman who had probably imbibed on him some coming or getting himself up a little expressive the necessity of getting himself up a little expressive of the event in Washington, where he was to play a high official part; so the Judge turned out in a splendid suit of black, a glossy silk hat, and, *mirabile dictu!* a pair of patent leather boots. The latter item was evidently too much for him; for his ready, nay conversation all evaporated, and he sat there, silent, abashed, and most, but restless, disturbed, and uncomfortable, as though something he could not get rid of was about to happen. He begged permission of the company to retire for a few minutes, and when he returned he was in the same dress, but with his boots off. He felt the change, but was satisfied that he had been persuaded not to wear patent leather boots in Washington. But the next time he left, and he felt pretty much as Hardscrabble felt when he was made to put on a clean shirt, he finished was himself again, and the company had as much reason to rejoice at the change as Hardscrabble escaped from the 'dammed white' of his patent leathers. Though I never saw Judge Advocate-General Holt in a scrape, you can find him all day in the Supreme Court, and see him, as I do, sit down to his desk and listen till two o'clock, and then walk off to his house without once asked a friend of his the other day. "I shall retire on the 4th of March," he replied, with a sigh.

"So he is one of those men who revel in work, if he can't need and only enough, to keep him busy. He trusted Judge is forgiven by the jury would for the good reason that in an intermingled, respectable suit he let the handsome and well-bred wife. Locky for him that he has so elegant a husband as to be able to appear at the interesting ceremonies of *Ice Majesti*. Mrs. Black has not got a face to look at this kind.

BODY-SNATCHING IN THE WEST.

We read in the Cincinnati Enquirer: "The principal business of body-snatching in the city is done by the two men now in custody. The third is only employed by the other when they receive for each 'subject' is from $12 to $15, although this is the usual price paid. Many of the subjects sent from here are brought to the city by the four colleges each winter, which, deducting the expenses of transportation, &c., will not yield the body-snatcher more than $8 or $10—not a good deal of work among the many unemployed in this disreputable business. The bodies are taken from the tombs and disinterred, the fresh of course being removed in the process, and packed into a box, and shipped off either by express or other similar deodorizing substance, tightly headed up, and metal away at will. Sometimes they are sent by express river, outside of the city, and the contents emptied into the river. Thus the body-snatcher is relieved of suspicion, and saves the propriety of some one of the students, and after he has procured his appointment to the city, he is ever, if gross his 'back offend' in some country town, where the professor will take the body off his hands.

Persons will be interested to learn the prices of other articles in the money which it pins in their purse. Below is a list of necessaries, comforts and luxuries of life. The body-snatcher fails on compunctions, and respects neither age, sex nor condition. It is a calculating man and cents, and when he gets 'short,' or run-day comes round, or his bottle is empty, he 'goes for a subject,' as coons is, all he has to do to repeat the collector to 'call necessary;' and he might get his whole household in funds by robbing the grave!

THE LAST GOLDEN BODKIN.

"It is well known that the body of the unfortunate girl, Kate Hanson, for whose murder Cooper was tried, was on trial all last week, furnished an interesting subject for a lecture with great brilliancy and success. Many have been anatomically prepared, and are now hanging in one of the medical institutions in the city. The murder of the resurrectionists Thornley might, the skeleton of her equally unfortunate friend has been in use for some time, been occupying a place by the side of that of the murdered girl.

The body-snatchers who are now in custody for stealing the body of Kate Hanson, are known among us "Tipsy," to accompany us in the following account of their time. Tipsy' went the way 'that all good negroes go,' and the night following his death his companions Dayo and Jones stole his body and sold it to a college! The rest of which he had taken charge of, needs a corpse to finally bind himself.

A DOUBTFUL CONVERT.

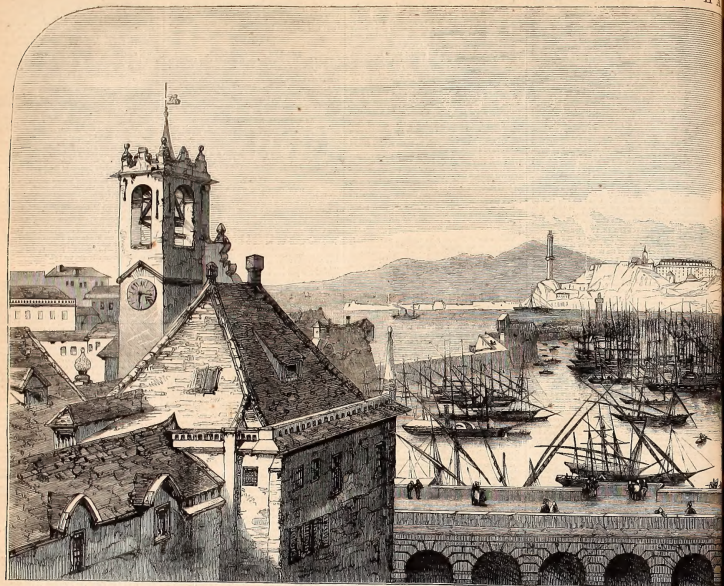
We read in the Boston *Herald*: "A cruel robbery was perpetrated at Mr. Barnum's Museum, Ann-st., at the corner of North and Ferry streets, yesterday noon. A young man was attending at the museum, and during the early was deeply interested in the religious exercises. He sat immediately behind Mr. Barnum's friend Lewis Wilder, and during the singing looked over the Deacon's hymn-book. In the midst of the services he passed the Deacon to the door and informed him that he had been robbed of his pocket-book. The Deacon replied that he was sorry to hear it, but that it was a judgment upon him in some way, and asked to have the way to salvation pointed out to him. The good man was soon surrounded by those in the case of the young convert, and addressed to him some pious counsel. Soon after the Deacon left for his human heart. The young man asked what time it was, and the gentleman replied that it was ten minutes past. He went from his pocket than it was snatched from his hands, and the thief ran out of the door. The Rev. Mr. Deacon started in pursuit, and ran down North Street to Ann, but the thief could not be overtaken. He was tried: but the hypocritical rascal proved the swindler of him, and turning down into Governing Street, was soon lost to view."

PERSONAL.

A rumor is afloat, which appears to have foundation, of a marriage shortly to be solemnized in the U. S. Army. Gen. George Custis, the eloquent and accomplished grandson of Mrs. Gen. Washington, is to marry the daughter of Washington, Miss Conway.

The second son of Gen. Jesse says there is no truth in the rumor that Gen. Jesse is to be the next Governor of Texas. Gen. Jesse is to be the next Governor of Texas. Gen. Jesse is to be the next Governor of Texas.

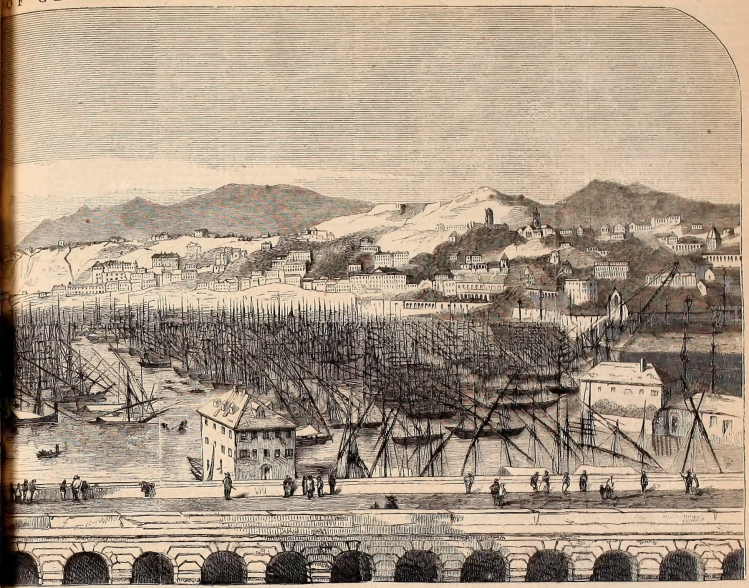
VIEW OF THE CITY AND H

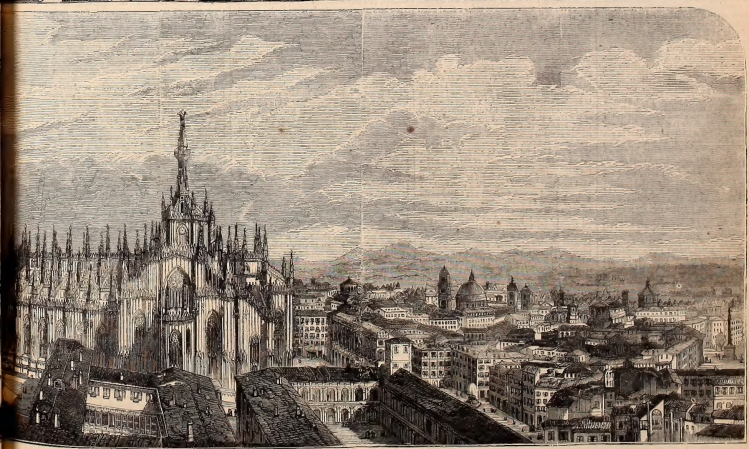


LORENZO.
OSSERVATORIO ASTRONOMICO. ALESSANDRO, S. SEBASTIANO. S. AMBROGIO. CASERMA DI S. FRANCESCO. S. M. DELLE GRAZIE. S. M. SEGRETA, PALAZZO REALE.
S. SATIRO, PIAZZA DE MERCANTI.

VIEW OF

OF GENOA, ITALY.—[See next Page.]





DUOMO. P. R. VILLA. PALAZZO ARCIVESCOVILE. S. CARLO. PIAZZA FONTANA. BASILA. S. M. DELLA SANITA. S. MARIA DELLA PASSIONE. COLONNA DI PORTA TOSA.

—[See next Page.]

MILAN AND GENOA.

As the present moment, when the eyes of the world are fixed on Italy, the admirable engravings of Milan and Genoa, on the preceding pages, will not be unacceptable to the readers of this journal. Before the winter of 1859-60 begins it is likely that every site depicted in the engravings will be classic ground.

The picture at the top of the preceding pages represents the city and port of Genoa, or Genova, as the Italians call it. Americans can never be indifferent to Genoa. It was a Genoese who discovered America; and three hundred years ago, Genoa, in point of commerce and shipping, occupied as great a position as the United States does in our day. Time was when Genoa would have been universally recognized as the ruler of the waves but for the claims of her declining rival, Venice. Ah! how such memories teach us to despise human greatness and human power!

Yet Genoa still commands respect and admiration. The one of the loveliest cities in Italy. Like Naples, it has few streets which are wide enough for carriages. Most of the thoroughfares are quite narrow, and the rule here is a tendency to stretch overhead, so that ardent lovers can beg across the lane into the room of their mistresses, and not be hardly ever prostrates to the pavement beneath. These lanes, when one comes to understand their geographical bearings, are positively delightful. They are cool at mid-summer. In them you may travel miles without once being annoyed by sun-ray or carriage dust.

As to the great streets, they are a sort of decayed and wide Broadway. They are lined on either side with palaces, which, in the vernacular, means palaces. Many of the edifices in question are in fact, palatial, and were built for persons whose rank naturally suggests the idea of splendor. But the bulk of the houses fronting on the two or three carriage streets of Genoa, though called palaces, are simply large and commodious family warehouses, not unfrequently with stores on the ground floor. Many of them are magnificent. Of these some belong to the ancient merchant-princely families of Genoa, and now constitute the support of the descendants of the original merchant-princes. These are generally divided into "apartments," as the French play a new and a very pretty word; and are chiefly remarkable for the fine rich dirt on the staircases, and the uncommonly vigorous breed of rags in the windows. As at Venice, the broad pavement of these wide streets of Genoa affords room for a number of street beggars, who are prepared to sell the "forestiere" any thing, from a lozenge to a yacht, from an Italian knife to a Genoese beauty.

The port of Genoa is naturally very safe and beautiful. One can readily understand why the city came by its naval renown. One must be less than human to resist the allurements of that pure, blue, dancing, seductive sea. Whether you wave any of Adam torn at Genoa becomes a subtler. Colour here and Auroras' fingers were but the necessary consequences of natural laws. Until very lately the monarchs of Sardinia, who, as our country readers are aware, are the kings of Genoa, reserved the bulk of their revenue from a tonnage duty levied on vessels visiting Genoa

house, and I believe bartering in her meshes, poor fellow; but yet her heart had small part in his distress.

Walking one day with imperfect steps through the woods adjacent to the house, I became a little tired, and sat down upon a tree-trunk to rest, glancing my eye along their huge shafts, mossy and hoar with age, the guardians of the wood. I thought I detected a little different foliage than usually gave upon trees—a dress fluttering from behind them. Was some one watching me? I resolved to see. So picking my way softly, as I had done, I advanced toward it; but it always eluded me, still tired of pursuing it I sat down again. The sun was setting, and streaming in through the long aisles and cloaches of the wood in scarlet tongues, making the dead branches look like the fingers of skeletons of life. Lost in admiration of it, I began repeating slowly to myself those beautiful lines whose authorship I knew not:

"The splendor falls on castle walls,
And snowy summits old in story:
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory."

Are they not sonorous? I say I was repeating these when a branch swung back behind me, a hand laid upon my shoulder, and Leonora stood by me. I rose.

"It was you, then," I said, politely, "who so eluded my search?"

"Yes: the evening was so beautiful, I came to breathe the fragrance of the air;" her face belied her if she did). So we sat quite silently in contemplation of the beauties of the sky.

"It is like my life," she said, pathetically. "The sunset laird, glibing over all my hopes with a shadowy and unsubstantial glow—fading into the same those hanging troughs that shine like the lost hopes of my youth, full of a vague and lying promise. Like the veils in the mirror, more than hopes always seem a little further, a little further—until I walk along the weary life of disappointed and cursed by all; and shall go down that dark slope, into the vale beyond, unrecked by any."

I decided the time for confidence was taking, and strove to change it; but she went on. Then starting to her feet, leaning forward with her hands, her nostrils dilated and eye afire, she gave me a little push as if to throw me from her.

"You, too, are no true. You know my life, the hope and aim of it; and since I can no longer deny it, you shall hear it all. What is it to you how for that delicacy of my sex which is the protection of society? Bah! see here. I break it like this (crunching down a dry twig with her foot). I have loved you, madly, devotedly; and you, knowing the circumstances of my position, have seen me to a life of wretchedness and misery alone. You know not what you throw aside for the sake of a paint lifed creature, who—"

"God forgive you for that, Leonora. You are mad, I think."

"Heaven help me, what am I saying? I believe I am. You have driven me to it. Your indifference, nay, your hatred of me, has driven me to madness which not the stake could have forced me."

And then she changed her tone to tenderness, and caught me in spite of myself around my neck, and begged me to speak to her as in the old time.

"Have not I watched by you in your tenderness, unknown to you, hoping and praying for your restoration? Was it not I who bathed your burning sore with your table? And yet you do not look at me, I would—"

"Lady," I said, calmly—she caught me in spite of me again, and bade me stop—

"I have even watched by your shadow falling on the gravel-walk, that I might know you were near, and this is my return. Trees, fall and crush, and earth swallow me, that I live to speak these words to man!"

And I?

I was so strong in my heart—triply armed against her arts by the memory of those brute eyes and that jealous heart—that I could have laughed in my own ear; for having been once deceived, no earthly power could ever restore me confidence. I said, sadly,

"You ask what I have not in my power to give. Neither memory nor mind is the subject which moves my heart toward you. That love which I once lavished has settled in the grave of another, and bloom again. Ask me not, for it is beyond gift."

Very coldly and severely she drew up again—pale, magnificent, erect.

"Sir, you mistake; I am no beggar of that boon. In a moment of anguish I have spoken words which I beg you to forget; your honor, certainly, will blot out all memory of them. Our emotions and speech are sometimes beyond control. As for me, with me; the melancholy feelings of my heart have led me to an independence which I shall ever regret. Farewell, Sir."

I would have accompanied her home, since night was falling; but she waved me away with a proud, perilous gesture, saying,

"Our paths are widely different. Sir, Go in peace!"

She went; and I have never seen her from that hour. I believe she is still there—a life of sorrow and utter indolence.

As for my life, she has brought to my heart that peace and happiness which Leonora, with all her passion, never could. When I asked her hand in marriage I told her the history of my former love with her cousin, and she has wept with me over the memory of that unfortunate girl. Whether that to nook nor any corner of my heart concealed aught save her—no door shut but where she might go in and dwell forever. It does not hold the memory of that troubled love; but it is an quiet and serene as the eyes beneath the sea.

Yes, she will walk with me the path in life I go; and groping blindly, but guiding me the more surely by that inner sense which I never can obtain. So it is that, looking back upon those former years from that tower of strength, my heart is glad. Those steps which look like the track of a wanderer in the desert, without hope, or object, or end; and never more shall the follies of the world or the illusions tempt my straying feet; and though others look for love and affection in the eyes of their beloved it is not there I look, for never shall they speak to me until that happy time when she shall see again, not through a glass darkly, but in the spirit, face to face.

I WOULD NOT USE SO HARSH A WORD.

I would not use so harsh a word,
I would not say, He stole;
Let not such language here be heard;
Display more self-control.
An urchin may be said to steal
A pocket-handkerchief,
No hesitation we can feel
In calling him a thief.

A man may steal a horse, a sheep,
An ox, an ass, a pig;
We hold to have a fellow cheap—
We call a rig a prig.
Of stealing gold-dust we may talk,
Or such an one, may say
Stole Port St. Peters, who did walk
With certain trunks away.

The servant you may felon call
Who bolts with your plate;
Your lawyer, when he sunk your all,
Did but appropriate.
He stole your business so severe
For rogues of lower range,
Such as the boy you sent for beer
Who pocketed your change.

Conveyancers, if they the trust
Of your estate betray,
By no means steal it—only just
What the wise call convey.
Solicitors, your cash who use,
Ye clients, though bereft
Of all your substance, don't accuse
Of shameful conduct theft.

As Conquerors who operate
Upon a mighty scale,
So lawyers, when they speculate
With clients' funds, should fail,
Widows and orphans dispossess,
But say not that they rob;
You could affirm no more nor less
Of any vulgar snob.

Respect the daring magnitude,
The vastness of their crime;
Deduce not, with expressions rude,
Those spoilers so sublime.
High as the eagle, Bapine's bird,
Aspires not such as you.
I would not use so harsh a word,
I would not say, He stole.

THE GIANT WHO HAD NO HEART IN HIS BODY.

A NEW FAIRY TALE, FROM THE NORSE.

Once on a time there was a king who had seven sons, and he loved them so much that he could never bear to be without them all at once, but one must always stay with him. Now, when they were grown up, six were to set off to woo, but as for the youngest, his father kept him at home, and the others were to bring back a pringes for him to the palace. So the king gave the six the finest clothes they ever set eyes on, and the best horses to ride from them a long way off, and each had his horse, which cost money, and his servant, which cost as they set off. Now, when they had been to many palaces, and seen many princesses, at last they came to a king who had a very beautiful one, and the king's daughters they had never seen, and so they fell to wooing them, each one, and when they had got them for sweet-hearts, they set off home again, but they quite forgot that they were to bring back with them a sweet-heart for Jimmy, their brother, who staid at home, for they were over head and ears in love with their own sweethearts.

But when they had gone a little on their way, they passed close by a steep hill-side, like a wall, where the giant's house was, and there came the giant out, and set his eyes upon them, and turned them all into stone, princes and princesses and all. Now, the king waited and waited for his six sons, but he saw not one coming; they staid so long, that so he fell into great trouble, and said he should never know what was to be got of them.

"And if I had not you left," he said to Boots, "I would live no longer, so fail or sorrow am I for my children's disappearing."

"Well, but now I've been thinking to ask your leave to set out and look after them, for I've a mind I'm thinking of," said Boots.

"Nay, nay!" said the father; "that leave you shall never get, for then you would stay away too."

But Boots had set his heart upon it; go he would; and he tagged and prayed so long that the king was forced to let him go. Now, you must know the king had no other horse to give Boots but an old broken-down jade, for his six other sons and their train had carried off all his horses; but Boots did not care a pin for that, he sprang up on his sorry old steed.

"Farewell, father," said he: "I'll come back, never fear, and like enough I shall bring my six brothers back with me;" and with that he rode off.

So, when he had gone a while, he came to a Raven, which lay in the road and flapped its wings, and was not able to get out of the way, it was so starved.

"Oh, dear friend," said the Raven, "give me a little food, and I'll help you again at your utmost need."

"I haven't much food," said the Prince, "and I don't see how you'll ever be able to help me much; but still I can spare you a little." I see you're sad."

So he gave the raven some of the food he had brought with him.

Now, when he had gone a bit farther, he came to a brook, and in the brook lay's great Salmon, which had got upon a dry place and couldn't get about, and could not get into the water again.

"Oh, dear friend," said the Salmon to the Prince, "help me out into the water again, and I'll help you again at your utmost need."

"Well, well," said the Prince, "I do; you'll give me will not be great, I dare say, but it's a pity you should lie there and choke;" and with that he shot the fish out into the stream again.

After that he went a long, long way, and there met him a Wolf, which was so famished that it lay and crawled along the road on its belly.

"Dear friend," said the wolf, "give me horse," said the Wolf; "I'm so hungry that the wind whistles through my ribs; I've had nothing to eat these two years."

"No," said Boots, "this will never do; first I came to a raven, and I was forced to give him my food; next I came to a salmon, and him I had to help into the water again; and now you will have my horse. I see how it's done, that it is, I'm sure I should have nothing to ride to."

"Dear friend," said the wolf, "you can help me," said Greylegs the wolf, "you can ride upon my back, and I'll help you again in your utmost need."

"Well, but I shall get from you, you will not be great, I'll be bound," said the Prince: "but you may take my horse, since you are so importunate."

So when the wolf had eaten the horse, Boots took the hit and put it into the wolf's jaw, and laid the saddle on his back, and now the wolf was his servant, after what he had got inside, that he set off with Boots like nothing. So after he had never ride-ben before.

"Now we have gotten a bit further," said Greylegs, "I'll show you the Giant's house."

So after a while they came to it.

"See, here is the Giant's house," said the Wolf; "and see, here are your six brothers, whom the Giant has turned into stone; and see here are their six bikes, and there's yonder is the door, and in at that door you must go."

"Nay, nay! I'm going to go," said the Prince; "he'll take my life."

"Nai ai!" said the Wolf; "when you get in you'll find a Princess, and she'll tell you what to do to make an end of the Giant. Only mind and do as she bids you."

Well, Boots went in; but, truth to say, he was very much afraid. When he came in the Giant was away, but all the rooms were full of fine things, just as the Wolf had said, and so lovely a princess Boots had never seen in all his life.

"Oh, Heaven help you! whence have you come?" said the Princess, as she saw him; "it will surely be your life if the Giant can think of it when he's at home. Giant who lives here, for he has no heart in his body."

"Well, well!" said Boots; "but now that I am here, I may as well try what I can do with him; and I will see if I cannot free my brothers, who are standing, turned to stone, out of doors; and you, dear, I will try to help out of this."

"Well, if you must, you must," said the Princess; "and as let as see if we can't hit on a plan. Now, you must do as I tell you, and mind and listen to what he and I talk about. But, pray, do as said in a minute."

So he crept under the bed, and he had scarce got well underneath it before the Giant came.

"Ha!" cried the Giant, "I smell, I smell, a child of Christian blood there is in the house!"

"Yes, I have had a little boy here, Princess, "for there came a magpie flying with a man's bone, and let it fall down the chimney. I made all the haste I could to get it, but all one got to the end, the small dosn't go off so soon."

So the Giant said no more about it, and when night came, they went to bed. After they had lain a while, the Princess said,

"There is a thing I should be so glad to ask you about, if I only dared."

"What thing, my love?" asked the Giant.

"Only where it is you keep your heart, since you don't carry it about you," said the Princess.

"Ah! that's the thing you'll be wanting to ask about; but if you must know, it lies under the apple-tree," said the Giant.

"Ho! ho!" said Boots to himself, under the bed; "then we'll soon see if we can't find it."

Next morning the Giant got up early early, and strode off to the wood; but she was hardly out of the house before Boots was up and at work to look under the door-sill for his heart; but the more they dug, and the more they hunted, the less could they find it.

"He has hidden us this time," said the Princess; "but we'll try him once more."

So she picked all the prettiest flowers she could find, and strewed them over the door-sill, and they had all just got in right place again; and when the time came for the Giant to come home again, Boots crept under the bed, and the Princess under, back came the Giant.

Snuff—snuff, went the Giant's nose. "My eyes and limbs, what a smell of Christian blood there is in here," said he.

"I know there is," said the Princess, "for there came a magpie flying with a man's bone in his bill, and let it fall down the chimney. I made as much haste as I could to get it out, but I dare say it's that you smell.

So the Giant held his peace, and said no more about it. A little while after, he asked who it was that had strewed flowers about the door-sill.

"Oh, I, of course," said the Princess.

"And, pray, what's the meaning of all this?" said the Giant.

"Ah!" said the Princess, "I'm so fond of you that I couldn't help strewing them, when I knew that your heart lay under there."

"You don't say so," said the Giant; "but after all it doesn't lie there at all."

So when they went to bed again in the evening, the Princess asked the Giant again where his heart was, for she said she would so like to know.

"Well," said the Giant, "if you must know, it lies away yonder in the cupboard against the wall."

"So, so," thought Boots and the Princess, "then we will soon try to find it."

Next morning the Giant was away early, and strode off to the wood, and as soon as he was gone Boots and the Princess were in the cupboard hunting for his heart, but the more they sought for it, the less they found it.

"Well," said the Princess, "we'll just try him once more."

So she decked out the cupboard with flowers and garlands, and when the time came for the Giant to come home, Boots crept under the bed again.

Then back came the Giant.

Snuff—snuff—snuff! "My eyes and limbs, what a smell of Christian blood there is in here!"

"I know there is," said the Princess; "for a little while since there came a magpie flying with a man's bone in his bill, and let it fall down the chimney. I made as much haste as I could to get it out, but I dare say it's that you smell.

So the Giant held his peace, and said no more about it. A little while after, he asked who it was that had strewed flowers about the door-sill.

"And, pray, what's the meaning of all this?" said the Giant.

"Ah!" said the Princess, "I'm so fond of you that I couldn't help strewing them, when I knew that your heart lay under there."

"You don't say so," said the Giant; "but after all it doesn't lie there at all."

So when they went to bed again in the evening, the Princess asked the Giant again where his heart was, for she said she would so like to know.

"Well," said the Princess, "I will just try him once more."

So she decked out the cupboard with flowers and garlands, and when the time came for the Giant to come home, Boots crept under the bed again.

Then back came the Giant.

Snuff—snuff—snuff! "My eyes and limbs, what a smell of Christian blood there is in here!"

"I know there is," said the Princess; "for a little while since there came a magpie flying with a man's bone in his bill, and let it fall down the chimney. I made as much haste as I could to get it out, but I dare say it's that you smell.

So the Giant held his peace, and said no more about it. A little while after, he asked who it was that had strewed flowers about the door-sill.

"Oh, I, of course," said the Princess.

"And, pray, what's the meaning of all this?" said the Giant.

"Ah!" said the Princess, "I'm so fond of you that I couldn't help strewing them, when I knew that your heart lay under there."

"You don't say so," said the Giant; "but after all it doesn't lie there at all."

So when they went to bed again in the evening, the Princess asked the Giant again where his heart was, for she said she would so like to know.

"Well," said the Princess, "I will just try him once more."

So she decked out the cupboard with flowers and garlands, and when the time came for the Giant to come home, Boots crept under the bed again.

Then back came the Giant.

Snuff—snuff—snuff! "My eyes and limbs, what a smell of Christian blood there is in here!"

"I know there is," said the Princess; "for a little while since there came a magpie flying with a man's bone in his bill, and let it fall down the chimney. I made all the haste

THE LATE FIRE IN BROOKLYN.

On Sunday morning, 6th inst., at about 4 A.M., the corner house, Fulton Avenue and Elm Place, Brooklyn, was discovered to be on fire. The fire appears to have originated in the second or third story. The ground floor was occupied as a confectionery store. The rest of the building was the residence of a family of the name of Gill. Mr. Gill himself was absent from the city; his brother and a gentleman of the name of Graves were sleeping in the house. They state that they were awakened by the smoke about four in the morning. Mr. Graves tied the bed-clothes together, and endeavored to let himself down by them; they gave way, and he fell to the sidewalk, though without sustaining fatal injuries. Mr. T. Gill, on rising from his bed, leaped out of the window and was much hurt. Both he and Mr. Graves appear to have been paralyzed by panic.

The first firemen who arrived on the spot heard cries from persons in the interior of the building and endeavored to make their way up stairs. They were prevented by the dense smoke and flame, and were compelled to retreat. Before they could procure ladders to reach the windows it was too late. The few by-standers who were present report that they saw a girl, who proves to have been a servant, get out of a fourth story window, and endeavor to let herself down by the bed-clothes. Just as she was leaving the window the flames burst out of it; she was forced to let go her hold, and she fell to the ground, dislocating her thigh and otherwise injuring herself—It is feared, fatally. Mrs. Gill herself was seen, in an imploring attitude, at the window of her room. Her cries were distinctly heard by the persons outside. Once she approached the window as if to make her escape. But the next moment she fell backward; and five or six minutes afterward, when the fire had been so far subdued as to permit the firemen to enter the building, she, and her two little children, and the maid-servant were all found dead on the floor of the bedroom, near the window. The verdict of the doctors was, that they had perished by suffocation. The children were somewhat burned, and all were blackened by the fire; but it appeared that those injuries could not have destroyed life, and the probability is that they were inflicted after death.

The frightful catastrophe should be a warning to every one to exercise unusual care in guarding against fire. The building in which these poor creatures lived was saved. Yet at least four lives were lost, and two others are in a precarious condition. Every well-ordered house should have a fire-escape outside of the building. A ladder, securely fastened at the top, and placed against a window so bolted on the inside that burglars could not open it from outside, is an excellent thing; it will be still further improved if a piece of canvas be stretched along the ladder on the under side: so that by having a few pillows down first, even young children may be allowed to slide down without touching the bars. The English have a fire-escape which is a sort of rope-ladder, fastened at the top and let down by cutting a cord. Any of these are better than no escape at all.

THE OPEN POLAR SEA.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly.

DETROIT, *January*, 1859.

IN running over your valuable *Weekly* for January 29, I find the notice of a new Arctic Expedition. I am sorry to say it is a great mistake in sending a sailing vessel. Nothing can be done without steam; for what can you do with a sailing vessel in a calm or light winds? A good propeller is the craft for my choice. There is plenty of coal and wood in that country.

I was in the Polar Sea several seasons with Captain Scoresby, Jun., and *was in that open sea*. Our orders were to get whales, and not to explore. Captain Scoresby made a proposal to the British Government to explore the Polar region; but they could not agree, so he declined the undertaking of the surveys.

Captain Scoresby and I fully agree that there is a large open Polar Sea about seven degrees around the Pole. The compass has no action over it. We have just reason for so stating. The amphibious tribe can and live under the ice—they must have clear water to spout in. We never find them in the south waters, only single large whales scattered here and there. They are all, except the sperm, up the country on regular feeding banks, where the water is green and dirty-looking. Seals we fell in with when we first made the ice, about the 6th of April. The best time of the season for killing seals is when it is very cold, and ice is making fast.

One reason we were burst for about seven weeks. About the middle of May we were in lat. 79° 18′ N., on good fishing ground. Got four whales the first day. Saw of whales, four, six, seven, and eight feet—whalebone all about the middle size. It became calm, freezing hard, and we got no more whales. The ice made to fast in four days that the whales, and unicorns, etc., left us: the ice was too strong: they could not get vent to blow. We are confident they go north, where it is more temperate, and where the sea does not freeze for the year round. Make a fair calculation of the great volcanic powers and boiling springs that are in operation in the Polar regions, and particularly in the eastern hemisphere. These may have some effect on the water, for there are no such large icebergs in East Greenland as there are in the western seas.

I remain yours respectfully,

CAPTAIN F. P.

AN INTERVIEW WITH BARON HUMBOLDT.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly.

BERLIN, 1859.

* * * * YESTERDAY, through the kindness of the American Minister, Governor Wright, we had the pleasure of an interview with Baron von Humboldt, at his residence in this city. You are probably aware that for years Humboldt has been more accessible to Americans than any other people, partly because he is conscious of the deep interest we, as a nation, feel in him, but chiefly on account of his sympathy with our republican institutions, and his love of freedom in its highest, noblest sense. Till within a short time a note addressed to him by an American, accompanied by the card of our Minister, would procure an interview. An acquaintance, amounting almost to friendship, has sprung up between our wide representative and himself; and several times, even when his state of health would scarcely warrant it, he has at the solicitation of the Governor met the Americans at the legation, and they have been presented to him. During the last few months, however, his feebleness has prevented him from making or even receiving many visits, and absolute seclusion has been at times the fiat of his physician.

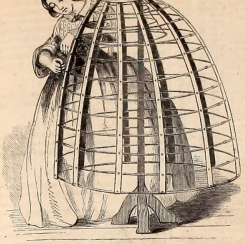
Last week, Friday, Governor Wright called at his residence to inquire after his health, and finding it improving, left word with his servant that he should be pleased to present an American lady and gentleman, and the grandson of John Quincy Adams (a young man pursuing the study of law in the University here) to his Excellency at any hour designated. The next morning the servant brought word that the Baron would be happy to see us at twelve o'clock the following Monday. At the hour appointed we stepped before his house, which is not a very imposing edifice, being but two stories, and perfectly plain. A few years ago it was to be sold, and Humboldt feared he would be obliged to vacate his old apartments; when a wealthy banker stepped forward, purchased it, and sent the Baron a life lease. We were received at the door by the servant, who conducted us through the anteroom and library, packed round with books and loaded with curiosities from every quarter of the globe, to the study, which was plainly but comfortably furnished in the simplest style. The Baron received us very cordially as we came in, offering his hand to each in succession, and then, leading the way, had us all sit close round his arm-chair, like children at the feet of a patriarch. In stature he is below medium size, but erect in plain black, and wears a large white handkerchief about the neck to protect his throat. He did not seem as feeble as I supposed; many men of seventy appear as aged, and remember his ninetieth, year is rolling by; his step was not tottering, nor did his mind appear to have yielded a whit to time. His eye is dark blue, not fiery, but bright as a boy's; and in his conversation his face lights up till you almost forget his age. The most striking feature is his massive forehead, broad, deep, and overhanging. Sealed with learning accumulated during almost a century, and even now holding its treasures perfectly available.

Our conversation was carried on partly in English and partly in German, he speaking English very well, but understanding the German sounds rather better on account of a slight defect in his hearing. He spoke of his love for America and Americans, and of their kindly interest in him. In referring to a present lately received from the President, and to his letter of acknowledgment, in which he had spoken in the highest terms of the American Minister, he remarked: "What I said about your Excellency in my letter to Mr. Buchanan is true, and what we all think." A compliment worthy of our representative, and which could not have come from a more gratifying source. He also asked Governor Wright if he could send him a copy of the President's Message, adding that he had read it in the English papers, but feared it might have been mutilated. Governor Wright took occasion to thank him for his autograph, which he had expressed his willingness to give him for a lady friend, when Humboldt turned to my wife and said: "I should be very happy, madame, to put my autograph to my portrait for you; and shall I write my name simply, or can I have the pleasure of writing, 'remembrance of Humboldt?'" This morning we received the photograph, and below his has written, "Homage of affection from Baron von Humboldt." The only Germanism I noticed was his compliming us on our ability in speaking his language; which perhaps was to be accounted for, because we talked very little. We sat and looked, and thought what a lovely old man he was, so simple and modest; one whose greatness has not made his nobleness of heart, but nobleness of heart has rendered still greater.

On parting he followed us to the door, shook hands with all, and remarked to Mr. Adams that he wished he would send him a letter, and would like to remember that the grandson of President Adams had called upon him. While lingering a few moments in the library to see the books, the Baron came out to show us a very interesting specimen of copper, and turned so long to talk in the cold room that we were impelled to intimate our fears for his health. Again we took him adieu and closed our interview. He can not last much longer. His advanced age forbids the hope. He says himself that he shall die during the winter.

We can never forget our visit, nor, I think, will it hereafter be deemed a light privilege to have seen and talked familiarly in his own home with the immortal Humboldt.

SHOCKING SCENE AT A FIRE IN BROOKLYN, N. Y., ON FEBRUARY 6, 1859.



THE "INDESTRUCTIBLE" SKIRT.

EMPLOYMENT OF WOMEN.

ARTICLE IV.

THOMSON'S CROWN-SKIRT FACTORY.

THE accompanying illustrations will introduce our readers to another of the great manufacturing establishments of New York—Thomson's Skirt Factory; an establishment which provides healthy and lucrative employment for one thousand girls, and furnishes an indispensable article of dress to from three thousand to four thousand ladies daily.

The manufacture of hoop skirts has been heretofore described in this journal. We need only add here that the peculiarities of Messrs. Thomson's manufactures appear to be an "eyelet fastening," by which the tapes and hoops of skirts are fastened, and which is said to be industriously; a watch-spring contrivance, by whose aid a "graceful backward fall" is said to be given to the dress; a "slide" which will not slip; and a "skirt-supporter," which obviates pressure on the lower part of the trunk, and throws the weight of all the skirts upon the shoulders.

The number of girls employed by the Messrs. Thomson will average, as we said, one thousand. The wages of these girls vary, of course, according to their experience, industry, and skill. Smart girls, we are told, can easily make $4 a week, and a salary as high as $16 is paid at least in one instance. Four dollars a week, it must hardly be remarked, is very fair remuneration for labor which is neither excessive nor unhealthy. Most of the girls who work in this factory have been taken from the ranks of plain sewers, and educated to the hoop skirt manufacture. The whole establishment is under the superintendence of a woman, who from the first has exercised control over the employment of hands, the arrangement of work, and the remuneration paid. Even the accountants of the factory are women.

The quantities of raw material consumed in these large establishments are enormous. Of steel-spring wire over 500,000 yards, and of tape 150,000 yards, are used per week, making together a line long enough to reach from New York to Boston. Five hundred labor-saving machines of various kinds are in constant use; many of which produce effects almost magical. One clasp-cutting machine, for instance, produces the incredible number of 200 clasps a minute. Nor is this enormous supply excessive; for over 250,000 clasps, slides, and eyelets are swallowed up in hoop skirts daily.

The revilers of the hoop will thus perceive that it is, after all, an institution not wholly useless, inasmuch as in this establishment alone it feeds, clothes, and warms over one thousand females, many of whom have children or aged persons depending on them. We are glad to hear that the profits of the manufacture are going to produce yet another benefit. The Messrs. Thomson, we understand, contemplate the establishment of a library for their employés, and likewise propose to have a competent lecturer give, in one of the great halls of their establishment, a course of free lectures to the girls and their friends. This is not such a heartless age after all.

OUR SPECIAL PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

War Rumors—Are American Gentlemen inferior to the same Class in Europe?—Pre-eminence of American Ladies—European Belles in the United States—An American Hostess who will not receive Americans—Difficulties of getting into Good Society—A Soiree in the Faubourg St. Germain—La Coiffure Marie Louise—American Society at Paris—Death of Mr. Van Rensselaer—American extravagance Abroad, etc., etc.

PARIS, *January* 20, 1859.

AFTER a week of violent agitation and commotion in all Europe, it seems to be decided that, for the present, peace is not to be disturbed. It is said that, in this country, the reports from the Departments of the extreme unpopularity of the prospect of war has induced the Emperor to pause in his intentions and reconsider his daring projects, about not much given to such forbearance. But all this —is it not written in thousands of articles daily proceeding from the French and English newspapers?

I am making myself young again, and going into the world, for the sake of my friend Frank, to whom I introduced you last week, and in whom I trust you and your readers will feel an interest, as I do. I have long been endeavoring to ascertain what reason there is for the general idea that American gentlemen are inferior to others of their class in Europe in character, manners, deportment, appearance—in a word, in all that constitutes a gentleman. I so constantly hear it said, "Oh, the American women are charming, but spare me from the men!" Certainly this is not true of them in youth and early manhood; impossible to be better looking, better mannered, or more gentlemanly than Frank or others of his age and class. The deterioration must be the result of after influences too numerous and complicated to be fully dwelt upon here. I acknowledge that a few years does seem too often to transform these pleasing youths into cumbersome, loose principled, loose mannered men, who appear to look upon life either as a keen race for dollars, or a lounge in which to smoke cigars and drink brandy and water. The personal attractions of American women seem to be uncontested, and so, I think, must be their cleverness and tact, and power of moving "circumstance, the unpractical gods," to their own will and pleasure; by any one who, looking on the best circles of Paris society, sees most conspicuous there "American" or things implied there by the obstinacy and perseverance of American mothers; and I am bound to say that, in most instances, this eminence has been attained without any sacrifice of that preeminence in purity of conduct and strictness of moral principle which was formerly the proudest distinction of American women.

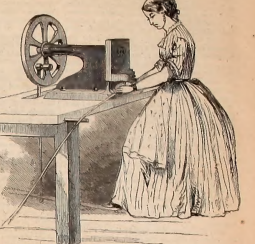
When I went back to the United States, ten years ago, I must say I was rather shocked at what seemed to be a change in this respect, and a rapid importation and growing exhibition of European ideas, vices, and follies; but I hope it was only a fashion and a way, put on with the coiffure and the flounces, and not affecting the true worth and right feeling of the darling creatures. But to return to Paris.

It is curious enough that the only house where I have been refused an invitation for our friend Frank is an American one, and that upon the plea of his being an "American!" The lady, who has a fine hotel, where she receives once a week all pleasant, musical, and dancing parties all the best French and English society, candidly told me that she had made it a rule not to extend her acquaintance among her own country people. There were some of these whom she had known in other days whom she continued to see; but she said, "Americans are envious and scandalous, and if one has any thing in the past to discredit one, they are sure to fasten upon and to circulate it. If my father had happened to be a grocer, or my mother a milliner, I do not wish to have the fact told in my own drawing-rooms and to those whose social position has always been so established that they would consider it as a detraction from my merits."

"No," she added, "I am sorry to refuse you, and I have no doubt your young gentleman is very nice; but I must abide by my rule."

This lady prefers English society. Other American houses will receive only French, and no English duke or lord, however magnificent, can break their resolution to exclude all *his* countrymen. Others, again, open their salons to all of every nation who are properly presented, or who have any claim to the distinction; and these, I must say, are the most agreeable houses, and I see this is the impression also they have made upon Frank.

We dined together last week in the Faubourg St. Germain, where the host, himself of one of the oldest French families, had married a lady with genuine *American blood* in her veins, and who, by that right or some other, has managed to possess herself of all the graces and virtues that can adorn and dignify her sex. It is impossible to describe the charm and fascination of a social circle such as was here assembled. One of the sisters of the house who was there, the young Countess de ——, is the beauty of the day. A blonde, rosy and round in form, with soft, large blue eyes and dimpled shoulders, and her magnificent fair hair arranged



THE CLASP-CUTTING MACHINE.

in a new way, which I must describe for the benefit of her sister beauties chez rose. The hair is all turned back from the forehead and plaited into one long, luxurious tress, which is brought around the head, and a double bow or knot, made of the tress, is placed in the middle, just above the forehead. It is called *la coiffure Marie Louise*, and the effect is novel, but, to the pretty, very becoming. The dress of this lady was of white tarlatane, with ten or twelve narrow flounces, each edged with black lace; over which hung also eight rich black lace veils upon the sleeves, and a sash of the same around the waist and tied in a bow in front, and a small bunch of red flowers placed low at the back of the head. I have given all those details because the costume is of the simplest, and the lady, as I said before, the "Cynthia of the minute." Another sister of the house, also a renowned beauty, appeared in a white tarlatane *en-suite*—a simple tulle cap with roses, and gray silk robe Montanna—and busied herself with some subscriber list we could suppose for a charity fancy sale.

The charm of these reunions is the simplicity, ease, and sociable manners which prevail, and which, in my experience, I have ever found united with the highest birth and highest breeding, and I thought Frank was compensated on this occasion for the loss of our country-woman's party—which he had been refused, and which was on the same evening.

Many of the usual American *habitues* of Paris are this winter at Pau, in the South, where they are amusing themselves in dancing and hunting, shooting and riding, in a manner which astonishes the more sober English and French visitors who are every year collected in that place, attracted by the beautiful scenery and salubrious climate. The recent death of Mr. Van Benschoter will throw a gloom over these festivities, which an English lady who lives there had previously described to me "as being a most memorable season in Americans."

What I can not forgive my country people is the senseless extravagance in living they indulge in wherever they go, spoiling and corrupting the habits of all around them, and making their existence ease and exacting for others who may not be so able to afford it. Now the Kentucker will have a variety of good things and good cooks—excellent game —fish from Bayonne—truffles—fruit, abundant and first-rate. I have myself been content to eat satisfied with this, but will send to Paris for their dinners and suppers; they are exorbitant even for their apartments, and exorbitant wages to servants; and so next year proportionate expenses will be so enormous as all to be quite unbearable. This lady writes to me "that the splendor of the evening parties of your country women is not to be rivaled by the splendor of their beauty." How I wish they would content themselves with letting the latter display the best charms of the women of the earth, which they owe to their natural perfections, and would not indulge in such extravagances of the toilet or the table! But it is vain to preach to them; "they will not hear my voice," etc.—very true, they hear louder voices, which persuade them that even in a provincial town like Pau they must have as much display as Laura's every week, a new dress from Roger's for every evening, their wines from Falin, and that when we leave Paris it is to return to these occupations. Adieu.

THE WEEKLY FARMER.

SUBSOIL PLOWING.

BEFORE commencing spring work it will be well to consider which lands should, and which should not, be subsoiled.

From the days of Jethro Tull until within the last twenty-five or thirty years the farmers of England were content, in common with those of other countries, to stir the immediate surface of the soil, and were not aware that a greater depth of disturbance would secure a larger and better result. Indeed, it was generally believed that the whole matter which was fertilizing plants was confined to the immediate surface, or that portion known as loam—as was given, until very recently, to the disturbed portion only—which, by the combined influences of sun, air, and decay of vegetation, changed into loam. The fact that the unstirred parts of the soil beneath these points were all to be found as good as the integrants of loam, and scarcely known, and still less so that they could not be absorbed by them, and thus go to make up their structure, and acted on by a variety of influences caused by atmospheric contact and the presence of manure, and the like, was long unknown to her. Liebig first exposed the true value of the inorganic substances of the soil, or those parts which were said to remain after the result of plowing. The farmers slowly yielded their long-cherished belief that the black portion of the soil was the food of their plants. These new doctrines gave rise to the use of a subsoil plow, which, without elevating the subsoil to the surface, disturbed it in place, and permitted a free circulation of atmosphere between its particles. The deep cuts made by the plow also acted in degree as under-drains, and permitted, under some special conditions of surface-work on the slope of hills, etc.—redundant water to pass away. Air necessarily entered, and chemical changes experienced in the surface of the soil by the subsoil were soon conditioned so as to sustain roots, and they passed into it to greater depths than had been before known. These, in turn, absorbed from the subsoil larger quantities of inorganic matter, rendered soluble by chemical changes consequent upon moisture and air. The constituents were taken into the plants above, and portions not marketable as crops, decayed in the upper soil, adding to the greasy, unctuous, organic matter new portions of inorganic food for future crops. Plants had longer roots as well as greater number of fibrils, and larger crops was the consequence. The decay of these roots in the soil left tubes to great depths; the atmosphere could come in laden with gases, ready from vegetable decomposition required by plants; rains and dews, which in a thin mere surface cultivation would be driven nature from the atmosphere, descended into the subsoils, which gradually changed color so as to take deep fawny hues in localities where previously sparse, shallow-rooted crops could be grown. All this was known to a limited extent in England before he was awakened to action; and even now, when every truly practical farmer owns a subsoil plow, he can tell you of some neighbor who cautioned him against its use, and who insisted that the deep disturbance of his soil would kill it. He manures fitter downward; forgetting that, if that were true, every soil would be the richest near the bottom of the valley—every spring would be a cesspool, and every rivulet but an organic channel-conveyance. But the wisdom of the ages has rendered the carbon and alumina of the soil, after proper exposure to atmospheric influences, capable of receiving and assimilating all the results of decay; and the value of a farm must depend upon the depth to which its surface by cultivation is rendered capable of performing this peculiar function.

Thoroughly subsoil-plowed lands soon become capable of deeper surface plowing, without injuring the crops; and if under-drained, they will, in the perfection of the very principles presented in the theory of subsoil plowing, thus still further beautifully assisted, and thus the expenses of teams, the wear and tear of agricultural implements, and the laborious toil, which the quality of every land per quantity, are so augmented thus, per bushel or per pound, they will be reduced to the minimum.

It has been said, and probably with truth, that if the subsoil plows and under-drains of England had not been introduced up to the time that the law of land under cultivation could not have sustained the population. Fifteen years ago a subsoil plow in the State of ——— as many subsoil plows as there are now foundries for casting them; and when a friend of the first inventor offered a subsoil plow he had not a neighbor who had seen one. We suppose this may be said of some farms or in every county in the United States within the last twenty-five years.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Saturday, Feb. 12, 1859.*

THE Wholesale Produce Markets have been more freely supplied with flour, at easier prices, but the demand has been moderate. The principal varieties of Grain have been held with very great tenacity, and business has been restricted.....Cotton has been less active to-day, and has declined.....Provisions have been actively inquired for, and prices close very firmly.....Sugars, Teas, and Rice have been in limited request. Coffee and Molasses have been lightly dealt in. Prices, however, are firmly held.....Tobacco, Spices, Petroleum, Hops, Iron, Lead and Tin, Leather, Wool, Hides, Linseed, Whale, and Sperm Oils, Tallow, Tobacco, and Coal have been largely sought after and firmly held.....Fish, Fruit, Hay, Hemp, Seeds, Spices, and Whisky have been in limited request. We append a carefully revised list of the closing quotations for the leading articles:

Ground Shaker, per bbl.	$4 00	@ $ 5 00
Superfine to extra State, per barrel	4 10	@ 5 00
Superfine to fancy Western, per barrel	4 10	@ 5 00
Extra Western, per barrel	5 05	@ 5 15
Fancy to extra Genesee, per barrel	5 15	@ 5 75
Extra Canadian, per barrel	5 05	@ 5 75
Fancy to superfine Canadian, per barrel	4 75	@ 5 00
Fancy to Superfine Rye Flour, per bbl.	3 80	@ 4 25
Corn Meal, per barrel	3 00	@ 4 25
White Wheat, per bushel	1 40	@ 1 45
Red Wheat, per bushel	1 30	@ 1 40
Mixed Western, per bushel	1 30	@ 1 37
Rye, per bushel	78	@ 80
Barley, per bushel	1 00	@ 1 05
Western Oats, per bushel	41	@ 44
State Oats, per bushel	43	@ 46
Jersey and Penn. Oats, per bushel	50	@ 55
Southern Oats, per bushel	45	@ 50
Cotton, middlings, per pound	11	@ 11
Mess Pork, per barrel	16 25	@ 16 62½
Clear Pork, per barrel	17 00	@ 17 50
Country Mess Beef, per barrel	9 00	@ 9 75
Cut Meats, per pound	11	@ 12
Lard, per pound	12½	@ 12½
Ham Barrel, per lb	12	@ 13
Western Butter, per pound	11	@ 20
Rhine, per pound	20	@ 25
Rice, per 100 pounds	3 25	@ 4 25
Cheese, per pound	10	@ 12
Corn Sugar, per pound	6½	@ 8
Raw Sugar, per pound	7	@ 8
New Orleans Sugar, per pound	7½	@ 8
Porto Rico Sugar, per pound	8½	@ 9
Crown Sugar, per pound	9	@ 9½
Golden Syrup, per pound	3½	@ 4
Molasses, Muscovado, per gallon	27	@ 28
Hops, new, per pound	10	@ 14
Hops, old, per pound	5	@ 8
Hay, per 100 pounds	70	@ 85
Tobacco, per pound	11½	@ 18
Crude Turpentine, per 280 pounds	3 75	@ 3 81
Rosin, Strained, per pound	2 50	@ 2 62½
Tar, per barrel	1 87½	@ 2 00
Pitch, per 280 pounds	2 25	@ 2 31
Linseed Oil, per gallon	79	@ 81
Kentucky Tobacco, per pound	9½	@ 13
Seed Leaf Tobacco	9	@ 50
American Fleece Wool, per pound	35	@ 56
Pulled Wool	25	@ 40

The Country Produce Markets have been quiet, during the week, and Butter, Cheese, Vegetables, and Poultry have been generally freely offered. Some new Salad and Bird Seeds have been received from Europe.....Vegetables, Poultry and game have been also abundant and quoted at prices as follows: Potatoes advanced slightly.....Beets and Onions have attracted less attention.

Apples, new, per barrel	$2 50 @ $ 5 00
Chickens, per bushel	3 00 @ 3 50
Hickory Nuts, per bushel	2 00 @ 2 25
Potatoes, per barrel	3½ @ 4 00
Potatoes, sweet, per barrel	3 00 @ 4 00
Onions, per barrel	3 00 @ 3 50
Turnips, per barrel	75 @ 87½
Carrots, per barrel	1 00 @ 1 25
Parsnips, per barrel	87½ @ 1 00
Cranberries, per bbl.	3 00 @ 4 00
Celery, per bunch	6 @ 12½
Celery, tops, per dozen bunches	75 @ 1 00
Celery, fancy, per dozen bunches	1 50 @ 2 00
Garlic, per 100 bunches	5 00 @ 6 00
Salad, per bunch	6 @ 12½
Salad, per 100 bunches	4 00 @ 5 00
Cabbages, per 100 heads	4 00 @ 6 00
Eggs, N. Y. and N. J., per dozen	14 @ 20
Eggs, Western, mixed, per dozen	14 @ 20
Chickens, per pair	50 @ 75
Fowls, per pair	8 @ 75
Fowls, per dozen	75 @ 1 00
Geese, per pound	7 @ 10
Turkeys, per pound	10 @ 12½
Ducks, per pound	16 @ 20
" per pair	62½ @ 1 00
" wigeon, per pair	62½ @ 81
Pigeons, per dozen	2 00 @ 3 00
Partridge, per pair	75 @ 87½
Prairie Hens, per pair	75 @ 87½
Rabbits, per pair	25 @ 37
Venison, per pound	10 @ 12½
Woodcock, per pair	50 @ 75
Bear's Meat, per pound	10 @ 15½

ADVERTISEMENTS.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.—Whenever a hoarseness or Bronchial affection of the Throat, will find them "Troches" a most admirable remedy. Indeed, in the cases of public speakers and singers it is found to be invaluable. They can be had of all druggists in the United States. They are for sale in Montreal by Lyman, Sons, & Co. Wholesale Agents, and in Toronto by Hime, Bros. & Co. Wholesale Agents. Price 25 cents per box.—*Montreal Journal of Commerce.*

WORTHY OF NOTE for *Coughs, Colds, and Consumption.*— Rev. Dr. LYMAN BEECHER, New York, says: "Sanford's Liver Inv'gor or Vegetable *Pulmonary Balsam* myself, with benefit, in catarrhal coughs and colds, and have known it to be used with good effect in the early stages of Pulmonary affections in families around me."

Owing to an unprecedented and increasing necessity of the Liver Invigorator, there are many counterfeits and imitations, against which the public are cautioned. Inquire for the article by its WHOLE NAME,

"SANFORD'S LIVER INV'GOR OR PULMONARY BALSAM."

Prepared only by REED, CUTLER & CO., Druggists, Fulton Street, New York. Sold by dealers generally.

BARNES & PARK, Agents, New York.

LIGHT, LESTER & BRADBURY'S

PIANO FORTES,

281 and 283 Washington street, Brooklyn.

HENRY H. HOOPER, Jr., Agent.

PREMATURE LOSS OF THE HAIR, WHICH is sometimes occasioned by fever or debility prevented by the use of *Burnett's Cocoaine*. It has been used in thousands of cases where the hair was empty or on its inception and has never failed to restore its decay, and to promote a healthy and vigorous growth. It is, at the same time, unrivaled as a dressing for the hair. For sale by druggists and fancy goods dealers everywhere.

WANT FREE TO ANY ADDRESS.

OUR DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE, containing all the new and Standard Books in the day, also greater inducements to Book buyers than ever before offered. Address EVANS & CO.,

677 BROADWAY,

NEW YORK.

ONE HUNDRED SONGS OF SCOTLAND. Price 99 cents.

BEAUTIES OF CALEDONIA, with a Portrait of BURNS. Price 99 cents.

Published by OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.

$15 A MONTH.—MUSIC FOR THE MILLION.—THE GENTLE ANNIE MELODIST continue the WORDS and MUSIC of over 60 of the popular Songs of the day. Sent by mail for 15 cents.

Address

GENTLE ANNIE MELODIST, No. 2.

FIRTH, POND, & CO.,

547 Broadway, New York.

WHOLESALE BUYERS

For Cash and on Short Time,

Are invited to examine the New and beautiful Stock of the Subscribers, consisting of

RIBBONS,

DRESS TRIMMINGS

and LACES,

including a handsome line of

LACE MANTILLAS,

all of the best makes and of their own importation.

MITCHELL & McLINTOCK,

159 Broadway, New York.

A few doors below Branch.

STANDARD ELEGANT AND VALUABLE WORKS.

I.—A NEW HISTORY OF THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO. In 3 vols. 8vo. This is the longest History of that remarkable event—the Cortez Conquest of Mexico.

Cloth, $6 00; Sheep, $7 50; Half Calf, $9 00; Turkey Gilt, $9 00; Morocco, $9 00.

II.—THE CITY OF THE GREAT KING. By Dr. J. CUMMING, author of "Apocalyptic Sketches," etc. Second and Revised Edition. 12mo. Price $1 00.

"Published from proof sheets of Modern Jerusalem just given in the English Language."—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

The above works are uniform in size and style.

Post-paid on receipt of the price, by

JAMES CHALLEN & SON, No. 50 South Sixth Street, Philadelphia.

SHELDON & CO., No. 115 Nassau Street, N. Y.

HOSFORD'S Agency, for Patents, 16 Washington Street, Boston.

DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.

In the whole history of medical discoveries, to remedy has performed so many or such remarkable cures of all affections of the *Throat, Lungs, and Chest*: of *Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Croup, Asthma, Pulmonary Affections, and Consumption*, as this long tried, and justly celebrated Balsam.

Prepared and sold by SETH W. FOWLE, and genuine has the written signature of "I. *Butts*," as well as the printed name of the deceased, affixed to the "Wistar's Balsam," on the outer wrapper. *For sale every where.*

SENT POST-PAID ON RECEIPT OF THE PRICE.

NOW IN ILLUSTRATED

RURAL MANUALS!

These volumes are devoted to a popular exposition of the more important branches of Rural Economy and Rural Art: thus promoting public taste, enhancing domestic comfort, and diminishing the expenses and increasing the profits of Rural Life and Industry. They are adapted to all sections—Southern as well as Northern—in terms being faithfully represented therein. The series comprises:

THE HOUSE:

A Pocket Manual of Rural Architecture; or, How to Build Houses, Barns, and other Out-Buildings, with many Original Designs.

THE GARDEN:

Comprises Directions for the Cultivation of Kitchen Vegetables, Fruits, Flowers, and Ornamental Trees and Shrubs, and an exposition of the Laws of Vegetable Life and Growth.

THE FARM:

With Chapters on Agricultural Chemistry, Soils, Manures, Draining, Irrigation, Fencing, Farm Implements, etc. Illustrated.

DOMESTIC ANIMALS:

A Pocket Manual of Cattle, Horse, and Sheep Husbandry; with Directions for the Breeding and Management of Swine, Poultry, Pigeons, Rabbits, Dogs, etc. Illustrated with Numerous Figures of Animals, etc.

Price of each of the above, paper, 50 cts.; muslin, 75 cts.

THESE FOUR RURAL MANUALS,

Bound in one large, handsome gilt volume, may be had for $2 50. In forms of Rural Economy LESLEY'S RURAL AFFAIRS, and should have a place on the bookshelf of every resident of the country. Sent prepaid by FOWLER AND WELLS' PUBLISHING HOUSE,

No. 308 Broadway, New York.

JUST PUBLISHED.

SYMBOLS OF THE CAPITAL, OR, CIVILIZATION IN NEW YORK.

By A. D. MAYO.

CONTENTS:

I. The Hudson; or, Life in the Country.

II. The Sea and Shore; or, Life in Town.

III. The Forces of Free Labor.

IV. Man and Woman in Partnership.

V. The Gold Dollar.

VI. The Normal School and the Observatory.

VII. Podestry and Power.

VIII. The Ideal Life in Higher Law.

IX. The Studios; or, Art in New York.

X. The Professions; or, Culture for Use.

XI. Women in Society.

XII. The Influences over Religion in New York.

XIII. The Conclusion—Life and Death.

368 pages, 12mo.

Price $1 25. Full gilt $1 50.

THATCHER & HUTCHINSON,

No. 313 Broadway, N.Y. (Metropolitan Hotel.)

THIRD VOLUME. MARIE LOUISE HANKIN'S and FANNIE LUCILE'S

LITERARY GAZETTE.

Large Quarto Publication. Subscription Price for 1859. Best Writers, Fashions, Engravings, and Politics. 24 Colored 1857 Fashion Plates (the largest ever sent to any subscriber) during the year. Double covers and fine paper. Subscription Price, $2 00 per annum. Specimen copies issued every month. Subscribers can commence at any time to the full amount of the money they send. Indians & new subscribers will receive *the whole first year*, and specimen copy to examine. Agents paid well every where. Address

MARIE LOUISE HANKINS & CO.,

Office of "Daily Bonnet," Publishers, Buildings, N. Y.

THE EX-GOVERNOR'S WILL, a Great Original Novel, by MARIE LOUISE HANKINS, commences with the Volume.

BULWER'S NOVEL—COMPLETE.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

By Pisistratus Caxton.

A Novel,

By Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, Bart,

Author of

"My Novel," "The Caxtons," "Pelham," &c., &c.

Four Paper, 75 cents; Muslin, $1 00.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, New York.

** HARPER & BROTHERS will send the above Work by Mail, postage paid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the Price.

$50 — SINGER'S FAMILY SEWING MACHINES.

PRICE ONLY FIFTY DOLLARS.

For good work and good looks this machine is unequaled.

I. M. SINGER & CO., 409 Broadway.

EXHIBITION OF AMERICAN MANUFACTURES and Foreign Products. Now open at Metropolitan Hall, 1859. Admission 25 cents. Season Tickets, $1 00. Open from 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.

ELLIOT & PATTEN—Examine Inventions and procure Patents. Office, 245 Broadway, N. Y.

EMPLOYMENT.—$50 a Month.—A reliable agent AGENT is wanted in every Town and County in the United States to sell a new and useful article, and every business, by which the above profits may be certainly realized. Address, with stamp, PHILIPS BROWN, No. 2 Grand Street, Jersey City, N. J.

GREAT CURIOSITY.—Particulars *free*.—Agents wanted. SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Me.

AMERICAN GUANO.—To Farmers and Dealers in Guano.—This Guano, from Jarvis Island, in the Pacific Ocean, containing 30 per cent. of Phosphates and Sulphates of Lime, and the most valuable Ammoniacal properties, is for sale in lots of 50 tons and upwards at about two-thirds the price of Peruvian. For particulars address

J. MARSHALL,

Resident Agent of the American Guano Company,

20 WILLIAM STREET, NEW YORK.

Alice Learmont—38 Cents.

By the Author of "JOHN HALIFAX."

A HERO,
BREAD UPON THE WATERS,
ALICE LEARMONT.

Tales by Miss MULOCK.

Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," "Olive," "The Ogilvies," &c. &c.

Complete in one vol. 12mo, Muslin, price 50 cents; Paper Covers, 38 cents. New Edition. (Originally published in 1853.)

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS will send the above Work by Mail, postage paid (for any distance in the United States under 3000 miles), on receipt of Fifty Cents.

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES.

In point of beauty, durability, perfection of work, and capacity to perform every variety of sewing, no other sewing machines can compare with SINGERS. New and improved machines at greatly reducing prices.

I. M. SINGER & CO.,
458 Broadway.

W. S. & C. H. THOMSON'S
NEW SKIRTS FOR 1859.

THE INDESTRUCTIBLE
DOUBLE EXTENSION SKIRT,
WITH PATENT EYELET FASTENINGS,
Made without Sewing.

Universally pronounced "the most perfect Skirt ever made."

THE GOSSAMER EXPANSION,
The lightest and most graceful Skirt ever produced.

ALSO,
NELSON'S SKEAR SUPPORTERS,
By far the best Skirt Supporter yet invented.

For sale by the principal retailers every where.

W. S. & C. H. THOMSON,
233 Broadway, New York.

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES,

For all manufacturing purposes have a great reputation honestly earned. All the products of these machines are in active demand at extra prices.

I. M. SINGER & CO., 458 Broadway.

WHEELER & WILSON'S
SEWING MACHINES
PRICES GREATLY REDUCED.
Office 505 Broadway, New York.
SEND FOR A CIRCULAR.

ALWAYS GET THE BEST!

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER

Is not only the most complete, reliable, and popular AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY, and FAMILY NEWSPAPER published, but the only paper which gives prompt notice to *Horticulture, Rural Architecture, &c.* Its Horticultural Department is filled with Original Descriptions of Fruits, Flowers, Vegetables, &c., whether on a large or small scale.

THE PREMIUM PLANS OF FARM BUILDINGS

appearing in a recent volume of the work, and many hints its price to any one about to build or interested in Farm Architecture. Price of the Rural, Single copy, $2 per year. No. 1. Jan. 1st, is a perfect model, having received *first premium* over any other paper in the United States. Each Article was by a Specialist, and the Illustrations were the finest ever given in a Rural paper. Specimen numbers sent free. Premium and other copies, with large and fully descriptive Premium or other copy, at reduced prices of Rural and Suburban Buildings will be given as often as once a month, if desired.

OTHER IMPORTANT FEATURES!

The Rural is the paper we use for both self and family; whether residing in Town or Country, for while its Columns are full of Rural and Horticultural Matter, and Plans, its APPEARANCE is unique and attractive. It not only stands alone and above upon Agriculture, Horticulture, Rural Architecture, &c., but has many other distinct and carefully-conducted Departments—each under the headings as Domestic Economy, Educational, The Traveller, Ladies' Portfolio, Choice Miscellany, Humorous, Poetry, Useful Odds (Selectable), &c. The Story Teller, Tales, Sketches, &c., are of a high order—with a monthly Summary of the News, Market Reports, &c., &c. It answers the Questions of Correspondents, and publishes Communications on Subjects of Rural Interest. Its Editorials discussion than any other Rural Journal in the World in conclusive evidence of its power and influence and superiority. THE RURAL has subscribers in every State and Territory, the Canadas, &c., and is, therefore, a

A NATIONAL PAPER FOR THE TIMES!

Published Weekly, by D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y., and illustrated in superior style—at only $2 a year; 6 copies for $10; 8 for $12; 10 for $15; 20 for $25; 50 for $37 50. Liberal inducements to clubs, agents, &c. Back numbers furnished if desired. Specimens, Show Bills &c., sent free to all applicants.

D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y.

OUR NEW AND BEAUTIFUL FAMILY
$20 SEWING MACHINES $20.

Two Needles—Lock-Stitch—Self-Feed. Noiseless, Reliable, &c. The best machine adapted to family use and sent a month's trial allowed, from store or factory. WHEELER & CO., Agts., 505 Broadway, opposite St. Nicholas.

HUMPHREYS'
Specific Homeopathic Remedies,
For Domestic and Private Use,

Stand confessedly at the head of remedial means for the use of the people. They are alike removed from the pernicious, dangerous, and repulsive nature of poisonous or old-school practice, the nauseousness of water-cure, or the intricate and perplexing obscurities of the various Homeopathic books and medicines. Containing of simple specifics for each particular disease for which they are related; put up in the form of simple sugar pellets; and prepared and purchased with great care and accuracy, they are at once the ready resources of the parent at home, the shield of the traveller abroad, and the hope of the sick everywhere.

They are the only medicines ever offered to the American people adapted to their wants in which they have confidence. Simple in their preparation, and in their adaptation, reliable, prompt, efficient, and cheap, they are the only medicines which stand fearlessly before the community, and defy the world to produce their equal.

They have been tested by the popular verdict of many years, and the sales of some of them have reached the enormous aggregate of many millions of boxes.

They are sold by druggists generally throughout the country, or sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price.

LIST OF SPECIFIC REMEDIES.

No. 1. *Fever Pills*—For Fever, Congestion, and Inflammation of the Brain.

No. 2. *Worm Pills*—For Worm Fever, Worm Colic, and Worms in the Bowels.

No. 3. *Baby's Pills*—For Colic, Crying, Teething, and Disorders of Infants.

No. 4. *Diarrhœa Pills*—For Diarrhœa, Cholera Infantum, and Bowel Complaints of Children.

No. 5. *Dysentery Pills*—For Griping, Bilious Dysentery, or Bloody Flux.

No. 6. *Cholera Pills*—For Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Nausea, and Vomiting.

No. 7. *Cough Pills*—For Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Influenza, and Sore Throat.

No. 8. *Neuralgia Pills*—For Toothache, Faceache, and Neuralgia.

No. 9. *Headache Pills*—For Headache, Vertigo, Heat, and Fullness of the Head.

No. 10. *Dyspepsia Pills*—For Weak and Deranged Stomachs, Constipation, and Bilious Complaints.

No. 11. *Pain Pills*—For Rheumatism, Pain, Painful, or Suppressed Periods—Pain in the Back.

No. 12. *Salt Rheum Pills*—For Leucorrhœa, Profuse and Bloody Periods.

No. 13. *Croup Pills*—For Croup, Hoarse Cough, Difficult Breathing.

No. 14. *Salt Rheum Pills*—For Erysipelas, Eruptions, Pimples on the Face.

No. 15. *Rheumatic Pills*—For Pain, Lameness or Soreness in the Limbs, Back, Loins, or Kidneys.

A.—For Fever and Ague, Chill Fever, Dumb Ague, old misnamed Fever Ague.

P.—For Piles, Blind or Bleeding, Internal or External.

U.—For Ulcers, Sores, or Ulcerated Eyes and Mouth.

Failing, Weak, or Blurred Sight.

V.—For Vertigo, Dizziness, Swimming or rearet, either with Obstruction or profuse discharge.

W.—For Wetting the Bed, Involuntary, Loading Urinations and shortening its course.

In most diseases—such as Fevers, Inflammations, Diarrhœas, Dysentery, Croup, Rheumatism, and such like—the attendant symptoms are the disease, and require specifics—the advantages of giving the proper remedies, therefore, are obvious, as by their use the disease is checked at once.

Humphreys' Book Guide, which are of such frequent occurrence, and which so often lay the foundation of diseased lungs, bronchitis, consumption, &c., can be at once cured by the Fever and Cough Pills, and other remedies.

Cholera Infantum, Dysentery, Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Constipation, Bilious Complaints, Piles, Headache, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Sick or Weak Stomach, Sour Stomach, and all the fast expansion of the disease has engendered whose proper application will afford a cure in almost every instance. Often they are needed for chronic difficulty, such as Dyspepsia, Piles, or Catarrh, Headache, or Scrofula; nevertheless, has more than paid for the cost ten times over.

PRICES.

Full set, 20 large vials in Morocco Case and Book.... $10
Full set, 20 large vials in Cloth Case and Book..... 5
Case of 15 numbered boxes and Book 2 50
Case of any 9 numbered boxes and Book 1 25
Single numbered boxes, with directions..... ▪ 25
Single vials with directions..... 1 00
Large plantation or physician's case, 1 & 2 a vials 10 00
Sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price.

Look over the list; make up a case of what kind you choose, and keep it constantly on hand, or order one as it stands by mail to our address, at No. 562 Broadway, New York. Every article will be duly procured by mail or express, free of charge.

AGENTS WANTED.

We desire an active, efficient agent for the sale of our remedies, in every town or community in the United States. HUMPHREYS & CO.,
No. 562 Broadway, New York.

NEW YORK PURCHASING AGENCY.
W. M. LAPSLEY, No. 19 Nassau Street,

Will execute orders for Books, Stationery, and Paper Hangings of any articles, large or small, at the lowest cash prices. Orders by mail, addressed to a Carpet, can have their orders filled at the lowest cash prices, and forwarded at 5 per cent. commission charge. Refers to G. L. Sumner, Esq., Cashier Bank of Commerce, New York; Messrs. Swift & Sons, Hastings, Plimpton & Co., New York: J. D. Andrews & Co., Boston.

NEW BOOKS NOW READY.
NEW SCHOOL TALE.
ERIC; OR, LITTLE BY LITTLE.
A TALE OF ROSLYN SCHOOL.
By Frederick W. Farrar, Assistant Master, Harrow College, Cambridge. 1 vol. 18mo, Muslin. Price 50 cents. Uniform with "Tom Brown's School Days."

"It is pleasant to preface our notice of this work by a recommendation of it. We have read it with much interest and touching of books that it has ever been our lot to read. No book, since the advent of 'Tom Brown's School Days in Rugby,' has given such an admirable picture of inner school life."

Second,
MRS. UPHAM'S NOVEL.
SOUTHWOLD:
A TALE OF TWO COUNTRIES.
By Mrs. Lillie Devereux Umsted.
1 vol. 12mo, Muslin. Price $1 00.

"Southwold is a fiction of much more than ordinary merit. It has power and pathos, and tells the fortune of half a dozen fashionable novels. The society of which it treats is ambitious and intellectual; skill in each successive spring of its action is revealed, and its sketches in character are full of life and truth. The author has one of the brilliant and fascinating outside pen; both its wit and its humor are genuine, and it has a quick appreciation, one of the most unnecessarily managed and ridiculous things that ever were read."

☞ These books are sold by all Booksellers, and sent by mail, post-paid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.

PHILLIPS & CARLETON,
Publishers and Booksellers,
No. 130 Grand Street (Brooks' Building, corner of Broadway), New York.

DURIFIES THE BLOOD.

"B. F. Williams's Compound Syrup of Sarsaparilla and Iodide of Potassium" is a popular remedy for Scrofula, Tetter, Ringworm, Blotches on the Face, Inflammation of the Kidneys, Leucorrhœa, and like affections—diseases which require a powerful and searching Expurgation, and nothing is up in handsome style. Experience proves it to be unsurpassed by any known to the public.

WM. H. FOX,
NATCHEZ, MISS.

ACADEMY OF MEDICINE.

I desire the Students of this High School of Morals in Medicine to give the following their consideration. Ask me the sake of humanity!

REMEMBER—We can not be sick, we can have no pain, but when some natural circle for the blood's impurities is closed or inactive.

Dr. Hall's Pills of this great truth was announced in the following propositions:—

That impurity of the blood, by impeding the circulation, produces inflammation or derangement of that organ on which the blood is most directly deposited itself.

That medicine will have a specified difference on the different organs of the body, according to the greater or less impurity of the blood.

That there is but one disease. These various groups of symptoms arise from various causes, having qualities of blood for their common source, and differing from each other only in the degree of intensity.

The accumulator of this simple theory, of the unity and identity of disease, was so fully convinced of the existing truth, that for thirty years he gave his whole study to its investigation, and to the discovery of a remedy by its removal all the blood's impurities, by the agency of which it is the bowels, whose office would be to expel them from the body. Thus could come health and general affections by taking away what they fed upon, for the common parasites of the blood, the germs of laborious research, in producing a medicine, solid in its composition, but under all circumstances, yet sufficiently powerful to pervade the whole system. Incapable of injuring the most tender, yet energetic enough for the most powerful constitution. Capable of being directly connected with the blood, it would act upon it in time strictly in accordance with the laws of the animal economy, and thus restore health to the whole body.

BRANDRETH'S VEGETABLE UNIVERSAL PILLS.

Will take place at the sore of the blood, and the combination of ingredients of which they are composed will dispel some of the erroneous notions and unfounded prejudices which have obstructed the path of empiric, and may lead to a recognition of the doctrine for which I contend.

It is from the productive power of the blood the solids are formed, and the fluids their vitality derived. The blood takes up and carries away the worn-out particles of the body, and supplies the new ones for the repair of the fabric structure and the due exercise of its functions. Any impurity in the blood, as it is called, and for the separation of which the skin, the lungs, the kidneys, and the bowels were made, is immediately formed which fill up the cells of the tissues. Blood is requisite to the nutrition of the nervous system; cut off its communication, and the nerves supplying a member is lost. Vigor and activity of animal life depend upon its condition, and according to the purity or impurity of the blood arises health or the absence of recovery.

These general observations are all derived. Bile, urine, gastric juice, saliva, &c., however different in appearance and composition, all have their origin in the circulating source. Now, if the circulation is accelerated or retarded, or if the blood is impure, or if the nervous influence is impaired, the blood becomes unprepared to form a state of health in the various tissues, and perverts its functions into morbid secretions, which are incompatible with the purpose, and vitiative it but feebly. If waste particles are retained in the blood, or if any noxious deposition of it form tumors and abscesses, or produce violent fevers. In the secretions of the liver when disease affects the system, dyspepsia, jaundice, and a thousand other evils subsist. Some various symptoms and in the blood produce this general disease. BUT IT IS EVIDENT THEY ALL ARISE FROM ONE CAUSE—IMPURITY OF THE BLOOD. Equal this impurity by judicious purgation, and the disease will be removed, and health restored. It cannot be present to that person whose blood is pure, and whose system is free from the cumulative experience of many years has infallibly proved to be this doctrine and practice, and means, yet if experience should invariably prove it, we must distrust reason, and say that the fact experience has taught us. But reason and experience go hand in hand. Purgatives or pills, by removing the cause of impurity and natural course, will remove disease, by whatever name it may be known or declared by the medical men.

The history of one disease, and one method of cure, is not supposed to be gaining ground in the public mind. The fact that it is so is universally acknowledged. And in schools of medicine in this new World, THE UNITY OF DISEASE, AND AN inward disease, though the results of different causes, are accordingly to the purity of the blood, and are cured by purging it."

THE UNITY OF DISEASE, THE IDENTITY OF DISEASE, AND OF ONE METHOD OF CURE, ARE BUT THE FIRST HEADS. THE GREAT FACT OF THE UNITY AND THE EXISTENCE OF THIS ONE CURE, OR UNIVERSAL REMEDY, AMOUNTS IN A RATIONAL EFFECT OF INJURY, AND IS SUSCEPTIBLE OF PROOF.

The cures effected by the use of Brandreth's Pills in every part of the country have been such as to convince the public have placed their claims to this distinction beyond all question. This is the secret of their success, and all utility and applicability to diseases of the human frame, and to prevent disease, their present and future use.

Brandreth's Pills are a mild, safe, and thorough purgative, and will remove many valuable lives.

Thousands in the cities and villages of the United States can be referred to, who have been restored to health by their use. By no other power than it can its inherent virtues could they, for so long a period, have kept from the public, and thus have obtained a reputation from continent to continent.

The wonderful properties which compound Brandreth's Vegetable Pills for upward of thirty years, and has had opportunities of witnessing their beneficial effects in extensive practice. Their tendency is to remove the cause instead of palliating the effect, and to restore the health by the use of which have been established in the public confidence.

Brandreth's Pills are made of Extract of Roots, which, when taken into the system, perform purely vegetable. No mineral preparation is combined with them. Their chemical properties are such that there are within us faculties, which, when called into action, will restore health and invigorate the system, and thus they have a power for restoring health to the body and blood.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are admirably adapted to the purpose of correction of the vitiated blood, a property preventing congestives of the brain or viscera, and clearing away the imperfections of the intestinal canal, and those engorgements of the large veins, which occasion so many alarming symptoms, leading to rapid dissolution under the best of a hopeful cure.

By their use the blood's circulation becomes very rapid, and the system is thus rendered impervious or unbalanced, for, by keeping it in free and healthful operation it is enabled to withstand the insidious approaches of disease to which persons of bad blood are always predisposed.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are fast superseding every other medicine. The fact that they have been known in England and in the United States for a period of 30 years, is not only an evidence of public estimation, but of their necessity to the public health.

Every one who is prevailed upon to use this remedy, is earnestly solicited to render any information to them in his power, as to the effect of the medicine, in order that it may be experimentally acquainted with its value, feel that their time and energies could not be better employed than in the elucidation of its sanitary—its health-producing properties. The public's servant,

B. BRANDRETH, M. D.

☞ BRANDRETH'S PILLS, 25 cents per box, and those coated with sugar by a new process—12½ in a box—25 cents per box.

THE GREAT UNFINISHED PROBLEMS
OF THE UNIVERSE,
With the Relations of the Sun and the Planets through space, and the determination of the centre of the Stellar System.
By Prof. Mädler, Director of the Dorpat Observatory.
A Lecture delivered before an immense audience, July 29th at the Academy of Music, New York, just published in the Pulpit and Rostrum, No. 3.
HIGH LIFE IN NEW YORK, and JAS. T. BRADY'S Addresses on Mental Culture for Woman may be found in the Pulpit and Rostrum, No. 3.
T. L. CUYLER'S Sermon on Amusements, Theatres, etc., is in Pulpit and Rostrum, No. 3.
PULPIT AND ROSTRUM, 10 cents a number, or 12 numbers for $1 00. Sold by all News Agents throughout the United States.
Address, W. C. BARKER, Publisher, 545 Broadway, New York.

SOLD ONLY BY CANVASSING AGENTS.
COOPER'S NOVELS.
ELEGANTLY ILLUSTRATED
VIGNETTES
ON STEEL
AND WOOD.
EDITION.

From Drawings by F. O. C. DARLEY.
A Volume Published Monthly, containing a Novel complete.
Mailed free of postage, on receipt of price.
☞ AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY CITY.
W. A. TOWNSEND & CO., Publishers,
377 Broadway, N. Y.

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES.

Every machine sells beyond the year by purchasing one of SINGER'S sewing machines will be $1000 better off when the year ends.

I. M. SINGER & CO., 458 Broadway.

SANDS' SARSAPARILLA.
GENUINE—This established and popular remedy for purifying the blood, and the cure of diseased and constitutional affections, is for sale by druggists, and at wholesale and retail by
A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists,
No. 79 John Street, New York.

EXPERIENCED AGENTS WANTED in all parts of the country to obtain subscribers for LOSSING'S PICTORIAL FIELD-BOOK OF THE REVOLUTION," in Two Volumes Royal Octavo, containing nearly 1500 pages and 1100 beautiful engravings. This work will be sold exclusively by agents, to each of whom a liberal salary will be given. Apply at the nearest office. Applications should name the County, State, and Post-Office to which they desire to be assigned.
J. Fenwood and sold by A. D. & D. SANDS, Druggists, No. 79 John Street, New York.

UNEXPERIENCED AGENTS WANTED in all parts of the country to obtain subscribers for LOSSING'S PICTORIAL FIELD-BOOK OF THE REVOLUTION," in Two Volumes Royal Octavo, containing nearly 1500 pages and 1100 beautiful engravings. This work will be sold exclusively by agents, to each of whom a liberal salary will be given. Apply at the nearest office. Applications should name the County, State, and Post-Office to which they desire to be assigned.
J. Fenwood and sold by A. D. & D. SANDS, Druggists, No. 79 John Street, New York.

☞ Every Number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE contains from 25 to 30 engravings—and there is no other more reading than any other in the country.

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE
FOR FEBRUARY.

The Publishers believe that the Seventeen Volumes of HARPER'S MAGAZINE now issued contain a larger amount of valuable and attractive reading than can be found in any other periodical of the day.

At the present time, the improvement of the Magazine is the literary and artistic resources which are employed to render it worthy of its large circulation and to refer to the contents of the Periodical for the good taste and intelligence which characterize the large patronage of the American public.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year $3 00
Two Copies for One Year 5 00
Three or more Copies for One Year (each) 2 00
And an Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of Ten Subscribers.

HARPER'S WEEKLY and HARPER'S MAGAZINE, together, one year, $5 00.

The Postage upon "HARPER'S MAGAZINE" must be paid at the Office where it is received. Postage Three Cents a year.

Address, HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A FIRST-CLASS ILLUSTRATED PAPER.
THE BEST AND CHEAPEST
FAMILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD.
FIVE CENTS A NUMBER; $2 50 A YEAR.

Prom the N. Y. Evening Post, Jan. 13, 1859.

HARPER'S WEEKLY is the most successful of all attractive and entertaining publication, issued during the past year, have been issued in a single volume, and now that we see them together, we are surprised at the variety, the completeness, and the value of the contents. There is a complete history of nearly all the public events of the year, besides a large number of original articles and stories—there are the greatest pictures of the Illustrated London News, and the best portraits of the Leaguer—there are the most striking illustrations of the Leaguer—there are the most striking illustrations of the Leaguer—there are the most striking illustrations

CITY VACATIONING IS.

JULIA. "Oh! the darling Valentine! I'm sure it's from Edward!"
SMALL BOY. "Please, Miss, the Boss's orders was that I wasn't to leave the Valentine without I got the Money. It's ten dollars."

INJURED WIFE. "And so, Mr. Brown, those are the Accounts you were obliged to sit up in order to finish! Hearts and Cupid, indeed!"

ADVERTISEMENTS.

AN ORIGINAL LETTER
FROM THE
DUKE OF WELLINGTON
TO THE
HON. EDWARD EVERETT
WILL APPEAR IN
THIS WEEK'S ISSUE
OF
THE NEW YORK LEDGER,
THE GREAT FAMILY PAPER,

For which nearly all the Great Authors in the country write.

Prospectus for the Year 1859.

The proprietor of the NEW YORK LEDGER is gratified at having it in his power to announce in his Prospectus for the new year—1859—that the old and popular and eminent writers of the LEDGER staff have been retained, and are now writing exclusively for the LEDGER. Their names are the names of the Hon. EDWARD EVERETT, who is to furnish a series of articles, to be continued during the entire year, under the title of "THE MOUNT VERNON PAPERS." For these articles alone we have already paid Mr. Everett the full price of the Ladies' Mount Vernon Association) the sum of TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS.

As an indication of the popularity of the LEDGER, we need only state the simple fact, that its circulation is larger than that of any other TEN Honest papers in the country. Its great success is owing to the facts that the proprietor secures the best writers in the country, AND PAYS THEM LIBERALLY; that the LEDGER is a FIRST-CLASS FAMILY PAPER—paper of high moral tone. The exalted reputation of its contributors, the practical and invariably pure and healthy character of all its articles, the care which is taken that not even one offensive word shall appear in its columns, and the superiority of its tales and sketches, have gained for the NEW YORK LEDGER a position that no literary paper has ever before reached. We feel, and always have felt, since the LEDGER obtained its immense circulation, that a heavy responsibility rests upon us, and have endeavored to discharge that responsibility conscientiously, feeling confident that the success of the result would be thanks of thousands and many of them expressed to us.

As to the future, we are at a loss what to say. We prefer to repress rather than to promise. What we have heretofore done is known to our readers; they know what the LEDGER has been, and is now, and must therefore judge what it will be hereafter. We can only say that among the regular contributors to the LEDGER are:

GEORGE D. PRENTICE, FANNY FERN,
JOHN G. SAXE, MRS. SIGOURNEY,
SYLVANUS COBB, Jr., MRS. SOUTHWORTH,
EMERSON BENNETT, ALICE CARY,
T. S. ARTHUR, EMMA LESLIE BROWNE,
WM. ROSS WALLACE, SALLIE H. BRYAN,
CAROLINE B. SOUTHEY, MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS,
COL. W. B. DUNLAP, AUGUSTA MOORE,

and many eminent Lawyers, Clergymen, Professors in Colleges, and others, who write for the LEDGER anonymously; and that our complete arrangements are such that the current agencies of the LEDGER are new, and will constantly be, at the rate of over three hundred thousand dollars per annum.

FACTS like these carry with them more weight than any comments that could be made, and comments will therefore be dispensed with. As we have already intimated, we shall leave promising to those who prefer to write and their deeds in that way, and confine ourselves with doing what we can to make the LEDGER the most interesting and successful FAMILY PAPER in the World.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER is published every Saturday, and sold on all the news offices in every city and town throughout the country, and is mailed to subscribers at two dollars per annum; two copies are sent for three dollars. Any person obtaining eight subscribers at $1 50 each (which is our lowest club rate), and sending us $12, will be entitled to one copy free. Terms Invariably in advance.

☞ The postage on the LEDGER to any part of the United States is only five cents per quarter, payable at the office where it is received, which is twenty-six cents a year. Canada subscribers must each send five cents per quarter in addition to the subscription price of the LEDGER, to pay the American postage.

☞ Subscribers must write their addresses, including the name of the place, County and State, in which they reside, in a plain hand, so as to avoid mistakes.

☞ No advertisements are wanted from cities, large villages, or other places where news offices are conveniently established.

☞ All communications must be addressed, postage paid, to

ROBERT BONNER,
Proprietor of the New York Ledger,
No. 44 Ann Street, New York.

N. B.—The Number of the LEDGER dated Jan. 1st, 1859, is a good one for all time to distribute free, as in that Number the "MOUNT VERNON PAPERS," by the HON. EDWARD EVERETT, were commenced. Mr. EVERETT'S articles will be copyrighted, so as to prevent publication in any other paper.

DEBILITY AND IRRITABILITY—Physical and Mental—are CURE without "Cordials," "Curatives" (?) "Restoratives," or "Rings," etc. Stamp enclosed, address, *in perfect confidence*, your friend, a former sufferer, merely superscribing Box U74, Charlestown, Mass.

$1400 PER YEAR. You can make Fourteen Hundred Dollars a Year by selling an article that we manufacture. It is light, takes but little room, and sells quickly to every merchant and family. All that is required to sell this article is to show it. We have several Agents selling this for us, and they are making from Four to Six Dollars a day. Peddlers, Book, and Traveling Agents, and all those who wish to travel, can do well with this article. Any person who will send us $1 in stamps or paper, will receive a sample worth the amount sent, and all necessary information.

This is no humbug or lottery speculation.
Address VAN DEUSEN BROTHERS,
Kingston, Ulster County, N. Y.

P. P. P.
PARK'S PRICKLY PLASTERS.

They sooth pain; they protect the chest; they extract the coagulated pneumonic and cancerous from the system; they impart strength; they are divided in sections, and yield to the motion of the body; they are porous; all impure excretions pass off, and they can not become effete in the system; they are recommended by physicians in other planes, and we consider it no less than others of 10. *Where these Plasters are*, pain can not exist. Weak nerves, public speakers, delicate females, or any affected with side, chest, or back pains, should try them. You will then know what they are. They are a new feature in the science of medicine. All Druggists have them. Take no other. Each Plaster bears a Medallion Stamp and our Signature.

DANIEL F. PARK, 18 and 18 Park Row, N. Y.
JOHN D. PARK, Cincinnati, Ohio.

THE LADIES' MANUAL
OF
FANCY WORK.
A Complete Instructor in every variety of
ORNAMENTAL NEEDLE-WORK,
including
SHADING AND COLORING, PRINTERS' MARKS, &c., &c.,
With a List of Stitches and Hints for their Selection;
Advice on Making up and Trimming
BY MRS. FULLAN,
Director of the Needle-work Department of Frank Leslie's Magazine, &c., &c., &c.
ILLUSTRATED WITH OVER THREE HUNDRED
ENGRAVINGS.
By the best artists. 1 vol. 8vo, beautifully bound in fine cloth, with gilt sides and back,
EMBELLISHED WITH FOUR COLORED PATTERNS PLATES,
Elegantly Printed to Colors on Tinted Paper.
Price $1 25.
Published by DICK & FITZGERALD,
No. 18 Ann Street, N. Y.
☞ Also for sale by all Booksellers.
Copies of the above book sent by mail, on receipt of $1 25, to any address, free of postage.

HOW TO DO GOOD AND GET "PAID FOR IT."—Take an Agency for our Publications. The terms are liberal, there can be no possibility of loss. EVERY FAMILY will be glad to obtain some of them. For particulars, address
FOWLER AND WELLS, No. 308 Broadway, N. Y.

LYON'S MAGNETIC POWDERS
Will destroy Garden Insects, Cockroaches, Bedbugs, Fleas, Ants, Moths, and all pests of the Vegetable Kind.

The importance of a reliable article of this kind is indisputable. In warm weather all nature teems with these annoying foes. This powder is the only article ever discovered which will exterminate them. A company of botanists, from the Horticultural Society of Paris, while amid the flowers of Asia, observed that all insects lighting upon a certain kind of plant very soon dropped dead. This fact was made use of to guard their night camps from these intruders. Quantities of the plant were brought home by M. E. Lyon, and found a positive, instant destroyer in every experiment. It is simply a powdered leaf, chemically prepared to retain the effect of age and climate. Medals and Letters Patent have been received from the Governments of France, Belgium, Germany, and Russia, from the World's Fair, and numerous medical and horticultural colleges and societies.

Letter from the President of the U. S.
EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, 31st Jan. 1858.
MR. LYON.—Dear Sir: I take pleasure in informing you that the Royal Commission of the World's Fair at London have awarded you a Medal and Certificate for the great value of your Magnetic Powders, &c.
Yours, MILLARD FILLMORE.

The above was accompanied by a certificate of Prince Albert.

IT IS FREE FROM POISON.
NEW YORK, October 16, 1858.
"MR. E. LYON.—DEAR SIR: We have analyzed and tested your Magnetic Powders, and find them perfectly harmless to mankind and domestic animals, but certain and safe in their effects upon bugs, &c.
"JAMES R. CHILTON, M. D., Professor of Chemistry, N. Y. Hospital.
"Mr. Lewis L. Dunn, Superintendent of the New York Hospital, says, "he has expelled all the bugs, ants, roaches, moths, &c., with Lyon's Powder, and finds it of immense value."

Every planter and housekeeper must have a direct interest in an article of this kind. Reference can be made to the Astor, Nicholas, and Metropolitan Hotels; to Judge MEDE, President of the American Institute; James Gordon Bennett, Esq., Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, Cyrus W. Field, L. M. Pease, of the Five Points Mission, and to thousands of families in this city, where Lyon's Powder is constantly used. The Parepa-Rosa Company have tested it thoroughly. It will destroy lizards, grasshoppers, ants, moths, bugs, and all vermin. Garden plants can be preserved, and houses made pure.

Arrangements are now made through Messrs. BARNES & PARK, of New York, to have it sold throughout the world. Many worthless imitations are advertised. Be cautious!

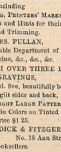
"NEW YORK, November 8th, 1858.
"In retiring from business, I have sold all my Insect Powders and Pills, Letters-Patent, &c., and accounts pertaining thereto, to Messrs BARNES & PARK. This proprietor of these articles is authorized to have all persons in the use of them to be supplied with other persons. The genuine and effective article is put up in 25 cent boxes, and will continue to bear my name.
"E. LYON."

Rats and mice can not be reached by a powder, but are killed by a MAGNETIC PILL. Order them through any merchant.

Tit Lyon's Powder kills insects in a trice,
Lyon's Pills are sure to rat mice.

Sample Flasks, 25 cents; regular sizes, 50 cents and $1 00. Follow directions, and you will succeed thoroughly.

BARNES & PARK,
No. 111 Fulton Street, New York.



J. RUSSELL SPALDING'S
ROSEMARY,
is the best dressing for the hair known.
The Rosemary will restore hair to bald heads.
The Rosemary will remove dandruff.
The Rosemary is the best thing to dress children's hair.
The Rosemary has not been and cets not be surpassed, securing to all a clean, healthy and beautiful head of hair.
☞ Be sure and ask for Spalding's Rosemary, and obtain the assortment above. Beam will not soil the finest head dress. Ladies, recommend it to those who have used it with success. If you are not satisfied, try it.
Every bottle, genuine, has the signature of the sole Proprietor, *J. Russell Spalding*, 21 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.
Sold by Dealers generally.

THE SPRING TERM
OF THE FORT EDWARD INSTITUTE opens March 17th. BOARD and Tuition in common English, 34 weeks, for $57 50 in advance. Superb brick buildings, with separate departments for Ladies and Gentlemen. Location unsurpassed for health. Three Courses, Commercial, for Teaching, and for all the active Duties of Life. For Circulars, address REV. JOSEPH E. KING, Fort Edward, N. Y.

THE BEST
AND
Cheapest Article
FOR THE HAIR,
PHALON & SON'S
COCOINE.
Prepared from Highly Purified
COCOA-NUT OIL.
This preparation possesses extraordinary properties for preserving and beautifying the hair, and also restoring the natural luxuriant and glossy appearance.
One application, however lamb the hair may be, renders it soft and glossy.
MAGIC HAIR DYE,
CHEMICAL HAIR INVIGORATOR,
PAPHIAN LOTION,
For the Skin and Complexion.
PHALON & SON,
Perfumers and Distillers,
Nos. 197, 497, and 517 Broadway, N. Y.
For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers. Large bottles, 50 cents; small size, 25 cents.
Inquire for Phalon & Son's COCOINE.
BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS.

Interesting Correspondence.
CONFIRMATION OF TESTIMONY.
The following correspondence tells its own story. Mr. Nash is Postmaster at Hanover Port, Massachusetts, and Mr. Dennis a well-known citizen of Western New York.
HANOVER PORT, Mass., Dec. 1, 1858.
DEAR SIR: I have lived many years in Boston Journal, a statement signed "Andrew Dennis," representing that the writer, who was seventy years of age, had the hair of his head, when it had become wholly bald, restored by the use of HEMMENWAY'S HAIR RESTORATIVE, and the color restored *from gray to that of his youth*. If this statement be true, please send this note back to me, with any remarks you may be pleased to make.
Respectfully yours, D. MEAD.
Mr. Dennis, Palmyra, New York.

PALMYRA, N. Y., Jan. 4, 1859.
MR. MEAD: The statement signed by me was exactly correct. I have lived upon said spot my whole life, and am so pleased with the article that I am endeavor obtain should try it. Yours truly,
ANDREW DENNIS.
The following is the statement which called out the above:
PALMYRA, Wayne County, N. Y., Oct. 1, 1858.
MESSRS. W. E. HAYAS & CO.—*Gents*: I was recommended by a friend from the eastern part of the State to use your Hair Coloring for the restoration of my hair—the smarting use that he had known of its complete success. You may well imagine that I commenced its use with some doubt, but was induced to give it a trial, and suffice it to say, that, when I tell you that I was *nearly seventy years old, had been bald for many years, and wore a wig*. But I soon found my hair starting to grow, and after the use of three bottles I was rejoiced on finding myself possessed of a good head of hair, of a color the same as in youth. I confess that I was greatly surprised at the effect, and my friends and acquaintances would scarcely believe the growth of my hair to be an undoubted fact.
I am, with great respect, your obliged servant,
ANDREW DENNIS.
Remember that this result was produced by HEMMENWAY'S Restorative, the original and only reliable Hair Restorative.
Price 50 cents, $1, and $1 50 per bottle.
W. E. HAGAN & CO. Proprietors, Troy, N. Y.

By the author of "John Halifax."
In Press.
ALICE LEARMONT;
OR,
A MOTHER'S LOVE
By Miss Mulock,
Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," &c.
Will be ready in a few days. Uniform, Cloth, Price 75 cents.
MAYHEW & BAKER, Publishers,
208 Washington Street, Boston.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. III.—No. 113.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1859. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE proprietors of *Harper's Weekly* beg to state that the regular edition of the paper exceeds

75,000 COPIES,

and that it is the best and cheapest advertising medium in the country. No existing advertising sheet meets so many eyes, or circulates among so select a class of readers. Its circulation is widely diffused throughout the country, North and South; it is read from New Orleans to Quebec, and from Minnesota to Florida.

The proprietors believe that the large circulation which the *Weekly* has obtained is due to the fact that it is the best illustrated and family newspaper in the country. They intend that it shall continue to improve.

TERMS.

One copy for one year	. . . .	$2 50
Five copies, " "	. . . .	9 00
Twelve, " "	. . . .	20 00
Twenty-five " "	. . . .	40 00

THE OLD MUSICIAN.

(WRITTEN FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY.)

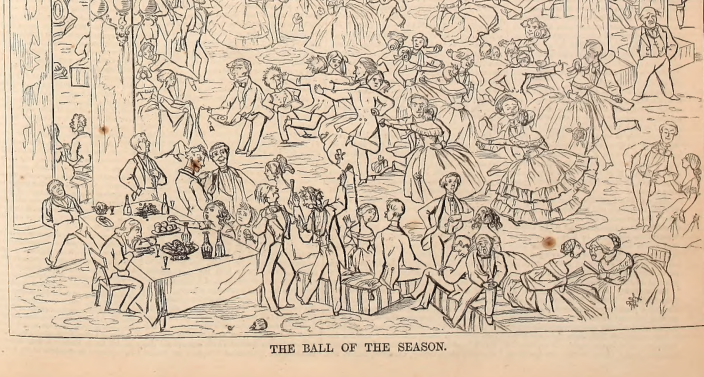
[A few weeks ago an aged gentleman died at New Orleans. On his death-bed he stated that he had been in his day a musician; that he had occupied a distinguished place among the musicians of one of Napoleon's military bands, and that his execution had frequently attracted attention from the Great Man himself. He said much more, which was very interesting, in reference to his past life; but death interrupted his revelations. He had lived, it seems, for many years in New Orleans in great poverty and privation, with no other companion than his violin.—*Ed. Harper's Weekly.*]

Raise up my head.
Enough: I see and hear all I would wish to know.
And as they say that I must die, and call me old!
They know not what is age who call me old.
Age must be counted by the loss of fire, not years:
Not by the wrinkles of limb, nor by the dimness of the eye.
Quick! raise up my head; give me my violin;
And stand you silent while I tear your hearts.
[*Plays.*]
There is my solo in the key of G.
The last six notes ever heard by Mozart:
He declared them worthy of a crown—so think I.
And now my warblers sing:
[*Sings this song.*
Before the Emperor—before Napoleon,
When in the flush of power; and he did bow to me,
And send me from his own great hand this ring—
This diamond ring. Where is my diamond ring?
Ah me! I did forget they took my ring.
Ah! yes, they took my ring—for rent.
Well, well! it is but empty honor; none can take my song.
Sing this song.
Before the Emperor—before Napoleon,
When in the flush of power; and he did bow to me,
And send me from his own great hand this ring—
This diamond ring. Where is my diamond ring?
Ah me! I did forget they took my ring.
Ah! yes, they took my ring—for rent.
Well, well! it is but empty honor; none can take my song.
Now, am I old? Hear this, my symphony in F!
[*Plays.*]
This, too, before an Emperor, the Czar. He gave
His smiles, and sent a well-bred boy an empire!
A small box blazing with a score of gems,
And on the lid a likening of his face.
And 'twas a cunning boy. I have it now—
In memory. I did not sell it till I wanted bread,
Not for myself—alas, but for Adele.
Not know Adele? She was my pupil; in the world
Is known as— I will not call her name.
Too well you know her; she has made the cities ring
With shout and bravos. Ah! such a regnier
Rossini wrote— Wait; let me see—what did
Rossini write for her? She loves me, and she sang
My Opera. That was a night of nights.
When I, self-hidden from the public gaze,
Would watch my pupil sing the breathings of my heart!
Yes! they found me. Ha! ha! me, the poor musician!
And then they bore me forth, and stood me on the stage
Before ten thousand eyes, and covered me with flowers.
Ay! and she kissed me—Adele kissed me—
Kissed me there before the envious crowd.
Dukes, lords, and nobles would have given wealth
And titles to have been the kissed. Where is Adele?
She knows not of me now. She thinks that I am rich,
And I—will not seek her to beg.
Here in a sonata
I composed for her. Berenger did me great honor
When he heard these bars, from theme to theme,
By asking from my pen a copy. Then he gave
To me a song, a doubtless song, that I might wed
The music of its words to sound. Hark! I play.
[*Plays.*]
Now, am I old? Is my arm palsied?
Is my blood weak? Must I die? Is there no fire in me?
Oh! false prophets! raise me up quickly!
Where is my wealth and honor? Where is Adele?
Lay on my breast the star that Austria gave.
Where is the gold I won in England? Where are the plaudits
That I won in France? Where is my violin?
And am I blind?
Could I not tell my own loved violin before my eyes?
Hark! I will play a scena from my Opera.
(*Attempts to play.*)
Oh, vain! my hand fails in its endeavor: but
My ear deceives me not. I still know time;
Perhaps—I soon shall know eternity.
Why is it dark!
Why do I hear your sobs no longer! Is the world hushed?
Am I dead? Am I dead? Dead?

THE BALL OF THE SEASON.

In drawing the attention of our readers to the very clever picture of a ball given below, it is only necessary to say that it was made for this journal from studies from life. Every one who has been a *habitué* of fashionable society will recognize at least some of the figures and faces.

The magnificent hostess with the turban and feather; the pretty host with shoe-brush hair; the wretched performer on the horn, who will stick his feet into the way, and the still more miserable youth who will fall over them and utterly destroy the luckless young lady in pink; the dreary old muse, who gets into a corner near the musicians and tries to calculate how much he will lose on cotton; the page John, who is constantly getting a dancer's fat in his eye, and falling back upon John the sober, to his fearful discomfiture; the two tables in the foreground, who are positively disgusted at the way in which the hostess's daughter, port thing! is trying to catch the English lord; the sweet girls in roses and tarletan, who dance away merrily night after night, and never grow tired, and never ill-tempered; the dancing young men who know why they were asked, and, like honest fellows, earn their supper and enjoy themselves heartily too; the poor papas, one in the foreground yawning, the other in the back-ground already fast asleep and dreaming of stocks; the timid little creature who looks up so fondly at the tall young man who, having told his tale, now gravely proposes to walk through the rooms in order not to attract attention; the two greedy children who have just vanquished their nurse at the ninth round, and have executed a very brilliant flank movement against the supper; the tipsy rat who tries to take wine with a brother rat, and pours his Champagne down the back of innocent Miss Jane, who happened to be listening to a description of Seligman's "Niagara," and believes that the torrent is on her in earnest; the ungracious party-goer, who seizes his muffin and sits down calmly to a quiet plate of canvas-back, washed down with La Tour Blanche—are not they all written in our memories and in our hearts?



THE BALL OF THE SEASON.

Which of us has not spent many an evening at a ball to the settlement of his destiny? Fate, working by its eccentric methods, makes balls the ring for its eccentric matches, and the Lists, a gentle arena of beggary, and now of fortune. Jones, who was fascinated by the lovely heiress, Adelaide, at a ball in Fifth Avenue, neglected his business to prosecute his courtship, and, in the end, lost both client and lady. Smith, on the contrary, whose tongue and legs all day on the county's Anna Maria at a ball and picked her into a beaming state of enthusiasm that she insisted on bestowing herself and her hundred thousand on her infinitely gallant partner. Solomon will ought to be a warning than immoral. Poor fellow! let us hope and trust that every it: tant of his precious time is to be occupied that he never bestowes thought on amusements so frivolous as balls, and that when the dread hour comes in which we shall all have to render an account, it shall never be said that he devoted hours or minutes to worse employments than a lecture, chat with amiable women, or a hearty dance with a light-footed partner.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1859.

NEW YORK AS A NURSING MOTHER.

IN our last number we gave an illustration of all the room occupied by one of the Alms-house nurses. The public are already aware that the daily journals drew attention to the fearful condition of children who were under the care of the nurse in question; and though their statements were denied with more warmth and fury than were in good taste by some of the Governors of the Alms-house, subsequent evidence has fully verified them. It is now undeniable that a large proportion of the foundlings who are left in charge of the city authorities are absolutely put to death by the nurses to whom they are confided.

We submit that the error lies not so much in the lax manner in which the regulations of the Alms-house are carried out as in the system itself. The Ten Governors tell us that they require certificates from physicians, that the fa ilies they give a child to applicants. But every one knows how easily such certificates are obtained. Every body, in this city, is ready to give to importunate applicants general certificates involving no pecuniary responsibility. Most of the dwellers in tenement houses in the precure such certificates through the aid of their landlords, who are given to understand that the punctual payment of their rent depends upon the success of their applications for children to nurse. Then, as to the subsequent visits, it is quite plain that these are pure matters of form. The doctor and the visiting nurse are expected to visit persons having Alms-house children to nurse. But their visits are not made inquisitorial. The nurses know very well when to expect them. Neither doctor nor nurse has the requisite moral or intellectual particular vigilance. By the exercise of judicious indulgence the former may obtain a patient or a story; the latter, a new evidence of fee. Frost shows, stands in terror of her life. If she does her duty she may, and probably will, be knocked on the head on the first dark night on which she ventures abroad.

The error is in the system. No children intrusted to the Alms-house should be put out to nurse beyond the walls of that establishment. Blackwell's Island is large enough to hold all the foundlings who are thrown upon the city for maintenance. There are, we believe, buildings enough already on the island to accommodate more foundlings than legitimately devolve upon the city; but if there were not, the Alms-house draws money enough from the public to erect the buildings required. The children should be away on Blackwell's Island in fanciful fencing, and other superfluities, would soon suffice for the erection of a building in which all the foundling infants might be raised.

This is a question of a practical nature: there is no occasion to appeal to philanthropy or benevolence to decide it. It is absurd to expect sagacious nursing or liberal treatment from a class of women who, in the city, take Alms-house children to nurse at a dollar a week. They would be false to their instincts and their exceptions to their class, if they exhibited kindliness, generosity, or care to the infants hired out to nurse. It is natural that they should neglect and, in most cases, maltreat the poor little creatures.

This may be a hard saying, but every person of broad experience will bear witness that it is true. Human nature has its bad sides as well as good; and in legislation and public administration the one must be borne in view as well as the other. If you intrust poor little foundlings to women living in the city, you expect them to be kindly and judiciously cared for and generously fed for one dollar a week, you will infallibly be disappointed.

The mortality in this city far exceeds its proper ratio. Situate between two broad streams of running water, with the sea-breeze blowing perpetually upon it; with broad, straight streets, ample sewers, and an admirable supply of pure water, New York ought to be one of the healthiest cities in the world. No disease is epidemic here. Lying is the very healthiest malady in New York is free from the long diseases of northern, and from the fevers of southern, latitudes. Yet, notwithstanding all these advantages, the records of mortality show that more deaths occur in New York, in proportion to its population, than in any other city of corresponding magnitude. We ascribe the phenomenon mainly to the defective system of nursing by the Alms-house Governors. The bulk of the deaths which occur here are those of infants. Children infantile, with no nutrition constant maladies, is by far the most sweeping disease known in New York. And we believe that the bulk of the deaths which are registered in the weekly returns under this head are those of infants belonging to the city, who perish through the ill-paid and ill-regulated care intrusted by the Alms-house Governors. How long shall the city remain a convicted murderer?

THE TRUE DUTY OF POLICE AUTHORITIES.

A LAW case now pending before the courts has again attracted attention to the almost defunct subject of spiritualism. It is alleged by one of the parties to this case that evidence which, in the ordinary course of events, we have knowledge, perpetrated under cover of spiritualism. Whether this be true or false—whether the spiritual circles were the cause, or merely a convenient occasion for the commission of the crimes in question—is not material. Where fraud and imposition and without spiritual circles, the opportunity might have been wanting for their perpetration.

We are therefore, for our part, irresistibly led to the conclusion that a practice which affords opportunities for crime for the commission of crime is unsound and ought to be discouraged. Our esteemed co-laborer, the LOUNGER, who, by the way, usually takes a very liberal common with the most charming wit, considers that when crimes are committed or insanity occasioned by spiritualism, the police have only to do the criminal or the lunatic, and not of the habit or the delusion which led to or afforded an occasion for the crime or the lunacy. In this we can not concur.

We hold that it is the duty of the laws and the magistrates to prevent, as a matter of course, that a certain—and that a large—proportion of the human being" under their powers will be led into vice, and, if simple minds. There is no question but most of mankind are born with blended intellect. This is the teaching of the Bible, and experience confirms it. If we were all born shrewd, sagacious, and virtuous, there would be an end of laws, magistrates, and policemen.

If even we were all endowed by nature with prudence enough to see through the wiles and the shams of the world, there would be at an end. But as in fact we are not all born wise or virtuous, courts, magistrates, and policemen are indispensable. The laws, as a logical consequence, that it is not so much the office of the courts to protect the wise and the very—who have their own protection—as to watch over the unwise and the unwary, who are constantly getting into trouble.

It is a very easy to say, what Mrs. Smith, of Illinois or Minnesota, is swindled in a mock-auction shop, that John ought to have known better. If Joanna Bailey is seduced by the Rev. Dr. Fifth Avenue, know better; but John Smith doesn't; and as we can not prevent the birth and existence of persons of this character, it is clearly our business to attack the evil at the other end, and as we can not educate the simpleminded, to put down the knaves. It is so with spiritualism. It would be a grand thing if every one now born or to be hereafter born were to be endowed, by act of the Legislature or of Congress, with a mind strong enough to withstand this and other crazy delusions. But this, alas! can not be done, and so experience proves that crimes are committed and insanity occasioned by the propounding of spiritual circles. It is the duty of the authorities to attack the mischief on the only side on which it is available, and to make the system answerable for the evils which it occasions?

Over a year has elapsed since we had a controversy with the then Governor of Massachusetts on spiritualism—Judge Edmonds. We stated that the delusion had peopled our lunatic asylums. The Judge denied the fact. We then proved it by the evidence of the managers of the chief asylums throughout the North. The Judge did not reply directly; but in a publication extensively devoted to the propagation of the spiritual doctrine, he announced his intention of presently overwhelming us. He has not, up to this time, fulfilled his threat. Merciful considerations have doubtless had due weight with him, and he has spared us.

We are not ungrateful for his leniency; but, at the same time, we adhere to the view we expressed over a year since, that these spiritual circles, where weak-minded men are driven to madness, and simple women are led astray from the path of duty, ought to be placed on the same footing as gambling-houses and houses of debauch. The law requires every man who sells liquors to obtain a license. The law forbids, but the magistrates tolerate houses of worse character, where money, character, health, and life are lost. We see no sound reason why spiritual circles should not be subject to the same penalties as these. They do far more mischief. If they were licensed, some hold might be retained upon the inmates; if they were tolerated, subject to instant suppression, in case of actual harm done, a still better plan might be exercised; but to leave them free and untrammeled as they are now, is to neglect the first duty of a magistracy—namely, the prevention of crime. Unfortunately, the simple, the weak, and the ignorant

AID FOR THE INDIANS.

We are requested to draw attention to a prospectus of the "American Indian Aid Association," a body which proposes to do good to the aborigines of this continent. The purposes of the Association, as stated in the document before us, are "to obtain the recognition of the rights of the Indians as men, so that to rob or murder an Indian shall be punishable as though the same had been committed on an American citizen;" to "set apart Indian domains;" to "withdraw troops from Indian territory;" and "to arouse the public mind on the subject of Indian wrongs," etc. The officers of the Association are Hon. Horace Mann, President; Daniel F. Tieman, John Jay, Richard Reed, Vice-presidents; George Hall, Treasurer; and Rev. Dr. Adams, Secretary. A Board of the Association is coming before the public is to get money to carry out its views.

In laying these documents before the readers of this journal we are bound in candor to add that we do not see how any private association can achieve the objects stated. It is the Indian Aid Association, that is done already by Government. As to withdrawing the troops from the Indian territories, that would be impracticable, impolitic, unsafe, and absurd. As to placing the Indians on the same footing as American citizens—that—so far as the safety of life and property is concerned—is already done by the law of the land; further than this it can not be done by any power. The decision of the United States Supreme Court, which the Association in question can hardly aspire to reverse.

We do not deny that the Indians of this continent have suffered grievous wrongs at the hands of the whites, and we should be glad to see any intelligent and practical plan for enforcing the laws against the demoralizers of the red man. The sale of spirituous liquors. But, as a general rule, we have noticed that associations which proposed to do good by means seldom succeeded in doing any thing beyond collecting moneys from liberal white men. We trust that this Society, which is organized under the most favorable auspices of men of the calibre of Myron H. Clark, Daniel F. Tieman, and John Jay, may prove an exception to the rule.

THE NEW YORK QUARANTINE QUESTION.

The Quarantine Question is, without doubt, the most important matter before the Legislature of this State. Accident, and the energetic measures of self-defence adopted by the Board of Health of Richmond County, have had a tendency to give the question the appearance of a dispute between that and the adjoining Island. But, in fact, New York and Brooklyn are much more directly interested in the solution of the problem than Staten Island. At this time the yellow fever makes its appearance in our bay ten persons die in New York and Brooklyn for one who dies in Staten Island; but the trade of the city is so gravely injured that the whole of Richmond County might be purchased for the sum which the New York merchants lose by one yellow fever season.

Under the circumstances we own to a feeling of surprise at finding existing which appears to mark the dealing of the Legislature with this topic. The Governor has appointed a new Committee of Quarantine, to be filled by the parties of Sandy Hook. We presume that this Committee stands on the same footing as the Diplomatic Agents to the United States—Cuba for the United States. The publicity in the way of both—a necessary publicity—had neither been given to it until now.

Governor Morgan distinctly declared before his election that he would endeavor to obtain the removal of Quarantine from its present location. This declaration secured him many votes in New York and Brooklyn which would otherwise have been polled for his opponents. We hope that his emphatic avowal of his preference for Staten Island will not be withheld: we trust that he is too high-minded a man to be playing false to the public, and to be concealing his sympathy with the short-sighted policy of the Commissioners of Emigration under the cloak of an impossible scheme.

Of one fact we beg to assure the members of the Legislature. They have five or six weeks of working life yet before them; let them use it actively for the removal of Quarantine. For they may rest assured that, if they adjourn without having done all in their power for the removal, the Quarantine Hospitals on Staten Island have completed their term of service. No patients will sleep in those hospitals the summer, unless it be clearly evidence that the remove will shortly take place. Time will show whether this is a mere empty menace.

OUR SPECIAL PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

Prince Napoleon's Bride—Death of Count Walewski—Paris Receptions—Entertainments—Dress in Public Life—Cost of Living in Paris—States as compared with Paris—French furniture—Actors—Kitchen dignitary, etc.

PARIS, *January* 27, 1859.

VOLATILE Paris seems this week to care less for the wanton wiles of Vivi than for the arrival of Victor Plon-Plon's wooing of the Sardinian Princess. "The color of the rose is not more delicate than the cheek of the bride," as she is called "*La rose infidèle*;" and it is said the King her father has promised her a dot to make her consent to his marriage—but what do they not say? and what will they not say?

There have been of late several sudden deaths in the fashionable circles of Paris; among others, that of Count Hatzfeldt, who had been long a resident here, was married to a French lady, was very much liked, and, I believe, an much regretted, as there is time to regret any one here. There is nothing more striking than this carelessness about death, and the ease and composure with which they speak of it, when the continued corruption also the expectation of the sudden demise of others such those that surround one in Paris. The great lesson which the mortality of others should teach us remains untaught, and we read the list of fatals as from the constant recurrence of something without the slightest effect upon the thought.

The ladies have now all begun their "receiving days." You will know in New York what this means, but I will explain it. I was invited an hour before dinner in listening to the conversation a certain house where I found a few friends beside me the day. It was one of these visits yesterday which suggested to me just now these observations of the effect of the spiritual world of fashion upon the kind hearts and clever understandings. Whilst seated, the door opened, and a little party of company, some who were paying the *visite d'obligation*, some who were there in the hope of meeting some else as we met, entered the room.

"Have you heard that the poor Countess is so much better?" said one of the party. There were exclamations, in various voices,

"Why, I met her yesterday!"

"I dined with her the day before yesterday!"

"It is not possible!" said a third.

"Yes, she died last night of an inversion of the heart."

She will be greatly missed."

"She had a charming house; and such a good cook!" said another.

"Every evening one was sure to find, *chez elle*, the best company, and *well-served tea*; and there are so few houses remaining which entertain!"

"Poor Countess!" said the first speaker. Another death, equally sudden, was related.

"It is [illegible] Prince Napoleon's bride Princess Clotilde, "one only hears of these dismal events. There is poor Hatzfeldt! He was my most intimate friend; and to be alluded to in the past tense! How charming wife—his children! Such a position such a good home!"

I am now literally translating what I heard, though it does not trip off as glibly in English as in French; and not to weary you with a statement of the lady of the house was, "Have you any invitations for Monday? Mr. Madison is to receive, and I am in judgment who should deem St. J—— too frivolous than those around him.

The next subject which was brought up was calamity which has befallen an illustrious family, and in an instant the whole party was plunged in discomfort or indirection of one of its unmarried daughters. There were various versions of the story, until a Spaniard who had himself interested in having had this one from one of the family:

"It seems that Madame M—— has a marriage in view?"

"Why do you not marry? Will you marry me?"

"No," was the answer. "I am not a marrying man, and if I were, you are not the lady of my choice."

Notwithstanding this repulse, it seems the young incorrigible of the party had persisted in the absurd proposition to the gentleman in his own apartment; his friends say hoping to oblige him to marry by forcing this, their sister, upon him. The Duchess, a mother, and told her of these visits, which he was to have his money back, and asked her to speak to her daughter. The mother, instead of following this good counsel, and locking up the secret and the scandal, went to the Duke, her son, who is an attaché at some distant court and also to a gentleman son, who is an officer in the hussars. The latter instantly sent a challenge to Monsieur C., and has been loudly, wounded in the encounter. The affair has never reached the light of day, but has been refused a leave of absence by the Emperor, and is obliged to remain in Paris instead of having one brother wounded in her unrighteous cause, and with the disgrace also has brought upon her name."

This recital ended, there was an end of all other subjects, and the conversation was confined to private themes—the little theatres, promised brilliant changes in fashions, and changes in dinner hours, all of which I have since quite as well up in as the sting as the women. I do not mean to say that only here that one finds a want of reflection and a just judgement of the relative importance of the events of life; but I do maintain that there is in the French character a stratum of frivolity which startles you at times in the most unexpected manner, even in these you have been led to consider as serious and thoughtful-minded persons; and as the life led in Paris is in most instances based in its exclusive development of the love of pleasure

and excitement, to the better impulses of head and heart. I have seen this deteriorating influence upon others; I have watched it in myself, until I quite convinced that, of all residences, this is the most dangerous to the soul's health. But I am not likely to render it less attractive by thus denouncing it. Each one thinks himself strong to resist temptation, if the subject is thought about at all—and so the world goes on!

I have ceased to wonder so much at the predilection of Americans for a residence in Europe since a conversation I had lately with a lady, who told me one of the enormous items of her expenses in Paris, which it seems is now to be the high temple of fashion, folly, and extravagance! I thought, for information, in an old Parisian like myself, and who, though now kept at home by the claims of duty, occasionally wanders back to the same scenes for the storms and dangers of the ocean way, so that she can spend six months in the old haunts and all the pavements. It was a pleasure to hear her dilate upon the comfort of her life here.

Her satisfaction is when sending with her cook in the morning, to find that the chicken which she had made an excellent dinner of the day before, and whose remains were then smoking on the breakfast-table before her in a delicate *blanquette*, had cost only one half of one franc—fifty centimes. The fragrant *cafe au lait* which accompanied it, the dainty loaf, and the love-like butter and, above all, the ever-welcome *Galignani's Messenger*, with its cheerful face, giving the earliest tidings from all lands and seas, with a summary of English, German, and French journals—all in one convenient, well-printed little sheet.* All these were delightful, and at the same time that I ventured to suggest the charms of bookstalls and *Jobmey-cabs*, shrewd sense, and even the English love of home, would somehow will linger in my memory as a better thing than aught here with which to begin the morning meal. But I seem to have gathered from this lady, and from others, a melancholy idea that the old traditions in the world are passing away from you with the old cooks. The more is the pity! I hope they will last my time, at any rate!

Not that I have not attended even here to give myself some feeble imitations of what I liked in other days; I have a public, I believe, and am called a flat piece of iron which only bakes one cake at a time, and which makes the worst pay of my maid of all work, Toinette, who produces, however, with due exercises of her patience and mine, very tolerable rice-cakes. Toinette is a treasure, and what I have never ventured upon, as I am sure Toinette, well as she loves me, would instantly quit my service upon, but that is all. She sometimes makes me calves' head soup and plum-puddings from receipts of my grandmother's, which I confess to any inventions of her own, and which are not carried even by the French, who sometimes honor my bachelor invitations to Toinette's preparations of the griddle I know from having once overheard her advise to a friend that she had been sent by her mistress (an American lady) to be instructed in its use.

Toinette said, "My dear" (which is what they always call one another), "let me advise you not to learn to make those treasonable things. My master is a bachelor and I indulge him now and then, but you, who are in a family, do not begin it; there would be no end to your labors."

But I have come to an end of my allotted space, and must bid adieu until another week.

THE LOUNGER.

THE LOUNGER TO HIS FRIENDS.

The Lounger wishes his friends to understand, and begs them to remember, that he can not return manuscripts, except they are of such a kind that it is not fair to presume they have been copied. The little poems, sketches, and essays that drift into his Letter-box, if they do not get into print, either in part or completely, get into the waste-paper basket. That is the disagreeable truth.

A POPULAR FALLACY ABOUT NEW HAVEN.

In early youth we are instructed by Peter Parley that New Haven is a beautiful city by the Sound. There is a fine green, it is asserted—fine group of churches—fine old family mansions—fine students—interesting houses—broad sweeps of green fields, and tree picturesque rocks. Yes, the rocks are the rocks on which the settlers of New Haven, one west and the other east—somewhere about one of them, the cave in which Goffe and Whalley lurked—the stern survivor appearing here more in the light of day when the Indians fell upon Deerfield, and the lighted settlers wanted a deliverer.

So, bound for New Haven, slipping along the foot of the shining Sound, the traveler muses—half-instructed in his youth, and figuring stately avenues of elms, green sweeps of lawn, and mansions from Auburn's, and the dusky forms of reticule old. Through the murky village he flies, across the kindly fields that loan toward the glittering water—contemplating a living picture of peace, plenty, and content, awaiting the climax—expecting New Haven.

Now, will it be believed that New Haven is merely a dark hole under ground? There is, indeed, for a moment, a fluttering glimpse of cluster-ed spires, roofs, and groves across a broad, beautiful meadow-land, on which, in autumn, innumerable haycocks look like the pitched camp of affluent harvests. For a moment the eager fancy accepts correspondence that it shall not be disappointed—that it was no fable of the good Parley—that New Haven is worthy its fair fame.

For a moment—and then you chaos of backyards, out-buildings, and dilapidated walls rushes against the incredulous eye—the flowerful sights are suddenly fades—and, in a dim pit—a dark hole under ground—a mocking voice shouts, and repeats, "New Haven!"

The claims of truth are imperious; and the truth shall now be told.

There is, then, no such city as the New Haven of the geographies and common-informed report. For when the voice was heard, after the traveler had recovered from the withering disappointment, and could speak, he asked, "Where is the under heaven, and under earth, did they behold? Elms —elms—elms—green—rocks and ridges! *Ahra! ehra!*"

New Haven is a dark platform, swarming with people in waiting—a dismal hall, where people are engaged in running about with bags and bundles —a cunning-looking man—playing cunning hands into suppositious pockets—and planted in the attitudes of staring at inferential passengers hermetically sealed under glass cases. New Haven is a dusky light of wooden stairs, with a heavy balustrade, on which the passengers are leaning, and bending and descending—pointing dim, ghostly whips, and crying, in confused chorus, "Any—hacks—any—hacks—this—hack—this—hack—Hotel House—City—"

Fine-town, indeed! Small boys parading, probably, with baskets, and shouting apples, gumdrops, and popped corn!

New Haven is the antipodes of noisy darkness interrupting the journey to Boston.

If it is not a misnomer to call Boston arose the prosterous stories of a beautiful city—bare-faced imposition which is still offered to a child-like credulity! Why, in the name of common sense, is ridiculous Sir, by *only a statue?* Why do you always carry oranges in your pocket? Why is the proud passenger to do with stairs? *The city above!* Why, here we are, three hundred of us, with our trunks and bundles, in the dark—no answering, sign stories of this lovely city; we come to the very pinch in our necessities, by our connection with the dark declares New Haven to be; it is a perfectly ridiculous statement, but nobody denies it; and somebody about the dark platform has got to be tolerated? It is no city above that we have come to, but a dark, dismal, underground hole—a New Jerusalem in that direction, but we are tricked to New Haven, and we demand the clue, the secret, the reason why we are left in the dark holes.

Please, Sir, to observe, at least, an air of probability in your statements. The fact is, that this is only a station, and that by going out of this dark hole, up the ghostly stairs, we shall behold the green trees and the spires of the city, and revel in the beauties of New Haven. But have you not already said that the beauties are mostly rural scenery, that they are thrifty, liberal, and public-spirited? And do you expect us to be so cowed in this dismal abyss as to accept the thing you choose to say? Do you suppose that, if the people are what you declare them to be, they would allow their chief railway station to be the most disgraceful and wretched cellar in the country?

No, Sir, the thing is not to be believed! The beautiful city is a delusion. *Ohimè!* New Haven is a dark hole under ground.

SON SEQUITURS.

There is a story in the papers that a young lady of Jersey City has been fined for breaking Isaac Asylum a raving maniac, and that her inhumanity was produced by attending revival meetings.

There is a kind of popular logic which would instantly conclude that a revival was a manifestation of insanity, just as we frequently see a solemn warning against self-abuse in the Sunday papers, based upon the fact that somebody who believes in it has become insane. Undoubtedly an ill-balanced mind may go overboard in any direction, and the action produced by the most simple and natural occasion in the world. Nothing is more easy than to make insane by the death of dear friends; but it would be rather an absurd generalization to say that the death of friends generally produced insanity in parents. If you went to France, and the first thing you saw was a man with his head in a pocket handkerchief, it would be easy, but rather ridiculous, to infer that the French are addicted to the use of the red cotton handkerchief.

That a man loses his wits at a revival or a "spiritual meeting" is not an argument against revivals and spiritualistic meetings so much as against his wits. To make it an argument, you have to show that the general and necessary tendency of revivals or other meetings is to insanity.

There may be an occasional coincidence of a certain newspaper of a certain town, that the host of a party of naughty boys sailing in the bay on a Sunday afternoon, and being overtaken by a fog, got out of anchored, and the naughty boys were lost. Now, the boys who go sailing on Sundays will be drowned.

But in the same town it happened that a minister looking out of the window of an unfinished house, lost his balance, fell, and broke his neck. Thereupon another newspaper announced: "On Tuesday afternoon the Reverend James Jones was standing in the unfinished building No. 210 Water Street, and looking from the window, unfortunately lost his balance and fell to the ground, breaking his neck by the fall. This melancholy casualty should serve as a warning to clergymen not to look out of windows of unfinished buildings on Tuesday afternoons."

"HOUSE TO LET" AT HOME.

If it is fortunate that we live in a day when there are no Pharisees grateful that they are not like certain Publicans, or it might be suspected that there were probably people in the amiable city of New York who read the *Household Words* story of "A House to Let" (*Harper's Weekly*, extra), with wondered why people would write such unlikely stories as that of a child pinched and stunted by rascals of any sex, salaried by others; or who were glad to think that even if such things were possible in a Solon like London, they were only horrible dreams in an Auburn like New York, that loves the village of Hicksville.

And yet, the other day, it all came out that a little orphan girl was found in a cellar, locked up within a stone's toss, almost, of the readers of the story. Three children, hired out to be taken care of, were found dead to death in another cellar-den. There is, happily, some doubt of the entire truth of the story; but if true, is it simply the most shocking exposure of the year in the disgusting annals of the city.

The system under which such crimes are possible is barbarous. This business of "hiring out" youngsters and children to the worst bidder for a premium offered upon inhumanity. The records of the results are too painful to read, and any thing at all approaching to them would not be tolerated in a civilized community, not to say a *Christian* city (vide Half-Pay system).

Of course, any body who contracts to "keep" a pauper or a family for twelve or fifteen dollars a year deliberately undertakes a dishonest bargain which he means to make money. Do you think he is going to expend fifteen dollars on a pauper? Do you suppose he is not going to pay himself for his trouble out of the fifteen dollars? It would be more humane—it would be better for the pauper morality, this persons who offered the peace and quietly of so much per head to any person or persons who should be at once despatched of the said. Why bury them in the cellars of a state workmost—by killing madness, or by suffering the people to live who contract to "keep" them?

The care of the poor and the insane is to redeem a charge upon every community to be criminally liable. Their treatment with every possible kind and humane man will be, not what is the lowest sum for which any brute will agree to save us the trouble, but what is the sum for which by our own officers, in our own institutions, by our own regulations, can be secured for them while living, and bury them when dead?

We are, of course, a Christian people, and New York is pre-eminently a Christian city in its professions, sometimes, as if a way might be contrived, by a political economy, in which we might even be a little more Christian.

Perhaps Mr. Spurgeon will show us how.

THE MONEY VALUE OF LIFE.

There is sometimes a terrible railroad mastery; but upon the whole, when we consider how incessantly thousands of people are traveling in this country by day and night, the loss of life is very slight. When we remember how much the country plunged into railroad enterprises when they were started, and how help frightful was the average steeple-chase across the country, which every passenger practically was, we have all been singularly preserved.

Yet the exposure, then and now, is the very reason why the railway companies should be liable for the heaviest damages in all cases of accident. Passengers have safe rate upon the New Haven Railroad since the Revere disaster, because the enormous damages allowed were so large that the Company found a few accidents cheaper on the whole than the profit. Corporations have pockets, if they have no souls.

There is now pending a case in Boston which solaces the heart of the railway traveler. A certain Mr. Blake was done to death on the line of the Boston Railroad, and his widow sued the Company. A verdict was rendered in her favor of some $15,000. Thereupon another new trial. This time a verdict of $20,000, and now a motion for a third new trial. By all means let it be granted, and the suit proceed from trial to trial until the damages reach $50,000. Then that be multiplied stood as the minimum sum which every railroad company must pay for every life lost; and the murderer, already, as we cheerfully admit, small, will become beautifully less.

As the sum would increase in point of facility and speed, so ought the safety. Mechanical improvement of every kind is very imperfect and unsatisfactory if it increases the comparative loss of life.

THE REV. MR. SPURGEON.

There seems to be no doubt that the famous Mr. Spurgeon is coming to this country, and that the May Anniversaries will be illuminated by the appearance of the Englishman who has created a greater oratorical popularity than any English clergyman since Whitefield.

It is an impossible to forestall the impression which the noted young preacher will produce. There is no doubt that he will astonish and delight many of we Americans like to go to meeting—but he will be tried by very severe standards. The American people are difficult to be cash. Fine orators, both in the pulpit and out, are not uncommon; and Mr. Spurgeon comes to a very elegant and refined to supersede in popular estimation many of our own speakers.

There is nothing in his published sermons, nor in the accounts of his preaching, which indicates remarkable talent. There are no striking thoughts, no rare and fine touches of feeling or fancy, no play of imagination—nothing but a highly colored religious rhetoric. He addresses habitually a vast crowd of people of a lower average education and intelligence than any corresponding crowd of Americans, and a people, also, little accustomed to hear eloquence in the pulpit. They are apparently profoundly excited by the performance; but it is impossible to trace in the reports of it any thing of the kindling and elevating eloquence of George Whitefield, the fiery candor of John Wesley, or the sweet persuasion of Charles.

We are glad that Mr. Spurgeon does not come to us upon a speculation. When the Church ceases to command, and appeals to the love of the drama implanted in the human soul, it has certainly abdicated its mission. It is a pity that a crowd should follow a preacher, as it does an actor, for the sake of emotional excitement. There is nothing more fatal than mere imagination. For it saps and wastes the very springs of noble character.

Of course we do not mean that rich, vigorous, picturesque, and stirring preaching is necessarily unimaginative, or that fine and delicate fancy necessarily solemn and religious. When Whitefield called upon the angel to stay, me fly while there was yet one unrepented sinner, the effect was probably thrilling. But it is only genius that can do such things.

Let us therefore hope that Mr. Spurgeon has genius.

LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

Mr. W. T. and Mr. W. J., who writes to the Lounger and the Editor a reference to some drawings forwarded by him, will obtain the information the desires by addressing a note to the Editor, mentioning the State in which he lives. People who live in a town in which misses as Beverley should be aware that it is impossible for their correspondents to divine the State in which their particular locality is situated.

Hodge-Medger, Jun., in St. Albens, Vermont, and Belle Evans, in Louisville, Kentucky, are both indignant with the Lounger's correspondent, Darter, who, a few weeks since, protested against bogging in public. Hugger-Mugger, Jun., declares that he has seen the same car with Traveller, who preserved his "privacy" by going to sleep, spreading his mouth wide, and snoring, and H. Jun contends that it is quite possible to see a pretty plump hand, and "to hear singing, talking, or even scolding, that does not offend the more." That is a matter of taste. Certainly it is not very pleasant to listen to snoring. Let Traveller shield himself as well as he can. If he prefers to hear snoring—very well. But what has he to say about snoring himself?

H. Jun. proceeds:

"Should 'Traveller' ever make a long journey, with a wife, or even a lady friend, the probability is unless he is wisely destitute of feelings that about the time they were making the sixth hundred miles, he would prefer her to rest her weary head wherever she saw proper to select it, and to which end the shoulder of a man is made the place as comfortable as possible.

"After riding some many hours without rest or sleep, people are not usually very punctilious in regard to conserving the ruins of their personal appearance.

"And now, Mr. Lounger, don't you think it would be a good idea for 'Traveller,' next time he dreams upon some mental, 'what I would do if I were Lounger,' to begin thus:

"'And when he again places his 'eye' at your service, won't you remind him of an old saying about a mote and a beam'.

"Should he be inclined to talk about 'Hops,' advise him—is friendly way—to 'mind his own business and his own ears.'"

Let Traveller attend to himself. But the Lounger may say a reply to the plea about the "sixth hundred miles," that Traveller expressly implied that the lady was not sleepy. And as for French coy, there are ways and ways. A woman may lean her head upon a gentleman's shoulder in a car without the slightest confidence, and may do it so that every body is attracted as to a spectacle that should rather be avoided.

Belle Evans declares that it is all very upon the part of Traveller; that he is a very old bachelor and "never had a dear good hug in his life." If she only knew him she declares she would travel with every train with him, "and wouldn't I—?" She does not say what.

—Lucie, Malines, New York, asks the following very sensible questions, to which answers are desired from the romantic:

"Do 'white-washed cottages' ever really have a 'wood-bine-covered porch'? What species of plant is the woodbine? I had a fine one, but the gardener 'believed to grow near a house rot the timbers, besides being not safe in many respects, and so I suppose I have to have one.

"Why is it that the conventional bachelor is always minus his shirt-buttons? Among the gentlemen of my acquaintance it is the married men whose buttons are generally missing for which they are continually scolding their wives? Is it the bachelors' buttons' appear to be kept in perfect order—I suppose because they have to do them?

"Do the little girls in stories always put up their hair in curl-papers preparatory to going to bed and sleeping all night? I have tried to read of a single straight-haired child manifesting a proclivity for that romantic amusement."

—Carsmel, Pleasant Corner, parodies Longfellow's "Excelsior," and ends with a pomn upon "The Evening-spending Bore."

"There is no little evil,
But it grows if tended more,
Thus that prince of all stupidity,
The evening-spending bore.

"I'd breathe the incense of her head,
And—

C. A. P., of New Orleans, writes to the Lounger:

"I have often been exceedingly shocked by the manner in which some people kiss each other; that is, in giving one of those sounding salutes which are the exclusion of a Parisian gay or something similar.

"I would press my lips on hers
As daintily as the humming-bird
Touches his bill into the snow-bottom cup,
And with one long, noiseless breath
I'd breathe the incense of her head.

C. A. P. would do just right. A kiss, like the first he describes, which goes off with a smack, with a report, is probably the act of those who

"Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame."

We give herewith a couple of illustrations of a scene which, though a matter of history, will seem incredible to persons unacquainted with passing events in Utah.

One of the most objectionable features in the Mormon theocracy is the right which it arrogates to itself to shed blood upon ecclesiastical pretexts. Brigham Young preaches in one of his sermons, as published in the Deseret *News*, as follows:

"I do know that there are sins committed of such a nature that if the people did understand the doctrine of Salvation they would tremble because of their situation; and, furthermore, I know that there are transgressors, who, if they know themselves, and the only condition upon which they can obtain forgiveness, would *lay of their heirs-ves to shed their blood*, that the smoke thereof might ascend to God as an offering to appease the wrath that is kindled against them, and that the law might have its course."

President Grant, in a sermon published in the same paper, remarks: "There are men and women among us that I would advise to go to the President immediately and ask him to appoint a Committee to attend to their case, and then let a place be selected, and let that committee shed their blood."

A terrible instance of this fanaticism has occurred quite recently, which will greatly enlighten our readers as regards the frequent atrocities of this anomalous sect. A poor deaf and dumb boy, who was known to be a witness in a case of "Danite" assassination, which would certainly have commanded the attention of the Federal Court, has, for some time past, been the subject of general anxiety among them. That he expected to see the laws faithfully executed. Some time ago, one of the most respectable merchants in the Territory purchased in Camp Floyd that the boy would, very likely, fall a victim to the Danites. Such incident hardihood, in the face of the organized Federal Court, supported by a formidable *posse comitatus*, could scarcely be credited. The prediction, however, has already been verified.

"Dummy," as the boy was called, was the son of a poor Danish widow. He was simple almost to idiocy. His poverty and misfortunes had enlisted the sympathy of the whole Gentile community, who delighted in giving him alms. When the contemplated assassination was whispered abroad the interest in his behalf became universal. But all at once the poor swordsman was missing from the streets. "Where has Dummy gone? where has Dummy gone?" was the query on every side. The Mormon answer was, that he had gone into the country to work. A month or more elapsed, and the poor widow became solicitous about her son.

It is well known that the maternal attachment is always strongest toward those children who are most unfortunate. Such seems especially to have been the case with Mrs. Hansel. Long since left alone in the world with only her deaf and dumb child, she had beguiled a sad widow's life in his nourishment and instruction. She could communicate intelligibly with him by signs, and, to a certain extent (notwithstanding his simplicity), could awaken within him a sense of right and wrong. As it too often happens, however, in such cases, her influence was greater than her prudence. Supposing the poor mute could not possibly excite the apprehensions of the Prophet, she either willingly or unwittingly permitted him to mingle with the Gentiles. This, in accordance with the Danite code, requires that his blood should be spilled as incense to God.

But who could be found so fiendish as to accomplish so foul a deed? The quotation above, from Grant's sermon, answers the question. A "committee," consisting of Christiansen and Eph Hanky, are appointed. The sequel will show that they performed a murder which, for fanaticism, barbarity, and utter contempt for law, has no parallel in the civilized world. In obedience to the *ecclesiastical dictum*, Christiansen (armed with a revolver and bowie-knife) set forth on his mission of death on the 12th of November. On the same day he arrived at Eph Hanky's shanty.

His pretext for accosting Dummy was that he has stolen money. Dummy, not being able to comprehend him, produced eleven dollars in dimes and half dimes, which he had received as charity. This is not enough: Christiansen draws his revolver and threatens to shoot him. The terrified mute flies. The assassin fires four shots at him, three taking effect.

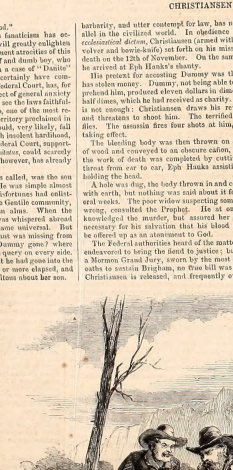
The bleeding body was then thrown on a load of wood and conveyed to an obscure cañon, where the work of death was completed by cutting his throat from ear to ear, Eph Hanks assisting by holding the head.

A hole was dug, the body thrown in and covered with earth, but nothing was said about it for several weeks. The poor widow suspecting something wrong, consulted the Prophet. He at once acknowledged the murder, but assured her it was necessary for his salvation that his blood should be offered up as an atonement to God.

The Federal authorities heard of the matter, and endeavored to bring the fiend to justice; but with a Mormon Grand Jury, sworn by the most fearful oaths to sustain Brigham, no true bill was found. Christiansen is released, and frequently ever his cups facetiously boasts that Dummy was the hardest fellow to kill he ever tried. It took a whole day to do it.

THE MURDER OF THE DEAF AND DUMB BOY IN UTAH.

CHRISTIANSEN SHOOTS THE DUMB BOY.



THE CONSUMMATION OF THE MURDER.

MR. ASPINWALL'S GALLERY.

THE erection of the two galleries of Messrs. Aspinwall and Belmont, in our city, is an event not to be passed by in the history of the day. These and other events bring more forcibly than ever to our minds the resemblance between our own city and its inhabitants and the great mercantile cities of Italy of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and show us that, however progressive the world is, the human mind remains the same; and how, under similar circumstances, though in different times and positions, the same mental energy that produces wealth is carried forward to the higher and nobler objects—the cultivation of the intellectual in Art and Science.

Thus, as the foremost merchants of Florence, Venice, and Genoa became the greatest patrons of the arts in their day, so now we see many of the first men of our day following in their footprints. This is a wise provision of Providence. We, the public, can not but feel just pride in the mental power and indomitable perseverance which have produced our canals and railways, spanned the Isthmus of Panama, opened Japan, and carried our merchant flag to every part of the world; and we can not but feel pleasure in seeing the wealth thus obtained expended in the application of it to the purposes of beneficence and in the cultivation of the arts, by which much always has the effect of raising the social standard of any nation.

The Gallery which contains engravings illustrative of an ordinary walk in the house of the proprietor. In the exterior the architect, Mr. Renwick, has preserved the green features of the architecture of the main building. The Gallery is entered by a fine arched gateway on Tenth Street. Passing through this, the visitor arrives at a door on his left leading to a marble vestibule, which opens into a corridor at the rear of the gallery, and from which they are entered. This corridor, which is some ten feet, and thirty-four feet long, is lighted by sky-lights, and in it are many small works of Art, among which we may mention as worthy of particular observation, The Portrait of Washington, by Stuart; The Portrait of Lafayette, by Ary Scheffer; A Portrait, by Wood-ville; Two Dutch Engagements, by the celebrated Vander Helst; and a Judith, by Feti, surnamed the Guido of the Florentine School.

In the centre of the north wall of this corridor is a very fine group in marble, representing Columbus with a native of the New World, by the Chevalier Cantalini, the Professor in the Academy of Florence.

Turning from this, we enter the first of the three series proper, for there are two, Mr. Aspinwall having wisely decided that he would have both modern and ancient pictures, giving to each a separate habitation. We may here say that, to arrange the light of the galleries, the whole plan of the owner and his architect to throw the light on the pictures and leave the walls in shade, and thus preventing the dazzling effect on the eye consequent on the admission of the great masses of light in many galleries. This is done effectually by the interposition of screens suspended from the ceilings under the sky-lights, which admit light freely on the pictures, cast a shadow on the centre of the Gallery. "The screens are arranged so that they can be adjusted, by inclosing out the sky-light, and making the ceiling complete when they are lighted by gas.

The principal Gallery, twenty-two feet wide and thirty-four feet long, contains the pictures of the Old Masters. At the east end, opposite the door of the rear drawing-room, is the Conception by Murillo, purchased from the Duke of Soult, King of Holland, so placed as to be seen from the whole suite of rooms. This beautiful work is flanked, on one side by a Landscape by Claude, and by a picture of the school of Correggio.

At the opposite end of the gallery is the full-length Portrait of the Marquis Longmey, Governor-General of Milan, by Vandyke, and of a Knight of Malta, by Velasquez. This latter picture is one of the most famous hundred and fifty pictures engraved under his superintendence, and was purchased from the Marquis Durazzo, of Genoa.

On the south end of the room, and opposite the entrance, are two very fine pictures, one of which we observed, is peculiarly beautiful, by Sybil, by Guercino (purchased of the Sciarra family, at Pisa; The Saviour and St. John, by Correggio, purchased of the Duke of Casano, of Naples; A Singing Boy, by Paulo Veronese, purchased of the Monastery of Berengna, Naples; and two fine Copy: a Titian; and other Murillo's; besides many others of great value and undoubted originality. Opposite one of these pictures, on the north wall, among the most prominent are—a Landscape, by Rembrandt, formerly belonging to Count Stadion; a Landscape, by Jacques Berdal; a St. Peter, by Guido; St. Sebastian, by Andrea del Sarto; and others of equal merit.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MR. ASPINWALL'S GALLERY—WEST END.

Passing from this Gallery to the east, we come into the smaller Gallery, appropriated to the Modern School.

This is eighteen feet by twenty-two feet, and contains some fifty or sixty pictures. Among the most striking we may mention a superb Moonlight Sea View; a Storm, by Gudin, representing the Wreck of the Admiral of the Spanish Armada on the Coast of Scotland, from a sketch taken by the painter on the spot near which the wreck actually occurred; The Removal of the Body of Wallenstein after his Murder, painted by Piloty, of Munich; Three very fine Cattle Pieces, by Braemont; a superb Cattle Piece, by Ommegank; The Annunciation, by Jalabert, pupil of Paul Delaroche; The Supper at Emmaus, by Carl Müller, of Dusseldorf; A Card Party, by Ten Kate; Pictures by Verlockhoven, Brias, Leys, Madou, and other masters of the French and Flemish schools; with several by Huntington, Church, and Gignoux.

MR. ASPINWALL'S GALLERY—EAST END.

It is of course impossible to give a detail of all the painters represented in this Gallery, or of the subjects of their pictures, of which there are more than 100, all choice works of Art, purchased with great care during a residence of two years in Europe.

Many of the pictures in this Gallery—such as the Vandyke, the Murillo, and the Titian—could hardly be replaced if they were lost, so difficult has it become to obtain undoubted works by these artists; and in this respect Mr. Aspinwall has been extremely fortunate in acquiring works of undoubted authenticity from the families in whose possession they had remained in many cases for centuries, and to whom from their first production.

We hail this and its fellow galleries as another step in the right direction—another evidence of the civilization attendant upon our mercantile energy.

THE NAPIER BALL.

[FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

WASHINGTON CITY, *February 18, 1859.*

DIMPLE, and dearie, my dear sister, was the highest-ton from New York here, diversified by unanimely jostlings at each change of care, and by the persistent efforts of the conductors to keep themselves awake by waking up all sleeping passengers, under pretenses of seeing their tickets. Had no my friend Mr. Everett found the sleeping-cars on the New York Central road, they must be delightful to me compared to the torturous and bad modations on the Jordan-like route between the commercial metropolis and the political capital of the republic. I was fortunate enough, however, to meet with a venerable acquaintance who remembers Washington City for about as long a time and from him I learned that the NAPIER BALL, which I was on my way to attend, was the great event. The resisters at the Federal capital have ever delighted to "welcome the coming, speed the parting" representative of our Anglo-Saxon fatherland; and in olden times, when ministers came in state, on man-of-war vessels, the Washingtonians went to Annapolis to greet them at the water's edge. Sir Charles Bagot and Mr. Rush were honored with this; a grand entertainment donnavate was given here to M. de Neuville on his departure; and Mr. Vaughn was complimented with a ball on leaving the first time, followed by a dinner the next day; when he left the second time the dinner was omitted. Arrangements had been projected for giving a farewell ball to Sir John Crampton, on some occasion, but Washington has *empê* he took French-leave; and now that his successor was, in turn, to make his exodus, the ball was to be a first affair. The reminiscences of these entertainments in years gone by, and of those who figured in them, dispelled the loneliness of the flight glad was I when the unlooked dome of the Capitol loomed up in the misty distance, and when I found myself within the walls of that noted caravansary, Willard's Hotel.

The ball was the only topic of conversation in Washington. The master dog of England waved harmoniously with the Stars and Stripes over the locality of the festival, of which your artist obtained a very clear sketch, although no view can give an idea of the scene of accumulated splendor which. At the Capitol grave Senators and honorable Congressmen were gathered in social conversation; The fancy-stores on the Avenue were crowded; French hair-dressers and cooks (artists all) rushed frantically about; and the office of Mr. Kennedy, where the managers sat in solemn conclave, guarding the portals in advances by dint of the sale of tickets "not transferable," was crowded with the eleventh hour men. Very appropriate were the ladies' invitation-cards, headed by a beautiful pictorial device (of which a sketch is sent by your artist) representing the armorial shields of Great Britain and of the United States in maternal and filial juxtaposition, ornamented with the delicate blades of Indian corn, the roses of York and Lancaster, the shamrock of the Green Isle, and, twining about all, the thistle—whose wit and valor which gave birth to him in whose honor the festival was given, and who has *Nap-tir* in the service of his sovereign.

There were those, too, who undertook to crucify themselves on the X which represented the price of a ticket, often to be multiplied manifold by the holies of their families, who, of course, had a liking to waste. Lord Napier had never sported the acquaintance of these grumblers, it appeared; he had only met them at Dublin Castle at one of the entertainments at the Embassy; and why, oh! why should they join in a parting compliment to him as the representative of our Anglo-Saxon fatherland. They also deemed the price of tickets extravagant, but your artist was present at a time for which it was only necessary to give a dollar for the supper-ticket; and as the ball was given in the entire *corps diplomatique*, it was anti-republican! And thus they grumbled. Heaven help them!

THE EVENING OF THE BALL.

The evening arrived, and with it came a drenching shower, refreshing to the hosts of unregulated hitchers with which the city of magnificent distances is infested, but by no means pleasant to the ball-goers. Willard had, however, very thoughtfully caused to be erected a canvas portico, which covered the entrance-porch and the sidewalk, so that ladies could step under cover from their carriages to the door.

DRESSING AND RECEPTION ROOMS.

The entire suit of parlors on the Fourteenth Street side of the hotel, with others near by, were used as dressing and reception rooms. One parlor was especially reserved for the guests of the evening, viz.: Lord and Lady Napier, the Diplomatic corps, and the members of the Cabinet with their ladies. When each of these or several had arrived, they were formally escorted by the Executive Committee of the Board of Managers down stairs into the ball-room, the band playing "God Save the Queen." The broad staircase down which they passed was lined with rare exotics, embedded in moss, and ornamented with mirrors.

THE HALL-ROOM.

This magnificent apartment, one hundred and fifty-feet in length, was draped with the insignia of all nations, supplied for the occasion from the navy-yard at Brooklyn and here. Opposite the staircase was a raised orchestra, also draped with flags, and at the northern extremity was a rostrum, behind which was a mammoth oval mirror, flanked by full-length portraits of George Washington, and Queen Victoria. On this platform were chairs for Lord and Lady Napier, and sofas for the other guests; but they refused to occupy it for an hour, and the position of honor was occupied by a bevy of beauty; the chairs and sofas were by no brilliant means, and be surveyed.

The armorial bearings of the United States and of England were hung on the walls at different points, and on the floor was painted, with artistic ability, the arms of the Napier, with motto and motto, of which your artist has sent a sketch. Large chandeliers lit up the scene with a flood of light, and matted jacket was the scene. Fair women in the pride of full dress, and decked with jewels rare; brave men in the uniforms of the army, the navy, and the marine corps; diplomats decked with crosses and stars; with many of the most noted and accomplished civilians of the land of our country, formed a spectacle rarely seen on this side of Atlantic. Some of the ladies were in the most surpassingly lovely, glittering like the morning star, full of life and joy, and "fairer than the ghost of hot hills roses in the vale of Arno, seen first over the silence of Morven;" and, as if to set out the beauty by contrast, there were present a number of the "Pike County" class, with a few well-preserved, elaborately-painted, and carefully-corseted old dowagers of antediluvian fashions every lady moved in the "fashionable circles" which so glorious prevail in Washington, and all were apparently at out of the question. But the inspiring strains of the band could not be resisted, and the measured evolutions of the *lancers* or the dance of waltz were executed in the smallest possible compass. No one occupied a smaller locomotive space than his partner (the bewitching Miss H., of Baltimore), and could not feel her for an hour. The Hon. Mr. Dallas and Lady Napier made a favorite flirtation with an epaulated lieutenant on a soft tenenth the stairs, and that she seemingly complained that she had been deserted in the dance!

THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Honor to whom honor is due, and the gentlemen who have managed the ball deserved merit especial mention. First and foremost was Senator Slidell, who actually danced with Lady Napier, at once banished from his shrewd countenance that Zerah Colburn, mental-arithmetic look with which he is more overlooking his duties as the Presidency. Hon. Anthony Kennedy, the Senator from Maryland, was another gentleman of the Committee of fair ones from the monumental city. On the arm of W. W. Corcoran, Esq., the Treasurer of the Corcoran Gallery of Art, and guardian of a rich yet simple dress, and not an ornament in her hair, but which she looked as if she had just thrown Henry Ledyard, Esq., the son-in-law of General Cass, is at home on such occasions. Hon. Mr. Colfax, of Indiana, was a noble representative of the thoroughbred Virginia gentleman; and W. H. Hodge, Esq., was an epitome of the gentlemanliness of this working trio. But the real labor, responsibility, and toil was borne by J. C. A. Jones, Esq., of Washington, in connection with his labors on the last census.

THE GUESTS.

Lady Napier, with his sweet, homelike smile and courtly grace, was, of course, the observed of all observers, and looked surpassingly lovely in white silk, flounced with black lace; her headdress was a net-work of gold, from which waved feathers and black lace, and she wore a black lace shawl. Lord Francis, Baron Napier, of Thirlestane, and Lady Clara Napier, a Wesleyan lion coat with bright buttons, and a white choker. He is a most accomplished master of diplomacy, and generally considered to be going to Russia, before landing, yet steady manners. When he addresses an audience—as he does frequently—nobody can tell has been here—he says what he has to say, and no more, in excellent taste and with unerring tact. He is also a most gallant and polished gentleman, fascinating the fair one to whom he talks, his quiet manner and voice being in keeping with the quality of his musical voice evidently possessing magnetic power. A lover of art, he is noted as an admirer of the beautiful, and every inch of the true man.

M. le Comte de Sartiges, wearing the commander's cross of the legion of honor, and Madame la Comtesse, who wore a most becoming blue brocade. The Spanish Minister was to attentive to a fair lady from the West that he forgot himself, he may favor amenorism after all. General Herran executed the duties of Secretary of Legation, but who is well versed in Central American affairs. Waldemar de Bodisco and a score of minor diplomatic stars were present, but the popular couple the belles. No wonder! They waltz steadily, these gallant men, their heads erect, their feet dancing, and they are all on the regular ladder of promotion. Did not Lady Ouseley marry old Sir Gore when he was here a year ago? Many Arkansas parents, however, by no means approve of these hitherto of their daughters to foreigners, especially when these daughters are to be the recipients of carefully treasured property.

GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS.

The President, by the etiquette of our republican court, can not visit a public entertainment, and it is lucky for him that he can not. His comely and beautiful niece was of course missed, for she graces and adorns every scene of which she forms a part; but Miss Lane was present, and was well represented by Mrs. Craig, a most querulous and fascinating widow, who is this winter a guest there, and whom "beauty unadorned" in a deep-blue dress sat many an elaborate toilet in the shade. She was escorted by that amiable gentleman Mr. J. Buchanan Henry, who is soon to vacate the post of private secretary to "Uncle James," to put on the wreaths of Hymen and commence the practice of law. Colonel Scudder, the District Marshal; P. Barton Key (son of the author of the "Star-spangled Banner"), the District Attorney; and Dr. Block, the commissioner of Public Buildings and Usher of the White Rod, were all there. Nor can Ex-Marshall Hoover, with his pleasant face and lovely wife, be forgotten here.

The Secretary of State (pardonus in the performance of duty) was when he commenced his veiled, yet unbroken, official career over fifty years ago; yet seemed somewhat disappointed at reports so industriously circulated, that he is failing. The Secretary of the Interior, with his equal-tempered and accomplished wife, representative of Department and the State of Mississippi most creditably. But the ladies were decided to the non-appearance of the belle, *par excellence*, Miss Narcissa Saunders. The mail service, however, had a worthy representative in Miss Kitty, the fair daughter of the Assistant Postmaster - General, who, in company with males who know her, yet were delivers them from their suspense. Mr. John Appleton, Assistant Secretary of State, and the "King's men" (Mr. Hill) seemed somewhat lonely, but his lady was in capital spirits and a becoming dress beside, and was the belle of a ringlet, fair, and bewitching damsel from Salem, Massachusetts, ever celebrated for its witchcraft. Its fascination elsewhere. There was Mr. Eames, that editorial Tellegrand, with his accomplished lady; the newspaper reporters, Mr. Benjamin Perley, and G. G. Squier, whose wife wore a royal purple velvet with great grace; and Colonel C. F. Smith, the 9-year city; Colonel John Nugent, who has turned his back upon Bogota to be Governor of Californias; and Major Heap, who for a time was also his editorial duties to sport the diplomatic button.

MEMBERS OF CONGRESS.

Senators, as representatives of sovereign States, claim precedence of Members of Congress, and so Senator Mason (one of the true Virginia gentlemen of the olden time) and Senator Slidell, the gallant of the evening, were the first to present the ball. Gallantry to his corrugated features as he played the agreeable to Miss Martha Haines Butt, a young, handsome, and gifted authoress from Norfolk, Virginia, who wore a simple white dress, spotted with scarlet pomegranate flowers, and looked as if she had each other in paying homage to Madame Crittenden, the inheritress of the graces of the Virginia court of Lady Washington, and the fair daughters of South Carolina, who were escorted by Senator Hammond, and the accomplished Senator Butler, who is in a few days to receive from a public service of forty-five years to enjoy retired happiness in his native State, and who he added to our constitution, was the devoted attendant of Miss Caroll, of Maryland, whose brother Willie and his burly brother, Hale, of New Hampshire, were equally gallant; and Mrs. Hale, as usual, was surrounded by those who love conversivity and admire her New England home-manners. Senator Gwin, with his accomplished daughter (beautiful coral did the daughter wear), seemed none the worse for the wash of the Pacific Ocean. Mr. Crittenden, whose head is as massive as his heart is incorruptible, and we all know is as unbending as the oak, and around with some contempt in his face, and the manner in which his scrutinized some excessive valentines sent to the belles of the party."

Mr. Speaker Orr, whose massive form is not easily overlooked in any crowd, did not have the "mace" borne before him; but I noticed in the hall Mr. Clark, of Missouri; Mr. Curtis, of Pennsylvania; Mr. Chief Clerk Carter, with his *inevitable* and well-known smile; Mr. Forney, and Mr. Postmaster Clusky. All shades of politics were represented. Buringame, whose personal friends are on hand to-day, and who, by the way, has made a sus-ace with the chivalric Keitt, of South Carolina, was also excellent in his choice in the selection of their partners. Mr. Clay, of Kentucky, is always an object of interest to those who revere his father's memory. Mr. Wheeler, formerly of New York, enjoys the double reputation of having the most accomplished lady and the handsomest library of any member on the floor. With Messrs. Combs and Hall, of the old Bay State, were their accomplished and excellent wives. Mrs. Reidy, of Tennessee, was accompanied by his daughter, whose dress and style would do credit to any court.

The majority of the Representatives, however, were *solos*, and they were prominent in their attentions to two of that fascinating class against whose attractions the elder Disraeli warned his son Samivel. Mrs. Conrad, of Louisiana, is of the true Grecian cast of form and feature, tall, lithe, and surpassingly graceful in her every movement, while the bewitching expression of her features is enhanced by the sad yet sunny glances of her falcon-like eyes, and the gentle tones of her musical voice—no wonder that, while receiving the admiration of mankind, she has excited the envy of her own unchartable sex. Equally admired, but of a more Roman and less Style of beauty, is Mrs. Bass, of Mississippi, who would have been a fit model for Phidias when he modeled his statue of Hebe. Rogers, and Mrs. Wade Hale, trimmed with forget-me-nots, set off a form that no one who saw it can forget.

THE FOURTH ESTATE.

Colonel Scudder, of the *National Intelligencer*, ever commands respect as the accomplished senior-editor of that time-honored sheet. Colonel Johnson, of that executive "organ" the Washington *Union*, a tall, fine-looking gentleman, contrasting strongly in every way with his equally-prominent and but "hand-organ" the *Star*. In the pleasant features of Pryor, of the *States*, there is no indication of the malignant bitterness of his often unprovoked invectives, but his eye betokens the courage and the enthusiasm of the Celt, which the brain has marked out by Calhoun. Colonel Schuyler—he may be a general, for all these editors have some Indian blood in their veins—is a fine, manly specimen, and I am confident that he does not put the gall and wormwood in the editorial columns of the stern and ascetical features of Mr. Fike (his Maye's husband), of the New York *Tribune*, spoke. He thought that would be the last J. S. Fike from this city. Of "correspondents" there was at least a score, although "the female was appended," and this phrase recalls to my mind the Belgravian dignity with which our Empress's maid moved through the throng, and the ladylike ease with which that "fairy star," Mrs. Bonwald, mingled in the festivities of the evening.

"All the world's a stage," and she could see around her some countenances more besraged and bedevilled than any of the Bedouins in the foot-lights.

OUR NATION'S DEFENDERS.

The "armory and navery officers, in brass coats with their bright buttons, and their bright swords by sides, were out in full force, and all grades were represented, from Major General Jessup down to the youngest midshipman. Among the naval officials up to Commodore Kearney, who has been in the service fifty-two years, and who looks as if he has been at sea. Colonel Magruder, with his broad sash *en écharpe*; Colonel P. St. George Cooke, with his manly form and soldierly bearing; Colonel E. Johnson; Surgeon General Lawson; and other officers, recalled the Florida war, when the Indians in Florida and on the plains—at Cerro Gordo and at Chapultepec. Nor is there any danger that the brave and efficient Col. Lee, of Indiana, will forget, while such naval officers as Ingraham, Sands, Hunt, Hollingsworth, and others there last night are alive to keep it flying. There too was Colonel Harris, the new commander of the marines, with his large Roman head and massive features, that he could the militia have a better representative than Colonel Lee? Or other "native American" than the "buckskin colonel" of Braddock's army, and an aid-de-camp to Governor Wise, or Colonel J. W. Lasher, who is the Chief Engineer of the Fire Department, and who was in superintending the wagon-road to the Pacific.

NOTABLES.

Lenzo, the artist, was greeted by many friends on his return from the Old World; Brady, the indomitable photographer, was there; Mr. Bell, the very popular here. Then we had your New York dignitaries of fashion, of talent and resplendent.

THE SUPPER.

At half past eleven o'clock a curtain, which had formed the end of the hall next the orchestra, was raised, and the supper-room was disclosed to us. The hall was in reality prolonged, until it was upward of three hundred feet in length, and along this extension ran the tables for the feast of fat recently—on which was the supper. It was a banquet which would have delighted the heart of Boyer could not have prepared a more elaborate repast at *Brignoe*, while there were also waiters from the Metropolitan Hotels from the kitchen of James's River, canvas-back ducks from the Delaware, reed birds from the Mississippi, terrapin from Kentucky, prairie hens from Iowa, mutton from the Cumberland mountains, venison from North Carolina, and other "native American" dishes. The sacharine architecture was wonderful, so delicately was the sugar wrought into models of Britannia and America, ornamented with the arms of the United States and of England, and decorated with the British and American flags. Flowers of the attack made upon luxuries and delicacies, but a corps of waiters kept the tables supplied with empty dishes, and meanwhile there was a running fire of Champagne corks, many Cyclops of gentlemen being made drunk, and not forgetting Dick Swiveller's precept to "sip the rum." Wonderful to relate, not a single accident took place, and some of the Executive Committee, there was not a toast, a sentiment, or a speech. BRYON.

After the supper, dancing was resumed, and was kept up until long past the "witching hour of night, when Morpheus claimed his own in their winding sheets." Of the prominent belles not before mentioned, I could speak in the highest terms, but I do not believe that the mail-agent will wait one moment beyond his allotted time. Your artist has kept pace with his pencil for two days, and now you his sketches—but it is impossible to do justice to the scene with either pen or pencil. The glowing light, the varied colors, the bright faces, the rich toilets, the general good humor, and the whole scene with the accessible manner in which the Messrs. Willard carried out the views of the Committee—all this may be appreciated, but cannot be described. In haste, *toni e tout*,

G. WASHINGTON JENKINS.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE

POLITICAL

CONGRESS.

On Monday, 14th, in the Senate, the new Senator from Oregon were introduced and drew for the long term. General Smith moved to take up the bill to refund Texas bonds, elected for six years from six March next, were presented. Senate up bill, after speeches by Seward and Toffit question; after which the Indian continued also Iten case was taken up, and, after speeches by Senator

Seward, Bayard, Trumbull, Green, Fessenden, Benjamin, Gwinnan, Pugh, and others, the report of the Joint Committee was sustained, and the Committee discharged from further consideration of the subject by a vote of 38 to 13.——In the House Mr. English, from the Post-office Committee, reported a bill for the speedy trial of new post routes, and transportation of the mail on contract for the first four years. Amendments were moved by Messrs. Jones and Phelps, but they were lost, and the bill passed. Mr. Phelps moved a suspension of the rules to introduce a bill to authorize the issue of treasury notes to the amount supplied by 110 to 87. Much further consideration ensued on the subject, and amendments and substitutes, and speeches were made by Messrs. Phelps, Millson, Hughes, Stanton, and others, when the House took a recess.

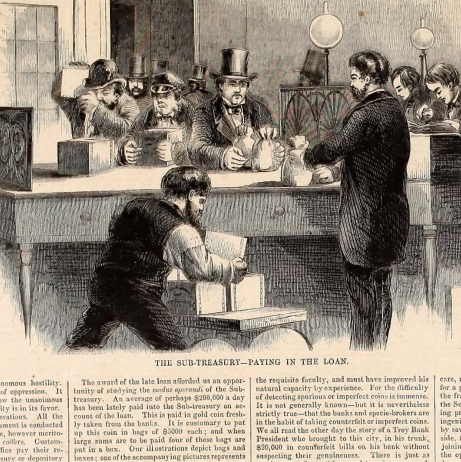
On Tuesday, 15th, in the Senate, Father Boyle, a Roman Catholic priest, of Washington, was introduced and took the oath of office. He noticed into the Joint during Senator Pearce's absence, and after a fruitless attempt to effect a vote on the bill, and a further attempt to amend the bill by Senator Bell, the consideration of the bill was postponed. Senator Wilson introduced a bill to modify the organization of the Army. Leaves of Senators is computed. The Cuba Bill was then taken up, and a long speech was delivered by Senator Crittenden. Remarks were made by other Senators, but nothing of consequence. In the House Mr. Stanton introduced a resolution directing the Sergeant-at-arms to apprehend John Cochrane, a witness before the Military Investigation Committee; adopted. Mr. Cochrane appeared before the Committee, and refused to answer certain questions. He declared it was not right that a witness should be subjected to such treatment. He considered the resolution a personal insult to him, and he refused to be sworn. He was then ordered into the custody of the Sergeant-at-arms, and was afterwards discharged on the ground that the Committee had no power to administer an oath. Mr. Cochrane then

THE UNITED STATES SUB-TREASURY AT NEW YORK.

Now that the United States are reduced to borrow money, and the newspapers are full of accounts of large sums paid in gold to the Sub-treasurer at New York, we have thought that an illustrated account of the Sub-treasury in this city would be both interesting and instructive. On calling upon Mr. Sub-treasurer Cisco, and stating our desire to make his office the subject of an article, we were received with a courteous welcome. Mr. Cisco regretted that the rooms occupied by his department and officers were not as large and commodious as they should be. At a glance it was easy to perceive that the area afforded by the building was miserably inadequate to the business transacted; and that, to avoid confusion, at least twice the space should be obtained. Still, such as it was, Mr. Cisco kindly offered to show us through his office, and to explain the functions of each officer.

Every one is aware that the crowning merit of Jackson's Presidency was the establishment of United States Sub-treasuries—in other words, the creation of Government offices for the deposit of Government funds, and the establishment of the national finances on a purely specie basis. At first the Sub-treasury system encountered great opposition—The banks assailed it with venomous hostility. Politicians called it an engine of oppression. It survived these assaults; and now the unanimous verdict of the financial community is in its favor.

It is very simple in its operations. All the financial business of the Government is conducted on a specie basis. No bank-note, however meritorious, ever enters the national coffers. Custom-houses, Land-offices, and Post-offices pay their receipts into the nearest Sub-treasury or depository in coin; and in coin all the officers of the United States—from the President to the poorest tide-waiter—are paid. In flush times, when the importations are large and immigration copious, the receipts into the Sub-treasury overload its vaults; when trade is checked, coin flows out of the Sub-treasuries into the banks. Experience has proved that, so far from being hurtful to the banks or the commercial community, so were at first apprehended, the Sub-treasury system has, in fact, proved a valuable auxiliary to both, by accumulating coin in times of bank expansion, and disbursing it when a bank contraction was necessary.



THE SUB-TREASURY—PAYING IN THE LOAN.

The award of the late loan afforded us an opportunity of studying the *modus operandi* of the Sub-treasury. An average of perhaps $200,000 a day has been lately paid into the Sub-treasury on account of the loan. This is paid in gold coin freshly taken from the banks. It is customary to put up this coin in bags of $5000 each; and when large sums are to be paid four of these bags are put in a box. Our illustrations depict bags and boxes; one of the accompanying pictures represents the actual payment of sums of money on account of the loan.

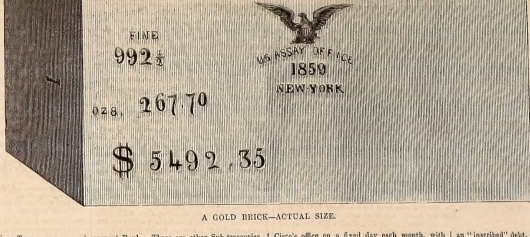
When money is received at the Sub-treasury it is straightway handed to Messrs. Birdsall and Cisco, Jun., to be counted and tested. The bags are emptied upon a counter—one of our engravings gives a fair representation of the scene—and these gentlemen proceed to count. It seems a very simple thing to count a few thousand dollars in gold coin. It is, in fact, so difficult a matter to do so, for the service of the United States Sub-treasury, that, in the language of the head of the office, to succeed in the business a man must be born with the requisite faculty, and must have improved his natural capacity by experience. For the difficulty of detecting spurious or imperfect coins is immense. It is not generally known—but it is nevertheless strictly true—that the banks and specie-brokers are in the habit of taking counterfeit or imperfect coins. We all read the other day the story of a Troy Bank President who brought to this city, in his trunk, $20,000 in counterfeit bills on his bank without suspecting their genuineness. There is just as much error afloat with regard to coins; so much science and skill are now devoted to the imitation of specie that, in the language of Mr. Cisco, to detect counterfeits a man needs to have been born with an eye, an ear, and a touch adapted for the business, and, further, to have improved these senses by large practice. Every one can tell by "the ring" a base metal coin from a silver or gold one. But to distinguish the ring of silver from that of gold—to detect unlawful alloy in a piece which really contains a large proportion of gold—to discover a piece that has been sweated, or filed, or bored, or diamonelled—needs no common tact.

The gentlemen who do the counting for the Sub-treasury count with both hands. When a $1000 bag is emptied before them, they plunge both hands simultaneously into the glittering mass, and with, draw each with a coin between the thumb and forefinger. Their sense of ear is so acute that if, in pouring out the contents of a bag, a spurious coin happens to strike against the counter, they will detect and denounce it though they may happen to be many yards distant. For the proportion of alloy they rely in some degree on the eye, which is so trained that the least imperfection is at once discovered. It is the sense of touch which serves to detect sweated or filed coins.

Latterly spurious gold coins have generally belonged to one of two kinds. They have either been sweated by a new process or they have been diamonelled. The new sweating process consists in filing off the edges of the coin and then remilling it. The old sweating plan was simply to rub the face of the coin on a file till it was smooth; this method is now obsolete, as even the banks will not take a sweated piece. But by taking an eagle and filing off the milled edge carefully a rogue may, if he be careful, get $1 50 worth of gold from a $20 piece, and, by remilling it with

THE SUB-TREASURY—COUNTING THE GOLD.

pice is set in circulation. These coins are so difficult to distinguish from each other that there are not half a dozen persons in the United States who can discern that they have been tampered with. Mr. Birdsall, we are told, singles them out with unerring accuracy, and to the amazement of the bank from which they came, rejects them. A few weeks since the police were set on the track of a woman who was engaged in passing coins altered in this way. One of the most acute detectives was set on her track, and every license was afforded her in order, if possible, to discover the factory where the nice operation of boring and filling these coins was performed. Unfortunately, some zealous but thick-headed policeman got wind of the lady's performances, and, by arresting her prematurely, defeated the aims of his superior officers.



A GOLD BRICK—ACTUAL SIZE.

Messrs. Birdsall and Cisco, Jun., count several hundred thousand dollars every day. When they have gone through a bag, they shovel the coins into the funnel depicted in our illustration, and transfer them to a bag, which is instantly tied and sealed, not to be opened till its contents are required for disbursement.

Specie is kept in the Sub-treasury in various shapes. Gold and silver coins are kept in bags. But the bulk of the bullion is in the shape of "bricks." These are solid pieces of metal in the form of small oblong blocks. We engrave herewith the largest of these "bricks." It is worth $5492 35, and is of the size of the engraving. Other bricks are made of various sizes, down as low, we believe, as $200. These last bricks, which one can take between the finger and thumb and stow away as conveniently as a tooth-pick in the waistcoat pocket, ought to be more generally used than they are by travelers. A couple of hundred dollars in coin is an awkward sum to carry in the purse or on the person; in the shape of a Treasury "brick," it can be carried more conveniently than a watch.

In the Sub-treasury vault, of which we give herewith a graphic illustration, these bricks and bags are ranged in rows. A common man is not a little amazed to find himself in a room the walls of which are, literally, solid gold. But there they stand—the gold bricks—as close as they can pack, each of them worth from $6000 to $1000. A shelf of such bricks is a large fortune. A cupboard, such as is represented in our illustration, would set up a millionaire. It will be noticed that several cupboard doors are represented in the engraving closely sealed. Only a few out of the number are kept open for disbursement; most of them are closed, and sealed with the seal of the department. Enough of them, however, are left open to bewilder the gaze of visitors, and to remind one of the tales of the Arabian Nights.

The New York Sub-treasury is, in fact, the Government Bank. There are other Sub-treasuries, and the Government has a trifle of money at Washington. But the real business of the Government is done at New York. Almost all the public subsidies are paid by drafts on New York. Nearly all the depositories are supplied with coin by transfer drafts on New York. Army, Navy, Civil and Diplomatic service, contractors and Congressmen—all, Cisco's office on a fixed day each month, with mathematical regularity. There are small drafts. Mr. Cisco is not unaccustomed to receive drafts for hundreds of thousands of dollars. Once, indeed, he was called upon to pay a little government check of no less an amount than seven millions of dollars in one sum, for the Mexican indemnity. The piece of paper on which it was drawn was no bigger or more distinguished in any way than a draft for a month's salary of a Government clerk.

THE SUB-TREASURY VAULT—GOLD BRICKS AND BAGS.

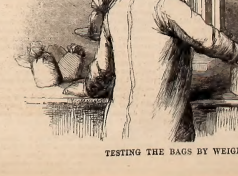
It may be remarked, in connection with these drafts, that such is the system with which the New York Sub-treasury is conducted, and such the skill and exactitude of Mr. Russell, the paying agent, and Messrs. Birdsall and Cisco, Jun., the clerks who count the receipts, that never since Mr. Cisco's appointment has an error of a dollar been committed in the accounts. A business of over two hundred millions a year is done; over eight hundred drafts are received, on the average, every day; but never, since Mr. Cisco had the management of the office, has a bad coin been taken, or a short payment been credited, or a forged or incorrect draft been cashed. It is not saying too much to add, that there is not a bank in the city of which as much could be stated.

Not the least curious desk in the Sub-treasury is that of the clerk who pays the interest on the public debt. The coupons and interest on about seven-eighths of the debt of the United States are paid at the Sub-treasury in New York. As is known, part of this debt is in the shape of coupon bonds, payable to bearer; the balance is in the shape of an "inscribed" debt, on which the interest is payable to parties whose names are entered on the great rolls at Washington. Every six months the names of these parties are written out in a book at the counter, and sent here to serve as a guide to the sub-treasurer.

These books are a curious study. Many of the names which they contain are household words. Some are the names of European: others of West Indians, and even Asiatics—Barely a third of the public debt is held in this country. The bulk of it, we imagine, is held in Continental Europe. One is not surprised to find the names of John J. Astor, Wm. B. Astor, Jacob Little, George Peabody, and such men, in a list of creditors of the United States; but they and their countrymen are in a minority. The heaviest foreign creditor we noticed is Lord Overstone (the famous Jones Loyd), who has lent this country no less than $250,000. A Spanish lady, Mercedi de Layrens, is our creditor to the tune of $200,000; and a noble friend of hers, the Count Cara Montalvo y Castillo draws six per cent. on $100,000. Several persons connected with the royal families of Europe are creditors of ours. The brother of the King of Naples took $50,000 some years ago, and instructed his agent to invest the dividends accruing thereon in the same security; he now owns over $70,000. His niece, the daughter of Bombs, is registered as a creditor for over $50,000. These wise people have been looking out for a rainy day. Another noble personage, the late Duchess of Orleans, has enough in United States Stocks to save the Count of Paris from being compelled to follow his grandfather's example and keep school; several of the Saxe Coburg Gothas have also invested in the same security.

The Count Rossi saw enough of this country, while he was here, to invest a few thousand in the famous name of Sontag; and little Paul Julien has a trifle—enough to keep him when his violin fails. One can readily account for the appearance of the name of the Rothschilds, both of London and Paris;

SHIPPING SPECIE TO THE INTERIOR.


TESTING THE BAGS BY WEIGHT.

but it is curious to note that the famous publisher, Panckouke, of Paris, is a creditor of the United States, and that the descendants of Beaumarchais de Toequeville to lodge some of his savings in the hands of our Government; and Lord Macaulay, who began with a bagatelle of some $5000, has since increased his venture to nearly $20,000. Now, we should never end if we attempted to enumerate all the great people who think their money well placed in United States securities. Here are Lord Dundonald, the great sailor, who has a large sum for a son of Neptune; the Duke of the Peninsula, the Count de Survilliers, Joseph Bonaparte, the Marquis of Chasseygne, Baring Brothers, Count de Beaumont, Count Carmedoli, and a host of other titled people who, perhaps, depend on the honesty and solvency of the United States Government for a living. Lord Elgin was enough of us to leave $17,500 of his savings in our six per cents; and the famous historian, Alexandre Herzen, has a bagatelle of $60,000 in the same security. There is another creditor whose name is a curiosity. It runs thus: Baron Louis Numa Expaminondas Justinian Aristides Decius Salis Hahnestein Lichtenstein Grotenstein. Have a man with such names drawing twenty-six dollars and fifty cents from the United States!

DID SHE LOVE HIM?

It was a dreary November day. The rain fell unceasingly on the ground, carpeted with sere, dead leaves. A chilly dampness was in the air. The bare branches of the maple-tree, whose shortlived crimson was now a dull brick, swept the parlor window like prison bars, so unlike the bright fruity lattice-work that but a few weeks before kept the too warm sunlight out from our room. Just by the window, my face pressed close to the pane on which the drops were trickling, I looked down the long walk which led from the front door to the street, just as I had been looking for more than an hour. I did not see Cyril Hamilton. The wet brown leaves spun the ground, the dull, dark sky, but the dreariness of all out-of-doors in my heart unawares, and made it more wretched.

For he had gone—he left me. He whom I loved better than life, better than my own soul, but my own selfish pride, Let left me forever. I had loved him for months. He had been to me by night and day and night. I had watched with eager happiness every sign and token of his growing love, and yet I had never, never, look, or hint, or betrayed the secret of my own.

It was my nature to be reserved—to shut up my heart from every one—to hide my thoughts and feelings; and, however stormily they might rage below, to wear always a calm and unmoved face. Even when a little child I used, when heart-full of some sudden joy or some baby-grief, to steal to a grave, quiet air from those who were watching me, till out of their sight, when I would throw myself on the ground, and laugh or sob out the feelings I would not have others know of. And when older it was always so, until now I was the nearest friend dreamed of my being otherwise than the cold and quiet girl I seemed.

So when I had given my whole heart to him, loving him with all the depth of woman's love, I shut up his secret away from every one, and was outwardly indifferent to him.

That he loved me I knew. That he watched me closely to see if by slightest sign I gave him encouragement to woo me, I knew too. But that sign I never gave. "I will never show that I love him," I said to myself, "till he asks me to be his wife."

So I closed my heart, and was always cold and calm when with him. As the days went by I seemed to grow colder and more distant, and my love for Paul grew greater. I shrank from all his attentions, and smiled haughtily away from every look and word of love.

I saw that I was grieving him, yet I was firm, and drew my pride closely about me. At last even his loving, hoping heart could see no light or hope. So he came to me to-day on autumn day to tell me that he was going away to seek a home and fortune. He told me, scanning my face eagerly to see if even then I might not show some sign of love, some sorrow at his departure. But I listened coldly.

"I shall be very sorry, Mr. Weston," I said, "to have you leave us. You have been such a pleasant addition to the society of which I will belong."

He answered as quietly, "I shall be sorry, for many reasons, to leave, Miss Marion."

Then there was a pause, when I tried to fill by saying, "I hope you will not forget your friends here, Mr. Weston, or our pleasant summer rambles, picnics, and parties—our literary society for the last season." I said this laughingly, but it replied gravely, sadly.

"I shall not forget, Marion."

He had never called me so before; he did not mean to have me repeated, half unwarily.

"I shall not forget," then started hurriedly to his feet.

"Must you go so soon?" I asked. "Can you spare me but this little call before you go so far away?"

"I had best go now," he said; "it will do no good to stay. If I lingered to say all that my heart wishes to speak it might possibly destroy our friendship, and would certainly give us no nearer, dearer tie in its place."

He said this hastily, as though he could not help it; said it half to himself. Then he held out his hand, took mine, looked one instant with his cold, earnest eyes into my face, said, in a low voice, a "Good-by!" which seemed an utter despair, a benediction, and a lament, and was gone.

I stole up stairs to my room, sat there with my face pressed close against the cold glass, looking down at the path he had just walked through, and trying to realize that he had gone forever.

Weeks passed away, and though I still wrapped myself in my pride, I grew pale and thin, my eyes lost their light, my lip its smile, and the color crept away from my cheek.

My parents were alarmed; and, not guessing the cause of my trouble, thought I was lonely, and needed young society. So they sent for Arthur Weston to come and spend the winter with me. She came. Kathie was my cousin; she was Paul Weston's cousin also; but we had never met before.

She was very unlike me; quick, impulsive, noble, warm-hearted, with no reserve. You could love down into her heart through her clear, brown eyes when it was your own to diversify. I loved Kathie; and as she never wearied me by asking for more of my love, and granting me all mine, I rather enjoyed having her with me. I talked with her no more freely than with my former friends, but I thought more freely of them. When others were around me I never allowed myself to think of Paul Weston, or to look for any hearth's grief. It seemed that my very thoughts, as they rose in my heart, would betray me.

But with Kathie here it was different.

Many a time have I sat with my head leaning in my hands, and looked at her, in her dark blue dress, that parting with Paul, while Kathie sat silently by my side.

I feel a jealousy. What young girl is there, however reserved and unsocial, who has not some friend in whom to confide, if it is not a sister, or a kitten, or a piece of blank paper?

Yes, I kept a journal, and the thoughts which I have been hoarding and dreaming were mine were written down in that little book. And while I told it all my grief—and my little cares, too—Kathie, Kathie sat by, looked at me with her great brown eyes, and never asked to see what I wrote. She knew I did this that I was wasting away. The blue veins showed more plainly every day on my temples and hair, while beneath my eyes were dark shadows, and my voice faint and low. I scarcely ate or slept, and seemed to care for nothing—nothing but my journal and my thoughts.

It was one cold day that winter we were sitting, Kathie and I, in our little room, before the bright wood-fire. I was sitting, with hands clasped in my lap, looking into the fire; and Kathie was reading, she, I journal, in which I had been writing till, from very heartsickness, I laid it down, was on the floor by my side. Suddenly I heard a sound and looked toward me. I did not look up. She stooped and took from the floor my journal, and held it to me, saying, "Going back to her choir, still holding the book, she sat down and said, "Marion dear, I looked in—"

"This is your journal—the one friend who shares with your sweetness—and I have read every word your health and life, what has taken the color from your cheek, the smile and brightness from your face. Is there any thing I can do? Shall I be the place of us—your father, your mother, and me—as your friend? I have taken your place, I will shall know all this book knows. I will not let you shut yourself away from us. You shall not suffer alone. All I have is yours, and nothing you do help you but the pain. You are too proud and calm to think that I have any right to speak, but I shall take advantage of that phase of your character, and read this record."

She opened the book. I did not move or speak. She was right in coin thing—I was too proud to know that I cared for what she did. I sat looking at her. She began, and read slowly on. I kept pace with her. I knew just when she was reading of my happiest and what of my saddest hours. She smiled—ah! yes, that was at my merry account of a ride with Paul. There she had her brows contracted pain, then drawing a sigh of relief, read on—that was when I fell from the bridges and Paul rescued me. Then her head fell forward and hands clasped each other nervously, her breath came short and quick—that was the end of my love—the ending now! How does she understand it so well? Did she ever love? There, she is sympathizing with me, for I hear a sob, and see her unclasped glance at me over the book; then she reads quicker. Oh yes. She loves him, blush, or start again, but reads quietly to the end.

Then she shut up the journal, came and laid it down in my lap—stood on the hearth and laying her head down on the book, burst into tears. A storm of grief shook her slight frame, and she wept passionately, her whole form quivering and throbbing as she knelt there.

I did not try to soothe her. I did not caress or speak to her, but looked moodily into the fire. Presently she became quiet, and rose, and throwing back her dark hair, wet with tears, she said:

"Now, Cousin Marion, bear me. I have read to-day journal. I know all your secret—that you have suffered much, but *he* has suffered more. It is not beginning to be known over her, that he loves you? Is not his love a treasure rich enough to fill a whole life with sunshine? But for him, poor beggared love! there is no light. He is working on alone, with no hope of your love, no smile to cheer him, no voice to speak to him to be his companion always. You are cruel, cruel, Cousin Marion, to sacrifice his happiness, his life to your pride. Think of him, and repent of the pain you have suffered too. You have grieved, you have wounded, you have killed him with your pride. Marion, why did you send him away, my"—she hesitated a—"my Cousin Paul?"

"Marion, I have done one deed you perhaps will never forgive. I have read your journal. I will do another deed, and then perhaps you will hate me." She stepped to me and took the journal again.

"I will send this to Paul Weston! There, you start. I have roused you a little. I shall hurt your pride still more. And I can see it is. Here" her voice softened down into a low, pleading tone. "He must see this, Marion. He must know that you love him. He must not die, even to save your pride."

With the book clasped to her bosom she turned and walked slowly from the room. As soon as I was alone I sprang to my feet, and paced the room in an agony of shame and rage. My pride, my pride! To have this read that record, know how I worshiped him! I would sooner die! And Kathie—she had read it—Kathie! And a bitter hatred sprang up in my heart at the thought of her. But I grew calmer after hours of raging, and went down stairs with a steadfast face, and found Kathie sobbing on the sofa. Kathie and I met as usual, and not one word was said of that morning scene.

But all that night, as I lay awake restless and excited, I heard Kathie's heavy step on the stairs when she thought me asleep, she put her arms around me and drew me close to her.

Several days passed. I grew restless and nervous, wondering constantly if she had sent the journal. And every day Kathie took the same walk all by herself. I could see her from my window. Down by the old elm, then across to the road, then down the street to the Post-office. Every day for more than a week, and yet I heard nothing.

But one day as I sat in the autumn twilight, dreaming, Kathie came in. I did not look up till I felt her hand on my shoulder, then, raising my eyes, I saw her. She was standing before me, her brown eyes full of a solemn, painful light, her face and lips colorless.

"Kathie!" I cried, and sudden awe and terror.

She knelt down by me, took my trembling hands in her own, bent her cold brow on them for a moment, then raised my cold, Marion, she said, and away now. Let me comfort you. Let me pray God for you."

I knew it all then. I felt it in the very touch of her hand, saw it in her pitying eyes.

"He will not come," I said.

"Marion, Marion, he can not, can not come. He is—"

"Dead!" I whispered, in a hoarse whisper.

She bowed her face.

Then I sank, panting, from her arms. When I opened my eyes I was lying on my bed, while Kathie bent over me weeping. She did not speak to me as I looked up at her. She knew that silence in that way; but she knelt down by my bedside and prayed for me. I heard her voice across voice pleading—heard her ask just what I most needed, strength, and peace, and resignation, and that God be by very near me, and very gently with me, and then she added, what my tired heart was longing for, that he would let Paul know that I had loved him. With that last petition all my pride left me, and as Kathie rose I drew her down beside me. "Then suddenly pushing her away I cried out in bitter anguish, 'Dead! how could he die without hearing of my love? Oh, how I have killed him!' and growing wild with grief, I said that I was his murderer, and shrieked aloud in the bitterness of my grief. For many days I was a raging fever burning in my veins. All the time I raved wildly of his death, and that always I was his murderer. Then came days of consciousness, when I lay, knowing all around me, remembering every thing, and yet so utterly weak in mind and body that I could not feel grief or joy. And in those dreamy days I recollected Kathie always near me, caring tenderly for all my wants, though I had not strength to thank her. I had afterward a dreamy recollection of many days, when, even when she thought me asleep, murmur as she bent over me, 'If you only knew, my poor Marion!—if you only knew!' But it was a very dreamy memory.

My strength gradually came back to me, but not my pride. Kathie was all gone, and I lay humbled and subdued, while Kathie was all my strength.

But, oh! the misery! it was the end of every coming on, to watch the bursting buds of the maple at my window, to see the tender grass springing up, to hear the birds singing their glad songs, when he was gone forever.

One year and a day passed the coming spring together; he so full of life and happiness, of tender love for me, I so cold and proud. How I hated the hateful pride now! Then, but he was gone. I longed for one hour with the dead one—only one hour, in which to tell him that I loved him again and without stint or saving.

It was a mild day in April. I was sitting up, Kathie had drawn my chair to the window and left me alone. And there I sat, drinking in the soft, warm air, and thinking, perhaps I was better, the grass on *his* grave.

The door opened; Kathie came in. She came to me, and, stooping, kissed my chair, bent over me and said, "Darling."

There was a full-expressed happiness in her voice which gave me a pang of selfish sorrow that this lovely day should have so gladdened her heart when I had given mine such pain.

"Darling," she said again, "I have something, dear, that will please you, I know, very much."

I shrunk from the pain her words gave me. It was cruel, I thought, to hurt me so uselessly, but I looked up wearily.

"Marion, be strong, my child, and I will tell you who has written you a letter which will bless you."

I caught her hand, my quivering lips tried to speak, my eyes imploringly sought hers, and then I fell back in a faint, from which I came to me!

I was in his arms, clasped to his dear heart, which beat with strong throbbing pulses, the heart I had thought stilled forever. And Kathie stole away, leaving us to wonder together over our new happiness.

And then he told me his story; how he had been very ill, far away, and once they thought him dying and had written to some one who knew him, and that one had written to his friends that he was dead, and the truth never came until he came himself to say that he yet lived. And when Kathie's letter reached him he was in the far west and water-stained and wholly illegible, and yet he knew my handwriting, and knew there must be some strange reason for sending him those leaves, and he came back to me, and all was well.

Kathie went away.

"If you do not need me now," she said, firmly resisting my entreaties that she would stay until my happiness should be complete. I shall never fit, get the strangely sweet and holy look her face wore, as she laid Paul and me good-by. It was like the expression I have seen on the pictured faces of martyrs dying for the truth—calm, sad, but so triumphant, I haunted me for years, and I never knew what it was till the day of that countenance until, long afterward, our old maid cousin Kathie died, and in her own last written command they sent to Paul and *me* her journal, and then I knew it all. Oh, faithful, darling Kathie! faithful even unto the end!

MORTE.—PASSING AWAY.

BY C. H. WEBB.

THE death-bell is swelling, ask not whose knell tolling,
But hear it, and ponder well;
The sad rhythmic roll tells some Christian soul
Is passing away.

What casts matters not, the soul has forgot
Its tenement since;
All little joys vanish in realms of the air
If pauper or prince.

The Parsicite pray, as Christ taught the way,
But count it no sin
And vex not with slow—crimped craps is not woe—
A way with the world!

Tread softly and slow, speak gently and low,
'Tis a touch that yet most
Our sculptor entrusts with Juno's fairest roses
Entwine yo the bier.

As need of rain weeping, the scarlet is sleeping,
And happy the bird
Have done with mingling—joy, but pray for the living,
The dead need it not.

Alike with the sod the mantle of God
In tatters o'er the steeper
In the portals of Morn an angel now born
Now weeps for the weeper.

Soft swings the death-bell! ask not whose the knell,
But kneel ye and pray!
For the departing a soul now Christian soul
Is passing away.

IN MORTE VITA.

Mourn ye for the dead, the living need from thy side,
She stands by the Groom?
Then the eye cold dead has gone to be wed—
The altar the tomb.

The sword-winged Night is usher of Light,
And herald of Morn;
From darkness and fear, a pall and a tear,
The Dayspring is born.

The diamond once hid by earth's cuffined lid
Is freed from its clay,
Transfigured to-day in King's diadem—
It "passed" not "away."

Then wails the decree that sets the gem free,
In prison-bed riven?
Is death not a boon? say not "Last of Earth,"
But write First of Heaven.

Oh! strangely mistaken, a truth hids us waken,
As error to flee
Bewildered by breath, we call the change Death
Which angels name Life.

I MAKE A PRE-EMPTION.

I HAD read, re-read, in fact committed to memory, the contents of the few elementary treatises and odd volumes of reports composing my law-library. My coat and pants were polished by the constant friction of chair and table. I was weary of conducting imaginary cases.

No wonder, then, that I at once acceded to the proposition of my friend Nimrod, who burst in upon me one morning at Delhi, in early May, with the exclamation:

"What's the use of feeling away your time here? I've just heard of a vacant quarter of splendid timber, up in Minnesota, near magnificent prairie. Down's your pocket-book, and I'll go. Come up with me and make a claim, and I'll give you half."

I consigned the knotty points I had been considering for several days to the whistle wind of Crain and Hilliard to the father of lies and lawyers, shook hands with my friend in testimony of the contract being signed, sealed, and delivered, and proceeded to purchase the necessary outfit. Blankets, flour, bacon, sugar, salt, a bottle of whisky (rattlesnake medicine), two axes, and a few other indispensables were collected, were packed in the smallest possible compass. Armed each with an Arkansas "tooth-pick" and a pair of revolvers, we mounted our horses (I had voiced the previously expressed determination of Nimrod to make the trip afoot, planning with customary physical exertion very unprofessional), and are sunrise of the following morning sallied forth.

Away we rode over the broad prairie, an insignificant spot in the most magnificent landscape Thanks Heaven ever smiled upon, Nature's smile. The ever-changing roll of the prairie, now gently undulating, now bluff and precipitous, studded with clumps of timber; the immeasurable hues of the grass, ranging from pale yellow to deep emerald, variegated with the brilliant colors of a thousand wild flowers, harmonizing and blending with the fleecier blue of the atmosphere, the shimmering intense blue of the sky—such it was one of those grand master-pieces the Divine Artist has scattered with unsparing prodigality over the American continent. The exulting sense of freedom, the buoyancy of spirits, the reckless disregard of the world and all therein, experienced while galloping over the prairie at such times, almost makes one resolve never again to fetter himself with the spirit-crushing, soul-deadening ties of civilized life.

We designed stopping for the night at the cabin of a settler friend of Nimrod. Sunset and its accompanying shadows found us at an appointed cabin, with every indication of an approaching thunder-storm. Minutes were precious. The con-

tinous mutterings of the thunder and the subdued whimpering of the wind warned us to flee to a shelter. But where was that desideratum to be found? A dense mass of black clouds came rolling up from the northwest with tremendous velocity. Nimrod, turning to me, exclaimed,

"The curtain will rise in a moment! We shall have the witch scene in Macbeth—blasted heath, thunder, lightning, rain, and—Here it comes!"

Reader, station yourself on the bumper of an express locomotive running sixty miles an hour, and you have the force of the wind. Stand under the Falls of Niagara, and you may plausibly appreciate the force of a torrent upon us. Blinded and half-suffocated, we had but one course to pursue—turn tail to the storm, pull our blankets over our heads, and, in the classic phrase of my friend Nimrod, "let her slide!" We remained thus a sufficient length of time to become thoroughly soaked. Packed, close, sheet, and then a mingling of all three. The sharp, rattling peals of thunder, followed by deep, long reverberations, rolling around, across, up, down, and in every conceivable direction, shook and quaked the ground earth like an earthquake. It seemed as though the Gods and Titans had released hostilities, and that some Phlegethon grudge was settling in a "little mean grape" at every discharge. Poets and romancers may wax eloquent over the grandeur and sublimity of a thunderstorm; five minutes in my position, at this particular time, would have sufficed to wash the poetry out of the coarsest coat of linen. I may have indulged, at intervals, in short naps; for, ere I was conscious of it, the storm was over, the Monad Nimrod had made into its appearance, and, to my great joy, I discovered Nimrod, with the horses, galloping over the prairie and yelling like a madman. Our explanations were mutually satisfactory. The dangerous was trifling, and, as Nimrod said, "a real adventure," we "pushed ahead."

Night again found us on the prairie. Not a cabin in sight. We concluded to camp out. The grass was our couch, a blanket our covering. It was first awake in the morning, and while searching after materials wherewith to kindle a fire, discovered, to my horror, a large yellow rattlesnake, coiled and asleep, within a few inches of the unconscious Nimrod. Here was a fix. The slightest movement on my part, and the reptile would be undoubtedly his last of earth. Prairie life teaches one to think quickly and accurately, to act promptly, to do the right thing at the right moment. There was one chance of saving my friend. I stepped cautiously to his side, noiselessly drew my gun, and with a powerful jerk threw him at least ten feet from his unbreaking. There was a loud hissing—a rattle—and the reptile was harmless. Nimrod commenced swearing at me—caught sight of the dead monster, and then fairly shook with joy. He was a narrow escape—a decidedly tight squeeze, as Nimrod afterward remarked. We were treated to a blunderbuss of the medicine and sprang into our saddles, not caring to remain in such an unpleasant neighborhood.

We soon reached the timber, and without difficulty found our quarter. It was situated on a creek, we immediately commenced the erection of our cabin. Said cabin was finished about sundown—two of us knowing order of architecture necessarily large enough to allow Nimrod and myself to sit in it at the same time—had neither door nor window—was not chinked—was not obliged to step out of doors to look at the stars, and had no fear of denying the floor. Our furniture consisted of two saddles, two blankets, a frying pan, coffee-pot, and two tin cups. It was all that was necessary; however, for a month's residence, and would answer the requirements of the pre-emption act. Unused to manual labor, a couple of days' work by every we fancied, and Nimrod brushed our into his pocket.

Next morning we made preparations for clearing the requisite land and building a mile of rail fence. In answer to a query of mine, Nimrod said:

"Now don't be green! The law requires a house. *There is* a! Ha! Ha! Half an acre of clearing and building!"

"How are we to do the breaking?"

"I'll manage that. My two axes and stout arms can break this turf, and a rod of fence will go as far as an alkali-ax a mile."

"But how are we to get around the speculating?"

We must swear that we are *bona fide* settlers—that we have no intention to sell this land on speculation?"

"Never you mind; I'm making this claim, and I intend to *do* the swearing."

We worked steadily on our claim during the week. No planting were ever endured more toil and privation. One evening, after we had been reclining upon the roof of our cabin we were enjoying a smoke, a strange, savage-looking being approached, and with a "How are ye, strangers?" made himself very much at home. The appearance of the gentleman was not prepossessing: long matted hair and beard of the color of rusted iron, a rim of felt on his head (once a hat), ragged, dirty —very dirty—shirt and overalls, and a pair—no a quarter of a pair—of what once had been boots. The expression of his countenance was— Well, a thought of the hangman, and involuntarily grasped my revolver.

"Makin' a claim, are ye, boys?"

"Yes."

"Mighty nice piece of timber, this 'ere. Worth twenty-five dollars an acre of it's worth a cent."

"Yes, *Sir!*" quoth Nimrod.

"I'm pre-empitin' the quarter jinin' ye. I've got a half jist above, and a quarter t'other side there."

"You must have done some tall swearing, stranger."

"They can't fool me on provin' up! I know a feller down near the line got ten forties all at once. He managed it slick, too. All ye got to do is to swear right straight through, and I'd like to see any body trouble ye! If he did, he'd hev to have mighty sudden. This climate wouldn't agree with 'im! But that ain't what I'm come to tell ye. There's trouble brewin', an' I thought I'd give ye the warnin'. There's many fellers down here goin' to jump your claim. They're powerful wrathy, and if ye don't look out, will run ye slick as grease."

"You tell them fellers," said Nimrod, "to jump ahead whenever they're ready. I've made this claim, and I'll hold it."

"Well," replied the stranger, "I've did my duty; I've given ye fair warnin'. You kin go or stay; it's nothin' to me."

And we were relieved of the stranger's presence.

"That old scoundrel is at the bottom of this," said Nimrod. "We must prepare for trouble."

We carefully fastened the horses near the door of the cabin, and looked at the priming of our revolvers ere we turned in for the night.

The following morning we were absent from the cabin cutting rail timber. On our return we discovered that the "jumpers" were carrying out operations. They had stolen every bit of our provisions, and all our cooking utensils.

We could see the very owner, adding thereto several moods and tenses not laid down in the books, had thrown the last bag of flour on our provisions. I did not know the way, and declined I would not remain alone in the cabin. So we went together, and found Nimrod correct. The cabin was a mass of smouldering embers. As if to prevent any further depredations on our belongings, we were greeted, as we came to a halt in front of the smoking ruins, with laughter and jeers by a crowd of Kentuckians.

"It's no use, strangers," yelled one; "you've had two fires already. The next one will be a rope or a chunk of lead. Will you leave now?"

See you d——d first" shouted Nimrod, drawing his revolver as he spoke.

Crack went a pistol, the ball whistling disgracefully near my ear. Nimrod, dismounting and cut horses into the shadow of the trees, as it was evident the scoundrels intended to murder us.

"Now comes the tug of war," said Nimrod. "We will have to give it up; they are too many for us."

"Is there no law to protect us?"

"Lynch law—nothing else—and we'll get a taste of it in a few days, if we don't leave. Come, let's be there they come! Pick your man, and then ride for your life!"

As the foremost ones rushed into the light of the burning cabin we fired. Two dropped. Amidst yells, curses, and shouts of vengeance, we were off. It was a wild, breakneck race through the timber. Nimrod's horse stumbled and fell, and I never drew rein until we halted at the door of the squatter's cabin.

I shall make no more pre-emptions, that's certain. My brief experience in the matter constrains me to indulge a portion of the sweeping ire of this great republic, acting in the belief that corporations and governments have no souls, pay very little attention to their sins, and are especially in need of the services of a missionary. And, furthermore, I believe that I am not exaggerating when through ignorance or knavery, often suffer the government to be outrageously cheated and swindled.

CHESS CHRONICLE.

BY C. M. STANLEY

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Jacques." Your of the 9th has just reached us. Had your notice been received in the month of June, there made a note of it. As things are, our friends is good, as ever, if "Black mates in six moves," appended to game given in last week's *Harper*, will please rest.

ENTRY OF GENERAL GEFFRARD INTO PORT-AU-PRINCE.

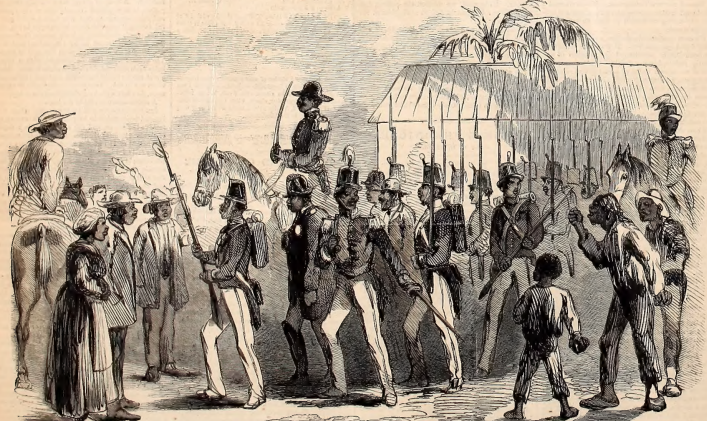
THE REVOLUTION IN HAYTI.

We engrave herewith two of the principal scenes in the late Haytian drama which has ended in the expulsion of the negro emperor Faustin Soulouque, and the establishment at Port-au-Prince of a negro republic, with General Geffrard as President. We gave the facts in our last number.

Faustin Soulouque, a negro, whose first step in life had been an appointment as valet to a negro officer, was, it will be remembered, elected President of the Haytien Republic in that year of revolutions, 1846. For half a century previous the island had known no peace. Wars—incessant, bloody, exhaustive, merciless wars—had desolated Hayti from the day when the French proclaimed the emancipation of the blacks. A long series of negro rulers, sometimes called Presidents and sometimes Emperors, had wielded an authority which, for the time it lasted, was generally absolute, and often tyrannical and ferocious. Each in his turn had been subverted and put out of the way by some bolder or more aspirant to power. In the course of these never-ending contests the island had been dismembered; the eastern end—Dominica—which is more Spanish than French, had separated from the western end (Hayti), and had organized a separate government under a republican form. Both ends were shockingly misgoverned; the people were disorderly, agriculture was neglected, the laws derided, property and life continually menaced.

It was under these circumstances that Faustin Soulouque, a soldier of fortune, was elected President of Hayti.

It appears that, notwithstanding the crimes of Soulouque's later administration, his earlier policy was creditable to him and beneficial to his country. He proceeded with considerable vigor and skill to restore order to the finances, and to enforce the laws. He put down several revolutionary movements with a strong hand. He forbore to carry out the traditional policy of his party, and made peace with Dominica. A few months of this wise course, however, exhausted his stock of virtue. In 1850 he followed the example of his predecessors and overturned the Constitution, proclaiming himself Emperor; and a couple of years afterward he had himself solemnly crowned by the Roman Catholic Primate of the island. The ceremonial was most faithfully copied from that which was observed on the occasion of the coronation of the elder Napoleon; not a functionary was wanting, though, of course, with the exception of a few visitors, all the personages were negroes. The farce concluded with the appointment of a large array of noblesse, dukes, barons, marquises, etc., among whom the Marquis de la Marmalade and the Duke de Limonade have achieved general notoriety.



ESCORT OF THE EX-EMPEROR FAUSTIN SOULOUQUE TO THE BRITISH VESSEL "MELBOURNE."

In 1855 Hayti once more declared war against Dominica, and Soulouque led 20,000 into the field. What the real cause of the inglorious issue of the campaign was, we have yet to learn; certain it is that, before a blow was struck, Soulouque and his army ran away. The Emperor himself was lost for a time, and when he turned up, at his capital, dirty, sad, and much excited in mind, his officers were actually engaged in casting about for a successor. It seems likely that the event hardened Soulouque's naturally tough heart. He became unusually suspicious, tyrannical, blood-thirsty. The stories of his later reign bear a strong resemblance to the historical accounts of the late Cæsars. Rebellion after rebellion broke out; but still was the energy of the Emperor, and such the power he wielded through the agency of a secret idolatrous society, which was believed by the negroes to have endowed him with supernatural authority, that until last month he was always victorious in these civil commotions. His punishments on these occasions were unsparing. Death was the invariable penalty of treason; banishment of suspected loyalty. Mu-

THE PRINCESS CLOTILDE MARIA TERESA OF SAVOY, PRINCE NAPOLEON'S BRIDE.

latto women with negroes who have been exiled from Hayti, or who fled to escape the cruelty of the Emperor Faustin.

At length, on 22d December, General Geffrard, a colored man, just a person, it is said, of liberal sentiments and considerable intelligence, proclaimed at Gonaives the restoration of the Republic. Corresponding movements were made in the south, and a large army was quickly collected, which marched on the capital. Soulouque vainly endeavored to rally his forces. It was evident that they were prepared to desert at the first opportunity, and despair he fled to Port-au-Prince. General Geffrard followed. Soulouque hastened to abdicate, and the Republic was proclaimed.

Our first illustration represents General Geffrard's entry into Port-au-Prince early in the morning of 15th January. The second gives a view of Soulouque's departure from his palace, prior to his embarkation on board the British ship of war *Melbourne*. He is surrounded by Geffrard's guards, who experience some difficulty in saving him from the hands of the populace.

The overthrow of the barbarous empire of Hayti can not but be viewed as a happy sign. No island of the West Indies, without excepting Cuba, presents such opportunities of prosperity as St. Domingo. In the hands of industrious and prudent holders it would soon be as rich as Cuba itself. Let us hope that now there is a prospect of better days for it, and that the republicans who have overthrown Soulouque will redeem their race and their nation from the disgrace which almost perpetual bloodshed and disorder have brought on them. Many persons deny that negroes are capable of maintaining an organized free government; Soulouque's regime confirmed this belief. We shall now see whether Geffrard and his friends will controvert or corroborate it.

PRINCE NAPOLEON'S BRIDE.

We give herewith a reliable portrait of the Princess of Savoy, who has just married Prince Napoleon. The portrait is from a photograph taken a few weeks ago.

The lady's name is Clotilde Maria Teresa of Savoy. She was born on 24 March, 1843, and is consequently just sixteen, and a very pretty girl. Of course, so young a person, however distinguished by birth, can have but little history as yet. It is said that she is very much tempered and amiable, though extremely bigoted in her religious views. It is also said that her aversion to her future husband was such that her father had to beat her with a stick to make her consent; but this we may be permitted to doubt, in common deference to humanity. One writer says of her:

"Imagine a girl with golden-brown hair, and a skin of pearly whiteness, just dawning into womanhood; a form already full and round, a figure of commanding aspect. Then the expression of the Princess's face is tenderly intellectual."

Another, the correspondent of the London *Times*, saw her at the opera with her future husband, on the occasion of the state visit of the King and the nuptial party to the theatre at Turin. He writes:

"I can not indorse the statement of the *Opinione* that the Princess was brilliant with beauty. She is not beautiful, but she has what is perhaps better than beauty, a very sweet and amiable expression, which, I am assured, is but the faithful mirror of her charming character. She is rather petite and girlish-looking, with brown hair, and a beautifully white skin. Her bearing was graceful and free from any sort of embarrassment, although her position last night, at the house of the palace, must have been a little trying to a young lady not yet sixteen. I saw many eyes turned upon her with an expression of almost mournful interest. She is looked upon by every body here as the victim of political considerations. Doubtless the gentle little Piedmontese Princess will be made much of in Paris, and I am sure she will bear home the general wish of all her father's subjects that, whatever the political results of the alliance, they may not prove to have been purchased by the sacrifice of her happiness."

The correspondent of the *Herald* says that, at the state banquet previous to the marriage little Clotilde was in great spirits, and conversed very lovingly with her affianced.

The marriage took place on 30th January. The newly married couple left the same evening for Genoa. On the 31st a ball was to be given them at that place, and on the following day they were to leave for France.

The following Paris story about the *corbeille* of the Princess will be read with interest by our lady friends:

"Paris is astir in anticipation of the *corbeille*, the design of which is already established; the sides are supported by Cupids in the Louis Quinze style, holding small mirrors in their hands, upon which are to be painted the portraits of the divers members of the Emperor's family of France. The shawl and dress of point d'Alençon, manufactured for the Great Exposition of 1855, and bought by the Prince, are to be deposited within, as well as the diamonds once belonging to the Princess Catherine of Wurtemberg, which, during the imperial régime of the first Napoleon, were considered the finest in point of brilliancy, and what the French jewellers denominate 'series,' being wholly of one size, shape, and water. These diamonds, which were stolen in 1815, remained for a long time lost to the family. After the departure of the Bonaparte family from Paris at that time, in consequence of the publicity given to the theft of the diamonds in the hurried arrangement of packing, an anonymous letter was received by the custodian of the Garde Meuble of the Crown, in which the writer declared his reasons for believing the diamonds to have been thrown over the Pont Royal by one of the servants belonging to the household of the Princess, who had secreted them in the confidence of pain, but who had failed in his endeavor to hide them among his own luggage. In consequence of this communication, the river was dragged in every sense, new inventions for accomplishing the work being largely paid for by Louis Dix-huit, who would have dearly loved to have recovered his diamonds, which had been collected from almost every princely house in Europe, and where Mme Sans Gêne would, were she alive, attend on the soirée as having formed the clasp to the *aigrette* which adorned the cap worn by Queen Christina, of Sweden; but, after the most persevering efforts, the task was abandoned as hopeless, and it began to be imagined that the letter had been written with the view of hoaxing the authorities, and of arresting pursuit until the thieves had got clear out of the country. Such must have been the case, in a great measure, for many of the jewels were bought back by the family at Venice, and some at Genoa, at long intervals of time; and it was only when dredging the river for the construction of the works on the Seine, a few years ago, that the ornaments were at the bed of the bed was in reality fished up, among other things which had been stolen from Mme Sans Gêne at the same time. This last discovery completed the set, which is now entire, save

the waist-buckle, still missing, but which Prince Napoleon has never given up as wholly lost, and which Prince Jerome declares to have been one time offered to him for sale, once at Moscow and once at Florence, but which he had declined to purchase."

MISS CICELY'S PORTRAIT.

I DO believe, said Mr. Dipchurch, the steward of the Grange, while doing the honors of the pigtuns—pigtuns here never came down upon God's earth a sweeter angel than that little child with her arms about the dog's neck. She was the joy of the house; and if you were ever so low-hearted, the sight of her bright face, as she danced round the lawn or tripped down the passage, was as good a cure at a sorrowing man could desire—better, a deal, than can be found at the bottom of a tankard. I declare there was music in her merry laugh, fine music as was ever played; and a little speech of hers made heavy work come very light. Every one was glad to have her at his knee, to hear her pretty talk and prattle; and she had such coaxing ways, there was no refusing her any thing. She would come to me with, "Dear, good Mr. Dipchurch" (I was under-steward then, and had charge of the bread-room), "dear, good Mr. Dipchurch, I want a very very big loaf for the poor woman at the gate." And though squire would not have been overpleased, as he said it encouraged rogues and trampers (which I believe it did), yet I could not resist her little ways; and she would go off with her large loaf in her arms down the avenue. She had such delight in doing of good works, that she might have been a little Sister of Charity; and I believe most of the pocket-money the squire took delight in giving her she gave away to the poor people about, always getting some one to take her out. It was a pretty sight to see her going on these walks, in her straw hat and blue cloak, her little basket on her arm, and the dog following on behind. Fincher was the name of the dog—a sheep-faced, blinking, yellow-haired, good-for-nothing creature, who was good for nothing but lying in the sun all day, and eating at all times. No one cared particularly for him; and Fincher had been sent away long since (shaming the house as he did), but that he was Miss Cicely's friend. One day he came panting up the avenue with his tongue hanging out and his fore-paw broken by a stone, flying from some cruel boys of the village who had been hunting him. At the door he fell over on his side, and lay there quite patient and exhausted. It was Miss Cicely who, chancing to come out upon the lawn, took him up in her arms, cried over him, and tied up the broken paw with her own little hands. The squire was for having him shot at once, to put the poor brute out of pain; but Miss Cicely begged so hard that they would only try—just try and save his life, that he was brought in and taken all care of, and soon after was going about quite sleek and fat. From that time on he was Miss Cicely's own dog, going with her everywhere; and very often I have seen her as you see her in that picture, sitting on the terrace, dressing her yellow neck with flowers, making frills for his sheep's face, he blinking his round eyes lazily, and letting her do much as she pleased with him. For she was a pleasant child.

Some way I could never take much to her cousin Lady Alice, and I believe already about the place ever did. I fancy that same ladyship to her mamma went a good deal toward turning her head; for she had been—one Donna Maria, as she told us. Which was like to be true enough, as her father was a proud man, and was said to have married a prouder lady over in Spain. He was all this time away at the wars, fighting the French, and for four or five years his daughter was left at the Grange, and brought up with Miss Cicely. It used to make us laugh sometimes to see her little airs, and the way she would walk up and down in her black lace, a red rose fixed in the side of her hair, with a fan, in the broad daylight, as she told me the Spanish dames always did. This was droll enough; but there were other times about her that came, so to speak, from some Spanish island, which we servants were not long in finding out. If we were long in standing to her when she called, or if we were crossed in getting what she wanted, she would toss back her head, and beat her little hand on it, and stamp her foot—looking so wicked all the time. The squire used to laugh at these fits, I believe, encouraged them unknown to himself, giving her her way in every thing: but the old people would shake their heads, and say that such a temper would never bring her to good. Miss Cicely, curious enough, loved her very much in spite of things, and giving in to all her perverse ways, which the Lady Alice took easily enough, as if she were a princess, and all things were only her right. But what I fancied least in her was the fondness she had for a limping dog—wondering how any one could take up with such a low-born cur. Often, very often, I have seen her exactly as in that picture before you, standing, behind and looking down with a sort of contempt on Miss Cicely and her dog Fincher. It is a mystery to me up to this day how she ever came by the odd notions she had. I suppose she took them from her mother's country, where I've heard that they are women full-grown at sixteen years old. Once, indeed, when Miss Cicely was taken very bad with some sickness (a sickness

that came only once more in her little life, and took the sweet child away along with it); once, I say, when she was lying ill, and every body going about with think faces and a dead weight on their breasts, I think Lady Alice took it to heart. I saw her at the end of the long gallery, when she thought no one could see her, crying bitterly.

I think she would have died sooner than let any one see her cry, and I recollect she had picked up some story out of the old history books about a boy who had a sister, or some other little child, and he ran into his flesh rather than cry out—which, she said, was a fine thing, a noble thing, of the boy. And I think then, I think, and what you might expect from unchristian people. But the way the poor dumb brute she knew took on was enough to shame Christian men with souls. To see him—for he had taken for a time to another creature, with no thought but for his meals—moping, and searching, and turning up his long face to every passing whining footstep of a dog, and refusing his food, would have touched a heart of stone, and made you heartily repent having so misjudged the poor animal.

There was much jubilee, you may be sure, when Miss Cicely got over that attack. Poor thing, she had nearly gone distracted, and in his trouble, I do believe, would be to build a church, if she got well. Whether this was so or not, a church was begun immediately, and there it stands on the southern hill of the estate, some three miles away. It might be a year after that, coming on to November—but kept for November, the month in which Eve was only a few days off—that young Mr. Richard came down to the Grange for the shooting. A fine, high-spoken, cheery fellow, full of life and spirits, with an off-hand manner which took with every body that came near him. He was full of dash and spirit, and was bound for the great French wars then being fought. So he came down and shot and ranged over the fields, and every keeper and follower about the place, and squire himself, thought they never and never had a finer lad. As I said, he was so ready and off-hand with the men, and indoors, as you may well suppose, the two little girls thought there was nobody far or near to match with Cousin Richard—only each liked him in a way of her own.

It was pleasant when the long evenings came on, and the lamps lighted, and the fire blazed, and the shutters were all sitting in this room—the squire weary with his day's hunting, and young Richard having displayed to great effect his day's shooting, where he was fond of visiting—it was pleasant to see how he would draw up his chair and fall to work amusing himself with the two little things. He would have them one on each side of him, and very often Miss Cicely, his pet, upon his knee; and there she would laugh and chatter, and ask questions on the morning. He would promise to make one laugh to see Alice's aire, and the way she tried him with her dignity and stately looks; all to let him know what a great lady she was. Then she would dress herself up in all manner of queer ways, and come in and walk up and down with her hand back, trying to attract Cousin Richard's attention, of which he would purposely take no heed, but would laugh with the squire and wave his hand, telling her that he loved simplicity, and to be always quiet and natural. Then on the other, having flaunted to no purpose, would be ready to sit down in a corner and cry. Not that she would think of doing such a thing, but she could not give him that satisfaction, but would sit and sulk the whole evening. Then he would coax her with a kind of mock respect, calling her the grand Spanish lady, the Donna, the dark-haired Donna who had a right to queen it with the ac-count of her high blood. "Poor little Cicely," he would say, "you have no blue blood in your veins."

Blue blood! that was his word, on which she would stamp her foot and fire up, saying she had a great deal to spare for her uncouth, rude, boisterous, big sword, and would protect her and kill any one that insulted one of his family. And then terrible threat Mr. Richard would nearly drop from off his chair with laughter, and the squire would lift up his face from his newspaper to look on; and then she would step away out of the room, looking round as if very wrathful indeed. Then Miss Cicely, with tears in her eyes and putting up her hands, would beg and pray of Cousin Richard not to be so very cruel to Cousin Cicely; and it would all end in Mr. Richard's going out and bringing her back with much affected gallantry, her outside the long corridor like a seared deer. She would tell us that she hated him!

Pretty much the same scene used to go forward every night, but the fact was, that for all her pettishness and love of hating him, she was very fond of Mr. Richard. Whenever he would pretend to be angered at one of her sweet speeches, and not speak to her for a time, I could see she got troubled, and tried all manner of little tricks to bring him round again without bringing down her pride. Once, when she had marched herself out of the room into the corridor, Miss Cicely came running out after her (I was just then coming up stairs, and so I heard it all), and putting her arms round her, said:—

"Come back, darling, do. Cousin Richard didn't mean to be unkind. He only meant to tease you. He told me so the other day. I'll run and tell him, and make him promise not to do it any more."

Well, I declare, I saw her put on the sweet child from her, firing up as if she had been a woman of twenty.

"Don't speak to me in that way," she said. "I don't want your help, you poor child. I can do without it." Here came a little scornful laugh. "I dare say Cousin Richard loves me, though he doesn't set me on his knee and pet me like a baby."

With that she flounced away, leaving poor Miss Cicely standing there, with her head hanging down, and looking after her quite scared.

Would you think it? The proud little lady was jealous. It was queer, the notion of such a thing in one so young; but so it actually was, as I afterward came to find out.

Poor Miss Cicely was sadly distressed at finding her so cold, and could not make out what was at the bottom of it; however, they were soon friends again. Meantime, Mr. Richard staid on over a month, until his time grew very near, riding over every day to Arbor Court for reasons of his own. One day came down to us, as usual, Miss Cicely, to ask for her beef. "And," said she, as soon as she came in, "dear, good Mr. Dipchurch, when I have my own large, big house, I shall have plenty of beef to feed you with, and you shall come to it, and have a great room to yourself."

"I thank you, Miss Cicely," said; "but I fancy we shall have to wait a few years before we get into the big house."

"Not so very, very long, Mr. Dipchurch," she said, patting back her yellow curls, with one of her regular looks, "not very long—"

"Pretty well, I think," I said. "Say ten years, at the least."

"Listen, good Mr. Dipchurch. I have such a great little secret; oh! such a wonderful secret," she said, opening her little eyes. "Can't you even tell any one?"

"Trust me, Miss Cicely, for that."

"Well," she said, "dear Cousin Richard—you know Cousin Richard?"

"Yes, I know him, Miss Cicely."

"Well, dear Cousin Richard says, as soon as he comes home from the wars, that I am to be his little wife, and we are to live together in a big house.

"You don't say so!" I said, pretending to open my eyes with astonishment.

"Yes, I do," she was up and popping her hands and giving one of her merry laughs; "he has told me so over and over again."

"Also, Miss Cicely," said, "he doesn't meet with some beautiful lady in foreign parts—a handsome princess, who might fall in love with him, and who was taken prisoner, and marry him for good and all."

She turned very grave and thoughtful on this.

"Do you think so really, Mr. Dipchurch?"

"Nothing more likely, Miss Cicely; these military gentlemen do it every day."

She began counting on her fingers, and looking on the ground, and I think it was nearly an hour.

"I must speak to Cousin Richard," she said, taking up the bow of her skirt, and plaiting it as she were going to sew.

"I think that would be the best way," I said, looking over. "In fact, it would be very desirable to put it out of altogether until he came back."

"Do you think so?" said she again, still plaiting.

"Well," I said, "it's purely a matter of convenience, but I think it would be better." At once, your cousin, Lady Alice, I fancy he has promised her too."

"Oh no!" said Miss Cicely; "Cousin Richard would not do that."

"Nothing more likely, Miss Cicely," I said.

She seemed wonderfully confounded at this news, and didn't know what to say, only kept plaiting her hands to her little head, she called out suddenly:

"Oh! dear Mr. Dipchurch! such a strange pain in my head! such an odd feel!"

I was frightened, for what she said, for you don't hear of children of her age complaining of such things, and it was in that way what she had died. Although, At that moment, Miss Cicely threw up cousin, looking stately, as usual. Miss Cicely turns out and rops her, putting her arms about her.

"Darling cousin," she says, "good Mr. Dipchurch tells me that you have promised Cousin Richard to make you his little wife when you grow up and have an open house."

"And if he has?" says the Donna, looking very wickedly at her; "hasn't he the right?"

"Oh, darling," Miss Cicely says gently, "I thought I was to be his little wife."

"I know it," says Miss Cicely, hanging down her head; "but I thought when I grew to be tall you would not mind changing."

The Spanish Donna laughed scornfully.

"Did Cousin Richard promise you?"

"I thought he did."

"Good!" says Lady Alice, getting into one of her fits of pride and temper, decided pride, "I dare dare to speak to me again."

She flounced away in a fury, and all the rest of that day Miss Cicely was very silent and dejected, keeping much to herself, and talking a deal to her doll. Then, when the evening came on, and the frosty one, with the sun shining out, she came running to me before breakfast to tell me something.

"Oh, Mr. Dipchurch!" she cried, "I have made up my mind I shall be like little sister Alice. I thought it over in bed last night, and I have made up my mind."

"I tell me all about it, then, Miss Cicely," I said; but, first, how is that little pain?"

"Oh! a long time last night," she says, "but it is better this morning. I will give up Cousin Richard to Cousin Alice, and she shall be his little wife, and they will be very happy together."

Don't you think so, good Mr. Dipchurch?"

I also said that I did, and that I thought it was me earnestly and sadly that I could have taken her up in my arms and cried before her.

"Yes," she said, beginning again to plait the corner of her frock. "I think it will be all for the best. When Cousin Richard comes in for breakfast, I will go to him and tell him all, and that Cousin Alice is much more worthy of him."

That little pair of hers troubled me very much, and I determined to let squire know of it at once. Presently they all came in to breakfast. Squire, and Lady Alice looking haughtier than ever—all except Mr. Richard, who was out riding. Squire looked knowingly and laughed as he said he was gone over to Arbor Court—perhaps might come home to breakfast, perhaps might not—squire rather thought he would not, and looked knowingly at me.

He did not come back then, but just as they had finished, Miss Cicely, who was at the window, called out that here was the postman on his pony, coming down the long avenue, and Cousin Richard riding beside him. Not long after I saw him in the oak corridor, with a great open letter in his hand, and a very sad look upon it.

"I must go to the wars at last, Dipchurch," he says, trying to be cheerful.

"Well, Mr. Richard," nothing like honor and glory; but I hope they have given you a long day?"

"Only ten days, Dipchurch," he says with a sigh, and went on muttering about a bubble to the gentleman's nature.

Then it all came out; Mr. Richard was engaged to be married to one of the young ladies at the Arbor Court, and now it was settled that they should hurry on the marriage before he went.

There were great doings and rejoicings at The Grange that day. Every one about the place having the story that Mr. Richard was going for a soldier, but was first to be married to Miss Alice, I thought the Spanish Donna, when she heard it, would have died. She was in a terrible rage and excitement; but she only tossed back her head and her little curls, and said not a word.

But for that sweet child, Miss Cicely, my heart bled and bled again. She was so grieved, and I believe took so much to heart the loss of her cousin's mortification. But she loved Mr. Richard so, and thought so when he went off for the little noise she had first taken into her head, but because he was so free-hearted with her, and so kind to her, and so full of fun, that I believe in those times. She would sit on the grass as before, looking by her self, when I heard her sing, and passing softly behind her, "You, poor Pincher, you are the only one left that I love, after pops, the only one—the only one." And then would say over and over again, while the creature would look at her fondly, with his heavy, blubber lips and whine, as if he understood what she said.

Soon she began to complain of a certain weariness and feeling almost tired, and that first pain turned out (as I thought it was) the warning of the old and more serious build again. Then it-on-the-heath-they called it.

As I said before, I don't like thinking over those days. It gives me a cold weight on my heart, and such a choking feeling in my throat. I may as well say at once that, before the Christmas, poor little angel was taken gently up to heaven, where, added Mr. Dipchurch, huskily, it is my firm conviction she is and even that she would without end! From which happy country, it is on my firm belief, those sweet eyes look down on

"And Pincher, the dog?"

He went about for some days in a restless sort of fashion, though, I think, for his little mistress in all manner of places. I once met him coming down in his own parish, and he, though a place he never was known to be found in before: and squire met him there, too—burst out crying over him—crying as if his heart would break.

I had to go away, up to London, a little after on business, and when I came back found they had told me that Pincher had been found one morning under a rose-tree, which Miss Cicely herself had planted. Lying there, almost in the very spot where sheep's-face resting on a bed of moss which grew about the rest of the tree.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Saturday, Feb.* 19, 1859.

THE Wholesale Produce Markets have been more active for the past week than for some weeks before, and there has been good from regular buyers and from speculators. The Cotton Market has been active, but the high rates declared for desirable lots have checked operations. A moderate business has been done in Breadstuffs, but the tone has been freely offered, and has favored buyers. The Provision Market has been active, and prices for fair business have been maintained in Beef, Pork, Naval Stores, Hides, Sole Leather, and Wool at our quotations. . . . Cotton has attracted much more attention, and closes more firmly than . . . Provisions have been freely dealt in, at however, irregular prices. Beef, Pork, Lard, Naval Stores, Hides, Seals, Tish, and Candles have been quiet.

The Fine Arts Exhibitions have likewise exhibited increased activity and firmness for Beeves, Milch Cows, Veal Calves, Sheep and Swine, at our quotations. . . .

The Country Produce Markets have been well supplied during the week. The demand has been fair. Quotations figs have declined. Other commodities have not varied much.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

HOARSENESS, *&c. Brown's Bronchial Troches* are unequaled for relieving coughs, Colds, Asthma, and all affections of the throat, Lungs, Stomach, and Liver. Public Speakers and Singers will find the Troches useful in clearing the voice when hoarse, and relieving the throat after an unusual exertion. Obtain only "Brown's Bronchial Troches." Sold by all Druggists.

NO DANGER FROM THROAT AFFECTIONS when Dr. Brandreth's Pills are used. A specific that diseases can originate in any organ or solid part of the body, it keeps up the blood by purifying it well. Local diseases are generally produced by deposits from the blood, and a remedy that keeps that stream pure is the best for individuals.

Forces are efforts of nature to overcome these corrupt humors, and Dr. Brandreth's Pills make them so.

Superfluous and corrupt humors, either floating in the circulation, or deposited in different parts of the body, are then the immediate cause of disease.

Every one who is troubled with Brandreth's pills all corrupt matter, and you purify the whole mass. There are at this moment in every part of the civilized world individuals whose maladies have been completely removed by their use.

Every one who is troubled with pain to use this instructive medicine, without any obligations to those who previously have used them. And those who have become experimentally acquainted with its value feel that their time and energies could not be better employed than in the elucidation of its sanitary, its health-producing properties.

B. BRANDRETH, M. D.

Principal office No. 294 Canal Street, New York. Price per box: sugar-coated, twelve in a box, 13c.

PHELAN'S IMPROVED BILLIARD TABLES AND COMBINATION CUSHIONS,

PATENTED FEB. 19, 1856; OCT. 28, 1856; DEC. 8, 1857; JAN. 12, 1858.

NOVEMBER 15, 1858.

For sale only by the manufacturers,

O'CONNER & COLLENDER, 34 and 35 Ann Street, and the patentee,

MICHAEL PHELAN,

736 and 738 Broadway, New York.

PREMATURE LOSS OF THE HAIR, whether in the common form or in patches, may be entirely prevented by the use of *Burnett's Cocoaine*, which has been used in thousands of cases where the hair was coming out in handfuls, and has never failed to restore it, or to stay, and to promote a healthy and vigorous growth. It is, at the same time, unrivaled as a dressing for the hair. A single application will render it soft and glossy for several days.

DOUGLAS & SHERWOOD'S TOURNURE CORSET.

This article combines in one garment a CORSET of unrivaled beauty and finish, and a BUSTLE of PERFECT MODEL, ensuring free and healthful motion to the body, and graceful outline to the figure. It has been pronounced by all who have seen it among the most elegant and useful articles of the kind (for ladies), *to be the only Corset without an objection*, either in use or physiologically. No lady can well be without it. D. & S. still manufacture their well-known EXPANSIVE SKIRT,

Also the celebrated

ELASTIC-JOINTED SKIRT,

which for COMFORT and ELEGANCE is unsurpassed, together with every variety of Ladies' Skirts, of styles, all of which are for sale at all the principal stores in the United States. Beware of worthless imitations. See that the name

ARE STAMPED WITH THEIR TRADE MARK.

MANTILLAS.

BRODIE'S Spring Mantillas ARE NOW READY.

THE GREATEST DISPLAY EVER MADE IN THIS COUNTRY.

☞ WHOLESALE BUYERS FROM THE SOUTH ARE PARTICULARLY INVITED.

300 Canal Street, New York.

CURTAINS,

LACE AND MUSLIN, FROM AUCTION, AT PRICES FROM $3 TO $20.

KELTY, BROS. & LUM,

292 Broadway, New York.

SEWING MACHINES.—All persons who have been induced to buy Sewing Machines which will not perform the work that purchasers expected them to do, are informed that SINGER'S Machines never fail to do any kind of work. No one is ever disappointed in these machines.

I. M. SINGER & CO.,

No. 458 Broadway.

THIRD VOLUME.—MARIE LOUISE HANKIN'S and FANNIE LUCKES'

NEW SONG GARLAND,

LARGEST and HANDSOMEST MAGAZINE for 10th. Best Writers, Publishers, Engravers, and Artists. Fifteen 24 *Colored Steel Plates* and 24 *Sheets of Music* (such a feat against *Gazing* the year). Tinted covers add the paper. Subscription $2—and a Book of jewelry, worth $5 to every subscriber. Specimen 12c. Address the publishers' extra to the *full amount* of the money they send. Inclose three cent stamps for specimen of *Garland*, *Peter*, and specimen copy to examine. Agents paid well every where.

MARIE LOUISE HANKINS & CO.,

Office of Publication, Hankin's Building, Dansville, N. Y.

THE EX-GOVERNOR'S WIFE, a Great Original Novel, by Mrs. Annie Lorrain Hankins, commences with the Volume.

NEW STORY—JUST PUBLISHED.

BRIC-A-BRAC, LITTLE BY LITTLE.

A TALE OF ROSLYN SCHOOL.

By Frederick W. Thomas, Professor of Queens College, Cambridge). 1 vol. 12mo, Muslin. Price $1.

"We look upon Bric-a-Brac, Little by Little, as School Days at Rugby; has given such an admirable picture of school life."—*London Literary Gazette.*

RUDD & CARLETON, Publishers,

130 Grand Street (near Broadway), N. Y.

SOLD ONLY BY CANVASSING AGENTS.

COOPER'S NOVELS.

ELEGANTLY BOUND AND VIGNETTED

ILLUSTRATED ON STEEL EDITION, AND WOOD.

From Drawings by F. O. C. DARLEY.

A Volume Published Monthly, containing a Novel complete in itself.

Mailed free of postage, on receipt of price

☞ Agents Wanted Everywhere.

W. A. TOWNSEND & Co., Publishers,

377 Broadway, N. Y.

PURIFIES THE BLOOD.

"R. F. Williams's Compound Syrup of Sarsaparilla and Iodide of Potassium" is a popular remedy for Scrofula, Tetter, Ringworm, Blotches on the Face, Inflammation of the Kidneys, Leucorrhœa, and like affections—cures Rheumatism. I have now the control of this preparation, and putting it up in handsome style. . . . I shall continue to increase its sale, and merit the confidence of the public.

Nassau, Mass. WM. H. COX.

The New Books of the Season,

PUBLISHED BY

HARPER & BROTHERS,

Franklin Square, N. Y.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS will send either of the following Works by Mail, postage paid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.

FAREWELL; or, The San Jacinto in the Seas of India, China, and Japan. By WILLIAM MAXWELL WOOD, M.D., U.S.N., late Surgeon of the Fleet to the United States East India Squadron, Author of "Wanderings Sketches in South America, Polynesia," &c., &c. 12mo, Muslin, $1 25.

LA PLATA: The Argentine Confederation, and Paraguay. Being a Narrative of the Exploration of the River La Plata and Adjacent Countries, during the Years 1853, '54, '55, and '56, under the orders of the United States Government. By THOMAS J. PAGE, U.S.N., Commander of the Expedition. With Map and numerous Engravings. 8vo, Muslin, $3 00.

TRAVELS AND DISCOVERIES IN NORTH AND CENTRAL AFRICA. Being a Journal of an Expedition undertaken under the Auspices of H.B.M.'s Government, in the Years 1849–1855. By HENRY BARTH, Ph.D., D.C.L. With a Map and Numerous elegant Illustrations. Complete in 3 Svo. 8vo, Muslin, $7 50; Half Calf, $10 50.

THE OLD PLANTATION, and What I Gathered There in an Autumn Month. By FANNY KEMBLE-ANDREWS, of Maryland. 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

EPISODES OF FRENCH HISTORY during the Consulate and the First Empire. By MISS PARDOE Author of "Louis XIV. and the Court of France in the Seventeenth Century," &c. 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

THE LAIRD OF NORLAW. A Scottish Story. By the Author of "Margaret Maitland," "The Days of My Life," &c. 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF SCOTLAND and English Princesses connected with the Regal Succession of Great Britain. By AGNES STRICKLAND. Seventh Volume just published. To be completed in Eight Volumes. 12mo, Muslin, $1 00 per Volume.

SYLVAN HOLT'S DAUGHTER. A Novel. By HOLME LEE. Author of "Kathie Brande." 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

THE LAND AND THE BOOK; or, Biblical Illustrations Drawn from the Manners and Customs, the Scenes and the Scenery of the Holy Land. By W. M. THOMSON, D.D., Twenty-five Years a Missionary of the A.B.C.F.M. in Syria and Palestine. Illustrated by Complete Maps of Palestine, an accurate Plan of Jerusalem; and several Hundred Engravings, representing the Scenery, Topography, and Productions of the Holy Land, and the Costumes, Manners, and Habits of the People. Two elegant Large 12mo Volumes, Muslin, $7 00; Half Calf, $9 00.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT? By PISISTRATUS CAXTON. A Novel. By SIR E. BULWER LYTTON, Bart., Author of "My Novel," "The Caxtons," "Pelham," &c., &c. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents; Muslin, $1 00.

HISTORY OF FREDERICH THE SECOND, called Frederick the Great. By THOMAS CARLYLE, Author of "History of the French Revolution," "Cromwell's Letters and Speeches," "Sartor Resartus," &c. 4 vols. 12mo, Muslin, $1 25 each. (*Vols. I. and II., with Portraits and Maps, now ready.*)

SELF-MADE MEN. By CHAS. C. B. SEYMOUR. Many Portraits. 12mo, Muslin, $1 25.

THE HISTORY OF PROSTITUTION: Its Extent, Causes, and Effects throughout the World. (Being an Official Report to the Board of Alms-House Governors of the City of New York.) By WILLIAM W. SANGER, M.D., Resident Physician, Blackwell's Island, New York City; Member of the American Association for the Advancement of Science; late one of the Physicians to the Marine Hospital, Quarantine, New York, &c., &c., &c. 8vo, Muslin, $3 00. (*Second Edition just ready.*)

WINDOW SHADES.

SPRING STYLES FOR 1859. NEW PATTERNS made by our patented process, and warranted to stand any climate. Wholesale or Retail, at very reduced prices.

KELTY BROS. & LUM, 291 Broadway.

ELLIOT & PATTEN—Examine Inventions and procure American and Foreign Patents. *Patent Agency opposite* main entrance of Patent Office Building, Washington City, D. C.

250 SONGS AND EXERCISES for the USE OF SCHOOLS. The 103d Edition of the GOLDEN WREATH, enlarged by the addition of large portions of New Songs and Recitations. Just issued. Price 50 cents.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston.

AMERICAN GUANO.—To Farmers and Dealers in Guano.—This Guano, from Jarvis Island, in the Pacific Ocean, containing 80 per cent. of Phosphates and Sulphates of Lime, and 10 per cent. of Ammoniacal fertilizing power, is offered for sale in large or small quantities at short two-thirds the price of Peruvian. For full information and particulars,

Address U. S. MARSHALL,
President of the Jarvisites Guano Company,
66 WILLIAM STREET, NEW YORK.

Unity Fire Insurance Company of London.

(INCORPORATED UNDER THE ACT OF PARLIAMENT, 7 AND 8 VICTORIA, CAP. CX.)

United States Branch, 59 Wall Street. New York.

Authorized Capital, Two Millions Sterling, or **$10,000,000 00.**

Available Assets, $4,520,951 16.

Statement of New York Branch,

For Thirteen Months, ending 31*st December*, 1858.

Gross amount of Premiums.....$100,675 10
Losses, Taxes and Expenses, Commissions and Re-Insurances paid.....$50,837 17
Surplus in hand.....43,797 33
Less subject to Liabilities.....1,004 55
Deposit Fund in the hands of Trustees.....150,000 00

GEORGE ADLARD,
Manager and General Agent for the United States.

W. S. & C. H. THOMSON'S

NEW SKIRTS for 1859.

THE INDESTRUCTIBLE

DOUBLE EXTENSION SKIRT,

WITH PATENT EYELET FASTENINGS,

Made without Sewing.

Universally pronounced "the most perfect Skirt ever made."

THE GOSSAMER EXPANSION,

The lightest and most graceful Skirt ever produced.

THE PICCOLOMINI!

By means of elegant — The beautiful and economical garment can be taken to pieces, washed, and put together again at pleasure.

All the above have Thomson's celebrated patent Watch Spring Bustle, and are stamped with our name and trade mark (the crown).

ALSO,

NELSON'S SKIRT SUPPORTERS,

By far the best Skirt Supporter yet invented.

For sale by the principal dealers throughout the U. S.

W. S. & C. H. THOMSON,
233 Broadway, New York.

WHEELER & WILSON'S

SEWING MACHINES.

PRICES GREATLY REDUCED.

Office 505 Broadway, New York.

SEND FOR A CIRCULAR.

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES.

The immense increase in the demand for these admirable Machines—it has trebled within four months—dictates the reviving prosperity of the country. The prices of our Machines have been greatly reduced.

I. M. SINGER & CO., No. 458 Broadway.

THE GREAT UNFINISHED PROBLEMS OF THE UNIVERSE.

With the motions of the Sun and the Planets through space, and the determination of the centre of the Stellar Universe.

By Prof. O. M. MITCHELL,

A Lecture delivered before an immense audience, July 4th, 1858, in the Academy of Music, New York, just published in the Pulpit and Rostrum, No 3.

HENRY WARD BEECHER and JAS. T. FRADY'S Addresses on Mental Culture for Women may be found in the Pulpit and Rostrum, No. 3.

T. L. CUYLER'S Lecture on Amusements, Theatres, etc. is in Pulpit and Rostrum, No. 1.

PULPIT AND ROSTRUM, 10 cents a number, or 12 successive numbers $1 00. Sold by Booksellers and Newsmen. E. D. BARKER, Publisher, 345 Broadway, New York.

NEW YORK PURCHASING AGENCY.

Office, No. 78 Nassau Street.

Persons desirous of making purchases in New York of any articles, large or small, of any kind, from a Book to a Steam-Engine, a Shawl to a Corset, can have their orders filled promptly, and guaranteed as directed, at 5 per cent. commission charge. Refers to G. L. Schuyler, Esq., Cashier United States Bank, Messrs. John Austin & Sons, Hastings, Plimpton & Co., New York; J. D. Cameron & Co., New Orleans.

EXHIBITION OF AMERICAN MANUFACTURED BRUSHES, at the Brush Warehouse, No. 418 Broadway, Lyon's Building. Purchasers of every description on hand, and for sale at the lowest prices. A Silver Medal has been received by the Franklin Institute, in 1849, for superior Brushes.

JOHN K. HOPPEL.

EXPERIENCED AGENTS WANTED in all parts of the country to obtain Subscribers for "LOSSING'S PICTORIAL FIELD-BOOK OF THE REVOLUTION," in 2 Volumes, Royal Octavo, containing nearly 1,500 Engravings, and 1,100 pages of letter-press. This work will be sold exclusively by Agents, to each of whom a special District will be given. Rare inducements offered. Applicants should name the Counties they would prefer. For full particulars address HEZ. W. ELLIOTT, care HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

"OLD DOMINION."

Old Dominion	Coffee Pots.
Old Dominion	Tea Pots.
Old Dominion	Coffee Urns.
Old Dominion	For Hotels.
Old Dominion	For Boarding-Houses.
Old Dominion	For Restaurants.
Old Dominion	For Steamboats.
Old Dominion	For the Million.

Over forty different styles and varieties of the celebrated "Old Dominion" Coffee and Tea Pots are now manufactured. Being based, on Dr. Hall of the Journal of Health, on "principles and common sense," they are rapidly coming into use, and are destined soon to supersede all others. They can be obtained from all retailers through any storekeeper or dealer in Housekeeping Goods.

☞ Dealers who have not received our Trade Circular, giving prices, terms, etc., will be immediately supplied on application, by letter, to

ARTHUR, BURNHAM & GILROY,
117 & 119 South Tenth St., Phila.

Also manufacturers, under the Patent of ARTHUR'S CELEBRATED ALL-TIGHT SELF-SEALING FRUIT CANS AND JARS.

WANTED

AGENTS EVERY WHERE, to sell the desk DESK. Handy, industrious young men invited but a small capital can be made very pleasant business. Address a circular THOMAS S. HOLMES, Box 1,000, Pittsburgh, Pa. Post Office. Full particulars address

LEARY & GUTZ, Publishers,
No. 124 North Second Street, Philadelphia.

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES.

The new FAMILY SEWING MACHINES at $50 and $75 are attracting universal attention. In all essential good qualities they are much the best Machines ever offered at a low price.

I. M. SINGER & CO., No. 458 Broadway.

WHOLESALE BUYERS

For Cash and on Short Time.

Are invited to examine the New and beautiful Stock of the Subscribers, consisting of

RIBBONS,
DRESS TRIMMINGS,
and LACES,

including a handsome line of

LACE MANTILLAS,

all of the best qualities and of their own importation.

MITCHELL & McLINTOCK,
259 Broadway, New York.
A few doors below Duane.

SENT FREE TO ANY ADDRESS.

OUR DESCRIPTIVE PRICED CATALOGUE, containing all the new Publications for the Spring, also greater inducements to buyers than ever before offered. *Send for a Catalogue.*

Address EVANS & CO.,
417 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK.

VOICE TABLETS, prepared by Duncan Flockhart & Co., Chemists to the Queen, Edinburgh, an admirable remedy for Sore Throats, Hoarseness, Coughs and Vocalists will find them very serviceable. For sale by all Druggists. Wholesale by SHEDDEN & NERRGARD, 362 Dewey, corner 4th Street, Agents for the United States.

Alice Learmont—38 Cents.

By the Author of "JOHN HALIFAX."

A HERO,

BREAD UPON THE WATERS,

ALICE LEARMONT.

Tales by Miss MULOCH.

Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," "Olive," "The Ogilvies," &c., &c.

Complete in one vol. 12mo. Muslin, price 50 cents; Paper Covers, 38 cents. New Edition. (Originally published in 1853.)

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, New York.

☞ Any of the above Books will send the above Work by Mail, postage paid (for any distance in the United States) on receipt of the price. Specimen Copies.

"A WARHAM, MASS., Jan. 29, 1859.

"MESSRS. W. E. HALL & CO.—Gentlemen: Please send HIMMETRESS'S "*Inimitable* HAIR RESTORATIVE to the value of four dollars, and oblige your obedient servant. I have tried various other articles in the market, but yours has the *decided preference* among them all. I have never hesitated to recommend it for all it claims to be. Numbers of my friends have used it, and *wearing false hair for several years*, have laid it aside, and now have a fine head of natural hair—the *original natural shade and color*, produced by using two or three bottles of your article; and when, by accident, some of them have been induced to try something else, gained upon their hair, and have returned to it. Almost imperatively, I remain, yours truly,

"A. B. EDMONDS.

"Gentlemen: Please send me another bottle of your valuable and reliable article in use—finding it on a bottle article as cheap as any of the Hair Oils or Washes with which the market is flooded. I am yours, very truly, S. E. EDMONDS.

Remember that these *unparalleled results* were produced by HIMMETRESS'S *Inimitable*, the *original* and *only reliable* article in use.

Price 50 cents a bottle.

W. E. HAGAN & CO., Proprietors, Troy, N. Y.

Twenty Interesting Books

JUST PUBLISHED BY

TICKNOR & FIELDS, Boston.

The Scouring of the White Horse; or, The Long Vacation Holiday of a London Clerk. By the Author of School Days at Rugby, with Illustrations by Richard Doyle.....$1 00

Argey's Biographies of Distinguished Scientific Men. Illustrated. Adventures of Admiral Smyth, Baldo Powell and Robert Grant, 2 vols.....2 00

The Professor at the Breakfast Table. Revised. By Dr. Holmes. Illustrated. 12mo.....1 00

Mrs. Fanny Kemble's Poems, with a new enlarged Edition. Illustrated. Printed on tinted paper.....1 00

Rev. E. W. Robertson's Lectures and Addresses on Literary and Social Topics; uniform with the Sermons.....1 25

William Howitt's Nursery Rhymes of Scotland, edited by Mrs. Gilchrist.....75

Theodore Parker's The Conflict of Opinions. 2 vol. 16mo.....1 25

Charles Reade's new Story of the "Autobiography of a Thief." 1 vol. 16mo.....1 00

A. A. Proctor's Legends and Lyrical Miles. By Barry Cornwall. 1 vol. 16mo.....1 00

The Life and Times of Sir Philip Sidney. With Illustrations.....1 00

Great Cornish; or, Artist Life in Italy.....1 00

The Courtship of Miles Standish, and other Poems. A new volume by H. W. Longfellow. 1 vol. 16mo.....1 25

A Journey Due North. By George Augustus Sala. 1 vol. 16mo.....1 00

The Art—A Colloquial Satire, and other New Poems. By the Author of "Festus." 1 vol. 16mo.....75

Life of George Stephenson, Railway Engineer. By Samuel Smiles. 1 vol. 12mo.....1 50

Tom Hughes's School Days at Rugby. 1 vol. 16mo 1 00

Waterworth's Miscellanies of Sydney and Byron 1 vol. 16mo. Second Edition.....75

Bon Gaultier Ballads. Mayne Reid. 1 vol. 16mo 75

White Lies. By Chas. Reade. 1 vol. 16mo.....1 25

Twenty-five Copies for One Year.....$20 00

Twenty-five Copies for One Year.....40 00

An Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of TWELVE *or* TWENTY-FIVE SUBSCRIBERS.

TERMS FOR ADVERTISING.—*Fifty Cents a Line.*

A Liberal Discount will be made to those wishing to Advertise for three Months or more.

☞ Persons living in the City of New York wishing "HARPER'S WEEKLY" left at their houses, will please send their address at the Office of Publication. The subscription money, in all cases, must be paid in advance.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
Franklin Square, New York.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A FIRST-CLASS ILLUSTRATED PAPER.

THE BEST FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

FAMILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD.

FIVE CENTS—PRICE—FIVE CENTS.

(*From the N. Y. Evening Post, Jan.* 15, 1859.)

HARPER'S WEEKLY.—The fifty-two numbers of this admirable and entertaining publication, completing the last year, have been gathered into a single volume, and we have but to say that it contains the same variety of the variety, the spirit, and the value of the contents. There is no more popular history of the current events of the year—there are ample dissertations on the leading topics of discussion—there are stories and poems of merit, however, but preferably of the kind which are suited to the columns of a newspaper—there are the pictures of the times, and of the men who make the times, and, above all, there are those striking wood-cut representations of American scenery, of public buildings and habitats, and of customs and countries—all contained in the numbers which make up the volume. It is a grand picture-book of the human life of the nineteenth century, in all its phases, and is nearly all nations. Every class of readers, moreover, may be interested by it—old and young, male and female, and any man of business, the child and the woman.

TERMS FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY.

One Copy for Two Years	$1 00
One Copy for Four Years	2 00
One Copy for Ten Years	4 00
Five Copies for One Year	4 00
Twelve Copies for One Year	8 00
Twenty-five Copies for One Year	16 00

An Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of TWELVE *or* TWENTY-FIVE SUBSCRIBERS.

TERMS FOR ADVERTISING.—*Fifty Cents a Line.*

A Liberal Discount will be made to those wishing to Advertise for three Months or more.

☞ Persons living in the City of New York wishing "HARPER'S WEEKLY" left at their houses, will please send their address at the Office of Publication. The subscription money, in all cases, must be paid in advance.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
Franklin Square, New York.

NEW YORK AS A NURSING-MOTHER TO HER FOUNDLINGS.

(*See the Evidence in the* CARLOCK *Case.*)

THE BEST AND Cheapest Article FOR THE HAIR, PHALON & SON'S COCOINE. Prepared from Highly Purified COCOA-NUT OIL.

This preparation possesses extraordinary properties for preserving and beautifying the hair, and also restoring its natural lustre and glossy appearance.

One application, however, will furnish the ladies with a sufficient supply for a month.

Manufactured by PHALON & SON'S COCOINE. REFUSE ALL COUNTERFEITS.

MAGIC HAIR DYE, CHEMICAL HAIR INVIGORATOR, FAIRYAN LOTION, For the Skin and Complexion.

PHALON & SON, Perfumers and Distillers, Nos. 197, 491, and 515 Broadway, N. Y. For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers. Large bottles, 50 cents; small size, 25 cents.

Inquire for Phalon & Son's COCOINE. BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS.

"Penny? please, Sir!"
HEAVY SWELL. "Aw!—dammee! can't do it. Couldn't get my hand out of my pocket!"

ADVERTISEMENTS.

LIGHTE, NEWTON & BRADBURY'S
PIANO FORTES,
281 and 283 Fulton Street, Brooklyn.
HENRY H. HOOPER, Jr., Agent.

F.Y.S.

We learn from our special correspondent, Mr. Daniel McCarty, who left the city of New York in September last for the purpose of exploring the gold regions of Pike's Peak, and who has recently returned to Kansas, Nebraska, K. T., that these mines are capable of yielding the precious metal in such abundance as to satisfy the most extravagant wishes of gold-seekers. Throughout Kansas and Missouri, and the surrounding territories, the merchants, farmers, and mechanics are forming private companies, and making active preparations for a start to the mines early in the Spring. Mr. McCarty also informs us, that although many of the enterprising adventurers have ventured themselves during the short season they have worked in the mines, they have suffered the most severe penalties of physical information. Exposure to malarious diseases, in the form of Fever and Ague, Dysentery, Diarrhœa, Flux, Cholera, and Cholera Morbus, Bilioumus, Coughs and Colds, Cramps, Influenza, Impediment in Breathing, Sore-throat, Sudden Losses, Lung or Complaints, Contraction, Indigestion, and other ailments, which are the result of the sudden changes from temperate to tropical, upon the system, have made fright-ful wrecks among those who had not the precaution or forethought to carry with them RADWAY'S READY RELIEF AND REGULATING PILLS. Those who were provided with these remedies, did not a single day from sickness of either of the above-named complaints. Mr. McCarty applied the Ready Relief and Pills to a number of the sick, and had the gratification of restoring, through the aid of these remedies, all who used them to health and renewed strength. Let all who purpose trying the mines, provide themselves with a supply of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF AND REGULATING PILLS. At the mines the Ready Relief is now selling for $5 per bottle, and the Pills at $1 per box.

In all cases of Sores, Humors, Ulcers, Nodes, Bronchitis, or Scrofula, RADWAY'S RENOVATING RESOLVENT should be used. Price of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF, 75c., 50c., and $1 per bottle. Price of PILLS, 50c. per box. Sold by Druggists every where, and RADWAY & CO.,
No. 162 Fulton Street, N. Y.

BALLOU'S FRENCH YOKE SHIRT EMPORIUM,
409 Broadway.
Premium Shirt Manufacturers.

PICTURES FOR GRECIAN AND ANTIQUE PAINTING
ARE NOW PUBLISHED BY
J. L. TILTON & CO.,
161 Washington Street, Boston.
Who forward terms, post paid (with full and special directions how to proceed), to any address. Send for a list and other information.
Dealers and Teachers supplied.

GOLD MINES.
Caution and Advice
TO GOLD-SEEKERS.

Gifts! Gifts!! Gifts!!!
EVANS & CO.
OFFER GREATER INDUCEMENTS TO BOOK BUYERS THAN ANY OTHER HOUSE IN THE COUNTRY.
OUR NEW DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE, OF SIXTY PAGES, CONTAINS
A larger and better selection of books than ever before offered, and many of them at less than one-half the prices published in the United States. At book fairs, this catalogue prices, with
A GIFT ACCOMPANYING THE BOOK at the time of sale.
The most liberal inducements to clubs, surpassing those of any other house, for particulars of which, see page 5, New Catalogue; also great commissions allowed to agents who are willing to devote their time to our business. Particulars sent on application by mail.
Send for a Catalogue, which will be mailed free to any address in all parts of the world.
Books and Gifts without money.
An extra dollar's worth of books presented to any one sending an order for ten books.
A GIFT worth $5 in a schedule of Property which will be given to the Purchasers of Books at the time of Sale. *Worth from*

Gold Watches, English Lever, Patent Lever and Lepines	$20 00 to $150 00
Silver Watches, Lever, Patent Jewelled, Hunting Cases, open face and cylinder escapement	12 00 to 40 00
Gold Lockets—Large size, four glasses and two glasses with spring—Large and small size, with snap.	5 00 to 12 00
Castors, Mouse, Enamelled, Painted Lines, Goddesses, Garnet, and Coral Beads, Gilt and Plain	5 00 to 25 00
Ladies' Gold Curved Chains, Neck Chains, Chatelaines	8 00 to 16 00
Gent's Fine Gold Vest Chains	10 00 to 50 00
Sets Cameo, Goldstone, Painted, Mosaic, Garnet, Onyx, Engraved and Plain Gold Sleeve Buttons and Bosom Studs	2 00 to 16 00
Gold Pencils with Pens, large, medium, and small size	3 00 to 7 50
Silver Pencils, with Gold Pens, large, medium, and small size	2 00 to 5 00
Single Stone Diamond Rings	3 00 to 5 00
Ladies' Gold Cameo Rings, Ladies' Gold, Shield, and Plain Rings	1 00 to 7 50
Gent's Gold Bosom Pins, Cluster, with Opal, Scarf Pins, Onyx, Garnet, etc.	1 00 to 5 00
Rich Silk Brace Patterns	12 00 to 50 00
Canes, Ebonite, Coral, Garnet, Chased and Plain Oval Bracelets	5 00 to 20 00
Silver and Gold Thimbles	50 to 3 00
Gent's Pen and Pocket-Knife	50 to 1 50
Pearl and Mercury parte-documents	1 00 to 3 00
Toothpicks, Watch Keys, Guard Slides	1 50 to 7 50
Gold Crosses, small, medium, and large	2 00 to 7 50

And many other articles, up a large and valuable assortment of miscellaneous articles, varying from $1 to $40. One of the above articles will be given to the purchaser of each book at the time the book is sold. An equal proportion of the whole will be given with each $1,000 worth of books.
Address all orders, letters of inquiry, etc., to EVANS & CO., Publishers, 677 Broadway, New York City.

PULPIT and ROSTRUM.—Prof. Mitchell, H. W. Beecher, J. T. Brady, and T. L. Cuyler—for effervescent on page 14.

NICE Lacers at Macy's.
NICE Embroideries at Macy's.
NICE Hosiery and Gloves at Macy's.
NICE Linen Handkerchiefs and Cornetest Macy's.
NICE Linen Goods cheap at Macy's.
NICE Paris Flowers at Macy's.
NICE Paris Feathers at Macy's.
NICE Housekeeping Goods at Macy's.
NICE Joined Bleed Edgings, 2 cents a yard.
NICE and CHEAP MAKE-UP at Macy's.
REAL **KID GLOVES,** 63 cents a pair.
204 and 206 Sixth Avenue, corner 14th Street.

"THAT STANDARD MEDICINAL ARTICLE, the Vegetable *Pulmonary Balsam*, prepared by the well-known physician, Messrs. Brady, Keller & Co., of this city, is, we have good authority for stating, one of the best remedies for Bronchitis, and all Pulmonary Complaints, ever offered to the public. It has long been a favorite with the people, and has sustained its reputation for more than thirty years."—*Boston Journal.*

Inquire for the article by its WHOLE NAME,
"VEGETABLE PULMONARY BALSAM."
Prepared only by BRADY, KELLER & CO., Druggists, *Boston.* Price, large, $1; small, 50 cents.
BARNES & FAGE, Agents, New York.

SPRING FANCY GOODS,
L. J. LEVY & CO.,
Nos. 809 and 811 Chestnut Street,
PHILADELPHIA,
Are now opening a large and very choice assortment of
NEW GOODS FOR SPRING,
Selected for the most part in Paris and Lyons for their RETAIL SALES from the choicest productions of the looms of FRANCE.
They invite the inspection of **Wholesale** as well as **Retail** customers to one of the most beautiful assortments for its extent of new fabrics for
LADIES' SPRING DRESSES
which can be found in this country.
In all the richer articles of DRY GOODS, such as
INDIA CASHMERE SHAWLS,
CHOICE SPRING AND SUMMER SILKS,
PARIS PRINTED FOULARDS,
SUPERB ORGANDIE AND BAREGE ROBES,
NEW SPRING and SUMMER SHAWLS,
their assortments are constantly being increased by the arrivals of the Steamers from Europe.
PHILADELPHIA, *February*, 1859.

P. P. P.
PARK'S PRICKLY PLASTERS.

They sooth pain; they protect the chest; they extract the congestion from the lungs; they are the most powerful counter-irritants; they are decided in medicinal agency to the motion of the body; they are powerful, impart excellence pain off, and they are not because offensive, hence, are freely worn four hours longer than any other plaster, and are cheaper at 25 cents than others at 10. *Where these Plasters are, pain is not and exist.* Weak persons, public speakers, delicate females, or any suffering with side, chest, or back pains, should try them. You will then know what they are. They are a new form in the science of medicine. All Druggists have them. Take no other. Each Plaster bears a Medallion Stamp and our Signature.
JOHN D. PARK, 18 and 15 Park Row, N. Y.
JOHN D. PARK, Cincinnati, Ohio.

LYON'S MAGNETIC POWDERS
Will destroy Garden Insects, Cockroaches, Bedbugs, Fleas, Ants, Moths, and all pests of the Vermin kind.

The importance of a reliable article of this kind is indisputable. In warm weather all nature teems with this annoying race. This powder is the only article ever discovered which will exterminate them. A company of botanists, from the Horticultural Society of Paris, with amidst the forests of Asia, observed that all insects lighting upon a certain kind of plant very soon dropped dead. From that vein made use of to guard their rapid ravages from those intruders. Quantities of the plant were brought to Paris, and the powder made from it found to be destructive in every instance. It is therefore confidently hoped, chemically prepared to resist the effect of the atmosphere. Medals and Letters Patent have been obtained from the governments of England, France, Germany, and Russia, from the World's Fair, and numerous medical and horticultural colleges and societies.

Letter from the President of the U. S.
"EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, 31st Jan. 1853.
"MR. EXAMINER LYON—Dear Sir: I have the pleasure to inform you that the Royal Commission of the World's Fair at London have awarded you a Medal and Certificate for the great value of your Magnetic Powders, &c.
"MILLARD FILLMORE."

The above was accompanied by a certificate of Prize Medal.

IT IS FREE FROM POISON.
Office of the Health Officer, New York, October 22, 1851.
"Mr. EXAMINER LYON—Dear Sir: We have received and tested your Magnetic Powders, and find them perfectly harmless to mammal and domestic animals, but certain death when inhaled by bugs, ants, and insects.
"JAMES R. CHILTON, M.D., Health Officer."

"LABRADOR HOUSE, PROVIDENCE, R. I. Hospital.
"Mr. LYON—Dear Sir: We have used your Powder and tested your Magnetic Powders, and find them perfectly harmless to mammal and domestic animals, but certain death when inhaled by bugs, ants, and insects.
"JAMES R. CHILTON, M.D., Health Officer."

"LABRADOR HOUSE, PROVIDENCE, R. I. Hospital.
"Mr. LYON—Dear Sir: We have used your Powder and tested your Magnetic Powders, and find them perfectly harmless to mammal and domestic animals, but certain death when inhaled by bugs, ants, and insects.
"JAMES R. CHILTON, M.D., Health Officer."

"Mr. EXAMINER

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. III.—No. 114.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1859. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE proprietors of *Harper's Weekly* beg to state that the regular edition of the paper exceeds

75,000 COPIES,

and that it is the best and cheapest advertising medium in the country. No existing advertising sheet meets so many eyes, or circulates among so select a class of readers. Its circulation is widely diffused throughout the country, North and South; it is read from New Orleans to Quebec, and from Minnesota to Florida.

The proprietors believe that the large circulation which the *Weekly* has obtained is due to the fact that it is the best illustrated and family newspaper in the country. They intend that it shall continue to improve.

TERMS.

One copy for one year	$2 50
Five copies, " "	9 00
Twelve, " "	20 00
Twenty-five " "	40 00

COMMODORE VANDERBILT.

The accompanying portrait will be recognized as that of the most distinguished steamboat owner in the United States—Cornelius Vanderbilt, popularly known as the "Commodore." No man connected with our merchant navy has done so much for the advancement of steam enterprise or the expedition of travel as Commodore Vanderbilt.

Like most of our leading men, his beginnings were small. He was born in the year 1795, on Staten Island. His father owned a farm, and a small ferry-boat which plied between the island and the city. When the wind was fair, the boat sailed; when it was unfavorable, the boatmen relied on the oar. One, and the most useful of these boatmen, was his son Cornelius.

The father wisely obliged his son to work for him in the ferry-boat for a certain number of hours each day. The rest of his time was his own. This spare time he used so thriftily, that by the time he was eighteen he owned a boat of his own. For some five years it may almost be said that he lived in this boat; carrying pleasure parties to pienics; boarding ships; and performing all the work of a boatman. There are many still living who remember "Cornell the boatman" how skillful he was in managing his craft; how daring in encountering the roughest weather; how perfectly reliable in every respect. No matter how it blew, or stormed, or froze, if Cornell had agreed to board a ship or to deliver dispatches, he did it. Many and many a time anxious ship-owners could not have communicated with their ships in heavy wintry storms but for Vanderbilt's courage and skill; we may depend upon it that if he knew the pecuniary worth of those rare gifts, never was money more cheerfully paid than the reward he obtained on such occasions.

The knowledge Commodore Vanderbilt acquired during his life as a boatman he never forgot. Not many years have elapsed since, in the yacht *Cor*, he won the great club race of the year solely by his thorough knowledge of the intricate currents and tides of the Bay, and of his remembrance of the manner in which the various headlands affect each prevailing wind. On another occasion he probably saved his own life by his skill with the oar. He had, we believe, been attending a railway meeting somewhere in Jersey; and instead of taking the ferry to return to New York, he, in company with his brother and one or two other gentlemen, took a small boat a short distance above Hoboken and bade the boatmen pull them over. Night was falling as they started. It was in the month of January, and the North River was full of ice. The boatmen pulled for some time steadily ahead; but in a short while they got into an island of slush (broken ice and snow), through which their utmost strength was insufficient to force the boat. Presently a large cake of ice came floating along, and gave the boat a rude shove. It was now becoming very dark, and the cold was intense. In a short while it was evident they would be frozen in. The Commodore had from the first sat quiet in the stern sheets; and his companions, who looked to him as their leader, had followed the example. At length he sprang up.

"Boys," said he, cheerily, "this won't do. Give me an oar! Now you two," he added, addressing his brother and one of his friends, "take those oars and row." Noticing some signs of rebellion on the part of the boatmen, he quietly said, in a tone which there was no mistaking, "You keep out of my way, or you'll maybe come to grief."

Standing, then, with one foot on each gunwale of the boat, he steered with his oar, guiding the little craft through each leak of water between the ice cakes—now heading north, now south, now toward Staten Island, and now toward Albany, but steadily contriving to approach the New York side. It was midnight, and the moon was up when the boat reached a dock on Manhattan Island. One of the parties who shared the Commodore's society on that evening has been heard to declare that he grew ten years older in the five or six hours they spent in the boat.

To return to Vanderbilt's early life. As a boatman, at the age of 22 or 23, he was making an income of $3000 a year. But he saw that the age of oars and sails had ended, and that steam was henceforth to be the great agent of navigation. To study and understand steam became thenceforth his object; and to achieve it, he became the superintendent of Mr. Gibbons's line of steamboats plying between New York and Philadelphia.

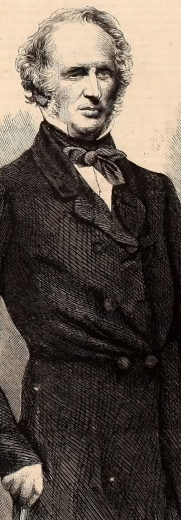
He was ten years in this employ, during which time the line was very profitable to the owners. At length Vanderbilt, feeling that he was master of the whole subject of steam navigation, and finding his family increasing rapidly, announced to Mr. Gibbons his intention of establishing himself on an independent footing, and requested him to engage a new superintendent. His employer met the observation with an offer of an increased salary, which was rejected. No further notice of the subject was taken for some months. At length Vanderbilt inquired whether Gibbons had found a substitute for him. He was then told that he might draw three times the salary he was receiving, but that he must remain in his present position. He again declined, and reiterated his determination to leave. Gibbons finally asked him what the steamboats and other property connected with the Philadelphia line—belonging to him (Gibbons)—were worth; Vanderbilt, who knew their value much better than their owner, estimated them at $100,000. Gibbons offered them to him at this figure, leaving it to him to specify the conditions of payment. Still Vanderbilt would not be convinced, and would not buy. The end of the transaction, we believe, was that the Stevenses, who already owned one end of the route, bought out Gibbons in the other end, and that Vanderbilt forthwith established an opposition. This was the first of Vanderbilt's many fights.

At the outset, as he was a young man without apparent capital or resources, it was confidently prophesied by his opponents that he would presently fail. Every week was expected to be his last. Still, week after week elapsed, and he did not fail; nay more, he ran his boats more regularly and more swiftly than the opposition line, and he carried off the lion's share of the traffic. After a season of fierce rivalry, his opponents, weary of losing money, sent for him to negotiate a compromise. They began the negotiation by observations necessarily tending to an inquiry as to how much Vanderbilt would take to abandon the field to them. He stopped them, before they made an offer, by calmly offering them $80,000 to abandon the route to him. This terminated the negotiation, and another year of intense rivalry ensued. At the end of the second season Mr. Vanderbilt was again met by his opponents with proposals for a compromise. It must be premised that during the year he had discovered a more fruitful field for his enterprise: for when the Messrs. Stevens and their associates now appealed to him, he met them with a hour list of ex-employés of theirs, who, in consequence of the rivalry and their attempts to economize, had been thrown out of employment.

"Gentlemen," said he, "pay to each of these men what they would have earned had it not been for the opposition, and I will withdraw my line."

His adversaries were only too glad to compromise on such favorable terms. They paid every one the sum mentioned by Vanderbilt, and he, as he had promised, withdrew his line.

After the close of Mr. Vanderbilt's connection with the Philadelphia line of steamers, he ran a line to Elizabethport; and soon afterward began a series of conflicts with the established lines on the Hudson, the Sound, the Delaware, etc. etc. It has been much the fashion to regard these contests as attempts on his part to levy black-mail on successful enterprises. It is hardly fair for any man to undertake to decide what are the particular motives of his neighbor in undertaking a specific work, if the work be in itself legitimate and fair. He must be judged by the results; and the results, in every case, of the establishment of opposition lines by Vanderbilt has been the permanent *reduction of fares*. Wherever he "laid on" an opposition line, the fares were instantly reduced; and however the contest terminated, whether he bought out his opponents, as he often



CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, ESQ.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.]

en did, or they bought him out, the fares were never again raised to the old standard. This great boon—cheap travel—this community owes mainly to Cornelius Vanderbilt.

Twenty years ago most of the steamers plying between New York and neighboring ports were owned by powerful corporations, who enjoyed a monopoly of the traffic, and where wealth and obsequious soullessness were a terror to steamboat men. Of all the enterprising men of that day Cornelius Vanderbilt was the only one who had the courage to assail these monopolies. He did assail them, and with success and unbridled vigorous war. The monopolies were sometimes ruined, but the public traveled at half the old rates. One may be sure of the latter issue, but, after all, the latter is entitled to some sympathy too.

The Commodore once, in conjunction with his brother, Captain Jacob Vanderbilt, ran a boat on the Hudson in opposition to an established line. His brother commanded her. One unlucky day the boiler burst and killed upon the instant, or in consequence, several the feelings of the people to frenzy. They threatened to lynch the Captain. They exhausted themselves in menace and invective. Captain Vanderbilt was compelled to seek refuge in the city, and the monopoly re-established the old tariff of fares.

All that Captain Vanderbilt had in the world had been invested in this boat, and the explosion ruined him. He had neither the means, nor, indeed, the heart of the popular fury, the ability, to renew the contest. Not so his brother.

In the midst of the storm of indignation, when the very name of Vanderbilt aroused execration, pale and loud all along the North River, the Commodore quietly announced that he would run a boat in the place of the one destroyed by the explosion. The exasperated river towns and villages swore that he should not. They would not ride on a boat to make sad to their pays. They would not be fat fright to brought to him or their families. When he ran to a wharf he could get no hand to take the rope to throw ashore to make fast. As he backed, it is recalled that not a soul came out daily receipts did not exceed $6 12½. When a tall fiery youngster did take passage in a boat he kept himself from the public gaze, as though he had been doing a guilty thing.

Meanwhile Vanderbilt had said that he would run his boat, and run her he did. Threats, alone, opposition, unawareness of all kinds did not disturb him. The same hour, day after day, the execrated boat made her appearance at the usual landings, and steamed pleasantly on to the next wharves at which, for many days previously, she had been urged with rage to keep away from the moorings. The Commodore knew mankind. He knew that the storm aroused against his family was too violent to last. Nor did it. A day came when some river people quarrelled with the monopoly, and one of spite took passage in Vanderbilt's boat. Others, sympathizing with the man's fortitude and perseverance, declared that they would see fair play; let him land at the wharf. Then the proprietors of the monopoly quarreled among themselves, and began to rebuke and sneer, each about a house divided against itself. So things went on, the Commodore's boat running swiftly and regularly, the other boat lagging, and meeting with accidents, till the old familiar end came. Every body patronized Vanderbilt, and the monopoly went to pieces.

The crowning feats of Vanderbilt's career have, however, been connected with the Central American Isthmus.

For a year or two past the reopening of the Nicaragua Transit Route has engrossed much public attention. This great thoroughfare between the Atlantic and Pacific States has now been closed nearly three years; and although, from time to time, negotiations have been entered into with the Nicaraguan Government, and grants have been obtained, or supposed to be obtained, which should have led to a speedy reopening, all these have proved abortive or delusive, and it still remains matter of doubt, to the great loss of not only to the great profit of a private monopoly. By the last steamer reports were brought to this country of the Costa-Rican treaty, which by many is looked upon as a positive guaranty that the Transit Route will soon be thrown open. It remains to be seen whether this will done through the White party, or the Wells Fargo party, or the Cornelius Vanderbilt. Meanwhile, it should be borne in mind that the veteran Commodore was the only man who possessed money enough, and pluck enough to open this new route before.

A brief sketch of his connection with this great enterprise will show how thoroughly he has been identified with it from first to last; and, as a chapter in the Transit history, will not be considered void be interest.

The grant for a Ship Canal Company was made by Nicaragua, in 1843, to C. Vanderbilt and his associates. The grantees were subsequently incorporated under the name of the Accessory Transit and Pacific Ship Canal Company. This grant was for the exclusive right to construct a ship canal from the Atlantic to the Pacific by the San Juan River and Lake Nicaragua, which at that time, by reason of the imperfect surveys made, was supposed to be practicable. It further gave the exclusive right to transport passengers and merchandise between the two oceans by means of steamboats over said waters, and by rail or carriage road, or other means of conveyance, over the best part of the route. To protect the ship canal project to English capitalists and secure their co-operation, Mr. Vanderbilt made a trip to England in 1850. The brother capitalists of London agreed to engage in the construction of the canal if, after new and fuller surveys, it should be pronounced practicable. These surveys were made, and by them it was ascertained that there was not a sufficient depth of water in the lake, the previous surveys on this point having proved inaccurate. For this reason the ship canal project was laid aside, and the grant remained unused until 1851. In that year the Government of Nicaragua, on application of the Canal Company, separated the Transit grant from the Canal grant, and conferred the Transit privileges upon the Accessory Transit Company, which at the same time was incorporated for that purpose.

The Transit Company was forthwith organized, and Mr. Vanderbilt was chosen President. In the winter of 1850–51 he had built the steamship *Prometheus*. Prior to this, and soon after his return from England, he went in person to Washington, passed up the San Juan in an open boat, and spent several weeks in taking the soundings, in measuring the depth of water on the rapids, and satisfying himself of the practicability of the route for steamboats up the San Juan and across the lake. The whole of this time he slept in an open boat, and for two days did not take off his clothes. His constitution, naturally a tough old sea-captain, declared he would not go through such work again for all Central America. The *Prometheus* was put on the route. Resigns the Pacific port for the new line, but the Commodore determined to find a steamer which could be constructed the harbor of San Juan del Sur, at that time unknown and unnamed, and which could run on the waters of communication could be at that time obtained even in Nicaragua. Having decided upon that as the best harbor, he selected the mouth of the Colorado road from the harbor to the lake. He had then mapped out and fixed upon the location of every station to be, and having acted upon his favorite maxim, to, "Settle every doubt *before* you start," he returned to put his plans in successful operation. He immediately sent out the like, boat *Director*, and the river boats *Pioneer*, *Independence*, and *North America* were sent round to the Pacific, to run in the lake and San Juan del Sur. The *Pioneer* was launched on July, 1851, the *Prometheus* made her first trip to San Juan del Sur, Sailing-vessels from the lake to the Pacific, the boats the *Daniel Webster*, to run in the Atlantic line with the *Prometheus*, and went out in time to meet her first trip. The *Pioneer* was put on the new lake boat *Central America*. This boat was towed from New York to San Juan—the first vessel towed, drawing, and steamer, quite characteristic of the "Commodore." He, in person, took the *United America* up the lake, and, with his family, and safely into the lake; and, having successfully opened the route, returned to New York. Under the management the route became a favorite one with California travelers; and from time to time, the *Webster*, he, in 1853, was put on the line with the *Northern Light* and *Star of the West* on the Atlantic side, and the *Pacific* and *Sierra Nevada* and *Golden Gate* on the Pacific; and the semi-monthly line, *via* Nicaragua, was placed on a firm foundation. The Commodore encountered no small, for the first of almost incredible difficulties. In the hands of most men it might have proved a fatal obstacle to the visionary scheme; in his hands it became a noble and successful enterprise. The price of passage for the steamers was at first extremely low. In 1852 San Francisco was permanently reduced from $600 to $300. He did all this, too, without Government aid, but in direct opposition to a Government-aid monopoly. The line continued in successful operation until 1853, when Vanderbilt withdrew the Commodore sold his steamers on both sides to the Transit Company. The steamers were put on agent until his celebrated yacht-trip to Europe in the *North Star*, in May, 1853. In June, 1853, Charles Morgan and associates bought out the Commodore's connection with the Company terminated. He had no further connection with it until February, 1856, when he was chosen President.

In 1855 William Walker landed in Nicaragua. By his connivance the charter of the Transit Company was revoked in 1856 [1857], and a new grant made to one Randolph. Of the stupidity of this act there could be no question. It may be to Jacob Vanderbilt's credit to embrace the Company's property in Nicaragua, and seize upon the steamships as they were plying between New York and San Francisco. If so, he was woefully disappointed. The prompt action of Mr. Vanderbilt saved the steamers from the hands of pirates, and travel of them from the line cut off Walker's supplies and reinforcements. The Transit property was driven out of Nicaragua, and a native government restored. Since then, owing to the unsettled state of affairs, and the hostile attitudes of the host, no satisfactory grant or recognition of the Transit rights has been obtained from Nicaragua, and the transit remains closed.

In the spring of 1856, within sixty days after the transit was seized by Walker, Mr. Vanderbilt went to Washington during Mr. Pierce's administration, and there pledged himself to the President of the United States and the Government that he would reopen and establish the Transit line on sixty days' notice, provided the Government would protect the property employed thereon; and the Government was made by the President's message so on the incoming of his administration. Up to this moment he has been ready and anxious to do the same thing; but he has declined to engage in hazarding his own property and the lives and property of his passengers, so long as the Government of Nicaragua refuses to give him protection.

During all this period he has, from month to month, been in hopes of being able to open the transit, and the arrangements of the Ocean Steam Mail Company was predicated on the belief that under no circumstances could it last more than a month or two; but causes for delay have arisen, and continued to operate to continue this uncertain state of things.

Pending this, a new line to California *via* Panama is announced, which is understood to be under his powerful patronage. His steamships include the *Vanderbilt*, *Ocean Queen*, *Northern Light*, *North Star*, *Ariel*, *Daniel Webster*, and a new iron steamer now being built, on the Atlantic; and the *Uncle Sam*, *Oceanic*, *Sierra Nevada*, and *Golden Gate*, on the Pacific. With this powerful fleet, and his great wealth and life-long experience, he must prove a formidable rival for any opponent. At all events the Commodore in a California steamship will be eminently "*the right man in the right place*."

In his many victorious fights Mr. Vanderbilt has never had to say he lack. He is not a man living, probably, who more carefully foresees and provides for every possible contingency, leaving nothing to chance. Every enterprise is brooded over for weeks, if need be for months; he sleeps on it again and again, and every doubt is mused and disposed of before he takes the first step, but when that step is taken there is no turning back. He is not a speculator in the sense that he risks his fortune on a single chance. He will not risk his fortune unless he is all confidence, and not a doubt exists to disturb his peace. Hence he is a man who is endowed with the qualities of patience, pluck, and perseverance. Herein is, we think, the secret of his success in life.

Mr. Vanderbilt has met confined himself or his capital to steamboat enterprises alone. His wealth and his counsel he has assisted many of our most important railroad enterprises, and aided in bringing them to a successful issue. Whatever it seems to be his pride, and an honest pride it is, to have made himself what he is—a self-made and profitably employed. We have heard it said that no man in this country gives employment directly and indirectly to so many persons. He does not allow the rust to gather on his money, or *colewebs* to gather on his brain. He is not afraid of working for live, he now lives to work. We commend his example in this respect to our men of wealth. Indeed he is, in a well-doubtless, identified with many new enterprises.

The likeness of Mr. Vanderbilt is taken from a photograph by Brady. In person he is full six feet, and of fine presence. He is now about sixty-five years old, and his portrait, taken in June or July, 1851, the *Prometheus* made her first trip to San Juan del Sur. Subsequently to this we have the boat built the *Daniel Webster*, to run in the Atlantic line with the *Prometheus*, and went out in time to meet her first trip. The *Pioneer* was put on the new lake boat *Central America*. This boat was towed from New York to San Juan—the first vessel towed, drawing, and steamer, quite characteristic of the "Commodore." He, in person, took the *United America* up the lake, and, with his family, and safely into the lake; and, having successfully opened the route, returned to New York. Under the management the route became a favorite one with California travelers; and from time to time, the *Webster*, he, in 1853, was put on the line with the *Northern Light* and *Star of the West* on the Atlantic side, and the *Pacific* and *Sierra Nevada* and *Golden Gate* on the Pacific; and the semi-monthly line, *via* Nicaragua, was placed on a firm foundation. The Commodore encountered no small, for the first of almost incredible difficulties. In the hands of most men it might have proved a fatal obstacle to the visionary scheme; in his hands it became a noble and successful enterprise. The price of passage for the steamers was at first extremely low. In 1852 San Francisco was permanently reduced from $600 to $300. He did all this, too, without Government aid, but in direct opposition to a Government-aid monopoly. The line continued in successful operation until 1853, when Vanderbilt withdrew the Commodore sold his steamers on both sides to the Transit Company. The steamers were put on agent until his celebrated yacht-trip to Europe in the *North Star*, in May, 1853. In June, 1853, Charles Morgan and associates bought out the Commodore's connection with the Company terminated. He had no further connection with it until February, 1856, when he was chosen President.

In 1855 William Walker landed in Nicaragua. By his connivance the charter of the Transit Company was revoked in 1856 [1857], and a new grant made to one Randolph. Of the stupidity of this act there could be no question. It may be to Jacob Vanderbilt's credit to embrace the Company's property in Nicaragua, and seize upon the steamships as they were plying between New York and San Francisco. If so, he was woefully disappointed. The prompt action of Mr. Vanderbilt saved the steamers from the hands of pirates, and travel of them from the line cut off Walker's supplies and reinforcements. The Transit property was driven out of Nicaragua, and a native government restored. Since then, owing to the unsettled state of affairs, and the hostile attitudes of the host, no satisfactory grant or recognition of the Transit rights has been obtained from Nicaragua, and the transit remains closed.

In the spring of 1856, within sixty days after the transit was seized by Walker, Mr. Vanderbilt went to Washington during Mr. Pierce's administration, and there pledged himself to the President of the United States and the Government that he would reopen and establish the Transit line on sixty days' notice, provided the Government would protect the property employed thereon; and the same effect was made by the President's message on the incoming of his administration. Up to this moment he has been ready and anxious to do the same thing; but he has declined to engage in hazarding his own property and the lives and property of his passengers, so long as the Government of Nicaragua refuses to give him protection.

During all this period he has, from month to month, been in hopes of being able to open the transit, and the arrangements of the Ocean Steam Mail Company was predicated on the belief that under no circumstances could it last more than a month or two; but causes for delay have arisen, and continued to operate to continue this uncertain state of things.

Pending this, a new line to California *via* Panama is announced, which is understood to be under his powerful patronage. His steamships include the *Vanderbilt*, *Ocean Queen*, *Northern Light*, *North Star*, *Ariel*, *Daniel Webster*, and a new iron steamer now being built, on the Atlantic; and the *Uncle Sam*, *Oceanic*, *Sierra Nevada*, and *Golden Gate*, on the Pacific. With this powerful fleet, and his great wealth and life-long experience, he must prove a formidable rival for any opponent. At all events

eminently "*the right man in the right place*."

In his many victorious fights Mr. Vanderbilt has never had to say he lack. He is not a man living, probably, who more carefully foresees and provides for every possible contingency, leaving nothing to chance. Every enterprise is brooded over for weeks, if need be for months; he sleeps on it again and again, and every doubt is mused and disposed of before he takes the first step, but when that step is taken there is no turning back. He is not a speculator in the sense that he risks his fortune on a single chance. He will not risk his fortune unless he is all confidence, and not a doubt exists to disturb his peace. Hence he is a man who is endowed with the qualities of patience, pluck, and perseverance. Herein is, we think, the secret of his success in life.

Mr. Vanderbilt has met confined himself or his capital to steamboat enterprises alone. His wealth and his counsel he has assisted many of our most important railroad enterprises, and aided in bringing them to a successful issue. Whatever it seems to be his pride, and an honest pride it is, to have made himself what he is—a self-made and profitably employed. We have heard it said that no man in this country gives employment directly and indirectly to so many persons. He does not allow the rust to gather on his money, or *colewebs* to gather on his brain. He is not afraid of working for live, he now lives to work. We commend his example in this respect to our men of wealth. Indeed he is, in a well-doubtless, identified with many new enterprises.

The likeness of Mr. Vanderbilt is taken from a photograph by Brady. In person he is full six feet, and of fine presence. He is now about sixty-five years old, and his portrait, taken in June or July, 1851, the *Prometheus* made her first trip to San Juan del Sur. Subsequently to this we have the boat built the *Daniel Webster*, to run in the Atlantic line with the *Prometheus*, and went out in time to meet her first trip. The *Pioneer* was put on the new lake boat *Central America*. This boat was towed from New York to San Juan—the first vessel towed, drawing, and steamer, quite characteristic of the "Commodore." He, in person, took the *United America* up the lake, and, with his family, and safely into the lake; and, having successfully opened the route, returned to New York. Under the management the route became a favorite one with California travelers; and from time to time, the *Webster*, he, in 1853, was put on the line with the *Northern Light* and *Star of the West* on the Atlantic side, and the *Pacific* and *Sierra Nevada* and *Golden Gate* on the Pacific; and the semi-monthly line, *via* Nicaragua, was placed on a firm foundation. The Commodore encountered no small, for the first of almost incredible difficulties. In the hands of most men it might have proved a fatal obstacle to the visionary scheme; in his hands it became a noble and successful enterprise. The price of passage for the steamers was at first extremely low. In 1852 San Francisco was permanently reduced from $600 to $300. He did all this, too, without Government aid, but in direct opposition to a Government-aid monopoly. The line continued in successful operation until 1853, when Vanderbilt withdrew the Commodore sold his steamers on both sides to the Transit Company. The steamers were put on agent until his celebrated yacht-trip to Europe in the *North Star*, in May, 1853. In June, 1853, Charles Morgan and associates bought out the Commodore's connection with the Company terminated. He had no further connection with it until February, 1856, when he was chosen President.

In 1855 William Walker landed in Nicaragua. By his connivance the charter of the Transit Company was revoked in 1856 [1857], and a new grant made to one Randolph. Of the stupidity of this act there could be no question. It may be to Jacob Vanderbilt's credit to embrace the Company's property in Nicaragua, and seize upon the steamships as they were plying between New York and San Francisco. If so, he was woefully disappointed. The prompt action of Mr. Vanderbilt saved the steamers from the hands of pirates, and travel of them from the line cut off Walker's supplies and reinforcements. The Transit property was driven out of Nicaragua, and a native government restored. Since then, owing to the unsettled state of affairs, and the hostile attitudes of the host, no satisfactory grant or recognition of the Transit rights has been obtained from Nicaragua, and the transit remains closed.

In the spring of 1856, within sixty days after the transit was seized by Walker, Mr. Vanderbilt went to Washington during Mr. Pierce's administration, and there pledged himself to the President of the United States and the Government that he would reopen and establish the Transit line on sixty days' notice, provided the Government would protect the property employed thereon; and the same effect was made by the President's message on the incoming of his administration. Up to this moment he has been ready and anxious to do the same thing; but he has declined to engage in hazarding his own property and the lives and property of his passengers, so long as the Government of Nicaragua refuses to give him protection.

During all this period he has, from month to month, been in hopes of being able to open the transit, and the arrangements of the Ocean Steam Mail Company was predicated on the belief that under no circumstances could it last more than a month or two; but causes for delay have arisen, and continued to operate to continue this uncertain state of things.

Pending this, a new line to California *via* Panama is announced, which is understood to be under his powerful patronage. His steamships include the *Vanderbilt*, *Ocean Queen*, *Northern Light*, *North Star*, *Ariel*, *Daniel Webster*, and a new iron steamer now being built, on the Atlantic; and the *Uncle Sam*, *Oceanic*, *Sierra Nevada*, and *Golden Gate*, on the Pacific. With this powerful fleet, and his great wealth and life-long experience, he must prove a formidable rival for any opponent. At all events

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1859.

NEW YORK AS A MURDERER.

MRS. CARLOCK has been duly sentenced to and disposed of. The wretch whose treatment of the poor child had occasioned her decease was such that her neighbors were wearied beyond patience by the incessant visits of the tortured creature to their doors. A number of murdered foundlings has found at last an appropriate home in one of the penal institutions of this State. The Tombs is overcrowded.

The Ten Governors still lease out the right of murdering foundlings at the moderate rate of two dollar a week. Their Excellencies therefore still ready to certify under oath that the murdering is done according to the soundest scientific principles. The Governors and the visiting nurses continue to be of the opinion that the murderesses (who do not always, as in the case of Mrs. Carlock, embrace the excitement of receivers of stolen goods with that of professional infanticidesses) are persons, on the whole, of the most humane dispositions and the gentlest tendencies. If these respectable persons—Aldermen, Governors, and visiting nursing nurses—are to be believed, the murdering of foundlings is so beautifully and so admirably systematized that it is a pain and a shame to alter any thing in the process.

For all this, we doubt whether the New York newspapers are to be congratulated on the success in this city should out-herod Herod in slaughtering infants, as they appear to be doing at the present time. Not that we have any sympathy for baby-killing, or even for baby-starving, but because we believe that the murdering of foundlings is so beautifully and so admirably systematized that it is a pain and a shame to alter any thing in the process.

For all this, we doubt whether the New York newspapers are to be congratulated on the success in this city should out-herod Herod in slaughtering infants, as they appear to be doing at the present time. Not that we have any sympathy for baby-killing, or even for baby-starving, but because we believe that the murdering of foundlings is so beautifully and so admirably systematized that it is a pain and a shame to alter any thing in the process.

For all this, we doubt whether the New York newspapers are to be congratulated on the success in this city should out-herod Herod in slaughtering infants, as they appear to be doing at the present time. Not that we have any sympathy for baby-killing, or even for baby-starving, but because we believe that the murdering of foundlings is so beautifully and so admirably systematized that it is a pain and a shame to alter any thing in the process.

FOREIGN BLUNDERING ABOUT THE UNITED STATES.

THE blunders which foreigners make when they attempt to write about the working of American institutions have been frequently shown up that it seems almost useless to point out another one at this time. But latterly there appears to have been a fresh access of ignorance in the European mind; the British and French journals which of late are fuller than ever of ponderously asinine remarks on everything that is American.

In France it can not be expected that newspaper editors should appreciate American institutions at their proper value. The French man lives in terror of ravine and murder, and he has a gendarme at his elbow. Accustomed to being, without compunction, ridden over. Liberty to him is a vague essence, of which the outward and visible signs are bands of turbulent soldiery and the utter prostration of property on communist principles; and intelligent orators and journals demanding to be used heads as well as hands. Under such a state of safe and comfortable society, according to his notions, implies thousands of gens d'armes, hundreds of corps de garde in the principal streets, and a sound law condemning people who speak or write, or act as they please to a given number of minutes imprisonment. The views and views inculcated at all the schools in France, and implicitly adopted by the vast majority of educated French people. Consequently, if such persons condescend to turn their eyes to the United States; when they find that there is no gens d'armes, no corps de garde, no press censorship, no penalty on speaking or writing or acting beyond what may be necessary for the safety of others, no more than the restrictions of any kind on the ebullitions of the populace fancy or temper; and, above all, government under the law, they are shocked and insult to its face, they come to the conclusion that such a society must be on the eve of destruction, and that a bloody deluge of anarchy may be enthroned any fine morning. With their views they could hardly be expected to judge differently.

It might be supposed that the English could enjoy as much personal freedom as we should judge more intelligently of the working of American institutions. But with the English there appears to be a certain amount of infatuation that seems almost to prevent them from seeing what is plain to be seen, and their institutions are so different to have utterly obfuscated their intellect.

One of their best friends in this way is just stumping the kingdom on behalf of a movement which he is about to introduce for the extension of the suffrage, and which he assures us will be unless he pays so much rent. Mr. Bright desires to reduce the amount necessary to entitle a man to vote. He does not propose to give the suffrage to all men, but he thinks that every man can undertake to controvert the propositions he lays down. No one but an absolute idiot can pretend that the payment of $20 rent ought to confer upon a man political privileges for that the payment of $20 less rent ought to deprive a man of them. Mr. Bright says that the laws by which he is governed, justly or unjustly, we do not find that the English journal Mr. Bright's opinion of the English people. But as he has in his speeches alluded occasionally in terms of commendation to the United States and its political institutions, we will take upon this, and ask in furious tones whether Mr. Bright desires to introduce into England the town-ship system of America, and whether Mr. Bright wishes to see corruption the basis of British society, the admission of our highest magistracy, and the corner-stone of American politics? They would ask our papers for accounts of social life and elections, and would be overwhelmed with recklessly-conducted or blindly partisan journals; they gloat over exaggerated accounts of corrupt elections; and they triumphantly inquire whether these are the substitutes which Mr. Bright offers in lieu of the splendid institutions of the British aristocracy?

THE LOUNGER.

THE LATE NUPTIAL SACRIFICE.

A FEW years ago, as the Lounger was one evening lounging in the French Comedy, where Rachel was playing Thisbe in Victor Hugo's play, he was thrilled, upon raising his eyes to the Presidential box—it was before the Empire—by seeing the very living image of Napoleon Bonaparte.

He stood in the front of the box, his arms behind him; his round, smooth face, with the Byronic moustache laid to the stage; and for a moment the resemblance was as perfect as resemblance could be. Then the figure moved. Behind it stood the old Jerome, Napoleon's brother of Westphalia; and it was clear that the apparition of the Emperor was a son of the Westphalian, son of old Jerome.

It was in the early days of the reigning glory of the Bonapartes. The saturnine and sly Louis had been only a few months President, but was doubtless already plotting in his heart how to subvert the republic—a plotting against which Lamartine had warned the Assembly. But Frasne was a generous and humbrella of Frenchmen, dying in Cayenne.

With the right side of the house the Prince Napoleon—who, as son of old Jerome, the heir-apparent, stood alarmingly near his succession—rose also. He showed in every thing his boyish and public respect. His name has been for the last seven years a perfect talisman of dissoluteness even in Paris. Probably there is not a man in the world who respects him. Certainly there is not a Frenchman.

But his cousin the Emperor, whom ambition is Napoleon), has seen that a princess is a necessity in Italy. That country has been heaving in churning re-enlistment; and the most reasonable expectation is that it will gravitate toward the head of moral and able of its established governments, even if it were monarchical. That government is the Sardinian. The Sardinian king burns to be King of Italy. It is a tradition of the house of Carignan. And the king has no son. But he has a daughter, Clotilde, fifteen years old.

Napoleon has a great ambition upon which Louis Napoleon could digest at leisure; and the political combinations of the Continent he probably understands quite as well as any man living. Therefore last year the King of Sardinia went to France, and was magnificently received. And on the 30th day of January, in the Sardinian capital of Turin, the Prince Napoleon—a fat man of fifty, the grossest roué in Paris, and the husband of Clotilde's mother—was married to the eldest Princess of the royal old house of Savoy, a maiden fifteen years old.

Of course it is only a move in the astute imperial game of Louis Napoleon. The old kings and princes of Europe pause in perplexity. The head of the Leicester Square refugee, as he plays for power, the lives of thousands subject to his decision, as all Italian girls are equally at heart misery, and are equally sacrificed.

What a mockery upon our common humanity that a criminal like Louis Napoleon, who has hesitated at nothing, should seem possible to succeed! The undoubted ability is no more an excuse for his career than uncommon skill excuses forging or stealing—a person who, with consummate ability, robs every one of the crimes he has committed resting upon him, would be almost the most contemptible of men. A respecting man—should he also to go beyond his own country, and drag into his trails a pretty, innocent princess, and, for the sake of power and of his own, noted only for his vices, and who would be kicked out of any door of decent gentlemen, on the were not a prince of the imperial blood!

Because Louis Napoleon has made himself Emperor of France and Napoleon's nephew, no man would confer by any purpose under heaven, we need not suppose his political success will continue. There is no denying the supreme success with which he has managed his game, but there is certainly no respecting him. Success is not the only consideration. I cast that which would be knavish in the poorest foreigner stunning Mayor Lecount—and the man striving to get a dinner, is not less so in the same fellow contriving to get a throne.

If the sons of Napoleon have to submit, it is their own affair. But the wanton sacrifice of a poor little Italian girl ought to move a world's pity.

THE STATUE OF WEBSTER.

A CLUB of respectable gentlemen in Boston, who call themselves, we believe, the Saltus Club, in memory of that late lamented and most excellent political organization, have recently received the certain state of the Hon. Daniel Webster, upon which Powers was commissioned to execute several busts, and several copies of the original model, but the vessel foundered at sea. In the case of the present one Providence was less kind, and it has arrived safely.

The club of respectable gentlemen have drawn an elephant, and they have not the remotest idea what to do with it. First of all, it was unpacked and erected in the vestibule of the Boston Athenæum, and illusion of every body who entered there.

Oh, woeful day! There was no possible point of view from which the work could be praised by the most intrepid member of the club. It is no exterior to be offended as to be offending, and no one believes every spectator from the necessity of even trying to admire it.

There is a tall, gaunt figure, clad in a dress coat buttoned up closely; trousers of the texture and aspect of vest cambric; one hand holding a piece of paper, pointing feebly at the other, which rests upon the top of a large fagget. Poor Allan-a-Dale!

The *presence*, which was Webster's great personal peculiarity, is entirely wanting. The thing is big, but not large; and no man who remembers the massive impression always produced by the original but will be puzzled and amused to know how an artist could have so utterly lost every trace of it in his work.

The Club have held a meeting to deliberate upon the final disposition of their property. They heard a report, presented by Mr. Everett, in which they deprecate the present situation of the statue, and suggest that, under other circumstances—when there is either more or less light (we forget which, and it doesn't matter)—there will be a better opportunity of viewing and judging the work.

Many thanks, but 'tis hardly worth the trouble. The light, whether more or less, whether from above or below, will ever give to the brazen pile that grave intellectual aspect which struck all beholders as they saw the original. No charitable contemplation will ever put into these features that marvel expression of a mighty mind clouded with sentence of Webster in his decline. The whole moral of his life and character is lost in this unmeaning and lifeless mass.

Permission was obtained from somebody in Washington to have the statue in the vestibule of the United States Court-room. Then the Governor said he would intercede with the Legislature to have it put into the State House grounds; and there it will probably go. If it were only possible literally to put it in the grounds every body would be satisfied.

There is one situation, however, which has not yet been mentioned, and which, for many reasons, would be appropriate. Between the Tremont House and Parker's Hotel, in Tremont Street, there is a little bare Common, a sort of Leicester Square, but without its Duke Humphrey. Let the statue—no bust of Webster, but the statue—be set there, and let the Club build a fine Doric temple over it, and let the Club meet annually, in the Frog Pond, ought to be accepted.

BRIGHTENING.

At this time of day, in a tolerably intelligent nation, living under some kind of constitutional government, whenever an orator demands that the whole people shall have a full and fair representation in the Legislature, he is asking for that people what they are sure to obtain, and which is the scope of Mr. Bright's movement in England.

The argument that England is well enough governed, if ideal as a plea against any political agitation, is simply absurd, because it is nothing but total indifference that can be construed approbation. It is on the part of the governing class, that counteracts the inevitable tendency of all classes possessing unquestioned power to abuse it.

Undoubtedly the whole aristocratic system is philosophically, and will consequently always be, so practically, inconsistent with a popular representation and government. Where the people govern, there is no aristocracy, and it is there in a perfect jurisdiction, of an aristocracy; and wherever the privileges of a class are not openly and organized in a state, its constant political tendency will be to popular government.

That is the normal condition of England, and the difference between Mr. Bright, who is a cheerful leader, intelligent politician, and Disraeli, or Lord Carlisle, who is an amiable, good-hearted Earl, is only this: that the commoner wants to smooth the road that the nation must inevitably travel, and the peer wants to drag the wheels.

Nothing, therefore, can be more ludicrous than that the chief public opponent hitherto of the every middle-class Englishman, except, to the philanthropist, a very powerful, Earl of Carlisle, our Lord Morpeth of other days. Good, pleasant gentleman, with a kindly expression of face, as Exeter Hall, he said at the Lord Mayor of York's dinner that, when the time came, his "order" would make a stand and fight themselves. Dear Sir, the time has long since arrived, the fight has been fought, and the "order" has not made a stand, is not the cry of attack, it is the shout of victory.

For you kind of fight does not begin except expect a simple, practical trial of the necessity of his order? The moment the people of England are convinced that they are not represented in action, that moment the fight is over. It will long exist in form, but the people will be to grow. The battle may smell of the state long after the essence has evaporated. Forms of government grow out of state of the people, and not the people out of the forms.

Thus the aristocracy of France is done. There is a Faubourg Saint Germain, but that is only a French Soulouque, Faustin. There is Napoleon and a Louis Napoleon, and a Duke of Malakoff. But the real aristocracy of France is Duke of Persigny and a Count of Gouselerry-sart in Hayti. Empires founded in the year of grace eighteen hundred and fifty-two don't count. The Napoleonic prestigious performance is only the present aspect of the French revolution, which is the people, with the growth in intelligence and political ability of the French people. The French aristocracy was not necessarily any existence. It was only required to fulfill its functions. Of course it wears its old costume still and is a mockery relation.

The Faubourg Saint Germain is only Mr. Toots in Paris. Tis of no possible consequence to any one.

And when the English aristocracy as an institution, as an "order," is in the same situation, it won't make any "fight for itself," as the good Carlisle intimates, over a glass of Burgundy and a fillert; simply because old clothes can't fight. The whole matter is in this fact, that Guy, Earl of Warwick, made nominal kings because he was strongest of the real kings, and that now Samuel or Lemuel, Earl of Carlisle, declares confidently that because he is strongest in name, he and his friends will make a good fight, if it comes to the point. Guy of Warwick represented the strong power, and was king; now it is John of Manchester who represents the kingly, or controlling, power.

And *Punch* can't find in his position only a Quaker climbing a greased pole to clutch a flitch of pepper-and-salt bacon! But how Douglas Jerrold, who was the original vital elixir of *Punch*, would have hailed him, heart and hand! How kindly he would have had to the amiable Earl, "Sit down, your Lordship, sit down; and let us follow the ladies to the drawing-room."

MRS. KEMBLE'S ADIEU.

In the *New Monthly Magazine* (we think) for some month in 1832 there is an article by Thomas Noon Talfourd describing the first appearance of Miss Fanny Kemble with a theatrical success worthy the traditions of her house. Early in the Spring of that year, Talfourd, in his characteristic recollection of Millman a few years ago is furnished only by the enthusiasm which yet lingers even in the remembrance of her dramatic career. In the wildest moments of our modern delight in every Lind, some grave and genuine senior nodded and replied, "You should have heard Malibran." And at every dramatic excitement of the last twenty years the same reply has been repeated, "But *I saw* Fanny Kemble!"

During the last few years her readings have given us all, who had never seen her upon the stage, some impression of her great talent and of the peculiar dignity of the female dramatic school. In this city, as elsewhere, the interest in the reading has never flagged, and the popularity of the course may have been. They were unattended by any "puffing" of the Barnum school—no pomp of Beitz. Mrs. Kemble merely announced that the recent series would be the last she should ever give in New York; and on the last evening of the course, on Friday evening, February 18, 1859, with a small, moderate dignity, she read a series of flowers which the hands of unknown friends had strewn upon the platform, the woman who, as a girl, twenty-five years before, had electrified the town with enthusiasm, stood, rich in the ripened admiration and affection of a new and discriminating and wide popularity and power yet undiminished, bade them gently farewell.

Longfellow has already spoken for those who read:

"O precious evening! all too swiftly sped!
Leaving us lonely as unshed tears
Of all the hot thoughts of the greatest ages,
And feeling tongues and hearts that throb in vain.
How our hearts glowed and trembled as she read,
Interpreting to us these wondrous words
Of the great poet who forevens the ages,
Anticipating all that shall be said
O happy reader! barring for they text
The much that shall be written, leaves havo caught
The rarest essence of all human thought!
O happy poet! whose every word
How most thy listening spirit new rejoice
To be interpreted by such a voice!"

THE LAST WORK OF MR. HAYS.

MR. HAYS, whose new formed engraver, has just done a service to all men who live by any department of creative art, in obtaining an injunction against a pirating publisher. The publisher copies and sold false duplicates of "The Retriever," a picture of the artist's. It is one of his most popular and most profitable forgery, and one to which painters are peculiarly exposed. Their debt to their engravers is at all the greater.

But how origin Photography? Every picture is now at the mercy of the rest, and the engraver's operation or sermon is at that of Stenography. The constant tendency of the age is to the multiplication and popularization of every thing by art. Cheap literature will be followed close by cheap art, and the lender will circulate the portraits of historic lands with the statues and the pictures faithfully reproduced in its stereoscope.

A prowler of sermons is the only rule within the walls of his own church. He may contemplate an exchange of pulpits for a day with his friend, but with two hundred miles off, and he will repeat this admirable discourse. Vain hope! it printed itself as he spoke, and the reverend gentleman is further off to the faith two hundred miles away has read the sermon aloud in his family to Wednesday evening.

A poor lecturer takes the train to repeat, in a neighboring city, the lecture he delivered last evening. Yes, but the newspaper forestalls his train, and his neighbor in the car sits reading a verbatim report of the lecture he will hear delivered to which he is going to deliver to that neighbor this evening.

However, there is something that can not be smuggled and defies reporting. It is the color of the painter is his own secret, and the oratory of the speaker can not be strengthened. So the artist and the orator need not fear the progress of the arts and the advanced civilization. The printer can't get at it together. The photograph that shows the outline only kindles desire to see the color, as the printed report the speech beget the wish to hear it spoken.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—A SUBSCRIBER is informed that all communications for the "Library," or for any department of *Harper's Magazine* or *Weekly*, are to be addressed simply to Harper & Brothers, New York. In reply to the numerous questions, she is informed that the *Musical World* is probably the one she means.

—GEORGE SANFORD'S poetry is not to be found, nor does the Lounger recall its receipt. It is the Lounger's habit to take some notice of every communication.

—Who will help Du F. F. II., of Homer, New York, to discover the line—

"Oh, Coniston'er! thou art a jewel."

—J. H., Natchez, wants to know the address of the President of the Panama Railroad, and asks the Lounger! Did he ever hear of the man who inquired for royal Royal Engineer of the Prince of Wales?

A NEW RACE OF MONKEYS—THE GORILLAS.

We give herewith four engravings of a new race of monkeys, termed Gorillas, which are only just beginning to be realized by zoologists, and of which no living specimen exists in any zoological collection in the world. A skull of the adult gorilla is to be found in the Museum at Boston, having been sent thither by the African missionary, Rev. Mr. Wilson; and the most learned professors of Great Britain are now engaged in restoring the body of a gorilla lately sent them from Africa.

The peculiarity of the gorilla consists in its size and strength. It stands at least a foot taller than any known description of monkey; and its strength is such that it engages in single combat with lions and panthers, and overcomes them.

Monkeys, as is known, are found in most of the southern regions of Asia, especially in Hindostan and in the Asiatic islands; throughout Africa; and in South America. But, with few exceptions, all of these monkeys are diminutive in stature. The monkeys which are sold at the Cape, at Fernando Po, at Rio Janeiro, at the Columbian ports, and at the ports of Java and Sumatra, seldom attain a height of over thirty inches. It is doubtful whether any member of the family of *Simiadæ* exceeding three feet in stature has ever been placed in a European or American museum. Of the larger varieties of the monkey tribe—the Pithecus, the Gibbon, the Hylobates, the Orang-outang, and the Chimpanzee—it is doubtful whether any adult members have ever been captured alive. Monkeys of these races have been taken in infancy, and bred in captivity. They have been uniformly, as is supposed, stunted in their growth. Their character has also been altered. Instead of growing fierce and impatient of control, they have generally proved docile and amiable; whereas, in their native state, they grow in ferocity as in size. They have generally been short-lived.

The gorilla has usually been classed among the chimpanzees. It seems now, however, that it is entitled to constitute a separate family. It reaches the enormous size of six feet in height. When it is borne in mind that a man three feet high is, in respect of muscular development, a match for a strong man, one may imagine the force of a similar brute six feet in height and broad in proportion. One can readily believe the stories which are told of these animals assailing lions, and battering their brains out with stout sticks; of their assailing villages, and carrying off young girls in the teeth of their fathers and kinsmen.

The gorillas are gregarious. They live in herds, perhaps we should say villages. When other animals or men appear in sight, the females seize their offspring and fly to the trees for refuge. The males proceed to give battle. Whether the intruder, man or beast, have come upon them casually and unaware, or whether he have sought out the gorilla colonies with deliberation *prepense* to kill and murder, it is all the same to the infuriate quadrumana. Wrenching in hot haste a branch from some neighboring tree (if he be not then armed already), he utters a harsh cry, sounding like *Aha-ha!* and rushes upon the intruder. If the latter be a man, and armed with a gun, there is a chance for him; just one chance, and no more. If he discharge his piece at too great a distance, so that the ballet, however rightly aimed, can not penetrate the tremendous skull, then is the gorilla only the more terrible for the attempt on his life. If, on the other hand, the hunter wait a little too long, the gorilla is upon him with a terrific spring. In an instant the firelock is wrenched from his hand, and the next moment it is crunched in two between the monstrous teeth, just as easily as a donkey would bite in two a carrot. Next comes a terrible death for the hunter. The gorilla never forgives, and is never afraid. The creature kills his antagonist either with a blow of fist or club, or by a bite with those tremendous teeth of his, which can hardly be put to any honest use, seeing that the gorilla is a fruit-eating animal.

A NEW MONKEY—THE GORILLA.

GORILLA'S HEAD.

The Africans believe that gorillas are men like themselves, who would speak if they did not believe that they might be obliged to work. A sulky race of elders, in truth! ill tampered, and—though partial to young negresses, whom, it is said, they frequently keep for months together in captivity, and for whose society they desert their proper spouses—very fierce and implacable to man. Sometimes the gorilla kills a negro; this is regarded as an omen of evil import. Sometimes the negro is the victor. The corpse is not insulted, as it is not certain but that the gorilla may not have been, at some former period, a relative of his slayer's. His skull is cut off and hung up; Mr. Wilson procured the Boston skull from the cabin of a negro. The body is decently buried.

The contrast between the gorilla and man it as striking as the resemblance. The gorilla loves heat, and crouches by any fire which negroes leave in his native woods; but he does not know enough to heap wood upon the embers, and so keep his fire alight. He loves to suck sugar canes; but when he tries to carry off a bundle to his nest, he does not know enough to tear them up one by one. He seizes an armful with his long arms, and tugs vainly at them till even his prodigious strength is wasted. Muscular strength, courage, cunning—all the animal qualities are as predominant in the gorilla as in man; but when it comes to reason, the brute is nowhere.

The specimen of the gorilla which we now engrave was recently sent to the British Museum. On the 11th of September, 1858, Mr. Bartlett of the Crystal Palace, was invited to be present to see the cask opened in which it arrived. Upon the opening of the cask, in the presence of Professor Owen and other officers of the Museum, the appearance of the animal was such as to leave little hope of its being saved, and the stench was so great that it was found necessary to have the cask immediately closed; in fact, the animal was in such a state of decomposition that it required considerable decantation on the part of Mr. Bartlett to undertake the task of restoring and preserving the rare creature. For this purpose it was immediately removed to the middle of a large field at Norwood, in which place, for several weeks, Mr. Bartlett and his assistants were engaged in the operations required for its preservation, and by which means it has been restored to its present state. Mr. Bartlett was assisted during the whole of the process by Mr. Ashton, in taking the photographs and stereoscopic views from which our engravings are copied.

THE GORILLA IN THE CASK.

THE GORILLA RESTORED.

THE OPENING OF THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT.

THE accompanying illustration will convey to our readers an accurate idea of a scene which, once a year, is described to them in the papers. It is the opening of the British Parliament by its Queen.

We have preserved in our government some trace of the old monarchical ceremonial. There are occasions when the representatives of the people at Washington throng the avenues and alleys of the Senate chamber. But the grand pomp and ceremony, the state and magnificence, the antique forms, and the majestic usages which accompany the opening of the British Parliament are wholly unknown here.

In Great Britain, when Parliament assembles, both Houses organize without debate or delay. In neither House is the office of Speaker subject to the vicissitudes of party. The late Speaker of the Commons held office over twenty years; with ordinary good fortune Sir John Denison may preside over the British Commons for as long a period. Presently it is announced that the Queen is in the building. She is draped in the royal mantle by a duchess or two, who, on this august occasion, perform the office of lady's-maids. The Duchess of Sutherland—who in all probability never undressed herself without assistance—is very customarily on duty at the opening of Parliament. She and her associates fasten the royal mantle and pin it in front. They adjust the head-dress, and take a general survey of the royal costume, to see that all is in order. Time was when, in case of need—as in the days of Royal Elizabeth, for instance—dames were provided with needle and thread to repair any accidental rent in the garments of the sovereign; now it is presumed that on such occasions the Queen will need no seamstresses. When her Majo-

OPENING OF THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT BY QUEEN VICTORIA, 1859.

ty is fully accoutred, she emerges from the private ring room. There Prince Albert, her husband, and her Prime Minister, for the time being, are waiting for her. The latter bears a gigantic sword, which taxes the strength of his arm; this is the sword of state which he is supposed to wield in behalf of his royal mistress. In our engraving it is Lord Derby who carries this enormous weapon; he looks all the better for having left his spectacles at home. Prince Albert, as usual, appears unobtrusive and quiet, with his bald head and jackboots. His function in life is to listen, and he has never been accused of discharging it unsatisfactorily.

Presently all is ready, and her Majesty is ushered into the House of Lords, all rising to receive her. She and her husband take their seats, and the members of the House of Commons come crowding in. A printed paper is handed to her Majesty, which she begins to read. This is the Queen's Speech. There is seldom any thing in it. It is a number of sentences without meaning added together without art, and generally composed without grammar. No information of any value is ever conveyed to the world by a Queen's Speech. Language, in this case, is emphatically used for the concealment of thought.

Our Presidential Messages, which used to be read by the President, are a great improvement on Queens' speeches. But how could Queen Victoria ever recite such a document as one of the Messages of Buchanan or Pierce?

The occasion depicted in our engraving has been as well described by one of the London journals that we make some extracts:

"The doors of the House of Lords were opened at twelve o'clock, and considering that the fair sex are in question, it is rather surprising to see the numbers that are there in time. In a very few minutes after that hour both sides of the gallery are nearly filled, and the dresses look like a rich band of variegated colors, which relieves the effect of the dim impressive grandeur of the chamber above. All are, of course, in full evening dress, though the labors of the toilet are at present concealed under shawls or cloaks, for the day is far from warm,

and scene of the startled windows above the seats have been left open, making gaps in the succession of one line of kings.

"The persons arrive fast in little groups of two and threes, and after much bowing and talk with friends are at length ushered to their places by the messengers, and occupy themselves in gazing at that rich, angular, but strictly Gothic throne, now uncovered, and declining to view the only uncomfortable seat in all the House of Peers. It is not much to look at, but still it is sometimes used and would be hailed as an object of interest to the poor ladies who, by dint of influence and interest, have got tickets for the Royal Gallery outside to the hope of seeing the princess go through to the throne. It is now getting the persons go through to the throne. It is now getting full, and the ladies are seen, and the ladies who are seen are many by another group in the royal pew, and are waiting as patiently now, as they will presently be impatient for the chief personage of the ceremonial to arrive.

"At one o'clock there is a great and sudden influx of noble ladies, all superbly dressed in the fullest amplitude of the present fashion, who make their way to the body of the House, looking with something like disarray at the very narrow aperture through which they have to pass through which they are required to pass. In vain the messenger says, 'Very easy, ladies, very easy.' They do. The ladies are all smiles, but as immovable as Stonehenge, opposing a passive resistance to the gentle efforts of all attendants to officials who have to be polite and do their duty at the same time. At last they settle down with a great rustle, as an unknown Baron, with two new hats of crimson in his valor of arms, announces the arrival by the Earl of Allemarle. Through the glazed doors of the throne's chamber are seen the gold and crimson mixed with the rich uniforms of ambassadors and the great officers of state.

"An audible whisper runs through the house as the Duke of Malakoff, wearing his badge and star of the Bath, enters with his beautiful bride. The Austrian and Hanoverian Ministers, with their wives, follow. There is much notabilities, and these are followed by a basket of samarian poets, who sit and talk with the persons and relieve with their sonnets the tedium of the ladies' drawing, which now, at a little distance, much both ideas of the House resemble two rich parterres. The Sardinian Minister follows, making a stiff and safe or distant bow to the Duke of Malakoff. The Bavarian Envoy in walking down to conduct the Countess and Lady Emma Stanley to their seats; and in the rear of the noble Premier follow the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishops of Salisbury, Oxford, Llandaff, Gloucester, Carlisle, Bath, and Wells.

"The American Minister, wearing the distinction of plain black coat, enters the seats reserved for the diplomatic corps, where his simple dress and his quiet expression and calm manner, and his self-possession amid all the rich uniforms and glittering orders which all around him wore, excited the admiration of several Ministers fellow with the Minister Hayti, whose though what is generally called a handsome man of color. Mr. Dallas, nevertheless, cordially recognizes and shakes hands with. An unknown Minister from some of the remain those of the smaller states next arrive. A diplomat in costume so exceedingly like the dress of the beau of Queen Anne's reign as to attract universal attention, and a sister of surprise.

As new visitors, a messenger enters rather in a hurry, and requests 'my lords and ladies to uncover,' at which there is a general bowing, followed by the appearance of the Queen with the Prince of Wales, who, with much and a great rustle and audible laughing, monitor and absorbs are laid uncovered, and the Queen takes her seat, effectually out of sight. There is a long pause of anxious expectation, during which the Earl of Clarendon appears, and who has for his motto "*ne gronde rien*," on gone. Repaid, walks up to the throne, and, after making a profound bow to the late Speaker of the House of Commons, the Marquis of Westminster, the Earl of Shaftesbury, and Viscount Ebury, the latter in the very newest robes of state. Again there is a long pause of expectation, and a groom come in that additional benches have to be sent for, though hardly a peer, comparatively speaking, of the liberal party is present. The Duke of Argyll is seen to enter by putting on their shovels, with as much care as such a fortive toilet admits of, by the doors on each side a group and the heralds enter two by two, having stiffly in their rich and awkward hands the rolls of parchment they carry thrown. The great officers of the household, in their splendid robes, immediately followed by the Duke of Derby with the Sword of State, the Marquis of Winchester bearing the Cap of Maintenance, the Duke of Hamilton carrying the crown before the Queen, at whom appearance all rise and bow.

Her Majesty was superbly attired in a robe of white and gold tissue, covered with a mantle of crimson velvet, with ermine, and the heavy folds of which were borne by her ladies in waiting. On her head she had the high crown of brilliants used on these state occasions, and her Majesty also wore the collar and jewels of the Order of Isabella. Prince Albert wore the uniform of a Field Marshal, and took his seat on the throne chair, where he was almost hidden by the Earl of Derby. The seats for the Princes of Wales, on the right, remained vacant. The Duke of Norfolk, as Earl Marshal, with his staff of office, either carrying the Great Seal, stood on the right of her Majesty. Immediately after the Queen had taken her adjusting her footstool, Her Majesty commanded the House to be seated, when the Deputy Clerk of the Crown had was dispatched to summon the attendance of the Commons. During the interval that elapsed her Majesty conversed with the Prince Consort, the Earl of Derby, and the Marquis of Westminster, till the silence was broken by a confused rush of feet, and, headed by the Speaker and Mr. Disraeli, the Commons appeared at the bar, and the tumultuous cagerness, assembled at the bar of the House.

Her Majesty then rose, and receiving the Speech from the Lord Chancellor, proceeded to read it, pausing at every paragraph was almost inaudible from the repeated "hear, hears," by the members of the Lower House. Her Majesty slight interruption, every word was audible.

METROPOLITAN GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

WASHINGTON, *February* 24, 1859.

I AM A MODEST LANDER, *non cher Redacteur*, or my hand would have been turned into a fist long before prunes heaped upon my Belgravian prototype and myself during the past week. Editors and reviewers, correspondents and reporters, in deploring the late Napier Ball, have each taken occasion to declare that there is no such thing as a ball-room now, or at most earnestness as some of the wall-flowers at the National Hotel enjoy that people don't talk about them as they do about a fair widow who is the belle of that caravansary. Unhappy gallivanters! Who, to read their plebeian ball journey small-talk, would even suspect their ability to chronicle fashionable life, or to describe the attire of those who are its ornaments? They do not, they best, I am pleased to admit; but it is very evident that they have never read Thackeray's Book of Snobs, or read that work which Thackeray calls the Briton's Bible, *Burke's Peerage*. Mysterious indeed are the mysteries of the toilet to them; neither can their unpractised eyes distinguish between real lace and imitation, or tell diamonds from paste. In short, these press-Hessians, who so sneer at "the Jenkins style," are but snobbish imitators, who obtain "items" in return for puffs of ballets, pastry-cooks, and faded belles, which they spin out *usque ad nauseam*. It would, however, be as easy for Mrs. Partington to sweep back the advancing waves of ocean with her broom as to prevent the flow of this literary slop, so I will not weep them with fashionable gossip; and I feel sensible of the kind consideration of my fair correspondents, failing would-be imitators.

The echoes of the aforesaid Napier Ball yet linger, in the murmurs of a rose-tinted sea-shell, and those who were present are now looking forward to Washington's Ball with pleasure. They expect to find in the next number of *Harper's Weekly*, The fact that the promised pictures will not be ready in time to appear in it will not make them far more valuable than the pictorial fancy-sketches which usually serve as illustrations of the sheets, of former festivities; and it is only to be regretted that you could not give the costumes of the night before which formed the constellation of loveliness. Cold and stately shoulders from New England, their cool brunettes from the sunny South, the jubilant belles of the Atlantic cities, and the awkward squad from Pike County, were all in a brilliant array at the grand ball-room in mammoth camera of Brady, who not only gives the exact physiognomical expression, but also keeps the exhibition of dresses open to the public.

Of course there are grumblers! It was a ball in which the Democratic party predominated, and not one who invented ten dollars therein had a right to exercise the prerogative of an Anglo-Saxon. Treasury gentlemen, grumbling at the absence of expense, grumbled because there were not looking-glass tables and gilt chairs; while Congressmen spoke of the "first families" grumbled because there was a lack of spittoons; deaf gentlemen grumbled at the lack of knowledge of the language of signs; fastidious epicurean gentlemen grumbled because they could not get a dinner at the ball; and, because the thirsty gentlemen grumbled because there was no thing stronger than Champagne; and other gentlemen grumbled because they had to pay five dollars for grumbling. Yet the ball was a success; and if Mr. Dallas will only give us a Presidential ball instead of the M.P.'s and the inhabitants of Belgravia, he also will doubtless be *first* at the departure. Mr. Buchanan was present at the ball, and at those who were there, were given on the Saturday evening following to the Prince de Joinville and to Comtesse de Surigny, who occupies the Carter mansion on Georgetown Heights, into which the Prince Napoleon moved on the departure therefrom of the Count de Sartiges. The criticisms of the Misses are not yet published, but the opinion of the Misses and their dressers, were amusing in the extreme; and then we had the home-comments of the Misses on the same, as they left the Willard Hotel, who is a distant connection of the hostess. Rainy days are the topic of conversation, as they are the only merry road to travel, those who were out on Tuesday last in search of a Collegian in the *corps diplomatique* have been the theme. Where turn will it next be? The Prince de Joinville, Secretary Cass's guest, had last reception, and a crush it was. The saloons were packed like sardines in a box, and the fashionable rout of Old Hickory looked grimly upon the degenerate Democracy, which has lost in the pleasures of this world all its former exclusiveness. Even my those who have just now started the old log Buchanan-cabin fire-side Democracy, with Tyler

House elm, are now burned. From this was derived the sceptre of the Pendletons, N. G. Pendleton having married a daughter of the grantee.

A second man, named Crear—or, as he was more familiarly called, Pa Crear—died near Columbus, Georgia, on the 8th of February, at the advanced age of 120 months, or ten thousand years. Crear, according to his own account, was an African by birth, and was brought to Louisiana, when a Spanish province, when he was about fifteen years of age; has resided in the vicinity of Columbus for more than half a century, and was, when a few months of his death, in the possession of his mental and moral faculties, engaging in conversation, like the Patriarch Abraham, on the things of his youth. He has frequently spoken of having been present at the landing of the Spanish flag at Natchez in New Orleans, besides other incidents connected with the early history of the State. As a mark of respect for the memory of the deceased, his remains were attended to the grave by a military detachment of Covington, besides a vast assemblage of the colored population, who have never resided Old Crear in religious veneration, as the patriarch of their race and color.

Governor Seymour's birth-day was celebrated on a scale of magnificence. The old gentleman is nearly eighty years of age, but is hearty, health, and walks as great as a man of half his years.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

PARLIAMENT.

In the House of Lords, on the 10th inst., Earl St. Germans asked the Foreign Secretary whether there was any other person to fill the office of Regular in the Danubian Principalities, instead of the one who had resigned with the spirit of the country, and in what manner the new Regular would act in order to "protect" over the Union, to preside over the Assembly and determine the interpretations of the treaties of Paris and Vienna. He also asked if the Government to attempt to anticipate the decision in the Commission. Mr. Hammond said that the matter had been given no attention of the august duties. On the 11th inst. the proceedings generally were unimportant. Mr. Disraeli gave notice of a bill for raising money in England for the service of the United States.

THE "THUNDERER" ON THE THIRTY MILLION LOAN.

The London *Times* has a playful editorial on the proposed acquisition of money by the Secretary of the United States for the purchase of Cuba, and strongly commends the system to the notice of the British Government. It says that Austria has certainly deepened the sense and enlarged the principles of finance.

A MAN IMPRISONED FOR FIFTY CENTS.

A gold coin, not a new thing even in England, by the neighborhood of New Cross, Deptford, was, a few days since, taken in execution under the authority of a writ of the Greenwich County Court, and committed to Maidstone jail for the full period allowed by the law—forty days. The debt for which the man was taken from his house and a wife, in a delicate state of health, was the trustee's bill of law shillings and costs; and as the plaintiff was unable to pay the trustee's bill, and in the absence of thirty-two miles to expiate the offense of property by six weeks' confinement in a prison, for the merely rate-payers. The benevolent desires of the jail, however, would not allow him to be starved to death, and he was served with three meals a day, and was permitted to receive the visits of his friends, but exercised no control over his movements, and not only refused to proceed, but manifested a disposition to resist, when there was nearly recourse to take him comfortably home.

THE BURNS MONUMENT.

On the 25th inst., the prize pictures of the Crystal Palace Burns Centenary Inauguration Festival will vary much each other in their merits, and will be exhibited in the Crystal Palace. The Queen will send her portrait, which will be set off by a suit of gold, and will be placed in the centre of the gallery, and was quietly sitting at ten, when a mechanic came on the errand, and modestly asked to see the coin. As she had seen the newspaper announcing that her verse had turned out of the prize. The lady at once handed him out of it in the authoress. Soon then she has received the windows of the men behind the counter were filled with all sorts of great, celebrated, and high-born people —in short, she is the talk of the town.

FRANCE.

THE EMPEROR'S SPEECH.

The session of the French Chambers was opened on the 16th inst. with an important speech from the Emperor. He announced by referring to the existing prosperity, stating that it was excited without any apparent and immediate danger; and after expressing regret for the latitude, and pointing to his peaceful policy as a proof of his moderation, he proceeded thus:

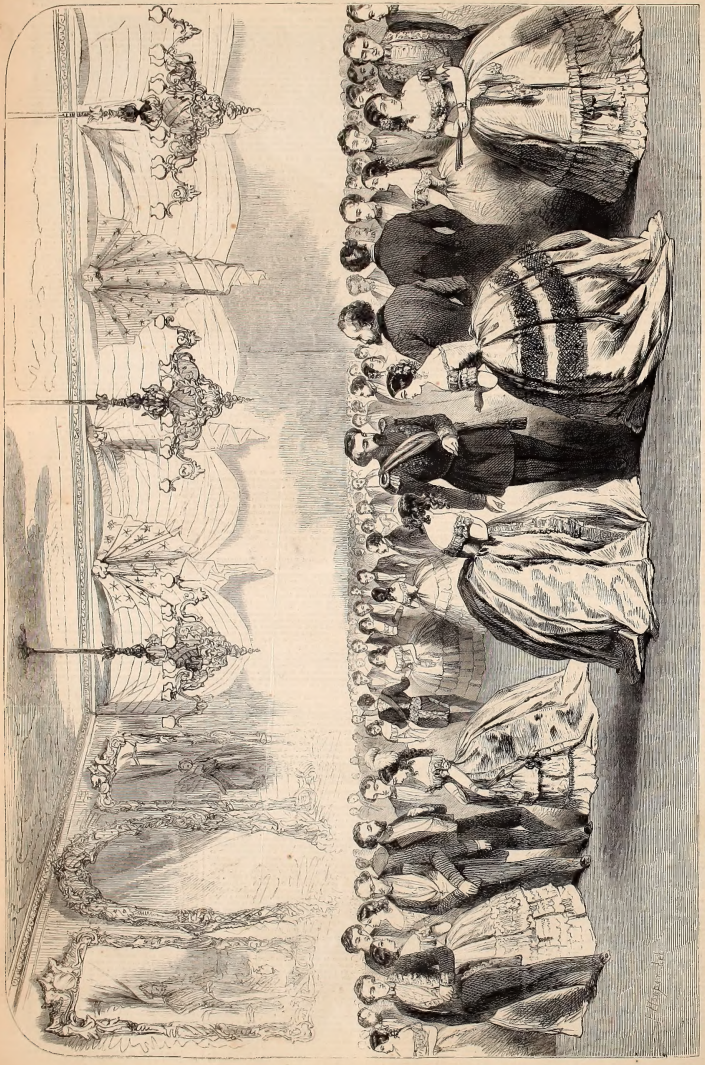
"To-day it is my duty to explain again to you that which it appears to me you have not clearly understood, or have been my principles? To reassure Europe, to remove from her mind all fear of conquest, I declared solemnly our entente with England, and I concluded with the continental Powers of Europe the series of new relations, according to the conditions of the treaties of 1815, which of their relations toward France. It was in that spirit that, on the eve of my marriage, I went to Bordeaux this declaration: 'The empire is peace.' I am anxious to prove by new facts that this word is the key of Napoleon the Third has ascended that throne, he would encompass a system of policy which has as its object for the purpose of defending great national interests, and with respect to the treaties which sanction them, but with my perseverance to consolidate it, and I have found, in the sympathy of the people, a support in the attention of sentiment of the army, and the devotion on the part of all statement, of every shade of opinion. Also have I thrown aside all opposition of rivaling irritability, by remembrance of the past, and by the moderation which has dictated by prejudice and the national antipathies of my own country. The union of the powers of order has not only have we acquired together a lasting glory in the East, but we have secured to Europe for a long time to come, as an immense empire to the progress of civilization and of peace. Thanks to this union, the conferences which at present assembled at Paris have assumed a character of the friendly relations which exist between the Powers all the guarantee of the maintenance of peace, and the congratulating myself on my relations with Prussia, which have never ceased to be marked with mutual good-will.

THE AUSTRIAN QUESTION.

"The Cabinet of Vienna and that of France, on the contrary, speak it with more reserve, because more important questions, and it required a most conciliatory spirit to succeed in doing so. Thanks to the moderation of the Danubian Principalities has not been compelled without many difficulties, to overcome the full satisfaction of their most legitimate desires. Soon, I hope, the question will be settled, and the great countries watered by the Danube, I should have given a great interest of prosperity and security to Europe. It is a great cause, and where civilization ought to be made to prevail. Unfortunately, there are certain circumstances that France and Austria should draw closer to find, which proved herself to be the most powerful, and is faithful to our policy during peace. The happy union of my well-loved cousin, Prince Napoleon, with the daughter of King Victor Emanuel is not one of those unusual but which some hidden reason must be attributed, but the natural consequence of the community of interests, of the two countries, and of the friendship of the two sovereigns. For some time past, in fact, the relations of our national position, where order can not be obtained by force, but by the moral power of justice and of liberty. This, however, is not a sufficient motive to give rise to the hope that I will do. Some may invoke it with all their hearts without legitimate reason, and others, in their exaggerated fears, endeavor to show to France the dangers of a new coalition; but I shall remain firm and invulnerable in the path of right and justice and of national honor, and my Government will not allow itself to be led away or intimidated, because my policy will never be provocative or pusillanimous.

THE EMPEROR DEFINES HIS POSITION.

"For be from us, then, these false alarms, these needless suspicions, these interested apprehensions, as peace, I hope, will not be disturbed. Moreover, I have not the usual course of your labors. I have explained to you the state of our foreign relations. I will now add that I correspondents with all that I have made known during the last two sessions, by the treaties and alliance, and, I shall better myself, find that my policy has never ceased to be characterized by the same principles. I have, however, confidently rely upon your support as well as that of the nation, to maintain the honor of the flag, to be ready to meet any danger which may present itself, and to be ready to meet any danger which may present itself, and to be ready to meet any danger which may present itself, and



THE NAPIER BALL AT WILLARD'S HOTEL, WASHINGTON CITY, ON FEBRUARY 17, 1859.

LADY NAPIER.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.]

LORD NAPIER.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.]

The Honor of your Company is requested at a Ball in Honor of Lord and Lady Napier, at Willard's, on the Evening of February 17th, 1859.

Managers.

Hon. James M. Mason,	Hon. Stephen A. Douglas,	Hon. M. W. Tappan,	Hon. W. B. Mercick,	Capt. Hudson,	Beverly Johnson,
" Wm. H. Seward,	" Lewis Cass,	" Wm. Bigler,	" Jno. Slidell,	" Geo. Emory,	Wm. H. Emory,
" A. Kennedy,	" J. H. Hammond,	" W. L. Whitely,	Genl. T. S. Jesup,	" C. Kingsford,	Samuel F. Vinton,
" John J. Critcenden,	" Z. Chandler,	" J. V. Wright,	Dr. Wood,	Col. Mason,	R. Ogle Taylor,
" Jno. Pettit,	" Jno. Thurman,	" Jno. Thomas,	Col. Hays,	Maj. Rogers,	Wm. Selden,
" Henry Wilson,	" Jesse L. Lazier,	" Jno. Johnson,	" F. Hawley,	Prof. Henry,	William Seibert,
" Robert Toombs,	" Horace Pr. Clark,	" Jas. M. Wayne,	" Thos. Lawson,	" A. D. Horne,	W. L. Hodge,
" Jefferson Davis,	" C. H. Pendleton,	" Samuel Nelson,	Capt. C. Wilkes,	J. G. Berrett, Mayor,	James H. Carlisle,
" Jerem Dixon,	" Israel Washburn,	" Jereus Dunlap,	Budd,	W. W. Seaton,	Jas. C. G. Kennedy.

FAC-SIMILE OF THE CARD OF INVITATION TO THE NAPIER BALL.

WILLARD'S HOTEL, WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE NAPIER BALL—THE SUPPER.

THE NAPIER BALL AT WASHINGTON.

We gave in our last so full and so graphic an account of the great Napier Ball, which came off at Willard's Hotel, Washington, on 17th February, that we need only direct attention to the accompanying illustrations. They are executed from sketches made on the spot at the time, and may be relied upon as accurate in every particular. The Ball itself was a historic event. Lord Napier's career shows how much may be achieved by a British envoy who has the tact and the good taste to make himself agreeable to our people. Never has any British minister departed from our shores with so much of the good will of the American people.

NESTOR HALL.

He is no Somersetshire-man—I had almost said no Briton—who has not heard of Nestor Hall and the Mountstalls. It is my lot, and he is indeed of all Nestorian village, that very soon after the subsidence of the waters of the Deluge and the abandonment of the Ark, the Hall began to be built by one of that ancient race. Their sons should be among generations of the family in antediluvian times, but we will suppose, in order to preclude unchery of genealogical argument, that after the Flood it was recommenced by Shem and that Japhet Mountstall was practically the founder of the family. If ever Hall was completed in a single line, after recent experiences, he laid the foundation of his mansion upon a very lofty hill, with great quantities of the wood about it, especially serviceable for rafts.

In Nestor Park still stand these innumerable trees, many single trunks of which—carved with the rough usage of a thousand winters—would be easily afforded, in a modern all-world disease, with hallows excrescences and writhings of superficial agon—several feet high, and many feet in girth together, linking their outstretched hands, can scarce ring round. What circles of wood-smoke are they make for all, for Age to rest under and Youth to revel; and yet not shade, so much as sheltered smiling, for with a pattern of leaves so light that upon carpet such as never art portrayed. From this wood the Mountstalls took Nestor Hall—and, beside parish clerk and sexton as I am, I have looked forth from there more than once upon scenes of general festivity—that the country is seen lying beneath like an open orchard—lawn and village, wood and river, and the distance, between the farthest hills, a long dim misty line, which is the sea. Though that is several miles away, so dark and transparent was the air on all my life, from the turret I have seen through a spy-glass the white sails of ships at the peak of a terrible mountain that is even across the sea, they say, and in Wales. It has always seemed to me to be the whole kingdom of the resident over by Nestor Hall, and fenced but by the territory and kingdom of its ancient lords the Mountstalls.

They were indeed, even within my own memory, a race built after a kind of which we have no relation. The old man, Geoffrey Mountstall, sat a king in pride. I see him now, in his embroidered dress, as though he anticipated some cross or opposition (when, goodness knows, he had all things his own way—ruling, walking about, sitting as though he complimented the place by his presence; or giving the law in his grand old hospitality, just before the lawn, and preparatory to going off to sleep, like a fine old gentleman of the olden time, as he was, soft after his sumptuous custom of his endless line of ancestors. Some are born to work, and some to play, and Geoffrey was to be most always by; but I confess that in my too conspicuous boy, beneath old Mr. Hunsdrum, and in a July afternoon, when I have had my fill of dinner, I have felt a little envious, and desirous of altering my station in life, of being one or two, or more than one or twice. Had you chanced to call the Squire Mr. Mountstall, he would very likely have looked as you down: but to call him so because that time-hallowed name was Masculine, and was was to be inherited who took it into his mouth from the merest spelling.

When I first came to Nestorton the old gentleman had been a widower some years; but Geoffrey, Ernest and Beauchamp, and his only daughter, Eleanor, divided him at the Hall. Not that not which was the proudest of the four, but in those days I used to think that it was Miss Eleanor. Had she been the eldest, or even more than the haughty high-born beauty which she was acknowledged to be—she would have commanded downright uncanny awe; she had such terrible lightning black eyes, and such beautiful evil eyes. She was open-headed, and I think the best of her race; but there was a little blankness in the management of the pale-pink cheek, as if the nest was the masculine double of her, unforgiving, cruel upon the least liberties, and exacting, in return for a generosity, submission and lowliness enough. Beauchamp was the least rigid, although the most passionate of the four, and was, I think, perhaps the least unpopular.

In spite of which I have said against the Mountstalls, they did no little good among us in their unpleasant way. Poor men—not such as we, but those who are in the country poorer, since there is something like gentle folks themselves—suthers, musicians, and painters, painted—sometimes bad, and a helping-hand stretched out to them by old Geoffrey and his sons. I have known as many as half a dozen of this sort of folk staying at the Hall together at one time, eating and drinking of the best, and driving and riding the Squire's horses for all the world as though they were their own. The painters came in my way more than the others, because of my office, for the church was old and ramshackly, with ivy and rubbish about the big great tower—which afterward pushed it down, by-the-by, as I expected—and altogether such a building as delight your artists, who seem to care most for places that are become ruinous and dangerous to other people. "Gabriel Grub, Gabriel Grub," they would sing out at my cottage door—although my name is not Grub, nor any thing like it—"give us the keys, sweet grumbler!" They were a mad lot, and therefore I did not take much count of them, although I must say that they paid their fasting handsomely for anything so deserved, poor devils, to be richer. One Mr. Adam Dayntree, I remember, was a very fine painter. It was the inside of the church which he was engaged on, the sculptures, and the carvings, and what not, and I have a sketch of what he painted them, but, as it seemed, even to me, exceedingly dirty. I was not a bit ashamed to say it: "let no one disturb me at my work, and here is a crown for you."

About a score of years ago—in the June of 1838 or so, or it may be a year later—he had come for his keys one day, and in had I gone with him before, and was inside the building, when I had occasion to fetch from the vestry the surplice of a new chorister, who was to sing his first service at Nestorton the preceding Sunday, had left it there, and not his service for the time, remembering. The great door was locked on the inside, as I had expected; so, not wishing to disturb Mr. Dayntree, I dropped into the parochial chair, which was the one that chanced to be open, and there continued to get what I could out of the morning service, as I was being noticed. On my way under the north gallery to the vestry, however, I was surprised to hear Mr. Dayntree at his work, and I was surprised, because a witness as well as a hearer, my astonishment became confusion.

Miss Eleanor, the haughty beauty, the contemptuous queen, was Mr. Dayntree's companion, and, as I learned from her own lips, his model for the crotchet bride. That they had met there alone, and secretly, was evident to me, and was strange enough, but it was reserved for me to hear that day, with my hair on end, their open confession of love. I shall never forget the scene—I shall never be the scene or the words. He was drawing from the great figure, and she was sitting on a cushion near, or he had at least his easel and painting utensils opposite to it. His handsome face was very pale, and his eyes in their sockets like Miss Eleanor's brow and cheek the mid-day sun had entered full, and poured down. I had my first glimpses from the animated panes. Even in that very spot, within reach of her great-grandfather's—Sir Nestorius's—sword, and of the helm that had come forth from his monument (and I almost wonder that he did not, considering the circumstances!) with the very life-blood of her line, as it seemed, mantling upon her cheeks—she plighted faith with the young painter. They were to be married, and come together as he looked upon her transcendent beauty, to study and work together. Such a picture of splendor upon her forehead she was a very queen, and he her loveliest subject; that, with that halo of fiery round her, she was the very Queen of Love's outer fervor. And she, instead of withering him with her wonted scorn, or crying for help, and having whip the madman from her imperial presence, fell fairly into his arms at once, just as my own poor wife did, twenty years after that, for I was then no more, and was sorry enough, for my own sake, that I had not been dead. But I was not to come to be known that I had been privy to this without revealing it, the Mountstalls were not the men, as I believe, to let me live to tell the secret of me. It was probable, on the other hand, that I should not be murdered in cold blood, and that I should smooch as the first whisper of such a dialogue having occurred to one of their family would be sure to rouse the very devil in the whole race, I mind of fury. And then, to betray the generous young fellow! Never! I would sooner, I felt, let a stone rob a tigress of her feline admirer as cross him Eleanor in such a matter. My secret was not to be thought of, either, for my own sake, as well, and waited to see what would come of such a love-affair with great curiosity. I was not long reward, upon a beautiful summer night, Mr. Dayntree and Miss Eleanor eloped from Nestor Hall without a word to any one, and were gone next morning. She left a letter behind her for her father, and expressed her affection (which was quite too well for that), not asking any thing of his love and tenderness, nor appealing to her brothers for their good offices, but simply telling the whole fact, and waited to see what would come of such a step—after which she departed.

Geoffrey was a beautiful sight to see, when he came to the Hall. He thought of what suffering must needs be before he, it was the sole reflection which gave him any consolation, for the loss of which he lasted his daughter. His fury was such, when he learned of her flight, that it brought on a stroke, and he lay for hours speechless, with his eyes fixed, with his paralyzed tongue, to utter curses upon her.

He and his sons, they say, took a solemn oath together that they would have no more communication with her or hers as long as they lived. Mr. Ernest came up that very day to my cottage (terrifying me therefor to the last degree, since I made sure my secret was discovered), and bade me bring him the register, which I did not dare refuse to do, and with his own hand he erased his sister's name from the register, as if he would have made it as though she had never been born. His brother and himself, and the old Squire as soon as he was well enough, were seen in the country—how in public above their wont, as though they strove to leave the matter out, and prove that they were heart-whole and above disgrace.

We did not hear any thing of Mr. or Mrs. Dayntree for nearly a year, when some of us read in the papers that she had been a son; and very soon afterward the postman said that he had taken a letter in her handwriting to the Hall, addressed to the old Squire. Had the girl, then, forgotten years and of man her father in the last time? or had poverty bowed her lofty spirit so low, and so changed her heart, that she could ask of the hitherto spurned insult and invited contempt? She forgot not, neither was she changed: but she was driven by despair to entreat that for her child which she would have died rather than demand for herself or her husband. Like a true lit of the Mountstall blood, she argued; his grandfather and ancestors will suffer him at least to be nipped by the chin and kissed by his sister, and they are rich! If she could but have seen the old man's smile when he took that letter, and how he had it was about to tell us though he had read it—placed it unopened in an envelope, bidding his servant prepare the horses for the journey, and that he would indeed, though, and that gladly. The Dayntons were very, very poor. Miss Eleanor had wept, had not a shilling in her own right, and her husband's talent was not a thriving one. Presently a little box arrived for some to them, in plastic, fragile as flower, and another letter arrived at Nestor Hall—to returning.

The eldest son of the house thereupon offered, privileged, and addressed in a somewhat trembling hand, to tell that she was a wonder, and the issue of silence—she went to the length of writing their was now renewed; but when this letter came back to her like the other, it was not opened by the Squire, and, with her almost baby-boy beside her, set forth upon her bitter life-journey, unaided by friendless, and by no money or prosperous days to mock her.

About this time the Mountstalls of Nestor Hall began to thin. The old man died without repenting him of his wrath, unforgiving, and not even as mentioned his banished sister or her offspring in his will. Soon afterward Ernest died also of a strange complaint, the nature of which I which I am unacquainted with; only, because so many of the race went to the tomb in a decline, as the Mountstall fever. It is said that on his death-bed he adjured his brother Beauchamp to see that the will of his father was carried out in case after him, by any means, into Dayntons hands; and Beauchamp, as though determined to be the last Mountstall, was without an heir, married almost at once. His bride, though fitting enough in rotherhood to the old race, was not of their blood, and then, and by no means worthy. She had been the pet of her family, and when the young people, for the Hall, had become a wooing, she parentally said to draw that excellent prize out of the matrimonial lottery for Beauchamp Mountstall. In spite her seeming success, however, the young Mrs. Mountstall found herself, they say, very far from happy indeed. Her lord and husband was very serious at all times, and tender only by fits. His unsympathetical wife, who had been so making their appearance so soon as had been sanguinely calculated upon would have been ludicrous in manner present, he thought like a child, and anyway, Theodore Daynton, was already looked upon as near-presumptive heir to the Hall, and he was still with fury, and made very many persons, who were certainly in no way to be blamed in the matter, heartily resenting discomfiture.

What would have been mere vulgar life-temper in a person of the middle class, was set down in a strong proof of "force of character" and "impatience of circumstance" in a Mountstall; but we at Nestorton were certainly not disappointed in Mr. Beauchamp took himself off, along with his handsome wife, to the continent, for which the little afterward we had news of her having given birth to a daughter; but the family did not visit us again until the year 1850, when Miss Mary Gertrude, then a girl upon the brink of womanhood, was presented to Nestorton as the Squire's whose beauty, indeed, was failing Immediately: fairer than her aunt Eleanor—whom nobody had heard of for many years—Mary Gertrude was said to fair as she was good. It I seem to boast of Miss Mary Gertrude as if she were a weakness of which all Nestorton indulged likewise. She was higher-bested, placed more above all meanness, I do believe, than ever women was, and was not a bit proud. She came among the haunts of poverty and misery naturally and unconsciously as sunbeam. Her noblesses was discovered mainly in the grace that attended every thing which her hand touched. I see her now, with her parasol on out the rich red wine from the cellars of Nestor Hall, for the refreshment of a poor old woman lying in a broken jug, upon a widow-sill, a score of simple well-flowers. I see her now, under the poor parsonage, and how they have yet been really good to the poor, aunt have cried strongly in their number of giving, and how the poor people have said kind deed be lacking, is not lightly held, believe me; but the kind deed without the kind word gets indeed inadequate. Few of us have been such famous perceptions as dulled by poverty but that we can tell the difference between the two, and even the beggars by the roadside don't like to have churlishness thrown at their heads.

Thus Gertrude Mountstall was the idol of her lordly race who ever reigned in the hearts of those around her. Even my poor little boy was grieved for heaven twelve months ago, the dear young lady is now gone to her rest and more in our little cottage, and so I learned to know how good she was. Master Wilmot, the young painter—since Nestor Hall no longer patronized the arts—was then living at the Pig and Whistle in our village, instead of the Mountstall Arms (which did not suit my reach for his taste), and met Miss Gertrude under my roof for the first time. I saw how it was with him at a glance, having had equal experience of artist-love at first sight already; and when he said that he need call at the vicarage for help on Sunday, that the altar-piece was to very well worth studying, I walked a little way back with him upon his road home, and gave him a good slice of my mind. I told him how, even before, just such another pique, re-chap as he, and not so determined a looking fellow either, had carried off the pride of Nestor Hall, to the ruin of all concerned—" which," observed I, "young gentleman, shall not, if I can prevent it, happen twice. It was ill enough for Miss Eleanor, who was fit to hold her own wherever she was; but Miss Gertrude was another sort of a young lady, and I'll be your lawyer, sir, immediately—"

"A what?" cried he, flushing to his temples, and looking for the moment just like one of the Squire on old times, only with a greater passion than he would have ever shown. "Marry a what?"

"Marry beneath her," said I, coolly enough.

She's a Mountstall; I know the whole lot of them, and she's pretty girl good to please to wonder. Not, Sir," added I "I would not have slandered her to any man for any earthly purpose—" not but that Miss Gertrude was quite capable of making a blessing with her upon whomsoever she wedded," as I had in reserve to be a good girl, and she would, and went his way. Still, as he hung about the village weeks enough for the altar-piece to have been copied a dozen times, and as I had seen him speak to our young mistress without result, I made bold to tell her, one day, of my fears, and how the old man who was under greater obligations to her than he could ever repay, in how great a danger she might be lying. Her cheek colored deeply upon tell me one side, and her quiet, self-possessed reply another I will answer to my dying day. I cannot I knew Miss Gertrude to be truth itself. She said that if she had loved Mr. Wilmot ever so much she should not have given him her heart without the consent of her father; and that, knowing beforehand what his answer would be, she had given it to the young man as her own, and so dismissed him. For all this, I think, love concealed, "like the worm in the bud," as the poet says of our bashfulness, "preyed on her damask cheek," and was that hour which I saw her last. Poor girl, she no breast at home wherein she could repose her sorrow. Her mother was unsuffocionate; or, at least, in some unaccountable way, she was not a relation to nervous disorders. Her father had become, in three short years, grossly, surprisingly unsympathetic, able, from mental causes as well as from physical. The Mountstalls had been famous for their iron constitutions and their determined wills; but Beauchamp had been growing weaker in body, and more wretched in mind, for a long time past. The broken man, the hyp-hondriac woman, in that unpeopled Hall, must have indeed been cheerless company for the young girl. Poor girl, poor lady, nevertheless, which was always a labor of love to her, and was to her father's daughter even after their close in death, she seemed, with her quiet usefulness and undespairing ways, as though she kept the ark of the shadow over the Hall; yet, as evil death-bed. The healing spirit who was the old man's stern and unjustifiable ruler during most of his fear; he would let her go, leave him, and quit the house, as the cause of all his misery and disease. His wife, nervous and terror-stricken, vent about the house wringing her hands, and complaining that she was left alone, without a protector, and exposed to the persecutions of the little Lizzie. It was strange how even Mrs. Beauchamp, comparatively unacquainted with the family, yet dreaded this exiled woman. Her character, her acquaintance with the world, were known to her; the very lack of all communication with Mrs. Dayntree of late years, seemed to her to put a barrier during which the tempest gathers itself up for some terrible burst. The event proved her fears to have been indeed strangely true.

Upon the morning of the burial-day of Beauchamp Mountstall, when half the lords of acres in the county were assembled in the church, mingling—soon, and the transitory in the steward's chamber, with their mourning for the master, which they grieved so bad a man was dead, and so excellent a young lady his heiress; when hearts of poor and plain, were the day were, were thronging the park, and the mourning-coaches stood before the great hall-door, and the hearse, with its black sea of plumes, was awaiting its unconscious burden—Eleanor Dayton came.

Her coach was not of mourning one, nor its pace such as befitted a funeral. She sat in a dirty, second-hand chaise, with a broken-down old horse, which scattered the crowd to left and right, and routed the array of mutes and feathers. Even the post-boy would have drawn up before they reached the door, but the imperious woman would urge permit them on, and compel the startled horses to be backed out of the way for her. She was in gay colors, contrasting strongly with the sable and white array, and especially with her own stern countenance and malicious looks. Another carriage followed, with a female servant in it, whom she beckoned to come after her into the house. She swept through the entrance-passage to the great hall, before the coffin was still lying in state, and, with a cruel smile upon her face, bade one of the domestics who was there to say to Mrs. Beauchamp and the Girl down"—who were of course alone, in a private chamber—

"My Lady and Miss Gertrude?" said the man, in doubt as to whom she meant.

"Yes," impatiently replied she, "the lying woman and the cheating girl; those two. If they come not, say you from me, it will be the worse for them." And the man—who were of course alone, in a private chamber—

"Liar!" broke in the other. "Come hither in with me."

She took the girl by the wrist, and led her into the dining-room among all the guests. Her two

companions followed, and closed the door behind them.

"Do you remember me," she demanded; "my name?"

"Yes, my Lord Trevor; and you, Sir Richard; and you," turning to a third person, "Colonel Somebody, whose name you Poverty, I at least, on my honor, after women strangely. Sir Eleanor Mountenhill, gentlemen—she that married the traitor. I was the girl whom father and brethren, and friends—oh, excellent friends! turned their backs upon, and refused to speak to or speak with: she who was left in the slough of poverty without so much as one hand outstretched for pity's sake to help her. Yes, I am the same wretched little angel-daughter died of Want, murdered by that—that—for whom you have all in a body pounded, but whose soul is in hell-fire. I am the widow whom he strove to wrong; from whom he would have her back. I am the woman who have kept back this inheritance by fraud. This girl, whom I have by the mercy of God saved from cruel and impudent that she blushes not even now, and in Irish peasant's hut whom Beauchamp and his wife have reared this long and peaceful as their own. For sixteen years and more they have acted this scene in the life-drama of a good actor for one moment did they deceive me. I tracked them and their wicked doings like a sleuth-hound over the very dust, and now I have them at bay. I have held the proofs of this thing in my possession for years, and then some one stepped in—you, I see brought with me, well know it, and that I held them now. I have waited—not patiently, because keenly, but I did wait—because I would see this month, year after year, for the day of retribution to arrive; and now, thank God, it has come.

Some score of years ago I was discarded, penniless, disgraced by the masters of this house because we could not—I say positively could not—as the least patience for the support of my ailing child. She died. Very recently I received a letter even on their death-beds; the last, that felon corpse under the worst. The law can not now reach him; but on for the woman his wife, who should have used so fairly, and fooled with, and flattered for his own ends, and then left to starve—left with a prison-gate, breathe prison-air, and reap, in all respects, the harvest of her deeds.

The whole company were astounded by these revelations, and by the imperious behavior of her who spoke them, but no one attempted to gainsay, or find with her in the least; the two persons who accompanied her corroborated all her statements; and I, moreover, was present when Sir Eleanor, Beauchamp, upon hearing that Eleanor Dayston was in below, and the matter of business for the payment of terror, confessed every thing that had been alleged against her. The furious accuser recommenced her tirade against—against—Girl—shatter!—chest!" cried she, addressing the unfortunate Gertrude, who, during the whole of this never once quailed before her accuser, or trembled in a limb, "you act well to the last, but your farce will be brought to an end ere long.

Innocent, madam, innocent; I will stake my life on it!" said an imploring voice, and the speaker who had just entered the room clove the interposing crowd, as a wedge cleaves driest wood, and reaching Miss Gertrude's side, took her hand and held it as a vice, encircled her protectingly with his arm. It was the young gentleman who had first fronted the revengeful woman, reflecting in his masculine features the same fierce determination which glowed so unmistakably in those of his companion.

"Theodore, Theodore!" exclaimed she, passionately, but with a perceptible vacillation in her tone, "cross me not in this matter at least. Heaven is my witness that I am—"

"Deceived!"

"I believe it, mother," cried young Dayston, for he it was; "I believe it, and that is why I appeal to you with confidence. Mrs. Mountenhill is not my mother, nor, as I am told, my father's sister. This young lady—who is as conversant with fraud as an angel, and who is of as pure and spotless truth from whatsoever source she may, than any who have yet ruled in Nestor Hall—is my affianced bride, mother, and I claim your love and protection."

Eleanor Dayston trembled from head to foot; in the issue was what sort of storm it was to be hurled, and from whose side it came, and was silent.

"My lords and gentlemen of the country," continued he, "if, perchance, in future you may deign to visit me, I wish this pitiful misunderstood to end, the time may seem scarcely fitting, to introduce you to the future mistress of this house."

The young man lifted his hat, and led Miss Gertrude to the stair-foot, on her way to rejoin Beauchamp, whom Eleanor beckoned him to forward her.

"I will go with her myself," whispered she, in a dry, hoarse tone.

Theodore raised his mother's hand to his lips, and kissed it respectfully.

Then he turned from her; and Mr. Dayston, taking his place in the formal procession as chief-mourner, fulfilled his duties, in the unavoidable absence of much feeling, I must say, with admirable coolness.

The late visit of this young man to Nethcton, under the feigned name which he and his mother then bore, had been paid without the knowledge of, nor without her knowledge. She had dreaded lest his propinquity might be the means of working in favor of the young usurper; and her heart was fearfully—painfully—at this return—assured that he confessed it not—that her boy had indeed fallen in love with his worst foe. Dutifully fond of him as she was, she could not bring herself to contemplate such a union with calmness; and being aware of the experiment of the extreme determination of his character, she had come down to the Hall to combine her long-cherished scheme of retribution during his absence, and without informing him of her intention. She had hoped that the wound which she had thus inflicted upon the girl would be too wide for the possibility of after-healing; and, to do her justice, she had strenuously sought. An accident, however, had informed Theodore of what was going on; and his mother, conscious of the clandestine wrong she had intended to do him, and not venturing to provoke him further, had victimized, with even opposition, as he was aware, to

Nay, such miracles can a heavenly nature still effect, such power to turn away wrath has gentle virtue, that the incendiaried Theodore was melted in course of time toward her son's Gertrude. Her brother Beauchamp's generous nature, and her own harshly, it being indeed abundantly manifest that she had been but the tool of her kinsman. He was taught him to look upon the dwellings of the poor from other than the mere picturesque point of view. We in Nestor-vale have indeed a good cause to love and admire the young couple. We seem to have borne the whole brunt of their wrongful doings, and with considerable equanimity; and in spite of a score of legends to the contrary, the grand old towers still stand of Nestor Hall.

CAST AWAY.

It was a quiet lovely evening. I remember, and I had lingered upon deck half hour after half hour, and willing to go below, for I was not sleepy, but unseamar. My life had, until then, been so continued and formal that there was a delicious delight very nearly approaching to pain in the novelty and had been since the moment that I bade adieu to my uncle and aunt Dunbar, departed from the chaperonage of a fat, good-tempered Dutch lady, to join my parents in Australia. These parents I had not since remembered, and even from the circumstance of them was not happy; for my father's wife was not my mother, and family of young children had displaced me in my one parent's affection; so that this present freedom seemed like a delightful trip taken without leave. I was under my aunt's sternness and the strange uncertainty of the home to which I was going, and thought of others on deck besides myself, but of their identity I was not conscious, excepting one. I watched his figure as he leaned over the bulwarks, gazing towards from me, occupied only in wreathing clouds of smoke from his cigar, and I was grateful for it, and I had assimilated from the very commencement of the voyage; and I could not have told how far the giving up of my self-consciousness had tended to the balance of my regrets at the prospect of the voyage's terminating—a voyage of months, the end which would wander to where he lay, and he raised his wide-awake hat and smiled, and I was glad at the look, for I felt that it was intended to attract the attention of me. I again looked across the water, which, my mind's eye told me, was the sea of the Captain Conyngham—when my attention was diverted by that horrid Mr. Loring, who had unknown to me approached me, and stood at my elbow. One hates to be interrupted in a day-dream; and I am afraid I was not very civil in my response to his remarks. What he said I do not know, until my attention was arrested by discovering that he was actually preparing to take his seat beside me. I felt for a moment aghast, principally at his impertinence, and I should have spent an hour in my cabin rather than sit beside him until he came to a pause, as if waiting for an answer. I had always disliked the man from the moment I had seen him, and Captain Conyngham also disliked him; and now, as was said before, I felt that I was unreasonably set to hatred. He was dark, and strongly built, what is called a fine looking man; a complete contrast to Captain Conyngham, who was tall and slight. But he was waiting for a reply. I said:

"What should he have expect me to say to you, Mr. Loring? Have I ever given you encouragement to suppose—" He interrupted me:

"None whatever. It is unnecessary you from ever having shown me any kindness." I could hear by his voice that he

my company—and no wonder. We explored as he proposed, carrying with us crab-shells full of water, in case we should find no nearer stream, and the remains of the meal which the men had left. Fortunately for us it was lovely weather. When we reached the copse we laid down our burdens, and spent the whole day fruitlessly seeking for some tree sufficiently large to live in. There were none but those of stunted growth. In the evening we sat down exhausted, and the chaplain said,

"I expect the only thing left for us is to endeavor to make a nest of the branches."

"Without any means of cutting down the branches?" asked Mr. Loring.

Mr. Hart relapsed into musing.

We had made a fire, to make the place look less gloomy, and my companions were buried in thought. As I passed Mr. Loring I could not refrain from saying,

"I am very grateful to you for rescuing me from Watson, this morning; indeed I am."

He bowed to me, perhaps forgetting at the moment that we were on an uninhabited island instead of in a London drawing-room. Then I felt embarrassed at his silence, and moved away. That night we slept in the open air; or, more truly, I slept, and my companions sat and kept a bonfire—for we knew not as yet but that the island might contain wild beasts. During the night it awoke. It was Mr. Loring's turn to release Mr. Hart. He leaned against the trunk of a tree near me, and I could see his face even through the darkness; for the fire was burning low. I was conscious that he was looking at me, and that one of his irritated him after a few moments, and he turned his back completely upon me with an impatient gesture, and sat down before the fire. He did not sleep the rest of the night. I was wondering how Captain Cuttle and Jack would bear it when I had been placed under Mr. Loring's present circumstances. I had scarcely thought of Captain Cuttle and Jack since I had been upon the island. While I was so musing Mr. Loring, as if in pursuance of a train of thought, rose to his feet, and with his hands impulsively up toward heaven, whither his eyes followed, exclaimed, "Perhaps I may succeed!" He flushed through my mind that Captain Cuttle's hum would not have noted so.

Mr. Loring had succeeded of obtaining boughs by climbing the tree and hanging with his whole weight to the branch—a somewhat dangerous feat, which made me tremble many times for the consequences, and shut my eyes so to descend. By this means we obtained a considerable amount of branches as a foundation, which were interlaced in the trunks of four trees which grew near to each other, and the interstices filled up with faggots. In this latter I could assist, and I never worked more heartily than when I was in some degree of fear that on the labor of the man who had done so much for me. But this bee-hive again is a wet, uncomfortable many days to make, and I think "them little hands" of mine were in a very rude condition by the time it was roofed and finished. I was overwhelmed myself at the amount of hard work I was capable of when called on to do it. But what was to be the end of all this? Were our lives here to be spent in this breach but, living on from day to day—collecting—and existing from day to day? Perhaps Mr. Loring had managed to make a sort of fishing-tackle, and had discovered various fishes which occasionally young birds ready to leave the nest, still crabs were our staple resource. Such thoughts as these would, however, often intrude upon me. If from my inner room at night, could hear him tossing restlessly on his bed of leaves, and now and then, by guess, to call one day Sunday.

Oh!—it must be acknowledged, sooner or later —how I loved him! And yet how I hated him upon me, I shut my eyes to the fact for a long time. I, who had declared I loved Captain Bingham, who was not worthy to tread the same ground with Mr. Loring! I saw my mistake—how entirely it had been a fancy, how I had made this noble gentleman, this true-hearted man, whose honest affection I had won, the victim of my imagination. It was too late now; I felt it each moment of my present life. From the hour in which I had shown myself in my selfishness unworthy, Mr. Loring acted as he had ceased to care for me. He had, with his masterly, generous mind, crushed his feelings whose object was unworthy; and had entirely succeeded. Oh! I was properly punished! I could not see an act of his now, that was not kind, even without being reminded of the value of the heart I had thrown away. He only asked me to be deserving to add to his comfort; and my only resources in avoiding his presence was in pretending to be. Our clothes, of so limited a stock, were continually in need of repair, and it was full employment for me to make small holes about the edges of the rents and draw them together with tough grass—sometimes with a thread composed of a dozen or two of my own hairs.

I ought to mention that, shortly after the departure of the natives in the boat, the dead bodies were thrown upon the beach. They were floated in by the half tide, and hence we took advantage of their clothes. Mr. Loring and Mr. Hart buried them in the sand, and the latter repeated from memory some of the funeral service.

But the lovely weather upon which I had congratulated myself began to change; and with the change of weather Mr. Hart became ill with a species of low fever. It may seem strange—it did so to me at the time—knowing all the years of complative happiness which I had spent—they seemed years of bliss to me now, looking back upon them —I had never given a serious thought to any thing beyond the passing hour; or if sometimes my heart would ask the question which ought to interest us most, I had ready means of avoiding an answer by diverting it. But I could not do so here. Every thing seemed forced home upon me, whether I would or not. There was no possibility of escaping to fly to; and I, who had my life through turned a deaf ear when churches were open and the Book of God unclasped, was, when deprived of all those things—now vainly longed for—compelled to listen.

Mr. Loring's time was a good deal occupied in attending to Mr. Hart, who soon became too weak to rise from his bed, he was very much alone; but, when we saw each other at all, Mr. Loring's manner was kind, and it was the first time I had been since we landed. As I was returning, one morning, from a little creek, whither I went daily to bathe, I found Mr. Loring busy in cutting a door-way directly into my sleeping-room. I asked him what he was doing, and, without pausing in my question, he rose, and taking my hand, led me out of hearing distance of the hut, and then said,

"I am afraid—very much afraid—that Hart's fever may be infectious. I think it best that you and you ran any risk until we know. You must not my more pass through his room."

"But," said I, "where am I to be taken care of?"

"Can not I," he asked, "continue to take care of him?"

"But if it is infectious," said I, carried away by my terror into betrayal, "if it is infectious you will die, and I cannot remain ill. What should I do? Oh! Mr. Loring, let me wait on him! Let me, at least, share the risk with you. I cannot die—"

A strange look came into his dear eyes as I spoke, and he still held my hand, and breathed; then, all at once dropping my hand, he answered, coldly,

"Of course; it is natural enough. But never fear, poor child! He will not leave you without protection."

That he should think me so utterly selfish!

"I did not think of that," I said, sadly. "I commenced, but I was unable to continue; and, sitting down upon a heap of grass near our hut door, I buried my face in my hands.

He walked up and down several times; then stopping in front of me, he said,

"It seems very sad that your brightest days of youth should be wasted in such a place as this; and I can not accuse you of any fault in it, that it is so for some purpose which will result in good hereafter. It may be—I trust it may—I will still some before long. I am convinced of it."

How little he knew! I could scarcely have received out cold of all comfort and society on this almost barren island, only with him, than return to England, under any circumstances without him. But I could not say it; and he went into the hut, in answer to a call from Mr. Hart, and left me.

I felt frenzied on the subject of fever. That I should not share it with him! I walked through the room; but I kept as close as I could to it, that we might at least run some equal risks during the time of convalescence. After a few days he told me that he had been mistaken, and that I might remain in my own room. I did so, but I went to see him; and, in my first transport of delight, I fell on my knees before him, and seized his hand. He turned away from me his face that I had observed on the former occasion; but he only said,

"Yes you remain with me, Ellen, if you can nicely a little longer?" Then, more gravely, "I am afraid, before long, I shall be your only companion."

I had, of course, a certain amount of regard for Mr. Hart, as a sufferer, under such peculiar circumstances, and I was shocked and grieved at the news; but it did not affect me as intensely as it seemed Mr. Loring. He shook with emotion; I had never seen him so agitated before; and again the startled look came into my heart that I had seen him do that first night of our sleeping in the copse.

Two days after, I was abroad in the wood collecting firing, my almost daily occupation. I was unsuccessful in finding any dry faggots into a bundle, when Mr. Loring joined me. He had been among the outer branches of the copse, and in doing so he could procure suitable for an invalid. He took the branches from my hands and commenced arranging them in a bundle. I stood by him, watching his strong arms doing so readily what would exceed me in any attempt. He was fully engrossed with his occupation, and I with watching him. I was a little viper cruel hardly of the wood and the chaplain's hut, that I could not move: my heart seemed to stop beating; I darted instantly to the wood-pile, and, without my moving, and I should bring upon him what I dreaded. Mr. Loring looked into my face as he finished tying the bundle, and said, "Ellen," in a smile was quickly changed into a look of alarm as he saw my countenance. "Ellen, my child!" he was hurried over to me. He started, exclaiming, "Margaret, what is it? Are you ill?" but the next moment he checked me, and added with an exclamation, "How toward him, and he held aside his chair; then, without speaking, on a dark spot. The reptile, glad to escape, glided away. I placed my lips to the wound: Mr. Loring tried to regain his seat, but it was from my arms round him and clung to him as if my life depended on it. We sat in this life-form for many years.

It makes me shudder even now to think of it. Then, suddenly, a strange consciousness flashed across me. I felt my face crimson with confusion, and I walked some paces away from Mr. Loring, and burst into tears. He did not speak to me; he did not even thank me; but he lifted the bundle of faggots from the earth and looked at me inquiringly. I was still in tears, but I was beginning to excitement. Presently he held out his hand to me, but I pretended not to see it. I traveled to look at his face, but had not nerve to do so for some time. Then, I saw that he was walking with his eyes on the ground, but looking inexpressibly happy. He seemed to have forgotten his distress about Mr. Hart. While I was thus watching his face he raised his eyes, when I withdrew them and, stretching out his hand again, he said:

"Margaret, I half believe you love me. Look me in the face and tell me so, before it is too late!"

I did look him in the face. I would have died, believe I cannot, I believe it from your very heart;" but I could find no voice.

That evening, as I stood at the door of our hut —Mr. Hart was asleep—he came toward me, and, without a prefatory word, drew me to him, with his accustomed protection, and, in a low voice, offered to me the meaning of his words, "Before it is too late." He invited me to receive from the chaplain died. The proposal did not come strangely from him, strange as it was in itself. It seemed to him what he ought to do, and, had he not done, Mart would die before I had learned to love him.

I did not hesitate a moment in my compliance; why should I? As he moved toward the house, I said: "Are you going to speak to him now, Mr. Loring?"

He nodded and smiled; then observed, quietly, "My name is Henry," and left me.

That evening we were married by Mr. Hart, who needed no preparation for the event. He repeated the date of adieu through the book. He drew up a sort of certificate, with a wooden pen; on a piece of calico, with some ink manufactured from berries.

After this Mr. Hart sank rapidly, and it was not many days after his death that Henry Loring and I were left alone.

These were days, to me, as happy days as I can fancy those of our first parents must have been before they fell. I could never have desired a change but for his sake; and it was with gratitude—feeling by on his account—that I hailed the message which one day he brought me from the top of the hill, and trembling voice, that a boat had put off from a ship at sea and was making for the island. "For his sake I pray to God that we may again in England" after an absence of more than two years.

All that dread life is over. I have only to be talked of to our children, and to be looked back upon almost as dreams.

OUR SPECIAL PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris Weather—The Arrival of Prince Napoleon's Bride—Queen Victoria on her Royal Progress to her Daughter—Two great Balls—Fancy Dress Ball of the Society of the Faubourg St. Germain is like—French Husbands and Wives—Marriage—Husbands Left behind and Fish—Lovers of Paris Life to American Ladies—Mrs. A——'s Ball—The Ballet of Paris—Assembling of the Lovers.

I MUST say that the accounts last week of the appearance of *pour January* rather made me rejoice in that of Paris, which has been mild as spring; violets selling commonly in the streets, the flower-markets lively with all the early plants and gay-colored birds, and the most delightful afternoon quite too overpowering even with that thermometer at 50 degrees. Indeed, a French dress is with this we have little sunshine, and much rain and mud. It seems to promise to be fine and dry day for the arrival of the Princess Mathilde in a little bride; but this will not take place until three o'clock, that is, precisely as I write to you, as this letter must be in the post before then, and I shall have hastened with others to secure a good place in my favorite window in the Rue de Rivoli for the brilliant procession.

It is a great thing to have a real Princess arriving again as a bride in this old Paris, which, in former days, was witnessed so many such entries; and the thought of the gay preparations of such a bridal procession, are made to rush quickly back to old historical times, and deprive the present of the world's chances and changes—not that I have any intention of inflicting all this upon you.

The last arrival of royalty was taken to (I hope sympathizing) America the news of the brave death of the Princess Marie Louise, daughter of Queen Victoria, who seems destined to be as fortunate as a grandmother as she has been in her other domestic relations. I am not quite sure, however, any more than others, do exactly what is expected of them; but this proving a fine boy will, at any time, really may be called "doing it handsomely." The Queen's maternal anxiety is represented to have been intense; and when the telegraph flashed that requested that no telegram might be sent to Windsor until the result was known, I think that this was not obeyed; and the final happy message, it is said, found the good Queen upon her knees in prayer in her own private apartments. Great is the joy throughout England and wherever there is English blood in the veins; and the fine loyalty of his stout-hearted ancestors, and will find a historian as elaborate as Macaulay to celebrate his proved to his greatest progenitor.

There were two great balls given on the 27th, evening in the Rue-Saint-Dominique, and that sometimes dividing, sometimes uniting, its principal persons, and one of the most remarkable. One of these, Madame A——'s, I had no difficulty in procuring an invitation for our friend Frank. To the other I could not have taken the liberty of asking one, as it is a house peculiar in its exclusiveness, and I am sure that the host himself, if he heard that your correspondent professed to have been in his *salons*, would immediately proclaim himself a victim to the most daring cheek ever. I shall be unable to take you any more to these extraordinary réunions. Not that there is much to describe there excepting the indescribable, that stamp of refinement and high breeding which, is more remarkable in assemblies like this, without admixture from any extraneous source, and which particularly belongs to what is called "the society of the Faubourg St. Germain." Not but that the members of it get very weary of one another, and are enchanted to escape into other scenes and to find something new; and this is one secret of the success of strangers who entertain in easily securing a large proportion of the Faubourg St. Germain upon their side of the invitation-list cards. They may not go to other French houses than those of their own circle; but Russians, Turks, Germans, what not, may have them in crowds for the asking—and crowds they do. The rooms are large and well lighted, the music of the best, the supper very fine, and provided that they find there others of their own set, and meet a few of the members of their host's own country people.

These combinations are curious; it is astonishing how condescending they become, even to the allowing of their sons to give their sounding titles and aristocratic names to, it may be, rich brewers', "Jones, Brown, and Robinson" daughters—provided always that you give in return sufficient money to secure to those sons and their heirs the hereditary luxuries of their position, in houses, and horses, and carriages, and appearances. I have often been consulted in the preliminaries of these marriages, and have been much struck with the singular aptitude of the French for bargaining and old, or rather long, gains. No "knock" "check-maker" or Californian gold-digger could excel them in this.

A grand point in their stipulations generally is that the young couple shall be "*en bonne odeur*" (literally bridged and fed) by the parents of his bride. I have known more than one marriage set beyond hazard by the parents consenting to comply with this demand; and I once heard a lady whose son had married a great courtesy, and was only "*bon pour encore*" her son in every way provided for his life, say that when the young couple came to stay with her in the summer of the present Exhibition, she should expect them to pay "their own washing, their own candles, and *bougies*" (bed-room lights); and yet this fine Countess was not less than what she was saying was extraordinary or "*chic*," and she to complain of her daughter-in-law. Things will hardly be believed among you; but I speak from positive knowledge, and in the country of a land of exaggerations.

I do not know that all this is of any moment during these bustling spring days, or in the street you way, and there is a fair exchange of money for a title—food, and lodging, and opera-boxes for an introduction and a bow from a Princess's carriage! And I do feel sorry when I see my country women wasting upon their kind-hearted and really principles wealth of their warm, delicate affections. I am sorry when it is the young bride who is destined to the disappointment, for she is ignorant of what her heart can ever be sympathized with by the love of youth and of worshiping—how much she has bestowed herself; and when she has discovered this, as discover it she must, she can turn that the evening at second life, with the full knowledge of her own heart, may lead her to seek consolation in the social excitements of the world, and unfortunate liberties, who is pleased with their insipid flattery, and trusts their professions of friendship. I know, and others know perhaps, that she is deceived, and that he to whose she has sacrificed so much is in reality the best friend of her unworthy husband of his own, of the demi or sense other wounds, and with whom she has found a kind and natural sanctity, and the good dinners and excellent opera-boxes which he owes to her romantic fondness.

I have seen sorrow and confusion in these things, and I long to raise the warning voice and to urge that the sensitive professions of the heart is done so sometimes, and received for my pains what I perhaps deserved for intermeddling, certainly what my kindness of heart should have taught me to let me to expect—first the incredulous *repoussé* and super-lucid, and then the cold and distant look, and friendship of her whose eyes were not *willing* to be opened.

But I have been a long time arriving at Mr. A——'s, and it is not surprising, for the string of carriages reached from the Tuileries. Arrived at last, I find very fine rooms, with profusion of lights and flowers, a still contrasting bosters, crowds of pretty women and very handsome men. Among the "handsome and wife" at all the good halls of the Paris season. The men are now living in the French Empire fawn waiting for me at the door of the ballroom, that I might "tell him the name of the most beautiful girl in the room, and he would seek her."

"Did I hear her?" Could I introduce him?"

"Willingly," answered the man, with unbiased his direction;" but I must tell you that lovely lady is married."

He looked looked as if he could have gladly beaten me. The lady of his fancy is an English woman, with that peculiar beauty which is the very antipodes of expression to which the term angelic may be applied; indeed, she so much resembles it that the Empress has often sent for me to look at angels in the picture of St. Cecilia, by Dolaroche, which is in the Pantheon Gallery, and which is, I think, her purely and delicately cut the profile, so pearly the tint of the skin. She was dressed in a blue tulle, with diamonds in her hair, contrasted with a profusion of white tulle trellises; in her hair a wreath of blue forget-me-nots and the most perfectly looked very celestial. This lady has won many hearts in her time, and been the cause of no little mischief and many erratic exploits among her admirers. The Emperor himself admired her so much, and flirted with her so openly, two or three winters since at one of the balls at the Tuileries, that the Empress indignantly left the room, and from the tint of the countenance to a second. She has been married about a year to a scion of a lordly house; but her beauty is always as remarkable and as winning, and she

RUINS OF GENERAL OGLETHORPE'S BARRACKS AT FREDERICA, ST. SIMON'S ISLAND, GEORGIA.

must continue to be the observed of all, and to win random hearts like poor Frank's, whose evening was completely spoiled because "that young-looking thing," as he said, "was so absurd as to be married."

But when I get upon this theme of *fair* women my pen seems to run away with me, and that runs away with my time and paper, and leaves me with many themes untouched upon for another week. I would gladly know if "what is writ" is what amuses my readers. I have been so long a wanderer in other lands that I may fail to strike the chords which interest the attention or arrest the sympathies of the dwellers in my own; but here one can never be at a loss for a variety in one's topics. Adieu.

OGLETHORPE'S BARRACKS AND TOMBS.

We engrave herewith, from sketches furnished us by an attentive correspondent in the South, the ruins of General Oglethorpe's barracks at Frederica, St. Simon's Island, Glynn County, Georgia; also "Oglethorpe's Tombs," in which lie the mortal remains of many of his officers and soldiers, the first settlers of Georgia.

The events which give historic importance to Frederica occurred in the year 1742. In that year the Spaniards entered the spacious and beautiful harbor of Brunswick, with a fleet of thirty sail of Spanish armed ships, brigs, etc., and landed some four or five thousand "veteran troops" of Spain to conquer Georgia, and, if successful, to carry the war into the then colony of South Carolina, and annex that noble province to the aspiring diadem of Spain.

To resist this overwhelming force General Oglethorpe had but seven hundred effective men and about forty Chickasaw and Choctaw warriors. The enemy effected an unopposed landing at a place then called Gascoin's Bluff, near the south end of the island, on the east bank of the south branch of the Altamaha River, where it disembogues into Oglethorpe's Sound, or Brunswick harbor. The event, by-the-way, demonstrates most conclusively the importance of fortifying this accessible port on the southern sea-coast of Georgia, and establishing, with the least possible delay, the commanding position of a naval depot at Blyth's Island, recently purchased by government, opposite the beautiful site of Brunswick.

The enemy were commanded by Don Arrodondo and Don Antonio, and took up the line of march for Oglethorpe's spacious intrenchments and *tabby* fortifications at Frederica, situated on the east bank of the south branch of the Altamaha, near the middle of St. Simon's Island. At an early hour in the morning, just as a bright Southern sun rose above the outer islands to illuminate the scene of their utter defeat, the Dons, somewhat fatigued, it is presumed, by their hasty and early march through a tangling chaparral, bivouacked for a hot cup of coffee and breakfast as they entered on a spacious marsh. Here Oglethorpe's van of forty Chickasaw

OGLETHORPE'S TOMBS AT FREDERICA.

and Choctaw warriors and a small detachment of volcdtes opened a deadly fire on them as they sat on the ground devouring their meagre ration. Many left their arms on the spot, while others fled for the path they had left, and were rejoiced to find themselves once more safe at Gascon's Bluff. In the mean while two ships of twenty guns each had been sent up the river to attack Oglethorpe by water at Frederica. Their heavy cannonade compelled our gallant commander to hasten back from the pursuit of the Spaniards to defend his works at Frederica. He soon compelled the bombarding brigs to slip their cables and make all sail for Gascon's Bluff.

Meanwhile the Spanish leaders, chagrined by their rapid retreat from Bloody Marsh (the name it has ever since received, and still retains), and their ill-reps, which the war-whoops of the furious Chickasaws and Choctaws had nearly rendered frantic, set to work to rally them on a stronger line in his strong-hold at Frederica. They were crossing an extensive savanna, or prairie, in advance of Frederica, when Oglethorpe, who lay in ambush in a thick wood (*where our church now stands*), poured into their compact column a most deadly fire. Here tradition relates that Tomo Chichi, the brave and dauntless chief of the Chickasaw and Choctaw tribes, became personally engaged with Captain Sanches of the Spanish army. The latter threw a pistol and shot the chief in the arm. The Indian had just discharged his rifle, and seizing his tomahawk, cleaved Sanches's skull in twain. The enemy were again most thoroughly defeated; but our cautious General, unwilling to risk his fortune in battle, ordered a retreat to Gascon's Bluff and re-embark on board their shipping. Thus spread all sail for St. Augustine, and the Spanish chimera of conquering Georgia was forever abandoned.

In the tombs herewith depicted rest some of the brave men whose efforts saved Georgia from becoming a Spanish province, as the Floridas were at that time. Their memories, like their manes, have been forgotten by history. In a field in the rear of these ancient tombs—both sad hollow shells have been plowed up, and a lentil of them sent to the Historical Society of Savannah, where they remain unnoticed. These tombs are called Oglethorpe's Tombs, although he died in England. Their tenants were his officers, soldiers, or citizens, the first settlers of the country.

THE WEEKLY FARMER.

HINTS FOR THE MONTH.

THROUGHOUT this article many "hints" will be given for things which should have been done before this time; but as they are often neglected, we will take notice of them, on the principle of *better late than never.*

Whether the spring is early or late will, of course, have much to do with the progress of the season's work. Sometimes plowing can be done in March, but, because of the state of the soil, it may be impossible or inadvisable. Of course these circumstances will govern the applicability of many of the hints for the month; but we will begin, lest spring-time be before us; as it is better to be too early than too late.

Examine the farm, or a map of it, if the condition of the land be well known, to lay out the work for the year. We should consider carefully the shape of preceding years, state of the land, preparation, cutting, and application of fertilizers.

The week before last we spoke of some of the advantages of rational plowing. This is the time to decide which land should, and which should not, be subsoiled. We must be governed by the condition of the soil, quantity of land to be cultivated, and the ability to sow and plant in season.

Stock should receive special attention. Look well to good ventilation and the necessary warmth. Feed and water regularly. Animals become fretful when not attended to at the proper time, which prevents them from thriving well. Watch cows expected to calve. Breed them so that they may have a young stock than your farm is able to support in the best manner, or else you will be overrun with lean or quarter starved animals, of no exceedingly sparseness, and unprofitable. This is true of every domestic animal, from a calf to a colt or a horse. We have often seen calves of four months oldyard calf, as heavy as half-starved yearlings. A calculation of the food consumed by each, time at an element, quality and value of the beasts, will show which is the more valuable practice—starving or feeding.

Examine all cattle regularly to see if a chaff is on the eye of any of them. If discovered, take it out or the accident, burn a little alum, pulverize it, and, from a pencil, blow some of the powder into the injured eye. The chaff will be removed after one or more applications, made a sufficient number of days apart, to allow the eye to heal between.

Feed roots, water, and give salt to sheep regularly. Watch for infectious diseases, and use means to prevent injuries from insects. A decoction of tobacco, if used in time, will kill ticks. One bad sheep infects a flock.

Feed horses, carrots and oats to strengthen them for spring work. Groom regularly, and keep stables strictly clean. Many diseases are caused by unnecessary gases pervading the atmosphere of ancient stables.

At intervals, during this month, colts should be handled.

Feed to oxen and steers roots and other strengthening food plentifully, to prepare them for work. Handle young oxen at night work, easily performed, until they know the orders of the driver. If you have three or four years old without training, put rings in their noses and attach lines to noses

of the ox, and, by the aid of a stout stick, lead them to the field. Then yoke them to a plow, and, by the aid of the stick, lead them through the furrow. Do this for a few days, and they will be ready for the yoke. Use those made of light and strong wrought iron. Those bent in by the tongs of the blacksmith are very apt to break. Do not be loosened or tightened, or if the cartilage of the nose gets sore, taken out or put in easily. Clean stables, barns, granary, poultry-house, and wash-tubs. The spreading of dry and pulverized muck over the floors will assist in preventing noxious vapors from pervading the atmosphere. Leave wood-ashes for poultry to dig in, and quick lime to whitewash and sprinkle over the floor.

With but few exceptions manures might have been composted any part of the past winter. Much time can not now be spared for this purpose if spring work is pressing. Protect those that are much exposed. Cart prepared muck and throw it on the liquid portions of the barn-yard manure, thence to the waters of the deep. If the season opens early manures will have to be carted at once to convenient places in the fields, made into heaps, not too large, and protected from drenching rains by a proper covering of pulverized muck. The glowing spread only so much on the soil as can be covered the same day, otherwise there will be loss by evaporation, and perhaps by dashing rains, especially on hill-sides, where water, washing the manure, will carry the best of it to the bottom, after the labor of getting it to high places, accessible with difficulty, and generally the want of liberal fertilization. All manures not used in the spring should be thoroughly composted, and protected for future use.

Examine out-edifices, and put every thing in its own place. Attend to peas, beans, oats, or other grain to be thrashed immediately.

The cutting of a full supply of wood, if neglected as to winter, should now be done.

Look well to tools, and see that they are in good working order. There is often much time lost in looking for a nut or a bolt when, perhaps, the hurry of work is most pressing.

Count flaw lists, and plow and ox chains. Do not be looking for them when you should be starting in good cheer with *God speed the plow.*

If harrow-pins are loose make them fast, but not with a wisp of hay, to have them falling out any where and every day, thus causing a loss of time to driver and team while the former is searching for them, perhaps all over a ridge of land, from one end of the field to the other.

Repair farm roads, bridges, walls; draw stone, and build such as are needed.

Examine springs and drinking-places for cattle, and put them in order.

If posts, rails, and brakes were not all cut, split, and the latter pointed, lose no time. Draw them, if extra quantities, to convenient places, selling for what there is enough of frost out of the ground for making and repairing fences, they will be ready for use. Remember this at a late date even causes the necessity of drawing them over spring grain, which is soft and rolled, and is a very bad practice to doing general farm-work at a proper time, which is just as important as doing it in a proper manner.

In next week's hume we shall refer to the treatment of grain and various crops, soiling for working animals, preparation of land for spring grain, planning land for root crops, the orchard, kitchen garden, etc.

CHESS CHRONICLE.

BY C. H. STANLEY.

PROBLEM XVII.

BY DR. B., OF PHILADELPHIA.

BLACK.

WHITE.

White to play and checkmate in four moves.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Dr. B. (Philadelphia). Your communications are always received with pleasure. Pray do not think us too practical to rejoice. In your last move private there is certainly no room for enjoying ——— "GERMAN" in answered by mail—which, by-the-way, is a sort of reply not practicable under ordinary circumstances.

R. (Savannah). Mate in SIX. Black plays 1. R. to K. 8. White replies 2. Q. to Q. 6 (ch), and still has the mate in four moves. Mate in SEVEN. Black to move. Key to the importance of the "Evening Amusement Chess Club," and feel obliged by the Problem received at the request of said establishment. Just mention, by-the-way, to our juvenile friends, that White Queen on King's 4th square, and Black King on King's Bishop's third, would bring certain royal personages so rather too close proximity to claims it with propriety as at present considered. ——— C. F. (Valparaiso). Mr. Paul Morphy's pre-eminence at the chess-board has not been acquired without the most patient and enduring study, despite of his natural adaptation to and fondness for the game. He first learned the moves, as he himself informed us, on occasion of the playing of the great match by Staunton between Mucklow and Williams, in Sicily, when his uncle, Mr. Ernest Morphy, likewise a distinguished amateur, was also present. He was introduced to the former gentleman, and was thus induced to take a personal interest in the South, and Master Morphy thought he would like to have a game with about the game. Eight will but be avenged the chess world. ——— Several Correspondents. Mr. Queen will have no further intelligence as to mere matches between Mr. Morphy and Messrs. Owen and Co. The first and most interests is left for him to do in Europe, and hope that he will receive as long ——— W. P. (Cincinnati). Received, verily. We are pleased to hear of the contemplated visit to Cincinnati of "Long Johnny," of whom Mr. Staunton thus Closes Chess of Brown? We do not see existing rule to the contrary, and think that the Problem would be applicable in this as in other cases. As to the Problem, the solution of position 2. Q. to Q. 6 (ch) seems limitation—any either fifteen, twenty, or thirty minutes. ——— Chess Player. "Long Johnny" is "the celebrated" will likewise effect mate in the required number of moves.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM XVII.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. B. K.	1. Any move
2. K. to B 4 dbe check	Kt interposes
3. Q. to Kt 4 (mate)	

(*) This position is susceptible of many variations; but the first, or key move, White must play, otherwise he loses for any subsequent contingency. If, for example, for 1. Q. to Q. 6 (ch), White should move the Black King's Knight, White would checkmate with Queen at her fifth square, supported by Knight at his fifth (if Q. B. 5 take f (ch), White mates in the same manner as that above given.

SOLUTION TO ENIGMA VII.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Q to K R 7	Any thing
2. K or B checkmates.	

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Saturday, Feb. 26, 1859.*

THE Wholesale Produce Markets have been more active for Flour, which has increased in value. Wheat has been in good request, and prices have advanced. Corn has ruled steady. Corn-spirit has declined. Provisions have met with a fair inquiry for sound new. Rye, Barley, and Malt have been unchanged. Cotton in small parcels demand at bungold rates up to Friday. On that day 1,000 bales were sold at an improvement of ¼ d. per pound. The market closes vigorously, influenced by the Liverpool Advices. Freights have been in request, closing heavily for Pork, and firmer for Grain. Tobacco, Naval Stores, Petroleum and Rice have been more sought after, as have likewise been Naval Stores, Petroleum, Rice, Hemp, Iron, Lead, Coal, Tin, Spelter, and Alcantarine Candles. ... Hay, Hemp, Hops, Lard, Metals, Oils, and Provisions have met with a fair inquiry in moderate request. There has been only moderate activity in the Retail Trade in the South and West, but prices have ruled well sustained. Coffee, though in small request, have not varied remarkably, as desirable lots have been held for higher rates. The sales of the week ending yesterday of Dry Goods has been $2,626,864 against $1,599,759 the same week last year. The exports since January 1st have been $21,092,373 against $5,454,346 same time last year The movement of specie at this port during the week is conductive of any remarkable changes. We append a review of the Trade and Commerce of the week:

Unsound State Flour, per bbl.	$4 00	@ $4 62
Superfine to Extra Western, per barrel	4 70	@ 5 00
Superfine to Fancy Western, per barrel	5 05	@ 5 25
Common to Fancy State, per barrel	4 70	@ 5 25
Fancy to extra Genesee, per barrel	4 75	@ 5 00
Extra Genesee, per barrel	5 05	@ 5 25
Mixed to Extra Southern, per barrel	4 70	@ 5 75
Fancy to Superfine Extra, per bbl.	5 80	@ 6 00
Corn Meal, per barrel	3 10	@ 4 75
Rye Flour, per barrel	4 10	@ 4 25
Red Wheat, per bushel	1 14	@ 1 17
White Genesee, per pound	1 16	@ 1 17
Western Canal, per pound	1 16	@ 1 17
Chesse, per pound	0 10	@ 0 14
Rice, per 100 pounds	3 25	@ 4 75
Rio Coffee, per pound	10	@ 12
Cuba Sugar, per pound	4	@ 5
Cuba Molasses, per gallon	24	@ 32
New Orleans Molasses, per gallon	29	@ 40
New Orleans Molasses, per gallon	45	@ 60
Brown Sugar, per pound	4	@ 5
Oolong Teas, per pound	25	@ 35
Hammocks, per dozen	6	@ 12
Hogs, live, per pound	5	@ 6
Pork, per 100 pounds	11	@ 12
Beef, per 100 pounds	6	@ 8
Tallow, per pound	08	@ 11
Crude Turpentine, per 280 pounds	3 75	@ 4 00
Spirits Turpentine, per gallon	40	@ 42
Tar, per barrel	2 00	@ 2 62½
Common Resin, per 310 pounds	1 75	@ 2 00
Linseed Oil, per gallon	60	@ 62
Kentucky Tobacco, per pound	6	@ 14
Seed Leaf Tobacco	6	@ 14
American Fleece Wool, per pound	36	@ 50
Do. Pulled, per pound	30	@ 40
Am. Unwashed, per pound	20	@ 30
Saffron Sugar Cuppy, per pound	4½	@ 5
Live Cuba Fowls, per pair	40	@ 50
Dry Codfish, per hundred weight	3 75	@ 4 37½
Large No. 1 Mackerel, per barrel	14 50	@ 15 00
Pickled Herring, per barrel	3 25	@ 4 25
Smoked Herring, per 100	75	@ 1 00
Am. Hemp, undressed, per ton	135 00	@ 135 00
Am. Hemp, dressed, per ton	170 00	@ 170 00
Clover Seed, per pound	10	@ 10½
Timothy Seed, per bushel	2 00	@ 2 25

Freights were moderately active. For Liverpool—Cotton, 4 & 5-32 d.; Flour, 1s. 6d.; Wheat, 6½d.; Corn, 5d.; Pork, 35s.; Beef, 30s. 6d.; Lard, 37s. 6d.; Tobacco, 1-16 to 1-32 d. per pound. For other ports—Flour, 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d. A large number of vessels of all classes in port to 6d.... Steamers are now regularly established at the various ports of destination:

	Wages	Advance.
To Liverpool ..... per month	$12	
To London	15	
To Havre	15	
To North of Europe	12 @ 14	12 @ 14
To Mediterranean	12	12
To South America	12	13
To the West Indies	12	13
To East Indies and California	10	10
To China	16 @ 18	8 @ 9

The Live Stock Markets last Wednesday were more active for Beeves, which were firmer. ... A good inquiry prevailed for the best Milch Cows, as well as for Yearlings. Sheep and Lambs were less sought after, and prices favored buyers. Swine were more plenty, and were in moderate request. ... The reported receipts of Live Stock during each of the last two weeks ran as follows:

	Week ending Feb. 21.	Week ending Feb. 28.
Beeves	3,614	3,732
Milch Cows	97	97
Veal Calves	519	552
Sheep and Lambs	5,373	5,703
Swine	6,936	6,993

The range of prices current during the week on Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday were:

Fair to Premium Beeves, per pound	8 @ 10
Ordinary to Good Beeves, per head	35 @ 50
Veal Calves, per pound	7 @ 9
Sheep and Lambs, per head	2 75 @ 5 50
Do. per pound	6 @ 7
Live Swine, per pound	4½ @ 5
Dressed "	6 @ 7
Dressed Pigs, each	1 00 @ 1 50

The Country Produce Markets are moderately active for Flour, Grain, and Provisions, and prices were unchanged unaltered.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT YORK. BUFFALO MARKET.

Apples, new, per barrel	$2 50 @ 3 00
Chestnuts, per bushel	2 50 @ 3 00
Hickory Nuts, per bushel	2 50 @ 3 00
Potatoes, per barrel	1 25 @ 1 50
Potatoes, sweet, per barrel	3 00 @ 3 50
Onions, per barrel	3 50 @ 4 00
Turnips, per barrel	1 00 @ 1 25
Beets, per barrel	75 @ 1 00
Carrots, per barrel	75 @ 1 00
Cabbage, per 100	3 00 @ 4 00
Cranberries, per barrel	3 00 @ 3 50
Celery, bulb, per dozen bunches	75 @ 1 00
Celery, stalk, per dozen bunches	75 @ 1 00
Garlic, per pound	10 @ 12½
Garlic, per 100 bunches	3 00 @ 4 00
Eggs, N. Y. and N. J., per dozen	17 @ 18
Eggs, N. Y. and N. J., per dozen	17 @ 18
Chickens, per pair	50 @ 75
Fowls, per pound	10 @ 12
Geese, per pound	10 @ 12
Turkeys, per pound	10 @ 12
Wild Ducks, per pair	2 75 @ 3 00
Ducks, per pound	10 @ 12
" tame, per pair	75 @ 1 00
" wild, per pair	2 75 @ 3 00
Pigeons, per dozen	2 75 @ 3 00
Partridges, per pair	2 75 @ 3 00
Rabbits, per pair	50 @ 75
Venison, per pound	6 @ 8

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Saturday, Feb. 26, 1859.*

THE week ending to-day has been moderately active in business circles, and the demand for money has been quite as great as during the previous week. The great prevalence of country winds keeps many ships with cargoes windbound in port, and consequently many of the entries are light, and the payments into the Sub-Treasury small. The receipts on Monday last, for duties, range from 41 @ 54, according to the securities offered, and payments for the week have been about the best short paper is done at 6 @ 6½; and ordinary business paper, at 7 @ 8. The payments into the Sub Treasury during the week have been moderate; at present the Government has no pressing demand for funds to take up their proportion of the government loan late in course of negotiation at par.

Stocks are somewhat lifeless; Reading, Michigan Central, and Michigan Southern, the New Jersey roads, the Illinois Central, and Galena and Chicago among the speculators of the board, there is a tendency to buy for a rise. The Pacific Mail Company had their dividend declared yesterday, and recorded their compact. This has had a tendency to keep the shares in active demand, though very little faith is entertained in the duration of the truce.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

BRONCHITIS.—We would call attention to "Brown's Bronchial Troches." We have found this remedy very beneficial in the case of Throat and Bronchia, and would commend them to the attention of Public Speakers, Singers, Musicians and all troubled with the Throat. They are also an excellent remedy in Hoarseness resulting from cold.—*Congregationalist.* Sold by all Druggists.

BEAUTIFUL NEW PICTURE.

"A Queen of Queens and
MADONNA DELLA SCALA
From the Great Painting by Correggio, on tinted paper, size 20 inches by 24, suitable for "Church" or "Evangeline," so admired.
Price, Engraved on Steel, 50 Cents, on receipt of prepost-paid, by the Publishers,
MILTON & CO., Boston.
They are also for sale by all Print and Bookstalls.

EDUCATIONAL AGENCY.—TEACHERS of Superior Qualifications, and Governesses for Families and Faculties now waiting for competent pupils. Circulars, Directions, and Information free. Address NATIONAL TEACHERS INSTITUTE, No. 359 Broadway, N. Y., or Agency HOUSE AND ANDREWS.

PURIFIES THE BLOOD.

"R. F. Williams's Compound Syrup of Sarsaparilla and Iodide of Potassium" is a popular remedy for Scrofula, Cancer, Rheumatism, Mercurial or Syphilitic Affection of the Kidneys, Leucorrhœa, and like affections originating in the blood. It have not the effect of a panacea, but certainly proves it up in hundreds style. Price, put up corrected for Sarsaparilla they are shown from 75 cents. WM. H. FOX.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, New York, have just published

LA PLATA: The Argentine Confederation, and Paraguay. Being a Narrative of the Exploration of the Tributaries of the River Plate, and of Travels in the Gran Chaco, during the years 1853, '54, and '55, under the orders of the United States Government. By THOMAS J. PAGE, U.S.N., Lieutenant of the Expedition. With Maps and numerous Engravings. 8vo, Muslin, $2 50.

LIFE, LETTERS, AND TRAVELS OF PETER SCHLEMIHL AND CAPTAIN ARIOSTO. Being a Journal of an Expedition undertaken under the auspices of the Royal Government, in the Years 1848-1850. By HENRY BARTH, D.D. With a Map and Numerous Engravings. Complete in 2 vols. 8vo, Muslin, $5 00; Half Calf, $10 50.

THE OLD PLANTATION, and What I Gathered There in an Autumn Month. By JAMES HENRY POPE, of Maryland. 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

EPISODES OF FRENCH HISTORY during the Consulate and the First Empire. By MISS FARMER. In 2 vols. 12mo, Muslin, Gold Lettered, $2 00; Seventeenth Century," &c. 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

STANDISH THE PURITAN. By the Author of "Katie Brande." 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

W. S. & C. H. THOMSON'S

NEW SKIRTS FOR 1859.

THE INDESTRUCTIBLE

DOUBLE EXTENSION SKIRT

WITH PATENT BYELET FASTENINGS,

Made without Sewing.

Universally pronounced "the most perfect Skirt ever made."

THE GOSSAMER EXPANSION,

The lightest and most graceful Skirt ever produced.

THE PICCOLOMINI!

By means of clasps—this beautiful and economical garment can be taken to pieces, washed, and put together again at pleasure.

All the above have Thomsons' celebrated patent Watch Spring Bustle, and are stamped with our name and trade mark (the crown).

ALSO,

NELSON'S SERGE SUPPORTERS,

By far the best Skirt Supporter yet invented.

For sale by the principal retailers every where.

W. S. & C. H. THOMSON,

233 Broadway, New York.

The Cruise of the San Jacinto.

HARPER & BROTHERS,

327 to 335 Pearl Street (Franklin Square), New York.

Have just Published:

FANKWEI;

OR, THE SAN JACINTO IN THE SEAS OF INDIA, CHINA, AND JAPAN.

By WILLIAM MAYNE WEST, M.D., U.S.N., Late Surgeon of the Fleet to the United States East India Squadron, Author of "Wandering Sketches in South America, Polynesia, &c."

12mo, Muslin, $1 25.

"The veteran surgeon of the United States Fleet recording the expedition to Siam, here presents an interesting record of his experiences in the waters of the East. His volume contains several graphic episodes illustrative of life on board ship, together with a great amount of information concerning the manners and customs, political condition, and religion of the many countries it enters. In which his official capacity gave him intimate access. His style is pleasing, and his book will be found to be of considerable utility, although not remarkable for literary excellence. In addition to the topics which naturally fall within the compass of his narrative, Dr. Wood presents an elaborate comments on the naval discipline and traditions with which many years' service has made him familiar. They are brought forward with tailor-like frankness, and man-of-war life in lift all its coarseness and whole-souledness appears fervently with Herman Melville's Sea Sketches."

HARPER & BROTHERS will send the above Work by Mail, postage paid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of $1 25.

WHEELER & WILSON'S

SEWING MACHINES.

PRICES GREATLY REDUCED.

Office 505 Broadway, New York.

SEND FOR A CIRCULAR.

NEW YORK PURCHASING AGENCY.

W. M. LAPSLEY, No. 25 Nassau Street.

Persons desirous of making purchases in New York of any articles, large or small, of use or luxury, from a block to a steam-engine, a thread to a shroud, can have their orders filled promptly, and goods sent as directed, by the above responsible party. Reference to C. S. Sampson, Esq., Customs-Long Island Bank, Messrs. John Jacob & Son, Hutchinson, Kissam & Co., New York; J. D. Dunscomb & Co., Newcastle.

SENT FREE TO ANY ADDRESS.

OUR DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE, containing all the new Publications of the day, also great variety of Books, being more than ever before offered at Low Prices.

Address EVANS & CO.,

617 BROADWAY,

NEW YORK.

WHOLESALE BUYERS

For Cash and on Short Time,

Are invited to examine the New and beautiful Stock of the Subscribers, consisting of

RIBBONS,

DRESS TRIMMINGS,

and LACES,

including a handsome line of

LACE MANTILLAS,

all of the best qualities and of their own importation.

MITCHELL & McLINTOCK,

259 Broadway, New York.

A few doors below Houston.

WANTED!

AGENTS EVERY WHERE, to sell the Best Book; laborers, mechanics young men having a small capital can in this very pleasant business realize a profit of from Three to Five Dollars a day.

Our publications are adapted to the wants of every family, and are of a character to suit the most intellectual character. For full particulars address

HEARY & GETZ, Publishers,

No. 324 North Second Street, Philadelphia.

ELLIOT & PATTEN—Examine Inventions and procure Assignments and Foreign Patents. Pat. Agency opposite main entrance of Patent Office Building, Washington City, D. C.

THE LIVING AGE,

Having largely increased in circulation the past year, the Publishers are enabled to appeal the new and attractive features of a series of

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC PORTRAITS,

engraved on steel, each of which will be accompanied by a

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR,

thus furnishing to its readers not only the *cream of the best Periodical Literature of the World*, but also a complete

ILLUSTRATED GALLERY OF FAMOUS CHARACTERS.

The number for the present week contains the Portrait of W. H. Prescott, with memoir, which will be followed by those of Hugh Miller, Professor Wilson, Charles Lamb, Oberlin, Humboldt, &c.

THE LIVING AGE is published TWO weeks; Yearly subscription, $6—prepaid to any address. Subscriptions for the last period, 13 weeks, "Gay Mastodon" and the "Bride of Lammermoor;" being the fullest edition of the Novels ever published. *The notes are at the foot of the page*—a great convenience to the reader.

The following is a list of the Novels.

WAVERLEY, 2 vols.
GUY MANNERING, 1 vol.
THE ANTIQUARY, 2 vols.
ROB ROY, 1 vol.
OLD MORTALITY, 2 vols.
BLACK DWARF, 1 vol.
LEGEND OF MONTROSE, } 2 vols.
HEART OF MID-LOTHIAN, }
BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR, 2 vols.
IVANHOE, 2 vols.
THE MONASTERY, 2 vols.
THE ABBOT, 2 vols.
KENILWORTH, 2 vols.
THE PIRATE, 2 vols.
THE FORTUNES OF NIGEL, 2 vols.
PEVERIL OF THE PEAK, 2 vols.
QUENTIN DURWARD, 2 vols.
ST. RONAN'S WELL, 2 vols.
REDGAUNTLET, } 2 vols.
THE BETROTHED, }
THE HIGHLAND WIDOW, } 2 vols.
THE TALISMAN, }
TWO DROVERS, }
MY AUNT MARGARET'S MIRROR, } 2 vols.
THE TAPESTRIED CHAMBER, }
THE LAIRD'S JOCK, }
WOODSTOCK, 2 vols.
THE FAIR MAID OF PERTH, 2 vols.
ANNE OF GEIERSTEIN, 2 vols.
COUNT ROBERT OF PARIS, 2 vols.
THE SURGEON'S DAUGHTER, } 2 vols.
CASTLE DANGEROUS, }
INDEX AND GLOSSARY.

☞ Copies will be sent by mail, free of postage, on receipt of price.

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES.

The immense increase in the demand for them admirable Machines—it has trebled within four months—indicates the evidently prosperity of the company. Many of our Machines have been greatly reduced.

I. M. SINGER & CO., No. 458 Broadway.

WM. ROWE, JR.

CARPETS, OIL-CLOTHS,

CHEAP, FOR CASH.

No. 257 Hudson River Rail-road Spring,

New York.

BEETHOVEN'S SONATAS.

Complete in two large quarto volumes, printed from engraved plates, and pronounced the most elegant specimens of music-printing ever executed. Bound in cloth, embossed and lettered. Price $10.

Published by OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.

NEW WORK FOR AGENTS.—THE LIFE, SPEECHES, and MEMORIALS of DANIEL WEBSTER. Containing his State and Congressional Orations, a Selection from the Eulogies delivered on the Occasion of his Death, and his Life and Services. By GEORGE TICKNOR, A.M.

This splendid work is just published, in one large volume of 750 pages. It is printed on fine paper and bound in beautiful style; contains excellent but illustrations of his Birthplace and Mansion at Marshfield, and a full-length, life-like, Steel Portrait. The Publisher offers it with confidence to the American public, and is convinced that it will supply an important want in American literature. No work can be obtained at Booksellers, but will be presented, within a compact and convenient compass, the chief events in the life of the great Statesman. But one remarkable intellectual effort, and the most valuable and interesting, is omitted in this volume, and that is offered in a series of his works, published by Little, Brown & Co., of Boston.

Terms to Agents, and a specimen of the volume at a very reduced price, will be sent on application. Address, subscription price, in cloth, $1 75; handsomely embossed leather, $2 25.

Persons desirous of becoming Agents for this valuable work, will address, for full particulars,

J. E. DANE BUILDER, Publisher,

23 South Third Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

A Clergyman's Testimony.

Fayetteville, Onondaga Co., N. Y., 1858.

I hereby certify that my hair having become quite grey, I used Professor Hall's Coloring Compound by W. E. Hagar, of Troy, N. Y.), for four weeks, and my hair was in like manner restored to its natural color. I can fully recommend the article to be all it claims.

WM. CROSLEY,

Pastor of the Baptist Church, Fayetteld, Vt.

Remember to order the genuine, prepared by HALL'S RENEWER. *Including, the original and only reliable* HAIR DYE.

Price 50 cents a bottle. Sold every where.

R. P. HALL & CO., Nashua, Troy, N. Y.

DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.

In the whole history of medical discoveries, no remedy has performed so many or such remarkable cures of all diseases of the *Throat, Lungs, and Chest*; of *Colds, Bronchitis, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Croup, Asthma, Pain in the Side, Back, or Loins*, and the distressing tract, and justly celebrated Balsam.

Be sure and call for "WISTAR'S," and see that the written signature of I. BUTTS is on the wrapper. Prepared by I. BUTTS, M.D., and Sold by A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists, No. 100 Fulton Street, New York.

CONSUMPTION.—Not Only Relieved, but Cured, and Consumption.—Rev. Dr. LYMAN BEECHER, New York, says: "Gentlemen:—I have used your Vegetable *Pulmonary Balsam* myself, with benefit, in catarrhal coughs and colds, and have known it to be used with good effect in the early stages of Pulmonary affections in families around me."

Owing to an unprecedented sale and popularity of *over thirty years'* standing, there are many counterfeits and imitations against which the public are cautioned.

Sold by druggists generally in the cities.

"VEGETABLE PULMONARY BALSAM."

Prepared only by JOHN F. HENRY, Lowell, Mass.

BARNES & BAILEY, Agents, New York.

NOTICE.

MESSRS. TICKNOR & FIELDS, Boston, beg to announce the Completion of their

"ILLUSTRATED HOUSEHOLD EDITION OF THE WAVERLEY NOVELS"

In 50 Volumes.

The concluding Volumes, 49 and 50, will be published on the 10th of March, and complete sets may then be had of all the Booksellers. Any of the Novels can be had separately, at 75 cents per Volume. This Edition is universally pronounced by competent authorities the best one. The paper is of fine quality; the stereotype plates are entirely new; the type having been cast expressly for this edition; The Novels are illustrated with 100 fine engravings, on plates engraved in the best manner, after drawings and paintings by the most eminent artists, among whom are Birket Foster, Darley, Billings, Landseer, Harvey, and Ford. This Edition contains all the latest notes and corrections of the author, a Glossary and Index; and some curious additional matter, viz: "Gay Mastodon" and the "Bride of Lammermoor;" being the fullest edition of the Novels ever published. *The notes are at the foot of the page*—a great convenience to the reader.

☞ Copies will be sent by mail, free of postage, on receipt of price.

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES.

The new FAMILY SEWING MACHINES at $50 and $75 are attracting universal attention. In all essential good qualities they are much the best Machines ever offered at a low price.

I. M. SINGER & CO., No. 458 Broadway.

EXHIBITION OF AMERICAN MANUFACTURED BRUSHES, at the Booth Warehouse, No. 329 Pearl Street, Harper's Buildings. Brushes of every description, for sale at the lowest rates. All the latest prices. A Silver Medal was received from the American Institute, in 1857, for superior Brushes.

JOHN K. HOFFAT.

☞ Every Number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE contains from 96 to 98 pages—and from one-fifth to one-sixth more reading matter than any other of the series.

HARPER'S

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

FOR MARCH.

The Publishers believe that the Seventeen Volumes of HARPER'S MAGAZINE now issued contain a larger amount of valuable and attractive reading than will be found in any other periodical of the day.

At no period since the commencement of the Magazine have its literary and artistic resources been more ample and varied; and the Publishers refer to the contents of the furnished for the past as the best guarantee for the future claims upon the patronage of the American public.

MOUNT VERNON AS IT IS.

Illustrated by Seventy-nine Engravings.

CROTON WATER AND ITS INHABITANTS.

Illustrated by Numerous Engravings.

JOY TO THE BRIDE.

By MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

Illustrated by Twelve Engravings.

TWILIGHT.

SINGLE LIFE AMONG US.

WHAT WE EAT.—A MYSTERY.

THE SILENT SPECTRE.

MY DEBUT AS AN ACTOR.

MY VALENTINES.

A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH.

THE NEST OF NIGHTINGALES.

MR. BIGELOW'S BOY.

WANTED—ST. PATRICK.

EDITOR'S LITERARY NOTICES. By W. THACKERAY.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Going's Friends.—*Bon Jour, mon ami.*—Contentment.—Cupid Outwitted.

CHAPTER LXII. In which the Prince marches up the Hill and down again.

CHAPTER LXIII. Aztec Virginus.

CHAPTER LXIV. Conclusion.

MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.

LITERARY NOTICES.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.

OUR FOREIGN BUREAU.

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

SUBSTANCE AND SHADOWS.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—A Puppy's Guilty Past.—An Asp.—A Mushroom.—A Crocodile.—An old Goose.—John Bull and his Friends.—Uncle Sam and his Gifts Bottle.

FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Morning Dress and Children's Toilet.—Ceiling Ornament.—Skirt Supporter.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year $2 00
Two Copies for One Year 3 00
Five Copies for One Year (each) $1 60
And an Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of TEN SUBSCRIBERS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY and HARPER'S MAGAZINE, together one year, $5.

The Postage upon "HARPER'S MAGAZINE" must be paid by the Subscriber at the Office where it is received. *Thirty-six Cents a year.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A FIRST-CLASS ILLUSTRATED PAPER.

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST FAMILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD.

FIVE CENTS A NUMBER; $2 50 A YEAR.

[From the N. Y. Evening Post, Jan. 13, 1859.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.—The fifty-seventh number of attractive and entertaining publication, issued during the past year, has been published in a new dress, volume, and now that we men together, we are surprised at the fact that we have not noticed it before. Harper's Weekly is a publication worthy of careful and specific review of the year—there are ample dissertations on the leading topics—but many of these topics (not always very trivial) however, but profoundly instructive) of the Lounger—at the end of the week, and the Editor's Easy Chair—every day, &c.—there are the records of jokes, new and old—but above all, there are those striking wood-cut representations of contemporary men and things, of follies and of fashions, and of customs and countries—all combined within a single volume, and to be had for a song. It is a great publication, and we are glad to see that it prospers. Its country, its style, and its general character, are such that every family may be interested by it—and we hope that every family will, and *very*, the man of business, the child and the woman.

TERMS OF HARPER'S WEEKLY.

One Copy for One Year $2 00
One Copy for Two Years 3 00
One Copy for Five Years 5 00
Five Copies for One Year 9 00
Twelve Copies for One Year 20 00
Twenty-five Copies for One Year 40 00

An Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of TWELVE *or* TWENTY-FIVE SUBSCRIBERS.

Postage Twenty-six Cents a Year, or Fifty Cents a Line.

☞ Letters intended will be made to those wishing to Advertise for three Months or more.

☞ Persons living in the City of New York wishing "Harper's Weekly" left at their houses, will please send their names at the Office, with the subscription money, to the Office of Publication.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,

Franklin Square, New York.

"Alice Learmont" for the Juveniles.

NOW READY,

By the Author of "John Halifax,"

ALICE LEARMONT.

With Illustrations from the best London edition.

16mo, handsomely bound, Price 50 cents.

MAYHEW & BAKER,

Publishers,

Boston.

IN PRESS.

MATRIMONIAL BROKERAGE IN THE METROPOLIS.

By a Reporter of the New York Press.

Illustrated. 300 pages, Price $1 25.

The author of this remarkable book has devoted several months to the investigation and exposure of this nefarious business, and his startling revelations are no little blight of fancy, but must be strictly regarded as facts.

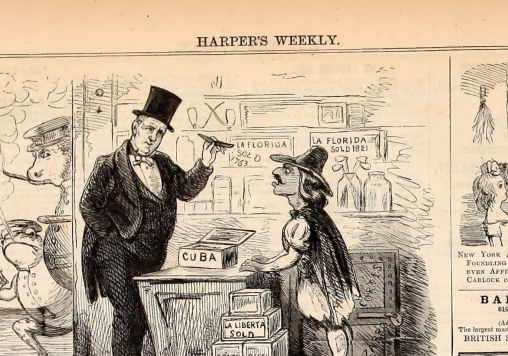
THATCHER & HUTCHINSON, Publishers,

No. 253 BROADWAY.

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES.

The new FAMILY SEWING MACHINES at $50 and $75 are attracting universal attention. In all essential good qualities they are much the best Machines ever offered at a low price.

I. M. SINGER & CO., No. 458 Broadway.



SHOCKING AND INTOLERABLE INSULT.

Mr. B——N. "The fact is, my dear Sir, my Doctor says that my health absolutely requires me to use these Cigars. I will give you as much as thirty cents a piece; but I really must have them."

SPANISH DON. "If you insult me again by offering to buy, I'll call my friends outside to help me thrash you."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Gifts! Gifts!! Gifts!!!
EVANS & CO.
OFFER GREATER INDUCEMENTS TO BOOK BUYERS THAN ANY OTHER HOUSE IN THE COUNTRY.
OUR NEW DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE, OF SIXTY PAGES, CONTAINS
A larger and better selection of Gift Books than ever before offered, and bindings of unsurpassed style and every value or interest published in the United States. All books furnished at publishers' prices, with
A GIFT ACCOMPANYING THE BOOK
at the time of sale.
The most liberal inducements to clubs, surpassing those of any other house, for particulars of which, see page 5.
New Catalogue; also great commissions allowed to agents who are willing to devote their time to our business. Particulars sent on application by mail.
Send for a Catalogue, which will be mailed free to any address in all parts of the world.
EVANS & CO., Publishers,
As extra Gifts we will present to any one sending an order for ten books.
The following is a Schedule of Property which will be given to the Purchasers of Books at the time of Sale.
Worth from
Gold Watches, English Lever, Patent Lever and Lepine.....$30 00 to $100 00
Silver Watches, Patent Lever, Full Jewelled, Hunting Cases, open face and cylinder escapement.....12 00 to 40 00
Gold Lockets—Large size, four glasses and two glasses with spring—large variety of patterns.....2 00 to 12 00
Cameo, Mosaic, Florentine, Pebble, Lava, Goldstone, Garnet, and Coral sets of Pins and Drops.....5 00 to 15 00
Ladies' Gold Guard Chains, Neck Chains, Chatelaines.....8 00 to 16 00
Gents' Fob and Vest Chains.....10 00 to 30 00
Rich Silk Dress Patterns.....12 00 to 50 00
Cameo, Mosaic, Coral, Garnet, Chased and Plain Oval Brooches.....2 00 to 10 00
Silver and Gold Thimbles.....50 to 4 00
Gold Pens and Pencil Cases.....50 to 2 00
Pearl and Morocco portemonnaies.....50 to 2 50
Toothpicks, Watch Keys, Guard Slides.....1 50 to 2 50
Gold Cravats, studs, sleeve buttons, and lacqs.....1 00 to 2 00
Besides other Gifts, comprising a large and valuable assortment of miscellaneous articles, varying from $1 to $40.
One of the above articles will be given to the purchaser of each book at the time the book is sold. An equal proportion of the whole will be given with each $5,000 worth of books.
Address all orders, letters of inquiry, etc., to EVANS & CO., Publishers, Broadway, New York City.

LIGHTE, NEWTON & BRADBURY'S
LIQUID PORTER.
281 and 283 Fulton Street, Brooklyn.
HENRY H. GOOFREE, Jr., Agent.

J. RUSSELL SPALDING'S ROSEMARY.

is the best dressing for the hair known. *Rosemary* will restore hair to bald heads.
The Rosemary will remove dandruff.
The Rosemary is the best thing for children's hair.
The Rosemary has not been and can not be excelled for the toilet, as all a clean, healthy and beautiful hair.
The Proprietor can furnish proof to enable the assertions above. Those will not admit the voluntary certificates from persons who have used it with success. If you are not satisfied, *try it.*
Every bottle, genuine, has the signature of the sole Proprietor, *J. Russell Spalding*, 21 Tremont Street, *Boston, Mass.*
Sold by Dealers generally.

All Freights Forwarded with the Greatest Speed.
BY THE
AMERICAN EXPRESS CO.'S LIGHTNING RUN.
Trains leave our Hudson Street Depot at 6.45 and 11.15 A.M.; 3.15, 4.30, and 8.30 P.M.
Freights forwarded on Express Passenger trains, and do not lie over or stop at any point.
The regular time by the Fast Line is

To Chicago	36 hours	Dayton	in 30 hours
" Cincinnati	" 36 "	St. Louis	" 74 days
" Cleveland	" 34 "	Louisville	" 36 "
" Columbus	" 32 "	Indianapolis	54 hours

And OTHER WESTERN TOWNS in like good time.
Goods for points on Mississippi and Arkansas Rivers, Kansas, &c., will save time by shipping by our line.
Rates positively as low as any responsible Company.
WELLS, BUTTERFIELD & CO.,
64 Broadway and 61 Hudson St.
TUESDAY, MARCH 1st,
We shall Publish
THE METHODIST;
OR,
INCIDENTS AND CHARACTERS FROM LIFE, IN THE BALTIMORE CONFERENCE.
BY MIRIAM FLETCHER.
WITH AN INTRODUCTION,
By REV. W. P. STRICKLAND, D.D.
In Two handsome 12mo Volumes. Price $2 00.
From Dr. Strickland's Introduction.
"We have perused these pages with an absorbing interest, and frankly confess that no work of fiction we ever read possesses half the charm which this does; and when it vastly better, it can not fail to awaken the purest emotions and improve the heart."
For Immediate Publication.
PICTURES OF COUNTRY LIFE. By ALICE CARY. 12mo. Price $1 00.
TEN YEARS OF PREACHER LIFE. By Rev. W. H. MILBURN. Price $1 00.
ACADIA; or, A Month among the Blue Nooze. By Prof. T. C. Haliburton. Price $1 00.
SPREAD-EAGLEISM. By GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN. Price 50 cents.
NEW STAR PAPERS (Religious Series). By Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER. Price $1 25.
Copies of either of the above sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of the price.
DERBY & JACKSON,
Publishers,
New York.
SOUTHWOLD—A Novel.
By MRS. LILLIE DEVEREUX UMSTED.
One volume 12mo. Muslin. Price $1 00.
"Southwold is a fiction of much more than ordinary merit. It has power enough to make the fortune of half a dozen fashionable novels. * * * * As a society novel, it is, with hardly an exception, one of the most commendably managed and alluring books which we have ever read."
Sent by Mail, post paid, on receipt of price.
REDFIELD, Publisher, CLINTON HALL PUBLISHERS,
110 Grand Street (near Broadway), N. Y.

P. P. P.
PARR'S PRICKLY PLASTERS.
They sooth pain; they protect the chest; they extract the congested imperfect secretions; they assist the system; they impart strength; they are divided in sections, and yield to the motion of the body; they are porous; all impure excretions pass off, and they can not become offensive, hence, are freely worn four times longer than any other plaster, and we cheaper as 25 cents than others at 12½. Prepared only by PARR, Druggist, Boston. For sale by persons, public speakers, delicate females, or any affected with side, chest, or back pains, should try them. You will then know what they are. They are a new feature in the science of medicine. All Druggists have them. Take no other. Each Plaster bears a medallion head and our Signature.
BARNES & PARR, 12 and 15 Park Row, N. Y.
JOHN D. PARR, Cincinnati, Ohio.

ANDREWS'
EXCELSIOR YEAST POWDER.
EVERY CAREFUL housekeeper should have a good YEAST POWDER, which they can rely upon in case of an emergency, when they want Cakes, Bread, or Tea Biscuit, &c., BEAUTIFULLY LIGHT AND WHOLESOME at a moment's notice!!
THOMAS ANDREWS' EXCELSIOR YEAST POWDER
is the most valuable preparation ever invented.
The ingredients are strictly pure, nothing being used but the best materials, and the compound is so perfect, that NO PERSON can fail to have great success in its various applications in domestic economy.
The best TEAS throughout the Union sell our YEAST.
Andrews' Yeast Powder, and do not take the counterfeit nostrums which are sold cheap, and are good for nothing, and obscure injurious to health! Our Sales are 1500 cases per day, and we have the gratification of knowing that the Excelsior Yeast Powder is the best in the world!
Ask your Storekeeper to get you one.
ANDREWS' EXCELSIOR YEAST POWDER,
and take no other, for you want the BEST! Ask for it, and get it.
For sale by the most prominent Trade in every City, and at 56 Dey Street, 156 and 158 Cedar Street, New York.
THOMAS ANDREWS & CO.

Important to Consumptives!
DR. CHURCHILL'S DISCOVERY!
WINCHESTER'S GENUINE PREPARATION OF
THE HYPOPHOSPHITES,
A SPECIFIC TREATMENT FOR THE CURE AND PREVENTION OF
CONSUMPTION!
The remarkable success attending the use of this remedy in the incipient stages in all inveterate cases of pulmonary Consumption, and its extraordinary curative powers in the last and third stages of the disease, promise to render this hitherto fatal scourge of our race as completely within the control of this medicine as any other of the various "ills that flesh is heir to."
To present the thousands of sufferers against being deceived by impure and deleterious preparations claiming to be Dr. Churchill's remedy, I refer to the following
TESTIMONY OF DR. CHURCHILL.
"TO BE USED WITH EFFECT, THE HYPOPHOSPHITES MUST BE PERFECTLY PURE; otherwise they may, in many cases, appear altogether INERT, or even INJURIOUS. IT WAS CARE OUT OF THIS DIFFICULTY FINALLY SOUGHT IN PURE IN PARIS, UNDER THE NAME OF HYPOPHOSPHITES, AND ACTUALLY PUT FOR RELIEVED IN USE.
TESTIMONY OF DR. CHILTON.
"I have carefully analyzed samples of the Hypophosphites of Lime, Soda, and Potash from which Mr. J. F. Winchester manufactures his *Genuine and Improved Solution of the Hypophosphites*, and find them to be PERFECTLY PURE, and of the highest grade. I have had many opportunities of testing the medicinal virtues of the articles which he uses in compounding this NEW REMEDY FOR CONSUMPTION, and having a personal knowledge of its accuracy and integrity, I feel that I can assure the Profession and the Public that the PREPARATION OF THE HYPOPHOSPHITES can be relied on.
"JAMES R. CHILTON, M.D., Chemist.
"New York, Feb. 8, 1859."
You who are suffering, or predisposed to a fatal disease, remember that while you are delaying the malady is making silent but sure progress, rendering cure more difficult, death more certain. This remedy offers you an almost sure relief, and, if used in time, a restoration to health.
Price $1 per bottle for $5, ready for use, with ample directions. Each bottle of "WINCHESTER'S GENUINE PREPARATION OF THE HYPOPHOSPHITES" has a fac-simile signature. Be sure to purchase and use no other.
Sold Wholesale and Retail at the sole general Depot in the United States, No. 48 John Street, up stairs. Circulars and all necessary information sent gratis to all inquirers who will enclose a Postage Stamp.
Address J. WINCHESTER,
American and Foreign Agency,
49 John Street, N. Y.

NEW YORK ALMS-HOUSE NURSE TREATING A FOUNDLING WITH "SWEET KINDNESS AND EVEN AFFECTION." [*See the evidence in the* CARLOCK CASE.]

BAILEY & CO.,
819 CHESTNUT STREET,
Philadelphia,
(Adjoining L. J. Levy & Co's.)
The largest manufacturers of
BRITISH STANDARD SILVER WARE
in the United States.

Guaranteed to be of the above quality. All Silver Ware bearing our Trade Mark, viz., the letters B. & Co. engraved by J. L. Heath, are of the U. S. Standard.
DIAMONDS, PEARLS, WATCHES, JEWELRY, PLATED WARES, BRONZES, &c.

FRED. S. COZZENS,
WINE MERCHANT,
Offers for sale Foreign Wines of the finest qualities of his own importation.
RARE OLD BRANDIES,
SPARKLING AND STILL CATAWBA, AND ISABELLA WINES,
from N. Longworth, Cincinnati, Ohio.
72 WARREN STREET,
(Opposite Hudson River Railroad, New York.)

Burnett's Cocoaine.
Burnett's Cocoaine.
Burnett's Cocoaine.

☞ A single application renders the hair one native how still and dry soft and glossy for several days. It is contended to be the best and only true *Tonic and Restorative Hair Dressing in the World.*
Prepared by BURNETT & CO., Boston.
For sale by dealers generally, at 50 cents a bottle—containing three times the quantity.

LYON'S MAGNETIC POWDERS
Will destroy Garden Insects, Cockroaches, Bedbugs, Fleas, Ants, Moths, and all species of Vermin dead.
The importance of a reliable article of this kind is indisputable. In warm weather all nature teems with these annoying foes. This powder is the only article ever discovered which will exterminate them. Discovered by a botanist, from the Horticultural Society of Paris, while making the tour of Asia, observed that the Persians kept upon a certain kind of plant very soon dropped dead. This plant was found to be the basis of this powder, from them introduced. Specimens of the plant were brought home by Mr. E. Lyon, and found a positive insect destroyer in every experiment. It is simply a powdered leaf, chemically prepared to retain the effect of age and climate. Lyon and Lorton Patent have been obtained from the governments of England, France, Germany, and Russia, from the World's Fair, and several medical and horticultural colleges and societies.
Letter from the President of the U. S.
"EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, 31st Jan. 1853.
"MR. EDWARD LYON—Dear Sir: I have the pleasure to inform you that the Royal Commission of the World's Fair at London have awarded you a Medal and Certificate for the great value of your Magnetic Powders, de-
scriptive of which I have seen specimens.
The above was accompanied by a certificate of FRANKLIN PIERCE.
IT IS FREE FROM POISON.
NEW YORK, October 1st, 1853.
"MR. E. LYON.—Dear Sir: We have analyzed and tested your Magnetic Powders, and find them perfectly harmless to warm and cold blooded animals, but certain death when inhaled by bugs, ants, and insects.
"JAMES R. CHILTON, M.D., Chemist.
"LABRANCE REID, Prof. Chemistry, N. Y. Hospital."
Mr. JOHN L. HAYES, Superintendent of the New York Hospital, says, "he has expelled all the bugs, ants, roaches, beetles, &c., with a Powder, and found it of immense value."
Every housekeeper and housekeeper must have a direct interest in an article of this kind. Reference can be made to the Astor, St. Nicholas, and Metropolitan Hotels; to Judge Mason, President of the Jeweston Institute; James Gordon Bennett, Gen. Winfield Scott, Cyrus W. Field, N. Y. Herald, of the Five Points House of Industry, &c., &c. Judge Mason says, "This discovery of Prof. Lyon is of national importance." The Farmer's Club have tested it thoroughly. It will destroy lizards, grasshoppers, crickets, ants, cockroaches, worms, &c. Where plants can be preserved, and houses made pure. Sent by mail, prepaid, on receipt of price. Address EDWARD BARNES & PARR, of New York, to have it sold throughout the United States. Liberal discount to dealers. Be cautious!
"NEW YORK, November 5th, 1853.
"I am retiring from business, and will sell my Lyon's Powders and Pills, Letters-Patent, and the secret preparing therefor, to Messrs. Barnes & Parr. This powder is a discovery made by myself, and brought from the interior of Asia, and is unknown to any other person. The genuine and effective article is put up in tin canisters, and will continue to bear my name.—E. LYON."
Rats and mice can not be reached by a powder, and so killed by a Magnetic Pill. Order them through any Druggist.
Lyon's Powder kills insects in a trice,
But Lyon's Pills are mixed for rats and mice.
Sample Flasks, 25 cents; regular size, 50 cents and $1 00. Follow directions. *Use freely and thoroughly.*
BARNES & PARR,
12 and 15 Park Row, New York.

Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS
HAVE just issued their SPECIAL TRADE LIST TO DEALERS for the Spring Sales, with the additional DIAMOND Early orders solicited.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. III.—No. 115.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1859. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE proprietors of *Harper's Weekly* beg to state that the regular edition of the paper exceeds

75,000 COPIES,

and that it is the best and cheapest advertising medium in the country. No existing advertising sheet meets so many eyes, or circulates among so select a class of readers. Its circulation is widely diffused throughout the country, North and South; it is read from New Orleans to Quebec, and from Minnesota to Florida.

The proprietors believe that the large circulation which the *Weekly* has obtained is due to the fact that it is the best illustrated and family newspaper in the country. They intend that it shall continue to improve.

TERMS.

One copy for one year	- - - -	$2 50
Five copies, " "	- - - -	9 00
Twelve, " "	- - - -	20 00
Twenty-five, " "	- - - -	40 00

THE GOLDEN RELICS.

[A woman was lately found dead in the basement of an unfinished house in New York, having evidently perished from starvation; upon her shriveled finger was a gold ring, and carefully sewed in her under-garment was a little golden cross.]

STARK in a basement dreary,
Starved in the winter's cold,
An outcast, worn and weary,
Was laid in death's grim fold,
And on her shriveled finger
Shone a simple ring of gold.

And the women who prepared her
For the shroud, upon her breast
Found a little golden cross there,
Neatly sewn within her vest;
And the cross and ring together
The woman's tale confess'd.

For the one told of a mother
Who had taught her first to pray,
At the evening's solemn closing,
And the opening smile of day;
Yes, this to thoughtful spirits
These golden relics say.

And the little ring, still clasping
Her frozen finger, said,
That in the happy years agone
Her virgin heart was wed
To one who loved her dearly!
Ah, days forever fled!

And these precious golden relics
By her had been prized more
Than the life she might have cherish'd
Had she sold her darling store.
Thus love in Woman's bosom
Triumphs for evermore.

OUR SPECIAL PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

Reception of the Princess Clotilde—A lost Letter—Last Charms—Grand Diplomatic Dinners—Ball to Dine—Painful Story of an unfortunate Marriage—Mrs. Mason's Ball—Hon. Mr. Preston and Family in Paris, etc., etc.

PARIS, *February* 10, 1859.

MY last letter was sent off to the sound of the trumpets and the roll of the drums which were called forth by the entry of Prince Napoleon and his bride; and there were the only demonstrations that greeted them, for from among the crowd assembled there was not a single acclamation of welcome or congratulation—a silence intended to mark the universal disapprobation of these warlike projects of which this Sardinian Princess is supposed to be the pledge and the victim. Poor little thing! She is far from pretty, and looked very sad and weary with this hasty wooing and rapid journey from Turin to Paris. There have been superb fêtes at the Tuileries to present the newly-married to the Court and diplomatic circles, and there is to be a great ball at the Hôtel de Ville next week in her honor.

My time for the last few days has been taken up in endeavors to trace and recover a letter intended for me, but with my name so imperfectly spelled that my concierge refused it. I heard of this, and knowing whence the letter came, went immediately in pursuit of it; but here there is so much form and suspicion that it is difficult to regain any missing article. The questionings I underwent about this letter at the Post-office; three different papers I signed, reclaiming it; three times I took that weary journey to the Rue J. J. Rousseau; and three days I lost in this way, until I became quite desperate, and almost inclined to take by main force a letter extremely important, and which I could see, but which the tiresome official would not give into my possession.

I once lost a watch-chain at the Opera. I saw it advertised, a few days after, as "having been found, and being at the Police-office." I went there, and having with much trouble discovered the proper bureau, I stated my errand, when the presiding official, without looking up from his writing, said, gruffly, "It is not your chain that has been found." This was to disconcert me in case I was claiming what was not my own; and it was only three weeks afterward that I received it, and then after going through so many forms that I almost regretted ever having heard of it. All this is fretting and vexatious, and seems a useless degree of caution; but perhaps without it the army of Government employés could not even find the excuse of any thing to occupy their office hours.

Lots of time is a serious matter at this season of the year in Paris, where only to attend to keeping up one's social position is a sufficient occupation; and then to read a little, and to breathe a little in the Bois de Boulogne, and the day is gone. I have dined out six days in succession, lately, and most-

THE LAST HOURS OF CONGRESS, MARCH, 1859.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

ly grand diplomatic dinners. I owe I do not like merely French dinners, and can not think they are to be compared in excellence with that admirable mixture of French and English cookery which you meet with now in the good houses in England. I hate game which has been mariné (cooked in vinegar) until it has lost all taste, or dried by the fire until it is more chippy than chips. I dislike a cold-looking apple (rub with jelly) when my stomach is expecting something comfortable; and I feel indignation in the glaze of a cherry pudding. Then there are often no vegetables but, perhaps, half a chou-a-la-crême, just to show the variable dessert of sugar-plums and chestnuts glacés. No, this is not to dine according to my ideas, and Voltaire well knows that I am not stand it long, and was not surprised when I said, yesterday,

"Comte, I shall dine at home to-day. Give me a good tapioca soup, a fried sole, roast beef, and a tatter pudding, at six o'clock."

And partly served and excellent it was; and, with two or three glasses of sherry, I entered that evening upon the usual routine, feeling more like a man than I had done for some time before. And my duties were heavy last night—two visits for the Empress St. Germain and two balls, one at the American, another at the Wirtemberg Embassy.

But, first, I have a mind to relate how my time was employed before my visit to Voltaire's office of Paris society, and to enforce a favorite theory of mine, which is that marriages should only be contracted between those of the same nation, as alone furnishing that sympathy and similarity in habits, tastes, and sentiments which is the best security for domestic happiness. I shall be careful, in telling my painful story, to avert any chance of identifying the actors in it, at the same time that the facts are precisely as stated. A friend of mine—rich, well-born, good-looking, and noble-hearted —fell in love, some two or three years ago, with a very beautiful girl of Spanish race, who was, I am not so rich as himself. Adele (as I shall call her) is the only daughter of a widowed mother, and my friend's proposals were received by her and all the family with a delight which quite overcame all scruples as to the Protestantism and high aristocracy of the intended husband. Charles * * * was already too much in love himself to take any advice for me to give it with sincerity, or with any chance of being listened to; and the marriage took place, amidst congratulations and enthusiastic comments upon all sides, and the young couple were installed in Paris, and surrounded with every kind of luxury which wealth can nowhere so well procure. This, too, was against my advice, which had been that they should travel for a time, and visit England, with occasional visits to Paris. But Charles could witness nothing for a time but the eyes of Adele not to leave "dear mamma alone," though I thought I could, even then, read in the large dark eyes a still more energetic remonstrance against such an exile from Paris and its untried pleasures. And so it went on; Adele growing more enamored of her beautiful and captivating wife, and submitting but too willingly to all her caprices and wishes.

With this note as *avant*, or preamble, I will proceed with my story. Last evening I was in Voltaire's office dinner, enjoying the quiet of my friends, and reading the evening paper, when Dumont entered with a note, which he said "must have an immediate answer." I opened it. It was in the well-known writing of Madame S——, my friend's mother, and contained these words:

"Come, I implore you, this instant to speak to me!"

I was alarmed, for I knew Charles was absent upon business in England, and I thought nothing had happened to him. So I gave up my arm-chair, put off my slippers, and went to the residence of Madame S——, in an adjoining street. I found her pacing the room, with an open letter in her hand; and when I asked what was the matter, she muttered,

"Read this!" she said. It was a note from Charles to her daughter. So this effect:

"DARLING.—I have just arrived, having finished my business two days sooner than I hoped for. I hear you are dining with your mother: so shall not see you till you I am going to the club for some dinner, but shall come back as soon as possible, and be with you. I love. I have been for one instant to see baby asleep.

"Your darling."

"Do you know where Adele is?" said her mother.

"Can you give no guess?"

"Oh! Monsieur, save her! save my unfortunate child!"

I reflected a moment, and felt that I had no difficulty in divining with whom Adele probably was at that moment.

"I will do my best to find her," I said, and hurried to a cabriolet, got into the first that drove to the lodgings of one of the young heroes of the day, Count W——, "the best waltzer," "the best rider," etc.

The concierge said he was out, she knew not where; nor would an offered louis tempt her to her admit that he had gone out with a lady, or to give me any clew as to where he might be found. I was puzzled for a moment, but not discouraged; and I drove to Very's restaurant.

"Has Count W—— dined here to-day, I asked.

"No, Monsieur," was the prompt answer.

I then asked for the garçon who served the private rooms.

"Tell me," I said, "if Count W—— is here."

Again I was met with a positive denial, though again I offered gold for the truth. It was refused; and then I said,

"All I want is that, if *he* is here, you should go to him and say there is danger."

I then returned to poor Madame S——, and fully shared her misery and anxiety. Very soon we heard a carriage stop, and Adele glided into the room.

"What is the matter, mamma?" she said. "I heard (turning to me) that you were inquiring for me."

Her mother gave her her husband's note.

"Oh! this is indeed serious!" she said. "Monsieur, you have saved me!" she added, with emotion. "And, then, I must answer this note." And she sat down and wrote:

"CARO MIO.—I shall be at home before you are, I dare say; but if I am a few minutes after, pray do not wake up baby, as it will make him so cross. An revoir et tout à vous. ADELE."

She tossed me the note to read, sealed it, and said,

"Now," she said, "I must *go back to my dinner*."

We both exclaimed against such imprudence and nothing remained for her.

"It is not fair," she answered. "You have *both* dined; and I am very hungry, and shall get nothing at home. The Champagne at Very's is happy, and the dinner well-ordered."

"Adele," I said, "you shall not go, or I will tell all to your husband."

"Oh no, you will not. Why should you destroy his happiness, and make him flow out his own brains, and ruin me? No, you are too good." And she left me with a smile, and we heard the carriage drive off.

There was nothing more to be said; no I took leave of Madame S——, who seemed profoundly humiliated, and came home to dress. I saw Charles and Adele at one of the balls I went to, and thought he had been at home before he was; and he looked so happy that I felt that, indignant as I might be, I could not and shall not disturb "his fool's paradise."

Mrs. Mason's ball was cheerful and pretty, and the benevolent politeness of that whole family makes it a pleasure to go to the house. I think I never saw a countenance so troubled by kindly feeling as that of Mr. Mason. I saw there Mr. and Mrs. Preston, the Queen's Master of Ceremonies, very pleasing persons. Mrs. Preston was absolutely dressed, and is handsome, looking very much like the picture-gallery Marie Antoinette, with a much prettier mouth. Mr. Preston is interesting in conversation, and seems extremely well chosen for his mission. But I was at the end of my paper, and you will be so weary of hearing of these endless balls as I am. An revoir!

THE CLOSING HOURS OF CONGRESS.

WE engrave on the preceding page the last hours of Congress, on the night of the 3d of March. The meetings were characterized by no discreditable scenes such as have heretofore attended the night session at the close of Congress. The picture fully describes the scene: "Members are constantly going to and returning from the refreshment-room, and some have retired to sofas to sleep. The galleries, which early in the evening were crowded, have thinned out. Those principally now left are tired and fifty persons present, about a dozen of whom are ladies."

There was more excitement in the Senate. The Washington *Star* thus portrays the scene:

"The Senate was crowded beyond excess at nine o'clock. Every available nook and corner was filled. The aisles and passages were choked to the doorways, and even the gallery lobbies were crowded by eager listeners, who failed to get a glimpse of the Senate. There appeared one entire mass, rising in tiers to the walls. The large attendance of ladies presented a scene unusually brilliant, while the perpetual motions of the thousand and one fans set up quite a current of the heated air to and fro the walls, another light feature in the scene worthy of calling.

All at once many eyes were turned toward the eastern entrance of the chamber, caused by the entrance of a tall, well-looked man, with a bundle in his hand, and he at once spoke the stranger. Instantly a large number of Senators rushed over to him, and Messrs. Mason grasped him by the hand; Douglas took it next; while Clay, Clingman, Crittenden, Hammond, and others gave some among the gentlemen, some introducing new-comers and giving room to others.

"That's Smith O'Brien!" said some in the gallerios.

"Who is he?" said others.

"That is Richard Cobden, the English statesman, Manchester politician, great free-trader, and ex-member of Parliament," said a knowing one near us, with such a long list of prefixes that at once placed the stranger as a man of standing. Senator Mason started off and found Senator Simmons, type of an American factory boy, and introduced him to Cobden—Cobden—Cobden—who went from the Manchester factories to Parliament, where, for nearly ten years, he led the free-trade party."

JUDGE NOT.

"The greatest of them is charity."

BRIDLE your virtue,
Tether the tongue;
Pity the fair
Blighted so young!
Why not the tomb?
Sad, shattered life;
Think of her doom—
Widow, yet wife!

Tears like and rivers
Roll through all time;
In his breast
Forred for its crime.
Billows of soil
Swell o'er his rest;
Pleading with God—
There let him rest.

Still to another
Life is as death!
Home and its idol
Gone with a breath!
Blood on his hands,
Stain on his bed:
Pity them all—
Living and dead!

Thou whose life-current
Flows calm and quiet,
Whose love and whose passion
Never ran rich,
Judge not too harshly;
Few fall by design:
Pray for the erring—
Their fate may be thine!

Bridle your pressure,
Tether the tongue;
Charity's blessings
Ever are young.
Have in thine temptation
Who measures the sin;
May His mantled mercy
Shield all of our kin!

C. H. WEBB.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1859.

THE HOMICIDE AT WASHINGTON.

THE public mouth is still full of stories about the lamentable affair which took place at Washington on Sunday last. The excitement which the public are, it seems, can not be satisfied with details of the catastrophe. As chronicles of political crime we devote a large portion of our space to the affair.

Assuming that Mr. Sickles was well founded in his assumption that a guilty intrigue had taken place between his wife and Mr. Key—a fact of which it appears that there can be no doubt—the justice of Mr. Sickles' course will justify him in killing the man who had dishonored his bed. There is no need of sentimental appeals to the feelings of humanity. It is not necessary to draw harrowing pictures of the scene of the fatal deed before the public. All this is wide of the question, or at least superfluous. The fact is, that if Mrs. Sickles was guilty, her husband held the life of her seducer in his hands.

This has been the law and the practice from the earliest periods of which we have any historical record. Under the Jews, and subsequently under the civilized nations of the ancient world, the offender might forfeit life by not to death if he were caught in the act. In those days evidence was doubtful, and trials were many unnecessary delays or forms. The law assumed that where a guilty intrigue existed, and came to the knowledge of the injured husband, he was justified in killing the guilty parties *in flagrante delicto*. In those days conviction was more difficult than it is now. Juries were easily commanded, and bribed, gossip was universal. The wife of a leading citizen of Jerusalem, Athens, or Rome, was known to be under suspicion, and the man by which she lived. If she went wrong the whole city was aware of it. Her offense could not be hidden. There was no room for doubt, no house so secluded, but that her incomings and outgoings were certain to be watched. Hence the publicity of the trial, and of eminent ancients of both sexes; and hence, as a natural consequence, the execution of the right of vengeance on the husband who took the simple (vou-like to make sure of the facts. Every lawyer who takes the trouble to compare the old rules of evidence in cases of adultery with those which obtain in the present day will at once recognize the truth of our views.

In modern times the prudent rule of the old law has been relaxed. It is not now necessary that a detect in the act should exist which leaves no room for controversy. Society will accept evidence of guilt without prying into the secrets of the bedchamber. But when the evidence is conclusive, according to the social canons of the day, the injured party will be allowed the benefit of the old principle.

In a word, where a reasonable ground for assuming guilt exists, the party injured will be justified in revenging his injuries in his own way upon the party who has injured him. He does so at his own risk; it is murder if he be wrong. If he is right, that is justifiable.

Nor can this rule be fairly impugned. An injured husband has but three ways of meeting the injury. He may laugh at it, or he may challenge his enemy; this is the French method. The first is impossible to a man of sensitive nation, and requires unusual philosophy; the second may approach physical to moral injury. He may sue to obtain redress through the law of the English plan. It involves patience, delay, exposure, disgrace. It parades the injured party to the eyes of the world. It seldom yields substantial profit; and when it does, it must be painful to use money obtained at the cost of the honor of a wife. Finally, the injured husband may take the life of him who has injured him. This is the American system; and latterly it has been followed in many parts of Europe. Terrible as homicide is, this method must, on the whole, be admitted to be the most effectual, the wisest, and the most natural revenge of an outraged husband.

There can be no excuse for the adulterer. He commits a three-fold crime: a crime against the woman whom he misleads, a crime against the man whom he dishonors, a crime against society which he disorganizes. Each of these calls for condign punishment. In these latter days experience proves that in all such cases society will justify the infliction of it last penalty by the husband. Whatever may have been the character of Mr. Sickles, he is not a jury in the United States or in Europe which would convict him even of manslaughter. In the days of the Greek and Roman republics, is it worth while to argue further on the question?

THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON AND HIS POLICY.

THE English journals are once more furious with the Emperor Napoleon; and, as usual, with a quiet and unobtrusive moderation of example. The Englishmen call the French Emperor the usual hard names, and charge him with designing to dismember Europe and destroy the peace of the world to gratify his own ambition. This charge servile and ignorant journals in the United States seem only too ready to echo.

It is difficult to reconcile the abuse and denunciations of the British journals with its facts. No one, he he even an English journalist, pretends that the state of Italy as solitary, or even as early, Naples is calculated to a grieving despotism; Rome is garrisoned by French troops; the legations and the Milanese are imprisoned by Austrian troops; Austrian Tuscany is overawed by Austria; Piedmont is in a state of extremely menacing revolutionary effervescence. A state of war is in the center of is Old World, and in such a condition as this one, not certainly, be said to be in a safe or settled situation. And it is unreasonable, to say the least, to accuse Napoleon, whose interests are eminently conservative, of desiring to be in such an ambition when he looks forward to some radical change in Italy.

Rumor has it that we have reason to believe with good foundation—that the Emperor of the French has proposed to the Emperor of Austria to vacate unconditionally Italy and the Milanese, and to allow the Italians to make more effort to govern themselves. To this proposal the Austrian court is said to have replied in the negative. Under the circumstances, can the Emperor be blamed for expressing his disconcert Austria's refusal to do justice to Italy, or from giving every moral aid and countenance to the only Italian power which does not sink in the moment of its first success?

British prejudice is equally deaf to argument and blind to facts. Because Napoleon has occasioned a general fear that he may decide to be English, therefore—so the English reason—he can mean nothing right, and can seek nothing but wrong. The Englishman is so accustomed to that Italian conquest is the last thing he can desire. He might have insisted on territorial reward for the part he has played in the war; or it would have been an excellent thing for Savoy if he had, but he had the wisdom to perceive that the old theory of conquest is fallacious, and that to annex a Turkish province would be to annex a loss. Just so with Italy. If Napoleon wanted to conquer or annex a part of Italy, Austria would only be too happy to be rid with and of Italy, however, Napoleon foresees the expense and peril, and he does not see the gain, of the operation; and he will best minding to do the Italians a service by giving motives may be, his policy is clear: he seeks the reorganization of Italy on an Italian basis, and in this, if he succeeds, he will have the gain and approval of every lover of order and good government, and of every hater of tyranny and revolution, throughout the world.

A man of Napoleon's calibre is not to be diverted from his purposes by the brawling of British tradesmen who fear commercial panics, or by the tirades of British journalists who live only just got over the belief that wooden shoes and fried frogs were the staple manufactures of France. Whatever his design is, the world may rely upon it that he foresaw the obvious difficulties in the way, that he knows how to meet them, and that he will persevere in its course. Assuming that he has a perfectly there ought to be, about this time, a political upheaval of some kind or other in Europe. Under a re-cast map of Europe, we can see it in Paris, ending in an overthrow of the reigning dynasty. Under Louis Napoleon, it may or seem a concession to Italian liberty, in which whatever the British publicists and politicians may say, liberal men in England, as elsewhere, can not help but sympathize with the crusaders.

THE BUSINESS OF AN ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

A WRITER in the New York *Times* takes the journal to task for illustrating the more shocking events of the day, such as the Gossip murder, the murder of the dead and dumb boy at Utah, and the Sickles affair. He protests against such "prostitution of the fine arts" demands, indignantly, "that great side's such pictures" hold up?" and pathetically "

ures us to devote our whole paper to "scenes of beauty and joy and love."

We apprehend that our critic is under a slight misapprehension. This is a newspaper, not a nursery tract or a child's hymn-book. There are plenty of publications exclusively devoted to "scenes of beauty and joy and love;" they may be had at very moderate prices from the booksellers. They are evidently the sort of reading suited to the stomach of "J. C. H.;" and we devotedly wish he may be able to find them.

For us, our purpose is to present our readers with an illustrated account of the events of the day by day we like them. If the world around us but "scenes of beauty and joy and love," then our pictures shall reflect those pleasing themes; and surely, if, on the contrary, crime, violence, and wrong continue to constitute a large share of the mass of daily events, then we shall illustrate them too. For, in the first place, we have undertaken with our subscribers to furnish them with an illustrated history of the times in which we live, and this we could not do if we chose to neglect the leading events of the day—such as the Quaddy and the Sickles tragedies. And, secondly, we hold, in opposition to our critic, that pictures of terrible scenes of bloodshed and violence are calculated to do more good than harm. We do not believe that crime is stimulated by light, and that darkness and secrecy are necessarily favorable to virtue. We can not admit that newspapers are agents of evil because they publish full accounts of terrible crimes, with or without illustrations. We have never supposed that sons would be induced to murder their fathers by the sight of the Gould picture, or that the dreadful spectacle of the homicide of a young and promising man like Key was likely to enlarge the circle of adulterers. On the contrary, we are quite satisfied that the tendency of such pictures is to lead the erring to pause; to warn the wayward youth of the road to which he is tending; to remind thoughtless women and eager men of the terrible consequences of guilty love; to drive home in human minds the principle and morality can but mildly urge. If this strife such a bad world, the sooner the veil is drawn from it the better. Let the whole truth be exhibited without inspiring in the minds of its spectators a desire to commit murder likewise; then only can we claim the right to, for our part, have faith enough in the right instincts of mankind to think that the sight of such a picture as is published to-day will do good, and would tend to prevent its recurrence.

That this view is not confined to ourselves any candid inquirer may readily ascertain. Thirty pictures which have agonized the tender breast of any coward—the murder of the deed and dumb boy by Cavaignac, the death of the earnest request of an officer of the United States Army whose name, we dare say, would not be withheld if desired. And he wrote us:

"A most cruel murder has recently been perpetrated by the Mormon Danites. . . . The criminal has escaped, and is now in this city. *It has been suggested that the most vivid way of bringing them terrible outrages before the eyes of the American people is through the pictorial influence of Harper's Weekly.* I therefore incline," etc., etc.

We are very happy to be able to add that there is a reason to hope that the very publication of these two heart-rending pictures in this journal will be the means of causing the murderers to be brought to justice. A day or two after the appeared, orders were transmitted to-day from Washington to vindicate the law at any cost.

We have not time or space to notice the nonsense that is occasionally printed about the "prostitution of art," etc., etc. Pray what did the ancients paint, and shall we imitate them? Lascoon? There is an old story which some of these critics should remember. When Michael Angelo had finished his Last Judgment, he exhibited it to the Pope. His Holiness was not pleased, and next day a message was received by the painter to the effect that the Pope's modesty was hurt by the want of clothing on some of the principal figures, and he wished the defect corrected.

"Tell the Pope," replied the furious painter, "to reform men and women, and my pictures will then reform themselves."

THE LOUNGER.

THE WASHINGTON TRAGEDY.

CAN any of us be surprised by the recent murder of Mr. Key in Washington? When the newspapers declare, and private testimony asserts, that the capital in the world is more rotten than it, it remarkable that a wife should be faithless and her husband should have an affair? When it is perfectly well understood among intelligent people that corruption of every kind prevails in Washington, reaching even to the bribery, or the pecuniary persuasion, of the men who make the laws, which the rest of us are punished if we do not obey, shall we turn pale and profess to be horror-stricken by a crime? If a whole system of practical politics be a conflict of jobs and jobbers, of curses at the very centre of the struggle there will be no social honesty, no individual honor left.

A man who is false or corruptible in politics is false every where. There is only one kind of dishonesty in the world, as there is only one kind of darkness. A man who will tell lies in a political speech will tell lies in his business, in his family, in all his other relations of life, when the temptation is strong enough. A man who puts his conscience in his pocket in political matters will not take it out to the detriment of his private affairs. Every lie a man tells in a drop of water helps in making every subsequent falsehood slip more nimbly over. If he be elected, for instance, as the representative of the interests of all the people, and sell himself to promote measures of a merely private nature, with regard to the public advantage, or directly against it, he is as much a swindler as any other public thief, and would steal spoons when our society were different.

If politics and political society are where are carrying, it is no wonder that crime is everywhere. Why should we expect a man who is not loyal to his own conscience to be loyal to his friend, or to the wife of any other man? Private infidelity and public falsehood are Siamese twins. Washington, of course, is an exceptional city. Society is probably no worse there than in every large city in the world. But it is corrupt. It is. Certainly virtue is not. And does any American citizen, however hurt, however shocked, however ashamed he may be, profess to be surprised by any kind of iniquity in Washington?

Not at all. The fact that one man has been shot there this winter, but that a dozen are not shot every winter. And the moral is, that so long as men are elected or appointed to the service with, not regard to their private characters—rather in open disregard of them—the most extraordinary evil so long private decency and public order will be constantly and flagrantly outraged.

But we must take Washington as a representative city. It is, in a certain sense, an epitome of the moral condition of the whole country. The work of the late tragedy is not the individual adultery or murder; it is a secret tendency in the popular mind to justify the one and excuse the other. And while that is the real public sentiment—while it is generally held that the law is made for the weak, the highest possible principle that can regulate human action may be properly set aside—so long Christian civilization is not safe. The most unlimited indulgence of the meanest passions will continue, because the unbridled indulgence of what we call the highest is justified.

But if there be any such thing as character or conduct in the world, if there be any slighest sentiment or truth—if there be any right and wrong at all in human relations, then the Washington tragedy is chey to come into play, except in precisely such cases as this, in extreme cases of every kind?

Of course in the ordinary course of transactions, and extenuations, and anger that conquers the will and the unbridled indulgence of what we call the conscious fury. But ought it to do so? Ought a man to be negatively praised for losing his moral control? Do we not, in fact, praise a man for slightly, precisely the worst ayes of all? The moral sense of every man tells him that for those very reasons—for the trials that tear at his heart-roots. That reason may be overcome, and the man commit a crime as violent as that which he condemns, but he is then not a man to be pitied as if he were a victim of fate. He is a man to be shot as he is a crime also.

Do you say that it is idle to talk, and that men will always revenge such wrongs in blood, and the world will excuse them?

What of that? The slaughters rend the hand that is raised against their cubs. So the Mohammedan, "Do not injure the dog that watches an eye for an eye. What we say is, that no gratification of any kind is justifiable which is not in accordance with the highest principle. Those men who profess to derive their religious law from another source than Mohammed, and who hold to a society separate from that of Christ, have a distinction system of morals is either practicable to the human nature as it is, or to be conceived. Whatever that do we mean when we say that a seducer is served right by being murdered on the spot? If we do not mean that, why do we praise Washington?

If men will always revenge such crimes in such ways then they will always be much more savage than they ought to be. For such revenge is not lovely, it is brutal. The revengeful man is in his nobility of nature, his character, his morality: just his savage is in his nobility of nature, but brutal. When a man loves a woman with his whole heart and she betrays him, the woe that quarters him is not that she has dishonored his bed, blood or by that of any one else. In the degree that he is a man, he feels that love is forbidden possible in the world. Grief may madden him; but with what or whom is he indignant? With a woman for preferring another man, or a man for enjoying and promoting that preference?

Suppose the woman to be his wife. It makes the grief more bitter, but it does not change its nature. Would any man assert a right in any woman which any other man could violate, except what her love gave him? Wedlock is love and law. A man has the individual affection in her as her husband, and if his legal rights are infringed he has a legal remedy. But the substance and soul of their relation is love, and when that is gone on either side, from whatever cause, the survivor may be justified in whatever he may do to what purpose or with whom shall be he angry?

In fact, it is hardly a question that the feeling which prompts revenge at such a time is simply rage at the scandal which the husband forces in the world; and this was eminently the case in the present instance. This is the "dishonor" which is talked about. For of course it is not dishonorable in a man that his wife is false, however terrible it may be.

It is really, therefore, the impulse of his own selfishness, and not the overmastery of his love for his wife, which leads a husband to murder her adulterer. It is as far from a genuine manly instinct as any other angry action. If a man swear, with set teeth, that he will shoot any man who tempts with his conjugal honor—who believes any the more that he is a loving, loyal husband? There is not an unfaithful husband in the world who would not, probably, say and do precisely the same thing—a man that he who loved and respected his wife least would be most likely to do it, by way of keeping his "honor" bright—his "honor" requiring him to kill another man for doing what he does not hesitate to do himself.

Of course there is a point of the same crime; and the murder of Mr. Key is not to be classed with that of Col. White in Salem, thirty years ago, who so coolly killed in the duel with Cooper. Nor is it to be held that the murderers in each case ought to receive the same fate. It is true, under the legal, aspect of the matter with which we are concerned, that the law is the same—but there us not forget that crimes are still crimes, however sharp the provocation.

And while we remember that we may have charity without sentimental sophistication; charity over the head of crime, over the criminal, and, above all, over the real victim of the tragedy, "Let her up tenderly" in your thoughts, all gentle souls! The accusations that you plead for the murderer are themselves eloquent for her—so young, so friendless, so rich a wild, fiery, wayward girl fascinated to her ruin. If you hasten to pardon crime to him who sins through hatred you have no excuse to be one in all this through love. Tenderly, tenderly, pious souls!

"Owning her weakness,
Her miss fortunes,
But leaving with weakness
All the rest of her human."

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

"TOM LOUNGER—In the *Harper's Weekly* issued February 5, 1859, I find, in the article, Punctuation, the note: County, Tennessee, who wishes to know if it is grammatical to say 'I will send either of the following (publisher's name) will send either of the following works,' etc., you say that the publisher is quite correct. Is this one of the points on which Lindley Murray, and those of some very respectable grammarians, is wrong?

"'Either' should be used when either is taken separately, and signifies the one or the other. 'Take any 'Either of the two,' 'either of the three,' etc."—BROWN & LINDLEY GRAMMAR, page 219.

"'Either' should be used when either of things taken separately, and signifies the one or the other. "'Either of the three' is ungrammatical, and should be 'either of the three.'"—KIRKHAM'S GRAMMAR, page 190, *Distributive Pronouns*.

"'Either relates to two persons or things only, taken separately, and signifies the one or the other. We may say 'Either of the three' is incorrect."—SMITH'S GRAMMAR, page 94, *Distributive Pronouns*, Note 14.

"'Either refers to two objects taken separately.'—COBB'S GRAMMAR, *Distributive Pronouns*, page 129.

"The pronominal adjectives *either* and *neither* relate to but two objects."—BULLION'S GRAMMAR, page 220.

"*Either* and *neither* are not properly to applied to more than *two objects*. "Either of the three" should be "Any of the three."—BUTLER'S GRAMMAR, *Pronouns*, pp. 115, pages 129.

"In Tower's English Grammar," an excellent work published by Harper & Brothers, I find, "*Either* has sometimes been used of one or another of many objects, as, "You may take either of these ten books." This use of the word should be avoided. Instead of either, the phrase *any one* or the word *any* should be employed."—Page 179.

"This last is the only authority for the use of the word either in reference to more than two objects that I can find; and Professor Fowler says that this use of it is not to be encouraged." Mr. Lounger will you please give me other authority for the use of *either* in the latter sense; or direct me to some one or the readers of Harper's Weekly who can? Also, that those interested may furnish me—a constant reader of your valuable paper—with the correct reference, if I am not in error, in the sense we, either may refer to any one of several classes, as in the Elder Book of Harper, page xviii.: 'Either to be making, or to be pointing,' etc. In this sentence is not *either* a conjunction, instead of a pronoun, and used in an unusual sense?

H. C."

Different construction.

THE WEEKLY FARMER.

HINTS FOR THE MONTH.

IT was promised that the "Hints" published last week would be followed by others.

Examine pits of ruta baga turnips. If there are signs of decay, the good should be separated from the bad. Feed the latter, fit for animals, forthwith. Store the others where they will be free from frost. Those intended for the table ted ruta bagas last year. The winter was very mild, and an excess of covering withheld moisture to cause their decay. Not so this year. When feeding ruta bagas do not forget such oxen as have to take an active part in the spring work. Feed them those poor fellows, and don't have them lying down before the plow and harrow.

Hay stacked in the fields should be drawn home in dry and calm weather.

In bad weather, for out-door work, have harness cleaned and repaired. Examine old collars and get them ready for use. Working animals will perform their labor with much greater ease with well-fitting collars. Horses with galled shoulders are restless, fretful, and can not pull well. Before the plow they shrink from steady draught, and an ill-shaped, badly-made furrow is the consequence.

Top-dress grass and clover land with manuring and, old headlands, plaster of Paris, wood ashes mixed with two or three times their bulk of damp soil to prevent the lighter portions from being blown away; muck prepared with the *salt and lime mixture*, etc.

Use the lifting subsoil plow on *hide-bound* land; if moss-grown, harrow freely, and cut sod on bare places.

We have seen excellent results from running the subsoil lifter through winter and spring grain before sodding down. It mellows the soil for grass and clover roots.

Sow clover on rank land for soiling. In hot weather it will be ready for cutting in six weeks, and it prevents the necessity of giving them large quantities of water. Feed it to them in the stables, and your horses will be in better health than is looked for all over a field. There are many farmers who have no small grassable lands, and consequently a fence of the dwelling-house, and not provided with soiling to be fed in cool stables, have to go a long distance to get pasture for working animals at noon-time; they have to be caught, sometimes no very job, before their noon-feeding can begin. In the pasture-field they rock a shaky place rather than feed, and are fretted, irritated, and made feverish by the attacks of insects. In small, level land, and Scotland grows the value of clover grown for soiling. There is no country in the world where the clover plant grows better than America. A crop as ordinarily grown to be saved for winter feeding is not what is wanted for soiling, and, therefore, the cutting of clover from a common hay field is a very exceptional, and not answer the best purpose because it is not rank and juicy enough, and you have not a succession of crops the same season, as would be true of a piece of very rich land heavily top-dressed or treated with liquid and manure after each cut. Various oats are good for soiling, and in some cases Indian corn, Hungarian grass, barley, etc.

Brush land should be cleared for oats. The ashes from the burning of it will be good manure. Burn over and rake off the surface of stony piles-hills having a southern exposure. Sow none but the best seed. If in burning it does burn like chaff or mill-seeds than good, heavy, plump grain, and that you are compelled to sow it for want of better, give it a thin sowing. Where practicable, to take out seeds of weeds and the lightest of it, which will float off in the water. Soak the seed in the best, and in the finest condition, but it can not grow a healthy plant unless the life-giving power be in the seed. In every, if possible, calm water will float it. If the land be in seven-acre ridges, cut the seed with both hands, after the fashion of sowers. Double the quantity of work may thus be done, and we have always found the crop of oats so understood his business—in better manner.

Hot-beds should be well cared. See that they are properly covered with mats against late frosts and lifting frosts. In fine weather give the plants plenty of fresh air; aside, words, from the subject, telling the way to make and care them, may probably be referred to with advantage. Do not forget that tomatoes need a deep and copious mush heat, and the former good ventilation.

Cold frames for hardening off plants will soon be upon us the weather. On a fine spring's day we often think of what Dodd called "Obadiah" should never sleep while the sun is up."

Sow spinach as soon as possible; it is an excellent vegetable for early use. A little bed of spring rape, sown thickly, to be used as *greens*, will be valuable for variety's sake, and may be used up to the time of early cabbages.

Plant peas in rows two inches apart, and leave a space of two feet, or a little more, between every three rows. According to this plan two rows of stakes will do for every three rows of peas. Use the T-shaped marker, with teeth at proper distances apart, to mark out the rows.

Start Lima beans in inverted sods within doors, to be put out in mild weather. The young plants are tender and will not bear much cold.

Sow early turnip, rooted and long blood beets, carrots, parsnips, onion-seed to grow for next year, lettuce and radish-seed, and early horn carrots.

Do not plant potatoes, even for early use, except very few, until the weather shall have unmistakably lost all wintry character.

Transplanting of trees started during winter should be taken out before they begin to grow.

As soon as the ground is in good condition plant seeds procured through the winter intended for seed. Sprouts are apt to be broken off in the handling, thus devoting the seed-products power of the roots; they should therefore be planted before they sprout much.

Examine all seeds on hand as to quality and quantity; select very carefully to avoid loss of soil, waste of time, and loss of labor, and disappointment. Fork in manure spread on asparagus beds in the fall. Do not weed the plants. Top-dress with salt to fertilize them and keep down weeds. A rich soil will be conducive to its highest flavor. Flavor occasionally, and apply liquid manure in the absence of rains.

Clean drawer-beds, fork the ground, and replace the mulch, especially beneath choice vines.

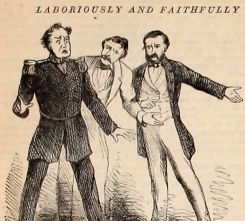
Manure quince-trees; a top-dressing of the salt and lime mixture will be conducive to the quality and quantity of the fruit.

Loosen the ground about grape-vines. Plant grape-cuttings at an angle of 45° or thereabouts, leaving two eyes out, to rows eighteen inches apart, and six inches apart in the rows. Cuttings made in the fall, from the middle of October to the last week in November, are better than those cut in the spring; the latter having been dried by the sun and winds of winter, and are, therefore, not in condition to strike soon as readily as those kept plump in damp sand, free from frost, in a cellar.

Loosen the ground about grape-vines. Plant

Yᴱ STORY OF Yᴱ NAVY YARD Wᴴ IS AT BROOKLYN.

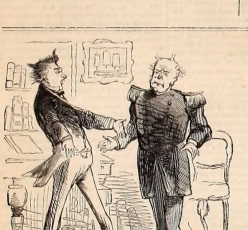
LABORIOUSLY AND FAITHFULLY COMPILED FROM Yᴱ RECORDS OF Yᴱ INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE, 1859.



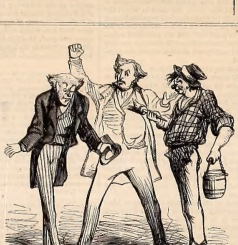
Yᵉ members of Congress from yᵉ city of New York demand that the Commodore at yᵉ Navy Yard shall instantly give employment to their "friends."

Said friends being part thieves, part knaves, part fools, all drunken, all ignorant of yᵉ duties required of workmen at yᵉ Navy Yard, but all capable of voting many times on election day, of driving peaceable citizens from the polls, and of bullying primary conventions.

Yᵉ Commodore declaring that under the circumstances he can not give employment to yᵉ drunken, thievish, and rowdy "friends," yᵉ members for yᵉ city rush in wrath and tears to yᵉ Sec. of yᵉ Navy, and weep bitterly at yᵉ neglect with wʰ their friends are treated, cursing yᵉ Commodore up yᵉ hill and down yᵉ dale.

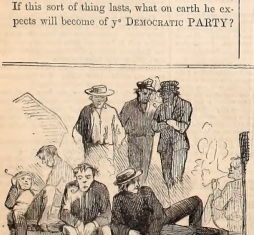


Yᵉ Sec. of yᵉ Navy sends for yᵉ stiff-necked Commodore and asks him, in sore distress and wrath, If this sort of thing lasts, what on earth he expects will become of yᵉ DEMOCRATIC PARTY?



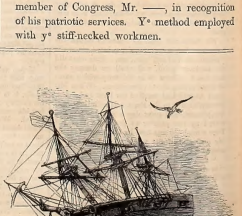
Yᵉ Commodore being thus brought to reason, a member of Congress presents a "friend" to yᵉ master painter, and requires that he be employed—otherwise he will "prefer charges." Yᵉ master painter employs yᵉ friend directly.

Yᵉ workmen at yᵉ Navy Yard wʰ is in Brooklyn, get up a "voluntary subscription" to purchase a watch and chain for their "friend," yᵉ member of Congress, Mr. ——, in recognition of his patriotic services. Yᵉ method employed with yᵉ stiff-necked workmen.



Orders are received at yᵉ Navy Yard to fit out nine ships for sea, and yᵉ workmen have very hard work indeed. Yᵉ "friends" laboring "with a will."

Yᵉ Commodore, in despair, abandons yᵉ attempt to have work done, and throws himself on his country.



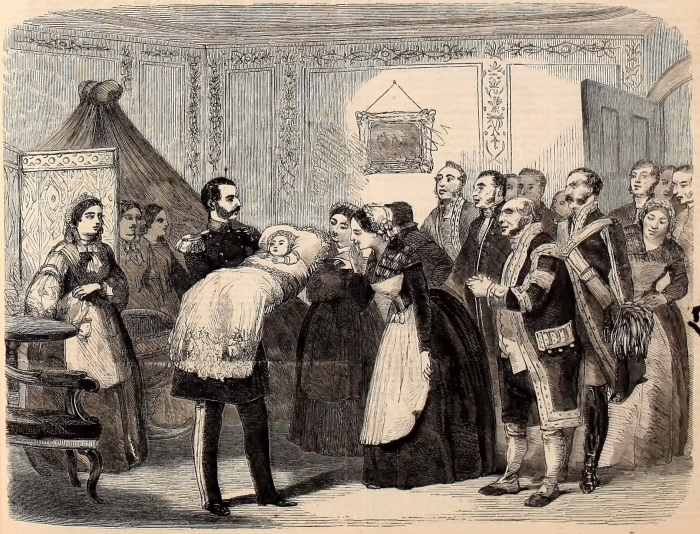
MORAL.—Yᵉ national vessel *Arctic* is fitted out to catch yᵉ British cruisers, takes eighteen days to sail to Cuba, breaks down twelve times on yᵉ way, and is finally towed into port by a friendly British craft.

THE EXPLOSION OF THE STEAMER "PRINCESS" AT CONRAD'S POINT, ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

EXPLOSION OF THE "PRINCESS."

We give herewith an illustration of the fearful catastrophe which took place at Conrad's Point, on the Mississippi, on Sunday, 27th ult. The steamboat *Princess*, from Vicksburg to New Orleans, exploded her boiler at an early hour on Sunday morning, and burned to the water's edge. Four hundred passengers were on board at the time, two hundred of whom are lost and missing, mostly residents of Louisiana and Mississippi. A large number of those on board were ladies

Those known to be killed are, J. W. Seymour, of Baton Rouge, Louisiana; Mr. Calhoun, of Maysville, Kentucky; the pilot and assistant engineer of the *Princess*; H. B. Murphy, of St. Louis; J.



PRINCE FREDERICK WILLIAM, OF PRUSSIA, PRESENTING HIS BABY TO HIS HOUSEHOLD.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

Hodges, of Mississippi; and three whose names are unknown.

Among the missing are Charles Bannister and L. Howard, representatives from New Orleans to the State Legislature, Joseph Clark, several clerks and Samuel Wartz, of Virginia.

No other Northern or Eastern names have as yet been ascertained. A large number were badly scalded and otherwise injured.

The loss of property are a total loss. The former was one of the finest on the river.

A late dispatch from New Orleans says: "A local arrival from the wreck of the *Pocahontas* brings a number of the wounded. It was foggy at the time of the explosion, and the *Pocahontas*, being behind time, had too much steam on."

A Baton Rouge dispatch says: "The engineer is reported to say he would reach New Orleans certain on time or blow up. The engineer was cut in two. About a hundred passengers were wounded, and many of them are in a dangerous and dying state. It is impossible yet to ascertain the number of the lost. Several boats have saved many lives. There is much excitement here, and all along the river. Numerous unrecognized bodies are being found."

PRINCE FREDERICK WILLIAM AND HIS BABY.

We have already chronicled the birth of the son and heir of Prince Frederick William of Prussia. As, under the circumstances, the little stranger is an object of more than usual interest to the world even in the United States, we give on the preceding page an illustration of a scene which took place the day after his birth.

At eleven o'clock in the morning of the day following the accouchement of the Princess, we are told that the father summoned all the members of his household into the nursery and the mother confined to them. The baby was asleep, but the daylight of the attendants, which could not be repressed, soon awakened it. The Court Gazette stated that he is said by his grandfather to be "as lusty a recruit as you would wish to see."

Courtiers are already at work proving that the Prince must have a brilliant destiny.

The celebrated astronomer and natural philosopher, Dr. August, writes to the *Vossische Zeitung*: "While the last piece of the planetary ring is descending to Heaven, the constellation known to the astronomers under the name of 'Frederick, Prince of,' and baptized in the harmony of old Prints of Prussia, stood in the zenith of Berlin. This extraordinary conjunction of the heavens took place at the exact moment of the birth of the young Prince. Half an hour later, another constellation, 'Sirius Storm and Sword,' culminated to the over Berlin." Now, if horoscope-taking be worth a great, this infant must at least be destined to become an Alexander."

LITERARY.

MR. J. M. ESTEBO MILLER, an artist of fine talent, has produced an engraving which is worthy of special notice even in this day of fine art works. Mr. Miller has designed and executed it himself, and as an illustration of a high order of art, done with the pencil as the graver, it may be considered unsurpassed in recent productions. The design of the engraving, which is of the largest size, is to represent the great facts in the history of America. The composition is remarkable, introducing an immense number of figures, but with great judgment and good effect. The first prominence is occupied by the Norsemen on the right and Columbus and his followers on the left. These are boldly drawn, in fine position, and with careful study of costumes and countenance. The figures are large, but these are often seen in the distance. The Norsemen, especially, are introduced admirably, and this portion of the engraving is one of the finest specimens of work we have ever seen. Beyond these are the Pilgrims of New England and other emigrants, and the third prominent group in the edge embraces the scenes of the Revolution, battle and death on one hand, and, on the other hand, the great people assembled in mass under the flag of the country. A symbolical representation of the Union, with a statue of the Father of his country, the crowning idea of the composition. Notwithstanding our extraordinary habit of dishonoring monuments, we can not but feel with this of Mr. Miller's. It is a most artistic and interesting engraving, which we are persuaded our lovers of fine art will find a graver will enjoy. It is curious in being entirely done like a map, and we do not find any single work on this immense sheet. Unlike other fine works of art, which may be enjoyed for their beauty and then forgotten, this is a study for hours, and will hang on the wall, will be a subject of new discoveries of interest and historical instruction for years.

It is a great pleasure to announce the publication of such works as Allibone's DICTIONARY OF AUTHORS, of which we have received the first volume from Childs & Peterson, Philadelphia. The full title of the book is "A CRITICAL DICTIONARY OF ANY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE, and British and American Authors, living and deceased; containing thirty thousand Biographies and Literary Notices, with forty Indexes of Subjects, by S. Austin Allibone." The title promises much, and we have a very careful examination of the volume before us, we are bound to say that the book, thus far, excuses up to the promise. Emphatically no man can do without it who wishes to have at hand a great source of literary information, and a constant and safe reference for books, authors, and subjects.

The industry which Mr. Allibone has displayed deserves the hearty thanks of the American and English literary world, and will receive it. Every man who has written and published a sermon, or a tract, or a song, in English, between two covers, is here catalogued and indexed. When we have tried the volume by our own literary, and not nothing which has escaped the diligent research of the author. Errors and omissions there may be, and possibly are; but the volume is a curiosity of patience and perseverance, and one which library shelves can not afford to do without. We suggest to the editor that some of his sketches of biography are of greater length than the general reader of the book demands. They are readable portions of the book, indeed; but does any one expect to find readable matter in these volumes? and will they be read, except by critics to be criticised? An obvious exception is the sketch account as to Bishop Berkeley, the personal recollections of Mr. Tickner and Mr. Everett form deeply interesting pages which justify the lengthy sketch of the author. The sketch the first portions might have been well condensed. The article on Irving, it is to be hoped, is a specimen of our remark. But this is no blemish on the book, and the reader will perceive that the author plainly has a purpose in giving us no more or no more. We would direct the attention of the book-hunter and book purchaser to this dictionary, to which we shall hereafter refer as occasion serves. The general plan and execution of the volume are admirable, opened a list of his published works with the year of publication; and in most instances, where possible, add a brief estimate of the man's ability, either from contemporary critics or by the editor.

TICKNOR, literally translated by Henry Thomas Riley, and the same considers in George Colman's much verse translation, by Dr. Dio Lewis, and some of Harper's "Classical Library." Here, for seventy-five cents, any one may own the best of Horace, and for the same price, in the same book, may read in letter English—if blank verse to better—the comedies of the Cothurnus, which are the wit well worth reading; and if the scholar, who prefers the original, desires a cheap text for his study, he will do well not to disdain Mr. Riley's admirable renderings.

"What is that and emphatic title for a book is this? "BOOK," by Newman Hall, published by Carter & Brothers. The man is a preacher of the ordinary good novels of the same author. The scenes are more powerfully outlined, and the men and women more vigorously drawn than in "Margaret Maitland" itself. Here, for example, is the scene in which the father's confession of error of England, of the sheriff's officer, commanded to arrest the body of the old Laird of Lochlee, during his dead and in the hearse on the way to burial, and actually seizing the dead body and stopping the funeral. The scene of the arrest, and the indignation of the sons of the dead man, and the rebuking effect, form a fine picture of the book in point of color. The pathos of many scenes, too, is worthy of any writer; so that we are confident in placing the book before all among the novels of the season.

(Harper & Brothers, publishers.)

"CHAPTERS, LETTERS, AND LANDSCAPE, IN AFRICA, is a very pleasant book, from James Challen & Son, Philadelphia; which, although it is travel over the usual route, is unpretending, simply sketchy to be agreeable, and gives so much pleasant travel in the beaten track as to make the reader the most betraveled reader will enjoy it. The external style of the book is artistic.

Author by Peter's new poem, THE GOLDEN AGE, published by E. Goodenough, in this city, lies on our table. Mr. Peter, choice in the matter of appearance in a story around which he throws the charm of verse. He writes with enthusiasm, and this is one of the strong points of the poet. He thinks gracefully, and graceful thought is by no means a unconsiderable requisite in the novels of the imaginations are of the purest order, and the purity which characterizes the poem is one of its greatest ornaments.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, 28th February, in the Senate, after another refusal to take up the Homestead Bill, the Committee of Conference were appointed to meet similar Committees of the House on the Deficiency Bill, consisting of the amendments to the Legislative, Executive, and Judicial, and Civil and Diplomatic Appropriation Bills. Senator Mr. Houston made his farewell address to the Senate, in which he expressed his regret at leaving the body of congress. The Post-Office Appropriation Bill was then taken up, appropriating $8,000,000, was then taken up, appropriating $8,000,000, was then passed. Mr. Houston moved to take up the Homestead Bill, which was rejected and indefinitely postponed. The Post-Office Appropriation Bill was then taken up. Mr. Phelps asked leave to report a bill to revise the postage-rate and to abolish the franking privilege in certain cases. He then moved to go into committee on the General Appropriation Bill, which was done. A motion to strike out the Coast Survey appropriation was unsuccessful. The amendments of the committee were then put upon the accounts of the late Superintendent of Public Printing, and the House adjourned, having passed the bill.

On Tuesday, 1st March, in the Senate, the credentials of Mr. Pugh, Senator elect from Ohio, were presented. The Post-Office Appropriation Bill was taken up in Committee, and a debate was appended similar to that on the Post-routes Bill, raising the rate of postage to five cents, and abolishing the franking privilege. It was agreed that the Post-office advertising should hereafter be done only in the two papers of the largest circulation in each State, and two in Washington City. A motion by Mr. Bigler, that Mr. Brown, formerly a printer and contractor, be allowed to carry the mails by any route he may choose, provoked a long debate, in the course of which it came out that the letter by that conveyance would probably be done to sixty dollars. The amendment was rejected. The Post-Office Bill, with the amendments, was then reported to the Senate, and the latter were subsequently acted upon by the Senate, and most of them agreed to. One of long reduce the contract of Butterfield & Co. The Bill was finally passed. Up to 12. The Naval Appropriation Bill was taken up at 10 o'clock at night.——In the House, the Miscellaneous Appropriation Bill was finally passed, after action on the Senate's amendments. The Ocean Mail Appropriation Bill, after debate, was passed. The Senate's amendments by the House, by 11 majority. The Senate's amendments to the Deficiency Bill were then taken up.

On Wednesday, 2d, in the Senate, the Post-Office Appropriation Bill was then passed. A great number of the Senate's amendments to the Deficiency Bill were then taken up. Mr. Bigler moved to take up the Homestead Bill, which was rejected. Mr. Houston then spoke in opposition to the Homestead Bill, illustrating the President to issue Treasury notes for twenty millions, which was rejected. The Senate then adjourned, 24 to 19. There was no Session.——In the House, the Senate's amendments to the Deficiency Bill, authorizing the President to confer on Commodore Paulding a vote of thanks, were taken up. The Naval Appropriation Bill was then taken up, and the Senate's amendments were agreed to. The Senate's amendments to the Deficiency Bill were acted upon. The House refused to concur in the Senate's amendment to the bill of the St. Clair Flats was passed by 95 majority. The Ocean Mail Appropriation Bill was then taken up for discussion. The President was requested to communicate any information in his possession with regard to the difficulties in the late treaty with that country which discriminated against American vessels in favor of those of England or against in Switzerland. A great deal of conflicting information was presented by members on the contradictory motions; but finally the Senate's amendments were concurred in. The House then went into Committee of the whole on the Naval Appropriation Bill, and after inserting the vessels for the Paraguay Expedition exploring the Dead Sea, the Committee rose and the bill was removed; but finally the appropriation for the Expedition was given, and the Bill finally passed and concurred. The Senate Post-route Bill was allowed to lie over for the present.

On Thursday, 3d, in the Senate, the House bill providing for the erection of the Custom-House, considered. Committee, was passed. The Miscellaneous Appropriation Bill was then taken up in private session, and discussed at great length. An additional appropriation of $1,000,000 was made for the Post-Office Bill. The Senate then went into Executive session, and soon adjourned. An appropriation of $178,000 for four years was made for the Light-House Board, to complete the work in the Gulf of Mexico. An appropriation of $500,000 to complete the Treasury. The sum of $1,000,000 was granted for further discussion, and amendments proposed and lost, and the Bill passed 24 to 19. The Post-Office Bill, from the President, appealing to Congress to preserve the peace with Mexico, was read. The Speaker of the Chair of Congress, and there is no appropriation yet to pay the expenses of the Commissioners to Mexico. The Senate's information submitted by the Secretary of State. The Senate's amendments to the Deficiency Bill were then taken up, and the final year nearly eighteen millions will be expended, with a corresponding reduction of the force of the harbors ports, and no means to meet them. Thus the continued policy of the Democratic party. Thus it is impossible to avoid this catastrophe unless provision is made against it which can be remedied by action of the present Congress. If this was the first instead of the last session of Congress, it would be a matter of little moment, but if it transcended to-morrow thirteen States will not be represented in the next Congress. The Senate's amendments to the Deficiency Bill were then taken up, and the House refused to concur. The Senate's amendments to the Miscellaneous Appropriation Bill, and non-concurrence of the House, were then taken up with much earnestness. The Senate refused to recede from their amendments which were not satisfactory to the House. The Senate's amendments to the Deficiency Bill were then taken up, and a hearty concurrence, as it involved the sacrifice of the Post-office Appropriation Bill. Mr. Phelps, of Vermont, declared that he would insist on having the amendments to that bill voted upon separately. After a long struggle, Senator Broderick gave way, and the House agreed to the Senate's amendments to the Deficiency Bill. The Senate's amendments to the Miscellaneous Appropriation Bill were then taken up, and the House refused to concur. The Post-office Bill was last.——In the House, the Deficiency Bill was then taken up, and the Senate's bill by the Chairman and adopted. The House then decided that the reference of the Senate's amendments to the Post-office Bill was then taken up, and the House refused to concur. The Senate's amendments to the Post-office Bill were then taken up, and the House refused to concur. The Senate's amendments to the Deficiency Bill were then taken up, and the House refused to concur. The Senate's amendments to the Miscellaneous Appropriation Bill, and after some debate, a resolution offered by Mr. Grow, of Pennsylvania, was adopted, that the Senate's amendments, to be returned to the Senate, as the proposed increase of the Post-office Bill was unconstitutional, which can only originate in the House, was adopted, by a vote of 116 to 71. The Senate's amendments to the Deficiency Bill, being a similar proposition, were then dropped, and the Senate's amendments to the Deficiency Bill were then taken up, and the House refused to concur. The Senate's amendments to the Post-office Bill, to carry into effect the treaty with China, was passed, and concurred in by a vote of 116 to 71. The Senate's amendments to the Deficiency Bill were then taken up, and the House refused to concur. The Senate's amendments to the Miscellaneous Appropriation Bill, and after some debate, a resolution offered by Mr. Grow, of Pennsylvania, was adopted, that the Senate's amendments, to be returned to the Senate, as the proposed increase of the Post-office Bill was unconstitutional, which can only originate in the House, was adopted,

killed about twenty-five years ago in a duel with Middlemass Sherburne, of Portsmouth, New Hampshire.

A London newspaper has it that Mr. Henry T. Tuckerman is in that city, just from New York, with a view of courting Dickensites the United States, and Mr. Arthur Smith will accompany him. Mr. Albert Smith says that Mr. Hiley Bond, an old friend of his, is a gentleman and positively not an acting, and that it is just possible that he may become the lessee of a theatre in the Strand. On the evening of January 24, the Hon. John Cochrane, a great dinner-party at Washington to the ex-President of the United States, Secretary of State, Governors, Ringgoes, Simmons, Shaw, Colright, Hart, Billings, and other Washington notabilities, and the richest himself inferior eloquence. He comes of the old Livingston stock.

A letter in a Boston newspaper says that the visitation number of the Cow Chapel will be preached on the 31st of the Rev. Dr. Oggins, by the Rev. Mr. Hedge, who is to take for his text, "If we are not mistaken, a few of a new kind is already in the pasture." The Rev. Mr. Longfellow, of Brooklyn.

Samuel T. Gallagher for the town of Wallkill, New York, has attached, and offers for sale, "A pair of blooded horses, the property of Mr. Bowne." The book, in satisfaction for taxes due said town by the land owner.

The Washington correspondent of the New Orleans *Bee* says that Lord Lyons has presented a copy of Mr. Mr. Corcoran's son-in-law, that a member of Mr. Buchanan's Cabinet has refused to be invited to dine at a brilliant a member of the Cabinet of Mr. Buchanan's successor.

Miss Bet. Sturgeon has abandoned the contemplated trip to America certainly for the present year.

A little gentleman, aged fifteen years and a little lady, aged fourteen years, who were at school together at Alsager, arrived at an Union on Sunday morning last, having eloped from home with the intention of being made one flesh. The father of the boy followed them, and on coming into communion, and took the couple home, where the young gentleman was shut up in his bedroom on bread and water, and the young lady was thus brought to a sense of her duty.

Rebecca Argyrotti, late of Bologna, was executed by being shut down by a dog while walking in the street a few days ago, and on examining the animal's mouth a ring in it has not been able to leave the house since, or still to be, from physical impossibility, as large as the moon. A similar accident in the hall of the Astor House was described for some time by a gentleman named lawyer, Nicholas Hill.

Sir Gerrard Ryglin, of Rhode Island, after an honorable public career, has returned to the practice of law. The present Chief Magistrate of the United States, Governor Dye, has declined a commission for Governor. He has been succeeded by Mr. Jeremiah Clemens, who has become a merchant and resides in Huntsville, Alabama.

Two young ladies belonging to Newburyport, a few days since, wishing to go "down to the beach," purchased skates and the Merrimac to the cars and railroad, and made their passage of two miles in twenty minutes. The same portion of the way there was a strong head wind, or the feat might have been performed in less than half.

The rumor which has been going the rounds of the press, that Lord Justice Turner intended to retire from his judgeship in the Supreme Court of the United States, for Privileged Orders from the Presidency, is wholly without foundation, and Lord Justice Turner does not intend to resign his judgeship for many years to come.

"A Hurdet Bull" was recently given at Chicago, at which no gentleman was admitted without some hairy lamer to the floor. At the close of the evening the beautiful ageshes demonstrative of shaving, was the following:

"Mary—Always, Lambs, Lambs, Lambs, Lambs, Lambs, Lambs: no noble to be hardened, no perfect to be botched by the bandage of blazers."

The entertainment closed with the "Bearded Quadrille," a dance made for the occasion.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

A LION AT LARGE ON BOARD SHIP.

The *Himalaya*, screw troop ship, Commander John Sconce, arrived at Spithead on Sunday last from Montreal. She left Montreal on the 24th ultimo, and Tuesday on the 25th, having passed Quebec, had to stop a number of presents to her majesty the Queen of Great Britain. The Duke of Newcastle, the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Lyons, and Lord Palmerston, the last with his wife, two Arab horses, and six ostriches, together with several cases of valuable merchandise. But the most alarming incident occurred on the *Himalaya's* passage home. On the 3d inst., when the ship was steaming on the part of his keeper (a Moor), the lion, a fine full-grown animal, burst through the bars of his cage and speedily cleared the main deck of human beings. As may be imagined, the animal's appearance on deck caused no small alarm to the ship, and the passengers and crew rushed pell-mell down the companion ladder, the lion making savage in the rigging of the vessel. The king of the beasts, however, soon found his way down again to the lower accommodation, for the hatches were quickly battened up in an adjoining stall, and the latter showed fight by making a spring at the hatch, and had it not been for the attack by tearing his opponent with one stroke of the paw. The lion, it is said, kept watch over the dead for some time, until a rope was thrown over his head and hauled taut. The animal struggled for a few minutes, but his legs were secured, and he was hauled back to his den. As for the carnage and carnage of the lion's victim, the cook of night have occurred; as it was, the lion was not secured until he had received a severe wound from an axe blow with a meat-chopper.

ELOPED WITH A POLICEMAN.

Lately one of the guardians of the lives and property of our kingdom's subjects in the metropolis was guilty of a breach for a couple of days. He proceeded to Dorchester, where he soon saw the object of his affections. Nothing was unbroken. He was not content with. Now the scuffle was over, and the lion was secured. Miss Sharp said to her, "Is he aimed at nothing less than Miss Sarah, a rough old gentleman, who had left his uncle in a suspicious state of health, and had gone to Friday night. They staid all night at a relative's, and started early morning for Gravesend. The young lady's father learned their whereabouts, and pursued them. He said, in hurried tones to the lady, "Your mother is in hospital to Lavender, where the runaways were married. "I am afflicted beyond measure," was the reply. "I am your mother Miss ——?" She replied, "Yes." "Then I must inform her decease." "Mother dead!" "Yes, Mr. Policeman No. —, here interposed, and asked, "Where was the marriage?" "Gravesend." "Then I must get a license." "Where?" "Dorchester." "Let's be off," and he said the official. "Spend a police-officer from Gravesend," shouted the lady. "Police-officer! Police in charge." This staggered the official, and he was by-and-by to start any how. The young lady's father understand; a license, and not a warrant, was procured, and he followed the fugitives to Dorchester. The lady appeared in charge of her captor, before the parsons, and not the magistrate, and she was bound "to love, honour, and obey" Policeman No. —.

A LITTLE OF WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

The *Literary Gazette* publishes a letter lately addressed by Mr. Landor to the editor of Morning Herald, which is as follows: "As they were at one time great friends, but, on meeting in Paris after seven years, the gentleman accused the other that Landor's conduct in his late quarrels with a woman had not been creditable, and he "cut" him. So much for Paris.

Mr. Lord.—Now I am recovering from an illness of several months' duration, occasioned no little by your nobody's rude reception of me, I am desirous to inform my family and of numerous Florentines, I must request you in the gentlest terms of the occurrence. It was the only personal indignity I ever received. We had been, my lord, and varying on deceptitude and indecision, for my sole might have occurred; as it was, no language I am unobservant of distinctions. You, by the favor of a minister, are Marquis of Normanby; I, by the grace of God, am Walter Savage Landor."

FRANCE.

HOW THE PAY OF THE DEPUTIES WAS SETTLED.

The correspondent of the *Daily News* writes on Wednesday: "A very extraordinary circumstance occurred to-day. The pay of the deputies is fixed at 2,500f. per month, and the ordinary duration of the session is three months, in which case the pay would be 7,500f. But the Senate, which is composed of 150 members, and which has been grouped for a day or two without any apparent reason, has resolved on enabling the Ministers to touch a fourth month's pay as a reward for docility. This resolution was carried by 130 to 120 votes. Eleven of the seven Bureaux sent in their respective committee-rooms for the first time this session, and the result was a decision by a leading majority to appeal to answer an official question whether they would or would not receive their pay. The vote was 11 to 1, and the sum accepted of 2,500 francs per month. The deputies were, however, unanimous in their resolve to do their work, and, if possible, to do it without injuring their own personal interests. They would like very much to get rid of 10,000 francs, but they would not like to have it thrown to them, and they think it highly indicative that the Senate should have had the tact to divine precisely how much of the bureaux refused to answer the question. In the Corps Législatif, on the 1st inst., there was a similar resolution: 'Whereas, under existing circumstances, the pay cannot be refused to the Corps Législatif in a positive sense the bureau passes to the order of the day.' I have not yet been able to discover a clause of appeal, and, therefore, I can hardly suppose that it can have been carried."

THE PRESS AND THE EMPEROR'S SPEECH.

The *Times* correspondent writes: "The Government papers of this morning are, as might have been expected, brilliant, for there were plenty of subjects who had no other than to be so. The *Constitutionnel* is full of praise of the young Serdinian Princess—or, as the organ of Paris, the *Pays*, calls her, the Princess Clotilde. The Bonaparte Company, who have always ready for imperial visits an air of welcome, have been preparing for the arrival of the Princess, and are glad to spread their velvet out to intercept the blisters of the Princess's feet. Her arrival at Paris is to be on Saturday next, and the marriage is declared, because then the saint pulled out the pedigree of the Princess, and found her to be legitimate. Perhaps in the rest of the route not a sound of welcome was heard but from the mouths of the police. At Lyons, at Dijon, at Bastia, where an immense crowd of work-people were expected, there was not a single workman present. Some of the *artelier*, but as the last carriage rolled by an ouvrier in a blouse cried out, 'Vive la Pologne!' The cry was responded to by another ouvrier across the road: 'Oh! you are a fool! Don't you see that it is the Princess?' The Princess Clotilde is not more popular than the rest, knowing that she is to be the wife of Prince Napoleon, and that by his face. The gentleman walked away with it all of a man who could not see it in it."

THE EMPRESS AND CLOTHIER.

"You have no business and published the pretty little speech of the Emperor to the Mayor of Chambery accompanying a ring, and you have probably received it. The Empress has also received a present, accompanied with the usual speech. The Empress, it is said, on Majesty opposed it to the last, and only consented to receive it because it was the wish of the Emperor. How much it must have cost her to pen the lines referred to, together with the sacrifice of her self-denying objection, both than herself established in a court alongside of her, and which was not to be refused. It is said that she had the spectacle of the Princess Clotilde on her knees before her father, and the Princess Clotilde and the Empress Eugenie to like manner before Napoleon plead, and that the Empress, in the midst of her tears, was heard to say to the pope of the monarchies on whom tears fell without. Such is the story told in the world of Paris, and it would have been a touching picture. Some people accepted the Empress Eugenie to make a sacrifice of her personal feelings to the interests of her family, and to the excellent maxim, that Whatever one is compelled to do, it is best to do with a good grace."

LOVE IN A CONVENT.

An advocate of Rouen, M. René de Malherbe, who died in 1855, left a widow, Madame de Malherbe, and children. Soon after after a Count d'——, much her senior, fell in love with her, and she with him. Her children, however, were opposed to the match, and placed her in a convent at Nantes to avoid him, she ended by respecting the wishes of her children. The count, in the meantime, the convent she gave him several meetings, and that an intimate connection was established between them. Not after a while her conduct became known to the superior of the convent, who, in order to put an end to such a disgraceful state of affairs, she confessed her intimacy to her husband's nephew, M. Ernest de Malherbe, who was living with her family at Rouen. The Count followed her there, and a marriage was arranged, but the Archbishop of Rouen and Church was celebrated between them. Subsequently the Count de Malherbe, the husband's nephew, commenced proceedings before the Civil Tribunal of Rouen to compel her to some other persons. The consequence was that the family commenced proceedings against the Count de Malherbe family, assembled, and decided that for her misconduct she should be deprived of the guardianship of her two children. The civil tribunal of Evreux, before which the appeal was brought, confirmed it. The case was lately appealed to the Imperial Court of Rouen and the decision was reversed. The court, in its judgment, severely blamed the conduct of the guardians, and declared that the mother may be deprived of the guardianship only when she has proved of the guardians, and that, therefore, it therefore quashed the first decision.

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION.

The *Siecle* says: "A case of spontaneous combustion has taken place, which, if it be confirmed, will be, it is alleged, sad forty-six, named Henriette L——, who worked in a shop in the Rue Saint Honoré. She was accustomed to the use of spirituous liquors. As she had not for some days been seen at her work, her fellow-workwomen went to her house, and, finding the door locked, went to her room, but the master thereof was not there. They then went to the house of the deceased, and, at a little distance, two feet, and a slight, but the business to which she belonged. There also stood near a chair and a table, and the latter had upon it a glass in which some spirit remained. It did not appear that any fire had been lighted in the apartment, but the police were inclined to suppose that the spirit with which her system was impregnated caught fire from burning a candle with a hook."

A MADMAN MURDERER.

A horrible event took place at Remonchamp (Vosges), on night or two ago. A man, named Nicolas Jacquot, aged of age, had questioned signs of madness, and on the night in question, when in bed, he threatened to strangle his mother, who slept in an adjoining room. His wife, being alarmed at his violence, ran to her mother-in-law's room, and, on returning with her, found her husband in the act of strangling his mother. She urged on the assistance of neighbors. When she returned she found, to her horror, the dead body of her mother extended on the floor, and by its side the corpse of two of her children; like, that the third child was in a similar state, and was lying in the garden. Paroxetine had killed them all with excessive violence. The wife of the murderer escaped, and captured when standing before the church, and placed in confinement. A few days before this event it appeared that he had wounded his wife in three places, though not seriously.

A PLEASANT CHOICE.

A M. Feuillet was travelling in the neighbourhood at a time when an explosion took place. M. F. was terrified by the sight of a woman who was near him. She went in at the embankment, and passed out to the back, so that there were three feet of the spit in front and three feet of the spit behind. M. F. was exposed to the mercy-shock. His position demanded all the resources of art. A surgeon was accordingly called for, who, on examining the patient's pulse, and asked him where he was suffering.

"In the abdomen," replied the wounded man.

"Then," said the surgeon, "you have a choice."

The patient thereupon detailed the sad incident of his being thrown. The surgeon shook his head, and replied:

"Are they subject to this accident, Sir, in your family?"

"No," replied the patient, "not that I know. My father and mother are very old, and have never been spitted. So with regard to my brothers and sisters, and my children and aunts."

"Very well, Sir. I required that information in order to ascertain your chance. You experience, I suppose, considerable difficulty in lying on your back?"

"Yes, I do, indeed," was the reply.

"It is not of course possible for you to lie on your stomach?"

"I experience great difficulty in doing so."

"Then, Sir, I regret to say that I cannot for you to lie on your side?"

"That is the only position I can lie in."

"That will suffice, Sir. It only remains to determine upon the operation. Here the indications are very precise: either we can leave the spit—but then you will have to remain in bed for the rest of your life—or we can pull it out, but then it is not probable that you will survive the operation. Which, Sir, do you prefer—to live in bed, or, possibly, you must decide for either one treatment or the other."

MONDINE'S LAST GAME.

The Express correspondent writes: "M. Delouney is a French gentleman, who has been for many years a student of the Chinese language, and who has reached a certain degree of proficiency, and who, moreover, is a good player, M. Arnous de Rivière, a gentleman who has also studied the language of a years and a half, and who, only a few days ago, I also de Rivière lose five seconds' time in a game of chess. The Chinese gentleman was often played with the famous Labordonnais, the best player of his time, and the French gentleman was always constantly holding up on his miracles who would have been the best player of his time. Labordonnais for years or more all this pother about what he might call the Chinese gentleman, but M. Delouney, not content with vaunting the defeats of Labordonnais, challenged Mondine to a game of chess. The Chinese gentleman said to give him, the aforesaid Delouney, the odds of a knight, but this he would not consent to, and offered a similar bet. Mr. Morphy's means having been mislaid by the Paris police, M. Delouney's friends sent word to M. Delouney that he would play him a few games, and that he, M. Delouney, would receive the odds of a knight. Before the first sitting commenced, Delouney said to Mondine, 'Now, you must play your best, for I shall play my best.' Mondine replied, 'Oh, I always play my best.' Score of the games:

Morphy, M.	1
Drawn, 0	

PRESENTATION OF AMERICANS AT COURT.

The Express correspondent says: "On Tuesday evening a large number of the Paris and Parisian world of the Tuileries, after which a ball, in honour of the Princess Clotilde and Prince Napoleon, was given in the evening in the palace. The ladies and gentlemen presented had been invited to be at the palace by half-past eight o'clock, and the Emperor, with the Empress, proceeded to make the acquaintance of a few American citizens. Mr. Mason, the American Minister, and gentlemen presented to their Majesties on Tuesday night:

Mr. and Mrs. Mason, Mr. and Mrs. Belmont; Mr. and Mrs. Michel Heine, New Orleans; Mr. and Mrs. Leland Loudon; Mr. and Mrs. Bayard, Mr. Browne, Boston; Mr. and Mrs. James Codman, Boston; Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Lowell, Boston; Mr. and Mrs. Ward, Mr. Bell, Boston; Mrs. C. A. Canonidge, Boston; Miss Bell, Miss A. J. Lowell, Miss Ward, Boston; Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Cosset, New York; Mr. De T. Taylor, New York; Mr. and Mrs. S. Thorndike, Philadelphia; Mr. and Miss S. Bunny, New York; Mrs. C. and Miss A. J. Lowell, Boston; Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham, Mrs. William Biddle, Pennsylvania; Hon. Judge Lyon and Miss Bayard, Mr. Bayard, Mr. Bayard Clarke, Baltimore; Hon. H. S. Russell and Mr. J. Parker, Boston; Dr. Mrs. Bowditch, Boston; Mr. and Mrs. Bowditch, Boston; Mr. and Mrs. Bowditch, Boston; Mr. and

THE SICKLES TRAGEDY AT WASHINGTON.

We illustrate this week, as chroniclers of passing events, one of the most awful tragedies that ever occurred in this country—being nothing less than the homicide of the District Attorney of the District of Columbia by a member of Congress for the city of New York. To render the painful story thoroughly intelligible, we must go back a few years.

Six years ago Mr. Daniel E. Sickles, then a prominent New York politician without office, married Teresa Bagioli, the daughter of an Italian music teacher residing at New York. Mr. Sickles is a good-looking man, as his portrait testifies; he was fond of gayety, and had been charged with undue fondness for the sex. Rumor was busy with his name not only before but at the time of his marriage; but it is not worth while to repeat the scandals which were current in reference to himself and the family into which he married. Suffice it to say that the lady he married in 1853 was seventeen years of age, very pretty and girlish, and extremely attractive in manner; well educated and charming in every way. Mr. Sickles was appointed Secretary of Legation to Mr. Buchanan, Minister to London. He took his bride with him, and both husband and wife were well received in the aristocratic society of England. Mrs. Sickles, especially, was vastly admired by the English; her society was courted by the greatest people of the land.

Returning to this country before the Presidential election, Mr. Sickles exerted himself actively in favor of Mr. Buchanan, and was elected Member of Congress at the time his patron was chosen President. Since then Mr. Sickles has resided partly at Washington and partly in New York. When here he occupied a cottage on the Hudson, near the extremity of Manhattan Island, whom his wife dispensed hospitality in a most gracious manner. At Washington he lived in the most fashionable quarter, on Lafayette Square, within a stone's-throw of the President's house. Here, too, his hospitalities were liberal and graceful. Every Tuesday Mrs. Sickles had a reception. Every Thursday Mrs. Sickles gave a dinner. At intervals during the season they gave balls, which were always crowded by the best people; and though Mr. Sickles was not supposed to be wealthy—he had no apparent income but that which he derived from a legal practice which was obviously limited—his balls were as perfect as those of the opulent Senators and Cabinet Ministers with whom he vied. Of these entertainments Mrs. Sickles was the soul and the charm. There was something inexpressibly fascinating and delightful about her fresh girlish face, and her sweet, amiable manner. She was so kind to a raw boy just let loose on society as to a Secretary of State; great and small, rich and poor, Democrat and Republican—she treated all with the same unvarying gentleness and lady-like amiability. No wonder she was a favorite at Washington.

For some months polite society at Washington—which has been greatly exercised in reference to the flirtation of a great foreign Minister—has been scarcely less troubled about the relations between Mr. Key and Mrs. Sickles. They were always together. At balls, at parties, in the street, at receptions, at theatres, every where, Mrs. Sickles was invariably accompanied by Phil Barton Key, District Attorney. Mr. Key was a man of fine presence, tall stature, and winning manners. His family was good; his father had been a prominent man in his day (he composed the "Star-Spangled Banner"); for nearly half a century the family had been settled at Washington, and moved in the best circles. About sixteen years ago Mr. Key married a Miss Swan, of Baltimore. After bearing him four children this lady died, some six years ago; since when Mr. Key has remained unmarried. Before his marriage he was renowned as a lady's man; and as a widower his ancient prestige returned to him. No man in Washington was more popular with the ladies, or more redoubted as a rival than Phil Barton Key. When, therefore, he abandoned the society of the heiresses and belles of the capital for the companionship of Mrs. Sickles it was natural that gossip should talk. It would appear, from evidence recently produced, that neither Mr. Key nor Mrs. Sickles acted with ordinary prudence; that their signals to each other were frequently noticed. In such cases prudence seldom holds out against the impulse of guilty passion.

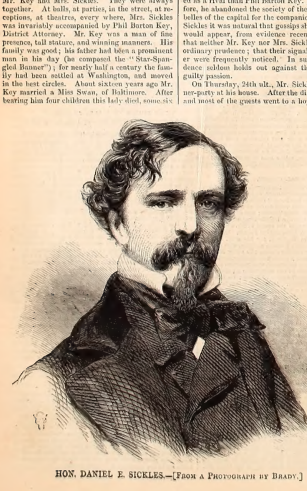
On Thursday, 24th ult., Mr. Sickles had a dinner-party at his house. After the dinner the hosts and most of the guests went to a hop at Willard's hotel. As he was leaving his house Mr. Sickles received a letter, which he thrust, unopened, into his pocket. On his return home he opened this letter, and found it to be anonymous; it stated that a guilty intrigue existed between Mr. Key and Mrs. Sickles, and added that they were in the habit of meeting at a house leased from a negro, the location of which it specified. Mr. Sickles spent a sleepless night, and early next morning dispatched a friend to the locality in question, to watch. The friend saw nothing. But from the inquiries he made he ascertained that a lady resembling Mrs. Sickles had, in fact, been in the habit of meeting a gentleman in the house designated. Armed with these presumptions, on Saturday evening Mr. Sickles charged his wife with adultery. She exclaimed, "Oh, I see I am discovered!" and confessed her guilt, imploring her husband to spare her. He declared that he did not wish to injure her, but she must put her confession in writing. This she did in the presence of two females, who signed it as witnesses.

The remainder of the melancholy tale is so well given in the language of our Washington correspondent that we transfer the task of narration to him. He says:

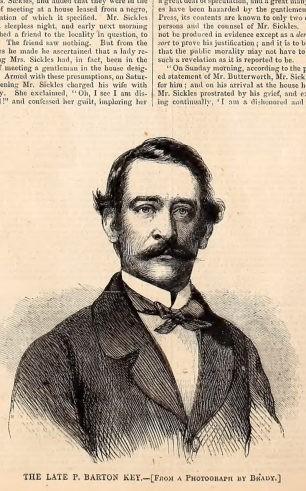
"From the declarations of the most prominent actors in the sad affair we gather the following narrative. Mr. and Mrs. Sickles have been married six years—the anniversary of that event occurring last Tuesday. They have one child, a beautiful little girl between five and six years old. The marriage was not the result of mercenary motives, as has been falsely stated by some of the sensation paragraphs which have been sent over the wires, but it was brought about by a mutual love of no deep and abiding a character for the events which have recently transpired have been most fearful from the great love which these persons mutually feel, but which, of course, must hereafter be only painful reminiscence, *for there is no shadow of possibility that Mr. Sickles will ever be reunited to his wife*. During their connection the most perfect harmony has prevailed—except on one occasion, about a year ago, when charges of impropriety were brought against Mrs. Sickles and Mr. Key; but after careful investigation Mr. Sickles was convinced that there was nothing wrong. This home, however, instead of teaching prudence, seems to have drawn Key and Mrs. Sickles toward each other more than ever, for from thirty days that time they have been almost inseparable; and so marked were his attentions that, on several occasions, mutual friends have remonstrated both with him and with her; and so lately as within two or three days of the tragedy he received a strong caution in writing. Engaged in political matters, Mr. Sickles spent much of his time from home, and professes to have been without suspicion of his wife's infidelity up to the evening of the 24th ult., when he received an anonymous letter containing such full and precise information that he was forced to the belief that there might be truth in it. After revolving the matter in his mind for a few hours he wrote to a friend in New York, begging him to come immediately, but not assigning any reason for the request. Business compelled this friend to reply by telegraph that it was impossible for him to leave; and here was the starting-point of the subsequent tragedy. If the gentleman referred to could have been present, it is altogether probable that his relations to the parties and his own nature judiciousness would have enabled him to control Mr. Sickles's passion, and so to prevent any bloodshed. Failing in this, Mr. Sickles had resort to the employment of an agent, who, after investigation, reported that he had ascertained the guilt of the parties beyond any question; that, besides his residence on C Street, Key had rented a house in Fifteenth Street, and that he and Mrs. Sickles were accustomed to meet there frequently; that when parties got to wearing apparel were exhibited to the neighbors they were immediately identified. Subsequently he obtained a written statement from his wife; but with regard to this document, while there has been a great deal of speculation, and a great many guesses have been hazarded by the gentlemen of the Press, its contents are known to only two or three persons and the counsel of Mr. Sickles. It will not be produced in evidence except as a *dernier ressort* to prove his justification; and it is to be hoped that the public morality may not have to endure such a revelation as it is reported to be.

"On Sunday morning, according to the published statement of Mr. Butterworth, Mr. Sickles sent for him; and on his arrival at the house he found Mr. Sickles prostrated by his grief, and exclaiming continually, 'I am a dishonored and ruined

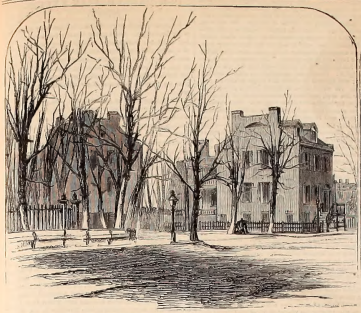
MRS. DANIEL E. SICKLES.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.]



HON. DANIEL E. SICKLES.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.]



THE LATE P. BARTON KEY.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.]



SCENE OF THE HOMICIDE, WITH THE CLUB-HOUSE IN THE DISTANCE.

LAFAYETTE SQUARE, SHOWING MR. SICKLES'S HOUSE.—[FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRADY.]

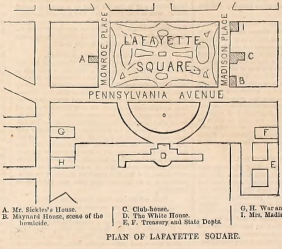
man, and can not look you in the face!" Butterworth says he counseled moderation, and at least a delay; that he left the house for a few minutes, and on his return was informed by Mr. Washbridge, who was in the library, that during B.'s absence Key had twice passed the house, waving his handkerchief three times as a signal. What followed is best stated in Mr. Butterworth's own language; and the annexed diagram will help the reader to an idea of the localities:

While conversing with him Mr. Sickles came into the library and said that he had "seen the scoundrel making signals;" and he added, "My God! this is horrible!" I said, "Mr. Sickles, you must be calm, and look this matter square in the face. If there be a possibility of keeping the certain knowledge of this crime from the public you must do nothing to destroy that possibility. You may be mistaken in your belief that it is known to the whole city."

He instantly replied, "No, no, my friend, I am not; it is already the town talk." I then said, "If God be so there is but one course left for you, as a man of honor—you need no advice." After a few moments' silence Mr. S. said that he "was satisfied that Mr. Key had been in the habit of making his signals from a window of the Club-house opposite; and what surprised him very much was that his wife strenuously denied this, though fully confessing her guilt." He then walked into the hall, and said to me, "Come, go over with me to Stewart's room in the Club-house, and he may be able to inform me whether Key has a room there, and for what purpose he uses it." I assented, and walked out into the street, suggesting that Mr. Sickles was following me. I left the house for this sole purpose.

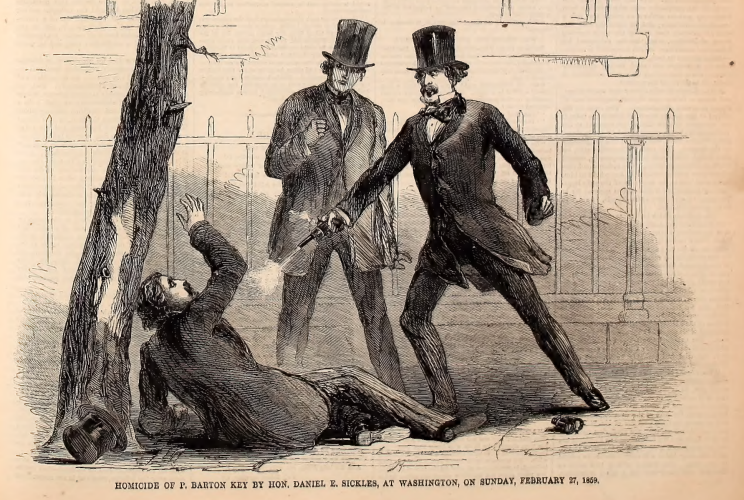
When I left Mr. S. in the hall I am satisfied he had no weapon on his person. He was without his overcoat. He said nothing to me about weapons, or the probability of encountering Mr. Key. I walked slowly down the Avenue, on the north side, to the corner, and as I was crossing the street I saw Mr. Key advance a few steps toward me. He inhaled me, saying, "Good-morning, Mr. Butterworth. What a fine day we have!" I responded, and said, "Have you come from the Club?" He said, "I have." I asked, "Is Mr. Stewart in his room?" He answered, "Yes: and he is quite unwell." I then said, "I am going to see him. Good-morning," and turned to leave him. As I did so I saw Mr. Sickles, for the first time after leaving his house, coming rapidly down Sixteenth Street, on the side next the square, and then near the corner. I had walked about thirty feet on my way to the Club when I heard Mr. S. exclaim, in a loud voice, "Key, you scoundrel, you have dishonored my home—you must die!"

I turned immediately, and saw Mr. K. thrust his hand in his vest or side coat-pocket, take a step in the direction of Mr. Sickles, and simultaneously I heard the discharge of a pistol. Mr. Key then rapidly advanced on Mr. Sickles, seized him with his left hand by the collar of the coat, and seemed to make an effort to strike with something in his right hand, which I then supposed to be a weapon. Mr. Sickles backed into the middle of the street, when he succeeded in extricating himself from Mr. Key's grasp, drew a pistol from his overcoat-pocket, presented it at Mr. Key, who retreated backward up Six-



A. Mr. Sickles's House.
B. Maynard House, scene of the homicide.
C. Club-house.
D. The White House.
E, F. Treasury and State Depts
G, H. War and Navy Departments.
I. Mrs. Madison's House.

PLAN OF LAFAYETTE SQUARE.



HOMICIDE OF P. BARTON KEY BY HON. DANIEL E. SICKLES, AT WASHINGTON, ON SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1859.

terrific Street toward the Club, and threw something at Mr Sickles. Mr. Sickles followed, and when within ten feet, fired. Key said Mr. Key was wounded, he staggered toward the sidewalk, saying, "Don't shoot me!" He leaned for a moment against a tree, when Mr. Sickles advanced upon him, cocked a cap, and then fired a third time. As Mr. Key was falling Mr. S. frequently exclaimed, "You villain, you have dishonored my house, and you must die!" He uttered these words again while standing over Mr. Key with his revolver in his hand. I took no part in the contest.

I believed them both to be armed. When I left Mr Sickles's house I had no thought of witnessing a scene of blood. Mr. Key, upon being told to visit Mr. Stewart, I had no error with me. I did not know Mr. Sickles intended to take arms with him. He left the house after me, and without any suggestion from me came toward the Club, on the north side of the street. When Mr. Key walked out I did not know Mr. Sickles was approaching, nor did I see him until I heard the shots fired. I did not see Mr. S. shoot Mr. Key after his fall, nor public his pistol in contact with the wound. I saw Mr. Sickles after I first advanced and took Mr. Sickles's arm, and walked with him up Madison Square, and advised him to go to his house or to the Attorney-General's. He did so. I returned to the scene, and came up to Madison Square from the middle of the street, and gave it to Mr. Sickles. This is the whole of my connection with the unfortunate occurrence. It is not true that I either sought or de sired Mr. Key. He first addressed me, and I knew that view did not hate one minute. I have known the late Mr. Key, in New York and in Washington, for many years, and our relations have ever been of the most friendly character. I did not anticipate a difficulty on the Sabbath, though I did not doubt but that it would take place at an early day.

SAMUEL F. BUTTERWORTH.

"By a reference to the diagram of the localities it will be seen that a signal from the house of residence could be easily discerned from the windows of the Club-house, with the aid of an opera-glass, such as proved to have been in the possession of the deceased.

"After his arrest and conveyal to the District Jail, Mr. Sickles maintained a perfectly calm demeanor, conversing with his friends, and freely stating the particulars of the case. He also told Key to be his duty to deprive his wife of certain tricks, art and of her writing to him, and expressed regret that he should be protected from any appearance of a disposition to palliate her offense, he consented to give the letter to Mr. Hale, and Mr. Key, understanding that he might dispose of it in any way which (without injury to Mrs. Sickles's name, especially against his wife) might serve to abate her grief, which had become so violent and remorseful as to threaten her life. The conversation with Mr. Haley with the matter has been that of a religious character, dealing entirely with the spiritual aspects of the case. At the suggestion of a friend, Mr. Haley, whose residence is very near the jail, went there to offer any facilities for spiritual comforting or sleeping accommodations, the prison being, privately, one of the worst conducted and most miserably arranged in the country. He was afterward employed in passing between Mr. and Mrs. Sickles the greater part of Friday night and the whole of Monday. His interviews with the latter were in private as spiritual consultations would permit; but where a constant throng of people was brought into the space of a small room, some few matters were overheard, and all that he may become public. Mr. Haley has had a very difficult and delicate office to perform, and he believe has, through the whole matter, acquitted himself very creditably. He has been greatly annoyed by inquisitive men who have sought to be dogged by persons anxious to intrap him into a breach of confidence, and we have had to give reasons for knowing that during the early morning hours of Monday, when, having exhausted his means and resources, he was compelled to suspend his journeys on foot, he was followed for some Yonw by a mulatto fellow, having a white woman, even a worse design, but by active exertions he managed to throw off his pursuer.

"Mrs. Sickles is only twenty-two years of age, and seems to us a person of great simplicity and of a very confiding temperament. The news of the arrival of her mother was very harrowing indeed, but not more so than that which occurred at the jail when the latter, accompanied by her father and Collector Hart, was brought into the presence of Mr. Sickles. Even his interview with his own father, which occurred subsequently, seemed to affect Sickles much. The extreme and sole of this poor woman completely overwhelmed her, and forced him to the utterance of the only impatient or desperate words he has spoken, for in his agony he exclaimed to his friends, 'I did hope to be spared this trial.'

"The attitude which he has assumed toward his wife has gained him a great deal of sympathy. He does not consider the continued love for her as one while firmly insisting upon a divorce, he bestows upon her all the pity she needs. His forbearance in this particular is remarkable. With reference to the deceased, he seems to feel that he could pursue no other course, and that no satisfaction to his law could give would redress his wrong. He declined to allow his counsel to apply for a writ of *habeas corpus*, with a view to obtain his release on bail, and has waived an examination, hoping to obtain a speedy trial and to relieve the public and the recital of the harrowing details. His counsel are confident of his acquittal on the ground of insanity, too. The Criminal Court meets next Monday, and should the Grand Jury take up the case on that day, the trial will probably be begun on the Wednesday.

"The friends of Mr. Key are taking active measures to enforce the letter of the law. It is understood that, in rebutting the plea of justification, they will endeavor to show that there were certain physical reasons to make any recent criminal intercourse on the part of the deceased impossible; and to prove that the past life of Mr. Sickles has not been blameless, they are preparing testimony in New York and Washington. The President has not yet nominated a successor to the office of District Attorney, but it will very probably be offered to Mr. Olds. The funeral of Key took place on Tuesday, and there was but a small attendance. His four children remain with the family of his brother-in-law, Hon. Mr. Pendleton, of Ohio.

"The President has not called on the jail, but sent a message of condolence to Sickles; several members of the Cabinet have been to see him. Mrs. Sickles has had but few calls from her former friends. The house on Fifteenth Street has become one of the lions of Washington. It is visited by hundreds. On Monday morning Mr. Sickles's carriage drove rapidly up, and a lady whose countenance could not be seen hurried toward the house, and after remaining a short time returned. The physicians say that Mrs. Sickles's condition is quite impossible that it could have been her, or that the mystery seems to deepen. Since the birth of her child, some two years ago, she has lived much in the house. Reports of Mr. Sickles's attempting to shoot Key in Washington, and all without foundation; he is positively aware of his sad situation, but has never manifested any sinking of spirits.

In order to complete the ad but interesting history of this case, we append a few extracts from the correspondence and reports of various journals:

THE PREVIOUS RELATIONS OF THE PARTIES.

[From the Washington Star.] "In Re Forney's Press of yesterday—Mr. Forney being as intimate with Sickles and his family as Mr. Hakin or Mr. Butterworth—is it said:

"It is but just, however, to say that the intimacy between Mr. Key and Mr. Sickles has been remarked in Washington circles for a year past, and has been the occasion of more than one disagreement in the families of the parties. During the last Congress notes passed between Mr. Key and Mr. Sickles, and these notes were followed by a complete reconciliation, and Mr. Key's friends, at the house of Mr. Sickles, on Saturday dined with him at a large party not more than two days ago.

"In explanation of this paragraph, we may add that it is currently stated here that on the reconciliation referred to both Mr. Sickles and Mr. Key promised Mr. Sickles and his wife an account of her intimacy with Mr. Key were to cease entirely.

THE STORY MRS. SICKLES COULD TELL.

"It is very certain that Mrs. Sickles can tell a story that will throw some light on the affair. We have no faith in the account that the confession obtained from her was voluntary. Surrounded by strangers, prostrated and weak, she must have known that it was a death-warrant, so far as her own life was concerned, should she recover. She can doubtless tell, too, whether her husband's conduct has not been such as to make the confession obligation that he had a right to protect his 'marital honor' by taking the life of the seducer. Her version of the affair from the present inscrutable position of Mrs. Sickles would be interesting.

"Mr. Sickles has addressed several letters to his little child, which are said to be full of affection, similar to the epistles from his wife.

"The published statement that Mrs. S. is *enceinte* is untrue."

WHO WROTE THE ANONYMOUS LETTER?

We read in the Philadelphia *Press*: "The last time Mrs. Sickles and Key had been at this house was on Wednesday, the 24th of February, when Key went to the back way, through an alley-way leading from Stewart's premises.

"On this Wednesday night there came along a man named Scott, who was on his way home, and seeing a standing on the pavement whether the house was then occupied or not?

"Yes, Sir, was the response.

"Very well, thank ye," said the mysterious gentleman replied, and, turning around, walked away in the direction he came.

He was observed, however, to hang around the neighborhood for a short time, and when Mr. Secretary Key was seen to leave the dwelling; and the stranger, nothing his feet of Key, spoke a few words to Key, and then hurried off. It is supposed by many that he was the author of the anonymous letter."

THE SCENE AT THE PLACE.

A correspondent of the *Tribune* writes: "Having been a fellow-townsman of the unfortunate gentleman whose life was taken by the cowardly assassin, I had the curiosity to visit the house in Fifteenth-st. where Mr. Key lived three months ago at $50 a month. Having heard a description of the house and the locality, I was surprised to find that it was built of substantial brick, and stood directly in the street. It is a genteel building, two stories in height, narrow, with a roof slightly sloping toward the sidewalk, a small yard, and a balcoming back to a muddy alley.

"A wealthy colored man lives next door. A man, who was grooming a horse in front of it, said that he had almost every morning a glimpse of Mr. Key's face. He was known to know by sight, enter the front door of the brick house, and disappear from view, but was unacquainted with the building his two-grey to a convenient post. Others had seen Mrs. Key go in at the same door many times, but never had. This tallies with my information from another quarter.

"It seems that Key was in the habit of signifying his presence in the house by a red ribbon hung from an upper window in the rear, which can be seen from the crossing of Fifteenth and Vermont streets and Fifteenth-st. and Sixth-st. Stuart, which is nearest her house, but quite out of sight of the solemn signal, would dart between the two lots, on the blind alley, along one of which there runs a path, comparatively dry, and by a back gate would reach the tempting prize. Sometimes she was in her morning dress, sometimes disguised, often with her face enveloped in a close hood.

MR. KEY'S CHARACTER AND HABITS.

"According to the most trustworthy accounts, it would seem that Mr. Key was not thought to be a libertine, as has been charged, by those who knew him best. His health was such as, in their opinion, would preclude such a life. His nerves were shattered partially, it was then believed, in consequence of grief for his wife's death, five years since, but doubtless almost altogether by his dissipated habits. The condition to which he had been reduced forced him to give up drinking latterly. He was a man of very hard, cool and calculating nature and his natural talents for success at the bar. He was what some may call a "free-and-easy," ready at a joke or a frolic, and an excellent story-teller. And, what would be singular, I am sorry to say, to the case of any man, and is especially singular in his case, his stories rarely if ever trenched on his chastity. My informants say that in all his intercourse he never heard him tell one of that description. His official conduct was characterized by the same; was smooth in speech and rough in address purposely. He would come to the point in a rolling style that was peculiar, and was sometimes seen in the street wearing top-boots and leather leggings. Notwithstanding these peculiarities he was universally respected, who stood well in our resident society, such as Mayor Seaton, Mr. Corcoran, Mr. Gales, Mr. Force—whose carriage followed the hearse to-day—and was always at home in local matters. He was a man, with a large share of fashion, who dared to be unconventional, and was able to be successful in doing so. Mr. Key's habits, if his friends are undoubted, but his career as District Attorney is principally remembered for his activity in this city, by his failure to convict in the case of the California Herbert-a-fled for killing a man in a duel, and by the fact that it was upon which boarders at a Washington hotel are indicted by his name. Mr. Key's friends have always refused to dwell on home-life, and would often hire a carriage—here, where cars are plenty—to take him a single square.

MR. KEY IN HIS COFFIN.

"I took the pains to look at the murdered man as he lay in his coffin. His eyes were closed. They must have been more than six feet tall, and very well proportioned. His features were full, and with vivid coloring. The face was calm in expression, and still were the sandy mustache and whiskers of the living. He appeared to have a muffle crowd—boy and man, rich and poor, black and white, free and slave—pressing forward anxious to take a glimpse of the corpse. Only when the clergyman took their places did the spectators—few in number, for the mother of the dead man, two grown and twenty years of age, who assume the violent death of the third of her sons, he is supposed to have met with his end.

MR. KEY ON FRENCH INTIMACY.

"The crime of adultery seems to work upon the imagination and to fire the blood of a romantic young Italian, such as Sickles is said to be. The husband sus-mer—wire, although to one intimate with him, did not appear jealous. Mr. Key, in his letter to Mr. Forney's friend. A fig for common license! French intrigue and romance, with a good spice of danger in it!

A BOY LOVES OR HATES, ACCORDING.

"That the intimacy between Mrs. Sickles and Mr. Key was brought to a close by the discovery, a year ago is known. A Mr. B., of New York, whose name it is unnecessary to give, had been a friend and correspondent of Mrs. Sickles before her marriage, and had been a visitor at the house. Mr. Sickles, who was always free in manners, and flattered by devotion, as was natural in a man of his temperament, was a District-Attorney Key, and watched him. At length he found what would be called sufficient basis for his suspicions. It came to his knowledge that the guilty pair were to go to the theatre together on a certain night, and he, I believe, for two hours. He communicated this fact to Mr. Buchanan, who, it is said, was thoroughly assailed him with abusive language, and forbade him his presence thereafter. Mr. B. was a member of the Secret-fallen, and Mr. Key remained master of the field, he pretending to be intimate with both man and wife, as heretofore.

THE STORY OF THE WEDDING RING.

"As much curiosity has been enlarged in regard to the return by Mr. Sickles to his wife of the wedding ring, the following detail may prove interesting:

"It appears that Mr. Sickles was called upon by a clergyman, and the interview was carried on in a great mental agony, and under extreme mental suffering, and that he was in a state of nervous excitement that he would probably end in mental aberration or perhaps self-destruction.

"It was under such circumstances that the appeal was made to him by the wife of Mr. Sickles for the wedding ring which he had taken from her hand on the day of the tragedy. Mr. Sickles said, in response, that under these circumstances he could not resist the appeal in behalf of one he had so long cherished with such deep affection, and that while he was willing to do all in his power to their former love and union, he returned the ring broken —never to be worn. She had been informed that it could be upfilled too effectively ever to be repaired, and while he bestowed no further comment, he was manifestly determined never to see her more."

GONE TO SEA.

THERE sailed a brig of a thousand tons,
Yo! Heave merrily, O!
She was provided for the outings of twenty guns,
Yo! Heave merrily, O!
Her persons were set, and the wind was fair,
And the brig swept out with the ebbing tide,
And every eye with the landsmen stood
Watched her sail with a swelling pride.
Yo! Heave merrily, O!
The mother has bidden her son farewell,
Yo! Heave merrily, O!
She smothers the tear on the hares them tell—
Yo! Heave merrily, O!—
That the brig is as stanch as stanch can be;
That her men are picked for a fearless crew;
And so she is starting on her voyage to sea
The glorious brig that onward flew.
Yo! Heave merrily, O!
The brig has rolled in the Bay of Biscay,
Yo! Heave merrily, O!
Her timbers are tough, and her crew are brave,
Yo! Heave merrily, O!
But the winds were sweeping the face of the deep,
While the waters gaped for the staggering craft;
And the brig was tossed like a cockle-shell
While the storm above them howled and laughed.
Yo! Heave terribly, O!
What ens of all that wondering crowd,
Yo! Heave terribly, O!
Who sang the song of the brig aloud,
Yo! Heave terribly, O!
Hath bidden his friend the long farewell—
The word he would speak before they died—
The day he watched the waters swell,
And the brig swept out with the ebbing tide?
Yo! Heave terribly, O!

OUR DAGUERREIAN EXPERIMENT.

I THINK we had more trouble with the baby than with the others. During the ten short months of her existence her general behavior had been that of a lady, and her disposition seemed amiable and docile; and now, when grave things were expected of her, she destroyed the pleasing illusion created by her previous life by conduct so unwarrantable that we were on the point of abandoning our project.

On the morning in question my wife, who has been for a number of days preparing costumes which she thought would show well on the children, had dressed Master Harry in a crimson velvet blouse, Harry, aged six, and the second born, Carolus Augustus, aged four, in a Highland costume for his age, which only covered four summers—and then began on the baby. A gorgeous blue dress, adorned with a profusion of flounces and infantile ornaments of "habitant pearl and gold," at a cost of $3 50 per yard, was the result. Unfortunately plumed hat were all carefully put on by mistake, when then placed the baby on the floor for a moment to tie the shoe of Carolus Augustus (which had a way of losing always untied), when the misfortune occurred. A little bit of mud, which the brothers had just performed their ablutions, and suddenly went in, head first, with all his finery.

It was a mercy she was not drowned, or, at any rate, that she was not killed. Master Harry, who first perceived her danger, dragged her from the tub by the skirts of the cloak, and handed her, in very tender mood, to the nurse. The unfortunate

drowning — started with us and her brothers for the main street of the unknown town in which we lived. We carried the infant up stairs to the studio of one of the rival Daguerreotype artists of the place, and on reaching this abode of high art, we discovered that Harry and C. Magnus, who had evidently followed us to the lower door, were missing.

I found them in a confectioner's, bargaining for candy—for the cook, learning that Caroline was going down among the sheep, had placed in his pocket certain moneys previously saved by me, and deposited with her for security. On the way to the artist's Caroline had revealed to Harry the existence of this treasure, and the cook, not having vanished to invest it, and were in loud argument as to what sort of sweets to buy when I found them and took them away.

And then it was that their unfortunate sister was suddenly overcome by a fit of sleep, and that she gently went at it, and wouldn't be awakened at all. It was useless to struggle against fate—she must be pictured sleeping.

The grouping was a work of time; for the artist, like most country Daguerreotypists, had never studied that important branch of his profession. I know he was doing it all wrong, but what could be deemed so posterity, with my family, in the most distorted manner, provided the thing might be well got over with?

At last my wife and I were seated side by side—she with the baby slumbering in her arms, and Harry kneeling stiffly at her feet—Caroline Magnus was then placed in my lap, the usual instrument of torture was brought forward, and the artist so perfectly erect and unwavering, and we were all utterly commanded to look at nothing else, and then the man looked at us through the camera, to be sure we were all right before he let on the sun, when Caroline the Great, who had sat still as a mouse all the while, and was about to shout him, wriggled himself out of my lap, walked up quietly to his mother's feet, and, groveling on the floor, lifted up his voice and wept. He was pacified, and lay down on the carpet between us, and the nature partook more of the spy-glass than the cannon, and he was then caused firmly to be held down by force, and excited, anxiously watching the operation, and exhibiting signs of sudden and extreme affection for his mother, which ended in clinch over the baby into her arms, falsely thinking he was safer there than with me.

The man now seized his chance and "took us." As he was going into a dark closet with the plate, I whispered to him that I reserved to myself the right prove, it was mine at his own price, and that I peremptorily refused to take a penny of my wife or offspring to do for another that morning.

I placed the Daguerreotype in my pocket, with the remark that it was rather singular that I should say wife off with the promise that she should see it when we reached home, and then, without waiting to see the result of the colum, started. How well they all behaved going home!

As for the picture—which now hangs in a retired spot in an upper chamber, and which I always malignantly point out to my friends as a specimen of the propriety of again obtaining the portraits of the children—it is one of the most curious specimens of use of one means to accomplish an end. To say nothing of the despairing object I make on the plate, the mother of my babies, seemed to my heart, and never glare sternly from the countenance. This mercilessly Caroline Magnus, who, after leaning from my embrace toward her mother, had left vague indications of his features on half the surface of the picture, in a manner which looked quietude, been depicted, in an indefinite way, just in front of the baby—consequently, does not appear at all, or so blended and mixed with her brother, that she, or rather both together, resemble some horrid dream or monstrous relief of the woman of Christian parents.

From the first week of preparation until we again arrived at the domestic fireside it was six hours. The result, in my opinion, did not justify so great an expenditure of time and cash, despite all objections I have ever since, with more than Pagan firmness, steadily refused to sit to the sun again.

A WATERING-PLACE HUSBAND.

IT was on a fine morning, in the middle of September, in rather a second-rate hotel at Leamington, that a sociable enough party had been assembled for three weeks. It had become pretty well known a week before, that two gentlemen had arrived—young gentlemen, for they were both certainly under thirty-five—and one of them had at once proceeded to throw out, in an easy, indifferent manner, hints as to the position and importance of the other. The friends were Mr. Fortescue and Mr. Thompson. The former, a man of considerable means, seemed to have no condition or intention of his own. He was simply Mr. Thompson's friend; he belonged to that class who neither have nor desire a position, and who enjoy life all the more that they do not seek to make any permanent appropriation of its component parts—birds of passage, who descend to peck here and there any sort of morsel, and who live a sort of cuckoo-like existence very near of their own. He had the easy, assured air of the rare of which he was a somewhat prominent specimen. Mr. Thompson, on the contrary, was stiff, formal, and silent. You could not call him awkward, but he had the air of a man on his good behavior, and as if an explosion might take place if he should at any time forget his lesson. He committed no overt act that could be called ungentlemanly, and yet you would have demurred to calling him a gentleman. He was rather tall and stout; regular enough features, a red-and-white complexion, a sort of nervous twitching of the eyes, and dark, strong, curly hair. His tailor had fitted him as tightly, but he seemed to consider his own clothes; for instead of being a subsidiary affair, the clothing was the most important part of the man—as if Mr. Thompson had ventured on a signed and sealed compact with his tailor not to disgrace him before all his backs. To puff the wearer into a state of equality with these exquisite habiliments was the special mission of Mr. Fortescue—"a mission he fulfilled to perfection. Nothing was overdone; he only said enough to invite inquiry, and to set the wearer's mind into a frenzy of curiosity. If a person of importance were named, he would say: "I must introduce him, by the bye, to my friend Thompson does," without appealing to him, although he was close by. He would begin to say something about Thompson's property and its possessions, and then slide off to another subject in a careless, dreamy way. He would refer to him in their rambles to look at a plant, he said: "It's the same, I think, Thompson, you have in your-so-and-so drop-in your-so-and-so in the window-in-a-bubble. One young lady declared it was "quite an Kensington. Another, on hearing a name, said it was "at Camden Town." Thus gently and warily hoisted into notice, and covered with a delicate veil of mystery, Mr. Thompson lay waiting. He had taken no enactel the small part that remained for him. When the bustle was at its fullest he would look at those of Mr. Fortescue, who served him up with derivations to the assembled guests, who again perused the countenance of the man with a view to probable prepossessions. His stiffness was dignity; his awkwardness was modesty. His almost morbid reflection, the nervous twitching of the eye indicated a quick sensibility; a slightly provincial accent gave hope of a certain originality, as opposed to foreign. Not but that there still remained some considerable prejudice against him. Provincials were only embers, however, and easily quenched. Why did Mr. Thompson never say any thing's not for. Fortescue to the contrary notwithstanding, to decorate name, and Thompson as decidedly plebeian, but Mr. Fortescue was evidently the acknowledged sor of high people in general but with some reference to Mr. Thompson. Mr. Thompson had come from London first, and Mr. Fortescue had followed from his thoughts then failing to love. What's to love to a single man of forty? The main occupation of life is to buy and to sell and to get gain? Mr. Thompson may have heard—we know not whether he did or not—that love was a thing of the soft and hearts, but was ignorant of the precise position of the heart, which, in general, existed by dint of what the eyes of a charming little fairy. She was one of those provokingly attractive creatures who can not choose between the two, and who do not care. She had that exquisite, coy grace which defies at once description and analysis. She was fair and gay, humorous and pathetic. Any dress became her, every situation suited her. The songs she declined with the most fascinating reluctance, went off as well as the last practiced one. She was admired under the most opposite of women, from a very few, acknowledged their power. It was a great treat to see Mr. Thompson in love: were we to attempt to describe it, we should be afraid of our readers to deny the few signs of independent existence to feminine ingenuity, and the delicate touches or diverging into convulsive and grotesque forms. How he hushed himself up into a sufficiently demonstrative lover, and how he fell back into himself forever a mystery. She made no revelation. The accepted lover was allowed to be demonstrative, to did ask her three several times, and that it was only after the last refusal he found himself the accepted lover of the charming girl. He received a three daughters of a small proprietor in an adjoining county—a man of limited means. Before Caroline was all over then—there was to be no more perplexity or excitement. Mr. Thompson had gone for a week to bring matters to a climax. He must retire and leave no open field. The very next day the young lady received a telegraphic dispatch with them Mr. Thompson. What became of Mr. Fortescue it is not for us to divulge; doubtless he went to his friends as friendly as ever.

It was soon announced that the wedding was to take place in the country, and numerous attendants were put in the hands of hot-house growth, forced on by high-pressure flues, and brook not long exposure to the free current of air. Mr. Thompson, as it came to pass that on a sunny morning in October, in the parish church of —, this man and this woman" performed the last act of their masquerade by kneeling before God's high altar, and swearing to love each other until death should part.

A short honey-fortnight was spent in dawdling through the country on the way to London. Mr. Thompson's business in the city could brook no further absence of its chief, and had to be attended to. Upon their arrival, a cold, clear, starlight night in October, Laura arrived at her future home in a most joyful mood. She was about to be, with its blazing fires and brought her attendants, among which were many tasteful articles presents, to the house of her husband, and the occupations of woman. Mr. Thompson left early in the morning to the city, and returned late in the evening to dinner. When it began to dawn on Laura that she was not particularly wanted by her husband, she began to try to realize the condition into which she had been whirled, during the previous six weeks, and to look behind. Where were Mr. Thompson's relatives? Why had none of them been to see her? Where was that truest of friends, Mr. Fortescue? When she would have given audible vent to these inquiries, Mr. Thompson was not present, and he did not wish to be too curious, but glossed the matter over to herself; when she pressed him for news by, she drew from him such a sad account of removals to a better world, and to remote parts of this one, that she was quite sorry she had so wounded his feelings. Laura was in no want of society, for her own friends and relatives were always welcomed by her husband; they might remain for days or weeks, it was all the more agreeable to him. One day she began to inquire into the precise nature of his business, but he interrupted her by some trifling remark in an embarrassed tone, and she felt increased twitching of the eyes. Tears ended her first attempt; and the second, for which he was evidently prepared, only elicited that it was a sort of commerce she could not understand, even were he to explain to her. In what street? was her next question. He stammered out a name of which she had never heard; but then there were so many streets in the city, this was no wonder. So all passed off, and time flowed on again in a quiet current. In the course of three months after the wedding, and Laura had not only little to complain of, but she had reached the acme of happiness. Harry, and might have continued so, but for her persevering and womanly weakness for knowing "all about it." She was seized with one of those unconfessible fit of curiosity that she resolved to be masters of her own secret. She would find out how him into the city; she would see the place where he carried on his business; and if no outward circumstance should lead to it, she would set to for tatore and wary inquiry; nay, what would mother her, unknown to the world but to herself, the truth from some one on the spot? Her resolution was taken.

The very next morning, after taking early with her husband, and bidding him good-by when he set out for the city, she dressed in her shawl and bonnet, adding a thick veil, and in an instant was on the road in secure sight of the poor unconscious Mr. Thompson. What if he should look back or jump into an omnibus? She knew he sometimes did the latter, and generally walked. What if he should stop to speak to some friend or acquaintance? She must then tack about, which would be awkward; if he were doing so stopped to speak, and then Mr. Thompson had no friends or acquaintance. For a time all went on in the most prosperous way. Mr. Thompson walked on, and Laura, with some trouble to his partner; but as he appeared to be the city he so quickened his pace that poor Laura was ready to die with fatigue. Heated and flurried, she sometimes lost sight of him, and then would make a rush forward till she found herself almost touching him. When he got to the most crowded part of the city, Mr. Thompson more thickened his pace, then quickened it, casting stealthy glances around him, which made Laura cower back and double her veil. At length, assuming to the corner of one of the many streets branching off from the Strand, Mr. Thompson suddenly darted down it, and disappeared within a door that seemed to have been open to receive him; when instantly it was shut, and all the windows in doors in a pantomime. Overstrained by the hot pursuit, the tension of mind caused by her curiosity to be satisfied, and the fear of being discovered in such a discreditable situation, Laura would have made to the ground had she not leaned for support against the wall of a house nearly opposite. There she stood, in a sort of blank stupor, for a minute or so, might be twenty, when the door at which Mr. Thompson had entered slowly opened, and three little children came out. One of them, a little girl, bored and shabby-looking, she instantly recognized as Mr. Fortescue. Mr. Thompson's friend, in fact, had so successfully pulled Mr. Thompson up to the pitch matrimonial. The second her eyes fell on the had never seen him, she felt sure. The two supported between them a wretched figure maimed and infirm. He seemed to be grown to legs, at least she saw nothing under the knees. The arms hung so loose it seemed a doubtful case whether the encumbrance to the trunk of the person did not cause a total rupture. She was about to exclaim what, at the distance, appeared to be a scar or mark of some kind on the pale face, when the face itself— Oh, horror! No, it could not be! Laura gasped for breath—her veil—she turned herself away her eyes as if she could turn away the truth; for all other signs of identity might be deceived her; but the strange nervous twitching of the eyes, evidently produced by simulating blindness, proved the awful fact. It was her husband! Mr. Thompson was a beggar!

PARISIAN ECHOES.

"HAIR OF THE SAME DOG."

WHEN the supremacy of one of the two great schools of medicine, Allopathy and Homeopathy, shall be established we are not sure that it will determine; but certain it is that, until that climacteric of squabbling is reached, the unfailing sneer of the Hippathist will be directed at the infinitesimal character of the doses administered by the disciples of the great Hahnemann.

The last joke of the sort we give as it comes to us from Paris.

A rich financier, a dignitary of the Bourse, being lately troubled with a very severe cold in the head, called in a homœopathic physician, who, for all treatment, made his patient inhale the odor from a vial which was almost as imperceptible to the eye as its extreme cure to the nose.

But for more than a week our banker's "cold in the head" obstinately refused to yield to this inappreciable treatment; his nose's be continued to pronounce like O's, his r's were transformed into l's, and his l's into palatals—in a word aggravated state of disorder. At last, when the patient's patience had run out, he sent for the doctor, and, without consulting him with the customary and catarrhal "Good-morning," the amount of his impertinence, the disciple of Hahnemann demanded five hundred francs. The banker, who was a man of wit as well as riches, made no remark, but that evening quickly passed it under the doctor's nose, and then put it back in his pocket-book again, saying, as he did so,

"I pay your bill as you have treated my cold—with a smell of the remedy; you have no right to be more satisfied than I am cured."

And that was the end of it, though we may be permitted to doubt that even this vial treatment merited such an *au-fin-ing* return.

COMPOSING COMPOSITORS.

The secrets of the printing-office are no longer in danger of being brushed about should the plan adopted by a German philanthropist (of which we find an intimation) succeed; the columns of a late French journal) no more generally put into practice.

M. Theodore Helgrand, of the town of Zablagen, in Wurtemberg, a man who has taken a deep interest in the condition of the deaf mutes of his own country, after much deliberation fixed upon a plan by which he could secure to them a lucrative occupation—viz., as compositors in a printing-office. He at once began to put his idea into execution; and now employs in his new establishment, in his native town, one hundred and sixty printers, of whom seventy-five are deaf mutes. Of these one is deaf and dumb, and have learned of M. Helgrand himself, or his expense, the trade of compositor, at which they acquit themselves marvelously well. The Government has thought this benevolent undertaking worthy of encouragement, and of which is to procure work and bread for a whole class of unfortunate beings, has granted to M. Helgrand a pension; and we thing he has sent to the director of this new and strictly silent printing-house a large gold medal as a mark of high royal appreciation.

PREMATURE BANKRUPT.

On this topic our favorite French philosopher, Alphonse Karr, has the following suggestively, which we translate:

"Adolescence is a word which formerly signified the springtime of life—a spring full of promises and beautiful flowers. It is now a word which will soon fall into disuse, since the thing which it denoted no longer exists. The youth of the present day have thought to show their maturity by being in a hurry—hurry to live. They have come to maturity. There are no fruits which have not been produced by forcing; if you wish to eat peaches in May the flowers fall in spring it will bring forth no fruit in the autumn."

A HINT TO REVOLUTIONISTS.

The cap of Liberty needs but the addition of a few bells to make it the cap of Folly.

SATURDAY NIGHTS.

A singular plan for the considerable limiting of the *rouge et noir* temptations that await the traveler at the various spas and baths of Germany has been imagined by a young Parisian, the hero of the following remarkable story:

A young Frenchman, designated by the letter X, that unknown quantity which so conveniently stands for the hero of every novel, arrived not last summer, as usual, traveling in Germany. His voyaging desires were, also as usual, circumscribed by the narrowness on the purse, and even when the green cloth of the gaming-tables is only spaniel in evidence, it has a way of fascinating all looks.

Now the flesh of Monsieur X is weak to the temptations of *roulette*. For him the green board has irresistible attractions; and often has he been known after fasting his unfortunate self for days—a sum which might easily disappear before the croupier's rake in a single sitting at the green board, were the whole amount in the possession at once.

The essentiality, then, was to so place "the needful" that it could not be at his easy disposal. M. X accordingly reversed not a few Louis for his excursions, and with the remainder of the fund bought *eighteen gold watches!*

So, instead of carrying the customary gold or bank-bills, he this time starts off upon his journey with a dozen and a half of chronometers safely packed away in his trunk.

When the few Louis which he had allowed himself at starting were reduced to the last silver, a watch, pays his hotel-bill, and tranquilly continues his journey. At the next green board of his accompanied by plays until he has lost the money remaining to him from the sale of his first watch, and then sells another, pushes on to the next, and so on and so forth.

Three commercial operations serve as rings to the extravagance, since they take time in the execution, leave him leisure to reflect, and effectually prevent him from losing all his money at once.

To be sure the proceeds arising from the sale of watches do not quite equal the original investment, but the slight deficiency is nothing compared to the enormous sums that might otherwise be swallowed up in the vortex of Fortune's wheel.

Then to sell a watch is not a very agreeable piece of business to a man of the world, and especially to one at which he is in some measure ashamed. This makes him particular as to his terms, and however more grasping a customer

Again, he can not sell several watches in the same place, without fear of its appearing singular or exciting suspicion; so that he is obliged to abstain from a long sojourn in the dangerous localities.

This necessity for the frequent changing of his quarters, yet fractional expenditure of his funds, enables him to complete his summer tour without pecuniary catastrophe. Thus, in spite of cards and dice, his journey lasts—in the circumstances of watch-selling—as long as he had in the beginning intended.

To travelers "troubled that way" the expedient may well be worth remembering.

THE INQUISITION'S GALA DAY.

In examining a rich library at Seville, in Spain, the word INQUISICION on the back of a little dried-up, colorless, cracked duodecimo, with the date sixteen hundred and eighty, Amsterdam, on the title-page, attracted my eye. I opened it, and found it was a collection of narratives of Inquisition imprisonments in Seville, written by one Serafin de Ciezel, who escaped from Triana or Holland, after having been condemned and punished for heresy.

I took out my note-book and wrote down a few facts from this rare and curious book; from which, by the aid of memory, I have since put together, in the following narrative of the Inquisition ceremonials with all their horrid semblance of religion and mercy:

Ciezel was a goldsmith in the Sord's Street, Seville, and was accused on the same day with the sixteen hundred and eighty, at ten o'clock in the evening, as he was finishing a gold necklace for one of the maids of honor. A week after his first arrest Ciezel was examined. In an auto-room, says he (I give it, as far as I can remember, in his own plain touching way), a smith frees me of my irons, and I pass from the auto-chamber to the Inquisitor's cabin, in the small inner court-yard. It is hung with blue and citron-colored taffety. At one side, between the two grated windows, is a gigantic crucifix, and on the central estrade (a table fifteen feet long surrounded by arm-chairs) with his back to the crucifix, sits the secretary, on my right Francis Delgado Gonsalvo, the Grand Inquisitor, who is seated on a high chair. The Inquisitors had just left; but the ink was still wet in their quills, and I saw, on papers before their chairs, some names marked in red ink. The secretary was a low stout opposite the secretary. The Inquisitor asks my name and profession, and why I come there, exhorting me to confess as the only means of quickly regaining my liberty. He hears me, but, when I fling myself weeping at his knees, he coyly coutts me is no hurry about my case; that he has many prisoners, and many more waiting (the secretary smiles), and rings a little silver bell which stands beside him on the black cloth, for the official, who takes me down a long gallery where my chest is brought in, and an inventory taken by the secretary. They say how I am to keep my eyes every thing, even to my ring and gold buttons; but they leave me my beads, my handkerchief, and some money I had fortunately given me in my garters. I am then led barefooted into a cell, and left to think and pray for three days, when they bring me supper.

The prisoners are seldom put together. Silence, perpetual and strict, is maintained in all the cells. If any prisoner moans, complains, or even prays too much, the jailers watch the unhappy night and day warn him through the grating. If the offence is repeated, they storm in and beat him with blows to insensibility. No other prisoners, who in the deep grave-like silence, hear your every cry and every blow.

Once every two months the Inquisitor, accompanied by his secretary and interpreter, visits the prisoners, and asks them if they have been through them at regular hours, or if they have any complaint to make against the jailers. But this is only a parade of justice; for, if a prisoner makes complaints, them are treated as mere ravings and fancies, and never attended to.

But these severities are trifles in comparison to the tortures some of my fellow-sufferers were put to, because their crime of heresy could not be proved without their own confession.

The water torture consisted in passing water down the wretch's throat till he almost burst, and then fastening him in a sort of vice, and applying him on a pole that almost broke his spine.

In the fire torture they set some flame from them tarded the prisoner's naked feet and held them for nearly an hour toward the flames, till he intreated like that devil them, or confessed and testified the implanted himself.

In the rope torture they tie the man to a horizontal rope by his hands, which are tied behind his back; they then raise him in the air, and noiselessly let him fall with all that distance and half his joints and makes him utter torturing cries. The only persons present are the Inquisitor, seven or the stolid Inquisitors and the bishop, the grand vicar, or his deputy. There are never more than two lurid torches, which show the executioner, who are clothed in black robes and black hood, that hide all the face but two holes for eyes, nose, and mouth. They strip the prisoner to his waist hand; and, if he faint, the doctor of the Inquisition comes in to pronounce how much more suffering the tortured man can bear.

If all this fail, and the man and body are both of steel, the Inquisitors try scarce. They put apothetaxis into the bruised man's cell, who comfort him and complains of the position we are in, and the great and scourges with which God ever allowed man to be inflicted. The Inquisitors, too, pray with the touched with their sufferings, to wish their conversion rather than their hurt, and to pray them to make even the slightest confessions, that they may be kept an inviolable secret, and will restore them to their last liberty.

One Saturday, when, after my meagre prison dinner, I gave my linen, as usual, to the jailers to send to the wash, they would not take it. It was a great, cold breath whispers at my heart—a one-how is the Auto-da-fé. Immediately after the vespers at the cathedral they rang for matins—which they never do on the rejoicing eve of a great feast—and I knew that my horrid suspicions were right. Was I glad at my escape from this living tomb, or was I paralyzed by fear, at the pile, perhaps, already hewn and stacked for my wretched body? I know not. I was torn in pieces by the devils that rack the brains of unhappy men. I refused my next meal; but, contrary to their wont, they pressed it more than usual upon me. To give me strength to bear my torture? Do God's eyes not reach to the prisons of the Inquisition?

I was just falling into a sickly, fitful sleep, worn out with conjecturing, when, about eleven o'clock, the great bolts of my cell ground and jolted back, and a party of jailers in black—in a flood of light, so that they looked like demons on the borders of heaven—came in. The sleuth threw down by my pallet a heap of clothes, told me to put them on, and held myself ready for a removal summons. I had no tongue to answer as they lighted my lamp, left me, and locked the door behind them. Such a trembling seized me for half an hour that I could not rise and look at the clothes, which seemed to me shrouds and coffin-clothes. At last I rose, threw myself down before the black cross I had scrawled with charcoal on the wall, and commended myself, as a miserable sinner, into God's hands. I then put on the dress, which consisted of a tunic of red long, loose, and yellow, with a cross on it in black serge, striped with white.

At two o'clock in the morning the wretches came and led me into a long gallery, where nearly two hundred men—drifted from their various cells, all dressed in black—stood in a line, facing each against the wall of the long, plain, cold vaulted corridor; where, every ten feet, a lamp burned, swung a huge brass lamp. We stood silent as a funeral-train. The women, also in black, were in the neighboring gallery, for sex of course. The sad glimpses down a neighboring dormitory I could see more than this. Some, like me, were in tunic alone, paced backward and forward. These, I afterward found, were men doomed also to be burned, but for mistrifles—men for the most part under the that of the Jesuits. Whether I was to be burned or had till not was what I had to learn. Whether my dress was like that of the rest, and the monsters could not dare to put two hundred men in one into one row. Among the rest I had also two doll-idols and lying miracles.

Presently the gallery was still and silent, jailers came round and handed us each a long yellow taper and a yellow scapular or tabard, crossed with a cross and a label on each breast of Saint Andrew. There were the Sanbenitos that Jews, Turks, sorcerers, witches, and heretics of all kinds, from the non-Catholic Church are compelled to wear. Next came the gradation of our ranks. Those who had relapsed, or who were convicted, during their examinations, were the Sanbenito, which is gray, with red St. Andrew's cross, and the pointed cap, and the buttons, and all round, reversed flames, and wings of and sweet black devils horrible to behold. There were twenty others, were there; and I lost all hope. My blood turned to ice. I could scarcely keep myself from swooning. I felt my brain reeling, they brought us, with hard, mechanical regularity, pasteboard conical mitres (corrochas) painted with flames and devils, with the sanbenito cross and mitre we written round his rim. Our feet were all bare; the jailers, who had lighted their tapers, began to weep, and kept their faces covered with their handkerchiefs, round which the beads were twisted. God only—they speaking from heaven—could save them. A rough, hard voice now told us we might sit down on the ground, and we obeyed. Then the old man and the boys smiled as they eagerly sat down. The dreadful relief came to them with the refreshment of a pleasure.

At four o'clock they brought us bread and figs, which Spaniards eat with their wine, as a most delicious meal. It refused mine, but a guard prayed me to put it in my pocket, as I might be in need of it. It was as if an angel had comforted me. At five o'clock, at daybreak, it was a ghastly sight to see those, who, in the dim corridor, on our pale, livid faces. Yet not one but felt an undercurrent of joy at the prospect of any release even by death.

Suddenly, as we look at each other with ghastly eyes, the great bell of the cathedral tolled slowly, with a funeral knell, long and slow. It was the signal of the burning of the Auto-da-fé. This the signal for the people to come to the show. We were filed out one by one. As I passed the gallery-like to the auto-room, I saw, on the tables, pens and stern, in his black robes, throned at the gate. Bonnets have been substituted for the hats of the citizens of Seville in his very, twitching fingers. The room was full of the anxious, frightened longing for the show, or their relations. Every one, as I once passed through, moved to his trembling side to serve as a support for the Auto-da-fé. The honest men shuddered as they took their place in the horrid death procession: the time-serving men looked as if they were performing a solemn duty. This was thought an honorable office, and was sought after by gentlemen and suspected men afraid of the Church's sword.

The procession commenced with the Dominican, whose standard initiated the ceremonial. Then them thundered the banner of the order, representing the Inquisition enthroned, and the sword and olive. It shines like a mirror, the frocked saint, holding a threatening sword in one hand, and in the other an olive branch, which the dove, descending, holds in its eye. God of love, what a mockery of thy attributes! Behind the Dominicans, two Inquisitors, in their yellow scapulars, holding their lighted torches; their feet bleeding with the stones, and their face frightfully contracted with the fatigue of pain and ruff, tripping along by their side, holding their handkerchiefs to their eyes. The street and windows were crowded with careless eyes. Children were held up to excrete us as we passed to our places. Behind the Inquisitors came the rest of the holiday sight to the craftsmen and apprentices: it was more than a holiday to them—it was a relief to the touch of tragedy about it. Our procession, like a long black snake, wound on, with its banners and crosses, its shaven monks and mitred barefooted prisoners, through street after street, heralded by soldiers who ran before to clear a way for us—to stop mules, displace fruit-stalls and street performers and their laughing audiences. We at last reached the Church of all the Saints, where, tired, dusty, bleeding, and faint, we were to hear mass.

The church was magnificent, but, oh, was dreadful as a charnel-house. The great altar was veiled in black, and was lit with six silver candles, whose flames shone like yellow stars, with clear twinkle, and a soft halo round each black, fringed wick. On each side of the altar—that seemed to bar out God and his mercy from us, and to wrap the very sun in a grave-cloak—were two thrones, one for the Grand Inquisitor and his counsel, another for the King and his court. The one was filled with wretches like myself; the other with jewelled and feathered men.

In front of the great altar, and near the door—where the blessed daylight shines with hope and joy, but not for us—is another altar, on which six gilded and illuminated missals lay open, these books of the Gospels, too, in which I had once read with tears and prayers for forgive as we are to be forgiven; Faith, hope, charity: these three, but the greatest of these is charity. Near this altar stand the executioner and his assistant, a half-naked gallery with bare touches, on which sat the criminals of their yellow and flame-colored tabards, with their godfathers. The doomed ones came last; the nones innocent first. Those who entered the black-robed church first, passing in secret to the altar, sat there, either praying, or with their heads covered in meditation. The trembling living corpses wearing the yellow and red mitres, came last, preceded by a gigantic cross, like the dead coming to judgment.

Immediately following them poor mitred men came servitors of the Inquisition, carrying the human effigies fastened to long staves, and four sheets containing the bones of those men who had died in the cave of the Inquisition before the fire could be got ready. The coffers were painted with flames and devils, and the inscriptions round them. Behind mitre and the crimson and yellow shirt all the faces with typical grins. The Inquisitors and times represented were tried for heresy since their death, and whose estates had since been confiscated and their effigies exposed to the contempt of coming fire no one within their reach to differ in opinion with the Inquisition.

Every prisoner being now in his place—godfathers, torchmen, pikemen, musketeers, inquisitors, and standing crosses—the Grand Inquisitor, who has mounted the pulpit, followed by his ministers, the bishop, and the grand vicar, commences his long sermon, half an hour long (it seemed a month of anguish), in which his "burning eloquence" compared the Auto-da-fé to the fire of hell, with this difference, that there animals who entered it burned for ever and ever, but that the mercy of the blessed Inquisition had, by God's blessing, the power of changing those its walls once had shut in the flames of eternity. He then read the edict against him; so tranquil and devout—these who had been born cruel as wolves, and savages and daring as lions.

This cruel, mocking sermon over, two readers mounted the pulpit to shout the list of the names of the condemned, their crimes (now, for the first time, I heard mine), and their final sentences. I grew all ears, and trembled as each name was read.

As each name was called the aleaid led out the owner of it from his pen to the middle of the gallery opposite the altar, and left him standing, trembling, taper in hand; after the sentence, he was led to the alter, where he had to put his hand on one of the missals, and to remain there till all was over.

At the end of each sentence the reader stopped a moment, and then, in a voice of the most hypocrisies of faith, which he exhorted us (the guilty) to join in with heart and voice. Then we all repeated the Credo in a loud voice, the reader having spoken latterly of the Inquisition, and called a creature of God's love. I, who, had therefore, declared excommunicated, my goods confiscated to the King, and I was banished Spain, and condemned to the Havana galleys for five years, with the following penances: I must repeat seven all Friday's for three years, the seven penitential persons; I must, for three years, confess and communicate three times a month; I must recite Ave Maria a day for three years, the Ave Maria and Maria in honor of the Five Wounds; I must hear mass on my knees every Sunday for three years; and, above all, I must guard carefully the secret of all I had said, heard, or seen in the holy cities (which only, as the reader will suppose, I had carefully kept).

The sentence once read, and the wont known, even the condemned seemed happier; and every one felt to eating the figs and bread he had no appetite for. It was the morning! See the sun rise, and with our long fast.

The bishop then quitted his seat, resumed his robes, and, followed by twenty priests, each with a staff in his hand, he passed into the middle of the church; and, with divers prayers, some of the were relieved from excommunication, each of the wearing a taper, and kneeling before the bishop as insult would have seat the blood in a rush to my head, and I had dust but I had given a return my save, as the bishop, with contempt, struck it to make into tears.

All this time the fussy, frightened citizen who served as my godfather had not dared even to give me a pinch of snuff or to answer any of my answered, but now, as the ceremony was concluded, he bowed, chatted, and handed me his snuff-box, which I refused with courtesy and indignation, but he only shrugged his shoulders and stammered an apology.

Then, one by one, the condemned, faint and staggering, were brought in to hear their sentence, which they did with a frightened and unnecessary devoutly touching. A devil would have shed tears to see them; but the Inquisitors were gossiping among themselves and scarcely looked at them, so surfeited were these priests with their enemies' blood.

Every sentence ended with the same cold, mechanical formula: That the holy office, being unhappily unable to pardon the prisoners, on account of their relapse and impenitence, found itself compelled to leave them with full power to the secular law, and therefore delivered them with regret to the hands of secular justice, praying it to use clemency and mercy toward the wretched men; saving their souls by the punishment of their bodies, and recommending death, but not the effusion of blood. Hypocrites!

At the word blood the justice hangman stepped forward and took possession of their bodies; the aleaid first striking each of them on the chest to show that they were now abandoned to the rope and fire.

A month before this auto-da-fé the ministered the Inquisitioff, preceded by their banner, gorgeous and luminous with sacred symbols, had gone in ravishes from the cathedral of the Holy Cross to the Cathedral Square and proclaimed the ceremony with drums, trumpets, and clashing of irons, to the great crowd that thronged to hear the proclamation.

Our present auto-da-fé was to celebrate the king's marriage, and was to be followed by great and lights. Every prisoner had his own separate great theatre, fifty feet long, raised to a level with the king's balcony. All round ran an ample theatre of thirty rows, for the Council of the Inquisition and the king's ministers. Above these, and higher than the king's seat, was the Grand Inquisitor's place, under a gilt and crimson dais. On the left of the theatre was a second amphitheatre, where the criminals were to be marshalled. The fire alone on their pale faces. In the midst was a smaller one, filled with two cages, the armed-up criminals to hear their sentences in. Here were in front of this special chairs for the prosecutor and readers of the sentences; and near these chairs was a temporary altar hung with black.

The king had the queen on his left hand, and the queen's mother on his right. The court ladies filled the rest of the balcony, which, with their flowers and dresses, seemed as if heaped with roses. There were the ambassadors, the city and the ambassadors, the city judges, and the guards.

The procession consisted of first, one hundred charcoal men, in black, with red caps and red, and laden with billets of wood; then the Dominicans carrying a white cross; then the Grand Medina Cœli, bearing, as is the hereditary privilege of his family, the sacred broad-sword of the Inquisition, which has an open sword between two green olive-branches, on the other a naked sword thrust through a laurel wreath. Next came the royal standard of the black, followed by nobles and familiars of the Inquisition dressed in black, with white and black crosses, edged with gold. The standard carried by fifty halberdiers, or Guards of the Inquisition, clad in white and black, and commanded by the hereditary Protector of the Inquisition in the Archbishopric of Seville.

The standard and cross were fixed above the royal seat, and the Dominicans, who had been all night singing the office of the dead, in a choir loud, drew up in line, as the king and ladies at that moment appeared on the balconies, in a blaze of color and splendor, like a sun-burst.

This was at night o'clock. The charcoal-burners were placed on the left of the king's box, the guard on the right. The great pasteboard effigies were then transported at one end of the amphitheatre. Next filed in, and took their seats, the persons condemned to the fire; curls round their necks, the three-feet high sugar-loaf hats (coroches) round their feet bare; the torches shaking in their trembling hands.

Next, each led between two familiars, came the comunted; and, last of all, the innocent. Some of the condemned had gags in their mouths, to prevent any outburst of blasphemy, and they were all of them surrounded by four or five friars, holding crucifixes to them, and exhorting them, angrily and noisily, to repent.

Having passed round in a balcony, and then round the amphitheatre, they were placed on the left hand of the amphitheatre between the familiars and the priests, who exhorted them assiduously to repent.

Next arrived the banner of the parish of Saint Sebastian, the Inquisition Council, the Inquisitors, the Qualifiers, with a long procession of secular and religious dignitaries, who themselves seated on the right side of the theatre, surrounding the Grand Inquisitor's chair. Then the Grand Inquisitor and Inquisitor, robed in violet, attended by the President of the Council of Castile—who is then he (the archdevil) took his seat, the President bowed profoundly to repeat.

Then mass was again said, and the priest, leaving the altar, sat down; upon which the Inquisitor-General, putting on his pontifical robes, went first to the altar, and then to the king; and, ascending the steps of the throne, a servitor bearing the cross, read the edict of faith. Then the King of Spain had bound himself to protect at all hazards, even to the loss of his kingdom and his children, to extirpate heresy, and to support the Inquisition. Then the king, taking off his hat (the great sword held unsheathed by a chamberlain at his side), swore to observe the oath.

The Inquisitor-General and resumed his place, while the same oath was administered to all present. Next, there was a sermon by a Dominican, praising the Inquisition, and condemning heresy, and the procession moved toward the piles, now fully piled and decked with wood billets and faggots.

A few horrid moments of riveting collars, blackets: a twist or two of the garrote for the least guilty: a shrug of agony, and all the miserable hell, soon stifled by cruel howls and driving blows. The fire was set to the piles, and crackled up in noxes got greater and greater. The fans agitated to black waves; the silk dresses too, waved like flowery meadows in the March winds. But no pity: not a tear. The flame raged with cruel leaps and mounts: it drove up in great quivering pyramids that the wind now and then drifted out in horizontal banners, showing black bodies, black burning stakes, and thin hands clasped together in prayer. Higher and higher mounted the great burning columns, and the people rose standing and racing masses of living fire, furiously, wrathfully, and gluttonously hungering for victims.

SKATING AT BOSTON.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

SKATING AT BOSTON.

THE engraving on the preceding page is made from a sketch kindly sent us by a correspondent residing at Boston. The Bostonians are better skaters, as a rule, than New Yorkers; living in a climate which enables them to enjoy the sport much oftener and longer than we do. We are told that every body in good society skates in Boston; that it is quite common to see Mr. Everett performing "the outer edge," and Mr. Emerson making "a figure of eight." While he is, we can only say we should like to be there to see.

THINGS WISE OR OTHERWISE.

A well-known gentleman of Winchester, in the State of Virginia, is the habit of retailing an amusing anecdote on the great love that the Americans have for naval titles and military ones. Creating the Potomac flotilla, he, with his horse, is Ferry-boat, the ferryman said:

"Mars', I reckon you would laugh to see your ferry-wharf."

He immediately did, observing to the man:

"I am not a major, and you need not call me one."

"Then the ferryman replied:

"Well, Kernel, I see your jokes, and I'll not call you no more."

Having arrived at the landing-place, he led his horse out of the boat, and said:

"My good friend, I am very plain man; I am neither a colonel nor a major—I have no title at all, and I don't like them. How much have I to pay you?"

The ferryman looked at him, and said:

"You are the first white man I ever crossed this ferry with that wasn't jist nobody at all, and I near I'll not charge you nothing."

1st. Choose the path of virtue, and imitate a high pattern.

2d. Do all the good in thy power, and let every action be useful.

3d. Cultivate thy mind carefully—it will be a store of pleasing reflection.

4th. Be diligent in thy business, and strictly upright in thy dealings.

5th. Investigate affairs closely, and engage in them cautiously.

6th. Lay thy plans with prudence, and be prepared for unexpected events.

7th. In all difficulties be patient, and overcome them with perseverance.

8th. Live first, always, which also means sleep most.

9th. Have a place for every thing, and every thing in its place.

10th. In all things be accustomed without measure, and combine activity with diligence.

At a recent fire in Fall River two Irish laborers, who had behaved gallantly in attempting to subdue the flames, were sought by a dangerous performance of saving part of the house fell in, and that under which they were seated lay tottering above them.

The younger attempted to fly from the spot, but was overtaken by the falling mass, and very severely injured. The other, resting on upon door in the lane of the house, escaped with a few contusions and a severe shock or ride. His companion, next day, consulted a lawyer, a cage, and he should return thanks to Providence for his preservation.

"Och! then," said Dermot, scratching his head very much puzzled, "it is thankful to Providence I ought to be, it was very manifest to me; but, Sir, unsure I 'atisfy cide aisy?"

A correspondent writes: "In your notice of Jacob Little you could have anecdote, which I consider an addition to the list of 'Wall-street stories.'

"Jacob and Commodore Vanderbilt were in the latter limited divine entered, with the remark that it pleased him to call and see his flock, he being a member of one of his parishioners. After a few words the Dominie, who was in the habit of observing of the ups and downs of life was considerable of a financier, remarked that he was short, and wished to borrow five hundred dollars. Jacob said it gave his pleasure to accommodate him for that on a future occasion he might ring equally as short, and The Doctor said he would, then, prefer one thousand, to which Jacob replied, 'Call at my office to-morrow, and I will see what I can do.' Doctor's wrinkles, full of intelligence, then, give him a check for a thousand dollars.' The Doctor was about to bow to them; and Jacob only lost outsiders on security in hand."

In Texas courts are method of charging juries in for the Judge to give written instructions—and so will, in his opinion, meet the various points in the case. In some instances, however, the instructions have been given their functions in as lucid and satisfactory a manner as could be desired. The following charge is reported verbatim from one of our main pillars of justice organs *thief*, or at least explains why it is not to be Shelby:

M. CLOSEY'S ADDR.

Mr. Foreman and

If the jury believe, from the evidence, that T. Clow, the plaintiff, sold any property in Texas to one of the M'Clusky sold that to William Odum, and took a note to himself, and afterwards sold that note to W. Howard, got a note of his own, and W. W. Howard paid that note to him, or something else; and W. W. Howard paid that note and nobody knows where the land or other property is; and M'Clusky is dead, and Clow himself has commenced on his estate is on both sides of the suit; then the jury you think it is time to make out their case and find for the defendant; if not, surrender the case, and it thinks it does, then they will find for such a sum as they think is the client.

A young attorney, with a huge bundle of papers in hand, appeared for the first time in Judge J.'s court in St. Louis to move for a writ of habeas corpus in a case. Handing the papers to the judge, he very modestly explained his business to him. The judge looked over the papers, and then shoving them snugly aside, and looking the young man full in the face, inquired:

"Sir, do you take me for a fool?"

"Well," replied the lawyer, "this is the first time I have had the pleasure of seeing your honor, and therefore I am not say from my own knowledge whether you are a fool or not."

His honor was somewhat taken aback by being thus bearded, and said, in milder tone, "Why, sir, is not the Legislature of the State of Missouri for fools then, Sir?"

"Well, sir, that's the impression abroad, but as to telling personally about any of them, your honor, but, from what I have seen of you, I am inclined to think you are from such a source that they ought to be, and perhaps, your honor, that is your case, and you are a fool, but not the whole of it, but vanquished, and picked monkey as a lamb to his victor.

Neighbor Dorne was a very fine old gentleman, but rather too fond of the "mental glass." He was married, and a few of his friends rode down on horseback to one of their "gatherings" who lived a mile or two off. In the course of the evening the proprietor brought up some good liquor and the glasses went round, where it was free to all. All the "friends" took a little, but neighbor Dorne took a little more than a little. In the course of time they were all ready to go home, and could not get on their horses. All got on but neighbor Dorne, who, when he was getting on, slipped off the other side. One of the company asked him if he was "not on yet?" "Yes," replied neighbor Dorne, "I am on, and more too."

A French doctor has discovered a new mode of disposing of injured limbs—instead of cutting them off he pulls them out by methods. He has invented a machine for this purpose, and the operation is said to be painless. Who wants to try the machine?

Every man in Chitta must pay up his debts at the beginning of the year, and also at the time of a religious festival about the middle of the year. If unable to pay at these times, his business stops until his debts are paid.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Burnett's Cocoaine.
Burnett's Cocoaine.
Burnett's Cocoaine.

TESTIMONIAL.

BOSTON, July 19, 1857.

MESSRS. J. BURNETT & CO.—I am not refute to state the salutary effect in my own aggravated case, of your excellent Hair Oil—(Cocoaine).

For many months my hair had been falling off, until I was fearful of losing it entirely. The skin upon my head became gradually more and more inflamed, so that I could not touch it without pain. This irritated condition I attributed to the use of various advertised hair washes, which I have since been told contain corpusive spirit.

By the advice of my physician, to whom you had shown your process of purifying the Oil, I commenced its use the last week in June. The first application allayed the itching and irritation: in three or four days the inflammation and tenderness disappeared—the hair ceased to fall, and I have now a thick growth of new hair. I could not touch it without pain. This irritated condition I attributed to the use of various advertised hair washes, which I have since been told contain corpusive spirit.

By the advice of my physician, to whom you had shown your process of purifying the Oil, I commenced its use the last week in June. The first application allayed the itching and irritation: in three or four days the inflammation and tenderness disappeared—the hair ceased to fall, and I have now a thick growth of new hair. I could not touch it without pain.

Yours, very truly,
URBAN R. POPE.

Burnett's Cocoaine.

☞ A single application renders the hair one mother how afraid they are and grow in a few short days. It is conceded by all who have used it to be *the best and cheapest Hair Dressing in the World.*

Prepared by JOSEPH BURNETT & CO., Boston.

For sale by dealers generally, at 50 cents a bottle.

MESSRS. RUDD & CARLETON

TO THE BOOK TRADE

That they this week remove their place of business to the large house fronting on the park, No. 130 Grand Street, corner of Broadway, known as

GRAND'S BUILDING,

where more convenient and capacious accommodations, with greatly facilities for handling their large and full supply, not only of their own publications, but a complete stock of every thing in the department of literature.

Special arrangements with the principal American publishers, and shipping by the first steamers, enable them to sell always at PUBLISHERS' PRICES.

Booksellers throughout the country will find that all orders will be promptly and economically attended to.

Their announcements are offered for the Spring Trade Literature, to whom liberal inducements will be made.

List of our

Recent Publications.

MILES STANDISH. Illustrated. 4to.....$1 00
ARTHUR'S HOME GAZETTE for 1858.....1 00
RABBI BELL. By B. Aldrich.....1 75
BUCKLAND'S CURIOSITIES of Natural History.....1 75

The New Novels.

SOUTHWOLD. By Miss Dorothy Untell.....1 00
EDITH; Or, Little by Little.....1 00
LOVE AND LABOR. By Mrs. Sweet.....1 00
VERNON GROVE. By Mrs. C. H. Glover.....1 00

We would call the Booksellers and will be sent by mail, postage free, to any part of the United States, on receipt of price.

RUDD & CARLETON, Publishers and Booksellers,
No. 130 Grand Street, corner Broadway, N. Y.

DUPUY'S

NEW PERFUMES.

"The Mount Vernon Bouquet."
"The Perfect Love."
"The Washington Nosegay."
"The Nice Jockey."

Essences of Fragrant Flowers, 40 Varieties.
Perfume Sec, Pomades, and Toilet Soaps.
EUGENE DUPUY, Perfumer, 62 Broadway.

FOUR STERLING AND SUCCESSFUL BOOKS,

PUBLISHED BY

C. SCRIBNER, Broadway, Grand Street, New York.

DUST AND FOAM;

Or, TWO CONTINENTS AND TWO OCEANS.
Being Wanderings in Mexico, & America, Sandwich Islands, China, East and West Australia, Java, Arabia, Polynesia, &c. By T. B. Waskom. 1 vol. 12mo. $1.25.

Extract from a Recent Review in the New York Tribune Primeur, Esq.

"I can express heartily my pleasure that I have received from its charming and spirited pages. The style is vivacious and graphic, and abounds in touches of wit with the bright coloring of the tropics. I particularly admire the fine discrimination of character which carries you through all your difficulties and perils."

"Mr. Waskom will really, this time, be the author of

PEASANT LIFE IN GERMANY.

By Auerbach. 1 vol. 12mo. $1.25.

The London Literary Gazette says: "It is a clever book. We give the author the highest credit for having written an excellent and riveting work."

THE CONSTITUTIONAL

TIMOTHY TITCOMB'S LETTERS

TO HIS YOUNG FOLKS. By Holland.

1 vol. 18mo. $1.00; in extra gilt, $1.50.

"Timothy Titcomb's Letters have no blood humor with seriousness, with wit pathos, the counsels of wisdom and morality with the innocent amusements of every day. We trust that his times ten thousand will enjoy the book."—*N. Y. Independent.*

6th Edition of

BITTENBENDER.

A POEM. By Timothy Titcomb. 1 vol. 12mo, 75 cents. FIFE SAILORS SAY: "I know of no long poem of American origin that I can place before it. In saying this I do not forget the productions of Longfellow, so deservedly popular."

☞ These books sent by Mail, postage paid, on receipt of price.

PIANO FORTES, MELODEONS, AND HARMONITUMS of first-class makers at the lowest prices. J. M. PELTON
841 and 843 Broadway, N. Y.

F.Y.S.

BALLOU'S FRENCH YOKE SHIRT EMPORIUM,
409 Broadway,
Premises Shirt Manufacturers.

Shirts made to order from Scientific Measures, of the best materials, sewed by hand, and warranted to fit, at less than the ordinary prices.

BALLOU BROTHERS, 409 Broadway, N. Y.

Genin's Hat Store,
Removed to
507 BROADWAY,
adjoining
GENIN'S BAZAAR.

FRED. S. SOZZENS,
WINE MERCHANT,

Offers for sale Foreign Wines of the finest qualities of his own importation, viz:

BARE OLD BRANDIES,
SPARKLING AND STILL CATAWBA, AND ISABELLA WINES,
from N. Longworth, Cincinnati, Ohio.
73 WARREN STREET,
(Opposite Hudson River Railroad, New York.)

U. STATES JUVENILE WAREHOUSE,
No. 260 Broadway, up one St. Nicholas Hotel.
Parents are invited to the above establishment, where Ladies' and Children's Clothing of the Newest Style and best material and workmanship are always on hand.

"Time saved is money gained."

Booksellers' and Newsvenders' Agency.

ROSS & TOUSEY

Would respectfully invite the attention of Booksellers, Dealers in Cheap Publications and Periodicals, to their Wholesale Agency, which they have just established at No. 121 Nassau street, corner of Ann, where they will receive promptly and dispatch. All books packed with the greatest care, and forwarded, in all instances, by the very earliest conveyance following the receipt of the orders, accompanied by the remittance. Sole Agents for Frank Leslie's publications, and single numbers of Books, &c., also procured, promptly packed, and forwarded by express. Regular publications saving time and extra expense. *Orders solicited.*

ROSS & TOUSEY,
No. 121 Nassau Street, N. Y.

☞ Refer to the principal Booksellers and Publishers of New York and Brooklyn.

CHRISTIAN INQUIRER.

THE CHRISTIAN INQUIRER is published weekly in the City of New York, under the editorial charge of the Rev. A. Livermore, assisted by the most eminent writers of the Unitarian denomination. It is designed to be fresh, free, and reverent; a Family Religious Newspaper of liberal thought, and the most decided character. It is furnished to subscribers at $2 00 in advance, by mail, or carrier. Address

CHRISTIAN INQUIRER, 111 Broadway, N. Y.

It is full of life, learning, and liberality.—*Sunday School Gazette.*

The independence and vigorous earnestness with which it discusses the religious questions of the times, make it a powerful auxiliary to those who are striving for the attainment of a vital piety. Its selections are eminently judicious, and those of us who are fortunate as to be subscribers among its patrons have proceeded to them, in its well-filled pages, the gems of thought stored by the most eloquent and profound religious thinkers of the age.—*The Reformed Church Messenger, Philadelphia.*

The earliest and able organ of the Unitarian denomination in this country.—*The Independent.*

A model paper.—*Boston Journal.*

One of the ablest religious newspapers published in America.—*Western Herald.*

The ably-conducted organ of our Unitarian fellow-Christians.—*Montreal Herald.*

One of the ablest Unitarian Journals in the country.—*N. Y. Daily News.*

WM. ROWE, JR.
CARPETS, OIL-CLOTHS,
CHEAP, FOR CASH.
No. 297 Hudson street, near Spring,
New York.

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES.

The new FAMILY SEWING MACHINES at $50 and $75 are unrivalled in simplicity. In all essential qualities they are much the best Machines ever offered at a low price.

I. M. SINGER & CO., No. 458 Broadway.

LIGHTE, NEWTON & BRADBURY'S
PIANO FORTES,
291 and 293 Fulton Street, Brooklyn.
HENRY H. HOOPER, JR., Agent.

EXPERIENCED AGENTS WANTED IN all parts of the country to obtain Subscribers for "LOSSING'S PICTORIAL FIELD-BOOK OF THE REVOLUTION." In Two Volumes Royal Octavo, containing upward of 1500 pages, and 1500 beautiful Illustrations. To Agents of good address, liberal terms will be given, each of whom a special District will be given. Apply, by discreet and the country. Applicants should name the County or Counties in which they prefer to labor. For full particulars address GEO. W. ELLIOTT, care HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

"Twin Temples of Fashion."

HEAD QUARTERS OF BON TON.

122, 138 and 140 Fulton Street,

Between Broadway & William St.

THOMAS SMITH, Jr.,
ROBERT L. SMITH,
J. SMITH RICE.

NEW YORK

ONE PRICE—NO DEVIATION.

The Price is marked on all the Goods in Plain Figures.

ODE TO STRANGERS.

Those mansions of marble, oh say if thou knowest,
Over which the gay standard of Elegance's unfurled,
Where the welcome is warm, and the prices are lowest,
And the CLOTHES are the CHEAPEST and BEST in the world.

Hie—and say at once! To Smith Brothers besides you,
They but have an order you to hear and your place;
For they either *have got or will speedily make you,*
THE VERY BEST OF CLOTHES EVER SEEN UPON MAN!

All Freight Forwarded with the Greatest Speed,
BY THE
AMERICAN EXPRESS CO.'S
LIGHTNING RUN.

Trains leave the Hudson River Depot at 6.45 and 11.30 A.M.; 3.15, 4.30, and 5.30 P.M.

Freight Forwarded by Express Passenger trains, and do not lie over or stop at any point.

The regular time by the Fast Run is

To Chicago	in 40 hours	To Dayton	in 38 hours
" Cincinnati	" 37 "	" Toledo	" 34 "
" Louisville	" 74 "	" Detroit	" 36 "
" Columbus	" 33 "	" Indianapolis	in 54 hours

And OTHER WESTERN TOWNS in like good time.

Goods for sale on Mississippi and Arkansas River Steamers, &c., will save time by shipping by our line.

Rates positively as low as any responsible Company.

WELLS, BUTTERFIELD & CO.,
64 Broadway and 61 Hudson St.

PHELAN'S IMPROVED BILLIARD TABLES AND

COMBINATION CUSHIONS,

PATENTED FEB. 19, 1856; OCT. 28, 1856; DEC. 9, 1856; JAN. 13, 1857; JAN. 13, 1858.

NOV. 1 MBER 15, 1 5 8.

For sale only by the manufacturers,

O'CONNER & COLLENDER, 51 and 53 Ann Street, And the patentee,

MICHAEL PHELAN,
782 and 784 Broadway, New York.

PICTURES FOR ENGRAVING AND COPY published by E. ANTHONY, 501 Broadway, New York.

Who forward them, post-paid, on receipt of price, and special directions how to paint, to any address. Send for a list of other interesting goods.

Dealers and Teachers supplied.

"MASSER'S"

Patent 5 Minute Freezers.

OPERATION SIMPLE. RESULT CERTAIN.

The increasing demand and the unrivaled popularity of "MASSER'S" CELEBRATED FREEZERS prove them to be the best Ice-Cream Freezer in use.

Purchasers and Dealers are cautioned against imitation Freezers that are offered in place of the above. Of "H. B. MASSER'S" Freezers, it has been long thought by many of the best Ice-Cream Freezers in use.

Sole Agents, E. REYCRAFT & CO.,
Manufacturers of Japanned and Planished Tin Ware,
No. 97 Fulton Street, New York.

THE NEW YORK OBSERVER.

IN A NOTICE OF

THE METHODIST,

says:

"Not to Methodists only, but to all religious readers, these two volumes will be highly entertaining. They are full of striking incidents, some of them tender, some exciting, some amusing, all of them readable. The work are chiefly laid in the midst of Methodism, and will therefore be more familiar to readers of that communion, but they will be eagerly surveyed by thousands of others."

THE METHODIST.

By MIRIAM FLETCHER, with an introduction by the Rev. W. F. Strickland. 2 vols. 12mo. Price $2.

DERBY & JACKSON, Publishers, New York.

The Copartnership heretofore existing between the subscribers, under the name and firm of A. S. Barnes & Co., is this day dissolved by mutual consent.

A. S. BARNES,
H. L. BURR,
S. A. ROLLO.

NEW YORK, *Feb.* 1st, 1859.

S. A. Rollo, having retired from the late firm of A. S. Barnes & Co., will continue the PUBLISHING, BOOK-SELLING, and STATIONERY BUSINESS, at **No. 29 Park Row** *opposite the Astor House*, under the name and style of

S. A. ROLLO & CO.

NEW YORK, Feb 1st, 1859.

The subscribers, having newly fitted the store No. 29 Park Row, are now prepared to offer the trade and to the general public a large, fresh, and well-selected stock of School, Classical, Theological, Medical, Standard, and Miscellaneous Books and Stationery. Blank Bookwork by the latest and quickest Steam and Hand Power Printing, Ruling and Machine Stapling, &c. &c.

Every inducement, so far as regards prices, terms, quality, and quantities, will be offered to first-class buyers, either for cash or credit.

S. A. ROLLO & Co.,
Publishers, Booksellers and Stationers,
No. **29** Park Row *opposite the Astor House*),
New York.

ONE HUNDRED COMIC SONGS.
Music and Words. Price Fifty Cents.
Published by OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.

DOUGLAS & SHERWOOD'S
CLOTH
TOURNURE CORSET.

This article combines in one garment a CORSET of SUPERIOR SHAPE and FINISH, and a BUSTLE of PERFECT MODEL, insuring free and healthful action in the lungs, and comfortable support to the spine. It has been pronounced by all who have seen it (among whom are several eminent members of the Medical Faculty), to be *the only Corset without an objection*, either artistic or physiological. For sale by all retail dealers in D. & S. skill manufacture their well-known

CLOTH SKIRT.

Also the celebrated

MATINEE SKIRT,

which for COMFORT and ELEGANCE is unsurpassed, together with every recently other different styles, all of which are for sale at all the principal stores in the United States and Canada. All articles of their manufacture

ARE STAMPED WITH THEIR TRADE MARK.

WHEELER & WILSON'S

SEWING MACHINES,

PRICES GREATLY REDUCED.

Office 505 Broadway, New York.

SEND FOR A CIRCULAR.

NEW YORK PURCHASING AGENCY.
W. W. & H. HALSEY, No. 198 Nassau Street.

Persons desirous of making purchases in New York or elsewhere, large or small, of any kind, will find the Book & Stationery, a Shoe & Leather Depot, on Ann street, between Nassau and William streets, a convenient and safe place to call. Refers by permission to G. T. Sampson, Esq., Castleton Long Island Bank, Messrs. John Jewett & Sons, Hastings, Phillips & Co., New York; J. D. Dameron & Co., New Orleans.

WANTED!

AGENTS EVERY WHERE, to sell the *best* and *cheapest* Family Machine ever offered. Will sell a small capital can do this very pleasant business and make from $5 to $10 per day. Call and see us.

Our Instructions are so plain that a child can learn to operate, and of the highest moral and intellectual character. For full particulars address

LEARY & GETZ, Publishers,
No. 724 South Second Street, Philadelphia.

ELLIOT & PATTEN—Examine Inventions and procure American and Foreign Patents. *Patent Agency* opposite main entrance of Patent Office Building, Washington City, D. C.

"THAT STANDARD MEDICINAL AR-
TICLE, The Vegetable Discovery discovered by the well-known druggists, Messrs. *Reed, Cutler & Co.*, of this city, is, we have authority for stating, one of the best remedies for *Coughs, Colds, and all Pulmonary Complaints*, ever offered to the public. It has stood the test of all tests, time, and has sustained its position from year to year.—*Sunday Times.*

Physicians of the highest respectability prescribe it, and the people, who have proved it, pronounce it a standard article.—*Sunday Mercury.*

Inquire for the article by the WHOLE NAME,
"VEGETABLE DISCOVERY, MANUFACTURED."

Prepared only by REED, CUTLER & CO., Druggists, *Boston, Mass.*, and for sale by all Druggists.
BARNES & FAIR, Agents, New York.

"HARD TIMES NO MORE."

ANY PERSON (male or female) can engage in the United States, possessing a small capital of from $5 to $25, can enter into a safe, honorable business, by which from $5 to $10 per day can be realized. For particulars address (with stamp), W. E. ACTON & CO., 41 South Sixth Street, Philadelphia.

Facts Stranger than Fiction.

MATRIMONIAL BROKERAGE IN THE
Mail.—SECRETS is now ready, and is going like wildfire.

For proof of the remarkable incidents contained in this book, see the Spirit of the Evening Post of Oct. 31st.

Price One Dollar.

THATCHER & HUTCHINSON,
No. 623 Broadway, St. Nicholas Hotel.

Unity Fire Insurance Company
of London.
(INCORPORATED UNDER THE ACT OF PARLIAMENT, 7 AND 8 VICTORIA, CAP. CXI.)

United States Branch, 58 Wall Street, New York.

Authorized Capital, Two Millions Sterling, or **$10.000.000 00.**

Available Assets, $4.520.951 16.

Statement of New York Branch,
For Thirteen Months, ending 31st December, 1858.

Gross amount of Premiums.....$100,615 19
Losses, Taxes and Expenses, Commissions and Re-insurances paid $50,937 77
Surplus in hands.....41,787 33
Loss subject to Liabilities.....1,004 25

Deposit Fund in the hands of Trustees.....150,000 00

GEORGE ADLARD,
Manager and General Agent for the United States.

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES.

The immense increase in the demand for these admirable Machines—it has trebled within four months—indicates the increasing popularity of the country. The price of our Machines have been greatly reduced.

I. M. SINGER & CO., No. 458 Broadway.

HOWE'S PATENT ELLIPTIC SPRING
BED is, without doubt, the most perfect and deserving article ever brought before the public. *It is within the reach of all*, and, as a matter of economy, to say nothing of luxury, must be universally introduced. The cost is from $10 to 60 dollars. For sale by all first class dealers, or may be obtained direct from the company. Address

GEO. F. GRAY, Sec'y,
Elliptic Bed Spring Co.,
378 Broadway, N. Y.

Send for Circular.

EXHIBITION OF AMERICAN MANU-
FACTURED BIBLES, at the Bible Warehouse, No. 129 First Street, Harper's Buildings. Bruhns of Leipsic, Germany, and Self, Paris, and for sale at the lowest prices. A Silver Medal was received from the American Institute, in 1845, for superior Bookbinding.

JOHN E. HOFFEL.

BUCKLAND'S CURIOSITIES
OF
NATURAL HISTORY.

12mo, Muslin. Illustrated. Price $1 25.

We will send a copy of this book. The notices of it in the English Reviews had prepared us to look for a rare treat, and we have not been disappointed. The jury has published, and we have not been disappointed. The author, the son of the late Archdeacon Buckland, is a close observer, and gives his anecdotes of life in a lively, pleasant style.—*Portland Transcript.*

Sent by Mail, postage free, on receipt of price.
REDFIELD, No. 110 Nassau Street,
120 Grand Street (near Broadway), N. Y.

SANDS' SARSAPARILLA—
The Original and Genuine Article. Prepared prior to 1846 by Dr. SANDS, the taste, composed of purely Vegetable Extracts, and may be taken at all seasons with safety.

Prepared and sold by A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists, No. 100 Fulton Street, New York.

BULWER'S NOVEL—COMPLETE.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?
By Pisistratus Caxton.
IN TWO VOLUMES.

By Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, Bart,
Author of
"My Novel," "The Caxtons," "Pelham," &c. &c.

8vo, Paper, 75 cents; Muslin, $1 00.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, New York.

HARPER & BROTHERS will send the above Work by Mail, postage paid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the Money.

[From the Troy Budget.]

The Siege of Corinth.

It is said that one of the former political divines of Troy, is about to publish a Treatise on the same plan in hand.

"The fuse that he singly kept at bay,
Outnumbered his thin hairs of *Silver Grey*.

Should he reach for the Pen of the Ink, but *ex Dono* that, under the effects of applications of Heintzeet's famous Hair Restorative, "Silver Grey" rapidly becomes in appearance at least members of "Young America."

Price fifty cents per bottle. Sold by all druggists.
W. E. HAGAN & CO., Proprietors, Troy, N. Y.

BEAUTIFUL NEW PICTURE.

MADONNA DELLA SCALA.

From the Great Painting by Carpaggio, on tinted paper, similar to Engravings of Double Elephant and Engravings, size 22 by 28 inches.

Price, per copy, $1 00. Sent, on receipt of price, by mail, postage paid.

J. E. TILTON & CO., Boston.

Agents are also supplied at Trade Prices.

Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS

Have just issued their SPECIAL TRADE LIST to DEALERS for the Spring Sales, with the *additional Discount*.

Early orders solicited.

PITS! FITS!! FITS!!!—The Number of persons performed by DR. HARRIS' VEGETABLE ESSENCE in lately astonishing. Epileptic Fits, Neuralgia, Convulsions, and Nervous Debility, are immediately relieved, and eventually cured, by this truly valuable medicine. Sold by druggists generally, price $1 per bottle. Sent by express to any part of the U. S. Address CHARLES H. HALLS, 54 Walker Street, New York, General Agents for the U. S.

A PRIZE FOR EVERYBODY!
WHO SUBSCRIBES FOR THE
NEW YORK WEEKLY PRESS.

It is one of the best literary papers of the day. A large Quarto containing TWENTY PAGES of SOLID COLUMNS, of entertaining matter; and ELEGANTLY ILLUSTRATED in every week.

A GIFT WORTH FROM 50 CENTS TO $1000 60 WILL BE SENT TO EACH PERSON OR AGENT ON RECEIPT OF THE SUBSCRIPTION MONEY.

TERMS—IN ADVANCE:

One copy for one year, and 1 gift.....	$2 00.
Three copies one year, and 3 gifts.....	5 00.
Five copies one year, and 5 gifts.....	8 00.
Ten copies one year, and 10 gifts.....	15 00.
Twenty copies one year, and 21 gifts..	30 00.

The articles to be distributed are comprised in the following list.....1

1 United States Treasury Note.....	$1000 00
5 do. do. do. do.....	500 00
5 do. do. do. do.....	100 00 each
10 do. do. do. do.....	50 00 each
10 Patent Lever Hunting Case Watches	100 00 each,
50 do. do. do. do.....	50 00 each,
100 do. do. do. do.....	25 00 each,
150 do. do. do. do.....	15 00 each,
200 Ladies Gold Watches.....	20 00 each,
250 Silver Hunting Cased Watches.....	20 00 each,
1000 Gold Pens.....	$10 00 to 25 00 each,
1000 Gold Guard, Vest, & Fob Chains	10 00 to 20 00 each,
1000 Gold Rings, Studs, Lockets.....	2 50 to 10 00 each,
Gold Lockets, Bracelets, Brooches, Ear Drops, Breast Pins, Fine Cutlery, Ambrotypes, Rings, 30-hr. Brass Watch Keys, Gold and Silver Thimbles, and a variety of other articles, worth from 50 cents to $5 00 each.

On receipt of the subscription money, the subscriber's name will be entered on the books and the gift to which he is entitled will be sent to him, by mail or express, post paid.

☞ All communications must be addressed to

DANIEL ADEE, Publisher,
311 CANAL STREET, NEW YORK.

THE LIVING AGE,

Having largely increased in circulation the past year, the Publishers are enabled to append the new and attractive feature to a series of

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC PORTRAITS,

engraved on steel, each of which will be accompanied by a

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR,

thus furnishing to its readers not only the *cream of the best Periodical Literature of the World*, but also a complete

ILLUSTRATED GALLERY OF FAMOUS CHARACTERS.

TERMS—Single numbers, 12 cents; Yearly subscription, $6—prepaid to any address. Subscriptions for a less period, *if desired*, and for back numbers, to booksellers, and clubs.

DELISSER & PROCTOR, No. 568 Broadway,
Opposite St. Nicholas Hotel.

SEWING MACHINES.—All persons who have been induced to buy Machines of Agents which will not perform the work that is pretended for them, will find at the Office of the Inventor a Machine never fail to do any kind of work. No one is ever disappointed in these machines.

I. M. SINGER & CO.,
No. 458 Broadway.

THE MISSIONARY IN MADAGASCAR.

Now ready, with Map and Illustrations from Photographs. 8vo, uniform with Livingstone's Travels. Muslin, Price $2 00.

THREE VISITS TO MADAGASCAR,

During the Years 1852—1854—1856. Including a Journey to the Capital. By WILLIAM ELLIS, Author of the South Sea Islands, &c.

History of the Country, and of the Present Civilization of the People. By Rev. WILLIAM ELLIS, F. R. S., Author of "Polynesian Researches."

The spirited manner in which this book are of such public interest at present that we can not err in predicting for it a favorable reception.—*Boston Daily Advertiser.*

"Journal." We commend our readers, architectural, botanical, geological, to its contents.—*London Literary Gazette.*—*Athenæum.*

A work exhibiting a matter of extraordinary interest, which a long period of travel in a most interesting land can be considered scarcely only in importance to that of Livingstone. Mr. Ellis's volume is enriched and adorned by notes in himself the missionary, the man of science, and the man observer of nature, and a philosopher and the person, we should think, for spreading, with a knowledge of the language, the solitary arrangements of European civilization.—*Chambers's Journal.*

Mr. Ellis's volume is replete with interest.—*Literary Gazette.*

For deeply affecting accounts of the simple piety and heart-felt gratitude of many of the Malagasy who were once to slavery, torture, and death, we must refer our readers to the volume itself. It is a most valuable addition to all our readings who take any interest in the progress of Christ or the spread of Christianity in the world, who will not make themselves acquainted with the contents of this excellent volume.—*Illustrated London News.*

It is well written, and abounds with information by many highly characteristic engravings taken from photographs. Mr. Ellis has also written two very full and valuable historical works as yet published on the subject of Madagascar, and all his readers will welcome this new and attractive work as yet published on the subject of Madagascar, and all his readers will welcome this new and attractive work as yet published on the subject of Madagascar.—*The Press* (London.)

The people were better qualified for this visit to Madagascar than Mr. Ellis.—*The Spectator* (London.)

Mr. Ellis is a modern missionary—an active, intelligent, observant, and enterprising man, a philanthropist and a lively, interesting, and unaffected writer. In his handsome volume we have a full and interesting account of three several visits which he paid within the last five years to the island, and visit principally to the capital of Madagascar. He took with him a camera, and his book is illustrated by a number of portraits and views of scenery of whose accuracy we are assured by their being from photographs taken on the spot. Mr. Ellis is accustomed to keep a journal, in which he noted down everything that he saw and heard, and that journal, which he has published in a separate form, furnishes the materials for the present volume. It is a readable book. It takes us into unbeaten fields; and the people is characterized by truthfulness, simplicity, and a pleasing but perfectly unobtrusive earnestness.—*Spectator.*

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, New York.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS will send the above Work by mail, postage paid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of $2 00.

PURIFIES THE BLOOD.

"R. F. Williams's Compound Syrup of Sarsaparilla and Iodide of Potassium" is a popular remedy for Scrofula, Tetter, Ringworm, Blotches on the Face, Inflammation of the Kidneys, Leucorrhœa, and like affections—and is a valuable remedy. I have seen the most wonderful cures effected by it in lumbosine style. Physicians recommend it, because they are aware that it is a

W. S. & C. H. THOMSON'S
NEW SKIRTS FOR 1859.

THE INDESTRUCTIBLE
DOUBLE EXTENSION SKIRT,
WITH PATENT EYELET FASTENINGS,
Made without Sewing.
Universally pronounced "the most perfect Skirt ever made."

THE GOSSAMER EXPANSION,
The lightest and most graceful Skirt ever produced.

THE PICCOLOMINI!
By means of clasps—this beautiful and economical garment can be taken to pieces, washed, and put together again at pleasure.

All the above have Thomsons' celebrated patent Watch Spring Bustle, and are stamped with our name and trade mark (the crown).

ALSO,
NELSON'S SKIRT SUPPORTERS,
By far the best Skirt Supporter yet invented.

For sale by the principal retailers every where.

W. S. & C. H. THOMSON,
233 Broadway, New York.

Alice Learmont—38 Cents.

By the Author of "JOHN HALIFAX."

A HERO,
BREAD UPON THE WATERS,
ALICE LEARMONT.

Tales by Miss MULOCH,
Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," "Olive," "The Ogilvies," &c., &c.

Complete in one vol. 12mo, Muslin, price 50 cents; Paper Covers, 38 cents. New Edition. (Originally published in 1853.)

HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, New York.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS will send the above Work by mail, postage paid, to any part of the United States under $300 inlet, on receipt of Fifty Cents.

☞ Every Number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE contains from 20 to 50 pages—and from one third to one half more reading than any other in the country.

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.
FOR MARCH.

The Publishers desire to state that Seventeen Volumes of HARPER'S MAGAZINE now issued contain a larger amount of matter than any other publication in the world, and is by any other periodical of the day.

At no period since the commencement of the Magazine have its literary and artistic resources been more ample and varied; and the Publishers refer to the contents of the Periodical for the past as the best guarantee for its future claims upon the favor of the American public.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year.....	$3 00
Two Copies for One Year.....	5 00
Three or more Copies for One Year (each)	2 00

And an Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of Ten Subscribers.

HARPER'S WEEKLY and HARPER'S MAGAZINE, together, one year, $4.

The Postage upon "HARPER'S MAGAZINE" must be paid at the office where it is received. The Postage is *Thirty-six Cents a year.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A FIRST-CLASS ILLUSTRATED PAPER.
THE BEST AND CHEAPEST
FAMILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD.
FIVE CENTS A NUMBER! $2 50 A YEAR.

[From the N. Y. Evening Post, Jan. 13, 1859.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.—The fifty-two numbers of this attractive and entertaining publication, issued during the past year, have been gathered into a single volume, and form a book of 832 pages, large in size and weight, in variety, the agriculturists, and the value of the contents. There is complete history of nearly all the public events of the year—there are ample dissertations on the leading topics of the day—there are stories, poems, and sketches of every description—there are many of the best engravings, however, but professional artists of the day—there are portraits of distinguished statesmen, Bishops, Theologians, Authors, Actors, Generals, and Admirals—and, above all, there are those striking wood-cut representations of the contemporary modes of dress, or fashions, and of costume and countries—all combined with a wealth of humor to be had for a trifle. It is a grand picture-book of the human life of the nineteenth century, and will be invaluable fifty years hence. Every class of readers, moreover, may be interested by the articles which are specially adapted to the tastes of business, the child and the women.

TERMS OF HARPER'S WEEKLY.

One Copy for One Week.....	$ 0 08
One Copy for Four Weeks.....	0 30
One Copy for Three Months.....	4 00
One Copy for Six Months.....	2 00
Twelve Copies for One Year.....	10 00
Twenty-five Copies for One Year.....	40 00

An Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of TWELVE or TWENTY-FIVE SUBSCRIBERS.

TERMS FOR ADVERTISING.—*Fifty Cents a Line.*

A Liberal Discount will be made to those wishing to Advertise for three Months or *over*.

☞ Persons living in the CITY OF NEW YORK wishing "HARPER'S WEEKLY" left at their houses, will please send their names at the Office of the Publishers, or communicate by, to the Office of PUBLISHERS, POSTMASTERS

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS
Franklin Square, New York.

"PRETTY! SIGH, AINT IT, CHARLEY, TO SEE THE YOUNGSTERS ENJOYING THEMSELVES."

Gifts! Gifts!! Gifts!!!

EVANS & CO.

OFFER GREATER INDUCEMENTS TO BOOK BUYERS THAN ANY OTHER HOUSE IN THE COUNTRY.

OUR NEW DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE, OF SIXTY PAGES, CONTAINS

A larger and better selection of books than ever before offered, embracing the choicest and literary fruits of interest published in the United States. All books fur-nished at publishers' prices, with

A GIFT ACCOMPANYING THE BOOK

at the time of sale.

The most liberal inducements to clubs, surpassing those of any other house, for particulars of which, see page 3. New Catalogue; also great commissions allowed to agents who are willing to devote their time to our business. Particulars sent on application by mail.

Send for a Catalogue, which will be mailed free to any address to all parts of the world.

Books sent safely without damage.

Twenty dollars' worth of books presented to *any one* sending an order for his book.

The following is a Schedule of Property which will be given to the Purchasers of Books at the time of Sale.

	Worth from
Gold Watches, English Lever, Patent Lever and Lepines	$30 00 to $300 00
Silver Watches, Patent Lever, Full Jeweled, Hunting Cases, open face and cylinder escapements	12 00 to 40 00
Gold Lockets—Large size, four glasses to contain hair, Medallion Style—large and small size, with rings	2 00 to 12 00
Cameo, Mosaic, Florentine, Painted Lava, Goldstone, Garnet, and Coral sets of Pins and Drops	5 00 to 25 00
Ladies' Gold Guard Chains, Neck Chains, Chatelaines	8 00 to 18 00
Gent's Full Jewelled Vest Chains	10 00 to 50 00
Sets Cameo, Goldstone, Painted, Mosaic, Garnet, Onyx, Engraved and Plain Gold Sleeve Buttons and Bosom Studs	2 00 to 16 00
Gold Pencil-cases, Plain, large, medium, and small size	3 50 to 7 50
Silver Pencils, with Gold Pens, large, medium, and small size, double and single extension	2 00 to 6 00
Gent's Heavy Signet Rings, Ladies' Gold, Cameo, and Plain Rings	1 00 to 7 50
Gent's Gold Breast Pins, Cluster, with Opal, Brief Pins, Onyx, Garnet, etc.	1 00 to 5 00
Rich Silk Dress Patterns	12 00 to 50 00
Gents' Morocco, Cloth, Garnet, Chased and Plain Gold Vest Buttons	50 to 2 00
Silver and Gold Thimbles	37 to 2 00
Gent's Pen and Pocket-knife	1 00 to 3 00
Pearl and Morocco porte-monnaies	1 00 to 2 50
Toothpicks, Watch Keys, Guard Slides	1 00 to 2 50
Gold Crosses, small, medium, and large	2 00 to 7 00

Besides other Goods, comprising a large and valuable assortment of miscellaneous articles, varying from $1 to $40.

One of the above articles will be given to the purchaser of each book at the time the book is sold. An equal proportion of the whole will be given with each $1,000 worth sold.

Address all orders, letters of inquiry, etc., to EVANS & CO., Publishers, 677 Broadway, New York City.

JAMES E. CALDWELL & CO.,

822 Chestnut Street,

Opposite Girard House,

Philadelphia.

Fine Watches,

Rich Jewelry,

Silver Ware, Sterling,

Clocks and Bronzes,

Chiefly of our own importation and manufacture.

Strangers visiting the city are invited to visit our establishment.

IMPORTED CHEMICALS.

50,000 KEGS NEWCASTLE BI-CHLORIDE SODA of extreme strength, now in store and for sale.

500 casks 65, 112, 168, 224, and 3 lb. papers, as low as 10, 15, 20, 25, 30 cents per lb. by the cask.

500 casks crystals CREAM TARTAR, prime, in store, and to arrive; also, as powdered in our own mills.

PERFECTLY PURE.

for Medical or Family Use. Our CREAM TARTAR is unexcelled.

SODA ASH—150 tons here, 750 tons to arrive—Newcastle 56 Soda of the best brands. Also 1000 kegs, from 112 to 140 lbs. always on hand.

SODA ASH—100 tons H. & E., 60 tons Evans' & McBryde, 25 tons *Chance*, and 25 tons *Alkali* of the white.

For sale by THOMAS ARNOLD & CO.,

Importers and First Hands, 120 and 138 Cedar Street, near West, New York.

TIME ANNIHILATED!!!

Cream Actually Frozen in Three Minutes.

NOW

TORREY'S

4 Minute Freezer.

PATENT APPLIED FOR.

The subscriber, after careful study and various experiments, has succeeded in constructing a Freezer, which for simplicity, durability, rapidity, and quality of its production, is unequaled, and can not fail to become a universal favorite.

To satisfy the incredulous, there will be weekly public exhibitions of this Freezer, at No. 9 Platt Street, to prove its ability to do all that is claimed for it. Store from 8 to 20 quarts.

SEND FOR A CIRCULAR & C.

This undersigned will dispose of his stock of MASSEY'S FREEZERS, now on hand, upon favorable terms.

E. P. TORREY, Manufacturer,

No. 9 Platt Street, New York.

Also, Manufacturers' Wholesale Agent for the celebrated "Old Dominion" Coffee and Tea Pots, and "Arthur's" patent Self-sealing Cans and Jars.

"GET THE BEST."

WEBSTER'S Quarto Dictionary.

The entire work Unabridged.

"SAVE THE BIBLE,

Webster's Dictionary has received more special commendations of its high practical importance than any other book in the world. The author is acknowledged to be the greatest lexicographer the world has produced. No more is needed on this point than to put over his title. No family or public library is complete without a copy of Webster's Dictionary. *It is a library of itself*, and no man is too poor to own one. We could not get along a day without it.—*Phrenological Journal*.

Published by G. & C. MERRIAM, Springfield, Mass., and for sale by CARLTON & PORTER, New York, and all booksellers.

J. W. NORCROSS & CO.,

IMPORTERS OF

DRUGGISTS' FANCY GOODS,

No. 91 Fulton Street, New York,

31 Milk Street, Boston,

Sole Agents for the United States,

FOR

Messrs. Yardley & Sheldon's (London) Sunflower Oil, Honey, Glycerine, and Marshmallow Soaps, Pomade, Toilet Powder, &c.

Edward Taylor's (Manchester) Surgeons' Lint, Surgical Stockings, Asbestos Plaster, and Oriental Tooth Paste.

S. J. Lewens & Co's (Montreal) Arctizana, or Real Indian Balm.

Beebe's Celebrated Hair Dye, the best in use.

Johnson Johnson Fluctuat Nec Mergitur Soaps, Sponges, and other toilettes.

Lental Elastics and Metallic Syringes and Breast Pumps.

Dr. Vidaud's Celebrated Surgical Instruments.

A complete assortment of Combs, Brushes, Perfumery, Toilet Articles, Chamois Skins, Sponges, and French Bosoms, Catchers, Flasks, and all articles usually kept in Druggists' Fancy Stores, to which we invite the attention of trade.

Orders received for the importation of all kinds of European Goods in our line, on the most favorable terms.

J. RUSSELL & SUDING'S

ROSEMARY,

is the best dressing for the hair known. It promotes luxuriant growth of hair to bald heads.

Rosemary will remove dandruff.

Rosemary is the best thing for children's hair.

The Rosemary has no sediment, and can not be surpassed, according to taste, healthy odor and beautiful lustre.

The Proprietor can furnish proof to sustain the assertions above. Boots will not admit the voluntary certificates from persons who have used it with success. If you have not subscribed, *try it*.

Each genuine, genuine, has the signature of the sole proprietor, J. *Russell Spalding*, 31 Tremont Street, Boston. Sold by Dealers generally.

$1300 A YEAR. Peddlers Wanted.

The article is light, easily carried, and required in every store and family. Our Agents are making from $4 to $6 a day profit. Any person sending us 25 cents in stamps or currency will receive a sample of the article worth that amount and all necessary information.

Address VAN DELOFF BROTHERS,

Kingston, Ulster Co., N. Y.

P. P.

PARR'S PRICKLY PLASTERS.

They sooth pain; they protect the chest; they extract the congested impurities and soreness from the system; they relieve promptly; they are divested in action, and yield to the motion of the body; they are porous, all impure excretions pass off, and they are not lessen effensive, hence, are freely worn four times longer than any. Price, 25 cents each. Sent by mail, post paid, for 30 cents.

Dr. Parr's Blue Plasters are, pain cuts and cures. Price, 25 cents each. Sent by mail, post paid, for 30 cents. Filled with old, chronic, and acute pains, should try them. You will then know what they are. They are a new feature in the science of medicine. Dr. Parr's Plasters Cure. Take no other. Each Plaster bears a Medallion Stamp and our Signature.

BARNES & PARR, 13 and 15 Park Row, N. Y.

JOHN D. PARR, Cincinnati, Ohio.

LYON'S MAGNETIC POWDERS

Will destroy Garden Insects, Cockroaches, Bedbugs, Fleas, Ants, &c., and prevent the Ravages of Moths.

The importance of a reliable article of this kind is indisputable. In warm climates it is a necessity with those conveying fees. This powder is the only article ever discovered that will destroy insects. Its power is derived from botanical, not mineral substances. Its effects are so manifest the form of Asia, observed that all insects lighting upon it would lose all kind of spinal vigor soon dropped dead. This fact was made use of to guard their night couges from insect intruders. Specimens of the plant were brought home by Mr. E. Lyon, and found a positive insecticide. After very experiments, it is made up in a powdered leaf, chemically prepared to resist the effect of age and climate. Medals and diplomas have been also obtained from the governments of England, France, Germany, Austria, Russia, from the World's Fair, and numerous mercantile and horticultural colleges and societies.

Letter from Lieut. Maury, of the U. S.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, 31st Jan. 1859.

DEAR SIR: Please send me by express, as soon as convenient, to inform you that the Royal Commission of the World's Fair at London have awarded you a Medal and Certificate for the great value of your Magnetic Powders, &c.

MILLARD FILLMORE, Chairman."

The above was accompanied by a certificate of Prince Albert.

IT IS FREE FROM POISON.

NEW YORK, October 1st, 1858.

"MR. E. LYON.—*Dear Sir*: We have employed and tested your Magnetic Powders, and find them perfectly harmless to mankind and domestic animals, but certain death when inhaled by bugs, ants, and insects.

Yours, respectfully, JOHN HANCOCK.

"Lieutenant Maury, U.S.N., Observatory, N. Y. Hospital."

Mr. John L. Jones, Superintendent of the New York Hospital, says: "We have exterminated all the bugs, ants, roaches, moths, &c., with Lyon's Powder, and finds it of immense value."

Every gardener and housekeeper must have a direct interest in the use of this article. Reference can be made to the Astor, St. Nicholas, and Metropolitan Hotels; to Judge Mills, Secretary of State, Governor Bullitt, James Gordon Bennett, Gen. Winfield Scott, Commodore Van Brunt, and Lieut. Maury, of the U. S. Navy, &c. &c. Judge Mills says, "This discovery of Prof. E. Lyon is one of great value to the world, and should have been found thoroughly." It will destroy ticks, dogs, roaches, ants, moths, bugs, and all vermin.

Sold by druggists and country merchants generally.

Agents wanted in every town in the United States.

Agents and juice can not be reached by a powder, and are killed by a Magnetic Fan. Order them through any druggist.

The Lyon's Powder kills insects in a trice.

But Lyon's Fills are mixed for rate and mice.

Lyon's Patent Magnetic Powder, size, 50 cents and $1 00. Fulton's Fan, 50 cents. Sent free of charge.

BARNES & PARR,

13 and 15 Park Row, New York.

SELPHO'S PATENT ELASTIC ANGLESEY LEG AND HAND—Combines new and valuable improvements to all the various kinds. For circular address WM. SELPHO, 910 Broadway, N. Y.

SPRING FANCY GOODS,

L. J. LEVY & CO.,

Nos. 809 and 811 Chestnut Street,

Adjoining Bailey & Co's,

PHILADELPHIA,

Are now opening a large and very choice assortment of

NEW GOODS FOR SPRING,

Selected for the most part in Paris and Lyons for the RETAIL SALES from the choicest productions of the looms of FRANCE.

They invite the inspection of **Wholesale** as well as **Retail** customers to one of the most beautiful assortments for its extent of new fabrics for

LADIES' SPRING DRESSES

which can be found in this country.

In all the richer articles of **DRY GOODS**, such as

INDIA CASHMERE SHAWLS,

CHOICE SPRING AND SUMMER SILKS,

PARIS PRINTED FOULARDS,

SUPERB ORGANDIE and BAREGE ROBES,

NEW SPRING and SUMMER SHAWLS,

their assortments are constantly being increased by the arrivals of the Steamers from Europe.

PHILADELPHIA, *February*, 1859.

Coughs.

Coughs.—The administration of medicinal preparations to the throat, by means of Lozenges, or of troches or cakes, is a mode of treatment especially adapted to relieving Throat Diseases. Brown's Bronchial Troches or Cough Lozenges, allay irritation which induces coughing, having a direct influence to the affected part.

Colds.

Colds.—You are aware of the importance of checking a Cough or Cold when you have it. The first stage, by which in the beginning would yield to a mild remedy, if neglected, must attack the lungs. "Brown's Bronchial Troches," containing demulcent ingredients, ally Pulmonary Irritation.

Asthma.

Asthma and Pulmonary.—In spasmodic affections of the Bronchial Tubes, which are covered with a dry, tenacious phlegm or mucus, "Brown's Bronchial Troches" will cause easy give immediate relief. If of long standing, persevere with them, and relief will generally ensue.

"An old lady friend having tried many remedies for a Cough with Asthma, found relief from the Troches."—Rev. D. Lutes, Frankford, Pa.

Catarrh.

Catarrh.—A form of Chronic Throat Disease, resulting in inflammation, which begins behind and a little above the palate, and then descends. Those who use "Brown's Bronchial Troches" have proved very effectual in relieving this complaint. No sufferer from Catarrh should be without them.

Influenza.

Influenza.—The great and sudden changes of our climate are fruitful sources of *Pulmonary and Bronchial Affections*. Experience has proved "Brown's Troches" a remedy of great efficacy in relieving Influenza.

Public Speakers and Singers.—"Brown's Bronchial Troches" contain ingredients admirably adapted to relieve Hoarseness, and to strengthen the Vocal Organs. Many of the most eminent Clergymen, Lecturers, and Singers, frequently use them when relieved either from cold or excessive exertion of the Vocal Organs, to clear and distinct enunciation.

Consumption.—Consumption, before the system, they can be taken as freely as requisite for clearing and strengthening the voice.

"Pronounced by the first and best."

Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

"I recommend their use to Public Speakers."

Rev. E. H. CHAPIN, NEW YORK.

"I have proved them excellent for Whooping Cough."

Rev. H. W. WARREN, BOSTON.

"Great benefit in spasms of the Bronchial Organs."

DR. J. F. W. LANE, BOSTON.

"A simple and elegant combination."—DR. C. E. BLAKE, BOSTON.

Sold by Druggists every where, 25 cents per Box.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. III.—No. 116.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1859. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Of the last number of this journal

120,000 COPIES

were sold.

A careful perusal of this journal will keep persons living in the country thoroughly posted on the news of the day.

No other publication gives so much and so choice matter, or so fully illustrated a history of the times in which we live.

More money is paid to American Artists and Engravers for illustrating this publication than for illustrating any other paper in the United States.

This is the cheapest and best family illustrated newspaper in the country.

To advertisers we need only observe that advertisements in this journal, at fifty cents a line, are cheaper and more effective—because they meet the eye of more people throughout the country, from North to South, and East to West—than advertisements in any other publication.

We refer families to our printed list of terms on the fifteenth page of each paper. By forming clubs, people in the country can obtain the paper on very advantageous terms.

WITHOUT AND WITHIN.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

I.

'Tis night in dark, and the winter winds
Go stabbing about with their icy spears:
The sharp hail rattles against the panes,
And melts on my cheeks like tears!

'Tis a terrible night to be out of doors,
But some of us must be, early and late:
We needn't ask who, for don't we know
It has all been settled by Fate?

Not woman, but man. Give woman her flowers,
Her dresses, her jewels, or what she demands:
The work of the world must be done by man,
Or why has he brawny hands?

As I feel my way in the dark and cold,
I think of the chambers warm and bright—
The nests where these delicate birds of ours
Are folding their wings to-night!

Through the luminous windows, above and below,
I catch a glimpse of the life they lead:
Some are, some sing, others dress for the Ball,
While others (fair students) read.

There's the little lady who bears my name—
She sits at my table now, pouring her tea;
Does she think of me as I hurry home,
Hungry and wet? Not she.

She helps herself to the sugar and cream,
In a thoughtless, unshalmed way.
Her hands are white as the virgin rose
That she wore on her wedding-day!

My stubbed fingers are stained with ink—
The badge of the Lodger, the mark of Trade;
But the money I give her is clean enough,
In spite of the way it is made!

I wear out my life in the counting-room,
Over day-book and cash-book, Bought and Sold:
My brain is dizzy with anxious thought,
My skin is as sallow as gold!

How does she keep the roses of youth,
Still fresh in her cheeks? My roses are worn:
It lies in a nutshell—why do I tell?
A woman's life is her own!

She gives me a kiss when we part for the day,
Then goes to her music, stilths as a bird:
She reads it at night, and the language too,
Though I know never a word!

She sews—a little: makes collars, and sleeves;
Or embroiders me slippers (always too small);
Sets silken purses (for me to fill)—
Often does nothing at all.

But dream in her chamber, holding a flower,
Or reading my letters (she'd better read me!);
Even now, while I am freezing with cold,
She is easily slipping her tea!

If I ever reach home I shall laugh aloud
At the sight of a roaring fire once more:
She must wait, I think, till I thaw myself,
For the usual kiss at the door!

I'll have with my dinner a bottle of port,
To warm up my blood, and soothe my mind:
Then a little music, for even I
Like music—when I have dined!

I'll smoke a pipe in the easy-chair,
And feel her behind me patting my head;
Or, drawing the little one on my knee,
Chat till the hour for bed!

II.

Will he never come? I have watched for him
Till the misty passes are roughened with sleet!
I can see no more: shall I never hear
The welcome sound of his feet?

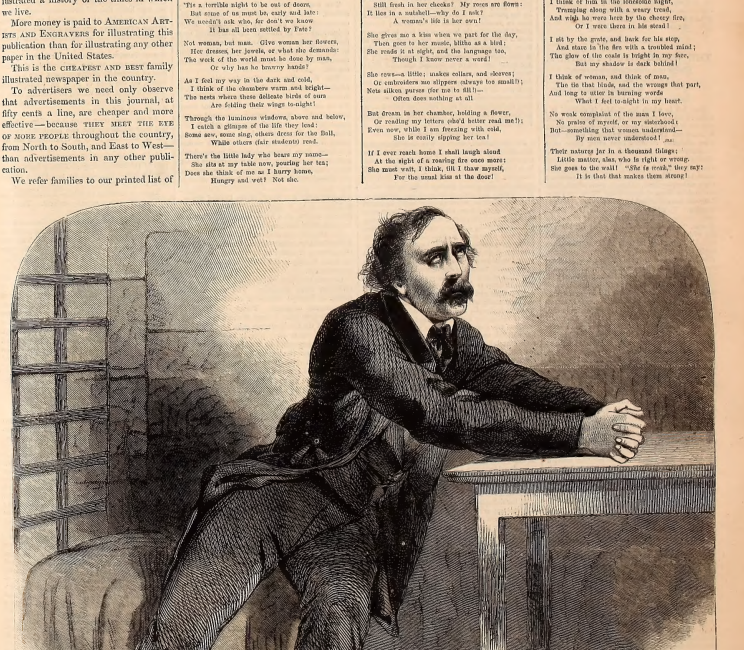
I think of him in the lonesome night,
Tramping along with a weary tread,
And sigh he were here by the cheery fire,
Or I were there in his stead!

I sit by the grate, and look for his step,
And stare in the fire with a troubled mint;
The glow of the coals is bright in my face,
But my shadow is dark behind!

I think of woman, and think of man,
The tie that binds, and the wrongs that part,
And long in utter in burning words
What I feel to-night in my heart.

No weak complaint of the man I love,
No praise of myself, or my sisterhood;
But—something that women understood—
By men never understood!

Their natures jar in a thousand things:
Little matter, alas, who is right or wrong.
She goes to the wall! "She is weak," they say:
It is that that makes them strong!



HON. DANIEL E. SICKLES IN PRISON AT WASHINGTON.—[See next Page.]

But great un-cook-ja in truth we are
In our love for them I, they should make us strong?
But do they ? Will they ? "Wonga is weak."
To the burden and strain of their song!

Wherein am I weaker than Arthur, pray?
He has, as he should, a sturdier frame,
And he labors early and late for me,
But I—I could do the same!

My hands are willing; my brain is clear.
The world is wide, and the workers few:
But the work of the world belongs to man,
There is nothing for woman to do!

Yes, she has the holy duties of home—
A husband to love, and children to bear:
The softer citizen, the social arbiter—
In short, a well-trained cur!

So our masters say. But what do they know
Of our lives, and feelings, when they are away?
Our household duties are petty tasks,
Say they nothings that waste the day?

Nay, what do they care? 'Tis enough for them
That their homes are pleasant; they seek their ease:
One takes a wife to bear his pride,
Another, to keep his boys!

They say they love us: perhaps they do.
In a measure they do: so they love their wine:
But the soul of a women needs something more,
Or it suffers at times like mine!

Not that Arthur is ever cabled
In word or deed, for he loves me well:
But I fear he thinks me weak as the rest—
And I try not to, who can tell?

I should die if he changed, or loved me less.
For I live at best but a restless life:
Yet he may, for all the kindest men
Grow tired of a sickly wife!

Oh, love me, Arthur! my lord, my life,
If not for my love, and my womanly fears,
At least for your self! But I know you do—
He must not find me in tears!

THE WASHINGTON TRAGEDY.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

WASHINGTON, March 11, 1859.

THINGS IN THE WASHINGTON JAIL.

The jail in which Mr. Sickles is confined building which is entitled to the immediate attention of Miss Dix, or some other philanthropist. It combines all the disadvantages which have been gradually removed from every other place of confinement in Christendom. It swarms with vermin; it has no sewerage, no bath-room, no ventilation; and frequently contains twelve prisoners in one close, narrow cell. The prisoners have no employment, although some of them are confined for terms of three or four years; and they drag out their miserable lives in dirty idleness and sleeping. To add to all its beauties, it is miserably insecure, and the hangman of one of the guards, "any smart mechanic could cut his way out with a jack-knife." The guards are compelled to take their meals at their cells, which are ready for use, in case of an attempt to break out. It requires great courage to refuse a writ of *habeas corpus*, with the prospect of release from such a horrible place; and yet Sickles has resolutely resisted upon taking the regular legal course, or *though the first night he spent in his bathroom place he was found covered with bedclothes so as to be literally black with them.* This, it is only justice to say, arose from no fault of the warden, who was utterly unacquainted with the existence of such a state of things in that particular cell, and had taken every precaution to preserve its cleanliness; but the building is old, worthless, and overrun with these pests to such an extent that all the labor in the world can not all the vigilance, can not prevent their coming. When it was found how completely the enemy had possession of the Jail Mr. King very kindly gave up his own room, and there Mr. Sickles has been confined ever since. This is a much more cheerful apartment than the cavernous-looking dungeon which some of the enterprising newsmen, who are "indebted to their imagination for their facts," have depicted. Still it is a room in a prison, and the iron bars are not ornamental. The worthlessness of the prison is perfectly poisonous; and to remedy this in part a tin ventilator has been inserted in place of a pane of glass, and this and a few lamps up a merry rattling, which would almost lead one to the belief that the dungeon is part of an immense train jogging comfortably along at the rate of twenty miles an hour.

MR. SICKLES EMPLOYS HIMSELF.

Contrary to our preconceived opinions, time does not hang heavily upon the hands of the prisoner. He sleeps much of the day, or sits moodily with his eyes refreshed, takes a sponge-bath, makes his toilet with as much scrupulous exactness as circumstances will permit; and then, after breakfast, sits down to read the pile of letters received the previous night. Soon visitors begin to arrive, and counsel come for consultation; and as the day wears on appear another relay of visitors on various errands. Then more friends; and when these have all gone one generally remains until he is ready to retire. All this fills hours enough both to amuse and to oil a large book; political enemies have written most hearty epistles of confidence, and personal enemies have published articles justifying the deed. The New York *Times* is a case in point, for a more fair and impartial editorial has not been published than the leader in the organ of the Wood Democracy of the 3d instant. Indeed it has been rather a hopeful exhibition of the humanity and generosity of American character that, with one or two unimportant exceptions, the criticism of the press has been entirely unbiased by partisan or personal motives.

DEPARTURE OF MRS. SICKLES.

Mrs. Sickles, accompanied by Madame Bagioli and two or three gentlemen, started from Fredericks, and Mrs. Sickles, left Washington for New York at six o'clock on Thursday, the 10th instant. Madame Bagioli arrived here ten days previously, intending to return to New York with her daughter within a day or two; but the terrible grief of the latter brought on an attack of illness which rendered it impossible for her to leave her room—for the day on which she started. Mrs. Sickles took for a long time been afflicted with a functional disorder of the heart, which, under the present excitement to which she has been subjected, became very alarming in its effects. *And never did a house from the time of the offering itself to entered the carnage which was to take her to the depôt.* Although frequently importuned to allow Mrs. Sickles a visiting interview, Mr. Sickles has uniformly, with kindness but resolution, refused to see her, feeling that such an interview would only inflict torture upon all parties. He has given to M. and Madame Bagioli the use of every comfort and accommodation so long as Mrs. Sickles shall remain under their protection, and has allowed his mother-in-law every privilege in the charge of his little daughter, in order that his wife, while enduring the first severe pangs caused by their separation, may have the help of their child's society to console her.

MR. SICKLES'S DEPORTMENT.

Mr. Sickles has maintained a very proper deportment ever since his incarceration. He has talked freely with all who have visited him, preserving much composure without being cold and by word and look showing that he is painfully conscious of his awful position. Occasionally relapsing to mere whining lamentations. His spiritual adviser visits him every evening. He evidently feels most profoundly for the circumstances which, in his judgment, forced him to the deed, but has not yet expressed any full-toned regret as the the propriety of his course *under the circumstances.* In the prison he is treated with as much consideration as possible, but aside from the fevers having placed himself in the hands of the law, he seems to regard himself as entirely at the disposal of its officers, and asks for a shovelful of coals or a pitcher of cold water as respectfully and meekly as if he had never been a member of Congress. Of his wife he always speaks with a tenderness which is dashed with a sadness regret that is all that can be a wife no longer. To the many offers of service—some of them from those who, heretofore, have been his bitterest and most relentless foes—he only answers, "I leave every thing to my counsel and to the law."

VISIT OF THE CHILD.

On Wednesday, when it was ascertained that Mrs. Sickles would be able to take the train for six o'clock the next morning, Mrs. Bagioli carried Miss Laura Sickles to see her father. Up to this time one of the ladies in the house with whom she would find him would create a terror in her mind. Mr. Sickles refused to let the child approach to him, but when he found she was about to leave, and that having been kept under the impression that she was to go to New York she was going, and that arriving there and not finding her father she would experience a sad disappointment, he finally gave orders to have her brought to him, expressing, at the same time, a fear, which afterward proved to be a well-founded one, that the excitement she wanted to see the child, would result in the formation of some gloomy recollection in her mind. Brought down in a carriage on a bright beautiful day the little girl passed, in a few moments, from the clear cool air into the prison, through halls barn whitewashed walls and a brick floor; at first the fog of smoke, and the darkness of the corridors, but soon the strange appearance of things excited her childish wonder. In one corner she found the jail cooking-stove, a few old utensils belonging to the jail and now superseded by the more efficient stove-ware of the civilians who are now in charge; in another corner was a narrow cot for sleeping; a pose-looking affair like the others, and in the centre of the room the two lowers there was a row of iron bars and, altogether, she was evidently at a loss to know what to think of it. Her mother explained to her, but fully convinced that it was all very queer. She was shown to her father's room in the prison house, and was told that he had a great deal of work to do, and could not leave it at present; then she taken to the cell where she was to sleep that night; in another corner was a narrow cot for sleeping; a poselooking affair like the others, and in the centre of the room the two lowers there was a row of iron bars and, altogether, she was evidently at a loss to know what to think of it. Her mother explained to her, but fully convinced that it was all very queer. She was shown to her father's room in the prison house, and was told that he had a great deal of work to do, and could not leave it at present; then she taken to the cell where she was to sleep that night; in New York in the morning, and was answered that he was coming in a very few days. Then the little daughter again soon. A hundred questions such as a puzzled and excited child would naturally ask, were answered, and all apparently satisfied; but at last some dark foreboding seemed to fall upon her childish soul, as if the impression that a prison and criminals shocked the purity which could not even comprehend the meaning of crime, and suddenly her little face became troubled, and her beautiful large dark eyes filled with tears that weighed down her long lashes. She trembled, and, when the fountain was exhausted, were replaced by sobs. She could give no answer to the many soothing inquiries as to what made her weep, and her grief was so great that she was at last taken from the room which caused the outburst, and a little bit of her bed and wept the most bitter tears he has shed since he has been in prison.

THE CODE OF HONOR.

It is evident that many of the journals which are discussing this matter are not thoroughly acquainted with the usages of the "Code of Honor." According to the universal interpretation of that sanguinary legislation, if, instead of yielding to the sadness occasioned by the appearance and signals of Key, Sickles had challenged him, the former, on the first shot, must have been dead in the air, or have been forever disgraced. Before a cool, skillful marksman the fate of Key would not have been very doubtful. It is reported that he had gone constantly armed for six days previously, and his instinctive and rapid thrusting of his hand into his breast pocket has caused a surmise that, in changing his coat, he accidentally omitted to transfer his pistol to the pocket of the garment he wore. The position of the parties on each other, at the last fatal arrest, the chances were at least four to one in favor of his having the first shot at Sickles, in which case he might have added to his former wrong the death of the man he had injured.

THE LAW.

It is considered quite probable that, aside from his treasonable prosecution, the action of Key when Sickles addressed him, while the latter had his back turned to him, will be construed either, and the former made a rapid movement which required the latter to turn around, will also be alleged in drawing something that looked like a pistol, will be construed into a justification of the firing. The ruling of the Judge in the Herriott case seems to more than favor this last construction. The Grand Jury is composed of very respectable and upright men, but by some chance a relative of Mr. Key is included in the panel.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1859.

THE POST-OFFICE QUESTION.

CONGRESS has adjourned without making any provision for the Post-office deficiency. It is the intention of the President to construe the omission as a rule of conduct, and to reduce the Post-office expenditures as nearly as possible to the limits of the receipts of the Department.

The consequences will, of course, be very serious. The delivery will be left partly by the contractors, and partly by the public. Large reductions will be made in the allowances now made to steamers and railroad carriers, and, in many parts of the country, it is probable that unproductive mail-routes will be altogether cut off.

The Post-office question in this country needs thorough ventilation. As an important subject is unnamed, the Post-office costs the country five or six millions a year. It does not carry letters safely. Money letters, registered, are exposed to the great risks in the Post-office. To speak only of what we know, about two in three letters mailed in this city to stolen from letters addressed to one business firm in this city. The mail travels much more slowly than it might, and the express, an active traveler can give the mail twenty-four hours' distance on a journey of six or eight hundred miles. The mail is the United States, and lent it to a dead certainty. Under the present system, in a word, the mail is neither a safe nor a reliable system. It is a cumbrous system. As civilization has developed, the Post-office revenue became important, and the Government kept up the service as a political machinery. To this day the Post-office yields a large revenue to the Governments of Great Britain and France.

When our Government was first established it was suggested that the carrying of letters was not a proper function of Government, and the framers of the Constitution, however, had so many radical innovations to occupy their mind that this suggestion escaped them. The Post-office Department was left in *statu quo*. It has now worked eighty years—to the infinite disadvantage both of the public and the Government.

It answers no useful purpose whatever. It inflicts three distinct injuries. Money is stolen, carried safely or swiftly, and thus the public are injured. The annual deficit in the revenue is made up from the General Government, and thus raised. The appointment of postmasters on political grounds tends to demoralize citizens throughout the country, and then it works mischief among the most active class of the people. Here are three arguments—each of which is conclusive—against the system. The subject may vainly be searched for a single solid argument in its favor.

If the postal service were thrown open to the public the express companies would at once undertake it. Letters could be carried as safely as cheaply as at present; and in case of loss, the amount lost could be recovered from the carrier. Competition would secure speed in transmission and exactness in delivery. The Government—that is to say, the tax-payers—would save five or six millions a year. Express companies could serve, without loss, postrooms which cost the present Postal Department a large sum annually; they would make enough on freight to reimburse them for any loss on letters.

The arguments in favor of the change are, in fact, so overwhelming that nothing can prevent its speedy realization but the basic desire of politicians to keep up the present patronage of the Department—to which, more than to any other single cause, the demoralization of our politics is due.

THE POLICE AND NAVY YARD SCANDALS.

The Tory papers of England and the organs of the Continental despotisms will have a rare feast over the reports of the investigating committee into the New York Police Affairs, and the Brooklyn Navy Yard. With what relish will they roll their tongues over the savory scandals of republican administration! How lustily the rascals will howl over the evidences of decaying democracy! How triumphantly will they prove that, because Commissioner Nye coquetted with benefactions, and our estimable townsman, John Cochrane, insisted on his election, therefore "liberal" Police Affairs in the Navy Yard, therefore popular government is a failure, and the American people must, if they wish to save themselves from utter ruin, straightway proceed to establish a hereditary aristocracy, a solid vineyard, and a crown of thorns every woolsack! Since the absurdities of the European Democrats of 1848 the Tories never had such a windfall.

Let them rave. We, who have a better chance than they to see things as they are; we, who have no personal love for any head that of seize good government, and sound administration; we, who know that all governments are a choice of evils, and that the wisest political methods temporary expedients, not necessarily perfect, but the best, under the circumstances, that can be devised; we, in a word, who believe simply, by the disgust inspired by the corrupt proceedings of our politicians, or the melancholy shortcomings of our police and municipality, into a system which, on the face of it, is an outrage upon common sense, and which, in practice, must be abused as a matter of fact and can only be exceptionally decent and defensible.

At the same time there is no disguising the fact that while the Police and Navy Yard exercises of the ruling party at Washington has rendered the Navy Yard at Brooklyn an intolerable nuisance, the Police Commissioners on the part of the ruling party at Albany have caused equally grave disorders in the Police department of New York.

There is nothing to choose between the two parties. Both are equally at fault. The head eyes of both are blind corrupt.

Thirty years have elapsed since General Jackson set the final example of converting the public of fices a reward for political services. The plan has been maturing ever since. It has now reached, and the fruit of it is seen in the shape of incompetent public servants, degraded Congressmen, rampant corruption, drunken and disorderly policemen, rowdies in the guise of mechanics at the Navy Yard—on every side great incapacity, fatal shortcomings, and general demoralization. It remains to be seen how long the people of the United States will submit to an abuse so flagrant, and how long a period will elapse before a man will arise with the courage and nerve enough to select public servants not on the ground of political fidelity but on that of fitness for their office.

THE LOUNGER.

PUBLIC BEHAVIOR.

"MY DEAR MR. LOUNGER,—I observe that you have a word to say now and then about the conduct of individuals in public conveyances, and I make bold, therefore, to tell you of the difference which I lately remarked between the behavior of an omnibus in New York and one in Boston. Nobody need fly into a passion in advance, and so I will not anticipate any warning, not a hundred years ago, I went to the Exhibition of Declamation at the Boylston Hall of Harvard College. The exercises were held in Nible's Saloon, which was crowded by a throng of ladies and gentlemen (at least so they seemed to me), when the speaking began on the platform it began throughout the audience. The loud noise of talking, and that one of my children took part, but as a friend of education and of youth), was perfectly astounding. I was disgusted.

"My young friend, Mr. Emerson, was indeed listened to, as he deserved to be. But he had the good luck to come first on the programme; and so my other young friends, Mr. Lowell, Mr. Peirce, Mr. Greenwood, and Mr. Pell were vociferously applauded—but not much heard. In fact, it was Babel; and I was glad to hear President Felton assure the indecency of the incessant talking among the audience.

"But it did no good. They talked on louder than

ever. When they applauded, it was done with such gasping and shouting that there is not a circus in the world that would not have been disgraced by it; and the President, with just severity, cried indignantly, 'I call upon the students of the colleges to separate themselves from those who come here to make a ruffian noise!'

"The whole thing was a noisy row. The applause indicated no intelligence and no appreciation, but simply a foolish determination to make as much exhibition as possible. The most intelligent audience of apparently respectable people; and if the offenders were only to be punished by them, they would have been well punished.

"The next morning business (W. I. goods) took me to Boston. I arrived at evening, because I had arranged to see a dealer at Hartford and sat at Worcester until an hour to give the day to travel: walking around to see how I should amuse myself, I observed a notice of a concert at the Music Hall, and hurried 'event.'

"It is a noble hall, and at least three thousand people were packed into it. The conductor was a German, of which I was glad enough, for I have long wanted to have the taste of *Trovatore* taken out of my mouth. [Poor Verdi—sometimes one has a great lover of *Trovatore*, and think me a barbarian. Well, think on. A man would not be sensitive about the *Trovatore* would have just cut enough to abuse me for liking an entirely German concert. I prefer to be abused for liking Handel to your thin, sweet wine-whey, and goose-berry-wine at that. No—Handel is not to be likened to Yongest: wish you much pleasure with your sweet slops. Day! day!]

"The thing is that the audience was magnificent in numbers and in conduct. The performance was admirable. There was an overture, written by the hands of Weber's *Invitation to the Waltz*. It was by Otto Dresel—a pianist whom New York lost; and, losing, lost the most refined and delicate player in the country. Dresel played with three others, Mr. I. C. D. Parker, violin, who for the first time it went splendidly. The next, obeying a determined encore, it fell out of time a little. But, on the whole, it was an admirable concert. There was no piece too long, nor were there too many pieces; and when the thousand people applauded, they did not bang their heels and sticks and umbrellas against the floor—they did not yelp and howl! Ha! ha!—they did not make the noise of a cold clapping of hands, uninterrupted by a single call, not only made the hall resound, but showed that it was the applause of people worth the pleasing.

"I take the liberty to prefer that kind of audience, gathered to hear music, to the one I encountered in my native city at the opening of the oratory. The Athenians behaved with dignity and self-respect, and a profoundly intelligent and appreciative enjoyment. The Bostonians behaved like circus riders, rowdies, and children. I know what Boston has of excellent in it, and have actually seen that yellow State House—yellow enough to give all Massachusetts the jaundice.' I am fully aware of the Puritan origin of the other difficulties. I reflect with pardonable pride upon our nine millions less, and our free population upon a little city so handy that a man needs less than an hour to reach his home from his office.

"But I must acknowledge that the Boston bears up bravely under its airy and shady Common, its clean streets, and its magnificence. I grant that it has grown somewhat sober in the effort to sit upon three hills at once; and I see that the stretching, with the most rapid of growth, is already laid its head in Roxbury, and its finger-tips in Cambridge and Charlestown. But I am not prepared to believe what I lately saw in the Springfield *Republican*, that the Atlantic Ocean rises in fifteen hurricane and three months.

"There are things that naturally make a wise man—[You do *indulge* in self-praise, don't you, reader. But, settle then how he will, he can not deny that the behavior of a Boston audience is superior to that of Hibbins.

"Yours respectfully, Mr. Lounger,

"HANS VAN THOMP."

A FAIR BUSINESS TRANSACTION.

One French friend, late of Leicester Square, London, and the nephew of the late Count Molé, of Second France and the world that "the happy union of my well-loved cousin Mlle. Augustine with the daughter of King Victor Emanuel is not six of those unusual facts to which some hidden reason must be attributed. It is the result of consequences of eminently of interests of the two countries and of the friendship of the sovereign."

Douglas Jerrold was of the opinion that impudence is the master key of success. His temporary Majesty of France surely agreed with him. There is something ludicrously preposterous in the affability with which a man of the most ancient antecedents of the hand of a princess of an old royal house, and complacently informs mankind that the marriage of a commoner is a matter of state, and not—his sacred for it (see his oath as President of the Republic)—distasteful to the people of France.

There is no need of supposing that Louis Napoleon is any fuller or shallower than most other men who have climbed from obscurity to conspicuous position. It is a journey during which they all need, and big, and sacrifice, and the first consideration of their ambition the maintenance of public order. It is a principle, upon which the gambler stakes everything, that the chances are 100 to one that it it be wrong for a private gentleman to break a promise which he has made to his constituents, it is right for Mr. Louis Bonaparte to break his oath which he made to his country and the world.

And therefore it is that we regret to observe in a recent "Mount Vernon Paper" an effort to excuse the conduct of the present French Emperor. Unquestionably he is a man of genius, and Count Malmesbury does not hesitate to say that he holds European peace and war in his hands. But what thoughtful man does not feel that he is, after all, an adventurer, and sits as insecurely upon his throne as a monarch can? Who believes that his infant son is going to slip smoothly into his father's seat?

The question for a public moralist to decide is, whether the oath of a public man, publicly uttered in the face of Heaven and mankind, is not to be as sacred as the word of a private man in unimportant relations? Louis Napoleon was not obliged to return to France, nor to accept the Presidency, nor to break that oath. But, as the writer in Mount Vernon Papers' insists that "Louis Napoleon did but anticipate a decree of the Chambers in declaring himself." But he does not state the occasion of that movement, which was based upon the suspicion of his treasonable intentions—suspicions in the Chambers then thought, amply justified, and history now seems to have fully confirmed.

Besides, granting that the Chambers were false to their oaths, what then? Mohammed Ali assumed that title in Egypt, and Mamelukes went to massinate him—as they undoubtedly did—and he evaded them by escape. The Cæsars broke their oath under a fair pretense, and his guard shot them all down except one, who leaped his horse over a wall. Will is a good deal—depth—yes, fortunately, but slightly hurt—and galloped off to tell the tale. Mohammed Ali, as a matter of fact, was a thriving man his comrades, but his morality any communication for the wholesale murder of the Mamelukes. He was, unquestionably, the best governor of Egypt has known for centuries. Does that fact excuse his crimes? Or does the fact of his crimes excuse his wise and excellent rule?

The gentlemanly, against the tendency to judge within one side public sent by any other standard than that of simple honesty. What right has any man to "anticipate" what the "Mount Vernon Paper" calls "venal demagogues," if, at the same time he breaks his oath to the people? Where are the limits of the country?" "What shall it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

Louis Napoleon is as much a criminal in the eye of simple morality as any convict in the dock. The man who steals from the penny at Faro and the man who wins a fortune differ only in luck, not in principle or conscience. The man who, picking a poor pocket of a red bandana handkerchief and the one who swindles the government of millions of dollars are both thieves, and the size of the sin does not improve its quality.

SHALL WE RIDE ON RAILS?

HOWEVER inevitable the taking of Cuba may be, there is no doubt of the inevitability of a railroad in Broadway. There are the coal railway, and quarrels, and indignations. But they must all settle themselves in the end. The world is a long thoroughfare choked more and more every year by vehicles, and those vehicles mainly the private carriage.

The omnibus must go. It smells of the old stage-coach, and is built on it. It would have, however, let it dwindle by soft degrees. First it shall fade into the chief sloo-shovers, then into the sloo-shovers and the sloo-shovers altogether.

Fine equipages must also go. They no more belong in Broadway than stagnant water does in Wall Street. They must roll their unjarring springs in streets of lesser renown for show. Even now private carriages are largely stringed—and none not to go below certain streets far above the Park. Reform is coming, and the omnibus, and the right no private carriages at all in Broadway, or at their own peril.

Broadway is used by gentlemen going to and from business—by ladies going shopping—and by merchandise in transit. Railways will accommodate the first, and carts the last. The great artery of passage will be relinquished to cars and carts—and to cars only. The cars will run from Broadway, and you have gained space enough for a proper footway for all. Then, and not till then, are carriages will be generally withdrawn; and when you have taken out the omnibuses and carriages you have relieved Broadway of nine tenths of its crowd.

Conflicting interests will have their various elaborate pleas to urge against, and certainly will undoubtedly gain by the change and somebody lose. One point is clear, that whoever has the right of laying a railway in Broadway will make millions. I make terms with the omnibuses so that they may retire handsomely, and with the cars so that great public can be only gainers by the change. There are brave men at this very moment engaged in making applications for grants. They come at a most respectable accuracy who have been doing the same thing from time immemorial.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—AN ENGLISH CLERGYMAN has used to contribute to the English papers of a hundred years ago (at least the signature is the same), answers more fully the question about the hue of Dr. Garth's:

"To die is not to land upon some silent shore"
"The worst of it is, the doctor's dead, and the people is found, where few would look for it, in a burlesque poem, entitled to its day, the 'Dispensary,' by Dr. Garth, in the Tiral Canto.

"The whole passage is as follows:

"'To die is not to land upon some silent shore,
Where illness never break, nor tempests rear:
Are happy to the blest that for in time endeavor.
The wise through thought th' hostile of death defy:
To fear, brave spirits, is to suffer twice.
'Tis what the guilty fear, the pious crave:
Sought by the wretch, and vanquished by the brave.
It cases lovers, eets the captives free;
And, though a tyrant, offers liberty.'

—TORBO, Blacksburg, Virginia, says that a little sarcasm may be found lurking somewhere in the following note. Where can it be?

"Perhaps you are annoyed by such questions as, 'Who wrote this motto?' 'Who first said so?' 'Who first gave to the world this brilliant sentence?' 'Who was the author of Dick's works?' And 'who was the father of Zebedee's children?' etc., etc. However, as I am an American citizen, I claim the right to ask one question, and I do hope that it may receive your calm consideration, and a correct answer in the end.

"*Is the beginning God created the heavens and the earth*, in the author of this sentence, and where can it be found?"

—T. I. C. DOOLEBEEK, writes a piteous appeal, describing a shameful calamity. Brown, who graduated at a American college, maintains that the long Latin i has the sound of the modern Italian e, which he says is that of *e*; and that he was so taught in all the Universities here and on the Continent of Europe.

Smith, English, on the contrary, maintains that it has the sound of the long English i, as in fire; and that it is taught in all British Universities. And that such intonation is more consonant with the grand, characteristic dignity of the ancient Romans. Imagine, says he, a Cicero, or a Brutus, in presence of the assembled Senate of Rome, rendering the famous dispatch of Cæsar, "Veni, Vidi, Vicebo, Vecevi!!"

The case is without comfort. The pronunciation of the Latin is lost with the song the sirens sang. Modern nations generally follow the text analogy of their language. The Germans, for instance, pronounce what we call Cicero (as if spelled Sisero) Kitsero, and the Italians pronounce it Chichero. The best rule is to adopt that style which is most familiar in the country where you are. If you speak of Kicero in Italian University you will probably not at first be understood, and when you were, you would be laughed at. And perhaps Cicero might laugh at all the Universities in Christendom if he heard them pronounce his name.

—RADIX says:

"I find in 'The Table Book,' edited by W. Hone, in London, 1827, the following anecdote of the illustrious Washington and the celebrated Admiral Vernon:

"When the latter was attacking Fort Bello he observed a fine young man in appearance, who, with the most intrepid courage, directed the fire of a cannon. Vernon was always in that part of the ship which was most exposed to danger, and having lost count the Admiral sent his captain to request the young man would stand upon another side, which he complied with, and the Admiral, entering into conversation, discovered by his coarse and provincial dialect he possessed more shrewdness than fall to the lot of mankind in general. Upon his asking his name, the young man replied, 'My name is George Washington; and the Admiral, on his return home, strongly recommended him to the attention of the Admiralty. This great man, when he built his house in Carolina, called it after his benefactor, naming it '*Mount Vernon*,' and at this moment it is called so.

"Is this statement authentic?"

The Lounger would humbly ask if any thing can be so dreadful as that last word? This story itself is what Dick would call a duck. Either Hone is a jester—or Radix is.

—E. S., Attleborough, is in some perplexity in his admiration of the late Countess Oneili, born Margaret Moore. He prefers the affectionate and noble woman to the Minerva that he conceives the girl to have been; and he exhorts all young women to imitate the Countess Oneili. Certainly, above all, to beware of overlooking the graces, knowledge, confidence with feminine grace. He approves. In his own words, "he believes himself to be equal to the zesty enjoyment of such conversation. The fair lady may prefer the society with "the beautiful stories connected with the names of the Countess Oneili," with mixed society they must not converse about "parallax, refraction, and the spheres." "It would mortify you beautiful Oneili to talk to you of the most common things of literature which you could not appreciate." In fact, he means than it would mortify the wives to find an equal ignorance in the husband, E. S.; and that is quite as likely. Margaret Moore was a noble and heroic-hearted woman, because she had a higher ideal of life than pleasing some imaginary husband.

—SPOON-HATER writes an indignant note against the newspaper correspondent who gently shoved the Princess Frederic William; and says, in a postscript, "I suppose this interesting event was happy." The hypothesis is too late. The baby is born. And whenever a prince marries a princess, though he may go to Prussia and hide in rural castles, there will jackdaw be—studying the bride's blushes and the groom's beaming—taking his observations into touching epistolary form for all mankind, which will devour them with the greatest relish.

—L. E. G., Little Falls, New York, is thanked for his tender little dirge, "Angeline," for which the Lounger wishes he had room. This is the last stanza:

"When I chance to meet at play
Those children of Angeline,
Beating hearts, unknowing mine,
Then to me am no joy way,
Asking, where is Angeline?"

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Saturday, March 12, 1859.*

THE week which ends to-day has not been marked by any particular activity in the commercial or financial world. The work of recovery progresses slowly; but we are happy to say that thus far it has continued to be real. Nearly all branches of the importing trade are prosperous, and there seems to be a prospect that the cotton shippers will do better than they have done heretofore.

Money is again worth less than four per cent. on call on good securities. Short first-class paper, which is very scarce, is done at five; long paper at 6 @ 7 8 according to quality. Exchange on Europe continues to rule above the specie shipping point, and we are losing to Europe rather more than our receipts from California.

Stocks are lower. There is no speculation outside of the board-room, and the fluctuations which succeed each other from day to day are too insignificant to notice. As the spring advances, a speculation in the best of the Western railways is not improbable.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Saturday, March 12, 1859.*

THE Wholesale Produce Markets have been less active for the principal kinds of foodstuffs, the advanced claims of owners checking quotations.....Cotton has been very freely dealt in at improved prices.....Provisions, Groceries, Hides, Sola Leather, Dry Cuddish, Pickled Mackerel, Pickled Herring, Tobacco, and Wool have been in fair demand at no revised quotations.....Naval Stores quiet and steady.....Coal and Ice at fixed rates.

The movements in Dry Goods have been restricted, the jobbing trade being unusually dull, and the sales by auction of moderate dimensions. Imports of foreign fabrics rule very large. The value of those entered at this port for the week ending March 8, 1859, amounted to $1,782,758 the same week last year. The imports since January 1 have been $6,784,284 against $10,784,284 the same time in 1858. The movements in other commodities have not been productive of any remarkable change. We append a revised list of the closing quotations of the leading articles:

Sea Island Cotton, per lbs.	14	@ 15
Superfine to extra State, per barrel	5 40	@ 6 70
Superfine to extra Western, per barrel	5 40	@ 6 70
Extra Western, per barrel	6 60	@ 8 75
Superfine to extra Genesee, per barrel	6 60	@ 8 75
Extra Canadian, per barrel	6 65	@ 7 25
Mixed to Extra Southern, per barrel	6 65	@ 8 75
Fine to Superfine Rye Flour, per bbl.	3 70	@ 4 50
Corn Meal, per barrel	3 60	@ 4 00
White Wheat, per bushel	1 48	@ 1 60
Red Wheat, per bushel	1 35	@ 1 40
Mixed Western Corn, per bushel	68	@ 72
Yellow Corn, per bushel	70	@ 72
White Corn, per bushel	70	@ 72
Brewery Oats, per bushel	60	@ 65
Mess Pork, per barrel	15 00	@ 15 50
Jersey and Penn. Cuts, per bushel	13	@ 14
Western Cuts, per bushel	13	@ 14
Cutts, middlings, per pound	14	@ 14½
Prime Pork, per barrel	17 62½	@ 18 12½
Prime Pork, per barrel	12 50	@ 13 25
Prime Mess Beef, per barrel	8 50	@ 9 00
Cut Meats, per pound	9½	@ 10
Hams, per pound	11	@ 12
Rum Barrels, per barrel	1 40	@ 1 50
Western Butter, per pound	11	@ 19
Ohio, per pound	14	@ 19
Rice, per 100 pounds	3 25	@ 4 25
Tallow, per pound	8½	@ 9
Cuba Sugar, per pound	6½	@ 8
Cuba Molasses, per gallon	29	@ 32
New Orleans Sugar, per pound	6½	@ 8
New Orleans Molasses, per gallon	30	@ 40
Hyson Tea, per pound	35	@ 55
Young Hyson Tea, per pound	25	@ 45
Gunpowder Tea, per gallon	30	@ 55
Java, new, per pound	10	@ 13
Rio, fair, per pound	10	@ 11
Hay, per 100 pounds	80	@ 90
Straw, per 100 pounds	50	@ 60
Crude Turpentine, per 280 pounds	3 87½	@ —
Spirits Turpentine, per gallon	44	@ 45
Tar, per barrel	2 31½	@ 2 75
Pitch, per barrel	2 31½	@ 2 75
Linseed Oil, per gallon	66	@ 68
Whalebone, per pound	50	@ 55
Sea Lead Tobacco	6	@ 8
Spanish Leaf Tobacco, per pound	30	@ 35
Havana Tobacco, per pound	35	@ 75
Am. Yellow Brownie, per pound	38	@ 44
Mixed Eagle Brownie, per pound	37	@ 41
Live Geese Feathers, per pound	42	@ 44
Dry Cod fish, per hundred weight	3 75	@ 4 00
Large No. 1 Mackerel, per barrel	16 00	@ 16 25
Medium Herring, per barrel	5 00	@ 5 25
Smoked Herring, per box	18	@ 20
Ice, Hoods, compressed, per ton	15 00	@ 15 50
Am. Hemp, dressed, per ton	170 00	@ 180 00
Am. Hemp, undressed, per ton	90 00	@ 100
Tarpaulin Sail, per bolt	3	@ 3 50

Quotations of several Articles in New York Market, March 14th.

	1858.	1859.
Ashes, barrels	5,000	5,000
Coffee, packages	59,778	79,944
Cotton, bales	12,000	100,661
Dyewoods, tons	2,816	2,902
Fish, quintals	5,000	5,000
Hemp, bales	29,160	56,667
Hides, number	130,000	45,315
Leather, Sole, sides	378,600	68,400
Leather, Upper, sides	60,000	60,000
Molasses, Cuba and Sundry, hhds.	8,671	6,000
Molasses, Foreign, hhds.	14,879	24,262
Naval Stores and Rosins	20,000	20,858
Rice, tierces	11,028	4,186
Salt, bags	5,078	—
Sugars, hogsheads	12,183	14,876
Sugars, tierces	2,000	2,500
Sugars, bags	1,013	10,473
Tobacco, Cuba, hogsheads	1,042	1,000
Tobacco, Crude, bales	5,338	12,835
Turpentine, Spirits, barrels	—	2,000
Turpentine, Spirits, barrels	—	12,000

The Live Stock Markets last week on Wednesday were moderately active for Beeves.....Milch Cows were plenty, and at a stock decline.....Veal Calves, Sheep and Lambs, and Swine were in fair request.....The reported receipts of the Live Stock during each of the last two weeks have been as follows:

	Week ending March 7.	Week ending March 14.
Beeves	6,663	6,462
Milch Cows	140	140
Veal Calves	781	404
Sheep and Lambs	6,413	6,413
Swine	9,068	8,490

The range of prices yesterday in the cattle market of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

Poor to Premium Beeves, per pound	5	7½ @ 8 12
Common to ex. Milch Cows, per head	19	00 @ 45 00
Veal Calves, per pound	6	00 @ 8 00
Sheep and Lambs, per pound	6	@ 12
" " per head	4	00 @ 6 00
Live Swine, per pound	6	@ 6½
Dressed "	6½	@ 8
Fattening Pigs, each	3	00 @ 4 00

The Country Produce Markets have been rather quiet. Prime, however, have not varied remarkably.

DOMESTIC MARKETS AT WHOLESALE AT THE LATEST DATES.

Apples, new, per barrel	$2 50	@ $ 3 50
Chestnuts, per bushel	2 00	@ 2 50
Hickory Nuts, per bushel	1 75	@ 2 00
Potatoes, per barrel	1 25	@ 2 50
Potatoes, sweet, per bushel	1 00	@ 1 50
Onions, per barrel	2 50	@ 3 50
Beets, per barrel	1 00	@ 1 25
Carrots, per barrel	1 00	@ 1 25
Beets, per barrel	87½	@ 1 12½
Turnips, per barrel	87½	@ 1 12½
Cabbage, per 100	4 00	@ 6 00
Cranberries, per barrel	4 00	@ 5 00
Celery, bunch, per dozen bunches	1 00	@ 1 50
Celery, Boys, per dozen bundles	15	@ 30
Parsnips, per barrel	1 00	@ 1 25
Parsley, per dozen bunches	25	@ 50
Garlic, per 100 bunches	3 00	@ 4 00
Squashes, per hundred	1 00	@ 1 50
Egos, N. Y. and N. J., per dozen	17	@ 18
Chickens, per pound	11	@ 12
Fowls, per pound	8	@ 11
Geese, per pound	8	@ 11
Turkeys, per pound	12	@ 14
Ducks, per pound	12	@ 14
Ducks, black, per pair	1	00 @ 1 25
" widgeon, per pair	75	@ 1 00
" canvas back, per pair	2 25	@ 2 75
Pigeons, per dozen	2 25	@ 3 75
Partridge, per pair	87	@ 1 00
Rabbits, per pair	25	@ 37
Venison, per pound	6	@ 10

THE NEW YORK METROPOLITAN POLICE.

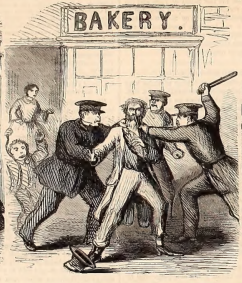
A PICTORIAL ANALYSIS OF THE REPORT TO THE LEGISLATURE.

1. These gentlemen, finding the garroting business on the decline, resolve to become guardians of law and order, and enter the Metropolitan Police.

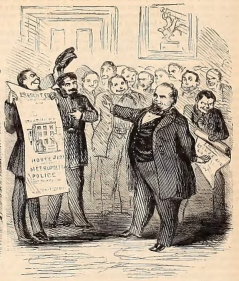
2. Policemen are but men, and when young and fascinating women happen to get into the police-stations, who can blame them if they are civil and gallant?

3. As to poor devils, houseless wretches, with no good looks, and steeped in poverty and misery, can a high-bred policeman be expected to cringe to such as these? No, no; let them eat the bread of sorrow.

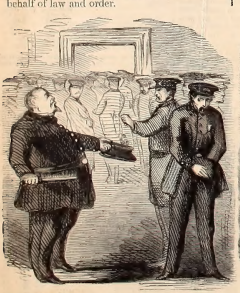
4. If a rowdy who votes with the Republicans happens to stick his knife into his neighbor's midriff, the judicious Metropolitan policeman instantly discovers a fight between two small boys at the next corner and hastens to interfere on behalf of law and order.



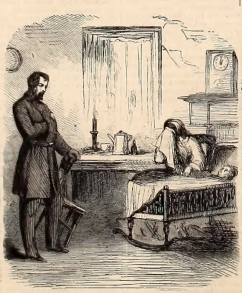
5. But if a poor wretch of a Democrat steals a loaf for his starving family, the zeal and fury of the Metropolitan police know no bounds, and the fellow is lucky if he be not brained on the spot.



6. A high-minded Commissioner scorns the idea of accepting a house bought by the members of the force; but somehow the house is bought, and the title-deeds are slipped into somebody's pocket without his knowledge and tremendously against his will.



7. The powers that be ask no favor: but when they want new clothes a friendly captain goes round with the hat, and as for the patrolman who declines to put in a quarter, he had better emigrate to California by the next steamer.



8. The consequence of which is, that the poor patrolman is unable to procure the food which his sick wife requires, and his children go without stockings and without new frocks.

9. The police service continues, however, to be admirably efficient, and quite a number of hack-carriages are actively employed on pressing police duty, as above depicted.

VIEW OF THE BATTERIES AT HUMAITA, ON THE PARAGUAY RIVER.—[FROM A SKETCH BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

THE PARAGUAY EXPEDITION.

THE accompanying view at Humaita, on the Paraguay River, and map of the Paraguay, are from sketches sent us by our special correspondent with the expedition to Paraguay. They will be of great value as soon as news reaches us of the commencement of operations; our readers are advised to keep them.

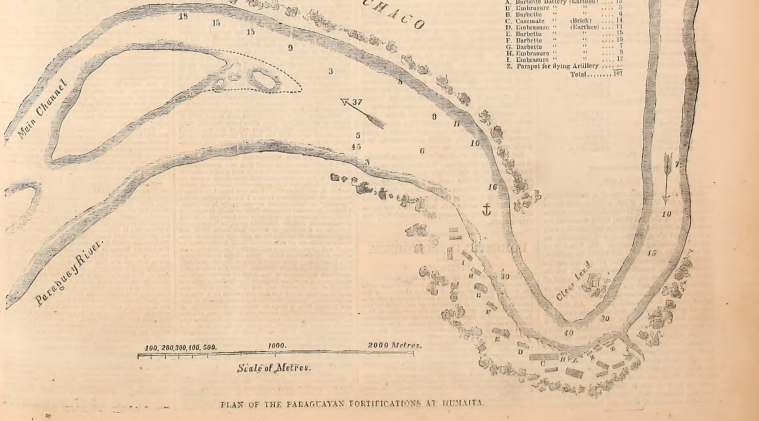
The scene is thus described in letters to the *Herald*:

"After passing the confluence of the rivers Paraguay and Parana, at Tres Bocas (Three Mouths), there is, at a little fortress of inconsiderable note. A short distance up the Paraguay, however, there is a range of defence of more note, which are intended to command the river. The batteries extend along the shore for a mile and a half, and mount about one hundred and fifty guns.

"The breast-works are built of timber filled in behind with clay. The bank is fifteen feet above the water at this point. All the guns are unsheltered except the middle battery of thirteen guns, which is covered in a brick building. The customary leveling of the port-holes is made from the outside instead of within, as usual, in consequence of which the walls are very weak. A large clearing has been recently made on the other side of the river, and it is supposed that as our expedition sails up it may fall in with guns on both banks. Bridges, the river is very narrow, and the channel narrower, so that the fort will be within a stone's-throw of any ships passing up the river. Should the Paraguayans be suspicious, this point might be found a dangerous one; but the latest news from that quarter is that the secret river fleets have so undermined the sheltered battery that it has been dismantled. The river has long been approaching the clay bank of that battery; but below the fort, on the same side of the river, little patches have been cleared in the forest. Back of the defenses, on the river bank, irregular breast-works have been erected and pointed up and down the river, to be used in case of an attempt to land. There are 12,000 soldiers within easy call of the fort, of the best troops in South America. They will be certain not to run unless ordered; and the plentiful infusion of Indian blood makes them much more formidable in battle than the pure Spaniard. There can be no doubt that if the Paraguayans desire it, they can make an obstinate fight here, as the ships can not see the fortress until nearly abreast of it. The cleared patches are supposed to be intended for the planting of temporary batteries, to annoy the shipping in case any attempt is made to bombard the fort from a distance. The Paraguayans are not skilled in the use of heavy guns; and though they have succeeded in employing foreign instructors to teach them, these prudent teachers expressly contracted that they would not engage in actual conflict. It is supposed that Judge Bowlin will, however, be compelled to wait below Humaita until negotiations are made with Lopez. But if he should pass Humaita, he will have obtained possession of the key to Paraguay."

Another writer says, referring to a plan published in the *Herald*:

"You will perceive that it confirms the report made in the United States as to the number of guns. The fortifications, as represented in the plan, are, however, of a different construction from what they were supposed to be. Instead of a solid fort commanding river and land, they seem to be a succession of batteries defending every approach by water, but unprotected in the rear except by the land force. The largest of these, it will be seen, is a casemate battery of fourteen guns, whose range extends some distance down the river, but being of brick, they may be demolished without great difficulty. The others are en barbette and embrasures. The army around Humaita is supposed to be 15,000 strong, while an equal force defends Assunden. Such numbers will have to stir up the best blood of the marines and soldiery, while consummate skill will be required to fight such batteries with success from the water. It is a satisfaction to know that our naval armaments are the most superior in the world. Among the minor obstructions it is probable that a chain has been stretched across the river at this pass. Those who are best informed seem to be convinced of the fact. If it be so, the motive power of the steamer, or, what is still more certain, a shot, will



PLAN OF THE PARAGUAYAN FORTIFICATIONS AT HUMAITA.

easily remove the difficulty; and this is certainly the most liberal view of the defences of Parmagga and the cavalier of the most excellent President."

CHESS CHRONICLE.

BY C. H. STANLEY

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. M. C. T. F. R. L. M. *Martyr's Chess Club* (Salt) meets, J. L. Lowell. Your solutions to *Dr. K.'s* pretty Problem, No. XVIII., are quite right. Very many others received are erroneous.——JACOBUS. Your last little skirmish just finished—with our limits this week. (We have several longer ones on hand, the examination of which is postponed—that to W. F. K. and G. B., of Brooklyn.) Your Problem, we doubt not, will be *served up in due season*.——"A. WALKER" (Johnstown College, Md.). Your one game match when ended is a thing belonging to the past, and if another is agreed upon, you must again draw for first move.——Dr. R. (Charleston). Both letter received and this letter just in time to prevent the notice which the former would have received.——"STRAY." and many others shall hear from us next week.——From a communication signed "Inquirer" we subjoin as follows, and in accordance with his request we publish the position to which he refers: "In your Magazine of 1846 you published a game between Staunton's brothers in the matter of two Chess-players of both friends of which, as to the move-ward questions. The first of which, as to the necessity of castling, was given as passed, when there is no other legal move, but been settled your way. How about the other? It would afford much pleasure to many if Chess world if you would republish, in an early *Harper*, the diagram and the short (and easy) solution and report opinions of your learned readers thereon."

PROBLEM XIX.

BLACK.

WHITE.

Can White checkmate in five moves?

Game lately played between "JACOBUS" and another strong player:

King's Knight's Opening.

BLACK (Mr. R.)	WHITE (" JACOBUS.")
1. P to K 4	P to K 4
2. K Kt to B 3	Q Kt to B 3
3. B to B 4	B to B 4
4. P to Q 3	Kt to K B 3
5. Kt to B 3 (2)	Castles
6. P to K 5	P to Q 3
7. P to Q 4	P to K 5
8. K to Sq (3)	Q Kt to K 2
9. Q Kt to K 2	P to Q Kt 3
10. P to Q 4 (c)	B P takes P
11. Q Kt takes P	Kt takes K P
12. Q to Q 2	P to Q 4
13. B to Q Kt 3	P to B 3
14. P to Q B 3	B to K 3
15. Kt to K 2 (4)	K P takes Kt
16. Q to K 4	B takes K Kt (c)
17. Kt P takes B	Q to K R 5
18. K to Kt Sq (5)	B to K 3
19. Q takes B (g)	Kt to K B 5 (ch)

And White mates in two moves.

NOTES.

(a) Sublime recommends R to K sq, followed by P to Q B 3.

(b) Lolling.

(c) An attempt, by which Black loses an important Pawn.

(d) A somewhat curious move, as it brings White's B into useless play.

(e) The winning move.

(f) 19. P takes Kt, White mates in three moves.

White.	Black.
15. K to B 3	Q Kt to Q 4
16. Q to K 2	B takes B
17. Q takes B	K Kt to K 4
18. P to B 3 (h)	Kt to K B 5 (ch)

White mating.

(g) 19.—

19. K B P takes B	Q to K 5 (ch)
20. K to B sq	Q takes B P (ch)
21. K to K 2	Q to K 5 (ch)
22. Q to K 3	K Kt to K 6
23. Q takes Q	Kt takes Q
24. K takes Q	Kt to K B
25. B takes Kt	And White wins.

(h) 18. P to K 5 (ch), Kt to K 3; 19. Q to K 4, Kt to K B 5 (ch); 20. K to K 2, Q to K 5 (ch); 21. K to B 3, Q to K 4 (ch); 22. K to Kt 3, Q to K 5 (ch); 23. K to B 3, Q to K 4 (ch); 24. K to Kt 3, Q to K 5 (ch); 25. K to B 3, Q to K 4 (ch); 26. K to Kt 3, Q to K 5 (ch);

having any particular lover, but last week he found among her papers, in one of her drawers, a note addressed to a certain Dr. Bulow, a German, residing at the corner of Liberty and Nassau streets, appointing a rendezvous with him at the Post-office on the following Sunday. On that day the husband employed one of his agents, Gen. Jacobs, who went to the Post-office and found the Doctor at the appointed place, and walk arm in arm with him for several squares, leaving him near the corner of Seventh and Plum, and return home. Immediately a little after the Doctor left the side of the friend and the apprentice were in the shop, the husband proclaimed in the wife full knowledge of her guilt and infidelity, at which, as usual, she became indignant, and replied bitterly. The next day she went to see her mother, with whom she remained, but as all that was said was in the presence of the servants, it was not known if the husband, however, from fear of a scandal, has not only not consulted her rendezvous with the Doctor, and the letter which he found in her drawer, but has remained startled, but not overcome. At first she could not find the letter, but after a long search she found it, and now, and here signified with a strange fire. She is not 25 years old, and is very handsome. Last night, at the room, took down a double-barrel pistol hanging on the wall, and cocking it, put the muzzle to her head, pulled the trigger, and fell at her husband's feet, who, seeing her purpose, had run to disarm her, and received a ball in her head. The wound is not dangerous, but will leave a deep scar.

BEGNOLI'S CONQUEST.

The New York correspondent of the Philadelphia (Boston) *Journal of Music* says: "Begnoli is so pleased with this town, that he has no idea of returning to Europe. He got into Steinway's $1500 a month, a vast deal more than it ever got on this or any other continent. He has also a common several hundred love-letters sent him by his friends, and has received so many invitations to dine that he finds it a severe labor. He has also a place picked out, but now contents himself with reading them, feebly hinging and adding them to the collection. He has given them to a friend he does it with quite a Don Juan air, and looks *Leporello's* catalogue complete."

PERSONAL.

The *Independence Belge* announces that a daughter of M. Morin, American Minister at Paris, is soon to marry M. Hippolyte Lebeau of the Belgian Legation.

The $6.8 raised some time since, in this city, for a monument to Francis Fontaine, a native of France, and famed to an association at Cooperstown, to aid in erecting a similar monument to Fenimore Cooper, whose ashes were buried.

Judge Douglas is represented to be in Philadelphia and New York in the course of next week. Mr. Vice-President Breckinridge will probably be expected to leave to Kentucky, where he has important law business. Mr. Roberts will make the Philadelphia visit with Mr. Douglas, and will be accompanied by the Hon. J. C. Whitman, of Maine, who is also a guest of Mr. Roberts.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, writing from New Orleans, says: "I am sorry to inform you that Jacob Town, formerly of Philadelphia, but for the last few years of New Orleans, had his arm broken by the upsetting of his carriage last Tuesday. He got out of the wreck alone, but my informant stated that, at the time of his departure, the old gentleman was suffering severely. Mr. Train has been looking at the sewerage of Jersey by Lord Clare. Mr. Train is also trying to get up a new Madam Rumor, to purchase a residence in San Antonio, and eventually become a Texan Senator."

From now, who are to be found in the Washington City Directory? Mr. Buchanan, of course, and a number that may not be compatible to some of the Democratic members.

The Rochester *Union* says that Governor Morgan has ordered Captain Ely, the commander of the steamer which is the real "observing of Moses" in the Auburn prison, the feeling against him now running so high among the prisoners that it was not safe to have him among them.

A man named David Agnew, of Mobile, Alabama, and Dublin, one day last week, asking to be taken care of, as he had no nourishment on his stomach, and was under a person arrived in search of him. From this city he went to Canada.

The Paris correspondent of the Milwaukee *Wisconsin* writes that Bulwer's business in that city and him exactly that she would come to the United States next week.

Two men, Fleming and O'Leary, were hanged in Tipperary on the same time, on the charge of murder. They both confessed themselves guilty of the crime for which they suffered.

A lodge of the Court of Oddfellows was held in Philadelphia, a few days since, took umbrage at something said by a brother and resigned, when he rose down from his bench and thrashed the lawyer.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

PARLIAMENT—PEACE OR WAR IN EUROPE.

LORD PALMERSTON called attention to the subject of the Italian difference, and inquired if anything had been heard from Austria in relation to the proposition to submit the matter to a European Congress. He hardly believed the present position of Europe, pending on the warlike preparations every where in progress, and averse of his inability to discover any reasonable ground for either that the long-existing jealousy between France and Austria, with regard to Italy, would be brought into more active operation by the joint occupation of the Duchies by troops, and which could not but lead to a collision by a simultaneous withdrawal by these powers of the Legations. He trusted that the good sense and moderation of the Government and their good offices to bring about such a result, would be exercised in the present crisis.

Mr. Disraeli expressed his regret that the present peace had no wish to disturb the settlement of 1815, although there were circumstances which he was not included to recite apprehension.

The Government, in view of the warlike preparations going forward, had not been able to be insensible to the anxiety which existed upon the subject of peace, to which they stood with both France and Austria, and he hoped would remain so long as that feeling existed, and he hoped to be retained both by France and Austria, and that, too, without any compromise of the honor of Government. He might add, that the Lord Privy and Queen on a mission, the object of which was to express the wish and, of course, hope, that peace might be maintained. Under these circumstances he appealed to the House to postpone further discussion on the subject, and to the earnest efforts of the Government to preserve peace, and promote the general prosperity of Europe."

Lord John Russell expressed the satisfaction which he derived from the statement, and his hope that every effort would be made by all parties to promote the maintenance of peace.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH TO BE REVIVED.

The regular annual general meeting of the Atlantic Telegraph Company was held in London on the 23d, when the report given in will show that the operations which were published at the recent extraordinary meeting. It says the cable remains in precisely the same state, and that no efforts have been made to reconstruct it, owing to the lack of funds. The directors are not without hope that it may yet be rendered available.

The Chairman, the Hon. C. S. Wortley, in moving the adoption of the report, entered at length into the position of the Atlantic Telegraph Company. He stated that the Government has positively refused to give an unconditional guarantee, but will grant a loan of £600,000 sterling for the laid just received intelligence of the most satisfactory character which did not appear to offer any insurmountable difficulties. The Government had consented to give a guarantee of eight per cent, on the new capital of six hundred thousand pounds sterling. They, the Board, were not prepared to enter into particulars or recommend any definite course of action to the meeting. Whatever decision might be popularized by reducing the price of the shares, or by issuing new shares, or by any other means, would be taken without the authority of the shareholders, another meeting of which would be called for the purpose of receiving a report adopted by the Board of Directors re-elected. The shares of the Company had fallen from £100 to £3 10s. each since the last meeting.

At a lecture in London, by Rev. Walter Mitchell, on "The Statistics of Valentines," he stated that the sum of 1,000,000 stamps had been issued in London alone, and about 60,000 were rejected. The number of letters passing through the Post-office in Great Britain and Ireland is computed at 53,000,000.

THE DOUBLE BURGLAR.

A gentleman living in the fashionable neighborhood of Belgrave was aroused in London, having left his wife at home in the country. He was in bed, and, hearing a noise in the room, struck a light, and saw a man coming down on a rug at the bell, and a young woman, rushed into the room, and, seeing the man, rushed into his arms, and begged for sale. The servants very foolishly shuttled her into the kitchen to wait for the police, and returned to the dining them to make some purchases, and before leaving begged their mistress to remain. The man and the large store explained to get something for her, and while he was engaged in the room, the man and the poor boy ran her and turned the key. The housemaid, whom eyes were opened by the noise, had descended to the cellar, attempted to release her fellow-servant, but the woman, who was a stranger to the house, had left the key on the gas-way-cock, and the man, who had taken off his shoes her hands and feet withsome cord which she produced from her pocket. The lady, who was a woman of extraordinary helpless, she silenced her captive, when she attempted to cry out for assistance, by threatening to murder her if she moved or made the least noise. The whole of the garrison, being in the neighborhood, the business burglar being in complete command of the house, she proceeded to ransack it at her leisure, and was only called to her apprehension.

A GIRL EATEN BY A PIG.

An inquest was held at the Mullingar workhouse, Ireland, by J. Cooper, Esq., Coroner, on the body of a young woman, named Eliza Fagan, aged 21 years. It appeared that a woman, who resided near the workhouse, left in her father's cabin, at Tubbon, while her father was at his work as a laborer, and on her return found the house on fire, to which and complaint she had been for many years subject, and that the pig had eaten the greater part of the body, and in her struggles one of her legs reached the fire-place, and was burned to a cinder. The pig was in the habit of sleeping in the room, which was the only room in the wretched cabin, and, attracted, no doubt, by the smell of the burning leg, the animal had eaten the unfortunate girl, covering the half-roasted limb. A man who was passing on the road saw the smoke issuing from the thatch and windows of the ferocious brute, and went in to the rescue of the unfortunate girl, but was unsuccessful in preventing the Mullingar workhouse, where every attention was bestowed on her, but she died in consequence of the injuries received by her nearly a month, when death terminated her sufferings. A verdict was returned to the Coroner, accidental death.

A DUELIST REWARD FOR GALLANTRY.

"The gentleman who rescued two ladies from insult some time since in Dublin, has received the thanks of the latter being addressed to him at the office of *Saunders's Newsletter*. The ladies, who are sisters, are introduced in *The Times*, as in *Saunders's Newsletter* and *Constitution*, and refer to the gentleman who rescued them as a resident both in London and Dublin. The incident is one of more consequence than it appears, as it is said to have caps a gentleman of this city had the honor and the pleasure of knowing, and who, we are informed, is a member of the Legislature of Ireland. It is a pleasant incident of a person in the garb of a gentleman, and of giving him the gentlemen of the Irish Parliament. We are glad to see he had almost forgotten the circumstance, he received through an anonymous letter, and remembered the handsome diamond ring, with an intimation that it is designed as a token of the writer's appreciation of conduct on the occasion. What adds to the interest of the story is that the gentleman who rescued the ladies was one whom the ladies know not the name of their deliverer, nor is the gentleman aware to whom he rendered the service, as shown so delicate and tasteful a remembrance of the service as that of a ring to the ladies."

FRANCE

WARLIKE PREPARATIONS.

Another circular has been issued by the Minister of the Interior to the Prefects of the Department, the purport of which is to call upon the Municipal Councils to "aid in withstanding the Emperor's desire to maintain peace, should his hopes in that respect be frustrated by the opposition and devotion of the French people."

The Minister of War has issued an order that he is ready to the forced insertion and the night blouse.

The Municipal Council of Paris has been requested to join the Legislature.

Immense quantities of lint have been sent to Lyons.

All the regiments of the Imperial Guard and Guard are to be supplied with rifle cannon, on a new plan.

THE BALL AT THE HOTEL DE VILLE.

A Paris letter says: "The ball given at the Hotel de Ville on Monday night was exceedingly brilliant. The decorations and supper were on a scale of the most magnificent description. The famous wedding-cake, which is always the principal ornament of the table, with fruits, and the imposing fountain of punch, which is always placed in the centre, the chased piece with a power of magic never surpassed. The supper consisted of 1,500 covers, and cost the modest eight thousand in a very large average number. The Emperor and Empress, with the Prince Imperial, the Princess Clotilde arrived at eleven o'clock—an hour somewhat late considering that the cards of invitation were issued for half past eight. For upward of two hours the company promenaded in the grand ball-room remained standing in a crowd, the supper-room being filled to overflowing, and the ball-room being kept reserved to pay visit their arrival. The state quadrille, which, quoted the ball, was at length formed, the Princess Clotilde dancing with Baron Haussmann, Prefect of the Seine, and Prince Napoleon with Madame Haussmann. The Empress and Prince Napoleon remained at all through the contre. It was much remarked that the Empress, instead of giving her his arm, walked before him."

FIFTY OF THE PRINCESS CLOTILDE.

The Princess Clotilde is said to be remarkable for attachment to the duties of religion. Immediately after her arrival at the Tuileries she attended the celebration of a mass in the chapel of the palace. The Princess being from her infancy been accustomed to attend the divine service every morning. Prince Jerome has ordered a small chapel to be fitted up adjoining the apartments of his daughter, in addition to that which forms part of the Palais Royal.

THE BALL ON 22D FEBRUARY.

The Herald correspondent writes: "The ball which is to be given on the 22d, in honor of the birth of Washington, and for which the tickets are to be issued to-morrow, will be the most brilliant of the season. The arrangements of the season will probably be the result. American beauty will be conspicuous, and the Imperial and Royal of the English. With all that charm of competition which the Empress Eugenie possesses, and which the ladies of United States undoubtedly excel their courses of the Old World, it will be a matter of difficulty to say which is possible to distinguish them from French women, whether in dress or manner. The Empress Eugenie, however, is herself independent of this, their manners and conversation leaving little to be desired. Everything is proper to this ball, and the Empress has taken care of the vestiges but into the very seat of British ladies for whom every other ball-room would be too crowded, as the French say, with the all-pervading but no *fete*, a thousand times more brilliant than the English. American woman is approachable on all subjects—occasionally a little too approachable—but she will always English, and that full of esprit. For this reason it is that the moment the ball is announced was talked of applications from French cavaliers for tickets become so numerous.

THE PRINCESS CLOTILDE.

The *Times'* correspondent says: "I have had occasion to speak of the Princess Clotilde when first I was in this winter an augmentation in rotundity. The ball of the Hotel de Ville, however, confirmed the first impression of fashionable season. At the same time there is a tendency to embonpoint, which is not unbecoming to her. Her face, which has been rosy than reached the limits of propriety. There is nothing in the Princess's manner which betrays individuals especially distinguished strangers, there is no need of showing us that. They look at this point Princess Clotilde's dress was remarkable lastly suggested that these deplorable exhibitions of the ball-room are to be given on the 22d of February by the gentlemen's fair. Certain it is, however, that the Princess Clotilde was dressed in white satin, and had not in height of shoulders so that the epaulettes, of which there is a fall, were almost fitted round the arm. Virgins rising out of sea-foam—and a long way out of sight—are represented in white satin."

A PLAY WRITTEN BY A DANCER.

M. Michel Masson, manager of the Folies Dramatiques in company with some dramatists, when, as the *Figaro* says, "he has not to pay for the talent of literary professors—that of writing for the stage, or guiding milliners, and the rest of the paraphernalia of the theatre, and in order to get out and to look to the profits. Last week M. Millaud went to work at once, with the production of a piece written by a dancer. The piece is called the Folies Royal Theatre, and was not only not hissed, but received with applause. It is called "Les Mots Pour Mes Cœurs"—"My Nicce and My Boat"—and style its author's name. It is said that the piece is full of totally unbelievable how a money-changer could find so much time to write a play.

NEW CHARACTER-DANCES.

The rage is for novelty in the production of character dances. These are principally dances brought to Paris by the Emperor's return, and the various nations which are most frequently to be seen are those of the Countries. The Spanish dance, which was first introduced by Princess Colette, etc. At the Russian Embassy they were in vogue, and a position on all the Russian dances directed by the nephew of the Princess and by the Prince Imperial, who is very fond of dancing. The Spanish dance is the most graceful of all the national dances and is through all the movements of the dance without spilling a drop. The Russian dance is the most remarkable for the extraordinary feat of dancing the Prisia with a full champagne glass in each hand. The Hungarian dance is the fan to prove and declare it a stupid dance whenever it is the proper time to be the witness of the dance. A several American knows—at Mr. Jerome's, of New York, and Mr. Corcoran's, of Washington—that they have fashionable Prue à quatrille—the Prince Imperial—a favorite dance with the Lancers.

LES BOTTES DE BASTIEN.

A Paris correspondent writes: "Everybody knows the origin of a popular song which now makes the echoes of every street in Paris. The moment that a sentry sees the Prince Imperial, while out with his nurse, was struck by the magnificent appearance of the boots worn by the Grenadier who was on guard at the palace. Upon listening to the Tuileries, he noticed that his magnificent boots were the most peculiarly smitten by the sentinel seen, whereupon he exclaimed, with true childish delight, 'Ah! les belles bottes!' The fact of the meeting of this was explained to the Emperor, and the final fiat was so pleased that he reported his son's words to several members of the household. In a few hours all the boots in the palace were in the hands of the cobbler every one was in ecstasies at the sprightliness, wit, and talent, evinced by one so young. The Emperor, however, declared the Palace walls in a very short time, and soon after the Prince Imperial was out with his nurse, he was followed by a crowd of people, who, as soon as they saw a blue days' wonder, and how soon died out! but the boots were not to be forgotten. And that was as soon as was published, and consequently spread all over Paris in a few days, and the Grenadier who had been the hero of the Prince Imperial's boots, and how soon died out! but the boots were not to be forgotten. And that was as soon as was published, and consequently spread all over Paris in a few days, and the Grenadier who had been the hero of Lotin sang it in chorus at the Odeon. Perceiving the notoriety of the boots so much of so small a matter, the prohibition was afterward revoked; but the popularity of the boots was not to be stopped. Every boot-maker in Paris at the top of his voice, and a fierce relief "Les Bottes de Bastien" was to be rehearsed at the Folies Theatre.

MR. FELIX BEALY AND HIS SCHEMES.

Mr. Felix Bealy left Southampton 17th February, by the steamer Pacific, for Havre, where he has made his acquaintance of the execution of the canal in the presence of the President, Louis Napoleon, and the Prince Imperial, on the purpose on the 27th of March at Elvas. Mr. Bealy was accompanied by Mr. Lavasseur, the well-known banking his secretary, Gerard M. Lavasseur, formerly French Consul at Southampton.

Mr. Bealy's scheme is to connect the Red Sea with the corps of engineers.

The Emperor Napoleon, in refusing the departure, says it is all probably a great surprise in Paris. He will not be most likely to be looked upon with indifference at Washington. The Emperor's manipulation will be very chary of investing in the enterprise.

PRUSSIA.

PROPOSED VISIT OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

A Berlin correspondent writes: "Count Persenbach, the standard-bearer on a recent occasion to London to notify officially the birth of the young prince, has just received orders to proceed to the Court of Coburg, to announce that both the Queen and Prince Consort have promised on the occasion of the christening of the Princess Victoria that their arrival will take place about Easter, till which time the preparations for the reception will be finished. Later in the season—probably in May—the Prince and Princess Frederick William will pay a visit to England. Great activity is perceptible in the bureaux of the different sections of the War office, the object of which is to place the army in an efficient state, to be prepared for any contingency.

PRUSSIA TAKING GROUND ON THE ITALIAN QUESTION.

The *Prussian Gazette*, the official journal of Berlin, expresses the opinion that, in consequence of the active exertions of the great powers, the Prussian and English Governments have succeeded in bringing the two parties to smooth down difficulties, removing just causes of complaint, and remaining within the limits of treaties. The visit of Count de Persenberg will not, it may be hoped, have to support the steps taken by Prussia and England. The Emperor Alexander and Prince Gortschakoff have taken the most energetic steps with France to put an end to the military occupation of Rome. The Pope's territories are to remain under the Papal Guards, will be received in Paris in the same spirit of conciliation that has dictated them.

ITALY

THE EXCITEMENT IN LOMBARDY.

At Venice contracts have been entered into for the construction of new forts, to be completed in six weeks. It is said that 5,000 men are employed on the work of fortifying the Austrian fortresses are already occupied on the work. The latest telegram from Berlin says that the Prussian Ambassador has resigned.

MARRIAGE OF THE KING OF PIEDMONT.

Count Cavour announces that he can rely on it as positive that Victor Emanuel's Queen will be delivered of a child in June or July next. Princess Marie Benedictine Leuchtenberg's eldest, the Grand Duchess Constantine, is the parent of whom Count speaks. I did not notice to aware that a morganatic marriage with a Count Stirpum, and that the Queen of Piedmont was not married to her daughter—Marie Mastmilianowna, born October 4, 1841—Constantine, born May 21, 1858. It is said that the real widower of Paris has sought and obtained. Already the Queen of Piedmont has with one exception, the highest rank in Europe. This event puts the crowning finish to the defeat of the Austrian party at the Court of Piedmont. Victor Emanuel's marriage secures the favor of continental Europe, with this comparatively trifling loss of blood. It may be confidently predicted that immense developments awaits it."

AN EXCLUSIVE CORRESPONDENT.

A Paris correspondent of the Boston *Post*, dating, dispatched to Milan by the Paris journal *La Presse*, has been arrested by the Austrian police. He was in the act of writing a letter, being caught red-handed in the act, and inciting a French correspondent to rebellion against the Austrian Government. In reply to the charges against his benefits, he had complained of a slight oppression on the part of the police. He was, however, immediately released on his promising to be more circumspect in future.

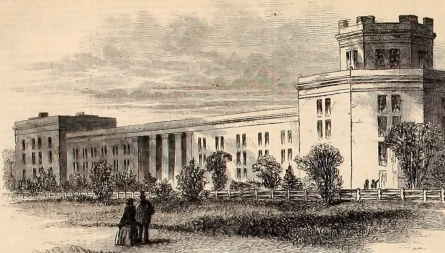
MODESTY OF THE KING OF NAPLES.

The Paris *Presse* of the 22d says: "I went the other evening to the San Carlo Theatre, at Naples, to witness the Neapolitan ballet. As the curtain rose it was dark as it is, save on the stage. The stagers sang and danced in the dancers showed a most remarkable degree of modesty. Suddenly, and then the people applauded heartily, or hissed, or hooted, according to the remarkable degree of merit. This was to me, so fondly-loving. I was Thursday night, and I was astonished to find that the King was in his box in the bottom. The night was first night in honor of the new ballet. The King, who is somewhat of a connoisseur, has no applause, to witness *sur le* one—all dandyism of the kind is out of fashion at the Neapolitan Court. Ferdinand is a model of modesty in fashion. The King forbids applause or disapprobation in the theatre. Whether the ballet be good or bad, the audience is forbidden to express it. I was very much struck by the severity of the things. I asked several persons around me why the applause of a man is so hated of all his subjects—but very suggestive of something else. Ferdinand is the only King of Naples who has Queen Victor Cullings, and won't let the world see the pretty female. I have it from the best authority in the world. The King, while I am under him, orders us all to get gently, if we wish to remain in Naples. Such is the effect of the two successive Bourbon King of the Two Sicilies, out of the Two Sicilies, and the Two Sicilies, and the Two Sicilies, and

A VISIT TO THE LUNATIC ASYLUM ON BLACKWELL'S ISLAND.

NOTHING could have been more lovely than the morning on which I started in company with the artist, Mr. L——, to visit the Lunatic Asylum on Blackwell's Island. The thermometer stood at about 90°; but the sun was bright and warm, the air was buoyant, and after a walk of a mile or so we felt capable of any exertion.

Five years ago I visited the institutions on Blackwell's Island, and published the account of my visit in the *Herald*. On that occasion I crossed the arm of the East River which separates Blackwell's and Manhattan Islands in the "Doctor's boat." That institution has now ceased to exist—the fire last winter consumed its spirit, if not its substance—and we crossed this time in the "ferry boat," the common property of all the benevolent and penal institutions of the island. I may observe, en passant, that this boat, like Dr. Ranney's, is rowed by lunatic convicts, who are compulsory inmates of the Blackwell's Institutions. The ferry-boat is manned by convicts. Care is taken, I am told, to assign to the boat none but steady men whom sentence is about to expire. This precaution is the more easily understood when it is borne in mind that nothing but their own scruples prevents the boatmen from making their escape when they land in New York, which they do twelve or fifteen times a day. In point of fact, the Penitentiary on the island, like the Penitentiary Hospital, is used as a temporary poor-house by many poor fellows, who find it difficult to obtain a livelihood, and who desire a few months repose from anxiety; and this class of persons, who are naturally selected as boatmen, are safe not to run away. One of the men who rowed us across asked me, on arriving, for "the price of a plug of tobacco," alleging that the tobacco supplied them on the island was "not fit to smoke, much less to chew." On inquiry I discovered that he was a Vermonter who had been crippled by the accidental fall of a tree. He had come to New York in search of employment; finding none, and winter coming on, he had requested Justice —— to have the goodness to commit him to Blackwell's Island. The Justice thoughtfully asked him how long he would like to be imprisoned? The Vermonter calculated how long it would take for the warm weather to return, and specified a term which would secure him a restoration to liberty at a genial season. He was committed accordingly. On the whole, he did not complain of his treatment. His bed, he said, might be softer; but he confessed that it was warm and dry. He had meat three times a day, and good coffee and bread, etc., etc. He thought it hard that, three times a week, he was expected to eat salt meat. When I observed that I frequently eat corn beef as often as three times a week, he seemed to regard me in the light of a self-constituted martyr.



VIEW OF THE LUNATIC ASYLUM ON BLACKWELL'S ISLAND.

Dr. Ranney's boat, on the same principle, is manned by lunatics. We are enabled to give a very faithful picture of his boat's crew, taken from a careful photograph. One of these men is an old privateer—some say pirate, but of this nothing is known; at any rate, he served in some wars or other thirty or forty years ago, and got, in some sharp fight, a cut on the top of his head, which upset his reason. His head is of extraordinary shape; extending diagonally across his forehead is a large scar, apparently the result of a sabre cut, the arch over the right eye projecting an inch farther forward than the left, which gives a very peculiar and not particularly pleasing expression to the face. Madame Romer reports that his life has not always been so quietly passed, but that he has mingled in scenes of a far different character. In the morning he goes daily to the top of the central building, walks three times around the stairway with great precision, descends flight by flight to the basement, on each story making the same number of rounds. Although entirely obedient to the commands of his superior officer while on duty, he regards no orders, even from the physician, until this regular tour has been made. He is a gray-headed man, the normal from the left in the lower row in the picture. Another of the Doctor's crew labors under the delusion that Dr. Ranney is the Pope of Rome, and that if he were to disobey or deceive him his eternal damnation would follow as a matter of certainty. A third is satisfied that Prince Albert of England is an impostor, and that he (the boatman) is the lawful husband of her Majesty Queen Victoria, who, faithless creature, avails herself of certain legal quibbles to defraud him of his legitimate marital rights. The other boatmen are subject to similar delusions. Insane as they are, however, they perform the specific duty assigned to them with fidelity and dispatch. Nervous persons might feel tremulous at finding themselves in the middle of the East River in company with seven incurable lunatics. But not an accident ever happens.

THE SHAKSPEARIAN ACTOR.

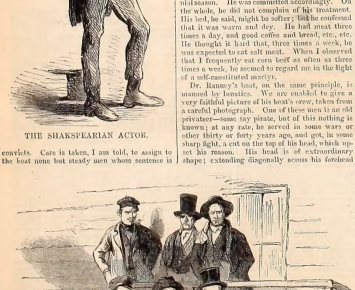
We, who crossed in the common ferry boat, were safely landed on the island; and after passing the inspection of certain hazy-looking and rude officials, who gave us greasy tickets certifying that we were authorized to visit the lunatic asylum, deputed on our way rejoicing.

Blackwell's Island itself will some day be a perfect garden. There is a luxury of fencing and a prodigality of agricultural labor which rather confound the common visitor. It is not till one realizes that convict labor costs nothing that the mystery of the elaborate cultivation and the labyrinthine fences is understood. The officials certainly have something to show for the animal power under their control.

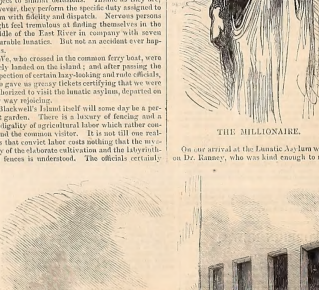
The burning of the old Penitentiary hospital was a clear gain. It was a miserable building. It is now being replaced by a fine stone edifice, built by convicts, of stone quarried by convicts from quarries on the island. The cost will thus be moderate; and the experience of the island officials is likely to insure the construction of the new building on the soundest architectural principles. The visitor is rather astonished at first at the quiet, steady manner in which the convicts work at the quarries (one Branch was among them for some days); he asks himself why these stout fellows, with heavy hammers and drills in their hands, don't rise in rebellion and make their escape; no inquiry, however, he learns that individuals who seem to be spectators, and lounge around within easy distances of each other, are all keepers well armed, and quite prepared, in case of insubordination, to shoot down half a dozen convicts.

THE MILLIONAIRE.

On our arrival at the Lunatic Asylum we called on Dr. Ranney, who was kind enough to make us



THE DOCTOR'S BOAT'S CREW.



DEMENTED PATIENTS.

MRS. BUCHANAN.

welcome, and, after lunch, to accompany us on a tour through the institution.

I should say here that the Lunatic Asylum on Blackwell's Island is supported by the city of New York; its average number of inmates is 600, of whom four-fifths are foreigners; it was established in 1839, and costs about $70,000 yearly to sustain it.

For the benefit of my readers we may say that madness is divided by doctors into two varieties or stages, called respectively *dementia* and *mania*. *Mania* is the violent stage; *dementia* the quiet, weak, resigned, semi-idiotic form of insanity. Most lunatics go through both stages, commencing with the first. Some are cured while "maniacs," and never enter upon *dementia*. A few become demented without having been maniacs. Naturally, in all well-ordered asylums, maniacal patients are separated from those who are demented. On Blackwell's Island, the main building, of which we give an illustration, is devoted exclusively to the demented patients; a separate edifice, securely girt round with strong iron bars, is the home of the unfortunates who are classed as maniacs, and who are so violent that it would be unsafe to mix them with the victims of the milder disease.

Our first visit was to the wards in the main building, appropriated to demented patients. Of these there are four besides the work-rooms. Two are for females, two for males.

No patient is kept confined in the wards if his condition is such that he can be safely employed out of doors. A large number of the demented males, for instance, are employed in agricultural labor. They are quite capable of working with their hands; it is only when you touch their reason that you discover they are lunatics. One to whom I spoke—a stout, fine-looking old Englishman—was, I was told, a first-rate hand with a spade; he informed me, confidentially, that California was all a humbug, that no gold had ever come from thence, that all the gold in the world had been made by chemical processes, and that the secret of making it had been lost; but that in a short while he would discover it. Another, an Irishman, had been probably converted by the boatman I have mentioned; he was fixed in the notion that Dr. Rhinny was the Pope. Nothing—neither commands, threats, nor entreaties—could prevent him kneeling to the Doctor for a blessing whenever he saw him.

The women whose lunacy does not entirely deprive them of the faculty of working are generally employed in knitting, in making gloves and quilts, and articles of clothing for the establishment. We went through the rooms in which these poor creatures are employed. I have seen many work-rooms in factories where the girls seemed less orderly and less assiduous. Here and there, of course, a poor creature attracted attention by some peculiarity. One or two were hysterical, and, after welcoming us with frantic bursts of laughter, burst into agonizing floods of tears. I was struck by the appearance of a very pretty-looking girl of about fifteen, who had gone mad in consequence of functional derangement. She was working quietly and silently, and would not reply when spoken to. I was glad to hear from Dr. Ranney that in a few months, in all probability, the poor child would recover her reason. Her brother, he added, had been under his care, ten years ago, for some months, and had enjoyed sound reason ever since. The women in the work-rooms make all the stockings and gloves, and a great part of, if not all, the clothing required in the establishment. They work, on the average, nearly as well as sane persons.

The demented patients who, from physical or mental infirmity, are incapable of working, are confined in "the wards." These are long, well-ventilated, very clean corridors, with large, airy bedrooms or cells on either side. Light and fresh air abound. For those who need warmth, heat is amply supplied. The bedrooms are miracles of cleanliness and comfort. Very few sane persons inhabit more healthy and convenient chambers. I remember, when a boy, having been taken to visit an insane asylum, in which the patients groveled in filth, darkness, and cold. If the report presented to the State Legislature by the Commissioners last session tell the truth, such establishments still exist, even in the enlightened State of New York. But the Asylum on Blackwell's Island is, throughout, perfect in respect of cleanliness, order, and comfort. If it were possible, one might almost envy the objects of so judicious and so tender care.

In reply to my inquiry, Dr. Ranney stated that the bulk of his female patients were immigrant girls (chiefly Irish), who had been deluded, seduced, cheated, and otherwise ill-used on arrival here; and who, on realizing their miserable condition, had gone mad from the shock of the disappointment. I noticed in the wards several who belonged to this class. They presented no striking features. Some were sullen and melancholy; others quiet, with a vacant, idiotic stare; a few rather talkative, and given to sing old songs in a dreamy, unconscious way. Many female lunatics had gone mad from religious excitement. These generally become what is popularly called "melancholy mad." One whose portrait, together with that of her mother, is given herewith, fancied that she was the Messiah. Her mother, a skinny, wrinkled, nervous old beldam—who is also mad—contrary to general experience—shares her daughter's delusion. She assured me that her daughter was the Messiah whose coming was prophesied in the Old Testament. I observed that, if so, the fact ought to be made known. She concurred, and the daughter, desiring to convince me that she was in fact the Messiah, snatched a "Protestant Bible" from under her mother's shawl, and read to me, volubly but clearly, the 49th chapter of Isaiah; observing at the close of the chapter,

"Now, don't you see I'm the Messiah?"

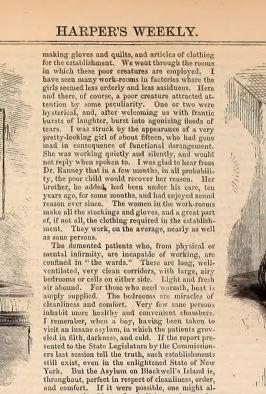
This poor creature is the victim of a double delusion. She had no sooner extorted from me a reluctant assent to her divine pretensions than she broke out:

"I'm the true wife of George Calvert. I'll never leave George Calvert. Won't you take me to him? I'll never leave George Calvert; for I'm his wife, you know, and I'll never desert him. He is mine, and I am his. I'll never give up George Calvert."

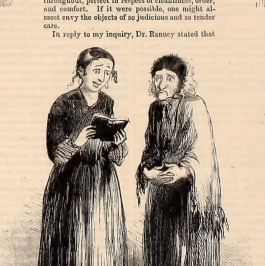
Whether there ever was such a person as George Calvert, or, if such a man exists, whether this poor woman ever knew him, is a matter of doubt; the doctors seem to think that she takes every good-looking man for her "dear husband, George Calvert." The delusion in her case is duplicate.

Generally speaking, Protestants are far more liable to insanity from religious enthusiasm than Catholics. But I conversed with a French Catholic girl in the womens' ward who had gone mad from this cause. When I addressed her in her own tongue, she cried out in French:

"Oh, Sir! when I was dying, they wanted to bury me without giving me the Holy Sacrament—"



CRAZY MOTHER AND HER DAUGHTER.



THE MESSIAH AND HER MOTHER.

FEMALE MANIACS.

MALE MANIACS.

And she went on in such a piteous flood of complaint that we were moved by her grief; and were not a little consoled when a convulsive burst of tears put an end to her discourse, and afforded kind Dr. Kenny an opportunity of saying that he thought she would get well in the course of a few weeks.

Most people have heard of Mrs. Buchanan. She is one of the incurables—a poor old lady—Scotch, I imagine—who has been an inmate of female asylums for years. Her delusion has been described in the papers. She believes she is the wife of the President, for the time being, and discharges her conjugal duties with such success that she bears a large family to each incumbent of the Presidential chair. Strange to say, the offspring of her lofty amours are usually dull. She had the misfortune of stroking the back of President Buchanan's eldest son, who carried it through his life half in political dilutions to disturb his repose. Mrs. Buchanan has beguiled her leisure by the composition of an elaborate diary in extenso descriptive of her matrimonial experience. President Pierce figures therein rather the quiet, easy husband, who is wise in making a graceful bow to a stout rooter which stands, I was told, for Mr. Buchanan. Undeniably are various outsiders cast in the shade by those of a London lineage. Her delusion consists in believing that she was born in St. Andrew's Square, which edifice belongs to her, and that her wealth, of which she has been sadly defrauded at, can only be counted by millions of pounds sterling. Could she but escape from her present bondage none could so well fill the throne. She is, in most of the inmates, when I spoke to her she inquired anxiously whether I had come to take her away?

I replied that, under certain circumstances, it would give me pleasure to do so.

"But," said she, "are you a man of honor? have been so often deceived."

I protested that my honor was above suspicion, and remarked that it only remained to obtain the Doctor's permission to make the desired abduction.

"Oh no," said she, quickly. "He will not consent. You see, I have a million worth of property under my bed, and we must take that with us."

I remarked that so large a sum would be more than we could all carry. But with a contemptuous laugh she assured me she had often carried a million about her, and that, therefore, there was no reason in the establishment whose she had secured.

Some one inquiring about "her diamonds," she privately confided to me that she had left her jewel in diamonds so accurately concealed about her person that no one could find them. Here was a curious patient. Her language betokened a person of good education. She was draped in a sort of cloak made of patchwork, which, when excited, she would throw round her like a tragedy-queen. Her head was likewise adorned in a bit of lace. Her eyes were venerable and severe. Her eye was searching; and when conversing alone with me her extraction not "to desire" was not alone apparent, but in deception I was practising. A portrait of this poor lady will be found on page 184.

Another patient whose case interested us much was a poor woman whose intellect is hopelessly gone, and who has found a permanent asylum for herself and her child in the Asylum. The child, a bright-eyed, good-looking little girl, is the idol of by-same. A kind tenderness on the part of the inmates of the establishment has kept her in total ignorance of the fate of her mother. Indeed, she is so far believed that she is the daughter of the King of Bedouin, and that, having been stolen when an early youth, she is continued to Blackwell's Island from political reasons. It is likely that her little child has been taught to share the delusion. One of the matrons, a lady in whose face gentleness and firmness were happily blended, took a very particular fancy to this little girl; she is, no doubt, well cared for. But what a variety of life is childas a ward full of lunatics! Will no great and rich lady of Fifth Avenue stretch forth a kindly hand, and rescue this sweet-looking little creature from the contagion of lunacy?

From the female wards we passed to those of the males. As a general rule, these latter are uninteresting and often repulsive. A large proportion of the male lunatics become simply imbecile and brutish. One of our engravings will give a fair idea of these lower creatures. Fancy shut up the base together, leaning against a wall, sunning themselves, and looking less intelligent than the beasts of the field. Among them incurables are enormously the fruit of physical and sensual, as among the women they are of moral excesses and imprudence. They are loathsome objects, and generally incurable; fortunate—poor creatures!—to have been sent to an asylum while they are not dreadful to helpless isolation and body-death. Here and there we saw one or two who, by the mercy of God, are recovered or recovering. Such a one, a young man, was pointed out to us by the Doctor as he was walking down the floor at the window, running hither if he ordered, refused to that at this public request of the Doctor, reserving that at his age he was entitled to enjoy his ease. He had, he told us, commanded a regiment in the Revolutionary war. He was observing that he bore his years well, and that I should never have taken him to be so old, he said:

"Oh! them yea, I am several thousand years old. Ye've heard of Marshal Turenne?"

I replied that I had occasionally read of him.

"I'm Marshal Turenne. Did ye ever hear of Hannibal?"

I again admitted that the name was familiar to me.

"I'm Hannibal. I was Pericles in Greece. I've had many names, but am always the same man."

I congratulated him on the enlarged field of experience he had enjoyed; to all which he replied nothing, but looked at me with that keen, close stare which seems peculiar to Scotchmen.

After having the wards we entered the drawing-room. This is a well-furnished, handsome apartment, exclusively appropriated to the use of the lunatics. On the occasion of my last visit a very pretty-looking girl (as mad as a March hare) was playing a few tunes on the piano. The occupant of the room was a long-haired, not ever wise-looking gentleman.

"How do you do, Mr. ——?" said the Doctor.

"I'm well," gruffly replied the person addressed.

"Would you like to play a few tunes for the ladies on the piano?" inquired our cicerone.

The lunatic rose from his seat down, and played the overture to *Fra Diavolo* with great skill and feeling. While he was playing the Doctor explained that previous to his insanity he was a person who had gone mad from intense study. He had, for example, committed to memory a dozen languages in his cell. He read all the modern languages with perfect ease, and could "Paradise Lost" in the original. He was master of several Oriental tongues. He was a perfect musician, and could play Thalberg's most difficult pieces at sight. In a short time, the Doctor hoped, he would be well enough to go at large. He was applauded with them when he had concluded his performance; but though he replied politely to my remarks, he seemed indisposed to enter into conversation.

Presently there appeared a negro in full fig—a good-looking fellow, in fine dress-coat, and showy jewelry generally.

"Dose gentlemen," said the Doctor, addressing him, "are anxious to hear you sing some of your fine tragic parts. Will you gratify them by giving us 'King Lear'?"

The negro, nothing loth, took up a position in the middle of the room, and began to declaim. His accession was not a happy one, however. He could not make out his words. Fancying that the Lear was in a key, I drew nearer the performer, and listened attentively. He was uttering gibberish. Most of the words he pronounced were really English, but they were so jumbled together that I gave it up.

"Dose gentlemen," said the Doctor, addressing him, "are anxious to hear you sing some of your fine tragic parts. Will you gratify them by giving us 'King Lear'?"

The negro, nothing loth, took up a position in the middle of the room, and began to declaim. His accession was not a happy one, however. He could not make out his words. Fancying that the Lear was in a key, I drew nearer the performer, and listened attentively. He was uttering gibberish. Most of the words he pronounced were really English, but they were so jumbled together that I gave it up.

Before passing to the building which is appropriated to women, we passed through the kitchen, through the museum—a room full of curiosities of various kinds. The most interesting of these to me were specimens of the work of lunatics. Some ingenious fellow had contrived a model of the Crystal Palace in a large bottle, and we entered the corridor of the furious female lunatics.

They were not permitted to look at. Some were a sleepy aspect. Some looked venomously at us. A few remained indifferent. Two or three of them sprang at my throat, I recovered courage, and followed the Doctor quickly. Another, a jealous little Irishwoman, with clear eyes and auburn hands, asked me some question about her husband. I answered her, and passed on.

The sound of my voice seemed to rouse them. The latent energies were being kindled between voices, and my interlocutor—the little Irishwoman—burst into perfect frenzy. She began by assuring me that my face to the next world would appear as a very uncomfortable basis: that in this world she was a dangerous, nay, savage lion. And she almost set to such language, and with such action, as proved her to be a mistress of the Five Points vocabulary.

Warming with her theme, she rose. I don't think she rose more than an inch from the floor, but female gentle, fearfully deprived of its young, can rest be much more terrible than that maniac crouched.

I looked round for the Doctor. He and my companion were many yards distant, and were laughing through the corridor, with their backs turned to me. I would have run to join them had I not been afraid that my sudden flight would have precipitated a collision. So, affecting perfect coolness, I turned my back on the lioness, and walked slowly toward my friends. The lioness followed me. I could distinctly hear the sound of her feet on the floor. I knew that to show fear was to be her last. I expected every instant to feel her claws in my back. I walked on, and did not cease to show ease in the fiercest language. Her curbs served not to rouse her companions. They looked on pleased, and fired skimmers' shots at me as I marched between them. I felt that nothing but the interposition of Providence would enable me to gain the end of the corridor without a death-struggle with some of them. As for the Doctor, he—hard-hearted man—never once looked round.

I think I must have looked rather exhausted by the time I reached the end of the corridor; for the Doctor, with a smile, reminded me that he had cautioned me from the experiment, and inquired knowingly whether I would not be satisfied with an inspection of the male maniacs through the grated door?

I at once replied in the affirmative, and we proceeded to the door. While our artist was sketching the scene I gazed at the inmates. My eye fell upon a wild face.

"That," said I, "is a Celt, I suppose?" "It is a Belgian, a very furious fellow." I agreed with the peculiar interest. The Belgian fought my eye. He was, indeed, a Celt. Unlike the women, he did not utter a word. He fixed his eye on me, and followed me with a glance of fire.

Presently there appeared a negro in full fig—a good-looking fellow, in fine dress-coat, and showy jewelry generally.

"Dose gentlemen," said the Doctor, addressing him, "are anxious to hear you sing some of your fine tragic parts. Will you gratify them by giving us 'King Lear'?"

The negro, nothing loth, took up a position in the middle of the room, and began to declaim. His accession was not a happy one, however. He could not make out his words. Fancying that the Lear was in a key, I drew nearer the performer, and listened attentively. He was uttering gibberish. Most of the words he pronounced were really English, but they were so jumbled together that I gave it up.

Before passing to the building which is appropriated to women, we passed through the kitchen, through the museum—a room full of curiosities of various kinds. The most interesting of these to me were specimens of the work of lunatics. Some ingenious fellow had contrived a model of the Crystal Palace in a large bottle, and we entered the corridor of the furious female lunatics.

They were not permitted to look at. Some were a sleepy aspect. Some looked venomously at us. A few remained indifferent. Two or three of them sprang at my throat. I recovered courage, and followed the Doctor quickly. Another, a jealous little Irishwoman, with clear eyes and auburn hands, asked me some question about her husband. I answered her, and passed on.

The sound of my voice seemed to rouse them. The latent energies were being kindled between voices, and my interlocutor—the little Irishwoman—burst into perfect frenzy. She began by assuring me that my face to the next world would appear as a very uncomfortable basis: that in this world she was a dangerous, nay, savage lion. And she almost set to such language, and with such action, as proved her to be a mistress of the Five Points vocabulary.

Warming with her theme, she rose. I don't think she rose more than an inch from the floor, but female gentle, fearfully deprived of its young, can rest be much more terrible than that maniac crouched.

I looked round for the Doctor. He and my companion were many yards distant, and were laughing through the corridor, with their backs turned to me. I would have run to join them had I not been afraid that my sudden flight would have precipitated a collision. So, affecting perfect coolness, I turned my back on the lioness, and walked slowly toward my friends. The lioness followed me. I could distinctly hear the sound of her feet on the floor. I knew that to show fear was to be her last. I expected every instant to feel her claws in my back. I walked on, and did not cease to show ease in the fiercest language. Her curbs served not to rouse her companions. They looked on pleased, and fired skimmers' shots at me as I marched between them. I felt that nothing but the interposition of Providence would enable me to gain the end of the corridor without a death-struggle with some of them. As for the Doctor, he—hard-hearted man—never once looked round.

I think I must have looked rather exhausted by the time I reached the end of the corridor; for the Doctor, with a smile, reminded me that he had cautioned me from the experiment, and inquired knowingly whether I would not be satisfied with an inspection of the male maniacs through the grated door?

I at once replied in the affirmative, and we proceeded to the door. While our artist was sketching the scene I gazed at the inmates. My eye fell upon a wild face.

"That," said I, "is a Celt, I suppose?" "It is a Belgian, a very furious fellow." I agreed with the peculiar interest. The Belgian fought my eye. He was, indeed, a Celt. Unlike the women, he did not utter a word. He fixed his eye on me, and followed me with a glance of fire.

Another Belgian was in a cell secluded with cast-iron bolts, that I felt a momentary thrill, and took a hasty survey of the strength of the bars which separated us. He reached them in a moment. Clutching them with his sinewy hands he glared at me like any tiger till I left the place. But for those bars I think he would have made an end of me.

THE LEATHER BAG.

How much the bag contained I do not know, and question whether Andrew Miller himself did. It had in it the savings of twenty years, and was full upon the closing-day, just three weeks before the date of my story. His wife and daughters were rejoicing at the sight of the bag, but more so it: they knew he had money somewhere, for when it was wanted it was forthcoming, and whether they might conjecture, they certainly didn't know where he kept it, how he kept it, or how much he had. Andrew was not one to encourage them in any allusion to these subjects. He had a mortal, diseased anxiety for the money, and a corresponding diseased anxiety for the secrecy. He worked himself, soul, hands, and body, to the last degree, but he was a miser. Andrew Miller was a miser.

It was an old satchel, a small one, in which, when a boy, he had carried his dinner to school; when he was across country to be apprenticed on a walk of twenty-twenty miles from his father's house—he rather liked the walk—he had carried there for which his mother's anxiety provided for his sustenance by the way. While he was an apprentice he kept his Bible in it, and the first pound-note he ever earned he kept in the bag.

As he advanced in life, it was his "partner" fattened with his savings; all in notes, between its leaves, till it could hold no more of them, and he was an old maide; by which time, through use and wont, and the association of ideas, Andrew had come to believe "bank-notes" were the best and safest form of the currency. He derived more pleasure from seeing the bag swell out with them, and had by now the ring of gold pieces against the walls of the safest iron box could ever have given him. For twenty years he added to it, and put by all the sums in the strongest of the bag. Time was he was to play with, taking the bag between one and by one, "rumpling" them to make them bulk well, and patting them in till the bag would swell as if it would contain another note or two at the outside; and after compulsively contemplating it in this state for awhile, he would put them by, and even folds, and sigh over the mere entropy of an independence to which they contracted. It had been the main object of his life to add to this bag, and many a struggle it had cost him to reconcile his duties to his fellow-men with, his duties to what is kindly fellow, he could not but acknowledge were owing to his family. He took a pride in it; he loved it, and after watching and smoke his pipe, and look at it as if it were a child, as it lay cradled in his arms, until—and more than, in later years, he would stroke its back and wink at it—the old rogue—taking it into his confidence; but when with the bag in a bag a pride in the first sound of a footfall, let it be of wife or daughter, causing towards it. At last the bag was empty, as was realized, and the bag that had been year by year becoming more and more dropsical was ready to burst

and he! they found the bag, and opened its great big mouth, and took out such heaps of papers, and they wondered what they were; when suddenly the wind arose, and caught the heap, and whirled away the whole, and the air was as white with hand-notes as ever it was with snow-flakes in a storm. Andrew wakened gasping: he could stand this sort of thing no longer. The gray dawn was coming in at the window, cold and cheerless. He got up quietly, and, with nothing on him but his drawers and shirt, pulled on his cork-shoes, up to the gaiters, to the wall, to the hob; and there—he was gone!

I am not going to analyze Andrew's feelings on missing the bag—the blankness of his despair in the street, the wringing of hand and hanging arms, at the damp old wall in the dull twilight. He returned to bed, after a time, to his spouse's bosom, and quite unconscious of his desertion. For nose his couldn't think rational; but he did think that the first conveyer, by whom his good sense grat fully asserted itself, and the more he reflected the stronger grew his hope that it might be a conveyance for things more desirable than—whose—whatever the bag must have been to him.

Tibby, the leader of the village gossips, was standing at her door as he approached it, and at once proceeded to the attack with the usual "How do ye do?"

"Man, I was sorry," said Tibby, "ye weena be in church yester-morn, more because o' your no being aisle. Aweel, auld folks is auld folks, as we hae a' to see some gae to the kirkyard; but Johnnie has to travel nae far's yoursel', Andrew Mitchell, to reach the end o't."

"Ay, ay!" she continued, pressing home her inquiries without giving time for answer. "Was it the same auld wi' Johnnie, Andrew, as it was wi' Johnnie Swan was bad, too, yester-morn, an' had to bide at hame like yoursel', poor body; it had the symptoms very near."

Andrew gave no answer to her question as to the nature of his malady, but he was determined, in the tone of our passing: "I fancy almost every body was in church save myself and you."

Tibby scanned him the kirk was "crammed;" that it was hotter work for the minister than "a mawk flee in July;" and that "Johnnie Swan's napkin wi' the sweat o' his brow."

Andrew passed on, so far the conversation had lasted to manner of perfect indifference. Casual inquiries made elsewhere in the village in the course of the forenoon with regard to Johnnie Swan, the shoemaker, was the thief; at least, that he was the only one who had been out of his house and was at all likely to have done the dishonest thing. How, now, to get round Johnnie without exposing himself? Andrew pondered over the problem during three pipes, after which he went straight to the house of Johnnie Swan.

Johnnie Swan was a dour, ill-favored, avaricious body of a shoemaker, the leader of the pot-house politicians of the village, and a great stickler for strict and original specialties in morals and philosophy. On the Sunday-evening in question, he had the bag, our philosopher, who was really indifferent, and unable to go to church, was behind the old wall in a position to see—without himself being seen—Andrew's extraordinary proceedings, from the first casting-away of the bag to the end of the matter, with his stealthy slipping into the house again. What Andrew was about he couldn't exactly see, nor did he see the bag; but he drew his own conclusions as to the probable meaning of the phenomena which he had witnessed.

"Folks may duffer, but, in ma opinion, 'tisn't for nothing the mire coons out. When a sober body like Andrew Mitchell, the fuller, sees fit to tak's a hake in an auld dike, like a weasel, there's nair auith' than just what I'm thinkin'. Now, I'll see i' the back o' your head, man, Andrew, ye'd has missed me yon time, wi' your wants o' gumption; he back shirt the hale wad day, an' a' ready for your secret then twenty glowerins over it. Aiweel, there's nae mistakin' what's what, an' I'm nae a pop o' ; nae gird your loins, sas man, an' inspect the bigging. If there's nae eye a sent whaur the pea-cooses wiggy, I'll be the deevil o' a tryin' to find ane." And with these sagacious observations Johnnie got over the wall, and commenced search, which in a short time resulted in the discovery of the bag. Without stopping to inspect its contents, he tottered off with it to his own house, and went quietly home, calming what tugs of conscience were in him by reflections on Andrew's motives to prove the role that honesty is the best policy, and with the following, among other results:

"It's a kind o' treacherous, ye-wicked-cr-cattle," I find it; sas it's a' my ain an' main o' my neighbors, as Colmonell's auld minister used to say. Some folks wadna has trokken it, no' some folks are fules. Na, na, Johnnie Swan; grasp it hard, my man, an' say nothing about it. Wise folks let the nor' wind come in by the chimley, an' open their doors to the west when it's a fine day; an' I'll has sic a windfall as is nae under your extent."

Swan having got home without meeting my one, a brief inspection of his booty satisfied him he had stumbled on a fortune. He had no misgivings as to the way in which he had done so, and, from the circumstance that no one was abroad, and that Andrew hadn't caught him, no fear. He was thwacking a piece of sole-leather on the lapstone on Monday forenoon, when Miller cast his shadow across the door.

"How'd w' you the day?" said Andrew, cheerfully, but eying him that so as to catch every shade of feeling on his face.

Johnnie was really much discomposed at the unexpected apparition, yet had nerve enough to command his features so as to be looked up, and waiting to Andrew to be seated, answered:

"Gaily and brawly, neighbor; hoo's t' wi' yoursel'?"

Though Andrew was disconcerted by this coolness, he proceeded, in a friendly tone, to speak of the ordinary inquiries for "the wife," who was out on an errand to Kilmarnock, who was in a shop in Kilmarnock; and for the girls, who were out at service. After this interchange of commonplaces, Andrew at last came to the subject of the bag.

"Johnnie," said he, "we have been neighbors for some years now, an' never cottoned-ower much; an' I've long kent you for a prudent, sensible person, wi' a guid head, forby heart, an' that's the reason I'm here the day, as I am."

Johnnie began to feel very uncomfortable, and the look steadily at his companion, which he had begun to fasten, when conversation made it proper he should lay by the lapstone.

"Ye has a guid stock o' siller—stewed, I'm sure no muckle wark, an' many years' hainin' to get; many siller-bawbees, I'm sure, mair than ever, but it will be disparin' in muir ways than I can account for; in't's hard to a man no to feel sair at a bit siller in the midst o' his ain ruins. But that's the fact, Johnnie Swan, though I'm ashamed to tell't. Ye ken Andrew Mitchell's makin' a management o't, an' I've come to ask your advice what to do wi't. What say ye to lay it in first for a new flure? Mine's a' worn out, an' bad crops, bad rents, dullness, ye ken. An' eh! if I had Lord Lawyer Meiklerat tellin' me I'd never get more than three per cent for my siller from land. Deed, I'm thinkin' I'll just has to lay it in land."

"After a', frien," said Johnnie, "it's your ain affair, an' none o' my business."

Johnnie could hardly keep from laughing at this stage to hear Andrew debating with himself how much he should restore of the money which was in his power, and, in fact, in the drawer of the stool he was then sitting upon; but one of the leading ideas was all the livelier that he saw that Andrew, so far from suspecting him, was not even aware of his loss.

"What d'ye say, sas, to layin' some o't out on a ship?" said Andrew, proceeding with the investigations.

Johnnie's tenure was loose now, and love-sick he began to perceive that his position was not particularly enviable with all the treasures of the Indies, if Andrew was to be the owner of them. He could not yet might do wiser than lay't out on a ship.

But ships sink, and are exposed to a variety of accidents not to be guarded against; a ship-load blows away a hundred fortunes. Andrew continued not to see the point.

A great many other plans were considered, to the great amusement of Johnnie, who could barely keep his gravity when he thought of the secret upon them with him: he had clearly given him to feel that he thought of restoring the money, and consulted him for the purchase of almost any thing; and now he proceeded to put the interview by a further proof of his confidence.

"Weel, weel, we'll give it up, my friend; the thing for you and me to do is to has nae mair to do wi' the matter by mysel; an' I'll tell ye what I has done wi' the siller in the meantime. To stop that suspicious character Andrew Mitchell has seldier the siller day into ten parts: the sma' ane I has gien to my wife, an' the lave I has put away in what I has been thinkin' o' makin' an investment o'; an' that I'll now hand in my ain hans, an' gie't to your hans, Johnnie, for the rest, which is the snug while we talk' our time to think what to do wi't."

Johnnie forgot himself altogether in applauding this plan: and when Andrew left him, he was quite unable to behold the bag of gold, which to the brilliant fancy which was, as he imagined, dawning upon him, it was already transformed by. Something whistling while he did it, he pitched the lapstone at the cat, missed her, and broke the window of the room next the door full of water, which instantly flooded the floor. He gave a kick to the dog which lay in the way, which howled; and then he rid himself of a good deal of his surplus energy by leaping over and over the fragments. It was long time ere he could settle to his work: a world of mischief on the premises, before he settled down to his usual quiet and steady habits. Andrew, "he were blinder nor me," he reflected, "that didna see Providence in this matter. I'm no for judgin' a man by appearances, but there's nae doubt that Andrew Mitchell has this thing in us left'n' Andrew for nought. The man's guyt. It's what the deevil's in a' the warld, when I has gotten the siller to gi'e what I has to do wi't, to try a good use, no' when he comes to his ain muckle. And as he reckoned on the leather bag to his share, he participated in the night-time, not doubting but the night following he would carry away the whole assets.

Next morning Andrew was up betimes and out into the garden, and to the wall, and to the hob, and there, sure enough, was the leather bag, all safe and sound!

The little grey man gave three cheers as he carried it into the house in triumph. Meeting his wife on the stairs, he surprised her by joyously bouncing at her, and kissing her. He thrust the leather bag into her hands, crying, "There, there, keep it, keep it!" He ran into the kitchen, and kissed Molly and Kate, who were cooking the breakfast. They couldn't understand him; he quite puzzled all three of them. Why go further with the story? He told them all about it—the night he left the bag; and he did so with a black demon of dissension sullenly left his dwelling. His mother was therefore "made an honest man of," and "a good advice; and from that day there was no "Andrew" and "Mrs." in the case, but he and she were "Johnnie" and "Jenny."

Johnnie Swan's confusion, after losing these nights' rest sitting up to pay visits at unearthly hours to the kain in the wall, was extreme; and self that he had been overreached, were still philosophical, if not complimentary to himself, and set worthy of Andrew's success. "I'll has to tell ye, sas, you're a fool, Johnnie Swan—a thin' kind. In the the sense o' gumption, you're a fool, an' I'll has to don't worth tea'd the tenth? Ye nod has been even tenth, my man. Modesty's the best policy for the warld, I may scale on't. I has dune a shrewd thing, wha'd been name the hand but the stock-an'-corn lord? I has been to your understandin'; and to hand your mug up again to the man wha kens ye for baith a rogue and an ass is maik than ye can think."

He kept out of Andrew's way for a long time, and at last came to the point of thinking that he had been serious with him, and had sacredly changed the hiding-place for a new one. He was not long in finding out his mistake, for he was undeceived. Meeting Andrew one day by accident in the fields, he addressed him in the old style, as if nothing had wrong between them, when Andrew, with a queer grin, bursting into a loud laugh as he finished his statement, asked him, "What d'ye say to lay out some o't out on a ship?"

Johnnie retired, and it: he made off precipitately; and, a few days after, the Kilmarnock shopkeeper left the parish a legacy of his old wife, and disappeared no one knew whither.

OUR SPECIAL PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, February 17, 1859.

The Ball at the Hôtel de Ville—Appearance of the Guests—Exhibition—Fancy Dresses—Italian Refugees—Return from the Ball—The Orders of Time—The Wedding Ring—Marriage of Miss Bloomer—Another Daughters—American Belles at Rothschild's—Banyer and Thiers—Crops in Fashion again—The Fine Arts—Literature—A rejected Book—Father Lord Napier—His love for the United States—Dickens as a Reader—Opinion about Gerald Griffin—English and American Protestantism, etc., etc.

I LEFT off my last letter with saying "You will hear something of balls," and you will be struck with the same theme, for indeed there is no other just now; and those of this week have been remarkable among the great developments. The first at the Hôtel de Ville, on Monday, was certainly a most magnificent affair, and the most splendid and the best society, of which the Count and Countess Haussonville, who they presided together, are conspicuous members. After that the bulls became like any other intensely crowded ones; and no thought, except to get out, was entertained. Count Frois, I had almost forgotten how superb the fashionable world is here, and was delighted as he was with the gorgeous sort of Arabian Night scene of entertainment spread out in the Hôtel de Ville, where in particular the refreshment, with a fountain playing amidst shrubs and flowers in the centre, and a large table all round covered with, alternately with a choir of German singers, a full band, and a ballet of Swedish dancers, filled the air with sweet sounds with almost as much fragrance. And then upon table and before one, gilded and decorated, and filled with tiers of dazzling delicacies, and the whole thing so splendid, beautiful, and were certainly brilliant with jewels and feathers and flowers.

The ingenuity of the naked imposing, as imperial parties ever must, with uniforms, and diamonds, and ardors, Empress and Emperor included, and there; but the Princess Clotilde was, of course, the heroine of the costume, and the most striking and picturesque, to get a chance of gazing upon her. She was dressed in pink, with a diadem of diamonds and lace on her young and pretty head, one tries to forget how very plain she really is—plain, in spite of a very fair skin and beautiful hair, that does not look gay; and I should not think it was in her nature to be very demonstrative in any way.

So I really enjoyed my ball for about an hour, as I met many acquaintances, principally English and American; but after admiration and curiosity were satisfied, one began to feel how oppressive was the heat, and longing for the cool and quiet of moving in a crowd, and which has certainly become some little habit of late, and especially since the cold, and cooling in the construction of carriages. I felt several times that night that if "stone walls do not a prison make," from being so, and it was sometimes for a moment impossible to extricate one's self—and from the heat, which the crowd folds around one. The getting away from the Hôtel de Ville is always difficult. There is a long and weary exit for one's servant in the first instance, and then for the carriage to be brought up. One pities the delicate ladies shivering around one without cloaks or shawls, and does not wonder to hear that sore throats and bronchitis are fearfully prevalent in Paris. Such are some of the drawbacks which accompany pleasure; and which, scarcely felt in the eagerness of youth, weigh heavily in the scale when that pleasant time is passed away forever.

Not that I am inclined to regret the days that are gone, or to feel that their sun came a time—a day—a time. No; every age has its enjoyments, and ours, there is nothing in what surrounds one to admonish that there must come a time when there will be neither ball-goers nor ball-goers, it is rather satisfactory to have something in one's self from which to learn the whole lesson. This reminds me of a gray hair or two which would have a sober import and a useful warning, though one may escape from even those, if one chooses to send into the next street for the *dyeing* a person whose profession it is to restore youth, or to Henri-Quatre's to get Cream of Rose, which it is said really will straiten the puckers of Time. But I am not going to do either. I have the views, when it may be heard, which is not always pleasant to the listener, and sour of this great Babel and all its vanity of vanities.

The other ball that I shall take you to was one given by the wife of the great banker Rothschild, in his magnificent hotel of the Rue Laffite, and in honor of a favorite marriage in the family. The salons were very handsome, and rich in pictures and works of art, and the dancing-room was particularly gay and beautiful, with its gilded and painted ceiling. I thought the company assembled more remarkable for beauty than for fashion, and retired by any exclusive clique or circle, it had gathered fair women and men of note from all quarters. Mrs. Mason and her amiable and accomplished young daughter were there, as ever, beautifully dressed. Of the other ladies, some of the most striking were the family, are absent from Paris coyeties, and are at Pau for the benefit of their health.

There were also several of our American beauties; and some who, though with daughters that have been presented, are still in the bloom of youth, and look as to contribute the recital of ones that our country women lose their great charm to those of other lands. Among these was Mrs. H——, a and her pretty daughters, who are always much admired, and are very lovely in the Spanish and Bronda' sort of contrast of dark and fair. The eldest is very lovely, and looks like a Madonna in the disguished girl. Her mother is a superb woman, often too much dressed, which makes me call her "the Queen of Sheba," which I do not mean the case last night, and she therefore looked extremely well. There was Mrs. ——, who was once called *the Queen of Beauty*, so faultless is the outline of her features—so regular, even in their redundancy, and so beautiful is her form and general figure. I still last the finishing of her dark eyes. This lady, too, is born and bred in Paris, and is the daughter of Mrs. and Miss Cass—a, looking always as those who are shed them will would desire them to, dressed with perfect taste, and with the most distinguished, and possessing a sweetness of manner and grace of conversation of which all others envy them.

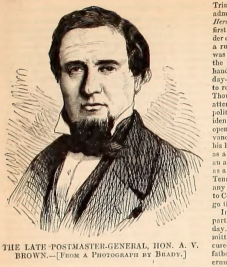
Among men of note there was the distinguished Legitimist lawyer and orator, M. Berryer, whom I have had a sight of before, and which (always to wish) to my reminds me more of an Englishman than any Frenchman I have encountered in the course of his mind. He is very superior and attractive in conversation; and, indeed, in all respects, is, one of the first men of his age. Then there was M. Thiers, who is unfortunate in never being able to look dignified, even when he is at the most; for he is short and clumsy in figure, and not of a pleasant countenance. He is a self-made man, and perhaps because there is a feeling that he has proved rather tricky as a statesman, and not always to be relied upon in his lapse as a writer.

Before I finish my account of the balls I must say one word more in my first regard to the fact that charming and becoming material, transparent crape, has resumed its ancient empire in the fashionable world of Paris. The ancient queen lost night were of white crape, over a silk petticoat of the color of the flower worn in the bosom or robes over color for the matrons. Flowers without foliage, and in a wreath around the head, are most worn by the younger married; while the unmarried indulge themselves in cuffings of velvet to imitate the cuffs of gentlemen, and in much head-dress and more unbecoming still with gold cord and tassels, and golden ornaments of all sorts.

The weather has been of the softness and mildness quite like spring, and there has been no cold even among the poor. Of course, the Bois de Boulogne is crowded every day with those who, having danced all the night before, like to be promenaded pretty freely for the evening's coming ball; and really there is already there a feeling as if the winter was over—as if one's year of at home still bound in chains of ice and snow; but then you have the blessed sun to thank for it, and we have been absolutely *hidden* since three months.

And as you are to lose Lord and Lady Napier from among you, I will tell you a story of him from the former to his father-in-law, Mr. ——, who resides in Paris, and is blessed with five lives in Paris, and is blessed with five lives in Paris, in which Lord Napier says "that the people of the United States are the most hospitable and the most inhospitable in the world." Lord Napier, I do believe, is a sincere regret at leaving those, and that every one will be glad to welcome him home again.

I had a pleasant testimony the other day to the way in which English merit and the praises and brave deeds of Englishmen impress even those in America who are quite removed from those great emporiums of commerce, those Atlantic cities which naturally learn the news of Europe once or twice a week as a matter of course, and who then feel as interest in what is going on here. I have



THE LATE POSTMASTER-GENERAL, HON. A. V. BROWN.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.]

a young cousin upon my hands here now from your Far West, which he never left until a month ago to come to Paris. At a dinner-party the other day I mentioned the name of Windham, apropos of a letter of introduction for some one who was going to India, when I was interrupted by my young cousin's eager question, "Is that the *great* Windham—the hero of the Redan?" Oh, how I should like to see him!" And when he found I knew him intimately, he asked so many questions about him as quite to have proved to any observer present his own Yankee lineage. I have often thought that such a charming anecdote in Maryatt's "Travels in America," the little New York shop-boy who, when tying up a parcel for him, said, "Will you please, Sir, to tell me what has become of Midshipman Easy?" Byron long ago said he never knew what fame was until he had heard of his poems being read on the banks of the Ohio; and, believe me, this is the true way to look at it, and it is thus united that the English race are great and wonderful.

THE LATE POSTMASTER-GENERAL BROWN.

ON Tuesday, 8th, Postmaster-General Aaron V. Brown died at Washington. His friends will be glad to see the accompanying portrait.

Mr. Brown was a Virginian by birth, and at the time of his death was about sixty-four years of age. His father commenced life as a revolutionary soldier, but ended it as a Methodist clergyman. He was fortunately able to give his son a good collegiate education.

At the age of eighteen, the family having migrated to Nashville, Tennessee, young Aaron commenced the study of law in the office of Judge Trimble of that place, and in 1817 was admitted to the bar. According to the *Herald*, his maxim was to be "always first at court, and never leave till the order of adjournment is given." With such a rule for his guide, professional success was certain. For twenty-two years—the fact deserves consideration at the hands of young lawyers of the present day—Mr. Brown never suffered politics to rob his clients of an hour of his time. Though his talents naturally attracted the attention of his fellow-citizens, and the political success of his partner (Ex-President James K. Polk) would easily have opened to him the door of political advancement, he steadily refused to leave his home until he had "served his time" as a practicing lawyer, and accumulated an ample fortune. He consented to serve as a Member of the State Legislature of Tennessee, because this did not involve any sacrifice of his clients' interests. But to Congress, however pressed, he did not go till the year 1839.

In Congress Mr. Brown took an active part in the debates and business of the day. He was Chairman of the Committee on Territories, and as such secured a place in history by becoming the father of the bill securing a territorial government to Oregon. In politics he was a strong Southern man, warmly opposed to the doctrines especially known as Northern; but he was equally opposed to the schemes of the Southern disunionists. During General Jackson's life he was a zealous partisan of his projects, among others, the annexation of Texas.

In 1845 he was elected Governor of Tennessee by a large majority over the Whig candidate. In 1847 he ran for the same office, but was defeated. He was a member of the Democratic Convention which nominated Mr. Pierce for the Presidency, and, as Chairman of the Committee, framed the famous Baltimore Platform.

Various public stations were offered him by Mr. Polk and Mr. Pierce. He declined them all; but on the election of Mr. Buchanan he accepted a seat in the Cabinet as head of the Post-office Department. We should be happy to add—if we could do so honestly—that he had rendered that absurd Department efficient or self-supporting; but to do either was perhaps beyond his power or any man's.

In private life Mr. Brown was much liked. His temper was genial, his manners engaging; all who knew him loved him. His family relations were exemplary, and no house in Washington has been more pleasant to visit than the one over which his wife presided.

"EVE REPENTANT."

OUR readers will remember that we have at different times noticed the works of the gifted American sculptor, Edward S. Bartholomew. They will also remember that in the August number of *Harper's Magazine* the editors of that publication were called upon to record the untimely death of that eminent man. He died last spring at Naples,

BARTHOLOMEW'S "EVE REPENTANT."

at the age of thirty-six, just as a desperate struggle for fame was gloriously ending, and the laurels were gathering thick around his head.

The engraving we now present is the first published copy of Mr. Bartholomew's most important finished work. The statue from which it was taken was purchased from the artist in 1857 by Joseph Harrison, Jun., has just arrived from Italy, and is on exhibition, for the exclusive benefit of the deceased artist's widowed mother, at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia.

Bartholomew's other works are in the hands of Mrs. Sigourney of Boston, Colonel Colt of Hartford, Frederick Marquand of New York, Erastus Corning of Albany, Millard Fillmore of Buffalo, C. H. Wolff of Fitzburg, Enoch Pratt of Baltimore, Governor Aiken of South Carolina, and other ladies and gentlemen of taste in America and England.

We shall take pleasure in presenting other works by American sculptors in the pages of this journal.

THE EXCHANGE AT BUENOS AYRES.

THOSE who are familiar with the bustling scene presented by 'Change in our Northern cities—New York, Chicago, St. Louis, Boston, etc.—and in the great marts of Europe, as Paris, London, and Frankfort, will view with interest the accompanying picture of the Exchange at Buenos Ayres, taken from a late photograph. The business in specie and merchandise is quite large; but the brokers move noiselessly about like spectres, and transact business in whispers. They look more like conspirators than mercantile or financial men.

MY TWO PARTNERS.

I.

WHY do men become chimney-sweeps; dust-contractors; sausage-makers; meat-salesmen; and soap-manufacturers? Why do men in large or-

THE EXCHANGE AT BUENOS AYRES.

christmas play upon kettle-drums, cymbals, trumpets, and serpents, instead of chewing violins, flutes, and clarionets? I can not make it out.

II.

I AWOKE one morning and found myself a man of property. A man of property! There is a talismanic power in these words. My uncle had died suddenly, without a will, and I was his heir. Heir to what? Then distinct and glowing sentences; a bona-holding factory, a skin-drying establishment, and a patent-medicine for the human race.

"Yes," my mother on her death-bed had exhorted me to be genteel; she had left me a genteel fortune; and I had lived a genteel life. It was all over now. At the early age of twenty-five, with the romantic name of Edwin Gaskell, I was tucked into the vortex of trade. And such a trade!

III.

I WENT over my new possessions. It was a hard, sad task; but I did it manfully. I could not bear myself, which they told me was mine; but I did not venture personally to measure its extent. I saw several rotten-looking barges lying off the wharf, and in them several men, who seemed to be dancing and clowning in the mud. They moved me vigorously from the depths of their unwholesome craft; and I gave them beer. They were happy! I inspired their new master, who was obliged to conceal his conflicting emotions.

"Shall I put your coach up, sir, this barge?" asked my late uncle's chief clerk, who was now my managing man.

"Not at present, Stevens," I replied with a shudder, "not at present. Oh, certainly not at present."

The next place to inspect was the skin-drying settlement; a Robinson Crusoe-like collection of huts that were built of twig and matting, and which were hundreds of thin, flat, spectral forms of animals stretched upon the walls and hanging from strings over my head. A child's frock and a few pairs of socks were hung in the centre of these phantoms, relieving the gaunt, ghastly effect with a little humanity.

"What is all this?" I asked of Stevens.

"These are your skins," returned my managing man.

"And the clothes?"

"They belong to the keeper's children."

We left the place without examining further, although the patent manure depot was at the back of these premises. The aspect was not cheering, and the smell was indescribable.

From the skin-yard we proceeded to the bonehoiling factory; the chief of my new establishment. I had come into my property; and I was compelled, in common decency, to go over it; but there no certain things that a man is not equal to, even with the interest and curiosity prompt him to undertake the task. The factory was the first place I came to near an important main road; and, at the moment I approached it, the last unfortunate port of its manufacturing process was in full operation.

"Stevens," I said, faintly, "where is the chief counting-house?"

"In the centre of the factory-yard," replied my managing man.

"Then, Stevens," I returned, holding my scented handkerchief to my nose, "as I have an appointment now, you shall bring the books and papers to my rooms at six o'clock this evening."

At the time fixed he came, in company with one Mr. Nebel, a friend of my late uncle's, experienced in such habits. We employed ourselves till nearly midnight. The examination, as to the books, I will take out, went to show that the property, if rather repulsive, was decidedly lucrative. It was agreed that, to minimize it for the time, was more than business; and, appealing my friend as general inspector, to look after my interests, I resigned my derivity. From that hour I was a bone-boiler.

IV

I HAD command of wealth, but I was not happy. Although I did not alter my style of living, I felt that I was no longer the same individual. I had bartered my soul for worldly goods, and the cold shadow of the eternal factory was always clouding my heart. I still moved in the same circles as I had moved in before; but I was still the same single man. I was still five feet five inches in height; my appearance still preserved its pleasing, if not commanding, expression; and yet I was not happy. The name of bone-boiler was always hissing in my ears. The fact of my wealth I had not always prevented me from exploring my own premises, seamed to cling to my clothes, and exude from the roots of my hair.

I was now nervous and diffident; for I was moving in society under false pretenses. Carefully at I had maintained the secret of my connection with the repulsive factory, and its very repulsive adjuncts, I could not but think that others knew it, especially discreet, and in every sly glance, every whisper, and every titter, I imagined I read the discovery of my imposition. The blow might fall at any instant, and I lived in dread.

V.

IT was near the close of May when I received my second invitation to Mrs. Buckram's annual musical frill. I was supposed to be the same young, idle bachelor I was experiencing, living in clubroom, as I was some months before; and scores of such invitations came to me in the course of the year. I accepted this one gladly, for I knew that sex was would be there; Emma Sandford, Mrs. Buckram's niece, and the fairest and sweetest of her sex.

The night of the ball came, and with it all that I had anticipated, even in my fondest dreams. She was fairer and, even more amiable than ever, and she voted so much of her time to me in the dance, that most of the visitors thought we were engaged to be. When nearly all the dancers were down in the supper-room we found ourselves upon a balcony, looking into the garden. My lips had long been struggling to disclose my love; and my honor told me that, at the same moment, I ought to state fully and unhesitatingly who I was—what I was. The situation in which we were unexpectedly placed was it quite unexpectedly?) gave eloquence to my tongue:

"Miss Sandford—Emma—" I said, "I dare not speak to you upon a subject that is weighing on my heart, until I have made a full and honorable disclosure. I am not—I am not what I seem!"

"Good gracious!" gasped the blushing and trembling Emma.

"Yes," I continued, "at the same moment in which I tell you that I love you, I tell you that I am—a bone-boiler!"

She sank upon a rustic seat, but quickly recovered herself.

"A bone-boiler!" she muttered, in her sweetest tones, evidently suffering from a feeling that I was not, as she had seemingly expected—a man of crime; "a bone-boiler, Edwin; and what is that?"

Beautiful simplicity! Troublesome question.

"Well, dearest," I replied, getting more confident, now that I had made the revelation, "dearest, lovely know, as I go so seldom to the works; but they call me bone-boiler."

"Works? bones?" she interrupted, evidently full of some sudden idea. "Speak, Edwin, tell me—where is this establishment—this factory? you know what I mean."

"My property, Emma?"

"Yes."

"About three miles out of London, on the Downham Road."

"Near the church?"

"Near the church."

"Then we are lost!"

"Lost?"

"Yes, Edwin," she returned, in sorrowful tones, "it is within a stone's throw of my father's freehold villa, and it is the one nuisance which embitters his life."

What reply I might have made to this I can scarcely tell; for, at that moment, Mrs. Buckram, a stately man of severe aspect, entered the balcony.

"Emma!" I heard her call, sternly to her, as he frowned at me, "I have been searching for you every where. Wish your aunt good-night."

Emma gave me one tender, sorrowful glance, and left the place followed by her father.

VI.

THE next day was a busy one, at least for me. It was to be passed at the works to receive my operations for several days, and he replied that this could not be done. I was told as little as possible, but boil he must. My object was to prevent the nuisance being very obtrusive at the exact moment of my visit to Downham.

I went to the Downham Road, about mid-day, and was met at the works by Sandford's self. There was one large French window which opened upon an extensive ornamental garden; and in the distance, just over the top of the boiling-house, I saw the two black, smoking chimneys of my bone-boiling. I was told that Mr. Sandford considered the apartment, very still and severe in his manner, as he mentioned the fact:

"Sir," he said, "after the conference between you and my daughter, which I interrupted last night, I had hoped that you would leave the object of your visit. Take a chair."

This question was chilling, and calculated to increase my trepidation. I made no reply.

"Sir," he continued, in a severe tone, "the first question which I put to you was calculated to put to a gentleman in your position is. What are his means for supporting a wife and children?" May I put that question to you, Mr. Gaz—, Gaz—"

"Mr. Gazelle," I answered.

"Mr. Gazelle," he repeated.

I was about to reply to this very troublesome, and fully expected, question, when a sudden fear and horror I observed a dense volume of smoke issuing from both my factory chimneys, and I was made painfully conscious that some monstrous fire was flinging coals, not to my reckoning effluvium, which floated toward us upon the wind, and through the open doors. I coughed and moved uneasily in my chair while Mr. Sandford let several puffies on the mouthpiece of a cool cheroot the garden window with a hasty bang.

"Sir," he said, in an excited manner, "sir, no; nothing but a Chancery injunction will stop this. Night or day, it's always the same. My apartments are literally filled with smoke, and my family poisoned with effluvium—"

"Effluvium, Sandford," I said, "int—"

"It's more than annoying, Sir," he interrupted, "it's illegal, Sir. They are bound down never to boil bones with a naked fire. They are allowed only ask you to look at that weathercock over the conservatory, Sir—you can't, Sir; you may be boiled alive in your own essence."

"That, Mr. Sandford," I said, with attempted firmness, "I am afraid can never be."

"Sir?" he calculated, in astonishment.

"The law of England, Sir," I continued, "protects a man from incriminating himself."

"You?" said Mr. Sandford, converting his brow to the attitude of interrogation.

"Yes, Sir, I am the proprietor of those works," I replied, with a sensation of relief that did not last over.

It was now Mr. Sandford's turn to be disconcerted; but he soon recovered himself.

"And you come here, Sir," he said, red with anger, "to ask my consent to my daughter's union with an illegal and a pestilential nuisance?"

"Mr. Sandford," I began to reply, deprecatingly:

"Go, Sir," he interrupted with irritating, though pathetic dignity; "go; you have polluted my house. You have made the ark of my declining years unbearable; but you shall not rob me of my child!"

"You decline my offer?" I enquired with considerable spirit; for I now felt indignant and aroused.

"God-morning, Sir?" he said, with a majestic wave of his hand. "God-morning!"

In the passage I came full in the arms of my beloved and anxious Emma, who had evidently been listening.

"Oh, Edwin," she exclaimed, "is papa indeed inexorable—and are we to part thus?"

I could not trust myself to speak; but fled from the place.

VII.

SCARCELY knowing what I did I rushed to the works. The men were all on duty, with Stevens, the manager, and my friend, the inspector.

"Boil!" I shouted, in my excitement. "Boil like—like—"

My two managers looked at each other, and then looked at me. Their looks made no remark.

"Pile up," I continued, "mountains high, and let no carpet in the place be other than a collation of boiling stench."

"You are aware, Sir," replied Stevens, "that we are already condemned by the inhabitants' with proceedings for creating a nuisance?"

"Am I not equally by me about?" I hastily interrupted Mr. Nickel.

"Gentlemen!" I exclaimed, becoming more excited as I spoke, "the name of that nuisance shall be—You are the managers here; but I am the master. Boil, I say, to the utmost verge of your power!"

The order was obeyed without further remonstrance; and as hour by hour the neighborhood must have been sickening under our repulsive agency, I felt more and more happy. I hardly knew. Perhaps to storm my enemy into compliance? To reach him I was compelled to annoy the innocent; and, while I gloated in imagination over his sufferings, I was painfully conscious that my own Emma must be affected by the same poisonous vapor.

At this thought a momentary weakness impelled me to stop the boiling nuisance; but I checked it at once when I remembered the contempt I had met with. The sensation of hope and highest ecstasy rolled in majestic volumes of effluvium over my enemy's villa. I was amply revenged; and, as the weeks became unbearable, I began to feel dizzy, and turned my steps in the direction of home.

VIII.

THAT excitement had preyed upon my health, and I was sure that we have my residence for several days. At the end of this time I went once more into the works, and ordered the most stringent impulse toward the Downham Road. I approached Mr. Sandford's villa with no definite design. I had not determined to call; but I was anxious to see the place. A mild flavor of the works still hung over the neighborhood; but I felt sure from this that my instructions had not been neglected. When I reached the villa my heart sunk within me, for I found it in a shutters of every window closet except them of the kitchen. A dreadful thought suggested itself. Could they have died a death in the family?

Regardless of every thing I hastily rang the bell; and I was answered by an old char-woman.

"Is she—is any one dead?" I asked, breathlessly.

"Lauk-a-daisy, Sir," she replied, "you give me quite a turn!"

"Is any one dead in this house?" I repeated.

"No, Sir," she replied, in a nervous manner.

"Why are the shutters of the—the—"

"Well, Sir, I don't know who you may be—"

"Why are they closed?"

"Bcose the family couldn't stand them stinkin' works, sir' they've gone out o' town."

"Mistress?" I muttered to myself; "I have driven them into exile."

I asked the old woman where they had gone; but of course she could not tell; for the address, as usual, had been written on a piece of paper which she had never realized.

"It's some town as begins with a P," she said. "There are five hundred such towns!" I replied.

IX.

A PAIR of misery and a night of restlessness was recompensed by an announcement which I read the next morning in the second column of the *Times*:

"Edwin Gaskell—To the Chalin Pier every morning at nine. The air on the Downs is healthy, and the steamers are not. Bother the smoke of a hundred boiling factories if there were only near."

EMMA S.

I read this and read it, and dazzled eyes, and I could not doubt that this paragraph was meant for me. The poinest mention of the Chalin Pier and the Downs directed me to Brighton; and, rejecting the old woman's statement that the town began with a P, I started at once in search of the first fashionable watering-place. A few minutes before I went for the cab a letter without a direction was left at the garden door, and directed to me, arrived through the post. Its contents were as follows:

"Dearest Edwin,—Sandford, in a rage, has left for a speculative adventure. Far from having any objection to your marriage with his daughter, he is anxious to secure your absence from the matter; but in such a way that no suspicion shall attach to himself in his child's proverbial wedding portion. Pause, and reflect.

"Your affectionate friend, S. WELL-WISHER."

I treated this base minxive with the contempt it deserved. If it had contained any libel upon her whom I was dying to meet, I would have found out the writer at any cost; but as it merely confined itself to remarks upon her parent, I put it in my pocket, and thought no more about it. In a few hours I was at Brighton, gazing upon the sad sea-waves.

X.

THE afternoon and evening passed wearily enough; for she was not to be seen. I sought her on the beach—the promenade—the Downs—and in the assembly-rooms, but without success. I felt that I was rash in betraying my arrival in places where I might be discovered by Mr. Sandford; but I could not control my impatience until the morning. At dusk approached I gave up the search and settled down to a late and solitary dinner in the melancholy coffee-room of my hotel. The outlet was lonely; the sea was hot and still; the waiter painfully obsequious; a clock was ticking with mathematic regularity. The whole establishment, who ought to have been sociable, was glaring as me over and anon from an opposite table. At times the thought came across me that I might have been deceived by the advertisement; and my early conduct was to be visited as a crime against the court-sound and read it all through the meal.

At last the morning came, and at the appointed time I hastened to the pier. The direction was right. I was not deceived. She stood before me, more lovely than ever. I asked, after the first salutations were over, at what hotel or lodging they were staying, and was answered, "At neither."

"Where, then," I inquired, perceiving some hesitation on the part of the lovely Emma, "if not at one of these small places?"

"At no small place, Edwin," she replied, in a sorrowful tone. "Would that it had been otherwise!"

"Tell me more, Emma," I replied; "for there is something which you are concealing from me."

"It is a secret, Edwin."

"A cousin, Emma?"

"Yes. They call him relative because he does nothing but spend his time in billiards, and spend half his time in a yacht; but he is no favorite of mine, and cousin rather than many!"

"Marry him, Emma! Surely your father can have no such design?"

"It is not his wish, Edwin; and any day I may be compelled to bid adieu to you forever."

"Then, dearest," I said, "with me, Emma—fly from this fashionable and detestable abode."

"I can not, Edwin. Where can I go?—alone—"

"Speak! I will take you to the world's end, fly, and fly at once."

"To my late Buckram's, then. She will do any thing I ask her."

In a few hours we had reached the desired haven in London, and the next morning saw us man and wife.

XI.

MY honeymoon was not without its troubles, though my wife was not the cause of them. My friend, Mr. Nickel (whom I suspected of having written the anonymous letter), had informed me next morning from his post as my factory inspector with a considerable degree of alarm that the fires had not counted for. On the next day to the one on which he left the country my father-in-law, Mr. Sandford, made his appearance; calling with me personally as we were seated at breakfast.

"I come here," he said, "in no spirit of enmity. You have acted without my consent; but I freely forgive you. The portion I might have given my daughter Emma I have already had been conducted in the regular way, will now remain a secret between you and me."

After we had thanked him for his kindness, and had wished him a life as long as Methuselah's, he continued:

"I am not surprised that your inspector, Mr. Nickel, knows my late uncle, and has married your property. I know him some years ago, and I never had a favorable opinion of him."

"Is it possible, Sir?" I replied.

"You are young and inexperienced," he continued, "and I am afraid of the world. You did not enjoy yourselves while you can, and, repugnant as the bone-boiling establishment is to me, I will look after your interests as a father."

"Mr. Sandford," I replied, "I can not allow this generous sacrifice. After all I am the married man regarding this repulsive business—"

"I only do as I am prompted. "One more matter of my family has already become your partner for life. I propose to join the firm also. From this hour you will consider me your active partner."

And he became a partner; I scarcely know how. Sometimes I think of the anonymous letter, and suspect his disinterestedness; but one glance at my gentle and amiable wife reconciles me to all.

THE WEEKLY FARMER.

WHY DOES OUR SOIL PRODUCE LESS WHEAT PER ACRE THAN THE SOIL OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND?

ONE neighbors on the other side of the Atlantic—in England, Ireland, and Scotland—grow more wheat per acre than we do, yet from the country we explore in order to feed their hungry nations. Should our wheat-growers, by an improved system of husbandry, double the yield, many millions of dollars a year would be added to our national wealth. We could estimate the advantage on this account. Why should we not apply the full rule in the ways of enlightened agriculture? Figures can not answer the question. Facts can. We must look elsewhere to the unfolding of this great subject with all the lights of science and practical demonstration.

In no country can flour wheat be grown than in America, but we seldom till the soil as well as the farmers of Great Britain and Ireland, whose wants stimulate industry. They have to pay high rents. When we want a farm we buy it, and own it. Let our industry be guided by intelligence. Our wants are rapidly increasing. Whole districts, which fifty years ago gave an average of 30 bushels of wheat per acre, do not give ten bushels now. Until we stop eating bread made of wheat flour this

subject will not lose its interest. Why should we not grow as large crops of wheat as the farmers of any other nation, and of as fine a quality? Does any one think good wheat can be grown on bad soil? Can a large crop be gathered from a poor soil? Can it give that which it has not? We must look well to the nature of the land. Liebig truly says: "Again, how does it happen that wheat does not flourish on a sandy soil, and that a calcareous soil is also unsuitable for its growth, unless it be mixed with a considerable quantity of mould? It is because these soils do not contain alkalies and certain other ingredients in sufficient quantity, the growth of wheat being arrested for this reason alone, even should all other substances be presented in abundance."

The common opinion, that the soil of the West can not be exhausted, is a great mistake. See how the crop in Ohio has fallen off! The average yield in 1850 was 17 bushels per acre; in '51, 15; and in '52, under 14. Has the average fallen off increased since? Those facts are true of more States than Ohio. From 1840 to 1850 the crop of wheat in New England fell off one million of bushels. Upward of six million bushels more wheat were grown in Georgia, Kentucky, and Tennessee in 1840 than in 1850! Hereafter we will give the changes that have taken place in these States in the quantity grown and average per acre, for the better and for the worse, since the dates named.

In some places land is so much exhausted that wheat crops paying for the labor can not be grown. Again, we find wheat in fair ear very rich, but the balance; others are all that can be desired, but they are the fewest, excepting those we take from the bankings-out of the red mud, which are by no means to us as the Garden of Eden was to our first parents.

If land is too poor to pay for labor, the more of it the wheat-grower tills without remuneration the poorer that land and himself will grow. In order not in balance there may be too much straw-making food, but not enough for the grain. In this case, even the most favorable seasons can not give the best results. The absence of the necessary moisture in the soil will cut off supplies of food to plants. An excess of it may cause available food wanting for the development of the grain to be appropriated by the straw. In wet seasons, especially in the absence of under-drains to carry off water, when there is much straw-making food and a deficiency of phosphates, the latter are taken up by the stalks and leaves, to the loss of the grain; hence some soils may yield less grain in a wet season, but more straw, than they would in a dry or one, other things being equal. The losses of animals coming into the large cities being phosphates in refined sugars from the West Indies. In our first article on wheat we had occasion to say: "Grain is carried to the cities, and the substance that made it can never from their original source. The wheat crop of 1850 robbed the soil of more than thirty millions of pounds of potash, and sixty millions of pounds of phosphoric acid. But a small proportion of these elements are carried off in the salt. Nature's economy nothing is lost; but when man displaces things he should put them back again in their proper places. A soil that nature looks well to its agriculture, the great source of wealth. England dug the fields of Ireland, and human bones to enrich her soil. She sent her ships to foreign nations to bring home fertilizers. In our agricultural system is a wasteful and destructive one. We are tenants of it but for life; others will come after us."

These are a few of the reasons based on the *bad principle* of EXHAUSTIVE, why we do not grow as much wheat per acre as other people do.

A correspondent in California informs us that the modes of culture practiced in the valleys and along the river bottoms is to give one plowing for two or three crops, and without any manure being added the first crop generally yields from 40 to 60 bushels per acre. The second, known as the volunteer crop, is very large, and similarly good or better quality, weighing heavier, and less liable to smut. The gentleman who, at the State Fair in 1854, got the premium, had a field of wheat which cut 85½ bushels per acre, of sixty pounds to the bushel. But these facts only prove that the system of renovation and fertilization must differ with the wants of special cases.

Corn is taking the place of wheat in the prairie districts, and especially where less protected by snow during winter than other States. But in spite of the severity of the Canadian winter, wheat crops, protected by snow, never suffer as much as those grown in more changeable climates.

When there is little snow, if wheat is to be well grown, land must be fertilized and well cultivated to give the roots a strong hold in the soil. Fertilization will cause a vigorous growth, and the roots of timothy, &c., in well-prepared land, strike deep and hold fast. This helps the plant, and augments the quantity and quality of the grain.

The prairie soils, even in districts whose winters are of the most disagreeable kind, are well adapted to the growing of Indian corn, because in a region in which the growing season is shorter, corn, if not a forced crop, often gets caught by the frost and is injured.

In some localities wheat is grown on the same soil for many years in succession. We often hear farmers in such places say that the plowing in of clover is better than to fallow. It is better for the land. You can not grow wheat and weeds together; for if you want one you must kill the other. We would refer the reader to our first article on wheat for facts relative to the action of clover in the preparation of the soil.

One good farmer, living near Geneva, New York, tells us "that by under-draining his land, and fattening a large number of cattle and sheep, he kept up the fertility of the soil and secures paying crops of wheat." As fast as our minds arrive at good principles and the application of them will successful wheat-growing prosper. And the natural field of every acre growing wheat in the United States was equal to that of the land above referred to, the national wealth of the country would be increased more than $150,000,000 a year.

The anxiety with which British farmers watch their wheat crops shows that they study the habits of the plant and the probable influence of the crop on prices. When it comes into ear quickly, in warm, settled weather, they immediately conclude that there is little danger of blight. Then the wheat-ear is examined carefully, and the anticipation of plump and well-developed grain. There are now but few of the unimproved wild breeds which, in moist, cool seasons, sometimes destroy 20 or 25 per cent. of the crop, and of genuine kinds, commonly known as red-coat, red-rubbin, red-gram, and mildew. All this inspires the husbandman with the hope of an abundant harvest, even when,

"With sleep-seal'd eye,
Wields at his sound the sickle's sweep,
Forming soft with the sun-tanned wheat,
Spiked by the summer's heat."

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Irving's Great Work, Complete!

The 5th (and last) Volume of IRVING'S WASHINGTON will be ready early in April. It has plates and a copious Index to the whole. Octavo Edition, $2 00; *12mo Edition*, $1 50. *Sent per mail, post free. Subscribers should complete their sets at once. IRVING'S WORKS are now Complete in* 21 *vols.* Send for list with prices.

BAYARD TAYLOR'S "NORTHERN TRAVEL," with new part and plate, $1 25. *His whole Works*, 6 *vols. in box*, $8 00. *Sent post free.*

G. P. Putnam, 506 *Broadway, N. Y.*

FOR THROAT DISEASES and affections of the Lungs, "*Brandreth Pills*," or Cough Lozenges, are of great value. In Coughs, Irritation of the Throat, Influenza, Colds, and Consumption in the vessel organs, in speaking in public, or singing, they produce the most beneficial results. Sold by all Druggists.

New and Elegant
TOY BOOKS.
1.
THE LITTLE OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED IN A SHOE.
Price, 12½ cents.
"There was an old woman,
She lived in a shoe.
She had so many children
She didn't know what to do."
II.
THE UGLY DUCKLING.
By HANS ANDERSEN.
Price 12½ cents.
Illustrated with Forty Pictures.
☞ Others of the series in active preparation, and will soon appear.
STRAHAN, CLARK & BROWN,
13 Washington St., Boston.

UNIQUE PERFUMES
—IN—
ARTICLES DE TOILETTE
Neat safety by mail. Send for Catalogue.
BENJAMIN DUTY, 489 Broadway, N. Y.

Facts Stranger than Fiction.

MATRIMONIAL BROKERAGE IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY is now made easy to all parties wishing to marry. Send for a circular containing full proof of the remarkable incidents contained in the book, sea the New York Evening Post of the 24 inst. Price One Dollar.
THATCHER & HUTCHINSON,
No. 323 Broadway, Up Stairs, Nichols Block.

BIRDSEY BLAKEMAN, of the late firm of SHELDON, BLAKEMAN & Co., 115 Nassau-street, New York,
WILL CONTINUE
THE PUBLISHING AND BOOKSELLING BUSINESS,
At No. 249 Broadway, New York.
We shall keep constantly on hand a complete stock of MISCELLANEOUS AND SCHOOL BOOKS
In general demand, and offer them to the trade
FOR CASH, ON VERY FAVORABLE TERMS.
Books not found in our list will be promptly supplied. New Books as issued from the Press, and also to Mail Orders. Catalogues and Circulars will be sent to purchasers, and as well as though the parties were present.
THE PUBLICATIONS
OF THE HOUSE OF
GOULD & LINCOLN,
PHILLIPS, SAMPSON & Co.,
L. H. BUTLER & CO.,
CHILDS & PETERSON,
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.
And other Boston and Philadelphia Publishers,
constantly on hand.
From long experience and familiar acquaintance with the details of the business, we feel confident that we can make it for the interest of all Book-Dealers to give us a share of their patronage.
To all our Friends and Patrons we think nothing more need be said.
To those with whom we have no acquaintance we will simply say, give us a fair trial, either by a personal visit or mail system.

BAILEY & CO.,
619 CHESTNUT STREET,
Philadelphia.
(Adjoining L. J. Levy & Co's.)
The largest manufacturers of
BRITISH STANDARD SILVER WARE
in the United States.

Guaranteed to be of the above quality. All Silver Ware sold by them is manufactured on the premises—designed by J. C. Booth, Esq., of the U. S. Mint.
DIAMONDS, FINE WATCHES, JEWELRY, PLATED WARES, BRONZES, &c.

"MASSER'S"
Patent 5 Minute Freezers.
OPERATION SIMPLE. RESULT CERTAIN.
The increasing demand and the unrivaled popularity of "Masser's" Ice Cream Freezers prove them to be the best Ice-Cream Freezer in use.
Purchasers and Dealers are cautioned against imitations. Freezers that are offered in place of the above. Get "H. D. MASSER'S" freezers, that have been thoroughly tested for the last five years.
Sole Agents,
E. KETCHAM & CO.,
Manufacturers of *Japanned and Galvanized* Tin Ware,
259 Front Street, New York.

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES.
The immense increase in the demand for these admirable Machines—it has trebled within four months—indicates the returning prosperity of the country. The prices of our Machines have been greatly reduced.
J. M. SINGER & CO., No. 458 Broadway.

TUCKER'S NURSERY FOR
FLOWERS, FEATHERS,
COMFITURES, and BRIDAL GIFTS, at
361 Broadway, 2 doors from Franklin Street.

WM. ROWE, JR.
CARPETS and OIL-CLOTHS,
CHEAP, FOR CASH.
No. 532 Hudson Street, near Spring,
New York.

The New Books of the Season,
PUBLISHED BY
HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, N. Y.
☞ HARPER & BROTHERS will send either of the following Works by Mail, postage paid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.
ADAM BEDE. A Novel. By GEORGE ELIOT, Author of "Scenes of Clerical Life." 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.
FARKWEI; or, The Sun Jackite in the Seas of India. China, and Japan. By WILLIAM C. HAZELTINE, M.D., U.S.N., late Surgeon of the Fleet to the United States East India Squadron. Author of "Wanderings and Sketches in South America, Polynesia," &c., &c. 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.
EPISODES OF FRENCH HISTORY during the Consulate and the First Empire. By MRS FARRAR, Author of "The Young Lady's Friend," "Recollections of the Seventeenth Century," &c. 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.
THE OLD PLANTATION, and What I Gathered There in an Autumn Ramble. By JAMES HAMMOND TYRE, of Maryland. 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.
SYLVAN HOLT'S DAUGHTER. A Novel. By HOLME LEE, Author of "Kathie Brande." 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.
LA PLATA: The Argentine Confederation, and Paraguay. Being a Narrative of the Exploration of the River La Plata and Adjacent Countries, during the Years 1853, '54, '55, and '56, under the orders of the United States Government. By the Valuable T. J. PAGE, U.S.N., Commander of the Expedition. With Map and numerous Illustrations. 8vo, Muslin, $3 00.
THE GOLDEN HOUR. A Scottish Story. By the Author of "Mary Powell," &c. 12mo, "The Days of My Life," &c. 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.
LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF SCOTLAND and English Princesses connected with the Royal Succession of Great Britain. By AGNES STRICKLAND. Seventh Volume just published. To be completed in Eight Volumes. 12mo, Muslin, $1 00 per Volume.
RECENT DISCOVERIES IN NORTH AND CENTRAL AFRICA. Being a Narrative of an Expedition undertaken under Her Majesty's Royal Commandment, in the Years 1849–1855. By HENRY BARTH, PH.D., D.C.L., &c. 3 vols. 8vo, Muslin, and numerous elegant Illustrations. Complete in 3 vols. 8vo, Muslin, $7 50; Half Calf, $10 50.
THE LAND AND THE BOOK; or, Biblical Illustrations drawn from the Manners and Customs, the Scenes and the Imagery of the Holy Land. By W. M. THOMSON, D.D., Twenty-five Years a Missionary of the A.B.C.F.M. in Syria and Palestine. With Two Maps, Plate Maps of Palestine, an accurate Plan of Jerusalem, and numerous Engravings. Comprising Researches, Discovery, Topography, and the Present Condition of the Land, and the Customs, Manners, and Habits of the People. 2 vols. 12mo, Large Type, Volumes, Muslin, $2 00; Half Calf, $3 50.
WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT? By PISISTRATUS CAXTON. A Novel. By Sir EDWARD LYTTON BULWER, Author of "My Novel," "The Caxtons," "Pelham," &c. 2 vols. 12mo, Muslin, $2 00; Paper, $1 50.
HISTORY OF FREEDOM THE SECOND, called Frederick the Great. By THOMAS CARLYLE. Author of "History of the French Revolution," "Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches," &c. Complete in 2 vols. 12mo, Muslin, $1 50 each. (*Vols. I and II, with Portraits and Maps, SAMPSON & Co.*)
SELF-MADE MEN. By CHAS. C. B. SEYMOUR. Many Portraits. 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.
THE HISTORY OF PROSTITUTION: Its Extent, Cause, and Effects throughout the World. (Being an Official Report to the Board of Alms-House Governors of the City of New York.) By WILLIAM W. SANGER, M.D., Resident Physician. Author of "The Results of New York City: Means of Cure." Second Edition, Revised and Corrected. Illustrated with Plates from the Physicians to the Marine Hospital, Quarantine, New York, &c., &c. 8vo, Muslin, $3 00. (*Second Edition just ready.*)

"Twin Temples of Fashion."
SMITH BROTHERS,
The Marble Stores,
122, 138, and 140
Fulton Street,
Between Broadway & William St.
THOMAS SMITH, Jr.,
ROBERT L. SMITH,
J. SMITH RUCK.
NEW YORK.

ONE PRICE—NO DEVIATION.
The Price is marked on all the Goods in Plain Figures.

THE MARBLE TRINITY,
SAINTS, FASHION, AND FOLLY.
By Julia Carey Rheinhardt.
WHEN April's earliest dawn brings round
The festival of All Fools' Day—
Don't you run within the reeks be found
Of those who to St. FOLLY pray—
But quit the crowd and make your way
To where St. Fashion's mild divinity
Unfurls on benign bread and gay
O'er SMITHS' PALATIAL MARBLE TRINITY.
ONE FORTE, and ONE TWENTY-TWO,
And NOW ONE THIRTY-EIGHT, in life,
Of FULTON STREET shops to view
The honor of SMITHS' NEW SPRING STYLE!
If man's respect and woman's smile,
You'd gain—be off to that vicinity!
In buying clothes, you'll "save a pile,"
By dealing at the MARBLE TRINITY.

NEW TEAS.
JUST RECEIVED
BY LAST ARRIVALS,
The finest quality of OOLONG TEA, Retail price 75 cents per lb.
The finest quality of YOUNG HYSON TEA, Retail price 75 cents per lb.
A very fine quality of YOUNG HYSON TEA, Retail price 62½ cents per lb.
BEST BREAKFAST SOUCHONG TEA, Retail price 50 cents per lb.
BEST OLD JAVA COFFEE, Retail price 37½ cents per lb.
RETAIL PRICE 10 CENTS PER POUND.
BEST CRUSHED AND REFINED SUGARS,
Packed and Labeled in
REFINER'S PRICES.
CHOICE OLD WINES AND LIQUORS,
Of every variety.
ALBRO & BROTHERS,
156 BOWERY,
Fourth door above Houston Street, and
254 GRAND STREET, corner of Christie.

The Perfection of Toilet Soaps.
Yardley & Statham's Sunflower Oil Soap.
The Sunflower Oil Soap imparts an agreeable softness and elasticity to the skin, lathers freely, and has a refreshing and bathing influence. It is admitted by all who have used it to be the most agreeable and useful soap extant.
The Right Hon. Lord Hatherton, in a letter to Messrs. Yardley & Statham, says: "I have found your Sunflower Oil Soap, it is incomparably the best soap I know."
We are satisfied that this trial will insure its constant use. Manufactured by
YARDLEY & STATHAM,
Fine Soapmakers and Perfumers, London,
and 24 Conduit Street, Regent Street.
J. W. NORCROSS & CO.,
Importers of Druggists' and Perfumers' Fancy Articles,
New York, 51 Milk Street, Boston.

LIGHTE, NEWTON & BRADBURY'S
PIANOS,
283 and 285 Fulton Street, Brooklyn.
HENRY D. NEWTON, Jr., Agent.

EXHIBITION OF AMERICAN MANUFACTURED BRUSHES, at the Brush Warehouse, No. 379 Pearl Street, Harper's Building. Brushes of every description on hand, and for sale at the lowest prices. A liberal discount to the trade. Awarded the Institute, in 1849, for superior Brushes.
JOHN KIDDER & HOPPEL.

Select Family School for Boys
AT
SOUTH WILLIAMSBURGH, BERKSHIRE COUNTY, MASS.
(ESTABLISHED IN 1845.)
Summer term of twenty-one weeks will commence on Wednesday, May 4.
Boys received between the ages of six and twelve.
Number of pupils limited to thirty.
For circulars address the Principal,
BENJ. F. MILLS.
March, 1859.

FRED. S. COZZENS,
WINE MERCHANT,
Offers for sale Foreign Wines of the finest quality at his own importation.
RARE OLD BRANDIES,
SPARKLING AND STILL CATAWBA, AND ISABELLA WINES,
from N. Longworth, Cincinnati, Ohio.
72 WARREN STREET,
(Opposite Hudson River Railroad, New York.)

ELIOT & PATTEN—Examine Inventions and procure American and Foreign Patents. Patent Agency Office, main entrance of Patent Office Building, Washington City, D. C.

The Copartnership heretofore existing between the subscribers, under the name and firm of D. S. Barnes & Co., is this day dissolved by mutual consent.

A. S. BARNES,
H. L. BURR,
S. A. ROLLO.

NEW YORK, Feb 1st, 1859.

S. A. Rollo, having retired from the late firm of A. S. Barnes & Co., will continue to the PUBLISHING, BOOK-SELLING, and STATIONERY BUSINESS, at **No. 29 Park Row** opposite the *Astor House*, under the same and style of

S. A. ROLLO & CO.

NEW YORK, Feb. 1st, 1859.

The subscribers, having newly fitted the store No. 29 Park Row, are now prepared to offer the trade and buyers generally, at the lowest market prices, a large and well selected Theological, Medical, Miscellaneous, Common Books and Stationery. Blank Books of every size and quality. Letter and Cap Papers of every style, English and American Staple Stationery, &c. &c.

Every assignment, so far as regards price, styles, qualities and quantities, will be offered to first-class buyers, either for cash or credit.

S. A. ROLLO & CO.,
Publishers, Booksellers and Stationers,
No. 29 Park Row opposite the *Astor House*),
New York.

DOUGLAS & SHERWOOD'S
PATENT
TOURNURE CORSET.

This article combines in one garment a CORSET of SURPASSING SHAPE and FITTING, and a SUPERB and PERFECT MODEL, insuring free and healthful action to the lungs, and conformation to elegant in the upper. It has been pronounced by all who have seen it among those most superior and perfect articles of the kind ever made, to be the only Corset without an objection, either in point of comfort, health, or fashion, and is offered to the ladies of the United States with confidence.

EXPANSION SKIRT.

Also the celebrated

MATINEE SKIRT,

which for COMFORT and for HEALTH is unsurpassed, together with over seventy other different styles, all of which are for sale at all the principal stores in the United States and Canadas. All articles of their manufacture

ARE STAMPED WITH THEIR TRADE MARK.

WHEELER & WILSON'S
SEWING MACHINES.

PRICES GREATLY REDUCED.

Office 505 Broadway, New York.

SEND FOR A CIRCULAR.

NEW YORK PURCHASING AGENCY.
W. M. LAFFERTY, No. 49 Nassau Street.
Persons desirous of making purchases in New York of any article, large or small, of use or luxury, from a Book to a Sewing-Engine, a Shawl to a Carpet, can have their orders filled promptly, and goods sent as directed, at a per cent. commission charge. Refers to G. L. Simpson, Esq., Cashier Long Island Bank, Messrs. Adam Ayer & Son, Hastings, Plimpton & Co., New York; J. D. Dawson & Co., New Orleans.

WANTED!

AGENTS EVERY WHERE, to sell the *best* Books, Aetna, Wall, Map and Picture Agency, but a small capital can in this very pleasant business within a profit of from fifteen to fifty dollars per day.

Our Publications are adapted to the wants of every family, and of the most interesting and intellectual character. For full particulars address

LILLEY & GUILD, Publishers,
No. 224 North Second Street, Philadelphia.

MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS

Have just issued their SPECIAL TRADE LIST to Dealers for the Spring Sales, with the *additional Discount*, Early orders solicited.

WORTHY OF NOTE for *Coughs, Colds, and Consumption.* — See Dr. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY, sold by druggists generally. Genuine only when signed by Lorenzo Pettengill & Co., Boston. Sold by HEDDEN, SUTTON & CO., Druggists, Nassau street, corner Spruce, New York.

VEGETABLE PULMONARY BALSAM.
Prepared only by REED, CUTLER & CO., Druggists, Fulton street, corner Nassau, New York.

BARNES & PARK, Agents.

"HARD TIMES NO MORE."
ANY PERSON (Lady or Gentleman) in the United States, possessing a small capital of from $5 to $10, can enter into an easy and respectable business, by which they can from $3 to $20 per day can be realized. For particulars address (with stamp), W. R. ACTON & CO., 13 Nova Scotia Street, Philadelphia.

EXPERIENCED AGENTS WANTED IN all parts of the country to obtain Subscribers for "LOSSING'S PICTORIAL FIELD-BOOK OF THE REVOLUTION." Two Volumes Royal Octavo, containing upward of 1500 pages and 1100 beautiful illustrations. This work will be published early by Agents, to each of whom a special District will be assigned, with Instructions offered. Applicants should name the County they would prefer. For full particulars address HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

PACIFIC MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY. OFFICE 111 BROADWAY.
MARINE AND INLAND INSURANCE.
Assets $850,000.

This Company continues to do an exclusive merchandise business, and has returned to its dealers, out of the profits of the year 1858, a dividend of *Forty-three per Cent.*—*Six per Cent.* interest on the outstanding scrip—and has redeemed the Certificates of the issue of 1858.

THOMAS EDWARDS, President.
WILLIAM LEGGNEY, Vice President.
BENJAMIN A. OGDEN, Secretary.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST PERIODICAL IN THE WORLD.

THE LIVING AGE

Having largely increased in circulation the past year, the Publishers are enabled to append the new and attractive feature of the

Portrait of some Literary Celebrity,
with Memoir, in each Week's Number, consisting of 64 pages of reading matter, or

3328 pages, double columns, and 52 FINE PORTRAITS per annum.

This large-established and excellent Periodical is a choice Repository of the

Best Periodical Literature of the Age,
comprising the productions of the most popular Writers and Authors of Europe, together with occasional lighter articles from the British Magazines.

TERMS: $8 per annum, prepaid to any address. Clergymen, Teachers, and Clubs, $7. Specimen numbers, 10 cents. Subscriptions taken for a shorter period. Single Numbers for sale.

DELISSER & PROCTOR, Publishers, 599 Broadway, and to be had of all Booksellers and Newsmen throughout the Union.

Important to Consumptives!

Dr. Churchill's Discovery.

Winchester's Genuine Preparation of Dr. J. F. Churchill's Compound of the

HYPOPHOSPHITES
of LIME, SODA, and POTASH,

As Discovered and Prescribed by him, as a Specific for

CONSUMPTION!

This Remedy is acquiring an unprecedented popularity from the invariable SUCCESS with which it acts in all cases of PULMONARY CONSUMPTION, and the many REMARKABLE CURES it has effected in the most confirmed and apparently hopeless cases. Pamphlets containing these cures will be furnished to all who call for them, or forwarded by mail. Physicians will find a timely use of the GENUINE HYPOPHOSPHITES

The Hypophosphites restore the healthy vitality but a PRESERVATIVE POWER. *They are a complete prophylactic or preventive of PULMONARY disease*, and act with EVEN MARKED EFFICIENCY in all incipient cases, even of the most acute, consumption will be found IMPOSSIBLE.

☞ CAUTION TO THE PUBLIC! ☜

Various unscrupulous and fraudulent attempts having been made to palm off spurious, impure, worthless, and deleterious preparations, under the LABEL PURPORTED TO BE THE GENUINE, and as the only preparation of Dr. J. F. Churchill's Compound of the Hypophosphites of Lime, Soda, and Potash; will, after this date, be put up in extra large bottles, with the following words blown in the glass:

"DR. J. F. CHURCHILL'S HYPOPHOSPHITES OF LIME SODA AND POTASH. A SPECIFIC REMEDY FOR CONSUMPTION. J. WINCHESTER, New York."

Also, the label upon the bottle, and the wrapper has a *fac-simile* of the signature. NO OTHER IS GENUINE.

From the N. Y. Druggists' Circular for February, 1859:

"The Hypophosphites, taken as a class, seem to possess two powers or virtues—that of a TONIC and preserving *the function of nutrition.*" * * Dr. Churchill, who first brought them into public notice, claims for them a SPECIFIC IN PULMONARY CONSUMPTION, alleging that the progress of that disease is altogether due to a deficiency of *phosphorus.*

"Whether this be true or not, *there can be little doubt of the value of these Remedies*, as VESICO and ARTERIAL SEDATIVES. They relieve the irritable stomach, which often taken for some time they tend to produce more assimilative power in the system." * * We have no doubt they have very many valuable properties, combined with the Tonic and Sedative, and *will be found USEFUL IN CASES ADAPTED BY CONSTITUTION.*"

This REMEDY is invaluable in all forms of Nervous or Debilitated Diseases, Nervous Headache, Dyspepsia, or Loss of Vital Energy from whatever cause. Ladies suffering from Nervous Prostration or Debility will find in this remedy an soft charming effect, from its VITALIZING and TONIC properties.

Price $5 per bottle, or three bottles for $5. Single bottles only sent when ordered by express. Sold in cases specially ordered. Allow no one to impose a fraudulent article upon you. Ask for Dr. Churchill's Hypophosphites. Give no other; better have none. Use no other. Beware even how to tell who write enclosing a stamp.

Sold wholesale and retail at the Sole General Depot in the United States by

J. WINCHESTER,
American and Foreign Agency, No. 40 John St., N. Y.

SEWING MACHINES.—All persons who have been induced to purchase MACHINES which will not perform the work that purchasers expected them to do, are informed that SINGER'S MANUFACTURING CO. have NOT a work. No one is ever dispossessed in these machines.

I. M. SINGER & CO.,
458 Broadway.

MENDELSSOHN'S
SONGS WITHOUT WORDS.
Complete in one volume, Octavo, in cloth, Price $2 00. Published by OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.

NOVEL—COMPLETE.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?
By Pisistratus Caxton.
A Novel.
By Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, Bart.,
Author of
"My Novel," "The Caxtons," "Pelham," &c., &c.

One Super, 75 cents; Muslin, $1 00.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, New York.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS will send the above Work by Mail, postage paid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the Money.

All Freights Forwarded with the Greatest Speed.
BY THE
AMERICAN EXPRESS CO.'S
LIGHTNING RUN.

Trains leave our Hudson Street Depot at 6.45 and 11.15 A. M., 3.15 and 6.30 P. M. daily.

Freights forwarded on Express Passenger trains, and do not lie over or stop at any point.

The regular rates by the Fast Run is

To Chicago	in 40 hours	To Dayton	in 30 hours
" Cincinnati	" 36 "	" Louisville	" 34 "
" Cleveland	" 24 "	" Louisville	" 34 "
" Columbus	" 30 "	" Indianapolis	" 36 "

And OTHER WESTERN TOWNS in like good time.

Goods for sale on Mississippi and Arkansas Rivers, Kansas, &c., will have time by shipping by our line.

Rates positively as low as any responsible Company.

WELLS, BUTTERFIELD & CO.,
64 Broadway and 61 Hudson St.

DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.

In the whole history of medical discoveries, no remedy has performed so many and such remarkable cures of all affections of the *Throat, Lungs and Chest*, of *Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Croup, Bronchitis, Spitting of Blood, Consumption itself*, in this fat-famed, long tried, and justly celebrated Balsam.

Consumption slowly, but surely, seizes her victims, the written signature of "*I. Butts*," as well as the printed label of "SETH W. FOWLE & CO., Boston," is on the outer wrapper. *For sale every where.*

JUST PUBLISHED!
THE CULPRIT FAY.
By JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

A charming edition of this world-celebrated poem. Dorchester, elegantly printed upon tinted plate paper, and illustrated and illustrated by Darley, Weir, and Rossiter.

"One of the most exquisite and absolute creations of pure imagination that has been produced since Shakespeare."—*Edgar A. Poe's Literati.* "Full of the most delicious and delightful evidences of poetic power and perception to devour and relish, with intellectual."—*N. Y. Mirror.* "Unsurpassed in its kind."—*Knickerbocker.*—N. Y. WILEY.

For by mail, *postage free*, on receipt of price.

RUDD & CARLETON,
Publishers and Booksellers,
130 Grand Street (near Broadway), New York.

Alice Learmont—38 Cents.
By the Author of "JOHN HALIFAX."

A HERO,
BREAD UPON THE WATERS,
ALICE LEARMONT.

Tales by Miss MULOCH.
Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," "Olive," "The Ogilvies," &c., &c.

Complete in one vol. 12mo, Muslin, price 50 cents; Paper Covers, 38 cents. New Edition. (Originally published in 1853.)

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, New York.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS will send the above Work by Mail, postage paid (for any distance in the United States under 3000 miles), on receipt of FIFTY CENTS.

Tests of Character.

Lord Byron once said "You never know a man's business partner or wife until you happen to be a ship-mate, or a woman's until you have married her." We are able to add that we also know how many use Hostetter's Heir Restorative unless they use it applied, for it restores the hair to its proper color, gloss, and beauty.

Price Fifty Cents a bottle. Sold everywhere.

W. E. HAGAN & CO., Proprietors, N. Y.

MOUNT PLEASANT INSTITUTE.—A select Boarding School for Boys, Amherst, Mass. H. G. NASH, A. M., Principal.

Consumptives do not Despair!

CONSUMPTION CURED. AN OLD INDIAN DOCTOR, UNCAS BRANT, Chief of the Seneca Nation of Indians of the Rocky Mountains, has left in the hands of the PLANT, one of his remedies for a certain cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Asthma, Liver Complaint, Nervous Affections, Coughs, Colds, &c. Having now made his fortune and retired from business, he will send the prescription and directions for preparing the medicine, *free of charge*, to all who apply. Those wishing to avail themselves of this great blessing, will please address the agent, inclosing a cent, to pay the return letter, with a description of their symptoms. The Old Doctor has spent more than a life-time in Consumption alone, and hopes all afflicted people will avail themselves of this opportunity. The Agent further wishes to do all the good he can before he dies. Address all letters to

CONSUMPTION CURED. DANIEL ADEE,
Box 338 New York City,
Who is his sole agent.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

DUPUY'S
NEW PERFUMES.

"The Mount Vernon Bouquet."
"The Perfect Gem."
"The Washington Nosegay."
"The Kiss-me-Quick."
Extracts of Fragrant Flowers, 40 Varieties.
Perfume Sets, Pomades, and Toilet Soaps.
EUGENE DUPUY, Chemist, 630 Broadway.

SANDS' SARSAPARILLA—
The Original and Genuine Article. Infinitely superior to all others. Prepared by A. SANDS, Druggist, of purely Vegetable Extracts, and may be taken all Seasons with perfect safety.

Prepared only by A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists, No. 100 Fulton Street, New York.

THE MISSIONARY IN MADAGASCAR.

Now ready, with 34cp and Illustrations from Photographs, and a Map, uniform with Livingstone's Travels. Muslin, Price $2 50.

THREE VISITS TO MADAGASCAR,
During the Years 1853—1856—1858. Including a Journey to the Capital. With Notices of the Natural History, Climate, and Productions of the Country, and of the Character, Customs, and Manners of the People. By Rev. WILLIAM ELLIS, F.R.A.S. Author of "Polynesian Researches," &c.

The questions opened out by this book are of such public interest as to warrant their use as a text-book in preaching for it a common scarcity reigned in the Island of Madagascar, and the missionaries, with their wives and children, botanical, political, or theological, to this excellent book and discussion.

A work abounding in matter of extraordinary interest, and which, as a book of travel in an unknown land, must be considered second only in importance to that of Livingstone. Even in this link-and-link personal style, it displays unities in himself the missionary, the man of science, the keen observer, and the social gentleman.—*Athenæum.*

The press was closed for the time to everything, with a knowledge of the Gospel, the outline of which was explained.—*Colonial Journal.*

Interesting throughout.—*Literary Gazette.*

Deeply affecting narrative of the simple piety and heroic fortitude of many of the Christians when exposed to slavery, torture, and death, in most truly modern times to the verzone itself. We feel assured that there are few who will not rise from the tale with a deeper impression on the spread of Christianity in the world, who will not feel more determined than ever to do their part in the great work.—*Christian Observer.*

A volume replete with interest, and illustrated by many highly characteristic engravings.—*Church of England Magazine.* Mr. Ellis has produced decidedly the best and most instructive work on the past publication on the subject of Madagascar and its all but unknown inhabitants.—*The Press* (London).

For men were better qualified for this visit to Madagascar than Mr. Ellis.—*The Spectator* (London).

Mr. Ellis is a zealous missionary—an active, intelligent observer, and a well-informed writer. Everything he says is worthy of attention, and is conducted either. In this handsome volume he has given us the result of his observations during three visits to Madagascar. We are disposed to the little known but very remarkable island of Madagascar, and we are glad to see with him a strong desire is illustrated by a number of portraits and views of scenery, which will add greatly to the interest of the work, having been photographed on the spot. Mr. Ellis was accompanied during his journey by a native artist, who every evening the events of the day; and that journal, thumbnailed and sketched in the form of letters, furnishes the materials for the present volume. It is a readable book, and will be found useful by those who wish to be authoritatively informed on the manners, customs, and prospects of Madagascar.—*Athenæum.*

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, New York.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS will send the above Work by Mail, postage paid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of $2 50.

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES.

THE NEW FAMILY SEWING MACHINES at $50 and $75 are attracting universal attention. In all essential good qualities they are much the best machines ever offered at a low price.

I. M. SINGER & CO., No. 458 Broadway.

EVERY YOUNG MAN SHOULD READ Arthur's Celebrated Sealed Volume, Advice to Young Men and Others. Address Dr. WALLIS & ASHTON, Box 1857, N. Y.

☞ EVERY NUMBER of HARPER'S MAGAZINE contains from 96 to 128 pages—and therefore is the best volume reading than any other in the country.

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.
FOR MAY.

The Publishers believe that the Seventeen Volumes of HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE contain a mass of valuable and attractive reading than will be found in any other publication of the day.

At no period since the commencement of the Magazine has the literary material at its command been more ample and varied; and the Publishers refer to the contents of the Periodical for the past six months as evidence of the distinct claims upon the patronage of the American public.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year	$3 00
Two Copies for One Year	5 00
Three or more Copies for One Year (each)	2 00
And an Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of TEN SUBSCRIBERS.	

HARPER'S WEEKLY and HARPER'S MAGAZINE, together, one year, $4 00.

☞ The postage on HARPER'S MAGAZINE must be paid at the Office where it is received. The Postage is Thirty-six Cents a year.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A FIRST-CLASS ILLUSTRATED PAPER.
THE BEST KIND OF READING
FAMILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD.
FIVE CENTS A NUMBER: $2 50 A YEAR.

[*From the N. Y. Evening Post, Jan. 18, 1859.*]

HARPER'S WEEKLY is a first-class paper in all its characteristics and entertaining publication, issued during the past year with a degree of spirit and vigor which we have seldom seen surpassed. Its pictorial illustrations, the variety, the originality, and the value of its contributions, and the handsome style of execution, place it at the head of the press—there are ample dissertations on the leading topics of interest, and a judicious selection of miscellaneous matter, however, but profoundly instructive of the Lounger—a series of short, pithy, and sensible articles, which, in every way, &c—there are the records of jokes, new and old—and altogether, there are those striking evidences of the sensations of contemporary men and things, of fashion and fashions, and of the progress of the world, which are found within a single volume of a newspaper, and which, when bound together, make up the human life of the nineteenth century, in a form which will be valuable to the future. Every class of readers, moreover, may be interested by the variety of the HARPER'S WEEKLY, and every one must of business, the child and the woman.

TERMS OF HARPER'S WEEKLY:

One Copy for One Year	$2 00
One Copy for Two Years	3 50
One Copy for Three Years	5 00
Five Copies for One Year	9 00
Twelve Copies for One Year	20 00
Twenty-five Copies for One Year	40 00

An Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of TWENTY-FIVE Subscribers.

THE POSTAGE on HARPER'S WEEKLY Costs a Line.

A Library Cabinet will be made for those wishing to preserve the Three Months' Numbers.

☞ Persons living in the City of New York wishing "Harper's Weekly" left at their houses, will please send their names and residences, with the subscription money, to the Office of Publication.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
Franklin Square, New York.

TRYING, VERY.

DAGUERREIAN ARTIST. "Now, Sir, be so good as to fix your Eyes on that Painting, and assume a pleasing expression of Countenance.

FASCINATING GENT. *(to precocious little Girl).* "You are a very nice little Girl; you shall be my Wifey when you grow up!"

LITTLE GIRL. "No, thank you; I don't want to have a Husband; but Aunt Bessy does; I heard her say so!" *[Sensation on the part of* AUNT BESSY.

EARLY SPRING OPENING AT

GENIN'S

Ladies' and Childrens' Outfitting

BAZAAR,

513 Broadway,

AND

Genin's Hat Establishment,

507 Broadway,

Adjoining Genin's Bazaar.

I shall present, on this occasion, the most extensive assortments of Paris made and home-manufactured dress and undress attire, for ladies, misses, boys, and infants, which the facilities of a house, comprehending within its business sphere, every branch of fashionable costume can command. Nothing that can be required, for the complete outfit of a family of both sexes, from the infant in arms to the wife and mother, has been omitted from this attractive stock. The styles and goods in the following departments, exhibited for the first time on the 1st March, are now ready:

MILLINERY AND HEAD DRESSES,
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S CLOTHING,
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HOSIERY,
LACES AND EMBROIDERIES,
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S SHOES,
BOYS' CLOTHING,
GENTLEMEN'S AND BOYS' FURNISHING GOODS,
CHILDRENS' HEAD DRESSES,
BOYS' HATS AND CAPS,
PARASOLS AND UMBRELLAS,
GENTLEMEN'S HATS AND CAPS.

AT

New Hat Establishment,

507 Broadway, adjoining the Bazaar,

in also now opened with a superb display of new modes in dress hats, caps, &c., of which the programme can not be compressed into an advertisement.

The hat store is connected internally with the extensive suit of rooms forming the bazaar.

J. N. GENIN.

Brown's Bronchial Troches

OR COUGH LOZENGES,

Cure Cough, Cold, Hoarseness and Influenza.

Any Irritation or Soreness of the Throat.

Brown's Bronchial Troches

Relieve the Hacking Cough in Consumption, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Catarrh.

Brown's Bronchial Troches

Clear and strengthen the voice of **Singers.** Indispensable to **Public Speakers.**

Brown's Bronchial Troches

Soothing and Simple—**Children** use them. Assisting Expectoration and curing Hoarseness.

"Pre-eminently the first and best."
REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

"I recommend their use to Public Speakers."
REV. E. H. CHAPIN, NEW YORK.

"I have proved them excellent for Whooping Cough."
REV. H. W. WARREN, BOSTON.

"An old lady friend having tried many remedies for Asthma with no benefit, found great relief from the Troches."
REV. D. LETTS, FRANKFORT, ILL.

"Great benefit in affections of the Bronchial Organs."
DR. J. F. W. LANE, BOSTON.

"A simple and elegant combination for Coughs, &c."
DR. O. P. HOGELOW, BOSTON.

Sold by Druggists everywhere, 25 cents per box.

LYON'S MAGNETIC POWDERS

Will destroy Garden Insects, Cockroaches, Bedbugs, Fleas, Ants, Moths, and all pests of the Vermin Kind.

The importance of a reliable article of this kind is inestimable. In warm weather all insects terms with those annoying fees. This powder is the only article ever discovered which will exterminate them. A company of botanists, from the Horticultural Society of Paris, while assists the form of Asia, observed that all insects lighting upon a certain kind of plant very soon dropped dead. This fact was made use of to guard their night camps from these intruders. Quantities of the plant were brought home by them, dried, and found a positive insect destroyer. Very recently this plant has been chemically prepared to resist the effect of age and climate. Medals and Letters Patent have been obtained from the governments of England, France, Germany, and Russia, from the World's Fair, and numerous medical and horticultural colleges and societies.

Letter from the President of the U. S.

"EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, 21st Jan. 1853.

"MY LEARNED LYON.—Dear Sir: I have the pleasure to inform you that the Royal Commission of the World's Fair at London have awarded you a Medal and Certificate for the great value of your Magnetic Powders, &c.

"MILLARD FILLMORE, Chairman."

The above was accompanied by a certificate of Prince Albert.

IT IS FREE FROM POISON.

"NEW YORK, DECEMBER 1858.

"MR. LYON.—Dear Sir: We have analyzed and tested your Magnetic Powders, and find them perfectly harmless to animal and domestic economy, but certain death when inhaled by bugs, ants, and insects.

"JAMES G. CARTER, M.D., Chemist.
"LAURENCE REID, Prof. Chemistry, N. Y. Hospital."

Mr. Jonas L. Ewen, Superintendent of the New York Hospital, says, "he has expelled all the bugs, ants, roaches, moths, &c., with Lyon's Powders, and finds it of immense value."

Every gentleman and housekeeper must have a direct interest in an article of this kind: References can be made to Hon. Millard Fillmore, Ex-President of the United States; Hon. Daniel Webster, Gen. Winfield Scott, Gen. W. Tell, L. H. Frank, of the Five Points Mission, &c., &c. Judge Mason says, "This discovery of Prof. Lyon is of material importance." Mr. Spence's Club have tested it thoroughly. It will destroy bronze, grasshoppers, ants, moths, bugs, and all vermin. Garden plants can be preserved, and houses made pure."

Arrangements are now made through Messrs. BARNES & PARK, of New York, to have it sold throughout the world. Many worthless imitations are advertised. Be cautious!

"New York, November 8th, 1858.

"In selling from business, I have sold no other Insect Powders and Pills, Letters-Patent, and the secrets pertaining thereto, than Barnes & Park. This powder is a discovery made by myself, and brought from the interior of Asia, and is unknown to any other person. The genuine and effective article is put up in tin canisters, and will continue to bear my name.

"T. LYON."

Rats and mice can not be reached by a powder, and established by a Magnetic Pill. Order them through any bookseller.

To Try Lyon's Powder kills insects in a trice,
Ten Cent's Prize are issued for one Pill Slice.

Sample Pills, 25 cents; regular size, 50 cents and $1 00. Follow directions. *Use freely and thoroughly.*

BARNES & PARK

15 and 16 Park Row, New York.

Domestic Chemicals!

SALÆRATUS,

Manufactured at the Jersey City

CHEMICAL WORKS,

Warranted most reliable and the best in the Union.

The following are our brands:
"EXCELSIOR."
"DIDYMIC."
SUPERIOR DOUBLE REFINED,
"EXTRA REFINED FAMILY,"
AND SODA SAL-ÆRATUS.

It is put up in the neatest manner, in papers, boxes, kegs, or barrels, suitable for any trade.

Also the Jersey City Chemical Works

BI CARBONATE SODA,
Sal Soda, and Refined Soda Ash,
Uncolored in their respective

Dealers should buy of us if they want to save at least ten per cent. in price and quality.

THOMAS ANDREWS & CO.
135 and 137 Cedar Street, near Wall, N. Y.

YOU SHOULD TAKE

THE METHODIST

Home to your

MOTHER,
WIFE,
SISTER,
Or FRIEND.

If you are a METHODIST, EPISCOPALIAN, PRESBYTERIAN, BAPTIST, CONGREGATIONALIST, UNITARIAN, or of any other denomination, take it home, for YOU WILL LIKE IT.

A fresh edition now ready, and for sale every where. THE METHODIST. By MIRIAM FLETCHER. With an Introduction by the Rev. W. P. Strickland. 2 vols. 12mo.—Price $2.

PICTURES OF COUNTRY LIFE.

ALICE CARY'S NEW BOOK

ALICE CARY'S NEW BOOK

ALICE CARY'S NEW BOOK

ALICE CARY'S NEW BOOK

ALICE CARY'S NEW BOOK

PICTURES OF COUNTRY LIFE.
By ALICE CARY.
1 Volume, 12mo. Price $1.

Copies of either of the above sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of the price, by
DERBY & JACKSON, Publishers, New York.

Burnett's Cocoaine.
Burnett's Cocoaine.
Burnett's Cocoaine.

TESTIMONIAL.

BOSTON, July 19, 1857.

☞ MESSRS. J. BURNETT & CO. — I can not refuse to state the salutary effect in my own aggravated case, of your excellent Hair Oil—Cocoaine.

For many months my hair had been falling off, until I was fearful of losing it entirely. The skin upon my head became gradually more and more inflamed, so that I could not touch it without pain. This irritated condition I attributed to the use of various advertised hair washes, which I have since been told contain complexe spirit.

By the advice of my physician, to whom you had shown your process of purifying the Oil, I commenced its use the last week in June. The first application allayed the itching and irritation; in three or four days the redness and tenderness disappeared—the hair ceased to fall, and I have now a thick growth of new hair. I trust that others, similarly effected, will be induced to try the same remedy.

Yours, very truly,
SUSAN R. POPE.

Burnett's Cocoaine.

☞ A single application renders the hair (no matter how stiff and dry) soft and glossy for several days. It is conceded by all who have used it to be *the best and cheapest Hair Dressing in the World.*

Prepared by JOSEPH BURNETT & CO., Boston.
For sale by dealers generally, at 50 cents a bottle.

U. STATES JUVENILE WAREHOUSE, 503 Broadway, by the St. Nicholas Hotel.
S. CHAMBERS has removed to the above establishment, where Ladies' and Children's Clothing of the Newest Styles and best material and workmanship are always on hand.

HOME
Insurance Company
OF
NEW YORK.
OFFICE 112 AND 114 BROADWAY.

THE Capital of this Company has recently been INCREASED BY A CASH SUBSCRIPTION OF $400,000, making the present Capital

ONE MILLION DOLLARS,

WITH

A Surplus in Addition of over $300,000.

This Company INSURES AGAINST LOSS OR DAMAGE BY FIRE, on terms as favorable as the future of the risk and the *real security* of the INSURED and of the Company will warrant.

Losses Equitably Adjusted and Promptly Paid.

DIRECTORS:

CHARLES J. MARTIN, President.
A. F. WILLMARTH, Vice President.
WM. G. LAMBERT, late of A. & A. Lawrence & Co.
GEORGE C. COLLINS, firm of Sherman, Collins & Co.
DANFORD N. BARNEY, firm of Wells, Purge & Co.
LUCIUS HUTCHINSON,
President Importers' and Traders' Bank.
THOMAS MESSENGER, firm of T. & H. Messenger.
WILLIAM H. MULLEN, firm of Claflin, Mullen & Co.
CHAS. B. HATCH, firm of Hatch, Hilter & Merryman.
B. WATSON RILL, firm of Haskell, Merrick & Hall.
HOMER MORGAN.
LEVI P. STONE, ... firm of Stone, Starr & Co.
JAMES HUMPHREY,
late firm of Burney, Humphrey & Butler.
GEORGE PEABODY, ... firm of George Peabody & Co.
WARD A. WORK, ... firm of Ward A. Work & Son.
JAMES LOW, firm of James Low & Co., of Louisville.
T. H. FROTHINGHAM,
late firm of T. H. Frothingham & Co.
CHARLES A. BULKLEY, ... firm of Bulkley & Co.
CEPHAS H. NORTON, ... firm of Norton & Jewett.
ROE LOCKWOOD, ... firm of R. Lockwood & Son.
THEODORE MCNAMEE,
late firm of Bowen, McNamee & Co.
RICHARD BIGELOW,
firm of Doane, King & Co., of St. Louis.
CURTIS NOBLE, ... firm of Condit & Noble.
GEORGE D. MORGAN, ... firm of E. D. Morgan & Co.
OLIVER E. WOOD, ... firm of Willard, Wood & Co.
ALFRED S. BARNES, ... firm of A. S. Barnes & Burr.
GEORGE BLISS, ... firm of Phelps, Bliss & Co.
AMOS T. DWIGHT, ... firm of Trowbridge, Dwight & Co.
SEAMAN COOKE, ... firm of Cooke, Dowd, Baker & Co.
LEVI P. MORTON, ... firm of Morton, Grinnell & Co.
J. B. HUTCHINSON,
firm of J. C. Hoyt & Co., of Boston.
CHARLES P. BALDWIN, ... firm of Baldwin, Starr & Co.
JOHN G. NELSON, ... late firm of Nelson & Co.
HENRY A. HURLBUT, ... firm of Swift, Hurlbut & Co.
JESSE HOYT, ... firm of Jesse Hoyt & Co.
WM. STURGIS, Jr., ... firm of Sturgis, Shaw & Co.
JOHN B. FORD, ... firm of Ford Rubber Co.
SIDNEY MASON,
late of the firm of Mason & Thompson.
GEO. T. STEBBINS,
firm of Stebbins, Carlile & Shaw, of Cincinnati.
CYRUS YALE, Jr.,
firm of Cyrus Yale, Jr. & Co., of New Orleans.
WM. H. FORDICK,
firm of Wm. R. and Chas. B. Fordick.
DAVID I. BOYD,
firm of Boyd, Bros. & Co., Albany, N. Y.
F. H. COSSITT,
firm of Cossitt, Hill and Talmadge, Memphis.
LEWIS ROBERTS, ... firm of L. Roberts & Co.
SAMUEL R. CALDWELL, ... firm of Hoyer & Caldwell.

CHARLES J. MARTIN, President.
A. F. WILLMARTH, Vice-Pres't.
J. HILTON SMITH, Secretary.
JOHN McGEE, Ass't. Secretary.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. III.—No. 117.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1859. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

ADVERTISEMENT.

In the number after next of this journal we shall commence

A New Serial Story,

ENTITLED

TRUMPS.

BY

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

ILLUSTRATED BY

AUGUSTUS HOPPIN.

A perusal of HARPER'S WEEKLY will keep persons living in the country THOROUGHLY POSTED on the news of the day.

No other publication gives SO MUCH AND SO CHOICE MATTER, or so fully illustrated a history of the times in which we live.

More money is paid to AMERICAN ARTISTS AND ENGRAVERS for illustrating this publication than for illustrating any other paper in the United States.

This is the CHEAPEST AND BEST family illustrated newspaper in the country.

To advertisers we need only observe that advertisements in this journal, at fifty cents a line, are cheaper and more effective — because THEY MEET THE EYE OF MORE PEOPLE throughout the country, from North to South, and East to West — than advertisements in any other publication.

We refer families to our printed list of terms on the fifteenth page of each paper. By forming clubs, people in the country can obtain the paper on very advantageous terms.

THE WRECK OF THE "ADONIS."

On 7th inst. the ship *Adonis* went ashore, shortly before midnight, at Long Branch. A correspondent of the Monmouth *Democrat* gives the following thrilling description of the manner in which the crew were saved:

"Mr. Green, the station-keeper, was on the spot the following morning with a crew of wreckers. They launched the surf-boat, boarded the ship, and brought the captain ashore. The captain insisted upon returning to the ship, but, the wind bruising up, it was found impossible to do so, so upon the second attempt the surf-boat was filled. All haste was then made to shoot a line over the vessel; the first attempt the line did not reach the ship; the second the line parted; and the third was successful. A large line was then secured to the ship, and then a hawser, which was properly made fast to the mainmast head. The crew soon understood the working of the life-car upon the hawser, and five of them landed the first voyage to the shore. The life-car was again dispatched upon its errand of mercy; this time, better satisfied, six of them got into the car, but, when within about thirty yards of the shore, the line attached to the shore end of the car gave way. Then there was a universal shout of agony, the men on the beach running to and fro. There was quite a number of ladies present, who, as they looked upon the scene, turned from it with a shudder. Thus the car was at one moment upon the top of a large wave, and at another in the trough of the sea. The daring and impulsive boat's crew could not stand tamely by and see a car-load of human beings in this doubtful condition, but rushed in up to their armpits, seized the car, and brought it ashore. The name of Joseph West and his crew should be written in letters of gold upon the record of the Life-Saving Association. Upon examination it was found that the ring-bolt on the end of the life-car, to which the shore end of the line was attached, was imperfect, and that the breakage was easily accounted for. The damage was repaired, and again the car was dispatched, and the remaining seven were soon upon the beach."

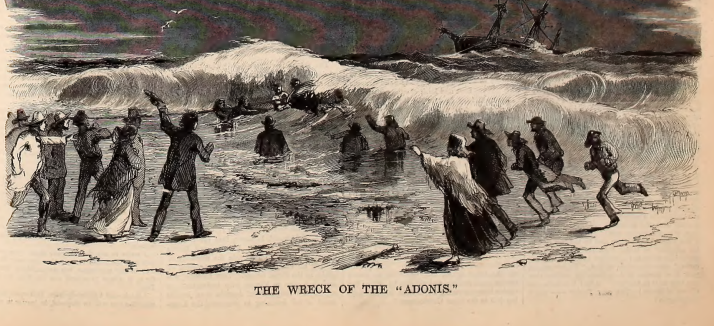
OUR SPECIAL PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

Why our Correspondent could not go to the Washington Ball—Terrible consequence of marrying a Bricklayer—Gayeties in Paris and New York—Acquisitions of the Columbus for the Capitol—American Patrons of Art—the Tourtelot Gallery—Chairs at $50 apiece—A Marriage in Franco-American Life—Cunning Bulls—Sudden Death at Dinner, etc., etc.

PARIS, *February* 24, 1859.

I AM not able in any way to carry out my intentions in regard to my letter of this week, for I had purposed giving you a detailed account of the Washington Ball at the Hotel du Louvre, day before yesterday, with a catalogue *raisonnée* of the company, the beauties, and their dresses. Though suffering since Sunday from an attack of (shall I confess it?) terrible gout, I was still confident of being able to supply my own deficiencies by the aid of a kind friend and countrywoman, who is in the midst of all gay doings, and who has a quick imagination and holds a lively pen. Imagine my mortification and the failing away of my hopes under the perusal of the following letter, just received from her:

"MON PAUVRE GODTFEET,—I am sorry for you in all ways; but I can tell you nothing about this ball, for I was not invited to it. I hear it was an exclusive *Assemblée for the Americans* sort of an affair, and I suppose my right was barred by my being married to 'a bloody Britisher,' and that I had no chance of being there unless I had petitioned to be admitted as 'the Fair Penitent,' in my crinoline only, in order to avow my fault and express my contrition for this said marriage. But, you see, they are punished, for they have lost their chance of having their sayings and doings chronicled by you, through me, and I that of knowing myself in print, which I should have much enjoyed. I do pity you, poor caged weekly correspondent, obliged to make bricks without straw, and pushing in the midst of plenty: for never, I think, was Paris in a state of more determined gayety. The feverish political condition seems to stimulate social desires. The Faubourg St. Germain for long years have not danced as this winter, and the fonctionaries of Government and the lambs flemen seem disposed to imitate them in this respect, while their dinners are, in truth, never-ending. Did you need have no regrets at not being able to make the New Yorkers jealous by a description of the carnival pleasures here; for, from what I hear, they are indulging in plenty of their own. For, not being able to find more than six nights in the week in which to dance, they have taken to morning (*bis* demands), and those who a year ago were in the lowest depths of moneyed depression are now vying with



THE WRECK OF THE "ADONIS."

each other as to who shall spend most on their varied entertainments."

Here ends my fair correspondent's assistance, which I am bound to reward by giving her the pleasure she wished of seeing herself in print.

I see in the newspapers, in a correspondence which seems to be creditable to all the parties concerned, that Mr. Mason has accepted for the Capitol the model of the fine statue which the Marquis de Brignolles has erected to the memory of "the great Genoese." It seems difficult to account for the seeming neglect of all America for that grand old genius, Columbus, unless it is explained by the fact that we have view of his services as was done by an American lady, whom I once heard laughingly exclaim, when something of this kind was said in her presence—"After all, I do not know why we are bound to be so very grateful to Christopher Columbus; for, if it had not been for him, we might all have lived and died in Paris!"

Apropos of art of all sorts, I have been pleased, lately, to hear Americans spoken of as among the most liberal and enlightened patrons of art in the present day; and I believe that the inhabitants of the "Golden Fountains" in this city, which, by the testamentary dispositions of the founder, will be disposed of in another seven years, will look to Americans as likely to acquire many of the finest pecuniary treasures, both in ancient and modern painting.

I went there lately to accompany my friend Frank, as I wish him to form his taste a little, and acquire some familiarity with the names of the various masters, as a preparation for his projected tour in Italy next month. I had not been there for several years before, and had forgotten how rich in this Gallery in beautiful things: and it is remarkable, on showing what taste and refinement may effect, even without any very enormous expenditure.

Among the older pictures there are two very fine large Murillos, and some smaller ones. There is a beautiful "Madonna" of Leonardo da Vinci, some Carlo Dolces: and one of the loveliest heads of Greuze, which has been engraved under the name of "Filial Piety." Then there are several of the productions of the modern French artists, which were purchased for Count de Morny's gallery, with which the print shops in New York have probably made you familiar, as the engravings are said to be copies. There are Delaroche's celebrated pictures of "Richelieu conveying Cinque Mars to Prison," and "The Pendant" of "Richelieu at the Louvre," also his "St. Cecilia," and Horace Vernet's "Trumpeter." Besides the pictures, there is a valuable collection of Greek and Roman antiquities, etc., and a quantity of superb ivory carvings of the sixteenth century. Now, I am sure, there will be here in a few years capital pickings for your subscribers; and I should not at all think they would be inclined to make the acquisition of objects which will not only tend to refine their own taste, but that of those who come after them. It is better than mere gorgeous furniture.

"My chairs, in my house in Broadway, one in another, cost me fifty dollars apiece," I once heard one New Yorker say to another across the table of a hotel at Interlaken, astonishing with this intelligence a party of English who sat near him.

I thought to myself then, "For that sum you might have a copy of some of the master-pieces of the galleries you daily visit here, and, at the same time, cause the new artist's heart to bound for joy, and carry away with you something to look at when seated in your gilded chairs."

Frank, who came to see me just now, has told me of a marriage to be—error a flirtation that is going on in the Parisian-American circles of the young man, good-looking and pleasing, and the only son of a rich mother, and the young lady a distinguished beauty, who has been immensely admired, the last year or two, in the aristocratic circles of London and Paris. Miss Forrest is certainly very lovely, with virile, Oriental-looking eyes, an exquisite skin, and a splendid, luxuriant figure. There was for a time a Spanish Duke among her admirers, whose success would have pleased grandmamma Grandissime, if he was not quite intralled; but as he has paid the same court to all the most beautiful of the girls of the last twenty years, one felt tolerably certain that this one had not more real chance than others of becoming Duchess of ——. Now, the young lady is supposed to be very decided in her preference for her American suitor; and, judging from externals, they seem really well-paired and well-matched.

If the tyrant gout allows, I shall have half a score of astonishing fêtes to relate to you next week. Among them will be a ball at Madame Duchatel's, which is certain to be as perfect as a fête hotel, a company the most chosen, good taste, and great wealth can make it; and the young lady's ball costumé at Madame Walewska's, which are always what one of their kind, given by persons often has the superior pleasure of being elbowed by imperial personages, who, secure in the domino's disguise, amuse themselves enough in evening to make amends for the many dull Court balls they are expected to attend. Then the strange story could be told of the freaks of our great people under the mask.

The making of dominoes reminds me of a very sad event, which has thrown a gloom over Paris society—that is, the sudden death of Count Walewski,—whom I mentioned in one of my letters as one of those, in a morning visit, who seemed to me pressed with the horror of sudden death. Poor man, it soon came his turn! He died at his club, "The Union," at dessert; and he had just said to his neighbor at table, "As there are to be so many *bals costumés*, I have just had a new domino made;" when the other replied, "Do you expect your new domino to drop from the ceiling, that you look at it so fixedly?" Alas! it was the Ex-odious of death! The poor Prince —— never spoke again!

A registry law, with a law imposing a penalty of $25 on every citizen who failed to vote at elections, would have the effect of taking the political supremacy out of the hands of the fowdies, and placing it in the hands of the majority of the people, who are in all communities friends of law and order. It will probably come to this at last.

THE SICKLES CASE.

By the time this paper is laid before the public, Daniel E. Sickles, member of Congress from New York, will probably be on his trial for the murder of P. Barton Key, late District Attorney of the District of Columbia. There appears to be no doubt as to the result of the trial. If a guilty connection of Mr. Key with Mrs. Sickles be proved, it is difficult to expect that any jury will find Mr. Sickles guilty.

His offense may not be justifiable in the eye of strict morality. The infirmity of our human blood, even in obedience to legal sentence, is by many deemed inexcusable; the means to which these persons of unbending allegiance rises so far above common rules of human law and practice that mere vulgar humanity may how reverently before, but can not undertake to explain it. Practice, however, has established, not only in this country, but in France and Ireland likewise, that the husband and the seducer may be slain with impunity by the best friend of the woman they have misled. But that the latter is to be admitted as palliable, but that the original evil-doer is rightly punished. Nobody wants to shake hands with Jack Ketch; yet hanging is in weakness as a preventive of crime.

The brilliant and graphic correspondent of the *New York Times*, who is understood to be none other than the clever Irish exile, Mr. O'D. Shea, has given us, in numerous various cases in which adulterers have been killed with impunity by outraged husbands. Had this admirable writer been a woman, and a country or a longer period of time, he would not have needed to go abroad for precedents for acquittal by a husband who killed his wife's seducer. The counsel for Mr. Sickles will, without any extraordinary labor, be enabled to lay before Judge Crawford a score of cases in various states of the Union from Maine to Louisiana, in which juries have refused to render verdicts against husbands who have vindicated their honor by slaying the seducers of their wives.

Nor can there be much doubt of the issue in Mr. Sickles's case. He is a politician, and remained. With that we have nothing to do. The slaying of a fellow-creature may be indefensible under any circumstances. At this point we do not feel bound to express any opinion; it is a question which may be safely left to the religious and moral teachers of the community. It is enough for us that we record the fact that the legal practice in this country will secure impunity to any husband who, on conclusive evidence, takes the life of the destroyer of his domestic peace.

Those who prefer to read the arguments in favor of hanging Mr. Sickles will find them, rather briefly put, in that excellent journal, the *Evening Post*; those who wish to see his side of the case will discover it in various journals which support his party. To state the facts simply is enough for us.

THE PROSPECT OF WAR IN EUROPE.

THE Pope has notified the Emperors of France and Austria that he is eminently grateful for the aid which they rendered him in the recovery of his territory for the last six or eight years, but that now he feels competent to undertake the charge of his own dominions. He says that the French Emperor testifies his willingness to withdraw from Rome so soon as the Austrians retire from the Legations. The Austrians hesitate.

The reason is very simple. The Papal dominions are filled with active republicans who are only withheld from rebellion by military control. So soon as the French and Austrians depart it is highly possible that the Papal authorities may break out, and take the field, not only against the Pope, but against the despotisms of Italy and dynasties of every hue. With an active revolutionary movement in the Legations, the neighbor-states would be in a hot haste. Just so the Austrians, knowing the slender tenure of their hold on the Milanese, and the eagerness of the people to rebel, can only be expected to take any step which may naturally lead to a revolutionary movement in the country which borders on Austrian Italy.

It is understood, however, that the Governments of Great Britain, Prussia, and Russia concur in pressing on Austria the necessity of putting an end to the anomalous position of affairs in the Papal States. Lord Cowley, it is said, has gone to Vienna with instructions to say to the Emperor of Austria that, in the event of his declining to evacuate the Legations, France will have the moral, if not the active support of all the other great nations in operating against Austrian domination in Italy. If this be so, there can be no doubt of the result. Austria must yield. The tax of an outpost in Lombardo Venetia may be inconsiderable, but no single power can afford to cope single-handed with all the rest of Europe. Therefore, Lord Cowley's mission is correctly represented by the European journals, we may safely expect to hear of the evacuation of the Papal dominions by the Austrians, and of the Episcopal Rome and the Legations, and the peace of the world will henceforth depend upon the temper of the Roman people. A slender dependence at best!

COTTON KING INDEED.

THE cotton crop of the United States this year will probably exceed 3,900,000 bales. This crop will be worth, at 10 cents a bale, a thing of York money a pound. The better qualities are at this moment in demand in New Orleans at 12 and 12 cents. Since this country has grew cotton there never was a year when the field was so large or the profit so enormous. When it is borne in mind that, on the average, cents a pound will remunerate the planter for cotton that will be worth twice as much, some idea may be formed of the wealth which the South will acquire this year.

It will be safe to say that an astounding development of industry and agriculture throughout the South. What the enormous crops of 1853 and 1854 did for the West the enormous crop of 1857 and 1858 will do for the South. Southern railroads and steamboats will soon begin to take place of Western steamers and railroads in store in our markets. Whatever is Southern will be in favor. The effect of the great increase of Southern wealth on the slavery controversy will be worth watching.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE GORILLA QUESTION.

BOSTON, *March 7, 1859.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

THE article is, in the main, sensible, though interesting and timely, does not do justice to American authors and specimens.

The gorilla was first introduced to the scientific world in August, 1847, by Dr. Savage, an American resident in Africa, and was described to the external characters and habits of the creature in Vol. V. of the Boston *Journal of Natural History*, p. 417. In that article it was described as being "man in a scrimed stone skulls, and several bones of the spine and extremities of the body," the description, comparing the gorilla with the chimpanzee and with man. This was before Mr. Owen's papers on the subject.

It is not exact to say that only a skull of this creature exists in museums of the Academy of Natural Science of Philadelphia, and has been partly described in the "Proceedings."

So that not only was the first scientific description made in Boston, but that city and Philadelphia are the only museums that have more than one specimen whose habits and anatomy were understood by the naturalists of America shortly twelve years ago. The "most learned professors of Great Britain" will not do much, if any, more than was done in this country long ago.

I am led to make the communication to show that American naturalists are not behind the times as well as in politics and money-making. Now that we have the first of living zoologists among us, it is to be hoped that the eyes of the people will be turned toward our native naturalists and their achievements, which are unappreciated, or lamentedly stolen abroad, and pursued amidst the neglect and almost the scorn of the worshipers of the "Almighty Dollar."

The proposed establishment of the great Museum of Zoology at Cambridge will do much to educate the people to the value and necessity of those studies connected with the origin and laws of animated life. SAMUEL KNEELAND, JR.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly.

TROY, NEW YORK, 19th February, 1859.

IN *Harper's Weekly* of the 26th February, 1859, I find the following article:

"We all read the other day the story of a Troy bank President who brought to this city a Troy bank President who brought to this city a Troy bank twenty thousand dollars of counterfeit bills on his own bank, without suspecting their genuineness."

I write to say that in your sheet "the story" was first presented to me; that the story is not true in any particular, but unqualifiedly false so far as it relates to myself and the State Bank of Troy.

I think, and I sincerely hope, that upon mature reflection you will be disposed, in justice to us, to

centralist the story as broadly as you have given it circulation. Respectfully yours,
ALFRED WOTKYNS, *President.*

☞ We are inclined to think that, "upon mature reflection," Mr. Wotkyns will conclude that he has allowed his fire to be drawn rather precipitately. His bank has never been insolvent, and *Weekly*. Will it not be time enough for him to indicate himself when he is assailed?—*Ed. H. W.*

WHO INVENTED THE STARS AND STRIPES?

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

QUERO. *February*, 1859.

I ASK this occasion to send you the following extract from "Sherry's Pictorial" (1 Vol. 1719 on my possession), of the poligees of a branch of the family of Washington. There is a very close coincidence between the arms and the national flag of the United States—singular, because I have never yet, in the various printed notices on the subject, seen one that alluded to this as the origin, if it really was so, of the stars and stripes:

"*Mr. Robert Washington*, an eminent merchant, lived and died at Andrew Hill, near Leeds, though buried in a distant parish. His son, *Joseph Washington*, of Gray's Inn, Esq., is to be remembered by these his authors. He was descended from those of his name at *Sidwich*, on the *Street*, near Dorchester, where the family yet remains. Their arms WASHINGTON were—*Argent*, two bars and three mullets, in chief *Gules*."*

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
J. G. CLAPHAM.

A GROAN FROM A SUFFERING SUBSCRIBER.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

* * * Mamma and I both write to remonstrate with you on the engravings which you are publishing. We don't want to be gone any more pictures of murders or mad-houses. Baby burst into tears at the sight of the maniacs, and I have dreamed three times that Dow the Independent were cutting my throat.

You are fond of showing pictures of lambs and shepherdesses with crooks, and sweet autumn scenes with lovers sitting on hay-cocks, and little tottering birds, and graceful girls with their arms round each other. I mean pleasant pictures that Baby could look at without waking, and that would not scare me and mamma something delightful to dream about! Mamma says that when she was a girl her papa used to subscribe to a paper which was called, she thinks, *The Lady's Own Anodyne*—in which she says she used to delight to look. You never had her in the least, and over which she enjoyed the sweetest sleep. Pray, dear Mr. Editor, get this old paper, and try to imitate it.

Papa has been for years a subscriber to the *Weekly Tribune*, which puts him to sleep every night; but when we get your *Weekly*, he remains awake till midnight, which, you will admit, is very annoying. Even poor dear mamma sometimes sits up in her night-cap to read your stories.

Why can't you follow the example of Mr. Greeley—the dear old creature—and give us long proy stories to set us asleep? I have read what you say about being obliged to give interest, and that is all nonsense. Mr. Greeley doesn't worry us by giving us news. He likes to put us to sleep, and he does it very well; and the sooner you follow his example the better you will please your devoted

ANNA MARIA.

THE LOUNGER.

DISTINCTIONS AND DIFFERENCES.

A special contributor to a journal—like the lounger, for instance—has certain great advantages. The chief one is, perhaps, that he can express his own opinion without affecting the proper position of the paper. The editorial responsibility of course nobody knows that fifty different people prepare a newspaper. Nobody knows that the man who writes the leading article on the financial and theatrical articles, and the agricultural and literary articles, and the paragraphs of fashion and the letters from all parts of the world, is not the same individual. Every body, on the contrary, is perfectly aware that Mr. Nicholas Pike Raymond, who lectured in Iowa last evening, also wrote the leader in this morning's paper. Nobody is not the *Times* Raymond's paper? and the *Tribune* Greeley's paper?

Now the special contributor is the lucky person who speaks solely for himself. His views are not those of "the paper." You say yours or disagree with him as much as you please. He is isolated in his individuality, and shivers in his solitude. His "we" carries no magisterial weight. The nearest tyro in newspaper reading is not taken in by it. The intelligent reader does not say to you when he reads, in the special department, "If I think that a European war is going to break out, indeed?" means the intelligent reader; "why, it's only Saunders!"

Yet every special contributor enjoys that very solitude in which he shivers. He is a man sitting at his own window and making his own comments upon the world. If James Buchanan, President of the United States, living officially in the White House, says, "I think I must have Cuba!" Will Street stops shinning a moment, and fails to thinking. But if James Buchanan, a farmer of Pennsylvania, living quietly at Wheatlands, say, "I think I must have Cuba," Wall Street doesn't even hear him. And yet it is the same James Buchanan.

So with the special contributor. When you, most kind and courteous reader, deign to attend your next lecture, in glancing at the particulars you know that you are reading the opinions of Chilion—a mere subordinate of the intelligent Free and Happy! But when you turn your eyes upon the other page at the left, then you know that you are not in Wheatlands but at Washington—that you are perusing not an individual but an official paper.

The Lounger gossips on this page; *Harper's Weekly* speaks on that.

A SIMPLE QUESTION.

If the honorable Chief Justice of Attorney for this or any other district in the country should be shot by a cashier as he was making off with the proceeds of a check which he had forged—if the cashier should be abound him working at his silver-suits by the light of a dark-lantern, and by a former system which he had just succeeded in landing into a light blaze—and the honorable District Attorney thus stood before us the world as a forger, a burglar, or an incendiary, would his successor probably feel that the gravity of the latter would be increased, or the criminality and decency benefited by his saying to the tor in open court, "By most of us he was known and cherished as a man of principle and honor. On the just keeping of such he has left the most sacred of all human trusts—the honor of his name."

Of his faults let us not, at least now, speak. Who has them not? Now that his son has gone down, let his faults rest at the splendor of his fall than at the shadows which clustered its glory.

I move that the memory of the deceased do court be now adjourn."

Would the presiding judge then probably rebuke in sympathetic terms, a slipcorn the court?

But if a decent public sentiment would feel itself outraged by such office-seekers as the perjury of a burglar, a forger, or an incendiary, suddenly cut off in his career, what would probably be a much more shocking thing had the same history had been paid to the memory of a man whom that public sentiment believed to have by his own hands only destroyed for a greater crime than arson or forgery?

And who answers—What?

A LITTLE TALL.

EVERY busy time writes in a journal must take some interest in Mr. Senator Ely's bill introduced into the Legislature to authorize the county treasurer and office-holders to settle their little differences through the friendly means of chairs, canes, clubs, fists, bolts, or whatever other convenient missiles may be at hand.

The bill originates, represents, in part, the city of New York, at Albany. He is what is termed in rather lordly, and consequently loose, language, a "self-made man." Self-made, indeed! But popularity is weaned of his function—and who can be surprised?—now that the legislature is considering it for the abolition of law.

It is unquestionably the easiest way. It makes short work of human society, which Mr. Senator Ely evidently considers a failure, instead of the glorious success that it is. It makes the office-holders being scoundrels, rascals, and gents at once—reasons Mr. Senator Ely—being, in fact, the bon-constructors, the anacondas, the cobras di capello, the lions, unicorns, and Kilkenny cats of society, it is high time we have them let out together and, under Divine favor, to extermination.

To be sure Mr. Senator Ely does not make his little bill quite fair. He allows the office-holders to attack each other indiscriminately, but the full officers think they have been libeled, but he does not allow the editors the same privilege. Mr. Senator Ely, for instance, declare his conviction that Mr. Wood was an able and incorruptible magistrate. Mr. Wood may, according to Mr. Senator Ely, pommel Mr. Bennett to his heart's content, and Mr. Bennett may not retaliate. Mr. Wood should assert in private circles, or cause to be placarded upon public walls, his opinion that Mr. Bennett is a pure, high-minded, honorable gentleman, according to Mr. Senator Ely, except the fists and cudgel process is still left legal.

But any slight partiality should be gladly pardoned to a bill whose operation would necessarily fill all public offices with Bowery and Dead-rabbit, and also silence the Press. The great practical difficulty in such a measure is that it would not be worth of a little more corruption. Public virtue is all very well, but why should public officers be so very much more virtuous than the rest of us, pray? In this world we must be practical. Let us have fewer assaults and less perjury and more fairs. Why not take men as they come, and put them into office, even if they do smoke one cigar a day? Why also not legislate for cleanliness, or do, upon having seen to administer our affairs who will not be bribed, and who will always promptly attend to the smallest detail of their duty without a fee of a hundred dollars? Sagne is good, but it is too cumbersome. It has been tried and with us there. In this manner we must insist upon disturbing the tranquility of the public virtue.

Mr. Senator Ely, friend of man, proposes to follow the dictates of common sense in this matter, by making it easier for blackguards to bruise their way into office, and to break the heads of all citizens who call public attention to the fact.

A VALEDICTION.

A WEEK or two since the Rev. Dr. Gannett preached the last sermon in the old Federal Street Meeting-house in Boston previous to the destruction of the old building and the removal of the society to another part of the city.

This old, dingy brick church, with its feeble spire, had a peculiar, an unequaled historic interest as the scene of the preaching of the celebrated William Ellery Channing. Dr. Channing died seventeen years ago; but his influence will never die out of American social and intellectual development.

He was in point of time the father of that liberal intellectual movement in this country which is the direct result of the Protestant Reformation, and is peculiarly sympathetic with the American character and civilization. That "Peace on earth, good will to men," which is the substantial aim of the Christian or humanitarian movement in all its forms, was the soul of his preaching as it was the life of him. The contemporary theology of American thought, whatever creed they may profess, or to whatever party they belong, are mainly his disciples. And the tendency of our civilization, in its broad and benignant humanity, is the natural development of the great principles for which his name will be always associated.

A shy valetudinarian—a man of delicate perceptions, of exquisite and almost dainty tastes, and of a lofty and invincible moral heroism—a retiring scholar, a faithful friend, living at once out in our social society, nothing was so dear to him as his own profound meditation of God, and he strove, not with a simple, glowing eloquence which captivated even those whom it did not convince, while it carried the conviction often almost by force to the subtlety of its grasp upon the most hoary intellects.

As time passes and the earlier part of this century becomes more illustrious while it recedes, as great Ideas become more imposing when you trace away from it, the influence of Dr. Channing upon the moral life of the world will be more plainly discerned. Many a thought which stands symmetrical in the lyrical line of our wisest thinker, like a perfect rose in a garden, was a germ dropped from that rich soil by Dr. Channing. Many a human impulse which, with the direct eloquence of an utterance by our most popular orator, shakes the hearts of thousands of men and women, arose originally from the heart of Dr. Channing. How many a man hereafter will seek in vain, and grieve that he can not see, the building consecrated in our history by the presence and voice of such a teacher!

It is a remarkable coincidence, which history will not forget, that on the other side of the street on which the name of Dr. Channing is given, the palace of the Bishop of the Roman Catholics of Boston. One of the new churches of that faith, and the future, touched so nearly upon Puritan soil! And that some history will not forget the general tendency of the fact that the leaders of the old and the new were both full of the love which is the fulfilling of law, and repentance of sin.

The good Cardinal Cheverus was for a long time Catholic Bishop of Boston while Dr. Channing was a prominent Unitarian minister. Dr. Channing up was summoned home to France and a cloud of enthusiasm filled the streets of Bordeaux as he passed with only the trunk which twenty-seven years before he had brought to America. His house, the church, and his familiar converse, he gave to his diocese, and his history to his episcopal successors. It has been said that Dr. Channing's name would solicit a comparison between himself and the declared Cheverus.

Who can help regretting that the necessities of our expanding cities gradually obliterate the places hallowed by great men?

THE LOUNGER'S LITTER-BOX.

—L. M., Austinburg, Ohio, who wishes to know where and when Longfellow and Poe were born, and where Hemans was married, will find the information in Duyckinck's Cyclopedia of American Literature and Chambers's English Literature.

—W. W. M. M., Salem, Indiana, who wishes "if Harpers to put some cuts of their establishment in the *Weekly*," and according a charming little sentiment, profusely illustrated, in one of Abbott's Story Books.

—A WELL WISHER, New York, should have signed his name to his note, or else have made the initials serve to conceal the initials stamped upon the corner of his paper! If he writes a book which he accordingly sends in the corner of his thinks "good" in a business point of view, he will have no difficulty in making a favorable bargain with the publishers. It is no matter what kind of book it is, so he be morally correct. The Harpers have published a book which the Bishop reveals in the form he describes, the price varying from two to eight shillings. It is not possible to say what the price of your book will make a printed page without knowing the size of the manuscripts and of the page.

—Common humanity insists upon the concealment of the name and residence of the writer of the following letter:

"MR. LOUNGER.—Please, sir, tell me the feminine termination of *Julius Cæsarius*, for I have found many in whom the name would be very applicable. Even with my extensive acquaintance I have found only *Julius Cæsarius* and *Jemima*, I think, very applicable.

"Yours, &c."

—W. V. A., Detroit, Michigan, wishes to know if the Lounger were correct in calling Guy, Earl of Warwick, "the King-Maker." Certainly not; it was a ship. The nursery hero, and slayer of the dun cow took the *put* of Richard Neville, Earl of Warwick, and King-Maker.

—BUTE HAYES, Ravenscroft, Georgia. No, madam, the Lounger never saw the verses before, nor does he think them very fine. Bonland is, undoubtedly, dead.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRIDAY EVENING, March 19, 1859.

THE week has been less active than usual in business and monetary circles. The import of Dry Goods is scarcely larger than that of the corresponding week of 1858. Merchandise generally is quiet.

There is increased ease in the money market. Call loans are offered to the brokers at 4 per cent., and first-class short acceptances are done at 5; 4 and 6 months' paper at 6 @ 7. Exchange on London continues firm, at rates which allow the shipment of specie.

The Stock Exchange has been active in speculation, and the bears constitute a majority of the board.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Saturday, March* 19, 1859.

THE WHOLESALE TRADE in Dry Goods is rather quiet for the principal kinds of breadstuffs during the week. The usual assortment of Spring goods is coming to hand in small lots.

Groceries have been tolerably active, and prices have been very well sustained. Provisions have been in fair request, and firm, bringing rather higher rates.

Ashes, Beeswax, Dry Codfish, Hay, Tobacco, and Wool have been in moderate request, and generally sustained.

Naval Stores have declined slightly, and with more offering, while Sole Leather has been in demand at steady prices. Chocolate stocks of Dry Goods have been offered rather sparingly at very full rates. The demand for Hardware has been brisk. Prices at the close of week's imports of Dry Goods has been $733,792 against $647,417 the same week last year. The total imports for January I have been $17,590,977 against $11,367,709 same time last year. The exports in other articles of domestic have not been productive of any remarkable changes.

The following are the closing rates of Cattle, Sheep, and Swine in the New York market:

Common Steers, per 100 lbs.	$4 75	@ $5 00
Common State Heifers, per head	30 00	35 00
Superfine to Extra Western, per barrel	5 55	@ 6 10
Western Canal, barrel	4 70	@ 5 00
Fancy to extra Genesee, per barrel	5 80	@ 6 00
Ohio, common to fancy	5 00	@ 5 75
Mixed to Extra Southern, per barrel	6 75	@ 8 75
Rye flour, fine to superfine, per bbl.	4 50	@ 4 75
Corn Meal, per barrel	3 75	@ 4 85
Wheat, Chicago Spring	1 40	@ 1 45
Wheat, Milwaukee Club	1 45	@ 1 50
Mixed Western Corn, per bushel	65	@ 65
Yellow Corn	67	@ 68
Rye, per bushel	88	@ 90
Barley, per bushel	80	@ 85
Western Oats, per bushel	40	@ 43
Canada Oats, per bushel	43	@ 45
Jersey and Penn. Oats, per bushel	51	@ 53
Barley, per bushel	80	@ 85
Cotton, middlings, per pound	11	@ 11
Hay, per 100 lbs.	77 1/2	@ 80
Prime Pork, per barrel	13 50	@ 13 50
Mess Pork, per barrel	15 25	@ 15 50
Prime Mess Pork, per barrel	14 50	@ 14 50
Lard, per pound	11@	12
Western Bacon, per pound	10	@ 10
Western Butter, per pound	10	@ 17
Ohio, fine, per pound	14	@ 15
Rice, per 100 pounds	$ 3 25	@ 4 50
Tallow, per pound	10	@ 10
Cuba Sugar, per pound	6@	7
Cuba Molasses, per gallon	30	@ 32
New Orleans Sugar, per pound	6@	8
New Orleans Molasses, per gallon	30	@ 32
Cuba Coffee, per pound	10	@ 10
Oolong Teas, per pound	30	@ 65
Gunpowder Teas, per pound	40	@ 60
Hops, new, per pound	10	@ 15
Hops, old, per pound	10	@ 15
Hay, per 100 pounds	65	@ 80
Straw, per 100 pounds		@
Crude Turpentine, per 280 pounds	$ 3 75	@ 3 93
Spirits Turpentine, per gallon	43	@ 43
Tar, per barrel	$ 2 25	@ 2 50
Rosin, common, per 280 pounds	3 00	@ 3 00
Rosin, fine, per 280 pounds	3 00	@ 3 00
Kentucky Tobacco, per pound	9@	18
Seed Leaf, per pound	9@	18
American Fleece Wool, per pound	43@	48
Pulled, per pound	40@	43
Am. Yellow Bronze, per pound	39	@ 40
Am. Refined Bronze, per pound	40	@ 41
Iron Gone Fashion, per pound	40	@ 41
Iron Gone Fashion, per pound	4 @	4 1/2
Large No. 1 Sheeted, per bolt	10 00	@ 15 00
Large No. 1 Unsheeted, per bolt	10 00	@ 15 00
Am. Hemp, unbleached, per ton	160 00	@ 162 50
Am. Hemp, unbleached, per ton	160 00	@ 170 00
Clover Seed, per pound	10	@ 11
Timothy Seed, per bushel	2 75	@ 2 75

The Live Stock Markets last Wednesday were somewhat depressed by the arrival of Drovers. Much stock on hand is limited demand, and were heavy. Veal Calves were in fair demand. The leading Live Stock Market last Wednesday was as follows:

	Number.	Sold at.
Beeves, per pound	3,400	$ 6 @ $ 7½
Cows and Calves, per head	90	30 @ 50
Veal Calves, per pound	1,200	5 @ 6
Sheep and Lambs	4,800	3 @ 6
Swine, per pound	2,000	5 @ 5½

The range of prices according to the actual sales of Live Stock on the leading Live Stock Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

	Market.	Market.
Beeves, per pound	March 16.	March 16.
Milch Cows	6 @ 7½	6 @ 7½
Veal Calves	30 @ 50	30 @ 50
Sheep and Lambs	5 @ 6	5 @ 6
Swine	4,800	3,500
	5 @ 5½	5 @ 5½

The receipts of Live Stock for the week ending March 16 were as follows:

	Cattle.	Sheep.	Swine.
Via Hudson River	1,200	2,500	1,000
Via Harlem	1,000	1,000	1,000
Via Erie	1,000	1,000	1,000
Via Long Island	1,000	1,000	1,000
Via Jersey	1,000	1,000	1,000
Via Central	1,000	1,000

THE TERRIBLE HOMICIDE AT HAWESVILLE, KENTUCKY.

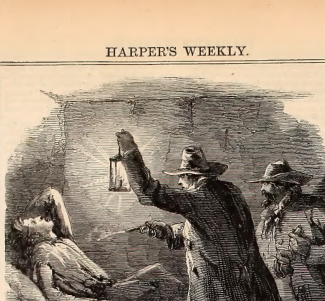
We are requested to give place to the following illustrated account of one of the most shocking scenes that ever took place in this country—being the homicide of Mr. Lowe, of Hawesville, Kentucky—in the hope that the horror of the scene may, in the language of the Grand Jury of Hancock County, "have a salutary effect upon the community, and may inculcate a desire to have the laws hereafter promptly administered."

We may premise by saying that Mr. Lowe was a retired merchant of Hawesville, and Mr. Maxwell a prominent lawyer of the place. They had quarrelled some time previously. The Louisville *Journal* of 5th thus describes the subsequent events:

"On Tuesday last Lowe sent word to Maxwell that he wished him to remain a part of the day in his room. Maxwell accordingly staid in his room, having employed Judge Yeamen to attend to his duties as prosecuting attorney. Lowe sent him a letter by a friend, inquiring whether he would accept a challenge from him. Maxwell refused to communicate with Lowe by note. Lowe's friend then asked Maxwell whether he could appear upon the street with long or short arms. Maxwell declined to give an explanation of his intentions, adding that Lowe might go upon the street when he pleased and as he pleased.

"Shortly afterward Lowe made his appearance on the street, and calling on Mr. Cicero Maxwell, if within the sound of his voice, to come forth, stated that he had been stigmatized by Maxwell as a political juggler, and then proceeded to denounce Maxwell as a liar, a scoundrel, and the son of a ——, repeating the denunciation several times. Maxwell, accompanied by Messrs. Harris and Morton, of Hartford, Thomas Withrow, of Hawesville, and Judge Mayhall, of Hawesville, left his room—Max cell armed with a double-barreled shot-gun, Mayhall with a rifle, and the two others with pistols. Maxwell, as soon as he got within shooting distance of Lowe, fired at him. The shot struck Lowe in the left breast, but he was protected by a coat of mail, which was subsequently given to him by Judge Stuart, of Bowlenburg. Lowe immediately returned the fire, and then wheeled and fled. He ran into a crowd at the Courthouse, where the Hon. John H. M'Henry, of Owensborough, made a speech invoking the citizens to do no violence, but to let the law take its course.

"Lowe afterward took refuge in a widow's house, but Maxwell's friends pursued him, demanding him of the widow, and threatening, in case of refusal, to demolish her house. She told him he was there, but entreated them not to injure her house, as she had no power to remove him. Three of Maxwell's friends went into the house and assured Lowe that if he would go out with them he should not be hurt. Lowe, asking them to spare his life, left with them; but after his proceeding some distance the crowd commenced firing. One of Maxwell's friends then said to Lowe that he could no longer risk his own life to save his. Lowe ran, and called on Harris to deliver him, pursued by the crowd, who continued firing. Aldridge, a friend of Lowe, ran with him, and fired once or twice at the pursuing crowd. He was instantly killed by a shot through the head. Lowe was shot in the thigh, and had a finger shot off, and his clothes were literally riddled, his life being saved by his coat of mail. He ran down to the bank of the Ohio, where he fell in a state of exhaustion, followed by the crowd. He fell on his face as if killed. Thomas Withrow had fired at him in the pursuit until his shots were exhausted, and after Lowe was down ran up to him, cut at him with a knife, but the coat of mail prevented the penetration of the weapon. This coat of mail, which was of steel, was so closely linked that a pigeon-shot could scarcely penetrate it, and it extended up over the whole of the back part of his head, being concealed by a thick wig. Harris, Maxwell's friend, went to Lowe to protect him. One man presented a pistol, swearing that he would kill Lowe, but Harris knocked the pistol up, and it was discharged in the air. Maxwell then went up to Lowe, and asked him if he would retract what he had said of him. Lowe replied that he retracted every thing he had said, and that he was a coward, and had disgraced himself.



THE MURDER OF LOWE IN HIS CELL IN PRISON.

"Thereupon Maxwell appealed to his friends not to hurt Lowe, stating that the latter had done all he could with him to do. The appeal had its effect, and Lowe was conducted before Judge Stuart at the Court-house.

"Judge Stuart made a speech to the crowd, telling them that they would have to walk over his dead body to do any further injury to Lowe—that Lowe had surrendered himself to him, and should be protected by him. A surgeon was sent for, and Lowe's wounds were dressed at the Court-house. Judge Stuart then took him to the jail, and remained with him till half past ten P.M. Nothing further occurred during the night. The next morning Lowe sent for Harris, and thanked him for his protection. He was still afraid of the mob, and begged Harris's influence in behalf of himself, his wife, and his children.

"In the mean time a rumor became current in the streets that Lowe had threatened to kill the last son of the mob, at the risk of his own life, as soon as released. Thomas Withrow and Dr. Davidson went to Mr. Oldham, the jailer, and demanded the keys of the jail. He refused to comply with the demand; whereupon they pointed their pistols at his breast, and said they would kill him if the keys were not surrendered. He surrendered them, and the two men went to Lowe's cell and unlocked the door. The prisoner in the adjoining cell saw them enter. Lowe, who was lying upon his bed, begged for mercy, beseeching them to spare his life for the sake of his wife and children. The prisoner of the neighboring cell states that the tall man (Withrow) shot first, and the short man (Davidson) next. The two then passed out of the cell, but immediately went back, and each fired two more shots. Any one of the six shots would have been mortal. Two balls were lodged in Lowe's body, and one in his head."

On 7th the *Journal* adds:

"The Grand Jury report that Lowe was proved to have a coat of mail on the day before the affray, but they say nothing as to his having worn it in the fight. Well-known facts can scarcely leave a doubt that he did wear it upon that occasion. Our informant, who was a spectator of the scene, says that at least between seventy-five and one hundred guns and pistols were fired at Lowe, and that there were thirty-two bullet and buck-shot holes through all portions of his coat, but that not a solitary ball or shot entered his body, or even drew a drop of blood. Heavily-loaded guns were fired at him from a distance of not more than six feet, and he was repeatedly knocked down and whirled around by the leaden missiles, yet no wounds except contusions were inflicted. The ball which struck his thigh made a very severe bruise, but did not enter the skin. Our informant saw a strong man strike him four times with a bowie-knife, but the point of the weapon turned without penetrating."

The Grand Jury have inquired into the case, and present as follows:

"In reference to the killing of Lowe, on the next day, when he was unarmed and confined in the jail, a difference of opinion exists in the Grand Jury. A majority of the Jury, however, believe that the lives of the two persons by whom he was said to have been slain were threatened by him, and would *have been sought if he had been permitted to live*, and that the same principles of self-preservation which justified the killing of Aldridge were applicable to the killing of Lowe. The Grand Jury unitedly declare that no great provocation to violence existed in this county, and that blood has been shed in the very presence of justice. They hope sincerely that the bloody proceedings referred to may have a salutary effect upon the community; that the result may inculcate a desire to have the laws promptly administered, and impress upon those who disregard the rights of others the certainty that, in the judgment of all good men, the law is magnified when he who without right appeals to the sword is by the sword destroyed. They all regret that the law should have been inadequate to remedy the existing evil. *It is plain the law must protect men, or they will protect themselves; and this Jury seriously fear that unless the law is made to act more vigorously, force will assume the place, and the rights of the citizens be determined by the strong arm of violence.* They also hope that there will be aroused the virtues of their own and the wrongs of the public will not so act in removing a public terror as to become a substitute for the same in the community, and that a love of law and order may, from this day, distinguish and redeem the citizens of Hancock County. WILLIAM ADAMS, Sen., FOREMAN."

THE PISTOL-SHOT.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

TREAD the dance, the merry measure—
Youth's the time for pleasure, pleasure;
Eyes are never half so bright
As under ball-room lamps at night.

"She loves me not, but mocks my pain!
Hard heart, good-by! the end is plain."
"There's Ernest, now—his looks are wild;
I must be careful of the child."

She smiles like a lady nobly born,
Half in pity, and half in scorn;
And then, her proud heart drunk with pleasure,
Goes whirling on to the merry measure.

"What's that?" "An idle pistol-shot."
"I faint!" "The rooms are somewhat hot;
This way: you need the garden air."
"Not there! there's something lying there!"

But back again to the merry measure—
The nights of youth are made for pleasure;
The day is long enough for sorrow;
Let her laugh to-night—she can weep to-morrow!

FLYING FOXES.

We give herewith a couple of engravings which may be of interest to students of natural history. The one represents a common bat, measuring from ten to fifteen inches from tip to tip of the wings; the other depicts those curious animals known as "flying foxes," and "kalongs," being the largest known variety of bat, which is chiefly found in Java and the neighborhood.

Common bats, which fly round every farm-house throughout the United States, are in fact only an overgrown insect, with a body but little larger than

THE CHASE OF LOWE BY THE MOB AT HAWESVILLE.

a "bumble-bee," and wings not twice the length of those of a "dove-it-a-needle." It is generally understood that, if confined in a room, these bats will cling to any substance resembling foliage; that, for instance, they will attach themselves to the hair of any individual who may happen to be in the room. It has been said that, in their agony to set themselves free, they will break their wings to pieces in the hair of their victim, and will so entangle themselves as to render it a work of great difficulty to extricate their remains. These stories are probably nursery tales. Bats are said by naturalists to be able to steer their course through the thickest foliage without the aid of nose, eyes, or touch; hence it has been supposed that nature has invented a sixth sense for their especial use. If this be so, how unlikely it is that they willfully run themselves aground in men's heads!

The flying foxes are a peculiar kind of bats, which flourish in Java, Australia, and parts of Central America. Their peculiarity consists, first, in their size: they will measure five feet from tip to tip of the wing, and the body will be as large as that of a fair-sized cat; and, secondly, in their singular habits. They live mostly on fruit. During the day they hang suspended, head downward, from the branches of trees. In this singular attitude they sleep soundly—so soundly, that if they are shot dead they do not stir, but hang on still as before. Thus travelers often mistake them for singular fruit, and only discover their mistake when they endeavor to pluck them. In Java five hundred or more of them frequently "roost"—of the word can be thus used—on a single tree.

When night comes they awake. Then comes the hour of danger for fruits. In Java they will clear an orchard in a single night. In the orchards attached to palaces every fruit, as soon as it is shaped, is inclosed in a sort of cage, to protect it from the kalongs. But for this precaution none would ever reach maturity.

In Central America and other parts of the world this variety of the *Chiroptera* is said to feed on human blood. Throughout Central America it is understood that if a bat of the large species once discovers a traveler nothing but incessant vigilance will save his life. If unwatched, the bat will attack him in the midst of his first deep slumber, and will suck his blood—generally from the foot—so painlessly and so noiselessly that he will never discover what has happened till, on awaking next morning, he sees the heavy clot of blood on the puncture. That day the traveler will feel weak and languid. The next night, when he goes to sleep, the bat—or vampire, as it is called—is watching him. No sooner has sleep overpowered him than the blood-sucker is at work, fanning his victim to secure his deeper sleep, and abstracting a still larger quantity of blood than on the previous night. The story of Central American travelers is that this operation will be continued nightly, unless reliable watch be kept, so long as the victim remains on the isthmus.

FLYING FOXES ASLEEP.

THE COMMON BAT.

Similar tales are told by travelers in other regions.

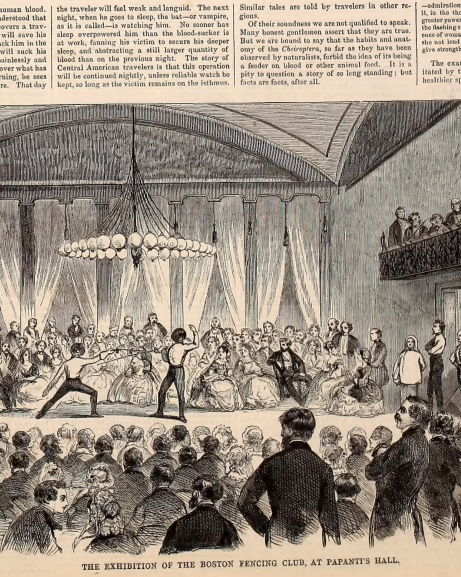
Of their soundness we are not qualified to speak. Many honest gentlemen assert that they are true. But we are bound to say that the habits and anatomy of the *Chiroptera*, so far as they have been observed by naturalists, forbid the idea of its being a feeder on blood or other animal food. It is a pity to question a story of so long standing; but facts are facts, after all.

FENCING AT BOSTON.

We publish herewith, by request, a picture of the great fencing exhibition given at Papanti's Hall, Boston, a few evenings since. The gentlemen of the Boston Fencing Club invited their friends—*la crème de la crème* in that cremnicst of American cities — to witness the sport, and never was fairer audience gathered to see a more pleasing spectacle. We copy from the Boston *Courier* the following account, which rumor ascribes to the Hon. George Hillard:

"Mr. Papanti's Hall — that place so awe-inspiring to the unsophisticated, so fondly regarded by those within the imaginary line bounding 'society' — was filled with a closely-seated throng of ladies, save only a square space reserved for the combatants, and that occupied by standing men. How can the general character of the audience be more delicately made known than by saying that it was composed mostly of 'people whom one knows?' The exhibition consisted, during the first hour and a half, at least, of fencing, the broadsword exercise, and the single-stick play. It is useless to attempt any description of what is indescribable to one who has not seen a similar display, absurdly unnecessary to one who has. Nor is it desirable to mention the names of the actors. Indeed, their dearest friends could hardly have recognized those who entered the ring—which we just said was a square—accoutred for the play of single-stick; imagine a cross between a suit of marine diving apparatus and an armor of the Middle Ages, the whole made of stuffed buckskin, and a tolerable notion will be gained of the general effect of the defensive preparations necessary; and even with these safeguards so palpably before their eyes, some of the spectators would occasionally wish 'they wouldn't strike quite so hard.' Great muscular power, dexterity, grace were displayed, and plaudits, even from fair hands, certainly from admiring eyes, rewarded the eager combatants. Here was an excellent opportunity to observe the natural effect of sports like these. For the first time in their lives most of these fair spectators looked upon a scene like this; they came, not knowing what they were to see: now look about, and note the expression of the different countenances of those unhitted witnesses — excited, pleased delight is depicted on nearly all: here and there a nervous anxiety of look shows an unduly timid sensitive but the general survey shows that pleasure and admiration and pride are in the hearts of the rest; pleasure in the sight of the skill displayed—pride, shall we say it, in the thought that in their own small land lay a greater power than swelled in the muscles which controlled the flashing steel. And why should not the refining influence of woman be shed upon manly sports? Why should she not lend her inspiring presence to exercises which give strength to the graceful, and grace to the strong?"

The example of Boston may be profitably imitated by the rest of the country. There is no healthier sport than fencing.



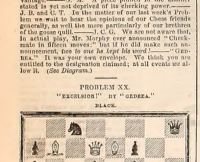
THE EXHIBITION OF THE BOSTON FENCING CLUB, AT PAPANTI'S HALL.

CHESS CHRONICLE

BY C. H. STANLEY

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. F. C. We have come to the conclusion to decline publishing Problems wherein *castling* is the main feature. In nine cases out of ten the inference, judging from the position, would be that either King or Rook has already been moved.——P. L. is informed that, having no other means of communication than a letter, we have to guess, and that he can send chess matters to us only through the medium of the columns of Papers. His solutions to Problems No. 207 and XVIII. are due in the matter of Enigma VI., wherein Black Pawn should be on Rook's third square and not to the *eight* with Black home, as would appear in the text. (This also to D. J. W. and some others.) We think, by-the-way, that it is necessary with Problem Solvers accepting an Diagram, as comparatively few people take the trouble to transfer the position to the board.——Additional solutions have been received to Enigma V. from "Pawnbroker," "Pawn and Move," T. R., E. W. Hall, and some others, and to Enigma VI. from "Pawnbroker."——Kt takes Q. will not effect the mate as anticipated.——W. A. J. (Yale College). Try again. (See No. XVI.) We shall be glad to receive the particulars of your match as it progresses (Yale College *vs.* Brown University).——Dr. K. and "Pawnbroker" will find many blanks. Your communications are always welcome.——We have on file another matter for examination, inclusive of communications from "Jacques," "Patterson," "Unity," etc. *Au revoir, gentlemen.*——Newton: "Problem Solvers and Publishers defy such as those consulted. Both parties are right, and both wrong. Mr. Staunton is right, and Black P. 2 to Q B 4th (not 3rd) is a fair move, and a good one, but it is hard to say that he is held at positive disadvantage——Staunton. A piece pinned in the manner stated to put not deprived of its checking power.——Dr. J. R. and T. C. In the matter of solving Problems, when we wait to hear the opinions of our Chess friends generally, as well the more particularly of our brethren of the goose quill.——J. C. G. We are not aware that, in actual play, Mr. Harrwitz ever moves his Queen's Rook in fifteen moves" but if he did make such an unnecessary move, he is by no means the only player so rash. It was your own invention. We thank you as well for the Problem as for the Enigma (shared), as all merits are allow ed. (See *Diagram.*)



WHITE.

White to play and checkmate in two moves.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM XVII.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. B takes Q B P	Q takes B
2. Q to Q Kt	K moves
3. Q takes Q (ch)	Kt takes Q
4. Kt to Q B mate	

(*) Q takes Q would involve mate on the third move.

SOLUTION TO ENIGMA VI.

White plays Queen to K Kt 7 Queen takes Queen Bishop takes Pawn, mating. If P takes Kt, Kt to Kt 6 dbl. check and mate.

GAMES.

The following hardly-contested played game is one of several contested between Messrs. Anderson and Morphy subsequently to the termination of public matches:

(Bishop's Gambit replayed.)

WHITE (Mr. A.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)
1. P to K 4	P to K 4
2. P to K B 4	P takes P
3. B to Q B 4 (a)	Kt to B 3
4. P to Q 4	P to Q 4
5. B to Q Kt 5	Kt to K 5
6. Kt to B 3 (b)	B to Q Kt 5 (ch)
7. Castles	Kt to Q B 3
8. P to K 5 (c)	Kt to K Kt 5
9. P takes Kt (ch)	P takes B
10. P to Q 5	P to Q R 4
11. P to Q 6	P to Q R 3
12. P to Q Kt 4	P takes Kt P
13. P takes P	Castles
14. Q to Q Kt 3	R to Q Kt
15. Q to Q R 3	P to Q B 4
16. Kt to Q B 3	Kt takes Kt
17. P takes Kt	P takes Kt
18. P takes P	K R takes P
19. P to Q B 4	P to Q B 4
20. P to Q 7	P to K R 3
21. P to K B 3	R to Q Kt 3
22. P to K 6	R to Q Kt 5
23. R to Q B 3	R to Q R 5
24. R to Q 3	P to K R 4
25. P to K 6	R takes P
26. P takes P (ch)	K to R 2
27. K takes B	Q to Q 3
28. P to K 7	Q to Q B 3
29. P takes P	K R to K 1
30. P to K 8 (d)	R takes R
31. K to B 3	R to R 6 (ch)
32. K to K 4	R to K 6 (ch)
33. K to K 5	R takes B (ch)
34. K to B 6	R takes R (ch)
And White resigns.	

NOTES.

(a) With the best intention of favoring his game, Morphy with a Bishop's Gambit opening, plays his Bishop to Q B 4th (a) and by the 30th move, unlikely as it may be, he will have lost a piece.

(b) Kt to K 2nd would have been better, as the Knight would have been in a position to support the Pawn at K 4th, and he could not be taken without loss of Queen.

(c) Had he taken the Knight with Pawn instead of Queen, he would have obtained a strong hold. The remaining portion of the game presents a result each move.

LITERARY.

It is remarkable and noteworthy that the most valuable manual of American literature should appear in London and be published by an English house. THEBNER'S BIBLIOGRAPHICAL GUIDE TO AMERICAN LITERATURE is a work of extraordinary skill and perseverance, giving an index to all the publications of the American press for the last forty years. The introduction, consisting of BIBLIOGRAPHICAL PROLEGOMENA, and CONTRIBUTIONS TOWARD A HISTORY OF AMERICAN LITERATURE, is just and admirable. The last-named portion especially presents the most careful, elaborate, and judicious views of the literary world on this side of the water that have ever appeared in England, not to say in America. Hereafter no Englishman who wishes to write about us, or to ask questions, "Who reads an American book?" The COMPTROLLER OF THE CURRENCY will find American authorship in all departments of science and literature. No one can fail to be interested in the statistics of the book trade here gathered. All the great publishing houses are described, and estimates are given of the profits of success in the issue of popular works, and of the general success of authorship in this country. On the whole, possessing as we do few natural aids, we have attained a more fair and satisfactory sketch of the progress of the past and present in American letters than ever, and the thanks of all Americans are due to Mr. Morgan, of the American Legation, to whom we think we owe the idea of embodying these various contributions.

We have received the sixth number of the MATHEMATICAL MONTHLY, published in Cambridge by John Bartlett. Its success is not only gratifying to the mathematical and scientific young students, but is due to the learning and ability of the contributors, who are among the first minds in the country. It is hardly to be expected that general readers will be interested in such an article as that by Prof. CHAUVENET, U. S. N., on MONNET OF INERTIA, but the student of the "science of science" will thank him for the attention to it as remarkably skilful and apt, and answering admirably its design in aiding those who are pursuing studies which require it. We also are also an excellent article for young students from Professor Mahan, of West Point, and many prize problems.

Coin collectors and all others are interested in American numismatics will welcome the appearance of Dr. DICKESON'S AMERICAN NUMISMATIC MANUAL, from the press of Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia. This is one of the most elegant works which the American press has hitherto issued. The typography is sumptuous, and the volume is enriched with a large number of fine plates, giving facsimile representations of all the American coins, from the earliest and rarest down to the latest, the gold and silver coins being respectively gilded and whitened, and the copper burnished. The work has long been needed, not only by collectors, but by every library in the country; and while we say that this, in style and execution, rivals HUMPHREY'S great work on the coins and coinage of England, those who know that superb book will understand the elegance of Dr. Dickeson's.

The author has given his attention to a full history of money in America. He illustrates the remains found in aboriginal mounds and the Museum of the Indians, then passes on to the Massachusetts mint, the Pine-tree and the N. E. coinage, and follows up all the colonial issues, and the struck in England and France for America, and finally to the regular United States issues from 1793 to the present time. The patience, perseverance, and accuracy of Dr. Dickeson are worthy of great praise. He has the entire confidence of us all on experienced collector, and it is a matter of astonishment he has made so few errors as he has, or so tedious and minute. The reader may judge of this when we remark that he describes no less than 72 gold pieces of the first Congress, and subdivides them into more than a hundred other varieties. Extraordinary care, in short, has also afforded him a field of interesting research, and the collector of American coppers will find his work indispensable. We have not the slightest criticisms of our author. We do not agree with Dr. Dickeson as to his conclusions, but we are not occasionally a slip of the pen, which he will correct in future editions. We are glad to express a hearty approval of the work and a cordial commendation of it.

Mr. James Challen is not only one of our most respectable publishers, but is an able author, and has published several interesting works on religious subjects. We have just received a copy of one from his pen, CHRISTIAN MORALS, published by James Challen & Sons, which is a thoughtful treatise on the morals and manners which too many Christians, it is to be feared, seem to think they live. Quite though they seem to be, they make the man in his relations to the world around him and it is the author's aim, well and ably to exercise the duty of clear attention to them in men calling themselves disciples of Christ.

Rev. William H. Lewis, D.D., the learned and beloved pastor of the Church of the Holy Trinity, in Brooklyn, well, some time since, several articles on the subject of CHURCH UNITY, which appeared in the New York Observer, and which he has written and amplified, and now published in an excellent treatise worthy the attention of all Christians, and especially of the Episcopalians. Dr. Lewis has the union of all Christians in one Church close at his heart, and believes that the Episcopal Church is broad enough in its platform and creed to receive all orthodox believers, while it has the organization which will keep them in other denominations. So far as his plan may be carried out practically of all other denominations, the Episcopal form of Church constitution as to receive all evangelical bodies into its embrace without sacrificing anything that may be considered as essential part of the Church. He proposes to yield, and asks others to yield as much, and meet on middle ground. This, if any, must be the plan. Not a new Church, never heard of before, but an old Church opening its arms. But is it necessary, is it desirable, will it result in good? Frankly; we do not believe in evangelical alliances. We do not believe that the churches of Antioch, and Ephesus, and Corinth, and Rome, would have a nearer alike than Methodists, and Presbyterians, and Episcopalians, and Baptists now; and we do believe that the variety of Church organizations now existing is a means of keeping up the learning and activity of the clergy, is the grand enemy of bigotry, and is the salvation of the world from that age of stagnation, gloom, intolerance, and persecution into which men would plunge rapidly if there were one controlling Church organization among all Protestants. But this is only apropos of Dr. Lewis's book, which is, like himself, learned, gentlemanly, and winning, and which is especially interesting from the speculation of its author, and a mine of arguments in defense of their Church against the assaults to which it is most subjected in this age and country.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

WILL THERE BE AN EXTRA SESSION?

The Times correspondent telegraphs to Friday 18th: "Senator Collamer still insists that there will be an extra session, but their resistance is all in vain. The President's mind was made up on Saturday last, as stated in Monday's Times, and his proclamation may issue to-morrow. Senator Douglas and Lane are still here, and so is Senator Seward. Governor Chase leaves for his Pacific coast home to-day."

EMIGRATION TO ARIZONA.

We find the following in a late number of the Galveston News:

"We had the pleasure of a call, on Tuesday, from Colonel Lockridge, who has returned from a visit to the Pimos from New Orleans, and left by the same train which conveyed him. Colonel Lockridge says that the means of transportation for the emigrants who are going to Arizona are ample, and that there will be from 1,000 to 1,500 persons who will leave Texas for those mines by the 1st of July; and Colonel Lockridge informs us that he will return to Arizona himself, and take the charge of the expedition. These visiting to join the party may have a good opportunity, either by coming through our city *en route* for their destination."

We read in the *Arizona Journal* that General Heintzelman will leave Washington in a day or two for New Orleans, and will be accompanied as far as Texas by "started who are to establish low-cost-order in Arizona." The *Journal* says that Governor Lane, of Oregon, will leave on his return to Arizona, and that two Abbott will be claiming admission to balonia Mountain Territory. We have only to add to Arizona that we do not write back the most favorable accounts of it as a mineral house for the precious metals, and as a field for emigration.

THE CAMANCHES AND THE OVERLAND MAIL.

The Overland Mail Company, as previously noticed, is suffering from the depredations of the Camanches. Some eighty head of mules have been run off in a district of Texas between Fort Chadbourne and the Pecos. Bullock's Station, on the Pecos, in that part of Texas every the company had purchased in Chadbourne and Texas. Mr. Bullock's establishment was the only one attacked. A company of Rangers had started in pursuit of the savages, and had traced them as far as the Clear Fork. At last accounts they were still on the trail, with strong hopes of soon overtaking them.

DIPLOMATIC MOVEMENTS AT WASHINGTON.

Mr. Bodisco, late Minister from Russia to Sweden and France, to Washington, are advertised to be "for sale at the Court-house door of Montgomery Co., Md., on the 1st of April, on the heights of Georgetown. Lord Napier expects to leave for England in a few days, and expects to be on the 1st of April, accompanied by Mr. Erskine, the present Secretary of Legation. Mr. Yrisarri, from Spain, is also living, from Vienna, Mr. Wurts, son of the member for Jersey, will be left in charge of the Legation. Mr. Calderon, who was in Washington two years since, is appointed Minister from Peru to the United States, succeeding Mr. Pezet, of Captain Hoyo. Of Court Battles it is said, it is not probable that Mr. Bodisco will return to Washington. It is now ten months since he applied for leave of absence, and the Emperor has not responded to the application with any decision. He will probably be appointed either to a Germanic mission or to Lisbon. He entered the diplomatic service in 1837, and shortly afterward Baden was removed to Ida Jassitz, where he remained some years. Mr. Bodisco was then appointed Minister to Constantinople and then to Athens, then appointed Minister to Sweden, and from Sweden finally promoted to Legation in America. Vicomte de Serre, his probable successor, is a Paris literary gentleman and a banker. He was for some time Chargé de Cabinet in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs.

DEATH OF MIKE WALSH.

The body of Mike Walsh was found five o'clock on Thursday morning by a policeman at the foot of the stairs leading to the basement of his dwelling in Avenue A, a pool of blood marked where his head lay, his gold watch, pocket-book, and money untouched. The first presumption at first was that he had been murdered. A post-mortem examination, however, has shown that his immediate cause of death was congestion of the brain, and that he had fallen down the stairs in a fit. He was in his usual health on Wednesday evening, when he left his office to sleep while intestated, and this came to his death. He was born in the County Cork, Ireland, and was about to place on Sunday from his late residence in Twenty-first street. He was a member of Tammany Hall General Committee.

HOOPS THE MEANS OF SAVING LIFE.

We were informed, says the *Asheville Spectator*, by a citizen of Buncombe county, that a most remarkable escape from drowning of Mr. Robert Anderson, wife, by the following circumstance: Mr. Anderson, with his wife, to us, are as follows:

Mr. Anderson believes, a citizen of our District, his wife, two children, and sister, left home on Saturday last for Greenville, South Carolina. Mr. Anderson, Mrs. Anderson, George Anderson, of Spartanburg District, and while crossing the Saluda river, at the ford, the water being somewhat out of the banks, Mrs. Anderson's horse became frightened attacked with 'blind staggers,' and fell overboard, nearly drowning all in carriage. Mr. Anderson, with great presence in the general scuffle to extricate the animal, lost his hold on the carriage, and was carried down the stream by the concurrent driving rapidly—the river being considerably swollen. Mr. Anderson, seeing that there was no alternative but to go over the dam, gathered his hoop-skirt around him and went over. He succeeded in his wife and sister in do the same, which they did. Mr. A. says that he was under the water for a considerable time, but was not drowned, as he retained his presence of mind in a manner drowned, when she was rescued by a negro, who, seeing the accident, came to their assistance in a boat to save life. She was unconscious when first taken from the water, but after some time recovered, and is doing well. The young lady, the sister of Mr. A., fortunately, at last in the boat, and was rescued without injury. Mr. Anderson's other sister-in-law, by having on a hoop-skirt, which we understand, so completely supported her that she suffered very little from the accident, more than a slight wetting. Mr. Anderson's horse, after about five minutes time, was seen from the bank by the ferryman, in the middle of the stream, still it passed over the dam, and in it performed with perfect safety, dragging the dead horse, which was drowned by falling overboard, with it.

The above incident is remarkable enough, and should be a warning to those who neglect to detach their horses from the carriage after such an accident. The strongest arguments we have seen in favor of the hoop, which, in this instance, served as an excellent substitute for a life preserver."

TERRIBLE MURDER AT HARTFORD.

The Hartford *Courant*, March 14, says: "Yesterday afternoon there occurred, at No. 34 South Willard Street, the most horribly cool-blooded and atrocious murder that it was ever our painful duty to chronicle. It appears that Christopher C. Colton, whose wife some few years since procured a bill of divorce from him, on the ground of habitual drunkenness and cruelty, has, since that time followed her with continued persecution, and finally has patiently threatened to take her life and to kill her on her sight. Yesterday afternoon, at about 3 P. M., at the house of his brother, James H. Colton, baker, No. 34 South Willard Street, he met her in the entry of the house, and, drawing a pistol, shot her through the left breast. Christopher was sitting in one of the lower rooms, and, hearing the report, rushed out, and found his wife, who has, since the divorce, taken her maiden name of Sarah Ann Bunce, lying on the entry floor. He was advanced to his wife and endeavored to take her hand, but she pushed him away, saying that the ball in her hand was nor sore, and that she did not wish to have him touch her. Mr. Colton then went into a lower the room, when he followed her, caught her by the hair of the head, and, drawing a knife, cut her throat to the point just below the ear, making a deep incision and severing the carotid artery. Death was instantaneous. Mr. Colton then left the house, and, after the perpetrating of any kind, but remarking that he 'hoped she was satisfied, three hid thereby escaped, and, having a sharp-edged knife—under the table, and proceeded leisurely to the residence of Mr. Colton's brother-in-law, some four that were stored there. The intimates of the house were, at the time of the murder, in the basement kitchen, the excitement by the terrible event that had just transpired, and consequently no one saw the murderer escape. He was so much hold in dread by those present, who fearing that he would be shot down by the police, that no effort was made to arrest him. He was seen by a number on the house unmolested. From the hotel he walked to the county house of correction, and delivered himself up to the Deputy Sheriff Tucker, where he was arrested."

A VILLAGE OVERFLOWED.

The village of Bellows Falls, Vermont, was partially submerged a few days since by the breaking of the dam at the head of the falls, on the Connecticut River, at Lake. The dam across the Upper Lake first gave way, and the water rushed down the river in a flood. The dam at the head of the falls, which was built of solid stone, filled poured in a torrent through the village, carrying away the lower part of the building, and doing a large amount of property. The disaster occurred at about five o'clock in the morning, and in the darkness of the midnight. They were aroused by the noise of the water rushing through the houses. The Bellows Falls Hotel, Fulmer's Hotel were the first to suffer. Every the inhabitants were obliged to leave their houses in a hurry. Mr. Ging and family had to wade to the second story, and only escaped with their lives. Many were driven to the roofs, and passed the night shivering. Mrs. Mrs. Palmer's store and dwelling, and the large brick store of Mr. Weedhall's cotton-mill was carried away. The loss of property is estimated at from $30,000 to $40,000. Many houses, barns, bridges and aqueducts were destroyed, and a large village was rendered desolate. The damage done to the dam is not a mile. The loss of property is estimated at $30,000. Many houses, barns, bridges and aqueducts were destroyed. Some fifty years ago the same village was flooded by a like occurrence.

STRANGE STORY OF A MURDERER.

We read in the Boston *Journal*: "Under the care of Isabel, the supposed murderer of his wife and child, Mr. Rockwell, of Bridgewater, has recovered his mind, and child mysteriously disappeared fifteen years ago, and from the first resistance now to the statement of the dead, their remains were never discovered. Isabel is now lived in Illinois. He has a fine property, and is insane feeling, and Rockwell was placed on trial for the alleged murder of his wife and child. He was found guilty of murder in the second degree, and was sentenced to the term of years. At the expiration of his term he was released from prison, and returned to his home in the vicinity of Ithaca and child. After an exciting trial, in which he defended himself with great ingenuity, he was found guilty of the murders of great legal research, he was found guilty of murder in the first degree, and was sentenced to be executed in the Tompkins County jail, and after a long absence was released from prison. He returned to his home, and he frozen both feet, from the effects of which he is still lame. He has since lived with his family in the village. Terminier his case was carried to the Court of Appeals, where it was decided that the testimony of the wife and bodies of the alleged victims before the murder could be admitted, and a new trial was granted, resulting in his acquittal."

THE PROPOSED RESCUE.

The Times says: "Mrs. Ellison and Tompkins County, Long Island would not be surprised to hear that Mrs. Ellison had been rescued from her captors. She has her own hands and administer summary punishment upon them. She has been known to have knocked down with a bible headed with the words, 'Shall the murderer escape punishment?' Mrs. Ellison's friends in the county of Ithaca and Tompkins County to meet the head in them on the subject of the murder of Mrs. Ellison's child, and the method of disposing of the wife and child murderer. It is understood that the plan of rescue is that the wife would have been attached, the doors driven in, and Mrs. Ellison carried off by force. Mrs. Ellison is now in a building fitted in and about Ithaca. The Sheriff of Tompkins County has been notified of the proposed rescue, and has taken measures to prevent it. Mrs. Ellison is retired again in a coat of emergency, quietly removed from the jail to the residence of the Sheriff, and is now confined to the steamboat landing; placed Rudolf on board, and started for Albany. Mrs. Ellison is said to be endeavored to get him in at the prison, but, of course, was not allowed to do so. Rudolf was placed in Sheriff Hoskins, who opened his door, and Rudolf was immediately placed within the walls of the prison."

FINAL DECISION OF THE PEOPLE.

The Iowa Legislature has passed a bill to be presented at Ithaca with reference to the case of Rudolf, accused of the murder of Ellison's wife and child, and that he has been granted a new trial, after having been convicted of murder in the first degree, and sentenced to be hung on Wednesday evening, at which it was resolved that Rudolf shall be hung between the hours of 10 and 2 o'clock. A draft was raised for the prosecution of a further search for the remains of the murdered child, and the murderer's wife.

PERSONAL.

Richard Colden was Deputy Postmaster Bridge, at his way to Illinois. The Buffalo Commercial says: "It is a remarkable fact that there is not a single native of Buffalo. He was here many years ago, and his leading characteristic was his love of fun and practical jokes. He rode a bedroom wherein about thirty-five men raised to the Legislature, and he was the only man here who which the best assigned to Mr. Colden, who explained to the House the nature of the joke perpetrated upon them being in favor of having a separate bedroom. The Hon. Mr. Colden's reply was that he was in favor of it, and would consent to it, if practically what it was." said Mr. Colden, "but, said Dennis, 'I am in favor of it, and would consent to it, if practically what it was.' and sometimes during." That is just such a room as I like. I like to be where I can hear the noise and disorder in the big ball-room."

The Boston *Journal* says: "Dr. Bailey, of the *National Era*, calls for Groups about the 1st of May, for a six months' book. He will be accompanied by Mr. Wood, editor of 'Peter Schlemihl in America,' etc. Should there be an extra Session, Mr. John Sherman, of Ohio, will go for one of the party. The statement that Dr. Bailey has been appointed Minister to Turkey is premature. He will summer with him, in autumn. He was invited but declined. Dr. Bailey's health is better than it was in midwinter."

A correspondent of *Bridge's Journal of Music*, writing from Cincinnati, March 5th, says: "I have recently returned from a letter he had just received from Mr. Sonnet:

"'Since I left you I had a voyage, which left me but days a wreck, and made me for a while despair; but

have followed with the greatest fidelity the prescribed course of treatment, and have led a life of perfect tranquillity. The morning begins with dry cupping for half an hour, then pleasant, but also *fare* quite tolerable; then more dry cupping, more exercise, avoiding fatigue; repeated dry coffs or bed illness hurt not the twenty-four hours' day of lukewarm and opposite of Turnbenstein. I may from these details be—— wrote me that you had expressed an interest in knowing them. The calmest physicians in Paris and those here who have made them-selves acquainted with my case, are of opinion that the cure of Mr. Parker's illness is complete. I am myself of the same opinion, and turn to my own medicine, which is now beginning, as it were, to be superseded by nature's own healing.

Dr. Shew thinks that "As the session of Congress will soon be over, there will be no public duties to claim my attention for some time, and I shall be ready to start on the 'three sheets!' "Meanwhile, having given them a good outing to my immediate friends, I have work to do. Nine, where I shall be a week; perhaps three to Rome."

Hon. Ballard Preston, Secretary of the Navy under President Pierce, died at his home in Louisville, Ky. He was eminently a Southern gentleman, and was born in Montgomery county, South Carolina, have been originally of Scotch-Irish descent. The general health of Wilmington, when old visitors to Washington in the early days of the United States Senate will remember one of the most distinguished orators in the country. He is, however, suffering from the combined ills of old age and of paralysis.

The Rev. Theodore Parker, of Boston, has bequeathed his "scrot"—not spiritual but military—to the State of Massachusetts. They consist of a number of rifles and cannon, with which his grandfather, Captain John Parker, defended Lexington Green against the British troops, on the 19th of April, 1775. The scrot, it is said, is worth a thousand dollars, and will be given to the Historical Society after his decease.

The Rev. Dr. Quarterly, of Philadelphia, preached last Sunday the last sermon that will ever be heard in the old Lutheran Street Church, so long looked upon as the home of Dr. Channing. The text was from Haggai, ii. c: "Who is left among you that saw this house in her first glory?"

Captain Daniel Brown, believed to be the last survivor of the Wyoming massacre, died in Luzerne county, Pennsylvania, on the 15th inst., at the age of eighty-eight years.

Mrs. Pendleton, a sister of the late Mr. Key, has taken his four children to her home in Ohio.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE TELEGRAPH IN PARLIAMENT.

In the House of Lords, on the 14th, Lord Wodehouse inquired if any guarantee had been granted to the Atlantic Telegraph Company. Lord Malmesbury replied that a conditional guarantee had been granted, but a condition of guarantee was, unsuccessful attempt to lay the cable, one of interest, amounting to £14,000, would be advanced by the capital, but contingent upon the success of the second effort to lay the telegraphic communication was continued without interruption.

THE NEW REFORM BILL.

Mr. Disraeli, in the House of Commons, upon the 28th ultimo, rose to explain and ask leave to introduce the promised Parliamentary Reform Bill. He would be satisfied in every part. A large number of Peers occupied the gallery, and also many members of the House. Mr. Disraeli, in a speech of three hours, reviewed the various efforts made during the history of the reform question since the ordinal century; and showed that it constituted the importance of population and property, by one a variety of reasons why the representation on those two grounds would not answer, and contended that the principle of representation based upon population was unstable, fallacious, and entirely erroneous, and had no strong ground about it. The principles of the proposed Ministerial measure he stated to be as follows: "In regard to boundaries, it is intended to make no change in the county, by conferring it upon those who derive £10 a year from freehold property, and £20 a year from leasehold property. In the boroughs, the right to vote is proposed to be vested, ordinary, and civil services to the amount of £6 a year, and dwellings of equal value are proposed to be equal to 6s. per week. The bill also proposes an educational franchise, by conferring the right to vote upon the inmates of all the universities, ministers of all religious denominations subject to certain reasons, all members of the legal profession, registered medical men, and a certain class of schoolmasters. In regard to plurality of votes, the bill proposes to establish identity of suffrage between the counties and the boroughs, and to confer the right of voting wherever the right of voting for the borough in which he has a property qualification, and also where he has his home freehold. It is also proposed that the right of voting for savings, and civil services to the amount of £20

THE PURCHASE OF CUBA PICTORIALLY CONSIDERED.

AFTER THE PASSAGE OF THE ACT APPROPRIATING THIRTY MILLIONS FOR THE PURPOSE, A.D. EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND????

1. Brother Jonathan proceeds to annex the lovely Miss Cuba, in obedience to the laws of manifest destiny.

2. The first consequence of the measure is an enormous increase in the size and number of the cigars smoked by Young America.

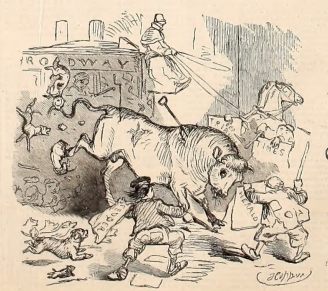
3. The market for young niggers is so tremendously affected that a couple of those interesting objects are sold for a cent, with guarantee.

4. Sugar and Molasses becoming dirt cheap, free lunches to small boys are given by enterprising and liberal grocers.

5. The United States Treasury, depleted by the transmission of $80,000,000 to Madrid, incontinently stops payment.

6. The Cuban Senators move that cigars be used in the Senate; which motion being carried, clouds of smoke obscure the deliberations of that venerable body.

7. The Juvenile American consoles himself by feasting gratuitously on bananas, oranges, and other tropical fruits.



8. And New York appreciates the change when bull-fights on Broadway become an established feature of the institutions of the city.

9. The only parties who complain are foreign nations, who vent their disgust in severe but harmless demonstrations.

THE EXECUTION OF THE MURDERERS AT DJEDDAH.

EXECUTION OF THE DJEDDAH MURDERERS.

We gave in a recent number an illustration of the brutal and fanatic assault upon the Christians of Jidda or Djeddah by the Mussulmans of that place. Since then, it is known that the Christian Powers have insisted on the punishment of the murderers. The Emperor of the French, whom certain English and American publications delight to abuse, has been especially energetic in vindicating the Christian cause; mainly through his vigor the chief criminals were detected and punished.

It was on the 15th of June that the massacre of the Christians took place. On the 12th of January last the murderers were punished. The persons chosen to expiate the crime of the infidel populace were the chief of police of Djeddah, and one of the leading merchants of the place named Amondi, who had been particularly active in instigating the attack on the Christians. Both, in company with others, had been imprisoned some time before. The energy displayed by the British and French Consuls—a remarkable contrast, by-the-way, to the inefficient behavior of our representatives in Central and South America—had succeeded in forcing the judicial authorities at Djeddah to institute a thorough inquiry, and to pronounce a righteous sentence. Even after the sentence was determined, the authorities were so timid that it was kept a secret, and to the hour of their death the culprits did not know their fate.

It was just after daybreak, on the 12th of January, that the sentence of the law was carried into effect. French and English vessels lay anchored in the Bay, prepared to bombard the place in case of trickery on the part of the officials. Before daylight the two unfortunate men were led forth.

The first was the chief of police. He was led into the square. His sentence was read to him, and he was handed over to an Algerian, who was reported to be familiar with the use of the heavy sword used on such occasions. Whether his nerves were shaken, or he had falsely represented his ability, he did not sever the head of his victim from his trunk before the third stroke—thus inflicting, it is supposed, much needless suffering on the wretched man. The merchant was more fortunate. It is generally supposed that he had foreseen his doom, and that he had used a part of his large wealth to secure an executioner of undoubted skill. The investment was judicious. At one blow his head was severed from his trunk.

When the execution was over, the families of the culprits were notified that the bodies were at their disposal. Thus the injury of June has been avenged, and a lesson taught the fanatics of the East which will probably be of great service to Christian travelers hereafter.

THE FOREIGN SQUADRONS BEFORE VERA CRUZ.

As the condition of Mexico is attracting no ordinary attention at the present time, we give a picture of the Port of Vera Cruz with the British and French fleets riding at anchor in the harbor. The admirals, as is known, made certain demands upon the place, in default of compliance with which they threatened to bombard it. Offers were made by the Government which were deemed satisfactory.

Meanwhile, it is curious that the policy of the admirals at one time induced the English and French residents of Vera Cruz to desert their own allegiance and place themselves under the protection of the American flag. Such was the case. The greatest indignation at the conduct of the French and English representatives in Mexico appears to prevail among the mercantile men of Vera Cruz, and strong representations have been sent to Europe on the subject.

At latest dates from Vera Cruz the city was in a terrible state of confusion and alarm. Miramon's arrival being expected hourly. A thousand women and children left on 24th ult. for Alvarado. The British and French residents made application to the commanders of the allied squadrons to protect their lives and properties in the event of an attack upon the town, and ten men are said to have been told off for the protection of each house. The

THE FOREIGN FLEETS BEFORE VERA CRUZ.

American residents made similar application to the commander of the *Sarmian*; the only United States vessel in the bay, and were, it is said, equally successful. The next steamer will bring startling news from Vera Cruz.

OUR COUSIN ALICE.

I HAD certainly not recovered from the effects of the terrible nervous excitement in the battles fought between Cawnpore and Lucknow, when I met again, after four years of separation, my cousin Alice. My brain must have been less steady than usual; and it was perhaps a little turned by my being regarded as the hero of the little world, formed by the county families and early friends, who met to congratulate me on my return to England from the seat of war in the East. I ought to have had a mother to nurse me, but I had none. I was an orphan. Tell it was to the house which, in my father's lifetime, had been my home that I came back.

There was the great down, wooded nearly to the summit, which I remembered so well, where the coursing meetings used to be held. I could scarcely believe, as I entered the drawing-room before dinner, that the same party which had so often assembled for the great gatherings on Morley Down, were not drawn to the place now for the same purpose. But other customs prevailed. My young cousin, Sir Reginald Moore, was no sportsman. The times previous had all the appearance, I missed them sorely. The old squire—my grandfather—had been more than a sportsman—a hero. His youngest and favorite son—my own parent—had gone before him to the grave. Our present host, the representative of the family, was a fine, passive-looking youth of five-and-twenty, fond of poetry, accomplished, handsome, and perfectly nerve enough to fire off a gun.

Our fair cousin, Alice Verschoyle, had always been a privileged favorite between us. We had been jealous of her smiles in boyhood; as men, we were still more jealous of her favor. She visited all the Crimean battles, and 'made the burning Indian sun, in the perilous march with Havelock and Outram, feel unnerved by illness after that fierce time of conflict was past, I had worn her picture next my heart. The cast had formed away a bolt that would else have pierced it.

There had been no avowed betrothal between us when we parted, but her fair form was pressed unresistingly in my arms, and she wept her long farewell on my shoulder. It was I who laid the cold Bermuda settles in the letters she wrote to me, but I never acknowledged the unfavorable, painting her poverty stood between us then; and now I had risen in my profession. If I feared her still in the same manner, and willing to avoid the vicissitudes of a soldier's lot, I meant to make her my bride. As I left her for service in India, neither of us were not rested near each other—and saw a deep blush mount to her face beneath my ardent gaze, I believed that we would soon be united by matrimony.

Perhaps she thought me vain, for every one was calling upon me to tell the tale of our Indian battles. She did not look at me; her eyes were quite averted: but other women were weeping as I spoke of the noble patience of those heroic ladies, whose names will be a history for ages to the valiance of suffering at Lucknow. I had seen those pale victims, some widowed, some orphans, all-most deeply tried by the privation and anxiety of those long months of waiting, before the heavy boom of the guns told them that the gallant English soldiery were advancing to their rescue.

Can I ever forget that midnight exclamation? The dread silence, the long lines of tents, the wood fall intervals, where all our care could not prevent danger, though when hole-hollowed trenches—and their brave but exhausted defenders had to pass. Thank Heaven! all went well—that no accident, no mistake marred the glorious end of our gallant chief. Our triumph would have been scant if one of that brave band had perished on their way to freedom!

Reginald had written some verses on the subject, which Alice had set to music, and I was soon a tear in her bright eyes previously, but they received such ample down their cheeks as the song my young cousin's words. I do not remember what they were, but I thought them scarcely worthy of the air which had certainly something of the precious drops they called forth.

A window was open near me, and I was not upon the terrace before the song was ended. I was alone; and a couple of persons who were seated on one of the benches sat against the wall, and talking earnestly; and did not perceive me. I heard a lady's voice:

"When her mourning for her grandfather is laid aside, Miss Verschoyle will marry her cousin. Sir Reginald has none of the fascination of the country. It will be an excellent match for her and had been long contemplated by all parties."

It was, nevertheless, the first time such a thought had entered my mind, and I was one of Alice's nearest relations—no near, some persons might consider, for us to think of marrying; but, if it were so, the same supposed to Reginald. It was the most cruel first cousin to each other.

At that moment there was a stir in the drawing-room: a lady had fainted. I saw her borne out, and the fair head with its long sweeping curls of golden brown, laid once more upon my shoulder by on my shoulder, was now supported by another arm. It was Alice and Reginald. I did not stop to look at them; one word from his lips reached me. I saw the look of intense agony on his fair face, as like her own, as he knit over the insensible girl. In one moment I knew that he loved her. I could not wait to see no more. I had stood five many times, but I had not courage to face the conviction that first glance of reviving consciousness might bring to me, that he loved. I read in the dreaming boy's eyes and voice was returned.

I believe I was half mad when I rushed away. I had traveled night and day to meet her; as I have said, I had not recovered from the effects of the injury I had sustained during the street-fighting at Lucknow; when, in addition to severe wounds, the beam of a falling house had descended on my head, completely stunning me; and but for the gallantry of my comrades I should have been left for dead, at the mercy of our savage foes—and now I had seen her in the arms of another. I had traveled for lips repeat his musical words; nay, I had seen her very senses forsake her under the spell of emotions raised by what appeared to me to be paltry commonplace lines. As I stood in the large hall where we had all three met in childhood, and which, as a man, I had so often pictured my return, the bitterest mortification took possession of my soul. For the first time I realized the change in my position in social position to that of my cousin. I, a mere soldier of fortune, who would receive in a barrack, climate, and a country on which, henceforward, women will look with dread and aversion; while all around me, in the moonlight, from the high windows of that noble hall, hung with trophies of the chase—with the banners of my ancestors, I saw the wide domain which belonged to the young baronet. Those were his deer trooping under the trees. The magnificent stag-hounds in the middle of the dewy lawn, the spreading elms and beeches, in the majesty of centuries, were his hereditary boy. What were a few years of manhood, a few years of service, a few wounds, a few months during death which had won for me no better reward than a few medals and crosses at which sin had scarcely glanced—compared to his advantages?

As I went up the stairs, each step awoke painful recollections. We had come down them together in the morning when I first went to rejoin my regiment, then just ordered on active service. How, in the gallery, I had stopped to look upon her own her picture, and, after some hesitation, the chain of golden hair that still supported it. I had been proven for me. Alice would not confess, but she did not deny the fact. I always believed that it was so.

As I stood looking down into the lighted hall, the persons came about it together: the women were weeping, and I needed to the support of Reginald's arm on which she was leaning. I heard him say:

"It is a shock, Alice, but she will recover. Will you never repeat, and with to draw back from the words you have spoken to me?"

He took her hand and looked in her fair face with mournful tenderness. I did not wait to hear her answer. I could not control myself sufficiently to move away quietly. As I looked down upon them for the last time, I saw Reginald kneeling before them for compassion, and was gazing upward; I even fancied that she called me, but I did not return or answer to it. I felt that I would have been if I had heeded that sweet warning voice.

I rushed to my room at once, and for hours I walked up and down, passion swelling within me like the surging sea. I felt that I knew my mood changed, my sanguine seemed unbearable. I was wounded at seeing one again to whom I had broke words of delight she had uttered when I came upon her by surprise in the park; our long interviews, unrestrained by the fear of interruption and present confidences. If no plighted vows had been exchanged, it was because I felt that I had none that we were pledged to each other. The words I had heard on the terrace now seemed to me like gossip, mere words, which any woman would bring her again before me, bright, beautiful, and truthful as ever. Jealousy—the most terrible of all jealousy steel rebuked; but again and again he returned, maddening my already fevered brain and overwhelming me with a sense of wrong mingled with excitement.

The same images haunted me when, at last, I lay down, exhausted by fatigue, but deeming it impossible to sleep, just as a dull gray haze spread over the landscape, and the sun rose in splendor which was soon to give place to the dawn. The last thing I had remembered was the sound of the birds and the old trees opposite to my open window rocked to the blast.

I thought I woke it was bread daylight. The sun was shining in, tempered by silken hangings, that waved in the breeze. Some one had been in and the shutters was closed, and the room, considering that the morning was so brilliantly fine out of doors, was unusually shaded and cool. I felt very faint; I recollected the train of ideas which had so distracted me on the night before, and remembering such as might visit a sufferer from long sickness or a prisoner, assailed me. I tried to start up from my couch, but a strange feeling of weakness in the limbs I had experienced when I was first wounded, came over me, and I fell back exhausted.

As I moved, a woman-servant stepped forward quickly, and in gentle, measured tones, spoke to me. I understood a word or two, and was aware in a mist came before my eyes, her voice rang indistinctly in my ears, and I was overwhelmed with a nervous—images of horror seemed to fill the room, and I fainted. When I revived, my mind was clear, but I could form no idea of where I was, except my vision became distinct, and I recognized them as those of my own room, which I knew I was too weak, and as I, the once strong man, lay prostrate, incapable of moving. I thanked my God for the blessing which it might be to me, and I fell into such guilt as in the visions of the night had been denied me.

I do no know whether, at that moment, any one was watching by me. The person or persons in the room, if it were so, must have been very quiet, for not a sound disturbed me as I recalled the images which had been present with me in that fevered dream. The room I was in was one that I knew well, and which I had occupied as a nursery lodge of ornamental stone-work, which was among the entire front of that old house. It was barely furnished, and I knew that I was alone, and that I had walked the whole length of it in my fever. In my dream I came to my Cousin Reginald's room. He was now the master of the house, and slept in what had once been my grandfather's apartment. When I was a boy, the kind old man had had an illness, during which my mother nursed him; and the servant reprimand I ever received from her was when one of the servants told her that Master Hubert had got upon the stone ledge outside his window, and tried to walk round to one that opened into the chamber where she was sitting up with the invalid. My father said then that it was a thing impossible to be done, but in my dream I fancied that I had achieved it.

My cousin was a painter as well as a poet, and the room in which I imagined him lying was full of indications of his talent, which were gentle and refined. A half-finished picture stood on an easel, at which he must have been working before he fell asleep. It was Alice resting a letter, with a bright flush of happiness and warm love in her face, and a most beautiful attitude, modified by some old classic ideal of loveliness, but with her features, and in a habit she at times wore. He was stretched on a couch, still dressed as I had seen him, calm, but with the melancholy expression which had startled me. His delicate, artistic-erratic features and pale complexion, which looked as if white in the moonlight, were distinctly seen in their regular beauty. I do not know what disturbed his slumbers, for all passed dreamlike in silence. I saw him, and, rising from my couch, he came forward to close the window at which I was standing. The ledge was narrow; but it seemed to me a touch would throw me off my balance, and precipitate me many fathoms to the paved court below. I was aware of a strange struggle with which I had steadied my footsteps on the giddy ledge, as I approached the open casement once more, the fierce rising of blood-thirsty passion. Though no words were exchanged, we seemed to know that it was death or life on the tottering ledge was passing between us.

How I escaped I do not recall. At this point my sleep must have been interrupted, for I remember—if no more of my dream, which chilled me with horror—that I had not continued to lay my human being during my slow recovery, and few words were spoken in my presence. I was, however, anxiously ill for many weeks, which had passed in the delirium caused by brain fever. My wounds had been reopened, and the ground which I was necessary above all things, the mention of any agitating topic had been carefully avoided.

I began to think that my jealous surmises were unfounded, when I woke up night after night and found Alice sitting by my bed. She appeared slumbered in her chair unchidden, while my visitors watched over me. I remembered that my cousin Reginald had left our house, and that she had overtaxed her strength, but Alice would come back to my bedside when I woke at night.

The horrid dream which had followed my access of jealous fury returned to me frequently. I rejoiced that Alice's sweet face was beside my pillow when I woke from it. Nothing evil could remain with me during her presence, and I must be took possession of my senses in her absence, bring my prayer before me that accompanied it.

I thought that the house seemed singularly quiet, and that my nurses were all grave, even sad, in their demeanor; but this was probably occasioned by the precariousness of my situation. Alice, in their opinion, fearing to excite me, avoided that; but I trusted that, with returning health, I should see her under happier auspices, and, if she loved me, I felt sure that, spoiled and petted as per less lovely than when she smiled upon me every hours.

No rival came between us now. My sick-chamber was visited only by the physicians, and by the kind neighbors who had been to see my son. Not a breath of what was passing without reached me. I had been ill for many weeks, during, for whom I was once more beginning to entertain affection, never came to see me; but pride restrained me from asking why they did not come.

Once, when I casually mentioned his name, Alice looked confused, and I fancied that she would grieve; her bright eyes filled with tears.

"Do not let us speak of any one but ourselves," she said, in a low voice. "They are worth. It may be selfishness, but I can not interest myself in any thing that does not concern you and me. Nothing doors till you are well enough to leave this chamber of sickness, and share the pains and pleasure of the world once more with me."

I could not quarrel with her answer, though I strove to chase away the tears that followed it, and lent her thoughts to brighter prospects. When I was sufficiently recovered to leave my chamber, I felt so weak, and as I, the once strong man, lay prostrate, incapable of moving. I thanked my God for the blessing which it might be to me, and I fell into such guilt as in the visions of the night had been denied me.

I do no know whether, at that moment, any one was watching by me. The person or persons in the room, if it were so, must have been very quiet, for not a sound disturbed me as I recalled the images which had been present with me in that fevered dream. The room I was in was one that I knew well, and which I had occupied as a nursery lodge of ornamental stone-work, which was among the entire front of that old house. It was barely furnished, and I knew that I was alone, and that I had walked the whole length of it in my fever. In my dream I came to my Cousin Reginald's room. He

was now the master of the house, and slept in what had once been my grandfather's apartment. When I was a boy, the kind old man had had an illness, during which my mother nursed him; and the severest reprimand I ever received from her was when one of the servants told her that Master Hubert had got upon the stone ledge outside his window, and tried to walk round to one that opened into the chamber where she was sitting up with the invalid. My father said then that it was a thing impossible to be done, but in my dream I fancied that I had achieved it.

My cousin was a painter as well as a poet, and the room in which I imagined him lying was full of indications of his talent, which were gentle and refined. A half-finished picture stood on an easel, at which he must have been working before he fell asleep. It was Alice resting a letter, with a bright flush of happiness and warm love in her face, and a most beautiful attitude, modified by some old classic ideal of loveliness, but with her features, and in a habit she at times wore. He was stretched on a couch, still dressed as I had seen him, calm, but with the melancholy expression which had startled me. His delicate, artistic-erratic features and pale complexion, which looked as if white in the moonlight, were distinctly seen in their regular beauty. I do not know what disturbed his slumbers, for all passed dreamlike in silence. I saw him, and, rising from my couch, I came forward to close the window at which I was standing. The ledge was narrow; but it seemed to me a touch would throw me off my balance, and precipitate me many fathoms to the paved court below. I was aware of a strange struggle with which I had steadied my footsteps on the giddy ledge, as I approached the open casement once more, the fierce rising of blood-thirsty passion. Though no words were exchanged, we seemed to know that it was death or life on the tottering ledge was passing between us.

How I escaped I do not recall. At this point my sleep must have been interrupted, for I remember—if no more of my dream, which chilled me with horror—that I had not continued to lay my human being during my slow recovery, and few words were spoken in my presence. I was, however, anxiously ill for many weeks, which had passed in the delirium caused by brain fever. My wounds had been reopened, and the ground which I was necessary above all things, the mention of any agitating topic had been carefully avoided.

I began to think that my jealous surmises were unfounded, when I woke up night after night and found Alice sitting by my bed. She appeared slumbered in her chair unchidden, while my visitors watched over me. I remembered that my cousin Reginald had left our house, and that she had overtaxed her strength, but Alice would come back to my bedside when I woke at night.

The horrid dream which had followed my access of jealous fury returned to me frequently. I rejoiced that Alice's sweet face was beside my pillow when I woke from it. Nothing evil could remain with me during her presence, and I must be took possession of my senses in her absence, bring my prayer before me that accompanied it.

I thought that the house seemed singularly quiet, and that my nurses were all grave, even sad, in their demeanor; but this was probably occasioned by the precariousness of my situation. Alice, in their opinion, fearing to excite me, avoided that; but I trusted that, with returning health, I should see her under happier auspices, and, if she loved me, I felt sure that, spoiled and petted as per less lovely than when she smiled upon me every hours.

No rival came between us now. My sick-chamber was visited only by the physicians, and by the kind neighbors who had been to see my son. Not a breath of what was passing without reached me. I had been ill for many weeks, during, for whom I was once more beginning to entertain affection, never came to see me; but pride restrained me from asking why they did not come.

Once, when I casually mentioned his name, Alice looked confused, and I fancied that she would grieve; her bright eyes filled with tears.

"Do not let us speak of any one but ourselves," she said, in a low voice. "They are worth. It may be selfishness, but I can not interest myself in any thing that does not concern you and me. Nothing doors till you are well enough to leave this chamber of sickness, and share the pains and pleasure of the world once more with me."

I could not quarrel with her answer, though I strove to chase away the tears that followed it, and lent her thoughts to brighter prospects. When I was sufficiently recovered to leave my chamber, I felt so weak, and as I, the once strong man, lay prostrate, incapable of moving. I thanked my God for the blessing which it might be to me, and I fell into such guilt as in the visions of the night had been denied me.

I do no know whether, at that moment, any one was watching by me. The person or persons in the room, if it were so, must have been very quiet, for not a sound disturbed me as I recalled the images which had been present with me in that fevered dream. The room I was in was one that I knew well, and which I had occupied as a nursery lodge of ornamental stone-work, which was among the entire front of that old house. It was barely furnished, and I knew that I was alone, and that I had walked the whole length of it in my fever. In my dream I came to my Cousin Reginald's room. He

picked up the sword-stick which had done me good service in the dark streets of Constantinople among the drunken Bashi-Bazouks and thieving Greeks. The sight of the weapon recalled the dream which I had had when I was first taken ill—I had forgotten it lately. Reginald's dimly-lighted room, the pale, graceful youth reclining among works of art with the pale gleam of the night-lamp shining on his handsome face. I shuddered, and was about to put aside the sword-stick, when some involuntary impulse made me try to unsheath it. The blade was rusted to the handle, and refused to come forth. My hands trembled; I was forced to use against the task; when at last, with a more vigorous effort, I succeeded, and saw a dull red stain upon the blue sheen of the polished steel.

At that moment my self-control gave way. I threw the weapon back into the closet from which I had taken it, and hurried from the room, and out into the door; Alice was shedding her parting tears on her mother's shoulder. The pestilence were re-gaining with difficulty their temporary ascend. Every one was crowding round us with congratulations and good wishes. I passed on unheeded on the threshold. Should I reveal the dark thoughts passing through my mind? After all, what was there? Mere vague surmises, based upon the airy fabric of a dream; while before me was life—real, palpable happiness. I drove these away from her parents, impatiently, but with tenderness, lifted her into the carriage; and the next moment the carriage was whirling down the broad roofs of the old hall, were fast fading from our view.

A month passed quickly with us. I think, I believe, that Alice was happy. For myself, I can not tell. I seemed to live in a dream, more real than the accursed vision which, day and night, was present to my eye, and ear, and brain. I found myself imagining myself walking along that giddy ledge, standing myself by the aid of a weapon down which blood was slowly dripping. What was it against that the nervous shrets and tremors which often shook my frame were the natural result of my illness. All that was soothing and gentle lay in her voice and manner; yet their very sweetness tortured me within the secret chamber of my soul. I had done a deed for which my life might be the forfeit. Had it been so?

Never was this sensation stronger than when we drove up the long avenue leading to our home. There were her parents, whom I regarded as my own now; the old servants, who had known us from infancy. Must I shrink before them, and in terror—a murderer? Would any one believe that I had done this most vile deed in my sleep—unconsciously—I, who had so much to live for—my cousin's death? and yet could the tortures of the prisoner in his confession have been greater? I almost endure if I loved among them bearing the weight of such a burden on my heart! Could I hide it from Alice—from whom we had all of us some talks with me, and were so near me in blood?

As I crossed the threshold, even while Alice was blushingly receiving her parents' kisses and congratulations, my resolve was taken. I would be selfish, put in practice. Nothing could exceed the surprise of my relations when I announced, upon opening the letters that awaited my return, I said that in one of them my immediate presence in London was required. That was but just before the time the train at the next station. I took nothing with me but a change of clothes, and my revolver-case, which had lain unnoticed in the dark corner to which I had consigned it; and, declining Alice's offer to accompany me, I left the house in haste, and was soon traveling through the soft darkness of the summer night, alone—and free from the oppressing the letters that awaited my return, I said that in one of them my immediate presence in London was required. That was but just before the time the train at the next station. I took nothing with me but a change of clothes, and my revolver-case, which had lain unnoticed in the dark corner to which I had consigned it; and, declining Alice's offer to accompany me, I left the house in haste, and was soon traveling through the soft darkness of the summer night, alone—and free from the oppressing consciousness of my self-imposed task.

I now heard for the first time the exact particulars of the state in which Sir Reginald Moore was found when his servant entered the room the morning after his death. Every one could be convinced that it had been brought about by violent means, but whether his own hand or that of a murderer had put an end to his life, had never been ascertained. Every circumstance corresponded with the images in the dream, as I had seen them reflected in my self, which had shown us his last moments. The absence of his weapon was the only point which was fatally corroborated the idea I had lately entertained.

There had been marks, my old friend was forced to confess, of some person or persons having entered the room by the window, which was standing open, but this was contradicted by the absence of any footprints on the border beneath; and the impression was that Sir Reginald had himself thrown away the weapon with which he had committed the deed. Search had been made for it, however, he said.

Though my version of the story was almost incredible—in spite of the many circumstances which told against me—my companions believed it. Not having voluntarily surrendered to take my trial, at the moment when I should have been the object of suspicion of my life, was regarded as a strong proof that my guilt was not premeditated. No walking man, it was decided, could have passed to and fro in safety along that dizzy ledge. I certainly could not have done it myself. Then the horrible shuddering which my brain was affected; beginning that very night, was ascribed to brain fever, resolved in my country's battles, made that illness very regard it as impossible that the officer before them, with the Victoria Cross and Crimean clasps and medals on his breast, could be a cold-blooded murderer. Those twelve honest men judged not by the dictates of their own noble hearts, and, after a short consultation, unanimously acquitted me.

But I had been arraigned before a severer tribunal, which was still unsatisfied. The revengeful, passionate impulses which murdered me in my sleep—which strewed my brain, and made me pass in sleep that fearful fluidcon which divides guilt from innocence—were still remembered, and lifted me with remorse; for me, the gifts of wealth and happy connections were as dust. I could not enjoy life under the shadow of the words that once were fire, or rewrite the scene of dreadful murder—he perished by my hand, or by that which I had deprived of life? Better, as it seemed to me, that I should have died, and my memory, as the men of my old regiment were perishing day by day—sunk into sun-stroke and disease, on the burning soil of India—have profit by the untimely death of Reginald Moore!

My preparations were made silently. I did not mention even to my wife the resolution I had formed to her, after the trial was over, she pressed me to return to our home. My command of my regiment had been kept open for me till the last moment. I took up my quarters in the London, resolving to avail myself of the opportunity which the wiping off of the stigma which, in spite of all reason, had attached to my name, still weighed me down. It was only after I had received notice that the vessel which would take me to Calcutta, that I should be about to leave her.

"No, Hubert," she said, gently; "I am a letter dissembler than yourself. I have guessed your intention; a word spoken in sleep revealed it to me. I took my resolve as promptly as you did weeks, only you have not had time to recite it. I am going to accompany you to India."

Alice was not less firm than myself, and her cause was a better one. Her parents, too, much to a grieved friend, were on her side, and urged her arguments. How it might have been if I had been separated from her, I feel that I am not responsible for an action committed when my senses were not under the control of reason. The stirring scenes in which I was soon to be engaged in part have restoring my nerves and invigorated my constitution. I was not the first who had been unscathed: in the burning jungles and against swamps, I have watched and slept unharmed. This year's, it was said, will be a comparatively quiet one for warfare; and, when peace is proclaimed, I shall be laid down my sword, and, retiring on my hard-earned pension, settle down in England, satisfied that manly, arduous exertion, and the remembrance of that providential escape when passing through fire and battle, will enable me to struggle with the pleasure which at one time threatened to haunt our pleasant home.

As I look across the thereafter fields, black and torn as if a country of border war, and the sky reddened—as the smoke mounts to the lurid sky of burning villages, and upon fire by a cruel design; in the wake of the army, despite the stern edicts of our gallant commander-in-chief, and the vigilance of the provost-marshal—Englishmen, and Sepoys, and peaceful homes, rises before me. I see the old manor house that I was born in, and which I return to me; and I hear, instead of the shrill rèveille and the dropping shots, the cheerful cawing of the rooks as in the days when I used to come before the squire's barriers, as the pack bursts from the kennel.

Transcriber's note: Text duplicated in original.

WILLIE'S TROUBLES.

WILLIE did have troubles; he thought he did, any way; and I suppose "three-year-old" troubles are just as hard to bear as thirty-year-old trials. He is sure about it. Why, Willie's life is a big parable of the grape-vine, this one summer morning, and he says so himself. "Ah! Willie was the happiest days now!" as she watched him coming up the long path from the poultry-yard. But Aunt Abby didn't think so. Willie's life knew well enough that he had been grievously ill-treated, and he had been left to cry by mother, who could be tried to wipe away with his little fat hand. He had wandered off to see some wee, white, soft, fluffy chickens, "cunnin' little things," he called that Margaret—or "Marget," as he called her—and Aunt Abby had warned "Marget" against them as they followed the old hen about, the tall Shanghai, known as the "big rooster," walked up deliberately and pecked the wee chickens fiercely, then putting his long legs one before the other, and they looked like an "action, off," which the Silbouter, leaving Willie looking at his empty hand in astonishment. This was what he was looking for, half-grown chickens, that he might succeed as he trotted toward home. Great additions to his troubles were the sudden rain, and the appearance of a gravel stone in his shoe. So he was thoroughly miserable until good Aunt Abby had bathed his feet and changed his clothes, and "Marget" had brought a bowl of bread and milk to comfort him. Then mamma appeared, and Willie was put to bed, where he went to sleep, and dreamed a red rooster, with a limp arm bonnet on its head, was eating bread and milk out of his bowl.

Little those of children of a larger growth, many of Willie's troubles were the result of his going out of the right path. Thus it happened that he was "so frightened to see mamma" when she came to take care of him. It was a bright, beautiful morning, and the hay-makers had gone down the hill, through the lane, and over to the "back meadows," their shining scythes glittering in the distance. Willie's father had gone, too, he saw, in the straw hat you could yet see far away. The cows had been milked, and they too had gone "down the lane." So to Willie it seemed that all the world was going that way, and he might as well try the same road. So he did; stood: stopping a little while to look through the rail-fence at the cow, which was not quite as tall as himself now: then he sauntered slowly along, until he found himself absent by the bridge over the little stream, looking off to where the daisies by the way he was walking to himself. He was getting pretty tired now, and the back meadows seemed to stretch out farther and farther away. The brook, too, which he began to look backward and upward, but the long hill hid the house from sight. So he sat down there that now began to small him, he saw "Tearsus" coming down the hill.

Tearsus" was Margit's corruption of "Taurus," as Willie's father was wont to call a mischievous young bull, a year or two old, who roamed at will from the barn-yard to the fields. When he saw Willie he stopped to look at him in a quizzical way, as much as to say, "What are you doing here?" I don't suppose he would have hurt him any way, but Willie didn't know: so he scrambled out "Marget!" over so many times, and every time Tearsus would come a little nearer.

Marget was wishing the churn-dash, and had just hung the clean white milk-dasher up in the basin of the cherry-tree to dry, when she heard one of the strange sounds. Giving her old head an expressive sniff every year, and saying to herself "Sakes alive, if I don't believe that Taur-us is after our baby!" off she started, catching up a broom as she went. But she was already too late. Willie was up and after her in a moment, wide awake, and ready for any excitement. Marget screamed, but it did not take her long to catch sight of the animal, who was now putting his head down in a very threatening way. It was now time for action, and could see Willie, who was cowering in an angle of the fence. A stout, hickory-handled hoe lay upon the buckle on his hat, and then she knew how matters stood. In three minutes more she had him to her own; while "Taur-us" was trying to punish the boy who jumped around him too nimbly to be caught.

All Willie's troubles were not experienced in a day: for the afternoon proved no more fortunate than the morning had been. After dinner was over, and he was comfortably rested from his fright, having a well about four inches deep, of very unreasonable circumference, he felt that he must go and do it like a mouse. But when, with much vexation of spirit, he carried a cupful of water to fill it, and found the liquid would drain it up, and then with a third cupful—brought the weary length of the double-walk—and found that it was all in vain, he was in despair, sat down under the old apple-tree, and cried. His hands and clothes being somewhat untidy in consequence of his "grubbing" in the soil, and hands being lifted to wipe away the tears from his cheeks, he was presently in a sad condition indeed.

Aunt Abby didn't think so when she came to the door to look for him. Both her dainty hands rest up in a homely way on her hips, and she called to mamma to see the condition that Willie was in; "chip-dirt" in his hair, "chip-dirt" upon his clothes, "chip-dirt" in solution on his cheeks, and "chip-dirt" in its natural state every where. He was voted under the floor all day every night, and he met with no more mishaps that day.

These are some of his troubles, and I will soon the lees real to him than are ours.

. . . . Time has traveled on. Seven years have come over our little land, and now he is eleven years old; taller, somewhat wiser than when we last saw him; still mischievous, though not to that "trouble" belongs to no age or circumstance. But now a shadow is on him that seems to make him any older. He has come before. "The farm" is to be sold. Father has become tired of the vexatious care of a farmer's life, and is about to remove to the city. As Willie takes up the village paper he reads:

On the 8th of March "the Willetts Farm" to be sold, etc.

His eyes are full of tears as he catches the sentence, "Also a span of horses;" for he thinks of the noble, gentle creatures he has loved so much, and can remember; and laying down the paper, the boy walks slowly out to the stable to spit their grain in behind and under their familiar mangers once more. They greet him as they always do; but feeling just as he does, they do not whinny as they generally do on the manger beside "Jeannie," and laying his arm on her neck he cries, with boyish earnest: and his eyes cry no more.

As he raises his head at last and looks out of the stable-door, he can not be sure that he sees a dimness, around whose foot "mother" has been so many spring times to gather the anemones and spring beauties that have been earlier than the violets; since: and remembering how mother has known and loved every one of them, Willie's thoughts cross him for the first time that perhaps she is suffering too in the prospect of leaving home, and with true unselfishness he runs to the house to look back, and thinks how he will be brave for mother's sake, and how he will not let her know how sorry he is.

Ah, sor Willie was a whole little fellow; and though the boy came to be a man who helped her household thoughts and look at all that was bright in future. "Jeannie" was sold, and the "span," "farming utensils," "household furniture," etc., all as set forth. One after another the familiar objects, that seemed to him part of himself, were carried off by stranger hands, and there only remained the animals not yet driven away by their new owners. His courage was oozing out at his eyes now, and he ran up to the south room to look from its sunny window as the neck cows were one by one driven away, and the horses were guided out of the barn-yard, and down the familiar road that had held rein over them for years.

But Willie was not alone. His little mother, as he called her, was there before him; and mother and son mingled their tears. Then they were cheered, and agreed that they must not let father know how sad they felt, because he was doing all for the best, and would grieve so much to know that they were unhappy. Then in that future that seems so patent to the boy—"When I get to be a man"—Willie saw himself rich enough to buy it back again.

We pass over our hero's college days, with their special griefs and woes. Jim Wetherell was the prize which he had only missed by want of constancy to a trifling rule; his friend and class-mate turned traitor to him when he should have been most true; and other trials of the same nature came to him as they do to us all. But the old, old story comes like new to every heart that treads the path.

Twenty-two, a profession fairly attained, a position fairly won. Now already have the baby touches had begun to fade remembrance of the sorrows of the past; and now he, too, looks at a little girl, regard within passing by and says, "Happy day! he is seeing his happiest days." But a sorrow is coming to him even now.

When he had left his home he had said "Good-by, mother," as he went to call her, beneath the spreading elms of the village, but right, as he saw the expression of triumph that curled her lip when he asked "if Southern ranks would bloom if shelled by a Northern band?" nor did he look at night the hurried adieu with which she left him. Today he will come, for there comes a time now, performed and visited, simply "regretting his mistake," he knew Southern rose was destined for a plaster's home long time ere since," said Willie to "Marget," and such like mockery, the bells of the South flung back as much as they sent out a heart as true.

How well he bore that blow his mother knew; now he suffers. One alone. . . . It was the one of his life, and its memory lived always.

The bright future in which he had reveled was dead, ambition was dead now, and he became wonderfully bitterly—from all but one—his mother. The boy's devotion to her was the man's idolatry, and the heart that must love some one soul turned warmly to the guiding star of his infancy. But the trial of the serpent is the fate of the eagle who lurks in the breast "that pillowed his baby head." With the same energy that disappointed love often has flung himself into business, until, at thirty, he found himself rich enough to realize the dream of his boyhood.

It was a bright, beautiful May morning when carriages were seen coming in the direction of the Willetts domain; and though "Old Morris" looked up at it, they passed him without recognizing in the gray head and face the "master" the master" he had served on the "shaver" he had carried. They knew him, and the old, white-haired lap-man was made to understand it all the tears rolled down his black face faster than he could wipe them away with the back of his hand. As he removed his hat they saw that Time had touched the woolly head, but that the sunshine of many years had fled since those happy days when they were an unbroken circle. "The face of the "Widow Willetts" grew pale as she saw the carriages approach her coming years ago a bride, or her going forth again. She had walked leaning on her husband at the gate, and her son, with the enthusiasm of his boyhood once more upon him, led her about to see the well-loved old place, improved since her time; and the vines had clustered higher, the shadows from the trees were more dense, and the flowers in the brook almost hid its silver light. In all his life he had never felt the thrill of happiness that he did now as he hung over his mother's chair as the old porch they loved and remembered so well, touching her hair, and saying, with a smile, how the gray hairs were peeping among them, but talking, as he did so, in a high-earth had some spot where sorrow could not enter, and this were one.

"Now, mother, I know you'll get well here; Dr. Grayson has got you. I feel sure he look better already."

She looked up with a grateful smile, simply saying,

"I hope so. . . . And her dark eyes were a little dim as she rested them on the fair face near that before the apple blossoms were turned to fruit she began to forget.

A something in the tones of her voice startled him, and as he took up the transparent hand that hung listlessly by her side he saw the hollowness the unwelcome tokens of disease.

"It is a little trembling—poor heart lear up bravely; it is coming. The light trials of the past vanish into nothing now as the dark cloud of foreboding settled over him.

Not the breath of those flowers that are blooming gave to him the sweet, yet melancholy, heartsnow-tree; nor the aroma of that lilac planted by her hand; nor the warm south wind that comes to us so refreshingly, telling of the summer that has passed; and, sudden still, not the tones of love that surround her can keep her here.

Still she sits in her old arm-chair to watch the setting sun go down behind the hills that rise from the vista of the evening glow from the twilight, and she knows that, when her sun of life has set, brighter than light of earth will rise over her eternal home from the mists of death. As she sits thus she invokes many a blessing, laying her hand on the head of her only son, bowed as it is with sorrow, and she feels that "He doeth all things well." A prescience comes upon her that when the last veil of earthly joy, is taken, he will yield the heart yet unbroken!

And it was even so; for before the Katydid had hummed her song his mother was in heaven, and though he bowed beneath the tempest of sorrow that swept over him, it pleased God to raise him up a cousin, homeless and, and the peace that passeth understanding came into his heart. When he told adieu to his old home he was accompanied to the station by a train, acknowledging humbly that God knows best, and that his trouble have worked out for him an exceeding great reward, even life eternal.

LIFE-SCENES IN THE SOUTH—ILLUSTRATIVE OF GOD'S PROVIDENCE.

A TRUE SNAKE STORY.

YEARS ago I was called in consultation to see a lad of fourteen or fifteen, a year or two after I commenced the practice of physic. He was very ill then, but God blessed the prescription and he recovered health, and has very recently moved westward. His father, an estimable old gentleman, whose friendship I shall ever value, related to me the following narrative, at the time when we were watching with anxious suspense the crisis of his beloved boy's fate. Said the old man, with a trembling lip and a moist eye: "Sir, if that boy is spared now, it will be the second time that God in his goodness has saved him from almost inevitable death. I have heard, Sir, some dreadful tales of the cobra da capello, the most mighty of all reptiles in the East; but there is none on record to match the horror, the dreadful agony which I endured when this boy was but four years old: the recollection of which still makes my heart stand still and my knees smite together again, almost as hard as they did ten years ago. Oh, Sir! others may have had the cobra wreaund around their own limbs, or coiled under their heads as a pillow, or creeping with slow pace over their recumbent forms as they reclined upon their Eastern couch, but never felt the torturing anguish of a father's heart who sees his beloved boy about to place his little foot into the wide, extended jaws of a huge rattlesnake, and yet with no power to arrest his approaching footsteps."

The good old man paused, drew forth his handkerchief to wipe the gathering sweat upon his brow, then bowed his head upon his hand and resumed in a lower tone:

"Oh, Sir! excuse a father's weakness!"

I immediately said, "Nay dear Sir, I honor your manhood! Pray proceed. I feel deeply interested in your story;" and involuntarily I drew my chair closer to the aged man upon which he was seated. Thus urged, the old gentleman continued his narrative in the following strain:

"It was a sultry afternoon in the month of August, and the sun had nearly sunk in the western horizon. At the request of my little George, then scarcely four years old, I sallied forth to one of my fields to hunt *bobwes*—a specimen of lowbush muscadines, very common in the Southern States, at the same time not forgetting to take along with me my double-barrelled gun; hoping to come across some squirrel who had been fattening upon wild grapes during the summer. I was walking at a slow pace along a serpentine fence, with my eyes turned occasionally upon the branches of the trees and then upon the low bushes which grew thick in the corners of the rail-fence which skirted the field. I was so intently looking for game and for fruit at the same time, that I scarcely ever turned my eyes upon the ground, nor ever dreamed that danger was lurking there. I had walked probably a mile, thus absorbed in my double pursuit, when I accidentally, or rather *providentially*, cast my eyes upon the ground, when, to my great and sudden surprise, I beheld a large rattlesnake coiled up before me. He had been perhaps asleep, or was partially blind from the film which covers their sight at this season of the year before they have shed their old skin; and then it is said that their virus is most deadly. You know also, that when in this state, during the months of August and September, when, like the chrysalis, they are about to quit their old shell—"to cast their old slough"—they are too inert to flee away, as they usually do at other times, at the sound of approaching footsteps. At this fatal period, as if courting attack, they are either found already coiled up as if prepared for contest, or they immediately do so at the slightest intimation of approach on the part of man or beast. Then, too, the virus of the rattlesnake is said to be most deadly, often destroying its victim in a few moments; whether because being so long pent up in the little pendulous sacs attached to each fang it has lost a portion of its watery elements by absorption, or by the process of evaporation, or rather *transpiration* from the intense heat of the summer months, the poison has become converted from a sub-acid to an acid of a highly concentrated and most virulent character, I know not, nor have I had the opportunity to determine. But pardon this digression. It is enough to say, and those who have seen this venomous reptile when fully aroused, will feel something like the ebb awe creeping over them when I tell them that he was a huge monster, with no less than thirteen rattles, which were now ringing wildly, and with an electric effect, which ran strangely through my nervous system. His head was erect, and turned toward the direction I was coming, while his eye turned with an intensely brilliant and almost dazzling light; and had I not been in imminent danger, I would have delighted to gaze in calm contemplation upon this most beautiful, but most deadly, of God's creatures—to look upon his eye flashing with anger, and his spotted folds quivering with wrath, while his dreaded rattles rung their fierce alarm upon the evening air, waking with confused and bewildering echoes the stillness of the neighboring forest. Indeed, Sir, none but those who have once heard the fierce alarm of this deadly serpent, when thoroughly aroused to anger, can imagine the strangely bewildering effect which it produces upon the hearer. The prolonged sounds echoing and re-echoing around you seem to proceed from no particular direction. Like the startling Indian drum, it rolls its war-notes upon the ground so that the very earth seems to vibrate and tremble beneath your feet and partake of your terror. Unlike the watchman's night-rattle, which summons the distant sentry to the sense of danger or of contest, you may listen in vain to ascertain whence issue the sounds which startle the ear or where lies the hidden foe. You seem to be surrounded by ten thousand attacking foes armed with deadly vengeance. They give you warning of their approach, it is true, but you can not perceive the coverts whence they are approaching. And of what avail is their warning? The whole atmosphere seems to be filled with confused echoes, blended and yet distinct; so that you are surrounded, enveloped by the terrifying notes of the deathdealing monster. At one moment they appear to be before and then behind you; on your right and again upon your left; and then again the poor bewildered victim starts with horror, as though he had heard the rolling of the Indian's war-drum under his very feet, or the stunning blast of Death's trumpet in his ear. It is vain to flee before you have ascertained where lurks the concealed danger. For until you have seen the basilisk eyes of the monster, and beheld his spotted folds quivering with vengeful ire, your safest expedient is to stand still; for you know not if, in moving from your tracks, you may not enter the serpent's den or tread upon him when coiled for his spring.

"If such, Sir, was the effect produced upon my auditory nerves when I could both see as well as hear this deadly serpent, what must be the confusion created in the mind of one who, surrounded by the tall grass or thick bushes, is startled for the first time by the dreaded ringing of the rattlesnake, warning him to approach no nearer, for death is in the brake and beneath the breast? To stand still is perhaps certain destruction, but to flee away is to rush into the vortex of almost inevitable death.

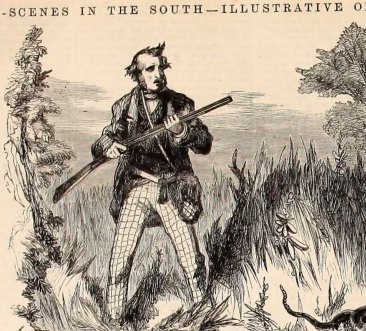
"But, Sir, I had no time then to pause for reflection. Indeed my observations were all made in a single moment—in the twinkling of an eye; for at the next step I would have trod upon his body. In fact, I had raised my right foot, and was about to make another onward step, when, looking down, and hearing his startling rattle at the same time, I beheld the terrible monster lying just in my pathway, but a single step before me. He could easily have struck me, for he was prepared for battle, and his keen, hooked fangs were even then filled to overflowing with the gore and death-dealing virus. But God held him still, and restrained his spring in the same way that He shut the mouths of the lions that they hurt not his child, Daniel. Gathering up my strength, I made a leap—a sudden and a single leap, in the air. You know, Sir, that, for a man of my age, I am considered an exceedingly active man; indeed I may say, without boasting, that there are few young men who can leap higher or jump farther than I can, when, in some perilous ball mood, I feel disposed to exhibit my agility. I was therefore, must have been a long and an almost supernatural leap, for it was done in a sudden terror; the consciousness that sudden death, in its most threatening, most forbidding aspect, now stared me in the face.

"But I was safe myself. That single leap saved me; and I felt certain that there was no longer any cause for personal alarm. In a moment I turned and looked back, with the intention to step my son George where he then was. Oh, Sir! what horrors! who can imagine my anguish then! My little boy, instead of standing as I left him, was what he witnessed my sudden alarm, and utterly unconscious of the lurking danger, child-like, pressed forward to his father, with forward his countenance, his little feet bending down lightly the luxuriant grass, and bringing him swiftly to the very jaws of the terrible monster, a victim to his blind rage, now doubly aroused because it had been foiled in his attack by my happy and providential escape.

"Now, Sir, picture to yourself the dreadful scene: My little boy is approaching the fatal reptile with fearful rapidity; indeed he is now but a single step from him—but a step between life and death. My hand is upon the trigger, it is true; but it is now too late to fire, for I know not if, in shooting the snake, I may not kill my child. Can you imagine a feud father's anguish then? With the weapon in my hand I dared not use it, but stood petrified with horror. My heart stood still, as if its walls had been pressed together in the strong hand of some giant. My respiration was suspended, my eyes were ready to start from their sockets, while great drops of sweat, cold as death itself, started from every pore. I stood transfixed as by the look of a basilisk; petrified with horror, as those who have been turned into stone by the gaze of a Medusa; and I gave up my boy as lost—hopelessly lost.

"But, Sir, a good God was at hand; a kind Providence was nigh; and, oh, how I do thank Him for his kind and merciful direction and interference in the hour of danger! And here the good old man bowed his head again, and a few silent tears of gratitude trickled down his cheeks. But in a moment he resumed his narrative in a more mournful—in less mournful tone.

"Well, Sir, I will conclude my story in a few words: As I stood looking in the utmost consternation, and expecting to witness at the next instant the fatal spring, my little George made the next step forward, and *trod upon the serpent's head!* His weight was sufficient to press it down to the earth. A few more steps and he was in safety by his father's side. The enraged serpent, relieved



"I GAVE UP MY BOY AS LOST—HOPELESSLY LOST."

"TRAITOR, YOUR DOOM IS SEALED!"—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

from the downward pressure of the little boy's foot, raised his head again, and rung his rattle loud and shrill as the death-cry of Satan's vengeance. But, blind with fury, he leaped in the wrong direction—the very direction in which he had last seen his appalling victim. But, thank God! his intended victim was safe now; and I had sufficiently recovered my consciousness to perceive, and then well pay, such deliberate aim, and fired. With almost savage exultation at my success, and then well my gun, full praise in my heart toward a good and beneficent Deity, I beheld the now headless monster writhing in the agonies of death, and I blessed God.

When the old gentleman ended his interesting narrative I thanked him for his story, rose from my seat, and extended to him my hand. He placed my hand upon the wrist of the patient; his pulse was now soft, and from 140 had fallen down to 90, while his skin was moist with a gentle perspiration. The touch of my finger woke him from a gentle slumber. His eyes wandered upon me unconsciously, but was surprised to see me there. I directed another potion to be administered; remembered him to sleep a long and refreshing sleep; closed the door, and went out with a smile upon my lips, for *all the cats in my house!*

"And how is my boy, Doctor?" asked the anxious parent as soon as I entered the parlor.

"Your son, my dear Sir," I replied, "has again escaped the grim monster, Death; and if my prognosis is correct, he is, under God, as much indebted to his infant's foot pressed the serpent's head upon the earth, and closed his wide-extended jaws that he could no more inflict injury upon the human race, than could the hungry lions harm God's prophet in the lion's den."

STRUGGLE FOR LIFE WITH A MANIAC.

NEARLY twenty years ago I entered the office of my old friend and relative, Dr. F——, as a student of medicine. I was but nineteen then, and ardent after truth; and having a strong desire to look into the mysteries of a most fascinating science, I doubtless often worried him with innumerable questions the moment he put his foot into the office to obtain some article of medicine or mix up a prescription for his unmanageable patients. But it was all in vain that I questioned him, for it was rarely the case that I or any one else could obtain a response to our inquiries. The old gent was of a reserved and droll continually in the land of dreams—ever muttering to himself, as if in close communion with some spirit—perhaps holding converse, as did Socrates, with his guardian angel. Be this as it may, he was a good and a skilful man; kind to the poor, amiable to the poor, and so benevolent and sympathetic that his own health seemed to be at times poised by the sufferings of others as the objects of his pity. But he has ceased his muttering now, and doubtless they have joined the choir of the just prize; for he fell a victim to the yellow scourge of 1854, or at least from a disease contracted in one of that insidious malaria which consigned so many noble spirits to the tomb. He fell not, however, until the terrible plague had nearly exhausted its rages, and the grim "conqueror who sat upon the pale horse" had nearly ceased the victory, and then was wearied with wielding his blood-red sword. He was one of the "*noble thirteen*" who fell voluntarily at their posts in the hour of their country's need, though possessing ample means both to retire from the scene of danger and to remain comfortably where at the same time, be scorned to turn his back upon the common foe, or prove traitor to suffering humanity. Placing his life in the hands of his Creator, all his perilous position; and if, like Bonaparte at the siege and tocking of Acre, he was hurled from the scaling-ladder, like him, too, he fell gloriously, sword in hand, and with victory shouted in his ears! If Death's hook flag had for a time been waved in triumph from the city walls, and if crape had covered many a portal, and mourning had filled many a sad face, he had the gratification to hear the music of the trumpet-notes of victory, and knew that Death's banner now trailed in the dust!

"His friends, who gathered round him, sad
Watch'd him, when none but God could help,
And the red field was won:
Then saw, in death, his spirit close
Calmly and in sweet repose,
Like flowers at set of sun!"

But if the good old Doctor was a silent and a thoughtful man, and if he usually held converse with his own spirit, and found entertainment by whispering to himself in the midnight hour, there were times when he was not only communicative to others, but even jocose; for he loved the world around to pervade his heart and fill his soul with pleasure. He was then no longer the same being; and happy the man who could find such a mood, and need, for he was sure to receive amusement or instruction. It was in such a mood that I found him, in answer to one of my inquiries, he related to me the following narrative, which, if it does not thrill my readers as it did me, will certainly entertain them with another remarkable illustration of God's wonderful providence regarding the weak and the frail.

"It was in the year 1815," the old Doctor began, "that I was seated, late one summer evening, in the front room of my office, at the dilapidated village of Parsybury, in a state of profound war of my practice, and I was then an active young man, for my arm was not then withered, and my soul was now, from a recent fracture, and my head was not then either bald or grey from age and anxious care and hard-fought battles, and sleepless, night and day, in all kinds of weather. I was then, my boy, as you, and almost as young, as you are; for I had not yet taken to myself an additional wife, and my soul nature have ordered all the sons of Adam to do.

"I had been thus seated for some considerable time, engaged in reading Dr. Rush's Treatise upon the blind, and pondering upon its singular conclusions in insanity, when Reason has been hurled from her pedestal, whether by the ruthless or suicidal hand of man or the vengeful wrath or beneficent kindness of God; for in some cases I contend that it is through pure kindness that God afflicts men with insanity, 'for whom He loveth He chasteneth.' Thus musing, my ear caught the quick and hurried footsteps of some one approaching, and in a moment a gentleman, whom I had known for some time as a peaceable and quiet citizen, entered the office and instantly seated himself in a chair before me.

"'Doctor,' said he, in a quick, stern, and dictatorial manner, 'I wish you to bleed me, and that right away.'

"I felt hurt at first at his abrupt way of speaking and setting; but on feeling his pulse, and looking into his bloodshot eyes, I discovered that he was laboring under the excitement of a high fever; and, excusing him for his apparent rudeness, I replied to him, mildly, 'Yes, Sir, I will bleed you, Sir, for, indeed, you need it badly enough, and right speedily!'

"He smiled almost savagely at my response, but made no reply, and I at once proceeded to bandage: and taking from my silver case a sharp lancet, I made a full, free incision in the left median vein. The blood flowed freely; and after abstracting twelve or fourteen ounces, I closed the orifice, and carefully applied a cool wet lint to the wound, I applied the figure of 8 bandage to his wounded arm, removed his cravat, and, after some persuasion, succeeded in getting him to lie down upon my own bed. I could not persuade him to pull off his clothes, and I therefore complied to his request 'to let him alone, as he wished to rest only a little while, and then he would get up from the bed, and put up there for the night.' But he soon fell into a profound slumber; and as it became dark, I lighted my night-lamp and placed it on a small table. It was not my custom before I had left the family to which I was then a boarder for patients during the day, there was no necessity that I should be with them at night; and I therefore, about nine o'clock, and three quarters past, upon a lounge in the same apartment, expecting to enjoy sweet rest, and, if possible, dream of my day's ride, 'a foul fall asleep. I awoke about midnight, and finding my patient still slept soundly, and even snored loudly, I turned over upon the other side, with my face to the wall, and concluded to sleep until morning, and then to return home.

"I had just done so when the deep and heavy breathing ceased, and I was at once aroused from my listening I rose up and looked toward the bed. There was no longer any person lying upon it. My patient had suddenly disappeared. Startled at his sudden and noiseless disappearance, I heard a light, and feeble voice say, 'Doctor!' and I recognized way I cried out, 'What are you doing there?'

"There was no response to my inquiry at the time, but in a moment he re-entered my sleeping apartment, with a large carving knife in his hand, which he had procured from my amputating-case, lying upon a shelf in the ante-room. It was a sharp-pointed, keen-edged knife, known to me as a razor—a most deadly weapon in the hands of a frenzied man. I felt that I was in for it, first time, that I had to deal with a maniac!—a man, too, of large frame and powerful muscles! I could not escape from the room, for besides, and he was, besides, armed with a most deadly weapon. I was not terrified; and becoming aware of those miserable assassins, the 'beware as sang,' I felt that I was equal to the occasion. Thank God, 1794. A chill of horror crept over me, as I saw there was no earthly chance to escape; for he had carefully locked the door, and had the key in his pocket—I presume, to prevent any assistance from me, should I need it. But I was prepared for the result, and resolved to sell my human arm, and that resistance would not only be useless but worse than nonsense—madness. I knew that I was *to die alone*, butwhere like a dog by the hands of a noble-hearted man. Such was my reflection, as, in a brain reeled, I closed my eyes and staggered back a few paces; for his imagination I felt the dark drawn across my throat driven through my pulsating heart. But recovering myself in a few moments, I felt as composed and collected as I could well assume, 'What do you intend to do with that knife?'

"His reply was, 'To kill you, Sir!' And the madman hissed between his clenched teeth, 'To kill, kill, kill!'

"'Why?' I asked. 'What evil have I ever done you?'

"'Done me!' he replied, with a sneer; 'done me! Have you not plotted my destruction? Do not I know that you are a vile conspirator? Did not God as his eye caught sight, for the first time, of his bloodshirted face, 'I am not a cowardly assassin!' Look at my blood, which, like a vampire, you have been sending from my veins! Look at the diabolical security upon your bed! Traitor, your doom is sealed!'

"I assured him that I had done him no evil, and attempted to explain the circumstances of his case. But in vain did I endeavor to reason with him, upon the occurrences of the day before; and when I solemnly assured him that I was his friend, while he slept, and that some secret enemy of his must have shed that blood during my slumber—he but angrily regretted his forbearance, as I would have defended his life at the sacrifice of my own.

"'Liar!' he shrieked. 'Will you add falsehood to your crimes? Will you stain your soul with perjury when it is about to be ushered into the presence of its Maker?' Down upon your knees, and ask God for mercy and forgiveness, last it be speedily sent to the bar of a just retribution unshrived and unannealed!' And he brandished his weapon wildly as he approached me, declaring that he could easily have plunged it into my heart. I stood still and closed my eyes; my heart seemed frozen or turned into stone for a few moments; then it slowly again, and even regularly, resumed its beatings: they were not the throbbings of hope or of faith in God—they were rather the low wailing, the sullen surgings of despair—and I felt all the horrors of death rolling over my soul! As 'the lamb led to the slaughter is dumb and openeth not its mouth,' so also I felt resigned to my fate, and was even anxious that Death's dark curtain should fall at once, and thus end in blood his grim tragedy.

"My passive and resigned condition, or supposed obstinacy, seemed to provoke rather than increase the rage of the maniac; and, with an expression of fearful solicitude in his countenance, he seized me by the shirt-collar, exclaiming, 'Doctor, I can not kill you until you have prayed!' Down upon your knees, instantly! For woe is me if you die this sacrifice,' I attempted to reply, but my voice was acquired; for I felt condemned in my own sinful soul that at that time I had never sincerely prayed, and I knew not pardon through the blood of Christ. I said to him, therefore, and my own voice startled me when I uttered the words, 'I know not how to pray!'

"'But, Doctor!' said the maniac, 'you must and shall pray!' and by main strength he forced me upon my knees. Yes! those terrible words had been locked as by bars of steel that they could not burst in upon the merciful God, were sent by the strong hand of the maniac—and my heart touched the floor the lever of pride snapped at its side, and my whole soul was at once melted within. Then it was that a cry, wild and full of agony, rushed from my heart, as the gates rent in twain self, and with painful sobs I uttered the heart-felt prayer, 'God be merciful to me a sinner!'

"The madman uttered grateful approval, and a look of sympathy stole over his countenance. 'Doctor,' said he, 'I am sorry that I have to slay for you. I would have killed you before in anger, but now it pains me deeply that I am compelled to do so in a spirit of duty.' And he placed the heart of Abraham to slay his own son, so also do I feel that compelled for you; I am sure you are now God rather than man, and unless the Almighty shall prepare a escape-goat, "a ram caught in the bushes," you must perish. Will you submit in submission to your destiny?'

"He ceased speaking and looked down upon me with a sorrowful expression, and then added, with a smile, 'But, Doctor, before I do you my hurt, will you be so kind as to favor. Bleed me, by bleeding freely, and I will you to readjust the bandages. Will you comply with my request? Can you not? Come then, quick! for I feel like fainting!' and the maniac staggered backward and fell upon the lounge in a swoon. I sprang to his feet in a moment, secured the knife, and readjusted the bandage. I then bathed his pale face, and applied bartshorn to his nostrils, and poured a little down his throat; but it was a long, long time before he recovered from that deathly swoon. At one time I thought he would never wake again. But at length his eyelids quivered, and a deep sigh seemed amazed that he was there; he evidently remembered nothing of the past scene in which he had been so fearful an actor. 'What is it, my pended, Doctor?' he asked, in alarm.

"'Nothing serious, my friend. Pray be composed. You have been very sick lately. And, by-the-by, Sir, you had left your lancet within your pocket. Excuse me the liberty of taking it out, and thus save you all unnecessary exertion.'

"'Certainly, my dear Doctor,' he replied. 'I feel very grateful to you for your kindness toward me in my illness, and I hope to prove so in time.'

"I took the key, and, passing on to the door, unlocked it; then blowing my little silver whistle for my office boy, I sent him to a friend with a note a note to Mr. ——, begging his immediate attendance as a friend. The boy was absent, and the note was placed in his hands. In ten minutes Mr. —— appeared, accompanied by another gentleman. In a few words I explained to them all the horrible circumstances which had transpired, and requested them to remain in a room two, I left them in the room with the helpless maniac. I went out into the garden, and failing not to pray for my new love in the hour of danger, of God and not by the strong hand of the madman, poured out my heart in thankfulness to Him whose providence had been so signally manifested to me that dreadful night, and then and there I pledged myself to his service, and, God helping me, I hope to prove faithful to my vows even unto death.'

"And did the poor maniac recover his reason?" I asked.

"Alas! no. The poor fellow died a few years afterward in the Asylum at Columbia. Requiescat in pace."

THE WEEKLY FARMER.

WHY DOES OUR GOLD PRODUCE LESS WHEAT PER ACRE THAN THE SOIL OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND?

[CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST NUMBER.]

AS TRUE FARMERS let us return thanks for your favor of *Harper's Weekly* of the 5th instant. Such a journal must enjoy an extensive popularity in the agricultural world. To the article on which is particularly interesting. The writer understands his subject, and his remark that 'In the moist climate of Ireland wheat will contain more water than that grown in the clear and drier atmosphere of America,' contains a truth fully borne out by the effect but too frequently produced by those sudden and violent meteorological changes to which our climate is subject in the blossoming season, from the latter end of June to the latter end of July. With us the preparation of the ground for one of one year is the great basis for the wheat crop of the next. But here we are dealing with soils which, with few exceptions of rest, have been many centuries under cultivation, and our usual mode of treatment most necessarily differ from that which may answer very well for newer soils, such as many of those in America. When visiting the United States, where I had the pleasure of making your acquaintance, I was forcibly struck with the sensitiness of some crops, and the great carelessness of farmers in the preparation of soils, especially for cereals. One farmer in the western part of your Union informed me that he had for years under cultivation; but his horses, cows, and calves, could eat, as I thought, be much more profitably used on 30 acres. Extending the area of cultivation, with little attention to the improvement of its character, appeared to me to be leading consideration on your side of the Atlantic. You must not suppose that I mention this for the purpose of drawing any unfavorable contrasts, but merely as an impression which may be erroneous or otherwise. In October, 1858, I plowed a reliable field of six acres with the view to its preparation for a green crop (potatoes), to be succeeded, according to my usual practice, by wheat. The following spring was very rough, so as to expose as much of the soil as possible to the action of winter. In March I gave a sharp cross-plowing, a thorough pulverization by repeated harrowing, and a careful removal of the roots of weeds, couch grass, &c., by which I caused to be burned and the ashes spread over the surface. This was followed by a good drilla 24 inches from centre to centre, and of a depth sufficient to bring a good body of moisture. The latter was of a very powerful kind, composed of the ashes from the usual accumulation of the farm-yard, a slight mixture of limestone gravel, and a heavy proportion, say 70 per cent., of peat mull, previously warmed with fermenting dung. To this preparation I applied about 130 cubic yards, or about 600 ordinary cart-loads, to the acre. I need not now give you the reasons for my mode of considering this treatment in its connection with the crop to succeed the present one. The object was all dug with the spade, a process by which the soil receives such a tilth, cleansing, and pulverization as is the opinion of our most skilful "revolutionizing" farmers more than compensates for the extra cost of manual labor, when we have not the year so-called 'labor-saving machines.' Early in November, therefore, I dressed the surface from stalks (weeds there were none), and covered with with white Kent (white hull and red grain) in drills eight inches and a half feet wide, and 3 in the centre, and sloping sharply to the furrow, thus insuring a certain escape for superfluous water, and a means of exit for the throwings of winter, both so detrimental to the well-being of the crop in early stages of its growth. The result, not weight, on the day of sale, was 61 bushels of wheat, and 7 pounds, each stone being 14 lbs., and each barrel 20 stones. Another mode of preparation for the ensuing crop, but one which should be only resorted to when the one just described can be properly carried into effect, is by trenching. This is a good branch of the subject I shall be happy to forward you my views by a friend just preparing to go to New York for the season of 1859.

We have not space to comment in detail; but for an observation in general terms as to the mode of preparation for wheat as our neighbors? Precisely the same modes of cultivation will not do in both countries, but a good deep preparation is applicable all over the world. When we hear from our correspondent in the south of Ireland we will give our readers the benefit. A soil being thoroughly fitted for the reception of food in it by the combined influences of sun, air, and moisture. When a crop is grown and turned under, the substances which it has made it, taken from the air, are in an advanced condition for the future use of other crops. Rational cultivation requires such follows, by causing great division and exposure. A rotation of crops is based on the principle of some taking from the soil one class of constituents of seeds, and the adaptability of a crop to take the food of a preceding one.

In Ireland, in 1849, there were 667,666 acres of wheat, yielding 2,148,893 quarters; in 1857, there were only 316,000 acres, yielding 1,264,000 quarters.

A calculation of the above figures, giving the average yield per acre, will show that the wheat crop of Ireland is nearly twice as large on the same area at the end of the year 1857. This may be considered too *figure-ative* a statement; but there has been an undoubted increase with Irish cultivation that we can not forbear giving the above, even in the detriment of Byron's compliment, when he said,

"The oar becomes more Irish, and less nice."

The Commissioner of the Census of Ireland established certain grades of wheat, as follows:

No. 1.——White.	No. 1.——Spring.
No. 2.——Red.	No. 2.——Mixed.

If a system of grades in *fairly and thoroughly* carried out by *competent inspectors*, it will do much to raise the average value of wheat in Ireland. Inasmuch as the brands would become a guarantee of quality, and the reputation for Chicago wheat in European and other markets could not fail to enhance its average value. Wheat and flour must depend for full on their own merits; brands will not be detrimental to farmers who have wheat of inferior quality for sale, for it could not long hold a favorable reputation sold under a false representation. It will not do hereafter to mix wheat of Ireland mixed with rye, barley, oats, winter wheat, chess, seeds of weeds, and other refuse, which too often been done. This will cause farmers to grow wheat with greater care.

Great Britain imported of wheat and its equivalent in flour—

	Bushels of Wheat.
1853.....	44,000,000
1854.....	48,000,000
1855.....	53,000,000

We have thus the means of approximating to the value as a market to us for the staff of life.

Brazil and the West Indies are good customers to us for our flour.

The wheat crop, in all badly farmed districts, is the cause of much loss from the attacks of insects, diseases, and other casualties.

Again it will be asked, why do we not grow as much wheat per acre as other people? Most of the facts in relation to this subject have been considered in the first article on wheat and the one which is now offered to the public. Brief references to the headings may be acceptable. We do not pay proper attention to the preparation of the soil, including manures and manipulation, the choice of the best varieties, influence of climate, selection and preparation of seed, changing of seed, quantity of seed per acre, mode of sowing on the best soils.—Whatever a man weeth, that shall he also reap"—dull and spring culture, habits of insects, time of cutting, seasoning, etc.

But, even after all these things, before our granaries are overflowing with the fruits of a golden harvest we must abide our time. In the words of the lord of Avalon, "He that will have a cake out of the wheat must carry the grinding."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Throat Affections.

I have been in the habit of using "BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES" or Lozenges, when I have been compelled to speak, though suffering from a cold, and am very heedless in clearing the throat, as for as I am see, have no injurious effect. I, at any kind. I can confidently recommend them to public speakers generally.

S. P. T. ANDERSON,
Pastor of the Central Church.

St. Louis, Feb. 21, 1859.

I heartily unite in the above commendation.

M. SCHUYLER,
Rector of Christ Church, St. Louis.

For sale by all Druggists.

SEWING MACHINES.—All persons who have been induced to buy SEWING MACHINES which will not perform the work that purchasers expected them to do, are informed that SINGER'S MANUFACTURES never fail to do any kind of work. No one is ever disappointed in these machines.

I. M. SINGER & CO.,
No. 458 Broadway.

A Quarter for a Quarter.

LIFE ILLUSTRATED is a FIRST-CLASS FAMILY NEWSPAPER, designed to encourage a spirit of HONEST, MANLY, SELF-RELIANCE, and ACTIVITY among the People; to illustrate Life in all its phases, and ought to be read by every Family.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, at TWO DOLLARS a year, or sent 3 months on trial for 25 cents, by FOWLER & WELLS, No. 308 Broadway, New York.

PACIFIC MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY. OFFICE 111 BROADWAY.
MARINE AND INLAND INSURANCE.
Assets $850,000.

This Company continues to do an exclusive marchandize business, and has returned to its shares, out of the profits of the last year, a dividend of *Forty-three per Cent.*—*Six per Cent.* interest on the outstanding scrip—and has reduced the Certificates of the issue of 1855.

ALFRED EDWARDS, President.
WILLIAM LECONEY, Vice President.
BENJAMIN A. HOMMOND, Secretary.

All Freights Forwarded with the Greatest Speed.
BY THE
AMERICAN EXPRESS CO.'S
LIGHTNING RUN.

Trains leave our Hudson Street Depot at 8.45 and 11.15 A.M., 3.15, 4.30, and 8.30 P.M.

Freights forwarded on Express Passenger trains, and for no more cartage at any depot.

The regular time by the Fast Run is

To Chicago	40 hours	To Dayton	In 30 hours
" Cincinnati	" 36 "	" St. Louis	" 54 days
" Cleveland	" 34 "	" Louisville	" 36 "
" Columbus	" 32 "	" Indianapolis	48 hours

And other Western towns in like good time.

Goods for points on Mississippi and Arkansas Rivers, Kansas, &c., will save time by shipping by our line.

Rates positively as low as any responsible Company.

WELLS, BUTTERFIELD & CO.,
64 Broadway and 61 Hudson St.

Unity Fire Insurance Company of London.

(INCORPORATED UNDER THE ACT OF PARLIAMENT, 7 AND 8 VICTORIA, CAP. CX.)

United States Branch, 56 Wall Street, New York.

Authorized Capital, Two Millions Sterling, or $10,000,000 00.

Available Assets, $4,520,951 16.

Statement of New York Branch,
For Thirteen Months, ending 31st December, 1858.

Gross amount of Premiums	$100,625 10
Losses, Taxes, Expenses, Commissions and Re-insurances paid	$50,837 77
Surplus in hand	43,787 33
Loss subject to Litigation	1,004 25
Deposit Fund in the hands of Trustees	150,000 00

GEORGE ADLARD,
Manager and General Agent for the United States.

"HARD TIMES NO MORE."

ANY PERSON (Lady or Gentleman) in the United States, possessing a small capital of from $2 to $5, can enter into an easy and respectable business, by which they may realize from $3 to $10 per day, or more. For particulars address (with stamp), W. F. ACTON & CO., 41 South Sixth Street, Philadelphia.

IMPORTANT TO BOOK AGENTS!
NEW WORK BY REV. J. H. INGRAHAM.
ON MONDAY, APRIL 11th, 1859, WE SHALL PUBLISH
The PILLAR of FIRE;
Or, Israel in Bondage.
By the Author of "The Prince of the House of David."
BEING AN ACCOUNT OF THE WONDERFUL SCENES
In the Life of the Son of Pharaoh's Daughter, Hiero.
From his youth to the ascent of Sinai: comprising, as told by an eye-witness,
HIS MIRACLES BEFORE PHARAOH,
PASSAGE OF THE RED SEA, AND RECEPTION OF THE LAW ON MT. SINAI.
Containing an elaborate and richly colored Description of the Architecture of the Egyptians, their Mechanical Genius in Peace and War, in the Temple, the Family, the Mart, and the Tomb; and the Habits of the Israelites, while in the Land of Bondage; together with
PICTURESQUE SKETCHES OF THE
Hebrews under their Taskmasters,
Of Scenes, Processions, and Spectacles; and beside the Nile, and Legends of the Obelisks, Sphinxes, and Pyramids, and of their Founders before the Flood.
DELINEATIONS OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN,
Of Mitten, Amenae, Lilith, and Chloe,
AND OF WONDERFUL MEN,
Aaron, the Prince of Ur (Job) and Ramases (Moses)
Narrated in a Series of Letters from a Prince to his Friend living in Egypt, to his Royal Mother, Queen of Tyre.

The volume abounds in characteristic passages of highly wrought beauty, in Dramatic Incidents, and in curious descriptions of Female Loveliness.

One Vol., large 12mo, 500 pp., Illustrated. Price $1.25.

Sent to any address by mail, post-paid, on receipt of the price.

50 EXPERIENCED AGENTS WANTED, in all parts of the country, to obtain subscribers for the above work. *Circulars will be given to good Agents, and* rare inducements offered. For further particulars apply to the subscribers.

AGENTS who have sold The Prince of the House of David will find it specially invited to give their attention to the above and kindred volumes, by the same author. Circulars are ready supply, orders should be sent in at once, as they will be filled strictly according to their priority.

COUNTRY NEWSPAPERS giving this Card two insertions, *before the day of publication*, shall be sent a copy of the work, by mail, prepaid, upon sending a copy of the paper.

PUDNEY & RUSSELL, Publishers, 79 John Street, N. Y.

New York, March, 1859.

NEW HAND-BOOKS.—HOW TO WRITE IN.—HOW TO TALK—HOW TO BEHAVE—AND HOW TO DO BUSINESS—Bound in one large handsome volume, may be had, prepaid, by FOWLER & WELLS, No. 308 Broadway, New York.

The Perfection of Toilet Soaps.
YARDLEY & STATHAM'S
Shaddow Oil Soaps.

Sole Agents for the United States,
J. W. NORCROSS & CO.,
Importers of Druggist's Fancy Goods,
51 Fulton Street, New York. 31 Milk Street, Boston.

JAMES E. CALDWELL & CO.,
822 Chestnut Street,
Opposite Girard House,
Philadelphia.

Fine Watches,
Rich Jewelry,
Silver Ware, Sterling,
Cloeks and Bronzes,
Chiefly of our own importation and manufacture.

Strangers visiting the city are invited to visit our establishment.

Select Family School for Boys
AT
SOUTH WILLIAMSTOWN, BERKSHIRE COUNTY, MASS.
(ESTABLISHED IN 1845.)

Summer term of twenty-one weeks will commence Wednesday, May 4th.

The location is healthful and pleasant.

Number of pupils limited to fifteen.

For Circulars address the Principal,

BENJ. F. MILLS.

March, 1859.

Inventors, Look to your Interests!!

HOW TO GET A PATENT, or The INVENTOR'S INSTRUCTOR. New Edition. Sent by FIRST POST, for 6 cents, or 7 three-cent stamps. By FOWLER & WELLS, 308 Broadway, New York.

"THAT STANDARD MEDICINAL ARTICLE, the *Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam*, prepared by the well known druggists, Messrs. *Seth, Cutler & Co.*, of this city, is, we have good authority for stating, one of the specialties for Coughs, Colds, and all *Pulmonary Complaints*, ever offered to the public. *It has stood the test of all tests, time*, and has sustained its reputation for more than THIRTY YEARS.

Physicians of the highest respectability prescribe it, and *thousands of families* keep it on hand as a *standard family medicine*.—*Boston Journal.*

Inquire for the article by its WHOLE NAME,

"WORMLEY'S VEGETABLE PULMONARY BALSAM."

Prepared only by SETH, CUTLER & CO., Druggists, *Boston*. Sold by all druggists. Small, 50 cents.

AGENTS & PARK, Agents, New York.

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES.

The immense increase in the demand for these admirable Machines—it has trebled within four months—indicates the reviving prosperity of the country. The prices of our Machines have been greatly reduced.

I. M. SINGER & CO., No. 458 Broadway.

TUCKER'S NURSERY FOR COIFFURES, FEATHERS, COIFFURES, and BRIDAL SETS, at
561 Broadway, 2 doors from Franklin Street.

LIGHTE, NEWTON & BRADBURY'S
PIANO FORTES,
281 and 283 Fulton Street, Brooklyn.
HENRY H. HOOPER, Jr., Agent.

After some little delay, owing to imperfect ways, The Clipper Ship S. A. Rollo, is launched and properly fitted, being copper fastened, for a prosperous voyage. She is now at the port of New York, and up for Trade and a Market. Having a part of her safe and well-assorted Cargo on board, consisting mostly of BOOKS AND STATIONERY, *a favorable opportunity and unusual inducements are held out to buyers and shippers to ship by this vessel, as she is well insured at a low premium, has ample accomodations for first-class passengers, being well provisioned, having well ventilated and commodious State Rooms, and no steerage passengers are to be taken on this voyage. She is well officered and manned by experienced, sober and intelligent men, who are ever at their posts, and understand the Ropes, and the Captain's on Deck.*

Everything to make a prosperous voyage is provided. The Pilot is familiar with the port of destination, knows the Coast and the Shoals; and the Ship is provided with the last Chart of Piracy. The Compass and Barometer have been tested, proved and found reliable.

It is proposed to sail the first favorable day, with an old Pilot at the Wheel, under easy Canvas, for the comfort and safety of the passengers and shippers. A good Library is provided, together with files of the latest Magazines and news of the day, to add to the pleasure of the voyage.

The opportunity is a favorable one for shippers of BOOKS, STATIONERY, &c., *to fill their Rolls of Trading, at the lowest rates, as all the disagreements are made to save the extra commissions, and to deliver the Cargo in good order and with despatch.*

OFFICE, No. 29 PARK ROW,
OPPOSITE THE ASTOR HOUSE.

S. A. ROLLO & CO.,
Publishers, Wholesale dealers in School, Classical, Theological, Standard and Miscellaneous Books, Blank Books, Foreign and domestic Stationery, &c., &c.

WILL SOON BE PUBLISHED:

FROM WALL STREET TO CASHMERE.

A JOURNAL OF FIVE YEARS IN ASIA, AFRICA, AND EUROPE.

COMPRISING

Visits during 1851, '2, '3, '4, '5, and '6, to the Danemora Iron Mines, Plains of Troy, the "Seven Churches," Palmyra, Jerusalem, Petra, Mt. Sinai, Bombay, Seringapatam, and Surat.

With all the Scenes of the recent Matinies.

CASHMERE,

Peshawur, and the Khyber Pass to Afghanistan, Java, China, and the Mauritius.

Nearly 100 full page Illustrations.

BY JOHN B. IRELAND, ESQ.

S. A. ROLLO & CO.,
Publishers, Wholesale Dealers in School, Classical, Theological, Standard and Miscellaneous Books, Blank Books, Foreign and Domestic Stationery, &c., &c.

THE KISS-ME-EVER TOP-COAT.

SAID Nell, with a pretty trick
Of modesty:
"I call this head a kiss-me quick
If e'er I do see."

Said Tom, "The name, I grant, is clever,
But, my divinity,
I call this coat the kiss-me ever
From SMITH'S GREAT TRINITY.

So kiss-me-quicks—
"I will," Tom cried;
And kiss me ever—
"Leave this, never!"
"Leave mine, never,"
The blushing girl replied.

"Twin Temples of Fashion."

SMITH BROTHERS,

The Marble Stores,

122, 138, and 140

Fulton Street,

Between Broadway & William St.,

THOMAS SMITH, Jr.,
ROBERT L. SMITH,
J. SMITH RICE.

NEW YORK.

ONE PRICE—NO DEVIATION.

The Price is marked on all the Goods in Plain Figures.

A NEW WORK ON THE HEART.
Just Published, By DR. SAMUEL S. FITCH,
Of No. 8 Bond street, New York,
Author of "Six Lectures on the Causes and Cure of Consumption," "Health, its Abuse and Restoration," &c.)
A POPULAR TREATISE ON
DISEASES OF THE HEART, APOPLEXY, DYSPEPSIA,
and other Chronic Diseases, with proofs of their cure.
ALSO—RULES FOR
PREVENTING DISEASE AND PRESERVING
HEALTH,
(especially after fifty), to one hundred years.
This is a work of the greatest interest to all who are suffering with any of the disorders on which it treats, or who wish to avoid them. The author proves clearly and conclusively that Heart Disease, Apoplexy, Dyspepsia, &c., may be both prevented and cured, and shows how. It is written in a plain, popular style, and adapted for the general reader.
It contains about 112 octavo pages, handsomely bound in muslin, with six fine illustrations. Price 63 to 67 Sc. 25 cents; when sent by mail, 36 cents. It will be sent by mail, postpaid, to any one applying for it, and when the price (25 cents) may be remitted in postage stamps or otherwise,after it is received, and approved. If not received soon after it is ordered, write again. A liberal discount made to dealers. Agents, giving address in full, to S. S. FITCH & Co., No. 714 Broadway, New York.

Prof. Peck's Elements of Mechanics.

ELEMENTS OF MECHANICS. By W. G. PECK, Author of Practical and Theoretical Mechanics. Optical Text-Book is designed for Colleges, Academies, and High Schools. Price $1 50.
Just published by
A. S. BARNES & BURR,
51 and 53 John Street, New York.
Publishers of Davies' System of Mathematics and Bartlett's System of Natural Philosophy — Do Text-Books of West Point, Free Academy, &c., &c.

TREES AND PLANTS.

PARSONS & CO. are now sending out from their NURSERY at FLUSHING, L. I.,

Fruit and Ornamental Trees,

Evergreens,

Flowering Shrubs, Roses, and Greenhouse Plants,

of the choicest varieties, and of thirdly, vigorous growth.
Catalogues furnished on application. No. 179 Broadway, and goods delivered at Fulton Market Wharf free of charge.

HUDSON RIVER INSTITUTE.

$120 a year pays Board and Tuition in Common English. Experienced Gentlemen Instructors at the head of each of the Nine Departments. Extra Arrangements for French, Painting, and Piano Music. Excellence and Economy the Motto. Term opens April 18. Write for a Catalogue. Rev. A. FLACK, Claverack, Columbia Co., N. Y.

Nothing Else of Services.

MECHANICSVILLE, N. Y., March 17, 1858.
MR. W. E. HAGAN: I have used Hobensack's Electrozyne for three years and have found it to be a most excellent article. It not only restores the color of my hair, giving it new life and strength, but it cured myself and wife of a most obstinate eruption upon the scalp, which neither else seemed to benefit. I fully believe it to be the best article in use.
Yours Respectfully, KNOWLTON HOWLAND.
I remember that this result was produced by Hobensack's Tonsaline, the original and only reliable Hair Restorative.
Price Fifty Cents a bottle. Sold everywhere.
W. E. HAGAN & CO., Proprietors, Troy, N. Y.

DIANO PORTES, MELODEONS, AND HARMONIUMS of first-class makers at the lowest terms.
J. M. CHICKERING,
541 and 543 Broadway, N. Y.

SPRING FANCY GOODS.

L. J. LEVY & CO.,

Nos. 609 and 611 Chestnut Street,
Adjoining Bailey & Co.'s,
PHILADELPHIA.

Are now opening a large and very choice assortment of

NEW GOODS FOR SPRING,

Selected for the most part in PARIS and LYONS for their RETAIL SALES from the choicest productions of the looms of FRANCE.
They invite the inspection of Wholesale as well as Retail customers to one of the most beautiful assortments for its extent ever offered.

LADIES' SPRING DRESSES

which can be found in this country.
In all the richer articles of DRY GOODS, such as
ITALIAN CASHMERE SHAWLS,
CHOICE SPRING AND SUMMER SILKS,
PARIS PRINTED FOULARDS,
SUPERB BAREGE AND BAREGE ROBES,
NEW SPRING and SUMMER SHAWLS,
their assortments are constantly being increased by the arrivals of the Steamers from Europe.
PHILADELPHIA, February, 1859.

68 AND 70 B. T. BABBITT'S SAPONIFIER, OR, CONCENTRATED LYE, 68 AND 70 manufactured in New York. Warranted to make Soap without Lime, and with little or no 68 AND 70 SOMETHING NEW.—B. T. BABBITT'S BEST 68 AND 70 MEDICINAL SALERATUS 68 AND 70 Is manufactured from cream Tartar. 68 AND 70 Pure Concentrated Potash, 68 AND 70 In SIX POUND CANS. 68 AND 70 Six pounds of this Potash equal to 68 AND 70 twelve pounds of common Potash. This is the best and cheapest article, strength considered, for retailing in the smallest quantities. 68 AND 70 Every can is warranted full weight. 68 AND 70 Put up in Tin Canisters. Cans of 1 lbs., 68 AND 70 2 lbs., and 6 lbs. For sale by 68 AND 70 B. T. BABBITT, 68 AND 70 Nos. 68 and 70 Washington Street, New 68 AND 70 York, and No. 18 Dutch Street, Boston.

68 AND 70 POTASH, 68 AND 70 FIRST SORT, 68 AND 70 In stone Jars, repacked in casks, suitable 68 AND 70 for shipping, by 68 AND 70 B. T. BABBITT, 68 AND 70 Nos. 68 and 70 Washington Street, New 68 AND 70 York.

NEW YORK PURCHASING AGENCY.
W. M. LAPSLEY, No. 48 Nassau Street.
Persons in the country can procure in New York any of any articles, large or small, of use or luxury, from a book to a Steam Engine, a Shawl to a Carpet, who have their orders filled promptly, and goods sent as directed, on 1 per cent. commission charge. Refer to Hon. Benjamin Ewe, Long Island Bank, Messrs. John Jacob Astor & Co., Messrs. Harper & Co., New York; J. D. Dawson & Co., New Orleans.

WANTED!

A GENTS EVERY WHERE, ready to sell the best of Books. Active, industrious young men having had a month's practice in the business, can secure lucrative results a profit of from Three to Five Dollars a day.
Full particulars will be given by the issue of every family, and are of the highest moral and intellectual character. For particulars address
CLARK & GUTTS, Publishers,
No. 78 North Second Street, Philadelphia.

A GRAND CONCERT OF SACRED MUSIC will be given in St. Paul's M.E. Church, corner of Fourth avenue and Twenty-second Street, on Tuesday evening, April 6th.
THE MENDELSSOHN SOCIETY
will sing the 95th Psalm, and Selections from
HANDEL'S GRAND MASS IN A MAJOR.
Mr. Bergner will play on the organ.
Miss Annie Kemp,
Dr. Guilmette,
Mr. Castle,
and a number of the best solo singers, will assist.
Mr. Morgan will preside at the grand piano.
Further notice next week.

THE NEW BOOKS OF TRAVEL.

By the Rev. Wm. Ellis, F.H.S.

THREE VISITS TO MADAGASCAR, during the Years 1853 —1854—1856. Including a Journey to the Capital, with Notices of the Natural History of the Country, and of the present Civilization of the People. Illustrated by a Map, Wood-cuts from Photographs, &c. 8vo, Muslin, $2 50.

By Dr. W. M. Wood, U.S.N.,

Surgeon of the Fleet in the U. S. East India Squadron.

FAREWELL TO THE FAR INDIES, in the Seas of India, China, and Japan. 12mo, Muslin, $1 25.

By Lieutenant Page, U.S.N.,

Commander of the Expedition.

LA PLATA, THE ARGENTINE CONFEDERATION, and Paraguay. Being a Narrative of the Exploration of the River La Plata and its Affluents, during the Years 1853, '54, '55, and '56, under the orders of the United States Government. With Map and numerous Engravings. 8vo, Muslin, $3 50.

By Dr. Barth.

TRAVELS AND DISCOVERIES IN NORTH AND CENTRAL AFRICA. Being a Journal of an Expedition undertaken under the Auspices of H.B.M.'s Government, in the Years 1849–1855. With a Map and numerous elegant Illustrations. Complete in 3 vols. 8vo, Muslin, $7 50; Half Calf, $10 50.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, New York.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS will send either of the above Works by Mail, postage paid, on receipt of the price. Any of the Works (above 300 miles), on receipt of the price.

LOOK BOYS!
Here's the Book for You!
WILD SPORTS
AND
Adventures in the Far West.
By Frederick Gerstaecker.
OVER EIGHT LARGE ENGRAVINGS.
Most Splendidly Executed in Oil Colors.
16mo, Price $1.
This Book has no Equal
In Splendor and Beauty of Illustration.
IT SURPASSES ANYTHING OF THE KIND YET PUBLISHED!
CROSBY, NICHOLS & CO.,
PUBLISHERS,
117 Washington Street, Boston.

The Age of Chivalry.
PART I.
King Arthur and his Knights.
PART II.
The Mobinogeon; or, Welsh Popular Tales.
By Thomas Bulfinch,
Author of "Age of Fable." Illustrated with Engravings in gold and colors. 12mo, Price $1 25.
CROSBY, NICHOLS & CO.,
PUBLISHERS,
117 Washington Street, Boston.

Every AMERICAN BOY and GIRL
SHOULD READ
THE LIFE OF WASHINGTON,
WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE YOUNG.
By E. CECIL.
Illustrated with Engravings designed by Billings.
16mo, Price 60 cents plain; 75 cents colored.
JUST PUBLISHED BY
CROSBY, NICHOLS & CO.,
117 Washington Street, Boston.

PHELAN'S IMPROVED BILLIARD TABLES AND
COMBINATION CUSHIONS,
PATENTED FEB. 19, 1856; OCT. 28, 1856; DEC. 8 1857; JAN. 19, 1858.
NOVEMBER 14, 1858.
For sale only by the manufacturers,
O'CONNER & COLLENDER, 81 and 83 Ann Street, And the patentee,
MICHAEL PHELAN,
756 and 758 Broadway, New York.

PICTURES FOR GRECIAN AND ANTIQUE PAINTING,
ARE ONLY PUBLISHED BY
E. G. TILTON & CO.,
161 Washington Street, Boston.
They forward them, post paid on full and special directions how to paint, to any address. Send for a list and other information gratis.
Dealers and Teachers supplied.

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES.
THE NEW FAMILY SEWING MACHINES at $50 and $75 are unquestionably the best machines for family use, the qualities they are much the best Machines ever offered at a low price.
I. M. SINGER & CO., No. 458 Broadway.

WHEELER & WILSON'S
SEWING MACHINES,
PRICES GREATLY REDUCED.
Office 505 Broadway, New York.
SEND FOR A CIRCULAR.

CHESS PLAYER'S INSTRUCTOR;
OR,
GUIDE TO BEGINNERS.
WITH DIAGRAMS.
BY CHARLES HENRY STANLEY.
Price 38 Cents.
ROBT. M. DE WITT, Publisher,
No. 160 and 161 Nassau Street.
Copies mailed, prepay paid, on receipt of price.

BOOKSELLERS ARE CAUTIONED
AGAINST PURCHASING OR SELLING
A SPURIOUS AND COPYED BOOK,
Which hails from Philadelphia, entitled
THE MODERN HOUSEKEEPER IN THE
COOKERY AND CONFECTIONARY,
as we HOLD the COPYRIGHT of the GENUINE BOOK of that TITLE, and
RIGIDLY PROSECUTE ALL INFRINGEMENTS
THEREOF.
Those who sell for the genuine, authorized, and only perfect Work, will consequently recommend that it be bound only in cloth, and in shape published by
HEATHER & RUTCHINSON, 823 Broadway, N. Y.

SELPHO'S PATENT ELASTIC ANGLESEY LEG AND HAND—Combines new and valuable improvements. Send for Pamphlet. Address
WM. SELPHO, 840 Broadway, N. Y.

HOW TO DO GOOD AND GET PAID IT! PUFF! Take an Agency for our Publications. The terms are such there can be no possibility of loss. Every Family and Individual is glad to obtain one of them. For particulars address, FOWLER & WELLS,
No. 308 Broadway, New York.

EXHIBITION OF AMERICAN MANUFACTURED BRUSHES, at the Brush Warehouse, No. 289 Pearl Street, Harper's Buildings. Brushes of every description on hand, and for sale at the lowest prices. A Silver Medal was received from the American Institute, in 1849, for superior Brushes.
JOHN K. HOPPEL.

$60 A MONTH to Active Men to travel on an Agency for popular SOLAR TELESCOPES and other Globes in the United States. A rare chance for Pedlars, Book Canvassers, and others. Address
T. B. PARKER, Clinton, Oneida Co., N. Y.

ELLIOT & PATTEN—Examine Inventions and procure American and Foreign Patents. Patent agency opposite main entrance of Patent Office Building, Washington City, D. C.

The Home Garden.

HARPER & BROTHERS,
327 to 335 Pearl Street (Franklin Square),
Publish this Day:
THE AMERICAN HOME GARDEN:
BEING PRACTICAL AND NEW RULES FOR THE CULTURE OF VEGETABLES, FRUITS, FLOWERS, AND SHRUBBERY,
TO WHICH ARE ADDED BRIEF NOTES ON FARM CROPS, WITH A TABLE OF THEIR ANALYSIS AND PRODUCTS AND CHEMICAL CONSTITUENTS.
By ALEXANDER W. WATSON.
With several Hundred Illustrations.
12mo, Muslin, $1 50.
The author here presents, in a digested and plain form, such directions and information as will, if applied, enable every one who has a garden to supply the home table with its greatest and healthful products at the least possible outlay of labor and expense, and add choice fruits and flowers to the family stock of rational, cheap, every-day enjoyment.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS will send the above Work by Mail, postage paid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of $1 50.

☞ Every Number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE contains from 20 to 30 Wood-cuts—and these cuts are half—more reading than any other in the country.

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.
FOR APRIL
CONTENTS:
WRECKING ON THE FLORIDA KEYS.
HUMORS OF TRAMPING.
THE CHRISTIAN MARTYRS OF MADAGASCAR. Illustrated by Fifteen Engravings.
THE RED RIVER TRAIL. (*Fred Ingoe.*)
THE FIRST OF APRIL. (*Poem.*)
THE COSTLY KISS: A NEW YORK DETECTIVE EXPERIENCE.
PORCHYROGENITUS. By Bayard Taylor.
HEAD AND HEART.
LITTLE CHILDREN.
EAST AND FOUNDS.
THE SONG OF THE TRINITY BELLS.
LADY LEVEN AND HER ROSES.
A COSMOPOLITE BILL OF FARE.
THE FAUTHER'S HOME.
BORED TO DEATH.
NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.
EARS.
HALF AN HOUR WITH MR. HUME THE SPIRITUALIST.
THE VIRGINIANS. By W. M. Thackeray. Illustrations.—Hetty's Misgivings.—A Run for the Train.—Family Hand-Power.
CHAPTER LXIV. In which Harry lives to fight another day.
CHAPTER LXV. Soldier's Return.
CHAPTER LXVI. Which is a Sequel to nothing.
CHAPTER LXVII. In which a Tragedy is acted, and two more are begun.
MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.
LITERARY NOTICES.
EDITOR'S TABLE.
EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.
OUR FOREIGN MIRROR.
FASHION DRAWER.
HEADS OF THE PEOPLE.
Illustrated by Fifteen Original Portraits.
FASHIONS FOR APRIL.
Illustrated by Eight Figures.—Dual Costume.—Morning Dress and Child's Costume.—Hints.
The Publishers announce that the Seventeen Volumes of HARPER'S MAGAZINE now issued contain a large amount of valuable and highly attractive reading, not to be found in any other periodical of the day.
As an evidence of the high appreciation of the Magazine have its literary and artistic merits been made upon the part of the Public, the Publishers refer to the contents of the Periodical for the past as the best guarantee for its future claims upon the favor of the American public.

TERMS:
One Copy for One Year $3 00
Two Copies for One Year 5 00
Three Copies for One Year (and) . . 7 00
And an Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of Ten Subscribers.
HARPER'S WEEKLY and HARPER'S MAGAZINE, together, one year, $5 00.
The Postage upon "HARPER'S MAGAZINE" must be paid at the office where it is received. Postage only *Thirty-one Cents a year.*
HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A FIRST-CLASS ILLUSTRATED PAPER.
THE BEST AND CHEAPEST
FAMILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD.
FIVE CENTS A NUMBER; $2 50 A YEAR.
(From the N. Y. Evening Post, Jan. 15, 1859.)
HARPER'S WEEKLY is the best illustrated and literary family paper containing publication, issued during the last year. It has improved greatly in its literary matter, and now that we can them together, we are surprised at the amount of good reading which it contains. Its illustrations are There is a complete history of nearly all the public events of the year, and a large part of the contemporary history of the world. Its literary matter is also worthy of its illustrations. Besides the graceful trifles not always trivial, which are published in the ordinarily numerous of Weeklies, there are the tales and stories of Bulwer, Dickens, Thackeray, and others, which are known to the whole reading world, and above all, there are those striking wonderful reprints of articles from the English periodicals, which, for vigor, fulness, and variety of information, are unequalled in any single volume, and to be had for a song. It is a paper to keep, and to make a permanent file of the intelligence, by all its phases, and in nearly all matters. In short, we are pleased, and may be interested by it—for the old and thoughtful, the young and gay; the man of business and the man of leisure.

TERMS OF HARPER'S WEEKLY.
One Copy for Twenty Weeks $1 00
One Copy for Six Months 2 00
One Copy for Two Years 4 00
Five Copies for One Year 16 00
Twelve Copies for One Year 32 00
Twenty-five Copies for One Year . . . 60 00
An Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of Twenty or Twenty-five Subscribers.
TERMS FOR ADVERTISING.—*Fifty Cents a Line.*
A liberal Discount will be made to those wishing to Advertise for three Months or more.
"." Persons living in the City of New York wishing "HARPER'S WEEKLY" left at their houses, will please send their names and residences, with the subscription amount, to the Office of Publication.
HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers,
Franklin Square, New York.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Gifts! Gifts!! Gifts!!!

EVANS & CO.

OFFER GREATER INDUCEMENTS TO BOOK BUYERS THAN ANY OTHER HOUSE IN THE COUNTRY.

E OUR NEW DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE, OF SIXTY PAGES, CONTAINS

A larger and better selection of books than ever before offered, and includes every work of literary value or interest published in the United States. All books furnished at publishers' prices, with

A GIFT ACCOMPANYING THE BOOK

at the time of sale.

The most liberal inducements to clubs, surpassing those of any other house, in particulars of which, see page 3. Now is the time; also great commissions allowed to agents who are willing to devote their time to our business. Particulars sent on application by mail.

Send for a Catalogue, which will be mailed free to any address to all parts of the world.

Books and Gifts without money.

An extra dollar book and gift presented to any one sending an order for ten books.

The following is a Schedule of Property which will be given to the Purchasers of Books at the time of Sale.

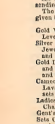
Worth Prices.

Gold Watches, English Lever, Patent Lever and Lepine	$20 00 to $100 00
Silver Watches, Patent Lever, Full Jeweled, Hunting Cases, open face and cylinder escapement	12 00 to 40 00
Gold Lockets—Large size, fine glazed and two glasses with spring—large and small size, with snap	9 00 to 12 00
Cameo, Mosaic, Florentine, Painted Lava, Goldstone, Garnet, and Coral Sets of Pins and Drops	5 00 to 25 00
Gentlemen's Gold Vest Chains—Neck Chains, Chatelaines	8 00 to 18 00
Gent's Fob and Vest Chains	10 00 to 50 00
Sets Cameo, Goldstone, Painted, Mosaic, Garnet, Onyx, Engraved and Plain Gold Sleeve Buttons and Studs	2 00 to 16 00
Gold Pencils with Pens, large, medium, and small size	3 50 to 7 00
Silver Pencils, with Gold Pens, large, medium, and small size, double and single action	2 00 to 5 00
Gent's Heavy Signet Rings, Ladies' Gold, Chased, and Plain Rings	1 00 to 7 00
Gent's Gold Breast Pins, Cluster, with Opal, Pearl Pins, Onyx, Garnet, etc.	1 50 to 5 00
Rich Silk Dress Patterns	10 00 to 50 00
Cameo, Mosaic, Coral, Garnet, Chased and Plain Oval Brooches	5 00 to 30 00
Silver and Gold Thimbles	50 to 6 00
Gent's Silver and Pocket-knives	25 to 3 00
Pearl and Morocco Purses, Portmonnaies	50 to 3 50
Gold Lever Watches, Open Guard Slides	1 50 to 7 50
Gold Cameo, Scroll, and Band Rings	2 00 to 7 50

Besides other Gifts, comprising a large and valuable assortment of miscellaneous articles, varying from $1 to $40.

One of the above articles will be given to the purchaser of each book at the time the book is sold. An equal proportion of the whole will be given with each $1,000 worth of books.

Address all orders, letters of inquiry, etc., to EVANS & CO., Publishers, 471 Broadway, New York City.



J. RUSSELL SPALDING'S ROSEMARY,

is the best dressing for the hair known.

The Rosemary will restore hair and can not be surpassed.

The Rosemary will remove dandruff.

The Rosemary is the best thing for children's hair.

The Rosemary has been and can not be surpassed, according to all a clean, healthy dressing and beautiful hair.

The Proprietor can furnish great numbers of the most extraordinary testimonials, but deems it unnecessary. Those will only submit the voluntary certificates from persons who have used it with success. If you are not satisfied, try it.

Every bottle, genuine, has the signature of the sole Proprietor, *J. Russell Spalding*, 21 Tremont Street, *Boston, Mass.*

Sold by Dealers generally.

WM. ROWE, JR.

CARPETS AND OIL-CLOTHS,

CHEAP, FOR CASH.

No. 357 Hudson Street, near Spring, New York.

LYON'S MAGNETIC POWDERS

Will destroy Garden Insects, Cockroaches, Bedbugs, Fleas, Ants, Moths, and all pests of the Vermin kind.

The importance of a reliable article of this kind is incalculable. In warm weather all nature teems with these annoying foes. Lyon's Magnetic Powders are the discovered desideratum.

Upon the recommendation of the Commissioner of Patents, from the Horticultural Society of Paris, which sealed the firm of Ads, observed that all insects fighting upon a certain kind of plant very soon dropped dead. This fact was made use of to guard their sight cannes from these intruders. Quantities of the plant were brought home by Mr. E. Lyon, and found a positive insect destroyer in every experiment. It is simply a powdered leaf, chemically prepared to retain the effect of age and climate. Medals and Letters Patent have been obtained from the governments of England, France, Germany, and Russia, from the World's Fair, and numerous medical and horticultural colleges and societies.

Letter from the President of the U.S.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Department of State, March 1, 1858.

Professor Silliman, Jr., "Dear Sir:" I have the pleasure to inform you that the Royal Commission of the World's Fair at London have awarded you a Medal and Certificate for the great value of your Magnetic Powders, &c.

"WILLIAM L. MARCY, Chairman."

The above was accompanied by a certificate of Prince Albert.

IT IS FREE FROM POISON.

NEW YORK, October 1, 1858.

"Mr. E. Lyon,—Dear Sir: We have analyzed and tested your Magnetic Powders, and find them perfectly harmless to mankind and domestic animals, but certain death when thrown into the fire, or mixed with

JAMES R. CHILTON, M.D., and Chemists.

JOHN A. DREW, Prof. Chemistry, N. Y. Hospital."

James R. Chilton, Superintendent of the New York Hospital, says, "he has expelled all the bugs, ants, roaches, moths, &c., with Lyon's Powders, and finds it of immense value."

Every gardener and housekeeper must have a direct interest in an article of this kind. Reference can be made to the Astor, St. Nicholas, and Metropolitan Hotels; to Judge Mason, President of the American Institute; James Gordon Bennett, Esq., Warren Leslie, Editor New York Ledger, A. M. Pease, of the Five Points Mission, and to the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, Plymouth Church, in the interior of Ads, and is unknown to any other person. The genuine and effective article is put up in tin canisters, and will continue to bear my name.

"E. LYON."

Ants and mice can not be reached by a powder, and are killed by a Magnetic Pill. Order them through any merchant.

The Lyon's Powder kills insects in a trice,
And Lyon's Pills on mice do most precious well.

Sample Flasks, 25 cents; regular sizes, 50 cents and $1 00. Pills, 25 cents per box. Sent by mail, postage free.

BARNES & PARK,

Sole Proprietors, 181 Broadway, New York.

P. P. P.

PARK'S PRICKLY PLASTERS.

They sooth pain; they protect the chest; they extract the coagulated impurities and soreness from the system; they impart vitality to the nerves; they diminish inflammation, and yield to the motion of the body; they are porous; all impure secretions pass off, and they are not heavy or tender, hence, are freely worn four times longer than any other plaster. They are cheaper than all other plasters, because they are better, and do not require to be worn a single day after pain is removed. Sold by all druggists and country merchants. Price 25 cents per sheet, or, sent post-paid, for 30 cents. You will then know what they are. They are a new feature in the science of medicine. All druggists have them. Take no other. Each Plaster bears a Medallion Stamp and our Signature.

BARNES & PARK, 13 and 15 Park Row, N. Y.
JOHN D. PARK, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Feder's Method for the Guitar.

A New and Progressive Method of Rapidly Acquiring a Thorough Mastery of the Instrument, with a pleasing variety of Songs and National Melodies. Price, $1 00, post-paid.

Published by OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.

Brown's Bronchial Troches
OR COUGH LOZENGES,
Cure Cough, Cold, Hoarseness and Influenza.
Any Irritation or Soreness of the Throat.

Brown's Bronchial Troches
Relieve the Hacking Cough in Consumption,
Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Catarrh.

Brown's Bronchial Troches
Clear and strengthen the voice of **Singers.**
Indispensable to **Public Speakers.**

Brown's Bronchial Troches
Soothing and Simple—**Children** use them.
Assisting Expectoration and curing Hoarseness.

"Preeminently the first and best."
REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

"I recommend their use to Public Speakers."
REV. E. H. CHAPIN, NEW YORK.

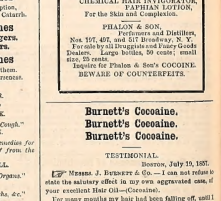
"I have passed them excellent for Whooping Cough."
REV. H. W. WARREN, BOSTON.

"An old lady friend having tried many remedies for Asthma with no benefit, found great relief from the Troches."
REV. D. LETTS, FRANKFORT, ILL.

"Great benefit in affections of the Bronchial Organs."
DR. J. F. W. LANE, BOSTON.

"A simple and elegant combination for Coughs, &c."
DR. G. F. BIGELOW, BOSTON.

Sold by Druggists everywhere, 25 cents per box.



BALLOU'S FRENCH YOKE SHIRT EMPORIUM,
409 Broadway,
Premium Shirt Manufacturers.

Shirts made to order from Scientific Measures, of the best materials, cut by hand, and warranted to fit, at less than the usual prices.

BALLOU BROTHERS, 409 Broadway, N. Y.

FRED. S. COZZENS,
WINE MERCHANT,

Offers for sale Foreign Wines of the finest qualities of his own importation.

RARE OLD BRANDIES,
SPARKLING AND STILL CATAWBA, AND ISABELLA WINES,
from N. Longworth, Cincinnati, Ohio.

73 WARREN STREET,
(Opposite Hudson River Railroad, New York.)

MOUNT PLEASANT INSTITUTE.—A select Boarding School for Boys, Ashland, Mass. R. C. NASH, A.M., Principal.

Pity the Sorrows of a poor lone Bachelor!

THE BEST AND Cheapest Article FOR THE HAIR, PHALON & SON'S

COCOINE.

Prepared from Highly Purified COCOA-NUT OIL.

This preparation possesses extraordinary properties for preserving and beautifying the hair, and also restoring its natural lustre and glossy appearance.

One application, however harsh the hair may be, renders it soft and glossy.

MAGIC HAIR DYE.
CHEMICAL HAIR INVIGORATOR.
FAIRHAIR LOTION.
For the Skin and Complexion.

PHALON & SON,
Perfumers and Distillers,
Nos. 197, 497, and 517 Broadway, N. Y.

For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers. Large bottles, 50 cents; small size, 25 cents.

Inquire for Phalon & Son's COCOINE. BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS.

Burnett's Cocoaine.
Burnett's Cocoaine.
Burnett's Cocoaine.

TESTIMONIAL.

Boston, July 19, 1857.

☞ Messrs. J. Burnett & Co.—I can not refuse to state the salutary effect in my own aggravated case, of your excellent Hair Oil—(Cocoaine).

For many months my hair had been falling off, until I was fearful of losing it entirely. The skin upon my head became gradually more and more inflamed, so that I could not touch it without pain. This irritated condition I attributed to the use of various advertised barwashes, which I have since been told contain camphor spirit.

By the advice of my physician, to whom you kindly shown your process of purifying the Oil, I commenced its use the last week in June. The first application allayed the itching and irritation; in three or four days the redness and tenderness disappeared—the hair ceased to fall, and I have now a thick growth of new hair. I trust that others, similarly afflicted, will be induced to try the same remedy.

Yours, very truly,
SUSAN R. POPE.

Burnett's Cocoaine.

☞ A single application renders the hair (no matter how stiff and dry) soft and glossy for several days. It is conceded by all who have used it to be the best and *only Hair Dressing in the World.*

Prepared by JOSEPH BURNETT & CO., Boston.

For sale by dealers generally, at 50 cents a bottle.

THE NEW NOVEL.

TWO WAYS TO WEDLOCK.

A New Novel of Great Merit.

(Reprinted from the Home Journal.)

12mo, Muslin. Price $1 00.

"Never, since the days of Goldsmith's 'Vicar of Wakefield' have we read any thing more beautiful than the story called 'Two Ways to Wedlock.'"—*New York Daily News.*

The extraordinary popularity of this remarkable novel, which reached so much beyond as it ran through the columns of the *Home Journal*, has induced the author for publication in complete book form, and a large sale is anticipated.

Sold every where, and sent by mail, *postage free*, on receipt of price ($1 00), by

RUDD & CARLETON,
130 Grand Street, New York.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. III.—No. 118.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1859. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

ADVERTISEMENT.

In the next number of this journal we shall commence

A New Serial Story,

ENTITLED

TRUMPS.

BY

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

ILLUSTRATED BY

AUGUSTUS HOPPIN.

A perusal of HARPER'S WEEKLY will keep persons living in the country thoroughly posted on the news of the day.

No other publication gives so much and so choice matter, or so fully illustrated a history of the times in which we live.

More money is paid to American Artists and Engravers for illustrating this publication than for illustrating any other paper in the United States.

This is the cheapest and best family illustrated newspaper in the country.

To advertisers we need only observe that advertisements in this journal, at fifty cents a line, are cheaper and more effective—because they meet the eye of more people throughout the country, from North to South, and East to West—than advertisements in any other publication.

We refer families to our printed list of terms on the fifteenth page of each paper. By forming clubs, people in the country can obtain the paper on very advantageous terms.

THE TERRIBLE RAILWAY ACCIDENT IN CANADA.

An obliging correspondent has sent us a sketch, which we engrave below, of the late fearful accident on the Great Western Railway, near Hamilton, Canada West. The accident occurred at about 3 A.M. on March 19, between Flamboro' and Dundas. The Superintendent of the road thus describes the event:

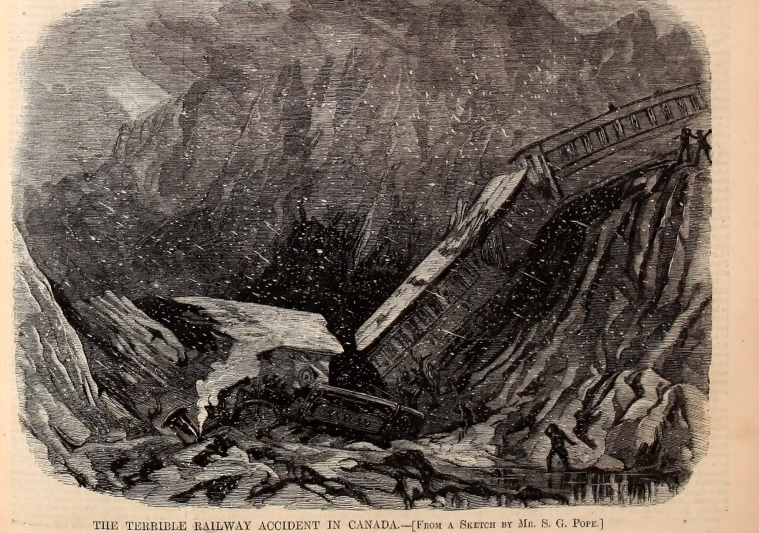
"The fearful storm of the 18th had washed away a portion of a heavy bank between Flamboro' and Dundas, and into this chasm the engine ran, taking with it the first portion of the train. At that hour of the night all the passengers in the car which he was in, the second (in first-class passage), were fast asleep, their bats hung up, their boots off, and generally disposed for as much comfort as possible. Mr. Cornell was reclining upon his seat, which he occupied by himself, when he heard the splash created by the engine, and, to what manner he can not tell, he found his car turned completely over, and himself standing erect upon its side. It seems the chasm made by the washing away of the line was at least as long as three passenger-cars, and from twelve to twenty feet deep. Into this the locomotive rushed headlong, burying itself completely in the soil, and becoming, of course, an absolute wreck. The baggage-car fell above and on the locomotive; the first passenger-car ran astant upon this; the second passenger-car slid under the upturned end of the first, and the third, the sleeping-car, running into this, had its corner carried away.

"Mr. Cornell found himself upon his feet on the side of the car, one end of which being higher than the other was comparatively clear, while the other was one confused heap of human beings and broken seats. The door was wrenched off, the windows all broken, and part of the floor and ceiling ripped up. All of his companions who were not injured escaped out of my available aperture; but the shrieks and groans which he heard about him induced him to remain to succor the helpless. He commenced by tearing up the pieces of seats which held a great many passengers firmly and dangerously fixed, throwing the boards, etc., out of the nearest window. He first helped out two young men, who hurried away uninjured as quickly as possible; a third had a broken leg, but crawled out of the car. Three young ladies, who were tightly wedged in, he next extricated, two without injury: the third had both her feet injured. While working away unaided in this brave manner, Mr. Cornell was supplicated by one of the ladies to be careful and not hurt her; and it was with the greatest trouble, and only by cutting away her clothing that he finally got her free. With her sister he put her out at the door, and they jumped out in safety. In the pile of human beings under these ladies, were two others whom he next attempted to rescue—one, a young man, he finally drew forth, and passed him out of the car; his leg was broken and he was very much injured; the next object was a dead body, some poor creature killed at once; finally he came to two others—a man and his wife. The woman was firmly held by her feet by pieces of seats and planks, and beneath her was her husband, wedged tightly in the ruins, his head only being visible. To extricate the woman required the greatest care, for her husband was in peril of suffocation by dislodging pieces of wood. He finally got her out, and lifted her to a window to some one above; both of her legs were broken. The husband he also set free; he was not much injured, though very much bruised. Mr. Cornell says he was the last live man in the car. He extricated all he could, and then left it himself.

"The scene presented outside was of the most frightful description. The furious equinoctial storm was raging in all its violence—it was blowing a hurricane, the snow was falling, the water was yet washing over the ridge of the mountain, on whose side the track is built, and the difficulty of succoring the wounded or extricating the dead and the living so much increased. The cars lay in absolute wreck, passengers were looking for friends, the wounded were groaning, and the utmost confusion prevailed. To add to all this, another engine was seen rapidly approaching, evidently unconscious of the casualty. Every body shouted and screamed to induce it to stop, lest it should destroy itself and destroy all the wounded who still remained in the ruins.

"Fortunately the engineer stopped, and subsequently the train took back the living, the dead, and the wounded to Copetown.

"It seems the shock to the passengers in all but the last car was very severe; in the last, or sleeping-car, it



THE TERRIBLE RAILWAY ACCIDENT IN CANADA.—[FROM A SKETCH BY MR. S. G. POPE.]

and hardly felt, owing, probably, to its peculiar construction. Here it was, however, that the late Superintendent of the Mercantile department of the railway, Mr. Read, happened to be. He was not in the berth, but sitting in the corner near the stove, chatting with another gentleman. Bolts and timbers from the passenger-car flashed entered the sleeping-car, only wounding the other, but killing Mr. Read instantly.

Mr. Cornett informs us that the number killed must exceed the published statements. He mentions an effort made to account for the disparity of the participants. He thinks the gossiping engineers only could have rendered such an estimate possible. It is said that the train passed safely over the spot only an hour before, and that train, in his opinion, weakened the embankment sufficiently for the subsidence of the one that followed it. He describes the soil in this spot as a "quick-sand which almost disappears by the action of water."

Another passenger says:

"The embankment was about 60 feet high, and the bank in the west end sank. One lady, named Jones, had with her four children, the youngest being a baby of only two weeks old. The baby's mother and father killed or badly hurt. There were two ladies in the sleeping-car, for whom are not sure. One was Mrs. Read, wife of the late Mr. Read, who had with her, a nine mile.

"A terrible storm of wind, accompanied with rain and snow, was prevailing, and rendered the situation of the passengers more uncomfortable than it would otherwise have been. All the ladies and children that could be found were got up the embankment and placed in the sleeping-car for shelter, but as the house was filled short of giving way beneath it, they were afterward removed to the track, and made as comfortable as circumstances would permit, with mattresses and cushions taken from the cars. Several of the ladies were without shoes, stockings, and bonnets. Among these were Mrs. Geare. This lady also lost her purse and money, being thus left destitute."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1859.

THE POST-OFFICE FAILURE.

IT is at length announced authoritatively that there will be no extra session, and that the Post-office must manage the best way it can without an appropriation. It is also announced, apparently on good authority, that no certificates of indebtedness will be issued to contractors, and that the department will be made as small as possible after expenditure. This is as much as to say that over one half of the present postal accommodation afforded by the Government to the people will be withdrawn. The bulk of the unprodcutive mail routes will be abandoned; letters will cease to be delivered at new post-offices, and in the more thickly settled parts of the country, the postal service will be continued on a restricted scale.

This is all good news. The only news that would have been better still would have been the announcement of the total abolition of the Government Post-Office. Still, let us be thankful for what we have got. The post-office at all be the best possible, but a post-office there must be much better than a whole one.

We hope and trust that Postmaster Holt will proceed forthwith to cut down the postal arrangements; that he will altogether deprive Mississippi, Arkansas, and Minnesota of the benefits of the service; that wherever two mails a day are dispatched to or from the great commercial centres, he will reduce them to single departures to one; that he will do all in his power, in a word, to hamper, and obstruct, and reduce the accommodation afforded by the mails to the people by the Government Post-office.

For though the people of the United States are the most active and long-suffering people under the sun—though, as a rule, they cheerfully submit to be annoyed, and cheated, and overtaxed, and defied, and trampled by their Governments without so much as a word of remonstrance—yet, even with them, there is a point at which their power of patient endurance ceases, and a measure of misgovernment to which even they can not submit. We have no hope that Postmaster Holt, in pursuance of the system which is understood to have been adopted at Washington with regard to the whole Post-Office Department, may reach that point and fill that measure.

We repeat what we have said before: the National Post-office of the United States is an anomaly which must, so long as it is suffered to last, be a curse to the people and a needless burden to the Government. Every attempt to make so absurd and impossible an institution fit into the requirements of the age is a folly. Postmaster Brown, in the agony of attempting to solve the problem, stultified a long and respectable career by proposing to raise the rate of postage to five cents. Postmaster Holt confesses his administration by proposing to cut off unproductive routes.

We hope he will work out his theory vigorously. When the people of Nevada and Massachusetts are deprived of one-half their usual postal facilities—when the people of California, of Arkansas, of Mississippi, and of Minnesota discover that they enjoy no postal system at all, they may, perhaps, begin seriously to ventilate the query whether the National Post-office might not safely and beneficially be abolished altogether. The moment they begin earnestly to agitate on the subject the result is certain. Never was more indefensible an edifice than the United States Post-office.

Here is a ch[illegible]ood plank in new party platforms. If Mr. Holt does what is intended, a few months hence the whole country will be crossed against the National Post-office. Any party which comes forward with a practical scheme for the remedy of the postal evils will obtain the support of the honest people throughout the country. Where is the politician who shall seize the opportunity and make his capital out of it?

THE PACIFICATION OF INDIA.

THE latest mails from India bring a brief order of the day from the British camp announcing that the rebellion in Oude is quelled. The British army has been victorious in the city of Nina Sahib and other rebel leaders, who are chafing their purseers in the jungles and fastnesses of their native land; but this matter, it is obvious, must soon come to an end. The rebels have not the means to carry on the war; famine, treachery, and perfidy have pursued us only to cause their capture before long. In a few months the work of insurrection, which has commenced under such terrible auspices in May, 1857, will be definitely ended.

Some changes have taken place since that rebellion broke out. The government of India has been transferred from the East India Company to the British Crown. The Native residents of India have been warned of the precarious tenure of their lives and property. The Hindoo and Mussulman residents of Hindostan have been taught the power of England.

The two last effects of the rebellion will prove wholesome. European residents in Hindostan had grown so contemptuous of the "inferior race," and so proud of their own blood, that they were not to favor of the natives. It is well that they should be reminded that even Pandy has a heart and hands. Nor is it less useful that Englishmen, in India, should learn, and severe lessons, that white women and children can not be slaughtered with impunity. But the greatest benefit will be the check to infinite obstacles of every kind, are as nothing to protect the murderers of helpless men, and women, and children. The Hindoo and the Mussulman—like the Turks of Djeddah—will be all the better men for the punishment they have endured.

But as to the third effect of the rebellion—the transfer of the government of India from the Company to the British Crown—it is very doubtful whether this to any real gain. We have benefited in this instance less than for many, many years the Company has been a myth, so far as the government of India was concerned. Shareholders met, and voted, and the East India Directors held their meetings, drew up formal minutes of proceedings, and used remonstrances freely; but the real government of India, since the Company's charter was last renewed, has always resided in the British Ministry for the time being. The Board of Control, resolved itself into a "board of control." Practically, therefore, the formal transfer of the colony to the Crown is no change at all. It was here before, to all real intents and purposes.

As to the probable working of the new system nothing can yet be predicted, except that it will not succeed. It is impossible to legislate, or a congress of nations, comprising onesixth the population of the earth, can be ruled by an assemblyized before his eyes, must confidently be impeded and hampered in his official action.

It would, perhaps, have been unjustifiable to expect any thing truly liberal or generous from the narrow-minded Tories who are now in power at Great Britain. But they ought to have known better than to have attempted a system which the experience of the past century has thoroughly exploded.

THE FUTURE OF ART IN THE UNITED STATES.

A RECENT auction sale of American paintings has resulted somewhat disappointingly to artists. The times were bad; very few persons have money to invest in pictures; but the prices commanded by fine works were not. Even more much higher than was expected. The event is of good augury for the future of American art.

Several writers have expatiated on the "American School of Art." We do not pretend to understand their meaning. The American school —so far as it is represented by Gignoux, Church, Cropsey, Durand, Stillman, etc., etc.—is a faithful representation of nature, and nothing more. If other schools differ from it, they are palpably based on an erroneous idea, and must presently fail.

The only point in connection with American art which to us appears worthy of especial notice is the prospect that American artists will presently command a market that is unequaled in the world. Even at the present time our leading artists receive higher prices for their works than painters in any other country in the world. And when it is remembered that the market for American works of art has only grown up within a few years, it is safe to infer that, ten or fifteen years hence, the reward of artistic merit will be still more liberal. This is easily explained. This is a country in which a few men grow suddenly rich, and possess the money with a freedom corresponding to the facility with which it has been acquired. In Europe wealth is slowly accumulated. Most of the large fortunes are hereditary. Many are transmitted from generation to generation and held by force of mortgages and all kinds of possessor little means for casual expenditure. The rich Americans are the great art-purchasers.

And in almost all the countries of Europe the Government undertakes the especial patronage of art, which naturally and properly assumes a separate expenditure for the purchase of works of art.

In the United States there are no picture-galleries. Private expenditure is more liberal than in any European country; money easily earned is quickly spent; there is no Government patronage for art. Every man who can afford to buy a good painting feels that it is his duty to do so; for the artistic sense naturally art devolves exclusively on him and on his fellows.

We infer, therefore, judging from the profuse expenditure of Americans on their households, and from the peculiar advantages which art enjoys in this country, that the reward of merit of successful artists in the United States will be larger than that which falls to the lot of their brethren abroad. We expect that, in a few years hence, instead of sending our Cropseys, and Powers, and Brownells, and Crawfords abroad, we shall be offering a home to the Turcots, and the Landseers, and the Diaz, and the Mulready of the day.

Nor will our rich men expend their means unprofitably. Such paintings as Gignoux's *Islands* would adorn any European palace, and be an honor to this country to produce such works. As Agassiz said, when some European museum opened him to examine specimens of creatures discovered in this country, such things should not on any account be parted with. They are the true, indigenous riches of the country—much more lasting than Californian gold, more precious than bonds, and stocks, and real estate.

It was once the fashion to believe that neither art nor letters could prosper without princely or aristocratic patronage. Letters have long since emancipated themselves from the thraldom; the consequence is that one hundred volumes are sold where one hundred years ago one would. It will be so with art. We who read these lines will probably live to see the day when great painters, in this country, will obtain from the *nouveaux riches* of the United States unheard-of prices for their works, and foreign artists—like foreign singers—will make their visits great market.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE SICKLES CASE.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

In your *Weekly* of the 12th of March there is an article entitled, "The Homicide Law Reform," in which the reasoning, though very ingenious, is yet fallacious. Knowing your impartiality, I think you will not refuse to hear and publish the other side of the question. I am no apologist for the law, neither do I intend to deny the correctness of the inference you draw, viz., that Sickles was excusable for killing Key; for the true doctrine, from the religious aspect of the case, is, that the seducer of a wife, daughter, or sister, forfeits, ipso facto, his life; nay, he is slain by the outraged husband, father, or brother, as the case may be.

The injury done to society by this crime is so great, that it would seem to be nothing but sublime in slaying the author of it. Neither can he be alleged as a legal plea, by the defendant, on the trial for the homicide, in law and not morally in itself justifiable. But to your article. You say, "In the Laws, and subsequently under the civilized nations of the ancient world, the seducer might be lawfully put to death if caught in the act." In those days evidence was doubtful, and trials even more uncertain than in our own times. It is also assumed that where a guilty intrigue existed and came to the knowledge of the injured husband, he would take pains to detect the parties in *flagrante delicto*. Now the law assumed no such thing; nor is it did such things occur frequently in human nature. Strictly speaking, every homicide is a wanton violation of the divine law, unless it be in self-defense, or the execution of justice, exclusive, or mitigates the act. After the killing is proved, the law presumes malice until the contrary is shown, and it rests with the defendant to show the contrary. The general rule is, "Thou shalt not kill;" and the onus is upon the defendant to show the exception.

It was because the detection in *flagrante delicto* was calculated so to rouse the passions of the husband as to dethrone his reason, and therefore to render him an irresponsible being, that the slaying of him was allowed to be given in excuse for the homicide. It was not a justification, it was an excuse, a mere indulgence to an infirmity of human nature. The punishment for adultery was, by the Jewish law, death; but that did not give the injured party a right to kill the adulterer. He must be tried according to law, and, if convicted, stoned to death. By the Roman civil law the homicide was excusable only when the adulterer was killed in *flagrante delicto* in the husband's house. But from this law presuming that the injured party would take pains to detect the adulterer in *flagrante delicto* for the purpose of killing him, it would presume that the husband was a murderer if he killed the adulterer under circumstances, for example, which make the matter a *question of fact*, and assumes the husband to be the murderer, by law, and not executioner; that detection in *flagrante delicto* was a requisite legal evidence upon which to pass sentence, and therefore that the husband's testimony in his own case not be supported by any authority. The law provided specific evidence upon which the jury decided, as it had compassion on the infirmity of his nature, but it did not divest the deed to be done. It did not say that the detection was sufficient evidence, but it did say it was sufficient provocation, as it is worthy of the consideration of the jury. But the true reason of the law was, that the seducer must not only be caught, but also must be killed in the act. The husband has a right to kill him, and then wait until a more convenient season to kill him. He may bind him in order to do it, he would be slound if there was, by law, a right in the husband to kill the seducer upon proof of the connection, and if the law made the detection in *flagrante delicto* as a mere precautionary rule of evidence, to prevent the killing of him, the concealment was more difficult than it is now. Cases were small, communities were limited, geography universal, as in the case of a leading citizen of Jerusalem, Athens, or Rome, was known to the entire population of the city. Everyone knew if he or she went wrong, the whole city was aware of it. Her offense could not be hidden. There was no room so dark, no bed so well curtained, but the comings and outgoings were certain to be watched. . . . . Hence, we infer, in such circumstances the restriction of the right of vengeance to the husband who took the simple trouble to make sure of it. But, in New York, in the great desert which another concealment was more difficult than then now; whether one knew of it or not, it was not well known now to all the other members of that circle as was ever possible. . . . They scandal, with the knowledge of it, certainly has not been the less yet of her assistry or malignity in our time. And, in the great desert which with consistency in saying, in one place, that "evidence was doubtful" in those times, and then saying it was abundant and certain, we can not see the force of reasoning, and certainly was the reason why the highest justice was required by the Jewish law, and stoning as a natural consequence, restricted to the husband who took the *simple* trouble to make sure of the fact. It was a wise precaution and the conclusion that the right of vengeance should be restricted to the husband who took the trouble of Jerusalem, Athens, or Rome, who "took the simple trouble" to make sure in this manner of the fact. Where there was no law, there was no restrict the obscurer citizen, as there was not the same probability attending the fact. But the case of a secure Jew had just as much right to kill an adulterer as had the most powerful member of the synagogue. The law was the same to the obscure as to the whole community—might be perfect strangers, just as Sickles—but the husband had the same right as the greatest "leading citizen." The husband, the wife, and the adulterer might be the only persons cognizant of the crime, but the fact of guilt was committed within an hour after their arrival; and yet this obscure, unknown Jew had a right to kill the adulterer with impunity. So we see that the publicity attending the act, and the facility of obtaining this most important fact of it, was not the ground of the reason of the law. But say that that reason is because of the tendency of the act to rouse to fury the passions and dethrone the reason of the husband, and we have a law the reason of which is applicable to the most obscure as well as conspicuous.

The theory that the law admitted the right of the injured husband to kill the adulterer upon proof of the fact, but at the same time admitted only detection in *flagrante delicto* as sufficient, destroys the defense of the man who kills the adulterer not by detection in the act. This principle was long teen done upon evidence not allowed by law, but without the rule of the law, and therefore monster. It is not true, in point of law, if the prudent rule of the old law has been relaxed," no other evidence of provocation; for by the English common law, which is the basis of the criminal law of every State in the Union, the homicide of the adulterer taken in *flagrante delicto* was, and is, held to be sufficient provocation to reduce the crime homicide. The foundation being destroyed, the whole tottering upon it must fall. It is not necessary to make this a question of evidence in order to excuse a man who kills the seducer, not in the act, but otherwise proved, for the circumstances and proportions the length of "cooling-time" to the injury inflicted. What length of time is necessary to enable a man thus outraged to regain his reason? The time must be long, indeed, before the death of the injured husband, the widow and few days of reason may have entered his mind, and shown him injustice of the act of slaying the seducer, that he will not be an accountable being. Detection in the act is but certain knowledge, though of the most revolting kind. This says the law, of provocation. Are there not other means of certain knowledge? Is not knowledge of the fact gained by these means calculated to rouse the passions to an uncontrollable degree (though, perhaps, not to the degree that an actual detection as *flagrante delicto* would), and therefore render the man as unaccountable as the other? Ought the law to be rather *in it not*, therefore, a legal provocation? It is not safe to base the defense of such a deed upon

such foundations as your article points out. It is better and safer to put it on the true ground, viz., that it is such a provocation as poor frail human nature can not resist.

Very respectfully,
OLD SARUM.

THE LOUNGER.

AN APOLOGUE.

DR. NOAH WEBSTER (the English nobility are requested to take notice that this is another and not Sir Benjamin), in his celebrated dictionary, defines *apologue* as "a story or relation of fictitious events, intended to convey useful truth."

As thus:

Once upon a time there was a country in which the people resolved that every body should enjoy his own opinion about arithmetic. Twice two should make a million if any body wanted it to, and however much he might be laughed at by those who knew that it only makes four, yet he should not be harmed for his opinion.

Then all those people agreed that they would each pay a good round sum to support schools in which their children should be taught botany—not swimming, nor playing on the trombone, but *botany*.

But one day, in one of the schools, a teacher of botany insisted that the class should recite a lesson in arithmetic according to Euclid. And the scholars said that his parents sent him to teach botany, and not arithmetic. Thereupon the teacher said: "Thou naughty boy, because thou wilt not learn how Euclid does what thou knowest not, and spoke he was.

Then the parents and friends of that scholar said to the other people who smiled upon the spanking: "We believe in the science of numbers as well as you, but we believe differently from you; and we do not acknowledge Euclid as a safe guide, having one of our own." So they sent the scholar home with you, to have our children taught botany; and we ourselves, elsewhere and otherwise, provide for your arithmetical shortcomings. But we also profess to allow us to enjoy our own views and our own methods of instruction, without molesting you for spanking our children because they do not yield to yours?"

The only reply that those foolish people could make was that every body ought to be taught arithmetic—which nobody denied.

And Clio, the great spectator of human affairs, laughed at them dreadfully, and recorded the story for the benefit of school committees.

RUN OUT.

THERE is a slang expression about running things into the ground. It may have chanced to the reader to hear it. It may even have endeared to him to use it, under certain circumstances. An invitation given to a politician to a public dinner, a presentation of plate to a man of science, a gift which has made a voyager without being wrecked, the certificates of celebrated people to their virtues of corn-plasters—these are the things which may be said to have been run into the ground. They all sail travel very far from their starting point by any opinion with them.

There is one more advertising effort of the same kind which seems to have breathed its last during the last week, and is to sow fully into the ground. That is the habit of getting some man or other, or somebody to deliver some kind of public discourses signed by well-known people.

It is a dreary business to tell the tale, but it seems that a gentleman was lately invited to the post, in this city, a lecturer who has been delivered elsewhere. Among the published names of the gentlemen who invite the repetition, and who have not by any intimation the fact that there is such a lecture and such a lecturer, but implicitly vouch for its long-worth, based on its delivery to fifty or fifty or twenty-five cents to hear, the reader of the daily papers finds Mayor Tiemann, Messrs. Peter Cooper, Cyrus W. Field, Moses Taylor, Simeon B. Jerome, Rev. Dr. Prime, Dr. Kennedy, and others. All the notice considered worthy of being that "the Committee," who, so far as the reader knows, are the gentlemen whose names appear, "would add that no lecture has been prepared with more care, the most unique, original, and eloquent discourses of the day."

The result is that the gentleman reads his lecture in the Academy of Music to an audience of about a hundred and a quarter persons.

Of course the smallness of the audience is no body's fault. But from the fact that Harper's Weekly is not clear that the gentlemen who invited its attention, and in whose names it was extolled, re ally knew or cared very little about it?

Doubtless it was only a piece of good-nature on their parts. But why should they lend their names for good-nature? Do reputable people not owe it to each other to have their names mean something? When the reader sees that Mayor Tiemann's or Mr. Cooper's name attached to an invitation, he will probably put his finger upon his nose and exclaim, "Yes, I think I have seen that name before. It means nothing at all. That business is about run into the ground. In fact, no thank you, I've been there!"

IMPORTANT CORRESPONDENCE.

VAN DEN BROECK has addressed a letter to the Lounger in reply to the correspondence of Mynheer Van Tromp in No. 116 of *Harper's Weekly*. The Lounger hastened to transmit the letter to Mr. Van Tromp, and has received his reply.

Mr. Van der Broeck writes substantially as follows:

* * * * Instead of taking the Columbia College advertisement as a criterion, let him visit the Academy of Music, or any other respectable place of entertainment, and he will see that the audience, although composed of the same people he met at the College Exhibition, will via favorably with any audience in Boston or any other city.

"It fanns well, take the trouble to inquire, as will find that a College Commencement is an institution by which that it is a fashionable resort where the young folks go to meet their friends and pass a pleasant morning, or they do as a *concessation* on the Avenue. All Commencements are the same, whether at Columbia, Rutgers, Yale, or any other College, and a person who attends them, with the expectation of being able to hear what is said by the speakers will be very much disappointed, unless he is fortunate enough to get a seat in the stage among the Alumni.

"In conclusion, let me remark that your friend answered strong language toward the audience on the occasion of Mayor Tiemann's speech, and I think he comprehended the highest respectability: and he should remember that his ticket was only a 50 by the distribution. He also invited their other friends, and that it is considered in polite society proper for a host to pay the expenses for an invited guest to abuse the persons in whose company he may find himself placed.

"Tell Hans that I am a Knickerbocker as well as he, and proud of it too.

"I remain, dear Lounger, self-appointed champion for bl-hing New Yorkers in general,

"VAN DEN BROECK."

To this the Lounger receives the following:

"Mr. Hans Van Tromp presents his compliments to Mr. Van den Broeck, and begs to say that the conduct of the audience at the Academy is certainly very different from that at the College Commencement. But he has only to remark that, if it is composed of the same people, it was unworthy of them. It is the duty of the highest respectability, nobody would have suspected the fact from the audience.

"Secondly, Mr. Van Tromp has attended many Commencements at many Colleges, and, to his grief, has not found them always crowded and gay—but never so intolerably dull as to be compelled to insist not only on silence, but to request the students to separate themselves from those who were disposed to talk.

"Thirdly, Mr. Van Tromp is aware that he used strong language when he told the Knickerbockers he believed all a gentleman ought to believe. But the President used stronger language when, as above mentioned, he invited them.

"Fourthly, if Mr. Van Tromp received his card from the students, and not from the Committee, and if the committee 'a breach of etiquette' toward his hosts by not attending to the duty of festival alluring, if the guests were those guests guilty of no breach of etiquette toward their hosts, Mr. Van Tromp is at a loss to imagine. In making such a row that the speaking was inaudible in every body in the audience, and not only a breach of piety, which is the offender against etiquette, the one who chatters and laughs during the prayer, or the one who cries hist! and tries to listen?

"Mr. Hans Van Tromp wishes Mr. Van der Broeck good-morning."

The Lounger has thus allowed both sides to be heard, and must insist upon closing the discussion upon the controversial point. If his opinion be asked, he will say that he can not but think Mr. Van Tromp right, while Mr. Van der Broeck considers Mr. Van der Broeck's defense generous and natural.

TO LYCEUM COMMITTEES.

MR. MUNGE, a lecturer of eminence, has favored the Lounger with the following fact.

Toward the close of a course of lectures in a village not remarkably prosperous, it was announced that at the last lecture the audience would gratify the committee if each person present would pay for the lectures he or she must desired to hear during the next season. There was a general response to the request, so that the gentlemen who have the annual course in charge know what speakers are preferred.

This is a sensible, democratic method. It presents any dictation by a committee, and relieves the invitation of the lecturer disreputable for his extreme conservatism, or for any other cause; and the committee are enabled to offer to invited lecturers the people want to hear him. It also serves to show the general sympathy of the community with the views and the sentiments represented by various men.

The Lounger cordially thanks his friend Munnu, whom he would especially recommend to the consideration of lecture committees, together with the excellent plan which he has mentioned.

"MAID MULLER."

C. W. E., writing from Boston, asks the Lounger's opinion "as to the fate of Whittier's fine poem of 'Maud Muller.' A critic in *Putnam's Monthly* (vol. viii., page 29, says in speaking of it (as no doubt the Lounger will remember) that 'the Old England literature is given to it by the fewest, but most characteristic touches, and it no more occurs to the mind that there is any thing in it but Saxon than that Chaucer's landscapes are in it.'

C. W. E. then, as above, asks that Muller is not a New England name; that there are few Mauds among New England girls; that these girls do not ride hay-carts very rarely, and then rather unwilling in sport; that 'in this critic very justly observes, 'a New England girl would hardly expect to be hired at less than a dollar a day;' and that

"Him who set by the chimney-log,
Carved with his knife many a figure and mug,"

"is a sufficiently defined picture of a German peasant."

Then again reading the beautiful poem carefully, the Lounger is inclined to differ with C. W. E., and to agree with Putnam's Monthly that Maud and Muller are very common New England names. But Maud is decidedly not German, and the beauty of the poem must justify the use of that of it in Vanksland. The Yankee girls, however, as C. W. E. observes, are not accustomed to ride hay on the Lounger knows, sometimes with bare feet —which is enough for the poet's purpose. The "toasting of the wine" is not New England, certainly; but the chimney-log, and pipe, and mug are enough so. They are quite well known there, C. W. E. may be sure.

But now let us turn to the poem. The conception of the maiden with "vague unrest" and "a nameless longing" suits the New England farmer's more than any other in the world: for she reads more and thinks more of possible social change than any other girl of her condition in the world. A German peasant girl does not dream of marrying out of her sphere. Caste is a final fact in her world.

"But, when she glanced to the far-off town,
White from its hill-slope looking down."

Now there is not a white town in Germany, and white is the characteristic color of a New England village.

"The judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

"He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid,

"And ask a draught from the spring that flowed
Through the meadow across the road."

In this not all pure New England—the judge on his horse—the apple-trees, chief trees along the New England road.

"But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in court an old love-tune."

Does C. W. E. know the colonial ceremony that lodges a German court of law, like every thing else official in Germany?

It is by such few touches" that the scene of the poem is conveyed, while the spirit commends itself—that is, to the every body familiar with the minor tone of New England life. Such a judge and such a girl would be as little characteristic of Germany as the white town and the apple-trees of the German landscape.

"Maud Muller, D. D.," &c.

Let C. W. E. refer to Dublin's illustration of the poem in the Harper edition of the Poets of the Nineteenth Century, and see if the Judge is a Gentleman in the imagination of the artist.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—SONS friend in New Orleans, who will accept the Lounger's thanks, has sent the card of invitation and programme of the annual festival of the Academy of Dance, which occurs on the evening of Mardi-gras. The typography and designing in blue and gold are very handsome—and the programme for the festival allures. The *Mardi Krave* gave a series of tableaux in the Varieties Theatre, representing the Courts of the world from Adam to Napoleon, with Madi Marian as the central figure, and Hobby Horse, Jack in the Green, Bluff—Jack, Fool, &c., in attendance. *Midsummer Eve*, with Titania, and fairies, Puck, St. George etc. *Chivalry*, with Sir Father Christmas, and plum pudding, boar's head, wassail, etc.; and *Twelfth Night Court*, with the Lord of Misrule, and the Abbot of Unreason, with the Queen of Comfits. The description of the festivity in the *Crescent* entitles to its complete success.

—CARONE'S skating song shows that he had pleasant day.

—F. Skenectales, will find that Garrick was baptized on the 28th February, 1716, and died on the 20th January, 1779. He left the stage in 1776. There is a charming letter of great length on the portrait of Garrick, written by the Hon. Galon C. Verplanck, in the *Talisman* for 1829, the form of Garrick's life, however, are in all the Biographical Dictionaries.

—A CONSTANT READER, New Orleans, is so fortunate as to discovering the *M.S.* he sends at the Lounger, who can make nothing of it.

—J. H. G., Louisville, Kentucky, will find Longfellow's "Warden of the Cinque Ports" in the first volume of *Putnam's Monthly*, January, 1853. It is also republished in the last volume of his works—"Miles Standish, and other Poems."

—J. H. B., New York, asks whether a married lady should be addressed by her own christened name, when more than one is used—whether we should say Mrs. John Jones or Mrs. John Jones? Both are justified by good usage. But it would probably be more exact to say Mrs. John Jones; and it is to say Mrs. of Mr. John Jones; the female John Jones, so to say.

—J. S., Allegheny County, Maryland, asks rather to comprehensive a question. The Prince Napoleon is not married the Princess Clotilde exists, is not as old as the Lounger thought him. He is not the only person in Napoleon's family to wish Charles Paul, and he is the second son of the old Jerome Coarber of the great Emperor), by his marriage with the Princess Catharine, daughter of the King of Wurtemberg. Mr. Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte married, in 1829, the old Jerome by Elizabeth Patterson, of Baltimore, his first wife, whom he married in 1803. The separate was made in Camberwell, near London, on the 7th July, 1805. The great Emperor was angry with the marriage, and refused to forward the Madame Patterson-Bonaparte to enter France. He compelled his brother to marry the Princess Frederica Catharine Augusta, 1807, and on the 15th erected Westphalia into a kingdom, making Jerome King. But Joseph Pope Dux VII. was the only reading Pope has denied the validity of the origination of marriages with Miss Patterson. By the civil law, the present Prince Napoleon is a bastard. But laws, whether divine or human, are recognized by temporal courts only to serve their own purposes. The great Napoleon said to old Pope Pius, "My brother is not married to the Baltimore girl." The old Pope said, and his successor says, "He is!" Twas a pretty quarrel, but the Emperor had several hundred thousand soldiers to emphasize his wit. A few years since the Lounger had the pleasure of seeing Madame Patterson-Bonaparte. She was sixty-seven years of age, and had the remains of great beauty. Even than she was educated, and gayly, for she was symmetry of her arm, of which she was very proud.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRIDAY, *Evening, Saturday, March* 26, 1859.

THE great event of the week in commercial and financial circles has been the revival of speculation and advances in price of cotton, caused by the advices from the other side. The business at the close of the week was larger than was ever known before during the same period of time; cotton closes from ¼ @ ⅛ higher than it was last week.

In money there is no change. Call loans are effected early at 6 per cent.; good short acceptances are done at 8, and first-class endorsed bills at six months may at 10 @ 12, according to quality. The exchange market is very dull, and rates are nominal. Sterling is quoted at 9 @ 9 per cent. premium, and paying for the specie for specie export.

Stocks are generally better, with the exception of the Western Railway Stocks, which are vigorously hammered by the Bears at the board, and have receded in consequence.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Saturday, March* 26, 1859.

THE Wholesale Dry Goods Markets have been very active for Flour, Wheat, and Corn during the past week. Prices have materially advanced. Barley has been more freely offered and purchased at, however, cotter prices. Rye has been in full demand at full rates. Oats have been very quiet. . . Cotton has been in lively request at advanced rates. Hay, Hops, Provisions, and Seeds, very briskly sought after. The sales on that day reached the large number of 10,000 bales. Rice has been also largely executed; my previous single day's transactions were 1,000 tierces. Tobacco has been in fair request. Sugars and Molasses, Groceries, Green and Dried Fruits, Tobacco have been fair. The principal kinds of Fish, Hides and Leather have been in good demand. . . Hay, Hops, and Seeds have been moderately inquired for. Oils and Naval Stores, &c., . . . With relief inquiry of really desirable Dry Goods available, holders, generally speaking, are generally quite firm. The demand, however, is restricted. An increased inquiry is looked for from the Southern and Northwestern, as well as from the near-by trade, which the resumption of inland navigation will soon bring forward. Prices remain without material change. . . No alteration of import, as all the lots offered, which suit purchasers, are quickly taken at, or near, the quotations. The sales of the week in this week's imports of Dry Goods has been $3,580,228 against $3,000,000 the previous week last year. The imports since January 1 have been $31,660,365 against $17,555,000 during the same period. . . . Commission and consignment business has been productive of any remarkable feature. . . . The following is a general list of the leading quotations for the leading articles:

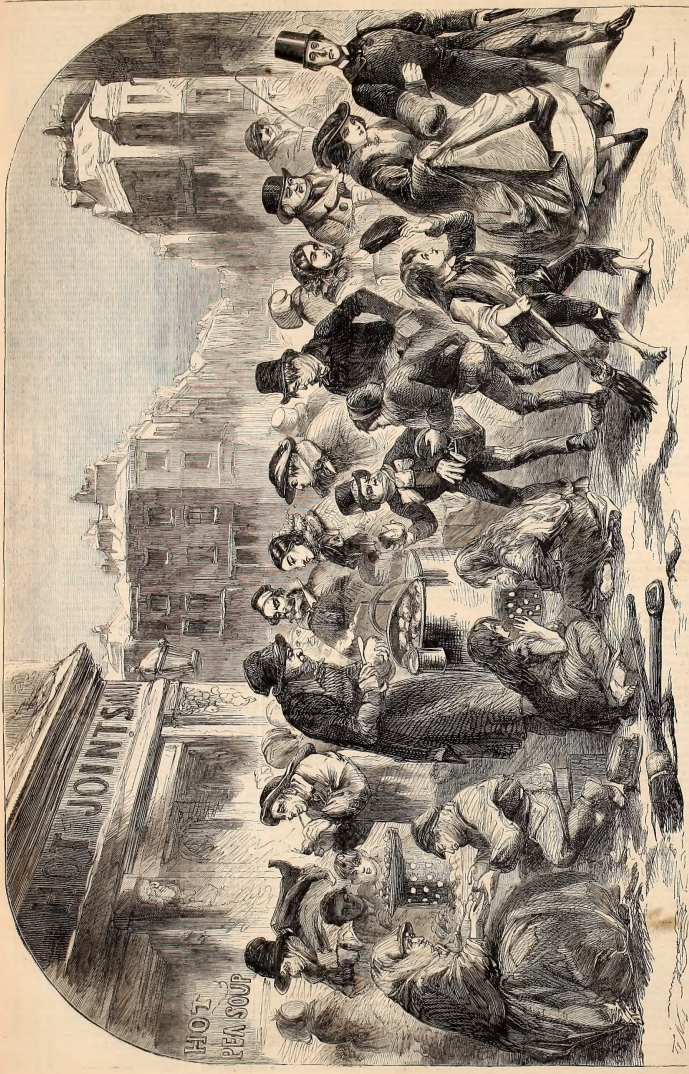
Alcohol, per gallon	$4 18 @ $5 75
Superfine to extra State, per barrel	5 45 @ 6 75
Superfine to extra Western, per barrel	5 45 @ 6 75
Extra Western, per barrel	6 65 @ 8 75
Extra Genesee, per barrel	7 00 @ 8 75
Extra Ohio, per barrel	7 00 @ 8 75
Mixed to Extra Southern, per barrel	6 75 @ 9 00
Superfine to extra Rye Flour, per bbl.	5 45 @ 6 75
Corn Meal, per barrel	3 90 @ 4 40
Red Wheat, per bushel	1 42 @ 1 50
Red Wheat, per bushel	98 @ 1 05
White Wheat, per bushel	1 40 @ 1 50
New Corn, per bushel	87 @ 90
Old Corn, per bushel	90 @ 92
Barley, per bushel	60 @ 80
Western Oats, per bushel	40 @ 42
State Oats, per bushel	42 @ 45
Canada Oats, per bushel	45 @ 50
Southern Oats, per bushel	40 @ 45
Cotton, middlings, per pound	11¾ @ 12
Cotton, fair, per pound	12 @ 12½
Pitch Pine, per barrel	$1 87 @ 2 00
Common Rosin, per 310 pounds	1 90 @ 2 00
Cut Meats, per pound	6½ @ 7
Tallow, per pound	9 @ 9½
State Butter, per pound	17 @ 20
Ohio Butter, per pound	14 @ 16
Cheese, per pound	9 @ 12½
Lard, in barrels, per pound	5 @ 6
Rio Coffee, per pound	10 @ 11
Java Coffee, per pound	24 @ 24
Sugar, Cuba, per pound	6 @ 6
Domestic Whisky, per gallon	23 @ 25½
Rice, per pound	4 @ 5
Hops, per pound, 1857	5 @ 6
Hops, per pound, 1858	6 @ 8
Tallow, per pound	9 @ 9½
Clear Mess Pork, per barrel	$ 00 @ 16 00
Prime Mess Pork, per barrel	14 00 @ 14 50
Prime Pork, per barrel	12 00 @ 12 50
Prime Beef, per barrel	9 00 @ 10 00
Cut Meats, per pound	6½ @ 7
Lard, per pound	10½ @ 11
State Butter, per pound	17 @ 20
Western Butter, per pound	14 @ 16
Cheese, per pound	9 @ 12½
Rio Coffee, per pound	10 @ 11
Java Coffee, per pound	24 @ 24
Sugar, Cuba, per pound	6 @ 6
Domestic Whisky, per gallon	23 @ 25½
Rice, per pound	4 @ 5
Hops, per pound, 1857	5 @ 6
Hops, per pound, 1858	6 @ 8
Tallow, per pound	9 @ 9½
Clear Mess Pork, per barrel	$ 00 @ 16 00
Prime Mess Pork, per barrel	14 00 @ 14 50
Prime Pork, per barrel	12 00 @ 12 50
Prime Beef, per barrel	9 00 @ 10 00
Cut Meats, per pound	6½ @ 7
Lard, per pound	10½ @ 11
Linseed Oil, per gallon	60 @ 62
Kentucky Tobacco, per pound	6 @ 12
Seed Leaf Tobacco	6 @ 15
Havana Tobacco, per pound	40 @ 65
Pulled Wool	24 @ 25
Am. Y'llow Pine Timber, per pound	1 00 @ 1 25
Refined Ingot Copper, per pound	23½ @ 24
Refined Sheet Copper, per pound	28 @ 29
Dry Codfish, per barrel, 196 pounds	4 00 @ 4 50
Pickled Codfish, per barrel, 196 pounds	4 00 @ 4 50
Pickled Salmon, per barrel	14 00 @ 15 00
Smoked Herring, per box	16 @ 18
Pickled Herring, per barrel	5 00 @ 10 50
Am. Hemp, dressed, per ton	225 00 @ 250 00
Clover Seed, per pound	6½ @ 7
Timothy Seed, per bushel	2 25 @ 2 75

The following are the prices according to the advices of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday and Monday:

Beeves	$ 0 00 @ $ 0 00
Four to Premium Beeves, per pound	9 @ 9½
Premium to Extra Beeves, per pound	8½ @ 9
Veal Calves, per pound	6 @ 10
Sheep and Lambs, per pound	6 @ 7½
Lambs, per pound	6 @ 7
Live Swine, per pound	6 @ 6½
Dressed Hogs, per pound	8 @ 8½
Country Pigs, each	1 00 @ 2 00

The Country Produce Markets have been only moderately supplied. The Country Produce Exchange, the Wholesale Prices current or Provisions at Washington Market, are as follows:

Apples, per barrel	$ 2 00 @ 3 00
Dried Apples, per pound	8 @ 9
Peaches, per bushel	1 00 @ 1 50
Dried Plums, per pound	12 @ 15
Dried Cherries, per pound	20 @ 25
Potatoes, sweet, per barrel	3 00 @ 4 00
Potatoes, per bushel	1 00 @ 1 50
Turnips, per bushel	60 @ 75
Onions, per bushel	1 00 @ 1 50
Carrots, per bushel	50 @ 75
Cabbages, per 100	4 00 @ 6 00
Chestnuts, per bushel	2 50 @ 3 00
Cranberries, per bushel	1 50 @ 2 00
Cranberries, per quart	12½ @ 15
Chestnuts, per bushel	75 @ 1 00
Chestnuts, per dozen bunches	75 @ 1 00
Celery, per bundle	4 00 @ 5 00
Celery, per bunches	4 00 @ 5 00
Celery, per dozen bunches	75 @ 1 00
Green Peas, per bushel	2 00 @ 2 50
Green Corn, per dozen	12½ @ 15
Chickens, per pound	10 @ 12
Chickens, per pair	50 @ 75
Fowls, per pair	75 @ 1 00
Geese, per pound	10 @ 12
Turkeys, per pound	12 @ 15
Ducks, per pair	75 @ 1 00
Quail, black, per pair	50 @ 62½
" snipper, per pair	50 @ 62½
" canvas back, per pair	1 00 @ 1 50
" gray, per pair	50 @ 62½
Partridges, per pair	1 00 @ 1 50
Pigeons, per dozen	1 75 @ 2 50
Partridge, per pair	1 00 @ 1 50
English Snipe, per pair	62 @ 75



STREET SCENE IN LONDON—WINTER EVENING.

STREET SCENE IN LONDON—THE JAM AT LONDON BRIDGE.

LONDON STREET SCENES.

We have thought that our readers would be glad to see the foregoing spirited pictures of London street life. Broadway—at Stewart's, at Canal Street, and above Union Square—is often unpleasantly crowded; the cry for a wider street is often heard; but what is the densest crowd in Broadway compared to the jam on London Bridge depicted on the preceding page? The sight seems to also characterize and all who have been in London will at once recognize its fidelity. Strange to say, though seats are to much higher here than in London, street life is comparatively rare here. In London, as Mr. Mayhew tells us, the streets are the scene of almost as much trade as the house.

CHESS CHRONICLE.

BY C. H. STANLEY

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S. P. (Lockport).—Position sound and good, but scarcely sufficient depth to warrant a Diagram. "Chess one of the Fine Arts." Your solution of the Enigma and Problem is correct. Answer to his query shortly.—Sir Jas. Stirling.—In answer to his query whether or no the King's Gambit is so strong as opening as R Kt to B 3 or second move, we refer him to Staunton.—Dr. R. (Philadelphia). In your friend P.'s Problem last sent will not 1. P to Q 4 or Q to R thereby produce mate on the third move?——Q. S. W. (Hertford).—Yes, you can be matched. We don't know how you can score games which have not been played.——J. D. In the matter of the Murphy testimonial you are yet in good time. Forward your subscription to the Rev. Mr. Wainwright, Trinity Church, New York. The article of proposition consist of a set of Chessmen in solid gold and silver, a board inlaid with ivory and ebony squares, and a gold watch.—value of the testimonial $2500.——"Harper's Chess Club" (Baltimore). A Problem in fairy shape and a solution of a section in a forthcoming number of moves than stipulated for in the stated terms.

PROBLEM XXI.

BY "CUBNEY," OF DETROIT.

BLACK.

WHITE.

White to play and checkmate in four moves.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM XX.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Q to K 2	1. P to K 4
2. K to B 6 checkmate.	
1. P to Q 4	1. P to Q 4
2. Q takes P	2. Kt to B 3 (ch)
3. K to Q B 5	3. P to K 3
4. Q to K Kt 5	4. P to B 4
5. P takes Kt	5. P takes P
6. Q to K B 5	6. P to K 4
7. B to K 3	7. P to K 5
8. Q Kt to B 3	8. P to Q 5
9. Castles (Ch side)	9. Kt to K 2
10. Kt to K	10. P to K 3
11. Kt to Q 3	11. P to K 4
12. K Kt to B 4	12. P to Q 3
13. P to Q B 4	13. P to Q B 4
14. K P takes B	14. P takes P
15. Q to K 3	15. Q to K 2
16. Q to K 4	16. Q to K 3
17. Q to K 3	17. Q to K 2
18. Q to K 4	18. Q to K 3
19. K Kt takes P (ch)	19. K takes P
20. K takes P (ch)	20. K to Q 3
21. Q to K 3	21. K to K 2
22. Q to K Kt 4	22. Kt to K B 4
23. Kt takes Kt, etc.	

White wins.

NOTES.

(a) This move contributes the defence of Philidor. Although it appears to lead to the winning of a winning piece, it is one of the most subtle moves in the game.

(b) Black could have more accurately adopt this move 4. B to Q 3.

(c) He had apparently better have played Queen's pawn on the last move.

(d) The Eastern friend has had, for the last few moves, but little chance for the game, and the way he sacrifices his pieces shows up his wish in quite characteristic of his old dashing style.

LITERARY.

We have known Mr. Alexander Watson for many years as one of the most successful gardeners and agriculturists in America. We therefore welcome a book from his hands.—The American Home Garden (published by Harper & Brothers) —as the result of long experience, careful observation, and diligent study in the best gardens, nurseries and customs of our garden inhabitants. We are sure that here is no theoretic gardening, but that all is practical and practicable.——Mr. Watson starts with a simple garden plan, and suggests its arrangement; then gives us the necessary tools, their uses and ways of usefulness; instructs us on manures, and on the accidents and the insects which are foes to the gardener; and then gives a history and sketch of every useful article in the American kitchen and flower-garden. We venture to say that no one who owns a garden the square of soil can fail, with the aid of this book, to make his little lot pay well in beauty and in food; while we commend it to all agriculturists as being a clear, intelligible, and, as we have said, most eminently practical work. It should be in every house placed in the hands of all the boys in the country who love gardening.

The Bible Annals, published by Carter & Brothers, is a narrative of the charitable labors of Hannah and Martha More in their neighborhood. So says the title-page. These labors involved the establishment of day and Sunday schools in villages, workshops for the poor, and the practice of reuniting good that no man can estimate. The book is like "English Hearts and English Hands" in a simple and a noble story, in which we find names that we have honored heretofore crowned with simple and yet exalting humility.

R. M. Devitt publishes a capital little manual, The Cotton Grower's Assistant, prepared by a planter, by Mr. Charles H. Stanley, who is well known to our readers. It is precisely the book required, and ought to have a large sale among the Kings of cotton, which Morphy has recently made so illustrious. It is simple, intelligible, cheap, and handy.

Adam Bede, by George Eliot (Harper & Brothers), is a powerful novel. The characters are real characters are there, and how they stand out on the page, every one in his own individuality! We have known such people, and we recognize them. What they talk of we have talked of, and their emotions and passions, and loves and aversions are all ours. It is true they go plain people mostly; but sometimes the plain man, as in the case of this, rises a compressed instance of certain traits of humanity found all the world over. It is astonishing how much human nature there is in all men.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE POST-OFFICE IMBROGLIO.

Postmaster Holt has published a letter from which we make the following extracts:

"Upon a careful examination and investigation, it has been ascertained that the deficiency will amount to about the sum of $900,000, as stated in my letter of 7th inst. It is proved that, after the 30th of June next, the sum of $700,000, appropriated to the Department by the acts of July 3, 1848, and March 3, 1851, for the transportation and delivery of the mails on the Pacific Coast and for the relative Department, may be applied in part to the extinguishment of this deficiency. This will reduce the balance to be provided for to $65,000. Of the foreign sum of $4,380,291 95, the deficiency which existed in the quarter ending on the 31st December, 1858, was

.....$749,841 69

That for the quarter ending 31st March 1859, was

.....1,071,288 01

Total.....$1,821,129 70

"The $749,841 69—being the unpaid balance of the quarter's account ending 31st December, 1858—ended on 30th February—one and will be paid by the Department from the appropriation of the current year. The only principal part of it will be made within thirty days. The effect of this will be to reduce the deficiency to $4,385,291 95 between the quarter ending 31st March and 30th June, and payable that time. It appears, also, that the suspension of payment on on part of this indebtedness was caused by the failure of the last session of Congress to make any appropriation for it. Congress, in nearly one half of its the suspension of payment

in England. The captain, sea-child of whose freight had been reduced as a guarantee for the performance of his contract, remonstrated with their demand to have his brook let to passengers, but was told that he must do as they suggested or acquiesce in his decision, or at least whatever demand no further that evening; but the next morning it was again renewed, and in a more decided and threatening manner. A young Italian, named Raffaelli Settembrini, had shipped with the captain in Leghorn, and signed articles as a seaman. Up to that morning he had done his work with the rest of the crew. But when the assemblage waited upon the captain he made his appearance in the costume of a fine lady of the Galerie line of existence,—a handsome blue frock, with gilt buttons, a white vest, and a fine Leghorn hat with gold band. It was in vain that he was told to go forward and work, who, hearing of his father's condemned, and of his destination, he refused to do any thing but to the seas we have mentioned to join him. The captain of the ship declared that he dispatched by the Italian Ministry of London to aid the prisoners in the course they subsequently took.

HOW THEY TOOK THE COMMAND OF THE SHIP.

The ringleader of the band had a navigator in their midst, and at once they held a council, and chose by the hands of the majority of their number to be able to sail her without their assistance. They represented to the captain that they had been ten months at sea, tired of them being old, and all with constitutions more or less enfeebled by an injurious climate, that a short run to long voyage would be fortune to them all, and death perhaps to some. They somewhat like the Yankees, and the American flag, they were free, and that they had no right to be taken any where but where they chose. Their arguments, backed up by the preponderance of physical force, the original right of the ship to sail where she was best accustom, and the manifest determination of the majority to do so, left the captain no option but submission, compelled him to give the course to the navigator's head northward. They were temperate and polite in command; but short indiscriminations were made with no mistake. They set a good, effective crew in turn, to keep watch and ward by night and by day, that the ship's head was kept in the direction of the haven they looked for. Not to weather was hardship, and they were never idlers. The captain intended making for Cork, but caused the harbor to be fixed, and all to be put in for Lisbon, but having fallen in with a Cork pilot, but back again, and that brought a voyage of 3,000 miles instead of the only anchored in the mess-of-war roads. As fast as they neared the land, the spirits of the prisoners appeared to increase, and, indeed, they had every reason to manifest joy at being at last assured of freedom. The continued seems to have been a plain sailing one, and when used the soil upon which they first planted foot as free-men. Some of them are already doing well, have given him the length of time they have been in prison, and seem to have no desire rather greater opportunity as far as we were able to judge, there was not in their appearance any thing to indicate that they endured peculiar hardship.

HOW POERIO AND HIS FRIENDS LOOK.

"During the voyage, Poerio, whose health has been greatly undermined, was free of fever, and had only been for a couple of hours daily. On his arrival at Gaeta-town, he was found likewise to be recovered in a great degree. In appearance he is short, thick-set, and rather good-looking. His age is about 40. He has a mild and delicate that he is somewhat older. He now speaks but a few words of English, which he says he has quite lost since the language well. The want of exercise in speaking or reading it for many years has, he says, rendered his accent has almost entirely obliterated it from his memory. The young soldier, to whom he was so much attached, is of very prepossessing appearance. We have not learned his name, although we think it is Carlo Poerio. He is very probably the present of the late Minister, who is in Italy, seeking refuge in the Sardinian kingdom. Under any circumstances, this youth will, we believe, go to Sardinia."

THE GREAT PEERS OF ENGLAND.

A London correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian* thus speaks of some of the great men of the British House of Lords:

"A very interesting Parliamentary performance the Duke of Newcastle has given us during the week of his Academy. Lord Lyndhurst's speech was a most pathetical fungosity. Now, I believe, in his eighty-eighth year, he is as bold in intellect and as vigorous in mind as playful at once and as powerful in illustration as he ever was. Does the old and venerable man ever remember that the eagle-faced old man spoke of the days when I attended Sir Joshua Reynolds's evening parties years ago. As the son of Copley, the historical painter, Lord Lyndhurst's youth was passed chiefly in the society of artists. He still cherishes the memory of those days, and is proud of his father's and Reynolds's fame. On the other day I heard of his sending for one of our distinguished painters, and asking him to paint his portrait, leaving a picture of his father's in the room. It is consistent to some public institution in his father's native State —I believe at Boston. Lord Lyndhurst's life has been a wonder than Lord Lyndhurst, though several years younger. His energy is still terrific. An old and venerable sledge-hammer where Lyndhurst handles a small sword—but the less death-like it remains the better able to wield it. Far unimpaired clearness of intellect, Lord Lansdowne, now 82 years of age, and whose years are not unfrequently with either of these rigid precision. But doubtless it is physical energy that is necessary to his amusements. His genial, social, and intellectual character is, I believe, the result of the training up of that great senator by his grand-mother. Lord Lansdowne's son as whether with Lord Brougham in the business team of which Lansdowne was the leader. The intellect is of a less massive order than Brougham's, of a less feeble physical energy than Lansdowne's, than Lord Lyndhurst's; but it is an eminently practical mind, and in capital working condition. It is a pity that it is kept in full play as it is, yet not overtasked, by the duties of the Lord Justiceship of Ireland. Lord Derby, I further, and I suppose we might challenge any assemblage of any country of any time to produce three orators, as examples of large acquirement, and long-established and universally-acknowledged power."

AN HONEST LAWYER.

In the course of a lecture delivered in the hall of the Law Society, in Chancery lane, London, "On the moral, social, and professional duties of the attorney and solicitor," Mr. Warren, M.P., narrated the following incident: "A barrister once got drunk on the circuit. He was, in fact, worth his £50,000, was indignant with his only child, a daughter, for marrying a poor curate. He disinherited her, and left the whole property, £50,000, to a nephew. The barrister died, and his son, all of whose associations were with the profession of fortune was a retired solicitor in the town of Manchester, and the daughter and curate were in the most pinching distress in Yorkshire, with mind unbroken. On the receipt of the intelligence of the unexpected legacy, spirit, and deservedly held in respect as an honest lawyer and a kind friend. The curate's daughter has a most magnificent estate, and the late Lawyer of his daughter's choice wears a coat of apple, and has marriage of a notable number of children."

A SEPOY IN A TRUCK.

The *Court Journal* says: "An officer who has just left the Indian campaign arrived at a west-end hotel with his luggage, among which was a box of unusual proportions, about which he expressed great anxiety, and his repeated counsellings with regard to the safe keeping of the box, and there was something mysterious attached to it. One of the girls, during the absence of the owner of the box and his luggage, took the box, and not so many minutes after the owner brought grew way to the evil genius of curiosity, and as the key was in the trunk, opened it, and found a Sepoy. Thought and done; but the fair partner of the first blow found herself could not have been more hor-

rer-struck than the fair slayer of the hotel. The lid dropped, and she fled in consternation to the mistress and the master, for nothing short of a horrid murder could have been committed according to her notions. At the instant when the excitement was at its height the proprietor of the establishment, and a word or two put him on full with matters, and a malicious laugh showed that the trap Miss Curiosity had fallen into was a set one, perhaps, was laid. At any rate, the sepoy was not dissolved. The nonchalant company was then invited to an inspection. The box was opened; it contained, certainly, that which might have irked the nerves of the most unsophisticated, but the sepoy was dead, and looking uncommonly fresh and lively. The reported departed was then taken out, and, after a little time, was soon figured through his hairy beard and literate appendages. He was a native servant, and was used to the truck. The suspension, either for a museum present or a pea dinner, is more than I can say."

THE NEW DISEASE—DIPHTHERIA.

The *London Medical Review* has a publication," by the sanitary committee of that journal, which treats the new disease, which has for a period been so prevalent in Hippocrates, and vastly contemporary with Homer, it was known to the Greeks as the Egyptian ulcer. It appeared in Spain in 1613, in Italy in 1618, in England, 1357; in Spain, 1690; in Naples, 1735; in Ireland, 1826; in Russia, 1828; in Paris, 1855. In the United States, it would appear, ravaged New York in 1771 and 1815. The deaths of Washington and Benjamin Franklin are attributed to it. From the careful study of the French physicians, Bretonneau, in 1854, diphtheria would appear to have traversed nearly all the departments of France, and to have been especially severe toward the centre. The epidemic which appear most severely in Paris during a period long enough to test its ravages, are those of Paris and Boulogne, in 1856. The disease is not confined to any season of the year, but appears to have been most destructive of living under ten years of age, and that the female sex is more liable to it than the male. Diphtheria, it would seem, has shown itself regardless of meteorological, climatological, and geological influences. It has appeared in the heat, cold, dryness, and moisture. Its course has been from the Mediterranean coast to the centre of the country, and thence toward the north. Its violence appears to be independent of the state of the public health, races, certain predisposing individual conditions, and the like. Its contagious character would seem to be not to be eminently contagious; and that the first generation taken ill is the most dangerous to the surrounding people. "It is found to attack the tonsils, which have been greatly overlooked, and hence, partly, the frequency with which it has been mistaken for the sore throat of a family or another until all have fallen.

TRACHEAL AND LATHS.

Mr. Edmund Yates has published a delightful giving the history of his quarrel with Mr. Thackeray and the Garrick Club. In the *Times* of Feb. 26, Mr. Charles Dickens offered his mediation:

"Gad's Hill Place, Higham by Rochester, December 24, 1858.

"MY DEAR THACKERAY,—Without a word of pretext I wish this letter to find you in the best of health. I call it six weeks to you at the Athenæum when I last saw you.

"Coming down here on Monday last, I find in the Sir John James's opinion taken on the painful question of the Garrick Committee and Mr. Yates, and I write to you on the impulse of the moment.

"It is quite impossible that you and I, should tell you that Mr. Yates has been a friend of mine, and that your letter to me. He had recently done me a most kind service, and I had written to him to express my promise generality within your knowledge; he naturally thought of me when he found himself in trouble, and that his action was not to be defended; but I confident that you will feel with me that it is a very unfortunate for him to set right what was amiss, on the receipt of a letter emotion of which I am sure you are not capable of. When you appealed to the Garrick Committee, and they refused to entertain the appeal, I said at that meeting that I had been on good terms for many years, and that I had no reason to suppose that you were not on good terms with me, and that I should be glad to write to you, and that to the strength of my conviction I should write to you.

"If this mediation that I have suggested can take place I shall be glad to hear of it. If it can not, I do not know I hold no sensible spirit toward any one, least of all, my dear Thackeray, toward you. I say it in the least, no worse than it now is; and you will bear this letter as I bear it, in remembrance.

"Yours faithfully, CHARLES DICKENS.

"W. M. THACKERAY, Esq."

FRANCE.

THE EMPEROR'S POLICY.

The *Monitor of Brussels* gives the following highly important article:

"Journals in foreign countries does not clearly understand the present regime of the press in France. The belief prevails that the articles which appear in journals are subjected to a previous censorship, and that the Government is responsible for their publication. This information is entirely erroneous, and the most protective action as regards the press. The public journals, therefore, are not the organs of the Government, founded on the language of the journals. Whosoever a newly-questioning of the Government, whether it be accomplished, the Government addresses itself directly to the author of the article, and not to the paper in which it has always imposed on itself, and which it will accomplish to the end, whatever the consequences may be, since, as public opinion is now more than ever taken into consideration.

"In the state of things in Italy, although of old date, has been the object of the most serious study on the part of the Emperor, and it is the result of the profound reflection of the Emperor; for the chief of a great Power like France can not act on the spur of the moment, or without a fixed and decided opinion. Animated by a spirit of prudence which has always guided his actions, the Emperor has come to form his intention in the most loyal manner to the resolutions which he announced in his speech at the close of the last session.

"In presence of the disquietudes—we are glad to believe unfounded—which have been raised by opinion in Piedmont, the Emperor has promised the King of Sardinia that he would not abandon him, and would be the part of Austria. He has proceeded nothing more; and it is well known that he will keep his word.

FRANCE IS NOT PREPARING FOR WAR.

"The Emperor has not ordered extraordinary warlike preparations. This is a completely gratuitous information. The regular force of the army, the recruiting, adopted two years ago by the Emperor, has not been exceeded. This artillery is purchasing 6000 horses to obtain the regimentary limit. The infantry regiments are 3000 strong, and the regiments of cavalry 900.

"It is affirmed, also, that the French arsenals are displaying extraordinary activity. But it is forgotten that we have to change all our artillery and to transform our rifles. Besides, it is not extraordinary that the arsenals are in order to provide for the wants of the army, conformed by the annual votes of the legislative body; and, moreover, the transformation of our rifles for two years will still be necessary to complete the operation.

"Lastly, confusion is felt at the preparations in our navy. All these preparations, however, consist in fitting out the fleet for the conveyance of troops from France to Algeria, and from Algeria to France; and four screw transports destined to provide for different eventualities, especially for the service of Civita Vecchia, and for the recluiting, by way of Alexandria, of our expedition to Cochin China.

"Such are the facts, and they should fully reassure those who, such as the peoples ascribed to the Emperor, and look to the future, and who preserve the anticipations of those who are interested in casting doubt on the most unobjectionable measures, and closing the door to evil intentions."

RESIGNATION OF PRINCE NAPOLEON.

The Paris correspondent writes: "I have now to confirm what I mentioned in my last letter, that Prince Napoleon's position as Minister for the affairs of Algeria was at first refused by the Emperor; that it was, however, subsequently pressed; and that it was at last forced the third or fourth time that the Emperor ceased to refuse it. His Majesty also accepted the person the Prince recommended as his successor, namely, M. Chasseloup-Laubat, Minister for the affairs of the colonies. The nomination will appear on an early day in the *Moniteur*. The Prince has left Paris to proceed to his correct statement of the views of Prince Napoleon, and the reasons of the person who quitted the Cabinet, in connection with those, and whose sincerity I have no reason to doubt.

"A fact of importance is that the Emperor plays in the French Cabinet, of which he is important the political and diplomatic affairs are significantly left to his decision, namely, the resignation of his imperial Highness Prince Napoleon, and the fact that His Majesty has accepted the first of all, he declares that the retirement of the Prince will not be followed by any change in the political direction which unite him to his Majesty the Emperor, and that he will not be replaced by any person who will not support constant labor under a serious error. That the Prince has not been replaced by any one who will not support constant labor under a serious error. That the retirement of the Prince refers only to the Ministry of Algeria and the colonies, and that there will be a change of persons.

"Such is the entry into the Cabinet His Imperial Highness has been in frequent opposition, on questions of internal and external policy, with the majority of the Ministers, and especially with MM. Walewski and Fould. Their opposition within which was not to the great questions of the day, assumed a character of gravity during the last session, and especially at the moment of the publication of the *Moniteur*, or that it became impossible that it could be kept up. Hence the resolution announced some days ago by the *Constitutionnel*.

"The policy which Prince Napoleon intended to adopt in the Ministry of Algeria and the colonies will be a prudent liberty at home, under the ten-fold guarantee of the Constitution and authority, and a firm and promising attitude abroad."

THE RESIGNATION—FOREIGN TOWARD ENGLAND.

The following appears in the English newspapers and is from the *Times*:

"PALACE OF THE TUILERIES, March 1.

"MY DEAR SIR FRANCIS,—I have received your letter, together, in order to send them direct to me, the different addresses you have inserted in the English Journals, for you thus give me an opportunity of expressing, with the greatest frankness, the sentiments of which you have not feared the spontaneous manifestation in my favor. I am glad to see that the great majority of the people of England and of the friends in England have not forgotten me, and that they continue to do me justice, even where for their interests I have been obliged to act in a way which I felt during my exile in the midst of them. Even in writing these lines I address myself to friends, and happy time, the epoch when, prescribed, I saw you in Italy, in the midst of the fêtes which were given on our changes one's joys and sorrows. Formerly the affliction of the people touched me to me; but now I am the sincere of power, and one of the greatest of them around me is, without doubt, the sad and misunderstood and maligned by those who can values the most and who have the greatest interest in my friendship.

"I have always entertained the opinion that parties when it has been my duty to oppose them, have never been in the wish to do me harm, but that they were misled; but that the English, of whom I have always been the most devoted and sincere friend, and whose interests, of necessity in the journals in the most unworthy and in the most unjust manner, that is to say, anonymously; for, in truth, I can not discover any interest they can have in striking the second against the Emperor. As for my own country, I choose to act in this manner, it would be impossible for me to govern it, and therefore I think I should have let long.

"I have always entertained a great admiration for the virtues of the English people; but I have never had the liberty, like all great things, should also have its errors. Why is it then, that, instead of seeking to find out every effort to obscure it? Why is it that, encouraging with foreigners and calumniators, instead of seeking to trust and hatred?

"I am happy, then, among all these **BRIGHTNESS** of falsehood, to have found a defender who, guided by the love of truth, has not been deterred professionally s expose to them his loyal and disinterested voice.

"Receive, my dear Sir Francis,

"In my sentiments of friendship,

"NAPOLEON."

"SIR FRANCIS HEAD, Bart., &c., &c., &c."

THE ROTHSCHILD DANQUET.

A letter from Paris states that at the banquet given by Baron James de Rothschild to the Emperor, Napoleon all description, and it would appear that sixteen courses were served up, and that the Imperial Guests were invited upon an entertainment to which nobody could find any objection. Besides the Emperor and Empress, the Princess Clotilde, and Prince Napoleon, there were guests were made in silver and silver gilt; plates, dishes, knives, forks, spoons, and every thing on the tables; only at dessert was perceived the pretties service of china, belonging to the house of Rothschild, and whereat each plate represents somewhere about a family's crests, or monogram. The flowers were brought from every country and every clime; there were swallows' nests from China, and truffles from Périgueux and from Russia, or the sea of salmon, and of fat, orange-colored fish, which are found in the Caspian Sea, and which North America, and which are found in Newfoundland, cases of pinnacles' beaks, dishes of buffalo humps, and of the tail of the kangaroo, and other delicacies of Australian parents. Every suit or fresh water had yielded up its gay, every mountain its game, every field its early hot-bed, healed by fire or the sun, to fruit; and every grape that ripens on the sunny slopes, or on the flowers with which the table and the dining-room were ornamented. The cost of the dinner to the Baron exceeds 20,000 francs (about £1000 English). All the windows were closed, and the guests were lighted by a profusion of the choicest rose-pink grapes of the tropics, shedding their light through the crystal of the chandeliers on the tables. Dessert was served at 11 o'clock, and cost between 10,000 and 12,000 francs' worth of jewels, and the Baron de Rothschild presented to the Empress a bracelet of it set in table from half past six to midnight.

BAL COSTUME AT MADAME FOULD'S.

On the 25th ultimo, M. Fould, the Minister, received, at his apartments at the Tuileries, the nobility and world of Paris at a splendid Bal Costume. There were about 1900 guests. Among the dominoes were the Emperor and Empress, who did not otherwise appear. Prince Napoleon and the Princess Mathilde were also there, but no mention is made of the Princess Clotilde.

SOLTYKOFF AND DUMAS.

The *Express* correspondent writes: "Soultykoff sent an envoy to France, charged with a private mission, and armed with full powers. Shortly after the said minister's arrival, he caused himself to be presented to Alexandre Dumas, and, after some pops, one of which, I believe, or ought to know, was a magnificent general, of a noble family, and who had been a friend of Dumas's for a long time, being of a similar kind, and Dumas junior, as a friend of Dumas senior, pretends to be almost as much so as the dark.

"The Hayties envoy, after diplomatically beating about the bush for a considerable time, finally came to business, and wound up by informing the astonished novelist that the object of his mission to France was for the purpose of demanding the hand in marriage of Dumas junior for her Imperial Highness the Princess Olive, daughter of the Emperor of all the Hayties.

"The head of Alexander!' cried father Dumas, throwing his cigar. 'Goodness gracious! Gracious goodness! The entered pronto must be insane! I say you must be!'

"He paused. The fact is, the author of Monte Cristo has a horrible reputation of never having deliberately said a dangerous thing in his life. He is, in fact, the most harmless man in creation. 'It's impossible, Sir! Utterly impossible!'

"'Why?' inquired the envoy.

"'Why? Because—hum!—because my son's origin is—hum!—rather mixed, and—and—and—and so forth.'

"Dumas thought this a triumphant piece of cunning.

"'Is that all?' inquired the envoy. 'Then, Sir, permit me to say, and emphasizing modestly, 'what are we? Only a—hum!—a—hum!—a—hum!—a—hum!—a—hum!—a—hum! Imagine it, I beg, but it's a fact. Besides, Sir, if we are not, we ought to be, and we will be, for we are the Emperor of Hayties, and can do and say any. A Majesty Prince—that's the title—will be the husband of your son, and—and—and—

MARCH WINDS.

MARCH WINDS AND APRIL SHOWERS.

THE accompanying engravings need no letter-press. They will be recognized and admired by all who have spent a spring in the temperate zone.

A WARNING.

PLACE your hands in mine, dear,
With their rose-leaf touch:
If you heed my warning,
It will spare you much.

Ah! with just such smiling,
Unbelieving eyes,
Years ago I heard it:
You shall be more wise.

You have one great treasure,
Joy for all your life;
Do not let it perish
In one reckless strife.

Do not venture all, child,
In one frail, weak heart;
So, through any shipwreck,
You may save a part.

Where your soul is tempted
Most to trust your fate,
There, with double caution
Linger, fear, and wait.

Measure all you give—still
Counting what you take;
Love for love: so placing
Each an equal stake.

Treasure love; though ready
Still to live without.
In your fondest trust, keep
Just one thread of doubt.

Trust no prayer nor promise;
Words are grains of sand:
Keep your heart unbroken,
Safely in your hand.

That your love may finish
Calm as it began,
Learn this lesson better,
Dear, than I have done.

Years hence, perhaps, this warning
You shall give again,
In just the self-same words, dear,
And—just as much in vain.

APRIL SHOWERS.

CAPTAIN PAGE, OF THE PARAGUAY EXPEDITION.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.]

GENERAL JUSTO JOSÉ DE URQUIZA, PRESIDENT OF THE ARGENTINE CONFEDERATION.

THE PARAGUAY EXPEDITION.

PROGRESS OF THE SQUADRON.

THE latest intelligence from the United States Paraguay Expedition points to a probable peaceable settlement of the pending difficulties. The *Fulton*, having on board Commodore Shubrick and Mr. Commissioner Bowlin, the *Dolphin*, *Harriet Lane*, *Bainbridge*, *Water Witch*, and *Perry*, entered one of the mouths of the Parana (on which river lies the contumacious state of Paraguay) on Saturday, January 1. On the 4th the fleet anchored opposite Rosario, 300 miles above Buenos Ayres, and the capital and chief town of the state of Santa Fé, one of the Argentine Confederation. Rosario is a good coaling station, and it was the intention to fill the bunkers of the steamers here, and then proceed up river to Corrientes, which city is but twenty miles from the junction of the rivers Paraguay and Parana, three miles from which occurred the attack on the United States steamer *Water Witch*, on February 1, 1855.

Meantime, on the 5th January, Señor Justo J. Urquiza, President of the Argentine Confederation, an intelligent and liberal-minded man, arrived at Rosario, accompanied by several distinguished officers of the Government. The President was visited by Mr. Bowlin and Commodore Shubrick, whom he received with great cordiality. From the conversation which took place it appears that the Argentine Republic and Uruguay will make efforts, by means of Plenipotentiaries already sent to Asuncion, the capital of Paraguay, to bring about a pleasable settlement. General Gaido has for this purpose been appointed Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary on the part of the Argentine Confederation to Paraguay, while Dr. Juan Gualberto Mendez, a young physician recently returned to Montevideo from France, has left on board of an American steamer, having been appointed Minister *ad hoc* to represent the Government of the republic of Uruguay in the Diplomatic Conferences.

At the interview at Rosario Commodore Shubrick presented to President Urquiza a piece of the Atlantic telegraph cable, bound with a shield of gold, on which was inscribed, "To the President of the Argentine Confederation, General Justo José de Urquiza."

General Urquiza, whose portrait is given herewith, is the author of the decree which first opened the immense and fertile region of the Parana to the commerce of the world. He is spoken of in very high terms by all the North Americans who have come in personal or official relations with him. Mr. Pendleton, formerly United States Minister at Buenos Ayres, spoke of him with admiration as a "man of the times." Captain Page found him frank and courteous; and his enlightened liberality is shown by the unhesitating and immediate consent he gave to Captain Page for the prosecution of his scientific and surveying operations on the rivers which bound or water the Argentine States.

Very different from Lopez, of Paraguay, who proved cunning, deceitful, and ignorant.

Corrientes, which will be the next place of rendezvous for the fleet, lies on the Parana, about 200 miles from the ocean. It has above 12,000 inhabitants, an extended water-front, capable of accommodating a considerable commerce, is well laid out, with streets running at right angles, and houses of brick, mostly of one story.

The real designs of Lopez are not yet apparent. With a man of his character, next to the immediate and energetic measures of retaliation which Captain Page was prevented from carrying out at the time the *Water Witch* was fired into, the best course undoubtedly is to negotiate for redress with a formidable threat in perspective.

As for the opinions entertained at Rosario, a correspondent at that place thus states them:

"As far as I can learn, the sentiment prevails here that every thing will be amicably arranged, and that we will soon wend our way for home. The Argentine people have not objected, as we thought probable, to our passage through their dominions; and although they have outrageously at the *Norte Americanos*, I do not believe they are much interested in the result of our dispute. If Lopez does not precipitate matters by suddenly in discussion, we succeed in poisoning the food of some of our dignitaries, as it is believed was done with the son of the English Minister, we will soon quit a country which is unexampled as well for the beauty of its surface as for the loveliness of its females and the worthlessness of its men."

Those who wish to inform themselves thoroughly on the merits of the "Paraguay Question," and on the varied beauties and immense but undeveloped commercial resources of the fine countries drained by the Paraguay and Parana rivers, are referred to the interesting work of Captain Thomas J. Page (whose portrait we give herewith): "La Plata, the Argentine Confederation, and Paraguay," just published by Harper & Brothers.

MONTEVIDEO, FROM THE FORT ON THE MOUNT.

CORRIENTES, UPPER END.

CORRIENTES, LOWER END.

FIRST LOVE AND SECOND WIFE.

I NEVER that summer at Nahant. I am obliged to confess myself rather *blue*. An old bachelor of thirty-three, I have run the course of dissipation, and feel it necessary that quiet should come; not that my constitution will not stand it, but I am really like Sir Charles Coldstream, and have cried out "there's nothing in it." I get through my time philosophically. Winter in London, Paris, or New York; summer at Baden, Aix-la-Chapelle, or some of our own watering spots, only excepting Saratoga. I ignore gentility, abominate mediocrity, and am positively delighted with a sensation. This, however, is so seldom found without contributing one's whole self, that I am only half engaged as a great luxury.

That summer I spent at Nahant; and one evening, sitting on the broad piazza, divining my attentions between my cigar, the crowds who promenaded below, and the glitter of the sea in the mild full August moon, I was pleasantly aroused from a dreamy, apathetic state by the sound of my name. Had it been my name pronounced in a formal manner, I should perhaps hardly have turned at my head: in this case it came to me in a voice calling back all old associations, and coupled with that familiar shortening of the Christian patronymic so pleasant to ears drained by the lofty-sounding titles of the world. I rose and met my visitor.

"Charley Curtis, my dear old friend, how glad I am to see you!"

I said nothing but what was literally true. I was glad to see him—intensely glad; and as certainly shocked when I looked upon his countenance, and saw how changed from the day when I last took his hand and bade him farewell, on that levee at New Orleans, just eight years to a month before.

Charley Curtis and I had been school-mates, college-mates, and traveling-mates; we were brothers in every thing but birth until his marriage, some months previous to the time of our meeting, eight years before. We had been constantly together for two years. It was the shortest time by far then that I should spend a few years in a rambling tour through Europe. Charley could not go. The death of his father called him home to the management of a large sugar estate lying on the Mississippi, above New Orleans. It was, however, arranged that I should go home with him and spend a year previous to my departure, that I might be initiated into the mysteries of sugar and cotton planting.

Charley's mother, a tall, dark, stern woman, who, without appearing to herself to have a atom of affection, ruled her children with the decision of a Napoleon, and with quite the same sort of unbending manner of policy, carried this manner over the death of his father, by holding a life-interest in the entire property. Charley and I were to go home with her, Josephine, entirely in the hands of their mother with reference to all worldly matters.

A single year I spent in the South. The home of Charley Curtis was any thing but a home of enjoyment: the stern discipline, the formality, the system, through every walk of the house and plantation, rather tended to harden me to a young man's way than to soften it. I was then, as I am now, a man of impulse, and though I am free in every thing, I am free in every thing with a certain degree of method, and I could not know that way Miss Joye stood ready to teach, and the fraternization of the system was perfect. Ah, those glorious summer days! what have been the wanderings and fates since!

It was one of these trips to New Orleans that Charley first met Marie Dugrayne. A more beautiful little black-eyed creature I have never beheld. I have seen those since whom I think as well, perhaps that Charley loved her as he did, madly, as he should always have done so were she to be his—No matter. Marie was of French extraction. She was left to her own right and by expected inheritance; and, when I first saw her, was as perfect a specimen of seventeen-year-old beauty and childish innocence as ever eye was beheld. I do not blame Charley Curtis for loving her; it was impossible to look upon her and not do so; but, poor fellow! how well he loved, and how well he all knew, that she was to him only as a myth. Charley was the property of his mother, and that mother had years ago promised Charley in marriage to Josephine, her niece, her daughter Sophia, who would be sole heir to the Winston property, and three hundred negroes; which plantation, adjoining the Curtis property, would be the means of uniting the ambition of Mrs. Curtis, and complete her worldly happiness. There was no mistake in Charley's mind of opposing the desires of his mother; this was so perfectly a chimera that he did not for a moment entertain it. Marie was to all actual idea I never knew. That he loved Marie, and did not believe she loved him, I could not fail to know. That Marie loved Charley was also palpably certain. It was in my efforts as minister plenipotentiary I became thoroughly conversant with all these facts, and as entirely devoted to bringing about the right state of affairs at whatever cost. I could see my way clearly in every case but that of Mrs. Curtis. I feared that woman; and, in spite of her being the mother of Charley, I could not like her a bit.

But as a diplomatist I went. I shall never forget the day of my interview with that tall, dark, stately woman. Nothing upheld me through it but my friendship for Charley. How successful should I be if I could but plead for myself as I plead then for my friend! It was all of no avail. My answer was very decided. The lady could not see, firstly, why I should interfere in matters that only concerned the welfare of the family. If Charles had any thing to say, why did he not say it personally? He could certainly have no objection to Miss Winston—either to her beauty, her wealth, or position. Why should he avoid a marriage that would enhance his own importance before the world? In fact, it was her desire and her will that her son Charles should marry Miss Winston; and he did.

I stood with him at the altar when he wedded his bloodless bride, and I could see in the cold admiration which I knew she could not but accord to her friend for his person. He was handsome. And was a belle, always much sought, and runner Sophia Winston was content that her lands and negroes had bought the finest-looking man in the whole country round.

But I know all—she knew nothing. She knew not of Marie Dugrayne. I knew it, and the agony was over, that Charley Curtis came to me, and taking my hand, drew it to his breast, and with a burst of passionate grief, told me that he was to be the sacrifice he had made; and I knew with what burning words he bade me go to Marie, and tell her, not from him, but from myself, what he would wish her to know, but what he dared not tell. And I went to Marie—how in all the future from all such missions! Oh! that dear little dark-eyed lassy! Never shall I forget the bright but pitying tones of all the coming time on that one dream of struyed!

Time went over; Charley and I parted. I had watched his new life for months. I had seen the cold, unimpassioned, intellectual attention of the wife; I had watched with a shivering admiration the beautiful courtesy with which Mrs. Charley Curtis received the world. It was a perfect well-bred—a study for a hand-book on etiquette. Charley went on account to New Orleans. I, a year older down into a model of quietude; and I, after perfecting myself in the culture of sugar, carried him the first, the first time since my departure, an on the levee, one spring morning, I waved him the last adieu, and turned my face once more to the sea upon the hotest soil of Nahant.

And this is my story of Charley Curtis before I left him. I am glad to see him, and if my shake of the hand and squeeze of the old fellow to my heart was any proof, he had it.

"Who was with him? and how came he there and when had he been?" and where was he going? and was any one body?"

"Every body was well who was living. His mother was with him, and Josephine, quite reconciled with herself and all the world, and charging Charley with the last breath always to keep his place, unless together. He was in Paris, had just returned by the Cunard steamer to Boston, and came down to see me for a few days. He was going home, and I must and shall go with him, and any absence of the weather or season I should like while we were there, and would put in the request; and also his sister Josephine."

"Josephine! Is Miss Josephine!"

"Not very little now. My dear fellow, remember how eight years have passed since last we met, and little Josephine is now nineteen or one."

True. How apt we are to think that time alters none but ourselves! I might have fully understood that Miss Josephine Winston of nineteen had put an unmistakable wrinkle from his cap down. It had married him with a haggard look, an old-bachelorish expression about the mouth. Care-a-premise borne by a man who has a perpetual master, or who has installed power over him.

I was soon in the presence of Mrs. Charles Curtis, who received me with great engagement, not to say warmth, which, when I came to look at her, I felt an attitude that I always concluded it must be assumed when she had a friend to see, as I never met such a person, she succeeded in the idea.

And then in a few minutes came Josephine—little Josephine, as I knew her, in a full, rich room of eight years agone I had before me?—a beautiful, dark, stately, queenly, Juno-like woman: all her mother's air, without the sternness. I was preparing, before she came, to meet Miss Josephine with a little and coldness, for the sake of old times. But, oh no!—well, I did have the kindness to do something of the kind, but it would do no less. I had kissed Charley on our meeting: why not his sister? But—it was very unusual with me to use a certain unceremoniousness—old friendliness about it that was at once flattering to the person and shall I say? to myself generally.

The same exact and studied attentions from Charley to his wife, and the same condescending mode of taking them, Miss Josephine received; like a couple who had been just introduced, and were playing the part of husband and wife, inquisitively demands.

And then Charley told me all the long sight years over. Only one subject on which he did not touch, or when he did, so slightly did his speak that I felt it was merely skimming the top with his wife. Of all things else he talked. Of Marie he only knew by report. He had not seen her; he rather avoided the opportunity. He never went, to New Orleans now but for business. But he had heard of Marie; and in that long three hours we talked over the past Marie came in for nineteenths of the time; and had I been the lady's telegrapher I should have wasted no better chronicle of all her ways and movements, her thoughts, her expressions, but for my silent heart; and as I was sure, when he told me, that it was the truth he had not seen her since his marriage, nor had he spoken her name, or of her, since last we parted eight years before. And there is no mystery in this. Divide two hearts as you will, still there is a magnetic intelligence through life which, if they were ever *truly* attached, vibrates to the heart and eye of each.

Marie had trembled under the blow; for months she had not been seen in society. Why, the world did not know; but when again she came forth, it was as the mourner, the pitied, the sad. Charley knew, but to its more womanly look was added an intellectuality that well repaid the girlish beauty that had grown tall—ah, how tall!—there always a shade of sadness over her face; in her changed look I could not possibly see. She was always a belle, always much sought, and runner love her many excellent offers; and the very busy tongue said at last that Marie Dugrayne was cold, decided manner, losing her lovers, but keeping her friends. Charley knew them as part of his mother's work, and the fever-stricken city knew her steps, and made fresh hope from her presence. And so Charley and I sat and talked of Marie Dugrayne, and by becoming a Sister of Mercy and giving all her property to the order. It was a little effective to the world of charity save in the possession of her person, for the good Marie gave now the great pleasure of her income to this end. And as Marie had been going on for eight years. Whether she had altered much in appearance Charley Curtis during all that time Charley did not say, and I did not ask; but what Charley did say in his own reserve for individuality. And what he took from the recesses of an inside pocket somewhere—a pocket-book, I think—a pocket-book pocket-book I remembered to have seen years before, and showed me then and there the few letters that Marie Dugrayne had written him, and given him the glove that I well recollected he carried away with him. Charley read aloud, and some of them, in the trifles of the same sort, I was not at all astonished. And though I believe the world will think me a fool, I entered into Charley Curtis' feelings, and indorsed the keeping of those little links, which could only bind him as a memory to Marie Dugrayne, as a thing worthy his loving spirit, or injuring the peace of the calm and elegant Mrs. Charles Curtis.

And Charley cried, and I believed him in this also. I believe in men crying. I believe in men doing any thing that is natural, and I believe none good heart and good soul beneath it.

We were a long time together, and I will venture to say that Mrs. Charles Curtis never had so dangerous a rival near her as myself. She was deserted by both of us, for as the most unimaginative politician would allow him to desert her. In the worst of his neglect he was still more than civil, declining her every wish, and following her wave wherever they wandered. It was only on certain occasions, when the subject of Marie or the parties that were continually projected and carried out; excused because he might be of service to me in the past; and I fancied he brightened under the talk, and the wrinkle seemed to come away from his cap. Well, the ending parties, and taking parties, and sailing parties, and we did our best to be did on the day I first saw him one week before.

Well, the last sailing party

as a certainty I was not long in calling upon Ma-ge. Ah, what a change had the eight years made in her! I was prepared, from what Charley had said, for an alteration, but not of the nature I now beheld. When I last saw Marie she was but little more than a child emerging to the woman, half a romp, with her great black eyes sparkling and snapping at every little excitement. Now I had before me a graceful, lady, spiritual woman. A strong shade of habitual sadness was on her face, and a quiet, subdued manner had succeeded to the mood an instant looking at her before I advanced. She held my card in her hand, but it was plain to me immediately that she did not recall the name. I said,

"You do not remember me?"

"I do not," she answered.

I said something of New Orleans, and eight years ago, and the blank upon her suddenly. A flush spread over her face, and she came quickly forward and took my hand.

"You are the friend of Mr. Charles Curtis?"

I was startled; I did not expect the mention of his name.

"I am proud to be his friend, mademoiselle; he is a noble fellow. I have only just left him."

"Only just left him!" she said, in an astonished tone. "I thought he was in Europe?"

"He was, but is now at Orleans, where I left him three days since. My friend has just suffered a great loss in the death of his wife, and I thought of her then for the effect, but it did not answer my expectations. There was a slight trembling and compression of the lips, a closing of the eyes for an instant, and then she said, in a steady voice, as though repeating my words:

"In the death of his wife! Yes, it is a great loss—to him a great loss."

What must I do or say? Must I go off on indifferent subjects, resign my diplomacy, and wend my way back with my card? Most unsympathetic, I should I dash out at once upon broader ground, and bear down every opposition? Either all Charley's information was false, or all my suspicions were true.

"Mr. Curtis," I resumed, "feels the shock severely. I left him prostrated on the day I came away, as I believe dying." I gave way to this diplomatic falsehood as the most unsuspicious that the physician given the greater shock to overcome the lesser.

"Dying!" she said, with vehemence.

Or worse," I answered, calmly.

"What do you mean, Sir," by worse. You are speaking to me in mystery. Can there be any thing worse than death?"

"Yes, mademoiselle; insanity. My poor friend received, but a few hours previous to the death of his wife, the intelligence of his own approaching end. The first shock unsettled my friend, the second prostrated him, and I left him, under the combination, that I might come to you, mademoiselle, and tell you all this. Does not your own heart know why?"

She had risen from her seat and walked across the room, and addressed me, leaning her head upon the edge of the mantle.

"My marriage could make no difference to Mr. Charles Curtis. By his own letter we have been dead to each other for years."

"Not by his own act," I answered.

"I repeat, by his own act," she said, turning to me as she spoke. "Can you attempt to persuade me, Sir, that one can be married without their own free-will and consent?"

"Your own case," I answered. Her eyes flashed for a moment with scorn of the old fire of eight years agone, and walking back again to her seat she said, as she took it,

"It is my own act, by my own will and consent."

And then I drew my chair close to her, and forgetting the eight years that had passed away, and only remembering poor Charley as I had left him, I began on that day when the great trouble fell upon him. I spoke to her as I had never spoken to the little Marie of old times. I told all Charley's struggles and his love, how he had bent to the wish of his mother, and sacrificed himself for her, to live up with Marie; how he had lived on those eight years cherishing the memory of her through all, and never breathing it to any. And then I told of our meeting and our talks, and of the letters, and of the glove, and of the ring, and of their power and its effect. And she listened, while her cheeks grew pale and her eyes fell. And she only said,

"Too late, too late!"

Not too late. His life, more than his life, hung on this. Not too late!

"Too late!"

I had exhausted my power, and she stood before me claiming that her marriage was her own act, and that all intervention was too late. What could I do? I must bring her the head of Johnny, or must bring Charley.

I returned to Natalie, and found him improving and conscious; he greeted me, and they said had been inquiring for me at intervals for two days.

I told him he must wait, that I had important business for him in New York, in which he could serve me largely, and that the change of scene was necessary for him. He looked at me steadily, but it was certain that he gathered nothing from my face. I have lived too long in society to have my countenance so weak a tell-tale. I saw in an instant Charley was a babe in my hands. I had only to persuade him, but he must obey. And that darling little Josephine too, what an aid to all my plans! She was my prime minister. She assured I had taken her to my confidence immediately on my return. She was clear-headed and reliant; she believed in the never-dying passion of her sex. She augured the ultimate success of all. But she had not seen that Natalie woman as I had, when she "Too late!" had pronounced. I would go on: I should be a good attorney if I abandoned my client now. I would I go, even though I thought it hopeless.

And so, on the following day, we were speeding toward New York as fast as steam could carry us. We were there; but what next? I had no plan of action, and my brain suggested none. It was requisite we should have rest for Charley. Instead, therefore, of taking him to a hotel, we established ourselves at a quiet house in the upper part of the city, kept by a lady-like, accommodating woman, who had once been very pretty, and who was known as a widow and Mrs. Fields. Mrs. Fields had two fine blue-eyed children, whom she kept supperingly cosily clean, and between whom and myself a fraternization commenced at once. Charley, I can not so perfectly *bless* as to affect not to like children. The true way to the mother's heart is through the child, and I was in the right track with Mrs. Field. There was nothing she would not have done for me that I should have thought of in the house. She even gave me her confidence so far as to tell me she was not a widow, and would perhaps have told me more had I encouraged the confidence. But as I could not see exactly how the confidences was to serve me, I gave her none. With the children I had confidences of all sorts, from geometrical instructions in the building a top to the best mode of cracking hard walnuts.

And all this time the hours and days that were of valuable to me were flying unemployed, as I will be talking of his ability to push his way on home, while Josephine in every look said, "What are you doing? What are you doing?" I could do nothing. Again I had called on Marie. Again I had offered her my confidence, and all the information that Charley was in New York, and again I had been repulsed; but oh! what a change was there in her manner! Instead of struggling against her own heart, and against her life, within the single interview of a few minutes she had had come back to her face that same expression of vacuity and dread that I had seen on the day when she had gratified Charley's request to hear all I knew of the news of Charley's marriage. How much I would have given to have had the power to recall it not, and she but have allowed me to break the first ground. I did not go so far even. By her pointless silence and unresponsiveness I was driven to my room with a new box of toys which I had the day before added to my other equally useless stock. Johnny, the eldest, cast furtive glances occasionally at myself. It was plain to his perception that something unusual had occurred in my manner, in his little mind, a perfect willingness to alleviate it even to the sacrifice of his toys. He came softly to my knee and, looking up in my face, said,

"Don't you want to play?"

I said I did not want to play, and Master Johnny was still more dissatisfied. He followed it up with,

"You have been good to me, haven't you?"

And then he seemed buried in thought, which was well for me, for, indeed, I was thinking, yet, like many simple things, hard to solve. Again he turned his face to me.

"I'll tell you something, but you mustn't tell ma; will you?"

I thought Master Johnny was about to make me the confidant of some of his youthful peccadilloes, and I promised, therefore, that I would not tell ma.

"My name isn't Fields," whispered Master Johnny, mysteriously.

"No," said I, before I thought; "what is it, then?"

"John Thompson Hemphill," said Master John, still more mysteriously.

Had Master Johnny pulled a six-pounder from his pocket and sent a ball at all this confusion through me, I hardly think I could have jumped more decidedly than I did at the mention of that name.

I repeated it after him, and he nodded affirmatively, and added,

"Don't tell ma, and I'll show you my pa's likeness."

I told Master Johnny that I should feel interested in looking at it, and I think I told the truth. In a few minutes he put in my hand an ambrotype, which I opened. It was the very same; but what was the use mentioning it? I had it in my pocket, and did not have one wife and be seeking another; and yet, by Master Johnny's declaration, he was his father. And that point was settled. Charley was not to be told, or informed me she was not a widow, but, at the same time, she was not the wife of John Thompson.

The prohibition Master Johnny had laid upon my secrecy must be withdrawn, and I must go to the young gentleman's ma. This matter was managed by the bribe of half a dollar, and a pledge to hold him forever in remembrance in my prayers of commands, and in a few minutes I found myself closeted with Mrs. Fields, from whom, after a picture of failure and success, I received the following narration:

Eight years before, when a young and friendless girl, she had met Hemphill, who, under a promise of marriage, had carried her to New Orleans, where she had lived with him unmarried. A child was born, then returned to New York, where Hemphill had gradually terminated connection, ceased even completing to provide for her and his children. Within a few months he had proposed to her, for what reason she did not know, the condition of her dropping from herself and the children his name, to settle upon her the house in which she now resided, with one thousand dollars per annum for herself and half that sum for each of the children. Which proposition she had accepted, determined to live quietly and another her trouble before the world. A few years after she opened her house. And now, though she did not fear Hemphill's revenge as far as regarded the result of the marriage, by his being unchangeably settled, yet she did fear his personal enmity when he came to know, if he did know, that she had made this revelation.

I pledged myself to Mrs. Fields that no harm of whatever nature should befall her. And then I considered how all this discovery could aid our cause. I must call in Josephine to my counsel. They were to be united in church at three o'clock; it was now twelve. Whatever was to be done must be done quickly. And still I floundered in the dark. This woman and her children had no legal claim on John Thompson Hemphill, and he undoubtedly knew that well. He was, perhaps, of Marie would make her break the marriages could annul it, but, such a step as this he knew it could not reach her. And then came a supposition that I had not seen, I dare say, often, and, going to the church, gave information to the police.

And so we did; though I think Mrs. Fields looked suspiciously on Josephine and myself when we prepared for our departure, and I am sure with us. It was too soon after our late conversation to be a mere casual thing in her mind. I did not believe that Mrs. Fields's suspicions if we could but compass our end.

We were in church in good time. The wedding cortège had not yet arrived, and we secured an eligible position. It came sweeping up the aisle in a few minutes, the little groom looking still smaller by the side of his pale and beautiful bride. We had brought with us the children, Miss Nelly, whom I have not yet introduced, a little woman of five, burnt out, as the cortège approached the altar, with the middle "Ps" in "Pshaw." She was checked immediately, but added, in a demonstrative way: "Pshaw! The new wife is not half so pretty as the first!" And then she was put on her mettle, and I believe she was, in the slight trial which followed. Johnny was not to be quiet, and that this was no place to explain it. I put the little one down and bade her go to her father and kiss him. I think had it not been for the people in that church Hemphill would have kicked the child, or some other equally savage act, but he was, as he related me mechanically as she came to his side and kissed her.

It is useless to prolong this description. The children were a death-blow to the proceeding of the ceremony. I will not attempt to describe Hemphill, in which Marie took no part, and the party returned to their carriages.

How it occurred at this moment I can not tell, but upon the sidewalk Marie stepping in front of me, I took her hand and in a moment was with her our carriage. I think it must have been by her consent—in fact, I am sure it was. I spoke quick in the confusion to the driver:

"Drive fast home."

And we have my wife us the bride, all in her bridal array. And at Mrs. Fields's house it was all told. And there Marie met Charley the first time in all those eight years. Josephine? I can not tell all that was said and all that was done; but I know that I bore the trunk of Marie to my father, and I thought, though she was pale, that she looked handsomer than I had yet seen her. And then it all came about I do not exactly remember, but that day week we married Hemphill to Ma. Fields, as I will call her. Josephine was my bridesmaid, I was groomsman, and Charley gave away the bride. Good people, do not hold up your hands in horror at all this, for Hemphill is not to come.

We all returned to New Orleans together. And that twelvemonth there was a double wedding: Marie and Charley, and Josephine and myself.

And why not?

A RUSSIAN WOLF-HUNT.

A DISTINGUISHED French writer, who has recently visited Russia, gives the following graphic description of a wolf-hunt—a sport common in that country to keep down an animal dangerous, from its numbers, to human life:

At an advanced period of winter, when the wolves become ferocious for want of food, three or four hunters, each possessed of eight double-barreled guns, take their places in what is called a trois-as—a species of dresky—drawn by three horses, the two which, are driven from the sides with a rein. The horse in the middle is trained to run with the head of the wolf over its back, and does not shy at the gallop. The former trots with his head low, and is called the Snow-eater; the other has a prance with his head loose, and is called the Furies. The whole equipment, thus directed in its course, presents a resemblance of a fan, with the driver who can be well relied on conducts the troika.

To the back of the carriage a young boy is attached by a cord, or, for more security, by a chain between three and four feet in length. It is quickly taken in hand to the remote extremity of a cut where the chase is to proceed; there it is put on the ground, and the driver lashes the horses, which start off at a trot and gallop respectively, as we have mentioned; while the boy, little used to such an amusement, raises a cry which soon degenerates into what may be called a lamentation. At this noise the nearest wolf above its nose, and sets itself to pursue the boy, soon followed by two, then by three, and ultimately, it may be, by fifty of the brethren. They all make a chain for the poor boy, and fight among themselves to get at it; some of them snatching only at the skin, or at the claws, and others endeavoring to bite it. The lamentations of the poor animal pass into cries of despair, which arouse the wolves in the deepest recesses of the forest; they presently congregate from three leagues round, and form a chain pursued by a whole troop of them.

Then it is that the urgent need of a good driver is apparent. The horses, which have an instinctive horror for the wolves, become intractable; the tcotier in the middle tries to gallop, and the gallopers to get the bit between their teeth. During all this time the hunters fire at random, there being no time to take aim. The boy, the horses, the horses, the wolves howl, and the guns fire, producing a hideous concert among them. The equipage, the hunters, the boy, the troop of wolves, are involved in a whirlwind which scatters the snow all around, and which is looked on with a stern daring thunder and lightning.

The boy, the driver, and the horses, wild as they may be, all goes well; but should he lose command of them, or should the harness slip, or the troika be overset, it is all over. Next day, two days, or eight days after, the débris of the vehicle is discovered, with the boy, the carcasses of the horses, and the large bones of the hunters and of the driver.

Last winter Prince R—— undertook one of these hunts, and it had nearly proved his last. He was, along with two friends at one of his estates, which borders on a wilderness, and they resolved to have a chase of the wolves, or rather, it may be said, to be chased by them. A large sledge was got ready, in which three persons could move at ease; three young horses were harnessed to it, and it was intrusted to a driver of great experience—a native of the district. Under him were placed a pair of double-barrel guns and five hundred ball-cartridges, and their places were so taken that the prince looked to the back, and the two friends each to a side of the sledge.

At night they arrived at the ground—an immense desert covered with snow. They heard the shouts of the wolves, and, at the same time, saw their eyes, which appeared to glare with unusual brightness, and its rays, refracted by the white surface, spread a light like that of day. The hog were attacked, and the train of wolves, finding itself drawn on in spite of its efforts, it raised a cry; whereupon more wolves appeared, and more yet first, timid also, and keeping at a great distance. Gradually their numbers increased, and they approached the sledge, the prince contenting himself by giving their troika an ordinary motion, notwithstanding the trembling impatience of the horses. For twenty wolves came up, when the party found themselves near enough to begin the massacre. They went a short distance, and the whole band appeared to get alarmed, and diminished in number by about a half. In fact, contrary to the general belief that wolves do not feed on one another, seven or eight starving dogs had stopped behind to devour their companions, and the hunting-party was soon supplied. On all sides bowling replied to bowling, and in all round were seen eyes and eyes sparkling like carbuncles. The animals were within gunshot, and the hunters made a running fire; but this though every effect, effect, the band, as far from being diminished, rather got larger. It went on increasing, and, in order to escape the troop, the close ranks of which pressed on the hunters. Their course was so rapid that they seemed to fly on the wings of the wind. Night came on, to make the smallest noise. Like a flowing tide they approached unceasingly, and did not recede before the fire of the three hunters, well kept up as it was. They formed an immense crescent at the back of the troika, but the prince was not disposed to get in advance of the horses, and the number increased so rapidly, that the hunters were soon all engaged out of the ground. There was something fantastic in their appearance, and it became quite impossible to count the number now shortening their range in a desert where it was in general difficult to see more than two or three in a day. The day had ceased to cry, and had been taken again into the sledge, where its cries recommencing, redoubled the hideous noise. Each time the firing did not cease, and half the ammunition was now expended. There remained to each hunter only a hundred balls. The two horns of the crescent got higher and higher, and threatened the formation of a circle, including the sledge, horses, and hunters.

Should any one of the horses fall, all would be lost, and, already terrified, they seemed to breathe fire, and pranced most furiously and wildly.

"What think you of this, Ivan?" said the prince to his driver.

"Why, I don't much like it, prince."

"Are you afraid of the wolves?"

"The wolves have tasted blood, and the longer you keep firing the more will their number increase."

"What do you advise?"

"If you will allow it, prince, I shall slacken the bridle of my horses."

"Are you sure of them?"

"I shall answer for them."

"And will you answer for us too?"

And in such an reply, it was evident that he did not wish to commit himself. He slackened the bridle, directing at the same time the head of the horses' team to the prince's chateau; and the noble animals, feeling themselves as if loosened from the bridle, pranced with new fury, redoubled speed. The space seemed literally to become annihilated in the concert of wolves. Fire was kept them still farther by a sharp whistle, while they at the same time described a curve which cut off one of the corners of the band. Happily, the horses opened to let the horses pass, and the hunters were preparing for further operations when they exclaimed, "For your lives, don't fire!" They obeyed. The wolves, perplexed by this unexpected manœuvre, remained for a moment undecided; and during this instant the troika gained a considerable distance. When the wolves resumed the pursuit it was too late, they could not overtake the vehicle. A quarter of an hour afterward they were in sight of their chateau.

Next morning the prince visited the scene of his exploit, and counted the carcasses of more than two hundred wolves.

THE GREAT EAST INDIAN DOCTOR.

EVERY body has heard of the famous quack whose sands of life were fast running out, and who hastened to communicate to suffering humanity, for something like a shilling, an infallible panacea which he had accidentally discovered during his travels in the East Indies. The accompanying portrait is not that of the gentleman in question. It is, however, a likeness of a very famous physician, whose name is Yrien, whose native country is Java, and whose extraordinary cures have already won for him a world-wide fame.

Dr. Yrien is probably, the son of a rich native of Java. In early youth he was sent to Holland to study medicine. He was distinguished at the colleges in that country as a student of remarkable promise, and advantageous offers were made him to remain in Europe. He, however, persisted in returning home, where he remained several years.

His story is, that during that period he devoted himself to a study of the remedial qualities of those East Indian herbs and plants which are not included in the *materia medica*; and that, after many experiments, he made some remarkable discoveries.

At all events, after an absence of some years, he reappeared in Paris, and announced himself as prepared to cure various diseases which the faculty at present confess to be beyond their skill. Among these was encephaloid cancer. It so happened that the famous mountebank and musical instrument-maker, Adolf Sax, was suffering from cancer of the lip, which the Paris doctors could not cure. By some means or other the Black Doctor obtained access to him, and cured him. This success, as was natural, made no small stir among the physicians of Paris; one of these, not the least eminent—M. Velpeau—refused to join in the cry of quack, and actually opened the wards of his hospital—*La Charité*—to the stranger. We do not think he has effected some extraordinary cures there, and that his private practice is already enormous.

The following anecdote concerning him is amusing. We find it in the correspondence of the *Express*:

It appears that the Javanese is quite an original character, and holds in contempt—which he does not attempt to conceal—the professional resources of his Parisian contemporaries. He is said lately to have given utterance to a challenge, in broken French, which significantly embodies his views of our greatest doctors.

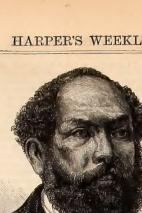
"I will go some day," says the East Indian, "to find Nélaton, Velpeau, Ricord; I will take them in a carriage with me to the Garden of Plants"—the Zoological Garden of Paris.

"Bring here boa, bring cobra capella, bring rattlesnake—ha!

"Whon three terrible serpents come, I say to three great doctors, 'Take off cost and show arm.' I say to him, 'Dis Ricord!' I say to rattlesnake, 'Bite Velpeau!' Once bite, they all swell up and die. Me give rum to three serpents, and say, 'Bite!' But I not swell—I not die; for I pour en arra little vial—antidote—I cured!"

It is doubtful whether the three princes of science to whom the Black Doctor (as he is called) offers this challenge will be tempted to accept it, only to establish his triumph. Nor will they be likely to consent, even if the latter should modify his proposition so far as to admit his own arm to the serpents first; but certain it is, the amusing story, one fact fills the attention of all who witness the proceedings of this strange personage: he has indubitably cured Sax of a malady which has never been known to forgive. Those who know the circumstances exclaim, "A miracle!"

If the Black Doctor can really cure cancer, he will deserve and will obtain a reputation and a fortune superior to those of any of his compeers in any part of the world.



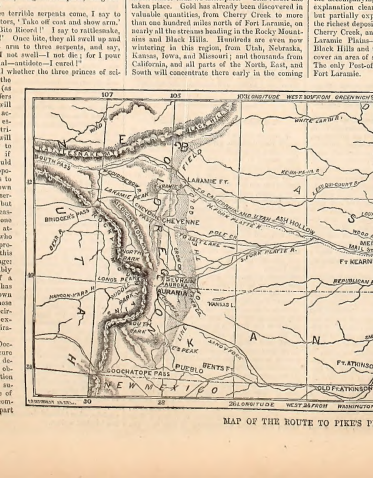
THE GREAT JAVANESE DOCTOR.

HOW TO GET TO PIKE'S PEAK GOLD MINES.

IS Lieutenant G. K. Warren's recent report of the topographical survey of the Territory of Nebraska, speaking of the southwestern portion in connection with the Pacific Railroad, he says: "These regions will yet be inhabited by civilized men, and the communications with the East will require roads, independent of the wants of an interior everland route to the Pacific;" "and should gold be discovered there in valuable quantities, as there have been found indications, this result may be much nearer than we anticipate." This result has taken place. Gold has already been discovered in valuable quantities, from Cherry Creek to more than one hundred miles north of Fort Laramie, on nearly all the streams heading in the Rocky Mountains and Black Hills. Hundreds are even now wintering in this region, from Utah, Nebraska, Kansas, Iowa, and Missouri; and thousands from California, and all parts of the North, East, and South will concentrate there early in the coming season. Measures are already in progress to organize immediately a new Territory west of Nebraska and Kansas. A Representative has been chosen by the miners, now in Washington for this purpose.

The respectability and amount of testimony as to the wealth and extent of the gold region admits of no doubt; and the shortest and quickest approach to the mines, from different points, becomes a question of immediate importance.

From California and Utah the route will, of course, be through the Cheyenne, or South Pass. To parties residing east of Nebraska and Kansas the accompanying map will render the following explanation clear. The mining region has been but partially explored; but so far as prospected the richest deposits are on the forks of the Platte, Cherry Creek, and Medicine Bow rivers, and all Laramie Plains—which Plains lie between the Black Hills and the Rocky Mountains, and alone cover an area of more five hundred square miles. The only Post-office point at present for this is Fort Laramie.



Fort Kearney is a little south of east of Fort Laramie, and distant from it three hundred and seven miles. Any approach to the mines lying north of Cherry Creek from the East, between Leavenworth and Sioux City, should make first for Fort Kearney, and thence by the north side of the Platte, because, as stated by Lieutenant Warren, "any route that takes the south side of the Platte has the south fork to cross at a point where bridging is or establishing a ferry is at this time impracticable. The road then, along the north fork, has bad places at Ash Hollow and Scott's Bluff. The route by the north side of the Platte is, therefore, of particular value, especially for early travel in the spring, when the streams are generally high."

Starting from Kansas City, the shortest overland route to the nearest mines is seven hundred and forty miles, part of which may be traveled by stage semi-monthly; but miners choosing this route had better start with their own teams. Proceeding by the Missouri River to Leavenworth, the distance from that point to Fort Kearney is three hundred and nineteen miles. There is no stage on this route. Proceeding to St. Joseph, either by the river or the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad, the distance from that point to Fort Kearney is three hundred and thirty-seven miles. There is a weekly stage running from St. Joseph to Fort Kearney—fare, fifty dollars; time, seven to eight days.

Starting from Nebraska City, which may be reached either by stage across Iowa or by daily boats up the Missouri River, the distance to Fort Kearney is two hundred and eighty-three miles. A mail-stage runs from this last-named point to Fort Kearney tri-weekly—fare, twenty-five dollars; time, three to four days. This line and the line from St. Joseph unite at Fort Kearney, and from that point run weekly to Fort Laramie, which is within the gold regions.

The usual overland emigrant route for Utah and California, from the East, now mostly crosses Iowa, and strikes the Missouri River at Council Bluffs, where there is the best ferry on the Missouri River north of its mouth; and thus reaching Omaha, start at once on the Mormon trail and the central route for the Pacific Railroad, which all recognize as the most feasible from the Missouri River to the Mountains, and of which Lieutenant Warren, in the report of his topographical survey, thus speaks: "Of all the valleys of streams emptying into the Missouri, that of the Platte furnishes the best route for any kind of a road leading to the interior, and the best point for starting is Omaha City. An appropriation of fifty thousand dollars has been expended on bridges, etc., in the construction of it, and the only important improvement remaining to make it far superior to any route on the south side of the Platte is the establishment of a good crossing of Loup Fork, either by bridge or ferry."

The stage routes already established, or to be made daily the coming season; they certainly will from Omaha to Fort Kearney, and probably to Fort Laramie. The Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad will be finished early in the spring. A line of first-class packets will ply daily between St. Louis and St. Joseph, and Council Bluffs and Omaha. An outfit for the mines, with tools, and provisions for six months, will cost from fifty to sixty dollars. Miners going in company can economize by joining and purchasing a team of either oxen or mules, which, with all other necessary outfit, will be had at fair rates at any of the points estimated above as points of starting. The region about the mines is well adapted to agriculture, but for the coming season provisions must be provided in advance.

From present appearances, the route to Pike's Peak will be tremendous.

OUR SPECIAL PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

The Cost in Paris—A Grand Dinner at Madame ——'s—Ill-breeding of French Military Men—Contrast with Americans and English Officers—The late General Pelissier—How French Officers treat pekins—An Insolent Colonel—How Ladies are Dressing in Paris—The New Belle, Mrs. St. ——Fancy Balls at Madame Tordid's—Madame Murray's Louis Quinze Ball—Countess Walewski's Ball Costume—Measure of the Dress Ordonnée, etc., etc.

PARIS, March 2, 1859.

I AM glad enough to be well again in this jolly carnival time! Paris is a miserable place in which to be sick or sorry at any time, but during the Lent most might wait for Lent. I know nothing more trying than to be compelled to listen, alone and suffering, to the infernal roar of the carriages which are conveying others to scenes of pleasure and amusement, which, though we may know them to be only the same thing repeated over and over again, yet when we are deprived of them—in the usual rule of contrary to human nature—our imagination directly invents them with ideal delights and superior attractions. No; please remember after awhile than Paris when not prepared to rush in with others in the eager pursuit of trifles; and here certainly is the case with Lent:

"To vice or good
For human nature daily feels."

There were my reflections when, after a week of chicken-broth and gruel, I found myself compulsorily seated at the usual dinner-hour at seven—at a seven o'clock dinner, with an evening visit and two balls upon my conscience later. There were twelve after myself—numerous enough in themselves, and others furnishing matter for pleasant comment. Many of them were old acquaintance there was present at this dinner a Colonel in the French army. It seldom happens but one meets behind the scenes in Paris that they in most instances rise from the ranks; and as they marry in their immediate circle, if they themselves are presentable their wives are not.

This seems strange at first to American and English ideas, in as much that intermarriages there are among the most highly educated and influential members of society, and the best families thus sought and welcomed. What country can show gentlemen superior in all that adorns and dignifies our common humanity to the officers of the French Academy at West Point has produced? If I may not be permitted to name it, I can express my most exact, affectionate remembrance may be allowed to swell for an instant on the departed—the accomplished soldier's and Christian's life of being always true and deplored. There was poor Swift, who died so bravely during the Mexican war, and many a brown, whose attainments and virtues were acknowledged and valued by strangers as well as his own countrymen; and, to speak of one more, the General Thomas, who died in this city last spring. I remember an Englishman who had a most unfavorable opinion of meeting the latter once at my house, and telling me afterward:

"Now that is my conceived idea of an American gentleman; if all were like that, simple and life-expecting in manner, I should enjoy their society."

Alas, poor Thomas! how I liked and trusted him!

But I must return to my subject. French military men give me the idea of being always overbearing; brave enough, as we all know, but so contented in ideas, and yet with such an overweening self-conceit. Their manners are quite unpleasant to those of other nations, is otherwise enough, being that of a travelling-steamer with passengers in want of ferocity, which will not admit of any thing like argument or discussion in conversation; but with women they are even more unpleasant, neglecting the prettiest present (which is perhaps a soldier's privilege), and then giving her such glances, as much as to say,

"You are charming, my dear, and I know you speak I am; and you see I am not in the slightest agonent to tell me so!"

I have been led into these remarks by thinking how the French Colonel spoiled our dinner-party, contradicting and almost quarreling with a courteous Englishman upon, what I am sure must be, a pretty little wife almost as much as the indecent sighing of her white-haired old father at the mail man of war continued to do after his ill-bred impatience had been suppressed by the silence around him. I did not allow this unnecessary ill-breeding to spoil my appetite, though it evidently did that of the young Englishman, who sends me hurry off to fulfill my other engagements more willingly than I might otherwise have done.

More bulk—more plate! more glitter of gold and flowers, sailing boasters and women who look pretty, more up with all that but; rest to be next day in the Bois de Boulogne and you can with difficulty believe that the yellow, grim, or insignificant face which sank into the corner of the carriage is that of the nymph whose raven locks and flashing eyes seemed as if they might be given as much to do with captivating your thoughts as her bonbon-box of white crape, and the wreath of roses red which seemed to bloom from her head. But French women, in these days, ever condescend to what our common sense would call art of the toilet. They never use rouge, they leave that to actresses; nor do they color their hair. They think, wisely, that nature understands all that best; that to be old dressed they consider an equivalent for beauty, as is shown by the universal expression of "How beautiful you are!" when "What a pretty gown you have!" is all that is meant. But in the morning they certainly do not look well, however gorgeous and brave the English race have the advantage. All which makes me think that I am getting very capricious to see the wonderful beauty, Mrs. I——o—y. F——s, of whom all that have seen her quite rave. All my English correspondents from Rome last winter, and from Pau this, speak of her as "the most superb young woman," "the most perfect beauty" ever beheld, and an Irishman whom I met the other day, in the enthusiasm about her has quite raised mine in an unreasonable degree.

As I told you in my last, the Carnival is being finished off with fancy balls. Of these, two have already come off. One on the 20th inst, at the Minister of State's, Monsieur Fould's, where superb apartments are in the Palace of the Tuileries: and a second at the Count de Morny's last night. At the first I mention no dress was worn but the usual as those worn on a similar occasion last year, and which does not fulfill the intention of the ball to promote this species of entertainment, purposely to inspire the young imagination of trade, as it was hoped every evening's ball would do on this occasion. Not a bit of it; and I say nothing new or worth recording. Louis Napoleon is wonderful once there were; but I must say their wearers often remind me of the old woman who has been more agreeably employed in exhibiting them to amuse her *a cooster* than in thus wearing them as equals among equal company.

At the ball at Count Morny's the costumes were limited to one month—the reign of Louis Quinze, which, though long enough to afford a splendid set of many changes in the fashion at the rate of its present existence, would be apt to become monotony in the same style. But the effect is very superior when this plan of representing an epoch is adopted, and the illusion was complete. Of course, only the Countess de Morny is a Russian, and, to my taste, the Princess Mathilde, the Princess de Metternich, she has lovely dark eyes, with fair hair and a fair skin, which seems to me a contrast rather *piquante* than *folie*.

Not to weary you with repeated descriptions, I shall therefore only mention a few of the dresses as you the bell of the Countess Walewski, which is to be on Saturday, a week hence, will be a *pêt tat contrast* at the Tuileries on Tuesday, to be the Carnival; but to this I do not expect an invitation, as the list for these is very limited. I was once thus honored, but the favor has not been repeated.

I read, in my retirement, a charming book, which, I think, will be found interesting by your readers: "The Travels, etc., of Ida Pfeiffer at Ocean." It is impossible to have been more highly gifted, more lively, and more deplored than this lady Christian lady. I was told Mr. Secretary Liberty of France together at St. Leonard's, last year, and in the drawing-room of the Tuileries very limited. I was once thus honored, but the favor has not been repeated.

"I read, in my retirement, a charming book, which, I think, will be found interesting by your readers: "The Travels, etc., of Ida Pfeiffer at Ocean." It is impossible to have been more highly gifted, more lively, and more deplored than this lady Christian lady. I was told Mr. Secretary Liberty of France together at St. Leonard's, last year, and in the drawing-room of the Tuileries very limited. I had seen them in their prosperity, but how could they ever have been in trouble, so charming all honor and respect as when there is shown all those domestic virtues of attention to their aged parent, Queen Amelia, and to their own children? Such devotion for which they have always been noted.

TERRIBLE ADVENTURE OF AN AERONAUT.

THE *Courier de l'Europe* has still the following, which took place some short time since, on the occasion of the last ascent of that celebrated and lucky aeronaut, M. Godard:

Monsieur Godard took with him on that day, as his companion on the voyage, a wealthy private gentleman, who paid 1000 francs for the privilege of sharing in the perils of the expedition. The weather was favorable, and the aeronaut reached with his balloon shot up rapidly to a considerable altitude.

"What effect does the balloon upon you?" asked M. Godard of his companion.

"Nothing!" said the latter, quietly.

"Is my conversation to you," said M. Godard, "You are the first whom I have ever seen arrive at such an altitude without betraying some emotion."

"Keep on mounting," said the traveler, with a grave and solemn air.

M. Godard threw over some ballast, and the balloon ascended some 500 feet higher.

"And now," added M. Godard, "does your heart beat?"

"Not yet!" replied his companion, with an air which approached closely to impatience.

"To the devil!" cried M. Godard; "you have really, my dear Sir, the most perfect qualification to be an aeronaut."

The balloon still ascended; when 1000 feet higher, M. Godard interrogated a third time his companion.

"And now?"

"Nothing, nothing! not the shadow of a fear whatever!" answered the traveler, with a tone positively discontented, and like a man who had experienced a profound disappointment.

"Goodness me! so much the worse then," said the aeronaut, smiling; "but I must remove all danger of mishap, and the balloon is high enough. We are going to descend."

"To descend!"

"Certainly; there would be danger in mounting higher."

"I am not more the slightest difference to me; I do not choose to descend."

"You will!" said M. Godard.

"I say I wish to ascend higher; keep on mounting. I have given 1000 francs to experience some emotion; I want to feel it, and I am descending here I have felt some emotion."

M. Godard commenced to laugh; he believed at once that it was all a joke.

"Will you ascend, once more?" demanded the traveler, taking out from the throat and shaking him with violence: "when shall I feel some emotion?"

M. Godard relates that at this moment he felt almost livid. A sudden and dreadful revelation broke upon him in regarding the strangely dilated eyes of his *compagnon de voyage*; he had to do with a madman!

If even the unfortunate aeronaut had had any defensive weapon he would, after all, have been capable of defending himself; but it is not usual for people to furnish themselves with pistols for a voyage in a balloon, and certainly one would not dream of meeting with a warlike encounter in the air. The ascent was 5000 feet beneath—most horrible depth!—and the least movement of the now furious madman might cause the car to capsize.

"Ah! ah! you are mocking me, my fine fellow," continued the madman, without loosening his grip. "Ah! you think to rob me of 1000 francs, as well as my emotion. Very well, be quiet. It's my turn to laugh. It's you now who are going to be cast up."

The madman was possessed of prodigious muscular force.

M. Godard did not even attempt to defend himself. "What do you wish from me?" asked he, with a calm which was submissive even.

"Simply to amuse myself in seeing you turn a somersault," answered the madman, with a ferocious smile.

But first some cushion appeared to think (to himself) I have my idea. I will see if I can't find some emotion up there."

And he commenced to search.

The madman indicated with his finger the upper part of the balloon. Just in speaking he compressed to distend the cords which held the car attached to the balloon.

M. Godard, who had not before trembled for himself, was forced to do so now for the madman.

"But, monsieur mon, you are going to kill yourself," he cried, with mingled fear and anger.

"No remarks," hissed the madman, seizing him again by the arm; "you are going to earn your pain into the abyss."

"At least," observed M. Godard, "allow me to put the cord round your body, so that you may remain attached to the balloon."

"Be it so," said the madman, who appeared to comprehend the utility of the precaution.

This done, fearful with his record of safety, the madman commenced to climb among the ropes with the agility of a squirrel. He reached the balloon, and placed himself astride upon the circle which is said. Once there, he rent the air with a shout of triumph, and drew his knife from his pocket.

"What are you going to do?" asked M. Godard, who feared that he might have the idea of ripping open the balloon.

"To make myself comfortable forthwith."

Uttering these words, the madman cut slowly the cord of one of the ropes which held attached to his body. With a single puff of wind to shake the balloon, the unfortunate aeronaut would be cast into the abyss!

"Ah now," yelled forth the madman, brandishing his knife, "we are going to laugh. Ah, rob her, you thought to make me descend! Very well. It is you who are going to tumble down, and in a moment, and quicker than that!"

M. Godard had not time to make a movement or put in a single word. Before he was able to divine the infernal intention of the madman, the latter, with inertia of an automaton, had cut—not one—four of the cordages which suspended the car to the balloon. The car inclines horribly—it only holds by two.

"A word, a single word!" cried M. Godard.

"No, no good!" answered the madman.

"I do not ask for pardon, on the contrary—"

"What is it you ask then?" said the madman, astonished.

"At this moment, now," continued the aeronaut, hurriedly, "we are at a height of 5000 feet."

"Stop," said the madman, "that will be charming, to tumble down from such a height."

"It is still too low," added M. Godard.

"How so?" asked the madman, stupefied.

"Yes," said M. Godard; "my experience as an aeronaut has taught me that death is not certain in more than one case. To ensure it, it is desirable to be tumble. I must prefer to fall from such a height as to be killed outright, rather than to risk being only injured by the chance of falling more from a height of 9000 feet only."

"Ah! that's it!" said the madman, whom the mention of a mere horrible fall charmed amazingly.

M. Godard follows heroically his purpose, and throws out a considerable quantity of ballast. The balloon makes a powerful bound, and mounts 500 feet in a few seconds. Upon which the madman sees that he has thrown away his operation with a menacing air—the aeronaut thinks to accomplish another in making only himself be cleared.

The quick eye of M. Godard had remarked that among the cords spared by the madman there was one leading to the valve. His plan is taken. He throws this cord, it opens the valve fixed in the upper part of the balloon, which gives issue to the necessary excess of the hydrogen gas to escape, and the aerial mass is heaped for was not long in making itself apparent.

Little by little the madman becomes drowsy, asphyxiated by the escape of the hydrogen gas which surround him. The madman being sufficiently asphyxiated for his purpose, M. Godard allows the balloon to descend slowly to the earth. The drama is finished.

Arrived at *Evreux*, M. Godard, not bearing any hatred to the author of his perilous voyage, consented to restore him to his senses, and had him conveyed, hands and feet bound, to the neighboring station.

THE WEEKLY FARMER.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

THE following questions have been submitted to us for our consideration. As soon as possible the inquiries of other correspondents will receive due attention.

LAND DRAINAGE.

L. W., *Adrian, Michigan*, writes: "How can an exact grade be found for the bottom of a drain in which tiles are intended to be laid? The soil is very soft and wet. What is the best-shaped tile? How should tiles be laid? How should they be covered? How does the water get into them?"

1. It is sometimes difficult to get an exact grade in very soft ground. In this case the laying of boards in the bottom of the drain will be found of great advantage. But even these, sometimes, because of the action of the water, are displaced. A few flat stones placed beneath them will assist in preventing the difficulty named.

2. We consider the sole-shaped tile the best, because the smallest quantity of water in a well-graded drain is active in washing away earth.

3. Before laying tiles in any drain the bottom should be even and compact to prevent their future displacement. In a soft place tiles are apt to *dip*, exposing their ends to the washing in of soil, and thus stopping the discharge of water from the drain. The importance, therefore, of having a compact bed for tiles can easily be understood. Boards for one inch thick and not more than two inches wide and one inch thick; and for larger tiles, they should be wider in proportion. Distribute tiles along the bank so as to have them convenient for the man laying them; then commence at the head of the main drain; lay a tile and place a stone at the upper end of it, so as to prevent the entrance of soil. Continue to lay the tiles one after the other, with as closely fitting joints as practicable, and if bottom-tiles are used, put *saddles* on the joints. Sometimes grass bands are used, but saddles are better. Saddles, being made of the same clay as the tiles, will heat as the tile, whereas grass bands will soon decay, and in such cases, the joints tumble in. There is a possibility, in sandy soils, of silt being washed into the drain. The "laterals" should be so graded that they will empty at the highest point of the main drains; so that water running in the main will not interfere with water discharging from a lateral.

4. When covering drains it is well to place inverted sods over the tiles, so that minute particles of soil from finding their way into them. Soil may now be put in to the depth of about a foot over the bulk, and a *pounder* used to compact it. Use the pounder on every foot of soil put in afterward. This will prevent, in such soils as Monsieur, the water from washing as much silt into the drains as it otherwise would do.

5. Drain-tiles take in water at the joints, and, by absorption, all over their surfaces.

TURNIPS.

W. S. writes: "I am about to trench a few acres of land for a flower and kitchen garden. Will you state some facts in relation to it?

Our choicest fruits, flowers, and kitchen garden plants do best on trenched soils. The best results are obtained by trenching subsoil. That is, useless to unbeat dew or trench land full of stagnant water. Before trenching, the ground must be underdrained with tiles or stones. Stones will answer with special reference to the wants of crops. All the stones underground to be removed must be well distributed through the soil; the mass will be thus rendered incapable of retaining stagnant moisture. Bear in mind the subsoiled action of long manures on heavy soils, the winter management of which will benefit the soil of the land. Farmer come time ago, and on the principle referred to by Mr. Clarke when he said: "The first of God's plow, which He drives through every inch of ground." When trenching, men should have plenty of room, otherwise they will not do it to the best advantage.

The ground to be wide, so that the soil turned over may be sloping at its side. This will make the water have a more free and immediate exodus; for if the side of the trenched soil be unsloping, a greater part of the moisture thrown on it will fall to the bottom. Where the plow is not used, trenching is underminded and taken down in *folds*. The pick-mattock is in our estimation best for stiff, wet, and rocky ground. Short manure may be spread as thickly as desired on the undisturbed soil, and as the work advances it may be buried in the trenches as required by with pick-mattocks by the men in the trench. The long and short manuring will cause the manure to be of even quality throughout. Long manures, on the contrary, should be shaken evenly through the soil as it is thrown over. Where the soil is trenched with the view of inverting it; in this case it must not be shaken, but will, of course, be put in the proper depth. This will cause the soil to be completely turned upside down; but if the object be to mix the soil with the manure, thoroughly, but, take it down in *folds*, pulverize it, and take out stones. The roots of most weeds will not strike to a depth of several feet in well prepared soils, and there are myriads of the smaller ones growing in as many destroyed annually by the naked eye, but easily seen by the aid of a microscope. Every blade of grass has its root attached of a leaf, gives its own supply for the nourishment of the plant. These results are best brought about by the most thorough system of culture.

SUBSOIL PLOWING.

"A SUBSCRIBER, Rockford County, Illinois," writes to inquire whether land in all other respects would be benefited by subsoil plowing, will it do to use but climate to parch the soil by such exposure?"

The action of the subsoil plow is very different from that of the ordinary plow. It does not bring the soil up to the sun and air, but the former slightly elevates and loosens it. It moistens condensed from the air will soon be seen to trickle down the outside. Now let us apply this principle; and it is a very important one in agriculture,

insasmuch as plants can not use food in the soil in the absence of moisture, and that in seasons of drought, when they most need it, there is plenty in the air. Into the subsoil plow between row crops, corn included, to full depth, the air will come in, and be caused by condensation to give its moisture to the cool soil, and thus be ready to dissolve food for the growing crops.

In addition to the advantages set forth in the Weekly Farmer of February 19 on subsoil plowing, we may add: Subsoil plowed lands are less subject to the ravages of insects than those more shallow plowed. Manures, instead of being washed off the immediate surface by flowing rains are carried into, and disseminated through, the surface of the soil sufficiently deepened to receive them. Trees are not so shortlived; fruits are finer and less liable to drop, as the roots of trees are deep enough in the soil to escape the injury to the upper portions of the year; blossoms are perfected, instead of being removed by slight winds; leaves are less likely to be parched; diseases of the bark, such as "hide-bound" with the cherry and plum, less seldom occur; and, if the soil is subsoiled deeply, sorels and sour grasses disappear. The ordinary pests of the field can not find a hiding-place at a slight depth below the surface as when shallow plowing alone is practiced.

Two farmers, side by side, with soils and fertilizing materials alike in quality and quantity, one using freely the subsoil plow, and deepening the surface plowing, and the other pursuing the shallow system, will develope at the end of ten years two different conditions—the one with the farm doubled in value, and money to loan; the other with a deteriorated soil, covered by a mortgage. The farmer who told his son that he buried a treasure deep in the earth, and that he must find it, referred wealth to his son—the discrimination of the soil to discover the treasure produced its equivalent in value.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

"DEATH TO ALL VERMIN."

"Costar's" Rat, Roach, &c., Exterminator.

"Costar's" Bed-bug Exterminator,

"Costar's" Electric Powder for Insects, &c.

THE

(Only infallible remedies known.)

Supplied honest by mail to any address in the UNITED STATES as follows:

On receipt of $1 00, a Box of the RAT, ROACH, &c., EXT. On receipt of $1 00, a Box of the BED-BUG EXT. Insect, &c., EXT. and ELECTRIC POWDER (each post-paid,) sufficient to destroy all the insects in a family.

Sold by DRUGGISTS and DEALERS every where.

WHOLESALE AGENTS in all the large cities.

"COSTAR'S" PRINCIPAL DEPOT, 482 BROADWAY, N. Y.

F. S.—Circulars, terms, &c., sent by mail on application.

Coughs.

The administration of medicinal preparations in the form of a lozenge, is of all modes the most eligible and convenient, more especially as regards a Cough Lozenge: for the Throat is the principal seat of Cough Lozenges acting Irritation, which induces coughing, gives instant relief in Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Influenza, Sore Throats, Colds and Asthmatic Complaints.

MOUNT PLEASANT INSTITUTE.—A select Boarding School for Boys, Amherst, Mass. H. C. NASH, A.M., Principal.

Grover & Baker's

Celebrated

FAMILY SEWING MACHINES.

New Styles, Prices from $50 to $125.

Hemmers, $5 extra.

Offices of Exhibition and sale:—

495 Broadway, New York.

19 Summer Street, Boston.

730 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

181 Baltimore Street, Baltimore.

80 West Fourth Street, Cincinnati.

Agencies in all the principal Cities and Towns in the United States.

☞ Send for a Circular. ☜

Brodie's Opening,

ON

Tuesday, March 29.

The greatest display of

SPRING & SUMMER GARMENTS

ever made in the

UNITED STATES.

To enumerate styles or quality would be superfluous.

LADIES, COME AND SEE.

309 AND 310 CANAL ST. and 306 BROADWAY.

STATEN ISLAND.

Fancy Dyeing Establishment.

Barrett Nephews & Co,

Office, 5 and 7 John Street,

(3 doors from Broadway),

New York.

THE BANNER OF LIGHT CONTAINS Weekly Verbatim Reports of Sunday Morning Discourses of Henry Ward Beecher and E. H. Chapin. Subscription price $2, or in clubs of 4 and upwards $1 50 per year. Send to S. T. MUNSON, 5 Great Jones Street, New York.

TREES AND PLANTS.

PARSONS & CO. are now sending out from their NURSERY at FLUSHING, L. I.,

Fruit and Ornamental Trees,

Evergreens,

Flowering Shrubs, Roses, and Greenhouse Plants,

of the choicest varieties, and of thrifty, vigorous growth. Catalogues furnished on application at No. 128 Broadway, and goods delivered at Fulton Market Wharf free of charge.

FRED. S. COZZENS,

WINE MERCHANT,

Offers for sale Foreign Wines of the finest qualities of the following brands:

RARE OLD BRANDIES,

SPARKLING AND STILL CATAWBA, AND ISABELLA WINES,

from N. Longworth, Cincinnati Vineyards,

72 WARREN STREET,

(Opposite Hudson River Railroad, New York.)

AMERICAN GUANO.—To Farmers and Dealers in Guano.—This Guano, from Jarvis Island, in the Pacific Ocean, containing 50 per cent. of Phosphates and Sulphates of Lime, and the most valuable fertilizer known, is offered for sale, in large or small quantities, at about two thirds the price of Peruvian.

For full information and pamphlet, address

C. S. MARSHALL,

President of the American Guano Company,

66 WILLIAM STREET, NEW YORK.

The most beautifully illustrated Scientific Works ever published in America.

Cassin's Mammalogy and Ornithology of the United States Exploring Expedition.

Under Commanders Wilkes. One Volume. 4to. With 3 Folio Atlases of OVER FIFTY SPLENDID COLORED ENGRAVINGS. Prepared under the superintendence of SPENCER F. BAIRD, Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution. Price, $36.

Gird's Herpetology of the United States Exploring Expedition.

One Volume. 4to. With a Folio Atlas of OVER THIRTY EXQUISITELY ENGRAVED PLATES, COLORED FROM NATURE, executed under the supervision of Dr. CHARLES GIRARD, of the Smithsonian Institution. Price, $26.

The above Fifty-Six Copies of the above works will be published for both the American and foreign market.

American Numismatical Manual

Of the Currencies, Coins, Bullion, Medals, and Coin Cabinets of the United States and Colonies. With Historical and Descriptive Notices of the Coins or Series. By M. W. DICKESON, M.D., Member of the Academy of Natural Sciences, &c., &c. One Volume. 8vo. Illustrated with 19 plates of over 200 Fac-similes. Price, $3.

The Mammalia of North America,

Including DESCRIPTIONS OF ALL THE KNOWN SPECIES, collected under the auspices of the *Smithsonian Institution*. With SIXTY PLATES, illustrating the Genera and Species, with details of Cranial, external form and osteology. By Prof. SPENCER F. BAIRD, of the Smithsonian Institution, New York, and will be ready in a few days.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., Publishers,

Philadelphia.

STEINFELD'S BITTERS.

JOY TO THE WORLD!

Let all the earth rejoice, our grief had long reigned. Let the inhabitants of the land sing praises to the Almighty. There is a balm, if not in Gilead, at least in New York, and the name thereof is "COGNAC BITTERS." We shall not be troubled with the cholera, for it is a sure antidote and will effect if go to No. 70 Nassau Street, where plentiful supply now with the cure for all sorts of spring diseases.

PACIFIC MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY. OFFICE 111 BROADWAY.

MARINE AND INLAND INSURANCE.

Assets $650,000.

This Company continues to do an exclusive mercantile business, and has returned to its dealers, out of the profits of its year 1858, a dividend of *Forty-three per Cent.*—*Six per Cent.* interest on the outstanding scrip—and has reclaimed the Certificates of issue of 1856.

ALFRED EDWARDS, President.

WILLIAM LECONEY, Vice President.

BENJAMIN A. GOODHUE, Secretary.

All Freight Forwarded with the Greatest Speed.

BY THE

AMERICAN EXPRESS CO'S LIGHTNING RUN.

Trains leave our Hudson Street Depot at 6.45 and 11.15 A.M.; 3.15, 4.30, and 5.10 P.M.

Freights forwarded on Express Passenger trains, and do not lie over or stop at any point.

The regular rates by the Fast Line is

To Chicago	in 48 hours	To Dayton	in 50 hours
" Cincinnati	" 48 "	" St. Louis	" 72 "
" Cleveland	" 34 "	" Louisville	" 54 "
" Columbus	" 42 "	" Indianapolis	" 54 "

And OTHER WESTERN TOWNS in the good time.

Goods for shipment to Europe by the American Express Co., will save time by shipping by our line.

Rates always as low as any responsible Company.

WELLS, BUTTERFIELD & CO.,

64 Broadway and 61 Hudson St.

"HARD TIMES NO MORE."

ANY PERSON (Lady or Gentleman) in the United States, procuring a clear copies of Part 1st, for $1, can enter into an easy and agreeable business, by which from $10 to $10 per day can be realized. For particulars address (with stamp), W. R. ACTON & CO., 107 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia.

New York Purchasing Agency.

W. M. LAPSLEY, No. 25 Nassau Street.

Persons desirous of making purchases in New York city or vicinity, large or small, at the lowest rates, from a Book to a Steam-Engine, a Shawl to a Carpet, can have the same executed by the above Agency, at a charge of 5 per cent. Reference, Messrs. Sellers & Co., Lexington, Sq., Cashier Long Island Bank, Messrs. John Jewett & Sons, Hungs, Fitzgeist & Co., New York; J. D. Dunscom & Co., New Orleans.

68	B. T. BABBITT'S		68
AND	SAPONIFIER,		AND
70	Or, CONCENTRATED LYE,		70

Manufactured at 86 and 88 Washington Street, New York. Warranted to make Soap without Lime, and with little or no trouble.

68	SOMETHING NEW.—B. T. BABBITT'S		68
AND	MEDICINAL SALERATUS		AND
70	Is manufactured from cocoanut oil, and		70
68	Pure Concentrated Potash,		68
AND	In SIX POUND CANS.		AND
70	Six pounds of this Potash are equal to		70
	twelve pounds of common Potash.		
	This Potash is the best article known for		
	softening water, for making Soft Soap, &c.		
	The attention of Druggists especially is		
	called to this article. Packed in 1, 2, 3,		
	5 dos., 10 dos., and 6 dos. For sale by		
68	B. T. BABBITT,		68
AND	Nos. 86 and 88 Washington Street, New		AND
70	York, and 104 Lydia Street, Boston.		70

68	POTASH,		68
AND	FIRST SORT,		AND
	In stone Jars, repacked in casks, suitable		
70	for shipping. Sold by		70
	B. T. BABBITT,		
	Nos. 86 and 88 Washington Street, New York.		

A NEW WORK ON THE HEART.

By DR. SAMUEL S. FOWLER,

Of "The Water Cure Journal," &c.

(Author of "Six Lectures on the Causes and Cure of Consumption," "Health, its Abuse and Maintenance," &c.)

A POPULAR TREATISE ON

DISEASES OF THE HEART, ARTERIES, DYSPEPSIA,

and other Chronic Diseases, with proofs of their curability.

Also—RULES FOR

PREVENTING DISEASE AND PRESERVING HEALTH,

(especially after forty), to one hundred years.

This is a work of the greatest interest to one who are suffering with any of the diseases on which it treats, or who fear they may. It is the result of many years study and extensive Heart Disease—Apoplexy, Dyspepsia, &c., may be both prevented and cured, and directions for the same are given in this popular style, and designed for the general reader.

It is a volume of 112 octavo pages, handsomely bound in muslin, with six fine illustrations. Price at the office, 75 cents; by mail, post paid, one dollar. It will be sent by mail, post-paid, to any one applying for it, and then the price, 75 cents, and Post Office address and stamps or otherwise, after it is received and approved. Let no reader of this fail to send for a copy, as the practical discount made to dealers. Apply, giving address in full, to the PUBLISHER OF THE WATER CURE JOURNAL, New York.

HUDSON RIVER INSTITUTE.

$120 a year pays Board and Tuition in Common English Studies, Washing, Mending, and Medical Attendance. A Limited number of each of the Nine Departments. Superior advantages for Pupils in Music, Drawing, and Foreign Languages and Accessory the Mozia. Term opens April 13. Write for Catalogues. Rev. A. FLACK, Clavarack, Columbia Co., N. Y.

A Nuisance—Its Remedy.

"FELLOW'S" hero they style their boasts and hoards. A regiment may be found in every city, town, and village. Of this they are the embodying of whom time has forgiven. Nobody is described, yet all are known. Nobody dwells, yet carelessly speaking. Every barber has a sign of hair-dye. The quantity of that forlorn swindle sold must be immense."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

"That's a fact. You can always tell persons that use hair-dye. It gives the shoeblacking tint, which can not be mistaken. We will, however, just whisper to our gray-haired friends who wish their "Crown of Glory" as it was in youth, that HIRSCHTEIN'S RESTORATIVE, which is now so extensively advertised, will restore it to its former gloss. Apply, privately for samples and original circular, to

W. E. HAGAN & CO., Proprietors, Troy, N. Y.

APRIL.

Again as Spring, with radiant wing,
To greet the greening earth advances,
Our April sky, like Laura's eye,
In mingled tears and laughter glances.
One sunny hour, and then a shower,
A glow of heat, and next a shiver;
To-day the rose half open and blows,
To-morrow ice is in the river.

Through breathing trees the spring life flows,
The sap is swelling leaf and blossom;
In warmer hues the unwilling blood
Now leaps through every human bosom.
Dear Annie's eye, though still and shy,
Yet glistens with a tenderer meaning,
And though to cry to own her joy,
We see her bosom is heaving.

O Month of Change! in all the range
Of seasons gentle and most mutable!
We give advice beyond all price—
A maxim worthy Captain Cuttle!
Let all who'd hear thy varied air,
The sudden call, the fast that smothers,
Just see and try, next choose and buy,
The new spring clothing of SMITH BROTHERS.

"Twin Temples of Fashion."

SMITH BROTHERS,

The Marble Stores,

122, 138, and 140

Fulton Street,

Between Broadway & William St.

THOMAS J. SMITH, Jr.,
ROBERT L. SMITH,
J. SMITH RICE.

} NEW YORK.

ONE PRICE—NO DEVIATION.

The Price is marked on all the Goods in Plain Figures.

GEO. WM. CURTIS'S WORKS.

THE POTIPHAR PAPERS. Illustrated from Drawings by Hoppin. 12mo, Muslin, $1 00; Half Calf, $1 85.

These papers made the reputation of the periodical in which they were first given to the world. They were hailed with delight by the whole American reading world, who acknowledged in their amusement author of new star in the literary firmament. A graphic and telling descriptions of a peculiar phase of American society, the result of observation; the fresh and sparkling wit, the genial humor, and keen and truthful satire with which "our society" is described, have delighted thousands, and made "Mrs. Potiphar" a proverb. Inspirit and humor like these have marked the writer as a rich, full, and genial humorist, and the reader will see in these letters not a breath of sneer or bitterness, but a broad and wholesome sense of human nature, a keen appreciation of absurdity, and a generous delight in seeing evil seldom away a very hour.

NILE NOTES OF A HOWADJI. 12mo, Muslin, $1 00; Half Calf, $1 85.

In this brilliant volume of Eastern travels the genius of the youthful author, who has already attained such eminent distinction, was first revealed to the literary public. Written in a style which combines the voluptuous softness of an Oriental atmosphere with the sunny splendor of its imagery, it has the freshness and vigor of a new revelation. Its descriptions of Egypt are rendered with the utmost care and beautiful sense of nature, and the recollection of delicious life, and exquisite and strange incidents of a unique tour in language of wonderful vividness and warmth.

THE HOWADJI IN SYRIA. 12mo, Muslin, $1 00; Half Calf, $1 85.

A second volume of Oriental travel, distinguished for the same bold and striking characteristics which give such a decided impress to the first volume of the Nile Notes. It abounds in picturesque descriptions of the scenery of Syria, and in graphic sketches of the people and their manners. The same delicate appreciation and keenness for the sacred scenes which it calls forth will be found in this volume.

LOTUS-EATING. A Summer Book. Beautifully Illustrated from Designs by Kenrick. 12mo, Muslin, 75 cents; Half Calf, $1 65.

This delightful volume is a record of the summer rambles of the author, bearing graceful testimony of the most interesting sports in American scenery, and giving a series of lively and graphic pictures of the varied and fashionable resort. Humor, pathos, and sentiment are generally blended in these sketches, and the reader will find himself in the midst of the scenes described. The summer's visit, painting is relived by an undercurrent of genuine feeling, and the charm of glowing descriptions give a new charm to familiar objects.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS,

Franklin Square, New York.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS will send either of the above Works by Mail, postage paid (for any distance in the United States under 3000 miles), on receipt of the Money.

SEWING MACHINES.—All persons who have been induced to buy SEWING MACHINES which will not perform the work the purchasers expected them to do, are informed that SINGER'S MACHINES never fail to do any kind of work. No one's ever disappointed in these machines.

I. M. SINGER & CO.,

No. 458 Broadway.

MEDICO-PHYSIOLOGICAL BOOK, third thirth edition, over 400 pages, 12mo, cloth, and about 150 Descriptive Engravings. Price $1. By celebrated Paris and London Physician and Surgeon, out of New York Practice. Containing more useful knowledge the bands of every adult person, as it imparts knowledge not to be found in the whole range of medical books, and mailed to any part of the country, by W. A. TOWNSEND & CO., No. 127 Broadway, New York.

Will soon be Published:

From Wall Street to Cashmere.

A JOURNAL OF FIVE YEARS IN ASIA, AFRICA, AND EUROPE.

COMPRISING

Visits during 1851, '52, '53, '54, '55, and '56, to the Dansmara Iron Mines, Plains of Troy, the "Seven Churches," Palmyra, Jerusalem, Petra, Mount Sinai, Desbur, Sebastopol, and Suez,

WITH ALL THE SCENES OF THE RECENT MUTINIES.

CASHMERE

Peshawur, and the Khyber Pass to Afghanistan, Fava, China, and the Mauritius.

Nearly 100 full page Illustrations.

BY JOHN B. IRELAND, Esq.

A POPULAR TREATISE ON GEMS,

IN REFERENCE TO THEIR

SCIENTIFIC VALUE:

A GUIDE FOR THE TEACHER OF NATURAL SCIENCES,

AND THE

LAPIDARY, JEWELLER, AND AMATEUR:

Together with a

Description of the Elements of Mineralogy, and all Of economical and Architectural Materials.

With **Elegant Illustrations.**

BY

DR. L. FEUCHTWANGER,

Chemist and Mineralogist, Member of the New York Lyceum of Nat. Hist., American Assoc. of Science, of the Philosophical Societies of Jena, Altenburg, etc.

NEW YORK:

S. A. ROLLO & CO.,

Publishers, Wholesale Dealers in School, Classical, Theological, Standard, and Miscellaneous Books, Blank Books, Foreign and Domestic Stationery, &c., &c.

Harper & Brothers'

New Descriptive Catalogue

is now ready for distribution, and may be obtained gratuitously on application to the Publishers personally, or by letter inclosing SIX CENTS in postage stamps.

The attention of gentlemen, in town or country, designing to form libraries or to add to their present collections, is respectfully invited to this Catalogue, which will be found to comprise a large proportion of the standard and most esteemed works in the various branches, COMPREHENDING MORE THAN TWO THOUSAND VOLUMES —which are offered, in most instances, at much less than half the cost of similar productions in England.

To Librarians and others connected with Colleges, Schools, etc., who may not have access to a reliable guide to purchasers of books, it is thought that this Catalogue will prove especially valuable as a manual of reference.

To prevent disappointment, it is suggested that, whenever books can not be obtained through any bookseller or local agent, application for such publications should be addressed to the Publishers, which will be promptly attended to.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.

EXHIBITION OF AMERICAN MANUFACTURES.—FACTORIES, MILLS, AND STORES, No. 229 Pearl Street, Harper's Buildings. Brushes of every description on hand, and for sale at the lowest prices. A Silver Medal was received from the American Institute, in 1849, for superior Brushes.

JOHN K. HOPPE.

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES.

THE NEW FAMILY SEWING MACHINES at $50 and $75 are attracting universal attention. In all essential good qualities they are much the best Machines ever offered at a low price.

I. M. SINGER & CO., No. 458 Broadway.

Select Family School for Boys

AT

SOUTH WILLIAMSTOWN, BERKSHIRE COUNTY, MASS. (ESTABLISHED IN 1845.)

Summer term of twenty-six weeks will commence Wednesday, May 4th.

The location is healthful and pleasant.

Number of pupils limited to thirty.

For Circulars address the Principal,

BENJ. F. MILLS.

March, 1859.

Prof. Peck's Elements of Mechanics.

ELEMENTS OF MECHANICS. By W. G. PECK, ARTHUR PROF. OF NATURAL PHILOSOPHY, COLUMBIA COLLEGE. This Book is designed for Colleges, Academies, and High Schools. Price $1.50.

Just published by

A. S. BARNES & BURR,

51 and 53 John Street, New York.

Publishers of Davies' System of Mathematics and Bartlett's Analytical Mathematics, and the Text-Books of West Point, Free Academy, &c., &c.

JUST PATENTED. ELECTRO-THERAPEUTIC BATTERIES AND MACHINES. The greatest scientific discovery in the Healing Art ever made. Invaluable in Gout, and Rheumatism. Call for Circulars and Pamphlets. For description, terms, &c., inclose stamp. Office, 5 Beekman Street, N. Y. Factory, 500 and 502 West 34th STREET, Cincinnati, Ohio.

OBSERVE. I want the Address of 100 Tea-bone Intelligent, Young Men who want employment. $100 clear of all expenses per annum. This is agenuine offer of no kind. Inclose stamp. NO PAY.

Address D. WRIGHT, Detroit, Mich.

DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.

In the whole history of medical discoveries, no remedy has performed so many or such remarkable cures of all affections of the *Throat, Lungs, and Chest; of Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Croup, Asthma;* of CONSUMPTION itself, as this *Far-famed, but tried, and justly celebrated Balsam.*

Unlike other advertised, it is only genuine has the written signature of "*I. Butts*," as well as the printed name of the Proprietors, "SETH W. FOWLE & Co., Boston," on the outer wrapper. *For sale every where.*

BIRDSEY BLAKEMAN,

OF THE LATE FIRM OF

SHELDON, BLAKEMAN & CO.,

HAVING ASSOCIATED WITH HIM

ALBERT MASON,

UNDER THE NAME AND FIRM OF

Blakeman & Mason,

WILL CONDUCT THE

Publishing and Bookselling Business,

At 310 Broadway, New York.

(Four doors above Duane Street)

We will keep constantly on hand a complete Stock of

Miscellaneous and School Books,

in general demand, and offer them to the Trade

ON VERY FAVORABLE TERMS.

Particular attention will be given to supplying All New Books as issued from the press, and also to early ordering, taking special pains to fill them with promptness, and as well as though the parties were present.

The Publications of

THOMAS & PETERS, H. HUTTER & CO. GOULD & LINCOLN, CHILDS & PETERSON, PHILLIPS, SAMPSON & CO. J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., And other Boston and Philadelphia Publishers, constantly on hand.

From long experience and familiar acquaintance with the details of the business, we feel confident that we can make it for the interest of all Book Dealers to give us a share of their patronage.

To our old friends and patrons we think nothing more need be said.

To those with whom we have no acquaintance we will simply say, give us a fair trial, either by a personal visit or mail orders.

The Home Garden.

HARPER & BROTHERS,

327 to 335 Pearl Street (Franklin Square),

Publish this Day

THE AMERICAN HOME GARDEN:

BEING PRINCIPLES AND RULES FOR THE CULTIVATION OF VEGETABLES, FRUITS, FLOWERS, AND ORNAMENTAL TREES AND SHRUBS,

TO WHICH ARE ADDED BRIEF NOTICES OF INSECTS AND DISEASES INJURIOUS TO PRODUCE AND ANIMALS.

By ALEXANDER WATSON.

With several Hundred Illustrations.

1 vol. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25.

The author here presents, in a digested and plain form, such directions as will enable any person, who has a piece of ground, to make a garden to supply the home table with the greatest and healthiest variety in the least possible outlay of labor and expense, and add choice fruits and flowers to the family stock of fruitand, cheap, every-day enjoyments.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS will send the above Work by mail, postage paid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of $1 50.

TUCKER'S NURSERY FOR FLOWERS, PLANTERS, COFFUERS, AND BRIDAL SETS, at

361 Broadway, 2 doors from Franklin Street.

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES.

The immense increase in the demand for these admirable Machines has tended within the past few months—Indicates the reviving prosperity of the country. The prices of our Machines have been greatly reduced.

I. M. SINGER & CO. No. 458 Broadway.

BULWER'S NOVEL—COMPLETE.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

By Pisistratus Caxton.

A Novel.

By Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, Bart,

Author of

"My Novel," "The Caxtons," "Pelham," &c. &c.

8vo, Paper, 75 cents; Muslin, $1 00.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, New York.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS will send the above Work by mail, postage paid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the Money.

ELLIOT & PATTEN—Examine Inventions and procure Patents, and will advise gratuitously whether any *New Agency* opposite main entrance of Patent Office Building, Washington, D. C.

EXPERIENCED AGENTS WANTED IN all parts of the country to obtain Subscribers for HISTORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION, by Two Volumes Royal Octavo, containing upward of 1500 pages, and 1100 splendid Illustrations. This work will be sold exclusively by Agents, to each of whom a liberal salary will be given. Sure Inducements offered. Applications should name the Counties they would like to canvass. For further address GEO. W. ELLIOTT, care HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

WORTHY OF NOTE *for Coughs, Colds, and Consumption.*—Rev. Dr. LYMAN BEECHER, New York, says: "Gentlemen:—I have used your *Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam* myself, with benefit, in catarrhal coughs and colds, and have known it to be used with success in the early stages of Pulmonary affections in families of my charge."

Owing to an unprecedented sale and popularity of over thirty years' standing, there are many counterfeits and imitations against which the public are cautioned.

Inquire for the article by its WHOLE NAME,

"DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY."

Prepared only by SETH, CUTLER & CO., Druggists, Practical Chemists, Lowell, Mass.

BARNES & PARK, Agents, New York.

Vol. IV. Household Library.

DELISSER & PROCTER,

No. 508 Broadway.

Publish this Day:

THE LIFE OF COLUMBUS.

By LAMARTINE.

EDITED BY O. W. WIGHTS.

18mo, cloth, 50 cents.

Lamartine's biography is justly regarded by scholars as among the choicest specimens of historic literature. Lamartine's glowing pen portrays with vivid effect the darkened career of the illustrious Genoese—his chimeric and dauntless spirit encountering all difficulties; the pomp and splendor of the Spanish Court, and the Spanish monarch—the glory of the age. It is a grand prose epic—a fitting monument to the memory of the Discoverer of the Western World.

THE NEW BOOKS OF TRAVEL.

By the Rev. Wm. Ellis, F.H.S.

THREE VISITS TO MADAGASCAR, during the Years 1853–1854–1856. Including a Journey to the Capital: with Notices of the Natural History of the Country and of the present Civilization of the People. Illustrated by a Map and Wood-cuts from Photographs, &c. 8vo, Muslin, $2 50.

By Dr. W. M. Wood, U.S.N.

Surgeon of the Fleet to the U. S. East India Squadron.

FANKWEI; or, The Sun Jacinto in the Seas of India, China, and Japan. 12mo, Muslin, $1 25.

By Lieutenant Page, U.S.N.

Commander of the Expedition.

LA PLATA: The Argentine Confederation, and Paraguay. Being a Narrative of the Exploration of the River La Plata, and Three of its Tributaries, during the Years 1853, '54, '55, and '56, under the orders of the United States Government. With Map and numerous Engravings. 8vo, Muslin, $3 00.

By Dr. Barth.

TRAVELS AND DISCOVERIES IN NORTH AND CENTRAL AFRICA. Being a Journal of an Expedition undertaken under the Auspices of H. B. M.'s Government, in the Years 1849–1855. With a Map and numerous elegant Illustrations. Complete in 3 vols. 8vo, Muslin, $7 50; Half Calf, $10 50.

By Thomas William Atkinson.

ORIENTAL AND WESTERN SIBERIA: A Narrative of Seven Year's Explorations and Adventures in Siberia, Mongolia, the Kirghiz Steppes, Chinese Tartary, and part of Central Asia. With a Map and numerous Illustrations. 8vo, Muslin, $3 00; Sheep, $3 75; Half Calf, $4 00.

By the Hon. E. G. Squier,

Formerly U. S. Charge d'Affaires to the Republics of Central America.

THE STATES OF CENTRAL AMERICA: Their Geography, Topography, Climate, Population, Resources, Productions, Commerce, Political Organization, Aboriginal Monuments, Comprising Chapters in Honduras, San Salvador, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, Guatemala, Belize, the Bay Islands, and the Mosquito Territory. With numerous Original Maps and Illustrations. A New and Enlarged Edition. 8vo, Muslin, $2 00.

By the Rev. Dr. Thomson.

Twenty-five Years a Missionary in Syria and Palestine.

THE LAND AND THE BOOK; or, Biblical Illustrations drawn from the Manners and Customs, the Scenes and the Scenery of the Holy Land. With the Maps, accurate Maps of Palestine, as accurate Plan of Jerusalem, and several Engravings. Illustrating Manners and Customs, Topography, Natural Productions of the Holy Country, Topography of Palestine, Manners, and Habits of the People. In Two elegant Large 12mo Volumes, Muslin, $2 00; Half Calf, $3 50.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS,

Franklin Square, *New York.*

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS will send either of the above Works by Mail, postage paid (for any distance in the United States under 3000 miles), on receipt of the price.

"Very able and Very Uncommon."

The New Novel, by George Eliot.

HARPER & BROTHERS,

327 to 335 Pearl Street (Franklin Square),

Have just Published:

ADAM BEDE.

A Novel.

BY GEORGE ELIOT,

Author of "Scenes of Clerical Life."

12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

From the London Athenæum of the 26th ult.

Adam Bede is a novel of the highest class. Full of quiet power and deep observation, and, above all, constructive effect, it produces a deep impression on the reader, with the conclusion of the book he closes. It is as though he had made acquaintance with real human beings.

From the London Literary Gazette of the 26th ult.

Establishes a fair claim to a high rank in the first experience of novel writers. The story rules and a very uncommon performance, and we can hardly doubt that its appearance will give it a large and grateful public.

From the N. Y. Daily Times.

Among the many writers of fiction who have recently appeared in Great Britain, we should place George Eliot, the author of "Scenes of Clerical Life," at the head. She should be at a loss to name any English novelist of the present day who has excelled the author in his pictures of domestic life, or who has shown a higher order of talent in the delineation of individual character, than is the author of these admirable tales. They are life-like pictures of the every-day world, and the characters that people the middle class religious family—and they are wholly free from the flippancies, affectations, and maudlin sentiments which are peculiar to the so-called religious novels.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS will send the above Work by mail, postage paid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of One Dollar.

BAILEY & CO.,

619 CHESTNUT STREET,

Philadelphia.

(Adjoining L. J. Levy & Co's)

The largest manufacturers of

BRITISH STANDARD SILVER WARE

in the United States.

Guaranteed to be of the above quality. All Silver Ware sold by them is manufactured on their premises—Assayed by J. L. Booth, Esq., of the U. S. Mint.

DIAMONDS, PEARLS, WATCHES, JEWELRY, PLATED WARES, BRONZES, &c.

Star Collection of Instrumental Music.

Arranged for Violin and Stringed Instruments, and for the use of Small Bands and Orchestras. By J. W. MORE. Price $1 50.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston.

SANDS' SARSAPARILLA,

THE GREAT AMERICAN REMEDY

For Purifying the Blood.

As this season nothing can be more efficacious. For sale by A. B. & D. SANDS, 141 William Street, N. Y.

☞ Every Number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE contains from 90 to 96 pages—and from one third to one half more reading than any other in the country.

HARPER'S

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

FOR APRIL.

CONTENTS:

WRECKING ON THE FLORIDA REEFS.

Illustrated by Six Engravings.

THE CHRISTIAN MARTYRS OF MADAGASCAR.

Illustrated by Fifteen Engravings.

THE RED RIVER TRAIL. (*First Paper.*)

Illustrated by Ten Engravings.

THE COUNTY KERR. A NEW YORK DETECTIVE EXPERIENCE.

PORPHYROGENITUS. By DAVIDS TAYLOR.

HEAD AND HEART.

LITTLE GREEN EYES.

LOST AND FOUND.

THE STORY OF THE TRINITY BELLS.

SALLY LEEVIS AND HER LOVERS.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL BIBLE OF FARS.

THE PAUPER'S HOME.

BORED TO DEATH.

MY FIRST OF APRIL.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

HALF AN HOUR WITH MR. THACKERAY.

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

THE WITCHINGS. By W. M. THACKERAY.

The Tragedy.—The Comedy.—Hetty's Misgivings.—A Run for the Boats.—Your Head-Pieces.

CHAPTER LXIV. In which Harry lives to fight another Day.

CHAPTER LXV. Soldier's Return.

CHAPTER LXVI. In which we go a-courting.

CHAPTER LXVII. In which Harry is mixed, and two more are begun.

MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.

LITERARY NOTICES.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.

OUR POINTED FRIENDS.

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

HEADS OF THE PEOPLE.

Illustrated by One Hundred Portraits.

FASHIONS FOR MAY.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Out-Door Costume.—Morning Dress and Child's Costume.

The Publishers believe that the Seventeen Volumes of HARPER'S MAGAZINE now issued contain a larger amount of entertaining and valuable reading than can be found in any other publication of the day.

With the present volume the commencement of the Magazine has been changed. Its appearance hereafter will be early and varied; and the Publishers refer to the contents of the present number as the best guarantee that the future volume upon the patronage of the American public.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year	$2 00
Two Copies for One Year . . .	3 00
Five Copies for One Year (each)	2 00

And an Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of TEN SUBSCRIBERS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY AND HARPER'S MAGAZINE, together, one year, $5 00.

☞ The postage on HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE must be paid at the Office *where it is received.* The Postage is *Thirty-six Cents a year.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A FIRST-CLASS ILLUSTRATED PAPER.

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST

FAMILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD.

FIVE CENTS A NUMBER. $2 50 A YEAR.

(*From the N. Y. Morning Post, Jan. 19, 1859.*)

HARPER'S WEEKLY.—The fifty-two numbers of this attractive and valuable publication, issued during the last year, have been gathered into a single volume, and are thus at once placed in a form convenient for all the variety, the epigrammatics, and the value of the contents. There are many persons who have taken the numbers as they issued from week to week, and have found in the variety of the pictorial and literary attractions that always tickled, and the solid and substantially nutritious that always fed the appetite. Consequently many of these will find that there are the tales and stories of Dickens, Dickens, Trollope, and other popular writers, and the pictures of men and, above all, there are those striking wood-cut representations of contemporary scenes and events, of fashions, and of costumes and countries—all contained in the volume, and which will be had for a trifle. As a grand picture-book of the human life of the nineteenth century, HARPER'S WEEKLY has already become a library class of readers, moreover, may be interested by the fine steel portraits which have appeared in the issues of business, the child and the family circle.

TERMS OF HARPER'S WEEKLY.

One Copy for Twenty Weeks . . .	$1 00
One Copy for One Year	2 00
Two Copies for One Year . . .	4 00
Five Copies for One Year . . .	8 00
Twelve Copies for One Year . . .	19 50
Twenty-five Copies for One Year .	40 00

An Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of TWELVE *or* TWENTY-FIVE SUBSCRIBERS.

TERMS FOR ADVERTISING.—*Fifty Cents a Line.*

A Liberal Discount will be made to those wishing to Advertise for three Months or more.

☞ Persons living in the City of New York wishing "HARPER'S WEEKLY" left at their house, will please send their address to the Office of Publication, or by postal money, to the Office of Publication.

HARPER & BROTHERS,

Franklin Square, New York.

ACTIVE NEW YORK BUSINESS.—"My dear Sir, I'm delighted to see you. Come to make your Spring Purchases, I. What can I do for you? Want any Dry Goods, French Wines, Handsome, Fancy Articles, Crockery, &c., &c., &c.?"

STEADYGOING CONSTITUENT. "Well, now, what I do want is a good, strong Jackass!"

These unprincipled Boys make a practice of stationing themselves opposite the Doors of Lecture-rooms, and holding Umbrellas over their Heads as the People come out.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Gifts! Gifts!! Gifts!!!

EVANS & CO.

OFFER GREATER INDUCEMENTS TO BOOK BUYERS THAN ANY OTHER HOUSE IN THE COUNTRY.

OUR NEW DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE, OF FORTY-EIGHT PAGES, CONTAINS

A larger and better selection of books than ever before offered to purchasers, including many of value or interest published in the United States. All books furnished at publishers' prices, with

A GIFT ACCOMPANYING THE BOOK

at the time of sale.

The most liberal inducements to clubs, surpassing those of any other house, for purchasers of books, see page 3, New Catalogue; also great commissions allowed to agents who are willing to devote their time to our business. Particulars sent on application by mail.

Send for a Catalogue, which will be mailed free to any address to all parts of the world.

Books and Gifts ordered amounting to $5 and upwards will be presented to any one sending an order for ten books.

The following is a Schedule of Property which will be given to the Purchasers of Books at the time of sale.

	Worth from
Gold Watches, English Lever, Patent Lever and Lepines	$30 00 to $300 00
Silver Watches, Patent Lever, Full Jeweled, Hunting Cases, open face and Lepines	12 00 to 40 00
Gold Lockets—Large size, fine glasses and Plain Gold Bands, Engine-turned and small sizes, with and without Stones	2 50 to 12 00
Cameo, Mosaic, Florentine, Painted Lava, Goldstone, Garnet, and Coral sets of Pins and Drops	5 00 to 25 00
Ladies' Gold Guard Chains, Neck Chains, Chatelaines	8 00 to 15 00
Gent's Fine Vest Chains	10 00 to 50 00
Beta Canons, Goldstone, Painted, Mosaic, Garnet, Onyx, Engraved and Plain Gold Sleeve Buttons and Studs	2 00 to 10 00
Gold Pencils with Pens, large, medium, and small size	3 00 to 7 50
Silver Pencils, with Gold Pens, large, medium, and small size, double and single extension	2 00 to 5 00
Gent's Heavy Signet Rings, Ladies' Gold, Chased, and Plain Rings	1 00 to 7 50
Gent's Gold Bosom Pins, Cluster, with Opal, Jewel Pins, Onyx, Garnet, etc.	1 50 to 5 00
Rich Silk Dress Patterns	12 00 to 20 00
Gold Thimbles, Plain Banner, Chased, and Plain Oval Shapes	3 00 to 10 00
Silver and Gold Thimbles	2 00 to 5 00
Gent's Pen and Pocket-Knife	1 50 to 3 00
Pearl and Rosewood portemonnaies	1 50 to 2 50
Pocketbooks, Watch Keys, Guard Slides	1 00 to 2 50
Gold Crosses, small, medium, and large	2 00 to 7 50
Rosaries, with corresponding Crosses, assortment of miscellaneous articles, varying from $1 to $40.	

One of the above articles will be given to the purchaser of each book at the time the book is sold. An equal variety of the whole will be given with each $1,000 worth of book.

Address all orders, letters of inquiry, etc., to EVANS & CO., Publishers, 511 Broadway, New York City.

THE CULPRIT FAY. By Drake.

Just ready, a splendid Edition of this world-celebrated Poem, handsome, elegantly printed on tinted plate paper, and illustrated, with 16 original designs, by Darley. 12mo, cloth, gilt. 75 cts.

"The Publishers offer this little volume to the public at a time of unusual interest, and in a style to please the eye, paper, and binding. The exterior will be found in keeping with the interior, and as regards a cover we have not seen from the American Press. The very moderate price of 50 cents has been fixed upon, in order to insure the wide circulation which it merits."

It will be sent by mail, and will be sent by mail, postage free, to any part of the United States, on receipt of 50 cents.

RUDD & CARLETON, Publishers,
No. 130 Grand Street, cor. Broadway, New York.

YARDLEY & STATHAM'S ORIGINAL HONEY SOAP.

The superior quality of this celebrated soap are well known in Europe and America, and need any remarks. Its medicinal properties are unequaled, and necessary in all families, both as a companion to the toilet and for general use. Numerous imitations have been introduced, and purchasers should see that the makers' names are impressed on each piece of soap.

Sole Agents for the United States,

DEMILT, DUNCKES & CO.,
Importers of Dandelion Curry Combs,
51 Fulton Street, New York. 11 Milk Street, Boston.

LYON'S MAGNETIC POWDERS

Will destroy Garden Insects, Cockroaches, Bedbugs, Fleas, Ants, Moths, and will paint or Dye the Persons Hair.

The importance of a reliable article of this kind is indisputable. Every family is annoyed with the presence of annoying pests. This powder in the course of a few days covered which will exterminate them. A company of botanists from the Horticultural Society of Paris, while amidst the forest of Asia, observed that all insects lighting upon a certain kind of plant very soon dropped dead. This fact was made use of to guard their night camps from these intruders. Quantities of the plant were brought home by Mr. E. Lyon, and found a positive insect destroyer in every segment. It is simply a powdered leaf, chemically prepared to retain the effect of age and climate. Medals and Letters Patent have been obtained from the governments of England, France, Germany, and Belgium, and the powder is now in general use in Europe and fashionable circles in America.

Letter from the President of the U. S.

WASHINGTON, CITY OF WASHINGTON, March 4, 1858.

"MR. LEMUEL LYON.—Dear Sir: I have the pleasure to inform you that the Royal Commission of the Vestal's Fair at London have awarded you a Medal and Certificate for the great value of your Magnetic Powders, &c.

"HILARD THOMSON, Chairman."

The above was accompanied by a certificate of Prince Albert.

IT IS FREE FROM POISON.

NEW YORK, October 1st, 1858.

"MR. E. LYON.—Dear Sir: We have analyzed and tested your Magnetic Powders, and find them perfectly free from poisonous matter, and that they will certainly destroy those pests, Bedbugs and Insects.

"JAMES R. CHILTON, M.D., Chemist.
"JOHN C. DRAPER, M.D., Professor."

Mr. JOHN L. ROSE, Superintendent of the New York Hospital, says: "I have used your Powders, and find they are roaches, moths, &c., with Lyon's Powder, and finds it an immense value."

Every gardener and housekeeper must have a direct interest in so valuable a discovery. Refreshing can be had in the Astor, St. Nicholas, and Metropolitan Hotels; to the Museum, President of the American Institute; Lyon's Powder Depository, Geo. Whitfield Secon. Cooper, W. Lee, L. Gaylord Clark, Dr. Hall, Dr. Hosack, Dr. Francis, &c., &c. Mme. Mapes says, "The discovery of Prof. Lyon is of national importance. The Farmer's Club have voted it thoroughly." It will destroy Roaches, Ants, Bedbugs, rats, moths, bugs, and all vermin. Garden plants can be preserved, and flowers improved.

Arrangements are now made through Messrs. BARNES & DARE, of No. 8 Park Row, to have it sold through the world. Many worthless imitations are advertised. Be sure

To inquire for NEW YORK, November 8th, 1858.

"In selling from Messrs. Barnes & Dare, the Insect Powders and Pills, Letter-Patent, and the certain purifying fumes, to Messrs. BARNES & DARE, we have found a genuine article, and we have brought from the interior of Asia, and is unknown to any other persons. The genuine and effective article is put up in the cases here, and will continue to bear my name.

"E. LYON."

Rats and mice can not be reached by a powder, but are killed by a MAGNETIC DEAD GRAIN thrown by any machine.

Dr. Lyon's Powder kills insects in a trice,
Dr. Lyon's Powder is not mixed for rats and mice.

Sample Flasks, by mail, post paid, 25 cents, 50 cents and $1 00. Follow directions. *Dip for Animals and Shavaglio.*

BARNES & DARE
8 and 13 Park Row, New York.

PICTURES of COUNTRY LIFE.

BY

ALICE CARY,

Author of "Married, not Mated," &c.

One volume 12mo. Price $1 25.

TAKE IT TO YOUR MOTHER.

If you have a Sister, get it for her.

If you have a Friend, get it for her.

The Home Journal thus heatifully titles the book:

"WORD PAINTINGS."

Her stories are always interesting."—*Boston Transcript.*

"We cannot but to commend this most excellent volume."—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

"An attractive book in the highest merit."—*New Haven Courier.*

"And a writer to be merry and wise."—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

"Thirteen pictures, well drawn and daintily colored."—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

"A charming writer, whose thoughts are always refreshing."—*Observer.*

"They are true to nature."—*Buffalo Courier.*

"Will be warmly welcomed."—*Springfield Republican.*

"Full of truth and humanity."—*Troy Whig.*

"The book is a choice one."—*Daily Wisconsin.*

"They will be read with genuine pleasure."—*Boston Evening Transcript.*

Copies sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of the price, by DERBY & JACKSON, Publishers, New York.

Douglas & Sherwood's PATENT Tournure Corset.

This article combines in one garment a CORSET of SUPERIOR SHAPE and FINISH, and a BUSTLE of PERFECT MODEL, insuring free and healthful action to the lungs and comfortable support to the spine. It has been pronounced by all who have seen it among whom are the most eminent members of the Medical Faculty, the BEST and MOST PERFECT article of the kind, either artistic or physiological. No lady can well do without it.

D. & S. still manufacture their

Expansion Skirt,

so well known for its durability.

Also, their celebrated

Matinee Skirt,

together with over Seventy other different Styles, the latest of which are

The Palmetto AND THE New Skeleton Skirt,

Containing 13, 17, 20 and 30 hoops, made of the SUPERIOR QUALITY OF STEEL which *has always characterized these Skirts.*

All articles of theirs manufacture are for sale at the principal stores in the United States and Canada.

☞ SEE THE STYLE OF THE NAME OF DOUGLAS & SHERWOOD IS UPON THEM.

THE BEST AND Cheapest Article FOR THE HAIR, PHALON & SON'S COCOINE,

Prepared from Highly Purified COCOA-NUT OIL.

This preparation possesses extraordinary properties for preserving and beautifying the hair, and also restoring its natural lustre and glossy appearance.

One application, however harsh the hair may be, renders it soft and glossy.

ALSO,

MAGIC HAIR DYE, CHEMICAL HAIR INVIGORATOR, PARISIAN LOTION,

For the Skin and Complexion.

PHALON & SON,
Perfumers and Distillers,
Nos. 197, 497, and 517 Broadway, N. Y.

For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers. Depot, 10 Astor House, and 1 Howard Street, Boston.

Inquire for Phalon & Son's COCOINE. BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS.

J. RUSSELL SPALDING'S ROSEMARY

is the best dressing for the hair known.

The Rosemary will restore hair to bald heads.

The Rosemary will remove dandruff.

The Rosemary is the best thing for children's hair.

The Rosemary has not been and can not be surpassed, according to all a clean, healthy and wonderful hair.

The Proprietor can furnish proof to sustain the assertions above. Those who will admit the voluntary certificates from persons who have used it with success. If you are not satisfied, try it.

Every bottle, genuine, has the signature of the sole Proprietor, J. Russell Spalding, 21 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

Sold by Dealers generally.

ROSE MARY

GLEASON'S LINE-OF-BATTLE SHIP.

This splendid new weekly is increasing very rapidly in its circulation, and is now in its fourth week. The paper is furnished to clubs at the following remarkable low rates:

2 Subscribers, one year	. . . .	$3 00
5 " "	. . . .	7 50
10 " "	. . . .	10 00
20 " "	. . . .	20 00

and one gratis to getting up a club of 20.

Single Subscription being $2 00 per annum.

These wishing to Subscribe, or form clubs, will have sample copies sent free, by addressing F. GLEASON, Boston, Mass.

Gleason's new Enterprise is highly spoken of by the Press.

We here give a few of the many favorable notices we have seen.

MR. GLEASON has the experience, the enterprise, the tact, and the capital, requisite to sustain a good and successful paper.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

GLEASON'S WEEKLY.—This is the best pictorial and literary paper published in the United States, and to family should be without it.—*Local News, Wiscasset, Me.*

GLEASON'S WEEKLY is full of every thing to please the eye and the mind. The new illustrated weekly comes a great excitement in newspaperdom.—*Regatta Register, Erie, Pa.*

GLEASON'S WEEKLY LINE-OF-BATTLE SHIP is before us. We do not hesitate to pronounce it the best literary and pictorial journal published in the Union.—*Hopkinton Watchman, Monticello, N. Y.*

GLEASON'S LINE-OF-BATTLE SHIP.—This new weekly is, without question, the largest and handsomest literary sheet in the Union. It is freighted with a splendid cargo of sketches, tales, poetry, biography, editorials, wit and fun.—*Zeitgeist.*

GLEASON'S NEW WEEKLY LINE-OF-BATTLE SHIP.—F. GLEASON, Esq., that prince of publishers, has launched again in the field. His well-earned popularity is a sufficient guarantee for the success of his new enterprise.—*Bellefonte, Pa., Democrat.*

GLEASON'S NEW PAPER is what might have been expected from the experience and skill of the gallant commodore and editor, elegant in its typography, illustrations, and reading matter. Every thing that good taste and experience could suggest to render it have been brought into requisition.—*Ledger.*

GLEASON'S NEW WEEKLY.—This story, by the illustrious Gleason, is illustrated with excellent engravings, and is a most excellent reading number. The first number has never been issued from this press. Gleason is a fortune in the shape of a name, and is conducting it well.—*Dubuque Times and Sun.*

GLEASON'S LINE-OF-BATTLE SHIP.—The largest edition ever printed of the first number of a paper, either in America or Europe, was that of the "Line-of-Battle Ship," by Commodore Gleason. One hundred thousand copies were issued and sold.

This is truly wonderful, and shows what tact, talent, and a union of beauty and art can do, when controlled by a master spirit.—*Morning Star.*

P. P. P. PARK'S PRICKLY PLASTERS.

They sooth pain; they protect the chest; they extract the coagulated impurities and carcasses from the system; they impart strength; they are divided in sections, will yield to the motion of the body; they are porous; all impure secretions pass off, and they can not be removed, hence, are freely worn four times longer than any other plaster, and are cheaper at 25 cents than others at 10. *Where Their Plasters are, pain can not exist.* Wonderful cures, palsy, paralysis, deafness, &c., &c., are met with daily, chest, or back pains, should try them. Don't be deceived by the name. Ask for Park's. Don't be cheated by the counterfeiters. All Druggists have them. Take no other. Each Plaster bears a Medallion Stamp and each Signature.

BARNES & DARE, 13 and 18 Park Row, N. Y.
JOHN D. PARK, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Premature Loss of the Hair, which is so common now-a-days, may be entirely prevented by the use of

Burnett's Cocoaine.

It has been used in thousands of cases where the hair was coming out in handfuls, and has never failed to arrest its decay, and to promote a healthy and vigorous growth.

Burnett's Cocoaine

is the same thing, for the same purpose, in the form of a fluid. A delicate application will render it soft and glossy for several day.

It is a delightful article for a half year bottle.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. III.—No. 119.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1859. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

ADVERTISEMENT.

In this number of HARPER'S WEEKLY we commence

A New Serial Story,

ENTITLED

TRUMPS.

BY

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

ILLUSTRATED BY

AUGUSTUS HOPPIN.

A perusal of HARPER'S WEEKLY will keep persons living in the country THOROUGHLY POSTED on the news of the day.

No other publication gives so MUCH AND SO CHOICE MATTER, or so fully illustrated a history of the times in which we live.

More money is paid to AMERICAN ARTISTS AND ENGRAVERS for illustrating this publication than for illustrating any other paper in the United States.

This is the CHEAPEST AND BEST family illustrated newspaper in the country.

To advertisers we need only observe that advertisements in this journal, at fifty cents a line, are cheaper and more effective—because VISITED BY THE EYE OF MORE PEOPLE throughout the country, from North to South, and East to West—than advertisements in any other publication.

We refer families to our printed list of terms on the fifteenth page of each paper. By forming clubs, people in the country can obtain the paper on very advantageous terms.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF HON. D. E. SICKLES.

HON. D. E. SICKLES was born in the city of NEW YORK in the month of October, 1821. His ancestors were of the old Knickerbocker stock, having emigrated from Holland to New Amsterdam, or Long Island, while that province was under the jurisdiction of the Dutch nation. In his childhood he was remarkable for a determined resistance to corporal punishment; always open to the force of reasoning or persuasion, the moment the rod was raised (no uncommon thing in these days) he became vicious. This was instanced by his conduct in school at Glen's Falls, where he had been placed by his father. The preceptor having exerted his authority pretty severely, Sickles, with that self-reliance which has been a marked characteristic of his whole career, quietly left the school, and entered the office of the Glen's Falls *Messenger*, in order to learn the art and mystery of printing. Here he remained a year and a half, and obtained considerable proficiency in his trade. While in this office, the son of a wealthy man, but disdaining home luxuries in the pursuit of an almost fanatical worship of independence, he was visited by his parents, and in their company was a gentleman who probably has exerted more influence in moulding his character than any other human being. This was DA PONTE the younger, who, being on a tour through that portion of the State of NEW YORK, was delighted to find in Sickles a lad who, with the local knowledge and daring of the frontiersman, blended the instincts and deportment of good breeding.

At about this period the elder Mr. Sickles met with great reverses of fortune, so that the printing acquirements obtained by his son under an impulse of boyish rebellion and an excessive idea of independence became of real value to the family, for he was able to earn good wages by "working at the case," in the office of Mr. Tarney, of Fulton Street, NEW YORK. It is the unanimous verdict of his fellow-"printers" (the public will pardon and printers will understand the slang of the craft) that at this time he "set" a goodly number of types per hour, and always had a clean proof; a fact of little value except as illustrative of the thoroughness and neatness which has always distinguished him, and which, down to this hour, prompts him in a dungeon, charged with a capital crime, to make his toilet, morning and night, with scrupulous exactness. After a time the family prospects began to brighten, and Mr. Sickles (the father of Hon. D. E. Sickles) engaged in transactions in real estate. Just then, in 1835–36, property in NEW YORK took a sudden start, and values ran up with an amazing rapidity; so that, after two great reverses, the elder Mr. Sickles found himself the possessor of so much property that he was justified in opening an office in Wall Street for the transaction of his business. In this office Daniel spent two years.

The success of Mr. Sickles's father had enabled him to retire from business; having twice "marched up the hill" of fortune, and twice "marched down again," he prudently resolved that thenceforward his means should be invested in real estate. Purchasing a beautiful place a few miles from the city, at Livingston, New Jersey, he spent, as two hundred farmers usually do, large sums upon its improvement and ornamentation. Here the father strove to direct Daniel's attention entirely to scientific and practical agriculture; but the adventurous spirit of youth chafed under the constraint of a rural life, which only middle and old age can properly appreciate. Thirsting for knowledge, burning with a desire to distinguish himself, and, to this end, willing to undergo the ordeal of scholastic preparation, the boy begged, coaxed, and demanded to be sent to the city for education. Yielding to the paternal authority he remained on the farm at Livingston one year; but at the end of that period, finding that there was an apparently irreconcilable difference of opinion between his father and himself, and that the former, in the exercise of his parental authority, manifested a resolution which amounted to stereotaxes, he tied up a change of linen in a *handkerchief*, and, on a calm morning before daybreak, walked out of his father's house with a few shillings in his pocket, and turned his steps toward Philadelphia. He walked to Princeton, a distance of thirty or forty miles, and there found, what a great many others have experienced, that the best fortune for a young man is a proficiency in some trade; illustrating on the old Greek maxim, "He who does not teach his son a trade teaches him to steal." Entering the village of Princeton hungry and dusty with his travel, he sought the office of the one newspaper then published there, and brought "Father Horner" for employment. This good man, although he really needed no help, allowed Sickles to go to work, with the hope that his expressed wish to enter Princeton College might be gratified. A day or two after he commenced his labor some tickets were sent to the office to admit "the press" to the approaching Commencement exercises; to the great joy of his new journeyman, Mr. Horner presented him with one of these; and on the night "big with the fate of Cæsar and of" the Freshmen, Daniel found himself for the first time an auditor in classic halls; but not being quite reserved from his fatiguing journey, after his intellect had been fed for an hour or two, he fell asleep, and, to his utter dismay, was at last awakened by the janitor, who politely informed him that the show was over, and, except himself, the auditory had retired—an example which would probably conduce to his comfort if followed before morning.

THE HON. DANIEL SICKLES.—[FROM A MEDALLION.]

While in Princeton he made several attempts to enter college, but found his means were insufficient, and gradually became disheartened and desperate. Just then came news—great news. First there came to Princeton a rippling murmur, in general terms, of trouble on the Northern frontier; and at last the tempest burst in all its fury. The Canadians had sent the *Caroline* over the Falls of Niagara wrapped in a shroud of flame. Young America was aroused, and Sickles determined to abandon the mighty "composing stick" for the more glittering but less potent weapon of the warrior.

Fortunately, the more matured counsel of Mr. Horner prevailed over the illhustering instincts of youth, and instead of rushing to Navy Island, Daniel, having paid his bills and finding himself master of a whole dollar, once more took up his staff and started afoot for Philadelphia. Arriving at Bristol at night, he found his fortune had been reduced to twenty-five cents; with commendable frankness he went to the tavern and told the landlord the exact condition of his exchequer. Notwithstanding his want of funds, he was kept all night and kindly cared for, and leaving next morning, he approached Philadelphia, as Franklin did, with a loaf of bread under his arm and sixpence in his pocket. Just before reaching the city he stopped at a farm-house, and, heated and dusty, requested a glass of water; he was greeted by a beautiful girl who, instead of cold water, begged him to accept a bowl of milk. He entered the city of Philadelphia late in the evening. To a young adventurer there is no experience so utterly heartbreaking as the sensation of loneliness in a vast city; but Sickles's will was fresh and vigorous, and instead of skulking under shandries or retiring to the hospitality of some friendly hay-mow, he walked boldly to the door of one of the most fashionable boarding-houses situated near the Exchange, and all travel-stained and baggageless as he was, with a princely air demanded boarding. With great propriety, judging from appearances, the landlady at once rejected his petition; but looking carefully in his face and weighing his tones, she seemed to understand that it was no vagabond who sought her hospitality, and with maternal considerateness, said,

"Yes, you shall stay with me."

He was accordingly shown into an attic-room, which he occupied for some time, until his address and appearance had so improved one of the boarders that he insisted upon sharing his elegant suit of rooms with Sickles. The next morning he obtained work in the office of Burton's *Magazine*, then publishing in Philadelphia under the editorial control of W. E. Burton, Esq., since famous as a comedian. As might have been expected, he was soon recognized by a friend of his father, from whom he shortly received a remittance and the assurance that if, for his mother's sake, he would return, all should be forgiven, and his wishes with regard to education and a liberal profession should be gratified. Returning to his parents, he was, by his own urgent request, placed in Dr. da Ponte's family, to be prepared for college.

The Da Pontes lived in Spring Street, NEW YORK, and, for many reasons, were people of such remarkable characteristics as to deserve a separate article. The elder Da Ponte was a man of rare poetic genius, magnificent presence, courtly manners, and great classical attainments. He had been poet laureate at the court of the Emperor Joseph II. of Austria, and the day before his death, at ninety years of age, wrote a beautiful ode, entitled *Partí de la Vita* (Farewell to Life). He son was also a person of great attainments, as is evident from the following incident: For some cause or other a decided difference of opinion sprang up between the faculty and the Council of the University of NEW YORK, in which Da Ponte, Jun., filled the chair of Italian Letters; on the eve of the annual examination all the professors except Da Ponte resigned, intending to coerce the Council into according to their terms. On examination day, six days before Commencement, Chevalier Mathews went to consult the only remaining professor. The latter, to his great surprise, after a brief conversation enumerating the various branches of study pursued in the University, turned to Sickles and said, "Dan, I can examine all the classes with your help." For six days and nights Da Ponte recited to Sickles, and, on the following Monday, the Faculty having requested the former to name the class he would fill, instituted, for the first time in America, the chair of Philosophy of History, filled in Europe by Guizot, Sieloski, Guizot, Heeren, and Michelet. To Sickles the result was equally gratifying, for, as a mark of consideration for his services, he was invited to a gratuitous use of all the privileges of the University.

Before this, however, Professor Bagioli, having arrived in NEW YORK as Grand Maestro of the famous Montrosor Opera Company, was a constant visitor at the house of the Da Pontes, and the elder Da Ponte had adopted the future MRS. BAGIOLI, the mother of MRS. SICKLES. The elder Da Ponte, in dying, bestowed his benediction upon his pupil, and shortly after, just as a most brilliant career opened to him, the friend with his counsels and love slept by death, and Bagioli, having married the adopted daughter of Da Ponte, became the head of the household. At this period of our narrative the unfortunate MR. SICKLES was a beautiful child of four years of age, and it is important, as an explanatory of his intense devotion to her, that the reader should know that MR. SICKLES has known his wife from her infancy, and, in his marriage, consummated his first pure dream of boyhood.

His grief at the death of his friend and instructor was so great that Sickles could not bear to enter the recitation rooms of the University again, and, without graduating, he entered the law-office of H. F. Butler, who was the Attorney-General under TYLER. Here his professional studies were aided by Kent, Butler, and Clerk, all eminent jurists. Here it was that he formed the political opinions to which he has ever since adhered. Butler was a leading Democrat, and indoctrinated his student with the democratic devotion to the views of that party. In 1843, having passed a highly creditable examination, he was admitted to the bar; and in 1844 commenced his distinguished political career, by issuing, in the city of NEW YORK, a campaign paper, advocating the election of POLK and DALLAS, containing only original articles from his own pen.

Prior to this he had distinguished himself at the bar, having elicited the marked commendation of WOODWORTH and BUTLER, while conducting the opposition of Woodworth and Wilson to the renewal of Stevenson's Patent for Flaming Anthracite, a case which was heard at Washington by a Board of Commissioners consisting of Ellsworth, Penrose, and Ewing.

In the winter of 1847–'48 he was elected to the Legislature, and was the most prominent during two sessions in the important legislation growing out of the then recently revised Constitution.

At this period he won from the late Governor MARCY the declaration that, as a debater, he excelled any man of his years, just as, ten years later, Governor RAYMOND, who was President of the Senate during SICKLES's career, bears testimony that, as a debater and parliamentary leader, he is unsurpassed. But he was compelled to engage in a severer contest than any political campaign.

For four or five years previously to his first entrance into legislative life he had experienced the tee common fate of young men of good family cation. The offer was a flattering one, but involved the relinquishment of his office, and the consequent loss of its large salary and emoluments. His mind, however, was instantly made up, and he closed with the offer to serve under so distinguished a politician and diplomatist as a mission that would necessarily be a stepping-stone to a career in the higher walks of statesmanship. In entering the Washington Cabinet, he came into with President Pierce, during which he received his nomination, and was on the way back to New York.

In Europe he was always accompanied by Mrs. Sickles; her beauty attracted the marked attention of the English, Dutch, and French courts, and during her whole residence there she received the most flattering attentions from many persons whose names are historical, and was especially distinguished by Lady Clarendon and Lady Ashburton. She divided with Miss Lane and Mrs. Colonel Larocque the complimentary title of the "Three American Graces."

In the course of his diplomatic career Mr. Sickles has become relation to one of the most important facts in American history. In the *Life and Public Services of Martin Van Buren, by the Black Warrior* affair, he was sent to the United States by our European Ministers to report to the President and his Cabinet the condition of affairs in Europe; and it was out of his statements, in reality, that the Ostend Manifesto was framed. During his short stay in Washington he was domiciled in the White House, and attended to his business in person. A dispatch usually took a week to be prepared and presented a memoir, addressed to the President, "On the Complete Change in Feeling upon the Policy of the United States;" making oral communications, furnished suggestions, and sometimes carried out the plans contained in the same steamer that brought him, armed with dispatches which rendered the Ostend Manifesto. With these he hastened to London, Paris, and to Mr. Soulé, then Minister to Spain.

Mr. Sickles's friends would like dispatches correct. Owing to what he conceived to be an insult to the American nation in the conduct of a German on the Fourth of July, he felt compelled to leave the table of George Peabody, the banker. A long and acrimonious correspondence with Mr. Peabody sent by Mr. Sickles to Peabody, and declined by the latter.

When the news reached this country of Mr. Sickles resigned and returned to the United States, in order to prepare the way for the subsequent presentation of his own resignation. Mr. Buchanan, for the Presidency. At that particular juncture the appointment of a diplomatic mission vice not very cheering to his friends. As I raved against him were Pierce, Douglas, and Marcy, and the latter, in 1856, a year before he left his position to the absolut management of Daniel E. Sickles as to the Presidency. Before he left his return to New York Mr. Sickles was nominated as a candidate for the State Senate. The contest of 1856 was a severe one, and Mr. Sickles's talent and relentless war waged even in New York city; the Democratic party, which, in spite of existing bad elections a test of the incipient of Mr. Buchanan by the Democratic party, and which, in the election apparently insurmountable, he came out of the fray a victor, owing to his own indomitable energy and the unflagging zeal of his friends.

His two years in the State Senate, associated with a minority of three members, developed all the tactics and parliamentary skill which always harassed and often baffled the triumphant majority. In the course of the Legislature of 1857 he completely exhausted that erratic genius that the vessel of State was then steering, and that it was rushing on sands, and regard it as their Magna Charta to this day. While the gratitude and friendship of such men as Mr. Bancroft, Mr. Irving, Mr. Cooper, and Mr. Sickles's talent and energy to him, his highest reward was the knowledge that his unflagging and inexhaustive argument was an answer to his mother's request to him to defend what she deemed the rights and the charter of the Empire City.

He was now about to be transferred to the wider and field of metropolitan life, when a reverse of fortune, which was to prove so disastrous a residence, he was called to his beautiful country-seat at Fredericksburg, on the bank of the Hudson, and on the hillside of which York, where he had established with Mr. Bayiolt for his daughter's residence; a beautiful place, where many of the old forest trees remain.

Mr. Sickles was first elected to Congress in 1856, a large majority, his term of office to begin with the last having expired. In November, 1857, the Democratic party carried the city of New York by 16,000 votes. Mr. Hamilton Fish, a distinguished citizen, was nominated for mayor; he was opposed by Fernando Wood, who took the field against him. Mr. Bayiolt for his daughter's residence; a beautiful place, where many of the old forest trees remain.

Mr. Sickles was first elected to Congress in 1856, a large majority, his term of office to begin with the last having expired. In November, 1857, the Democratic party carried the city of New York by 16,000 votes. Mr. Hamilton Fish, a distinguished citizen, was nominated for mayor; he was opposed by Fernando Wood, who took the field against him. Mr. Tinsman. The latter, as is known, was elected by a majority of three thousand. The campaign of the latest stirring and exciting ever known in the brilliancy for its brevity.

A last attempt was made to defeated, notwithstanding the opposition of a portion of the Democratic party, headed by Dickinson and Wood, acting more or less in connection with the Republicans and Know Nothings. But his election against such tremendous odds is a signal proof of the popularity he had won in the great devotion of a large circle of personal friends. Few elections have so completely concentrated and defied all opposition.

In his Congressional career he has taken a high rank; occupying a prominent position on the Committee of Foreign Affairs, he avoids the discussion of mere partisan questions, and bestows the whole force of his intellect, and the results of his extensive experience, upon matters of foreign policy. In all matters of detail that nature he takes a leading and influential part.

The recent events in his history have already been written in sufficiently full outline of detail; from the bright of happiness a few short hours bring him down, down deeper than plummet ever sounded. Whatever he may have to charge against himself in the matter of youthful follies, a hundred proofs can be furnished of his perfect devotion to the most intimate attachment to his unfortunate wife. In Washington it would be difficult to find a man, especially in public life, more domestic in his tastes, more irreproachable in his habits, or more devoted to his family, than he has been during his residence at the capital.

MADAME LA MARQUISE.

BY OWEN MEREDITH.

THE folds of her wine-dark violet dress
Gleam over the sofa, fall on fall,
As the sea creeps in the hollows of evilleen
With a smile for each and for all.

Half of her exquisite face in the shade
Which o'er it the screen in her soft hand flings:
Through the gloom gives her hair a look as odorous bright:
By the fire-light see sparkling her rings.

As she leans—the slow smile half shut up in her eyes
Between the white fan, long, silk-soft lashes lunatic;
Through her crimson lips, stirred by her faint replies,
Breaks one gleam of her pearl-white teeth.

As she leans—there your eye, by her beauty subdued
Droops—from under worn fringes of bewildery white
Of a gleam of the diamond buckle at instep,
For one moment, then slip out of sight.

As I bend o'er her bosom, to tell her the news,
Know the look, which betrays the agreement in her cheek,
The vague warmth of her breath, all my senses subdue
With magical power. On the couch by her side

So she sits in the curtain'd, luxurious light
Of that room, with its porcelain, and pictures, and
flowers,
When the dark day's half done, and the snow flutters
white,
Past the windows in feathery showers.

All without is so cold—'neath the low leaden sky!
Down the lane, which is white as the ghost, the gaudy
dame
Sticks coldly: a distant carriage home by—
All within is so bright and so warm!

Here we talk of the schemes and the scandals of court,
Of the Empress's toilette, the Emperor's health.
We put bores on the heads of our friends, just for sport
To laugh at the looks of the victims by stealth.

Her warm hand, at parting, so strangely thrilled mine,
That at dinner I scarcely remark what they say—
Am lost in a maze, and I wander, I dream, I repine.
Then go town at my favorite play.

But the glare and the glitter, the noise to behold her,
With her fair face half hid, like a ripe peeping rose,
'Neath that veil—or the velvets and furs which enfold
her,
Leaning back with a queenly repose.

Is she happy in this world, I—I—Would any she was
made
To be a bride in a carriage, all day, with a smile!
And at dusk, on a sofa, to lean in the shade
Of the lamps, and be wept for by one, her fate!
But what the heart's like, we must guess.

With five women and men to be found in the world—
Little children, and dogs, and a few that will with
passion—)
She could live with a doll, though its locks should be
curl'd,
Or a pettiseate friend'd in the fashion?

'Tis no fair!.....would my life, if I bit it, draw blood?
Will it cry if I burn it? or could if I kiss?
It is made, with its mouth, only for food
.....Is it worth while to guess at all this?

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1859.

THE EFFECT OF A EUROPEAN WAR ON THE UNITED STATES.

THE intelligence from Europe points distinctly to a fresh European war as the only solution for the problem of European politics. We have so often said that Europeans overthrow that but few Americans give themselves the trouble to study and comprehend them. It may be said truly that the reason for fifty years in an unnatural condition, her best provinces being trampled by foreigners—Austrians; that Italy is the battle-ground of the French, who for seven or eight years has very prudently garrisoned Rome in the interest of order and good government, and Naples by their evil Sovereigns, including Austrians, shall evacuate Italy, and leave the Italians to govern themselves as they will, and that Austria, which is mostly sympathize with Austria, and the English, whose ruling principle is often prejudice against foreign nations, oppose Napoleon; but it is quite obvious that he will carry his point whatever it may cost. Italy can not forever remain in its present state of disorganization. This is not a bad time to apply the cautery, and Napoleon is going to do so. The Germans will inquire, and the English have, but if Austria does not yield, Napoleon will use his cannon in a just cause, and will undoubtedly succeed.

It is an interesting question how the war will affect us. As customers of Europe and purveyors of breadstuffs, cotton, and provisions for the Europeans, a European war is, on the face of it, an undesirable accident for us. For war is destruction, and destruction is labor and material. The money spent for soldiers' pay, guns, powder, shot, transportations, and other unproductive objects, would, in time of peace, be expended in commercial pursuits; and the United States, as the most important commercial correspondent of Europe, would benefit accordingly. Every event which tends to impoverish the great commercial countries of Europe, must naturally tend to the injury of all countries with which they trade.

The great principle laid down, it must not be denied that the United States were a source of great profit to this country. Whether the withdrawal of a million of men from peaceful industry may have had an equally unfavorable product of Europe, we will not undertake to say; but it is certain that the crop of cereals in Europe was shorter than for years, and it has usually been before that event. While we last lasted the demand for American breadstuffs and provisions, and for cotton, enormous to Western producers; and owners of shipping —who constitute a large section of the people of the sea-board—reaped an equally unfortunate harvest. The demand for cotton goods was not materially reduced by the war, and the consequence was that the price of cotton continued to be governed by the same laws of supply and demand as prevail in time of peace. On the whole, the United States have made by the war. Whether it was the effect of the war, or simply a mere coincidence, this country has had for several prosperous years than those of the great Russian war.

It is yet too soon to speak positively with regard to the effect of the Italian war. What, in this connection, will depend on the extent of the contest. If it be merely a fight between Austria and France, and the latter return to the plains of Lombardy, it can not make much difference to the commerce of the world. But if this has been the case, the French would easily blockade her solitary sea-port. Some extra provisions and flour would probably be required by the troops; but the cotton trade could not be materially affected. If, on the other hand, Germany, as to the issues of the war, Austria—if Great Britain or Russia should deem it necessary to interfere, the war would assume a different aspect. For then the United States are involving all the leading powers, would necessarily operate to the advantage of American shipping, the manufacturing interests of America, and breadstuffs. Soldiers must be fed and transported. And if the maritime powers are involved, immediately the whole provision trade will be in essential demand on all sides. Our cotton would suffer in such a case. But after the profits of the war were made, the planterocracy can afford to lose something.

It is very consoling to know that, however the intelligence from Europe may, the States can not suffer materially. If the European powers go to war, we shall feed and carry their soldiers from place to place, and if they remain at peace, they will have the more money to buy our breadstuffs and our cotton. In any event, we shall have active advantage, and shall ourselves enjoy the blessings of peace.

THE RECOVERY OF THE WEST.

It is yet too soon to speak confidently with regard to the Western crop. Advices from Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, and Wisconsin generally encouraging. Still it is early. But until the end of April it will be too soon to boast of the future. What proportion of the winter wheat has been killed, and what the prospect is for the spring wheat, can not be determined till then. Our WESTERN FRIENDS will on this the safest and most accurate information on the point.

There never was a year when the Western crop was of so much consequence as it is at present. At least five hundred millions of dollars have been expended in the construction of Western railroads, whose future is directly dependent on the crop. It failed in 1857 and 1858, and the consequence was that the construction of all kinds of trade and enterprise in the West. Real estate in some sections has fallen fifty per cent, and the product of wheat at $140 has proved insufficient to satisfy a claim of $300. Merchants in a prosperous business have failed because of the low prices of grain, every dollar of debt, obliged to suspend payment. The railroads have been forcibly embarrassed, and the Illinois Central, the Michigan Central, the Galena, and the Chicago and Rock Island have earned one-third less in 1858 and 1859 than in 1856 and 1857, being prudently and honestly managed, have been enabled to live through the hard times, and to pay their debts, but other Western roads, which it is unnecessary to name, have not only failed to pay profits to their owners but have defaulted on the interest. Such has been the fruit of two short years' crops in the West, supervening upon an unprecedented, and in 1858 and 1857 a railway administration.

We are now entering upon a new year, and it is a great thing to feel that we enter upon it under new and sound auspices. Grain of all kinds is at a minimum price. Flour, which two years ago sold at $10 a barrel, is now in the market at $4 and $5. Corn which in 1856 was worth 650 an acre, is now hard of sale at 200. Railroad stocks which were then quoted at 60 @ 80 a share, are now dull at 40 @ 60.

And it must be remarked that all these articles are really worth more now than they were then. Land, for instance, is worth more from the fact that the area brought into the market is steadily diminishing. The inducements which formerly led speculators to locate new lands and offer them for sale have ceased to exist. For some time to come no new lands will be placed in the market. The crisis has improved agricultural methods. The great staple of 1858 will in all human probability be better of its kind than the product of any previous harvest. Cruel experience has compelled the farmer to hesitor more care than usual on their fields. They have learned that it will not pay to produce an inferior article where care, labor, and science can secure a superior one. It is so with the railroads. The crisis set all the companies to work to curtail expenses. The companies have been that roads which used to cost seventy-five per cent. of their gross receipts to work them are now actually worked at fifty-five per cent. On the best ordered roads all the old leaks have been stopped. And a stop has been put to the construction of new roads. No one is tempted, after the experience of 1857, to invest money in the construction of new roads. The consequence of the revulsion is, in a word, the reorganization of the railway system, and a wholesome check to all the improvident and unsound schemes which contributed so largely to the crisis of 1857.

The main question of the recovery of the West still depends on the crop. But even should it prove a poor one, the West will still do better than might have been expected, so largely have its resources been developed, so thoroughly has speculation been checked, and so completely has the necessity of economy and retrenchment been forced on corporations and individuals.

THE VIRGINIANS.

OUR colaborer, the *Lounger*, has so ably replied to the cavils which have from time to time been raised in weekly papers against statements made in Mr. Thackeray's new story "The Virginians," now appearing in *Harper's Magazine*, that it has been unnecessary for this journal to allude to the subject.

At the same time, there may be readers of the *Weekly* who are unaware that the finest novel in the English language is now appearing in the *Magazine*. Mr. Thackeray, whatever criticism may say of him, is undoubtedly one of the most finished scholars and most admirable writers in the language. Comparisons between him and Mr. Dickens would be invidious. Both are so delightful that the idea of losing either is appalling. But it is of Mr. Thackeray that it is necessary to speak in terms of the highest praise in the habits and spirit of the last century. Mr. Thackeray is, so far as our reading goes, with a rival, if not in the delineation of human feeling and human passion he is equal to the greatest masters of the art.

If Thackeray's "Virginians" had no other merit than the light the work sheds on the character of General Wolfe, the conqueror of Quebec and of Louisburg, it would deserve to be a standard work in every town and village library. But James Wolfe is only one of the eminent characters whom the great novelist depicts in a true, and hence a new light. General Braddock, Mr. Benjamin Franklin, Sir John-son, the soldiers, the statesmen, the wits of the age, are all depicted in "The Virginians" with a fidelity and a charm which have been hitherto unapproached. No one who has not read "The Virginians" can thoroughly appreciate the most who heralded its publication Revolution.

The day will come when "The Virginians" will be an American standard work of reference. It is now appearing at a cost which is really nominal, in the pages of *Harper's Magazine*.

CORRESPONDENCE.

We have received from a resident of Louisville, Kentucky (who of course gives his real name), a letter desiring us to print a vindication of the citizens of Hawesville from the charge of murdering the late Mr. Lowe. The vindication would occupy over a page of this journal, and we, therefore, cannot find room for it. The circumstances of fact contained in it are true, and they appear to be attested by the most respectable men in the place, the original judgment formed on the evidence of fact considerably modified. The vindication states:

"The question naturally arises here, why it was that an inoffensive citizen, such as Lowe undoubtedly was, met with apparent impunity. The reason of this is obvious to those acquainted with the character, life, and habits of the deceased in the community to which he lived, and a knowledge of whom, it is believed, is necessary to be known to perceive unquestioned with the facts to enable them to form a just and correct judgment, based upon those facts which preceded and accompanied his death. Since Mr. Lowe came to the county scarcely has a circuit court passed in the county in which his name did not stand on the docket for trial, under indictments found against him for shooting at some person, or for carrying such deadly weapons. The truth is, he was a habitual *stabber of the* and a constant *disturber of the peace and quietude of private families*. His daily walk was in utter disregard of the laws of the land, and his repeated bribing out of obnoxious indictments attempts to shed blood and take life in this community without cause or a sufficient provocation, made him an outlaw in the estimation of the community. He was a constant terror to peaceable and law-abiding citizens, not unfrequently endangering the lives of women and children who, perchance, happened to be upon the streets of Lexington and Hawesville during his residence in these places."

The names of ten persons are given whom Lowe is said to have assaulted with deadly weapons; and it is added that so great was the terror inspired by this man that no constable could be found to arrest him. "Many of the hundreds families had been afraid to pass or to let their children pass his residence, lest they might become the victims of a random shot" fired by him. "Parents feared to send their children to school from the same cause." "His violence and frequent use of guns and pistols . . . destroyed, in a measure, the business and property of Lexington." He was at one time resided; and "the trade of Hawesville has suffered greatly from the same cause."

We give these statements to the people of Lawesville, simply remarking that, if Lowe was such a character as they describe, they appear to have been some more legitimate way of getting rid of him than by shooting him at night in his bed.

THE LOUNGER.

A POINT OF HONOR.

In his recent letter to Mr. Thackeray Mr. Dickens, recurring to his own statement, says in his friend Mr. Yates some very bad advice. It seems that Mr. Yates had sent Dickens a review of some kind, for which the novelist was deeply grateful; and upon the explosion of the Garrick Club difficulty Dickens took the part of Yates; but declaring, if possible, to accumulate the difference, wrote to Thackeray for a note of the facts. Mr. Yates, saying, if nothing could be done, that their letters had better be burned, unferrating, for his own part, to destroy Thackeray's reply. If Mr. Thackeray would do him the same favor with his present communication.

It is a droll fact that nothing was done; and yet Mr. Dickens's letter is published.

But the principle is a droll one. Dickens says to Mr. Thackeray that, when Yates came to consult him, he said to him that, whatever in his article was not to be defended; but I convinced him in his opinion that it was not reasonably possible for him to set himself up as the critic of the receiving of a letter couched in the very strong terms you had employed."

But why not? If A has done a wrong to B, on which B naturally angry, and calls him roughly to account, why should C, being also at a next friend, declare that A's act was inexcusable, for because B was angry he need make no amends? It is not perfectly clear that Yates was not the *ding-off* of an injury in an honest man's mind? A, if he is a gentleman, will, if C is correct in saying that the offense is inexcusable, say to B, "I first of all, I have done you a wrong, for which I spoke gross." Then B will say, "I see, in my high language to me, which you must explain." There method of settling a quarrel of honor between each other.

Mr. Dickens was certainly wrong.

THE LOUNGER MAKES A BOW.

It is many weeks since the Lounger has tried to find a place for his many correspondents who have been quietly hung upon the proof-readers' hook like unclaimed hats. But now he has been resolved to let them all sing together with the other birds of spring. So here goes.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—SIR BROWN, Allenton, tells us that letters and lectures we have read that remind him that she and her friends were especially delighted (as many a Lounger has been this winter) with Holland's discourses upon "American Social Life." She says that she and her sister might "have been interested in him after the lecture; but we were *considerate* girls, and did not like to swell the number of his admirers." You have written well, sir, *delighted lecturer*. If Dr. Holland had been a bachelor—I've changed my mind; I won't finish that sentence!

She concludes her note by saying that the good sense of the lecture thoroughly met an effect in the house of her father, where cheerfulness is no longer proscribed.

—It seems that, after all, Thackeray was sound upon the mulberry-gut question. OLD JEFFERSON has published proof.

"A 'Frontier Woman' says that 'Mr. Thackeray has made a most unwarrantable attack upon the ladies, instead of sugar.' Mr. Thackeray was perfectly correct in his statement. The undersigned was present at the lectures of 1855, in the town of Indiana, Jefferson County, New York, from the top of about one hundred mulberry-seed boxes filled with sugar, and not maple sugar. The spring following these same trees were equally provided with sweet material, and not maple sugar."

—MEDICUS sends this little sketch of Dr. Garth, because, he says, he infers that a correspondent of the Lounger's intimates a doubt "whether one of the Lounger's predecessors ever lived in London."

"To die is but to lend upon some silent shore."

"Dr. Samuel Garth deserved from a good family in Yorkshire, England, and obtained his degree of M.D. at Cambridge in 1692. He seems to have attained a high professional rank in the metropolis within a few years thereafter, and also among the *élite* in literature gained the friendship of Addison and Steele.

"His first published poem was the 'Dispensary,' of which Pope, Dr. Johnson and others have spoken highly against the intrigues of interest, and of regular learning; against licentious usurpation or medical authority; and was, therefore, favored by those who read and can judge of poetry.

"Garth was a most esteemed member of the 'Kit-kat Club,' and was one of Pope's earliest friends, intimate alike with Addison, Warton, Congreve, Steele, and others.

The Doctor died previous to the year 1719, when Pope writes thus to a friend: 'If ever there was a good Christian, without knowing himself to be so, it was Dr. Garth.' The following encouragement to desire the reader or respondent will make it improbable that Garth wrote poetry, and that he was not a scholar and a gentleman.

—PENSERO, Philadelphia, courteously differs from the Lounger's reply to his Boston correspondent's questions in the Letter-Box of February 12. Pensero thinks every question can be answered. The Lounger is not persuaded. It is true that the brain has been forged, and that the existence or exaggeration of certain organs produces the phenomena called Ellery; but the essence of the mind, of Ellery, is divine method, literally unknown. The functions of the body, and the proximate causes of disease and its cure, may be scrutinized and classified, but what is the secret of life? To explain the operation of certain material organs is but to answer any question about the real difficulty. You do not tell what beauty is when you have described a sunset, or a rose, or the face of a lovely woman. It is the reticence of the rose that we want explained; and that longing in the divine allurement that draws the mind out eternally.

—From some verses called "MARY-HEAD VIEWS," written upon passing St. Helena, and dropped in the Lounger's box, he finds these lines to Napoleon:

"Immortal Child! on history's future page
Thy name shall stand the wonder of each age;
Thy vast achievements and thy virtues, too,
Have only lately had historic due.
By "historian true," the Lounger understood the late writer to be Mr. Abbott. But he knows he came certainty upon encountering this couplet:

"Eon Walter Scott, immortal though his fame,
Sought British history here through Napoleon alone:
But now the Hero's virtues brightly gleam,
Through Abbott's pen he's very dulcis redeem."

—FIFTH AVENUE asks:

"Can you tell me who that King was, who, for reasons of state policy, although a lady and hearty old fellow, for seven years kept the invalid Queen Dowager himself constantly to bed? It is true, meantime, he drank great gallons of ale and smoked great packets of beef, and occasionally by night stole out and rode on a furious bread, pot, notwithstanding, he persisted in proclaiming himself a helpless, sick man."

FIFTH AVENUE confesses that her "ideas are misty," but she does not mean, then, the old Pope who feigned extreme illness and infirmity (Hildebrand, we think, was his name), that he might be elected, and the moment he was so, threw away his crutch and began to govern, a hale, hearty man? There is a fine picture of the scene in the Luxembourg in Paris.

—CONVIVIN, Kingston, New Hampshire, wishes to know, for himself and friends, what are the original and best moral effects of dancing and also hasheesh. The answer is given at length and with considerable research in the "Book of Recollections of an Opium-Eater," and in Ludlow's "The Hasheesh-Eater." Let C. and his friends procure both those books—the former published by Ticknor & Fields, the latter by the Harpers—and they will be satisfied.

"Shall I, wasting in despair,
Pine because a woman's fair?
Oh, no!
If she be not fair for me,
What care I how fair she be?"

—J. F. H. takes the Lounger severely to task for answering the question about the epigram attributed to *R. Balcarr Eglisa*, as if he were ignorant of the great Scottish name, which it is. He says he was reading for 'ever so many' years, and admiring but the more I read." In regard to the epigram itself he says:

"I may be wrong, but the more I think of it the more I doubt that our genial scholarship is Sir Robert Eglisa. I do not pretend to be accurate, but by circumstances I was interested at the time when Hallam's book was in many, if not quite, twenty years ago, and they were then given as having been produced on some publication at the *Spectators*re. True, this does not prove that Sir E. was the author of the epigram, but it certainly makes it earlier times and an older head than twenty years ago; and a head quite as likely as Drummond's."

The Lounger begs J. E. H. to wait a little, and he will hear all about that epigram.

—A Portin Eastport, Maine, sings Elder. But the song is very shaky, as if he treated through heart," "a half heart," etc.

—. . . For it has long since been demonstrated that the human heart has but one feeling, four nerves, and seven sensibility than any other organ, and, withal, is the most sensitive and delicate of the whole human organ. And evil for the perpetuity of the human race it is so; for there is not a man, or even a woman, now living that would not otherwise have long ago died of a broken heart in reality—sixty or seventy sound knocks against the ribs every minute, in one of its *tender, soft, and melting moods*, would disturb the organization. But, as we have seen, the heart is made of sterner stuff, and endowed only with the purely mechanical function of giving impulse to the red blood circulation: which was wholly unknown to the ancients, and hence this powerful, mysterious, self-moving organ was regarded by them as the very throne of all our affections and passions."

Our philosopher closes with a grave inquiry:

"Which of the two is the more deleterious to the progress of civilization and good morals—the duelist or the slanderer?"

—TALENT seeks the Lounger a translation of Heine's Lore-Lei:

"Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten." It is faithfully rendered in the following from the occasion. The best translation the Lounger has ever seen was made by C. P. Cranch, the painter, now in Rome. It is printed in Mr. Curtis's *Lotus-Eating*, and the Lounger quotes it here as a remarkably fine specimen of translation:

"I know not what it presages,
This heart with sadness fraught:
'Tis a tale of the olden ages
That will not from my thought.

"The air grows cool and darkles,
The Rhine flows calmly on,
The mountain summit sparkles
In the light sun, setting sun.

"There sits in soft reclining
A maiden wondrous fair,
With golden clasping shining,
And combing her golden hair.

"With a comb of gold she combs it,
And combing, sings a song
A song of a strange, sweet sadness,
A wonderful ancient song.

"The sailor shudders as s'e sin
The strain comes floating by;
He sees not the rocks before him,
He only looks on high.

"Ah! round him the dark waves dinging
Their arms to clasp him over!
And this with her wild sweet singing
The Lore-Lei has done."

—E. T. S., Trenton, Grundy County, Missouri, if he will take the sincerest advice of the Lounger —which he solicits—will try no longer, however much he loves it, to write. He is read, his kind be writes, and his mind is dictate. If my memory serves me, this was the opinion of Ludlow to the Empire Juliet, usually called the 'Apostate.' Was the remark true of both, or neither? If either, which?

It was Julian, the apostate, of whom Gibbon says: "He possessed such flexibility of thought and such firmness of character that he could employ his hand to write, his ear to listen, and his voice to dictate; and pursue at once three several trains of ideas without hesitation and without error."

—DEBY desires "to contribute my might to your department." The judgment of the Lounger must, reluctantly, be declined.

—MR. LOUNGER.—As there are at least ten Pikes seventeen in many different States, in Uncle Sam's vast domain, can't you manage to have Pearl Junker to add the name of the State to the county when he speaks of the "Pike county ballads?"

A SENSITIVE RESIDENT OF ONE OF THE COUNTIES.

Poore Junkins will grieve himself accordingly.

—C. C. D., Detroit, Michigan, who finds that "the world is wearisome," and that she is "weary," revives a little when she speaks of her city:

"Indeed we are a splendid people, and a thriving place, with the usual complement of gossip and scandal and backbiting, and you—Philadelphians—have a considerable share of slander, and its several accomplices and pretty generous allowance, the two cities are even with her full, clear, rich-ring voice and queenly presence, with a dignified, quiet, gentle glide in style," etc., etc., etc.

—PENSERO, Philadelphia, differs from the Lounger's view of the possibility of finally and satisfactorily answering any question about the mind, or the relation of soul and body. It is useless to carry on a discussion like that. Pensero must remember that, after all, he speaks only of phenomena, not of the essence. The Lounger thanks him cordially for his courtesy.

—A SUBSCRIBER, King George County, Virginia, sends a little letter of a little girl upon her little mother's death. But it would be of very little use to the great public.

—E. P., Connecutville, Pennsylvania, has written a new song of the Bucket that hung in the Well—"The bucket taken hold of by the iron bucket" which the late Samuel Woodworth sang, and the popular heart echoes and repeats. The new song is intrusted to the Lounger's discretion. The public shall have one sip from it, and only one:

"But it is old objects to greet.
When by Time and Decay they seem to have fell:
Hard it is then to recognize what we were.
Here is the bucket that once hung in the well."

It does not seem to the Lounger equal to Woodworth's.

WRECK OF THE "DROMAHAIR"—SEEING THE STEAMER.

THE WRECK OF THE "DROMAHAIR."

We illustrate herewith one of the most terrible scenes of shipwreck ever recorded. The ship *Dromahair*, bound from Quebec to Greenock, and laden with timber, experienced a succession of heavy west and northwest gales until December 26; while lying-to in a tremendous gale was boarded by a sea which swept the decks of every thing—houses, bulwarks, rails, stanchions, wheel, with the man, and sprung a leak; kept pumps going, and got her free, but the gale continuing, she filled again, and became perfectly unmanageable, every sail set having been blown from the yards; was in this situation for twenty-one days, and subsisted for fourteen days on half a biscuit per day, and what water they could catch running down the masts; the other seven days they lived on small strips of salt pork only. During these twenty-one days three of the crew died from exhaustion and starvation, and two others died after being seen by Captain Caulkins, of the *Centurion*.

The mate of the *Dromahair*, Mr. John Elliott, has published an account of the shipwreck, from which we make the following extracts:

"About five o'clock on Sunday morning, the 19th of December, the little bark shipped a tremendous sea, which carried away the port, bulwarks and stanchions, split the covering board, carried away the cook-house, tore the life-boat from the deck, where it had been lashed; carried away the companion and the steerage-wheel. Mr. George M'Intosh, the pilot at the wheel, was struck by the mountain billow—

"'Dashed from the helm, and plunged headlong in the main.'

"The little boat hanging at the starboard davits was also swept away, with a large portion of the standing and running rigging. Nearly all the sails were at this time blown from the yards. At the time the wave struck all the men were at the pumps. They jumped for their lives, and when the water cleared off they found themselves jammed into corners about the deck. One man was high up in the rigging. The waves swept as high as the maintop. The water ran into the cabin, tore the bulk heads, and flowed into the bread-room, destroying nearly all the bread in it. They had only one barrel of bread left after this calamity; it happened to be stowed away in a spare locker. The cabin stairs were carried away, and every thing torn up that impeded the course of the inundated waves. Sea after sea swept over the labouring ship, the men seeking merely to cling to her, knowing that, as she was loaded with timber, she could not go down. Whenever they could they worked at the pumps, trying to keep down the water as much as possible.

"All day Sunday the storm continued, but not quite so violently. About eight o'clock Sunday night the pumps were utterly disabled by a sea. Then the skies began to moderate, but the water gained on us.

RESCUE OF THE PASSENGERS BY THE "CENTURION."

DESTRUCTION OF ST. PETER'S COLLEGE, TROY, NEW YORK, BY A LANDSLIDE.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

"At one o'clock on Monday morning there were thirteen feet of water in the vessel. Seeing there was no hope but in the pump, we commenced to repair it, and as the wind had somewhat abated, we got it to work and the ship free from water by noon of Monday. We clewed away the wreck as much as possible, and tried to get some canvas on her to steady her. We made a tiller, and got her so we could work her pretty well; but at eight o'clock Monday night there arose a tremendous gale—a wind even more furious than we had heretofore had—dashing the sea over the ship fore and aft. The storm was so violent we could not remain at the pumps. The wind continued to blow all night fearfully.

"The waves were mountains high and steep.

"At six o'clock Tuesday morning the water was up near the cabin floor. We were all obliged to go into the cabin to save ourselves from being washed overboard, as the bulwarks had been torn away. But as sea after sea swept over us and filled the cabin, we were compelled to run from it and get into a small forecastle-house on deck, built in with the rise of the keep, about three feet above the deck.

"When the *Bremadaire* was used as a passenger ship this house was used as a second cabin. When we were forced to leave the cabin we got thirty or forty pounds of bread, put it into a bag, and took it along with us to the little deck-house. We had no water, and no other food except some salt meat which we got afterward. The storm continued, and we remained in the house for a few days; then the hulk-heads of it were knocked down and the water got free access to it, passing through it at every notch of the vessel. The hulk was now completely water-logged, and would have sunk had she not been loaded with lumber. The storm struck us on the 16th of December, and we remained in this condition till the 24th of January. On the 23d or 24th of December a steamer passed within two or three miles of us; she was standing to the southward; appeared to be propelled by a screw. She could see us, but made no sign whatever to come. She could not see us, but made no sign whatever to us. We lived on half a biscuit a day. A barrel of salt beef and a barrel of salt pork were under the forecastle, and after the storm somewhat abated we could get at them by watching our chances between the seas. This was all the food we had. We had no water except what we caught when it rained; there were several little showers—one almost every day; we could just get a mouthful of water, not enough to set all satisfy our burning thirst. We got it by putting our mouths to the mast and licking off the water as it trickled down them. Our sufferings were most intense. The salt meat, eaten raw, created a fever and inflammation in the bowels, causing a burning thirst.

"About the 22th of December one of the men, John M'Innis, began to show symptoms of insanity. He had drank salt water, and its effects could be seen upon him. He died on the 31st of December, and was buried, or thrown overboard, on the 1st of January.

"Henry Frost had become deranged previous to the death of M'Innis, and on the 2d of January he jumped overboard, not knowing what he was doing; though in the sea he at first clung to the side of the ship; ten men held hold of his hands to hold him in, but he finally broke from them and was drowned.

"On Tuesday, the 4th of January, the boy, James M'Grail, aged about seventeen, was washed into the cabin and drowned there. The rest of us lived on as best we could. The biscuit gave out on the 5d of January, and after that we had nothing to eat but raw salt meat.

"On Saturday, the 8th of January, John Murray and Samuel Cockran died, after having been crazy for some time. We buried them on Sunday morning, the 9th, just before being taken off the wreck.

"To satisfy our thirst we tore up the deck to get at a cask of fresh water which had been left there, but great was our disappointment when, after two days' labor in getting to it, we found it with the bung out, and filled with salt water. We saw no vessel except the steamship before alluded to, and a craft of some kind that passed near us during a dark night—she could not see us; we only saw her lights—until Sunday, the 9th of January, about noon, the ship *Centurion*, Captain Cauldkin, from Glasgow to New York, came alongside and picked us up. It was blowing hard, so it had been during all the time of our wreck, and a high sea was running. The mate of the *Centurion*, with a crew, came alongside in a boat, removed us into it, and carried us on board the ship. This was no easy task, as most of us were unable

LANDING OF THE NEAPOLITAN EXILES AT QUEENSTOWN, IRELAND.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

DESTRUCTION OF ST. PETER'S COLLEGE BY A LANDSLIDE.

ALT, who are familiar with the city of Troy know Mount Ida, the beautiful hill that overlooks it, and which has long been a favorite resort of the town. Since the year 1853 the hill-side has been rapidly encroaching upon the landlubbers—the one occurring in that year having left such terrific marks that, to this day, Troy is looked upon somewhat in the same light as the villager standing at the foot of Vesuvius. In the dim hill-side, some of the occupants of three thousand tons in weight, gave way with a most terrible crash. In a moment stores, houses, and human beings were covered. Many of the latter were overtaken flying. Many were smothered in their beds. The fall occurred early in the morning. The whole city was engaged exhausting the dead and rescuing the living. One woman was found dead in bed with two children in her arms. Another was beat over a stove, half consumed. A man had been sawing wood; the accident struck him before he could drop the saw, which fell under him, and in his struggles to disengage it from under it, he died. Many other equally terrible incidents were connected with it; and under the circumstances it will create no astonishment that the old fear has been somewhat awakened by the late occurrence.

St. Peter's College was dedicated on September 19, 1858, by Bishop M'Closkey, and was intended as one of the handsomest Catholic educational institutions in the country. Up to this time $25,000 have been expended on it. It was 150 feet long by 50 wide, and would have five stories in height. It is situated on a flat surface, about four acres in extent, lying at the entry feet of the base of the hill, and was reached by a broad flight of steps.

The slide occurred on the north side of the hill, an immense mass of the hill moving gradually down until it reached the rear wall of the college. Here, for a moment, it seemed to have the power to gain a new impetus by the accession of a large avalanche. Striking the walls it burst, with a noise that was heard for miles, carrying away the heavy walls and timber like so much paper. The college is a heavy; so much so, that it has been officially announced that a transfer of the site is to take place from Mt. Vincent, Troy, to the old bank of the Pastenkill Creek. It is a matter of some astonishment to those who are familiar with the terrible effect of these slides, that it is announced that St. Peter's College was thus located. The hill is now a very dangerous one, and many of the occupants of the houses in the western part of the city are removing to places of greater safety.

ARRIVAL OF THE NEAPOLITAN EXILES IN IRELAND.

WE gave, in our last number, an account of the arrival of the former Neapolitan exiles in Ireland. It will be remembered that in the ecstasy of their joy, many of them fell on their knees, on landing, and kissed the soil. We give, on the preceding page, an engraving of the touching scene, from a sketch by an eye-witness.

One of the most illustrious of those exiles, Dobo Cairnouchina, has published a brief account of their sufferings, from which we make the following thrilling extracts:

"On beautiful day in February, 1858, the 6th, mysteriously alone were collected from the prisons of Isella, Procida, and Nisida, and suddenly taken to a steamer in the harbor, and there were confined for several days in the utmost at Naples, with irons on their hands and feet, they were then removed to the prisons of Santo Stefano, three of Monte Pasco. Among the fifty who are here at present were the Commendatore Baron Carlo Poerio, the Cavaliere Pica, Vincenzo Doss Stephano Mellico, Cenzo Braico, Nicola Nisco, Nicola Nisco, Gaetano Ricciardi.

"Oh, how the memory of that spot where my groans were lavished that day with terror, and I pray you to pardon with unspeakable horror! It still poisons my joy, even in the midst of the happiness that I feel, and alone the dread of Monte Pasco, with its criminals, with its dungeons, with the dark cells, its unspeakable miseries, namely set with hate, through which, day and night, the freezing wind penetrated, that I might be covered with its terrible isolation, separated from all human intercourse and affection. I there soon was deprived of health and arrived at premature old age, which I brought upon me by the horrible sleepless nights at Monte Pasco, lying on the bare earth, our diabolical guards who were dressed as satisfaction, deprived of books and even materials to write to our families.

"Monte Pasco was for ages the placeshere most fearful troubles of the human race contemplating, and there only left for the gilbert. The horror of those accursed walls so evoked upon the mind, and which fill it with repugnance, and moved the sense of humanity of the country, that although, some time before 1859, by order of the Provincial Council of the Principato Ulra, that fearful dungeon was closed, and the prisoners who were saved every thing, even of the human race, which so horror chained our arms, to each two and two, and upon one of those who seemed a particular dangerous, the chain to us was visited with dreadful penalties. They were tied by mouth and eyes, and dragged to the punishment parish priest. Gangi, in the solemn performance of the duties of his office, standing near to the altar, where the grating gave us its blessing, and instantly they seized this and sent him in a distant dungeon, until in this hour he is settled and persecuted. A nightingale, as if on a solution from Nature, apparently feeling for our sorrows and solitude, used to come to the loophole of a mulberry-tree, and with its plaintive song he expressed our griefs, because we found in our friend, the friend of our very heart, we used to throw to the prison bars to listen to and treasure his melodious plaint. And, feel, he with his tender deity awakened suspicions among the police that we had communication with the exterior by unmeaning, indeed, which they trusted had ended for us. They shouted with their voices, and hurled sticks, but in the evenings the little nightingale came again and again with his song of solace to us, and his sympathy for patriotism brought his doom—he was shot! Whoever was taken to the hospital or medical relief was placed in a stinky bed, a chain which was riveted to his foot was bolted to the floor, which almost fixed the unfortunate patient in a continually unchanged position; death alone freed them from this almost unbearable torture. Many Mollies, one of my most distinguished companions, received a reprieve from this accursed confinement, when he was attacked with typhus fever, but when the convalescence of to-day was abridged on the morrow. Oh, how dreadful was the sight of those days! The sick were ill dead, it is well; if not, replace the fetters." The order was always enforced, even when the unfortunate was dying with a priest at his side, was recommending his soul to God.

"After a time it was allowed us to see our families, but under such conditions that it was a torture, and not a consolation, for they made it a violence and wrong to our affections, and the visits were always made in a most tyrannly short. The mode in which the interviews were held was this: We were led into a room separated from either, and six paces apart, at the grating of which, and between two guards, were we to see, talk together. Oh! The soldiers, guns d'armes, bayonets, and agents of police, were present at the interviews, and were attentive to the words and surest sight of those learned families. Ah! Many were the tears which were suppressed by the sages men, who stopped their discourse at pleasure, and as they could not follow the familiar intercourse, they stood motionless and silent, and were compelled to hear the counsels in these places born testimony to my words. Ah! Many were the scene! Every time that my poor Staglione came from the extreme of Calabria to visit to me, he was always followed by two of the gendarmes who was almost passed, until they lost their only to interchange a few words. Ah! Many were the scene! Imagine her—her that she should leave. She had not the heart to leave me, and I had not the courage to send her away. I declined neither prayed that at least as amends for her life to her disappointment, she might be allowed to live with her longer the hard of her child; and to pass it through the hands of the hard jailers, and to see the tenderness of agents of the police cried out that it was treachery, and the poor mother and wife was driven away with violence and from each other's longing eyes, although if her arm was extended through the grating to embrace me, and once before she could reach him. They adopted every expedient to secure the ties of blood.

"I was the unfortunate companion of our cruel Governor's sons. The decree of the 27th December condemned to life 21 Neapolitans, and I was one of the number. My youth was broken down in strength, and his limbs so paralyzed that he can only work with a cruch. The very persons who were plotting him on board the *Stromboli* were so avoid at his misfortune, that, at their own pain, they carried him back to shore. Lambert, for a long time, was confined in a dungeon of Nisida, completely shattered in health. Bonne is over 70 years of age, and deserves the more to be treated with respect and confidence in oneure prisons. Poerinos are dead, and among them the most noble of all, Settembrini, who, although his health not satisfied with perpetrating injuries to the living, has also violated the last memory of the dead by inciting their names in this decree."

LITERARY.

MANY readers will recall with pleasure the Polynesian Researches of Rev. Mr. Ellis—a book of extraordinary and deserved popularity in former years. It is a great pleasure to welcome a new work from the same author. It is called MADAGASCAR REVISITED, and has for its subtitle DESCRIPTIVE VIEWS TO MADAGASCAR, published by Harper & Brothers, is a fine octavo volume, with numerous engravings and a colored map. Since the last visit of the author to Madagascar, in 1835, the island has undergone many changes, and the explorers were not allowed to visit the interior. They returned to Mauritius, and no attempt was made to penetrate the country. Large sums and dollars damages claimed by the Queen of Madagascar was paid by Mauritius merchants; the Queen died, Radama reigned, and Mr. Ellis was enabled to visit the country and remain there for some time, renewing thereby acquaintance with many of the people and their institutions. The work is not second even to Livingstone in novelty and interest. It is not just that Madagascar will be so great a subject of interest to Americans, but it is a fascinating study of the island surprises those who have not considered it. Mr. Ellis says it equals all of Great Britain and Ireland. It is fruitful and productive. The inhabitants are not savages, but are, in fact, far advanced in civilization. They are intelligent, industrious intelligent, and not to be despised. The Queen is violently opposed to Christians, while the Prince is a firm friend of Christians. Among the Princes, which Mr. Ellis took with photographic accuracy, there was a Mohammedan, who had a fine bearing, and on his arm a dark but not disagreeable-looking lady. There is a princess, an adopted daughter of the Queen, who is a Christian, and who, pretty, though strongly Malay in cast.

THE WAYS AND MEANS OF PAYMENT, by Stephen Colwell, published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., is a book which should be studied by those who use money in commerce. We do not think the second title of the book, "A Full Analysis of the Credit System," is precisely descriptive of the work, which contains a critical history of the growth of that system, and of the aids to commercial transactions which have been invented in different periods and nations. It demands a more extensive notice than our limits permit, and we can but hint at its contents. Taking up the 13th chapter, we find a history of BANKS OF DEPOSIT, including bills, 112 in its growth and changes from that time. Chapter 14 gives us the Bank of Genoa; Chapter 15, most attractive to American merchants, yet by no means most valuable, gives us the origin, rise, and progress of the Bank of England; and other chapters discuss the introduction of various forms of exchange and paper into the commerce of the world. The value of gold and silver, the changes in their value, their place in trade, and their relative positions in commerce form a considerable portion of the treatise; which is, on the whole, an important addition to the literature of every mercantile and financial economist.

HARPER & CO., of Boston, send us THE LIFE OF JOHN H. W. HAVENS, the great temperance reformer, compiled by his son.

THE Duchess of Hutchinson we have MATRIMONIAL BROKERAGE, a volume of New York inquiry and society, by the CAPTAIN, a VOICE of New York civilization.

THEOSILIAN AND HIS FRIENDS is Dr. Shelton MacKenzie's contribution to Methodist history. The book is a collection of brilliant tales, readable any where and every where, many of which are models in the polished scholarship of their well-known author. In passing, let us beg Dr. Mackenzie not to think that there are two Paul Jones's in history. He is a problem. It is but a trifling remark that he makes on page 40, and we speak in order to don't like it, but a false impression given on a subject of so much religious historic interest.

THE Illustrated Library of Country Life, from Derby & Jackson, are delicate and judicious pictures. What could be better?

Rudd & Carleton publish ERIC, or LITTLE BY LITTLE, a tale of English school life; and SISTER'S SACRIFICE, by Mrs. Mary J. Holmes.

THE SERIOUS'S DAUGHTER, CASTLE DAGGERS, and THE BLACKSMITH'S DAUGHTER form the latest issues of Tichnor & Fields's Household Waverley, now complete; and we congratulate the publishers and the public on the completion of a work which is an opportunity to refer to the entire edition more at length hereafter. We cannot refrain from saying that the remaining readers of the abundant praise we have given it during the two years of its publication.

We have had occasion to refer for some time a new volume from the press of James Challen & Son, Philadelphia, LITURGIES, EAST AND WEST, by Rev. Henry S. Osborn. The volume is a wonder of typography, exquisitely gotten up and printed. The work is a contribution to the appearance of the book attractive. Professor Osborn and his Dr. Challen & Son have done their work in the outline of his journeying to and around Jerusalem. He does not profess to make discoveries, but gathers from the works which have been accumulated him to use in illustrating Bible history. He that we have received a valuable and valuable contribution to our knowledge of modern and ancient Palestine. Every traveler who visits the sacred soil will find this book a valuable guide, and to the confirmation of the Christian faith. Our author is, perhaps, more than usually reverent in this respect. His work is not to be compared or contrasted with DR. THOMSON'S LAND AND THE BOOK, but it is a valuable and full work. Professor Osborn gives the result of a lifetime passed in comparing the land with the record of its ancient history in the original languages. The illustrations of the engraving traveler, impressed at every step with the truth of the Scriptures, are from Dr. Thomson. The work abounds in evidences of the extensive familiarity of the author with Oriental literatures and history. He writes freely, frankly, and without fear.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

DEATH OF PETER'S PEAK.

MR. WILLIAM H. BRADLEY, of the Denver City, has brought to Leadwood's 2-0 worth of gold dust, which he dug in a single week from Peter's Peak. Mr. Bradley and Curtis, who left February 16, tells the editor of the Denver Tribune that they washed out from the walls from five to eight dollars a day during the summer, and that they have now struck a vein which is yielding from $20 to $30 per day. Among the miners are Gregg, Dry Creek, Platte River, and Vasquez Park.

The discovery of gold in Peter's Peak, and the stimulus at the mines are satisfied with their prospects, and the Tribune says that great discoveries will be made in the mountains.

THE WILLIAM A. WHEELER APPOINTMENT.

We read in the Savannah News: "Some of our citizens on the railroad yesterday had the pleasure of witnessing in our streets of a *beau fils* live African, who occupied a seat in the Congress of the United States. A fine and second equally delighted with the ride and the attention he received from the crowd. He was not exactly clothed in a savage manner, but still raised to intelligence above the brute, and in the eyes of the law was a citizen and a taciturn or sense of duty. Judge, then, of their surprise and delight at the genius of our free institutions, when he gave a bright, intelligent-looking boy, somewhat shabbily dressed, a seat in the Congress of the United States and unopposed, taking off his hat with true African politeness to the crowd. Such is the fact, and we have the pleasure of introducing to our readers the young gentleman in question. He seemed much attached to 'Mass' Charley, as he called him, and was very much pleased with the ride to Isaac, among others Mr. Collector Bacon, to whom he paid a little visit. Success and happiness to Isaac."

SALE OF BARTON KEY'S EFFECTS.

The administrator's sale of the furniture and household effects of the late Barton Key was commenced at Washington on Tuesday, and will be continued during the auctioneers. The first day that at the house, and the auctioneer's rooms were crowded with people. The furniture, though more plainly furnished than was anticipated, especially in the matter of carpets, was of a very good class, and rooms, however, made amends in the solid mahogany furniture.

Mr. Key's chamber, fronting on C street, was furnished with a large mahogany bedstead, with a high canopy top, and the walls adorned with a single print—Fanny Elssler.

In the dancher above this, a common group were exhibiting the contents of a small chest which held the military regalia and equipments of the deceased—a pair of old-fashioned brass horse-pistols, a handsome sword, and an a heavy shelf a hat-box, containing the military, inscribed "Montgomery Guards" cap worn by him when a member of that company. The cap was of black felt, and about a fine size, with barrel sights.

The dining-room adjoining was attracted to a beautiful mirrorwork brown, some five feet in height, and a high, with its top gross sliced, carpeted room, and curtained and glazed windows, must have been the reveal and delight of the children for whom it was procured.

COLLISION ON THE OHIO.

A collision occurred on the Ohio River on Sunday night, between the steamers *Nat Holmes* and *David Gibson*, by which a shocking loss of life was occasioned. The *Nat Holmes* was bound from Pittsburgh to St. Louis, with one hundred and fifty passengers, principally emigrants for Platte Park, in Kansas. *David Gibson* was bound from New Orleans to Cincinnati, with but few passengers. The boats struck each other between Madison, Indiana, and both boats immediately sank. At least 40 lives are known to have been lost, and it is feared that 60 lives, and one account puts the number still higher.

THE MOUNT SOLITUDE (CINCINNATI) TUNNEL.

A correspondent of the *Cincinnati Times* says a stupendous happened in the English Church in Pittsburg Valley, on Wednesday night, March 19, 1879. It is the largest probably one of "the three thousand," from a neighboring town was present, and I will not attempt to describe his text, he had not gone far when he said to the assembly, "I am not a temperance man, I am a prohibitionist of abolitionist or republicanism; but I must serve my God." Then he said, "I am not a temperance man, I am a prohibitionist, and I will serve my God." His expression you have read and said, "Shall not?" His expression you have read and said, "Shall not?" His expression you have read and said, "Shall not?"

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE REFORM BILL.

In the House of Commons Mr. Roebuck suggested to Lord John Russell the expediency of allowing his proposed amendment to the Reform Bill into a series of resolutions, as in the case of the India Bill last year. He stated that the adoption of the amendment would put an end to the necessity of long debates and useless motions to office three times the House last year drove out. Lord John Russell said he was hoped to satisfy us that there was no right in thinking his resolution an objection to the bill. The bill was to come up for its second reading on the 31st March.

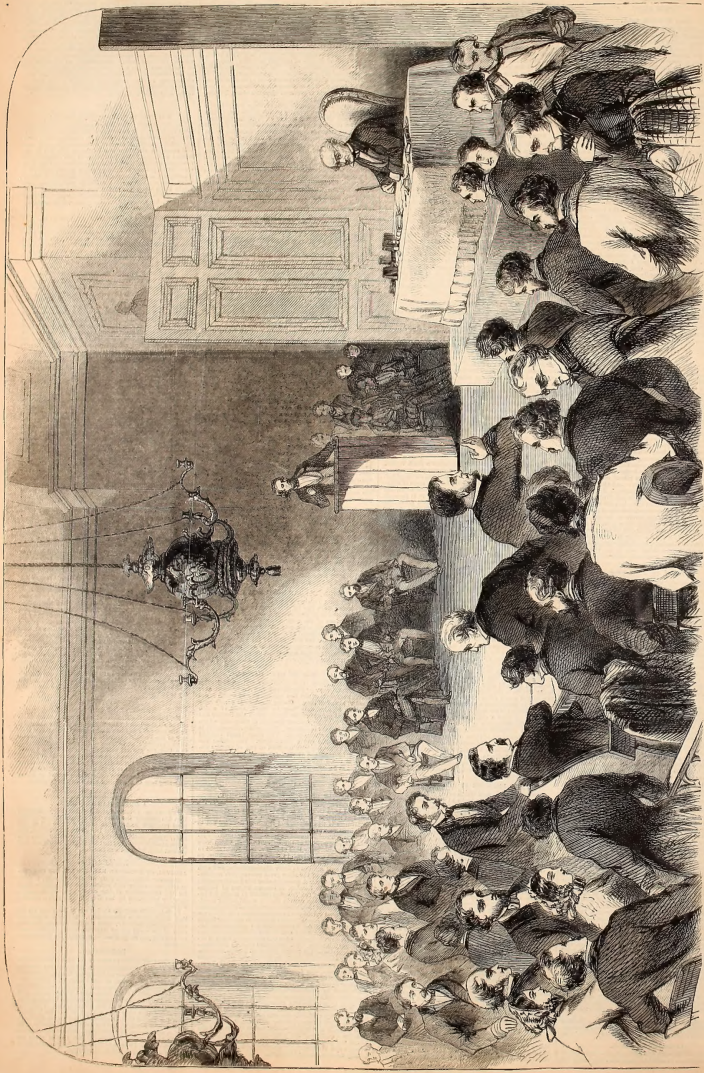
The Reform measure continued to be actively canvassed in England. Lord Grey, one of the leaders in the Whig party, had written a letter strongly objecting to Lord John Russell's reform proposition, and declaring that there was as far as to say that Ministers contemplated the withdrawal of the bill, which would probably be followed by more than consent to some important modifications. Another Sunday demonstration took place in Hyde Park, in opposition to the bill. The London Herald (ministerial) says that the Duke of Norfolk is stating that in case Lord John Russell should succeed in carrying the bill, and he called upon to form a cabinet, he will give the Queen the names of Messrs. Bright, Cobden, Ayrton, Roebuck, and Horsman—a combination calculating instead of startling.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

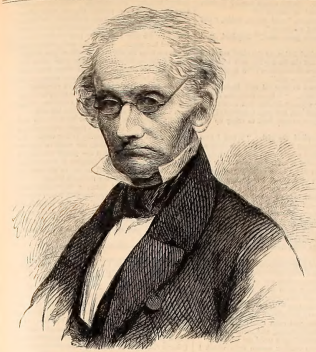
The London *Times* has an article on the present state of the Atlantic telegraph enterprise. It says that the leading submarine cable-makers are now willing to contract for the successful submersion of a cable on the following all the risk of loss or damage upon themselves, in regard to the refusal of the Government to which the enterprise is to be confined to such course by the fact of no other Government having been applied to, and the proposing to lay cables between the British Islands and the Governments at all. One of these Companies, we are told, is now ready to commence operations with the object in view at its own risk and expense, without troubling the Government in any way. The principle offer of a conditional guarantee of eight per cent is said to be connected with it, provided the Government of the rough Company shall give up the monopoly granted to them for fifty years for landing the cable. Should this monopoly the Atlantic Company had, to a certain extent, consented to abandon, it is not at present supposed by Government are not definitely known, but they were still under consideration by the Ministry.

ARRIVAL OF THE NAPOLITAN EXILES IN ENGLAND.

A British Journal says: "The Neapolitan refugees have arrived and are now at Southampton. Their former proprietors were made to give them a hearty welcome. As the steamer *Stromboli*, with the unfortunate refugees inscribed with the word 'Welcome' over bold and, and the Union Jack flying from the mast-head, steamed up, cheers were delivering. But little disappointment seemed to be felt when it was discovered that the leader of the escaped exiles was on board. Signor Baracchi was observed enthusiastically to wave his hat and to run towards general round him, trying to shake his hand and express to him the warmest sympathy. Signor Settembrini was introduced one word of the English language, but he expressed his thanks in the most touching terms in his native tongue. Several of the refugees had been provided for him, but no sooner had it entered it made a rush for the shore, and some fifty or sixty volunteers placed themselves between the poor exiles and their friends. Some of the latter, more tenderhearted, drew the Signor through the principal streets cheers of which were received with the greatest delight by the refugees



THE TRIAL OF THE HON. DANIEL E. SICKLES FOR THE MURDER OF P. BARTON KEY, ESQ., AT WASHINGTON, D. C.



JUDGE CRAWFORD.—[From a Photograph by Brady.]

DISTRICT ATTORNEY OULD.—[From a Photograph by Brady.]

THE TRIAL OF HON. DANIEL E. SICKLES.

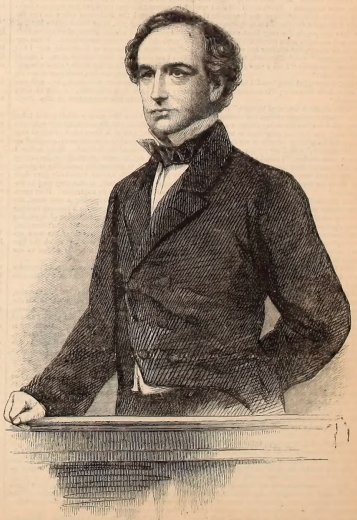
The accompanying illustrations, for the fidelity of which the well-known accuracy of the photographer Brady will vouch, will enable our country readers to realize the great trial which is now pending at Washington. Considering every thing, the nature of the charge, the standing of the prisoner and the deceased, and the circumstances generally, the case will undoubtedly be the most striking of American causes cel-ebres.

We give in another part of this paper an elaborate review of Mr. Sickles's career, prepared by a friendly hand. It must not be forgotten that Mr. Key, too, had a history. He had advantages of birth over Mr. Sickles, and in the Washington and Baltimore circles in which he moved he occupied an enviable position, as popular with men as with women, and universally esteemed a man of high honor, chivalrous disposition, gentle bearing, and generous soul. Since the fatal catastrophe which deprived him of the power of defending himself, numerous stories to his prejudice have been current in the papers. He has been accused of inordinate vanity, and a habit of lately boasting of his successes among women. We believe that, on investigation, these charges will prove to be base inventions, circulated by some overzealous and unscrupulous friend of Mr. Sickles, in the mean hope of influencing the jury. That the deceased had his faults—God help him!—the miserable event which has led to these illustrations proves but too clearly. Still let us not exaggerate even his sins.

The trial now pending will, in all probability, form a valuable precedent for our courts. It is being closely watched by the whole people—especially by that part of them who are not in the habit of restraining their passions within the limits of law and morality.

THE CITY HALL AT WASHINGTON, IN WHICH THE TRIAL TAKES PLACE.

MRS. SICKLES.—[From a Photograph by Brady.]



THE WITNESS BUTTERWORTH.—[From a Photograph by Brady.]

BARGAIN-HUNTING.

MR. WARREN and his niece Marion had been waiting in the drawing-room for the arrival of his sister-in-law and her three daughters for more than an hour, and the old gentleman was getting impatient for his tea. He had been invigilged up to town at least three weeks before his presence would be necessary at the wedding of one of those young ladies; and though, during all that time, he had been subjected to their endless colloquies about "shopping," and their triumphant pains over their "bargains," the *evanescence* was by no means complete yet.

In that late autumn evening the female fury were still chequered in silks and muslins in the accustomed manner.

It was not the present inconvenience, however, which, to the lion justice, was troubling Mr. Warren, so much as his reflections upon the system which the ladies were then thought fully pursuing. He could not now forbear giving Marion his opinion upon the matter, although, in consideration for the happy event which was in such close prospect, he had hitherto spared his niece.

"I can recollect the time," said he, "when people paid for the quality of what they bought; but now, when the world goes so fast, the people are all changeons, and we hear people boasting of their bargains, forgetting the many who, in consequence, are half-clad and hungry; and when they see much health gone, what has it to look to? Think of the department-stores conducted by female chiefs! Inform me: think of the numbers of young females who annually lose, many their sight, and many their lives, while working into the night and morning in the millinery and dress-making establishments of our country."

"Yet what can be done, uncle?" inquired Marion. "What can be done? What can I do? I have no influence. I can do nothing to help."

At this moment a loud ring at the door-bell announced the return of the carriage with the fair visitors. Again of a few moments they were all gathered round the tea-table, and the business of tea was commenced.

"And now for the news," said Lucy; "we have done a great deal this evening; and, to confess, I think it is only fair that Aunt Mary and Marion, left at home to amuse themselves, should partake in our exertions."

"I really think we have a right to know them," said Aunt Mary, benevolently.

"The explanation, then, is this," replied Lucy, in a low tone, "that we were all bent upon going, where we were not to tell; and that we have done her part of the day, to one of those extraordinary shops where one gets things almost for nothing, and where, I suppose, in a few years, a pressman will be offered to any lady who will be so kind as to lend and oblige" to accept of their articles—"

"We certainly have made some extraordinary purchases," said Aunt Mary, smiling at the word "such bargains I never saw!" and she proceeded to enumerate various little fancy articles.

"And the dress," continued Ella, "they certainly were bargains. Flushington told us we should not get them anywhere else for double the money; because he deals with a manufactory where they give the people the very least return for their work, and employ a great number. They are industrious, to be sure, but are they not very lively?"

"Stop, stop!" cried Aunt Mary, hastily, and unscrewing the cloth; "I am a yard short, and here is a great hole!"

"Oh! never mind that," said Lucy, as though she enjoyed the discovery; "it was cheap, and that is enough."

"Well, we shall not mind it, then," continued Julia; "there is enough without us wearing yard-long bones; we have learned many things we did not much want, just because they were so temptingly cheap; but the great bargain by far was the shawl."

"The mittens," said Lucy; "yes, certainly the mittens were wonders. I bought plenty for a couple, and sometimes some weeks ago, to make a pair for myself, and here we have got mittens beautiful enough to walk for actually, that I paid for the materials."

Here Elizabeth placed upon the table a bundle of beautifully finished black lace mittens.

"They are all hand-wrought," said Aunt Mary, taking up one of them; "and are singularly cheap as much time must have been spent upon them."

"Yes," said Lucy, "I know that from experience; mine go on at a snail's pace. I would not make a pair for any one under three times the sum we paid for these. We were just leaving the shop when we observed them, and I prized one pair, which was not more than half done, and bought the materials; but we had already bought so many things that we thought we might get them still cheaper; so we left Flushington to wait for the parcels, provided we took the whole parcel of them—there are so many of us, we shall soon get over it—and after some deliberation he gave us them and certainly they are bargains."

"Wonderful bargains!" repeated the other two sisters.

"But we have not done yet, Julia; the dress for Mrs. Philips—you must not forget that."

"Oh! I do not forget it," said Julia. "We bought a shawl, which I am to wear on Monday evening, Marion."

"On Monday evening!" repeated Marion—"and this is Saturday night; surely it can not be made so quickly, and with all the bustle-trimmings you wish."

"Oh yes, we have managed that too! We went to Mrs. Primrose and told her it must be done—in short, that it was indispensable. At first she said it was impossible; but after hinting about further orders she said it should be done."

"Bustle-trimmings and all," added Elizabeth; "for I heard her whisper to her forewoman to tell a young person—who, I know, is her best worker in bustles—that she could not get away that evening; so I am sure it will be done, and well done, too."

"And now, uncle," said Lucy, "now that our narrative is over, have we not been most actively and most creditably employed?"

There was no answer from Mr. Warren for a few seconds, during which time the quick-sighted Marion discovered that his cogitations were not of a pleasant nature.

"Lucy," he at length said, "do you with a candid answer to your question? for if so, I am sorry that I have given it a moment's consideration at all, in the midst of so much hilarity, and so many pleasing anticipations, I feel grieved to say any thing that may damp your spirits; but when I remember that Julia is about to take her place as a matron, I can not refrain from speaking openly upon the subject."

"Julia, my uncle," continued the old man, affectionately, taking her hand, "you are about to become the wife of a very noble young man. I am glad it is at your option to-night to say that you are quick-sighted, and his heart is too generous, not to have been wounded by the recital of your economical transactions. But you have come to Marion and I were talking of the sad state of thousands of our fellow-creatures, and how long and weary hours in an atmosphere fatal to health; while thousands of their more enlightened and highly-favored brothers and sisters, knowing all this, in the frantic struggle for cheapness, do all in their power to add them still lower in the appreciation of life; while, while it often kills the body, oftener slays the soul. In every department, go where we will, we find the poor compensated at a rate which renders the work or very low wages. I do not mean to distinguish Flushington's establishment, for it is nothing of him; but I know that many shops are opened by young men who begin by advertising that they will undersell their neighbors, and many of such people have two prices. The bargain-hunter enters one, and finds the goods cheap; and that either he must sell his goods under their value or lose his customer; consequently he is tempted to compromise the rights of his employer or some other person, or by reducing still further the already miserably-reduced ratios of many hand-labor connected with his business.

"These things are crying sins, and they are unusual sins; but I would fain think of the influence they possess in all shopping transactions when they come to be considered, and thus become encouragers of fraud and cruelty. I consider it the duty of every lady to endeavor to acquire correct ideas of the value of the articles she purchases, more especially under her own inspection. Make it a rule never to purchase any thing without knowing its real value. If a tradesman offer you a piece of goods which you are quite convinced is under its worth, reject it. Say to him that you can not, if it is offered you by a poor vendor in evident distress; take, if you like the bargain."

"No example could more fully suit me at present than that painful affair of the black lace mittens. Lucy could not possibly be aware of the value of the materials and the labor of the work. They were offered to her at a price which left much too cheaply to repay the waste of some poor fellow-creature's eyes; and yet you were not satisfied, but from the mere consideration of the possible risk of offending you, or of bleeding the heart of some poor creature to an extent of which she never dreamt, and which we can never know. When any of you come to visit me at Rockwood, may I beg that I may not see a single article of dress, or any thing else, but I may have the words 'hand-wrought' engraved upon me, and that some poor unconscious woman, in consequence, not worsping in a cold garret; but I have done with this. I wish to say a few words about the entertainment at Mrs. Primrose's.

"We all know the great mortality that takes place annually in the dress-making and millinery departments; and it is likewise to be feared that there is considerable loss of human existence among the secret hours of the Sabbath. Many ladies, I am glad to say, are now endeavoring to put a stop to these occurrences, to prevent the possibility of giving any pretext for the system, invariably give their servants the Sunday to rest, and attend church, established with ease before its expiration. If an emergency can undoubtedly, requiring a more time, the considerate lady will never for a moment hesitate between the convenient gratification of appearing in a new dress and the possible necessity of causing to fagl her vanity, a fellow-sister has been oppressed and deprived of the rest given to the Eye which looks upon all impartially wishes to see man universally enjoying."

Here the old man entered the room, whispered a few words to Aunt Mary, which broke off the conversation.

"Helen Campbell," said Aunt Mary, in surprise, "is she below? Yes, I will see her. Tilda's in bed, Marion, I shall she, perhaps, excuse me, seeing," about whom I wished to interest you; I should like your opinion of her. Poor Helen! poor Mary is simply this: She is the support of an aged mother, who has once seen better days, and is now in extreme poverty and ill health. I will be down directly."

"Perhaps," said Mr. Warren, "the sight of so many new stuffs here"—but there was no time to finish the sentence, for she immediately opened, and Helen Campbell, a slight, delicate, gentle-looking young girl, with a pale complexion, entered the room and anxious expression with which one might enter a crowded room, and yet was not in search of any one, the mind and thoughts being concentrated elsewhere.

"My poor Helen," said Aunt Mary, kindly, taking her hand, and placing her on a chair, "I fear you have bad news; is your mother worse to-night?"

"Oh yes," said the poor girl, as the tears began to chase each other down her thin cheeks. "She is greatly worse, and they tell me she is going that she can not live over."

"Who are they?" inquired Aunt Mary, anxiously.

"When I saw her in the beginning of the week she seemed better. In her cough worse? is there any new symptom? or what is it?"

"No new symptom," said Helen, sadly, "but weakness, dreadful weakness."

"Is her appetite gone, Helen?" inquired Aunt Mary.

"No, no!" replied Helen, as the blood mounted to her forehead, and she hid her lip, as if trying to maintain a measure of composure; "it is not gone, but she—has nothing to eat."

"I am distressed to hear all this, Helen," interrupted Aunt Mary; "I have not seen you for some days past, thinking you were not in need. When I saw you last you expected plenty of money to buy wine and food to bring up her strength."

"So I did," replied the girl. "When I saw you I was full of good hopes, but they are all gone now. I had worked nearly night and day for three days, and received great remuneration for my work. Day after day I have called for payment, and have always been put off, and when at last I entreated for some money to-night, Flushington told me he has been obliged to sell the things for considerably less than cost, and that he can pay me by and by."

"Flushington!" said Aunt Mary, much amazed, and taking up one of the bargain-gloves which still lay upon the table, "are these your work, Helen?" she said.

"Oh yes," said poor Helen, clasping the mitten in both hands, and bursting into tears; "on which I built so many hopes—food and wine, and life, and comfort, and, oh! my neighbors, who have all with every new row, and all is gone!"

Julia crossed the room with both hands, and her sisters became very thoughtful. Aunt Mary rose and poked the fire, and even Uncle Warren took out his pocket-book and wrote a few lines in pencil—a note that poor Helen's sobs could not be heard.

"But there must be some mistake, my child; I thought you were to get money, Helen—your sister?"

"Yes, yes," replied Helen, "so I thought; she was to have been home to-night with her earnings, and I was expecting her every moment; but she did not come, and on going for her to Mrs. Primrose's I was told at the door that I could not see her—that she could not leave the room—that she was busy again with more bagle-brimmings—that she could be home in an hour. I am afraid that she now works in finished, which must be by Monday evening."

Aunt Mary again poked the fire, and Julia, uttering a faint cry, sunk her still-covered face upon the table.

"Oh, ma'am, forgive me," said Helen, suddenly starting to her feet; "forgive me that once more I take you the history of my poor mother's ills, and she is starving."

In a moment Mr. Warren's hand was on the bell. "Get a coach instantly," said he to the servant who appeared; "and, Mrs. Warren, get me and your niece's bonnets, for we will both go with this poor girl. Julia, get your cloak and bonnet. I will go with you, Helen."

"Sir," said Helen earnestly, "may I ask you to take out the wine? Mother is expecting it, there may be no delay when we arrive—there is no nerve near us, and she has so longed for wine!"

This took place in Mrs. Julia, and Helen Campbell were soon on their way.

"I have a very alarm your mother at this hour," said Mr. Warren.

"Oh no, Sir," replied Helen; "the door we enter by is at the back, and as to the room, which she filled with wine, and hastened to refresh her by some of those for whom we have been labouring. Oh, how I wish we were there!"

The way was long, however; but in due time the coach stopped at the entrance to a dirty passage, and down a narrow stair, they found themselves in a low and miserable looking room. Mr. Warren seated Julia along with himself on two wooden stools, while Helen, rushing in with the basket, took from it the wine, and some cups, which she filled with wine, and hastened to refresh the lady whose form they saw on a miserable bed. Mr. Warren's view. It was with delight that Mr. Warren witnessed what had so often before melted his heart—the influence of wine upon the poor. Several wretched-looking women, hard worked and worn out, had kept up the woman's heart within them, stood around the sick bed; and as Helen approached with the little broken cup and the wine, one of them with the utmost tenderness, laying her hand gently on her arm, said, kindly:

"Miss, Miss, she's past that now; she'll never pass mair o' the fruit o' the vine in this world."

"Wine!" cried another woman—"it's wine?—and she was not for any thing else!"

"Dear mother," said Helen, fondly bending over her, "you must take it—it will soon revive you; and see!" said she, holding up the basket, "here is bread and sago, and many things to make you well."

"Was a me!" said one of the women; "and her that's had anething but could water and crusts this day."

"Dear mother," continued Helen, "will you not drink? It will revive you, and I am sure it will make you live."

There was no answer. The poor widow's sorrows were over.

Taking one of the women aside, Mr. Warren put a guinea into her hand, desiring her to un it as she thought best for poor Helen's comfort, when he should see again on the morrow. He then took Julia out of the room, kindly leading her through the dark passage up the narrow stair, after which she hurried to the carriage, into a corner of which she sunk overcome by a flood of tears.

Some time passed, during which he did not distant. At length, taking her hand, "My dear Julia," he said, "it is enough. This evening has been one of the most painful of your history unchequered life. We shall say no more of the earlier transactions of the evening, but will now only consider how we may best assist poor Helen Campbell and her sister. But suffer one parting word of advice from an old man who loves you dearly. Do not too easily dismiss from your mind the events of this night. Think of them often, and place them before you; and by their example act in your future life, and you will be rewarded by finding daily you are thereby becoming a fit companion of the generous and excellent young man who has chosen you for his bride. Julia, my child, will you promise me this?"

Julia's only reply was another flood of tears, and a silent pressure of her uncle's hand, as the carriage stopped at the door in which he has lived so long. Instantly smoking her desk, she wrote a note to Mrs. Primrose, saying that she could not require her dress on Monday, and begging as a particular favor that Miss Campbell might be allowed immediately to return to her mother's house.

The short interval between that memorable evening and the long-expected 25th found Julia occupied in comforting and consoling the sorrowing sisters, who now only remember it as the night on which they were made happy. The 25th is now past, and the young bride has become a matron.

WHAT I WENT THROUGH TO GET HER.

SIR is miss at last. No more doubts, no more fears, no more inexplicable eccentric relations! She is mine, body and soul, and I am content. I will let them thousand settled upon her), mine. It is my fortune that she is now mine, and such a time about tying on her head. Well may I triumph; neither Jason in pursuit of the Golden Fleece—myth epitomizing a rich fancy—nor Ulysses in the odyssey-like adventurer felt remarkably stronger—but Aladdin, now the hero of your own (I flatter myself) love-tale, ever went through a more trying ordeal than I. But let me calm these transports, that I may relate, in a more methodical manner, what difficulties I had to surmount antecedent to the happy union of Miss Sarah Potts with me.

When I heard that Miss Sarah Potts was likely to inherit the property of her paternal uncle, Colonel Sir George Potts, of the Bengal Artillery (the adventurer felt remarkably stronger—but Aladdin, now the hero of your own (I flatter myself) love-tale, ever went through a more trying ordeal than I. But let me calm these transports, that I may relate, in a more methodical manner, what difficulties I had to surmount antecedent to the happy union of Miss Sarah Potts with me.

When I heard that Miss Sarah Potts was likely to inherit the property of her paternal uncle, Colonel Sir George Potts, of the Bengal Artillery (the adventurer felt remarkably strongly

supposed, I will just finish a little pressing matter I was engaged upon when you came in, and my time shall not be long."

He left the room by the outer door, and presently after I heard that of the next room open and shut, and then voices.

"Which—which—shall—wish—shish."

"Well, my dear, what the dickens am I to say?"

"Hush—sh—sh—sh—sh! Which—shish—shish."

"Wurrawurrawurrar, 'e'ic, etc.

The Colonel had got his other commanding-officer voice. In about ten minutes he came back.

"Pardon me," he said, "for keeping you waiting so long. Now for this matter we were speaking of. First, let me explain to you how far my authority extends over my wife. Of course, of course, many ideas she places; but if I did not approve of such a match I should not consider myself bound to do any thing for her; if, on the other hand, I and—and Mrs. Potts—were pleased with her choice, she would consider me as her father, and at present occupies in my will, and I should pay down as her marriage-portion—"

The voice went on, but what it uttered was inaudible to my mind for the next five minutes. So was my consented joy so far exceeded my expectations that I was left, bewildered, breathless with anxiety at the terrible idea of losing my dearest friend: never had my imagination painted her charms in such glowing colours.

"And now," the Colonel was saying when I had somewhat recovered, "I should like to see you a few privations. It is my duty, as a parent, to depreciate the advantages of birth and blood, to use they are of vital importance. I consider that there is as much difference between a gentleman and a plebeian as between a race-horse and a donkey. I should like to hear a few details about your family."

While I was yet descanting on the merits of my forefathers a dark object, which I could not identify the skin of the door, was suddenly launched, the sustaining forward impetus of the projectile, and, being a singular coincidence, Lady Potts immediately afterward entered the room. She was a tall, stout woman, with a florid complexion, piercing, muddy green eyes, sallow complexion, and lean forehead. She was dressed in a dark-coloured silk gown, wonderful black hair, a small lace cap, and chains, rings, and bracelets costly enough to make a gamester howl at the sight. I think she never ventured out on foot after dusk. Her age was about—Whither are you hurrying me, pen incorrect?—

It was very hard work, but I at length succeeded in making a favorable impression on Lady Potts. Potts made a sign to her, who, being well trained, immediately took up the cue.

"Well," said he, "to return to the matter you have called here to speak about. We must know a little more of you before I can consent to your proposals."

We leave this the day after to-morrow, and return to Norfolk, to be in time for the hunting in winter. Can you shoot and help me to murder the partridges. Are you a good shot?"

I left the house thinking I was not trembling. I had secured a footing, and a good one; but what a trial was before me! An examination as to my deadshooting gear put in order, and extensive purchases of clothes, and assorted the Montgomery Park, Norfolk, and Bartholomew's Eve (partridge poisoning).

The coach put me down at a small inn called the "Montgomery Arms," where I found a dog-cart waiting for me, and then I had a three-mile drive through the Potts estates.

The Hall was a handsome building of white stone. As the footman and a dashing "buttons" was playing a tune on a bugle; and before I had time to wonder at a servant being allowed to eat, while his mouth was full of a bugle, I found myself necessarily among the whole household, the most curious and pamelliated of which came up to me, and said, "The Colonel has given orders, Sir, that you are to go to your room at once; that is the drawing-room; that you are to dress, and you will come down into the drawing-room." And he subsided on my heels into a respectful attitude of attention, whither my luggage had preceded me.

I dressed myself as fast as I could, in hopes of getting a word with Potts before dinner; and the dearest girl anticipated my wish, for, on opening the drawing-room door, I saw her there alone.

Time was precious, the one minute devoted to rapture long over, I said, "Adored one, can you give me a hint?"

"Yes," she made a favorable impression at Scarborough, and will easily get on; at least, I always do. They both spoil me. Never mind a few roughnesses, they mean nothing. Potts is the dearest, most lovable, kindest of women, so long as she has her own way and is not contradicted. She is rather a bigot; so you had better put your liberalism to your pocket. And she thinks a good deal of her family—a Miss Montgomery, and brought into estate in order."

"Ah! and Sir George?"

"Well, you must be very good, and keep your temper. Uncle is a dear, dear man, but rather inclined to order people about. He is very generous, so he likes to rule others. His temper is sometimes—but, violent as it is, it never comes round if not opposed, and then he tries to atone for what he has said or done while angry. Oh! I almost forget: above all things, be very punctual; if you are ever late for breakfast or dinner I will not answer for the consequences. And is there any thing else? Yes: if you could take snuff it would please him. There goes the bugle!" And to the tune of "Oh the Roast Beef of Old England" Sir George and Lady Potts entered the room.

"Welcome, Mr. Pans, to Montgomery Hall," said the lady, graciously according me her hand.

"How do do? Glad to see you," said the Colonel. "Ready for the birds to-morrow? Have a pinch?"

Mindful of the final hint I had received from Sarah, I accepted the offer, and tried to drop the snuff while pretending, with much noise and apparent enjoyment, to draw it up into my nose; but a few grains more volatile than the rest insisted on making their escape, and I found it necessary to blow that organ.

"Nice article, that, my dear, don't you think? Nith, nith! What can it be? Why, it is your handkerchief! It's musk! Young man, you are offensive! Come with me," said Sir George.

I am not over-patient by nature, and felt all the blood in my body fly to my face at this insult; but I thought of the dinner I was playing for, swallowed my anger, and followed him.

"There, there, my boy!" John, take that handkerchief away," said he, when we had reached the hall. "This way, Mr. Pans." And he led me into his study, opened a cabinet, washing basin poured water into the basin, and said, pointing to it, "Wash!"

I obeyed him, and we returned to the drawing-room.

"My lady is served," the butler presently announced; and as he did not speak literally—in which case we should have had a tough and scraggy dinner—but metaphorically, I offered my arm.

"John," said Lady Potts to the footman who brought her soup, "is Flora well enough to come down?"

"No, my lady. Susan has been trying to get her to eat something all day, but the smell of food makes her sick at once."

"Oh! the poor suffering darling! Oh! the sweet pet! I must go to her after all."

"I hope she will!" I mentally ejaculated, for a horrible suspicion flashed across my mind. What if the dog was not to be allowed to sleep with child, destined to cause the dislocation of the principal facial accessories of the dog-fancier? Dreadful thought, which I drowned in a glass of Champagne.

The hosts grew almost good-tempered under the influence of good cookery and generous wine. Sir George condescended to tell me that he was prepared to scent arose from the disguet he had acquired for musk-cats in Sarawhat Island; and Lady Potts gave me a graphic account of my predecessor's mistake of the sagacity of a favorite cat she had once had; whereupon Sir George, with unconvincing ingenuousness relating to that woefully misunderstood animal which shall not be confided to an undeserving public, broke up in the middle of a melodious tenor with a most of truthfulness.

I could not manage to enjoy much conversation with my beloved Sarah, but consoled myself with the reflection that, if all went well, I should get uninterrupted intercourse as I turned. But could Circumstances do did not?

When the ladies had withdrawn, the Colonel confessed himself in an easy-chair, and began pumping me in an obvious manner that I had no distrust of his designs. I was not sufficiently on the alert. At the end of about a bottle he threw his napkin over his head, and said,

"Ring when you want more claret. When you have had enough, go to the ladies; and make a—hem!"

And presently he snored.

When I entered the drawing-room I found Sarah asleep on the sofa, and Lady Potts hanging over a basket adorned with pink silk.

"What is the matter, my suffering angel, dear! Was a pretty creature, with its little brown eyes."

Flora, dear-sleeper! It was an infant, then, that had thus reduced the affections of the capricious lady from my Sarah—a mere infant! Surely in such a case I might, on the morning appointed, have an accident and sit on the thing, and nobody be a bit the wiser. Fortune favoured me. Flora, in jumping out of the basket, in which, to my intense relief, I saw a very fat black and tan spaniel, with long silky ears, had upset the work-table.

"What a beautiful dog!" I exclaimed. "Is it its?"

"Oh! very, very ill. Poor dear Flora! She has quite lost her appetite—she who always enjoyed her food so much! I am afraid she will have to lay the wing of a chicken and a few mouserons."

"If you will allow me, I have a recipe in my pocket-book for a spaniel; I am used to dogs. Ah! I remember short brain—finds it difficult to stand. My dear Flora, if this dog is not asleep, I will see what will do!"

"Oh, Mr. Pans. Poor Flora! what shall I do?"

"Well, I think I could save her if she were left entirely in my hands; but, above all things, we must keep her from excitement."

"Thank you, dear Mr. Pans; I will give directions that Flora be left entirely to you, and that she should prove the blessed instrument of restoring my sweet doggy to health again."

Lady Potts went to the other end of the room for some work, and I whispered to Sarah: "Will that do?"

"Ah, you dreadful hypocrite; it is quite shocking! I shall never know when to believe you in earnest," she replied, looking half-frightened, half-amused.

"It is very unpleasant. Nothing but the hope of winning you could make me stoop to such a course of proceeding."

"Oh yes; I know it was necessary: indeed, it was I who advised it. But whatever my uncle and aunt's foibles, and however they behave to others, they are most kind to me, and it pains me to see their weak points so drawn out."

The Colonel came in yawning, had a cup of tea, and then went to get the backgammon-board and play a bit with him; which I did, playing as badly as possible, and never taking him up but once, when I could not help it: on which occasion he got into so violent a passion that I was glad of my previous precaution; but as I succeeded in his gammon me that very game, he soon recovered his, what-language-he-called-it-in-good-humour.

Soon the sounds of the bugle were once more heard in the hall.

"Half past ten—a half past ten!" cried Sir George. "Good-night, Mr. Pans. Now go to your lodging. If you have a mind to read, there is a variety of books, papers, magazines, etc., in the library, and if you wish to smoke, you may."

The Montgomery Arms, etc., etc.

"Mr. Pans of Lincoln's-inn, gent., desires to see Mr. Potts of Montgomery Park, Norfolk, on business connected with the Chancery suit of Potts v. Potts. Mr. Pans will attend Mr. Potts at the Montgomery Arms, Monday, at 3.30 P.M."—Miss Potts will ride Nobet at 2 P.M. to meet the Montgomery hounds. Mr. Herrmann Pans will attend Colonel Sir George Potts in his study immediately after breakfast. Mr. Pans's dinner will be placed under the care of Mr. Pans until further orders.

There were several other directions to different servants connected with the establishment, as grooms, cooks; but nothing more affecting myself, so that the book, and handed it to the servant, who left the room. I wishes to know whether you want her brought here, Sir."

"Brought here—Lady Potts! Good Heavens! Oh, ah—the spaniel! No, no; let her be taken to the stables. My compliments to Lady Potts, and I hope she will be out of my room in time."

I fancy I detected the ghost of a grin on the face of the servant as he left the room. Leaving me impressed with one fearful fact—breakfast at eight! It hardly seemed worth while to go to bed at all if I were to get up so early; but I was not going to let him that; why, one would have to get up at seven!

However, I considered that other people had done such things, and that what man had done man could do, and so I turned in. But not to sleep was restless and broken, haunted as I was by the idea of having to get up at such an hour. I kept dreaming I was late for breakfast, starting up in a fright, and sinking to sleep again.

When I got down at eight o'clock next day, I found daylight streaming in through the window, and my watch, pulled out to ascertain the precise hour, not doubting that I had overslept myself. It was only while toweling my back that I glanced at my watch, and discovered that it was only half-past o'clock. However, I was wide awake; there was no use in turning over again in bed, and I got up and to devote an hour before breakfast to Miss Flora. when I had done dressing, I went down to the stables, and made my way the nose who had brought me the order-look the night before, carrying up my boots and hot-water, who told me that I should find the dog in the loose box dedicated to Lady Potts's mare. That highly favored animal was being exercised in the morning exercising, prancing with great patience and equanimity.

Sir George, coming out of the house, who was emitting that peculiar sibilation common to stablemen, and which must be so galling to the horses at Ashley's Academy, and to the riders of those highly-bred actors.

"Ha—h—h—h

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

TRUMPS.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

CHAPTER I.

THE RAPE OF THE PEACHES.

ABEL'S FLIGHT.

"BIS DEVY Abel Newt!" cried a loud, sharp voice.

"Abel Newt! Abel Newt!" echoed a chorus of shrill boy voices. "Mr. Gray wants you! Mr. Gray's calling you!"

But Abel Newt, a boy about eighteen years old, although he must have heard the summons, fled like a wild horse across the play-ground, his heavy black hair shaking around his neck, as he ran, like a tangled mane; and while the boys were yet shouting he disappeared into the school-room.

"Golly! how he clips it!" said Little Malacca, looking at him with admiration. Little Malacca was so called because, according to the school tradition, he never had any father or mother, and was born far away in some East Indian region—no particular country, in fact. It was an article of faith at Mr. Gray's that Little Malacca never had nay parents, and was born nowhere.

The older boys had the privilege of the school-room during play-hours, and used it as a kind of club-room. It was serviceable to them in many ways.

As now, for instance, to Abel Newt. For as he entered, pulling, tearing, rushing, red, and red, and hot, with his trowsers' pockets distended almost to bursting with some mysterious contents, and his face smooth with intense anxiety, like the faces of smugglers who hear the coast-guard at the same moment that their keel grates the beach, and are doubtful whether they shall gain a prize or lose their freight—he met the school-room with a glance—saw that he was alone—and hurrying to his desk, lifted the lid, emptied his pockets into that charitable retreat, nodding to it at least a dozen pulpy, delicious peaches.

His then as rapidly refilled his pockets with sundry articles that distended them as before, and had scarcely closed the lid, locked it, and bent over the desk with a book, in an attitude of placid reading or study, when Little Malacca burst into the room, and standing at the door, with eyes as round and swollen as Abel's pockets, ejaculated, spasmodically, out of breath:

"Oh, Jiminy! how you did cut it! But it's no use! Won't you catch it, Abel Newt! Mr. Gray's calling—Mr. Gray wants you, Abel Newt!"

"*Mr.*?" said Abel, looking up quietly. "Mr. Gray want *me*? What's the matter?"

As he spoke he rose from his desk with a perfectly calm face; but as his pockets lifted themselves above the horizon of the lid, and came in view of Little Malacca, that small boy's imagination instantly teemed with fearful apprehension. He only shouted:

"Oh! oh! oh! what pockets!"

He then turned and disappeared, while Abel Newt, taking his book under his arm—it was the "History of England," a text-book of his class, from which they had recited that morning—transported these prodigious pockets into the play-ground.

All games were suspended, and the boys were gathered in groups waiting for the delinquent to appear. Mr. Gray stood at the door of his study, with that kind of nervous expectancy with which we may imagine the headsman passes his finger along the edge of the axe when he theories the fatal expression approaching.

"Come here, Abel!" said he, in the cajoling endearer with which the spider invited the fly to walk into his parlor. "And all boys to Mr. Gray's platform!" cried he, in a voice which was loud to shudder when a new scholar, not yet versed in the laws of the school, trod as thoughtlessly upon that consecrated locality as if they had been ordinary timber. But it was a sin of ignorance, they remembered, not a wanton profanation.

The master stood upon this dais as the boys rome up. When Abel Newt approached, Mr. Gray moved his head slightly from side to side, rolling his neck in his white cravat with the sort of motion of a bull, as if he tasted something uncommonly unctuous and pleasant, and were weighing his throat to make it longer, that the sweet morsel all the way down.

The younger scholars clustered timidly upon the edges of the throng, but the older boys, the aristocracy of the school, stood forward along the front of the platform, to support Abel, like peers at the trial of a peer.

"Well, Abel?" began Mr. Gray, with the soft snarl of a fat cat which has made a circle with its paws around the mouse. He stopped when he had said as much, and leaned upon the counsel as it to paralyze him with the full perception of the horror of his situation.

"Well, Sir," replied Abel, quietly.

"Ah! Brave boy, Abel," continued the master, "yes, you are very brave; but what do you think your poor mother would say?" and there was a slight shrivel in Mr. Gray's tone, as a raw morsel of a snivel doing duty for a sympathetic sigh.

"Say to what, Sir?" asked Abel, with a little too much innocence.

Mr. Gray stepped into the house, and instantly returned with a chair, in which he seated himself as if this interview promised to be very long and lickerous. Then crossing his right leg over the left, he swung the black-gaitered shoe slowly, as he resumed:

"How does I thought, Abel, when your dear mother (navel obligato) brought you to this school and left you in my charge, that Mr. Gray's, and hole you be a good boy, and then kissed you and went away crying—"

Here Mr. Gray wiped rapidly as if his eyes were blurred with moisture.

"Boo, hoo!" burst out Little Malacca.

"Tears understood," whispered Tom Galt, one of the older boys fresh from Latin Grammar, to Green Aboldeck who stood beside him, both narrowly watching Mr. Gray. But Muddock did not take. He never could understand the things that were to be understood either in conversing Latin books or Anglo-Saxon. He always waked why the Romans did not say what they meant and not leave it to be understood; and why, in general, people in old times could not have spoken English, and have so saved much useless study.

Clearing his throat, as if the tears had trickled into his whipple, Mr. Gray proceeded:

"How little I thought that we should ever come to this! Do you remember, Abel, how, that very day after dinner, you and Green Muddock straddlebrose of the benches in the dining-room with a central balance—and on the bench, and how you both took turns as it with a groom—and how you, Abel, took what Green called 'such everlasting great mouthfuls' that he did not get his share, and you said that you didn't know any thing about his share, but that you loved custard—do you remember, Abel?"

"Yes, Sir," answered the boy, with delicate calmness.

Mr. Gray looked at Abel and bent his nose.

"Abel, do you remember the picture of the Idle Apprentice that we were all looking at the other evening?"

"Yes, Sir."

"How he gambled on Sundays on the tombstones—how dreadfully he swore, and told lies, and played truant, and—and—and—stole fruit?"

"No, Sir," replied Abel, with candor; "I don't remember about his stealing fruit."

Mr. Gray moved, changed his legs, putting the left over the right, waggled his toes, and smoothed his shaved chin with his hand.

"Why, Abel, don't you know that a boy who would lie would also swear, and play cards on Sundays, and idle away his time, and steal fruit?"

"No, Sir, I don't. Green Muddock tells lies, but I never heard him swear; he hasn't spunk enough."

A profound sensation thrilled the crowd of boys at these words. There was even a faint shout at the extremity of the group from some of the smaller scholars, who saw that Muddock could not detect them.

"Abel Newt," said Mr. Gray, "I am afraid you are a bad boy. I pity your dear mother's fit it is necessary that there should be examples. Step up on the platform, Abel."

"Every school-day—"

"Now turn round and face the boys."

"Now turn round—"

"Boys," began Mr. Gray, "you know that the peach orchard is beyond the barn, where nobody is allowed to go. I have left it always to be guarded by your honor."

He paused and surveyed the silent young faces before him.

"Yes, I left it to your honor. I said to myself, and I always said to Mr. Jowlson when I took him in town, 'I leave my peaches to be protected by the honor of the boys; and, Mr. Jowlson, the honor of Mr. Gray's boys is the surest watch-dog in the State.'"

He looked around again, with a beaming expression, as if he wished to understand how well his theory remark with a tion of expressive silence.

Now boys are no more surprised by villainy and poetry and fine similes and happy rhetoric than they are by roses in June or chestnuts in October. But it was a great while since any of them knew them, as the crow and the rose-tree with the nightingales but never learned to sing.

And yet—and yet—sometimes when the thorn pierced a songster into an ecstasy of melodious woe, who shall say that the cawing stranger had no vague, aching, long-

ing remembrance of that golden age—was it a hope or a memory?—before crows were black and had lost their voices!

"Now all those who think that the honor of Mr. Gray's boys is the surest watch-dog in the State will keep their right hands."

All the hands were raised.

"Very well," continued the master, "as I was standing at this door a little while ago, I thought I saw a boy come out of the peach-orchard. As I watched him I saw his pockets were both stuffed with something."

The eyes of the whole school were immediately fastened upon the enormous, uncomfortable-looking pockets of Abel Newt, who stood like a prisoner arraigned upon with an abnormal development, his fat things seeming all to have grown into his pockets instead of his stomach, which was at that moment the most humble and retiring part of his body. But his pockets were guilty and suspiciously knobby for those of a boy who had been caught making a rapid exit from a peach-orchard.

"Boys, I could not believe my eyes when I saw who it was. I thought of his poor mother, and I called to him to come to me. At the same moment he started and ran for the school-room. You heard me call, and shouted after him. He ran on as if he did not hear. All those boys who think that Abel Newt heard me call as he heard you call him, will lift up their right hands?"

It was a dreadful moment. The whole school was assembled, and Abel could see every boy in the crowd, and might possibly remember the way each rotated upon this tremendous pivot. One hand was instantly raised, and only one. It was Green Muddock's.

Abel Newt looked at the hand and its owner without the least betrayal of emotion. But as his eye moved slowly over the throng it rested upon a boyish face, looking at him wistfully, and with eyes of the two met, another hand rose slowly, as if reluctantly but irresistibly, under that glance; and at the same moment a voice was heard, as if in reply to some question that Newt had asked, although he had not spoken:

"Abel, I am very sorry; but I do think you had taken it."

Abel Newt looked quietly away, and the hand of Gabriel Bennet, a boy of about fifteen, and one of the youngest scholars, remained lifted with that of Green Muddock, one of the oldest. But they were the only ones.

Mr. Gray's left foot in the black gaiter waggled faster than ever. His neck rolled luxuriously in the white cravat, as if something were wanting very sweet indeed.

"All those boys who think that Abel Newt did not hear that he was called will hold up their right hands?"

Not a single hand was raised. Abel looked at the boys and they all knew it. The general foot waggled; and the accusing pockets of the culprit seemed to grow more apoplectic every moment. Mr. Gray snatched his face gently with his forefinger and smiled. He did not scratch as if to allay an irritation, but with that composure of profound confidence with which an advocate famous for cross-examination accosts a witness whom his manner informs that, however unwilling he may be, and however he may squirm at the hook his tongue, the truth will be as surely extracted by the questions as a cork from a bottle by the patent lever cork-screw.

"Now, then," said Mr. Gray, "all those boys who think they would have heard if they had been in Abel Newt's place will hold up their right hands!"

All the hands went up.

"Yes—I see," said Mr. Gray, chuckling pleasantly.

"Now, boys, if you think you would have heard, don't you think Abel must have heard?" asked he, in a coaxing tone.

There was no reply.

"Abel," said Mr. Gray, after a pause, "you are the boys are too generous to accuse you. But you are not a child; and you know that I am perfectly well aware that you heard me call. Of the enormity of your offence I say nothing. The boy that would steal an apple or a peach would cut his father's throat, and would probably end his wretched life upon the gallows. I do not envy the feelings of a boy in your situation, with your pockets stuffed with ill-gotten gain, which never prospers. No, Abel; I do not envy you!" continued Mr. Gray, in full swell, pulling out a huge red bandana handkerchief and waving it about his face in a swabbing manner, as if he perspired from every pore of his countenance—"I do not envy your feelings at this moment; but I think of your poor, poor mother!" and he stopped, apparently overwhelmed with emotion, and retired behind the bandana.

Some of the smaller boys were touched. "Poor boy," they said.

"No, no. Poor mother!" said Tom Galt; "poor Mrs. Newt!" and Tom winked, in the great wet handkerchief imitation of Mr. Gray in the more pathetic moments of his appeals.

"And the poor aunts!" said Green Muddock.

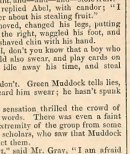
"And the poor female first cousins under twenty," said the fat boy, with promising expectations, to whom I dedicate this tear!" continued Tom reckless Thomas Galt, in a lachrymose manner.

"How the old rascal enjoys it!" whispered Gyles Blunding, who stood with Galt and Muddock, and was, like them, among the older boys.

Mr. Gray had meanwhile performed the lachrymal rites to the remembrance of Abel's poor mother, and had put his handkerchief in his pocket. Then, with feline suavity, he said to the culprit:

"Abel, why did you take my peaches, Sir?"

"I have not taken your peaches, Sir."



THE TORTURE.

Oh—such pockets! They seemed positively bloated with wares!

The smaller boys were aghast.

"Good pluck, I swear!" whispered Blunding.

"Oh, golly! golly! look at those pockets!" cried Little Malacca.

Mr. Gray was dismayed. He was an expert in scenes of this kind, and delighted to prolong and elaborate the enjoyment of exposure.

"You have not taken my peaches?"

"No, Sir."

"Well, Abel, what makes your pockets stick out so? What have you in your pockets?"

The boy was crossed again; a triumphant waggling commenced; and a thrill of horror pervaded the group of boys.

"Well, Sir," replied Abel, with entire unconcern, "I have a large pocket-handkerchief, and two or three bones, and two or three balls, and a jack-knife, and a piece of wood out of which I'm going to carve a boat, and some cord, and paper, and things. I've got a good many things in my pockets."

It was audacity unparalleled in Mr. Gray's experience, but his interest increased every moment.

"Paper and things in his pocket! Oh dear! Think of his poor mother!" whispered Tom Gait, ruefully.

"Boys," said Mr. Gray, "do Mr. Gray's boys, whose home is the best-watch-dog in the place, laugh at this shameful falsehood which Abel so unblushingly tells?"

"It is falsehood, Sir," struck in the entire mob.

Mr. Gray flushed at this audacious reply.

"Are all the boys looking?" cried he, as he rose from his chair absorbed in the interest of the catastrophe. "Are all the other boys here? Gabriel Bennet, can you see?"

"No, Sir," replied a fair voice from behind.

"Come in front, then. Here, Tom, put Gabriel by you—"

"No, No, I'd rather not," said the voice behind; "I don't want to see."

"Don't want to see!" Mr. Gray was so much confounded by this reply as a parental spider would be to hear spiderling decline a choice bit of a fat blue-bottle that had strayed into the web. Don't you love blushcote? was the question he would have asked if he had been a spider.

"Now, then, Abel Newt, take those things out of your pockets!"

Abel laid down the book which all this time he had held under his arm, put his right hand into his trousers, and drew out a large bunch-string and bladder, with peg-top, a roll of paper, and three India-rubber balls.

"That's all in this hand, Sir."

"Come here, Abel," said Mr. Gray, in profound astonishment.

The boy walked up to him, and Mr. Gray felt of the pocket. It had evidently disgorged all its contents.

"What's in the other pocket, Sir? Come let's see!"

Abel, with the same tranquillity, reduced the swelling of his trousers on that side by taking out a huge block of wood, a jack-knife, a ball of twine, and a handful of the same proportions as Mr. Gray's, with more paper, a top, and a ball.

"That's all, Sir."

Mr. Gray was confounded, for that *was* all, and what was a schoolmaster to do? The boys had been assembled to witness the accusation, the trial, and the punishment of a criminal. The judge had played with his victim; had eaten of him, as it seemed, more and more inextricably; had punished him a little in advance of his conviction by exposing him upon the scaffold to the public gaze, and the utter overthrow proof of his guilt which, by an arrangement of opposites not at all unusual in Providence, was producing the crowning proof of his innocence.

Mr. Gray saw the danger of his own position in a moment. But how should have remembered all his boys to witness his own disgrace upon his own platform, and that he himself could have pitifully exhausted it, was a consideration almost involving the prosperity of the school. "Could he survive the ridicule?" thought he, the boys, those most remorseless of jokers, pass the tradition on from year to year, until he should be obliged to locumtit?

It was a crisis. But he was resolved to conquer it and turn it to his own advantage. Responding on the sweetest smile—the smile with which he assured every parent that the boy in his care were "Charming boys, my dear Sir, charming boys!"—he beamed upon the group, and putting out his hand to Abel, said,

"Boys, the next best thing to making no mistake at all is to confess one's mistake. I thought Abel had taken my peaches. But I was mistaken. How glad I am that I was so! Abel, here is my hand. I trust we shall always be friends."

But Abel did not take the offered hand, which Mr. Gray withdrew in an embarrassed manner.

"Mr. Gray," began Abel, while the boys looked on in perplexity, "I have a word to say—to say—to forget that you have accused me of stealing. Mr. Gray, you and the oldest boys in the school —no, who have always been trying to be a good boy and set a proper example—no," Abel continued, drawing out the huge handkerchief which had been replaced, catching his breath and rubbing his eyes hard—"no, whose poor mother put him in your charge" (mopping his eyes)—"no, who straddled the dining-room bench and ate everlasting great pieces of custard! Oh deep!"—and here Abel covered his eyes with the handkerchief, stamped on the platform before his own boots. "Oh, Sir! I knew that a boy who would steal peaches would eat up his father's throat; and Abel waved beloved master, think that I, one of your oldest boys, would murder my own father? Oh! what would my poor mother say to that?"

The smaller boys did not quite understand the present aspect of the scene. The older boys did not dare to show how well they understood it.

"Do you remember, in our lesson this morning, Sir, where it talks about the execution of Lord Strafford?" As he spoke, Abel picked up the history from the platform, and opened it. "Here it is, Sir. When he heard that King Charles had signed the warrant for his execution, he said, 'Oh! Sir, how I pity you!' and as you remarked—" Put not your trust in princes! I feel like Lord Strafford, Mr. Gray; I feel as if I could say"—and here Abel demonstrated with his handkerchief—"put not your trust in schoolmasters!"

"Guy! how slick he reels it off!" cried Little Malacca, as Abel stopped and sank into Mr. Gray's chair, covering his face with both hands. A gentleman opening and closing his hands very swiftly—a gentleman who had put his hands into his trousers and twitching them, smiling in a sickly, spasmodic manner, and swallowing at intervals with a sort of fit, was the last to desire to prolong the taste.

After a pause, two Abel removed the handkerchief, and his eyes met those of Mr. Gray. There was no insult in the look of the man, no triumph in that of the child. The boy had a confused feeling that there was nothing for him to do. He had made no charge against him. But would you have a man turn his costumers out of doors? He had an honest living to get, and he will be busy. Costumers may make mistakes. Besides, what if your father has just received with the sanction of you—not because you are a bad man, but only vain and foolish, and therefore hypocritical? Having made a mistake, and having nothing left having been accepted, what can you do but retire?

"There, boys," said Mr. Gray, cheerfully, "Now you can go. We are all charmed to find that Abel Newt is not a thief, and that the loss of his triumphant acquittal, we will have a half holiday to-morrow."

The boys hazzaed faintly, and Mr. Gray went into the house. The crowd remained as before, and Abel sat looking at the desk with the same grave face that he had maintained throughout the whole scene, and which evidently had been allowed Mr. Gray to get out of hearing. Then raising his handkerchief and waving it like a banner-staff over the youngest of the boys, he settled his neck in his errant vein so deal an imitation of Mr. Gray's, that every face, with a cry, fell with a shout of applause. Smoothing his face, Abel then rose and said,

"Well, boys, I'm very sorry for to-day."

The younger scholars withdrew slowly, but Maddock, Blunding, Tom Gait, and the older scholars surrounded Abel as he stepped off the platform.

"Genius," said he, turning to Maddock, "you don't think I really meant to say you had no spunk, do you? I only said it to old Gray, at that when you've got to Latin Grammar he may have some excuse for you, you know; for a man can't be a fool in Latin any more than he can help having blue eyes or black hair. Isn't that so?"

"I don't know," replied Tom.

"Oh no, I understood you, Abel," replied Maddock, indignantly. "I'm not such a fool as little angry, and so I hold my hand."

"Of course, that's all right. And the other hand is for Gabriel Bennet, you want it? Come boys, now we'll go into the school-room and eat those peaches."

"Why, did you steal the peaches, after all?" asked Maddock.

"Steal, my violet!" cried Abel Newt, turning upon him with an air of heroic dignity, "choose my words! Did wings transform the golden cherry Nay, 'twas a deed of high emprize. Go to! go to! But despite thy asinine incredulity, thou hast not lost a friend. Come to adorn thy soul sheepskin. Thou shalt have a ripe peach, Master Maddock!"

The sun was setting as they passed toward the school-room. The soft summer air was full of the perfume of the violet-bed in the garden fence. There was a twittering of birds somewhere—and over the golden cherry Cherry Nay, 'twas a deed of high emprize. Go to! go to! But despite thy asinine incredulity, thou hast not lost a friend. Come to adorn thy soul sheepskin. Thou shalt have a ripe peach, Master Maddock!"

The sun was setting as they passed toward the school-room. The soft summer air was full of the perfume of the violet-bed in the garden fence. There was a twittering of birds somewhere—and over the golden cherry Cherry Nay, 'twas a deed of high emprize. Go to! go to! But despite thy asinine incredulity, thou hast not lost a friend. Come to adorn thy soul sheepskin. Thou shalt have a ripe peach, Master Maddock!"

The sun was setting as they passed toward the school-room. The soft summer air was full of the perfume of the violet-bed in the garden fence. There was a twittering of birds somewhere—and over the golden cherry Cherry Nay, 'twas a deed of high emprize. Go to! go to! But despite thy asinine incredulity, thou hast not lost a friend. Come to adorn thy soul sheepskin. Thou shalt have a ripe peach, Master Maddock!"

The sun was setting as they passed toward the school-room. The soft summer air was full of the perfume of the violet-bed in the garden fence. There was a twittering of birds somewhere—and over the golden cherry Cherry Nay, 'twas a deed of high emprize. Go to! go to! But despite thy asinine incredulity, thou hast not lost a friend. Come to adorn thy soul sheepskin. Thou shalt have a ripe peach, Master Maddock!"

OUR SPECIAL PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

The Carnival — Countess Walewski's 2nd Costume — The Empress — Costumes of the Ladies — Mme. Adam — Asteriem Greeks — The Imperial Mask Ball — Scrivings of Napoleon — Orchestral Performances — Ash-Wednesday at the Chapel of the Rue de la Madeleine — Concerts and Dinners — The Bois de Boulogne — The Prince Imperial — War Prospects — The Princess Clotilde, etc., etc.

PARIS, *March 9*, 1859.

IT is well that we have entered upon this quiet season of Lent before the day came round for my weekly letter, for I do not think I could have written coherently in the midst of the maddening noises of the last three days of the Carnival. The weather was so fine that that alone would have sufficed to bring this sensitive-loving population into the streets. To this was added the holiday of the week, and the schools having holiday;—and, again, the irresistible fascinations of the "Bœuf Gras" and his noisy company. But most annoying of all, those who are inclined—and they were numerous—are allowed by the police to indulge in as incessant *Mooring of horns* on these days; and these unusual contributions to the daily hubbub of Paris so aggravated its intensity that I own my nerves succumbed, and I was obliged to trek relief from this din of life in the remotest corners of the Bois de Boulogne, and to renew there the strength which had once served *solus*, night after night, *sans* so utterly to exhaust.

Many entertainments have been the fêtes of these last days; but I shall only attempt a description of two of them—*the last costume at* Count Walewski's on Saturday, and the ball at the Tuileries on the Monday. Count Walewski, as your readers probably know, is the son of the late Empress, and was in his youth very good-looking. He is married to a pretty Florentine lady, who arranges the receptions over which her husband presides, and which allow her husband with the Bonaparte family. It is herself dressed from the illustrated Vienna work. Count Walewski inhabits the superb Palace of the Foreign Affairs (of which he is the Minister), and which is furnished in the most sumptuous of its apartments, expressly for this night of the year. The rooms are too large to be crowded, and gave ample space for the due display of the beautiful costumes and their lovely and distinguished wearers. The Empress looked pale, pensive, too, in the knowledge that the imperial party were present, though in the modest character of mask and domino; but as these were numerous, of course, every time that a gracefully worn domino revealed a face in the muzzled mask, there was a fair wearer condemned to speak to him, his heart fluttered and betrayed with the suspicion that he was receiving the notice of imperial beauty: and all the belles, marquises, and pretty flower-girls, were looking anxiously for the imperial sign of having been accepted, what can you do but retire?

"There, boys," said Mr. Gray, cheerfully, "Now you can go. We are all charmed to find that Abel Newt is not a thief, and that the loss of his triumphant acquittal, we will have a half holiday to-morrow."

The boys hazzaed faintly, and Mr. Gray went into the house. The crowd remained as before, and Abel sat looking at the desk with the same grave face that he had maintained throughout the whole scene, and which evidently had been allowed Mr. Gray to get out of hearing. Then raising his handkerchief and waving it like a banner-staff over the youngest of the boys, he settled his neck in his errant vein so deal an imitation of Mr. Gray's, that every face, with a cry, fell with a shout of applause. Smoothing his face, Abel then rose and said,

"Well, boys, I'm very sorry for to-day."

The younger scholars withdrew slowly, but Maddock, Blunding, Tom Gait, and the older scholars surrounded Abel as he stepped off the platform.

"Genius," said he, turning to Maddock, "you don't think I really meant to say you had no spunk, do you? I only said it to old Gray, at that when you've got to Latin Grammar he may have some excuse for you, you know; for a man can't be a fool in Latin any more than he can help having blue eyes or black hair. Isn't that so?"

"I don't know," replied Tom.

"Oh no, I understood you, Abel," replied Maddock, indignantly. "I'm not such a fool as little angry, and so I hold my hand."

"Of course, that's all right. And the other hand is for Gabriel Bennet, you want it? Come boys, now we'll go into the school-room and eat those peaches."

"Why, did you steal the peaches, after all?" asked Maddock.

"Steal, my violet!" cried Abel Newt, turning upon him with an air of heroic dignity, "choose thy words! Did wings transform the golden cherry Nay, 'twas a deed of high emprize. Go to! go to! But despite thy asinine incredulity, thou hast not lost a friend. Come to adorn thy soul sheepskin. Thou shalt have a ripe peach, Master Maddock!"

The sun was setting as they passed toward the school-room. The soft summer air was full of the perfume of the violet-bed in the garden fence. There was a twittering of birds somewhere—and over the golden cherry Cherry Nay, 'twas a deed of high emprize. Go to! go to! But despite thy asinine incredulity, thou hast not lost a friend. Come to adorn thy soul sheepskin. Thou shalt have a ripe peach, Master Maddock!"

The sun was setting as they passed toward the school-room. The soft summer air was full of the perfume of the violet-bed in the garden fence. There was a twittering of birds somewhere—and over the golden cherry Cherry Nay, 'twas a deed of high emprize. Go to! go to! But despite thy asinine incredulity, thou hast not lost a friend. Come to adorn thy soul sheepskin. Thou shalt have a ripe peach, Master Maddock!"

The sun was setting as they passed toward the school-room. The soft summer air was full of the perfume of the violet-bed in the garden fence. There was a twittering of birds somewhere—and over the golden cherry Cherry Nay, 'twas a deed of high emprize. Go to! go to! But despite thy asinine incredulity, thou hast not lost a friend. Come to adorn thy soul sheepskin. Thou shalt have a ripe peach, Master Maddock!"

THE WEEKLY FARMER.

☞ Many communications are unavoidably laid over from want of space.

CULTURE OF THE VINE.

THE culture of the vine is rapidly increasing in America. Eight years ago, when grape culture was comparatively in its infancy, there were upwards of eight hundred acres of vineyard in the Catalina vines too young to bear, within a circle of twenty miles around Cincinnati. Year before last we attended a meeting of the grape-growers and wine-makers of Ohio in Cincinnati, where we had the pleasure of meeting many of the most famous cultivators of this country, including French, Germans, Italians, and Americans. Notwithstanding our attention was called to the best methods of the grape in this country the importation of wines from the vine-growing countries of Europe, and of our native wines is rapidly improving. There are some made in Ohio and elsewhere equal in quality to a few of the best, and many others are very superior. The wine revenue of France, in a good season, has reached the sum of twenty-four millions. What an impromptu inspiration lurks beneath the Champagne cork! Our soil and climate are admirably adapted to the successful cultivation of the vineyard; for the wild grape may be seen in festoons on our forest trees. If we have the grape but to grow for its fruit or its wine, we hope that many of the sunny slopes of America may rear vin with the vine-cloth'd Fields of France.

We read the following letter with interest:

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

DEAR SIR,—I subscribe for the W. Y., March 19, 1859.

DEAR SIR,—In connection with many of your agricultural matters about which you write, I suppose I may ask you to be kind enough to let me know, through your columns, something of the history of the Grape Vine in this State (as the grape-vine is cultivated with success; and the wine manufactured in this city); also with reference to me—such as the kind of soil necessary, the situation, and variety suited for this climate.

Our soil is sandy loam, and makes good grass farms.

Respectfully yours, &c.

Grapes have been successfully grown in almost every part of this State. Special care of course is necessary in selecting varieties.

The soil of low lands generally abounds too much in vegetable matter and moisture for the production of the vine. They are often subject to fogs, which are detrimental to the best results, as the grape delights in a free circulation of pure air.

The wine from fruit grown on low lands is seldom as good as that from the hill-side vine-yards. Valley running east and west are also objectionable, for they are swept by cold, biting blasts. The best aspect of vineyards is the hill-top, is too much exposed to severe weather. The latter, when its soil is of a friable character, is desirable, if not too much exposed. Select a southern or southeastern aspect so that the vineyard may be protected from cold winds and be exposed to the heat and light of the sun. When sunny slopes are not available, the gentle, undulating, and high lands, are a great protection if north of the vineyard. The proper maturing of the luxurious grape is a very delicate process; it is found to

ripen fast between the summits and bases of elevated lands, thus avoiding the chill of the mountain-top, the moisture, fogs, and the excess of vegetable matter in the valleys. Before determining the extent of the vineyard, bear in mind that a dozen well-grown vines are better than a hundred bad ones, which are the inevitable result of the want of good preparation of the soil, propagation from the best cuttings, careful planting, after cultivation, training, pruning, etc.

As the quality of the fruit for wine-making depends so much on the chemical balance of the soil for the requirements of the plant, it will be seen that this feature of the subjects of superlative importance. The choicest wines can not be produced from fruit grown on soil out of balance. That peculiar and delightful aroma of the best wines is due in no small degree to the exact balance of the soil, its mechanical condition, and the advancement of its elements. In part of the same subject are lessons of the most beautiful and difficult problems in vegetable physiology and chemical science. The perfume of the flower and its charming colors are not entirely due to its natural place in the vegetable kingdom, for by transplanting into new soils it loses much of its fragrance and delicacy of its dissolving hues.

Very heavy or very light soils are objectionable; those of an intermediate mechanical condition being the best. And on which successive crops of clover have been grown, especially if plowed under, are admirably adapted to the culture of the vine. The action of the clover plant on the soil, both as regards mechanical condition, preparation of food, and elements taken from the atmosphere, were so fully spoken of in our articles on Wheat as to cause its introduction here unnecessary.

Under-draining, trenching, and good fertilization are the best preparation for a vineyard. We would ask attention to our remarks on the subject of *Trenching* in last week's column of "Gossip about Rural Affairs" in the Weekly Journal. The soil for a vineyard should be trenched in the fall, so that the frosts of winter may sweeten and mellow it, before the spring planting. And as the soil when trenching is sweetened, otherwise the "foot rests" of the vines will not have the best of food in their support. Good trenching is indispensable to great success. The roots which strike so deeply in well-prepared soil are not readily affected nor disturbed in the juries of severe drought in such as were cultivated to last should before the time of planting. Many of the best vineyards of Europe are trenched five feet deep, but the high price of labor in America prevents the most thorough preparation of the soil, especially for fruits and flowers. The subsoil of the world of the common will grope-vine contain about

10	per cent of Potash,	
5	" "	Soda,
15	" "	Phosphate of Lime,
15	" "	Lime,
15	" "	Silica.

And the best contain about

25	per cent of Lime,	
14	"	Silica.

These facts will be a guide to the requirements of the plant.

The Isabella and Catawba are the only varieties we would dare to recommend, notwithstanding that many new ones promise well, and are, therefore, claiming much attention. We will be glad to hear from our correspondents in relation to new varieties. The Isabella is much earlier than the York, and the Catawba has become quite a favorite in the West. Mr. Longworth says: "The Catawba is worth millions of dollars to Ohio; and in referring to the production of new varieties remarks: "Yet a better one may be found in our woods, or raised from seed."

Grapes are propagated by layers, buds, seed, grafting, and cuttings. Seeds are rarely to be relied on for variety of vines. Cuttings are better than layers; the roots of the latter are not so fine as those of a cutting, and there is a corresponding demand on the vine to furnish means to sustain their rapid development. When layers are separated from the mother-plant they lose activity for some time. In our "Hints for the Month" it was stated: Cuttings made in the fall, from the middle of October to the last week in November, are best kept in sand in a cool cellar, and set out in the spring, the latter having been dried by the sun and winds of winter, and are, therefore, not in condition to make root as readily as those that are plump in damp sand, free from frost, in a cellar. Cuttings should not be taken from unhealthy vines. Let them be from the wood of the previous year of early spring's growth, sound and of compact texture. Older or younger wood should not be used. The smaller the pith of the cutting the better. Let the lower joint be cut smooth, sloping toward the lower part of the cutting, the better. Many persons prefer putting cuttings out in place, at the top of the planters spot for the vine, and prefer to using grape roots, because of the check to the growth of the latter when transplanted, which especially if taken from a soil of very fertile character and removed to one not so rich or so much advanced.

Grape cuttings, when planted to form roots before putting out in their final place, should be set in the soil at an angle of about 35°, in rows eighteen inches apart, and six inches apart in the rows; about fifteen inches of the cutting to be covered with soil, one eye of each being left exposed. Cover the soil with the cuttings with leaf-deep with manner's barn. In May water freely.

At a future time, and before our correspondents will be ready to transplant, should the cutting at once not be put in their final places, we shall refer to cultivation of the vineyard, transplanting, training, trimming, skinning, mulching, summer rest, summer treatment, etc.

When all the language of inspiration be to us a fulfilled prophecy—"The Lord thy God bringeth thee into a land of wheat, and barley, and vines!"

THINGS WISE OR OTHERWISE.

A NEGRO man came to a Circuit Judge in South Missouri, and asked to be examined as a candidate for license. "What is the first thing to be done in bringing suit in this State?" asked the Judge. "Why, I reckon," said the applicant, "you must get a writ." "Right," replied the Judge; "and what sort of writ, now, perhaps," suggested the young Solon of the law. "Why, I reckon," replied the Judge, after sitting his eyes about and scratching his head in vain for some time, "the young man catched himself good." Less are far too green to aspire to practice in this State. "Now, Mr. Smith," said a lawyer to a witness, "you say you know that the first thing every morning you have to clean out, and empty where, in the field out if his client is good for the fees?"

The intelligence of the American people is beyond that of the nations in which a system of espionage has been established by the governments. There can be no doubt of it. We hear of one of the lads in the district in which a spy was employed, having been distinguished for his zeal in favor of a revision of the tariff. He was asked by his father what he was getting abroad that if he learned? He would get a thrashing if he misbehaved. The good people wouldn't stand that, and voted against it.

A few days since an Irish woman, of the "rale auld stock," came to my office, in Elmira, to send a telegraphic dispatch to her husband in Corning, eighteen miles west. She requested her husband to send her "in debt immediately." Five dollars was handed in, and the message was at Corning. "Oh, murther!" said she, "he still keeps around the house!" Upon further inquiring for something, when I interrogated her if she desired any thing else, she said: "No, plase your honor, the divil a thing." I then asked if she expected the money would go by telegraph. "Sure, and I don't know but God's what's keeping me here." I explained to her that the money would not go by God, but by the electric shock. "Oh, I see, your honor, you're after sending the money, an' ov course I thought it would pass by the Saints."

In Middlesex County, Connecticut, there resided a miller by the name of John Ingraham, whose competitor was a man named Bacon. Ingraham was a pious character, nevertheless John always expressed himself strongly, and when speaking of his rival, would say, "Why, after the news of General Taylor's brilliant victory at Resaca de la Palma, Bacon rode up and down the street all morning in as unjust and oppressive. Said he, "So she does any thing, Ingraham." "No, please your honor, she shows them Mexicans a bit for fighting our folks. I say let them get their brothers, and sisters, and cousins out there to force our folks to run, and didn't they send him back?" "Yes, John, I guess they did the business." "Well, then we envy, a Minister of State."

"I say," quoth John, "he was a minister, a Presbyterian minister, and I don't blame them for fighting; I'm a fighting man myself."

The misery of John's disinfection was too much for his self-esteem. He was genteel and "fetched up" and had a tiger."

A very good pun is in the point of the following, which a correspondent sends us:

"A few years since, soon after the revolution of 1848, a gentleman of this city was sitting, with his youngest daughter on his knee, at the breakfast table. Having been obliged to stretch his cruth, like others, to an unreasonable extent, he was reading on the 'ups and downs of life.' Fixing his head on his daughter's shoulder, he exclaimed, 'Oh, my dear boy, my dear, when you have grown up, married, and settled down, I will come and live with you, and then I shall be happy.' Looking up she gave his likely cock-eye: 'Yes, father,' she replies, 'I suppose you would be rich.' A roar of laughter from all sides of the table finished that dialogue."

"Do you love me, Mr. Smith?"

"To hold?"

"Why, what do you find yourself?"

"I never lose myself."

"Well, you have you been up?"

"Been—been absent?"

"Why, how do you feel?"

"Fast of me and sea."

"Good-evening, Mr. Smith."

"It's not a good morning—it's wet and nasty."

And the parties separated.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Saturday, April 2, 1859.*

THE operations of the week have been large in Cotton, and the business of Dry Goods and Groceries was quite extensive, business has seldom been unusually active. Money is worth 6 per cent to favor of good paper, and the months' paper has been done as low as 5; first-class accommodation paper is usually 6 days as low as 6 @ 6. On call the brokers are amply supplied at 4, though the demand is moderate. Gold is in large supply and is firm as it was. The market was overstocked with cotton on the 1st inst., and prices declined about ½ per cent for sterling. Prices were active yesterday at full rates, 5.11 @ 5.13 to the dollar.

Breadstuffs are lower. The bears control the market, and have hammered prices down without regard to the upward tendency in values. Orders from the Government and State Stocks, and the prices of these continue to improve.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Saturday, April 2, 1859.*

THE Weekly Produce Markets have been inactive and declining. An erroneous impression seems to be established, published on Thursday morning, checked buying, and the effect has been to depress the markets for breadstuffs, and we have been furnished with a copy of the Bank Statement, which we publish elsewhere on hand. The receipts for the week day-to-day down when compared with the week before, and the exports have been 1,000,000 barrels, Indian Corn, Rye, Barley, Oats, Southern, and Canadian Wheat Flour in four heads, and 1,000,000 bushels wheat, and prices are lower. Provisions have been in fair request. Pork and Lard have been freely offered, have declined materially, and not varied much. Butter and Cheese continue depressed. Cotton, however, are smoothly unchanged.

Coffee, Sugar, and Molasses are steady and unchanged. Hemp, Hops, Tobacco, Seeds, Oils, Naval Stores, and Leather have attracted considerable attention. Hops, Tobacco, Seeds, Oils, and Naval Stores have been lightly dealt in. The Dry Goods Trade exhibits no important change. The demand is somewhat brisker, but is not considered active. Stocks continue moderate for the season especially of really desirable fabrics. The assortment, however, is good. Prices exhibit no very remarkable alterations. The settlements have been quite busy. The value of the stocks reports of Dry Goods entered for consumption in the week ending March 31st, 1859, are $1,000,000, and the amount have been $2,951,779 against $15,584,141 same week last year. The imports in other commodities have been quite liberal, especially of merchandise. ... We append a revised list of the ruling quotations for the leading articles:

Unmixed State Flour, per bbl.	$4 90	@ $5 15
Superfine to extra State, per barrel	5 25	@ 6 75
Superfine to fancy Western, per barrel	5 30	@ 6 90
Extra Western, per barrel	6 25	@ 8 75
Fancy to extra Genesee, per barrel	6 75	@ 9 00
Extra Canadian, per barrel	6 50	@ 7 00
Mixed to Extra Southern, per barrel	5 10	@ 8 00
Fine to Superfine Rye Flour, per bbl.	3 10	@ 4 00
Corn Meal, per barrel	3 75	@ 4 00
White to Inferior, per bushel	1 40	@ 1 60
Yellow to Inferior, per bushel	1 5	@ 1 62
Mixed Western, per bushel	1 42	@ 1 45
New Corn, per bushel	1	@ 1
Rye, per bushel	1	@ 1
Barley, per bushel	63	@ 80
Western Oats, per bushel	50	@ 52
State Oats, per bushel	50	@ 55
Canada and Canada, Oats, per bushel	50	@ 55
Southern Oats, per bushel	49	@ 50
Prime, mixed and yellow Pork, per barrel	17 50	@ 18 00
Mess Pork, per barrel	17 50	@ 18 00
Prime Mess Pork, per barrel	15	@ 15 50
Country Mess Beef, per barrel	6 75	@ 7 00
City Mess Beef, per barrel	6	@ 7
Lard, per pound	11	@ 12
State Butter, per pound	12	@ 25
Ohio Butter, per pound	12	@ 20
Cheese, per pound	7	@ 12
Ham, per 100 pounds	8 50	@ 10
Rio Coffee, per pound	10½	@ 12½
Laguayra Coffee, per pound	11	@ 13
Cuba Molasses, per gallon	22	@ 32
New Orleans Molasses, per gallon	28	@ 35
New Orleans Molasses, per gallon	33	@ 40
Cuba Sugar, per pound	6½	@ 7
Oolong Teas, per pound	30	@ 37
Young Hyson Teas, per pound	30	@ 37
Hyson Teas, per pound	30	@ 37
Hops, per pound, 1857	7½	@ 8
Hops, per pound, 1858	8	@ 9
Tallow, per pound	10½	@ 10
Crude Turpentine, per 220 pounds	3 75	@ 4 00
Spirits Turpentine, per gallon	52	@ 53
Tar, per barrel	3 25	@ 3 50
Common Rosin, per 310 pounds	1 60	@ 1 65
Strained Rosin, per barrel	2	@ 2
Kentucky Tobacco, per pound	9½	@ 12
Seed Tobacco, per pound	10	@ 12
American Leaves Tobacco, per pound	6½	@ 9
Cuba Tobacco, per pound	60	@ 75
Java Yellow Sandal Wood, per pound	2½	@ 3
Refined Ingot Copper, per pound	23½	@ 24
Pig Green Island Tin, per pound	23	@ 24
Dry Codfish, per hundred weight	3 50	@ 4 00
Large No. 1 Mackerel, per barrel	15 50	@ 16 00
Pickled Herring, per barrel	3 75	@ 4 00
Smoked Herring, per box	10	@ 12
Am. Hemp, undressed, per ton	150 00	@ 165 00
Russia Hemp, undressed, per ton	170 00	@ 180 00
Clover Seed, per pound	8½	@ 9
Timothy Seed, per bushel	3 25	@ 3 37

Stocks of several Articles in New York about April 1.

	1858.	1859.
Coffee, packages	30,393	59,154
Cotton, bales	42,191	87,425
Sugar, hogsheads	5,164	16,751
Wheat Flour, barrels	20,000	50,000
Wheat, bushels	219,780	1,000,000
Leather, hides, sides	25,000	25,000
Molasses, hogsheads	1,000	10,124
Saltpetre, bags	3,511	6,000
Pork, barrels	29,843	31,773
Lard, packages and barrels	10,194	26,622
Rice, tierces	19,414	9,665
Spirits Turpentine	17,024	21,249
Sugars, bags	15,000	1,000
Tobacco, hhds.	1,000	10,144
Tobacco, Cronje, hogsheads	2,747	8,212
Tobacco, bales	1,000	1,000

The Live Stock Markets last Wednesday were less active, and prices lower, which continued to fall off. Cows were plenty and quiet. ... Veal Calves, Sheep and Lambs, and Swine were in fair supply, and sold at full rates at the City Markets during each of the last two weeks compare thus:

	Week ending March 26	Week ending April 2
Beeves	1,150	1,025
Milch Cows	50	50
Veal Calves	318	854
Sheep and Lambs	5,500	6,000
Swine	4,225	8,134

The range of prices according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday are as follows:

Prime to Premium Beeves, per pound	$ 8	@ $ 10
Common to ord. Milch Cows, per head	30	@ 45
Veal Calves, per pound	8	@ 9
Sheep and Lambs, per head	5 50	@ 9 00
" per pound	7	@ 10
Live Swine, per pound	7½	@ 8½
Dressed "	11	@ 11
Fat Hogs, each	3 50	@ 6 00

The County Produce Markets have been somewhat brisker. Eggs continue to decline under the pressure of large receipts.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY BRUNDAGE WITTEMAN MARKET.

Apples, new, per barrel	$2 00	@ $ 3 00
Apples, dried, per pound	7	@ 10
Dried Peaches, peeled, per pound	14	@ 16
Dried Peaches, unpeeled	7	@ 10
Potatoes, per barrel	1 00	@ 1 00
Potatoes, sweet, per barrel	1 00	@ 1 00
Onions, per barrel	1 00	@ 1 00
Cranberries, per bushel	1 00	@ 1 25
Parsnips, per bushel	50	@ 75
Beets, per barrel	75	@ 1 00
Carrots, per barrel	75	@ 1 00
Cabbage, per 100	3 00	@ 4 00
Cucumbers, per barrel	1 00	@ 1 00
Celery, bable, per dozen bunches	75	@ 1 00
Celery, dry, per dozen bunches	75	@ 1 00
Garlic, per 100 bunches	4 50	@ 5 00
Green Corn, per hundred	1 00	@ 1 50
Green Peas, per bushel	2 00	@ 3 00
Eggs, fresh, per dozen	11	@ 12
Chickens, per pound	11	@ 14
Ducks, per pound	11	@ 14
Geese, per pound	11	@ 14
Turkeys, per pound	13	@ 16
Ducks, per couple	50	@ 75
" block, per pair	50	@ 62½
" wildgeese, per pair	75	@ 1 00
" canvas back, per pair	1 75	@ 2 00
" redheads, per pair	1 50	@ 1 75
" redheads, per pair	62	@ 87
Pigeons, per dozen	1 25	@ 1 50
Partridge, per pair	75	@ 1 00
Quails, per dozen	1 50	@ 2 00

ADVERTISEMENTS.

From the Evening Post, New York.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES are highly recommended for public speakers and singers, for the relief of colds and to clear the voice. Their efficacy is strongly attested by congressmen, clergymen and actors, and singers who use them. Among the certificates to their merits in alleviating hoarseness, we observe a letter from Henry Ward Beecher.

For sale by all druggists in foreign countries.

GREAT CURIOSITY.—Particulars free. Agents wanted. SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Maine.

MESSRS. TICKNOR & FIELDS, Boston, announce the following Books in Press. Many of them are nearly ready, and will be published immediately:—

1. To CUBA AND BACK, A VACATION VOYAGE, by J. H. DANA, JR., Author of "TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST." 1 vol. 16mo.

2. A NEW VOLUME by TENNYSON. 1 vol. 16mo.

3. OWEN MEREDITH'S COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS. Blue and Gold. 1 vol. 16mo.

4. THE ANDAMAN, AND OTHER PAPERS. A new Volume by DR. QUINCEY. 1 vol. 16mo. 75 cents. Now ready.

5. REMINISCENCES OF GEOFFREY HAMLYN. A Novel. 1 vol. 16mo.

6. THE MOUNT KING, AND OTHER POEMS. A new Volume by ALICE CARY. 1 vol. 16mo.

7. PECULIAR POEMS, complete in two Volumes. Blue and Gold. 2 vols. 16mo.

8. STUDIES AND STORIES, by MRS. JAMESON. Rich and Gold. 1 vol.

9. MEMOIRS OF THE ITALIAN PAINTERS, by MRS. JAMESON. Blue and Gold. 1 vol.

10. MOTHERWELL'S POEMS, complete. Blue and Gold. 1 vol. 12 mo. Now ready.

11. A MEMOIR OF CHIEF JUSTICE THEOPHILUS PARSONS, WITH NOTICES OF SOME OF HIS CONTEMPORARIES, by his Son THEOPHILUS PARSONS. 1 vol. 12mo.

12. GUESSES AT TRUTH. From the fourth London edition. 1 vol. 16mo.

13. DANTE'S INFERNO. Translated by T. W. PARSONS. 1 vol. 16mo.

14. New Volume by Capt. MAYNE REID. 1 vol. 16mo.

15. Fourth Volume of ROBERTSON'S SERMONS. 1 vol. 12mo.

16. REV. E. W. ROBERTSON'S LECTURES ON HISTORICAL SUBJECTS AND PICTURES. 1 vol. 12mo.

17. ROBERT DENIS, AND OTHER POEMS, by CHRISTOPHER MASSEY. 1 vol. 16mo.

18. THE LIFE AND TIMES OF ARNOLD OF BRESCIA. A new Edition. 2 vols. 16mo.

19. GOETHE'S CORRESPONDENCE WITH A CHILD. (BETTINE.) 2 vols.

20. NEW EDITION OF CHARLES KINGSLEY'S SIR WALTER RALEIGH. 1 vol. 16mo. Now ready.

21. NEW Edition of the LIFE OF GEORGE STEPHENSON. $1 00. Now ready.

22. NEW EDITION of LORD DUFFERIN'S YACHT VOYAGE. $1 00. Now ready.

23. WRITINGS OF HON. FREDERICK D. MAURICE.

24. CLARENDON'S LIFE OF WALTER SCOTT, uniform with the "HOUSEHOLD WAVERLEY."

The Trade are invited to send in their Orders for the above new Works.

TICKNOR & FIELDS'S publications sent by mail, free of postage, on receipt of price.

The Usual Result.

GREEN ISLAND, N. Y., March 6, 1858.

MR. W. E. BARRY: I have used your Hair *Restorative* with excellent effect. It fully restored my hair, which was falling away, to its natural color, and checked it very much. My wife has also used it, and it has restored her hair, giving it new life and vitality.

J. T. GOODRICH.

Remember that this result was produced by HENRY STERE'S *Inimitable, the original and only reliable* Hair Restorative.

Price 50 cents a bottle. Sold everywhere.

W. E. HAGAN & CO., Proprietors, Troy, N. Y.

A CARD.

To MILLINERS and the LADIES generally.

Please examine our new Stock of

First-class RIBBONS,

First-class DRESS TRIMMINGS,

First-class LACES and EDGINGS,

First-class EMBROIDERIES.

MITCHELL & McLINTOCK,

No. 259 BROADWAY,

A few doors below Houston Street.

EXHIBITION OF AMERICAN MANUFACTURED INDUSTRIES, at the South Western Block, No. 29 Park Street, Boston, containing a number of every description on hand, and for sale at the lowest prices. A Silver Medal was awarded from the Mechanics' Institute, in 1849, for superior Brushes.

HENRY K. HOPPEL.

ELLIOT & PATTEN—Examine Invention and procure American and Foreign Patents at the COMPANY OFFICE 111 BROADWAY.

MARINE AND INLAND INSURANCE Assets $660,000.

This Company continues to do an exclusive marine and inland business, and has returned to its dealers, out of the profits of the year 1858, a dividend of 40 per cent. The Company has also a large surplus of outstanding scrips and has redeemed the Certificates of the issue of 1858.

ALFRED EDWARDS, President.

WILLIAM LUCONEY, Vice President.

BENJAMIN A. OSBORNDON, Secretary.

SANDS' SARSAPARILLA, THE GREAT AMERICAN REMEDY For Purifying the Blood.

At the only genuine Depot, Fulton Ferry. For sale by A. B. & D. SANDS, 141 William Street, N. Y.

DEAD SHOT

A DEAD SHOT for Bed Bugs.

SLEEP IN PEACE.

The most convenient as well as the surest of any thing ever known. Sold by druggists. Also all those destroyers of our nightly rest. Sold by HENRY K. HOPPEL, 48 Cedar Street. BERGEN & RODBINS, Wholesale Agents, 91 Fulton street.

APRIL.

Again as Spring, with radiant wing,
To greet the greening earth advances,
Our April sky, like Lotta's eye,
In mingled tears and brighter glances.
One sunny hour, and then a shower,
A glow of heat, and next a chill;
To-day the rose buds peep and blows;
To-morrow ice is in the rivet.

Through branching roots the spring life shoots,
The sap is swelling leaf and blossom;
In summer flood but nourishing blood
Now leaps through every human bosom.
Poor Austin's eye, though still and dry,
Yet glistens with a tenderer meaning,
And though to cry or sob are joy,
We see her heart is toward us leaning.

O Month of Change! in all the range
Of seasons gayest and most sainted
We give adieu beyond all price—
A maiden worthy of Adam Cuthbert!
Let all who'd bear thy varied air,
In sudden calm, the heat that smothers,
Just see and try, next choose and buy,
The new spring clothing of SMITH BROTHERS.

"Twin Temples of Fashion."

SMITH BROTHERS,

The Marble Stores,

122, 138, and 140

Fulton Street,

Between Broadway & William St.,

THOMAS SMITH, Jr.,
ROBERT L. SMITH,
J. SMITH RICE. } NEW YORK.

ONE PRICE—NO DEVIATION.

The Price is marked on all the Goods in Plain Figures.

All Freights Forwarded with the Greatest Speed.

BY THE

AMERICAN EXPRESS CO.'S

LIGHTNING RUN.

Trains leave our Hudson Street Depot at 6.45 and 11.15 A.M.; 2.15, 4.30, and 8.10 P.M.

Freights forwarded on express Passenger trains, and to not one car of wood or hay.

The regular time by the Fast Line is

To Chicago . . 48 40 hours | To Dayton . . . 30 30 hour
" Cincinnati " 36 " | " St. Louis . " 24 days
" Cleveland " 34 " | " Louisville . " 36 "
" Columbus " 32 " | " Indianapolis 38 54 hours

and OTHER WESTERN TOWNS in like good time.

Goods for points on Mississippi and Arkansas Rivers, Kansas, &c., will save time by taking our line.

Rates positively as low as any responsible Company.

WELLS, BUTTERFIELD & CO.,
64 Broadway and 61 Hudson St.

The most beautifully Illustrated Scientific Works ever published in America.

Casain's Mammalogy and Ornithology of the United States Exploring Expedition.

Under Commodore Wilkes. One Volume, 4to. With a Folio Atlas of OVER FIFTY COLORED STEEL ENGRAVINGS. Uniform with the previous publications of JOHN CASSIN, Member of the Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia.

Girard's Herpetology of the United States Exploring Expedition.

One Volume, 4to. With a Folio Atlas of OVER THIRTY ELEGANT ENGRAVINGS COLORED FROM NATURE, executed under the superintendence of Dr. CHARLES GIRARD, of the Smithsonian Institution. Price, $20.

☞ Only 150 Copies of the above works will be published for both the American and European market.

American Numismatical Manual

Of the Currency or Money of the Aborigines, and Colonial, State, and National Issues of America. With Historical and Descriptive Notices of each Coin or Series. By M. H. DICKEMAN, M.D., Member of the Academy of Natural Sciences, &c., &c. One Volume, Quarto. Illustrated with 12 plates of over 300 Facsimiles. Price, $2.

The Mammalia of North America,

Including Descriptions of ALL THE KNOWN SPECIES, chiefly contained in *The Museum of the Smithsonian Institution*. With 155 FINE PORTRAITS, illustrating the Genera and Species, with details of their external form and anatomy. By Prof. SPENCER F. BAIRD, of the Smithsonian Institution. (In Press, and will be ready in a few days.)

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., Publishers,
Philadelphia.

New York Purchasing Agency.

W. M. LAFFLEY, No. 25 Nassau Street.

Procures drafting of any description for all the New York or any articles, large or small, of one or luxury, from a Book to a Steam Engine. Attends to Custom House and their orders filled promptly, and goods sent as directed, at 5 per cent. commission charge. Refers to G. L. Sampson, Esq., Cashier Long Island Bank, Messrs. John Jaudon, Son, Brother, Hamilton, Plympton & Co., New York; J. D. Dickerson & Co., New Orleans.

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES.

The NEW FAMILY SEWING MACHINES at $50 and $70 are astonishing universal favorites. In all essential good qualities they are much the best Machines ever offered at a low price.

I. M. SINGER & CO., No. 458 Broadway.

SPRING FANCY GOODS.

L. J. LEVY & CO.,

Nos. 320 and 311 Chestnut Street,

Adjoining Bailey & Co.'s,

PHILADELPHIA,

Are now opening a large and very choice assortment of

NEW GOODS FOR SPRING,

Selected for the most part in Paris and Lyons for their RETAIL SALES from the choicest productions of the looms of FRANCE.

They invite the inspection of **Wholesale** as well as **Retail** customers to the most beautiful assortments for its extent of new fabrics for

LADIES' SPRING DRESSES

which can be found in this country.

In all the newest styles and DRY GOODS, such as INDIA CASHMERE SHAWLS,
CHOICE SPRING AND SUMMER SILKS,
PARIS PRINTED FOULARDS,
SUPERB ORGANDIE and BAREGE ROBES,
NEW SPRING and SUMMER SHAWLS,

their assortments are continually being increased by the arrivals of the Steamers from Europe.

PHILADELPHIA, *February*, 1859.

JAMES E. CALDWELL & CO.,

822 Chestnut Street,

Opposite Girard House,

Philadelphia.

Fine Watches,
Rich Jewelry,
Silver Ware, Sterling,
and
Choice Plated Goods,

Chiefly of our own importation and manufacture.

Strangers visiting the city are invited to visit our establishment.

Grover & Baker's

Celebrated

FAMILY SEWING MACHINES.

New Styles, Prices from $50 to $125.

Hemmers, $5 extra.

Offices of Exhibition and sale:—
495 Broadway, New York.
18 Summer Street, Boston.
730 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.
181 Baltimore Street, Baltimore.
58 West Fourth Street, Cincinnati.

Agencies in all the principal Cities and Towns in the United States.

☞ Send for a Circular. ☜

FRED. S. COZZENS,

WINE MERCHANT,

Offers for sale Foreign Wines of the finest qualities of his own importation, viz.:

RARE OLD MADEIRAS,
SPARKLING AND STILL CATAWBA, AND ISABELLA WINES,
from N. Longworth, Cincinnati, Ohio.
72 WARREN STREET,
(Opposite Hudson River Railroad Depot, New York.)

PICTURES FOR GRECIAN AND ANTIQUE PAINTING.

ARE ONLY PUBLISHED by
J. E. TILTON & CO.,
161 Washington Street, Boston.

Who forward them, post paid (with full and special directions), to any address in any address. Send for a list and other information gratis.

Dealers and Agents supplied.

PIANO FORTES, MELODEONS, AND HARMONUMS of first-class makers at the lowest terms.
J. M. PEIRCE,
341 and 343 Broadway, N. Y.

French, French, French!

LA FLEUR DE LIS,
THE FRENCH MONTHLY MAGAZINE
For Schools and all who read the language.
Price $2 per annum.
A SPECIAL AGENT WANTED IN EVERY CITY, TOWN, AND VILLAGE, to receive 15 cents.
H. H. LLOYD & CO., 17 Appletons' Building, 348 Broadway, N. Y.

AMERICAN GUANO.—To Farmers and Dealers in Guano.—The Chincha, from Jarvis Island, is the best guano ever imported. It is a mixture of feathers and bodies of fishes, and the most valuable fertilizer known. Orders for the genuine article will be promptly executed. Pamphlets containing full information and particulars, address for

President of the American Guano Company,
No. 2 Wall Street, New York.

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES.

The immense increase in the demand for these admirable Machines—it has trebled within four months—indicates the reviving prosperity of the country. The prices of our Machines have been greatly reduced.

I. M. SINGER & CO., No. 458 Broadway.

"THAT STANDARD MEDICINAL ARTICLE, the *Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam*, prepared by well-educated Physicians, and called by the Author a *Cure*, of this city, is, we have good authority for stating, entirely Compounded, *ever since* it has been offered to the public. *It has stood the test of all tests, time*, and has sustained its reputation for more than TWENTY YEARS.

Physicians of the highest respectability prescribe it, and Clergymen of Families speak of it as found a standard family medicine.—Boston Journal.

Inquire for the genuine. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

"VEGETABLE PULMONARY BALSAM."

Prepared only by HALLETT, CUTLER & CO., Druggists, Boston. Price, large, $1; small, 50 cents.

BARNES & PARK, Agents, New York.

Will soon be Published:

From Wall Street to Cashmere.

A JOURNAL OF FIVE YEARS IN ASIA, AFRICA, AND EUROPE.

COMPRISING

Visits during 1853, '4, '5, '6, and '7, to the Desertes, Iron Mines, Plains of Troy, the "Seven Churches," Palmyra, Jerusalem, Petra, Mount Sinai, Bombay, Scringapatam, and Delhi.

WITH ALL THE SCENES OF THE RECENT MUTINIES.

CASHMERE

Peshawur, and the Khyber Pass to Afghanistan, Ava, Ceylon, and the Mauritius.

Nearly 100 full page Illustrations.

BY JOHN B. IRELAND, Esq.

A POPULAR

TREATISE ON GEMS,

IN REFERENCE TO THEIR

SCIENTIFIC VALUE;

A GUIDE FOR THE TRACING OF NATURAL SUBJECTS,

THE

LAPIDARY, JEWELER, AND AMATEUR:

Together with a

Description of the Localities of Mineralogy, and all ornamental and Architectural Materials.

With Elegant Illustrations.

BY

DR. L. FEUCHTWANGER,

Chemist and Mineralogist, Member of the New York Lyceum of Nat. Hist., American Assoc. of Science, of the Philadelphia Societies of Jesus, Allenborg, &c.

The subscribers, having newly fitted the store No. 79 Park Row, are now prepared to offer the trade and buyers generally, a large, fresh, and well-selected stock of School, Classical, Theological, Medical, Standard, and Miscellaneous Books and Stationery. Blank Books of every kind and quality, Letter and Cap Papers in large variety, English and American Staple Stationery, &c., &c.

Every inducement, as far as regards prices, styles, qualities, and assortment, will be offered to first-class buyers, either for cash or credit.

S. A. ROLLO & CO.,

Publishers, Booksellers, and Stationers,

No. 29 PARK ROW,

(opposite the Astor House)

NEW YORK.

SEWING MACHINES.—All persons who have been induced to buy SEWING MACHINES which will not perform the work that purchasers expected them to do, are informed that GROVER & BAKER'S machines never fail to do any kind of work. No one is ever disappointed in these machines.

I. M. SINGER & CO.,
No. 458 Broadway.

PHELAN'S IMPROVED BILLIARD TABLES,

COMBINATION CUSHIONS,

PATENTED FEB. 19, 1856; OCT. 28, 1856; DEC. 9, 1857; JAN. 19, 1858.

NOVEMBER 24, 1858.

For sale only by the manufacturers,
JOHNSON & COLLENDER, 51 and 53 Ann Street, And the patentee,
• MICHAEL PHELAN,
762 and 764 Broadway, New York.

MOUNT PLEASANT INSTITUTE.—A select Boarding School for Boys, at Sing Sing.
H. C. NASH, A.M., Principal.

A NEW WORK ON THE HEART.

Just Published,

Of No. 714 Broadway, New York,

(Author of "Lectures on the Causes and Cure of Consumption," "Health, its Aids and Hindrances," &c.)

DISEASES OF THE HEART, APOPLEXY, DYSPEPSIA,

and other Chronic Diseases, with proofs of their curability.

ALSO,

PREVENTING DISEASE AND PRESERVING HEALTH;

(especially after forty), to one hundred years.

This is a work for the million. It is addressed to all who are suffering with any of the diseases on which it treats, or who wish to avoid them. The author proves clearly and conclusively that Heart Disease, Apoplexy, Dyspepsia, &c., may be both prevented and cured, and also tells how. It is written in a plain, popular style, and designed for the general reader.

It is a volume of 117 octavo pages, handsomely bound in muslin, with the fine steel portrait. Price at the office, 25 cents; sent by mail, 56 cents. It will be sent by mail, post paid, to any one sending for it, and then the price (56 cents) may be remitted in postage stamps, or in a letter. Address, DR. TRALL, as above.

If not received in a few days, write again. A liberal discount made to dealers. Apply, giving address first, to S. S. FITCH & Co., No. 714 Broadway, New York.

Select Family School for Boys

AT

SOUTH WILLIAMSTOWN, BERKSHIRE COUNTY, MASS.

(ESTABLISHED IN 1842.)

Summer term of twenty-two weeks will commence Wednesday, May 4th.

The location is healthful and pleasant.

Number of pupils limited to thirty.

For Circulars address the Principal,

BENJ. F. MILLS.

March, 1859.

A. WINCH,

Chestnut Street, near Third,

Philadelphia,

Keeps constantly on hand a full supply of "Harper's Magazine" and "Harper's Weekly."

PANSBRON'S A B C OF MUSIC, or progressive Lessons in the Rudiments of Music and Solfeggi. The very best book of Elementary Instruction ever published. In cloth, price $1.00.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston.

HARPER & BROTHERS,

Franklin Square, N. Y.,

Have just Published:

THE LIFE OF NORTH AMERICAN INSECTS. By J. ADAMS HAVEN, Professor of Zoology and Botany in the College of New Jersey. Assisted by H. C. FREEMAN, M.D. With Illustrations. With Microscopic views in the Cabinet of the Author. 12mo, Muslin, $1.00.

MORE ABOUT JESUS. By the Author of "Reading without Tears," "Step of Life," &c. &c. Beautifully Illustrated. 16mo, Muslin, 60 cents.

THE ROMANCE AND ITS HERO. By the Author of "Magdalen Bathurst." 12mo, Muslin, $1.00.

THE AMERICAN HOME GARDEN. Being Principles and Rules for the Culture of Vegetables, Fruits, Flowers, and Shrubbery. To which are added brief Notes on FARM CROPS, with a Table of their Average Products, and Manurial Combinations. By ALEXANDER WATSON. With several Hundred Illustrations. 12mo, Muslin, $1.50.

ADAM BEDE. A Novel. By GEORGE ELIOT, Author of "Scenes of Clerical Life." 12mo, Muslin, $1.00.

ELLIS'S MADAGASCAR. Three Visits to Madagascar, during the years 1853—1854—1856. Including a Journey to the Capital, with Notice of the Natural History of the Country and of the present Civilization of the People. By the Rev. WILLIAM ELLIS, F.R.S., Author of "Polynesian Researches." Illustrated by a Map and Numerous Fine Engravings, &c. 8vo, Muslin, $2.50. (*Condensed and unconditional.*)

THE OLD PLANTATION, and What I Gathered There in an Autumn Month. By JAMES HUNDLEY, of Maryland. 12mo, Muslin, $1.00.

FARKWEI; or, The Sea Jackals in the Seas of India, China, and Japan. By WILLIAM MAXWELL WOOD, M.D., U.S.N., late Surgeon of the Fleet in the United States East India Squadron, Author of "Wanderings Sketches in South America, Polynesia, &c. &c. &c. 12mo, Muslin, $1.25.

THE MARINER'S MANUAL. A Scottish Story. By the Author of "Margaret Maitland," "The Days of My Life," &c. 18mo, Muslin, 60 cents.

LA PLATA: The Argentine Confederation, and Paraguay. Being a Narrative of the Exploration of the River La Plata and Tributaries, undertaken during the Years 1853, '54, '55, and '56, under the orders of the United States Government. By THOMAS J. PAGE, U.S.N., Commander of the Expedition. With Map and numerous Engravings. 8vo, Muslin, $2.00.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS will send any of the above Works by Mail, post-paid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.

EXPERIENCED AGENTS WANTED IN all parts of the country to obtain Subscribers for "LOSSING'S POPULAR FIELD-BOOK OF THE REVOLUTION," in Two Volumes Royal Octavo, containing Eleven Hundred Pages and Numerous Illustrations. This work will be sold exclusively by Agents, to whom liberal and Digested Terms will be made. Inducements offered. Applicants should name the County or Counties for which they desire to act. Address WOOD, ELLIOTT, LOSSING & HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

☞ Every Number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE contains a Table of Contents for the next ensuing number of that publication, so that subscribers may know what they are receiving.

HARPER'S

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

The Publishers believe that the Seventeen Volumes of HARPER'S MAGAZINE now issued contain a larger amount of valuable and attractive reading than will be found in any other publication of the day.

At no period since the commencement of the work has it been more ably conducted, or been more sought and valued; and the Publishers intend that the Number for the Periodical for the past as the best guarantee for its future claims upon the patronage of the American public.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year $3 00
Two Copies for One Year 5 00
Three or more Copies for One Year (each) . 2 00
And an Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of FIVE SUBSCRIBERS.
HARPER'S WEEKLY and HARPER'S MAGAZINE, together, one Year, $5.00.

The Volumes from "HARPER'S MAGAZINE" must be paid at the Office where it is received. The Postage is Twenty-four Cents a Year.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A FIRST-CLASS ILLUSTRATED PAPER.

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST

FAMILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD.

FIVE CENTS A NUMBER; $2 00 A YEAR.

(From the N. Y. Evening Post, Jan. 13, 1858.)

HARPER'S WEEKLY.—The fifty numbers of this attractive and entertaining publication, issued during the year 1857, have been completed, and the volume is now before us. It contains, in addition to a large amount of carefully-prepared and reliable news, and the value of the contents of the Editorial Department, a full and interesting history of the year—there are many dissertations on the leading topics of the day, which are generally sound and temperate, however, but profoundly instructive of the Loungers—and there are pleasant and stirring stories of domestic history, &c.—there are the records of jokes, new and old—there are poems, and there are pictures, and copies or representations of contemporary men and things, of fellies and fashions, of the progress of the arts, and of the progress of events, and of the world's doings, all of which are executed within a single volume, and to be had for the trifling sum of two dollars. Indeed, we know not of the like among the cheap literature of the day, and we do not wonder that, in this country, in all parts of the land, the publishers of HARPER'S WEEKLY are receiving the names of subscribers, moreover, may be interested by it—the old and the young, the young and gay; the men of business, the child and the woman.

TERMS OF HARPER'S WEEKLY.

One Copy for One Year $1 00
One Copy for One Year 2 50
Two Copies for One Year 3 00
Five Copies for One Year 7 50
Twelve Copies for One Year 15 00
Twenty-five Copies for One Year 30 00

An Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of TWENTY-FIVE SUBSCRIBERS.

TERMS FOR ADVERTISING.—*Fifty Cents a Line.*

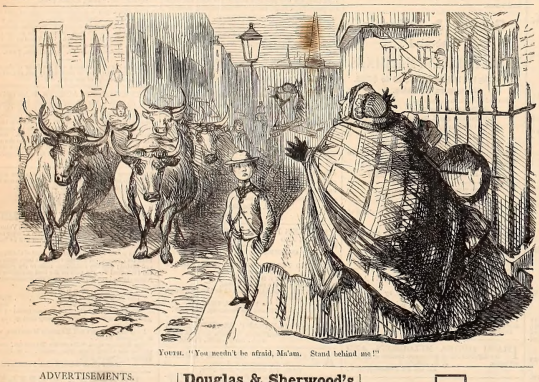
A Liberal Discount will be made to those wishing to Advertise for a Month or Quarter.

Persons living in the City of New York will be supplied with HARPER'S WEEKLY by Carriers, for Three Cents a Number, payable to the Carrier when delivered, to the Office of Publication.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
Franklin Square, New York.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

NEWLY MARRIED DAUGHTER (*about Husband's Account to be off mag flasp, decidedly limited*). "And see here, Papa dear, we are getting on so beautifully with our Furnishing! We bought these Lovely Gold and Silver Indian Elephants at a Sale the other Day, and only gave Two Hundred Dollars for them, wasn't it cheap? We only want a little Cracked China to make the Room quite comfortable!"



YOUTH. "You needn't be afraid, Ma'am. Stand behind me!"

ADVERTISEMENTS.

P. P. P.

PARK'S PRICKLY PLASTERS.

They wash pain; they protect the chest; they extract the coagulated impurities and corrosive from the system; they impart strength: they are divided in sections, and yield to the motion of the body; they are porous, all impure excretions pass off, and they can not become offensive, hence, are freely worn four times longer than any other plaster, and are cheaper at 25 cents than others at 10. *Where these Plasters are, pain can not exist.* Weak persons, public speakers, delicate females, or any afflicted with the chest, or back pains, should try them. You will find them what we say they are. They are a new feature in the science of medicine. All Druggists have them. Take no other. Each Plaster bears a Medallion Stamp and our Signature.

BARNES & PARK, 13 and 15 Park Row, N. Y.
JOHN D. PARK, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Premature Loss of the Hair, which is so common now-a-days, may be entirely prevented by the use of

Burnett's Cocoaine.

It has been used in thousands of cases where the hair was coming out in handfuls, and has never failed to arrest its decay, and to promote a healthy and vigorous growth.

Burnett's Cocoaine

is, at the same time, unrivaled as a dressing for the hair. A single application will render it soft and glossy for several days.

It costs fifty cents for a half pint bottle.

TUCKER'S NURSERY FOR FLOWERS, FEATHERS, COFFURES, and BRIDAL SETS, at 361 Broadway, 2 doors from Franklin Street.

Douglas & Sherwood's
PATENT
Tournure Corset.

This article combines in one garment a CORSET of SUPERIOR SHAPE and FINISH, and a BUSTLE of PERFECT MODEL, insuring free and healthful action to the lungs and comfortable support to the spine. It is highly recommended by all who have seen it (among whom are several medical members of the Medical Faculty) to be *the only Corset* that has no objection, either artistic or physiological. No lady can well do without it.

D. & S. still manufactures their

Expansion Skirt,

so well known for its durability.
Also, their celebrated

Matinee Skirt,

together with ever Seventy other different Styles, the latest of which are

The Palmetto
AND THE
New Skeleton Skirt,

Containing 15, 17, 20 and 25 hoops, made of the SUPERIOR QUALITY OF STEEL which *has always characterized their Skirts.*

All articles of their manufacture are for sale at the principal stores in the United States and Canada.

☞ SEE THAT THE STAMP OF DOUGLAS & SHERWOOD IS UPON THEM.

STATEN ISLAND
Fancy Dyeing Establishment.

Barrett Nephews & Co.,
Office, 5 and 7 John Street.
(3 doors from Broadway),
New York.

PHALON & SON'S
COCOINE
For Dressing and Preserving the Hair.
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
Price 25 and 50 Cents per Bottle.

THE NEW BOOKS.

THE CULPRIT FAY. By Drake. 50 cents.
BUCKLAND'S CURIOSITIES. $1 75.
MILES STANDISH. Illustrated. $6 00.
AFTERNOON OF UNMARRIED LIFE. $1 00.
TWO WAYS TO WEALTHOCK. A Novel. $1 00.
ERIC. A new School Tale. $1 00.
SOUTHWOLD. A new Novel. $1 00.
BABIE BELL, and other Poems, by Aldrich. 75 cents.
ETHEL'S LOVE LIFE. A Novel. $1 00.
, Sold everywhere, and sent by mail, *postage free*, on receipt of price, by
RUDD & CARLETON, Publishers,
130 Grand Street (near Broadway), N. Y.

GOING TO THE BALL—THE FINISHING TOUCH.

PATENT.

THE
India Rubber Pen
IS A NEW WRITING INSTRUMENT
MANUFACTURED UNDER
Goodyear's Patent
BY THE
INDIA RUBBER PEN COMPANY,
57 Liberty Street,
New York,
AND IS FOR SALE BY
Booksellers and Stationers generally.

These Pens are particularly adapted to the wants of professional men, and especially to all those who desire to write with rapidity, clearness, and ease. They possess all the good qualities of the quill without any of its evils.

On the receipt of three dollars, a gross of these pens will be mailed (post-paid) to *any* address in the United States.

Address INDIA RUBBER PEN CO.,
57 Liberty Street, New York.

F.Y.S.

BALLOU'S FRENCH YOKE SHIRT EMPORIUM,
409 Broadway,
Premium Shirt Manufacturers.
Shirts made to order from Scientific Measures, of the best materials, sewed by hand, and warranted to fit, at less than the usual prices.
BALLOU BROTHERS, 409 Broadway, N. Y.

J. RUSSELL SPALDING'S
ROSEMARY
is the best dressing for the hair known.
The Rosemary will restore hair to bald heads.
The Rosemary will remove dandruff.
The Rosemary is the best thing for children's hair.
The Rosemary has not been and can not be excelled for the toilet. It will make a thick, healthy scalp and beautiful hair.
The Proprietor can furnish proof to sustain the assertions above. Those will not admit the voluntary certificates from persons who have used it with success. If you are not satisfied, *try it.*
Every bottle, genuine, has the signature of the sole Proprietor, *J. Russell Spalding*, 57 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.
Sold by Dealers generally.

A NEW BOOK BY MACAULAY.
PUBLISHED THIS DAY.
THE LIFE OF PITT.
BY
MACAULAY.
Price 50 cents.
Being the Sixth Volume of the Household Library.

DELISSER & PROCTOR,
568 Broadway.
☞ Sent by mail, pre-paid, on receipt of price.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. III.—No. 120.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1859. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

ADVERTISEMENT.

In the last number of HARPER'S WEEKLY we commenced

A New Serial Story,

ENTITLED

TRUMPS.

BY

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS,

AUTHOR OF "THE NOTES OF A HOUADJI," "LOTUS-EATERS," "THE HOWADJI IN SYRIA," "THE POTIPHAR PAPERS," AND "PROUE AND I."

ILLUSTRATED BY

AUGUSTUS HOPPIN.

A perusal of HARPER'S WEEKLY will keep persons living in the country THOROUGHLY POSTED on the news of the day.

No other publication gives so MUCH AND SO CHOICE MATTER, or so fully illustrated a history of the times in which we live.

More money is paid to AMERICAN ARTISTS AND ENGRAVERS for illustrating this publication than for illustrating any other paper in the United States.

This is the CHEAPEST AND BEST family illustrated newspaper in the country.

To advertisers we need only observe that advertisements in this journal, at fifty cents a line, are cheaper and more effective—because THEY MEET THE EYE OF MORE PEOPLE throughout the country, from North to South, and East to West—than advertisements in any other publication.

We refer families to our printed list of terms on the fifteenth page of each paper. By forming clubs, people in the country can obtain the paper on very advantageous terms.

SPRING FASHIONS.

The accompanying engraving will recall to the memory of many a young and many an old lady pleasant days spent at a fashionable dry-goods store in the selection of spring dresses. If ever there be a time when shopping is grateful to the rightly constituted female mind, it is at this season—when delightful weather tempts every one into the streets, and when daily arrivals of the most exquisite products of foreign industry stock the fashionable dry-goods stores with dazzling wares. To do the ladies justice, they seldom fail to appreciate the occasion. So buy, ladies, buy! and pay, gentlemen, pay! but take care that your paying bear such proportion to your buying that you shall neither repent the latter nor overdo the former.

THE CORCORAN WEDDING.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

WASHINGTON, *April 6*, 1859.

IF ever, *non cher rédacteur*, this skeleton metropolis reminds one of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," it is just at this vernal season of each odd year, when the old Congress has just breathed its last, and the new Congress is not as yet elected. The stars and stripes no longer float from the Capitol, to announce that honorable gentlemen are in session; the broad trottoirs of Pennsylvania AVENUE are no longer swept by the trailing products of Lyons looms; a corporal's guard of melancholy waiters mount guard over the vacant rooms at the hotels; hackney-coach horses are gaining flesh as they rest from their labors; and even "ye gallant gamblers," who serve as the *garde royale* of King Faro, have closed their barracks and left, to pitch their tents at the seaside or where the healing waters flow. Washington has, in fact, no fashionable or political existence just now. The legal people and the press-scriveners find some occupation at the court-room, but the "unfortunate events" which gave rise to the trial are of course tabooed in the recollections of all in society.

The *bourgeois* here (clever people some of them) endeavor to persuade themselves that the vacations are delightful; and insipid parties are given in the parlors recently let to members or to claim-agents. I also found mint in the tureens, and strawberries at Gautier's; nay, I met a man who had courageously appeared with a white hat—but spring has not arrived with the shad in the Potomac for all that. Cold blasts sweep down the valley from the Cumberland mountains, raising Saharan-like clouds of dust; and Mr. Buchanan has to wear his surtout as he takes his constitutional. In a few weeks he will quietly run (by rail, of course) down to North Carolina, and accept the proffered hospitality of Governor Branch; after which he will visit "Wheatland," to see that his crops are in. Miss Lane, *on dit*, will go to your busy city, to pass some time with Mrs. Judge Roosevelt, and then reach Newport at the commencement of the season.

ABOUT THE WEDDING.

But here I am gossiping, when I sat down to chronicle the wedding, last night, at the palatial mansion of W. W. Corcoran, Esq., who gave his only child in marriage to the Hon. George Eustis, a member of Congress from the New Orleans district in the two last Congresses. Into a few weeks have elapsed since we received across the ocean fabulous accounts of a wedding in the Rothschild family at Paris, but to that none but the members of the family were admitted. Mr. Corcoran, who may be styled the Rothschild of the United States, as he has amassed his colossal fortune by government loans, was more liberal. Nearly fifteen hundred invitations, gotten up in Broadway, were distributed the Union over, and, when I opened mine, I could almost see inscribed upon it a quotation from Shakspeare: "I come to fetch you to the capitol." Of course I accepted, especially as I had promised some fair friends to tell them all about it.

THE SCENE OF THE FESTIVITIES.

Mr. Corcoran's house (which fronts on President's Square, and lies in its rear spacious gardens with conservatories) is that once purchased by the solid men of Boston for their champion expounder, but, like the frigate *Constitution*, there is very little of it left as it was then. The saloons and hall have been lavishly decorated, and numerous additions have been made, including a large picture-gallery, a princely dining-room, and a quaint library, well stocked with rare works and choice engravings.

At one end of the picture-gallery, in a bay window which forms a fitting shrine, stands the original *Greek Slave*, by Powers. On the walls are a few paintings by the old masters, including a *Holy Family* by Raphael Mengs, which was brought from Europe by Joseph Bonaparte. The collection, however, is chiefly American, and has fine specimens of the genius of Cole, Doughty, Fisher, Sully, Huntington, Leutze, Lamman, and a score of other artists. For one of Leutze's small compositions, *Milton playing on the harpsichord before Cromwell*, the artist received upward of four thousand dollars.

THE CEREMONY.

The appointed hour was eight o'clock; and before that hour the select circle invited to witness the ceremony had arrived, and were received by Mr. Corcoran. The house was profusely decorated with rare exotics grouped in high pyramids, filling vases or formed into baskets or bouquets; and myriads of wax lights added to the brilliancy of the gas. Every thing was done that could have been done to give *éclat* to the scene; yet Bishop M'Ilvaine, who had been invited for "said acquaintance" sake to officiate, was son *est occulus*. He probably was accidentally detained; and Rev. Dr. Pyne, of St. John's Church, was invited at a late hour to perform the ceremony.

At eight o'clock Mr. Corcoran stepped into an adjoining room, and soon reappeared with Dr. Pyne in full canonicals. Eagerly was his brilliance of repair to the picture-gallery accepted; but I doubt if any one of the crowd which followed him thither was prepared for the impressive and beautiful *tableau* which presented itself.

At the far end of the gallery, as a presiding di-

OPENING OF THE SPRING FASHIONS.

vinity, was the exquisite *chef d'œuvre* of Powers, surrounded by the rarest exotics, pure and white as the eloquent marble itself. Before the pedestal, however, were dense clusters of scarlet azalias, which formed an effective back-ground for the bride, who was, of course, the "observed of all observers." Never was there a more lovely victim at the altar of Hymen, and never did she appear more beautiful. Rather *petite*, with a full face, expressive eyes, and graceful carriage, her portrait then would have been worth a king's ransom. She wore one of the marvelous combinations of modern mantua-making, which almost baffles description, unless by one much adept at the business purveyor for *Harper's Magazine*. The dress proper was of white silk, which was entirely covered with puffed tulle, over which was a white lace shawl, embroidered skirt of the richest *point appliqué* lace. Orange-blossoms and lace for corsage and veil, and a bridal pair of rare lace hung in heavy folds, and glistening diamonds, her father's gift, set off her attire."

The bridegroom, who is a sleeping, plaint-looking young fellow, combines the Beacon Hill *haut ton* of his paternal ancestors with the Southern quality of manner and genial disposition of his sunny home. Next the bride was her cousin, Miss Hill, who, as the first bridemaid, wore white flowers in her hair; and Mr. Eustis was flanked by his youngest brother. On either side were three couples of the remaining dozen attendants. Sidney Webster, Esq., well known as the private secretary of President Pierce; M. Camille Dubliez, Secretary of the French Legation; Messrs. Wright and Miles, of the House of Representatives; Mr. Bates, of Boston, formed a fine array of gentlemen. Of course they all sported the bridal favor in their button-holes. As for the ushers, Mr. Schermerhorn, Misses Fay, Corcoran, Campbell, Howe, Pennington, and Clews, uniformly attired in white studded with tiny pink bouquets, they reminded me of the old poet's description of the queen's attendants in the "Flower and the Leaf":

"A train less fair, as ancient fathers tell,
Seduced the sons of Heaven to revel
I pass their form, and every charming grace
Less than an angel would their merit abase.
But their attire, like liveries of a king
Simple yet rich, in fresh within my mind."

Dr. Pyne pronounced a grace in front of the couple about to be wedded, Mr. Corcoran standing at his right hand, just in his rear, the attendants being on either side. The remainder of the story was filled with the interested witnesses of this imposing ceremony. Never was a bridal party of the church more impressively read. Mr. Corcoran gave the bride away; the wedded couple knelt upon two prayer-cushions placed before the altar; and no sooner had the clergyman said "Amen!" than they saluted each other with a kiss.

Then commenced the congratulations. Next after Mr. Corcoran was the venerable grandmother of the bride, Mrs. Commodore Morris, with three or her daughters, all of them, I believe, the wives of surgeons in the army. Other relatives and intimate friends were warm in their wishes for the future happiness of the young couple; and after receiving their congratulations they passed into the drawing-room. When they had left the gallery a quadrille band entered, and performed during the remainder of the evening. As it is Lent there was no dancing, although many a tiny foot tapped time to the music.

THE GUESTS.

Macaulay once said that genteel eloquence was the most vapid of all eloquence, and he might possible is it to catch the evanescent, kaleidoscopic colors of a bal-in-ton, in such a manner as to make them residual? It is stupid—perhaps as stupid as hospitality—to tell the head-roll of guests, neither is it possible to record the dresses rich in their dainty fabrics, or floating like costly cobwebs. There were exquisite bend-dresses, coquettish wreaths, brilliant gems, and—but I will spread that all beside—eyes that sparkled with intelligence and love. A few must be singled out for description, as the classic brick was sent as a specimen of the whole edifice.

A PANTHER.

[The Executive Mansion, it was whispered about, was not favored with any invitations, *l'entente cordiale* between the two sides of the square having been ruptured, although it was in that very house that Mr. Buchanan, as Mr. Corcoran's guest, was saluted at one minute past twelve on the morning of March 4, 1857, by Gilmore's Massachusetts Band, playing "Hail to the Chief." Mr. Buchanan evidently has no desire to retain friends, although he does not object to use them.]

THE DRESS OF THOSE THERE.

General Cass has rather given up evening entertainments, but his charming grand-daughter, Miss Ledyard, was a prominent representative. Appearing with his open, pleasant face, the diplomatic Secretary Thompson, and the western inheritor of departmental indefinitude, Postmaster-General Holt, appeared to enjoy themselves, as did several of the "ladies of the Cabinet." The Senate was well represented by the accomplished Mr. Kennedy of Maryland, and burly Mr. Bright of Indiana. The daughter of the latter, recently married to Mr. Riggs, was there in her bridal dress, and very rich was the lace on the gown.

Lady Napier is at Annapolis with her family, ready to embark in the *Curaçoa* when Lord Lyons has landed, and I doubt not that the latter will not go. My Lord was present, basking in the smiles of beauty as usual; and very attentive was he to Mrs. Conrad, who was charmingly dressed in elaborately puffed white tulle, trimmed with violets.

The Count de Sartiges (who is anxiously awaiting permission to go to Paris on a *congé*) was accompanied by his American wife, who never looked better than on this occasion, in white and blue; and the best-dressed lady present, after the bride, was the wife (not long since Miss Hoffman, of New York) of the Vicomte Jules Treillhard, First Secretary to the French Legation, whose paint here, worn over white satin, was alike admired and envied. M. De Vaugrigeuse, the *Chancelier* of the Legation of France, has also married in this Republic, and his wife bears a name which was pronounced superb. M. Van Limburg is another of the diplomatic corps who has married a capital alliance here; and the many friends of Miss Field Cass will be pleased to learn that she is at attracting the attentions with the same success that she did before she passed under the flag of the Netherlands. Mrs. Gilmore was present in white, whose beauty was heightened by her plain white dress, in a subject of the Czar, but *chef*. M. Stoeckl, in full uniform, was with his charming wife. [Madame De Bodisco, by-the-way, is also there, for some days, on a visit to Georgetown.] As for the foreign *chargés*, they were out in full force, showing the lack of all foundation for the absurd rumor that they considered Mr. Corcoran blamable for his treatment of their colleague Mosquera, who has just made himself sufficiently conspicuous in attempting to win Miss Corcoran's affections.

Edward Everett was of course a "star," and was surrounded by many friends, as was his accomplished daughter Miss Lilly Everett. The stalwart form of Mayor Berrett; the veteran General Jesup and other officers in full uniform; Colonel Seaton of the *National Intelligencer*, who last week celebrated his "golden wedding," as it is to be hoped Mr. Buchanan will his "golden union"; Chemistry the scholar and orator, with a bright bud of promise by his side; Riggs of this city, and Fay of Boston, with others whose autographs make a goodish paper gilt-edged; Eames the editorial diplomatist; Mr. Corcoran's private secretary, venerable men there, and nearly all were accompanied by ladies in elegant costumes. Let me not forget Dietrich-Hermann Ould, whose Saxon face is perfectly portrayed in *Harper* for this week, and whose pride is one of the most valuable and accomplished ladies of the *faubourg* of Georgetown—that is saying a great deal.

THE SUPPER.

There was a ten-room open all the evening, and at the extremity of a flower-decked corridor was a table, upon which was a tried and true collation, all filled with delectable beverages. Later in the evening the dining-room was thrown open, and a supper-table there which would have been worthy, or to the skill of Carome, or Soyer, or Tatel. A high bank-bill of course tempered over all, but there was a profusion of *pates*, terrapin, game, oysters, salads, and confectionary of every description, with the profuse and elegant wines thereto. The happiness of Mr. and Mrs. Eustis was of course an unending theme. Nor did the generous host fail to give themselves up to "mirth and merriment, which bare a thousand harms and lengthens life."

LES ADIEUX.

As midnight approached the guests began to depart after again paying their respects to the happy pair. [Mr. Eustis will to-day or next again at a "wedding-dinner," to be given by Mr. Corcoran; and to-morrow there is to be a *fête champetre* at his country-seat, upon which he is now having great agricultural improvements. And so passed off this much talked of wedding, which really merited this hasty chronicle from

Your faithful correspondent,
GEO. WASHINGTON JENKINS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1859.

SETTLEMENT OF THE PARAGUAY DISPUTE.

SINCE the last number of this journal was published intelligence has been received that the long-pending dispute with Paraguay is at length settled. The President of the Argentine Confederation, Urquiza, whose portrait will be given in a subsequent number, has come from Brazil, offered their mediation; and with their aid a compromise was effected between the United States and Dictator Lopez. The dictator Lopez agrees, it is said, to grant indemnity to the family of the person killed on board the *Harpy*. Mr. Hopkins, and to the salute to the flag. Mr. Hopkins was the representative. Beyond these facts nothing is yet known of the nature of the settlement.

It is of course satisfactory to think that, notwithstanding all the warlike preparations that were making, notwithstanding all the cannon, and the shells, and the rifles, and other engines of war that were sent out to Paraguay in the largest fleet ever dispatched from this country, and notwithstanding the terrible menaces of the Paraguayans and their doughty chief, there is to be no bloodshed after all. Peace is always better, and a good deal cheaper, than war; and in no event could the United States gain much glory by going to war with Paraguay. On this head, then, let us rejoice at the news.

And let us trust and hope that the compact which Commissioner Bowlin has made with President Lopez will be faithfully observed on both sides. The amendments of the Paraguayan dictator might justly cause the gravest fears in regard to the fulfillment of his share of the bargain. Neither he nor his predecessor, Dictator Francia, were ever remarkable for truthfulness or good faith. On the contrary, it is due to history to state that both have been notorious for breaking their word and evading their agreements whenever any thing was to be gained by so doing. The records of the State Department furnish pretty full evidence of the habits of Lopez in this respect. If, therefore, Commissioner Bowlin departs on his way rejoicing without any better security for the honest fulfillment of the new undertakings of Lopez than the plighted faith of that potentate, it is possible that we may be disappointed, and that the country may be called upon to vote more millions for other expeditions to Paraguay.

The real difficulty in our present relations with the Spanish American states has been the impossibility of relying on their good faith. We have with all of them the most extensive treaties, which, if they were honestly carried out, would prevent the possibility of misunderstanding or warlike proceedings, and would render us "a band of brothers." The misfortune has been that no sooner have we concluded a treaty with any of these colonies than there is a instantly broken, and some trumpery or fraudulent excuse offered. It is true that the United States have been so frequently and so grossly cheated by Nicaragua, New Granada, Paraguay, Mexico, and the other southern republics.

The feeling of jealousy in Europe, when they exact reparation for injuries from smaller states and conclude treaties for the future, frequently arises upon reading *inadequate* guarantees for the faithful fulfillment of the promises made to them. There seems to be an impression among most statesmen that it would be treasonable or irregular for the United States to exact mercantile guarantees. On what clause of the Constitution or other ground it is based we know not, we are unable to say. Should Commissioner Bowlin's mission to Paraguay prove a failure through the faithlessness of Lopez, it will become important to inquire whether there really exists any valid reason for the coupling of material guarantees with all future promises made to the United States by the Spanish American republics.

RAILWAY CONSTRUCTION AND RAILWAY PROSPECTS.

EVEN since the 1st of March railway stocks have been on the decline in this market. The leading Western railway stocks, such as Galena, Rock Island, Michigan Southern, and Northwestern, have fallen from three to ten per cent. Among the railway stocks nearer home, New York Central, which labors under peculiar disadvantage in being generally distrusted by the public, has declined from 79 to 75. At the board of Brokers in Wall street railway commission business has been long since banished, nine out of ten members are operating for the fall.

The ostensible ground for the decline which has already taken place, and for that which is anticipated, is the failure of the recent growing agricultural improvements. And so passed off much talked of wedding, which really merited this hasty chronicle from

Your faithful correspondent,
GEO. WASHINGTON JENKINS.

shares, these deliveries could only be made at a heavy and perhaps a ruinous loss.

Nor is it unreasonable to suppose that such a demand may arise. The prospects of the crop are most flattering from New York to Minnesota; the verdict of farmers is, that the area sown in wheat is larger than usual, and the prospect more promising than ever before at this season. The West only needs a good crop to renew the activity of 1856. Nor is this all. The revulsion of 1857 compelled all the Western railways to adopt measures of economy. Needless expenditures have been curtailed; unnecessary employés have been discharged; the rate of working the railroads has been reduced with, on the narrower roads, a saving. To take the Michigan Southern as an example, the working expenses have been reduced from seventy-five to about fifty per cent on the gross receipts.

It is natural to suppose that these economies and the improved prospect of the West must tell in the end.

We therefore advise our friends who own railway stock not to pay with it at present prices; but to hold on to it. The stock is dear at high rates, and if they have money to spare, rather to average their interest at the present low rates than to sacrifice their property for the benefit of the Wall Street jobbers.

QUESTIONS FOR THE NEXT CONGRESS.

It is now pretty clear that the Democracy will be in a minority in the Congress which will meet in the autumn of 1859. And of this fact, it is curious to speculate on the probable fate of some of the leading questions which that body will be called upon to consider.

The only new States which may be confidently expected to apply for admission are Colona and Utah. Colona, which is the name of the Pike's Peak gold region, may have population enough to demand admission as a State, if the principal part of the gold region be falsified; whether Congress would insist on its remaining a year in the Territorial condition is not certain. Utah, with Brigham Young, will probably give the Northern party two more votes in the Senate. Utah will demand admission as a State; this failing, it will remain a Territory, the Mormons will then demand a realization of the popular sovereignty in their Territory, namely, the right to elect Territorial officers in accordance with the views expressed by the leaders of the Democratic party on the Kansas Question. That the petition will be granted is certain; but the embarrassment of some of the Northern advocates of squatter sovereignty will be severe.

It is possible that applications may be made for the organization of Arizona Territories to be carved out of Texas, or other portions of the South. Arizona may demand admission as a State. This would please the South, and the increasing gains of the cotton growers, will naturally induce them to seek a counterpoise to the increase of the Free States by the application for admission by a Southern Territory like Arizona would revive the slavery controversy in a more violent form than ever.

Had the Democracy possessed a majority of Congress, the endeavor to reopen the slave-trade would probably have been renewed. As it is, a test vote may be taken to see whether, as is commonly supposed, the advocates of that measure are on the increase.

From the evident temper of the country it is not probable that any further efforts will be made to introduce the Cuba or Kansas bills at the present. These questions will be left open for us at the next Presidential election. Nor is it likely that the tariff or the national finances can occupy much of the time of the new Congress. By the time it meets the country will be recovering from the panic, a proposal to increase the customs duties will receive attention.

Comparing the prospect with that of former years, the case is pretty clear for new questions.

THE LOUNGER.

A WORD WITH THE HON. YANKEE DODDLE.

"A FRIEND OF COMFORT" writes to the *Times* to know why railroad companies should not make distinction in the comfort of travel according to those of accommodation at hotels. Why should every body be compelled to travel like every body else, whether he wishes to or not, whether he could willingly pay twice the fare for greater comfort or otherwise; in a word, why should a man of money suddenly stop at the window of a ticket-office, and ten dollars buy no more pleasure and comfort in a day's journey than a dollar and a half?

The moment before, in the same city, the ten dollars would purchase better lodging and fare than the five; and the same sum, directly the traveler reaches Boston, will have a similar power. But the moment it touches the rail it is paralyzed.

Nobody who has traveled on any European railway but has noticed the admirable variety of accommodation, and the incessant recognition of the individual. An English railway carriage is a room. The coupé in a German train is equally so. The proverb of travel, indeed, extremely cur-

* Mrs. Dubleiez, whose husband is in the Treasury Department, and whose ideas are financial, told me confidentially that these diamonds cost $2000, and that the lace was worth at least $2000 more. If rumor is about becoming in her to thus estimate, and will repay her in her own coin by rendering that in Europe which would make her husband gobbled and pocketed at supper were worth at least a V.

rest among travellers of limited means is, that Europe, fools, and Americans travel first-class in summer. Then princes, fools, and Americans. A very sensible people. And why should not Americans do at home what they find so delightful abroad?

The old diligence in Europe offered the utmost choice in the most limited space. There was the *coupé*, in front, with glass windows all round, so that the three travellers—it held no more—could see every thing and be entirely private. Then there was the *rotonde* part, immediately behind the *coupé*, with doors at the side, like an ordinary close carriage of four seats, and a fifth *strapontin*. Behind the *rotonde*, with a door at the back and seats at this side, like an omnibus, inside all the dust, and a little smaller price. And last of all, over the cops, in front, and on the top of the whole, the *imperiale*—the top of the coach, to be invaded at a stage-coach—with a chain-top and leather apron, sometimes, but oftener open to the weather, at the price being least of all.

Here, in a vehicle carrying about those seasons, there were four rates of fare.

The obvious objection to corresponding arrangements with us is, of course, that it tends to deprive us of those differences of rank that we do not recognize. "Go to thunder with your coupés, and your first-class and second-class!" says the free-born Yankee Doodle in Tammany Hall. "We're all men, Sir!—A man's a man for a' that, Sir, Quirinius!" Three cheers for the Hon. Yankee Doodle, and a groan for the coupés!

Exactly so, Mr. Chairman. But a man is not a rich man for a' that; and since we have the Everlast House, and Astor, and the Metropolitan Hotel, and the taverns in Water Street, and every body is united to his mind and his means—and since, fellow citizens, we are all free and equal, rules and emigrant cars—and since, even in this free and enlightened country of ours, in the midst of the Millennium, dirt is dirt, and stench is stench—why shouldn't money buy as much comfort as it does of every other marketable commodity?

Dirt is not democracy, and inconvenience and squalor are not the rights of man; and since the special object of the Hon. Yankee Doodle, whether he speaks in Tammany or in Congress, is to make money, why should he be so anxious to deprive money of value?

Upon the New York Central Railroad the spirit of improvement has recently introduced shelves upon which passengers may lie down, and the right "to sleep—perchance to"—lie awake, as the "Mount Vernon Papers" have so pathetically inculcated us. That is a long step in the right way of six seats next, like the English carriages, so that parties may have a drawing-room to turn and the pleasure of a private carriage—which is still permitted, we believe. The Honorable Yankee Doodle has not yet discovered the private carriage. Honest man! He speaks with admiration of the long ride "drives his own carriage." "I thought 'on a parliament house on legs a-gig'!"

In any case let the honorable gentleman state clearly that if it is unconstitutional to make different rates and accommodations in journeying, it is to have them every where but in the cars, and that for that proposition at his leisure, and report at the next meeting.

Meanwhile Mr. Lounger moves the first reading of the bill entitled An Act to secure the Worth of Money in Railway Traveling.

THE LITERARY PROFESSION.

P. D., Jun., writes to know something more about the literary profession, and desires to know if there is a neglect upon the discussion of which the Lounger should never close his columns. Granting, he says, that without genius no writer can rise above the lowliest position, but claiming that every young man of average ability "can by proper exertions succeed in any thing he chooses," he asks, "what is the writer's preparation?"

Of course a question so broadly asked, contemplates the writer not as an author in any particular department of science or art, but in general literature, in what is called "belles lettres." Where do we ask P. D., Jun., a question in turn. What should be the preparation of the man who proposes to write upon botany—upon comparative anatomy—upon the age of Elizabeth—upon the ethics of Raphael or the Greek drama? Is there an answer to that question involves the reply to his own.

That is to say, if a man would write with literary facility, "with a great taste and inclination for and willingness to make the greatest exertions to pursue the profession of Literature," he must devote himself to it, he evidently means to choose general literature, and not to write a botanical book, novels, criticisms, and perhaps to concentrate himself at length upon some history, or serious and solid work.

His preparation, therefore, must be the study of general literature, and the acquirement of a good for its accuracy, profundity, and extent upon circumstances of health, time, pecuniary means, and temperament. Dr. Johnson, Sir Walter Scott, Leigh Hunt, and in the leading modern languages, there is a certain classical pure literature apart from the scientific. With that literature such an aspirant must make himself somewhat familiar. At the same time a man's natural bent, or rather a peculiar tendency, will lead him to some knowledge of the chief authorities.

But this cultivation is but oiling his limbs. Without the muscle all the oil, and the desire, and the resolution will not enable him to wrestle. With the muscle it sometimes adorns, sometimes bunches his action.

There is no recipe for rainbows, and who wants to make only a cloud? Sir E. L. Lytton—dear, delightful Bulwer!—with his superb fingers of philosophy, in his brilliant "Pelham" describes the *preparation for writing a novel*. "All authors," he says, "in the field the novelist should cultivate self—truth the moral he should strive to bring home. For me, if I were to write a novel, I would first make myself an acute, active, and vigilant observer of men and manners. Secondly, I would, after having thus noted effects by action in the world, trace the causes by books and meditation in my closet. It is then, and not till then, that I would study the lighter graces."

That is to say, the novelist must know men and books thoroughly. But ought not the historian to do the same to write history properly? Is there any possible knowledge that he can dispense with or remotely, be of great service to any man writing upon any subject? Is the passage from Macaulay's brilliant bulwer leads us gently by the silk waters of platitude, as usual.

The practical difficulties of the literary career at this time and in this country have been already considered by the Lounger in No. 150 of the second volume of the *Weekly*. If any young man disbelieves what is said there let him make the trial, and, while he makes it, take with him the Lounger's heartiest sympathy and warmest wishes for success. Let him remember that the author beats, the polar cold, the equatorial storms, and the long death of Pacific calms. He knows also the soft acquiescence with which the world hails balmy Trades. When the landsman hails him, and that simply to avow that it is all soft scudding with stu'n-ol's sot?

If he does, you have but to read the words aloud to hear that he answers like a goose.

THE VOICE OF "COLUMBIA."

The eyes of Europe are fixed upon a chair from under some one who is seating himself, so that he falls on the floor and breaks his arm or jars his nerves; the eyes of Europe are fixed upon fingers against doors at night to fall upon the nails who open them, and who, in consequence, lose fingers; pouring pails of water out of windows upon persons passing in the street, etc., are performances of which the humane Lounger is only startled by the sparkling wit of knocking a man on the head with a club, picking his pocket, and then selling him back a knife. Where do capital jokes these things are! What fun it is! What racines of invention these jokes show! What a delicious vein of genial humor!

But the best witticism of this year, and one which adds another very great name to the list that adorns our literary youthful lovers of our cherished "Columbia," was the announcement published in the newspapers of Monday last, of the death of Professor Dridler, of Columbia College. We see from the same paper that the cause is related. How his friends out of the very room he relished the joke! Those of his family, in all its branches, must have enjoyed the exhilarating humor of the thing. How they must have laughed! How they open their morning paper, and stumble upon the notice in the next record of grief, which is implied in the obituary announcement! How they laugh! What a vision of hilarity and innocent mirth rises before the mind's eye!

If we could only know the author of this excellent comedy, it would give us great pleasure to introduce him to our readers as he writes, and the delicate flush of his cheek at the first sight of a pity is that whoever is guilty of it is not "shrieked" at by the world.

THE APOSTLE OF HUMBUG.

The path of Barnum in Britain is not altogether strewn with roses, notwithstanding the stores of his successful wife. Mrs. Hall, the "Apostle of Humbug" went to Bristol to lecture upon his subject and art. The Barnums went to Bristol to pay. That was all delightful to the Apostle. Payees always find the process of payment endearing. Mrs. Hall was received in every human breast, and an element of folly to attach to every human endeavor, and the consequence was that lecturing and awaiting being "done"—room-posts are increased by the consequent delay—and another lecture, and another, and new tricks to augment his profits—this being has been the constant practice of the unabashed lecturer for years—ere monsters—has made his baby, his mind, his soul, his whole existence a mockery and a shame. Can the various commodities in a market where every purchaser is a cheat and a fool be so seriously, or a vogue ambitious to excel in the art of swindling."

This is a strong statement, and yet what is the Apostle of Humbug but the illustration of the necessary result of a mercantile principle which may be summed up in the words "Take in the public as the kindness?" The processes of stock-gambling are not an iota superior in morality or respectability to the practice of the Apostle of Humbug, and are not half so innocent.

The Apostle has said it before, and he will very probably say it several times more. In the case of the Apostle, whose career is so unpleasantly contemporaneous, there is a difference of degree in what we may, if we are nervous, call guilling, but if we are in good humor, call the art of taking in the public by scribbling, cheating, et cetera, a difference in degree but not in kind from that of the merchant who sells a case of goods at the last in the world, when there are fifty more up stairs, or in fact commits any other of the innumerable dodges of trade which are called "sharp," "clever," "darned shrewd," et cetera.

Success is a pleasant kind of tinsel! It covers up so much rubbish with such a pretty gauzy hue and texture through which we all play so hard that we can not see just as we admire the sofa on which we are sitting, as a sofa, without a thought or consciousness that it is or ought to be—but or, as when a man is dining with a friend and hears the children in the next room relating how mamma said she wished that stupid Mr. Higginbottom wouldn't be always coming to dinner, he pretends not to hear, but talks cheerfully of the pleasant spring weather and the shocking Sickles business.

If the Apostle of Humbug, having invested a comfortable million, had settled quietly somewhere, and kept his name out of the papers, ten years hence wouldn't he have been a little impolite to allude to woolly horses, and mermaids, and India rubber serpents? Suppose he had purchased a house in Bristol, England, and held his tongue, he would have been quite the same man, his income would be based upon acquisitions made in the doubtful manner, but would the British *Advertiser* have felt called upon to denounce him "this foul brained apostate from humanity?"

Was it not said of old time, "It is good to have a scape-goat?"

"THE CULPRIT FAY."

THE recent republication of this charming poem of Drake's by Messrs. Redd & Carleton has given occasion to some correspondence in the papers.

The poem was announced as illustrated by Ehninger, and with the fresh recollection of his exquisite drawings of the Miles Standish, of which the Lounger spoke warmly at the time of their issue, but none too warmly, of the delightful type for which the publishers are noted, and the airy grace of the themes to be illustrated, promised a fine book.

It came, and was a very pretty book, with a small vignette of a quasi-Culprit upon the boat—which was the sum of the illustrations! The artist immediately put himself right with his friends by declaring his knowledge of the intention to represent him as *illustrating* the poem.

Of course the poem was not illustrated (and and whoever purchased the book, although he would not get an illustrated edition, would get a delicately printed, and bound copy of the pretty poem.

But literally upon Mr. Ehninger's letter came another from Mr. Joseph Rodman Drake DeKay, announcing that the edition was published without the authority of the family of the late Dr. Drake, and that "the sole is preemptorily stopped." He added: "I do not believe that the author that his poems should not be published; and to prevent it, a few copies of this and others were printed some years since for private circulation, and a copyright registered. It is doubtless in ignorance of these facts that the gentlemen acted as they did. Several other editions of 'The Culprit Fay' have appeared at various times, which have, as in this case, been issued unauthorizedly.

This would seem to be final, nor has any one the right to dispute the authority of the heirs of Dr. Drake. But it is distinctly stated in Duyckinck's Cyclopedia of American Literature that "a fastidious author, including 'The Culprit Fay,' was made from Drake's poems and published in 1836 ('37) by the poet's only child, his daughter Joanna."

That work is certainly a publication. Another is stated to appear as he writes, and the dedication is, "To her father's friend," and on the title-page, "New York, George Dearborn, Publisher, 1835." What does this mean? Forgeries?

And if it were, what a pity! The Cyclopedia, quoting some notes of Mr. James Kirke Paulding, Drake's friend that when copies of all his poems that could be collected were brought to Drake's family, and he said, "Burn them; they are valueless."

But should a manly modesty at such a moment be accepted as a prohibition of the publication of such poems? Drake himself had published in the newspapers some of the stanzas of "The American Flag" was among his contributions under that name. And now that the world has gained years "The Culprit Fay," now that it is almost unique in literature as a creation of the pure fancy, unmarred by the slightest admixture of accessories of romance; now that his ode to our flag is familiar to all American hearts as the finest national song in any flag; now that his name is enshrined in our literary Pantheon, and his poems in our homes are a part of our household, ought there to be any more suppression? Are not the memory of such a man, his works and his fame, in a higher degree, the property of his nation and mankind?

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

THE box is so full that the Lounger would gladly show it to his many friends, that they might see how generously and how widely they contribute to it, which they intend to have printed in full, receive so brief a word of acknowledgment that they are all read by the Lounger—so they have their revenge, after all!

—NELLIE FAY, Camden, New Jersey, will be glad to learn that C. H. Webb is a person, and not a name merely. Nellie thinks that he is a poet.

—JANE, Chapel Hill, North Carolina, who writes of the family perplexity, might refer the matter to the family physician, or the neighboring d—nk—y. Or does he suppose the Lounger to be a kind of Vicar of Bray? If he be anxious let him write again.

—The Lounger adds the last word to the previous correspondence. J. H., of Natchez, Mississippi, feels aggrieved by his answer to the questions of the presidency of the Panama Railroad. The Lounger suggested that to ask him such a question was like inquiring for a royal Bengal tiger at a toy-shop. He had no idea that his correspondent asked him seriously.

—C. H. W., Podunk, criticises the statue of Eve by Bartholomew, of which a print was published in the *Weekly* of March 19. He says that she seems rather to have eaten a poppy-bud than an apple; and that, in fact, the fruit lies at her feet "unbitched." The other point of his criticism is the negligence of the very simple drapery of the figure. But if C. H. W. will look upon it as a figure of Eve dreaming of the Paradise she has —it was so sweet and fair?—he will be reconciled to her face. And for the drapery, he has to remember that the one he sees may not be the first apple, but one that has fallen from the same tree; and if it be the same apple, then the leaf hides the bite. The drapery seems to the Lounger eminently proper, for this very reason that it is not precise.

—CHAPEL HILL wishes to know of the artist-novelist, a calculating machine mentioned some time since in the *Independent* office, which it there stated to be in use in the houses of the Rothschilds, and for which the writer propheseies as general a use as for letter-presses. Who will tell something more about it?

—SARAH JANE's lines to the author of "Mary Ann" are respectfully declined.

—A WOODLAND FENCER, Washington City, desires illustrated directions for fencing in the Well-*ly*. But does he think they would be of interest to "the thousands" who do not care about the agile art? The Lounger will answer his other question next week.

—A. PRY COT, Philadelphia, sends a very pleasant letter describing the flowering of an apricot-tree in the yard behind a house in the lower part of Walnut Street, in Philadelphia, and of a swarm of busy bees that have settled near it as in hedrock. "A bunch of bees" seems growing up beside a cottage in Wall Street" says the Lounger, much surprised him more.

Where could the bees have come from? Clearly from the nearest hives—from West Philadelphia, with acres of brick and mortar and the Schuylkill River flowing between.

—JOHN HAWKINS, Louisville, Kentucky, answers Karmel the Scout, who wishes to know the place "where hops are worn no more," by saying that in Trigg County, Southern Kentucky, "he can see three ladies walk s' terbakker-row"—which is about three feet in breadth.

—TOMMY TITLY-MOUSE reminds the Lounger that Dickens did not originate spontaneous combustion as a means of disposing of his characters, but that Captain Marryatt had applied the same process to the father of Uncle Ned's Family.

—EMILIE asks the author of the lines—

"It is a bitter task to count
Each hour by throbs of pain."

—G. S., New York, writes tolerable verses, if "Love Comes the Handsome Spring" is a specimen. But he knows, as we all do, that tolerable verses are intolerable.

—"A MAN'S ANSWER to 'A Woman's Poem,'" in the *Lawrence Journal of Harper's Magazine*, is good, but too long.

—D. W., Covington, Kentucky. "My Excellent friend Home" is pretty; but is it hardly poetry. Is it?

—M. S. B. D. S., Early Grove, Mississippi, who agrees with the Lounger's view of the Washington tragedy, is heartily thanked for his generous note. But it would not be fair for the Lounger to reprint his own words at such length.

—B. E., Canajoharie, wishes to know the name of the author of "The Vestiges of Creation." It is useful to answer the question, which certainly is conclusively settled every year or two. The authorship was given with great confidence for a long time to Robert Chambers, of Edinburgh. Chambers. Sir Richard Vivyan's claim is not yet disproved, we believe.

—BESSIE BEE, Dunkirk, Illinois, declares, in her letter, that "they" could not have been as they are"—by which the Lounger understands the inhabitants of that town—"if words to be lost in admiration." That is not an opinion peculiar to Dunkirk, Illinois. The city of New York is of the same mind.

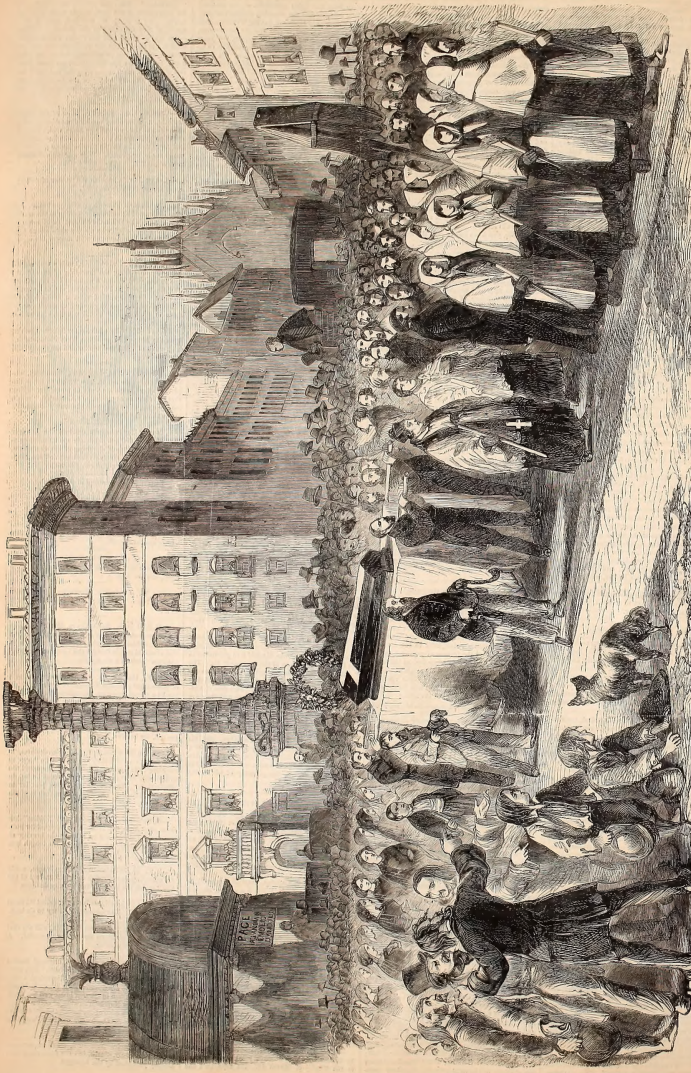
—S. L.'s poem of "Ladies and Biddies" has some good lines, but is much too unequal for publication. Let him not be hurt by the brevity of this notice, but try again—and put the length into strength.

—J. G. M., Wilkinsburg, Pennsylvania, sends "a voluntary contribution to the Literature of the Age," which the Lounger respectfully declines.

—B., Wilmington, North Carolina, will see that it is better to make no unnecessary enemies. A rule worth remembering.

—YOUNG DEBATER, Hannibal, Missouri, desires a list of works on the Art of Extemporaneous Debate. But surely the wit of a society in the Mississippi valley which is able to discuss questions is able to invent them? Find them in current history all the time. Thus: Is Louis Napoleon an able, or only a lucky, man? Was the coup of the second December morally justifiable? Ought our national Post-office department to be self-supporting?

—D. M., Elmira, New York, sends an interesting account of the Dr. Cheever case to the facts have been already published by the Lounger.



THE FUNERAL OF EMILIO DANDOLO AT MILAN, ITALY.

VICISSITUDES OF THE CRAVAT.

THE FAST MAN'S NECKERCHIEF IN 1800. THE FAST MAN'S NECK-TIE IN 1859.

THE FUNERAL OF EMILIO DANDOLO, AT MILAN.

THE engraving on opposite page will not only be interesting to Americans as a faithful portraiture of a funeral procession in Italy; it will claim their attention as an important landmark in history. The person whose corpse was borne to the grave in the procession depicted on the preceding page was one of Italy's foremost patriots. Though only twenty-nine years of age, Emilio Dandolo had already attracted general attention among his countrymen.

The son and heir of one of the richest and greatest nobles of Milan, Count Dandolo, Emilio had, at an age when but few youths have any serious aims, obtained a commission in the Piedmontese *Bersaglieri*, and had served gallantly during the campaign of Charles Albert. Returning home at the close of the war, he had closely identified himself with the party known as "Young Italy," whose platform is the sentence of the immortal Maria—"We do not desire reforms in the Austrian administration in Italy; we want to get rid of Austrians altogether." Emilio Dandolo, whose rank, address, and military service rendered him eminently conspicuous, was soon acknowledged as a leader of his party. It was the hope and belief of the people of the Milanese that, when the day came to strike a final blow for Italy and against the foreigner, their young noble would then be found in the front of the fight. And when that fight had been won, and Italy had been declared independent, they believed and hoped that their young champion would again be found foremost among those who contended against French intrigue and domestic cabal for the sake of establishing a safe and united Italian government.

So, when death bereft Italy of Emilio Dandolo, there was weeping and mourning throughout Milan.

It was on Washington's birthday they buried him. The Austrians tried to prevent the funeral. They would have thrust the corpse into any ditch. But the popular feeling was so explosive, the rank of the family so eminent, that the foreign despots were fain to swallow their desires, and Emilio Dandolo was publicly buried. The chief mourners were all young men, friends of the deceased; men, for the most part, who had borne arms during the brief and unsuccessful struggle for Italian independence in 1848. They bore the corpse into the church, and there were met by Austrian officers, who, after the priests had performed their office, forbade the carrying of the body to the cemetery; adding that a youth of such rank should not be interred with the populace.

The father, the aged Count Dandolo, a stern, iron-gray noble, replied:

"I am satisfied that my son shall rest with his people in the common cemetery."

And the cortège moved on, the people declaring that, as the Austrians had prevented the digging of a grave, they would dig one with their knives and their nails. When the procession, led by friars and nuns, and accompanied by ten or twelve thousand people, passed the Lion of the Porta Orientale, some headstrong youths rushed forward and strewed the bier with white and red camelias, which, with the leaves, constituted a tri-color—red, white, and green. Shouts of "Italy forever!" "Long live Independence!" accompanied the corpse to its last abode; and the orators of the day, warming at the sight, delivered speeches which, at any other time, would have secured them a perpetual lodging in an Austrian dungeon.

Needless to remark that, as soon as the throng dispersed, the Austrian spies designated, and the Austrian police seized, the leaders in the ceremony, who were forthwith incarcerated. The intelligence of the fact aroused great excitement among the Italians, but strong patrols of horse kept them down. Should war break out, however, the funeral of Emilio Dandolo will be remem-

PARIS FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

bered by the Italians as one of the precursors of the struggle—as memorable to them as the disputes of John Hancock with the colonial authorities of Massachusetts were in the history of the American struggle for Independence.

LITERARY.

THE METRODIST is a novel, strange as the title may seem, and a good novel, with an introduction by a worthy and trustworthy clergyman. The scenes and characters are found among that noble army of men—we had almost called them martyrs —who have made the wilds of America resound with prayers and praise. These scenes are well sketched, and the lives of Methodist clergymen in the distant circuits furnish a wealth of romance for the pen of Miriam Fletcher, the author. (Derby & Jackson.)

MORE ABOUT JONES is the pleasant title of a little gem in the line of children's books published by Harper & Brothers, by the author of "Peep of Day," etc. It contains many of the incidents in the life of Christ, told in simple words for the capacity of the very young, illustrated by excellent cuts, and altogether making the best extant book for a mother or a teacher to use in impressing on the mind of a child the story of Jesus.

THE LIFE OF NORTH AMERICAN INSECTS, by *B. Jaeger*, is a timely and excellent work from the press of Harper & Brothers. The colored plates are thoroughly acquainted with his subject. He has made it his specialty during a large part of his life. No one is better qualified to write such a task, and no one could better accomplish it. The agriculturist will find here much that he never before knew of the habits and usefulness of certain of the insects he daily encounters; every one will find a fund of information, a world of romance in insect life, made manifest by the researches of our author.

THE ROMANCE AND HIS HERO (Harper & Brothers) is a novel of another uncommon delicacy and finish. The dreams of a dreamer become so realized, yet, like all the dreams of life, not realized as hoped, form the web of the story. A more quaint, delightful companion for an evening's reading than this story can hardly be imagined. It contrasts, in this respect, so decidedly with many of the popular novels of the day, and, indeed, with the popular style of novel, that it is more refreshing on this account.

CHESS CHRONICLE.

BY C. H. STANLEY.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S. W. H. (Cold Spring). On reconsideration you will find that Problem No. 2 can not be answered in three moves.—E. F. (Jersey City). Problem No. LXIX., have shown XI to 9 do. Check, for White's second move!—C. F. The match just concluded in Paris between Messrs. Morphy and Mongredien was played even. In points was in nearly so an one could expect under the circumstances, namely, Morphy 7, Mongredien 6, drawn 1—total 14. Many other friends who have favored us with communications regarding Problem No. 2 will have the same explanation between their present and ensuing our next issue. We did ourselves, with the opportunity to answer in our next issue. We did ourselves, with the opportunity to answer in our next issue. We did ourselves, with the opportunity to answer in

a large quantity of blood—a quart at least; altogether the amount of blood was between three and four quarts. There was a mortal wound. The body must have been in a most convenient posture when this wound was inflicted. Jones extracted a ball from this wound (ball produced in court). There was another wound two inches below the groin. The ball passed entirely through the thigh, and came out in the groin. The wound was about as large as a finger. It was not the main artery, just above the thigh. It passed through a wound could not be severe, but would cause instant death in a long time. There was a slight wound on the middle finger of the left hand. There were no other wounds about the body. The wounds were not mortal—they were *combined*. In witness's opinion, the last blow in the combination was found in the head. The evidence of this witness was confirmed by Dr. Shoe. The

WAR IN EUROPE

James N. Reed (recalled) states that Key had nothing with him but a cane at the time affray. It was a light stick, and not one whether either party had any thing in his hand.

CHARLES H. WILDER

took charge of the body of Key at the hotel till the Mayor arrived. The deceased's pockets contained case of an operaglass, keys, and some memorandum.

THE DERRINGER PISTOL AND BALL

were notwithstanding objections by the defense, offered in evidence and exhibited to the jury.

BUTTERWORTH, WALKER, AND WOOLDRIDGE.

The case of the prisoner closed here. The counsel for the prisoner now asked the Court to compel the prosecution to place Messrs. Butterworth, Walker, and Wooldridge on the stand, as they had been witnesses before the Coroner's inquest. The prosecution objected to this, on the ground that Butterworth was a confederate, and that the master not be compelled to criminate himself on the back of the prosecutor. The Court declined to grant the motion.

ROOM IN WHICH SICKLES IS BEING TRIED.

The Prisoner corresponds with the size of the room. Court is held in an apartment about the size of the largest of the rooms ordinarily used in the Supreme Court of New York for jury trials. On one side are the desks of the Clerks and Marshal, upon the left of the Judge, and on the other the jury box and witness' stand. The Court and Counsel are crowded, and the prisoner sits with an aisle, with a brass pendulum, which ticks directly over his head, between him and the jury box. He is a fine looking person, and has decided military bearing. He is dressed in a dark frock coat, with velvet facings, and is profusely supplied by fresh air, more than qualified by the heat of the room. His counsel are near him, some of them, and lean over the high bar which incloses the room. Behind them, and on the same side, there is a desk, looking like a cattle-crate perched close to the bar, over which people look into the body of the room. The passage-way between him and his counsel was not closer to-day, but the crowd was more compact, and effectually prevents that immediate intercourse between them which is valuable to the prisoner, and would be more especially so to a prisoner who is himself a lawyer.

THE PERSONS OF THE COURT.

"It was evident to-day, not only from incidents susceptible of repetition, but from the tone, the manner and expression of jurors under examination, which were not without their effect upon the audience, that public opinion the seem man in its box, that, however the public sentiment of Washington as a whole, or that the sentiment of this class or that class may incline, those who had an opportunity of observing the demeanor of the Court were happily in favor of the prisoner. Of all excitement, only one has been observed, and that was of a cursory opinion. He rose, however, to his feet, and left the room. The gentleman who remarked that, in his opinion, 'it would be a shame to hang Sickles,' and that 'he knew those examined yesterday there may have been others of his way of thinking,' is the only one who were more than one or two, if any, of the seventy-five called to-day, excepting a few who were excused, who did not sympathize with Mr. Sickles. A gentleman who sat next to me, and who, with a number of his acquaintances, says that seventy-two of the seventy-five were in favor of Mr. Sickles. He represents that the feeling is universal—manifest irrespectively of personal ones are often contradicted. The distinction is not expressed every case—even the District Attorney, I am told,

HOW THE PRESS WAS TREATED.

"Washington should feel that the trial is a Fourth Estate. Washington, the centre of politics and political news, and just now the centre of attraction to all the world politicians, doesn't know its own mail, without the aid of which its importance, as well as comfort, would be less. Like certain Members of Congress who read only when it suits them, newspapers are not read here. Yesterday, Washington's newspapers were not received. The reason for the omission was amusing. Such were presumed to be reporters, desirous to read the news, that it was voted to an undesirable one, but preferred to remain within the law, where our reporting is safe.

"'But you can't stay there long.'

"'Why?'

"'Because this space is reserved for members of the bar;' and my valuable friend shared the fate of being thrown within rules.

"Luckily, I was sure admitted to the New York bar. At the announcement of this fact, proof: what a change! Surname became surname, and Christian name Christian name. I was suffered to retain my seat until—pretty literally it was announced that I was the last of the New York lawyers. Then I was politely requested to step outside. Politely—I encamped myself opposite the counsel, and in close proximity to judge, jurors, and witnesses.

THE MORMONS QUITTING DOWN.

Additional advices were received last week at the War Department from Capt. Reid, dated Fort Bridger. He reports his expressed as being on the route, and speculating from his journey of that locality, that the principal settlement of the Mormon leaders, however, still exhibit feelings of hatred to each other. Many of the Mormons have gone almost decided, and it is alleged in small parties to California, while others are preparing to leave the territory. The Indians are also preparing to cause the southern provinces of Mexico, and also in Central America, to which place it is said to found a new settlement, where he will be out of danger and away from Federal influence. The Territorial Government has also much difficulty in the administration of law, arising from obtaining juries of the Mormon faith, whose decision is a frequent subject of complaint. The army is represented to be in fine spirits. The Indians in the northern part of the Territory were troublesome.

UTAH APPLYING FOR ADMISSION.

The Mormon Legislature has passed the following memorial to Congress:

"*To the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States in Congress assembled:*

"Your memorialists, the Legislative Assembly of the Territory of Utah, respectfully pray your honorable body to so amend the boundaries of the Territory of Utah as to extend to the people of this Territory the right of the elective franchise, and permission to form their own Governor, Judges, Secretary, as well as other officers, and to be represented in the National Congress, and in the Senate of the United States.

"Your memorialists believe that the appointing of strangers to administer the laws of the United States in Territories through a time-honored custom, is to say the least, a relic of British colonial rule, and a direct infringement upon the rights of self-government, and opposed to the genius of our free republican institutions. Your attention to this important subject is respectfully requested.

"As your honorable body are well aware that no permission can be or is granted to Territories to form a constitution and receive them, in a Territory, as those citizens of the United States who are permanent residents of the same, the consummation of this valuable reform is respectfully requested to be made immediate, as in England, will your good

THE CONNECTICUT ELECTION.

The Connecticut election, which took place last week, resulted in a majority of between 600 and 700 for Buckingham. Returns received indicate the election of all four of the Democratic candidates for Congress, together with the Republican State ticket, and a Republican majority of the Legislature.

MRS. HARTUNG TO BE HANGED.

Governor Stanton has refused to commute Mrs. Hartung's sentence. In a letter to her counsel he says:

"If Mrs. Hartung, in the full possession of her husband, she is guilty of a cool, premeditated murder of the most revolting character. She has had the benefit of every of the opportunities the marriage state gave her to administer poison, and has selected the most inconspicuous murder by poisoning in the worst sort of murder, and has committed it in the worst way. She has not only disguised as well as administered the poison, but appears to be committed in any other way, there is often the possibility that some one may detect the poisoner in time, but in the case of poisoning there is no room for doubt. The victim is helpless, suffering, and unconscious that he is being necessarily to the crime; and while every application for executive clemency should be carefully heard in its own peculiar facts, I can not conceive that I should feel authorized in interposing in favor of a more premeditated guilt is clearly proved; least of all can I interfere where the life of society requires the law to be executed.

"If, therefore, Mrs. Hartung is guilty of the crime of poisoning her husband, as charged in the indictment, and of which she has been found guilty by the verdict of a jury, and which is confirmed by their verdict—considering the circumstances of premeditation, the fact of her guilty of this crime, and the Judge, whose fairness and humanity are unquestioned, and whose charge was accompanied by warranted by the testimony.' After a careful examination of the evidence and the charge of the court on the statement, I am unable to say that, had I been one of the jury, I could not have rendered the same verdict. I believe her to be guilty of the deliberate murder of her husband by poisoning.

WOMEN NOT EXEMPT FROM HANGING.

"It is urged upon me that the sex of the prisoner should be considered; that her punishment should be commuted to imprisonment for life. I do not think so. I do not deem, as women will ever again be convicted of murder in this State, that executive clemency will be found in no reason for my interference. It is not a matter to be left to the discretion of the executive power in cases, to have not had time or inclination to scan the evidence carefully, and where the law has made provision for the question to capital punishment in general, or by a horror of hanging a female, that the power of the executive to public opinion in a case like this is to induce additional cases where a commutation will be demanded when public opinion is arrived at. Moreover, though there is, undoubtedly a strong repugnance in the community to the infliction of capital punishment upon a woman, it is not to be supposed that the community would not think it is therefore committed a greater crime.

"I am not, then, commute the punishment of Mrs. Hartung. She must suffer the penalty the law has imposed upon her; and I request you will communicate this decision to her. I will be glad to cease to hope for Executive clemency, but to devote herself at once to preparing to meet her approaching fate. I will be glad to see and receive forgiveness from Him who alone can grant it.

(Signed) "EDWIN D. MORGAN.

"To WILLIAM HARRIS, Esq., Albany."

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE ARMY BILL.

The debate on the Reform Bill was resumed in the House of Commons on the 28th ult. Messrs. Bright, Cromelly, and others spoke against it, and Sir E. Bulwer, Lytton, Lindsay, and Disraeli in favor of it. The debate was then adjourned until the 30th. The London Spring News says that Mr. Bulwer Lytton's speech on the Reform Bill was thoroughly successful as an oratorical effort, but it was generally felt that the Government had remain to the working classes, as subversive of the fran-chise proposed by the present bill. The Times also takes precisely the opposite view of Sir E. Bulwer's speech, and considers that the effect of it will be greatly to change the sentiment of the House. The Ministry, however, has not consulted his interests.

On the 29th, in the House of Commons, the debate was continued on the Reform question, the House being divided, on a vote, while the settlement motion was undismissed. Speeches in opposition to the Government bill were made by Messrs. Gibson, Bernal Osborne, Mr. Walpole, Mr. Bright, etc., while it was supported by Messrs. Lindsay, Horsman, and others. The debate on the Reform Bill was resumed on 30th. Mr. Cardwell and Mr. Disraeli spoke in favor of the bill, and Mr. Gladstone against it. The latter actively repudiated all Bolters principles, and declared that the Government bill would most not be repudiated as a party measure. Lord John Russell ably and successfully defended the Government, which bill were made by Messrs. Gibson, Bernal Osborne, Mr. Walpole, Mr. Bright, etc., while it was supported by Messrs. Lindsay, Horsman, and others. The debate on the Reform Bill was resumed on 30th. Mr. Cardwell and Mr. Disraeli spoke in favor of the bill, and Mr. Gladstone against it. The latter actively repudiated all Bolters principles, and declared that the Government bill would most not be repudiated as a party measure. Lord John Russell ably and successfully defended the Government, which

The Times publishes a letter from Constantinople, to the effect that the Ottoman Government has consented to the proposal of the Russian Cabinet, but the Cabinets of London, Vienna, and Berlin have not yet returned an official reply.

The Paris correspondent of the London Times of a late date, had subsequently to the meeting of the Emperor and Queen, had refused the proposition for a congress on Italian affairs. Under these circumstances, the time per cent consoling dull at 66 francs 85 centimes for money, and 60 francs for account.

AUSTRIA AGREES TO IT.

A dispatch from Vienna states that Austria, on the 25th, agreed to the proposition for a congress, would probably meet at Milan by the 1st of May. Russia and Prussia also readily give their consent.

The Paris correspondent of the London Times says that certain conditions, but that they are not of much importance. It is reported that the words, "at the request of," course, insist on a strict maintenance of the treaties of 1815, but that the Emperor Napoleon has given a verbal assurance of special treaties with the Italian States.

The Paris correspondent of the London Daily Telegraph says that Count Walewski has returned to Paris, and that Count Cavour would resign. The Count Cavour would not yet upon the Sardinian Cabinet has addressed a communication to the five great Powers, announcing that Sardinia will not consent to the deliberation on the affairs of Italy; and a Paris correspondent of the London Times says that the Government of Sardinia has positively refused to accept the French Government consents that Piedmont and Prince Italian Legion should be disbanded.

Prince Napoleon had personally insisted upon the admission of Piedmont into the Congress, and had represented to his father-in-law that the Congress would not be not being admitted, Count Cavour would resign. The Vienna correspondent of the London Times says the Congress, but, in that event, admission could not be resisted by Germany. The Paris correspondent of the London of Parma; Naples and Modena being naturally excluded from participation, and the interests of Italy being thus exceptionally represented, Modena because it has never been at war with Austria.

The Paris Patrie says that the Conferences of the five London and St. Petersburg have agreed to the proposal of Prussia, and that Austria has given her adhesion. The Cabinet of Berlin may also consent, in which event Austria can no longer refuse to take part in them.

A LAW-CASE AGAINST THE EMPEROR.

The Paris *Constitutionnel* writes: "There has come off before the civil tribunal of Paris a trial which is attracting expectant public. It is a suit of M. Ledru Rollin for the defendant. In 1851 he sought to raise money in London by a mortgage on his house on the estate of Montmorency Horbuse, his mother's property, confiscated in 1815. Forty feet of land were sold to the Emperor by two Belgian bankers, De Cock and Verwegnen, became possessed of the property. The Emperor, however, refused to recover the money—the tribunal decreed 'that Louis Napoleon is bound to pay the sum of 40,000 f. to the heirs;' and that 'by a decree of the 31st January, 1852, the Emperor has illegally and tumultuously taken out of family inheritance whatever.' Plaintiffs non-suited.

THE CASTLES IN SPAIN.

"Strange whisperings are flying about regarding the Princess Clotilde. She is said to be of a most eccentric nature, and the exiles want of any thing like anxiousness, either to return to their native land or adopt this country, is reported to have shocked her greatly. 'When I go out with my husband,' jokingly replied to a friend of hers, 'he is a Bonaparte, and I am a Bourbon; but when I am alone I am a Princess of Savoy.' Her Royal Highness, as regards the people, if I follow my devotions at my marriage, almost on the very threshold of the altar and half string their shoulders, as if I were committing an act of idolatry. Her Royal Highness is supposed in no way, but unless half contemptuously, as on a silly child. She is, in fact, the last thing she ever gave pain habituated.

HERCULANEUM AT THE OPERA.

"A very magnificent work has been brought out at the Grand Opera, entitled 'Herculaneum.' The music becomes more than doubtful; but as a splendid exhibition of scenic display, the opera is worthy of being witnessed any thing to equal it. The scene is laid in the city of Herculaneum, about on the eve of its destruction. We are introduced to the Queen, surrounded by a crowd of courtiers and ladies, and the first act opens in a grand manner. The Queen is about to be married to the popular Roman Centurion Celsus. There we have the personnel of the whole piece. Next day the nuptials are to take place in the introduction of Satan himself. Unfortunately, the gas caught fire in the middle of the second act of the opera, and although Madame Guyonvarch executes some difficult vocal exercises, although she has received some of the enthusiasm of the audience, still, only as a scenic representation, the opera of Herculaneum work maintains its ground, if it does at all."

AUSTRIA

WARLIKE PREPARATIONS.

A letter dated Vienna, March 18, says: "It is reported at Lombardy, and the rumor is regarded as true in this city, that there is to be a general rising in Central Italy on or about the 25th of April. Should the revolutionists assemble in force in Parma or Modena, and endeavor to cross the Austrian frontier, there will be chances are that the Austrian Government will send a living corps against them, and that the Austrian Secretary also favors this opinion.

"The Archduke Albert will soon leave for Verona, as he intends to see with his own eyes the condition of the army which is now concentrated in Lombardy and Venice. Count von Radetzky has returned to Verona from Milan, as yesterday, and a part of the Court Gendarmerie has received orders to be prepared to go to Verona. Three days before yesterday no fewer than 100 heavy guns were conveyed from the arsenal to the railway station by the southern Railroad. Persons who saw them taken across the bridges state that they were an entire train of more than 50 one. Yesterday a tremendously long train left Saint-Andreas, for Verona, with 200 wagons loaded with ammunition. All the navy,' says an eye-witness, 'were sent across-bales, rafts, rockets, etc.'

ITALY.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE STRUGGLE.

What is true of the preparations in Austria is also true of the preparations on the part of Sardinia. A letter from Turin, dated March 18, says: "Negotiations are not neglected. On the contrary, they are carried to the extent that can be accounted for only by a premeditated conviction—not to say a complete certainty—on the part of the Government that they will lead to nothing. Daily arms and hours of military movements, all in the direction of the frontier. A number of pontoons were sent off yesterday; three batteries of artillery left this morning. I am informed that the artillery at the Venetian, on artillery depot out for from Turin, is under orders to move; the garrison of Turin is under orders to march northward, and the military service of the whole State is formed by the National Guards. In conformity with the new French organization, the Sardinian army is divided for the purpose of mobilization, which means just the same as the Austrian. Each division has a regular name, and those fixed for each duty—will be sent to furnish garrisons at points where it is intended to withdraw the regulars. In short, according to all appearance, every trained soldier that Piedmont possesses, with the exception of sick, and perhaps of a small detachment here and there, will soon be in the vicinity of this frontier. The Duke of Genoa has left Turin, and is expected to arrive at Verona (? Ed.), Joseph, the neighborhood of Alessandria, which places it left of Casale, and Piedmont did but broken himself to Genoa, to organize the sections there assembled into some sort of legion—on very peasant task, but one which that officer, he has had considerable experience in several services, is doubtless very well qualified to perform.

THE EVACUATION OF ROME.

At a conclave of Cardinals, the Pope referred to the evacuation of the Legations, and declared that he would not abandon his unarmed subjects to the mercy of those with the calmness assistance as a nectar and ambrosia to the gods. Nothing could be more unfounded than it was only to exert a conflict which might lead to a greater. The Pope declared that indeed there was a wish to withdraw of the foreign garrison.

THE PAPAL BONDS FOR NAPLES.

The Neapolitan police have been warned that cases of explosive materials and fulminating powder, concealed under layers of gunpowder, have been sent to Naples from Rome. The Neapolitan Government has received orders from the heads of the Custom-house to their agents, enjoining the strictest search and detention and examination of every thing arriving from Genoa. The letter is in manuscript, and utterly confidential.

AMERICANS AT ROME.

There was a grand ball at Rome on Washington's birthday. The American resident at the Piazza was of the illustrious presence: "The sparkling, delicate beauty of the Roman ladies was enhanced by the rich dress of the Turkish and Italian nobility, and I will look in the list that the credit to say that I heard of but one instance of a lady appearing in a dress not of her own country, which, considering the number of exclusive always travelling Americans, is remarkable. Dancing was kept up vigorously among the dancers till a late hour, was the splendid library, and the refreshments were of the most recherché and costly description. The Americans were out in force, and the Roman nobility were delighted to see them. Mr. Browning, with his keen, snapping eyes and unpointed moustache, I noticed in the ball-room.

"And this reminds me of other literary celebrities in Rome. Hawthorne I frequently see in the street, swinging along with a sort of land-measuring pace, smoking, and occasionally talking to a friend. Story is always busy and otherwise illustrious face. He avoids all society, and is said to be hard at work on some new work of fiction, of which is not even known by his wife.

"Miss Cushman is also here, as, by many English critics, the greatest living histrion. I occasionally meet her in society, where she is said to be a very agreeable woman enough, and where she is the star of the first magnitude. She is still engaged on her historical work. The Roman mentioned in my last letter as having made a terrible access, have afforded him additional material for his labors."

RUSSIA.

SIGNS OF DISTURBANCE.

A disagreeable sensation has been produced in official circles at St. Petersburg by the declaration of the committee of the government of Kiew, in Southern Russia, that the nobility express the opinion that this region is to form a new Russian State. The unanimous demand recognizes for the lands ceded to the peasants, and for which they are to pay a rent, a proportionate share with them. The document indicates a profound sentiment of tolerance and liberality.

SPAIN.

CUBA AND THE UNITED STATES.

In the Cortes on the 19th ult. a debate has been made for the production of the papers relative to the negotiations between the United States and Spain, in relation to the acquisition of Cuba by America, the Minister of State declared that the Government had received no official communication from the Administration of Washington or the President of the United States expressing the same. But it was true that the American Minister at Madrid had not administer Cuba well, and that the United States, on account of their higher intelligence, had a moral right to it, but that the Government had not yet made any proposition to that effect. The Government could only refuse to negotiate on the basis of the integrity of the Spanish territory. It was contradicted. All Governments had labored to improve the condition of their Islands, and the Spanish Islands had been constantly occupied with measures calculated to put the Islands in a state to be loaned. Any one had a right to possess in their internal administration, without consulting the wishes of the mother country, and the latter had been accepted if it became ill-to-not think any and was not to be considered as a cause of complaint. The Government had, in fact, done so. The Spanish Government hoped St. Radia would be satisfied with the explanations given, and withdrew the motion.

GREECE.

REVIVAL OF THE OLYMPIC GAMES.

A rich Greek, Evangelis Zappas of Scharlazi, has given to the Greek nation the handsome sum of 800,000 drachmas for the purpose of reviving the Olympic games. The money is to be invested in the funds, and the interest is to be devoted to a meeting of the philosophers, at which the prizes shall be awarded for the best work of the year presented. The principal philosophical work of the year is to be published at the expense of the fund. On the second anniversary prizes will be awarded for the best work on the aforesaid a trial of speed of native horses. On the third anniversary prizes will be awarded for the best agricultural products; in the aforesaid a gymnastic exhibition is to take place; prizes are also to be given for money and laurel crowns. The last Sunday is allotted to the distribution of prizes for the dramatic pieces; in the evening a new drama, selected by the Academy, is to be played, in the presence of the whole Greek competition, for which prizes will be awarded. The first Festival will be in October, 1859.

PARAGUAY.

SETTLEMENT OF THE DIFFICULTY.

Intelligence was received last week of the peaceful settlement of our difficulty with Paraguay. It appears that this speedy and satisfactory adjustment has a necessary been accomplished through the friendly offices of President Buchanan. Copy of the correspondence between the precise terms upon which the settlement is based will be communicated to Congress at the present session. A national salute will be fired in honor of the peace to be on board the steamer *Water Witch*, and also to the company represented by Mr. Bigelow.

THE SICKLES TRIAL.

We give this week, in illustration of the great trial which is now pending at Washington, a portrait of the leading counsel for the defense, Mr. James T. Brady, of New York, and a fac-simile of the fatal anonymous letter which first aroused the suspicions of the prisoner, and led him to commit the terrible act for which he is now on trial.

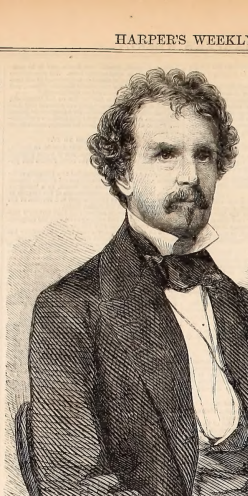
Mr. Brady is as well known throughout this country as any other criminal lawyer. His connection with leading criminal cases has now lasted upward of ten years; the skill, science, and eloquence which he has uniformly evinced have placed him, by common consent, among the first criminal lawyers at the bar. Latterly, he has been devoting his chief attention to civil practice, which, if less fruitful of immediate éclat, is more productive of profit; he is recognized in this department, also, as one of the ablest lawyers at our bar. Unsurpassed in the examination of witnesses, he is without an equal, perhaps, in the art of fascinating a jury; while the soundest judges on the bench listen to his exposition of knotty legal points with a deference seldom awarded to so young a man.

Mr. Brady's parents were Irish. He himself was born in the city of New York about the year 1811. He received a good education, studied law, and was admitted to the bar about the year 1836. Early in life he attached himself to the Democratic party, and became one of the leaders of Tammany. None of the young chiefs of the wigwam ever attained more popularity than he; when he was announced to speak the hall was always crowded; when he spoke the crowd was always hushed. Latterly he has seemed to desire to withdraw from the front of the political battle. No doubt he wisely sees that, should he devote a few years to the acquisition of wealth and the conquest of a first-class legal reputation, he may hereafter re-enter the political arena to great advantage.

Within the past few years Mr. Brady has been frequently selected to deliver orations on topics of popular interest, and never has he disappointed his audience. Some of his speeches on such occasions at the annual reunion of the Dramatic Fund Association, have been models of classic oratory. His oration at the Burns Festival was perfect; coming from a man who had occupied a leading position in the party with which he has been affiliated, passages in it commanded marked attention, and conciliated no small respect for the speaker.

Nor has Mr. Brady's connection with the Women's Rights question been less beneficial to his fame. Engaged on behalf of a husband in a case involving marital rights, Mr. Brady was understood to utter views which would appear to justify the husband's absolute bodily control of his wife. This view being warmly controverted in some of the papers, and Mr. Brady's gallantry impeached—he is a bachelor—he replied in an admirable and humorous letter, defining his real position, and exculpating himself from the charge of being an advocate of marital tyranny. His letter attracted so much attention that he was solicited to deliver a lecture on the rights of women. He complied with the request, choosing for his theme the legal disabilities of the sex. We presume that his lecture had no small influence on the Legislature at Albany, which has just passed a measure relieving married women from some of their most obvious grievances.

We should have been glad to have given portraits of Mr. Brady's colleagues in the Sickles case. Our space, however, forbids. Persons who are not subscribers to the Weekly will find portraits of Judge Crawford, Mr. Attorney Ould, Mr. Butterworth, Mr. Sickles, and Mr. Sickles in the last number of this journal, together with views of the Court-house and Court-room, and a very full but graphical sketch of Mr. Sickles. We now subjoin



JAMES T. BRADY, ESQ.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.]

the graphic sketch of counsel employed, from the reporter for the associated press:

"Mr. Gold is a fine square-built, athletic man, of some forty years of age, with eyes small and gray, though without the expression of keenness usually attributed to such optics. He has a broad forehead, straight black hair, and a rather pleasant expression of countenance. Indeed, he looks more like a friend to be honorably trusted than like a lawyer to be depended upon. His colleagues, Mr. Carlisle, possesses more of the qualities usually associated with the idea of a legal practitioner. Wiry, and restlessly active, nothing seems to escape his attention, and the defense seem to realize that they have more difficulty to regret from him than from the Government prosecutor. His voice, like his person, is thin and wiry, but manner and style are nevertheless pleasant.

"On Mr. Brady, of New York, rests most of the labor of the defense. Studiously polite to Judge, jury, counsel, and witnesses, he seems to have more faith in sweetness than in blustering. Even when he thinks the Judge is wrong in the decision of small matters, he prefers to submit gracefully rather than consume time and exasperate feelings in disputation. At the same time, where material principles of law or evidence are involved, none more determined than he, and few more able to defend to the last extremity the interests of his client. He is decidedly the most popular of the counsel for the defense.

"The counsel who next to him seems to be most relied on for the defense is Mr. Stanton. This gentleman is in constant communication with the prisoner, and sits or stands beside him most of the time. What Mr. Brady lavishes in the *suaviter* Mr. Stanton makes up in the *fortiter*. There is no ceremoniousness about him. He comes up to the point with a sledge-hammer earnestness which stands out in contrast to his colleague's extreme politeness. He is a man just a little beyond the middle age of life, but with all the vigor of one of thirty. He talks with rapid utterance and great vehemence, though the reporters say he might improve his argument by diminishing his word fluency.

"Mr. Phillips was a member of the Thirty-third Congress, from the State of Alabama, who, in preference to returning to that State when his term expired, resolved to practice law in Washington. I believe he is an Israelite in faith, though entirely restricted to the organization of the party.

"Thomas Francis Meagher is too well known throughout the country to need description here. As one of the junior counsel in this case, he contents himself with eagerness to his seniors. His is the pleasantest face at the lawyers' table.

"Mr. Bradley has the reputation of being a keen lawyer, up to all the arts of the profession. He is a practitioner at the Washington bar.

"Mr. Chilton is a highly respectable and intelligent-looking elderly gentleman, whose very appearance is calculated to have a favorable impression on the jury. He and Mr. Brady are to sum up for the defense.

"Mr. Magruder has but recently come to practice at this bar. He is favorably spoken of. His part of the defense, however, like that of Mr. Phillips, seems, I believe, with the organization of the jury.

The anonymous letter needs no description. It will be noticed that the handwriting is feigned, and that omissions of words here and there appear to indicate haste on the part of the writer. The best judges of handwriting affirm that it is in the hand of a lady, disguised. Public rumor ascribes its authorship to one of two ladies, who are supposed to have been actuated by jealousy of Mr. Sickles.

THE LONG AGO.

Oh! a wonderful stream is the river Time,
As it runs through the realms of tears,
With a faithless rhythm and a musical rhyme,
And a beautiful sweep, and a surge sublime,
And blends with the ocean of years.

How the winters are drifting like flakes of snow,
And the summers like buds between,
And the year in the shroud—as they come and they go,
On the river's breast, with its ebb and flow,
As it glides in the shadow and sheen.

There is a magical isle up the river Time,
Where the softest of airs are playing;
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,
And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,
And the Junes with the roses are staying.

And the name of this isle is the Long Ago,
And we bury our treasures there:
There are bars of bright gold and heaven of snow—
There are heaps of dust, but we loved them so!
There are trinkets and tresses of hair.

There are fragments of song that nobody sings,
And a part of an infant's prayer;
There's a lute unstrung, and a harp without strings,
There are broken vows, and pieces of rings,
And the garments that she used to wear.

There are hands that are waved when the fairy shore
By the margent is lifted in air;
And we sometimes hear, through the turbulent roar,
Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before,
When the wind down the river is fair.

Oh! remembered for aye be the blessed isle,
All the day of life till night—
When the evening comes with its beautiful smile,
And our eyes are closing to slumber a while,
May that "greenwood" of soul be in sight.

FAC-SIMILE OF THE ANONYMOUS LETTER INFORMING HON. DANIEL E. SICKLES OF THE INFIDELITY OF HIS WIFE.

ERUPTION OF THE VOLCANO OF MAUNA LOA, HAWAII.

VARIOUS SHAPES ASSUMED BY THE VOLCANIC ERUPTION.—[FROM A SKETCH BY HENRY M. WHITNEY, ESQ.]

THE last mail brings us advices of a great eruption on Mauna Loa, in the Sandwich Islands. The eruption was first observed on the evening of the 23d of January, a small light appearing on the summit of the mountain. This summit light continued only for five hours after first being observed. A new crater then broke out about 7000 feet above the sea, and about half way down the side of the mountain. This crater continued in action during the night of the 23d and part of the next day, when still another and larger crater broke out about 500 feet below this, which still continued to eject immense quantities of, lava up to the latest dates received from the Islands. During the continuance of the eruption the atmosphere about the whole of the Sandwich Islands was very much obscured by smoke from the crater.

Hawaii, the largest of the Sandwich Islands, is made up principally of three lofty mountains, Hualalai, Mauna Kea, and Mauna Loa. During the last half century eruptions have been known only on Mauna Loa, and these occur every four or five years—the last previous one having occurred in 1855. These mountains are among the finest in the world, and are about 14,000 feet in height. Mauna Kea (the White Mountain) has not been known to break out in eruption since the discovery of the Islands. Rising from the sea to a height of 14,000 feet, with its summit covered with eternal snow, it forms a grand sight. On its sides have been counted over eighty extinct craters.

Mauna Loa, which is about the same height as Mauna Kea, is the only active volcano in that archipelago. The crater of Kilauea, on the side of this mountain, has been celebrated as one of the largest active volcanoes, and has been so often described that we pass it by with the simple remark that no unusual action has been noticed in it during the present great eruption. The peculiar formation of Mauna Loa is such that, from the sea, it forms one of the most magnificent views. Its sides and summit are so smooth as an earthen vessel; and rising at it does above the clouds, with its summit covered with snow, it is a most remarkable mountain. The present eruption was on the western slope of the mountain; and whether we consider the amount of lava ejected or the height to which it is thrown out (1000 feet), it far surpasses any eruption previously known on those islands.

A party from Honolulu, the capital of the group, visited the volcano shortly after the eruption. Their report caused so great an excitement and desire to see it that five vessels sailed, all filled with passengers, to visit the scene. Among these vessels were H. B. M. ship *Calypso*, who took thither his Majesty King Kamehameha, the British Consul-General, and a number of others. From an account furnished us by an attentive correspondent we give full particulars of the eruption, and illustrate the same with sketches taken on the spot:

"Our camping-ground is located on the elevated table-land lying between the three great mountains of Hualalai, Mauna Kea, and Mauna Loa, sixteen miles inland from Kailua, and some ten miles in an air line from the ocean, which lies over against us on the side of Mauna Loa, distinctly in view. This plain is some 5000 feet above the sea.

"During the daytime the light of the crater and of the lava streams is hardly perceptible. The night is the time for observation. Soon after the sun had set the molten streams began to show their courses, while the upcoling of the lava from the crater became more and more distinct. The reflection of the numerous fiery streams rolling rapidly down the side of the mountain and across the plain lit up the overhanging clouds, making it as bright as moonlight for many miles around. As night advanced, and every little stream and light became more and more distinct, the scene was grand.

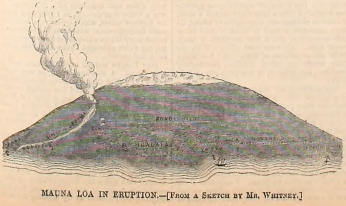
"This new crater, for which we can find no native name except '*Pele hou*' (the new eruption), is located on the northern slope of Mauna Loa, at an elevation of say 6500 feet above the sea, and an equal distance from the summit of the mountain. It is some ten or twelve miles westward, and about 4000 feet lower down than the last eruption of 1855, known as that of Mokuaweoweo. The course of the stream, from its source to the sea, is nearly N.W. by N. The crater bears due east from Kailua by the compass, and is about twenty-four miles from that harbor in a straight line. Its latitude, as near as we are able to determine without instruments, is 19° 31'; long. 155° 40'. By referring to a map or chart its position on the island can readily be noted. Over figures, we wish it understood, are only estimates, and accurate observations may prove that we are in error in some of them.

"The actual size and form of the crater can only be determined by visiting its immediate vicinity, which we were not prepared to do. From the distance at which we observed it, about ten miles, and from various points of observation, it appeared to be circular, its width being about equal to its breadth, and perhaps 800 feet across the mouth. This may be too moderate an estimate, and it may prove to be 600 or even 800 feet in size. The rim of the crater is surrounded or made up of cones formed from the stones and scoria thrown out, those cones constantly varying in extent, now growing in size, and again all tumbling in. The lava does not simply run out from the side of the crater like water from the side of a bowl, but is thrown up in continuous columns, very much like the Geyser springs, as represented in school geographies. At times this upseting appeared to be feeble, rising but little above the rim of the crater; but generally, or if anger to escape from the pent-up bowels of the earth, the jets rose to a height nearly equal to the base of the crater. But the columns and masses of lava thrown out were ever varying in form and height. Sometimes, when very active, a spire or cone of lava would shoot up like a rocket or in the form of a huge pyramid to a height nearly double the base of the crater. If the mouth of the crater is five hundred feet across, the perpendicular column must be eight hundred to one thousand feet in height! Then, by watching it with a spy-glass, the columns could be seen to diverge and fall in all manner of shapes, like a beautiful fountain. The accompanying outlines of the appearance of the crater at various times may help the reader to form an idea of it.

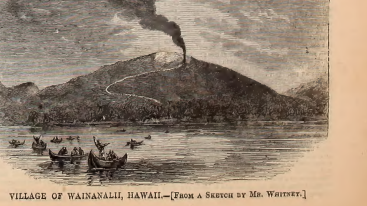
"This part of the scene was one of true grandeur—no words can convey a full idea of it to our readers. The molten fiery fountain of the lava, ever varying, ever changing its form, from the simple gurgling of a spring to the largest fountain conceivable, in a scene that, when viewed, will be pointed, in all its splendor and magnificence, on the memory of the observer till death. Large boulders of red-hot lava stone, weighing hundreds if not thousands of tons, thrown up with inconceivable power high above the liquid mass, a distance of one thousand feet, could be occasionally seen falling outside or on the rim of the crater, tumbling down the cones and rolling over the precipice, remaining brilliant for a few moments, then becoming cold and black, were but among the issues of surrounding lava. So awfully grand, so beautiful was this ever-varying scene, that one who sees it from a good position can not help watching it with intense delight and increasing excitement for hours together; the only drawback being the severe cold of the night, against which traveler should be provided.

"A dense heavy column of smoke continually rose out from the crater, but always on the north side, and took a northeasterly direction, rising in one continuous column for above the mountain, to a height of, perhaps, 10,000 feet above the crater. This smoke hovers over that island, and, indeed, all the islands, and most at times, when the trade wind lulls, obstruct the view.

THE SACRIFICE TO THE GODDESS PELE.



MAUNA LOA IN ERUPTION.—[FROM A SKETCH BY MR. WHITNEY.]



VILLAGE OF WAINANALII, HAWAII.—[FROM A SKETCH BY MR. WHITNEY.]

During our stay, however, it passed off from the mountain, leaving the lower atmosphere quite clear. We watched closely to observe whether any steam could be seen issuing, either from the crater or from any of the streams of lava, but could not see any thing that could be called steam or vapor, unless occasionally very slight hallations along some of the lava streams. Some rose from the crater itself—only a dense, heavy smoke, which came up out of the mouth itself. Considerable smoke rose along the stream as the molten lava came in contact with trees and vegetable matter, but the smoke was not steam, but the smoke itself. Steam was noticed in various places on the plain, issuing from the fissures, and was the heat was less intense that a tea-kettle could be boiled over it. But the most remarkable steam was that of the flowing lava, which was about a mile distant, coming in contact with pools of water in some places.

"On leaving the crater, the lava stream does not appear for a considerable distance, on sight of which the guide in his way through a deep ravine or gulch, which hides it from the eye. This ravine, which is a mile in length, conjectures, it being impossible to get near enough to look into it, but it is probably several hundred feet deep. The first, then, that we see of the lava after being thrown up in the crater is its branching out into three several distances below the fountain-head. Instead of running in one large stream, it parts and divides into two, and another—perhaps as many as fifty—spreading out over a tract of five or six miles in width. The first of these rifles from the crater the descent is very rapid, and the flow of the lava when from four to six miles distant according to the descent. But after it reaches the plain, where it is level, it moves slower. Here the current appears to move very slowly, there being a principal one which varies and is very tortuous—the whole of which is a quarter mile in width. Through these are frequent divert branches running off from it. This principal stream rushed the sea at Waimanalo, a distance of about fifteen miles from the port of Kawaihae, on the 31st, after a flow of eight days from the crater. The eruption commenced on the 23d of January. This stream, on reaching the sea, spread out to about three miles in width. The night of it as it poured into the ocean, forming clouds of steam several hundred feet high, which, assisted by those who see it to very beautiful.

"At Waimanalo, the village which was destroyed by the eruption, contained a population of sixty or seventy persons. Not a vestige of a habitation or tree of any description now remains, the lava having swept over the village, and left it covered to the depth of from twenty to thirty feet. The natives say that the lava came so suddenly upon them that they had barely time to escape, many having to climb trees, while others fled to the mountains. They also report that a woman and child were isolated by the fiery stream and consumed. The lowland between Waimanalo and Kawaihae is a barren waste, and without presence of mind to attempt to save his property, fled for his life. The village of Kawaihae was soon awaked by the noise, but only to find her house surrounded by the lava flood. Concerned about the safety of those dear to her, she left her house, and, with her child in her arms, made her way to the beach, and succeeded in getting up a canoe-trot; but still the stream advanced and soon reached the canoe, leaving it, with the child in it, and woman and child were thrown into the liquid rolling mass, and perished—a terrible, a horrible, a fearful fate, to their leathen goddess, Pele.

"Some of the streams of lava that were the cascades or falls formed in it before the stream reached the plain. Two streams of water, of about equal magnitude, to be changing and now once formed in different localities as new streams were made. One, however, which was formed on the plain for two days, was about a mile and 80 to 100 feet in height. First there was a fall, then below it were cascades. The color of the water during the night when the bright red-hot stream of lava was flowing over it was of the most beautiful red, and the whole was a cascade of fire, and still the stream advanced and soon reached the ocean, leaving it, still red, to the sea

and my ears, and then my hair, which afterward he dried in the towel and combed out before the fire. When all this was done, Dorr led me before a glass, and I looked at myself clean and combed for the first time in my life. I could also see his face in the glass, and on it was a pleased expression. I felt glad, therefore, that I was clean-faced, for I saw he liked me better; and then, and for all time forward, I would have done all things to please him.

I hope I shall not dwell too long on those days, and still to my memory there is a charm about them beyond all telling — that emerging from a state of callous animal wretchedness to a new life and humanity! Oh! the many charming little things that happened! I was like one to whom the senses of sight and hearing had been restored. The dresses, the shoes, the clothes, and the many as I can well imagine, that to me were as new and fascinating me a new soul, made it in likeness of his own.

I grew in body as in mind. I had no instructor but Dorr. He, making my toil a pastime, led my gradually up from the first letter in the primer set out to me the letter A, until I stood side by side with him in his readings and longings. In all things had I changed — except in love. He had always no longer be Mary, I should be called Walt; and Walt I became. I was Dorr's boy — his child.

Not in one single thought did I ever dream of an opposing element. Were not our minds created from one great whole? Were not the shades the tides flesh and brushed into to the breath of mind? He was myself; I could not oppose myself.

And the years went on, while I learned more and more to worship him. I was a child to him, a weak word. I knew none else. I spoke with none else. To me there was no person in all the world. When he was present I was complete, and could commune within myself. When he was absent myself and went and sat in the shade where he went I knew all his goings and comings, his turns, his hopes, and his sorrows, and in my heart he was away from my sight as though he were present. I did not require him by my side that I might speak with him. His presence was not only in body.

And the years, as I say, rolled away, and I was very happy. And as a natural sequence of my happiness came beauty. I know it came to me, even without his telling. Except in my reflection in the water, I could not see with the air of peace and love stamped upon it. And I was very beautiful to look at; I had been of my first clothes, because it pleased him. He sent the blood thrilling to my heart by saying so. He had no other motive than that of gratification. For even after he had introduced me in a great gathering, on which he had come to set the seal of reputation, he led me one night to the Academy, and placed me where I could hear not only the praises of his art, but the commendations of the critics who selected out this figure as the ideal of all their standard of loveliness. I know that all this sounds like egotism, but it matters so little to me now, save only to show the nobility of his nature, that I tell it regardless of egotism.

I was seventeen. Eight years I had been with Dorr Vaughn, and as I turned over in my mind one night the opinion of the world, I could not tell what their expression might have been with regard to this. I knew not, and cared not, whether they believed him my brother, my father, or my benefactor. I knew him as my world, and I was seventeen by my estimated birthday, which by me had made by counting no nine years old the day he brought me home. I had no other record of my birth. And on that day I was seventeen. It was a bright, cold day, and I remember that I was awaiting his return anxiously that day more than common. It had always been a holiday with us, but more so on this occasion by the occasion of a new carpet to our large room, and several articles of furniture, which I had heard Dorr secretly bought with the money paid for my first picture. I was now an artist; I had been paid for my pencil. He came in with a face full of beauty, and gazed around with such a look of boyish delight. Ah! such a change as had been wrought in those three rooms! Comfort had been added for my sake! I came there! We would not leave the rooms we had occupied by the association of a new carpet to our large room, and several articles of furniture, which I had heard Dorr secretly bought with the money paid for my first picture.

I was now an artist; I had been paid for my pencil. He came in with a face full of beauty, and gazed around with such a look of boyish delight. Ah! such a change as had been wrought in those three rooms! Comfort had been added for my sake! I came there! We would not leave the rooms we had occupied by the association of a new carpet to our large room, and several articles of furniture, which I had heard Dorr secretly bought with the money paid for my first picture.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

TRUMPS.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

CHAPTER II.

NIGHTFALL.

"LITTLE MALACCA, where were you born?"

"North."

"You are a new one, or you'd have known that. All the boys know that.

"I mean, where do your father and mother live?"

"Why, I ain't got none."

"Haven't any father or mother? poor fellow!"

"I'm not a poor fellow. I've got plenty of money. Look here!" and the boy straightened himself in his pretty clothes, and pulled two or three bright copper cents out of his pocket. "I buy a seed-cake every time the steamer comes and Saturdays I get a lemon-cake; but then old Green Maddock catches me, and pounds me till I give him half—and if he pounds a great while he takes the whole, 'cause he says I've made him work, and he must support exhausted nature. So I generally give up, except when I'm very empty."

"Who sent you to this school?"

"I don't just know. I guess Nussy did. 'Cause I remember a long time ago she tried to teach me after I'd been to a woman's school. But I sat up on the table the first day and swung my legs; and when she told me to get down and study, I said I wouldn't. Then she asked me why not, and I said 'cause hers was a nasty school. Then she said I called every school nasty. Well, I said, yours is the nastiest of all.

HOMAGE TO A HERO.

So they are nasty—all schools are nasty."

"How old are you?"

"Well, I suppose I'm fifteen," answered Little Malacca. "But I don't just know."

"Who are your friends?"

"Why, all the boys. I don't fight with 'em. But, by golly, I wish Mr. Gray had stripped Abe Newt."

"Isn't he your friend?"

"I don't know. He gives me gingerbread, but I guess I don't like him."

"Why not?"

"I don't know. But what are you asking me all these things for, Gabriel Demar?" asked Little Malacca, suddenly, turning full upon the other with his great black eyes, and shaking the curls away that hung upon his velvet jacket, over which a smooth white collar was carefully turned. He had the air of a handsome foreign child, but he spoke English as nimbly and purely as his companion, who seemed to be about the same age, and was a delicate-featured, but robust and ruddy boy.

"Come," said Little Malacca, "why don't you answer?"

"'Cause I haven't any thing to say," replied Gabriel. "I'm sure I don't know why I asked you."

"By George! that's real funny," laughed the other. "Hollo! the fellows are playing French and English: let's go and join in."

The two boys ran off together and mingled in the game. It was already dusk, but the summer evening is the best time for play. The sport was at its height, and the hot, eager, panting boys were shouting and scampering in every direction, when a man ran in from the road and cried out, breathless,

"Where's Mr. Gray?"

"In his study," answered twenty voices at once. The man darted toward the house, and went in; the next moment he reappeared with Mr. Gray, both of them running.

"Get out the boat!" cried Mr. Gray, "and call the big-boys. There's a man drowning in the pond!"

The game was over at once, and each young heart thrilled with vague horror. Abel Newt, Meaddock, Blanding, Tom Galt, and the rest came rushing out of the school-room, and ran toward the barn in which the boat was kept upon a truck. In a moment the door was open, the truck ran out, and all the boys took hold of the rope.

Mr. Gray and the stranger led the way. The throng swept out of the gate, and as they hastened silently along, the axles of the truck kindled with the friction and began to smoke.

"Carefully! steadily!" cried the boys all together.

They slackened speed a little, but, happily the pond was but a short distance from the school. It was a circular sheet of water, perhaps a mile in width.

"Boys, he is nearly on the other side," said Mr. Gray, as the crowd reached the bank.

In an instant the boat was afloat. Mr. Gray, the stranger, and the six strongest boys in the school grasped into it.

"Let fall! give way!" cried Mr. Gray, and the boat moved off, gliding swiftly into the darkness.

The younger boys remained hushed and awestricken upon the shore. The stars were just coming out, the wind had fallen, and the smooth, black pond lay silent at their feet. They could see the vague, dark outline of the opposite shore, but none of the pretty villas that stood on its rising insects and the regular ruffled line of the oars over the water. The boys strained their eyes and held their breath as the sound suddenly stopped. But they listened in vain. The lazy tree-toads sang the monotonous hum of the night were all.

Gabriel Demar held the hand of Little Malacca.

"Isn't it dreadful?" whispered the latter.

"Yes," said Gabriel, "it's dreadful to be young when a man's drowning, for you can't do any thing. Hark!"

There was not a movement. Every ear heard a dull, distant sound.

"I guess that's Jim Greenwich," whispered Little Malacca, under his breath; "he's the best diver."

Nobody answered. The slow minutes passed. Some of the boys peered round them timidly into the dark, and drew closer to their neighbors.

"There they come!" said Gabriel, wearily, in a low voice, and in a few moments the beat of the oars was heard again. Still nobody spoke. Most of the boys were afraid that the boat appeared they should see a dead body, and they dreaded it. Some of the younger ones began to cry. The throb of oars came nearer and nearer. The boat glimmered out of the darkness, and showed at the same moment dull by the shore. The solemn undertone in which the rowers spoke told all. Death was in the boat.

Gabriel Demar could see the rowers step quickly out, and with great care rwo the boat upon the truck. In a few minutes the boys all moved together and grasped the rope.

"Forward!" said Mr. Gray.

Something lay across the seats covered with a large cloak. The boys did not look behind, but they all knew what they were dragging. The homely funeral-car rolled slowly along under the stars. The crowd followed in the solemn tiditudinous voice of the summer night murmured on every side, mingling with the hollow rumble of the truck. In this manner the procession turned into the grounds, and the boat was thrown to the platform.

"The little boys may go," said Mr. Gray.

They dropped the rope and turned away. They did not even try to see what was done with the body; but when Blanding came out of the house, afterward, they asked him who found the drowned man.

"Jim Greenwich," said he. "He stripped as soon as we were well out on the pond, and asked the stranger gentleman to show him about where his friend sank. The moment the place was pointed out he dove. The first time he found nothing. The second time he touched him"—the boys shuddered—"and he actually brought him up to the surface. But he was quite dead. Then we took him into the boat, and covered him over. That's all."

There were no more games, there was no other talk, that evening. When the boys were going to bed Gabriel asked Little Malacca in which room Jim Greenwich slept.

"He sleeps in Number Seven. Why?"

"Oh! I only wanted to know. But what a splendid fellow he must be!"

"So he is: and so strong!"

Gabriel Bennet could not sleep. His mind was too busy with the events of the day. All night long he could think of nothing but the calmness of Abel Newt upon the platform, and the strong figure of Jim Greenwich erect in the summer night, then plunging silently into the black water. When it was fairly light he exercised on his clothes, and passing quietly along the hall, knocked at the door of Number Seven.

"Who's there?" cried a voice within.

"It's only me."

"Who's me?"

"Gabriel Bennet."

"Come in, then."

It was Abel Newt who spoke; and as Gabriel stepped in, Newt asked, abruptly,

"What do you want?"

"I want to speak to Jim Greenwich."

"Well, there he is," replied Newt, pointing to another bed. "Jim! Jim!"

Greenwich roused himself.

"What's the matter?" said his cheery voice, as he rose upon his elbow and looked at Gabriel with his kind eyes. "Come here, Gabriel. What is it?"

Gabriel hesitated, for Abel Newt was looking sharply at him. But in a moment he went to Greenwich's bedside, and said, shyly, in a low voice,

"Shall I black your boots for you?"

"Black my boots! Why, Gabriel, what on earth do you mean? I, of course you shall not."

And the strong youth looked pleasantly on the boy who stood by his bedside, and put out his hand to him.

"Can I brush your clothes, then, or do any thing for you?" persisted Gabriel, softly.

"Certainly not. Why do you want to?" replied Greenwich.

"Oh! I only thought it would be pleasant to do something—for—for—he's all," said Gabriel, as he moved slowly away. "I'm sorry to have waked you."

He closed the door gently as he went out. Jim Greenwich lay for some time resting upon his elbow, wondering why a boy who had seemed by ever spoken a word to him before should suddenly want to be his servant. He could make nothing of it, and lay down again for a morning nap, for he was tired with the exertions of the night before. He knew that he had plunged into the cold water and brought up a dead body; he did not know that he had dived into a living heart.

CHAPTER III.

PEEWEE PREACHING.

THE Reverend Amos Peewee, D.D., made a suitable improvement of the melancholy event narrated in the last chapter upon the following Sunday. He enlarged upon the uncertainty of life. He said that in the midst of life we are in death. He said that we are shadows and pursue shades. He added that we are here today and gone to-morrow.

During the long prayer before the sermon a violent thunder-gust swept from the west and flashed against the old wooden church. As the Doctor poured forth his petitions he made the most extraordinary movements with his right hand. He waved it up and down rapidly. He opened his eyes for an instant as if to find something. He seemed, altogether, to be closing imaginary windows—and so he was. It looked out the next day at Mr. Gray's that Dr. Peewee was telegraphing the sexton at random —for he did not know

when to look for him —to close the windows. Nobody better understood the danger of draughts from windows, during thunder-storms, than the Doctor. Nobody knew better than he that lightning-rod upon the church. Death was his protection at all, but that the iron staples with which it was clamped to the building would draw it, in case of a bolt striking the church, to drive its whole force into the building. As a lord much beloved over the village in the midst of his sermon, and showing frightfully near the storm was, his voice positively quavered as he said,

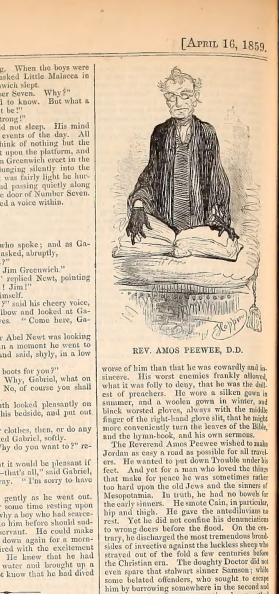
"Yes, my brethren, let us be calm under all circumstances, and death will have no terrors."

Dr. Peewee had been settled in the village of Delafield since a long period before the Revolution, according to the boys. But the parish register carried the date only to the beginning of this century. His best friends said nothing worse of him than that he was cowardly and insincere. His worst enemies frankly allowed, what it was folly to deny, that he was the dullest of preachers. He wore a silken gown in church and a woollen gown in winter, and black worsted gloves, always with the middle finger of the right-hand glove slit, that he might more conveniently turn the leaves of the Bible, and the hymn-book, and his own sermons.

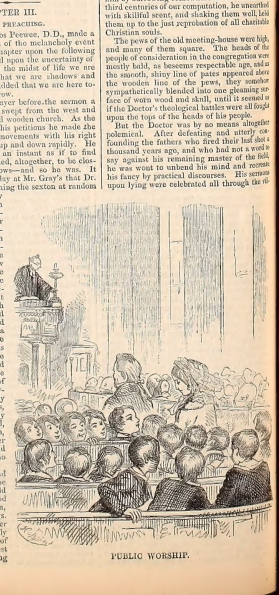
The Reverend Amos Peewee wished to make Jordan as easy a road as possible for all travelers. He wanted to put down Twaddle under his feet. And yet no man who loved the thing that make for peace he was sometimes rather too hard upon the old Jews and the sinners of Mesopotamia. In truth, he had no bowels in the early sinners. He smote Cain, in particular, hip and thigh. He gave the antediluvians no rest. Yet he did not confine his denunciation to wrong-doers before the flood. On the contrary, he discharged the most tremendous broadsides of invective against the luckless sheep who strayed out of the fold a few centuries before the Christian era. The doughty Doctor did not spare that stalwart sinner Samson: with some belated offenders, who sought to escape him by burrowing somewhere in the second or third centuries of our computation, he unearthed with skilful scent, and shaking them well, let them up to the just reprobation of all christian christian souls.

The pews of the old meeting-house were high and many of them square. The heads of the people of consideration in the congregation were mostly bald, as becomes respectable age, and the smooth, shiny line of pates appeared above the wooden line of the pews, they somewhat irregularly inclined into one another, in reverence of worn wood and shell, until it seemed as if the Doctor's theological tussles were all forgotten upon the tops of the heads of his people.

But the Doctor was by no means altogether polemical. After defeating and utterly confounding the fathers who fired their last shot a thousand years ago, and who had not a word to say against his remaining master of the field, he was wont to unbend his mind and nestle his fancy by practical inferences. His sermon upon lying were celebrated all through the re-



REV. AMOS PEEWEE, D.D.



PUBLIC WORSHIP.

lage. He gave the insidious vice no quarter. He charged upon it from all sides at once. Long hadn't a single foot left to stand upon. White lies, black lies, blue lies, and green lies, lies of ceremony, of charity, and of good intention disappeared before the lightning of his wrath. They are all children of the Devil, with different complexions, said Dr. Peewee.

And the liar! why, he described him mimetically. He knew the fellow through and through; his shifts, his quirks, his wriggings, his cunning. He knew when to accompany his words with the uniformity of the knobby line of shiny heads and sometimes disturbed by some respectable villager looking up curiously to watch the Doctor's face. His portrait of the liar was, after all, his best pulpit performance.

So with the sins of stealing, swearing, covetousness, sensuality of all kinds, slander, arson, and murder. Doctor Peewee had a word upon with them. But then the shepherd must be very, though! he. Sometimes discretion is a virtue, and moderation always is, said he. Like other clergymen and most laymen he had his own theory of preaching. The pastor is a shepherd, as any Latin dictionary will show to the most unreflective. His people are his sheep, his church is the fold, and temptations are ogres. The duty of the shepherd, therefore, is to cry "Wolf, wolf!" the instant the ogre is to beware. But if the hungry rascals, the wolves of entrance, of which every sermon is caught any of the flock, "Wolves! wolves!" cried the shepherd. "Yes, yes," cried the flock; "at what time? what kind?" "Why, you great sheep-ook-ers, my brethren," answered the pastor.

"My dear Mr. Gray," said the Doctor, putting his gentleman when he was about establishing his school in the village and was consulting with the Doctor about his plans, "you must preach—"My dear Mr. Gray," said the Doctor, putting down his cigar and stirring the coals (he was out of an earlier day), "where would society be if the sins of individuals were to be rudely assailed—were more than by general terms? A man's sins are like his curses. Neither the shoe nor the sermon must be too tough. I am a clergyman, but I hope I am also a man of common sense, a practical man, Mr. Gray. The general must love and the surgeon must probe. Men are in proper themes of the preacher. And less there ought be an intended personal application of general truth supposed in the pulpit. The pastor ought to understand the individual characters and pursuits of his parishioners."

"Clearly," said Mr. Gray.

"For instance," resumed the Doctor, as he slowly stirred his toddy, and gesticulated with an skinny forefinger, occasionally sipping as he went on, "if I have a drunkard in my congregation, commendable economy has perhaps ripened, developed, let us say, into parsimony, and, in fact, has gradually slipped out of the category of extermination and an extreme tenacity of hold upon the substance necessary to life. I am aware that his family suffers, his wife pines, his daughters sicken, and his son keeps pace in the house by going out of it, in a manner, Mr. Gray. But as his pastor, know what every body in the village knows, preach a sermon against parsimony, society, a society of brothers? Of course they were of course we must be. Shall we brothers love one another. Let us dwell together, my brethren, in unity," said the Doctor, putting down his glass, and looking at the ceiling as Mr. Gray's study, "and please give me your arm while I show you the morning the coquetry of burning widows upon the funeral pyres of their husbands."

This was the Peewee preaching and practice. And after such a sermon the deacon has been known to say to his wife upon the way to the house, which had a settled shade, like the tint of twilight at vallejo from which the sun has long been gone, though it is but now set—

What shocking people the Hindoos are! They actually burn widows! Very dear, how grateful we ought to be that we live in a Christian country where wives are not burned.—Abram-ham! if you put another cinder on the floor, I'll skin you alive, Sir. Go to bed this minute, you wicked boy, or you will be bad enough to be a widow, my dear, let alone the burning."

CHAPTER IV.

AVE MARIA!

Mr. Gray's boys were several years, which he could command with his eye from his seat in the front pew. Every Sunday morning at the first strokes of the bell the boys would scroll toward the church. But after they were seated, and the procession had assembled, and Dr. Peewee had gone up into the pulpit, the wheels of a carriage were heard outside—there was a slight scuffling and treading, and old Christopher Burt, the oldest and richest of the parishioners, entered. His head was of the purest white, and he wore a queue. His coat collar was slightly whitened with the powder, and he carried a gold headed cane.

The boys looked in admiration upon so much respectability, powder, age, and gold cane united in one.

But who came behind?

O dread of years roll back! O eyes of Youth return! Through the gallery of memory, linked and reverent, she glides forever, as along the aisle of the old village church, almost with queenly scorn as with queenly tread, yet with a calm benignity of womanly beauty. They sail on Indian seas—they fish in Severn streams—they dig in California sands—they climb the Pyrenees—they sleep in France—they smile in Germany—they dream in Italy—all over the world they have been and are, who recall the lovely presence of Mary Gray, the youngest child of old Burt.

All Mr. Gray's boys were in love with her. They went to church to worship her. They went home to talk about her. They went to bed to dream of her. They read Miss Austen's stories from Shakespeare, and Hope Wayne from Austen. They impersonated Imogen; but above all others, she was Juliet. They died for Arabian Nights," and she was all the Arabian Princesses in the unpronounceable names. They read Miss Edgeworth—"Helen," "Belinda," "Leonora," "Harrington!" they cried, and dropped the book to think of Hope.

As day by day walked home after church on Sundays they looked at her, read Hope, thought of Hope Wayne. In the evening of the day on which the Doctor preached the drowning, and exhorted his hearers to be brave, Mr. Gray asked Gabriel Bennet how he liked the Doctor's sermon.

"I hated it," replied the boy.

"Why, my son?" said the boy?

"Because I don't want to hear a man talk about being brave who locks his wife out of his study-door when she goes to see if there are robbers in the house."

For four years this was in circulation, fully believed by the boys then, and believed by them to this day, that one night the Doctor, being awakened by Mrs. Peewee, who reported burglars below, requested that grothy woman, who had a cleaver, to go down stairs, to go and ascertain the facts; and upon her appearance, in order to save Dr. Peewee from being carried off by the burglars, the Doctor immediately locked the door after her.

Mr. Gray did not push the gossip further. He asked merely;

"Where was the text?"

"I don't know, Sir," replied Gabriel. As he spoke there was the sound of warm discussion on the other side of the dining-room, in which the boys sat during the evening.

"What is it, Gyles?" asked Mr. Gray.

"Nothing, Father," said he, nothing. We were talking about a ribbon, Sir."

"What ribbon, Gyles?"

"A ribbon we saw at church, Sir."

"Well, whose was it?" asked Mr. Gray.

"I hadn't seen Mary Hope Wayne's."

"You believe, Gyles? Why don't you spell out?"

"Well, Sir, the fact is that Abel Nevit says she had a purple ribbon on her bonnet—"

"She hadn't," said Gabriel, hotly and impetuously. "She had a beautiful blue ribbon, and lilies of the valley inside, and a white lace vail, and—"

Gabriel stopped and turned very red, for he caught Jack Long's eye, and remembered the fire.

"Oh ho! the text was there, was it?" asked Mr. Gray, smiling.

But Abel Nevit only said, quietly—

"Oh well! I guess it was a blue ribbon after all."

CHAPTER V.

ECCLESIASTICAL.

Forty years ago Mr. Savory Gray was a prosperous merchant in Boston. No gentleman on Change were more punctilious, more blocker broadcloth. His ample white cravat had a set of candor and honesty which quite neutralized any little suspicion that might lurk in his eye. It was so very white that his fellow-merchants would look once and twice at the cravat that he had taken the church on his way down town, and had so purified himself for business. Indeed, Mr. Savory Gray was so good a man that he seemed to be recommended as a corrective and sedative. He advantages were very much familiar to the clergy; and even, in some desperate case, a physician have found a resort to it of signal benefit.

Mr. Savory Gray's prosperous glow in banks and insurance offices of the comfort and ultimate propriety of his life, together with highly polished shoes, it is of inestimable remembrance and moment.

Mr. Gray prospered in business, and, probably was sorry. He had some natural cunning, but a good heart was his. He enjoyed his practical joke and his glass of Madeira, which last he drank at least three voyages round the Cape. His temperament was good humored, and sanguine enough to enable him to slip comfortably through life; and he had married an admirable woman —it was part of his good fortune—who was simple, intelligent, thrifty, motherly woman, to whom the world was a world of duties and not of denied children. Their home was cheerful and hospitable. They were liberal subscribers to respectability, and offered worship to God every morning, noon, and night.

Mr. Gray was a Tory politics in those days, although it was as much the fashion for the Boston merchant to be a staunch Federalist as to wear a white shirt-frill. In fact it is doubtful to this day—and State Street still shakes its head over the question—whether black cravats and plain shirt-fronts did not come in with the Jeffersonian Democracy. The Federal merchants, with vindictive alliteration, did not hesitate to call the political disciples of Mr. Jefferson.

Happily Mr. Savory Gray had but a speaking acquaintance with politics. He was not a blue Federalist, and he never d'd the Democrats. In the summer, noon or the meeting of directors, when his neighbors waxed furious upon values over some old carriage of that old French infidel, Thomas Jefferson, as they called him, sending him and his gun-boats where no man or beat wants to go, Mr. Gray would lay his neck in his white cravat, and waggled his black-gaitered feet, and beamed, and smiled, and blew his nose, and said, "Ah! well, well, well; said, "Ah, indeed?" "Quite so!" and held his tongue.

He was among the second administration of Monroe—"the era of good feeling"—that our friend was a prosperous merchant and these tremendous political discussions ceased. For the era of good feeling was, in our political history, the Revolutionary times; and the Federals and Democrats were the Cow-boys and Skinners who fought there amongst them. Anybody, unconscious shill Mr. Gray shot the angry rapids of Democracy, and, swept by a rare instinct, toward the quiet water on which he liked to sail. People praised the resolution with which he kept his course—forbore to look at the right or prospects—"O wife and children!" he cried, steering steadily, never counting-room.

"My dear Jovilson, you must not give way in this manner. You must control your feelings. Has not your husband been treated by Mr. Gray, as a clerk brought in a letter, which the merchant received from a political editor, as he counted, "that riches have wings and flee away?" he ejaculated, springing up, "I am a ruined man!"

So he was. Every thing was gone. Those pretty villas were shipped and were sung to him as he fled them; they had all gardens and bright plumage, like a troop of singing birds—have we not always been taught that they might, Mr. Jovilson?—and had flown away.

To understand how this was can be a question. His friends said, "Poor Gray! what shall he done?" For they liked him, the sturdy Revolutionists were made of colder stuff than he. They liked his feline humor; his practical, lively jokes; his respectability—and his holding his tongue.

He could not do any thing; that was clear. He could not go into any of the learned trades, shoe horses, nor lay stone-wall, nor take bread, nor keep school. He could be educated to be shoemakers, carpenters, blacksmiths, stonemasons, or book-binders. Ignorant people will not answer for any calling. "Ah! well, well, well!" Threadly merchants pondered and pondered, but could not think of any thing to do during planning. He could not preach, nor practice medicine, nor surgery, nor law, because men must be instructed in these professions, and people will not trust a suit or a thousand dollars, or a case of life or death, or limb, in the hands of a man who has not fitted himself carefully for the responsibility. What could he do? Nobody regarded an insurance office, or an agency for diamond mines on Newport beach; for although it was the era of good feeling, it was not quite the Millennium, and those enormous humbugs for commercial invalids were not yet invented.

"I have it!" cried Jovilson, one day, rushing in on one of Gray's despairing consultations, and never holding a council about their friend Gray without it, that he had met in a book-parlor, and were talking about the matter. "I have it! I read how dull we all are! What shall he do? Why, keep a school, to be sure! Go and open a school! Take children, and be a parent to them!"

"How dull we all were!" cried the gentlemen in a chorus. "A school is the very thing! A school it shall be!" And a school it was.

Every body who knows Boston know the neighboring village of Dedalsid, and its pretty pond, with sloping shores and white villas and villages, and spire—the whole like the vignette of an English annual picture. In the rural vicinity of Boston the tranquil ripeness of old civilization is more than its perverse country where else in the country. It has a pleasing, picturesque, settled, den-like air. It is the same smooth and composed look that gives the landscape that garden of the American eye in England.

Upon the main street of the pleasant village Savory Gray, Esq., erected a large house with an avenue of young linden in front, a garden on the side, and a spacious play-ground in the rear. Here he turned from importing pongees to instructing principles. His old friends sent some of their children to the new school, and persuaded their friends to send others. Some of the Boston merchants sent their young sons of the world, not entirely satisfied with the Asian and East Indian systems of education, shipped their sons to Mr. Gray. Good, easy man, he was glad to see them. He was not very learned, and therefore could not commence knowledge. But he played his pranks with the school are, while he tried very hard to be respected. The boys did not learn any thing; but Lord and motherly Mrs. Gray took strict care of their wardrobes and their linen, their meals and manners; and had an untiring sympathy with their childish sorrows. She was always loved and honored by them all.

Is it not amusing and interesting for us of today to remember that, forty years ago, in this very country, a man who was not considered sufficiently accomplished to raise cabbages or cobble boots or shoe horses was thought fully competent to take children and youth from home and develop their minds and characters? What a droll old era of good feeling it was, to be sure! But then, how it has passed away! *Eheu, Posthume! Posthume! Posthume!* where are those ridiculous years gone?

OUR SPECIAL PARIS CORRESPONDENCE

Lovely Spring—The "Vrai Monde"—Paris Promenades—The Tuileries Improved in his Gardens—Dangerous Nurses—Infidels, Devil and Democrats—The Old Women who lived in a Shoe—Conversation Lozenges, etc.

PARIS, *March* 17, 1859.

After all, how depressing are the warnings of experience, how chilling the results of disagreement with the natural hopefulness and trust of the human heart! How I should like to believe that this early, radiant spring was true in its promises; that the balmy green leaves and abundant blossoms were destined to feel no wintry blasts to destroy their prospects and send us again shivering to the stoves! . . . Alas! I know it but too well. April will howl at us the desolation which winter, and even as late as March, March, must be here forgotten; and if it is not April, it will be May or June that will perform that pleasant office.

These were the reflections of me, as two hours yesterday in the garden of the Tuileries, out of the sun-shine, and where it was so cold that though not quite under the *shade* of the trees, yet looking up to the sky, I could see no positive green leaves. There is a tree in these gardens which will be in May 30th of March," because it is always in leaf on or before that day. This year it is more advanced than I ever saw it before; nor is it alone, for there are several others which have already put on the lively green of spring, though the days are the very most forward, and is surrounded by adhering to the rule, as above, one after another, to see how faithfully the old tree keeps its promise. I for one am to be on my ever considered a prognostic of wisdome to the good city of Paris.

It is not very often that one goes to the Tuileries Gardens, except in May, when they are the fashionable resort and promenade, for then the Champs Elysees were impassable from mud, and dark and dreary with their trees just removed into their present comfortable state, and the Boulevard Malesherbes, to be described by me as the "Bois de Boulogne," which is accessible now by railroad, and thus within the reach of those even who have neither the advantage of a horse or a carriage of their own. But the Tuileries garden has been, too, very much improved in the way of shade, which makes it less damp, and the parterres are kept in good order, and are bright with all the flowers of the season, while there are also many new trees planted.

Last year a large bit in front of the Palace was abstracted from the public and made private, for the convenience of a play-ground for the Prince Imperial. Here, as there are but few little nurses from his drive, the little Prince may be seen amusing himself like any other child with a wheelbarrow and spade, his drum and his gun; and watching, outside the railing, by an eager and delighted crowd, who, with the true French enthusiasm in regard to fine children, do full justice to the merits of this little fellow's remarks.

"What a beauty!" "What a darling!" "Such a sweet cherub!" is the repeated exclamation.

This garden is quite that of children of all Paris, and given up to them and their noisy gambols and their nurses.

These last cause, most of them, from the same part of France. The Burgundy which furnishes this *nidi of brown bodies* is the best in France. It is a source of wealth to a peasant there when a child is born to him, as the nurses of the rich, outside, *eats all for Paris*, and is inscribed on the register of the office of vest-nurses. Then when some young wife of the higher classes finds she has become a mother, twenty or thirty of these peasant-nurses will at once assemble at the office, which is made from among them of the most promising as to health and appearance. They soon become truly attached to their little charges, and are faithful and devoted; for, of course, their continuance in place is a consequence to them, as they look forward to other opportunities of the same sort; and as they are always neatly dressed at the expense of their new mistress, and receive the most valuable presents as well, upon occasions such as baby's christening, baby's tooth, or some other important existing event, they can save all their earnings and send them to their own country, where the husband lays them out generally in the purchase of a field, that coveted possession to the French peasant.

You will, perhaps, my readers, think this an odd subject for me to write upon, but I assure you that I have been led into it by my visit yesterday to "the tree of March," and I thought, as being an institution so peculiarly French, "the Nurses of Paris" might not be without interest for you.

Of the Nurses, nothing more remains to be said in the French character than their fondness for children, dogs, and parrots. The importance with which all children are treated by their nurses is extraordinary, and rather wearisome to those who have none and have no intention of having any. Toward the hour of five o'clock, in this garden you see almost all the young mothers coming in search of their babies and their bonne and accompanying them home—in their carriage, if they have one, or on foot, if belonging to the numerous class who have none. Thus for the babies.

For the dogs and parrots this tenderness and solicitude are much less pardonable and enfurable.

I know a lady with all to make going into the world a pleasure, and who rather enjoys doing so, and yet who never goes out of an evening because her dog "Tiny" is so lonely in her absence, and when he sees his mistress putting on an evening dress begins to pine and whine, which she can not resist, and gives up her engagement to remain and see that "Tiny" has tea tea comfortably." In the hotel where I live there are ten French families, of whom all have dogs, some half a dozen, with a regular servant to attend upon them, and no other business it is to do so. Imagine the sprawl and annoyance of this to one who hates dogs and who dislikes dogs. As for the parrots and parrakeets, my indignation will not allow me to speak of them, and such is the force of the association in my mind that I never see a smelly, gaudy-colored-incident and Frenchwoman in a block they are always without thinking of an odious parrot; and, nice ocean, all parrots seem to me transmogrified old French women.

But there are nobler dogs nor parrots in the Tuileries garden, and the children have now come to their homes. The last of these that linger playing about are a band of nine or ten very young ones, in charge of an aged woman, who takes care of them during the day while their respective mothers are out at work. She looks a little above the station of "the old woman who lived in her shoe," and I dare say her poor room is not much bigger than that marvelous abode; but she seems clean and respectable, and the children are evidently happy with her. She has also had her share of toil by day for each child, and the mothers leave a little bread and something to make their little soup, and when the weather is not inclement she also brings them here, and it is evident the poor body had pleasure in the thought of still being good for something.

But another hour has passed, and the last little grocers are going home to their dinners; and I will follow their example without inflicting upon you, as it was my intention, a continuation of my observations, which were obvious ones, suggested by the proximity of the oil palaces and the strange changes I had also intended to have witnessed during the commencement of the building by Catherine de Medicis.

Instead of this, shall I ask you to accompany me again into some of those saloon which, since Lent began, have opened for conversation; and as I am having been to the Carnaval balls, I am bound to appear, sometimes in the train of two or three in a evening, for the week has but seven days, and those receptions must therefore often fall together? My performances in these conversazioni are small minds me of the "Mother Hubbard" rhymes:

"The dame made a courtesy, the dog made a bow."

The dame said "good-evening" and the dog said "Bow-wow!"

for it is often not much more in the way of conversation. At other times I have the pleasure of listening to most interesting and animated discussions upon literary and political events, although for the most best able to do them justice from their position and avocations are enormous; and all the news as from American *inner-office*.

But I must return from to-day for some remarks upon fashion in dress, the mild weather having brought out changes in this respect sooner than usual; and though I can give in outline only something the amplitude of the subject, I have not much space, I must crowd it into the few inches sent to me by a very fair and considerate friend.

"Bonnets are larger a shade, and very much more advanced upon the head; pokes they are not at two colors, of which black or white is one. They are extremely simply in their trimmings, which are mostly of lace. Dresses, also! are more elaborately trimmed in the skirts than ever, the novelty having run to a dozen flounces, (a great deal of waste of material!), and bound either in velvet or in silk of another shade. Skirts are either full or trimmed to quite plain. Black is still universal for morning and out-door dress."

This is all I have to give you to-day, fair ladies, though much remains untold. *As ever!*

THINGS WISE OR OTHERWISE.

"In careful how you drink, or you will wash the color off your cheek," said a gentleman, as he handed a glass of water to a lady. "There is no danger of your ever being worn down to remove the color from your cheek," was the retort.

One afternoon about four o'clock the marshal of the Court, who had been but lately installed in office, and hardly knew the judges by sight, met a well-dressed gentleman, who was sitting all solitary and alone in his chair awaiting the hour.

Our marshal not having a watch with him, ventured to ask his honor what time it was. "I am a lawyer, sir," answered he.

"No, your honor," said the marshal; "but as you have a watch, and I have none just now, I thought I might as well ask you as not, for I'm sure you can tell me."

"Well," said his honor, "if you want to know what time it is, you must go to the other end of the room and look on Wyman's dial."

"I can't see it from the window, your honor," answered the simple man.

"Go out, then, on the steps of the court-house on Market Street, and there you can see it," cried the judge, more crabbedly than ever.

"If your honor insists on my going to see what time it is," rejoined the marshal, getting angry, "I'll go down to the court-house and see, for it is only a step;" and he walked off down town, and let the Court adjourn itself that day.

Strolling leisurely about Uncle Sam's big ship-yard, in Washington, the other day, we observed a regular hard-weather sailor chap from a man-of-war, who, in turn, was watching two men dragging a seven-foot cross-cut saw through a huge live-oak log. The saw was dull, the log terrible hard, and there they went—sea-saw, sea-saw—pull push, push pull. Jack studied the matter over a while, until he came to the conclusion he was going to see who could get the saw, and as one was a mere boy big enough to be his son, he thought he could do it easily. Accordingly he stepped up to the boy, clip under the saw, disengaged him and over and, he put the end of the log, and, giving it to the small one, sang out "Now run, you beggar!"

A California correspondent sends us the following: A few years since, in the vicinity of American River, a trial was held before a justice of the peace of the township to determine the rights of two respective parties. Upon the hearing of the cause, one of the attorneys, a gentleman from Columbia, moved the Court that he dismiss the suit for want of jurisdiction. This was resisted by Mr. ——, the gentleman opposite, on the ground unknown to the legislative records of the State, the Court was in doubt, and therefore not sure about worrying what he should do in the premises. In the mean time, the counsel for the defendant, friend of the plaintiff's attorney, called to the latter, and, with a wink, quietly informed the justice's wife (who was the best half of the justice) that her husband was in a terrible dilemma, and trying to make her husband believe that he was no justice of the peace, and had no power to act in the case. "Now Mrs. W——, don't you know that your husband is a justice?" "Of course I do," said she. "Well, turn that upstart from Columbia to-to," and going to the door, he pointed to the sign of the "Jackass" hotel, standing somewhat directly opposite, "and tell him to clear out." Upon this the lady, who had been listening to all there, left in a great hurry, and when she had reached the justice's bench, she called him down, and told him that he was no justice of the peace, and that he was right to try this case? You just do it, and I'll be bound you are." The Court returned to his seat, denied the motion to dismiss, heard the testimony, rendered a judgment for plaintiff, who must willingly paid the ——— bill counsel, following them to the bar-room, to Captain M—— for his victory.

It has been truly said that the first thing that rather the mother-in-law of a soldier is the color, his dress and difficulty, is his mother. She is the only one who is not dazzled by the glitter of his forgetfulness and hardened indeed by a veteran. Her heart is unchangeable, and her love is the only one brother her name. The soldier who learns the lesson of piety from his mother, and lays into the heart of her infant son, should always find this a friend in need and a friend indeed, and should he die, but she has left behind her an influence that will wait for her. They say he is broken, but the soul is free, and will do its office.

When Governor Brooks was Commander-in-Chief of the militia of the ancient Commonwealth of Massachusetts, he, with his Adjutant-General and his Aide-de-Camp, rode on horseback to attend a review of the troops a few miles south from Boston. It was a severe hot day, and he came an old acquaintance and friend, who, with his family, resided in Dedham, England, a gentleman more remarkable for sarcastic and satirical than for amiable qualities. He hailed the passing cavalcading, even of his Bible. The General invited the Governor to dine with him on his return from review, and they repaired to the General's house. After partaking of the usual family and social hospitality, the General was deconed on independence part of military duty, the General speaking of the troops under his command. "Why, Governor," said he, "I could not have procured a regiment of soldiers to attend a review in honor of the Governor, but I could get the whole town of Dedham, which will be a review, will do as much as the Governor of Massachusetts."

From the Indianola Courier.

Standing at Point Prospect, and looking at Nagle Pain, one bright morning last summer, my attention was attracted by an elderly man in a shooting jacket. The dress and air of the man spoke clearly of one who was not a sailor, and I was curious to know something about his wealth gave him. Ranging himself alongside of me, and looking at the same object, he asked me, in a drawl, "What is that?" I told him it was a sea-gull. He looked at it with amazement, and at last exclaimed, "Did you ever see the like? I never saw one but built by human hands?" He looked foolish enough, and I could not help myself, I never saw one but built by human hands?" He looked foolish enough, and I could not help myself, I never saw one but built by God, so a wide berth very quickly. There have been innumerable discussions of Nagle's Pain, and many a joke; but I do not recollect ever seeing one from the point of view of the man of sod by means of which I got rid of this earthly pain.

It is well known to most of our readers that the extraordinary excitement has overthrown the Democracy in all directions from this State to the Kentucky line, and that the Democratic Governor of Kentucky, Magoffin, that they would be glad to get back into the United States. Indeed, we have seen at the State line, with no prospect of their being extended. The Democratic party of Kentucky is in a bad condition; when the roads are soft, and there are frequent rains in the latter, receiving himself with a vehement execration, inquired,

"Will not the thunder is the matter?"

"Nothing," responded the driver, busily plying with the whip and lines, "only we're stuck in the mud."

Our traveler, in relating his experience, said he had never seen such mud before, and he had been pretty light sleeper, and been known to have been awakened by the roll of railroads, and upset in stages—but that was the first time he had ever "rim against a mud-bank," and the hotel-tour of the box below the water line; the horses' head and the driver's seat only pointed at the heavens. The unlucky dogs mile Kentucky; and if he does not drop in on the river

APRIL.

Again as Spring, with radiant wing,
To greet the grieving earth advances,
Our April sky, like Laura's eye,
In mingled tears and laughter glances.
One sunny hour, and then a shower,
A glow of heat, and next a shiver;
To-day the rose half opes and blows,
To-morrow ice is in the river.

Through branching roots the spring life shoots,
The sap is swelling leaf and blossom;
In warmer flood the swifting blood
Now leaps through every human bosom.
Dear Anna's eye, though still and shy,
Yet glistens with a tenderer meaning,
And from my cot to own her joy,
We see her heart is toward us leaning.

O Month of Changes! in the range
Of seasons gayest and most selfish!
We give advice beyond all price,—
A maxim worthy Lapidus Collet!
Let all who'd hear thy varied air,
In sunless colds, the hurst out-breathes,
Just sac and ivy, next choose and buy.
The new spring clothing of SMITH BROTHERS.

"Twin Temples of Fashion."

SMITH BROTHERS,
The Marble Stores,
122, 138, and 140
Fulton Street,
Between Broadway & William St.,
THOMAS SMITH, Jr.,
ROBERT L. SMITH,
EDWD. SMITH,
NEW YORK.

ONE PRICE—NO DEVIATION.
The Price is marked on all the Goods in Plain Figures.
All Freight Forwarded with the Greatest Speed BY THE
AMERICAN EXPRESS CO'S LIGHTNING RUN.

Trains leave our Hudson Street Depot at 6.45 and 11.15 A.M.; 3.15, 6.30, and 8.30 P.M.

Freights forwarded on Express Passenger trains, and at as low rates as by any other line.

The regular time by the Fast Run is

To Chicago . . 48 hours | To Dayton . . . 36 hours
Cincinnati " 36 " | St. Louis " 72 "
Cleveland " 52 " | Pittsburgh " 24 "
Columbus " 32 " | Indianapolis 54 hours

ANOTHER EXPRESS TOWER in the good time.

Goods for points on Mississippi and Arkansas Rivers, Kansas, &c., will have time by shipping by our Line.

Rates positively as low as any responsible Company.

WELLS, BUTTERFIELD & CO.,
64 Broadway and 61 Hudson St.

Harper & Brothers'
New Descriptive Catalogue

is now ready for distribution, and may be obtained gratuitously on application in person or by letter inclosing SIX CENTS in postage stamps.

The attention of gentlemen, in the line of country, designing to farm Libraries or enrich their literary collections, is respectfully invited to this Catalogue, which will be found to comprise a large proportion of the standard and most esteemed works in English Literature—EMBRACING MORE THAN TWO THOUSAND VOLUMES which are offered, in most instances, at less than one half the cost of similar publications in England.

To Librarians and others connected with Colleges, Schools, etc., who may not have access to a reliable guide in purchasing books, it is believed this Catalogue will prove especially valuable as a matter of reference.

To prevent disappointment, it is suggested that, whenever books are to be obtained any bookseller who is not a local agent, applications with remittances should be addressed to the Publishers, and will be promptly attended to.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.

SEWING MACHINES.—All persons who have been induced to buy SEWING MACHINES which will not perform the work that purchasers expected them to do, are informed that Grover & Baker's Machines never fail to do any kind of work. No one is ever disappointed in these machines.

No. 495 BROADWAY.

I. M. SINGER & CO.,
No. 458 Broadway.

AMERICAN GUANO.—To Farmers and Dealers in Guano.—The Schr. Orion, from Jarvis Island, in the Pacific Ocean, containing 99 per cent. of Phosphate and Ammonia, and no sweet weed which is so well known, is offered for sale, in large or small quantities, at about two thirds the price of Peruvian.

For full information and particulars, address
C. S. MARSHALL,
President of the American Guano Company,
No. 56 WALL STREET, NEW YORK.

TUCKER'S NURSERY FOR
FLOWERS, FEATHERS,
CORPUSCLES, and BRIDAL SETS, at
361 Broadway, 5 doors from Franklin Street.

MEDICO-PHYSIOLOGICAL BOOK, thirtieth edition, over 400 pages, 12mo, cloth, and about 100 Microscopic Engravings, by R. T. Trall, M.D., Professor of Theory and Practice of Medicine and Surgery, New York Medical College. This interesting book should be in the hands of every adult person, as it imparts knowledge all have a right to, for the value in any other field, and cannot be obtained elsewhere. Sold, and SENT & C., by the Author, at his Office, No. 15 Laight Street, New York. No. 46 Walker Street, New York.

A NEW BOOK BY MACAULAY.

DELISSER & PROCTOR,
508 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
PUBLISHED THIS DAY:

I.
The Life of Wm. Pitt,
BY
MACAULAY.
Preceded by
The Life of Pitt, Earl of Chatham.
12mo, cloth, 50 cents.

II.
The Life of
Frederick the Great.
BY
MACAULAY.
18mo, cloth, 50 cents.

Being the Fifth and Sixth Volumes of the
Household Library.

Copies sent per mail, post-paid, on receipt of price.

DO YOU USE IT? TRY IT! TRY IT!
LYON'S KATHAIRON FOR THE HAIR
USED BY ALL SOLD IN EVERY WHERE
ONLY 25 CENTS, PER BOTTLE.

WORTHY OF NOTE *for Coughs, Colds, and Consumption*, on the Lungs.—Dr. LINCOLN BROWN, New York, says: "Gentlemen—I have used your Vegetable *Pulmonary Balsam*, myself, with benefit, in catarrhal coughs and colds, and have known it to be used with good effect in the early stages of Pulmonary affections in families around me."

Owing to an unprecedented sale and popularity of over *thirty years'* standing, there are many counterfeits and imitations palmed upon the public for unwary purchasers.

Inquire for the article by its WHITE WRAPPER.

Prepared only by "DR. SWAYNE'S ORIGINAL BALSAM."
Prepared only by SETH W. FOWLE & CO., Druggists, *Boston*. Price, large size, $1; small size, 50 cents.
BARNES & PALM, Agents, New York.

DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.

In the whole history of medical discoveries, no remedy has performed so many or such remarkable cures of all affections of the throat, chest, and lungs, such as *Colds, Bronchitis, Influenzas, Whooping Cough, Croup, Asthma*; of CONSUMPTION itself, as this far-famed, long tried, and justly celebrated Balsam.

"Considering all others, I find only genuine has the written signature of "*I. Butts*," as well as the printed name of the proprietor, on the outside wrapper.—SETH S. ARNOLD, M.D., on the outer wrapper. *For sale every where.*

PACIFIC INSURANCE COMPANY. OFFICE 211 BROADWAY.
MARINE AND INLAND INSURANCE.
Assets $850,000.

This Company continues to do a safe and exclusive marchandise business, and has returned to its dealers, out of the profits of the year 1858, a dividend of *Forty-five per Cent.*—*Six per Cent.* interest on the outstanding scrip—and has reduced the Certificates of the issue of 1858.

ALFRED EDWARDS, President.
WILLIAM LECONEY, Vice President.
BENJAMIN G. CHAMBERLAIN, Secretary.

The Home Melodist.

CONTAINING Sixty of the most popular Songs and Ballads. For the Social Circle and Fireside. Price 25 cents.
Just Published by OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.

FAIRBANKS'S
STANDARD SCALES.
Adapted to every branch of Business where a CORRECT and DURABLE Scale is required.
Call and Examine, or send for an Illustrated and Descriptive Catalogue.
FAIRBANKS & CO.,
189 BROADWAY, New York.

A NEW WORK ON THE HEART.
Just Published.
Dr. SAMUEL S. FITCH,
Of No. 13 Lafayette Place, New York,
(Author of "Six Lectures on the Causes and Cure of Consumption," "Health and Its Hindrances," &c.)
A POPULAR TREATISE ON
DISEASES OF THE HEART AND VASCULAR SYSTEM,
AND
other Chronic Diseases with Peculiar Phases of their
Also—RULES FOR
PREVENTING DISEASE AND PRESERVING
HEALTH,
(especially after forty), in one hundred years.

This is a work of the greatest interest to all who are suffering with any of the diseases upon which it treats, or who wish to avoid them. The author proves clearly and conclusively that Heart Disease, Apoplexy, Dyspepsia, &c., may be both prevented and cured, and shows how. It is written in a plain, popular style, and designed for the general reader.

It is a volume of 112 octavo pages, handsomely bound in muslin, with six fine illustrations. Price at the office, 75 cents; sent by mail, 87 cents. It will be sent by mail, post-paid, to any one applying for it, and will be sent by express, with the bill to collect on delivery, at the option of the purchaser, if not received soon after it is ordered, write again. A liberal discount to dealers. Agents wanted. Sample sent in full, to S. S. FITCH & CO., No. 714 Broadway, New York.

NEW WORK BY REV. J. H. INGRAHAM.
JUST PUBLISHED:
The PILLAR of FIRE;
Or, Israel in Bondage.
By the Author of "The Prince of the House of David."
BEING AN ACCOUNT OF THE WONDERFUL SCENES
In the Life of the Son of Pharaoh's Daughter, Moses,
From his youth to the accent of Sinai; completing, at the same time, the Story of his Ancestors.

HIS MIRACLES BEFORE PHARAOH,
PASSAGE OF THE RED SEA, AND RECEPTION OF THE LAW AT MT. SINAI.

Containing an elaborate and richly colored Description of the Architecture of the Egyptians, their Manners and Customs in Peace and War, in the Temple, Palace, Camp, Field, Chase, Mart, Home, and Hall of Judgment.
Land of Bondage: together with
PICTURESQUE SKETCHES OF THE
Hebrews under their Taskmasters,
Of Scenes, Processions, and Spectacles upon and beside the Nile, and Legends of the Obelisks, Sphinxes, and Pyramids, and of their Founders before the Flood.
DELINEATIONS OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN,
Mirth, Amours, Loiters, and Gallants.
AND OF WONDERFUL MEN,
Aaron, Hophni, Phinehas, and the Prince of Uz (Job).
Narrated in a Series of Letters from a Syrian Prince traveling in Egypt, to his Royal Mother, Queen of Tyre.

The volume abounds in characteristic passages of high, if wrought beauty and dramatic interest.

To the 160,000 readers of *"The Prince of the House of David"* we need only say, that this book is by the same Author, and needs nevertheless a brief and enticing notice.

One Vol, large 12mo, 600 pp., Illustrated.
Price $1.25.

Sent to any address by mail, post-paid, on receipt of the price.

COUNTRY NEWSPAPERS giving this Card two insertions shall be sent a copy of the work by Mail, post-paid, upon sending a copy of the paper containing the notice.

PUDNEY & RUSSELL, Publishers,
79 JOHN STREET, N. Y.
AGENTS WANTED.

DEAD SHOT
A DEAD SHOT for Bed Bugs.
SLEEP IN PEACE.

The most convenient, as well as the surest of any thing ever known, curling up and laying out these destroyers of our nights rest. Sold by first-class Druggists everywhere. McKESSEN & ROBBINS, Wholesale Agents, 91 Fulton Street, N. Y.

HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, N. Y.,
Have just Published:

LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG. A Novel. By the Author of "Mary Powell," "Deborah's Diary," "Peg Woffington," "Never too Late to Mend," &c. 12mo, Muslin, $1 00. (*Ready on 21st Week.*)

THE LIFE OF NORTH AMERICAN INSECTS. By B. JAEGER, late Professor of Zoology and Botany in the Royal Academy of Agriculture, Hohenheim. 12mo, Muslin, $1 00. With numerous Illustrations from Specimens in the Museum of the Author. 12mo, Muslin, $1 25.

MORE ABOUT JESUS. By the Author of "Reading without Tears," "Peep of Day," &c., &c. Beautifully Illustrated. 18mo, Muslin, 60 cents.

THE ROMANCE AND ITS HERO. By the Author of "Magdalen Stafford." 18mo, Muslin, 91 50.

THE AMERICAN HOME GARDEN. Being Practical and Scientific Rules for the Culture of Vegetables, Fruits, Flowers, and Shrubbery. To which are added brief Rules for the Treatment of Bees. Illustrated by a Map and Wood-cuts from Photographs, &c. 8vo, Muslin, $2 00. By CHARLES MACKAY and others.

THE OLD PLANTATION, and What I Gathered There in an Autumn Month. By JAMES HOBERMAN, of Maryland. 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

FANKWEI; or, The San Jacinto in the Seas of India, China, and Japan. By WILLIAM NAVARRO WOOD, M.D., L.L.N., late Surgeon of the Fleet in the United States East India Squadron, &c. &c. "Wonderful Sketches in South America, Polynesia," &c., &c. 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

THE LAIRD OF NORLAW. A Scottish Story. By the Author of "Margaret Maitland," "The Days of My Life," &c. 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

LA PLATA: The Argentine Confederation, and Paraguay. Being a Narrative of the Exploration of the River La Plata and Adjacent Countries, during the Years 1853, '54, and '55, under the auspices of the United States Government. By THOMAS J. PAGE, U.S.N., Commander of the Expedition. With Map and numerous Engravings. 8vo, Muslin, $3 00.

HARPER & BROTHERS will send any of the above Works to any person who may post, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.

A. WINCH,
Chestnut Street, near Third,
Philadelphia.
Keeps constantly on hand a full supply of "Harper's Magazine" and "Harper's Weekly."

SANDS' SARSAPARILLA,
The Best Spring Alterative and Tonic.

We take pleasure in recalling our numerous friends and the public to the fact that the well-known Sands' Sarsaparilla may be obtained by the use of this most excellent and reliable medicine. It is the best alterative and tonic and especially for children afflicted with scrofula.

Prepared by A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists, 141 William Street, N. Y.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

This compound will be found a great promoter of health, when taken in the spring, to expel the foul humors which foster in the blood at this season of the year. By the timely expulsion of them many rankling disorders are nipped in the bud. Multitudes are slain, by the aid of this remedy, snare themselves from the influence of foul eruptions and noisome sores, through which the system will strive to rid itself of corruption, if not assisted to do this through the natural channels of the body by an alterative medicine. Diseases out the vitiated blood whenever you find its impurities bursting through the skin in pimples, eruptions, or sores; cleanse it when you find its foulness retarded and sluggish in the veins. Cleanse it whenever it is foul, and your feelings will tell you when. Even when no particular disorder is felt, people enjoy better health, and live longer, by cleansing the blood. Keep the blood healthy, and all is well; but with the slightest taint of life disordered, there can be no sure health. Sooner or later something more or less telling, and the great machinery of life is disordered or overthrown.

IT CURES

SCROFULA AND SCROFULOUS COMPLAINTS, ERUPTIONS AND ERUPTIVE DISEASES, ULCERS, FEVER SORES, BOILS, TUMORS, SALT RHEUM, ITCH, HEAD, STOMACH, AND SYPHILITIC AFFECTIONS, MERCURIAL DISEASE, DROPSY, NEURALGIA, OR THE BLUES, DEBILITY, DYSPEPSIA, AND INDIGESTION, LIVER-COMPLAINT, OR BY DERANGED FUNCTIONS, and the kindred chain of complaints arising from impurity of the blood.

In order to secure their complete eradication from the system, the remedy should be judiciously taken according to the directions on the bottle. Prepared by

DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, MASS.

Price $1 per Bottle; Six Bottles for $5.
Sold by all Druggists every where.

Select Family School for Boys
IN
SOUTH WILLIAMSTOWN, FRANKLIN COUNTY, MASS.
(ESTABLISHED IN 1842.)

Summer term of Eleven Weeks will commence Wednesday, May 4th.

The location is healthful and pleasant.

Number of pupils limited to thirty.

For Circulars address the Principal.

BENJ. F. MILLS.

March, 1859.

$32 50 ASHLAND INST. and MUSICAL ACADEMY, Ashland PER QUARTER. Monument, Mass., opens September commencer May 4. For circulars, &c., address the Rev. RICHD. FAY, A.M., Principal and Proprietor.

GREAT CURIOSITY.—Particulars free.—Agents wanted.
J. LAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Maine.

EXPERIENCED AGENTS WANTED IN all the principal towns in the United States for "LOSSING'S PICTORIAL FIELD-BOOK OF THE REVOLUTION." To be published in Monthly Numbers, (making upward of 1000 pages, and 1100 beautiful illustrations,) the first of which will be sold about June 1st, in each of whom a reported District will be given. Sure inducements offered to the enterprising men and Booksellers they would prefer. For full particulars address GEO. W. CHILDS, Publisher, CLARK & BROTHERS, New York.

THE Cheap Number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE contains from 19 to 50 pages—and from one dozen to one hundred and fifty engravings, according to the country.

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

The Publishers believe that the Seventeen Volumes of HARPER'S MAGAZINE now issued contain a larger amount of valuable and attractive reading than will be found in any other periodical of the day.

At no period since the commencement of the Magazine have its literary and artistic resources been more ample and varied. Each of the Publishers' Periodicals is of that Periodical for the past as the best guarantee for the continuance and improvement of the American public.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year $3 00
Two Copies for One Year 5 00
Three or more Copies for One Year (each) . . . 2 50
And an Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of TEN SUBSCRIBERS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY and HARPER'S MAGAZINE, together one year, $5 00.

The Postage upon "HARPER'S MAGAZINE" must be paid at the office where it is received. *Postage is Thirty-six Cents a year.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A FIRST-CLASS ILLUSTRATED PAPER.
THE BEST AND CHEAPEST
FAMILY NEWSPAPER PUBLISHED IN THE U.S.
FIVE CENTS A NUMBER: $3 00 A YEAR.

(From the N. Y. Evening Post, Jan. 15, 1859.)

HARPER'S WEEKLY.—The fifty-two numbers of this attractive and deservedly popular publication, forming the last year, have been gathered into a single volume, and the publishers have done well to issue a second edition of the same, for the benefit of those who have lost the earlier numbers. There is a complete history of every thing of interest to the public during the year, and many illustrations of the leading topics—there are the graceful tributings out always trifling, but always and deservedly instructive of the Exhibition; there are the tales and stories of Dickens, Dickens, Thackeray, Bulwer, and many and to be had of no other; and, above all, there are those striking wood-cut representations of the most important of the public and fashions, and of customs and countries—all sustained at a high standard of merit, and to be had of no other. It is a grand picture-book of the human life of the nineteenth century, and will be found a most valuable work for every family circle, instructive, entertained, by Parlor, old and thoughtful, the young and gay; the man of business, the man of leisure.

TERMS OF HARPER'S WEEKLY.

One Copy for Twenty Weeks $1 00
One Copy for One Year 2 00
One Copy for Two Years 4 00
Five Copies for One Year 8 00
Twelve Copies for One Year 20 00
Twenty-five Copies for One Year 40 00

An Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of TWELVE *or* TWENTY-FIVE SUBSCRIBERS.

TERMS FOR ADVERTISING.—*Fifty Cents a Line.*

Advertisements will be received by the Publishers for insertion in the Weekly Magazine or more.

Persons in the City or State of New York wishing to subscribe for HARPER'S WEEKLY, can have their numbers left at their houses, will please send their names and residences to the Publishers, or to any of their agents.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
Franklin Square, New York.

THE MODERN TANTALUS.

The sympathies of the Benevolent are solicited for this unfortunate Lady, who is perishing with thirst in the presence of the most admirable Lemonade. Alas! she can not reach it herself, and the gallant page vainly endeavors to charm the inventor of happy which surround her.

Fifth Year of the Enterprise!

NEW LIST OF GIFTS, FOR 1859.

CATALOGUES FREE TO ALL.

G. G. EVANS,

AT HIS ORIGINAL GIFT BOOK STORE,

No. 439 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia,

Commenced business in 1854, with an enlarged Catalogue, a greater variety of Gifts, increased facilities for buying Goods and for other business, and is now prepared to offer greater inducements to Book buyers than ever before.

The Gift Book system, which from its first commencement EVANS is determined to sustain, and in it he will always be conducted under that system in a more liberal and impartial manner than any other. Buying Gift Books almost all upplicable, and having the legitimacy of his plan of operation acknowledged from Maine to California, he can afford to be generous. Try him, and judge for yourself.

SCHEDULE OF GIFTS.

Patent English Lever Gold Watches, $100 00
Ladies' Patent Lever Gold Watches, 50 00
Ladies' 18k. Extra Gold Lever Watches, 25 00
Ladies' 18k. Case Gold Lever Watches, open dial, 20 00
Gents' Silver Lever watches, 20 00
Gents' Silver Lever Watches, 15 00
Gents' Silver Lever Watches, 12 00
Parlor Time Pieces, new pattern, 10 00
Ladies' Engraved Block 18K Breast Pattern, 10 00
Ladies' do. Plain do. do. 12 00
Ladies' Cameo Sets, (Pin and Drops,) extra fine 10 00
Ladies' do. do. do. 8 00
Ladies' Gold Breast Pins, Stone Settings, 10 00
Ladies' Gold Bracelets, plain or engraved Band, 5 00
Ladies' Gold Bracelets, Stone Settings, new pattern, 7 00
Gent's best English plated Vest Chains, 5 00
Ladies' Gonds, or Cincinnatus Chains, choice, 3 00
Large Gold Spring Lockets, with double cases, 5 00
Large Gold Snap Lockets, do. do. 5 00
Medium size, No. 3, Lockets, do. do. 3 00
Heavy Gold Pencil Cases, with Gold Pens, 2 50
Superior Gold Pens, with Holders and Ink, 2 00
Ladies' Gold Pencils, 2 00
Gents' Heavy Gold Pencils, 3 00
Gents' Gold Pens, with Silver Extension Pencils, 2 00
Ladies' Gold Pens, in Boxes with Pearl Holders, 1 50
Ladies' Mosaic Gold Stone Sets, 10 00
Ladies' Mosaic Gold Pins, (Pin and Drops, 10 00
Ladies' Mosaic Gold Pins, do. do. 5 00
Ladies' Lava, do. do. 3 00
Ladies' Cameo Pins, large size, 5 00
Ladies' do. do. medium, 3 50
Ladies' do. do. small, 2 50
Ladies' Gold Stone Pins, small, 2 00
Ladies' Gold Head Miniature, 2 00
Ladies' Plain Gold Pins, new pattern, 2 50
Ladies' do. Ear Drops, 2 00
Misses' do. Gold Pins, 1 50
Gents' Cameo Pins, oval centre, 2 00
Gents' Cameo Scarf Pins, 1 00
Gents' Engraved Gold do. Bosom Studs, 5 00
Gents' Engraved Gold do. do. 2 50
Gents' Plain do. do. 2 00
Gents' Stone Bosoms, 2 00
Ladies' do. do. 2 00
Ladies' Pearl Card Cases, 3 00
Ladies' Cameo, Mosaic, or Gold Stone Ribbon Pins, 1 50
Ladies' Pearl Pocket Knives, 3 blades, best quality, 1 50
Misses' Lava Pins, 1 50
Gents' Gold Watch Keys and Pencils combined, 1 00
Gents' Gold Toothpicks, with Slides, 1 00
Gents' Gold Watch Keys, with Slides, 2 00
Ladies' do. do. 1 50
Sets Silver-Plated Tea Spoons, 9 00
Silver-Plated Butter Knives, 3 00
Ladies' or Gents' Parte-monnaies, 2 00
Gents' Gold Watch Keys or Vest Hooks, 1 00
Ladies' Florentine Breast Pins, 3 50
Ladies' do. do. 2 50
Ladies' Mosaic do. do. 2 00
Ladies' Cameo Ear Drops, 2 50
Misses' do. do. 2 00
Misses' Ear Drops, with Stone Settings, 2 00
Misses' Gold Bracelet, Half Round Band, 4 00
Misses' do. do. 2 00
Gents' Scarf Pin, 2 00
Gents' Jet Studs, 1 00
Gents' Jet Sleeve Buttons, " 1 00
Miscellaneous Gifts, not enumerated in the above 25 cents to $50 00

List, varying from

☞ $500 worth of the above Gifts will be impartially distributed among Purchasers with every $1000 worth of Books sold. All Books sold at Publishers' lowest prices. All Books that Evans does not publish himself are bought direct from the Publishers, and in large quantities. Books to suit every taste are to be found on his Catalogue, at prices which would be an inducement even without the Gift System, which offers so many additional advantages.

Works by the most popular authors, living and dead, in all styles, from the most costly to the plain and substantial at astonishing low prices.

CATALOGUES SENT FREE TO ANY ADDRESS.

Bayard Taylor's Travels,	Works of Dean Swift,
Works of Ben Jonson,	" Judge Haliburton,
" Burns,	" Washington Irving,
" De Foe,	" Fenimore Cooper,
" Addison,	" Sir Walter Scott,
" Thackeray,	Works of Benj. Franklin,
" Dr. Johnson,	" Thos. Jefferson,
" J. T. Cooper,	" Charles Dickens,
" A. T. Headley,	" Mrs. Southworth,
" Frank Forrester,	" Mrs. Hentz,
" Hugh Miller,	" Miss Sedgwick,
" Capt. Marryat,	" Virginia Townsend,
" Charlotte Bronte,	" S. M. Smucker,
" Washington Irving,	" T. S. Arthur,
" Grace Aguilar,	" J. B. Jones,
" Mrs. Sigourney,	" T. B. Thompson,
" Capt. Maryatt,	" Sam Slick,
" Peter Parley,	" Jane Austin,
" Mrs. Moodie,	" Morton Harland,
" Smollett,	" Mary Howitt,
" Fielding,	" Charles Lamb,
" Perry,	" Edward Everett,
" Wilkie,	" Wm. Howitt,
" Alison,	" Lord Bacon.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY BY THE MOST CELEBRATED AUTHORS:

Alison,	Bancroft,
Hume,	Macaulay,
Marmsley,	Russell,
Prescott,	Ferguson,
Gibbon,	Robin,
Robertson,	Lord,
Headley,	Sparks,

And a host of others, too numerous to mention.

THE ANCIENT AND MODERN POETS.

Bailey,	Milton,
T. S. Reid,	Spenser,
Mrs. Landon,	Chaucer,
Byron,	Mrs. Hemans,
Scott,	Mrs. Norton,
Moore,	Keasbie,
Dryden,	Longfellow,
Pope,	Tennyson,
Gray,	Whittier,
Leigh Hunt,	Lowell,
Mrs. Sigourney,	Bentley,
Bacon,	E. W. Ellsworth,
Southey,	Hood,
H. Kirk White,	Tupper,
Shelley,	Goldsmith,
Mrs. Jamieson,	Wordsworth,
Alice Carey,	Shakespeare,
Allen,	Bryant.
Edgar A. Poe,	

He has the same to cover in all styles of binding, from plain cloth to the finest calf and antique, to suit all classes of purchasers, as he has in all parts of the country, and also in the country, besides the additional advantages of a Gift with each book sold.

ALBUMS FOR THE LADIES.

Albums of all sizes and all styles of binding, to suit all tastes, profusely illustrated with steel and colored Steel Engravings.

BIBLES, PRAYER BOOKS, AND HYMN BOOKS.

Methodist Hymn Books,	Episcopal Prayer Books,
Baptist Hymn Books,	Catholic Prayer Books,
Lutheran Hymn Books,	Presbyterian Hymn Books,

Of all sizes, and bound in all styles, Antique, Turkey Morocco, Antique, Velvet, &c., with and without clasps.

GIFT BIBLES.

A large assortment of Family Bibles, of all descriptions and all prices, from $1 to $100, containing only a few engravings, printed with large type, on good paper and in various styles of binding, from the simplest to the most ornamental. Also, Pulpit Bibles, in various styles, at low prices.

☞ A complete Classified Catalogue of Books, in every department of literature, containing a complete List of Gift Books, full instructions and a plan of the system of forming Clubs, will be sent free to any part of the Union. Persons wishing to form Clubs, should send for it at once, a large number being now making out their lists. Send for it, and you will be convinced of the elegance and variety of the Books, besides being pleased with the liberality of the system.

Orders from the country promptly and satisfactorily filled, and goods sent by mail or express to any part of the country. Any Book published in the United States, the retail price of which is One Dollar or upwards, will be promptly sent by mail on receipt of publisher's price, with postage as per catalogue.

Liberal commissions allowed to all persons forming Clubs. Persons acting as Agents for us can reap all the advantages of the Gift system without any cost to themselves,thus getting a library of good books in a very short time; besides which, the Gifts received with the commission books, will sell for more than enough to pay for the time spent in getting them.

Agents wanted in every town in the Union. Persons wishing to act as such, and all those desirous of a Catalogue, will confer a favor by sending their address to

G. G. EVANS,

Gift Book-Store and Publishing House,

439 CHESTNUT STREET,

Philadelphia, Pa.

P. P. P.

PARK'S PRICKLY PLASTERS.

They mouth pain: they protect the chest; they extract the coagulated impurities and accretion from the system: they impart strength: they are divided in sections, and yield to the motion of the body; they are porous; all impure secretions pass off, and they can not become offensive, hence, are freely worn four times longer than any other plaster, and can be kept at 25 cents from others at 50. *Where these Plasters are, pain can not exist.* Weak persons, public speakers, delicate females, or any affected with sick, chest, or back pains, should try them. You will find them for sale at all the Drug Stores, and recommended by the science of medicine. All Druggists have them. Take no other. Each Plaster bears a Medallion Stamp with each Plaster.

BARNES & PARK, 12 and 15 Park Row, N. Y.

JOHN D. PARK, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Premature Loss of the Hair, which is so common now-a-days, may be entirely prevented by the use of

Burnett's Cocoaine.

It has been used in thousands of cases where the hair was coming out in handfuls, and has never failed to arrest its decay, and to promote a healthy and vigorous growth.

Burnett's Cocoaine

is, at the same time, unrivaled as a dressing for the hair. A single application will render it soft and glossy for several days.

It costs fifty cents for a half pint bottle.

J. RUSSELL SPALDING'S ROSEMARY

ROSE MARY.

is the best dressing for the hair known.

The Rosemary will restore hair to bald heads.

The Rosemary will remove dandruff.

The Rosemary is the best thing for children's hair.

The Rosemary has not been and can not be surpassed, securing to all a clean, healthy scalp and beautiful hair.

The Proprietor can furnish proof to customers that these statements are true. Bonn will send the voluntary certificates from persons who have used it with success. If you are not satisfied, try it.

Every bottle, genuine, has the signature of the sole Proprietor, *J. Russell Spalding*, 17 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

Sold by Dealers generally.

PHALON & SON'S

COCOINE

FOR PRESERVING AND PREBEAUTIFYING THE HAIR

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Price 25 and 50 Cents per Bottle.

LYON'S MAGNETIC POWDERS

Will destroy Garden Insects, Cockroaches, Bedbugs, Fleas, Moths, Ants, Flies, Mosquitoes, and the Vermin Kind.

The importance of a reliable article of this kind is inestimable. In warm weather all such insects become very annoying fees. This powder is the only article ever discovered which will exterminate them. A Professor of Botanists, from the Horticultural Society of Paris, while amidst the ferns of Asia, observed that all insects in search upon a certain kind of plant very soon dropped dead. This fact was made use of to guard their night quarters from those intruders. Quantities of the plant were brought home by Mr. E. Lyon, and found a positive insect destroyer in every experiment. It is simply a powdered leaf, chemically prepared to retain the effect of age and exposure. Numerous certificates have been obtained from the governments of England, France, Germany, and Russia, from the World's Fair, and from celebrated and horticultural editors and scientists.

Letter from the President of the U. S.

"EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, 31st Jan. 1853.

"MR. EDWARDS LYON,—DEAR SIR: I have pleasure to inform you that the Royal Commissioners of the World's Fair at London have awarded you a Medal and Certificate for the great value of your Magnetic Powders, &c.

"MILLARD FILLMORE, Chairman."

The above was accompanied by a certificate of Prince Albert.

IT IS FREE FROM POISON.

NEW YORK, October 1st, 1858.

"MR. E. LYON,—DEAR SIR:—We have analyzed and tested your Magnetic Powders, and find them perfectly harmless to mankind and domestic animals, but certain death when inhaled by bugs, ants, and insects.

"Yours, respectfully, DR. CHILTON."

"LAURANCE HALL, Prof. Chemistry, N. Y. Hospital."

Mr. John L. Rome, Superintendent of the New York Hospital, says, "he has expelled all the bugs, roaches, moths, &c., with Lyon's Powder, and finds an immense relief."

Every gardener and housekeeper must have a direct interest in a powder of this kind. Reference to be made to the Astor, St. Nicholas, and Metropolitan Hotels; to Judge Hall, President of the American Institute; James Gordon Bennett, Gen. Winfield Scott, Capt. W. J. Hall, A. M. Frank, of the New Orleans Picayune, &c., &c. *Judge Meigs says,* "This discovery of Prof. Lyon's is a great blessing to the world." *Horace Greeley* has tested it thoroughly. It will destroy insects, grubworms, ants, moths, bugs, and all vermin. Trees and plants can be propelled, and insects annihilated, &c.

Arrangements are now made through Messrs. BARNES & PARK, of New York, to have it sold throughout the world. Many worthless imitations are advertised. Be cautious!

"NEW YORK, November 8th, 1858.

"In retiring from business, I have sold all my Insect Powders and Pills, Letters-Patent, and the secrets pertaining thereto, to Messrs. BARNES & PARK. The process is a discovery made by myself, and brought from its native home in Asia by a botanist known to my employers. The genuine and effective article is put up in tin cans, with my signature on the label. E. LYON."

Bats and mice can not be reached by a powder, and are killed by Lyon's Magnetic Pills. Sweep them through any crevice.

But Lyon's Powder kills insects in a trice,
Lyon's Pills are mixed for rats and mice.

Sample Packages, prepaid by mail, 50 cents and $1 00. Follow directions. *Use Forty and thoroughly.*

BARNES & PARK,

12 and 15 Park Row, N. Y.

GET NO OTHER. — If you are suffering from colds, wounds, sores, bruises, chapped hands, erysipelas, eruptions, chilblains, or any skin disease, you will find the greatest healing remedy ever discovered. Sold by all druggists, 25 cents a box.

☞ Prince Imperial Champagne

DE VENOGE & CO., EPERNAY, FRANCE,

As used at the

IMPERIAL TABLES OF THE CONTINENT OF EUROPE.

Can be had at all the leading hotels, and from all the principal dealers throughout the country.

E. V. HADDEN & CO., Importer,

CORNER OF BROADWAY AND BARCLAY STREET.

Genin's "607 Style."

☞ THE HAT FOR YOUNG MEN. ☜

☞ A Wonder. ☜

☞ A Season of Wonders! ☜

☞ NO ONE OLD IDEA ABOUT IT! ☜

☞ THOROUGHLY ORIGINAL. ☜

☞ THIS ☜

☞ COMES TO HIM. ☜

☞ GENIN, 507 Broadway. ☜

For Spring and Summer Reading.

PICTURES OF COUNTRY LIFE. By ALICE CARY, Author of "Married, not Mated," &c. One vol. 12mo. Price $1.

STAR PAPERS; or, Experiences of Art and Nature. By HENRY WARD BEECHER, 12mo, cloth. $1 25.

TRUE TO THE LAST; or, Alone on a Wide, Wide Sea. By J. T. HEADLEY. 12mo, cloth. $1 25.

MADAME DE VERTI'S SOUVENIRS OF TRAVEL. 12mo, cloth. $1 25.

THE METHODIST; Its Incidents and Characters from Life in the Baltimore Conference. By MIRIAM COLEMAN. 12mo, cloth. $1 25.

TRAVELS IN ALGERIA. By Gen. L. DESVAUX, Author of "The Para Papers," &c. 1 vol. 12mo. $1.

WILD NORTHERN SCENES; Or, Sporting Excursions with Rifle and Rod. 12mo, cloth. $1 25.

MARRIED, NOT MATED; Or, How they lived at Woodside and Throckmorton Hall. By ALICE CARY. 12mo, cloth. $1 25.

THE SPARROWGRASS PAPERS. By F. S. COZZENS. Illustrated by DARLEY. 12mo, cloth. $1 25.

For sale by all Booksellers.

G. P. PUTNAM & JACKSON,

Publishers, New York.

The publishers will send either of the above by mail to any part of the United States, postage prepaid, on receipt of the price.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. III.—No. 121.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1859. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

I have been in a house in 15th St with Mr Key, how many times I dont know

x x x

MRS. SICKLE'S CONFESSION.

THE fac-simile on the preceding page is another link in the painful tragedy which is now being worked out at Washington. We give in our own columns a full report of the trial as far as it has gone. On the fac-simile, the only remark we will make is, that the contrast between the neat, close, small writing with which the document begins, and the large, skrawly penmanship of the close, shows the fearful struggle through which the unfortunate woman had passed.

MY LIFE IS WRONG.

BY E. H. STODDARD.

WHAT shall I do to live aright?
My life is wrong, I feel it so:
I have been a muffled wave,
I perish with a nameless blight.

When I was young I suffered more,
But I was happier, wiser then;
I lived my life like other men,
I bore the burdens that they bore.

There was a sweetness then in tears,
There was a bitterness in pain;
Nor sweet, nor bitter, now remain,
They perished with my early years.

I lived, I know not how; but now
I know too well the way I live;
But what does all my knowledge give?
Another beauty, an aching love.

This is my sorrow day and night,
The secret of my troubled song,
"My life is wrong! My life is wrong;
What shall I do to make it right?"

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1859.

PROGRESS OF SCIENCE AND ART.

IT is quite evident to any one who gives him self the trouble to think on the subject, that the absence of hereditary fortunes in this country must in the nature of things lead to a more lavish expenditure of money here for the gratification of artistic, literary, and scientific taste than is witnessed in any foreign State.

When a man makes money abroad, he sets at once to work to found a great family. He buys an estate, on the revenue of which he designs at least one of his sons to live in idleness — "like a gentleman," as the silly phrase goes; the balance of his means is absorbed in providing for his other children. Thus but little is left for the encouragement of science or art.

Here precisely the contrary is the rule. Overwhelming prosperity has converted every man of this person that the worst service a father can render his son, in the United States, is to leave him a fortune; and few of our wise rich men now commit the blunder. The sons of the rich—as a general rule—are bred to work. The natural impulse of the father, if he be a sound-minded man, is to drive out of his son's mind any hope that he may hereafter rely on a patrimonial fortune. The wiser the father, the less the son is taught to expect from him, and, consequently, on the one hand, the son becomes a useful and self-supporting member of society, while, on the other, the father enjoys ample means of encouraging art, science, and letters, by a judicious use of his fortune.

We do not say that this is always the case. There are among us foolish fathers who live meanly in order to leave fortunes at death to thereby ruin them. But these unwise persons are, we hope and believe, becoming every day more exceptional cases.

The rule is, that every year more and more money—amounting in the aggregate to a sum which would appear European—is annually available for the encouragement of art, science, and letters in the United States.

Evidences of the fact surround us on every side. Professor Agassiz the other day suggested that a museum of geology, conchology, etc., should be erected at Boston. The rich mass of that city came forward at once, and $75,000 have already been subscribed for the purpose. In New York we shall shortly have an Astronomical Observatory, which will probably be the most complete on the globe—such the cost will, of course, be defrayed by individual contributions. There is some talk of a zoological collection in the new Central Park. This will probably likewise be realized. Of the Peter Cooper Institute and the Astor Library it is unnecessary to speak.

Art, too, is being encouraged in a new and liberal manner. We believe that painters of the rank of Gignoux and Church now obtain prices for their works which would be considered very handsome in Europe. All the American artists who have shown respectable ability obtain orders enough to keep them busy. Our sculptors have not always been so fortunate; but the demand for "marbles" is on the increase. We may mention that a citizen of this city has just given an order to a New York lady, Miss Emma Stebbins, now at Rome, for statuary which will probably cost several thousand dollars. It will be a most admirable investment.

The demand for books increases steadily. Even during the revulsion, when all other branches of business fell away, the book trade continued active and healthy. Fewer failures occurred in the book than in any other trade. Public taste in respect of books is improving. People prefer large books that are well got up to cheap, shabby publications. Yellow-covered literature is on the wane. Men are forming libraries all over the country; they desire solid books, well printed, on good paper, and with substantial bindings. The market for very handsome books, with elaborate illustrations, is now very large. Expensive gift-books, if intrinsically valuable, sell far more readily here than in England.

Yet this is only the beginning of the development of sound taste in the United States. The citizen of New York who boasted that, though he hadn't a picture or a statue in the world, his drawing-room chairs cost him fifty dollars apiece, is a type of only yesterday. A few years hence he will be an extinct species.

THE CONTEST IN EUROPE.

SOME of the English journals, which view European politics through the film of a decided prejudice against the French Emperor and the Third, desire the people of the civilized world to refrain from sympathizing with Italy, because, they say, if the Italians deserve freedom, they will achieve it themselves. An infinitely respectable, though a toast-and-water poet, Mr. Cowper, conveyed the same idea in some of his mild verses.

History, however, teaches that nations never secure permanent freedom, have seldom recovered their liberty without foreign aid.

The only two tolerably free countries on the earth are Great Britain and the United States. Neither of the two have ever been subject to despotism. In theory, the Tudor reigns in Great Britain were despotic. In practice, they uncommonly deferential to the barons, and even the rights of the common subject were respected, in a general rule. In the American Colonies, prior to the Revolution, the British Crown assumed to exercise all unlimited power, but it tried to exercise that sway in practice. It was met by so uncompromising and resolute a resistance that it never persevered in that one; and that one experiment led to Lexington. In neither country has despotism practically prevailed for over a year at a single time.

Looking abroad, on the contrary, we find every where evidences of practical despotism asserted and successfully maintained for centuries. The Austrian, French, Russian, and Spanish people enjoy more real freedom to-day than they ever enjoyed before. Then there existed no free press; but, till lately, their sleeping and waking were settled by royal edicts. True, they have the right of assemblage as free agents, but till within a few years, citizens of these countries dressed and traveled under the special favor of royal permits. The clear conclusion of history is that for centuries despotism has been the rule in these countries, now under one name, now under another; but practically the same in essence.

There are four countries in Europe (besides England) which have struggled for freedom. These countries are Spain, Italy, Greece, and the long struggle in Italy. These countries are Poland, Switzerland, Corsica, and Greece. All these countries not one but a series of partial efforts the object sought by its people. Poland committed the error which is now breaking the back-bone of Mexican liberty. The most admirable native methods adopted by the Polish patriots were defective; and, however unjust in theory the dismemberment of Poland was, practically she forced little when it was blotted out from the map, and a final end was put to the endless Polish war. Corsica contended for independence for six hundred years; it, too, failed, chiefly in consequence of the jealousies and strife among its leading families. Switzerland, with a history teeming with noble deeds, heroic exploits, and splendid victories, has never succeeded to liberty. Corsica is one of the most tranquil departments of the French Empire. Switzerland and Greece are politically subject to their more powerful neighbors. Switzerland dare not resist the commands of France. Athens has been occupied by French, Austrian, and Bavarian troops for years. Neither the Swiss nor the Greeks enjoy real independence.

In one word, then—disheartening as the proposition may seem—it is true that, so far as history teaches, no nation which has ever lost its liberty has ever regained it.

To decry the efforts of the Italians, therefore, on the ground that, if they deserved liberty, they would extort it from their oppressors, is unjust. If they did so, they would present the first instance in history of such an event. The only chance for them appears to rest on the hope that foreign aid may help them to liberty, and, after a certain period of foreign tutelage and education in self-government, that they may be able to shift for themselves.

Greece, which has been dependent on foreign powers for protection against its own people, and which has had to struggle against an absurd monarchy forced on it by the great powers of Europe, is steadily recuperating, and will, perhaps, presently be in a condition not only to dispense with but to resist foreign interference. Under Divine Providence, the history of Italy will be the same.

If the European dynasties do not prevent the consummation of the struggle which is now about to begin, Italy will shortly be a free country under the protection of at least one leading power. A generation will probably elapse before its people are competent to discharge the new duty of self-government. During that time foreign aid may be necessary to secure order and peace to the hero, and among the people; but, in the end, the experiment may be successful.

At all events, it is not wisely for those who have never had to contend against a rooted and firmly-seated despotism to decry the efforts of the Italians, and to ignore them, because they are enslaved, therefore they do not deserve freedom. As reasonable would it be to exact that men who never saw water should know how to swim.

THE CONTEST IN AMERICA.

WHILE the last general census was taken, it appeared that American sea-going vessels of all kinds had, during the previous decennial period, increased so much more rapidly than the British, that the former nation had risen to a clear prospect that the sceptre of the seas would soon devolve to the United States. This country had, at that time, far more tonnage than any other nation except Great Britain, and we were fast gaining on her.

When the next census is taken these glowing hopes will not be realized. It will appear, on the contrary, that while the merchant navies of Great Britain and France have been advancing steadily, that of the United States has made but little progress within the past half dozen years. It behooves us well to realize and reflect upon this painful fact.

We have but no ground in the sciences of ship-building. On the contrary, our models of merchant vessels have improved of late years. The recent improvements which have been introduced into the clipper build are obvious improvements on the extreme clippers that were built here some years back. Our China ship sail faster and carry more cargo in proportion to their speed than any other sailing ships in the world. Our New York steamers are known as the finest in their way. There seems no reason that this is the only step in advance that has been made by the science of naval architecture since the days of Fulton and Ericsson. On the contrary, the yachts now building will probably best his best craft, just as the Vanderbilt has surpassed the Collins steamers.

But it is evident that the maritime commerce of the world is to be carried on hereafter not in sailing vessels but in steamships. And in these the United States are lamentably deficient. The Atlantic is covered with fine screw steamships from Liverpool, London, Glasgow, Havre, and Bremen. We have not a single screw in all our merchant navy. For three or four years the subsidy of Great Britain has been incessantly active in the construction of screw steamers. The English have laid on lines from all the principal ports of Great Britain to New York, and they are steadily driving our ships out of the market.

Six or seven years ago there were several weekly lines of sailing packets between London, Liverpool, Havre, and New York. They used to sail full of cargo, and return freighted fortunes, and ships could not be built fast enough for their requirements. They sailed from this side with a full cotton, tobacco, provisions, ashes, etc., as they could carry; they brought home ample returns cargoes of emigrants, of goods, of specie, of bullion, and other merchandise.

Now, these lines have dwindled away to almost nothing. Where four ships used to sail from Havre every month, Iadea deep with cotton, but one now, and she has had hard work to fill up. For the screw steamers monopolize the passenger business, and time is of more value than freight in the present import of the United States are dispatched by the same vessels. Our ships can still compete in carrying cotton and other commodities of bulk; but on the other side they are forced to take any freight that offers and at any price, if they do not desire to return in ballast. This is the secret of the depressed condition of the shipping interest, and of the miserable rates that rule for freights.

If the United States are to retain their position as a maritime nation, they must have screw steamers. Whatever they cost, and wherever they are built, they must be had if we are to continue to contend with England for the sceptre of the seas. It is all folly talking about new sloops of war, and splendid clippers; while we are bragging England is carrying off its trade. Unless we have screw steamers in some way or other to supply us with screw steamers of equal capacity and equal speed with the Kangaroo and the new French screws, the United States must infallibly withdraw from the contest for the carrying trade of the world.

RAILWAY COMPETITION.

ALL the railroad world is aware that the famous St. Nicholas Convention, by which the four great railroad lines between the West and the sea-board agreed, last October, to keep certain general rules of action and a common tariff of fares, has been scattered to the winds; and that, in some respects, the sharp competition of 1858 is being renewed. A controversy is pending between the New York and the Pennsylvania Central as to the cause of the ruptures. The New York road claims that it broke the Convention because the Southern Railroads were carrying away business from New York. The Pennsylvania road claims, on the contrary, that the Convention came to an end because the Erie could not trust the Central.

We are inclined to think that the Pennsylvania road is correct in this and that Albany brethren. It is notorious that the New York Central managers did openly and repeatedly violate the Convention; and though we believe that it is true that the effect of the alliance was to give the Southern lines undue advantages over their rivals in York rivals, still we doubt whether the New York Central would have taken the responsibility of annulling the contract if it had not been for the immediate chance of maintaining it. It was only when the President of the Erie declared that he would no longer be bound by an agreement which was treated by his co-obligees as waste paper that the Central managers proclaimed their discovery that the contract was hurting the New York.

From whatever quarter the death-blow came, however, the compact is now dead, and practically we will every where return to the present time to the consequences of its demise. These consequences we perceive already in the adoption of rates for transportation of freight which can leave very little if any profit to the road. Such rates, we believe, three distinct reductions of forty, all initiated by the New York Central, and acquiesced in, as a matter of necessity, by the Pennsylvania, the Erie, and the Baltimore and Ohio. Meanwhile is now being carried to and from the West at merely nominal charges for passengers. The passenger tariffs have not yet been altered: but when people begin to travel, it may be expected that this branch of the business will be affected also.

We notice that some of the newspapers congratulate the public on the reduction of cheap transportation for freight and cheap travel, in consequence of the competition. It is not in the power of the press to withhold the manner of congratulation. One hundred and fifty millions of dollars are invested in the four lines now competing for the trade of the West. If competition leads to the adoption of losing fares or chess roads, this large amount of property will remain unproductive; and the failure of income from it will cause very serious inconvenience to hundreds of thousands of person among whom it is distributed. And while a few shippers and travelers benefit, these hundreds of thousands will be straitened in their means, deprived of their ordinary comforts. Such a disaster would be widely felt throughout the community; it would tell even upon persons who have no direct connection with railways.

The great railway problem is working itself out in this country just as it did in England. From 1600 to 1830 there was no check to the construction of railroads throughout the North and West; and no limit to the extravagance, recklessness, and corruption with which the roads were administered. Far-seeing observers perceived in 1856 where this must end; and the commercial crash of 1857 was the crisis of 1857. For the past eighteen months the various companies have been undergoing a process of liquidation. Dividends have been paltry, bonds been funded, dividends suspended, expenses reduced, leaks stopped, frauds exposed, economies introduced, and extravagance put down. The process, which has been going on before the public eye, is that public confidence—as long with it must be—be restored to railway finance.

The question for the four leading lines at present is, whether that result can be attained or not? It is in their power to prevent the revival of public confidence by pursuing a system of reckless competition and of ruinous rivalries in the hope of ruining each other. If they continue for three more months to carry freight at rates which are not paying, the public will have less to do with railroad property in August than they have now. If, on the contrary, they exercise common prudence and judgment, the railways of the North and West must participate in the general recovery of industry, enterprise, and commerce. It is a very simple question; they must settle it one way or the other, and the sooner the better. Mr. Corning, Mr. Moran, Mr. Thomson, Mr. Garrett, and their associates, have a heavy responsibility resting on their shoulders. Let them see to it that here there is no one fatally changeable with something worse than the mismanagement of the property placed under their charge.

THE LOUNGER.

MARRIED WOMEN.

It might puzzle the most profound jurist to say why a drunken man should have the right to spend the hard gotten earnings of a sober woman, any more than a drunken woman should have a similar right toward men. That a woman who, having passed through the trials of maternity, is compelled to work hard to put food in the mouths of her children, should have no defense in civilized society against a drunken thief who steals that food, is something so monstrous that it is incredible. And yet until very recently that was substantially true of married women in the United States, Christian countries; and even in the Empire State it is only now proposed to put an absolute and final period to such criminal absurdity.

We may poke as much fun and fury as we please at what we call feudalism, and yet it is only the fanatic who play the part of pioneers in all great movements of human progress. Roger Williams, George Fox, Ignatius Loyola, John Wesley, John Calvin, and Martin Luther, were all fanatics; that is, they were men so hot with an idea that they could not dull all other men who had any inflammable sympathy in them. So it is the teetotaller, and not the moderate drinker—that is to say, he who is the temperance fanatic, who pushes forward the cause of temperance. It is the drip, drip, drip, of the same opinion in the same spot that wears the rock away; every devoted merchant, or trader, or farmer, or mechanic, or even man in other society, is a fanatic in his especial calling. Cyrus Field was a fanatic on the ocean telegraph affair. He insisted, as though rich and thin that it could be laid, and should be laid, and it was laid. Robert Fulton was a fanatic. George Stephenson was a fanatic. Christopher Columbus was an arch-fanatic.

Here are often seemingly extremely tiresome and how weary the Princes and Kings must have been of seeing that Genoese sailor coming in with his sacred diagrams, and Calling and Re-calling Western Canoe! How we Kings and Princes of to-day must pity and shake at the earnest Abolitionists, and some fellows and tiresome bores, who butter, and butter, and butter away upon their plans and prophecies!

It is precisely so with the advocates of all social reforms. They are to us what Cassandra was to the men eternally do expo. For Heaven's sake put not a fresh step! For mere pity give us something that will not weary our ears! Give us a little humanity nation!

Precisely. It is just what the old tree says to the axe. "Don't keep hitting in the same place. But the axe says to the tree, "How else shall I get you down?"

The constant agitation of social wrongs, or if you prefer, the constant inquiry whether alleged wrongs are such or not, is the price we pay for their toleration and eradication. Our staple Spring pills for several years have been the Rights of Labor convention. The public criticisms of that topic, whether they have been furious or funny, have been equally valuable. And while it is true that no denied that there have been a great many monstrously ridiculous things said and done in the course of time, it is equally impossible to deny that the whole movement was indicative of the sentiment in the public mind, and was consequently a powerful help in such acts of legislation as the one of which we have spoken. It is the old story of the use of philosophic mind that, because certain women make speeches upon a public platform, it does not follow that all our legislation is to be framed to suit women, or that sensible and thoughtful women might not speak or wisely upon public platforms as they overtly sing.

Undoubtedly we owe it to the very fanatics at home we laugh that the most important laws we have are put in the way of removal. Let us think of them, then, a little more kindly. Why is it not quite as well to be fanatical in generosity as in narrowness?

A METROPOLITAN MEDITATION.

At a late meeting of the Historical Society, Mr. William C. Prime, whose knowledge of Egypt and the East is practical, and not merely bookish, strongly urged very warmly and eloquently the purchase of Dr. Abbott's Egyptian Museum, which has been for some years past has been, exhibiting in the city.

It is not only one of the best collections in the world—one for which the Egyptologists in England and elsewhere are longing, and which they would undoubtedly buy if we do not—but it is one of those treasures which every great city ought to contain. New York is not rich in art treasures, historical or historical collections. The spirit of New York, which is finally called a Spirit of Trade, or of brokers, is far from metropolitan. Individuals do truly. Are there not the Astor Library and the Cooper Institute? Yes, and they are noble examples of course, the great public charities?

Mr. Prime's suggestion is timely and timely. How much longer are we to be satisfied with the round-trip place in the means of education? How much longer are we content to be ignorant of abroad for those advantages which we can have at home by paying the price, and that not a very large one?

There is the little, mountainous city upon the shores of the "Back Bay" which has made itself to be found a great University. It has the most ancient and amply endowed and generous of all our colleges on the other side of the river, but it is not satisfied until it has a noble University embracing all arts and sciences, and so splendidly founded and wisely administered that no American shall need to go farther than New England for the most thorough education possible.

Now only that, but we see it has been introduced into the Legislature to incorporate a second Museum of Comparative Zoology. One of the trustees has already given fifty thousand dollars, and the State will appropriate certain wise contingent upon individual subscriptions. At the head of this museum will stand the most eminent man, in his department, in the world—Professor Agassiz, who proposes to teach any teacher of the public schools of the State who desires to do so, free self, in turn, to teach natural history. Boston is fortunate in many things—not least in having Agassiz for a citizen.

That little city does not call herself a metropolis, but unconsciously she is the true metropolitan air. Shall we not march with her, side by side, to these good works? The largest ships—the most splendid steamers—are owned by capital residences—the most expensive halls—the most inspiring and ennobling associations—the utmost civic corruption—are not, alone, enough to make a great metropolis. What renown the little Tuscan city of Florence has won! How the fame has secured the Medici were merchant princes. It was because the traders were not content that their city should be a shop, and so made it a museum, a library, a gallery—and collected in it, so far as they could, the choicest results of human genius in every department.

ABOUT HANGING.

WITHIN a few weeks there have been an unusual number of capital convictions, and in Boston more the execution of four men, who were clearly convicted of brutal murders. There are several cogently-conceived petitions for a pardon, also, besides a dozen or more awaiting trial for murder. The Governor has for all seven gentlemanly-lettered letter declaring to pardon Mrs. Hartung, and the rumor of an intended movement of the Legislature to commute the sentence.

Shall a woman be hung—is virtually the question which seems to be presented by these different cases—or capitally executed in any manner?

But so long as the punishment of death is justified by public sentiment, and by the opinion of certain crimes, and women are held to be legally responsible for them, so long will women suffer, except them from punishment can be found, of course, only in the feelings, the instincts, which eternally separate the sexes, and unite the sexes. You would not strike a woman, say the legislators, and the universal sentiment has proved your hanging her. But is that true? If a man were attacked by a stalwart virago and put in peril of his life, would he not instinctively strike at the risk of hers? An attack, and not an insult, is the point of consideration. The criminal of either sex attacks the peace of society. The *lex talionis* holds that that peace can be maintained not by holding the hand of the offender, but by the punishment, but by choking him, which is death.

The law is not a matter of color or external condition. Theft, for instance, is the intentional appropriation of the property of another. But the law does not say, rather look for the proved intent. A starving man steals a loaf from the rich baker. He has been a-starving of starvation or of plenty. Murder is malicious theft. The law will not say the killing malicious?—was the killer a respectable gentleman?

If, however, there be a certain class of responsible moral agents who ought to be exempted from the punishment of death, there is no doubt that exemption, based upon a fact which is common to every one of them, was clearly and distinctly proposed in the law; and if the objection be merely against the form of punishment, and not the punishment itself, the objection can very very easily be met.

In the present case, when the Governor is fully convinced of the guilt of the criminal, ought he to interfere with the operation of the law because the criminal is a woman, any more than he ought to commute the sentence of every other respectable culprit because he may be opposed to the death penalty? Is the weight of this reflection to be agreed not to interfere with the course of law unless there be some extenuating circumstances which would undoubtedly justify such interference to the lawmakers, and upon whose possible existence in case which can not exist the prerogative of executive pardon is based. Can sex fairly be considered one of those circumstances? Clearly not, for it is in itself evidently a part of the crime itself.

It is terrible that a woman should be hung—no woman should be hung—but there is a law in human being. And the fact that so few capital executions take place—that whenever a capital verdict is rendered there is almost an instinctive impression that a hanging will not inevitably follow—is evidence of universal suspicion in the public mind of the policy of the penalty. During the last year a poor intruted negro, and a boy who was drunk when he killed his master, were executed in the city of New York. Other cases of murder have been tried and received capital trials or the pross has deprecated the fatal verdict.

If there were fewer technical loop-holes of escape for the guilty, and the law were administered which should be hopelessly certain, would not society be the gainer?

TO THE LADIES.

As another demand for a little more humane and Christian view which society is taking of the condition of women, we may mention not only the request of the Faculty of Lehigh University, Bethlehem, Pa., that the Board of Trustees of Female Medical Colleges and Hospitals in our large cities, but the recent action of Oberlin College, there was an admirable biographical sketch of Miss Blackwell, who, with Miss Zakrzewska, has managed a woman's hospital with success in New York. Miss Zakrzewska now goes to Boston to take charge of the college there, which is well endowed; and Miss Ann Preston, of the Philadelphia Female College, is now in New York, giving a course of lectures upon the same branch, and also at Clinton Hall, in Philadelphia, Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz, Miss Lippincott speak of these lectures in these terms:

"..... forcible and perspicuous reasoning, richly inbued with true Christian faith, clothed in language chaste and pure, and bestowed with a manner delicacy not to be surpassed."

The Lounger fairly believes that the ladies of New York will be no more injured, this week, by hearing Miss Preston speak than by hearing Signora Grazzanga sing.

"LOOK HERE, UPON THIS PICTURE, AND ON THIS."

THERE is a natural interest in all that relates to the personality of famous men. Who was Shakspeare, or the Strafford, or the "Auld Ieiy o' Dooy," or to Haworth rectory? And it is well understood that autobiographies and newspaper and personal detail of every kind—within those limits of common decency and propriety which newspapers so strictly acknowledge always accomplish. Yet sometimes the same person is very differently sketched, and by the same hand. We have lately seen it done by this upon finding two descriptions of Bulwer, the novelist, published almost at the same time. The readers of "What will he do with it?"—story no long familiar to the eye in these columns —will hardly fail to read them both with interest.

The first depicts Bulwer, in his town residence in Park Lane, as "the Lord of Knebworth Castle, surrounded by all the most expensive luxuries; as a member of the British Cabinet and a leader of Parliament, ****, and, at the age of fifty-three, has achieved a fame, a future, and a position unparalleled in the history of men of genius." "As a novelist, a poet, a playwright, and a statesman, he has won for all in all—where shall we find his peer?" For the last dilettante years the novelist has fed upon his thoughts, and an entire generation has been stimulated and educated by his glowing poetry and fine philosophy."

This author then proceeds to describe his personal appearance:

"In person he is a little above the medium height, with a figure slight almost to frailty. His fine head at once suggests a remarkable proof of the supremacy of phrenology. It is a splendid dome of intellect, widening into the region of "reality," and rising with equal force all the superior faculties. There is nothing of the animal in the manner of the Englishman's head—no bull, on the contrary, he is entirely cosmopolitan, in look, in dress, and in manner. His hair is dark, like his mustachios and moustache, is of a lightish-brown color. He wears it close behind and filled up in front, giving his head a look of unusual fullness."

In No. 24 of the *Weekly* the reader will find an engraving of Bulwer.

The other picture is a less elaborate portrait than the one we have quoted. It is a view of him simply as "a member of the British Cabinet and a leader of Parliament."

.....Lord Stanley and Sir Bulwer Lytton both labored hard to defeat the bill in its various stages. The speech of the latter was, in delivery, unusually effective, although marred by his cynic vein of satire for once, and the practical politicians, talking good plain English in an earnest and vigorous way, rather took the lead in the argument. The author of 'Pelham' has generally been in the habit of addressing the House in a manner assumed at best, and his utterance affected and pedantic. But, when in error, and in inability to maketake the ears of others, in consequence of deafness, with which he has been afflicted for years, and in his apparent desire to eschew the appearance of dictatorless or hauger he has always indulged in a volunteer of gratuitous advice to the Ministry, by all the oratorical art Parliamentary eloquence, is absent as bad of its kind as can well be imagined. It was not the first time from Lord Palmerston, the cutting sarcasm, 'that members who had not seen the last session's speech would have hardly carefully understand how difficult it was to deal with it serious way.' On the present instance, however, the author of 'Ernest' seems really to have caught a glimpse of the truth, and, with a good deal of eloquence to his wild, dressed up of conservative equines and nobles in cap Polish."

After all, how very important it is for a famous man to consider who is likely to write his biography. The weight of this reflection is to be appreciated by some living authors—but as say, for instance, Mr. Macaulay is of tremendous value to all his allusions to other writers are regulated by this harrowing uncertainty as to which of them will write his life after he is dead.

EATING YOUR CAKE, ETC.

IT is a little singular to read in a newspaper that on Monday evening, the thirty-second of March, a body of men and women surprised a worthy parson, who had been settled over them, that he might not be out, ranging themselves in his parlor, and there, instead of an ordinary infliction from Barabbas Lungs, Esquire, who concluded by presenting the reverend gentleman with thirty-nine cents and a half.

It is a pleasant thing to give money and to receive it. The parson was pleased about it, and paid them, and the amount of the money, in the newspaper? Probably this "surprise" business arises from a sense of the utter impossibility of a hundredth fact that no class of men are expected to work so hard for so little pay as clergymen. The very reason would lead to a general increase of salary it would be a good result. And certainly it is better than nothing that an occasional gift should be presented where the permanent increase can not be effected.

But why not do it in a quiet, decent way? Why arrange it so that the public, which cares nothing for the matter, except as having an interest for the pastor—shall be obliged not only to hear all the details, but, moreover, and the precise amount given, but also to hear it in the way which redounds most to the credit of the givers and not of the recipient? Barabbas Lungs, Esquire, is clearly the hero of the occasion. He is supported in his eloquence by all these generous parishioners. The poor pastor, uncomfortably holding his little bag of money, is in the pitiable position to every spectator. For Heaven's sake, let us have done with publicity, and say, "I don't ring the church-bells about it. Suppose that Mr. Lungs, Esquire, should put a turkey by sends his pastor into print, and found out of butter, and every barrel of flour. It ceases that moment to be kindness, or friendship, or decency. It becomes a gross glorification of his own generosity. The "surprise party" is the same thing, only they give twenty or fifty turkeys together.

Why will not the next society which comes to give its pastor fifty or five hundred dollars write him the following note:

"DEAREND AND DEAR SIR,—There is not a man of us who is not better paid for less work than you. You hold your place and your salary upon the tenure of our good opinion and your preaching what we want to hear, and not what you may think you ought to preach. You have a family, and as you grow older your resources will not increase. Your society consists of a few hundred proprietors, half of whom have subscribed fifty cents each; and we are very glad to send you $150, which we hope will supply with wood and coal for a month, but which we so sincerely hope may make things easier for a little while. As a personal favor to us, please not to mention it, but believe us your affectionate and obliged parishioners,

"ELIAS CUTHBER,

"And two hundred and forty-nine others"

Send that letter by some faithful hand, and then try to get each man to subscribe a dollar next time.

"THE CULPRIT FAY."

It is only fair, after what the Lounger said last week about the new edition of Drake's "Culprit Fay," and the objections of Fitz-Greene to its publication, to state that the difficulty has been arranged, and that the representative of the family who made the complaint has now authorized the sale.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

C. M. P., Mount Sidney, Virginia, wishes to know if the spelling of a is right as given in such words as *fair, care, etc.*, saying that Webster and Worcester spell as that sound as the letter a is. He will find, however, that Worcester is explicit upon this point. He gives seven sounds to the vowel a—the broad Italian third in long *father*, as in fare, and adds that the diphthong *ai* followed by *r* has the same sound. Those distinctions, however, are very delicate.

J. G. Y. AND OTHERS, Kankakee, Illinois, ask whence the phrases "scot-free" and "high as Gilderoy's bail" are derived. The latter is a corrupt part, the Icelandic *skot*, the Danish *skot*, and Swedish *skot* give us the English *scot*, or *shot*, the French *écot*, the Italian *scotto*, the Spanish *escote*, meaning tax or price, and hence reckoning. To pay the scot was to pay the tax, and then therefore the same meaning, viz., to settle the bill. To go "scot-free" is to get off without paying.

Gilderoy was a famous Highland robber, celebrated in Scotch ballads, of which J. G. Y. will find a good specimen in Percy's Reliques. He was hanged, one day:

"Of Gilderoy sae 'fraid they were,
They bound him fast with iron bands,
Till Edenburrow they led him their,
And set a gibbet hing
They hung him high aboon the rest,
He was sae trim a boy
Thair dyed the youth whom I lued best—
My handsome Gilderoy."

In the north of England *kite* signifies *belly*. The proverb is, therefore, equivalent to high as Gilderoy upon the gallows.

RUDIE BOWER, Cazenovia, New York, will find the quotation he seeks in Charles Lott, line 300, and following, of the first book:

".....He stood and call'd
His Legion, Angel Forms, who lay intranst
Thick as Autumnal Leaves that strew the Brooks
In Vallombrosa, where Of Etrurias shades
High overarch'd imbowr....."

Right Bower throws in this conundrum:

"Why is a man in the moon like a man in a coundrum already in his grave?—Because he can't quit ale coughin' quite."

W. F., Lecompton, Kansas, would have the Lounger tell what Shakespeare alludes to in his Seven Ages (Jaques, in *As You Like It*), when he says of the young soldier,

"Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard."

The word *pard* signifies spotted; and is applied, therefore, to any thing spotted indiscriminately. Leopard, who is whitened like a cat, with long, protruding, distant teeth. Pard, a female panther. Pard, a forlorn whiskered as some captains of dragoons; but enough for Shakespeare's purpose, who uses nobody knows what to be done geographically generally rather than accuracy. Thus, in the *Winter's Tale*, he makes a ship bound from the shores of Bohemia; which is much like having it wrecked upon the green mountains of Vermont.

W. H. F., Philadelphia, who is an apothecary, and whose father and grandfather were apothecaries, and who declares that he has a soul "above the penny backstring of pyrotechnics," writes an indignant letter about Jefferson, and declares, in the character of a lady:

"Oh! I will brest!
Yet why for such a trifle can false one should I grieve?
Mr. Macready is gone!
I'll wait and accept the first offer I receive"?

H. A. M., and others, Pennsylvania, complain that advertisements are printed in the *Weekly*, and cannot understand it. If they will refer to the number of the paper they will find more than two pages of advertisements. The *Weekly* has always allowed a certain limited space to them, and has introduced no new habit of that kind.

CINCINNATI writes pathetically:

"But here I must never do nothin' but work;
For you can't live on a dollar a week."

The whole ditty is in some sixty lines, which are clever, but not clever enough for so much space.

CARDINAL ANTONELLI AND ROME IN 1859.

So many Americans are spending the winter in Rome that many at home will be glad to see the accompanying pictures.

The street scene represents the Corso during the Carnival. Every one has heard of the wild bacchanalia in which the good people of Rome indulge during the Carnival. The Corso (the Broadway of Rome) is thronged from end to end with gay carriages filled with maskers, lively ladies, and dashing cavaliers. The sidewalks are crowded with pedestrians in like disguises, but all of the male gender. The balconies, which abound in every house, are crammed in like manner with ladies and their male friends—some masked and concealed in domino, others in plain dress. The sport of all these people is to throw bouquets, *bonbons*, and flour pills at each other, accompanying each projectile with some witty or sarcastic remark. The favorite missile of the ladies is what we have called a "flour pill," a sort of explosive shell filled with common wheaten flour: this explodes, or rather bursts, when it strikes, and sprinkles its victim with flour. Coarse-minded people—who, though not so common at Rome as in some other places, are not altogether unknown in the papal city—sometimes diversify the pastime by playfully throwing carrots, rotten eggs, or stones, at well-dressed persons. But they form an exception to the rule. Generally speaking, the Carnival at Rome is a scene of healthy, good-humored amusement, which the most refined lady can enjoy as well as the country bumpkin. Our engraving was made from a sketch by an enthusiastic Englishman, who was melted to tears at the sight of the Prince of Wales actually condescending to throw bouquets and bonbons from a balcony. His Royal Highness will be noticed at the most prominent figure in the picture. We trust our subscribers will be able to control their emotion at the spectacle.

The accompanying portrait is that of Cardinal Antonelli, the Secretary of State in the Pope's Government—from a drawing by Lehmann.

Cardinal Giacomo Antonelli is one of the most eminent Italians living. The son of an architect and contractor, originally from Sonnino—but for the best part of his life a resident of Terracino—the present Roman Secretary enjoyed good advantages in respect of education and society. His father was well known to and liked by the late Pope Gregory. It is said that a timely present of an ancient statue of Sophocles, made by him to his Holiness, was the first cause of his son's favor at the papal court. Let us pronounce this a vulgar calumny, and take for granted that good old Gregory—little as he knew, as a rule—detected in his young friend Giacomo the germs of the remarkable qualities the present Secretary has subsequently displayed.

Whatever the secret of his advancement was, certain it is that, while quite a young man and

CARDINAL ANTONELLI, SECRETARY OF STATE IN THE PAPAL GOVERNMENT.

freshly invested with priestly honors, he received the appointment of Judge of one of the criminal courts of Rome. From this station troubles which occurred in the diocese of Macerata caused his transfer to the legateship of that important place. Here he staid some time, and gave evidence of much vigor and energy. When tranquillity was restored to Macerata the Pope recalled Antonelli to Rome, and made him successively Secretary General of the Home Department and Treasurer General. He occupied the latter post when Gregory died.

During the contest for the Papacy which succeeded, Antonelli took an active part in canvassing for the present tenant of the Papal Chair. The success which attended his efforts was duly rewarded by his own promotion to a Cardinalate. Pius is said to have accompanied the preferment with a warm eulogy on the new Cardinal.

Dark days were at hand. Pius, with the ardor of inexperience, lit the torch which set Europe in a blaze. His friend and protégé, Antonelli, believed to have joined heart and soul in the liberal measures undertaken by his master. They were, as the world knows, premature. The Papacy was the first throne which was shaken; the first sufferers by the storm they had aroused were Pius and Antonelli. Both fled to Gaeta. During the darkest hours of that gloomy period Antonelli remained faithful, and by his courage and genial temper kept up the drooping spirits of the Pontiff.

Then followed the French occupation, under cover of which Pius returned to Rome. His faithful friend accompanied him, and undertook a heavy share in the difficult administration of the new Government. Ever since then Antonelli has been the leading man at the Papal court. He has not always filled his present office—which corresponds to that of Prime Minister in constitutional monarchies—but he has the credit of having always been the power behind the throne. That he is a man of remarkable ability none can question. Opinions differ widely about his principles. Some say that he is as liberal as Pius was before him. Others assert that he is really as conservative as the Pope is said to have become. None deny, however, that he has administered the affairs of Rome, at a most difficult and trying period, with remarkable skill and success.

In the drama which the next year or two will naturally unfold a leading part will necessarily be played by Cardinal Giacomo Antonelli; and should Rome again take the prominent position which she occupied in the Revolution of 1848, he will become an object of general interest to the civilized world.

Lest any should suppose, however, that the Papal Government, even under Antonelli, is likely to be betrayed into any thing like excessive liberality, we subjoin the following anecdote, which is given in a letter from Rome: "An anecdote which was recently related to me shows, in another form, how averse the Papal Government is from letting too much light into the public mind. The gas-pipes in the Piazza del Popolo were being examined not many mornings since, when a stranger observed, 'So you are letting in light upon the Popolo.' It might have been meant as a *double entendre*, or it might have had simply a reference to the site on which they were standing. However that may be, the stranger was followed to his hotel by a respectably-dressed man, who made particular inquiry of the proprietor as to who the stranger was, at the same time answering on the ominous words that had been uttered. The hotel was that in which the Prince of Wales resided, and it so happened that the stranger was the courier who formed part of his Royal Highness's suite."

THE CARNIVAL AT ROME, 1859.

GENERAL GEFFRARD, PRESIDENT OF HAYTI.

THE accompanying engraving represents the new President of Hayti, General Geffrard.

Very little is known of him, except that he is a colored man, of about fifty-five years of age; and that some years ago he embarked in a revolutionary attempt against the throne of the Emperor Soulouque, was defeated, and narrowly escaped with his life. Through the intercession of friends he was not executed, but spent several years in a prison, from which he has only lately escaped. He is a man of fine presence and undoubted courage. His friends give him credit for intelligence also.

Mr. James Redpath, who arrived in Hayti just after the revolution, thus describes, in a letter to the *Tribune*, the pilot's announcement of the revolution:

"Well, Pilot, what news?"

"You hear of le Revolution?" we asked.

"What Revolution?" we asked.

"Oh! we no Longer now—Soulouque has gone Emperor—we have Republique—much plaisir on shore! Rich men throw money 'way—not much—not much Coupe—keep copper—all much plaisir."

"The devil!" was the satanic exclamation of the pilot's American auditors.

"Who's king now, then?" asked the captain.

"Oh! no more king—we Presidui"—

"Who is he?"

"Faben Geffrard. He lives at Aux Cayes" (in southern Hayti).

"Is he a black or mulatto?" I inquired.

"Mulatto."

I feared that this revolution was another outward symptom of the old and deadly feud between the blacks and the Congo Mulat—the pure negroes and the mulattoes—which was the origin of many massacres and incited many a bloody battle in the days of Jean François, Dessalines, Toussaint, Ogé, and the terrible Dessalines. But I am now inclined to believe that this impression is erroneous. All classes seem to sympathize with the revolutionists. The mulattoes, it is true, are especially rejoiced at the success of Geffrard, because his failure, they say, would have led to the massacre of the mulattoes in every part of the Island; but the negroes also—the blackest of the blacks—exhibit every where equal enthusiasm and hilarity at the fall of Faustin, who is no longer (such is life!) spoken of as *Sa Majesté*, but only as Monsieur Soulouque, or "the old man," or, much more frequently, that "bloody old villain," or, as a mulatto said, that "monster of a tyrant."

"When the arcoma falls," says a Haytien proverb, "every body says it is rotten wood." Soulouque, in his banishment, may find consolation in this sarcastic truth.

GENERAL GEFFRARD, PRESIDENT OF HAYTI.

NEW YORK CITY.

ON pages 254 and 265 will be found a view of New York city, taken from the spire of Dr. Spring's New Brick Church, which is worth preserving. The picture will be found, on examination, to be as mathematically accurate as a plan; its artistic merit will speak for itself. We are again, in this matter, indebted to Mr. Brady, the photographer, for valuable aid; without the assistance of the views he took for us, it would have been difficult to insure perfect accuracy. We subjoin below a key to the picture, with the proper references to the principal buildings.

BACHELOR'S HALL.

THIS is my castle, gentlemen,
I make you free as air;
A welcome rest for weary guest
From climbing yonder stair.
Here sit I like a knight of old,
Or warrior chieftain stout and bold,
Within his dining-hall;
With beer in lieu of wassail wine;
Instead of pike, and cutlass fine,
My pipes hang on the wall.

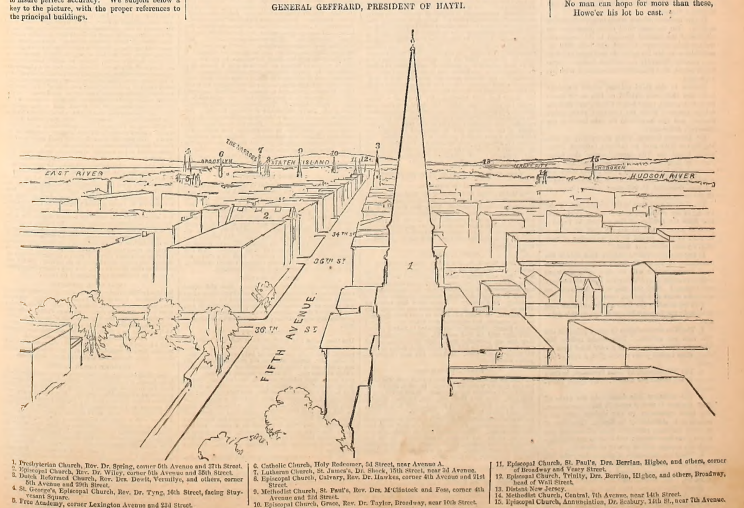
Make no excuses, gentlemen,
But sit wherever you please;
If tables suit your style of boot,
Why, put them at their ease.
Life is at best a rugged road,
Why walk with petty cares a load,
When we can ride as well?
Had I the wealth of India's kings,
My riches should not make them wings
For bahl and brocatel.

I think I've cut my wisdom teeth
This many and many a day;
Had I the cash to cut a dash
Twould let another way.
I'd have of bread and cheese a pile,
I'd have some pipes of every style,
And nuggs of foaming beer;
And then I'd hunt through all the earth
For men of true Bohemian birth,
And feast them gayly here.

For what are bahl and brocatel,
Or broadcloth rich and fine,
Or dinners where the viands rare
Are drowned in costly wine?
I count them but a sinful waste,
If every longing wish and taste
My habits should betray.
Thus, gentlemen, it is with me,
The fare and furniture you see,
Suit me in every way.

My room is on the attic floor,
Five stories from the street;
The doctors say it is the way
To find the air more sweet.
Five scores of stairs—a wondrous thing
To make the blood move lustily sing
Through every beating vein!
No doubt a glorious thing is wealth,
But of the two my choice is health,
A body free from pain.

What is there wealth can bring to man
I have not at command?
While all the time for every dime
A score of thousands stand;
And on my steps obsequious wait,
As on the man of high estate,
As long as it may last.
Than what he eats, and wears, and sees,
No man can hope for more than these,
How'er his lot be cast.



1. Presbyterian Church, Rev. Dr. Spring, corner 6th Avenue and 37th Street.
2. Episcopal Church, Rev. Dr. Wiley, corner 6th Avenue and 35th Street.
3. Dutch Reformed Church, Rev. Drs. Brett, Vermilye, and others, corner 5th Avenue and 29th Street.
4. St. George's, Episcopal Church, Rev. Dr. Tyng, 16th Street, facing Stuyvesant Square.
5. Free Academy, corner Lexington Avenue and 23d Street.
6. Catholic Church, Holy Redeemer, 3d Street, near Avenue A.
7. Lutheran Church, St. James's, Dr. Shock, 19th street, near 3d Avenue.
8. Episcopal Church, Calvary, Rev. Dr. Hawkes, corner 4th Avenue and 21st Street.
9. Methodist Church, St. Paul's, Rev. Drs. M'Clintock and Foss, corner 4th Avenue and 23d Street.
10. Episcopal Church, Grace, Rev. Dr. Taylor, Broadway, near 10th Street.
11. Episcopal Church, St. Paul's, Drs. Berrian, Higbee, and others, corner of Broadway and Vesey Street.
12. Episcopal Church, Trinity, Drs. Berrian, Higbee, and others, Broadway, head of Wall Street.
13. Distant New Jersey.
14. Methodist Church, Central, 7th Avenue, near 14th Street.
15. Episcopal Church, Annunciation, Dr. Seabury, 14th St., near 7th Avenue.

KEY TO THE VIEW OF NEW YORK, PAGES 264, 265.

My carriage plies before the door,
All eager for a fare,
For half a dime, at any time,
"I will take me any where."
While I have steamers, yachts, and boats,
As swift as any thing that floats,
And as a palace gay;
Or silks and gold go fluttering by,
To charm my heart or please my eye,
While rolling on Broadway.

And one thing farther, gentlemen,
E'en while the foam is there;
We'll drink the one beneath the sun
That eats most drink most fare.
My thought is such a darling girl,
A worthy love for belted earl,
Or any nobleman.
Her eyes are dark as midnight skies,
Upon her cheeks rich sunset lies,
And auburn lists her hair.

She wears no baubles proud with gems,
No robes with silken sheen;
And yet my fair is fit to wear
The crown of a queen.
She makes no claim to gentle blood,
Nor dates her lineage from the flood;
Such Nature's noble born,
And proud to say, where'er she stands,
Has earned her living with her hands
From a day ago.

And now I pray you, gentlemen,
Smile not at what I tell:
Some future day I'll bear away
This one I love so well.
Some day, when publishers grow kind,
And see the sparkles of my mind,
I'll make this girl my wife.
'Til wed the fairest of the fair,
And when she comes my room to share,
'Twill glow with new-born life.

LITERARY.

THE third volume of Bunsen's great work on Ancient Egypt has been published in England, with a preface, written expressly for the English edition, by Dr. Bunsen. A paragraph has been going the rounds of the American papers briefly stating that Bunsen adds to this preface given his reasons for believing that Egypt was inhabited by men who made use of pottery about eleven thousand years before Christ was born. This is the point, indeed, of the English preface; and the author runs ahead of making this extraordinary statement the prominent point before his English and American readers. We can not let the opportunity pass of saying, very briefly, how little Bunsen is to be relied on in Egyptology, or any other person who sets the monuments to his purpose the Bible and correct its errors, instead of relying on the standards of the Bible to explain Egyptian monuments.

In this instance science seems to have descended to folly. For the same mind must pronounce the relisses of the learned German in this argument weaker than any rope of sand, and look with astonishment at his inexplicable readiness to grasp as a general discovery an isolated instance, capable of easier explanations inconsistent with his argument.

Bunsen, in this third volume, avows distinctly his belief that man existed on this earth about twenty thousand years before Christ, and that the Egyptians were among the first nations before Christ; and the foundation for this belief in the discovery following:

Mr. Leonard Horner, while excavating or boring in the Nile near at Sakkara (ancient Memphis), found this deposit, and ascertained that the statue of Rameses is the thirty feet deep, and estimates that it had increased at the rate of three and a half inches per century, which makes the Nilotic port deposited 11,646 years before Christ, or 13,500 years before.

Mr. Horner says that in the lowest part of the boring of the sediment, at a depth of thirty-nine feet from the surface of the ground, he found a piece of pottery, and he argues that this "must be held to be the work of the existence of man 13,571 years before A.D. 1854."

In any one proposed to believe that this is the foundation of the Bunsen hypothesis of twenty-one lated theory, which will be cited by a thousand voices as going to overthrow the Bible chronology and history? And yet this is the authority on which he bases his perfect confidence.

Now let us add a few facts which will show how absolutely the German Doctor is lost in this delusion.

1. The Nile accumulation in many places is one full inch per annum. This would reduce Mr. Horner's deposit to less than three feet in a hundred, since twelve years would give a foot of deposit.

2. The Nile deposit, in some instances, is from three to six inches per annum. We speak knowingly.

3. The ordinary Nile deposit on the plain of Beni Hassan is nearly one-half inch per annum. We have specimens on our shelves, and have measured it abundantly in Egypt. The flow of the Nile the next year will wash off some of this if the river flow strong; but if it do not rise very high the deposit will be gently increased.

4. There are thousands of places along the Nile banks where ancient canals, lakes dug for temples, or walls for the water-wheel, or mines, have been filled up. Mr. Horner may have dug in just such a place. He supposes that the fact of his being under the statue at Sakkara is proof that he found an accumulation of earth which had not gathered within, say, two thousand years. This is so; but when the statue was thrown down by the Persians it may have been thrown on the soil which had just been heaped in a sacred lake, or pool, or well.

5. The Nile bed itself, the very floor of the river, may have been over the spot where Mr. Horner bored, and that within three thousand years.

6. The Arabs in Mr. Horner's employ may have dropped the piece of pottery into the hole he was boring.

In brief, then, let us say that no man who has examined the Nile valley and the Egyptian deposits have any doubt that Mr. Horner's fragment of pottery could have arrived where he found it by any one of numerous processes of ordinary kind within a few centuries, without the necessity of supposing that it is the military effect of a period of twelve thousand years ago. But it is to be lamented that such men as Bunsen are so apt to seize on single discoveries as confirmations of theory, and to generalize from such special instances, to the overthrow of a faith in their capacity as reasoning men and sound guides.

The simple answer to the whole theory is that the Nile deposit varies according to circumstances and places, eddies, beds of the river, etc., etc. Not unfrequently the river deposits in the bed or banks a new channel one, two, or three miles distant; in which case the old channel fills up rapidly with a few years' depth from a few inches daily and hourly, before the eyes of the traveler, the river's current changes its bank on one side and rapidly filling up and raising a bank on the other; so that in ten years' time the very spot which was thirty feet below the level of the river in the old channel will be found thirty feet below the solid earth of the bank. If Mr. Horner had taken a volume Jacotin's charts, and compared the modern Nile with the Nile of forty years ago, he would not have been so ready to suppose that the old northeastern thirty feet under the Nile deposit must have had as many as many hundred years.

We might go on to argue from a variety of facts against this startling theory. The very spot where the statue lies in the present plain of Sakkara, if facts to be relied on, because in erecting this immense statue, caused as it is, Bunsen tells us, that less caused a vast excavation to be made, in which to lay a foundation, and the fallen statues lies but a little distance from this foundation; and Mr. Horner may have bored in the excavation without touching the foundation.

But we pause. It seems proper that the absurdity should have the light of these few facts before the American public. Such pretended theories and discoverers are illustrative of the Bible, and contributory of faith in its truth. Let the new Bunsen Collection in New York will abundantly show. They are never otherwise in the minds of judicious and cool reasoners.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE TRIAL OF DANIEL E. SICKLES.

THE CONCLUDING DAY OF THE TRIAL.

IN our last number we gave the evidence for the prosecution, which was from the opening speech of the district attorney Cook. On Saturday, April 9, Mr. Graham, for the defense, commenced his opening speech, which was concluded till late on Monday. Long as the speech was, it is only of the most general character. It was understood, at first, that the attorney was to claim with impunity by the unwritten law—and, that also the time of the homicide Sickles was in such a state of mind that he was not accountable for his acts. In the course of his remarks, however, Mr. Graham read all the adultery cases from the time of Henry VIII. down to the present time, and the opinion of the judges of adultery as being acquitted. In dwelling on the second point Mr. Graham took a most able view of the position in which the husband of Teresa had been exposed in view of the provocation under which the slayer had been labored. He dwelt at great length the proceedings of Key, and stated that they were attended with arrangements which would shock mankind. He alluded to Key's official position, which ought to have been the most especially merited of all, as the "sacred rights of his friends; and he described at length the circumstances which existed between Key and Teresa. He closed his argument with an appeal to the jury to place themselves in the position of Sickles, and to render their belief; declaring that if Sickles were convicted, no man's life or daughter's honor was afterward safe.

THE EVIDENCE FOR THE DEFENSE.

WILLIAM BADGER.

On Monday, 11th, at the close of Mr. Graham's speech, William Badger was called for the defense, and testified that he knew all the parties. Knew Key's character, and his were very intimate. Dined at Sickles's house on 10th February, 1859, with Key, Mrs. Sickles, and Mr. Sickles. Key arose from dinner before the others, and did not seem present at last dinner. Objected to, and objection sustained.

JOHN B. BASSIN,

M. C. from New York, knew Mr. Sickles for fifteen or twenty, and Mrs. Sickles for twelve years. Knew Key for ten years. Knew the character of the latter, general, and deemed intimacy. Had heard Sickles, after the homicide, say that he had killed Key, and that Attorney-General Key as a friend. Thanked Sickles for the service. In February or March, 1859, was present at dinner at Washington with Key, Mrs. Sickles, Mr. Sickles, and Sickles. Witness was about to state what Key said at the dinner-table, but objection was made and sustained by the Court. Witness communicated to Sickles part of what Key said at the dinner-table. Witness thought that Key was an honorable man; that they were mutual friends; that Sickles had an objection to Key's visiting at his house when invited. Had seen Key and Sickles in company.

DANIEL DOUGHERTY.

Has known Sickles for six or seven years, and Mrs. Sickles and Key for a shorter period. Dined at Sickles's on the Thursday before the shooting. Key sat next to Mrs. Willard's. Saw Key there with Mrs. Sickles; believes that his was about the last dinner party at which Mrs. Key, and others at the Cable Celebration in New York. On the Saturday before Key's death witness called upon him up the Avenue. Key left witness abruptly to go into the Club-house on finding Sickles there. Witness left abruptly, as he was leaving Washington. As he was going down the Avenue, on his return, met Key walking toward Sickles's house. Was at a reception at Sickles's on 23d February; saw Key there.

THE CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN KEY AND SICKLES.

Mr. Brady, for the defense, next endeavored to have the correspondence between Key and Sickles read before intervening witness. These letters were: 1. Key to Sickles, requesting the discontinuance of visits. Sickles had stated that Key and Mrs. Sickles met at a house on the Bladensburg Road, and carried on there an improper intimacy. 2. Weddridge to Key, giving up Marshal J. Bacon and S. B. Beekman as his authority; 3. Key to Bacon, demanding his authority for the statements; 4. Bacon to Key, giving up Beekman as his author; 5. Key to Beekman, demanding if the statements of Bacon and Weddridge be correct, and if he (Beekman) be responsible for them; 6. Beekman to Key, denying the truth of Bacon's statements, and disavowing their authority. 7. Key to Sickles, inclosing the correspondence.

The prosecution objected to the introduction of those letters, as not material in this case. They are dated March, 1859. Objection sustained by the Court.

JOHN M'LEOD.

On Tuesday, 12th April, the evidence for the defense was continued. John M'Dinee knew the parties, and was aware that they were intimate. Was at Mrs. Sickles's reception on the 23d February. Knew Key's character, and his was good. Was present at the ball given by Willard's on the Thursday before the decease of Key.

JOSEPH H. HOOVER

Had been the most intimate and cherished friend of Key for ten years. Has known Mr. and Mrs. Sickles for four years. Intimacy Key's brother. They were friends. Sickles urged Key's reappointment by Buchanan. Was present at the dinner-party mentioned by Mr. Dougherty. Left it to Sickles. Key afterward told witness that Sickles had left him to pay the bill, and witness accordingly paid it. Had not kept a diary of Key's movements on that occasion.

On 23d Feb. Key brought Lucas, Sickles's daughter, to witness's house to see Mrs. Hoover, and returned for her three hours afterward to inquire for her. Saw Key at dinner on the day before his death. Was not summoned. Went frequently to Sickles's house; often saw Key there. Key never said a word to witness about Sickles complaining in any way his visits to see Key at his (Sickles's) house. Believes that Key's visits were not unwelcome to Sickles. Correspondence as before. Does not recollect Key visiting Mrs. Sickles's house on set of terms. Key's last interview had no child; Sickles told witness that he had always been kind to Key's children. Key was present at the Club-house ball. Intending to the subject of the correspondence of Key and Sickles, witness said that he then knew that Key's object in keeping up Teresa's acquaintance he was willing to meet him as formerly.

JOHN H. GODDARD,

Chief of Police, produced a copy of the pistol, handed to witness by Sickles on his commitment. It is in the same state as when handed to him by Sickles.

Mr. Stanton drew the Court's attention to the fact that the glass filled round Key's head at Mr. Key's post-office.

REV. SMITH PYNE

Was passing Lafayette Square at 5 P.M. on the day before Key's death. Saw Key in Mr. Sickles's house. Key was alive, and drew his cuticura to such attention to it. There was a bullet-hole through the window-glass, and a bullet in the wall. Key said: "There must be a band of brigands about him—a devilish set." Cross-examined: Key was in excellent spirits. Mr. Sickles was not there. Did not speak to witness; perhaps did not see him, though he looked toward him. Knew Mrs. Sickles by Key's request about the beginning of last month.

ROBERT WALKER

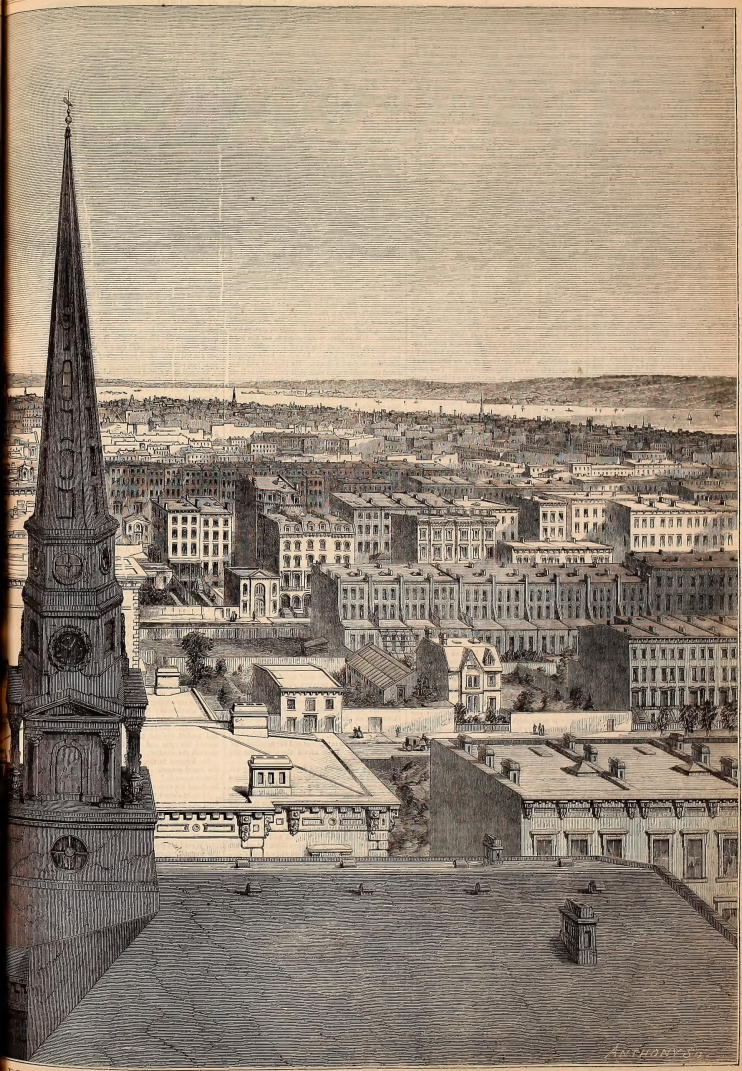
Has known Sickles for several years. Had not seen him for a considerable time prior to Key's decease. On the day went to Sickles's house at 2 P.M. As he came to let Key in, Sickles said: "Key is dead." Saw Mrs. Sickles; witness for calling. "He had scarcely repeated these words when a loud report clung the wall of neighboring at about her witness's house. Sickles said: "Key is dead." Sickles's house. Sickles said: "Key is dead." Sickles's house. Sickles said: "Key is dead." Sickles

him then. He was exalted, but not crying. He went up stairs into the room where Mrs. Sickles was lying on the floor. There were police officers on the stairs. He came down in four or five minutes. He was altogether about five minutes in the house after he returned. Heard no noise or cries while he was in the study.—*Recalled:* When Key waved his handkerchief he looked up at the house.

WILLIAM W. MANN

Saw Key at D'R. on 15th February, in Lafayette Square. He waved his handkerchief, retiring it round. Witness was within a few feet of him. Could not tell which drew who was within a few feet of him. Could not tell which drew who was within a few feet of him. Could not tell which drew who

NEW YORK CITY AND ENVIRONS, FROM THE S



DR. SPRING'S NEW BRICK CHURCH, FIFTH AVENUE.

HANGED BY THE NECK.

I.

I AM about to lift the veil of mystery which for ten years has shrouded the murder of Mary Ware, and though I lay bare my own weakness, or folly, or what you will, I do not shrink from the unveiling. No hand but mine can perform the task. There was, indeed, a man who might have done this better than I; but he wrapped himself in silence, and went his way.

I like a man who can hold his tongue.

On the corner of Crandall and Clarke streets stands a dingy-brown frame-house, which, judging from its absolute air of antiquity, must have been built a century ago. It has a very cracked and stained wooden antique, and though a very charming *bonâ fide* lodged on the second floor front of "over the way," and sang like a canary-bird every morning, I assert, that her name was Mary Ware; third, that she had two lovers—short allowance for a dozen; fourth, that poverty and pathos took human shape it was christened Mary Ware. She was one of Beauty's best thoughts. I can not tell if her eyes were black or hazel. Her hair was bronze-brown, silken and wavy, and her mouth the perfection of tenderness. Her figure was rich in those perfect curves which delight the old Greek masters. I write this with no impure thought. She was the ley of Lindsay's room, stark and lifeless and horrible, the glory faded from her face, her eyes staring and wide kissed her, but not till then. How ghastly she looked! Eyes with no light in them, lips with no breath on them—death, dull death!

Mary Ware was a dear study to me than her lovers. One of them was commonplace—a prosperous, well-dressed, well-made, handsome, shallow. Nature manufactures such men by the gross. He was a lieutenant in the army; I think, proud not to have been on the sea, or in it, instead of working rain-sheds for Jones, or cotton-gins for Smith's mould. His character, like his person, had rough lines to it. Only for the drooping of his eyelids, and a certain coarseness about the mouth, he would have been handsome, in spite of those dark, deep-sunken eyes. But those would have set an unsentimental wife—tall, dog-chested, knitted with muscles of steel. "Some day," said I, as I saw him stalk up the house-steps one evening, "I will paint the little lieutenant out of that second-story window." I should have been a wise arrangement.

From the time I left off short jackets women have perplexed me. I have found out what one man is not, but I have never found out what he is. I can not tell to this day which of those two men Mary Ware loved; if she loved him at all for flirtation, however, was scandal enough for the entire neighborhood; but little did the gossip dream of the tragedy which was lying in wait under their noses.

This affair had continued for several months, when it was reported that Mary and Julius Kenneth were affianced. The Lieutenant was less frequently seen in Clarke Street; and Julius waited upon Mary's footsteps with a humility and tenderness strangely out of keeping with his manly nature. Mrs. Grundy was somewhat appeased. Yet, though Mary went to the Sunday concerts with Julius Kenneth, she still wore the fresh flowers rosa in her bosom!

If I could only meet with an unoriginal woman!

II.

I was awakened one morning by several quick, nervous raps on my room door. The noise startled me from a most delightful dream.

"Oh, Sir!" cried a voice on the landing, "there's been a dreadful murder done across the street! They've murdered Mary Ware!"

"I will get up." That was all I said. I looked at my watch. It was nine o'clock. I had overslept myself; but then I sat up late the night before.

I dressed myself hastily, and, without waiting for breakfast, pushed my way through the crowd that had collected in the street, and ascended a good up stairs unquestioned to the scene of the tragedy. What I observed in those three years of my presence—a tall, slim gentleman, with a professional air, evidently a physician; two policemen; Adelaide Woods, a neighbor; Mrs. Macrum, the landlady; and Julius Kenneth. In the centre of the chamber, on the bed, lay the body of Mary Ware. The face of the corpse bounded me for years afterward with its bloodless lips, the dark streaks under the eyes, and the long wet hair streaming over the pillow. I stooped over her for a moment, and turned down the counterpane, which was drawn up closely to her chin.

"There was that across her throat

Which you might hardly count as sin!"

At the head of the bed sat Julius Kenneth, bending over the icy hard which he held in his own. He seemed to be talking to it. The gentleman in black was conversing in undertones with Mrs. Macrum, who swung her hands every other moment and glanced toward the body. The two policemen were examining the doors, closets, and windows of the premises. There was no fire in the air-tight stove, but the room was suffocating close. I opened a window and leaned against the casement to catch the fresh air. The physician approached me. I instructed something to him.

"Yes," he began; "the affair looks very mysterious, as you remark. Never saw so little evidence of any thing. Thought at first 'twas a case of suicide: door locked, key on the inside, room in perfect order; but then we find no instrument with which the subject could have inflicted that wound on the neck. They must have stopped up the window. But how? The windows are at least thirty feet from the ground. It would be impossible for a person to jump that distance without fracturing a limb, even if he could clear the iron railing below. Unpleasant things to jump on, these railings—I've—I've—I've—I've broken a sharp knife. The party meant to make sure work of it. The carotid divided, windpipe severed in two, and dread seconds."

The medical man went on in this hideous style for ten minutes, during which time Kenneth did not raise his lips from Mary's hand. I spoke to him; but he only shook his head in reply. I understood his grief; and on returning to my room I wrote him a note, the purport of which will be hereafter revealed.

The *Evening Mirror* of that day contained the following article:

"MURDER IN CLARKE STREET.—This morning, at eight o'clock, Mary Ware, the well-known dressmaker, was found murdered in her last residence on the corner of Clarke and Crandall streets. The throat was cut several times, and the body was found lying pale and yet below the left ear. The deceased was dressed in a ballet-costume, and the door was locked on the inside. From which circumstance, together with the murderer was hidden in the chamber. That the room gave no evidence of struggle is also an important fact. I do not think, or even one strong man, grappling suddenly with the deceased, could have overpowered her, and could have prevented any great struggle. No weapon whatever was discovered on the premises. We have before all the facts which have elicited by the coroner's inquest. It explains nothing.

"*Harriet Morston* deposes: I keep a boarding-house at 125 Clarke street. The deceased was a boarder with me for the past two years. Has always been a good customer. I do not think she had many visitors; certainly no male visitors except a lieutenant King, and Mr. Kenneth, to whom she was engaged. I do not think that Lieutenant King was last at the house; not within five days. I am confident. I am certain of it that he had gone away forever. I did not see her last night when she returned from the theatre. She had called at my room, but as I was dressing for bed, I did not see her. The last time I saw the deceased was at the theatre, about half-past seven, when she requested me to call out with 'Jules,' meaning Mr. Kenneth, and request him to meet her eight or ten times, and received no answer. I then grew fatigued, and called one of the ushers, Mr. Adelaide Woods, who helped me to force the door. The key fell out on the inside as we pressed against the door. I left the door in charge of Mr. Woods, and should have heard any unusual noise. Two weeks ago deceased told me she was to be married to Mr. Kenneth in a few days. Mr. Kenneth's wealth were in the habit of taking walks before breakfast. The latter was in the habit of visiting deceased every morning. I assisted Mrs. Morston in breaking open the door. [Describes position of the body, etc.]

"Here the call-boy was summoned, and testified to circumstances relative to the position of the night of the murder. He came as far as the steps with her. The door was opened by a woman. Could not swear that it was Mary Ware. Did not know her by sight. The night was very dark, and there was a slight mist. Could not swear.

"*Julius Kenneth* deposes: I am a machinist, reside at No. — Forsyth Street. I have been acquainted with Mary Ware about eighteen months. We were engaged to be married. [Here the witness's voice failed him.] The last time I saw her was yesterday morning. I left her residence, and walked out together. I did not leave my room last evening. I was confined to the house by a cold all day. A lieutenant King used to visit the deceased frequently. It created considerable talk in the neighborhood. I do not like it, and intended to put a break off the acquaintance. Deceased told me yesterday morning that Lieutenant King had been ordered to some foreign station, and would trouble me no more. Deceased had engaged to walk with me this morning at eight o'clock. When I reached Clarke Street I first learned that she had been murdered. [Here the witness, overcome by his emotion, was permitted to retire.]

"*Dr. Underhill* deposes: [This witness was very voluble and learned, and had to be suppressed several times by the coroner. We give his testimony in brief.] I was called to view the body of the deceased. A deep wound on the throat, two inches below the left ear, severing the left common carotid and the internal jugular vein, had been inflicted by some sharp instrument. Such a wound would produce death almost immediately. The body bore no other marks of violence. The deceased must have been dead several hours, the rigor mortis having already supervened. On a second examination, with Dr. Rose, the deceased was found to be enceinte.

"*Dr. Rose* corroborated the above testimony.

The night-watchman and several other people were examined, but their statements threw no light upon the case. The situation of Julius Kenneth, the lover of the unfortunate girl, excites the deepest commiseration. The deceased was nineteen years of age. We have evidence, in what could have led to the perpetration of the cruel act, are mysterious which, at present, threaten to baffle the sagacity of the police."

I could not smile on reading all this solemn nonsense. After several days the wave seemed to smile my toilet with extreme care, and presented myself at the sheriff's office. Two gentlemen who were sitting with me at a desk started to their feet as I announced myself. I bowed to the sheriff very coldly, and said,

"*I am the man who murdered Mary Ware!*"

Of course I was instantly arrested. The *Mirror* of that evening favored me with the following complimentary notice:

"THE CLARKE STREET HOMICIDE: FURTHER DEVELOPMENTS.—A man named Lindsay Kenneth, who murdered the ballet-girl in Clarke Street on the night of the 5d inst. surrendered himself to the sheriff this morning. He gives his name as Paul Pyne, and resides opposite the scene of the tragedy. He is of unsound height, and well built; has dark, restless eyes, and chestnut hair; his face is unusually pale, and by no means improved by the Mephistophelian smile which overspread it upon his lips. Notwithstanding his gentlemanly address, there is about him the air of a desperate villain. His voluntary surrender is not the least mysterious feature of this mysterious affair: for, had he pursued a different course, all chance of detection beyond a doubt. He planned and executed the crime with such skill that the slightest error or no evidence against him save his own confession, which is inexplicable enough. He acknowledges the crime with stubborn refusal to enter into details. He expresses a desire to be hanged immediately! He says that he has reasons, and by what means he left it after committing the heinous deed, and why he brutally murdered a woman with whom, as it is said, he had had an intimate acquaintance, are enigmas which still perplex the police minds, and will not be certainly clear. These facts, however, will probably be brought to light during the trial. In the mean time the greatest excitement exists throughout the city."

At four o'clock that afternoon the door of my cell turned on its hinges, and Julius Kenneth stood face to face with me. I ought to have covered in the presence of that injured man, but I did not. I was cool, master of myself in and about me.

"You got my note?" I said.

"Yes; and I have come here as you requested."

"You know, of course, that I have refused to reveal the circumstances connected with the murder? I will reveal all to the confessor and no other."

He turned his eyes on mine for a moment, and said, softly,

"But even to you I will assign no reason for having committed this crime. It was necessary that Mary Ware should die. I alone could do it. I should die in her chamber; and to that end I purchased her night-key."

Julius Kenneth held his eyes on me.

"On Wednesday night, after Mary Ware had gone to the theatre, I entered her room by the means of the key, and stole unobserved into her chamber, and secreted myself under the bed, or in that small recess which runs near the window. I which. Some time between eleven and twelve o'clock she returned, and I watched the gas-jet be caught her by the waist, pressed a handkerchief saturated with chloroform over her mouth, and drew her on the bed. When she had ceased to struggle, and I could use my hand, I made a step incision in the throat. Then I unbuttoned the bedclothes, and threw my gloves and the handkerchief into the stove. I am afraid there was not fire enough to burn them."

Kenneth walked up and down the cell in great agitation; then he suddenly stopped and sat down on the bed.

"Are you listening? I then extinguished the light, and proceeded to make my escape from the room, which I did in so simple a manner that the police, though their very desks in daily contact with fearful things, will never find it out, unless indeed you betray me. The night, you will remember, was remarkably dark. It was about half-past eight; it was impossible to see a person at four yards' distance. My object was to get into a crowd, and to let myself out, holding on by the sill until my feet touched on the left-hand third of the window beneath, which is the only space of the whole front that was made stationary by the catch. By standing on this projection for about as long a moment as I was able to reach the tin water-spout of the adjacent building, and by that I descended to the sidewalk."

Kenneth glared at me like some ferocious animal.

"Organizing the scheme," I returned, coolly, that I had thoughtlessly brought the knife with me—a long, thin-bladed knife. I should have left it in the room, but as I was going to do the thing the appearance of suicide. I threw the knife—"

"Into the river!" exclaimed Kenneth, involuntarily.

And then I smiled.

"How did you know it was I?" he shrieked.

"It was as plain as day," I returned, coolly. "Hush, they will hear you on the corridor. I know it the moment I saw you sitting by the bed. Then, because my physical revulsion at the dead corpse though you seemed to caress it. Your fatal throughout was criminally cool. Never was too melodramatic. Secondly, when I looked into the stove I saw a handkerchief partly consumed, and then I instantly remembered the faint, peculiar smell which I had observed in the room before the windows were opened. Thirdly, when I went to the window, I noticed that the sheriff had scraped off the iron brackets which held the spout to the adjoining house. The spout had been painted three days previously. The paint on the brackets was thicker than any where else, and had not dried. On looking at your feet, which I did while I spoke to you, I remarked that the leather on the inner side of both your boots was slightly chafed."

"If you intend to betray me," said Kenneth, thrust his hand in his bosom. He had a pistol there.

"That I am *here* proves that I intend nothing of the kind. If you will listen patiently, you shall learn why I acknowledge the crime, why I would bear the penalty. I believe there are vast, intense sensations from which we are shut out by the fear of a certain kind of death. This pleasure, this ecstasy, this something which I have striven for all my life, is known only to the privileged few—innocent men, who, through some oversight of the law, are known as the murderers. Some men seem to be hanged, some have hanging thrust upon them, and some (as I hope to do) achieve hanging. For years and years I have watched for such a chance as this. Worlds could not tempt me to privilege your guilt any more than worlds could have tempted to commit your crime. A man's mind and heart should be at ease to enjoy, to the full, such a luxury as this. Do you understand?"

And I turned my back on him. Kenneth came to my side and placed his heavy hand upon my shoulder—that red right hand which all the tears of the angels could not wash white. It made me shudder.

"I shall go," I said, at last, quietly. "Generally I can not, I will not, die now. They dishonored me. Mary was to have been my wife. How would have hidden her shame! She is dead. When I meet him then I shall have done with life. I shall have died like a man. And you—you will not hang you, you are a maniac!"

The cell door closed on Julius Kenneth.

I bite the blood into my lips with vexation when I think what a miserable failure I made of it. I there stood fairies and played cards with me as my room on the night of the murder proved, and while I was literally under the rope, Fame, for I insisted on being executed. Then it was maddening to have all the papers call me "a monomaniac." I was nothing of the kind. What was Pythagoras, and Newton, and Fulton, and Stephen Girard?

But I kept my peace; and impenetrable mystery shrouded the murder of Mary Ware.

III

Three years ago, in a broad daylight, a man was shot dead on Broadway. A hundred eyes saw the deed. I went to the inquest. They buried him with military honors. So much for Lieutenant King!

The first grey light of dawn straggled through the narrow window of the cell, and drove the shadows into the farthest corner. I awoke with Kenneth lay sleeping. A summer morning was breaking on the city.

A cool green woods millions of birds stirred in their nests, waiting for the miracle of morning; the bright clouds were flushed with rose. New England towns; innumerable shop-keys took down innumerable shutters; the milkmen shrieked; the bakers' doors were opened; and then the gigmount of sleep was broken, and all the vast machinery of life was in motion.

But to the man in jail it was as if these things were not.

At he lay there, slumbering in the increasing light, the carpenters in the prison-yard were raising a wooden platform, with two fearful black uprights supporting a horizontal beam, in the centre of which was a small iron pulley. The quick sound of the hammer echoed in the corridors, if he had any. He turned restlessly once or twice, and pushed the hair from his forehead. Then he opened his eyes and saw the splendid blue sky through the window.

He listened to the hammers. He knew what the sound meant. It was his last day on earth. "I've a hundred," he said, "I would have more sleep; so he closed his eyes again.

At eight o'clock the jailer brought him his breakfast, and he ate it with a relish. At half-past, an hour afterward new attendants dressed him in a melancholy suit of black, and pinioned his right hand. At ten the chaplain of the prison entered the cell.

"I would his poor friend," he said, approaching the wretch, "turn, in this last, sad hour, to Him who never spurns, but like the tempest, 'saved all things.' Would he listen for a while to the teachings of One whose life and death were two pure prayers for mankind?" He would be here, and at once. Present, such consolation as he, a humble worker in God's vineyard, could offer to him.

"No: but he would have some brandy."

The unctuitic beast! I could pity him—not that he was to be hanged, but because he was not in the state of mind to enjoy the ecstatic sensations which I am convinced result from strangulation. The chaplain remained with the man, and the man passed.

The ponderous bell of the City Hall sounded a boisterous alarm of fire, and St. Paul's modestly chimed response. At the jail the sheriff, with a drawn sword in his hand, paused at the foot of the scaffold, while the prisoner, followed by the indefatigable chaplain, complacently mounted the rough-hewn deal steps which led to—can any body tell me where? To the top of the scaffold. Quite right.

I shall not forget that insensible, stony face, as I saw it for a moment before the black cap screwed it into—nothingness! What did I see there? I should like to have studied the convulsive workings of those features.

In the stillness of that June night they took the

body away in a pine coffin and buried it somewhere. I don't know where. I have not the slightest idea where they bury that sort of man.

THE HALF-BROTHERS.

My mother was twice married. She never spoke of her first husband, and it is only from other people that I have learned what little I know about him. I believe she was extremely romantic when she was married to him: and he was barely one-and-twenty. He rented a small farm up in Connecticut, somewhere around the twin-coast; but he was perhaps too young and inexperienced to have the charge of land and cattle; and he failed. He died not a pauper, and he fell into ill-health, and died of consumption before they had been three years one and wife, leaving my mother a widow at twenty, with a little child only just able to walk, and the farm on her hands for four years more before she knew, with half the stock on it dead, or sold for one to pay the more pressing debts, and with no money to stock it again, or to buy even the provisions needed for the small consumption of every day. There was another child coming, boy; and said sorry, I believe, she was to think of it. A dreary winter she must have had in her lonesome dwelling, with never another voice in it for company; her sister came to bear her company, and they two planned and plotted how to make every penny they could raise go as far as possible. I can't tell you how it happened that my little sister, whom I never saw, was born dead in the end of it, and my poor mother's cup was not full enough, only a fortnight before Grégory came into the world. She had all of scarlet fever, and in a week she lay dead. My mother was, I believe, just stunned with this last blow. My aunt says that for days she did not cry: Aunt Fanny would have been thankful if she had, I am sure, instead of as it was, as I knew it and, kneeling in her pretty, pale, sad face, without so much as shedding a tear. But after Grégory was born she cried as though she seemed to loosen the tears, and she cried day and night, day and night, till my aunt was half-blind, or watcher looked at each other in dismay, and would fain have stopped her if they had not known how. But she has told me, in her silence, and with her ever-anxious, for every drop she shed eased her brain, which had been in a terrible state before that want of the power to cry. She seemed after that to think of nothing but her baby. Aunt Fanny was older than my mother by a few years, and loved her like a child; but, for all that, she was a kind, warm-hearted creature, who thought much more of another's welfare than of her own; and when it was on her bit of money that they principally lived, and on what the farm could be made to yield for the great Glasgow sewing-merchants. But by-and-by my mother's eyesight began to fail. It was not that she wept so blind, for she could be well enough to guide herself about the house, and to do a good deal of sewing, and she was in no need no longer do fine sewing and earn money. My Aunt Fanny would fain have persuaded her that she had enough to do with Grégory to occupy her age and minding Grégory; but my mother knew that they were poor, and that Aunt Fanny's own stuff had not as much to eat, even of the commonest kind of food, as she could have done with; and so for Grégory, in a very strong light, and Grégory, not more food—for he always had enough, whoever went short—but rather coarser food and much coarser bed. One day—it was Aunt Fanny who told me all this about my poor mother, long after her death —as the sisters were sitting at their work, Aunt Fanny sewing, and my mother hushing Grégory to sleep, William Fergus, who was afterward my father, came in. He was reckoned an old bachelor; I suppose he was long past forty, and he was one of the wealthiest farmers in the district, and he knew my grandfather well, and my mother, and my aunt in their more prosperous days, and he came in and began to twirl his hat by way of being agreeable; my Aunt Fanny talked, and he listened and looked at my mother, who sat with her head bent over on that visit or on many another that he paid before he spoke out what he had come to say, because of his calling so often all along, and from the very first time he came to their house. One Sunday, however, my Aunt Fanny went to church alone, and took care of the child, and my mother went alone. She was one who had a great dislike to visits, without going into the kitchen to look at Grégory or speak any word to her sister, and Aunt Fanny heard her cry at the door-step as she went up and scolded her right well through the latched door, till she got her to stop and hush it. And then she threw herself on my aunt's neck, and told her that William Preston had asked her to marry him, and implored to take counsel with regard to her boy, and to let him want for nothing, neither in the way of love nor of anything else that she had conveyed. Aunt Fanny was a good deal shocked at this; for, as I have said, she had often thought that my mother, in her blindness, was but burdened very quickly, and now here was proof positive of it, if she could so have think of marrying again. Besides, as Aunt Fanny used to say, she herself would have been a far more suitable match for a man of William Preston's age and riches, who, though she was a widow, had not been her first sweetheart by many years. But my mother, as Aunt Fanny said, they had not asked her advice; and there was much to be said on the other side of the question. By-and-by Aunt Fanny saw with a brighter view of the marriage than did my mother herself, who looked on it as a matter of duty, and smiled after the day when she promised William Preston to be his wife. But much as she had loved Grégory before, she seemed to love him more now.

At last William Preston and she were wed; and she went to be mistress of a well-stocked house, not above half an hour's walk from where Aunt Fanny lived. I believe she did all that she could to please my father; and a more dutiful wife, I have heard him himself say, could never have been. But she did not love him, and he soon found it out. She loved Grégory, and she did not love him. Perhaps, love would have come in time, if he had been patient enough to wait; but it just turned him sour to see how her eye brightened and her color came at the sight of that little child, while for him who had given her so much she had only gentle words as cold as ice. He got to taunt her with the difference in her manner, as I have heard being love; and he took a positive dislike to Grégory, and would not have had a penny of his always-gushes had she a spring of fresh water who he came near. He wanted her to love him more, and perhaps that was all well and good; but he wanted her to love her child less, and that was an evil wish. Once he gave way to these feelings and cursed and swore at Grégory, who had got into some mischief, as children will; my mother made no answer, but left the room by the door, with just enough to have to keep another man's child, without having it provided for by up to his majesty-ses by his wife, who ought to be always in the same mind that he was; and so from little they got to more; and the end of it was, that my mother took to her bed before her time, and I was born that night. My father was not cruel, but proud, and sorry, all in a breath; glad and proud that a son was born to him; and sorry for his poor wife, who had tried hard to love him and failed to brought it on. But he was a man who liked better to be happy than right, and he was pleased that it was all Grégory's fault, and owed him an additional grudge for having hastened my birth. He had always been fond of children, and liked me. My mother began to sink the day after I was born. All the love she had left for Grégory, and more, would have coined his heart's blood into gold to save her that could have been; but it could not. And Aunt Fanny was sent for, and came, and Grégory Helen did not wish to live, and so just let herself go away without an effort to take hold of life when I questioned her, she owned that my mother did all the doctors bade her do, with the same not an attempt to help herself. And so she let herself be carried through life. One of her last requests was to have Grégory with her, and to kiss him, and then she made him take hold of my little hand. Her husband came in while she was looking at us all, and when he saw us so, he left the room as he saw she felt now, and seemed to gaze on us two as his half-brothers, and to ponder on the difference. He looked up in his face and smiled, almost by first smile at him; and such a sweet smile! as she was dying! Aunt Fanny came to live with us. It was the best thing that could be done. My father would have been glad to return to his old mode of bachelor life, but what could he do with my little children? He had to get a woman to take care of him, and who so fitting as his wife's elder sister? After a time he overcame my strong weakliness of constitution, and was just a merry, strong-looking lad whom every passer-by noticed, when my father was married to my mother's sister.

At home I was the darling of my aunt, the tenderly-beloved of my father, the pet and plaything of the old domestic, the "young master" of the neighborhood, and Grégory was my slave. Not my aunt, assuming a sort of authority which sat oddly enough, I doubt not, on such a baby as I was then.

Grégory was three years older than I. Aunt Fanny was always fond of telling me that I was one son, but she did not often think about him. She had fallen so completely into the habit of being engrossed by me that she had not the heart even into her charge as a delicate baby. My father seemed to regard him as a very little boy indeed, who had to unscrupulously and called out once more, a loud, despairing, wailing cry, to which I took up the cry of spilling, wailing cry, to which I took up the cry of Grégory, and ran from the others around, dulled as the sound might be by the thickened air of my surprise. "Oh, I am so sorry!" she cried, in a still as mine—so wild that it seemed unearthly, and I almost thought of the Fells, about whom I had heard so many tales. My heart suddenly beat with the strange kind of vivid thought, in which I was conscious of my face to my lavish years passed before me like visions. In a pang of agony, caused by such remembrances, I went to a door, flung it open, my strength and called out once more, a loud, despairing

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

TRUMPS.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

CHAPTER VI.

YOUR GOOD HEALTH, SIR!

WHEN there was a report that Mr. Savory Gray was coming to Delafield to establish a school for boys, Christopher Burt, Esquire, the richest resident in that village—a venerable man, who had not only come down from a former generation, but had brought with him a great deal of treasure which his father, a gentleman of that generation, had left him—Burt, Senior, having been originally a small grocer, was developed by the Revolutionary war and its necessities into a great contractor of provisions, as April's tadpole becomes, under propitious circumstances, the plethoric bullfrog of June evenings, whose boominess is an instrument of melody, and not of war—Christopher Burt, Esquire, was naturally interested. For he was not only the richest proprietor, but he had a grand-daughter of tender years, to whom the gentle reader has been already introduced.

It was Dr. Peewee who went to communicate the news when he heard it—for there was no barber in the village, and, as will happen in small communities, men must take turns at each other's business.

"H'm, ha!" said the Doctor; "how are you to-day, Sir? H'm, ha! Pretty well? Yes; pretty well. You've barely heard the news, Mr. Burt—eh? No; I suppose not—I suppose not—not heard the news—no."

For surely you will allow that when a man has been preaching for more than a score of

HOSEA WUMLEY AND HIS MAMM.

years without any stock of ideas, he may express himself, as it were, with words and water in his daily walk.

"I have not heard any news, Dr. Peewee."

"No, Sir; I suppose not—I suppose not. H'm, ha! not heard the news? No; not heard the news."

"What the deuce is the news?" asked Mr. Burt, rather suddenly; for, although very pompous, he was also very impatient, and fretted fearfully under Doctor Peewee's manner.

"Well, Mr. Burt, a retired merchant from town—h'm, ha!—retired—unfortunate merchant—means to open a school here. Yes; means to open a school—unfortunate merchant! Yes, unfortunate—h'm, ha!—and establishes a school in Delafield."

"What's his name, Sir?"

"Gray, Sir, Gray. Pretty good name, Sir? Yes; pretty good name."

"A high-y respectable name, Dr. Peewee. And a school for boys, or girls?" inquired Mr. Burt.

"H'm! boys, Mr. Burt—a school for boys? Yes—yes—yes."

Old Christopher Burt felt instantly like all old dragons that guarded the Hesperidean fruit rolled into one. He forsook pueblo without end; and as he was a faithful parishioner of Dr. Peewee's, and wanted to get down Trouble under his feet, as that worthy divine practiced in his preaching and his life, he absolutely felt a sudden twinge of the gout as he thought of his being unable to peruse the offenders who were about to try to rob his orchard. He rang the bell violently.

"Send Miss Hope to me!"

The servant disappeared, and in a few moments his grand-daughter entered the room. She had been in the garden reading, and drawing, perhaps, as she lifted her eyes and they slid along the receding landscape. If you would like to know the book, you can easily see that it is Byron. It is lying out there upon the lawn, where she threw it when she was called. She is simply dressed; for, to Dr. Peewee's eyes, she seems only wrapped in a cloud of delicate muslin, made close around the throat, but in a manner, and worn with a grace, that show the girl's character. She stands in an *aura* of youth and bloom, with a natural loftiness of carriage, a soft superiority—as it be the exquisite spring blossom of a quality which gradually hardens into stiff, sharp thorn. Who knows in the late autumn?

Dr. Peewee's red nose glistens. It is the only way in which he betrays emotion. He smiles that watery, selfish smile.

"How do you, my dear? Yes—h'm, ha!—pretty well? Yes; pretty well."

"I am very well, Sir, thank you."

"Yes—yes; pretty well? Yes; pretty well."

"Did you want me, grandpa?"

"Yes, my dear. Mr. Gray, a respectable person, is coming here to set up a school. There will be a great many young men and boys. I have lived with them to the bones. I hate boys. My dear, I expect you to hate them too."

"Yes—yes, my dear," said Dr. Peewee; "hate the boys? Yes; we must hate the boys."

Hope Wayne looked at the two old gentlemen, and laughed a little as she answered,

"I don't think you need have warned me, grandpa; I'm not at all apt to fall in love with boys."

"No, no, Hope; I know. Ever since you have lived with me—how long is it, my dear, since your mother died?"

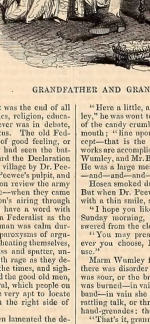
"I don't know, grandpa; I never saw her," replied Hope, gravely.

"Yes, yes; well, ever since then you have been a good, quiet little girl with grandpapa. Here, Cossy, come and give grandpa a kiss. And mind the boys! I speaking to grandpa, we never to know them. You understand? Now go, dear."

She bowed to Dr. Peewee and vanished. She was almost a woman in years: she was both a girl and a woman in feeling. But to her grandfather she was his daughter, the veriest child among children. She vanished, and in a few minutes Hope Wayne was on the lawn, learning, perhaps, from that cynic's portraits of Moslem and Giaour, how to hate the boys.

The object of the Doctor's visit being accomplished, he took his go.

"Doctor," said Mr. Burt, as the other pushed back his chair, "it is a very warm day. Let me advise you to prevent yourself any undue debility or effect of the heat by a little cordial." As he spoke he led the way into the dining-room, and published slowly over a bunch of keys which he drew from his pocket. Finding the proper key, he put it into the door of the sideboard. "In this sideboard, Doctor, I keep a bottle of old Jamaica. Permit me to



GRANDFATHER AND GRAND-DAUGHTER.

sent one by a former correspondent in the West Indies." As Dr. Peewee had heard the same remark at least fifty times before, he was by no means the kindly glistening of his nose to some other cause than excitement at his intelligence.

"I like to preserve myself in relations with my old commercial friends," continued Mr. Burt, speaking very pompously, and slowly pouring from a half-dozen bottles into a tumbler. "I rarely drink any thing myself—"

"H'm, ha!" grunted the Doctor.

"—except a glass of wine at dinner. Yet, not to be impolite, Doctor, not to be impolite, I could not refuse to drink to your excellent health and safe return to the bosom of your family."

And Mr. Burt drained the glass, quite unobservant of the fact that the Reverend Dr. Peewee was standing with his glass full of cordial Jamaica. In truth Mr. Burt had previously been alarmed about the effect of the bottle of port—which he playfully and facetiously called a glass—that he had drank at dinner, and to guard against evil results he had already, as he was accustomed to say with an excellent humor, been to the West Indies for his health.

"Bless my soul, Doctor, you haven't filled your glass! Permit me—"

And the old gentleman poured into the one glass and then into the other.

"And now, Sir," he added, "now, Sir, let us drink to the health of Mr. Gray, but not of the boys, ha! ha!"

"No, no, not of the boys? No, not of the boys. Thank you, Sir, thank you. That is a pleasant liquor, Mr. Burt. H'm, ha! a very pleasant liquor. Good afternoon, Mr. Burt; a very good day, Sir. Ha! ha!"

And the Doctor marched out behind his nose, which glowed before him like an ordinance.

CHAPTER VII.

NO DUE.

"I WOULDN'T give a cent for a boy who hadn't been in love with a petticoat ever since he was out of one," said old Marm Wumley, who sold Mr. Gray's boys cakes and candy.

"Nor I neither," chimed in her old husband, as he punched the tobacco in his pipe with his thumb. "Nor a nutter, granny. Only 'tain't no use."

"I see Hope Wayne to church last Sunday, and, oh me! I dunno whether all Mr. Gray's boys ain't in love with her. What a real pooty face it is! There's suth'n so sort of interesting about it. I guess lots' them boys in love."

"Thinks likely," replied her gossip, as he sat at the window puffing a cloud into the peaceful summer air. "Likely's not, granny; only 'tain't no use!"

This last expression constituted Hosea Wumley's "platform." He brought every event in life to that. It was a cheerful despondency, a good-humored skepticism, or a hey fatalism. It was the end of all discussion with him. Politics, religion, education, domestic affairs, whatever was in debate, all received the same quietus. The old Federal merchants in the sea of good feeling, or earlier—for Hosea Wumley had been the editor of Bunker Hill, and heard the Declaration of Independence read to the village by Dr. Peewee's predecessor from Dr. Peewee's pulpit, and had seen General Washington review the army under the elm at Cambridge—when they came driving out for an afternoon's airing through Delafield, would sometimes have a word with Hosea, who was as staunch a Federalist as the best of them. But the old man was calm during their most tremendous prognostics of merriment. "The stiff merchants heating themselves, would begin gradually to rise and sputter; until they quivered all over with rage as they denounced the degeneracy of the times, and sighed for the good old days, and the good old men, and the golden age in general, which people on the wrong side of sixty are very apt to locate (as Yankee Doodle says) on the right side of thirty.

The old Federal gentlemen lamented the departure of "the fathers," as if those fathers had never been seen as if they had always been writing Declarations of Independence, and Constitutions, and Federalists, and had had no blithe sowing of wild oats; as if those prosperous and big-toiled gentlemen, all whose faces seem to have been smeared with a mixture of flour and claret wine to preserve them for our admiration, had always stood in Roman togas, leaning on fasces, and holding a gilt-lettered scroll!

There is our patriarchal old Franklin, for instance, with his benevolent breadth of countenance, the very type of a benign ancestor; our shrewd and thrifty Poor Richard; our sagacious Benjamin *par eminence*, et cetera. The sound of that Latin word is suggestive. Was Turgot a common wag with his epigrams? Good old Dr. Franklin stands on a very high pedestal indeed. Mellifluous orators exhort the youth of the land to take him as example. Will any orator who makes the request edit a complete edition of the old gentleman's letters? Letters, for instance, in which he gives particular advice to a youth of his day intending to reside for a season in Paris, for the purpose of metaphorically eating frogs in that metropolis? Probably not. Probably the interest of youthful morals requires that Clio should burn those letters. The good Doctor must be presented to our admiration in full court-suit of morality, with the cocked hat of frugality in one hand, and the venerable staff of temperance in the other.

Well, there are children who believe that the king always wears a crown upon his head, and carries a sceptre in one hand and a ball in the other.

There are children who do not know that Justice has removed the bandages from her eyes in our great metropolis.

There may be children who suppose that Dr. Franklin and the other fathers enjoyed no cakes and ale. *Per Giove!*

So as the old gentlemen drew up in their summer afternoon airing, and aroused the echoes of quiet Delafield with the fury of forgotten wrath—

"Jes so," replied Hosea, as they took breath and paused, and slowly drew the chain, while he placidly puffed and his hound, deeply buried, jingled the change in his trowsers' pockets, "jes so. I say, jes what I tell the old women. But you may fire away at them darned old gun-boats and the rest on't till yo git a stomach-ache; only 'tain't no use."

So with the minister. Dr. Peewee came once a year to make his parochial visit. He always happened in during the day, when Marm Wumley's little shop was open, and seated himself near a box of almond-comfits, from which he could conveniently help himself as the conversation went on.

"Here a little, and there a little, Mrs. Wumley," he was wont to say, as he gathered up some of the candy crumbs and slipped them into his mouth; "line upon line and precept upon precept—that is the way great works and little works are accomplished in this world. Yes, Mrs. Wumley, and Mr. Burt, obey the same great law. He was a huge merchant—you are a small one —and—and—and—we see the results."

Hosea smoked during these pastoral revels. But when Dr. Peewee turned toward him, and with a thin smile, said:

"I hope you liked my sermon on lying last Sunday morning, Mr. Wumley." Hosea answered from the cloud:

"You may preach against lying's much as ever you choose, Dr. Peewee, only 'tain't no use."

Marm Wumley fared no better. Whenever there was disorder in the household—the milk was sour, or the bread was heavy, or the meat was burned—in vain she complained to her husband—in vain she poured out a volley of loud, rattling talk, or threw out sharp adjectives, like hand-grenades: the philosopher only replied,

"That's it, granny. Reckon's much 'yes' about if it makes yer feel better. Likely's not an old woman's better for scolding, only 'tain't no use."

And now when his attention was called to the springing and sprouting of tender affections in young hearts, the sturdy old spectator of events' autumns made the same cheerful, the same doleful, response.

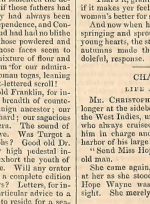
CHAPTER VIII.

LIFE AT FINEWOOD.

MR. CHRISTOPHER BURT carried somewhat longer at the sideboard, and made little trips to the West Indies, until his faithful man Hosea, who always cruised in the neighborhood, took him in charge and brought him into the safe harbor of his large easy-chair.

"Send Miss Hope to me, Hi'am!" said the old man.

She came again, and her grandfather leered at her as she stood a little distance from him. Hope Wayne was not unaccustomed to the sight. She merely asked, gravely,



MRS. SIMCOE, MA'AM.

"Did you want me, Sir?"

"Come here, Hopey! Cosey, come to grandpa!"

She approached, but not so near that he could reach her.

"What is it, grandpa?

"Here! here!"

"No, grandfather, I am near enough," she said, quietly, and with intense, unconscious sadness.

"What! you disobedient chit! Come here this instant."

The old man spoke furiously, but thickly, and his eyes gleamed with sullen red light. He moved forward, but did not attempt to rise. He was too wise for that. "Come here, I say!"

"No, grandfather, I am very well here. What did you wish to say?"

The old man looked at her a moment, as she stood firmly before him. The expression of his anger gradually changed into one of maudlin helplessness.

"Come and love the old grandpa, Cosy! Won't Hopey love her old grandpa?"

"I think I had better go now, grandfather," said Hope, with a sigh. And she turned toward the door.

"Oh! no, no. Don't leave me!" cried the maudlin old man, and he burst into tears, and hid out his hands imploringly.

The young girl stopped. This was her only parent. This was the father of her mother. She turned again with compassion at a little distance from the old man.

"That's a good story," said he, in a way that sounded like "amendatory." It seemed as if he had something to say. He cleared his throat and articulated a few words, but to what end or by what Hope could not understand them. Sleep was evidently overpowering him. He let his head heavily fall. He struggled feebly to keep his eyes open. In vain. There was a foolish staring and muttering, then the white head dropped.

This was the father of her mother! This was her protector and friend! Dreams in the parlor, Byron on the lawn——?

Of course there was a woman in the house—a kind of nurse, or upper-servant, or governess —one of the melancholy dismmies in the game of life. Mrs. Simcoe was her name. Where Mrs. or what Simcoe, it never entered the mind of Hope to inquire. Mrs. Simcoe was a fat, and term-house, sitting in an old high-backed chair, and knitting by the fire, is made so, probably. There is scarcely a boy in the world who is not set in the kitchen who suspects for a moment he was ever any thing else than an old woman, sitting in a high-backed chair.

Mrs. Simcoe looked as if she had always been Mrs. Simcoe—as if she was, or was to be, everybody's white to accost her with a view to biographical details of herself, would be like a visit to an oracle on which you write was part of a tree once. Heavens! how merrily it swung in the great March winds, in the old Massachusetts days! How it bloomed in May and reddened in October, and was as unconscious of existence as the touch of light and breeze as a girl's cheek to her lover's look and whisper! Would you believe it? Steady old maids, to whom I appeal from my books, your coffin—but it tells no tales.

Mrs. Simcoe's face was unchangeable—it was almost blank; not blank, indeed, like paper, but only like the cover of a book. That cover says nothing—covers, rather, whatever you will—is only smooth leather. But ah! what quick pages may it not cover! Passionate songs—a romance—a history—a scandalous chronicle—a Bible!

Mrs. Simcoe was Mr. Burt's house-keeper. So far as any body could say, Mrs. Burt died at a period of which the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. She was always a matron of three hours-keepers. But since the death of Hope's mother Mrs. Simcoe was the only housekeeper. She had been Mrs. Wayne's nurse in her last moments. She had rocked the little Hope to sleep the night after her mother died abroad. Mr. Burt always treated her with a kind of dusty condescension, as if she remembered his first love long in Zealand without knowing that there was some sort of secret about Pinewood, as old Burt's place was called, and that Mrs. Simcoe knew that Mrs. Simcoe knew all about it.

"About it! about what? about what is or is?" mooned all the village gossips.

There is many an old piece of family furniture—a table, a chest of drawers—which has tumbering in the garrets of prosperous people, perfectly familiar to every member of the family, every member of each generation in the family. It is passed on from father to son, from mother to daughter. The original owner has gone, but he chasses to see it. "Quaint, that!" says Curious Visitor. "Yes—old thing!" says Host. "Good enough. But it fits out the servants' rooms," replies the Family. Yes; very old, very quaint, very homely; but it has a drawer which has never been by living mortal, and when the spring is touched it flies open as nimbly as your eye, and there lies a little paper which, had it only been known and read by those who are gone now, and who fought battles of life with it, would have been loved, and not hated: they would have understood, and not misunderstood, each other—and the rivers of lives that straggled separately through barren sands to the sea, would have flowed together harmonious between their banks of green.

It was Mrs. Simcoe's duty to oversee the Burt household in general, and particularly to attend to Miss Hope Wayne. She was responsible for her manners, and morals, and dress. She had presumed that at some period Mrs. Simcoe, whom Mr. Burt always addressed as "Simcoe, ma'am," or "Mrs. Simcoe, ma'am," had received a general system of instruction to the effect that "My grand-daughter, Miss Wayne—Mrs. Simcoe, ma'am—will marry a gentleman of wealth and position; and I expect her to be fitted to preside over his household. Yes, Mrs. Simcoe, ma'am."

The chances are that the lady bowed her head and said nothing; for people of her kind seem to have early made the discovery that words may be put into Hosea Wemley's category, and "say no use." She was always quiet, erect, respectable. She pervaded the house; and her step was upon a hill-side path, and upon the carpet, almost as soon as the spot which arrested it. House-keeper ancient nor fit. She was so silent and so shadowy that the whole house sympathized with her, until it became extremely uncomfortable to have servants, whom one could not away; and a story that the house was haunted became immensely popular and credible the moment Mrs. Simcoe left.

There had been no visiting at Pinecrood for a long time, except to and from the church, and of the unsocial habits of Mr. Burt. But the neighboring ladies were just beginning to call upon Miss Wayne. The servant opened to Mrs. Miss. Simcoe accompanied her in the carriage, and as she alighted the lilacs by the door planted the perfumery overhead. Then they drove home. Mr. Burt dined at two, and Miss Hope sat opposite her grandfather, while Hosea waited. Mrs. Simcoe dined alone in her room. There, too, she sat alone in the long summer afternoons; when the odors of the house were over for the day. She held a book by the open window, or gazed out upon the garden, or upon the landscape. There were pine-trees near her window; but beyond she could see green meadows and blue hills, and a glittering river, and rounded reaches of wood. She watched the clouds; she let loose her fancy to fly with the birds in spring days; and the dry hot locusts on sultry afternoons. And she looked with the same unchanging eye upon the worms that sawed themselves on filaments and ate the leaves and stripped the trees, and upon the magical hectic that Death painted upon the leaves that escaped the worms.

Sometimes in the room still, warm afternoons her lips parted, and she seemed to be musing rather than reading. Then she was engaged in performance. There was none of the gush and warmth of song, although the words she uttered were always those of the pathetic Watts, the lazy, those passionate, religious songs of the New Jerusalem. Dull, dull, monotonous, and sad. Indeed, with Methodist hymns she had sung Hope to sleep in the days when she was a baby; so that Hope in after years, when she entered the church with a heart full of vague feelings and dim, inexplicable aspirations, found that every one she was hearing, though with different words, the strain that her nurse had whispered over her cradle in the hymns of Watts.

On a certain afternoon Mrs. Simcoe was sitting at her window, which looked upon the garden on which Hope usually lay. It was already toward sunset, and the golden light streamed upon the landscape as it may have been behind the west wall of the heavenly city.

Mrs. Simcoe's face was turned toward the sunset with the usual calm, impassive look. But she seemed to be even leaning a little out of the window as she sang, softly:

"O that I now the rest might know
Paradise of joy and peace,
Now, Saviour, now the power bestow,
And all my soul increase!

"Remove this hardness from my heart,
This unbelief remove;
To me the quickening Spirit impart—
The sabbath of thy love."

The words were yet murmuring on her lips when she heard a low knock at the door.

OUR SPECIAL PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

Politics and the Weather—Concert at Madame Dachâtel—American Artists present—Great number of Americans in Paris—Mr. and Mrs. American Ladies, who dress abroad, lease their Blankets at Home —Jim Goossens at his Italians—Concert at the Tuileries—Meyerbeer's Opera, Prophet of Paris, Thursday—The Author of the Anonymous Letter—Les Rêves d'Amour—Parisian Theatre-goers, etc., etc.

PARIS, *March 31, 1859.*

THE change in the weather, which I predicted last week, has lost no time in coming upon us. Since the 1st it has been bitterly cold and stormy; the carriages are again closed, and the ladies have taken the place of parasols, and "we shall have no festivals" is again heard from the mouth of Fame, the delicate blossom of that fruit being the first to be cut off by the unwelcome frost. To compensate for this grievous loss of the natural world the political horizon seems clearing a little, and the hopes of peace are again entertained by many people, and there is certainly reason to believe that there is a pause in the intentions and preparations for war on the part of Europe that is favorable for the sake of humanity-we must dread the lightning up of such a thunder-cloud.

I have done nothing for a week—and I should think few persons in Paris could have done any thing—than go to concerts and listen to music. In whatever social gathering one finds one's self, however small, there is a piano prepared, and up starts a performer, who must be heard and applauded; not to mention the incessant public concerts and exhibitions and the concerts in private houses. Fool as I am of music, I acknowledge to a surfeit of it in the last month. On Friday there was a concert of "Ancient Music," by the artists of the Conservatoire, in the grand salons of Madame Dachâtel.

The rooms where it could be heard were soon filled, and, as the company was numerous, so were the other salons; and there, people having nothing else to do, talked away to their utmost, which vexed the performers and disturbed the listeners—but it was a charming party for all that; the ladies in grandissima toilet, because they knew the rooms were large and well lighted, and would show them off; and then it is the fashion to be particularly well dressed for Madame D——l. There is a pleasing variety of society to be met with in her salons; as from the official position of Minister Duchâtel under Louis Philippe, when he was Minister of the Interior, and is being now consolidated that he represents the party of "the Fusion," it is called—which is that of a union of the interests of the two branches of the House of Bourbon, there are many Legitimists to be seen here; and indeed all the parties of France, except the Imperialists, Impurialists, pure.

There were several American ladies present, always distinguished, I think, by good taste in dress; and if not by positive beauty, at least by a grace, and delicacy, and refinement of demeanor and appearance which almost equals it in attraction. Indeed, from the great number of American ladies we have here, constantly coming and going, and lost, by foreigners, one can not enter a drawing-room in Paris without finding one's self with countrywomen or their descendants.

I found but well in a French family, which had not of itself any connection with America, but where, of the eighteen persons at table, three were natives born and bred, and four others were of the second generation. In the course of the dinner, I was seated next to a very pretty lady, with a very pretty accent, between whom and a French gentleman, a lively American lady, and a Frenchman who had taken her into dinner, and who, having been in England three years in emigration," spoke English with remarkable facility, and who had boarded in Boston, U. S., for a year, the ability naturally to detect, from his long intercourse with the world, the nationality of any individual whom he met. I was sure that I did not know what turn the conversation took, until my attention was attracted by Mrs. C——t saying to me:

"Come to the support of my veracity, Mr.——! Here is the Count who will not believe me, and I say there are two American ladies at table, and that they present the same 'type,' and which is the marked and distinctive thing in the world to know it world, in coming in here, point out those two ladies at once as Americans."

I confirmed this assertion, at which the Count seemed not a little astonished; and after looking around the table, he said, in French:

"I acknowledge I do not see any one here sufficiently odd to be extraordinary to come up to my idea of an American."

Mrs. C—— replied, in the same language:

"Not if you please, sir, as I suppose from your remark, to see them of the color and dressed like Miss Burns and Miss Sims in the caricatures. But the ladies in question left *their blankets* when they came to France, and have been long enough in it to have learned to dress at least."

And she might well say this, being one of the two herself, and could be proud of the more than usual elegant than her own toilet; but the Count was quite mystified, and though I saw him utter distress, was evidently trying to enlighten himself as to which were 'les Americaines,' yet the French custom at dinner-parties of separating the sexes preserved gave him so little time for his investigations that I believe he went away in his ignorance.

But it is true what the remark of Mrs. C—— suggests, that a French lady can not by possibility have derived their ideas of American manners and civilization from the novels of Cooper, which are extremely popular in Paris, and among them. As for those who do not read, they have no idea at all about us but what we have occasionally seen in purses, are willing to be imposed upon, and are accomplished in languages, as we speak both Zulu and Choctaw.

I went on Saturday to the Italian Opera, as I often do, just to hear the music. But what a falling off there is there in artistic talent! Of the old favorites Mario alone retains some power, and that feels that it is on the decline, the Lablaches, the later glories of Bulwer, and the brightest days of Mario, Grisi, Persiani, Rubini, Tamburini—what the change is and; but even with all these drawbacks, Italian music is always the greatest enjoyment of its kind, and what most fills me with all the hard realities of life—and Mozart's music particularly admirable in this ideal world, and next after Verdi's, it is like reading Shelley's poetry after Scott and Moore.

There was a popular concert on Sunday at the Crystal Palace, of the Orpheonists—six thousand children from the parts of France—from the Emperor, and Empress, and the Princes to hear them.

I was not there, as I was listening to an admirable sermon preached at the Eglise Evangelique by Bishop Delaney of New York. Years have passed since I saw or heard a Protestant preacher, perhaps, since I received the rite of confirmation; and though I did not know this to be one, yet the first sermon of the sort I had heard since that time persuaded me of it. I do not mean that there was any national manner, but the impression was produced by some of those unexplained links of association which are so strange and so powerful.

The fearful penalty of guilt and sin which you have had at Washington has excited much attention in this country and also in England. That is true, as it is said, that the unhappy heroine of it is an Italian, that circumstance is a striking illustration of the evils of those marriages between individuals of different countries, and of consequently different sentiments, ideas, habits, which I have so often deprecated in these letters. "Marry not with the stranger," it seems to me I could speak with an injunction more to the purpose than those mysterious warnings against marriage in the Levitical Book of Leviticus, [Privacy] which used to be put in the Bible at the end of the Old Testament, and where a man is particularly requested "not to marry his grandmother"—a prohibition which seems to me to be idle. But to return to this sad history. The prompt punishment of the redresser seems here to be considered a proceeding of *awful* lawlessness! I say it was the writer of the anonymous letter who is the real murderer, and who has incurred the guilt thereof. I think, too, an Englishman thus wronged and stunned, would have been likely, in the first instance, to have killed his wretched wife. That Mr. Sickles did not do so, is a proof of the sacred, tender feeling which it is in America customary to throw around the helplessness of women even when most erring.

But that denouement! What must be his or her feelings now, when contemplating "the ruin he has brought!" And I think I have seen a description of sin and wrong on any other mortal; but if I had taken upon myself to betray all the poor sinners who have fallen into my power, I should have almost turned the world upside down. Some have lived to repent, and the others are best left to the mercy of God. This daring to arouse human passions, of which no one can foresee the consequences, under the shelter of the anonymous, is on a tremendous responsibility to be incurred by any human being.

To relieve myself from music, I went last night to the "Français" and saw a new piece, "Les Rêves d'Amour," which is another proof of the remarkably acted that one excuses any little extravagance or improbability in the plot in the delivery of the *comédie*. Part of the pleasure at a French theatre is to observe the extreme enjoyment, the liveliness of delight at the sentiments in which this amusement considered to happiness that is powerfully, in the marriage-contract of a French bourgeois, it was stipulated how many times in the year he should indulge his wife in going to the play-house. To see a piece at the "Opera," for when one remembers the number of places of amusement there are in Paris, and that they are night after night crowded to the roof with spectators, one is indeed astonished at this indication of the national character.

What matters it to them what form of government prevails in the land, or whether the minister reigns over them, if they are left the liberty of going to the theatre, and for a time forgetting their daily toil and misery in the delights of the harmless excited by fictitious distress—for the particular sympathetic *tearful*—or the laugh for due to their inimitable comic actors? I find pleasure in the thought that they can thus be solaced under circumstances sometimes so involved from that pressure of care which sends the English men too often to the drunkard's grave or the desperate excitements of bad company. Better than this—though our Puritan ancestors deemed otherwise—I think, is the play-house enjoyed with wife and family. *Au revoir*, I trust, with sunshine next week.

THE WEEKLY FARMER.

THE PROSPECTS OF THE WHEAT CROP.

NEW YORK.—The wheat fields are said to be looking well throughout the interior of the State.

ILLINOIS.—The *Bloomington Journal* says that the crop throughout the country presents a fine and promising appearance. The *Harrisburg Telegraph* says: "So far as we have heard, the wheat in this section looks remarkably well."

MARYLAND.—The *Leonardtown Beacon* informs us that the crop in St. Mary's County, in that State, looked and looks well, with the exception of that on low lands. The accounts from Prince George County are also good. The growth in some cases is said by the farmers to be too luxuriant. The *Saint Mary's Gazette* says of that county:

VIRGINIA.—The accounts from this State are both encouraging and discouraging. The *Richmond Dispatch* says the news from Washington County. The rest is likely to injure the crop much, and especially as it has appeared in the month earlier this year than usual. The *Petersburg Intelligencer* says: "The *Petersburg Express* and *Spirit of Jefferson* say that in the harnessing the crop has never looked better, and generally the fields are arrayed in "living green."

NORTH CAROLINA.—The *Wadesboro Argus* of the latter last, says that the wheat in that region is recovering rapidly from the effects of the severe weather, and which it has so frequently been subjected since the winter set in. The fly has done but little injury to the wheat this season. The *Argus* says that the crop will be very much below the average, and that the farmers feel greatly encouraged at the prospect. The Wilmington *Journal* says that the crop in the eastern part of the State (near the capital) that the crop will be little if any below the average, and that among the trouble of wheat sown last fall was much less than usual. The Chicago

merchants are charmed with the tidings that every day sends them."

MICHIGAN.—A gentleman who has been traveling through Cass, Berrien, Van Buren, Kalamazoo, and Calhoun Counties, writes to the New York *Herald* that he has never seen the wheat in a more flourishing condition at this season of the year than in these different localities, and he is informed by gentlemen who visited other portions of southern Michigan, that its appearance is equally flattering. It is thought that a large number of acres were even last fall under wheat to Michigan than usual. The Lapeer *Republican* says: "Wheat in this county shows a vigorous and unprecedented growth. Although many have gone forth that it is generally winter-killed, yet such is not the case in Lapeer. On the contrary, many meadows in expectation of such a result has already made, and hopes are entertained of a growth never before witnessed. Good farmers predict a yield of bountiful harvest in certain, should the weather prove complaisant." The Janesville (Illinois) *Gazette* is equally prudent adds: "The wheat crop every where bears a good appearance. It looks far better than it did a year ago this time."

MISSISSIPPI.—Many farmers, from different parts of the county, visited the Greenborough Chronicle *Courier* office last week. The wheat crop looks almost too well.

KENTUCKY.—There are good accounts of the wheat crop.

MISSOURI and KANSAS.—A letter to the New York *Herald* from Bill County, Missouri, gives a history of the crop in that section and the "eastern borders of Kansas." In Wakeling, Dun, St. Francis, Washington, Wayne Counties, Missouri, the wheat is in its hollow high, difficulty set in the ground, or in dark strong spots and in every respect looks as well as it ordinarily does at the close of April. Without some extreme and unexpected blast, the crop in southeast Missouri will turn out one-third larger than in ordinary years. In Stoddard, Scott, Butler, and some other counties heard from, the prospect is described as much better than the corresponding time.

TENNESSEE.—From many parts of this State there is good news. The editor of the Cookeville (Putnam County) *Times* says: "Never in our visit to Rhea county have we before lost, and also the present week to Overton, on the head waters of the Obey and Port Rock, we saw all the wheat crop looks promising, the fields being quite green. Similar report is understood to be received from all parts of Tennessee."

LOUISIANA.—The Cape Girardeau *Eagle* says that in almost every locality the promise is usually fair. Should no unseen disaster happen, the next crop will be one of the heaviest on record; at least in the Mississippi Valley. The Calhoun *Crescent* says that the wheat crop and all that patch promises a bountiful harvest. The stalk is now nearly waist high, looks fine, and in some places the heads are fully grown.

WISCONSIN.—There are more acres this year in this State under wheat than usual, and the crop thus far is reported to be very good.

IOWA AND NEBRASKA.—The reports are equally good as that from Wisconsin.

TEXAS.—The crop is said to be "uncommonly promising."

GEORGIA.—The crop looks well, but wet weather has interfered with the progress of farm work.

It is very likely that from far the prospects of the wheat crop are so good.

ESTIMATED PRODUCT OF THE DIFFERENT STATES.

States.	Estimated Product, 1858.		Harvest Increase.
	Bushels.	Bushels.	Bushels.
New York.....	2,000,000	20,000,000	18,000,000
Pennsylvania..	15,000,000	30,000,000	15,000,000
Virginia	20,000,000	18,000,000	20,000,000
Kentucky	5,000,000	10,000,000	5,000,000
Ohio	25,000,000	27,000,000	17,000,000
Indiana	15,000,000	25,000,000	20,000,000
Illinois	18,000,000	30,000,000	18,000,000
Other States..	47,000,000	47,000,000	4,000,000
Total.....	168,000,000	185,000,000	92,000,000

We sincerely hope the *Herald* estimate may be realized. Our prospects, indeed, however, seem to be too sanguine, lest any of the numerous diseases and insects to which the wheat plant is subject should yet blast the hopes of the husbandman.

In parts of England, a month ago, the crops were looking almost too luxuriant. There were complaints when, in the month of February, many English farmers had to sow their wheats to check its growth. We heard of one who, for a whole month of February in the year 1837, pastured twenty head of horned cattle on a twenty-acre grass field of wheat, which was so high as to be lopping. They fed on the blade, without injuring the stem at sheep would on blade and stem. The roots and the stem instead of from the roots. This season there seems to have been no necessity for pasturing or mowing wheat, but all accounts agree as to the favorable prospects of the crop.

There was in England, a month ago, a flatness in the wheat trade, because of a heavy home stock on hand—and the harvest had been generally well known. Prices had fallen during the month from one shilling to two shillings per quarter. It is generally supposed that the prices are too low for power, inasmuch as the idea prevails that the whole of the crop of the American continent will be barely sufficient for home consumption. Owing to fluctuations in the market and speculation thereon, a few shipments were made to the United States and Canada, the principal objection to which was the high rate of freight. Shipments to Portland occasioned by heavy shipments of manufactured goods. Although the last wheat crop of England and Wales, the average produce of grain was larger than that of any year except 1847, France, indeed, is wanting supplies, and is importing freely; and this fact, with other causes named, so lowered prices in the English market that they were less than any period since the opening the century, except 1835 and 1851. It is supposed that payment in England have no longer than 3 months' consumption beyond that required till harvest-time.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE Circuit Court was in session at Springfield, Illinois. Mrs. Anderson was on trial on as many women as indictments for husband, and her nephew, Thomas Anderson, was also charged with being an accessory to the murder. The counsel for Mrs. Anderson sat on the right of his client, and Mr. Thomas Anderson sat on that side, and on the left. The trial commenced yesterday, and evidence and counsel were employed on both sides. Prominent among the lawyers engaged for the defense was General Shields, who is to-day in the midst of it. He opened his argument by reading the divine law against murder, and by quoting the law of nature and of man law on the same subject. As he proceeded he waxed eloquent, and the counsel for the State manifested signs of uneasiness. His arguments were good, and the summing up of the testimony was done in an admirable manner. But the strongest points in his argument were yet to come.

"I wish, gentlemen of the jury," said he, "to convince you of the guilt of this young man, by his personal appearance to-day. Look at him," and he, pointing all the time to the young lawyer from Ohio: "look at him, and you will see the countenance of a murderer depicted in his the bang-dog look about him which no one can mistake. Every feature in his face betrays the villain and murderer."

All eyes were turned to B——, who was chained to his seat in mute astonishment. As soon as he could compose himself, however, he jumped to his feet, exclaiming,

"General, I'll not stand it any more! I am not the prisoner. I am employed on the prosecution."

The scene then followed out, and the counsel, judge, jury, and spectators burst—and, we may add, General Shield's argument. Bank for the time. The trial proceeded—and the jury, after being out a short time, returned a verdict of *Not Guilty*.

B—— is frequently joked for his "bang-dog look."

"Why is a letter the most elegant of the world?" —Because no fair face on one side, then he lies on the table, and he is the weaker of the letters.

If all the fools and knaves were black, what a very sombre-looking world this would be!

The Preacher to the Crown—A lady's bonnet.

Why is the letter *D* like a sailor?—Because it follows the *C*.

A tall fellow perished in standing during the performance of a short piece of business, which was considered the cadence, and was repeatedly called upon to sit down, but would not. "Let him stand," said a fellow who was in the pit; "he's a tailor, and resting himself." He immediately retired.

SLEEPY WITNESS.—Doctor Bolus, who was very angry when any joke was passed upon his profession, once asked a very sleepy person whom he had called as a case no of lingering illness or neglect. "That you may do me the favor to say," said he, "send for Doctor Bolus in time."

Corvisart, a physician of celebrity, during the early years of the present century, was called in to attend on the death of Dr. Rostan. "It was not, at all events, for want of medical advice," said the wit, "that he died. For days of his illness we—Holle, Portal, and myself—did not visit him for a single instant." "Ah!" exclaimed the wife Abbé, "what could he do against three of you?"

SLEEPY WITNESS.—Doctor Bolus, who was very angry when any joke was passed upon his profession, once asked a very sleepy person whom he had called as a case no of lingering illness or neglect. "That you may do me the favor to say," said he, "send for Doctor Bolus in time."

Corvisart, a physician of celebrity, during the early years of the present century, was called in to attend on the death of Dr. Rostan. "It was not, at all events, for want of medical advice," said the wit, "that he died. For days of his illness we—Holle, Portal, and myself—did not visit him for a single instant." "Ah!" exclaimed the wife Abbé, "what could he do against three of you?"

ADVERTISEMENTS.

From the Witness and Church Advocate, Boston.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.—From a satisfactory trial of several years, we take pleasure in commending them as containing in the medicine all we esteem as of temporary or chronic affections of the throat. We cordially second the statements which are given by others.

Sold by all Druggists.

WHITE'S EMPORIUM OF FASHION,
216 Broadway,
Under Barnum's Museum,

Mr. W. having gone to great expense in fitting up this magnificent Establishment, offers to the public a splendid assortment of Ready-made Clothing unsurpassed for its size sets, and at prices which will defy competition. In the Soft Hat Department will be found the styles of French and American manufacture; among them *White's Opera Hat*, which for lightness and ease is the top Department are one hundred styles of all the new shapes—Children's Hats, Caps, Furs, Gloves, &c. Also, a full line of Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods. Military styles, for young gentlemen made to order. Mr. W. produces the *best Hat* made in the City. Military gents will find at this Establishment Caps made to order. Constantly on hand, Umbrellas, Carpet Bags, Leather Bags, Valises, &c.

THE ECONOMIST
COOKING STOVE,
FOR WOOD OR COAL,
WITH A SAND OVEN.

This is the most valuable Cooking Apparatus that has been made in Cooking Stoves during the past twenty years.

THE SAND OVEN
Equalizes the heat on the most perfect principle as the Bake Oven of ancient towns.

THE SAND OVEN
Retains the heat long after the fire has gone out.

THE ECONOMIST
Warms the Sand Oven in a shorter time than all other Stoves; and is out of reach of them.

THE ECONOMIST
Is the most economical and durable Stove in the world.

THE ECONOMIST
Has a most perfect arrangement for broiling.

THE ECONOMIST
Heats water for the Bathing Room, &c., as quickly as any Range, and as hot the coat for fuel.

Do not fail to examine it! It is manufactured by W. & J. THEADWELL, PERRY & NORTON,
ALBANY, N. Y.
And for sale everywhere.

Who Invented the Sewing Machine?
Keep this fact in view when you purchase, that
A GOOD SEWING MACHINE
is an article much to be desired.
An inferior one is a part, and is to be avoided.
THE HOWE MACHINES—THE ORIGINAL
Established in 1845—are for sale at No. 491 Broadway.
Prices—$50, $75, $95, $105, $125, $150, $175, $200.

SELPHO'S PATENT LEG & HAND.
These unrivaled substitutes for lost limbs are supplied only by WM. SELPHO, 241 Broadway, New York, opposite St. Nicholas Hotel. *Send for a Circular.*

In Press and Nearly Ready.

THE GOOD NEWS FROM GOD. By William Graham, Author of "Locke Amadon," "Vassa," "Hypatia," "Alton Locke," etc. This work will be issued simultaneously with the London Edition, from the sheets now announced by J. S. REDFIELD, 1 vol. 12mo. Price $1.00.

MY EARLY DAYS. By Elihu W. Farnham, giving a very interesting account of the early life of this well-known and remarkable woman. 1 vol. 12mo. Price $1.00.

A DISCOURSE ON THE EVILS OF GAMING. By Rev. E. H. Chapin, D.D. Now ready. Price 10 cents.

A DISCOURSE ON SHAMEFUL LIFE. By Henry Ward Beecher, D.D. Price 10 cents.
The above two pamphlets are among the best of the productions of these eminent men, and are a great gem for being scattered broadcast through the land.

WHAT IS THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION? AND WHAT CONSTITUTES A REVIVAL OF IT? By Rev. Lyman Beecher. An examination before whom this sermon was delivered have urged by publication, and subscribed for 1,000 copies. Now ready. Price 13 cents.

T. S. H. have also the pleasure of announcing, as in preparation,

SELECT SERMONS. By Rev. E. H. Chapin, D.D.

The above, or any other books in the market, sent by mail, prepaid, on receipt of the retail price.

BOOKS AND STATIONERY
Of every description and of the best quality, at WHOLESALE or RETAIL, at moderate prices.
THATCHER & HUTCHINSON
283 Broadway (St. Nicholas Hotel), N. Y.

TEACHERS WANTED.—PRINCIPALS and Assistants, for Schools supplied with Governesses, Teachers, Tutors, or Governesses without delay, for any part of the Union. Address RICE & ANDREWS, Educational Agents, 130 Broadway, N. Y.; Branch at Washington, D. C.

SANDS' SARSAPARILLA,
THE GREAT AMERICAN REMEDY
For Purifying the Blood.
At this season nothing can be more efficacious. For sale by A. B. & D. SANDS, 100 William Street, N. Y.

Premature Loss of the Hair, which is an common now-a-days, may be entirely prevented by the use of

Burnett's Cocoaine.

It has been used in thousands of cases where the hair was coming out in handfuls, and has never failed to arrest its decay, and to promote a healthy and vigorous growth.

Burnett's Cocoaine

is, at the same time, unrivaled as a dressing for the hair. A single application will render it soft and glossy for several days.

It costs fifty cents for a half-pint bottle.

SPRING FANCY GOODS,
L. J. LEVY & CO.,
Nos. 809 and 811 Chestnut Street,
Adjoining Bailey & Co.'s,
PHILADELPHIA,

Are now opening a large and very choice assortment of

NEW GOODS FOR SPRING,

Selected for the most part in Paris and Lyons for their RETAIL SALES from the choicest productions of the looms of FRANCE.

They invite the inspection of **Wholesale** as well as **Retail** customers to one of the most beautiful assortments for its extent of new fabrics for

LADIES' DRESSES,

which can be found in this country.

In all the richer articles of DRY GOODS, such as

INDIA CASHMERE SHAWLS,
CHOICE STRIPE SILKS FOR SUMMER SILKS,
PLAIN PRINTED FOULARDS,
SUPERB ORGANDIE AND BAREGE ROBES,
NEW SPRING AND SUMMER SHAWLS,

their assortments are constantly being increased by the arrivals of the Steamers from Europe.

PHILADELPHIA, *February*, 1859.

JAMES E. CALDWELL & CO.,
822 Chestnut Street,
Opposite Girard House,
Philadelphia.

Fine Watches,
Rich Jewelry,
Silver Ware, Sterling,
Clocks and Bronzes,

Chiefly of our own importation and manufacture.

Strangers visiting the city are invited to visit our establishment.

THE NEW BOOKS.
THE CULPRIT FAY. By Drake. 50 cents.
BUCKLAND'S CURIOSITIES. 1 vol.
MILES STANDISH. Illustrated. $0.50.
AFTERNOON OF AN AMERICAN LIFE. 1 vol. $1 00.
TWO WAYS TO WEDLOCK. A Novel. $1 00.
ERIC. A new School Tale. $1 00.
SCOTTISH CHIEFS. 2 vols. $2.00.
BABIE BELL, and other Poems, by Aldrich. 75 cents
ETHEL'S LOVE LIFE. A Novel. $1 00.

* Sold everywhere, and sent by mail, *postage free*, on receipt of price, by
RUDD & CARLETON, Publishers,
159 Grand Street (near Broadway), N. Y.

"MASSER'S"
Patent 5 Minute Freezers.
OPERATION SIMPLE. RESULT CERTAIN.
The increasing demand and the unrivaled popularity of "Masser's" Patent Freezers prove them to be the best Ice-Cream Freezer in use.
Numerous testimonials received and again confirm Freezers that are offered in place of the above. Get "D. H. MASSER'S" Freezers; that have been thoroughly tested for the last five years.
Sole Agents,
E. KETCHAM & CO.,
Manufacturers of Japanned and Tinplated Tin Ware,
189 Pearl Street, New York.

PACIFIC MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA.
MARINE AND INLAND INSURANCE.
Assets $850,000.
This Company continues to do an extensive merchandise business, and has returns to its dealers, out of the profits of the year 1858, a dividend of *Forty-three per Cent.*—for one hundred dollars paid in. Outstanding certificates of the issue of 1856.
ALFRED EDWARDS, President.
ELLIOT LEGGETT, Secretary, Vice President.
BENJAMIN A. ORDRONEAUX, Secretary.

THOMAS HOOPER, No. 109 Fulton Street, Importer and Dealer in Looking-glasses, Picture Frames, Oil Paintings, Engravings, &c. A word to the wise, &c.

PICTURES FOR GRECIAN AND ANTIQUE PAINTING.
A very extensive collection of
J. L. TILTON & CO.,
No. 365 Canal Street, New York.
Who forward these, post paid (with full and special directions how to add address), to any address. Send for a list and other information gratis.
Dealers and Teachers supplied.

Select Family School for Boys
AT
SOUTH WILLIAMSTOWN, BERKSHIRE COUNTY, MASS.
(ESTABLISHED IN 1851.)
Summer term of twenty-one weeks will commence Wednesday, May 4th.
The location is healthful and pleasant.
Circulars can be obtained at the Office.
For Circulars address the Principal,
BENJ. F. MILLS.
March, 1859.

APRIL.

Again as Spring, with radiant wing,
To greet the greening earth advances,
Our April sky, like Laura's eye,
In sunglad tears and laughter glances.
One sunny hour, and then a shower,
A glow of heat, and next a silver;
Yonder the rose half open and blows,
To-morrow ten in all the river.

Through branching roots the spring life shoots,
The sap is rousing from its hibernum;
In warmer flood the mantling blood
Now leaps through every human vein.
Hope springs to-day, though still and shy,
Yet glitters with a tenderer meaning,
And through the no or yes to-day
We see her heart is toward us leaning.

O Month of Changes! for all the range
Of seasons gayest and best subtile!
We give adieu to boyish price,
A worthy Captain Cuttle!
Let all wild's hear thy shrieked air,
In sudden colds, the heat that smothers,
Just see and by, and choose and buy
The new spring clothing of SMITH BROTHERS.

"Twin Temples of Fashion."

SMITH BROTHERS,

The Marble Stores,

122, 138, and 140 Fulton Street,

Between Broadway & William St.,

THOMAS SMITH, 2d.,
ROBERT L. SMITH, } NEW YORK.
J. SMITH BROS.,

ONE PRICE—NO DEVIATION

The Price is marked on all the Goods in Plain Figures.

TUCKER'S NURSERY FOR GOVERNESS, FEATHERS, COIFFURES, and BRIDAL SETS, at 561 Broadway, 3 doors from Franklin Street,

FRED. S. COZZENS,
WINE MERCHANT,

Offers for sale Foreign Wines of the finest qualities of its own importation.

RARE OLD BRANDIES,
SPARKLING AND STILL CATAWBA, AND ISA-BELLA WINES,
from
Dun N. Longworth, Cincinnati, Ohio.
73 WARREN STREET,
(Opposite Hudson River Railroad, New York.)

ELLIOT & PATTEN—Examine Inventions for and procure Patents and Foreign Patents. Our Agency opposite main entrance of Patent Office Building, Washington City, D. C.

New York Purchasing Agency.

W. M. LAFSLEY, No. 25 Nassau Street.
Purchases every variety of articles in New York by any articles, large or small, of one or luxury, from a Book to a Steam Engine, a Shawl to a Carpet, can have their orders filled promptly, and goods sent as directed, with great care, economization charges. Refers to C. L. Seagren, Esq., Custom House Island Bank, Messrs. John Jewett & Sons, Hastings, Plimpton & Co., New York; J. D. Cameron & Co., New Orleans.

All Freights Forwarded with the Greatest Speed.
BY THE

AMERICAN EXPRESS CO.'S LIGHTNING RUN.

Trains leave our Hudson Street Depot at 6.45 and 11.15 A.M.; 3.30, 6.30, 9.30 P.M.
Freights forwarded on Fast Lines, and delivered as fast as by over or stop at any point.
The regular time by the Fast Lines is

To Chicago	in 40 hours	To Dayton	in 50 hours
" Cincinnati	" 40 "	" Columbus	" 51 days
" Cleveland	" 24 "	" Louisville	" 3 "
" Gallipolis	" 36 "	" Indianapolis	" 36 hours

And OTHER WESTERN TOWNS in like good time.
Goods for Boston, via Stonington and Arkansas Rivers, Keokuk, &c., will save time by our responsible Company.
Rates positively as low as any responsible Company.
WELLS, BUTTERFIELD & CO.,
64 Broadway and 61 Hudson St.

Luzerne Remedy
FOR
Rheumatism, Gout, and Neuralgia,
WARRANTED.
For sale by A. B. & D. SANDS & CO., 141 William Street. Manufactured by N. WEST & CO., 67 Ann street, New York.

$32 50 ASHLAND INST. and MUSICAL ACADEMY, Catskill PER QUARTER. } On reasonable terms. For circulars, &c., address the Rev. HENRY J. FOX, A.M., Principal, Catskill, Green Co., N. Y.

DEAD SHOT

A DEAD SHOT for Bed Bugs.
SLEEP IN PEACE.
The most successful, as well as the surest of any thing ever known, curing 95 out of 100 cases without destroying a day's rest. Sold by all first-class Druggists everywhere. McKESSON & ROBBINS, Wholesale Agents, 72 Fulton Street.

PIANO FORTES, MELODEONS, AND HARMONIUMS of first-class makers at the Lowest terms.
J. M. HEILTON,
941 and 943 Broadway, N. Y.

$15 Worth of Music for 25 Cents.

The success of the "Gentle Annie Melodist" is unprecedented. More than forty thousand copies have already been sold, and, from present indications, the sale will reach 100,000 copies this year. Encouraged by the success, the publishers have issued the

Gentle Annie Melodist, No. 2,

containing, on 64 pages, a choice of fifty of the very best Songs, among which will be found the following favorites, Aprils, Lucy Long, Sweet Kitty Clover, Beautiful Venice, Bonny Dundee, Ellen Bayne, I'm not myself at all, Charley I am the Boy for a Frolic, Annie Morrow, Maum'a in de cold ground, Old Playground, &c., &c.

Gentle Annie Melodist, No 1, 25 Cents,
Gentle Annie Melodist, No. 2, 25 Cents,

Send by mail, postage paid, to any address. Sheet Music, Music Books, Musical Violins and other Strings sent by mail, postage prepaid, at the above price is sent with the order.
FIRTH, PONDS & CO.,
No. 547 Broadway, New York.

Agents Wanted
To obtain Subscribers for
LOSSING'S
PICTORIAL FIELD-BOOK OF THE REVOLUTION.

In Two Volumes Royal 8vo., containing upward of 1500 pages, and 1100 beautiful illustrations. This work will be sold exclusively by Agents, to each of whom a special District will be given. Rare inducements offered. Applicants should state the Counties they would prefer. For full particulars address GEO. W. ELOT, care HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

Douglas & Sherwood's
PATENT
Tournure Corset.

This article combines in one garment a CORSET of SUPERIOR SHAPE and FITTING, and a SKIRT of PERFECT MODEL, insuring free and healthful action of the muscles and graceful outline of the form. It has been pronounced by the most eminent physicians of whom are several eminent members of the Medical Faculty to be the only Corset which combines comfort, either artistic or physiological. No lady can well do without it. D. & S. still manufacture their

Expansion Skirt,

so well known for its durability.
Also, their celebrated

Matinee Skirt,

together with over Seventy other different Styles, the latest of which is the

The Palmetto
AND THE
New Skeleton Skirt,

Containing 13, 17, 20 and 30 hoops, made of the SUPERIOR QUALITY OF STEEL which has always characterized their Skirts.
All of their manufacture are for sale at the principal stores in the United States and Canada.
SEE THAT THE STAMP OF DOUGLAS & SHERWOOD IS UPON THEM.

Grover & Baker's
Celebrated
FAMILY SEWING MACHINES

New Styles, Prices from $50 to $125.00.
Hemmers, $5 extra.
Offices of Exhibition and sale:—
405 Broadway, New York.
18 Summer Street, Boston.
730 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.
181 Baltimore Street, Baltimore.
And 18 Main Street, Cincinnati.
Agencies in all the principal Cities and Towns in the United States.

Send for a Circular.

DO YOU USE IT? TRY IT! TRY IT!!
LYON'S KATHAIRON FOR THE HAIR
IS USED BY LADIES EVERYWHERE
ONLY 25 CENTS, PER BOTTLE.

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES.

The new FAMILY SEWING MACHINES at $50 and $75 are already surpassing in popularity, in all essential good qualities they are much the best Machines ever offered at a low price.
I. M. SINGER & CO., No. 458 Broadway.

STATEN ISLAND
Fancy Dyeing Establishment.
Barrett Nephews & Co.,
Office, 5 and 7 John Street,
(5 doors from Broadway),
New York.

EXHIBITION OF AMERICAN MANUFACTURES and Fine Arts Warehouse, No. 259 Pearl Street, Harper's Buildings. Brushes of every description on hand, or made to order at lowest prices. A Silver Medal was received from the American Institute, in 1847, for superior Brushes.
JOHN E. HOPPEL.

AMERICAN GUANO.—To Farmers and Dealers in Guano.—This Guano, from Jarvis Island, in the Pacific Ocean, containing 60 per cent. of Phosphates and Ammoniacal Salts, and the only natural manure known, is offered for sale, in large or small quantities, as ballast, on terms to suit the times.
For full information, apply to agricultural societies.
J. E. MARSHALL,
President of the Jarvis Island Guano Company,
95 WILLIAM STREET, NEW YORK.

THE OXYGENATED BITTERS.
THE OXYGENATED BITTERS.
THE OXYGENATED BITTERS.

Cure Dyspepsia, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Indigestion.
Cure Heart Burn, Heart Burn, Acidity, Acidity.
Cure Water Brash, Water Brash, Jaundice, Jaundice.
Cure Liver Complaint, Liver Complaint, Debility, Debility.
Cure Fevers and Ague, Fever and Ague, Bilious Complaint.
Cure Headache, Costiveness, Piles, Nervousness.
Cure Flatulency, Sourness, Female Complaints.

This remedy is so well known, as the most remarkable and efficient remedy for the complaints above named and rapid cure of the above diseases, that it is altogether unnecessary to enlarge upon its merits.

Prepared by HOWLE & CO., *Proprietors, Boston.*

Sold every where.

THE OXYGENATED BITTERS.
THE OXYGENATED BITTERS.
THE OXYGENATED BITTERS.

SEWING MACHINES.—All persons who have been induced to buy SEWING MACHINES which will not perform the work that purchasers expected them to do, are informed that SINGER'S MACHINES never fail to do any kind of work. No one is ever disappointed in these machines.
I. M. SINGER & CO.,
No. 458 Broadway.

HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

Have just Published:

LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG. A Novel. By CHARLES READE Author of "Christie Johnstone," "Peg Wolffington," "Never too Late to Mend," &c. 12mo, Muslin, $1 00; Paper, 50 cents. (*Just Ready.*)

THE LIFE OF NORTH AMERICAN INSECTS. By B. JAMES, late Professor of Zoology and Botany in the Agricultural College of Illinois. Assisted by C. G. PARsons, M.D. With numerous Illustrations from Specimens in the Cabinet of the Author. 12mo, Muslin, $1 25.

THE ROMANCE AND ITS HERO. By the Author of "Magdalen Stafford." 18mo, Muslin, $1 00.

THE AMERICAN HOME GARDEN. Being Principles and Rules for the Culture of Vegetables, Fruits, Flowers, and Shrubbery. To which are added brief Notes on Fruits, with a Table of their Analysis and Product and Chemical Constituents. By ALEXANDER WILLIAM WOODWARD *Member of various Horticultural Societies.* 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

ADAM BEDE. A Novel. By GEORGE ELIOT, Author of "Scenes of Clerical Life." 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

ELLIS'S MADAGASCAR. Three Visits to Madagascar, during the years 1853—1854—1856; Including a Journey to the Capital, with Notices of the Natural History, the Country and the Inhabitants, and Character of the People. By the Rev. WILLIAM ELLIS, F.H.S. Author of "Polynesian Researches," Illustrated by a Map and Wood-cuts from Photographs, &c. 8vo, Muslin, $3 00; Muslin and Gilt, $3 50 (*Immediately.*)

THE OLD PLANTATION, and What I Gathered There in an Autumn Month. By CHARLES MANNERSTONE, of Maryland. 18mo, Muslin, $1 00.

FANKWEI; or, The San Jacinto in the Seas of India, China, and Japan. By WILLIAM HAYWARD WOOD, M.D., U.S.N., late Surgeon of the Fleet to the Asiatic Station. With Notices of Recent Events, and Graphic Sketches in South America, Polynesia," &c., &c. 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

THE LAIRD OF NORLAW. A Scottish Story. By the Author of "Margaret Maitland," "The Days of My Life," &c. 18mo, Muslin, $1 00.

LA PLATA: The Argentine Confederation, and Paraguay. Being a Narrative of the Exploration of the River La Plata, and Adjacent Countries, during the Years 1853, 54, and '55, under the orders of the United States Government. By THOMAS J. PAGE, U.S.N., Commander of the Expedition. With Map and numerous Engravings. 8vo, Muslin, $3 00.

SYLVAN HOLT'S DAUGHTER. A Novel. By HENRY LEE, Author of "Edith Dalton." 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

EPISODES OF FRENCH HISTORY during the Consulate and the First Empire. By MISS FRANCES, Author of "Louis XIV. and the Court of France in the Seventeenth Century." 2 vols. 12mo, Muslin, $2 00.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT? By PISISTRATUS LYRON, Esq. Vol. I. 12mo, Muslin, $1 00. (*Shortly.*) Author of "My Novel," "The Caxtons," "Pelham," &c., &c. Vol. II. 12mo, 75 cents; Muslin, $1 00.

BARTH'S AFRICA—COMPLETE. Travels and Discoveries in North and Central Africa. Being a Journal of an Expedition undertaken under the auspices of H.B.M.'s Government, in the Years 1849—1855. By HENRY BARTH, Ph.D., D.C.L. With a Map and numerous elegant Illustrations. Complete in 3 vols. 8vo, with about 1200 pp. Muslin, $10 50.

COPLAND'S MEDICAL DICTIONARY—COMPLETE. A Dictionary of Practical Medicine: comprising General Pathology, General Therapeutics, Hygiene, Morbid Structures, and the Disorders especially Incidental to Climate, to the Sexes, and to Infancy. Also Especial Explanations of the Terms, Theories, and Principles of Homœopathy, and a Full Exposition of its Materia Medica and Therapeutics; and an Appendix of approved Remedies, by which Homœopathy is opposed. By JAMES COPLAND, M.D., F.R.S., Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians; Honorary Member of the Royal Academy of Surgery of the American Philosophical Society; and of the Medical Societies of Belgium; Hon. Member and President of the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society of London; Consulting Physician to Queen Charlotte's Lying-in Hospital, and Senior Physician to the Consumption Hospital, &c. Complete in 3 large Octavo Volumes, containing Royal Embossed Muslin. Edition, with Notes and large Additions, by CHARLES A. LEE, A.M., M.D., Professor of Materia Medica and General Pathology in Geneva College, &c. &c. Completed in 3 large Octavo Volumes. Muslin, $6 00 per Volume; Sheep extra, $6 50 per Volume; Parts 37 and 38 and Vol. III., completing the Work.

HARPER & BROTHERS will send any of the above Works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.

LIFE ILLUSTRATED IS A First-Class Family Newspaper of Entertainment, Improvement, and Progress, designed to encourage a spirit of Home, Manufacturing, Mechanical, Inventive, and Advertising enterprise; to illustrate life in all its phases. A high-toned Family Paper, fit to be read by every Family in the land.
Its ample columns contain Original Essays by the best writers—Historical, Biographical and Descriptive; Sketches of Travel and Adventure; Tales of Fashion, Romance, Humor, Horticulture, Physiology, Education, General News, and every topic which is of importance or interest! all combining to render it worthy a place in every Family Circle.
Published weekly at $2 a year; $1 for six months, or $1 for three months, or $3—but to clubs of 20 cents each!
FOWLER AND WELLS,
No. 308 Broadway, New York.

"THAT STANDARD MEDICINAL ARTICLE, the *Expellant Pulmonary Balsam*, prepared by the well-known druggists, Messrs. *Bent, Cutler & Co.*, of this city, is, we have good authority for stating, one of the best remedies for Coughs, Colds, and all Pulmonary Complaints, ever offered to the public. *It has made the fact of 50 lots*, during the last twelvemonth in reputation for more than THIRTY YEARS."
Physicians of the highest respectability prescribe it, and thousands of families keep it on hand as a standard family medicine. Sold by druggists generally.
Prepared only by BENT, CUTLER & CO., Druggists, Boston. Price, large, $1; small, 50 cents.
HANNAY & KIRK, Agents, New York.

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES.

The immense increase in the demand for these admirable Machines—it has trebled within four months—indicates the reviving prosperity of the country. The prices of our Machines have been greatly reduced.
I. M. SINGER & CO., No. 458 Broadway.

F. S. CLEAVER'S
PRIZE MEDAL HONEY SOAP.

The only genuine, possessing a free and creamy lather, a healing quality, delicate perfume, and does not rot in fabrics the skin.
Beware of COUNTERFEITS.
F. S. Cleaver's celebrated Musk, and Brown Windsor, and Oyster Bay Soaps, also Sagacious Cocoa Nut Oil for the teeth and gums, to be had of all the respectable Drug and Fancy Stores in the United States.
Manufactory in London.
Wholesale Depot, 21 and 23 Dey Street, New York.
J. C. ROYSTON, Agt.

To Teachers.

My Correspondents are requested to address me, hereafter, in the city of HARPER'S WEEKLY, BOX No. 2,610, New York. Class Catalogues and Circulars, Normal and Text-Book Academy of Science, Educational Reports, &c., are solicited.
MARCIUS WILLSON.

GREAT SECRET
FOR MARRIED PEOPLE.

Send your address to Dr. J. B. ORDRONAUX, Box No. 2,610, Boston, Mass., and one 3 cent stamp to pay return postage.

EVERY Number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE contains from 90 to 99 pages—and from one third to one half more reading matter than any other Magazine.

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

The Publishers believe that the Seventeen Volumes of HARPER'S MAGAZINE now issued contain a larger amount of valuable and attractive reading than is to be found in any other periodical of the day.
As to the character of the forthcoming of the Magazine they have its History and existing reputation to refer to. The Publishers, therefore, will only refer to the contents of the Periodical for the past six months as a guarantee for the future volume upon the patronage of the American public.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year $3 00
Two Copies for One Year 5 00
Three or more Copies for One Year (each) 2 00
And an Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of Ten Subscribers.

HARPER'S WEEKLY and HARPER'S MAGAZINE, together, one year, $6 00.
The Postage upon "HARPER'S MAGAZINE" must be paid at the Office where it is received. Postage is *Thirty-six Cents a year.*
HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A FIRST-CLASS ILLUSTRATED PAPER.

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST
FAMILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD.
FIVE CENTS PER COPY.

In the number of HARPER'S WEEKLY for April 9 was commenced a New Serial Story entitled THUMPS, by Mrs. Wm. Kingsland, Author of "Mabel's Mistake," "The Fulpher Papers," &c., &c. Illustrated by ANDREW HOPPER.
The Publishers of HARPER'S WEEKLY will keep persons living in the country THOROUGHLY POSTED on the news of the day. Its circulation is already so large as to give to COUNTRY NEWS, or to fully illustrated a history of the week's events, that will be found in no other paper. It has a LARGER and MORE VARIED corps of writers and publications than for illustrating any other paper in the United States. It has to be CHEAPEST and most FAMILY illustrated newspaper in the country. *To advertisers we need only point to the circulation of the Publications,* as fifty cents a line, are cheaper and more effective—because better seen—than any line of space contained in the country, from North to South—than advertisements in any other publication.

TERMS OF HARPER'S WEEKLY.

One Copy for Twenty Weeks $1 00
One Copy for Six Months 2 00
One Copy for Two Years 4 00
Five Copies for One Year 8 00
Twelve Copies for One Year 20 00
Twenty-five Copies for One Year 40 00

An Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of TWELVE or TWENTY-FIVE Subscribers.

TERMS FOR ADVERTISING.—*Fifty Cents a Line.*
Advertisements will be inserted on the terms relating to Advertise for three Months or more.
The Publishers of HARPER'S WEEKLY do not PAY PUBLISHERS, Franklin Square, New York.

THE SOLEMNITY OF AN OATH.

COMMISSIONER. "You solemnly swear tastrotinimum-um-um-um-um—*(very distinctly)* a shilling!"

A GOOD PRECAUTION.

GEORGE. "Why, Fred, what on earth have you got in your mouth?"
FREDERICK AUGUSTUS. "Cigar-case, my dear Fl, nothing more. So very inconvenient you see, to be always burning one's mustache with one's cigar."

Fifth Year of the Enterprise!

NEW LIST OF GIFTS, FOR 1859.

CATALOGUES FREE TO ALL.

G. G. EVANS,

AT HIS ORIGINAL GIFT BOOK STORE,
No. 439 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

Commences the New Year, with an enlarged Catalogue, a greater wealth of Gifts, increased facilities for buying Goods and sinking business, and is now prepared to offer greater inducements to Book buyers than ever before. How has proved that the Gift System is permanent. EVANS is determined to prove that his Establishment is conducted under that system in a more liberal and important manner than any other. Having lived down almost all opposition, and having the legitimacy of his plan of operation acknowledged from Maine to California, he can afford to be generous. Try him, and judge for yourself.

SCHEDULE OF GIFTS.

Patent English Lever Gold Watches,	$100 00
Patent Anchor Lever Gold Watches,	50 00
Ladies' 18k. Case Gold Lever Watches,	30 00
Ladies' 18k. Case Gold Lever Watches, open dial,	35 00
Gents' Silver Lever watches,	25 00
Gents' Silver Lever Watches,	15 00
Gents' Silver Lepine Watches,	12 00
Parlor Time Pieces, new pattern,	10 00
Ladies' Elegant Rich Silk Dress Patterns,	10 00
Ladies' do. Plaid do. do.	15 00
Ladies' do. Merino (Tin and Drops) extra fine	5 00
Ladies' Gold Bracelets,	10 00
Ladies' Gold Bracelets, Stone Settings,	20 00
Ladies' Gold Brooches, plain or engraved Band,	7 50
Gents' Solid Gold Vest Chains, new pattern,	15 00
Gents' best English plated Vest Chains	10 00
Ladies' Guards, or Chatelaine Chains, choice,	15 00
Large Gold Spring Lockets, with double case,	10 00
Large Gold Spring Lockets, do. do.	8 00
Medium size, No. 3, Lockets, do. do.	5 00
Heavy Gold Pencil Cases, with Gold Pens,	7 50
Superior Gold Pens, with Holders and Box,	5 00
Ladies' Gold Pencils,	2 00
Gents' Gold Pencils,	3 00
Gents' Gold Pens, with Silver Extension Pencils,	7 00
Gents' Gold Pens, or Silver with Ivory Holders,	2 50
Ladies' Mosaic Gold Stone Sets,	12 00
Ladies' Florentine Sets, Pin and Drops,	10 00
Ladies' Jet Sets, do. do.	5 00
Ladies' Lava, do. do.	10 00
Ladies' Cameo Pins, large size,	6 00
Ladies' do. do. medium,	3 50
Ladies' do. do. small,	2 50
Ladies' Gold Stone Pins, small,	2 50
Ladies' Bar and Cluster Miniature,	2 50
Ladies' Plain Gold Pins, new pattern,	2 50
Ladies' do. Stone Pins,	2 50
Miners' do. Gold Pens,	2 00
Gents' Cluster Pins, coral centre,	2 00
Gents' Bright Stone Pins,	2 00
Gents' Cameo or Mosaic Bosom Studs,	4 50
Gents' Engraved Gold do. do.	3 00
Gents' Plain do. do. do.	2 00
Gents' Stone Buttons,	2 00
Ladies' do. do.	2 00
Ladies' Pearl Card Cases,	10 00
Ladies' Cameo, Mosaic, or Gold Stone Ribbon Pins,	7 50
Gents' Pearl Pocket Knives, 3 blades, best quality,	3 50
Misses' Lava Pins,	1 50
Gents' Gold Watch Keys and Pencils combined,	3 00
Gents' Gold Toothpicks, with Slides,	1 50
Gents' Gold Sleeve Buttons, with Stone Setting,	3 00
Ladies' do. do. do.	3 00
Sets Silver-Plated Tea Spoons,	9 00
Silver-Plated Butter Knives,	1 00
Ladies' or Gents' Forte-monnaies,	1 00
Gents' Gold Watch Keys or Vest Hooks,	1 00
Ladies' Florentine Breast Pins,	3 50
Ladies' Jet do.	3 50
Ladies' Mosaic do. do.	6 00
Ladies' Coral Ear Drops,	6 00
Misses' do. do.	3 00
Gents' Jet Drops, with Stone Setting,	3 00
Ladies' Jet Bracelet, Half Round Band,	6 00
Ladies' do. do. do.	4 00
Gents' Seal Rings,	3 00
Gents' Jet Studs,	2 00
Gents' Jet Sleeve Buttons,	3 00

Miscellaneous Gifts, not enumerated in the above List, varying in value from 75 cents to $25 00

☞ $500 worth of the above Gifts will be impartially distributed among Purchasers with every $1000 worth of Books sold. All Books sold at Publishers' prices, and all Books that Evans does not publish himself are bought direct from the Publishers, and in large quantities. Books to suit every taste are to be found on his Catalogue, at prices which would be an inducement even without the Gift System, which offers so many additional advantages.

Works by the most popular authors, living and dead, in all styles, from the most costly to the plain and substantial at astonishing low prices.

CATALOGUES SENT FREE TO ANY ADDRESS.

Bayard Taylor's Travels,	Works of Dean Swift,
Works of Miss Bremer,	" Judge Hall's Law,
" Dickens,	" Dr. Livingstone,
" De Foe,	" Lawrence Sterne,
" Addison,	Waverley Novels,
" Thackeray,	Works of Benj. Franklin,
" Dr. Johnson,	" Thos. Jefferson,
" J. F. Cooper,	" Charles Dickens,
" J. T. Headley,	" Mrs. Southworth,
" Frank Forrester,	" Mrs. Hentz,
" Hugh Miller,	" Miss Sedgwick,
" Capt. Mayne Reid,	" Virginia Townsend,
" Charlotte Bronte,	" S. R. Somerby,
" Washington Irving,	" T. S. Arthur,
" Mrs. Gaskell,	" Mrs. Ellet,
" Rev. C. H. Spurgeon,	" D. P. Thompson,
" Capt. Marryat,	" Sam Slick,
" Peter Parley,	" Jno. Austin,
" Mrs. Moodie,	" Marion Harland,
" Sandell,	" Mary Howitt,
" Fielding,	" Charles Lamb,
" Percy,	" Edward Everett,
" Wilkes,	" Lorenzo Dow,
" Burns,	" Lord Bacon.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY OF THE MOST CELEBRATED AUTHORS.

Alison,	Bancroft,
Hume,	Goodrich,
Macaulay,	Bancroft,
Prescott,	Ferguson,
Gibbon,	Rollin,
Robertson,	Lock,
Headley,	Sparks,

And a host of others, too numerous to mention.

THE ANCIENT AND MODERN POETS.

Butler,	Milton,
Y. B. Bold,	Spenser,
Mrs. Jamieson,	Chaucer,
Pope,	Mrs. Hemans,
Scott,	Mrs. Norton,
Moore,	Keats,
Dryden,	Longfellow,
Byron,	Tennyson,
Burns,	Cowper,
Leigh Hunt,	Whittier,
Mrs. Sigourney,	Dante,
Rogers,	P. W. Ellsworth,
Southey,	Hood,
H. Rirk White,	Tupper,
Tasso,	Goldsmith,
Mrs. Jamieson,	Wordsworth,
Alice Carey,	Shelley,
Keats,	Montgomery,
Edgar A. Poe,	Dryden.

He has the above in all styles of binding, from plain cloth to the finest calf and antiques, to suit all classes of purchasers. He sells them as cheap as any other house in the country, besides the additional advantage of a Gift with each Book sold.

ALBUMS FOR THE LADIES.

Albums of all sizes and all styles of binding, to suit all tastes, profusely illustrated with magnificent Steel Engravings.

BIBLES, PRAYER BOOKS, AND HYMN BOOKS.

Illustrated Family Bibles, Episcopal Prayer Books,
Baptist Hymn Books, Catholic Prayer Books,
Lutheran Hymn Books, Episcopal Hymn Books,
Of all sizes, and bound in all styles, Arabesque, Turkey morocco, Antique, Velvet, &c., with rich Silver clasps.

FAMILY BIBLES.

A large assortment of Family Bibles, of all descriptions and all prices, from $1 to $50, illustrated with fine engravings, printed with large type, on paper and in various styles of binding, from the simplest to the most ornamental. All Family Bibles, in various styles, at low prices.

☞ A complete Classified Catalogue of Books, in every department of literature, containing a complete List of Gifts, with full instructions to Agents and persons getting up Clubs, will be sent free to any part of the Union. Persons wishing to form Libraries, should have it as a book of reference. Persons wishing a List of Books and for it, and you will be convinced of the cheapness and variety of the Books, besides being pleased with the liberality of the system.

Orders from the country promptly and satisfactorily filled, and goods sent by mail or express to any part of the country. Any Book published in the United States, the retail price of which is One Dollar or upwards, will be promptly sent by mail on receipt of publisher's price, with postage as per catalogue.

Liberal commissions allowed to all persons forming Clubs. Persons acting as Agents for us can reap all the advantages of the Gift system without any cost to themselves, thus getting a library of good books in a very short time; besides which, the Gifts received with the commission books, will aid far more than enough to supply pay them for their trouble.

Agents united in every town in the Union. Persons wishing to act as such, will be duly enrolled. A Catalogue, will confer a favor by sending their address to

G. G. EVANS,
Gift Book-Store and Publishing House,
439 CHESTNUT STREET,
Philadelphia, Pa.

LYON'S MAGNETIC POWDERS

Will destroy Garden Insects, Cockroaches, Bedbugs, Fleas, Ants, Moths, and all pests of the Parlor and Garden.

The importance of a reliable article of this kind is established. It is perfectly safe, and will not injure the most delicate flower. This powder is the only article ever discovered which will exterminate them. A company of botanists, from the Horticultural Society of Paris, while amidst the ferns of Asia, observed that all insects lighting upon a certain kind of plant very soon dropped dead. This fact was made use of to guard their night camps from these insects. Quantities of the plant were brought home by Mr. E. Lyon, and found a positive insect destroyer in every experiment. It is simply a powdered leaf, chemically prepared to resist the effect of age and climate. Medals and Letters Patent have been obtained from the governments of England, France, Germany, and the United States. The following are a few of the many testimonials from scientific societies and scientific men:

Letter from the President of the U. S.

"EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, 31st Jan. 1854.

"MR. E. LYON.—Dear Sir: I have much pleasure in informing you that the Royal Commission of the World's Fair at London have awarded you a Medal and Certificate for the great value of your Magnetic Powders, &c.

"MILLARD FILLMORE, Chairman."

The above was accompanied by a certificate of Prince Albert.

IT IS FREE FROM POISON.

"NEW YORK, October 1st, 1858.

"MR. E. LYON.—Dear Sir: We have analyzed and tested your Magnetic Powders, and find them perfectly harmless to mankind and domestic animals, but certain death when inhaled by bugs, ants, and insects.

"JAMES R. CHILTON, M.D., Chemist.

"LAFAYETTE RICH, Prof. Chemistry, N. Y. Hospital."

Mr. Andrew L. Stone, Superintendent of the New York Hospital, says "he has expelled all the bugs, ants, cockroaches, &c., with your Powders, from a ward of 50 insurance cases."

Every gardener and housekeeper must have a direct interest in an article of this kind. Reference may be made to the Astor, St. Nicholas, and Metropolitan Hotels; to Judge Hall, President of the American Institute; to James Gordon Bennett, Geo. Wurdeier Secry. Crown W. Pyne, R. V. Pyne, of the Pyne Patent Manufactory, &c., &c. Judge Mason says, "The discovery of Prof. Lyon is of immense importance. We perfectly believe he has tested it thoroughly. It will destroy locusts, grasshoppers, ants, moths, bugs, and in fact, every insect that plants can be preserved, and houses made pure."

Sold by Druggists and Seedsmen. Wholesale by BARNES & PARK, of New York, who supply the trade throughout the world. Many worthless imitations are advertised. Be cautious!

"NEW YORK, November 8th, 1858.

"In retiring from business, I have sold all my Insect Powders and Pills, Letters-Patent, and the secrets pertaining thereto, to Messrs. Barnes & Park, of this city. Their order is a discovery made by myself, and brought from the interior of Africa, and it is known to any other persons. The genuine and effective article is put up in tin canisters, and will continue to bear my name, E. LYON."

Rats and mice can not be reached by a poison, but are killed by a Magnetic Paste. Order them through any merchant.

The Lyon's Powder kills insects in a minute.

But Lyon's Pills are mixed for rats and mice.

Sample Canister, by mail, prepaid, 25 cents, 50 cents and $1 00. Follow directions. *Use freely and thoroughly.*

BARNES & PARK,
13 and 15 Park Row, N. Y.

GET NO OTHER.—If you are suffering from cuts, wounds, sores, burns, chapped hands, erysipelas, corns, chilblains, etc., procure a box of Holloway's Ointment, the greatest healing remedy ever discovered. Sold by all druggists, 25 cents a box.

F.Y.S.

BALLOU'S FRENCH TOILE SHIRT EMPORIUM,
409 Broadway.
Premium Shirt Manufacturers.

Shirts made to order from Scientific Measure, of the best materials, sewed by hand, and warranted to fit, at less than the usual prices.

BALLOU BROTHERS, 409 Broadway, N. Y.

'OLD DOMINION.'

If you want DELICIOUS COFFEE always, and a variety of flavor, *from forty to fifty per cent.*, get an "OLD DOMINION" COFFEE POT. Ever forty different other Coffee Pots are imitations of the "OLD DOMINION" TEA POT sales nearly half the usual quantity of Tea. You will save the cost of the pot in two months, and secure daily a table beverage of the choicest flavor.

☞ Sold by Dealers in Housekeeping articles, and Storekeepers generally.

ARTHUR, BURNHAM, & GILROY,
117 and 119 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia,
Manufacturers under the Patent for the United States.
Also, Manufacturers under the Patent of ARTHUR'S SELF-SEALING FRUIT CANS AND JARS.

Removed, May, 1859.
From 5 Nassau Street to 115 Broadway.

Purchasing and Commission Agency.

J. AUG. DIX.

Any Article bought or sold upon Commission.

Through this Agency any article wanted, be it large or small, rough or by the quantity, *for family use or to sell again*, can be obtained. Also a *Market* found for Produce or Manufactured Goods. Commission charges never over 5 per cent.

Refers by permission to Wm. B. Meeker, Cashier Bank of New York; George Ellis, Cashier Bank of the Commonwealth, N. Y.

"Our personal acquaintance with Mr. Dix has induced us to allow him to use our name as a reference."

Life Illustrated.

J. AUG. DIX, No. 115 Broadway, New York.

PHALON & SON'S
COCOINE

FOR DRESSING AND PRESERVING THE HAIR.
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
Price 25 and 50 Cents per Bottle.

Not a Grey Hair in all New York,

or would not be if all our elderly people used Hagan's Magnolia Balsam.

Price 50 cents a bottle. Sold everywhere.

W. F. HAGAN & CO., Proprietors, TROY, N. Y.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. III.—No. 122.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1859. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

A NEW TALE by DICKENS.

In addition to Mr. CURTIS's beautiful Story, now in course of publication in this paper, we have great pleasure in announcing that we have made arrangements with Mr. CHARLES DICKENS for the early sheets of his new Serial, entitled

A TALE OF TWO CITIES,

which will be commenced in the next Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY, and continued from week to week until completed.

A perusal of HARPER'S WEEKLY will keep persons living in the country THOROUGHLY POSTED on the news of the day.

No other publication gives so MUCH and so CHOICE MATTER, or so fully illustrated a history of the times in which we live.

To advertisers we need only observe that advertisements in this journal, at fifty cents a line, are cheaper and more effective—because THEY MEET THE EYE OF MANY PEOPLE throughout the country, from North to South, and East to West—than advertisements in any other publication.

We refer families to our printed list of terms on the fifteenth page of each paper. By forming clubs, people in the country can obtain the paper on very advantageous terms.

THE LATE CHANCELLOR BIBB.

By the recent death of Chancellor Bibb, at Georgetown, District of Columbia, the national Capitol has both deprived of its last representative of the "gentleman of the Old School." As the names of these patrician fathers have been stricken from the record of the living, their courtly manners and habiliments have also disappeared; nor can we now find a queue wagging over the back of a curule chair in the Capitol, or see a legislator arrayed in that gentlemanlike garb which Colonel Trumbull so delighted to portray. Chancellor Bibb alone remained faithful to the end, refusing to incase his lower limbs in pantaloons; and he was thus one of the features of Washington—"the last of the small-clothes" in that metropolis where there are so many small statesmen. Yet, as was well said of his predecessor, Chief-Justice Marshall, what could have been ludicrous in another became in him more than respectable: it absolutely attracted your reverence. Unsightly as were those rusty and snuffbegrimed "lights," they yet became, when worn by the Chancellor, a kind of ornament, and made the metropolitan prize him the more, as we do antique coins and pictures for the rust and smoke that adhere them, or a bottle of generous old wine for the dust and cobwebs that cover it. Alas, that he "is dead! That good old man; we ne'er shall see him more!"

Chancellor Bibb was born—and very proud was he of his birth-place—in that Old Dominion which is the mother of presidents, and of statesmen, and of orators; and which was, when he first saw the light, some eighty-seven years ago, a colony of Great Britain. He grew up with American independence. His earliest recollections were of the revolutionary struggle—of statesmen standing high on the roll of fame, soldiers immortalized by the fire of battle, and matrons who encouraged their husbands and their sons to defend these glorious principles for the support of which the delegates of the colonies had pledged "their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor." Prepared for college in the midst of the stirring scenes which attended the launching of our ship of State, he entered at NASSAU HALL, Princeton, in 1789. The President of that venerable seat of learning at that time was the Rev. Dr. Witherspoon (a lineal descendant of John Knox), and a bold champion of Independence. Young Bibb enjoyed his especial favor, and stood well in the class, which, when it graduated in 1793, was thirty-seven strong.

Following the example of many Virginians who had gone Westward after the war, Mr. Bibb emigrated to Kentucky, where the "dark and bloody ground," stained with the marks of savage cruelty, was occupied by a daring, untrammeled race of hunter-pioneers, "fit to stand by Nimrod and give direction." Commencing the practice of law, he soon acquired a professional reputation; and in January, 1808, was appointed a Judge of the Court of Appeals—a tribunal which has borne since its establishment a high reputation, its reports having been quoted by the leading jurists of the country as recognized authority time and again. This court then consisted of a Chief-Justice and two Judges; and in May, 1809, Judge Bibb was promoted to the Chief-Justiceship.

Elected a Senator from Kentucky, he took his seat in the United States Senate on the 4th of March, 1811, and was identified with the advocates of the war which broke the spell of Britannia's naval supremacy. He voted for the imposition of direct taxes; advocated the annexation of East Florida, and the enlargement of our territory toward the Southwest; opposed the bounties granted to fisheries (now a subject of Congressional discussion); and was a decided antagonist of the New England Federalists. After the adjournment in April, 1814 (followed, not long afterward, by the destruction of the Capitol by the British), he resigned, and again devoted himself to the practice of law.

In 1820, the people of Kentucky having become deeply involved in debt, Governor Adair recommended and succeeded in chartering the "Bank of the Commonwealth," which was not forced to redeem its notes in specie, although they were made legal tender. A bitter political contest ensued; and when the High Appellate Court decided against this "relief" measure a new court was instituted, of which Francis Blair (afterward editor of the Washington *Globe*) was clerk. The rallying cries then were "New Court" and "Old Court;" and after an animated legal and legislative struggle, the "Old Court" was reinstated in authority. The victors, however, were soon deprived of their triumph by the appointment of Judge Bibb—who had been a "relief" man—as Chief-Justice, which position he retained until the fall of 1828.

On the 4th of March, 1829, Judge Bibb, having been elected again a Senator from Kentucky, took his seat in the Senate of the United States, then in its palmy days. Around him (during this his second Senatorial career, which ended in 1835) were Clay, and Webster, and Calhoun—that glorious triumvirate—with Benton, Clayton, Hayne, Livingston, Troup, Tyler, White, Woodbury, and others, most of whom have preceded him to the far-off region. Alas! that, in looking back to these days, we are forced to admit that "Astræa has gone to the Hesperides, and there's nothing left to uphold the sky; Ulysses has gone upon his weary wanderings, and there's no one left who can bend his mighty bow!"

In 1830 the Senate went into solemn session as a "High Court of Impeachment," and Mr. James Buchanan, with another Representative, appeared before it as "Managers" appointed by the House to prefer an indictment against Judge Peck. Judge Bibb voted with the majority for his acquittal: indeed he was a faithful Democrat, sustaining General Jackson in all of his measures, and occasionally advocating or defending them, especially when any lawyer-point was involved. In 1832 he warmly supported a resolution for the celebration of the centennial anniversary of Washington's birthday by Congress, and expressed a patriotic desire to have the mortal remains of the *Pater Patriæ* brought from neglected Mount Vernon to repose beneath the rotunda of the Capitol, where a crypt had been prepared for their reception. Virginia, however, refused to yield the ashes of her noblest son, which, *Dust thou art*, are soon to be placed in the custody of the women of America.

It was near the close of his Senatorial career that Judge Bibb openly avowed himself a disciple of Izaak Walton; indeed his reputation as the most patient and unsuccessful angler in the District was already well established. A bill was before the Senate regulating Executive patronage, and it had been misconstrued by the opponents of the Administration that some of the Senators whose terms of office were about to expire would be recipients of Presidential favors. "I deny this," said the Judge, at the conclusion of his speech, "so far as I am concerned. I have no personal object in view. I have no ambition. For myself, I prefer to sit with my rod and line on the banks of a pellucid stream, enjoying the pleasures of calmness and contemplation, to any objects that my ambition could achieve." What a glowing pictorial sentiment! Let each reader of *Harper's Weekly* who owns Major's edition of Izaak Walton, with Irving's quaint preface, add to it or a foot-note this Senatorial testimony to the poetry of angling!

Returning again to Kentucky, Judge Bibb was called upon to fill several then-worthy public stations; and at last became Chancellor of the State. Worthy and well qualified was he to fill

THE LATE CHANCELLOR BIBB.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.]

the position; but he was recalled to the Federal metropolis, in 1844, by his old Senatorial colleague, John Tyler, who had become President, and who appointed him Secretary of the Treasury. The Ex-President has already paid eloquent tribute to the memories of his deceased Cabinet officers, and it is to be hoped that he will also sustain the virtues and the learning of Chancellor Bibb.

Vacating the Treasury Department on the incoming of President Polk, Chancellor Bibb commenced the practice of law in the courts of the District of Columbia. He was well read, especially in the old Common Law and in Equity Jurisprudence, having the Acts of Congress at his fingers' ends, yet he was not a "successful lawyer" in the ungainly acceptation of the term—not only able to surpass his opponents in the art of reasoning right from right principles, but equally an adept in reasoning right from wrong principles, and wrong from right. As an evidence of his Chancellor rise, in his courteous manner, to demonstrate with all imaginable gravity that nonsense is replete with meaning, and that the strongest meaning is manifestly nonsense by construction. Respecting "the Court," he once went so far as to entangle "his Honor" in a net of sophistry; and if his arguments were at times slightly gravy, he never endeavored to drive them with double-*entendres*, or sought to intimidate opposing counsel by lungs unbecoming an gentleman.

When, in 1850, Mr. Crittenden became Attorney-General in the Administration of President Fillmore, he appointed his old Kentucky friend, Chancellor, chief clerk in his Department—the office of Assistant Attorney-General of the Administration. General Cushing, who was appointed to succeed Mr. Crittenden by President Pierce, and who established (for the term may be used) the Attorney-General's Department on a proper basis, retained the Chancellor in that office. The old gentleman was tempted to resign, having received a large fee as one of the counsel in Fremont's Mariposa case. But in this he was further tempted but it "took wings," and he was forced to resume the practice of law. Of late his office has been at Georgetown, his family residing on a farm near Rockville, Maryland.

Whatever were his fortunes or his wants, the Chancellor always found delight in "casting a line;" and in his practice fully illustrated the definition of Sir Henry Wotton, that angling was "a rest to his mind, a cheerer of his spirits, a diverter of sadness, a procurer of seasonable slumbers." Many are the good stories told of his piscatorial exploits, and he could be counted upon for one himself, albeit he would sometimes indorse them rather emphatically than piously. It was a way he had of expressing himself, not a vice. It was one of these tales:

On one warm afternoon the officer in command at the Washington Arsenal observed the Chancellor sitting on a broken-down wharf, hour after hour, patiently watching his float, and he strolled down from the quarters to inquire "What luck?"

"None!" replied the Chancellor. "I thought I had some bites two or three hours ago, but there is not a fish between now and eternity!" etc., etc.

"What is your bait?" asked the son of Mars.

"A plump worm," hooked through the fleshly part of his leg," etc., etc.

Scarcely had he finished this reply when the gentlemen raised a hearty laughter, and rolling on the grass, and unable to disclose the cause of his merriment, At last he pointed to a leg which was partly out of water, and there the Chancellor saw *his bait*—Forgave having got tired of swimming about, had jumped up on the lap to see what was hitpd at the other end of the line and pole was doing! (For further particulars, inquire at the Arsenal.)

The personal appearance of Chancellor Bibb, aside from his eccentricities, was remarkable. His great physical vigor of constitution was shown in his erect carriage and in his full chest and somewhat an octogenarian. He was rather above the middle size; and his frame, like his mind, was compact and well knit together. His dress demeanor and appearance proclaimed that he was a *gentleman*, high-bred and courteous alike, yet affable, kind, friend, a kind husband (he was married thrice), and an affectionate parent. The friendship and the friendship with young men was especially remarkable and pleasing.

The Chancellor never gave up his broad-brimmed hat, his fine linen, his long waistcoat, his small-clothes, his black silk hose, his silver shoe-buckles, or his small-coat. Like Henry Clay, he was a lover of the fragrant titillating nose-powder, and right graciously did he dispense it on every side, to the boys would often step him in the streets with, "Give us a pinch of snuff, please?" and the Chancellor, with all his kind heart, would hand out from at the court of Louis Quatorze, would at once tender the snuff-box. The fingers had not performed that same snuff-box have done this country good service with the pen and with the sword. Many a time has it been passed around the table after a hot Supreme Court, nor was it ever refused by President or foreign diplomatic, or by those who made metropolitan reputations—" Our own Correspondents." To this latter class the well-stored mind of the Chancellor was a reservoir of facts, and he was, never dry, ever ready to supply them.

When the Chancellor was Secretary of the Treasury he was one day importuned by the landlord of a poor clerk, who wished to secure his monthly salary until all arrearages of rent were paid.

"Why has he not paid you?" inquired the Chancellor.

"His family have been sick, Mr. Secretary; and he only has a thousand dollars a year, my how."

"Sir!" exclaimed the Chancellor, "do you take me, the Secretary of the Treasury, for a miserable constable? No, Sir! I never descend to the collection of debts, which is an outrageous custom, although legal! Good-day, Sir!"

The landlord withdrew, and the clerk was next day promoted to a more lucrative place.

But a few days since the Chancellor was attacked with pneumonia, and his attenuated thread of life was suddenly snapped. He was buried in Oak Hill Cemetery, a picturesque spot on the bank of Rock Creek, in which he had so often fished. Resolutions were passed in the courts in honor of his memory, and a large concourse of mourners, including President Buchanan and many of the officials, followed his remains from his late residence to his grave—the first stage of

"the innumerable caravan, that moves
To that mysterious realm where each
Must take his chamber in the silent halls of death."

COMMERCIAL MEMORANDA.

THE imports of foreign merchandise and dry goods at this port since January 1 amount to over $70,000,000; against which we have exported less than $18,000,000 of foreign and domestic produce and merchandise, and nearly $12,000,000 of specie. Now here is known, receives two-thirds of the total foreign importations of the United States, and exports one-third of our exports. To bring the accounts of the port to the usual average, therefore, our exports to date should have been $36,000,000 specie, $54,000,000 produce.

The deficiency is due to the failure of the Western crops last year. At this season of the year usually shipments of flour, corn, and a barrel of flour nor a bushel of wheat is now being sent from New York to Europe. Nor is it likely that a bushel will be shipped until the fall unless the foreign crops should fail. At present prices every shipment of breadstuffs involves a loss of from 10 to 15 per cent.

On the other hand, while the failure of our Western grain crop and the low price of breadstuffs abroad prevent shipments, the low price of great staples, our other staple—cotton—is doing better for the country than ever known before. We shall ship three millions of bales of the crop of 1858, which, at the present high rates, will yield a return of more than a pound higher than any previous crop. But for this fortunate circumstance the country would have been ruined to go to the bad. Remember the panic of 1857, and the attendant suspension of specie payments in 1858 and 1859. The whole country will thrill with life, energy, industry, and prosperity.

A very important element in the future is the movement and production of the precious metals. For twenty years the yield of gold from California and Australia has not varied. There is reason to believe that the combination of science and practical experience which has led to California, largely increase the product of gold hereafter. Such is the opinion of the best-informed men in San Francisco. The gold fields, too, are being opened. Gloomy as has been the experience of miners at Fraser's River, there is no doubt that gold will still come from thence this season. A small product may also be expected from Peter's Peak and Arizona.

The most eminent publicists in the world look to show that the demand for the precious metals is going to decline. This is the natural effect of commerce. Commerce being nothing by a system of exchanges, the more general the commerce with the human race, the more demand there will be for the precious metals as representatives of values. People will take the value, not themselves. Instead of gold and silver they will take manufactures and merchandise. For some years the great consumers of gold will be the Levant and India. Their fixed institutions consumed little foreign merchandise, and exported largely their own produce; the consumption of Europe was small. It is to be believed, both India and China are going to increase their consumption of foreign wares very greatly. Their wants are many. The British and American manufactures may be placed to advantage in many of the large interior cities of India, and, to which, the Ganges flows, the late war will prove to have been a godsend, finds itself under a better government than that of the Company, with improved roads, better tenures, and more encouragement for enterprise. She will buy all the more cottons and hardwares, and wean all the less gold.

These considerations are very important; for if the drain of specie for the East were checked, a surprising impetus would be given to speculation in those countries where bank expansions are regulated by the amount of specie the banks contain.

For the present, however, the most important topic for the merchant to consider is the danger of over-importations this fall. We do not think the spring import too large, considering the wealth of the South, and the insignificant amount of foreign goods taken last year. Nor do we regard the bank expansion as excessive, though it is the largest ever reached. But if the fall importations are as large as those of the spring the merchants will run a great risk. Every fall, when the country banks require their balances, there is some difficulty in the money market here. Should the importations be very considerable this fall that activity might come upon the community very suddenly as to create a panic, and sound houses might, in a sudden bank contraction, be compelled to suspend. It will not do to make merchants to trust to the banks. The banks do not always know enough to take care of themselves. Much less can they be trusted with the charge of the mercantile community.

OUGHT A WOMAN TO BE HANGED?

On the day on which this paper will be published, Mary Hartung, the murderess, is to be executed, if the sentence of the law is carried into effect. The question whether that sentence shall, or shall not, be executed has given rise to much controversy.

A number of highly respectable gentlemen, aided by some influential presses, have urged the Governor to grant a full pardon or reprieve. Both branches of the State Legislature recommend the same thing. Some of these persons appear to object to capital punishment altogether; their arguments would apply with equal force to any male assassin. But Mary Hartung's case peculiarly deserves most attentive scrutiny. Much has been said about her sex, and the fact that a woman should not be hanged, not because they object to hanging, but because she is a woman. They assume that women enjoy an immunity from capital punishment in virtue of their sex. If, by virtue of their womanhood, and cowardly to strike a woman, it would be savage and brutal to hang one.

But the editor of the Mercury Morgan has set forth, with great clearness and decision, in a letter which we have published, his opinion that, as the law makes no distinction on account of women, he can make none, and that he can not righteously commute Mary Hartung's sentence. The law says a woman shall not shed her blood, and therefore the presses which concur with the Governor have said less on the subject than the law itself. It is true that the several influential journals have very distinctly expressed the view that, if hanging is to continue in this State, no one should suffer death more than a wretched adulteress woman, who deliberately and fiendishly poisoned her trusting husband.

We confess that we can see grave dangers to be apprehended from the adoption of any other course. We have no desire to diminish the enormity of her guilt, and of the atrocious character and circumstances of her crime, Mary Hartung is not hanged, then, of course, no female will ever again be hanged in this State. Yet, so long as women can commit murder, they should be liable to the penalty which the law affixes to that crime: if that penalty be repugnant to the public feeling in the case of a woman, it is not repugnant to it on a man. Indeed, the cold dead man's corpse cries aloud for vengeance, it is no time to talk of gallantry or respect to sex. Murderers are of no sex.

If the doctrine be established that a woman can not be executed, it is clear that all the cold-blooded, cowardly murders will be committed by women. Every ruffian can command the services of some woman; he will not be hanged when he can always find a victim of no greater risk than a few years' imprisonment for her. The fearful case of the negro girl who hired to kill her master, and who, after the hanging of her lover, will become a standard precedent.

It is a very painful fact—but it is an undoubted fact—that there are as many bad women in the world as bad men, and probably as many. As many females are lodged in State prisons and penitentiaries as males. Sometimes there are more murderesses than men; but, on the whole, the average is about the same of both sexes. Fewer women fall to wickedness than men; but many women become hardly conscious of the difference between the sexes is maintained. And though there are crimes which are exclusively masculine, it is a matter of common notoriety, fact that two of the heaviest crimes in the calendar—murder and arson—are as often committed by women as by men. Lucretia Borgia and Clytemnestra and Jezebel to those of Mrs. Manning and Mary Hartung, women have fairly contended with men for supremacy in the darkness of heart, the steeled nerves, and the wicked soul which lead to murder. Equals in guilt, shall they not suffer the like penalty?

There is a dreadful story—a terrible tale of blood unavenged—which yet rings in the ears of every citizen of New York; a tale of a savage, brutal, fiendish murder, committed on a full-grown, wide-awake man, by—who doubts it?—a woman. But she has been cleared, would that have wrong to have hanged her?

EXPENSIVE NEGOTIATIONS

THE United States have been at peace for the past ten or eleven years; but so far as money is concerned, for the past year or two they might just as well have been at war. For the money spent on the two expeditions which have been the chief exploits of Mr. Buchanan's administration—we mean of course the Utah and the Paraguay expeditions—a very respectable foreign war might have been carried on.

It is very difficult to estimate to dollars the cost of those two great military movements. They must have cost a great many millions; and this at a time when the Government's revenue is insufficient to defray its ordinary expenses.

If indeed they had achieved great ends for the public advantage the outlay might be excused. But what were we come to examine recent results, how little the country has gained by either!

At the best advices Utah the Mormons were unsubdued and impenitent. There is no symptom of yielding either among the leaders or among the people. On the contrary the Mormons seem more warmly attached than ever to their peculiar institutions; and as to submission, they have appealed from the Administration to Congress in a tone which almost amounts to a menace. The administration of justice by the Federal judge is at a stand-still, and there is no means to entertain the fairness hope that polygamy can be punished or repressed. The prospect is, that the moment the Federal troops leave the Territory of Descret will relapse into its former condition, and be more than ever a hierarchal profligacy. Our great expedition, which cost such enormous sums of money, has not even brought Brigham Young to submission. It has not even tried to strike terror into the rebels. It is paraded to discover any one substantial benefit which the Utah expedition has conferred on the country.

As to the Paraguay expedition, that has been still more signally a failure. There is no official information that a treaty has been concluded which protects Lopez from our fleets. Our commissioner, Mr. Hopkins, has not yet come to have known better, has taken Lopez's word for indemnities to the family of the man who was killed at the time of the attack, and in no trading company, and has further been satisfied with Lopez's promise that Captain Page shall be tried by a court-martial. The Paraguay commissioner Bowlin was justified in making peace on these conditions, it was preposterous to fit out such an expedition for such an object. And if the expedition was called for—as we believe it was—it was absurd of Bowlin to be satisfied with so much less than the terms of the promise of Lopez before, and we know how he kept them. Why should he be more scrupulous hereafter?

These two expeditions will shed any thing but lustre on Mr. Buchanan's administration.

WAR OR PEACE IN EUROPE?

IT seems generally understood by the press and people of the United States that there is no war in Europe for the settlement of the Italian question.

A few weeks ago, when it was first announced that Napoleon and Victor and Francis had resolved upon a Congress of Nations, it was at once perceived that Austria would be compelled to consent, as it was impossible that a third party could be preserved. Now, on the strength of reports of renewed military preparations in Austria, we are told that the Congress is dead, the war is inevitable, and that the month of May will not elapse before cannon are fired on the Tecino.

No one seems to reflect that the least flag or gun preparations on the part of the first Power of Austria or on that of France would place the nation which flagged in a very weak position at the Congress. Austria, therefore, cannot proceed to disband troops, or even suspend the gathering of levies or the forwarding of ordnance stores, without incurring the risk of every of war in the Milanese, she would expose herself to be sold by the French envoy at the Congress, as the Pope was by the French at the Peace. Ultimatum, in twenty-four hours the Piedmontese would cross the Ticino, and in forty-eight a French would cross naturally to assist at the Congress: "These are my terms; if you don't accept them by noon to-morrow, before night we shall cross the Ticino." Such is the way diplomacy would occupy Novara." These threat could easily be accomplished in three days by telegraphs and railways. But, France and Austria are bound, until the Congress adjourns, to play the game of bluff with each other, to keep on appearing to disbelieve in peace, and to be really prepared for any event.

We do not believe in war. We think that the interests in Europe, which would be jeopardied or destroyed by a war, are too enormous to be risked for the sake either of Italian independence or of Austrian dominion. Rather than have a war, we believe that Austria would

give up the Milanese, or, on the other hand, that France would sacrifice Piedmont. The most likely result will be a compromise, which will secure a part of Napoleon's aim, without too thoroughly humiliating Austria—some such arrangement as the establishment of a constitutional government in Northern Italy under a limited Austrian protectorate. It is dangerous to predict the maintenance of peace in presence of large armies eager for fighting; but a European war at the present moment is not for the interest and so little good—except to our Western grain-growers—that we can not conceive that the European statesmen could commit such a blunder.

THE DECLINE IN IMMIGRATION.

It is well known that within the past year or two the foreign immigration to this country has fallen off to one-third its former figure. There has been no corresponding good deal of speculation on the causes and effects of the phenomenon.

It was the fashion, in the days when Know Nothingism flourished, to charge it with having blocked immigration. There was no solid ground for the charge. Emigration from Germany and Ireland declined simply because it had been excessive: when those countries were depleted a healthy flow of labor would come up, which afforded a fair livelihood to the people who had staid at home. Native Americanism had nothing to do with the matter.

We see some papers arguing that the United States are ruined because emigration from Europe has stopped, and that the country is coming to till the West. This is all wrong. The decline of emigration insures its revival by-and-by, just as its excessive flow in the decade—England, France, Germany, Ireland, and Scotland, are all overpopulated; and even if the United States held out to the poor man no advantages over those countries, there would still be a steady stream of emigrants to our shores, because in Europe population presses harder than employment. Taking Ireland as an example, it is abundantly proven that, so long as the potato yields an average crop, the population will increase far beyond the capacity of the island to support it. It is the same with Germany. The people are prolific, and must seek elbow-room at home.

Even independently of this law, it is clear that European emigration to the United States must continue so long as we have fertile unoccupied lands to offer the immigrant. A country in Europe offers such a future to a young man as our Western States. Common industry, even without economy, will soon establish a competency for any steady man in the West. We say nothing of political advantages, though, with the best class of emigrants, they are considered and palpable that it is unreasonable to expect the Europeans to cease coming here.

THE LOUNGER.

TO PHILOSOPHERS, MORALISTS, NOVELISTS, AND POETS.

The Lounger would respectfully say to all authors who kindly send their favors to the *Weekly*—and his word has the editorial sanction—that it is not always possible to read them, even when the author requests it, and especially in the case of brief pieces of verse. The Lounger mention to the world to do every thing that every correspondent desires, the MSS. will lose themselves often, will remain unduly stray in the editorial pantomery, and faithful search only fails to find them.

The Editor can not hold himself responsible for every little MS. that may be reclaimed by the author.

AT THE ACADEMY.

The National Academy has hung up its pictures, and invited the public to come and admire them. To be sure, are not very spacious or convenient. The halls are a part of the large factory, tenanting in an unexpected dark passage—a la Mrs. Radcliffe—the visitor finds the haunted visitor emerges into the grand hall of the pictures, and begins *de rigueur*.

But who has the heart to quarrel with the kind intention and bountiful repast? The moment a visitor looks at the top of that final staircase and finds himself in the midst of the brilliant scene, surely his first emotion is one of wonder and delight at the ensemble of the whole picture.

Only a few months ago and these very walls were bricks with the same colors, and the same combinations. Here was a great Swiss landscape scene—there an exquisite Newport sunset—yonder the Cordilleras.

These things are changed. Pictures pass away, but picture receives them. Here and there are visitors whose heads are not yet snowy, who recall the old Clinton Hall, in Beekman Street, opposite the old Brick Church. There was a hotel there, too. Perchance the wearied student of art may have refreshed his courage at the hotel? Hall, hotel, and old Brick Church are gone now. It must be two years ago that the last vestige disappeared! Two years!—in our civic history it is a century.

Pardon a desiring Lounger these reminiscences of antiquity, and look with him at these pretty pictures.

There are more than ever before. The rooms, indeed, seem no taller than last year, but the figures are too strong for us. There are more than eight hundred pictures! Think, for a moment, how much more there is in every one of them than appears! Think of the eager hope, ambition, secret lubrication of conceit—of the patient toil, industry—of the cheerfulness, kindness, sympathy—of the dark winter hours, of the long summer days—and the love girt, the happiness and doubt—which are worked into these silent pieces of canvas! Is it a work of God's grace? Not unless it deals! Yes; but the painter put into it despair. He will lash himself sharply in left with the umbrella in the hands of Mrs. Croker's assistant at the door? She has enough, doubtless, for her pains in a her own work. Mrs. Croker's assistant that brings color to the trees brings it also to these walls. The Academy of Assembly-art bestows to see the pictures and say his god thought, to go to be admonished by that familiar face at the door. He will not be admonished. He will go to see his friends, and that he is to look for a friend, to think as a friend, and to speak as a friend. Only when he becomes an editor may he put away friendly things.

There was a time—oh me! the Lounger smarts with the reminiscence—when he too was a critic! A time when he carried catalogues, when he was severe upon reds, detested yellows, spent upon blues, lurched upon aerial perspectives, middle-distances, half-tints, and various technicalities. At a time when he considered that the knife, in the guise of a stout pen, had been providentially committed to his hands to lay bare the absurdities of Brown, N. A., and to dissect finely the deformity of Dash A. for the benefit of a progressive public, which looks to a slashing practice in critical surgery! A time when he considered himself called to inflict him as the messenger to inform Dob N. A. that his public papers that he was not Titian, and Slob A. that he was not Claude.

Gone are those days! Carefully washed away like resulting gore of that savage system! The Lounger looking back upon that time can only say he Lounger is glad to see what pictures are. Knowing that at the last moment the committee, with its adjudged the largest, he does not therefore frown upon the pies derived from pumpkins of a lesser kind. The Lounger is glad that Mr. Cole became to remembers Titian at Venice—one Titian in his life. The Lounger is glad he lives in a country to recalls Claude shedding eternal summer upon the Doria walls in Rome! Have not all of us who have been abroad, in the Italian galleries, classic rooms, at Potsam? Shall we the less fondly pluck those in our own gardens that can now only wait ing for June?

The critic's is a more dreadful trade, now than the unsparing days. There are people who go to the opera to hear false notes—actually to find fault with the singer. The Lounger has got to one of these softest spring days to see if he could not possibly feet a touch of the cast wind. Have we been to the Park? Have we been to Jones, the then not? and fifth? and tough chickens?" says the critic. "What on earth should a man go to Italy for?"

Let us understand, then, that we have not come to the Academy for the fifth or the then. Let us wander about and look at these pleasant pictures and, really, they are not gaudy, and, and vastly our precious hours in impotent impatience with imbecility? Is it worth while to go through and read all the dull books that are published? In the name of Justice, is not a man sufficiently punished by having written himself one book, as are two or more volumes, but you must stop and point out wherein the book is dull, and why it was decided all over with the chill consciousness of his own shortcomings? Grant that Smudge's portraits are not flattering likenesses, that his compositions in the history of spelled cavaus, is not the wretched Smudge by a thousand feels that he can do no more two months? Is not the whole town coming to witness his shame? Are not he and all his family, filled by the agony of the hour? Mrs. Smudge's, and the frocious fan of all the visitors, for eight or nine weeks to come?

St. Sebastian was nothing to Smudge. The worst case of that martyr in any picture in Europe does not equal the misery of that one picture. Poor St. Smudge will be utterly riddled before the end of May. Is it not a pity that he will be left to quite holy enough to be called Saint by the time "June's roses blow."

One thing we have become evident—that we can not mention a single picture to-day. We have walked, climbed, and wandered over it; it is not been that dark corridor at the Academy, and we may as well say ex-recoir next week—so straight on, down the stairs, and through the midst of Mrs. Croker's assistants, and depart into the spring sunshine to study the living pictures on Broadway.

MAY-DAYS.

THE time of the opening of months has come, and the voice of the Siberian cuckoo is not heard in the hall. Perhaps Spurgeon himself may come, after all. A having been stated to him carefully that he shall not make a spectacular performance he will come to see if he can speculate himself

Mr. Barnum is not here, and, for the present, we mean, only to raise money to build his new church. That is what he has been doing in England; and, in Scotland too, but with less success.

View them how we will, we can not fail to see what an immense homage to human nature is paid by the fact of these multitudinous anniversaries. The societies may be designed to shed light into dark places and darker minds; but it is still men, still human sympathy, that inspires them. They may be managed in a new man and be directed or incompetent men—they may be the most nonsgift fecently garnished nuntles of meanness, cant, and hypocrisy—but, for all that, they are not less, in their fundamental idea, honest human plans to help humanity. Mistaken, often enough, in details of conception and arrangement, they are always noble and sweet in the benignity of their objects. Malignant, too often, in the crime of seems which dooms them. How many of us probably remember when we thought wars were over, when we looked at plow-shares, and hoped also at pruning-hooks, if we knew what they were, to discover the re-decreed swords and spears! Haydn's Peace Jubilee was a little ludicrous simplicity that was surprised when it first learned that it was sometimes quarreled! Children quarreled, of course, over their playthings, but, made, and were forgiven.

How many of us have learned that men sometimes do quarrel, and that poetry and tradition put the golden age far behind us, and absolutely inaccessible, while they declare that Astrea has long since returned to the sky, and that we live in an iron age. What a comment upon human progress and Christianity that the most densely populated of the continents is on the eve of a general war; that it is known, discussed, and will probably be permitted!

NEW BOOKS.

WHILE we hold Dr Quincey's last volume, and the pretty gold and blue "Motherwell," and the startling new novel of Charles Reade's "Love me Little, Love me Long," and the graver sentences of Bulwer's "What will he do with it?" and the "Lamplighter" by C. H. Lester, "Ben Bolter" by our bands, there come books and rumors of books important to see and to say.

Tennyson's "King Arthur" is already singing through the press. Charles Mackay's volume of American travels, enlarged and elaborated, will be good summer reading. Charles Kingsley has published a new volume of sermons. Mr. Ruskin, too, whom the world so gladly knew "as he sailed, as he sailed," has been sailing again to Cuba and writing about it. C. D. Lanier has published in London a new life of Sir Joshua Reynolds. Tichborne & Co. will give us a complete Dickens, one of the greatest gods in the American pantheon of thirty years ago. Esthen Kingslake, the Manchester Lounger says, is writing a history of the Crimean war. Mr. Home, the medium, is to do a work on spiritual sight for a Parisian publisher while Michelet's "L'Amour" is still the book of the moment in Paris, and will be until Alexander Dumas's "Black" has just completed his Moresian travel and now dramas like Schmoyl, shall have finished his "Mysteries of Montreal." Longfellow, we are sorry, and his traveling-novel or romantic travels, "Cucuracs." With the rest drifts upon the lonely gee's table a little "Homœopathic Domestic Physician," issued by F. C. Eastman, Concord, N. H. A work we have perused, N. P. Willis's statement that Goethe's "Correspondence with Bettina von Arnim" was published in Lowell, Mass.? So much for Lowell and the Concord Lowell. As the little book is simple and convenient, and would be useful, doubtless, to those who believe the myth *similia similibus*.

P. O.

WHILE the Transitionarians refuse to have any thing to do with a beautiful new Post-office which is going up in the St. Cyprus Hotel block for them —while they hurry to Washington that they may not be obliged to go two to Sarasota—and raise money to keep away the dreadful locu—poor, patient, long-suffering, modest, meritorious New York city! it ought to be shivered—all Dutch Church, squeezes in ridiculous lobbies, slops about in the park pokes in the dark, mumbles at dirty drawers, and calls itself a metropolis!

Go to! with this frightful waggery. There is not a bucket—a bank-shop or a green-grocer's shelf in the land which is such an utterly mean Post-office that the moment it leaves the Millerses old church is for New York. No wonder the Post-office Department leaves it to the Transitionarians! It ought to be broken up. No wonder the Transcontinuous wite laugh at our pretensions. A metropolis! A metropolis!

Why, there is not one of those wits who has not traveled in other countries enough to know it. Among those sights are metropolises, and in each metropolis there is a Post-office—not a building merely, but a system which justifies the Government in undertaking the business of transporting letters. Such a system is represented in perfection in those through the Post-office, in its numberless branches all through the city; but in New York what man so lost to his self-love even to the vaunt-proposant as to drop his letter into a chance box at an uptown grocery? Why do they persist in saying that there is a Dead-Letter Office in Washington? Dead-Letter Office abound in the *metropolis*?

Outside of the ruling dirt there is the humbugbacked monster that equals in the very bosom of the metropolis the dreadful uncleanliness and dignity of the *metropolis*, there is a range of apple-women. They sell sound fruit at a fair price. Now suppose the United States should have to buy all our apples in that old Castle Rat-trap, and should sell us only rotten ones at a high price!

Why should the United States undertake to do a business which it either does not or will not understand? Above all, why should it force us to buy poor fruit at a price which would secure us the best imaginable?

Upon the whole, the metropolitan character of New York is best studied at the corner of Nassau and Spruce streets.

—Or, if you insist that New York has nothing to do with it, the capacity of the Post-office Department may be considered at the same point of view.

LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—J. G. G., Palestine, Texas, asks if Mr. Prentice, of the Louisville *Journal*, is not preparing a volume of his paragraphs for the press. It is very likely, but the Lounger had not heard of it.

A BALLOON RAILWAY.

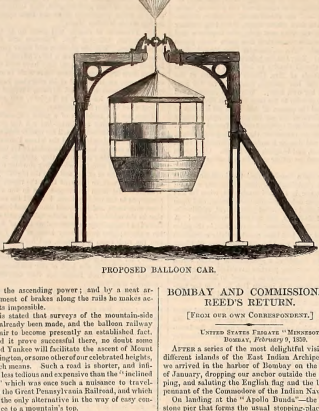
EVERY body who has traveled through Switzerland has been "up the Rhigi." It is not necessary to describe the scenery which makes the ascent (if the day was clear) an event to be remembered among the pleasantest in a lifetime of travel: the illimitable rich expanse of lowland, bordered with crops and jeweled with lakes; the tumbled sea of granite peaks, glistening with snow or dark with forest; the light clouds floating here and there, which only help the mountains to look higher; the toy-like little towns nestling down in the valleys; the turquoise color of the Zugersee and Wallensee; the quiet little chapel on the route; and the reward for the troubles of the ascent in a good dinner at a most comfortable hotel at the summit. All these things he who has been there will have in his mind's eye at mention of the name; and to those who have yet to make the ascent it is probably better to mention only that the Rhigi Culm is a mountain of Switzerland 5905 feet above the sea, commanding magnificent views, and a common resort for all kinds of travelers: to accommodate whom an ingenious German engineer and architect, M. Frederic Albrecht, proposes to run what may be called a balloon-train from the railway terminus at the foot to the hotel door at the summit.

Last year 30,000 people visited the summit of Mount Rhigi, and more than half of these either ride up the tollsome way on horseback or ascend in sedan-chairs borne by men. Invalids and ladies often find the ascent too wearying for them. Besides the horses and bearers needed for the accommodation of travelers a large force is required to transport to the summit the provisions, etc., consumed in the hotels there. To economize much of this expense M. Albrecht proposes to construct along the side of the mountain a line of trestle-work, of wood and iron, it to support two bars of iron, within whose grooves is to slide a bolt, to which is to be suspended a light but comfortable car, capable of accommodating from six to twelve persons. Above, the bolt is coupled to a balloon, of such dimensions as to be capable of raising the car and its contents. The result is plain: the upward tendency of the balloon is modified by the restraining power of the rails, and the consequence is that, instead of shooting directly into the air, the car is dragged up along the rails—and this at a rate neither too fast nor too slow for comfort.

M. Albrecht asserts that he has experimented so far as to convince him that such a conveyance is perfectly feasible, and entirely safe in any weather except during a heavy storm. He explains that the guidance of the railway so far balances the balloon as to make the ascent easy even in a moderate gale. He expects to get his balloon down again by so loading the return cars as to weigh down the ascending power; and by a neat arrangement of brakes along the rails he makes accidents impossible.

It is stated that surveys of the mountain-side have already been made, and the balloon railway bids fair to become presently an established fact. Should it prove successful there, no doubt some shrewd Yankee will facilitate the ascent of Mount Washington, or some other of our celebrated heights, by such means. Such a road is shorter, and infinitely less tedious and expensive than the "inclined plane" which was once such a nuisance to travelers on the Great Pennsylvania Railroad, and which forms the only alternative in the way of easy conveyance to a mountain's top.

During the last seventy-five years a number of ingenious mechanicians, European and American, have turned their attention to the solution of the problem of aerial navigation. Mr. Wise of Pennsylvania proposes to cross the Atlantic next year in a mammoth balloon. It is not unlikely that the balloon railway we have described may be an important step toward the final perfection of an air-ship.



PROPOSED BALLOON CAR.

BOMBAY AND COMMISSIONER REED'S RETURN.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

UNITED STATES FRIGATE "MINNESOTA,"
BOMBAY, *February* 9, 1859.

AFTER a series of the most delightful visits to different islands of the East Indian Archipelago, we arrived in the harbor of Bombay on the 19th of January, dropping our anchor outside the shipping, and saluting the English flag and the broad pennant of the Commodore of the Indian Navy.

On landing at the "Apollo Bunds"—the long stone pier that forms the usual stopping-place for boats of every description—one is overwhelmed with the importunities of drivers of broken-down horses in the most-impracticable-to-mount looking gigs; dirty carriers of still dirtier palanquins, which are used for travelers by day and beds for the carriers at night; and by a class of persons called "dobashes," who persist in holding an umbrella over your head as they walk by your side, answer all questions put to your friend on the other side, volunteer advice, and, by a series of questions and cross-questions, imperceptibly worm out of you where you are from, where you are to go, and, above all, the condition of your finances; their attentions depending entirely upon the report they receive as to the latter. After a sea voyage one is prompted, on reaching the shore, to walk and stretch his legs; but the persistency of the crowd on the wharf compels you to take a vehicle of some description, in which you start off, congratulating yourself on your escape; but the dobash is not easily thrown off. If he is a clever fellow, he is at once friends with the driver of your vehicle, and alongside him on the box. If you are in a palkee, he is by your side, and ready at any moment to answer any questions or to render any service. Altogether the dobash is the most important person in the East.

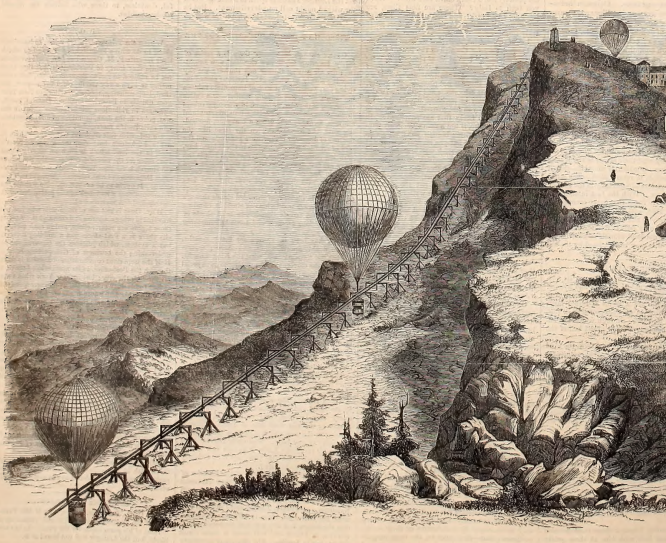
An as-good road of an eighth of a mile, entirely free from shade of every description, leads through the double gate of the fortress and into the town. The streets are wide, clean, and well watered. Pedestrians must suffer somewhat from the want of side-walks, by which they are compelled to dodge the varied vehicles drawn by horses, bullocks, and men, as well as thread their way through the crowds of native Parsees, Hindoos, Jews, which throng the streets.

Among the variety of carriages one sees in the streets of Bombay the little ox-teams bear a most conspicuous part. They are boxes mounted on two wheels, without springs, and in many instances hung with flowing silk curtains, highly embroidered, and filled with parties of men, women, or children, packed in the closest possible manner. The animals drawing them are scarcely larger than Newfoundland dogs; but their small smooth limbs make them very active, and in the races which frequently occur in the streets between oxen and horses, the former more often get the advantage.

The houses are unlike those of most Eastern cities, those within the fort being of five or six stories high; but the gaudy colors they are painted, the projecting cornices over each story, extending five or six feet into the street, and the carved wooden ornaments about the doors and windows render them totally unlike those seen in American cities.

The Government buildings are good, and the hotels bad. The principal hotel is situated at the end of a narrow lane filled with stables, among the horses of which, while undergoing a cleaning process outside the door, one has to go in order to reach it. We managed to get through, however, and were quite disappointed at the good "tiffin" set out for us at two o'clock. Like too many others, we had formed an opinion by the exterior.

Amusements in Bombay are few and far between; occasionally a concert-giver comes along, but the chief recreation consists in going upon the



PROPOSED BALLOON RAILWAY UP MOUNT RHIGI, SWITZERLAND.

Esplanade at sundown, and listen to the band, and gossip. There are several bands now here, belonging to the different regiments; and all is indeed a relief, after the heat of the day, to go out upon this open space, fully exposed to the sea-breezes, and listen to fine music.

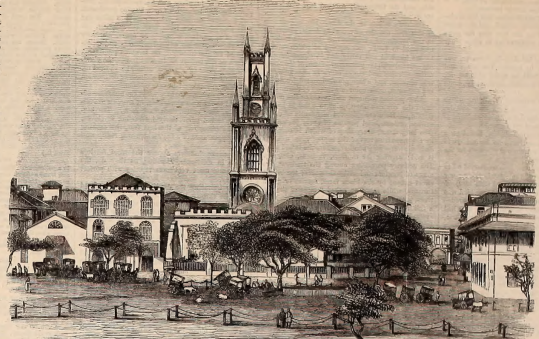
We had long anticipated a trip to Elephanta, the island of the caves; so the evening of the 19th we made our arrangements, and by daylight the next morning were stowing away an impromptu breakfast, and otherwise preparing for the fatigues of the day. A covered "bunda" boat was along side, into which, with our guns and lunch, our little party were soon seated. A sail of a couple of hours brought us to the western side of the island. This island is some five or six miles in length, by from half a mile to a mile in width. A high hill at either extremity of it forms a notch in the centre, through which we passed to the caves on the opposite side.

The principal cave is nearly upon the summit of one of these high hills, its entrance being in the side, and commanding one of the prettiest of views, combining land and water, that I ever saw. A cut of fifty feet in height, and nearly as wide, forms a face in the hill, where, surrounded by shrubbery and trees, is an opening of twenty-five or thirty feet in width, by fourteen high, in which appear the fluted Egyptian columns which sustain the ceiling. Thirty feet within are halls branching, at right angles with the main entrance, to the right and left. The hall upon the left leads into an open space, and this again up a flight of steps, with ilon on either side, to a chamber, the walls of which are covered with bas-reliefs. Within this is a stone apartment of six or eight feet square, containing the ruins of a carved stone intended to represent certain portions of the body. It was to these stones these women whose families were not to great as they desired, or those who had no families at all, used to come and worship—a mode of worship similar to that of Priapus by the ancient Greeks. It is stated that even at this day a good deal of virtue is ascribed to sitting a certain length of time upon these stones.

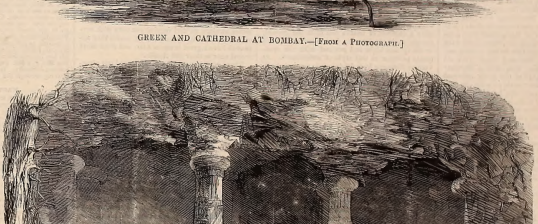
The hall on the right leads to apartments similar in construction to those on the left. Explorations in them have not been thoroughly finished, however. The wonder of these caves is in the sculpturings, which are in relief over all the walls. At every salient point are figures in the boldest alto-relief, twelve feet high, and magnificent columns which sustain the ceiling. In many places are panels, or niches, upon which are cut numerous figures. In one of these niches, facing the entrance, is the triple-headed deity, Brahma, Vishnu, and Shiva—the creator, the destroyer, and the preserver. All are connected with the ancient traditions of a people existing long, long ago, and about whom very little seems to be at present known. One is lost in astonishment, as he wanders through these halls among the huge columns and gigantic figures, at the amount of labor and money expended in hewing all out of the solid rock. Not a column, or an image, or a step but is in the position where it was placed by the Creator.

A quarter of a mile from this are two smaller caves but partially exhumed, and, as far as the researches have gone, much less interesting than the main one that is so fully cleared.

Amidst all the astonishment and admiration which the light of such a work can not fail to inspire in the breast of every one who visits the caves, as well as one of intense interest and curiosity to know more of a people who had such a respect for art, and knew so well how to introduce it into their places of public resort, one can not repress the sensation of disgust and horror at the vandalism of a people who, in their zeal for their religion, strove to destroy every remnant of idolatry, or any thing which might serve to remind one of it. When the Portuguese had possession of these islands they brought their artillery into the caves, and by every means in their power strove to obliterate



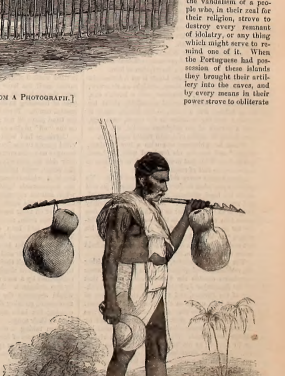
GREEN AND CATHEDRAL AT BOMBAY.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.]



GRAND ENTRANCE TO THE CAVES OF ELEPHANTA.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.]

DR. BHAWRO DAGEE.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.]

DOBASH LINGO.—[FROM A SKETCH BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]



ZODDY CARRIER.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.]

every vestige of art then remaining—which, it is fair to suppose, were then nearly perfect.

All the lower part of the columns and the sculptures are defaced or entirely ruined, and the upper part was only saved from the fact that the eyes could not be properly elevated so as to allow their shot to reach them.

What their artillery failed to do, however, was attempted to be done by hand. The noses and hands, and all that could be easily chipped off, have been removed. The relicts, fortunately, could not be much injured.

No vestige of the painting or gilding which probably covered all these figures now remain, having been removed by the moisture and dirt to which it has been exposed for centuries.

We met a party of English officers, bound on a pleasure-tour like ourselves, who invited us to lunch with them, and a table was prepared for the purpose within the cave.

After fully refreshing ourselves we started off to explore the remainder of the island, taking our guns with us. The trees are filled with birds of rich plumage, and an occasional singing bird was heard. One of our party—an Irishman Nigored—persisted in popping away at every thing that had wings; I believe a large bustle, had he seen one, would have fallen a victim to his gun. He soon had every available pocket filled with "game," as he delighted in calling it, which, on our return, he showed as proofs of his skill. On the eastern end of the island are the ruins of what was once a huge stone elephant, from which the island derives its name. Little is left of the original. The body still remains upright in legs, but the general clumsy character to the black mass of stone lie at its feet another exhibition of the results of Portuguese artillery.

The origin of these caves, as well as analogous ones on the island of Salsette and others in the same vicinity, who built them, or for what purpose they were constructed, remains a mystery. Arguments have been brought forward to prove that they were built by a tribe from Egypt who inhabited the country previous to the present race; others, however, that the ancestors of the present race originated all. But, strange to say, there is not even a legend to enable those now living to form an idea as to who first inhabited them. In an old herald history-book, we, with a large company of eight men, his charge of the place, informed me that the gods themselves threw it up one day. When I went on to ascertain, by questioning, his ideas as to how it was done, who the gods were, and for what purpose they did it, I found that he had not the clearest views as to the matter still, as far as actual information goes, he knew as much as we did.

It was nearly sundown when we belonged ourselves of wending our boat. In order to do so we were obliged to ride upon the shoulders of decrepit old men, who tottered at every step, threatening to overthrow us. Fortunately, however, such was not the result.

Our passage home was enlivened by the monotonous though not unusual songs of our boatmen, led on by our dusky Lingo, who, I am sorry to say, though belonging to a race which prohibits the use of ardent spirits, had got hold of our bottle, and by an indiscriminate use of it—a "mixing of liquors"—had got somewhat elevated, as was shown in his polite attentions to me and his exercise of authority over the boatmen. As he was the medium through which the pay came, and without whose interpretation they would fare badly, he was treated with the utmost respect by them, and his requests for certain songs were instantly carried out.

By-the-way, as our default is somewhat of a character, and rendered me many effective services afterward, I must give a description of him.

In personal appearance Lingo is an Adonis—six feet two inches without shoes, straight as an arrow, with a forehead of a Webster, and a hawk's eye, his dress of a most disposed appearance when the form, falling, like a tunic, to the knees, where it forms a striking contrast to his black, bare legs, and a turban of brightest scarlet with gold lace presenting an aspect of a man rarely met with.

When he addresses one with a view to obtain, Sahib," and touches his forehead with his hand, one feels as if his hat must come off in response to a greeting so full of respect.

Lingo knows every thing and every body. No matter upon what subject he is questioned, he at once shuts his head profoundly, roll his eyes upward, and reply as if inspired. With all his plausibility Lingo is at bottom a rascal as all the rest. He has given him to transfer to the boatmen as a gratuity for singing he carefully stowed away in his pocket "to hand them ashore;" but the others—not understanding a word of English—I am afraid never received them.

The next day, ashore, was occupied in visiting the residence and grounds of the wealthy native merchants outside the fort—among others, that of Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy. He is the wealthiest of the Parsees, and his charities are princely. At his sect look up to as their brightest ornament. He early left this that of Dhomestic, and has since commenced in the most obscure manner, but by industry and honesty he acquired his present immense possessions. He is as wonderful in giving as in pocket, as his immediate homeless testify. Not long since he built a magnificent hospital, which he presented to the English Government. For this crowning act of charity he was knighted by the Queen.

His residence is palatial, and the grounds surrounding abound with trees and shrubs of the choicest kinds. Within every thing is of the most princely order, with the best of European taste. Long suits of rooms, the walls of which were covered with painting and pieces of rare sculpture.

The most attractive part of Bombay to the eye of a stranger is the native town. A drive of a mile over a good road running through the midst of an immense parade, which appears larger than it really is from the entire absence of trees, with the exception of a few stunted ones on the road side, and the thoroughly parched turf which covers it.

The only relicts to the desert-like appearance of this spot are the silver-white tents, glistening in the hot sun, of a regiment, or the stone tanks so universal in India, the sides of which, though a hundred and thirty feet in circumference, are covered with the picturesque forms of the many different races and castes of races abounding in this country, and which are designated by different costumes, or the color or winding of the turban.

After passing this spot and reaching the native town the contrast from quiet to noise is indeed striking. Here the different languages of every calibre, artisan, and persons of every profession. One long street, every step a study, every object of the domestic purposes of the copper vases used for the purpose of water; another, where the inhabit work, and the sounds of hammers, chisels, etc. The activity prevailing among the traders; the songs of jugglers and snake-charmers; the bright effect produced by the black faces, scarlet or green turbans, white robes or naked figures of the native, with an occasional yellow-bedaubed face, with a tall hat, like a fool's cap, of the Persian, or the sporty "wide-awake" hat of the European, all in the midst of the din arising from the thronds of so many, form a scene which, to one unaccustomed to it, is extremely attractive. The only drawback is, that with such a moving mass before one, like the colored lens in a pyrotechnic display, one is apt to get subtly bewildered, and entirely at a loss which way to turn.

In this crowded town may be seen the fire temples and other places of worship of these different sects. They are many of them quite large, and, from the richness of their domes and adjacent buildings, as well as their pretty architecture. Upon looking down upon them from the summit of the whited sepulchres, so great is the dirt.

One that I visited we entered by a court-yard through a gateway in a high wall. Immediately in front of the entrance was a building of not much pretension, except for size, about forty feet high and after a distance of twelve feet from the ground, running up in the form of a dome some ten feet in height, also high, and covered with the ornaments peculiar to this style of architecture. Various dilapidated outbuildings were somewhat after the form of man, but vastly different, and painted in the most grotesque manner. An open shed in the centre of the court-yard, but the fourth being the front wall. The floors of these sheds were covered with the sacred cattle, some of them sleeping, rolled up in a bundle of rags. Families were living in this manner, separated from each other only by a curtain of rags.

With the exception of a few groups engaged in conversation, the court-yard was entirely deserted, and no notice was taken of our examination of their premises until I attempted to ascend the low flight of stone steps leading to the entrance of the dirty smoke house.

This I was prompted upon the sanctity of this place by the entrance of unclean beings like ourselves—the mere touch of whom is pollution, or which a certain number of days is required after all the obeying energies of this scandalized community, would be indignantly said to be polluting themselves before me in the most chivalric manner, and signifying, by their expressions and gesticulations, the indignity such a pollution of the part would thrust upon them.

Straight we had been invited to the residence of a wealthy Parsee gentleman—an American in feelings although under the English flag—to witness the use of the "institution of the Dokhma or Nasuch." No wedding, no feast of any kind takes place among the Parsees without visiting this, the prime feature of the event. We had not been invited until 9 P. M.; and to pass the hours from sundown until the hour of ceremony, we were put upon the Esplanade, or "Gossip point," for the purpose of listening to the music of the band of the regimental bands. It makes little difference whether the band plays or not; just as many are collected to hear it as if it were the best.

Carriages had been provided to convey all invited guests to the Nasuch, to which we were soon brought us to the entrance of the grounds. On either side the gateway, and bordering the drive to the house, were ranged the troops of the native foot high, while through the trees shone, like stars, the monuments of the dead, on the high conical funeral

read.' Mr. Brady then asked the witness what Sickles had said just before he left Lafayette Square, which fact was objected to, but was allowed, as tending to shed light upon the subsequent interview. The witness accordingly said that Sickles had said, "That fellow who has just passed me has made signals to my wife." Witness then described his endeavors to find out the truth with regard to this, Sickles's refusal to the house in Fifteenth Street; and how he discovered all that previous witnesses had sworn to. At first he understood that it was on Thursday the parties had met; but no further investigation he discovered they had not met on Wednesday. Sickles was then relieved from the charge of having met on Thursday, as he knew his wife could not have been there that day. When he heard Sickles's statement, he believed him.—*Cross-examined*: Sickles had been with him when he went to the house. He entered the house with him, but not with Sickles, and had written to him about his mental anxiety. Witness and Sickles drove past the house, since it was the most direct route to the more crowded thoroughfares.—*Sickles* was pointing out the coincidences himself.—*Cross-examined*: Witness had not looked at the house when he first passed it. He had not observed Sickles's countenance at this point the Court adjourned.

On Wednesday, Feb. 23, cross-examination was resumed. Did not see Sickles after he returned to the house till he was shot in it.—*Sickles*: Witness's manner was great noise and confusion in the house after Mr. Butterworth's arrival.—*Cross-examined*: Sickles had reproofs Mrs. Sickles by his inquiries.—*Re-cross-examined*: Sickles had not told witness that he had seen his wife's signals. Witness could not have heard him if he had. Testimony took place on Wednesday he was quite prostrated.

ALBERT J. MEGAFFEY

Was called to say what Mrs. Key, in reply to a motion, had not said that he was prepared, touching his breast-pocket. The question was withdrawn, and his objection sustained.

THOMAS J. BROWN.

From the library window to the back window of the back-room is 60 feet. The shot fired at Mrs. Key broke back window.—*Cross-examined*: Measured the distance yesterday. Doesn't know that she was the day of the killing.

FELIX M'CLOSKY.

By the state he saw Sickles in just after the killing, whose manner he thought he would have recognized if he could in the house. He watched him but he should kill his wife. He did not think Sickles's manner that of a man. At the Attorney-general's he looked frightened to death.—*Cross-examined*: Sickles was grateful confusion in the house. Sickles appeared to be crying.

JOSEPH BOTTS

Has been Sickles's footman since 10th Feb. Has seen Key since 8th. Knows Sickles. The shot in the back-room is about where it was on the day of the homicide.

Mr. Brady here announced that the case for the defense was closed.

THE PROSECUTION PROCEEDS TO ADMIT THE CONFESSION.

The District Attorney now rested and that, in consequence of the absence of witnesses delivering their testimony, the prosecution would not now make objection to the admission of the written confession. This offer, next day, was declined by the defense.

REBUTTING EVIDENCE.

JAMES F. BUTTERWORTH

Visited the house in 15th Street the second Monday after Key was killed. The room being shaded, the light which was not for, who opened one of them. Witness gave no orders for the removal of the body. Witness's object in longing to deceased were transmitted to witness. Some papers were handed and identified by witness as those found on the person of deceased. [Among these was a letter in paper produced in evidence.]

CHARLES L. JONES

Corroborated Mr. Butterworth's testimony. Had taken the deepest interest in the case, and looked up some authorities for Mr. Carlisle.

LETTERS TO COUNSEL AND A JUROR.

On Thursday, 24th, a letter was laid on the Judge's desk addressed to a juror. It was read by the juror, Judge, and counsel, who pronounced it an improper interference with the jury. A letter of similar import, but addressed to be in the same handwriting as the anonymous letter.

FRANCIS H. SMITH

Was the person who requested Dr. Miller to take charge of the papers found in the pocket of the murderer that Miller was quite self-possessed. Witness thought the Miller was quite self-possessed. Witness thought the shot was in the house.—*Cross-examined*: Has never seen or spoken to an insane person in his service. If he was insane he was insane enough in an action could not pick out the man from the same.

ALBERT GREENLEAF

Saw Key's papers handed to Dr. Miller.

JACOB P. KING

Confirmed the evidence of the preceding witness. Thought Key was exceedingly cool at the time of the homicide. Saw no indications of excitement.—*Cross-examined*: Had seen Sickles fifty times before; never saw him excited.

EDWARD M. TIDBALL.

Thought Sickles's manner at the killing rather cool and deliberate.—*Cross-examined*: Does not recollect ever having a similar opinion. It was not founded on the impression of Sickles's eyes was unusual on that occasion.

CHARLES SCHAUM

Produces the letter in cipher handed him by Mr. Pendleton and from a key which he had constructed. Translation of it. After discussion, the letter and translation were admitted in evidence.

WILLIAM DAW

Was one of the policemen who arrested Sickles. To the best of his recollection, who arrested Sickles. To the other the homicide. He found Sickles in the parlor and library with his face upon. Heard no groans or sobs. Sickles said his whole party was broken up. Witness's manner and behavior both seem. This evidence was confirmed by the other policemen, Lynch, Hall, and Smith.

J. H. M'BLAIR

Went to Sickles's house after the shooting. Heard no unusual noises. Butterworth asked for brandy, and took a glass. Was not sure if Sickles took any. Sickles's face was much excited.—*Cross-examined*: Sickles was very calm. Witness knew Sickles's character for self-possession. Sickles has great powers of endurance. Has known Sickles eighteen years.

MAYOR BERRY

Went to Sickles's house soon after the killing. Sickles was not much feeling, spoke of his dishonored home, and their hostility for four or five months. On his way to prison he was restless, and seemed to wish to shake the crowd, from which witness dissuaded him. He evidently made efforts to be tranquil.

MRS. BRADY

Did not think Mr. Sickles was more excited than any other man would be in the circumstances. Detailed some of the conversation. He thought Sickles's manner was that of a man of honor.

Charles H. G. Lewis here produced the proceedings of Congress for 30th and 31th February.

FRANCIS H. SMITH

Is one of the official reporters of Congress; produces the MS. report of speeches made by Sickles on 25th and 28th February. The report was corrected by Mr. Sickles.—*Cross-examined*: Does not know at what hour Sickles spoke on Saturday. Supposes it was about 4 P.M. Does not know at what time the corrections were made.—*Re-examined*: Mr. Sickles voted on the 28th at the time of adjournment at 6 P.M. on Friday.

NEW EVIDENCE ADMITTED.

Some new evidence was now tendered by the prosecution. Its admissibility was argued at considerable length by the counsel and the Court, and it was finally rejected. It is understood that it was to prove the antecedents of Mr. Sickles.

THE CLOSING OF THE CASE.

Some conversation next ensued on the closing arguments of counsel, which, according to the rule of the District of Columbia. The prosecution offered to commence, and the defense to follow. The Court declined to listen witnesses for the defense. This the defense declined to do, and the case was then closed accordingly. It was two days more would be taken on Saturday morning. Counsel consented to this, and closed the points of their respective instructions.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE PROSECUTION.

If the jury believe, from the evidence in this whole case, that the prisoner, on the day named in the indictment, and in the county of Washington aforesaid, killed and slew Philip Barton Key, as charged in the indictment, and into the body of him, the said Philip Barton Key, a pair of pistols, loaded and charged with gunpowder and leaden ball, which he then and there discharged and fired out of the hands of the prisoner, and that the said deceased had entered into the prisoner's house and family, and had seduced into the prisoner's wife and had criminal connection with her, and that the prisoner, on the day of such killing, had abstinence intercourse with his wife, and that the prisoner had no reasonable cause for killing by any assault or offer of violence then used and offered by the deceased, or otherwise, and that the prisoner, in such willful and intentional killing, if found by the jury, did so in the exercise of his deliberate will, and with malice aforethought, then the jury are instructed that such killing is murder. But such killing can not be found to have been with malice aforethought, if the prisoner at the time of such killing shall have been proven to the satisfaction of the jury, by the evidence in the cause, to have been in the heat of blood upon sudden provocation.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE PROSECUTION.

First—There is no presumption of malice in this case in proof of which the prisoner has introduced evidence without the evidence that the homicide was justifiable or excusable, and the jury believe that Mr. Sickles, when the homicide occurred, believed that the life of his wife was in peril of great bodily harm.

Fifth—It is for the jury to determine, under all the circumstances of the case, whether the belief of the prisoner, Mr. Sickles is murder or justifiable homicide. (Bynum's and Marshall's, page 60.)

Sixth—If the jury find that Mr. Sickles killed Mr. Key, with the belief that the intercourse between Mr. Key and wife of the former, Mr. Sickles can not be convicted of either murder or manslaughter.

Seventh—If, from the whole evidence, the jury believe that Mr. Sickles killed Mr. Key, and that in the act of doing so was under the influence of a diseased mind, and was not conscious that what he was doing was wrong, he is not guilty of any grade of murder. (Day's case, pamphlet, page 8.)

Eighth—If the jury believe, from the evidence touching this case, the prisoner's mind was impaired, and at the time of the killing he was not conscious that what he was doing was wrong, he is not guilty of any offense whatever. (Day's case, pamphlet, page 8.)

Ninth—It is for the jury to say what was the state of the prisoner's mind at the time of the killing, and the responsibility of the particular act in question—the benefit of any reasonable doubt as to the prisoner's mental condition is to the prisoner respectively as to being armed or not armed at the time.

These are the instructions which we are only other questions that may arise upon the consideration of the evidence, the whole of which is to the case in hand, as the jury. (Judge's case, pamphlet, page 30.)

Tenth—The jury are to inquire that the insanity which absolves from crime should exist for any definite period before the killing, or if it is of momentary duration, it not occurred with which the accused stands charged.

Eleventh—The jury are instructed that in the case either in reference to the homicide or the question of sanity, Mr. Sickles should be acquitted.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

DISSOLUTION OF PARLIAMENT.

The English Cabinet has decided to dissolve Parliament, and appeal to the country rather than resign. The Ministerial crisis is over. Lord John Russell and Mr. Gladstone had in his resources actively attacked Lord Derby's Government, and the latter, finding that he could not command a majority in the House of Commons, accepted Mr. Disraeli's resignation, and then asked the Queen to dissolve Parliament. The Queen has been sent to Toulon that sixty-eight vessels, which have been fitting out with great haste, will be ready to sail upon key's notice, if required. Eight vessels have also been ordered out to the coast of China.

THE IMPERIAL PRINCE.

The Paris correspondent of the *Lady's Newspaper* says: "The Emperor and Empress of the French, with the Imperial Prince, left Paris on the 19th in the uniform of a Grenadier so is Lieutenant of the Grenadiers, and on the first time in his three-cocked great schakot, and when raised in the arms of his august mother, the lively boy laughed with childish glee at his assumed military look. The enthusiasm and admiration of the crowd knew no bounds; and as there was a perfect sight to see the beauteous child in his military uniform—a coat of dark blue, with white facings, gold epaulettes, and hussar cap, seemingly almost too heavy for his little head."

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

The Express correspondent writes: "Paul Meeghy is about to leave us sooner than he had intended, family affairs calling him immediately to the United States. He has just finished playing before the Prince of Wales and Lord Derby's Government, and the Prince of Wales has sent him a present of a diamond ring, and yesterday called at his lodgings to say he may spend a few days in England, postponing his departure for a few days. Meeghy's last has been with friends and admirers may certainly look for his arrival in New York by the end of April. He is a fine, manly, and handsome young gentleman."

THE JAPANESE DOCTOR PLAYED OUT.

Dr. Velpeau, the celebrated surgeon, has announced the doors of the chastity hospital to the experiments of Yvies, the Japanese doctor, who yesterday came to Velpeau at the Academy of Medicine, in which he declares that Yvies has not kept his word, and that he has said that he is the author of the most deceptive, against whom it is the duty of all honest men to protest. Velpeau says that Yvies has not kept his word, has been against Yvies, and his race is run. The police will probably terminate all further practice of the Japanese doctor.

MR. BEED IN PARIS.

"Hon. M. B. Reed, late Minister of the United States to the Court of Syria on his return to Europe, after a visit has had an interview with General Ward, his official successor, at Beyrout. Mr. Reed will visit Paris. Mr. Reed will leave for about short a fortnight hence.

THE CONFERENCE.

A strange affair is related in the *Gazette des Tribunaux*. A number of Swedish and Norwegian sailors, Portuguese, was, four days ago, with his two daughters, taking a ride on horseback on the road to Berja, followed by three servants, a young man fashionably dressed, but with a long beard, with a basket of provisions. He, without saying a word, fired from a double-barreled pistol at the young man who was riding by his side, and who he continued his route and disappeared. The young man fell from his horse, and the servants, who had not the slightest suspicion, dismounted to assist him. He had been struck by two balls, one of which had penetrated his heart. He was dead when they reached him. It is not doubted that the assassin was a rejected suitor of the young girl. A letter of refusal written by him was applied to her hand, it is not known which it was."

AUSTRIA.

ATTITUDE OF THE GOVERNMENT.

An analysis is given in the Austrian journals of the Russian proposal for the Congress. He declares the Austrian Government to be found in the proposal, and regards the Congress as the means of putting an end to the Italian question by the will of Europe. He adds, should other questions be mooted, they ought to be first submitted to the Congress, and not to be settled by not strongly significations. Prussian will diplomacy. Austria will not be the first to draw the sword, but will be ready to meet any attack. The Austrian army is in a state of perfect organization—her troops will continue to march towards the frontiers. Orders to that effect have been issued, and the day has been posted in the barracks in that town:

Vienna, April 20.—The Austrian Government has hitherto let down for the field times the price of Prefect. Now it has raised the price of Prefect down for the field on the tranquility of Europe. Advance against the enemy. Prefect down seven before you. Remember the victories of 1848 and 1849—remember Novara, where a year from now, and not sooner, you will be free. Forward to *Venice is Temperance, our rights forever!*

ITALY.

The Vienna correspondent of the *Times* telegraphs as follows: "The Austrian reported order to the amount of 50,000 men gone from this city to Italy to-morrow, and in the following week a further reinforcement of 50,000 to be assembled here. A reserve corps of 70,000 men will be formed in Bohemia, and another in Hungary, and the army in Italy, and of the corps about to leave this city has been called to.

ITALY

THE POLICY OF SARDINIA.

Count Cavour has written a despatch to the Sardinian Minister at London, from which the following are extracts:

As her Britannic Majesty's Government has acknowledged the justice of many of the complaints which the Sardinian Government would endeavor to find a remedy for the evils which afflict Italy, and which threaten the peace of Europe. Count Cavour has the honor to call the attention of action in case Austria should obstain for the future from committing fresh violations of the treaties which give her assurance that it is not her intention to attack Austria. After this assurance on that subject, it is unnecessary to state that the declaration of the Sardinian Government, that the liberty of Piedmont is a danger and a menace for Austria. According to Austria, there are only two things to do—destroy the liberal institutions of Italy, or keep up her dominion over it by force. Austria has exchanged from one system to the other states of the peninsula which have not enough power to resist her encroachments, and menace the rest of people. It is the second alternative which Austria has adopted, and which she has pursued with a perseverance incalculated to excite the indignation of Europe.

"Austria, up to the present moment, has succeeded, by secret treaties with Parma, Modena, and Tuscany, and by the indefensible occupation of the Romagna which it now threatens to cause, according to the declarations of Vienna and Rome, and by the considerable forces of Central Italy, and thus binding Piedmont with a circle of iron.

"It is against such a state of things, which is not justified by the treaties of Vienna, which Europe has not ceased to protest for many years, calling for the immediate and support of the great Powers who signed the treaties of 1815.

"In such acts of things has for a long time constituted a threatening danger to Piedmont, aggravated of late by the concentration of troops and other aggressive acts on the part of Austria, which have forced the Government of the King to adopt corresponding measures of defense and precaution.

"It is proposed that this state of things should cease; that each Austrian Government in the peninsula and the Italians formally stipulated by treaties: that Austria should not attack Piedmont; that Piedmont should not carry out acts of the population on the other side of the Ticino should remain at peace with Austria, and that each attempt her to do, toward a pacific progressals calculated to bring about more completely public opinion in Europe as the Italian question and to prepare the occasion for a peaceful solution.

"But as long as one neighbors greedy round them and agitated on all the States of Europe, and both nations are armed, they can never have any real confidence in one another. The 20s and up to the Apennines, and the Austrians on the Mincio, and the Austrians on the Po, and the Austrians on the Adriatic, continually threatening our frontier, it will be impossible for us to disarm and remain in the face of the provoking and armed attitude of Austria."

THE SARDINIAN ARMY.

A Milan letter says: "A challenge and a murder was made in this city a few days ago. The challenger, near a military post, the victim being a commissary, who had insulted Russ. The challenger was provided with a knife, but not dead. Politics, however, appear to have had nothing to do with the affair. The two officers had been drinking, and were getting bombarded. The military commandant of the town was shocked at the affair, and immediately issued severe orders for sending a shower of shell and shot from the fortress on the first officer who should fight a duel. Not, struck by the will looks of the commandant, went home to bed, and did not what was going on until the next day unequal. On his return he felt convinced that the Sardinian army would not be allowed to be in a state of duelling and regimental orders. Soon after, the commanding officer was relieved."

SWITZERLAND.

ANOTHER MORTARA CASE.

A Swiss journal says: "The Appeals Court of Thurgau has just given a decision in a case resembling the Mortara case. Some years ago a Protestant child, belonging a widow, a Protestant, a Protestant child aged eleven, and a child who had been baptized by a priest in the Catholic rites. As the two children were attached to each other, and as the Catholic child was dangerously ill, the Protestant child begged that his mother thought proper to send the younger there likewise, and the mother consented. The Catholic child died, and the mother then instituted against the decision of the mother, and demanded that the child should be given up to the Protestant mother. The mother refused to do this on account of the canonical prescription which she would thereby incur the child, supporting her own view of the case on her mature. The Court, however, decided that the child must be delivered to her care; that she alone bore the responsibility of the child's salvation, and that the child had a knowledge of her duties, as she could certainly be proven. The mandate of the Court was accordingly issued, and the child was delivered to the mother, declaring that she filled the place of her husband, of whom she was the widow, and to whom she had given the rights. The mother declares, on the contrary, that with respect to confession she had no rights, and that the child was not to be brought up in the Catholic church there to receive instructions in the Catholic faith. She will appeal to the Federal Court, and in causing her child to be taught as she thought proper. The Canton Thurgau is entirely Protestant, and the Catholics incompetent to act in the matter, referred its the Assembly of the Canton of Appenzell, which is entirely Catholic and pronounced in favor of the rights of the mother. A petition is now being signed in the Canton of Thurgau to the Federal Council to appeal to the Court of Conservative advocate, and that of the Catholic managers of a Saint Gallen advocate.

PARAGUAY.

RETURN OF THE SQUADRON.

The United States steamer *Water Lane*, Captain Frazer, from Montevideo on the 15th of March, arrived at Quarantine yesterday.

The United States frigate *St. Lawrence* sailed from Montevideo on the 14th ult. for Rio Janeiro. She will sail from Montevideo for the United States as soon as she has completed her stores. The United States steamer *Water* is expected would be on their way home by the 1st of April. The United States sloop-of-war *Preble*, Commander Brinkerhoff, and the sloop-of-war *Decatur*, Lieutenant Commanding F. B. Renshaw, late commanded by Commodore Breese, left Montevideo for the United States. Lieutenant Renshaw reports home on account of ill health. The United States sloop-of-war *Marion*, Commander *The Herald* states has left New York for Rio Janeiro, where she steamed 14,662 miles and sailed 257 miles. Had 17,000 miles.

HOW PEACE WAS MADE.

The Post says that a private letter from a gentleman attached to the Austrian Foreign Legation received by the *Harrold Lane*, and dated Montevideo, March 5, 1859, contains the following interesting statement:

"Our Minister, Mr. Bowlin, has succeeded, very luckily for Corrientes, which was to be our residence; but before we could leave Montevideo we had to remain here and the rest of his party coming down, the fate having ended the revolution. We are all very glad of it, and therefore grateful that he was approached civilly and treated with consideration. The affair was managed by no such expressions as the Spanish language alone is expressive of, but by the simple and manly letter of Judge Bowlin. The last was a mere worth saying: Lopez, who is a man of sense, and who has always been kind to the Ministers of the Conscientious, who is conscientious himself in having amicably terminated, by his diplomacy, the unfortunate affair of the Water Lane, and of the war. Without our nine and eleven inch guns, however, he would not have yielded. Our Minister arrived as an attempt to bring Lopez to terms. It is understood that, by the treaty, Lopez is to pay the sum demanded, and not to interfere with the Paraguay trade, allowed to pay the sum demanded, and not to interfere with the Paraguay trade, allowed to pay the sum demanded, and not to interfere with the Paraguay trade, allowed to pay the sum demanded, and not to interfere with the Paraguay trade, allowed to pay the sum demanded, and not to interfere with the Paraguay trade, allowed to pay the money on the spot; but as the sum falls short of what was asked, the matter is referred to an arbitration, which is to be held in Washington; he appointed one arbitrator, and the United States will have the choosing a third.

There was a jollification in the squadron at Corrientes on the news of peace. Lopez sent down a fine bullock, and the officers gave a ball in honor of the occasion. Lopez is very popular, and has done much for Paraguay. He has made it respected in point for many years, calling for the burial and conquest of the great Powers who signed the treaties of 1815.

Such acts of things has for a long time constituted a threatening danger to Piedmont, aggravated of late by the concentration of troops and other aggressive acts on the part of Austria, which have forced the Government of the King to adopt corresponding measures of defense and precaution.

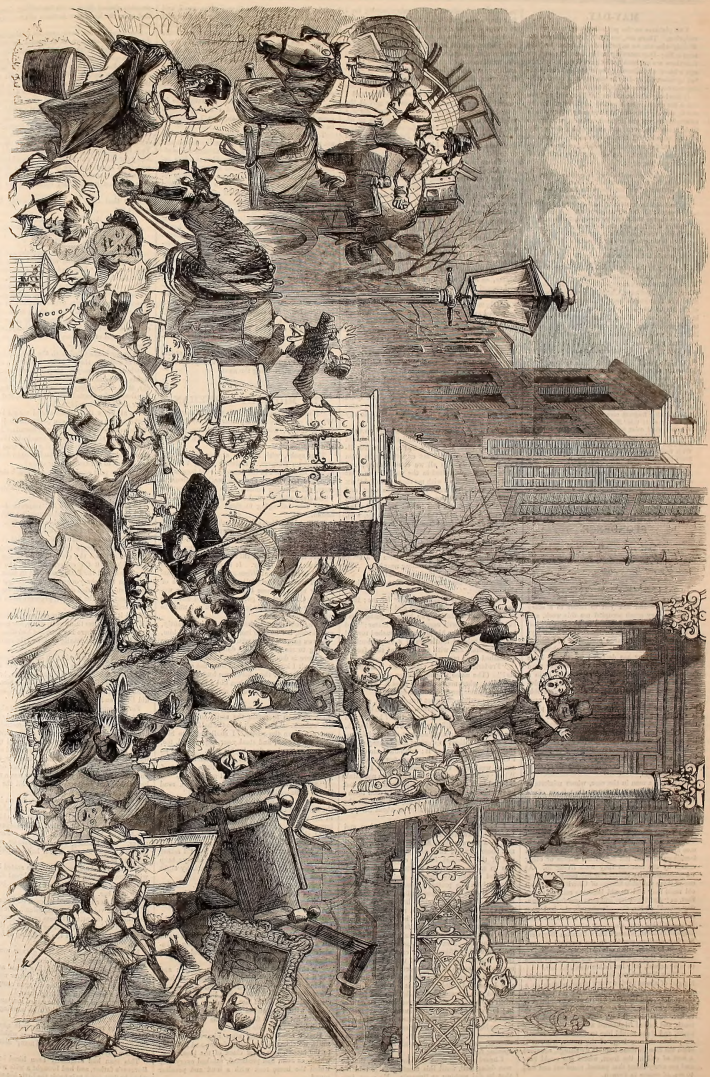
"It is proposed that this state of things should cease; that each Austrian Government in the peninsula and the Italians formally stipulated by treaties: that Austria should not attack Piedmont; that Piedmont should not carry out acts of the population on the other side of the Ticino should remain at peace with Austria, and that each attempt her to do, toward a pacific progressals calculated to bring about more completely public opinion in Europe as the Italian question and to prepare the occasion for a peaceful solution.

"But as long as one neighbors greedy round them and agitated on all the States of Europe, and both nations are armed, they can never have any real confidence in one another. The 20s and up to the Apennines, and the Austrians on the Mincio, and the Austrians on the Po, and the Austrians on the Adriatic, continually threatening our frontier, it will be impossible for us to disarm and remain in the face of the provoking and armed attitude of Austria."

THE SAD COMMANDANT.

A Milan letter says: "A challenge and a murder was made in this city a few days ago. The challenger, near a military post, the victim being a commissary, who had insulted Russ. The challenger was provided with a knife, but not dead. Politics, however, appear to have had nothing to do with the affair. The two officers had been drinking, and were getting bombarded. The military commandant of the town was shocked at the affair, and immediately issued severe orders for sending a shower of shell and shot from the fortress on the first officer who should fight a duel. Not, struck by the will looks of the commandant, went home to bed, and did not what was going on until the next day unequal. On his return he felt convinced that the Sardinian army would not be allowed to be in a state of duelling and regimental orders. Soon after, the commanding officer was relieved."

MAY-DAY IN THE COUNTRY.



MAY-DAY IN THE CITY.

MAY-DAY

THE pictures on the preceding page need no description. There are, we trust, few readers of the *Weekly* who are so unfortunate as never to have seen a May-Day morning in the country; and we fear there are not many who have lived to mature age without experiencing the acute and unphilosophical agonies of May-Day in the city. A more striking contrast it were difficult to imagine.

It has long been an axiom that food and rest are out of the question on May-Day in the city. Every one is moving; no one has a house; every one is miserable except the licensed cartmen, who are in their seventh heaven, and make 25*s* a day amidst the moans of the boys, who are blissful at the prospect of excitement, noise, breakages, miscellany, and confusion. An old poet has written of May-Day in the city:

> "There is a sport well-known in country-towns,
> Yclept the toilet, by which I've often joined
> At milkmaids' parties, where the honour lies
> In having risen enough for all but me.
> Who takes the middle of the happy ring,
> Unseated; till the queen, all on a chair,
> Must change their plumes: why elevation so neat
> Insure a fretful, and the centre taken,
> To give the signal for another change.
> Such is the game our city represents
> The Fleet of Joy; for such must change his place
> Uneasily if he get a seat or no."

May-Day in the country has always been a scene of joy, mirth, and pleasant feeling. In England May-Day has been a more popular festival than any either, except, perhaps, Christmas. Every one remembers Tennyson's beautiful lines to the Queen of the May. May-Day has been suppressed in parts of New England. From the time of the Puritans to the present day, the custom of "going a May-Ing," *i. e.* walking in the country on the first of May-Day and gathering May greens and flowers, has been kept up in the country hearts. And who's feel nay,

> "The sight in which pale April yields to May,
> How few enjoy repose! The country lass,
> Intent upon the morning walk, while yet
> Who holds her gentle heart, on various plans
> In hopeful agitation, spends the night;
> What hat or ribband will become her best—
> What most will suit the taste of her admirer—
> The blushing fragrant sweets they rise to bail.
> O, by my soul—*Raptur'd* love delights
> Which I shall ne'er forget, while memory holds
> Her seat within my breast. In youth's first years,
> I fervent look'd to this delightful hour
> With feelings—feelings too sacred to be paint; for then,
> Bona gratia, artless, unaffected nymph
> Was sure to be the partner of my walk;
> Among my sweetest—sweetened by that breath),
> And, without chiding, let me steal a kiss
> From lips more fragrant than the flower she held."

OUR SPECIAL PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

Romance in Real Life—Touching Case of Distress—Slapdash Journalism—The Dying Artist—Procession of pretty Martha, etc.

Paris, *March* 31, 1859.

TO-DAY I feel inclined to leave high politics—the Duc de C——'s concert and Madame de G——'s ball—and ask you to listen to a story which has actually occupied me lately, and which is not without its moral and its interest—at least, for those who care for the realities of life and the sorrows of that large portion of our fellow-mortals who may be called poor, and whom our Lord and Saviour has declared we should not "always with us." That truth is stronger than fiction is frequently said, and as it may be in a great centre like Paris, where events and revelving circumstances bring about almost incredible romances and juxtapositions. A tale may read like a romance, but every word of time and place is strictly true, including but the name in fictious.

A lady friend of mine, who employs much charitable which Heaven has blessed with the best affluence in seeking out and administering to the unhappy and unfortunate, asked me, the other day, to accompany her in one of these errands of charity; for she said,

"There is a man in the case, whom misfortune has made so violent and morose that I am afraid to go by myself."

I consented; and one bright spring morning last week we left our way together toward the quartier of the Batignolles, which, from its fine air, live, for economy, many of the poorer English —a class very numerous here, composed of the non-and servants out of place, who have married foreigners or been left here from illness or other causes by the families they were with. At last we proceeded Rue K—— (for my companion was one of those noble souls who will not have her good deed maid my and should become) related to me that, as "distribution and purveyor of the Sunday-school" of Mr. G——'s church, she had been one day to the Batignolles—but I will let Miss K—— tell her own story—"which is inhabited by English children, whom I knew because they were Sunday scholars, staying in the quarter. I stopped to speak to them, when one of them said,

"'Miss, there's a gal there would like to come to your school, but her father says she is a liar.'

"They directed my attention to a pretty-looking girl of about twelve years of age, sitting on a door-step opposite, engaged with a piece of coarse embroidery, and two other little girls with her, evidently younger sisters. I crossed over to speak to her. She seemed very shy, and blushed very much, and looked frightened when I asked her her name, and if she would like to come to the school, etc., when the concierge of the house, who, as is often the case in these humble localities, occupied a sort of cell in the front, where she could hear and see every thing that passed, came out and said to me, of course in French,

"'Oh! ma'am, if you could contrive in any way to assist that family of your country people; for I fear they are in great want, and they are too proud to accept assistance from any of us. The mother died about a year ago, and the father is very ill now; often can not leave his bed, and will never get about again. They have lodged here, in two small rooms, *au rez-de-chaussée*, for the last two years, and there are four girls of them, the eldest of whom is fourteen, and takes care of the rest.'

"All this was poured out to me with true French volubility, and evident kindness of heart; and I turned again to question Alice, as the girl at the door had told me was named. I asked her if I might go up and see her father; who was so ill, and that I would send him a doctor.

"'Oh! no, ma'am,' she said. 'Papa would not see any one; and it made him very angry to ask him to do so.'

"I then heard another girl's voice, calling, 'Alice! Alice!' from above stairs. 'You have papa down there, and you're talking with strangers.'

"I looked up at this, and there, in a window in the roof, at the very top, over a balcony, was another girl rolling, to it, I described the outline of the figure of a man, propped in a bolster, on a large easy-chair, the speaker, and who, as the concierge informed me, was the eldest, and named 'Miss Martha.'

"Alice and the two younger girls then took their toilsome way up to their 'aërie,' and there, after some further talk with the concierge, I determined to follow them. When I knocked at the door I could hear a man's voice, loud and angry, though weak, speaking with difficulty. Alice, the young girl opened the door, and said at once, in a whisper,

"'Oh, marm, do not come here; I know you are very good and kind, but my father is too ill to be annoyed, indeed.'

"She was interrupted by the man's saying, 'Shut the door, Alice, and don't keep out all those prying pretenders to charity!'

"The poor girl obeyed, and I took my way down stairs disappointed, but more than ever desirous of being able to do them some good.

"Now this was early last month, and I heard on Sunday from some of my scholars and their neighbors that Mr. Jones was much worse, and quite confined to his bed. I have since been to see him with no-day to see if it is possible to do any thing for him.

It was agreed between us that I should go up to the door with the concierge, and that she should take in my card, and say I was sent by one of the sons, etc., etc. We did not expect success from this plan, but it was all we could devise; and while Miss K—— waited in the porter's den, the good woman talked up with me those dreadful "stairs" of about a hundred and forty feet, and heard through its ill-closed boards the man's hoarse and feeble voice, and was indeed surprised when I was asked to go in by the smiling concierge, who with an exclamation of satisfaction, went down stairs.

I entered the room, which was clean in its great poverty, to a small bed, on which lay the invalid, and from me is the wall, was the figure of a man, and a very beautiful girl standing near him. The latter, without turning its head, said,

"'Martha, go into the next room and keep those children quiet.'

She obeyed, first placing a chair for me; then the man turned suddenly round and said,

"'Are you, indeed, come to forgotten me,' but perhaps you will remember this better,' and he pulled from his pillow a pocket-book and took me a well-painted miniature of a very beautiful young woman, and with the sight of that face I knew all his story.

"'Frederick Jones!' I said, 'can it be possible!' Jones, with a sudden change of color, at first half failed, when mentioned by Miss K——, to recall any former acquaintance so much.

"'Yes,' he replied, 'I remember.' he said, stretching his hand out to meet mine. 'But she is dead,' he added, looking toward the miniature. 'And all *I killed her*, not willingly, but willfully though. She could not bear it on account of the children, and I was also ordered to visit you all as long as life. But God took her out of it; and now I am dying, and I am glad to see you before I go, and I am glad I am so weak now that I know it must be that. When your card was brought to me, I do not think if it had been any of my own countrymen who had known me in better days I could have seen them. But I have accustomed you to see me ill, and you liked you, and I can consult you about her poor children."

I must now pause to relate here when and where I had known this poor fellow. Many years ago, in a journey to Switzerland, I had, by my last theo Jonenes, then newly married, and who one of the loveliest faces I ever beheld. He was a young portrait-painter, then unknown to fame, and I often saw them in their small apartment, which he, poor fellow, had taken for his wife, woman always kept in good order. If he had had industry and order he might have got on, but he was careless and foolish, and, as I fear, that the money would spend it so unwisely, though there was always out of it enough to pay the rent and the prices, or an almost equally costly bouquet of hothouse flowers. Mrs. Jones was one of those angelic beings—a beauty with the disposition of all those "saints and martyrs" of which the world is not worthy, and which lets any possessor of them be asked me sometimes to expostulate with and admonish her, and I did so; but it was not of much use, and things went on from bad to worse. I left, when one autumn, about four years ago, on returning to Paris from my usual summer's absence, I found a letter from Jones, written in cheerful spirits, saying he was going to Brussels with his wife and—even then—*four children*, where living was cheaper, and where he thought he had a good opening for his arts.

I heard nothing more of them but once, that he was doing well in Brussels. He told me that he did nothing at Brussels. He was not the world and tried to make acquaintances who might prove patrons, but it was of no avail, and only led to frightful expense; and at last they sold off every thing, which only sufficed to pay their debts, and they came back to Paris; but their poverty and his pride made them shy of former acquaintances; and poor 'Bella' was taken away, and sorrow and despair so wore upon the husband that he fell ill, and his weak nature, that now he was dying too. When this had all been told he asked me to call him Jones for the other name, which, indeed much surprised when I said,

"I am happy to find an old acquaintance in your father, Miss Martha, and I have prevailed upon him to see a medical man, who, I trust, will be of use to him."

To finish my long story, Jones has consented to see not only the doctor, but also our excellent friend Mr. Bowman, and who has so completely pressed on him that the pride which would make him refuse assistance for his children is very jealous in the sight of God; and that he can not hope to recover his health and peace with God in a better world join his beloved and gone wife in a better world unless he forgives us and all other wrong feelings in this. The two younger children have been placed with Mrs. Bowman, who is very fond of them, and Alice remains to assist in waiting upon her father. But they are all in good hands now, and poor Jones has even consented to admit Miss K——, and delights in her gentle ministrations.

Again I say this may read like romance, but I repeat it is truth; and I have purposely entered into details which have heightened the coloring of my story, such as a description of Martha's extreme beauty. "Like her, is she not?" the poor father said to me yesterday, as he saw my eye resting upon her. We shall not leave Sally Jones long in neglect, for, as I am now in attendance upon her father is ever, put her to school in England, and in due time find her a better situation than Martha's.

But my paper is exhausted, and to my readers who are not satisfied with me this week, I promise to be more entertaining the next.

THE MIDNIGHT HORSEMAN.

"Hexter, woman, what ails you this morning? Why do you look so pale and scared?" asked Hugh Bruce, to-day, when you have seen me go and come home safe a dozen times since we were married?"

Thus spoke, with a little, a very little impatience, Hugh Burgess, a well-to-do tenant young farmer, as he stood in the door of his old homestead equipped for riding, and apparently anxious to get off, having himself to be detained by the white arms which wound about his neck, while the pretty face belonging to them hid itself in his bosom.

"What is it, Hetty dear?" asked he again, in softer tone, as a sob burst from the upon his breast.

"I don't know, John," murmured the young woman, "but I feel as if you should go. Do give it up—put it off till to-morrow, at least."

"But I can't, Hetty. It is to-day that Jones agreed to meet me at Bruce and pay for the cattle. Three hundred dollars is worth a ride of twenty miles on this hard road, surely, my woman? Come, let me go, and you shall have the best fifty out of it to do just what you're a mind to with."

"Oh, John!" exclaimed the wife, indignantly, and raising her head in her sudden sensitiveness, "do you suppose money would make me any more willing to see you run into danger, if I was sure that it then you would be safe? Besides, John dearly, "don't know that I could have not only fifty, but a hundred and five dollars, and nothing will be if I should ask for it? When did I ever want for any thing you could give me since we were married?"

"Yes, yes, and see what I got by it," replied the husband, with a smile, as he kissed his young wife's cheek. "You won't take the half loaf unless you can have the whole. I shall begin to hide my money soon, and then you will have to go up to Deacon Grodon door by his wife. Let me go and get the cattle, my darling, and you will see then if it all goes into that ugly little pocket of yours. Here's Lightfoot—now I must go."

"Stay, John. Why don't you send Tower to Bruce instead of going yourself?"

"Come now, Hetty, don't be alarming to the woods, and besides—" Here Burgess whispered in his wife's ear that the little boy who held the horse was Tower's grandson.

"I shouldn't just like to trust Tower with so much money; there is a difference, you see. Well, I don't want to say any harm of him, but I'd rather go myself than send him. Good-by, Hetty; keep up your spirits, and you'll be sure to see me back o'clock at the farthest."

"Good-by, John," said the wife, sadly. "Lightfoot's off fore-shoe is so loose I guess he'll cast it before he gets home," remarked Jimmy Tower, as he held the horse's head.

"So 'tis!" exclaimed Burgess, examining the horse's foot. "Well, I shan't go a mile before I call for the smith up there don't know any more about his trade than I do about manty-making. Tower, you're a lucky fellow this day, Clark, Jimmy, and have it at."

"I would rather have to ride by, Hetty; and you'll know whether it's no come home, without looking out, for the piggy thing will clatter enough to wake the old devil himself, like farmer Simon's rattles we heard last year down to Beston."

And with a somewhat forced laugh the farmer touched his horse's flank with the birchen wand which he held and rode away.

Hester stood looking after him with a faint smile, watching his retreating figure, and listening to the receding sounds of his clear voice, which, as John had predicted, marked every step which the horse took with a loud and peculiar sound.

Soon the smile faded quite away, and an expression almost stern, in its foreboding gloom, settled upon the handsome features of the young woman.

She strained her dark eyes to distinguish the figure of the horseman as he passed between its scattered trees, which marked the outskirts of the forest surrounding her on three sides. But the progress farm had been cleared of its primeval oaks and chestnuts by John's father, and was still one of the outposts of civilization. Bruce, the nearest town, being ten miles away, through a dense forest, unbroken by any settlement of man's habitation, saving where, in its very darkest depths, a few charred and half-consumed logs, a yawning cellar, and a few fruit trees, marked the memorials of a little cabin which had once been the pleasant home of a young Canadian family named Jones. To it he had brought a fair young wife; but in its first year of their marriage, the husband being absent, leaving the young wife quite alone in a forest, and while yet unable to stir hand or foot the house took fire, and mother and child perished in the flames.

Since that time the place had borne an evil name; for

"Over all there hung a cloud of fear.
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
'The place is haunted!'"

Lonely travelers told tales of groans and shrieks heard on the forest-trending midnight air, and some told of seeing a white figure flitting on clothed in a winding-sheet among the dank trees.

Rumors are called superstitions. Perhaps they are so. Perhaps they are but the distorted and ill-reported lives, with the grand mystery of nature ever pressing on their senses, and the solemnities of the unknown in their hearts, they grew to perceive and understand more of the hidden phenomena and secrets of life than the more practical of their associates.

Their souls are filled with the thought-tremendous of solitude, their minds are ever in a state of watchful expectancy. They are surrounded by sights and sounds unheeded by the rest of man-kind, they, if thus they see and hear and feel what dwellers in the town know nothing of, and do but marvel at what is told to them.

We all know that supernatural means beyond mere nature, but who can tell the limits of nature's power—who can draw the boundary?

And who should hope to penetrate the ings around us more than those who live in the deeds among her lonely haunts, who lies upon her heart and listen to her mysterious voice?

But if he tells again the secrets which she whispers him, mean shake their heads and say,

"Nay, that's impossible—that's what he's superstarved."

So no one came forward to "improve the clearing" commenced by David Murdock; and as the years went by the forest slowly, surely regained possession of its ancient freehold.

Only with the timid shrinking of wild creatures from whom man has taken their home, a belt was the trees avoided the close vicinity of the ruined hut. They let the cellar, the well, the broken chimney-stack, and the fruit trees be as they were, had been the poor young wife's flower-garden, to be huddled and matted with weeds in the early days of autumn, and the pensive, graceful forest flowers of a Northern summer.

Hester, a tall and dreary spot, and as such did Hester Burgess think of it, while, her eyes fixed upon the path where her husband had disappeared in the forest, she mentally reviewed the road which he must travel.

"He might hide in that old cellar and shoot him down without his ever knowing who did it," murmured she. "I could perhaps overtake and overtake the house and busied herself with her domestic business; for though young, Hester was a notable housewife, and had been accustomed to the wifely labors of a farmer's *ménage*.

Still, hour succeeded hour, and she might, not an hour of that long summer afternoon passed in which she did not glance more than once at the old black clock in the kitchen, or listen for the distant tread of the low-browed kitchen, ticked out its "Forever, never," with a dreary, monotonous, ringing through Hester's brain like a half-comprehended warning of evil.

Her active labors concluded, she seated herself with some sewing, and then, for almost the first time in her life, a sensation of loneliness began to creep over her.

She held her breath and listened for some sound of life, some footfall to break the solemn note of time, and through the utter stillness came a heavy moaning sound, which, with a feeling of fright, the lonely woman recognized as the throbbing of her own heart.

Said Mariana in her mossted grange was mees alone, more heart-sick in her loneliness.

The hours passed slowly, the sun rested and yellow upon the kitchen floor, and Hester went and sat down in its midst, feeling a vague compassion for the poor lonely wife left behind.

Then going to the door she gazed long and earnestly down the road on which no moving thing was visible.

Her eyes returning from their vain quest, fell upon the cabin, a few rods distant, in which dwelt Job Tower, her husband's "hired man," alone with his little boy.

This man had originally been hired by John Burgess's father, and had brought a wife with him from whom he was separated by the little house which his employer had helped him to build; but she had

died several years before Hester had been brought home a bride, and the desolate condition of the mother and son was a frequent subject of compassion to the kind-hearted young wife, although the gloomy misanthropic character of the man, and his sullen sidelong manner, were more calculated to excite aversion than sympathy.

Now, however, Hester felt that she should have been glad to see even Turner, for she was fast yielding to that panic of nameless terror, in which one flies headlong, with curdling blood and stiffening hair, to seek in human companionship solace and protection from he knows not what horror of solitude.

But the little cabin was as silent and deserted as if no one had entered it for weeks. Even Jimmy had gone on some secret expedition to the woods.

Hester with a sigh returned, and seating herself in the patch of sunlight that streamed through the open door, began to sing the sacred hymns to which her musical education had been restricted, but after a few notes her voice quavered and died away. She cast a timid glance about her, her work slid from her fingers, and, rising precipitately, she shut the door on house and life exclusively as if she feared to arouse a sleeping enemy.

Nor did she draw breath till she stood at some distance from the house, upon the soft green turf, with nature at least for a companion.

Here she remained, while, as the sun was setting, Jimmy entered the clearing by the Bruce road, driving the oxen before him, and a few moments later Tower appeared, coming from the opposite direction.

Hester walked forward to meet the boy.

"Did you see any thing of Mr. Burgess, Jimmy?" asked she.

"No'm, I only come a little piece along the road; the pesky critters strayed inter the timber, and I had to hunt after 'em. Hallo, there's Tower!" continued the boy, as Tower, approaching from the opposite direction, came up with a quick footstep.

"I say, dad," called Jimmy at the top of his voice, "hain't you shot nothin'?"

"No, blast ye," replied Tower, showing his teeth like an angry wolf, and muttering curses and blasphemies as he strode into his own hut and slammed the door.

"Wo-al, ye needn't be so mad, old man. Guess 'twan't my fault if you hain't!" quietly added the boy, after a surprised stare at the closed door. "I heerd the gun go off," continued he, addressing Hester, "an' heerd it twice—guess he missed his shot, and that's what's ridd him so. Don't you?"

"I can't tell, Jimmy," replied his companion, who, though surprised and somewhat alarmed at the violence which had replaced Tower's usual sullen gloom, did not think it proper to discuss his conduct with the boy.

Mentally resolving to beg her husband not to leave her again alone with such a surly companion, she dismissed the subject from her thoughts and, with cheerfully,

"I will help you milk to-night, Jimmy. It is late, and I don't think you can get through your work before dark."

"I can call dad," said the boy with a mischievous grin.

"No, no," replied Hester, quickly, and glancing apprehensively at the closed door, "let him be quiet, tired, I suppose, and you'd better not disturb him. I like to milk."

The boy made no further reply, and the task was completed in silence.

Jimmy carried the foaming pails into the kitchen, and then ran over to his father's house.

Hester felt inclined to ask him to stay with her, but a disinclination to even her vague terror kept her silent.

Glancing at the clock, she saw by the feeling light that the hands were on the stroke of eight.

He said he would be here by eight at the farthest," muttered she, going to the door and looking anxiously toward the forest, where the black shadows of night were already gathering.

No one was in sight except Jimmy, who returned slowly toward the house.

"Dad won't let me in," said he, rather sheepishly. "He says he's gone to bed sick, and won't get up for no one."

"Never mind, Jimmy, you can stay with me," said his mistress, very cordially. You can sleep on the settle in the kitchen, and I will make a nice bowl of the new milk for your supper."

Jimmy's face brightened as he entered the house, where he soon sat down to the promised repast. Various rustic dainties were also set out to refresh the traveler, who he should have said in the half past eight every preparation was concluded, and the boy unanimously obliged to light the candles, which she had deferred doing till the last moment, as the very act seemed at once to convert lingering day into fearful night.

Another half hour, and Jimmy was sound asleep in his extempore bed upon the settle.

Slowly and tearfully the young wife put away the untasted supper, and restored the kitchen to its usual nightly order.

Then, with the chilliness of sorrow and loneliness, she seated herself and gazed alternately on the bright depths, while unnoticed tears as bright, and well-nigh as scorching, fell silently upon her folded hands.

Sitting thus, she dreamed over the two short years of her married life. She recalled the loving words and tender caresses which were ever on her husband's lips and in his heart. She thought of the manly strength and beauty of which she was so proud. She thought of the protecting care ever enveloping her, and shielding her from every hardship and fatigue, even such as she had been accustomed to in her girlhood.

She murmured over the endearing phrases with which he had welcomed her to her new home, and blushed as she repeated them.

The clock struck ten.

Hester started.

"Oh, he will not come to-night!" whispered she, in a despairing tone, and the tears fell so thick and fast that she could hardly see the verse in her little Bible, which she read as she had done every night since she was a child.

Generally she read it aloud, but to-night there was no one to listen, and the only sound which broke the stillness of the night was the deep warning-note of the old clock.

Hastily covering the fire, Hester went into her bedroom, and after one hasty unkneeling gaze out into the night, now lighted by a moon nearly full, she sought her lonely couch and tried to sleep.

But in vain. Her eyes would unclose and steps aloof, and Hester Burgess, whether leaving restlessness to ride to side, or lying motionless, sometimes could not for one instant lose her consciousness of that lonely forest road, that desolate ruin, and the unarmed traveler who must traverse the one and thread the other.

She recalled all the stories she had heard of mysterious sights and sounds haunting that deserted clearing, and though she had been wont, in the gay incredulity of youth, to laugh them to scorn, she could not do so now.

The night was cold.

Eleven o'clock, and twelve, tolled solemnly from the old clock, and Hester, exhausted by emotion and sleeplessness, started half into life with an uneasy sleep, when suddenly her eyes flew open, and she started upright in bed.

She had heard the sharp tret of a horse, mingled with the click clack of the loose shoe, by which her husband had ever been known to ride.

She jumped up and ran to the window.

Nothing. No one. Only the dusty road sleeping in the white moonlight. Only the dark forest rustling softly in the midnight air.

It was a dreamy fancy, surely! Hester, with a sigh, and sadly lay down again.

But the light had been once broken, would not return. She lay wide awake, her eyes fixed upon the patch of moonlight silvering the uncarpeted floor.

Hark! Yes surely, now it is no dream. It is a horse, and no horse but his.

Click, click, click.

Rising upon her elbow, Hester listened breathlessly for several minutes. The sound approached—was close at the door.

Springing from her bed, the young wife pushed back the bolt of her husband.

She stood upon the threshold. What! No one in sight!

Nay, but this time she was certain. She was certainly awake—as certainly heard him.

Click, click, click. Close at the door, and gazed with eager inquiry along the road which lay before her, quietly reposing in the moonlight.

She traced every foot of it; even to the spot where it was absorbed in the dark rustling forest.

Nothing, nothing.

With pale compressed lips, with dark dilated eyes, with disordered hair, and form which the night had been mid-winter, Hester turned and gazed about her.

Was there perhaps he had been dismounted; but no, the door was closed and fastened on the outside.

Perhaps he was hiding somewhere.

"It is a cruel jest," thought Hester, and yet the pale face grew whiter, and the lips quivered again.

Unmindful of her naked feet and scanty dress, she ran to look behind the house, behind the bench, behind Tower's cabin; she even raised her hand to knock upon his door and ask his aid, but a feeling of shame withheld her.

Had any lonely traveler have seen her thus gliding about with her wild eyes drapery, her dark floating hair, her wild eager eyes, her bloodless cheeks and lips, he might indeed have gone away convinced that he had seen a midnight spirit.

The search was fruitless. All lay quiet in the recess of the dwelling, in the shadow, and in the moon, which had seen the whole, yet could return no answer to the piteous, questioning glances which Hester cast upon her face, behind the bench.

Opening a window which commanded both the road and the dwelling, and which she had purposely left at it, determined to watch till morning or her husband should arrive.

She leaned on the chill of her dank night-dress soaked with the heavy dew; she heeded not the wound which she had inflicted on her naked foot and ankle. She felt, she thought, nothing. She looked, and listened.

Hark again! After in the forest, what is that faint sound, scarce louder than the rustling of the midnight air among the dark leaves, yet coming nearer and nearer?

She held on the chill of her dank night-dress soaked with the heavy dew; she heeded not the wound which she had inflicted on her naked foot and ankle. She felt, she thought, nothing. She looked, and listened.

Hark again! After in the forest, what is that faint sound, scarce louder than the rustling of the midnight air among the dark leaves, yet coming nearer and nearer?

Surely this is no delusion. It is the well-known sound of her husband's horse. She could swear by it that peculiar sound which was to be to her a token that it was none but he.

It has left the forest. It sounds hollow from the little bridge across the brook—it approaches—by Heaven it is he!

She dashes the hair back from her brow with both hands, and gazes fixedly out into the night.

There upon the dusty road in the weird moonlight—there rustles the dark forest: only this, and nothing more.

Nearer and nearer, louder and louder. He has left the road, and is approaching the little knoll upon which the house stands. The steps are faster now upon the grass—indeed could scarce be heard were not her life dependent upon them.

Hester rises stiffly and mechanically from her chair, and goes forth to the open door.

She stands upon the grass waiting for the message which that unseen horseman is bringing her.

The faint footfalls are here—they pause an instant at her side, and Hester feels herself enveloped as it were in a mantle of icy air.

Then the steps pass slowly on, and finally cease at the door of Joe Tower's cabin.

A confused noise, as of rousing as the levin-bolt darts through Hester's brain.

Without hesitation, yet still with that half-paralyzed movement, she glided across the grass and pushed open the door of the cabin.

In the centre of the floor stood Joe Tower, completely dressed as if for flight. At his feet lay a bundle, and his trembling hands grasped a gun with terror deprived him of the power to raise. His eyes were fixed upon the door with the wild glare of a tiger at bay.

They gazed intensely at each other for a moment —each read the other's mind.

Then, close beside her, Hester heard the sound of the horse's feet as he began to retrace the road by which he had come.

Without a word, or sound, she extended it toward the cowering wretch before her, while her stiff, white lips hurriedly whispered

"Come!"

Reluctantly, as if impelled by an irresistible force, the man rose, and, still followed her down the moonlit road toward the rustling forest.

Close together they passed to the ear, invisible to the eye, went the measured steps with their monotonous accompaniment.

On, on, across the bridge, beneath the scattered trees, in under the black shadow of the forest where moonlight scarcely pierces through, and the only guide is the tread, is that fearful round.

Mile after mile is passed, the trees grow thinner, again the moonlight flows down upon the path. It is Murdock's Clearing.

They have reached its centre; the steps pause not, but, turning from the road, approach more slowly, more markedly, the ghostly ruin.

Hester's eyes dilate, her lips quiver, some behind her the terror-stricken man, still compelled by that unseen, invisible power.

They have reached the lonely well. At its brink the footsteps suddenly cease. They have done their work, they have reached their goal.

Hester bends over the black depth before her. At first she sees only the dark unmeaning waters beam, which has been stealing down the slimy side, reaches the bottom, and flickers uncertainly upon the pebbles.

It shows the green coating of the stagnant pool broken and disturbed. It shows a cold white hand, crisped in death's agony, gleaming above the black water, as if raised to heaven in a demand for vengeance.

The woman does not shriek or start.

Slowly she raises her head, fixes her stern haggard eyes upon the murderer's face, and silently points to the depths below.

He stood, paralyzed by those accusing eyes, the sun approaches and gazes downward.

His sex, he utters a hoarse cry of horror, and wildly tossing his arms, he bounds and plunges into the gloomy depth, whose black waters sullenly close above him.

Hester remains a few moments, her arm outstretched, her eyes fixed upon the spot where horror had stood, then, turning away, she seated herself upon the broken door-stone, fixed her eyes upon the well, and there, motionless, silently waited patiently while the ghastly moonlight faded, while the dusky shadows of the morning twilight poured out of the forest to greet Night's pale foe, the coming sun rose and shone upon her desolation.

There she was found by those whom the boy brought to seek for her.

As they approached she rose quickly, and pointing to the well, said calmly:

"They are there—John and Tower. I don't know what they have done with the gun, but they're here somewhere, too—in the cellar I think. But he has a hoe keen: you will hear it as he walks the dark, dark floor."

They carried her to her father's house, and her weeping mother received her as one who had been torn from childhood, and tenderly nursed her there.

They never looked to see her rise again; but youth and health are sometimes cruelly strong to linger, and so one who herself had suffered once said, bitterly,

"It takes a great deal to kill a woman."

Hester Burgess arose from her bed, and lived several and sad sixteen years; but no smile ever warmed those cold lips, no light ever beamed in those colorless cheek, or stirred the depths of those dark abstracted eyes.

She lived, but it was in the past.

Silent, awe-stricken men drew from the depths of that lonely well the bodies of the victim and the murderer.

In the pocket of the latter was the miserable sum for which he had sold body and soul. A scrap from the breast of the murdered man was taken a bullet which fitted Tower's somewhat remarkable gun.

John Burgess was laid with his fathers in the village church-yard.

Joe Tower was buried in the ruined cellar, where, probably, he had laid in wait for his victim; and so short was the time between the murder and the burial, the spot that a new road was laid out through the forest, and Murdock's Clearing was abandoned to the gloomy and mysterious with whom the popular voice peoples such spots.

THE WEEKLY FARMER.

THE FLOWER-GARDEN.

WHILE our extensive ornamental shrubs, if judiciously disposed, add greatly to the picturesque decoration of the flower-garden. Truly *gardeneque* effects are obtained by a skillful arrangement of the plants, filling out the beds avoid monotony, but do not fall into the error of incongruous combinations. Consider well agreeable combination and variety.

When rock-work finds a place in the flower-garden the earthen-filled with earth should be furnished with trailing plants, which are so numerous as to form endless diversity. Among these plants the ivy-leaved geranium, the ever-blooming verbena, cactus-fly, interspersed with violets, daisies, etc.

A walk arched over with wire, or other suitable material, and covered with climbing plants, affords a beautiful passage-way protected from the sun's heat.

The dwarf Dutch box makes the best and neatest edgings. It may be planted in spring. Grass edging is not desirable, because it is so difficult to keep it in order. Sea pink, stone crop, and many other plants, are used for this purpose, but none are so popular as the dwarf box edging.

Excellent gravel-walks and soft, velvety green turf add greatly to the elegance and beauty of the flower-garden. But we do not recommend them because of their wetness in dewy and rainy weather. Some very fine walks are made of cedar saw-dust sound on the sea-shore. A turf of coarse grass or a vile weed on a gravel-walk is as unsightly in the flower-garden as a wart on the cheek of beauty. An application of salt will kill weeds and moss.

The best plan of turf is that cut and layed as long out often; it ought to be mowed at least once in every two weeks, otherwise it will not be close and velvety.

Every lady who cultivates flowers should have a couple of rakes: one with iron teeth the other with coarse teeth; also a light spade and fork to take up bulbous roots, a hoe, watering-pot, and trowel for transplanting. A hand-glass is convenient. A small trowel will be necessary when removing delicate plants. A sharp pruning-knife is indispensable. A lady when working in the garden should wear an apron of stout material, having full-sized pockets in which she may carry pieces of string, pruning-knife, slips of cloth, and as occasion may require, other articles. A stout basket with a pair of shears in good order will be wanting to trim privet, box-edgings, etc.

Particular care is to be given to the plants when putting them in place, otherwise small flowers may be lost and shaded by large ones. The plants are to be viewed as a picture, the varying colors of which come and go with the kinds of plants cultivated. Thus the garden is a proper illustration throughout the grounds of the Flora of May, June, July, August, etc., these months are usually most showy, while the flowers may be in compartments; however well mixed colors may be, pleasing contrasts are lost when the flowers are not arranged so as to set off apart. Lists of flowers, specifying colors, altitude, time of flowering, etc., are given at seed stores, will be very useful in deciding what should be planted and the proper time for planting.

In the ornamental flower-garden plant, rigid to the native of Germany, although sometimes found in a wild state in Britain, is the best of all plants for its fragrance and beauty. It is not very easily cultivated. Layering is the usual mode of propagation. The most common and showy carnations are grown in pots, and the hardier ones simply in beds. Sweet scabious, which often finds a place in the boudoir, should not be forgotten; also the wild violet, which is most fragrant in spring. The primrose has many varieties, and is a favorite of the rich—while not wholly neglected in them of the poor—the latter, from the difficulty of the difficult successful culture. It delights in a moist soil and shady situations, and may be propagated from seed, by offsets, and sometimes forced by dividing the roots. The *dahlias*, one of the principal ornaments of autumn flower-gardens, and of which there are endless varieties, is said to be native of Mexico. The large tuberous roots are divided in the spring before planting-out-time. Each portion of tuber must have an eye. New varieties are raised from seed. The dahlia delights in rich loam, and a free circulation of pure air.

In the autumn the roots should be taken up, dried, and kept in a dry place free from frost. They are started in spring in leaf mould, on a hot bed, or wanted early. There are many species of the *lily*, charming flowers for the garden. Do not forget the *iris* and *hyacinth*. The beautiful *lupin* is a native of the Levant, and is very much cultivated in Holland during the last century. It is also best in light, rich, sandy soil.

Annual and biennial plants are easily cultivated. They may be sown where they are to bloom, kept free from weeds, and thinned out occasionally.

HARDY ANNUALS.—Some of the hardy annuals are as follows: The Chinese Aster, Candytuft, Mignonette's eye, China Aster, Lupine, Morning Glory, Cypress Vine, Balsam or Lady's Slipper, Nigella, Clarkia, Venus's Looking Glass, Bird Flower, Portulaca, Marigold, Petunia, Pansy, Verbena, Sweet Sultan, Sweet Pea, Larkspur, Lobelia, Nasturtium, Love in a Mist, and Fibox Drummondii, which is one of the finest.

HARDY BIENNIALS.—Hollyhock, Foxglove, Bees Campion, Scarlet Lychnis, Delphiniums.

HARDY PERENNIALS.—Columbine, Monkshood, Rose, Holyhock, Pansy, Pilox, Dilytra, Iris, etc.

Dr. A. Reid, whose gardens are in Fourteenth Street, writes us: "The *D. Spectabilis* is one of the most valuable plants in the whole collection of hardy herbaceous plants lately introduced, and no flower-garden should be without it."

Extensive Dahlia Growers.—Dahlia, of which there are numberless varieties, Iris, Everlasting Pea, Peony, Gladiolus Tuberose, etc.

For more extensive lists see Florists' Catalogues.

CLIMBING PLANTS.—Ivy, Honeysuckle, Wisteria, Trumpet Flower, Virginian Creeper, Climbing Rose, Honey-suckle, etc.

For bulbous effects we would ask attention to what are called *bedding out* plants, protected in green-houses or pits during winter, and then planted in the garden in spring. Among these we would mention Verbenas, Fuschias, Monthly Roses, Heliotropes, Feverfew, Salvia Splendens, *et cetera*.

CROP NEWS.

W. C. WHY, Athens, Tennessee, writes us: "The prospects of the wheat crop in Tennessee never were more flattering than at the present. An unusual quantity was sown last fall, and up to this time it has shown signs of an abundant crop."

We sincerely hope farmers throughout the country will send us news about the crops.

SUNDAY MORNING.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

TEMPUS.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

CHAPTER IX.

A LEE-SHORE.

THE door opened, and Hope Wayne entered. Mrs. Sincoe turned and looked at her without speaking. Hope's face was very grave. At length she said, as if with a repressed sob,

"Aunty"—she always called Mrs. Sincoe by that name—"I have just seen grandfather."

Mrs. Sincoe made no reply but her kind, sober eyes were fixed on Hope's face.

"He sent for me, Aunty."

She stopped and looked at Mrs. Sincoe. That lady did not ask "What for?" she said only, "Well."

Hope stood erect before her, looking at her with half weary eyes for a few moments and then burst into tears.

"Oh, Aunty! I shall die if I stay in this place. I see nobody but grandpa and Dr. Peewee and the ladies who come to make stately calls. I know nobody. I have nothing to do. I am sick and sad and dreary. What shall I do? what shall I do?"

"My dear," replied Mrs. Sincoe, calmly, "have you not every thing you want?"

"Of course not, Aunty; you know I haven't."

"What do you wish that you do not have, my dear?"

"Society," stoutly replied the student of the loves of Conrad and Medora.

After a short pause Mrs. Sincoe repeated the word "so-ci-e-ty" in a prolonged way, as if she were tasting it—analyzing it—trying to discover what on earth such a word meant. "So-ci-e-ty," she repeated in a musing, absent manner, as if she were saying by rote and curiously a word in some foreign tongue.

"Why, yes, Aunty: society, why not?"

Mrs. Sincoe looked at her young companion with the same unchanging expression, and asked, at length,

"What is society, my dear?"

"Why, Aunty, what a question! You know as well as I. I mean young people. I want to see people as other girls do, and not be shut up in this old house like a prisoner in a tower."

"Well, Hope, don't you see the Misses Larkin, and Mrs. Ringo, and Miss Brandbrai, and the Suthers, and Lawsons, and—"

"Yes, yes, I see 'em all when I go visiting or when they come here. But I don't mean that. I mean young girls and—and—I mean young people," said Madame Hope, half blushing, and quite angry with herself when she remarked that Mrs. Sincoe's eyes were ruthlessly fixed upon the exquisite carnation that came flooding her cheek, which at that instant had all the creamy richness of the most rosily tinted shell.

"Very well," said Mrs. Sincoe, unchangeably, "there is your cousin Alfred."

Why did Mrs. Sincoe so suddenly change the sex of the so-ci-e-ty of which she was speaking? Hope had not done so. Hope had said nothing of Alfreda, or Henry, or other names which do not belong to young people of her own sex.

"Cousin Alfred!" said she, with a short laugh. "Alfred Dinks! There's society! There's company for a solitary young woman! There's a fine hero who comes to Pinewood, and devotes all the time to the heroine that he doesn't give to the dogs! Why, the last time he was here he found me one morning in the library reading. 'What on earth do you find to read, Cousin Hope?' says Master Alfred Dinks!

"I never do. I never read any book in my life but Botts on Dogs; and away he went, as if he had said something good. Alfred Dinks is society for my dog Tib and for me. And the youth thinks he got his reward when he said that; and when he went to Europe, had been to Europe; had been presented in London; had known a young baldhead in Paris; had seen a steeple-chase in Rome, and brought home six inexpressibles from Vienna, each superbly colotted by his own smoking. The world was a squeezed orange to Cousin Alfred Dinks, who had read Botts on Dogs.

"My child, what can I do for you?"

Hope shook her head.

"It is right that we should want companionship," said Mrs. Sincoe, dear, but I know that it is natural for young women to dislike to be lonely. And yet, Hope, society may be worse than solitude."

The face with which she said these words was unspeakably grave. It columns were full of expression, if Hope could only have read it. But she looked at it as men look on Egyptian obelisks, hieroglyphed with hidden lore.

Hope's heart sank again.

"My dear, it seems very hard to you now, but you will not always—perhaps you will not long remain here. We can not foresee change, but we know not what is best. Be patient, Hope. You will have what you wish quite as soon, perhaps, as you will be ready for it. And be better go down now, dear."

Hope turned and left the room. She ran down stairs, and through the conservatory at the back of the house into the garden. Wayward as the evening breeze, she flew to a pine-tree that skirted the lawn, she roamed aimlessly here and there, but with the same quiet dignity that made her, in the eyes of the dogs—as inaccessible as a nun to the boys who went to church to worship with Mrs. Sincoe's father—no mother. She lived alone in a great country-house with her grandfather, and a nurse who was also housekeeper, who had had teachers at home—recluse old scholars, decayed clergymen in English days—who had taught her Latin, and looked at her through round spectacles, and, as they looked, remembered they were once young; and dancing-masters, teachers of history, of grammar, of arithmetic —of all English studies. Every one of these tutors were week-eyed fathers of ten children, who spoke so softly that their voices must have had loud voices; others were young college graduates, with low collars and long hair, who read with Miss Wayne in English literature, and Mrs. Sincoe sat knitting in the next chair. Then there had been the Italian music-masters, and the French teachers, very devoted, very missing a lesson, but also never missing Mrs. Sincoe, who presided over the instruction which was imparted by any Mentor under sixty. Old Christopher Dunn had in his mind daily to one thing: that Miss Wayne should enjoy every advantage that his money could buy for her, in order that she might, at her majority, restore to Mrs. Sincoe, properly grace the head of her husband's table.

But of all her teachers the young student preferred Lord Byron, who occupied a permanent situation upon the library shelf, and whose lessons the docile pupil learned by heart. The world that it described was unreal, proud and sure, it will find in books, in imagination. And if it try to realize that world in life when experience has been added to the works, are at the celebrated manufactory of Sirves and no difficulty will be found in detail, in moulding the porcelain into the loveliest shapes, and in fashioning it to the most exquisite touchy. The artist will work with enthusiasm and care those delicate tints that ravish the eyes of the connoisseur, as they do not, and are enchanted by the hues of spring. Nothing is wanting. The porcelain itself seems to conspire with the art that it precious, with the skill of the artificers, with the pallet of the painters. The imperial manufactory is the whole with satisfaction. He sends the most beautiful services to his trusty and well-beloved cousins, who are kings, emperors, princes, hereditary grand dukes, and serene potentates of every degree, and who are called by the grace of God to rule other countries precisely as he is called to rule his.

Did you ever hear of a grandpapa who took the Sirves view of the world, of education, and of young women? Are human clay to be so exquisitely modeled, beautifully painted, to conspire with every art that develops and adorns —and then: "My dear imperial contemporary and correspondent, permit me to offer you the accompanying cup, perhaps the finest specimen of our workmanship on record, for your illustrious son, grandson, or heir to drink his tea from. It is so transparent that you can look through it. It is so delicate that the jar of a breaking sigh would cause your grandson's guitar will stir it. Such ware, I need not add, is not to be purchased—fortunately, like the rarer Rhine wines of our excellent cousin, the Duke of Nassau. And so, right trusty, farewell."

Hope Wayne, of all her teachers, preferred Lord Byron; and as she walked restlessly about the garden she almost unconsciously began repeating some of the lines that always lay in her mind, like invisible writing, waiting only for the fire of a strong emotion to bring them legibly out. As she repeated them she came in front of the house to her favorite seat upon the lawn, which sloped toward the west, in which the light was still golden, but dim—

> "Hope withers yet the spot where hope is shivered.
> And its fragments are sunk in the wave;
> Though fate shall my soul in delivered
> To pain, it shall not be its slave.
> There is many a gang to pursue
> Thy may crush, but they shall not enslave:
> They may torture, but shall not subdue me:
> 'Tis of thee that I think, not of them."

At the same moment Mrs. Sincoe was closing her window high over Hope's head; and as she looked at the darkening landscape she was singing, in her accustomed way,

> "I rest upon thy word;
> Thy promise is for me:
> My succor and salvation, Lord,
> Shall surely come from thee.
> But let me still abide,
> Nor from my hope remove,
> Till thou my patient spirit guide
> Into thy perfect love."

CHAPTER X.

TWO RICHMONDS.

GABRIEL BENNET had not been three times to hear Dr. Peewee before he entered church every Sunday with the appointment expression that the Burr carriage had already arrived, and that he had moved seeing Hope Wayne walk up the aisle. And every Sunday he was mistaken. Every Sunday the carriage was sure not to roll up until the bell had ceased tolling.

But although that was true of the last and all other Sundays, how could he be sure, when a new, bright Sunday came, that it would not be the very day of a change? The doubt, the uncertainty, the suspense, were all part of the delicious pain of his pleasure. For it had come to that. His young mind reveled in doubts. It had reached that joyous apprehension.

When a boy remembers the color of a ribbon on a girl's forehead as she sits in her pew at church, and has no recollection of the text, and only a contemptuous criticism of the sermon, profound admiration of human nature ventures a shrewd suspicion, and find themselves, by a curious infidelity, beginning to repeat Milton's Lycidas—

> "Yet once more—"

For the time and the singing of birds perpetually comes, and the voice of the turtle is heard ceaselessly in the land.

Hope Wayne was not unconscious of all the adoration she excited. If a swarm of schoolboys cries into a country church without turning all their eyes toward one pew, it is not possible that, when a girl comes in and seats herself in that pew, the rise of those eyes, turning glances, even Dr. Peewee may not entirely distract her minds, however he may rivet her eyes! Nay, is it not supposable that, as she takes her last glance at the Sunday toilet in her nursery dressing-room at home, and half turns to be sure that the collar is clasped, and that the golden curl needs precisely as it should under the brass rose-bud that flushes seductively by the side of a lovelier bloom—is it not just supposable that she thinks, for a wayward instant, of other eyes that will presently scan that face and form, and feels, with a half flush, that they will not be shocked nor disappointed?

There was not a boy in Mr. Gray's school who would have dared to dream that Hope Wayne ever had such a thought. When she appeared behind Grandfather Burt and the gold-headed cane she had no more antecedents in their imaginations than a rose or a rainbow. They no more thought of little human weaknesses and mundane influences in regard to her than they thought of cold vapor when they looked at sunset clouds.

During the service Hope sat stately in the pew, with her eyes fixed upon Dr. Peewee; nor did they close under his drowsiest exhortations. Grandpa Burt, at the head of the pew, nodded at intervals, sometimes in so desperate and undignified a manner that he recovered himself with a jerk, and then looked around indignantly and defiantly to see if any body was observing him, as people every where who go to sleep in church will do, if they are important personages in the parish. But it is always in vain; when you nod heavily the crown of dignity rolls off, tumbles on the ground, and is shattered.

Hope's eyes were fixed upon Dr. Peewee. Perhaps she did not hear what he said. Perhaps her heart did not look out of her eyes, but was busy with a hundred sweet fancies in which some one of those fascinated boys had a larger share than he knew. Perhaps when she covered her eyes in an attitude of devotion she did not thereby exclude all thoughts of the outer and lower world. Perhaps the good Being for whose worship they were assembled was no more displeased with the innocent reveries and fancies which flooded the heart than young Sunday-birds with the soft air and sweet song of birds that played through the open windows of the church on some warm June Sunday morning.

But when the shrill-voiced leader of the choir sounded the key-note of the hymn that brings his nose, and the growling bass viol joined in unison, while the congregation rose, and Dr. Peewee surveyed his people to mark who had staid away from service, then Hope Wayne looked at the choir as if her whole soul were singing; and Gabriel Bennet had a choking feeling in he gazed at her—an involuntary sense of unworthiness and shame before such purity and grace. He counted every line of the hymn grudgingly, and when the tune was half sung and repeated and prolonged—the tunes endless, by de rigueur—while the hymn that he heard a he looked at her he never forgot.

But there were other eyes than Gabriel's that watched Hope Wayne, and for many months had watched her. The clustering black hair that shook and floated along the very first lines of this story covered a brain that worked with endless schemes, as it thought of the majestic maidenhood which inspired every awe and admiration in Gabriel's heart.

Handsome, passionate, with great black eyes, brilliant color, and strong manly figure, the son of a New York merchant, who spent all his income—he spoke well sometimes to die in New York, thirty and forty years ago—Abel Newman sat in the leaders in Mr. Gray's school.

Like every handsome, bold boy in every school, he had plenty of allies—perhaps they could hardly be called friends. He was, in fact, as such boys are, a petty despot. His word made a certain kind of law. If he battled a boy from his favor, he was in a sort of disgrace. There was no formal accusation or trial, but a sentence in his elastic moral code, and that was executed.

Such reigns are like those of many kings. The subjects can easily fancy something better; but here this is, and what are you going to do? Here this is, and here, in a hundred thousand soldiers; here, a police system; here, innumerable spies; here, prisons, foreign lands, and scaffolds. On the whole, is it worth while to make a bother? Every man likes his ease. You are not permitted, indeed, to say that twice two are four. Yes; but looked at practically, is it of the last importance that you should? Is it not of more practical use to wife and family, for example, that you should quietly cobble shoes at four shillings a pair,—shillings convertible into superior rosst-beef and dyspepsia bread—into a fragrant pipeful of tobacco and a moderate glass of wine—than that you should be turned out of the country, or out of the world, for the mere pleasure of stating a proposition? If you think

the statement to be true, in the name of peace—if that is what you want—think so, and hold your tongue!

Such was the rule of Abel Newt at Mr. Gray's. There was many a boy who thought with little Makeca, although, more prudently than he, he might not say it, "Abe gives me gingerbread; but I guess I don't like him!" If a boy interfered with Abe he was always punished. The boys was turned on him; there was ceaseless ridicule and taunting. Then if it was unbearable, and cause to fighting, Abel Newt was strong in muscle and furious in wrath, and the assailant was generally pomelled.

Reposing upon this easy, conscious superiority, Abel had been a favourite pupil. But they were nearly of the same age—then a few months the younger, and when the regulations of the school confined every boy, without especial permission of absence, to the school grounds, and as Abel had no acquaintance with Mr. Gray but no excuse for calling, his worship had been almost estranged. He was the more satisfied that it should be so, because it had never occurred to him that any of the other boys could be a serious rival for regard. He was also obliged to be the more satisfied with his silent dominion because newly it gained ground, for any saw consciousness of his particular observation, or afford him the least opportunity for saying or doing any thing that would favour it. If he hastened to the front door of the church he could only stand upon the steps and see his passed out she nodded to her few friends, and immediately followed her grandfather into the carriage.

There are girls enough, perhaps—or there were, a quarter of a century ago—who, from sympathy, or kindness, or some other humane and generous feeling, would at least have recognized the admiration of a rejected acquaintance for forty boys, of all ages from fourteen or fifteen to twenty-one. But Abel might have been an occasional one, at the period of which we treat, who would have indicated her preference among that host of the faithful, either by a look, a word, or an offered chance to pick up a glove or a handkerchief, or by some other of those sweet and sufficient devices which it becomes such a one to suppose unknown to every woman.

But Hope Wayne was of another kind. She knew the boys were there. From the time she was observed that none boys had arrived, their elder sons had. But how she discovered it, who shall say? For there was never one of Mr. Gray's boys who could honestly declare that he had seen Hope Wayne looking at either of the pews in which they sat. But so much is seen in this world without looking!—and so much looked at that is never seen!

THE ARMSTRONG GUN.—[AFTER AN AUTHENTIC SKETCH.]

CHAPTER XI.

HIS MAJESTY, ABEL NEWT.

ABEL had been a scholar of Mr. Gray's for several years. At a very early period of his pupilage he had comprehended his importance as a boy's instinct is as sure as that of a horse. The quadruped sly always knows when he is a safely jog on at his own pace or fling his rider, or whether he must fling his rider chooses. The biped is equally wise. He feels at once whether he can have his own head, or must yield to the bit of discipline, and acts out of character in the master. Abel careered at his own pleasure, but he had the good sense to allow nothing to be discovered to constitute that which would compel Mr. Gray to expel him. For he preferred to be Abel Newt unbalustaer rather than save his father.

"If there was ever an individual who knew Uncle Savory through and through, it is your humble—" thought Abel often, as he chuckled quietly to himself. At Christmas-time he was quite as shrewd as any body need be in this world. And shrewd he was—dangerously shrewd for a boy of eighteen. Perhaps he thought that skilful cunning was perception. Perhaps he thought that his own spectacles were only a near-sighted man to post his ledger, they also help him to study the stars. Perhaps he thought spectacles were good as tailstoppers.

When Gabriel Bonnet came to Mr. Gray's Abel did not like him. He laughed at him. He made his other boys laugh at him whenever he could. He bullied him on all occasions. He used to propose to introduce fagging at Mr. Gray's. He praised it as a specific for the spirit of the British schools, simply because he wanted Gabriel to his fag. He wanted to fling his boots at his head for Gabriel to pick them up. He wanted to send him down stairs in his shirt on winter nights. He wanted to have the honour of up in the cold mornings and bring him his breakfast in bed. He wanted to chain Gabriel to the car of his triumphal chariot through the school-life. He wanted to try to debase and degrade him altogether to the Oriental despotism of fagging.

"What is it," Abel exclaimed one day to the large boys assembled in solemn conclave in the school-room, "that takes all the boorishness and brutishness out of the English character? What is it that prevents the Britishers from being servile and obsequious—mute, I tell you, boys, unknown in England—but this splendid system of fagging? Did you ever hear of an insolent Englishman, a despotic Englishman, a surly Englishman, a selfish Englishman, an odious Englishman, a domineering Englishman, a dogmatic Englishman? Never, boys, never. These things are all taken out of them by fagging. It stands to reason they should be. If I lay my boots at a fellow's head, is he likely to domineer? If I kick a small boy who contradicts me, is he likely to be opinionated and dogmatic? If I eat up my fag's plum-cake just sent by his mamma, but, as it were, from the maternal heart, and moist with a mother's tears, is that fag likely to be selfish? Not at all. The boots, and the kicking, and the general walloping make him manly. It teaches him to govern his temper and hold his tongue. I swear I should like to have a fag!" persisted Abel, meaning that he should like to be the holy office, and to have Gabriel Bonnet delivered over to him for the purpose.

Once Gabriel overheard this kind of conversation in the schoolroom, as Abel and some of the other boys were resting after a game at ball. There were no personal allusions in what he heard said, and it was not his night to suppose that Gabriel suspected any. But he took him up a little rashly.

"Pooh! Abel, how would you like to have Gyles Blanding shy his boots at your head?"

Abel looked at him a moment incredulously. Then he replied—

"My young friend, I should like to see him try it. But fagging concerns small boys, not large ones."

"Yes?" retorted Gabriel, his eyes flashing, as he kept tossing the ball nervously, and catching it. "Yes? Well, the meanness of it: the little boy can't help himself."

"By golly, I'd kick!" put in Little Malacca.

"Then you'd be licked till you dropped, my little Sir," said Abel, sneeringly.

"Yes, Abel," replied Gabriel, "but it's precious mean for an American boy to want fagging."

Abel looked as if he should like to have the institution go into operation then and there.

"Not at all," he retorted; "there are some young American gentlemen I know who would be greatly benefited by being well fagged; yes, fagged, full of expectation of the fun, cut out of the room. The moment he closed the door Mr. Gray lifted his finger and said—

"Now, boys! every body remain perfectly quiet when I say three."

It was needless to explain why for every body saw the intended joke, and Gabriel returned instantly from the study saying that the handkerchief was not there.

"No matter," said Mr. Gray. "Are you all ready, boys. Now, then! *one, two, three!*"

At the word left Mr. Gray's lips, Gabriel, amidst, full of spirit, jumped up from his seat with the energy of the effort, and shouted out at the top of his voice:

"Hope Wayne!"

It was out. That name alone broke the silence, ringing out in enthusiastic music.

Gabriel's fun instantly changed. Still standing erect and dismayed, he looked rapidly around the room from boy to boy, and at Mr. Gray. There was just a moment of utter silence, and then a loud peal of laughter.

Gabriel's colour came and went. His heart winced, but not his eye. Young hearts are tender, and a joke like this cuts so deeply! He was humiliated, indignant, hurt. But most of all he was about to yield, and drop the tell-tale tear of a sensitive, young boy, when he caught the eye of Abel Newt. It was calmly studying him as a Roman surgeon may have watched the gladiator in the arena, and his old-school ethical code of Gabriel remembered Abel's words in the playground—"there's more than one kind of fagging."

When the laugh was over, Gabriel's had been loudest of all.

CHAPTER XII.

EXPERIMENTUM CRUCIS.

GABRIEL BONNET strolled away from Abel Newt's refuge of fagging to no serious affection for the orator, but with a confused feeling and stormy impression that if he was to be walked on he loosened his neck in his collar. He thought it was very sultry. "Twas only the fire in his blood, for, ah! as if he had seen a demon. So he had. He had seen the devil in Abel Newt's eye.

Before Gabriel Bonnet showed his face at Mr. Gray's Abel was rocked in the most blissful reminiscences of the morning. All ended happily. Yes; he had never spoken to her, but of course, in due season, Miss Hope Wayne shall become Mrs. Abel—

Bang! goes the sentinel's gun at midnight. The sleeping, silent camp of a thousand men suddenly bristles with life. There is not a soldier who does not spring to his feet. Bat-tery! The drums are beating. The bugles are blowing. The men have a coat in one hand and a musket in the other. To arms! To arms! The enemy are down upon us! No more sleeping! No more dreaming! Fall in! Fall in! Crack! Click! "Into the jaws of Death; into the mouth of hell!"

"Pooh, pooh!" said Abel Newt to himself, "this boy is a child! He is fifteen years old; he is three years younger than I am, or she is. He is perfectly ridiculous, of course. Besides, how do I know that the little fool cares for her in the least? Pooh! Suppose he does! What then? Pooh, I care!" said he, inwardly raging and longing to have somebody for a fag.

"The truth is, Gyles," said Abel to Blanding, "Gabriel Bonnet's mother ought to come and take him home for the summer to play with the other cock-a-doodles. People shouldn't leave their spoons about."

The two boys went in to tea.

In the course of the scholars were sitting in the dining-room, as usual, some chatting, some reading, their quiet ready to go to bed.

"Mr. Gray," said Abel to Uncle Savory, who was sitting talking with Mrs. Gray, whose hands, which were never idle, were now busily knitting—

"Well, Abel."

"Suppose we have some game."

"Certainly. Boys, what shall we do? Let us see. They've the Grand Moffi, and the Element, and My view, and Consider well—what—well, what shall it be?"

Mr. Grey, in a good while since we've tried all calling out together. We haven't done it since Gabriel Bonnet came."

"No, we haven't," answered Mr. Gray, as his small eyes twinkled at the prospect of a little fun. "No, we haven't. Now, boys, of course a good many of you have played the game before. But you, now Master Monitrie—attend! the thing is this. When I say three—*one, two, three*—every body is to shout out the name of his favourite book. The fun is that nobody hears any thing, because every body bawls so loud. You see?" asked he, apparently feeling for his handkerchief. "Gabriel, before we begin run and run into the study and get my handkerchief."

Gabriel, full of expectation of the fun, ran out of the room. The moment he closed the door Mr. Gray lifted his finger and said—

"Now, boys! every body remain perfectly quiet when I say three."

"No matter," said Mr. Gray. "Are you all ready, boys. Now, then! *one, two, three!*"

At the word left Mr. Gray's lips, Gabriel, amidst, full of spirit, jumped up from his seat with the energy of the effort, and shouted out at the top of his voice:

"Hope Wayne!"

It was out. That name alone broke the silence, ringing out in enthusiastic music.

Gabriel's fun instantly changed. Still standing erect and dismayed, he looked rapidly around the room from boy to boy, and at Mr. Gray. There was just a moment of utter silence, and then a loud peal of laughter.

Gabriel's colour came and went. His heart winced, but not his eye. Young hearts are tender, and a joke like this cuts so deeply! He was humiliated, indignant, hurt. But most of all he was about to yield, and drop the tell-tale tear of a sensitive, young boy, when he caught the eye of Abel Newt. It was calmly studying him as a Roman surgeon may have watched the gladiator in the arena. Then the old-school ethical code of Gabriel remembered Abel's words in the playground—"there's more than one kind of fagging."

When the laugh was over, Gabriel's had been loudest of all.

THE ARMSTRONG GUN.

We give herewith a section of the Armstrong gun which is just now making such a noise in England. It is very certain that of the enormous amounts of money have been spent by the European Governments in experiments for the improvement of artillery, hundreds of thousands of dollars have been thrown away in the construction of guns which have been found worthless on trial, but which in effect did nothing but burst on trial. Then the Lancaster gun, which for a time was thought to have succeeded in sending the projectiles straight; the Naumyth gun; the Palmerston mortar; the Whitworth, the Fairbairn, the Wade, and other guns were abandoned after very costly experiments. Now at last it is said that the British Government has got what was wanted.

The story of the gun and its inventor is then given by an English paper:

"Mr. W. G. Armstrong, a civil engineer of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, took out three patents in 1857-58. One was for a mode of forming guns with an inner tube of wrought iron or gun-metal, surrounded by rings of wrought iron or gun-metal shrunk on hot. The gun was also breech-loading; by turning a screw, an opening was exposed through which a shot or shell and charge could be introduced, and the screw brought all up tight again in a very ingenious way. In another patent Mr. Armstrong devised a remarkable mode of aiming a gun at night, or in utter darkness: certain observations are to be made during daylight to determine the azimuth and altitude of the object to be aimed at; and then, by means of a graduated arc, and another simple contrivance, the proper position of the gun may be ascertained at night. In the third patent two fuses are described, full of inflammable compounds in tissue paper, so that exact time that a shell shall explode after leaving the gun-barrel can be determined, and the gun-layer can become against any solid object. Now, two out of the three patents have been purchased by the British Government to the Great Seal, whereby the specifications become public property. The inference is, that the Government made an arrangement with Mr. Armstrong to provide them with superior purposes. There is also evidence that Mr. Armstrong has been commissioned to carry out and superintend in the shops and constitutes of a shell to be used with the gun; and also, a shot, to attain great range without any bursting effect. Various facts on this subject were brought before professional and engineering manufacturers; but the month of February in the present year told the public sensible that Mr. Armstrong's shot. The dignified *Court Circular* announced that, at the first levee of the season, Mr. G. G. Armstrong received the honor of knighthood, and was appointed one of her Majesty's engineers in a new service and of equal dignity, under the superintendence of a Rifled-ordnance Department. A day or two after, the Armstrong experiment was made that General Peel, Secretary of State for War, accompanied Sir W. G. Armstrong to Woolwich, and officially saw the gun fire his new sphere of duty. About the same time the Newcastle Armstrong Gun Co. had a large new factory in full swing built at Elswick near that town, by or for Sir W. G. Armstrong, and was prepared to turn out the manufacture of government guns, and steel and iron generally of semi-government character. Such are the facts we did not know more, or they would not tell. The whole plans has been a jubilation that a Newcastle civil engineer should be made a knight and a baronet. They enquette should have been broken through in order that the right man might be put in the right place.

Meanwhile the Government are trying hard to keep their secret. Its principles and the general dimensions are known only to the persons concerned. At Shoeburyness

what they have done is kept very close, and what they know they are chary in telling. At Woolwich, the day when Sir W. G. Armstrong entered on his duties, one of his guns was ready, with all sorts of screens and contrivances for shielding it from the sight of men, and an unfortunate artist (an Illustrated contributor, possibly) was mildly captured, and, compelled to give up the sketch he was drawing. If this does not whet curiosity to the boiling point, we shall be surprised. Already the invisible powers have given some sections of what the editor believes to be the construction of the Armstrong gun."

With regard to the gun itself the *Mechanic's Magazine* says:

"Instead of being cast like ordinary cannon—if composed of several longitudinal pieces, like the Whitworth cannon—or of a number of circular bands, as proposed by Captain Blakely, Mr. Armstrong's gun is built up of coils of iron, each other, or, in other words, so as to 'break joint.' This system, as a matter, of course, expensive, but it gives great strength with a moderate quantity of metal. The internal steel tube is rifled in a very peculiar manner, and is screwed, like those of our breech-loading rifled guns—or being formed with an oval bore, and then twisted, like a corkscrew, or with a polygonal bore, as in the Whitworth system—so that a very close fit is secured between it and each other, no less than forty, we believe, in a gun of two and half inches bore. The object of this is, of course, usually makes of cast-iron, of about three diameters in length, and covered with shot and shell, so that it may readily conform itself to the rifled interior of the gun when forced into the latter by means of the powder. Provision for loading the gun at the breech is made by cutting a slot across the bottom of the bore, at upper side into the bore, of a sufficient length to admit the elongated projectile to be introduced, and a length of a breadth slightly greater than the diameter of the bore. The bore itself is also slightly enlarged at the point into the space formed by cutting out the slot, in order that the projectile may be readily introduced sideways, the slot, may be easily pressed forward by head or other means into the bore. In order to close the open slot, formed as after the gun is loaded, a movable breech-piece is formed to fit into it, and is furnished with two handles by which it may be moved to be lifted out and dropped into its place as required. This breech-piece has fitted to it a screw, which forms a portion of which projects slightly; so as to form a disk which, when breech-piece is fitted in its place forward, will enter the bore behind the charge, and by its expansion at the moment of explosion prevent escape of gas. The slight forcing forward of the breech-piece is effected by means of a screw fitting into a nut through the external breech end of the gun, and pressing against the rear end of the breech-piece. This screw is turned by a hand lever. The fore end of the breech-piece is bored out in the form of cones, the latter entering the copper disk, and into this bore is placed at the time of loading a disk of copper, surrounding the projecting breeding cap or plug is struck, the copper disk is forced into the cones, and the fire is instantaneously communicated to the main cartridge in the bore of the gun. Mr. Armstrong, in his first experiments, used a combustion fuse of his invention for causing the shell to burst on striking an object in front. Percussion fuses place before the time-fuse has operated. This precaution has been taken, we believe, because the Armstrong gun is fitted to ignite referred to bore. In a cylindrical case with a hollow cone, terminating from a weight or striker, by means of a pin passing through it and the sides of the case. This pin is cut or broken by the shock which the projectile receives in the gun at the instant of firing, and the striker, being thus liberated, recedes to the rear end of the case, and there remains until the velocity of the shell is checked by causing the cutlass to strike the ground. When this takes place the striker, not participating in the retardation of the shell, advances to the case, and causes a patch of detonating composition to be carried against a fixed point, which fires the composition and ignites the charge."

Chamber's Journal says:

"As to the missile actually obtained, they seem to be marvelous in *range* and accuracy, not in the size of the missile thrown, for that has not been aimed at. There is range of *five miles* having been reached—of an Armstrong shot penetrating six feet into solid oaken beams placed one behind another—of a gun so light that two men can carry it, and yet that its shot shall reach a couple of miles—and of an accuracy of flight almost equaling that of an Enfield rifle.

"The secretary of State for War has made an interesting communication to the House of Commons concerning the Armstrong guns. Compared with an ordinary gun, relatively to the weight of the shot used; that the shell is so constructed as to act as solid shot, when required, or charged shell, at pleasure; that with five pounds of powder one of these guns will throw a 12-pound shell more than five miles; that its accuracy is quite unprecedented among ordinary guns, striking at an object at eight times distance being almost an absolute certainty; and that the principle once admitted, it might be applied to guns of any heavy battering-power, as well as to those for producing great range and accuracy of flight. The new works at Newcastle are being constructed under an arrangement which gives the Government a virtual control over them.

As to the personal question, it appears that Sir W. G. Armstrong has entered into private business relations with the Government, but he has retired from the establishment at Newcastle; that he is to receive, spread over a series of years, a certain sum of money, partly as a purchase-price for the patents, partly as salary for filling the office of his new office—Chief-engineer of Rifled Ordnance."

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Saturday, April 23, 1859.*

THE Wholesale Produce Markets have been quite heavy for Breadstuffs during the week. Stocks have been moderate, yet receivers have manifested considerable hesitancy in buying, while holders generally seem not to purchase more than they immediately required. Heavy rains have prevailed in the Western States for the past week, and are reported to be general over the whole country unsettled, closing with a fair inquiry.——Coffee, Teas, Sugars, and Molasses have a better demand, as also have Hay, Naval Stores, and Tobacco ——Rice has attracted less attention, yet has been quiet, in private. The auction sale on Thursday was unattractive, spirited, and unsatisfactory to both sellers and buyers, the former having been disappointed by the same commission and low prices, while the latter were dissatisfied with the arbitrary action of the sellers in withdrawing so liberally the rice from sale, and refusing a shipping order to a large amount, mainly from Liverpool. Provisions have been very quiet. Dry Goods, while Foreign Fabrics are tolerably supplied, have been steadily unchanged. The value of the week's imports of Dry Goods has been $1,246,372 against $1,000,000 the same week last year. The imports since January 1 have been $20,511,017 against $14,000,000 the same time last year.

The movements in other commodities have not been productive of any remarkable changes.

The Live Stock Markets last Wednesday were fluster for Beeves, the supply of which was in excess. The demand was good. Milch Cows and Veal Calves were in limited supply and demand, and prices were as follows, as near as could be ascertained for the week, Sheep were dull and heavy, though not in plenty.

The range of prices during the week, as near as we can get it, at the leading City Markets last Wednesday were as follows:

Ordinary to Premium Beeves, per pound	$ 3½	@ $ 13
Fair to good Milch Cows, per head	30	@ 55
Veal Calves, per pound	4½	@ 6½
Sheep, per head	$ 00	@ 7
" per pound	5	@ 8
Live Swine	7	@ 8½
Dressed "	7	@ 8½
Rotting Tigs, each	1 00	@ 1 50

The Country Produce Markets have been generally dull during the week.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WHOLESALE MARKET.

Apples, per barrel	$3 00	@ $7 00
Dried Apples, per pound	03	@ 04
Dried Peaches, peeled	12	@ 16
Pineapples, per doz	1 00	@ 1 75
Potatoes, per barrel	1 12½	@ 1 25
Potatoes, new	2 00	@ 2 50
Potatoes, sweet	2 00	@ 2 50
Onions	1 75	@ 2 00
Turnips	1 00	@ 1 12½
Parsnips	1 00	@ 1 12½
Beets	1 00	@ 1 12½
Carrots	1 00	@ 1 12½
Cabbage, per 100	4 00	@ 7 00
Cranberries, Eastern, per barrel	11 00	@ 12 00
Pumpkins, new, per dozen	50	@ 1 00
Garlic, per 100 bunches	4 00	@ 5 00
Green Peas, per bushel	1 00	@ 1 50
Eggs, N. Y. and N. J., per dozen	13	@ 14
Chickens, per pounds	12	@ 14
Ducks	15	@ 18
Geese	15	@ 18
Turkeys	14	@ 16
Ducks	18	@ 18
" black, per pair	50	@ 75
" widgeon	50	@ 75
" brant, per pair	1 00	@ 1 25
" gray	50	@ 75
" redheads	1 00	@ 1 00
Pigeons, per dozen	1 00	@ 2 00
Wild Pigeons	1 00	@ 1 75
Partridges, per pair	62	@ 75
English Snipe	50	@ 75

ADVERTISEMENTS.

BURNETT'S COCOAINE.

A NEW AND DESIRABLE PREPARATION FOR THE HAIR.

—We with pleasure refer our readers to the preparation of Messrs. Burnett & Co. of Boston.

The want of their Cocoaine has long been felt in order to dispense with the many inferior preparations now in use.

It contains a very large proportion of Cocoa Nut Oil, so celebrated for causing to the hair a rich glossy and smooth appearance, which, together with its other properties, strengthens the hair and gives it a healthy and vigorous growth. We speak after giving it a trial, and can conscientiously recommend it to the old and young as being a preparation of fountainable value for the purposes intended.—*St. John (Canada) News.*

New York Purchasing Agency.

W. M. HAFSLEY, No. 18 NASSAU STREET.

Persons desirous of making purchases in New York of any articles, large or small, of use or luxury, from a Book to a Blanket, a Pin to a Piano, a Shawl to a Steamer, by their orders filled promptly, and goods sent as directed, at 5 per cent. commission, may refer to Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, Esq., Gentlemen Leroy Island Bank, Messrs. John Jacob Astor, Sons, Huntington Brothers & Co., New York; J. D. Dauntree & Co., New Orleans.

Now Published,

From Wall Street to Cashmere.

A JOURNAL OF FIVE YEARS IN ASIA, AFRICA, AND EUROPE.

By CHARLES LANMAN.

Comprising

Visits during 1851, '2, '3, '4, '5, and '6, to the Dancenea from Minea, Plains of Troy, Thessaly, Mount Olympus, Parnyss, Arcadia, Corinth, Tyre, Mt. Sinai, Bombay, Seringapatam, and Surat.

With all the Scenes of the Author's Personal Mishaps.

CASHMERE,

Peshawur, and the Khyber Pass to Afghanistan, Java, China, and the Mauritius.

With many Illustrations.

By JOHN B. IRELAND, ESQ.

Price in Muslin binding, $4 00; Half Calf extra, $6 00.

This is a reliable book of travels, and a valuable contribution to Modern Literature. Written in a light, sparkling, polished stylist, who has looked at the country through both his eyes and his brain, and has given us, not a mere fragmentary description of the habits, manners, and customs of the people.

It will be refreshing to get hold of a book written in a light spirit by a truthful man. The social every-day life of those three hundred millions of people has not been understood. He tells us all about the self-sacrificing devotion of the American Missionaries to the Great Cause to which they are engaged. He also gives the most fascinating books of travel that has ever been published in this country.

S. A. ROLLO & CO.,

29 Park Row,

Opposite the Astor House.

THE LAST AND BEST.

Sheldon & Company,

No. 115 Nassau Street, New York,

HAVE NOW READY,

Spurgeon's Sermons.

FIFTH SERIES.

ILLUSTRATED WITH A FINE STEEL PORTRAIT OF THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON, PREACHING IN THE SURREY GARDENS.

One vol. 12mo. Price $1 00.

The popularity of Spurgeon's Sermons has increased with their every issue, while the demand for the first and the most for them throughout the whole country is greater than ever before.

A distinguished critic, who has read the proof-sheets of the fifth series, pronounces them far superior to the published, striking, and original, than any that have preceded them.

Sent by mail, pre-paid, for $1 00.

Strangers Visiting New York

SHOULD

VISIT GENT'S BAZAAR,

507 & 513 Broadway, St. Nicholas Hotel,

Comprising TWENTY DEPARTMENTS in every branch of business attended to, and a Ladies and children, and every article for the equipment of

Gentlemen and Men of Fashion.

ONE OF THE LIONS OF NEW YORK.

Commencing with the Bazaar, and forming the forth Compartment, is

GENIN'S HAT STORE,

The largest Hat Store in America.

The GREATEST VARIETY OF ORIGINAL STYLES to be found on this Continent.

Strangers coming in the city as buyers, or mere Lookers on in Visions," should visit the bazaar as

ONE OF THE CURIOSITIES OF TRADE,

having no parallel or rival on either side of the Atlantic.

BLAKEMAN & MASON,

No. 318 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Publishers and Booksellers,

Importers and Jobbers in

SCHOOL & COLLEGE TEXT BOOKS

STANDARD MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS

BLANK AND NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Give special attention to selling the publications of BOULD & LINCOLN, TYPOGRAPHY OF PHILLIPS, SAMPSON & CO., E. H. BUTLER & CO., J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., and others.

BOSTON AND PHILADELPHIA PUBLISHERS.

BIRDSEY BLAKEMAN, } ALBERT MASON.
of this late firm of }
SHELDON, BLAKEMAN & CO., }

FRED. S. COZZENS,

WINE MERCHANT,

Offers for sale Foreign Wines of the finest qualities of his own importation.

SAME OLD BRANDIES,

SPARKLING AND STILL CATAWBA, AND ISABELLA WINES,

from N. Longworth, Cincinnati, Ohio.

No. 172 CHERRY STREET,

(Opposite Hudson River Railroad, New York.)

SOMETHING NEW.

AMERICAN HOP TREE.

The undersigned recommends the above Tree as destined to supercede the unsightly and troublesome Hop Vines. The Tree is perfectly hardy and highly ornamental, bearing the second year from seed. The hops produced are much stronger, and always preferred to the ordinary hops. Trees from 6 to 8 feet high, or seeds free by mail for nine 3c. stamps.

McILVAIN & YOUNG, Seedsmen and Florists,

No. 9 John Street.

Nature's True Restorative.

SANDS' SARSAPARILLA,

THE GREAT

AMERICAN REMEDY

FOR PURIFYING THE BLOOD.

THE BEST, SAFEST, AND PUREST

TONIC AND ALTERATIVE EVER PREPARED.

Prepared by A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists, 100 Fulton Street, cor. William, N. Y.

Cyrus W. Field & Co.,

Wholesale

PAPER DEALERS,

No. 57 Beekman Street, New York,

Have removed from No. 11 CLIFF STREET to the large new store, 57 BEEKMAN STREET, where they have made such extensive arrangements as to enable them to execute orders of PAPERS adapted to any branch of trade, with promptness, quality, and despatch, which they can not be surpassed; and their facilities are such that they are enabled to sell every description of PAPER at the lowest possible price, either for cash or approved credit. They recommend that they can offer strong inducements to purchasers throughout the United States and Canada to give them their orders.

Below are enumerated some of the principal styles of PAPER MADE BY CYRUS W. FIELD & CO., and MANUFACTURED, or will be found in lots to suit purchasers:

To Publishers of Books, Pamphlets, &c.

BOOK PAPER, of various sizes and qualities.
COLORED PAPER, plated and unplated.
DOUBLE CAP WRAPPERS, all colors.
FANCY PAPERS, all colors.
STRAW AND RINDERS' BOARDS, &c.
BOOK PAPER made to order, of any size and weight.

To Publishers of Newspapers.

NEWS PAPER constantly on hand, of the various sizes and weights usually called for, and any size made to order at short notice.
MANILLA PAPERS, superior quality for wrappers.
NEWS INK, &c.

To Job Printers.

NEWS and BOOK PAPER, various sizes.
COLORED PAPER, plated and unplated.
PLAIN CAP and LETTER PAPER.
FOLIO POST, FLAT CAPS, &c.

To Druggists.

HARDWARE PAPERS, of various sizes and qualities.
WHITE and COLORED WRAPPING, all kinds.
BLUE and WHITE FOLDING POST PAPER.
CAP and LETTER PAPERS, &c.

To Cloth and Paper Hanging Dealers.

MANILLA PAPER, 20 sheet, 30x40, and 40x60, and any size or weight made to order.
WRAPPING PAPER, various qualities.
SILK PAPERS.
PLAIN and LETTER PAPERS, &c.

To Hardware Manufacturers and Dealers.

HARDWARE PAPER, various sizes and weights.
HARDWARE PAPER, glazed.
STRAW WRAPPING PAPERS, various sizes.
COLORED PAPERS, various sizes.
COLORED PAPER, plated and unplated.
TISSUE PAPERS, white and colored, &c.
HARDWARE PAPER, all kinds made to order, of any particular size and thickness.

To Hatters.

WHITE PAPER, 24x36, 30x37, 38x42.
TIP PAPER.
FANCY COLORED PAPER.
MANILLA PAPER, &c.

To Trunk Manufacturers.

TRUNK BOARDS, all sizes and weights.
WHITE AND COLORED PAPER, for lining.

To House and Ship Builders.

SHEATHING PAPER, dry and tarred.
SAND SHEATHING.

To Bookbinders.

BINDERS' BOARDS, of every sort, assorted numbers.
BINDERS' BOARDS, medium, " "
STRAW BOARDS, " "
FANCY PAPERS, for fly-leaves.
COLORED CAP PAPERS, &c.

To Booksellers and Stationers.

LETTER PAPER, blue and white, plain and ruled.
CAP PAPER, " " " "
NOTE PAPER, " " " "
ENVELOPES, " " " "
COMMERCIAL LETTER, blue and white, plain and ruled.
FOLIO POST, blue and white.
FLAT CAP, of every variety.
LEDGER PAPER, all qualities.
TISSUE PAPER, white and colored.
WRAPPING PAPER, brown, buff and plain.
BLUE and WHITE and BROWN BONNET BOARDS, &c.
ENVELOPES, of all kinds and sizes.

To Grocers.

STRAW and RAG WRAPPING PAPER, all sizes.
TEA PAPERS, all sizes.
MANILLA PAPERS, &c.
LETTER and CAP PAPERS, &c.

To Card Manufacturers.

WHITE WOVE and LAID FLAT CAP.
CARD MIDDLES, made to order.

To Banks.

BANK NOTE PAPER, all qualities.
FOLIO POST, all qualities, for Checks Notes, &c.
SUPERFINE LETTER PAPERS, for Ledgers, Journals, &c.
SUPERFINE LETTER, CAP, and NOTE PAPERS, &c.

To Dealers in Fancy Goods.

WHITE AND COLORED PAPERS of every variety.
WRAPPING PAPERS, all kinds.
MANILLA PAPERS, " "
HARDWARE PAPERS, " "
TISSUES, white and colored.
BONNET BOARDS, brown and blue and white.
ENVELOPES, of various kinds.

To Paper Manufacturers.

RAGS, various qualities of foreign.
RAGS, various qualities of domestic.
Canvas, Bagging, Wrapping Paper, Stock, Grass Cloth, Rope, Bunting, &c.
BLEACHING POWDER, various brands.
SODA ASH, various brands.
ULTRAMARINE, of superior quality.
MARKING INK, &c.
CUTTING MACHINES.
FELTS, of every kind, best quality imported.
FRENCH and AMERICAN DRIER POWDER.
ALUM, ground and crude.
PATENT BLEACHING.
LIME.
GUM OF VITRIOL.
SIZING, assorted qualities.
FELTING, the best of English Machine Felting, a full assortment, various widths.
FOURDRINIER MACHINE FELTING, all sizes.
PRESS ROLL FELTS, all sizes.
DOUBLE and SINGLE LEDGER JACKETS.
COTTON CLOTH, all widths and qualities.
ENGLISH and AMERICAN FELTING made to order, of any description, and various sizes.
SCREEN PLATES, Nos. 1, 2, and 3.
WIRE CLOTH for Fourdrinier Wires, various widths, a very superior article, which they can strongly recommend to Manufacturers, believing them to be far superior to any in the market. Cylinder Marking Wire Cloth, cut in fit any cylinder, for both upper and under felts.
SEWING and WINDING WIRES.
TWINE, of all sizes.
MACHINERY.—Orders received for Fourdrinier and Cylinder Machines, Cutting Presses, Drill Bars, Dandies, Engine Knives, &c., &c.
INDIA RUBBER and LEATHER BELTING.
INDIA RUBBER DECKLE STRAPS, made to order.
SIZE, &c.
HORSE HAIR and WOOL FELTS, single and double backs.
COLORING MATERIALS.
PRUSSIAN BLUE.
PRUSSIAN BLUE.
BLUE PULP, A. and B.
BICHROMATE OF POTASH.
ROSE PINK, A. and B.
SUGAR OF LEAD.
Liberal advances made on consignments of any kind of Paper.

PAPER of every description made to order, on short notice.

Orders accompanied with a remittance, or a satisfactory city reference, will be executed with the same care and promptness as if in person.

Cash paid for all kinds of Paper Manufacturers' stock.

A Memoir of National Interest.

TICKNOR & FIELDS, Boston,

Publish this Week:

MEMOIR

OF

CHIEF JUSTICE PARSONS.

WITH NOTICES OF SOME OF HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

BY HIS SON,

THEOPHILUS PARSONS.

One handsome 12mo volume, with a Portrait after Stuart.

Price..... $1 50.

The Publishers offer this work as one of peculiar interest. "Chief Justice Parsons was," in the language of his successor, Chief Justice Parker, "for more than thirty years, acknowledged as the great man of his time." He was an able lawyer and industrial as a statesman and as a scholar than as a lawyer. Facts of much importance in the history of the country are here fully stated for the first time, and numerous anecdotes, and letters of distinguished men, not only paint him to the life, but give the reader a vivid picture of the time.

ALSO,

Owen Meredith's Poems.

Complete Poetical Works of Owen Meredith (Robert Bulwer Lytton), one volume, blue and gold, price 75 cents.

☞ Any Book published by Ticknor & Fields will be sent, free of postage, on receipt of price.

CHANDELIERS & GAS FIXTURES.

Our magnificent Stock of New Styles of Chandeliers and Gas Fixtures are now ready for the Spring Season

At a Small Advance on Cost.

E. V. HAUGHWOUT & CO.,

Corner of Broadway and Broome Street.

Phelan's Champion Hat.—Something Es-

tirely new in the hat line, at WHITE'S, No. 704 Broadway, under Bowlby's. A sample can be seen at Mr. Phelan's billiard rooms, corner Broadway and 10th Street; also at Comer of Canal and Elm, 53 Ann Street, the champion billiard table makers, and at WHITE'S, the champion hatter, No. 216 Broadway, under the Museum.

☞ PRINCE IMPERIAL

CHAMPAGNE.

FROM

DE VENOGE & CO., EPERNAY, FRANCE,

As sold at the

IMPERIAL TABLES OF THE CONTINENT OF EUROPE.

Can be had at all the leading hotels, and from all the principal wine dealers throughout the country.

E. V. HAUGHWOUT, Importer,

Corner of Broadway and Broome Street.

"MASSER'S"

Patent 5 Minute Freezers.

OPERATION SIMPLE. RESULT CERTAIN.

The increasing demand and the unrivaled popularity of "Masser's Five Minute Freezers" prove them to be the best Ice-Cream Freezer in use.

Purchasers and dealers are cautioned against imitation Freezers that are offered in place of the above. Get "H. R. MASSER'S" Freezers, that have been thoroughly tested for the last five years.

Sole Agents,

E. KETCHAM & CO.,

Manufacturers of Japanned and Tinned Tin Ware,

189 Pearl Street, New York.

TUCKER'S NURSERY FOR PLANTS, FLOWERING SHRUBS, CONIFERÆ, and BEDDING STUFF,

CONIFERÆ, and BEDDING STUFF,

321 Broadway, 2 doors from Franklin Street.

To Restore is Better than to Dye.—The Boston Evening Transcript has said that it has been discovered which restores the natural color of the hair by acting upon its roots, and gives it back its original gloss and beauty. This no hair dye will do. If you wish to have the real color instead of the dull, rough look which hair dye imparts, use *Hetzerott's Restorative*, which invigorates the roots of the hair and makes it young again, no matter how much it may be faded. There is no doubt that the old practice of dyeing the hair will rapidly give way before the merits of this preparation."

Sold everywhere. Price 50 cents a bottle.

W. E. HAGAN & CO., Proprietors, *Troy, N. Y.*

The Doting Parent to His Boy.

I cannot give you wealth, my son,
No mansions broad and green
From me can you inherit,
Nor coffered gold, I ween;
Your fortune is your own with arm,
Bold heart and ready brain;
And, wielding them with vigor,
All you wish you must attain.

But I can give—and proud I am
To give to thee, my boy!—
Some maxims which, the after life,
Will prove a source of joy:
Whatever hap betides you,
Take life easy as it goes,
And purchase of Burtis Brothers
All your Spring and Summer Clothes.

"Twin Temples of Fashion."

SMITH BROTHERS,

The Marble Stores,

122, 138, and 140

Fulton Street,

Between Broadway & William St.,

THOMAS SMITH, Jr.,
ROBERT L. SMITH,
J. SMITH BLCE. } **NEW YORK.**

ONE PRICE—NO DEVIATION.

The Price is marked on all the Goods in Plain Figures.

All Freights Forwarded with the Greatest Speed.

BY THE

AMERICAN EXPRESS CO.'S LIGHTNING RUN.

Trains leave our Hudson River Depot at 6.45 and 11.15 A.M.; 3.15, 4.30, and 5.10 P.M.

English Mail trains, Express Passenger trains, and do not lie over or stop at any point.

The regular time by Post Line is

To Chicago . . in 40 hours | To Dayton . . . in 30 hours
" Cincinnati " 36 " | " St. Louis . . " 72 "
" Cleveland " 34 " | " Louisville . " 52 "
" Columbus " 32 " | " Indianapolis in 54 hours

And OTHER WESTERN TOWNS in the good time. Goods for sale on Richmond and Arkansas Rivers, Kansas, &c., will save time by shipping by our line.

Rates positively as low as any responsible Company.

WELLS, BUTTERFIELD & CO.,
64 Broadway and 61 Hudson St.

PACIFIC MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY. OFFICE 311 BROADWAY.
MARINE AND INLAND INSURANCE.
Assets $880,000.

This Company continues to do a lucrative merchantile business, and has returned to its dealers, out of the profits of the year 1858, a dividend of *Forty-three per Cent.*—*Nine per Cent.* interest on the outstanding scrip—and has redeemed the Certificates of the issue of 1856.

ALFRED EDWARDS, President.
WILLIAM LECONEY, Vice President.
BENJAMIN A. COMSTOCK, Secretary.

LIFE ILLUSTRATED IS A First-Class Family Newspaper of Entertainment, Improvement, and Instruction. Every number contains a variety of Original Matter, Fresh, Racy, and Spicy, and well calculated to amuse the people; to illustrate life in all its phases, and to furnish that which ought to be read by every family in the land.

It aims to combine Original Essays by the best writers—Historical, Biographical, and Descriptive Sketches of Travel and Adventure; Articles on Science, Agriculture, Horticulture, Physiology, Education, General News, and every topic which is of importance or interest to the reading public. In order it one of the best Papers in the World.

Published every week; $2 a year; $1 for half a year, and Clubs of Twenty, three months, one year, for $5—that is so far, for 25 cents each!

FOWLER AND WELLS,
No. 308 Broadway, New York.

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES.

The immense increase in the demand for these admirable Machines—it has trebled in a few months—indicates the roving prosperity of the country. The prices of our Machines have been greatly reduced.

I. M. SINGER & CO., No. 458 Broadway.

DEAD SHOT

A DEAD SHOT for Bed Bugs.
SLEEP IN PEACE.

The most successful as well as the surest of any thing ever known, curing up and laying out these destroyers at once slightly rust. Sold by first-class Druggists everywhere. McKESSON & ROBBINS, Wholesale Agents, 91 Fulton Street.

$32 50 ASHLAND INST. and MUSICAL ASSEMBLY, Ashland Monadnock Bed-stone. Immense Improvements. For circulars, &c., address, Rev. HENRY J. FOX, A.M., Ashland, Greene Co., N. Y.

CHARLES READE'S NEW NOVEL.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, New York,

Publish this Day:

LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG.

A NOVEL.

By Charles Reade,

AUTHOR OF

"CHRISTIE JOHNSTONE," "PEG WOFFINGTON," "NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND," &c.

12mo, Muslin, 75 cents; Paper, 65 cents.

☞ Harper & Brothers will send the above Work by Mail, postage paid (for any distance in the United States under 3000 miles), on receipt of the Money.

BAILEY & CO.,
819 CHESTNUT STREET,
Philadelphia,
(Adjoining L. J. Levy & Co's)
The largest Manufacturers of
BRITISH STANDARD SILVER WARE
in the United States.

Guaranteed to be of the above quality. All Silver Ware sold by them is manufactured on their premises—Assayed by the U. S. Assay Office.

JEANS' NICKEL SILVERS, JEWELRY, PLATED WARES, BRONZES, &c.

DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.

In the whole history of medical discoveries, no remedy has gained so unbounded a popularity, or performed so full, effectual cures of the *Throat, Lungs, Chest, Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Asthma,* or CONSUMPTION itself, at this far-famed, long tried, and justly celebrated Balsam.

Consumption is not cured! The only genuine has the written signature of "*I. Butts*," as well as the printed name of the Proprietors, "Seth W. Fowle & Co., Boston," on the outer wrapper. *For sale every where.*

Agents Wanted

To obtain Subscribers for

LOSSING'S PICTORIAL FIELD-BOOK OF THE REVOLUTION.

In Two Volumes Royal Octavo, containing upward of 1000 pages, and 1100 beautiful illustrations. The work will be sold exclusively by Agents, to each of whom a special District will be given. Rare inducements offered. Applicants should address the undersigned without delay. For full particulars address GEO. W. ELLIOTT, care HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

SEWING MACHINES.—All persons who have been induced to buy Sewing Machines which will not perform the work that purchasers expected them to do, are informed that Singer's Machines never fail to do any kind of work. No one is ever disappointed in purchasing one.

I. M. SINGER & CO.,
No. 458 Broadway.

E. V. HAUGHWOUT & CO.,
488, 490, and 492 BROAD WAY,
Corner of Broome Street,
Steam Fitters, Gas Fitters, and Plumbers,
Builders of Gas Works.

Hotels, Steamboats, Stores, Public Buildings, and Private Dwellings, fitted with Gas Apparatus complete, like manner, and on reasonable terms.

Steam Fitting and Gas Fitting Factory,
133 Mercer Street.

Gas Fitting Factory,
488 Broome Street.

ALSO, IMPORTERS, MANUFACTURERS, AND DEALERS IN
CHANDELIERS & GAS FIXTURES,
China, Glass, Bronze, Ormolu, Cutlery, Silver and Plated Ware,
AND
GENERAL HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS.

Who Invented the Sewing Machine?

Keep this fact in view when you purchase, that

A GOOD SEWING MACHINE

is an article much in demand.

An inferior one is a pest, and is to be avoided.

THE HOWE MACHINES—THE ORIGINAL,
Established in 1846, are made at No. 427 Broadway.
Price—$50, $60, $70, $80, $100, $135, $160.

To Teachers.

My Correspondents are requested to address me, hereafter, to the Office of HARPER'S WEEKLY, Franklin Square, New York City." School Catalogues and Circulars, Names and Post-Office Address of Schools, Educational Reports, &c., are solicited. MARCIUS WILLSON.

PATENT "ELECTRO-THERAPEUTIC BATTERY APPARATUS."—For Consumption, Rigidity, &c., suction stamp.
DR. WM. W. MARSHALL, Cincinnati, Ohio.

ELLIOT & PATTEN—Examine Inventions and procure American and Foreign Patents. *Patent Agency* opposite main entrance of Patent Office Building, Washington City, D. C.

American Guano.

TO FARMERS AND DEALERS

In Guano. This Guano from Jarvis Island, in the Pacific Ocean, which has been proved to be the most valuable Guano ever discovered, is offered for sale at wholesale, and retail at less than two thirds the price of Peruvian. For particulars address C. S. MARSHALL, Pres. American Guano Co., 66 William Street, New York.

GORGEOUS CARPETINGS
OILCLOTHS, &c., &c.,
MANUFACTURED
EXPRESSLY FOR THE RETAIL TRADE
BY
M. & S. ISAACS,
THE FOLLOWING PRICES:
ENGLISH VELVETS, $1 75, $1 62½, and $1 50.
ENGLISH BRUSSELS, 90c., $1 and $1 12.
IMPERIAL THREE-PLY, 80c., $1, and $1 12.
EXTRA SUPERFINE INGRAINS, 75c. per yard.
GOOD ALL-WOOL INGRAINS, 37½, 40c., and 50c.
OILCLOTHS,
FROM 2 TO 5-4 FEET WIDE, VERY STYLE.
25c., 30c., 42½, 50c., 75c. per yard.
ENGLISH DRUGGETS, MATTINGS, MATS, RUGS,
TABLE and PIANO COVERS, WINDOW
SHADES, &c., &c., &c.
AT EXTRAORDINARY LOW PRICES.
M. & S. ISAACS AND ANDERSON,
No. 99 BOWERY.
Sign of the Great American Eagle.

DO YOU USE IT? TRY IT! TRY IT!
LYON'S KATHAIRON FOR THE HAIR
USED BY LADIES EVERYWHERE.
ONLY 25 CENTS, PER BOTTLE

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES.

The new Family Sewing Machines at $50 and $75 are attracting universal attention. In all essential good qualities they are much the best Machines ever offered at a low price.

I. M. SINGER & CO., No. 458 Broadway.

STATEN ISLAND
Fancy Dyeing Establishment.
Barrett Nephews & Co,
Office, 6 and 8 John Street.
(3 doors from Broadway),
New York.

To Housekeepers!!—To prevent your house from being overrun with bugs, use the Patent Bugs' Lock, which is universally admitted to be the most convenient and effectual article ever invented.
VALENTINE & BUTLER, No. 537 Broadway.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

This compound will be found a great promoter of health, when taken in the spring, to expel the foul humors which fester in the blood at this season of the year. By the timely exposition of them many rankling disorders are nipped in the bud. Multitudes can, by the aid of this remedy, spare themselves from the endurance of foul eruptions and ulcerous sores, through which the system will seek to rid itself of corruption, if not assisted to do this through the natural channels of the body by an alterative medicine. Cleanse out the vitiated blood whenever you find it, and its impurities bursting through the skin in pimples, eruptions, or sores; cleanse it when you find it obstructed and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it whenever it is foul, and your feelings will tell you when. Even where no particular disorder is felt, people enjoy better health, and live longer, by purifying the blood. Keep the blood healthy, and all is well; but with the poisons of life disordered, there can be no lasting health. Sooner or later something must go wrong, and the great machinery of life is destroyed or overthrown.

IT CURES

Scrofula and Scrofulous Complaints, Eruptions and Eruptive Diseases, Ulcers, Pimples, Blotches, Tumors, Boils, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Ringworm, and Syphilitic Affections, Mercurial Disease, Dropsy, Neuralgia or Tic Doloureux, Debility, Dyspepsia and Indigestion, Liver Complaint, Dose or Blindness, Fits, and indeed the whole class of complaints arising from Impurities of the blood.

In order to secure their complete eradication from the system, the remedy should be judiciously taken according to directions on the bottle. Prepared by

DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

Price $1 per Bottle; Six Bottles for $5.

Sold by all druggists everywhere.

One Hundred Songs of Ireland.

MUSIC and Words. Price 50 cents.
Published by DUFFY & DITSON & CO., Boston.

WORTHY OF NOTE *for Coughs, Colds, and Consumption.*—Rev. Dr. Judson Dickerson, New York, says: "Gentlemen—I have used your *Expectorant Pulmonary Balsam* myself, with benefit, in catarrhal and pulmonary affections, and I find it to be a very good officer in the early stages of Pulmonary affections in families around me."

Owing to an unprecedented sale and popularity of *over thirty years'* standing, there are many counterfeits and imitations palmed upon the public are cautioned.

Inquire for the article by its WHOLE NAME.
"WYETH'S EXPECTORANT PULMONAL BALSAM."
Prepared only by REED, CUTLER & CO., Druggists, *Boston.* Price, large, $1; small, 50 cents.
BARNES & PARK, Agents, New York.

A NEW WORK by VICTOR COUSIN.

DELISSER & PROCTER,
No. 508 Broadway,
HAVE JUST PUBLISHED,
The Secret History of the Court of France
UNDER
RICHELIEU AND MAZARIN,
With a Steel Portrait of
MADAME DE LONGUEVILLE.
12mo, cloth, 63 cents.

"This biography has the interest of Romance with the additional merit of Truth. It is the first of a series of Secret Histories of the Court of France, by Victor Cousin, which will be published for sale at 50 cents per volume. Madame de Longueville was a beautiful, fascinating, intriguing duchess, who "lived much and many, and who espoused the political ambitions of her brother, the Prince de Condé, making their schemes and making herself and influence ruled by Histories and Mazarin."—*Westchester Herald.*

☞ Copies sent per mail, prepaid, on receipt of prices.

MAGNETIC Organization and Motive Power of the Human System, and its Application to the Cure of Disease, Insanity, Idiocy, Delusions, especially of the Living and Loved, by M. H. Brandwood, M. D. This scientific work will be issued for sale of the undersigned, at 61 Chatham St.
M. H. BRANDWOOD, M. D.,
Rochester, N. Y., with postage stamp.

☞ Every Number of Harper's Magazine contains from 128 to 160 pages—and from one third to one half more reading matter than any other in the country.

Close of the Eighteenth Volume.

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE
FOR MAY.

Contents.

THE LAMENTABLE COMPLAINT OF KATHARINA MARIA ROTHSTEIN.
Illustrated by Eight Engravings.
FLIES.
Illustrated by Seventeen Engravings.
LOUNGINGS IN THE FOOTPRINTS OF THE PIONEERS.
Illustrated by Twenty-two Engravings.
THE MERCHANT.
THE BURNING OF SALTONE VILLA.
MRS. MARGARET'S HOBBY.
QUARANTINE AND VENTILATION. By D. B. Reid, M.D.
IN THE OLD CHURCH TOWER.
THE ROTHSAYS.
LUCILE LEAD.
CRITICISM FORESTALLED; OR, RHYME *Versus* REASON.
SUCH A MISTAKE!
THE GOLDEN ELEPHANT.
THE VIRGINIANS. By W. M. Thackeray.
Illustrated by Harrison Weir and Montague Stone. — Mr. Will is presented to his future in-Law.—Four Headers.
CHAPTER LXVIII. In which Harry goes Westward.
CHAPTER LXIX. A Little Family.
CHAPTER LXX. In which Lucia plays a considerable part.
CHAPTER LXXI. White Lavender.
MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.
LITERARY NOTICES.
EDITOR'S TABLE.
EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.
OUR FOREIGN BUREAU.
EDITOR'S DRAWER.
NOTICE TO MAY.
Illustrations. — Frontispiece Dress. — Plche. — Bonnets.

The Publishers believe that the Eighteen Volumes of Harper's Magazine form a new literature, a larger amount of valuable and attractive reading than will be found in any other periodical in the world.

At no period since the commencement of the Magazine have the literary and artistic resources been more ample and varied; and the Publishers refer to the contents of the Periodical for the evidence that every effort for the future claims upon the patronage of the American public.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year $3 00
Two Copies for One Year 5 00
Three or more Copies for One Year (each) 2 00
And an Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of Ten Subscribers.

Harper's Weekly and Harper's Magazine, together, one year, $5.

The Postage upon "Harper's Magazine" must be paid at the Office where it is received. Postage is *Thirty-six Cents a year.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A FIRST-CLASS ILLUSTRATED PAPER.

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST

FAMILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD.

Every Number contains a Newspaper Plate.

In the number of Harper's Weekly for *April 9* was commenced a New Serial Story entitled THUMPS, by Gen. Sir Edmund Head, Author of "The Forest Keeper," "The Pelthpar Papers," &c., &c. Illustrated by Augustus Hoppin.

The Serial of Harper's Weekly will keep persons living in the country thoroughly posted on the news of the day. The Illustrations published in it will give an entire Matter, or its fully illustrated a history at the time. Its Literary and Miscellaneous Matter will be found unsurpassed. Harper's Weekly has the largest circulation that for illustrating any other paper in the United States, and is the best and cheapest family illustrated newspaper in the country. Tv advertisers on most only publishing in Harper's Weekly, at fifty cents a line, are cheaper and more effective—because more widely circulated—than more journals throughout the country, from North to South—than advertisements in any other publications.

TERMS OF HARPER'S WEEKLY.

One Copy for Twenty Weeks $1 00
One Copy for Fifty Weeks 2 50
One Copy for Two Years 4 00
Five Copies for One Year 10 00
Twelve Copies for One Year 20 00
Twenty-five Copies for One Year 40 00

An Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of Twenty or Twenty-five Subscribers.

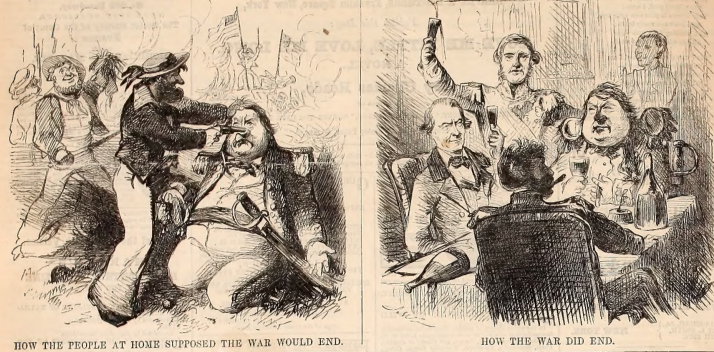
Terms for Advertising.—*Fifty Cents a Line.*

A liberal Discount will be made to those wishing to Advertise for three Months or more.

☞ Persons living in the State of New York wishing Harper's Weekly sent to their friends, will please send the names of their friends, with the Post-Office address, to the Office of Publication.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers,
Franklin Square, New York.

THE WAR WITH PARAGUAY.



HOW THE PEOPLE AT HOME SUPPOSED THE WAR WOULD END. HOW THE WAR DID END.

"THOUGH LOST TO SIGHT TO MEMORY DEAR!"

GENT. "Hollo, Charles! have you been fighting? That looks rather a black eye you've got."

WAITER. "Fight, Sir? Yessir. Black eye, Sir? Yessir—p'raps it is a little dark. But talking o' black eyes, Sir, lor! you should ha' been and seen the *father party!*"

SPREAD EAGLEISM,
SPELLS RADICALISM,
SPREAD EAGLEISM,
SPREAD EAGLEISM,

—BY—

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN,
GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN,
GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN,
GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN.

THE GENUINE YOUNG AMERICA.
THE GENUINE YOUNG AMERICA.
THE GENUINE YOUNG AMERICA.
THE GENUINE YOUNG AMERICA.

SPREAD EAGLEISM.
By Geo. Francis Train,
Author of "Young America in Wall Street," &c.
One volume, 12mo. Price 75 cents.
Copies sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price, by
DERBY & JACKSON,
Publishers, New York.

P. P. P.
PARK'S PRICKLY PLASTERS.

They sooth pain; they protect the chest; they extract the coagulated impurities and serosities from the system; they impart strength; they are divided in sections, and can be worn by the largest or the smallest person; they impart excellent health, and for the benefit of females, hence, are freely worn four times longer than any other plaster, and are cheaper at 25 cents than others at 10. *Where these Plasters are*, pain can not exist. Weak persons, public speakers, delicate females, or any afflicted with side, chest, or back pains, should try them. You will then know what they are. They are a new feature in the science of medicine. All Druggists have them. Take no other. Each Plaster bears a Medallion Stamp and our Signature.
JOHN D. PARK, 12 and 13 Park Row, N. Y.
JOHN D. PARK, Cincinnati, Ohio.

THOMAS, HOOPER & CO., 109 Fulton Street, Manufacturers and Dealers in Looking-glasses, Picture Frames, Oil Paintings, Engravings, &c. A word to the wise, &c.

COPLAND'S MEDICAL DICTIONARY — COMPLETE. A Dictionary of Practical Medicine, comprising General Pathology, the Nature and Treatment of Diseases, Morbid Structures, and the Disorders especially incident to Climates, to the Sea, and to the different Epochs of Life; with numerous Prescriptions for the Medicines recommended. A Classification of Diseases according to Pathological Principles, and a copious Bibliography, with Critical Remarks on the merits of approved Treatises. The whole forming a Library of Pathology and Practical Medicine, and a Digest of Medical Literature. By JAMES COPLAND, M.D., F.R.S. Edited, with Notes and large Additions, by CHARLES A. LEE, A.M., M.D. Complete in 3 large 8vo Volumes, of 1,628 pages, in 6 Volumes Price $7 and $9 and Vol. III., completing the Work.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers, N. Y.

*** HARPER & BROTHERS will send the above Work by Mail, postpaid, for any distance in the United States under 3000 miles, on receipt of the Money.

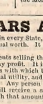
3 DOLLARS A DAY.

We want a few men in every State, and ten in Canada, to sell an article of actual worth. It can be sold in every family and store.

We have several Agents selling this who are making from 5 to 8 dollars a day profit. It is some of those rapid selling articles with which the country is flooded, but something of real utility, and all that is required to sell it is to show it. Any person sending us 75 cents in stamps or specie will receive a sample by mail, and the money paid, with full answers to all letters of inquiry, information.

☞ Those out of work will find this a nice, respectable, and money-making business. Address
VAN DEUSEN BROTHERS,
Kingston, Ulster Co., N. Y.

J. RUSSELL SPALDING'S ROSEMARY



is the best dressing for the hair known.
The Rosemary will restore hair on a bald head.
The Rosemary will remove dandruff.
The Rosemary is the best thing for children's hair.
The Rosemary is the best tonic and can not be surpassed, securing to all who use it a healthy scalp and beautiful hair.
The Proprietor can furnish proof to sustain the assertions above. Those who do not submit the voluntary certificates from persons who have used it with success. If you are not satisfied, try it.
Every bottle, genuine, has the signature of the sole Proprietor, J. RUSSELL SPALDING, 21 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.
Sold by Dealers generally.

Cafe de Costa Rica
C&C
THIS SUPERIOR
Strong-bodied
delicate flavored
Mountain
COFFEE
For sale by
Grocers
Generally
throughout the
United
States.

Howe's Unrivaled Elliptic Spring Bed
Bottom, from $4.50 to $6, at retail at No. 376 Broadway. Examine or send for circular.

LYON'S MAGNETIC POWDERS
Will destroy Garden Insects, Cockroaches, Bedbugs, Fleas, Ants, Moths, and all pests of the Vermin kind.

The importance of a reliable article of this kind is indestimable. In warm weather all nature teems with these annoying foes. This powder is the only article ever discovered which will exterminate them. A company of botanists, from the Horticultural Society of Paris, while amidst the forms of Asia, observed that small insects lighting upon a certain kind of plant very soon dropped dead. This fact was made use of to guard their night camps from these intruders. Quantities of the plant were brought home by Mr. E. Lyon, and found a powerful insect destroyer in every experiment. It is simply a powder, and perfectly harmless to the human race, as well as cleanly. Medals and Letter Patent have been obtained from the governments of England, France, Germany, and Russia, from the World's Fair, and numerous medical and horticultural colleges and societies.

Letter from the President of the U. S.

"EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, 31st Jan. 1853.
"MR. EDWARD LYON,—Dear Sir: I have the pleasure to inform you that the Royal Commission of the World's Fair at London have awarded you a Medal and Certificate for the great value of your Magnetic Powders, &c.
"MILLARD FILLMORE, Chairman."

The above was accompanied by a certificate of Prince Albert.

IT IS FREE FROM POISON.

"DR. E. LYON,—Dear Sir: We have analyzed and tested your Magnetic Powders, and find them perfectly harmless to animal and insectile animals, but certain death when inhaled by bugs, ants, and insects.
"JAMES R. CHILTON, M.D., Chemist.
"LAFAYETTE ELLIS, Prof. Chemistry, N. Y. Hospital.
"Dr. JOHN A. BOAK, Superintendent of the New York Hospital, says, "he has expelled all the bugs, ants, roaches, moths, &c., with Lyon's Powders, and finds it of immense value."

Every gardener and housekeeper must have a direct interest in an article of this kind. Reference can be made to the Astor, St. Nicholas, and Metropolitan Hotels; to Judge Hertell, President of the American Institute; to Professor Mapes, and to Horace Greeley, Esq., of the N.Y. Tribune. M. PAGE, of the St. Nicholas Hotel, &c., &c. Judge Mapes says, "This discovery of Prof. Lyon is of national importance. Dr. Fargo of Albany have tested it thoroughly. It will destroy insects, grass, fungus, moss, moths, bugs, and all vermin. Garden plants can be preserved, and houses made pure."

Arrangements are now made through MESSRS. ARNES & PARK, of New York, to have it sold throughout the world. Many worthless imitations are advertised. Be cautious!

"NEW YORK, November 8th, 1858.
"In reference to the foregoing testimonial, I have sold all my Insect Powder and Fly Paper to Messrs. Arnes & Park, and have no further interest in the business. Lyon's Powder is a discovery made by myself, and bought from the Interior of Asia, and is unknown in any other powder. The genuine and effective article is put up in tin canisters, and will continue to bear my name.
"E. LYON."

Rats and mice can not be reached by a powder, and are killed by a MAGNETIC PILL. Order them through any merchant.

'Tis Lyon's Powder kills insects in a trice,
Both Lyon's Pills are mixed for rats and mice.

Sample 15cts, 25 cents; regular size, 50 cents and $1.00. Follow directions. *Use freely and often.*

BARNES & PARK,
13 and 15 Park Row, N.Y.

GRADUALLY BURNING UP — Geographical and geological science instruct the bald-headed that they are gradually burning up—exposed to the influence of every ray of light against the sun or lamp. Let but if you should seek yourself, love seek, cure, frost, or Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer, or *Barnum's Zoological Salve* and cure yourself. You can get it at

BARNES & PARK,
13 and 15 Park Row, N.Y.

GET 30 CENTS. — If you are suffering from colds, wounds, sores, burns, chapped hands, erysipelas, corns, chilblains, you have a lot of Bunker's Salve on hand, the greatest healing remedy ever discovered. Sold by all druggists, 25 cents a box.

THE NEW BOOKS.

THE CULPRIT FAY. By Drake. 50 cents.
BUCKLAND'S CURIOSITIES OF NATURAL HISTORY. $1 25.
MILLS STANDISH. Illustrated. $6 00.
AFTERNOON OF UNMARRIED LIFE. $1 00.
The Prairie Bird. 75 cts.

*** Sold everywhere, and sent by mail, *postage free*, on receipt of price, by
RUDD & CARLETON, Publishers,
159 Grand Street (near Broadway), N. Y.

"GET THE BEST."
WEBSTER UNABRIDGED
PICTORIAL EDITION!

1500 Pictorial Illustrations.
WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED DICTIONARY.
New Pictorial Edition.

WE HAVE IN PRESS, to be issued at an early day, a new and splendid edition of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, containing

1500 Pictorial Illustrations,

Beautifully executed.

9000 to 10,000 NEW WORDS in the Vocabulary,

Table of SYNONYMS, by Prof. GOODRICH,

in which over two thousand words are carefully discriminated, forming a fuller work on English Synonyms of itself, than any other issued, besides Crabb, and delieved in advance of that.

Table giving Pronunciation of Names of 9000 distinguished persons of Modern Times,

Peculiar Use of Words and Terms in the Bible,

With other new Features together with ALL THE MATTER OF PREVIOUS EDITIONS.

Will be sold by all Booksellers.

☞ "GET THE BEST." GET WEBSTER. G. & C. MERRIAM.

Springfield, Mass., May, 1859.

HOARSENESS.

From the Freeman's Journal, New York:

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES will be found valuable by public speakers and singers to relieve hoarseness. They are an improvement on the *Pastilla de Pasta de* French lozenges, that we have found very useful.

Sold by all Druggists.

PHALON & SON'S
COCOÏNE
FOR DRESSING AND PRESERVING THE HAIR.
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
Price 25 and 50 Cents per Bottle.

$15 Worth of Music for 25 Cents.

The success of the "Gentle Annie Melodist" is unprecedented. More than forty thousand copies have already been sold, and, from present indications, the sale will reach 100,000 copies this year. Encouraged by this success, the publishers have issued the

Gentle Annie Melodist, No. 2,

containing the Words and Music of fifty of the very best Songs, among which will be found every song from it Twelve Songs, Agatha, Ever by Thy Side, Meet me by Moonlight, Beautiful Venice, Sweet Dreams, Eileen Bawn, I'm not a Child at all, Charity, I can her still in my dreams, Willie Moore, Moore's in de cold ground, Old Playground, &c., &c.

Gentle Annie Melodist, No. 1, 25 Cents.

Gentle Annie Melodist, No. 2, 25 Cents.

Sent to mail, postage paid, to any address. Sheet Music, Music Books, and Musical Merchandise of every description by mail, and postage pre-paid, where the price is sent with the order.

FIRTH, POND & CO.,
No. 547 Broadway, New York.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. III.—No. 123.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1859. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

In Three Books.—Splendidly Illustrated.

☞ Printed from early Proof-sheets, for which Messrs. Harper & Brothers pay the Author

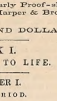
FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS.

BOOK I.

RECALLED TO LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

THE PERIOD.



IT was the best of times, it was the worst of times, it was the age of wisdom, it was the age of foolishness, it was the epoch of belief, it was the epoch of incredulity, it was the season of Light, it was the season of Darkness, it was the spring of hope, it was the winter of despair, we had everything before us, we had nothing before us, we were all going direct to heaven, we were all going direct the other way—in short, the period was so far like the present period, that some of its noisiest authorities insisted on its being received, for good or for evil, in the superlative degree of comparison only.

There were a king with a large jaw and a queen with a plain face on the throne of England; there were a king with a large jaw and a queen with a fair face on the throne of France. In both countries it was clearer than crystal to the lords of the State preserves of loaves and fishes that things in general were settled forever.

It was the year of Our Lord one thousand seven hundred and seventy-five. Spiritual revelations were conceded to England at that favored period, as at this. Mrs. Southcott had recently attained her five-and-twentieth blessed birthday, of whom a prophetic private in the Life Guards had heralded the sublime appearance by announcing that arrangements were made for the swallowing up of London and Westminster. Even the Cock Lane ghost had been laid only a round dozen of years, after rapping out its messages, as the spirits of this very year last past (supernaturally deficient in originality) rapped out theirs. More messages in the earthly order of events had lately come to the English Crown and People, from a congress of British subjects in America; which, strange to relate, have proved more important to the human race than any communications yet received through any of the chickens of the Cock Lane brood.

France, less favored on the whole as to matters spiritual than her sister of the island and trident, rolled with exceeding smoothness down hill, making paper-money and spending it. Under the guidance of her Christian pastors, she entertained herself, besides, with such humane achievements as sentencing a youth to have his hands cut off, his tongue torn out with pincers, and his body burned alive, because he had not kneeled down in the rain to do honor to a dirty procession of monks which passed within his view, at a distance of some fifty or sixty yards. It is likely enough that, rooted in the woods of France and Norway, there were growing trees, when that edifice was put to death, already marked by the Woodman, Fate, to come down and be sawn into boards, to make a certain movable frame-work, with a sack and a knife in it, terrible in history. It is likely enough that in the rough out-house of some Jacques of the heavy lands adjacent to Paris there were sheltered from the weather, that very day, rude carts, bespattered with rustic mire, snuffed about by pigs, and roosted in by poultry, which the Farmer, Death, had already set apart to be his tumbrils of the Revolution. But that Woodman and that Farmer, though they work unconsingly, work steadily, and no one heard them as they went about with muffled tread: the rather, forasmuch as to entertain any suspicion that they were awake, was to be atheistical and traitorous.

In England there was scarcely an amount of order and protection to justify much national boasting. Daring burglaries by armed bands, and highway robberies, took place in the capital itself every night; families were publicly cautioned not to go out of town without removing their furniture to upholsterers' warehouses for security; the highwayman in the dark was a City tradesman in the light, and, being recognized and challenged by his fellow-tradesman whom he stopped in his character of "the Captain," gallantly shot him through the head and rode away; the mail was waylaid by seven robbers, and the guard shot three dead, and then got shot dead himself by the other four, "in consequence of the failure of his ammunition:" after which the mail was robbed in peace; that magnificent potentate, the Lord Mayor of London, was made to stand and deliver on Turnham Green, by one highwayman, who despoiled the illustrious creature in sight of all his retinue; prisoners in London jails fought battles with their turnkeys, and the majesty of the law fired blunderbusses in among them, loaded with rounds of shot and ball; thieves snipped off diamond crosses from the necks of noble lords at Court drawing-rooms; musketeers went into St. Giles's to search for contraband goods, and the mob fired on the musketeers, and the musketeers fired on the mob; and nobody thought any of these occurrences much out of the common way. In the midst of them, the hangman, ever busy and ever busier than busy, was in constant requisition; now stringing up long rows of miscellaneous criminals; now hanging a housebreaker on Saturday who had been taken on Tuesday; now burning people in the hand at Newgate by the dozen, and now burning pamphlets at the door of Westminster Hall; today taking the life of an atrocious murderer, and to-morrow of a wretched pilferer who had robbed a farmer's boy of sixpence.

All these things, and a thousand like them, came to pass in and close upon the dear old year one thousand seven hundred and seventy-five. Environed by them, while the Woodman and the Farmer worked unheeded, those two of the large jaws, and those other two of the plain and the fair faces, trod with stir enough, and carried their divine rights with a high hand. Thus did the year one thousand seven hundred and seventy-five conduct their Greatnesses, and myriads of small creatures—the creatures of this chronicle among the rest—along the roads that lay before them.

CHAPTER II.

THE MAIL.

It was the Dover road that lay, on a Friday night late in November, before the first of the persons with whom this history has business. The Dover road lay, as to him, beyond the Dover mail, as it lumbered up Shooter's Hill. He walked up hill in the mire by the side of the mail, as the rest of the passengers did; not because they had the least relish for walking exercise, under the circumstances, but because the hill, and the harness, and the mud, and the mail, were all so heavy that the horses had three times already come to a stop, besides once drawing the coach across the road, with the intention instead of taking it back to Blackheath. Reins and whip and coachman and guard, however, in combination, had read that article of war which forbade a purpose otherwise strongly in favor of the argument, that some brute animals are endued with Reason; and the team had capitulated and returned to the inn.

With drooping heads and tremulous tails they mashed their way through the thick mud, floundering and stumbling between whiles as if they were falling to pieces at the larger joints. As often as the driver rested them and brought them to a stand, with a wary "Wo-ho! so-ho, then!" the near leader violently shook his head and every thing upon it—like an unusually emphatic horse, denying that the coach could be got up the hill. Whenever the leader made this rattle, the passenger started, as a nervous passenger might, and was disturbed in mind.

There was a steaming mist in all the hollows, and it rained in its fatherliness up the hill, like an evil spirit, seeking rest and finding none. A clammy and intensely cold mist, it made its slow way through the air in ripples that visibly followed and overspread one another, as the waves of an unwholesome sea might do. It was dense enough to shut out every thing from the light of the coach-lamps but these its own workings, and a few yards of road; and the reek of the laburing horses steamed into it as if they had made it all.

Two other passengers, besides the one, were plodding up the hill by the side of the mail. All three were wrapped to the cheek-bones and over the ears, and wore jack-boots. Not one of the three could have said, from and thing he saw, what either of the other two was like; and each was hidden under almost as many wrappers from the eyes of the mind, as from the eyes of the body, of his two companions. In those days travelers were very shy of being confidential on a short notice, for any body on the road might be a robber or in league with robbers. As to the latter, when every posting-house and ale-house could produce somebody in "the Captain's" pay, ranging from the landlord to the lowest stable nondescript, it was the likeliest thing upon the cards. So the guard of the Dover mail thought to himself that Friday night in November, one thousand seven hundred and seventy-five, lumbering up Shooter's Hill, as he stood on his own particular perch behind the mail, beating his feet, and keeping an eye and a hand on the arm-chest before him, where a loaded blunderbuss lay at the top of six or eight loaded horse-pistols, deposited on a substratum of cutlass.

The Dover mail was in its usual genial position that the guard suspected the passengers, the passengers suspected one another and the guard, they all suspected every body else, and the coachman was sure of nothing but the horses; as to which cattle he could with a clear conscience have taken his oath on the two Testaments that they were not fit for the journey.

"Wo-ho!" said the coachman. "So, then! One more pull and you're at the top and be damned to you, for I have had trouble enough to get you to it!—Joe!"

"Halloa!" the guard replied.

"What o'clock do you make it, Joe?"

"Ten minutes good, past eleven."

"My blood!" ejaculated the vexed coachman, "and not stop of Shooter's yet! Tst! Yah! Get on with you!"

The emphatic horse, not shot by the whip in a most decided negative, made a scramble for it, and the three other horses followed suit. Once more the Dover mail struggled on, with the jackboots of its passengers squashing along by its side. They had stopped when the coach stopped, and they kept close company with it. If any one of the three had had the hardihood to propose to another to walk on a little ahead into the mist and darkness, he would have put himself in a fair way of getting shot instantly as a highwayman.

The last burst carried the mail to the summit of the hill. The horses stood still to breathe again, and the guard got down to skid the wheel for the descent, and open the coach door to let the passengers in.

"Tst! Joe!" cried the coachman, in a warning voice, looking down from his box.

"What do you say, Tom?"

They both listened.

"I say a horse at a canter coming up, Joe."

"I say a horse at a gallop, Tom," returned the guard, leaving his hold of the door, and mounting nimbly to his place. "Gentlemen! In the king's name, all of you!"

With this instantaneous change he cocked his blunderbuss and stood on the offensive.

The passenger booked by this history was on the coach step getting in; the two other passengers were close behind him, and about to follow. He remained a little while in that position, and took out of it; they remained in the road below him. They all looked from the coachman to the guard, and from the guard to the coachman, and listened. The coachman looked back, and the passenger looked back, and even the emphatic leader pricked up his ears and looked back, without contradicting.

The stillness consequent on the cessation of the rumbling and shaking of the coach, added to the stillness of the night, made it very quiet indeed. The panting of the horses communicated a tremulous motion to the coach, as if it were in a state of agitation. The leaders of the passengers beat loud enough perhaps to be heard; but at any rate, the quiet purse was audibly expressive of people out of breath, and holding

"THE FIGURES OF A HORSE AND RIDER CAME SLOWLY THROUGH THE EDDYING MIST."

the breath, and having the pulses quickened by expectation.

The sound of a horse at a gallop came fast and furiously up the hill.

"So-ho!" the guard sang out, as loud as he could roar. "Yo there! Stand! I shall fire!"

The pace was suddenly checked, and, with much splashing and floundering, a man's voice called from the mist, "Is that the Dover mail?"

"Never you mind what it is!" the guard retorted. "What are you?"

"Is that the Dover mail?"

"Why do you want to know?"

"I want a passenger, if it is."

"What passenger?"

"Mr. Jerry Jerry?"

Our hooded passenger showed in a moment that it was his name. The guard, the coachman, and the two other passengers eyed him distrustfully.

"Keep where you are," the guard called to the voice in the mist, "because, if I should make a mistake, it could never be set right in your lifetime. Gentleman of the name of Lorry answer straight."

"What is the matter?" asked the passenger, then, with mildly quavering speech. "Who wants me? Is it Jerry?"

("I don't like Jerry's voice, if it is Jerry," growled the guard to himself. "He's honorer than suits me, is Jerry.")

"Yes, Mr. Jerry."

"What is the matter?"

"A despatch sent after you from over yonder. T. and Co."

"I know this messenger, guard," said Mr. Lorry, getting down into the road—assisted from behind more swiftly than politely by the other two passengers, who immediately scrambled into the coach, shut the door, and pulled up the window. "He may come close; there's nothing wrong."

"I hope there ain't, but I can't make no 'Nation sure of that," said the guard, in a gruff voice. "Hallo you!"

"Well, and hallo you!" said Jerry, more hoarsely than before.

"Come on at a footpace; d'ye mind me? And if your eyes and ears was as good as your'n, don't let me see your hand go nigh 'em. For I'm a devil at a quick mistake, and when I make one it takes the form of Lead. So now let's look at you."

The figure of a horse and rider came slowly through the edging mist, and came to the side of the mail, where the passenger stood. The rider stooped, and, casting up his eyes at the guard, handed the passenger a small folded paper. The rider's horse was blown, and both horse and rider were covered with mud, from the hoofs of the horse to the hat of the man.

"Guard!" said the passenger, in a tone of quiet business confidence.

The watchful guard, with his right hand at the stock of his raised blunderbuss, his left at the barrel, and his eye on the horseman, answered curtly, "Sir."

"There is nothing to apprehend. I belong to Tellson's Bank. You must know Tellson's Bank in London. I am going to Paris on business. A crown to drink. I may read this?"

"If so be as you're quick, Sir."

He opened it in the light of the coach-lamp on that side, and read—first to himself and then aloud: "'Wait at Dover for Mam'selle.' It's not long, you see, guard. Jerry, say that my answer was, RECALLED TO LIFE."

Jerry started in his saddle. "That's a Blazing strange answer, too," said he, at his heaviest.

"Take that message back, and they will know that I received this, as well as if I wrote. Make the best of your way. Good-night!"

With those words the passenger opened the coach door and got in; not at all assisted by his fellow-passengers, who had expeditiously secreted their watches and purses in their boots, and were now making a general pretense of being asleep. With no more definite purpose than to escape the hazard of originating any other kind of action.

The coach lumbered on again, with heavier wreaths of mist closing round it as it began the descent. The guard soon replaced his blunderbuss in its case, and, having looked to the rest of its contents, and having looked to the supplementary pistols that he wore in his belt, looked to a smaller chest beneath his seat, in which there were a few smith's tools, a couple of torches, and a tinder-box. For he was well acquainted with that completeness, that if the coachlamps had been blown and extinguished, that would occasionally happen, he had only to shut himself up inside, keep the flint and steel sparks well off the straw, and get a light with tolerable safety and ease (if he were lucky) in five minutes.

"Tom!" softly over the coach-roof.

"Hallo, Joe."

"Did you hear the message?"

"I did, Joe."

"What did you make of it, Tom?"

"Nothing at all, Joe."

"That's a coincidence, too," the guard mused, "for I made the same of it myself."

Jerry, left alone in the mist and darkness, dismounted immediately, not only to ease his tired horse, but to wipe the mud from his face, and shake the wet out of his hair-bush, which might be capable of holding about half a gallon. After standing with the bridle over his heavily-splashed arm, until the wheels of the mail were no longer within hearing and the night was quite still again, he turned to walk down the hill.

"After that there gallop from Temple-bar, old lady, I won't trust your fore-legs till I get you on the level," said this horse messenger, glancing at his mare. "Recalled to life. That's a Blazing strange message. Much that wouldn't do for you, Jerry! I say, Jerry! I say, Jerry! It was a Blazing bad way, if recalling to life was to come into fashion, Jerry!"

CHAPTER III.

THE NIGHT SHADOWS.

A WONDERFUL fact to reflect upon, that every human creature is constituted to be that profound secret and mystery to every other. A solemn consideration, when I enter a great city by night, that every one of those darkly clustered houses encloses its own secret; that every room in every one of them incloses its own secret; that every beating heart in the hundreds of thousands of breasts there, is, in some of its imaginings, a secret to the heart nearest it! Something of the awfulness, even of Death itself, is referable to this. No more can I turn the leaves of this dear book that I love, with absolute trust, than can the weakest or the strongest of the beings who pass their lives upon the other side of the printed leaves. No more can I look into the depths of this unfathomable water, wherein the shadowy lights glanced into it, I have had glimpses of buried treasure and other things submerged. It was appointed that the book should shut with a spring, forever and forever, when I had read but a page. It was appointed that the water should be locked in an eternal frost, when the light was playing on its surface, and I stood in ignorance on the shore. My friend is dead, my neighbor is dead, my love, the darling of my soul, is dead; it is the inexorable consolation and perpetuation of the secret that was always in that individual breast, and which I shall carry to my grave. Fast locks fast, in any of the burial-places of this city through which I pass, is strong and secure as anything underside than is busy inhabitance are, in their innermost personality, to me, or than I am to them.

As to this, his natural and not to be alienated inheritance, the messenger sitting on horseback in the mist, had slender possessions as the King, the first Minister of State, or the richest merchant in London. So with the three passengers shut up in the narrow compass of one lumbering old mail-coach; they were mysteries to one another, as completely as if each had been in his own coach and six, or his own coach and sixty, with the breadth of a county between him and the next.

The messenger rode back at an easy trot, stopping pretty often at ale-houses by the way to drink, but evincing a tendency to keep his own counsel, and to keep his hat cocked over his eyes. He had eyes that assorted very well with that expression, being set close enough to have no depth in the color or form, and much too near together—as if they were afraid of being found out in anything secret. He had a face of no use to part with. Smooth, square, and roughly sunburnt, all but the parts hidden by the horse-cloths and his hat and coat collar, which were of the tint of the dusty wayside mire.

The messenger rode back at an easy trot, stopping pretty often at ale-houses by the way to drink, but evincing a tendency to keep his own counsel, and to keep his hat cocked over his eyes. He had eyes that assorted very well with that expression, being set close enough to have no depth in the color or form, and much too near together—as if they were afraid of being found out in anything secret. He had a face of no use to part with. Smooth, square, and roughly sunburnt, all but the parts hidden by the horse-cloths and his hat and coat collar, which were of the tint of the dusty wayside mire.

Now whether all of the multitude of faces that showed themselves before him was the true face of each separate person, the shadows of the night did not indicate; but they were all the faces of a man of five-and-forty by years, and they differed principally in the passions they expressed, and in the ghastliness of their worn and wasted flesh. Avarice, contempt, defiance, stubbornness, submission, lamentation, succeeded one another; as did various actions of anxious, eager, strained face-ache, constant hurry, and perpetual fluctuation of purpose. Faces rarely change their expression without some sympathy with the general stream of feature, which would altogether express it; but this man's face was in the main one face, and yet was always changing. A humbled tiness in the doing passenger inquired of this spectre:

"Buried how long?"

The answer was always the same: "Almost eighteen years."

"You had abandoned all hope of being dug out?"

"Long ago."

"You know that you are recalled to life?"

"They tell me so."

"I hope you care to live?"

"I can't say."

"Shall I show her to you? Will you come and see her?"

The answers to this question were various and contradictory. Sometimes the broken reply was, "Wait! It would kill me if I saw her too soon." Sometimes it was given in a tender way, then it changed to fear, and then it was, "Take me to her." Sometimes it was staring and bewildered, and then it asked, "Is she living, I don't understand."

After such imaginary discourse, the passenger in his fancy would dismount, and dig, dig—with a spade, now with a great key, now with his hands—to dig this wretched creature out. Got out at last, with earth hanging about his face and hair, he would suddenly fall away to dust. The passenger would then turn to himself, and, lower the window, to get the reality of mist and rain on his cheek.

Yet even when his eyes were opened on the mist and rain, on the moving patch of light from the lamps, and on the hedge at the roadside repeating by jerks, the night shadows outside the coach would fall into the train of the night shadows within. The real Banking-house by Temple-bar, the real business of the past day, the real strong-room, the real express sent to him by letter, and the real message returned, would all be there. Out of the midst of them the ghostly face would rise, and he would accost it again.

"Buried how long?"

"Almost eighteen years."

"I hope you care to live?"

"I can't say."

Dig—dig—dig—until an impatient movement from one of the two passengers would admonish him to pull up the window, draw his cloak close, and shut out the live face and dig it alone. Time and the night shadows slipped away, and another night shadow fell across the window.

This shadow was recognizable as the same real one that had remained in the mind's eye all the night. Its place was at the Banking-house. Business was in progress, and the human life before it took the form of a great desire to have intelligence from Paris, and to be assured that the gentleman so long dug out of his grave was fit to travel and be consigned to his daughter's hands. This life of the present, unlike the life of the past, was remorseless in its demands, and would have no waiting. Push on, push on, push on, to the next stage, and to the next after that, and to the next after that, with unremitting speed. Such was the cry.

The night shadows outside the coach resolved themselves into the forms of the two passengers, and changed places with each other several times, but they both dozed and slept, for the most part. It was a hard suggestion of the night shadows that all the passengers in the world were dozing and sleeping, within and without their respective conveyances, in all sorts of attitudes, and all the horses in the world were capering along, with drowsy heads and swinging tails, in all sorts of pairs. Dig—dig—dig—until an impatient movement from one of the two passengers would admonish him to pull up the window, draw his cloak close, and shut out the live face and dig it alone. Time and night shadows slipped away, and another night shadow fell across the window.

This shadow was recognizable as the same real one that had remained in the mind's eye all night. Its place was at the Banking-house. Business was in progress, and the human life before it took the form of a great desire to have intelligence from Paris, and to be assured that the gentleman so long dug out of his grave was fit to travel and be consigned to his daughter's hands. This life of the present, unlike the life of the past, was remorseless in its demands, and would have no waiting. Push on, push on, push on, to the next stage, and to the next after that, and to the next after that, with unremitting speed. Such was the cry.

The night shadows outside the coach resolved themselves into the forms of the two passengers, and changed places with each other several times, but they both dozed and slept, for the most part. It was a hard suggestion of the night shadows that all the passengers in the world were dozing and sleeping, within and without their respective conveyances, in all sorts of attitudes, and all the horses in the world were capering along, with drowsy heads and swinging tails, in all sorts of pairs.

duty is granting it. Considering the temper of the Mormons, we think it quite likely that the present Chief-Justice, had he been undefended, would have shared the fate of some of his predecessors. As to the pretense that the presence of a company of United States troops at the Court-house was an insult to a set of people who were only a few months ago in armed rebellion against the United States, the idea is so absurd that it reminds one of the old story of the gallows who presented against the tickling of the cord round his neck.

It would seem that Governor Cumming — though no doubt an excellent person in his proper sphere — is not precisely the right man in the right place in Utah. If Mr. Buchanan has not already superseded him, the sooner he does so the better. The best arrangement of all would be to vest the Governorship in Brigham Johnston. This would obviate collisions which, under any other arrangement, would be almost unavoidable; it would, it is true, deprive the Executive of an opportunity of rewarding some friend.

GOOD NEWS FOR CALIFORNIA.

For years the Californians have groaned under the exactions of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, which owns the only line of steamers between Panama and San Francisco, and in the past few weeks a rival to the Company has arisen in the person of the redoubtable Commodore Vanderbilt, who is running a boat once a month from either end of the route. We now understand that, all attempts to effect a compromise between this rivals having failed, the Commodore is about to employ the bulk of his steam navy in prosecuting the competition with vigor. The Californians are in glee.

The Panama Railroad, too, which is not very popular with them, as a rule, in consequence of its high charges, is going to purchase a steam tow to our Pacific States. It is building up a great coasting trade all along the Pacific shores of America, Plazers in South and Central America which, before the road was built, were destitute of any trade whatever, have been roused to life, and are now getting ample employment to a small fleet of sailing craft and propellers. Every such trading point must be a feeder to the great city of the Pacific—San Francisco.

THE LOUNGER.

THE MORAL.

TWELVE intelligent American citizens, speaking, as is alleged, the universal sentiment of their countrymen, have fully proclaimed that American wives are property, but property of a more sacred character than sheep or horses; that there is an inherent, invincible tendency in that property to be spoiled or stolen; that its secret adulteration, unknown to the owner, is yet an "infamous disgrace" to him; and that if there be some property of this kind still unappropriated, and therefore to be injured without penalty, yet why may not a man "defend his goods lest other goods, less carefully guarded, should be stolen?"

Besides this, these twelve American citizens have announced that the adulteration of that property is a crime so black as to endanger the very life of society; but for its punishment the citizen is not to look to society and the law, but to his club, his dagger, or his pistol; an offense so fatal that civilization affords no penalty, but for which nirvana is to be found only in the sweet bosom of ethereals and the habits of a purely barbarous condition. They have pronounced that fatal offense against the rights which a man has in this kind of property shall not be covered with the disgrace that attaches to the invasion of lower rights, but shall have a kind of heroic aspect arising from the personal danger involved in its commitment. They have done all they can to restore society to the principle of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth — to destroy a practical respect for the Christian law in human hearts, and to elevate in the stead the "honor" of a barbarous and ever the paramount moral duty of a man.

Shall we hear in reply that it is idle to talk that we know as well as men that legal penalties can not satisfy wounded honor; that fines, and imprisonments, and the punishment by the state who has fatally slandered a mother or a wife could not atone to any decent man for the slander committed; that this indignant instinct of every man under such circumstances is to drown the offense in the blood of the slanderer?

Well, now, most Christian reader, most Christian clergymen, most Christian church-members and church-goers, is it not the very aim of the Christianity that we all profess, to show that although no legal penalty can right a real wrong, no possible indulgence of mad passion can do it either?

There was a great deal said about the Bible-shout sacred things; there was a most comely abhorring of the court over Sunday, and there was no objection to jurors reading their Bibles. Oh no! not on the least. It is Christian church-going. It was a Bible-quoting counsel. In one case, at least, it was a praying jury. What Bible did they read? What preaching did their hear? To what God did they pray?

What intolerable *fuisseism* we all are!

It is bad enough, of course, that we should all blame the moral law we profess in the little details of daily life; but that the flagrant violation of it in the bloody death of another sinner, should be *habitually* and learnedly defended by allusion to the very law itself, is one of those exquisitely rampant absurdities that recall Carlyle's "hypocrisy that is so astonished you should think it hypocritical."

At least, if we defy the Christian law which we profess, let us have the heroism of honesty in the defiance. Let us frankly say, "Christianity is an impossibility. It lays down principles which are entirely beautiful and practical. It says, indeed, that we ought to govern our passions, but all that is pure bosh. We say—and we dance in front of the Opera, like David before the Ark—that it is noble, and manly, and honorable, and gentlemanly, and salutary to fight duels, and that our rights in our wives as our most valuable property (see the Gospels, and the Maries at the tomb), we shall deliberately slaughter any thief that tries to steal them. The Christian law is something to be taught to children and servants, and practiced on Sundays only by our wives who go to church and evening lectures. It is something to be professed; and the fellow who can most nearly approach that not morality and the interests of Christianity is the best fellow. The men are the best converts, who practice the Christian law a little—in society ? ha, ha! —in Wall Street? ho, ho! — in Washington? no, no!"

We are on the eve of a great gush of oratory about Christianity at the missionary meetings and that. Will not some eloquent speaker take the trouble to say whether he believes that men really forgive what they consider to be injuries now more than they did two thousand years ago? Will he then answer two other questions—first, whether he thinks social progress in the direction indicated by faithful Christian preaching a good thing? and, secondly, whether he thinks the notion judicial justification of the law which Christianity is intended to supersede be a good progress?

"That's all talk, you know; 'tisn't the Millennium."

Well?

"Well, then you must take men as you find them."

Well?

"And men will always revenge certain insults in certain ways."

Well?

"Then what are you driving at?"

Simply that Christianity is a swindling sham—

Stop, you impious wretch, you—

I merely repeat your own words in another form.

Have you no respect for religion—for the feelings of your readers?"

Immense in wondering. But it is you who say that men are always going to obey the feelings which Christianity says they ought to. I only justify them—if it is a mere matter of course that it can't—it knows it beforehand, and then it is a quasi respect to the saint of its life and not that not in the heat of the first discovery, but after time has cooled, it will make a confession (whether he does make it or not), if the wife should be found to have a record of a previous lover before proceeding to the slaughter.

Do not say that in the Millennium, so no one will think to be married, he will be no injury to forgive, and therefore of course no criminal law—for the Millennium begins with individual heart and the restraint of individual passion.

THE OCEAN WAIF.

THE night was long, and dark, and drear:
The waves ran fierce and high:
The storm-fiend howled across the sky,
There was no beacon nigh.

She strove to breast the raging surge,
She watched the weary hours of day:
And still with brave heart strove to urge
Her frail bark on its way.

But when she found it might not be,
She knelt with calmly-lifted face,
Facing above, with steadfast gaze,
Through black and frowning space.

She said, "I fear not the mad strife
Of this wild night for me:
It can but wash me from this life—
I am not afraid to die!

"I'm weary of this ceaseless battle—
Oh! Father, take me home above:
I have no longer strength to struggle
Alone—unbefriended by love."

And the dark sea, with a rush and roar,
Bore her away on its breast,
And cast her, frail flower! on a heavenly shore,
To bloom and glow in eternal rest.

TULA.

CHURCH'S HEART OF THE ANDES.

IN all the really great pictures, the Transfiguration, the Sistine Madonna and the Seggiola, the Communion of St. Jerome, the Last Judgment and Prophets and Sybils—with Church's and Salvator's Rosa—there was a sublime simplicity, a lack of remoteness and superiority—a magnificent self-possession, which disdains to captivate the spectator meretriciously with some trick of effect, like a coquette with a coy ringlet or an arch bend of the neck. Tricks of effect, like coy ringlets and arch neck-bendings, have a very temporary power. It is the repose of beauty which is permanently impressive.

In painting this picture of scenery, for the painting of which he is already famous, Mr. Church might easily have tickled the eye, and have satisfied a superficial expectation, by flooding his canvas with a glare of sunshine and illuminated mist which is popularly supposed to be the permanent condition of the tropical atmosphere. He has, however, conceived his work more wisely and profoundly. He knows that the true tropical scenery is copied with the greatest truth of nature. Hence the simplicity of his style. Hence the Lounger frankly confesses that he recalls no work either of Claude or Salvator which is, upon the whole, so satisfactory; and he thinks that all true lovers of nature, at once, but may indicate the kind of impression, in comparison with other great works of the historic painters. One star differs from another. But it is well to have it understood that we are speaking of stars and not of black-and-blues. Claude will probably always be supreme in a peculiarly idyllic charm, to which the lyrical or the critic is not chiefly inclined to be turbed. But Church's work belongs to a larger style.

As your eye wanders over the teeming richness of the scene, clings to the tingling luxuriance of the foliage, rests at the sunshine upon the bank, follows the winding, solitary path, the abounding and sparkling river—listens upon the lake and hears the deep roar of the basin, whose reverberation reveals the volcanic ground, sees the birds flashing, the butterfly hovering, and the humming-bird ing into distance, marks the infinite play of color upon the infinitely various lines of the mountainous rising, the glorious contrast a blaze of light on one its side, and still climbing those vast reaches of richness and of beauty, the lower heights and remoter peaks still bued with the soft glory of the equatorial heaven, and, floating on through the silent splendor that haunts, pants at last upon the mighty dome of snow that crowns the continent—then you feel the changeless magnificence of American scenery; in its most luxuriant and satisfactory type, has found its poet, for it is not only a scene which you see, but which the mind is refreshed with a more satisfactory sense of the opulence and majesty of nature.

In the manipulation of this picture Mr. Church seems to have bridged the gulf between the creation of the Pre-Raphaelites and the school of the Post-Raphaelites. The foreground is elaborated with a patience, a thoughtful study of nature, a fidelity to nature which Millar's might envy; while the whole scene has a vastness, a calmness, and a quiet breadth, which Salvator never attained.

"The Heart of the Andes" will be carried to Europe, but assuredly hope it will be brought back again, and remain permanently in this country. It may be seen for a little while at the Studio Building, in Tenth Street, near the Sixth Avenue; and whoever would study it with a full appreciation of the character, should carefully read the little pamphlet, "A Companion to the Heart of the Andes"—a most sympathetic, eloquent, genial, and intelligent description both of the picture and the spirit of the work, by the artist's friend, Theodore Winthrop, himself a South American traveler.

THE FEAST OF FLOWERS.

SOME kind lady of this city has given land enough upon Long Island, about forty miles from New York, and there is a railroad to it, and establish a horticultural school for poor orphan girls, who are supposed to have a fit capacity for securing money enough to erect buildings sufficient for a school of twenty-five pupils, after a festival of six days. An Anti-vocation society, music, oratory, painting, and sculpture will inaugurate the work, and a list of subscriptions under the auspices of the Seventy-first Regiment.

At least we hope that these festivities may serve to the benefit of the orphan asylum. It is a new movement—a new charity—and so long as we are honest men and women shall endeavor to continually new plans and movements of greater charity.

In Charles Reade's new novel—" Love me little, Love me long"—he makes the heroine announce that a woman of genius can have scenery spread to it—marriage and water-colors! Let us pluck out the sting of this satire. It is too late to prevent women from having a larger opportunity. Let us begin our share of the work by giving our sympathy and assistance to all such movements as this.

A WORD WITH "HOMO."

HOMO—a man—alludes to the Lounger's remarks upon differences of accommodation for different classes of people in railroads ("Saturday"), as he puts it, "money can buy the privilege of not having to ride in the same carriage with the common clods. Why deny the fact so far, and give money the right, when it wishes to vote, to buy the privilege of not having a street car for its own accommodation?"

Homo probably thinks he is a Democrat. He probably thinks, further, that democracy consists in bringing every thing down to the level of the poorest thing. But as long as a man is better dressed, or talks better grammar, or is more intelligent and intellectual than his neighbor, that man pays more for a better article. Homo avers that of all dergetic ideas this is not only the meanest but the most absurd?

Is there any injustice in selling cake for more money than bread? or a good horse or cow for more than a poor animal? or ten pounds of coffee for more than one pound? or the best seats in a theatre for more than the worst ones? or a diamond for more than a crystal? or a ride to Albany for more than a mile to Brooklyn?

These things, for which more is paid, are more valuable than the others; and money is given for one of the most valuable commodities possible. If Homo's wife were dangerously ill and he had to make a journey in the cars with her, probably he would be willing to pay more for a quiet, separate, and convenient car than he would for two seats in the crowd of chatters and spitters who might chance (only chance, mark; but then chat and s—t are chances in American travel, Homo will allow) to be occupying the other cars. Or if Homo and a party were making a pleasure-trip from the Providence to the Mississippi, is there any reason why they should not enjoy as much comfort of every kind as they can buy? We think it quite proper to remark that if they are not to buy that comfort to some some extent, they have no business to ride. Foolishly, to call "the common class," can not buy it, then they have no right to buy the convenience of the journey, because there are plenty of other people who can not afford that.

That is the way, according to the doctrine of Homo himself, he has no right to live in a better house, to wear more expensive clothes, to eat and drink more luxurious food, to have more books, pictures, or music, to be more intelligent or cultivated or travelled than his neighbor. He has no right, because, as he says, it is only money that buys these things, and the idea of money's buying things might to restrict to the excess of purchasing a separate street, or "the privilege of not having to ride in the same carriage with the common clods."

Excellent Homo! Excellent, but not perceptive. Does he not know that at this very moment money does buy the privilege of not riding in an emigrant car? and if one of "the common class" has the money, may he purchase that privilege? Then has Homo never reflected that a separate road is practically purchased by every person who drives in his own carriage through any public highway?

Homo and the rest of society don't give money its rights. Its rights are founded in great laws, which Homo does not see, and are therefore consulted. Whatever value is really computable in money, money will always buy, and ought to be able to buy; and as long as it is not true that one man is have more money than another—that is, so long as the lazy and the incapable are to reduce industry and thrift to their level—so long it will be right for one man to buy what some other man has not the means to buy. When railroad companies are of opinion that the plan of various prices is a profitable one, they have a right to do it when we want them, then we shall have such cars, and we shall have as much choice in our comfort of travel as we now have in hotels or in any other merchantable commodity.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—WILLIS, New York, wishes to know why we can not have "a column for correspondents." In the World of Fashion, Mr. Willis will find rather more than two columns, and in that for the 16th more than one column, devoted to letters and answers.

—R. S. writes from Boston in reference to the "Apologue" of the Lounger three weeks since, and asks:

"Supposing the good people who are willing say one shall subscribe a million to found a million had said, when they established their Botanical school, 'All who come to our country to teach botany must be able to talk as well as most pay a good round sum to support our school, and, in return, their children shall receive from us such care, the privileges of instruction; adding, 'But though our system is not so complete that we will be able to enforce our mass's attributed belief, yet, having based the theories we establish upon principles of the highest importance, we hold Dabolt in infinite reverence, and would have our pupils imbued with the same; and therefore we will have the solution of at least one of his problems read to them before leaving the school, by saying, our coming friends, who believe two and two make a million, it will be our duty to prove to the fallacy of his delusion and the soundness of their own.' Supposing the good people had spoken thus, would not the scholar who rebelle against the reading of Dabolt to be spanked?"

This simply begs the whole question. If the good people, that is, have based their political existence upon Dabolt, and hold that their political existence precedes all other questions, then they will, if they are in earnest, assert that they are "good," insist that every citizen shall conform to Dabolt. If they are not in earnest, they will not, they ought they to be, that any body should believe that twice two make a million. If they profess that Dabolt is an irrefutable belief, and invite the "coming friends" to pay equally for a Botanical school, they are knowingly no right to call their new scholar for his arithmetical views. The "coming friends" who pay a million for the Dabolt Botanical school, have equal rights there, or they have not. If they have not, then there is no question. If they have, then they can not insist just as strongly that Dabolt shall not be read as the "good people" insist that he shall. Every one is one supporter to Dabolt's views, and which bears heavily upon the case. Suppose that "the absurdes of our political existence" continue to exist, and that the "coming friends," but given equal legal, political, and religious rights as the rest of the people, "whether Dabolt agrees or not" last century, then how about spanking the Botanical pupil for non-conformity in arithmetic?

—IVES has written a fair poem in the Lamont of Aileen Gerald. Let him stay study not only Crabbe's poem, but the chapter in Sydney Smith's article on Jeffrey on the Art of Versification.

—LOTOS-EATER, Buffalo, is informed that the work he asks about will probably be issued in the course of this completion. The Easy Chair, book-form upon its completion. The Easy Chair, about whom Lotos-Eater further inquires, is such an old and confidential friend of the Lounger that the latter respects his secret as if they were his own.

—A WOMAN, Brooklyn, writes to the Lounger forcibly upon a subject of which he has expressed his own opinion so emphatically that he does not care to return to it just now.

Ye PICTORIAL HISTORIE OF HONEST ABNER HOWE'S JOURNEY TO PIKE'S PEAK IN SEARCH OF A RAPID FORTUNE.

1. Honest Abner meditateth upon ye cares of ye farmer's life, and decideth to emigrate to Pike's Peak.

2. Not to dig gold, as neighbor Crumps supposed; but—shrewd Abner!—to vend groceries and liquors to ye fat-pursed gold diggers, at a profit which ye honest man leaveth for future consideration.

GROCERIES
GROCERIES
GROCERIES

COUNT CAVOUR.

No statesman in Europe occupies a more prominent position at the present time than the nobleman whose name heads this article; his portrait, which we give herewith, is part of the pictorial history of the day.

Count Cavour is another of the many examples of democratic success which continental Europe is now producing. His father was a merchant of Nice, who made a large fortune, and, mainly through the influence of his son, obtained, late in life, the distinction he had coveted from his youth, a patent of nobility. The son, Camillo, was born in 1809. He spent his youth in the acquirement of knowledge and the delights of pleasure. His means, his rank, and the favor in which he stood at Court enabled him to move in the best society throughout the Continent; and though he took no active part at this time in public affairs, those who knew him were fond of predicting that he would make a name for himself some day.

He was one of the many thoughtful men who, in 1847, felt the storm coming. He was then thirty-seven years of age. Abandoning his associates and his pleasures, he repaired to Turin, and there established a newspaper, to which he gave the significant title of *Il Risorgimento*—"The Uprising." This journal was the first organ of Italian nationality and the revolutionary movement of 1848. The Italian mind was ready for it, and it achieved a complete success.

But, like nearly all the early leaders of revolutionary movements, Count Cavour and his paper soon found themselves outstripped in revolutionary fervor by other candidates for public favor. The fire kindled by the *Risorgimento* spread throughout Italy and throughout Europe; when Cavour tried to check it, the task was beyond his strength; and war was finally declared between Austria and Piedmont, against the wish, and in spite of the protest of the man who, above all others, had roused the Piedmontese to fighting pitch.

COUNT CAVOUR.—[FROM A LATE PHOTOGRAPH.]

Cavour, unlike his hot-headed countrymen, foresaw the result of the struggle. His foresight exposed him to no little obloquy at the time. From being the most popular man in Piedmont he fell into decided disgrace. But after a few months fighting had exposed the weakness of the revolutionary party, and enabled Austria to tighten her iron grasp on the best provinces of Italy, people began to think better of the Editor who, throughout the contest, had contended that it was premature.

In 1849 Count Cavour was elected to the Chamber of Deputies of Piedmont, and was soon elected to preside over the Department of Commerce and Agriculture. In 1851 he became Secretary of Finance. This was the most onerous post in the Government, as the war bills of 1848 had to be paid out of an empty treasury. Count Cavour devoted himself to the task with such skill and energy that though enormous sums have been laid out since then on fortifications and other military works, the debt of 1848 has been put in convenient shape, the State credit now stands higher than that of Austria, and Sardinia is more prosperous than ever. A large part of this prosperity, we should add, has been the fruit of the free-trade policy of which Cavour was one of the earliest advocates.

In 1852 Count Cavour became President of the Council of Ministers, and has occupied the post—which is that of Prime Minister—ever since. The two leading measures of his administration have been his rebellion against Papal authority and his co-operation with the allied maritime Powers in the war against Russia. The former was a measure of great boldness, considering the power which the Church still wields in Piedmont. Nothing daunted, however, by the menaces of haughty priests, and even the bulls of the Pope himself, Cavour stripped the Piedmontese Church of its inalienable estates, and took education out of the hands of the clergy. No Protestant, and we trust, but few Catholics, can fail to applaud his policy. His co-operation with France and England against Russia was very dexterous. It secured the good-will of both the maritime States; while so small a Power as Sardinia could afford to risk the displeasure of a distant potentate like the Czar.

Count Cavour is the man, above all others, who has stirred up the present broil in Europe. If he succeeds, it is quite likely that he will be the first minister of Constitutional Italy. So high a rank may well stimulate his ambition, and provoke him to dare almost any thing.

MISS HOSMER'S STUDIO AT ROME.

We give herewith an engraving of a visit paid by the Prince of Wales to the studio of our gifted countrywoman, Miss Hosmer, at Rome.

Miss Hosmer's name is familiar to all lovers of art in this country. The daughter of a physician now residing at Watertown, Massachusetts, Miss Hosmer was born in that town some twenty-seven years ago, and was educated at Miss Sedgwick's school at Lenox. Her taste for art developed itself at an early age, and as soon as she reached womanhood she repaired to Rome, and entered Mr. Gibson's studio as a pupil. Under the guidance of that renowned master she fulfilled her youthful promise; her first work—a head of Medusa for Mr. Appleton of Boston—was deservedly lauded by the critics. Since then she has executed various statues of remarkable merit, among others a Beatrice Cenci, which attracted great attention last year.

She is now engaged on a statue of Zenobia—which will be seen in our engraving. Letters from Rome tell us that it will vindicate Miss Hosmer's claim to a very high rank among the sculptors of the day. Mr. Gibson is said by a correspondent to have taken great pleasure in pointing

THE PRINCE OF WALES AT MISS HOSMER'S STUDIO.

cost its merits to the Prince of Wales; and the Illustrated London News is reported as having admired it enthusiastically.

LITERARY.

MR. CHARLES LANMAN has done excellent service in his DICTIONARY OF CONGRESS, published by Lippincott. The design of the work is to furnish, briefly, the prominent facts in the life of each member of the American Congress, from the earliest dates to the present time. To this is added a succinct appendix, containing a manual of reference for the use of any one who wishes to know any thing relating to the various departments of the United States Government and their successive incumbents, the courts of the United States and their judges, the States and their governors, with other similar information well arranged and easy of reference.

In the biographical portion of his work, Mr. Lanman seems to have escaped the ordinary error of fulsome praise bestowed on special favorites. He gives facts, and leaves comments for the reader. Hence his book is peculiarly valuable. We feel that we can refer to it, and while we can ascertain for the opinions of men on the lives and acts of Congressmen, we shall always turn to this book to be informed simply who the man was and what he did to make his name known in his country. Mr. Lanman has long been engaged on one of the most graceful writers, and in this new department of literature makes his ability equally manifest. The book will take its place as a standard work. It is an octave, well printed on substantial paper.

One of the most superb books of the year is the first issue of the new publishing house of S. A. Rollo & Co., in this city. WALL STREET AND THE SOUTHWEST is the narrative of Mr. John B. Ireland's travels, profusely and elegantly illustrated, forming a small elegant octavo, with some of the finest illustrations on wood from sketches by the author. The style of type and wood-cut paper is hardly exceed this specimen, and we congratulate the publishers on the impression their first book will create. Mr. Ireland has been accustomed to the river. The narrative, or the extracts from his journal which have come to our hands, is of the same, take us from Decmarch to Russia, Turkey, Palestine, and Egypt, back through the Holy Land and thence to France and Spain, thence to Europe again to Constantinople, and then to the sites of the Seven Churches in Asia Minor, across the plateaus of Susa, up the Indian Ocean, through India, visiting probably more parts of it than were ever before seen by any one man, and returning to us there in the Australian seas. On the whole the book covers more ground than any one man ever travels we have read; and, as might be expected, Mr. Ireland's notes are brief, and even meagre, in some places where we could wish them more full. He gives us but the notes of a passing traveller in most of the countries which he visited, and thus only serve to whet the appetite for fuller accounts of his adventures. His drawings are the most valuable portion of the work, and in many instances serve to give us ideas we have often wanted in relation to Far East. The portions of the work relating to India are more full and elaborate than the rest parts, and furnish many new points of information to the reader.

Virtue, Emmins, & Co. send out the first number of a new serial publication, THE AMERICAN ARCHIVES BY SEA AND LAND, to be illustrated with steel plates and wood-cuts, and to be edited by Dr. Robert Tomes. The name of Dr. Tomes is sufficient to insure the literary character of the work, of which the first number is an excellent commencement. The engraving of the Battle of Bunker Hill is spirited and artistic, and the first page engraving of the Battle of Plattsburg equally perfect as a work of art. It is the intention of the publishers to make the volume a complete history and naval history of the country. We can certify to our readers that Dr. Tomes is eminently able to do this work in the most admirable manner. There is every reason to suppose it will be a very popular and valuable addition to the drawing-room as well as the library table.

Messrs. Bangs, Merwin, & Co. announce a sale of coins and medals for the 4th and 5th of May. These gentlemen have already taken the position in America which is occupied by Sotheby & Wilkinson in London as auctioneers. Their sales of articles of every kind are to be conducted, since, in such matters, it is of great importance to know the character of the sellers, and that their statements can be relied on. This sale will have fewer coins than their late catalogue of Mr. Bogert's collection, but it contains some very interesting articles, and will command attention.

CHESS CHRONICLE.

BY C. H. STANLEY.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"ASANTEE" (Lockport).—A Pawn can not be taken in passing scarcely on the first move of a game, under the circumstances under which such captures are the mode are allowed. Supposing that you have a Knight on the fifth square of any one file, and your adversary has an unmoved Pawn on an adjoining file, and plays the advances such Pawn two squares, it is at your option to capture him in the same manner as though he had moved but one square on the square over which he has leaped. We do not understand your second question, and therefore do not answer it. [Ed.] [Ed.] [Ed.]

FRANCE.

WAR PROSPECTS.

The news continues threatening. The negotiations for the Congress were progressing slowly. Austria positively refuses to take part therein without previous unanimous understanding.

The latest complication of affairs is warlike. Paris let the great peace so hopeless. The movements of the armies in Italy had assumed most threatening proportions. The preparations otherwise continued.

The papers nevertheless assert that France is not armed.

Austria's propositions in regard to the Congress are said to be unacceptable to France, which is not prepared to take the field for a month or six weeks. Negotiations consequently make delay.

A MILITARY'S JOKE.

One of the visitors who thronged the sale-chambers of Count Cavour, when he was here, was Baron Alexander. The Hebrew magnate was received with all the courtesy which success always commands, and was one of the first greetings the facetious Piedmontese Minister met with. "Well, M. de Rothschild, would you not be astonished to learn that I had tendered my resignation? You would see the funds rise at least five points on the day." The Baron responded, "Oh, my dear Count, you are pretty well aware that I should not wait your full with a rise of a per cent. in Rentes."

A NEW SECT OF CHRISTIANS.

A Paris correspondent writes: "A curious new sect of Christians, to whom we have before alluded, called Transmigrationists, have of late become very numerous in France. Quite different from the Spiritualists, their character is highly moral, and they creed Christian, only they believe all animals in their kind of existence receive piety. They profess to believe that being changed after death into some animal or inferior human subject. To this many their intense kindness to animals."

TERRIBLE ADVENTURE IN A CAVE.

The *Droit* has the following story: "At Tremaud, near Carcassonne (Aude), in the month of May last, there was a grotto of great beauty, and near it are several openings in the ground of fathomless depth. A few days ago a shepherd boy, in passing one of them, threw in a stone, and, to his astonishment, heard it fall on something like a bone mound. At first he was greatly frightened, popular superstition attributing to these caves the existence of monsters; but, encouraged by his curiosity, he threw another stone, which was also followed by a moan from below, thus causing himself to fall to the ground. He remained there for near the opening, and having cried out to the person below, heard inarticulate sounds responding. Convinced that some one was below, he summoned a number of villagers, and they, descending by a rope, found a man, who, let down a rope. When the rope had descended about sixty metres they could hear him unloosed, and they called to the person below, but could not understand his answers; and, having fastened another rope securely attached to the rope, they proceeded to draw it up slowly. It was a considerable time before the head of the unfortunate appeared, bringing to the light of day a man in a deplorable state that he could scarcely reply to the questions put to him, and was carried to the nearest house, where he had recovered sufficiently to state that, two days before, as he was going from Tremaud to Cabrespine, he accidentally pretired two blows on the head, which stunned him. What then took place he could not tell, but on his return to consciousness he found himself in darkness and in a deep cavern, and, after groping about, he found that he had partially dug himself into a hole, and had there remained for eight days without either giving in his adhesion or intimating his intentions. Thus reduced, instigated by this attitude of non-commitalism, the lady at last fell back to the silent interview with the enemy.

"I suppose you don't believe these stories, Captain?" said the lady, with a look which was intended for a smile to anguish that widely over the hospitable; but I took upon the marvelous much in the same light as did Saint Thomas."

"That is to say," returned the lady, 'in order to believe, you must first see.' I am of the same opinion as you re-nerve, and you shall see, you shall hear, you shall judge for yourself."

"Joy! I be permitted to take an active part in the affair?"

"Certainly."

"Then I will be most happy to be convinced."

"The next day the two visited the sorcerers in regard."

"I am about to be married," said the gentleman, without further preface, 'I should like you to tell me whether your sovereign eye can discern any parts, and whom my fr nuptiary man is satisfactory; if the deference of my love, if so how can compatible."

"The somnambulist, after closely scrutinizing her interrogator, replied, 'I see nothing in you, lie, to cause the slightest anxiety.'

"I am certain?"

"I have done so."

"Then I am to sound and unhurt?"

"Yes."

"No injections?"

"None whatever."

"You hear, madam!' said the gentleman, turning to the lady who had suggested the consultation, 'I am destined for no almost time to put an end to this nonsense.' Then addressing the somnambulist, he continued, 'Now tell me, if you can, Y. I have left a leg in Africa, and a hand in the Crimea. Look, I will show you my wounds.' And he began with his false foot, and rapped upon the table with a hollow, metallic sound.

"Physical hand, magical leg!"

Thereupon the somnambulist observed that she felt very much annoyed, begged her visitors to excuse her, and disappeared."

THE PRINCE OF QUDE BEHIND THE SCENES.

He adds: "The young Prince of Oude is just now the object of public attention and curiosity. He is the son of Soliman a lame of the tooled formerly occupied by the banker Aguado, and lives in a style of princely magnificence and splendor. Not long since he made his appearance in a box at the Grand Opera, dressed in a costume of white satin, and loaded with food. Soldiers have so many ingredients been invited at an entertainment, and have been accustomed to see him. But the Prince of Oude is a right royal looking personage, and, notwithstanding his dusky color, would be no disgrace to any family. So, then, if you and in his natural grace the additional lustre of a princely ancestry, you can imagine that the sensation produced by this extraordinary visitor must have created in a theatre. Opera house. Between the acts of 'Herman and Dorothea,' effusive eloquence introduced the Indian Prince behind the scenes; and his presence in the green room inside the damsels of the ballet produced even a more powerful effect than on the occupants of the boxes. Their glances of tender admiration were bestowed upon his diamonds! Their sighs of envy were breathed upon his exposure to so dangerous a vicinity of smiles and eloquent looks! Not willing to compromise the dignity of the royal personage of Oude, I must add that the Prince is very young, and do not say whether he came forth from behind the scenes on the surface or not."

THE AUSTRIAN ANSWER TO ENGLAND.

The following is a copy of a note from Count Buol to Lord Loftus, dated Vienna, March 31, setting forth the Austrian conditions for the preservation which Austria puts upon the basis of discussion:

"The undersigned, etc., hastens to acknowledge the receipt of the note which Lord A. Loftus has done him the honor to address to him under date of the 25th inst., and which conveys to him the conditions upon which the Government of her Britannic Majesty is ready to accept the proposal of a Congress. The undersigned would have taken into consideration the complications which have arisen between

"The British Government having, moreover, expressed the wish to learn the Imperial Government's opinion upon these propositions, he undersigned has taken, on this subject, the orders of his Majesty the Emperor, his master.

"He finds himself to-day authorized to inform Lord A. Loftus that the Imperial Government is convinced highly the motives which guide the British cabinet, and the sentiments of moderation which have led it to understand toward Austria, accepts in the measure stated in the above letter such portions of the basis of discussion proposed by the note of his lordship.

"A fifth point of deliberation which he has thought fit to add, that of an agreement on a simultaneous disarmament. The Cabinet of Vienna, will, on the other hand, regard the adoption of this measure as a new proof of the pacific intentions of Austria.

"I remain again, from the words of Lord A. Loftus, that if the Imperial Government accepts, on the conditions mentioned above, the proposal of a Congress, the British Government will invite that of France in a pressing manner to accept it in the same way. In this case Austria should discern at once, and to give it a collective guarantee for the fulfillment of the obligations which will result from it.

"In this step, which the British Cabinet proposes to take in concert with the Austrian Government, is the more conformable to the present interests of Europe, as it seems impossible, on the one hand, that Austria can already shown by its note addressed to M. de Bulow on the 9th of the 21st inst., to the Prussian Cabinet, the presence of the clang of arms. The undersigned must not leave eagerly doubt that these negotiations should have full and entire effect, as Austria could not present herself at the Congress with the hope that it would be completed her disarmament, and shall have proceeded to the mobilization of her forces. If, on the contrary, hostilities defined and executed, the Imperial Government declares that it will not attend the Congress, and that it will continue the Austrian Cabinet will not attack Sardinia pending the duration of the Congress, and for a period of time to expect the hostile territory and that of the Duchies.

"In requesting Lord A. Loftus to bring the contents of the note to the notice of his Government, the undersigned takes advantage of, etc."

THE BASES OF NEGOTIATION.

ENGLISH PROPOSITIONS AS TO THE CABINET OF VIENNA.

I.

Means of securing the maintenance of peace between Austria and Sardinia.

II.

Evacuation of the Roman States by the foreign corps of occupation, and a definite arrangement for the

III.

A combination to be submitted for the special treaty between Austria and the Italian States.

IV.

Territorial arrangements and the Congress of 1815 shall not be touched.

AUSTRIA.

THE AUSTRIAN ANSWER TO RUSSIA.

Count Buol-Schauenstein has addressed to M. de Balabine a note relative to the Russian circular of the 15th inst. of Italy. The Austrian answer, dated Vienna, March 31, 1859, is as follows:

"The undersigned, etc., has hastened to submit to the Imperial Government the circular addressed by M. Gortschakoff, etc., has made to him in the name of his Court, by communication of the circular addressed by M. Gortschakoff, under date of 2.st (5th), d. c. (31st of March), in which it is stated that the Russian Government considers it a supreme effort to insure the maintenance of peace, pre-ent the outbreak of a war which it is to be feared would which should embrace to adjust the Italian complications. The Russian Government has, moreover, declared its desire to see Great Britain associated with the efforts of Prussia.

"In execution of the orders of his Imperial Majesty, the undersigned has the honor to make known to M. de Balabine that Austria is ready to accept the proposal of to bring to the cognizance of his court.

"The undersigned has, at the same time to sentiments which have inspired to his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Russia, and to the moderation which has guided his policy, desiring to lend his concurrence to a work which must sanction more and more the maintenance of peace, and the totality of rights deriving therefrom, the Emperor Alexander, and to the moderation which has guided his policy.

"In the opinion of the Imperial Cabinet, the whole question resolves itself into the following terms, which it follows in her foreign relations. To put an end to this state of things, which, by prolonging itself, would necessarily return, such appears to be the task reserved to the Powers called upon to the present moment of difficulty.

"If, however, besides this question, which the undersigned considers as the principal object of solicitude for the moral pacification of Italy, it should enter into the intentions of the Imperial Russian Government to discuss, in addition, it would be to see with pleasure that the Cabinet of Vienna should be associated, inasmuch as they should not be in contradiction with the preservative bases, the undersigned could not dispense with insisting above all things that the mode of proceeding in this case should be conformable to the rules formulated by the protocol of Aix-la-Chapelle, under date of Nov. 15, 1818.

"In conclusion, the undersigned must lay stress on a last consideration. It is that of the complications of situation in presence of the clang of arms and of the preparations which are being made on all sides. Austria, for her part, has morally impossible. It is therefore indispensable, according to her opinion, that the Powers should, by a declaration of their intentions, put an end to a state of things which, if it were to continue, would necessarily lead to a conflict.

"The undersigned remains, etc."

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Saturday, April 30, 1859.*

TRADE continues moderately active; the spring increasing every day, and Southern purchasers are becoming more free. The Southern and Western buyers than usual, as was expected; but should the present crop present be maintained, the trade will be large for the season.

Money continues as cheap as at any time during the past year. Call loans are made at 4 per cent. on Stocks and Government Stocks, and 44 on railway property; first-class short paper can be had at 5@6. Exchange on Europe is firm at 110 @ 110½ for sterling, and 5.10 @ 5.11½ for francs.

Stocks are lower again. In the absence of public support the bear bulkers of Wall Street move Stocks up and down as they please; the past month or six weeks have witnessed a steady and general depression.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Saturday, April 30, 1859.*

THE Wholesale Dry Goods Markets have been quite brisk for Flour, which has advanced.....Grain has been very moderately dealt in.....Provisions have been fairly purchased. Pork has declined. Beef has increased in value .....Groceries have been in good demand at our revised quotations.....Cotton is dull and lower.....Hay has been in request at full rates.....Hemp, Hides, Leather, Petroleum, Seeds, Tobacco, Naval Stores, Oils, and Tallow have been less inquired after.....The demand for Fish has been fair, and prices have favored sellers.....Wool attracts active attention at somewhat easier rates.....Investments in Dry Goods have been quite limited. Prices of Metallic Goods, however, have been maintained.

The value of the week's imports of Dry Goods has been $1,614,848, and against $191,750 the same week last year. The imports since January 1 have been $6,012,894 against $4,021,894 same period last year. The movements in other commodities have not been sufficiently large to be of marketable changes.....We append a revised list of the shipping quotations for the leading articles:

Superfine State Flour, per barrel	$5 00	@ $5 00
Extra State, do.	5 10	@ 5 15
Superfine Western	5 05	@ 5 05
Extra Do. Extra Ohio	5 25	@ 5 30
Extra Missouri	6 00	@ 6 00
Superfine Southern	5 05	@ 5 05
Extra Southern	6 05	@ 6 15
Superfine Canadian	5 05	@ 5 05
Extra Do.	5 10	@ 5 15
White Michigan Wheat, per bushel	1 50	@ 1 55
Red Southern Wheat	1 40	@ 1 45
Red Western Wheat	1 45	@ 1 47½
Barley Malt	1 00	@ 1 05
Chicago Spring	1 00	@ 1 03
Rye, per bushel	84	@ 85
Rye	84	@ 85
Western Corn	65	@ 66
Western Oats	38	@ 38
Southern Corn	65	@ 66
Southern Oats	38	@ 38
Prime, nominal, per barrel	13 50	@ 14 00
New Mess Pork, per barrel	—	@ 16 12½
Prime Do.	12 75	@ 13 00
Country Mess Beef	11 00	@ 11 50
Prime, per pound	6½	7
Shoulders	6½	7
Hams	10	@ 11
Lard to Prime State Butter	10	@ 11
Prime to Choice	18	@ 20
Choice	20	@ 22
Cheese, per pound	8½	@ 9½
Tallow, per pound	9½	@ 10
New Orleans Sugar	6	@ 6½
Havana Sugar, per pound	6	@ 6½
Hyson Tea, per pound	35	@ 40
Young Do.	35	@ 40
Domestic Whisky, per gallon	—	@ 25
Rio Coffee, per pound	10	@ 11
Hay, Shipping lots, per 100 pounds	—	@ 75
Hay, retail, per ton	—	@ 100
Crude Turpentine, per 280 pounds	$ 3 00	@ $3 50
Spirits Turpentine, per gallon	37½	@ 38
Tar, per barrel	2 75	@ 2 87½
Rosin, common, per 280 pounds	1 62½	@ 1 75
Rosin, fine, per 280 pounds	2 00	@ 2 12½
Kentucky Tobacco, per pound	6	@ 12
Seed Do.	6	@ 12
American Fleece Wool	42	@ 45
Do. pulled	30	@ 35

The Live Stock Markets have been more freely supplied with Beeves, which have declined slightly.....Milch Cows have been in fair demand, and prices are unchanged.

Sheep and Lambs have been more sought after..... Swine have been in limited request.

The following is a correct account of the

Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday and Monday:

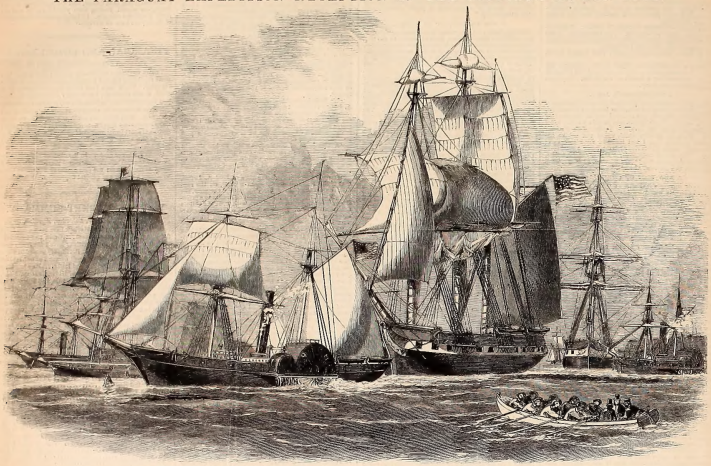
	Wednesday.	Monday.
Ordinary to Premium Beeves, per pound	$ 6@ 8	$ 6@ 8
Cows and Calves, per head	30 @ 60	30 @ 60
Veal Calves, per pound	— @ —	— @ —
Extra Veal Calves, per pound	8 @ 9	8 @ 9
Do. per pound	7 @ 8	6½ @ 7½
Live Swine	— @ —	— @ —
Dressed Do.	— @ —	— @ —
Sheep, each	1 00 @ 3 00	— @ —

The Country Produce Markets exhibit no really new features. Supplies good; prices consequently moderate.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Apples, per barrel	$2 50	@ $6 00
Dried Apples, per pound	7 @ 9½	
Peaches, per bushel	1 00	@ 1 50
Pineapples, per 100	4 00	@ 6 00
Pineapples, per dozen	1 00	@ 1 50
Onions, per bushel	1 00	@ 1 25
Potatoes	4 00	@ —
Sweet Potatoes, per barrel	2 50	@ 3 00
Turnips	1 00	@ 1 25
Ducks	1 00	@ 1 75
Hens	1 00	@ 1 75
Chickens	1 00	@ 1 25
Cabbage, new, per 100	4 00	@ 8 00
Cabbage, old, per 100	2 00	@ 3 00
Pumpkins, new, per 100	10 00	@ 40 00
Pumpkins, old, per 100	5 00	@ 10 00
Green Peas, per bushel	2 00	@ 3 00
Green Corn, per 100	6 00	@ 8 00
Chickens, per pound	15	@ 18
Fowls	7	@ 10
Turkeys	15	@ 17
Ducks	15	@ 17
" black, per pair	60	@ 75
" white, do.	75	@ 1 00
canvas back	1 00	@ 1 50
" red head	1 00	@ 1 50
grey	50	@ 62½
Venison, per pound	10	@ 12½
Hares, per pair	1 37	@ 1 50
Wild Pigeons	1 00	@ 2 00
Gray Squirrels, per pair	75	@ 1 00
English Snipe	87	@ 90

THE PARAGUAY EXPEDITION--RECEPTION OF THE OFFICERS AT SAN JOSE.



THE PARAGUAY SQUADRON AT ROSARIO.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

WE are happy to be enabled to engrave herewith, from photographs and sketches furnished us by our correspondent on board the Paraguay squadron, some interesting pictures of the bloodless encounters which have been happily substituted for the conflicts that were expected when the expedition set sail.

One of our engravings represents the fleet at anchor at Rosario on Washington's birth-day. The Commodore returned from Asuncion on 18th February, and peace having been settled, all the ships of the squadron proceeded down the river, anchoring at Rosario on 23d February. In honor of the day salutes were fired, the ships dressed out, and the usual ceremonies observed.

It was while the fleet was there that the gallant hero—José Justo de Urquiza—whose portrait we gave in a recent number, invited the Commodore and the Commissioner to pay him a visit at his palace at San José. Accordingly the *Fulton* and the *Water Witch* left the squadron at the mouth of the Uruguay, and proceeded up stream to Concepcion. The voyage was difficult. The Uruguay is even shallower than the Parana, and is full of sand-banks. After one day's steaming the *Fulton* began to ground frequently. At the Tala Pass, six miles below Conception, there was found to be only nine feet of water on the bar, which, as the *Fulton* draws eleven, was conclusive against her reaching Conception. The Commodore accordingly shifted his flag to the *Water Witch*, and, in company with Mr. Bowlin and his Secretary, proceeded up the river to Asuncion. General Urquiza's invitation was only addressed to the Commodore, the Commissioner, and his Secretary; and Commodore Shubrick was unwilling to take the responsibility of extending it to any of the officers. On the arrival of the *Water Witch* at Conception, however, he was assured that the American dignitaries were expected to arrive with the largest possible suites, and that quarters had been provided for the whole party in the town. The *Water Witch* was accordingly sent back for the officers of the *Fulton*, and the number of American guests

GENERAL URQUIZA'S PALACE AT SAN JOSE.—[FROM A SKETCH BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

LASSOING BULLOCKS AT SAN JOSE.

was accordingly swelled to some eighteen or nineteen.

In the afternoon of that day some half dozen vehicles, and as many saddle-horses, were provided by General Urquiza's aids, and the whole party started for San José, some twenty miles distance. The correspondent of the *Times* gives the following anecdotes by the way:

"On our way out of town, a guacho on horseback rode up to our carriage and hailed Dr. Victorica, the private secretary and son-in-law of General Urquiza. 'How is your horse?' asked the latter. 'Good for the next pass!' 'Ride on, then, and tell the President we shall arrive by half past six o'clock.' 'How long,' I inquired, 'will he be on the road?' 'An hour. *He has been to San José twice already* since the *Water Witch* announced you; *that canina seventy-two miles he has ridden since ten this morning*, and with eighteen more, which he will finish shortly, making ninety, he will have earned his *carne con cuero*.'

"The chasqui dashed his spurs into his horse's flanks, and disappeared like an arrow. Our carriage was drawn by two wheel horses, and by three others mounted by guachos, with hide lassos fastened to the tongue and to their saddles.

"At a half-way station we stopped to change horses—a *corral* full of animals stood near a couple of low thatched huts, from which, as we got down to stretch our limbs, there came two women and a pretty, bright-eyed child, to offer mate, foaming from the udder, hot sweet, and cold water. On a veiling awale a flock of 3000 sheep attested our arrival upon the premises of the richest man south of the Equator.

"While they were hitching up we had leisure to examine our *guacho* cavalcade. They were picturesque objects as they dashed about like centaurs, lassoing the horses and bringing them up to the wagons: their crimson and black ponchos fluttering in the wind, and their light ahotes tied beneath the chin by a handkerchief, which gave their swarthy faces a gipsy look. The emblem was drawn by six of them with no other harness than the lasso with which they capture horses and cattle."

The party arrived at the palace at San José—of which we give an engraving from our correspondent's sketch—about nightfall. They drove in through two lines of troops—cavalry, artillery, and infantry—and were received at the door by a group of handsomely-dressed aids-de-camp, who presented each guest to General Urquiza himself. We can not help copying a correspondent's account of the guests' fare that night and next day:

"The dining-hall reminded one of the banquet-room at Apsley House. The table reared to sink under the profusion of flowers and fruits. We sat down thirty, and you may judge of its width by the fact of there be-

THE GUACHO DANCE.

ing four comfortable seats at each end. The dishes were carved by two side-de-camp, seated at small separate tables at either end of the room. I counted nineteen courses besides fruits, the first day. At ten we addjourned to the drawing-room for coffee, and toward midnight we broke up for an early start on the morrow. During dinner a military band in patio, or interior of the first quadrangle, entertained the repast with martial and patriotic strains, and as I gazed through the door beyond the arches of the interior portico into the green floor whence the sounds of trumpets and shawms proceeded, and caught a glimpse of a tar, duck-jumper musician and sweet soldier, I hoisted myself in the Alhambra before the days of Isabella the Catholic.

"At daybreak next morning a group of sleepy aquaintances, with white teeth and coral lips, prevailed the bed-chambers with maid and coffee, at the request of the drowsy guests. Then came other damsels less obscure with toilet of the guests, and presently we were mounting with the dews of night."

It had been arranged that next morning the guests should be shown how bullocks are lassoed, and by 7 A.M. the whole party were in the saddle. Madame Ujueliqui, whose beauty and good nature our friends never tire of praising, accompanied the party in a light spanish quarre, and Isabel was left with her father; all the young men lost their hearts to her, and even Judge Bowling was uncommonly attentive. The following account of the sport, of which we give an engraving herewith, we take from the *Herald*:

"After passing in review the troops, two thousand strong, by which we had been saluted on the previous evening, and received for the nation the usual twenty-one gun, we proceeded as a gallop to the cattle ground, where about a thousand head of wild cattle had been assembled for our entertainment. There we saw for the first time the celebrated Dressed in the fantastic costume of the country, proud of his spurs and his horse, and holding in his hand the lasso of his country and ranch, he presented a perfect picture to the various performances in which he was now called upon to engage. Selecting one of the freshest bullocks, chase was given, the wild beast with all his might, the lasso whirling round in the skies of the animal of which he almost seemed part and parcel, and away they scampered like whirlwinds. The bullock ran with surprising rapidity for half a mile, seeming to defy pursuit, when suddenly the lasso which had been swirled, when a fellow splendidly mounted on the captain of the cattle—we see now gaining upon him at a pace I will not venture to calculate—the lasso whirled, fairly over the animal, the noose contracted at the critical moment, and there, with a proudish air, our cowboy lies around the neck, checked his course with a violence that threw him completely on his haunches. Up he reared, bellowing, kicking, while the gaucho unexpectedly held him to the fact—and the fact was considerable—that while his companion had similarly entangled the legs of the victim, and secured them all tight to the saddle girth, he was like a prisoner struggling with double irons. The animal had been thrown down, and in a few seconds giving him the full length of their lassos from his head and feet, said his captors were ready to be introduced to the ground. The enthusiasm increasing with this first success, chase was given to another animal. The field was covered with the freshest horses and the boldest horsemen, and the challenge to ride down bull to their old captivity. The admirers of these riders to the use of the lasso in the management of their horses, looking not a little romantic in their wild costume, with shaggy beard and fierce visage, certainly afforded infinite interest to those to whom such sports are new, and who felt saintly helpless in any effort to convey it in its reality and greatness. It is but weak to compare them to South American horsemen. It is a picture for the most vigorous and imaginative pencil—full of action and a poetry that is rude but fascinating."

There was a grand state dinner that day—"twenty-one courses, some one cannot tell how many, barbe profusion of viands and flowers," another correspondent says. Occupation in the garden of Paradise for flowers and fruits. They grow in the open air, not only the finest oranges, figs, and other tropical fruits, but grain and apples are among the best thing produced in this State. Our countrymen—from from sailor's fare—do not seem to have fared badly at this banquet.

In the evening there was a *gaucho* dance, which we give on page 301. "The *gaucho*, the national dance to be observed, are the peasantry of the country—fine brave fellows, full of life, and fond of riding untamed horses, great lovers of dress and fair ladies, and unrivaled with the lasso or the bolas. The *Times* correspondent thus alludes to the dance:

"After dinner we had a *gaucho* ball by torchlight in the second patio. The music was the guitar, and the player was a man of no mean performance, and the accompaniment with the tuneful voice of an Italian organ-grinder. The dancers were in couples as nearly as possible of Mexico and Chili. The waving handkerchiefs played an important part, and the whole display it seemed a trial of endurance. But the dances and the crowd, absorbed in their enjoyment of the music and dancing, seemed quite unconscious of our presence, so that their peculiarities were not constituted."

Next morning the guests left San José for their vessels. They bade adieu to their amiable hosts with many regrets, and earnest hopes of meeting them again. If General Urquiza should visit this country, he would find that we are neither a forgetful nor an ungrateful people.

FIVE YEARS AGO.

ONE cold, blustering, snowy night in December, I had reached my office utterly tired and exhaust, and with my day's labor; and as I threw myself into the great easy-chair before a blazing fire, the bituminous coal, and felt the cozy comfort of my room, the luxury of the warm dry stockings and slippers, the grateful fumes of the tea and steak standing before me on the table, I could not but feel great happiness in the thought that I had nothing further to draw me away from the home that night. I had often and often of my pathing in a state that my services could be dispensed with till morning; but it is a circumstance so seldom enjoyed by a physician in good practice, that when it does occur it is looked upon as no common holiday.

I could listen to the mutterings of the wind, and the tapping of the frozen snow against the window-pane, almost with enjoyment, or rather with a feeling that added a zest to what I was partaking of inside.

A blazing fire is provocative of thought, and a cup of tea is no preventive; I sat, therefore, and sipped and thought. I was leaning into the blaze, and recalling a hundred days in the past—a hundred incidents, having a chain that led invariably from my first thought. I recalled the night when I sat in my humble lodging the first day of my arrival in New York, fresh from the small town where I was accounted of some importance among my peers; and how my self-esteem was taken from me by one day's experience of the great city. I recalled my first entrance in the Medical School, and the high ambition, and the noble struggling; how from the half rude country lad to the rather stylish city student—young men in the leaping into society, and the first and last real passion of my life, Marianne Graydon, that more than sacred name for the space of twenty years—an agony for which I sit here a solitary, solemn man, wifeless and childless—for—for—but before the blazing fire that night and thought of it all.

I met her first at a musical soiree. Some way Marianne's face I heard during the time She was surrounded by a crowd while she was at the piano, rolling out with a careless abandon, one of the popular ballads of the day. I was not sufficiently critical to know whether her voice was of the highest cultivation or not; I only knew that, but I did know there was a spell in it to me that send me, and I was in a moment in a state almost a quarter of a century, ringing through my heart and brain. I stood with the crowd about the piano, and my eyes were those of his lady love, of middle height, quiet in appearance, save only when she turned them full upon you, and the eye to a face as she passed slowly up the room. I felt strangely that some portion of my soul had gone with her—something that I could recognize for the great body. It must have been so, for, reason as I would with myself, I could not love at sight. I could not exercise the strength to deny myself watching her in every movement, and finally seeking her.

I felt that room with the great problem of my life solved. Here was Marianne Graydon, the one whom I felt and acknowledged as my superior. Though I had scoffed at belles, and put forth in fashion's vestments, and been called such a one a brilliant belle—and yet she was not beautiful—and a blonde beauty was not my ideal of a belle. She had fine eyes, a wealth of very light brown hair, and then all was told. Nor was she rich, though she had the appearance of her set—not the most extravagant, but dressed with the most exquisite taste. She was a perfect gentlewoman. Don't great success was earnestness, which, whether it be affected or real, rarely fails to achieve great ends. I knew her destiny. She was created for the lived years. It was this love that caused me, on my graduation, to establish myself in practice in New York, rather than return to my native place. It would light the battle not upon the spot where she could see me struggle, and I could not be by for her sake. I am told that I am undemonstrative. To this, however, my professional success and my failures in life—failures to make myself understood, to attack those to me for whose affection I would have risked every sacrifice. If I am cold now in ordinary, I am sure it was not with approaches to Marianne Graydon. If I had concealed my ardor, I was laid aside, and with every wild word that passion could utter I pressed my suit.

I am sure she felt that I was not alone upon her telling. But the years went quickly away, and I still remained a poor physician, working among the thousands who possessed all the requisites of myself with more ability to make them known than myself, and who were rich and not marry. I knew it must be so. I could not bring her down from her position to mine. How were I willing—which God forbid!—I knew well that she would never consent.

My best friend was dead, she was mercenary, and I drove them away in derision. They said she never thought seriously of me, and I persuaded myself think now perhaps they were right and I was blind. They said Marianne Graydon only waited a wealthy lover to show me out of the house with a word garment. To this I knew they were right too now. Nine months after my first declaration and protestations of lasting friendship—amidst pleas for pardon and regrets that we had ever met—amidst entreaties entreaties that we might remain friends on my side, we parted, she to become Mrs. Robert Harrison, the son of a wealthy Philadelphia banker, and I to plod away on my daily round and build up that position before the world for which I had not all ambition.

It was upon this night, five years ago, I sat in my office reviewing my life and its prospects by the blazing firelight, and thinking for the thousandth time how strange it was since that time I had lost all desire for power, and never ambitioned even the eye of love again upon woman. Years enough had rolled away that I might know what the true ultimate destination, or whether she was yet living. I had made the wealth for which I had sacrificed herself and me had within one year of the great fire of '35. I had heard that her husband had left New York immediately after—I knew not whether he would I suffer my heart to ask. But upon this cold night in December all this past came back to me, and I reviewed the life that had, without my seeking, brought me reputation, wealth, and calm, quiet contest, more, perhaps, than I deserved. I thought of the husband of Marianne Graydon.

"Doctor, there's a man in the hall says he wants you."

I did not much like this interruption to my reverie. It came from my housekeeper. I have no doubt I spoke rather petulantly when I asked what the man wanted.

"He says he wants a doctor."

"Can not he find one somewhere else?"

"So I told him; but he says he won't go to any other this night—he has been to three without success already. And there he sits by the hall stove warming himself, quite comfortable like."

"Send him up to me."

I did not like to be interrupted, and much less I liked the idea of going out; and if the last could by any means be avoided I was resolved to do so. The man was ushered in. A miserable, squalid-looking wretch he was, and whom my housekeeper stood guard, not seeing disposed to trust him alone with me.

"What do he want?" I asked.

"A doctor, to be sure; what else do you think I came for?"

This was not a very encouraging beginning.

"For yourself?"

"No, I'm not," he grinned the man; "d'ye think now I look as if I wanted a doctor. No, Sir-ee! What I want is a doctor, and wants you."

"Who is Blind Mag?"

"Why, she's a woman, of course; she says so, anyhow."

"Where is she, and what is the matter?"

"Down here in Dutty Dick's, dying."

"Dying! what of?"

"Oh! what's the use asking a feller sich questions? I'm no judge what people does of. They dies—that's all I know."

I had got on my overcoat and boots as the man delivered this last address, and in a few minutes I was on my way, he trotting on a few steps in advance, and I following. We went on through blind entrances, over a heap of rubbish, groping up some flights of stairs, and entered in a room in one corner of which was a cot heaped with a parcel of dingy, dirty bed-clothes. A chest, a chair and table, with a clay furnace, a tinder wheel, a handle, and a few chunks of wood completed the furniture, the only light proceeding from one tallow candle burning from the neck of a bottle standing on the floor.

On the bed was my patient, introduced by the messenger as I entered, with—

"Who is you, Mag? Here's the doctor. That's Blind Mag, doctor." With this he disappeared.

The woman turned in the bed as I approached. Her light eyes were blind, but I could see that her hair was gray, and the spot where ours were the eyes was frightful to look upon. The lids were closed. She put out her hand with the peculiar manner of the blind.

"Where are you, doctor? May God bless you for coming to me, though you can do no me good in this world or have, perhaps, to smooth my path into the next."

The woman spoke well, and I knew directly had been best of education. I felt her pulse, and recognize that she should be able to fall lower in poverty than I thought. She was dying, in the last stages of consumption, hastened by foul air, bad food or no food, and exposure.

"I do not think you will go west on," But I sent for a physician—all of that profession are alike to me now. "I know, doctor, I can trust you. I have been blind now for years—I do not know for how many. Draw nearer, doctor; I wish to speak you."

I said something, entreating her to be still. For moment she was silent, and then breaking out again, she said:

"This world will soon close on me, doctor, and I have been blind and poor all till before a man enough to think that none could be so base as to cast any discredit with a dying woman. I like the sound of your voice; there is something in it that assures me you will serve me. Will you do me a last service, doctor?"

She had raised herself in the bed, and was sitting with her eyelids face turned toward me.

"If it is in my power, certainly."

In a half whisper she asked me:

"I have heard that the physician would buy a body for dissection. What is the price they generally give for?"

All my familiarity with sickness and death, with anatomy and the dissecting-room, could not save from the horror of this question. Was not the dying woman mean? From the hollow, black spots that once held eyes, she seemed to gaze at me with an intensity of horror. It was a question I dreaded to answer, and yet feared to leave unanswered.

"The medical schools buy subjects, not the physicians. They give generally from twenty-five to thirty dollars for a good, healthy body."

"Is that all?" she answered, and a deep shadow passed over her face, and then a contemptuous offering, she stretched forward. "Doctor, do you think I shall live?" I shook my head. "I am healthy, you mean I have not fallen away much yet

are kept in a continued round of intoxication and glare—where thought is debarred, and tears are irresponsible—where she is the most worthy who is the most sinful; and talent is counted to her by the power she may possess of tossing down bumpers of Champagne, and persuading the half or wholly drunken men with whom she meets to do the same. A touch of paint to hide the ghastly pallor of the cheek; a little opium to brighten the eye; and an gorgeous folds over the corroding heart; jewels to flash under the glare of the gas—and you have a woman, and not merely a creature, with an immortal soul, made up for sale, and thrown out in the market to the highest bidder—sold for what you pay for her satin and silk, her jewels and gold, and—bread.

Bad enough! but worse! Is it while the poor intoxicated wretch is surrounded by splendor and plenty; but beauty can not last always—she must come one step down to the dirty shabby finery and the faded, grasping landlady, to the streets, and the theatres. Oh! that terrible seventeen years' history.

"And further still, if imagination can picture any thing worse. The garret and the corner grocery; the cellar, and the eager grasping hierarchy for rent. All these I have known, doctor—all these I have known in their bitterest way. I have been beaten, spat on, kicked, starved. The law has no protection for the abandoned woman. I am blind from the blow of a ruffian, who laughs when he sees me. Blind! Mag! I have been taken from the streets at night to be paraded in the morning with half a hundred fallen, shameless creatures like myself, to be mocked at, reviled and a jeering crowd. I have known the prison walls, and the prison fare. And all this, doctor—all these I have known in their bitterest way. I have been beaten, spat on, kicked, starved. The law has no protection for the abandoned woman. I am blind from the blow of a ruffian, who laughs when he sees me. Blind! Mag!'

ABEL'S LITTLE GO.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

TRUMPS.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

CHAPTER XIII.

A MORNING WALK.

The trick of which Gabriel had been the victim was, of course, an open declaration of war. It was curious how much he saw to be looked for a moment at Alfred Newt, while the shouts of the boys were yet tingling in his ears. Perhaps, however, not more than Abel heard as he listened to Gabriel's laugh.

The next morning Abel was early awake, pondering many things.

It seemed to him that it ought to be a very easy thing to know Miss Hope Wayne, and yet it perplexed him to see precisely how he should accomplish it. The heroes with whom he was familiar in romance never had any such trouble—at least, the troubles seemed to be only the rounds of the ladder by which they climbed up to bliss: and if those rounds were iron and were red-hot or white-hot to the soles of the heroic feet, what was that to the resolution to move more rapidly? Nay, and who knows that the eager, feverish feet themselves had not heated the ladder?

"Hallo! Gyles," cried Abel, "there goes the getting-up bell! Are you awake? Come! come!

"Awake! my Gyles, and with the sun
Thy daily course of duty run."

"Heigho! that infernal bell! What an outrage it is!" responded Gyles Blunding, as he yawned and stretched.

"My dear young friend, let me beg you to moderate your language: let me urge you not to use such words upon your first awakening in the morning; let me exhort you to a more serious frame. Listen to the little birds singing their matin hymns. Why carols not my Gyles his matins?"

The two boys laughed together as they sprang out of bed.

"Are you really going to study for the minister, Abel?"

"No, my Christian friend, I fear I am not worthy. Enough for me to sit under the teaching of the Reverend Gabriel Bennet."

"What's the matter with that boy? why are you always pitching into him?"

"Wasn't he a pleasing spectacle last night!" said Abel, chuckling, as he sat on the bed-side pulling on his stockings. "What! he did stand staring at us! What a simple, silly fool the fellow is to be caught in such a trap! He blushed like a girl! Hope Wayne, indeed! Hope Wayne's old enough to be his mother. Gabriel Bennet is a good boy," said Abel, with drawing sarcasm. "Oh! so good! Butter wouldn't melt in his mouth. Arn't good boys," he concluded, with bitter emphasis.

Gabriel Bennet's no coward, though," replied Gyles, as he stood in his drawers looking out of the window. "Last Saturday when the baker came, little Mahrens bought some sweet stuff as usual, and as he was putting off he met Green Maddock. He made him stop and deliver just as Gabriel was going by. Little Mahrens was ready to fight, but he wouldn't stand much chance with Green. So Gabriel steps up and says, 'Green Maddock, don't steal those cookies.' 'Steal! you little scamp, says Green; 'hold your tongue, or I'll speak to you.' 'Come, Abel, you should have seen Gabriel go in. It wasn't a fury, for he was sort of quiet in it, but was tremendous. Green got a plunk in his belly and a side-winder over the head before he knew where he was. He was down in a minute; and Gabriel played away on his great fat corpus like trip - hammer. Whew! I tell you what it was a real, regular licking. We all swit. At Green, which looked on, ready to help Gabriel if worst came to worst; and I think we were all satisfied to see Green catch it for once. He's always picking on those smaller boys."

"I wish I'd been there," responded Abel.

"What would you have done?" asked Gyles.

"I'd have stood by my order, Gyles. I wouldn't have seen a small boy flog a big one. My own boy, keep up our dignity, my good fellow," said he, half smiling, half sneering. "Yes, on the whole, I should like to have polished off the Reverend Gabriel Bennet—not that I adore Mr. Green Maddock, mind. I swear, is the greatest ass that ever went to breeches. Ass *sine cibbus abbye*, Gyles."

"What's that mean?"

"It means, my dear, that the big boys must not let the little boys be troublesome."

And the two chums went down to breakfast.

"Mr. Gray," said Abel, "may I go out of bounds after school?"

"What for, Abel?"

"I expect my aunt at the tavern to-day, Sir, on her way to Boston."

"Yes, Abel, and present our compliments, and beg your aunts to come to tea."

"Yes, Sir, I will, Sir, if I find her."

When school was out Abel strolled out of the yard and took the village road that led past the tavern. Abel, like the street, also passed; but also like the street, he made a little bend toward the door, and said to the landlord:

"Dibbery, if my aunt arrives before I return, ask her to step in and wait for me. Mind, Dibbery, on no account let her set out to find me. I don't want to have an aunt of mine falling into the pond. I love my aunts, Dibbery—particularly the one whom I expect to-day, will you remember? Let her have a cup of tea, a little go of rum and molasses."

And the boy turned again on the porch and stood at the bar-room window.

"Will your uncle come with your aunt, Mr. Abel?" inquired Dibbery, as he looked out with him the drink.

"Dibbery, my respected uncle is detained by business."

"At the sign of the three balls?" continued the landlord, unwearyingly.

Dibbery and Abel looked gravely at each other for a moment; and the youth, with his eyes still fixed upon the landlord, tossed off the mixture; then paying, and bowing soberly, turned away and walked up the village.

Mr. Dibbery, holding the empty glass in his hand, looked curiously after Abel. He gazed at his large foot upon the floor, and shut up one eye: then laughed a little, in a doubtful way, and whistled a few, long blasts, as if to make way for his mind to see something. He then turned slowly from the window, and leaning down upon the counter, saying, in an uncertain, amused way to himself:

"That's a queer chap. Now, Mange," he continued, addressing one of the stock company of the bar-room—a man lugged into the room by the ear, who sat winking his bleared eyes over an old newspaper—"Now, Mange, I rather guess I shouldn't like to have that youngster spin me any how. He's smart, I tell you!"

Mr. Mange looked up, blinked in his chair, and grunted. Meanwhile Abel pushed along the road, whistling cheerily, whipping the road-side grass and weeds with his little rattan, and all the while approaching the foot of the hill up which the road wound through the estate of Pinewood. As he turned up the hill he walked more slowly, and presently stopped and leaned upon a pair of bars which guarded the entrance of one of Mr. Burt's pastures. He gazed for some time down into the ugly green field that sloped away from the road toward a little bowery stream, but still whistled, as if he were looking into his mind rather than at the landscape.

After leaning and musing for a quarter of an hour, he leaped up the hill and continued upon his walk.

At length he reached the entrance of Pinewood—a high iron gate, between huge stone posts, on the tops of which were urns overflowing with vines, that hung down and partly tapestried the columns. Immediately upon entering the grounds the carriage avenue wound away from the gate, so that the passer-by could see nothing as he looked through but the hedge which skirted and concealed the lawn. The fence upon the road was a high, solid stone wall, along whose top fastened in stone fragments, so that, although the land rose from the road toward the house, the lawn was entirely sequestered; and you might sit upon it and enjoy the pleasant rural prospect of fields, woods, and hills, without being seen from the road. The house itself, about ten years old, was a stately, rather formal mansion, such as rich gentlemen built in the New England city neighborhoods forty years ago. Its light color contrasted well with the lofty pine-trees around it. But they, in turn, invested it with an air of secrecy and gloom. The cold sobriety of evergreens, that defy the soft influences of the year, carries with it inevitable awe; and under the steady, dark, heavy boughs lurks the mystery that trees which mark the seasons with shifting beauty never know.

These were the pine-trees that Hope Wayne had heard sing all her life—but sing like the ocean, not like birds or human voices. In the black autumn midnights they struggled with the north wind that smote them fiercely and filled the night with uproar, while the child cowering in her bed thought of wrecks on pitiless shores—of drowning sailors and hapless children. Through the summer nights they sighed. But it was not a lullaby; it was not a screaming: it was the crooning of a Norland enchantress, and young Hope sat at her open window, looking out into the moonlight, and listening.

CHAPTER XIV.

CASTLE DANGEROUS.

Abel Newt opened the gate and passed in. He walked along the avenue, from which the trees were still hidden by the skirting hedge, went up the steps, and rang the bell.

"Is Mr. Burt at home?" he asked, quietly.

"This way, Sir," said the smiling Hiram, going before, but half turning and studying the visitor as he spoke, and quite unable to comprehend him at a glance. "I will speak to him."

Abel Newt was shown into a large drawing-room. The furniture was draped for the season in cool-colored chintz. There was a straw matting upon the floor. The chandeliers and candelabras were covered with muslin, and heavy muslin curtains hung over the windows. The tables and mantel were of a clumsy old-fashioned pattern, with feet in the form of claws clasping balls, and a generally stiff, solid, and uncomfortable air. The fire-place was covered by a heavy painted fire-board. The polished brass andirons, which seemed to feel the whole weight of responsibility in supporting the family dignity, stood across the hearth, belligerently bright, and there were sprays of asparagus in a china vase in front of them. A few pictures hung upon the wall—family portraits, Abel thought; at least old Christopher was there, mounted on the top of ten, standing in very clean attire, holding a book in one hand and a hoop in the other. The picture was amusing, and looked to Abel wholesomely, representing the model boy, equally devoted to study and play. That simpering smile flitted over his face as he muttered, "The Reverend Gabriel Bennet!"

There were a few books upon the centre-table, carefully placed and balanced as if they had been portentously numerous. The bindings and the edges of the leaves had a fresh, unworn look. The outer blinds were closed, and the room received a chilly formality and dimness which was not hospitable nor by any means inviting.

Abel had seated himself in an easy-chair, and was still smiling at the portrait of Master Christopher Burt at the age of ten, when a tall gentleman, at the age of seventy-three, was heard in the hall. Hiram had left the door open, so that Abel had full notice of his approach, and rose just before the old gentleman entered, and stood with his cap in his hand and his head slightly bent.

Old Burt came into the room, and said, a little fiercely, as he saw the visitor:

"Well, Sir?"

Abel bowed like a gentleman, and looked like a beggar. Old Burt, accustomed to men, perceived the difference — besides, Abel was a handsome youth.

"Well, Sir?" repeated old Burt in a tone more lenient.

"Mr. Burt, I said Abel, "I am sure you will excuse me when you understand the object of my call, although I am fully aware of the liberty I am taking in intruding upon your valuable time and the many important cares which must occupy the attention of a gentleman as extensively known, honored, and loved in the community as you are, Sir."

"Oh!" replied Mr. Burt, with an ironical tone, "honored and loved, am I?"

"A gentleman in your position, Sir, who commands such means of helping others, not only with money, Sir, but by counsel and example, by showing them how to be economical, and—and—other things, Sir —such a man must be a very foolish man if he is not respected and loved by his neighbors, Sir."

Abel made this little speech with the candor which is so becoming in handsome boys. The old gentleman looked at him inquisitively, but not altogether displeased.

"Did you come here to compliment me, Sir?" asked he.

"No, Sir," replied Abel; "I was merely saying that my conduct in venturing to take up the time of a man of important affairs—"

"Well, Sir, what do you want? You've got some kind of subscription paper, I suppose." The old gentleman began to warm up as his mind struck a new idea. "But I can't give any thing. I never do—I never will. It's an infernal swindle. Some decayed Missionary Society, or Tract Society, or Bible Society, some damnable doing-good society, that bleeds the entire community, has sent you up here, Sir, to suck money out of me with your smooth face. They're always at it. They're always sending boys and ministers in the milk, by Jove! and women that talk in a way to turn the milk sour in the cellar, Sir, and who have already turned themselves sour in the face, Sir, and whom a man can't turn out of doors, Sir, to wrestle money out of innocent people! I tell you, young man, 'twon't work! I'll be cursed if I give you a solitary red cent!" And the old gentleman, in a fine wrath, seated himself by the table and wiped his forehead.

Abel stood patiently and meekly under this gust of fury, and when it was ended, and Mr. Burt was a little composed, he began quietly, as if the indignation were the most natural thing in the world:

"No, Sir; it is not a subscription paper—"

"Not a subscription paper!" interrupted the old gentleman, lifting his head and staring at him. "Why, what the dickens is it, then?"

"Why, Sir, as I was just saying," mainly assumed Abel, whom no petulance could distress, "it is a personal matter altogether."

"Eh! eh! what?" cried Mr. Burt, as if he were just on the edge of another paroxysm, "what the deuce does it mean then? Who are you, Sir?"

"My name is Newt, Sir—Abel Newt."

"Well, Mr. Abel Newt, where do you come from?"

"My home is in New York."

"Well," roared the old gentleman, "suppose it is! Have you been two-and-an-Eye want with me? That's what I want to know."

"Well, Sir, I have been for some time at Mr. Gray's school, Sir—"

"What! what!" thundered Grandpa Burt, springing up suddenly, his mind opening upon a fresh scent. "One of Mr. Gray's boys? How dare you, Sir, come into my house? Who sent you here, Sir? What right have you to intrude into this place, Sir? Hiram! Hiram!"

"Yes, Sir," answered the man, as he came across the hall.

"Show this young man out."

"He may have some message, Sir," said Hiram, who had heard the preceding conversation.

"Have you got any message?" asked Mr. Burt.

"No, Sir; but I—"

"Then why, in Heaven's name, don't you go?"

"Mr. Burt," said Abel, with placid persistence, "being one of Mr. Gray's boys, I go of course to Dr. Peewee's Church, and there I have so often seen—"

"Come, come, Sir, this is a little too much. Hiram, put this boy out," said the old gentleman, quite beside himself. "Seen, indeed! What business have you to see, Sir?"

"So often seen your venerable figure," resumed Abel in the same tone as before, while Mr. Burt turned suddenly and looked at him

THE BATTLE.

closely, "that I mistrually asked who you were. I was told, Sir; and hearing of your wealth and all family, and of your services to the village and State, I was interested—it was only natural, Sir—in all that belongs to you."

"Eh! eh! what?" said Mr. Burt, quickly.

"Particularly, Mr. Burt, in your——"

"Sir, you're young man, you'd better go if you don't want to have your head broken." Do you come here to bend into my own house? Do George? your impudence positively surpeties me, Sir. I tell you go this minute!"

But Abel continued:

"In your beautiful——"

"Don't dare to say it, Sir!" cried the old man.

"Place," said Abel, quietly.

The old gentleman glared at him with a look of mixed surprise and suspicion. But the boy wore the same look of candor. He held his cap in his hand. His black hair fell around his handsome face. He was entirely calm, and behaved in the most respectful manner.

"What do you mean, Sir?" said Christopher Burt, in great perplexity, as he seated himself again, and drew a long breath.

"I mean only, Sir, that being attracted by your appearance in church, which you will grant, Sir, is not like that of the other gentlemen in the congregation, I asked about you, and I heard of your beautiful place. It has long been my favorite walk, Sir, but I could only pass by outside, and I never saw a gentleman in the place, not even Hiram," said Abel, gravely, turning slightly toward Hiram, with a very slight very fond of sketching, Sir. My teacher says I drew very well, and I have had a great desire to draw your place, Sir. And I did draw it one day. There is a tradition in school, Sir, that you don't like Mr. Gray, Sir, and I hope the boy who could introduce me, Pardon me, Sir, for saying that I was afraid of you. I looked at you in church, and I saw that your face was full of kindness, but it was also a little severe, and—yes, Sir, it was severe. So I did not, as came by, every thing looked so beautifully, and I was so sure that I could make a pretty picture if I could only get it here to come inside the grounds, that almost unconsciously I found myself coming up the main road and jogging the bell. That's all, Sir; and I'm sure I beg your pardon for troubling you so much."

Mr. Burt listened to this speech with a puzzled air. He was perhaps a little ashamed of his furious outburst, and was disposed to be more graciously inclined toward the request of the young man. Besides, testy old queens or grey hairs are not proof against flattery. Are they not the parents of pretty ribbons and excellent looks?

So the old man said, with tolerable grace:

"Well, Sir, I am willing you should draw my house. Will you do it this afternoon?"

"Really, Sir," replied Abel, "I had no intention of asking any favor; and as I have drawn out merely for a walk, I did not bring my drawing materials with me. But if you would allow me to come at any time, Sir, I should be very deeply obliged. I am devoted to my art, Sir."

"Oh! you mean to be an artist?"

"Perhaps, Sir."

"Phit! phit! Don't do any such silly thing, Sir. An artist! Why how much does an artist make in a year?"

"Well, Sir, the money I don't know about, but the fame!"

"Oh! the fame! The fiddle, Sir! You are capable of better things."

"For instance, Mr. Burt—"

"Trade, Sir, trade—trade. That is the way to fortune in this country. Enterprise, activity, shrewdness, industry. That's what a man wants. Get rid of your fol-de-rol notions about art. Be useful. Why don't you go into my office? but he was an exception, and besides, he lived in England. I respect Benjamin West, Sir, of course. We all do. He made a good thing of it. Take the word of an old man who has seen life and knows the world, and remember that, with all your fine fiddling, it is money makes the mare go. Old men like me don't mince matters, Sir. It is money—money—money."

Abel thought old men sometimes minced grammar a little, but he only bowed, and Mr. Burt looked respectful and said, "Yes, Sir."

"About drawing the house, come when you choose," said Mr. Burt, rising.

"It may take more than one, or even three or four afternoons, Sir, to do it properly."

"Well, well. If I'm not at home ask for Mrs. Simcoe, d've hear? Mrs. Simcoe. She will attend to you."

"Sir Burt, I'm sure I am very grateful for your kindness."

"Oh well! well! no matter. Good-by, Sir."

"Good-by, Mr. Burt. Thank you, Sir."

Abel bowed very respectfully to me of 'he were controlling a strong desire to kneel and kiss the hem of his garment. Christopher Burt, but he mustered himself, and Hiram opened the front door. As he was going out the old gentleman called to him, standing in the doorway of the drawing-room.

"Look here! young man; don't you be an artist. Trade's respectable. Artists, authors, and actors, are all alike. Don't like to have 'em in my house. There may be good ones among 'em. No matter—" the old man slapped his pockets. "Be a merchant prince, by Jove, Sir, then you have things as you want 'em."

Abel bowed as before, and said, "Thank you, Sir."

"Good-by, Hiram," said Abel, putting a piece of money into his hand.

"Oh no, Sir," said Hiram, pocketing the money.

Abel walked sedately down the steps, and looked carefully around him. He scanned the windows; he glanced under the trees; but he saw nothing. He did every thing, in fact, but make sure that Melissa he had been asking permission to draw. It must be confessed he felt a little chilled. But then Napoleon after Marengo was not depressed, although he had been at one moment nearly defeated.

And Next walked, faster as he approached the gate. He opened it; flung it to behind him, broke into a little trot, and almost tumbled over Gabriel Bennet as he did so.

CHAPTER XV.

A CRISIS.

Gabriel and Little Malacca had strolled out together. Little Malacca he was called, and the tradition of the school would have given him the same *sobriquet* had he been fifty inches of thirteen. The two boys had been drawn together by some kind of sympathy, which neither of them thought of explaining, and after Gabriel had so gallantly given battle to Green Maddock, in behalf of his friend, the tie was closer than ever.

During all this day Gabriel Bennet had been very silent. Little Malacca he was called, and the tradition of the school would have given him the same *sobriquet* had he been fifty inches of thirteen. The two boys had been drawn together by some kind of sympathy, which neither of them thought of explaining, and after Gabriel had so gallantly given battle to Green Maddock, in behalf of his friend, the tie was closer than ever.

During all this day Gabriel Bennet had been very silent. He was thinking, and thinking very sorry to see the shock of astonishment with which the trick had smitten the boy on the previous evening. And now after all other people's sorrows with great ease, and he had forgotten it most completely, he could not sleep at off. A boy's love is a holy secret, and to be cheated out of it by a wretched trick!

"Oh! I do wish," said Little Gabriel to Little Malacca as they rambled by the tavern, bending their steps toward the hill of Pinewood.

"Yes," laughed the other.

"What do you wish?" said Gabriel.

"I wasn't thinking of him," said Gabriel, in a tone that implied that he was not quite intently of some one else. After a few moments he continued, indignantly.

"A fellow that wants to fag another is a mean coward."

"So he is," echoed his companion.

"He'd throw a fly into a spider's web for the fun of it."

"Of course he would," said Little Malacca, who implicitly believed that whatever Gabriel Bennet chose to say was true.

The two boys turned up the hill, Gabriel left the way, sometimes kicking a little stone into the road, sometimes muttering to himself ejaculations: altogether angry, mortified, and surprised. He had involuntarily learned the tragic password which opened his secret treasury. It was secret no longer.

They stopped at the bars upon which Abel had leaned a little while before, and the trustful tendency not to think evil of the world been so ready to believe that Abel threw open the gate, began to run, and came directly upon Hiram and Abel in full talk.

The collision was rude, and the three boys stopped.

"You'd better look where you're going," said Gabriel, sharply, his cheeks reddening and swelling.

Abel's first impulse was to strike; but he restrained himself, and in the most contemptuous way asked:

"Ah, the Reverend Gabriel Bennet?"

He laid especial emphasis on Gabriel felt upon him like a young lion. So sudden and impetuous was the attack that for a moment Abel was confounded. He gave way a little, and was well bettered almost before he could strike in return. But he was a young lion began to tell. He was confident of victory, and enlivened than his antagonist. It was almost like fighting a flame, so fierce and rapid were Gabriel's strokes.

Little Malacca looked on in amazement and terror. "Don't! don't!" cried he, as he saw the fierce rage of Gabriel. "Oh, you'll hurt, you'll kill him!" For Abel was now fully aroused. He was seriously hurt by Gabriel's strokes.

"Don't! there's somebody coming!" cried Little Malacca, beginning to cry, for the fear of the sound of a carriage was heard driving down the hill.

The combatants said nothing. The faces of both of them were bruised, and the blood was flowing. Gabriel struck Abel savagely; and Abel's face was furious as he struck his heavy blows, under which the smaller boy staggered, but did not fall.

"Oh, please! please!" cried Little Malacca, imploringly. "Oh, please somebody come! Oh!"

At that moment Abel Next drew back, aimed a tremendous blow at Gabriel, and delivered it with fearful force upon his head. The smaller boy staggered, reeled, threw up his arms, and fell heavily forward into the road, senseless.

"You're killed him! You've killed him!" sobbed Little Malacca, piteously, kneeling down and bending over his friend.

Abel Next stood bareheaded, frowning under his bruises, with his hands clenched, his face bruised and bleeding, his mouth sternly set as he looked down upon his opponent. Suddenly he heard a sound close by him—a half-mothered cry. He looked up. It was the Burt carriage, and Hope Wynn was looking on from the window.

MY BABY.

BY W. C. BENNETT.

Cherubs as soft as July peaches—
Lips whose velvet scarlet touches
Poppies paleness—round large eyes
Ever great with new surprise—
Minutes filled with shining gladness—
Minutes just as brimmed with sadness—
Happy smiles and wailing cries,
Crows and laughs and tearful eyes,
Lights and shadows, swifter born
Than on windswept autumn corn,
Ever soon and ever late,
Making every limb all motion,
Catchings up of legs and arms,
Throwings back, and sallyings,
Clutching fingers—straightening jerks,
Twining feet whose each toe works,
Kickings up and straining rings,
Mother's evenow surprisings,
Hands all warm and looks all tender
At all things the heavens under,
Tiny scorns of smiled reprovings
That have nothing of love dim lovings,
Mischiefs done with such a winning
Archness that we prize such sinning,
Breakings dire of plates and glasses,
Graspings small at all that passes,
Pullings off of all that's able
To be caught from tray or table,
Silences—small meditations
Deep as thoughts of cares for nations
Breaking into space secretive
In a tongue that nothing teaches,
All the thoughts of whose possessing
Must be wooed to light by guessing,
Slumbers—such sweet angel-somings
That we'd ever have such drowsings,
Till from sleep we see them waking,
And we'd always have thee waking,
Wealth for which we know no measure,
Pleasure high above all pleasure,
Gladness brimming over gladness,
Joy in care—delight in sadness,
Loveliness beyond completeness,
Sweetness distancing all sweetness,
Beauty all that Beauty's made of,
That's May Bennett—that's my baby.

OUR SPECIAL PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

The Weather—Spring in Paris—The Bois de Boulogne—Concert at the Duchess of Gonnet's—Symbolic Pictures of Mars—Jupiter—Saturn—Hermes—Sermon by Dr. Cumming—The Opera of Herculaneum—Paris American Society, &c.

Paris, April 6, 1859.

The cold winds of last week had but a brief dominion. One almost wonders where they have gone to so suddenly;—rather, where are the ones the extreme warmth of the last few days. Last year summer-like days were supposed to be accounted for by the influence of the coming comet; but that has wandered too far off now to occasion us fears to throw off winter garments, to avoid the sun, and to open the windows—ay, even to the evening breeze, if it may be found. But if found, it is not of the sweetest in these dreadful Paris streets, which seem this year hopelessly given over to the smells; for the drainers, digging, and turning them upside down, for the cleaning process, are always going on without any prospect of being finished. So "the evening wind" among these is not quite what one poet, Bryant, might be supposed to have in his mind when he composed the exquisite poem bearing that title.

But what a pleasure to escape from all this to the pure air and lovely verdure and flowers of the Bois de Boulogne! The peculiar beauty of the season of spring in Paris has been often remarked. It has been even to the Bois, and yet much more genial and unchoked than that of England. And then it is so animated! All the people so love the sunshine and fine weather that, when they return, they rush at once abroad—at least, all those who can afford it. Every one seems to think of those who can not, and who are left in the dreary workshops and unwholesome streets; and those who are often obliged to earn their daily bread. But it seems that the lengthening days mean bring comfort even to the poor, in the convenience of increased light and warmth. Let us think of such as these, though, when we are rejoicing ourselves with the young and the thoughtless to enjoy these best blessings of health-bestowing air and sunshine.

There is something no doubt exhilarating in being able to go out in the open air, and to see and hear and smell. Only this one feels now in the Bois de Boulogne, whether riding a good horse with those who can afford it, or walking, or sauntering in carriages with some one of those kind ones who are good-natured enough to wish their enjoyments shared by those less favored by fortune. "To the Bois," then, we will go this afternoon, and every one that can, for there are not many visits paid now, at least, by one; and those ladies who think themselves obliged to remain at home for their "receptions" are much to be pitied. I am sorry for them; just as there is "a time for all things," certainly that for amusement is now and then due to the year. Those of the evening still go on, and the concerts continue as frequent as ever.

I was at a magnificent entertainment of this kind on Monday last at the Duchesse de G——a's, where one heard all the best Italian singers now remaining in Paris (for Maria has gone to England, and there is a painful rumor in circulation that he has succeeded to a rich inheritance, and intends to retire and sing no more in public), and one wishes it, for the first time then this year, the decided adoption of spring toilets by the fairer portion of creation (for men, of course, can never change from their sombre uniformity). The chief criticism of these is the substitution of natural for artificial flowers by the young. These are worn into coiffures of the same form and fashion as the artificial, and with light, flowing garments of muslin, Tarlatane and gaze de Chambery compose a toilet appropriate and becoming.

The prevailing tints in these are delicate greens and lilacs, or white; pink, blue, and yellow being worn in tones of color contrasts. It is the same in bonnets; but before I describe them I must leave the Duchesse de G——a's gilded salons and brilliant company, and go to the Bois, where, from the promenades being so well watered, the new bonnets may be exhibited without fear of dust; and I am bound to say they are often fresher than the faces they shade—for three or four months of bleak east winds and unhealthy cold can not be indulged in with impunity. These bonnets are extremely small, and, in one respect, follow the lead of the Empress, whose dress is always distinguished by that truest taste—simplicity. They are made of crape, white or colored, covered with black or white lace, and a bunch of flowers without foliage just on the top. The "Easter" bonnets will not appear until "after Easter," but then they will be the most worn. The gowns seem to be all variations of material and trimming. The skirts, with several narrow flounces, are perhaps the newest in fashion; but the full trimmings of those of my readers who prefer something less elaborate. I may say that plain skirts, made very wide, and with a row of flat bands at the foot, are very much worn, and are very elegant. The mantelets are of the short kind, with full back, trimmed with a round frill of the same material; and the long tabbed silk pelisse is also much worn, fitting tightly to the waist.

Now I have taken more of this information from the *Journal des Modes* than I like, for the benefit of my own pains-taking observation, put into technical language by the feminine lips; and I think I am entitled to some gratitude on the part of my fair readers for my trouble. But my fear is that you have all these fashions already in New York, and know more about them there than I can tell you from Paris. Still, I am a determined one in feminine extravagance, where the ladies have "Nothing to wear," and yet spend more money upon their dress than ever did the Parisians.

But I have done with this theme for the present, for I must turn in a moment to the Bois on Saturday afternoon I and the gratification of hearing the celebrated Dr. Cumming preach in the Church of the Oratoire. Of this I am aware that there have been many opinions, and are very much read among the English and great part of the Protestant creed with great facility of language and some natural and habitual eloquence. Neither here was nothing new, or original, or persuasive in it—and with not a little of what may be called claptrap and seeking for effect. There was the same sovereignty of lateness, for his reputation is greatly extended, and the Oratoire, English, and Americans thronged to hear him, and so they did yesterday, when he preached again in the same place. Poor Mr. Bryant, might be supposed to have in his mind when he composed the exquisite poem bearing that title.

But what a pleasure to escape from all this to the pure air and lovely verdure and flowers of the Bois de Boulogne! The peculiar beauty of the season of spring in Paris has been often remarked. It has been even to the Bois, and yet much more genial and unchoked than that of England. And then it is so animated! All the people so love the sunshine and fine weather that, when they return, they rush at once abroad—at least, all those who can afford it. Every one seems to think of those who can not, and who are left in the dreary workshops and unwholesome streets; and those who are often obliged to earn their daily bread. But it seems that the lengthening days mean bring comfort even to the poor, in the convenience of increased light and warmth. Let us think of such as these, though, when we are rejoicing ourselves with the young and the thoughtless to enjoy these best blessings of health-bestowing air and sunshine.

There is something no doubt exhilarating in being able to go out in the open air, and to see and hear and smell. Only this one feels now in the Bois de Boulogne, whether riding a good horse with those who can afford it, or walking, or sauntering in carriages with some one of those kind ones who are good-natured enough to wish their enjoyments shared by those less favored by fortune. "To the Bois," then, we will go this afternoon, and every one that can, for there are not many visits paid now, at least, by one; and those ladies who think themselves obliged to remain at home for their "receptions" are much to be pitied. I am sorry for them; just as there is "a time for all things," certainly that for amusement is now and then due to the year. Those of the evening still go on, and the concerts continue as frequent as ever.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

MANY and varied are the female charms that conquer us. Here we find a woman whose strength, like Samson's, is in her hair; a second holds your affections by her teeth; and a third is a Cinderella, with a foot, followed by her pretty little foot.

THE LEGAL ALPHABET.——"It is very odd," said one counsel to another, "that the judge should have decided against me on that point of law which, to me, seemed as plain as A B C." "Yes," replied the other, "but of what use is it that it should have been A B C to you, if the judge was determined to be D E F to it?"

WHEN Judge Howell was at the bar, Mr. Burgess, a barrister on circuit, to play a joke, wrote on the lining of his hat, and upon various empty bowls, "The best calculated about, smiling a smile on every countenance except that of the sergeant, who deliberately took it up and repeated the words, and, well knowing the author, addressed the Chief Justice as follows: "I move, my lord, your Lordship, I ask protection" (holding up his hat); "for I find that Master Burgess has written his name in my hat, and I have reason to believe he intends to make off with it."

"LIKE A DUKE."—When Suwarrow was defeated in fortification, some persons told the King of Prussia of the bombastic proclamation which that general had issued. "Ah!" said this King, "Suwarrow resembles a drum: he makes no noise until he is beaten."

THE Union Herald says that Luke Nolan has for nearly a week been on trial here, on a charge of murder. The Judge charged the jury, and they retired to deliberate. During the memorable confusion the prisoner escaped by the close of the trial and the jury leaving the room, the prisoner, who sat within the bar, arose and walked out of the court-house. The constable very politely opened the door for him, and asked him if he would like a cab or a wood? He declined, and soon stalls the whole town went—nobody knows where.

WE understand that the jury, after being out five minutes, found the prisoner guilty. On their return, they could not read their verdict, of course, and had to dispatch the prisoner to be present, and they were discharged from that duty in consideration of his age.

In those good old times when Dicky Rixer was Recorder of New York, a man by the name of Wilson was put on trial for his life for murder. The evidence was of no conclusive character, but Mr. Cromwell, with an opportunity to have a word with him in private, agreed to get the latter appointed for ten dollars. The lawyer told him not to say a word but "aquoss" to all inquiries put to him. Wilson was acquitted. "Prisoner, what is your counsel?" The Recorder asked. "Sposse!" said Wilson. "Have you counsel?" the Recorder demanded with irritation. "Sposse!" replied Wilson. Mr. Graham interposed: "Your honor sees that the prisoner has a fee-fee, and by no means in a fit state of mind to be tried." The Clerk put the usual question, "Guilty, or not guilty?" to which the prisoner stoutly answered "Sposse." The Recorder was astonished at the fellow's stupidity, and said that it was time enough when the case was ended. The fellow was only half-witted, but like to go. Graham followed him out and demanded the ten dollars. "Sposse!" said Wilson, and to all the lawyer's demands he answered only "Sposse!"

JOE and Bill Benson went to New Orleans with a flatboat of corn. Joe wrote to his father thus:

"MY FATHER: Come Joe—Dear Dad, sarkets is dull corn is mighty lo and Bills dead

Your affectionate son J. B."

The following is a specimen of Hibernian epistolary composition:

"O'Regan Tiretury, march 29—Tim if you did write me how it happened you got the money to have this case sent here immediately or sooner. In farnin 80 acres a land an have 5 acres of clover grass given and

Yer own brother. PAT HOULIHAN."

An epitaph in the church-yard of Morton-in-the-Marsh, runs thus:

"Here lies the bones of Richard Sawton,
Whose death, alas! was strangely brought on.
Trying, one day, his corns to mow off,
He cut his toe off, and killed his boy off.
His toe, or rather what it is, he's off.
An inflammation quickly flew to his head,
Which soon, alas! to mortifying
And was the cause of Richard's dying."

A lady sent for a new velvet mantilla at her dressmaker's.

"John," she said, "if it rains, take a coach; I had rather pay the hack hire than have my velvet spoil."

When the man handed her the mantilla it was ruined, the paper which covered it being completely wet with rain.

"Why, John," she said, "I told you to take a cab if it rained."

"Sir I did, mum; but sure you wouldn't have your footman a ridin' inside. I got on the box with the driver."

ATTRACTIVE.—It has been said that ladies have generally a great fear for lightning, and that they are perfectly ascribed to their natural timidity; but the truth is, that it arises from their consciousness of being attractive.

Dr. Quincy tells an anecdote of a man, who, on being threatened by an assault by a dozen and a half of tailors, cried out, "Come on, both of you!"

ABSURD.—An English justice has laid it down as a principle of law, that a physician is not entitled to payment if his patient dies under his treatment.

The whole duty of man is frequently only to please himself.

When two men dispute, you may be sure that there is a fool upon one side or the other.

A beautiful brunette said her brown complexion was owing to her being so often toasted.

Why is a widower so much like a house in dilapidation?—Because he wants to be repaired.

An awkward man, attempting to carve a goose, dropped it on the floor. "Sorry, sir!" exclaimed his wife, "we've lost our dinner." "Not at all, my dear," replied he, "it's safe enough; you can pick it up again."

It is not every man who can laugh up his sleeve when he happens to be out-at-elbows.

LOOK OUTSIDE YOUR LEAF.—Yet all the molestations of marriage, which are usually recognized as such, are trifles which God bestows with us them who make a wise choice of a wife.—*T. Fuller*.

"John," said a father to his son one day, when he caught him sharing the "dowry" off his sugar-tip, "don't throw your shaving-water out where there are any barefooted boys, for they might get their feet scalded."

A Scotchman having hired himself to a farmer, had a chance set down before him; but he might help himself. The master said to him, "Sandie, you take a long time to breakfast." "Weel, hoth, maister," answered he, "a skonce o' this size is nae soon eaten as ye may think."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Burnett's Cocoaine.
Burnett's Cocoaine.
Burnett's Cocoaine.

☞ A compound of COCOA-NUT OIL, &c., for dressing the HAIR. For efficacy and agreeableness, it is without an equal.

It prevents the hair from falling off.
It promotes its healthy and vigorous growth.
It is not greasy or sticky.
It leaves no disagreeable odor.
It softens the hair when hard and dry.
It soothes the irritated scalp skin.
It effects the richest lustre.
It remains longest in effect.
It costs fifty cents for a half-pint bottle.

Burnett's Cocoaine.
Burnett's Cocoaine.
Burnett's Cocoaine.

TESTIMONIAL.

BOSTON, July 20, 1857.

☞ MESSRS. J. BURNETT & CO.—I can not refuse to state the salutary effect in my own aggravated case, of your excellent Burnett's Cocoaine.

For many months my hair had been falling off, until I was fearful of losing it entirely. The skin upon my head became scaly and my scalp more inflamed, so that I could not touch it without pain. This irritated condition I attributed to the use of various advertised hair washes, which I have since been told contain camphene spirit.

By the advice of my physician, to whom you had shown your process of purifying the Oil, I commenced its use the last week in June. The first application allayed the itching and irritation; in three or four days the redness and tenderness disappeared—the hair ceased to fall, and I have now a thick growth of new hair. I trust that others, similarly afflicted, will be induced to try the same remedy.

Yours, very truly,
SUSAN E. POPE.

Burnett's Cocoaine.
Burnett's Cocoaine.
Burnett's Cocoaine.

☞ A single application renders the hair (no matter how stiff and dry) soft and glossy for several days. It is conceded by all who have used it to be *the best and cheapest Hair Dressing in the World*.

Prepared by JOSEPH BURNETT & CO., Boston.
For sale by dealers generally at 50 cents a bottle.

NEW PUBLICATIONS
FROM THE PRESS OF
TICKNOR & FIELDS,
Boston.

Memoir of Chief Justice Parsons. $1.50.
Owen Meredith's Poems. Blue and Gold. 75 cents.
Studies and Stories, by Mrs. Jameson. Blue and Gold. 75 cents.
The Avenger, &c., by Do Quincey. 75 cents.
Percival's Poetical Works, 2 vols. Blue and Gold. $2.75.
Securing of the White Horse. $1 50.
Douglas Jerrold's Life and Letters. $1 00.
Motherwell's Poems. Blue and Gold. 75 cents.
Argo's Biographies. 2 vols. $2 00.
Lord Dufferin's Yacht Voyage. $1 00.
Thorndale. $1 25.
Life of Sir Philip Sidney. $1 00.
Fretful Comet. 25 cents.
Christmas Hours. 50 cents.
Fanny Kemble's Poems. $1 00.
Willis Winkie's Nursery Songs. 75 cents.
Longfellow's Mine Standish. 75 cents.
Bulwer's Journey Into North. $1 00.
Kingsley's Water Raleigh. $1 25.
The Age, by "Festus" Bailey. 75 cents.
Life of George Sand. 2 vols. $2 00.
Douglas Jerrold's Wit. 75 cents.
Dante's Classic Designations. $1 00.
Tom Brown's School Days. $1 00.
Trelawny's Recollections of Shelley and Byron. 75 cents.
Ban away or Sea, by Mayne Reid. 75 cents.
Charles Reade's White Lies. 75 cents.
Robertson's Sermons. 1st Series. $1 00.
Robertson's Sermons. 2d Series. $1 00.
Robertson's Sermons. ALL 2d Series. $2 00.
Robertson's Lectures and Addresses. $1 00.
Charles Kingsley's Andromeda. 50 cents.
Parthia, by Mrs. Lee. $1 00.
Coale's Hints on Health. 63 cents.
Mrs. Mauer's Cook Book. 62 cents.
Household Waverley Novels. 50 vols. 75 cents each.

In a few Days:

L. A. Varnton Voyage to Cuba and Back. By R. H. Dana, Jr. Illustrated.

P. S. Kingsley's Recollections of Geoffry Hamlyn. A Novel.

☞ Any work published by TICKNOR & FIELDS will be sent, free of postage, on receipt of advertised price only.

"Love Me Little, Love Me Long."
A NOVEL.
By Charles Reade,
Author of "Christie Johnstone," "Peg Wolfington," "Never too Late to Mend," &c.
12mo, Muslin, 75 cents; Paper, 50 cents.
PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, New York.

Bronchitis.
BRONCHITIS, *Clergyman's Sore Throat*.—A Chronic Inflammation of the Small Mucous Glands connected with the Membranes which line the Throat and Windpipe; the approach of which is often so insidious as scarcely to attract notice—an increase of Mucus, and a sense of weariousness and loss of power in the Throat, after public speaking or singing. It arises from cold or any unusual exertion of the Vocal Organs. The Glands become enlarged by using Brown's Bronchial Troches, which, if neglected, an entire loss of voice is often experienced.

"Pre-eminently the first and best."

DR. J. F. W. LANE, Boston.

"Great benefit in affections of the Bronchial Organs."

DR. J. F. W. LANE, BOSTON.

Economy in Writing.
Phonography increases the speed of Writing from five to six hundred per cent. It may be easily learned, without a teacher, from
GRAHAM'S HAND-BOOK OF STANDARD PHONOGRAPHY, the complete Encyclopedia of the Art. Post-paid, $1 25.
Bold Logic and Interest, with the use of the common letters only, the speed of writing one hundred per cent. This may be easily learned in a week from "Graham's Brief Long-Hand." Postpaid, 63 cents.
A. J. GRAHAM, Box 4590, P. O., 345 Broadway.

Now Published,

From Wall Street to Cashmere.
A JOURNAL OF FIVE YEARS IN ASIA, AFRICA, AND EUROPE.
CONTAINING
Visits during 1851, '2, '3, '4, '5, and '6, to the Dancenra Iron Mines, Plains of Troy, the "Seven Churches," Palmyra, Jerusalem, Petra, Thebes, Cairo, Memphis, Sebastopol, Constantinople, and Smyrna.
With all the Incidents of the Recent Mutinies.
CASHMERE,
Peshawur, and the Khyber Pass to Afghanistan,
Java, China, and the Mauritius.
With many hairly-fair Illustrations from the self-same.
By JOHN B. IRELAND, ESQ.
Price in Muslin binding, $4 00; Half Calf extra, $5 00.

This is a reliable book of travels, and a valuable contribution to the literature of the day. From the pen of a polished scholar, who has looked at the country through which he travelled with observing eyes, and given in lucid descriptions of the habits, manners, and customs of the people. The author's position in the East Indies, as written in the Wall Street Journal, was a world-ory-day life of those three hundred millions of people has not been exaggerated. He has given to the public a most ridicing devotion of the American Missionaries to the Great Cause they have undertaken. It is one of the most fascinating books of travel that has ever been published in the English tongue.

S. A. ROLLO & CO.,
29 Park Row.
Opposite the Astor House.

Complete Manual of Chess.
C. SCRIBNER, 154 Grand Street, New York, has now ready Dr. STAUNTON'S NEW AND ENLARGED ART OF CHESS." 1 vol. 12mo, $1.
The *Spirit of the Times* says: "Just such a work as will become popular with beginners. We recommend it to students as one of the most satisfactory treatises yet issued. All lovers of Chess should add it to their library."
"A complete history of every thing appertaining to Chess. No Chess-player's library will be complete without it."—*Mobile Register*.
"Mr. Willis's *New York*—THE CONVALESCENT."—*Albany Evening Journal*.
"Willis's *Rural Letters*."—THE GENERAL HAVELOCK." 1 vol., $1.
"THE LAST OF THE KETCHUMPE SPRINGS." By *Professor Bentalou*. 1 vol., $1.
These books are sent, post-paid, on receipt of price.

TUCKER'S NURSERY FOR
FLOWERS, PEARTREES,
COFFURES, and BRIDAL SETS, &c.
381 Broadway, 6 doors from Franklin Street.

THOMAS HOOPER, No. 109 Fulton Street, Manufacturer and Dealer in Looking-glasses, Picture Frames, Oil Paintings, Engravings, &c. A word to the wise, &c.

CURE FOR CONSTIPATION.
The Oriental Fruit Paste, or Aromatic Jelly of Figs and Senna.
Is a simple, palatable and effacious laxative medicine, good at all times.
Sold by druggists every where.
J. W. NORCROSS & CO., Wholesale Agents,
91 Fulton Street, New York.

Nature's True Restorative.
SANDS' SARSAPARILLA,
THE GREAT
AMERICAN REMEDY
FOR PURIFYING THE BLOOD.
THE BEST, SAFEST, AND PUREST
TONIC AND ALTERATIVE EVER PREPARED.
Prepared by A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists, 100 Fulton Street (cor. William), N. Y.

$32 50 ASHLAND INST. and MUSICAL ACADEMY, CASHIL FER QUARTER, 3 Mountains. Both sexes. Summer term commences May 1. For circulars, &c., address the Rev. HENRY J. FOX, A. M., Ashland, Cresse Co., N. Y.

To all who use Horses.—DR. TOBIAS'S VENETIAN LINIMENT is just found to be a perfect cure in only 50 cents, is warranted cheaper and superior than any other Liniment in the world, for sore Throat, Colds, Galls, Lameness of all kinds, Cuts, &c. Sold at 25 cents, 50 cents, and $1 per bottle. Depot, 56 Cortlandt Street, New York. See genuine signed "H. T. TOBIAS." Depot, 56 Cortlandt Street, New York.
Sold every where.

CLOVE ANODYNE
TOOTHACHE DROPS
Acting upon the nerve, imparts instantaneous relief, without disordering the teeth or unpleasantly affecting the breath or pallet. Will not injure the most delicate; try it, and be convinced.
Prepared and sold by A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists, 100 Fulton Street, New York. Price 25 cents per Vial.

The Best Encyclopædia in the English Language.
PUBLISHED BY
Little, Brown & Co.,
112 Washington Street, Boston.
THE
ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA;
—OR—
Dictionary of Arts, Sciences, and General Literature.
EIGHTH EDITION.
Revised, enlarged, and brought up to the present time.
Edited by THOMAS STEWART TRAILL, M.D., F.R.S.E., Professor of Medical Jurisprudence in the University of Edinburgh.
With upwards of five hundred Engravings on steel, and many thousand on wood. To be completed in 22 vols. 4to. Vols. I to XVII now ready.
Cloth, $5 50 per volume.

The publication of Eight Editions with successive improvements, and the sale of more than 40,000 copies, during an excitement raised by a factitious reputation, but during a succession of years, in which the work was tested and approved by the most accomplished and scientific scholars, is an irrefragable proof of the unquestionable merit of the work. These circumstances have given it so decided a preference in public favor, that its popularity of the Eighth Edition continues steadily to increase, and never stood higher than at the present time.

It has been the leading object of the editors and conductors of this work, to combine abstract with practical, and solid with pleasing information, in such proportions as would be most useful and most acceptable to the public; to deliver the truths of Science in the most serious and intelligible form, and at the same time to pay due attention to those graces of style which, though not admitting of a scientific shape, are yet deservedly popular, and have a powerful influence on the taste, habits, and character of the individual reader. In order to do the work at once a DICTIONARY OF SCIENCE, a Complete Literary Repertory and Philosophy, and a Book of Universal Reference.

This edition has undergone careful revision and extensive alterations, in order to accommodate it to the improved taste and advanced intelligence of the times. The editor has secured the cooperation of the most eminent living authors, who have contributed treatises on the various departments of Science, Literature, the Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, which have been of great service to supersede those now rendered obsolete by the progress of discovery, improvements in the arts, or the general advancement of public knowledge.

The following is a list of some of the principal contributors to this edition:

Rev. Baden Powell, Savilcian Professor of Geometry in the University of Oxford, &c.

Rev. Thomas Rennell, Master of Peterhouse, Cambridge, &c.

Rev. Charles Kingsley, Author of "Hypatia," "Westward Ho," &c.

J. D. Forbes, Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, &c.

Rev. Thomas Chalmers, D.D., President of the Institution of Civil Engineers, &c.

Richard Owen, M.D., F.R.S., M.P.

J. Y. Simpson, M.D., Professor of Midwifery in the University of Edinburgh.

Thomas de Quincey, Esq.

R. G. Latham, Esq., M.A., M.D., &c.

W. E. Aytoun, Professor of Rhetoric and Belles Lettres in the University of Edinburgh.

J. R. McCulloch, Esq., Member of the Institute of France, &c.

Dr. Doran, Author of "Habits and Men," &c.

J. H. Balfour, M.D., Professor of Botany in the University of Edinburgh.

J. S. Blackie, Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh.

William Gregory, M.D., Professor of Chemistry in the University of Edinburgh.

Alexander Smith, Esq., Author of a "Life Drama," &c.

Sir David Brewster, LL.D., F.R.S.E., &c.

E. G. Squier, Esq.

Richard Hildreth, Esq.

Nearly two thousand copies of this great work are already ordered to supply the subscribers in this country, and the number is continually increasing. It is believed that no publication of the kind, so extensive, has hitherto commanded so large a sale, or been so deserving of the patronage of the reading community.

Vol. XVII, now daily expected, contains articles on PHOTOGRAPHY, by Robert Hunt, F.R.S.; GEOLOGY, by Sir David Brewster; PHRENOLOGY, by the Lyceum; PHYSIOLOGY, by Dr. Bennet; A Life of Pitt, by Macaulay; Life of Sir Robert Peel, by Goldwin Smith, &c., &c., &c.

Most Patent Medicines are Humbugs; but DR. TOBIAS warrants his VENETIAN LINIMENT to be a cure in every case. Sold by druggists, or a bottle, it stops pain instantly. Price 25 and 50 cents. Depot, 56 Cortlandt Street, New York.
Sold by all the Druggists.

LITTLE BOYS and THEIR SORROWS. By PHILIP CARY BRIDGHARDT.

What ails thee, my brother—
What makes your knee so sad
That all your jocund playmates
In this merry month are glad?
Reveal to me, your sister,
The trouble in your face,
And if within a sister's power,
I promise you a cure.
Quoth the gallant youngster,
"I can not part or rest,
While, of all my young companions,
I alone am left bereaved!
They play me and pat me;
But the dearest one is dead!
Oh! 'tis torture, torture, sister,
And the hardest thing to bear!"
And proud, young spirit suffers,"
Said the sister, kind and true,
"But the grief is very foolish,
And I'll tell you what to do—
I'm very lonely, brother,
Tho the Sarrins we will repair,
And there buy a Spring and Summer suit,
Such as a Fashion Mighty wear!"
The suit was bought, and Harry
Is now the gayest of the gay—
The foremost in the ball-room,
And the merriest boy at play.
Oh, southern Fashion Mighty,
Which thus made simple home convey,
And in garments by Sarrin Brothers made
Your little boys array!

"Twin Temples of Fashion."

SMITH BROTHERS,
The Marble Stores,
122, 138, and 140
Fulton Street,
Between Broadway & William St.,
THOMAS SMITH, Jr., } NEW-YORK.
ROBERT L. SMITH, }
J. SMITH RICE. }

ONE PRICE—NO DEVIATION.
The Price is marked on all the Goods in Plain Figures.

The Great French Novel
Now Ready.
THE ROMANCE
OF A
POOR YOUNG MAN.
By OCTAVE FEUILLET.
Translated from the Author's Paris Edition.
12mo, Muslin, price $1 00.

"The Romance of a Poor Young Man' has recently appeared in Paris, and has been hailed by both French and English critics as the most delightful, pure, and artistic work of fiction that appeared in any country during the year 1858. Indeed, since 'Jane Eyre' touched the aroused reading world, we can not remember another production of the kind which, for beauty and interest, can be compared with this."—Boston Evening Gazette.

"Booksellers are requested to order the $1 00 edition, which is the correct translation, published and sent by mail, postage free, by
RUDD & CARLETON, PUBLISHERS,
130 Grand Street, New York.

BURNETT'S COCOAINE.
We are sorry to perceive that dealers have stooped to the unfairness of attempting to deprive Messrs. Joseph Burnett & Co. of the just reward of their skill and enterprise. An article is offered in the market as the justly celebrated and very valuable "Cocoaine," while it is in quite another affair, made in New York, and called, to avoid a positive imitation, "Cocoine."
This is a poor subterfuge, and should not be suffered to be practiced to the injury of the very respectable and responsible gentlemen who have devoted so much time, care, and capital to inventing and making known the genuine article.—Boston Post.

PHELAN'S CHAMPION HAT.
SOMETHING ENTIRELY NEW, AT
White's,
216 BROADWAY,
under Barnum's Museum.

RICHARDSON'S New Method for the Piano.—This much-lauded work, by the Notice of "The Modern," is rapidly approaching completion, and will soon be issued. "WAY AND SAY ON time."
OLIVER DITSON & CO., Publishers, Boston.

PICTURES FOR GRECIAN AND ANTIQUE PAINTING,
ARE ONLY published by
T. E. TILTON & CO.,
161 Washington Street, Boston.
Who forward their lists, post paid (with full and special directions how to paint), for any address. Send for a list and other information, gratis.
Dealers and Teachers supplied.

"MASSER'S"
Patent 5 Minute Freezers.
OPERATION SIMPLE. RESULT CERTAIN.
The increasing demand and the unrivaled popularity of "Masser's" Ice-Cream Freezers prove them to be the best Ice-Cream Freezers now sold.
Purchasers and Dealers are cautioned against imitations. Freezers that are offered as those of the above "Get it of 'MASSER'" (meaning that have been thoroughly tested for the last five years.
Sole Agents,
E. KETCHAM & CO.,
Manufacturers of Japanned and Tinplated Tin Ware,
207 Front Street, New York.

Rockbridge Alum Springs, Va.
A detailed Advertisement of this celebrated watering-place, with letters of eminent gentlemen, will appear in the next issue of "HARPER'S WEEKLY," (May 14th).
THE PROPRIETORS.

SPRING FANCY GOODS.
L. J. LEVY & CO.,
Nos. 809 and 811 Chestnut Street,
Adjoining Bailey & Co.'s,
PHILADELPHIA,
Are now opening a large and very choice assortment of
NEW GOODS FOR SPRING,
Selected for the most parts in Paris and Lyons for this RETAIL SALES from the choicest productions of the looms of France.
They invite the inspection of Wholesale as well as Retail customers to one of the most beautiful assortments in extent of new fabrics for

LADIES' SPRING DRESSES
which can be found in this country.
In all the richer articles of DRY GOODS, such as
INDIA CASHMERE SHAWLS,
CHOICE SPRING AND SUMMER SILKS,
PARIS PRINTED FOULARDS,
SUPERB ORGANDIE AND BAREGE ROBES,
NEW SPRING AND SUMMER SHAWLS,
their assortments are constantly being increased by the arrivals of the Steamers from Europe.
PHILADELPHIA, February, 1859.

JAMES E. CALDWELL & CO.,
822 Chestnut Street,
Opposite Girard House,
Philadelphia,
Fine Watches,
Rich Jewelry,
Silver Ware, Sterling,
Clocks and Bronzes,
Chiefly of our own importation and manufacture.
Strangers visiting the city are invited to visit our establishment.

BURNETT'S COCOAINE.
We would call the attention of Druggists and the public to the merits of Messrs. Joseph Burnett & Co.'s, expressing an imposition to which the public are liable, from an imitation of their celebrated "Cocoaine." Their reputation for the hair has decidedly obtained a high reputation, and the spurious preparations which have been put into the market have a tendency to detract from the high reputation of the genuine article.—Boston Journal.

FRED. S. COZZENS,
WINE MERCHANT,
Offers for sale Pleasant Valley Wine Co.'s fine qualities of his own importation,
SAINTE CRE OLD BRANDIES,
SPARKLING AND STILL CATAWBA, AND ISABELLA,
from N. Longworth, Cincinnati, Ohio.
No. 6 BARCLAY STREET,
(Opposite Hudson River Railroad, New York.)

New York Purchasing Agency.
No. 17 NASSAU STREET, N. Y. (Up Stairs.)
Persons desirous of making purchases in New York of any articles, large or small, of use or luxury, from a Book to a Steam-Engine, a Shawl to a Carpet, can have their orders filled promptly, and goods sent as directed, at 5 per cent. commission charge. Refers to G. L. Stimpson & Son, Cashier Import. Bank, Boston; Hon. Merritt & Sons, Hastings, Plimpton & Co., New York: J. D. Dawson & Co., New Orleans.

All Freights Forwarded with the Greatest Speed.
AMERICAN EXPRESS CO'S
LIGHTNING RUN.
Trains leave our Hudson Street Depot at 4.45 and 11.16 A.M., 5.15, 8.15 and 11.15 P.M.
Freights forwarded on Express Passenger trains, and are in 24 hrs or less at any point.
The regular time by the Fast Run is

To Chicago	48 hours	To Boston	In 30 hours
" Cincinnati	" 36 "	" St. Louis	" 72 days
" Cleveland	" 34 "	" Louisville	" 48 "
" Columbus	" 32 "	" Indianapolis	34 hours

And all other WESTERN TOWNS in like proportion.
Goods for points on Mississippi and Arkansas Rivers, Boston, &c., will also have shipping by rail.
Rates positively as low as any responsible Company.
VEILS, BUTTERFIELD & CO.,
64 Broadway and 61 Hudson St.

PACIFIC MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY. OFFICE 111 BROADWAY.
MARINE AND INLAND INSURANCE.
Assets $890,000.
This Company continues to do an exclusive marchandise business, and confines its operations to the safest, and the profits of the year 1858, a dividend of Forty-three per Cent.—Six per Cent. interest on the outstanding scrip—and has reduced the Capital stock to the basis of 1850.
ALFRED EDWARDS, President.
WILLIAM LECONEY, Vice President.
BENJAMIN A. OGDENSBURGH, Secretary.

Agents Wanted
To obtain Subscribers for
LOSSING'S
PICTORIAL FIELD-BOOK OF THE REVOLUTION.
In Two Volumes Royal Octavo, containing upward of 1500 pages, and 1100 beautiful illustrations. This work will be issued in Numbers, each containing 64 pages, at the special price of 25 cents, and will be delivered to subscribers only. Applications should be made to the Canvass they would render. For full particulars address GEO. W. ELLIOTT, care HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

COCOAINE.
From the high respectability and great skill of Mr. Burnett as a chemist, we herald with pleasure the introduction of any thing coming from his hands. His celebrated toilet preparations have already extended his popularity from one part of the Union to the other; and one result of their excellence is that those who use them once are always sure to give them the preference as standard articles for the toilet. Aside from their elegance, they are believed to be positive specifics for the purposes for which they are recommended.—Athenæ Gazette.

Singer's Sewing Machines.
PRICES REDUCED to $50, $75, $110, and $125.
SINGER'S NEW FAMILY SEWING MACHINE,
the price of which is only $50, is a light and elegantly decorated Machine, capable of performing, in the best style, all the work of a private family.
SINGER'S TRANSVERSE SHUTTLE MACHINE,
to be sold at $75, is a Machine entirely new in its arrangement: it is very beautiful, moves rapidly and very quietly, and, in its ease and adaptation to various purposes, is the very best and cheapest Machine ever offered to the public.
SINGER'S No. 1 STANDARD SHUTTLE MACHINE,
formerly sold at $130, but now reduced to $110, is known all over the world. Every sort of work can be done with it.
SINGER'S No. 2 STANDARD SHUTTLE MACHINE,
This is the favorite manufacturing Machine every where. Price, with table complete, $125.
Send for a copy of I. M. Singer & Co.'s Gazette, which is a beautiful pictorial paper, entirely devoted to the subject. It will be supplied gratis.
I. M. SINGER & CO.,
458 Broadway, New York.

"THAT STANDARD MEDICINAL ARTICLE, the Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam, prepared by the well-known Dr. Wistar Swayne, Messrs. Demas, Taylor & Co. of this city, is we have good authority for stating, one of the most popular in the United States, and all Druggists very Confidently offer it to the public. It has stood the test of all tests, time, and a reputation of twenty years' standing."—Boston Post.
"Physicians of the highest respectability prescribe it, and thousands of families keep it on hand as a standard family medicine."—Boston Journal.
Inquire for the genuine article by WISTAR SWAYNE'S "VEGETABLE PULMONARY BALSAM."
Prepared by DEMAS, TAYLOR & CO., Druggists, Boston. Price, large, $1; small, 50 cents.
HARRIS & EVANS, Agents, New York.

THE OXYGENATED BITTERS.
THE OXYGENATED BITTERS.
THE OXYGENATED BITTERS.
Cure Dyspepsia, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Indigestion.
Cure Heart-burn, Heart-burn, Acidity.
Cure Water Brash, Water Brash, Jaundice, Jaundice.
Cure Liver Complaint, Liver Complaint, Debility, Debility.
Cure Fever and Ague, Fever and Ague, Bilious Complaint.
Cure Headache, Costiveness, Flies, Nervousness.
Cure Flatulency, Dizziness, Female Complaints.
This remedy is so well known, as the most remarkable and efficient remedy yet discovered for the absolute and rapid cure of the above diseases, that it is altogether unnecessary to enlarge upon its merits.
B. W. FOWLE & CO., Proprietors, Boston.
Sold every where.
THE OXYGENATED BITTERS.
THE OXYGENATED BITTERS.
THE OXYGENATED BITTERS.

DO YOU USE IT? TRY IT! TRY IT!
LYON'S KATHAIRON FOR HAIR
USED BY ALL WILDLY EVERYWHERE
ONLY 25 CENTS, PER BOTTLE.

Who Invented the Sewing Machine?
Keep this fact in view when you purchase, that
A GOOD SEWING MACHINE
is an article much to be desired.
An inferior one is a pest, and is to be avoided.
THE HOWE MACHINES—THE ORIGINAL—
Established in 1846—are for sale at No. 577 Broadway.
Prices—$50, $60, $70, $80, $100, $125, $150.

To Teachers.
My Correspondents are requested to address me, hereafter, to the "Care of LIBRARY & BROTHERS, New York City." School Catalogues and Circulars, Names of Principal Addresses of Schools, Educational Reports, &c., are solicited.
MARCUS WILLSON.

STATEN ISLAND
Fancy Dyeing Establishment.
Barrett Nephews & Co.,
No. 64 and 1 John Street,
(5 doors from Broadway),
New York.

To Housekeepers!!!—To prevent your house from being entered by burglars, use the Patent Rotary Lock, which is universally admitted to be the most convenient as well as secure lock ever invented.
VALENTINE & HUTLER, No. 537 Broadway.

MAGNETIC Organization and Medical Treatment of Consumption, Neuralgia, Paralysis, Functional Disorders, and Chronic Diseases generally, at the Clinic and Office of DR. NEWTON M. D. The scientific work will be sent free to all who apply by letter, inclosing a stamp. Office, 5 New York Life Insurance Building, 346 Broadway, N. Y., with postage stamp.

Catarrh! Catarrh! Catarrh! Catarrh!!
What is it? How Cured?
Thousands of persons suffer all sorts of annoyance from Catarrh. Most people know what the inconveniences and results are, yet but few know how it can be cured. It is simply a chronic irritation, and often only one element of filthiness and consequent thickening of the mucous membrane, lining the nasal cavities, frontal sinuses, and posterior nares, and sometimes extending into the throat and lungs. From this result inflammation and other vitiation of the blood, obstructed nose, or a profuse flow of mucus, with offensive smell, taste, and odor, often impaired hearing and sight.
The old-school remedies have never been able to do more for this than Nasal inhalations and inhalations are as painful and expensive as they are inefficient. Dr. Hull Hydrostatic Catarrh Remedy, or Simple Vapor Pill, taken two or three times per day, will relieve at once the loathsome nature of the disease in the head, and radically cure, by persevering use, the most obstinate cases, as proved by the cures of hundreds of hundreds.
Price, with full directions,
Fifty Cents per Box.
N. B.—A full set of Humphreys' Homeopathic Specifics, with book of Directions, and twenty-four different Remedies, in large vials, morocco case, $5; do., in pocket case, $3; do., in case of fifteen boxes and book, $10.
These Remedies, by the single box or case, are sent by mail or express, free of charge, to any address, on receipt of the price. Address
DR. F. HUMPHREYS & CO.,
No. 502 Broadway, New York.
Sold by all Druggists.

ELIOT & PATTEN—Examine Inventions and procure American and Foreign Patents. Patent Agency opposite main entrance of Patent Office building, Washington City, D. C.

The Every Number of Leslie's Magazine contains from 70 to 80 pages—and from one third to one half is illustrated. It is the cheapest monthly publication in this country.

Close of the Eighteenth Volume.

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE
FOR MAY.
The Publishers believe that the Eighteen Volumes of HARPER'S MAGAZINE now issued contain a larger amount of valuable and interesting matter than can will be found in any other periodical of the day.
Each Number has contained a part of "Nicholas Nickleby," printed from copy furnished by the Author, in advance of its publication in London, for which he receives a liberal compensation. With this exception, the whole of the Literary Matter is contributed expressly. Tale, "Cupid's Revenge," every article in this volume has been written by an American author for HARPER'S MAGAZINE.
With the present the commencement of the Magazine is a New Volume and artists and engravers are employed and varied; and the Publishers refer to the contents of the Number for the past as a fair specimen of what for future claims upon the patronage of the American public.
From the London Athenæum and European Literature, London, 1859.
"We must refer in terms of eulogy to the high tone and varied excellence of HARPER'S MAGAZINE, a Journal with a monthly circulation of about 200,000 copies, in whose pages are to be found some of the choicest light and pressing reading of the day. We look upon this work as an evidence of the American people, and the popularity it has maintained for 17 years. Each Number contains 144 pages of instructive matter, appropriately illustrated with fine engravings. It is the cheapest work in the way monthly and the more philosophical quarterly, blended with the lighter literature of the day, which it has great power in the creation and dissemination of a love of pure literature.

TERMS.
One Copy for One Year $3 00
Two Copies for One Year 5 00
Three or more Copies for One Year (each) . 2 00
And an Extra Copy for every Club of Ten Subscribers.
HARPER'S WEEKLY and HARPER'S MAGAZINE, together, one year, $4 00.
The Volume of "HARPER'S MAGAZINE" must be paid at the Office where it is received. The Postage is Twenty-five Cents a year.
HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A FIRST-CLASS ILLUSTRATED PAPER.
THE BEST AND CHEAPEST
FAMILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD.
FIFTH CENTS A NUMBER: $2 50 A YEAR.

The Publishers have the pleasure of announcing that they have completed, at a cost of Five Thousand Dollars, the early proof-sheets of MR. CHARLES DICKENS' New Story of "TWO CITIES," or "THE TWO CITIES," Splendidly Illustrated by McCLEAN, the publication of which they are now commencing in HARPER'S WEEKLY for May 7, and will be continued from week to week until completed.
The Publishers also take pleasure in announcing that they have secured the services of the celebrated Historical Tale of American Life, entitled "TRUMPS," by GEO. WM. CURTIS, Editor of "The Potiphar Papers," "Nile Notes of a Howadji," &c. The first Chapters appeared in HARPER'S WEEKLY for July 3.
As HARPER'S WEEKLY is electrotyped, the back Numbers are being constantly replenished and may be obtained at any time.
A portion of HARPER'S WEEKLY will be devoted hereafter to the country THOROUGHLY POSTED on the news of the week, and to the interests of the people at large, so as to COMMAND MATTER, or to fully illustrated a history of the progress of events as they occur. More than a dozen ARTISTS ARE ENGRAVERS for illustrating this publication, and in Literature every other paper in the United States. This is the CHEAPEST and most family illustrated journal in the world, and its circulation will need only observe that supervision and energy to make it the most popular and the most effective—because fairly and widely circulated—journal throughout the country, from North to South—that advertisements in any other paper command.

TERMS OF HARPER'S WEEKLY.
One Copy for Twenty Weeks $1 00
One Copy for One Year 2 50
One Copy for Two Years 4 00
Five Copies for One Year 10 00
Twelve Copies for One Year 20 00
Twenty-five Copies for One Year 40 00
An Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of TWELVE or TWENTY-FIVE SUBSCRIBERS.
TERMS FOR ADVERTISING.—Fifty Cents a Line.
A Liberal Discount will be made to those wishing to Advertise for three Months or more.
The Postage is Twenty-five Cents a year if New York wishing "Harper's Weekly" left at their houses, will please send their address to the Office of Publication, or by letter addressed to the Office of Publication.
HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
Franklin Square, New York.

SYMPTOMS OF HARD READING!

STUDENT. "Oh, Mary! have you taken up the Lamp and the Cigars?"

MARY. "Yes, Sir."

STUDENT. "—and the Whisky, and the Sugar, and the Lemon, and Boiling Water?"

MARY. "Yes, Sir!"

STUDENT. "Then come, Jack! suppose we go into the STUDY!"

SCOTT GENT. "Dear! dear! to be has formed an Attachment that you don't approve of! Ah! well, there's always something. Depend upon it, Maame, there's A SKELETON SOMEWHERE IN EVERY HOUSE!"

409 BROADWAY. 'OLD DOMINION.'

If you want DELICIOUS COFFEE always, and at a saving of from *forty to fifty per cent.*, get an "OLD DOMINION" COFFEE POT. Over forty different styles and varieties are manufactured. The "OLD DOMINION" TEA POT takes only half the usual quantity of Tea. You will save the price of either in two months, and they will last nearly forever. Sold by Grocers and Crockery dealers in Housekeeping articles, and Storekeepers generally.

ARTHUR, BURNHAM, & GILROY,
117 and 119 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia,
Manufacturing under the Patent for the United States.
Also, Manufacturers under the Patent of ARTHUR'S SELF-SEALING FRUIT CANS AND JARS.

F.Y.S.

BALLOU'S FRENCH YOKE SHIRT EMPORIUM,
409 Broadway,
Premium Shirt Manufacturers.
Shirts made to order from Scientific Measure, of the best materials, sewed by hand, and warranted to fit, at less than the usual prices.
BALLOU BROTHERS, 409 Broadway, N. Y.

PHALON & SON'S
COCOÏNE
FOR DRESSING AND PRESERVING THE HAIR.
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
Price 25 and 50 Cents per Bottle.

P. P. P.
PARK'S PRICKLY PLASTERS.
They sooth pain; they protect the chest; they extract the congealed impurities and poisons from the system; they impart strength; they are divided to assist and yield to the motion of the body; they are pungent, but impure excretions pass off, and they can not become offensive. Hence, worn an hour or four times longer than any other plaster, and are cheaper at 25 cents than others at 10. Where these *Plasters* are, pain *can not exist*. Weak persons, public speakers, delicate females, or any affected with side, chest, or back pains, should try them. You will then know what they are. They are a new feature in the science of medicine. All Druggists have them. Take no other. Each Plaster bears a Medallion Stamp with the name.
PARK, BRADEN & PARK, 13 and 15 York Row, N. Y.
JOHN D. PARK, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Howe's Unrivaled Elliptic Spring Bed
Bottom, from $4 50 to $6, at retail at No. 375 Broadway. Examine or send for circular.

E. V. HAUGHWOUT & CO.
488, 490, and 492 BROADWAY,
Corner of Broome Street,
Steam Fitters, Gas Fitters, and Plumbers,
Builders of Gas Works.
Hotels, Steamboats, Stores, Public Buildings, and Private Dwellings, fitted throughout in a workmanlike manner, and on reasonable terms.
Steam Fitting and Plumbing Factory,
438 Broome Street.
Gas Fitting Factory,
438 Broome Street.
ALSO, IMPORTERS, MANUFACTURERS, AND DEALERS IN
CHANDELIERS & GAS FIXTURES,
China, Glass, Bronzes, Clocks, Cutlery, Silver and Plated Ware,
AND
GENERAL HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS.

J. RUSSELL SPALDING'S ROSEMARY

ROSE MARY

In the best dressing for the hair known.
The Rosemary will restore hair to bald heads.
The Rosemary will remove dandruff.
The Rosemary is the best thing for ridding's hair.
The Rosemary has not been and can not be surpassed, securing to all a clean, healthy scalp and beautiful hair.
The Proprietor can furnish proof to attain the assertions above. Those will not admit the voluntary certificates from persons who have used it with success. If you are not satisfied, *try it.*
Every bottle, genuine, has the signature of the sole Proprietor, J. Russell Spalding, 17 Tremont Street, Boston.
Sold by Dealers generally.

PRINCE IMPERIAL
CHAMPAGNE.
FROM
DE VENOGE & CO., EPERNAY, FRANCE,
As sold at the
IMPERIAL TABLES ON THE CONTINENT OF EUROPE,
Can be had at all the leading hotels, and from all its principal dealers throughout the country.
E. V. HAUGHWOUT, Importer,
CORNER OF BROADWAY AND BROOME STREET.

Strangers Visiting New York
SHOULD
VISIT GENIN'S BAZAAR,
507 & 513 Broadway, St. Nicholas Hotel,
Comprising Twenty Departments in every kind of business essential to the outfit of Ladies and children, and every article for the equipment of
Gentlemen and Men of Fashion.
IT IS TRULY
ONE OF THE LIONS OF NEW YORK.
Communicating with the Bazaar, and forming its fourth Department, is
GENIN'S HAT STORE,
The largest Hat Store in America.
The GREATEST VARIETY of ORIGINAL STYLE to be found on this Continent.
Strangers coming to the city as buyers, or sojourners as in Visitors, should visit the Bazaar.
ONE OF THE CURIOSITIES OF TRADE,
having no parallel or rival on either side of the Atlantic.

CHANDELIERS & GAS FIXTURES

Our magnificent Stock of New Styles of Chandeliers and Gas Fixtures will be sold during the Spring Season
At a Small Advance on Cost.
E. V. HAUGHWOUT & CO.,
Corner of Broadway and Broome Street.

GRADUALLY BURNING UP.—Geographical and geological science induces the belief that the volcanic fires of the earth are gradually exhausting! We know of no remedy against a fire so as large a subject for it you should scold yourself, have corns, cut-ed limbs or bruises, get a 25 cent box of *Baldwin's Balsam Salve* and cure yourself. You can get it at

BARNES & PARK,
13 and 15 Park Row, N. Y.

GET SO OVER.—If you are suffering from any wounds, sores, burns, chapped hands, ringworm, corn chilblains, etc., procure a lot of Redding's Russia Salve, the greatest healing remedy ever discovered. And if all druggists, 25 cents a box.

The Adulterations of Food,
A series of popular illustrated articles on one of the most important subjects to the general well of our country, beginning with ADULTERATIONS OF BREAD in the next number of
The Romance of a Poor Young Man.
A Page Full Story of Life in Paris, by one of the greatest of living Authors, and handed by European critics equal to the best productions of
DICKENS AND THACKERAY,
Are contained in the next number of the
Knickerbocker Magazine
Terms, 25 cents a Number, or $3 00 per annum in
ADVANCE.
Postage prepaid, by the Publisher, to any part of the United States. Subscriptions received by Post Office order, post-paid, Two Copies, $5 00; Three Copies, $7 00; Five Copies, $10 00; Ten Copies, $20 00.
A SPLENDID OFFER.—A Specimen Number of the May KNICKERBOCKER, containing the first and concluding portions from Dr. Gosrod, Jr.'s, N. Y. Police, Park Row, and Fifth Avenue, and a splendid article on Iowa, by a resident Missionary, with Female Characters, Full Page STEEL-PLATE ENGRAVINGS, worth AT LEAST $1 00, will be sent on receipt of 20 cents in postage stamps at the office.
JOHN A. GRAY, Publisher, 16 & 18 Jacob St., N. Y.

PIANO FORTES, MELODEONS, AND HARMONIUMS of first-class makers at the lowest terms. J. PELTON,
511 and 513 Broadway, N. Y.

Heimstreet's Hair Restorative.
This Article has now been before the public for the past fifteen years. We give below a few opinions of the Press relative to it.
"A Superior Hair Restorative."—*Boston Journal.*
"It takes precedence of all others."—*Springfield Republican.*
"Has triumphantly won for itself the name 'Indestructible.'"—*Spectator.*
"We would advise our readers to buy nothing but this original and genuine Hair Restorative."—*Troy Whig.*
"A truly valuable preparation, tested by time and experience."—*Boston Ledger.*
"It is the only reliable article for restoring gray hair to its original color."—*Friendly Journal.*
"Bristled up with gray hairs and bald heads, for the 'Inimitable' will restore the former to its original beauty and cover the latter with a luxuriant growth."—*Troy Budget.*
"If you wish to have the hair color, instead of the dull, rough look which hair dye imparts, use Heimstreet's Restorative, which invigorates the roots of the hair, and makes it young again, no matter how much it may be changed by age."—*Home Journal.*
Price 50 cents a bottle. Sold everywhere.
W. E. HAGAN & CO., Proprietors, Troy, N. Y.

LYON'S MAGNETIC POWDERS
Will destroy Garden Insects, Cockroaches, Bedbugs, Fleas, Ants, Moths, and all pests of the House.
The importance of a reliable article of this kind to industrious families, in the vicinity of Insects, cannot be estimated. The Magnetic Powder is the only article ever discovered which will exterminate them. A company of botanists, from the Horticultural Society of Paris, while amidst the forest of Asia, observed that all insects fighting upon a certain kind of plant very soon dropped dead. This fact was made use of to guard their night camps from these intruders. Quantities of the plant were brought home by Mr. E. Lyon, and found a positive insect destroyer in every experiment. It is simply a powdered leaf, chemically prepared to resist the effect of age and climate. Medals and Letters Patent have been obtained from the governments of England, France, Germany, Russia, Austria, Prussia, Spain, and all the principal nations of the world, from individuals and companies.
Letter from the President of the U. S.
"EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, 31st Jan. 1859.
"MR. E. LYON—Dear Sir: I have much pleasure in informing you that the Board of Commissioners of the World's Fair at London have awarded you a Medal and Certificate for the great value of your Magnetic Powders, &c.
"MILLARD FILLMORE, Chairman."
The above was accompanied by a certificate of Prince Albert.
IT IS FREE FROM POISON.
"NEW YORK, October 1st, 1855.
"MR. E. LYON,—Dear Sir: We have analyzed and tested your Magnetic Powders, and find them perfectly harmless to mankind and domestic animals, but certain death when inhaled by bugs, ants, and insects.
"JAMES R. CHILTON, M.D., Chemist.
"LAUGHLIN ROYS, Prof. Chemistry, N. Y. Hospital.
"M. JOHN L. ROMAN, Superintendent of the New York Hospital, says, 'he has expelled all the bugs, roaches, and ants from his beds, with Lyon's Powders, and finds it of immense value.'"
Every gardener and housekeeper must have a direct remedy in a article of this kind. Reference can be made to the Astor, St. Nicholas, and Metropolitan Hotels; to Judge MITCHEL, President of the American Institute; James GORDON BENNETT, Gen. WINFIELD SCOTT, Capt. W. FITCH, L. M. FLOOD, of the New York Hospital, &c., &c. Judge MITCHEL says, "This discovery of Prof. LYON is of unrivaled importance. We cannot but believe tested it thoroughly. It will destroy insects, grasshoppers, &c., and preserve fruit trees, vines, &c., from blight to the greatest degree."
Arrangements are now made through Messrs. BARNES & PARK, of New York, to have it sold throughout the world. Many worthless imitations are advertised. Be cautious!
"NEW YORK, November 5th, 1858.
"In retiring from business, I have sold my Insect Powders and Pills, Letters-Patent, and the secrets pertaining thereto, to Messrs. BARNES & PARK. Their order is a discovery made by myself, and brought from the interior of Asia, and in no manner to any other person. The genuine and effective article is put up in tin canisters, and will continue to bear my name.
"E. LYON."
Rats and mice can not be reached by a powder, and are killed by a MAGNETIC PILL. Order them through any merchant.
The Lyon's Powder kills insects in a trice,
But Lyon's Pills are raised for rats and mice.
Each Powder, 50 cents; regular size, 75 cents and $1 00. Pellet eliminators, *Eye Pencils and Thoroughly.*
BARNES & PARK,
13 and 15 Park Row, New York.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. III.—No. 124.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1859. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

In Three Books.—Splendidly Illustrated.

☞ Printed from early Proof-sheets, for which Messrs. Harper & Brothers pay the Author

FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS.

BOOK I.

RECALLED TO LIFE.

CHAPTER IV.

THE PREPARATION.

WHEN the mail got successfully to Dover, in the course of the afternoon, the head-drawer at the Royal George Hotel opened the coach-door, as his custom was. He did it with a deferential air of consequence, for a mail journey from London in winter was an achievement to congratulate an adventurous traveler upon.

By that time there was only one adventurer left to be congratulated; for the two others had been set down at their respective roadside destinations. The mulberry inside of the coach, with its damp and dirty straw, its disagreeable smell, and its obscurity, was rather like a larger sort of dog-kennel. Mr. Lorry, the passenger, shaking himself out of it, in shakes of straw, a tangle of shaggy wrappage, flapping hat, and muddy legs, was rather like a larger sort of dog.

"There will be a packet to Calais to-morrow, drawer?"

"Yes, Sir, if the weather holds and the wind sets tolerable fair. The tide will serve pretty nicely at about two in the afternoon, Sir. Bed, Sir?"

"I shall not go to bed till night; but I want a bedroom, and a barber."

"And then breakfast, Sir? Yes, Sir. That way, Sir, if you please. Show Concord! Gentleman's valises and hot-water to Concord. Full of gentleman's boots in Concord. (You will find a fine sea-coal fire, Sir.) Fetch barber to Concord. Stir about there, now, for Concord!"

The Concord bed-chamber being always assigned to a passenger by the mail, and passengers by the mail being always heavily wrapped up from head to foot, the room had the odd air of being occupied by a large invisible person. This was confirmed by the disappearance, on the part of the drawer, of all vestige of the two gentlemen who had alighted from the coach.

And confirmed yet more by the handsome head of hair that had been combed and brushed all night, and had evidently been shaken out of two great coats and a comforter.

Yes, Sir, the bedroom was in that condition of universal neatness which results from an elaborate smoothing of the sheets and blankets by the brushing of the hair of the pillows, and the setting of the chairs against the wall. Mr. Lorry looked round him with an appreciative eye, and seemed quite to enjoy the air of the room, though it was pervaded by a fine mist raised by the brewing of the tea that stood hissing on the hearth.

Mr. Lorry sat before the fire, leaning an arm on each knee, and spreading himself out pretty broadly to the genial influence, while his thoughts were busy on the bygone. Over the mantel-piece hung a small looking-glass in which he could see reflected so much of himself as was then visible. He did not contemplate himself with a satisfied air, but he thought his reflection looked very well. He thought it looked remarkably well, considering what he had undergone since he had left it in the morning.

Mr. Lorry had been shaved in the course of the journey, and he had washed himself at the Star and Garter at Dartford, and he had washed himself at the Ship at Dover, and he had washed himself at the Royal George at Canterbury, and he had washed himself at various roadside places where he had changed horses. He had washed himself carefully at all those places, and he had washed himself with particular pains behind the ears, and he had washed himself well with hot water at the Royal George before sitting down to his breakfast. He had then washed himself again, and had just finished washing himself for the fourth time, when the waiter had announced that the mail was ready.

The bedroom had an odd earthy flavor on it that was not unpleasant, but was perceptible even to the frequent sipping of tea and crunching of toast that Mr. Lorry was now applying himself to. He had got his feet upon the fender, and was spreading himself out pretty broadly to the genial influence, when he heard a rustling at the door, and turned his head.

There was an old woman standing there, curtseying. He had seen her curtseying herself in on the previous night, but had forgotten her.

"Yes, Sir. Mrs. Jarvis Lorry, Sir, that was. Before she went to the land of her husband's forefathers, Sir."

"Yes. Mrs. Jarvis Lorry, Sir, that was. Before she went to the land of her husband's forefathers, Sir."

"Yes, Sir. Mrs. Jarvis Lorry, Sir, that was. Before she went to the land of her husband's forefathers, Sir."

"Yes

He did not begin, but, in his indecision, met her glance. The young forehead lifted itself into that singular expression—but it was pretty and characteristic, besides being singular—and she raised her hand, as if with an involuntary action she caught at or stayed some passing shadow.

"Are you quite a stranger to me, Sir?"

"Am I not?" Mr. Lorry opened his hands, and extended them outward with an argumentative smile.

Between the eyebrows and just over the little feminine nose, the line of which was so delicate and fine as it was possible to be, the expression deepened itself as she took her hands thoughtfully in the chair by which she had hitherto remained standing. He watched her as she must, as the moment did not escape her eyes again, went on:

"In your adopted country, I presume, I may not do better than address you as a young English lady, Miss Manette?"

"If you please, Sir."

"Miss Manette, I am a man of business. I have a business appointment to-day with a gentleman recognition of a duct I heed me any more than if I was a speaking machine—truly I am not much else. I will, with your leave, relate to you, miss, the story of one of our customers."

"Story!"

He seemed willfully to mistake the word she had repeated, when he added, in a hurry, "Our customers; in the banking business we usually call our connection our customers. He was a French gentleman; a scientific gentleman; a man of great acquirements—a Doctor."

"Not of Beauvais?"

"Why, yes, of Beauvais. Like Monsieur Manette, your father, the gentleman was of Beauvais. Like Monsieur Manette, your father, the gentleman was of repute in Paris. I had the honour of knowing him there. Our relations were business relations, but confidential. I was at that time in our French House, and had been—ah! twenty years."

"At that time—I may ask at what time, Sir?"

"I speak, miss, of twenty years ago. He married—an English lady—and I was one of the trustees. His affairs, like the affairs of many other French gentlemen and French families, were entirely in Tellson's hands. In a similar way I, and a few partners in my house, are trustees for scores of our customers. These are mere business relations, miss; there is no friendship in them, no personal interest, nothing like sentiment. I have passed from one to another in the course of my business life, just as I pass from one of our customers to another in the course of my business day; in short, I have no feelings; I am a mere machine. To go—"

"But this is your father's story, Sir; and I begin to think"—the curiously roughened forehead was very intent upon him—"that when I was left an orphan, through my mother's surviving my father only two years, it was you who brought me to England. I am almost sure it was you."

Mr. Lorry took the hesitating little hand that confidingly was offered to take his, and he put it with some ceremony to his lips. He then conducted the young lady straightway to her seat again, and, holding the chair-back with his left hand, and using his right by turns to rub his chin, pull at the ears, and smooth the crease in the mind, stood looking down into her face, while she sat looking up into his.

"Miss Manette, it was I. And you will see how truly I spoke of myself just now, in saying I had no feelings, and that all the relations I hold with my fellow-creatures are mere business relations, when you recall that I have never once seen you since. No; you have been the ward of Tellson's House since, and have been busy with the other business of Tellson's House since. Feelings! I have no time for them, no chance of them. I pass my whole life, miss, in turning an immense pecuniary Mangle."

After this odd description of his daily routine of employment Mr. Lorry flattened the palm of his top upon his head with both hands (which was most unnecessary, for nothing could be flatter than its shining surface was before), and remained his listener attitude.

"So far, miss (as you have remarked), this is the story of your regretted father. Now comes the difference. If your father had died when he did—Don't be frightened! How you start!"

She did indeed start. And she caught his wrist with both her hands.

"Pray," said Mr. Lorry, in a soothing tone, bringing his left hand from the back of the chair to lay it on her agitated fingers, "pray do not let your father's calamity have its influence upon your life. Keep it apart. Manage it."

"Manage it!" Mr. Lorry, in a soothing tone, bringing his left hand from the back of the chair to lay it on her agitated fingers, "pray do not let your father's calamity have its influence upon your life. Keep it apart. Manage it."

"I am trying to see how you would manage it, Sir?"

"I am going to see his Ghost! It will be his Ghost—not him!"

Mr. Lorry quickly chafed the hands that held his arm. "There, there, there! See now, see now! The best and the worst are known to you now. You are well on your way to the poor youngest gentleman, and, with a fair seat on your saddle, a fair hand bridling it, and a good mount at his side."

She raised her face in the same tone, sank to a whisper, "I have been free, I have been happy, yet his Ghost has never haunted me!"

"Only not haunted now," said Mr. Lorry, laying stress upon it as a wholesome means of inducing her attention, "for his Ghost walks another nanner, his own long forgotten or long concealed. It would be worse than useless now to inquire wherefore or by what miscarriage to seek to know whether he has been for years dreaded by his fellow-prisoners, and shunned by his fellow-men. Even his own child—"

"My father has no child: I have been an only child from my birth."

"Pardon me, my dear young lady, your father was not long a widower, and he would be sure to marry again, and have other children. But, even if he had not, even if those conditions had not been made, as they were made, you cannot be that child's parent. Your parents are dead, you were brought to England by a kind friend to be placed at school, and you grew up an orphan. Mercy on me! I am wandering!"

"Why, look at you all!" bawled this figure, addressing the inn stewards. "Why don't you go and fetch things, instead of standing there staring at me? I am not a show, that's what I am! Why don't you go and fetch things? I'll let you know, if you don't bring something, cold water, and vinegar, quick, I tell you!"

There was an immediate dispersal for these restoratives, and she softly laid the patient on a sofa, and tended her with great skill and gentleness: calling her "my precious!" and "my life!" and fondling her golden hair, pushing it over her shoulders with great pride and care.

"And you in front there, sir," said indignantly turning on Mr. Lorry; "couldn't you tell her what you had to tell her without frightening her to death? I told you I should be back presently. Now, recollect yourself. You can tell her by degrees."

Mr. Lorry was so exceedingly disconcerted by a question so hard to answer, that he could only look on, at a distance, with much feeling and sympathy and humility, while the strong woman, holding intuitive authority as servants and physicians and midwives do, when they get it, over all other people, sometimes even over mothers and fathers, who have not it, and must resign themselves to be ordered about, presently had her charge breathing and patting her hands herself.

"See there! You are better now, dear. Be a little stronger. And don't tremble so. Why, you are a shivering woman altogether. Now, will you go and fetch those things I told you of, or will you not?" To Mr. Lorry, in the same imperious manner.

"I will go myself," said Mr. Lorry, starting up from confusion.

"Then do," said the strong woman, "and don't stand there staring and doing nothing. Nothing will come of nothing: you must know that. Wait a minute. Is there any lodging in a court over the way there?"

"There is, to be sure," said Mr. Lorry, "but"—

"Then," said the strong woman, "go and secure it, and go and fetch it. Now, you stay there; and as you are not to be trusted to bring what is wanted with any sense, I'll go myself."

With an exclamation of thankfulness for this welcome relief, Mr. Lorry immediately hurried out to secure the court-yard lodging, and to perform the other offices he had been directed to perform. He discharged them with great zeal and success, and returned to the young lady, whom he found recovered, but greatly alarmed indeed by the strong woman's sternly reproving her for being so missish, and for making such a fuss about a mere fainting woman, as if she were a fine lady from the court. The strong woman was now arranging the patient's dress and her golden hair, before binding it up; and she looked so well in the task, that Mr. Lorry felt it a pity to disturb her.

"Is she sufficiently recovered to bear removal to the lodging that I have secured?" he ventured to ask.

"Yes, I should hope so," was the answer, "if she can bear anything. But the question is, whether she can bear this journey back to the hotel?"

"I should think she might bear it extremely well."

"Perhaps you think nothing of journeys?" said the strong woman, bestowing upon him a rapid glance of contempt.

"My journeys are always made at the rate of fifty miles an hour."

"Hah!" said the strong woman, more contemptuously than before.

"I should recommend," Mr. Lorry proceeded, with some hesitation, "that she be not kept long in this place, and that she be taken to the lodging that I have secured. It is very good, and I can recommend it to be airy and quiet."

Both patient and counsellor looked doubtfully at him, as he stood with his hat in his hand, at a little distance, proposing this.

"What do you say, my dear?" said the strong woman, finally.

"I should prefer to be taken to the lodging you recommend, if I am sufficiently recovered."

"Then," said the strong woman, bending her head in token of assent to Mr. Lorry, "I will take you to it. Lean upon me."

"No thanks to you in brown, if she does. My darling pretty!"

"Dear," said Mr. Lorry, after another pause of feeble sympathy and humility, "that you accompany Miss Manette to France?"

"A likely thing, too," replied the strong woman. "If it was ever intended that I should go across sea on any account, you may be sure Providence would have cast my lot in an island?"

This being another question hard to answer, Mr. Jarvis Lorry withdrew to consider it.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1859.

WAR IN EUROPE.

IT seems that the die is cast. Austria, fortified in her position by the unequivocal sympathy manifested by the leaders of the British Parliament, and by the delay sought by the Emperor of the French, is not satisfied with Sardinia's promise to disarm in the manner pointed out by the Austrian Minister, and has her troublesome neighbor shall disarm within three days; and further, that she shall send home her volunteers, and that she shall reduce her war standard for many weeks from all parts of Italy. Whether Sardinia could take steps toward a general disarmament in so brief a period of time is a question of some difficulty; there is none whatever in deciding that, in the present state of affairs, it is impossible for the Sardinian Government to send home the volunteers, or, indeed, to take any retrograde step whatever. Matters have reached such a pass that the temper of the Italian people has been roused to such a pitch, that the most probable result of any attempt to recede on the part of Sardinia would simply be the overthrow of the royal government and an outbreak of revolution.

The prospect, therefore, is decidedly warlike —more so than at any previous moment since New-Year's Day. The shadow cast by this time the cannon are firing on the Ticino.

That Austria had no choice but to take the bull by the horns and move, after the declaration of war by Sardinia, the latest news from Italy goes far to prove. From Naples to Milan the Italian people were ready to rise, and the hundreds of men were leaving the large cities daily for the Sardinian head-quarters. As usual in such cases, the excitement was contagious, and nothing short of martial law could have long kept the citizens of Lombardy Venetia from bursting into armed resistance. Any of these events would have aggravated the danger. Should the first blow struck in a war be damaging to the Italian cause, Italy would be lost to the Austrians. Austria will then be in a much safer condition to negotiate than she is now. These reasons, combined with the encouragement afforded by the late debate in the British Parliament, are quite adequate to account for the bold step taken by Austria.

Should it lead—as it seems it must—to a war, we stand on the verge of the most terrible conflict the world has known since the days of the elder Napoleon. At the outset a war would involve only Austria, Sardinia, and France. But before it ended many other European nations would necessarily be directly or indirectly engaged in it. The policy of England is entirely sympathizing with Austria, and quite prepared to take the field against the Emperor of the French. Russia's position is not to be remembered in Germany, and the memory of the humiliations he imposed on the Germans is so vivid, that it would need but a slight pretext to induce the entire German Confederation to join Austria against his nephew. England and Russia occupy, thus far, a neutral position. Neither is interested in the settlement of Italy. Neither has motives of fear, favor, hate, or affection toward either of the great belligerents, to sway her policy. But should victory incline to the side of France, neither Great Britain nor Russia could be indifferent to the result.

Statesmen are well aware—and if they were not, history is there to teach them—that the conquest of Italy and the humiliation of the many would render France a very dangerous Power indeed. The Emperor Napoleon—notoriously the master of Spain and Switzerland—would, if he added Italy and Austria to his vitual empire, become a position too powerful for the safety and the peace of his neighbors. To prevent that consummation, therefore, it may be fairly expected that Great Britain and Great Britain would consent to see the humiliation of Austria; and as any such intervention on their part would be the signal for revolt in the last successes on that of the French, it would not be surprising if the first result of such intervention was simply a European war of invasion—leading, necessarily, to a renewal of the European war what decided Europe half a century since.

Such themes are both painful and disgraceful to contemplate. If any thoughtful person will take the trouble to estimate the amount of sacrificial suffering that would be the result of a two years' general war—to figure up the homes devastated, the families deprived of bread, the money which should have given daily bread to the millions squandered in military engines and soldiers' pay, the men taken from peaceful occupations to be made food for powder, the injury done to commerce, manufactures, the check given to civilization and progress of all kinds—he will assuredly be appalled at the prospect.

THE THROAT PLAGUE.

A SINGULAR variety of ulcerated sore throat has been prevailing in some parts of the North. Iowa and Middle States for the last year, is an epidemic. In the town of Orange, Connecticut, for instance, eight persons have died of this throat plague. It commences with a violet-colored plague spot on each side, in the deep hollow of the throat, covering each tonsil. These dark ulcers spread, and in a few days many yellowish pustules, which ripen into mortal ulcers, appear on the sloughing out, and the process of putrid inflammation is the result of the flesh mining cavities in the soft tissues.

The throat plague has destroyed a number of children in New York within the last two months, and we have had some painful and melancholy instances of its fatal observing its progress. It commences somewhat like the attack of scarlet fever, with nervous excitement, on the day previous to the actual disease, by rigors, or even shaking of the body, with melancholia, and after that the evening flush, irritability, and all the ordinary symptoms of scarlet fever. The plague spots in the hollow of the throat are first bright-red, but darken and extend more rapidly as the disease in more malignant. A false membrane, in most cases, lines the interior of the throat, which makes some persons resemble a bag of bones. In the most virulent and malignant disease, the prostration of the nervous system is sudden and extreme. Death may ensue from suffocation by the throat, causing asphyxiation, or from the rupture and discharge of deep ulcers, with the same results.

The fatal cases are generally due to merely an escape of the colorless portion of the blood from the sides of the weakened vessels of the throat. It hardens and forms a false membrane, and oozes extended. When the plague spots extend over the root of the tongue the disease is called by a blank tongue. In that form is confined to certain neighborhoods.

In this, as in other cases of malignant and prostrating diseases, stimulants are the cure by the patient increases the vital powers or diminishes the strength of the body. Applications of *lunar caustic*—a solution of nitrate of silver—in cases of sore throat—do not seem to retard the progress of disease, but the poison of the malady being, in fact, diffused through the whole system, and fixing upon the throat merely as a point of ease.

In a tropical climate, or in high, mountainous regions, removed from the raw, variable winds of the east and the still more fatal damps of river valleys, the atmospheric poises or malaria that generates throat plague in our climate would produce diseases of a very resembling that malady. The general or proliposing cause seems to prevail over entire continents for a number of years. The form of the pestilence being determined by the condition of the population in certain places and regions.

It is a common and not merely a popular error to suppose that epidemic diseases are either of a contagious or infectious nature, or appreciable and disappearing like comets, and by many attributed to the influence of those irregular numbers of the solar system. Epidemics, however, are not, like gout or the painters' colic, produced by the habits of individuals or families, are, in fact, epidemics of more or less virulence. At one time there will be a general prevalence of a certain form of disease, like dyspepsia, for a series of years among all classes of society. It will be modified or aggravated by the habits of societies or individuals, but seems to prevail universally in the mass of human beings, as if they were all of one flesh, and the condition was not so much

communicated as belonging to the one great human body of that year or century.

Eight forms of what are called "colds," for example, which commence with itching, prickling, and tickling in the eyes, nose, and throat, irritations of the skin, of the nerves, of the lower parts of the intestines, an immense variety of inflammations and intestinal and glandular fluxes prevail epidemically, changing suddenly from one form to another, affected by place and habits, or by the prevailing practices of nurses and physicians. These, though less fearful, are as truly "pestilences" and "pestilential scourges" as the most fatal plagues on record. Melancholia, itself a partial obscuration of the mental powers, with depression of spirits, seems to be, at times, an epidemic causing over prosperous communities to take a cloudier view suddenly and unaccountably, changing into a sharper and more cheerful epidemic, which people can talk of and prescribe for.

Epidemics, although to all appearance light and harmless, destroy the feebler part of communities, wasting and exhausting children, the diseased, superannuated, and vicious life. If there is a disease which can be properly called old age, it is so rare as to make but a trifling figure in the bills of mortality. The majority of human beings die by reiterated attacks of rotting maladies, which gradually break down the system to a point when it is unable to contend with atmospheric poisons or inherited causes of decay. Cholera infantum, the damps of the morning, the night breath of plants, and the foul air of bedrooms, workrooms, and filthy streets, are constantly taken with adulterated food and drinks: these are, in fact, the real destroyers—ten times more destructive than plagues and pestilences, however sharp and formidable they may appear for a season.

The Spartan code of nature exposes and destroys the feeble and malformed of animals and man; preserving the vigor and beauty of the race by an early and merciful removal of the inferior kind. If medical and dietetical science have accomplished any permanent good for civilized society, it must be found in pointing out and removing the causes of disease in families and communities, much more than in casually assuaging them in the case of a few: the "cure," i. e., care, nursing of the sick. Human life is multiplied and improved by the gradual progress of art and science; but while diseases like the three plagues are in the practice of our physicians and nurses, and the fashion of another comparatively harmless in the same neighborhood, we may doubt whether the cure of human life is advancing as rapidly as we are to the dignity and merit of a science.

In England, during the past year, 100,000 persons, chiefly among the young, died of diseases over the calculated and regular mortality, from causes unexplained; but by some attributed to the comet; by others to the severity of the last warm season; both being conjectural. The epidemics among children have been excessive as well as, and in nearly the same proportion the same. An equal loss by war would have been regarded as a special calamity, demanding the prayers and intercessions of all the churches; and yet the loss of 100,000 youth and children is perhaps a much greater evil, as removing so much of the future strength of the state and industry, and robbing the future of its hope.

The proper aim and purpose of human science, strictly considered, seems to be not so much the warding off of sudden calamities as it is the steady and progressive improvement of the general condition; so that the destroying causes that have at present so much to do in the Spartan work of keeping down the race may be continually declination, may have less of this to accomplish. The bringing up to adult age of generations of decayed and diseased children, who are only able to continue their own feebleness into a second generation, does not seem to be a desirable end for society or governance. Diphtheritis, or throat plague, may keep off an entire generation of children, and natural savans are in despair, and fall back upon Providence as usual; the world moves on in the same course, inmost unaware of the poisonous, poisonous food and air; and these, in the latter sum, are swept away and forgotten.

When men rightly weigh and estimate such things, it appears as though the true ends of government and social organization have not yet been discovered; existing governments have a farcical and absurd aspect. All evils seem to be natural, and actually reared at, by moralists and the press, and not the true means to remove the causes of moral and physical decay.

THE LOUNGER.

AT THE ACADEMY AGAIN.

It seems to be agreed that there was never an exhibition by the Academy which indicated such growth in the fine arts as the present one. This is shown not as much by single works of great excellence as by the greater variety in choice and treatment of subject. We seem to be nearer of general approximation that "a lady" and "a gentleman," who have so profusely ornamented previous exhibitions with their portraits, have grown modest with age, and now more sparing of their presence.

And yet, when "a gentleman" is a Pope Julius the Less, a Charles First, a Doge of Venice, when "a lady" is an Infanta of Spain or a "Bella Donna," we often ask the portrait-painter is Raphael, Vandyke, Titian, or Velasquez, as so often chances in the finest foreign galleries, the mind does not rise at looking at portraits. Portrait-painting is, in truth, one of the highest possible departments of art. Many of the most celebrated pictures are portraits, and that not because the subjects were heroic or beautiful, but because the painters were portrait-painters, i. e., they were men who saw character and were able to express it.

There are admirable portraits this year in the Academy, and in various styles. It must be allowed that some of the most ambitious are not the best; and yet some of the most ambitious portraits have never been better represented. Elliott, Huntington, Cox, Baker, Hicks, Healy, Rossiter, Wenzler, and the others, were never, upon the whole, more successful than this season. Shall we add that some are more so? Why certain types of the artists are crude or pale or awkward? Shall we say that Elliott's figure is too light and that too low? Shall we indicate woolliness and muddiness?

No, no! Let tranquillity pervade these columns. Silent as the Laocoon in the one gem the Apollo or the Laocoon in that marvelous court of Sculpture, which leads to the Transfiguration and the Communion of St. Jerome, should be asserted the leg or the arm. And the grace! the beauty! the drapery! the drawing! Why, there is Lavinia, of the lovely face, gazing at No. 321. The admiring spectator is not there her, only plainly enough that fascinating irregularity of features. Shall he go home and say, "I saw Lavinia to-day. Ugly her face is, and the drawing! It is not a pity.

It is the spirit of that last sentence let us look at the portraits of Lavinia, and eke of John and James.

The crayons, too, muster strongly. There were never so many crayon heads on this year. Lawrence and Mr. Rowse are the chief contributors. We think the latter gentleman would have shown us his heads of Emerson, Longfellow, and Bryant, —heads not so well known as they should be to New York people,—

The landscapes are many and good. Church and Kensett, Durand, Gignoux, Casilear, Shattuck, in fact, only a study of a sunset. In the pictures which Mr. Sayden exhibits he shows that he has gained from the study of nature. Mr. Lang's compositions and sunsets have a truthfulness and firmness and delicacy which we have not before seen in him, whose works are honored every year. Mr. Gay, a pupil of Troyon in Paris—not William Allen, as the Catalogue says—sent Washington's Last Day —makes his effort upon these walls in a landscape with White Mountains—considering the subject the thoroughness of his training, and enables us to count another admirable landscape painter in the Gays, which, like the Lawrences, are a real audience. He is one of the artists whose career in Europe has been watched with interest by Americans sympathy and appreciation.

In the pen and ink picture Mr. E. Johnson is the most distinguished name of the year. His "Negro Life at the South" has attracted universal attention and admiration. It is a picture of genius, finished with a Dutch fidelity, but with much more than Dutch slightness and vivacity. Humor, variety, the detail, the picturesqueness, and the naturalness of this work deserve the praise they have received on every hand. It is not a caricature, as such pictures usually are. It is a palpable hit at Slavery in a characteristic American, and yet to which our literature and art have only very recently seriously addressed themselves. And how many pictures of negro life are there, painting silently upon these walls, and of which no critic has spoken! Johnson's and yet how much remains thing to many a spectator. Life is full of unseen influences all the time, as the air is full of invisible and blessing or bane we breathe. Every where characters are springing up moulded by these influences, unseen by us, and unknown to ourselves spring from that seed. A man writes a book which the critics may praise or blame or pass silently over; and whether it succeeds or fails, it succeeds it, and a light of sympathy suddenly bursts on the hearts of thousands, or a cloud of doubt, or the sudden brightness of a light-house secures the mariner drifting toward a lee-shore. So a singer sings a song, and it lives, or it perishes, and of which there is no audible echo in praise, or in blame even; but perhaps that song has entered some hope, and the poor poet or painter whose heart pines over what he thinks a talent lost or unloved, has found his talent recognized and made lovely.

Let this thought console the artist who puts all his conscience, all his skill, into a work which may not excite a single word from any of the critics.

In one artist Emerson has met with what a profound and marvelous sympathy Robert Browning has written of artists, entering into the very character of different men and times, and expressing the most subtle and morbid moods? One of his finest dramatic lyrics is the "Soliloquy of Spain," in the musing of a proud, solitary painter of three centuries ago over the point at issue. It is asserted in Aristotle's Rhetoric,' argued a pedantic lawyer —"I don't want to hear what is asserted in Aristotle's Rhetoric!" exclaimed Tenterden. "It is laid down in the Pandects of Justinian"—Where are you got to now?" "It is a principle of the civil law"—Oh! Sir, we have nothing to do with civil law in this court."

But Baccalaureatus must remember that Tenterden Doodle has never forgiven the historian of Charlemagne for his biting sarcasms upon this peculiarity, and be very wary. The Lounger, being a Yankee himself, will check what it does as much as he chooses.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

The new story by Dickens, commenced in *Household Words* of last week, will justify its title in one way at least, for certainly it will be a tale well read in two cities. The Weekly has only had the advantage of advance sheets, but it is the only illustrated edition. Even the author's, in his own paper, is not illustrated.

This, we believe, is the first instance in which any of the chief English novelists have tested a story in weekly numbers, except Charles Reade, whose "White Lies" was published in the London *Journal* from week to week; and it is incident indication of the tendency of literature to the most popular and also the cheapest form. Such a style of publication has of course very serious inconveniences, but they are those of the author rather than the reader. It forces a stereotyped attention, which is dangerous to the perspective of the story. But if any one is convinced of the inevitable tendency he has but to inform himself of the number of novels that are now publishing in serial forms. So great is the demand that even some daily newspapers have followed the lead of the weeklies and issue semi-weeklies, and even a quarter or more of a new tale.

In France this custom is older. George Sand and Dumas, and others of less note, have published their novels in the feuilletons of the leading papers. Lamartine's "Confidences," and Chateaubriand's "D'outre Tombe," were first issued in the same way; and Alexandre Dumas's "Vicomte de Cascasan" is to be published also in thirty numbers, for which he receives two hundred dollars each.

As for the proceeds of serial publication, Thackeray received from his London publishers, according to authentic report, rather more than a thousand dollars for each monthly part of the "Virginians." It is stated that the first four articles seventy-five thousand dollars from his last novel, "What will he do with it?" which we think is incredible, but which shows the immense sale upon which his publishers count. So universal is the demand that the author is besieged by thousands and millions of people what the troubadour and minstrel used to be to the people. But the same charms with the type, not with the tongue. The Wartburg has expanded into the civilized world. Literature is a perpetual pilgrimage and festival and contest of the modern Minnesingers.

But to return to the chief of cities.

It was hinted, editorially, last week that peculiar circumstances would probably make this new novel of Dickens's one of his least read. The reason of all. This is unquestionably true; for there can be no doubt that the stories of which the scene is only told about the man will have aroused the author to show himself in all his splendor and power. The tale is one of the most interesting period—the two cities are doubtless Paris and London on the eve of the French Revolution, the bold glare of whose approach gleams fitfully through the earlier chapters. The opening scene is characteristic. A brooding mystery and gloom and sharp relief upon the personages; and whoever begins to read will find that he has only to wait a week for what follows.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—P. W. G. and S. M. S., Lawrence County, Alabama, must be content with a weekly illustrated history of the times, since it can not illustrate every thing, and persons, and events, and scenes in the multitude that we must also see that the choice of subjects will be, at least sometimes, controlled by the comparative sale of the paper. It is the interest of every such paper—to say nothing more—to report the public taste of its readers.

—T. D. J., Christian County, Virginia, can procure *Harper's Weekly* for 1858, bound neatly in muslin, for $3 00. All such orders should be addressed to the Publishers.

—Curious, Rodney, Mississippi, wishes to know whether villages can be *decimated* by shooting every fifth man. He is evidently confounding that word with decimate as to punish with death every tenth man.

—G., Lynchburg, recurs to the discussion upon the letter *i*, and inquires whether it is not actually as spelling the name of that city. "If you give it the *yuh*, then it is very plausible it will take that form."

—Caddis, Fleasant Corner, who asks a question in orthodox verse, must remember that a gentleman is always to be addressed in a low, and not vice versa.

—Talbot, Trenton, but his umbrella to a luckless party caught in the storm. Sensible fellow! Hats are hideous, and got "sopping wet," and the umbrella is not returned. Your question is, Who is the author of the appearance of one? That involves the inquiry whether the party did or did not try to return the umbrella. If she did not—why, then—!

—E. B., Cleveland, Ohio, in reply to the question, What was it he said? Why, he said that even young medical students eat that it was Charles XII., of Sweden, who, after the battle of Pultowa, retired to Bender, Turkey, went to bed, and played chess for several years. Charles XII. is allowed to have been a remarkable man.

—Querist, Boston, asks if it were Dryden or Milton who wrote the famous line,

"The constant lover arm'd me with a lie and blushed."

It was neither. It was Richard Crashaw, whose poems were published in John Russell Bartlett's library of Old Authors. He was a proselyter when the revolution of 1645 was in full career, and became and became a Roman Catholic. Finally he was a Cardinal's secretary and a canon of the church of Loretto, where he died about 1650. He has acknowledged he published a volume of Latin poems and epigrams, and in one of them occurs the line in question.

—"Lympha pudica Deum vidit et erubuit."

Querist asks whether Bacon or Addison said it. Both Bacon is styled the eloquent in the Essay on Man:

"If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shined,
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind."

The couplet that follows is not less critical, quoted,

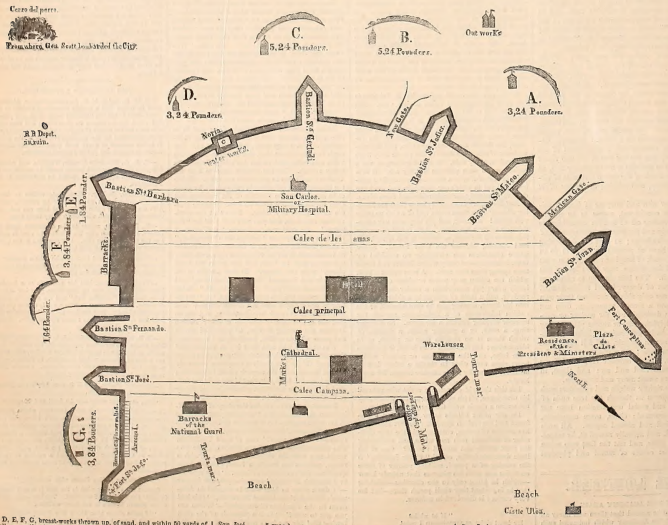
"Or ravished with the whistling of a name,
See Cowley strive to sound the inspiring theme."

—J. H. H., Tennessee, asks for the author of

"Oh! a wonderful stream is the river Time."

The quotation has just once it credited to a Mr. H. W. Taylor. Who is he?

THE NEW UNITED STATES STEAM-SLOOP "IROQUOIS."—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]



A, B, C, D, E, F, G, breast-works thrown up, of sand, and within 50 yards of the wall—mounting in all about 50 guns of large calibre.

Santiago, 10 guns, fronting the harbor, and commanding the beach down to Sacrificio.

San José, 8 guns
San Fernando, 4 " } Ranging to the Cemetery and Alameda.
Santa Barbara, 6 guns, pointing to railroad station and aqueduct, also to Cerro del Perro (the position of gun-boats).
Santa Gertrudis, 3 guns.

San Javier, 4 guns
San Mateo, 3 "
San Juan, 3 " } Commanding the whole, back of Vera Cruz, this side of Sand Hills.
Concepcion, 30 guns, harbor, beach, and road to Bergara. The Castle's guns command the beach north and south at Vera Cruz.

PLAN OF THE FORTIFICATIONS OF VERA CRUZ.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

SLOOP-OF-WAR "IROQUOIS."

On 12th ult. the new *sloop-of-war Iroquois* was launched at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. She is described as a neat, trim vessel, over 200 feet long, and drawing only eight feet of water. She is to be armed with a two-bladed screw, measuring 12 feet 3 inches in diameter, and 20 feet pitch; her engines, of which she will have two, will be direct back-acting engines, with two cylinders, each 54 inches in diameter, and 28-inch stroke. She is to be fitted out directly for sea.

It is evident that future wars are to be carried on mainly with this class of vessels. Small craft, drawing but little water, and enabled by steam to defy wind and tide, are infinitely superior for the practical purpose of warfare than line-of-battle ships and heavy frigates.

The British Government has for some time been busily engaged in the construction of gunboats drawing from 3 to 8 feet of water, and each carrying one gun of the largest calibre. Their gun-boat flotilla now numbers several hundred vessels, and has already proved of the highest value in both the Crimean and the Chinese wars. It would be well for us to follow the example. Meanwhile the construction of such ships as the *Iroquois* costs less, and will probably do more real service than any line-of-battle ship afloat.

PLAN OF THE FORTIFICATIONS OF VERA CRUZ, MEXICO.

We gave some time since a picture of the harbor of Vera Cruz, with the foreign fleets at anchor there for the protection of foreigners. We now subjoin a plan of the fortifications of the city, from a sketch for which we are indebted to the New York *Herald*. The outer works were erected by the garrison, in anticipation of the threatened attack by General Miramon.

It is not likely that any very great period of time can elapse before Vera Cruz is again a scene of warfare. For years to come it looks as though Mexico could not but remain the prey of bandits, who, under various high-sounding names, profess one or another set of political principles for the purpose of robbing the people. Vera Cruz—the New York of Mexico, the greatest port of entry, and the strongest place on the sea-board—must naturally play a prominent part in future contests. Our plan is worth keeping for future reference.

STRUGGLE WITH A BUCK.

LIFE-SCENES IN THE SOUTH.

STRUGGLE WITH A BUCK.

THE gentleman who related to me the following narrative is a man of the strictest veracity—an honorable gentleman. He is also a relative of mine, and a personal friend; and I feel assured that I will by no means wound his feelings by making public his terrible and almost fatal rencontre with the wild stag of the South. But first let me describe to the reader his physical organization, that he may know that he is "a man, every inch of him." And, in the first place, I will merely remark that at the period to which I refer he was considered the most active man in the district. On one occasion he consented, after much persuasion, to run a foot-race with a *very fast little* man, who had often boasted that he had never found his match, and did not believe he had an equal in the State either in speed or activity. Our hero refused to run with him on equal terms, but proposed to give his antagonist ten paces, with the additional odds of tying flat upon his face. The proposition, after much opposition on the part of his rival "as unfair, too unequal," etc., was at length received with contemptuous laughter. The result of the race, however, was that the little man was *fairly "distanced"* in one hundred yards; and he never raised his head again (as a racer). His pride was completely humbled by one who had never boasted.

And well might our hero be a swift runner and an active man; for I have never seen one who possessed keener limbs and more perfectly developed muscles. Like a full-blooded racer, there was no superfluous flesh about him; he was all bone and muscle—perfectly formed by the hand of God. His nose is Roman; and his eye, though kindly blue, is as keen as a hawk's. In his younger days he was all energy; and twenty-five years ago—the period of which we are now writing—he held his rifle with a sure hand and deadly aim. But he never used it in any unholy warfare. He would have been brave, even terrible, in battle; but his spirit was too genial then, his heart too benevolent now, to entertain for a single moment the deadly spirit of the duelist. Having promised thus much, we will let him tell his adventure in his own words; and though I have suppressed his name, many of his personal friends and old admirers will recognize his portrait.

"It was in the latter part of September that I strolled into the woods one morning, with my rifle on my shoulder, little dreaming that I would meet such noble game so near to my homestead, but hoping that I would tumble a fox squirrel from some lofty pine or venerable old oak. I had not walked more than half a mile before I saw two old bucks, with huge antlers rising as stately trees from their brows. They did not perceive me, and seemed to be too intent upon a strange occupation to observe surrounding objects—except my path, and for a while watched their singular motions, which were too systematic to be playful. They seemed to be greatly agitated, making the forest ring with their loud snorting, while they ran toward each other from opposite directions, meeting and passing each other almost invariably at the same spot. And when they arrived at this common centre they would gather up their keen, supple legs quicker, then rising several feet higher in the air, with their heads lowered, and with a loud snort of savage terror, their sharp, razor-like hoofs, pointed downward, were plunged quick upon some object upon the ground. Then, quick as lightning, they would rise into the air again, and, as if husbanding their strength, they would regain their starting-point, some thirty or forty yards distant, in opposite directions; then wheel about as trained soldiers, and again approach each other at a more rapid pace, leap high into the air at the given point, with a loud snort drive their hoofs downward, and then regain their stations leisurely as before, each one occupying the other's place alternately.

PANTHER HUNTING IN AFRICA.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

"I stood silently watching this strange proceeding for several minutes, when, thinking it was too good a chance to be thrown away, I leisurely raised my rifle, took deliberate aim, and fired at one of the noble-looking animals—for they were equally splendid in appearance, and I had, therefore, no choice to make between them. I selected the one farthest from me, by a few paces, because it was, at all events, sure of my money. My ball entered just behind his shoulder, and passed through his heart. He made one convulsive bound into the air, and fell heavily to the earth; he never reached his goal, for he was dead! But, strange to say, the remaining buck seemed not to hear, or was utterly indifferent to the report of my rifle. With nervous haste I reloaded my weapon, and, as quick as such cases, she was hastily loaded. I have never loaded a weapon before or since so quickly as then; it was the work of a few seconds only. The remaining buck had wheeled, and was on his return during the shot, and neared the centre of his pen; he had leaped into the air and made his snort just as my hand was upon the trigger. My sight covered a spot near the centre of his forehead just as he made his upward bound, and at the sharp crack of the rifle he fell heavily to the earth, and his knees desolded under him, as an ox that has been felled by a blow from an axe wielded by a strong hand.

"Drawing a long dirk-knife which I usually carried with me, I hastily approached the fallen monarch of our Southern forests, and was surprised to see no wound on his forehead. Had my shot not have killed him, therefore, I thought and said aloud, without actually entering his brain.

"Then the idea of committing such a foul act very much as he was, I determined to kill it. I therefore with his knife drew open the nostrils of his head, and I not seen as active as a cat; and I thank God that His Providence was, for otherwise my life would have been spilled upon the ground then and there.

"I never gave up my hold upon his horn with my left hand; but in that first fierce leap I lost my knife, and in attempting to save it with my other horn the enraged animal pierced my hand clean through with one of the sharp points of his antlers. But I did not feel my pain at the time, so now a death-struggle, and God alone knew who should prove victorious. I found it a hard one with me, and I hurriedly but earnestly commended my soul to the keeping of a good and a merciful God. Oh! this was an awful time for me, and I can mark hour—a fearful struggle for life! I seemed to be already passing through the valley and the shadow of death.' The dying man—the condemned criminal standing upon the scaffold—could not realize more vividly than I did then what I did. And though years have passed away, and I am getting old, when I think of that struggle I can feel with the enraged stag my heart eases its throbbings, and my blood almost freezes in my veins.

"We had been thus struggling, 'foot to foot, and hand to hand,' as it were, for a considerable time—I know not how long, for to me it seemed an age. My strength was almost exhausted, but I did not feel like letting my hold; and as I was the taller of the two, the deer's strength seemed exhausted, too, about the same time as mine, and he ceased for a moment flagged. He ceased his struggles and looked earnestly with a long and a fixed gaze into my eyes. There was no longer rage in his countenance: it was simply an earnest, almost human look of entreaty or of inquiry. It seemed as if to be gazing down into the caverns of my soul, as if taking observation of my thoughts and reading my ultimate intentions. He seemed to be putting the question to me in distinct terms; and although he possessed not the gift of articulation, yet his look could be plainly interpreted as though he had spoken it in audible voice, and was simply inquire, 'Who shall be master? Shall I give up to you, as the 'lord of creation,' or are you some cowardly spaniel whom I shall trample beneath or beneath my hoofs? Come, Sir, speak! Who shall be master?'

"But there was no response from me to his mute appeal, for I had none to give. There was nothing but death in my heart. I had no faith in the deer tribe, and dreaded to see a renewal of the conflict. He seemed to understand my hesitation, and to regain my weakness, for his upper lip began to tremble again with a strange nervous, tremulous twitching, while his eyes expanded wider and wider, and glared at me fire-balls upon me. His back rose up like a bow bent for the target, and he reminded me of an unerring marksman; his frame grew larger and more portentous with evil; while his mane bristled up, seemingly, as still a greater passion, rage, and wrath possessed him.

"But, strange to say, this terrible onset of defiance, this nervous tremor of the upper lip, which had cost a shivering chill through my frame, produced now a contrary effect, and nerved rather than depressed my resolution to conquer or to die. My previous exhaustion, my almost lethargic indifference to my fate had passed away in a moment. All his breathing spirit had rested him if he had rested me also; if he was determined to renew the battle, I was none the less nerved for the contest; and if the issue was doubtful, I was resolved to hold on, and if I fell I should die gloriously, and with 'colors nailed to the mast.'

"The very first lunge that he made I avoided by stepping adroitly to one side, and by a sudden and a dexterous twisting of his horns just at the moment when his head was bent down with savage intent I fortunately succeeded in tripping him from his heels, and he fell heavily to the earth. Although we had struggled over much ground, and had removed many paces from the place where the battle first began, strange to say we had now returned to the identical spot, and the body of my antagonist pressed down the very grass that I stood down before. And oh! happy recollection! there lay my glittering knife, as bright as the day it brought to my hand, and shouted help in my ears—help for the widow's son. Quick as thought I seized the knife, and plunged it into the side that his head fallen animal's throat. It was enough; I had severed the carotid artery in this instance was a lion, who had eaten the flocks of a whole tribe of Arabs. I reached him to his lair, and asked Gérard to kill him.

"The Frenchman went out toward nightfall. An hour, who accompanied him, found him dead, quite on the mouth of the lair. Then the hunter lay watching behind a screen. He had not long to wait before the lion's head made its appearance. The coast began to shiver and tremble; its efforts to free itself were tremendous. The lion were natural and quite feeble. Presently the lion emerged from his lair and began to walk slowly toward the post. When within a few paces he stopped. He was reconnoitring. He lay down and winked at the hunter, and died.

"There were, a few minutes ago, a man and a wild beast. Now there is the quiet of death in a man! Ha! there is another man, watching me, and looking as if he wanted to speak. I am beyond his reach. I was killing myself to save him, as a general rule I prefer man; but this fellow seems to me that I should have killed on the spot.

With such reflections, saith the Frenchman, the lion advanced on the quivering goat. At twelve paces from the post Gérard was struck with terror that the forehead was the only safe shot, and broke the brute's right shoulder. A second shot laid him again, and broke his left. The lion, strange to say, escaped into the thicket and had to be hunted over again. He was killed with a long chase; but in dying he munched the shoulder of a poor Arab who had given the first shot, and killed him.

Panthers are not so terrible as lions; but even they, stealing along treacherously and noiselessly on their victim at night, must need a great deal of nerves thrill as they approach the point when he must pull the trigger and take the consequences of a bad shot.

LITERARY.

LOVE BE LITTLE, LOVE BE LONG, is Charles Reade's last novel published by Harper & Brothers.

It is much in advance of his late works, and takes rank with "Peg Wellington" and "Christie Johnstone" in the delineation of character. In that the process from the natural style of Mr. Reade, which makes his men and women seem to be actually speaking and acting. He does not choose such words, but matches his people talk as people ordinarily talk. He does not put a word in the present volume in simply: A young lady—a distinct sort of a person, of course—comes upon a uncle on one side and an aunt on the other, each of whom selects a different husband for her, and go on a struggle of each other. The lovers represent two great classes of English society—the middle and upper part of the latter—and the author had rich banker. But a bluff, frank sailor, mate of an East Indiaman, a veritable man, in his own proper style, and the lovers are united after a long struggle. Perhaps the finest portion of the story is the admirable delineation of the sailor's character, position in society and love for the sailor. It does not appear to be a contest. It is not once spoken of as a struggle or sacrifice—the event; but the struggle is visible nevertheless, and forms a fine and striking part of the book. We have only to add that, like all of Reade's novels, it is of peculiarly absorbing interest; so that, once taken up, it is difficult to lay down until finished.

We have received from Van Benthuysen, Albany, the Annual Report of the Canal Board for the year 1859—a little volume whose value and necessity is well known throughout the State

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE LATEST FROM UTAH.

We have one week's later news, to April 9, from the Mormon territory, and the intelligence spiritual as to the state of affairs there. The court at Provo had broken up, and Judge Cradlebaugh, up the north end of Utah Floyd, with the prisoners in charge, some of whom, not to be tried at the present session, were to be taken down to Camp Floyd.

ATROCITIES OF THE MORMONS.

Extract from a letter dated Camp Floyd, April 9, written by an officer of the army at Camp Floyd, Utah:

"We have one week's later news, to April 9, from the Mormon territory, and the intelligence spiritual as to the state of affairs there. The court at Provo had broken up, and Judge Cradlebaugh, up the north end of Utah Floyd, with the prisoners in charge, some of whom, not to be tried at the present session, were to be taken down to Camp Floyd. Among this last guild, and the Mormons found no difficulty in finding them.

"The cause of this handsome young lad excited our sympathy much. He had, it seems, been married to a young Danish girl, who had emigrated here with him, whom he had known from childhood, with a view to marriage. The attachment was mutual, but some bourgeois, and some-other-of-a-more-refined-ilk, wanted the girl for his harem, and, pretext of the handsome youth, had thrown him into confinement, and given him a chance to work out his salvation.

MORE ABOUT SICKLES.

The Tribune correspondent says: "The Hon. Daniel E. Sickles will make choice in a few days between his participation in which he has just been tried, convicted, and pardoned by the Executive, and resignation of the different indictments took place, and submitted his intention to kill Mr. Key. The testimony excluded by Judge Crawford at the trial would have established the fact that Mr. Sickles was engaged in an intrigue which was in during the month of January, and the gist of its admissibility in evidence was avoided in order to prevent retaliatory exposures on the part of Mr. Key's friends. The facts must all, however, come out eventually. The letter in which Mr. Key, Jan. 29, was found on his body and produced on the trial, contained declarations of love for Mrs. Sickles.

THE EXCLUDED EVIDENCE.

The grounds of which the evidence rejected existed in the Sickles case was, we hear, together with the testimony corroborative of it, carefully preserved, and sent to the Court, which decided that the proof would be inadmissible.

We now offer evidence, the particulars of which we are unable, if possible, to state. It is contained in a letter, and was immediately preceding the homicide, and subsequent to the publication of the letter. It is satisfactory because the deceased and the prisoner's wife, and because it is not to be disputed, when produced, that it was said and written by the deceased concerning marriage relations; and this is offered to rebut the charge of adultery with the wife of the prisoner by the wife.

That the accused reached Barnum's Hotel, the city of Baltimore, on the evening of the 16th of January last, and that he was engaged a room; that he had said hold at or about three o'clock on the following morning; that he was found dead in his room, quite dead, and was at said depot on the arrival of the Philadelphia train, and that he was then and there killed by the prisoner, and that the prisoner was then taking by the defence, shall not be disputed; when we offer to add that the letter of the deceased concerning marriage, and with whom then and there he had address, and that the prisoner, and in different language, has been married his the accused committed other acts of adultery.

The Court having already permitted the defense to show that the deceased had written a letter to a certain alleged acts of adultery between the deceased and the prisoner's wife, and having excluded the letter, might tend to prove the insanity of the accused, the intimacy of the deceased with the wife of the prisoner, &c.

"First—Because its tendency, if not its necessary effect, is to contradict the testimony which the Court has listed on by the defense.

"Second—Because such evidence, though consistent with a state of anger or revenge upon the part of the accused, is inconsistent with a state of insanity.

"Or, in other words, that such evidence tends to prove any proposition which is relevant to the issue. In a case of communications made to the accused relative to the conduct of his wife, which are false in fact, &c.

The Baltimore *Exchange* says: "It is understood that, in addition to the above, the defense will would have been followed up by other evidence from New York, having upon the same point.

HOW A BOAT IS BUILT ON LAKE ERIE.

The Detroit *Free Press* says: "A horrible occurrence happened at the Detroit depot of the Grand Trunk Railway on Wednesday, by which the wife of the engineer, Thomas Sprey, was killed. As the train approaches direct from that place, are as follow: Some passengers were standing on the platform, and among them was Mary Gregory, who was waiting to meet a friend on their oil for the purpose. A large kettle or caldron is erected in the centre of the bottom of the station, which they had filled with oil and were boiling. They had left it for a moment, and the oil was at a high heat, when some part of it ran over and took fire on the stove, which was near by. The flames caught the station-master, was the only person in the house at the time, and he, with a boy, attempted to put out the fire. In so doing he was burned, and the oil was thrown over the floor. Her clothes caught fire, and she was in a terrible plight. She then got a chair, and placing it beside the stove, she fell down upon it, and was burned to death. She was a fine, full-blooded woman, and was 30 years old.

"The oil that was dispersed by the insurrection of the flames soon communicated to the upon the wood, but the flames soon communicated to that upon the floor, and the room was immediately in a blaze. Sprey, on the train announced screaming with terror, and ran out of the house. Her clothes were burned entirely off her by the flames, who were no great distance away, and who ran to her assistance. He succeeded in putting out the fire by a few buckets of water, however, speedily put out the fire by a few buckets of water, however, speedily put out the fire by a few buckets of water, however, speedily put

PERSONAL.

A correspondent of the New Orleans *Picayune* gives the following sketch of Juarez, the Constitutional President of Mexico:

"He was fourteen fifty-three years ago, in a mountainous district of Oaxaca, and, as he blood a poor boy, he had to earn his bread by first herding a few sheep and cattle, and gathering and husking corn for the sake of their skins. At the age of ten years Juarez ran off to attend a school, being afraid on returning to return, he hired himself to a mule-driver, from whose service he passed into the service of a priest, who, pleased at his intelligence, caused him to be taught to read and write. Astonishing the progress of his employer's pupil, sent to the College of Oaxaca, and having chosen the profession of lawyer, he was placed under the tuition of a man of his own race, who was one of the best lawyers in Mexico, with the triumph of Alvarez, was made Chief Justice, and continued to possess that office at the time of Santa Anna's usurpation."

A correspondent of the Washington *Star* contradicts the statement that the Hon. Leon Sayre is dying at the point of his residence in Georgetown. He says that he has accompanied by his wife and son, has been at Philadelphia for eight days, and that he is not dying, as eminent physicians, has been prescribing for him, and entertains the hope that he will soon be restored sufficiently recovered by the 1st of June so to be able to participate in the session at Nashville.

The number of American travelers on the Nile this year is more considerable than ever. Among the party are Mr. Cheverus, ex-Minister to Portugal, and family, of Connecticut, celebrated for the collection of Egyptian antiquities in New York, and numbering 1,000 pieces.

The Rev. Theodore F. White and lady, of Mendham, New York, were "surprised" on the 20th ult. by a party who poured into their parsonage, numbering about fifty persons, filled the larder and cellar with good things, and on the return of the party presented the pastor with a purse containing over $200 in gold. Their spokesman informed Mr. White that they were surprised at their appreciation of his fidelity and worth as an evangelist; after which they all shook hands with him, and left a happy time for all present.

The Toledo (Ohio) *Blade* says that "twenty Toledo Misses" can, with six months' training, perform as well as Frenchmen. Will the Misses please to send us some of their hair Tribunes?

The Rev. Dr. Edward E. Bolmer Lytton will make about $10,000 of his late novel, "The Coming Race." It is to be published, first the larder and cellar with good things, and on the return of the party presented the pastor with a purse containing over $200 in gold. Their spokesman informed Mr. White that they were surprised at their appreciation of his fidelity and worth as an evangelist; after which they all shook hands with him, and left a happy time for all present.

The Toledo (Ohio) *Blade* says that "twenty Toledo Misses" can, with six months' training, perform as well as Frenchmen. Will the Misses please to send us some of their hair Tribunes?

The Rev. Dr. Edward E. Bolmer Lytton will make about $10,000 of his late novel, "The Coming Race." It is to be published, first in London, then in Boston, and then in Philadelphia, for eight months, by Messrs. Harper & Brothers, and will be issued in the *Sea Shores* series, and also in cheap paper for the million.

Colonel Dan Pike, of Kentucky, has just started a new paper at Mount Sterling, Kentucky, being the forty-ninth paper he has had the honor of founding in that State.

The Count de Survigny has received his long-desired seat, and will sit for Pontarlier in the Corps Legislatif. The election has been discharged unanimously, but with great discretion and secrecy. The Count's opponent, it is said, has been more respected and esteemed than Madame de Survigny.

Tuckiandi, the father of Madame Persiani, and one of the most distinguished of the Italian bards, died in the early of Florence, where he has lived since his retirement from the stage. He was born in the year 1776, and once, when on the stage at one of the theatres at Rome, the audience insisted that Napoleon, residing at Tuckiandi, Tuckiandi looked at the laughers a minute, and when silence was restored, said, "Gentlemen, I have come here to be heard and not stared at." He was eighty-four years old when he died.

The Republic of Hayti has commissioned two colored gentlemen, Tennison and Bird, to proceed to Africa, to see, where they have been sent, to negotiate a treaty.

The Memphis *Avalanche* has the following interesting reminiscences concerning the brothers of the late Mike Walsh:

"The children consist of two boys and a girl, the eldest of whom Mike was the youngest, that had been scattered in all directions upon the death of their parents. The eldest remained with his mother. A most singular fatality befell them also. One of the brothers went to sea, and had across a table in a Southern city; another fell by the hand of a fellow-sailor; and a third was murdered in a shop; the third brother was buried in the *Sea Shores*, and his sister perished in the flames of the Lexington. The brother soon followed her children, leaving poor Mike to mourn a death, under the circumstances more sorrowful than any of the rest."

The New York correspondent of the Charleston *News* says: "Daniel E. Sickles, on 4th ult (who is back from Europe), called on Mr. Buchanan, and, after a cordial interview of some hours, he and the President quietly repaired and reappeared in the street at about 4 o'clock. The report that he is about to challenge Mr. Forney, to display a cane phrase, all 'bunk.'"

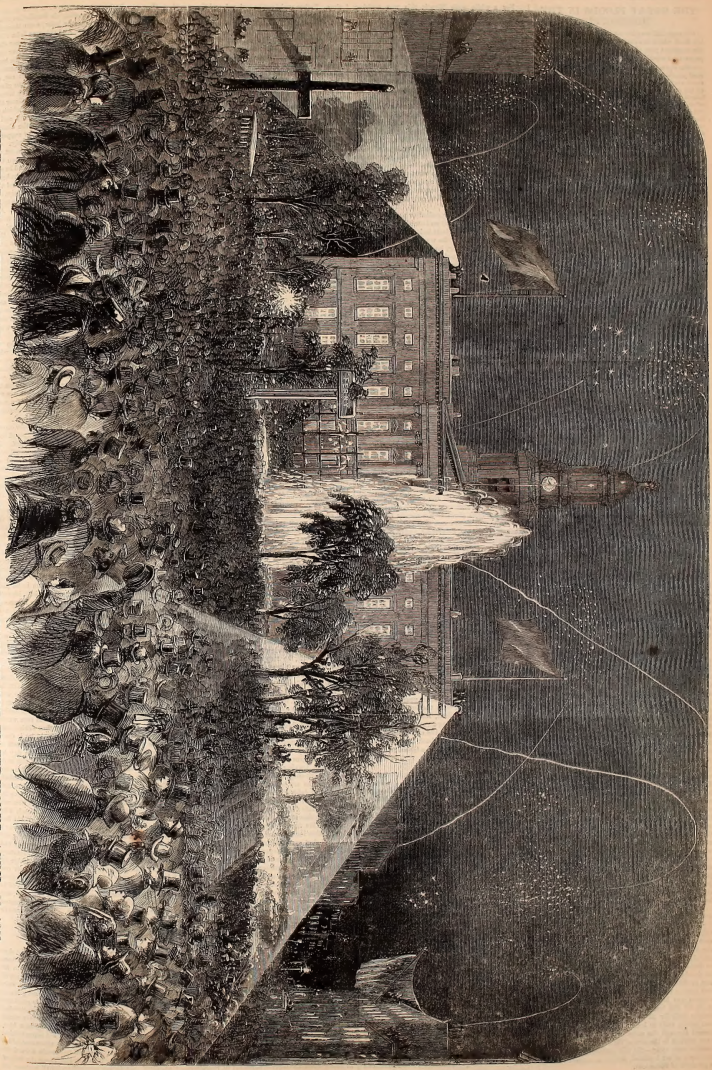
The Albany *Argus* says that Henry W. Preston, once a favorite actor, and for some years manager of theatres in Albany, was drowned on the night of the 4th inst. He was on the deck in the vicinity of the steamboat landing, and being under the impression that he was going home, replied, "I have no home this woman here to-night." He was drowned in the North River before it was in." The next instant his acquaintance heard a fall and a splash in the water. He is now on the list of lodged in drink to excess, and was very poor. His body has not yet been found.

A man living near Nashville, Tennessee, who had been living in California and made a fortune, returned to his native county, found a baby only three months old lying in the road. He took it home with him, and on the death of the child he adopted it, and gave it the name of Lafayette. The revenue of the little suffer called in the family, "then the stranger departed, and was seen no more." He was going home, replied, "I have no home this woman here to-night." He was drowned in the North River before it was in." The next instant his acquaintance heard a fall and a splash in the water. He is now on the list of lodged in drink to excess, and was very poor. His body has not yet been found.

A man living near Nashville, Tennessee, who had been living in California and made a fortune, returned to his native county, found a baby only three months old lying in the road. He took it home with him, and on the death of the child he adopted it, and gave it the name of Lafayette. The revenue of the little suffer called in the family, "then the stranger departed, and was seen no more." He was going home, replied, "I have no home this woman here to-night." He was drowned in the North River before it was in." The next instant his acquaintance heard a fall and a splash in the water. He is now on the list of lodged in drink to excess, and was very poor. His body has not yet been found.

The Rev. Dr. Hawks, of Brooklyn, delivered a sermon last Sunday in the Parish of Sea, had been engaged in the Parish of Sea, had been engaged in the Parish of Sea, had been engaged

THE FLOOD IN THE MISSISSIPPI.—[See Page 314.]



FIRE-WORKS AT THE BROOKLYN CITY HALL, ON THE INAUGURATION OF THE WATER-WORKS, APRIL 28, 1859.

THE GREAT FLOODS IN THE MISSISSIPPI.

On page 317 we give an illustration of the terrible flood which is causing so much devastation in the southern part of the Mississippi. A Southern paper thus describes the scene:

"The sights that met our eyes at intervals were of the most painful description. Plantations and village were every where overflowed, and wet and miserable looks of the overflow—every where in and about the houses. The houses themselves were either in or over the water; when built on pillars, the water was flowing beneath, and the tenants poltroons either, the skill or dogged being the only valuable for going abroad. Almost every one seated was deserted, and the universal flood was carrying desolation, decay, and misery into every every apartment.

"In many instances flat-boats were moored beside such habitations, ten-thirds of which were occupied by horses, hogs, and cattle; a portion of the family thereafter was roofed over, and there lived the negroes, and there the fowl and poultry, perched down by passing boats, were preserved. Every boat is hailed with earnest anxiety for news of the state of the river above. Many of the citizens show signs of great depression; they bore up bravely against the calamities that fell on the summer, but a second affliction of the same kind, following so closely on the heels of the first, has proved too much for their courage, and heartrending complaints are made of difficulty and privation. This is, however, not the case universally the case: there are brave hearts that bear their misfortunes manfully. We have heard of one of the deserted out who energetically hailed a boat, if there was any children there? were answered, he said he would have a bishop, having nothing to do when he wanted a breakfast but to let down a rail and permit a cat-fish to enter."

THE ILLUMINATION AT BROOKLYN.

THE illustration on page 313 will convey to the beholder a fair idea of the illuminations at Brooklyn, on 26th ult., in honor of the Water-Works. A reporter thus describes the scene:

"The festivities of the day were closed by a splendid display of fireworks on the City Hall square, which was witnessed by a crowd of people estimated at from twenty to thirty thousand. The hall and the streets surrounding it were densely packed, and the 'sea of upturned faces' extended in long and wide swells as far as the eye could reach up and down the various streets converging to this common point. The scene from the steps of the City Hall was of the most magnificent description. The beautiful edifice was handsomely illuminated, and the eight hundred colored Chinese lanterns, suspended in the elm trees around the square, and in the roof and the various column lights, shedding their powerful white gas glare over the whole crowd. Another light of the same description was mounted on the top of a building at the northern end of the park, fronting the City Hall. The park fountain was playing a large stream, fifty or sixty feet high, which descended in circle and sheet of spray, and through which the lights danced and glimmered with indescribably fantastic hues. Most of the buildings surrounding the park were handsomely decorated interiors and candles; and altogether the scene was grandly exhilarating."

NOT AT ALL STRANGE.

JOHN PIERRE MANOLT was a good, likely fellow, with a jovial face, a snapping dark eye, an abundance of curly hair, and a hard head. He was an engineer by trade, hard working, steady, and reliable, and a comfortable home to his wife, mother, and loved and obeyed her in all things save one. This single disobedience a thousand wild parties did not entirely withhold.

Let us tell how.

When John Pierre Manolt had reached the age of twenty-five chance threw in his way Esther Ford.

To say Esther was pretty would be dismissing her description with much less than justice than it deserved. She was young; too young for a wife. Sixteen or her age, but she was very pretty beyond her years. Manolt, in the days of their courtship, had called her his doll, and in her wife-hood the name stuck to her. She was a "doll" in the full style of beauty—a full blue eye, curling flaxen hair, a prettily rounded arm and shapely hand, which to the day of her marriage were displayed by low-necked and short-sleeved dresses. She was not wild or assuming with strangers; but it required not long to win Esther's confidence and thus it was that Manolt, years after they had been married, Esther Ford, brought her home as his wife, though he felt entirely the inferiority of her mother to the mother. The elder lady had been strictly of the old article school as maid, wife, and widow, to believe that the age and fashion of the time could change, and that young girls should not be the same as they had been and had ever before. She could not realize that at fifteen or sixteen, which was only an emergence from childhood, they should attend balls, drink wine, dance the waltz and polka dresses, go on steamboat picnic parties away into the country with entirely young men, and still make good wives and good mothers. Perhaps she was right theoretically, but, practically, she may have been wrong.

Esther Ford—who was the only child of a widow, and was allowed to do, as her mother expressed it, "just as she pleased"—pleased to do all these things. And though she would have shrunk in terror from making or encouraging an evil thought, she thought it entirely right, on the strength of an introduction at a public ball, by the dancing master, to dance many times with Manolt, to consent that he should call upon her next evening, and to aid him in that end by giving her address. And from this sprang the union of these two. The girl of sixteen was brought home to be attended like a child by the husband's aged mother. She was totally unfit for all the duties of the household, and totally unfit to learn. Whatever might have passed through the mind of the mother, no word ever escaped to the wife of the children, and so the months were away—the wife remaining an idler in the home of her husband, and, as a natural result, a gatherer of discontents.

For a while with Manolt this was nothing. When at night he came wearied from his work, he found every thing as it had been in other days: he found a cheerful supper, a cleanly house, and a look of thrift. And then he blamed his wife a few pleasant words, and a kind embrace or two, he could remove the pettish, peevish manner of the young wife. But he lacked the power of blowing lasting the surface. He did not notice that on the face of the water there was a certain sameness—a surface that fitted not before his pleasant words, or became less in his embraces.

It was by no way. Manolt did not see all this: but when one day the firm for whom he had worked for years, and from the balance from which he never would compel them to part with him, and Manolt found himself with nearly a week's notice unemployed and wearing any immediate chance of occupation, he had a good opportunity of seeing all the little discontents of his home—of seeing that those under circumstances of the most unfavorable nature, and of remonstrating against them, as a matter of right, or pointing out a remedy, who saw what staring him daily in the face, only a short distance removed.

He had never been a prudent or provident man. Now, when he could find no immediate market for his services, and the ten balance Manolt had been paid him on the day he was discharged melted away, Manolt felt, for the first time, the full evil and many were the good resolves he made that the future should see it bettered.

Months after month passed by, and still he wandered wearily from shop to shop, at times aroused with the hope of obtaining work, but when he and his head would commune a price. His name and residence lay on the books of a score of shops, waiting a time when unemployed artisans of value would create a necessity for more labor, when he was promised that his application should receive a first attention. His money had melted away, his watch had gone, all the little ways of obtaining small sums had become exhausted, and there was already pressing heavily on the idle man. It should not be supposed that Manolt's wife, under these circumstances of misery that might be in the man's nature should show itself.

It was then the true ministering of woman could have elevated her to an angel. But oh! that such things will be, that the fond, the loving, the deep, the oppressed, almost despairing man, should return to his home only to be met at the threshold by the gloomy face of his boastful wife, and to hear from her lips childish complaints of their poverty, and her deprivations, and to find that her dress and dress or luxury that she had enjoyed in their days of prosperity. If she had, as had been, that her complaints could be stopped with a kiss and her wants with a promise. The kisses, she said, but promise or duty and the husband would look for fulfillment. There were no more balls, no more theatres, no more picnics—no money that once went to these pleasures now was expended in the stern facts of food and necessities, and of late nearly in those. Because Manolt's wife's mother-in-law position would not go forth on his daily tramp through the workshops, and thus he would have his wife dress prettily, and they would walk together, and while gazing into the shop-windows he would draw a smile to her lips at an instant by telling her that he would buy her but he but the money; and then had her hang upon his arm, and kiss her was, and always had been, Esther's passion, and even under their poverty many little struggles were made that the wife should not sense that the husband was to gratify a suddenly conceived wish, and perhaps the husband spring to a pawn-shop walk beside his baby-looking wife gazing upon her beauty, and seeing nothing in all the world equal to it—feeling that he could give every comfort and luxury to make her happy, and a frown never set upon her face.

That fatal passion, that fostering insanity of woman, nurtured by the father, brother, and the husband, that hurries more victims, yearly, to a terrible end with her than the fiercest pestilence, and with the other; the silent, insidious fiend that tempts, step by step, from virtue to vice, from honor, and virtue, leaving only in the end a pale, ghastly, painted spectre to point back upon the road, over which it has come—a—Ghoul: for what was once a Woman—Dress!

II.

It was on one of those walks that Manolt passed Greer, of the firm of Greer, Brothers, machinists. Thomas Greer was a boy when Manolt left the shop toward Manolt, was looking steadily at the lady who walked with him. As he quickly raised his eyes to Manolt's face he seized a pencil and wrote a few words.

John thought next day, and told his wife so, that it was a most fortunate circumstance that had happened to him that day, thereby bringing Manolt's name to his memory, and thereby enabling Manolt's him, that, if he would come to Greer's shop next morning, there was a job of work waiting his acceptance.

Next morning, then, John congratulated his wife on his good fortune; and more on the fact that Thomas Greer seemed to take an especial liking to him, making all sorts of kind inquiries relative to his gratifying to Manolt. Gradually this acquaintance ripened into friendship, and in a few weeks John Manolt and Thomas Greer could be seen together in the evenings, and on Sundays; while Esther was a visitor to the house of Greer, and with a quiet, open manner, seemed to gain the sufferages of both wife and mother. There was but one drawback to all this. It was the presence of debt upon John, who, notwithstanding his employment, did not extricate himself from the weight. There were so many schemes of pleasure, so many days for enjoyment during which John was excused by Greer from the shop, and Greer made one of the party to picnic, for a ride, or an excursion, for which none was more ready than John Manolt, that it was not only impossible for John to relieve himself from debt, but they were still accumulating. Esther could not be satisfied, and Greer said, "Let her have pleasure; she is young, and should enjoy herself." The old mother never spoke of all this, but John could not fail to see that she was failing fast, and sadly lacked that spirit which was so kindly on her in other days. And so the parties of pleasure were continued, and John was excurrying on in the old, but now fatal, manner, when he counted the same as though he had been faithful. Though he could not see the coming date, what day so lost, he spent three times what he could have earned in that time. But Esther was happier, it seemed to her, in this

cent he had raved so dearly were indeed lost to him for years if not forever. Oh! the agony of the thought of the future. Five years in the gloom of a prison was nothing, but what would become of his wife and child, what of his poor old mother?

He tried now to interest those about him with his offer. "You," one said, "it was very bad, but you must make the best of it." Another told him: "We have a good deal of that kind of thing."

A third said: "Perhaps his friends were going to get a pardon." Another replied: "Oh! the agony of hope with the eagerness of despair. Yes, it must be so, they would not desert him. They were no doubt moving for a pardon. Yes, he would be pardoned. There was no doubt of it; and pondering on the hope until he had built it almost to a certainty, he was carried away to Sing Sing. He was clipped and cut, and became No. 123; and in time, like all the human machinery about the terrible place, he went about his work, walked when commanded, and still when commanded, and drank like a machine, and was never known to speak unless spoken to. For the first few months after coming to his dungeon No. 123, by a system of conduct having won the favor of the officers having him in charge, was removed to his cell, which was committed by these officers to the mail, but no answers ever came. Nor yet did any inquiry or visiting friend ever come. No. 123, and then Maudit cursed his wife in his heart and openly, and resisted the low person his guards placed near for swearing aloud in the midst of his work that if his life were spared to go out of that prison he would kill the hideous woman who, by her extravagance and folly, had brought him there only to cheat him. After No. 123 never was punished. A better man never was in the workshop, or one more reliable and trust-worthy. So said the superintendent, who never failed to say to No. 123 overwork, and show him whatever favor could be shown consistent with rules. No. 123 clung to the work-shop. He never lost a moment which he could devote to work. He must make all he could. It was very little, but it was all he should look forward to the time of coming away from the prison, and he would vindicate, by that, his had a great end to achieve, and he must be industrious.

One day while in the work-shop he took up a bit of newspaper that had come wrapped about a parcel of sewers. It was a relic in the prison, and he eagerly devoured every word upon it. But what is the matter with No. 123? His suddenly clenches his hands, and he bites his lips, and his eyes grow back upon the floor. They pick up the man and carry him out to the cell, and the superintendent looks over the bit of newspaper to see if he can find any thing that may have affected No. 123, as the men worked at his side. And then he thinks the paper was the cause. The superintendent reads this paragraph:

"DEATH FROM A BLOW.—A woman known by the name of FLOSS BOSS, but whose real name was thought to have been Maudit, and who was tried and convicted not a term in the State Prison at Sing Sing, was killed by a blow from some heavy instrument, supposed to be a dance-house, No. — West Broadway. The Coroner will sit upon the body to-morrow."

No. 123 was back at his work next morning. He worked away as sternly as ever; but now he never spoke of his fortune. The fact was known, and had been opened, and this great horror had been thrown into it, and then he had closed it in, allowing none to look upon it. He seemed to forget whether it lived there, or whether he had smothered it. Nearly four years of this entombment had passed on the day when he read that paragraph, and there was talk of a pardon to be gotten by the officers of the prison. The story of the newspaper awakened the interest in No. 123, and within a month he walked forth upon his dungeon-yard, a man, with money enough in his pocket to support him in idleness if he chose it for three months. He went forth hurriedly, asked the nearest person with whom his crime had brought him in contact; and as he walked from the prison to the house of Floss, John Pierre Maudit bent down his head and shed the first tears he had shed since his boyhood.

IV

THE man must have altered much when he could go among those who had known him and loved him before, when he could sit by them, and talk to them, and still be unrecognized; and so thought Maudit himself, when for the first time in four years, he had an opportunity of seeing his whole self in a glass. He knew that he had grown ten years older, perhaps more. Exactly thirty he was, and more than forty he appeared. That black hair was streaked with gray so strongly as to be perceptible at a long distance. The eyes that once were so full and clear were sunken and almost bloodshot, and had learned a way of looking down. His was bent; years of close labor above the workbench without exercise had done that. And these were hard lines in the face—lines that no time would smooth out; and the hands were coarse and unmanly. John Pierre Maudit was no longer a handsome man.

He went to the spot where, four years before, had stood his home? For what? Had he hope that he could find there any one thing he had left on that night when he had walked out with Robert Greer to wreak a fiend's? Yes, there was still a belief in the man Maudit had left behind him—that old mother, or that his child was living, and that some portion of the fortune of his father therefore would be explained. He could believe that his friends, his acquaintance, even his wife, would drop away from him, but he could not believe that his mother would desert him in his great peril. With this in view he went to the place to find that a fine large new house stood on the spot that once held the neat frame building he called his home. He stared as though it were a mistake.

And then through all the neighborhood. Yes, there were a few of the old neighbors left. There was the same grocery on the corner, and the same thread-and-needle store opposite, kept by an elderly woman who had been friendly with his mother. He would go there and ask. The old lady was in the shop. Did she know any thing of a family of Maudits who once lived in a frame-house opposite? The old lady raised her head and looked under her spectacles at the hard grizzled man before her. Did she know the Maudits? She had known them years ago. But they're all gone—gone long ago. Did she know where they had gone? Yes, she could answer that question. Where? The hard, grizzled man stretched forward his head—"was dead." The man dropped his chin upon his breast, and caught by the counter, which he grasped with over his face. "Yes, she was dead, and not a bit too soon. Bless the poor thing, she'd suffered a month after they sent her son to the State Prison. Nobody knew exactly what he was sent for, and nobody in a hurry to find out, after the dreadful way it was. They had known the boy ever since he was as big as a baby, and you can't think ill of him. But" It killed the old lady. Dear me, how sick you look! It was said, too, that the old die, poor thing!" For though it was a terrible sad thing to have a son go to disgrace, she was thereby saved knowing of another son come to his end. That was a bad woman that son's wife. Her husband was scarce inside the State Prison when she began her wrong-doing, living, short with her child, in the name of Greer, Thomas Greer, who had been one of the chief witnesses against her husband.

Oh! how fast the man grew old; how the gravness spread into his eyes, his mouth, and his hands! How cold it seemed to get about where he sat; and how plain the old lady could have heard his teeth chatter but that she was a little deaf!

"To hails and to ride. Well, well! Not to be much longer in this world, I'm afraid, for I'm sure there were many folks about this neighborhood who said then, and would say now, that it was all a plain made up between Floss and her husband to get the husband out of the way, that he might have the woman."

It was well that the man sat in the shade of a piece of hanging muslin, and that nobody in the neighborhood knew him, or would know him by face and needles.

"That's the simple truth; though I think the want of her did not last long with him. It was not many months when he began to slacken off in that visits; and he was always out of a matter of course, began to run after her, to his office—so people said—and sometimes to the house. Then quarrels there were, as I know myself. I could see them of evenings, and hear them too, as I would sit here. I'm sorry for the poor child, and I'm sometimes. But at last the fellow wanted to get married, so I've heard, and the mother objected. I don't know, but she moved away with her child, and we never heard any more about her. But a while after I saw Mr. Greer, and missed her. Greer was married: that's all I know of the Maudits."

The old lady told a gossip who dropped in a few minutes later that she had just had a "dreadful scare" with a gentleman who came to call in there and asked about that Maudit family that used to be wanted there, and that she just told him that all she knew, to which he never spoke a word, but when she asked him what his name was, and what he wanted that for, he only put his hands to his staggered away for all the world as though he were tipsy.

The man did stagger blindly. He staggered to the spot of his crime. Why should he return to that place? Perhaps to see a well-dressed looking man sitting upon a stool, bending over a desk, in the counting-house that had been Greer's office, he had done the act that blasted his life—Thomas Greer, rather improved if any thing. There is an air of wealth about the appearance of him. Ah! there is one, at least, who has not forgotten Maudit—who only six years ago, "To hails and to ride. The Prisoner! He remembers his friend, and springs from the stool; but he is very white, and does not seem to be glad to see his friend after so long an absence. The appearance of these men back from the grave is startling. Greer, too, staggers; Greer does. Maudit's eyes have recovered their lustre; Greer's have grown dim and gray. Maudit's hands do not clutch; Greer's do. Maudit speaks firm:

"Not dead?"

Greer can not utter a word. There is no time for him to wait for composure. The hand of Nemesis is on his shoulder. He has committed the grip he clothes out the declaration that he does not know. He has forgotten that he has more false—that he may make reparation. The grip tightens—the knee of No. 123 is on his chest.

In the next hour the man who had been thought of a different style, too long for copying, the confidences of the wife of the "poor, misguided, unfortunate Death" occurred the day before at the foundry of Greer Brothers, the well-known machinists; Thomas Greer, a man well-dressed, was found dead in the office of the foundry, strangled by the ingenuity of his own watch-guard. "Died by the falcon across his neck; the strangest part being that one of his brothers and upward of forty men were at work in the adjoining shop, and did not hear the fall or the struggle, if there was any."

The deceased was highly respected in the trade, and leaves a wife and one child to mourn his loss.

JOHN PIERRE MAUDIT did not stagger when he walked away from the office of Greer Brothers. His step was firm, and he was not anxious to avoid the gaze of the passers-by, as on that day, four years before, when he had just gone over the same road. He felt calmer. He felt that he was growing suddenly younger. He did not take the byestreets. He saw many who had grown on in their daily avocations, and grown no older in that four years, while No. 123 was growing old within the prison walls. He knew them well, but his face was unknown to them. He went to that spot in West Broadway where that woman was killed by a blow from a hand unknown; there to learned the houses she had frequented, and visited them. They remembered the woman well. Yes: she had a child. She had given a away, they believed, to some wealthy couple; who had adopted it as their own. They thought the woman herself did not know where the child was, but believed it to be in prosperity. She was permitted to see it once a year, but not to know where it was. The woman did not seem to care, however, much about the child. The day she was to have seen it last she was drunk, and could not go. They never found out who killed her: thought it was a negro. Nobody cared, and nobody inquired. There was no money to be made by it.

Four years after this, Americans passing over the line of the Mexican and St. Petersburg Railroad would see that one of the most reliable engine-drivers on that road was an American. Not that it was a strange thing that Americans could be employed; they were plenty on the road. His Majesty the Emperor had more confidence in them than in any other. But this one was a skillful, steady man, and was always put on to drive the Imperial train, and called in when any special work was to be adjusted. He was a dark-eyed, mild-spoken man, very gray, and looked at least fifty, though only counting thirty-five. He always avoided his countrymen, and never could be engaged in conversation about himself.

Eight years, and they would be shown the same man holding the rank of Colonel of Engineers. He had become a naturalized Russian. He had lost fortunate in growing wealthy outside his profession, and in the service of Russia. He had married a Count.

Twelve years, and *Le Nord* announced the death, at St. Petersburg, of Colonel ——, of the Engineer Corps, an American by birth, but a naturalized Russian. "His immense fortune, which he acquired in America, was bequeathed to a Miss A——, the adopted daughter of a wealthy family in New York."

THE WEEKLY FARMER.

INDIAN CORN.

RECENT agricultural improvements enable us to grow this crop to great perfection and at slight expense. Artificial manures, such as bone-dust, hoofs, corn cleaners, and subsoil plows. From the last cause it appears that the corn crop does not average more than twenty-five bushels an acre. It is a well-settled fact that upward of one hundred bushels of excellent corn have been grown on an acre, and at small cost. Here is a difference of result worthy of serious consideration. We believe, however, that the Union is rapidly increasing less in the aggregate than formerly. Mr. Jay in his statistical view of the census of 1850 remarks: "The crop in 1840 was nearly four hundred millions of bushels; in 1850 it was within a fraction of six hundred millions, being a gain of fifty per cent., while the increase of the population, during the same period, was only 35 per cent." The estimated crop for 1855, according to the Secretary of the Treasury, was between seven and eight hundred millions, being nearly double that of 1840, and the crop for 1856 was estimated at fully eight hundred millions of bushels.

The culture applicable to the West and that to more exhausted districts must vary considerably. Some excellent corn crops are grown on clover sod and root land. Heavy soils should be avoided, unless drained and well fertilized. The cost of raising corn is diminished in proportion to the fine tilth and fertility of the soil. The old method of 100 bushels of shelled corn an acre, if the soil is good, gets twice as much for his labor as the man on whose land he only are raises 25. A well-prepared soil corn roots strike to a depth of several feet; and, with enough, but not too much, rain it will be large in proportion. It is not half the trouble to husk a large ear that it is to husk a small one. When the Indian corn crop of the east is kept up, corn may be grown on it for many years in succession without any serious injury to the crop. Soil, stiff or heavy, is much benefited by fall plowing and the application of long manure to retard it frosts. To have some manure every season on under-drained and subsoil-plowed land that will not require the whole of each year's crop to force such treatment. Most persons know how delicately the young corn plant comes forth in cold, wet weather. Well-drained soils, however, will give vigorous and thrifty plants when, very often, the crop proves a failure on other soils. It is especially true during their after-growth, if attacked by long-continued droughts. On properly under-drained soils the roots of the corn plant never suffers from drought. The moisture in the soil never ceases. It will be drawn up to the surface particles as it is from air on the surface of a cold pitcher on a hot summer's day.

Corn should not be planted on thickly on rich as poor soil, because the plants will grow more vigorously and resist drought.

Modes of culture must necessarily vary with localities. Where the soil is rich enough, it will be advisable to plant in hills, as it is then in a fully to try to grow corn without it. If there is not feed in the soil, within reach of the roots, the plants will be stunted, if not (unlike an animal) go elsewhere to look for it.

Some persons spread manure, in the fall, on the land intended for corn the following spring, which is spoken of by many as being good practice; but we think there is too much loss, especially on rolling lands, by the washing of rains. No doubt the mulch-like action of the manure is very beneficial to the soil, but good barn-yard manures are too costly for this use. It is a well-known fact in practical agriculture that the application of farm-yard manures is a sad waste for any crop that is not so good as to apply it for the green crop preceding, by that it may have time to become fully decomposed, and such portions not used by the green crop are in a readily available condition for the cereal; nor do we think the application of farm-yard manures in the spring the best practice, unless thoroughly composted and well decomposed; for we know of no instance of cereals being best from this mode of treatment, the finish or strength of wheat, rye, barley, or oats being invariably after green crops on soils well prepared.

An analysis of the grain of white flint corn will give of

Phosphates	about 55 per cent.
Starch	" 35 "

The leaves will give of

Silex	about 55 per cent.
Phosphates	" 11 "
Lime	" 8 "
Potash	" 6 "
Soda	" 3 "
Chlorine	" 10 "

The cob will give of

Silex	about 13 per cent.
Phosphates	" 10 "
Potash	" 35 "
Lime	" 41 "

We give the above figures of some of the most important substances for their value in reference in relation to the composition of the Indian corn plant. If there be any truth in the fact that the composition of a plant is a clew to its requirements as food in the soil, they will prove interesting and useful. It would appear from them that unleached woodashes (which contain much potash), the phosphates, and common salt, are excellent fertilizers for corn. We have found a top-dressing, before planting, of four or five bushels of refuse salt to the acre, as an excellent fertilizer and to destroy insects in the soil.

The alkalies of the above substances, or at least a portion of them, will unite with sand, or, more technically speaking, *silex*, forming soluble silicates, which, when dissolved in subjection to the plant, as tones do to the body of an animal. We have found lime with by most writers to be a mechanical and chemical, and by others for not being enough so; but we will avoid, as much as possible, leaving both opinions as they are. Liebig—writer's best friend—and making dogmatic assertions, being careful to give reasons, is the best of our safety, for all things not self-evident, so that they may know what importance should be attached to our sayings. Lime exists in all subjected to analysis, existed with guano, and this compound computed with lava in the form of dump and bricks mixed, is make an admirable special fertilizer for corn. Any free sulphuric acid is objectionable. It may be used in the ratio of 1 to 100 of soil at the time of planting, and at the first and second hoeings. When "marking out," to be used in the drill, we would advise to follow the one-horse plow with a lifting sub-soil plow, and as the corn is planted at the points where the lifting plow has been, it will follow these directions at least, one stroke deeply. If the soil is rich and in fine tilth, the ground loosened by the lifts are not sufficiently far apart, the light and air will be accessible to the roots of the corn.

Few farmers doubt the necessity of planting good seed. The corn which ripens earliest seems to insure this point with a large majority, as that the selection of the best and earliest ears would, at the time of the maturity of the crop, be perfect.

Corn is so easily hybridized that we have a large number of varieties suited to a great range of climate.

Of the sweet corns, we think Stowell's the best for *eating or fodder* and the garden, because of the large amount of saccharine matter it contains. When sown thick enough for soiling, the joints are tender and the leaves easily dried; and before growing any for soiling consider well the claims of the Chinese sugar-cane.

At the last meeting of the United States Agricultural Society a vote of thanks was passed to Mr. D. Lenox Gardiner for a basket of "Mexican corn" or "Old Colony Improved Corn," which was distributed, in equal parts, to the New York State Agricultural College, New York State Agricultural Farm, Pennsylvania Farm School, Experimental Farm of the Maryland Agricultural Society, and the Maryland Agricultural College. A number from Western Wisconsin spoke in terms of this variety

The injury done by crows in corn-fields is a great one and annoyance. Shaking seed on the ground for them, running twine on poles from one field of the other, and scarecrows, and having scarecrows, generally seem not to have the desired effect. We have been found that the whizzing of a ball shot from a musket or rifle through a flock of crows, will do more to frighten them than anything else of which we know.

When the corn appears no time should be lost in hoeing down weeds, and especially if quack or couch-grass makes its appearance. Keep the lifting subsoil plow and hoes now running freely between the rows, and the cultivator. By having the mould-board side of the shares of Knox's hoe on the inside, it may be run quite close to the plants without injuring them; but it is certain death to the weeds, because the surface soil is thrown to the centre and left again to be further pulverized. They can not withstand its fatal action. Very little handwork will be needed if the hoe is properly and used properly. Many of the cultivators used are objectionable because they have a shovel-like form, and would about as much as room to pass through as a drunken man.

When the ears are only a few inches high the lateral roots are several feet long; the common corn plow and *subsoil plow* have been objected to, lest the cutting of the roots, when using them, would be hurtful to the general prosperity of the plant. We have found no such result. The shortening in of the surface roots causes them to send forth new fibres, and those of greater depth to strike more deeply. The new fibres sent out from the shortened roots strike through portions of soil not reached by the others, and are nearer to the manure in the hill.

GOOD-NIGHT!

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

TRUMPS.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

CHAPTER XVI.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

HIRAM was summoned to the door by a violent ringing of the bell. Visions of prophecy —of—in fact, of any thing that might affect a testy gentleman of seventy-three, inclined to make incessant trips to the West Indies—rushed to his mind as he rushed to the door. He opened it in a hot haste.

There stood Hope Wayne, pale, her eyes flashing, her hand unglove. At the foot of the steps was the carriage, and in the carriage sat Mrs. Simcoe, with a bleeding boy's head resting upon her shoulder. The coachman stood at the carriage-door.

"Here, Hiram, help James to bring in this poor boy."

"Yes, miss," replied the man, as he ran down the steps.

The door was opened, and the coachman and Hiram lifted out the half-conscious Gabriel. He struggled to put his feet upon the ground, but he could not quite stand, and hung heavily upon the men.

"Bring him in," said Hope Wayne, as she watched her patient, while Mrs. Simcoe descended from the carriage, and Little Malacca came running up the avenue from the gate.

"Is he better, ma'am?" said the boy, addressing Hope, and taking off his cap, involuntarily.

"I think so. Come in and tell me who he is, and what it is all about."

"Yes, ma'am," replied Little Malacca, as he followed Mrs. Simcoe up the steps.

"I think he is only stunned, my dear," said Mrs. Simcoe. "He will soon be better. I will run up and get something for him."

She disappeared, and the men brought Gabriel into the hall and placed him upon a sofa. Hope turned to Little Malacca with an inquiring look, and the boy said, simply enough,

"Ah! Newt ran out of your gate and pelted us, and he and Gabriel quarrelled and then fought."

"A very silly business," replied Hope. "But I think he is better."

By this time Master Gabriel had opened his eyes clearly, and his mind was also awake to its situation. His chagrin was inexpressible. He had been first presented to the queen of his dreams as he lay bloody and senseless in a dusty road. He sat up and looked about him for a moment, and saw Mr. Bott and Mrs. Simcoe descending the stairs.

"It's all a conspiracy to get into the house, Mrs. Simcoe, ma'am. I'll have bull-dogs—I'll have blunderbusses and spring-guns, Mrs. Simcoe, ma'am! And what do you mean by fighting at my gate, Sir? What are you doing at my gate? Can't Mr. Gray keep his boys at home? Hope, go up stairs!" said the old gentleman, as he reached the foot of the staircase.

"Oh! thank you, Sir, I'm quite well again," said Gabriel, rising, pale and weak. "Come, Little Malacca. Good-morning, ma'am—good-morning, Sir!" And he leaned on the arm of his friend, bowed to the others, and turned to go, utterly mortified and forlorn.

"Stop," said Hope, coming forward. "You are not fit to go."

"Oh! indeed, I am quite well, thank you—quite." And he would have fallen fainting but that Hiram caught him, and laid him again upon the sofa.

"I don't talk. You shall tell all about it some other time. Come in, Hiram," she added, as she heard a knock.

The man entered, and Mrs. Simcoe went out, after having told him to undress the boy carefully and bathe his face and head. The hall was perfectly passive, Hiram was silent, quick, and careful, and in a few moments he closed the door softly behind him, and left Gabriel alone.

He was now entirely conscious, but very weak. His face was turned toward the window, which was open, and he watched the pine-trees that bordered gently in the afternoon breeze. He was profoundly still out of doors and in the house; and as he lay exhausted and alone in the hall a few days and months swam through his mind in misty confusion. Half-dozing, half-sleeping, every thing glimmered before him as the still hours stole by.

When he opened his eyes again it was darker, and he was lying on his back looking up at the heavy tester of the great bedstead from which hung the curtains, so that he could see glimpses into the chamber. It was large and lofty, and the walls were covered with paper that was designed with the story of Telemachus. His eyes wandered over it dreamily.

He could dimly see the beautiful Calypso—the sage Mentor—the eager pupil—pelted phantoms floating around him. He endeavored to brace the bursting of the sea upon the shore. The tears came to his eyes. The ghostly Calypso put aside the curtain of the bed, and Abel stretched out his hands.

"I must go," he murmured, as if he too were a phantom.

The lips of Calypso moved.

"Are you better?"

Gabriel was awake in a moment. It was Hope Wayne who spoke to him.

It surely was not his fault that he was in love. Boys of fifteen will always love girls who are older—who look upon them as children, and who will be only pained, if they are honest girls when they discover the feelings which they unconsciously kindled. Alas! they are not less devastating because unwittingly lighted. Hoppy if the devastation be only a spring breeze that ruffles the soil!

All that night as Gabriel lay in the bed at Pinewood he kept awaking, and could think of nothing but that he was actually in her house, and that hereafter he should have a right to come and see her.

When Abel Newt turned, upon hearing the condensed cry, and saw Hope Wayne looking upon the field of battle, his hands unclenched, he involuntarily pulled out his handkerchief and wiped his face, and then said,

"Don't be frightened, ladies, we've been foolish, and the boy is stunned. But I could not help it."

The coachman had opened the door by this time, and Gabriel and Hope had both alighted.

"Will you help the man put him in the carriage?" said Mrs. Simcoe to Abel.

"Certainly, Madame."

And he lifted the boy by the arms, and with James, the coachman, deposited him carefully upon the seat.

Abel was sadly discomposed by the furious encounter, but as he helped the ladies into the carriage, he said, deprecatingly,

"I am very sorry to make the acquaintance of Miss Wayne under such circumstances; but when she knows all she will discover that the unhappy difficulty was unavoidable."

He spoke rapidly, for there was no time to lose. The ladies bowed gravely and said nothing. Then Mr. Simcoe, Hope, and Abel went to their own and the next moment Abel was alone, Little Malacca having run off after the carriage. Abel followed it with his eyes, and with the most curious reflections. Hope Wayne had not betrayed that she had ever seen him before. If he had been the merest stranger her conduct would have been the same. Was it possible, he thought, that he had been mistaken? Was it possible that she had never remarked him, and that he was a stranger? He could not, he would not, believe it.

As he descended the hill slowly toward the village, still pondering, he met Hosea Wayne carrying a large bundle under his arm. He had his pipe in his mouth, for the oblation to Nicotina perpetually smoked upon Hosea's altar, and the old man accosted Abel as he came toward him.

"Wa'al, 'pears to me's been trouble somewhere," and he shook his head as he surveyed the disorder of Abel's person.

Abel smiled, and asked him where he was going.

"Only up to Pinewood. The ladies have been down and bought ye'this', and Granny's sendin' me 'long with it home. But what's the matter 'long o' you?"

"Nothing," said Abel.

"You've been fightin'," replied the old man; "and come to see you plain, 'pears to me you look darned het up in the face. Come now, who you been a-fightin' on?"

Abel smiled again.

"Tain't no use smilin'," said Hosea. "If yer won't answer to tell, that's the end on't; but smilin' doesn't do nothin'. If ye've been fightin,' and I know yer have, smilin' isn't no use. That's all on't."

The old man puffed placidly and was passing on. But Abel reflected that, as he was going to Pinewood, he might hear a prejudiced account of the affair; so he said, pleasantly,

"Well, Hosea, I have to talk about such things, but the truth is that Gabriel Bennet and I ran against each other, and he got mad and we had a fight."

"But he's smaller than you be," replied Hosea.

"I know it, but he struck me first. I didn't want to fight him, but he was like a mad bull."

Hosea puffed, and put down his bundle.

"Now that air 'pears strange, 'cause Gabriel Bennet's a dreadful quiet sort o' boy. Did ye only run again each other? how d'ye do it?"

"I was coming out of the gate and he was passing by, and I hit him."

"Hit him? ye ain't pardon or nothin'?"

"No, he was angry," said Abel, shortly.

"Wa'al!"

"Wa'al, I confess it, I sauced back, and then he came on."

"Where is he?"

"He's up at Pinewood."

"D'ye hurt him?"

"Yes, I knocked him down," said Abel, flushing.

Hosea smoked intently for a few moments.

"Boys will be boys, I s'pose," said he at last, taking up his bundle. "But ye're a man, about, Abel Newt. Don't let it vex ye, and ye needn't call yerself one no longer, 'cause 'tain't no use."

So saying, the old man resumed his loitering journey, and Abel walked rapidly homeward.

CHAPTER XVII.

OPPOSITIONS EVIL.

ABOUT ten o'clock in the evening Hope knocked gently at Gabriel's door. There was no reply. She opened the door softly and went in. A night-lamp was burning, and threw a pleasant light through the room. The windows were open, and the night-air sighed among the pine-trees near them.

Gabriel's head had turned toward the door, so that Hope saw it as she entered. He was sleeping peacefully. At that very moment he was dreaming of her.

Dreams his heart was satisfied and happy for Hope Wayne was walking with him by the sea, her hand in his: her heart his own. Time had no gaps, no time, in dreams, remember. Dreams are heaven.

She stood motionless lest the night-wind wake him. He did not stir, and she heard his low, regular breathing, and knew that all was well. Then she turned as noiselessly as she had entered, and went out, leaving him to peaceful sleep—the dreams —to the sighing of the pines.

Hope Wayne went quietly to her room, which was next to the one in which Gabriel lay. Her kind heart had sent her to see that he wanted nothing. She thought of him only as a boy who had had the worst of a quarrel, and she pitied him. Was it only pity for the victim that knocked gently at his door? Did she even suspect that she was really thinking of the conqueror when she went to comfort the conquered? that she was trying, somehow, to help Abel by doing all she could to alleviate the harm he had done?

Hope Wayne asked herself no questions. She was conscious of a curious excitement, and the sighing of the pines lulled her to sleep. But all night long she dreamed of her terror, and of Abel Newt, with bare head and clustering black hair, gracefully facing, and overthrowing, Hercules nearly! oh, so heroic! and so carefully helping to lay Gabriel in the carriage!

CHAPTER XVIII.

NEWS FROM HOME.

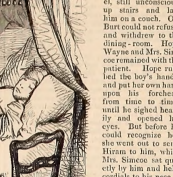
ABEL found a letter awaiting for him. He tore it open and read it. Let us look over his shoulder:

"MY DEAR ABEL,—You have now nearly reached the age at which, by your grandfather's direction, you were to leave school, and enter upon active life. Your grandfather, who had known and respected Mr. Gray in former years, left you, as you know, a sum sufficient for your education, upon condition of your being placed at Mr. Gray's until your majority—birthday. That time is approaching. Upon your nineteenth birthday you will leave school. Mr. Gray gives me the best accounts of you. My plans for you are not quite settled. What appears to me wise, I will state for you to think of college; and as you will undoubtedly be a business man, I see no need of your learning Greek or writing Latin poetry. At your age I was engaging my own living. Your mother and the family are well. Your affectionate father,

"BOSWORTH NEWT.

"P.S. Your mother wishes to add a line."

"DEAR ABEL,—I am very glad to hear from Mr. Gray of your fine progress in study, and know from your good character and diligence. It is so, my dear son, that you will repay your fond parents for their long years of anxiety. I trust you give care of your health and avoid reading. It is very necessary to improve the mind. I hope you attend to religion. It will help you if you keep a record of Dr. Peewee's texts, and write abstracts of his sermons. Grammar, too, and general reading. I hope that you are very self-possessed, which is really good news. My friend Mrs. Beacon was here last week, and she says you *look beautifully!* That is a great deal for her to admit, for her son Bowdoin is one of the most elegant and accomplished young men I have ever seen. He is very gentlemanly indeed. Pa and Alfred Dinks have been here for some time. My dear son, could you not learn to walk before you come home? It is considered very bad by some people. You must excuse me to put your arm round the lady's waist. But I think it is very foolish for any lady to set themselves up against the customs of society. I think if it is permitted in Paris and London, we needn't be so very particular about it in New York. Mr. Dinks and Mr. Beacon both waltz, and I assure you it is very *distingué* indeed. But be careful in learning. Your sister Fanny says the Boston young men generally stick out their chests dreadfully when they waltz, and look like owls spinning on invisible teetotums. She declares too that all the Boston girls are dowdy. But she is obliged to confess that Mr. Beacon and Mr. Dinks are as well-dressed and gentlemanly and decent as well as any young men can be. And as for the Boston Indies, Mr. Dinks tells Fanny that he has a cousin, a Miss Wayne, who lives in Delnfield, who might alter her opinion of the dowdiness of Boston girls. It seems she is a great horse-ess, and very beautiful; and it is said here (but you know how idle such gossip is) that she is going to marry her cousin, Alfred Dinks. He does not deny it. He merely laughs and shakes his head—the truth is, he hasn't much to say for himself. Bless me! I've got to take another sheet.



THE BATTLE OF THE PILLOWS.

"Now, Abel, my dear, do you know Miss Wayne? I have never heard you speak of her; and yet, if she lives in Delafield, you must know something about her. Your father is working hard at his business, but it is shocking how much money we have to spend to keep up our place in society properly. I know that he spends all his income every year; and if any thing should happen — I cry my eyes out to think of it. Miss Wayne, I say, is very handsome. Is she about your age. Is it true about her being an heiress?

"What is the news—let me see. Oh! your cousin, Laura Magot, is engaged, and she has made a capital match. She will be married on the next birthday; and the happy man is Mel-ich Whitlow. It is the first old Knickerbocker family. Fanny says she knows all about them—that she has them all at her fingers' ends. You see she is an historian. Is Fanny a friend of yours?

"Mr. Whitlow has at least five thousand dollars a year from his business now; and his aunt, Patience Doolittle, widow of Isaac Merchant, who has no children, is understood to prefer him to all her relations. She must have a little something; so there could be nothing better. We are, naturally, delighted. But what a pity Laura is not a little older, about Fanny's height; and as I was looking at Fanny, the other day, I thought how sorry it was for Mr. Whitlow that Laura was not just a little prettier. She has such a nose; and then her complexion! However, my dear Abel, there's nothing about such things, and, I have no doubt, it wickedly lasting at its worst, and in this very moment, for scribbling him such a long, rambling letter. What is Miss Wayne's first name? Is she an heiress? I hope you will forget to write me all you know. I am going to Saratoga in a few days, and I think you ought to drink the waters. I told Dr. Lush I was perfectly sure of it; so he told your father, and he has consented. I am very anxious that Dinner, the large, handsome woman from New Orleans, whom you met at the ball, and who was Uncle Magot's last summer? She has come on, and will be at the Springs this year. I am told Mr. Flemer is a very large gentleman, and weighs, some people say, in the country. Their eldest daughter, Grace, is a handsome girl. You had better write, I believe. What an heiress she will be! The Moultries from South Carolina are coming to the Springs. By-the-by, how old is Sligo Moultrie? He left Mr. Grey's only three or four years ago. Then there is Mrs. Gray and the Havana people coming. What jewels they wear! It will be very gay. Write me all you know, and I hope the little visit will do Fanny good. Dr. Maundy is giving us a series of sermons upon the different kinds of wood used in building Solomon's Temple. They are very interesting—and he has made a list of the different woods and such wary gestures, and he looks so gentlemanly in the pulpit, that I have no doubt he does a great deal of good. I think Fanny is always full. Your Uncle Lawrence has been to hear a preacher from Boston, who is a friend of Channing, and is very much pleased. Have you ever heard him? It seems he is very famous in his own way, and converts a host of rakes, or pollywogs, or atheists—I don't know which it is. I believe Channing writes sermons, but, and read essays instead of sermons. Your uncle insists upon it that you go to a church of his kind at Delafield. But I suppose Mr. Gray would not allow you to hear any thing that he thought very good. I would write to him, and from what I have heard of Dr. Peewee, I respect him very highly; and if you do make a utterance of his sermons, I will read them some time when you come home.

"Speaking of religion, I must tell you a little story, although it is rather naughty, which Fanny told me the other day. She was coming home from church with Mr. Gray, and as you know, her 'Miss Nervi, what do you do when you go into church and you don't know what to do?' and he did not understand him, and asked him what he meant. "Why,' said he, 'when we go into church, you know, we all go in and kneel down in front of the pew, or in our hands, for a little while, and Dr. Maundy says a little prayer, and then we all rise, and put his face into it for quite a long time. What do you do?' he asked; and so he really puzzled her. 'Why,' said she, gravely, 'Mr. Dinks, it is to say a short prayer.' 'Heavens!' said he, 'I am a better thought of that.' 'Why, what do you do then?' asked Fanny, curiously. 'Well,' answered Dinks, 'you know, I think it is a special thing to do; it's proper, and so forth; but I never know what prayers to say, and so when they did it; so I always put my head into my hat and count ten. I find it comes to about the same thing—I get through at the same time with other people.' He isn't very bright, but he is a good-natured fellow, and very gentlemanly, and I am told he is very rich. Fanny laughs at him—but I think she likes him very well. I wish you would find out whether he is single, and really is engaged to him. Here I am at the very end of my paper. Take care of yourself, my dear Abel, and remember the religion and the solid reading.

"Your affectionate mother,

"NANCY NEWE."

Abel read the letters, and stood looking at the floor, musingly. His school-days, then, were numbered; the stage was to be deepened and widened; the scenery and the figures so wonderfully changed! He was to step in a moment from school into the world. He was to lie down one night a boy and wake up a man the next morning.

The cloud of thoughts and fancies that filled his mind all drifted toward one point, and there I believe a sanguine upon which stood the only thing he could discern clearly, and that was the figure of Hope Wayne. Just as he thought he could reach her, was he to be torn away?

And who the dickens was Mr. Alfred Dinks? Good Mrs. Gray had heard of the flight from Little Almonca. She labored with Abel, but in vain. When she went to her room she told Mr. Gray of the conversation she had had. The husband listened with a twinkle in his eye.

"Don't you think he had better go, my dear?" asked Mrs. Gray. "I really think he will do harm to the younger boys. Somehow I don't know how to talk with him. He seems to slip away, as it were."

"My dear, you are quite right. I was thinking the very same thing myself; and I will write to Mr. Newe that Abel—"What's that?" cried he, suddenly, as a scuffling and trampling was heard from the adjoining room. Mrs. Gray and Mrs. Gray listened for a moment intently.

"Mischief, I'm afraid," said he; "I must go up and look into it."

CHAPTER XIX.

THE BATTLE OF THE PILLOWS.

The battle was never in high glee. It was a grand field-day of pillows and bolsters in Number Seven. Large boys and little boys were all engaged in the same work of pulling and tearing and dealing thumping blows on every side, tripping over their own night-shirts and each other, and combining in promiscuous heap upon the floor. Whang! whang! resounded the onset, and rebound. Paff! paff! went the fellow who could stand longest even upon his own bed and repel all assaults. The noise from the neighboring rooms seized their pillows as the battle-cry of the sounds, and crept quietly in to join the fray.

Tom Gale, Ben Hollis, Jack Bullock, Jim Greswick—all the big boys—were engaged. Jack Bullock, too, save that Gabriel was comfortable, could have joined Mr. Hic. He had been early on the ground; and when Green Bullock, Gabriel's brother, came in, finding large room a bolster that almost knocked his body, and quite knocked his temper, over. But the room was busy, and Green, who was a large lump, hardly placed to be blown out in any sudden emergency, was left to himself and his wrath in the universal confusion, to whom he owed his share. So he stalked about among the smaller boys, taking a general revenge, until Jim Greswick observed him and pursued him with such an incension and celerity that Green, finding expansing and pleased, stopped to watch the duel, and could not resist the temptation to administer a tremendous whack staggered the tyrant of the smaller boys.

"Hi-ci!" cried Abel Newt suddenly, making a flash at the lamp and blowing it out.

The confusion was redoubled. The boys who belonged in the room were in bed and asleep in a moment. The stranger boys, from the neighborhood, fled in a panic. Some fighting was cut off, crept under the beds and hardly breathed. Others, more capricious uniformity of snoring through the room.

Mr. Gray entered, softly turning the door. Perfect silence and uniform snoring met his ear every bed. Abel, in the corner bed, watched him with one eye—the other shammed.

"Oh," said Mr. Gray, rather too audibly, "I was mistaken."

He then closed the door. The next moment Abel opened it so softly and heard the master descend the stairs quietly. But his bashing retreat betrayed his purpose.

"Boys," said Abel, in a whisper, as he poked a match into a bolster and struck a light and lighted the lamp, "he's coming the gum-game. He'll be back immediately. Look out for him, boys."

There was a unanimous assent to the "fixing" from every part of the room. The pillows were thrown back between the beds and thrown under the beds and gathered round Abel. That young gentleman, standing on the foot-board of the bureau and stretched it just above the floor between the two beds that stood on each side of the room.

"Now," said he, "you, here—you Leek Treadwell—you come up here. Now, boys, at the moment you see Uncle Savoy's lamp, fling your pillow at it—mind!—the moment he opens the door. Then—then—then—Mr. Gray—Mr. Gray—"

Abel led the way.

"Boys," whispered he, "the moment we begin, Uncle Savoy 'll be on us. He's awful before he gets his coffee. Look out at the door this moment. Lie down! Lie down! Hallo, Gray! Gray! Lazy Gray! Gray!"

The boys obeyed. At the same moment Abel blew out his lamp, and crying "Hi! hi! Gray! Gray!" threw his pillow at the door with a thick. Muddock jumped up in the dark and threw his pillow at the door. Mr. Gray in the was yet flying through the room, Mr. Gray, who had returned, as Abel had suspected, to a station just outside, opened the door and lighted a lamp in hand.

Leek Treadwell remembered. Whack! went his pillow. Out went the lamp, and tumbled on the floor. Mr. Gray was left in the dark, in the darkness, half angry and confused. His foot caught in the cord—down he tumbled on the floor. It was a swindling.

"An attack! an attack! boys, here are the fellows from Number Six!" shouted Abel, as he jumped out of bed and banged the prostrate Uncle Savoy with his bolster. "Join in! join in! here's the leader; let him have it! Death to the sixers!" cried he, and the eager, laughing crew sprung to his side. They all hit at once, shouting and talking so as to drown any remonstrance. The volley was incessant, and poor Uncle Savoy stunned and bewildered so by it.

"I know him, though his back," cried Abel; "it's old Green Muddock. You lubber—you lout—did you think you could catch the sixers? For shame! you, boys, you! Let 'em have it!"

"Boys!" shouted Mr. Gray, in the dark, from the floor.

"Oh yes; we know all about that," cried Abel; "we've heard that before."

"Whack! whack! resounded the pillows.

"What fun! cocky, what fun!" cried the smaller boys, eager and trembling, but half afraid, as the battle went on.

"Boys, don't you know me?" roared Mr. Gray.

"Oh yes, perfectly," replied Abel. "You'd better try to talk like Mr. Grey. No, you don't, young man. He's asleep down stairs;" and he played away upon the enemy with unflagging vigor.

The feathers flew. The duet areas and filled the lungs of the warriors, who coughed, and laughed, and struck until they were ready to fall with their weapons. They settled many an old score in the fierce conflict with Uncle Savoy. He, meanwhile, had struggled up, and finding his way among the pillows to the door, threw it open. The light from the entry streamed by him into the room. No excuse or subterfuge was possible now. The boys could see him plainly enough. His coat was off, and his waistcoat; and dreadful was his air of wrath.

"Gracious, Mr. Gray! *You?* Why, Sir, how is this? What does it mean? We thought it was Green Muddock come in to fight with Abel, and in the most naturally astonished way in the world.

"Why, Mr. Grey!" echoed the chorus.

"Silence!" said Mr. Gray, in a hoarse tone of you. And mind! you shall hear of this, all of you!"

Mr. Gray did not dare to trust himself to say any thing more. He went down stairs, and shut several doors behind him with a bang.

"All those boys who think Uncle Savoy has had his deserts will hold up their right hands," said he, in a solemn whisper of the most awful pause and manner that the tired combatants paused with indignation upon the floor.

Then they crept off, and Abel, as the others fell asleep around him, lay reflecting upon this most eventful day.

"It is odd," thought he, smiling. "I feel I should have done the same thing again. I hope I shall always be able to settle my accounts as easily. If I am to leave school soon, I must begin at once to think of something to do."

Then his mind wandered into a maze of doubts and speculations, in the midst of which he fell asleep.

OUR SPECIAL PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

The Flowering of the Lilacs—Provinciale at Paris—Turf contest with Champagne—The War Spirit in France—Garibaldi and Theirs on the Situation—Concert at Rothschild's—La Parade de Pincenel—Fashions in Dress—The Incline "Mortal Mixtures of Earth's Mould"—Steeple-chases at La Marche—Exhibition of Modern Paintings, etc.

PARIS, April 16, 1859.

The time has been, since I have known Paris, when in writing this date I should be reminded by the flowering chestnuts and lilacs that the farewell visits were being paid and farewell dinners exchanged, preparatory to every one's going into the country for the 1st of May, for "the flowering of the lilacs," as it was called; but now this is a thing entirely of the past, for the fashion of English habit in this respect. Few persons leave Paris before the end of June, and they return until the end of December. Thus, though the lilacs are in full bloom, no one has thought of enjoying them yet except in the gardens of the Tuileries. Then, too, the festival of Easter falls later this year than usual, and the Lent was more severe of us born; and as no one of the higher classes marry in Lent, there are all the aristocratic marriages to come next month, besides the balls and balls, and which could in no way be crowded into the Carnival. So Paris is very full for the addition we have the numerous purchasers and sight-seers from the country—those unmistakable provincials who fill the streets and the Bois, the tables of the restaurants, and seem so heartily to enjoy themselves, realizing probably, the truest bill of their whole lives in a visit to Paris.

I was the other day behind a party of these, who were evidently looking into the mysterious part of the garden of the Tuileries, where there is a caisse which is made to perform tricks, and is obviously short time, the most luxuriant turf—such as never before has been seen out of England—and which is the boast of the fashionable gentry. "These good folks were admiring it very much, and one of them, realizing probably, the chance to grow so well; and another said, quite seriously,

"They say it is because it is watered with *vin de Champagne*."

"It is not possible!" said a third. "But let us ask the gardener." And they called to a laborer who was watering the grass and put the question. He looked at them with the most unmoved and vacant expression of face as he answered, knowing well with whom he had to deal,

"Yes, it is true, and with *vin de Champagne* only once a week."

"There! I heard myself; so it is *vrai* as well as *bien trouvé*.

The Imperial family have left the Tuileries for one of their country residences. The Empress' health is again spoken of as giving much cause for anxiety, and it must be tried by this critical state of political affairs. Not but that the dislike to the idea of war is fast diminishing among the French-people, and certainly a military spirit, that though at first prudential and shop-keeping considerations seemed to prevail, there are gradually giving way before the seductive promise and prospect of military triumphs. Then again the united cry of defiance with which the whole of Germany has met the French pretension of interfering with the possession of one of their confederates has found an answering spirit in France, and the old battle-fields and the old battle-cries are not to be removed from this generation that their influence is not still to be felt. I dare say the Emperor, who as well understands the people he governs, calculated all this; and that he has not been driven to war by any European powers, he could lead this whole nation to adopt his views, which it violently opposed three months ago.

I recur thus to politics because they are now so interesting and exciting that every subject not faithfully reflect the aspect of things did I not do so. Every evening party assumes quite the air of a political club, for all the information about the seat, two, or three of the circle whom past experience or great mental qualities invest with a certain authority at such times; and then the listless approach no way of them really worthy to listen, and others pretending to be so, I have in this way had the pleasure of hearing Berryer, Guizot, and Thiers discourse upon "la question" as it is called; not to name others who are less well known.

I have been to more concerts in the week—one at the Rothschild's, another at the Duchess de Mouchy's—than I have already said there was to be told of such entertainments; and really at such rooms one becomes so used to hear sounds that one might almost wish that one's ideas of heaven could for a time be disconnected from them.

Thus, too, we have had the excitement of another race, and this time with the Opera Comique, called "*La Pardon de Ploermel*," the composer Meyerbeer. I was not at the first representation, which is described as a most brilliant and enthusiastic scene of enthusiasm, the Emperor and Empress applauding and encouraging from their box the performers most fit for receive a perfect storm of congratulations. But the artist of the telegraphic dispatches were sent off to all the capitals of Europe to describe this success; and I dare say if your Atlantic cable had not failed, you would by this time have had one at New York. I witnessed the fourth representation, and I must say there is reason to be pleased. There are some most striking melodies, and it is destined to great and lasting popularity. I suppose that before the end of the year you will have this music in New York—that wonderful city which seems to have the power to send out one upon to all that comes from Europe and to others upon its own vast American world, of which it is the metropolis.

The thought of this has brought up the recollection of an entertainment I was given a few years better, relating to the feminine fashions, which was that I said nothing of the change in the fashion of the sleeves! I shall be denied and sweeping—Light in the arm, fitted to the elbow they are and must be therefore. The skirts are not so much altered as being transposed into three, so my forgetfulness will not have totally misled any one. I am pleased to make things, for I have always observed in my youthful days, and in which fancy recalls all of "Mary's Lamb"—Isabel in that respect.

Of one of these I have never seen the loveliness equaled in any other "mortal mixture of earth's mould," and it was the first time I went to Ugly and saw the lovely heads of Correggio, and the greatest figure in which is the picture of the Virgin in presentation of the ideal of beauty, that I have beheld since sleep is rounded me of her. The greatest head and its carrying breeziness—low, very low, with forehead and the blue, blurest eyes, so hanging and so swelling—the long throat and form, and the whole idea and springing form! Yes, such an one was born among us—such a woman—such a love. I think you had the taste to appreciate her as she was worthy to be, for she was not was by one of us, and she was not to be won by the devoted adoration of years of life, swept out of existence in its prime, but never to be forgotten. And she was not to be won by us, I have inflicted upon you, apropos of this return to the "light sleeves."

I do not in any way thing to you of the steeple-chases at La Marche, which are part of the programme of Emperor's fête, and which are attended all the gay crowd of fashion in splendid equipages, sometimes with four and even six horses, for I assure you that the road from Paris to La Marche is to a race-course on a Sunday, which is the day always chosen for the occasion here for these fêtes. It is like better going to church twice, in the sober fashion of my fathers. Nor do I care much for the "sporting" pretensions, generally, to laugh at them. It is such a clumsy imitation of English supremacy in these matters, that it would be an act of arrogance of it seem so little understood, even by those who make use of them, and there seems so much unnecessary risk to the whole thing, that I leave them away from it. I know that the French have some good horses and riders, and that in Normandy last year, the principal English races were won by these; but there always seems something wrong in the French way of doing it. They don't know how to ride, and they don't understand it. They would ask if there would be no "*representation*," "something to look at," "some play performed."

We shall have, next week, the exhibition of modern pictures opened in the Crystal Palace, which will, perhaps, give me something to interest your readers, for this is rather a stupid letter, and this is a stupid season, the interregnum between winter and summer and the last weeks of Lent, when every one seems only bent upon church-going and repentance, and something is heard but the admission of the merits of favorite preachers, who preach, I suppose, much the same as they do in England.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

SELF-MADE MEN.—Columbus was a weaver. Franklin was a journeyman printer. Marlboro, as well as Eugene Sue, was a footman. Napoleon, when young, was a peasant. Hotter V. was originally in hospital service. Rollin was the son of a cutler. Jerguson and Burns, Scottish poets, were shepherds. Keep was a slave. Mooney was a beggar. Daniel Defoe was apprenticed to a hosier. Demosthenes was the son of a cutler. Hogarth an engraver of pewter pots. Virgil was the son of a baker. Shakspeare's father was a wool-stapler. Ben Jonson was a bricklayer. Forson was the son of a parish clerk. Prideaux was employed in a tobacconist's College. Akenside was the son of a butcher. Kops was a tailor. Marmontel, a carpenter's son. Massinger, Clifford and Bloomfield, cobblers. Howard became apprenticed to a hatter. Hadley was the son of a soapboiler. Richard Arkwright was a barber for a number of years.

A gentleman in the city advertised a few days since in the *Times* for a boy. The next morning, on sallying out at his office, he found in front of the door a bantling, with this inscription on it: "Will this one answer?" On opening it, he found a nice fat specimen of the article which he advertised for, warmly done up in a blanket.

THE POWER OF OPTIONS.—Men are harassed, not by things themselves, but by opinions respecting them.—*Epictetus.*

HOSPITALITY.—Measure not thy entertainment of a guest by his station, but by his merit. Because he is a beggar not that thou art but a gentleman; otherwise, if with feasting him thou hast broken through the rules of the rapture, and, perchance, rather deridst than pity thee.—*Publius.*

GOOD-NATURE.—Good-nature is more agreeable in conversation than wit, and gives a certain air to the countenance, which is more amiable than beauty. It shows virtue in its fairest light; it makes it lovely to the eyes, from the deformity of vice; and makes our folly and imperfections supportable.—*Addison.*

THE A B C OF THE FIRST BATTLE OF THE SEASON.

A was an Angel of blushing eighteen,
B is the Ball at which first she was seen;
C is the Cheeks that charm'd at each;
D is the Dean-Swain with Frank in the Guards;
E is the Eye that's now laden every;
F is the Fan to speak volubly ever;
G is the Glove that's so tight;
H is the Hand that it hides all;
I is the foot that kind nature demanded,
J is the Jeweller that hasten'd to hand it;
K is the Kerchief, a rare work of art,
L is the lace that conquered the best part;
M is an old Maid that watch'd the girls dance;
N is the Noise here'd up at cock crowing;
O is the Olps, then just in the prime;
P is the Partner this wouldn't keep time;
Q's the Quadrille, let us hope 'twas the Lancers,
R is the Rogue that were made on the dancers;
S is the Supper they seem to have had;
T is the Twaddle they talk'd at the table;
U is the Uncle that thought 'twas a going;
V is the Voice the young lady said "no" in;
W is the Waltz—we all know the sin;
X is his Exit, which wasn't quite straight;
Y is the Yawning after the ball,
Z stands for Zero, and that's nothing at all.

"I saw an excellent thing in your pamphlet," said Daniel O'Connell to a fellow writer.

"Eh? What, sir?" was the eager rejoinder.

"A penny bun, my friend."

"You will see my feet no more," said a romantic young lady to her friends.

"Ah! alas, are you going to dye?"

A CANDID AND CONSCIENTIOUS WITNESS.—A witness, on entering the box, had a Testament presented to him, but he declined to take an oath. Being asked his reason for refusing, he naively replied, "I'll tell a lie wi' my mou' I know, and why not wi' my hand?"

A RECENT CONDITION.—One day, at the table of Carditol Hall, a gentleman, looking to another him, inquired of one of the strangers present, "Monsieur, vous mon, but how did you like your last dinner?" "Oh, very well when you set forth." "Items of your weight and size," was the hungry reply, "it all set crown."

ARISTOCRACY OF FASHION.—The Duchesses of Abergavny, wife to Lucius the Good, Duke of Bourbon, born 1760, is planted in a spot of white sand and all the rest down to him, powdered with gold flour-de-rys, and the other half to the south of gold, with a belt of the delicate in equivalence, doubtless on it, and from the waist a belt of gold crimson, with white bells. The sleeves were white to blue and gold, the other crimson and gold, in addition to the ornaments of the bosom. The ladies dresses and their heads so high, that they were obliged to wear a sort of curved horn on each side of the head, to support the enormous structure of false hair and feathers. And these are what are meant by the "horns of the devouse" so often referred to in old authors. It is said that when Isabel of Bavaria kept her court at Vincennes, A. D. 1410, it was necessary to have doors six feet high and seven high, and wider, to admit the head-dresses of the Queen and her ladies, which were all of this horned kind.

THE ADVANTAGES OF GOOD BREEDING.—Virtue and talents, though allowed to be considerable, will not be of much use to us unless we can procure those whom we have to converse with to allow us the character of agreeable companions. Nobody esteems himself or his performances, when he wears them awry. When polished and cut, then they give a lustre.—LOCKE.

"ODE" MARINE.—Truth is like a rock; you may keep it down while you please, and impose upon it, but it is sure to come up to the surface at last.

THE ARTIST.—A French bonnet-maker told a customer who complained of the price demanded for a new bonnet, "Consider, madam, it cost me three sleepless nights before I could invent it."

QUOTATIONS FOR DINNER-OUT.

Preferring anew from chin that's bare
To whiskers that in whisker's fair!

A CONCEITED MAN.—For my part, I think he is verily like a cock on a thistle, who sees not a pin to purpose to hear him crow.—ADAM BEDE.

AN OPINION ON THE FASHIONS.—"My son," said an old turbaned Turk, one day, taking his child by the hand in the streets of Cairo, and pointing out to him on the opposite side a European lady, "my son, look there! If the sense of Parisian costume; " my son, look there! If you ever forget God and the Prophet, you may come to look like that!"

PROPER COLOR FOR A FOLLOWER'S ATTIRE.—*Invisible green.*

A HIGH TORY DAME.—He that wears a tight hat is likely to have a narrow understanding.

LOVE, like a watt, is of gradual growth, and the older it is the more difficult to get rid of.

A dandy, who had a splendid mustache, being asked as a party to favor the company with a song, replied that "really—he—couldn't—without—the tone." A beauty, who was near, exclaimed, "Dear, how could he, when he has hair on his face?" A bachelor on your very lip? One has been since married to him—saved her right for her impudence.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Burnett's Cocoaine.
Burnett's Cocoaine.
Burnett's Cocoaine.

☞ A compound of Cocoa-nut Oil, &c., for dressing the Hair. For efficacy and agreeableness, it is without an equal.

It prevents the hair from falling off.
It promotes its healthy and vigorous growth.
It is not greasy or sticky.
It leaves no perceptible odor.
It softens the hair when hard and dry.
It soothes the irritated scalp skin.
It affords the richest lustre.
It remains longest in effect.
It costs fifty cents for a half pint bottle.

Burnett's Cocoaine.
Burnett's Cocoaine.
Burnett's Cocoaine.

TESTIMONIAL.

BOSTON, July 19, 1857.

☞ MESSRS. J. BURNETT & CO.—I can not refuse to state the salutary effect in my own aggravated case, of your excellent Hair Oil.—COCOAINE.

For many months my hair had been falling off, until I was fearful of losing it entirely. The skin upon my head became gradually more and more inflamed, so that I could not touch it without pain. This irritated condition I attributed to the use of various advertised hair washes, which I have since been told contain corrosive sublimate.

By the advice of my physician, to whom you had shown your process of purifying the Oil, I commenced its use the last week in June. The first application allayed the irritation, and in the course of four days the redness and tenderness disappeared—the hair ceased to fall, and I have now a thick growth of new hair. I trust that others, similarly afflicted, will be induced to try the same remedy.

Yours, very truly,

SUSAN R. POPE.

Burnett's Cocoaine.
Burnett's Cocoaine.
Burnett's Cocoaine.

☞ A single application renders the hair (no matter how stiff and dry) soft and glossy for several days. It is conceded by all who have used it to be *the best and cheapest Hair Dressing in the World.*

Prepared by JOSEPH BURNETT & CO., Boston.

For sale by druggists generally at 50 cents a bottle.

Public Speakers and Singers,

"BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES" contain ingredients acting specifically on the organs of the voice; they have an extraordinary tendency to all affections of the throat and lungs, restoring their healthy tone when relaxed, either from a cold, fatigue, or over-use of the voice, and produce a clear and distinct articulation.

Containing nothing that can injure the system, they can be taken at all times, especially for clearing and strengthening the voice.

I recommend their use to Public Speakers.
REV. E. H. CHAPIN, NEW YORK.

"Contain no Opium or any thing injurious."
DR. A. A. HAYES, CHEMIST, BOSTON.

For sale by Druggists.

New Books.

VOL. VII. HOUSEHOLD LIBRARY.

LIFE OF MAHOMET.

By
EDWARD GIBBON
With Notes by
DEAN MILMAN AND DR. WILLIAM SMITH.
Illustrated with Engravings on Steel.
12mo, cloth, 50 cents.

Any enfeebled mind's Life of Gibbon is fully corrected by Dean Milman's Notes! We reprint from the last London edition just received in this country, which alone contains the very valuable Notes of Dr. Smith.

"What would Gibbon have said of that gorgeous coloring in which Gibbon has invested the dying forms of Paganism, and darken over opposite in his splendid view of the rise and progress of Mahometanism?

"Gibbon's History is a magnificent work enchantment upon the senses, with dramatic animation—their progress related in a full flow of the richest and most glowing style."—LORD BROUGHAM.

DELISSER & PROCTER, No. 560 Broadway.
Sent by mail, prepaid, on receipt of price.

NOVELLO'S

CENTENARY EDITIONS OF THE

ORATORIOS.

Original Edition.

Arranged and Edited by VINCENT NOVELLO.

HANDEL'S MESSIAH.....	75 cents.
" " Bound.....	$1 25.
All the Choruses (in score).....	50 cents.
HAYDN'S CREATION.....	75 cents.
" Bound.....	$1 25.
All the Choruses (in score).....	50 cents.

HAYDN'S SEASONS. Paper, $1 50; Bound, $1 63.
MENDELSSOHN'S ST. PAUL. Paper, 75 cents; Bound, $1 25.
MOART'S 12th MASS; HAYDN'S 3d MASS; BEETHOVEN'S MASS IN C, and MOZART'S REQUIEM MASS, each, in Paper, 75 cents; Bound, $1 00.
ROMBERG'S LAY OF THE BELL. Paper, 63 cents; Bound, $1 00.

All the Oratorios of the Great Masters in uniform style at similarly low prices.

Catalogues forwarded gratis.

N. B.—*This is the only Cheap Edition of the Oratorios ever published in this country*, any statements to the contrary being entirely unfounded. To his careful supervision this edition owes its pre-eminent purity of text and correctness.

WEBB & ALLEN,
1 Clinton Hall, Astor Place, N. Y.

THE OXYGENATED BITTERS.

THE OXYGENATED BITTERS,
THE OXYGENATED BITTERS,
THE OXYGENATED BITTERS,

THE UNFAILING REMEDY
THE UNFAILING REMEDY
THE UNFAILING REMEDY
FOR
Dyspepsia, Dyspepsia, Dyspepsia,
Dyspepsia, Dyspepsia, Dyspepsia,
Dyspepsia, Dyspepsia, Dyspepsia,
Acidity, Flatulency,
Acidity, Flatulency,
Acidity, Flatulency,

Heart-Burn, Debility of the System,
Heart-Burn, Debility of the System,
Heart-Burn, Debility of the System,

JAUNDICE,
JAUNDICE,
JAUNDICE,

Sick Headache, Loss of Appetite,
Sick Headache, Loss of Appetite,
Sick Headache, Loss of Appetite,

LIVER COMPLAINT,
LIVER COMPLAINT,
LIVER COMPLAINT,

Fever and Ague, Bilious Complaints,
Fever and Ague, Bilious Complaints,
Fever and Ague, Bilious Complaints,

NEURALGIA, NERVOUSNESS,
NEURALGIA, NERVOUSNESS,
NEURALGIA, NERVOUSNESS,

OPPRESSION AFTER EATING,
OPPRESSION AFTER EATING,
OPPRESSION AFTER EATING,

FEMALE COMPLAINTS,
FEMALE COMPLAINTS,
FEMALE COMPLAINTS.

READ THE
Valuable Testimony.
Valuable Testimony.
Valuable Testimony.

When individuals of the highest respectability and influence voluntarily tender their services to the public in favor of a medicine which has cured them of a long-standing and distressing disease, they perform a service of inestimable importance to the country, and should proclaim his longer delay-ing to make use of

THE OXYGENATED BITTERS.
THE OXYGENATED BITTERS.
THE OXYGENATED BITTERS.

(From President Smith, of the Wesleyan University.)

STEN. V. FOWLE & CO.—Gentlemen: I first made use of the "OXYGENATED BITTERS" under the advice of my physician, in the month of January last. I had been troubled for several years from a form of dyspepsia, which baffled the skill of the most eminent physicians in the country. Confined to a rock, I was induced by the unpretending recommendations of Dr. Green "to try my bottle, and if no benefit was received to discontinue its use."

The use of one bottle warranted a further trial, to the extent of some three or four, with a careful observance of the accompanying directions. The result was an almost entire relief from the usual dyspeptic symptoms, and their depressing consequences. I believe that these Bitters produced an entire change in the habits of my system, and restored the vital energies of the digestive organs. I now deem myself as exempt from Dyspepsia as most persons are, and can recommend the Bitters to other members of my family.

Very respectfully yours,
AUGUSTUS W. SMITH.

Seth W. Fowle & Co., Proprietors,
BOSTON.

FOR SALE
Everywhere, Everywhere, Everywhere.

Most Patent Medicines are Humbugs;
but DR. TOBIAS'S VENETIAN HORSE LINIMENT is one of all we recommends it for, or the money will be refunded. It is known—and used in every State in the Union—as the best. If you have a pain or ache try a bottle, or sprain, bruise, &c. Price 25 and 50 cents and $1 per bottle. 56 Cortlandt Street, New York.
Sold by all the Druggists.

CURE FOR CONSTIPATION.

The Oriental Fruit Paste, or Aromatic Jelly of Figs and Senna,

Is a simple, pleasant, and effectious laxative medicine, good at all times.

Sold by Druggists every where.
J. J. W. NOEKROSS & CO., Wholesale Agents,
81 Nassau Street, New York.

BURNETT'S COCOAINE.

We would call the attention of Druggists and the public to the card of Messrs. Joseph Burnett & Co., expressing an opinion in which the public are liable, from the imitation of their celebrated "Cocoaine." This preparation for the hair has deservedly obtained a high reputation, and the spurious preparations which are put up to take the market have a tendency to detract from the high reputation of the genuine article.—*Boston Journal.*

WORTHY OF NOTE *for Coughs, Colds, and Consumption.*—Rev. Dr. ELIJAH HEDGES, New York, says: "I have used your *Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam* myself, with my family, for unsettled coughs and colds, and have known it to be used with good effect in the early stages of Pulmonary affections in families around me."

Owing to an unprecedented sale and popularity of the above unrivalled remedy, there are many counterfeits and imitations against which the public are cautioned.

Inquire for the "VEGETABLE PULMONARY BALSAM."

Prepared only by DR. SETH ARNOLD, Chemist,
Price, large bottles, $1; small, 50 cents.
BARNES & CARLE, Agents, New York.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

This compound will be found a great promoter of health, when taken in the spring, to expel the foul humors which fester in the blood at that season of the year. By the timely expulsion of them many rankling disorders are nipped in the bud. Manifesting, by the aid of this remedy, upon themselves from the outbreak of foul eruptions and ulcerous sores, through which the system will strive to rid itself of corruptions, if not assisted to do this through the natural channels of the blood, to the more concealed and formidable forms of internal organic derangement. Cleanse the vitiated blood whenever you find its impurities bursting through the skin in pimples, eruptions, or sores; cleanse it when you find it lie stagnated and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it whenever it is foul, and your feelings will tell you when. Keep the blood pure, and the health of the body will follow. Many will then enjoy better health, and live longer, for cleansing the blood. Keep the blood healthy, and all is well; but with the inpulses of life disordered, there can be no lasting health. Sooner or later something must go wrong, and the great machinery of life is disordered or overthrown.

IT CURES

SCROFULA AND SCROFULOUS COMPLAINTS, ERUPTIONS AND ERUPTIVE DISEASES, ULCERS, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES, TUMORS, SALT RHEUM, BOILS, TETTER AND TETTER DISEASE, ST. ANTHONY'S FIRE, ERYSIPELAS, SYPHILITIC AFFECTIONS, MERCURIAL DISEASE, DROPSY, NEURALGIA OR DISMEMBERMENT, HEART DISEASE, and INDIGESTION, EXHAUSTION, ROSE OR ST. ANTHONY'S FIRE, and indeed the whole class of complaints arising from IMPURITIES OF THE BLOOD.

In order to secure their complete eradication from the system, the sufferer should be particular in strictly adhering to directions on the bottle.

Prepared by
DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.
Price $1 per Bottle; Bottles for $5
Sold by all Druggists every where.

New York Purchasing Agency,

W. H. APPLETON, 15 Nassau Street.

Persons desirous of sending to the United States for any article, can have it purchased at the lowest prices, by Book to a Steam-Engine, a Shawl to a Cooking-Stove. Their orders will be executed with the most careful attention, at 3 per cent. commission charge. Refers to G. L. Seguin, Sen., Consul for Long Island and Texas; to Lea, Gillet & Sons, Hastings, Plimpton & Co., New York; J. J. Dennistoun & Co., New Orleans.

TUCKER'S NURSERY FOR FLOWERS, FEATHERS, COMPLIMENTS, and BRIDAL SETS, at

251 Broadway, 2 doors from Franklin Street.

To all who use Horses.—DR. TOBIAS'S VENETIAN HORSE LINIMENT is warranted to cure, in only 30 cents, is warranted cheaper and superior than any article in the market. Sold by the sole Agents, Lamerson & all kinds, Colic, &c., &c. This is no humbug. Sold by all Druggists. Price 25 cents and 50 cents per bottle. Depot, 56 Cortlandt Street, New York.

Sold every where.

STATEN ISLAND

Fancy Dyeing Establishment.

Barrett Nephews & Co.,

Offices, 5 and 7 John Street.
(2 doors from Broadway),
New York.

To Housekeepers!!!—To prevent your linen from turning yellow, use Dr. Tobias's Venetian Horse Liniment. It is universally admitted to be the most concentrated and valuable Liniment in the world.

VALENTINE & BUTLER, No. 321 Broadway.

COCOAINE.

From the high respectability and great skill of Mr. Burnett as a chemist, we herald with pleasure the introduction of any thing coming from his hands. His celebrated toilet preparations have already obtained the popularity from one part of the Union to the other; and I cannot but congratulate the ladies that now no less once are always sure to give them the preference as standard articles for the toilet. Aside from their elegance, they are the purest and best articles known for the purposes for which they are recommended.—*Atlthorn Gazette.*

Singer's Sewing Machines.

PRICES REDUCED TO $50, $75, AND $125.

SINGER'S NEW FAMILY SEWING MACHINE,

the price of which is only $50, is a light and elegantly decorated Machine, capable of performing, in the best style, all the work of a family of ordinary size.

SINGER'S TRANSVERSE SHUTTLE MACHINE,

to be sold at $75, is a Machine entirely new in its arrangement; it is very beautiful, moves rapidly and very easily, and is capable of executing every embroidering purpose, in the very best and cheapest Machine ever offered to the public.

SINGER'S No. 1 STANDARD SHUTTLE MACHINE,

formerly sold at $125, but now reduced to $110, is unsurpassed in the world. Every sort of work can be done with it.

SINGER'S No. 2 STANDARD SHUTTLE MACHINE,

This is the favorite manufacturing Machine every where. Price, with table complete, $125.

Send for a copy of *I. M. Singer & Co.'s Gazette*, which is a beautiful pictorial paper, entirely devoted to the subject. *It will be supplied gratis.*

I. M. SINGER & CO.,
458 Broadway, New York.

American Guano.

TO FARMERS AND DEALERS

In Guano. Guano from Ichaboe Island, in the Indian Ocean, which has been proved to be the most valuable fertilizer ever discovered, is offered for sale at moderate and retail at less than two thirds the price of Peruvian. For particulars address C. E. MARSHALL, Pres't American Guano Co., 66 William Street, New York.

To Teachers.

My Correspondence with Schools will continue as heretofore, in the "Care of HARPER & BROTHERS, New York City." Circulars, containing Terms, Testimonials, and Post-Office Address of Schools, Educational Reports, &c., are ADDRESS. MARCUS WILLSON.

Rockbridge Alum Springs, Va.

ROUTE TO THE SPRINGS—FACILITY OF ACCESS.

This celebrated watering-place, although situated in the mountains of Virginia, 160 miles West of Richmond, and 40 Southwest of Staunton, is now brought, by the Virginia Central Railroad, within easy access of the Atlantic seaboard, and to the first of all the Western Springs reached by the traveler. The cars now run within five miles of it.

This is brought within 54 hours of New-York—and the Northern passenger, leaving Baltimore, or Washington, or Alexandria in the morning, and the Southern, breakfasting in Richmond, take but the same evening at the Rockbridge Springs.

☞ Let the Northern traveler be careful not to go as far South as Richmond, but, from Washington, take either the *Alexandria and Orange Railroad* to Gordonsville, which there connects with the Central.

The Southern visitor, to reach this place by the shortest and cheapest route, must be careful to come as far North as Richmond, making this a point whence he will come by the Central cars. From the Southwest it is approached by the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad to Bedford or Lynchburg.

The *Natural Bridge* being in the same county with this Spring, and to which it gives its name, is an object of great attraction to the visitors.

Medical Properties of the Water.

For 30 years or more these Springs (without any other sort of advertising than that afforded by the waters themselves, who have either experienced or witnessed the cures wrought by them) have gradually extended their fame throughout Virginia and the South, and the unanimous region is remarkable for the number and variety of its mineral and thermal waters, and for the disparagement to the very best of them to say that, for tonic and variety of its applicability to disease, and its power in many of the most obstinate and dangerous maladies, it stands without a rival.

The Proprietors have great pleasure in presenting the following letters from distinguished gentlemen of different States and professions. The first is from Dr. Cartwright, of New Orleans, whose eminence as a medical character, no less than his personal familiarity with the leading Mineral Springs of Europe and this country, stamps his opinion with the highest authority:

Dr. Cartwright's Letter.

NEW ORLEANS, July 28, 1858.

DEAR SIR:

Names are something, and the name "Alum," given to the Rockbridge Alum Springs, is significant in a high manner, as it conveys the erroneous idea that their medicinal virtues are due to alum, or to the sulphate of potash; whereas, the water, in addition to the alum, contains sulphate of iron, and is, in fact, one of the celebrated Mineral Springs of Virginia. Under the circumstance, give it a name that would not lead to error? Why not drop the word alum altogether, and call it Rockbridge water? The Rockbridge water may, with as much propriety, be called alkaline, as it contains more than common salt and alum can be had any where; no need of going to Rockbridge or Botetourt to get alum or salt for that. But the Rockbridge and the Rockbridge waters both contain a number of other ingredients, as iron, magnesia, and the salts of lime, magnesia, and soda, with more or less of the sulphates of potash and iron. The medicinal ingredients in the waters of Rockbridge and Bath Mineral Springs of England, are identical in their nature, and nearly so in their quantities; and the same remedies may be given with equal propriety in the one as in the other. Chapple is a chalybeate containing a little alum and common salt. It is nearly the same water as is Chapple Springs, internally and externally used, for long years because the best remedy for some eruptions, like septic taint, transparency, and tenderness character of the scrofulous ferruginous diathesis. The Springs in Virginia, attractive invalids to use them, as the same resource qualities in the Bath waters were the first known after the conquest of England.

Although the waters of both the Rockbridge and Bath are black and of rather repulsive appearance in the Springs. In this it is necessary to be on one's guard as a matter of diagnosis, as Upper Germany is covered with springs from a mixture of a similar geological formation with that of the mountain in the vicinity of Rockbridge Springs. The Sagoutes water has long been very popular for the cure of affections of the liver, dyspepsia, dyspepsia, chronic enteritis, and chronic dysentery. Alum is not the active ingredient in it that the most careful analysis has failed to find in it. The Rockbridge water contains alum, but less than I like water, but is richer in every thing else. It contains more iron, and is, in my opinion, more active, artificially, if that word is admissible. The Virginia water is largely recommended for the cure of diseases of the kidneys, bladder, urinary canal, and the diseases of the kidneys, liver alone, and chronic disfigurements of the skin, caused by diseased viscera.

The Springs of Spa, in Guertha, so celebrated throughout Europe for chronic visceral engorgements, intermittents, visceral catarrhs, and debility of the digestive organs, contain no other active principle than what may be supposed to be the water of the Rockbridge Springs, and might, with a small addition of alum, be made to resemble it; they hold in solution a considerable quantity of alum.

The waters of Pyrmont, in Germany, are famous in dyspeptic system, and in the cure of scorbutic affections, visceral engorgements, passive hemorrhages, and chronic diarrhœa. Epsom salts, or, what is the same thing, the sulphate of magnesia, alumina, chloride of sodium, and the peroxide of iron, all of which are found in them in larger proportions thirty times as much in the Rockbridge Springs, are the active principles which give to this water a character of a purgative, a much milder and safer one than the waters of Rockbridge.

In 1826, I made use of no water in Europe or America so much in medicinal virtues as that of the Rockbridge Springs. Since then I was first attracted to it some fifteen years ago, by chronic diarrhœa, and since that the Rockbridge Springs water has been composed of invaluable virtues, while those at the Springs, and in the vicinity of the Springs, have been found more beneficial in dyspepsia than health. Most of those other Springs in Virginia are too much alum and too little iron. The medicinal efficacy of their water in a variety of chronic affections will be found to be in the proportion of their iron to the amount of alum. Alum is more in accordance with the circumstances of living organisms than iron, but the richness of living seen in their true light is in the richness of all the elements of the organic and inorganic kingdoms in the composition of mineral waters which the most famous Springs of Europe contain.

Respectfully, your friend,

SAM'L A. CARTWRIGHT.

To Wm. *Frazier, Esq.*,
Rockbridge Springs, Rockbridge County, Va.

Extracts from a Letter of Rev. JAMES W. ALEXANDER, *D. D., of New-York, published in the New York Observer.*

THE ALUM SPRINGS OF VIRGINIA.—Much as has been said about the mineral and tonal wealth of Virginia, the resource of the country is greater than will ever be known except by visiting the Springs named above. As between the Springs of Virginia and those of Germany, I have not been frequently disturbed than here. My observation will apply principally to the Rockbridge Springs, as it is this only at which I have remained any considerable time. And my reason for adding a place in your columns will be, I am better that these waters are eminently fitted to relieve thousands of sufferers, whose case is seldom reached by artificial medicines.

The Rockbridge Alum Springs is in the same county with the famous Natural Bridge, but, in the Northern part of it, on the high road between Lexington and the celebrated Warm Springs, being about twenty miles from the latter. The Alum Springs derive their name from the great preponderant taste to the water, the medicinal qualities of the Springs are much more varied. Besides alum, they contain sulphate of iron, magnesia, and a few traces of lime, and the sulphates of potash, lime, and magnesia. The following statement is from the analyses of Professors Rogers and Hayes, in any degree approximate to the truth, which, from the nature of the case, is well known, that agents which are inert or hurtful in their combinations, may become active and curative in the proceeding from nature's laboratory. The same resident physician, who has had the charge of the Springs for a number of years, informs me that the mixture of nitrogen and oxygen make, in one gallon of the water, about a pint of gaseous matter, chiefly carbonic acid. This is, in my opinion, of great importance, as it is well known that the sulphuretted hydrogen of the Virginia White Sulphur Springs exists in a large degree in the Rockbridge Alum Springs, and that the sulphates of iron, are as strong and potent in the one as in the other. Hence, I am not surprised that by classes of sufferers we have had instantaneous from these Springs.

Many years ago it was known by hunters that an Alum Spring existed in the neighborhood. But no buildings were erected, people who had sickness, letters, sick themselves, went to the Springs, and found relief, and were cured. The next step was to enlarge cabins; and now, at last, we have a large, commodious, and elegant house of entertainment.

A dish-like vale, or basin, in the midst of hard but picturesque mountains, is the spot where the water which flows five chalybeate bowl in the rock, at the base of a hill of slate, not quite a quarter of a mile distant from the many square feet below, while it is surrounded by a crest of forest trees. The Springs are 1,200 feet above the ocean level, is begun by a number of brick cottages, here and there among the trees, all in connection with the main hotel. The verdure is rich, and the views of the North Mountains quite picturesque, and in the distance sublime.

If some lesser Springs, are pleasing: It is one of the singular advantages of the Rockbridge Springs, that they are not crowded. Last season, I think, one single gourd with one ince glass and tangled vine covered the whole. Around a thicket of trees, which, in the autumn, is gay with fine trees and enriched with a luxurious lines. The embodiments no longer I have seen, and, from the scarlet-mad lily, the fragrant *agrostis* cæruleis, the delicate *spiranthes* gracilis, and the splendid *gentiana* elegans, the gaudy *cardinalis* flower, and orange fungi and lichens, present their tints.

The alum waters (for the Springs vary in character) are, by the Professors Rogers, of the University of Virginia, Chemist, of Richmond, is published as follows:

"They are distinguished by the presence of alum, sulphate of iron, sulphate of magnesia, lime, and other malignant alterations of the mouth, and the sulphates of potash, soda, and chlorides of sodium and magnesium. They are laxative, and therefore, according to the doctrine of the secretions generally to a healthy condition, particularly in cases of fever, where there is a deficiency of secretion, excessive, or of bad quality. Its purgative action is considerably modified by the presence of alum, and especially by the tonic and astringent properties of the latter.

"They are useful in the general conditions of the constitution, involving, as their disease necessarily do, an unhealthy condition of the blood, and are, therefore, in the most powerful such astonishing cures; thus it is that it has cured scrofula in all its forms, and in every stage of its progress, from the first appearance of a purgative or scirrhous tumor, to the opening of the abscess, and the most unhealthy discharge, and the healing of the ulcer, and that with constipation or diarrhœa. Unlike most other mineral waters, it is equally useful in either state of the excesses of the year, and, when sent away in barrels or bottles, it improves by age, and is not injured by exposure to heat.

One or two surprising cases were pointed out to us at the Springs. One was that of a young lady, deaf from a fever, though much disfigured, is a marvel in respect to the restoration of hearing, and another was that of a child of system as to destroy half the upper jaw-bone, several of the teeth coming out with the pieces of bone. Both these children visited the Alum Springs for eight years, and is perfectly cured. Dr. Mitchell, of this city, has recommended the Alum Springs to many of his patients, and has never cancered sore on the nose, which had baffled all medical skill, and many other surprising instances of the cure of dyspepsia and chronic diarrhœas are occurring daily. The Alum Springs are not a universal panacea, nobody rece and knows all about them. They are not a mere fashionable resort, though fashion finds its votaries, as our guards and outlines. We have felt it to be a duty to make these remarks, as we have been frequently asked to give them.

The hotel is truly delightful; the company is usually of the best character, and the proprietors afford all facilities for the maintenance of health and comfort of their guests.

From DR. GRAHAM, *late President of the Virginia Board of Public Works.*

"The Rockbridge Alum Springs began to attract attention about the year 1832. Their waters are strongly impregnated with alum, sulphate of iron, lime, and camping out, sleeping for weeks in their wagons and on the ground, and drinking the water, were cured. The use of these waters in the cure of eruptive and cutaneous diseases, as well as in many of the diseases of the liver and digestive and indolent ulcers, among them many of a scrofulous character, is very remarkable.

"In consequence of these successful cures the reputation of these waters has extended to other countries, and other diseases were induced to give them a trial. Among these were dyspepsia and chronic diarrhœa, and they have been found to possess more remedial virtue, curing more obstinate cases of these diseases than any other mineral waters with which I am acquainted.

"As a cure for scrofula or King's Evil in its various stages of development, and for cutaneous diseases, and suppurating in small, flat pustules about the mouth and ears of children, and for chronic diarrhœa, dysentery, inflammation and ulceration of the glands and neck, the result has been astonishing. Cases of great debility and prostration of the system, from whatever cause originating, will find the tonic properties of these waters very beneficial and restorative.

"The reputation of these Springs is daily increasing, every year adds to the list of invalids who have there been effected. The visitors who frequent them entertain the highest opinion of the Alum Springs in the State, only excepting the White Sulphur."

Extracts from Letter from REV. DR. HALL *of Trenton, N. J.*

This Spring suffers disadvantage from the imperfect designation given in its name. The predominant taste is of alum, which is the largest ingredient of the mixture; but with it are combined iron, lime, magnesia, soda, with sulphuric, muriatic, and potash, and the chief solvents are carbonic and carbonic acid. It seems to be admirably adapted to the cases which I have seen in which they have been called to detect none of its most potent constituents. Certain it is that the Springs are a most efficient agent in restoring the digestive and bilious system, diseased or healthy, than can be selected from the whole list of Springs, or any ordinary calculation of their medicines.

To the intelligence of the plain observer, the arrangement describes itself as a mass of some of the most efficient medicines which the laboratory of a kind Providence has prepared for the relief of human ailments, and placed in the very bosom of the most exuberant vegetation, and at the springs of the mountains and the rate of the clouds.

The climate of the Rockbridge Alum Springs is reported to are all the scribe and circumscribe in general. It has cured many cases of consumption, and the most delightful accessible places of the seaboard. The ride over the mountains, passage of the Rockfish Gap; but it will keep at a distance from the Alum Springs. I am not in the habit of such cases of church and pastor; as we are, we have not been ill a day since we left home, and have been in the midst of the most malignant and malarious sickness with our countrymen from every quarter. The air of the mountains is very pure, under the exhilarating influence of a common faith and common affections, in the holy and reverend Old Church Lord's own day.

The following valuable letter is from Dr. MOORMAN, long the resident physician at the White Sulphur Springs, and author of many valuable works on the Mineral Springs of Virginia, a new edition of which is now in press:

OAKWOOD, March 24, 1857.

MY DEAR SIR:

I have received the pamphlet you were so kind as to send me, and thank you for the opportunity of perusing it. It contains much valuable matter in elucidation of the peculiar character of the Rockbridge Alum Water, in various obstinate diseases, and of which I shall avail myself in my forthcoming work, which, indeed, the publication has afforded me, personally, my new light as to the value of the Alum Springs. Heretofore, I had long appreciated it in all such cases before, and have long been in the habit of sending to them invalids from all parts of the Southern portion of the world. But, as affording convenient testimony, I shall be glad to receive it from an author.

It is a matter of no little importance that the public should be informed of the valuable discoveries incorporated by the Rockbridge Alum Waters in strumous diseases especially, and which have been long known to me, my profession, and never but in those waters has a tenable been found combining the active virtues of all their ores.

In my opinion I have expressed in my volume on this subject not to your judgment, in no way was useful in increasing or extending the public appreciation of the value of these waters, but more as a testing agent, it is, of course, very much at your service.

I remain, dear sir, very truly yours, &c.

J. J. MOORMAN.

To *Wm. Frazier, Esq.*

Extract from Dr. Moorman's New Work on the Mineral Waters of Virginia, page 376, et seq.

"The immediate effects of the waters under their full and kindly influences upon the system, are those of a gentle stimulation, producing the natural and healthful vegetable medicines of that class; but superior to them in the fact that they never leave the system in a state of reaction, or of debility, as do the latter, but more powers they receive the congestions of engorged viscera, and the morbid secretions, and excretions, and the healthful tone and activity to the tissue, they fill up the superficial capillaries of the skin, and give to the face a healthful glow of color, face and rich skin.

"They operate mildly, perhaps, two thirds of the persons that use them freely. Their action upon the kidneys is also considerable, and is very generally observed. Their action upon the skin is secondary, and is the result of the general impression of the system upon the functional organs, by receiving inflammation and congestion from the liver, and the other viscera, and restoring the healthful tone and action.

"Experience has fully shown that these waters are very effectual remedies in many diseases of the liver and the digestive system: lupus, and other malignant ulcerations, and in many diseases of the skin, and of the kidneys.

"In various chronic affections of the digestive organs, these waters are unsurpassing the virtues of any other mineralogously used.

"They are very valuable in *neuralgic affections*, particularly in persons, old or young, of scorbutic tendencies.

"*Chronic diarrhœas* they display acutely and happy effects.

"Being prone to produce a healthful action in the circulation, they are found very beneficial in *chronic* affections of the kidneys, bladder, urinary, and uterine organs.

"In several of the affections commonly known as *female* diseases they are very happily adapted. In irregularities of the menstrual flow, whether too profuse or scanty, they are an absolutely remedy, often curing that class of diseases which have been long considered incurable. In *menorrhagia*, unattended with pleurisy of the lungs, or tendency to it, and in those cases of *amenorrhœa*, they may be prescribed with great confidence. In *leucorrhœa* and *prolapsus uteri*, and in many other diseases of the uterine system, and in many of the nervous sympathetics, they may be used to eminent advantage. In the *dysmenorrhœa* of young persons of scrofulous habit, especially when the tendency is great to *passive* or *profuse* flow, they will be found of much advantage.

"In *anæmic* conditions generally, and in cases of debility and nervousness, the waters are peculiarly suited, and be administered with much confidence.

"In *dyspepsia*, which is perhaps with a strumous diathesis, may be treated by these waters to great advantage. Indeed, they will be found to be one of the best remedies for this disease.

"In *Gastralgia*, or nervous dyspepsia, they often act like a charm, relieving the pain, the nausea, and even the morbid secretions, and relieving it of its subacute and chronic character.

"They actively promote the appetite and invigorate the digestive powers.

"But it is especially in *Scrofula* that these waters have won their highest honors and established a reputation, not only among the best mineral waters of this country, but of the world. Their happy combination of tonic, alterative, diuretic, and aperient qualities, render them peculiarly appropriate to the cure of this disease, and especially in the various forms of strumous disease, such as *tumors*, *white swellings*, *caries*, *ulcerations*, *fistulæ*, *lupus*, and the various forms of cutaneous affections, whether exhibiting itself in the hardened and enlarged glands, and in the tumors of the joints, in the *white swellings*; in mesenteric indurations, or in its more intense and spreading development of adult life, they have been extensively used, and generally with great benefit to the sufferer.

If invalids who really need the waters would consult their own best interests, they would not defer their visit till the crowded months of July and August, but would, if possible, come in April, May, and June, when they can be in much better cared for and attended to. The water is never used to better advantage than in the spring and early summer months, while their power has been a year, in the history of the Springs-place, in which the accommodations for visitors equal those of the first places.

While its value as a medicinal agent is well established in the South, it has been one of the chief purposes to render it more and more attractive to the social, refined and cultivated people who usually, more and more, seek its quiet shades. Every effort is making to spare no reasonable pains or expense in catering for the tastes of such; and, besides affording the best medicinal waters, both for bathing and gentlemen, they have engaged a superior band from New York to furnish music as well for the lawn as the ball-room.

The water bottled at the spring is kept constantly on hand and for sale by

HEADMAN & CO., druggists, New York; *Bixie & Wyeth*, druggists, Philadelphia; *Coleman & Rodgers*, druggists, Baltimore; *Father & Winston*, Richmond, Va.; *R. S. Booker*, Lynchburg, Va.; *Haviland, Clark & Company*, Mobile, Ala.; and *James Symes*, New Orleans. It may be ordered from any of these houses with perfect confidence in its purity and freshness.

Pamphlets, with all particulars and many certificates, sent by mail on application.

FRAZIER & RANDOLPH, Proprietors.

☞ Every number of HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE contains from 30 to 50 pages—and from one half to one third more reading matter than any other Magazine.

Close of the Eighteenth Volume.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR MAY

The Publishers believe that the Eighteen Volumes of HARPER'S MAGAZINE now issued contain a larger amount of entertaining and instructive reading than can be found in any other periodical of the day.

Each Number has contained a part of THACKERAY'S Virginians, a story pronounced by many far superior in advance of its publication to anything that he has ever written. Each Number has contained a Novelette, and that of CHARLES LEVER'S heretofore unpublished story, "Davenport Dunn," is promised for the present; to be ORIGINAL, written by an American author, for HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

At no period since the commencement of the Magazine has it been more widely and cordially received by the reading public; and the Publishers refer to the contents of the numbers issued during the past year as evidence of the exertions made to meet the patronage of the American public.

From the *London Literary Gazette*, January 1st:

"We must refer in terms of eulogy to the high tone and sound sentiment which HARPER'S MAGAZINE is pursuing with a monthly circulation of about 150,000 copies. We have great hope to be found among the most high and general reading of the day. We speak of this work from evidence of our own eyes, and from the testimony of it has acquired in merited. Each Number contains fully as much good work—and it is conducted in itself the very monthly and the Publishers are entitled to the highest credit with the best features of the daily journal. It has great merit in the creation and dissemination of a love of pure literature."

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year	$2 00
Two Copies for One Year	3 00
Five Copies for One Year (each)	2 50

And an Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of Ten Subscribers.

HARPER'S WEEKLY and HARPER'S MAGAZINE, together, one year, $5.

The Postage upon "HARPER'S MAGAZINE" must be paid at the office where it is received. Postage, *Thirty-six Cents a Year.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A FIRST-CLASS ILLUSTRATED PAPER.

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST

FAMILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD.

EVER CENTS A NUMBER; $3 00 A YEAR.

The Publishers have the pleasure of announcing that they have received from the pen of the Hon. JEFFERSON DAVIS, the early proof-sheets of MR. CHARLES DICKENS' New Story, entitled "TRUMPS," and "OUR MUTUAL CITIES," splendidly illustrated by MCLENAN, the publication of which will be commenced in HARPER'S WEEKLY for May 7, and will be continued from week to week until completed.

The Publishers also take pleasure in announcing that they have purchased the splendid Picture of the Imperial Festal Tale of American Life, entitled "TRUMPS," by WILLIAM LIGHTFOOT, Author of "The Polished Corner," and other Notes of a Visit to Cuba. The first Number appeared in HARPER'S WEEKLY for April 9.

The Tales by CHARLES DICKENS and WILKIE COLLINS have been being constantly reprinted and may be obtained of all Booksellers.

HARPER'S WEEKLY has now reached a very prosperous being in the country successfully POSTED UP TO THE TIMES, and, in addition to its literary merits, is the best illustrated ORGAN MATTER, or so fully illustrated a history of the times as HARPER'S WEEKLY has been. Every Agricultural ARTISTS AND ENGRAVERS for illustrating this publication, and no pains or expense is spared to render it the best in the United States. This is the CHEAPEST AND BEST family newspaper in the country, and the Publishers confidently request any other paper

THE AMERICAN STUDENT AT OXFORD.

ENRAGED PROCTOR. "Sir, you are Smoking in the High Street!"
FRESHMAN (*from America.*) "Wa-al, old hoss!—Guess I could ha' told yeow that!"

IRATE PROCTOR. "Sir, I sent you back to your College only five minutes ago, to invest yourself in your Academical Costume!"
FRESHMAN (*from America, with affability.*) "Yes! and here we are again! Isn't it odd?"

"You've no call to be afeard of my Dawg, Marm, if you will but keep yourn off of 'im!"

The Great Family Paper.
The Great Family Paper.
The Great Family Paper.
The Great Family Paper.
The Great Family Paper.

The Proprietor of the NEW YORK LEDGER has the pleasure of announcing that CHARLES DICKENS, who is universally conceded to be the most popular Author living, has been engaged to write a Tale expressly for the columns of the LEDGER, and that he is now at work upon it. Advance sheets of Mr. Dickens' stories have at different times been obtained by American publishers, but this is the first time that a Tale has been written expressly and solely for an American periodical by such an eminent European Author as Mr. DICKENS, and yet Mr. BONNER would not have the public suppose that he thinks there is any thing very remarkable about the engagement; it is only part and parcel of his policy.

The LEDGER has now a larger circulation than any ten literary papers in the country, and is constantly increasing. MR. BONNER secures the best talent, irrespective of cost, and is, consequently, enabled to make THE BEST PAPER.

Terms of the LEDGER, $2 a year; two copies, $3.

Address all Letters to

ROBERT BONNER,
Publisher,
44 Ann Street,
New York.

P. P. P.
PARK'S PRICKLY PLASTERS.

They sooth pain; they protect the chest; they extract the coagulated impurities and excesses from the system; they impart strength; they are divided in sections, and yield to the motion of the body; they are porous; all impure secretions pass off, and they can not become offensive, hence, are freely worn four times longer than any other plaster, and are cheaper at 25 cents than others at 10. *Where these Plasters are*, pain can not enter. Weak persons should use Park's delicious Rennet, or any affected with sick, dumb aches pains, should try them. You will then know what they are. They are a new feature in the science of medicine. All Druggists have them. Take no other. Each Plaster bears a Medicine Stamp and our Signature.

BARNES & PARK, 13 and 15 Park Row, N. Y.
JOHN P. PARK, Cincinnati, Ohio.

PHALON & SON'S
COCOÏNE

FOR DRESSING AND PRESERVING THE HAIR.
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
Price 25 and 50 Cents per Bottle.

J. RUSSELL SPALDING'S
ROSEMARY

is the best dressing for the hair known.
The Rosemary will restore hair to bald places.
The Rosemary will remove dandruff.
The Rosemary is the best thing for children's hair.
The Rosemary has not been and can not be surpassed, according to all a clean, healthy scalp and beautiful hair.
The Proprietor can furnish proof to sustain the assertions above. Beware of not adult the voluntary certificates from persons who have used it with success. If you are not satisfied, try it.
Every bottle, genuine, has the signature of the sole Proprietor, *J. Russell Spalding*, 21 Vesonet Street, *Boston, Mass.*
Sold by Dealers generally.

Howe's Universal Elliptic Spring Bed
Boston, from $4 50 to $6, at retail at No. 379 Broadway. Factories or send for circular.

PRINCE IMPERIAL
CHAMPAGNE.

FROM
DE VENOGE & CO., EPERNAY, FRANCE,
As used at the
IMPERIAL TABLES OF THE CONTINENT OF EUROPE.
Can be had at all the leading hotels, and from all the principal dealers throughout the country.

B. V. HAUGHWOUT, Sole Importer,
CORNER OF BROADWAY AND BROOME STREET.

From among numerous flattering testimonials I beg to submit the following, from some of the leading purchasers of Champagne in the City:

From the Howard Hotel.
New York, April 7th, 1859.

MR. B. V. HAUGHWOUT:
Dear Sir:—In reply to your inquiry relative to the merits of the PRINCE IMPERIAL CHAMPAGNE purchased from you, I take pleasure in stating that it has given entire satisfaction to my customers, and I consider it an excellent wine, and one which I can confidently recommend to the public.
Yours respectfully,
J. E. KINGSLEY.

From the St. Nicholas Hotel.
We have tried the PRINCE IMPERIAL CHAMPAGNE, and cordially endorse the above recommendation.
TREADWELL, WHITCOMB & CO.

From the Metropolitan Hotel.
Having tested the PRINCE IMPERIAL CHAMPAGNE, we have no hesitation in endorsing the foregoing statement.
GEORGE PITCHS.
S. LELAND & CO.

From the Astor House.
Those who have tried the wine like it very much.
C. A. STETSON.

From the Western Hotel.
I do, with pleasure, concur with the above.
T. D. WINCHESTER.

From the Jones House.
I cheerfully add my testimony to the above recommendations.
HENRY A. ELLIS.

I have sold a large quantity of PRINCE IMPERIAL CHAMPAGNE, which has given perfect satisfaction to my customers, and I consider it a very superior wine.
HENRY A. ELLIS.

Wholesale and Retail Grocer, 746 Broadway.

We have tried the PRINCE IMPERIAL CHAMPAGNE, and think well of it ourselves, and so also do our customers.
R. TUSSELL & CO., Maiden Lane,
Formerly Clark & Brown.

BAILEY & CO.,
619 CHESTNUT STREET,
Philadelphia.
(Adjoining U. S. Mint.)
The largest manufacturers of
BRITISH STANDARD SILVER WARE
in the United States.

Guaranteed to be of the above quality. All Silver Ware sold by them is manufactured on the premises—Amayed by J. C. Booth, Esq., of the U. S. Mint.
DIAMONDS, PEARLS, WATCHES, JEWELRY, PLATED WARES, BRONZES, &c.

DO YOU USE IT? TRY IT! TRY IT!
R. LYON'S
KATHAIRON
FOR THE
HAIR
USED BY ALL AND SOLD EVERYWHERE.
ONLY 25 CENTS PER BOTTLE.

Strangers Visiting New York
SHOULD
VISIT GENIN'S BAZAAR,
507 & 513 Broadway, St. Nicholas Hotel,
Comprising TWENTY DEPARTMENTS in entry branch of business essential to the outfit of Ladies and children, and every article for the equipment of
Gentlemen and Men of Fashion.
IT IS TRULY
ONE OF THE LIONS OF NEW YORK.
Communicating with the Bazaar, and forming the fourth Commissioner, is
GENIN'S HAT STORE,
The largest Hat Store in America.
The GREATEST VARIETY of ORIGINAL STYLES to be found on this Continent.
Strangers coming to the city as buyers, or says "Lookers on in Vienna," should visit the BAZAAR and ONE OF THE CURIOSITIES OF TRADE,
having no parallel or rival on either side of the Atlantic.

SHELDON & CO., 115 Nassau Street, N. Y.
Have just Published:
The "Precious Stones of the Heavenly Foundations." $1 00.
The Life and Times of Carey, Marshman, and Ward. 2 vols. $5 00.
Spurgeon's Sermons. 6th Series. $1 00.
The Losing and Taking of Heaven. $1 00.
The Pillow of Fire. $1 25.
The Baptist Church Directory. 63 cents.
Daily Thoughts for a Child. By Mrs. Thomas Godart. 40 cents.
Ready Next Week:
The Christian Graces. By Rev. J. P. Thompson, D.D. 75 cents.
The Bible in the East. By Rev. S. I. Prime, D.D. 75 cents.
Truth in Every Thing. By Mrs. Tilton Goldart. 60 cts.
The above, as well as all of our publications, sent by mail, prepaid, on receipt of the retail price.

Great French Novel
Now Ready.
THE ROMANCE
OF A
POOR YOUNG MAN.
By Octave Feuillet. Translated from the Seventh Paris Edition.
12mo, Cloth, *Neatly, price* $1 00.

"The Romance of a Poor Young Man' has recently appeared in Paris, and has been hailed by both French and English critics as perhaps the most striking and admirable work of fiction that has appeared in any country during the year 1858. Indeed, since the world started the novel-reading world, we hardly remember another production of the kind which, for beauty and interest, can be compared with this."—*New York Tribune.*

**Booksellers are requested to order the $1 00 edition, which is the correct translation, published and sent by mail, *postage free*, by
RUDD & CARLETON, PUBLISHERS,
130 Grand Street, New York.

Now Ready, the Second Edition of
GOETH'S POEMS AND BALLADS,
TRANSLATED BY
PROF. AYTOUN, of the Edinburgh University, and
THEO. MARTIN.
12mo, Cloth, $1 25.
[From the London Saturday Review.]
No great poet has ever seemed to write like Goethe. The notes, the words, and the tones of the original are all reproduced by a version which is a miracle of imitative art. We regard the translations of Goethe's lyrics as the very best that have been executed of German or any other poet. They are likely to become classics.
("London Times.")
It is one of the most extraordinary feats in the way of translation that we know.
(From Lewes's Life and Works of Goethe.)
"They are instinct with life and beauty, against which no prejudice can stand. They give eternal form to feelings the most various, and to feelings that are true. They are *gay, enjoyable, playful, tender, passionate, resentful, reflective, and picturesque*; now simple as the tone which beats time in your head, now laden with weighty thought; at one moment reflecting with cheerful calm the wisdom of the world, at another, at another sobbing forth the sorrows which press a cry from the heart."
DELISSER & PROCTER,
19 Broadway, N. Y.
Copies sent per mail, prepaid, on receipt of price.

A Nuisance—Its Remedy.
"FELLOWS has dyed his beard locks and beards. A regiment may be encountered any fine day on Broad-way, with that dead color-bleached hue of the hair-dye green. Nobody is deceived. A dyed bean looks like the devil, confessedly, and speaking. Every barber has a sign of hair-dye. The quantity of that forlorn swindle sold must be immense."—*Tribune.*
That's a fact. You can always tell persons that use hair-dye. It is a nuisance, and a fraud, which one can not submit to. We will, however, just whisper to the gray-haired friends who wish to restore their hair to its natural color, that HERMETICAL RESTORATIVE, acting on the natural secretions at the roots of the hair, restores (not dyes) it to precisely its natural and original color. Try it."—*Troy Whig.*
Sold by every druggist. Price 50 cents a bottle.
W. E. HAGAN & CO., Proprietors, Troy, N. Y.

FRED. S. COZZENS,
WINE MERCHANT,
Offers for sale Vintages Wines of the finest qualities of his own importation.
RARE OLD BRANDIES,
SPARKLING AND STILL CATAWBA, AND ISABELLA WINES,
from N. Longworth, Cincinnati, Ohio.
73 WARREN STREET,
(Opposite Hudson River Railroad, New York.)

BURNETT'S COCOAINE.
We are sorry to perceive that shallow knave stepped to the nefariously of attempting to deprive Messrs. Joseph Burnett & Co. of the just reward of their skill and enterprise, which is offered in the form of what is the justly celebrated and very valuable "COCOAINE," while it is quite another article, made in New York, and called, to avoid a positive imitation, "Cocoine."
This is a poor subterfuge, and should not be suffered to be practised to the injury of the very respectable and responsible gentlemen who have devoted so much time, care, and capital to inventing and making known the genuine article.—*Boston Post.*

ELLIOT & PATTEN—Examine Inventions and procure American and Foreign Patents. *Patent Agency* corner of Seventh and Louisiana streets of Patent Office Building, Washington City, D. C.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. III.—No. 125.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1859. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

TO OUR READERS.

THE proprietors of HARPER'S WEEKLY are happy to announce that they are making arrangements in Europe for the prompt illustration of the leading scenes of the

WAR IN EUROPE

by the first artists of the day.

Thus, in addition to the admirable serials by Charles Dickens and George Curtis, now in course of publication in the WEEKLY, subscribers will obtain a complete illustrated history of the war.

DEPARTURE OF ITALIAN VOLUNTEERS FROM LEGHORN.

In connection with the stirring movements now in progress in Italy, we present our readers with an engraving of the departure of a corps of volunteers from Leghorn to Genoa, on 4th ult. The public are already aware that since that date the spirit of independence has become so universal in Tuscany that the Grand Duke has been obliged to fly, leaving the country in the hands of the insurgents. All Tuscany is now animated by one spirit. A correspondent from Leghorn writes:

"On the morning of the 21st instant there was a review of more than five hundred volunteers. On the previous evening about five hundred and fifty, who had come by land, were pronounding the streets: about two score of them were the Tuscan, i. e., the Austrian uniform. They had broken away from Lucca with their arms, had forced their way with crossed bayonets through the Modenese territory of Massa, had been joined by some of the very soldiers of the Duke of Modena, and had come to Sarzana to lay down their arms before the Sardinian authorities, by whom they are now forwarded to the depôts of Como, Savigliano, and Acqui.

"The volunteers who have already entered the Piedmontese service," says a morning contemporary, "are more than eighteen thousand, and you may add to the number from seven hundred to one thousand new arrivals daily. I am assured, upon the very best authority, that the spirit of these adventurous young men is the very best imaginable. They arrive in this part of the country often after enduring a variety of hardships and dangers in their flight; most of them, also, severing those domestic ties and breaking through those habits and associations which rest the Italians to their native place more than any other people on the earth; and on reaching their depôts they all, even youths of family and education, willingly enter the ranks as mere private soldiers, and submit to an amount of drilling which would be intolerable to the hardiest recruits."

OUR SPECIAL PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

*Departure of Troops for the War—The Empress in Despair—Excitement at the Clubs—Our Correspondent leaves for Turin—American Marriages to Paris—How the Austrians crossed the Ticino?—Incrustations at the Théâtres—A Lord who never traveled by Railway—*Volau-vent—*Ladies of the Corps de Ballet in Gauze—The Prince Imperial wants Excitement, etc.*

PARIS, *April* 26, 1859.

IF not in war, we are in all the turmoil and excitement of it; the drums of passing soldiers resound in the streets—one hears on all sides of sorrowful mothers and distressed wives, in all stations of life, the humblest as well as the highest. One's sympathy, if strong for all, is strongest with the first, who are not sustained in the same degree by the hopes of glory and advancement which animate their lottses, and who are summoned every day from their occupations and their families (the soldiers of the reserve). Even the married men are only exempted for the present, but are told "to hold themselves in readiness." Even as I write there is a regiment passing, in complete marching order, on their way to the Lyons Railroad. It is a picture-que sight. The men have the usual excessive air of soldiers, and the smart officers look enchanted (whether by order or not one can not say). From time to time one of the men steps for en instant out the ranks to exchange a shake of the hand with some one of the gazers in the foot-path; and even in the short space which my windows command I have already witnessed more than one tearful woman's face. And one hears of such sorrowful partings among one's acquaintances. Even the fair Empress, it is said, weeps, and "will not be comforted," at the thought of the Emperor's departure, for she sees in danger to him every thing forfeited—her own position and the hoped-for heritage of her son.

To us, who are mere lookers-on, it is a moment of rare interest and excitement—a splendid game of chess. At my club we have subscribed and sent for a large strategic map of the supposed battlefields, which we shall contemplate at our ease. *I*, however, feel a strong desire to approach more nearly to the scene of action. I feel the want of change of air and scene. Paris is close, and dusty, and noisy. My neighbor, the musical Count, is more provoking than ever, and keeps on hammering and scraping upon his various instruments in a manner quite unbearable. No chance of his going to the wars—not he!

So I am only waiting to write this last letter, and with the already obtained permission of the editor of the *World*, to make over my pen, and its privilege of entertaining his readers, to a fair lady who has sometimes before assisted me in the task, and who is willing now to accept it entirely; and then I am off to Turin. I have an invitation to a friend's villa at Cannes, to which I can retreat when I have had enough of what is going on in Sardinia.

We have very warm weather again, which on Monday was very enjoyable in the Bois de Boulogne, where there were some very pretty races at the pretty race-course of that vicinity. It was a charming, animated scene, and an enormous display of luxury in dress and equipage; for now the spring toilets are in their full flush and blossoming, and the stands on this occasion were indeed living parterres of fashion and beauty. But I shall only hint at all this, *en passant*, for next week these thenes will be in worthier hands. I went yesterday to see the Exhibition of Living Artists, at the Crystal Palace, and my first feeling on entering was a sorrowful one at witnessing what seems such a waste of human labor and ingenuity with so little apparent result or advantage. There are, as usual in French exhibitions, several enormous battle-pieces, such as the "Gorge de Malakoff," and the "Charge at Bubilskaya," where "the horse and his rider," with and without heads, and in fierce array, seem produced again and again in strange confusion; but I have not sufficient pleasure in such pictures to linger long enough over them even to criticise them. Then there is a large picture of the "Burning of the steamer *Austria*," horrible even to glance at—which was all I did. There are a vast number of other large canvass of great pretension and little merit, and also an enormous number of representations of slightly-draped women (if draped they are at all). There are a few good portraits by Winterhalter and others. That of the Countess Walewski is charming,—very successful as a likeness, and very graceful and refined in expression; and so are those of the Count and Countess de Morny. But there are too many most extraordinary portraits; some in which the persons represented are so deficient in beauty that one wonders at their having the courage to show their living faces, much less their painted similitudes; and again there are beautiful creatures treated by artists in such a deplorable style, that one *wonders* again, and yet more.

For instance, there is our magnificent countrywoman, Madame [illegible], whom I call the Queen of Beauty, who has been painted in a sort of dreamy, cloudy way—which I know is a style, and which has its admirers, but which seems to me simply a

THE DEPARTURE OF ITALIAN VOLUNTEERS FROM LEGHORN.

ridiculous dash. The classical and delicate profile is there, and so is the superb form, with its rounded, gorgeous graces, but it does not remind one of a Rubbed or a Titian, as it should anyrather, it makes one think of how differently they would have represented such superb flesh and blood.

The subject which divides with the war the attention of the fashionable world are the marriages. I do not think this year there are any among the Petits-Americain society; at least not to come off here. Mr. Livingstone I——'s marriage with the belle du ballet, the fair Furnell, is settled for the 1st of May, but will, I believe, take place at her father's seat in Ireland. It is a charming marriage, seeming to combine all the requisites of happiness, in well-assorted years and position, fortune on one side and beauty on the other.

I have just heard that, in spite of the numerous bolts of the printing and marriage offices, Austrians have not altered from their position, and have not crossed the Ticino. Indeed some are so bold as to say that there is a strong party in favor of a broken peace and successful negotiation. I cannot believe it. With such a superb army, equipped with such care and cost, and so eager and enthusiastic, I can not believe in any hesitation now on the part of the Austrians; and it seems so evident by their best policy to strike a decisive blow at Sardinia before the French can come to her rescue, that I am inclined to consider those as mere rumors for speculators, and made for the "Stock Exchange." As some one says, the Austrians have no money to pay their "return tickets," and so must thereforefight.

Others speak of difficulties and dissensions in Imperial and family councils at the Tuileries. The Imperial Guard, it is said, have already indicated decidedly the honor of being commanded by Prince Plon-Plon, who will find personal eager or ready to go to the war at all, and the Empress is fearful of doing so, leaving his loving cousin behind, as his plots and intrigues, and well-known ambitious character, render him dangerous to the Emperor's authority in his absence. It is said, I say, may, it only increases one's desire to see and hear for one's self on the real scene.

I have as yet met at Paris none English friends, who have, the most of them, never been here before, and who are reluctant to exchange their splendid to come now for my glowing descriptions of the lovely weather and the manifold attractions of the gay city in season. It was a most extraordinary sham I say that Lord E——(the father of my friend) did not come over here to see his son before, but that, in coming now, he traveled upon a railroad for the first time in his life. But I have several letters that are sent in England, who think nothing of risking their necks, five days in the week, in the hunting field, or in driving home dark nights from distant dinners and country balls, but who are too old-fashioned, and dread railroads and their accidents too much, and fight shy of innovations too much, to trust themselves and those dear to them to such uncertainties.

My Lady B——has been "on the Continent" in her youth, when persons of her rank (for she was a duke's daughter) lived in a style of state that we with post-horses. The two young ladies are charming, lively, well-educated girls, blooming with all the roses of their native Cornwall. They have never left everything for two short seasons in town —the "event" of each sister was presented. It is pleasant to witness their intense enjoyment of the novelty of being here; and their naive expression of the excitement of wonder and admiration with which they see are very amusing, and would banish ears even under grander circumstances than the dull and rain of the weather.

I had taken rooms for them at Maurice's Hotel, and the first day of their arrival we agreed all to dine at the *table d'hôte* there. The ladies were in their bonnets, as they had just arrived, and my Lord" would not make his appearance until after an elaborate toilet, particularly as he said he was quite certain he should not want any dinner, "sorry soups." So he came in rather late, freshly dressed and well scented, to descry and welcome me for him by the side of Lady B——and next to me. The first plat that was served to him after his dignified rejection of the soup was the favorite one of taking great credit to myself for not laughing aloud when he said to the solemn servant who handed it to him,

"Qui est cheéne?"

"Du poisson, mi Lor," was the grave reply, for they had already got hold of his title.

It was not till the servants at Maurice's were accustomed to the peculiar French of "old English gentlemen of unbridgid estate." Merry Julia and bright-eyed Fanny blushed not deeply before not laughing at this or country other mal-propos of "deare papa's." "Papa," they added, "we must not let him expose himself again at a *table d'hôte*."

I have, of course, made my friends to all the operas and theatres where it is permitted to the unpassy young ladies; but I must own my equanimity was that the first evening which they went to the Français together. I had secured a good box, and did not attend them, but was to go and fetch the ladies, as Lord B——was not well enough.

I had said, in a general way, "that it was not the custom or dress for the boxes at the Français, but imagine my consternation at finding my three friends in stunning dresses, young ladies in their usual white gowns, but absolutely with short sleeves and their lady mother *décolletée* and radiant in a blue silk dress! There was no help for it, and as I hastily explained to Julia that the white shoes must be changed, which was quickly done, and a lace shawl thrown over "mamma's" fair shoulders, not quite to her contentment, she exclaiming—"which was true,"—"that she never wore a high dress in an evening, and that to eat her dinner in one, she thought, would choke her." To this as it may, never did I feel conscious of looking so supremely ridiculous as in going up the stairs of the Français with Lady B——a stately person upon my arm, and her daughters following behind—two angels in white muslin.

Once in the box, it was not so bad. They all recognized their friend, and appreciated the perfection of the performance; and though I was greatly delighted to explain the jokes to Lady B——(or to proceed to do so), I did not mind that, nor her repeated exclamations "at the want of taste in French ladies in going to the play such dowdies."

Lord B——scorns the "acting," but delights in the ballet at the opera; nor did he at all object to the very serial dresses of the ladies of the *corps de ballet* in "Herculaneum," though really I, busy with his daughters, felt somewhat ashamed when Psyche in only a gauze chemise with golden wings, and Miss Aurora in only a tunic of the same transparent material, with golden bars, *pour tout habillement*. Not so *mi Lor*; he seemed to consider this a work of fine art, and he had paid his box-keeper, and for which he had his money's worth.

The Court has returned already from their country residence, driven in, I should think, by the bad weather, or by the necessity of the Emperor's being at home. He has, of course, numerous wives, though they do say it is because the little Prince is delicate. "Only," there is something satirical diary in this a little fellow who goes every day to the Bois de Boulogne, and sees there all that world of life, but it is an amusing anecdote nevertheless, and so truly like a French child. A little French girl, if you but will, will have you "not to trouble her dress," and the Imperial Prince may be allowed to find the country dull.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1859.

EFFECT OF A EUROPEAN WAR ON THE UNITED STATES.

EVER since the war in Europe has become a comparative certainty, economists and merchants have been anxiously considering what effects it will produce upon this country. It is quite certain that, under no circumstances, can we become involved in it; the only point of contact between the United States and the belligerent nations of the commerce. How far and in what way that commerce will be more or much affected by the war is a problem of paramount interest to all of us.

The commerce of the United States, during the last prosperous year we had, consisted of the following articles of demand. By commission, breadstuffs, provisions, specie, tobacco, lumber, manufactures, etc., etc., for $300,000,000. By freight, which constitutes about half the cotton manufactures of Great Britain, will consume just as much cotton goods during the war as before. The same argument will apply to France. It is evident, therefore, that, the demand remaining the same, the supply of foreign cotton goods will only be diminished—for a time, or two at least—by the reduced capacity of production; while the high prices will operate as a stimulating increased production here to supply the manufactured demand. In other words, and in fine, the effect of the war on the supply of cotton in Europe will be to reduce it; but the reduction will be no more than proportionate to the amount of labor diverted from manufacture by the war, and will be at least balanced by the increased demand for consumption in the American mills. This year, for instance, we shall need and absorb 3,000,000 bales, and retain 650,000 @ 750,000. If the war continues, our consumption may amount to a million bales or a million and a quarter.

The effect of war on breadstuffs and provisions is exactly the reverse. Famine will take place in those articles since war became imminent. War tends to enhance the market value of bread and meat, by withdrawing the labor of supply and increasing the demand. Soldiers in the field consume far more food than men engaged in peaceful pursuits. They not only feed well, or they will not fight. They will not stint themselves, for to the State which pays, the multiplication of armies, and the high prices of warfare involve enormous waste. Perhaps it would not be too much to say that one hundred soldiers in the field consume and destroy food enough for two hundred mechanics or laborers. On the other hand, it is obvious that many diverse of the articles which form a pump must cause a proportionate decrease of farm produce. It is doubtful whether Great Britain and Ireland combined, with their 30,000,000 adult males engaged in farm labor; if 50,000 of these are taken from the plow and set to work instead, will be able to infer that, so long as the war lasts, the demand for American breadstuffs and provisions will increase. We are able to sell all that we can spare, and at high prices.

With regard to our other exports—specie excepted—the war can not make much difference. Of the various manufactured goods which we export, India rubber shoes are the only article of which Europe is a consumer; the others go to various parts of the American continent, to Asia, and to Australia, and their export can not be affected by the war. There is no probability that war will diminish the number of whalers, and hardly fill the orders for ice. The apprehensions that the foreign demand for their staple will decline. The same and the previous remark applies to fish, oil, rice, and other of our minor exports. In the event of any trouble in the Baltic, there would be an increased demand for our lumber in the maritime states of Europe; otherwise, the trade could not be materially affected.

Our specie export must be considered, in deference to public prejudice, in a separate manner. When sound commercial principles obtain universally, the export of specie, like the export of any other article, will be regarded as a gain and not as a loss; there will be no more fears expressed as a reference to the probable effects of a drain of specie than are entertained at present in consequence of the large foreign demand for cotton, and which is correct. But as the education of the public mind has not progressed far enough to render bank panics impossible, it is a question, merely, whether, in the event of war in Europe, there is any prospect that our supply of specie can be taken from us, or reduced to what public prejudice pronounces a safe home reserve?

Two propositions are clear, as the outset. The war will not extend for ever, which, in the old phrase, is its "sinew." But the foreign world can take from us only as much gold as it pays for in the shape of foreign merchandise, and no more.

The United States ship to the foreign world about as much specie as it receives. Our gold and merchandise fall short of their imports of foreign goods and wares. During the two or three years previous to the present our excess of value of our imports from $90,000,000 to $60,000,000, and accordingly we shipped that amount of specie, and no more. This year we shall import $75,000,000 or thereabouts per annum, and we could have afforded to ship more. The question whether we will ship more or less than that the ensuing year can only be determined by the relative amounts of our imports and exports of produce and manufactures. Last year, the exports of 1859 are large, in excess of any previous year. But on the other hand, the net yield of the cotton crop will be greatly in excess of that of any other year; and though the export of breadstuffs, in consequence of the large crop last year, will be small, yet, with the most nominal—say 85,000 barrels flour and 600,000 bushels wheat to Great Britain from this port alone—the export of provisions from the new crop are excellent, the area sown is unprecedentedly large, and the crops have been proportions, and the prospect is fair for high prices. We do not believe that the imports of the calendar year 1859 will be greatly in excess of those of the great fiscal year 1856-'57; and the chances are that the export of cotton, provisions, and breadstuffs will be greater than that of that year. If this be so, the specie export will be less than that of 1856-'57, and will not exceed, after the usual drain to California yield, after paying all balances to Europe. If our expectation is unfounded, our specie export could still be considerably less than that of 1856-'57 without drawing a dollar from the Atlantic States.

It is hardly necessary to allude to the opinion which we see mentioned in some papers, to the effect that the necessities of Europe will draw our specie to a most undesirable point of trade. It is really ludicrous to notice the importance attached by some people to the movements of the bullion which, in the single item destination, by its *ipse dixit*, could control the laws of trade. Europe may, of course, by offering a premium for specie, cause it to be exported freely from this country; but until the can grow her own corn and cotton, it will, in such a case, necessarily cost enough to pay for those indispensable commodities.

An opinion is very generally entertained among financiers, which, if correct, would go to prove that our gold export, instead of increasing, must diminish. A general European war must divert millions of armies, and the labor of millions of farmers from the production of European securities. The very prospect of such a war must alarm numbers of capitalists, who have their gold in foreign investments, will and lead some so safe or so lucrative as United States and other first-class American securities. Already we notice that this is the case. Whether inevitable, the new Government loan has advanced to 104½. If, under the pressure of foreign requirements and general distrust, the rich men of England and the Continent sent over here only as much money as they have in the funds, our specie export would probably be reduced at least one-third.

On the whole, though every humane man will deplore the fatality which leads a hundred millions of intelligent human beings to go to war with each other, and the misery and desolation over the most glorious part of the earth's surface, in a commercial point of view we see very little reason why the impending war can prove injurious to the United States. It can not materially diminish the market for cotton, though it may transfer part of the demand from Europe to the United States; it must increase the demand for breadstuffs and provisions; it must give employment to our shipping, and increase the flow of immigration; and, if it lasts long, it is quite likely to hasten the individual wealth which this country will become the banker of a large portion of the civilized world.

THE BRITISH PANIC ABOUT FRANCE.

THE great British public and their chosen organ, the London *Times*, are visited by periodical panics in reference to the designs of the French. It is a fixed idea in the British mind that the French nation and their ruler, the Emperor Napoleon, are aiming at the conquest or humiliation of England. No matter how utterly at variance such a policy may be with the interests of France, and no matter how completely it is contradicted by the words and deeds of the French Government, John Bull —like the man in the old tale—persists on being outraged, and will not be pacified.

The delusion is no new thing. It is now obvious to all unbiased readers of history that if there was one object above all others on which the older Napoleon had set his heart, it was an alliance with Great Britain. He never attained that object, mainly because the English were so stubbornly set on disbelieving his word, misreading his promises, and misinterpreting his acts, that, say or do what he might to conciliate them, he always found them his implacable enemies and his wanton traducers. They were honest in their hate. They could not be convinced but that he sought the conquest of their island. It was a monomaniac delusion, as we all know. But all England shared it; and even to this day it is part and parcel of the patriotic creed of nine out of every ten Englishmen.

Very few readers of the public have forgotten the awful predictions of the *Times* at the time Louis Napoleon became Emperor. Even Junius—that prince of polished scurrility—appears moderate and inoffensive when contrasted with the attacks on Napoleon which were published daily in the London papers six and seven years ago. Every species of calumny and insult that ingenuity could invent or genius bark were leveled at this single man for week after week, and month after month and year after year. He could not make a speech without being pronounced a liar, a cheat, and a scoundrel. He could not put down a red republican riot without being told that he was a murderer of the blackest dye. When the Emperor and the respectable London journals calmly proceeded to vilify his own and his wife's private character with an influence unprecedented in virulence and decency which they dared not have used in speaking of any British subject, however humble. And all this time, to keep the British temper at quarreling pitch, England was daily assured that a thousand indications made it certain that Napoleon was planning a descent on Great Britain.

All this Napoleon required, first, by resolute calmness, next, by proving in a thousand ways his defensive alliance with Great Britain, and by going to war with Russia to prevent her interfering with the British-ordered route to the East. It might have been supposed that this would have silenced the hate and spite of even the *Times*. But, on the contrary, the calumnies only grew more intense. Though the French had no contemporaneous accounts of the war in their newspapers, and those few field of battle letters exclusively abandoned to their allies; though even the British correspondents admitted that the English were not at the front, and could have been overwhelmed at Inkermann owing to their old blunders but for Bosquet and the French, and delayed at the Fall of Sebastopol several weeks by failing to take the Redan; though the French management of their troops was as skilful and admirable as that of the English was clumsy and disgraceful; and, though in the face of all these shortcomings of the English, not one word of reproach or complaint, not one sneer ever appeared in a French print: yet the British writing, raging and fuming as it was constantly and assiduously endeavored to make it appear that the British had been cheated by their allies; that the disgraces—which were confessed from their own errors and bad generalship—were the fruit of French tricks; and that Napoleon, who threw away 100,000,000 of money and 100,000 men to fight England's battle, was not her sincere ally. Even when there was actually nothing more to suffer for, the British persisted in asserting that the treaty of Paris was forced on the English by Napoleon, who betrayed them for the friendship of Russia.

Next came the affair of the colonels. An attempt of an atrocious nature had been made to murder the Emperor, and nearly proved successful. The assassins had lived in England, met and conspired in England. The instruments of death had been manufactured in England, and shipped from England. The money which sustained the murderers had been raised in England. The details of the conspiracy and the men who would have reaped the profit had the bombs done their work, were the guests of the English people, the protégés of the leaders of English politics, valued contributors to the English press. When the attempt was made there was no outcry in England. People were shocked, but there was no indignation. On the contrary, when a fellow who had at least connived at the atrocious crime, if, indeed, he was not an active accomplice, was arrested and tried, British sentiment took his part openly, overawed court and jury, and made a hero of him when he was acquitted. Was it surprising under the circumstances that the French colonels should express a pretty lively indignation at such conduct on the part of a friendly people? If the case had been reversed, and the assassins had attempted the life of Queen Victoria, and the Paris mob had glorified them and overawed the court where they were tried, would the British soldiers have been moved to express their addresses? We think they would have used language far stronger than that of the colonels. But on the first outburst of anger on the part of the latter the English set up their old howl about a French invasion, the London *Times* called for more soldiers and sailors, and, as a consequence, the London correspondent of our New York *Commercial Advertiser*, actually fixed the time of the French invasion, and told us that we might Britain at sixty days from the day on which he wrote to our venerable contemporary.

Well, this night-fever died like the others, and though the English were deeply grieved that the French should dare to improve the port of Cherbourg; though Admiralty Board was lacerated by the affront put upon the Queen by the Emperor in inviting her to come and see the harbor from a safe harbor whose waters were before, John Bull after a time allowed himself to be calmed. To be sure, Mr. Roebuck, not to hold type of his countrymen in most respects, did come back from France where he had been most hospitably feasted, and wined, and entertained, and abuse the Emperor roundly. But the public generally were quiet.

Now, John Bull is disturbed broken out afresh. France has determined to settle the Italian question once for all, and to stop up that spring of incessant quarrel. To do so she must naturally, she has made a convention with Russia to the effect that the war shall be confined to Italy, and that England shall not be let to do her fair play between France and Austria. Some word of this convention reaching England, the *Times* and the British press raised a terrible outcry. In their blind fury they make out that the convention is a treaty offensive and defensive, that Napoleon has come to terms with all the Emperor to be used against England, and that Denmark has presented the Emperor with her half dozen of ships of the line lest it should this the *Times* asserts unequivocally, the stock exchange believes, at a cost of 52 members, and poor Mr. Bruce has been driven out of office by rivals of his wrath on Napoleon in the columns of our respected contemporary.

It is to be hoped, now that the facts are disproved. Denmark shows that she has made no such alliance; no matter. The Russian Ambassador officially declares that no such convention plates no design hostile to Great Britain; he is not listened to. Common sense points out the utter absurdity of such a convention as that Napoleon must wet his feet there in order trying to soothe them. Like Moliere's Imaginary Invalid, they are ready to knock any man down who is in skepticism about their dreadful sufferings.

A few weeks hence the furor will subside, and the French alliance will again be postponed. But the play is too popular to be withdrawn permanently from the bills. It will be reproduced from time to time, to the infinite satisfaction of the British, for many a year to come —until, indeed, the Englishman of the Rochback and Sampson type be wholly defunct.

THE LOUNGER.

DR. PRIMROSE AT HOME AGAIN.

DR. and MRS. PRIMROSE, with the girls, have gone home. Mrs. Primrose was not a little angry, it would have been the damp weather which prevented the Doctor's return to his favorite work; and which drowned out so many of the anniversaries. Indeed, the Doctor was heard to say, in an impatient moment of his wife's journey, "I'll be me! rain again!"

But he was instantly ashamed of himself, and, looking at his wife, he said, "I know it, my dear —it was beautiful weather, and I am an ungrateful, surly dog. I shall rail the next time I am inclined to punish me."

That is not quite in which Dr. Primrose went to all the anniversaries, especially to that of the American Tract Society, in which he found brotherly love and good humor in full blossom, to a quite remarkable degree. He went into the Palace Garden at exactly the moment when the dinner was half invited to agree with Mr. Ketchum, and with Mr. Nathan Bangs, and many others, and came out of the meeting firmly resolved that there were two sides to every question.

Dismissing the Doctor—and the girls as they passed the City Assembly Rooms, he ran up and stood for a time before the door to satisfy himself whether the feet of Mr. Garrison and Mr. Phillips were really cloven. Somebody was speaking, but Dr. Primrose could not carry. He merely observed that it was the most fervent and exquisite oratory he had ever heard, and could not believe his reverend brother Prime, who told him he had been listening to Phillips. "Impossible, Sir," replied Dr. Brewer; "for it was a man who believed what he was saying."

He never heard music more touching than that of the blind scholars as they sang to Dr. Alexander, nor saw a lovelier spectacle than the Sunday-school children by thousands. He heard with delight how far the Bible had been carried, and his heart overflowed with sympathy for the mariner and orphan.

In fact, every cord of Dr. Primrose's heart was thrilled and responded. He ventured to dine at Delmonico's, was delighted with every thing but the bill. Yet he cheerfully paid it, and told mother she must cut off the puddings for a week at home. He was much troubled by the mosquitoes. He would look at him and stand ready with a napkin, but if he were going to flirt him out with it like a mosquito the moment he was done eating. But he took advantage of the man's being called off by somebody else to run suddenly, and so escaped extinction.

But, at Mrs. Primrose, with the girls, went home with a very confused idea of the city's great and the societies and its speaking. These things, however, they were sure of: it had rained, mother had pealed her best bonnet, and they had eaten a capital dinner at Delmonico's.

THE WAR.

THE war is the inevitable topic. The *London Illustrated News* laughs at the lawyers who declared that the attention of the four quarters of the globe was concentrated upon the Washington Treaty business. And well it might; for the attention of the world is concentrated upon a readjustment of the map of Europe.

The nations are undoubtedly going to fight. In the war spirit they are invoked, and it will not be laid except by blood and the smell of powder. And since war is inevitable, it is delightful to know that although it is to blame, Austria, France and Sardinia will strike the first blow; and they will each invoke the blessing of God upon their arms before they draw the sword with immense reluctance, and only after a profound conviction that the peace of the world, the peace of Europe, and the happiness of mankind could be preserved in no other way. Each one of them is so colored and written as to say that only a magnanimous nation could. Each has been its most sacred rights and the faith of treaties invoked until it is tiresome. Each one says, Regrets, rebuffs, deplore; but *Gedenreich Lebe hoch! Viva la France! Viva l'Italie!* and the world knows who shall drive out the French *it* is asked, with singular politeness, by the London *Times*.

But never in our time—never since the victory of Waterloo—has England stood in so unhandsome a situation as she has been entirely through her. She has been left aside. There is an evident political paralysis in the air, a want of intelligence in the Government, and chagrin in the papers. It is not because the sentiment of the English governance is not that of the English people? There always been a strong Italian sympathy on the part of that people, and the Government has learned toward Austria, but taken no firm position any where. No wonder that the English finds fell, and English diplomacy failed, and the London journals could not conceal their growls at France.

The electricity is with the Emperor of the *Ferrea* left, will show what is the real sentiment of the country. As Lord Derby said at the Mayor's dinner, the Ministers do not know whether they are in or out.

EXIT THE GRAND DUKE.

THE revolution of 1848 began with the singularly ridiculous retirement of the Duke of Orleans departing from his palace, no man pursuing, under the name of Mr. Smith, with a baggy umbrella under his arm.

The war of 1859 opens with a similar spectacle. The poor old Grand Duke of Tuscany, who always seems to be a personally benign old gentleman, but who has the least stomach of any potentate on record, has gone off to Bohemia with his family, as packing his trunk or running a successor.

So far as appears, a tolerable farmer of prairie was spoiled in Leopold. Twenty years ago the tourists in Europe used to entertain us with accounts of the mild paternity of the Grand Ornament—Leopold being papa—as were regaled with stories of the mild paternity of every well reared rash milk—and sold such butter—and how neat his farms were—and how like any ordinary human being he looked in his shirt sleeves. How big his grand Ducal hals under his hat, was not to be distinguished from any other easy-going old gentleman.

And he gave such pretty balls—and was so wellbehaved in Italian grand circle out in the opera. Their style in a carriage overflowing with offspring and grandchildren was so thoroughly simple and blissful. Tuscany figured as a kind of Elysium. It was one of Claude Lorraine's pictures come true, and Leopold was the sermon of good intentions incarnate.

Suddenly came the thunder clap of '48, and the scene shepherd shivered and fled. The Austrians brought him back again surrounded with their bayonets. He told me to the Tuscans on a small scale, as Louis Napoleon did to the French upon a great one. He revoked their Constitution. He was at once cowardly and treacherous, as weak men always are.

But the people were used to him—and to the Austrian soldiers. The fires of the revolution died out, and the easy old and reactionary still, it seems ago, his officers came to him and told him they could not answer for their soldiers if he did not take the Italian side. "Gracious me!" cried his serene Highness, and departed.

Weakness in responsible situations generally results in the most atrocious crime. That old, dull, Windsor farmer, George Third, who used to walk on the terrace with a regiment of children, and was such an example (as was fondly viewed by John Bull) of all the family and Christian and rustic graces, was the meanest tyrant in England since James Second—and that was much less than Stuart. Other qualities are wanted in Kings and Grand Dukes than lymph, oil, and philopregnativeness.

THE POET PERCIVAL.

TICKNOR & FIELDS are constantly showering blue and gold drops from Parnassus. They have already issued a lovely Flora of the birds and people who write poetic prose. A lover could hardly give a more elegant present.

The last volumes are Owen Meredith's poems, and Percival's, and Mrs. Jameson's studies and stories. The first is Bulwer Lytton, son of the novelist, who has great opulence and facility, and whose first volume of poems was highly praised in England. But they have too strong a flavor of Browning to please any one who is familiar with that writer. The Percival has a great deal pleasing, and this little volume has her portrait upon the Hesse of Titian and Adelaide Kemble, both of which are good.

The chief name of the three is Percival, whose complete poetical works are now, for the first time, collected. He was a man of singular gifts and personal attraction, learned and eccentric.

Twenty-five years ago he was counted among our chief poets. Bryant, Halleck, Dana, and Percival were the four. The rest were the Mr. Cheekbooks and newspapers. Of late years Percival has doubtless fallen from his original rank; and yet no man who would have books that fairly represent our literature can dispense with Percival's poems.

PEOPLE *VERSUS* KINGS.

IT all the war rumors there is not much said of the people. And yet, from the present order of things is destroyed in Europe, as it is like very soon to be, the people will be the power whose sole desire will change the face of the world. Kings may desire some change beside that from King Log to King Stork.

In fact, every revolutionary movement in Europe now must be regarded only as a step, more or less direct, in the great progress of Liberty. The French have an expression that the Revolution is in permanence. It undoubtedly is so. Our own country and England—the two freest and of different forms of constitutional governments of liberal and human institutions—have had the greatest prosperity and vast practical freedom which the mass of the populations enjoy, are perpetual reminders to the eye and to the mind of the oppressed mind of populations of a more desirable condition than their own, which actually exist, and of which many individual friends and neighbors of theirs are parts.

The incessant restlessness of Europe is the symptom of the revolution. No treaties, no accommodations, no *coups d'état*, can suppress it for a year by year people become more intelligent, and in the degree that any State becomes intelligent it becomes free.

The result of the war of '59 will be precisely what that of 1848 was—a wider emancipation of the people of Europe, and a consequent advance in the possibility and practicability of political reform. If France will be merely the master of Italy, it will be the conjunction of two revolutionary people. Even if France and Austria divide Europe between them, they will merely precipitate the struggle which the first Napoleon foretold—that between civilization and barbarism.

Does any body doubt which will win?

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

STEAM SCORE, New York, writes the *Weekly* to publish a Chronological History of the Kings of England. It may be enough to say that the publication will be commenced in these columns simultaneously with that of Guizot's Chronological History. Every correspondent might consult Hume or Liddell's Chronology.

A. MAC.—Certainly not. Nobody in his senses can say that people ought to do as they would be done by he "a milksop." So will he do those he can't control. A man?

CHRAYFA says that there is no herb of that name in Northern India, and he and his friends disagree about the pronunciation. The rule is to pronounce it as he, if the native pronunciation is not known, to follow the English analogy. In the case of the Hindoo name, as our correspondent thinks, Ki-ray-ya, he Kriya, is the best known.

A FIRE-HORSE (Grand Lake, N. B.) asks if Sydney Yendys is a real name, and mentions that Yendys is very fortunate in having such a husband. Yendys is a poet who writes under that title in Sydney Dobell. As to the real existence of Yendys, and Yendys's husband, we cannot write belong to the music of the Furies, or Destinies, or Graces, or any other of the myths of the Empire. The Mr. Lever connected with a translatable Dickens company is not the novelist, and we do not know whether he is related to Harry Lorrequer.

THE Lounger has accordingly written the Lounger a courteous letter heartily sympathizing with "A Word to Home" in the *Weekly* for May 7, which is a word about Democracy and Servants.

—Two youths in Oakland College, Claiborne County, Mississippi, will receive the Lounger's warmest wishes for his gentle readers as partners in the game of life. But the Lounger can only warn all fair dames against young gentlemen who woo by proxy.

—ERIE STUART, who asks about certain poems, will probably see them in print, if he only waits long enough and generously contributes the stamps of those columns.

—DEPOSITOR IN CHEM (St. Louis) sends some matching poetry, and warrants 20,000,000 lines per hour of the same sort. There are plenty of machines who can send the machine artistic. The Lounger is very sure the Editor of the *Weekly* would be happy to receive another kind.

BISHOP DOANE.

We place before our readers a portrait of this distinguished Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church, whose lamented death occurred on the 27th of April. We feel bound, as faithful remembrancers of the times, to accompany this picture with a brief sketch of the Bishop's life and character. We look at him in a point of view different from that in which he is generally regarded. As our paper is a secular one, and not the organ of any church or denomination, it would hardly fall within our proper sphere to notice one who was only remarkable, as a bishop, for his zeal and success in advancing his own church and diocese. But there is a greatness in manhood which reaches beyond the bounds of all sectarianism, either in religion or politics. There are, now and then, men in the world who, however they may stand opposed to us in their principles and practices, make us feel and even "a man's a man for a' that!" Such a man was Bishop Doane. And as we strive by impartial views to draw pictures from the life of busy action before us, we look at him, not as dressed in the robes of his episcopal office, but as clothed in those attributes of humanity which make him especially a man of mark in his day and generation. He stands before us not merely as the bold, resolute, uncompromising advocate of certain religious principles—though we like him none the worse for that—but we see in him a type of our age and country, a conductor in the great moving train of progress, whom cry was ever "Go ahead!"

George Washington Doane was born in Trenton, New Jersey, on the 27th of May, 1799. His early education was obtained in New York, where he was prepared for college by that well-known teacher, the Rev. Dr. Barry. He graduated with honor at Union College, Schenectady, at the early age of nineteen. He first commenced the study of law in New York, but soon turned his devotion to theology. He was ordained deacon by Bishop Hobart, in 1821, and priest in 1823. During the time of his preparation, and for some time after entering the ministry, he exercised the hardly less important office of a teacher in this city. He thus employed the early vigor of his life for a great end; and, while yet a boy, took a man's hold of his duty. With the American spirit he became a master at an age when many are yet in their pupilage; augmented himself and others at a time of life when most young men require to be supported.

For nearly three years he exercised his ministry in Trinity parish, New York, and in that sphere of duty gave full promise of his future distinction. In 1824 he was appointed Professor of Belles Lettres in Washington College (now Trinity College), Hartford. In 1828 he went to Boston as assistant-minister in Trinity Church; and in 1830 he became rector of that important parish. From this field of duty he was called, in 1832, to the episcopate of New Jersey, and was consecrated bishop October 31, 1832. He was made also, at Burlington, and on the death of the venerable Dr. Wharton, in 1833, he was elected rector of St. Mary's Church in that place.

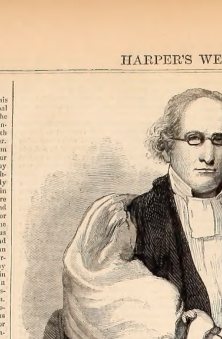
It was in his two-fold office of bishop and rector that the true energy of his character developed itself, and brought forth abounding fruits of vigorous and energetic life. But the cares and labors of this Bishop were especially devoted to the great work of education. His far-reaching vision perceived what power and influence for good would thus be attained.

It was in pushing on this work, almost unaided, and in that self-relying, trusting, American spirit, which is almost reckless of risk, that he became involved in those pecuniary difficulties which brought upon him so much suffering and trial. But it is now acknowledged that he brought all this evil on himself for no selfish or personal ends. Aye, St. Mary's Hall—the largest and most successful female school in the land—and Burlington College stand as monuments and witnesses of his labors and sufferings. Bishop Doane is admitted by all who had the least knowledge of his life

to have been one of the most laborious and self-sacrificing men of our busy working age and country. He did not confine his cares or labors to his own diocese, but extended them to all the general interests of the Episcopal Church, and left his impress on them all. His heart and soul were in the missionary work, especially in the foreign missionary field of that Church.

To this hurried view of the life of this devoted Bishop we must add a brief notice of his character. There was in him a harmonious blending of the most opposite characteristics. His nature was a strange intermingling of the strongest and gentlest qualities. He triumphed in all his difficulties, not more by the power of a fearless heart and a mighty intellect than by the affection he inspired, which drew close around him a body-guard of friends whose devotion nothing could shake. Among these were men of the highest station and character. He was most hospitable and liberal in his disposition, and all he had was ever freely shared with others. There was no reserve about him, either in speech or manner. He had in a marked degree that freedom-easy way with high and low, rich or poor, which is said to be one of the products of true Americanism. There was an unaffected independence about him which required no formal declaration to make it manifest.

His intellectual character had the same remarkable blending of strength and gentleness, of power and sweetness, which distinguished his moral nature. This was seen in his preaching, in his published sermons and addresses, and in his poetry. His bold thought is set off



THE LATE BISHOP DOANE.—[FROM A DAGUERREOTYPE.]

with the lightest and gentlest touches of grace and beauty. While he was most powerful in debate, a match for a whole convention, he would go home after some stirring exhibition of his might and power, and breathe out the tenderness of his heart in stanzas to "the first violets of spring," or the flowers that bloomed on his mother's grave. One of the most practical, down-right, hard-working of men, he had an imagination which surrounded his daily life with the brightest images of poesy. Had he not yoked his Pegasus to an omnibus, what flights was it fitted for! If he had not chained himself to the hardest routine of duty, in the more pleasant fields of imagination he might have soared to the highest place among our living American poets.

In one of his early poems he seems to define the character he would aim at, and the path he would pursue in life. The figure he employs shows his American spirit:

"What is that, mother?
The eagle, boy,
Proudly careering his course of joy,
Firm in his own mountain vigor relying,
Breasting the dark storm, the red bolt defying:
His wing on the wind, and his eye on the sun,
He swerves not a hair, but bears onward, right on.
Boy, may the eagle's flight ever be thine,
Onward and upward, true to the line!"

Such in truth was he from his earliest life, a type of the true American character, self-relying and undaunted. He was, in the best sense, a self-made man. He never depended on patronage; he made his own way,

"Firm in his own mountain vigor relying."

Smitten with sickness from exposure in his visitation of his diocese, he only laid aside his robes of office to come home and die. His life of toil and care ended in a quiet and triumphant death, with words of peace and faith upon his dying lips. He sleeps, at his own desire, by his mother's side, beneath the shadow of St. Mary's Church, his best and fittest monument.

A JINGLING PICK AT PIKE'S PEAK.

BY C. H. WEBB.

I must own to a pique, Mr. Pike,
And you're the cause of the same;
That my faith in this last golden "strike"
Is meagre and weak.
I believe that your newspaper glories,
After all, are but typeical stories,
And pinchbeck at best!
That so far from a golden-paved ground,
Indeed there will scarcely be found
An ounce in the lap of the West.
And my Muse pities much, though she mocks,
All these rattle-brained seekers of "rocks,"
Who are leaving their shovels and their stocks,
Enticed from their farms and their flocks
By the glittering plume of your crest.

Here I'll give you my opinion,
Though its gist you may not like—
All the gold of your dominion,
In "coal," "scale," or "chunk,"
Would not poise one wild-goose pinion—

You're a sort of Peter Funk,
I think, Mr. Pike!
And your victims all are going, going, going
To the Peak to dig and dig;
When, in fact, they should be hoeing, hoeing, hoeing
Some potato-patch near by.

Ay, they're rushing day by day,
When the chance is more than fair,
Stead of bringing dust away,
That they leave their own dust there.

Let them go with cradle, ladle,
Those chaps that like to roam.
There's a certain little cradle
I hope to rock at home.

What a curséd "yellow-fever!"
He that has a wife—to leave her
In quest of this gammon!
Small matter what his fate is
Who thus would immolate his
Lares and Penates
On altar of Mammon!

Oh! out upon such dreams
Of auriferous streams,
The "deposits" and—stuff:
He that goes to this Peak
In the course of a week
Will have peaked enough!

And now my eager friend,
If a moment thou wilt lend
That long ear of thine,
I'll tell it about mettle
Where you, John, James, or Peter
Can find a rich mine:
In the field there by your door
Lies a wealth of gold in store
Which will rise at your touch;
With yourself rests the spade,
And if the mine be mute
To yield little or much.

For there's virgin wealth in virgin soil,
There's a manly health in manly toil:
And speaking the plain truth forcing the sod,
You're serving at once yourself and your God.

THE NEW YORK LAW INSTITUTE.

The engraving given below is a view of the new rooms of the New York Law Institute.

The New York Law Institute was founded January 19, 1828. The original members were nineteen in number, among whom were Chancellor Kent, John Duer, chief justice of the Superior Court; James J. Roosevelt, now a Justice of the Supreme Court; William Johnson, well known as the compiler of the most valuable series of the New York Law Reports; also Messrs. David B. Ogden, James W. Gerard, Daniel Lord, Samuel Stephens, and others, since eminent members of the profession. The object of the Institute was the establishment of a Law Library for the use of the profession in the city of New York. In about two years from its first organization it had purchased a very fair Law Library.

When the Library was first founded an arrangement was made with the Corporation of the city, by which it was agreed that the Corporation should provide rooms for the use of the Institute, free of charge, and that the Library should be free to the courts and public officers of the city. Under this arrangement rooms were assigned to the Library, at first in the small room in the easterly basement of the City Hall, and afterward in the building known as the New City Hall. In 1854, however, this building took fire, from an overheated furnace-flue, and was burned; since which time the accommodations in the public buildings at the disposal of the Corporation have been so limited that the Law Institute has been compelled to shift for itself. For the most of the time since the fire of 1854 the Institute has occupied hired rooms in Chambers Street, and here, in 1856, the Library was a second time injured by fire. The personal damage on both occasions was, we believe, fully covered by insurance; but a hint of Chancellor Kent, and some fine paintings destroyed in 1858, can not be replaced.

Upon the recent removal of the United States Courts to the building in Chambers Street formerly known as Burton's Theatre, arrangements were made by which the Institute have a fine use of the spacious and elegant room represented in the annexed cut. They have been conveniently fitted up and furnished, at an expense of little less than $9000; and a few days since the opening of the new apartments was celebrated by a meeting of the profession and an appropriate address by Hon. John W. Edmonds, ex-Justice of the Supreme Court.

The Library of the Institute now numbers nearly 8000 volumes, valued at about $15,000. It is especially rich in English and American Reports, all of which now in course of publication are procured with the utmost promptness and regularity; and the collection, as a whole, has been gathered with special reference to the wants of the profession in daily practice. The funds for the payment of expenses and the purchase of new books are derived from the sale of shares and an annual assessment upon the shareholders; and, of course, the privileges of the Library, with a few honorary exceptions, are confined to the proprietors.

LIBRARY OF THE NEW YORK LAW INSTITUTE.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

In Three Books.—Splendidly Illustrated.

IF Printed from early Proof-sheets, for which Messrs. Harper & Brothers pay the Author

FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS.

BOOK I.

RECALLED TO LIFE.

CHAPTER V.

THE WINE-SHOP.

A LARGE cask of wine had been dropped and broken in the street. The accident had happened in getting it out of a cart; the cask had tumbled out with a run, the hoops had burst, and it lay on the stones just outside the door of the wine-shop, shattered like a walnut-shell.

All the people within reach had suspended their business, or their idleness, to run to the spot and drink the wine. The sweepings, irregular stones of the street, pointing every way, and designed, one might have thought, expressly to lame all living creatures that approached them, had dammed it into little pools; these were surrounded, each by its own jostling group or crowd, according to its size. Some men kneeled down, made scoops of their two hands joined, and, sipped, or tried to help women, who bent over their shoulders, to sip, before the wine had all run out between their fingers. Others, men and women, dipped in the puddles with little mugs of mutilated earthen-ware, or even with handkerchiefs from women's heads, which were squeezed dry into infants' mouths; others made small mud embankments, to stem the wine as it ran; others, diverted by lookers-on up at high windows, darted here and there, to cut off little streams of wine that started away in new directions; others devoted themselves to the sodden and lee-dyed pieces of the cask, licking, and even champing the moister wine-rotted fragments with eager relish. There was no drainage to carry off the wine, and not only did it all get taken up, but so much mud got taken up along with it, that there might have been a scavenger in the street, if any body acquainted with it could have believed in such a miraculous presence.

A shrill sound of laughter and of amused voices—voices of men, women, and children—resounded in the street while this wine-game lasted. There was little roughness in the sport, and much playfulness. There was a special companionship in it, an observable inclination on the part of every one to join some other one, which led, especially among the lackier or lighter-hearted, to frolicsome embracings, shakings of lealths, shaking of hands, and even joining of hands and dancing, a dozen together. When the wine was gone, and the places where it had been most abundant were raked into a gridiron-pattern by fingers, these demonstrations ceased, as suddenly as they had broken out. The man who had left his saw sticking in the fire-wood was drawing it backward and forward again; the woman who had left on a doy-step the little pot of hot ashes, at her own door, was fain to soften the pain in her own stunned fingers and toes, or in those of her child, returned to it; men with bare arms, matted locks, and cadaverous faces, who had emerged into the bitter light from cellars, moved away to their several dens; and a gloom gathered on the scene that seemed more natural to it than sunshine.

The wine was red wine, and had stained the ground of the narrow street in the suburb of Saint Antoine, in Paris, where it was spilled. It had stained many hands, too, and many faces, and many naked feet, and many wooden shoes. The hands of the man who sawed the wood, left red marks on the billets; and the feet of the woman who nursed her baby, was stained with the stain of the old rag she wound about her head again. Those who had been greedy with the staves of the cask, had acquired a tigerish smear about the mouth; and one tall joker so besmirched, his head more out of a long squalid bag of a night-cap than in it, scrawled upon a wall with his finger dipped in muddy wine lees—BLOOD.

The time was to come, when that wine too would be spilled on the street-stones, and when the stain of it would be red upon many there.

And now that the cloud settled on Saint Antoine, which a momentary gleam had driven from his sacred countenance, the darkness of it was heavy—cold, dirt, sickness, ignorance, and want, were the lords in waiting on the smith Spare-nothing—nobles of great power all of them; but, most especially, the last. Samples of a people that had undergone a terrible grinding and re-grinding in the mill, and certainly not in the fabulous mill which ground old people young, shivered at every corner, passed in and out at every door-way, looked from every window, fluttered in every vestige of a garment that the wind shook. The mill which had worked them down, was the mill that grinds young people old; the children had anxious faces and grave voices; and upon them, and upon the grown faces, and plowed long and deep furrow of age and coming up afresh, was the sign, Hunger. It was prevalent every where. Hunger was pushed out of the mill hungry, by the wretched clothing that hung upon poles and lines; Hunger was patched into them with straw and rag and wood and paper; Hunger was repeated in every fragment of the small modicum of fire-wood that the man sawed off; Hunger stared down from the smokeless chimneys, and stared up from the filthy street that had no offal, among its refuse, of any thing to eat. Hunger was the inscription on the baker's shelves, written in every small loaf of his scanty stock of bad bread; at the sausage-shop, in every dead-dog preparation that was offered for sale. Hunger rattled its dry bones among the roasting chestnuts in the turned cylinder; Hunger was shred into atomies in every fruit-and-herb porringer of husky chips of potato, fried with some reluctant drops of oil.

Its abiding-place was in all things fitted to it. A narrow, winding street, full of offense and stench, with other narrow, winding streets diverging, all peopled by rags and night-caps, and disease, and life-long labor, and hunger, and all visible things with a brooding look upon them that looked ill. In the hunted air of the people there was yet some wild-beast thought of the possibility of turning at bay. Depressed and forlorn as the mass looked, eyes of fire were not wanting among them; nor compressed lips, white with what they suppressed; nor hands knotted into the likeness of the gallows-rope they massed about, enduring, or inflicting. The trade signs (and they were almost as many as the shops) were, all grim illustrations of Want. The butcher and the patkman pointed up only the leanest scraps of meat; the baker, the coarsest of meagre loaves. The people rudely pictured as drinking at the wine-shops, crooked over their scanty measures of thin wine and beer, and were gloweringly confidential together. Nothing was represented in a flourishing condition, save tools and weapons; but the cutler's knives and axes were sharp and bright, the smith's hammers were heavy, and the gunmaker's stock was murderous. The crippling stones of the pavement, with their scanty wild reservoirs of mud and water, had no footways, but broke off abruptly in the kennel. The kennel, to make amends, ran down the middle of the street—when it ran at all: which was only after heavy rain, and then it ran, by many eccentric fits, into the houses. Across the streets, at wide intervals, one clumsy lamp was slung

HE "SCRAWLED UPON A WALL WITH HIS FINGER DIPPED IN MUDDY WINE LEES—BLOOD."

by a rope and pulley; at night, when the lamplighter had gone down, and lighted, and hoisted them again, a feeble grove of dim wicks swung in a sickly manner overhead, as if they were at sea. Indeed they were at sea, and the ship and crew were in peril of tempest.

For, the time was to come, when the gaunt scarecrows of that region should have watched the lamp-lighter, in their idleness and hunger, so long as to conceive the idea of improving on his method, and hanging up men by those ropes and pulleys, to flare upon the darkness of their condition. But the time was not come yet; and every wind that blew over Evrmonde shook the rags of the scarecrows in vain, for the birds, fine of song and feather, took no warning.

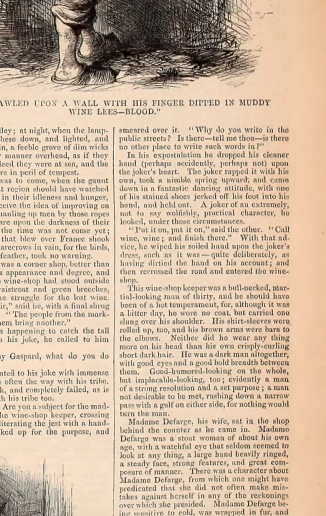
The wine-shop was a corner shop, better than most others in its appearance and degree, and the master of the wine-shop had stood outside it, in a yellow waistcoat and green breeches, looking on at the struggle for the lost wine. "It's not my affair," said he, with a final shrug of his shoulders. "The people from the market did it. Let them bring another."

There, his eyes happening to catch the tall joker writing up his joke, he called to him across the way,

"Say then, my Gaspard, what do you do there?"

The fellow pointed to his joke with immense significence, as is often the way with his tribe. It missed its mark, and completely failed, as is often the way with his tribe too.

"What now? Are you a subject for the mad-hospital?" said the wine-shop keeper, crossing the road, and obliterating the jest with a handful of mud, picked up for the purpose, and



A WHITE-HAIRED MAN SAT ON A LOW BENCH, STOOPING FORWARD AND VERY BUSY, MAKING SHOES.

smeared over it. "Why do you write in the public streets? Is there—is there not—house enough for that?"

In his expostulation he dropped his cleaner hand (perhaps accidently, perhaps not) upon the joker's heart. The joker rapped it with his own, took a nimble spring upward, and came down in a fantastic dancing attitude, with one of his stained shoes jerked off his foot into his hand, and held out. A joker of an extremely, not to say wolfishly, practical character, he looked, under those circumstances.

"Put it on, put it on," said the other. "Call wine, wine; and finish there." With that advice, he wiped his soiled hand upon the joker's dress, such as it was—quite deliberately, as having effected the hand on his account; and then recrossed the road and entered the wine-shop.

This wine-shop keeper was a bull-necked, matted-looking man of thirty, and he should have been of a hot temperament, for, although it was a bitter day, he wore no coat, but carried one slung over his shoulder. His shirt-sleeves were rolled up, too, and his brown arms were bare to the elbows. Neither did he wear any thing more on his head than his own crisply-curling short dark hair. He was a dark man altogether, with good eyes and a good bold breadth between them. Good-humored-looking on the whole, but implacable-looking, too; evidently a man of a strong resolution and a set purpose; a man not desirable to be met, rushing down a narrow pass with a gulf on either side, for nothing would turn the man.

Madame Defarge, his wife, sat in the shop behind the counter as he came in. Madame Defarge was a stout woman of about his own age, with a watchful eye that seldom seemed to look at any thing, a large hand heavily ringed, a steady face, strong features, and great composure of manner. There was a character about Madame Defarge, from which one might have predicated that she did not often make mistakes against herself in any of the reckonings over which she presided. Madame Defarge being sensitive to cold, was wrapped in fur, and had a quantity of bright shawl twined about her head, though not to the concealment of her large ear-rings. Her knitting was before her, but she had laid it down to pick her teeth with a toothpick. Thus engaged, with her right elbow supported by her left hand, Madame Defarge said nothing when her husband came in, but coughed just one grain of cough. This, in combination with the lifting of her darkly defined eyebrows over her toothpick by the breadth of a line, suggested to her husband that he would do well to look round the wine-shop among his customers, for any new customer who had dropped in while he stepped over the way.

The wine-shop keeper accordingly rolled his eyes about until they rested upon a decent gentleman and a young lady, who were seated in a corner. Other company were there: two playing cards, two playing dominoes, three standing by the counter lengthening out a short supply of wine. As he passed behind the counter, he took notice that the elderly gentleman said in a look to the young lady, "This is one man."

"What the devil do you do in that galley there, f'r' said Monsieur Defarge to himself; "I don't know you."

But he feigned not to notice the two strangers, and fell into discourse with the three customers of customers who were drinking at the counter.

"How goes it, Jacques?" said one of these three to Monsieur Defarge. "Is all the spilled wine swallowed?"

"Every drop, Jacques," answered Monsieur Defarge.

When this interchange of Christian name

was effected, Madame Defarge, picking her teeth with her toothpick, coughed another grain of cough, and raised her eyebrows by the breadth of another line.

"It is not often," said the second of the three, addressing Monsieur Defarge, "that many of these miserable beasts know the taste of wine, or of any thing but black bread and death. Is it not so, Jacques?"

"It is so, Jacques," Monsieur Defarge returned.

At this second interchange of the Christian name, Madame Defarge, still using her toothpick with profound composure, coughed another grain of cough, and raised her eyebrows by the breadth of another line.

The last of the three now said his say, as he put down his empty drinking vessel and smacked his lips.

"Ah! so much the worse! A bitter taste it is that such poor cattle always have in their mouths, and hard lives they live, Jacques. Right, Jacques?"

"You are right, Jacques," was the response of Monsieur Defarge.

This third interchange of the Christian name was completed at the moment when Madame Defarge put her toothpick by, kept her eyebrows up, and slightly resisted to her cough.

"Hold my cup, Therese!" muttered her husband. "Gentlemen—my wife!"

The three customers pulled off their hats to Madame Defarge, with three flourishes. She acknowledged their homage by bending her head, and giving them a quick look. Then she directed, in a casual manner, round the wineshop, took up her knitting with the disengaged calmness and repose of spirit, and became absorbed in it.

"Gentlemen," said her husband, who had kept his bright eye observantly upon her, "good day! The chamber, furnished behind his back, that you wished to see, and were inquiring for when I stepped out, is on the first floor. To the door-way of the staircase gives on the little court-yard close to the left here," pointing with his hand, "near to the window of my establishment. But, now that I remember, one of you has already been there, and can show the way. Gentlemen, adieu!"

They paid for their wine, and left the place. The eyes of Monsieur Defarge were upon his wife at her knitting, when the elderly gentleman accosted from his corner, and begged the favor of a word.

"Willingly, Sir," said Monsieur Defarge, and quietly stepped with him to the door.

Their conference was very short, but very decided. Almost in the first word Monsieur Defarge started and became deeply attentive. It had not lasted a minute, when he nodded and went out. The gentleman then beckoned to the young lady, and they, too, went out. Madame Defarge knitted on steadily, with nothing in her eyebrows, and saw nothing.

Mr. Jarvis Lorry and Miss Manette, emerging from the wine-shop, joined Monsieur Defarge in the door-way to which he had directed his other customers just before. In the court-yard a stinking little black court-yard, and was the general public entrance to a great pile of houses, inhabited by a crowd of poor people. Some hanging clothes-lines were dancing in the gloomy tile-paved staircase, Monsieur Defarge had left the door open close to the child of his old master, and put her hand to his lips. It was a gentle action, but not at all open to remark: a very slight exercise of formation had come over him in a few seconds. He had no good-humor in his face, nor any openness of aspect left, but had become a secret, sharp, dangerous man.

"It is very high; it is a little difficult. Better to begin slowly." Thus, Monsieur Defarge, in a stern voice, to Mr. Lorry, as they began ascending the stairs.

"Is he alone?" the latter whispered.

"Alone! God help him who should be with him!" said the other, in the same low voice.

"Is he always alone, then?"

"Yes."

"Of his own desire?"

"Of his own necessity. As he was, when I first saw him after they found me and demanded to know if I could take him, and keep him safe; he must be discreet—as he was then, so he is now."

"He is greatly changed?"

"Changed!"

The keeper of the wine-shop stopped to strike the wall with his hand, and mutter a tremendous curse. No direct answer could have been half so forcible. Mr. Lorry's spirit sank within him, and heavier, as he and his two companions ascended higher and higher.

Such a staircase, with its accessories, in the older and more crowded part of Paris, would be in most places, bad enough; but, at that time, it was vile indeed to unaccustomed and unhardened senses. Every little habitation within the great foul nest of one high building—that is to say, every room within every door that opened on the general staircase—left its own heap of refuse on its own landing, besides flinging other refuse from its own windows. The uncontrollable and hopeless sum of decomposing animal and vegetable would have polluted the air, even if poverty and misery had not loaded it with their intolerable impurities; the two bad sources combined made it almost insupportable. Through such an atmosphere as a step-dark shed by every door, poison, the way lay. Yielding to his own disturbance of mind, and to his young companion's agitation, which became greater every instant, Mr. Jarvis Lorry twice stopped to rest. Each time, a person coming down stairs made way for him, by which any languishing good air that were left uncorrupted seemed to escape, and a spoiled and sickly vapors seemed to crawl in. Through the rusted bars, tastes, rather than glimpses, were caught of the jumbled neighborhood; and nothing within range, nearer or lower than the summits of the two great towers of Notre-Dame, had any promise on it of healthy life or wholesome aspirations.

At last, the top of the staircase was gained, and they stopped for the third time. There was yet an upper staircase, of a steeper inclination and of contracted dimensions, to be ascended before the garret story was reached. The keeper of the wine-shop, always going a little in advance, and always going on the side which Mr. Lorry took, as though he dreaded that the latter might put any question by the young lady, turned himself about here, and, carefully feeling in the pockets of the coat he carried over his shoulder, took out a key.

"The door is locked, then, my friend?" said Mr. Lorry, surprised.

"Ay. Yes," was the grim reply of Monsieur Defarge.

"You think it necessary to keep the unfortunate gentleman so retired?"

"I think it necessary to turn the key." Monsieur Defarge whispered it closer in his ear, and frowned heavily.

"Why?"

"Why! Because he has lived so long, locked up, that he would be frightened—naze—tear mad in open day-light, coming out to I know not what harm—if his door was left open."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Mr. Lorry.

"Is it possible!" repeated Defarge, bitterly. "Yes. And a bountiful world we live in, when it is possible, and when many other such things are possible, and not only possible, but done, done, see you!—under that sky there, every day. Long live the Sky that looks down on it!"

This dialogue had been held in so very low a whisper that not a word of it had reached the young lady's ears. But by this time she trembled under such strong emotion, and her face expressed such deep woe, and such pity for a broken life, so unspeakably sorrowful, that Mr. Lorry felt it incumbent on him to pay her some regard and offer some words of reassurance.

"Courage, dear miss! Courage! Business! The sight of you is good for him—good for us. He cannot be hurt now by any inconvenience, and he may be much the better for seeing you. Courage!"

As Mr. Lorry said it in a manner, it is but passing the room door, and the worst is over. Then, he said the same words to encourage his own failing heart, and he set his teeth hard and took out the key.

He put it in the door, and locked it in the door, and took out the key again, and held it in his hand. All this he did mechanically, and with as loud and harsh an accompaniment of noise as he could make. Finally, he walked across the room with a measured tread to where the window was. He stopped and looked out.

The garret, built to be a dry depository for fire-wood and the like, was dim and dark; for the window, of dormer shape, was in truth a door in the roof, with a little crane over it for the hoisting up of stores from the street; unglazed and closing up the middle in two pieces, like any other door of French construction. To exclude the cold one half of this door was fast closed, and the other was opened but a very little way. Such a scanty portion of light was admitted through these means that it was difficult, on first coming in, to see any things: and long habit alone could have slowly formed in any one the ability to see any thing requiring accuracy in such obscurity. Yet work of this kind was being done in the garret; for, with his back turned to the door, and his face towards the window, where the keeper of the wine-shop stood looking at him, a man was stooping over a low bench, stooping forward and very busy, making shoes.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

EFFECT OF THE WAR NEWS.

The effects of the war news have been felt in our commercial and financial markets. The cotton market has been depressed and unsettled. Dealers and speculators have withdrawn from the field, and Boston and Western brands have advanced about a dollar. Wheat has been in good demand and active, with prices firm, Milwaukee closing at a large advance, but Genesee, which for months has been the favorite, declining. Beef, especially the better grades, was in demand, and have been sold freely at higher prices. Owing to the advance of grain, whisky has been in active demand, advanced from 2 to five cents per gallon, having closed yesterday at thirty cents. Iron has been in good demand, and pig is quoted at $30 cash, and duped Cuba molasses, largely employed in its distillation, has been in demand. Coal has been in active demand. Rice has also advanced, owing to the war feeling and increased demand. Sugars have been in moderate demand, excitement in Wall Street, and stocks have again suffered from speculative depression, and considerable excitement among the stock-brokers, the most important being the Bank and Land Shares.

KNOW-NOTHINGISM IN MASSACHUSETTS.

The amendment to the Constitution of Massachusetts against the State Constitution so as to require foreigners to reside five years in the country before naturalization as being entitled to vote. The vote was rather light, but the friends consider that the Know-Nothing amendment is adopted by a very large majority.

DEATH OF HENRY GRINNELL.

We learn that the Imperial Geographical Society of Berlin has announced, through the Prussian Consul-General to Washington, to Mr. Henry Grinnell, the distinguished American merchant, for his services in the explorations to the Arctic regions, toward the outfit of which he so liberally contributed, a gold medal, accompanied by a letter from the Secretary, of which the following is a translation:

"Vienna, *April* 7, 1859.

"*To the Hon. Henry Grinnell, Vice-President of the American Geographical Society, New York:*

"Sir,—It has become my official and pleasant duty to inform you that the Imperial Geographical Society, at their meeting on the 5th of March, awarded to you the Humboldt Monetary Medal.

"The reasons which you have always manifested in the advancement of science, renders me the hope that the Society will entertain confident that you will likewise receive this distinction with friendly favor, and I therefore

"Allow me to express to you the sentiments of my highest consideration and esteem.

"The First Secretary of the Imperial Geographical Society,

"E. A. PANTENIUS."

ANOTHER SICKLES TRAGEDY.

A fatal accident recently resulted at the Law School shooting affair between Messrs. Sickles and Butler. Students were illustrating the Washington affair, when the young man who was playing the part of Sickles, and picked out a pistol, which he did not know was loaded, and shot his fellow-student dead through the chest. Mr. Tap took it coolly, and died in a few minutes after. The shot was purely accidental. It was at first thought Mr. Burke would recover, but mortification had taken place. Mr. Tap had suffered so much in mind that he was in a measure prepared to die.

The Hon. Daniel E. Sickles arrived in this city on Tuesday last, and left for Albany. He resides at or near former residence, on the Bloomingdale Road.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE WAR.

AUSTRIA'S ULTIMATUM TO SARDINIA.

Correspondence has been published between Count Buol and Sardinia.

The latter, upon having been hitherto disappointed, the Emperor, my august master, has deigned to order me to demand of your Majesty if you believe the declaration of his Sardinian Majesty to alter the resolution which it has taken to disarm.

"Such, M. le Comte, is the object of the mission with which I am charged. I beg that your excellency will give its speedy solution, and that you will be pleased to inform me of the government consents—yes, or no—to put a formal stop to the preparations which Sardinia has for the last few months been making."

The Count de Cavour has to whom you will be good enough, M. le Comte, to hand your reply, has orders to hold himself at your disposal, and leave duly. If, at the expiration of that period, he receives no answer, or one which is not entirely satisfactory, he is instructed to quit Turin, the consequences which this refusal will entail will fall exclusively upon the shoulders of the Sardinian Cabinet. After having vainly exhausted all conciliatory means of arriving at a peaceful solution of the question, the Emperor will have fulfilled a duty which his conscience and honor impose upon him with great regret, to have recourse to force of arms to decide it.

"In the hope that the reply which I solicit from your excellency will be favorable to our views, I pray you to trust to the maintenance of peace, I take this opportunity," &c., &c.

SARDINIA'S REPLY.

A dispatch from Turin, dated the 26th ultimo, says:

"In reply to the proposition by the King of Sardinia to the Austrian Government, that a Congress should assemble, the following is a summary:

"Count Buol declares the demand to disarm as an outrage on himself and the nation, and has therefore repelled it as demanded by Austria. The Count Buol concludes by a cry of anguish, and says: I will be your captive. I have served your cause on the field of battle, at the side of my illustrious father. This time you will not, you say, your ambassador, Count Cavour, shall receive your compassions on the Tchernaya, whom the Emperor has sent to support and defend our just and enduring cause. Forward to victory! Let our banners announce to you that our cause is just, and we—God be thanked—are ready!"

VICTOR EMANUEL MADE DICTATOR.

Immediately afterward the following law for the concession of extraordinary powers to the King's government during the war was passed by the Chambers:

"ARTICLE 1. In case of war, the Austrian war clause, the King shall be invested with all the legislative and executive powers, and shall be, under the Ministerial responsibility, to perform by simple royal decrees all the acts necessary to the defense of the country and of its institutions.

"*Art. 2.* The constitutional institutions remaining intangible, the King's government during the war shall have the faculty to make dispositions for the temporary limitation of the liberty of the press and of individual liberty."

THE PASSAGE OF THE TICINO BY THE AUSTRIANS.

During the night of the 30th ult., the Austrian army, amounting to 120,000 men, under the command in chief of General Count Gyulai, passed the Ticino in three large *corps d'armée*, namely:

A second of 50,000, commanded by General Count Stadion.

A third of 30,000, under General Zobel.

A fourth, composed of the reserve, under Duke of Modena, which was left behind at Novara.

They took the road toward Novara, the place where the Austrians under General Radetzky defeated the Sardinians under Charles Albert in 1849.

REVOLUTION IN TUSCANY.

Nearly all the provinces of the Tuscan troops (15,000 men) proceeded themselves before the Grand Duke's palace, and declared he had ceased to reign, the result of the army there was only one way, viz., to march to Florence and defend the hesitating King of Etruria against himself.

The Grand Duke immediately sent for the Marquis of Ridolfi, and charged him to form a new ministry, with a view of giving the reforms wanted.

The Marquis undertook the task, but undertook it on the ask or save the dynasty, except on two conditions:

First. The abdication of the Grand Duke.

Second. A declaration of war against Austria, and an alliance with France and Sardinia.

The Grand Duke refused these conditions, and declared he would rather abdicate than consent to lead the people to do what they pleased.

The Marquis then declared for himself upon the protection of the foreign troops, and the Grand Duke, by a military decree, had been proclaimed Tuscany, and Victor Emanuel Dictator of Italy.

FRENCH TROOPS IN SARDINIA.

The correspondent of a French paper writes on 28th ult.: "The Emperor has received the following letter from the *corps d'armée* of Marshal Canrobert, have crossed Mont Cenis and entered Italy. The first French troops in Turin by railroad. General M'Mahon, coming directly from Chambery, has established his head-quarters in the city the part of Genoa. His troops were on board of the 26th and 27th, and on the 28th, at 10 A. M., the first ships and two steamers arrived. The bets of the Germans in the Grand Concert of the Kursaal are considerable. The Grand Duke of Baden is present."

"It is reckoned that we have at the present hour between 50,000 and 60,000 men in Piedmont. It is believed and that this number is increasing every day, almost hour by hour, and that by the end of the month of May there will number seventy-five or eighty thousand men. General Niel has arrived at Alessandria, General Forey at Genoa, in Turin."

NEGOTIATION NOT ENDED YET.

The *Times* Paris correspondent, writing on the evening of Thursday, says: "Count Walewski left Paris this and the telegraph wires between Paris and Vienna are constantly occupied. As the mediation proposed by the position of England, some say, might be accepted on the conditions which I mentioned to you in my last. Nothing is said of a proposal that Austria shall pay an indemnity to Sardinia, but it is supposed that she will ask for defending herself." The writer remarks, "It is entirely false that the Austrians have already crossed the Po and the Austrians remained on their side of the river during the late thaw remained.

MOVEMENTS OF THE FRENCH ARMIES.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Times* says will be conspicuous chiefly for its imposing force of heavy cavalry. It is composed of the whole strength of cavalry of many of infantry.

The Imperial Guards left Toulon on Tuesday the 3th ult., for Genoa. They were filled with troops.

The Emperor will not cross the Alps by the route of the Alps will be of the most formidable character. It will consist of 120,000 men, supported by a force of 60,000 men in reserves of cavalry, and the artillery to match. Fourteen days of the twenty-one will be occupied in passing the last part of the Army of the Alps.

The object of the Emperor in the French as a basis of operation, whence they can descend upon the plains of Lombardy, and not to attack the Austrian heights at Susa (Suits foot of Mont Cenis), and the Austrians have had time to fall himself obliged to send a French army of occupation into Piedmont, and that he has taken this step with a view of being in time to protect his ally against the attack of Austria.

The Cabinet of London replied *that under the existing circumstances England could not intervene.*

WAR PREPARATIONS IN FRANCE.

On the 27th the Corps Legislatif assembled to receive communications from the Government. The Minister of War, Walewski read to the Chambers an exposition of the military and naval forces of France, and the reasons why they were to be so large. The Minister said that the army was never more war, it was because he had been forced and Austria to arm. The Minister continued as follows: "In the negotiations every possible moderation (Long and Emperor, and the Government, and the Corps Legislatif, expressed the hope that war would be limited to Italy. The Minister then asked the Chambers to vote a loan of five hundred millions francs (£20,000,000, and for raising the contingent of 1858 to 140,000 men.

THE EMPEROR'S PREPARATIONS FOR LEAVING PARIS.

The Paris correspondent of the New York *Times* writes: "The Emperor has sent off his baggage, and is only delaying his departure for the purpose of seeing the Empress safely established in Paris. Every thing is complete, and the Emperor has only to say the word to leave. All the various coachmakers you see congregating outside of all kinds—some for hire, some for baggage, some for ordinary traveling, but for rough usage—are in the employ of different grooms officers putting up the finest vehicles before. Every where is in nothing but war in the build-

FRENCH EXPENDITURES.

The *Herald* correspondent, alluding to the severe cold of the previous two or three days, writes: "Last night, the shivering Parisians, as they walked briskly pursuing down the Boulevards, as yours do this cold weather, at the rate of eight, was to convey ideas to the water's edge

and thence to the plains of Italy. Young and old leave their occupations to form ranks, and learn the use of arms, while the noble science of heavy marching order, with miles flying and awful exercise of martial music, is taught. These are occasions when the Gallic blood can no more restrain its impulses than the sea its waves burst from the ranks of gazers, and fling themselves bodily into arms of failure, husbands, fathers, and last, not least, lovers. Strong men grasp boys by the hands of old comrades, and bid them "God speed." Here and there it is a father and son that grasp the musket, and young men receive from their mother's embrace, while big tears roll down their manly cheeks, a sacred token of remembrance, a lock of hair, or her very last kiss to his eye-lashes as they close in the sleep of death, or "remember me." "Remember, remember, my son," is the cry of the mother, as the last shout from end to end along that phalanx of spectators, "*Vive l'Empereur! Vive l'Armée!*" is heard, and the corps responded to again and again by each company before it assigns to the general. Then the rolling and balconies of the lofty houses the cry is again echoed, as the last company of the regiment passes.

ADDRESS AT THE TUILERIES.

He adds: "Owing to the construction of the Tuileries, the Emperor was suddenly descried holding up in his arms the young heir of all his hopes, who, with joy in his eyes, was waving a 'forget me not' in the other, stiched back in outbreak of tears from soldiers and spectators as made the arcades of the Rue Rivoli tremble at their beat. The incident was evidently inspired by the sight of the young prince at the gate on the same level with the crowd—and, in fact, mingled up with them—and the Emperor instantly assented in the name of the regiment to salute his Majesty, returning in return from highest point of the palace at the hand, and an embrace from the child. The whole pause of people, armed and unarmed, was one of the admiration of real devotion to the dynasty in the person of the child, and of astounding the paraphernalia of rank, fragrance of nothing but the sentiment of the moment. The Empress, out of the door, appeared the cynosure of all eyes. Her front hair bandeau also came down, dishevelled as it always, by her ride the young Jules, trotting hand passed over her face, and was all there. The Emperor mounted his horse, standing close to the gallant legions as they passed, she gracefully waving her hand to the last file. Many a dark son of Gaul, high clerk bested, and well-to-do merchant, with more heads than hairs, took off his head check and kindling glance as this unwonted sight met his eye, and this Napoleonic scene of the day in the *grandeur! Vive le Prince Impérial!* left no mistake as to the sentiment of his fellow-men.

A CANTINIERE AND THE EMPRESS.

The Times correspondent adds: "The different regiments of the Imperial Guard left yesterday, and each sergt regiment stopped at the Tuileries to salute the Empress. The whole of the Guard are kept at the palace when the regiments go out on duty the Empress always reviews them, and Prince came out to salute them. The Emperor stood with the Prince on his shoulder, and the Empress with her hands full. The soldiers cheered as they passed, and the Prince waved his cap. A touching incident occurred on Saturday, as one of the regiments of the Guard passed under the Empress. The cantinière of this regiment, on coming up opposite the palace, at the moment when the Emperor and Majesty, inquired if it was not there that was to be found the Secretary of the Empress. Receiving for answering an affirmative reply, she stepped out of the ranks, leading by the hand a little girl of about four years of age, and entering the bureau, exclaimed, 'Gentlemen, I have no pen to write with, and cannot find one here. I know she will be very much disappointed, but I cannot help it.' She was about to leave, when the Empress, who had overheard her, called her back, and gave her her own pen, with which she wrote her name. The Empress took her by the hand, and accompanied her to the door, where she left her child, and gave orders that she should be well taken care of till the cantinière comes back from the war."

FRENCH FINANCES.

The *Herald* correspondent writes: "As to resources for the war, a loan of 500 millions is talked of, although the Government have ample means for present purposes. The sum set down for the extraordinary budget is 60,000,000 francs. The bank, for the renewal of its charter, owes 140,000,000 francs, which will be immediately appropriated. Besides, there are 75,000,000 francs the taxes asked for less than a year ago. The 1st of July the treasury bills amount to 200,000,000 francs. Now, 500,000,000 francs can be obtained directly. 'Never,' says the *Journal des Débats*, 'has a similar crisis taken place at the service of a generous cause financial resources more ample and more easy.' The 5 per cent. is at par at present accord, and the bill for the loan of 500,000,000 francs is only to be presented to-morrow."

PARIS WITHOUT A GARRISON.

"Paris is in the meantime perfectly tranquil, as shall describe without a garrison, a fact which speaks trumpet-tongued of the full reliance of the people on the Army. Paris is entirely not only of the war but of his dynasty. Wives, as President of the Provinces, and the Empress at the head of deputies, is the guardian of the Emperor's throne. Nor is much exaggerated in the diplomatic crypt, but to be a prince must be born to it, and not to be made to it for the last month. When he is asked what he thinks of the Emperor, he says, 'He is a man of genius.' As to the war, a question that is put to every one, high and low, he has invariably the same answer: 'Well, really, I have not been able to make up my mind.'

"Another speech, said to have been addressed by Lord Malmesbury to the Austrian ambassador at London after Austria's final refusal, and current in the diplomatic circle here at Paris, is this: 'Count, you have lost the game.' In high language well: as upon the dictionary, and look for the analogous word in the English vocabulary, and write for the conduct of Austria."

WAR PREPARATIONS IN GERMANY.

The Vienna correspondent of the *Times*, writing on the 3d inst., says: "The question of the war is now discussed with great energy in all parts of Germany, and Bavaria has already issued her order for the levy of her full contingent preparation. On the 2d inst. the manager of the Prussian railroads received orders to hold himself in readiness special trains, full of troops, were about to pass through. Hungary, likewise, has received orders to be about to make the 50th corps d'armée mobile. The King of Prussia will not leave for Coblentz before the end of a few days, and probably not the Archduke Albrecht at all. Count Clam has been arrested at Dresden, on his way to his city, while he was passing the Saxon frontier. Letters have also been intercepted from the Austrian envoy at Berlin, which have been forwarded to Vienna. It is said that a certain understanding between the two monarchs on the Austrian frontier will be possible for both to be kept to suppose state."

MILITARY PREPARATIONS IN ENGLAND.

In England orders had been given at Woolwich for the hasty preparation of war materials, ready for any sudden emergency; and the artillery at Portsmouth were summoned by telegraph to assist at the operations were announced in the 30th ult. The London *Advertiser* in London publishes from the London dispatches about the following sort ten thousand men for the navy, and offering a bounty of ten pounds for every able-bodied seaman who enter the service. The Channel squadron, which had been sent to the Mediterranean to be the headquarters of the British; and on the 9th four new ships-of-the-line were placed in commission. The formation of volunteer rifle corps throughout England was being strongly urged on the Government.

ENGLAND TO REMAIN NEUTRAL.

In the course of a late speech, referring to an attack made upon him by a member of the opposition, Lord Derby said: "That noble lord supposes we have said that I thought it the duty of England to maintain a passive state of armed neutrality, in order that we might take the part of whichever of the belligerents we believed was in the right. I am sure that I have said nothing of the kind. My wish we have shown for Austria, there can be no doubt, but I have never said that we were to go to war with France. We have always said that we did not believe in the opportunity of saying that emphatic, and that we should not be justified in going to war better than our view. I think that if the works which I used in the House of Commons would be found in the public book we have seen that it was impossible that they could have said that meaning. I have said that the line of policy we intended to maintain a strict neutrality; but when a question or more than one side of a question arose, we strongly engaged in, when war was not only imminent but had actually commenced between two powers, we had upon the shores of the Mediterranean, it was incumbent upon us to consider whether the time had not arrived when special interests we have involved them, looking to our great possessions and the military positions we occupy in the Mediterranean, it was our duty to be able to maintain and defend the security of those possessions, and preserve the British flag and British power from the possibility of insult amidst any of the contingencies which might arise in the course of war. I have also stated that we should maintain that armed neutrality for the purposes of defense. I have said that if, in the course of these quarrels, whatever we may think of them in point of justice, we found that the honor of the crown, material interests or national honor which calls for our determination, we should be prepared to act in accordance with principle, I never said that we were to go to war, but we ought to be for purposes of maintaining that position which we had taken up, and which we had declared that we are determined to hold—namely, that of perfect and entire neutrality. We have not given any opinion as to the engagements and no promises, and completely at liberty to take that course which we think best for the time. I have said the arms—of England in such a manner and in such a manner as the circumstances of the time, looking to the circumstances of the time, by the interests, the honor, and the dignity of the country."

MR. BRIGHT ON THE WAR.

In the course of a speech which Mr. Bright said: "Now, when it is not a question of Russia and the Turk, or Austria and Italy, or France and Austria, but France, Austria, whatever be your opinion, whatever be the opinion of any class of your countrymen, I say, I have always stood that I am committed irreversibly, so far as I have any influence, to the opinion that we ought to follow any meddling whatsoever. I am remain in the House of Commons—I am not sure that I am not—I have not the capacity we have been bestowed upon me; or I can leave it, and I can go into retirement, and I can live upon my private enjoyments, and I can live upon my private enjoyments, and I can live upon manufacturing pursuits; but there is one thing I will not do, and that is, I will not be a party to the intriguing place-holders or intriguing place-hunters amongst us, to lead this country into war, with its misery, its crime, its cruelty, its waste, its debt, its taxation, its frightful agony which it entails upon the people. I value the sword, I value the comfort, the lives, the happiness of my countrymen, and I will never, never, never for one single moment, at the behest of power, or at the call of popular clamor, be induced to consent that any one man be able to charge me with being accessory to a war which I believe to be unjust, and which I believe to be condemned by the common people on the altar of sanguinary war."

THE FRENCH-RUSSIAN TREATY WAS DISCOVERED.

The London *Times* says: "We believe we are correct in stating that before the war there existed a secret treaty between France and Russia. By the first, Russia binds herself, in the event of a European war, to march on Austria, to assist her by the co-operation of her fleets in the Baltic and Black Sea, and by her armies. We are not aware of the nature of the loan this 50,000 men upon the common frontiers. Whether the treaty has been signed or declare war against Austria within fifteen days after the commencement of the war between France and Austria, we know the dates at which the treaty was signed. We have also reason to believe that the first has been in existence for several years. The existence of this secret treaty is elementary, is that which it asserted was concluded on the 3d of last June."

HOW THE FRANCO-RUSSIAN TREATY WAS DISCOVERED.

Mr. Sampson writes: "The discovery of the treaty between France and Russia is understood to have been made by the Prussian Government, through its secret service, it rarely known to fail. The rumor is that it is signed on the 3d of June, and that it is for ten years, and that the price is considered to be extremely low."

THE PRUSSIAN MOBILIZATION.

Mr. Sampson writes: "There is also a report, considered to be well founded, that Prussia has entered into a combination. This union of the three principal naval powers of continental Europe is a fact of great weight. It is there that will thus come into operation are not wanted to the Government, and the Government of the Czar of Lombardy, so far the simple purpose of subjugating Austria, a power that has already a large army in the Mediterranean. It is the development of a plot for a combined attack upon England."

THE PANIC IN THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

The London correspondent of the *Herald* furnishes us with the following: "The panic of last Friday in the stock exchange was a most singular affair. It was caused by a report that the Emperor of the French had been assassinated among the dealers—one of them to the Emperor's death. The effect was tremendous, and there have been indescribable.

"Consols, on the day, were quoted 93¼ at the departure of the last steamer, have since touched 93¼. The subsequent fall has been to 92¾, and the market is very heavy, and very unstable. For a large description of securities it has been a most disastrous week. Railways, as a class, have suffered much, and the Great Western, which, on the 1st of January, was quoted 80, has fallen to 72. The Grand Junction railway stock, the best paying of all the railways, has also suffered greatly. The canal and prosperities, and which was recently at 95 has fallen to 90, and is heavy at that rate. Foreign securities, Altogether, the depreciation in the funded and share securities held in this country cannot be less than 20 per cent, days may be estimated at at least equal to $500,000,000, dollars. Should peace be restored, there will be a great downfall, although their eventual prospects must be improved by the war. Should it continue, the prospects are quoted at 45 discount.

"The most remarkable feature about the panic was an announcement that French gold was being purchased in large quantities for the secret service of the aggressive plans of the Emperor Napoleon."

THE ATTITUDE OF PRUSSIA.

The *Herald* correspondent writes: "The military preparations of Prussia are on a vast scale. Her troops and had reserved for the last extremity, were undoubtedly ordered to the Rhine, and the mobilization of the army was received from the Archduke Albert, and which showed that the Government was determined to make a stand, and to a state of supreme intolerable both to his fiery temper and to the object of his love. The Prince Regent and his drinking a decisive step. The Prince Regent and his Ministers were animated strongly with the Archduke, pointing out to him that by such a course Austria would forfeit every sympathies she enjoyed as a Power attacked by unjust aggression, or at least without sufficient reason, and would incur the responsibility of disturbing the tranquility of Europe by an unjustifiable aggression. Moreover, by the policy of pacific negotiation, at a moment when England and France were unprepared for war, Austria would contribute to the Austrian monarchy—had come forward with a plan of action. This was the mobilization of the army of Prussia. The proud and headstrong character of Francis Joseph is so well known, however, that such considerations could not be expected to have much influence on him, and the commencement of hostilities being therefore imminent, Prussia was diligently mustering. Prussia herself for a contingency which she had vainly hoped to avoid."

PRUSSIA WILL REMAIN NEUTRAL.

The Vienna official organ says: "During the attempts at mediation to which Prussia was especially called, both as a party to the treaties of Vienna and as entertaining the most amicable relations with all the Powers concerned, Austria could not hesitate for a moment registered the consideration of her duties as a member of the German Confederacy. She was aware the delay to which the organization of the Confederacy for the defense of the German territory was subjected. Prussia has not only made the proposals necessary for that purpose, but actively contributed to the preliminary steps necessary undertaken. The state of affairs having meanwhile undergone a change, Prussia has, in the name of the Confederacy, addressed to the Austrian Court a request to propose to the Confederacy a collective measure in the interest of its security, and preceded that proposal by placing three army corps in readiness for war. In laying this order, Prussia, as the Austrian Court knows, was guided by the desire of maintaining the honor and dignity of the Confederacy in the hitherto peaceful arrangements in the neighboring States, and of enabling it to act with energy and success in safety if endangered by the course of events. The readiness for war (Kriegsbereitschaft) of three corps d'armée formed no part of Prussia to the forces of the German Confederacy, and could not therefore be regarded as a warlike measure. Such, for example, as to be taken by the other members of that body, are entirely in harmony with the defensive character of the Confederacy, and presuppose the spirit of every offensive tendency—Prussia, still adhering to her policy of peace, and to the principles of moderation, continues to bring about a solution of the present European difficulties, in accordance with her own interests and those of her German allies."

ENGLAND.

THE ELECTIONS.

The *Herald* correspondent writes: "In the English election both parties claim the victory. It is difficult to say, but, as his conduct in dissolving Parliament at the critical time was a much regretted, as the meeting he is sure to be upon."

FRANCE.

LOVE, JEALOUSY, AND MURDER.

The Count de Lagrange, who died a few days ago tried a peasant named Huguette, of Flize, for an attempt at murder. Twenty years ago, when the latter was about two years of age, he paid remarkable attention to a little girl named Marie, whose only crime was the misfortune of a farmer of the village, and as they both grew older, it became a matter of course that they should become the girl's parents made no objection to his visiting at their house, and when he asked for her hand in marriage, they received to break off with him, because he was poor, and they wished to see their daughter become possessor of some property, they thought that the young man would be a good match for their only daughter. The girl herself, though she had really received the addresses of Huguette, had not the courage to refuse the wishes of her parents, and she at last allowed herself to be plunged into despair at this decision, and constantly entreated her father to reconsider his decision, but he kept him as her lover; but she always refused. He then repeated his proposals of marriage, and was met by a family, but they were not regarded. At length, on the 4th of March last, the girl was found murdered in a field, where the parents had retired as the girl's husband, and near a river, with her throat cut from ear to ear. Justice, in a state of great agitation, flung upon the window and cried out, 'I have killed her, I have killed her!' and the girl said, 'I have killed her because she would not marry me.' The prisoner followed her unobserved into the bushes, carrying with him a concealed weapon, and after a deadly cowardly conspiracy he found the waist he implored her to fly with him. She refused, as he expected she would, and he intended that if she did not comply with it he would kill her. The girl, on refusing, fled from him, but he fired at the gun at her twice, but without killing her. The girl's brother, however, who was accompanying her, rushed on the boyish, was slightly wounded in the hand by some of the shot. The girl, on seeing this, fled from him in flight, but was captured. In his defense all that he could say was that he was mad with love and jealousy. The jury declared him guilty, with extenuating circumstances, and he was sentenced to work for seven years' hard labor.

CRUSADE AGAINST SIZED STAYS.

A regular crusade has been entered into by the doctors of Paris against the fashion of tight lacing. It was brought in with the new cut of dress now in vogue. Although the doctors have not yet been able to succeed in the abolition of the fashion, they have succeeded in the adoption of a dress which the ladies employed in one of the fashionable establishments of Paris have made fashions. Those young ladies, whose sole business was to show off the new dresses, have, by their graceful forms of the imagination of the proprietors are displayed, along with each dress, a pair of stays. The stays, we could be borne, had gradually accustomed themselves to the dress to which they belong. The consequence is, a blood-vessel was the consequence; and, in the other, suggestion of the doctors, laid off the victim in a few hours.—*Court Journal.*

AUSTRIA.

WOMEN-WHIPPING IN ITALY.

On the 11th January, 1859, regulation was issued by order of the Lieutenant Field Marshal, the Government of Lombardy, the Chevalier de Villata, providing for the punishment by whipping of women who should be found assisted in the courts of the Government. By this order the red lash is applied to the naked shoulders on examination or a punishment decreed by the courts. The whip applied to the naked shoulders of the victim at the jailer, or by some competent person designated by the jailer. The number of lashes, and other circumstances of such whipping are left to the discretion of

VICTOR EMANUEL, KING OF SARDINIA.

THE CRISIS IN ITALY.

THE accompanying portraits of the Emperor of Austria and King of Sardinia, as well as the views on the Ticino, the fortress of Alessandria and of the citadel of Milan, form part of the history of the times, and are worthy of preservation by all our subscribers. During the war which is about to begin, the places which we illustrate are likely to become classic sites, while the men may win historic fame.

To begin with the King of Sardinia, who—together with his minister Count Cavour, whose portrait and biography we gave in No. 175—has had the credit or discredit of commencing the present strife.

Victor Emanuel the Second, King of Sardinia, comes of a race older even than the Bourbons, though, like other old properties, it has been a good deal knocked about in its journey down the Vale of Time. Deep in the dark ages, his ancestors were Counts of Savoy, and waged fierce wars with adjacent barons as the custom of those days was. A neighboring feudal realm—a principality, Piedmont—passed, in course of time, partly by conquest, but more directly by a *mariage de convenance*, under the sway of a poor cousin of the Savoy Dukes. The cousin dying, and his issue failing at last, the elder branch of the house annexed Piedmont. Greed of territory thus awakened, the house presently laid hands on Montferrat; and, by-and-by, good luck favoring the Dukes, Sicily fell into their grasp. This distant island they wisely exchange: for the more convenient isle of Sardinia, the flourishing and populous; and when, in 1815, the little territorial arrangements of Napoleon First were so rudely overset by the allied sovereigns, the ruler of Piedmont—then known as King of Sardinia—was reinstated in his possessions, which his heir rules to this day; to wit: an area of territory half as large as Michigan or Illinois, with a population of five millions of souls.

Victor Emanuel is the son of that famous but unlucky Charles Albert who, in 1848, by his precipitate movements against Austria, so gravely injured the cause of Italian Independence. At the time Charles Albert raised the standard of Italian unity and independence, his son—the present King—was twenty-eight years of age. He took the command of one of the two divisions into which the little Sardinian army was divided, and distinguished himself by conspicuous gallantry throughout the campaign. On the memorable days at Verona, Peschiera, and the Mincio, Victor Emanuel gave ample proof not only of bravery but of skill and remarkable coolness. It was all, as every one knows, of no avail. The superior power of Austria crushed the Piedmontese; and, after a year of harassing warfare, the King of Sardinia gave up the contest and his throne, and his son, Victor Emanuel, reigned in his stead.

As a monarch he is well spoken of by political writers. He is trained by none of the pernicious vices which so frequently render monarchy contemptible. A fondness for the fair sex is the only foible which his enemies have ever had to his charge. His public policy has raised Sardinia to a very high rank among European States. Her credit stands high; her people are happy and prosperous; her trade is increasing; liberty of speech and of the press prevail within her borders; the power of the Church has been curtailed. The most conspicuous feature of Victor Emanuel's foreign policy has been his alliance with the maritime Powers in the struggle against Russia. This adroit step is now bearing its fruit.

In the event of war, Victor Emanuel is to command the Sardinian army in person.

The Emperor of Austria has thus far occupied very little of the world's attention. He is quite a youngman, only twenty-eight years of age, but is an older sovereign than either of his rivals. When he was eighteen years old his uncle, the Emperor Ferdinand, abdicated; and his father, the Archduke, declining to accept the honors and cares of royalty, young Francis Joseph was declared to be of age and crowned Emperor.

He has never come before the public except in connection with graceful acts. We have heard of his marriage to a sweet and amiable girl, Aurelia Elizveria; of his fondness for his children; of his distress when his little daughter died; of the acts of personal kindness by which he strove to win back the Hungarians to loyalty. This is about all that has been made public in connection with his name. He is now said to be animated by the most violent desire for war, and will perhaps take the field in person.

It may be well to remember that, though the Emperor of Austria is absolute, he is guided by a corps of ministers who are trained from their youth to their business, and are perhaps the most skillful diplomatists and tacticians in Europe. They are chosen without regard to rank, and promoted on the ground of merit only.

There is little to be said about the views. One of our engravings represents a scene in the neighborhood of Alessandria, which is one of the strongest places in Piedmont, and the point to which the Italians will naturally retreat in case of a defeat in the field.

Enormous sums of money have been spent in fortifying this place: the order with which the people are working will convey to the beholder some idea of the enthusiasm aroused among the Sardinians by the present struggle.

The bridge over the Ticino will be one of the points most warmly contested when the Austrians attempt to invade Piedmont, or the Piedmontese Lombardy. In a few days we may hear of a desperate contest at this spot.

The scene at Milan needs no description. It is a dull military court-yard. But there many and many a gallant Italian patriot has paid the forfeit of his life for his patriotism; there the Germans have gathered for hours, many years before sweeping on some fair Italian city or province. Should the French and Piedmontese prove successful, this court-yard will perhaps become the theatre of spectacles which may teach Austria how bitterly her name and her rule are hated at Milan.

A few historical memoranda of the history of Austrian dominion in Italy may not be out of place.

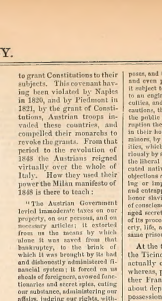
It was in 1708 that Austria made its first definite acquisition of territory in Italy. This was the Duchy of Mantua, which was seized by the Austrian Emperor Joseph I. Lombardy, or the Milanese, followed next in 1714. It had long before been a part of the empire, but had fluctuated between Austria, Spain, and independence for two or three centuries. In 1714, by the treaty of Baden, Milan was declared part of the Austrian empire. In 1797 Austria obtained, by the treaty of Campo Formio with France, Venice and the Venetian territory. These various possessions, with small slices of adjacent territory, were confirmed to Austria by the treaties of 1815, after the fall of Napoleon.

Ever since then Austria has been the mistress of Italy. In 1816 Austria compelled the Kings of Naples, Sardinia, and the rulers of every other Italian State, to enter into a formal stipulation not to grant Constitutions to their subjects. This covenant having been violated by Naples in 1820, and by Piedmont in 1821, by the grant of Constitutions, Austrian troops invaded these countries, and compelled their monarchs to revoke the grants. From that period to the revolution of 1848 the Austrians reigned virtually over the whole of Italy. How they used their power the Milan manifesto of 1848 is there to teach:

"The Austrian Government levied immoderate taxes on our property, on our persons, and on necessary articles: it extorted from us the means by which alone it was saved from that bankruptcy, to the brink of which it was brought by its bad and dishonestly administered financial system: it forced on us rebuffs of foreigners, avowed fomentators and secret spies, cutting our substances, administering our affairs, judging our rights, without knowing either our language or our customs: it imposed on us foreign laws, inextricable from their multiplicity, and an intricate, endless system of proceeding in criminal cases, in which there was nothing either true or solemn except the prison and the gallows; the executioner and the gallows: it spread round us censuring nets of civil and ecclesiastical, military and judicial regulations, all converging to Vienna, which alone engrossed the monopoly of thought, of will, and of judgment; it forbade the development of our commerce and our industry, to favor the interests of other provinces, and of Government manufactures, the speculations of Viennese oligarchs; it subjected our municipal institutions, the heart of our country and the proof of national good sense, to a petty, harassing control, conceived for fiscal purposes, and tending only to fetter us: it enslaved religion, and even public benevolence of its free course, making it subject to administrative interference, and turning it to an engine of Government. It was after endless difficulties, and only after having recourse to the lowest persuasions, that private individuals were permitted to help the public wants, and preserve from contagion and neglect the poor abandoned to themselves in the streets, in their hovels, or in prison. It seized the property of minors, by forcing guardians to invest it in public securities, which were to be dealt with arbitrarily and suspiciously by secret agents of the Government: it subjected the liberal arts to the most vexatious restraints; it prosecuted native knowledge; it raised the most ridiculous objections and the most odious difficulties against private, big or importing printed foreign books: it persecuted and entrapped our most distinguished men, and raised to honor slavish understandings; it systematized the sale of consciences, and organized an array of spies; it reasoned secret informations, and made suspicions the rule of its proceedings; it gave the police full power over liberty, life, and property, and threw the patriot into the same prison with the assassin."

At the time we write, the Austrians have crossed the Ticino, and the war may be presumed to have actually commenced. It is quite noticeable that whereas, pending the preliminary negotiations, neither France nor even Sardinia hinted any thing about depriving Austria of any part of her Italian possessions, the cry now is for "Italian Independence," which of course involves the expulsion of the foreigner from Milan. That this is the design of the French is quite evident; that the people of Italy hope and expect the same thing, there can be no question. Already we hear that Mantua and Tuscany have risen in arms, expelled the Austrians and their rulers, and joined the national Italian cause. Another mail or two will, in all probability, bring us intelligence of similar movements at Venice, Milan, and throughout the Papal legations: the fire is kindled: who shall say where it will stop?

The leading British journal, in which hatred and dissent of Louis Napoleon overpower every other feeling, labors strenuously to convince us that the real aim of the French Emperor is not the expulsion of the Austrians from Italy, but the conclusion of a treaty with them, after the first battle, and the combination of all the foreign powers of Europe against Great Britain. It is very easy to make prophecies. So far as the facts indicate, the Emperor Napoleon has, at present, no desire beyond that of freeing Italy.



FRANCIS JOSEPH, EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA.

PLACE D'ARMES BEFORE THE CITADEL OF MILAN.

BRIDGE OVER THE TICINO, CONNECTING LOMBARDY WITH PIEDMONT.

CONSTRUCTION OF SARDINIAN FORTIFICATIONS NEAR ALESSANDRIA.

THE DOLL THAT LOST HER SQUEAK.

A LETTER FROM GRANDMAMMA.

My little Anna tells me in the letter
She sent from California last week
(And sadly does that great misfortune fret her),
"Dolly has lost her squeak."

Have you forgotten when you bought that baby
I said her "cry" was nothing but a creak,
And that you'd keep her but a short time, maybe,
Before she'd lose her squeak?

I think it was a great mistake to buy it:
Such dolls are always badly made and weak.
And yours especially—you won't deny it—
Had not a pleasant squeak.

Throw her away; to keep her would be folly.
The rest of your dear doll-ites left by her cheek;
And who is there admires a failed dolly,
Or one that's lost her squeak?

Perhaps you think that if to me you send it,
As I have pulled my many a hole and leak,
Like broken china I would try to mend it;
Yes, even to mend a squeak!

But now I think of it—you must remember
Of crying babies how I used to speak
Over and over, saying, last September,
I did not like it much.

Let children, who themselves are fond of crying,
Indulge these baby fancies, whims, or freaks:
I've not the least objection to their buying
Legions of dolls with squeaks.

But you, a traveler and courageous-hearted—
You, who in danger scorned to cry and shriek—
You, who have crossed the ocean since we parted,
And never gave one squeak?

Far be from you, my lady and my darling,
My little woman, patient, brave, and meek,
To covet crying babies, always snarling,
At every squeeze who squeak.

The time may come a better doll I'll buy you
In every top-boy I will search and seek.
But what shall console you yet deep you,
Save babies with a squeak?

I'll find a doll with real hair and curly,
With muslin dress, untainted by roll or streak,
Bright-eyed, red-cheeked, and with a bosom portly,
Superior to a squeak.

Well stuffed with bran, with cotton, or with woolen,
Shall be her body, solid, firm, and sleek,
And with no joints parts to push or pull in,
No wires to make a squeak.

As large as Mary's, Harriet's, or Fanny's,
Or any other of their clique,
A doll shall cross the Isthmus and be Annie's
That will not, can not squeak.

Though the greatest ocean-waves she must be tossed on,
Cheer up, my darling, don't pipe and shriek!
She shall be yours, if such there be in Boston—
A doll without a squeak.

THROUGH THE STRAIT GATE.

BY CAROLINE CHESEBRO.

JEAN HEINE'S vineyard, planted with many a docket and misgiving, was for three years the subject of questioning amusement and sly ridicule among the farmers of Montegale. In the fourth year, however, fruit began to ripen on the vines, and the grim, determined features of Heine's face and character to relax. In this last experiment of a dry, parsimonious heart he thought he saw the signal of his harsh fate's relenting; and, encouraged by the sight, he took to work with renewed vigor and expectation. His summer was prominent at last.

He gave his evidences of reception and perception quite in Nature's way. She sets her birds to singing, and causes the crops to stir. His heart seemed released from the icy bands that bound it; and though never a gossip, such utterance as he indulged modified the sternness of his countenance; and then, as year by year passed on, and the vineyard prospered beyond all expectation, the mountain dreamily changed, until he became in some sort the burglar and expounder of Providence.

In journeying to Innsbruck, and in contact with contractors for distant markets, now ideas, enlarged notions of comfort and the necessities of life, were forced upon Heine. He gave bold and manly welcome to these thoughts and notions; by the renewing of their mind, his neighbors saw in a man of no small something worthy imitation; there was ascertained a possibility of expanding the mountain dreamily.

Jean Heine had a little son, Adolph by name, to whom his mother had given, for inheritance, a face like the vision of an angel—one of the least conceptive, beyond dispute. Emilie's infinite sentiment, her unconscious appreciation of truth and love, was glorified in him; but in this radiant image an unconscious, if not fatal, child force, as it looked out from underneath the broad-brimmed old straw hat, the lofty white forehead, the reddish-brown curls of the round cheeks, the delightful mass of chestnut hair, the large and deep-blue eyes, above all, to watch his movements and to hear his voice—this was to apprehend a solemn accusation of delight—an apprehension worth one's journeying from valley-lands, even such as Ring with the laughter and are bright with the beauty of young children, to the savage hill-country where poverty fights for its daily bread.

This child, Adolph, was four years old when a traveler, worn and weary, aged also, perhaps, not as a shelter under Heine's porch.

Emilie was gifted. His gray hair and exhaust-

ion spoke for him with more authority than he ever spoke for himself; and she placed before the stranger a brown loaf and a bowl of milk. While he partook of her hospitality he was thoughtfully observant of the boy playing about; and the mother, quick and eloquent in speech when her lad furnished a text, found no difficulty in giving a family history to the old man. He was in the habit of looking into the human heart and the nature of things; and hearing Emilia's report of long years of hardship and misfortune, and of brightening prospects and promised prosperity, he thought that she spoke of Jean herself, and of Adolph, in the summer of whose birth the idea of a vineyard had first occurred to Jean; hearing of the child's talk, and listening attentively, the old man answered her, so solemnly that she could never forget the words: "Yet; no doubt this is the best thing in saving of you both. I have looked with my eyes, and I know that a child is the greatest blessing God can give to man or woman. The lad has eternal life in him. He will open the Strait Gate for you."

He spoke with such fervor that, though Emilie was a Jew, and quick to catch truth, and also, with a readiness in her inclinement that pleased and surprised him, she was never reconciled, and never forgiven by the astonishment into a reverie from which she did not return to things and duties till long after the stranger had risen and gone his way.

But for the broken loaf and the empty bowl, Emilie might have believed that she had slept and dreamed on the hillside; and even on summer days not incredible feat.

When Jean came home she reported the visit and the old man's words; but he was tired, and did not seem to be much impressed by the message. For Emilie, she kept the saying in her heart, nearly believed that a child is the greatest blessing God can give to man or woman.

She treasured every word the old man had spoken. He was travel-worn, ate rye and skim and often answered. The deep impression made upon her of a fear that had frequently tormented her, and driven her to prayer, to ask, with more confidence, that God would protect Adolph; for the protection of the neighbors was not always to be relied on, and the circumstantial, that long life was not for this fair child. He was so bright, so beautiful, so wise, who could believe that he would not live in the world long?

But having asked for her son's life, Emilie's faith was not sufficient. She could not go her way, leaving the event to her Lord. If importunity had any advantage in addressing, to ask, implicitly, that should not be wanting. And some accident, some sudden surprise or calamity they could not provide against, would, in a moment, remove the threat of a life that was all her life. Poor love! it will not content itself with accepting the gift it desire, and then, with law-abiding "With Thee?" wait till time reveals. Nay! but "Oh that Thou wouldst rend the heavens and come down, behold and do!" And the stillness of eternity grows with more solemn awe, and the ear of love, to see, for it is just *beyond* our vision that His power is at work, and His angels of life and death are moving to and fro. Heavenly eyes see, and the soul shall see even with them into the rose's heart, or across the desert, and through the mirage, and the mirage beguiles, serves in the conviction that He doeth all things well.

Therefore the eyes of Emilie, foul mother! did establish itself upon this stranger's prophecy: Adolph should live.

One day in autumn, just after the grape-gathering, while Jean was walking over the grassed, shaking hills that made the vineyard, the winter set in, Adolph came running and leaping along the hill-side, like a young deer, with joy and life and expectation. He had found something curious down there in the glen. Could father tell him what it was? Such a shape and so large! Never a child could father guess? The boy held up his little hand, clenched, as if Heine must not guess it: he did so with gentle force, and there—indeed!

Great was the little one's delight when he saw his father surprise.

"It looks like a bird turned to stone," said Jean. And he was not far strange likely, for the boy looked indeed like a bird, with wings of green and white, and bold breast, on its finger, and laughed with Adolph; but their laughter was not long.

"Where did my son find this?"

"Oh, in the glen," answered he. I went for the red lumortal. We are getting ready for winter, mamma and I; and there is ever so much down there."

"But you brought no flowers with you."

"Ah! them stick. When I go back I will fancy thing; I wanted you to tell me—"

"Come, then, my lad, we'll see. Besides, we must get the lumortal."

Then Jean put the bit of ore in his pocket, and they took their course down the hill, the boy, dark glen where the everlasting flourished.

And this was not Heine's land, but belonged to neighbor Vochte.

Father and son walked together through the glen, and the lovely specimens of mineral lay side by side on the ground, and was able to receive the magic influence of the sun's benignant power and fragrance. As for Jean, he had often thought of making neighbor Vochte an offer for this very strip of land, knowing that it was worthless to him, because it lay might secure it at a low price; some day its best ores would come to be discovered.

This very fall, indeed, he had considered the purchase, and had concluded to defer it yet a while.

But now, as he walked along the margin of the stream to the spot Adolph pointed out, and observed in different places broad patches of this white metal, he remembered that its bed long ago observed it, but never until now had it excited a suspicion as the testimony of great treasure hidden in the ground. While Adolph was gathering the immortelle he examined the hill-side. Presently he heard the lad calling to him, and went to help him gather the crimson flowers. While thus occupied he told Adolph he had often thought to buy this glen, and cut away the trees and plant grapevines; to the waste land should be turned to use. But he also told his son that, should he ever make that purchase, he would leave room for the immortal—the pretty flowers should have their shade and solitude, and nothing must disturb them. And while he spoke Jean held in his broad, hard hand a flower and the little hand of Adolph, and they walked together from the shadow out into the sunshine.

There Jean Heine paused, and for the last time reflected. Then he resumed his walk, and answered all the innumerable questions of his little son, until they came to the summit of the slope, and on the level land his cottage stood. Waiting there, he said,

"Go home now to your mother, and trim the house with flowers, my son. I am going to talk with neighbor Vochte. Maybe we will agree about the land. But you are to say nothing about that, Adolph, when I come home; you must not ask me no questions. If I have bought the glen, I shall tell you. If I do not, then it is of no consequence, for you will always have your playground and the everlastings just the same."

Then Heine kissed his little son, and the lad ran home to his mother.

This Vochte was a poor farmer, who merely managed to support existence by years. He was a much older man than Heine—not a lover of our Jean. He had watched with jealousy the daily speculations of his neighbor—the beginning and the progress, the frequent disaster and the present prosperity. And he was not prolific of these observations, though they were careful and profound. He had no children of his own, and never had excited merely his will toward the man whose enterprise had stirred him to exertion and excited him to hope. In each effort he seemed to plunge into deeper poverty; and for him, poor miserable wretch! several "deeper misfortunes" were in store.

Heine's visit occasioned considerable stir in Vochte's family. He would have had it no other. Here, for the first time, was evidence of a man of existing importance. Still, with humility, he waived the signs of importance, and sat down in the midst of poverty, distress, and discontent as if himself a dweller among their fastnesses. When Vochte asked about the vineyard Heine was not backward—said merely the truth: that his gains were well-earned—by the sweat of his brow, and by prayer. It might be ruin for him to continue his enterprise, but it certainly would be ransom should he stop where he was. He did talk but not the words of elated success. Such prosperity as he here spoke of had unknown perils, and he was humble in spirit.

But he meant to add a little to his farm this autumn, Heine said. He had been looking about today. He could see by the eye of eternal land lying to the right of his vineyard, and was tempted to buy it. So he had thought of Vochte's property. Vochte's glen, and remembered that they had already spoken to each other of that unpromising tract, which was fertile in but one thing—a valuable for grape-culture. He would not mind a little extra trouble, and additional hard labor, if he could further his fortune. Had neighbor Vochte still a wish to part with the glen?

Neighbor Vochte looked at the proposal with an eagerness that betrayed a fear: Heine might repent, and revoke his generous proposition. He and his wife had bitter recollection of last winter's terrors; all summer they had toiled in their unprofitable soil that the autumn store might not be theirs through the winter from starvation, and their barns were not overflowing now, when the harvest was over. They had nothing to barter with Heine, and the sale was effected, money counted and paid down in their hands, and Heine left the land and a man then as Jean Heine! But as he crossed the threshold of that miserable den, and looked back for an instant to review their parting compliments, the rags and squalor, the misery and trouble, the prophetic shadow stood before him as a thing that he bemeaned somewhat gravely.

At his door he met Adolph. "Is mamma out?" said he, but not to speak; he only came to look in his father's face. Nothing could he learn by such inquiry. Jean Heine said,

"The glen is yours, Adolph; and we will never destroy the everlasting. How could we? I have bought the land."

But the old Adolph discovered was a fact without a comment.

Until very late in autumn, the agent who purchased Heine's grapes, hailed for a night at Heine's house on his way through the hill country. The house was warm and well lighted, as indeed he always earned it when he slept under Heine's roof; for Jean had an inquiring mind, and the agent was a man of extensive information, whose studies, though frequently interrupted by thirsts, were always resumed with delight and profit.

On this night Heine had a special aim in his interrogatory: was bent on acquiring all information possible concerning the working of copper-mines, and, as he anticipated, Mr. Roland was able to tell him much. For his business abroad in his course of his long experience he had come to regard himself as a piece of circulating information, and my one was free to command his resources; but how was he astonished to hear his guerist say in the end of their long talk:

"You must wait till after daybreak, Roland before you examine your journey. I have something to show you—a copper-mine!"

To the amazed inquiry that followed he answered that he had bought a small tract of land since Mr. Roland traveled that way last, and intended to clear the undergrowth; but in cutting away some of the trees he had obtained sufficient evidence that the soil was full of copper.

The result of the investigation made next morning was as follows: Mr. Roland gave up the journey he had projected, and returned to town.

All winter he was engaged in negotiations, carrying on a correspondence with Heine. Twice he came to Montegale with other gentlemen, geologists and scientific persons, who had opinions of weight. A mystery was gathering, and like a cloud around Montegale; the neighbors could not penetrate it; but what food they had for talk and speculation through the long cold winter!

By spring negotiations were brought to a conclusion. Heine sold his land to Jean, was the richest man to be found within fifty miles. A company of engineers came up from the lowlands; miners followed in their train; the quiet of the farming country was broken. Cottages were built, a furnace was put up; rumor said, moreover, they was rumor of a school-house and a church. And because Jean Heine had bought a bit of neighbor Vochte's land.

Did every man and woman that looked into Heine's satisfied face congratulate him? Ah, no; his speculation became known? Did any one excuse him of talking advantage of a neighbor's need, buying land where value he was aware, well, though its owner did not guess it, at a price a million times below its worth? Did any one blame Heine? Do you suppose inhabited that country? Not angels, any friends, nor they whose charity thinketh no evil.

Heine had the penalty of sudden gigantic prosperity to pay; and with prompt alacrity to afford. For he had some pride, some kindly feeling, some notion of integrity. It was hard to have that pride wounded, that kindly feeling misunderstood, that integrity denied. But he could keep silence while envy and wrath and malice showered their invectives. He anticipated a reaction. Montegale was not quite proved an infernal region to his mind.

The reaction came—not in the form hoped for, variously urged; by the cordial praise and acutement acts of Heine's deserted friends—again whom the highlanders could not array themselves with any strength of animosity; by Heine's free use of his money, which he spent with large hand. The weak became intimidated by the constant nerve. he rendered by this means, and by the riches of the whole neighborhood at heart; the jealous were brought over to his interest unawares; the unpicioned were won by his liberality. Every year Montegale, bearing away the imprecations of his old neighbor's head and heart, lost its former confidence, and favor: one by one he won them. That Heine's place as the great man of the region became void seemed to be the eye of Vochte glared visibly the token of a great inward fire raging toward destruction, and that through his hatred of Heine seemed his sole desire and aim.

Heine built a fine house on the site of the old, and surrounded it with grounds that were broad and not sufficient; nowhere was any lack. Much curiosity was excited by reference to the mansion and its owner. People came from a distance to visit the works. Hundreds of workmen found employment, and Heine's fame as a benefactor was enlarged its borders. All the neighboring lands increased greatly in value—even Vochte's lands. Nature did not seclude herself within the premises of Heine; she smiled on all these poor men. Yes, on all, though many of them were ungrateful to their souls into her favor. The more intelligent of the old settlers came to see that the new-comer was benefactor of the region—strangers always called him so. There was no withstanding the onward stride of affairs.

Emilie was the happiest of the future of Adolph—thinking of this mainly through all then prosperousness. She believed that the old Jew's seer's prophecy had cognizance of these events, and that they prepared the way for his future. On that favor she had no doubt—not the least. She was of worthy, and hardly even Vochte would have had a story instead of a love in his heart. So, to other eyes than those of love that mother and son were marvelous.

And the old man's prophecy was—eternal life!

Deck the house with the immortal—the flower everlasting. They shall be glowing symbols. Dream on of your son's eternal life, fond Emilie! Heine's is a prosperous house. Jean Heine! But neither shall they hinder the fearful swaying of the lofty pines (under no wind of heaven—not even Jehovah's—to be felt) that stand solemn in the glen, this young Adolph, when the pines were uprooted; but the mother, with her beautiful daughter, struck down evidently with instant death, by blow even from on the blue heaven, they young Adolph, when the pines were uprooted; under the pine-trees in the glen, he whose sole achievement in this world was to live.

The miners found him there, and they made a bier of green branches, and carried him to his father.

She followed him through the Strait Gate.

Autumn winds and rains left the mountain full of riches; but his wife and his child had wandered far beyond his sight; hand in hand, in the Strait Gate—and the angels were there.

But the Gate was shut to him. Yes, he said—forever shut to him. And he thought of neighbor Vochte, when he passed that sentence on himself; and was not reassured when he considered Wall Street and State lunatic asylums; for he knew what was in the world—this copper-mine had been in Wall Street; and the asylums have a cure for men like neighbor Vochte.

From sympathizing with Vochte, as the people in the vicinity were at first disposed to do, they began at length to laugh at him! Their derision could

tered him the more; and his face darkened to a fearful shadow when men began to sun themselves in the light of Heine's prosperity. But Heine, for his part, had never, till Emilie's death, ceased from his endeavors to conciliate this man, and to benefit his family. Often he had, directly, and through others, offered him large sums of money, which he said might be considered, did Vechte so prefer, as payment for the land; but all this was indignantly rejected—Vechte preferred his poverty and wrath. Now and then, in view of Heine's growing opulence and their failure, Heine said he knew not why he should distress himself for the sake of one who made himself a fool; but do you suppose that such conclusion proved shelving? that he could rest in it? or that, now his son was grown, he was willing to see the lot within the Strait Gate beckoning to him, a dreadful reflection, that of not being able to dispute the passage with the aspect of a devil, did not frighten him from off the ground?

The days of Heine's mourning passed strangely away. He attended as usual to the conduct of affairs—made no exhibition of his grief. Yet not without a shudder could he think of his old enemy now remember how, in the last days, Emilie had walked joyfully along the paths of righteousness and peace, seeking to learn, from the sacred characters and revelations of the Book, what to believe, when had gone, making ready to follow him speedily, if it only might be to, without astonishment, ask—"Whither they have gone I can never follow. Narrow is the path, and strait the gate—few there be that find it. It is small, and I am not worthy through a needle's eye than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven."

Yet to be lost in Emilie forever; to behold no more his glorious young son; to have no joy forever, save his day of dreaming, in which he used to perpetuate their names by the unwasting marble!

Though Heine complimented not of his calamities, nature ere long betrayed him. Pain, and weakness, and pain; nights of wakefulness and days of misery for this strong man, who had been wont mournful woman! And still it was long after his changing face and person began to excite remark and sympathy ere he could be induced to give any warning to escape from Montecute or die.

How could he abandon his child, Louis? He allowed himself to be persuaded, and hastened preparations needful for the journey.

In a year's time Jean Heine returned to Montecute restored to something like his usual health and energy. He returned as if to greet the living —it was but to visualize the living—for, upon his passport, if it might be, presents himself to the Lord Keeper. How often, even while he thought of neighbor Vechte, in spite of his indignation, he had prayed that that thing so difficult, as even the passage of a camel through a needle's eye, might be accomplished for him! Nay, by-and-by must it be.

It chanced that Heine stood by the graves of his wife and son when, for the first time since his return, his hortified eyes fell on the spectral figure of his ancient enemy. It was he to whom Heine owed his trouble—he, which made him quake at this moment, though he said it not, which had thrown the barrier between them (the unsolicited graves), and offered his hand to the dead. But Heine could not decline it. He, from the depth of his degradation, could see this clear shining truth, "*I* am a worm, and no more."

Jean Heine, as he gazed upon him, seemed spellbound. "Vechte," said he, at length, "between us silence with desperate will, "a thousand worlds could not pay for this! Vechte, you were degraded enough to begin with, besides that your own hand brought you forward toward heaven—have I cast you down to hell?"

The old man laughed—he hardly heeded the question; he had obtained in that moment a still more weighty one—he saw that Heine was unprotected, and he could rejoice at that.

"Come," he said, in a whisper, "this place," said Jean. Vechte's laughter seemed to have answered him. "Come, let us talk of your son—your living son. Tell me of him, neighbor, in sum speak to me of him. You named him Adolph; he was born I remember that summer, when—"

But the old man thrust Jean's hand away as if destruction were in his touch. Heine did not retreat the one inch, but stood, as the old man, trembling, half-blind Vechte, and heard the wrathful utterance he gave to his hate; the blasphemy and cursing. Confess to such a monster!

He walked by Vechte's side till there was a subject given in the flow of the awful speech.

"Adolph!" he said, "Adolph, who had listened, was struck, to the speech that broke from Heine.

"Yes, no," I mean not that. I never beggared you. But for the sake of *that* name I have thrown away every thing, and your blood seems to be on my hand.

Hearing this, Vechte broke out again, after his former style, only now there seemed to be triumph lurking in his despair. Now at last should the world judge between them, and his wrongs would be avenged.

His imprecation was not yet at an end—unloosing seemed the fiery flood of hate that broke forth with volcanic energy and terrible sound—when Heine stem that flood, nor should he ever have stayed it, but that it was so strange and horrendous a sound as that of forgiveness.

But Vechte's triumph was short-lived. He went home to tell how God had avenged him, to prepare the proclamation that should bring disgrace on the proud name of Heine. But, crossing his threshold, he fell dead, before a word of exposure escaped him. He was found a lifeless inherited the wrath of Heine. For Jean the Strait Gate opened.

A PERILOUS HOUR.

I WAS apprenticed to a decorative painter; but getting of a bad habit of smoking, I left my master before my time was out.

After some years of backsliding about I got tired of a maritime life, and having married and determined to stick to the shore, I got work with a builder whose premises lay on a reeking high chimneys. I had always a very cool head, and could stand on the narrowest ledge no more dizzy, and so I was soon a favorite hand with my master.

He had on one occasion to fasten a lightningconductor which had sprung near the top of a very high chimney, and as I was the only man about who was James Colly to do it, as the most daring of his men. About half a dozen of us went that morning with a hand-cart, containing the necessary ropes, blocks, the kits, and a box or cradle. Having flown the kits, and dropped its line across the top of the chimney, we soon drew up a rope, at the end of which was a block, through which ran the rope whereby we got up the cradle.

Colly had only been married a fortnight; and as we stopped that morning for breakfast, somebody asked him if he hadn't a last dying speech to leave for his wife; and then Mr. Stanning having shaken hands with us, we got up the cradle, and Colly was drawn slowly up. It was known all over the town that we were engaged on the job, and when as the day was not named. I did not expect we should have had many spectators; but as we got higher, and the cradle swung clear of the roofs, that the streets were already thronged with starers. Colly was very quiet, and as he looked over the side to the people he said, unapplosly, that this was no time for such folly, and that he thought I might think of better things. I was not much given to sipping fools, who, he dared say, destined no better than to see us all smashed to pieces.

I had come up in the best heart, thinking, indeed, nothing about the danger we incurred; but as we drew nearer and nearer to the top, I felt that nothing, as it seemed, belonging to this world near as we but this narrow rope, I began to see the peril of the undertaking. What Colly thought of I don't know—he sat at the bottom of the cradle, never looking over the side, and I dare say would do better to keep his eyes about him, so that he might never need to look down.

Good Heaven! what was this? Here we were within a yard of the top projecting coping, and still they were stopping—actually stopping—to rest by the boat. I guessed in a moment that they wished me out on board, and that while I was engaged at that window the rope would be broken when the cradle came to the block. I sprang up, and catching the projecting coping, swung myself on the coping. Colly, too, sprang up and followed me. In a few days I was at work again, and the cradle, up, till the rope sang again with the strain there was upon it.

I then stepped, and cradle, hauling-line, and the main rope with its block, fell down. Thus were we two poor men left in a most desperate situation.

Poor Colly was completely dazed with affright; and the moment we got down he went off home, and only a foot and a half broad, he called out, "Where is the key?" "It's knee and a half," I said. And so I said, very solemnly, "Sit down, Jem; God will hear us if we pray to him sitting down."

The rain fell in torrents. "Where water is this rod?" he asked, in a very hollow voice, though he was looking straight at me, and I was sitting close to his squint, and he couldn't sit steady, but swayed his body backward and forward, so that I felt certain he would fall off the rope.

"Come, Jem, lad," I said, thinking to take the fright off him; "it's kneed and a half."

A SHADOW.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

TRUMPS.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

CHAPTER XX.

BEGINNING TO SKETCH.

THE next morning when Gabriel declared that he was perfectly well and had better return, nobody opposed his departure. Hope Wayne indeed ordered the carriage so readily that the poor boy's heart sank. Yet Hope pitied Gabriel sincerely. She wished he had not been injured, because then there would have been nobody guilty of injuring him; and she was quite willing he should go, because his presence reminded her too forcibly of what she wanted to forget.

The poor boy drove dismally away. What a dreadful thing it is to be young, thought he. ²

After he had gone Hope Wayne sat upon the lawn reading. Suddenly a shadow fell across the page, and looking up she saw Abel Newt standing beside her. He had his cap in one hand and a port-folio in the other. The blood—impetuous tell-tale!—rushed from Hope's cheek to her heart; then rushed back again to hang out signs of surprise, not of distress.

Rising from the lawn and bowing gravely she turned toward the house.

"Miss Wayne," said Abel, in a voice which was very musical and very low. She stopped. "I hope you have not already convicted and sentenced me."

He smiled a little as he spoke, not familiarly, not presumptuously, but with an air which indicated his entire ability to justify himself. Hope said:

"I have no wish to be unjust."

"May I then plead my own cause?"

"I must go into the house—I will call my grandfather, whom I suppose you wish to see."

"I am here by his permission, and I hope you will not regard me as an intruder."

"Certainly not, if he knows you are here;" and Hope lingered to hear if he had any thing more to say.

It was a very sudden affair. We were both hot and angry; but he is entirely in the wrong, and I should have done nothing had he not struck me, and felt upon me so that I was obliged to defend myself."

"Yes—to be sure —in that case," said Hope, still lingering, and remarking the music of his voice. Abel continued—"I while the girl's eyes saw how well he looked upon him—how the clustering black hair—the rich, dark complexion—the light of intelligence playing upon his face—his dress careful but graceful—and the port-folio which betokened interview to be no design or expectation of course, but a mere chance encounter.

"I am very sorry you should have had the pain of seeing such a spectacle, and I am ashamed my first introduction to you should have been at such a time."

Hope Wayne lingered, looking on the ground.

"I think, indeed, that you owe me an opportunity of making a better impression."

"Hope! Hope!" came from the sound of a distant voice calling in the garden.

Hope Wayne turned her head toward the voice, but her eyes looked upon the ground, and her feet still lingered.

"I have known you so long, and yet have never spoken to you," said the musical voice at her side; "I have seen you sometimes in church, and I have even tried sometimes—I confess it—to catch a glance from you as you came out. But I am not angry—am I?"

"Hope! Hope!" called the voice from the garden.

Hope looked dreamily in that direction, not as if she heard it, but as if she were listening to something in her mind.

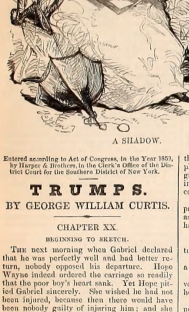
"Now I meet you here on this lovely lawn in your own beautiful home, and you know your grandfather permits me to sketch the place?"

"Do you draw, Mr. Newt?" asked Hope Wayne, in a tone which seemed to Abel to trickle along his nerves, so exquisitely he longed was the pleasure it gave him to hear her call him by name. How did she know it? thought he.

"Yes, I draw, and am very fond of it," he answered, as he untied his port-folio. "You know your grandfather permits me to sketch the place?"

"Do you draw, Mr. Newt?" asked Hope Wayne, in a tone which seemed to Abel to trickle along his nerves, so exquisitely he longed was the pleasure it gave him to hear her call him by name. How did she know it? thought he.

"Yes, I draw, and am very fond of it," he answered, as he untied his port-folio. "You know your grandfather permits me to sketch the place?"



OUT OF MY HOUSE!

"Why so?"

"Because we never can draw any thing as handsome as it seems to us. You can go and see the pond with your own eyes, and then no picture will seem word for word. He passed.

"There is another reason, too, I suppose."

"What is that?" asked Hope, looking at her companion.

"Well," he answered, smiling, "because life in books is always so much better than real life?"

"Is it so?" said Hope, musingly.

"Yes, certainly. People are always brave and beautiful and good, in books. An author may make them do and say just what he and all the world want them to, and it all seems right. And then they do such splendidly impossible things"

"How do they?"

"Why, now, if you and I were in a book at this moment instead of standing on this lawn, I might be a knight slaying a great dragon that was just coming to destroy you, and you—"

"Hope, Hope!" rang the voice nearer and more imperiously.

"And I—might be saved by another knight dashing in upon you, like that voice upon your sentence," said Hope, smiling.

"No, no," answered Abel, laughing, "that shouldn't be in the book. I should slay the great dragon who would desolate all Delafield with the smoking of his scaly tail, then you would place a wreath upon my head, and all the people would come out and salute me for saving the Princess whom they loved, and I"—said Abel, after a momentary pause, a shade more gravely, and in a tone a little lower—"and I, as I rode away, should not wonder that they loved her."

He looked across the lawn under the pinetrees as if he were thinking of some story that he had been actually reading. Hope smiled no longer, but said, quietly:

"Now, now I am wanted. I must go in. Good-morning!" And she moved away.

"Perhaps your cousin Alfred Dinks has arrived," said Abel, carelessly, as he closed his port-folio.

Hope Wayne stopped, and, standing very erect, turned and looked at him. Of how much subtler meaning tones are than words! There was perhaps significance in that idle remark of Abel's.

"Do you know my cousin, Mr. Dinks?"

"Not at all."

"How did you know that I had such a cousin?"

"I heard it somewhere," answered Abel, gently and carelessly, but looking at Hope with a curious glance which seemed to her to penetrate every pore in her body. That glance was just what Abel could have said: "And I heard you were engaged to him."

There was nothing more for Hope to ask. Her womanly instinct assured her that any other question would indicate that she had perceived under the words a meaning in Abel's voice—and perhaps even suggest to him that there was more reason for that meaning. So she said, with a half smile,

"I suppose it is no secret that Alfred Dinks is my cousin," and, bowing to Abel, she went swiftly over the lawn toward the house.

Abel stood her as she went. She disappeared and he walked toward the lower side of the lawn.—Papa asks me what I think I had better do in living?—He looked around the beautiful place in which he stood. He saw the glancing lawn—the skirting hedge—the tufted and drooping and spreading trees stretching away in little groves—the stately house—the gardens beyond—beyond it—

"I think I had better be the owner of Pinewood."

Saying this to himself, with that sneering smile, he sat down upon the lawn, and, opening his port-folio again, began to sketch.

CHAPTER XXI.

A VERDICT AND A SENTENCE.

THAT music lingered in her ear—that grace upon her eye—that manly confidence and cheerfulness in her memory.

Hope Wayne did not agree with Abel Newt that life was so much better in books. There was nothing better in my book she had ever read than the little conversation with the handsome youth which she had had that morning upon the lawn. She did not say so to herself. But she was not likely to complain again to Mrs. Simcoe of the want of society.

When she went into the house she found no one until she knocked at Mrs. Simcoe's door.

"Aunty, did you call me?"

"Yes, Hope.

"I was on the lawn, Aunty."

"I know it, Hope."

The young lady did not ask her why she had not sought her there, but she asked, "What do you want, Aunty?"

"Your aunt, Mrs. Dinks, invites you to go with her and pass the next winter in New York."

Hope made no reply.

"You see, my dear, society was nearer than we thought."

"Yes, Aunty, so I find," said Hope, abstractedly. After a moment she added: "But I think it's very pleasant here."

"My dear Hope, how long is it since you complained to me that you wanted society?"

"I know, dear Aunty," replied Hope, blushing and confused. "Yes, I know, but then—"

"Then what?"

"Why, that was some time ago."

"Well!"

"Well, Aunty, since then—"

Poor Hope! She knew not what to say. It was too late to recall it. She stopped, and looked proudly at Mrs. Simcoe as if she had no right to have heard the word or to have looked into her heart.

"Since then?" asked Mrs. Simcoe.

"I have changed my mind," said Hope, calmly.

The elder woman looked quietly out of the window. Does not one woman know another woman? Were not words between these two a needless waste of a ridiculously transparent veil?

"I saw you talking with Abel Newt on the lawn. Why did he strike that boy?" asked Mrs. Simcoe, still gazing at the distant hills.

"He had to defend himself," said Hope, rapidly.

"Couldn't a young man protect himself against a boy without assuming him?" He might easily have killed him," said Mrs. Simcoe, in the same dry tone.

"It was very unfortunate, and Mr. Newt says so; but I don't think he is to bear every thing."

"What did the other do?"

"He insulted him."

"Indeed!"

The tone in which the elderly woman spoke was trying. Hope was flushed and warm and disconcerted. There was so much skepticism and contempt in the single word "indeed," as Mrs. Simcoe pronounced it, that Hope was really angry with her.

"I don't see why you should treat Mr. Newt in that manner," said she, haughtily.

"In what manner, Hope?" asked the other, calmly, fixing her eyes upon her companion.

"In that sneering, contemptuous manner," replied Hope, loftily. "Here is a young man who has had an unfortunate quarrel, in which he happens to get the better of his opponent, who chances to be younger. He helps him carefully into the carriage. He explains as well as he can, and to-day he comes to explain further, and you treat him as before him; you misunderstand and misrepresent him. It is unkind, Aunty, unkind."

Hope was almost sobbing.

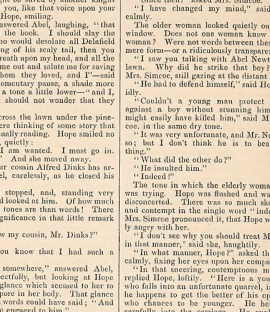
"Has he once said he was sorry?" asked Mrs. Simcoe. "Has he told you so this morning?"

"Of course he is sorry, Aunty. How could he help it? Do you suppose he is a brute? Do you suppose he hasn't ordinary human feeling? Why do you treat him so?"

Hope asked the question almost fiercely.

Mrs. Simcoe sat profoundly still. O bars and bolts! O garden walls and hedges! O sittings in stately parlors and overseeing daily lessons from young teachers! O barricades and fortifications! They had all come to this.

Mrs. Simcoe said nothing. Her face seemed to grow even more rigid as she sat. But suddenly turning to the proud young girl who stood at her side, her bosom heaving with passion, she



GOOD-BY!

drew her toward her by both hands, pulled her down close to hers, and kissed her.

Hope sank on her knees by the side of Aunty's chair.

All the pride in her heart was melted, and poured out of her eyes. She buried her face upon Mrs. Simcoe's shoulder, and her passion crept and sobbed itself away. She did not understand what it was, nor why. A little while before, upon the lawn, she had been so happy. Now it seemed as if her heart were breaking. When she grew calmer, Mrs. Simcoe parted the fair young face between her hands, and kissing it once more with a strange earnestness, said, slowly,

"Hope, my child, we must all walk the path alone. But you, too, will find that your best affections are but tents of a night."

"Aunty, Aunty, what do you mean?" asked Hope, who had risen and saw that sorrow was speaking, and now stood beside her, pale and proud.

"I mean, Hope, that you are in love with Abel Newyear."

Hope's hands dropped at her side. She stepped back a little. A feeling of inexpressible solitude fell upon her—of alienation from her grandfather, and of an inexplicable separation from her old nurse—a feeling as if she suddenly stood alone in the world—as if she had ceased to be a girl.

"Aunty, is it wrong to love him?"

Before Mrs. Simcoe could answer there was a knock at the door. It was Hiram, who announced the victim of yesterday's battle, saying in the parlor he was to wait for Miss Wayne.

"Yes, Hiram." He bowed and withdrew. Hope Wayne stood a little while silent in a little while, then, with the calm, lofty air—almost and loftier than ever—she went down and found Gabriel Snow. He came to thank her—to say how much better he was—how sorry that he should have had the misfortune to have been fighting almost before her very eyes.

"I suppose I was very foolish and furious," said he. "Abel ran against me, and I got very angry and struck him. I know now that I know it was, and I am very sorry. But, ma'am, I hope you won't—he—he—I mean, won't—"

It was too late before. That unlucky ma'am" had choked all his other words. Hope was so lofty and splendid in her pride and scorn before him that he was impressed with a kind of awe. But the moment he had said the word he gasped that second so much older—the instant he had spoken to her as if he were only a little boy and she a woman—that he was quite confused. He staggered and stumbled in his sentence until Hope graciously said,

"I blame nobody."

But poor Gabriel's speech was gone. His mouth was pinched and his eyes dim. He could not think of a word to say; and, twisting and fumbling his cap, did not look at Hope.

"There, Miss Wayne!" suddenly said a voice at the door.

Hope and Gabriel turned at the same moment, and beheld Abel Newt entering the room gayly, with a sketch in his hand. He nodded to Gabriel without speaking, but went directly to Hope and showed her the drawing.

"There, that will do for the framing; will it not?"

It was a bold, dashing sketch. The pinetrees, the windows, the piazzas—yes, she saw them all. They had a new charm in her eyes.

"That tree comes a little nearer that window," said she.

"How do you know it does?' he replied. "Yes, who only draw from books?"

"I think I ought to know the tree that I see every day at my own window?"

"Oh! that is your window!"

Gabriel was confounded at this sudden incursion and apparent resumption of a previous conversation. As he was not observed by them, he remained Abel sketching on the lawn. But Abel, sketching on the lawn, had observed Gabriel running up the steps and had been surprised in to ask Miss Wayne's opinion of his drawing. He chatted merrily on:

"Why, there's your grandpapa when he was a little grandboy and had an old grandpapa to pet him," said he, pointing at the sketch; and he had remarked upon his previous visit in that parlor. "What a fortunate thing it was that I was to see. Gracious! 'twas before the Revolution. Ah! now, if he could only speak and tell us just what he saw in those times—what he thought—how big him—what he had for breakfast, for instance. What delicious dear ridiculous conversation with all their flowery embroidery, cost a yard, say—yes, yes, and what book that is—and who gave him the hoop—"

He rattled on. Never in Hope's lifetime had such sounds of gay speech been heard in the well-arranged and well-behaved parlor. They seemed to light it up. The rapid talk bubbled like music.

"Hoop and hook—book and hoop! Oh, yes, good boy, very good boy," said he, and added, "I should think it was a portrait of the young Dr. Dresser—the new Peewee, Miss Wayne," said the audacious youth, sliding as it were unconsciously and naturally into greater familiarity.

"Ah! I know you're laughing at me inwardly heart, for you never look away from him. What on earth can they all think?"

What a contrast to Gabriel's awkward silence of the moment before! So natural, too; such an easy flow! such a handsome face! such a musical voice!

In the midst of it all Hiram was heard remonstrating outside:

"Don't, Sir, don't! You'll—you'll—something will happen, Sir."

There was a moment's scuffling and trampling, and Christopher Dart, restrained by Hiram, burst into the room. The old man was white with wrath. He had his cane in one hand, and Hiram held the other hand and arm.

He had come in from the garden, and as he stopped in the dining-room to take a little trip to the West Indies he had heard voices in the drawing-room. Summoning Hiram to know if they were visitors, he had learned the awful truth which apprised him that his Hesperidian wall was down, and that the ruthless hand at that moment might be shaking his precious fruit from the boughs. To save his own life himself left the open door. Do you think, then, it helps a man's temper to be so furious with himself as with other people? He burst into the room.

There stood Hope: Abel at her side, in the merry midst of his talk, with a pencil in one hand, his port-folio under his arm, and his finger pointed toward the portrait; Gabriel, at a little distance, confoundedly and abashed at the incongruous between Hope and Abel of which he had so precipitately assisted. The poor boy! forgotten by Hope, and purposely trampled down by the cane and a stretch.

"Hope, go up stairs!" shouted the old gentleman. "And what are you doing in my house, you scoundrel?"

He lifted his cane as he came toward them.

I have all his fighting business yesterday was a conspiracy—a wicked plot against my peace of house!" I've a mind to break your impudent noses!"

"Sir," said Abel, "you gave me leave to come here and sketch."

"Did I give you leave to come into my parlor and bring boys with you, Sir, and take up the time of my daughter?" he replied, "I say, up stairs!"

"Only thought, Sir—" began Abel.

"Now, in Heaven's name, don't make me angry, Sir!" burst in the old gentleman, almost choking at the word. "Don't make me angry, Sir? What business have you to think, Sir? You're a boy, Sir—a school-boy, Sir! Are you going to depart with me from my house? I'll take back my permission. Go, both of you! and never let me see you here again. Abel turned at the door, and bowed gravely to Hope.

"Remember, Sir," cried the old man, "I take back my permission."

"I understand, Sir," replied Abel, bowing to him once more.

He closed the door; and as he did so it seemed to Hope Wayne as if the sunshine were extinguished.

CHAPTER XXII.

HELP, HO!

ABEL NEWT was fully aware that his time was short. His father-in-law had spared him of his presently leaving school. To leave school—to leave Hope! Might it not be to lose Hope Wayne? He was banished from Pinewood. There were flaming swords of fire guarding every one that Eden-gate. Two days were passing. The summer is ending, thought he, and I am by no means saved.

He thought of these things constantly. Indolent, luxurious, self-indulgent, at the age of eighteen, and now getting on for twenty-one, a man in purpose and perception. If he could only compass that point! He had not been only dispense with all the drudging steps by which he foresaw that otherwise he must climb somewhere up into that Eden. Could he gain Hope Wayne, secure the future! This was the lovely young girl to whom the pine tree he walked around it on the shore. This was the beautiful castle that peered above the tree-tops as he rambled in the woods. Was she to be his not? Could he misinterpret that interview upon the beach? Was it not plain that she was she preferred him to all others of whom he knew? To be sure, how about Alfred Dinks? that somebody who had been left out in the cold? He only wondered how he himself could communicate with the distant bars and flames might be overcome, but how overcome maidenly reserve and obedience? Powder can not explode flit, nor a spark ignite, without a match. How should he contrive to see her—to speak to her?

He asked himself the question as he strolled along the road a few days after the scenes that have been related, and was startled out of his strolling that day, Gabriel among them. Neither Abel nor Gabriel had communicated their visit to Pinewood and its catastrophe. It was a secret better buried in their own bosoms. Abel's dislike to the other was increased and embittered by the ignominy of the expulsion by Mr. Dart, of which Gabriel had been the sole companion but a witness. It was an indignity that made Abel tingle whenever he thought of it. That the fellow should thinking of it too, and laughing at him in his sleeve, and he longed to thrash him. But Gabriel had a sudden consciousness. He was thinking only of Hope Wayne, and laughing at himself for thinking of her.

The boys were strolling in different parts of the village. Abel, into whose mind had stolen that thought of the possible laughter in Gabriel's sleeve, pulled out his handkerchief suddenly, and waved it with an indignant flourish in the clear air. At the moment a carriage had overtaken him and was passing. The horses, startled at the flutter, fell to waving their head-chief, shied and broke into a run. The coachman tried in vain to control them. They sprang forward and had their heads in a moment.

Abel looked up, and saw that it was the Burt carriage dashing down the road. He flew after, and every boy followed. The horses, maddened by the cries of the coachman and passers-by, by the rattling of the carriage, and their own excitement and speed, plunged on with fearful eagerness. And the carriage flew by; two faces were seen at the window—both calm, but one terrified. They were those of Hope and Mrs. Simcoe.

"Stop 'em! stop 'em!" rang the cry along the village street; and the sleepy villagers looked from the windows or came to the door—the women clutching their babies in their arms, the men leaving whatever they were doing and joining the chase.

"God save the dear, pooty thing!" cried Marm Wrawley, as the noise passed her door, and she and Devon ran to see. "Devon, pooty thing!" And she rubbed her hands as if she were in pain.

Hiram had not stop to punch his pipe. He did not even declare that it was no use—but he opened off at as seventy years of practice in him—seventy years that had only frosted his head, and not his heart. The whole village was in motion. Every body knew Miss Wayne—every body loved her. How fearful to think what might happen to her!

Both she and Mrs. Simcoe sat quietly in the carriage. They knew it was madness to leap—that their only chance lay in remaining perfectly quiet. They both knew the danger—they knew the awful slaughter's that was going on the edge of death or accident. How strange Hope's eyes were! How strangely she looked the familiar houses—the trees—the signs—the fences—as they swept by! How peaceful and secure they were! How strangely they seemed! She read the names distinctly. She thought of little incidents connected with all the places. Her mind and memory and perception were perfectly clear—but her hands were clenched and her cheek pale and pale with vague terror. Mrs. Simcoe sat beside her, thinking now of Hope's hands, but neither of them spoke.

The carriage struck a stone, and the crowd thundered at the new sw k rock and swing—a furious course. The mad horses bet flew more wildly. Mrs. Simcoe opened Hope's hand, and murmured, almost inaudibly,

"'Christ shall bless thy going out, Shall bless thy coming in.' Kindly compass thou about, Lord, whom we saved from sin."

"That corner! that corner!" shouted the throng, as the horses neared a sudden turn into a side-road, by which they would escape the making, frightened by the persons who came running toward them from the village street. Among these was Gabriel, who, hearing the confused murmur that rang down the road, turned and captured the carriage that was whirled along at the mercy of wild horses. He seemed to his companions to fly to the team—to himself he seemed to be standing still.

"Carefully, carefully!" cried the others, as they saw his purpose. "Now, now! Well done, lad!"

Gabriel did not hear. He only saw the fatal corner. He only knew that Hope Wayne was in danger—that the carriage, already swaying, would be overturned—might be dashed in pieces, and Hope—

He came near as the horses were about turning. The street toward which they were heading was narrow, and on the other corner from that there was a well. They were turning toward Gabriel down the main road—but just as he came up to them he threw himself with all his might toward the animals' heads. The startled horses half-recoiled, turned sharply and suddenly—almost themselves jumped the well—and the carriage stood still. In a moment a dozen men had secured them, and the danger was past.

The door was opened and the ladies stepped out. Mrs. Simcoe was pale, but had nearly fainted quailed. The faith that sustains a woman's heart in the hour when them be thinking herself with her his finger-tips.

"Dear child!" she said to Hope, when they both knew that the danger was over, and her lips moved in silent prayer and thanksgiving.

Hope looked very trembling and silent. In her inmost heart she hoped it was Abel Newt who had saved them. But in all the throng she did not see him. She looked, but he was not apparent.

"Here is your preserver, ma'am," said Dilbery, the tavern-keeper, pushing Gabriel forward. Mrs. Simcoe seriously smiled. She put out her hand to him kindly—and Hope's grave sweetness, told him how great was their indebtedness. The boy bowed and looked at her earnestly.

"Are you hurt?"

"Oh! no, not at all," replied Hope, smiling, which she exerted herself to do, because she noticed that Gabriel looked pale, as if he had showed some sign of pain—or disappointment —or what?

"We are perfectly well, thanks to you."

"What started the horses?" asked Gabriel.

"I'm sure I don't know," replied Hope.

"Abel Newt started them," said Mrs. Simcoe. Hope reddened and looked at her companion. "What do you mean, Aunty?" asked she, haughtily.

Mrs. Simcoe was explaining when Abel came up, out of breath and alarmed. In a moment he saw that there had been no injury. Hope's cheek rose and the color slowly died away from her cheeks. He eagerly asked how it happened, and was confounded by hearing that he was the cause.

"How strange it is," said he, in a low voice, to Hope, as the people buried themselves in looking after the horses and carriage and Gabriel talked to Mrs. Simcoe, with whom he found conversation so much easier. "How strange it is that just as I was wondering when and where and how I should see you again, I should meet you in this way, Miss Wayne!"

Pleased, still weak and trembling, pale and flushed by turns, Hope listened to him.

"Where can I see you?" he pleaded; "certainly your grandfather was unkind—"

Hope shook her head slowly. Abel watched every movement—every look—every fluctuating change of manner and color, and his heart was almost bidden meaning.

"I can see you nowhere but at home it

He did not reply. She sat silent. She wished he would speak. The silence was dreadful. She could not bear it.

"I am very sorry," said she, in a whisper, her eyes fastened upon the ground, her hands playing with her handkerchief.

"I hope so, too," he said, quietly, with a tone of sadness, not of reproach. There was another painful pause.

"I hope so, because I am going away," said Abel.

"Where are you going?"

"Home."

"Why?"

"In a few weeks."

"Where is your home?"

In New York."

It was very much to the point. Yet both of them wished to say so much more; and neither of them dared!

Miss Hope!" he whispered Abel.

Hope heard the musical whisper. She perceived the audacity of the familiarity, but she had not with it the power to resent. She bent her head a little lower, as if listening more intently.

"May I see you before I go?"

Hope was silent. Dr. Livingstone relates that when the lion had struck him with his paw, with a certain economy, he lay in a kind of paralysis, of which he would have been cured in a moment more if the lion devoured.

"Hope," said Mrs. Simcoe, "the horses will be brought up. We had better walk home. Hiram, my dear—"

"I can only see you at home," Hope said, in her voice, so low, so clear.

"Then we part here forever," he replied. "I am sorry."

Abel's reason was no reproach; it was only a deep sadness that softened his musical voice. Is there a woman living who does not know that at that moment Hope Wayne would willingly have sunk at his feet? Not because a man is in love with her and a woman will come to him. Oh no! not that; but because the loftiest and proudest and the loftiest and least selfish of all passions is the love of woman!

"Forever," he repeated slowly, with low, remorseless music.

Hope Wayne trembled, but he did not see it.

"I am sorry, too," she said, in a hurried whisper, as she moved slowly toward Mrs. Simcoe. Abel Newt was disappointed.

"Good-by forever, Miss Wayne," he said. He could see now Hope's pale face and her hand the more formal address, and knew by it that he was offended.

"Good-by" was all he caught as Hope Wayne took Mrs. Simcoe's arm and walked away.

THE WEEKLY FARMER.

WEEDS AND WEEDING.

Inasmuch as talking of what crops should be grown, we will now say a few words what should not be grown. No vile weeds should take the place of useful and valuable plants. To describe those which infest our fields would involve the labor and space which belong rather to a book than a single article, but some few remarks doubtless think they know too much of them already. A luxuriant growth of large weeds is by no means a sign of poor soil. On a barren soil no plant can grow. Who does not remember the rich crops of weeds that we had he was about to buy for a large thistle to which he might tie his horse? Although there was something in the thistle to which the many farmers nowadays who wish they had no thistles. True, these known as the Canada thistle, are very good fodder, if cut at the right time, but we have better plants for this purpose. And its roots are beautiful, but we are tired of them; there is nor will their fragrance atone for their mischief. The good, honest farmer who has a crop of weeds and thistles' stings when binding them in a sheaf of wheat or oats, but sometimes it would be more profitable to cut the coarse wheat and have thistles. We know of a place where, not long ago, there was a large field of them, which was cut for hay, as soon as the leave ever seen. They were cut and saved for fodder, but the neighbors of the man on whose land they grew, did not like the seed in their fields.

Many of the brambles that haunt the toil in vast districts may, if cut at the proper time, be viewed as noxious weeds, all impressing the mind of the tiller of the soil with the divine command: "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread."

Experiments have been made by many agriculturists to find out the increase of crop caused by careful weeding; but we have not space to tell much about them. In some cases, all other things being equal, the crop has been doubled on an acre of land kept clean, as compared with one overgrown with weeds.

Weeds are robbers. They steal the food *ready-to-hand* by the crops they infest, and will soon take it away. So take the means by which they live." Every weed in a pump taking water from

the soil, which it pours out by the pores of its leaves. The earth gives more moisture, and the weeds suck it up; if it did not, they would be scorched to death by the sun, as they are when pulled from the soil and thrown out to rot. Where they are beyond number they keep out the air and light, and the plants intended to be grown as a paying crop are weakly, sickly, spindling, and too often a failure. But some are so well satisfied to have the crops keep forth thieves and children that they don't trouble themselves or the thistles.

May it not be one of the wise provisions of nature, that weeds should haunt rich and fine cultivated fields and defy the efforts of the husbandman—for their presence is to use that soil and know, etc., on the soil, thus liberating pent-up food in its particles. When the land is being plowed, though it may seem to be turned over in masses by the mould-board, the grains of earth rub against each other, and this rubbing process causes a separation of slight quantities at least of elements before locked up. However small the quantity may be in a pound of soil, the rubbing together of thousands of tons, as in the case of an ordinary-sized field, may become a matter of great consideration. And the amount of surface on which roots can act becomes greater, for be it remembered, that the tearing a clod of earth in two exposes new surfaces: so is it with a particle of soil. But the plow in loosening and rubbing the particles together gives the whole more loose, and the air can come in and go out, emitting and enriching the soil by the things which it leaves in it. The principles here referred to are true of any land when disturbed by any implement, and may it not be a wise provision of Nature that weeds stimulate industry in favor of the best remedial culture; that persisting the agency of Providence in the natural world to perform functions with greater speed, the combined influences of which are ever at work in the relating processes that increase the availability of the soil's elements, and especially when a preparation is made for those that are taken from it in the shape of vegetables and animals.

There is an adage which has more truth than poetry:

"One year's seeding
Makes seven years' weeding."

The letting of a weed go to seed is a crime which ought to be punished by law. A farmer, the owner of a whole neighborhood, may cultivate in the best manner, and sweep all weed seed from some ill-managed district may come on the wings of the wind to infest their land. This is very true of the seeds of the thistle, for they have what may be called downy wings, by which they float on the slightest breeze. As Sir John Sinclair, who was too well known as a writer and man of the world to make it necessary for us to say any thing of him, expressed himself on this subject, "We have ample of legislative interference. "In several countries the Legislature has interposed in some degree to the destruction of weeds. By a regulation in France, *a farmer may sue his neighbor who neglects to destroy the thistles on the side of the proper road*, and may employ people to do it at the other's expense. In Denmark this is done by oblige the farmers to rent up the Corn Marigold, *Chrysanthemum segetum*, &c. But the oldest regulation for that purpose was probably in Scotland, a statute of King Robert II., about the year 1370, having been directed against that weed which was considered to be particularly pernicious to the corn-field. The statute is very short and ably expressed. *It discourages that none be sown* "*who possess land or lordship with weeds, and introduces into them a hurt of evermore.*" Barnabas Googe, who lived in 1570, thinks corn were *fined a sharp for such sluts.* Under the authority of that law, Sir William Grierson, a Scottish baron, was accustomed to hold his courts for the express purpose of fining the farmers in those parishes whose crops there broke or spread of that weed were found. In districts where careful culture is practiced weeds are little known; but in the parishes where they are spread by careless and far between slovenly sons them carefully; may be untiring in their efforts, and labor in pulling out and cutting down every intruder found among their crops, along the sides of open drains, fences, and the highway, and the seeds of weeds from the lands of their less careful neighbors find a genial soil in those parts where they rob the crops of the food necessary for their support, and do all the other injury of which we have spoken. In the best-tilled grounds the seeds have not been themselves, but the former often sown there carefully; for they may be carried by the winds from the hedges and other rough places, though they

MAY.

Mount oil away, and gentle May
Come more returns with roses glistening;
Pure skin the air, the skies are fair,
The Tiptop winds seem mute and listening;
In shady bowers, through sunny hours,
The young birds chirp and coo together,
And soap and teeth from bliss lay forth,
Sweet harbinger of Summer weather!

Already now, on Care's rough brow,
A softer summer-beam is playing,
As mute and smile to conquer guile
Of sea-shores are in fancy straying.
Away then toil, for now and old
Of Gotham, soon we hope to wander,
To press the turf and breathe the surf
But mist and mows have runs to ponder:

Hope on—for—for all will know
The dangers linked with summer weather;
Let all precaute, we would make sure
Of comfort, health, and joy together.
A stock of three light *Summer Clothes*
Sold by SMITH BROTHERS for CASH PAYMENT;
No sore or MAN whatever can
CATCH COLDS AND FEVER IN SUCH RAIMENT!

"Twin Temples of Fashion."

SMITH BROTHERS,

The Marble Stores,

122, 138, and 140 Fulton Street,

Between Broadway & William St.

THOMAS SMITH, Jr.,
ROBERT L. SMITH,
J. SMITH RICE.
} NEW YORK.

ONE PRICE—NO DEVIATION.

The Price is marked on all the Goods in Plain Figures.

NOVELLO'S

CENTENARY EDITIONS OF THE

ORATORIOS.

Original Edition.

Arranged and Edited by VINCENT NOVELLO.

HANDEL'S MESSIAH..... 75 cents.
" Bound..... $1.25.
All the Choruses (in score)..... 50 cents.

HAYDN'S CREATION..... 75 cents.
" Bound..... $1.25.
All the Choruses (in score)..... 50 cents.

HAYDN'S SEASONS. Paper, $1 25; Bound, $1 63.
MENDELSSOHN'S ST. PAUL. Paper, 75 cents; Bound, $1 25.

MOZART'S 12th MASS: HAYDN'S 2d MASS: BEETHOVEN'S MASS in C: CHERUBINI'S REQUIEM MASS, each, in Paper, 75 cents; Bound, $1 00.

SOMEBODY'S LAY OF THE BELL. Paper, 42 cents; Bound, $1 00.

All the Oratorios of the Great Masters in uniform style at similarly low prices.

Catalogues forwarded gratis.

N. B.—*This is the only Cheap Edition of the Oratorios ever edited by Vincent Novello.* Each number is complete in itself, and may be had separately. On his careful supervision this edition owes its pre-eminent purity of text and correctness.

WEBB & ALLEN,
1 Clinton Hall, Astor Place, N. Y.

THE ECONOMIST

COOKING STOVE,

FOR WOOD OR COAL,

WITH A SAND OVEN.

This is the most valuable improvement that has been made in Cooking Stoves during the past twenty years.

THE SAND OVEN

Equalizes the heat on the same principle as the Bunsen Oven on common stoves.

THE SAND OVEN

Retains the heat long after the fire has gone out.

THE ECONOMIST

Wrarrants the Sand Oven, and defies competition.

Write the Sand Oven, is out of reach of them.

THE ECONOMIST

Is the most economical stove in the world.

THE ECONOMIST

Has a most powerful draft for boiling.

THE ECONOMIST

Heats water for the Bathing Room, &c., as quickly as any Range, and at half the cost for fuel.

Do not fail to examine it! It is manufactured by

W. & J. TREADWELL, PECK & NORTON,
ALBANY, N. Y.,

And for sale everywhere.

Something New.

Agents wanted, to go into a New and Honorable Business, which will pay from $15 to $30 weekly.

No Humbug.

Satisfaction guaranteed. Send stamp for particulars, which are free.

S. M. NYRICK & CO., Lynn, Mass.

To all who use Horses.—DR. TOBIAS'S VENETIAN HORSE LINIMENT, in pint bottles, price only 75 cents, is warranted cheaper and superior than any article of the kind in market. Sold by druggists generally. Depot 56 Maiden Lane, cor. Gold, N. Y. This is no humbug article—but a reliable and well-tested one for itself. None genuine unless signed "DR. T. TOBIAS." Depot, 56 Maiden Lane, New York. Sold every where.

$15 Worth of Music for 25 Cents.

The success of the "Gentle Annie Melodist" is unprecedented. More than Fifty Thousand copies have already been sold, and, from present indications, the sale will reach 100,000 copies this year. Encouraged by this success, the publishers have issued the

Gentle Annie Melodist, No. 2,

containing the Words and Music of fifty of the very best Songs, among which will be found songs Thou Il Tarry-to, Apalin, Long, long weary day, We met by chance, Beautiful Venice, Bonny Eloise, Ellen Bayne, I'm not myself at all, Charity, I see her still in my dreams, Widow Machree, Nancy Lee, I do still greatly, Old Playground, &c., &c.

Gentle Annie Melodist, No. 1, 25 Cents.
Gentle Annie Melodist, No. 2, 25 Cents,

Sent by mail, postage paid, to any address. Sheet Music, Music Books, Violins and Violin Strings sent by mail, and postage pre-paid, where the price is sent with the order.

FIRTH, POND & CO.,
No. 547 Broadway, New York.

PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

PRIVATE LIBRARIES.

SCHOOL LIBRARIES.

The very general interest which at this time seems to be taken in establishing

Public Libraries,

in nearly all our cities, towns and villages, prompts us to call the attention of committees starting in so desirable purchasing of books for such purposes, to our very extensive and unequalled assortment of the same. Our own large and popular list of publications furnishes us, through the medium of exchange with other publishers, with facilities unequaled by any other house, in Boston or New York, for procuring at the lowest net prices what we will enable us to defy competition. Having special arrangements with all the large English houses, agents in the country, we shall always be in immediate receipt of every new and desirable work as soon as published, and can supply them at our counter most of

HISTORICAL, RELIGIOUS,
SCIENTIFIC, EDUCATIONAL,
AND
MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS,

will be found unsurpassed by any in the country.

We have recently established relations with prominent publishers in

LONDON, PARIS, and LEIPSIG,

which will supply us with early copies of such foreign publications as will be popular and desirable, and enable us to order, with the certainty of a prompt return, any work not in stock by the first steamer.

We would invite purchasers of books for Libraries to an examination of our stock, and the correspondence of will find the former as extensive and varied, and the latter as low, if not lower, than they can find elsewhere.

TO CLERGYMEN,

we will offer rare inducements—furnishing them with such books as they may select from our stock, by the single copy, at our lowest wholesale prices; and beg to assure them that their orders by mail will receive immediate and special attention.

TO TEACHERS:

All the varieties of Text Books essentially on hand, and any information relative to them cheerfully furnished. Catalogues of our publications will be sent by mail to any person, free of charge, upon application.

PHILLIPS, SAMPSON & CO.,

13 Winter Street,
BOSTON, MASS.

Agents Wanted

To obtain Subscribers for

LOSSING'S

PICTORIAL FIELD-BOOK OF THE REVOLUTION.

In Two Volumes Royal Octavo, containing upward of 1500 pages, and 1100 beautiful illustrations. This work will be sold by subscription only. Agents of whom a special District will be given. Rare inducements offered. Apply immediately, as the Canvass may soon be under way.

TUCKER'S NURSERY FOR FLOWERS, FEATHERS, COFFURES, and BRIDAL SETS, at

361 Broadway, 4 doors from Franklin Street.

SANDS' SARSAPARILLA,

Nature's True Restorative.

THE BEST, SAFEST, AND PUREST

Tonic and Alterative ever Prepared.

It is recommended for the healing medical authorities, and is highly approved by all who have tried it. *Delicate feeling find it a perfect restoration*; and persons who lead a sedentary life will find their nervous and general system invigorated by its occasional use.

Prepared by A. R. & D. SANDS, Druggists, No. 100 Fulton Street (corner of Williams), New York.

Handel's Oratorio, "The Messiah."

A New and Cheap Edition of this Great Sacred Oratorio, "The Messiah." Price 75 cents. Superbly bound in Crimson Cloth, Embossed, $1 25. Just published by OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.

MEDICO-PHYSIOLOGICAL BOOK, thirty-M. fifth Edition, over 400 pages, 18mo, cloth, and about 100 Electrotype Engravings. Price $1. By a celebrated Physician, (the Author of Dr. Bergen, now of New York City. This interesting book should be in the hands of every man and woman in the land. Invalids by all have sought for in vain in any other. Sent, and mailed to any part of the country, by the AUTHOR AND & CO., No. 69 Walker Street, New York.

Café de Costa Rica C&C

THIS SUPERIOR Strengthened delicately-flavored Mountain COFFEE For sale by CORNELL & CO No. 6 Dover Street.

FIREWORKS.

Hadfield's Firework Agency.

Removed from the 21st Stand, corner of Spruce and Nassau, to

No. 24 John Street,

Between Broadway and Nassau Streets.

Public and Family Exhibitions furnished on

☞ All works warranted. ☜

GEORGE PARSONS, Agent.

A Book for the Drawing-Room, the Artist, or the Mechanic.

THE LONDON ART JOURNAL.

A MONTHLY SHILLING SERIES OF CTS. OF THE Fine Arts, the Arts Industrial, and the Arts of Design and Manufacture. Every part contains a large THREE HIGHLY FINISHED STEEL ENGRAVINGS. Two of Family Exhibition pictures, one of a work of sculpture. The literary contributions include NOTICES OF EXHIBITIONS, LIVES OF BRITISH ARTISTS, ILLUSTRATED, together with a large mass of information on subjects matters connected with PAINTING, SCULPTURE, &c., &c., and forms a complete monthly record of the Fine Arts and Arts of Industry.

VICTUE, EMMINS & CO., 26 John Street, N. Y.

Singer's Sewing Machines.

PRICES REDUCED to $50, $75, $110, and $125.

SINGER'S NEW FAMILY SEWING MACHINE,

the price of which is only $50, is a light and elegantly decorated Machine, capable of performing, in the best style, all the sewing of a private family.

SINGER'S TRANSVERSE SHUTTLE MACHINE,

to be sold at $75, is a Machine entirely new to its arrangements, is very beautiful, moves rapidly and very easily, and, for family use and light manufacturing purposes, is the very best and cheapest Machine ever offered to the public.

SINGER'S No. 1 STANDARD SHUTTLE MACHINE,

formerly sold at $125, but now reduced to $110, is known all over the world. Every sort of work can be done with it.

SINGER'S No. 2 STANDARD SHUTTLE MACHINE.

This is the favorite manufacturing Machine every where. Price, with table complete, $125.

Send for a copy of *I. M. Singer & Co's Gazette*, which is a beautiful pictorial paper, entirely devoted to the subject. *It will be supplied gratis.*

I. M. SINGER & CO.,
458 Broadway, New York.

CURE FOR CONSTIPATION.

The Oriental Fruit Paste, or Aromatic Confection of Figs and Senna.

Is a simple and efficacious laxative medicine, pleasant to the taste, and perfectly safe.

Sold by Druggists every where.

J. W. FOLSOM'S & CO., Wholesale Agents,
91 Fulton Street, New York.

Dyspepsia! Dyspepsia!! Dyspepsia!!!

WHAT IS IT? How Cured?

Dyspepsia is our National Disease — weak stomach, feeble digestion, distress after eating, costive habit, bilious complaint, nervous debility, and many other maladies are symptoms of low spirits, bad taste, and bad breath. Yet how few know that they have Dyspepsia! Consequently, remedies are consulted, resort is had to cathartics or bracing tonics. Such a condition was never cured by either practice, whose only office is to weaken the digestion and impair the integrity of the entire assimilative system.

DR. HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC DYSPEPSIA CURE — a simple medicated sugar (globule), acts directly on the seat of the disease, and by restoring the tone and vitality of the digestive organs, from which result good appetite, regular habits, a clear head, and buoyant spirits. Such a medicine is a gem, and only requires to be known to be appreciated.

Price, $1 per vial, with Book of Directions.

N. B.—A full set of HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFICS, in Morocco Case, with Manual of Homœopathic Remedies, in large vials, morocco case, $5; do. in plain case, $4; Manual of 10 large sized book, $3.

These Remedies, by the single box or case, are sent by mail, or express, free of charge, to any address, on receipt of the price. Address

DR. F. HUMPHREYS & CO.,
No. 562 Broadway, New York.

Sold by all Druggists.

Most Patent Medicines are Humbugs;

but DR. TOBIAS' warrants his VENETIAN LINIMENT to do all he recommends it for, or the money will be refunded by his Agents—one will be found in every town in the States. If you have a pain or ache try a bottle, it stops pain instantly. Price 25 and 50 cents per bottle. Depot, 56 Maiden Lane, New York.

Sold by all the Druggists.

Beautiful Music.

We will send to any address any of the following pieces on receipt of the marked price: "Linda has departed," new Song by S. C. Foster, 25 cents; "The Home where Roses grew," Song by Millard, 25 cents; "Glen Schottisch," by Kleber, 30 cents.

Music or Musical Works published in Europe or America, and reprints Violin and Guitar Strings, sent by mail, postage paid, on receipt of the price. Careful selections made for Teachers, Seminaries, &c.

JUST PUBLISHED:

Handel's Oratorio of the MESSIAH. Paper, 75 cents; Cloth, $1 25.

FIRTH, POND & CO.,
547 Broadway,
NEW YORK.

Catarrh! Catarrh! Catarrh!

What is it? How Cured?

Thousands of persons suffer all sorts of annoyance from Catarrh. Most people know what its inconvenience and results are, and pray for some way it can be cured. It is simply a chronic irritation, and often enlargement of follicles and consequent thickening of the mucous membrane, lining the nasal cavities, frontal sinuses, and posterior nares, and sometimes extending into the throat and lungs. From this result tightness and other workings of the head, hawking and spitting, or profuse flow of mucus, loss of smell, nasal voice, and often impaired hearing and vision.

The old remedies for this repulsive nuisance were also to say thing for it. Nasal injections and inhalations are so patient, so inconvenient, and so only partially curative. Yet HUMPHREYS' CATARRH SPECIFIC, a simple SUGAR PILL, taken internally, relieves these local troubles with the milder cases; cures at once all colds in the head, and radically cures the worst cases of this most obstinate cases, as is proved by the experience of hundreds.

Price, $1 per vial, with directions.

Catarrh! Catarrh! Catarrh!

Fifty Cents per Box.

N. B.—A full set of HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFICS, with book of Directions, and twenty different Remedies, in large vials, morocco case, $5; do., in plain case, $4. Family case of fifteen boxes and Book, $3.

These Remedies, by the single box or case, are sent by mail or express, free of charge, to any address, on receipt of the price. Address

DR. F. HUMPHREYS & CO.,
No. 562 Broadway, New York.

Sold by all Druggists.

☞ Every Number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE contains from 70 to 80 pages—and from one-third to one half—more reading than any other in the country.

Commencement of Volume XIX.

HARPER'S

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

FOR JUNE.

CONTENTS:

ARTIST'S EXCURSION OVER THE BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD. *Illustrated by* POPE CRAYON.

Illustrated by Twenty-five Engravings.

SONNET. By FANE BENJAMIN.

MY GRANDMOTHER'S PICTURE.

Illustrated by Twelve Engravings.

THE BED RIVER EXPEDITION. *Concluded.*

Illustrated by Twelve Engravings.

JESSIE'S COUNTERTIME.

THE LADY WITH THE BALMORAL.

STARTING. By LOUISE MORTON.

HEMLOCK HOLLOW.

WILLIAM PITT. By LORD MACAULAY.

A WRETCHED NIGHT.

THE LITTLE PEACE. By W. M. THACKERAY.

Illustrations.—Master Micky Warlington.—A Great Lady.—Jesse Pierce.

CHAPTER LXXII. In which my Lady is on the Top of the Ladder.

CHAPTER LXXIII. We keep Christmas at Castlewood.

CHAPTER LXXIV. News from Canada.

CHAPTER LXXV. The Old Lion at Home.

MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.

LITERARY NOTICES.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.

OUR FOREIGN BUREAU.

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

SCENES FROM MASTER CHARLEY'S LOVE LIFE.

Illustrations.—Master Charley falls in Love.—Jessie.—Confidences.—Mr. Augustus Adolphus Simpson.—Glue.—The Course of True Love, etc.—Separation.—Love Letters.—A Rhapsody.

FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

Illustrations.—Dinner Toilet.—Traveling Costume.—Bindy Cap.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year $2 00
Two Copies for One Year 3 00
Three or more Copies for One Year (each) . 2 00

And an Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of TEN SUBSCRIBERS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY and HARPER'S MAGAZINE, together, one year, $5.

The Postage upon "HARPER'S MAGAZINE" must be paid at the office where it is received. *The Postage is Thirty-two Cents a year.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A FIRST-CLASS ILLUSTRATED PAPER.

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST

FAMILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD.

FIVE CENTS A NUMBER! $2 50 A YEAR.

TERMS OF HARPER'S WEEKLY.

One Copy for Twenty Weeks $1 00
One Copy for Six Months 2 00
One Copy for Two Years 4 00
Two Copies for One Year 4 00
Three Copies for One Year 6 00
Twenty-five Copies for One Year . . . 40 00

An Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of TWENTY OR TWENTY-FIVE SUBSCRIBERS.

TERMS FOR ADVERTISING.—*Fifty Cents a Line.*

A liberal Discount will be made to those wishing to Advertise for three Months or more.

☞ Persons living in the City of New York wishing to subscribe to HARPER'S WEEKLY will do well to call, and leave their names and residences, with the subscription money, in the Office of Publication.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
Franklin Square, New York.

OUR NEW HOME.

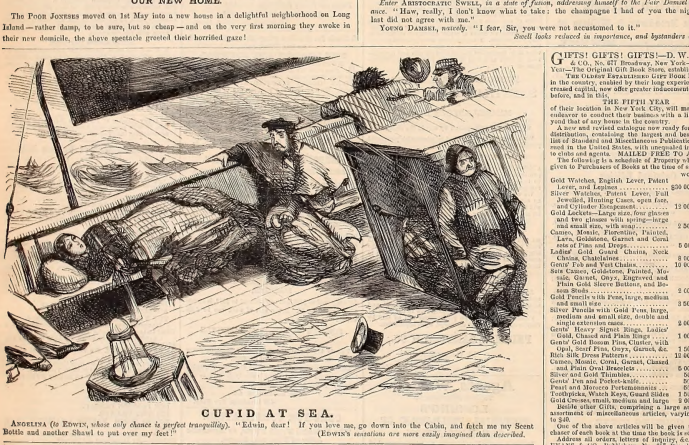
THE POOR JOURNOS moved on 1st May into a new house in a delightful neighborhood on Long Island—rather damp, to be sure, but so cheap—and on the very first morning they awoke in their new domicile, the above spectacle greeted their horrified gaze!

SCENE IN A PUBLIC REFRESHMENT ROOM.

Enter AESTHETICAPTIC SWELL, *in a state of fusion, addressing himself to the Ever Devoted in attendance.* "How, really, I don't know what to take: the champagne I had of you the night before last did not agree with me."

YOUNG DAMSEL, *naively.* "I fear, Sir, you were not accustomed to it."

Swell looks reduced in importance, and bystanders chuckle.



CUPID AT SEA.

ANGELINA (*to* EDWIN, *whose only chance is perfect tranquillity*). "Edwin, dear! If you love me, go down into the Cabin, and fetch me my Scent Bottle and another Shawl to put over my feet!" (EDWIN'S *sensations are more easily imagined than described.*

GIFTS! GIFTS! GIFTS!—D. W. EVANS & CO., No. 617 Broadway, New York—The Fifth Year—The Original Gift Book Store, established 1854.

THE OLDEST ESTABLISHED GIFT BOOK HOUSE in the country, enabled by their long experience and increased capital, now offer greater inducements than ever before, and in this,

THE FIFTH YEAR

of their location in New York City, will make it their endeavor to conduct their business with a liberality beyond that of any house in the country.

A new and revised catalogue now *ready for gratuitous distribution*, containing the choicest and best selected list of Standard and Miscellaneous Publications ever issued in the United States, with unequaled inducements to clubs and agents. MAILED FREE TO ALL.

The following is a schedule of Property which will be given to Purchasers of Books at the time of sale:

	WORTH FROM
Gold Watches, English Lever, Patent Lever, and Lepines	$50 00 to $100 00
Silver Watches, Patent Lever, Full Jewelled, Hunting Cases, open face, and Quintette Escapements	12 00 to 40 00
Gold Lockets—Large size, four glasses and two glasses with spring—large and small size, with snap	2 50 to 12 00
Gold Sleeve Buttons, Plain, Painted, Lava, Goldstone, Garnet and Coral	5 00 to 25 00
Sets of Pins and Drops	5 00 to 25 00
Ladies' Gold Guard Chains, Neck Chains, Chatelaines	8 00 to 10 00
Gents' Fob and Vest Chains	12 00 to 30 00
Sets Cameo, Goldstone, Painted, Mosaic, Garnet, Onyx, Engraved and Plain Gold Sleeve Buttons, and Studs	2 00 to 5 00
Gold Pencils with Pens, large, medium and small size	3 50 to 7 50
Silver Pencils with Gold Pens, large, medium and small size, double and single extension cases	2 00 to 5 00
Gents' Heavy Signet Rings, Ladies' Gold, Chased and Plain Rings	1 00 to 7 50
Gents' Gold Bosom Pins, Cluster, with Opal, Scarf Pins, Onyx, Garnet, &c.	1 50 to 6 00
Rich Silk Dress Patterns	12 00 to 50 00
Cameo, Mosaic, Coral, Garnet, Chased and Plain Oval Bracelets	5 00 to 20 00
Silver and Gold Thimbles	50 to 2 00
Gents' Pen and Pocket-knife	50 to 1 50
Pearl and Morocco Portemonnaies	1 00 to 3 00
Toothpicks, Watch Keys, Guard Slides	1 50 to 3 50
Gold Spectacles and Eye Glasses	2 50 to 7 50

Besides other Gifts, comprising a large and valuable assortment of miscellaneous articles, varying from $1 to $40.

One of the above articles will be given to the purchaser of each book at the time the book is sold.

Address all orders, letters of inquiry, &c., to D. W. EVANS & CO., Publishers, No. 617 Broadway, N. Y. City.

DO YOU USE IT? TRY IT! TRY IT!

LYON'S KATHAIRON FOR THE HAIR

USED BY ALL! SOLD EVERYWHERE.

ONLY 25 CENTS PER BOTTLE.

THOMAS HOOPER, No. 159 Fulton Street, Manufacturer and Dealer in Looking-glasses, Picture Frames, Oil Paintings, Engravings, &c. A word to the wise, &c.

JAMES E. CALDWELL & CO.,

822 Chestnut Street,

Opposite Girard House,

Philadelphia.

Fine Watches,
Rich Jewelry,
Silver Ware, Sterling.
Clocks and Bronze,

Chicfly of our own importation and manufacture.

Strangers visiting the city are invited to visit our establishment.

To Teachers.

My Correspondents are requested to address me, hereafter, to the "CARE OF HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK CITY." Educational Circulars, Annual Post-Office Address of Schools, Educational Reports, &c., are solicited. MARCIUS WILLSON.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

'OLD DOMINION.'

If you want DELICIOUS COFFEE always, and at a saving of from *three to fifty per cent.*, get an "OLD DOMINION" COFFEE POT. Over forty different styles and varieties are manufactured. The "OLD DOMINION" TEA POT takes only half the usual quantity of Tea. Requires no cotton or flannel bag—is easily washed, and never daily a table luxury prized above all others.

☞ Sold by Dealers in Housekeeping articles, and Storekeepers generally.

ARTHUR, BURNHAM, & GILROY,
111 and 113 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia,
Manufacturers under the Patent for the United States.
Also, Manufacturers under the Patent of ARTHUR'S SELF-SEALING FRUIT CANS AND JARS.

NEVER SAY DYE.

To a person whose hair is gray, we recommend them to use HUNDEBERT'S INIMITABLE RESTORATIVE, which will give it the color of youth, and render it soft and luxuriant. *It never fails.*

Price fifty cents a bottle. Sold everywhere.
W. E. HAGAN & CO., Proprietors, Troy, N. Y.

To Housekeepers!!!—To prevent your house from being entered by burglars, use the Patent Rotary Lock, which is universally admitted to be the most convenient as well as secure lock ever invented.
VALENTINE & BUTLER, No. 327 Broadway.

409 BROADWAY.

F.Y.S.

DALLOU'S FRENCH YOKE SHIRT EMPORIUM,
409 Broadway,
Premium Shirt Manufacturers.

Shirts made to order from Scientific Measures, of the best materials, sewed by hand, and warranted to fit, at less than the usual prices.

DALLOU BROTHERS, 409 Broadway, N. Y.

$32 50 PER QUARTER ASHLAND INST. and MUSICAL ACADEMY, Cobleskill Stockton, Rockwood. Students received any time. For particulars, address Rev. H.N. BY. FOX, A.M., Ashland, N. Y., or D. G. HUBBARD, Esq., 52 Broadway.

Purchasing and Commission Agency.

J. AUG. DIX,
116 Broadway, New York.

I will purchase any Article that may be wanted for family use or to sell again, or find a market for Produce or Manufactured Goods, at more than usual rates. Refer to Harper & Brothers. See what "The Lounger" says in No. 193 of *Harper's Weekly*, and remember!

FINKLE & LYON'S
FAMILY
SEWING MACHINES.

Warranted to give better satisfaction than any other Sewing Machine in this Market, or money refunded.

F. S.—Send for Circular.

MILTON PINKLE,
LEWIS LYON, } 503 BROADWAY.

J. RUSSELL SPALDING'S
ROSEMARY

is the best dressing for the hair known.

The Rosemary will restore hair to bald heads.

The Rosemary will remove dandruff.

The Rosemary is the best thing for children.

The Rosemary has not been and can not be surpassed, according to all a clean, healthy scalp and beautiful hair.

The Proprietor can furnish proof to sustain the assertions above. Room will not admit the voluntary certificates from persons who have used it with success. If you are not satisfied, try it.

Every bottle, genuine, has the signature of the sole Proprietor, *J. Russell Spalding*, 73 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

Sold by Dealers generally.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. III.—NO. 126.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1859. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

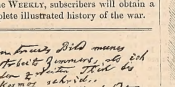
TO OUR READERS.

THE proprietors of HARPER'S WEEKLY are happy to announce that they are making arrangements in Europe for the prompt illustration of the leading scenes of the

WAR IN EUROPE

by the first artists of the day.

Thus, in addition to the admirable serials by Charles Dickens and George W. Curtis, now in course of publication in the WEEKLY, subscribers will obtain a complete illustrated history of the war.



BARON HUMBOLDT'S AUTOGRAPH.

THE LATE BARON HUMBOLDT.

NOT many months since we published a touching tribute from the pen of Baron Humboldt to the memory of his old friend and fellow-traveler, Aimé Bonpland. The great German expressed almost a sad surprise that it should be his destiny to outlive so many of his contemporaries, and foretold his own speedy release from the labors he loved so well. The prophecy has been fulfilled. On the 6th May, in the city of Berlin, Alexander Von Humboldt died, at the age of ninety years.

The common consent of the civilized world permits us to pronounce him the greatest man of his age. Few, if any, possessed so varied a range of attainments; no one ever used vast knowledge more nobly than he. The sciences—astronomy, chemistry, geology, mineralogy, natural history, physics, anatomy—were not more familiar to him than politics, law, and belles lettres; in all he was a master. Whether we consider the sum of his additions to the general stock of known facts, or the valuable generalizations and laws which he deduced from the discoveries of others, we shall find it difficult to name any philosopher of the present day who can be compared to him. Personal advantages enhanced the fame of his mental triumphs. After a youth spent in the successful pursuit of knowledge under surprising difficulties and in spite of formidable dangers, he enjoyed a serene and beautiful old age, and set an example of rare industry, and unvaried equanimity at a time of life when neither the faculties nor the temper are expected to be bright. Unlike many benefactors of humanity, he was fortunate enough to reap his reward in his lifetime. He saw his fame surpass that of conquerors and monarchs, and received, for the last quarter of his life, a homage more universal than any other man of his day. No funeral honors or posthumous eulogies can enhance the veneration with which the name of Humboldt has been worshiped for a quarter of a century throughout the civilized world.

He was born at Berlin on September 14, 1769; his father was a soldier of distinction and a man of wealth. Left fatherless at the age of ten, Frederich Heinrich Alexander—this was his names—was carefully educated by judicious relatives, and spent a creditable career at the universities of Berlin and Göttingen. His taste for scientific pursuits led him to devote especial attention to geology and mineralogy; and, after a couple of years' study at Freiburg, he became, at the age of 23, a director of the works at Baireuth. He had previously traveled extensively through Germany, Holland, and England, and had published a small work on the basaltic rocks on the Rhine. His labors at Baireuth

THE LATE BARON HUMBOLDT.

HUMBOLDT IN HIS STUDY AT BERLIN.

increased his love for science: he made himself master of all that was then known of electricity, galvanism, botany, and geology; and the death of his mother placing him in possession of Independent property, he sold his estates, threw up his situation, and determined to devote himself to science.

Having decided to be a master a new field for his researches, he was somewhat embarrassed in his selection. War was raging throughout Europe at the time. He proposed to explore successively Southern Italy, and actually set out with a friend; but the British cruisers compelled the abandonment of the enterprise. He planned a tour through North Africa, and set as far as Marseilles; but the war again interfered, and he abandoned the project. He had met at Paris the late M. Bonpland, then apparently unalterable in a determination to go to South America; but the war put a stop to this too. Almost in despair, he and Bonpland resolved to devote themselves to a series of scientific experiments and observations in Spain, and left France accordingly. While they were in Spain the government of that country became acquainted with Humboldt's extraordinary attainments, and anticipated his fondest hopes by soliciting him to undertake the exploration of Spanish America. It need not be added that the offer was joyfully accepted.

On June 4, 1799, Humboldt sailed from Coruna on his grand voyage. Even to give a brief summary of the results of his five years' journeyings would exhaust far more than the space allotted to this article. It is sufficient to say that, having touched at Teneriffe, and obtained some valuable observations of and from the Peak, the travellers next landed at Cumana, in the middle of July, and devoted eighteen months to a thorough exploration of the wilderness which now constitutes the State of Venezuela, laying down the true course of the Orinoco and other rivers, and collecting the materials for an accurate account of the physical geography of that section of country. From Cumana he went to Cuba, traveled over the island, and made so thorough an examination of its resources and peculiarities that his work on it is still and is, in the most valuable we have. In March, 1801, he left Cuba for the main land, investigated the two Panama his starting-point. Accident drove him further south. He made Bogota his point of departure, and from thence, in spite of the hostile savages, crossed the Continent to the Pacific, and carefully surveyed Peru, Chili, and the whole western slope of the Andes. It was during this tour that he made his famous ascent of Chimborazo; he attained an elevation of 19,300 feet—over two miles above the level of the sea; and amidst mists and cold so intense that the blood started from the eyes and ears, planted his instruments on a rock which the wind had bared of the eternal snow, and collected a mass of data with an unprecedented series of observations. In Chili he was enabled to study the phenomena of earthquakes, in the midst of the last studied meteoric showers; his views on these important subjects have never been controverted. After spending twenty-two months in South America he repaired to Mexico, visited its great volcanoes, labored in the course of several of its rivers and mountain ranges, and obtained a thorough knowledge of the country. From Mexico he sailed, by way of Havana, to Philadelphia, and spent a couple of months in this country; from whence, at length, in July, 1804, he sailed for Europe, with the fruits of five years' indefatigable and intelligent travel—such a store of facts, drawings, and observations as previous travelers had not been able to collect.

Some idea of the value of his American harvest may be gathered from the fact that his published account of his travels in South America and Mexico comprises seventeen volumes folio, eleven volumes quarto, and costs $2000 a copy. It took him twelve years to write.

After the completion of this gigantic labor he traveled through parts of Italy which he had not seen, and spent some time at Rome as the guest of his brother Wilhelm. He was enabled to witness a great number of brilliant and almost unparalleled valuable observations. In 1818 he finally took up his residence at Berlin, where he was eagerly welcomed by the King and Court as he had been by the savans. The Prussians were so proud of him, and so fearful of losing him—of course Humboldt never held out to him to settle in France—that he was made a minister of State, and positively commanded that no favor would be too great for him to ask. He had no political ambition, however, and was happy to be able to proceed with his labors.

In 1829 the Emperor of Russia resolved to have a survey made of his Asiatic possessions, and invited Humboldt the direction of the work. The offer was accepted, and in company with two distinguished savans, Humboldt traveled through all parts of Tartary, spending nine months in collecting ample materials for an account of the physical geography of Central Asia. His travels were published by the Russian Government in a magnificent form, and at his return made a series of investigations undertaken which have been of great use to science. Nicholas would gladly have retained Humboldt in Russia, but found him inflexibly attached to his native land.

On his return home Humboldt found the revolutions of 1830 in progress, and filled his first dispatches from Paris, on the eve of the fall of Charles, to recognize Louis Philippe. He was much occupied then and for some years afterward in political concerns. With the King of Prussia he lived on terms of almost brotherly intimacy; and though his political opinions were widely at variance for his sovereign—he was, in fact, a thorough republican—he represented Prussia faithfully and honorably on several momentous occasions. The crisis of 1848 is said to have led to some decided expression of his liberal views, and for a time to have estranged him from his royal friend; but the separation was brief—the King was a very good man at bottom, and meant well—he could not live without Humboldt, who, for his part, was so much engrossed with scientific concerns as to be rarely anxious about politics.

Shortly after his return from Russia he planned his *magnum opus*, which, he intended, should contain the sum of his acquirements, and should demonstrate the harmonies of the universe. To this great work he gave the appropriate title of "Cosmos"—the World. He began it in 1831; but it was not until 1845 that he was interrupted, and the first volume did not appear till many years afterward. The fifth was published shortly before his death. The work is so well known as to need no description here. It is enough to say that it is the latest—the sum and summation of the knowledge of the most comprehensive mind of the present age.

The problem he sought to solve—demonstration of the perfect unity of the divine purpose, and the harmony of all the diverse laws—must long be considered the highest in yet attempted, and the sum of what we know is small in comparison with that which we have yet to learn. Only the one who wants to know how much the human mind grasps, and how far the human mind can extend the limit of knowledge, will find what he seeks in "Cosmos."

One of the most striking characteristics of Humboldt was the remarkable quickness with which he turned every thing to practical account—incidents and disappointments. Every man was for him a teacher of something; every object a theme for study; every event a new problem to be solved and stored away in the proper shelf in his capacious mind. Tocqueville says of him, that "in the midst of the events of war from embarking on his American expedition, he occupied himself in ascertaining the weight of the cannon balls which were fired, and calmed on soundings, he examined the weeds collected on the lead to get some light on the question of the coloring of plants; the haze that for many hours concealed from his sight the Peak of Teneriffe induced observations upon the refraction of atmosphere on vision." Our countryman, Mr. Taylor, who visited him at Berlin, thought only a few hours in his company, that the capacious scholar had pumped him dry about Central America; but he was mistaken, for, on his return home, an urgent note reached him from Humboldt imploring him to say where he got the diseased ear of corn pictured in Nicaragua!

Between Americans and Humboldt there ever existed a strong bond of sympathy. His early travels; the respect shown him on his visit to this country; his republican opinions, which, in accordance with some of our greatest men, always led him to feel a strong affection for the United States, and to show in practical ways his kindly remembrance of foreigners generally. It is not enough to say that to say that he patronized Gay the American people. No foreigner enjoyed such general veneration in this country as Baron Humboldt. The general which was made of his death, and the steps taken to his patriotism was one of the many evidences of the unbounded esteem in which he was held on this side the water.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1859.

OUR MAP OF THE SEAT OF WAR.

THE map of Italy which we print this week should be carefully kept in every family. Without such a map the events of the war will be unintelligible. And we are able to say that no map of the seat of war can be bought in this country which for clearness and accuracy can compare with the one which the subscriber to *Harper's Weekly* receives this week.

THE EMPEROR IN THE FIELD.

THE Emperor Napoleon the Third has taken the command of the army of Italy, and intends to conduct the campaign in person. It has been remarked of him that, though he has crowned the warlike of life, he has never fought. Marlborough was when he commenced his brilliant military career; he is younger by many years than Colin Campbell, Pelissier, Havelock, Zachary Taylor, and many other eminent soldiers were, when they first assumed the direction of great armies. It is true that he, too, has lacked the apprenticeship which is essential to a right understanding of the science of war. When quite a young man he was most largely engaged in the military movements in Italy than his biographers care to confess. His brother was shot dead at Antwerp in his arms. He himself, after a perilous if not a brilliant campaign, owed his escape out of the hands of his present enemies solely to the swiftness of the steeds of his mother. Again, in Switzerland, he learned the trade of an artilleryman practically and assiduously. Since his accession to power he has made several inventions in the shape of cannons, gun-boat equipments, and batteries, which are highly considered even by persons who have no object in flattering him.

There is, therefore, no presumption in his assuming the command of the great French army of liberation. He will do at least as well as Louis Philippe or the present King of Prussia if he be as able a soldier as he is a statesman, he will do better.

So far as his personal interests are concerned, the step is adroit. It places him in the foremost rank of popular heroes. Under whatever auspices this war begins, it must, sooner or later, assume the shape of a contest between the peoples and the dynasties of Europe. The liberation of Tuscany, Parma, and the Legations are the first step; the expulsion of the Austrians from Lombardy the second; who shall say what will be the third and the fourth? Hatred and dread of the French may, for a time, keep the Germans loyal to their sovereigns, but can believe that the fiery Democrats, who set Germany in a blaze only eleven years ago, can long going to sit by quietly, and listen unmoved to the triumphant shouts of liberated, independent Italy? It would be as contrary to the principles of human nature as to the facts of history to expect Monica and Vienna to remain peaceful and loyal while Milan, Venice, and Florence are conquering their freedom.

The prospect is that the war now commencing is to be another war of independence in central and southern Europe—the war of the peoples against the dynasties; and the prospect, further, is that Napoleon the Third is going to be the hero of the war and the champion of independence.

Of course there is something very anomalous to our eyes in the Emperor of France going to war to give to Italy the freedom which he denies to his own country. The spirit is an irregular that many well-meaning and intelligent persons deny point-blank that Napoleon can mean what he says. We must look for some after-scheme of a Machiavelic and ambitious character.

It belongs to God alone to judge men's hearts, and we do not presume to act in the place of the Emperor of the French. This much, however, must be plain to him as to us: It was the conquests and the glory of Napoleon the First that Napoleon which ruined him, as the same policy would now infallibly ruin his nephew. The conquest of Italy will not be that of the French empire. It would set all Europe against the Napoleon dynasty, and sooner or later would ensure its downfall. The liberation of Italy, on the contrary, and its reorganization under a native government, through the aid of France, would strengthen Napoleon greatly.

We think that Napoleon's interest will prove a sufficient guarantee for his moderation. It would be very dangerous to him to have there any some reasons for hoping that the reorganization of Italy will be followed by the reorganization of France; that the independence of the Italian States will be the precursor of the independence of the French citizen. Candor compels the avowal, that such reasons do not exist. Not the first step has been taken toward the revival of those municipal liberties which once secured freedom to France, and the want of which has been the ruin of every French Government for the past seventy years.

Possibly, in that deep dark mind which none can fathom, there may lie hid some scheme for the elevation of the French people to the rank of citizenship. Perhaps, on the plains of Italy, that wonderfully far-seeing man may be maturing a purpose for raising his subjects from their present helpless condition. This alone is yet wanting to his fame. But truth extorts the confession that no shadow of any such coming event has yet been cast on the political horizon.

THE GRAIN CROP OF 1859.

For the past two years the grain crop of the Northern and Western States has been poor. The crop of 1858 is generally admitted to have been only half an average. The consequence is, that the West is in a condition of great depression and misery; that Western debtors are unable to satisfy their creditors in New York and elsewhere; and that hundreds of thousands of families throughout the Western States are living in great privation.

It is, under these circumstances, peculiarly gratifying to all classes that the prospect of the Western crop for the current year are very promising. Last fall the season was quite favorable for the sowing of the winter crop. The weather was open, and in every respect what might have been desired. The number of labourers thrown out of employment by the recession enabled farmers to lay under cultivation a much larger area than was ever sown before. Farmers who usually plant fifty acres with winter wheat, last fall planted seventy-five and a hundred; smaller agriculturists in proportion. For this reason where the crop is good it has been peculiarly favorable. There has been neither too little nor too much snow: neither too severe frosts nor too warm weather. The farmers in Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Wisconsin, and Iowa say that if they had had the choice of the weather granted to them they could not have had any thing more favorable than the reality.

The good fortune of the winter sill holds good. The spring has been early, genial, and genial. Every thing indicates so early a harvest that the wheat will escape the drought which usually occurs toward the close of summer. From all accounts it appears that the harvests of corn and grain of all kinds are more advanced than they have been for years at this season.

The only remaining risk arises from the fly. With regard to this dreaded enemy of the farmer, it is said that the rapid alternations of warm and cold weather during a part of the winter must have operated in favor of the farmer. Agricultural authorities assert that the alternate frosts and thaws must have destroyed the bulk of the eggs from which the fly tribe would otherwise have been recruited this summer. If this be so, we may confidently look forward to one of the best harvests ever known in this country.

It is not possible to conceive any so desirable an event for the United States as a good Western grain crop this year. Without such a crop the condition of the West must be disastrous in the extreme. With its aid—as the short supply in Europe now bids fair to insure—it will fair prices to the farmer—the West will revive as rapidly as it declined; and the whole country will participate in the revival.

DESPERATION OF AUSTRIA.

THE empire of Austria presents the singular spectacle of one of the richest nations in the world constantly on the verge of bankruptcy for all possible pastimes—a foreign war—by an act of bankruptcy.

Austria is said to contain more real wealth than France, the United States, or Great Britain; yet her financial system has always been a failure—that, even in peace times, the revenue falls short of her annual expenditure by some $25,000,000; and though her debt is only about $1,000,000,000—say that it forms only about one sixth that of Great Britain—she has never been able to borrow except at a ruinous sacrifice. Her debt is now said to be about to rise to the enormous sum of $25,000,000, and only obtained it through the aid of Rothschild. A few months ago she advertised for a loan of $5,000,000, which the banks in Europe would take it. The Rothschilds at last consented to do their best to negotiate it at the high premium of 10 per cent, or 50 cents on the dollar; but no one came forward, and the scrip was returned to Vienna.

The Bank of Austria is the chief object of all the financial institutions of Europe to resume specie payments after the crisis of 1857. And hence, when its business has only just got into working order, it has been directed by the Government to suspend specie payments—an operation soon announced of irredeemable paper. Another faithful soldiers are not only to fight in a cause which can hardly inspire them with much enthusiasm, but are to be satisfied with getting their pay in a currency which, of course, will be largely depreciated.

There is at least this merit in the policy of the Government at Vienna: war can do no more wicked thing than it has already done. Generally speaking, bankruptcy is a consequence of unsuccessful war; in this instance, Austria commences herself bankrupt at the outset.

THE NATIONAL FINANCES.

A few months ago, when there seemed to be a prospect that Congress would adjourn without passing a law authorizing the reissue of the Treasury Notes, the whole country was convulsed with alarm at the idea that the United States would shortly be bankrupt. It was once dreamed that Mr. Cobb would sit in the by work by day through the summer without borrowing more money.

We have now the Treasury balance-sheet to 1st April; and from this it appears that so far from issuing any of the authorized twenty millions of new Treasury Notes, the Secretary has actually paid off three millions of the old ones. The receipts from the customs have so far exceeded the estimates that he considers sum will think that there will be no necessity for the Secretary to take any action upon the Treasury Note Law of last year.

It is impossible to say what the summer may bring forth; from present appearances, the fall trade will be large, and the receipts from our customs proportionate. At any rate, the Secretary can now reissue between three and four millions of Treasury Notes without increasing the floating debt of the government beyond what it was before Congress met; he has, besides, a large sum in hand to meet the interest of the loan of 1858. With these resources it is not likely that he will be compelled, in any event, to issue more than the amount Congress authorized him to borrow.

The fact is a striking commentary on the recuperative energies of the people. Only eighteen months ago bankers starved the mercantile and banking community in the face; and the Government was obliged to borrow to get its current expenses. In another eighteen months the prospect is, that we shall be quite as independent of loans as that the Government will be buying its securities at a premium.

SWITZERLAND.

We have received a letter—too long to print—from M. Constant Hilaire, complaining of what he terms by us, some weeks since, to the effect that Switzerland was under the French thumb. Our correspondent ably and eloquently vindicates the Swiss from the charge of being subservient to France: we hope that he is as right in fact as he is warm in tone. He mentions one fact that is highly honorable to the Swiss. Out of two hundred and three hundred newspapers and periodicals published in Switzerland, he says, not one is the organ of a foreign government. No Swiss editor has ever sold his pen.

THE LOUNGER.

HUMBOLDT.

On the 18th of March, 1848, the revolution which had commenced in Paris on the 24th of February reached Berlin. There had been deep and general excitement among all classes since the news from France, and the King and Council had finally granted an order for the assembly of the Congress. The people of Berlin, at noon of Saturday the 18th, assembled to the palace to return thanks in person to the wrong-headed monarch who has been recently wishing his face in vermicelli soup at Florence. The King and Queen appeared at a window in the court. Suddenly there was a misapprehension on one side—some mistake never very well explained—and at three o'clock in the afternoon the multitude swept back, storming through the sentries street "Under the Lindens." At it dashed angrily by, sweeping and muttering, the shops were all closed and the doors and windows of private houses bolted and barred. Iron railings were torn up to serve for cannons, pavements were piled into barricades, and by five o'clock the rear of the royal cannon and the relentless crackle of battalion volleys proclaimed the actual revolution.

The Government yielded, as all the Governments were obliged to do, to that overwhelming popular assent. There was an armed lull of several days, during which the armed citizens mounted guard over the public property; and a state functionary was deemed to those who fell in the struggle.

It was a splendid and mournful spectacle. Thousands and thousands of brave and noble soldiers, with all their pomp of banners and uniform and glittering weapons. Then the Prussian National Guard, more splendid still, and more resolute. Then the magnificent royal equipages, the gilt and the plumes and the prancing panels, and all of it the carriage of Majesty itself. Then, walking bareheaded and garnished with brilliant orders, the King's ministers and council, and among them a white-headed man, with a single order around his neck hanging by a ribbon, and a modest fold of in front and his eyes cast down—walked a man more illustrious than any king in the world, Frederick Henry Alexander von Humboldt.

He was then seventy-nine years old, and although he had never been a conspicuous politician he had filled various important political trusts, he had profound political convictions, and he was the special friend of the King. A place was kept for him at the royal table, and at Potsdam, in the King's summer-house, a room was specially furnished in a cool, rustic manner—was shown to visitors as the room of his Excellency the Baron von Humboldt. His elder brother William, one of the noblest of men, and among the ablest of the last generation of European statesmen, is associated with Potsdam and the council of the last King Frederic William III.

And now, after a life of immense and incessant study, travel, and thought, during which he has made colossal contributions to every department of human science—a life contemporaneous with many of the greatest events and men of history—a life universally loved, and without even the stain, which is not even tarnished by detraction—famous in all countries, honored and loved in all—having shown how rich in result and how lovely in action human life may be made—the reverend head now—the eyes that have looked upon the world with love close—the hand which has put on permanent record the grandest results of natural laws falls gently from its office, and death solemnly stills the great heart that had beat for all mankind.

Humboldt was the man of our age. He ascended to the highest fame, not by the splendor of a creative genius, nor by the magnificence of military ambition and dominion, but by the profound love of truth which has opened the portcullis of nature, and the unerring glance with which he pierced through the phenomena of nature to those usually content to rest, until he perceived the harmonious principle that underlies creation. History does not show us a more symmetrical and satisfactory character. There have been many scholars, many lovers of science, many philosophers, but there have not been many who, excelling in all, subordinated the results, not to personal aggrandizement, but to the service of mankind.

THE EIGHT HONORABLE VIVIAN GREY.

Last week we ventured the surmise that the elections in England would show a warmer sympathy with Italy than with Austria, and we are glad it is express. But we have shared the usual fate of political prophets. We were profoundly mistaken; for the new Parliament will contain an opinion of twenty-five members to the ministerial side.

Of course many considerations control this result. The boldness of Mr. Bright's late sentiments, of which he does not hesitate to proclaim that institutions very openly and frankly, has doubtless frightened many worthy people, who possibly suspect that he longs to see the dear little Queen brought to Tower-hill. In fact, in returning thanks for his election, Mr. Bright himself was obliged to say that he was as fond of the monarchy as any other man—meaning, of course, the monarchy as he understands it.

So one will be more secretly proud of the result of this election than the old Tory chief, the Right Honorable Vivian Grey, Chancellor of the Exchequer—sometimes known, and especially to the late Sir Robert Peel, as Benjamin Disraeli, Esquire, M. P. for Buckinghamshire. When he made his first speech in Parliament he was hissed and hooted down. But he shook his fist at the house and cried "Hear should you hear me hiss." Then, in 1852, just ten years afterward, Sir Robert Peel, the most British of modern English statesmen, confessed that he feared the speeches of no member but Mr. Disraeli.

In 1849 a British merchant said to the Lounger in Hamburg—"Pooh! we like to see him very well, but England will never make a Prime Minister out of a novelist." This was true for three years. But in 1852 the novelist was Chancellor for nine months in Lord Derby's administration; and last year, when Palmerston retired, he came in again with the Tories, and has now, he has proved at a general election. It is a great triumph for the Right Honorable Vivian Grey.

He has written, in his time, many books about Italy in "Contarini Fleming," and others of his early days, which, however, we suppose, will be no fine things now, or suggest the doing?

CHAMPIONSHIP.

When the Rent River Pet challenges the North River Darling to a contest to determine the championship of the rivers, the question is not in favor of the one who first breaks the other's nose; it seems to be a very simple proposition. The only point to be settled is whose nose was broken last. There can be no dispute beyond that. If it were the Pet's, the Darling is the champion; if the Darling's, then Pet is unquestioned chief.

But these gentlemen are never willing to leave it so settled. There is always a controversy as to the conquest of some advantage on the part of the champion. In the Pet's case, it might be the sun in his eyes. If Darling's, his foot slipped just as he was going to win. There results, of course, a fresh challenge, and a renewed contest. The result be the same, there is just as much reason for the second victory as there was the first. If it be different, there must be a rubber battle.

To accord, now, from the ring to the saloon, from the battle-field to the council, is an easy step to pass from the ring to the race-course, from the fist to the jockey, from the sport of brutes, we find the same principle accompanying us.

But when Mr. Phelan and Mr. Secretor after the challenge, and the race, and the challenge repetition, engage in a contest at the most beautiful of all courses, the sea, Mr. Secretor, or any other circumstance which, if it were really injurious, it was his business to know and state in advance.

The Lounger has not the slightest desire to fair game fairly play-it. It left Mr. Phelan victorious in the first race, and it wishes to see him victorious in another, and he might play twenty others. But it was agreed that for the purpose in view he should play but one race. Shall he play it unfairly? That is the only question.

THE GIPSY'S FROLIC.

Blossoms, gipsy, flowers, and frolics naturally come in with the warm, budding, darting sensations of days. What more delightful than to be merry at Mount Vernon! Think what a charming spot for picnics and consequent gipsys! Picnics at Mount Vernon—the 5th of January. Still more consequent payments of delightful little sums to the ladies who patronize them.

"Ah! ole! four-penny! Here we are again!" said Mr. Speaker.

Does not the heart seriously suspect Mount Vernon is to be put down? Does any body imagine that the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association, with their strings are going to draw them until the purse is full? We wish to ask every man in the country to-day to go to Mount Vernon and see Mrs. Ritchey's last tent gift to his sex—and then put it to him whether he can longer withhold his subscription in the fact that the ladies of the country are standing in this summer sun waiting for the balance of one subscription to make it satisfactory?

Let those who have given once, give again; and let those who have given again, give more. It is a rule that works admirably in all such cases.

If, however, any American citizen is so lunatic as to say that the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association's worth for his money in this matter—if any body is so mad as to suppose that the association is getting two or ten dollars' worth of enjoyment, let him know that the ladies have provided even for such incredible cases and that he can have his cases longer.

Let those of Washington! what exquisite emotions—but to proceed.

On Thursday and Friday evenings, 3d and 24th June, the Washington Assembly Rooms, late Barton's, Theatre have generously given it to the ladies for the benefit of the Mount Vernon fund—and that handsome and commodious temple, Dr. Ward's opera of The Gipsy's Frolic will be performed—a drama of sentiment and fun and all that is delicate, which will be, of course, as unique as all the influences and the circumstances can call to make it.

All patriots and right-minded persons, every body who loves the memory of Washington, who loves to see the old mansion kept up, who loves and desires to hear a charming opera charmingly performed, people with the most accomplished manners in the city, all such persons are expected to take five seats, and to bring all their friends on each evening.

And if there be any body so lost to the finer sensibilities of our common nature, so recreant to the ardent impulse of a pure patriotism, so unmindful of the fact of which Mr. Graham so aptly reminded us in his late argument, that General Washington was first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen, that he is, indeed, the American with soul so dead who never to himself has said as he stood in Mount Vernon or thought of Mount Vernon, This is (or ought to be) my country native country's property—then, in Heaven's name, let him button up his miserable pocket and stay at home!

THE LATE DR. ABBOTT.

No American traveller of late years in Egypt but will recall the cheerful, genial society of Henry Abbott, nor hear without respect of his recent death. The Lounger remembers vividly a certain evening at Thebes with Abbott, on the Untarsaint in Cairo, after the arrival of the overland mail on its way to Constantinople. He was confounded by the astonishing fluency and correctness with which as complete an Oriental gentleman as he ever saw, in full turbaned and flowing robes, would English. He also took a hand at whist with the air of a man who had always played it in the Divan. And when games were over, and smoking chibouques and midnight had set in, the e was no one of all who were there prepared to enjoy life more entirely and intelligently than the Oriental gentleman, who was no other than Henry Abbott. At that time the famous hippopotamus, which made so great a sensation when it was exhibited in London, was in Dr. Abbott's possession at Cairo. There was also a logs giraffe also, and several antelopes. Within the house was his superb Egyptian collection.

A few years since Dr. Abbott came to this country, bringing his collection with him, for which he had declined very liberal offers in Europe. Sir Gardner Wilkinson, perhaps the most eminent authority, calls it, upon the whole, the best in the world. At first the collection is a fortune, and it can be purchased for $25,000. The New York Historical Society have it in charge.

Dr. Abbott and family set himself at home in the vilcit of American life. All his tastes and habits were conformed to oriental simplicity and repose, and he had married an Eastern woman. At the earliest moment, therefore, he returned to his familiar Egyptian surroundings, and immediately began the trouble and fruitless efforts of his visit to New York. He was summoned hither by the death of a brother of unusual lust, and on the 30th of March he died at Kafr-el-Ash in Egypt. The American traveller in Egypt, silent hand, will find one friend the less; and all who remember him there will always remember him kindly.

A WORD WITH A CERTAIN PERSON.

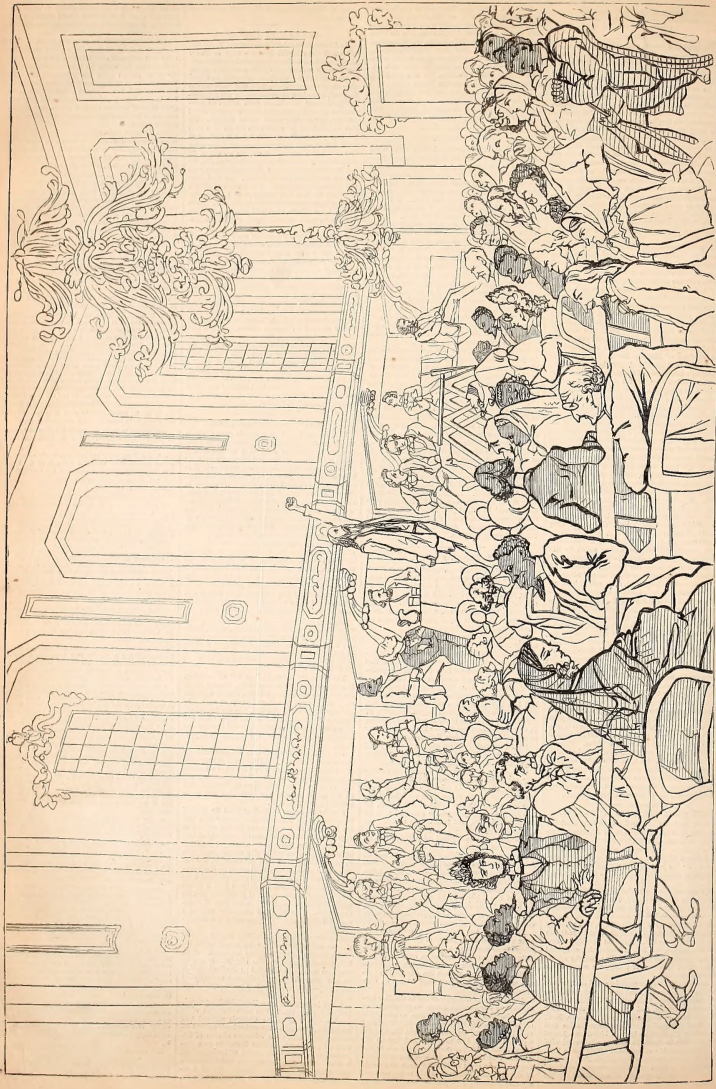
Is a certain city lives a certain person who is twenty years old, who is a bookkeeper at a certain house where he receives a certain salary, and who is also a talented literary person, years which he supports his mother and sister as well as himself. He may presently (as all sub-book-keepers do) be promoted to be chief book-keeper in the office; but beyond that he can not advance. He must look for other means of increasing his income he does not surrender any brilliant prospects, and that, as he has a strong taste for literary pursuits, and is desirous to make money, he might justly devote himself to the literary career.

He supposes that he may acquire a knowledge of Phonography—and so, becoming a reporter, reach at last the editorial chair; or he may devote his leisure hours to certain light periodicals, or pursuing some course of reading and study—writing occasionally for the press.

Before deciding this question, let a certain person read the letter which Charles Lamb wrote to Samuel Barnett on the 9th of January, 1823:

"Keep to your bank, and the bank will keep you. Trust not to the public: you may bang, starve, drown yourself, for that matter, and what cares the public? . . . 'A little grumbling is a wholesome medicine for the mind,' and so is a little starving and disappointment, but one full meal or draught of life gives a supple suckers."

The word "unlearning" is full of meaning. If a certain person were supporting himself alone by literary pursuits, he would very possibly advise a certain person to hold fast his situation and to let his manuscript remain unpublished. But, if



Yᵉ ABOLITIONISTS IN COUNCIL—Yᵉ ORATOR OF Yᵉ DAY DENOUNCING Yᵉ UNION, MAY, 1859.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

TRUMPS.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

HOPE'S LOVE-LETTER.

CHAPTER XXIII.

SO-CI-E-TY?

Tan family of Newt is one of the oldest in the country; and, what is more, it is one of those "fine" old families of which much may be learned by an attentive listener. There are even traces of the Newts before the Revolution; and the only question is, whether they came over with Hendrick Christiaensen, or whether they were not left upon the island by Hendrick Hudson himself. The latter is the more popular theory with the family, which has always been strongly Democratic in politics.

Tradition declares that the family has been uniformly respectable but honest—so respectable, indeed, that Mr. Boniface Newt, a celebrated New York merchant and a Tammany Sachem, thirty or forty years ago, had a crest. He had even buttons for his coachman's coat with a stag's head engraved upon them. The same device was upon his seal-ring. It appeared upon his carriage-door. It figured on the edges of his dinner-service. It was worked into the green glass of the door that led from his dining-room to the back stairs. He had his paper stamped with it; and a great many of his neighbors, thinking it a neat and becoming ornament, imitated him in its generous use.

Mr. Newt's family had a crest also. She was a Magee—author of the fine old families who came over at the earliest possible period. The Magees, however, had no buttons upon their coachman's coat; one coachman for which purpose was perhaps, that they had no coachman. But when the ladies of the family drove about, shopping or shopping they hired a carriage, and insisted that the driver should brush his hat and black his boots; so that it was very rarely that who knew that it was a livery equipage.

Their friends did, of course; but there were a great many people from the country who found at it in passing with the same emotion with which they would have contemplated a private carriage; which was highly gratifying to the feelings of the Magees.

Their friends knew it, but friends never resent such spurs such things. There was old Mrs. Degon—howgate Mrs. Degon, she called—aunt of Mr. Newt, who never said, "I see the Magees have hired a hackney-coach for the ladies to make calls in. They quarrelled with nothing over his last bill. Medora Magee has turned her last year's silk—which is a little stained and worn—but then it does just as well."

By-and-by her nephew Boniface married Mrs. Dix's sister, Nancy.

It was Mrs. Degon who sat with Mrs. Newt in her parlor, and said to her,

"So your son Abel is coming home. I'm glad to hear it. I hope he knows how to waltz, and isn't awkward. There are some very good matches to be made, and I like to have a young man settle early. It's better for his morals. Men are bad people, my dear. I think Miss Chubleigh would do very well for Abel. She has a foolish affair with that Colonel Jones, but it's all over. Why on earth do girls fall in love with officers? They never have any pay worth speaking of, and a girl must tramp all over the land, and live I don't know how. Pshaw! it's a wretched business. How's Mr. Dinks? I saw him and Fanny waltzing last month at the Delmonge. Who are the Shrimps? Somebody says something about the immense fortune of old Shrimp has made in the oil trade. You should have seen Mrs. Winslow Orty passing cards for the Shrimps. I really believe she counted the spoons. What an eye that woman has—and what a tongue! Are you really going to Saratoga? Will Boniface let you? He is the kindest man! He is so generous that I sometimes fear somebody'll be taking advantage of him. But gracious me! how hot it is!"

It was warm, and Mrs. Degon fanned herself. When she and Mrs. Newt met there was a tremendous struggle to get the first innings of the conversation, and neither surrendered, the ground until fairly forced off by breathlessness and exhaustion.

"Yes, we shall go to Saratoga," said Mrs. Newt, "and I want Abel to come so as to take him. There'll be a very pleasant season. What a pity you can't go! However, people must regard their time of life, and take care of their health. There's old Mrs. Octoyne says she shall never give up. She says she means to live out her great-grand-daughter next winter, and says she has no life but society. I suppose you know Herbert Octoyne is engaged to one of the Shrimps. They keep their carriage, and the style seems very pretty. Herbert tells the young men that the Shrimps are a fine old family, which has been long out of society, having no daughters to marry, so they have not been obliged to show themselves. But I don't know about visiting them. However, I suppose we shall. Herbert Octoyne will give 'em fun, by, if they really haven't it; and the Octoynes won't be sorry for her money. What a pretty shawl! Did you hear that Mellish Whitlow has given Louisa a diamond pin which cost him a hundred dollars? Extravagant fellow! Yet I like to have young men do these things sometimes, you know. I do think it's such a pity about Luna's nose—"

"She can smell with it, mother; and what else do you want of a nose?"

It was Miss Fanny Newt who spoke, and who had entered the room during the conversation. She was a tall, self-possessed young woman of about twenty, with firm, dark eyes, dark hair, and dark hair, and that kind of composure of manner which is called repose in drawing-rooms and boldness in bar-rooms.

"Gracious, Fanny, how you do disturb one! I didn't know you were here. Don't be ridiculous. Of course she can smell with it. But that isn't all you want of a nose, is it?"

"I suppose you want it to turn up at some people," replied Miss Fanny, smoothing her dress, and looking in the glass. "I suppose Mrs. Degon knows how to ring now?"

Aunt Degon looked puzzled at this question.

"My dear, what do you mean?" she said, fanning herself violently. "I hope I never say any thing that isn't true about people. I'm sure it should be very sorry if I wounded any one's feelings. There's Mrs. Kite—you know, Joseph Kite's wife, the man they said really did cheat his creditors, and I'm sure I don't know what to it; well, Kitty Kite, my dear, does do and say the most extraordinary things sometimes. At the Shrimps' ball, when you were waltzing with Mr. Dinks, I heard her say to Mrs. Orty, 'Do look at Fanny Newt waltzing with Dinks.' It was dreadful to hear her say such things, my dear; and then to see Miss Kite herself—and you! It was cruel—it was really unfeeling."

Fanny did not wince. She merely said,

"How old are you, Aunt Degon?"

"Well, let me see; she's ten or a dozen years younger than I am."

"Oh! well, aunt, people at her time of life can't see or hear much, you know. They ought to be in bed—and they do not bottle up feet, and not obtrude themselves among people who are young enough to have some little left of sensos," replied Miss Fanny, carelessly arranging a stray lock of hair.

"Indeed, Miss, you would like to shove all the married people into the wall, or into their graves," retorted Mrs. Degon, indignantly.

"Oh no, dear aunt, only into their beds—and that not until they are supernumerated, which, you know, all people never find out for themselves," answered Fanny, smiling sweetly and calmly upon Mrs. Degon.

"What a country it is, aunt!" said Mrs. Newt, looking at Fanny with a look of admiration. "Do you suppose young ladies ever fling into their own hands? Dear me! dear me! how they do rule us!"

Miss Newt made no observation, but took up a gayly-bound book from the table, and looked carelessly into it. Mrs. Degon rose to go. She had somewhat recovered her composure.

"Don't think I believed it, dear," said she to Fanny, in whom, perhaps, she recognized some of the family character. "No; you may be sure I said to every body in the room that I didn't believe what Mrs. Kite said, that you were huggin' Mr. Dinks in the waltz. I spoke right up to every body I know, and they all said they didn't believe it."

"How kind it was of you, dear Aunt Degon!" said Fanny, as she rose to salute her departing relative, "and how generous people were not to believe it! But I couldn't persuade them that your beautiful lace-edging on your dress was real Mechlin, although I tried very hard. They said it was natural in me to insist upon its genuineness as your grand-niece; and it was no matter at all, because old ladies could get no set they pleased—but for all that it was not Mechlin. I must have told as many as thirty people that they were wrong. But people's eyes are so sharp—it's really dreadful. Good-morning, darling Aunt Degon?"

"Fanny dear," said her mother, as the door closed upon Mrs. Degon, who departed speechless and in what may be called a simmering state of anger, "I should like to know of you, for two. I really hope to hear something about this Miss Orty's ball. Do you suppose Alfred Dinks is eternally engaged to her?"

"How should I know, mother?"

"Why, my dear, you have been so intimate with him."

"My dear mother, how can any body be intimate with Alfred Dinks? You might as well talk of breathing in a vacuum."

"But, Fanny, he is a very good sort of young man—so respectable, and with such good manners, and he has a very pretty fortune—"

Mrs. Newt was interrupted by the servant, who announced Mr. Wetherley.

Poor Mr. Wetherley—Mr. Zephyr Wetherley! He was one of those youths who float in society like notes in a sunbeam. You can see individuum them. They are always to be seen floating every where. Catch one, and you have caught all. Catch one, and you do not know it, for you can not feel it. They are the souls and life of society—the privates; people who are mentioned in a lump after a ball as cavalum soldiers are mentioned after a battle. And yet they have feelings, they have blood, heart, hands and feet—feet especially. They have family matters with the world and other people in it. They are dear to sisters. They are the pride of mothers. They have emotions. In their little way they have experience. They go through a series of sensations—the parody of humanity.

Was it not inevitable that Zephyr Wetherley should conceive himself to be in love with Fanny Newt?

Poor Mr. Wetherley! He entered the room and bowed. Miss Newt, seeing that it was one of her daughter's visitors, left the room. Miss Fanny sat looking at the young man with her black eyes so calmly that she seemed to him to be sitting a great way off in a cool darkness. Miss Fanny was not fond of Mr. Wetherley, although she had seen plainly enough the indications of his feeling for her. This morning he was well gloved and booted. His costume was unexceptionable. Society of that day boasted of no more finished man than Zephyr Wetherley. His judgment in a case of cravat was unerring. He had been in Europe, and was quoted when waistcoats were in debate. He had been very attentive to Mr. Alfred Dinks and Mr. Bowdoin Beacon, the two Boston youths who had been charming society during the season that was now over. He was even a little jealous of Mr. Dinks.

After Mrs Newt had left the room Mr. Wetherley fell into confusion. He stammered, of course, upon the weather immediately—while Fanny, taking a book, looked casually into it with a slight air of ennui.

"Have you read this?" said she to Mr. Wetherley.

"No—I suppose not—eh! what is it?" replied Zephyr, who was not a reading man.

"It is John Neal's 'Rachel Dyer.'"

"Oh, indeed! No, indeed. I have not read it?"

"What have you read, Mr. Wetherley?" inquired Fanny, looking through the book which she held in her hand.

"Oh, indeed"—he began. Then he seemed to undergo some internal spasm. He dropped his hat, slid his chair to the side of Fanny's, and said, "Miss Newt, how can you ask me at such a moment?"

Miss Fanny looked at him with a perfectly unruffled face.

"What's the matter with the moment, Mr. Wetherley?"

"Ah, Miss Newt, how can you when you know my feelings? Did you not carry my bouquet at the ball last evening? Have you not long authorized me by your treatment to declare—"

"Stop, Mr. Wetherley," said Fanny, calmly. "The day is warm—let us be cool. Don't say any thing which you will regret to remember. Don't mistake any thing that I have done as an indication of—"

"Oh, Miss Newt," interrupted Zephyr, "how can you ever find such things? Heart me, but even now I assure you that I most deeply, tenderly, truly—"

"Mr. Wetherley," said Fanny, patting down the book and speaking very firmly, "I really can not sit still and hear you proceed. You are laboring under a great misapprehension. You must be aware that I have never in the slightest way given you occasion to believe that I—"

"I must speak!" burst in the impassioned Zephyr. "My feelings forbid forbearance. Great Heavens! Miss Newt, you really have no idea—I am sure you have no idea—you can not have any idea of the ardor with which for a long, long time I have—"

"Mr. Wetherley," said Fanny Newt, darker and cooler than ever, "it is useless to prolong this conversation. I can not consent to hear you declare that—"

FANNY NEWT AND MR. WETHERLEY.

"But you haven't heard me declare it," replied Zephyr, vehemently. "It's the very thing I am trying to do, and you won't let me. You keep cutting me off just as I am saying how I—"

"You need go no farther, Sir," said Miss Newt, coldly, rising and standing by the table; while Zephyr Wetherley red and hot and confused, crushed his handkerchief into a ball, and swept his hand through his hair, tugging his foot, and rubbing his fingers together. "I understand, Sir, what you wish to say, and I desire to tell you that you shall—"

"Just what I don't want to hear! Oh dear me! Please, please, Miss Newt!" entreated Zephyr Wetherley.

"Mr. Wetherley," interrupted the other imperiously, "you wish to ask me to marry you. I desire to spare you the pain of my answer to that question by preventing you asking it."

Mr. Wetherley looked confused. He wrinkled his brows a moment, as he stared at the floor and at Miss Newt—he looked foolish and mortified.

"But—but—but—" stammered he. "Well—but—well—but—haven't you something to reserved the question?" inquired he, with gleams of doubtful intelligence shooting across his face.

Fanny Newt smiled icily.

"As you please," said she.

Poor Zephyr was bewildered.

"It is very confusing, somehow, Miss Newt, isn't it?" said he, wiping his face.

"Yes, Mr. Wetherley; one should always look before he leaps."

"Leaps—oh, indeed, yes. A man had better look out or—"

"Or he'll catch a Tartar!" said a clear, strange voice.

Fanny Newt and Wetherley turned simultaneously toward the speaker. It was a young man, with clustering black hair and sparkling eyes, in a traveling dress. He stood in the back room, in the rear of which was a conservatory.

"Abel!" said his sister, running toward him, and pulling him forward.

"Mr. Wetherley, this is my brother, Mr. Abel Newt.

The young men bowed.

"Oh, indeed!" said Zephyr. "How'd he come here listening?"

"Chance, chance, Mr. Wetherley. I have just returned from school. Pretty tough old school-boy, hey? Well, it's all the grandpa's doing. Grandpas are astonishing beings, Mr. Wetherley. Now there was—"

"Oh, indeed! Really, I must be going. Good-morning, Miss Newt. Good-morning, Sir." And exit Zephyr Wetherley.

The brother and sister laughed.

"Sensible fellow," said Abel; "he flies the grandpas."

"How did you come here, you wretch!" asked Fanny, "listening to my secrets?"

"My dear child, I arrived this morning, only half an hour ago. I let myself in by my pass-key, and, hearing voices in the parlor, I went round by the conservatory to spy out the land. Then and there I beheld this spectacle. Fanny, you're shameful."

Miss Newt made a demure courtesy.

"So you've really come home for good? Well, Abel, I'm glad. Now you're here I shall have a man of my own to advise me next winter. And there's to be the handsome Boston bride here, you know, next season."

"Who is she?" said Abel, laughing, sinking into a chair. "Mother wrote me you said that Boston girls are dowdy. Who is the star dowdy of next winter?"

"Mrs. Alfred Dinks," replied Fanny, carelessly, but looking with her keenest glance at Abel.

He sprang up and began to say something; but his sister's eye arrested him.

"Oh yes," said he, hurriedly—"Dinks, I've

heard about Alfred Dinks. What a devil of a name!"

"Come, dear, you'd better go up stairs and see mamma," said Fanny; "and I'm so sorry you missed Aunt Dugan. She was here this morning, lovely as ever. But I think the velvet is wearing off her claws. She has a most scratchy style of conversation. However, what would society be except for claws? Claws in velvet, of course. And the time you know they're sharp—and they feel so soft!"

Fanny Nest laughed a cold little laugh. Abel went out of the room.

"Master Abel, then, does know Miss Hope Wayne," said she to herself. "He more than knows her—he loves her—or thinks he does. Wouldn't he have known if she had been engaged to her cousin?"

She pondered a little while.

"I don't believe," thought Miss Fanny, "that she is engaged to him."

Miss Fanny was pleased with that thought, because she meant to be engaged to him herself, if it proved to be true, as every body declared, that he had ten or fifteen thousand a year. Upon such unusual terms who would not consent to breathe in a vacuum?

CHAPTER XXIV.

A WARNING AND A LOVE-LETTER.

THE day before he left Delafield Abel Nest went into Marm Wumley's shop. She was sitting by the door. Hosea smoked by the window.

"Marm Wumley, may I ask a favor?" said Abel.

"Sartain, Mr. Abel. What d'ye want me to do?"

"Marm Wumley, I want you to let me just leave a little note for you to slip into the next parcel you send up to Pinewood. You send every few days, don't you?"

"Oh, three times; sometimes e'en'mos' every day. I've got nothin' here now that the old man's a-goin' along up with, Sundays."

Hosea pulled placidly at the window, and looked and listened.

"You've no objection, Hosea?" said Abel.

"I see no harm into it," replied the old man. "But why don't you carry it yourself?"

"Because old Mr. Burt doesn't want to have fellows round his place."

"Lord! Lord!" ejaculated Hosea; "when will people learn wisdom? Yer can't shet out the sun, nor e'en yer shet out the moon. Yer can't oughter know that his grand-daughter'll fall in love. When one's young will folks learn 'tain't no use? I learned it long ago. Ef yer've got any thing to send I'll take it, or it's all right and proper."

Abel flouted the idea of any impropriety. He explained to the old man that it was a matter of life in which he took leave of Miss Wayne. "There," said he, "I'll just put it into this bundle, and she'll find it, I'm sure, when she looks for her woolsey. Good-by, Hosea."

He went out and disappeared. Marm Wumley asked her spouse if he thought it quite right to carry notes from young men to young women.

"Bless you!" replied he, "it's for all the chap won't tell a girl when he's in love with her, sometimes either? For all she won't, I'm no way. I'd jes as lieve help him say it as not. Saying ain't nothin'; it's only the doin'. I shall take it up and give the parcel a bit o' my mind."

Puff—puff—puff. Hosea Wumley smiled as if, in such a plain case as this, it was entirely unnecessary to repeat his usual formula.

When he came to Pinewood he asked to see Miss Hope alone. The old man looked at her loudly as he handed her the bundle.

"Yer'll find a note in that air," said he.

"A note, Hosea—who from?"

"Yer'll find out fast enough. Only don't open the bundle till yer've spoke alone. And, Miss Hope, ought ter pardon an old man for speaking his mind?"

Hope Wayne looked at him pleasantly, and answered,

"I could easily promise to pardon every thing we could say to me."

"Wa'al, then, this 'ere note comes from somebody who don't love no longer. He's an old, old, outher; but he's dreffle sly. That's all. Good-mornin', Miss Hope. He's sly."

Hosea strode along at the young girl for several minutes, and slowly shook his head, doubtfully.

"No," said he to himself at length as he turned away—"no—no. Yer may build walls high's the sky, and give strict orders to the block in the face, and warn folks and warn 'em over again, but all fixed fence ain't no use. It all go on jes the same. 'Tain't no use at all—'tain't no use!"

The old man went out and lighted his pipe in the kitchen, and puffed vehemently as he passed down the road.

Hope Wayne went to her room and opened the bundle. She found the note and read it.

"I can not bear to part so, and to depart without seeing you again. Perhaps you think me a mere school-boy whom you can forget to-morrow. But I am older than boys generally are when they leave school. I feel as much a man as if I were forty, and, Miss Wayne, I shall not forget you to-morrow. I wish I could have seen more of you, for I am sure that our tastes would sympathize in so many ways. Will you pardon me if I say that I fell deep surprise you are to many of the heartless and wicked conventions of society which are so injurious to character? You say that your nature loves books, and from the same sources I know you have learned how little freedom of friendship there is in the world, and yet how much misery that freedom would prevent. Your grandfather was perhaps wise in secluding you. But I think we should have been friends could we have known each other. I am going. I know not what I shall do. I am young, and long years of toil lie before me. You are beautiful and your career begins. How often I shall hear of you! How glad I shall be of your happiness! Of me you will not hear—unless some day I should realize my dream and make a name of which to woman need be ashamed. Good-by, Miss Wayne. Sometimes, in the intervals of study or dull duty, of these golden years—of this quiet village—of the lawn on which we met—of the shade in which I have so often overshipped. Think of me as kindly as you can—of one whose life will be spent in the fiery feeling of what you would have approved—of one whose first dream must be his last, whom many years must pass by, too, ere his true memory has forever won. Good-by! And as you sit by the window shaded by the vine, listen to its rustling, and let its sad tone remind you sometimes of what might have been."

The last word of the page was a line—"Yours ever."

Hope mechanically turned and read it.

"If Miss Wayne should ever have occasion to call upon my services I shall be glad to understand the care of Boniface Newt, Esq, will be sure to find me."

Hope smiled. She held the paper in her hand and sat motionless for a long time. Was it an improper letter? Was it a note that every one might properly read? He declared nothing—he claimed nothing—he renounced nothing. He was modest and manly. He regretted the want of free friendship in the world —who does not? He thought Hope was superior between young people of different sexes. He was so gentle and considerate—she remembered all that handsome face. And he was thoughtful and respectful—she heard again the low music of that voice. He was—he was—and then in the girl's reverie as she held the letter like the charm in her hand—listened to her siren fancy as it sang of the future, Hope saw, floating like paper with a burning and flashing face, although no one was looking, pressed it to her lips and ardently to her lips?

CHAPTER XXV.

A NEW YORK MERCHANT.

MR. LAWRENCE NEWT sat in his office. It was upon Seven Street, and the windows looked out upon the shipping in the East River—upon the Brooklyn shore, and the numerous docks to the left town of Brooklyn opposite, with its ranges of spires. He heard the sullen ring of the shoe upon the carbon of the stevedores—the bustle of the carts and the hum and scuffle of the passers-by. He sat at his table by the window. He had taken the stream—the little steamers that puffed alongside bringing the passengers, that, he said was not fair, pulling and shoving the huge hulks into a space large enough for them to manage themselves in.

Sometimes he watched the parting of passengers at the wharf when the vessel was to start, and he could sail from her berth. The vast sails were slowly unfurled, were shaken out, rapidly filled with the breeze, and slowly the hulk then filled round and full with the gentle, steady wind. But more often Newt looked out absently, for he thought of fine ladies taking their hair out of curl-papers, and putting and smoothing and rolling it again with the long white and jeweled fingers until the curls stood round and full and ready for company.

Then the ship moved slowly, almost imperceptibly, from the wharf—so slowly, so imperceptibly, that the change in the broad shipping city was sliding away from them. The merchant saw the ship, laden, lessening, moved over her bow southward and outward, and glide gently down the river. Her hull was soon lost to the eyes, but the white sails, gradually lessening as at the mast-head over the masts of the other vessels. While he looked it vanished—the ship was gone.

Often enough Mr. Lawrence Newt stood leaning his head against the window-frame in his office after the ship had disappeared, and seemed to be looking for it. But his eyes were not upon the softy town of Brooklyn. But he saw neither. Faster than ship ever sailed—or wind blew—or bird flashed—was the thought that rushed Newt startled, and the merchant, seemingly leaning against the office-window, but really leaning upon easily sitting under palm-trees, or dandling in a palanquin, or chatting in a strange tongue, or gazing in awe upon some vast cathedral, while the villagers of Chamouni have ever seen.

And what was the thought that so commanded to himself to press?—and what were those eyes, soft doubts of exquisite darkness, into which through his own sad secret to be sinking?

There were clerks busily writing in the outer office. It was dark in the counting-room. Mr. Newt first occupied the rooms, and Thomas Tiny, the book-keeper, who had the lightest office, and then the eyes of Vendyke, the salesperson clerk, were giving out. Young Venables, a kind of outdoor assistant-clerk, was sickly and infirm father upon his five hundred dollars a year.

"Eyes giving out in my service, Thomas Tiny? I am ashamed of myself."

And Lawrence Newt hired the adjoining office upon the front, knocked down all the walls, and introduced so much daylight that it shone not only into the eyes of young Venables, but into those of his mother and sister and infirm father.

It was scratch, scratch, scratch, all day long in the clerks' office. Messengers were coming and going. Samples were bringing in. Draymen came for orders. Apple-women and pie-men dropped in about noon, and there were plenty of cheap apples and cheap jokes when the peddlers were young and pretty. There is something so blithe in mere youth! Every clerk jokes so naturally with a pretty peddler! Country merchants, and feeder merchants, who went into Mr. Lawrence Newt's room. They talked China news and South American news and Mediterranean news. Their conversation was full of romantic names, and mentioned places that had historic interest and historic associations. They joked complacent jokes. They gossiped a little when business had been discussed. Nathaniel Whitlow was really to marry Magot's daughter, and the Doolittle money would go to the Magots. Mr. Van Nest and old Jacob Vanboozenberg had actually left off knee-breeches and white cravats and wore fit-to-dress coats. Jacob Van Nest came into the Bank in modern costume. And there was no doubt that Mrs. Dopp would cushion her at the Church. Winslow's wife said she saw it with her own eyes.

The gossip had not so poetic a flavor as the business talk. But it is sweet to know that there is a world outside of the office. Every man breathes the same air. Scandal, like the sun, shines for all. It knows no rent. No guinea-copher, on the grand tour from a distant planet, could doubt that it was confined to petticoats and pantaloons, until he went back into offices and banks down town.

Mr. Lawrence Newt's talk ceased with that about business. When the other set in, his mind seemed to set out. He stirred the fire if it were low. He looked out into the street-office. He had a word for Venables. Had Miss Venables seen the novel by Mr. Dickens, which is called "Pelham," and will be amusing to read aloud in the family. Will Mr. Venables call at Mr. Lawrence Newt's shop, have the book sent to Mr. Lawrence Newt, and present it, with Mr. Newt's compliments? In his study, in the warmer sense he opened the window, when it happened to be closed, and stood by it, or leaned out of it, and looked down on the ships and the streets, and listened to the sailors swearing when he could not hear the swearing—and more or three hundred thousand dollars each, talking about Mrs. Dopp's cotton lace!

One day he left the office writing letters. The state of the office, outside and in, might be called busy and lively. There was a certain commotion of the intensest activity in that particular spot, of the mystery which is called business. Mr. Lawrence Newt, who had been more willing workers; did not see a row of remember faces with their heads bowed over the books in odoriferous red Russia binding, and little books in leather covers, and invoices and bills and letters. He left the office-room of Lawrence Newt.

He descended the office and stood at the door impressed by the silent activity he beheld. He did not speak; the younger clerks looked up a moment—then went on with their work. They clerkly packet-day.

Thomas Tiny looked at last, and said,

"Well, Sir?"

"Any Late Mr. Newt, Sir?"

"In the other room," said Mr. Tray, with his goose-quill in his mouth, nodding his head to the left-hand wall, and then holding his pen with the ink in it poised above the paper, he added, gravely, "Well, Sir? Be short. It's packet-day."

"I want a place, Sir."

"What kind of a place?"

"In a store, Sir."

"I'm sorry I'm all full. But sit down while I finish these letters. Then we'll talk about it."

LITERARY.

THE April number of the QUARTERLY JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE, published by the United States Agricultural Society, has been received. It is sent free of charge to all its members, and contains a vast amount of matter of the most interesting character which we learn that they have been actively and usefully engaged in the cause of enlightened agriculture. During the second day's session a very interesting lecture was delivered on the subject of Forestry, by Professor Gamage, which was illustrated by experiments. Professor Jewett read the address delivered before the society on the third day's session, delivered a valuable lecture on Meteorology as connected with Agriculture, which will be published by the Society, and a great number of essays placed at the disposal of the Executive Board.

We find in the pages of the periodical before us a paper on Agricultural Statistics, from the American Geographical and Statistical Society to the United States Agricultural Society, making suggestions to the latter of the importance of complete Agricultural schedules for the census of 1860. Valuable remarks are appended to this communication by the editor. We also find a very interesting article on the Domestication of the Elk, and a valuable Report of the Agricultural Exhibitions of 1858. All the extracts are selected with great care. In short, the number of this valuable journal is complete, and reflects much credit on Mr. Ben Perley Poore.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

NEWS FROM PIKE'S PEAK.

THE St. Joseph correspondent of the St. Louis Democrat notices the arrival at that place of 100 PIKE'S PEAKERS, who give deplorable accounts of mining grounds, and outfitting on the Plains. His estimate that 30,000 persons are now on their way, all or most of whom, destitute of experience and necessaries of life, are perfectly reckless. Desperate threats are made of burning Omaha, St. Joseph, and other towns, in case of the non-appearance of the deception used to induce emigration. Two thousand wagons passed through St. Joseph on Friday, for a single day, and the crowd of emigrants increased. Parties have closed up their business and fled, fearful of being left behind in the general exodus.

The *Rocky Mountain News* of April 28, the first paper published in the mining region, received. It contains a voluminous gold news, all of a favorable character.

LOUIS NAPOLEON.

Count CAVOUR, the Sardinian Prime Minister, has written the following letter to our Minister in this city:

TURIN, April 20, 1859.—SIR: I have the honor to inform you that I have received your letter of the 16th inst. dated New York, the 7th of last month, and I thank you for the kind expressions of sympathy which you have been pleased to express, so honorable to yourself and the country you represent in the United States.

"Certainly the offer made by the Italian refugees in the United States to the King of Sardinia and Italy, in case of war between Piedmont and Austria, proves a generous sentiment, and I feel deeply grateful to the Government by which such a noble offer is made. But it is not in the power of the Italians, and even of the Italians in America, that even in case of such contributions as the one you mention, the war could be carried on with the immediate activity and on the scale which the present circumstances of the Sardinian army. These elements of success depend upon the Government alone. What it really needs is not so much military assistance as money. What I have the honor to write to you is not a matter of speculation, but the sentiments that inspired it, the Sardinian Government and people consider it necessary to be fully accepted, there being, as above stated, already here a patriotic contribution in progress.

"I believe that the greater part of our countrymen who have emigrated to the United States will return home by remaining in the United States, and using their influence in favor of the cause. I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"Receive, then, the assurances of my high consideration. CAVOUR."

RISE IN THE MISSISSIPPI.

A rise in the River Mississippi, almost unprecedented in the annals of history, has been commenced and is at each hour. It rose so fast that the men who were engaged in the construction of the breakwater in front of Grenada threw what were unable to do so before the water reached them. The rise has commenced now just one year of another. In the events of a few hours in the month of May, 1858, the water rose from 15 to 30 feet, covering the whole of the low lands on the Arkansas side for miles in extent. We had the curiosity to measure accurately the rise in the river during the first 24 hours of its commencement, and found it to be two inches. It could not be ascertained whether the rise was greater or less, however, for the total rise in the twenty-four hours ending at 10 o'clock on the morning of the 24th was but 2 inches. From 10 o'clock to 4 o'clock—six hours—the rise was 4 inches, and from 4 o'clock to midnight the flood declining or at a stand this morning. The last boat from Memphis reports the water at the head of navigation of the Lower Missouri and its tributaries, but another and extensive rise is looked for in the Upper Mississippi. The rise in the Ohio is also unprecedented. There is no mistake about so awful flood coming from all along the Mississippi valley, in the Ohio and its tributaries, the swelling fast, and at St. Paul the rise has taken a new start, and is coming down with a rush. We have no information that the Illinois is swelling, not only at his low's end, but from Kaskaskia to the head-waters.

PERSONAL.

Raffaele Settembrini, the chief officer of the Gobernetti conspiracy, and one of the most able writers and orations son of one of the Bandas exiles who were recently released from the prisons of Ischia, by the King of Naples, at the request of the British Government, has been a resident of Corfu, but failed, after which he went to Malta, and from there to Genoa, where he was engaged to bring the exiles to this country, and when the latter arrived in Genoa, Settembrini was engaged by the chief of the ship against bringing the exiles to the Latin States, and through some unknown circumstances the vessel entered Cork harbor, where the exiles were lost sight of.

The Rev. Dr. Cummings, of this city, delivered an address before the Alumni of the Theological Seminary, in the corner-stone of the House of the Angel Guardian of Orphans, in Brooklyn, on Thursday afternoon. The house was in readiness for the reception of 100 children. Mr. Astor had generously represented the nature of the work, and Mr. Low, in a few appropriate words, laid the corner-stone beneficiaries of the institution.

The Rev. Dr. Bethune, of Philadelphia, has recovered $1500 from her lover, Smoak, the son of a substantial farmer, for breach of promise. Smoak is a fine looking young fellow. It is said that both Miss Gow and Mr. Smoak have been married before.

Mrs. Charles Williams, who was one hundred and one years old on the 1st of May, is still living in Boston, Connecticut. Up to the 1st of May, she was about her house, washing and doing all the work for herself and family. Between the 1st and 10th of May she was taken sick, and died after a few days of long sickness, of yarn spun by herself and knit into stockings for her family. Colonel Williams was said at her father's house one night during the Revolutionary war, when a messenger came in with a message from Washington, and she says that he sat down and "talked all night." Her husband was a Revolutionary soldier, and when asked, in answer to an inquiry, "What sort of a looking man he was?" she said, "Why he was a tall, slender man, he wore his hair in locks curled, knotted and queued, white skin, and as handsome as a picture."

The Rev. Dr. Burbidge, Rector of Bangor, Maine, has been elected Bishop of the Diocese of Eastern Maine, and will, we presume, accept the office. He is a native of Ireland, and was educated at Trinity College, Dublin. He came to this country in 1837, and has been settled in Bangor ever since.

The Senior Class will invite the President, the Rev. Dr. Woolsey, to deliver the Valedictory Address to the Class of 1859.

Miss Way and Professor Wilson left New Orleans for Europe, in the steamer *Rowena*, down the river, but brought in a tree, and they had to remain till night, and then they left the steamer and went on board a ship that was to descend on account of the darkness. Finally, when they came to the mouth of the river, they left the ship, and went in search of help. The steamer *Rowena* left them.

Mr. Thomas Bell, the partner of Boston, in the manufacture of the statue of Washington, for Boston, has resolved recently exhibited in Faneuil Hall. The statue is to be placed in the State House. It is to be 6 feet 6 inches in height, and will be raised by a fair in October. The next object is to make a statue of Webster, in bronze, for the New England Society of this city.

Mr. George Ticknor, brother of Senator Sumner, has been selected by the city authorities of Boston to deliver the oration at the forthcoming anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill, on the 17th of June. The oration is the first honor. We believe it is fifty-one years ago that Edward Everett delivered the oration, and that Daniel Webster delivered a fourth-of-July oration before the Republican Association of Boston.

Intelligence has recently been received of the death of Dr. Henry Abbott, at Kafe-di-kain, on the 30th of March last. He had been for a long time ill, and has gradually been sinking since the death of his brother, Dr. George Abbott, at Alexandria, in January, a loss which he felt deeply. Dr. Abbott originally entered the service of Mehemet Ali as a surgeon, but afterward settled at Cairo as a physician, where he married an Eastern lady. It was here that he made the valuable Egyptian collection, which is well known as the best in the world. He was a gentleman of high birth, and used it in the pursuit of his exhibition. It is hoped that this collection, which probably cost him £20,000, and which is said to be unrivalled in the New York Historical Society, as it can be purchased for only $30,000.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE WAR.

NO BATTLE YET.

By the *City of Baltimore* we have dates to 11th May. There had been only the feeble brushing of skirmishers and the Allies. The movements of the former were intended to cover the flank movement of the latter, and they are effected. The Austrians apparently exhibited irresolution, and kept occupying places and then abandoning them. The Allies were making no material change in affairs since the departure of the Cousin. Heavy rains had prevailed, and continued up to the latest accounts. The Austrians were fortifying their position on the Sesia. The armies were sufficiently much from sickness. The latest Turin telegram says that the Austrians were pressing the Sesia in force. The news from Vienna explains that the Austrians had taken up a position between the Po and the Sesia, and that in the weather before resuming the offensive. The Austrians were exposed to very great hardships, and were suffering severely under rain. The Austrians had destroyed the bridge of Piacenza. The Pope had protested against this action, and Austria was to protest. The Austrian General, Delia Marmora, had made the River Dora his strategical line.

SKIRMISH ON THE PO.

The Austrians had crossed the Po near Casilo, and advanced toward Asola.

They also made an unsuccessful attack upon the same point on the evening of the 27 May. The hundred Austrians who had crossed the river were compelled to retreat. It commenced on the afternoon of the 26th, and lasted for an hour and a half. The Piedmontese had but few wounded, while the Austrians suffered severely.

For centra, the official bulletin from General Giulay reports: "Our Advanced Guard has made a demonstration near Casale and Frascinelo. Our side had twenty wounded. Near Cremona we have thrown a corps over the Po, have crossed it, and fortified the head of the bridge. Yesterday, our advanced post there was attacked with troops come in addition with some ammunition wagons, and compelled to retire. Twenty-three men were killed and 114 wounded."

ARMY MOVEMENTS.

The Austrians, on the 3d, commenced a movement from the direction of Mortara, Vigevano, and Pavia.

An official bulletin, issued at Turin on the 4th, says the Austrians have increased their force considerably, and constructed redoubts works. They have also occupied Trino and Palestro. They have fortified Vercelli and Casino. They withdrew their advanced posts from Casale and Frascinelo. The bridge of the bridges over the Sesia at Piacenza. They have also evacuated the fortifications of the houses erected upon the fortifications.

THEIR STRATEGICAL MANŒUVRES.

The *Italian* says: "Austria continues her efforts on that Piedmont is making arrangements for preventing the Austrians from crossing the Sesia, which is strongly in the mountainous part of the district of Novara. A battery of artillery and some troops have arrived at Domo d'Ossola; united with the National Guard, which is strongly organized in the valley, they constitute a force quite sufficient to prevent the Austrians from attempting to occupy Bolla, Baceno, etc., with several battalions of volunteers.

"The various bulletins that have reached us from Turin state that the Allied troops continue to occupy the position and war material of Acceneo. They have also occupied Morbeno with several thousand men. Besides the troops stationed at Piacenza have left, and the Austrian authorities have proclaimed martial law in that city. Several and squarter of French troops at Turino and Genoa continue to exhibit the extraordinary movement of the people. The Austrians have entered the Duchy of Modena at the Pass of Pietra Mala, and occupied Fivizzano on the 3d. The French Consul at Genoa has announced that, during the temporary absence of General La Marmora, General Cialdini will control the Departments of War and Marine."

WHAT THEY ARE GOING TO DO.

A Turin letter says: "If the Austrians have but 124,000 men on the field, as we are told, no doubt the Pieces-Sardaniens are 200,000 strong (all told by telltale), are not inferior in numbers. The Austrians have the advantage of position, and, according to the opinion of those who are best acquainted with the ground, are on the side the Montferrat hills, and Novi and Alessandria on the other side of the Po, and that the Austrian position of Novara is not a feint; and that the real attack will be made upon the Piedmontese right and centre, and the left by the horse; but it was very evident that the first mishap advance of the Austrians would cause the Allies to look to her fors at Casale, nor yet attack Novi without leaving the risk of an attack from Alessandria. The Austrians, with a rush of cannon, rapid, and almost without cannon."

WHY THEY WERE SO SLOW.

The tardiness of the Austrians in changing the attack excited much surprise, and was variously speculated upon. The London *Times* says: "The Austrians do not escape the opportunity which they at first possessed. The reason is probably given by the artillery and ammunition waggons by Sardinia, aided by heavy rains, which obliged the troops in some parts to halt for days."

APPEAL OF THE AUSTRIAN EMPEROR TO HIS TROOPS.

On the 27th inst., the Emperor Francis Joseph issued the following address to the forces forming the Second Army of Italy, under the command of the Archduke Albert and Field Marshal Count Giulay:

"After fruitless attempts to secure peace for my Empire, without compromising my honor, I am compelled to have recourse to arms.

"With confidence I confide the rights of Austria to the best hands—to the hands of a tried and gallant army.

"Your fidelity and bravery your courage, perseverance, the justice of the cause which you defend, and a glorious past, promises to me success.

Soldiers of the Second Army! it is for you to secure victory to the sacred flag of Austria. I rely on you, and invoke the blessing of God and the each favor of your Emperor.

PROCLAMATION OF THE INVADERS.

General Giulai has issued the following:

TO THE PEOPLE OF SARDINIA.—In crossing your frontiers, it is not my object, my people of Sardinia, to assail your arms, but against a small destructive party, misled by its leaders, which oppresses you by the most frightful acts of crime, and attacks the rights of the sovereign Princes, and even those of Austria. The imperial eagles, if you salute them as their arrival without anger and without fear, will bring you peace, order, tranquillity, moderation, and the peaceful citizen may be assured that liberty, honor, the laws, and property will be respected by the presence of my soldiers in your dwellings. The constant discipline, which in the imperial troops is equal to their bravery, is a guarantee of my word. Interpreting to you the generous sentiments of my august Emperor and master, I, while treading your soil, proclaim and repeat that this war is intended neither against the people nor against the nation, but against a destructive party, which, under the specious mask of liberty, would bring you to ruin, and, in fact, to the God of armies was not also the God of nations. When your adversary and ours shall have been vanquished, when order and peace shall have been restored, you, who may now call us your enemies, will soon consider us to your liberators and friends.

MOVEMENTS OF FRANCIS JOSEPH.

A letter from Vienna of the 6th says: "The departure of the Emperor Francis Joseph for the army of Italy will be said, himself in a few days. His Majesty will accompany the Emperor to Munich and Ratisbonne, and will then proceed by rail; but according to other accounts also the Emperor will go to Berlin, and afterward by way of Dresden to Ratisbonne, where he will join the Emperor, and from Innspruck will proceed to Verona to join the Army."

FRENCH DECLARATION OF WAR.

The Moniteur has published a decree of Austria, issuing her army to maintain the integrity of the Italian territory, and declaring, according to the Austrian Constitution Treaties and justice, and menaces our frontiers. The Emperor Napoleon has issued a proclamation to his nation. Piedmont having accepted the conditions which would have secured peace, Austria has refused them, and remains of this sudden invasion! It is that Austria has taken the initiative in hostilities, and has given our entire rights to the Alps, or Italy must be free to the shores of the Adriatic. Such is the glorious programme of the war. Victory which remains independent endangers her power.

"The Emperor Napoleon has left Paris for the seat of war, and every Frenchman will feel that his destiny is in the hands of the Emperor. Let France and the army remember that the Emperor has never failed in political policy. I observe the troubles on condition that the Emperor Napoleon will be against the ambition of Austria and the rights of neutral Powers; but I boldly declare that Austria has declared war against France, and I glad with our cure, and who groan under foreign oppression.

"France has shown her hatred of anarchy. She has been placed in the front rank of civilized nations. She has dare into neutrality the shelters of disorder and the intrigues of revolution. She has given to Europe the incontestably most comforting with our enemies; but she has not forgotten that the sword is only drawn for the sake of peace. Our object is to restore Italy to herself, and not the improvement of the human ever; and when she shall have the control of her own destinies, Europe will breathe.

WHAT IS THE EMPEROR'S OBJECT?

"The object of this war, then, is to restore Italy to herself, not to change the face of the map of Europe; and we shall then have upon our frontiers a friendly people, who will owe their liberty to our blood, and who will unite Italy to France disaster or to disturb the power of Austria. We do not make war upon Germany. We respect Germany, and we wish that she may be powerful, which weighs upon the whole Peninsula, and to help in the regeneration of a people of 25,000,000 inhabitants.

"We are going, then, to seek upon this classic ground, illustrated by so many victories, the footsteps of our fathers. Like them, we will fight for civilization.

Long going soon to place myself at the head of the army of Italy, I leave the Empress Regent, my wife, surrounded by the experience and the enlightenment of the best servants of the Empire, and by the wisdom of the Senate and the Corps Legislatif. I have given to my ministers the orders necessary to secure the safety of the interior and the defence of the country. I rely on the patriotism which I confide them to the patriotism of the National Guard: I confide them to the patriotism of the National Guard: I confide to the brave soldiers of the army of reserve the sacredness them with that affection and devotion of which they will receive so many proofs.

"Courage then, and union.

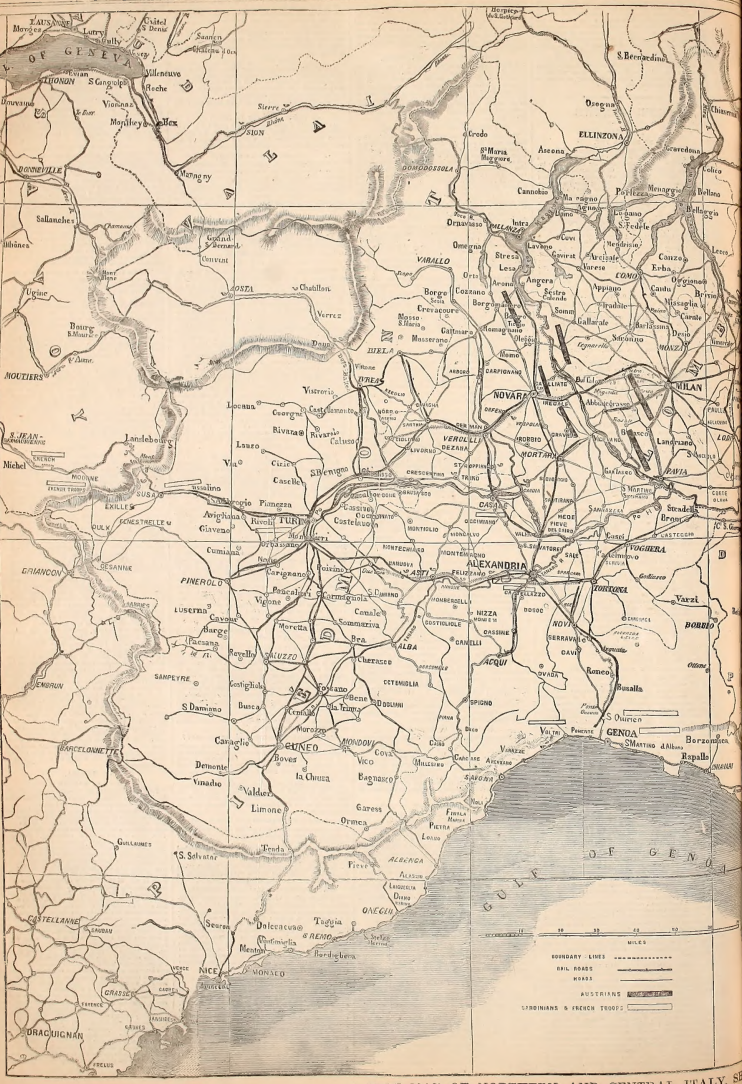
"May the people of France hasten to share the world that she has not degenerated. Providence will bless our efforts, because they are made for a great end. With rests on justice, humanity, love of country, and loyalty.

"NAPOLEON.

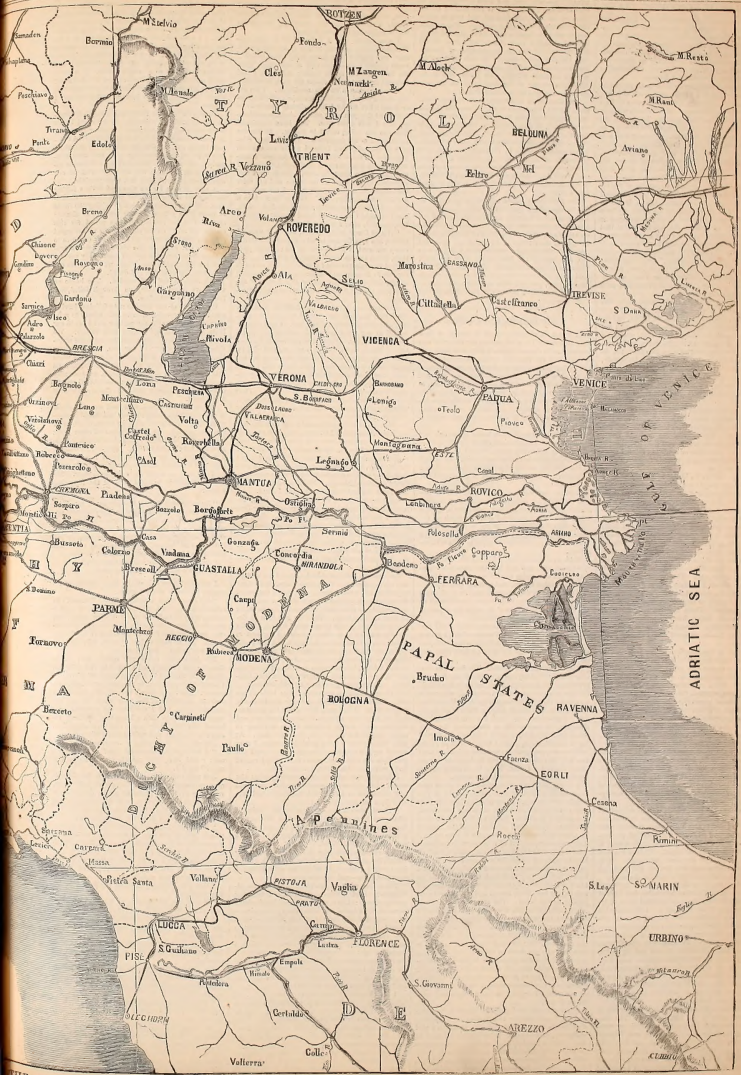
"PARIS, May 3, 1859."

MOVEMENTS OF THE FRENCH.

After the official announcement of the declaration of war, the Moniteur published a decree, and the official communication of the Minister of State. If I may be allowed to say that the Emperor Napoleon has assumed the chimerical hope that Austria would, I will say, while our illustrious Sovereign is about to place himself at the head of with commands will maintain the glory of the French Empire, and the Empress Regent, with the assistance of the will not shrink from any act of civil courage or devotion to the Empire. Between them and us—happiness! between them and us—happiness!—for this is a just war; between them and us—happiness! for this is a just war; between them and us—happiness! for this is a just war; between them and us—happiness!



A NEW MAP OF NORTHERN AND CENTRAL ITALY, SH



THE SEAT OF WAR, POSITION OF THE ARMIES, ETC.

OUR MAP OF NORTHERN ITALY.

We have gone to very considerable expense for the purpose of presenting our readers with an accurate, and, at the same time, a comprehensive map of the present seat of war in Europe—Northern Italy. The map on the preceding pages comprehends the whole region of country on which the present war will probably be waged; our subscribers should keep it for future reference.

The States which figure on the map are Piedmont and Lombardy in the north; and south of those, Parma, Modena, Ferrara, Lucca, and part of Tuscany and the Papal States. On the north we have glimpses of Switzerland and the Tyrol; on the west the Alps shut out the scene from France; on the east we see the Adriatic. The war will evidently be confined within these limits.

No part of the world is such classic ground as this. At the dawning of history a story was told the Gauls and Romans contending on the battle-fields of Northern Italy, building a Milan and fighting on the Po. Hannibal's passage of the Alps also was as momentous as the crossing of the same river by the Austrians a month since. It was on Cisalpine Gaul that many of the great contests which led to the overthrow of the Roman republic were waged; it was in the same country that Christianity won some of its first great victories; it was there that the Goths and Vandals also were quenched in blood; it was there that Francis the First "lost all save honor;" there that Napoleon won his name and fame; and there, now at last, that the great contest for the liberty of Italy is to be fought out. Surely, it is a land of most classic ground elsewhere?

Independently of its historic associations, this Northern Italy is a noble region. The territory comprised in Lombardy, Venice, Piedmont, and Savoy, Parma, Modena, and Tuscany, is nearly not quite as large as the State of New York, contains a population of nearly 13,000,000 souls, and has only 4,000,000—Austrians—are free from the direct or indirect sway of Austria. Lombardy, which is part of the Austrian Empire, is described in some respects the finest country—in point of natural advantages—in the world, with a population of 2,500,000. It owes both taste or thrice as many.

Owing to the peculiar physical geography of the country it enjoys every variety of climate. It is but a few hours' journey from the frozen fields of perpetual snow in the Alps of the north to lovely slopes on which the orange and the olive ripen in the open air; and a few hours' more journey still brings the traveler into a perfectly tropical region, under a torrid sun.

The valley of the Po is the temperate zone of this miniature world, and, under a good government, it would be one of the most prosperous countries on the globe. The soil, naturally a rich alluvium, has been improved by the most careful tivated with care. Excellent wheat and all kinds of cereals are produced in abundance; the fruits are very choice; the grazing facilities are unsurpassed in great perfection. Neither Europe nor America contains silver mines like the Sardinian, and none healthy than the vicinity of Milan. Of late years industry has been still more successful than agriculture in Lombardy, the largest cotton mills in Austria are situated in Italy. It is in Lombardy that the great silk, and also the great woollen factories which yield so large a revenue to the Austrian exchequer. There too are rich mines of various metals, which have been worked with profit for centuries. It was this rich back country which made Venice so powerful in the middle ages.

Piedmont, or the Kingdom of Sardinia—which constitutes the other half of Northern Italy—is not so favored a region. A great part of its soil is unfertile and unproductive, in whole strips of land is cold and damp. Another large section is low and hot; rice is grown there, and is unhealthy. Between these, however, and especially behind Genoa, there is a fine tract of country in which wheat is successfully raised, and also mulberry, grapes, olives, etc. Latterly industry and economy have flourished exceedingly in Piedmont. Its silk ranks very high; its olive oils are eagerly sought for; the commerce of Genoa is large and increasing. Its manufactures have taken after their neighbors across the Ticino the remarkable advantages of constitutional and free political action with which they have used it is a complete answer to those who believe that the Italian is not susceptible of self-government.

The Duchy of Parma, which, though only about as large as Rhode Island, contains more inhabitants than New Jersey, is also a fine State, teeming with "corn, wine, and oil," and well adapted for successful industry. Under a good government it would soon thrive exceedingly. Modena is about the same size, with a like population. It is a more mountainous and less fertile; still produces a good deal of silk, and has a surplus of cereals.

Tuscany, which presently comes under our notice, on an area of 8500 square miles, has aspired at large as Piedmont

At the end of that period my business, now again highly prosperous, called me to Paris; and, strange as it may seem, it was there I first began to understand the riddle. The manner in which I gained the first clew to it was as strange as the place.

I happened to pass a hair-dresser's shop one morning, and saw exhibiting in the window a complete wig of curls of exquisite beauty. Now, as I had not then—however it may be now—begun to take a personal interest in wigs, I was surprised that the one in question was evidently intended to obviate nature's ungraciousness to a lady, not a gentleman. I should undoubtedly have passed on, but a "barber's curls" is perfect unicorns, notwithstanding their marvelous head. I had seen them at their colors. They were of the exact, the very peculiar shade of the ringlet which I had now seen, for exactly three and sixpence, on sale.

I stepped into the shop and asked to see the curls, compared them with the ringlet, and found the match perfect. I was convinced that nature could succeed but once in blending so rare a hue, and that the solution to the enigma was at hand. I questioned the barber as to whence he had obtained the hair. His answer puzzled me. It had been given to him, he said, a week or two before, by a poor girl in distress—she had suffered it to be clipped from her head for the sake of what it would bring. He knew nothing more, except that she was American, and lodged in Rue ——. Failing to get much information, I purchased the wig, and returning home, sent for Jim. This worthy and mattered-faced barber was now fast reaching with me as fictotum, acquitting himself of the various duties of groom, valet, confidential friend, and important personage generally, to his own infinite satisfaction. I perceived that he might be of use in the matter in hand.

"Jim," said I, taking a half-eagle from my pocket, "I mistake, Jim, to stimulate fidelity like yours by a bribe, but—"

"Lor, Sah, dat ain't no bibe; dat's a five-dollu go' piece."

"I know that, Jim; but it's filthy lucre, as they say, 'chiefly'—"

"Brees you, Sah, Jim ain't so all-fired 'chuine' dey all pass, any way, if some is a little dirty. Never you mind dat, Sah; I'll look de rich all to rights, Sah!"

"But you don't take my idea, Jim. I like to be served for love as well as hire, and I don't like to hurt your feelings by a doubt—"

"Ain't no doubt 'bout dat, Sah," said Jim, ringing the coin on the table. "Dere's de right ring 'bout it."

Perceiving I was putting entirely too fine a point upon it, I recommenced—

"Ah, right, Jim. But bring your intellects to bear on this point, will you? This money is not yours yet, and is not going to be, unless you serve me who the lady was that sold these curls—do you see?—to the barber in Rue ——. So be off; and if you find her, Jim, I'll double that five in yours."

"O Lor! Sah, now you touches my feelins! you does indeed! De heart is my bussum sin't made as stone altogedder! I'll find her, Sah, sure and sartin, on de ground or on de water!"

Jim's stimulated faculties, and my own not-to-be-moderated impatience, left me little time for reflection to be obtained from quarters inaccessible to me, per sea at least on the right track.

In short, I found my man quickly, and found her more than all my wildest fancies had suggested. I found her a highly-bred lady, in whose veins, as she was, but beautiful also, and in deep distress.

She had been travelling in Europe with her mother, a widow, absent a year. Returning, they had been great reached them of the total loss of their large fortune by the convulsion in the money-market, together with the rascality of the person who held it in trust. The shock of this sudden disaster was a death-blow to the mother, who died on the day I had been delicate. She died a few months later, leaving her young daughter alone and friendless amongst a thin wilderness, more full of dangers to a friendless girl than the jungles of India to the benighted wanderer. But Adèle was not of the class usually to be thrugh "gentle armor" of purity and innocence, and, like Una in the same, passed unscathed through many perils. She had struggled nobly. She was without any near relatives in the world, and though she had many friends, was unknown to her friends in America, at that time of general panic for bad the thoughts for others in misfortune, and very scrve to save them-selves. She had been woefully disappointed in her expectation of aid and sympathy. Mortified and disgusted herself by the sale of her paintings and drawings, and by the needle-work, her last resource in her destitution, she had disposed of her mother's wardrobe, and most of her own—had parted with her jewels and trinkets—and even, at last, with the curls and very ringlets from her dear head in her despairing destitution!

Her loveliness, her modesty, and her distress touched me so that I took her at once into my heart of hearts. I longed to be her kind comfort her—to make that sweet mouth, with its patient and sad expression, smile as it was meant to smile, to make those thoughtful eyes brighten, and to bring the color, even though it were but by a blush, back into those pale cheeks. Loving her, she was all, more than all, my heart and imagination craved; she satisfied me entirely.

My wooing was a short one, but not without its difficulties. Adèle was very proud and shy, and I had enough to do to silence her scruples. I had at last often to remind her how her generosity had saved me from ruin, and that therefore all the fortune I had to offer her was, in truth, only her own returned.

But you can guess how it ended. I was very much in earnest, Adèle very lonely and desolate; and we had some romance in the past to fall back upon. In two weeks she was my wife, and we were on our way back to America.

Of course, wise people shook their heads, foolish ones consoled, and the world stared. But Adèle and I were happy, and what did we care? Better still, time has proved that a hasty match is not necessarily a foolish one. My wife Adèle and I have now been married nearly ten years, and though we flatter ourselves we are not yet in our dotage, we certainly are foolish enough to sentimentalize a little occasionally. I still cherish very tenderly a certain long auburn curl, and indeed a whole handful of them—to say nothing of an old wig, which, though now somewhat dusty, with every prospect of much more so in future, still is prefer, I can not bear to have flung out as rubbish.

THE WEEKLY FARMER.

WEEDS AND WEEDING.

Second Article.

Our remarks of last week on this subject prepare the way for what we have to say on the destructive of weeds.

One of the best ways to get rid of weeds is not to let them grow. The ripest pasturage, and the soil, when they are about to appear, is a sure means to prevent their growth. An illustration of this we may be found in our gardens. Here, as in common acrolls, or other hoe, be used between and keep more or less constantly at the soil of the weed rows be left untouched, and after a few days, especially in moist weather, the latter will be a bed of young weeds, which may be cut down with very gratifying clean. This fact holds true of any row of crops grown in the field as well as those grown in the garden, and shows the necessity of the prompt use of implements for disturbance of the soil. Putting off this work for a day or a few days is also the cause of great expense in cleaning the land. Such treatment as we have given to a single acre early would be much benefited by a good plowing in early spring and the frequent use of the cultivator. Such treatment would keep down the weeds, as fast as they appear, to be destroyed, and all seeds would be prevented from maturing. Instead of this, all of the soil would be so disturbed as to prevent plants growing from them. But the farmer will say that this would be to make it impossible for that season at least, to grow root crops profitably; for the labor of hoeing would be enough to swarm the young crop with these intruders. Would the land be in such condition, at the next summer fallow, or seed the land to clover with a cereal crop.

We know of no better implement for destroying weeds among row crops than Knox's horse-hoe. Its construction is very simple—consisting of the handles and beam are like those of an ordinary plow, having two arms of wood extending from the rear of the beam, with a piece of iron across at the end, running back like the sides of the letter V. At the point where these two pieces of wood meet is a cutter, or coiter, which enters the ground to steady the machine during its action. At each side of the beam, and in the rear of the coiter plow, is the rear of the beam, and directly under the handles, is a small iron plow, or cutter. Several, There are teeth on the rear of this share, about three inches long, projecting backward. A wheel and regulating lever are placed on the front of the beam, to which a horse or mule may be attached. The action of this machine may be easily understood. The cutter, as stated above, steadies it; the small plow throws the soil to the centre; and the two rows of teeth distributed it. Thus the horse-hoe can be used to great advantage when the rows are straight, for it runs exactly between, and all other row crops wide enough apart to let it pass between them. In hoeing corn it should be used when the corn is eight inches high, and every plant of the next in order through the length of the field, and afterward once in ten days or a fortnight. It is generally used with the mould-board sides in for other crops as well as corn, unless it be desired to throw the soil from the plants, in which case those being now much practiced. The amount of labor necessary for the cultivation of root crops, except when the common plow and hand hoes only are used, deters many from giving these important crops the care which they require. Where the rows are wide wings are taken off, the V-shaped share operates with great facility, and is recommended especially if drawn by an animal having a steady step and accustomed to such work. But the horse-hoe is not only valuable for the crops in the rows, but since it the best results are desired. Even if hundreds of weeds are destroyed, if a few are left to tuck weeds when they are young, otherwise the stalks are liable to break, leaving the roots in the soil to send forth new shoots. By the use of this tool a farmer can not afford to grow weeds if his own crops are of any value to him.

In hot weather the hoes should be kept constantly going while weeds are to be found; for they are most easily killed when the roots are exposed to the scorching heat of the sun. Should the hoped-for crop of clover be destroyed by insects, and fences are permitted to grow large, let them be cut before the seed ripens, and better still if at an early stage of their growth. Remember the adage:

"One year's good weeding
Will prevent seeding."

The small price of land in many parts of this country, and the high prices of labor, render the careful system of culture so essentially necessary in older countries. But even in such parts of our own America where land, having a large money value, is deteriorating in quality and growing more weeds than crops, it is a self-evident fact, and especially because of the high price of labor, instead of running over a great amount of surface, we ought to concentrate our powers on a smaller area. Soils where fertility is increased by a rational system of manuring, and more labor for the growing of crops than those to which such treatment is unknown.

Rather than naked follow a field *completely* overrun with quack or other weeds, we would prefer to plow it well in spring, using a cultivator on it every two weeks, and from the middle to the latter part of June sow buckwheat very thickly to choke them out.

CHESS CHRONICLE.

BY C. H. STANLEY.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

L. E. C. and T. W. N. (Alvarado, Cal.), J. B. P., and some others. We are accumulated to subscribe to a problem already established and published; namely: that, excepting in very unusual cases, we must be exempt from reference to back numbers. ——— "CHANCE" is welcome, as usual, to publish his problem, but our columns will have all home. ——To Dr. R. (Philadelphia), S. T. (Brooklyn), Newark, and A. B. (Boston), we make the same reference, mutatis mutandis. W. H. accept acknowledgment for his information as stated. Augusta and Augusta (played by telegraph, and ending in a draw). On the next hunt we hope you will both win. ——Solutions to enemy problems to hand from "CONSTANT" (Augusta, Ga.), J. W. C. (Louisville, Ky.), E. P. (Boston), J. S. R. (Cincinnati), and many others. We take occasion, by-the-way, here to remark that mere solutions, etc., are incorrect in it but possible on every occasion to enter into remotion. We make no mistakes, and our friends must excuse us therefore. No mistakes is requisite. ——To H. A. S. (Boston), we have to say that we have not the "Chess Monthly" as No. 1 of publication of which we believe to be accept as acknowledgment of his information as stated. ——Augusta and Augusta (played by telegraph, and ending in a draw). On the next hunt we hope you will both win. ——Solutions to enemy problems to hand from "CONSTANT" (Augusta, Ga.), J. W. C. (Louisville, Ky.), E. P. (Boston), J. S. R. (Cincinnati), and many others. We take occasion, by-the-way, here to remark that mere solutions, etc., are incorrect in it but possible on every occasion to enter into remotion. We make no mistakes, and our friends must excuse us therefore. No mistakes is requisite. ——To H. A. S. (Boston), we have to say that we have not the "Chess Monthly" as No. 1 of publication of which we believe to be accept as acknowledgment of his information as stated.

94. R to K (ch)	B interposes
95. Q takes Kt	Q R to Q
96. Q to K R 8 (ch)	B interposes
97. Q to Kt 6 (ch)	K to Q 3
98. Q to K 6 (ch)	K to Q 4
99. Q to K B 6 (ch)	K to Q 5
100. Q to K B (ch)	Q R to Q 3
101. P to Q B 4	K to Q 6
102. P to Q R 4	Kt to Q B 3
103. P to K 5 (ch)	K takes R
104. Q takes R (ch)	Kt to Q
105. Q to K 3	K to Q B 6
106. K to Kt 2	B takes Q B P
107. P to K 6	B to Q 7
108. P to Kt 4	R to K 3
109. P to Kt 5	R to Q B 3
110. P to K R 5	B to Q 8
111. P to K 7	B to Q 7
112. P to K 8 (Q)	B to Q 8
113. P to Q 5	B to Q 7
114. P to Q 6	B to Q 8
115. P to Q 7	B to Q 7
116. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 8
117. P to Q 6	B to Q 7
118. P to Q 7	B to Q 8
119. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 7
120. P to Q 6	B to Q 8
121. P to Q 7	B to Q 7
122. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 8
123. P to Q 6	B to Q 7
124. P to Q 7	B to Q 8
125. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 7
126. P to Q 6	B to Q 8
127. P to Q 7	B to Q 7
128. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 8
129. P to Q 6	B to Q 7
130. P to Q 7	B to Q 8
131. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 7
132. P to Q 6	B to Q 8
133. P to Q 7	B to Q 7
134. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 8
135. P to Q 6	B to Q 7
136. P to Q 7	B to Q 8
137. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 7
138. P to Q 6	B to Q 8
139. P to Q 7	B to Q 7
140. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 8
141. P to Q 6	B to Q 7
142. P to Q 7	B to Q 8
143. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 7
144. P to Q 6	B to Q 8
145. P to Q 7	B to Q 7
146. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 8
147. P to Q 6	B to Q 7
148. P to Q 7	B to Q 8
149. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 7
150. P to Q 6	B to Q 8
151. P to Q 7	B to Q 7
152. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 8
153. P to Q 6	B to Q 7
154. P to Q 7	B to Q 8
155. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 7
156. P to Q 6	B to Q 8
157. P to Q 7	B to Q 7
158. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 8
159. P to Q 6	B to Q 7
160. P to Q 7	B to Q 8
161. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 7
162. P to Q 6	B to Q 8
163. P to Q 7	B to Q 7
164. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 8
165. P to Q 6	B to Q 7
166. P to Q 7	B to Q 8
167. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 7
168. P to Q 6	B to Q 8
169. P to Q 7	B to Q 7
170. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 8
171. P to Q 6	B to Q 7
172. P to Q 7	B to Q 8
173. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 7
174. P to Q 6	B to Q 8
175. P to Q 7	B to Q 7
176. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 8
177. P to Q 6	B to Q 7
178. P to Q 7	B to Q 8
179. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 7
180. P to Q 6	B to Q 8
181. P to Q 7	B to Q 7
182. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 8
183. P to Q 6	B to Q 7
184. P to Q 7	B to Q 8
185. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 7
186. P to Q 6	B to Q 8
187. P to Q 7	B to Q 7
188. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 8
189. P to Q 6	B to Q 7
190. P to Q 7	B to Q 8
191. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 7
192. P to Q 6	B to Q 8
193. P to Q 7	B to Q 7
194. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 8
195. P to Q 6	B to Q 7
196. P to Q 7	B to Q 8
197. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 7
198. P to Q 6	B to Q 8
199. P to Q 7	B to Q 7
200. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 8
201. P to Q 6	B to Q 7
202. P to Q 7	B to Q 8
203. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 7
204. P to Q 6	B to Q 8
205. P to Q 7	B to Q 7
206. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 8
207. P to Q 6	B to Q 7
208. P to Q 7	B to Q 8
209. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 7
210. P to Q 6	B to Q 8
211. P to Q 7	B to Q 7
212. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 8
213. P to Q 6	B to Q 7
214. P to Q 7	B to Q 8
215. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 7
216. P to Q 6	B to Q 8
217. P to Q 7	B to Q 7
218. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 8
219. P to Q 6	B to Q 7
220. P to Q 7	B to Q 8
221. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 7
222. P to Q 6	B to Q 8
223. P to Q 7	B to Q 7
224. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 8
225. P to Q 6	B to Q 7
226. P to Q 7	B to Q 8
227. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 7
228. P to Q 6	B to Q 8
229. P to Q 7	B to Q 7
230. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 8
231. P to Q 6	B to Q 7
232. P to Q 7	B to Q 8
233. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 7
234. P to Q 6	B to Q 8
235. P to Q 7	B to Q 7
236. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 8
237. P to Q 6	B to Q 7
238. P to Q 7	B to Q 8
239. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 7
240. P to Q 6	B to Q 8
241. P to Q 7	B to Q 7
242. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 8
243. P to Q 6	B to Q 7
244. P to Q 7	B to Q 8
245. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 7
246. P to Q 6	B to Q 8
247. P to Q 7	B to Q 7
248. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 8
249. P to Q 6	B to Q 7
250. P to Q 7	B to Q 8
251. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 7
252. P to Q 6	B to Q 8
253. P to Q 7	B to Q 7
254. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 8
255. P to Q 6	B to Q 7
256. P to Q 7	B to Q 8
257. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 7
258. P to Q 6	B to Q 8
259. P to Q 7	B to Q 7
260. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 8
261. P to Q 6	B to Q 7
262. P to Q 7	B to Q 8
263. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 7
264. P to Q 6	B to Q 8
265. P to Q 7	B to Q 7
266. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 8
267. P to Q 6	B to Q 7
268. P to Q 7	B to Q 8
269. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 7
270. P to Q 6	B to Q 8
271. P to Q 7	B to Q 7
272. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 8
273. P to Q 6	B to Q 7
274. P to Q 7	B to Q 8
275. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 7
276. P to Q 6	B to Q 8
277. P to Q 7	B to Q 7
278. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 8
279. P to Q 6	B to Q 7
280. P to Q 7	B to Q 8
281. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 7
282. P to Q 6	B to Q 8
283. P to Q 7	B to Q 7
284. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 8
285. P to Q 6	B to Q 7
286. P to Q 7	B to Q 8
287. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 7
288. P to Q 6	B to Q 8
289. P to Q 7	B to Q 7
290. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 8
291. P to Q 6	B to Q 7
292. P to Q 7	B to Q 8
293. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 7
294. P to Q 6	B to Q 8
295. P to Q 7	B to Q 7
296. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 8
297. P to Q 6	B to Q 7
298. P to Q 7	B to Q 8
299. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 7
300. P to Q 6	B to Q 8
301. P to Q 7	B to Q 7
302. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 8
303. P to Q 6	B to Q 7
304. P to Q 7	B to Q 8
305. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 7
306. P to Q 6	B to Q 8
307. P to Q 7	B to Q 7
308. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 8
309. P to Q 6	B to Q 7
310. P to Q 7	B to Q 8
311. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 7
312. P to Q 6	B to Q 8
313. P to Q 7	B to Q 7
314. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 8
315. P to Q 6	B to Q 7
316. P to Q 7	B to Q 8
317. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 7
318. P to Q 6	B to Q 8
319. P to Q 7	B to Q 7
320. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 8
321. P to Q 6	B to Q 7
322. P to Q 7	B to Q 8
323. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 7
324. P to Q 6	B to Q 8
325. P to Q 7	B to Q 7
326. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 8
327. P to Q 6	B to Q 7
328. P to Q 7	B to Q 8
329. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 7
330. P to Q 6	B to Q 8
331. P to Q 7	B to Q 7
332. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 8
333. P to Q 6	B to Q 7
334. P to Q 7	B to Q 8
335. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 7
336. P to Q 6	B to Q 8
337. P to Q 7	B to Q 7
338. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 8
339. P to Q 6	B to Q 7
340. P to Q 7	B to Q 8
341. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 7
342. P to Q 6	B to Q 8
343. P to Q 7	B to Q 7
344. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 8
345. P to Q 6	B to Q 7
346. P to Q 7	B to Q 8
347. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 7
348. P to Q 6	B to Q 8
349. P to Q 7	B to Q 7
350. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 8
351. P to Q 6	B to Q 7
352. P to Q 7	B to Q 8
353. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 7
354. P to Q 6	B to Q 8
355. P to Q 7	B to Q 7
356. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 8
357. P to Q 6	B to Q 7
358. P to Q 7	B to Q 8
359. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 7
360. P to Q 6	B to Q 8
361. P to Q 7	B to Q 7
362. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 8
363. P to Q 6	B to Q 7
364. P to Q 7	B to Q 8
365. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 7
366. P to Q 6	B to Q 8
367. P to Q 7	B to Q 7
368. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 8
369. P to Q 6	B to Q 7
370. P to Q 7	B to Q 8
371. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 7
372. P to Q 6	B to Q 8
373. P to Q 7	B to Q 7
374. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 8
375. P to Q 6	B to Q 7
376. P to Q 7	B to Q 8
377. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 7
378. P to Q 6	B to Q 8
379. P to Q 7	B to Q 7
380. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 8
381. P to Q 6	B to Q 7
382. P to Q 7	B to Q 8
383. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 7
384. P to Q 6	B to Q 8
385. P to Q 7	B to Q 7
386. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 8
387. P to Q 6	B to Q 7
388. P to Q 7	B to Q 8
389. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 7
390. P to Q 6	B to Q 8
391. P to Q 7	B to Q 7
392. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 8
393. P to Q 6	B to Q 7
394. P to Q 7	B to Q 8
395. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 7
396. P to Q 6	B to Q 8
397. P to Q 7	B to Q 7
398. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 8
399. P to Q 6	B to Q 7
400. P to Q 7	B to Q 8
401. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 7
402. P to Q 6	B to Q 8
403. P to Q 7	B to Q 7
404. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 8
405. P to Q 6	B to Q 7
406. P to Q 7	B to Q 8
407. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 7
408. P to Q 6	B to Q 8
409. P to Q 7	B to Q 7
410. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 8
411. P to Q 6	B to Q 7
412. P to Q 7	B to Q 8
413. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 7
414. P to Q 6	B to Q 8
415. P to Q 7	B to Q 7
416. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 8
417. P to Q 6	B to Q 7
418. P to Q 7	B to Q 8
419. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 7
420. P to Q 6	B to Q 8
421. P to Q 7	B to Q 7
422. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 8
423. P to Q 6	B to Q 7
424. P to Q 7	B to Q 8
425. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 7
426. P to Q 6	B to Q 8
427. P to Q 7	B to Q 7
428. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 8
429. P to Q 6	B to Q 7
430. P to Q 7	B to Q 8
431. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 7
432. P to Q 6	B to Q 8
433. P to Q 7	B to Q 7
434. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 8
435. P to Q 6	B to Q 7
436. P to Q 7	B to Q 8
437. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 7
438. P to Q 6	B to Q 8
439. P to Q 7	B to Q 7
440. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 8
441. P to Q 6	B to Q 7
442. P to Q 7	B to Q 8
443. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 7
444. P to Q 6	B to Q 8
445. P to Q 7	B to Q 7
446. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 8
447. P to Q 6	B to Q 7
448. P to Q 7	B to Q 8
449. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 7
450. P to Q 6	B to Q 8
451. P to Q 7	B to Q 7
452. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 8
453. P to Q 6	B to Q 7
454. P to Q 7	B to Q 8
455. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 7
456. P to Q 6	B to Q 8
457. P to Q 7	B to Q 7
458. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 8
459. P to Q 6	B to Q 7
460. P to Q 7	B to Q 8
461. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 7
462. P to Q 6	B to Q 8
463. P to Q 7	B to Q 7
464. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 8
465. P to Q 6	B to Q 7
466. P to Q 7	B to Q 8
467. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 7
468. P to Q 6	B to Q 8
469. P to Q 7	B to Q 7
470. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 8
471. P to Q 6	B to Q 7
472. P to Q 7	B to Q 8
473. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 7
474. P to Q 6	B to Q 8
475. P to Q 7	B to Q 7
476. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 8
477. P to Q 6	B to Q 7
478. P to Q 7	B to Q 8
479. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 7
480. P to Q 6	B to Q 8
481. P to Q 7	B to Q 7
482. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 8
483. P to Q 6	B to Q 7
484. P to Q 7	B to Q 8
485. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 7
486. P to Q 6	B to Q 8
487. P to Q 7	B to Q 7
488. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 8
489. P to Q 6	B to Q 7
490. P to Q 7	B to Q 8
491. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 7
492. P to Q 6	B to Q 8
493. P to Q 7	B to Q 7
494. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 8
495. P to Q 6	B to Q 7
496. P to Q 7	B to Q 8
497. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 7
498. P to Q 6	B to Q 8
499. P to Q 7	B to Q 7
500. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 8
501. P to Q 6	B to Q 7
502. P to Q 7	B to Q 8
503. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 7
504. P to Q 6	B to Q 8
505. P to Q 7	B to Q 7
506. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 8
507. P to Q 6	B to Q 7
508. P to Q 7	B to Q 8
509. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 7
510. P to Q 6	B to Q 8
511. P to Q 7	B to Q 7
512. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 8
513. P to Q 6	B to Q 7
514. P to Q 7	B to Q 8
515. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 7
516. P to Q 6	B to Q 8
517. P to Q 7	B to Q 7
518. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 8
519. P to Q 6	B to Q 7
520. P to Q 7	B to Q 8
521. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 7
522. P to Q 6	B to Q 8
523. P to Q 7	B to Q 7
524. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 8
525. P to Q 6	B to Q 7
526. P to Q 7	B to Q 8
527. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 7
528. P to Q 6	B to Q 8
529. P to Q 7	B to Q 7
530. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 8
531. P to Q 6	B to Q 7
532. P to Q 7	B to Q 8
533. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 7
534. P to Q 6	B to Q 8
535. P to Q 7	B to Q 7
536. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 8
537. P to Q 6	B to Q 7
538. P to Q 7	B to Q 8
539. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 7
540. P to Q 6	B to Q 8
541. P to Q 7	B to Q 7
542. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 8
543. P to Q 6	B to Q 7
544. P to Q 7	B to Q 8
545. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 7
546. P to Q 6	B to Q 8
547. P to Q 7	B to Q 7
548. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 8
549. P to Q 6	B to Q 7
550. P to Q 7	B to Q 8
551. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 7
552. P to Q 6	B to Q 8
553. P to Q 7	B to Q 7
554. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 8
555. P to Q 6	B to Q 7
556. P to Q 7	B to Q 8
557. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 7
558. P to Q 6	B to Q 8
559. P to Q 7	B to Q 7
560. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 8
561. P to Q 6	B to Q 7
562. P to Q 7	B to Q 8
563. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 7
564. P to Q 6	B to Q 8
565. P to Q 7	B to Q 7
566. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 8
567. P to Q 6	B to Q 7
568. P to Q 7	B to Q 8
569. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 7
570. P to Q 6	B to Q 8
571. P to Q 7	B to Q 7
572. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 8
573. P to Q 6	B to Q 7
574. P to Q 7	B to Q 8
575. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 7
576. P to Q 6	B to Q 8
577. P to Q 7	B to Q 7
578. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 8
579. P to Q 6	B to Q 7
580. P to Q 7	B to Q 8
581. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 7
582. P to Q 6	B to Q 8
583. P to Q 7	B to Q 7
584. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 8
585. P to Q 6	B to Q 7
586. P to Q 7	B to Q 8
587. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 7
588. P to Q 6	B to Q 8
589. P to Q 7	B to Q 7
590. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 8
591. P to Q 6	B to Q 7
592. P to Q 7	B to Q 8
593. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 7
594. P to Q 6	B to Q 8
595. P to Q 7	B to Q 7
596. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 8
597. P to Q 6	B to Q 7
598. P to Q 7	B to Q 8
599. P to Q 8 (Q)	B to Q 7
600. P to Q 6	B

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

In Three Books.—Splendidly Illustrated.

☞ Printed from early Proof-sheets, for which Messrs. Harper & Brothers pay the Author

FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS.

BOOK I.
RECALLED TO LIFE.

CHAPTER VI.
THE SHOEMAKER.

"GOOD-DAY!" said Monsieur Defarge, looking down at the white head that bent low over the shoemaking.

It was raised for a moment, and a very faint voice responded to the salutation, as if it were at a distance:

"Good-day!"

"You are still hard at work, I see?"

After a long silence, the head was lifted for another moment, and the voice replied, "Yes—I am working." This time a pair of haggard eyes had looked at the questioner before the face had dropped again.

The fainness of the voice was pitiable and dreadful. It was not the faintness of physical weakness, though confinement and hard fare no doubt had their part in it. Its deplorable peculiarity was, that it was the faintness of solitude and disuse. It was like the last feeble echo of a sound made long and long ago. So entirely had it lost the life and resonance of the human voice, that it effected the senses like a once beautiful color faded away into a poor weak stain. So unused and suppressed it was, that it was like a voice underground. So expressive it was of a hopeless and lost creature, that a famished traveler, wearied out by lonely wandering in a wilderness, would have remembered home and friends in such a tone before lying down to die.

Some minutes of silent work had passed, and the haggard eyes had looked up again: not with any interest or curiosity, but with a dull mechanical perception, beforehand, that the spot where the only visitor they were aware of had stood was not yet empty.

"I want," said Defarge, who had not removed his gaze from the shoemaker, "to let in a little more light here. You can bear a little more?"

The shoemaker stopped his work; looked, with a vacant air of listening, at the floor on one side of him; then, similarly, at the floor on the other side of him; then, upward at the speaker.

"What did you say?"

"You can bear a little more light?"

"I must bear it, if you let it in." (Laying the palest shadow of a stress upon the second word.)

The opened half-door was opened a little further, and secured at that angle for the time. A broad ray of light fell into the room, and showed the workman, with an unshaved shoe upon his lap, pausing in his labor. His few common tools and various scraps of leather were at his feet and on his bench. He had a white beard, raggedly cut, but not very long, a hollow face, and exceedingly bright eyes. The hollowness and thinness of his face would have caused them to look large, under his yet dark eyebrows and his confused white hair, though they had been really otherwise; but they were naturally large, and looked unnaturally so. His yellow rags of shirt lay open at the throat, and showed his body to be withered and worn. He, and his old sunken frock, and his loose stockings, and all his poor tatters of clothes, had, in a long seclusion from direct light and air, faded down to such a dull uniformity of parchment-yellow, that it would have been hard to say which was which.

He had put up a hand between his eyes and the light, and the very bones of it seemed transparent. So he sat, with a steadfastly vacant gaze, passing in his work. He never looked at the figure before him, without first looking down on this side of himself, then on that, as if he had lost the habit of associating place with sound; he never spoke, without first wandering in this manner, and forgetting to speak.

"Are you going to finish that pair of shoes to-day?" asked Defarge, stooping to Mr. Lorry to come forward.

"What did you say?"

"Do you mean to finish that pair of shoes to-day?"

"I can't say that I mean to. I suppose so. I don't know."

But the question reminded him of his work, and he bent over it again.

Mr. Lorry came silently forward, leaving the daughter by the door. When he had stood, for a minute or two, by the side of Defarge, the shoemaker looked up. He showed no surprise at seeing another figure, but the unsteady fingers of one of his hands strayed to his lips as he looked at it (his lips and his nails were of the same pale lead-color), and then the hand dropped to his work, and he once more bent over the shoe. The look and the action had occupied but an instant.

"You have a visitor, you see," said Monsieur Defarge.

"What did you say?"

"Here is a visitor."

The shoemaker looked up as before, but without removing a hand from his work.

"Come!" said Defarge. "Here is monsieur, who knows a well-made shoe when he sees one. Show him that shoe you are working at. Take it, monsieur."

Mr. Lorry took it in his hand.

"Tell monsieur what kind of shoe it is, and the maker's name."

There was a longer pause than usual, before the shoemaker replied:

"I forget what it was you asked me. What did you say?"

"I said, couldn't you describe the kind of shoe, for monsieur's information?"

"It is a shoe. It is a young lady's walking-shoe. It is in the present mode. I never saw the mode. I have had a pattern in my hand." He glanced at the shoe with some little passing touch of pride.

"And the maker's name?" said Defarge.

Now that he had no work to hold, he laid the knuckles of the right hand in the hollow of the left, and then the knuckles of the left hand in the hollow of the right, and then passed a hand across his bearded chin, and so on in regular changes, without a moment's intermission. The task of recalling him from the vacancy into which he always sank when he had spoken, was like recalling some very weak person from a swoon, or endeavoring, in the hope of some disclosure, to stay the spirit of a fast-dying man.

"Did you ask me for my name?"

"Assuredly I did."

"One Hundred and Five, North Tower."

"Is that all?"

"One Hundred and Five, North Tower."

With a weary sound that was not a sigh nor a groan, he bent to work again until the silence was again broken.

"You are a shoemaker by trade?" said Mr. Lorry, looking steadfastly at him.

His haggard eyes turned to Defarge as if he would have transferred the question to him: but as no help came from that quarter, they turned back on the questioner when they had sought the ground.

"I am not a shoemaker by trade? No, I was not a shoemaker by trade. I—I learned it here. I taught myself. I asked leave to—"

He lapsed away, even for minutes, ringing those measured changes on his hands the whole time. His eyes came slowly back, at last, to the face from which they had wandered; when they rested on it, he started, and resumed, in the manner of a sleeper that moment awake, reverting to a subject of last night.

"HE TOOK HER HAIR INTO HIS HAND AGAIN, AND LOOKED CLOSELY AT IT."

"HE HAD SUNK IN HER ARMS, WITH HIS FACE DROPPED ON HER BREAST."

"I asked leave to teach myself, and I got it with much difficulty after a long while, and I have made shoes ever since."

As he held out his hand for the shoe that had been taken from him, Mr. Lorry said, still looking steadfastly in his face:

"Monsieur Manette, do you remember nothing of me?"

The shoe dropped to the ground, and he sat looking fixedly at the questioner.

"Monsieur Manette"—Mr. Lorry laid his hand upon Defarge's arm—"do you remember nothing of this man? Look at him. Look at me. Is there no old banker, no old business, no old servant, no old time, rising in your mind, Monsieur Manette?"

As the captive of many years sat looking fixedly, by turns at Mr. Lorry and at Defarge, some long-obliterated marks of an actively-intent intelligence in the middle of the forehead gradually forced themselves through the black mist that had fallen on him. They were overclouded again, they were fainter, they were gone; but they had been there. And so exactly was the expression repeated on the fair young face of her who had crept along the wall to a point where she could see him, and where she now stood looking at him, with hands which at first had been only raised in frightened compassion, if not even to keep him off and shut out the sight of him, but which were now extended toward him, trembling with eagerness to lay the spectral face upon her warm young breast, and love it back to life and hope—so exactly was the expression repeated (though in stronger characters) on her fair young face, that it looked as though it had passed, like a moving light, from him to her.

Darkness had fallen on him in its place. He looked at the two, less and less attentively, and his eyes in gloomy abstraction sought the ground and looked at him in the old way. Finally, with a deep, long sigh, he took the shoe up and resumed his work.

Have you recognized him, monsieur?" asked Defarge, in a whisper.

"Yes; for a moment. At first I thought it quite hopeless, but I have unquestionably seen, for a single moment, the face that I once knew well. Hush! Let us draw further back. Hush!"

She had moved from the wall of the garret very near to the bench on which he sat. There was something awful in his unconsciousness of the figure that could have put out its hand and touched him as he stooped over his labor.

Not a word was spoken, not a sound was made. She stood, like a spirit, beside him, and he bent over his work.

It happened, at length, that he had occasion to change the instrument in his hand for his shoemaker's knife. It lay on that side of him which was not the side on which she stood. He had taken it up, and was stooping to work again, when his eyes caught the skirt of her dress. He raised them, and saw her face. The two spectators started forward, but she waved them with a motion of her hand. She had no fear of his striking at her with the knife, though they had.

He stared at her with a fearful look, and after a while his lips began to form some words, though no sound proceeded from them. By degrees, in the pauses of his quick and labored breathing, he was heard to say,

"What is this?"

With the tears streaming down her face, she put her two hands to her lips and kissed them to him; then clasped them on her breast, as if she had his ruined head there.

"You are not the jailer's daughter?"

She signed "No."

"Who are you?"

Not yet trusting the tones of her voice, she sat down on the bench beside him. He recoiled, but she laid her hand upon his arm. A strange shill struck him when she did so, and visibly passed over his frame; he laid the knife down softly as he sat staring at her.

Her golden hair, which she wore in long curls, had been hurriedly pushed aside, and fell down over her neck. Advancing his hand by little and little, he took it up and looked at it. In the midst of the action he went astray, and, with another deep sigh, fell to work at his shoemaking.

But not for long. Releasing his arm, she laid her hand upon his shoulder. After looking searchingly at her two or three times, as if to be sure that it was really there, he laid down his work, put his hand to his neck, and took off a blackened string with a scrap of folded paper attached to it. He opened this, carefully, on his knee, and it contained a very small quantity of hair; not more than one or two long golden hairs, which he had, on some old day, wound off upon his finger.

He took her hair into his hand again, and looked steadily at it. "It is the same! How can it be! When was it! How was it?"

As the concentrating expression returned to his forehead he seemed to become conscious that it was in here too. He turned her full to the light and looked at her.

"She had laid her head upon my shoulder that night when I was summoned out—she had a fear of my going, though I had none—and when I was brought to the North Tower they found them there, asleep in one another's arms. You will hear me them? They can never help me to escape in the body, though they may in the spirit." Those were the words I said. I remember them very well."

He formed this speech with his lips many times before he could utter it. But when he did find spoken words for it, they came to him coherently, though slowly.

"How was this?—*Was it you?*"

Once more the two spectators started, as he turned upon her with a frightful suddenness. But she sat perfectly still in his grasp, and only said, in a low voice, "I entreat you, good gentlemen, do not come near us, do not speak, do not move!"

"Hark!" he exclaimed. "Whose voice was that?"

His hands released her as he uttered this cry, and went up to his white hair, which they tore in a frenzy. It died out, as every thing but his shoemaking did die out of him, and he refolded his little packet, and tried to secure it in his breast; but he still looked at her, and gloomily shook his head.

"No, no, no: you are too young, too bloomy. It can't be. See what the prisoner is. There are not the hands she knew, this is not the face she knew, this is not a voice she ever heard. No, no. She was—and He was—before the slow years of the North Tower—ages ago. What is your name, my gentle angel?"

Hailing his softened tone and manner, his daughter fell upon her knees before him, with her appealing hands upon his breast.

"Oh, Sir, at another time you shall know my name, and who my mother was, and who my father, and how I never knew their hard, hard history. But I can not tell you at this time, and I can not tell you here. All that I may tell you, here and now, is, that I pray to you to touch me and to bless me. Kiss me, kiss me! Oh, my dear, my dear!"

His cold white head mingled with her radiant hair, which warmed and lighted it as though it were the light of Freedom shining on him.

"If you hear in my voice—I don't know that it is so, but I hope it is—if you hear in my voice any resemblance to a voice that once was sweet music in your ears, weep for it, weep for it! If you touch, in touching my hair, any thing that recalls a beloved head that lay in your breast when you were young and free, weep for it, weep for it! If, when I hint to you of a Home there in before us, where I will be true to you with all my duty and with all my faithful service, I bring back the remembrance of a Home long desolate, while your poor heart pined away, weep for it, weep for it!"

She held him closer round the neck, and rocked him on her breast like a child.

"If, when I tell you, dearest dear, that your agony is over, and that I have come here to take you from it, and that we go to England to be at peace and at rest, I cause you to think of your useful life laid waste, and of our native France, so wicked to you, weep for it, weep for it! And if, when I shall tell you of my name, and of my father who is living, and of my mother who is dead, you learn that I have to kneel to my honored father, and implore his pardon for having never for his sake striven all day and lain awake and wept all night, because the love of my poor mother hid his torture from me, weep for it, weep for it! Weep for her, then, and for me! Good gentlemen, thank God! I feel his sacred tears upon my face, and his sobs strike against my heart. Oh, see! Thank God for us, thank God!"

He had sunk in her arms, with his face dropped on her breast: a sight so touching, yet so terrible in the tremendous wrong and suffering which had gone before it, that the two beholders covered their faces.

When the quiet of the garret had been long undisturbed, and his heaving breast and shaken form had long yielded to the calm that must follow all storms—emblem to humanity of the vast and silence into which the storm called Life must hush at last—they came forward to raise the father and daughter from the ground. He had gradually drooped to the floor, and lay there in a lethargy, worn out. She had nestled down with him, that his head might lie upon her arm; and her hair drooping over him curtained him from the light.

"If, without disturbing him," she said, raising her head to Mr. Lorry as he stooped over them, after repeated blowings of his nose, "all could be arranged for our leaving Paris at once, so that, from the very door, he could be taken away—"

"But, consider. Is he fit for the journey?" asked Mr. Lorry.

"More fit for that, I think, than to remain in this city, so dreadful to him."

"It is true," said Defarge, who was kneeling to look on and hear. "More than that; Monsieur Manette is, for all reasons, best out of France. Say, shall I hire a carriage and post-horses?"

"That's business," said Mr. Lorry, resuming on the shortest notice his methodical manner; "and if business is to be done, I had better do it."

"Then be so kind," urged Miss Manette, "as to leave us here. You see how composed he has become, and you can not be afraid to leave him with me now. Why should you be? If you will lock the door to secure us from interruption, I do not doubt that you will find him, when you come back, as quiet as you leave him. In any case, I will take care of him until you return, and then we will remove him straight."

Both Mr. Lorry and Defarge were rather disinclined to this course, and in favor of one of them remaining. But as there were not only carriages and horses to be seen to, but traveling papers; and as time pressed, for the day was drawing to an end, it came at last to their hastily dividing the business that was necessary to be done, and hurrying away to do it.

Then, as the darkness closed in, the daughter laid her head down on the hard ground close at the father's side, and watched him. The dark-

FELDZEUGMEISTER COUNT GIULAI.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

THE BRITISH YACHT "URSULA."—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

ness deepened and deepened, and they both lay quiet, until a light gleamed through the chinks in the walls.

Mr. Lorry and Monsieur Defarge had made all ready for the journey, and had brought with them, besides traveling-cloaks and wrappers, bread and meat, wine, and hot coffee. Monsieur Defarge put this provender, and the lamp he carried, on the shoemaker's bench (there was nothing else in the garret but a pallet bed), and he and Mr. Lorry roused the captive, and assisted him to his feet.

No human intelligence could have read the mysteries of his mind in the scared blank wonder of his face. Whether he knew what had happened, whether he recollected what they had said to him, whether he knew that he was free, were questions which no sagacity could have solved. They tried speaking to him; but he was so confused, and so very slow to collect himself, that they spoke at his bewilderment, and agreed for the time to tamper with him no more. He had a wild, hurt manner of occasionally clasping his head in his hands, that had not been seen in him before; yet he had some power of raising the mere sound of his daughter's voice, and invariably turned to it when she spoke.

In the submissive way of one long accustomed to obey under coercion, he ate and drank what they gave him to eat and drink, and put on the cloak and other wrappings that they gave him to wear. He readily responded to his daughter's drawing her arm through his, and took—as to her—her hand in his left hand.

They began to descend; Monsieur Defarge going first with the lamp, Mr. Lorry closing the little procession. They had not traversed many steps of the long, main staircase when he stopped, and stared at the roof and round at the walls.

"You remember the place, my father? You remember coming up here?"

"What did you say?"

But before she could repeat the question, he murmured an answer as if she had originally put it.

"Remember? No, I don't remember. It was so very long ago."

That he had no recollection whatever of his having been brought from his prison to that house was apparent to them. They looked in one another's faces, Mr. Lorry closing the little procession. They had not stopped on any steps of the long, main staircase when he stopped, and stared at the roof and round at the walls.

"You remember the place, my father? You remember coming up here?"

"What did you say?"

But before she could repeat the question, he murmured an answer as if she had originally put it.

"Remember? No, I don't remember. It was so very long ago."

That he had no recollection whatever of his having been brought from his prison to that house was apparent to them. They looked in one another's faces, Mr. Lorry closing the little procession. They had not traversed many

All Right!

"All right!"

"All right, all right!" and is it so?
Am I "all right" from top to toe?
Look once more, look this once more,
And scan me well, friend, or say and o'er,
That you can, my ears delight,
And look proclaim "all right!"

Now first my eyes—how looks that, pray?
Let in the failure's face to-day?
Or answer that in one brief minute:
"Come Albert bright with pride be in it."
Do really think so? "Honor bright?"
Why, there, I'm sure that's right, all right."

Now for my cough? "It makes me sigh
To hear it so!" Time may fly
His onward course for years, but no
Such cure will ever let me go.
'Tis faultless, peerless in my sight!"
Why then, my coat is right, "all right."
What of my pants? Don't like the fit?
"With moderation grace, my friend, they sit.
I'm jealous while I gaze upon
The rondrest thing! My tailor's done."
Wouldst like the name? "Aye, just such others."
Then spend this night to save the brothers.
And when you meet your fair one bright,
She'll proclaim cry, "You're right, all right!"

All Right!

"Twin Temples of Fashion."

SMITH BROTHERS,

The Marble Stores,

122, 138, and 140 Fulton Street,

Between Broadway & William St.,

THOMAS SMITH, Jr.,
ROBERT S. SMITH,
J. SMITH RICE.

NEW YORK.

ONE PRICE—NO DEVIATION.

The Price is marked on all the Goods in Plain Figures.

THE OXYGENATED BITTERS.
THE OXYGENATED BITTERS.
THE OXYGENATED BITTERS.

Cure Dyspepsia, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Indigestion.
Cure Heart Burn, Heart Burn, Heart Burn.
Cure Water Brash, Water Brash, Jaundice, Jaundice.
Cure Liver Complaint, Liver Complaint, Debility.
Cure Fever and Ague, Ringworm, Ringworm.
Cure Headache, Costiveness, Piles, Nervousness.
Cure Flatulency, Nausea, Nausea, Nausea.

These Bitters are so well known as the most remarkable and efficient yet discovered for the absolute and rapid cure of the above diseases, that it is altogether unnecessary to enlarge upon its merits.

S. W. LOWLE & CO., *Proprietors, Boston.*

Sold everywhere.

THE OXYGENATED BITTERS.
THE OXYGENATED BITTERS.
THE OXYGENATED BITTERS.

Singer's Sewing Machines.

PRICES REDUCED to $60, $75, $110, and $125.

SINGER'S NEW FAMILY SEWING MACHINE,

the gem of which is only $60, is a light and elegantly decorated Machine, capable of performing, in the best style, all the sewing of a private family.

SINGER'S TRANSVERSE SHUTTLE MACHINE,

to be sold at $75, is a Machine entirely new in its arrangement; it is very beautiful, moves rapidly and very easily, and, for family use and light manufacturing purposes, is the very best and cheapest Machine ever offered to the public.

SINGER'S No. 1 STANDARD SHUTTLE MACHINE,

formerly sold at $125, but now reduced to $110, is known all over the world. Every sort of work can be done with it.

SINGER'S No. 2 STANDARD SHUTTLE MACHINE.

This is the favorite manufacturing Machine every where. Price, with table complete, $110.

Send for a copy of *I. M. Singer & Co.'s Gazette*, which is a beautiful pictorial paper, entirely devoted to the subject. *It will be supplied gratis.*

I. M. SINGER & CO.,
458 Broadway, New York.

ARTISTS, TEACHERS, AND SCHOOLS

are respectfully informed that the Subscriber is now selling the best English Cotman, Bill and Water Colors, Pastels, Drawing Papers, &c., at lower prices than any house in the city. The finest assortment of Engravings, Prints, and all the materials for Grecian Painting. Orders in hand and solicited.

W. SCHAUS,
No. 308 Broadway.

Most Patent Medicines are Humbugs;

but DR. HALL'S ASTHMATIC AND BRONCHIAL OINTMENT is for all he recommends it to be. The ointment will be refunded by his agent in every town and village in the State. If you have a pain or ache try it better, it may pain less afterwards. Price 25 and 50 cents per bottle. Depot, 56 Cortlandt Street, New York.

Sold by all the Druggists.

American Guano.

TO FARMERS AND DEALERS

In Guano. This Guano from Jarvis Island, is the Pacific Guano, which has been proved to be the most valuable fertilizer ever discovered, is offered for sale at wholesale, and retail, at less than one fourth the price of Peruvian, by the particulars address C. S. MARSHALL, Prest. American Guano Co., 66 William Street, New York.

PURCHASE'S
WELL'S
BRANDRETH'S PILLS
POSSESSES THE GREATEST VIRTUES
TO CURE WHEN EXPOSED
IN TIME.
AND LET ME SAY FROM MY KNOWLEDGE IS A
SECOND ONLY TO CHRISTIANITY IN THE BENEFITS
IT IS CAPABLE OF CONFERRING UPON MANKIND.
LET MY MEDICAL MEN PERSUADE YOU BRANDRETH'S PILLS ARE INVALUABLE AS A REMEDY, IF TAKEN IN TIME.
WHAT I TELL YOU FOR 2 SHILLINGS
THESE PILLS
COULD NOT SUPPLY FOR ONE DOLLAR.
MY WORDS AND PRACTICE ARE PRAISED
IN MY OWN ABORATORY, AND I CLAIM ENOUGH
OF FAIRNESS AND BELIEVED EXCLUSIVELY
IN THE PURSUIT OF MY PROFESSION
IN USING THESE PILLS YOU RISK NOTHING.
THEY HAVE BEEN USED BY MILLIONS.
SO THAT WE ARE JUSTIFIED IN ASKING YOU TAKE A SIX DOSES YOU WILL BE CERTAINLY ABLE TO LIVE THROUGH THE OPERATION; AND YOU MAY HAVE THE LAUGH ON YOUR SIDE WHEN THE DOCTOR LETS YOU KNOW THAT YOU ARE NOT CURED AT THE LAST MEDICINE. GO ON IN THE USE OF THE PILLS. THEY WILL DO NOT WITHOUT YOU HOW TENTH OR GUINS AND IN EVERY WAY IMPROVE YOUR HEALTH, IN FACT SELDOM OR EVER DISAPPOINTED BY THE
PATRIARCHS OF OLD
DR. BRANDRETH'S PRINCIPAL OFFICE
IS NO. 241 BROADWAY, NEW YORK,
AND BY ALL DRUGGETS.

Beautiful Music.

We will send to any address any of the following pieces on receipt of the marked price: "Linda ba departed," new Song by S. C. Foster, 25 cents: "The Old Arm Chair," new Song by Millard, 25 cents; "Glen Schlottisch," by Kleiser, 20 cents.

Music or Musical Works published in Europe or America, and superior Violin and Guitar Strings, sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of the prices. Carefull selections made for Teachers, Seminaries, &c.

JUST PUBLISHED:

Hassler's Oratorio of the MESSIAH. Paper, 75 cents; Cloth, $1.00.

FIRTH, POND & CO.,
547 Broadway,
NEW YORK.

"Love Me Little, Love Me Long."

A Novel.

BY CHARLES READE.

Author of

"Peg Wolfington," "Christie Johnstone," "Never too Late to Mend," &c.

12mo, Muslin, 75 cents; Paper, 50 cents.

Odd, satirical, brilliant, picturesque, delightful, and thoroughly Reade-ish throughout. — *Virginia Dallas (Richmond).*

We do not remember any thing in fiction more admirably managed than the denouement.—*Boston Christian Advocate Journal.*

It matches an unerring continuity of interest, and reveals a thorough mastery of dramatic narrative. — *Burnley Express.*

Charles Reade has done one great practical good by his novels. He has made the public ashamed of novel-reading and the vanity and folly so distasteful from the conventional to character and society—but he has delineated the character of the former: he is as much the advocate of *Reality* against *Show* as Carlyle; he delights in unveiling and in unmasking shams, and his sentimentalism and bringing it to direct contrast to the fresh, fervid, true stamina of manhood and womanhood, and so vividdisting genuine humanity at the expense of artificial society. It is a good, a needful, and a noble mission.—*Boston Transcript.*

We are delighted to find this the best of his remarkable works.—*N. Y. Chronicle.*

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, New York.

Sent by mail, postage paid (for any distance in the United States) on receipt of price.

All Freights Forwarded with the Greatest Speed,
BY THE
AMERICAN EXPRESS CO.'S
LIGHTNING RUN.

Trains leave the Depot, Canal Street (Depot 4.45 and 11.15 A. M.; 3.15, 4.30, and 5.10 P.M.

Freights forwarded on Express Passenger trains, and do not lie over or stop at any point.

The regular Rates are as follows:

To Chicago	in 40 hours	To Dayton	in 20 hours
" Cincinnati	" 30 "	" St. Louis	" 48 "
" Cleveland	" 24 "	" Louisville	" 32 "
" Columbus	" 20 "	" Indianapolis	" 36 "

And OTHER WESTERN TOWNS in like good time.

Freights for Albany, Troy, Utica, Syracuse, Rochester, Kansas, &c., will save time by shipping by our line.

Rates positively as low as any responsible Company.

WELLS, BUTTERFIELD & CO.
64 Broadway and 61 Hudson St.

Lord Ward's Worcestershire Sauce.

In the Pint Bottles only. Caution is necessary for all purposes.

ASK FOR, and HAVE ONLY LORD WARD'S. Used at every Hotel, and sold by all Grocers and Dealers throughout the World.

Wholesale and for Exportation, by
JONATHAN JONES & CO.,
46 Broad Street, New York.

Something New.

Agents wanted, to go into a New and Honorable Business, which will pay from $25 to $50 weekly.

Address

No Humbug,

Satisfaction guaranteed. Send stamp for particulars, which see free.

S. M. MYRICK & CO., Lynn, Mass.

Health,

Strength,

BEAUTY

and

Long Life.

HINTS TOWARD PHYSICAL PERFECTION; OR, THE PHILOSOPHY OF HUMAN BEAUTY: showing How to Acquire Beauty of Face, Form, and Expression; Health, and Vigor; hereby Long Life; and Avoid the infirmities and Deformities of Age. By D. H. JACQUES. This is undoubtedly one of the most REMARKABLE BOOKS OF THE SEASON, and one calculated to attract universal attention and awaken the interest of all classes, as it deals with subjects of vital importance to all. It is a complete and thorough exposition of the principles which govern Health, how preserved, and how consequently lost. The means of Health, Beauty, and Long Life are in our own hands. Every man and woman the secrets of Symmetry of Form, Regularity of Features, a Clear Complexion, Rosy Cheeks, and all the Graces and Attractions of Personal Beauty, and teachers man how to acquire that strength of muscle, that physical development, and that enduring vigor which constitute the highest charm of the sex, and the love of the other. Individuality of character, and how to develop it, are next to Health and Beauty the most desirable, every Mother who would develop the Minds and Bodies of his people in Harmony together, every young Woman who wishes to be prepared to fill the duties of Womanhood, and every young Man who would have that Health and Strength are the only sure basis of Permanent Success in Life, should procure a copy forthwith. Price, 50 cents. Sent by mail if desired. Address MATHEW & BAKER, Boston; or FOWLER AND WELLS, 308 Broadway, New York.

To all who use Horses.—DR. TOBIAS'S VENETIAN HORSE LINIMENT, in pint bottles, price 75 cents, is warranted cheaper and superior than any article in the market, for the cure of Cuts, Galls, Lameness and all kinds. Calls, &c. &c. This is no humbug article—try a bottle; it will speak for itself. None are genuine unless signed "S. I. TOBIAS." Depot, 59 Cortlandt Street, New York.

Sold every where.

PACIFIC MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY. OFFICE 111 BROADWAY.
MARINE AND INLAND INSURANCE.
Assets $850,000.

This Company continues to do an exclusive merchandise business, and has confirmed to the owners of all the profits of the year 1858, a dividend of *Forty-three per Cent.*—*Six per Cent.* interest on the outstanding scrip—and has redeemed the Certificates of the year 1854.

ALFRED EDWARDS, President.
WILLIAM LECONTEY, Vice President.
BENJAMIN A. OGDENSBURGH, Secretary.

To Teachers.

My Correspondents are requested to address me, hereafter, at 329 "CUBA AT HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin New York City." School Catalogues and Circulars, Names and Post-Office Address of Schools, Educational Papers, &c., are solicited. MARCUS WILLSON.

Agents Wanted

To obtain Subscribers for

LOSSING'S
PICTORIAL FIELD-BOOK OF THE REVOLUTION.

To Be Published in New York.

In Two Volumes Royal Octavo, containing upward of
1500 Pages and
1100 Beautiful Illustrations.

Now Ready for Delivery.

Carefully Revised and Corrected.

The prospectus of this work, issued by the Author more than four years, during which he traveled nearly five thousand miles, in order to visit the prominent scenes of the Revolution, gather up local traditions, and secure records and histories.

The prime object of the Author was to reproduce the history of the American Revolution in such an attractive manner as to entice the youth of his country to read the subject, and thereby become familiar with the founders of our Republic and the value of their labors. The manner in which he has executed his task, and the success that has attended it, are the general verdict of the discriminative of more mature years.

The illustrations, on nearly every page, are from the biographical sketch of every man distinguished in the history of the Revolution.

A copious Analytical Index is given at the close of the second Volume, including a complete Chronological Table. This is, in itself, a complete synopsis of the History of the Revolution, and of the Political Condition of the United States, and will be found exceedingly useful for reference.

The work contains all the essential facts of the early history of the republic, which are to be found only in a great variety of others often inaccessible to the general reader, and in many instances entirely lost. Besides the interest in the work for future generations, it is especially rich in scattered over our broad land.

Upward of THIRTY THOUSAND DOLLARS were expended in the preparation of this work. The exquisite engravings have been executed by artists employed under the Author, from his own drawings, required the most careful study and labor. To this end the Author and Publishers have been directed, and they take great pleasure in presenting to the world the most beautiful typography ever issued from the American press.

The Author and Publishers have received complimentary letters, approving the work, from Edward Everett, Jared Sparks, George Bancroft, George Gibbs, Benson J. Lossing, and many other distinguished men, fully competent to judge of its merits.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, New York.

This work will be SOLD EXCLUSIVELY BY AGENTS, to each of whom a special District will be given. Rare inducements offered. Applicants should state whether they will travel, and if so, with particulars address GEO. W. ELLIOTT, care HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

This compound will be found a great promoter of health, when taken in the spring, to expel the foul humors which foster in the blood at that season of the year. By the timely expulsion of them many rankling disorders are nipped in the bud. Multitudes can, by the aid of this remedy, place themselves from the outbreaks of foul eruptions and virulence sores, through which the system will strive to rid itself of corruption, if not assisted to do this through the natural channels of the body in the usual manner. Expel these, and the vitiated blood whenever you find its impurities bursting through the skin in pimples, eruptions, or sores; cleanse it when you find it sluggish and clogged in the veins; cleanse it whenever it is foul, and your feelings will tell you when. Even where no particular disorder is felt, people have an indefinite sense of bad health, when the blood is foul. Keep the blood healthy, and all is well; but with the blood once tainted, this diminishes the power of resisting health. Sooner or later something must go wrong, and the great machinery of life is disordered or overthrown.

IT CURES

Scrofula and Scrofulous Complaints, Eruptions and Eruptive Diseases, Ulcers, Pimples, Blotches, Boils, Tumors, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, and Scrofulitic Affectionous, Mercurial Disease, Dropsy, Female Complaints, Gout, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, and Indigestion, Erysipelas, Rose or St. Anthony Fire, and indeed the whole class of complaints arising from Impurity of the Blood.

In order to secure their complete eradication from the system, the remedy should be judiciously taken according to direction as given on the bottle. Prepared by

DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

Price $1 per Bottle: Six Bottles for $5.

Sold by all Druggists every where.

The Base Ball Player's Pocket Companion, containing all the Rules for Base Ball, with full description of each "Nine" and "Club" in the United States. Illustrated. Flexible Cloth, 25 cents. Sent by mail if desired. Address MATHEW & BAKER, Boston; DEXTER & CO., New York; A. WINCH, Philadelphia.

WANTED—50,000 NEW SUBSCRIBERS to LIFE ILLUSTRATED—A first-class Pictorial Family Newspaper, devoted to Literature, Science, the Arts, to Entertainment, Improvement, and Progress. Published weekly at $2 a year. Specimens sent gratis.

FOWLER AND WELLS, 308 Broadway, New York.

Every Number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE contains from 70 to 80 pages more reading than any other in the land—more reading than any other in the country.

Commencement of Volume XIX.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

FOR JUNE.

CONTENTS:

ARTIST'S EXCURSION UP THE BATTERMAST AND OHIO RAILROAD. *Illustrated by* FORTE COLEMAN.

Illustrated by Twenty-five Engravings.

BONNEL. By Frank Lee Benedict.

MORGAN THE BUCCANEER.

Illustrated by Eight Engravings.

THE RED RIVER TRAIL. *Concluded.*

Illustrated by Twelve Engravings.

JESSIE'S COURTSHIP.

THE LAKE WITH THE BALMORAL.

WAITING. By LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

BEMIDJI DOLLOCK.

WILLIAM PITT. By LORD MACAULAY.

A WRESTLING MATCH.

THE VIRGINIANS. By W. M. THACKERAY.

Illustrated by Engravings. — MODERN WORTHIES.—A Great Lady.—Four Hand-Pieces.

CHAPTER LXXII. In which my Lady is on the Top of the Ladder.

CHAPTER LXXIII. We keep Christmas at Castlewood.

CHAPTER LXXIV. News from Canada.

CHAPTER LXXV. The Course of True Love.

MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.

LITERARY NOTICES.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.

OUR FOREIGN BUREAU.

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

CONTENTS OF MASTER CHARLEY'S LOVE LIFE.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Master Charley falls in Love.—Publishes his Intentions.—Consults.—Receives Consolation.—Ditto.—The Course of True Love, etc.—Separation from Love.—Ditto.—Ditto.—Ditto.

FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Dinner Toilet.—Traveling Costume.—Dinner Cap.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year $2 00
Two Copies for One Year 3 00
Five Copies for One Year (each) . . 2 00

And an Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of Ten Subscribers.

HARPER'S WEEKLY and HARPER'S MAGAZINE, together—one year, $5.

The Postage upon "HARPER'S MAGAZINE" must be paid at the office where it is received. *The Postage is Thirty-six Cents a year.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A FIRST-CLASS ILLUSTRATED PAPER.

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE AND

FAMILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD.

FIFTH VOLUME JUST COMMENCED.

TERMS OF HARPER'S WEEKLY.

One Copy for Twenty Weeks $1 00
One Copy for One Year 2 00
One Copy for Two Years 3 00
Five Copies for One Year 8 00
Twelve Copies for One Year 20 00
Twenty-five Copies for One Year . . 40 00

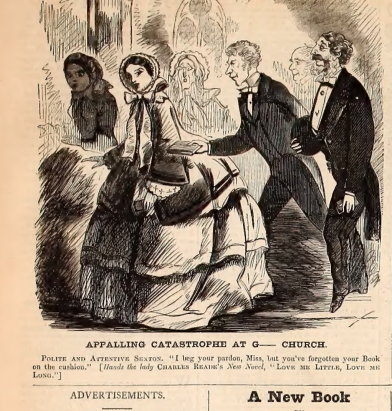
An Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of TWELVE or TWENTY-FIVE SUBSCRIBERS.

TERMS FOR ADVERTISING.—*Fifty Cents a Line.*

A Liberal Discount will be made to those wishing to Advertise for three Months or more.

*** Persons living in the City of New York wishing to have HARPER'S WEEKLY left at their houses, will please send their names and residences, with the subscription money, to the Office of Publication.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers,
Franklin Square, New York.



APPALLING CATASTROPHE AT G—— CHURCH.

POLITE AND ATTENTIVE SEXTON. "I beg your pardon, Miss, but you've forgotten your Book on the cushion." ("*Hands the lady* CHARLES READE'S *New Novel*, "LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG.")

CONVENIENCE OF THE NEW SLEEPING CARS.

(*Could Old Grot, who takes a kerb in the Sleeping Cars, listen.*)

BRAKEMAN. "Jim, do you think the Millcreek Bridge safe to-night?"

CONDUCTOR. "If Joe cracks on the steam, I guess we'll get the Engine and Tender over all right. I'm going forward!"

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Now Complete!

Irving's Washington,

5 Vols.

Irving's Works.

21 Vols.

Libris, with prices of various sizes and styles, supplied on application.

For the present, the 5th and any volume may be had separately.

*** Send per mail, post free.*

G. P. PUTNAM,

115 Nassau Street.

MICHELET'S L'AMOUR. *In Press.*

M. MICHELET'S GREAT WORK,

L O V E.

Translated from the latest Paris Edition.

One Volume, 12mo, Muslin. Price $1 00.

RUDD & CARLETON, PUBLISHERS,

130 Grand Street, New York.

Sheldon & Co., New York,

Have just Published:

THE CHRISTIAN GRACES. By Rev. J. P. Thompson, D.D., of the Broadway Tabernacle. 1 vol. 18mo. Price 75 cents.

THE BIBLE IN THE LEVANT; or, the Life and Letters of the Rev. Chester N. Righter. By Rev. S. Irenæus Prime, D.D. 1 vol. 18mo. Price 75 cents.

TRUTH IS EVERYTHING. By Mrs. Thomas Gellatly, author of "Daily Thoughts." 1 vol. 18mo. Price 50 cents.

We have also nearly ready several new volumes for our Sabbath School Library, by good authors, and well illustrated.

Sent by mail, postage paid, on receipt of retail price.

A Book for the Drawing-Room, the Artist, or the Mechanic.

THE LONDON ART JOURNAL.

A MONTHLY RECORD (PRICE 75 CTS. OF THE Fine Arts, the Arts Industrial, and the Arts of Design and Manufactures. Every part contains at least THREE HIGHLY FINISHED STEEL ENGRAVINGS, besides numerous pictures, one of a work in SCULPTURE. The Illustrations include NOTICES OF ART EXHIBITIONS, Essays on BRITISH ARTISTS, ILLUSTRATIONS OF ANCIENT ART, a mass of valuable information on matters connected with PAINTING, DESIGNING, &c., &c., and forms a complete monthly record of the Fine Arts and the Arts Industrial.

VIRTUE, EMMIN & CO., 24 John Street, N. Y.

The Cricket Player's Pocket Companion,

Containing all the latest Rules, &c., with designs, neatly bound in Cloth, price 50 cents. Sent by mail if desired. Address MAYHEW & BAKER, Boston; DEXTER & CO., New York; A. WINCH, Phila.

Save Your Carpets

From Wear and Moth.

The attention of Housekeepers is respectfully called to *Harrington's Patent Carpet Lining*, a substitute for paper, straw, or any other article used under Carpets, Oil-Cloth, or Matting. It protects the Carpet against any unevenness in the floor, and is warranted to add fifty per cent. to the durability of Carpets, &c. Its cheapness brings it within the reach of all. To be had of any of the principal Carpet Stores, and at the salerooms of the NEW YORK CARPET LINING CO., 62 Warren Street, corner College Place, & J. R. HARRINGTON, Agt.

The Child's First Music Book.

For the Piano, containing Simple Lessons, with Short and Pleasing Exercises. Price 50 Cents.

Published by CLAYER DITSON & CO., Boston.

A New Book

—BY—

THE AUTHOR OF "TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST."

Ticknor & Fields, Boston,

PUBLISH THIS DAY:

TO CUBA AND BACK.

A VACATION VOYAGE

—BY—

R. H. DANA, JR.,

Author of "Two Years Before the Mast."

One handsome 16mo. vol. Cloth. 75 cents.

This new narrative fully sustains the reputation of that world-renowned volume, "Two Years Before the Mast," of which more than a hundred thousand copies have been sold.

☞ Copies will be sent by mail, postage free, on receipt of 75 cents.

A NEW FEATURE IN MUSIC.

The Musical Guest.

TWELVE PAGES FULL SIZE SHEET MUSIC WEEKLY, ONLY TEN CENTS; OR FIVE DOLLARS YEARLY.

Sacred Musical Guest.

TWENTY-EIGHT PAGES FULL SIZE SHEET MUSIC MONTHLY, TWENTY-FIVE CENTS, OR THREE DOLLARS PER YEAR.

Operatic Musical Guest

TWENTY-EIGHT PAGES FULL SIZE SHEET MUSIC ONLY TWENTY-FIVE CENTS MONTHLY. OR THREE DOLLARS ANNUALLY.

Send money or postage stamps for a copy of each, which will be sent by return mail.

W. DELL & CO., 13 Frankfort Street.

BAILEY & CO.,

219 CHESTNUT STREET,

Philadelphia.

(Adjoining A. J. Levy & Co's.)

The largest manufacturers of

BRITISH STANDARD SILVER WARE

in the United States.

Guaranteed to be of the above quality. All Silver Ware sold by them is manufactured on the premises—Assayed by T. U. Booth, Esq., of the U. S. Mint.

DIAMONDS, PEARLS, WATCHES, JEWELRY, PLATED WARE, BRONZES, &c.

$32 50 SHILAND INST. and MUSICAL ACADEMY, Cobleskill PER QUARTER. } Montgomery Co., N. York. Students received any time. For particulars, address as above, or BY J. FOX, A.M., Assignd, N.Y., or D. G. HUBBARD, Esq., 23 Broadway.

Excelsior Fireworks.

Funston & Scofield,

General Agents,

62 John Street.

AGENTS WANTED—To travel and solicit orders for the Celebrated 425 Sewing Machines. Salary $75 per month and expenses paid. Address, with stamp,

J. M. DAGGETT & CO., Boston, Mass.

GIFTS! GIFTS! GIFTS!—D. W. EVANS & CO., No. 677 Broadway, New York—The Fifth Year—The Original Gift Book Store, established 1854.

THE UNIQUE ENTERPRISES GIFT BOOK HOUSE is the country, enabled by their long experience and increased capital, now offer greater inducements than ever before, and in the

FIFTH YEAR

of their location — New York City, will make it their endeavor to conduct their business with a liberality beyond that of any house in the country.

A new and revised catalogue now ready for gratuitous distribution, containing the largest and best classified list of Standard and Miscellaneous Publications ever issued in the United States, with unequaled inducements to clubs and agents. MAILED FREE TO ADDRESS.

The following is a schedule of Property which will be given to Purchasers of Books at the time of sale:

	WORTH FROM
Gold Watches, English Lever, Patent Lever, and Legnine.....	$30 00 to $100 00
Silver Watches, Patent Lever, Full Jewelled, Hunting Cases, open face, and Cylinder Escapements.....	12 00 to 40 00
Gold Lockets—Large size, four glasses and two glasses with spring—large and small size, with map.....	2 50 to 12 00
Cameo, Mosaic, Florentine, Painted, Lava, Goldstone, Garnet and Coral sets of Pins and Rings.....	5 00 to 12 00
Ladies' Gold Guard Chains, Neck Chains, Charlestonians.....	8 00 to 15 00
Gents' Fob and Vest Chains.....	10 00 to 30 00
Gold Pens, Engraved and Chased, Plain Gold Sleeve Buttons, and Jewsen Studs.....	2 00 to 14 00
Gold Pencils with Pens, large, medium and small size.....	3 50 to 7 50
Silver Pencils with Gold Pens, large, medium and small size, plain and and single extension cases.....	2 00 to 5 00
Gents' Heavy Signet Rings, Ladies' Gold, Chased and Plain Rings.....	1 00 to 7 50
Gents' Gold Breast Pins, Cluster, with Opal, Steel Pins, Onyx, Garnet, &c.	1 50 to 5 00
Ladies' Gold Bracelets, Plain, Cameo, Mosaic, Gold, Garnet, Chased and Plain Oval Bracelets.....	5 00 to 30 00
Silver and Gold Thimbles.....	50 to 6 00
Gents' Pen and Pocket-Knife.....	75 to 1 50
Pearl and Ivory Portemonnaies.....	50 to 2 50
Toothpicks, Watch Keys, Guard Slides	1 50 to 8 50
Gold Crosses, small, medium and large	2 00 to 7 50

Beside other Gifts, comprising a large and valuable assortment of miscellaneous articles, varying from $1 to $10.

One of the above articles will be given to the purchaser of each book at the time the book is sold.

Catalogues, Circulars, letters of inquiry, &c., to D. W. EVANS & CO., Publishers, No. 677 Broadway, N. Y. City.

DO YOU USE IT? TRY IT! TRY IT!

LYON'S KATHAIRON HAIR

USED BY ALL SOLD EVERYWHERE.

ONLY 25 CENTS, PER BOTTLE.

CURE FOR CONSTIPATION.

The Oriental Fruit Paste, or Aromatic Jelly of Figs and Senna,

Is a simple and agreeable laxative medicine, pleasant to the taste, and good at all times.

Sold by Druggists every where.

J. W. NORCROSS & CO., Wholesale Agents,

31 Fulton Street, New York.

FINKLE & LYON'S

FAMILY

SEWING MACHINES.

Warranted to give better satisfaction than any other Sewing Machine in this Market, or money refunded.

P. S.—Send for Circular.

MILTON FINKLE, }
LEWIS LYON, } **503 BROADWAY.**

ELLIOT & PATTEN—Examine Inventions and procure American and Foreign Patents. *Patent Agency*, opposite main entrance of Patent Office Building, Washington City, D. C.

PRINCE IMPERIAL

CHAMPAGNE,

FROM

DE VENOGE & CO., EPERNAY, FRANCE,

as used at the

IMPERIAL TABLES OF THE CONTINENT OF EUROPE.

A Perfectly Pure and Delicate Wine

at a moderate price and admirably adapted for family use

Sold by

H. A. KERR, No. 746 Broadway; J. S. PIERCE, No. 60 Broadway; HOWELL & CO., No. 693 Broadway; MAY & CO., No. 319 6th Av.; CORWIN & CO., corner of Broadway and 30th Street; SHAW & CROSBY, No. 19 Spring Street; and by nearly every leading Hotel or Dealer throughout the country.

E. V. HAUGHWOUT, Sole Importer,

Corner of Broadway and Broome Street.

DEBILITY AND NERVOUS INABILITY—physical and mental—in CURE without "Cordials," "Compounds," "Nostrums," or "Rings," etc. Will send a treatise, advice, etc., *perfect confidence*, to a friend, a former sufferer, merely superscribing Box 292 Charlestown, Mass.

THIS DELICIOUS BEVERAGE IS THE MOST DELICATE OF ITS KIND.

FIREWORKS.

Hadfield's Firework Agency.

Removed from the Old Stand, corner of Spruce and William, to

No. 24 John Street,

Between Broadway and Nassau Streets.

Public and Family Exhibitions furnished.

☞ All work warranted. ☜

GEORGE PARSONS, Agent.

Influenza.

INFLUENZA.—The great and sudden changes of our climate are fruitful causes of *Pulmonary and Bronchial affections*. Experience having proved that simple remedies often act speedily and certainly when taken at the early stage of disease, recourse should at once be had to "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*," or Lozenges, to the Influenza, Cough, or Irritation of the Throat be ever so slight, or by this precaution a more serious illness may be effectually warded off.

"*Great service in moderating Hoarseness.*"

REV. DANIEL WISE, NEW YORK.

Sold by all Druggists.

FRED. S. COZZENS,

WINE MERCHANT,

Offers for sale Foreign Wines of the finest qualities at his own importation.

RARE OLD BRANDIES,

SPARKLING AND STILL CATAWBA, AND HIS BELLA WINES,

from N. Longworth, Cincinnati, Ohio.

72 WARREN STREET,

(Opposite Hudson River Railroad, New York.)

TUCKER'S NURSERY FOR FLOWERS, FEATHERS, COIFFURES, and BRIDAL SETS, at 361 Broadway, 2 doors from Franklin Street.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. III.—No. 127.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1859. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

TO OUR READERS.

THE proprietors of HARPER'S WEEKLY are happy to announce that they are making arrangements in Europe for the prompt illustration of the leading scenes of the

WAR IN EUROPE

by the first artists of the day.

Thus, in addition to the admirable serials by Charles Dickens and George W. Curtis, now in course of publication in the WEEKLY, subscribers will obtain a complete illustrated history of the war.

A perusal of HARPER'S WEEKLY will keep persons living in the country THOROUGHLY POSTED on the news of the day.

To advertisers we need only observe that advertisements in this journal, at fifty cents a line, are cheaper and more effective—because THEY MEET THE EYE OF MORE PEOPLE throughout the country, from North to South, and East to West—than advertisements in any other publication.

THE LATE ASSASSINATIONS AT TACUBAYA, IN MEXICO.

[From our own Correspondent.]

MEXICO, *May*, 1859.

THE most barbarous scene which has occurred on the American continent since the suspension of the heathenish rites of the idolatrous Church of the Aztecs took place on the 11th of April at Tacubaya, a village near the city of Mexico, under the immediate direction of the priests of the Romish Church of that country of the present day.

The Liberal army had been laying siege to the city of Mexico for three weeks, when the Clergy party, in possession of the city, had obtained large reinforcements, and moved to attack the Liberals. The Clergy party forces numbered 4500 men, and were led on by General Marquez, the most bloodthirsty of the chiefs who fight for the supremacy of the Church in Mexico. The army of attack, after being reviewed in the Grand Plaza of Mexico, received absolution from the Church for all their sins, and medals of the Holy Virgin to shield them from the balls of their enemies. The army left the city at seven o'clock in the morning, and at four o'clock in the afternoon reached a point above and to the east of Tacubaya, where the Liberal forces were. The forces of the Clergy party arranged their forty pieces of artillery which they had with them, and commenced firing upon Tacubaya, a village in which reside the families of most of the rich foreigners and natives of Mexico. As no notice had been given of this attack, the families of these people were much endangered, and the lives of several poor women and children were actually sacrificed. This merciless fire lasted for two hours, and was then hushed until the following morning (the 11th of April).

On the morning of the 11th, at seven o'clock, forty pieces of artillery opened upon the devoted place, and kept up an incessant fire until after ten o'clock, when the Liberals were forced to retire, owing to the treachery or ignorance of their commander-in-chief, and notwithstanding they had killed at least ten of the Clergy forces for every man they had lost.

The Clergy forces entered Tacubaya about eleven o'clock, and at once commenced a scene of pillage and massacre never before witnessed in a civilized country. Priests were seen in their robes urging their soldiers to murder in cold blood the poor wounded of the Liberals who were found in the streets. The drunken soldiers of the Clergy party required little urging. They broke into the

STRIPPING THE DEAD.

MASSACRE AT TACUBAYA, MEXICO, ON APRIL 11, 1859.

lines of citizens, robbed them; and where they found persons at all suspected of evil or liberal in their views, they either murdered them in the most brutish manner or dragged them off to prison with bicts and cuffs. The doctors in the hospitals—a class of persons always respected even in savage warfare—were taken from their humane work and dragged to prison. This scene of riot and massacre lasted until the shades of night set in and might have been accounted for by the fanaticism of the priests and soldiers had not Generals Barrequet and Almonte informed the world of the proceedings of the day by ordering the assassination of sixteen persons among them seven priests. These poor unfortunates were led out amidst the shouts of drunken soldiers, exulted on by several persons in the dress of priests, and taken to a lonely spot on the highest part of Tacubaya, in the rear of the Molino del Rey. There they were forced to dig their clothing, and, one by one, shot in a manner which for brutality defies description. Two foreign residents—an American by the name of Albert Lamon, and an Englishman by the name of John Dowd—were the first victims. They were placed in position, and five soldiers selected out to shoot them in the back. The brutal soldiers then set upon them, threw their bayonets into their flesh, and then discharged their muskets, scattering the brains and flesh of the victims in every direction. Thus scenes brought forth the demoniac cries of the men collected, who shouted, "Long live Zuloaga!" "Death to heretics!" etc. The other victims were served in the same fiendish manner. Among those last were two priests, shot here by the name of Smith—of a family more known in the Philadelphia. Since that night many other victims have fallen, until more than one hundred are believed to have been butchered at the instigation of the priests.

The scene of the brutal butchery of the night of the 11th of April is now marked by a high wall. On every such wall I visited the spot, a week after the occurrence, already a pile of stones had been heaped around the place and over the spot where the murdered men. This pile of stones speaks for itself. It is a recognition by those who found a stone on the road that the spot was a murder, and not a legal execution. In time when the clergy are no more at variance in regard to the property of persons thus expressing their sentiments; but nevertheless our friend says, "A thousand stones will nearly cover the spot where the victims of priestly fury in Mexico poured out their life-blood. Peace to their souls and generous earth to them."

Verily the priests of Mexico are surpassing the savage leaders of the Sepoys in their acts of barbarous cruelty.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1859.

THE FINANCIAL CONDITION OF EUROPE.

THREE European Powers—Austria, Russia, and Sardinia—have stopped payment; that is to say, nothing looks more likely than that ours, are inseparably connected with their Governments, have ceased to redeem their notes in specie; and these notes are, by law, declared to be a legal tender. Of the remaining Powers of Europe three which have not suspended payment—to wit, Great Britain, France, and Prussia—are in some embarrassment.

The trouble in England grows out of the transfer of India from the East India Company to the Crown, and the cost of suppressing the late rebellion. A profound peace the revenues of India have always fallen short of the enormous expenditure by ten to twenty millions of dollars a year. The late war has thrown upon the home government an enormous debt, also, to meet which the British Government has been compelled to borrow $60,000,000 every year. About half of this large sum has already been shipped to India in silver, and, as might be expected, a good deal of embarrassment in financial circles has been the result.

Germany and France are suffering from the war. Austria has called for a forced loan of $100,000,000, two-thirds of which, or $66,000,000, have, we are told, been already subscribed. The loan is to be paid in small installments spread over a period of eighteen months. As the war will dismiss the produce, the capital of the French, it will be impossible to draw so large a sum as this from the people without cutting very grave inconvenience. Prussia also is apprehensive. It is true the project has led all the German bankers to contract their loans, and to withhold from the merchants the accommodation usual at this season; but the consequence is much individual trouble, which must lead to a large number of failures.

Altogether the prospect is not cheering. A dissinction must, however, be made between Great Britain and Northern Germany on the one side, and the belligerents and Russia on the other. The embarrassments of Great Britain are simply monetary. A rolling together of the situation—to which John Bull will submit with his usual fortitude—will put the whole cost of the Indian war, and there will be an end of the matter. There is nothing indefinite or problematical in the British case; so much money is to be raised, which, when raised and paid, ends the difficulty. So with Prussia. The trouble there grows out of severe but wise preventive measures. Individuals must suffer; but the country will not be injured, the Government preserves its credit, and next year trade and industry will be none the worse.

With the other Continental nations the prospect is very different. The public debt of France has been lately increasing at the rate of about $50,000,000 per annum. This vast increase of liability has not been incurred for productive works; the money has been spent in maintaining great armies, building vessels of war, fortifying Paris, and supporting an expensive Court. It is but just to say that the prosperity of the country has increased under the Empire; but still the depletion of the coffers of the bank; to prevent a rise in the price of bread, to prevent a collapse in trade concerns as the Crédit Mobilier. According to the principles which obtain in this country such a course of things as this can have but one result—national bankruptcy. Excessive borrowing and excessive extravagance must lead, sooner or later, to forced liquidation and failure. Whether or not interference by Government to prevent this necessary consummation must simply aggravate the crisis when it arrives, is a question of no consequence; there may be a Napoleonic theory of finance which our Anglo-Saxon school has not yet thought out, but, according to principles such as they are, France stands on the verge of a crisis, and this new $100,000,000 may prove the last feather in the camel's back.

The case of Russia, Austria, and Sardinia is much clearer. These nations, among which it must be premised that a knowledge of sound political economy is rare, have caused their banks to suspend specie payments, and rendered their bank notes a legal tender. The consequence of this will be that their people will not refuse obedience to the law; they will not refuse to take the currency forced upon them; but they will have two prices for every thing, according as payment is to be made in paper or in coin. Every one who has commerce will so board it. Those whose living is derived from the Government—to the soldiery, public officials, and contractors, and all those who have the interest of money invested in public securities, or on bond and mortgage, or otherwise, at a fixed rate of interest, will find that it has come largely diminished; for the sum paid them, being in the depreciated paper currency, will be much less than the coin equivalent the coin used to buy. Whatever these nations receive from abroad must be paid for in coin. When, therefore, Austria requires corn or gunpowder from England or Prussia, she must first buy the coin to pay for it. She will get for nothing to give in exchange for it but her own depreciated currency, the price will, of course, be very high. We shall, therefore, receive something of a depreciated paper currency in time of war. Two hundred dollars of paper money were frequently paid for a pair of boots in the Revolutionary War; and in France, in the days of the *assignats*, though it was death by the law to refuse their currency, a loaf of bread sometimes cost one hundred francs. From present appearances the Austrian currency has a fair prospect of falling until there are as few Revolutionary bills or the French *assignats*.

In a word, neither Austria, nor Russia, nor Piedmont can gain any benefit by suspending specie payments; for, while the measure will cause great suffering among a large class of their inhabitants, it can do no more than pay arrearments, which may, indeed, compel their own people and peaceable foreigners to take them, but can not, with all their power, force any one of the one of the other to give more for them than the public credit may render them fairly worth.

There is an idea among some of our people that the object of the war, and the suspension of specie payments in Europe, will be to draw gold from England to the Continent, and from this country to England. This presents always a color of plausibility from the present large shipments of specie to Europe. It is, however, a fallacy.

If Austria is to get gold from England and from us, she must give something for it. What has she to give? Is there any thing in the ports, which are mostly objects of luxury made in Vienna and Lombardy, are only about $4,000,000 per annum. Will she send wheat out of a market for four-fifths of these. She has tried, and tried vainly, to negotiate a loan. She is, therefore, nothing but bankrupt to pay by a Government confessedly bankrupt, and by banks which have suspended payment. How much gold over the border think can be obtained on such security as these?

Gold—let it not fret to clear its face of trade—will flow to that country where there is most production and the largest export of produce and merchandize; and from the country whence—from whatever cause—there is less exportation of produce and merchandize. And when the movement takes place, it will be a forced paper currency it will not flow at all, either out or in; people will hoard it. This will be the case in Austria and Sardinia.

L'EMPIRE CEST LA PAIX.

We do not aspire to be the general apologists of Napoleon the Third; his case must be left to the judgment of history. But we do not think our press guilty of a fallow to make their thinking in reference to this much-abused monarch to be done by the prejudiced journals of England.

Not a week passes but some American newspaper taunts Napoleon with his famous saying, "*L'Empire cest la paix*"—"The Empire means peace"—and triumphantly alludes to the Crimean and the present war as evidences of the hollow pretense of the sentiment.

The least reflection would convince these writers of the injustice of their taunts. What Napoleon uttered the remark in question he referred to the internal strifes of his own country, not to foreign relations. He meant to say that the establishment of the Empire put an end to the constant quarrels between the Republicans, the Monarchists, the Legitimists, the Orleanists, and the red and black and white politicians who, for sixty years, had been tearing France to pieces. Napoleon said, in effect, that, under the Empire, with himself as despot, all these clashing interests and hostile parties would be quelled, and would, perforce, live at peace with each other, leaving the people at large to follow their vocations and cook the *pot-au-feu* in quiet and quietness.

In this view, the saying was adroit; it appealed to the interests of the commercial and landed classes, and secured their support for his government. To have said, as the European's critics will have it that he said, that the Empire meant no fighting—that, therefore, we have cancillated nobody, and would have grievously offended that military spirit which is a prominent characteristic of the French.

GOING TO THE COUNTRY.

By the time these lines are printed people will be preparing to go to the country. It seems a very simple thing for a city family to select a country residence for the summer months, and the custom is so general that there ought to be, by this time, certain fixed rules for the governance of remaining city folk; yet still it is a fact that mistakes are made year after year by hundreds of families, and it is not, therefore, at all superfluous for the attention to be drawn to a few great principles which are worthy of consideration among those who are now looking out for country homes during the hot months.

The first point which country-goers should settle to their own satisfaction, is what their real object is in going to the country—not, though, as a general rule, the answer to this question will, in nine cases out of ten, be—the removal of health and a change of circumstances; yet there are people who go to the country without once giving a thought to health, who, in fact, seek a very different amusement—to wit, fashionable society and dissipation.

This latter class of persons need no study to determine their movements, for they have no laws and its seasons; they have only to obey. There is a season for Saratoga, and a season for Newport, and there are distinctions between the fashionable courses, during which it is not indecent to be seen at Saltaust, Long Branch, the White Mountains, or Niagara.

Those, therefore, who go to the country in quest of society need only fall into the routine of society's great current and travel blindfold.

The great mass of city folk, happily or unhappily, care for society only in a very subsidiary and remote sense; and for the right enunciation of these neither society nor the faculty have laid down strict rules.

The doctors tell us—and it is one of the few points on which they probably have a reason for their doctrine—that an occasional change of air is salutary, and with many constitutions, essential to health. The rule to not invariable, of course; but we could explain it, if necessary, by changing pure air for impure. For a man who lives in an airy house on Fifth Avenue to remove to a low and aged dwelling in one of the adjoining counties is simply mid-summer madness. What the doctors mean is, that we should exchange for the invariable foul air which we all we breathe habitually. In the city of New York, let us say for example, heaven's air is tainted, not only by the exhalations of thousands of a badly cleaned city, and altered on another, by adjacent large bodies of salt water. The land is low, and was till recently marshy in many places. New Yorkers, therefore, who remove to sea-side watering-places, improve the nourishment of their lungs by getting rid of the city smoke and dust and dirt; but they still breathe air more or less impregnated with saline particles. New Yorkers, again, who remove to inland towns, get rid of the salt air, and probably also of the evil influences of low land; but in nine cases out of ten they go to a place which is even less cleanly than this city, and where the air is as decidedly pestilential as in many of our wards. In neither case is the change thorough. To make it so, the New Yorker must go to some inland place where the land is elevated and scavengers are not needed. Niagara, the White Mountains, Saratoga, the Catskills, Schooley's Mountains, the Blue Hills, etc., etc., are examples in point. New Yorkers who spend a few weeks or months in these places obtain a thorough change of air, and are benefited to expect beneficial results.

The same may be applied to other places. Residents of Albany, Buffalo, Cincinnati, Springfield, Washington, etc., etc., will find the best change of air for health in a residence at some sea-side watering-place. Denizens of mountain sites will derive advantage from a residence on the sea-coast, or, indeed, on the level of the sea. It is waste of time for citizens of Buffalo to go to Saratoga in search of health, or for residents at Richmond, Virginia, to seek new life on the Blue Ridge; the former should go to Newport, the latter Cape May or Long Branch.

It is late in the day to argue against the fashionable watering-places. It needs no argument to prove that dissipation, drinking, and food late hours, and constant gayety will more than undo the benefits of a change of residence. But on the regular annual crusades of the rich people against Saratoga and Newport do not in the least affect the question of health-restoration, as it is not worth while to waste further words on the matter.

For those who honestly seek renewed health and energy by a residence in the country—for mothers who go to the country for their children's benefit—the following hints in the first mind is very simple. Let them find the characteristics of their native atmosphere, and choose a healthy place which presents the opposite physical features.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A READER of *Harper's Weekly*, in Ohio, propounds to us some questions, the decision of which we prefer to lay before the general public, to which his letter is herewith submitted:

"*Editors of Harper's Weekly.*"

"WARREN, TRUMBULL COUNTY, OHIO, *May 14th, 1859.*

"Please pardon the liberty that a reader of the Weekly takes in asking your literary opinion in the subjoined matter:

"In the Autocrat of the *Atlantic Monthly* says, in the May number, that 'The Bible was a good book to our ancestors, and is so still in the basis of some of the region.' The Puritans went to the Old Testament for their laws; the *Mormons* go to it for their patriarchal institutions.'

"Other than as a literary and moral character will be found in the December number. The *Rules Harper's have* to say in regard to the Bible as a revelation; but we Western barbarians still believe that the Bible is a pretty good book. Ah! we have much to learn from the East, and to the *Bible* and a creed.

"Now what do you think of a magazine of high literary *pretensions* which will, under the cover of classic language and scholarship, endeavor to pollute the minds of youth as well as of the learned into Christian families? Is it safe?

"Another matter: I observed in a recent issue of Boston paper that the *Atlantic* is the only magazine of purely (?) literary character in America that can subsist without the assistance of the foul taste of the public by illustrating it with *pure* blood.

"Is this a fact?

"The same paper asserts, also, that the *Atlantic* is the only magazine that can boast of the 'patronage of Worcester's Dictionary,' which has superseded Webster's Dictionary in the schools of the East. The 'Boston literati' have pronounced Worcester the *standard* authority of the English language; and that Webster's had all blunders and gross mistakes.

"Is this a fact?

"Worcester is edited and published in Boston, and therefore, I suppose, *must* be the standard.

"We *manufacture* goods out West and Northwest. We did not know before that Worcester was the standard, but we have been assured he had spelled.

"Is all philosophy summed up in Emerson, all science in Professor Peirce; all religion in Theodore Parker; all poetry in Longfellow; all learning in Harvard College; all the brains of America in Boston, the Athens of America?

"Is this a fact?

"Yours truly,

"A VULGAR MAN OF THE WEST."

THE AMERICAN CAPTAINS' QUESTION.

We have received a letter from an American sailor, who has been absent for many years on board ship, referring to, and corroborating in every particular, the statements contained in the article in "An American Sailor," published in the *Weekly*. The writer, after complimenting the author of the article, proposes the question as follows:

"In former times, when sailors shipped themselves they dared not come on board a city sender than pretenses. They would not have been safe among their own shipmates, who would have punished them sufficiently without assistance from the quarter-deck. Or now the sailor, or rather the pretended sailor, does not ship; he is shipped. He is a marketable commodity belonging to and sold by the boarding-house keeper, who, in consequence of the futile attempt of the merchants to abolish the system, adopted, about two years since, to stop this disgraceful traffic, since they fully realized protecting the rain of the American

service. You remember, too, how the handcuffs—not the rosiers—formed a league, and swore that their next should not go without advance; and how these commissaries carried the day against the whole shipping interest of the United States! They then accomplished the abolition of sailors, which might but for them have been averted. They called the sixty-four dozen which they might escape from the degradation into which they seem to have fallen without remedy. They have rendered bail and trial all identical clerks in their behalf. It is no sense for the Seamen's Friend Society to be subject to their well-meaning constituents of the "encouraging state of things" which the existing commissaries—who are most of them long as the sailor is the property, the subject of their handlers. Boston, Salem, Portland, Bath, Newport, and other seaports, have been unanimous in their testimony to the sailor's being as he is and free. The advocates of the sailor's rights have had to do with his well-wishers, his sowers, his captain, and his officers, and with no one else. Since this has been the case, the sailor has been living in unendeavoring, in order to get into the hands of the commissaries, to elicit the sympathy of the public. Now that should go to the "brutal shipowners"—go not to the newspapers "brutal shipowners"—go not to the "abused sailor," but are divided between landlords and a Tombs lawyer? Justice, then, is not to be meted out only from unsworn conviction, but from my own personal knowledge and experience, and I am determined to meet of the scene of "cruelty" which are imposed upon a credulous public.

"The state of things now existing has been long perceived by ourselves and others," but we have not been pointed out. It is not yet too late to apply it. *Abolish at once and forever, one of the commissaryships, and reinstate, the payment of* ADVANCE WAGES.

The landlords's occupation will be gone, and his interest with it.

"The sailor will rise from his degradation; his eyes will be opened to his true interests; his ingrovelent habits will forsake him; he will become what he is a free man working for himself, and will therefore be more careful to keep what he earns. He will then be able to go into a not his enemy; and the public will no longer be obliged to sleep with a revolver under his pillow! A better understanding will then exist between the owners of the ship, and newspapers will no longer term with the stereotyped headings, 'Cruelty on Shipboard.'"

—HUNDLEY.

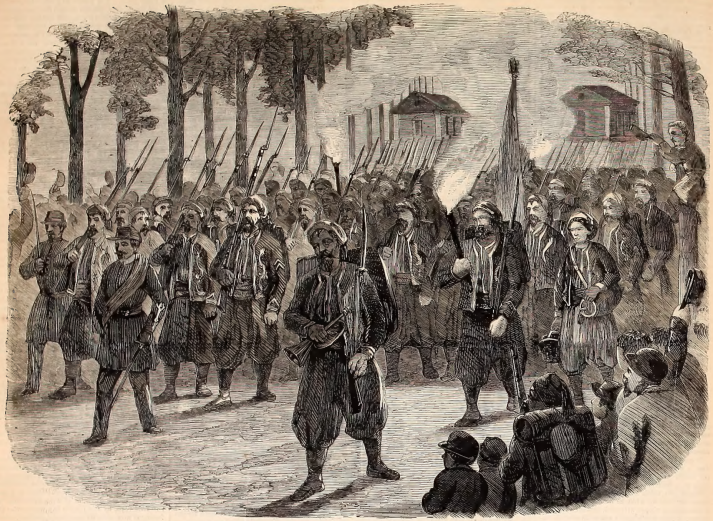
THE LOUNGER.

EDITORIAL VIRTUE

EDITORS of daily and weekly papers are a class freely abused—and with reason. Every body has a word to say, and who are subject to the most unrelenting judgment. Many of these strictures are just enough, but few know their virtues. Fewer still, probably, suspect that one of their chief virtues is silence.

It seems absurd to say so—of course it does. That a man whom business calls to the public pen should either keep silence or be praised for being so, is ludicrous. But it may properly be.

For, if you think about it, the editorial office is blessed for writing with he knows that hundreds of thousands of people will read it. It is not so many



ZOUAVES LEAVING VERSAILLES BY TORCH-LIGHT FOR THE SEAT OF WAR.

THE FRENCH ARMY IN NORTHERN ITALY.

THE accompanying illustrations will enable our readers to form, in their mind's eye, some truthful picture of the troops of whose evolutions in the field they are just now hearing so much.

The French army is said to consist of about 580,000 men, to wit: 360,000 infantry of the line, 20,000 chasseurs, 9200 Zouaves, 14,000 African infantry, 85,000 cavalry, 60,000 artillery, 7500 engineers, and the famous new Imperial Guard, 35,000 men.

Of this army the *élite* is the Guard which the present Emperor has taken so much pains in forming. It is a little army in itself, having its own infantry, cavalry of all arms, artillery, and engineers; and is composed of the best men from the line. All the soldiers of the guards are conspicuous for size and strength; nearly all have won medals. When the guard was first formed there was much jealousy of the "pet corps" among the troops of the line; but the gallant behavior of the guards before Sebastopol—whither they were sent to efface the stigma of "carpet knights" given them by their less favored comrades—restored them to favor. They are probably the finest body of troops in the world.

ARRIVAL OF FRENCH TROOPS IN PIEDMONT.—[FROM A SKETCH BY FRANK VIZETELLY.]

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

TRUMPS.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

A SCHOOL-BOY NO LONGER.

CHAPTER XXVI.

SUNSHINE.

The lad seated himself by the window Scratch—scratch—scratch. The sun sparkled in the river. The sails, after yesterday's rain, were loosened to dry, and were white as if it had rained milk upon them instead of water. Every thing looked cheerful and bright from Lawrence Newt's window. The lad saw with delight how much sunshine there was in the office.

"I don't believe it would hurt my health to work here," thought he.

Mr. Lawrence Newt rang a little bell. Venables entered quietly.

"Most ready out there?" asked Mr. Newt.

"Most ready, Sir."

Brisk's the word this morning, you know. Please to copy these letters."

Venables said nothing, took the letters, and went out.

"Now, young man," said the merchant, "tell me what you want."

The lad's heart turned toward him like a fallow-field to the May sun.

"My father's been unfortunate, Sir, and I want to do something for myself. He advised me to come to you."

"Why?"

"Because he said you would give me good advice if you couldn't give me employment."

"Well, Sir, you seem a strong, likely lad. Have you ever been in a store?"

"No, Sir. I left school last week."

Mr. Newt looked out of the window.

"Your father's been unfortunate?"

"Yes, Sir."

"How's that? Has he told a lie, or lost his eyes, or his health, or has his daughter married a drunkard?" asked Mr. Lawrence Newt, looking at the lad with a kindly humor in his eyes.

"Oh no, Sir," replied the boy, surprised. "He's lost his money."

"Oh ho! his money! And it is the loss of money which you especially called 'unfortunate.' Now, my boy, think a moment. Is there any thing belonging to your father which he could so well spare? Has he any superfluous boy or girl? any useless arm or leg? any unnecessary good temper or honesty? any taste for books, or pictures, or the country that he would part with? Is there any thing which he owns that it would not be a greater misfortune to him to lose than his money? Honor bright, my boy. If you think there is, say so!"

The youth smiled.

"Worse things could happen to us than poverty," said he.

Mr. Lawrence Newt interrupted him by remarks which were lighted by his beaming face.

"Worse things than poverty! Why, my dear young man, what kind of sentiments are those for a mercantile aspirant? Do you not know that it is written in the largest efforts upon the lives of all Americans, 'Resist poverty, and it will flee from you?' If you do not begin by considering poverty the root of all evil, when on earth do you expect to end? Cease to be poor, learn to be rich. I'm afraid you don't read the good book. Do your father look behind?—the boy nodded—" and a whole body, a good temper, an affectionate family, genuine and refined tastes, pleasant relations with others, a warm heart, a clear conscience"—the boy nodded with an increasing enthusiasm of assent —"and yet you call him unfortunate—ruined! Why, look here, my son; there's an old apple-woman at the corner of Burling Slip, where I stop every day and buy apples; she's sixty years old, and through thick and thin, under a dripping wreck of an umbrella when it rains, under the sky when it shines—warming herself by a foot-stove in winter, by the sun in summer—there the old creature sits. She has an old, sick, querulous husband at home, who tries to beat her. Her daughters are all out at service —not to keep, in kind families—or some are dull, ignorant ditchers; her home is solitary and forlorn; she can not read much, nor does she want to; she is coughing her life away, and succeeds in selling apples enough to pay her rent and buy food for her and her old husband. She told me yesterday that she was a most fortunate woman. What does the word mean? I give it up."

The lad looked around the spacious office, on every table and desk and chair of which was written Prosperity as plainly as the name of Lawrence Newt upon the little tin sign by the door. Except for the singular magnificence of the merchant's presence, which dissipated each suggestion as rapidly as it arose, the youth would have said aloud what was in his heart:

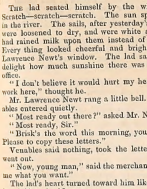
"How easy 'tis for a rich man to smile at poverty!"

The man watched the boy, and knew perfectly well what was thinking. As the eyes of the younger involuntarily glanced about the office and presently returned to the merchant, they found the mercantile sage so keenly alert that they seemed to be more windows through which his soul was looking. But the boy's confidence melted imperceptibly into the usual sweetness as Lawrence Newt said:

"You think I can talk prettily about misfortune because I know nothing about it. You make a great mistake. No man, even in jest, can talk well of what he doesn't understand. So don't misunderstand me. I am rich, but I am not fortunate."

He said it in the same tone as before, without any melodrama.

"If you wanted a rose and got only a butter-



THE GOSPEL OF MAMMON.

cup, should you think yourself fortunate?" asked Mr. Newt.

"Why, yes, Sir. A man can't expect to have every thing precisely as he wants it," replied the boy.

"My young friend, you are of opinion that a half loaf is better than no bread. True—so am I. But never make the mistake of supposing a half to be the whole. Content is a good thing. When the man sent for cake, and said, 'John, if you can't get cake, get candy,' he did wisely. But smelts are not cake for all that. What's your name?" asked Mr. Newt, abruptly.

"Gabriel Bennet," replied the boy.

"Bennet—Bennet what Bennet?"

"I don't know, Sir."

Lawrence Newt was apparently satisfied with this answer. He only said:

"Well, my son, you do wisely to say at once you don't know, instead of going back to somebody a few centuries ago, of whose father you have to make the same answer. The Newts, however, you must be aware, are a very old family." The merchant smiled. "They came into England with Sweet Bess of Normandy, but who they came into Normandy with I don't know. Do you?"

Gabriel laughed, with a pleasant feeling of confidence in her companion.

"Have you been at school in the city?" asked the merchant.

Gabriel told him that he had been at Mr. Gray's.

"Oh ho! then you know my nephew Abel?"

"Yes, Sir," replied Gabriel, coloring.

"Smart boy is Abel," said Mr. Newt.

Gabriel made no reply.

"Do you like Abel?"

Gabriel paused a moment, then said:

"No, Sir."

The merchant looked at the boy for a few moments.

"Who did you like at school?"

"Oh, I liked Jem Greenvich and Little Malacca best," replied Gabriel, as if the whole world that he knew were with those names.

At the mention of the latter Lawrence Newt changed color.

"Gabriel, I take you into my office."

He called Mr. Tray.

"Thomas Tray, this is the youngest clerk, Gabriel Bennet. Gabriel, this is the head of the outer office, Mr. Thomas Tray. Thomas, ask Venables to step this way."

That young man appeared immediately.

"Mr. Venables, you are promoted. You have seven hundred dollars a year, and are no longer youngest clerk. Gabriel Bennet, this is Erwin Venables, the fiends. Now go to work."

There was a general bowing, and Thomas Tray and the two young men retired.

At the same moment a gentleman entered the office in great haste.

"Is Mr. Newt in?"

"In the inner room, Sir."

He knocked and went in.

"Good - morning, Mr. Slocum."

"Good - morning, Mr. Newt. I want to consult you, Sir."

Mr. Mark Slocum had been a clerk of Mr. Newt's a few years. All Mr. Newt's clerks, when they were in business for themselves, regarded Mr. Newt as a kind of father and adviser. Some men keep that relation with all with whom they deal, other men do not.

"Well, Mr. Slocum, what is it to-day?"

"Why, Sir, I suspected last week that there was very little pepper in market. The *Argo* and the *Fly*, you remember, were both lost."

"Yes," said Lawrence Newt, leaning back and playing with his quills.

"Rodd & Totham, who were the heaviest holders, have sold all they had long ago."

"Yes."

"I find there have been very few foolish cargoes during the year."

"Yes."

"There's none in Boston."

"So I hear."

"None in Philadelphia."

"Yes."

"None any where."

"Yes."

"There can't be any for a long time."

"Ah?"

"Wouldn't it be a splendid speculation?"

"Capital."

Mr. Slocum rose, in an excited manner.

"I'm glad you think so. You quite agree with my view of the case?"

"Perfectly, Sir."

"Then the *Lapwing* shall be off as soon as possible. I'll lose no time. Good - morning, Sir."

He was hurrying out, but Lawrence Newt, almost quietly leaning back and playing with his quill, called to him as he reached the door.

"Mr. Slocum!"

The merchant paused and turned, still holding the handle. Mr. Newt continued,

"I am entirely of your opinion."

Mr. Slocum smiled.

"In fact," said Mr. Newt, "I was so persuaded, three months ago, of the justice of the view you mention that I took measures, and have now three ship-loads of pepper on their way. I thought of it a little sooner than you—that's all. So you must take my three ships into your account."

Mr. Slocum was confounded. The disappointment was sudden and sharp. But after a moment's chagrin he felt the kindness of his old master in not allowing him to proceed in the dark.

"By George! Mr. Newt," said he, "you're always ahead of me. And you deserve to be," added he, returning and shaking Lawrence Newt's hand. "Good-morning."

He said it quietly, and went calmly out. Mr. Newt opened a letter which had been brought in by Venables.

CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP.

"DEAR SIR,—I trust you will pardon this intrusion. It is a long time since I have had the honor of writing to you, but I thought you would wish to know that Miss Wayne will be in New York, for the first time, within a day or two after you receive this letter. She is with her aunt, Mrs. Dinks, who will stay at Dunker's.

"Respectfully yours,

"JANE SIMCOE."

Lawrence Newt's hend drooped as he sat. Presently he arose and walked up and down the office.

Meanwhile Gabriel was installed. That ceremony consisted of offering him a high stool with a leathern seat. Mr. Tray remarked that he should have a drawer in the high desk, on both sides of which the clerks were seated. The installation was completed by Mr. Tray's formally introducing the new-comer to the duties of clerks.

The scratching began again. Our friend Gabriel looked curiously upon the work in which he was now to share. The young men had no words for his ear. Mr. Newt was engaged within. The boy had a vague feeling that he must shift for himself—that every body was busy—that play in the life had ended and work begun. The thought tasted to him much more like sweets than like cake. And while he was timidly left by Thomas Tray to familiarize himself with the entire novelty of the situation his mind flashed back to Delahid with an aching longing, and the boy would willingly have put his face in his hands and wept. But he sat quietly looking at his companions—until Mr. Tray said,

"Gabriel, I want you to copy this invoice."

And Gabriel was a school-boy no longer.

CHAPTER XXVII.

FRIENDSHIP.

ABEL NEWT believed in his lucky star. He had managed Uncle Savory—couldn't he manage the world?

"My son," said Mr. Boniface Newt, "you are now about to begin the world." Begin? thought Abel. "You are now coming into my house as a merchant. In this world we must do the best we can. It is a great pity that men are not considerate, and all that. But they are not. They are selfish. You must take them as they are, Abel. You, my son, think they are all honest and good."—Do I? spoke son, in his soul.—"It is this bitter task of experience to undeceive youth from its romantic dreams. As a rule, Abel, men are rascals. That is to say, they pursue their own interests. How old? True; how old? Where was I? Oh! men are rascals. With some exceptions—but you must go by the rule. Life is a scrub-race—melancholy, Abel, but true. I talk plainly to you, but I do it for your good. If we were all angels, things would be different. If this were the Millennium, every thing would doubtless be agreeable to every body. But it is not—how very sad! True, how very sad! Where was I? Oh! it's all devil role de hindmost. And because your neighbors are dishonest, why should you starve? Is you see, Abel?"

It was in Mr. Boniface Newt's counting-room that he preached this gospel. A boy entered and announced that Mr. Hadley was outside looking at some cases of dry goods that day received.

"Now, Abel," said his father, "I'll return in a moment."

He stepped out, smiling and rubbing his hands. Mr. Hadley was stooping over a case. Blackston, Hadley & Merriman's were safer purchasers in the world. The countenance of

Boniface Next beamed upon the customer as if he saw good notes or six months in bad from every part of his person.

"Good-morning, Mr. Hadley. Charming morning; fine—beautiful day, Sir. What's the word this morning, Sir?"

"Nothing, nothing," returned the customer. "Pretty print that. Just what I've been looking for" (renewed rubbing of hands on the part of a certain person)—"very pretty. If it's the right width, it's just the thing. You see, sir, that's about seven-eighths." He shook his head negatively. "No, not wide enough. If that print were a yard wide, I should take all you have."

"Oh, that's a yard," replied Mr. Next; "certainly, a full yard." He looked around inquiringly, as if for a yard-stick.

"Where is the yard-stick?" asked Mr. Hadley.

"Timothy" said Mr. Next to the boy, with a peculiar look (and I very much doubt what look) How and, how very sad! Where was I? oh, even a half wink).

The disappeared and reappeared with a yard-stick, while Mr. Next's face underwent a series of expressions of subdued anger and disgust.

"Now, then," said Mr. Hadley, laying the yard-stick upon the calicoes; "yes, as I thought, seven-eighths; too narrow—sorry."

There were many cases of these goods in the loft. Boniface Next groaned in soul. The unconscious small boy, who had brought the yard-stick, replied:

"Mr. Next," said Hadley, stopping at another case, "that's very handsome."

"Very, very, and that is the last case."

"You have no other cases?"

"No."

"Oh! well, send it round at once; for I am sure—"

"Mr. Next," said the unconscious boy, smiling with the satisfaction of one who has found a correct answer, "you are mistaken, Sir. There are a dozen more cases just like that up stairs."

"All that I don't care about it," said Mr. Hadley, passing on. The head of the large commission-house of Boniface Next & Co. looked upon the point of bursting with vexation.

"Good-morning, Mr. Next; sorry that I see nothing further about Mr. Hadley," and he went out.

Mr. Next turned to the unconscious boy.

"What do you mean, Sir, by saying and doing such things?" asked he, sharply.

"What things, Sir?" unconsciously the appellee bore.

"Why, getting the yard-stick when I winked to you not to find it, and telling of other cases when I said that one was the last."

"Why, Sir, because it wasn't the last," said the boy.

"For business purposes it was the last, Sir," replied Mr. Next. "You don't know the first principles of business; and I really do not think you will ever be a business man. Learn to hold your tongue, or you will never leave your situation, Sir."

Mr. Boniface Next, ruffled and red, went into his office, where he found Abel reading the newspaper and smoking a cigar. The calicos outside had been quite in the undercity of Next, Abel. The young man was dressed extremely well. He had returned the few weeks of his vacation to the city by visits to Frost the tailor in Maiden Lane, and had sent to his measure to Tore for Paris bootmaking artists that turned out the prettiest figures that decorated the Broadway of those days. Mr. Abel Next, to his own eyes, had the air of a man of superb leisure; and as he sat reading the paper with one leg thrown over the arm of the office-chair and the smoke languidly curling from his lips, Mr. Next felt profoundly, but unspeakably annoyed. He had some slight prescience of a future of indebtedness for the said Abel to the house of Next.

As his father entered Mr. Abel dropped his paper, and, his hand still holding the newspaper and without changing the cigar, looked through the cloud of smoke he blew.

"Father, you were imparting your philosophy of life."

The older gentleman, somewhat discomposed, answered,

"Yes, I was saying what a pity it is that men are such dunces as they often are, because they rarely look one to be so, too. But what can you do? It all very fine to talk, but we've got to live. I guess I shall not be much out of my way into the street and say, 'I gave ten cents a yard for that, but now you may have some for five.' No, it's other men's business to find that out if they can. It's a great game, business is, and the smartest chap wins. Every day you see men are going to get the largest price we can. People are gnawing and tearing and eating all the round. It's give and take. I am not here to look out for other men. Every man must care for myself—for nobody else will. It's very easy, I know; it's very sad, indeed. It's absolutely melancholy. Abel," said Next, with a sigh, "I was saying that a lie well stuck to is better than the truth wavering. It's perfectly absurd, my son, from some points of view—Christianity, for instance. But what on earth are you going to do? The only hope people are the rich people, for they don't have this eternal bother how to make money. Don't misunderstand me, my son; I do not say that you must always tell stories. Heaven forbid! But a man is not bound always to tell the whole truth. The very law itself says that no man need give evidence against himself. Besides, business is no more than every other calling. Do you suppose a lawyer never defends a man whom he knows to be guilty? He says he does it for the credit of the jury—a trial. Fiddle-de-dee! He does no such thing. He doesn't mean to prosecute in such a strain every nerve to get the man off. Pish! why, a lawyer is hired to take the side of a company or a corporation in every quarrel. He's paid by the year or by the case. He stops to consider whether his company is right, doesn't he? he works for justice, not for victory? Oh, yes! stuff. He works for fees. What's the consequence of a trial? Just this—the examination the lawyer finds the retaining party to be in the right, he will undertake the case? Fiddle! no! but that he will undertake the case anyhow and fight it through. So'tis all round. It's a trade, and I'll not be out of it."

Mr. Boniface Next discoursed warmly.—Mr. Abel Next listened with contempt and ease. He whiffed his cigar, and leaned his head on one side as he hearkened to the wisdom of experience.

"There's one other way," said the young gentleman, calmly.

"What's that?"

"To marry a rich girl," said Abel, "provided always the object be in love with her."

"Yes," replied Mr. Next; "but you know there's not a great many girls of that kind. How many are there rich independent of their parents? The article is scarce, and it is always in the market. Besides, marrying money is a man doesn't fall in love with one of them; suppose, in fact, that no one is not an attorney once, said Mr. Next with a candor that did him credit.

"Ah yes; to be sure, in that case," replied his son thoughtfully, "that is true."

"Yes—in that case—" said Mr. Next.

"Then," said Abel, "you would have me sell myself said to the sheep?' 'I'm not fond of wool, but I'm so fond of mutton!'"

Mr. Boniface Next smiled. He was proud of his son. He thought him a very ready, smart young man. He thought him, indeed, with much less uncertain than when he had caught sight of him lolling in his office-chair, smoking.

"I don't trust myself very much," answered he dishonesty. He only wanted to be rich to get duplicity and practising on the public. He subscribed largely to the American Tract Society, and paid a poor, consumptive clergyman ten dollars for every sermon he had written entitled "Honesty is the best Policy"—a copy of which was laid in every pew of every church in the city of New York, and caused the name of Boniface Next to be mentioned with applause at the next meeting of the American Tract Society while the manual sermon, called "Christianity Circumscribed," which was rejected before the Society for the relief of decayed clergymen's rectors, by Rev. Dr. Maundy, alluded glowingly to Boniface Next and his benefactions, but without specification of the sum, which would have been unseemly for the pulpit.

Boniface Next was fond of a performance which he called philosophizing. But what some men are accustomed to call a little philosophy is simply their practice put into words.

CHAPTER XXVII.

OF LOVE AND LOVERS.

MR. ABEL NEXT was not a philosopher; he was a man of action.

He had his mother that he could not accompany her to the Springs, because he must prepare himself to enter the counting-room of his father. But the evening of Mrs. Next's departure Abel Next had a little party for Mrs. Plumer, of New Orleans, for Miss Grace, of Newport, for Miss Bertha Abel, and who was just about leaving school, left school and entered society, to Miss Gertrude Next, to Miss Fanny Plumer, to Miss Feuille and making her courtesy at Mrs. Boniface Next's.

Madame de Feuille's was a "finishing" school. An extreme polish was given to young ladies by Madame de Feuille. By her assistance system they were fitted to be wives of men of even the largest fortunes. Her house was one of the pupils who would not have been equal to the addresses of a millionaire. It is the profound conviction of all who were familiar with this seminary that the pupils would not have shrunk from matrimonial overtures with a prince of any country who confined himself to Christian wedlock with one wife, or even the son of an English duke—except was that a prince and an liberal the education!

It is well understood that in the previous year Miss Dolly Whetwood Tully, one of Madame de Feuille's successes, was introduced at the Tuileries by her mother to the Empress. Whetwood Whetwood Tully, and was very much admired in the quadrille of the Princess Mathilde, where she was called "*La belle Americaine*," being the only young American woman of the party who was not a Spanish gentlemen—young noblemen, even, were beneath her notice. Whetwood Whetwood Tully, profoundly did it cry aloud within her when she saw the magnificent bouquet—sent by Marquis of Crockford, Viscount Tattersalls, the Earl of Ascot, and young Lord Tantivy—moving with Mrs. Whetwood Tully in the chaise, or bowing to Miss Tully in the Park, or glancing toward Miss Tully at the opera. Mrs. Whetwood Tully was pained by the universal obsequiousness of the fewer orders which she witnessed in England, and was very thankful that our institutions prevented any such thing at home.

In fact she said as much out loud as she said so to Lady Bump—Lady Benjamin Bump, Baroness Bump of Bump—when they sat down at luncheon with her Ladyship; and Lady Bump said (at least Mrs. Whetwood Tully said she said so). "Law, now! you Americans are you black or red, or a little of each?" Baroness Bump, in Bump, in Bump, had been an actress in her youth, and her forte was the drama, not geography.

"Oh Mitheth Tully!" said young Lord Collow, in the midst of a group at a party which was mentioned in the *Post* with the names of the guests, including Mrs. Whetwood Whetwood Tully and Miss Whetwood Tully, and of which young Collow was sent home by Mrs. T., that her friends might know of her residence in Paradise—"Oh Mitheth Tully! are you reading?" Are you really going to beweave London of Miss Tully? Cwuel, cwuel woman!"

Mrs. Tully and Miss Tully and that she felt the immense responsibility of that moment. But she was a lady, and when Bruce one of the chief of family, so she rallied instantly and replied, beaming upon the circle of English youths-very young ones—with vivacity:

"Oh yes, my Lord, we are going, but only for a little while. We shall meet friends in Paris, and return, I hope, before the end of the season. But I must really learn more with regard? I thought here been Tudor Tudor, Marquis of Crockford, or Stuart Plantagenet, Viscount Tattersalls, who stood on the Duke's left side, and smiled as the words of Mrs. Whetwood Whetwood Tully died upon her lips.

However much he might be, none Miss Tully —still Miss Tully—and Miss Grace Plumer and Miss Mirabeau Bertha Abel, Miss Fanny Plumer and Mrs. Osborne Moultrie, a lovely woman from Georgia, and her son Virgil, a boy of delightful promise, with fair hair and eyes; Dr. and Mrs. Leah, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Maundy, upon the express understanding that there was to be no dancing, and a pleasant number of other agreeable people. They were all gathered at Mrs. Boniface Next's drawing-room now-necked muslin and strawberries and ice-cream.

The new beauty of the season of the gentle sex soon discovered the dark, rich face of Abel Next, who moved among the groups with the ease and air of an accomplished gentleman of society, smiling brightly upon his friends, bowing gravely to his mother's guests whom he did not personally know.

"Who is that?" asked Mrs. Tully of Miss Fanny Plumer.

"That is my brother Abel," replied Miss Fanny.

"Your brother Abel? how charming! How very like he is to Viscount Tattersalls. You've not been in England, I believe, Miss Next?" Fanny looked negatively.

"Ah! then you have never seen Lord Tattersalls. He is a very superior young man. We were very intimate with him indeed. Dolly, dear?"

"Yes, ma."

"Do remember our particular friend Lord Viscount Tattersalls?"

"Was he a bishop?" asked Miss Fanny Next.

"Law! no, my dear. He was a—he was exactly, he was a Viscount, you know—a Viscount."

"Oh! a Viscount?"

"Yes, a Viscount."

"Ah! a Viscount."

"Well, Dolly dear, do you see how much Mr. Abel Next resembles Lord Tattersalls?"

"Yes, ma."

"It's very striking, isn't it?"

"Yes, ma."

"Now I look, I think he is even more like the Marquis of Crockford. Don't you think so?"

"Yes, ma."

"Very like indeed."

"Yes, ma."

"Dolly, dear, don't you think his nose is like the Duke of Ascot's?" You remember the Wellington nose, my child?"

"Yes, ma."

"Or is it Lord Brougham's that I mean?"

"Yes, ma."

"Which, dear?"

"May I present my brother Abel, Miss Tully?" said Fanny Next resolutely.

"Yes, I'm sure," said Miss Tully.

Fanny Next turned just as a song began in the other room, out of which opened the conservatory.

"Last May a brave wave ran down the long glen,
And all my love to did dance and sing;
I said there was nothing I hated like men—
How they fib, how they flatter, how they lie,
The deuce gan what to believe me."

The voice was that of the merry song rang out. The voice of the singer was arch, and her eye flashed slyly on Abel Next as she finished the first verse of a popular ballad by member.

Abel leaned upon the piano, with his eyes fixed upon the singer.

Abel was fully conscious of the surprise he had betrayed to sister Fanny when she spoke suddenly of Mrs. Alfred Dinks. It was necessary to remove any suspicion that she might entertain, in consequence. People of a certain kind prefer to pursue their own privately. The end may be good enough in itself—may be one which it is perfectly proper every body should know—but the purveyor chooses secrecy. Secrecy is in his nature. Do we quarrel with moles for burrowing, and slip silently under their rocks and stumps? If Mr. Abel Next had intentions in which Miss Hope Wayne was interested, was there any reason why Miss Fanny Next should mingle in the *tête-a-tête*. It would be a *tête-a-tête* no longer. It would be a crowd.

As Miss Plumer finished the song Abel and his sister coming toward him through the little crowd, although his eyes seemed to be contemplated fixed upon the singer.

"How beautiful!" said he, ardently, in a low voice, looking her directly in the eyes.

"Yes, it is a pretty song," said she.

"Oh! you mean the song?" said Abel.

The singer blushed, and took up a bunch of roses that lay on the piano, and left the piano and began to play with them.

"How very sweet it is!" said she.

"Yes," said Abel. "Let us take a turn in the conservatory. It is both darker and cooler —and the air is sweeter. Miss Grace, I fight not warmth enough to our conversation."

"Dear me, Abel," said the Arctic sone in the conservatory," said Miss Grace Plumer, as she rose from the piano. (Mrs. Next had written Abel she was fourteen.) How shall we, there are sometimes! She was seventeen in May.

"No, no," said Abel, "we shall find the Equator in that conservatory."

"I never look out for storms," replied Miss Plumer, laughing.

Abel offered his arm, and the young couple moved through the humming room. The ices were even sweet down. The voice of the youth was heard.

He felt a touch, and turned. He knew very well who it was. It was Miss Fanny.

"Abel, I want to present you to Miss Whetwood Tully."

Abel knew Fanny, I can not turn from roses to violets. Miss Tully, I am sure, is charming, but I can not leave you all by yourself, I should," said he, smiling and looking at Miss Plumer, "but, you see, all my heart is going with you."

Grace Plumer blushed again. He was certainly a charming young man.

Fanny Next, with lips parted, looked at him a moment and shook her head gently. Abel was very well aware that she was left to herself in the conservatory presently, whither he and his companion had gone. But Fanny was evidently minuted with a few candles—but was left pro-perly dim.

"I've lovely it here! Oh! how fond I am of flowers!" said Miss Plumer, with the unconsciousness of ingenuity, and a fairy young that Abel was obliged to hold her arm nose closely.

"Are you fond of flowers, Mr. Next?"

"Yes; but I prefer them living."

"Listen to that young man's poetic idea! But what do you mean?" asked Grace Plumer, hanging her head.

Abel and somebody in the cane sofa under the great orange-tree, almost hidden in the shade. Dear Fanny, thought he.

When Abel Next began Abel, in his lowest, sweetest voice; but the conservator was so still that the words could have been easily heard by any one sitting upon the sofa.

Some one sitting there—some one did hear. Abel smiled as that hand bent more closely to his companion. They came nearer. Some one was very near indeed. Abel raised his eyes smilingly to meet Fanny's. Somebody else started then; for under the great orange-tree, on the cane sofa, sat Lorence Next and Hope Wayne.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE VIRGINIA ELECTION.

The returns of the Virginia election are yet very incomplete, and we have nothing of any value to debrie them as to the result. The latest dispatch from Richmond announces that the returns are wonderfully, but indicate the election of Mr. Letcher by a very moderate majority.

THE DEAD LOCK IN UTAH.

We have received news from Utah to the 26th April. At the final adjournment of the United States Court in Utah Territory, Judge Eckels stated that as the seats of the Court records to the effect that the interference of the military with the civil authority of the Territory, the administration of justice had been rendered impossible, and expressed the opinion that his party, since in session, had all performed their duties faithfully. The officers who stated to be about equal to the arrivals. Five hundred of whom remain encamped in Cache valley, the locality of whom confirm the accounts of suffering on the Plains.

THE GOLD REGIONS OF NEVADA TERRITORY.

The news from British Columbia is to April 28. The steamer Commodore had arrived from Victoria, bringing gold dust to the amount of $250,000 had been made up of the Fraser River, and the remainder from the mines in the Canal country, doing well. Some fifteen hundred miners were on the Fraser, and provisions could be had enormously high. Governor Douglas had replied favorably to the petition for the establishment of a mint at Victoria, and would bring the matter before Majesty's Government the expediency of the measure.

TESTIMONIAL TO PAUL MORPHY.

The presentation to Paul Morphy of the New York Chess Club to Paul Morphy took place last week in the large hall of the University. The emblems and ornaments were numerous and brilliant, the room being crowded to its very part. Professor Anthon was President of the Club, Professor Lee presided with a few words of introduction, which were followed, presenting the chessboard and men to Mr. Morphy. Mr. M. made a brief and exceedingly appropriate response.

PERSONAL.

At the New Jersey Episcopal Convention, held at Burlington, on 27th May, Rev. Dr. Odenheimer was elected Bishop, in room of the late Bishop Doane.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE WAR.

THE AFFAIR AT FRASSINETTO.

THERE has been no battle yet.

The operations of the Austrians near Frassinetto are officially described by the Sardinians as follows: "After some insignificant encounters of cavalry during the first days of the war, and in which our troops retarded the enemy's march, we have now to mention facts of greater importance. On the 20th of May, between seven minutes past 4 P. M., the enemy, in considerable force, reconnoitred the bridge of Casale, which, as is known, is supposed to be ready to cross over to the right bank. The enemy's forces were driven back by our artillery posted on the banks of the river, whence they opened a heavy fire on the bridge, and even against our advanced posts. The troops of the 1st division, with the 11th battalion of bersaglieri there for the defense of that point, bore the enemy's fire with perfect firmness, and subsequently the 2d Cuneo battalion, the Savoiarde, hastened out of Casale with the 5th battalion of bersaglieri, and a section of the Mondovi's light cavalry, and the 1st field battery, to the assistance of the former. The enemy was driven back from the river, had to succeed in crossing; before this arrival there, after nightfall, the enemy ceased firing and retired. During the night, at about half past one, the enemy's artillery opened a fire which was to be broken repeatedly during the night, and which, at about 4 A. M., ceased. Then he renewed his project, and began to cross at 5 A. M. The reconnoitring parties and outposts of Casale after the engagement showed that by enemy's regular and abundant fire, and subsequently by grenades and Villarceaux, We have to deplore the loss of a killed and twenty-seven wounded, of whom seven are non-commissioned officers."

DEPARTURE OF THE EMPEROR FOR THE WAR.

Paris correspondent of the London *Herald* says, May 11: "Such was the scene which will long remain in the memory of all on the occasion of the Emperor's departure for the present campaign. The Tuileries was surrounded by crowds, the cheering, the patriotic songs, broken by the loud cries of 'Vive l'Empereur!' and 'Vive l'Armée!' offered contradiction to the reports of the war being unpopular with the bulk of the people. As for the 'Marseillaise'—*c'est une triste chose*, but the lower order, who are after all form the great mass of the population, have been taken this opportunity to express their sympathy for the Emperor and their confidence in the success of the field. All progress along the Rue de Rivoli, down which the Emperor moved at a slow pace, was impeded by the crowd along the foot-path was purged so clearly together that the Emperor could see the whole length of it. The windows of the houses were filled with spectators, and every nook were block with human beings. The Emperor was seated in an open carriage with the Empress, the usual escort of Cent Gardes file-clog and preceding. As it moved out of the gates of the Tuileries, it was met by a rear of voices, hats were tossed aloft in the air, handkerchiefs were waved, and scenes even of enthusiasm looked surprised at the unusual warmth of his reception, and with his hand, lifted his hat in return to the people. By the time the cortège had arrived at the Hôtel de Ville its movement had become somewhat retarded by the effect which such an imposing manifestation must have upon the crowd. At the Hôtel de Ville the Emperor and the Empress were received by the Municipal Council, and almost instantly hastened round by the enthusiastic crowd. I am told by an eye-witness that the seeing-in feasting features of Louis Napoleon were quivering with emotion, when the Empress was seated in the carriage to accompany him. He put his hands out of the carriage, and it was a sight pleasant to see the two magnificent brave barrenade-makers of the Rue St. Antoine—*bonning* over and kissing them in the most affectionate way. When the cortège resumed its march, a band of workmen had formed itself into a guard of honor for the Emperor, and paraded it to the end of the city." Cheering and singing of "Partant pour la Syrie" and even the "Marseillaise," to the sounds of which, in the days of the Reign of Terror, so many had patriotically hanged, and Napoleon III. set forth on his journey to the seat of war."

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

The New York *Herald* correspondent writes: "It was but half past five o'clock in the morning when I left the windows of a grocery office, wearing on his head a cap of the National Guard, and on his arm a sash of the same approved, accompanied by a number of officers of the Cent Garde preceded and followed him. At first all was silence, as the cortège passed down the street from that noble street. The scenes continued a living scene of gayety. Everywhere the people were seen to crowd the Palais Royal, in the Place of which was drawn up a line of the Garde, and near the gate of the court was to be a work of thunder. Simultaneously all mouths were opened, all hearts beat, and the cry arose of 'Vive Napoleon!' 'Vive l'Impératrice!' 'Vive le Libérateur de l'Italie!' The Emperor seemed much affected by this and on all sides. The windows, balconies, and door-ways of the houses were filled with spectators, and the most thoughts of sympathy and hope were expressed. Many stated her kerchief to her eyes and sometimes buried her face in her hands, as if overcome by irrepressible emotion. The people, rushing from their barriers, threw themselves in the path of the horses, and called out for the prayers of the Emperor that they would do nothing before his departure to hurt the enemy, and, on his saying him, that they were prevented from dragging the carriage themselves. Every now and then, as he turned the eyes as he approached toward the ancient of the Garde Bastille, was greeted with cheers, and, arriving at the station, where the troops and National Guard were drawn up in line, he was received with the cheers. In the midst of the cheering, the Empress, for one, all measure passions seemed to be forgotten."

ARRIVAL AT GENOA.

We read in the Paris *Patrie*, May 13:

"GENOA, *May* 12—4.15 P. M.

"The Emperor arrived at Genoa at 2 P. M. I hasten to express the welcome given to His Majesty by all classes of the population. The streets, windows, and the most distance were covered with vivats and boats decked with flags. The sea was covered with a multitude of boats. The noise of the royal barge which conveyed the Emperor to the shore was drowned in the cheers.

"His Majesty, on landing, was received by the Prince immediately received the civil and military authorities. The Queen of the Belgians, Mr. Hutton, were then presented. These veterans were drawn up in the gardens of the palace, where the Emperor passed in review the troops, and received the petitions presented to him. The Emperor is waiting for the arrival of the Empress before he moved.

NAPOLEON'S FIRST ORDER OF THE DAY.

"Soldiers, I come to place myself at your head, to conduct you to the enemy. We are again to see the glorious battles of a people new-violating their independence, and to rescue from foreign domination the land of the brave Genoa, which has the sympathies of the civilized world.

"I need not stimulate your ardor. Every step will remind you of a victory. In the Via Tecta and other ancient streets were engraved upon the marble, reminding the passing soldier of the deeds. He will see the palaces of Doria, Spinola, Marengo, Lodi, you will, in the midst of these glorious souvenirs, march with confidence after Via Sacra.

"Soldiers, I will do our duty, and get your gratitude and that of your country. Your brothers in arms, your children and all France will hear the following words of happy augury re-echo: 'They fought worthily with the worthy of their noble ancestors!'

"NAPOLEON."

"GENOA GENOA, *May* 13, 1859."

HIS CAMP TENT.

The *New York Times* correspondent writes: "The camp tent of the Emperor Napoleon, which preceded him to Italy, was pitched in the Piazza Carlo, and is in white and blue striped tent-cloth, double roofed. Its height is about sixteen feet. The interior is divided into three apartments—a saloon, bedroom, and dressing-room. Down in the cloth pruit a passage from one room to the other, and windows are pierced for ventilation. The floor is of folding sacks, and three small tables—one for the toilet—occupying the front part of the bedroom compartment. The tent is remarkable for its perfect finish, the facility with which it can be put up and taken down, and the admirable adaptation to the purpose for which it was designed. It will sleep comfortably a dozen men. The Emperor's tent is named on its entrance as far as Marmilles, but the Emperor has not yet occupied it, preferring to sleep in the palace of the Duke of Genoa. Should he move with the troops, the iron bed now in this tent, the toilet furniture and the table service will be transferred to his new quarters, and accompanied him in nearly all his campaigns; and in these campaigns it has been his custom when Napoleon I going to throw himself upon the destiny of the most victorious of his generals, sometimes on the bed, on the fields of Marengo and Lodi, to sleep upon, and draw his military cloak around him. Here he would sleep, and descend his great words, and on which he planned the battles which have made his name immortal. Napoleon III. has a superstition there are users abused even than this of Louis Napoleon's."

THE REGENCY.

The *Moniteur* of May 11 contains the following: "The Emperor, having the intention of placing himself at the head of the army, has, by a decree dated at Genoa, the 10th of May, appointed upon the Empress. The Empress says his Majesty's intentions will be executed in the manner which has been determined by the decree of instruction, which will be transcribed into the great book of the State. The Empress will preside the council of the great body of the State, the members of the Privy Council and the Ministers. She will countersign all the orders and instructions, and the Empress will not be able to exercise the prerogatives which are reserved to the Regency. The Empress will not be able to proclaim any amnesty, to dissolve the Chambers, or to conclude any treaty. The Empress will take the advice of the Prince Jerome Napoleon, whom the Emperor calls will be summoned to her."

PRAYERS FOR THE ARMY.

The Cardinal Archbishop of Lyons, to communicating to his clergy the prayers to be offered up in the churches relative to public prayers for the success of the French arms, concludes with the following exhortation: "Let us address in these words: 'Amidst the grave circumstances which surround us, we have recourse to Thee, O God, and we implore Thy mercy. Thou alone canst restore health to the sick, and we relieve or hasten the hour of death, and we relieve or calm their unquiet anxiety. Let us all join, from the Alps to both seas, in the same prayer, and may the sentiment of Christian charity, of courage, of constancy, and the God of victory will stand by us. Our forefather! Fully forever!"

EXCITEMENT AT PISA.

The Daily News correspondent writes: "When the Duke and Duchess of Genoa and the Count of Aosta (sons), and down by the next train from every city came the Duke of Tuscany, with his family, and the Duke of Modena, with his family, and the Duke of Lucca in Post Duchess is hostess to the holder of the hotel, and the Grand Duke and Duchess of Tuscany with their children, and the Princess ordinarily take up their residence in the Palazzo Reale.

The Piazza ordinarily wake up—poor people!—when the train arrived with the Grand Duke of Tuscany, but they waited and waited on the landing bridge—in the fusing with heavy rain, and shivering with patience, till on the next railway they saw the train streaming down with the Grand Duke's colors on the engine. Then the flag began dancing with impatience on the platform; and the band struck up the Tuscan hymn, and remained in the middle of the bridge with it. Then such a shout! The Grand Duke looked out of the window, and was received with a shout which made the very air ring. Then the band struck up the 'Marseillaise,' and the

THE SEAT OF WAR—ALESSANDRIA AND TURIN.

We give in this Number several splendid illustrations of the War in Europe—to wit, two pictures of the French Army in Italy, on page 356; an engraving of Austrian officers in a cafe at Milan, and of the Sardinian troops, on page 364; finally, on these pages, the accompanying views of the port of Alessandria, and the city of Turin, the capital of the kingdom of Sardinia. We take this opportunity of referring those who wish to see pictures of Genoa and Milan to No. 112 of this journal, in which we published elaborate engravings of those cities.

As compared with other Italian cities, Turin looks modern. Its streets are straight, and many are wide. The houses are built according to modern architectural rule. Few medieval edifices recall antiquity to the mind of the spectator; and of Roman remains there are comparatively none at all. Yet Turin has its history. It had the honor of being the first Italian city which opposed an obstinate resistance to Hannibal. It was the scene of many a severe conflict in the old wars between Romans and Gauls. It was taken and destroyed by Constantine. It figured largely in the banquet and strife of the Dark Ages. It was captured and sacked by Francis the First of France.

Of late years its chronicle has been more peaceful. For three hundred years it has been the aim of its masters to render it a beautiful and a prosperous city; and, with the exception of the period of the French domination, those efforts have been crowned with uniform success. Turin now contains more comfortable residences than perhaps any other Italian city. It has fine churches too, a splendid royal palace, a library, museum, and many other noble buildings. Its environs are lovely; no part of Italy contains more picturesque villas than those which adorn the *Superga*. The Po flows through the city, and receives in the suburbs a fine mountain torrent.

The population of Turin is about 150,000 souls. The most active business of the place is the silk manufacture, which affords employment to many thousands of persons.

The city is unfortified. There was an old citadel once; but the late King, with a wise appreciation of the progress of the age, pulled it down to make room for a railway station.

Alessandria is a town of some 40,000 inhabitants with the suburbs. It stands on the border of the Tanaro, which is represented in the engraving.

Alessandria is the most conspicuous monument extant of the old Guelf and Ghibelline wars. When the cities of Italy banded themselves together in a league against the Emperor, in 1164, Pavia and the Duchy of Montferrat stood out against them. To overawe them, the cities built a fortress adjoining, on one side, the Montferrat territory, on another, the country depending on Pavia: and to this fortress the name of Alessandria was given, in compliment to the Pope Alexander the Third, the Protector of the Guelfs. Milan, Padua, Cremona, Genoa, and other Italian cities sent workmen to build and soldiers to defend the new fortress; so skillfully was the ground chosen, and so bravely did its garrison hold their posts, that, after a long siege, the Emperor who attacked it was compelled to retreat.

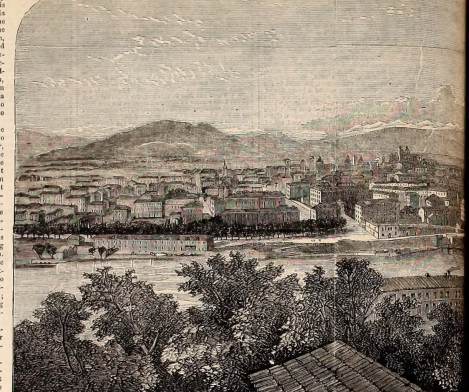
Alessandria has since become a most important place. Two fairs are held there every year, and the amount of business done is very considerable. Since the present war became imminent large sums have been spent in fortifying Alessandria. The most eminent foreign engineers—among others the famous General Todtleben, of Russia—have given the Sardinians the benefit of their counsels in the construction of the works; there is no doubt that they are as strong as modern art can make them. Nature has done much for the defiance of Alessandria. A little labor causes the Tanaro to overflow its borders and submerge the neighboring country; then, in case of need, opposing an impassable barrier to an invading army.

Marengo, the famous battle-field in the old Napoleonic war in Italy, is within sight of Alessandria.

A few remarks about the hostile armies, which, in all probability, have by this time met on the battle-field, will not be out of place.

At the present time the Austrian army is said to consist of about 600,000 men, of whom about 460,000 are infantry, 60,000 cavalry, 70,000 artillery, and 15,000 engineers and sappers. Of these it is estimated that two-thirds could be brought into the field during the present summer, constituting an army equal in numbers, and superior in discipline, equipment, and general efficiency to that with which Napoleon set out for the conquest of Russia forty-seven years ago.

The army of Austria has always been an object of incessant watchfulness on the part of the Government. Wielding a despotic sway over a widely extended empire, peopled by races various and usually hostile to each other, the Austrian emperors have owed the preservation of their throne to the army, and have never lost sight of the obligation. Though the pay is small, especially for the grades between second-lieutenant and general, the honor of being an officer in the army is deemed



THE CITY

THE CITY AND FORT

PIEDMONT.

considerable; and it is quite possible for an Austrian officer to live comfortably even on his meagre pay. He has no mess bills to discharge; he dines where and how he pleases; his associates almost exclusively with his comrades at the military café; if he evince military genius, preferment is certain. *He is taught to look upon war and plunder as the natural complement of his small stipend.* As the French opera song says:

"Dans le service de l'Autriche
Le militaire n'est pas riche,
Chacun sait ça;
Mais si ne pas est trop logée,
Il n'en console, car c'est la gourre
Qui l'en paire."

Though a poor man, he enjoys in the army the society of men richer and probably better born than himself. He meets the highest nobility on a footing of equality, using the familiar "thou" to all comrades.

It is well known that the army of Austria is composed of various races. The principal peoples which are represented in its ranks are the Germans from Austria proper and the neighborhood; the Hungarians; the Poles; the Sclavons, including the Croats; the Wallachs; the Italians, and the Tyrolese. All of these races live under Austrian dominion, and are liable to conscription. Every year a certain number of the youth of the empire draw by lot for the painful honor of serving the emperor; the unlucky ones who draw the fatal prize must serve eight years, if they are not able to pay $400 for a substitute—Astute policy dictates the immediate transfer of each body of recruits from its home to the farthest part of the empire. The Hungarians and Sclavons are sent to serve in Italy; the Italians mount guard in Poland; the Germans do duty in Croatia, and so on. By this means the soldier may be relied upon to do his duty in suppressing insurrection; he has no kindred feelings with the people among whom he is quartered; they are foreigners to him; he does not speak their tongue, and often has a hereditary prejudice against them. This policy is so thoroughly carried out that each body of troops is removed every few months from garrison to garrison, lest, by chance, ties of marriage or friendship should be contracted between them and the residents of the town.

The heterogeneous composition of the Austrian army has its disadvantages. At least a dozen languages are spoken by the soldiers; and as the word of command is always given in German, both officers and soldiers sometimes take some time to learn even this much of the military tongue. In the field the soldiers' ignorance of the language of their superior officer often causes great inconvenience. Again, the very prejudices of race which the Austrian Government fosters for the purpose of keeping down revolutionary movements interferes with the harmonious action of the army. The Italians hate the Germans; between the Germans and Hungarians a deadly feud exists; the Poles hate all the southern races. In 1848, this want of unity of feeling produced great dangers; that it will do so again in this war is confidently anticipated.

Though as a general rule cavalry, artillery, and infantry are raised indiscriminately from all these races, some branches of the army have their special recruiting dépôts. The lancers are mostly Poles. The hussars are Hungarians. It is in the Tyrol that the best riflemen, in which arm the Austrian army is very strong, are found. The best infantry and the best heavy dragoons are Germans.

As an army, competent critics pronounce that of Austria very efficient. The men are well armed, and tremendously drilled. The firing is generally good, and the physical strength of the soldier formed by constant exercise. The rifle corps is especially commended. Generally speaking, the officers know their duties and perform them well. By recent regulations, a cadet must, before obtaining a commission, pass an examination of some severity. Promotion afterward goes by seniority and merit. Thus most of the Austrian captains and field-officers are competent men. By a singular rule, however, each regiment is "owned" by some noble or government official, who is frequently able to obtain commissions for his dependents, and to secure their advancement before the proper time: thus a certain number of incapables are added to the army. It is not believed that they are numerous enough to leaven the whole lump.

The French artillery and cavalry are deservedly famous. The latter arm has acquired prodigious efficiency under the present Emperor, who is himself no mean gunner. The French are said to be bad riders and bad grooms. They kill more horses than men of the German armies. But in the field nothing can be more irresistible than the charge of their heavy cavalry—cuirassiers and carabineers—or more flashing than the pursuit of a flying enemy by their hussars and chasseurs à cheval. Competent authority pronounces these arms in the French service to be unsurpassed, if equaled, in any other service.

French infantry compare unfavorably in point of size and strength with Germans, Russians, or English; and in the field—even in the present day—strength is worth something. But what the French lack in muscle they make up in fortitude and endurance. It is said that the little thin Frenchmen who compose the regiments of the line

ANDRIA, PIEDMONT.

will march further and fight longer—at the offensive—than the Germans or English. On the defensive they are probably equal to both of these, for they are probably more cool, and prone, under adverse circumstances, to give way to despondency. But in sudden matches, in rapid evolutions in the field, as voltigeurs, skirmishers, and chasseurs, they are beyond praise. Their courage, of course, it was supposed was to assert: they are not only brave, but quick, intelligent, thoughtful, and well-disciplined. The German and Swiss regiments are reported to be of the opinion that the richer the skull the better the soldier, for he will stand the more nobly: the French pursue the opposite theory, and expect every soldier to be intelligent, capable at need of assuming the commander's place. It is quite common, we are told, at reviews for the commissioned officers of a French regiment to be fired from the field, leaving the command to the sergeants, who, after putting the regiment through various manœuvres, end in their turn, leaving the command to the corporals.

The French soldier showed at Sebastopol how able he was to shift for himself, and to make himself comfortable in the midst of privations. He cooked, he made his tent snug, he protected himself against the cold in a manner that was incomprehensible to the Russians and British; and in the midst of the hardest trials his native gayety kept up his spirits. These are among the most prominent traits characteristics of the French soldier. If he descends under the first shock of defeat, his natural vivacity soon restores his courage; and, in success, his ambition, which assures him that he only needs opportunity to become a general, leads him to dare any thing.

The French officers are masters of their trade. They are educated from the first youth, and practice it assiduously during life. Very many of them rise from the ranks, and are the sons of men who have risen in the same way. Between the officers and the soldiers there is little sympathy; the former are, if not always, generally well educated, and retain the feeling. Among themselves there is much good fellowship, and the esprit de corps is very strong. Within the past few or five years the African element has been grafted on disappearing stock of Zouaves, and new Zouaves have entered their ranks. At the present time, two-thirds of the Zouaves are Germans, mostly from Paris, and many Germans, Poles, Italians, Greeks, and even Englishmen have enlisted with them. Their courage is splendid, and not only attractive to the eye but admirably suited for practical work in the field. Their discipline, too, is generally act as skirmishers and on patrol, which enables them to do a good deal of work which is considered by others as more agreeable than those of heavy marching regiments. Discipline among the Zouaves is not so rigid as among other troops, and in the simple reason that they are such nearly daredevils that they laugh at the Provost Marshal and the Salle de Police. There are now about nine thousand of them altogether, and are said to be the hardest to manage of all the troops under the crop. For daring exploits and outpost duty they are certainly unrivalled. We shall hear more of them, doubtless, as this war goes on.

ANECDOTES OF THE COURT OF LOUIS XIV.

At the close of the seventeenth century a young, sharp-witted, pragmatical nobleman entered on his career at the court of Louis the Grand. He was the Duc de Saint Simon, son of a favorite of Louis the Thirteenth, and the Sainct Pages of his time. He made himself the chevalier and general portrait-painter of the court; then bequeathing a gallery of likenesses, and a breadroll of events, which graver history would not have prepared; but we can not say that they increase our respect for the Grand Monarque and his era of France.

One of Louis the Fourteenth's great desires was to provide brilliantly for his natural children. The only daughter of Mademoiselle de la Vallière he had married to Prince de Conti, the first object daughter, by Madame de Montespan, he had given in like manner to the Duc de Vendôme. Conti, grandson of the great Condé, and, like the Prince de Conti, one of the Royal Princes of France. His second daughter, by the same mother, he was determined to marry to his nephew the young Duc de Chartres, son of Monsieur, brother to the king, and future famous Regent Duc d'Orléans. The mother of the young Duc Chartres—a princess of the violent woman, bubbling in horror all unsuitedness relations—received the proposition with fury. The young Duc Chartres—a prince, by the way, detested Cardinal Dubois, and awed by the terrifying majesty of the King, grew pale and trembled. Indeed this projected marriage with Mademoiselle Dubois, as she was called, quite as much as his mother herself. But the King knew what was best for slaves he had to deal with, and cared nothing for private prejudices. One evening, therefore, all these personages were sent for to the King's private cabinet; the court on the tip-toe of expectation to know what was afoot. When they returned, the marriage was announced as a settled thing. Madame was furious, Monsieur was oppressed with shame, the young Duc was miserable, and Mademoiselle Dubois embarrassed and trembling. Madame strode in the gallery with her handkerchief in her hand, gesticulating vehemently and weeping passionately as she spoke, for all to hear, of the insult and wrong done to them. At supper she and her son ate nothing. The next day were read the father's document, while indignant tears fell hot and heavy from Madame. The King was impressively polite to Madame. He offered her every dish before him, all of which she refused with rudeness. When they rose from table her Majesty made the indignant mother a low bow, during which she performed so complete a pirouette, that the King, on raising his head, found nothing but her back before him. The next day, when the court was assembled in the gallery, waiting for the breaking up of the council, the Duc de Chartres went as usual to kiss his mother's hand; but she gave him a box on the ear, which so far startled he was sent reeling backward. This was one of the courtly amenities of that age of knightly manners.

The household of the new Duchess is next declared, and by the same edict the eight-months'-Saint Simon of the number—certain offices are created in it, whose reversal devolves on the heirs-male of France. That innovation was worse than a thousand regal crimes. The marriage day arrived. After a ball, a supper, and the midnight marriage ceremony, the young couple are conducted to their nuptial apartments. Here, as was the case in the full court, receive their respective night-gowns from the hands of the highest ladies of the court, and are finally left, in their wedded state, to the undisturbed enjoyment of each other. The Queen (James the Second's Queen), be from Louis himself. And then the married pair, left to their own devices, put on the gilded Cupids, its velvet hangings, laced sheets, and gold embroidered counterpane—a bed which Monsieur had won in the Low Countries, who keeps them shivering in their smarty clothing a full quarter of an hour outside the door to make full announce. Then the courtly crowd bows and trips and minces back to the bull-room, there to dance minuets and receive the felicitations of the day.

The Princess de Conti is in love with Clermont, a relation of Madame de Montespan's (the Marquis's son) is in love with La Chaise, one of the Princesse's maids of honor, "a great, ugly, fat, pock-marked girl." Lauzun, the Lauzenburg's creature, and De Lauzenburg desires to govern Mademoiselle, and therefore Madame Clermont that he should abandon the princess and marry La Chaise, by this time the acknowledged mistress of Monsieur, and governed by her unlimited power over the future king, might make Clermont's fortune and his own. The Princesse de Conti, Lauzun's son, and in love with Clermont, and therefore bombshell bursts. Clermont, during the bombshell bursts. Clermont, during the bombshell bursts. Clermont, during the

twenty-four hours poor Santeuil was dead, after suffering frightful torments; but no one troubled the Duc about it.

Madame Pulet, in fact, called Monsieur la Vauban a gentleman for refusing a certain stake at play, after the rest of the company had gone, La Vauguyon "bolted the door, clapped his hat on his head, drew her up against the chimney, and swore he would have her because his two tats, said he, were no reason why he should not have one of his wife to feed, her to call him poltroon again. The poor woman was horribly frightened, and made use of the most pathetic entreaties to him, and all sort of excuses." La Vauguyon was half-mad then. Eventually he became wholly so, and died of a long, lingering and dangerous things, died by his own hand.

The Duke's brother falls ill. He has been twice or thrice before on the verge of death from his excessive gluttony. This time he is really very ill. The King, who has been estranged from him for some months, hears the news with great composure; but as midnight orders are to change to be really to take him to Saint Cloud should worse news arrive. In the mean time he goes to bed, and is roused by two messengers, the one of whom reports that Monsieur has just asked for some cheese-cakes-and-water, the other that he is worse, and all the medicines given are powerless. At this the King sets out, Count Rochefort leading the way with link-boys; any coach that comes first to hand, and carriers, for the moment, of precedence or etiquette. The King arrives at Saint Cloud at night at Saint Cloud, his brother slowly sinking; when, finding that he is not dead, he sends for the physicians, and returns to Marly, the Court surrounding after him. And then the dying man was deserted by all. Gentlemen of the bed-chamber—all was left only to the scullions and footmen, who filled the room with their cries. The house running here and there, crying, with distracted hair, like bacchantes." The Duchess de la Ferté, who had always been the great friend of Monsieur's minions, came back to look at him as he lay yet palpitating. "Faith! here is a man who no one cares for," said she, bitterly, turning on her heel. The next day all trees of sorrow were laundried. Gentlemen of the bed-chamber forgotten—all was just the same as Marly as before.

Monseigneur, the King's son, was now the only house, father of the Duc de Bourgogne, and slave to La Chaise, takes the small-pox. The King and Madame de Maintenon are in his bed-room. Boulon, and Monsieur and Madame de Bourgogne hold their court at Versailles. Monseigneur, taken from court as business, hears of Monseigneur's illness, and hurries back—torn between the hope that he will die and the fear that he will recover. It was of filty, he may recover. Things seem to go well for Monseigneur: he is much improved in itself, and progresses favorably. The Dames de la Halle, who are very fond of him, come in procession to congratulate him on his recovery. At the foot of his bed, and say they will order a Te Deum to be sung. Unfortunately, however, says the Te Deum would be premature, gives them money and dismiss, and sends them away. The Duchess of Orleans and the Princess Royal say the Te Deum would be premature, gives them money and dismiss, and sends them away. The Duchess of Orleans and the Princess Royal together their evil fate, and wonder how so gross a man can survive so delicate a child. The Monseigneur's recovery was factitious. In a few days he becomes unconscious, sinks rapidly, and dies. As Madame de Saint Simon is watching, she is just ready to get into bed, rumors of the event reach Versailles. Saint Simon awakes and the Duc de Berri's, but finds that every one has gathered round the heirs—the Bourgogne. It was a curious sight. The whole Court, Monseigneur was bubbled into Madame de Bourgogne's chamber.

The two sons (De Bourgogne and De Berri) and their wives sat side by side, on a sofa in the midst of the saloon, the Court ranged around them. The Duc and Duchesse de Bourgogne were calm and greatly powerful, not somewhat dull and were advanced a step nearer to the throne by a father's death; but the Duc de Berri, the youngest and his favorite son, wept, and was deeply affected at the event. They were not sobs, but appalling yells, that burst from him. The Duchesse de Berri had her protector, was as bad. The decorous sympathy of the poor Duchesse de Bourgogne was lost in such a tumult of grief. "Let us not disturb ourselves" in keeping up appearances. When the prince her brother-in-law left the room, the Duchesse de Berri had brought some tears along with her and kept them up with care; and these, combined with the art of the toilet-table, made her to sufficiently ugly and make them swell and smudge her face." In the midst of all this, Madame, the Duchesse de Berri's widow—" in full-dress she knew not why, howling the knew not why, and furnishing the old spectacle of a princess—a widow—in her bed-room by day in the end of night to come and cry among a crowd of women, with little or no mourning, and nights-dress; almost as masqueraders." In the gallery, a few hours—notably the Duchesse d'Orleans and Saint Simon—near death, and suffering cruelly, and confessing their joy at the death. Then first—the Duchesse de Berri gathering very night for the Swiss Guards. In the midst of the servitude, one of the ladies touched the bed when a sturdy arm rested itself upon the bed-curtains, and showed them a brawny Swiss under his short half-armor, and a wooden-leg which he made not his position, and understood his business amongst the white princesses or goddesses, he dived back beneath the sheets and the curtains; and the ladies had much trouble not to laugh too loudly for a Court supposed to be in deep affliction.

At last the Duc de Berri was obliged to be entirely dressed, and he was obliged to be in a state of hysterical delirium. Monsieur and Madame de Bourgogne invited a number of ladies to pass the night in their bedroom. They slept, with unclosed curtains, a calm and unbroken sleep, and the next morning rose early, "their tears quietly dried up."

Monseigneur had been very popular with the Parisians, and his death was much lamented; but, if Saint Simon's portrait is a faithful one, he was no great loss to the country. Idle, credulous, and prejudiced, "absorbed in pain for and his ignorance," avaricious even to penury, obstinate and stupid, "without any desire to do ill, he would have made a pernicious king." So that, though his death wrought some grief and a little state perplexity, France, under the regency of the Duke Orleans, was in better keeping than she would have been if she had ever passed into the hands of La Chaise's fat friend.

OUR SPECIAL PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

Departure of the Emperors—Wise Feeling of the Parisians—Their warm welcome of the Emperor—Napoleon flying from Paris—Napoleon doing the Conjugal—The Prince Imperial has his Photograph taken—No more Bals at the Tuileries—The Bois—End of the London Season—Adventure of our Own Correspondent—Prospects of Convergence, etc., etc.

PARIS, May 21, 1859.

It is difficult at this moment to write of Paris much less to write, of any thing but the incidents connected with the departure of Napoleon "en famille," as it is termed here—and the events of which are fast becoming matters of history. The departure left a void, a vacuity, which the Parisians fill as fast as they can, by the most extravagant demonstrations on the line of road to see his departure, and for his return. The Emperor is greeted most heartily and sincerely cheered, and the unwonted sounds must have been music to his ears, and pervaded him with a joy that will last for a long time, true popularity.

Louis Nap. had no knew the nation he governs when he said, "it would be so," though they were at first so averse to it. The French are so unusually sensitive to flattery, that the man who can flatter, pet stirs all their passions, and awakens the sensual within them with its last for luxury and for conquest. They do not care when they are led to fight against; many think it is the Sardinians who are to be their enemies, but they will fight for it, when it is explained to them that it is the Austrians, which they will do, for they have been enabled to maintain her neutrality; but I confess my fears are stronger than my hopes upon this question.

A July whom I saw last evening, just arrived from Rome, gives an interesting account of events which seized the English there when it became known that the Queen had ordered her telegram to be sent to their governor, "Tant pis, Monsieur," and "that he should not care by *France*," which, coupled with the remarks made in the last of the newspaper suggestive of the immediate prospect of a war between France and England, occasioned a general alarm among the English there. A Frenchified passengers on the steamer this July came by from Civita Vecchia, were questioned closely for fifty, which was in itself a risk and an alarm.

It is impossible that the Empress should not be sad and anxious at the present moment, and it is to be hoped that the Parisians, to whose care she was confided by her consort, will feel for her distrust, and that we shall not have a republican revolution to alarm us. I heard on Tuesday in the crowd a woman say that she was sorry the Empress was Englishman, who had been asking some questions of her about her Emperor's departure, to which they were both looking at—

"Do not be alarmed, Monsieur. We have the *Garde Nationale* at the service of us, and my husband and brother are both among them."

But I must say I feel uneasy myself, and not seem to be very much *au fait* either of the language in which she spoke or of the events of the day, was not in the least reassured by her assurances, and said "he should take his family home at once, though they had come to spend the summer."

"Tant pis, Monsieur," said the good woman, with the usual shrug of the shoulders.

The Emperor knows so well how to work upon the feelings of the French. The last three weeks he has always driven out with "his wife," "with the conjugal" like the most affectionate couple. All this *ruse* and they say he is so sorry to leave his wife and child, and that he is so anxious for France he makes the sacrifice.

So a few days ago he let him it was known that the little Prince Imperial had gone to have his photograph taken for "his papa to carry with him to the wars." Then on an occasion of review, mounted on the Boulevard, and they cheered so loudly when he came in sight, that the horses were frightened. He is a very grave child, it seems, and it is recommended that he should see more of a later childhood, as he is said to play with them. For this purpose the Princess Matilda gave a notice that Saturday and Sunday last would be days of fêtes in her den of his age, and they had all been "*très gentil*, and so happy." She is certainly a very pretty child, a white jean frock and a Leghorn straw hat bound with black velvet. But this absence of theory to amuse his age is a "*vilaine* fête" for the unfortunate toy boy—not very bad fair, with lovely blue eyes. The Court has gone away with the Emperor, and of ballet and *fêtes* which we were promised for "after Easter." The theatres are the only resource for the lovers of amusement. I have been once to the bear in Histori, and think her, if possible, improved since last year. She is certainly a most wonderful dog, without, perhaps, all the genius of Rachel, but with more of sentiment and real feeling. The Italian opera is still going on unusually late this year. I went one night last week to hear Donizetti's opera of "Polionete," which is being given for the first time in Paris. There are beautiful things in it, and Tamberlick and Madame Penco do them full justice, and sing the principal parts in an admirable manner. It was preceded by the famous duo in Otello, which Tamberlick and Corsi were greatly applauded, and which was magnificently given by those artists. Indeed, I never witnessed in Paris, where the audience is generally cold and critical, so much enthusiasm as on this occasion. Every duo was encored, and bouquets thrown, and even the ladies *stood* up in the excitement of the scene and applauded. The Empress was in her box, looking, as ever, very lovely, simply dressed in white, with blue flowers and blue ribbons. I believe that on cause of the unusual warmth of emotion displayed by the audience was that there were many Italians present, and they are always more demonstrative than the French. I was curiously a very enjoyable evening, as there is nothing to distract one's attention from an admiration for art—it carries one so along with it.

This, with the fêtes at the Bois de Boulogne, are all the amusements we have been allowed as there troubled times. I have only been to them on the Thursday evening. Sunday is the favorite for this, as for every public amusement in this country; but I cannot endure even the scene to say and amusing, or the stands so crowded with well-dressed and fashionable company. But these fêtes were very well I feel that the season at Paris has quite come to an end, and this is my last letter from here.

I am going to London, from whence my next letter will be written. The town there has been deserted of a crowd of its gayety by the intolerable dissolution of Parliament disturbing all the fashionable arrangements. "Mamma and daughters" who had ordered "gipsy" looking bonnets for the season, that they might have a chance of displaying their charms, were disappointed. It consisted at this enforced departure of "all the best men." But the vacated benefits may now be taken up again; and it is said the season will be unusually full and brilliant, as persons will not wish to go out of town, and Continent in the most certain state of political relations.

I must not forget an amusing anecdote of your late correspondent, which he relates to me himself in a letter received this morning. It appears that the Sardinians are in the habit of sending out to tempt by strangers to acquaint themselves with their military position and tactics, and have given orders to arrest any one who might be supposed to have the intention of giving information in regard to their movements. It seems that the day after his arrival at Turin he was riding out, in company with another amateur, toward the Sardinian camp. They had proceeded some miles, when they were stopped by a reddet, and made to leave their horses, and carried off to the camp, as a spy. Fortunately but day, to the nearest head-quarters. Here they were speedily released, but they were obliged to walk the ten miles back again before they could recover their horses, which was a great trial for a "fashionable" stroller at Paris after much for curiosity.

And so from while I bid you adieu, courteous reader, until, perhaps, another autumn shall have collected again with the scattered fcem ments of the summer population which will be the delight the readers of the *Weekly*.

But I would add that I kept my present privileges until that time, not only to amuse, but I should be assiduous to warn, instruct, and guide with the experience of authory your pleasant and young women whom it seems the tendency of this age to fence forward in the headlong pursuit of pleasure, and to the neglect of all these quiet graces and simple virtues which, unless they are possessed and cultivated by our sex, lose their influence and their power over our husband and readers. "What shall we do?" you exclaim; "must we shall not be without permission, dear readers, and perhaps in the end we will find more pleasure in such themes. And so, from Paris, adieu!

THE WEEKLY FARMER.

THE COST OF MEAT.

THERE is no subject of much greater importance to the farmer *now* than the price of meat; and the consumer, also, is deeply interested. It seems that there is a disproportion between the increase of animals and population; and in obedience to the invariable law of supply and demand, when the former is small and the latter large, the price is sure to increase, as there is not the usual abundance with which to market values. This seems to be true in relation to the present prices of animal food, for there is no reason to suppose that they are caused by any sudden fluctuations of trade, an unusual short supply for any one or more seasons, short crops, increase of foreign demand (although this has had some influence), but to the difference between the increase of animals and that of population. The population has been increasing thirty-five per cent. in a given time, while that of the rate of twenty per cent. only. We can, therefore, see no other important cause of the present high prices of meat than the disproportion between the number of animals and the population. This is a thing of to-day or yesterday, but one which has been gradual and regular for a long time. If the demand is greater than the supply, the price is taken out of the hands of speculators, and becomes subject to a higher law. The number and increase of cattle in the United States between the years 1840 and 1850 were as follows:

	1840.	1850.	Increase.
Horses and mules	4,335,339	4,502,000	166,661
Neat cattle	14,971,586	19,375,307	4,403,721
Sheep	19,311,376	21,884,719	2,573,343
Swine	16,141,714	31,481,240	15,339,526

The increase of cattle, as shown by the above figures, has been about twenty per cent., but that of the population has been thirty-five per cent. This is true of the whole country. In the old States the population has been increasing, but the number of animals has been decreasing. The table given below applies to New England, New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, and Virginia:

DOMESTIC ANIMALS IN THE OLD STATES.

	1840.	1850.	Decrease.
Horses and mules	1,193,197	1,193,197	53,394
Neat cattle	6,112,559	6,112,559	1,236,062
Sheep	6,876,453	6,876,453	2,795,062
Swine	11,437,022	9,437,022	1,704,218

We naturally look to the new States for a supply. Let us see what the facts are. The table given below refers to Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Missouri, Kentucky, and Tennessee:

DOMESTIC ANIMALS IN THE NEW STATES.

	1840.	1850.	Increase.
Horses and mules	1,656,922	2,156,190	512,468
Neat cattle	4,396,000	5,771,481	975,481
Swine	13,748,509	13,648,581	2,116,528
Sheep	4,435,076	6,008,266	1,573,190

The above table shows the increase between the years 1840 and 1850. But we are desirous of subjecting ourselves more especially to the last, which relates to the *whole* United States, and is the latest statement we have in relation to supply and demand. It may at first seem a reproach that, in our new country and on its fertile soil, the most-producing animals should not keep pace with the population. Our exports of *breadstuffs and animal products* during the period between 1842 and 1846 inclusive, amounted to more than a million of dollars, and from 1852 to 1856 to more than two million dollars; nor is there any reason to suppose that the demand will be less than it has been. When, therefore, we take into consideration the exports of the increase of population beyond that of the most-producing animals, we can see no reason why animal food shall not be a high price hereafter. This is a subject well worthy the serious consideration of Western wool-growers.

A well-known writer says: "The most urgent problem which the present day has to solve is the discovery of the means of producing the human food and wool on a given surface." These words not only apply to the United States, but have a world-wide significance.

Should our readers have any just fault to find with the views given above, we shall be glad to have facts and figures from them in elucidation of this subject.

CROP NEWS.

Mr. John Payne, Haddimand County, Canada West, writes:

"Fall wheat sown in good season, be well prepared and is looking remarkably well. Spring wheat is not looking bad. Where was very little snow to protect it looks dreary enough. Barley sown early is looking well and fourish when covered with snow, but it appeared to have little to take hold upon last winter, and many rather early with heavy rains and occasional frosts, which appear to have done much injury to last wheat and clover and the latter is not looking as well as usual. A match, together with the roots not having had time to be thoroughly dried on the fall. I am afraid there will be more than that there is, I think, a greater breadth of land sown to fall wheat than ever before. This is begun to sow sooner than the middle of April. I had some sown then, but was not pleased with the crop. Very many have sown it this year of wheat was good, and in most places had any crops of spring wheat cut out of fall wheat."

The Chicago *Tribune* of May 20 says:

"We present this morning a large number of letters from different portions of the West, giving a most cheering account of the prospects of the growing crops. In places at the stop will show those who are not familiar with the agricultural resources of the country refer to a wide extent of country, at lying south of the latitude of St. Louis, favor advantages for cultivation are not equally encouraging. In a week or two the harvest will have fully commenced in the South, and we hope soon to announce that the crop is safely gathered. One of the editors of the *Press and Tribune* visited Madison, Wisconsin, last week, and all along the line of the St. Paul and Fond du Lac and the Milwaukee and Mississippi roads the wheat looked finely. Most of it was spring, of which a very wide breadth has been sown in this section. The prairie corn also appeared to be very extensive. Advices generally from Wisconsin agree that the prospects were never better for an abundant crop."

ADIEU!—A DEW-DROP FROM MEMORY.

BY C. H. WEBB.

The maiden moon was peeping
From out the latticed west;
A weary world was sleeping,
And even I should rest;
For souls are Twilight's minions,
And, yielding to her sway,
We fold our pastime-pinions
Like doves at close of day.

But yet one light was gleaming,
The lilac-tops above,
From Lilly's casement beaming
The guiding star of Love.
One birdie there was keeping
A tryst to meet its mate;
So when the flowers were sleeping
I flew to Lilly's gate.

And soon a maiden's blushed
Were burning on my breast;
Then hand in hand we strolled
Within my own wee premd.
But what our lips were planning
Not even Lilly knows:
He thought he heard the humming
Of wild bees in a rose.

All dial hands were creeping
White blissful moments flew,
And Morning's eyes came peeping
The lattice-leaflets through:
Sweet mists tears were weeping
The lids of morn anew,
Asters yet was weeping,
And Lilly said, A—dew!

SARDINIAN TROOPS IN FULL UNIFORM.

THE SARDINIAN ARMY.

On pages 361, 362 will be found an account of the Austrian army, which should be read in connection with the engraving given below. Of the Sardinian army, of which we give a picture above, a very few words of description need suffice.

It consists, in time of peace, of 70,000 men, and in war time can be raised to 120,000. The most famous corps are the *Bersaglieri*, or skirmishers, whose broad-brimmed hat, crowned with dark-green plumes, is depicted in our engraving. They are an admirable corps, and won much fame in the Crimea.

The best idea of the spirit animating the Sardinian troops during the Crimean War will be formed from the following passage, extracted from a powerful article that appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* a short time back.

"Each day the army renewed its combats, frequently under the most unfavorable conditions, beneath a burning sky, having to endure hunger in the most fertile provinces of Europe, in fertile Lombardy. The Sardinian soldiers frequently had to go under fire, not having eaten for thirty hours. At the outset of the war Piedmont undertook to pay its army, while the Milanese Government engaged to provide food. Unfortunately, provisions were not always to hand. 'For three months,' an officer said of his men, 'they have never taken off their clothing, and have always slept on the ground, with the sky for their roof.' Most singular was the character of that Piedmontese army, fighting for a cause which every passion was striving to ruin. It possessed all the masculine qualities of military spirit, but not an atom of boasting. This army was not imbued by any revolutionary sentiments, but had brought with it into the camp the simple and even religious manners of the Piedmontese valleys. A poor private was killed, and what was found upon him? A book of prayers, on the first page of which these words were written: 'O God, watch over my parents and protect the army!' An officer narrates how, being one night on guard at La Madonna del Monte, he entered a church which was filled with soldiers grouped round an image of the Virgin. 'These brave fellows,' writes M. Farrere, 'who fronted the enemy with such courage on the battle-field, were singing a litany to the Virgin. Two enormous bougeots, rolled in the fields, and some lighted tapers, adorned the altar. When the prayers were ended, a soldier, whose bravery I had often noticed, said to me, "Mon lieutenant, I have been praying for my family. I have four children and a blind mother."

AUSTRIAN OFFICERS AT A CAFÉ IN MILAN.—[FROM A SKETCH BY M. MORGAN.]

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

In Three Books.—Splendidly Illustrated.

If Printed from early Proof-sheets, for which Messrs. Harper & Brothers pay the Author

FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS.

BOOK II.

THE GOLDEN THREAD.

CHAPTER I.

FIVE YEARS LATER.

TELLSON'S Bank by Temple Bar was an old-fashioned place, even in the year one thousand seven hundred and eighty. It was very small, very

dark, very ugly, very inconvenient. It was an old-fashioned place, moreover, in the moral attributes that the partners in the House were proud of its smallness, proud of its darkness, proud of its ugliness, proud of its inconvenience. They were even boastful of its remoteness in those particulars, and were fond of an express conviction that, if it were less objectionable, it would be less respectable. This was an assumption wholly, but an active weapon which they flashed at more convenient places of business. Tellson's (they would say, in their shop-parlour, Tellson's wanted no light, Tellson's wanted no embellishment. Nookes and Co.'s might, or Snooke Brothers', might, or Crooke and Co.'s, thank Heaven!—

Any one of these partners would have disinherited his son on the question of rebuilding Tellson's. In this respect, the House was much on a par with the Country; which did very often disinherit its sons for suggesting improvements in laws and customs that had long been highly objectionable, but were only the more respectable.

Thus it had come to pass that Tellson's was the triumphant perfection of inconvenience. After fighting open a door of idiotic obstinacy with a weak wrist in its throat, you fell into Tellson's down two steps, and came to your senses in a miserable little shop, with two little counters, where the oldest of men made your check shake as if he were mumbling it, while they examined the signature by the dingiest of windows, which were always under a shower-bath of mud from Fleet Street, and which were made the dingier by their own bars proper, and the bony shadow of Temple Bar. If your business necessitated your seeing "the House," you were put into a species of Condemned Hold at the back, where you meditated on a misspent life, until the House came with its hands in its pockets, and you could hardly blink at it in the dusty twilight. Your money came out of or went into, wormy old wooden drawers, particles of which flew up your nose and down your throat when they were opened and shut. Your banknotes had a musty odor, as if they were fast decomposing into rags again. Your plate was stored away among the neighboring cesspools, and your communications corrupted its good polish in a day or two. Your deeds got into extemporized strong rooms made of kitchens and cellaries, and frotted all the fat out of their parchments into the banking-house air. Your leather bored of family papers with the damps into a Barmecide room, that always had a great dining-table in it and never had a dinner, and where, even in the year one thousand seven hundred and eighty, the first letters written to you by your old love, or by your little children, were but newly released from the horror of being soiled through the windows, by the heads exposed on Temple Bar with an insensate brutality and ferocity worthy of Abyssinia or Ashantee.

But, indeed, at that time, putting to Death was a recipe much in vogue with all trades and professions, and not least of all with Tellson's. Death is Nature's remedy for all things, and why not Legislation? Accordingly, the business was put to death; the utterer of a bad note was put to Death; the unlawful opener of a letter was put to Death; the purloiner of forty shillings and sixpence was put to Death; the holder of a horse at Tellson's door who made off with it, was put to Death; the coiner of a bad shilling was put to Death; the sounder of three-fourths of the noses in the whole gamut of Crime, were put to Death. Not that it did the least good in the way of prevention—it might almost have been worth remarking that the fact was exactly the reverse—but, it cleared off (as to this world) the trouble of each particular case, and left nothing else connected with it to be looked after. Thus, Tellson's, in its day, like greater places of business, its contemporaries, had taken to making mere clerks, of the heads laid low before it had been ranged on Temple Bar; but now, when the guillotine was busiest of all, they would probably have unclinked what little light the ground-floor had, in a rather significant manner.

Cramped in all kinds of dim cupboards and hutches at Tellson's, the oldest of men carried on the business gravely. When they took a young man into Tellson's London house, they had him sometimes till he was old. They kept him in a dark place, like a cheese, until he had the full Tellson flavor and blue-mould upon him. Then only was he permitted to be seen, spectacularly poring over large books, and recording his brethren and gutters into the general weight of the establishment.

Outside Tellson's—never by any means in it, unless called in—was an odd-job-man, an occasional porter and messenger, who served as the live sign of the house. He was never absent during business hours, unless upon an errand, and then he was represented by his wife, a grisly urchin of twelve, who was his express image. People understood that Tellson's, in a stately way, tolerated the odd-job-man. The house had always tolerated some person in that capacity, and time and tide had drifted this person to the post. His surname was Cruncher, and on the youthful occasion of his renouncing by proxy the works of darkness, in the easterly parish church of Houndsditch, he had received the added appellation of Jerry.

The scene was Mr. Cruncher's private lodging in Hanging-sword-alley, Whitefriars; the time, half past seven of the clock on a windy March morning, Anno Domini seventeen hundred and eighty. Mr. Cruncher himself always rose with the lark, and so did his wife; and it was the latter's kettle that hissed first, while the Clarence ears dozed from the invention of a popular game, by a lady who had bestowed her name upon the Bank.

Mr. Cruncher's apartments were not in a savory neighborhood, and were but two in number, even if a closet with a single pane of glass in it might be counted as one. But they were very decently kept. Early as it was, on the windy March morning, the room in which he lay abed was already scrubbed throughout; and between the eyes and nostrils, the singular process of dressing and eating a herring did not linger.

Mr. Cruncher reposed under a patchwork counterpane, like a Harlequin at home. At first, he lay still enough, but, by degrees, he got himself into a sitting posture, and then he raised his head and listened. No doubt in consequence of that unwholesome training, he took a very decided view of things.

Mr. Cruncher's first remark was strongly laconic, but it was not his only one. He discharged it at his wife, who lay asleep with her face towards him, and his back towards the door. He had recourse to it, three times before it awoke her, and then she said, starting up:

"What's o'clock?"

"Six."

"Only six?"

"And a wet six."

"I should have thought it was later."

"Well, it wasn't."

"What's the weather?"

"I don't look at it."

"Are you going to get up?"

"In course."

"Then, why don't you?"

"Because I don't mean to."

"Oh, indeed!"

"Yes, indeed."

"Don't aggravate!"

"I'm not."

"Then, why do you?"

"I tell you, I'm not."

"You're a brute, Jerry."

"Well, I'm paid for it."

"Not that you care, I know."

"I don't."

"You've no feelings."

"Not a bit."

"Nor nothing human?"

"Not a morsel."

"How long," said Mrs. Cruncher, with a hitch in her voice, "do you mean to lie there?"

"Long enough."

"Well, then, I warn you that I'm going to get up."

"Go it!"

"Do you intend to get up?"

"Not at present."

"Nor nothing shall induce you?"

"Nothing."

"Not even," said Mrs. Cruncher, beginning to whimper, "not even the prospect of your breakfast?"

"Breakfast," said Mr. Cruncher, yielding to the temptation, "is a thing I enjoy."

"Then, why don't you get up?"

"Because I don't mean to."

"Oh, dear me, dear me, what a fate mine is, to be sure! Other women's husbands get up, and make their own breakfasts, and clean their own boots, and fetch their own hot water, and enjoy their breakfasts, and their wives lie lazy in bed. Other women's husbands don't stick in bed, when they're told to get up, and perish their wives' lives with their slothful ways. Other women's husbands—"

"Now, look here, old woman," said Mr. Cruncher, breaking in with a growl, and a strong shake of himself, "you've had your say, and you've had mine. Now, I'll tell you what it is, I'm a-going to get up, and I'm a-going to have my breakfast, and I'm a-going to clean my boots, and I'm a-going to work, and I'm a-going to keep myself to myself, and you'll keep yourself to yourself, and you'll be the better for it."

"Better for you, I suppose?"

"Yes, better for me, and better for you."

"Better for you, I suppose?"

"Yes, better for you."

"Then, I tell you what, Jerry, I'll have a good cup of tea."

Mr. Cruncher, with a grunt, which seemed to express that he had known she would, and that he had no doubt she would be the ruin of him, got out of bed, and began to dress himself. He was a tall man, with a large head, and a fell development of muscle about the back and shoulders; his face was stronger than prepossessing, and his hair was coarse and straight. He brushed it in a backward direction, and stuck it behind his ears; but, as it instantly reversed itself, and shot forward all round his head, he had no shorter way of smoothing it than by standing on his head before the looking-glass. That feat brought his face into such favorable contrast with the reflection of his own face that he looked all round at his wife, as if she had been the mirror, and he were about to kiss her; but she was yet lying in bed, and he held back.

Mrs. Cruncher was one of those wives who are regarded by their husbands in general, at once as bores and oracles. She was an amazing woman for her size, and was regarded as such by all who knew her. She had very little to say for herself, but she said it with great force. She was a woman of a firm face, of a pale complexion, and of an inflammatory temperament, which showed itself occasionally in her eyes, but rarely extended any further. She had already got her cup of tea, and was pouring out another cup for herself, when Mr. Cruncher began to clean his boots.

"Now, Jerry," she said, "you've got to go to Tellson's to-day. You've been there before, and they'll want you there again. You'll be sure to be wanted. What with your fishing, and what with your hawking, and what with your business, you're always wanted. Mind, I tell you beforehand, I won't have it. Here's your breakfast. Eat it."

Mr. Cruncher took his place at the table, and took a bite and a gulp, and then a look at his wife, who was intently watching him.

"Now, Jerry," she said, "I'm not a-going to tell you that you're a fool, because you're my husband, and you'd be the first to resent it. But I'll tell you what, I'll tell you what, I'll tell you what,

and voice," said Jerry. "I leave you to judge whether a damp way of carrying a living mine is."

"Well, well," said the old clerk; "we all have our various ways of gaining a livelihood. Some of us have damp ways, and some of us have dry ways. Here is the letter. Go along."

Jerry took the letter, and, remarking to himself with less internal deference than he made an outward show of, "You are a fine old one, too," made his bow, informed his son, in passing, of his destinations, and went his way.

They hanged at Tyburn, in those days, so the street outside Newgate had not obtained one infamous notoriety that has since attached to it. But the jail was a vile place, in which most kinds of debauchery and villainy were practised, and where dire diseases were bred, that came into court with the prisoners, and sometimes reached even the bench of the wig Lord Chief Justice himself, and pulled him off the bench. It had more than once happened that the judge in the black cap pronounced his own doom as certainly as the prisoner's, and even died before him. For the rest, the Old Bailey was famous as a kind of deadly inn-yard, from which pale travellers set out continually, to be seen at reaches, on a violent passage into the other world: traversing some two miles and a half of public streets and road, and shaming few good citizens, if any. So powerful is use, and so destructive to good use in the human mind, it was famous, too, for the pillory, a wise old institution, that subjected a criminal to a punishment of little else but shame; also, for the whipping-post, another dear old institution, very humanizing and softening to behold in action; also, for extensive transactions in blood-money, another fragment of ancient wisdom, quite essentially leading to the most frightful mercenary crimes that could be committed under Heaven. Altogether, the Old Bailey, at that day, was a choice illustration of the precept, that "Whatever is is right," that aphorism had not then got final as it is large, did it not include the troublesome consequence, that nothing that ever was was wrong.

Making his way through the tainted crowd, dispersed as usual down this latitude and direction, with the skill of a man accustomed to make his way quietly, the messenger found out the door he sought, and handed in his letter through a trap in it. For people then paid to see the play of the Old Bailey, just as they paid to see the play in Bedlam—only the former entertainment was much the dearer. Therefore, all the Old Bailey doors were well guarded—except, indeed, the social doors by which the criminals got in, and they were always left wide open.

After some delay and demur, the door grudgingly turned on its hinges a very little way, and allowed Mr. Jerry Cruncher to squeeze himself into court.

"What's on?" he asked, in a whisper, of the man he found himself next to.

"Nothing yet."

"What's coming on?"

"The Treason case."

"The quartering one, eh?"

"Ah!" returned the man, with a relish; "he'll be drawn on a hurdle to be half hanged, and then he'll be taken down and sliced before his own face, and his inside will be taken out and burned while he looks on, and then his head will be chopped off, and he'll be cut into quarters. That's the sentence."

"If he's found Guilty, you mean to say," Jerry added, by way of proviso.

"Oh! they'll find him Guilty," said the other. "Don't you be afraid of that."

Mr. Cruncher's attention was here diverted to the door-keeper, whom he saw making his way to Mr. Lorry with the note in his hand. Mr. Lorry sat at a table, among the gentlemen in wigs: not far from a wigged gentleman, the prisoner's counsel, who had a great bundle of papers before him: and acutely opposite another wigged gentleman with his hands in his pockets, whose whole attention, when Mr. Cruncher looked at him afterwards, seemed to be concentrated on the ceiling of the court. After some grroll coughing and rubbing of red hair and snuffling in his hat, Jerry managed to attract the notice of Mr. Lorry, who had stood up to look for him, read the note, quickly nodded, and sat down.

"What's *he* got to do with the case?" asked the man he had spoken with.

"Blest if I know," said Jerry.

"Whether he's got to do with it or not, if he's a person may inspire—"

"Blest if I know that, either," said Jerry.

The entrance of the Judge, and a consequent great stir and settling- down in the court, stopped the dialogue. Presently the case on which came the central point of interest. Two jailers, who had been standing there, went out, and the prisoner was brought in and put to the bar.

Every body present, except the one wigged gentleman who looked at the ceiling, looked at him. All the human breath in the place rolled at him like a sea, or a wind, or a forest, or surface strained round pillars and corners to get a sight of him; spectators in back rows stood up, not to see better or hear better, but merely to be sure that the man was there. Conspicuous on the floor of the court lay their hands on the shoulders of the people before them, with which, themselves, at any body's cost, to a view of him—stood on-tiptoe, got upon ledges, stood upon nothing, to see every inch of him. Conspicuous among these latter, like an animated bit of the spiked wall of Newgate, Jerry stood, pinning at the prisoner the beery breath of a whet he had taken to be equal to the labour of discharging it to mingle with the waves of other beer, and gin, and tea, and coffee, and what not, that flowed at him, and drowned whole upon the great windows behind him in an impure mist and rain.

The object of all this staring and blaring was a young man of about five-and-twenty, well-grown and well-looking, with a sun-burned cheek and a dark eye. His condition was that of a young gentleman. He was plainly dressed in black, or very dark grey, and his hair, which was long and dark, was gathered in a ribbon at the back of his neck: more to be out of his way than for ornament. As an emotion of the mind will express itself through any covering of the body, so his manner bespoke his situation superadded cause through the brown spun linen cloth, showing the soil to be unfavourable for the sun. He was otherwise quite self-possessed, bowed to the Judge, and stood upright.

The sort of interest with which this man was stared and breathed at was not a sort that elicited sympathy. Had he stood there for a less horrible sentence—had there been a chance of any one of its savage penalties falling short—he would have lost in his fascination. The form that was to be doomed to be so shamefully mangled was the sight; the immortal creature that was to be so butchered and torn asunder yielded the sensation. Whether the savage old laws spectators put upon the interest, according to their several arts and powers of realizing what they see, it was all the same. Ogrelish.

Silence in the court! Charles Darnay had yesterday pleaded Not Guilty to an indictment denouncing him (with infinite jingle and jangle) for that he was a false traitor to our Sovereign Lord the King, whose Majesty he had, as well as divers other subjects of our Lord the King, unlawfully, traitorously, and devilishly, by words and writing, within five years last past, broadly instigated, conspired, and stirred up to withdraw from the allegiance of our said Lord the King, whose Majesty he had, as well as divers other subjects of our said Lord the King, unlawfully, traitorously, and devilishly, by words and writing, within the said five years, also

THE MAN OF SUCCESS.

By Nicholas P. Gilman.

THE man who thinks he balances
The world upon his nose;
Who, in a dream of weak conceit,
Thought life eternally great;
Oh! he will one day waken,
And find himself surprised
By some neglected trial,
Working silently and fast!

The man who means to win his way,
And rise in spite of fate,
Must husband all his energies,
And work, and watch, and wait.
He must not be eagerly expectant
For its rather will he known,
But will perform it and turn footmarks,
All his Spring and Summer clothes.

"Twin Temples of Fashion."

SMITH BROTHERS,

The Marble Stores,

122, 138, 140 and 142

Fulton Street,

Between Broadway & William St.,

THOMAS SMITH, } NEW-YORK.
ROBERT L. SMITH, }
J. SMITH BECK. }

ONE PRICE—NO DEVIATION.

The Price is marked on all the Goods in Plain Figures.

LA TOURETTE HOUSE,

Corner Forty-Second Street and Fourth Avenue, N. Y.

Will be Ready for the Reception of Visitors on the 1st of May.

This fashionable *Summer Hotel* is beautifully situated, on the banks of the Harlem River, which is spanned by the Excellent *Harlem, Suspension, Railroad and Spring* on the Fourth Avenue, and Second and Third Avenue Cars running New York, and the *Old Boston* can be conveyed on a hotel to town, as it takes no longer time (only 25 minutes) by steamboat to reach it, than to go from South Ferry to Union Square.

☞ 5000 AGENTS WANTED—To sell 4 new inventions. Agents have made from $5 to $10 per day on one,—other than all other similar agencies. Send four stamps and get particulars. Address
EPHRAIM BROWN, Lowell, Mass.

☞ AGENTS WANTED in this State to canvass with the Genuine Saxon. Sells rapidly. Can make good pay. For terms, &c., send stamp.
J. C. WHITNEY, Leverett, Mass.

PHOTOGRAPHY, COMPLETE APPARATUS, $25 (all of the best make), with a full supply of Materials and Instructions for Practising. Also, Stereoscopic Pictures, &c. Packed and sent to any address.
C. J. FOX, 631 Broadway, New York.

Agents Wanted

To obtain Subscribers for

LOSSING'S

PICTORIAL FIELD-BOOK OF THE REVOLUTION.

In Two Volumes Royal Octavo, containing upward of

1500 Pages and

1100 Beautiful Illustrations.

A New Edition Rapidly

Carrying the History to the Present Time.

The preparation of this work occupied the Author more than three years, during which he traversed nearly TEN THOUSAND MILES, in order to visit the prominent scenes of the Revolution, gather up local traditions, and explore records and histories.

The first object of the Author was to reproduce the history of the American Revolution in such an attractive manner as to induce the people of all classes to read the wonderful story, and become familiar with the founders of the Republic and the acts of their fathers. The success which it has been arranged and set forth renders it the most popular work of the kind ever issued from the publisher of American history.

Explanatory maps and plans are on every page, and also a *biographical sketch* of every man distinguished in the events of the Revolution.

A copious table of Index is given at the close of each Second Volume, embracing eighty-five closely-printed pages, in itself a complete synopsis of the History, Men and Biography of the period of our Revolutionary History, and will be found invaluable to the reader and student.

The work contains all the essential facts of the early history of our Republic, which are scattered through scores of volumes, in public and private libraries in all parts of the country. It forms a complete *Guide-Book* to the tourist seeking for those localities which are memorable in the early annals of the country.

Upward of THIRTY THOUSAND DOLLARS were expended in the preparation of these works. The exquisite engravings, prepared under the immediate supervision of the Author, from his own drawings, constitute a prominent feature in printing. To this end the efforts of the Publishers have been directed, and they have succeeded in presenting to the public a work of more than ordinary typographical beauty.

The Author and Publishers have received compliments of letters, approving the work, from EDWARD EVERETT, JARED SPARKS, WASHINGTON IRVING, GEORGE BANCROFT, and many other distinguished men, fully competent to judge of its merits.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, New York.

☞ This work will be SOLD EXCLUSIVELY BY AGENTS, to each of whom a special District will be given, to be, independently effected. Applications for agencies from the Country would prefer. For full particulars address HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

PURIFIED BY THE CHEMICAL ACTION OF
BRANDRETH'S PILLS
PURIFIES THE BLOOD, AND CANNOT FAIL
TO CURE WHEN ENFORCED
IN TIME,
AND LET ME SAY THAT THIS KNOWLEDGE IS A SECOND GIFT OF GOD TO CHRISTIANITY IN THE PRESENT AGE, IT IS CAPABLE OF CONFERRING UPON MANKIND, LET NOT MISTAKEN ECONOMY PUT ON THE GRANUS. BETTS PILLS ARE A QUICK REMEDY, IT IS INDUCED THING, SELDOM YOU FIND A PHYSICIAN WHO WILL GIVE THESE MEN FOR FIVE SHILLINGS
COULD NOT SUPPLY FOR ONE DOLLAR.
THE PROPRIETORS ARE ANXIOUS TO HAVE IT PERFORMED IN MY OWN LABORATORY WHERE A STEAM ENGINE IS EMPLOYED, AND EVERY IMPROVEMENT FOR HEALING IN FACT GIVE YOU SUCH AS WAS ENJOYED BY THE
MILLIONS OF OUR FELLOW CITIZENS
DR BRANDRETH'S PRINCIPAL OFFICE
294 CANAL STREET NEW YORK
AND BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Singer's Sewing Machines.

New Styles.

From $50 to $125.

SINGER'S FAMILY MACHINE, the price of which is only $50, is a light and elegant Lock-Stitch Machine, capable of performing, in the best style, all the sewing of a private family.

SINGER'S STANDARD MACHINES for manufacturing purposes are well known to be without a successful rival in the market. Much has recently been published in regard to various machines made by Singer Machines. Singer's Machines make the best stitch ever invented, and do it in the best manner. A pamphlet discussing this question, sent free.

Send for a copy of I. M. Singer & Co.'s Gazette, which contains full information about prices, sizes, etc., of Sewing Machines, and will be sent gratis.
I. M. SINGER & CO.,
No. 458 Broadway, New York.

WATER COOLERS! WATER COOLERS!—THE FAMILY JAR.—Although the use of fliers in the house would have a chilling effect, the Family Jar is perfect for cellar, country cottage-house, and manufactories. For sale wholesale and retail at 4 and 6 Barling Slip, New York.
LUCIUS HART.

FIREWORKS.

Hadfield's Firework Agency.

Removed from the Old Stand, corner of Spruce and Nassau Streets, to

No. 24 John Street,

Between Broadway and Nassau Streets.

PORTE and Family Fireworks Manufactured.

☞ All works warranted. ☜

GEORGE PARSONS, Agent.

TUCKER'S NURSERY FOR FLOWER, FRUIT, ORNAMENTAL CONIFERÆ, and BRIDAL SETS, at 361 Broadway, 2 doors from Franklin Street.

Energetic Agents wanted for all parts of America.

MACK R. BARNITZ,
United States

PUBLISHING HOUSE,

68 and 60 West Seventh Street, Cincinnati,

Publish a choice selection of Splendid Books, Maps and Charts, Beautifully Illustrated with Colored Engravings Great Inducements offered. Published by Subscription only, and sold by Agents.

THE SUPERIOR
Steam-ballot
Coffee
Mill.
Cafe de Costa Rica
C & C
For sale by
No 5 Bowery
Agent.

PILES! PILES!! PILES!!!

What is it? Do not dread!

Thousands of persons have Piles—suffer for years with the disease—yet few know what it is, or how it is cured. Dr. Brandreth's Pills are a perfect cure for Piles, in the most aggravated form. They have been tested by thousands in all parts of the world, and invariably, upon commencing the use of the celebrated vegetable Pills, the distressing symptoms of the abdominal viscera disappear. The pile-doctor, the engorgement, dilation of the veins, formation of tumors, hemorrhoids, pain and soreness of the parts, are relieved only by judiciously cured by medicines which, taken internally, relieve the liver of obstruction and congestion, hence ointments, washes, and even injections, are as injudicious.

HUMPHREYS' HOMŒPATHIC PILE SPECIFIC, a simple remedy in pill, which cures Piles in all forms. Prepared from the drug by curing them of every form of disease dependent upon Piles have been cured by it, to one of the most distressing cases. All will be promptly forwarded by Dr. Price, 50 cents a box.

N. B.—A full set of HUMPHREYS' HOMŒPATHIC SPECIFICS, with book of directions, in Morocco-lined Pocket Case, 2 dozen vials, and 2 of sixteen each, $25; in plain case, 2 dozen vials, and 15 boxes and book, $15.

The Remedies may be sent by mail, or will call, and, on any address by mail or express, free of charge, on receipt of the price.

DR. F. HUMPHREYS & CO.,
No. 562 Broadway, New York.

Sold by all Druggists.

PATENT FOROUS PLASTERS STRENGTHENING

THESE PLASTERS ARE FULL WITH THE VIRTUES OF INGREDIENTS, WHICH, BY MEANS OF MOISTURE UNDER THE SKIN, AND GIVE RELIEF WHEN THEY ARE SOON AFFECTED BY THE HEAT OF THE BODY.

ARE APPLIED, WE HAVE SEEN A MAN WALK WITH EASE FROM THE SEVENTH TO LUDGATE HILL, STRAIGHTEN UP AND WALK ERECT, CLOTHES WERE PUT ON WHEN HE WAS ONCE UNABLE TO STAND.

ONE OUNCE USED, AS ANTIDOTE, AND ALL PAINS IN THE CHEST AND SIDE, IN ADDITION OF THE BREAST THEY ACT AND IN ALL CASES WHERE OTHER PLASTERS ARE INVALUABLE. PREVENTING TENSION AND SWELLING, CHANGES OF WEATHER. THESE PLASTERS ARE HIGHLY RECOMMENDED FOR ALL DISEASES. THEY HAVE PURVIEWED A FEW SIX PRINTED BILLS OF DIRECTIONS.

Sold by ALLCOCK & Co.

19 Cash Drug,

NEW-YORK,

AND BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

N. B. LAST THREE MONTHS 1000 BOXES A DAY SOLD.

Sold also at Barnum's, 326 Bowery, and Junkon's, 417 Broadway.

Charles Grobe's New Method FOR THE PIANO FORTE.

Mr. Grobe is so well known, that any remarks as to its merits would be superfluous. Suffice it to say, that it has been published to *The New Method* a work fully commensurate with the reputation of its author, and justly due to the public, and as the result of a long and careful experience of the author, it is irresistible to Teacher and Pupil. Simple, intelligible, and thorough, the Pupil is led by easy, pleasant, and gradual means to the desired end. The work is also remarkable completeness of its works of instruction is straighter avoided, and the Pupil-Teacher finds it to be the most simple, progressive, and judicious system of instruction extant. The work is confined to several pieces illustrating the different positions of the hands and fingers. The type is large and beautiful, and the paper of the finest quality. The work is published in two books, and bound in boards. Price $2.00; in Cloth, $2.50. Copies will be sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of the market price. The trade supplied. A handsome discount to Teachers and Seminaries.

FETTER, POND & CO., 547 Broadway, New York.

LEE & WALKER, Philadelphia.

Lord Ward's Worcestershire Sauce.

IS THE TRUE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE. Is excellent for all purposes.

ASK FOR, and HAVE ONLY LORD WARD'S.

Used at every Hotel, and sold by all Grocers and Civil Dealers.

Wholesale and for Exportation, by

CROSSE & BLACKWELL, Purveyors to the Queen,
46 Broad Street, New York.

Sold Retail by the Grocers and Druggists throughout the Union. Pints, 50 cents per bottle; Pints, 50 cents per bottle.

Something New.

Agents wanted, to go into a New and Honorable Business, which will pay from $25 to $50 weekly.

No Humbug.

Satisfaction guaranteed. Send stamp for particulars, which are free.

S. M. PETRICK & CO., Lynn, Mass.

A Book for the Drawing-Room, the Artist, or the Mechanic.

THE LONDON ART JOURNAL.

A MONTHLY RECORD (PRICE 75 CTS., OF THE Fine Arts, the Arts Industrially Applied to Manufactures, and the Progress of Art in all Countries, published on the first of each month, and forwarded free by mail.

EIGHT ENGRAVINGS. Two of these pictures, one of a work in progress. Thirty literary contributions. ARTICLES OF ART EXHIBITIONS, Essays on BRITISH ARTISTS, ILLUSTRATED, together with a large amount of valuable information on matters connected with PAINTING, ENGRAVING, &c., &c., and forms a complete monthly record of the Fine Arts and the Arts Industrial.

VIRTUE, EMMINS & CO., 26 John Street, N. Y.

SANDS' SARSAPARILLA,

The Best Spring Alterative and Tonic.

We take pleasure in reminding our numerous friends that the Season is now arrived when most Medicinal Results may be obtained from the use of the most excellent Spring Medicine for purifying the Blood, Invigorating the System, and for effecting a complete change of Blood, and Restoring Health and Vigor.

Prepared and sold by

A. B. & D. SANDS, 160 Fulton Street.

Sold by Druggists everywhere.

HARPER & BROTHERS

Franklin Square, N. Y.,

Have just Published:

ALFORD'S GREEK TESTAMENT. The Greek Testament; with the Various Readings at the Bottom of the Page, Prolegomena: Marginal References to Verbal and Idiomatic Usage, Prolegomena to each Book, and Critical and Exegetical Commentary. For the Use of Theological Students and Ministers. By HENRY ALFORD, B.D., Minister of Quebec Chapel, London, and late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. In 4 vols. Containing the Four Gospels. 734 pages, 8vo. Muslin, $5 00; Sheep extra, $6 00; Half Calf extra, $7 00.

HUMBOLDT'S COSMOS. Cosmos. A Sketch of a Physical Description of the Universe. By ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT. Translated from the German by E. C. OTTE and W. S. DALLAS, F.L.S. Vol. V. 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

ANCIENT MINERALOGY; or, An Inquiry respecting Human Knowledge concerning Minerals possessed by the Occasional Remarks on the Uses to which they were Applied, By the Rev. JOHN MILLER, Professor of Columbia College. A New and Revised Edition. 12mo. Muslin, $1 00.

THE BERTRAMS. A Novel. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE, Author of "Doctor Thorne." 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

LEVER'S GERALD FITZGERALD. Gerald Fitzgerald, "The Chevalier." A Novel. By Charles Lever, Author of "Charles O'Malley," "Glennore," "The Daltons," "Jack Hinton," "Harry Lorrequer," "Maurice Tierney," &c. Part I. 8vo, Paper, 25 cents.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS will send any of the above Works by Mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.

PACIFIC MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY. OFFICE 121 BROADWAY.

MARINE AND INLAND INSURANCE.

Assets $800,000.

This Company continues to do an exclusive marchandize business, and has returned to its dealers, out of the profits of the year 1858, a dividend of *Forty-five per Cent.*—*Six per Cent.* interest on the outstanding original capital, and has reduced the Contingent of the same to 1858.

ALFRED EDWARDS, President.
WILLIAM H. LUDOWEY, Vice President.
BENJAMIN A. OGDENDON, Secretary.

To Teachers

My Correspondents are requested to address me, hereafter, to the "CARE of HARPER & BROTHERS, New York City." Also, all Communications for Music, Sunday and Post-Office Address of Schools, Educational Boards, &c., are solicited. MARCUS RAFFLEE.

☞ Every Number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE contains from 20 to 80 pages—and from one-third to one-half more reading than any other in the country.

Commencement of Volume XIX.

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE
FOR JUNE.

With the present Number HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE enters upon the TENTH YEAR of its publication. In the course of that period, the objects and manner in which they are carried out, are now so well known, that it is unnecessary for the Publishers to announce to any of the Magazine in the usual manner. It will be their endeavor not to lessen, but to increase the excellence of the style and gaze, the conservative and patriotic, who form a large majority of the intelligent readers of this country.

The Editorial Departments of the Magazine will present the same characteristics as heretofore. The "Table" will be divested genres themes of historical or ethical interest; the "Easy Chair" will continue to discuss the social and aesthetic topics of the day as it sees fit; "Editor's Drawer" will continue to present the best of the new humor, and the "Literary Record" will chronicle events of political and literary interest. The Publishers have also secured the services of several of the leading books, as they issue from the press, the "Drawer" will by favor of numerous friends, be enriched with the best humorous story of odd, humorous, or pathetic anecdotes, sayings, and reminiscences, that may be communicated. Under the special charge of one member of the Editorial Corps; while the Record of Current Events will embrace each new art, and every contributor, in order to ensure that nothing fresh and important shall escape the notice of those of the Magazine.

The Illustrations will still be mainly filled with original designs, upon accessible subjects, published by American authors, the Publishers will also present from time to time such engravings as may be issued in any part of special interest or value. The Magazine, containing at least one-third more reading than any other published in the country, will be able to give an Essay by Macaulay or Carlyle, a Story by Dickens or Thackeray, Travels, Story, or Reade, or a Tale by Miss Mulock, Mrs. Gaskell, or Wilkie Collins, and still contain a greater amount matter than any of its contemporaries.

The Publishers have made arrangements upon American terms for the early publication of the Sheets of the Serial Issues of the Magazine. These will be continued on the present liberal scale, and the publication of the Magazine has been faithfully illustrated by pen and pencil.

In making the selection from the mass of matter continually placed in their hands, the Editors will be influenced solely by the best judgment of the literary and artistic world, wholly irrespective of their nationality. Subscribers may rely upon the same care and the same consideration as those from the most intimate friends of the Editors. No one upon the premises will be under bias by refusing to examine contributions from those whose communications are not desired. The Publishers will spare no pains to make the Magazine worthy of its increasing and freshness; for many of the most valuable articles which it has contained have been furnished by persons who were unknown to the Editors and to the public.

The remarkable success of the Magazine induces corresponding duties upon the Publishers. At no former period have their facilities been so great, or they and they pledge themselves that no effort or expense shall be spared to make the Magazine still more a welcome guest and increase of the favor with which it has uniformly met.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year	$3 00
Two Copies for One Year	5 00
Three or more Copies for One Year (each)	2 00

And an Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of Ten Subscribers.

HARPER'S WEEKLY and HARPER'S MAGAZINE, to one address, for one year, $5.

The Postage upon HARPER'S MAGAZINE must be paid quarterly in advance at the receiving. The Postage is *Thirty-six cents* per year.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A FIRST-CLASS ILLUSTRATED PAPER,

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST

FAMILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD.

FIVE CENTS A NUMBER: $2.50 A YEAR.

The Publishers have the pleasure of announcing that they have just completed the Stereotype of Five Thousand Dollars, the early proofsheets of MR. CHARLES DICKENS' NEW STORY, entitled A TALE OF TWO CITIES," Splendidly illustrated by MCLENAN, the publication of which will commence in HARPER'S WEEKLY of May 7, and will be continued from week to week until completed.

The Publishers are happy to announce that they have also made arrangements for the publication of an Illustrated Story, entitled "THE CLOISTER AND THE HEARTH," by GEO. WILLIAM CURTIS, Author of "The Potiphar Papers." This story will begin with the first of the first Number reported in HARPER'S WEEKLY for April 9.

As HARPER'S WEEKLY and HARPER'S MAGAZINE Numbers are being constantly reprinted and may be obtained at any time,

A Perusal of HARPER'S WEEKLY will keep persons living in the country constantly posted on the events of the day. No other publication gives so much and so interesting matter, or has the same freshness of the times in which we live.

Subscription of HARPER'S WEEKLY.

One Copy for Twenty Weeks	$1 00
One Copy for Twenty Weeks	2 00
One Copy for One Year	4 00
Five Copies for One Year	15 00
Twelve Copies for One Year	29 00
Twenty-five Copies for One Year	40 00

An Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of TWELVE *or* TWENTY-FIVE SUBSCRIBERS.

TERMS FOR ADVERTISING.—*Fifty Cents a Line.*

A Liberal Discount will be made to those wishing to advertise for three Months or more.

☞ The Postage in the State of New York wishing to HARPER'S WEEKLY left at their houses, will please send to the Office of Publication, or to HARPER & BROTHERS, and the amount necessary, to the Office of Publication.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
Franklin Square, New York.

THE WAR IN EUROPE.

JOHN BULL. "Whist! fighting again! I suppose I must thrash some of the Fellows."
BROTHER JONATHAN. "Keep cool, John; let them fight away—it's about all they're good for, I reckon; and let you and me keep on our little business, and sell 'em Beef, and Bread, and Dry Goods."

SARDINIA'S CHALLENGE TO AUSTRIA.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

A New Book
By Dr. J. W. FISHER.
The NEW and the OLD;
Or, California and India in Romantic Aspects. By the Author of "Up and Down the Irraweddi; or, The Golden Dagon." Abundantly Illustrated. Muslin, 12mo, $1 25.
*** Sent by mail on receipt of price.
RUDD & CARLETON, 130 Grand Street, N. Y.

COZZENS'
West Point Hotel
is
NOW OPEN.

Masser's 5 Minute
ICE CREAM FREEZERS,
As Improved for 1859.
With Stamped Iron Covers and Bottoms—Tinned.
The only Freezer known which is constructed on true Scientific principles.
The Cheapest, Best, and most Economical, requiring less ice and less labor than any other, being at the same time the most durable in structure, and most certain in its operations.
Sole Agents for the United States,
E. KETCHAM & CO.,
Manufacturers of Japanned and Finished Tin Ware, 189 Pearl Street, New York.

ELLIOT & PATTEN—Examine Inventions and procure Assistance and Foreign Patents. Patent Agency opposite main entrance of Patent Office Building, Washington City, D. C.

Love Me Little, Love Me Long.
A NOVEL.
By CHARLES READE,
Author of "Peg Woffington," "Christie Johnstone," "Never too Late to Mend," &c., &c.
12mo. Muslin, 75 cents; Paper, 50 cents.

Odd, satirical, brilliant, subtle, picturesque, delightful, and thoroughly Reade-ish throughout. Virginia Index (Richmond)

We do not remember any thing in fiction more admirably managed than the character of the heroine.—*Scottish American Journal.*

It maintains an absorbing continuity of interest, and reveals a thorough mastery of dramatic narrative.—*Evening Post.*

We are delighted to find this the best of his remarkable works.—*N. Y. Christian.*

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, New York.

☞ Sent by mail, postage paid (for any distance in the United States under 3000 miles) on receipt of price.

409 BROADWAY.

BALLOU'S FRENCH YORK SHIRT EMPORIUM,
409 Broadway,
(Premium Shirt Manufacturers.
Shirts made to order from Scientific Measures, of the best materials, sewed by hand, and warranted to fit, at less than the usual prices.
BALLOU BROTHERS, 409 Broadway, N. Y.
"Sole Manufacturers of
THE FRENCH YORK SHIRT."

CURE FOR CONSTIPATION.
The Oriental Fruit Paste, or Aromatic Jelly of Figs and Senna,
Is a simple and efficacious laxative medicine, pleasant to the taste, and good at all times.
Sold by Druggists every where.
J. W. NORCROSS & CO., Wholesale Agents,
91 Fulton Street, New York.

GIFTS! GIFTS! GIFTS!—D. W. EVANS & CO., No. 617 Broadway, New York—The Fifth Year—The Original Gift Book Store, established 1854.
THE ORDER ESTABLISHED GIFT BOOK HOUSE in the country, enabled by their long experience and increased capital, now offer greater inducements than ever before, and in this,
THE FIFTH YEAR
of their location in New York City, will make it their endeavor to conduct their business with a liberality beyond that of any house in the country.
A new and revised catalogue now ready for gratuitous distribution, containing the largest and best classified list of Standard and Miscellaneous Publications ever issued in this or any other country, which will be forwarded to order and agents. MAILED FREE TO ADDRESS.
The following is a schedule of Property which will be given to Purchasers of Books at the time of sale:

	WORTH FROM
Gold Watches, English Lever, Patent Lever, and Lepinet	$30 00 to $100 00
Silver Watches, Patent Lever, Full Jewelled, Hunting Cases, open face, and Cylinder Escapement	12 00 to 40 00
Gold Lockets—Large size, four glasses and two glasses with spring—large and small size, with snap	2 50 to 12 00
Cameo, Mosaic, Florentine, Painted, Lava, Goldstone, Garnet and Coral Sets, Pins and Ear Rings	5 00 to 25 00
Ladies' Gold Guard Chains, Neck Chains, Chatelaines	8 00 to 15 00
Gents' Fob and Vest Chains	10 00 to 30 00
Sets Cameo, Goldstone, Painted, Mosaic, Garnet, Onyx, Engraved and Plain Gold Sleeve Buttons, and Bosom Studs	2 00 to 10 00
Gold Pencils with Pens, large, medium and small size	3 50 to 7 50
Silver Pencils with Gold Pens, large, medium and small size, double and single extension case	2 00 to 5 00
Gold Thimbles, Plain, Engraved, Leather Gold, Chased and Plain Rings	1 00 to 7 00
Gents' Gold Bosom Pins, Cluster, with Opal, Scarf Pins, Onyx, Garnet, &c.	2 50 to 6 00
Rich Silk Dress Patterns	12 00 to 30 00
Cameo, Mosaic, Coral, Garnet, Chased and Plain Oval Bracelets	6 00 to 30 00
Silver and Gold Thimbles	50 to 6 00
Gents' Pen and Pocket-Knife	50 to 1 50
Pearl and Morocco Portemonnaies	50 to 2 50
Toothpicks, Watch Keys, Guard Slides	1 50 to 9 00
Gold Cross, Medium and large size	2 00 to 7 00

Beside other Gifts, comprising a large and valuable assortment of miscellaneous articles, varying from $1 to $40.
One of the above articles will be given to the purchaser of each book at the time the book is sold.
Address all orders, letters of inquiry, &c., to D. W. EVANS & CO., Publishers, No. 617 Broadway, N. Y. City.

'OLD DOMINION.'

If you want DELICIOUS COFFEE always, and at a *saving of from forty to fifty per cent.*, get an "OLD DOMINION" COFFEE POT. Over sixty different styles and varieties are manufactured. The "OLD DOMINION" TEA POT takes only half the usual quantity of Tea. You will save the price of either in two months, and secure daily a table luxury prized above all others.
☞ Sold by Dealers in Housekeeping articles, and Stove Manufacturers.
ARTHUR, BURNHAM, & GILROY,
Manufacturers and Importers, 65 Cliff Street, Philadelphia.
Also, Manufacturers under the Patents of ARTHUR'S SELF-SEALING FRUIT CANS AND JARS.

FINKLE & LYON'S
FAMILY
SEWING MACHINES.
Warranted to give better satisfaction than any other Sewing Machine in this Market, or money refunded.
☞ Send for Circular.
MILTON FINKLE, LEWIS LYON, } 503 BROADWAY.

PRINCE IMPERIAL
CHAMPAGNE,
FROM
DE VENOGE & CO., EPERNAY, FRANCE,
as used at the
IMPERIAL TABLES ON THE CONTINENT OF EUROPE.
A Perfectly Pure and Delicate Wine
at a moderate price and admirably adapted for family use.
Sold by
H. A. KERR, No. 746 Broadway; J. S. PIERCE, No. 616 Broadway; HOWELL & CO., No. 693 Broadway; MACY & CO., No. 319 6th Av.; CORWIN & CO., corner of Broadway and 59th Street; SHAW & CROSBY, No. 19 Spring Street; and by nearly every leading Hotel and Dealer throughout the country.
E. V. HAUGHWOUT, Sole Importer,
Corner of Broadway and Broome Street.

GOODYEAR'S PATENT.
India Rubber Pens,
Made entirely of Rubber, are for sale by Booksellers, Stationers, Dealers in Rubber Goods, and
The India Rubber Pen Co.,
57 Liberty Street, N. Y.
Price, post-paid, Three Dollars per gross.

Grand Introduction of
SUMMER HATS,
At Genin's, 507 Broadway,
On Wednesday, May 25th, 1859.
Embracing every Department of Hatting, and comprehending
HATS OF ALL STYLES,
ALL MATERIALS,
ALL PRICES,
AND FOR ALL PURPOSES.

JAMES E. CALDWELL & CO.,
822 Chestnut Street,
Opposite Girard House,
Philadelphia.
Fine Watches, Rich Jewelry, Silver Ware, Sterling.
Bronzes and Bronze.
Chiefly of our own importation and manufacture.
Strangers visiting the city are invited to visit our establishment.

E. A. BROOKS.
575 Broadway—150 Fulton Street.
Constantly on hand, French Calf-Skin and Patent Leather Boots, Shoes and Gaiters, made with Dick's Patent Elastic Shanks, and Congress Gaiter Boots; also, a large assortment of Ladies' and Children's Gaiters and Shoes, Waterproof and Cork Sole Boots, Prospect Gloss and Leather Over-Shoes.
Boys' and Youths' Boots, Shoes and Over-Shoes.

DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM.
DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM.
DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM.
The Remedy of the Times,
The Remedy of the Age,
The Remedy of the Season.
Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Asthma, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Croup, Inflammation of the Throat, Lungs, and Chest, Influenza and Consumption, are all cured by this incomparable remedy.
Beware of counterfeits, and purchase only that bearing the written signature of "I. Butts," as well as the printed one of the Proprietors, BUTTS & DAVIS & CO., 16 Tremont Street, Boston, on the outer wrapper.
BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.
BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.
BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.
Sold everywhere.

Save Your Carpets
From Wear and Moth.
The attention of Housekeepers is respectfully called to the Preparations advertised for preserving carpets from paper, straw, or any other article used under carpets, Oil-cloth, or Matting. It prevents the Carpet against any unevenness in the floor, and is warranted to keep out any moth or insect that may be in the floor. Its cheapness puts it within the reach of all. To be had of any of the principal Carpet Stores, and at the salerooms of the Manufacturers, NORTH AMERICAN TRADING CO. 69 Wurtz Street, corner College Place, J. R. HARRINGTON, Agt.

$32 50 PER QUARTER
ASHLAND INST. and MUSICAL ACADEMY, Ashland, Mass. Students received any time. For particulars, address Rev. HIRAM J. FOX, A.M., Ashland, N. Y., or D. G. HUBBARD, Esq., 53 Broadway.

Excelsior Fireworks.
Funston & Scofield,
General Agents,
62 John Street.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. III.—No. 128.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1859. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

TALKING FISH.

We engrave herewith a learned seal, or talking fish, which is now being exhibited in England. It has long been well known to naturalists that the *phoca*, or common seal, when taken young, is susceptible of education, and can be taught to obey the word of command. The animal whose portrait we present herewith—like some similar creatures which have been exhibited in this country—fires and lies down when ordered by its keeper; performs a marine dance with its tail; kisses the benevolent individual who looks after its comfort; and has made such progress in elocution as to pronounce pretty distinctly the words "Papa" and "Mamma." The keeper tells the usual wonderful stories about its intelligence; assures a wondering public that its last despairing, heart-rending cry—when it was captured—was "Mamma!" This our readers are at liberty to believe if they choose. Certain it seems that animals of this race are susceptible of very considerable education. It is well known that many varieties of fresh-water fish—such as carp, perch, gold fish, and even pickerel—can be taught to come at the word of command, and, when properly trained, will eat out of the hand of their master. The seal surpasses these fish in intelligence; under skillful management there is no saying how far its education may not be carried.

Birds and beasts we have domesticated, and rendered useful servants. There is no reason why fish should not be tamed by similar processes, and should not hereafter fulfill some useful purpose in domestic economy.

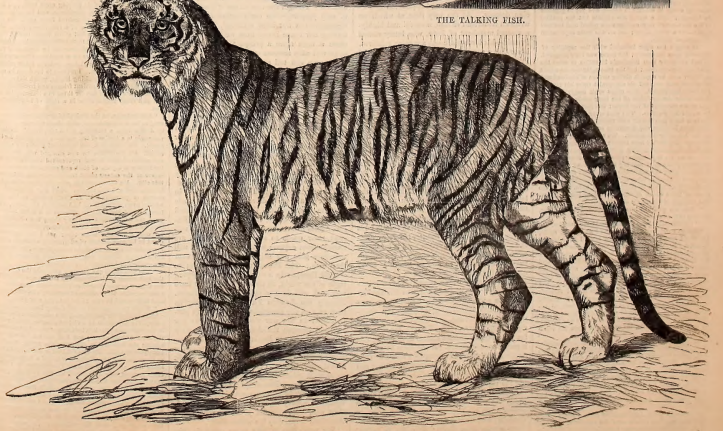
THE TALKING FISH.

THE FIGHTING TIGER OF THE KING OF OUDE.

THE tiger whose portrait we give herewith—from a sketch made by permission of the naturalist IDDESON—is the famous BURRHEA, the fighting tiger of the late King of Oude. He was kept by the King expressly for his fighting qualities, and bears on his body many a scarred reminiscence of past combats. In his last fight, it is said, he killed his antagonist in ten minutes. Only a few days ago, since he arrived, with other spoils of the conquered Kingdom of Oude, in London, England, he saw a horse pass his den. His eyes flashed fury; he sprang to his feet, and, with a furious roar, rushed against the bars of his cage. He fancied himself once more in the arena at Lucknow. His keeper states, however, that he is a very gentle creature naturally, and quite affectionate when caressed.

He stands five feet two inches in height, and is therefore an unusually large animal. His ordinary food is twenty-five pounds of raw meat per day.

We take the following account of one of BURRHEA's encounters from the "Private Life of an Eastern King." His antagonist on this occasion was a famous stallion whose ferocity and blood-thirstiness led you



BURRHEA, THE FIGHTING TIGER OF THE LATE KING OF OUDE.

him the name of the man-eater, and immense fame throughout the Kingdom of Oude, which at one time he had almost devastated!

"Burdea was the name of a favorite tiger of the Rajah, so called from a village at the foot of the Himalaya, near which he had been taken.

"We were all assembled at Chuun-gunge in the gallery of a court-yard, about sixty yards square in extent — communicated with buildings all round, and a veranda below. Trifle bamboo railing had been put up in front of the veranda, so as completely to surround the court-yard, but in front only, and of enlarged cage. The man-eater had been cut into the interior of the enclosure by a little man-eating, as the sentry horses are called, for trifling value.

"The large and lofty aerial suite of female attendants had taken their places in the gallery, by on a sofa placed there for the purpose by their bridal lord. The rest of the Majesty's regimental left, leaning on the parapet or on the sofa. Every one commanded a full view of the court-yard, and the ladies seemed to relish the prospect as much as any.

"The noise was great, and Burdea's cage was brought into the veranda. A door in the bottom was opened for the purpose, was drawn up, the cage-door was opened, and Burdea leaped to attack the monster, bristling his sides with his long tail, and glaring furiously upon the man-eater and his little protector, a friend. A very few moments sufficed. It would not be easy to determine again from Burdea's cage, rush, and leap, and bound over to all fours. His gloomy rush, regularity and above in the interior, his pleasant contrast with the fussy covering of the little mass. Even the well-kept bulks of the man-eater looked quite unwieldy and lethargic when compared with the glittering skin of Burdea.

"The tiger had not been kept without food for some of the previous day to prepare him for the assault. He glared savagely at his foe, and seemed to know that he must slowly starting along toward them. The man-eater kept close to the side of the cage next to the gallery. Not for an instant did he take them off; his head bowed low, and standing on a small stride, with one paw slightly advanced, he awaited the attack, moving as Burdea moved, but retaining all the eyes intently on him. After the tiger came near, she was transfixed with fear—paralyzed—apparently unable to take a single step in advance, but she stood cowering in a corner, awaiting her fate. With a slight bound Burdea was upon her over as the ground fortnight. At blow of his paw threw her over as the ground. His teeth were fastened in her neck, and he drank her blood greedily. The struggle lasted about a minute, with no resistance.

"It will make Burdea only the more savage," said the King, rubbing his hands gleefully. The European ensigns assembled, and the female attendants, ignorant of the language, but certain that the King was pleased, were mightily pleased too. They exchanged glances of approbation and of satisfaction ere they turned again to watch the proceedings in the court-yard.

"Burdea might have been from three to five minutes enjoying his delicious meal—and—that was his head turned toward the man-eater at the time, and his eyes for the most part upon him. The man-eater, who had not stirr, gave no indications of man-desire. An impatient snarl or two escaped him, but that was all. Burdea, with teeth and cracked ears, and glaring eyeballs, and twitching tail, his sensations in his enemy instead of his victim. In no easy attitude of attention, as if prepared for immediate action.

"As length Burdea was satisfied, or else no more blood was forthcoming; and having bit clean out of the dead animal, and shaking himself as he left it, he began to go stealthily round the court-yard, like a sad cheetah or a mock on a cat. He made no rush at anything. The large grass were placed one after the other upon the ground, but still and for the first proceeded as usual. Slowly were they raised and depressed while the look here as slowly and as very forward—head and all the shoulders, now at the hind-quarters, as the legs were moved—but his glaring eyes were fixed steadily on the body belonging to the bones and muscles beneath it. It was not a sight to be forgotten! But although the attendant females gazing intently above, the European spectators standing by, and each one of the slow, stealthy movement and every animal; the man-eater in the centre of the court-yard slowly turning as the tiger moved his head and ears and neck over the sauce; the tiger stealing along, as if unable to expect, and yet so gigantic in strength. Not a sound was audible but the snarling of the man-eater's feet, as they were raised and lowered again—it was scarcely heard—and all was awaiting the next motion gaining.

"At length the tiger bounded with the rapidity of lightning upon his enemy; the horse was fully prepared. He had evidently put Burdea's character to the test by hand and fore-quarter; but the man-eater on to admit for that; and, by a quick diving motion of his head and shoulders, had received his antagonist upon his massive haunches behind the tail. The tiger was on his back, while the hind-feet of the tiger made a grasp or two at the flesh-eater of the horse; but these were unable to screw his position. The man-eater hailed up with his two hands on the tiger's throat, apparently as well as a moment Burdea was a-rending on the ground, not at all the better for the assault. No credit to Burdea, however, that he had been thrown upon his back—gently against the boundary-railing of the gallery—because he was on his legs again, growling as before, moving stealthily round as if nothing had happened. With an indignant snort the man-eater removed his immense position, and stood to another spring. His muscular haunches, as before, were in best betrayed his intent, as the growls of blood which disfigured them, of the sharpness and strength of his claws and teeth.

"'Burdea will kill him yet!' exclaimed the King, turning to the nearest European.

"'Undoubtedly, your Majesty,' said the courtier.

"Gobble did Burdea, and the man-eater sprang again, his broad round head ever turned toward his very antagonist. Burdea, with his bravery gone, and his tail lowered again in necessitate, noiselessly as before, while the beautifully-striped skin played over the ribs and the muscles freely. With distended nostrils and flashing eyes the man-eater watched again as Burdea moved exactly in the same position as formerly, the head and neck lowered and prefixed as the paw was raised, and the eyes fixed in a glaring stare at the stealthily-gliding figure not one hair-breadth ever slightly deviating. At last, suddenly, of that rapid diving and thrusting movement of his shoulder and head, by which he had formerly succeeded in getting his antagonist upon his haunches, sparring.

"For fully at last ten minutes did this monotonous circling of Burdea continue, the man-eater ever facing him and panic, intently, as angry must now and then bending from the horse as he turned. Burdea opened his large jaws wider at times, and licked up the drops of blood which still clung to them; and once that once only he paused for a moment over the dead mare, as if meditating a second draught. But the irresolution was only momentary, and the monotonous walk was continued.

"At length the decisive moment arrived again. Burdea was standing almost over the carcass of the dead mare, when he bounded upon man-eater's back, and that was in the gallery started at the sight, expecting it though we were; and more than one of the attendants on the King gave forth a stifled exclamation of alarm. There was no premonitory growl or display of any kind. It was as if by galvanic agency the tiger had been suddenly lifted into the air in the course of his monotonous gyrations.

"Man-eater was not taken by surprise, however. His head was ducked still lower than before; his forelegs were screwed to glide under the springing assailant; and again were Burdea's claws deep dyed into his haunches, but further over on this occasion than on the former. Burdea's head and the upper part of his body, in fact, as him beyond the tail of the horse, while his hind-claws were used for the purpose of maintaining his grip. For an instant we saw him quivering motionally in that position, and then—down he fell, with his antagonist clinging to his prey for an instant, but only for an instant. Burdea was dead before he had touched the ground, his face fell, almost as if he would throw himself over on his back. His two heels came with crushing force against the head of man-eater. The latter's forehead was spreading instantly upon the ground, once more erected, and ready for action.

"It was but for an instant, however, that Burdea lay by his side. Man-eater, with a single savage roar, ringing round the bamboo inclosure, it was quite apparent that he had had enough of the contest. No savage. His jaw was broken; and, with his tail between his legs, and his head low, he ran round and round and smelled a whipped spaniel. The man-eater watched him, as he was, intently, evidently fearful of a trick, and finding it difficult to keep up with his rapid motion. But it was not to be permitted. Burdea's blood was the nutriment of savage, crying almost piteously as he did so. 'Allah! Allah!' exclaimed the Rajah, and the man-eater, as quite below, who watched him from the veranda. The man-eater stood still, and Burdea ran to his feet.

"'Burdea's pet is broken!' he exclaimed to us as he ran by.

"'As your Majesty pleases,' was our answer.

"The signal was given—the door of the cage was opened, Burdea was driven in, and the man-eater rushed in to bury himself in its furthest corner.

"Proudly did the King of Oude look over when he found himself this victor. He first stamped up to the cage, and stuffed them a sensation; and then, spurning her with his foot, with head aloft and tail arched, he strutted to one of the gallery-doors, and disappeared, as if anxious to get at the attendant-servants. His blood was up; and happy was the man who had mixed with his assailants now, or wished he assailed."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1859.

THE FARCE OF AMERICAN CITIZENSHIP.

THE following letter has been published in the papers:

"DEPARTMENT OF STATE, WASHINGTON, May 17, 1859

"SIR,—Your letter of the 12th inst. has been received. In reply I have to state that it is understood that the French Government has called out service from all its men of France who may be found within its jurisdiction. Your naturalization in this country will not exempt you from liability if you should voluntarily expatriate yourself.

"I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"LEWIS CASS."

In other words, the title of an American citizen, which is held out as an inducement to foreigners to settle in this country, is a mere empty distinction, involving, it is true, absolute protection in the United States, but no such thing as protection on the other. Outside of the limits of the United States it can not shield us from the heavy hand of military conscription by foreign despots. At the very time at which we invite an American citizen, a useful and highly respected member of Society, he is actually visited Prussia—his birth-place—to see some relatives, he is serving as a conscript of the army and navy in the Prussian army without a word of remonstrance from our Government.

It will be with serious feelings that the future biographer of Lewis Cass will say that, after a life of conspicuous honor, and active devotion to the interests of his country, he crowned his career by ingrafting on the policy of the United States the principle that the naturalization laws of the country and the naturalization can not afford to protect its citizens abroad.

He will observe—this biographer—that Mr. Cass's want of spirit in this matter was the more remarkable, as his duty was clear and its execution easy. The Constitution and the laws know no distinction between native and naturalized citizens. They are all *citizens*—and the word implies every right. It is impossible that a foreigner must have fulfilled his obligations to his native country before presenting himself for naturalization here, and he becomes at both with law and with common sense. No word of obligations to foreign States is to be found in the naturalization laws.

If the doctrine be accepted that no foreign born citizen can be protected who has not fulfilled the services which his native country may choose to exact from its people, then this country has no law in the wrong, and Great Britain in the right, in the controversy of 1812. For the term which Great Britain exacts from her people is perpetual allegiance. If Mr. Cass be right in declining to protect citizens of French or German birth against the conscription, neither can he justify the Government of Madison in denying the right of the British to stop and impress men taken under General Scott. The principle is the same in both cases. Great Britain exacts a life of allegiance from her natives, as Germany and France exact so many years' military service from their citizens. We reject the one, we must also respect the other. Under the policy of Mr. Cass, every British-born citizen in the country might be shot as a traitor if, in the event of war with England, they served under the American flag. Naturalization, in fact, under this reading of the law, becomes a farce.

The true idea of the naturalization law of the United States is, that every man has, on reaching his majority, a right to select his country, irrespective of the accident of his birth, and that by doing so the transfer which a foreigner makes of his allegiance to the land of his adoption is thorough, complete, and final. This idea is a necessary and legitimate consequence of the great democratic principle on which all our institutions and all our literature are based. The recognition by our Government of the pains and penalties imposed by foreign potentates on their subjects who become citizens of the here is their dominions gives the lie to our whole political system, and involves a denial of the first propositions in the Declaration of Independence.

But Mr. Cass's future biographer will go on to say that the error of the Secretary of State lay in the blindness of the Secretary to the inevitable consequences of a manly and spirited policy. Had he followed in the footsteps of Madison, Scott, and Jackson, and insisted on making the European sovereigns respect American citizens of whatever birth, we should have had no occasion to say little or nothing, and the political reward would have been liberal. It would not have been necessary for us to make war on the offending nations. A simple embargo on their wares and produce would have achieved the end without any unnecessary injury to this country. No-body Prussian nor any other European state would risk the loss of their American trade for the sake of half a dozen additional soldiers. Six months' stoppage of the export of dry goods from Europe to the United States would have forced them break half the foreign spinners, and would very quickly bring the sovereigns to their senses. And what a triumph for the American policy! It may safely be said that no single act would create such enthusiasm throughout this country as the humiliation of the European power for engaging an American citizen. Every American heart would thrill with pride at intelligence of such an event, and the flight would be the signal, imprisoned, and outraged by foreign despotism with perfect impunity.

GOOD NEWS FOR SHIP-OWNERS.

We have all been lamenting, ever since the Peace of Europe, the decline of the trade of our shipping; the renewal of war in Europe is calculated to revive the spirits of American shipowners. For, no sooner than we dream of the decline of ship property—the construction of foreign steamers—has not been removed, accident is serving out of Great Britain and France, which there is once more a prospect that American ships will earn interest on their cost.

No man in the United States or England may take part in the European war. There is a strong feeling, and, indeed, a law, against the engaging by any subject of a belligerent power, or by the citizen of a neutral, and lend aid to Austria; they are strengthened in their views by the London *Times*, which declares that we should be only against the Emperor of the French. Between the two it is quite possible that, despite her proclamation of neutrality, the British Ministry may find herself a combatant before the war has been long. Any interference on the part of Russia would threaten the possibility of British participation in the war.

The effect of England's becoming an actor in the war would be to drive her carrying trade into American hands. Whether Britannia still rules the waves or not, it is undeniable that England goes to war, even British merchants will send their goods to sea in vessels which are neutral, and countries where their flag is not, and therefore give our ships the preference we have supposed, will devote upon the United States. Already Peace is a subject of discussion in the leaders with the assurance that England's participation in the war would not destroy her trade—"Germany, the Australian colonies, Cotton and grain to England, and cotton goods and hardware from England to all parts of the world. Anything may happen in the hour of war and danger, upon the maxim which they were so slow to acknowledge when they had no interests at stake—"Free Ships make Free Goods"—the English boast that, even if Napoleon has equipped a navy superior to that of England, they can, with the aid of this country and American ships, defy his worst efforts.

We trust that it may never come to this. We have very little to gain, and much to lose, by Great Britain mixing in a general European war. Interest apart, to every friend of humanity such an event would be revolting. Nor does our shipping interest need so powerful a stimulus. The new possibility that England may be driven into the war will naturally increase the demand for American vessels in every part of the world. No British vessel can sail on a voyage of a month with a perfect certainty of being without risk of capture. In these days of telegraphs and railroads a week, or a fortnight, rate Great Britain into the war, and cover the British channel and the Atlantic with French cruisers. What, in such a case, would be the value of the vast fleets of large British vessels freighted with valuable cargoes, and sailing for China?

Every prudent English merchant has already directed his Asiatic and Australian correspondence to ship in American vessels, when he can. A few mails will show this to be the case.

The event should at once stimulate our shipowners to repeal the only law which is the decline of American ship-property. Screw and tide, wheel steamers should at once be built. Ingenious ship-owners had good reasons before for increasing their marine investments. Now they are going to make money again: let them build steamers without delay—steam, fast, expensive vessels like the Collins ships, but sensible, economical craft, like Vanderbilt's fleet and the Glasgow ocean-ship.

Commodore Vanderbilt launched, a few days ago, an ocean steamer wholly built of iron—filling hitherto deemed impossible in this country. Where shall we find men wise enough and enterprising enough to follow the example? If there are none such, the Australia which the war is imparting to the American shipping interest will be the prelude to a reaction when will utterly decline peace.

CORRESPONDENCE.

HOMICIDE OF THE DEAF AND DUMB BY UTAH.

We have received a long letter from Mr. W. G. Mills, of Salt Lake City, in Utah Territory, giving the statements contained in a letter published two-three times in this Journal, describing the murder of a deaf and dumb child in Utah. Mr. Mills, who is evidently a Mormon, eulogizes the Mormons very highly, and states at considerable length what he calls untrue statements. We are bound to say that our correspondent is a man of honesty and candor. But as he only makes assertion, we see no reason to alter the opinion to that effect which we expressed in regard to Brigham Young. At the same time, in justice to the people of Utah Territory, we give Mr. Mills's version of the story:

"Another Mormon child has been killed by accidicity. He resided here for years, and grew up a man among us. He will live a long time in my memory as a rare effect. He was twenty years old, stood five feet to inches high, good-proportioned, with a light and active frame, and weighed 160 pounds. He was a man of no common strength; and unrestrained by intellect to regulate his passions, he was frequently known to be excited by passion and revenge. Neglected at home in his tenderest years, deprived by his deafness of the means whereby he might in their privileges to torment him; naturally passionate, and, as regards his intellect, feeble, he possessed an ungovernable, impetuous, and irritable temper, which could be restrained only by the controlling influence of the presence of a relative—a respectable woman there, by the name of Mrs. Elizabeth Kinsman. He had for years been a pest to the citizens by his thievish propensities, and had made himself a terror to the people. In several instances he so frightened females that they were thrown into spasms, and one of them was injured and unsuccour to them. Previous to his death he entered the house of Mr. Kinsman, and was in no sense urged by some of our transient friends and teamsters, who have a custom of using for them in witnessing his habits and cruel tricks while in a state of uncontrollable excitation.

"Last autumn, on the arrival of several trains, 'Dummy,' as he was designated, stole about the sum of seventy dollars from a teamster, Mr. Bennett. Almost was made to a justice of the peace—a writ issued for his arrest. He was arrested, and the money found for several weeks. On his return he was charged with the theft, and accused of it. He was threatened that he would get the money in a place of death and executed it a the time of the arrest. He was taken to the house where this title city. He volunteered to go to the place with a policeman and get the money. He did so, and selected a charge of policeman N. L. Christiansen, to the spot where he had buried the money, and went for it. And here I would say that Christiansen is a sober man, of good character, and has for any thing he knows of a dead human blood. He says he approachable character with those who know him; yet, I believe, would not be trusted with a responsible position, which I consider is a proper trait in man; though, in the spirit in favor of every man who is not a fool, and trusting to the conduct of 'Dummy.' But to resume.

"The money was found where it was taken the extent, to the spot where the latter said the money was deposited. Christiansen was then left alone, and took his place a place for relics at the wives of Dummy, who still signed that they would be glad to get the rest of the money.

"While they returned to the shanty Dummy digged out the money, and, unperceived by Christiansen, attacked the policeman in a violent manner, striking him on the side and breast with a pick-axe, and cutting him with the fat and blood oozed; and had not the knife struck a rib, which broke in receiving the stroke, it would have proved fatal. He also cut him in the hands in receiving the blow. Dummy then made a large piece of sharp iron, and again attacked Christiansen in a frenzied manner, who only saved his life by dodging the running into the house. Dummy pursued, and would have broken the door but for the timely interference of some passers-by. Again he attacked him; but not effecting complishing his purpose, he ran off, and the policeman first there after. Dummy, in the meantime, had become taking sufficient effect to even cripple him.

"Dummy, however, was the violence of his passion apparently, subsided, they traveled toward the city. He was overtaken by Mr. E. Banks, who was driving a

team and wagon, from whom they obtained a ride, and knew also nothing of their treasons until told by them. When near the mouth of Emigration Cañon, he requested the policeman to go to a certain place to which he guided, for the halt time, and he would certainly get the money.

The latter, anxious to obtain it, and having traveled so far, did not like to return without it, if possible, and he went with him. They jumped from the wagon, requiring Mr. Hanks to stay until their return, and proceeded forthwith toward the place. When Danegar got him in a convenient position, he drew a pistol, and, presenting it on Christianson in a treacherous manner, with a threatening expression, told him that he must submit to be tied himself, and, after a struggle, succeeded in grasping his left hand, when he pulled the prisoner's hand to his neck and tolling him, but knowing what to do with the body in such a place, he by company with Mr. Hanks, and when he had ascertained the Captain of the Police, who at once interrupted the Mayor of the proceedings, and had the prisoner put forthwith in their hands. Justice Clinton, being informed of the facts, required Danegar to be bound over in a heavy sum, and held an inquest on the body, had it conveyed to the city cemetery and decently interred.

"These are the substantial and unqualified facts of the case, without the least attempt to exaggerate; and any one will see that Christianson was perfectly justified in the act. His forbearance was greater than any one else in my case would have been disposed to extend toward a desperate, ungovernable man, who had murdered his wife so often, and who not only resisted him wilfully while in the execution of his duty, but who had an evident design on his life."

THE LOUNGER.

THE NEW NAPOLEON AND THE OLD.

SOME of us did not think that we should ever read a proclamation of the Emperor Napoleon to the army of Italy. We thought that chapter of History was closed. Marengo belonged to the Past. Arcole, "the immortality of which," we have to be mentioned with Agincourt and Cressy.

But we have read the proclamation, and we may let read of the battle of Montebello—and of Alonzo, last in the newspapers. These very pages may to called upon to illustrate the history of the day, and upon upon the field where the old secured Italy.

When Napoleon Bonaparte first descended into Italy he was a twenty-seven year old General, unused to command, and his army was covering upon the Alps, whither the timid Directory had sent Bonaparte had driven them. His first proclamation said to them, "Famine, cold, and misery, are the school of good soldiers." and the result proved it. He marched straight to Turin, supressed the resistance at Peyra, reached Mondovi, and finally sat down before Mantua. On the shores of the Lake of Garda—on the dykes of Arcole—on the plain of Rivoli, the Austrian Wurmser surrendered Mantua and retired. The Austrian Archduke Charles, with thirty thousand men, in vain attempted marched to meet the Frenchman upon the plains of the Po. Venice revolted to the invader. Italy and the States were handed to the Alps at the head of thirty-five thousand men Napoleon stood upon the shore of the Adriatic and looked around across the peninsula—made peace, and went home.

This was only his first campaign. Marengo was four years later.

The new Napoleon leads an army of two hundred thousand men into Italy. Montebello is a little battle, but friendly. Fresh, disciplined, active, it is undoubtedly the flower of living armies. Is not famine, cold, and misery, of which the Emperor spoke. But in his first proclamation he says: "Beware of your generous enthusiasm. It is the only thing I fear." The enemy are not less in number, and they are not merely defending themselves; but they are pushing for the very capital heart of their empire. But the fact of this enemy burns the ground upon which it stands. The old traditional hate felt by the Italians toward the Germans is now added horror at the barbarity with which the Austrians conduct the war, and the ten thousand thousand perfectly-appointed Frenchmen are reinforced by an enthusiasm which multiplies them. Meanwhile Europe looks gravely on, with its hand upon the sword indeed, but the sword in the scabbard, while those fiery, flashing blades cross with the shock of battle.

The London *Times* would fain be incredulous of the event. It finds too much study of melodramatic effect in the constant resurrence by the French to particular days and to particular men. It declines to believe that a raw military band can depose the calm and well-disciplined army.

Failure indeed is possible to the greatest genius—it overtakes the greatest luck. *Mens Ouchi* had leisure to reflect upon the fact at Saint Helena. Therefore even Louis Napoleon's singular good fortune may conquer his genius, and coquetry in his case is destruction. Austria fights for her imperial existence; but, on the other hand, so long as the treaty of Vienna, which excluded Austria entirely from the French throne, is the law of Europe, the Austrian Archduke is an usurper, and must return to Paris victorious, or not return at all. Had the uncle failed, he might have found his road to the throne by any German or other country. If the nephew fails, his throne falls.

THE RACES.

HORSE-RACING has always led a rather precarious existence with us. It has been frequently forced the peculiar interest of black-legs and professional jockeys. Gentlemen occasionally went to the races, but only as a Board of Trade merchant adjourned in their honor, as the British Parliament rises for the Derby day; nor has any meeting of either in the State ever been known to postpone a visitation that he might attend, as was stated, without contradiction, of an English bishop. In Charleston, South Carolina, the races are more recognized as a disdinctly fashionable resort. Families in the country time their visits to town to hit the races. But elsewhere the institution has existed by stationary, unlisted help, and who want to attend.

The especial essence of this was, unquestionably, the conviction that the contest was not to be decided according to actual superiority, but by arrangement. The races were generally in possession of persons not known outside of "the sporting world," and very well known within it; so that a little cloud of suspicion rested upon the race, and the better was always in doubt whether the fastest horse was to be allowed to win.

There is, however, such an inextinguishable love of horse-flesh in the human heart that a large crowd always waits upon any race that promises the least excitement; and the meeting over the course by Allen and Flora Temple excited an usual attention. Twelve or fifteen thousand persons are reported to have been upon the ground, and Flora Temple bore away the bays. The contest was the mere interesting because they were each the favorite mares of their sex in the country. The horses trotted "to wagon," as it is called—that is, each was harnessed in a carriage of four wheels—the other kind of trotting being "to harness," or in a sulky on two wheels. The time made by the successful Flora was 2 minutes and 25 seconds, for the first mile, or heat, and 2.27 for each of the second heats. Four were three heats, in all of which Flora Temple was the winner, and is, therefore, the fastest trotter in the country.

That, of course, is with reference to all the other trotters to all who did not beat ninety-five minutes. It has, also, of course, greatly enhanced the value of Flora Temple and all her progeny. For after that, those gentlemen who are wealthy in dollars and Quaker clothes who haunted the race-course, and who are reported to be fond of a good horse, must see clearly, even without the spectacles, that a race is like a flower. The unsophisticated think the best of any thing is that which they like. They know that it is merely the germ of the fruit. And in the mind's eye they see the colt in the future in the running. They forget that the victor's worth is enormously increased, and that all the foals of the winning horse will be correspondingly valuable.

Will some one of those philosophers inform us why "fast" is a synonyme for virtue in the horse-trade? and why the term jockeying is synonymous with knavery?

A CUP OF COLD WATER.

THE happy people who will run into the water attract less attention than the one lovelier sight than the sparkling cascades that vein green hillsides with flowing silver. The fresh, bright springs in the shady depths of woods, over which they will lean upon their hands and knees and drink of the cooling water. Happy is that face, whether by sea-side or on river banks or on lofty hills whence they can see the wide world, that delinging in greasy meadows, or whether they watch the sudden shower of pattering crystal, or the rainbow that makes whatever it touches so fair, or whether that garnish the sunset, it will still be the beauty that looking will be the most delightful to the eye and mind.

Will they think of those who can not climb the hills, nor walk in the woods or the meadows? Will they remember the dry streets in which the every flower cannot be the city rose, and the chickets are crinoline, and the only singing birds are feathered ones in cages, or poor ones in nurseries, who can not sing for the want of water?

Yet the last kind do not sing much. They are usually silent and sickly. And the first thing necessary of nature there is a constant growth and development toward greater beauty from the egg to the caterpillar, and from the caterpillar to butterfly. From the little gasping months of mere feather's down to the perfect liquid frill of the bird—from shrub or the jutilliant glen of the bob-o'-link. But this last kind of singers in city nurseries grow more silent as they grow older. The bird-fancier finds singing by contrast rather than in any other way. It has every thing which helps and charms them, every thing which tends to refresh the city with the blessings of the country, is surely worth inducing. And while the sun is shining and the rain, the globe would be a hill of new life if it were only to be interested in it. But it is not. Instead of the pavements, indeed, and in the walls of the houses, but it is put into daylight. Let us have more fountains—more beautiful crystal columns and statues along the sidewalks, that the throats of the thirsty may be refreshed, and the eyes and minds of the whole population quickened. These little public drinking fountains always flowing, will be also the best of all sanitary measures. In other, white violets will not spring up around them as in a solar concert, but those who drink there will be as flowers, will start in the pleased minds of the wary.

Let the fountains be wrought, too, in pretty forms. In Rome how many there are!—A Triton blowing his conch, and the Naiads sporting around, and the nymphs striding the rocks of little cataracts, and in the Medici villa, near Florence, Venus standing forth, and the Lounger, his wife thinks, in her hair. Let the artists invent and the poets suggest. Put your fountains, too, in the public squares, where it shall seem to preach cleanliness as a preventive of disease, and where the water that sprang among trees in the country will bear the rattle of the noble elm in the Hospital yard. Put one at the corner of Chambers Street that it may rival Delmonico's barroom; and one before every hotel, that strangers may know the hospitality of the city.

Yes, by all means put forth the poetic side of the image for the cure of wounds and waters. Those Caryatides, philosophers, and poets, who make the municipal laws.

ABOUT WIVES.

"XYLOCUS" writes to the Lounger from a lake in Arkansas that wives are "property, very personal property, the most sacred property on earth." His letter is pleasant, and full of kind feeling, but Sir. Xylocus and all his relatives and friends of the other sex, who we should suppose to be called a sub-sold flavor, as indicated in the extract above.

That people who entertain Xylonia's opinions do treat wives as property, every man with his eyes open has probably often enough perceived. But the utter absurdity of gravely urging that wives really are to will also hardly have escaped the observation of the sane witnesses. You may go into many a house and see the woman whom the man of that house has sworn to love, honor, and cherish the victim of his ill-temper, his whims, his follies. You may see him treat her precisely as he treats any other article of property with which he has nothing to get angry, only he gets angry with "the most sacred property on earth" much oftener than with any other. He cuts his arm-chair, in a pet. He tears his newspaper, in a little rage. He curses a hackney-coach, in a fit of temper. But he never looks across the floor that he does not like. He strikes his horse only when the horse refuses to please him. Why not? They are his property. Shall a man not do what he will with his own? And you may see the same man calm, smug, powerful, strike at his wife. Why not? For his practically believes, whatever his theory may be, that wives "are property, very personal property, the most sacred property on earth."

If Xylonia is property, then his wife is; not otherwise. If he may treat her as property, she may do the same with him. Same for the goose, same for the gander. Xylonia and all the Xylonians need not suppose that they are going to secure immunity for their vices or their whims or follies, as men and husbands, by rhetorically asserting that wives are property. For their wives, if still a woman property, and to treat her as such, is a lovely method of illustrating her husband's conception of her superior society. If anything in any thing but a mere legal contract—if it in any sense whatever be Roman Catholic marriage, and every honorable man feels, a sacrament, then it is quite as sacred upon one side as upon the other.

The husband who is false to his companion is precisely as culpable as the wife. Society does not prove that to be true which it does not believe in not.?

Simply because the active and controlling power of society is that of men, and men have hitherto practiced the principle that wives are property, and that husbands are property (which is absurd), husband who tampers with the property of another expose himself to the perils of the trespasser against old property—he is liable to be shot by burglar or the incendiary. That is, he runs great risk of being shot.

And if the offender succeeds—whatever happens to him—how about the property? Why, the Xylonian has, by his own logic, that property is lost, subject to the owner, he is the judge of it, and that is his property may throw it away altogether. No wonder that our friend Xylonia says, in his letter, that "the highest laws of natural religion," assuming property, do not always "in accordance with revealed religion." If revenge be an inspiration of natural religion, then the statement is quite correct. But there are two very awkward dilemmas yawning before him; for if God be not divided against himself, he loves, whether natural or revealed, must be harmonious. And if there be no such thing as "sin," and the relations you are perfectly equal, except in those details which, rarely, considered by the parties most to be in honor of women, have arranged in their own favor.

A well-ordered household has a mistress as well as master, and a well-ordered State has a ruler.

A wife is not a higher kind of hoss or armchair; and supposing civilization is actually working the Inferiors idea that she is so out of public opinion and the laws.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

A MARRIED MAN, St. Paul, Minnesota. The subject of your note was well considered by the Lounger. You may be very sure that *Harper's Weekly* will take no party-political position. If you differ from its decision, you, of course, will abide by your own judgment. It is, however, always for the interest of a large paper in a great city to be not edited without very careful consideration. It may be a matter of interest—but the bitter should not suppose that he is the first to bring the question to editorial notice. The widest range of party spite will not bring the Lounger to consideration as a candid critic.

C. F. L., Cincinnati. Lawyer's opinion of "An Incident in a Trapper's Life," which he sends him. It is simply a tale, and has no more to do with the settlement of the utter barbarity of border life, and the superiority of semi-civilized to wholly savage inhumanity. But it is not too purely horrible?

—CARRY wishes the Lounger to tell about his travels completely in the style in which he says John Phoenix of Dr. Abbott betrays that he has seen a pyramid. But Carry should remember that Phoenix and Abbott "stories" are recorded and illustrated upon other pages of the Weekly, and that the Lounger, his wardrobe, and even his eye drooping, only strolls quietly about and chats pretty of matters of interest, and does not write or recorded. One of these days, perhaps, when he can lounge no longer, he will write a book of travels.

C. Suffolk. The Lounger will "destroy the poem and keep mum."

—INDEPENDENCE, Buffalo, asks who the Lounger is. He is being the best in these columns, who has no criticism out of them. Impudence can go no further than to ask "Who is the author of Hamlet?" Smith is his own perpetual answer.

—Over to your HARPER, Boston, Massachusetts, will find in any good eyeglass that Prosper John was the owner of land whose passenger was the property of travelers in the Middle Ages to be a Christian Prince in the interior of Africa. Marco Polo, who traveled at the close of the thirteenth century, has given the most extensive account of Prester John (Gentle Library, No. 132). Gwong, a Mongol monarch, who had been subject to Nestorian influences. He is mentioned by writers of the twelfth century, and all the earlier Eastern travelers speak of him. Matthew Paris has a great deal to say of him. Sir John Mandeville gives a detailed account of things that are in the "land of Prester John." The most interesting account of him is in the introduction by M. d'Avezac to his edition of Plan-de-Carpin's

History of the Tartars, published in 1838, in the Transactions of the Geographical Society of Paris. If "one of our readers" is really interested in the question, he should refer to that.

A. J., Ill., Cincinnati. "The old Cuban Bucket" was written by Samuel Woodworth, who was born in Scituate, Massachusetts, a farmer's son, and died in New York in 1842. He was a journalist, and after the year of 1812 wrote some popular songs upon the victories. In 1826 he began the New York Mirror, with George P. Morris, but his literary energetics were not often successful. The strange versatility of his life was also shown by his producing a short time before his death. He had been touched by the Millerite excitement, and was writing with very quick short steps. His eye was batteried, and his hand trembled. He published a semi-religious work, called Natural Theories in Leonard Street, at which Barton Hall, now his in New York, generated him "a substantial freshly," Duykinck tells us.

—A BACHELOR in Nebraska wishes to know if it be a temptation of the devil to wish to marry a very pretty gentleman or redness "as fondness empire may lead them." Not a Bachelor speaks of before, there is, of course, no answer to his question, and that the shortest possible No. It is time enough than the expiry of the case who she as a Bachelor has evidently been done by. But ladies are not let loose upon society to be kept by men who are seen to be spoke. A Bachelor rather asks if "it ain't a little selfish, when the foundations are scarce?" Also, dear Sir, some women have discovered not only that they have had sons, but that they will be fond of them.

—O. ANDOR complains that there is too much flighting in novels, and has been "often shocked by seeing the yellow-covered literature which attracts our read walks, announcing a sparkling exhibition," etc. The problem of difficulty seems to be that even a novel-writer's characters get into situations where they would naturally fight, like Achilles and Ajax. How to keep the peace between them. They "go to" immediately. Does G. Andor, then, in citing the yellow-covered literature, suggest a judgment, mean to hold the novelist responsible for his characters? Does he mean to say that the characters develop themselves. The subject is only a clerk.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Saturday, June 4, 1859.*

THE Wholesale Produce Markets have been quite dull and heavy during the week, and prices have declined in almost every article except beef, which is scarce for the season, and only for late immediate delivery. Flour has been in better demand from first sellers, prices have been irregular, and at the close generally tended downward. Fresh fruits have been plenty. Wool has been in active demand, but slowly offered and purchased at reduced rates. Beef has been less active, and closed low. Butter and cheese have been quiet.... Coffee, Teas, and Molasses have been more sought after, with a moderate supply, and have been in good demand. Coffee and Sugars are cheaper. Rice is dull and lower.... Tobacco has been in fair demand for under prices.... Hay has been more active but less plentiful, and prices have ruled higher.... Hops have been in fair demand, and have been quiet.... Cotton has been in good request at buoyant prices.... Lumber has been in fair demand, with prices ruling steady.... Naval Stores are quiet and unchanged.... Oils, prime have been more sought after.... Tobacco has been pretty sparingly offered.... Wool has been in active demand at reduced quotations.... The movements in our commercial circles have been quiet, owing to the unfavorable change.... We append a subjoined list of the Wholesale Prices current for leading articles:

Standard Super State Flour, per barrel	$4 50	@ $5 70
Fancy Brands, do.	5 75	@ 6 50
Superfine Western	4 45	@ 4 70
Fancy do. do.	4 75	@ 5 00
Extra Missouri	4 50	@ 10 00
Superfine Southern	4 50	@ 5 00
Extra Southern	5 00	@ 9 00
Superfine Canada	4 50	@ 5 00
Extra Canada	5 00	@ 9 00
White Michigan Wheat, per bushel	1 75	@ 1 15
Southern White	1 40	@ 1 50
Red Western Wheat	1 40	@ 1 84
Canadian White	1 70	@ 1 75
Chicago Spring	1 05	@ 1 10
New Yellow Corn	69	@ 1 00
Rye	1 07	@ 1 10
Western Oats	55	@ 57
Western Oats	55	@ 57
Barley	60	@ 62
Timothy and Pennsylvania Oats	1 00	@ 1 05
Clover Seed	6 00	@ 6 50
Western Mess Pork, per barrel	16	@ 16 50
New Mess Pork, per barrel	16	@ 16 25
Prime Pork	13	@ 13 50
Country Mess Beef	8 5	@ 9 50
Extra, per pound	11	@ 14
Shoulders	11	@ 11
Hams	12	@ 14
Fair to Prime State Butter, new	19	@ 20
Fresh Butter, best	21	@ 23
Cheese, new	8	@ 9
Prime, per 100 pounds	8 50	@ 9 00

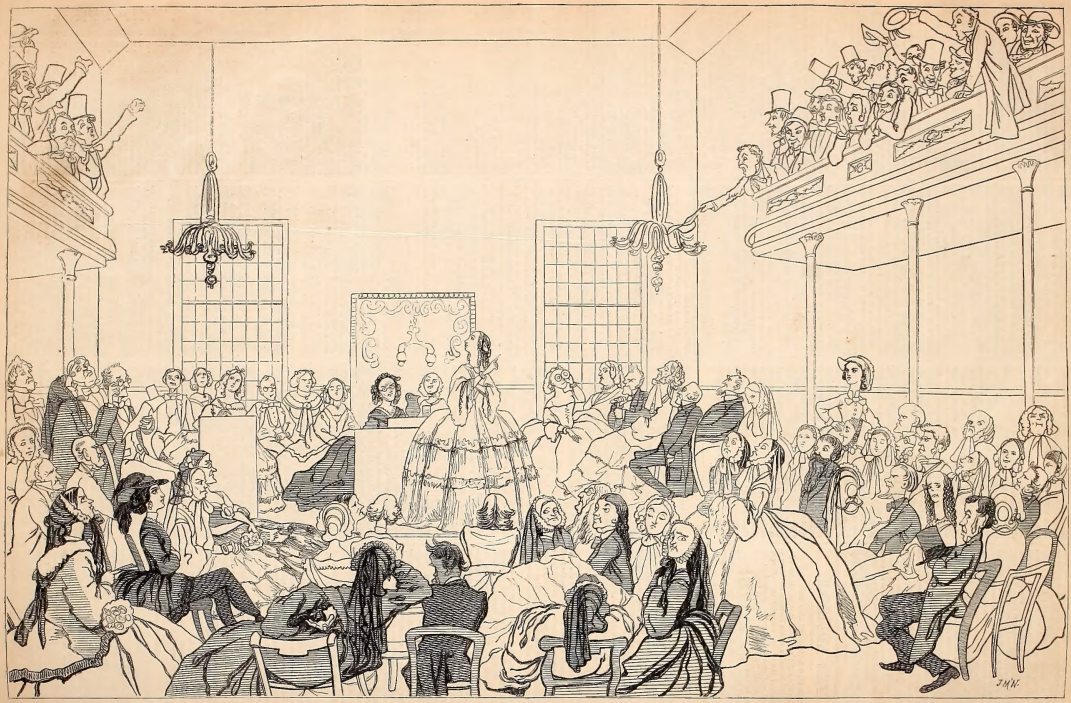
The Live Stock Markets last Wednesday were well supplied with Cattle, and prices ruled low. Sheep and Lambs were fair.... The receipts of fresh Milch Cows were a little more than for the week previous, and the sales fell off. Common Cows sold, and were dull at $35 to $45 each. Good Cows and Veal Calves were nearly as abundant as for some days past. Veal Calves were in good demand, and sold at lower rates, no larger stock could be sold.... Sheep and Lambs have been offered very freely, but the demand was good and prices were firmer.... Swine were arriving freely and sold to fair advantage.

The range of prices according to the returns of sales of the Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

Extra Primo Premium Beeves, per pound	$ 9	@ $ 12
Fair to good Milch Cows, per head	35 00	@ 45 00
Veal Calves, per pound	7	@ 8
Sheep and Lambs, per head	2 75	@ 6 50
per pound	6	@ 7
Live Swine	4	@ 5
Dressed Hogs	6	@ 7
Rending Pigs, each	3 00	@ 4 00

The Wholesale Dry Goods outdoors by PEDDLERS AT WASHINGTON.

Strawberries, per quart box	$ 12	@ $ 31
Strawberries, per basket	3	@ 5
Cherries, per quart	12	@ 25
Gooseberries, per quart	6	@ 8
Apricots, per dozen	2 50	@ 5 00
Dried Apples, per bushel	1	@ 1 50
Dried Apples, per pound	11	@ 15
Peaches, per dozen	12	@ 25
Potatoes, old, per bushel	1 00	@ 2 50
Potatoes, new, per bushel	1 00	@ 2 50
Potatoes, sweet	4 00	@ 4 50
Onions, per bushel	1 00	@ 1 50
Onions, per pound	2	@ 3
Beets, per bunch	1	@ 2
Beans, white, per bushel	1 50	@ 2 00
black, per pair	1	@ 2
Peppers, per dozen	1 50	@ 2 00
Eggs, per dozen	1 50	@ 2 00
Snipe, per dozen	1	@ 1 50



YE MAY SESSION OF YE WOMAN'S RIGHTS CONVENTION—YE ORATOR OF YE DAY DENOUNCING YE *LORDS OF CREATION.*

HAS HE EVER SAID SO?

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

TRUMPS.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THERE'S NOTHING HALF SO SWEET IN LIFE.

SINCE Hope Wayrn had received Abel Nest's note she lived in human beings do live when for the first time they are conscious that they love, and believe that they are loved.

She read her books, and the page burned with a glow it had never known before. She was no longer haughty with Mrs. Simcoe, whatever happened; but she was so meek, so docile, so gentle, so patient, that the girl who was always then and lovely was deaner and lovelier than ever.

Grandpa Burt was conscious of some change which he could not explain; but he was grandpar and happier in his grandchild, and remembering constantly that she was now eighteen, began to consider his vast plans for the future. It was his fixed resolution that she should be protected from the wicked world of youth that is always going up and down in the earth seeking whom it may marry. If incessant care and invention and management could secure it, she should arrive safely where Grandpa Burt was determined she should arrive ultimately, at the hand of her husband's dinner-table. Mrs. Simcoe, ma'am.

What on earth is a girl sent into this world for but to make a proper match, and not disgrace her husband—to keep his house, either directly or by a deputy—to take care of his children, to see that his slippers are warm and his Madeira cold, and his beef not burned to a cinder. Mrs. Simcoe, ma'am. Christopher Burt believed that a man's wife was a more sacred piece of private property than his sheep-pasture, and when he delivered the deed of any such property he meant that it should be in perfect order.

Hope may marry a foreign minister, Mrs. Simcoe, ma'am. Who knows? She may marry a large marchand in town or a large planter in the South, who will be obliged to entertain a great deal and from all parts of the world. I should say that she shall be fit for the situation. I shall she shall preside at her husband's table in a superior manner.

So Hope, as a child, had played with little girls, who were invited to Fineswood—select little girls, who came in the prettiest frocks and behaved in the prettiest way, superintended by nurses and belles' maids. They rended their dolls generally in the nursery. They played clean little games upon the lawn. Not too noisy, Ellen! Mary, gently, gently, dear! Julia, carefully! you are tumbling your frock. They were not chattery French nurses who presided over these solemnities. They were grave, housekeeping, Mrs. Simcoe-kind of people. Julia and Mary were exhorted to behave themselves like little ladies, and the frolic ended by their all taking books from the library shelves and reading them properly in a large chair, or on the sofa, or even upon the piazza, if it had been nicely dusted and inspected, until the setting sun sent them away with the calmest kisses at parting.

Suddenly, in a day, out of this proper, pretty demure, wearisome, intolerable life, Hope had emerged into the very thickest of the toughest battle that human beings have to fight. And the warrior, instead of being haughtier, and colder, and more unyielding, was the softest and sweetest of creatures.

Grandpa Burt did not understand, but he was delighted. In spirit he perpetually rubbed his hands, and chirped and crowed. He was like a man whose wax having refused to melt, has petulantly laid aside his seal, but now with joy and thanksgiving beholds the melting mass, and begins to wet his seal to secure the perfect stamp—and grand —that he intends.

Mrs. Simcoe's inestimable feet did not vary. She watched Hope without losing her from mind a moment, but it was as the watched her own from her window. The young girl came to her old friend tenderly, and put her arms around her neck, and in a thousand endearing ways caressed her. Yes, and so she would have caressed any body, as Mrs. Simcoe knew. It was her love, her new life, her new down, that she was celebrating and worshiping with all that fondness. Dear child, said Mrs. Simcoe in her heart, you do not deceive me, you only deude yourself. Hope thought she loved Mrs. Simcoe more than ever before. But the older woman knew that she was

dream were disturbed Hope would find that the sense of isolation she had felt when her love was first announced to her would be as deep as ever.

Yet with all the sweetness of the consciousness of love Hope chafed at the uncertainty of seeing her lover again. But she consoled herself by thinking that it would be so easy to write him. So she drew her table to the window which she had unwittingly honored to him was hers, she took the prettiest sheet of paper on the sunniest morning, when the landscape was so beautiful and the whole world so wonderful—her eyes filled with tears with the eagerness with which she ran and got the pen out of the room and locked it. As she seated herself to begin, her cheeks burned—her very soul seemed blushing. She took the pen, but dropped it in the ink; she must she could as easily have pulled up by the roots the pine-tree that waved at the window as have begun that letter. Yet did she not know she loved him with all her heart? Was she not sure he loved her?

She paused—hanging over the table, the feather of the quill at her lips—when the reflections half consciously asked themselves in her mind. Oh! the little asp of suspicion that stung those questions in the heart. *But he never said so?*

She lifted the lid of her writing-desk and touched a spring at the back. Out flew a little drawer in which lay a note. It was worn with much holding, and a slight odor arose from the desk pervaded it. Once more, and word by word, she read the note which she knew by heart, to find if she could see what she knew was not there. Only a lover could have written it—yet it did not say, "I love you." Nor more she pressed it like a precious portrait, and kissed it as devotees kiss relics of saints, and put it in the little drawer—the spring snapped—and the perfumed note was as securely hidden in the desk as the rich secret it held in her heart.

In the great uncertainty she grew restless. To wait until next winter was impossible. She should die, if she must wait.

Die, she thought, and be laid by mother in the quiet little country church-yard—and the trees would rustle over us, and the flowers bloom and fade, the red leaves fall, and the snow cover us. And some day when he comes to see his old haunts again—famous and a little tired with success—his heart more mature, his face a little older—he will stand there in the long grass—how plainly Hope saw it all!—and turning aside to read the names to see if he recognizes any. He will come to me—he will pause. But he is not alone: he says he is with me—with who?—oh, so beautiful, so noble, so worthy of him—and in that low voice, that gives it music, "Why, what did I know about that name in the days long, long ago? How strange I can remember them!" Hope choked and gasped as she tortured herself in the still summer days.

In the midst of all this mental commotion Mrs. Dinks and Mrs. Bearon came rolling out from town to perform a call sincee. Mrs. Bearon was Mrs. Simcoe's mother-in-law—surprised and charmed by her friend's niece. Really an immense acquisition to society. We shall be lighted up. It will be positively refreshing not to see the same eternal old fices buzzing and booming about people's houses. What! going to New York with you? Ah, now that is really cruel. I don't know what Boston will say, Miss Wayne.

Hope had not the air of profoundly caring, but she did her part of the ceremony with composure—until her aunt said:

"Well, Hope, I suppose to take New York on my way to the Springs next week."

Then Miss Hope started and colored.

"I am sorry, dear, how I should like—"

It was too late, again. And who knows? possibly Hope was not sorry for her really involuntary betrayal of her desire.

"Would you like to go, too?"

"Dearest aunt, how good you are!"

Mrs. Beacon smiled.

"My dear Miss Wayne, I think you would easily find plenty of ladies who would be glad to chaperon you at the Springs. I am sure if Mrs. Dinks can not do so, I shall be very happy."

And she bowed with that persuasive suavity for which the Statehouses are distinguished to this day.

But Mrs. Dinks had no thought of declining the pleasure. It was impossible to say what passes between mothers and marriageable sons upon certain subjects, and how should we know that the Alfred Dinks had ever thought of marrying his cousin, or that his mother had reflected upon the extreme convenience of such a connection? In the minds of the best regulated mothers such thoughts do undoubtedly sometimes occur, both in regard to daughters and sons. Marriage, we are told, is at once natural and proper for mankind, and surely no maternal parent is not to be blamed if she looks a little to the lining of the nest in which her daughter may presently lo lay her eggs.

When Mrs. Dinks left Fineswood it had been agreed that Hope was to accompany her; and when she had bowed her visitors from the door, the young girl ran to Mrs. Simcoe, radiant as the day itself.

"Aunty, I'm going to New York next week with Aunt Dinks."

She put her arm around her aunty as she spoke, and kissed her. The eyes of the older woman looked down upon her face in amazement. The expression of her face did not change, but those eyes gradually filled with tears.

"God's grace go with you, my child."

"Why, aunty, is it so dreadfully wicked there?"

"It is our hearts that are desperately wicked, Hope."

"Come, come, aunty, this is too dismal! See how the sun shines! Won't you shine a little? Can I get anything for you?"

Foolish Hope! Of course every thing is possible when parcels are received to make a journey, whether they are ready for it or not. When the heart is all ready—when the mind has been packing and packing and packs may as well fall into order directly.

Mrs. Simcoe knew this very well. She knew that Hope was going, and that she was going to see Abel Nest.

So the girl ran out to begin to get ready. Mrs. Simcoe looked only more silently and fixedly, as if she were rummaging the very years dust and refuse of her memory or invention to find some musket which might be useful in this unexpected campaign. Never could she trust her dear child in that Babel! And yet how could she stay at home?

At length she seemed to bring something into sight. She rose quietly, and opening the drawer in her table, took out a sheet of foolscap—it was many years since Mrs. Simcoe had written a letter—and with great effort she composed the note which Lawrence Nest received on the day that Gabriel Bennet became his clerk.

CHAPTER XXX.

OLD FRIENDS AND NEW.

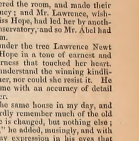
LAWRENCE NEWT had called at Banker's, and found Mrs. Dinks and Miss Hope Wayne. They were sitting at the window upon Broadway watching the promenaders along that famous thoroughfare—for thirty years ago the fashionable walk was between the Park and the Battery, and Bunker's was close to Morris Street, a little above the Bowling Green.

When Mr. Newt was announced Hope Wayne felt as if she were suffocating. Her heart seemed to be the husband of her friend, Mrs. Nancy Dinks, during the summer, of which we have had some intimation in her letter to Abel. They both looked up and saw a gentleman they had never seen before. The face is not known Newt had that calm, smiling sweetness to see which is like feeling the south wind. It was kindly and observed. It was the face of one of those ten men for which every city ought to be grateful. He bowed pleasantly, and said,

"Ladies, my name is Lawrence Newt."

There was a touch of quaintness in his manner, as in his dress.

"You will find the city quite deserted," said he. "But I have called with an invitation from my sister, Mrs. Boniface Howe, for this evening to a small party.



FRIENDS.

She inclues her card, and begs you to waive the formality of a call."

Hope was aware that Lawrence Newt and Hope Wayne came to be sitting on the cane sofa under the great orange-tree in Boniface Newt's conservatory.

They had entered the room, and made their bows to Mrs. Nancy; and Mr. Lawrence, wishing to talk to Miss Hope, had led her by another way to the conservatory, and so Mr. Abel had failed to see them.

As they sat under the tree Lawrence Newt conversed with Hope in a tone of respect and respectful tenderness that touched her heart. She could not understand the winning kindness of his manner, nor could she resist it. He spoke of her home with an accuracy of detail that surprised her.

"It was not the same house in my day, and you, perhaps, hardly remember much of the old one. The house is changed—but nothing else; no, nothing else," he added, musingly, and with the same dreamy expression in his eyes that was in them when he leaned against his office window and watched the ships—while his mind smiled swifter and farther than they.

"They can not touch the waving outline of the hills that you see from the lawn, nor the pines-trees that shade the windows. Does the little brook still flow in the meadow below? And do you understand the pine-trees? Do they tell any tales?"

He sighed with a half-mournful gayety. He asked as if he both longed and feared that she should say, "Yes, they have told me: I know all."

The murmurs of the singing came floating out to them as they sat. Hope was her self, and trustful. She was in the house of Abel—she should see him—she should hear him! And this dear gentleman—not exactly like a father nor an uncle—well, yes, perhaps a young uncle —he is brother of Abel's mother, and he mysteriously knows so much about Fineswood, and his smiling voice has a tone in it as he speaks of old days. I love him already—I trust him entirely—I have found a friend.

"Shall we go in again?" said Lawrence Newt. But they saw forms approaching, and sat still.

While they were yet silent, and Hope's heart was like the dawning summer heaven, she heard Irene wonn that Abel Nest's uncle, Mr. Grace Plumer, and watched him, speechlessly, as he and his companion glided by her into the darkness

"Yes, let us go in!" said Hope Wayne to Lawrence Newt as she rose calmly.

Abel had passed. He could no more have stopped and shaken hands with Hope Wayne than he could have sung like a nightingale. He could not even raise his head erect as he went by, something very stern and cold seemed to hold it down. The whole system of his life appeared to rush to the flesh of that moment to be tottering and shaking.

Miss Plumer's head was also bent; she was waiting to hear the end of that sentence. She thought society opened beautifully. Such a handsome fellow in such a romantic spot, and O dear Lavinia (she was rehearsing the letter she should write to her boom's confidant, her dearest sweetest friend), in such a fine style, he began, with his hair almost brushing mine. But he did not finish. Abel Nest were perfectly silent. He glided away with Grace Plumer into grateful gloom, and her cary, exquisitely apprehensive, caught from his lips only a smothered muttered word that began with d.

Abel Newt thought himself really in love with Hope Wayne. He wanted ease and comfort, and knew that they came by wealth, and he knew that wealth came by Hope Wayne. It was not an extraordinary case, but it sometimes leads to extraordinary results.

Lawrence Nest rose as she requested, and her mould away. She would her arm, and they walked on by her side. The young men were brought up and presented, and submitted their observations upon the weather, asked her how she liked New York — were delighted to hear that she would pass the next winter in the city—avoided show her that them that New York had some claim to attention even from a Bostonian—were charmed, really, with Mr. Bordon Beaton and—and—Mr. Alfred Dinks: at mention of which name they looked in her face in the most expressive manner to see the red result, as if the remark had been a blister, but saw only an unconscious abstraction in her own thoughts, mingled with an air of attention to what they were saying. In truth she was not upon and conversation can often be heard without the full force of mental attention.

"Miss Hope," said Lawrence Nest, who approached her with a young woman by his side, "I want you to know my friend Amy Waring."

The two girls looked at each other and bowed. Then they shook hands with a curious cordiality.

Amy Waring was like a spring day. In personal appearance every thing was full of hope; every little leaf of thought or sympathy was tangled out—was allured to blow into its fullest proportion. She had soft dark eyes, a rose-red and hard and black—not classy eyes, but mild, sympathetic eyes, in which you expect to see images as lovely as the Eastern traveler sees when he remembers home and looks in the deep hold in the spring of the hand of the camel's boy. They had the fresh, unworn, moist light that flowers have early in June morning, when they are full of sun and dew. And there was the same transparent, deep, pure darkness in her complexion. It was not sweet like the black, nor glossy. It did not look half Indian, nor even olive, but was an illuminated shadow. Have you seen the shade of Sorrento orange gardens?

The two girls—they were women, rather—went together to a sofa and sat down. Hope Warren had heard also should never speak again except from her lips outward. She felt as if the stone of the tomb had been rolled off of her, over the mouth of her spoken treasure of her life. But as she seated herself by Amy Waring's side, still holding her hand, she felt herself drawn very near to the heart of a human being, much nearer than she had been to Alfred Dinks.

Her impulse was to lay her head upon her new friend's shoulder and cry. For Hope was prostrated by the unexpected return of Abel, as a strong man is unnerved by sudden physical pain. She felt the overwhelming relief of a child, and longed to give way to it utterly.

"I am glad to know you, Miss Wayne!" said Amy Waring, in a cordial, cheerful voice, with a pleasant smile.

Hope bowed, and thanked her.

"I find that Mr. Nevet's friends always prove to be mine," continued Amy.

"I am glad of it, but I don't know why I am his friend," said Hope. "I never saw him until to-day. He must have lived in Dehaldi. Do you know how that is?"

She found conversation a great relief, and longed to give way to a kind of unrestrained social volubility.

"No; but he seems to have lived every where to have seen every thing, and to have known every body. A very useful acquaintance, I assure you!" said Amy, smiling.

"Is he married?" asked Hope.

There was the least little blush upon Amy's cheek as she heard this question; but so slight that if any body had thought he observed it, he would have looked again and said, No, I was mistaken. Perhaps, too, there was the least lit-tle fluttering at her heart observer's consciousness. But words are like breezes that blow hither and thither, and the leaves upon the most secluded trees in the most remote forests do rise and rest sometimes feel a breath, and stir, with rustling music, before they are aware.

Amy Waring replied, pleasantly, that he was not married. Hope Wayne said, "What a pity!" Amy smiled, and asked,

"Why a pity?"

"Because such a man would be so happy if he were married, and would make others so happy! He has been in love, you may be sure."

"Yes," replied Amy, "and is very much afraid of that. We don't see men of forty, or so, who have not been married—"

"By what?" asked Lawrence Nest, who had come up silently, and now stood beside her.

"Yes, by what?" interposed Miss Hope, who had been very busy during the whole evening trying to get under her hands the various threads of various interests that she saw flying and streaming out around her—by what not seen Mr. Alfred Dinks devoted to Miss Wayne, and was therefore confirmed in her belief that they were engaged—by what had been the history of Grace Plumer, and therefore concluded he cared nothing about her—by what had been the last words with Alfred Dinks, but was extremely dissatisfied with her best; and who, seeing Hope and Amy together, had come to the conclusion for them for a long time, anxious to overhear or to join in.

"Really," said Amy, looking up with a smile, "I was making a very innocent remark."

"Perfectly innocent, I'm sure!" replied Fanny, in her sweetest manner. It was such a different sweetness from Amy Waring's that Hope turned and looked very curiously at Miss Fanny.

"There are few men of forty who have not been in love," said Amy, calmly. "That is what I was saying."

As there was only one man of forty, or near that age, in the little group, the appeal was evidently to him. Lawrence Nest looked at the three girls, with the swimming light in his eyes, half crushing them and smiling, so that every one of them felt, each in her own way, that they were as completely blinded by that smile as by a glare of sunlight—which, like that smile, is very warm and not unchildren.

They could not see beyond the words, nor here to.

"Miss Amy is right, as usual," said he.

"Why, Uncle Lawrence, will us all about it!" said Fanny, with a hard, black smile in her eyes.

Uncle Lawrence was not in the slightest degree alarmed.

"Fanny," said he, "I will speak to you in a parable. Remember, to you. There was a farmer whose neighbor built a curious tower upon his land. It was upon a hill, in a grove. The structure was lovely, and gave the entire region with fearful rapidity. The gossips gossiped about it in the public houses. Artists came to stole up to the city, and down came reporters and special correspondents to describe it with re-markable accuracy and picturesque metaphor of style known only to them. The builder held his tongue, but Fanny. The world remained hand upon the subject, but their speculations were no more valuable than those of other people. The farmer received pleasure to tell; and all the great newspapers announced that, at an enormous expense, they had secured the exclusive intelligence, and the exclusive intelligence was always wrong. The country was in commotion, and a shrill cry arose about town that a man was building upon his land. But the farmer was wooden, and, in the exaggeration of exasperations, was, that the farmer whose estate adjoined never so much as spoke of the tower, and never received pleasure to tell; and all the great newspapers announced that, at an enormous expense, they had secured the exclusive intelligence, and the exclusive intelligence was always wrong. The country was in commotion, and a shrill cry arose about town that a man was building upon his land. But the unconscious neighbor should never be stricken to silence, and such a perfectly tranquil mind. There are but two theories possible in regard to art men, and those respecting Public Sentiment. Ask the builder, if you want to know, said the farmer, at a party, to ask me, and we want you to tell us, because we know that you have asked him, and know all about it. Now what, in the name of all that is holy, is that tower?' I have never asked, replies the farmer. Never asked?' cried Public Sentiment. Never asked! Impertinence. And why, in the name of Heaven, have you never asked?' cried the crowd. Because, said the farmer, I am not curious."

Lawrence Nest looked at his auditors "As you listening, Amy?"

"Yes, Uncle Lawrence."

"—because it is none of my business."

Lawrence Nest smiled; and all the rest, including Fanny, who remarked that he might have told her in fewer words that she was impertinent.

"Yes, Fanny; but sometimes words help us to remember. Remember, my dear, second guessed when we have learned to bee our own potatoes in our own fields, and not vex our souls about our neighbor's towers."

Hope Wayne was not in the least abstracted. She was completely alive to the application that was said and done; and listened with a smile to Lawrence Nest's story, which she knew more and more as the various aspects of his character unrolled themselves before her.

The general restless distraction that precedes the breaking up of a party had now begun. People were moving about, and ruffling and looking off the ends of conversation. They began to go. A few said good-evening, and had had such a charming time. The rest were disappointed, until there was a universal departure. Grace Plumer was leaving upon Sligo Moultrie's arm. But where was Abel?

Hope Wayne's eyes were fixed upon the door. She could see it all. But her only glimpse of him during the evening had been that glimmering double mirror opposite the entrance.

There he had remained ever since. There he still stood going through the door into the whispering-gallery, and back again, and thinking a wild whirl of thoughts. Somehow or other, in her thoughts he was the originator of all actions. We may try to alter the course of events that we foresee, but we shall probably let them alone.

"What a fool I am!" thought Abel, bitterly and fiercely, "to suppose that I had found something that will cost me the whole future I had planned. Hope Wayne believes that I was making love to Grace Plumer. I know that I looked so, for I did it purposely. Caught in my own trap—trapped—foiled—fooled—damned—Hope Warne—before—I—had—won—her."

But his reflections seemed to percolate drop by drop, as it were, through his brain.

Now it is not a very terrible thing for a young man to make love to a young woman, except that as they saunter in the luminous distances of a conservatory on a summer night. No, and it is not very dreadful even if that young man should have given occasion to another young woman, set others, provided always and every where and every how that it is all honor bright at bottom-that he is not playing falsely, and not lying, and not making love (as we call it, as if love were not made for us!). And even if the other young woman aforesaid be present, and overhear and overseo words and acts that are not meant to be written in themselves, but only blinds and misguidings to other people, it may be very foolish, but it is not treacherous, it may require some very elaborate explanation, it may even cost some hours of exceeding doubt and despondency, yes, and be as willingly concede several sleepless nights and haggard days, before a due reconciliation and mutual understanding; but it is still a very venial offense—an enormity susceptible of satisfactory explanation, and something which may be made to intelligently ripple the course of true love, not dam it sadly and send it weltering and wathing upon the fair fields of life.

Abel may, therefore, have been innocent, or very nearly so, and he could need only a fit opportunity to present every thing clearly to Hope's mind. She was full of generous impulses at once. This renunciation was surely entirely uncalled for.

Abel was always and every where and every how that it is all honor bright at bottom. And who knows Abel, who can know that, but the offender himself?

Suppose that Hope Wayne had not been the heiress-at-law of Grandfather Bell—had not a minus instead of a plus quantity—could Abel probably have remained in the city, constantly, doubting and d'ing? Could he not, under those circumstances, have easily raised his head from the desk in Miss Wayne's office Plumer hung upon his arm?

Alas! Lawrence Nest's despair! Suppose the gates of Paradise clang behind! Are there no fresh fields, no pastures new? *Ans. nonez*

(To be continued.)

LITERARY.

THE BERTRAMS, by the author of "Dr. Thorne," is the latest novel, published by Harper & Brothers. Like "Dr. Thorne," it is strong in character. The people are not of the highest metropolis people, the character of every man and woman standing out clearly outlined. The construction of the novel is the plan of making no concealment beforehand of the plot. It is open and manifest, and we become interested in it as it progresses with that strange anxiety to follow out a history which is known to be true in every detail. The author takes the opportunity to introduce a little Oriental travel, which is by no means the least interesting part of the book. We have never found better sketches of modern Jerusalem than in these volumes, and many of the travelers in the Holy City will fail to find elsewhere any more faithful description. The love makes love at a proper time, the valley of humiliation walks by the side of a lady down the valley of the Son of Hinnom, sends by her feet over the bed of Siloam, sends up the hive to Jerusalem for dry stockings, and changes them in the cave of the Apostles' Creed. There is no sensation, but it is excellently well done, and the Eastern traveler will not fail to enjoy the book, whether or not another with all the scenes in and around the Holy City.

The love of the story is a plain, sad story of love is this miserable world, ending quietly, pleasantly enough at last, by the usual marriage, which makes the present enjoyment all the greater. The book is curious, eccentric, and very readable and enjoyable.

The readers of Mr. Prime's TENT LIFE in the Holy Land will welcome Newright, as one of the author's traveling companions. We suppose it is no longer a secret that this was a nameless charge of Mr. Bayard Taylor's last Persian Envoy, whose death at Diarbekir on the Tigris is now announced on the last page of volume. Newright, in fact, is drawn as a sketch of the brief but useful and interesting life of this gentleman, Rev. Chester F. Newright, graduate of Yale, Tutor, Principal, and, published by Sheldon & Co. It is a short but deeply attractive biography. It does not so much reveal the man, as him himself, as what he showed himself to be by his life. In the few years that he lived he so devoted himself to searching through the East for openings into which he might direct the Christian zeal of the Mohammedans, and his work was well done. The volume is not large, but it contains very much and very interesting of the world-roving of all who would know how to live for two worlds at the same time.

THE HISTORY OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH AT TRENTON, by Rev. Dr. Hall, published by Randolph, is a history of Presbyterianism in America. It is a fine monogram, valuable and eminently useful. It involves the history of Princeton, New Jersey, the Manses of Caswell, Burr, Davies, Finley, in early times, and of Alexander and Symmes in later days. Dr. Hall is a historian. Dr. Hall is deeply interested in his subject, and makes it eloquent. Rev. Ernest W. Shurtleff contributes a letter sketching the history of his own pastorate in his own classical and polished style.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE GOVERNMENT SUSTAINS GOVERNOR CUMMING.

The law officer of the General Government, by direction of the President, has just rendered an important decision in the case of ambiguous conflict between the action between the Federal Executive, judicial, and military authorities and Governor Cumming, of Arizona, in a document it appears that the courts of Governor Cumming is sustained. This opinion is also important in another respect, as it defines the principles that should govern Governors of Territories and military commanders in the exercise of the powers delegated to them.

DISORDER IN ARIZONA.

Arizona letters state that much excitement has been occasioned in the Territory by the late acts of organized bands of ruffians, who commit outrages upon the Mexican residents. Recently a party of Americans in cold blood by a gang of desperadoes, under the lead of two men named Page and Ake. A meeting of citizens had been called to adopt preliminary measures for the formation of a Vigilance Committee. The Governor requested justices to summon a force, criminals escaping punishment through the inability of the people to bring them to trial.

FIGHT WITH COMANCHES.

The California column, consisting of the 6th ult., while arrived at St. Louis on Saturday, had a considerable and desperate battle between a party of United States troops, under Major Van Horn, and a body of Comanche Indians, on the 8th inst., on the fork of the Arkansas river. Forty Indians were killed and thirty-six wounded. Among the latter were Chief Santanta and Big Tree. Among the latter were Captain Smith and Lieutenant Lee.

DEATH OF A DISTINGUISHED LAWYER.

Hon. William S. Reed, late United States Commissioner of Claims, died suddenly on Monday last of congestion of Philadelphia, in the chamber of the Board of Trade, where he had been. He had addressed and argued an interesting history of his negotiations with the authorities of China, and, after a brief exhaustion, gradually, and thoroughly refuted the slanders of the Los Angeles.

MURPHY AND A LADY-PLAYER.

The New York correspondent of the Philadelphia Mercury, in a notice of Murphy, the great chess-player, says a clever contest between him and a lady player took place in New York. A carriage drove to the St. Nicholas, in which was seated a splendidly-dressed lady. She sent up a card and requested an interview with the chess champion. Murphy was in the parlor, when the fair visitor demanded the privilege of playing a game with him. Murphy bowed, and the lady was conducted to the chess-room. A table was brought to the window, and Mr. Murphy sat down to play. The lady was a very pretty young woman. Half a dozen moves were made on either side, when the lady arose, and, with a graceful bow, declined to prove the most formidable antagonist he had ever met. Murphy was astonished, and the lady, Murphy directed the servant to admit no one else until it was known if the lady would play again. She was alone. The lady was then satisfied, and blockingly took her leave. Murphy was completely puzzled by her conduct. The moment she had gone, Murphy and his friends examined the board, and found that her move was simply an excuse to obtain a position. Her object could be found in the lines of play. This, however, she failed to accomplish, and though Murphy was completely at a loss to know precisely who was the visitor, the gentlemen are as much in the dark as ever. Murphy says that she has proved a most game in which Murphy was over a contestant, and that he has never engaged in a more interesting battle with Murphy in order to assure herself of her own skill.

THE NEW YORK POETS.

We read in the *Evening Post*: "A few days since, a man on a sidewalk in Broadway, near Fulton street, and occupied the only seat, of 'six on a side,' that is provided for foot-passengers, saw her worse when, from his countenance denoted his fashionable dress, his appearance was that of a gentleman, he kept on with another his own or his neighbor's did not then occur to him, and appeared to be quite unconscious of impropriety in scraps for a stage 'all full inside.' A splendid dinner, with wine, was given to the poor creature.

Arrived at her destination—a jewelry store—she was asked by the clerk what she wished to purchase. She began to go the trade. She emphatically declared that he was mistaken. She was the wife of a gentleman of wealth, and was on her way to the country for the benefit of her morning's journey. She was informed that her husband had been arrested for the most disgraceful character d'astardie, that his brilliants were probably in the hands of the police, and that if their friends he paid his was rent and successful. She reluctantly adopted the alternative, and anxiously awaited the return search, which it was supposed would extinguish all hope of a release in the future.

"The resulted in bringing to light, from an unexpected quarter, the sum of $1,000, which was paid to the lady a few minutes before glittered upon the hand of her light-fingered friend. The lady returned to the store, and, with a smile, gave the diamond ring to the astonished clerk.

Her admission of the trickiest was not in the least degree, upon examination, found to be worth more than $1 worth $90."

HEAVY DAMAGES IN A BREACH OF PROMISE CASE.

A telegram from St. Louis, published last week, announced the verdict in the case of Miss Sallie Hall against Dr. Hall, of Mexico, Mo., for $25,000 damages for breach of promise of marriage. The following is a report of the evidence. It appears that the defendant, Henry Shaw is sixty years old, and the plaintiff twenty-five. The plaintiff a spinster of thirty years, who, aided by her two sisters, Mrs. Dr. Hall and Mrs. Judge Hall, kept a boarding-house. She seems to have paid particular attention to plaintiff, who was then a boy. Mrs. Hall, the plaintiff's mother, was foreign to her door, had her cut to ride with him, and in fact made a pet of him. He was left by the lady for sick. Plaintiff charges that he solemnly promised to marry her, yet would not do so. Mrs. Hall appeared in behalf of this slight she used Mr. Shaw for breach of promise in the sum of $50,000. Mr. Shaw's counsel claimed that Mrs. Hall had been attempting to blackmail him, and that her sister-in-law, who was at last accounts still alive, died of a broken heart.

REGATTA OF THE YACHT CLUB.

The annual regatta of the New York Yacht Club came off last week, and was as interesting as could be expected. The Mischief, the Madeline, and the Fleetwing, the three smallest vessels, were the first to start. The Dauntless, the second-class schooner prize, the *Dove* the first-class prize, and the *Fleetwing* the first-class sloop prize, and the *Flying Cloud* the third-class sloop prize.

The Mischief was a disastrous failure.

The Napoleon Arkansaw Planter published the following account of a recent duel:

"Whereas, untoldth pinkham, my wife, has left my bed and board, and has gone to live with Mr. Jones, and has he nobel rewarded, let it be more or less. Jim Hall caused untoldth pinkham to run, his wife, down the small size, find her do or her mother will be dead on the 28, Hall and pinkham met on the bloody field. Jim Hall not anything about, with a double-barrel shotgun, and pinkham with a revolver, went away the 9 of nevember Hall, before he was reached by pinkham, was struck till the darter of cera hill and banner hill of adam."

A SLAPPER, AND A SLAPPER'S DEFENDER.

A singular affair is said to have occurred in Portland, Me., on the 31st ult., between two members of one of the most distinguished jurists and politicians of Florida. Ex-Governor Marvin, of Tallahassee, and Mr. Call, Mayor of Pensacola, who had paid her some attentions previous to her marriage with Governor Marvin. The latter gentleman is reported to have struck Mr. G. the latter of her feelings, and he returned the compliment by a slap in return. Governor Marvin, in a state of intoxication, is said to be extravagant and startling manner, but he probably expected nothing serious would come of it. One fact is certain, however, she went to his house and called for Mr. G., and, when that lady came to the door, Mrs. Marvin pulled a pistol, from the folds of her dress, and fired at her rival. The ball missed its mark, and Mrs. G. bravely rushed upon the desperate girl, and wrenched the pistol from her hand, and prevented and determined to shot them. Mrs. Marvin was then taken to the police station, and bailed by others who interfered, succeeded in inflicting a slight wound upon the face of Mrs. G. The ladies will be tried in order to shield her from a criminal prosecution, which would be used her or an insane asylum.

PERSONAL.

The Tuscaloosa *Gazette and Times* has had the pleasure of meeting Gov. Rector Borland, formerly United States Senator from Arkansas, and afterward United States Minister to Central America. It will be remembered that a bullet lodged at the Hon. Rector's nose led to the hemorrhage which caused his death. Gov. Borland is a Southerner and a Democrat. Quid Nunc says that he has been nursing a rabbit like, and lives quietly on his farm in Arkansas, where he combines the luxuries of leisure with the pursuits of agriculture. He is in fine health and spirits.

President Buchanan recently, in alluding to the charge that Texas would be lost to North Carolina was with a view to its attraction for a second term, said that nothing was further from his intention, and he had never even hinted to himself of the first opportunity publicly to disabuse the minds of those who suspected him of the idea that he desired to become again a candidate for the Presidency.

A Paris correspondent of the *Boston Post* says: "I was at the bankers' the other day, when Mr. Young, the newly appointed successor to the Marchese Gerolamo, who told me confidentially, in the course of conversation, that he had left the banker that that morning a private soldier of the 1st, in his great coat and knapsack, and had gone to the house of the bank and presented a letter containing a draft in favor of Count ——, for 30,000 francs, 20,000 The banker asked where the Count was. 'I am he,' was the answer."

By the will of the late Charles F. Hoyer, the leading merchant of Sacramento, Cal., his estate, valued at \$1,000,000, is to be divided as follows: To his wife, \$50,000; to each of his four children, \$17,000; to William Hoyer, a brother, and C. Wright, Peck & Pillsbury, and Augustus T. Foster, \$10,000 each; to several relatives, \$5,000 each; to the Society of Pioneers of the city, \$1,000; to the Protestant Orphan Asylum, \$10,000; to Wendell Phillips Francis Jackson, William Lloyd Garrison, and others, to be distributed by the Anti-Slavery, Women's Rights, and Non-Resistant Societies.

Governor Medary, of Kansas, who has been spending a few days at his old home in Columbus, Ohio, returned to his official post on Saturday.

Enclish Locomotive is practising law at Leavenworth.

A wife in Portage in the north corner of eleven gets the second best twelve years old. Taxes of them elevated to dollar a few days ago.

FOREIGN NEWS

THE WAR.

THE FIRST BATTLE.

The first battle has been fought at Montebello.

The battle of Montebello took place on the first ult. The French advance was under the command of Gen. Forey, under General Stadion, attacked the advanced guard of Marshal Baraguay d'Hilliers, and was driven back by General Forey's division after a fierce combat of four hours' duration. The Austrians retreated on Pietteuten cavalry, carried Montebello, but did not attempt to hold the position.

The loss of the latter is stated by the French at 600 to 700, and that of the French at 600 to 700, of whom many were killed. The Austrian loss, though not stated, is known, was heavier.

The Austrian account of the battle states that General Stadion pushed forward a reconnoissance by a forced march toward Lignt and Montebello, and after a sharp fight with a French force of superior strength *retreated behind the Po* to protect our order.

The actual strength of the French is not stated. Its parts say they numbered 30,000 men. This is the first engagement of Sardinian cavalry.

THE AUSTRIAN PROCLAMATION TO TAKE THE FIELD.

It was asserted that the Emperor of Austria arrived at the 29th ultimo at Milan, and issued a proclamation to the Army, accompanied by General Hess. It was reported that General Urpital had been sent to the Po to reconnoitre, but his previsions were beginning to fail in Piedmont, and that he would not be able to cross at the present position for more than fifteen days longer.

THE PROCLAMATION TO THE ALLIES.

The following official French bulletins appeared in the *Moniteur*:

"ALESSANDRIA, *May 17, 1859.*

"The Emperor went yesterday to Valenza, to reconnoitre the position of our vanguard and the course of the Po. He met a white flag. The Austrians had evacuated the bridgeheads, and the military are supporting completion.

"ALESSANDRIA, *May 18, 1859.*

"The organization of the army is going on actively. The repairs of the fortress of Alessandria, the works of the bridges, roads, and railways are supporting completion.

"The Emperor, after having visited the positions and troops of Voghera, went yesterday to Valenza, and passed all quite out of condition to satisfy their demands.

"During the night of the 15th a body of cavalry, 100 strong, escaladed the bridge of Valenza through a breach, and took a 24 pounder although he take it."

THE IMPERIAL ENTRY INTO ALESSANDRIA.

The Times correspondent says: "The first intelligence that the Emperor of the French, riding side by side with Marshal Canrobert, had reached by a ford the left bank of the Po, and had entered the town, establishing here the headquarters of his powerful army, was the first news that reached the arrival of his Majesty has been greeted by the most vociferous and unbridled manifestations of joy on both of citizens and soldiers. Triumphal arches were erected in different streets, and the bridge of boats by which, the Emperor crossed the river, was decorated with flowers and flags, on the fronts of which Garibaldi, 'All' ordi' and other inscriptions, the introduction of the conqueror of Marengo) had been constructed. Immediately on the arrival of the Emperor, the Municipal council, with a flag at their head, went to meet him, and took him to the Royal Palace, splendidly decorated for the occasion. The enthusiasm of the people was really magnificent; his martial bearing and his bold, free manner gave evidence of the noble race of warriors from whom he springs. It would have been a subject worthy of Meissonier, if that great painter could enough to describe the busy and singular appearance of the streets. Groups of soldiers in front of houses and cafés, together with the beautiful women and girls of the city, mingled and encouraged each other in the most animated manner. In this one of the prominent features of the present movement, and one which will be found to be of great importance. Many of the ladies of the highest rank are seen in their talking together, calling together, drinking and singing together. The most perfect unanimity prevails, and it was the real manifestation of a powerful and true-felt unity. The manifestations had no limit during the whole of the day addressed by the Emperor to the army was posted at the corners of the streets, and over the walls of public buildings."

BLOCKADE OF AUSTRIAN PORTS.

The official Weiner Zeitung announces that a Norwegian brig, while going into Venice, was fired upon by French frigate and informed that all Austrian ports, from the mouth of the Po to the Roman frontier, were in a state of blockade. The commander of the fortress at Venice had received the same notice. The brig in which Hollow Venice had already taken twenty vessels.

The Austrian squadron in the Adriatic consists of 30, or, in much more detail, of 34 ships.

The London *Times* correspondent in the Austrian camp says that a naval attack on Venice would have no chance of success. Every channel has either been quite blockaded by sunken ships, or closely tailed with steam accompanied all these obstacles. The Paris correspondent of the *Times*, however, says that the French squadron is about to attack Venice, but merely to blockade that port for the present.

AUSTRIAN EXACTIONS.

A dispatch dated Turin, 17th, says: "The bridge of Stella has been threatened by the Austrians. The water of the Po have risen. Women and children of the country are compelled by the enemy to labor at the bridge.

"The Barone of Belleville, a village in the district of Alessandria, and other persons, have been made hostages, who are ordered to supply with the greatest for contributions, have been arrested.

"Austrian workmen have been assembled on the right bank of the Po and at the bridge of Stella, and other workmen have been collected between Arona and Sesto.

OCCUPATION OF VERCELLI BY THE ALLIES.

A Piedmontese dispatch dated Turin, May 19, says: "A foreign regiment, consisting of Austrians and Swiss under its Carpiano, near San Germano, driving off cattle and plunder, at the approach of the troops, leaving its light, evaded the enemy at San Germano, but they withdrew to Vercelli, where they are. The Austrians were expected after blowing up two arches of the bridge of Stella. Our troops are in possession of Vercelli, and the inhabitants with their artillery are still on the left bank of the river."

THE RUMORED MISSION OF THE GENERAL GOWAN.

A letter from Turin in the *Independance*, of Brussels, says: "The damage already caused by the Austrians is very great. They have destroyed bridges, cut the dikes, and set fire to the houses. Corn, cattle, wagons, &c., have been taken, principally vexatious, burned and blown up bridges, destroyed railways, and sacked country houses and farm buildings. Count Cavour, who has a great deal of his property in the threatened provinces, says he have been committed, will be a severe sufferer. The Piedmontese people are animated with extraordinary zeal, much dignity and firmness, not excepting the clergy, to whom the Austrians have given the most cruel provocation to trust. The Austrians could neither find a spy, assistance, nor information in the country."

SUCCESS OF THE FRENCH LOAN.

The *Moniteur* publishes an official report of the Minister of Finance respecting the subscriptions made to the loan of 500 millions. The total subscriptions amount to 2,307,000,000 francs. 8,000,000 francs have been subscribed in the name of 1,052,000 persons. The number of subscribers is 623,000. The ministerial report points out that such results are due to the wise and liberal financial system, and the wealth, power, and patriotism of France. The report says that the confidence of the people and the Emperor, and the entire confidence of the nation in the strength of the army and the sovereign, are evidenced by this splendid success.

The *Courrier Messenger*, of the 15th inst., says: "The effect of payments to be made on account of the first 500 millions continues to be greater than ever. Yesterday, before the doors of the Bank of France, and throughout all the Ministry of Finance, many of whom had been there since the morning, numerous groups of bankers, and of ordinary citizens have been spread in the old barracks of the Carrousel, and in the Champs Elysées, and in the Place Vendôme."

THE POPE DOESN'T TRUST THE EMPEROR.

A letter from Rome, in the Paris *Univers*, says: "The Pope in Consistory yesterday, after the usual allocution of the Pope, having received a dispatch ordering him to express the sentiments of the Emperor of the French and the French toward his Holiness, and to declare that his Majesty would not permit any attack upon the territory of the Sovereign Pontiff and to protect his person and his rights. The Pope expressed himself in the most touching terms, in reply, said to the ambassador, 'Monsieur le Duc, that is what I would expect.'"

SWITZERLAND POSITIVELY NEUTRAL.

Instructions were manifested by the Italian refugees for the Swiss frontier, and the Federal Government in Lausanne, but they were put down by the Swiss troops, who have been called out for the purpose.

The Federal Council has issued a proclamation forbidding the exportation of arms to and the collecting of arms by the inhabitants of Switzerland, for the purpose of the aid of the Italian frontiers. Fugitives and deserters aide to their arms are to be sent back to their regiments. Every able citizen is liable to the territories of the state.

RENEWED TREACHERY OF RUSSIA.

The *Liverpool Mercury* says that a private information explanatory of Austria's mysterious proceedings. It says that a treaty existed between Russia and Austria, the Austrian troops will march direct on Paris. Russia will then join the Austrians, and the object of the combine treachery is to be Moldavia and Wallachia. The Russian Government has given to the Porte a formal declaration of its intentions in the event of the Austrians and Germany will act. The Porte then proceeds to show the declaration to the Western Ambassadors, requesting to say that it is disposed to place implicit faith in its declarations.

The French Government, it was said, had received information of the plot, and the Prince Napoleon had moved toward the Austrian frontier.

GERMANY ON THE SIDE.

The London *Times* says: "The vision Prussian army has been put on a war footing, the federal fortresses are being repaired, and the contingents of the minor states, to the 38 of Maigni, that of Prussia having been voted by the Diet, are being mobilized. The Bavarian army of 70,000 men and 150 guns is already on the Rhine, marching their troops southward at once, and Hanover and Wurtemburg are following suit. Baden has a corps of observation on the Rhine. It is at the momentous crisis that the English cabinet has chosen to propose a new reform bill, which, though couched in general terms, and possibly not intended to be carried, is yet of a character to produce its sufficiently remarkable. We may quote it once more. Prussia, says the bill, is to have a number of votes in the boards of European public right and the balance of power in Europe. Prussia, therefore, is to have a vote in the case for the security, the protection, and the national interests of Germany. Prussia, therefore, is to have a vote in the case of those European questions in which the German Confederate Powers will stand firmly by her side. Prussia, therefore, is to have a vote in the case of her readiness to defend the common Fatherland with her whole power."

RESIGNATION OF BOUL—PROSPECT OF ANOTHER HOLY ALLIANCE.

We read in the Vienna correspondence—"At eleven o'clock yesterday morning Count Buol ceased to be Minister for Foreign Affairs. He had sent in his resignation, or he tendered his resignation, or whether he was requested to do so, I cannot say, but certain it is that he resigned that day. Count Buol is a man of talent, and has always stood high in the confidence of the Emperor. He is somewhat dangerous to jump at conclusions, but I risk nothing by doing so. Count Buol was the man who had to undergo a *complete change*. Count Rechberg, who has been for some time at the head of the Finance Department, is said to be entrusted with the provisional management of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. It is also said that Count Rechberg will be the permanent successor of Count Buol. Count Rechberg is the enemies of Count Buol made a violent attack on him, and succeeded in getting him removed. But, as a matter of fact, he was to be rejected or even hated from England, it would be *wise to make peace with Prince Napoleon.*

"At the moment Count Buol has left office the first step toward a reconciliation was taken, and *it is probable that a good understanding will soon be established between the Austrian and Russian empires.* Austria will, as a matter of course, be obliged to make many concessions, but in the changes which are to take place in Europe it will be by no means the worst off. Russia will be a support, rather than an enemy, to Austria in the St. Petersburg and Vienna Governments are both agreed that the present party in power again in Prussia, *and when that is the case the re-establishment of the Holy Alliance may reasonably be expected.*"

AN AMERICAN CAPTAIN REFUSES TO HELP THE FRENCH.

A London *Times* letter from Toulon says: "The masters of several English merchant ships that have been lying here many months, from time to time, to the authorities for Government freights to Genoa, and have been forcibly refused, on the ground that, during the Italian rebellion, the British Government and East India Company decided to engage French tonnage. The authorities also said that they did not want any foreign ships, as they could get all the transports they required within sufficient time. Yesterday, however, the master was at last allowed, and application has been made to several others. Captain Hall, who is waiting for the same purpose, refuses to Genoa. An American skipper was applied to the other day, and he declined. He said he was then preparing for doing so was highly creditable. He was not satisfied in his own mind that the war was being undertaken for freedom, and likely to benefit humanity; he therefore did not feel disposed to lend his ship to the opponents."

PRINCE NAPOLEON'S ADDRESS TO HIS TROOPS.

The Moniteur publishes the following address of Prince Napoleon:

"ARMY OF ITALY, FIFTH CORPS D'ARMEE.—Soldiers of the Fifth Corps of the Army of Italy!—The Emperor calls on to the honor of commanding you. Many days are my old comrades of Alma and Inkermann. As in the Crimea, and as in Africa, you will realize your glorious reputation. Discipline, courage, tenacity—such are the virtues which will lead you to victory, and open a page to Europe, which is attentively watching for the Italian events. You will be the worthy heirs of the heroic cradle of ancient civilization and of modern emancipation. Soldiers, I am proud to be your chief. Let us march, then, with confidence, and let us show to the universal enemies of France whose name is associated in our history with all our victories, and with all our glories. The reception which the Italian people give to their liberators, the sympathies which we meet with, prove that the Emperor defends *Vive l'Empereur!* Vive la France! *Vive l'Independance Italienne!*

"The Prince commanding in chief the fifth corps of the Army of Italy, NAPOLEON JOSEPH CHARLES PAUL."

IMPOPULARITY OF FLOG FLOG.

A writer says: "Flog flog is not popular in this fair britain, but preceded the Emperor to the station of the Lyons Railway by about two quarters of an hour. Flog flog and Burn a little vivarity was exhibited toward the Prince, but was no one wounded to be seen except the cooling for Prince. In fact, this man appears to be a perpetual source of disaster. The Times thinks it necessary to tell all idea of his receiving a command was entirely given by the Emperor. Flog flog is called the only one in the surviving brother of Napoleon the Great was to have been the first to be sacrificed to the rage of the people. Flog flog is said to have declared that the Emperor never was willing to be his Imperial Highness's subordinate. It is impossible to imagine the feelings of the brother of his wait of courage, and which have caused the Emperor to be in this disagreeable position with the French vallies."—Let us make our mock general—our general of straw—Flog flog, the Emperor's brother, in the place of Marshal Vaillant as Minister of Law, and Marshal Canrobert, Flog flog's brother-in-law, Minister of Justice. It does seem that no uncomfortable lit tle temper that enjoys other people's misfortunes, in France, is now over by it. If distressed, he will tower even the proprietors of the Times, and the Times itself, in the eyes of the people on whose backs he sits and abuses that even the rumors of Achilles in the Greek camp will find say upon Flog flog.

THE HUNGARIANS TO DIE.

It is said that arms have been sent to Hungary, and that the Hungarians intended are intended to rise in insurrection to create a diversion in favor of the French by the Austrians. Kossuth is at Turin, and has communicated with Napoleon. He will be in charge of the Hungarian exiles, being confronted with the vagueness he became confused. Kossuth, Major Turr, and Klapka are said at once by a agent-martial, as already stated, and shot.

THE PRUSSIAN ARMY AGAINST THE WAR.

A Paris correspondent of the *Boston Post* says that the Prussian Regency is at the head of the party opposed to the cause of unanimous by her behavior at the Council, She has declared that the question of her war should be taken off. She declared the way to be unjust and wicked, and expressed her sympathy with the Italians. There is a prosperous end—and in the midst of sobs and exclamations, letting, her daughter appeals to the sympathies of the fraternities, immediately to cause the strife to cease, that all hens there may be united in love. The Princess Royal he has a personage that the Archbishop of Paris; was to be the bride of Prince Frederick William, heir apparent to her chair, covered her face with her handkerchief and left the room.

MARTIAL SONGS.

The Paris correspondent of the Boston *Traveller*, in speaking of the exciting events of the departure of the French troops for Italy, says: "The Marseillaise, the *Marseillaise*, the band playing it with incomparable spirit and fire. The sun was shining brightly overhead, and the scene was one which no pen can fitly describe. Imagine the unfeigned enthusiasm! Think they heard Berlioz!

"But you must hear the Marseillaise sung by back his police, bidding them, in the imperative voice of the day, to 'Circulate.' They have no time to stop and sing they please! The din of arms hath even drowned the voice of the Muses.

THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON III. AND THE GENERALS OF THE ARMY OF ITALY.

A TURCO.

A ZOUAVE IN MARCHING ORDER.—[FROM A SKETCH BY LIEUTENANT BOCHER.]

A TURCO.

THE WAR IN EUROPE.

THE HOSTILE ARMIES.

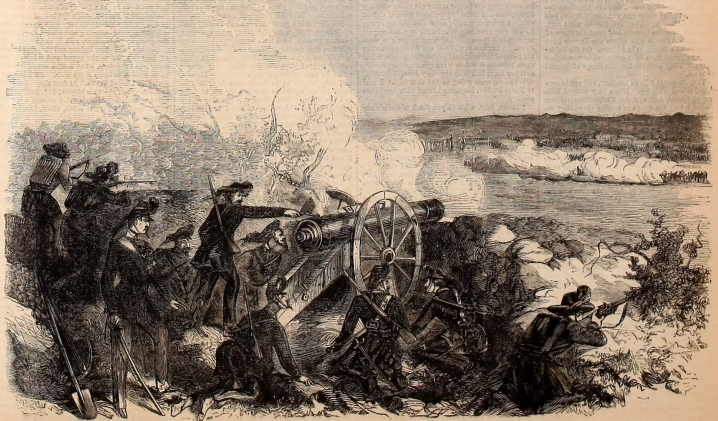
We give herewith an engraving of the Emperor Napoleon and his Generals, portraits of members of the famous corps known as Zouaves and Turcos, and a sketch of the skirmish between the Austrians and Sardinians on the borders of the Po.

Of the French staff, four members are pretty well known to our readers. Every one will recognize the Emperor, with his hard face and waxed mustache; the Prince Napoleon, whose resemblance to his uncle is his chief capital in trade; fat old Marshal Pelissier, the hero of the Ouled-Rich Cave, and of the Malakoff; Canrobert, an excellent soldier, but the man who didn't take Sebastopol. The other officers are less generally known.

Marshal Randon, who occupies the next position to Canrobert, is an old soldier of the First Empire, who served in the campaign against Russia, was wounded at Lutzen, and was in a fair way of rapid promotion when the unlucky overthrow of Napoleon destroyed his prospects. It was not till Louis Philippe ascended the throne that he again obtained military employment. The Orleans dynasty sent him to Algiers, where, as first captain, then colonel, of Chasseurs, he won his fame honorably. He took a prominent part in the civil administration of the country, and for many years filled the important post of Governor-General. During a brief period under the republic he was Minister of War. His titles and dignities at present are Senator, Marshal of France, and Grand Officer of the Legion of Honor.

Baraguay d'Hilliers, who is on the left of the Emperor, is also an old soldier of the First Empire. He is, however, a man of accommodating temper; and though, during Napoleon's heyday, he was staunch to his cause, at the cort of some ugly wounds received in battle, when his star set Baraguay d'Hilliers found that his conscience did not prevent his swearing allegiance to the Bourbons. The step involved him in some perils, but he came out of them without material injury. He rallied without scruple to the Orleans interest when Louis Philippe became king, and in Algeria had the honor of commanding the Duke d'Aumale, whose bravery he took care to eulogize with emphasis in his dispatches. From this period till the revolution of February he filled various offices of honor and emolument under the Orleans Government. In February, 1848, he sent in his adhesion to the Provisional Government, ran for the department of Doubs as *deputé*, was elected, and figured prominently in the Constituent Assembly as a member of "the right," an uncompromising opponent, however, of General Cavaignac. He was a very active politician at this time, founded and became president of the famous Club of the Rue de Poitiers. When Louis Napoleon resolved to overthrow the republic, Baraguay d'Hilliers was one of his first allies. He took part in the coup *d'état*, and took the post previously occupied by Changarnier as commander of the army of Paris. During the Russian war he commanded the army which took Bomarsund. He is now Vice-President of the Senate, Marshal of France, and Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor.

Marshal Magnan was intended by his relatives to be a lawyer. He, however, ran away from the law school in 1809, and enlisted in the army at the age of eighteen. Two years' service won for him the rank of second lieutenant, and in the following year admission to the Imperial Guard. He fought at Waterloo; but was so highly esteemed by the friends of Louis XVIII. that he was offered promotion to enter that monarch's army. He did so, and rose steadily to the rank of Colonel. In 1831, the Government of Louis Philippe suspected him of a want of energy in suppressing a riot at Lyons, and he fell into disgrace. Leaving France, he took service in Belgium, where he served with the rank of General for seven years. On his return to France he obtained a high military post in the northeast; and was, it is said, gravely compromised in the affair of Boulogne. In 1848 he behaved very well. He hastened to the Tuileries, and urged Louis Philippe to let him defend the throne; the monarch refusing, he repaired to the Duchess of Orleans, and was the only Gen-



THE SKIRMISH AT FRASSINETTO.—[FROM A SKETCH BY CAPTAIN FIELI, OF THE PIEDMONTESE ARMY.]

eral officer who accompanied her to the Chamber to plead for her son. All failing, he rallied heartily to the support of the Government, did good service during the terrible days of June, and quelled a revolutionary movement at Lyons. Let us not forget Charles Albert the commander of the Piedmontese army, but dead now. As soon as the contest began between the Emperor and the Assembly he took the side of the former, and was one of the few confidential friends who were in the secret of the conduct at the Elysée said to have been marked by great energy. He has since filled various high offices. He is the Father of Prince Napoleon's Grand Cross, and *Grand Veneur*.

Marshal Castellane, who is on the right of Marshal Magnan, is another old soldier of the First Empire. He also, though of old and wealthy family, entered the army as a private and fought his way to the rank of Colonel. He was a terrible scrape-goat, being, like Ney under a somewhat similar name. Napoleon the elder was very fond of him, and made him senior Colonel of the Guards of Honor. In the Russian campaign he had his right hand frozen, and has never wholly recovered. Under the Restoration and Orleans regime Castellane was filled any prominent office. In 1848 he did good service at Rouen by preventing a riot; and in 1851, at Lyons, he showed remarkable energy in this like service. He is an old man of uncommonly active temperament and powerful mind, still constantly in broils, and constantly getting his name into the papers.

General Marchais is one of the youngest of Napoleon's staff. He comes of an Irish family which followed the Stuarts into exile. His military education was gone through in Algiers. He rose into public notice during the Crimean war, when his successful skirmishes as General of Division; at the attack on Sebastopol he assailed and carried the Malakoff. He is about forty-four years of age, Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor, and Senator.

General Niel is the most distinguished of the French engineers. He was dispatched during the Crimean war to reconnoitre, and diverse other expeditions there; afterward, he was sent to the Crimea, to report for the special instruction of the Emperor. He was so struck with his sagacity that he placed him the entire control of the engineers' department. General Niel's services, in a great degree, will be devoutly esteemed a prudent and capable officer.

We gave in our last number a picture of the Zouaves during their Versailles fête in the war. We now give a portrait of one of those famous soldiers in full marching order. The Zouave's costume is something wonderful. Besides his arms and clothing he carries knife, pot, and cup, all of metal; a sack containing provisions, and various utensils for camp service, and any stray food that he can get on the way. Like all the Zouaves often carried, besides, a bundle of hay for the cattle, a fagot of sticks for fires, and either a pig or a sheep, or other article which agreeable lead they marched gayly twenty miles a day across African sands, and remain stalwart and able for the fray.

The Zouaves are unwisely nick-named "Jackals" by their comrades of the French line. It is certain that their ideas of means and ends are somewhat confused. Many of them are wayward boys from the great cities of Europe, who have enlisted to save their necks. Discipline converts the Zouaves to a easily maintained, especially in the field; and they are so useful as skirmishers that fault-finding would be inexcusable when the troops are overlaid in them.

The soldier of the French troops, however, are not the Zouaves, but the *Turcos*, of whom we give a couple of illustrations. These are Algerian riflemen raised among the Arabs, and drilled and fitted in regular regiments. They are, for the most part, recruited from the lowest and most abandoned of the native Africans with whom the French have contended for dominion in Algeria. On the battlefield the Turcos have been compared to "Scotch tigers." They were the favorite troops of General Bosquet.

Very desperate fellows are they, and apt to confound friend with foe. When they arrived from sea at Genoa, and the Piedmontese soldiers attempted on the quays to receive them, they uttered their war-cry, and fraternized instead with each other into the inuts, bent on doing battle with "the enemy." It was all the French officers could do to prevent them from their feud of fraternization. In their camp at Rivarolo they have, it is said, exacted a livelly tribute on the part of natives to get rid of them. Their bravery is beyond dispute. Twenty of them who had been caught plundering were mustered by their officers to be sent to the house digid by way of punishment; they one and all declared that they would have their noses cut if not allowed to accompany their comrades.

The only action that has thus far taken place in the affair of Piedmont, mentioned in our last paper. We give an engraving of it, from a sketch made by an officer then present. The French account states that on 3d May one of the corps d'armée constituting the left wing of the Austrian army approached the Po. The Austrian sharp-shooters were thrown out along the left bank of the river, and a battery of artillery opened fire to cover the passage. On their first appearance, the war opened from the Piedmontese batteries on the right bank, and after a few hours' firing the Austrians gave up the attempt.

Another version of the affair is given by the London *Times* correspondent who accompanies the Austrian army. He says:

"At Valenza, there were two fine bridges across the Po. The one the Piedmontese had themselves destroyed, and the other the Austrians determined to destroy before them; so, on the 3d and 4th they made great demonstrations as if to cross the river, both there and opposite Frassinello, and succeeded in misleading the bridge.

"At Frassinello the intended deception was completely successful. Quantities of boats, etc., were ordered with great ostentation at Casella, and conveyed to the river. On the 5d of May some lancers led the way across a ford of the Sesia to an island between that river and the Po. Four companies of grenadiers followed, and half a mile further, the whole order crossed Pecherer. The island is thickly covered with brushwood, so the multitudes of the enemy was concealed from the enemy, who opened a heavy fire from the southern bank of the Po. This was answered by the whole battery and the grenadiers, who extended themselves along the bank.

"As the Piedmontese fire was kept up until the next day, a few unimportant figures may be useful. The Austrians lost on the 3d, before midnight, one man killed and eight wounded; of the latter one has since died.

"At night Captain Dreyer, an Irishman, led over another company of grenadiers, and a second battalion was kept up till morning, as if bridges for the passage of a large army were being constructed. By sunrise, on the night the loss to the Austrians was only three men wounded."

ELEVEN O'CLOCK, AMONG THE FIR-TREES.

NURSE PARKER had lived with us ever since our mother, Lucy, and my younger brother Bella, myself, and little Lucy—loved her dearly.

Nurse Parker, in a plain, homely, but deep, earnest way, strove to fill our mother's place towards us, her little orphans; for our father, a quiet, studious man, given up to abstruse scientific pursuits, though kind and amiable of heart, hardly noticed us in an ordinary fatherly way. He was, however, always ready to fall in with Nurse Parker's suggestions, and we had grown up, under governance whose rule was founded less on authority, until Lucy was sixteen, when the lesson-book part of our education being finished, we were left about with our father and Nurse Parker.

No; not quite alone. A gentleman, neither young nor old, very grave and quiet, but of some position, of my father, as fond of antiquarian lore as he, but not half so amiable, was in the habit of making one of our party. He was Colonel Hall (the name of our old place), that he might be said to live there for the year. Mr. Arthur was this gentleman's name—a gentleman of a gloomy turn of character, and his aspect was quite in tunion with it. He had a grave, melancholy countenance about his long, dark face, and a searching, suspicious look in his unfathomable eyes, that those of which could never have been determined by the most scrutinising observer; but wherein could exist more, at times, of the spirit of unsatisfying fire never permitted to flash out, that made me shrink involuntarily from his gaze. Mr. Arthur was the gentlemen's name—a gentleman of a gloomy turn of character, and his aspect was quite in tunion with it. He had a grave, melancholy countenance about his long, dark face, and a searching, suspicious look in his unfathomable eyes, that those of which could never have been determined by the most scrutinising observer; but wherein could exist more, at times, of the spirit of unsatisfying fire never permitted to flash out, that made me shrink involuntarily from his gaze. Mr. Arthur was the for little Lucy—we called her "little" because she was the youngest, and our pet—she could hardly see his eyes.

It was for otherwise with Bella. She was always a favorite with every child, especially those toward any thing peculiar (a part of her character which she might have derived from her father, though he is not peculiar in any way, remember him, he being quiet and grave, and the high-spirited and full of fun). It was, perhaps, on this account that she alone among us liked our dark, strange visitor, Mr. Bourbon.

It became evident to us, in the course of time, that, in his own odd, undemonstrative way, he liked her. He proposed himself to her as a husband, and, to our unspeakable regret, she accepted him. I shall never forget the day she did so, for Lucy, and I, and Nurse Parker had all been come up into the nursery to be congratulated, kissed and cried over as the future Mrs. Bourbon, while there then on her face were quiet and repressed, as if her heart had been somewhere else.

When we were going to tell that night, I said to Nurse Parker, lingering behind with her in the nursery:

"Nurse, dear, what do you think of Bella's engagement?"

"My dear Miss Alice," she answered, "don't ask me."

"But then, nurse, I know you don't like it."

"Well, dear, we will hope for the best. Perhaps, after all, Mr. Bourbon may be very kind."

"But Bella loves him, nurse—what then?"

"Bella does, then she loves him, there isn't a doubt, but I have seen many gentlemen before now."

We said no more at that time; but I recollect going to bed very unhappy, and dreaming restlessly with nightmare oppressiveness, of Mr. Jocelin, our nearest neighbor of gentle, gentlemanly manners and indescribable, but always overshadowing Bella with a cloud. The house seemed empty, whenever she was going to smile or speak to me.

About this time a surprising thing occurred. Mr. Arthur, who had all but become quite inseparable in our childhood, had my father come up stairs into our nursery, for us, and this was considered to be at the door, and entered, for the purpose of giving us a piece of intelligence. The intelligence, unexpected as it was, and this was considered to be used as my father's appearance in the nursery. It was, however, a fact that Mr. Arthur was quitting (the only asset we had, of whom we had heard from time to time from Nurse Parker, and very occasionally from my father, as living in Italy with her invalid husband, was to be expected at Cousin Upland's in the course of a week. She had returned to England, having lost her husband, and my father had asked her to come and take up her residence with us, at what used to be, when they were boy and girl together, her old home.

Mr. Arthur's departure, as we were all sitting together in our own room. I was thinking about Mr. Jocelin, and Bella in connection with him, when Nurse Parker entered, and I made her come and sit down with me upon the couch. The quiet, Nurse Parker, and our easterly companionship in the dear old nursery, led me into thoughts of the past days of our childhood, when, in the same place, at such an hour, we had sat by the uncertain flickering firelight listening to nurse's stories, and I felt an irrepressible desire to revive them once more as far as, in the nature of things, they could be revived.

"Nurse, dear," I said, "you used to tell us stories when we were children. Tell me one to-day quiet—tell us one now."

"My dear Miss Alice," she said, laughing, "you wouldn't care for Cinderella, nor Goody Two Shoes, now, and what else should I have to tell you?"

"Oh, I don't know. I remember so many things, I'm sure. You have lived in different places before you came here, and you must have some pleasant stories to tell of them. Tell us one, that's a good, kind nurse, do!"

"Well, suddenly, "nurse, dear, had you ever a sweetheart long ago?"

Nurse Parker smiled, and then looked grave, and raised her hand across her face as she answered:

"Yes, miss, once—but he died long before you were born, my dear. I don't think I could tell you any story about that. He died before your dear mamma was married."

She paused again, thinking for a few minutes, and, looking over at Bella, who still sat quiet with Lucy's head upon her lap.

"I think I'll try to tell you a story, my dears, about something that happened once, but which I never told to any one but myself, for it was almost a young woman. But you must excuse my way of telling it, and how to it will seem, because it is old."

We were all fond of stories, especially Lucy and Bella, reasing herself from her meditative attitude, and I was all attention to listen attentively. Nurse Parker commenced:

The story, my dears, is about a beautiful lady that I once lived with—first, when she was a young lady, and then after she married, when she was married and a mother, as her baby's nurse. She was very fond of me, and I was fond of her. She lived in a large town before she married, and her father and mother being conspicuously people, but as she became a lady, there was a great many gentlemen admired her, and she might have married well, as they said, at least a dozen times. I'm an old woman, and an old maid, but I think there is only one way of marrin' well, and that is marrin' for love. If a lady marries a man, or a gentleman, really united to her, and when there's true love on both sides. I told my dear, you, Miss Alice, the other night, that I had seen mistakes in marriage, made in my time, and the marriage this young lady made was no doubt one of them.

Bella looked up, and seemed to fancy that nurse and I might have been talking of her on the night alluded to. She said:

Well; I never could tell how my young lady came to marry the gentleman she did choose after all. He was older a good deal than she. She was a gay and lively girl like—he was quite grave. She liked life, and stir, and change—he liked nothing but retirement and entire still. Music was one of music as a tired—he couldn't tell one tune from another. Often and often I have seen her sittin', singin' and playin' away after many hours of sittin' quiet, at the piano in the drawin'-room, and him in the study over a book by some old monastic or a single note. She had been used to praise and company, and every one to love and listen to her, and he used to be left to his own society.

She did feel it a great change—as you shall presently hear—though she tried not to show it, or even to think about it, for a long time.

When they first married her husband used mostly to sit in the study with her, though he never hardly noticed what she was doin', but after a while he took to goin' out by himself, by degrees, and only cousin' in to meals with her; and at night he sat up hours poring over his learning and his books. She used to sit in the room of my lady's drawin' of herself cast down and melancholy. One day, as I passed on my way upstairs to dear, which was half open, I saw her, all in tears, kneelin' down by his chair, and sayin' somethin' to him which I did not hear. He, in his quiet, kind answer, in his grave, even voice, "Well, my dear, if you feel dull and lonely, why don't you go out more and any one else you like, to make the place gayer to you."

I was nearer guessin' what they had been talkin' about, I thought, than he was what was grievin' her whose heart He was so good sort of a man, but he couldn't understand it.

In a week or two's times after that, however, the house was full of gayety, for Mr. Bourbon's brother, her sister, her brother, sons of their cousins, and a number of friends. The house was thrown almost upside down after the still life we'd led; but lookin' at my lady's pale face—which was like a June rose when she left home and Italy—I couldn't exactly say how.

Bella was a beautiful rider on horseback, and rode in a horse for my lady which nobody else could manage. My lady was very fond of 'plin', and had gone out a ride with her a few times, because my master didn't use himself to horses, very often for the more pleasure she had in the exercise. This handsome gentleman and her brother, however, were both fine men, and my handsome gentleman always helped her to his saddle. Of an evenin' he sung duets with her, or read aloud for the benefit of the whole company, except my master, who would slip away to his study and his books. Then, after he left, the house seemed very dull, and my mistress too, sat especially her sister, thought that was for another reason, but while I didn't think of then, but I found out something long before any one else would have done. It was because Bella's heart had been very much, and had hoped he loved her. She died, poor thing! in a deep decline, two or three years afterward.

Well, the handsome gentleman knew none of the families in the neighborhood. Then one house he went to stay with one of them, and, as occasionally, we saw him still at dinner at long way although, and as he did all our company, and we were very quiet again for some months.

One day, some time after my young lady came to my mistress, which I hoped would make her happy after all, dear little baby, and it was in June—but it did not. Something else had come to her, I suppose. We are all weak creatures, my dears, and the best of us very often out of our own strength, and if we let wrong wishes and thoughts come into our minds without strivin' against them with more than our own might, they steadily will come, and make sorry prey of us. Something of this sort had come over my poor lady's mind, I fear. She was very young—had been praised, petted, and almost spoiled from her childhood by her husband, though not unkind, neglected of her.

Nurse stopped a moment, and I, getting strangely excited, moved closer to her on the couch, and took hold of her hand. She resumed, glancing down at me:

Not but what she loved her baby. She loved it dearly—but with a poisoned mind. I saw how it all was, when the handsome gentleman I had once seen in the garden with her, and then with the family in the neighborhood, rode ever so often to call upon my master, and stayed along with my lady in the drawing-room.

I might have been over fancy; but I thought him and her more handsome as he was.

Well. He came and went in the neighborhood for some time, and my lady was always glad and sad after, and her husband saw nothing, or said nothing, all the while, but appeared to grow more busy and more learned than ever. Then, one night, then a year old, and able to talk a little, lispingly, her dear life was very lonely. Some one to play with would scarcely leave the nursery. At others, she seemed to enter it with a faltering step, and a tremble ranied through her frame. One day, with a frightened face kissing the little innocent, she would launch away to hide the tears in her eyes, and the aching at her heart.

Though I never saw them together—I mean my lady and the handsome gentleman—after this time, I knew by instinct (for I loved her, and had time from a child) that they corresponded. At last I knew it for certain, and I never was so unhappy in my whole life's. No, not even when I thought my dear lady gone.

It was a beautiful autumn evening. My master was gone out, and my mistress was in a state of society connected with what he was always reading about, and there was no soul about the house, or the farm, but myself and the servants and the nursery, who was, I thought, in the drawin'-room. Having a very bad headache, she had left my dear baby to bed and left the housemaid in the nursery to watch it, I went out to get a breath of air in the kitchen garden and orchard, which is always healthy for headaches. Every thing was very still, except that a rich breeze was rustling the ripe apples through the great fir-plantations, and I, quite alone, and feeling my head grow lighter and better as I walked, yet, I know not why, very sad and thankful, I remember, at the time, what a nice sound it would be to sing a baby to sleep by. Then I listened, presently I heard voices. At first they were hardly louder than the fir whispers, but, gradually I learnt my own dear lady's voice answer some few words, too low for me to catch, aloud, in a tone of agony:

"Oh no!" she cried; "Gerald, do not tempt me—for Heaven's sake do not tempt me to leave my little child! I am not so wicked, though not a high one, rung through the stillness with such an echo that I trembled, but my mistress was I could see myself. She seemed to bush her, and to try to soothe her, as I gathered from the few words I could overhear.

I knew it was the handsome gentleman, for Gerald was his name, and oh, what a horror I felt of him!

I had never played the listener on purpose before in my life, but I could not help myself now that all could, and I stood as still as death almost, in my place inside the shrubbery where I was. I see me much when she was little more than a child"—didn't she love me, and might I not try to save her? Didn't I was not to be thought of?

Now, or never, I thought, and I came out of the shrubbery, and stepped forward.

I waited, perhaps half an hour, perhaps not quite so long. I hardly knew, I was in such a tremor. Then I went in by the kitchen passage-door, and up the back staircase round to my darling's nursery, in the front of the house, next to my lady's dressin'-room. There was a door through it into the nursery, and in about an hour or so I heard my mistress come up there, and, as I was bed-time, I knocked and went in to help her to undress, as I was always used to do.

She was sitting before her glass, washing her face with some rose-water, and she started as I opened the door. She didn't need to try and de-ceive me, poor thing, into thinking that she hadn't been crying!

"Are you startled me, nurse!" she said.

I answered, "But I knocked, ma'am—didn't you hear me knock?"

"I suppose I was not thinking about you, Mary," she said, hurriedly.

I said, "I don't think you are in spirits this evening, ma'am. You'll feel it heavier for a day without mother. She'll leave the doors open through to the nursery, so as you can hear me and the baby?"

I wanted her to think about the baby. But she said, sorrowfully,

"No, thank you, Mary. I'm used to being lonely."

I still wanted her to think about the baby; and pretending that I heard it stirring, I went back through the open door into the nursery for a moment, and after pretending to soothe it, called her to look at it.

"Oh, ma'am," I said, "do come and look at the dear child. I don't know that ever I saw it less so pretty in its innocent sleep!"

She came in in her white morning-gown, which she had loosely put on, but her face, that had flushed to a deep red as she first looked at the child, grew almost whiter than her gown, while she stood silent by the little bed.

"Dear me, ma'am," I said, "what is so innocent and beautiful to look at as a little sleeping babe? I can't think how any one can ever look on a child! I do think, if I was to hurt a baby through cruelty or poison, I couldn't never say my prayers again hardly."

My lady stooped over the child until her long hair, which was all loose and down, fell over her face and her own, and quite hid them both from my sight, as she answered something that I couldn't hear.

Looking at the nursery clock, I said:

"Dear, dear me, ma'am, it must be time to rise! It is now upon the stroke of eleven."

At the mention of the hour she started from over her pet-picture, no doubt remembering when she had last heard a mention of eleven o'clock, and in the start she gave she knocked the baby from its sleep. Throwing out its little arms the child caught at some of her bright long hair as it floated away from her and cried to cry.

I wouldn't quiet it. I left it all to her. And she, as I hoped she would, never raised her head back to what she used to be before that dark, handsome face had been seen in our house! She might not have been happy, but she was innocent then.

"The baby will always leave off crying best for you, ma'am," I said, "so I'll just go and get you some water for you into the basin, and unfold your night-dress ready."

She could not but take the crying baby, and I left her bashing it to rest. When I came back the child was asleep in her arms, but she was softly raising down from my lady's eyes upon its little night-dress. I thought I heard her crying.

Taking the child from her, I laid it into bed, and then said, as my lady tried in vain to stop her tears,

"Oh, my dear mistress, I am sure you can't be well. What can I do for you?"

"Nothing, Mary," she answered. "Nothing?"

"Shall I send for my master?" I asked. "I am sure he would grieve dreadfully if you was ill."

"Mary!" she exclaimed, reproachfully.

But I went on:

"Yes, ma'am, you may not think so, because master is so quiet like, but I know he would feel it very much, in his way, *if any thing happened to you.*"

How strong I tried to speak those words!

"It is fond of the baby too," I said, "though he seems careless of it, for when I took it to the window the other day, when I was out with it in the garden, he took it in his arms and played with it a long time."

She took upon her to seem quite haughty all at once, as she rose, and said that I had spent out say more; but I didn't mind, I only said,

"Dear mistress, you surely won't be offended with me, who have served you so long?"

"I am tired, Mary," she answered, "and shall go to bed now." And then she had her breakfast-tray, saying that I need not come in again to help her in undressing, for that the baby was not quite sound.

I never went to sleep that night, and I got out of bed several times to look at her door, which, when I heard her go through into her bedroom, I had set ajar. She was always stirring, never still. And in the middle of night I heard her get up, and as she had done among the fir-trees in the shrubbery. She went to and fro once for a quarter of an hour, and I can watch, and, as I said, I can't speak.

My lady spent almost all day in her dressing-room, and I fancied she was writing. I was glad she kept there, because it was next the nursery, and I made the baby cry more merrily, and talk in her pretty way cunningly, so as to keep her from the little creature in her mind. The child had learned to say "Mamma" quite plain, and, going up to the dressing-room with her little knocking-sentence, many times through the day she called to her to come in, with her sweet tender little voice. My lady did not come, however, but kept her own room closely; and I began to think that she was afraid to look at the dear baby any more—that she really meant to leave it.

The day were on. My mistress, who had breakfasted up stairs, only went down to dinner at five o'clock, and then remained in the dining-room. I went instead of coming, as she must times did, to bid the baby good-night and see my mistress and put it into bed. We were a very regular house. Nine, and five o'clock all the servants were settled for the night. My lady had dined with the surgery with her dressing-gown on (for she had been in her own room little time), told me that I might go to bed, for that she had something she wished to read, and might, perhaps, sit up late. I made answer, "Very well, ma'am," and that was all. My lady never looked toward the little bed where the baby was lying.

I didn't undress, but I got into bed with my clothes on, and lay waiting and listening. We always burned a candle in the nursery all across of the baby, and I often recall that troubled wakeful hour when, by my side, I lay dreaming of every sound in my lady's dressing-room, while the great shadow of the night-shade danced and flickered on the ceiling.

My mistress, to seem quite careless like, had left the door of her dressing-room open, and as she sat there I could hear the leaves of a book turned over from time to time. Nothing else. The hour seemed forever long. Nothing else, except but the ticking of the nursery clock, and the turning of the pages. I tried every now and then to look at but the shadow of the night-shade danced on the ceiling. I guessed that my mistress had let her own bedroom door open to the nursery, and she who would leave a light still burning in the dressing-room, and go to bed and set by with the garden passage, as we called it, at the end of which was a door, which, very easy to open, and almost out of hearing of any one in the house.

The nursery clock struck eleven, and still I heard my mistress in the dressing-room. I only know she must be going soon now. Presently there was a sound as if she had risen from her chair, and I fancied she was coming to bed—but all was still. Then I heard the door from the dressing-room into the bedroom open and shut.

That was the moment for us to get up. I did get up; and, taking the sleeping child in my arms, I went softly, without my shoes on, into the landing (for I had left my door ajar as my mistress had done here), and then into the garden passage below the hall, and into the garden passage before she had left her room. The baby still slept, and I stood quiet still, close by the garden door, for less than ten minutes my mistress, with a candle in her hand, came down into the hall. She was dressed completely, with a bonnet on. She came on hurriedly, so fearfully, and so often looking back, and I stood as much in shadow, in a corner of the doorway, that she didn't see me until she was within a yard of me. I spoke to her then when she did see me, and saw in my face that I knew or guessed all, and when, above every thing, I held the sleeping baby out to her, as if to say that I stretched arms, as though it were the real her, the darkish, slight-made figure all like the first conveyed and, with a strong shiver, sank down powerless on the stone floor of the passage at my feet. I had ordered the child to be put in its bed, and, with my hand, and set it on a bracket fastened to the wall. Then I kissed and left my mistress to her grief, and was sure she would not go. She would let me take a letter out to him—we never spoke his name then, nor afterwards—and tell him that she could not leave the dear, dear baby! Down in that stone passage, in the dead of night (for it was long past the appointed hour), when all the house were dreaming and at rest, my dear lady and I wept and sobbed together, and all that time the Tempest or waited in the moonlight, among the fir-trees, for her white-robed mistress to come.

My dears, I can never tell you all that passed between my lady and me that night. The whole thing has always been a secret, even from all the world; and even now, when the chief actors in it are dead, I feel bound to keep it so.

I only tell you that, by God's mercy working on her heart, and by the unexpected sight of her little child at the moment before the awful step would have been taken, she was saved. She was saved by a power that her self-deceiving soul, out, too late, that she had never loved her husband. But I think God she was saved from a lifetime grief and guilt. I know she was a wretched mother who forsakes her innocent baby, and knows for the mystery of her name would be cast and disgraced!

She lived, after the terrible night and the illness it cost her to get over, to be cheerful in trying to do her duty, and in time, after a sort, even to be happy. She never loved her husband, but was as only a dreary wife with a neglectful, unsuitable husband can. But she fled young, after all—no doubt it was for the best—and was not a wife who knew what a great struggle her life had been.

That is my story, my dears, before the world, and may never have to experience what that poor lady had.

We all sat very still, and cried quietly. I think my old Jill, of whom the world was not worthy, had said it was a secret, and we never afterward, even to each other, hinted a guess.

I had left my lady, Bella did not marry Mr. Jonchin. That unsuitable engagement went off, as a dark, awkwardness night will go off before the rising sun. When my Aunt Dorothea came in letter and brother-in-law began her all of us; for she was a delightful woman, who, in the course of her useful life, clockered with many a trial, had gathered around her much sympathy, and kindness, which she exercised abundantly for her nieces' advantage. We are all comfortably and happily married, and, originally and happily. Our father, and our Aunt Dorothea, lie in their quiet graves in the village church-yard; but Nurse Parker survives them all. Very old, but very active, she is the delight of our little children. She lives with me, as the eldest of her nurslings, but often stays with the others, and particularly with Bella, whom she loves as tenderly as she loves me. She often tells my children, and Bella's children, stories that we both well remember, but the one I have recorded she has never told again; nor have I, nor has Bella, ever, in all our long talks with Nurse Parker, referred to it by a single word.

THE WEEKLY FARMER.

LAND DRAINAGE.

STONE DRAINS.

C. P., Marquette County, Wisconsin, writes:

"I have read a great deal on the comparative merits of tile and stone drainage. There are many warm advocates on both sides of the subject and plenty of this Attestic. In England there are the deep drainers and the shallow drainers, and in this country we have them too. So far as I can see, the tile have many advantages beyond stone drains, and they will be used more and with my mark at my reasonable cost. However, there is a great deal of stone on my land, and I am determined to use it for drains, for I consider that the improvement to the land would pay me to get rid of it in my way. Are there any rules by which I may determine? Is in the *Weekly Farmer* will be of great advantage to me for the future management of my farm. Nothing, although a farmer all my life), and land drainage is of so much importance, I should wish you have a series of it will be of general interest to your readers."

Space will not permit us to even glance at the subject of tile drainage. Let it be remembered that stone drains often cost more than tile drains. Then is true if stones must be carried a long distance, and that tiles can be had cheaply. But in this former are within a stone's-throw of the ditch, and that tiles can not be had cheaply, and that the removal of the stones will improve the land, there can be no doubt that in this case tiles are the most desirable.

The latter may be laid out for stone as for tile drains. The fall for the former should be greater than for the latter, because the water meets with more hindrance in passing through the rocky tiles. The ditches may be cut in the same way as for tiles. The grade should be uniform. No double water will pass at one end of the stone drain if the other be higher, but if the bottom of the ditch between these two points be on a level line, the action of the water passing over the high places is always tending to wash them to the low ones, and especially if the soil be not of a very stiff kind. When the lines are found for the ditches it would be well, in order to prevent unnecessary excavation, to measure the exact width for the top of the drain, and mark out both sides. Begin to excavate at the lower end or outlet of the main drain, and cut it nearly to the desired grade, so that the water may run away and so go backward to the next number part of the *system*, cutting the lateral drains as set out to the main conduit. The work may now be brought to a finished grade, and the stones put in the ditches. We shall probably at a future time go into the detail of laying out land for underdrains, made of digging drains, the use of *leveling rods*, &c., &c., assuming our correspondent to be familiar with these things, we have thus far, and will continue to confine our remarks to other parts of the subject matter which he must learn by more specially interested. There are several ways of constructing stone drains to meet various wants, of which are as follow: If the bottom is a stiff clay, flat stones six or seven inches thick are laid a few inches apart, and the flat stone drain is the result. as to *break joints*. Then ordinary-sized stones are laid in, more or less, according to the quantity of water to be carried away, and the wishes of the drainer, if he is very desirous to rid his land of much stones. If a large body of water is to pass in the ditches most of course be correspondingly deep, so that when the work is finished the top of the drain will be a proper distance below the surface of the soil.

If the bottom of the ditch be a running soil, it is usual to place a row of flat stones before lying the other.

Another way is to put a row of flat stones on the bottom, and then flat stones are stood on their edges, meeting in a point like the roof of the letter A.

Another way is to put flat stones in the bottom as already described, and place flat stones on their edges, but like the two sides of the letter V. This stones are then placed on the top as in the first joints. Some drainers prefer to lessen the angle of the V-shaped duct, and instead of placing flat stones over the top, to put stones of other shape, so as to keep the sides apart, but not to drop between them to stop the passage of the water. It is self-evident that a ditch should not be cut so wide as the bottom V as the A shaped drain. It is said in favor of the former that a small quantity of water is more active in carrying away sediment than in the latter.

Another way, and one that is much practiced in Ireland, is to place a row of flat stones on the bottom, then stand flat stones on their edges in an upright position close to one side of the ditch, and lay other flat stones on a slanting direction from the other side of the drain resting against the upright ones. By this plan the bottom, instead of stones, is never wet. There should be great care in all the modes described to make the joints as close as possible. Sometimes small stones are cut through over the water-ducts; but, in such case, lavender, sand, straw, tan, shavings, etc., are used. When these decay are not the drains likely to be stopped up? Such is the experience of many, especially if the joints are not close. When a body of stones is put over the water-ducts it is well to think with small ones, and better still with small stones that may be pounded into a compact mass, so as to prevent the possibility of soil or sediment passing between the stones, which would be likely to stop the drain.

Another way it is to use stones in a solid mass without any water-duct. If this plan is adopted, be careful not to put in any large stones that would be likely to dam the water. Whenever a solid mass of stones is used, either with or without water-ducts, it is absolutely necessary, in the making of a good drain, to finish with small stones, and if possible, as stated before, with stone that may be pounded fine to make a compact mass.

Stone drains are sure to run freely at first, but when rain of cold sunk, how many farmers have been disappointed, after a few years, in finding them *choked!*

CROP NEWS.

TEXAS.—We learn that the injury done by the frost in Washington, Fayette, Bastrop, Gatlin, and Fannin Counties, was very much exaggerated.

LOUISIANA.—We learn from Bourbon County that the road is less injurious than was anticipated. Thus far it has not rotted out much, how many farmers have been disappointed, after a few years, in finding them *choked!*

CHESS CHRONICLE.

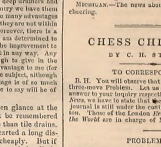
BY C. H. STANLEY.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

B. H. You will observe that we avail ourselves of your three-move problem. We have not been from you. In answer to your inquiry regarding the *Illustrated London News*, we have to say that it is a weekly journal of that journal is still under the control of Mr. Herbert Ingram. The of the London *Era* and *Illustrated Times* of the World are in charge of Mr. Leader.

PROBLEM XXV.

BY B. H. SLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and checkmate in three moves.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM XXIV.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Kt takes Q	K moves
2. K to B 6	B moves
3. B to K B 8 checkmate.	

CHESS IN NEW YORK.—Since the return of Mr. Paul Morphy from Europe, and during his temporary stay in New York, although he does not appear to have given regular evidence of his wonderful powers at chess, he has yet shown the most convincing proofs of his unquestionable superiority over all the players with whom he has encountered. Mr. Morphy visited the rooms of the Brooklyn Chess Club, has encountered defeat the odds of Queen's Knight in a very signal manner, to a match wherein the first winner of five games was to be declared the conqueror. Mr. Morphy gave the odds and won his antagonist did not gain one; a single game also being drawn. Mr. James Thompson then commenced a match with Mr. Morphy on the same terms. One game only has been played up to the present time on this match, which resulted in Mr. T.'s favor. It is a fine specimen of Chess skill, and will be found subjoined:

SICILIAN OPENING.

(White's Queen's Knight should be removed from the Board.)

WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. T.)
1. P to K 4	1. P to K 4
2. P to K B 4	2. P takes P
3. Kt to K B 3	Kt to Q B 3
4. P to Q 4	4. P to Q 4
5. P to K 5	Q to B 3
6. P to Q 6	6. P takes P
7. B to Q B 4	P to K 3
8. P to Q 5	P to Q B 3
9. Castles	B to Q 2
10. P to Q R 4	10. P to K 4 (b)
11. K to R sq	P to K Kt 4 (c)
12. P to K Kt 3	P to K Kt 4 (d)
13. P to Q 3	P to K Kt 5
14. Q to K 2 (e)	P to K R 4 (f)
15. Kt to K 1 (ex pass)	Kt takes P
16. Kt takes P	P to K Kt 5
17. Q to K 3	Kt to Q 4
18. Q to K R 3	Q to K 3
19. P to K Kt 4	P to K R 3
20. P takes P	Q to K 7
21. R to B 1	Q to K 3
22. Q to Kt 7	Q takes R
23. K to B 2	Castles
24. Q to Q B 7	Q to K R 7
25. Q to K 8	Q to K 3
26. R to K B 1	Q takes P (g)
27. Q to K 7	P to K Kt 6
28. Q to K 8	P to K Kt 7
29. R to K B 2	P to K Kt 8 (ch)
30. Q takes Kt (ch)	P to Kt 6 (ch)
31. K to R sq	P to K B 7
32. R to K B 1	Q to B 6 checkmate

Notes.

(a) Mr. Thompson certainly exercises sound judgment in declining to accept the odds. Mr. Morphy is, in our opinion, entitled to the odds of Queen's Knight, and we are glad to see that he has offered to give them.

(b) Black's position at this point is very strong, and he is enabled to win, as he could accumulate most favorably with the third and fourth ranks, and Mr. Morphy's attempt to attack the adverse King's position with the Queen's Knight Pawn is very hazardous.

(c) Mr. Morphy's *fork* of Queen and Bishop by advance Queen's Knight Pawn, which, in connection with the subsequent advance of Bishop's Pawn, discovering check, would win for Morphy a piece.

(d) Black's game is now in a very critical position in right-hand, and allows him the attack in a very masterly manner.

(e) An excellent move. The capture of this Pawn, en passant, would have been fatal to White.

(f) The Pawn should have been taken, and the Knight retired to Q B 3, to be ready for the continuance of this match. Mr. T. has evidently overlooked the fact that the adverse Queen will be given a move; but we do not think he will have his own way through it, as the Knight appears to us to be the strongest piece in the present occasion.

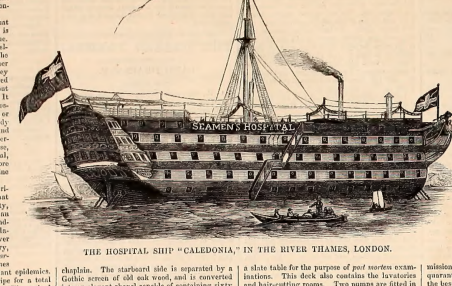
THE FLOATING HOSPITAL IN THE LOWER BAY.

We publish herewith engravings of the proposed hospital ship in the Lower Bay of New York; also a picture of the *Caledonia*, which has lately replaced the old *Dreadnaught* as the floating hospital for the port of London, England.

It is now abundantly evident that the only quarantine hospital that is suited to this port is a floating one. The existing hospitals on Staten Island are fruitful of pestilence to the city and all its suburbs; the temper of the Islanders, too, shows that they could never hereafter be considered safe receptacles for the sick, without a standing army to protect them. It is out of the question to propose a hospital on Coney Island, Long Island, or any of the inlets in the bound. Sandy Hook, unfortunately, the terror and prejudices of New Jersey will not permit us to acquire. We have to choose, therefore, between a floating hospital, anchored at a safe distance from shore in the Lower Bay, and no quarantine hospitals at all.

There are many persons of experience and judgment who believe that quarantines are an obsolete absurdity, which should not be tolerated in an enlightened age; and it must be admitted that, while quarantine regulations and *cordons sanitaires* have never excluded disease from any country, the evidence goes to show that *lazarettos* and quarantines have sometimes bred, and often intensified malignant epidemics. Still the public mind is not yet ripe for a total abolition of the quarantine system. The arrival of a vessel like the *Susquehanna* at the Brooklyn Navy Yard might or might not spread yellow fever in New York and Brooklyn; it certainly would create a panic of the most formidable character.

We are then driven to the hospital ship as the only resource left. Ten years have elapsed since a floating hospital was first suggested by Dr. W. C. Anderson, of Staten Island, as the true remedy for the evils of quarantine. The idea was scouted at the time, and for many subsequent years. Letters written by Dr. Anderson to the city papers, urging a trial of the experiment, only provoked derision. It was not till after the Legislature had appointed Commissioners to purchase Sandy Hook, and found that Jersey would not treat with them on any terms; till after the people of Staten Island had turned down the quarantine hospitals, first at Seguine's Point, and next at Tompkinsville; till every other plan, in short, had been tried and had proved a failure, that the Legislature and authorities of the State fell back upon the hospital ship as a necessity.

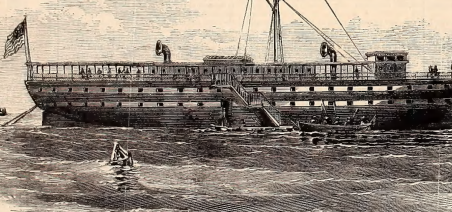


THE HOSPITAL SHIP "CALEDONIA," IN THE RIVER THAMES, LONDON.

It is now in progress. The Commissioners for the removal of Quarantine have purchased the old steamer *Falcon*, which is being fitted out to serve as the future floating hospital. She ought to be ready to take her place in the lower Bay by this time. If, however, inexperienced persons are allowed to trifle with the matter—a prospect not wholly unlikely from present appearances—she may be delayed a month or more.

The accompanying engraving of the *Caledonia* will serve to guide the Commissioners in their preparations. We take the following particulars from a letter which Dr. Anderson published in the *Herald* in 1856:

"The *Caledonia* is a ship of 2216 tons burden, 205 feet long by 53 feet 8 inches wide. She is divided as follows: The forecastle is arranged as cabins for the petty officers of the ship and their families. The poop is occupied by the superintendent selected by the main deck is laid out in the following manner: The whole of the afterpart is adapted as a dining-room and general quarters for the principal medical officer, surgeon, assistant-surgeon, and chaplain. The starboard side is separated by a Gothic screen of old oak wood, and is converted into an elegant chapel capable of containing sixty persons. The larboard of this deck is hung with fifty or sixty hammocks for the accommodation of convalescents removed from the sick wards, while the fore-part of the same deck serves as quartermasters' cabins, female nurses' dining-room, carpenters' work-shop, dispensary, etc., etc.



PROPOSED HOSPITAL SHIP IN THE LOWER BAY, NEW YORK.

"On the aft starboard side of the middle deck, in close proximity with an open gallery, is a commodious room for surgical operations, the other portions of this deck afford a space for the reception of cases of accidents, and cabins for the nurses.

"The lower quarter-deck contains a museum, quarters for the fever patients, and cabins for the hospital attendants. A portion of the orlop-deck is appropriated as a dead-house, and is fitted with a slate table for the purpose of *post mortem* examinations. This deck also contains the lavatories and hair-cutting rooms. Two pumps are fitted in this deck, with an engine hose in case of fire, and nerves for washing decks and various other uses. One of the ports has been enlarged four feet square, so as to admit patients in cases of emergency.

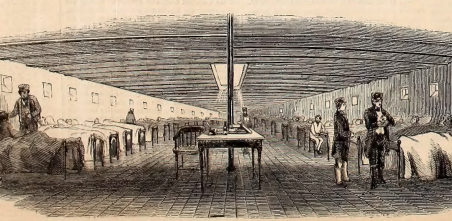
"The various compartments of the ship are heated from this deck with supply pipes, laid on each deck, with hot air. Here are also six tanks for containing a good supply of fresh water, and stores for housing upward of six hundred tons of coal and coke. With this minute attention to the comfort and convenience of the officers and attendants, nothing has been neglected which could secure the well-being of the patients; and the success which the medical and surgical departments of the floating hospital realize is, in a great measure, due to the admirable arrangements which could not be so well accomplished on shore."

The peculiar advantage of a floating hospital consists in the ease with which it can be ventilated. Fresh air, as every one knows, is the bane of all remedial agents; in a hospital ship, properly ventilated, a fair mess copious and steady supply of fresh air can be obtained than on any hospital on shore. Whether from this or from some other cause, it appears that the terrible accidents known as hospital gangrene and erysipelas, which are so frequently fatal in the hospitals of London and Paris, are unknown on board the *Caledonia*.

The disadvantages of a floating hospital are not insurmountable. If the ship be allowed to leak and bilge-water to accumulate, the air will become unwholesome; this can be remedied by proper pumping. The rocking motion of the vessel, which in high weather would be inconvenient to the patients, may be prevented by the construction of a proper guard on either side of the vessel at the water's edge. If a proper person be placed in charge, the system may be as complete and as perfect in every way as any hospital on shore.

We trust that the authorities who have this matter in charge will give the ship a fair trial. The public look to the Board of Health and the Commissioners of Emigration, in whom the control of quarantine matters resides, to carry out this in the best of their abilities. We are sorry to notice evidence that both these bodies are tainted with the vices which render almost all our municipal departments a by-word and a reproach. Though yellow fever ships are arriving here daily, the Board of Health—with Mayor Tiemann at its head—has employed no tug for the boarding of vessels in the Lower Bay; the Mayor should try to make us rather forget than remember him either by threats against the "Sequoya." The Commissioners of Emigration, so far as is known, have afforded no aid to the Commissioners who are intrusted with the execution of the Act of 1859. Some of these gentlemen seem to fancy that they have a corporate dignity to preserve which rises far superior to such petty concerns as the health and lives of the people of New York. Among none of the various boards which are concerned in this matter have we heard of any vigorous endeavor, or even any honest desire, to carry out the law, or to remedy existing evils.

If the hospital ship experiment should fail through the inexperience of the person who has the charge, or through the mismanagement or the indifference or the jobbing propensities of any Commissioners or their subordinates, there will be no one to blame but the Commissioners themselves on the settlement of a very intricate and troublesome question. It may safely be asserted, after experience of the past two or three years, that whether it be safe or not to abolish quarantine altogether, no hospital for this port could be established on any site in the Bay or the vicinity without grave inconvenience, and probably some danger of pestilence as well to the neighborhood of the hospital as to the city and its suburbs. The question is now narrowed down to a choice between the floating hospital or no Quarantine at all.



A FEVER WARD IN THE PROPOSED HOSPITAL SHIP IN THE LOWER BAY, NEW YORK.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

In Clear Books.—Splendidly Illustrated.

IF Printed from early Proof-sheets, for which Messrs. Harper & Brothers pay the Author

FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS.

BOOK II.

THE GOLDEN THREAD.

CHAPTER III.

A DISAPPOINTMENT.

MR. ATTORNEY-GENERAL had by no means the best of the jury that the prisoner before them, though perhaps not seven years, was old in the treasonable practices which claimed the forfeit of his life.

That this was so, was a circumstance with the public enemy was not a correspondence of to-day, or of yesterday, or even of last year, or of the year before. That it was certain the prisoner had, for longer than that, been in the habit of passing and repassing between France and England on secret business of which he could give no honest account. That, if it were in the nature of treasonous ways to thrive (which, happily, it never was), the real wickedness and guilt of his business might have remained undiscovered. That Providence, however, had put it into the heart of a person who was beyond fear and beyond reproach to ferret out the nature of the prisoner's schemes, and, struck with horror, to disclose them to his Majesty's Chief Secretary of State and most honorable Privy Council. That, this patriot would be produced before them. That, his position and attitude were, on the whole, sublime. That, he had been the prisoner's friend, but at once in an auspicious and an evil hour detecting his infamy, had resolved to immolate the traitor he could no longer cherish in his bosom on the sacred altar of his country. That, if statues were decreed in Britain, as in ancient Greece and Rome, to public benefactors, this shining citizen would assuredly have had one. That, as they were not so decreed, he probably would not have one. That Virtue, as had been observed by the poets (in many passages which he well knew the jury would have, word for word, at the tips of their tongues; wherever the jury's countenances displayed a guilty consciousness that they knew nothing about the passages), was, in a manner, contagious; more especially the bright virtue known as patriotism, or love of country. That, the lofty example of this immaculate and unimpeachable witness for the Crown, to refer to whom, however unworthily, was an honor, had communicated itself to the prisoner's servant, and had engendered in him a holy determination to examine his master's table-drawers and pockets, and secrete his papers. That, he (Mr. Attorney-General) was prepared to hear some disparagement attempted of this admirable servant; but that, in a general way, he preferred him to his (Mr. Attorney-General's) brothers and sisters, and honored him more than his (Mr. Attorney-General's) father and mother. That, he called with confidence on the jury to come and do likewise. That, the evidence of these two witnesses, coupled with the documents of their discovering that would be produced, would show the prisoner to have been furnished with lists of his Majesty's forces, and of their disposition and preparation, both by sea and land; and would leave no doubt that he had habitually conveyed such information to a hostile Power. That, these lists could not be proved to be in the prisoner's handwriting; but that it was all the same; that, indeed, it was rather the better for the prosecution, as showing the prisoner to be artful in his precautions. That, the proof would go back five years, and would show the prisoner already engaged in these pernicious missions within a few weeks before the date of the very first action fought between the British troops and the Americans. That, for these reasons, the jury, being a loyal jury (as he knew they were), would bring a responsible jury (as *they* knew they were), must positively find the prisoner Guilty, and make an end of him, whether they liked it or not. That, they never could lay their heads upon their pillows—that, they never could restore the idea of their wives laying their heads upon their pillows; that, they never could endure the notion of their children laying their heads upon their pillows; in short, that there never more could be, for them or theirs, any laying of heads upon pillows at all, unless the prisoner's head was taken off. That had Mr. Attorney-General concluded by demanding of them, in the name of every thing he could think of, with a round, round turn, and on the faith of his solemn asseveration that he already considered the prisoner as good as dead and gone.

When the Attorney-General ceased, a buzz arose in the court as if a cloud of great blueflies were swarming about the prisoner in anticipation of what he was soon to become. When it toned down again, the unimpeachable patriot appeared in the witness-box.

Mr. Solicitor-General then, following his leader's lead, examined the patriot: John Barsad, gentleman, by name. The story of his pure soul was exactly what Mr. Attorney-General had described it to be—perhaps, if it had a fault, a little too exactly. Having released his noble bosom of its burden, he would have modestly withdrawn himself, but that the wigged gentleman with the papers before him, sitting not far from Mr. Lorry, begged to ask him a few questions. The wigged gentleman sitting opposite still looked at the ceiling of the court.

Had he ever been a spy himself? No, he scorned the base insinuation. What did he live upon? His property. Where was his property? He didn't precisely remember where it was. What was it? No business of any body's. How had he inherited it? Why, he had. From whom? Distant relation. Very distant? Rather. Ever been in prison? Certainly not. Never in a debtors' prison? Didn't see what that had to do with it. Never in a debtors' prison?—Come, once again. Never? Yes. How many times? Two or three times. Not five or six? Perhaps. Of what profession? Gentleman. Ever been kicked? Might have been. Frequently? No. Ever kicked down stairs? Decidedly not; once received a kick at the bottom of a staircase, and fell down stairs of his own accord. Kicked on that occasion for cheating at dice? Something to that effect was said by the intoxicated liar who committed the assault, but it was not true. Kicked in consequence of a dispute? No. Ever by cheating at play? Never. Ever live by play? Not much of a gentleman. Ever been kicked? Might have been. Frequently? No. Ever kicked down stairs? Decidedly not; once received a kick at the bottom of a staircase, and fell down stairs of his own accord. Kicked on that occasion for cheating at dice? Something to that effect was said by the intoxicated liar who committed the assault, but it was not true. Kicked in consequence of a dispute? No. Ever by cheating at play? Never. Ever live by play? Not much of a gentleman. Been pretty well Ever borrow money of the prisoner? Yes. Ever pay him? No. Was not this intimacy with the prisoner a friendly visit, conducive to good relations between the prisoner in coaches, inns, and packets? No. Sure he was not in the habit of seeing Mr. Carter, inn. Knew any more about the lists? No. Had not procured them himself, for instance? No. Expected to get them? No. Considered it No. Not in regular government pay and employment to spy? Oh dear no, nothing of any thing? Oh dear no. Swear that? Over and over again. No motives but motives of pure patriotism? No motives whatever.

The virtuous servant, Roger Cly, swore his way through the case with exactly the same result. He had taken service with the prisoner, in good faith and simplicity, four years ago. He had asked the prisoner, directly after he was packed, if he wanted a handy fellow, and the prisoner had engaged him. He had known the prisoner formerly as a bandy fellow as an act of charity—never thought of such a thing. He began to have suspicions of the prisoner by seeing, and to act upon his, soon afterward. In arranging his clothes, while traveling, he had seen similar lists to these in the prisoner's pockets, over and over again. He had taken these lists from the drawer of the prisoner's desk. He had not put them there first. He had seen the prisoner show these identical lists to French gentlemen both at Calais, and similar lists to French gentlemen, both at Calais and Boulogne. He loved his country, and couldn't bear it, and had given information. He had never been suspected of stealing a silver tea-pot. He had once been maliciously suspected of mustard-pot, but it turned out to be only a plated one. He had known the last witness seven or eight years; that was merely a coincidence. He didn't call it a particularly curious coincidence; most coincidences were curious. Neither did he call it a curious coincidence that true patriotism was *his* only motive too. He was a true Briton, and hoped there were many more like him.

The blue-flies buzzed again, and Mr. Attorney-General called Mr. Jarvis Lorry.

"Mr. Jarvis Lorry, are you a clerk in Tellson's bank?"

"I am."

"On a certain Friday night in November one thousand seven hundred and seventy-five, did business occasion you to travel between London and Dover by the mail?"

"It did."

"Were there any other passengers in the mail?"

"Two."

"Did they alight on the road in the course of the night?"

"They did."

"Mr. Lorry, look upon the prisoner. Was he one of those two passengers?"

"I can not undertake to say that he was."

"Does he resemble either of those two passengers?"

"Both were so wrapped up, and the night was so dark, and we were all so reserved, that I can not undertake to say even that."

"Mr. Lorry, look again upon the prisoner. Supposing him stripped up to those two passengers were, is there any thing in his bulk and stature to render it unlikely that he was one of them?"

"No."

"You will not swear, Mr. Lorry, that he was not one of them?"

"No."

"So at least you say he may have been one of them?"

"Yes. Except that I remember them both to have been—like myself—timorous of highwaymen, and the prisoner has not a timorous air."

"Did you ever see a counterfeit of timidity, Mr. Lorry?"

"I certainly have seen that."

"Mr. Lorry, look once more upon the prisoner. Have you seen him, to your certain knowledge, before?"

"I have."

"When?"

"I was returning from France a few days afterward, and, at Calais, the prisoner came on board the packet-ship in which I returned, and made the voyage with me."

"At what hour did he come on board?"

"At a little after midnight."

"In the dead of the night. Was he the only passenger who came on board at that untimely hour?"

"He happened to be the only one."

"Never mind about happening, Mr. Lorry. He was the only passenger who came on board in the dead of the night?"

"He was."

"Were you travelling alone, Mr. Lorry, or with any companion?"

"With two companions. A gentleman and lady. They are here."

"They are here. Had you any conversation with the prisoner?"

"Hardly any. The weather was stormy, and the passage long and rough, and I lay on a sofa, almost from shore to shore."

Miss Manette!

The young lady, to whom all eyes had been turned before, and were now turned again, stood up where she sat. Her father rose with her, and kept her hand drawn through his arm.

"Miss Manette, look upon the prisoner."

To be confronted with such pity, and such earnest youth and beauty, was far more trying to the accused than to be confronted with all the crowd. Standing, as it were, apart with her on the edge of his grave, not all the starting curiosity that looked on, could, for the moment, save him. It remained quite still. His hurried right hand paceled out the herbs before him into imaginary beds of flowers in a garden; and his efforts to control and steady his breathing shook the lips from which the color fled in his heart. The buzz of the great flies was loud again.

"Miss Manette, have you seen the prisoner before?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Where?"

"On board the packet-ship just now referred to, Sir, and on the same occasion."

"You are the young lady just now referred to?"

"Oh! most unhappily, I am!"

The plaintive tone of her compassion merged into the unimpassioned voice of the judge, as he said, something fiercely: "Answer the questions put to you, and make no remark upon them."

"Miss Manette, had you any conversation with the prisoner on that passage across the Channel?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Recall it."

In the midst of a profound stillness she faintly began:

"When the gentleman came on board—"

"Do you mean the prisoner?" inquired the Judge, knitting his brows.

"Yes, my lord."

"Then say the prisoner."

"When the prisoner came on board he noticed that my father," turning her eyes lovingly to him as he stood beside her, "was much fatigued and in a very weak state of health. My father was so reduced that I was afraid to take him out of the air, and I had made a bed for him on the floor of the best cabin steps, and I sat on the deck at his side to take care of him. There were no other passengers that night but we four. The prisoner was so good as to beg permission to advise me how I could shelter my father from the wind and weather better than I had done. I had not known how to do it well, not understanding from the wind would set when we were out of the harbor. He did it for me. He expressed great gentleness and kindness for my father's state, and I am sure he felt it. That was the manner of our beginning to speak together."

"Let me interrupt you for a moment. Had he come on board alone?"

"No."

"How many were with him?"

"Two French gentlemen."

"Had they conferred together?"

"They had conferred together until the last moment, when it was necessary for the French gentlemen to be landed in their boat."

"Had any papers been handed about among them, similar to these lists?"

"Some papers had been handed about among them, but I don't know what papers."

"Like these in shape and size?"

"Possibly, but indeed I don't know, although they stood whispering very near to me: because they stood at the top of the cabin steps to have the light of the lamp that hung there, as I was a dull lamp, and they spoke very low, and I did not hear what they said, and saw only that they looked at papers."

"Now to the prisoner's conversation, Miss Manette—"

"The prisoner was as open in his confidence with me—which arose out of my helpless situation—as he was kind, and good, and useful to my father. I hope," bursting into tears, "I may repay him by doing him harm to-day."

Buzzing from the blue-flies.

"Miss Manette, if the prisoner does not perfectly understand that you give the evidence which it is your duty to give—which you must give—and which you can not escape from giving—with great unwillingness, he is the only person present in that condition. Please to go on."

She told us that he said he feared the bitterness of a delicate and difficult nature, which might get people into trouble, and that he was therefore travelling under an assumed name. He said that this business had, within a few days, taken him across, and might, at intervals, take him often across between France and England for a long time to come."

"Did he say any thing about America, Miss Manette? Be particular."

"He tried to explain to me how that quarrel had arisen, and he said that, so far as he could judge, it was a wrong and foolish one on England's part. He added, in a jesting way, that perhaps George Washington might gain almost as great a name in history as George the Third. But there was no harm in his way of saying this: it was said laughingly, and to beguile the time."

Any strongly marked expression of face on the part of a chief actor in a scene of great interest to whom many eyes are directed, will be unconsciously imitated by the spectators. Her forehead was painfully anxious and intent as she gave this evidence, and, in the pauses when she

THE PRISONER AND HIS DOUBLE.

stopped for the Judge to write it down, watched its effect upon the Counsel for and against. Among the lookers-on there was the same expression in all quarters of the court; inasmuch as that a great majority of the foreheads there might have been mirrors reflecting the witness, when the Judge looked up from his notes to glare at that tremendous heresy about George Washington.

Mr. Attorney-General now signified to my Lord that he deemed it necessary, as a matter of form and public duty, to call the young lady's father, Doctor Manette; who was called accordingly.

"Doctor Manette, look upon the prisoner. Have you ever seen him before?"

"Once. When he called at my lodgings in London. Some three years, or three years and a half, ago."

"Can you identify him as your fellow-passenger on board the packet, or speak to his connection with your daughter?"

"Sir, I can do neither."

"Is there any particular and special reason for your being unable to do either?"

He answered, in a low voice, "There is."

"Has it been your misfortune to undergo a long imprisonment, without trial, or even accusation, in your native country, Doctor Manette?"

He answered, in a tone that went to every heart, "A very long imprisonment."

"Were you newly released on the occasion in question?"

"They tell me so."

"Have you no remembrance of the occasion?"

"None. My mind is a blank from some time before I can not even say what time—when I employed myself, in my captivity, in making shoes for the time when I should travel living in London with my dear daughter here. She had become familiar to me, when a child, and my mind stored my faculties: but I am quite unable even to say how she had become familiar. I have no remembrance of the process."

Mr. Attorney-General sat down, and the father and daughter sat down together.

A singular circumstance then arose in the case. The object in hand being to prove that the prisoner came over, with some fellow-plotter untracked, in the Dover mail on that Friday night in November five years ago, and that one of the mail in the night, as a blind, at a place where he did not remain, left from with the rest a traveled look of having come miles or more, to a partisan and dock-yard, and there collected information; a witness was called to identify him as having been at the precise time required, in the coffee-room of a hotel in that place-empty at dock-yard was waiting for another person. The prisoner's counsel was cross-examining this witness with the object, clearly, that he was not present with the prisoner on any other occasion, when the wigged gentleman, who had been long and closely looking at the ceiling of the court, wrote a word or two on a little piece of paper, screwed it up, and tossed it to him. Unfolding the piece of paper in the next pause, the counsel looked with great attention and curiosity at the prisoner.

"You say again you are quite sure that it was the prisoner?"

The witness was quite sure.

"Did you ever see any body very like the prisoner?"

Not so like (the witness said) as that he could be mistaken.

"Look well upon that gentleman, my learned friend there," pointing to him who had tossed the paper over, "and then look well upon the prisoner. How say you? Are they very like each other?"

Allowing for my learned friend's appearance being careless and slovenly, if not debauched, they were sufficiently like each other to surprise not only the witness, but every body present, when they were thus brought into comparison. My Lord leaned forward to look at the paper held by aside his wig, and giving no very gracious consent, the likeness became more remarkable. My Lord inquired of Mr. Stryver (the prisoner's counsel) whether they were next to try Mr. Carton (some of my learned friend's fee cross? But Mr. Stryver replied to my Lord, no, he would ask the witness point blank whether what happened once might happen twice: whether he would have been so confident in his evidence if he had seen this counsel learned gentleman whisper, and whether he would be so confident, having seen it, now. The significance of which was to smash this witness like a crockery vessel, and shiver his part of the case to shivers limber.

Mr. Cruncher had by this time taken quite a fancy to the paper-folder and to his following of the evidence. He had now to attend while Mr. Stryver fitted the prisoner's case on to the shoulders of another client, showing them how the patriot, Barsad, was a hired spy and traitor, an unblushing traitor before his face, and how the virtuous servant, Cly, was his friend and partner, and was worthy to be; how the watchful eyes of those forgers and false swearers had rested on the prisoner as a victim, because of their unlikeness to him. Standing certain of French extraction—did require his making those passages across the Channel; though what those passages were, he knew nothing of others who were near and dear to him forbade him, even for his life, to disclose. How the evidence that had been warped and wrested from the young lady, whose anguish in giving it they had witnessed, came to nothing, involving the mere little innocent gallantries and politenesses likely to pass between any young gentleman and young lady so thrown together—with the exception of that reference to George Washington, which was altogether too extraordinary and impossible to be regarded in any other light than as a monstrous joke. How it would be a weakness in the government to break down in this attempt to practice for popularity on the lowest national antipathies and fears, and therefore Mr. Attorney-General had made the most of it; how, nevertheless, it rested upon nothing, save that vile and infamous character of evidence too often discharging such curse, and of which the State Trials of this country were full. But there My Lord interposed (with as grave a face as he could put on, truly), saying that he could not sit upon that Bench and suffer those allusions.

Mr. Stryver then called his few witnesses, and Mr. Cruncher had next to attend while Mr. Attorney-General turned the whole set of clothes Mr. Stryver had fitted on the jury inside out; arguing how Barsad and Cly were even a hundred times better than he had thought them, and the prisoner a hundred times worse. Lastly, came My Lord himself, turning the suit of clothes, now inside out, now outside in, but on the whole decidedly trimming and shaping them into grave-clothes for the prisoner.

And now the jury turned to consider, and the great Bell was carried out.

Mr. Carton, who had so long sat looking at the ceiling of the court, changing neither his place nor his attitude, even in this excitement. While his learned friend, Mr. Stryver, massing the papers before him, had disturbed the whole set near, and from time to time glanced anxiously at the jury; while all the spectators had changed more or less, and grouped themselves anew; while even My Lord himself rose from his state and went out, leaving a quiet air behind him which was not disagreeable; Mr. Carton had taken no notice of the change, and had preserved the same attitude. He had not even changed it, when the prisoner was brought back, after being expressly remanded, to hear the verdict.

Mr. Carton, who had so long sat looking at the ceiling of the court, changing neither his place nor his attitude, even in this excitement. While his learned friend, Mr. Stryver, massing the papers before him, had disturbed the whole set near, and from time to time glanced anxiously at the jury; while all the spectators had changed more or less, and grouped themselves anew; while even My Lord himself rose from his state and went out, leaving a quiet air behind him which was not disagreeable; Mr. Carton had taken no notice of the change, and had preserved the same attitude. He had not even changed it, when the prisoner was brought back, after being expressly remanded, to hear the verdict.

And now the jury turned to consider, and the great Bell was carried out

MONTH OF JUNE

Month of the flower-crowned bread and brow,
We find thy genial influence now.
And all our garden plots grow bright
With thy chaste gifts of balm and light.

In every form, of every hue,
Thy "trade of May" became the flowers
Which now adorn our brides and bowers.

Oh! stir the harmony, sweet the scion
Of Flora to the breeze lock,
While, softly as a whisper, grows
Sweeps round our path the fragrant air.

For, bright as are the garden hues,
And sweet the influence flowers diffuse,
Some works of art are yet more delightful
That them in beauty and delight!
The utmost powers man's mind and solid
Where the great Smithy their flag unfold;
Go look at them—every one!
And say, hath summer nobler fruitry
Greeny and lush combine
To make them foremost in their line.
Buy but one suit of Smith, and Brother,
You'll need no hint to "eat again."

"Twin Temples of Fashion."

SMITH BROTHERS,

The Marble Stores,

122, 138 and 140

Fulton Street,

Between Broadway & William St.,

THOMAS SMITH, Jr.,
ROBERT L. SMITH,
J. SMITH RICE.

NEW YORK.

ONE PRICE—NO DEVIATION.

The Price is marked on all the

Goods in Plain Figures.

Singer's Sewing Machines.

New Style.

From $50 to $125.

SINGER'S FAMILY MACHINE, the prices of which is only $50, is a light and elegantly decorated machine, capable of performing, in the best style, all the sewing of a private family.

SINGER'S STANDARD MACHINES for manufacturing purposes are well known to be without a single rival in the market. Much has recently been published in regard to various stitches made by Sewing Machines. Singer's Machines make the best stitch ever invented, and do it in the best style. A pamphlet discount is made to clergymen.

Send for a copy of I. M. Singer & Co.'s Gazette, which contains full information about prices, sizes, etc., of Sewing Machines, and will be sent gratis.

I. M. SINGER & CO.,
No. 456 Broadway, New York.

TUCKER'S NURSERY FOR FLOWERS, SMALL PLANTS, COFFURES, and BRIDAL SETS, at
361 Broadway, 2 doors from Franklin Street.

THIS SUPERIOR Strong-bodied delicate-flavored Mountain COFFEE, For sale by CORNEAL & CO No. 8 Beaver Street.

Café de Costa Rica

C&C

PILES! PILES!! PILES!!!

What is it? How cured?

Thousands of persons have Piles—suffer for years with the disease—yet few know what it is, or how it is cured. Every case of Piles, whether manifesting itself in the form of external tumors, frequent bleedings, or in violent itching and irritation, originates in a disordered state or condition of the abdominal venous circulation. This produces the engorgement, dilation of the veins, thickening of the coats, hemorrhages, pain and suffering; and the disease can only be fundamentally cured by medicines which, taken internally, relieve this abdominal venous congestion. Hence ointments, washes, and every other remedy for the skin are useless.

HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC PILE SPECIFIC, a simple sugar pill, taken two or three times per day, cures the disease by curing the condition upon which the disease depends. Hundreds have testified to the cure in all of the most obstinate cases. All will be promptly benefited by it. Price 50 cents per box.

N. B.—A full set of HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC Specifics, with book of directions, case of vials, morocco, large 2 fourth vials, and receipt case, $5; do. in plain case, $3. Sent by mail or express on receipt of price.

The Remedies by the single box or full case, sent to any address by mail or express, free of charge, on receipt of the price. Address

DR. F. HUMPHREYS & CO.,
No. 562 Broadway, New York.

Sold by all Druggists.

$32 50 PER QUARTER. ASHLAND INST. and MUSICAL ACADEMY, Catskill Mountains, Greene County, N. Y. Boarding and Day Pupils. For particulars, address Rev. HENRY ANABLE, A.M., Ashland, N. Y., or G. G. HUBBARD, Esq., 52 Broadway.

AGENTS WANTED in this State to connect with the GOLDEN SALVE. Bills supply! Can make good pay. For terms &c., send stamp.
C. H. WHITTON, Lowell, Mass.

To Teachers.

My Correspondents are requested to address me, hereafter, to the "CITY OF HARTFORD, Hartford, Conn., City." School Catalogues and Circulars, Names and Post-Office Address of Schools, Academies, Colleges, &c., are solicited.
MARCUS WILLSON

PATENT POROUS PLASTERS

STRENGTHENING

THESE PLASTERS ARE ALSO APPLIED, WE ARE ASKED, WHY ARE THEY SO POPULAR? THE ANSWER IS SIMPLE AND SUFFICIENT—THEY ARE A NEW, SURE & SAFE REMEDY FOR EVERY PAIN, WEAKNESS, AILMENT AND SUFFERING FROM WHICH MANKIND IS KNOWN TO SUFFER. THEY ARE ALWAYS READY, ALWAYS STRONG, ALWAYS SAFE, NOT SUBJECT TO DRYING, MOISTURE, UNDER-WATER, WORKING, AND ONE ROLL IS WORTH FROM FIVE TO TWENTY DOLLARS BESIDES THE COST. SO OF ASTHMA AND ALL PAINS IN LUNG, CHEST AND SIDE, IN AGUE OF THE BREAST THEY ARE USED WITH THE MOST SURE AND INVALUABLE PREVENTING TENSION AND DISPERSING CAPACITY. IN ALL CASES THESE PLASTERS ARE WARMLY RECOMMENDED AND FOR PAIN IN THE SIDE, FULL PARTICULARS ARE PRINTED SLIPS & DIRECTIONS.

50 & 25 cts. ALLCOCK & Co.

POROUS PLASTER CO.,
NEW-YORK.
AND BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

N. B. LAST TRICE AS LONG AS OTHERWISE SOLD AT 50 CTS.

Sold also at Barnes's, 256 Bowery, and Hamblen's, 417 Broadway.

PRINCE IMPERIAL.

CHAMPAGNE,

FROM

DE VENOGE & CO., EPERNAY, FRANCE,

as used at the

Imperial Tables on the Continent of Europe.

A Perfectly Pure and Delicate Wine

at a moderate price and admirably adapted for family use.

Sold by

Nearly every leading Hotel and Dealer throughout the country.

E. V. HAUGHWOUT, Sole Importer,

Corner of Broadway and Broome Street.

Grand Introduction of

SUMMER HATS,

At Genin's, 507 Broadway,

On Wednesday, May 25th, 1859,

Embracing every Department of Hatting, and comprehending

HATS OF ALL STYLES,

ALL MATERIALS,

ALL PRICES,

AND FOR ALL PURPOSES.

TIFFANY & CO.,

Importers & Manufacturers,

No. 550 Broadway, New York, and

Rue Richelieu, No. 79, Paris,

DIAMONDS AND OTHER PRECIOUS STONES.

FINE JEWELRY. WATCHES.

Silver Ware in Great Variety. Table Cutlery.

Clocks. Bronzes, Artistic Gas Fixtures,

Desks, Dressing-Cases, Work-Boxes, Jewel-Boxes,

Fans, Rich Fancy Goods,

and many other articles of Art and Luxury.

The only Agents in New York for the sale of Chas. Frodsham's Watches, whose superiority over any other pocket time-pieces ever made is unquestionably established.

Every article is marked in plain figures the Lowest Price at which it will be sold.

We carefully attend to strangers' solicitation to examine our stock, which has a well known and the most obliging reception.

CURE FOR CONSTIPATION.

The Oriental Fruit Paste, or Aromatic Jelly of Figs and Senna,

Is a simple and efficacious laxative medicine, pleasant to the taste, and free from griping.

Sold by Druggists every where.

J. W. SCHERMERHORN & CO., Wholesale Agents,
No. 21 Park Row, and 81 Fulton Street, New York.

FINKLE & LYON'S

SEWING MACHINES,

For Family Use, Tailoring Purposes, Saddlery, &c. Warranted to give better satisfaction than any other machine in market, or money refunded. Agents wanted.

503 BROADWAY,

Next to the St. Nicholas Hotel.

Burgmuller's Piano-Forte School.

A New Edition, handsomely bound in cloth. Price $2 00. Published by OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.

Lord Lod'n's Worcestershire Sauce.

Is in FIRST WINNING Sauce. Is a favorite for all purposes.

ASK FOR, and HAVE ONLY LORD WARD'S.

Used at every Hotel, and sold by all Grocers and Fruit Dealers.

Wholesale and for Exportation, by

CROSSE & BLACKWELL & CO.,
40 Broad Street, New York.

Sold Retail by the Grocers and Fruit Houses. Half Pints, 20 cents per bottle; Pints, 35 cents per bottle.

PIESSE & LUBIN'S, PERFUMERY,

Sold by all Druggists in every city.

Wholesale Agent,

J. FISHER,

87 Pearl St.

New York.

PIESSE & LUBIN'S LAUREL WATER FACTORY.

SWEET SCENTS THE FLOWS FROM THE EAR KISS-ME-QUICK FRANGIPANNI

Are a Thousand others

No. 46, each or Name

2 New Bond St. London

PURGATION WITH BRANDRETH'S PILLS

PURIFIES THE BLOOD

AND

CANNOT FAIL

TO CURE WHEN ENFORCED

IN TIME;

AND LET ME SAY THAT THIS KNOWLEDGE IS SECURED BY CONVICTIONS YOU CANNOT DOUBT. IT IS CAPABLE OF CONFERRING UPON MANKIND, IF NOT WITHDRAWN, PERHAPS FOR YOU BRANDRETH'S PILLS ARE A QUICK REMEDY. IT CONSUMES NO TIME FOR ITS ACTION.

WHAT I SELL, THESE MEN SHILLINGS

YOU COULD NOT PURCHASE FOR OUR LIVES.

MY HERBS AND EXTRACTS ARE ALL PREPARED AT MY LABORATORY, WHERE A STAFF OF 140 HORSE POWER IS EMPLOYED EXCLUSIVELY ON THEM, AND WHERE BRANDRETH'S PILLS ARE, IN FACT, GIVE YOU QUICK AS WAS DISCOVERED BY THE

FOUNDER OF THE FIRM OF

DR. BRANDRETH'S PRINCIPAL OFFICE

294 CANAL STREET NEW YORK.

AND SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

THE OXYGENATED BITTERS.
THE OXYGENATED BITTERS.
THE OXYGENATED BITTERS.

Cure Dyspepsia, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Indigestion, Cure Heart Burn, Heart Burn, Acidity, Acidity, Cure Water Brash, Water Brash, Jaundice, Jaundice, Cure Liver Complaint, Liver Complaint, Debility, Debility, Cure Want of Appetite, Want of Appetite, Cure Headache, Costiveness, Piles, Nervousness, Cure Flatulency, Nausea, Female Complaints.

These Bitters are so well known as the most remarkable and efficient yet discovered for the absolute and rapid cure of the above diseases, that it is altogether unnecessary to enlarge upon its merits.

S. W. LOWELL & CO., *Proprietors, Boston.*

Sold everywhere.

THE OXYGENATED BITTERS.
THE OXYGENATED BITTERS.
THE OXYGENATED BITTERS.

Kingsley's Great Novel.

Now Ready,

The Recollections of

GEOFFRY HAMLYN.

By

HENRY KINGSLEY

1 vol. 12mo. Price $1 25.

[From the London Athenæum.]

"A book that keeps up its interest from the first page to the last; full of vigorous, stirring life."

[From the London Critic.]

"High and hearty praise to Henry Kingsley for his splendid novel, 'Geoffry Hamlyn,' a magnificent fiction. We advise our readers most certainly to lose no time in obtaining it."

[From the Boston Transcript.]

"We can only add, that, in view of the general breadth, boldness and vigor of mind that the novel displays, that it will undoubtedly be popularly equal to the best romances of Charles Kingsley."

Published also by

Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

Charles Grobe's New Method

FOR THE

PIANO FORTE.

Mr. Grobe is as well known, that any remarks as to his qualifications would be superfluous. Suffice it to say, that he has produced in his *New Method* a work for the instruction of the *beginner in any land*. It is evidently the Book for the People, and as the result of the labors of a life, it is the best work ever offered to Teacher or Pupil. Nothing is anticipated, nothing hurried. The Book is divided into progressive lessons, and each one is preceded by elementary exercises, and followed by a series of instruction in altogether avoided, and the Pupil is led gradually and delightfully on. The paper the utmost attention, and the *leading handsome*. Price $2 00; in full, $2 50. Copies sent by mail, postage paid, on receipt of the marked price. The trade supplied. Address, or apply to Trumbull & Co., Hartford, Conn.

FIFTH, POND & CO., 547 Broadway, New York.

LEE & WALKER, Philadelphia.

PACIFIC MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY. OFFICE 111 BROADWAY.

MARINE AND INLAND INSURANCE.

Assets $380,000.

This Company continues to do an exclusive merchandise business, and has returned to its dealers, out of the profits of the year 1858, a dividend of *Forty-three per Cent.*—See Cal. Cont. interest on its outstanding certificates—and has reduced the certificates of the issue of 1854.

ALFRED EDWARDS, President.
WILLIAM LEGGETT, Vice President.
BENJAMIN A. OGDEN, Secretary.

Something New.

Agents wanted, to go into a New and Honorable Business, which will pay from $10 to $20 weekly.

No Humbug.

Satisfaction guaranteed. Send stamp for particulars, which will be sent free.

S. M. PETTICK & CO., Lynn Mass.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

This compound will be found a great promoter of health, when taken in the spring, to expel the foul humors which fester in the blood at that season of the year. By the timely expulsion of them many troubling disorders are nipped in the bud. Multitudes can, by the aid of this remedy, spare themselves from the endurance of feul eruptions and ulcerous sores, through which the system will strive to rid itself of corruption, if not assisted to do it effectually by the cleansing blood of the body by an alterative medicine. Cleanse out the vitiated blood whenever you find its impurities bursting through the skin in pimples, eruptions, or sores; cleanse it when you find it is obstructed and sluggish in the bowels; cleanse it whenever it is foul, and your health will follow. Even where no particular disorder is felt, people enjoy better health, and live longer, for cleansing the blood. Keep the blood healthy and all is well; but with this pabulum of life disordered, there can be no lasting health. Some one or more unerring seeds go wrong; and the great machinery of life is disordered or overthrown.

IT CURES

Scrofula and Scrofulous Complaints, Eruptions and Eruptive Diseases, Ulcer, Pimples, Blotches, Tumors, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Syphilis and Syphilitic Affections, Mercurial Diseases, Dropsy, Neuralgia or Tic Doloureux, Debility, Dyspepsia and Indigestion, Erysipelas, Rose or St. Anthony's Fire, and indeed the whole class of complaints arising from Impurity of the Blood.

In order to purify their complex ordination from the system, the remedy should be judiciously taken according to directions on the bottle. Prepared by

DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

Price $1 per Bottle; Six Bottles for $5.

Sold by all Druggists every where.

SANDS' SARSAPARILLA,

Nature's True Restorative.

A SAFE, SURE, AND CERTAIN REMEDY

TONIC AND ALTERATIVE EVER PREPARED.

Prepared by A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists, 100 Fulton Street, corner of William, New York.

Save Your Carpets

From Wear and Moth.

The attention of Housekeepers is respectfully called to *Harrington's Patent Carpet Lining*, a substitute for Straw Paper, and for any other article used under Carpets, Oil-Cloth, or Matting. It protects the Carpet against any unevenness in the floor, and is warranted to save fifty per cent. to the durability of Carpets, &c. Its cheapness puts it within the reach of all. To be had at any of the principal Carpet Stores, and at the sciences of the Patentee, No. 1 Dey Street, New York, and No. 27 Merrimack Street, corner College Place, J. R. HARRINGTON, Agt.

SIMMONS'S DYSPEPSIA CORDIAL,

Though eight years in use, has never failed in one case of Dyspepsia or Fever and Ague, however confirmed, in a great number of cases. It is perfectly safe, and contains no *quassia*, or bunfish to the Dyspeptic.

Prepared by H. H. SIMMONS, Wholesale Druggist, New York Office, No. 13 John Street. Send for a circular.

A. S. HATCH, Agent.

FELIOT & PATTEN—Examine Inventions and procure American and Foreign Patents. Pamphlets containing main outlines of Patent Office Building, Washington City, D. C.

American Guano.

TO FARMERS AND DEALERS

In Guano. The Subscriber is now located, in the Pacific Ocean, which has been proved to be the most valuable fertilizer ever discovered, and will be offered wholesale and retail at less than two thirds the price of Peruvian. For particulars address C. S. MARSHALL, Prop., American Guano Co., 66 William Street, New York.

Every Number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE contains from 70 to 80 pages of reading, or one third as much more reading than any other in the country.

Commencement of Volume XIX.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

AND

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

FOR JUNE.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year . . . . . $ 2 00
Two Copies for One Year 3 00
Three or more Copies for One Year each 2 00

And an Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of Ten Subscribers.

HARPER'S WEEKLY and HARPER'S MAGAZINE, together, one year, $4 00, in advance.

The Postage upon "HARPER'S MAGAZINE" must be paid at the office where received. It is Twenty-four Cents *a Year.*

Twenty-five Cents *a Quarter.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A FIRST-CLASS ILLUSTRATED PAPER.

THE BEST FAMILY PAPER.

FAMILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD.

EVERY CITIZEN SHOULD TAKE IT.

EVERY CITIZEN SHOULD READ IT.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS'S New Story, entitled "A TALE OF TWO CITIES," splendidly Illustrated by Phiz, is now being commenced in HARPER'S WEEKLY of May 7, and will be continued from week to week until completed.

GEO. WILLIAM CURTIS, Illustrated Serial, Political and Miscellaneous Articles, will be contributed to "HARPER'S WEEKLY" for April 9.

TERMS OF HARPER'S WEEKLY.

One Copy for Twenty Weeks $1 00
One Copy for Six Months 2 00
One Copy for Two Years 4 00
Five Copies for One Year 8 00
Twelve Copies for One Year 20 00
Twenty-five Copies for One Year 40 00

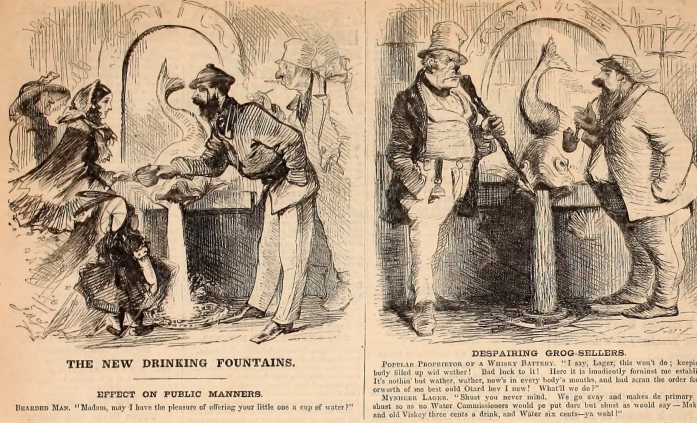
An Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of Twenty or Twenty-five Subscribers.

TERMS FOR ADVERTISING.—*Fifty Cents a Line.*

A Liberal Discount will be made to those wishing to Advertise for three Months or more.

The Postage in the City of New York wishing "Harper's Weekly" left at their houses, will please send their names at the Office of Publication, or by letter addressed to the City of Publication.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers,
Franklin Square, New York.



THE NEW DRINKING FOUNTAINS.

EFFECT ON PUBLIC MANNERS.

BEARDED MAN. "Madam, may I have the pleasure of offering your little one a cup of water?"

DESPAIRING GROG-SELLERS.

POPULAR PROPRIETOR OF A WHISKY BOTTERY. "I say, Lager, this won't do; keepin' every body filled up wid wather! Bad luck to it! Here it is imadiately forninst me establishment. It's nothin but wather, wather, now's in every body's mouths, and bad scran the order for a bagerworth of me best ould Oxard her I now! What'll we do?"

MYSTERIOUS LAGER. "Shout you never mind. We go way and makes de primary mestic's about so as to Water Commissioners would pe put dare but shuts us would say — Make Lager and old Vinkey three cents a drink, and Water six cents—ya vehl!"

DREADFUL FOR YOUNG COLLEGIANS.

YOUNG LADY. "Are you at School?"

YOUNG COLLEGIAN. "Aw, no—I'm at College!"

YOUNG LADY. "College! Rather a nice place, is it not?"

YOUNG COLLEGIAN. "Bum—Haw! Pretty well, but then I can't get on without female society!"

YOUNG LADY. "Dear! Dear! Pity you don't go to a Girl's School, then!"

ADVERTISEMENTS.

This is Arcadia—Hic the lord
Their weary souls have sighed for.
This is Arcadia—this the land.
Heroic hearts have died for.
Yet, strange to tell, this promised land
Has never been applied for.—Forever.

A NEW BOOK BY THE AUTHOR OF THE SPARROWGRASS PAPERS.

NOW READY.

ACADIA;

OR,

A MONTH WITH THE BLUE NOSES.

BY FREDERIC S. COZZENS.

Two Elegant Illustrations by Napoleon Sarony.

One Volume. Price $1.

Also, a New Edition of

THE SPARROWGRASS PAPERS.

Price $1.

DERBY & JACKSON,

PUBLISHERS,

No. 119 NASSAU ST., New York.

FOR SALE BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

The New Novels.

LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG. A Novel. By CHARLES READE, Author of "Peg Wofflington," "Christie Johnstone," "It is Never Too Late to Mend," &c. 12mo, Muslin, 75 cents; Paper, 50 cents.

THE BERTRAMS. A Novel. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE, Author of "Doctor Thorne." 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

GERALD FITZGERALD, "The Chevalier." A Novel. By CHARLES LEVER, Author of "CHARLES O'MALLEY," "HARRY LORREQUER," "The Bold Family Aboard," "Sir Jasper Carew," "Maurice Tierney," &c. Part I. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

ADAM BEDE. A Novel. By GEORGE ELIOT, Author of "Scenes of Clerical Life." 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT? By PIERCE EGAN, Author of "Real Life in London," "Tom and Jerry," "Wight and Mayhew," &c., &c. Illustrated. 2 Parts. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents; Muslin, $1 00.

THE ROMANCE AND ITS HERO. By the Author of "Magdalen Stafford." 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

BY EVAN HOLT'S DAUGHTER. A novel. By HESBER LEE, Author of "Kathie Brande." 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, New York.

☞ Sent by mail, postage paid (for any distance in the United States under 3000 miles) on receipt of price.

Blasser's 5 Minute

ICE CREAM FREEZERS,

As Improved for 1859.

With Standard Iron Covers and Bottom—Tinned.

The only Freezer known which is constructed on true scientific principles.

The Cheapest, Best, and most Economical, requiring less ice and less labor than any other. Purchasers will find the time the most durable in structure, and most certain in its operations.

Sole Agents for the United States,

E. KETCHAM & CO.,

Manufacturers of Japanned and Planished Tin Ware, 189 Pearl Street, New York.

Curtis' Cure for Baldness.

This remedy is reliable; contains no oil, lead, or sulphur. It has been tested to Boston, Providence, and the Eastern States. J. W. CURTIS & CO., Proprietors, Providence, R. I. Sold by E. M. Orton, No. 197 Broadway; J. & J. Cuddington, No. 78 Broadway; W. H. Lewis, No. 377 Greenwich street, store down, No. 72 Hudson Street, New York; Mrs. Hayes; G. P. Hiles; and Reynolds & Co., Brooklyn; E. Bellamy, Jersey City; C. T. Mercer, Newark.

BARNES & PARK, Nos. 13 and 15 Park Row, And all Druggists. General Agents.

DR. J. B. MARCHISI'S
CELEBRATED
UTERINE CATHOLICON
For the Relief and Cure of Suffering Females.

With such universal distress and suffering as saddens the female life, a really good Medicine must be their best friend. The numerous cases of Irregularities, Interruptions, Discharges, Ulcerations, Falling Wombs, Leucorrhœa, &c., constantly effected by Dr. Marchisi's Catholicon, gives it a reputation and popularity never obtained by any other article. It never fails to relieve, and in a few days cures the most obstinate cases. It is the best, safest, and most speedy, certain, cure spirit in magazine, and forms a want this Catholicon has restored health to the patient and gladness to the fireside. It is active and efficient in any form of disease peculiar to the female sex, and should never be dispensed with previous to and after confinement. Numerous letters testify that it is

NEVER TAKEN WITHOUT BENEFIT.

Daughters, Wives and Mothers! this medicine will cure you. It has been long and favorably known. As an evidence of its efficacy the money will be refunded where results are not as indicated. A pamphlet, with symptoms, treatment, letters, &c., sent gratis by mail, or delivered at the counter of agents. The sole proprietor, Dr. Marchisi with many years' practice in the City of New York, has had in his care and treatment 22,000 cases. Price $5 per bottle, or 2 bottles for $9. Notice Removal. Address,

BARNES & PARK, General Agents,

13 and 15 PARK ROW, N. Y.

GIFTS! GIFTS! GIFTS!—D. W. EVANS & CO., No. 671, Broadway, New York—The Celebrated Gift Book Store, established 1854.

THE GREEST FRUITERERS GIFT BOOK HOUSE in the country, conducted by those long experienced and increased capital, now offer greater inducements than ever before, and to this,

THE FIFTH YEAR

of their location in New York City, will make it their endeavor to conduct their business with a liberality befitting the prosperity shown in the above.

A new and revised catalogue now ready for gratuitous distribution, containing the largest and most diversified list of Standard and Miscellaneous Publications ever issued in this country, which we offer at unprecedented low rates to the trade. MAILED FREE TO ALL APPLICANTS.

The following is a schedule of Property which will be given to Purchasers of Books at the time of sale:

	WORTH FROM
Gold Watches, English Lever, Patent Lever, and Lepines	$50 00 to $100 00
Silver Watches, Patent Lever, Full Jewelled, Hunting Cases, open face, and Quarter Hunting	12 00 to 40 00
Gold Lockets—Large size, fine glasses and two glasses with spring—large and small size, with snap	2 50 to 12 00
Cameo Sets, Ear-drops, Pinnets, Lava, Goldstone, Garnet and Carol Sets, Ear-drops, Pinnets	5 00 to 25 00
Ladies' Gold Chains, Medallion Chains, Chatelaines	8 00 to 15 00
Gents' Guard and Vest Chains	10 00 to 30 00
Sets Cameo, Gold-lane, Painted, Mosaic, Garnet, Onyx, Engraved and Plain Gold Sleeve Buttons, and Studs	2 50 to 12 00
Gold Pencils with Pens, large, medium and small size	3 50 to 7 50
Silver Pencils with Gold Pens, large, medium and small size, double and single extension cases	2 00 to 5 00
Gold Thimbles, Gold Pens, Gold Pen and Pencil Holders	1 00 to 7 50
Gents' Gold Breast Pins, Cluster, with Pearl, Ruby, Emerald, Garnet, &c.	1 50 to 5 00
Rich Silk Dress Patterns	12 00 to 20 00
Cameo, Jet, Coral, Garnet, Onyx, and Plain Oval Bracelets	5 00 to 20 00
Silver and Gold Thimbles	50 to 6 00
Gents' Pen and Pocket-knife	25 to 1 00
Pearl and Rosewood Portemonnaies	50 to 3 00
Toothpicks, Watch Keys, Guard Slides	25 to 1 00
Gold Cameo, small, medium and large	50 to 7 50

Besides other Gifts, comprising a large and valuable assortment of miscellaneous articles, varying from 25 cents to $10.

One of the above articles will be given to the purchaser of each book at the time of the sale.

Address all orders, letters of inquiry, &c., to D. W. EVANS & CO., Publishers, No. 671 Broadway, N. Y. City.

☞ Something New!!! ☜

A Gift Enterprise conducted upon a Liberal and Important Plan!!!!!!

The most Liberal, Punctual, and Reliable

GIFT BOOK ENTERPRISE

IN EXISTENCE.

The best evidence of this is the fact of its being the only one that ever embraced in Their Press of the City in which it is located.

We are not only INDORSED BY THE ENTIRE PRESS of our own city, but by many of the most respectable and influential papers throughout the country.

H. E. HOYT & CO.'S

GREAT

GIFT BOOK STORE,

No. 41 Baltimore Street,

Baltimore, Md.

Headquarters for Southern and Western Orders.

WRITE FOR A CATALOGUE FOR 1859,

BY CONTAINS THE

LARGEST LIST of Useful, Ornamental and Valuable Gifts ever Published!

☞ GREATER INDUCEMENTS TO AGENTS than ever before offered by any other establishment in the United States.

A Gift worth from Fifty Cents to

One Hundred Dollars

ACCOMPANIES EVERY BOOK.

Postmasters, Country Merchants, Booksellers, Librarians of Universities, Academies, Private and Circulating Libraries, Schools,

And all others whose business will make them, are respectfully solicited to BECOME OUR AGENTS.

Catalogues giving full particulars mailed free to any address.

WHAT THE PRESS SAY.

They have a magnificent assortment of Books, and have prepared themselves with tremendous stock of Gift Jewelry, Watches, &c.—*Daily Transcript* of Boston and Gentleman's Journal.—*New Yorker.*

Not only may a selection be made of any choice work, but with it the purchaser is sure to receive next article of jewelry, which in many cases proves quite valuable.—*Saint Daily Exchange.*

They make no promises that are not performed strictly to the letter, and by their punctuality omething their obligations, have gained the entire confidence of not only our citizens, but the country abroad.—*Ledger, Pa.*

A young lady acquaintance of ours purchased, for us, a book of this establishment, a few days since, and received a double eared Gold Watch, enlosed at one hundred dollars.—*Ledger, Pa.*

Among those which attends the Gift Book House of Messrs. H. E. Hoyt & Co. has no precedents in the annals of Gift Enterprises.—*Republican and Argus.*

Call and see them, and our word for it, you will not regret your visit.—*Dispatch, Md.*

The inducements to the Southern and Western people to make their purchases from Messrs. Hoyt & Co. are much greater than can be offered by any house of the kind in the country. Receipts from Baltimore to any Southern point is less, and the immense order handed done by this firm is a guarantee of their fulfillment of its promises.—*Family Journal.*

It is, in a word, getting Boston for nothing and being paid to take them away.—*Boston.*

All orders will be promptly and impartially filled, and parties will be pleased with their being received. Forwarded within one day after receiving the Books, with a Gift, in all cases. A circular accompany the Books, with a written certificate of the Gift which accompanies them.

Remember, no Gifts distributed of less value than 50 cents, or more than $100.

Address M. E. HOYT & CO.,

No. 41 Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. III.—No. 129.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1859. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

GARIBALDI AND HIS LEGION.

We are glad to be able to present our readers with a portrait of the famous Italian patriot Garibaldi, where exploits on the slopes of the Alps are at present in every one's mouth. We also give an engraving of the uniform of his troops.

Joseph Garibaldi is the type of the gallant soldier of fortune, to whom the excitement of war is a necessity; but who, when his country's opportunity arrives, is never found wanting among her defenders. Of all the Italian patriots of 1848 he is, without doubt, the ablest, most sensible, and most respectable.

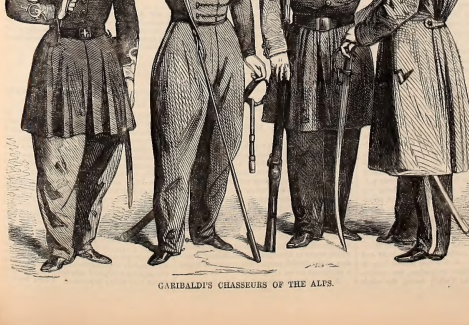
He was born at Nice, fifty-two years ago, of a good family. While yet a lad, he entered the naval service of Sardinia, and distinguished himself by several acts of bravery; but having taken part in a revolutionary movement at Genoa in 1834, he was obliged to fly the country. He took refuge in France, and shortly afterward accepted a command in the fleet of the Bey of Tunis. A very few months' service disgusted him with the Moors, and he sailed from the Mediterranean to South America, where war was raging on the La Plata. He offered his services to the President of Uruguay, and obtained the command of the fleet which was dispatched against Buenos Ayres. His occupation was destroyed shortly afterward by the Anglo-French intervention; but, nothing discomforted, Garibaldi raised a partisan corps of 3000 men, and fought gallantly for a long period of time against Rosas.

Altogether he spent many years in South America, winning golden opinions, and acquiring a thorough knowledge of partisan warfare. He married a South American lady, whose beauty was as remarkable as her courage and devotion to her husband. She accompanied him in all his military movements, was by his side at the time of his greatest dangers, and died at last, of fatigue and distress of mind, during the disastrous retreat from Rome.

In 1848 the cry of Italian liberty reached Garibaldi in South America, and in a few weeks he was on Italian soil. The champion of Italy, then as now, was the king of Sardinia; to him Garibaldi offered his sword, and readily obtained the command of a *corps d'armée* to operate on those very same Alpine slopes where we hear of his victories now. He knows the ground, and the people know him. During the brief but disastrous war of 1848–49 Garibaldi achieved wonders; but Piedmont was overmatched, and the day came when the gallant partisan was compelled to lay down his arms. He settled in Piedmont, became a member of the Sardinian Chamber of Deputies, and took a leading part as a member of the opposition.

The proclamation of the Roman Republic again roused him to action. He called his faithful legion together, and arrived at Rome in time to take the lead in the restoration of order. He had at this time with him Mazzini and all the other Italian patriots, very few of whom could compare with him in respect of experience or common sense, though not unfrequently their nominees gave them an advantage over him with the Roman populace. The moment was critical. Rome was about to be attacked by the French. The French general, Oudinot, who perhaps had never heard of Garibaldi, despised his preparations for defense. He sent against him a corps of 3000 French troops, which Garibaldi very quickly defeated, and sent flying back in confusion. Another enemy—3000 Neapolitans—marching upon Palestrina, Garibaldi hastened to meet them too, and with his legion, 3000 strong, he utterly routed them. Within a day or two afterward, at Velletri, he was equally successful, and was badly wounded. So unequal a contest, however, could not last long. The French were steadily advancing on Rome, and all

GENERAL GARIBALDI.—[FROM A LATE PORTRAIT.]



GARIBALDI'S CHASSEURS OF THE ALPS.

that could be done was to prepare the old city to stand a siege. This Garibaldi did so well, that, though the fortifications, as every one knows, are in a ruinous condition, he held the French at bay for a whole month, to the amazement of their generals, and the great indignation of the Emperor. When it became certain at last that the city must fall, he prepared to his colleagues to blow up the bridges, abandon the city, and take to the hills. This desperate counsel was not followed. He then resolved to fly with his legion. His speech on that occasion would have done no dishonor to Brutus or the Gracchi: "Soldiers," he said, "in recompense of the love you may show your country, I offer you hunger, thirst, cold, war, and death; who accepts the terms, let him follow me." The enthusiastic legion followed him to a man. The day before the surrender, Garibaldi, at the head of his faithful partisans, cut his way through the enemy's lines, and made good his escape to the little republic of San Marino. There he dismissed his comrades, and, with two hundred men, embarked for Genoa.

It was now evident to the practical mind of Garibaldi that the revolutionary movement was crushed, and that further resistance would be hopeless. He made up his mind resolutely to dismiss politics from his thoughts till a better time came, and to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. After a brief stay at Genoa he sailed for New York.

He spent some time here. A candle factory, which he established on Staten Island in conjunction with the celebrated tenor singer, Lorenzo Salvi, defrayed his expenses for a while. But the wily singer was more than a match, in business matters, for the patriot, and the candle factory failed. Garibaldi then started off to California, which was then the "promised land" for all adventurers. Shortly after his arrival there, an American vessel in the port of San Francisco lost her captain; the post was offered to Garibaldi, who accepted it, sailed to China, and thence to Peru. In the latter country he could not resist an offer which was made to him of the chief command of the Peruvian army; but the Peruvian tactics, it would seem, did not exactly please him. He took the first opportunity of returning to his early vocation—the sea. For several years he commanded trading vessels, which not unfrequently sailed to New York, where Garibaldi was always received as a hero by his fellow-countrymen. His last employment was as commander of a Genoese steamer.

The legion with which he is driving the Austrians from Northern Lombardy is chiefly composed of his old comrades in arms, recruited by young men of high character. He knows the value of good men, and will not accept any recruit who can not bring excellent references. A very large number of Italian noblemen are serving under his orders. A letter in the Paris *Siècle* says of his men:

"There is not a regiment in Europe where discipline is more severely carried out than in the companies of volunteers. Garibaldi chooses the men, and when he does not personally know them who

cross and offer their services to him for such accept them without good references. The wounded are straightened, leaden in great part, of young men belonging to the best families of Naples, Bologna, Modena, Parma, and especially of Milan.

"There is at this moment, at the Great British Hotel, in Turin, a very rich Milanese countess, whose two sons are volunteers. The elder is twenty-two and the younger nineteen. The mother of these two young soldiers has taken up her residence in Turin that she may be near her children. She can not see them, for they are fighting at the front posts, but she receives news from them every day, and will not return to Lombardy until the Franco-Sardinian army shall have entered Milan at the point of the bayonet.

"Do not suppose this lady to be a matron of ancient Rome. All her days are passed in dread and tears. At every moment she is afraid of some disastrous news, and every unexpected letter makes her tremble. Being very pious, she has two masses said every morning that God may turn aside from the breasts of her children the bullets. We are not made of such sorry stuff, you see, as the journals friendly to Austria would have the world believed.

"To speak to you frankly, our scrape-graces would not have frightened me, from the moment especially when fighting with Garibaldi's soldiers was in question, and on my first journey to Turin, on meeting under the arcades all those young Italians who were going to the straightest who were getting ready to go and fight under Garibaldi's orders, I asked myself if it would not have been better for the papers I spoke of but now to have stated the truth. Now, however, there is no longer a doubt about the courage, the moral strength, and determination of those who, as young, indeed, as Henri Berkel in from all parts of Italy. Full of confidence in their chief, they follow him wherever he wishes to lead them, and have transformed the enemy night and day—not an hour at rest, always on the watch, and with the moment forever on the qui-vive. In less than a month these children have become old soldiers. They have abandoned not every thing—they, the inheritors of great names and large fortunes—for servitude, the platter, and the hard camp-couch. The dishes, hamplopes, cocoa, these latest scions of the oldest patrician stocks, have become Republicans working for independence. Spare, then, these grand children, who are followed by the anxious eyes of their mothers, all disdain and hatred. Let the enemy at least respect such noble hearts, who will be an element terrible in their valiant energy."

Their title is *Chasseurs des Alpes*. They consist of two fine regiments, of two thousand men each, and a squadron of *Guides*, who serve at the staff and make reconnoissances. The latter are almost universally recruited at their own expense. The *Chasseurs* wear a green tunic with white trimming over the shoulders. The corps of Guides wear a gray jacket with black trimming, in the Hungarian fashion, large trowsers of the same color, a saber, and a rifle-carbine. They are always mounted on their good chargers, and are much feared by Austrian sharp-shooters and Croat marauders.

Garibaldi, when he was at Rome, was clad in a most picturesque though eccentric costume—half Spanish half Italian of the Middle Ages. The *manta* has been got rid of, and the Garibaldi of the present day has assumed the elegant uniform of a Piedmontese general. Every body wishes well to him and his corps.

Count Alfieri Sostegno, a rich nobleman from Cremona, has sent from Paris a battery of eight guns, three horses, and 8000 francs, to be given as a patriotic present to the corps of Garibaldi.

The relatives of Garibaldi reside in Rome, the brave defender of that city being now an exile from the very place he once defended, and forbidden by its government to enter its gates. His two sisters belong to a wealthy and aristocratic family, but on account of the republican sentiments of their brother they are closely watched, and are not allowed to send any of their property out of the city. They are themselves desirous of leaving Rome, but, to all intents and purposes, effectually prohibited from doing so.

DROWNED!

Where the mad lies black and slimy,
Where the waters seep along,
Where the wharfrats, stout and grimy,
Heave and haul with many a song—
Heaving still
Will,
Every coming day to fill;
Hauling, with a laugh and shout,
Bales of wondrous size about,
Straining to the ponderous weight
Of the good ship's wealthy freight.

Where the wide and swelling river
Rolls to seaward, proudly,
Where the gracious winds deliver
Glorious things from every clime—
Stuffs to wear,
Spices rare,
Lie in heaps, or scent the air—
Where the merchant, full of gold,
Welcomes home the seaman bold;
Where each heart, its love confess'd,
Claps the lived one to the breast,

Where the soft-voiced land-breeze ever
Hums its tune by mast and shroud,
Where the rough-tongued master never
Ceases crying to the crowd—
"With a haul,
Lubbers all,
Stretch your muscles to the full!"
Where the never-ceasing flow,
Man above, and waves below,
Night and day, pours on and off,
Mingling at the city wharf.

There the vagrant boy is standing
With a ghastly, frightened air;
While each lounger is demanding
What he sees to make him stare.
Still his eyes
Grow in size
As his stammering speech he tries;

And his finger points below,
Where the waters ebb and flow.
Still his lips give forth no sound
But a hoarsely whispered "Drowned!"

Where the planks are green and rotten,
Sending forth a sickening steam,
Where the daylight is forgotten,
And the wharf-rat reigns supreme—
In his eyes
Fierce surprise
At his footborne human prize:
Squeaking, squeaking, such a cry,
As the crash above goes by;
Heeding neither man nor horse
In his blither o'er the course.

With a crow-bar to the planking,
With the tackle and the fall,
With a heave, and with a clanking,
Shivering hands and willing haul.
There he lies!
Open eyes
Turned toward the sunlit skies—
There he lies in oozing slime,
Heedless of the place and time;
Heedless of the gaping throng,
Heedless of the clash and song.

Sunlight falls like shadows fading,
Still the song goes on aloud—
Still with gaze that seems upbraiding
Stares the dead man on the crowd.
Hours fly
Swiftly by;
Sunset darkens on the sky
Ere the lingering men and boys
Take the dripping burden whose
O'er the distant stone-clad ground,
Coming for the man that's "Drowned."

Had his limbs been clothed in scarlet,
Were his linen rich and rare,
Had he been of gentle carriage,
Tainting God's own perfumed air,
Would he lie
While hours fly,
Staring sightless to the sky?
Would the crowd so careless stand
If a gem gleamed on his hand?
Would they sing, and laugh around,
Were he better dress'd when "Drowned?"

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1859.

AMERICAN OPINION ON THE WAR IN EUROPE.

WITHIN the past six weeks there have been three great wars in which European nations have engaged—the Crimean war, the war in India, and the present war in Italy. In none of these had the United States any interest, direct or remote; but the people of the United States have manifested decided sympathies for one side or the other in each of them. A study of the facts goes to show that Americans, as a rule, are much less influenced by their prejudices than is commonly supposed, but are governed by principles which, perhaps, they might always be supposed to have had, but which, nevertheless, exercise general sway over the mind of the nation.

During the Crimean war the sympathies of this country were unequivocally with Russia. There were a few persons and persons here and there—generally in one way or another with England or France—whose feelings were on the side of the Allies. But that the American people at large felt more friendly to the Russians than to their enemies, every observer must have perceived. Many writers have pointed themselves to discover the source of this Russian sympathy. There was no principle involved in the war. Liberty was not at stake on either side. As between the belligerents, in view of humanity, there was nothing to choose: the Zouaves are as savage as the Cossacks, and the English sacked the palaces of Kertch. The English papers tried hard to show that the war was one of civilization against barbarism; but this ridiculous assumption imposed on no one. Americans saw plainly enough that the Turk was as barbarous as the Russian, and that civilization had little to expect from success on either side. Driven, therefore, to their wits' end to account for the decided sympathies felt by Americans for the Russians, the writers who examined the subject came to the conclusion that we were biased by latent jealousy of England and anti-British prejudice. We are of opinion that the judgment was unwarranted, and that the real, though small, undue influence to certain Irish orators and petty politicians, who, they supposed, had been the means of exciting that jealousy and anti-British prejudice. We are inclined to think that the American sympathy for Russia grew altogether out of the belief—which was general in this country—that the war was unnecessary, that Russia was overmatched, and that two powerful maritime Powers had clubbed together to bully and humiliate a third. It is a fact that so long as the war was confined to Turkey, our sympathies were with the Turk; during the whole of one Pasha's campaign on the Danube Russia had no friends in this country. It was only when the Allies landed and concentrated their "immoral fire" on Sebastopol, while Todtleben, by prodigies of genius, withstood the assaults of enemies infinitely superior to him in numbers, in guns, and in resources of every kind; when the Russians died by the thousand a day, but held firm to their fortresses—it was only then that American sympathy pronounced itself decidedly in favor of Russia. We infer from these facts that that sympathy was merely the natural feeling excited by heroic resistance against overwhelming odds, that it implied no particular liking for Russia, and no extreme prejudice against England.

This view is confirmed by the decided sympathy felt throughout this country for Great Britain in the Indian war. On the face of it, it would not have seemed unnatural had our people sympathized with the Hindoos who appeared to be struggling for independence and liberty. But the contempt and loathing elicited by one or two Irish demonstrations in favor of the Sepoys proved clearly that that was not the feeling flowed; and the honors paid to the memory of Havelock afforded a still more emphatic confirmation of our regard for England. The fact was the more remarkable as the vices and oppression of the East India Company were well known in the United States. We, republicans, who had not received undue prejudices from England during years before, not only felt no kindred feeling for another people engaged in the same struggle against the same foe, but entertained sentiments more aggravated than those which had roused the American Colonies to arms, but actually expressed almost unmixed joy at her successes, sorrowed over his disasters, and rejoiced at his victories. The secret of this very singular fact will be found in the general conviction among Americans that the Hindoo is incapable of maintaining unaided even the imperfect civilization sustained by the English in India; that his success would have been the prelude to an era of barbarism and bloodshed; and that the English rule, with all its faults, was susceptible of amelioration. Americans saw that no good —to humanity and civilization—could result from the expulsion of the British from India, and the coronation of Nena Sahib as despot, and they believed that the mutiny would lead to a conversion of the Company in India; and an elevation of the country in the scale of nations. The sympathy based upon these principles was confined to the better properties; but its real basis was what we have stated.

Now we have a third war, and again American sympathy is decided. But the fact in source is clear and plain. We sympathize with the Italians because they are fighting for liberty and independence against a Power whose very name is synonymous with oppression, cruelty, absolutism, superstition, and all the worst vices of the feudal system. We have nothing with Napoleon because we believe that he is honest in his desire to free Italy and his declaration that he does not seek conquest.

The writers who, in reviewing the course of public opinion in the United States during the Crimean War, have devoted such attention to anti-British prejudice of Americans, and do their slightly love for Russia, must reconsider their views. The American mind is active, and the national heart very susceptible; but the head of the one and the yearnings of the other are not based on such light and discreditable grounds as many have supposed.

THE NAPOLEON BUGBEAR.

Kossuth has made another of his wonderful speeches to the people of Manchester. His subject was the war in Italy. He has professed that he highly approved their neutrality, because it was the best thing for England; but for his part he heartily sympathized with France and Sardinia. Perhaps, said he, Napoleon may have other designs to which the liberation of Italy is only a prelude. But his (Kossuth's) opinion was nothing, as he was not in the Emperor's confidence. But one thing he could say, namely, that if Italy, having regained her independence through French aid, became subject to France as she is subject to Austria, it would be her own fault. Italy has also learnt that whatever Napoleon's secret wish may be, the visions of conquest inspired to him could only lead him to another St. Helena: his interest clearly lies the other way.

It will be very curious to watch what effect these weighty truths will have on the mind of the British public. John Bull is so obstinate a fellow, as a general rule, that unless years of suffering and prodigious punishment be visited on him of his prejudices when once rooted. In cost England nearly twenty years of war, forty years of deferred reforms, and over fifteen hundred millions of dollars, to learn that it was ridiculous on her part to go to war to keep Continental despots on their thrones. We must now see whether the anti-Napoleonic prejudice, which seems to have killed upon at least a portion of the British people, will require as severe a treatment for its cure.

A most pitiable spectacle to all admirers of great intellectual power is the present state of Dr. Lang in these days. He will hardly struggle to escape the merited penalty for its stupid blunder, during about the Russian treaty! How it distorts facts and falsifies history to make a case for the Austrians! With what cousummate malevolence does it continue to misrepresent Napoleon and his army!

Thus we learn from that "leading journal of England" that the peasantry of Lombardy are the best friends of Austria, and that the latter lives to save the Austrian soldiers from drowning after the battle of Solferino. Cyclist troops, who stripped Vercelli, Novara, and Magenta cities of every thing portable, and bastinadoed the magistrates where the would not pay, behaved with the utmost gentleness; that Austrian officers, many of whom have become infamous for their cruelty to the unarmed people of Venice and *presz chevalier*; that the war has been got up by a few lawyers of Turin, who want to make a name for themselves; that the battle of Magenta, in which 5000 French threshed 15,000 Austrians, reflects no credit on the French, that Napoleon, who has just offered the Duke, or $500,000,000 in money to carry on the war, is bankrupt; and so on to the end of the chapter.

It will be curious to watch how long the British will be content with such disingenuous balderdash. It is not, we believe, Napoleon's late jealousy of every thing French in England, as there is of every thing English in France, that has misled the public mind, but the disposition to be more friendly to the Hapsburgs than to the Bonapartes; between the two it is possible that such ingenuous old shakers as the Leeds *Times* may contrive to drive England into war from the mere side of despotism, cruelty, oppression, and wrong. Such an event would be shocking to all but the gloomy philosophers who are always preaching about the perversity of mankind. But more unlikely things have happened.

GINSENG.

A VERY remarkable piece of intelligence reaches us from China. The Chinese villages are deserted by their people, who have flocked to the woods to seek—not for gold, but for a little root called ginseng.

This root is the most popular medicine in China. The Chinese doctors have written whole libraries, we are told, to prove that it will cure all diseases, from a headache to a broken leg or old age. Accordingly the people of China, all the Chinese empire, are at its weight in gold: and as the plant of which it is the root—the *panax quinquefolia* of botanists—is only found on the mountain ranges in Tartary and in parts of our far West, then is no reason why they should not pay handsomely for it.

The export of ginseng from this country has thus far been inveiced at something under $200,000 a year; but an easy gathering, and will take measures to renew the crop. The papers of that region notice already that the export of ginseng has equaled the exchange between New York and Minnesota. It will be time, then, that it would have been a great thing for the West if the great fortunes who have gone to starve and devour each other at Pike's Peak had set out in search not of gold but of ginseng.

☞ At the request of Mr. C. H. Stanley, who has lately contributed a chess column to the *Weekly*, we append a list of the games played in the meeting room for it has compelled us to discontinue its publication.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PROFESSOR JAEGER AND MR. DITSON.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

A few days since I received a book entitled "The Life of North American Insects," by B. Jaeger, late Professor of Zoology, etc., in the College of Kasan. I found it to be a most interesting and very entertaining work; but imagine my surprise when, among the Colophon, I discovered my own name.

It seems that the author traveled in the Crimea in 1825, and becoming acquainted with a widow lady, named after the name of Armitage, heard a different story from the one told me concerning the Ireland and learned English lady. The story is perfectly correct in his version of the affair—not probably is so—and I am doubtless deserving of some extent of the censure implied where he speaks of "the superficial and one-sided view of things a traveler is liable to take who rapidly passes through a country and receives his impressions from only partial sources"; for I did pass somewhat rapidly through the country on my way to Circassia (in 1847), and may have occasionally received very wrong impressions. I have, however,

the satisfaction of knowing that I belong to a very large class who finds imperfection to be almost a part of its nature: indeed, if Mr. Jaeger himself will consult Sir William Jones's "Supplement to Bell, Cheyne," and Higgins's "Anacalypsis," p. 534, Ed. Chron.," and Higgins's "Anacalypsis," p. 534, he will find that he has given in his new essay on geological work an erroneous impression concerning the famous "Argonautic expedition"—an error I have also committed in my "Christian Cabala." He will further carefully examine the writings of Higgins, of Faber, of Bryant, of Cheyne, of Colonel J. W. Vincent, copies of the icons in the Hindoo temples, etc., etc., he will laugh at himself, when, on turning to page 186 of Vol. I. of "Lots of North American Insects," he re-reads "how dearly we pay for the privilege of life!"

I am very glad, if my statement be false, that it evinces no ill-will toward the distinguished naturalist of the Russian Government—that it simply shows an unfortunate result produced by Catherine II's unaccommodating climate. I am glad Mr. Jaeger does not grieve, however, that I was wrong. Indeed, his own words go to sustain me; for he says that "if, for the death of the Emperor, Pallas sold a great portion of the estates she had given him, and returned to his native place." Now, if he continued my information respecting Pallas's exile I do not now remember, but probably from a Russian, or other Georgian, officer with whom I was travelling, and who was himself (so he told me) returning to his home in Pallas, after a ten years' exile—from this it seems that I suppose Pallas suffered.

Hoping that Professor Jaeger will receive the above remarks with the same friendly feeling that dictates them, and that he will live many years to give us other valuable work, such as is in his love of the natural sciences, and with his eminent abilities he is so capable of producing, I have the honor to subscribe myself, his most obedient humble servant,

H. L. DUTCHER.

MANSION HOUSE, BROOKLYN, *May 30.*

THE LOUNGER.

BOMBA.

SOME few years since, when our lounging was along the Chiaja in Naples, a murmur ran through the street, and our interpreter, and all the vetturini, with one start, driven by a man, who looked like a bandit, lead-ish hat, and followed by two grooms on horseback, rapidly approached. Every body stopped and turned, most of the vetturini bowed, but nobody—not even we thought God bless you! The big-faced man drove on without taking the least notice of the crowd or of the salute.

It was a booby—a despot—a tyrant—a Bourbon—the King Bomba of Naples.

Ten years ago there would have been thirteen thousand political prisoners in his dominions, treated with every conceivable barbarism. But the days of modern times has been so detested, or so resembled the mean tyrants of history. And this King literally rotted to death.

It is terrible to think of. The torments he had caused others were remembered against himself. Neither the blood of Jansurius, nor a lions whom the Pope sent, could avail against a mortal and loathsome disease. Probably not a man in the world wanted him to live, for any love it bore him. Probably several thousands would have rejoiced in the thought of every pang that rent him. His Queen was busy intriguing for her son against her husband's dead bier. He died: like world to well rid of him. May God show him the mercy he denied to other men!

If the result of the war shall only be a united Italy—an Italy which secures to the lovely shores of Naples Day the same government as that of Sardinia, and surely extirpates every vestige of the terrible tyranny of the Bourbons, every lover of liberty will rejoice.

MORE CHAMPIONSHIP.

WHILE the great powers of Europe are throwing down bloody gauntlets, England and America are exchanging friendly challenges. The emulation is kindly encouragers of intellectual skill and scientific recreation. The Yankee Sullivan, indeed, lost his laurels without even fighting for them. His trust to sneer at Paul Morphy, but feared to play with him.

But now Mr. Roberts, who appears upon good authority to be more renowned as a talked player than any man who ever lived, has dispersed the commissioner [!]—such is the proper description—authorized to treat with Mr. Michael Phelan, who is our best player.

Ten thousand dollars a side, and "more if desired." That is to begin with: Mr. Roberts to have five hundred dollars for his traveling expenses from England. Each player will naturally have preferred the game usually played in his country; but they gallantly compromise upon the French three-hall game.

The commissioner has returned to England, and until nothing unforeseen occurs, the high contracting parties will play an international game of billiards some time during the next autumn.

Let us hope that the one who is beaten will not immediately challenge the victor to another game. Let it be understood that either one may, or one rubber, settles the question. And if any body objects to the balls, or the cushions, or the table, or the cues, or has the rheumatism, let him object before he is beaten, and not after.

TALK OF KOSSUTH AND THE WAR.

WITH a steamer every three days, and the constant expectation of a great battle, of course the war is the chief topic of the moment.

Kossuth has made a speech at the London Tavern, which is very interesting as showing the view taken by an enthusiastic liberal leader of the chances and conduct of the struggle. His view was considered important enough by the London *Times* to be considered and combated in a long article. And the article is a singular illustration of the reckless ability of that paper. It deliberately disfigures the well-known fundamental political theory of Kossuth, and insists that in his view the war is "sentimental and geographical." It asserts that, according to Kossuth, "it is absolutely necessary, in the nature of things, that the country south of the plain of Lombardy should by the presence of a people speaking a language with many consonants and few vowels, a people that it has been reserved by the express order of Providence for a nation speaking a language in which vowels greatly predominate."

This is puerile and not powerful ridicule. It is the traditional trick of the journal which it calls "political sentimentalism." The *Times* says that Kossuth has no wish to lighten any burden that rests upon the Italian people, but that all he wants is merely wishes to restore the vowels.

Now Kossuth's theory is simple and very simple. A great state, he insists, can only exist by the natural cohesion of nationality. That is to say, its limits must coincide with those of nationality. In proof of this he points to every great living nation but one. That one is Austria. Austria has no nationality—that is, a community of race, language, and history—except one, and that is Austria, which is the result of the union of many of different nationalities, without the slightest inward or natural cohesion, and only held together by the most brutal despotism.

As the treaties of Vienna recognized this anomaly, Austria has a right to exist. Still, upon just national grounds, no more right in Italy than the last by Turin, Milan, Venice, and Naples. To do this effectually she ought to be driven within her own borders, and there, as a political element, destroyed. But the only power in Europe which is the reason that induces other Governments to prevent it. That power is more than maintained by the states that would spring out of her several nationalities. The object of the war, therefore, ought to be to shield humiliation of Austria.

The question what would be the guarantee of England against Austria in case the power and pride of the Austrians is answered in what Kossuth says of the balance of power, "which would be merely changed in its aspect.

Against this timely and vigorous and eloquent statement the *Times* has only a sneering cry to oppose but ridicule. Its sole argument is a laugh at Kossuth for believing in the good sense of Louis Napoleon; proving that Austria is still and Austria would be the ruin of England.

Now Louis Napoleon is not likely to become a saint immediately; but no man is shrewder than he. His object is to confirm his seat—not to humiliate England. The London *Times* seems to think that the ultimate end of Louis Napoleon is the conquest of Italy. But such an experience and common sense knows perfectly well that the time for great military conquests is passed. Kossuth's love of liberty, however, is not pure, prevents such conquests. They belonged to the plans of the great princes because he hastened to the last age. In spirit he was a son of the Middle Ages, and not of the nineteenth century. But Louis Napoleon is a thoroughly modern and profoundly ambitious, has proved that he is not a child. He has not been very long. For each of them must see that there is no other possible end to the war—that the Austrians must be driven from the peninsula, which is, virtually, her reduction to a second-rate power—and yet they remain neutral.

FROM THE PROVINCES.

PLENTY of fun has been poked at some noted gentlemen in Boston for having given a dinner to Lola Montez, and at such they are not afraid, and such a great many good things. The persons implicated in this "dreadful affair" have been "set off" when they have been called "modern Athenians," "Boston wits," or "mutual admirers." This style of the merry-andrew is a dangerous attitude to have strong offenders over the wire.

There have been a few words used—so that if the objection were justly taken that the Boston occasion and the performances were disproportionate, or, as it is called fairly enough, that the performances were not less suited to the occasion than the occasion to the performances.

If the cannoneer laugh to see the solemnity and length of tongue with which the chameleon devours a fly, what business has the cannon to be solemn about the cannoneer who brings out his seventy-two pounder for a chameleon?

If we look into the matter a little, it may not be so very clear that the Boston banquet was so extravagantly ridiculous. It was the unfortunate fate of Boston, just now, to contain an exceedingly clever set of literary and other people-noted men. They are no less genial, it seems, than they are accomplished. By comes another clever fellow—no clever, indeed, as they, but yet so clever that his name is familiar, and his peculiar successes are remembered, and he is an eminent intellectual pre-eminence among all games.

Thereupon the Boston people say, "Let us give him a dinner, and eat and be merry. We'll have good things to eat, good wine to drink, good tobacco to smoke; and if any body, old or young, legal or clerical or Presidential or Senatorial or Professorial, or stride of any kind, can say or sing something eloquent, or graceful, or gay, it shall be no shame to him and no harm to us."

So they had their dinner, and their speeches, and songs. But the droll part is, that while these Boston people at the feast enjoyed it exceedingly, those who were not seem to have had no enjoyment of it at all. They are not content with themselves that they are ready to swear that the chief men at the dinner like each other; that they admire each other's humor and genius; that they see the point of each other's jokes; that they acknowledge each other's eloquence, and don't give themselves up to bitterness and envy because their friends are clever as well as themselves.

And after all, if Agassiz will persist in being one of the most eminent living savans—if Emerson will be a poet—if Longfellow will be a poet—if Peirce will be our great mathematician—if Everett can't write anything but the most graceful, lucid and famous orators—if Longfellow and Lowell will be counted in among our chief poets—if the Lowells, and Sumners, and Sears and Ticknors will be, and other men who happen to live in Boston will be scholars and orators and authors of reputation, what shall we do about it?

Because one of them, in an exuberant gush of spirits, calls Boston the hub of the universe, why should we, who are mere outside spokes, get hot? I have an idea that Boston is a very good hub.

One is, to call New York the metropolis of America. That gives great consolation to the patient. The other is, to assume that Poe called Boston "Frogpondia," which is also very soothing to localized feelings.

We have read carefully the published offenses of these provincial persons, which have sometimes startled the quiet of the metropolis from the shores of their congenial Frogpond, but upon no page of Agassiz's introduction to the Natural History of America, nor in any book of Emerson's, or any poem of Longfellow's or Lowell's, or any history of Prescott's, or Motley's, or any volume of Hawthorne's, or any essay of Whipple's, or plea of Dana, or speech of Sumner's, have we detected any reasonable insinuation against the majesty of the metropolis. They do not malign living, or Bryant, or Halleck, or Irving, or Cheyne, or any one in eminent in his calling.

To be sure they will have an occasional good dinner, as in the present instance, and they will not confine themselves to platitudes afterward. Even a dinner party will sometimes be pressed —even a mathematician will not be insufferable—even a college professor will become quite human—and scholars and clergymen sparkle and shine.

But the occasion!

Yes—that is. The occasion. If it had only been the meeting of somebody who had done only how many thousands a year for not speaking the language of the country in which he lived, and misgovernment of the country by some fools—if it had only been some military chieftain—somebody who had always voted with his party through thick and thin—some General William Walker—then guns and trumpets and colonial banners would have been in order—then you might give a dinner and welcome!

But for a company of clever men to dine a clever man, and say clever things at table, simply because they choose to enjoy themselves, pah! it is a low, grovelling, envious, and self-abasing to a perfectly metropolitan degree.

THE ART OF SELF-DEFENSE.

PUBLIC men and institutions of every kind, as well as all great enterprises of commerce and trade, are necessarily subject to the severest criticism, both public and private. Many a man and many bodies of men are seriously compromised

—to do when attacks are made upon them; —there is happily one very simple thing which should always be observed under circumstances. That is—nothing.

The appeal to the public is useless, for the public cares nothing about the difficulty, and will not inform itself correctly. A man who rushes into print upon personal provocation is a man who perpetually writes himself down an ass. He unknows his wrong to a confidant who desires him for his confidence.

Every editor and publisher of every book or periodical receives daily letters of angry and disagreeable character, and every one of them is the answer of complaint; letters of advice; letters of remonstrance; letters of correction, and so on. I mentioned two or three weeks ago, letters of abuse, chiefly anonymous.

If the editor of a daily publication will notices, explanations, and defenses of all these things, the public would forget it in half a day, and stop the paper. The public would justly say, We don't want to hear about your private affairs. Do, then, publish the trash your friends write to you.

So, when any business is conducted according to a thoughtful principle, it is the worst and the wisest way to let the markers or to snarl back again. Success is always a mean for scores of dogs to bay at. Let the successful man rival his temper of the angels, and remain calm and superior.

The measure simply, whether direct or indirect—whether in the shape of insinuated ridicule, or solemn cavil, or open denunciation—is asserted from one man, or newspaper, or publication. The answer or abuse or misrepresentation of another, there is one first and final impression which is made by the whole attack, namely, "I must rest that other article, because this reply is evidently the sudden result of being touched on the raw." The reply, in fact, is accepted as proof in full that the attack had a sting of truth in it.

Any extreme impersensitivity of a paper or periodical, for instance—that steady pursuit of its own course which is the surest answer to attack by the way—disdaining to account for itself to any contemporary, either by defending its course or by retorting, never for ease, is the highest method it can propose to itself.

The reason is, that every business, like every man, is really judged by what it is, not what it professes. How many novels are published every week which are announced as the greatest works of the age, and which, for that very reason, are known to be almost worthless by every body who reads the advertisement! Wares are pulled in pieces by their worthlessness. And every attack upon a neighbor is an indirect puffing of one's self, which is perceived directly, and returns to plague the puffer.

Pure puffery rarely succeeds. Barnum was called a humbug; but Barnum puts on Jenny Lind. So a paper is said to be advertised into a large circulation; but if the purchasers whom the advertisements lead to buy the paper are not satisfied with their purchase, all the columns of all the papers in the country swarming with advertisements will not persuade them to buy another copy.

Success is the fame and light. There is plenty for all aspirants. A man may go into the market with hemp or molasses, and sell a better article than his neighbor, or the same article upon more favorable terms, he will hardly fail to build up a business. It is in vain that other dealers ridicule his manners. He is in vain that they run him and try, and they are the final judges. Certainly that should be true. But there is a small consideration if he should begin to sneer in turn.

So with books and periodicals. A new one appears to claim public favor. It has to do with that favor by saying that it is the best of all, and that its contemporaries are rag-tags and rubbish. That may convict itself of envy, but it will hardly prove the inferiority of the other. What the public want of the *Jonathan Corinne* is not its opinions of the *Smithin Transport*: it wants a fulfillment of its promise to be an agreeable literary companion. People don't care to pay three dollars a year to hear that *Home of the Cherries* thinks Smith of the *Transport* an ass.

MANIACS IN RAILWAY CARS.

SEVERAL months since, as a quiet Lounger was taking his seat in the morning express train for Boston, he observed a man, whose peculiarly watched a little in front of him, but thought nothing of it, and went to sleep. Just when the woman became very much excited, began to talk, and in a loud, piercing, distinct voice, full of repressed fury, threw herself upon the gentleman of whom, et seen in the car, asserting that she was being carried away against her will. The gentleman tried to pacify her, but in vain; and she rose from her seat, and moving through the car, addressed any body who for any reason happened to pass her, of whose appearance promised succor. Her voice was of remarkable power, her appearance sufficiently showed her insanity, and every body was glad when the train reached Hartford.

But a later and more startling case has come to our knowledge. Upon the same train a maniac was carried from New Haven, who threw off a cloak one of his keepers and hit a piece out of his throat—almost free from the car in which they tried to confine him—threw himself down upon the rails of the car, and created profound terror among all the passengers, who left the train as soon as they could at the way to Hartford.

Railway travel has been thought a little dangerous hitherto, but if we add to the list of horrors that are known the nuisance chances of travelling in the same cars with maniacs, and sensitive wives and children to travel in them also, the rates of life-insurance will probably rise.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—S. E. P. C., Troy, New York. If a merchant wished to have his store kept in order by day during the month of May last, he ought not to say, "I have been in business," for that is not the reason why a thing is to convey that it is finished; or that you have been in a place, that you are there no longer.

—GET, New York. Charles Dickens lives in London. Formerly, and for many years, his residence was in Devonshire terrace, formerly called one of the Tavistock House. Frank Stone, the painter, and Maxiini were both living there many years ago.

JENNY GREENWOOD, Bath, Maine, writes a most touching ditty upon "The Orphans":

"The orphan children sat there was,
Yet why they was was many a cause;
Some by poor family grief,
The mother was the sister's all."

Jenny should not write such poetry.

—M. L. S. laments the want of attention paid to celebrities and gymnasiums in general. She regrets that the arts of dressing and of cooking take precedence, in general interest, of the art of exercising; and she wisely suggests that a gymnastic system of education be established in every school. Undoubtedly, if as keen a degree of attention were given to this as is given in the country, and devoted to the scientific practice of gymnastics, the health, strength, and physical health of the country would be greatly improved.

—MISSISSIPPIAN wishes to have a picture of the "Pons Asinorum." We have not the picture, but on the other side of the river for a donkey, and he replied that he should and if he does not return, vere only a "pons asinorum," so as to bridge, over the stream. Upon which Mississippian remarks that he had made a dumb pun. So M. says that there is no such bridge in that neighborhood? Very well, then there is a large share of his country. (N. B.—In this city there are no bridges.)

—AN APPRENTICE AND CONSTANT READER partially requests us to publish a list of the principal ports of the world.

—TRUE. Philadelphia wishes to know the author of his poem.

—TOM. The French army numbers 400,000 men, of the Austrian 350,000, of Prussia 300,000, of Russia 900,000 men, of the English army 250,000 men, of the United States 18,000 regulars, 40 corvettes, and 52 smaller ones, including 12 steamers of from 1,000 to 2,000 tons. The vessels. They require a force of 1,000 to 1,200 guns: English navy has 32 first-rates, ships of 110 to 120 guns; 76 second and third rates; 126 fourth, fifth, and sixth rates, 79 sloops, 58 brigs, 22 steamships and frigates, 42 sloops, 83 gun-vessels, 2 screw schooners; making a total of 459 vessels, and about 20,000 men.

—INDO, Chicago. The population of Italy proper is about 20,000,000. Sicily, Corsica, and Malta have about 2,200,000 souls. Of these 28,000,000 Naples has about 6,000,000 souls; Sardinia, about three and a half millions and a half; Sardinia, about three and a third; Lombardy, about a quarter; Tuscany, nearly two; and the Roman States, nearly 3,000,000.

THE FRENCH ARMY MARCHING THROUGH A SARDINIAN FORTIFIED PLACE TOWARD THE AUSTRIAN LINES.

THE WAR IN EUROPE.

We give herewith a fine engraving of the march of a French *corps d'armée* past one of the great fortresses in Sardinia. It will be noticed that the grateful Italians have strewed flowers on the path of the troops, and are displaying great delight at their presence. We also give a picture of Francis Joseph, the Emperor of Austria, and his leading Generals.

Brief biographical sketches of the Emperor and General Gyulai, comprising all that is known of them, will be found in Nos. 125 and 126 respectively of this journal. The other prominent Austrian generals, Hess, Benedek, and Hebel, may be rapidly disposed of.

THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA AND HIS GENERALS.

General Hess is usually reported to be Austria's best soldier—now that Radetzky is dead. It was, indeed, mainly to the vigor and skill with which Hess, as the chief of Radetzky's staff, carried out the plans for the reduction of Italy in 1848 that the latter owed his reputation. General Hess is a German, having been born at Vienna in 1788. At the age of seventeen he was placed in the army, and is said to have fought bravely throughout the Napoleonic wars. When Napoleon was sent to Elba, Hess, whose interest at Court was good, obtained an office in the War Department with the rank of major. He subsequently served as lieutenant-colonel for a year or two; and in 1820 obtained his full colonelcy, and was sent to Lombardy. There he won credit by his skill and soldierly qualities, and rose gradually to the rank of Field-Marshal, which he obtained in 1842. Since then his active services have been confined to Italy. Unlike most of the Austrian generals, he is well spoken of even by foreigners. He is said to have blamed General Gyulai bitterly for his movement on the Tchiese.

General Benedek is also a soldier of high repute. He was a cavalry officer, who entered the army thirty-seven years ago, and fought his way—over the bodies of his recalled fellow-citizens, by-the-way, for he has seen no foreign service—to the rank of General. In Galicia and Italy he fought with distinguished valor. He was at the taking of Novara in 1849, and did not leave a very pleasant memory among the Italians.

General Heinl is another prominent Austrian officer, of whom we may hear presently. He was a colonel in 1848, and fought in Italy. Rumor says that he has an objection to keeping prisoners of war, and that having taken a number of patriots at Trent, he had them shot in the presence of the fortress. But, after all, war is a sorry business at best. Did not the English hang Tantia Topee, and take down the Hindoo rebels? The Austrian officers are of this stamp they must expect little sympathy here.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

TRUMPS.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

CHAPTER XXXI.

DOG-DAYS.

The great city roared and steamed and smoked. Along the hot, glaring streets by the river a few yawning grocers hurried about, hoping the house wall for a thin strip of shade, too narrow even to cover their feet. All the windows of the stores were open, and within the offices men were thinking and writing, with a little turn of the pen and a tossing in ink magically warding off impending disaster or adding thousands to the thousands accumulated already—men, too, were writing without thinking—mechanically copying or posting, scribbling letters of form, with hands clear or hands aching, with hearts burning or cold; full of ambition and hope, or vaguely remembering country hill-sides and summer rambles—day's toiling—night's frolic—Sunday-school—singing-school, and the girl with the chip hat garlanded with sweetbriar: hearts longing and loving, regretting, hoping, and remembering, and all the while the hero above them calm and smooth, and the

WHAT ANY WARDEN WAS DOING IN TOWN.

hands below them busily doing their part of the great work of the world.

In Wall street the war vexes and rests running about. Men in white clothes and straw hats darted in at doors, darted out of doors—carrying little books and rolls of bank-bills in their hands, nodding to each other as they passed, but all infected with the same fever. Pale faces with faces, and a general rushing and hurrying as if every body were haunted by the fear of arriving too late every where and losing all possible chances in every direction.

Within doors there were cool bank-parlors and insurance offices, with long rows of comely clerks writing in those dozes—or perched high on office-stools eating apples—while Presidents and Directors, with shiny bald pates and bewigged heads, some heroically with permanent spectacles and others coyly and weakly with eye-glasses held in the hand, sat perusing the papers, telling the news, and gossiping about engagements and marriages, and family reunions and secrets with the air or practical men of the world, with no nonsense, no fanaticism, no fiddle-de-dee of any kind about them, but who profoundly believed the Bible theory that wives and daughters were a more sacred kind of property than sheep-pastures, or even than the most satisfactory bond and mortgage.

They talked politics, these banking and insurance gentlemen, with vigor and warmth. "What on earth does this General Jackson mean, Sir? Is he going to lay the axe at the very roots of our national prosperity? What the deuce does a frontier soldier know about banking?"

They talked about Morgan, who had been found in Lake Ontario; and the younger clerks took their turn at it, and furiously denied among themselves that Washington was a Mason. The younger clerks held every Mason responsible for the reported murder. Then they turned pale lest their neighbors were Masons, and might cause them to be found drowned off the Battery. The older men shook their heads.

Murders—did you speak of murders, Mr. Van Boozenger? Why, this is a dreadful business in Salem! Old Mr. White murdered in his bed! The most awful thing on record. Terrible stories are told, Sir, about respectable people! What are we coming to? Mr. Daniel Webster is going to speak against the prisoner. What can you expect, Sir, with Fanny Wright disseminating her infidel sentiments, and the Rev. Orestes Brownson's *The Friend of Man* was *Jephtes?* Equal human fiddlesticks, Mr. Van Boozenger!

To all which from the mouths of many Directors that eminent officer nodded his head, and looked as if what it was very well acknowledged so many foolish transactions took place under his administration.

And so writing in large books and little books, and counting, and paying out, and receiving, and grumbling, and gossiping, and making sapless and dismally foreboding, the people in the offices stood in the shimmering sidewalk of Wall Street did their share of the world's work.

And in all the streets of the great city, in all the lofty work-shops and yards and factories, huge hammers smote and clashed, and men, naked to the waist, rocking in dingy interiors, bent like gnomes at their tasks, while saws creaked, shrieked, paused and mutilated; while chisels shoved and cut and struck; and down in damp cellars tallow ghastly men and women drew rope-yarns and twisted and twisted in the midst of litters of puny, pale children, with bleared eyes and sore heads and dirty faces, tumbling, playing, shouting, whimpering—a temporary fever the pigs that came rooting and nosing in the liquid filth that simmered and stank to heaven in the gutters at the top of the steps; and the houses above the haunts of the ghastly men and women were swarming rookeries, hot and close and bare, with windowpanes broken, and hats and coats and cloths stuffed in, and men with bloodshot eyes and desperate faces sitting dogged with their hair on, staring at nothing, or leaning on their ragged elbows on broken tables, scowling from between their dirty hands at the world and the future; while in higher rooms sat solitary girls at their wooden chairs, a pile of straw covered with a rag in the corner, and a box to put a change of linen in, driving the needle silently and ceaselessly through shirts or coats or trousers, stooping over in the foul air during the heat of the day, straining their eyes when the day darkened to save a candle, hearing the roar and the rush and the murmur far away, mingled in the distances, as if they were dead and buried in their graves, and dreaming a horrid dream until the resurrection.

Only sometimes an acute withering pain, as of touching or somebody were sewing the sewer, and pierced her with a needle sharp and burning, made the room swim and the straw in the darkness glimmer; and the girl dropped the work and closed her eyes—the cheeks were black and hollow beneath them—and the gasped and panted, and leaned back, while the rear went on, and the hot sun glared, and the neighboring church clock, striking the hour, seemed to beat on her heart as it smote relentlessly the girl's returning consciousness. Then she took up the work again, and the needle, with whose little point in pain and sickness and consuming solitude, in darkness, desolation, and flickering, fainting faith, she pricked back death and dishonor.

And neighboring repairs were the reefs upon which human health, hope, and happiness lay stranded, broken-up and gone to pieces. Blood-red faces glowered through the open door—their humanity sunk away into mere bestiality. Human forms—seen no longer—lay on benches, hung over chairs, babbled, maundered, shrieked or wept aloud; while women came in and took black bottles from under tattered shawls, and said nothing, but put down a piece of money, and the man behind the counter said nothing, but took the money and filled the bottles, which were hidden under the tattered shawls again, and the speechless phantoms glided out, guarding that little travesty of modesty even in their wild ruin.

In shops beyond, yards of tape and papers of pins, and boots and shoes and bread, and all the multitudinous things that are bought and sold every minute, were being done up in papers by complaisant, or surly, or conscious, or well-behaved clerks; and in all the large and little houses of the city, in all the spacious and narrow streets, there were women cooking, washing, sweeping, scouring, rubbing, lifting, carrying, sewing, reading, sleeping—tens and twenties and fifties and hundreds and thousands of men, women, and children. More than two hundred thousand of them in all were toiling, suffering, struggling, enjoying, dreaming, despairing on a summer day, doing their share of the world's work. The eye was full of the city's activity, the ear was tired with its noise, the heart was sick with the thought of it, the streets and houses swarmed with people, but the world was out of town. There was nobody at home.

In the mighty stream, of which men and women are the waves that poured ceaselessly along its channels, friends met surprised—touched each other's hands.

"Came in this morning—off to-night—droll it looks—nobody in town."

And the tumultuous throng bore them apart. In the evening the Park Theatre is jammed to hear Mr. Forrest, who made his first appearance in Philadelphia nine or ten years ago, and is already a New York favorite. Contoit's garden flutters with the cool dresses of the promenaders, who move about between the arbors looking for friends and awaiting ices. The click of billiard balls is heard in the glittering cafe at the corner of Reade Street, and a gay company smokes and sips at the Washington Hotel. Life burns with fever every where from every window, but there is nobody in town. Only more than two hundred thousand men, women, and children go to their beds and wake up to the morrow, but there is nobody in town.

Nobody in town, because Mr. Boniface Newt & Co. have gone to Saratoga—to cathedral left, because some plasterer, too tumbled off an upper stone—to forest left, because a fair lawyer and whirled away.

Nobody in town, because Mrs. Boniface Newt & Co. have gone to Saratoga, and are doing their part of the fashionable week.

Such was substantially Lawrence Newt's reverie as he sat by the window in his office on one of those hot summer days, looking out upon the shipping in the river, and the oily gleam of the water as the ripple rose. The reflection of the white sails glimmered down into the depths, quite out of sight. So over the surface of his mind, as it roamed to him, as hushed as that water, faces and forms, and even thoughts and fancies, floated, half-distinct, and tremulously faded away.

Such also was Amy Waring's reflection, except that to no young woman could know that men ever gossiped in their offices.

All the way that the sad sun saw that day she, too, had seen; and at this very moment she was putting on the lightest of shawls and the airiest of bonnets, and tilting a little basket with tea and sugar, and the nameless small articles, which no woman instinctively selects for another who is in want then. Amy Waring slipped into the street, and turned her steps down town.

CHAPTER XXXII.

OUTSIDE AND IN.

It is a full costume of white duck, crowned by a jaunty Panama hat, with a light blue ribbon, light cut of amber sticks, languidly puffing a full-blazing cigar. Havana, and consequently as of his soul were tried—behold Mr. Zephyr Wetherley.

He was going down street, and Amy, walking more rapidly, overtook him. As she saw him she was conscious of a painful sympathy with him, because it seemed to her that it must be forever tortured with the harassing self-inquiry, "What on earth am I created for?"

His very air of fatigue appeared to her to be the unconscious result of the eternally baffled effort to solve that problem.

In a great city, rocking with opportunities of action—swarming with an infinite variety of questions to be answered, which any man could answer—and wants which every man could fulfill—of misery that nobody was so poor he could not succor, either with actual material assistance or with sympathy and advice—of work, work of dark deeds just outside the sunny streets where the coming of a kindly human face was like the stealing in of sunshine—in the midst of endless opportunities of interest, excitement, and employment, Mr. Zephyr Wetherley, young, well, comfortable in purse, fortunate in position, was sauntering in the sunshine, perishing of ennui, longing for a sensation, nervous about a wrinkle in his trousers or a stain upon his glove, sweating at the heat, and the dust, and the smells, afraid he should have no appetite for dinner, utterly listless, good-humored, and forlorn, and, so far as the finite mind could discover, of no conceivable use to any body or thing in the universe.

It made Amy Waring a great deal warmer to see that slouching costume of cool white duck

AUNT MARTHA.

wearily drifting before her. She felt so deeply Zephyr Wetherley's probable consciousness of his ridiculous and melancholy position that she wanted to pass him by without allowing him to see that she had observed him, as a well-bred woman hastens by a gentleman who has lost his temper and is swearing at his groom or grumbling at his wife—with an apparent profound unconsciousness of the gentleman's presence.

But when, by the collision of Alfred Dinks and Bowdoin Beacon, who joined him from another street, Mr. Zephyr Wetherley was suddenly plied by three, Amy Warring's feeling became almost ludicrous.

There was an immense explosion of adjectives expressing surprise when the three young gentlemen discovered that the young lady who was passing them was Miss Amy Waring.

"Why, Miss Waring!" cried they, simultaneously.

She bowed and smiled. They lifted their hats.

"You in town?" said Mr. Beacon.

"In town?" echoed Mr. Dinks.

"Town?" muttered Mr. Wetherley.

"Town," said Miss Waring, with her eyes sparkling.

"Where did you come from? I thought you were all at Saratoga," she continued.

"It's stupid there," said Mr. Beacon.

"Quite stupid," echoed Mr. Dinks.

"Stupid," murmured Mr. Wetherley.

"Stupid?" asked the lady, this time making the interrogation in the anti-strophe of the chant.

"We mustn't call them so."

"A little fun."

"Fun," replied the gentlemen.

"Well, I'm going about my business," said she. "Good-morning."

"About your business?"

"Your business!"

Unanimous murmured the youths, in order, Zephyr concluding.

"Business!" said Miss Amy, bursting into a little laugh, in which the listless, perfectly good-humored youths cheerfully joined.

"It's dreadful," said Mr. Beacon.

"Oh! horrid!" said Mr. Dinks.

"Very," said Zephyr. And the gentlemen wiped their foreheads.

"Coming to Saratoga, Miss Waring?" they asked.

"Hardly, I think, but possibly," said she, and moved away, with her little basket, while the gentlemen, swarming on the bench, sat down and the smells, unnatured on, asseverated that Amy Waring was an idol of grit, and finally went to look at the Washington Hotel, where each lolled back in an arm-chair, with the white dust legs reposing in unaccustomed exposition. Dinks, who poised his boots upon one of the window-sills that commanded the office—a position accounted with a cigar in the mouth, and a glass of iced port-wine sangaree in the hand—told the many young gentlemen that through the hot hours until dinner.

Amy Waring walked quite as rapidly as the best would permit. She crossed the Park, and striking into Fulton Street, continued her course to the river, but turned into Front Street. The old peach women at the corners, sitting under huge cotton umbrellas and surrounded by the heat, saw the lovely face going by, and marked the peculiarly correct step, which the silence in the streets, and consequent sharp students of faces and feet, easily enough recognize as the step of one who is bound upon some especial errand. Clerks looked idly at her from open shop doors, and from window-sills; and when she entered the marine region of Front Street, the heavy stores and large houses, which here and there were covered with a sort of awning, as if the squalor which had receded through the dingy side streets, seemed to have met at last unkindly, and sullenly ask why youth and beauty and cleanly modesty should insult with sweet contrast that sordid gloom.

The heat only made it worse. The houses looked dogged and desperate with it. Half-naked children played in the foul gutters with the pigs, which resumed freely at large, and comfortably at home in the putrid mud and slime and the quarter of poverty. Carts jostled by with hogsheads and boxes, and the drivers, with red-faced carmen, furious with their horses, or smoking pipes whose odor did not sweeten the air, starved with thirst, carrier-eyes, at the last making her way among the casks and bales upon the sidewalk. There was another, that would possibly cheer the eye or ear, or heart or imagination, in any part of the street—not even the haggard faces with vast, red eyes, and the air of leprosy, and dull with drink, that listlessly looked down upon her from the windows of lodging-houses.

The door of one of these was open, and Amy Waring went in. She passed rapidly through the desolate entry and up the dirty stairs with the broken railing—stairs that reeked and made her light step. At a room upon the back of the house, in the third story, she stopped and tapped at the door. A voice cried, "Come in there!" The girl answered, "Amy," and the door was instantly unbolted.

The room was clean. There was a rag-carpet on the floor; a pine bureau nearly varnished; a bed without a curtain but whole chairs; a bedstead, upon which the bedding was scrupulously neat; a pine table, upon which stood a small thumbed leather-bound family Bible and a few religious books; and between the windows over the bureau hung a common engraving of the Christ upon the Cross. The windows themselves looked upon the back of the house on South Street. Upon the floor was a large basket full of work, with which the occupant of the room was evidently engaged. The whole room had an air of severity and cheerlessness, yet it was clear that every thing was most carefully arranged and continually swept and washed and dusted.

The person who had opened the door was a woman of nearly forty. She was dressed in a tidy but not much as a single spot of white any where about her. She had even a black silk handkerchief twisted about her head in the way that negro women twine gay cloths, and such was her expression that it seemed as if her face, and her heart, and her soul and all that she felt, or hoped, or remembered, or thought, were all clothed and dyed in the same mourning garments and utter gloom.

"Good-morning, Amy," said she, in a hard, dry, but not unkind voice. In fact, the rigidity of her aspect, the hardness of her voice, and the singular blackness of her garments seemed to be to monotonously uniform and resolute not to indicate something willful and forced. It was a woman's uniform, as if the whole had been rather superintended than naturally developed.

"Aunt Martha, I have brought you some things that I hope you will find comforting and agreeable."

The young woman glanced around the desolately regular and forbidding room, and sighed. She placed the basket and stepped to a closet, but paused as she opened it, and turned to Amy, and said, in the same dry, hopeless manner:

"See the weakness of the flesh! This bounty is not needed, nor is sinful; and I will look the unpardonable sin for so great a sinner to receive her own."

The solemn woman put the contents of the basket into the closet; but it seemed as if, in that gloom, the sugar must turn to bitterness, the sweetness and the tea its flavor.

Amy still glanced round the room, and her eyes filled with tears.

"Dear Aunt Martha, when may I tell?" she said, with gentle entreaty.

"Amy, would you thwart God? He is too merciful always. I almost fear that you underrate our sympathy and kindness in a sore offense in me. Think what a worm I am! How utterly lost and helpless in sin!"

She spoke with clasped hands lying before her in her lap, in the same hard tone as the words were cut in ebony, with the same fixed lips: the same pale, unsmiling severity of face, and yet with the abundant hair, streaked with early gray, was almost entirely lost in the black handkerchief.

"But surely God is good!" said Amy, tenderly and sadly. "If we sin, He only asks us to repent and be forgiven."

"But we must pay the penalty, Amy," said the other. "There is a price for every deed on earth; and mine is so vast, so enormous—"

She paused a moment, as if overwhelmed in the contemplation of it, and then, in a lower tone, she continued: "You, Amy, can not even conceive how dreadful it is. You know what it is not how bad it is."

She was silent again, and her soul appeared to sink itself in sheer abyss. Amy felt that the room seemed to Amy sinking. The next moment the girl saw her own pierced with sharp spears of ice. She sprang up.

"I shall smother!" said she; and opened the window.

"Aunt Martha, I begin to feel that this is really wicked. If you only knew Lawrence Nest—"

The elder woman raised one thin finger, almost lifting the whole hand, as if to bid her enough. Amy stopped.

"Amy—child—girl. The mention of that name is another blow. I bend to the rod."

Implacable darkness seemed to Amy to be settling upon her face.

"At least, nun, let me have you moved to some less heated room."

"Foulness and filth are too sweet and fair for me," said the dark woman; "and I have been long used to them."

She lifted the work and began to sew. Amy's heart ached, as she looked upon the poor woman's toy for her suffering and a sense of inability to help her.

There came a violent knock at the door.

"Who's there?" asked Aunt Martha, calmly.

"Come, come, open the door, you crazy one! what's going on!" cried a loud, coarse voice.

"Who is it?"

"Who is it? Why, it's me—Joseph!" replied the voice.

Aunt Martha rose and unlocked the door. A man whose face was like his voice bustled noisily into the room, with a cigar in his mouth and his hat on.

"Come, come; where's that work? Time's up! Quick, quick, or you'll get it over!"

"It is not quite done, Mr. Joseph."

The man stared at Aunt Martha for a moment, then laughed in a coarse way.

"Old lady Black, when you findertake to do a piece of work she's mean by not having it done? Danat it, there's a little too much of the lady about you! Show me that work!" and he seized hastily upon it.

The woman brought the basket to him, in the bottom of which several pieces were concealed and carefully folded. The man turned them over rapidly.

"And why, in the devil's name, haven't you done the rest? Give 'em here!"

He took the whole, pinched and unfinished, and bundling them up under for the door. "No time, no pay, old lady; that's the rule. That's the only way to work such inferually jimmy old bodies as you!"

The surprised woman remained perfectly passive. Amy stood upon passing out; but Amy became surprising forced back from the door.

"Stop, Joseph," said she, firmly. The man involuntarily turned, and each was his overwhelming surprise at seeing a lady suddenly standing before him, and a lady who spoke with perfect authority, that, with the obsequiousness instinctive in every man who depends upon the favor of customers, he took off his hat.

"If you take that work without paying for it you shall be made to pay," said Amy, quietly, her eyes flashing, and her figure firm and erect.

The man hesitated for a moment.

"Oh, yes, ma'am, oh, certainly, ma'am! Pay for it, of course, ma'am! 'Twas only to frighten the woman, ma'am, oh, certainly—certainly—Yes, ma'am, pay for it, of course."

"At once," said Amy, without moving.

"Why, certainly, ma'am; here's the money," and Mr. Joseph counted it out upon the pine table.

"And you'd better leave the rest to be done at once."

"I'll do so, ma'am," said the man, putting down the bundle.

"And remember that if you ever harm this woman by a word or look, you'll find Amy Waring's her friend toward her aunt, "you will repent it bitterly."

The man stared at her and fumbled with his hat. The cigar had dropped upon the floor. Amy pointed to it, and said, "Sir—"

The man stooped and picked up the stump, and departed. Amy felt weak. Her aunt stood by her, and said, calmly:

"It was only part of my punishment."

Amy's eyes flashed.

"Yes, aunt, if my body should break into your room and steal every thing you have in the world, and beat you, and break your old bones and leave you here to die of starvation, I suppose you would think it all part of your punishment."

"It would be no more than I deserve, Amy."

"And I tell you, Aunt Amy, if you don't take care you will force me to break my promise to you."

Amy, to do that would be to bring needless disgrace upon your mother and all her family who have been kind to you, and cared for you the last long years. They have long ago shed the bitterest of regret for one whom they had loved, but who is dead now. Why should you take her to them from the tomb, living still, but a living corpse, as she is? I am equal to my destiny. The curse is great, but I will bear it alone; and the curse of God will fall upon me if I shrink."

Amy was startled by the intensity with which these words were uttered. There was no assignment of the hands or head upon the part of the elder woman. She stood erect by the table, as before, and her expression, the gloom of her appearance seemed to intensify itself, as a thunder-cloud grows imperceptibly heavier and blacker.

When she stopped, Amy made no reply; but, trembling with emotion, she drew a chair to the window and sat down. The other woman took up her work again. Amy was silently thinking, wondering what she could do. She saw nothing as she looked down into the dirty yards of the houses, and the same time, unconsciously interpreted to herself thus—"I know you, angel of mercy! You have brought some angelic soup and some telegraphic wine. The only reply was a smile that shone down from the window into the heart of the sick man, and made it bloom. It was followed by a wave of the hand from above that said farewell. Lawrence Nest looked up and kissed his own—not his—a dandy to a bone—but like a man to a woman.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

NARROW ESCAPE OF THE STEAMER "NEWFOUNDLAND."

A TELEGRAM from St. Johns, Newfoundland, dated Wednesday, June 8, says: "The steamer Newfoundland, from New York, for Glasgow, put in here at 7 o'clock this morning in a state of the greatest distress. After having struck on Seaking on Monday at 11 30 A. M., 150 miles from this port, and 30 miles from Cape Race, she first discovered shortly afterward that the water was rising in the hold. The pumps were put hard apart, but the water gained rapidly. The passengers were taken above water, but struck under water a little aloft the vessel bow, and there is no sign of the vessel but the spars which the water rushed.

"The engine room stopped and backed, but the ship had passed the iceberg before her way was stopped. The after forward compartments were found filled forward with water. The pumps were quickly set going, and again and hopefully gained upon the water. The male passengers assisted the crew in working the pumps and bailing. There was no sleep for any one during Monday night, with rain—and fog. On Tuesday morning the fog lifted, and an observation was taken for the first time for two days. The ship's position was 46° 51' N., 52° 41' W., distance from St. Johns 150 miles.

"At—o'clock she made the land, all hands working vigorously at the pumps, and bailing, to keep the ship from sinking. The water was only kept from flowing into the other compartments by their strenuous labors.

"The passengers speak in the highest terms of Captain Cumming's management of the ship. Every precaution was made, even to preparing the small boats, and providing a raft, in case the ship should sink. The ship's forward bows were stove in, and the fore hold was filled with water. Passengers also carefully prepared. The lady passengers sat up all night, ready dressed to leave the ship. A fellow on Tuesday morning a number of the male passengers had become exhausted, and put the severe labor imposed upon them was continued until the crowded port. All the passengers and crew are safe.

"The Captain speaks of the passengers as having behaved with the utmost coolness and labored unremittingly for thirty hours. The extent of the damage is not ascertained, but the ship will probably have to discharge her cargo to undergo repairs."

THE FROST OF JUNE 4.

The *Herald* contains the following: "We have taken some pains to look over the accounts of the damage done by the frost of June 4, and we find that the first, so severe for the season, which occurred on the night of the 4th and 5th of June, was confined to the low and northern parts of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, and all the States further north. Corn was not generally injured, and find that the general reports which first reached us were greatly exaggerated. The damage done may be expressed in them had very little foundation.

Cotton was not injured in the least, for nearly all of the crop had been planted before the frost, and that only set, but these in yet time for it to mature a perfect crop. In other words, the cotton was not so forward as being materially injured, but not to such an extent as to be considered damaged. Wheat was cut down in roots and yielding a reasonable crop. Apples, where the fruit was not severe, are killed outright, and many other descriptions of fruit have suffered past redemption. Wheat, rye, oats, and barley escaped with very little damage, Grass was not damaged in the least."

THE NEW PEACH AND PEAR TREE.

We learn by telegraph from Leavenworth that the engagement between the Kickapoo Indians and the Delaware City to the last inst. They contain extraordinary peaches, and pears. The gold fever will be very much greater than ever. Rich boggards had been discovered in the north fork of Pawnee Rock, principally water pot and decomposed quartz. Great excitement prevailed in consequence of the discovery. Information of the finding of Gregory's and other mining companies were almost the first and most extensive. Gregory's party took from $500 to $500 a day. There are other accounts of the same character. The Indians on the Arkansas River have received seven to have been written under the prevailing excitement. The Indians on the Arkansas River have reported. The Indians on the Arkansas River. The Mining Company alone is estimated at $20,000. The Indians are very much excited by the discovery of the gold mountains. Previsions continued scarce. Twenty-four thousand dollars in gold dust, from Pike's Peak mines, arrived at Leavenworth

payment in hand, and for half an hour a furious struggle ensued, finally ending in the Austrians retreating from Montebello, and subsequently from Casteggio.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

"The French statement is that the Austrians commenced their retreat in the proportion of three to one—that is 15,000 Austrians to 5,000 French. Not a single French prisoner was taken, and the killed and wounded were few and not to exceed 500. General Forey was struck by a ball on the scabbard of his sword, and is slightly injured from the contusion. Marshal Baraguay d'Hilliers is lying forward to receive the Emperor's warm felicitations. When his brigade arrived on the ground he was still strewn with dead bodies. He was accompanied by Marshal Canrobert, and the latter, seeing the dispositions pointed out to him by the former, exclaimed, 'Why, Marshal,' he said, to receive a high recompense for his conduct.' The Austrian position has since been occupied and united to the Emperor. Some of them had figured only a few weeks before on the ladder of the Malakoff. The wounded French were delighted with his Majesty's attention, and raised their Italian vivas in salutation."

THE AUSTRIAN ACCOUNT.

The official *Wiener Zeitung* publishes General Gyulai's report to the Emperor of the defeats of the 20th and 21st. It says:

"Genoa: 7 Wounded, 718; killed, 230; missing, 582. The enemy numbered 40,000 men, has obtained from all the result.

The Emperor had addressed to General Gyulai an autograph letter, expressing to him and the troops in general, his Majesty's thanks for their remarkable valor.

The letter also directs a list of all the killed and wounded to be drawn up, in order that their names may be made known in their respective houses.

The Vienna correspondent of the *London Times* furnishes a version of the battle to the effect that Count Stadion passed the Po on the 20th, by the strongly fortified bridge-of Vaccarizza, with 15,000 men, to ascertain the position of the enemy. He found the latter encamped in such an extended line

He then came upon Baraguay d'Hilliers's army near Montebello. He attacked it so as to make its enemy display his strength.

In the fight that then was wrought

The French brought up fresh troops by rail during the battle. At night the French retired, leaving effected his purpose.

THE EMPEROR'S ACCOUNT.

The following dispatch from Napoleon to Eugénie was received by the Regent in Paris on May 21:

EMPEROR TO EMPRESS.

ALESSANDRIA, *May 21, 1859.*

Austrians, about 15,000, attacked yesterday the corps of Baraguay d'Hilliers, which was at Montebello.

The battle lasted all the afternoon, which behaved admirably, and carried the Austrian intrenchments at the bayonet four hours' engagement.

Richmondes massacre General Sonnaz, showed uncommon energy. Two hundred Austrian prisoners, among whom a colonel, were left killed and wounded. Austrians in retreat since last night.

HOW RUEBET WAS KILLED.

A letter-writer says that General Dieulafoy, in attempting to rally his men, moved from the rear, which is the place assigned on such occasions to field-officers, to the front, and was leading his men up the slope a second time when he was shot. The ball struck him in the left side, and he fell to the ground. Two hours after the battle was over, General Forey, with more gallantry than discretion, rushed to the front and, General Dieulafoy was not dead shivered his scabbard and struck his leg, and another two of a part of his body which he could not have spared, and made a sally they could easily have destroyed or captured the whole of the enemy's force; but at that moment a strong reinforcement came up, and after a stout contest the church—and was thrown back on the rear, with the loss of 600, wounded, or prisoners fell back on their main body."

THE AUSTRIAN PRISONERS.

A Marseilles letter says: "The Austrian prisoners have arrived at Marseilles. They disembarked at the head of his wounds. The officers number about twenty. After the combat they were lodged in a neighboring barracks, etc., were sent to them, and an aide-de-camp from the Emperor came to inquire if they had any wish that they had received all the courtesy they obtained demanded. It is said that one of them bluntly replied that bruiquets in return for these attentions."

GARIBALDI'S MOVEMENTS IN THE NORTH.

The papers give accounts of the expedition of Garibaldi and his volunteers across the Lago Maggiore to the Austrians in Upper Lombardy, which has been by far the most striking and successful movement of the campaign. On the evening of the 17th, after a furious fight, which lasted from five to eight hours, Garibaldi crossed the Ticino at Sesto Calende, and the general illumination of the town. The combat was one of the severest of the war. The Austrians again gave way and retreated. All the steamboats on the Lake of Como were in possession of Colonel Garibaldi has reinforcements of troops. At Cogne the artillery has been brought up. The Austrians are much disheartened, and volunteers are hastening to increase the ranks of Garibaldi. Advices from Turin of the 19th state that the Austrian General Urban, with 10,000 men, were widening the breach. General Garibaldi had occupied Canobio and Luino. Considerable reinforcements have taken place in the Valtelline, and 500 Volunteers of Garibaldi's corps have been put on board an Austrian steamer. Valtelline is a circle of the Austrian dominions, consisting of the upper valley of the Adda, a tributary of the Grisons, and forming the Austro-Italian delegation of Sondrio, which, with Bormio, Chiavenna, and Morbegno, are its chief towns.

PRINCE NAPOLEON'S PROCLAMATION.

The following is Prince Napoleon's proclamation to the Tuscans:

"OF DUBNO THE 'SEINE RIGHTEOUS'.

"LEGHORN, *May 20, 1859.*

"INHABITANTS OF TUSCANY!—The Emperor sends me to your country, on the demand of your representatives, to assist in the war against your enemies—the oppressors of Italy.

"My mission is entirely military.

"I have nothing to do with the question of organization that you and I accept as a fact.

Napoleon III. has declared that he had but one ambition—that of obtaining for Italy, at the end of the war—the delivery of a people; and that he should never be guided by local interests. He has not changed this. He is the only object of France, satisfied with her power, is to have no fear therefore of a conquest. You are to be her first regeneration. Should the Almighty protect and bless Victory, Italy will be constituted happily for her, resting in future among other nations, will guarantee her the independence.

"Think, then, that there is no sacrifice too great for the independence of Italy. Let the cry of your soldiers be that for your union and your country. Let your arms be worthy of your energy, that you are worthy of that liberty.

"Long live Victor Emmanuel, the valiant General!

"PRINCE, Commander-in-chief of the Fifth Corps of the Army of Italy."

THE PRINCIPLES ON WHICH THE WAR WILL BE WAGED.

The Piedmontese Gazette of May 21 contains the following notice or proclamation:

The government has been informed by the King of Sardinia has already publicly declared that, in the conduct of the present war, it would be guided by the principles of moderation and humanity which do honor to modern times, although the violence and rapine of all kinds committed by the Austrian army in our territory may give it the right to use reprisals.

The King's government, which contributed to the abolition of maritime rights, made by the Congress of Paris of 1856, and 1858, has not the intention of abandoning so generously observing its prescriptions.

"Desiring to avoid the infliction of unnecessary evils on war, the undersigned in a more explicit manner, declares that:

"Austrian subjects now in the Royal States may continue their residence there as long as their conduct gives no grounds for offense.

"2. The commerce into the Royal States shall be conceded to these Austrian subjects who shall obtain special and previous authorization from the King's government.

"3. Correspondence is interdicted.

"4. The national flag covers the enemy's merchandise, except contraband of war.

"5. The merchandise of neutrals shall not be captured under the enemy's flag, except contraband of war.

"6. Blockades must be effective.

"Finally, the King's government having intelligence of the Austrian government, that it would observe, under all circumstances in the interest of science, declares that it will not interfere with the vessels that may cross its lay her voyage, and that the proper instructions to this effect have been given to the officers of the navy.

"As to the capture of the Austrian ships on which an embargo has been placed, the government reserves to itself all the courses its decision, which will hereafter be made known."

THE EMPEROR'S RULES FOR HIS ARMY.

The late Army Regulations of Napoleon I. prohibitions some general prescriptions agreed to by the limits. Here are the rules of the Emperor's army at the present time:

"Every evening, at nightfall, the King and the commanders of the different corps d'armee are to send to the Emperor a succinct account containing the number of the enemy's troops with which they have come in contact, which have taken place during the day, and every information which they may have obtained of the movements of the enemy. Every day, half an hour before sunrise, the troops will get under arms. The marches will be made so as not to be attacked, and after daylight, when it shall be certain that the enemy's movements will not be concealed by mist, the troops will return to their bivouacs. At that hour the Emperor will give the commandants of corps d'armee the orders for the day. The men in the ranks are to have no other arms but their muskets and cartridge boxes. It is forbidden to any soldier to have his knapsack on his back, except for the purpose of changing his linen. The soldiers are to wash accommodation in the houses near their bivouacs, and to keep their arms and accoutrements at a distance from any habitation, tents will be supplied to them from the commencement of the campaign. Each himself carry his cloak across his shoulders, and a case for his linen on the day's journey. The Emperor, however has decided that, during the continuance of operations, the officers shall only carry their cloaks, their great-coat, jacket and trousers, two pairs of shoes—one pair to be worn and the other carried in the knapsack—and a change of linen. The men in the ranks are to be equipped immediately to the depôts of the corps, which is to be established at Alessandria. They are to carry with them their knapsacks, their cloaks, their tents, their canteens, their ball blanket, except for Zouaves and the Algerian battalions, which will be left at the depôts of the corps. The hat is suppressed, and replaced by the képi during the whole campaign, and the shako abolished.

THE EMPEROR IN THE FIELD.

In a letter from Valenza, dated the 19th of May, published in the *Constitutionnel*, we read:

"The Emperor set out at night with the officers of his staff, at the gate of Asti, and arrived at Valenza at 5 A. M. The Emperor, who had left Paris on the 14th, had not received unexpectedly on horseback, in a general's uniform, with a gray hat and a white feather. He was followed by a numerous staff, in which the uniform was on foot, the streets were filled with people, who saluted the Emperor with cries of the troops. His Majesty proceeded slowly up his street to the Piazza, where the municipality awaited him. Napoleon can see the vast plains of the Po and the Lomellina. The Emperor, however, remained but a few minutes, and without danger. I had the honor of approaching the Emperor, who received me with great kindness. He asked me if I had seen the troops. I replied that I was a journalist, who had ventured to the front to see the army. He then questioned me about the state of public opinion. I showed him detachments of their troops on the banks of the Po, and pointed out the position of the 1st Corps at Mortara, their head-quarters. His Majesty, by means of his glass, examined the enemy's camp, and the bridge in the belfry of the church of Evarcharde, and even distinguished the flag of the 1st Corps on the top of the way bridge, of which the enemy has blown up two arches. The Emperor then left Valenza at 6 A. M., and the shakes of sensitive on the banks of the river could be distinguished from the road. The Emperor was received with some of the Italians. His Majesty spoke to them in Italian, and they replied in the same language. The Emperor then left Valenza at 6 A. M., and in a few minutes, the Emperor turned to leave. As he did so the people, who had assembled in the Piazza, cried out from their hapnoots, and cried out, a thousand times, 'Vive l'Empereur!' 'Vive Napoleon!' The Emperor left Valenza since 1859, approached, and cried out, with tears in their eyes, 'Vive l'Empereur!' 'Vive Napoleon!' 'Vive Victor Emmanuel!' 'Vive Italie!' The Emperor seemed affected, and answered by waving his hat. The Emperor then turned to meet mine, and, in the emotion of the moment, I venture to cry out, 'Vive l'Empereur!' His Majesty with a smile, to grasp it. This is an incident which I shall never forget in my life."

THE EMPEROR'S PROCLAMATION AT NOVARA.

The *Opinione* of Turin publishes, as a curiosity, the following proclamation issued by General Gyulai to the authorities of the province of Novara:

"HEAD-QUARTERS, AT NOVARA, *May 18, 1859.*

"The following articles are required, which must be delivered to the Austrian troops in the course of the day, by the authorities of the district, and by the owners of the estates, the contractors, with whom the said authorities must distribute proportionately the following articles, which shall deliver within forty-eight hours 700 oxen, and forty-five thousand rations of bread, forty thousand pounds of spirits, 60 cwt. of hay, and 500 sacks of oats, and the same quantity of barley, by May 20, 1859. The proper functionary of the Intendance, who shall dispose of them in a manner which he considers the most beneficial to the troops.

"Should the authorities, or the owners, not have these quantities ready, both for the troops delivered there and for the transport, they shall be obliged to comply with the above requisition within twenty-four hours, and obtain the regular and exact delivery of the articles demanded.

"GYULAI."

HOW THE AUSTRIANS BEHAVED IN PIEDMONT.

A letter-writer says: "Now that the Austrians have left Piedmont, we can form a correct idea of their behavior. They could scarcely commit more acts of pillage than they did, and they committed their atrocities. What is more shameful is that these acts were committed by officers. I will relate to you one of these acts, which I had from the lips of the victim, the chief of the Austrian commissariat actually stole a cloak and a pair of boots from a poor coachman. The poor coachman who had driven him to Mortara thought he was his due for his services, and asked for payment of the latitude. The coachman then asked to have his cloak restored to him. The reply was, 'Be off, you rascal, or I will have you shot.' The cloak will be useful to me.' My servant was present at the scene, and told me that Austrian official had the impudence to write to Count Cavour to demand the reimbursement of the expenses. An old peasant of the farm Abbiategrasso begging for a piece of bread was struck by a soldier because he had not supplied him with wine. A boy, fifteen years old, was sent to the bastinado at a place called the Cappuccini, in the neighborhood of Vercelli. The poor lad has been removed to the hospital, and there is but little hope of saving his life. At Cilicolalio, a small hamlet, three English miles from Voghera, a young girl has been violated by a German soldier, and has died from the excitement. The poor creature could not stand the shame of the outrage. Another girl, at Vigevano, is in a state of which she has been half dead. The beautiful church of Vigevano, which contains the tombs of many eminent Italians and Lombards, has been shamefully plundered and devastated by the Austrians. The picture gallery, one of the finest in Lombardy, has been all destroyed in the last picture. A famous Madonna of Leonardo is thus lost to the artistic world. At Finalle, a village near Voghera, the church has been plundered, and men and women barbarously wounded by the Austrian sharp-shooters, stationed in a ravine. Every bushel of corn, every sack of flour has been taken away, and every cask of wine emptied and wasted, the poor peasants being thus left starving and helpless."

THE EMPRESS AT MONTEBELLO.

The accounts received from the French themselves of the Empress's residence for a month under the most favorable circumstances afford a striking picture of the misery which the war has caused. Montebello has become a little black point is discerned by the Tyrolese rising in the midst of the vineyards, with the white spire capital in their rank. The unseen village is run over with weeds, the fields abandoned, and the vines, which form one of the glory the rank and seeding vegetation, not a furrow is to be seen, not a trace of cultivation, nearly their women and children, are obliged to huddle in by the side of the ruined houses, and there, on the damp earth, are the glad tidings of Italian regeneration. Day after day, night after night, the Empress has passed in the midst of this desolation. Her own apartment has its walls, and whose star grouth the next thirty years will secure to the glory. The unhappy victims of warfare recruits them for ditions, the Empress has been unceasing in her efforts to was looking about him a sharp "drop" was heard, and Tyrolese bullet lit on the loins.

The Empress has also discovered his error withdrawn to the Emperor what they may know of the position of the enemy. Every day, half an hour before sunrise, the troops will get under arms. The marches will be made so as not to be attacked, and after daylight, when it shall be certain that the enemy's movements will not be concealed by mist, the troops will return to their bivouacs. At that hour the Emperor will give the commandants of corps d'armee the orders for the day. The men in the ranks are to have no other arms but their muskets and cartridge boxes. It is forbidden to any soldier to have his knapsack on his back, except for the purpose of changing his linen. The soldiers are to wash accommodation in the houses near their bivouacs, and to keep their arms and accoutrements at a distance from any habitation, tents will be supplied to them from the commencement of the campaign. Each himself carry his cloak across his shoulders, and a case for his linen on the day's journey. The Emperor, however, has decided that, during the continuance of operations, the officers shall only carry their cloaks, their great-coat, jacket and trousers, two pairs of shoes—one pair to be worn and the other carried in the knapsack—and a change of linen. The men in the ranks are to be equipped immediately to the depôts of the corps, which is to be established at Alessandria. They are to carry with them their knapsacks, their cloaks, their tents, their canteens, their ball blanket, except for Zouaves and the Algerian battalions, which will be left at the depôts of the corps. The hat is suppressed, and replaced by the képi during the whole campaign, and the shako abolished.

THE EMPEROR IN THE FIELD.

In a letter from Valenza, dated the 19th of May, published in the *Constitutionnel*, we read:

"The Emperor set out at night with the officers of his staff, at the gate of Asti, and arrived at Valenza at 5 A. M. The Emperor, who had left Paris on the 14th, had received unexpectedly on horseback, in a general's uniform, with a gray hat and a white feather. He was followed by a numerous staff, in which the uniform was on foot, the streets were filled with people, who saluted the Emperor with cries of the troops. His Majesty proceeded slowly up his street to the Piazza, where the municipality awaited him. Napoleon can see the vast plains of the Po and the Lomellina. The Emperor, however, remained but a few minutes, and without danger. I had the honor of approaching the Emperor, who received me with great kindness. He asked me if I had seen the troops. I replied that I was a journalist, who had ventured to the front to see the army. He then questioned me about the state of public opinion. I showed him detachments of their troops on the banks of the Po, and pointed out the position of the 1st Corps at Mortara, their head-quarters. His Majesty, by means of his glass, examined the enemy's camp, and the bridge in the belfry of the church of Evarcharde, and even distinguished the flag of the 1st Corps on the top of the way bridge, of which the enemy has blown up two arches. The Emperor then left Valenza at 6 A. M., and in a few minutes, the Emperor turned to leave. As he did so the people, who had assembled in the Piazza, cried out from their hapnoots, and cried out, a thousand times, 'Vive l'Empereur!' 'Vive Napoleon!' The Emperor left Valenza since 1859, approached, and cried out, with tears in their eyes, 'Vive l'Empereur!' 'Vive Napoleon!' 'Vive Victor Emmanuel!' 'Vive Italie!' The Emperor seemed affected, and answered by waving his hat. The Emperor then turned to meet mine, and, in the emotion of the moment, I ventured

THE GREAT BALLOON VOYAGE FROM ST. LOUIS TO NEW YORK.

ON or about 22d June instant Professor Wise and two friends will, wind and weather permitting, depart from St. Louis, Missouri, in a balloon, with a view of arriving at a point on the Atlantic shore between New York and Baltimore. We are enabled to present our readers with engravings illustrative of this remarkable event, and a portrait of the leader of the enterprise.

Professor Wise, as his portrait indicates, is a man over fifty years of age, a resident of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, and an aeronaut by profession. He is a very quiet, undemonstrative gentleman; and, strange to say, for a man who for twenty years has been advocating Transatlantic aerial navigation, seems any thing but a sanguine enthusiast. Though positive that his views will eventually prevail, and aerial navigation become generally practicable, he is very slow in predicting the success of this or that particular experiment, and keenly alive to the mischances which await the intrepid voyager of the air. It is difficult to realize, after a conversation with him, that the cool, sober, practical man who converses so modestly of his exploits, can be the foremost champion of a science which the public mean to consider purely visionary.

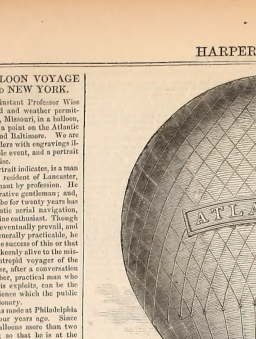
Mr. Wise's first ascent was made at Philadelphia rather more than twenty-four years ago. Since then he has ascended in balloons more than two hundred and thirty times; so that he is at the present time the most experienced aeronaut living. Of course, in so many adventures, he has run some risks. Of these, however, he is slow to speak. Indeed he positively says that "the dangers" the papers say he has run have been "purely imaginary." It is true that on one occasion, when he was several thousand feet above the earth, his balloon exploded, and he came down by the run, the collapsed balloon had car whirling round in oblate and jagged circles, and getting rid of their burden, reaching the earth, by throwing Mr. Wise ten feet from them. But the veteran aeronaut insists that this was nothing but a successful experiment, illustrating the capacity of collapsed balloons to act as parachutes; and really, this being his view, it is nobody's business to question it. On another occasion his balloon happened to come down in the middle of Lake Erie—apparently a rather awkward accident, had he not been picked up by a brig, and carried safely to land. But, as Mr. Wise philosophically observes, people may say what they like about *his* having run risks; *he* was saved, whereas *the brig* which rescued him was afterward lost in sailing from San Francisco to the Sandwich Islands. It was, in fact, the old song over again:

"The man recovered of the bite,
The dog it was that died."

After seven years' practice of aerial navigation, Mr. Wise at length began to ascertain a principle which constitutes the corner-stone of his great theory of practical aeronautics. After an ascent from Lewistown, Pennsylvania, in 1842, he made an entry in his diary to this effect:

"It is now established—that is my mind established that a current from west to east in the stratosphere is constantly in motion within the height of 12,000 feet above the ocean."

In order that those of our readers who are not familiar with aeronautics may realize the importance of this discovery, it is necessary to observe that, as early as the year 1783, the brothers Montgolfier, Frenchmen, proved by practical experiment that men could be raised to great heights above the earth in balloons, and could descend without ill-ways being killed. This single fact established, the science of aeronautics remained stationary for nearly sixty years. Many improvements were



THE "ATLANTIC" BALLOON IN WHICH THE VOYAGE FROM ST. LOUIS WILL BE MADE.

made in the Montgolfier balloon. Hydrogen gas was substituted for the smoke which they used to elevate their machine. Great improvements have been made in the construction of balloons, in the selection of materials, and in the regulation of the rise and fall of air-ships. Montgolfier and his successors for half a century rose and descended, it is true; but where, when, and how, were questions which Providence usually relieved them of the trouble of deciding. Our balloonists nowadays can regulate their ascent and descent mathematically, parting with so many pounds or ounces of ballast, and by systematic discharges of gas through cunningly devised valves. The art, in fact, which Montgolfier discovered has been brought to such perfection that, though we can not do much more than he did, we can do it safely, and with comparative certainty in respect to time and place. Beyond this nothing had been achieved when Mr. Wise discovered his *secret of western trade-wind*.

Balloons could be made to rise and to descend; a rapid descent could often be made very near the point from which the balloon had started (Mr. Wise once came down on the very spot from which he had started), as a general rule, from the moment once in air was not only at the mercy of the winds of heaven, but the aeronaut could form no opinion, previously, of the probable direction or character of these winds. He could not undertake to travel in any direction he might be carried in the very opposite. Like a Jack-in-the-box, his sphere of action was confined to the perpendicular.

Our readers will now be ready to share the emotion and delight with which Mr. Wise hailed his discovery that, at a certain height in air, an invariable current blows from west to east. For several years after he made this discovery its verification was the principal object of his ascents. Unhappily for him, and perhaps for science, he had not the means to undertake at once a series of careful experiments for the purpose of testing his principle thoroughly. But for many years a balloon ascent has been a popular feature of public festivities in our part of the country; Mr. Wise has often been engaged by city corporations and other public bodies to give éclat to a Fourth of July celebration, or some similar fête, by ascending in a balloon. Whenever this occurred Mr. Wise took care to test his favorite theory. He made straight for his familiar current; and it is gratifying to know that it, at all events, was always faithful, and never disappointed him.

A series of ascents, spread over several years, having uniformly confirmed his views, he sought further evidence on the point from abroad, and wrote to the famous English aeronaut, Green, to know if he had noticed any western current. Mr. Green immediately replied in the affirmative, and gave the statistics of a dozen ascents made in Great Britain, in every one of which he had observed the invariable western trade-wind in the upper region of the air. He had met with it at various altitudes; at 2554 feet above the earth, at 11,000, at 16,000, at 2082, at 12,583, at 3000, at 4300, and at other altitudes. Mr. Green told Mr. Wise an anecdote confirming his theory in a striking manner. On one occasion Mr. Green had agreed to make an ascent from Liverpool. At the hour fixed it was blowing a gale from the eastward, and the magistrates and citizens waited upon Mr. Green to remonstrate with him on the folly of making an ascent while the wind blew from that quarter, as it was evident that the balloon would be blown out to sea as soon as it rose above the earth. The aeronaut, relying on his knowledge of the upper current, refused to be dissuaded; he made the ascent, was blown out to sea at a terrific rate, but boldly continued to rise, and soon had the satisfaction of entering the western current, which blew him back to shore, and landed him safely in Lancashire. Mr. Green had in fact made the same discovery as Mr. Wise by the same experiments, and had the same faith in the western current as his American colleague.

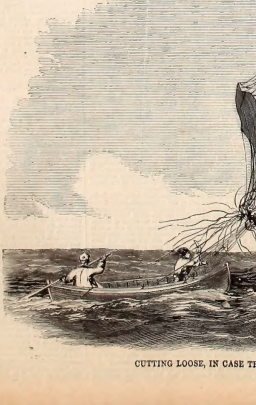
The point thus settled to Mr. Wise's satisfaction, he proposed to turn it to account by planning a Transatlantic balloon voyage. He knew that he could make a balloon which would remain afloat for three or four days, which would supply sufficient for the voyage, as fifty miles an hour is quite moderate speed for air-ships; and he knew that the current was there. All that he wanted now was a little of that wretched dross, the want of which keeps so many valuable discoveries in the shade—hard cash. He had no means to build and equip a balloon of the requisite size and strength for a three days' voyage. Nor could the money—small as the sum was in comparison with the enterprise projected—be easily raised. Mr. Wise applied in his friends, who gave him the cold shoulder. He memorialized Congress; the memorial was referred to the Committee on Naval Affairs, where it slumbers still. He petitioned the merchants of New York and other large cities; they went on selling cotton and flour, and looked upon Wise as a madman. So after years of anxious, weary struggles, the poor aeronaut was forced to abandon, or at least to postpone, his darling experiment; and contented himself by astonishing the public by making short voyages always from west to east, and descending at the point he had selected with wonderful accuracy.

He was indeed badly treated. During the war with Mexico he offered to take Vera Cruz without firing a man, if General Scott—then Secretary of War—would only give him the money to build a big balloon and to hire a few assistants. He engaged to float his balloon a mile above the forts of Vera Cruz, and from that eminence rain down a thousand bomb-shells on the heads of the Mexicans, who, as he naively remarked, could not bring their guns to bear on an object directly above their head. Fancy the chagrin of poor Jean d'Ulloa aiming at Mr. Wise in his balloon, at a height of a mile or so from the ground as this ad Unhappily again, Mr. Marcy was one of those incorrigibly hard-headed men who could not be convinced that Vera Cruz was to be taken by Mr. Wise; he preferred General Scott, and again disappointment befell the luckless aeronaut.

"The expenses of our Government," says he, with a flash of acerbity, in his memorial to Congress, "have now reached the sum of $60,000,000 annually. The amount which I ask to demonstrate the truth of all I have said is to the nation a mere pittance, yet to me individually beyond my means. I have stated nothing problematical, nothing but truth made evident by experiments; and to realize the advantages it only requires the public, individually or nationally, to say it shall be done, and it will be done!"

Stupid public! They wouldn't say any thing about it; and so it happens that now, nine years after that touching appeal was written, we are still only on the threshold of the experiments which are, in the opinion of the aeronaut, to demonstrate the practicability of turning the western aerial current to good account.

In May last a Convention of aeronauts was held in this city, at which Prof. Wise was present. It was there proposed and agreed that three or four prominent aeronauts, whose views coincided in the main, should associate themselves together for the purpose of carrying out a series of experiments, too costly for any one of them singly. Professor Wise thus associated with himself Mr. Gager, of Boston, the inventor of a balloon boat with



CUTTING LOOSE, IN CASE THE BALLOON FALLS INTO THE SEA.

air wheels, which we shall describe below; Mr. Lamountain, of Troy, a balloon builder and a fertile inventor in the science; and, subsequently, Mr. James P. Gage, of New York, the patentee of a new contrivance entitled Gage's " halyard kedging disc," which we illustrate and describe elsewhere. These gentlemen agreed that the question to be determined was whether long aerial voyages from west to east are practicable; and for the purpose of determining this question they projected three voyages, the first of which, from St. Louis to New York, will, as we said, be attempted on 22d June. If this be successful, the next voyage, from San Francisco to New York, will be attempted this fall. And if that also succeed the aeronauts will, next spring, endeavor to cross the Atlantic.

The St. Louis voyage is to be undertaken in the balloon "Atlantic," of which we give an engraving herewith. The balloon "Atlantic," which is entirely constructed of the best Chinese silk, is sixty feet in diameter, and has an ascending power of nearly eight thousand pounds. She is rigged with Gage's boat, provided with fan-wheel propellers, that can be used to elevate, to depress, to give forward and backward motion to the balloon, as occasion may require. The boat is also provided with sails and spars, which may readily be brought into service should the air-ship descend upon lake or sea. The "Atlantic" was projected by Mr. O. H. Gager, of Boston, and built by John Lamountain, at Lansingburg, New York, under the instructions of Professor Wise.

Her crew is to consist of Professor Wise, as director-in-chief; Mr. Lamountain, as aeronaut; and Mr. Gager, as navigator.

The aeronauts say that their voyage is to be made at night, so, by this arrangement, they secure for the latter part of the voyage daylight—a consideration necessary to the safety and success of the enterprise. Should the night voyage not result successfully, however, then they will try again by starting in the morning. To secure to the aeronauts land-marks for the night voyage, a request will be made to ten different municipal corporations along either side of the route to keep their street lamps burning all that night, with such forms of figures, to be arranged by the lines of lamps, as will indicate the place to represented. One may form a right-angle, another a square, another a cross, another a chevron, another a double parallelogram, etc.

Professor Wise wishes us to say that the public must not expect perfect and unvarying success in their experiments, as mishaps may occur which could not have been foreseen. But he also assures us that no effort or labor will be wanting on his part and on that of his associates to secure success. He considers Mr. Lamountain a practical aeronaut of great energy; and Mr. Gager a gentleman of nerve, courage, and clear head.

The other balloon of which we give an engraving, the "Nineteenth Century," is 68 feet in diameter, and is capable of raising and carrying off ten thousand pounds. The contrivance between the boat and balloon is a modified form of Mr. James P. Gage's patent, and is intended to be used in giving the balloon direction, so as to enable the aeronaut to select his particular landing-place, by putting it in his power to glide laterally to the right or left, or to pass further on, or to cut short its forward current motion. It is termed " Gage's patent halyard kedging disc," and its efficiency is to be tried by Professor Wise, according to an arrangement with the patentee. The boat suspended below is so arranged with sails and spars as to be readily converted into a sea-sailing craft, should accident render it necessary. The "Nineteenth Century" was built in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, by Professor Wise, and on his own account, simply to demonstrate the practicability of long aerial voyages from west to east, and in the hope, that the success which he feels confident he will attain will enable him to carry out his long-cherished project of crossing the Atlantic and circumnavigating the globe.

THE "NINETEENTH CENTURY" BALLOON FOR THE VOYAGE FROM SAN FRANCISCO.

Mr. Gager's boat, which is represented in the water, was built by O. R. Ingersoll, of this city. It is 16 feet long, 4 feet 6 inches wide, and 20 inches deep. Mr. Gage has attached to it two propeller wheels of 5 feet in diameter, one on the starboard quarter and the other on the larboard bow. They are so arranged as to be worked at any angle, thereby enabling the aeronauts to use their whole power either to drive them up or bring them down; thus —if the scheme works well—ascents and descents may be managed without throwing out ballast or discharging gas. Mr. Gager says: "It is not contended that the balloon can be driven against strong currents of air, nor is it requisite to the practicability of aerial navigation. If the buoyant power can be taken into the air and retained there, and some mechanical power that will enable us to ascend and descend without a diminution of that buoyant power, we conceive the practicability of air navigation is established beyond a doubt. It is upon the fact of the variable lower and constant upper currents of air, so elsewhere noted, that we base the feasibility of successfully navigating to any given point."

Mr. James P. Gage's disc, which is represented in the accompanying engraving, will not be used in the voyage from St. Louis. An adaptation of it is connected with the "Nineteenth Century;" and the inventor believes that balloons constructed wholly on his principle will eventually supersede the present spherical ones. He calls his machine his "improvement in air sailing upon the bird principle," and describes it as follows:

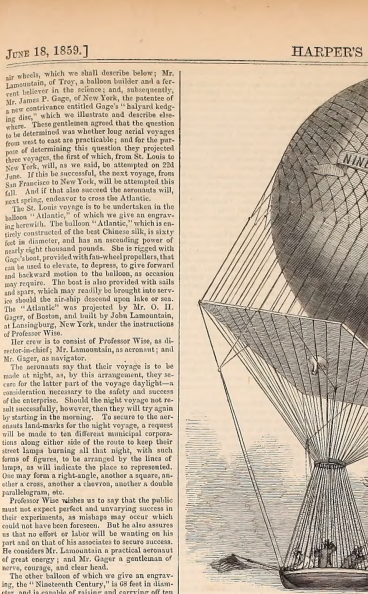
"One form of my present improvements consists of a balloon, composed of silk or other suitable material, the lower or under part of which is semi-spherical, or round, like the upper part of the common balloon; but the top or roof of the balloon is to be a flat surface, and is retained as such flat surface by seams of a netting, from the corners of each mesh of which are lines or cords passing through the roof of the balloon itself, and netted to the meshes down through the mouth or opening of the balloon, where they are contracted and drawn together, fastened to and by a ring, and carried down through and made fast to the car underneath. This ring is permanent and unelastic, and should be made large enough to admit the body of a man. When the lines pass through the roof of the balloon they should be surrounded by an elastic sleeve, closing close to them, pressing tight to the upper connection, and extending downward a short distance below the roof. Another cord is a draw or contracting string, or sheet, as sailors would term it. The upper part of this cord or line encircles the outer suspending cords from the netting, which come through the roof of the balloon, and it passes through small blocks with sheaves, so as to be easily contracted by drawing in, or loosened, so as to enlarge. The ends of this draw-string (which may also be termed a reefing line) descend to the car, so as to be within reach of the aeronaut. The use of this cord is to draw in the outer suspending lines or close them together, so that the balloon itself can be contracted or reefed by the tackle next to be described.

"Around the exterior of the balloon, and passing through suitable blocks, is the reefing line. The lower ends of this line also come within reach of the aeronaut within the car. By drawing up the ends of this line (the contracting line having been first drawn in) the lower part of the balloon will be taken in or reefed. The upper ends of the halyards are connected to auxiliary lines, which diverge from the point where they are fastened to the halyard, and their opposite ends are fastened to the angles of the meshes in the netting, so as to set over a considerable surface.

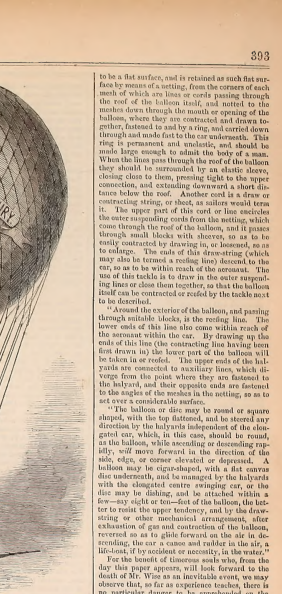
"The balloon or disc may be round or square shaped, with the flat surface, and be moved any direction by the halyards independent of the elongated car, which, in this case, should be round, as the balloon, while ascending or descending rapidly, will move forward in the direction of the side, edge, or corner elevated or depressed. A balloon may be cigar-shaped, with a flat canvas disc underneath, and be managed by the halyards with the elongated centre swinging car, or the disc may be dishing, and be attached within a few—say eight or ten—feet of the balloon, the latter to resist the upper tendency, and by the drawstring or other mechanical arrangement, after exhaustion of gas and contraction of the balloon, reversed so as to glide forward on the air in descending, the car a canoe and rudder in the air, a life-boat, if by accident or necessity, in the water."

For the benefit of timorous souls who, from the day their paper appears, will look forward to the death of Mr. Wise as an inevitable event, we may observe that, so far as experience teaches, there is no particular danger to be apprehended on the voyage from St. Louis. Similar, and even more dangerous, voyages have been frequently undertaken and successfully carried out. On January 7, 1785, a Frenchman, M. Blanchard, and an American, Dr. Jeffries, crossed the Straits of Dover in a balloon, and landed safely in France. It is true that an adventurous voyager, who attempted shortly afterward to return the visit, and sail from France to England, was lost on the way; but then he was careless, at least the aeronauts say so. On September 2, 1803, another Frenchman, M. Arban, sailed successfully from Marseilles to Turin, beloboning, so to speak, with the peaks of the Alps as he passed over these. Many similar voyages have been made both in this country and in Europe, the course of the voyagers being invariably from west to east.

There have been some attempts made to explain, on scientific principles, the aerial trade-wind to which we have so often made allusion. But none of them are very satisfactory. Some say that it is due to the rotary motion of the earth; others



GAGE'S PATENT HALYARD KEDGING DISC.



PROF. WISE, THE AERONAUT.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.]

ascribe it to planetary influences; others to electrical agency. Professor Henry once hinted that it might be the return current of the eastern trade-winds. The upshot of the whole is, that we don't know any thing about it except that it exists. It has been supposed, with some plausibility, that at the height where it blows—from one and a half to two miles above the earth—the ordinary causes of winds, the rarefaction and condensation of the air by heat and cold, can not act with any great force, and therefore that it must be of a different family to the lower area of wind-currents. But we know too little of the regions above even to assert this much positively.

It is difficult, in writing or thinking on the subject of aerial navigation, to keep within bounds. On one side, the imagination rejoices and refuses to indulge in sanguine visions of the balloon era, when every one shall travel in aerial conveyances, and railroads and steamers will only be used for the conveyance of freight; on the other, a sound, conservative judgment confesses to a hopeless distrust of all aerial contrivances. There is a certain class of people whom nothing could induce to listen for a moment to the scheme and hopes of aeronauts. Between there two the path of common sense will be found.

It is reasonable to expect that aerial navigation will be improved, and will be turned to some practical account; but how, and to what extent, no one can tell. Aeronauts have already done some service to science and civilization. They have known of serology, and much that we have learned of climatology, are due to Guy Lussac's discoveries made in a balloon. The battle of Fleurus was won, in a great measure, in consequence of the thorough reconnoissance of the enemy's position, which was made the day before the fight by two French officers in a balloon. It may be exercised to expect, with Professor Wise, that aerial ships will be circumnavigated by-and-by in balloons; but no one can foretell the form of the vessel, the factory without becoming convinced that mere discoveries, and more services to science and civilization, will grow out of air voyages.

KATE CRAWFORD.

"We had several female Specials in Sydney," said an old lady, the widow of a British officer who had long been connected with the police establishment in that colony; "but the most remarkable of them was Kate Crawford, or Beautiful Kitty, as she used to be called. She was very handsome, certainly, and not more than nineteen when she came to the colony."

"What had been her condition in life?" I asked.

"She was the daughter of a Yorkshire squire, in short, she was a lady by birth," was the reply, "and had received the education of persons in her father's position and circumstances, and she was accomplished, according to the standard of that day."

"And what was her crime?"

"Horse-stealing!"

"Horse-stealing!"

"Yes. That was the offense of which she was convicted, and, in those barbaric days, sentenced to be hanged. In that sentence, however, was commuted to transportation for fourteen years."

"Rather a severe punishment for a young lady, ma'am, I 'm inclined."

"Very true; but you must bear the particulars, just as she related them to me and to several other ladies who took a very great interest in her. And remember that all she told us—I mean all the facts she stated—corresponded exactly with those detailed in the report of her trial, which I saw subsequently, at her request, obtained from England. In one genus of the word Kate was a very bold girl; in another sense, she was the very reverse of bold. Her manners were in perfect harmony with her person—soft, gentle, and feminine; but if she were resolved upon carrying out any project, great indeed must have been the obstacle she would not surmount. Her story was this: she was this:

"My father (Squire Crawford) and one Squire Pack lived within a mile of each other. Their estates adjoined. Squire Pack had a son, John Pack, of about twenty-four years of age, and I 'm then between seventeen and eighteen. John Pack was a very good sort, and I was an only daughter. Both Squire Pack and my father were widowers, and had housekeepers. The old people, over their bowls of punch one night, settled that John Pack should be my husband. Now it to happened that John Pack—though I liked very much, he was such a good-natured goosey—was already in love with a secretly engaged to a farmer's daughter, a stout, tall, red-haired girl, with blue eyes, and a very florid but clear complexion. Just the girl, in my father's opinion, poor John, whose mother was very particularly refined. She had, besides, the exact amount of learning to suit poor John, who was not an erudite person by any means. I, too, had a secret engagement with a younger son of Sir Francis Bowman, and we made a limitation in a script each of foot. Squire Pack and my father were both great tyrants, and to have offered the slightest opposition to their plans would probably have led to their putting into execution, respectively, that threat which was constantly on the lips of either of them: 'I 'll turn you out of doors, and cut you off with a shilling!' John Pack and I therefore came to an understanding. We were both to live in the presence of the old people; but, to every other intent and purpose, we were to meet each other in correspondin with our true loves—trusting, as we did, to some accident or some quarrel between our fathers to annul the marriage contract they had entered into on our behalf. Matters went on this way for several months, and nothing could be more satisfactory to us young people. John Pack frequently wrote letters and message for me, and I as frequently did the same for him. Squire Pack and my father used to quarrel once in every year, and for a month or two were the most implacable enemies; but at the end of each term, the one or the other would give way, make an advance (which was always met), shake hands, and become as good friends as ever. The truth was, that when the evenings drew in they missed their game of cribbage; for John Pack was a very sleepy person over cards, and as for myself, I could never play at any game except beggar-my-neighbor.

"One morning in the month of December the bounds met a few miles from our house. Squire Pack and his father rode to cover-side, Squire Pack, who had brought me a letter from my lover, accompanied them and joined the hunt. For some reason they were out of the gate I broke the seal and read as follows:

"'DEAREST KATE.—If you possibly can, meet me on the Hollins road, near The Men and Chickens. I will be there at eleven, and will wait till two o'clock. I am dying you. I have something very important to communicate. My father intends having an interview with your father the day after to-morrow. I would have ridden over to the Hatch, only my father would have seen me not doing so, or even coming near the place at present. In haste,

"'Ever affectionately yours,
"'FRANCIS BOWMAN.'

"The Hen and Chickens, a roadside inn, was distant from the Hatch (the name of my father's estate) about six miles; and Francis Bowman's lover's letter it was nearly half past ten o'clock. I flew to the stables and ordered the groom to saddle my horse. To my infinite astonishment I found the animal was as lame as a cat. I then ordered him to put on another. He demurred, and pointed the hunter of my father's. The groom told me that the horse had been taken to a point called Millbank, where the Squire expected to find a fresh fresh. I then said 'Saddle the old mare,' and was given to understand that she had gone lame. Where's to be shod. What was to be done? I deliberated for a few minutes, and then ordered the groom to take my side-saddle to the Hatch, and go on to Squire Pack's; and, hastily attiring myself in my riding-habit and hat, I ran out and found that it fast as I could, and rode for the stables of our neighbor. The only saddle-horse in the Squire's stables at the time was a magnificent thorough-bred colt, which had just been broken in: and this colt the Squire's groom was ordered to saddle for me without the Squire's personal order. Becoming very impatient, for it then wanted only three minutes to eleven, I said to the man in command, and said: 'Saddle him this instant! Remain at your peril!' 'Shall I put the breeching on, miss, very night!' All Squire Pack's servants, as well as our own, believed that I was to be John Pack's wife; and the groom, who knew that I was a capital horsewoman, no longer hesitated to obey my instructions. The colt was saddled and bridled, I mounted him, and hid him along the road at the very top of his speed, perfectly satisfied that John Pack would take care that my father got no start of me in adventure, and that his father would say nothing about it—because as I was to be the wife of one of John, to lie delivered on his return from the chase.

"It was exactly nineteen minutes past eleven when I reached the Men and Chickens, and found George Bowman waiting for me. He had walked over from his father's house. The colt, meanwhile, was so bathed in perspiration that I alighted, and caused him to be taken into a shed and rubbed down. While he was undergoing the operation, George and I walked along the road, and discussed matters relative to our affairs over half an hour and a half. We then returned to the inn, and I gave orders for the colt to be saddled. But alas! the colt was not to be found. He had been taken and placed after he had been rubbed down, not as a traveler, who was deemed but a gentleman, and by road came to the inn to bait his jaded horse shortly after my arrival, to be found on the premises, though he was not to be seen by the ostler's horse that must have been a very swift and valuable creature—for he had been ridden almost to a broken-winded. There could be no doubt that this person, whoever he might be, had made the extraordinary, and for a stable where only farm-horses boys were taking their dinner. A well-dressed man had evidently paid a handsome sum to myself while we were walking on the road; but we were far too much engrossed in conversation to take any particular notice of horses, or of the men who were riding. Under these awkward and distressing circumstances I had no alternative but to ride the poor pony I had ridden, and I was anxious to return to my house. I therefore (accompanied by George Bowman) rode back to the Hatch, and immediately on foot. As soon as I was in my own room I seated myself at my writing-desk, and wrote a letter to John Pack, requesting him to meet me at the earliest moment possible. It was past four o'clock when my father returned, and I encountered him but I discovered that he was much the worse for the refreshment he had taken at the house of our neighbor. He told me, and it was quite true, that Jack Pack had had a bad fall in the field, had broken his leg, and would be laid up for a month; that he was then lying in a dangerous state at a public-house in the town of Bradford. I begged of him to let me go and see the sufferer. But he said No! and then informed me that he had had such a violent quarrel with Squire Pack as to render it unfit for us to be on speaking terms again. It was all about the subscription list, and I must on no account dream to hold off coming down with any money till his death; that the Squire (Pack) had broken his word (that of his father) and had cut him off with a shilling of his mind; that he told the Squire that neither he nor his father should be invited to my wedding; and that, after all, it would be a disgrace for a Crawford to have a Pack for a husband. All this distressed me very much; but I still hoped that this, like their other quarrels, would be made up in the long run. I was wrong. Squire and Jack Pack would recover, and Sir Francis Bowman tempt my father to listen to the liberal proposals that were about to be made to him with regard to a union with George. It was, however, a frightful day when all light that which I passed. My dreams, when in at last stole over me, was a troubled one, and my dreams a succession of horror upon horror. When I awoke I fancied that all was a dream—the accident to John Pack, the quarrel between my father and the Squire, the meeting between myself and George Bowman, and the loss of the colt at the Hen and Chickens. But alas! I was speedily awakened to the reality, by my father calling out, 'Kate! Kate! come here! What have you to been about? Here are the officers of justice come to take you before the magistrates!' I flew down stairs, trembled every thing, and entreated him to forgive me. Like most of the old squires, he was very violent and headstrong and, and on this occasion his anger was terrible. 'Take her!' he cried to the officers. 'She 's a thief! She 's to be hanged, by all I care! She deserves it for deceiving me!'

"It seems that as soon as Squire Pack heard of my taking the colt away, he vowed that he would have me tried for horse-stealing, and was under the impression that man who called him such vile names and said such bitter things to him. And, in fulfillment of his vow, he went to the nearest magistrate, accompanied by his groom and another servant, and made a deposition upon oath. The magistrate was an old clergyman to whom Squire Pack had given the 'living,' and who was in the habit of receiving his rents 'of course' to avoid the sentence the Squire uttered. A warrant for my apprehension was immediately issued, and I was taken into custody. What impression before the clerical magistrate I can not recollect; but I can remember being placed several hours in the 'lockup' of the town, and, at length, being taken to the magistrate, accompanied by his groom and another servant, and made a deposition upon oath. The magistrate was an old clergyman to whom Squire Pack had given the 'living,' and who was in the habit of receiving his rents 'of course' to avoid the sentence the Squire uttered. A warrant for my apprehension was immediately issued, and I was taken into custody. What impression before the clerical magistrate I can not recollect; but I can remember being placed several hours in the 'lock-up' of the town, and, at length, being taken to the magistrate, accompanied by a police-officer, and made a deposition upon oath. The consequence was, I was committed to take my trial at the Spring Assizes, which were to come on while sent to prison.

"While I was in those cold and dismal cells my father never came near me; nor did he write to me, or even send me a message. The only person who came to see me was Francis Bowman, the son of Sir Francis Bowman, who did all in his power to comfort me, although, I was told, he was and shrunken form plainly betrayed that he was bordering on insanity, caused by grief. George told me that Sir Francis Bowman had gone to Squire Pack; but the Squire would not listen to him, and that he was resolved to recover the colt, or double the value, of the colt which had been stolen' by me—swearing that 'the law should take its course.'

"The day of trial came, and I was arraigned. George Bowman had engaged a barrister to plead my defense, but his advocacy was of no avail. He urged that I had not taken the colt with the intention of stealing it, but in the belief that it was to be ridden to. To this the other counsel replied, 'Why did she take another horse because it was lame? Why not her at the inn,' was the rejoinder. This the jury regarded as a very foul foolish tale, and found me guilty. Judge Gaselee, who tried me, put on the cap, and sentenced me to be hanged by the neck until I was dead.

"What happened afterward—whom I saw, or what they said—I know not. I was in a perfect lethargy, and did not recover my senses until more than half of the voyage to the colony was concluded."

Here the old lady paused for a brief while, and then resumed.

"What Kate's sufferings must have been, when she was conscious of what was passing around her, it would, indeed, be difficult to describe. She was not only to bear the companionship of the three hundred degraded wretches who were her fellow-passengers, but she endured the unspeakable horrors of the Navy surgeon, who had charge of the convicts, and who had become enamored of her detestable beauty. The captain of the vessel, also, fell desperately in love with her, and on several occasions proposed to her that she should elope with and settle in the colony. The surgeon having heard of this, quarreled with the captain, and informed Kate that if she ever spoke or listened to the captain again he would have her hair cut off, and that he would flog her himself. This was a fearful power, you know, of inflicting such punishment upon any female convict who was under the ship's command. The captain, being informed by one of his officers of this threat, thrashed the surgeon on the quarter-deck, to the delight of the convicts, who looked on and cried 'Bravo!' The surgeon called the guard, (all-by soldiers (recruits). But as each man had his sweetheart among the convicts, the affair was regarded as the 'woman's cause,' the guard declined to interfere, and the captain, in a fit of rage, struck the surgeon a shot, so far as discipline was concerned, but it tended very materially to Kate Crawford's advantage, for the captain, and contending passions of the two men she was in a fair way to suffer severely at the hands of both self. When the ship arrived in the harbor the surgeon preferred a complaint against the captain and his officers, as a result of which the latter, which resulted in a manner rather prejudicial to the surgeon, and the commander of the vessel found it was not to be permitted to depart the colony until the pleasure of his Majesty's Government was known. Such pleasure was never known to be afterward. It was to the effect that the surgeon was to be sent to England in another vessel, in the first man-of-war that touched at Port Jackson. He had seen the prisoners on board and administered at the investigation to warrant and insure his removal from the service of the state.

"Soon after her arrival Kate had to undergo fresh persecutions. She was 'assigned' to a gentleman of very large possessions, each of whom was anxious to have her 'assigned' to him as a servant. It was not uncommon in those days for officers to marry their assigned servants and make them sell rum at the back doors of their private houses, or quarters, by private subscription, for the sum of fifty (fifteen pence) a glass. It was by these means that many of them amassed their large wealth in ready money."

"Did the Government know of this?" I asked.

"That is a question I decline to answer," replied the old lady. "But this I know that, when the duty was taken off rum imported to the colony, very few people were licensed to keep public houses. However, none of these gentlemen were destined to be the master of Kate Crawford. The statement she made at the investigation aroused the sympathy of Mrs. Macquarie (the Governor's wife), who evinced the respect and affection of all who knew her. Mrs. Macquarie was driven in her private carriage to the Factory at Parramatta—a institution to which female convicts were taken on their arrival in Sydney—and there had an interview with the unfortunate girl. I accompanied Mrs. Macquarie on that occasion.

"When Kate was brought by the matron superintendent into the room in which Mrs. Macquarie and myself were seated, she was dressed in the uniform garb of females under sentence of transportation—a coarse cotton petticoat, a check, a white apron, white cap without frills or strings, thick-soled shoes, and no stockings. The things were made short, so that the ankles and the lower part of the legs were visible, while the arms were perfectly bare from the elbow joint. Notwithstanding these hideous garments, Kate still preserved the bearing of a well-bred gentlewoman. There was no low courtesy—no 'May it please your ladyship'—no folding of the hands; but there was a gentle inclination of the head and of the body, and a honest, modest look, which would at once have satisfied the most inexperienced person in the world that the girl was incapable of committing any crime. And when Mrs. Macquarie, with a gracious movement of the hand, motioned her to be seated, she thanked and obliged the old lady similarly unconsciously.

"I have not come to see you out of mere curiosity,' said Mrs. Macquarie, 'nor have I come without cause to see you. I have heard of your situation as that in which you are now placed. I simply come, armed with the authority of the Governor, to know by what means I can serve you. The colony may be rendered the least painful.'

"On hearing these words, and the accented kindness, the poor girl burst into passionate tears, and Mrs. Macquarie and myself followed her example.

"When she had recovered, and in a condition to listen, Mrs. Macquarie again put the question to her, and the girl replied, with a burst of sorrow:

"'Do with me, or for me, whatever your kind heart may dictate.'

"Then you shall live,' said Mrs. Macquarie, 'in private apartments, in the house of Mr. Hawkins, the chief superintendent, and nothing more shall make you as comfortable as circumstances will admit of. Under that roof you will be perfectly safe and protected from insult, annoyance, or impunes. And if you will allow me, I will not even the means of providing you with such work as suitable apparel than that you are now wearing.'

"Poor Kate expressed her gratitude in becoming terms, and was conducted by Mrs. Hawkins. The quarie then ordered the coachman to drive to the house of the chief superintendent of convicts at the Khersines. They were very respectable people, the Khersines; and Mrs. Macquarie considered that Kate was to board with them. I don't know whether Khersin and his wife were recompensed by a payment from the colonial chest, but I am quite satisfied that they lost nothing by the kindness they showed to the unfortunate girl.

"Whenever the Major and myself went to Parramatta, we never failed to pay Kate a visit, and after a long period of time, it was considered by us that she had received a reply to a letter she had written to her father, in which Mr. Crawford, George Bowman, she said, had, shortly after her conviction, become insane, and was a hopeless lunatic in an asylum. That her father had married a young damsel, and had by her an infant son. John Pack had died, and, consequently, was out of the cruel course of conduct his father had pursued, quarreled with the old man, flogged him in his passion, and threatened to shoot him with a pistol, farmer on his own account. Squire Pack, too, had been quite a changed man, and had made up his quarrel with Squire Crawford.

"Kate was only three years a prisoner of the Crown, at the end of which period she became a convict. General Macquarie one morning, accompanied by Mrs. Macquarie, Kate, and myself, and their wives, journeyed from Sydney to Parramatta. The cottage drew up opposite to the chief constable's house, and Kate, Mrs. Macquarie, and myself were the only persons who alighted. After a brief interval they returned, bringing with them Miss Kate Crawford. The General handed her to the carriage, and then ordered the postilion to go to Parramatta—to the house of the Commissariat House in Parramatta. There, in the presence of a numerous party, the General performed service with the King's pardon, and at the same time handed to her a piece of parchment, sealed with the seal of the colony, which was the lady's own signature. It was the title-deed of a great tract of land, situated in one of the best parts of Sydney, and situated in one of the best and most all-vivial districts. This ceremony over, the General bid Kate adieu, and the carriage in which we were already. The poor girl—she was then only twenty-three—was overcome by the excitement of her feelings; but she struggled hard to subdue them, and succeeded."

"And the name of her?" I asked.

"You shall hear," said the old lady. "While she was under the protection of Mrs. Hawkins' confidential servant, she became acquainted with the household. All all matters connected with the household, all all cows, the pigs, the poultry, etc., had each and all some share of her attention. And she kept the accounts—for Mrs. Hawkins was ignorant of the animals which they reared. In short, although she did not cease to be what the vulgar call a 'fine lady,' she acquired a woman of business, and a shrewd one, too—not that she ever took an advantage of those with whom she dealt.

"Now free to do what she pleased, and with a great deal in her possession, Kate resolved upon remaining in the colony, and devoting herself to farming and the rearing of cattle. Both the General and Mrs. Macquarie were so fond of her, that any favor she asked was at once accorded. She applied for fifteen convicts; they were assigned to her. She then engaged a very respectable overseer—a man of firmness and integrity. She bestowed three hundred pounds, wherewith to commence operations and build a house. At the end of two years she paid off this debt, and had a considerable balance in hand. The wheat and the Indian maize grown on her farm always brought the highest prices in the market, and she was equally fortunate with her live stock. Many offers of marriage were made to her, year after year, by persons in eligible positions and circumstances; but Mrs. Crawford, as she was now called, was determined on remaining single. She had built for herself a vehicle called a sulky, a gig which had a seat for the accommodation of one person only, and in this she used to drive to Sydney once in every year. Upon all these occasions she was the guest at Government House. In eighteen hundred and twenty-three, she was the owner of twelve thousand pounds in money, which was the average percentage of landed property in the town of Sydney; and in eighteen hundred and thirty-one, when I last saw her, and laughingly said, 'You must be frightfully rich by this time, Kitty,' she replied, 'Well, if I were to die here, there would be about one hundred and twenty thousand pounds to be divided among three or four children, and my will. Your boys are down for a few pounds—not that I fancy they will ever want them.'

"'Is she still alive?' I asked.

"'Yes,' replied the old lady, 'and likely to live for the next twenty years; for although she has many days of sorrow, she never had one of sickness, to my knowledge.'"

[Since the history of Mrs. Crawford was related to me, she has departed this life. The memorialist who gave me this information lived many years in Australia. On asking him what the died possessed of, he answered: "The value of her estate, real and personal, was as nearly as possible half a million sterling."]

MODERN MENDICANCY.

A few days since an indigent female called to see me. She snuffled for alms, which I denied her, being displeased with the mingled odor of spirits and onions that stood on her breath. I did not sympathize; nor would I care to bestow charity on M. Lamartine himself were he to come to me and ask in the scent of that vegetable. Neither do I desire to be placed under the influence of spirits, particularly at second-hand. So the subject of her income indulged, cursed me and my country, and retired under the impression that she had now wrought her own pity-ic service, while the first sense from the fierce, "Get out!" was mine. The smallest silver coin of the republic would have changed that curse to a blessing, but the fact would have been only lip-service, while the first sense would have been heart-felt humor.

Although the squalid columns of beggary encompass the old world capitals here, yet the counterpart in America, we have, nevertheless, a tolerably efficient guerrilla force, whose work it is to levy the means of existence from the unsuspecting: safe citizens who possess a local habitation or an office of any sort. Such people will not go to work make, nor do they ever constitute a castle impregnable to the assaults of these "free lances:" and after the departure of any fair specimen of the mankind very naturally became busy with the adventurous troop, of which she was one of the humblest specimens.

The decayed clergyman—who does not know him? The man in genteel bombazine and white cotton cravat, who drives a precarious trade in books and pamphlets—sermons and homilies mostly in themselves, but so wonderfully stupid that a scornful generation left them to rot, high and dry, on the shelves of second-hand booksellers' shops. He comes in melancholy state, armed with a faded cornpocket, containing his wares, and presents you his steel-bound spectacles, for sympathizers in clerical destitution. He is a beggar of talent. He is effected with bronchial ophthalmia, and a cough from sincere bombazine recesses certificates stating the fact, signed by the secretary of the church to you, the style of whose chirography seems monotonously similar. He exhibits to great a partiality for trade, as your humble correspondent the value of your time, that you wonder why he did not employ decency devoted to truth and sound theology. His talk has a fraternal tone, his manner an august familiarity which is not pleasing. He takes occasion to allude to the sacred text between and their ultimate unhappy destiny; and, with an eye to the pecuniary reward of the missionary, states what might be done for those remote sinners if Christendom would but do its duty, while your own heart, it may be, is wringing at the remembrance of some poor lost sheep wandering away from our own fold, and treading the way to ruin and death! And yet, mentally chilled and benumbed by the torrid stream of the man's eloquence, you give him sixty cents, take his card, and bid him "Good-morning."

The black-haired gentleman, oily-curled, snaky-eyed, hooked-nosed—you have seen him, I think? He wears a dirty mahogany box, and claims to be a Pole of noble birth, exiled for devotion to liberty. You, on the contrary, suspect him to be a German Jew, whose mission is to swindle you through the medium of steel-pens. This nobleman has genuflexions of supreme bigotry of his Israelitish ancestry, and you sturdily decline to trade with him, in the course of the transaction, the taint in his noble blood should poison the pure through plebeian current of your own. He has an unpleasant way of creeping near you while praising his pens, as if determined to possess fabulously what may not be extorted by the milder and more venial process of deception; and you feel strongly impelled to call upon the police to rid you of the enthusiastic patrician before he shall stain his escutcheon for the sake of here.

But this lovely woman appears upon the scene flight in, indeed, your only safety. If you remain, foolishly confident in your own power, you will be lost. Smarting under the loss of her title, she relations to beg for public charities, foreign missions, fallen women and help thirsty; and, as the superannuated mariners, silk robes for the Reverend Stiggins, and napkin-rings for that diminutive preacher's sticky wife in your own, you must finally yield: the voice of the charmer will have so much the effect of the serpent's when dance from your obdurate pockets to the silvery music of her tongue. You will be coaxed, wheedled, taunted into giving. Something of the Shylock—the Polish remnant of nobility you may send away—but they'll beggar, never! Or the lovely woman, to her charities, her missions, her wooden legs, black robes, and napkin-rings: do it at once, with a cheerful air, as though the thing were a pleasure, and you will find it less irksome; then she also will have to demand you can make the result at your leisure. And the each which your conscience tells you ought to be proportionally divided among the butcher, the baker, and candlestick maker (who unsupply beggar, never!) for the whole sum, to devote that to the benevolent purpose of redeeming from bondage the wife and numerous progeny of your colored fellow-citizens, or to any other object you, but in hand, launching from a double tier of unchanging eyes, and you will be saved from the fatally abandoning the suspicion that this captive family has no real existence, you feel you would like to see them. So the "Society for Aiding Females, and the pursuit of happiness"; but you wonder how the jolly-looking, well-dressed ladies (the bears his troubles bravely) will manage to feed his dark-skinned wife and children, should their boats be "stove" in the ice, or their coal, and I am in a question solved by Time, but often in a fearful way.

Has that strolling North Briton, who dealt in illustrated works, published monthly, at twenty-five cents a number, gone West, or back to Canada? Perhaps he has placed the "multitudinous seas" between him and the sheriff of Rockbesher. May some honest lassie hold him her prisoner and Scotland's henceforth! Doubtless he was a man of great benevolence, and I have an aversion to him personally; yet I shall live regret, if not forgive him, if I should find that he never meet again; for did he not persuade me to subscribe to his book, and have I not for two years, punctually, at each quarter, received from him receiving and paying for the numbers? Although it was an arduous task to me, and a severe piece of fatuity, a fanatical belief in mercantile integrity has hitherto prevented me from cancelling this vertical contract. I have left their favor to them, and the thing completed. Yet there is a limit to every thing, and I am sorry that my country is about to invade and my reputation still be stainless. Six months hence I think I can with honor decline to receive the publications of that Scotch gentleman, with great severity of manner, offer to sell back to the publishers the unpaid for numbers. Gentlemen, as I have intimated, has lately vanished) my accumulated stock at half price.

But the last and most savory Englishman with him when he departed that Scotchman would have deserved well of the country. In England he did no such thing. The Englishman is still with us. I saw him yesterday, and the day before, and last week. His country is my country's enemy, his smuggled lace and hosiery, or to sell pictures of the Queen and Albert—pictures of the Prince Consort, which that eminent warrior is depicted in a Field-Marshal's uniform—and other vendible and unvendible articles, which he designates as "gifts" to "swell" and "suck" of John Leech, the souls elsewhere of the unsuspecting. In England he did no such thing. The Englishman is still with us. I saw him yesterday, and the day before, and last week. His country is my country's enemy, his smuggled lace and hosiery, or to sell pictures of the Queen and Albert—pictures of the Prince Consort, which that eminent warrior is depicted in a Field-Marshal's uniform—and other vendible and unvendible articles, which he designates as "gifts" to "swell" and "suck" of John Leech, the souls elsewhere of the unsuspecting. In England he did no such thing. The Englishman is still with us. I saw him yesterday, and the day before, and last week. His country is my country's enemy, his smuggled lace and hosiery, or to sell pictures of the Queen and Albert—pictures of the Prince Consort, which that eminent warrior is depicted in a Field-Marshal's uniform—and other vendible and unvendible articles, which he designates as "gifts" to "swell" and "suck" of John Leech, the souls elsewhere of the unsuspecting.

The decayed clergyman—who does not know him? The man in genteel bombazine and white cotton cravat, who drives a precarious trade in books and pamphlets—sermons and homilies mostly in themselves, but so wonderfully stupid that a scornful generation left them to rot, high and dry, on the shelves of second-hand booksellers' shops. He comes in melancholy state, armed with a faded cornpocket, containing his wares, and presents you his steel-bound spectacles, for sympathizers in clerical destitution. He is a beggar of talent. He is effected with bronchial ophthalmia, and a cough from sincere bombazine recesses certificates stating the fact, signed by the secretary of the church to you, the style of whose chirography seems monotonously similar. He exhibits to great a partiality for trade, as your humble correspondent the value of your time, that you wonder why he did not employ decency devoted to truth and sound theology. His talk has a fraternal tone, his manner an august familiarity which is not pleasing. He takes occasion to allude to the sacred text between and their ultimate unhappy destiny; and, with an eye to the pecuniary reward of the missionary, states what might be done for those remote sinners if Christendom would but do its duty, while your own heart, it may be, is wringing at the remembrance of some poor lost sheep wandering away from our own fold, and treading the way to ruin and death! And yet, mentally chilled and benumbed by the torrid stream of the man's eloquence, you give him sixty cents, take his card, and bid him "Good-morning."

The black-haired gentleman, oily-curled, snaky-eyed, hooked-nosed—you have seen him, I think? He wears a dirty mahogany box, and claims to be a Pole of noble birth, exiled for devotion to liberty. You, on the contrary, suspect him to be a German Jew, whose mission is to swindle you through the medium of steel-pens. This nobleman has genuflexions of supreme bigotry of his Israelitish ancestry, and you sturdily decline to trade with him, in the course of the transaction, the taint in his noble blood should poison the pure through

THE WEEKLY FARMER.

EXPERIMENTS WITH DIFFERENT MANURES.

Much capital and labor are lost in making useless experiments with different kinds of manures, which, for the most part, lead to no exact knowledge. On a part of a given surface of soil wood-ashes are applied; on another part, plaster of Paris, or gypsum; on another, lime; on another, guano, etc., and that which gives the largest crop is said to be the best manure. It may or may not be the best, but whether or not the result is no exact guide to a rational system of practice, because we have no explanation given of the requirements of the soil and the conditions caused by one manure compared with another. Some farther who may happen to see an account of such experiments in an agricultural paper or book copies them in every essential particular: that is, he applies to a given surface of soil the same quantity of manure, and of the same kind, as may have been spoken of, and the same crop is grown; but if his land varies much in quality from that of his friend who made the experiment he copies, and very unlike results are obtained, he can only help thinking that some more fortunate farmer has given to a true account or that he has made a mistake himself. If the former, the latter is right; if the latter, the former must be right. If both these persons have no means to doubt the correctness of their experiments, it becomes evident that like manures have a different effect on different soils. But seldom is the difference attributed to a difference of conditions, because the experiments have been made on but a single acre of country, without the slightest attempt being made as to the character or requirements of the soil. Hence it is that we find one farmer advocating enthusiastically that lime is the best manure, and another farmer who is equally warm in favor of some other substance. Both are right, and such large crops on his fields that he is satisfied if every farmer knew its importance as well as he does the prosperity of agriculture would be at a point limit; forgetting, in his enthusiasm, that what is adapted to one soil is not suited to another, and consequently, that what cures one patient will kill another. But all this mode of procedure is groping in the dark. What is still worse, prejudice shuts our eyes to be blindfolded in the light of day. Chemical science has given us the true nature of the soil, the plant, and the air, and has shown that the word soil means several substances rather than one, and that a single one of the word plant, and the word air. The soil and the air are the sources whence the raw material necessary for the building of the plant is obtained.

Let it be remembered that the plant is not a single or simple substance, but is made up of several. If a piece of wood is burned, ashes will be left behind. Suppose the burning some parts of the wood pass into the air. The housekeeper is in the habit of washing the ashes to get lye for making soft soap; a large percentage of this lye is potash, which came from the ashes, which came from the wood, which came from the soil in which the wood grew. This substance, potash, is one of the several which compose the ashes, such as lime, soda, etc. If, then, experiments have shown that a sequence of particular substances in the soil prevents a certain plant from successfully growing in it, then supplying them in a proper manner restores fertility, we get at a simple and truthful explanation of the principle that each plant must grow on its own soil fertilizers. The word manure, like the word soil, means many substances than one, and different manures must vary in action as they vary in composition, even if all other things are equal. These principles are their best to be applied, and we do say any claim to their discovery. The honor of this is due to Liebig alone. We are but the errand-boy giving the message to our readers.

THE CROPS.

What we hear from our correspondents all over the country about the crops is, for the most part, very cheering.

The fruit crop of South Carolina is said to be quite promising. A writer says: "We do not remember ever to have seen a better prospect—the prospect of a fruit crop, both as regards quantity and quality."

The wheat-growers of Pennsylvania are delighted with the prospects of an abundant harvest.

The wheat crop of Iowa looks remarkably well; but as there was not an extensive breadth of land sown last fall, it is feared that there will not be enough to supply the State. Seed for spring wheat was scarce, and not of good quality.

There is good news of the corn crop in the southern part of Illinois.

In the northern part so far is held in St. Louis will take place September 26, 1859, and the millers of said place offer premiums for the best qualities of the same. Entries may be made up to the 20th inst. Satisfactory testimony must be given of the wheat the superior flour. The premiums are as follows: Premiums per acre, etc. The premiums offered are as follow:

For the largest and best crop of *white fall wheat*—First premium, $125; second premium, $75.

For the largest and best crop of *red fall wheat*—First premium, $125; second premium, $75.

For the largest and best crop of *blue stem wheat*—First premium, $125; second premium, $75.

For the largest and best crop of *golden chaff wheat*—First premium, $125; second premium, $75.

For the largest and best crop of *spring wheat*—First premium, $125; second premium, $75.

For the largest and best crop of *oats*—First premium, $125; second premium, $75.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRIDAY EVENING, *Saturday, June 11, 1859.*

The week which ends this day has witnessed an increase of activity and more buoyancy than before in the demand for gold for export, and to the prudent policy of restriction practiced by the Banks. Money on call remains plentiful enough at 5 @ 6 per cent.; but for the accommodation of the discount market, and very good paper is done at 8 @ 9. Exchange on Europe is higher than it was last week, but the remittances have been so liberal that there is little or no demand, and the rate quoted is still

It is understood that the great railroad lines to the West have settled their differences, and are about to establish an equitable tariff of rates. This, if confirmed, will cause an improvement in the stock market, which continues sadly depressed.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Saturday, June 11, 1859.*

The Wholesale Produce Markets have been very quiet for Breadstuffs, which have been freely offered at reduced prices. Yet the demand has been unusually tame. The startling fresh accounts from the West has not affected trade to any important extent. The general belief is that the injustice to the crops have been greatly exaggerated, and purposely to influence the markets on the seaboard. Corn, under these circumstances, stands an improved eligibility. The available supply here is 83,675 bales, against 91,703 bales same time last year. The receipts at the shipping ports to latest dates this season have been 1,300,000 bales, against 2,128,000 to the corresponding period of last season. The total exports from the United States so far this season have been 2,674,402 bales, against 3,511,000 to the same period last season. The total stock on hand and in shipment at the Southern ports at the latest dates is 1,300,000 bales, against 61,479 bales at the same time last year. The receipts at the interior towns at the latest dates are 1,164,000 bales, against 62,975 bales at the corresponding date a year ago. Provisions have been on hand for trade, and, as prices have declined, ... Groceries have been unsettled. Sugars have been pressed for sale, and at reduced rates, while Coffee, Teas, Rice, and Molasses have been in very moderate request. Hides, Hops, Bale Leather, Common Rosin, and Spirits Turpentine have been in good demand. Ashes, Bristles, Hemp, Oils, Tobacco, and Wool have been in slack demand. ..... Trade in Dry Goods has been quite unsettled at prices, and movements are of insufficient importance, either in their extent or in their effects, to require special notice. Generally holders of desirable goods are firm, and are not pressed for sales. Some lots of cotton goods, however, are offered on much easier terms, such as Carolina Wovens, for which the demand is very limited. Clothiers have been buying moderately. The under-current of activity in Dry Goods over $274,000, against $467,858 same week last year. Imports entered at N. Y., $4,051,661, against $28,177,476 same time last year. ..... The movements in the Breadstuffs have been the production of any remarkable character. ..... We append a related list of the leading articles in the Produce Market:

Standard Super State Flour, per barrel	$6 10	@	$6 40
Extra State Flour	6 60	@	6 90
Superfine Western	5 75	@	6 00
Low to Choice Extra Ohio	6 20	@	6 35
Superfine Ohio	5 75	@	6 00
Superfine Southern	7 10	@	7 50
Extra Southern	6 60	@	6 75
Superfine Rye Flour	4 00	@	4 75
Corn Meal, per barrel	3 75	@	4 00
White Michigan Wheat, per bushel	1 55	@	1 80
White Southern Wheat	1 55	@	1 80
Red Western Wheat	1 45	@	1 50
Milwaukee Club	1 35	@	1 50
Red Kentucky	1 45	@	1 50
New Yellow Corn	1 0	@	1 06
Mixed	1 0	@	1 06
Barley	1 0	@	1 10
Canada Barley	1 0	@	1 10
Black Oats	0 55	@	0 58
Prime Canada Peas	1 0	@	1 02
Southern Oats	0 48	@	0 50
Prime Timothy Seed	4 00	@	4 50
Prime Clover Seed	6	@	7
Prime Flax Seed	1	@	1 05
Mess Pork, per barrel	15 75	@	16 00
Hams, per pound	8	@	8½
Shoulders	6½	@	6¾
Lard	11	@	11½
Fair to Prime State Butter, new	12	@	16
Ohio Butter, new	13	@	17
Prime Cheese	7	@	8
Rice, per 100 pounds	3 50	@	5 00
Rio Coffee, per pound	10	@	11
New Orleans Sugar	4½	@	7½
Havana Brown Sugar	6½	@	7½
Prime Teas, per pound	35	@	65
Young Hyson	25	@	45
Domestic Molasses	25	@	30
Hops, Crop of 1858, per pound	9	@	12
Hops, Shipping Crop	10	@	12
Tallow, per pound	9	@	11
Spirits Turpentine, per 100 pounds	4	@	4
Spirits Turpentine, per gallon	47½	@	47½
Rosin, per 280 pounds	2 50	@	3 00
Common Stain, per 310 pounds	1 55	@	1 87½
Crude Sperm Oil, per gallon	1	@	1
Kentucky Tobacco, per pound	6	@	12
Seed Leaf Tobacco	6	@	12
American Fleece Wool	31	@	36
Pulled Wool	30	@	50

Freights have been somewhat brisker, rates having declined. To Liverpool, Cotton, per pound, 3-16d. @ 7-16d. per barrel; Beef, 1s. 3d. per tierce; Heavy Goods, 30s. per ton. The number of vessels cleared at all classes in port is 370.

The Live Stock Markets last Wednesday were heavy, and lower for the entire supply of which was large. ..... Milch Cows were in excess of the demand, and prices were depressed. ..... Veal Calves fell off materially for the week were fair, but the demand was good, and all sold at last week's rates. ..... Sheep and Lambs were in large request at full rates. The receipts of Swine were somewhat adequate to the demand, and prices were steady.

The range of prices according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday were as follows:

Ordinary to Premium Beeves, per pound	$ 8½	@	$ 11¼
Extra Cows and Calves, per head	45	@	55 00
Veal Calves, per pound	4½	@	7½
Sheep and Lambs, per head	3	@	6
Lambs, per pound	5½	@	8
Swine	6½	@	7
Dressed	8½	@	9½
Shedding Pigs, each	3	@	3 50

The Country Produce Markets were freely supplied with new Fruits and Vegetables, as well as with Poultry. The demand was brisk. The following are the Fruit and Vegetables and limited for Poultry. Eggs were less plentiful, and the demand was good, and prices firm.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Strawberries, per 16-quart basket	$1 50	@	$3 50
Cherries, per pound	4	@	10
Gooseberries, per quart	6	@	8
Apples, per barrel	1 75	@	2 50
Potatoes, old, per barrel	1 75	@	2 00
Potatoes, new, Southern	2 75	@	3 50
Onions	1 50	@	2 00
Onions, new, per dozen bunches	37	@	50
Beets, per barrel	1 00	@	1 25
Carrots, per barrel	1 00	@	1 25
Cabbage, new, per 100	4 00	@	6 00
Garlic, per 100 bunches	4 50	@	5 00
Green Beans, per bushel	1 75	@	2 00
Eggs, N. Y. and N. J., per dozen	13	@	15
Chickens, per pound	12½	@	15
Chickens, Ducks	13	@	15
Geese, Spring	1 50	@	1 75
Turkeys	12	@	16
Veal, per pound	6	@	8
Hams, per pound	12	@	14
Pigeons, per dozen	1 25	@	2 00
Milk, per quart	6	@	8
Snipe, per dozen	25	@	1 50

THE NEW KING OF NAPLES.

THE NEW QUEEN OF NAPLES.

THE NEW KING AND QUEEN OF NAPLES.

THE accompanying portraits are those of King Francesco Secondo, who has just succeeded his father on the throne of the Two Sicilies, and of his wife the Queen, the late Duchess of Calabria.

Francesco is the eldest son of that monarch who, under the nickname of Bomba—from his bombardments of his own cities to punish revolutionary movements—became infamous throughout the civilized world. Allowance must always be made for partisan spite in reading popular lives of monarchs who have opposed the popular will; but every allowance made for this perturbating element, it is impossible to study the historical facts of his career without becoming convinced that he was one of the worst monarchs of his day—a type of blood superstition, cruelty, debauchery, and treachery. Ascending the throne in the same year as Louis Philippe, he found his kingdom quiet, poor, and sadly in need of administrative reform and fostering care on the part of the monarch; it would have been rebellious, but Austria took care to prevent that. Bomba let his people thrive or starve as they could; he took no concern about public affairs, save to collect his taxes; his time he divided between very gross debauchery and very silly superstitious performances. In 1848 he met the revolutionary storm with the treachery of his race. He granted a constitution, summoned patriots to his councils, encouraged democratic sentiment, advocated universal suffrage, patronized political clubs, even sent troops to Charles Albert, his brother-in-law. The popular sentiment thus appeased, the King made a secret alliance with the *lazzarone*, the street populace of Naples, who are always to be found on the side of plunder and brigandage; then, having laid his plans warily, under Austrian counsels, at the first convenient period he proceeded to undo his work. He abolished the constitution (receiving a special dispensation from the Pope to enable him to violate his oath); put the patriots in dungeons, where they perished by the hundreds; bombarded his cities; imprisoned those who spoke or wrote in favor of liberty, put an end to suffrage of every kind, suppressed all public meetings, and taught his soldiers to use their weapons against the best and purest citizens of Naples.

For this great crime against Heaven and truth he was fearfully punished. During the ten years of life which remained to him he never had a day of peace. He was in such dread of assassination that he hardly dared show himself in public, and his meals were all tasted by a number of public officials before he would touch them. Even these precautions could not shield him from the most agonizing fits of terror; though he kept from 10,000 to 15,000 men in prison for political opinions, torturing them with the cap of silence and all sorts of similar fiendish inventions of cruelty, he saw an assassin in every stranger, and almost fainted at the sight of a naked sword. His early vices recoiled upon him in the shape of a complication of hideous, loathsome diseases, for which European science was puzzled to discover a name. His body was covered with putrid sores; he had tumors in various parts (one of them was cut out and burned with religious honors in consecrated ground); his bones were attacked with the agonizing disease known as *ostosarcosus*, or cancer of the bone; tubercles formed in his lungs.

If any thing was wanting to the misery of this wretched man, thus racked in body and spirit, the deficiency was supplied by the Jesuits. Under the French rule at Naples the Jesuits were barely tolerated; under the Bourbons, who preceded Bomba, they were allowed to exercise their calling under supervision; under Bomba they became the

TWO SPIES BROUGHT INTO THE FRENCH CAMP AT ALESSANDRIA.—[FROM A SKETCH BY VIZETELLY.]

rulers of the state, the fountain of all power, the source of all instruction, the keeper of all men's consciences, the thieves of all men's purses, the directors of all men's views. And of all the men whom these Jesuits trampled in body, spirit, purse, public action, and private life, the most cruelly trodden was King Ferdinand. Him the Jesuits beset with such devilish cunning and pertinacity that had he possessed a sound mind at nay time they would have driven him mad. They made him confess twice a day, and perform all kinds of preposterous penance—one for his real crimes, another for imaginary sins. They taught him to expect a visit from the Virgin in person, and the poor wretch fancied that every sound which disturbed his slumber was her tread, and relapsed into an agony of disappointment when the vision did not appear. They made him believe that the medicines he took (which, in truth, could be of little service in such a desperate case as his) were of no use unless a ray which the Pope had blessed; and the severing King, in his paroxysms of pain, poured the rag on the seat of his suffering, cursed himself that he felt no relief, wept bitterly at having backslid again, and spent hundreds of pounds on confessors to give him poison, and so end his unendurable tortures.

Even his wife did her share toward imbittering his last moments. Her—a princess of Austria—he had married eleven months after the death of his first wife, the mother of the present King. She set at heart on having her own children reign here, and her chief son substituted in his stead as heir to the throne. Poor Ferdinand had strength enough to prevent the accomplishment of this part of the scheme, and devoted to the Jesuits, and they to him; so the wife failed, though for the very life of Ferdinand's death she persecuted him with her entreaties.

Such was the life of the father of the young king whose portrait we have given. It is a terrible example for him.

Of Francisco himself but little is known. A writer who has good opportunities of acquiring information says of him:

"He is represented as having, under his father, led a very secluded life, being kept at a distance, indeed from out, and, above all, from the city. He is described also as a recreationist, and was even in close confinement. His education is said to have been at first neglected, but nothing much neglected—not without intention or without effect. While yet an infant he was placed exclusively in the hands of the priests, who were deputed not to train him nothing, and have succeeded to perfection. He is represented as having no taste for the practices of devotion, his bed being completely covered with crucifixes, rosaries, and holy pictures, and having the greater part of the day in uttering paternosters and Ave Marias. Timid, and shrinking from the presence of strangers, he knows no one, and no one knows him. The reputation and the accomplishments of his sister, Isabella, nevertheless, the most excellent intentions, and believed has to be kept down by the priests, who fear and hate the hatred of the Queen, and feared, like the ancient Roman, to give the part of a king to one who is not to be suffered to be a Brutus. They assumed that his exaggerated devotion was but a false form of that sentiment which precious actions of famous and benevolence; and promise, in his mind, insensibility to the ties of nature to the throne, the constitution and a general amnesty."

Of his wife a Paris letter thus speaks:

"The only influence on the mind of the Spanish minds can found any hope is that of the Duchess of Calabria, his wife. It is notorious how the day after the day she arrived at Naples this young Princess entered into direct opposition to the King, and how she succeeded in driving them by small intermissions, which mean without importance, but which are strongly characteristic of the strictness of the Court; an extravagant luxury of dress and passion for pleasure, a taste for hunting and horses; and, since we must tell all, the new mania for tobacco, seen in broad daylight and in the open air. But the young Duchess has also a taste for literature and romance reviews, and proves that she can resist and will have her to command. She is very much liked by the persons who are near at the head of the opposition—although she must be pretty just before the Queen, and the favored Flanglezi, for example, is one of her most favored friends. It is, however, believed that she will not be favorable to the Italian movement. Her family, indeed, even all its importance by Austria, she, and its house, animates a little, by her youth and vivacity, the palace of Caserta, which is more like a hospital than the seat of a Court, and has already the appearance of a tomb, closed to all visitors, and hiding from all eyes its profound, crowded with priests, who brings relics and miraculous objects than to restore the poor fatherly, shaded by physicians. The palace recalls forcibly the gloomy cities which are strikingly painted by St. Simon, of Versailles during the last days of Louis XIV."

THE CAPTURE OF SPIES BY THE FRENCH.

THE engraving on the previous page depicts the capture of two wretched Italian spies who were lately taken within the French lines near Alessandria. As is well known, their fate will be death. Indeed, we hear already of one having been shot, and they probably are among the number. The author of the sketch, Mr. Vizetelly, thus alludes to its subject:

"It is scarcely matter for surprise that strict surveillance should be enforced, as the Sardinians have much to apprehend from Austrian spies. One was taken last Saturday, and shot on the following Monday. He was from Pavia, and an Italian, which makes the matter all the more disgraceful. Two other spies were arrested on Sunday morning, and, from their appearance, Italians also. They were escorted to the citadel by some of the 7th Piedmontese Regiment of Infantry. I send you a sketch of the party."

During the Crimean war the French showed a remarkable alacrity in shooting spies. Many persons will still remember the story of an unfortunate German artist who had contrived to obtain permission to visit the allied camp to sketch; one day he strayed into the French quarters, was seized as a spy, and, before he could obtain witnesses to identify him, was dragged out and shot by a hasty colonel, who sent his compliments and a thousand apologies to his family when he discovered his error.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

In Three Books.—Splendidly Illustrated.

To be Printed from early Proof-sheets, for which Messrs. Harper & Brothers pay the Author

FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS.

BOOK II.

THE GOLDEN THREAD.

CHAPTER IV.

CONGRATULATORY.

FROM the dimly-lighted passages of the court the last echo faded away, and the measured tramp of the watch in the corridors, falling heavily upon the ground without, died softly away.

Mr. Stryver, the bustle, Lucie Manette his daughter, Mr. Lorry, the solicitor for the defense, and its counsel Mr. Stryver, stood gathered round Mr. Charles Darnay—just released—congratulating him on his escape from death.

It would have been difficult by a far brighter light, to read the story of this group, in the faces. Much of face and upright of bearing, the shoulders of the great stalwart Mr. Lorry, on one could have looked at him twice without looking again; even though the opportunity of observation had not extended to the mournful cadence of his low grave voice, and to the abstraction that overclouded him fitfully, without any apparent reason. While one external cause, and that a reference to his long lingering agony, would surely—so the face—strike anyone observing from the depths of his soul, it was also in its nature to arise of itself, and to draw a gloom over him, as incomprehensible to those unacquainted with his story as if they had seen the shadow of the actual Bastile thrown upon him by a summer sun, when the substance was three hundred miles away.

Only his daughter had the power of charming this black brooding from his mind. She was the golden thread that united him to the past. Except his mercy, and to a Present beyond his recovery, and to a Future based on his histories, the love of her was the golden thread that bound her face, the touch of her hand, had a strong beneficial influence with him almost always. Not absolutely always, for there were occasional occasions on which her power had failed; but they were few and slight, and she believed them over.

Mr. Darnay had kissed her hand fervently and gratefully, and had raised her from the ground whom he warmly thanked. Mr. Stryver, a man of little more than thirty, but looking five years older than he was, stout, loud, red, bluff, and free from any drawback of delicacy, had a pushing way of shouldering himself (morally and physically) into companies and conversations that succeeded well for his shouldering his way up in life.

He still had his wig and gown on, and he said, squaring himself at his late client to that degree that he squeezed the innocent Mr. Lorry clean out of the group: "I say, Carton, I'll be glad to be counsel to-day, you know. Mr. Darnay. It pays not quite disinterestedly, but with the interested object of squeezing himself back again.

"You think so?" said Mr. Stryver. "Well! you have been present all day, and you ought to know. You are a man of business, too."

"And as such," quoth Mr. Lorry, whom the counsel learned in the law had now shouldered back into the group, just as he had previously shouldered him out of it—"as such, I will appeal to Doctor Manette, to decide for me, whether in reference and order as all to our houses. Miss Lucie looks ill, Mr. Darnay has had a terrible day, we are worn out."

"Speak for yourself, Mr. Lorry," said Stryver; "I have had a night's work to do yet. Speak for yourself."

"I speak for myself," answered Mr. Lorry, "and for Mr. Darnay, and for Miss Lucie, and— Miss Lucie, do you not think I may speak for us all?" He asked her the question pointedly, and with a glance at her father.

His face had become frozen, as it were, in a very curious look at Darnay: an intent look, deepening into a frown of dislike and distrust, not even unmixed with fear. With his strange expression on him his thoughts had wandered away.

"My father," said Lucie, softly laying her hand on his.

He slowly shook the shadow off, and turned to her.

"Shall we go home, my father?"

With a long breath, he answered, "Yes."

The friends of the acquitted prisoner had dispersed, under the impression—which his lifelong self had originated—that he would not be released that night. The lights were nearly all extinguished in the passages, the iron gates were being closed with a jar and a rattle, and the dismal place was deserted until the next morning's interest of gallows, pillory, whipping-post, and branding-iron should repeople it. Walking between her father and Mr. Darnay, Lucie Manette passed into the open air. A hackney-coach was called, and the father and daughter departed in it.

Mr. Stryver had left them in the passages, to shoulder his way back to the robing-room. Another person who had not joined the group, or interchanged a word with any one of them, but who had been leaning against the wall where its shadow was darkest, had slowly strolled away after the rest, and had looked on until the coach drove away. He now stepped up to where Mr. Lorry and Mr. Darnay stood upon the pavement.

"So, Mr. Lorry! Men of business may speak to Mr. Darnay now?"

Nobody had made any acknowledgment of Mr. Carton's part in the day's proceedings; nobody had known of it. He was unrobed, and was none the better for it in appearance.

"If you know what a conflict goes on in the business mind, when the business mind is divided between good-natured impulse and business appearances, you would be amused, Mr. Darnay."

Mr. Lorry reddened, and said, warmly, "You have mentioned that before, Sir. We men of business, who serve a House, are not our own masters. We have to think of the House more than of ourselves."

"I know, I know," rejoined Mr. Carton, carelessly. "Don't be nettled, Mr. Lorry. You are so great a man, I believe in business; hence, I dare say."

"And indeed, Sir," pursued Mr. Lorry, not minding him, "I really don't know what you have to do with the matter. If you'll excuse my saying so, very much office, for saying so, I really don't know that it is your business."

"Business! Bless you, I have no business," said Mr. Carton.

"It is a pity you have not, Sir."

"I think so, too."

"If you had," pursued Mr. Lorry, "perhaps you would attend to it."

"Lord love you, no!—I shouldn't," said Mr. Carton.

"Well, Sir!" cried Mr. Lorry, thoroughly heated by his indifference, "business is a very good thing, and a very respectable thing. And, Sir, if business imposes its restraints and its silences and impediments, Mr. Darnay, as a young gentleman of generosity, knows how to make allowance for that circumstance. Mr. Darnay, good-night; God bless you, Sir! I hope you have been this day preserved for a prosperous and happy life.—Chair there!"

Perhaps a little angry with himself, as well as with the barrister, Mr. Lorry bustled into the chair, and was carried off to Tellson's. Carton, who smelled of port-wine, and did not appear to be quite sober, laughed then, and turned to Darnay:

"This is a strange chance that throws you and me together. This must be a strange night to you, standing alone here with your counsel present on these street-stones?"

"I landed this morning, as you learned Charles Darnay, "to belong to this world again."

"I don't wonder at it; it's not so long since you were pretty far advanced on your way to another. You speak faintly."

"I begin to think I am faint."

"Then why the devil don't you dine? I dined, myself, while those blockheads were deliberating which world you should belong to—this, or some other. Let me show you the nearest tavern to dine well at."

Drawing his arm through his own, he took him down Ludgate-hill to Fleet Street, and, up a covered way, into a tavern. Here they were shown into a little room, where Charles Darnay was soon recruiting his strength with a good plain dinner and good wine; while Carton sat opposite to him at the same table, with his separate bottle of port before him, and his fully half-conscious manner upon him.

"Do you feel yet that you belong to this terrestrial scheme again, Mr. Darnay?"

"I am feeling strangely confused regarding time and place; but I am so far mended as to feel that."

"It must be an immense satisfaction!"

He said it bitterly, and filled up his glass unconsciously as it was a large one.

"As to me, the greatest desire I have is to forget that I belong to it. It has no good in it for me—except wine like this—nor I for it. So we are not much alike in that particular. Indeed, I begin to think we are not much alike in any particular, you and I."

Confused by the speaker's emotion of the day, and feeling his being there with this Double of coarse department, to be like a dream, Charles Darnay was at a loss how to answer; finally, answered not at all.

"Now your dinner is done," Carton presently said, "why don't you call a health, Mr. Darnay; why don't you give your toast?"

"What health?" What toast?"

"Why, it's on the tip of your tongue. It ought to be, it must be, I'll swear it's there."

"Miss Manette, then!"

"Miss Manette, then!"

Looking his companion full in the face while he drank the toast, Carton flung his glass over his shoulder against the wall, where it shivered to pieces; then rang the bell and ordered in another.

"That's a fair young lady to hand to a coach in the dark, Mr. Darnay!" he said, filling his new glass.

A slight frown and a laconic "Yes" were the answer.

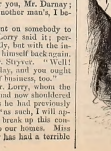
"That's a fair young lady to be pitied by and wept for by! How does it feel? Is it worth being tried for one's life to be the object of such sympathy and compassion, Mr. Darnay?"

Again Darnay answered not a word.

"She was mightily pleased to have your message, when I gave it her. Not that she showed it much, perhaps, but I suppose she was."

This allusion served as a timely reminder to Darnay that this disagreeable companion had, of his own free-will, assisted him in the strait of the day. He turned the dialogue to that point, and thanked him for it.

"I neither want any thanks, nor merit any," was the careless rejoinder. "It was nothing to



THE LION AND THE JACKAL.

do, in the first place; and I don't know why I did it, in the second. Mr. Darnay, let me ask you a question."

"Willingly, and a small return for your good offices."

"Do you think I particularly like you?"

"Really, Mr. Carton," returned the other, oddly disconcerted, "I have not asked myself the question."

"But ask yourself the question now."

"You have acted as if you do; but I don't think you do."

"I don't think I do," said Carton. "I begin to have a very good opinion of your understanding."

"Nevertheless," pursued Darnay, rising to ring the bell, "there is nothing in that, I hope, to prevent my calling the reckoning, and our parting without ill-blood on either side."

Carton rejoining, "Nothing in life!" Darnay rang. "Do you call the whole reckoning?" said Carton. On his answering in the affirmative, "Then bring me another pint of this same wine, drawn, and cork and wire me at once."

The bill being paid, Charles Darnay rose and wished him good-night. Without returning the wish, Carton rose too, with something of a threat or defiance in his manner, and said, "A last word, Mr. Darnay: you think I am drunk?"

"I think you have been drinking, Mr. Carton."

"Think? You know I have been drinking."

"Since I must say so, I know it."

"Then you know likewise how shy. I am a disappointed drudge, Sir. I care for no man on earth, and no man on earth cares for me."

"Much to be regretted. You might have used your talents better."

"Maybe so, Mr. Darnay; maybe not. Don't let your sober face elate you, however; you don't know what may come to, Good-night!"

When he was left alone this strange being took up a candle, went to a glass that hung between the windows, and surveyed himself minutely in it.

"Do you particularly like the man?" he muttered, at his own image; "why should you particularly like a man who resembles you? There is nothing in you to like; you know that. Ah, confound you! What a change you have made in yourself! A change you have made in yourself! A good reason for taking to a man, that he has come upon the ruin you have fallen away from and what you might have been! Change places with him, and would you have been looked at by those blue eyes as he was, and commiserated by that agitated face as he was? Come on, and have it out in plain words! You hate the fellow."

He resented the light of wine for consolation, drank it all in a few minutes, and fell asleep on his arms, with his hair straggling over the table, and a long winding-sheet in the candle dripping down upon him.

CHAPTER V.

THE JACKAL.

Those were drinking days, and most men drank hard. So very great is the improvement Time has brought about in such habits, that a moderate statement of the quantity of wine and punch which one man would swallow in the course of a night, without any detriment to his reputation as a perfect gentleman, would seem, in these days, a ridiculous exaggeration. The learned profession of the law was certainly not behind any other learned profession in its Bacchanalian propensities; whether such practice has already fast shouldering his way to a large and lucrative practice, behind his compeers in this particular, any more than in the drinking of the legal race.

The advocate of the Old Bailey, and eke at the Sessions, Mr. Stryver had begun cautiously to hew away the lower staves of the ladder by which he mounted. Sessions and Old Bailey had now to summon their favorite, specially, to their longing arms; and Mr. Stryver stood toward the visage of the Lord Chief Justice in the Court of King's Bench, the florid countenance of Mr. Stryver might be daily seen, bursting out of the bed of wigs, like a great sunflower pushing its way at the sun from among a rank garden-full of flaring companions.

It had once been noised at the Bar, that while Mr. Stryver was a glib man, and an unscrupulous, and a ready, and a bold, he had not that faculty of extracting the essence from a heap of statements which is among the most striking and necessary of the advocate's accomplishments. But a remarkable improvement came upon him as to this. The more business he got, the greater his power seemed to grow of getting at its pith and marrow; and however late at night he might be working with Mr. Carton, he always had his points at his fingers' ends in the morning.

Sydney Carton, idlest and most unpromising of men, was Stryver's great ally. What the two drank together, between Hilary and Michaelmas, might have floated a king's ship. Stryver never had a case in hand, a brief anywhere, but Carton was there, with his hands in his pockets, staring at the ceiling of the court; they went the circuit Circuit, and even there they prolonged their mad orgies late into the night, and Carton was always retained to be seen at broad day, going home stealthily and unsteadily to his lodgings like a dissipated cat. At last it began to get about among such as were interested in the matter, that although Sydney Carton would never be a lion, he was an amazingly good jackal, and that he rendered suit and service to Stryver in that humble capacity.

"Do you think, Sir," said the man at the tavern, whom he had charged to wake him—"do you think, Sir—"

"What's the matter?"

"Ten o'clock, Sir."

"What do you mean? Ten o'clock at night?"

"Yes, Sir. Your honor told me to call you."

"Oh! I remember. Very well, very well."

After a few dull efforts to get to sleep again, which the man dexterously combated by stirring the fire continuously for five minutes, he got up, tossed his hat on, and walked out. He turned into the Temple, and having revived himself by twice pacing the pavement of Fleet-street, walk and Paper-buildings, turned into the Stryver chambers.

The Stryver clerk, who never assisted at these conferences, had gone home, and the two principal representatives were alone. He had his slippers on, and a bone bed-gown, and his throat was bare for his greater ease. He had fire and candle wine, drawn, and several books and papers, which may be observed in a live lawyer of mature years, from the portrait of Jeffries downward, and which can be traced, under various disguises of Art, through the portraits of every Lord Judas Iscariot.

"You are a little late, Memory," said Stryver.

"About the usual time; it may be a quarter of an hour later."

They went into a dingy room lined with books and littered with papers, where there was a blazing fire. A kettle stood ready to their hand, in the midst of the wreck of papers a table shone, with plenty of wine upon it, and brandy, and rum, and sugar, and lemons.

"You have had your bottle, I perceive, Sydney."

"Two to-night, I think. I have been dining with the day's client; or seeing him dine—it's all one?"

"That was a rare point, Sydney, that you brought to bear upon the identification. How did you come by it? When did it strike you?"

"I thought he was rather a handsome fellow, and I thought it would be a pity to see him put to the same sort of fellow, if I had had any luck."

Mr. Stryver laughed, till he shook his precious paunch. "You and your luck, Sydney! Get to work, get to work."

Sullenly enough the jackal loosened his dress, went into an adjoining room, and came back with a large jug of cold water, a towel, and a towel or two. Steeping the towels in the water, and partially wringing them out, he folded them in his head in a manner common enough, and lay down at the table, and said, "Now I am ready!"

"Not much594 will be done to-night, Memory," said Mr. Stryver, gayly, as he looked among his papers.

"How much?"

"Only two sets of them."

"Give me a couple of pints first!"

"There they are, Sydney. Fire away!"

The lion then composed himself on his back on a sofa on one side of the drinking-table, while the jackal sat at his own paper-bestrewn table proper, on the other side of it, with pens, bottles and glasses ready to his hand. Both resorted to the drinking-table without stint, but in a remarkably different way: the lion for the most part reclining with his hands in his waistband, looking up at the ceiling or occasionally flirting with some lighter document; the jackal, with knitted brows and intent face, so busy in his task, that his eyes did not seem to follow the hand he stretched out for his glass—which often groped about, for its master co-operated with it freely, without help from his lips. Two or three times the matter in hand became so knotty that the jackal found it imperative on him to get up and steep his towels anew. From these pilgrimages to the jug and back he returned with such accumulations of damp head-gear as no words can describe which were made the more ludicrous by his anxious efforts to keep them cool.

At length the jackal had got together a concise result of the whole, and presented it to the lion. The lion took it with care and caution, made his additions in it, and his calculations upon it, and the jackal assisted both. When the repast was fully discussed, the lion put his hands in his waistband again, and lay down to meditate. The jackal then invigorated himself with fresh towels, and a bracing mental application to his head, and applied himself to the collection of a second meal; this was administered in the same form, and was not swift, and was not disposed of until the clocks struck three in the morning.

"And now we have done, Sydney, fill a bumper of punch," said Mr. Stryver.

The jackal removed the towels from his head, which had been steaming again, shook himself, yawned, shivered, and complied.

"You were very sound, Sydney, in the matter of those crown witnesses to-day. Every question told."

"I always am sound; am I not?"

"I don't say you are not. But you have roughened your temper? Put some punch to it and smooth it again."

With a deprecatory grunt the jackal again complied.

"The old Sydney Carton of old Shrewsbury School," said Stryver, nodding his head over him as he reviewed him in the present and the past, "the old sea-saw Sydney. Up hill and down the next; now in spirits and now in despondency!"

"Ah!" returned the other, sighing: "yes! The same Sydney, with the same luck. Even then, I had my turns for other boys, and seldom did my own."

"And why not?"

"God knows. It was my way, I suppose."

He sat, with his hands in his pockets and his legs stretched out before him, looking at the fire.

"Carton," said his friend, spurring himself as him with a bullying air, as if the fire-grate had been the fortress in which sentiment and cookery was forged, and the one delicate thing to be done for the old Sydney Carton of Old Shrewsbury School, was to shoulder him into it, "your way is, and always was, a lame way. You summon no energy and concentration. Look at me."

"Oh, botheration!" returned Sydney, with a lighter and more good-humored laugh, "don't you be moral!"

"How have I done what I have done?" said Stryver; "by hard work. It's what I do."

"Partly through paying me to help you, I suppose. But it's not worth your while to spoon upon yourself, or me, about it. You were driving at work, and driving well, when I began to dig myself out of a bad business. And mine was a bad one; a real bad one. I was incapable and reckless, and in the last degree unpromising. You take credit to yourself for having done more than I have done, and you are right."

"You were not in a position to do it," said Stryver, shaking his head, with a dissatisfied air of being compelled, against his will, to admit the force of the other's position.

"I was not in a position to do it," repeated Sydney, firmly. "Look at me. I am incapable and reckless still, and I shall be both to the end. But you were always driven through life. Not quite in the same way at school, for you were always beyond the rest, and I was always behind."

"I had to get into the front rank; I was not born there, was I?"

"I was not present at the ceremony; but my opinion is you were," said Carton. At this he laughed again, and they both laughed.

"Before Shrewsbury, and at Shrewsbury, and ever since Shrewsbury," pursued Carton, "you have fought your battle, your battle alone, as you have fought it all through. Even when we were fellow-students in the Temple, picking up our bits of Greek, and French law, and other French crumbs that we didn't get much good of, you were always somewhere, and I was always somewhere else."

"And whose fault was that?"

"You know well enough. I am not sure that it was not yours. You were always driving and driving at something or other, shouldering and pressing, to that restless degree that I had no choice but to be driven. I am not reproaching you, I only remember it. It's a theory, however, that I have, that we are all born with a tendency to some one thing or other, and that, however we may resist it, or however we may be dragged aside by incidents, we are never thoroughly laid asleep. Something will always arise to prick us, and we shall start broad awake, and automatically go to that one thing as to our destiny. That's all."

"Well then! Pledge me to the pretty witness," said Stryver, holding up his glass. "Are you turned in to be pleasant to-night?"

Apparently not, for he became gloomy again.

"Pretty witness," he muttered, looking down into his glass. "I have had enough of witnesses to-day and to-night; who's your pretty witness?"

"The picturesque doctor's daughter, Miss Manette."

"She pretty?"

"Is she not?"

"No."

"Why, man alive! she was the admiration of the whole Court!"

"Rot the admiration of the whole Court! Who made the Old Bailey a judge of beauty? She was a golden-haired doll!"

"Do you know, Sydney," said Mr. Stryver, looking at him with sharp eyes, and slowly drawing a hand across his florid face: "do you know, I rather thought, at the time, that you admired her yourself? Don't answer, if you were quick to see what happened to the golden-haired doll?"

"Quick to see what happened! If a girl, doll or no doll, swoons within a yard or two of a man's nose, he can see it without the assistance of eye glass. I pledge you, but I deny the beauty. And now I'll have no more drink; I'll get to bed."

When his host followed him out on the staircase with a candle, to light him down the dreary, dirty dark and dim, the whole scene like a lifetime dwelt, with a shudder of chill and solitude, around and round before the morning blast, as if the desert-sand had risen fast far away, and the first energy of its burning wind began the long whelming of the city.

Waste forces within him, and a desert all around, this man stood still on his way across a silent terrace, and saw for a moment, lying in the wilderness of wasted power and homeless ambition, self-denial, and perseverance. In the fair city of this vision there were airy galleries from which the loves and graces looked upon him, gardens in which the fruits of life hung ripening, waters of flow and ebb made his sight. A moment, and it was gone. Climbing to a high chair in his own dining-room, he threw himself down in his clothes on a neighbored bed, and its pillow was wet with wasted tears.

Sadly, sadly the sun rose; it rose upon no sadder sight than the man of good abilities and good emotions, incapable of their exercise, incapable of his own help and his own happiness, sensible of the blight on him, and resigning himself to let it eat him away.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE following is entirely authentic, and is taken from the record:

In August, 1845, Hon. William Z. Stuart, since a Judge of the Supreme Court of Indiana, was prosecuting attorney for the circuit embracing Lawrence county, Calcutta. At that term of the court, and in that county, a prisoner was put on trial for stealing a pair of homespun flat bank-notes. The proof was direct and clear, and the jury retired to find a verdict of guilty, which they did in short order. They had a remarkably dull, stupid, old jury, although perfectly satisfied of the guilt of the prisoner at the bar. They therefore came into court the following written:

"We, the jury, acquit the defendant by the skin his teeth; and hope he will do so no more; and that his left ear may be cut off. We give him one bit for costs."

The Hon. Stuart was the celebrated Judge John W. Wright, who was in the habit of solemnly lecturing prisoners who were brought before him. The defendant was lectured as recommended; and it is believed that he did not steal any more bank-notes. The prisoner had to retire on the skin of his teeth for an acquittal.

The French poet, M. Arnaud, was one day at an assembly where a prominent figure was a man with black hair on his head, and a white beard to his chin. A lady inquired of M. Arnaud if he could explain the contrast. "I suppose, madam," he replied, "the gentleman's chin does more work than his head."

ON A MERRY FELLOW.

"I laugh," a would-be-cynic cried,
"At every one who laughs at me."
"Good lord!" a sneering friend replied,
"How very merry you must be."

Summer Resorts.

Conover Hotel, West Point, N. Y.
La Tourette House, Bergen Point, N. J.
Trenton Falls Hotel, Trenton Falls, N. Y.
Hazelcroft House, Lake Hopatcong, N. J.
Round Hill Water Cure Hotel, Northampton, Mass.
Nahant Hotel, Nahant, Mass.

BURNETT'S COCOAINE.

Messrs. Joseph Burnett & Co., Boston, are the well-known manufacturers of this celebrated article for the hair, which is now fully established in its popularity, and recommended and used by physicians throughout the United States. Mr. Burnett's abilities as a chemist seem enabled him to produce a compound, combining the properties of the Cocoa-Nut Oil, with a peculiarly elastic tonic sufficiently to preserve and promote the healthy growth of the hair, at the same time that it is unequaled as an article for the toilet.—*Trenton Gazette.*

TRENTON FALLS.

This most picturesque of the WATER FALLS OF AMERICA can now be reached at small expense a few hours from Utica by Railroad.

N. B.—Three trains a day.

LA TOURETTE HOUSE,

BERGEN POINT, HUDSON CO., N. J.

Wesley W. Hall (late of the Lafarge House), Proprietor.

This fine and delightful Summer Resort is beautifully situated on the banks of the *Kill von Kull*, opposite Staten Island. Excellent Bathing, Boating, Fishing, and Sporting in the immediate vicinity. Gentlemen with their families can find, Now York, will find this a most desirable convenient hotel in town, as it takes no longer time only 15 minutes by steamboat to reach it, than to go from South Ferry to Fulton Ferry.

COZZENS'

West Point Hotel

is

NOW OPEN.

Round Hill Water Cure Hotel.

THE Northampton, Mass., continues to be a favorite resort of invalids, and of families and others seeking recreation and health. The Water Cure Establishment is unsurpassed in its appointments, and is fully supplied with a fine array of treat pure, which gives a delightful tonic to invalids. The location is one of the most beautiful and picturesque in the country, while the scenery in the immediate vicinity is unrivaled. Visitors can reach Northampton from any part of the country in a very short time, and by a journey to see. No place within four hours of New York offers such attractive and comfortable accommodations, good table and home comforts.

The season of HALL, the proprietor and principal physician, in the cure of woman's diseases, is well known. For the past twenty years the number of cases other chronic complaints at Round Hill, are Circular sent on application to the Proprietor. Post Office address, Northampton, Mass.

"This much is true; Dr. Halsted has great success in the treatment of female complaints."—*Springfield Republican and Express.*

"Miss Dix's success in the treatment of diseases peculiar to females, at Round Hill, is one of the most remarkable facts within the knowledge of the public."—*Springfield Republican.*

"Here nature is clothed in her most attractive garb, and wealth gives luxuries to the eye, each contributes in part to make Round Hill a desirable spot for rest."—*Advertiser.*

"Round Hill. We freely, and with the unanimous consent of all who have visited the Round Hill Establishment, commend it as a delightful place of sojourn. The scenery is of unrivaled beauty, while the air is pure and free from baneful vapors, which have been established by hundreds of years of cultivation. The medical attendance in the vicinity, and the place itself has been improved at great expense, and with the best taste, and everything of every necessary nature for a person's well for their comfort as amusement."—*N. O. Picayune.*

LAKE HOPATCONG HOUSE, AT HOPATCONG,

NOW OPEN.

Gentlemen with their families, or single gentlemen, can make arrangements for Summer Board at reasonable prices. Parties wishing their meals served, via "GOOD FISHING," can enjoy it at this beautiful place to perfection. GOOD BATHING. It is the one-and-a-half hours' ride from New York, by Morris and Essex Railroad. Depot at Hopatcong. Stages will be in waiting to convey passengers to and from the house at three miles. Post Office address—Drakeville, Morris county, N. J. DAVIS.

NAHANT HOTEL.

This favorite establishment, situated at Nahant, is unsurpassed by any Hotel in the United States, and is NOW OPEN. It contains accommodations for 1000 guests. Music for the season will be furnished by GILMORE'S BAND, and ample provisions are provided for Bathing, Driving, Boating, Sailing, Fishing, and every other desirable recreation and amusement. There is communication with Boston four times daily by railroad and also by omnibus and cars from Lynn. Season tickets can be had of Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, Boston, and on leaving to pass a few weeks at the most desirable and healthy summer resort on the New England coast, can be accommodated at very moderate rates.

THOMAS RAND & SONS.

GENIN'S SUMMER HATS,

100 Styles,

FRENCH FELTS, PANAMAS, LEGHORNS, DUNSTABLES, DIAMOND BRAIDS, RIO STRAWS, FANCY STRAWS and CHINA PEARL; with a Variety of other seasonable and elegant fabrics.

To suit all ages and complexions.

At GENIN's Hat and Cap Store,
507 Broadway, New York

E. A. BROOKS.

575 Broadway—150 Fulton Street.
A splendid Assortment of Ladies', Gentlemen's, and Children's Boots, Shoes, and Gaiters.

The Oriental Fruit Paste, or Aromatic Jelly of Figs and Senna.

Combines all the laxative properties of pure extract of Senna, in a delicious sugar-coated paste, and is the most agreeable and effectual medicine known for all irregularities of the bowels. Sold by Druggists everywhere.

T. W. HORCROSS & CO., Wholesale Agents,
71 Fulton Street, New York.

PUBLIC SPEAKERS AND SING-ERS can use "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" for Coughs and Voice Lozenges as freely as requisite—containing no opium or any thing that can injure the system. They are invaluable in allaying the hoarseness and irritation incident to vocal exertion, and also a powerful auxiliary in the production of melodious enunciation.

Blasser's 5 Minute
ICE CREAM FREEZERS,
As I improved for 1859.

With Standard Iron Cover and Bottoms—Tinned, It

The only Freezer known which is constructed on true Scientific principles.

The Cheapest, Best, and most Economical, requiring less ice and less labor than any other, being at the same time the most durable in structure, and most certain in its operation.

Sole Agents for the United States,

E. KETCHAM & CO., 7

Manufacturers of Japanned and Planished Tin Ware, 263 Fearl Street, New York.

Charles Grobe's new Method
FOR THE
PIANO FORTE.

Mr. Grobe is as well known, that any remarks as to his qualifications would be superfluous. Suffice it to say that he has produced in his *New Method* a work for elementary teaching superior to *any other*. It is eminently the Book for the Parlor, and from the result of the ripe experience of the author, it is invaluable to Teacher or Pupil. Nothing is attempted in advance of the Pupil's ist by any, pleased, and gradual means to the desired end. The Exercises are complicated of in works of instruction is altogether avoided, and the Publishers believe it to be the most perfect, the progressive, and judicious system of instruction extant. The Publishers have spared no pains in producing the finest possible edition of the books and type. The type is new and unusually beautiful and distinct. The paper is of the best kind, and the Binding Substantial. Price $2 00; in Cloth, $3 00. Copies sent by mail, postage paid, on receipt of the marked price. A liberal reward. A handsome discount to Teachers and Seminaries.

FIRTH, POND & CO., 547 Broadway,
New York.
LEE & WALKER, Philadelphia.

Something New.

Agents wanted, to go into a New and Honorable Business, which will pay from $15 to $30 weekly.

No Humbug.

Satisfaction guaranteed. Send stamp for particulars, which are free.

S. M. MYRICK & CO., Lynn Mass.

The Best in always Cheapest.

ROTHES'
New and Improved Hair Dye.

From the recipe of a *celebrated German Chemist*, it is a superior color, is easily applied, and always gives entire satisfaction. Ample testimonials, not published, to be seen, to prove the superiority of this dye to all others. Warranted the best Hair Dye in the market.

Sold by all Druggists.

J. W. NORCROSS & CO.,
91 Fulton *Street, New York.*

Ready June 15th,
THE STERLING ENGLISH NOVEL,
The "Three Clerks" of Anthony Life.
BY ELIZABETH ELTON SMITH.
One Volume 12mo, price $1 25.

This book is the production of a superior mind; a vivid but not overwrought picture of the commonplace of society with a more philosophical spirit than is commonly realized by the delineators of those scenes, action and its worshipers delight to honor. The style and narration of the work are charming, the dialogue is spirited, the ideas striking, and the remarks sound.

From the numerous commendations of the press of the English Press, we select the following extracts:

"We have been struck by the intelligence power displayed in these volumes, and have passed upon many striking and original passages, happily expressed, which entitle authorship of a superior talent. We have read the work with interest and pleasure."—*London Literary Gazette.*

"We are not unwilling to commend to our readers a novel. The girl, Lucy Elton, is a charming creation. The Devonshire squire that she was brought up with is admirable; and with equal truth, delicacy, and fidelity has the drawn her pictures. The characters are well developed in an interesting story."—*Lond. Lit. Gazette.*

C. O. H. P. BUCKHAM, Publisher, 18 Spruce Street, Boston.

Sent by mail to all parts of the U. S. under 3010 miles on receipt of $1. For sale by Booksellers everywhere.

MICHELET'S L'AMOUR.
M. MICHELET'S GREAT WORK.
LOVE.
Translated from the last Paris Edition.
One Volume, 12mo, Muslin. Price, $1 00.
RUDD & CARLETON, Publishers,
130 Grand Street, New York.

*** Sent by mail, *pre-paid*, on receipt of price.

THE AMERICAN NEW FREEMA-SON'S Monthly Magazine, edited by ALBERT G. MACKEY, M.D., and other prominent Masonic writers. For sale by all Book-sellers throughout the country, and supplied by

HENDRICKSON, BLAKE & LONG,
31 and 33 Ann Street, New York.

EMPLOYMENT
For 100 More
ENERGETIC YOUNG MEN.

Who are willing to devote their leisure time and talent to selling LIBERAL HISTORICAL WORKS. The MANUSCRIPT OBLIGATION BOOK, which we issue to Agents, tells them what to do. They desire to know my "PLAN OF OPERATIONS," how to "APPROACH" a subscriber, how to "overcome objections," and what, and how much they are (MADE OF PORTAGE.) A FULL STATEMENT of what engaging men have done, and have yet to do, is the reason why you may not "GO AND DO LIKEWISE." Address

MACK W. BARNITZ,
Book and Map Publisher, Cincinnati, O.

100 Songs for 25 Cents.

"THE ROME MELODIST" contains nearly 100 of the most popular Songs,—Words and Music. Bound in Boards. Price 25 cents.

Published by OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.

PATENT STRENGTHENING POSTAGE POROUS PLASTERS

THESE PLASTERS ARE APPLIED, WE ARE ALWAYS ON THE GIVE NO EIGHT SUFFERING FROM ALWAYS STOCK NO MACKINTOSH, THE NEW RELIEF MOISTURE, UNDER- LUMBAGO, NATURE, WHICH IS STRENGTHEN AND GIVE RELIEF WITHIN MINUTES WHEN ONE HAS TO WALK WITH DOUBLE SIDE, IN ASTHMA AND ALL PAINS IN THE BACK AND SIDE, IN AGUE OF THE BREAST THEY ARE INVALUABLE, PREVENTING TENSION WHILST THEY RELIEVE PAIN. IN ALL CASES WHERE THE PLASTERS ARE HIGHLY RECOMMENDED BY THE FACULTY, AND ARE SOLD BY CHEMISTS GENERALLY.

Sold by **ALLCOCK & CO.**
254 Canal St.
NEW-YORK.
Sold by all Druggists.

N. B. LAST TRICE AS LONG AS OTHERS & ONLY 25 CTS.

Sold also at Burnham's, 259 Bowery, and Rushton's, 41 Broadway.

THE ECONOMIST
COOKING STOVE,
FOR WOOD OR COAL,
WITH A RANGE OVEN.

This is the most valuable improvement that has been made in Cooking Stoves during the past twenty years.

THE ECONOMIST OVEN

Relishes the heat long after the fire has gone out.

THE ECONOMIST

Will bake in less time all the bakers in the world.

THE ECONOMIST

Wynnyer the Sand Oven, is ahead of all competitors; Wyns the Sand Oven, is at the head of them.

THE ECONOMIST

Is the most economical and durable Stove in the world.

THE ECONOMIST

Has a most perfect arrangement for broiling.

THE ECONOMIST

Heats water for the Bathing Room, &c., as quickly as any Range, and at half the cost for fuel.

Do not fail to examine it!! It is manufactured by

W. & J. TREADWELL, PERRY & NORTON,
ALBANY, N. Y.

And for sale everywhere.

☞ **5000 AGENTS WANTED**—To sell a new Invention. Agents have made over $25,000 on one article. Sells at sight to every family. Send four stamps and get $2 worth of sample, gratis.

EPHRAIM BROWN, Lowell, Mass.

Singer's Sewing Machines.
New Styles.
From $50 to $125.

SINGER'S FAMILY MACHINE, the price of which is only $50, is a light and elegant machine, capable of executing, of performing, in the best style, all the sewing of a private family.

SINGER'S STANDARD MACHINES for manufacturing purposes are well known to be without any successful rival in the market. Important improvements exhibited in regard to various stitches made by Sewing Machines, Singer's Machines make the best stitch ever invented, and do it in the best style. A great discount is made to tailors.

Send for a copy of I. M. Singer & Co.'s Gazette, which contains full information, sized prices, size, etc., of Sewing Machines, and will be supplied gratis.

I. M. SINGER & CO.,
No. 458 Broadway, New York.

☞ **AGENTS WANTED** in this State to canvass for the GOLDEN SAFE. Sells rapidly. Can make good pay. For terms, &c., send stamp.

C. P. WHITTEN, Lowell, Mass.

To Teachers.

My Correspondence Class is increased to almost one hundred, since, after to the "Case of HARPER & BROTHERS, New York City." Thirty-two Copper and Circular, Vernier and Post-Office Address of Schools, Educational Boards, &c., are solicited. MARCUS WILLSON.

Rutland, Vermont.

FINKLE & LYON'S
SEWING MACHINES,

For Family Use, Tailoring Purposes, Saddlery, &c. Warranted to do better satisfaction than any other machine in markets, or money refunded. Agents wanted.

503 BROADWAY,
Next to the St. Nicholas Hotel.

Lord Ward's Worcestershire Sauce.

IS THE ONLY Worcestershire Sauce. Is excellent for all purposes.

ASK FOR, and HAVE ONLY LORD WARD'S.

Used at every Hotel, and sold by all Grocers and Oil Dealers.

Wholesale and for Exportation, by

JONATHAN JONES & CO.,
40 Broad Street, New York.

Sold Retail by the Grocers and Oil Dealers. Half Pint, 30 cents per bottle; Pints, 50 cents per bottle.

PIESSE & LUBIN'S PERFUMERY DEPOT, from every flower that breathes a fragrance

SWEET SCENTS
THE FLOWER OF THE DAY
KISS-ME-QUICK
FRANGIPANNI
And a Thousand others

In 6d. each to Save
2 Wye Bond St. London.

Sold by all Druggists and Perfumers in every city.

Wholesale Agent,
J. PHILLIPS,
87 *Pearl St.*
New York.

PURCATION
WITH
BRANDRETHS PILLS
PURIFIES THE BLOOD & CANNOT FAIL
TO CURE WHEN ENFORCED
IN TIME.

AND LET ME SAY THAT THIS KNOWLEDGE IS A SECOND ONE WITH CHRISTIANITY IN THE ATTRIBUTES IT IS CAPABLE OF CONFERRING UPON MANKIND. THE MAN WHO CAN TRULY PERSUADE YOU BRANDRETH'S PILLS ARE A QUACK REMEDY, IS INSOLENT OR A FOOL TO YOU FOR 3 SHILLINGS WHAT I TELL YOU THESE ARE

I CANNOT NOT SUPPLY FOR ONE DOLLAR

MY HERBS AND EXTRACTS ARE ALL PREPARED BY MY OWN LABOR, AND IN THE VERY SPOT WHERE OF 140 HORSE POWER IS EMPLOYED EXCLUSIVELY IN THE MANUFACTURE OF THESE PILLS, FACT SUCH AS WAS EVOLVED BY THE

RESEARCHES OF DR. BRANDRETH.

IN USING THESE PILLS YOU RISK NOTHING FOR THEY HAVE BEEN USED BY MILLIONS.

IT IS POSSIBLE TO FEEL DISPOSED TO TAKE A SIX DOSE YOU WILL BE CERTAIN TO FEEL DISPOSED TO PERSEVERE IN THE OPERATION; AND YOU MAY HAVE THE LAUDABLE SOLACE, WHILST THE DOCTOR IS TELLING THAT HE WITH YOU CAN EXACERBATE WITH THAT LAST SYMPTOM, TO CRY OUT IN THE VERY TONE OF FULL CURE WITHOUT HURTING YOUR TEETH

Dr BRANDRETH'S PRINCIPAL OFFICE
324 CANAL STREET NEW YORK.
Sold by all Druggists Everywhere.

Song of the Meerschaum Colorers.

By one who has read the "Leader."

Color your meerschaums, and color them carefully,
Honestly, thoroughly, impartially, prayerfully;
All the day long smoking pipes without number,
And learning to like the thing more and more.

See as you puff the tobacco-filled chamber
Ashy-white turning to golden amber;
Wife may complain, but in pearly smoke drown her,
Just like good-bye—it grows warmer and warmer!

Let us be workers, and patient and dutiful,
Labor and sweat are the prize of the beautiful!
Sink your losses in rising in the price of "genius,"
And color your tubes to the dirt of dark dahlia!

Color your tubes! But for health's sake remember,
That this month's dahlia will by to-morrow December!
And yet you make mid to your female divinity
Just purchase a seat at the Astor's Widdna Tragedy.

"Twin Temples of Fashion."

SMITH BROTHERS,
The Marble Stores,
122, 138, and 140
Fulton Street,
Between Broadway & William St.,

THOMAS SMITH, Jr.,
ROBERT J. SMITH,
J. SMITH RICE.

NEW-YORK.

ONE PRICE—NO DEVIATION.

The Price is marked on all the Goods in Plain Figures.

DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM.
DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM.
DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM.

The Remedy of the Age.
The Remedy of the Age.
The Remedy of the Season.

Coughs, Colds, Consumptions, Asthma,
Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Croup,
Inflammation of the Throat, Lungs, and Chest,
Influenza and Consumption, are all cured by this incomparable remedy.

Beware of counterfeits, and purchase only that having the written signatures of "I. Butts," as well as the printed one of the Proprietors, SETH W. FOWLE & CO., 13 Tremont Street, Boston, on the outer wrapper.

BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.
BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.
BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.

Sold everywhere.

Save Your Carpets
From Wear and Moth.

The attention of Housekeepers is respectfully called to *Harrington's Carpet Lining*, a substitute for paper, straw, or any other article used under Carpets, Oil-cloth, or Matting. It protects the Carpet against any unevenness in the floor, and is warranted to add fifty per cent. to the durability of Carpets, &c. Its cheapness puts it within the reach of all. To be had of any of the Upholsterers, or at the Manufactory of the

NEW YORK CARPET LINING CO. 67 Warren Street, corner College Place, J. E. HARRINGTON, Agt.

ELLIOT & PATTEN—Examine Inventions and procure American and Foreign Patents. *Patent Agency* opposite main entrance of Patent Office Building, Washington City, D. C.

TIFFANY & CO.
Importers & Manufacturers,
No. 550 Broadway, New York,
And Rue Richelieu, No. 79, Paris,
DIAMONDS, AND OTHER PRECIOUS STONES.
FINE JEWELRY. WATCHES.
SILVER WARE, PLATED WARE, TABLE CUTLERY.
CLOCKS, BRONZES, ARGENTE, ORNAMENTS.
DESKS, DRESSING-CASES, WORK-BOXES, TRAVELLING-BAGS, FANS, RICH PORCELAINS.
And many other Articles of Ait and Luxury.
The only Agents in New York for the sale of Cha. Frodsham's Watches, whose superiority over any other pocket time-piece ever made is unquestionably established.

Every article is marked in plain figures the Lowest at which it will be sold for cash.

Parties personally visiting the Establishment are respectfully invited to strangers on invitation to inspect our stock, which is so large that it can still more not be kept obligation to purchase.

SANDS' SARSAPARILLA,
The best Alterative and Tonic.

We take pleasure in remarking that the numerous cases that at this season of the year the most beneficial results may be obtained by the use of the above medicine, and by purifying the blood, its cutaneous disorders, and invigorating the entire system.

Prepared and sold by A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists, 141 William Street, New York.

HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, New York,
Have just Published:

ALFORD'S GREEK TESTAMENT. The Greek Testament; with a Critically Revised Text; a Digest of Various Readings; Marginal References to Verbal and Idiomatic Usage; Prolegomena; and a Critical and Exegetical Commentary. For the use of Theological Students and Ministers. By HENRY ALFORD, B.D., Minister of Quebec Chapel, London, and Dean of Canterbury. Vol. I. Gospels. Vol. II. Acts, the Epistles of the Four Gospels. Vol. III. Epistles, Apocalypse, and Critical Index. 8vo, 30 cents.

HUMBOLDT'S COSMOS. Cosmos. A Sketch of a Physical Description of the Universe. By ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT. Translated from the German by E. C. OTTE and W. S. DALLAS, F.L.S. 12mo, Muslin, 50 cents.

ANCIENT MINERALOGY; or, An Inquiry respecting Minerals Referred to and mentioned by the Ancients; with Occasional Remarks on the Light which the Subject has applied. By JOHN MILLS, M. Modern Lecturer on Colombia College. A New and Improved Edition. 12mo, Muslin, 50 cents.

THE BERTRAMS. A Novel. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE, author of "Doctor Thorne." 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

LEVER'S GERALD FITZGERALD. Gerald Fitzgerald, the Chevalier: A Novel. By CHARLES LEVER, author of "Charles O'Malley," "Harry Lorrequer," "The Irish Family Abroad," "Sir Jasper Carew," "Maurice Tiernay," etc. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

LOVE MY LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG. A Novel. By CHARLES READE, author of "Christie Johnstone," "Peg Wolfington," "Never too Late to Mend," &c. 12mo, Muslin, 75 cents; Paper, 50 cents.

THE AMERICAN HOME GARDEN. Being Principles and Rules for the Culture of Vegetables, Fruits, Flowers, and Ornamental Trees. Also, select Brief Notes on Farm Crops, with a Table of their Average Produce and Chemical Composition. By JOHN JAMES WATERS. *With several Numbered Illustrations.* 12mo, Muslin, $1 50.

THE LIFE OF NORTH AMERICAN INSECTS. By JOHN LAWSON, Esq., Professor of Botany and Botany in the College of New Jersey. Assisted by H. C. FARNHAM, M.D. With Numerous Illustrations from Specimens in the Cabinet of the Author. 12mo, Muslin, $1 25.

MORE ABOUT JESUS. By the Author of "Reading without Tears," "Peep of Day," &c., &c. Beautifully Illustrated. 18mo, Boards, 25 cents.

THE ROMANCE AND ITS HERO. By the Author of "Mademoiselle Mori." 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS will send any of the above Works by Mail, postage paid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.

☞ Every Number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE contains from 96 to 98 pages—and from one third to one half of its reading matter *more* than any other like magazine.

Commencement of Volume XIX.

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE
FOR 1859.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year $3 00
Two Copies for One Year 5 00
Three or more Copies for One Year (each) 2 00

And an Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of Ten subscribers.

HARPER'S WEEKLY and HARPER'S MAGAZINE, together, one year, $4 00.

The Postage upon "HARPER'S MAGAZINE" must be paid at the Office where it is received. *The Postage is Twenty-four Cents a year.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A FIRST-CLASS ILLUSTRATED PAPER.
THE BEST AND CHEAPEST
FAMILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD.
TERMS.—One Copy, one year . . . $2 00.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS'S New Serial, entitled "A TALE OF TWO CITIES," is regularly illustrated by MR. MCLENAN, was commenced in "HARPER'S WEEKLY" of April 30, and will be continued from week to week until completed.

GEO. WILLIAM CURTIS'S Illustrated Serial Tale of American Life, entitled "TRUMPS," was commenced in "HARPER'S WEEKLY" of April 9.

TERMS OF HARPER'S WEEKLY.

One Copy for Twenty Weeks $1 00
One Copy for One Year 2 00
One Copy for Two Years 4 00
Two Copies for One Year 3 00
Three Copies for One Year 6 00
Twenty Copies for One Year 30 00

An Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of TWELVE *or* FIFTY-TWO SUBSCRIBERS.

TERMS FOR ADVERTISING.—*Fifty Cents a Line.*

A Liberal Discount will be made to those wishing to *Advertise for Three Months or more.*

*** Persons living in the City of New York wishing "HARPER'S WEEKLY" left at their houses, will please send their names and residences, with the subscription money, to the Office of Publication.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers,
Franklin Square, New York.

SYMPATHY FOR ITALIAN ORGAN-GRINDERS.

BROTHER JONATHAN. "Here, Old Fellow, just you send that there squeak-machine to Barnum, and go and play upon this instrument in your own country. The Russian Steamship *General Admiral* will give you a free passage home to Italy."

ALDERMANIC DIGNITY.

Teaching position of the New York Alderman who prefers being smothered in mud and slush to exercising an iota of his imaginary dignity. *[See the official Report on the Reasons why the Board of Aldermen won't confirm any Street Inspector the Mayor may name.]*

☞ GIFTS. ☜

SPLENDID GIFTS

IN

Purchasers of Books,

AT

THE ORIGINAL

AND

☞ THE ONLY ☜

Gift Book Enterprize

Established in 1854.

HEAD QUARTERS

FOR THE

UNITED STATES

AT THE

PUBLISHING HOUSE

OF

G. G. EVANS,

439 Chestnut Street.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

CATALOGUES SENT FREE

Since I originated the Gift Book Enterprize, I have repeatedly called the attention of the public to my large stock and liberal style in which they have always warmly responded. I can now do more satisfaction than ever, call attention to my facilities for obtaining Books to purchasers. Being very largely engaged in publishing, I exchange my own publications for those of other houses, and am enabled to procure all my books at the original cost of making, and thus can and do supply the majority of the other houses engaged in the Gift Book Trade, with their books, cheaper than they can procure them from their publishers. I can state, by my latest purchases of Watches and Jewelry, for cash, that with them with their Gifts at lower rates than they can buy them from the manufacturers.

Having such an advantage in buying, I can insure my customers better Gifts with Only Books than any other house, and can give my Agents a larger commission. A valuable Gift will be delivered with each Book at the time of sale. Gifts worth $800, at the lowest wholesale prices, will be impartially distributed with every $1,000 worth of Books sold.

A Descriptive Catalogue, which will be mailed free to any address, containing the most valuable collection of Books ever offered, embracing in Literature, Philosophy, History, Geography, Travels, and the Sciences, with all the favorite works of Fiction and Romance, and every other department of Literature, classified as described below, and for it, for if you don't wish to order Books, you will obtain a very valuable Book for reference, as it contains all the desirable books in print, and will cost you nothing.

Particular attention is requested to the List of my Publications, which will be found in the latter part of my Classified Catalogue. It contains a large number of decidedly popular works, by various authors; among which will be found the most salable work, well bound on a moral, instructive and pleasing nature, interesting biographies, travels, &c.

CLASSIFICATION OF BOOKS.

AGRICULTURAL.—This department embraces all standard works on Agriculture, Horticulture, Cotton Planting, Flowers, Gardening, Farm Implements, Horses, Sheep, Cattle, Dogs, &c., &c.

ALBUMS—Ladies' in great variety: Floral, Cap Quarto, Royal Cap, Demy Quarto, Autograph, &c.

ANNUALS.—A large and elegant assortment.

BIBLES.—A splendid assortment of Pocket, Pew and Family Bibles, in every style, from $1 to $50.

PRAYER BOOKS.—A complete assortment, in every style of binding.

BLANK BOOKS.—As used by the different denominations.

BIOGRAPHICAL.—Washington Irving, Irving, Wermo Sparke, Bancroft, and every other standard author.

BOTANICAL.—By Comstock, Gray, Lincoln, Darby, Wood, &c., &c.

COOKERY.—Receipt and Cook Books, by Mrs. Hale, Leslie, Widefield, McIvenzie, &c.

GERMAN.—Standard German Literature.

DICTIONARIES.—Webster's, English, French, German, Scottish, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, &c.

CYCLOPEDIAS.—All the standard authors.

GEOGRAPHICAL.—The latest and most approved Geographies and other Geographies, Maps, and Travelers' Guides.

GEOLOGY.—The works of Hugh Miller, Harris, Hitchcock, Lyell, and others.

HISTORICAL.—By Prescott, Irving, Bancroft, Robertson, Hume, Gibbon, Macaulay, and others.

HUMOROUS.—Embraces a World of Fun.

JUVENILE.—Every description of Illustrated Books for Children.

MAW AND MEDICINE.—The Standard Works of these professions.

MECHANICAL AND SCIENTIFIC.—The most approved works on Mechanics, Architecture, and the Occupied Arts.

POETRY.—English and American. Octave and Literary editions of the Standard Poets: Pocket and Cabinet editions—plain and illustrated, bound in every style to suit the taste of all.

WORKS OF FICTION.—By Scott, Irving, Cooper, Dickens, and all the approved writers.

SCHOOL AND CLASSICAL.

TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES.

GAMES, SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

RELIGIOUS, BIBLICAL AND THEOLOGICAL.

MUSICAL AND GLEE BOOKS.

ODD FELLOWSHIP AND FREE MASONRY.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Our Miscellaneous Department embraces every thing not included in the above classification, of an interesting or instructive character, that is in print.

The Gifts consist of Gold and Silver Watches, Gold Chains, Ladies' splendid Stock and gold silk Dress Patterns, Parlor Time Pieces, Silver-plated Ware, costly Sets of Cutlery, Breast, Finger-rings, Coral, Garnet, Turquois, and Lava Jewelry, Gold Lockets, Pencils and Pens, Ladies' Neck and Chatelaine Chains, Gents' Button Studs and Sleeve Buttons, Pocket Knives, Portemonnaies, and a thousand articles of Gifts of use and value.

Agents Wanted Everywhere.

To Agents I can give more liberal inducements than can be offered by any other house. In addition to large commissions, I give to each Agent to get subscribers for my enterprise their Gift free.

The peculiar advantages are—

A Larger Stock and Better Catalogues to select from.

A Better Assortment and Quality of Gifts.

More Punctuality and Correctness in filling Orders.

By acting as Agents for me,

Persons wishing a Valuable Library can procure it gratis.

Persons seeking an easy method of earning a livelihood can find it. Any one desiring a good Watch can obtain it.

For full particulars sent free a Catalogue.

My large capital, together with my long experience in the business and consequent familiarity with all its details, gives me an almost inexhaustible advantage over all competitors.

All I ask is a trial. Send me an order, and you will be convinced that there is no exaggeration.

DO NOT FORGET TO SEND FOR A CATALOGUE.

Persons visiting the city, are requested to call and examine for themselves.

G. G. EVANS'
HEAD-QUARTERS,
439 CHESTNUT STREET,
Philadelphia, Pa.

BRANCH STORE, 48 Cornhill, Boston, Mass.

Special Notice to Book Buyers.

As there are parties of doubtful responsibility advertising to sell books at auction, and making many large promises, without intending them, without the intention of trying to fulfil them, hoping, through the popularity of my enterprize, to deceive and plunder the public, a strict sense of duty compels me to warn all against them. And if any are deceived and cheated by them, they should not be so unjust as to condemn me along with them, for they are base imitators of an enterprize that has cost me an immense amount of time and money to place in the position which it now occupies, commanding an extensive and increasing trade, approved and endorsed, with the most flattering testimonials, from the entire Publishing Interest in the United States—a position which I intend to retain in my possession, and will be produced and given at any time with the greatest pleasure.

G. G. EVANS.

DR. J. B. MARCHISI'S
CELEBRATED
'UTERINE CATHOLICON
For the Relief and Cure of Suffering Females.

With such universal distress and suffering as saddens the female life, a really good Medicine must be their best friend. The numerous cases of Constipation, Sores, Ulcerations, Discharges, Obstructions, Falling, Womb, Leucorrhœa, Irregularities, Suppressions, Pains, and Weaknesses, given it a reputation and popularity never obtained by any other article. It does what it promises, and can be relied upon. When every thing has been tried, the best physicians consulted, years spent in anguish, and fortunes wasted, this Catholicon has restored health to the patient and gladness to the fireside. It is active and efficient in any form of disease peculiar to the female sex, and should never be dispensed with previous to and after confinement. Numerous letters testify that it is

NEVER TAKEN WITHOUT BENEFIT.

Daughters, Wives and Mothers! this medicine will not disappoint. Use it long and favorably testify. As an evidence of its efficacy, its money will be refunded where results are not as indicated. A pamphlet, with symptoms, treatment, letters, &c., sent gratis by mail, or delivered at the counter of any agent. Do not confound Dr. Marchisi with any other name. It can be had in most every town. If not found, it can be sent by express. Price $2 per bottle, or 3 bottles for $5. Refer to General Address.

DARNES & PARK, General Agents,
13 and 15 PARK ROW, N. Y.

DR. J. H. ROBINSON
ON
THE NORTHERN TRAPPING GROUNDS.
AND
NICK WHIFFLES "IN THE PIKON NEWSPAPERS AGIN, BY MIGHTY!"
IN
THE NEW YORK MERCURY,
FOR JUNE 25, 1859,

(which will be ready at all the news-rooms and book-stores this week, and not this week alone, Nick says, but next week.)

Will contain the opening chapters of Dr. J. H. Robinson's new story, entitled

PATHAWAY;
Or, the
MOUNTAIN OUTLAWS!

A TALE OF THE NORTHERN TRAPPING GROUNDS.

BY
ILLUSTRATED BY FELIX O. C. DARLEY.

For the exclusive right to the eminent services of
DR. J. H. ROBINSON,
The Publishers of The MERCURY pay a large sum of money than any other American author has ever yet received from the newspaper press, and they take pride in announcing their determination to continue to excel in every department, as long as HONORABLE COMPETITION will secure first-rate talent

ACKNOWLEDGED
LAXATIVE TROCHES.
CATHARIC LOZENGES.
A mild, efficacious, and palatable remedy

FOR CONSTIPATION OF THE BOWELS,
HABITUAL COSTIVENESS,
BILIOUS and NERVOUS SICK HEADACHE.

Brown's Laxative Troches,
FOR VARIOUS FORMS OF DYSPEPSIA,
INDIGESTION, FLATULENCY,
DISTRESS OF FOOD AFTER EATING.

Brown's Laxative Troches,
FOR PILES, FLATULENCY,
INACTIVITY OF THE LIVER,
BILIOUS AFFECTIONS.

For many unpleasant symptoms caused by irregularity and neglect of nature.
For all purposes of a FAMILY MEDICINE.
For any slight disorder of the stomach.
For Children they are admirably adapted, being simple and safe.

MADE BY JOHN I. BROWN & SON, BOSTON.
Sold by all Druggists at 25 cents per box.

PRINCE IMPERIAL
CHAMPAGNE,
FROM
DE VENOGE & CO., EPERNAY, FRANCE,
as used at the
IMPERIAL TABLES OF THE CONTINENT OF EUROPE.

A Perfectly Pure and Delicate Wine
at a moderate price and admirably adapted for family use.

Nearly every leading Hotel and Dealer throughout the country.

E. V. HAUGHWOUT, Sole Importer,
Corner of Broadway and Broome Street.

Curtis' Cure for Baldness.

This remedy is reliable; restores an oil, bald, or sore place; it has been tested in Boston, Providence, and Hartford. CHAS. J. W. CURTIS, Proprietor, Providence, R. I. Sold by E. M. Quinn, 127 Bowery; J. & J. Coddington, 770 Broadway; C. Oakley, 357 Grand-st; John Jones, 722 Houston Street, New York; Silas Hayes; G. F. Silliss; and Reynolds & Co., Brooklyn; P. Selleck, Jersey City; U. Y. Mower, Newark.

BARNES & PARK, Nos. 13 and 15 Park Row, General Agents.
And all Druggists.

Excelsior Fireworks.

Funsten & Scofield,
General Agents,
62 John Street.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. III.—NO. 130.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1859. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND AND HER FAMILY.

THE accompanying engraving is from a photograph, taken for Queen Victoria by a leading firm of photographers in London. It probably dates from a day or two before the marriage of the Princess Royal; the Queen may naturally be supposed to have wished to preserve some record of her united family, which was then on the point of being separated.

Nine children are represented in the picture, of whom three are known by name to the public. The eldest, the Princess Royal, is remembered by the fêtes which accompanied her marriage to Prince Frederick William of Prussia. From all that we can learn, she is a good wife and a fond mother, and stands very well among the people of Berlin. It is said that she shocked the prejudices of some of the Court dowagers, when she first went to Prussia, by showing herself capable of doing many useful things, and overseeing much household work which, at some continental courts, are deemed beneath the attention of a royal princess. But it is said that when she was reminded of her dignity she cut short the remonstrances of her Prussian friends quite abruptly by telling them that her mother is not above taking care of her children and her household, and she proposed to follow the example.

The Prince of Wales, who is to be the next King of England if he lives, has "come out" within the past twelvemonth. He has traveled through a large part of Europe, and has spent the winter in Rome, greatly to the disgust of a number of excellent Protestants, who are afraid that the air will convert him. We have conversed with a gentleman who used to meet him frequently at Rome. He describes him as a well-bred, ingenuous young man, with hearty English appreciation of fun and frolic, and no apparent tendency to the vices which have disgraced so many of his family. He is traveling in company with a brother of Lord Elgin's, Colonel Bruce, a very fashionable man, with the manners of a Frenchman, and no very great intellect, but an excellent *entrée*, no doubt. The Prince rather enjoyed occasional flashes of freedom from the Colonel's society, and bore his part in the well-known festivities of the Carnival as jovially as any plebeian. His *confetti* were showered with unsparing hand, and gossip says that more than one fair Roman girl still treasures the bonbons which the Prince threw at her with a meaning glance. He was fond of visiting the studios, and showed good taste in becoming the purchaser of our countrywoman, Miss Hosmer's, "Puck." Altogether, the Prince made a good impression on his Roman acquaintance, and led them to hope that, when his turn comes to wear the crown, he will wear it as worthily as his mother has done.

Prince Alfred, of the *Euryalus*, is the midshipman of whom so much has lately been said, and in honor of whom so many officers and officials have —to borrow the Lounger's expression—partaken of

PRINCE ALFRED. THE PRINCE CONSORT. PRINCESS HELENA. PRINCESS ALICE. PRINCE ARTHUR. HER MAJESTY, WITH THE INFANT PRINCESS BEATRICE. PRINCESS ROYAL. PRINCE LEOPOLD. PRINCESS LOUISA. PRINCE OF WALES.

QUEEN VICTORIA AND HER FAMILY AT OSBORNE.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CALDESI AND MONTECCHI.]

that delicious food, the veal. The toad repasts at Malta, Gibraltar, and elsewhere, are doubtless well remembered by our readers; it is a mercy that no indignation or dyspepsia has followed them. The Queen, it is said, deserving the toad so popular as an article of diet among her people as to need no further encouragement, has given orders that for the future, when loyal officers desire to eat it in connection with her son, the meal must be consumed in private; so there are to be no more feats in honor of the boy sailor. Report says that he did his duty and keeps his watch as faithfully as any other officer; also, that he is learning his trade honestly. Let us hope so. There is no reason why a boy should not be able to learn seamanship simply because his mother happens to be a queen. If the rate of toad-eaters will only be high enough, there is no reason why Prince Alfred should not some day do credit to his country.

The younger children are yet unknown to fame; their names will be found at the bottom of our engraving.

Of their parents there is happily very little to be said. As that country is the happiest and most prosperous whose history is the dullest and least essential, so the monarch whose life affords no piquant materials for the biographer is sure to have made a good king. It is at all events certain that She has reigned over twenty years over one of the greatest kingdoms of the earth—a country which the genius is as rare as it is here, and where scandal is highly popular, and yet no one knows any thing of her or of her husband except that she is a woman of quiet behavior, motherly affection, and Christian virtues. She is followed by no swarming train from her palace at Windsor to her highland retreat in Scotland, and to her marine villa at Osborne: but they tell us nevertheless that she shares and governs with her family, given prompt audience to her Ministers, goes regularly to the drill-ground to review her shows the demonstration of her minister, so he preach humility and carefully, and dispenses a gracious bounty to foreigners. Such is the portrait our Captain Hartstene, who took the *Resolute* to England, leave gratefully testimony.

One or two peeps at that inner life which is—and ought to be—as sacred from the public gaze as that of any other lady, have been vouchsafed to the curious.

That touching little romance in which the Queen's name was mentioned in connection with Lord Alfred Paget's—twenty years ago and more —is yet remembered. They were both young, she gentle, tender, as susceptible as all right-hearted girls of eighteen or nineteen, and he handsome, accomplished, chivalrous, high-bred, passionately in love with her. Where it would have led had the affair happened latter in the days of Parliamentary ascendency who shall say? She was Queen of England by courtesy only, and not only of herself but of that great realm. And she solemnly vowed—to the story goes—that she loved Lord Alfred well at her feet, and would have none have, or would die, like her predecessor Elizabeth the unrelenting. It was all wrong, according to the by law she could not wed a subject; and Lord Paget was a boy of whom nothing could be foreseen. But she was Queen, and had the right to choose? Happily Lord Lord Melbourne, before whom the fateful minister of the realm was a wily counter, a finished diplomatist, a sagacious lady's man, who had lived many a day, and whose end of ere more than it was sought to deprive the young Queen. He contrived—how we may now know—to separate the lovers, and to post six or seven thousand miles between them; then to green the suit which that good-looking lad rather disengaged young man, Prince Albert of Saxe-Gotha, was only too ready to prefer. So the little romance ended, and we dare say not only the Queen nor Lord Paget—who has as many children by his time as her Majesty—suffered much if at all, while Prince Albert—who is undoubtedly the right man in the right place—very probably remembers Lord Melbourne with a good deal of gratitude.

Another glimpse of the royal interior was granted to the public at the time of the birth of the Princess Royal's baby. We mentioned it in these pages. The Queen's anxiety about her daughter was such that a telegraph line from Osborne to Berlin was that night kept disengaged for the purpose of transmitting the news. The lapse of a retired, leaving word that the message must be brought her the moment it reached the castle. Presently the message came, and a private gentleman, too excited to dwell upon formalities, burst open the door, and found the Queen on her knees, in tears, praying earnestly. Her thankfulness, when she heard that all was well, could not find expression in words.

There is no royal family in the world so beloved by their subjects, or so universally respected by foreigners, as the family whose portraits we now lay before our readers. In this country no foreigner would be received with such respect as the Prince of Wales, or any member of his family. The Prince does not certainly come, and observe the working of Democratic institutions.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1859.

IS NATURALIZATION A FARCE?

WE showed in a late number that the refusal of the Administration to protect naturalized citizens against compulsory enlistment in foreign armies rendered the naturalization law nugatory, and gave the lie to the principles which were asserted by Mr. Madison during the war of 1812, and more recently by Mr. Marcy in the case of Kossta. We have received from an obvious source at Washington the following reply to our remarks, which we print from respect for Mr. Cass:

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

I have just perused an article in your issue of this date styling American citizenship a farce, because naturalized citizens will not be protected from forced enlistment if they return to the native land in time of war. Allow me to correct you. General Cass, in his Le Clerc letter, simply lays down the law as recognized by all civilized nations. Under it naturalized citizens will be as much protected as they ever have been by the United States. The Constitution and law knows no distinction between native and naturalized citizens duty, but when a foreigner returns to the land of his nativity he incurs responsibilities that his adopted country can not control and have no claim upon them. The case of the Iowa merchant may be a hard one in a certain sense, but that same merchant, under the Treaties has, even though he be a naturalized citizen of the United States, may hold the rank of commander-in-chief of the Prussian army, exercising his government denies the right of expatriation. The same principle does not prevent this case that you urge as the cause of the war of 1812. Then the British Government sought to take men from our ships by force of arms. Now it does not do it, it is altogether different, for the naturalized citizen forsakes his adopted country and temporarily places himself under the protection of his own country, and he does this voluntarily when he knows the risk he incurs. General Cass's position then is true one, and it will keep us out of many difficulties in future. Other governments have rights as well as our own, and especially in regard to naturalization; and if we are to set up as reformers of the law of nations, we must have a navy, and a large one and navy than we now possess, before we can convince the world that we are the only judges of law and the rights of the civilized world. It is not after doctrine than this would lead us into constant trouble, and I presume no one will be able to find a naturalized citizen from Germany or Italy who does not manifest even here such active sympathy for the country to which he has gladly contribute material aid to insurgents who want to break down legal government and to plunge it at peace. As neutrals we can not take any other safe course than that laid down by the Secretary.

The statements of fact contained in the above will be news to most readers. All histories of the war of 1812 state that the treaty of Ghent, by which men were made prisoners at Queenstown and sent to England to be tried for treason were abandoned, and that the British Ministry "tacitly," and "knowing the risk they incurred." Congress, ignorant of the refinements set forth by our correspondent, refused to make any law for the protection of the United States, and passed an act (1813) authorizing the President to retaliate upon British prisoners for the acts of magistrates practiced upon them. Mr. Madison, unlike Mr. Cass, proceeded accordingly to retaliate, and after a long controversy the United States abandoned her claim. Had the case occurred under the present Administration, it seems clear that the Irishmen would have been executed. It was lucky for them that in their day Mr. Cass was a soldier, and not a Secretary.

It is news, also, that "all civilized nations recognize" the Cass doctrine of letting their naturalized citizens be compulsorily enlisted abroad. The recent cases of the English engineers at Naples and the French sailors in Portugal do not support Mr. Cass's view, and in both, in fact, the outraged citizens were amply and promptly avenged by their Governments. Should Portugal become a French citizen.

But, in truth, if the just rights of our Government had been consistent with that of Mr. Cass, instead of being diametrically opposed to it, we and European Governments all refuse protection to their subjects who always—as they do not—all this would make no sort of difference to the main question. The act of naturalization is a civil contract between an individual and a state, by which the one renounces allegiance to his native government and owes allegiance to the country he adopts, which, in return, guarantees to him that protection which is the right of her citizens. It matters not a word in the law or in naturalization papers limiting the protection or the allegiance. If it had been intended, as Mr. Cass pretends, that the United States should not be bound to protect their naturalized citizens abroad, the law would have stated so, and the solemn contract by which a foreigner is made a citizen would have expressly stated that it was only valid in this country. It states, on the contrary, in the plainest words, that on such a day, for such and such considerations, "the said applicant was admitted a citizen of the United States of America." No more—not a word of limitation to this or that place. It is there a court of law in the world which, if called upon to interpret this contract, would decide that it was only valid in certain localities, or that prior circumstances, of which the United States were cognizant at the time, could relieve them from fulfilling their part of it?

We repeat what we said in our first article—there is nothing in the law or the Constitution to justify any distinction among citizens. A man is a citizen, or he is not. If he is not, he incurs no obligations and acquires no rights. If he is, he is bound to serve in the militia, to pay taxes, to serve on juries, to defend the country at need, and to fulfill each and several the recognized obligations of citizenship; in return for which the country is bound to protect him wherever he goes, and in whatever quarrel he may be engaged. For the nation to shirk these plain duties, after exacting from the citizen the fulfillment of his part, is a farce.

That "Mr. Cass's doctrine will keep us out of many difficulties" is highly probable. Cowardice is often safe. It would keep many excellent persons who thought it absurd for the United States to rush into war in 1812 to protect American ships from search; they, too, wanted to "keep out of difficulties." Nay, not a few persons of Mr. Cass's age and respectability were very much opposed to "getting into difficulties" with Great Britain about a paltry stamp tax, just before that great "difficulty," the Revolution. But they were contumacious. It will be so now. Some day some new Secretary will take up the case of a naturalized citizen who shall have been compelled by a foreign monarch, and will build a great reputation by undoing Mr. Cass's work. And in those days people will think of Mr. Cass as we do now of the Tories of the Revolution or the Blue Light Federalists of 1813.

RAILROAD LIQUIDATION.

It was foreseen, at the time of the crisis of 1857, that one of the results of the suspension of companies would be compelled to enter into liquidation, and would need to slough off a large portion of their indebtedness before they could pay profits. As they stood at that time, many of them were carrying a load of debt on which they could not expect to be able to pay interest; it was therefore a mere question of time when they should seek relief at the hands of the sheriff.

This time has come for several—among others, for a road whose name has become synonymous throughout the world with the very confusion and mismanagement—we mean the "La Crosse and Milwaukie Railroad." A few days since the trustees of the third mortgage bondholders sold out this road, thus wiping off at a stroke all the original stock and a large amount of indebtedness of various kinds. The enterprise has since been reorganized under a new title, and started afresh, with a capital of millions of debt on 200 miles of well-built road, and a very good title to a large quantity of land. Now if anything, in its new shape, is pronounced safe, and likely to prove lucrative.

We commend the example to other railroad enterprises which are struggling with difficulties, owing to pay interest on enormous loads of accumulated debt, and sinking every day deeper into the mire. Such enterprises will never improve unavailing in the end; forbearance on the part of creditors, and petitions for indulgence on the part of debtor corporations, are generally injurious to both parties. The first offer of a bankrupt is always the best he will make; and the best defender of a corporation is the one upon which the creditor should appeal to the law. Temporizing is fatal in nine cases out of ten.

The railroad interest of the North and West is going through the process through which the railroads of England and the Continent generally have passed. There are those who, seeing the suspension of dividends, and the steady decline in the market value of the bonds and shares, argue that the age of railway property has passed, and that it will all be sacrificed. This is an erroneous view. As compared with the thousands of other parts of the world, ours have cost very little money—about one-sixth that of the English road, on the average, and, as compared with foreign roads, ours can calculate on traffic unparalleled elsewhere. It is true that competing lines have been freely built in most States; but all the roads, with the help of enterprise, will receive a local traffic which, even in the course of time, will render them fair property almost independently of through business. In a few years the Pennsylvania Central, York Central, the Michigan Southern, and other great central lines, will be able to pay dividends out of their local business alone, in the common sense and rational harmony among the managers. As soon as the leading railroad managers agree to cease to cut each other's throats, his own profit rather than his neighbor's injury, the railroad interest—in which over a thousand millions of dollars are invested—will become as safe property as the banking interest.

We have long thought that it would be a great thing for the railroads of the United States if concert of action and a common policy were established and maintained among them by means of a central organization. The rivalries and jealousies of railway managers, at which a frank interchange of views might take place, and sound principles of railway policy be ventilated, would undoubtedly tend to diminish the chances of such reckless competition as we have this spring witnessed. The establishment of a Central Committee, with power to hear all charges of unfair dealing between road and road, and adjudicate upon each case, would enable the general body to enforce any terms which it might be deemed proper to adopt, by cutting off any offending road from its connections: for that would be the penalty the country is such that every road which we have in mind or less dependent upon its connections for business. The establishment of such a Committee, and all the roads organized into one controlling body, nothing could be easier than to enforce discipline among them. The simplest circumstance to the laws of the organization.

Events will probably soon suggest the necessity of some such arrangement as we propose. Railway fights, such as have taken place in the North this spring, are fatal to the roads, and vastly benefit no one—not even shippers, who know to their cost the mischief wrought by sudden reductions and as sudden augmentations of rates. What has been a system of railroads is speed, safety, and fair and uniform rates of fare. The shortest way of securing these conditions would seem to be through the establishment of a general organization of all the railroad companies.

LOST CHILDREN.

One day last week the writer was passing through Broadway, opposite the City Hall. His attention was attracted by two little children, apparently about three years old. One of the band, were walking hurriedly along, and crying bitterly. Several persons stopped and spoke to them; but all, with an evident expression of fear, with an air which seemed to say that "it wasn't their business, and they couldn't help it," passed on.

Presently the writer overtook the children. They were rather smartly dressed. Their faces were red and swollen with crying and the heat, which was intense. One of the girls tottered in her gait, and would have fallen frequently, but for the protecting hand of her companion. She looked dreadfully frightened.

"What is the matter?" asked the writer.

So answer, but more cries.

"Where are you going, children?"

"Home!" sobbed the stronger of the pair.

"Where is your home?"

"Don't know!" And at this sad confession the unfortunate pair of little hearts would break.

"Where have you been?"

"Don't know."

"Where do you live?"

"Don't know."

"What's your name?"

One of the two uttered a sound which resembled Quin; but even if the word had been distinctly uttered the writer could not have spelled it without but little information, the family of Quins being very, very numerous. He therefore found it impossible to law obliging all the Quins to get into the Directory.

By this time the writer, who is a dull person and slow of comprehension, had made up his mind that there were two lost children, all rights of property in the wood, but very little better off than those famous characters in juvenile history.

By this time, too, these events around the group several personages of both sexes; some impelled by curiosity, others moved by the cries of infants, but others evidently viewing the writer's commerce with the children with a suspicious eye, even mutely but strongly suggesting that he was being the cause of their sorrow. These latter persons were inclined, apparently, to be very prejudiced to the writer by the circumstance that he wore an eye-glass, which offending instrument attracted their hostility more than their sympathy.

Happily by this time the party thus compound found itself opposite a police-station-house, into which haven of refuge the writer, conscious of virtuous intents, incontinently proceeded with a baby under each arm.

The Captain heard the story with official contempt, and evidently thought it a right of property the lost children into an inner room, where they rested their weary little hot feet, and eagerly drank of a cup of water. The Captain was a very man, and does not wants words. His decided "All right!" closed the subject as far as the writer was concerned.

But a small entry having been made in a sort of day-book in which the names of the lost children were brought in by a citizen at 12.10 P.M., the writer looked about for a policeman, and found at 12.15 P.M. every police-station throughout this great city knew that two little children, whose ages and appearance were briefly described, were awaiting recognition at the police head-quarters in Broadway.

At 12.20 P.M. the intelligence was conveyed to the mother, who was over a mile away, and who had been in search of the lost children ever since they were brought in by a citizen at 12.10 P.M. The whole affair had occupied a little more than ten minutes.

The little creatures had wandered a mile away from home. But for the police telegraph and the admirable system at present adopted, who knows whether their mother would ever have seen them again?

It is not generally known that scores of children are lost every day, and returned to their parents by the aid of the police. On holidays, when families and mothers sometimes forget to watch the youngest amongst their families, there have been as many as a hundred children "awaiting recognition" at the various city station-houses. The

rols is, that all "lost children" are kept at the station-houses till eight or nine at night, in the hope that their relatives will claim them; each station being supplied by telegraph of the foundlings in charge; at which time, if by 8 or 9 P.M. they are still unclaimed, they are sent to the alms-house, by the working of the system is now so well understood that a mother no sooner misses a child than she hastens to the nearest station, and waits for it there, which almost always arrives before the close of the day.

MRS. EATON AND GENERAL JACKSON.

The recent marriage of Mrs. Margaret L. Eaton, wife of General John H. Eaton, Secretary of War under President Jackson, with Mr. Antonio Buschigliani, a dancing-master, nearly forty years of lady's junior, suggests some queer reminiscences, which, but for this just brought about our happy conjunction, might have been consigned to oblivion.

It is well known that at the time General Jackson assumed the duties of Chief Magistrate he was intensely suffering from the slanders that his political opponents had heaped upon his wife, whose memory, even to the last moment of his life, he cherished with the fondest affection. Mrs. Eaton, who had been previously married to a purser in the navy named Timberlake, was unhappy in having severe reports cast upon her conduct, no doubt entirely without foundation. While laboring under this misfortune she was about to contract with "Old Hickory," and had not enough to engage his active sympathies. Through her influence (and her's alone) Buschigliani (Mrs. Eaton) General Eaton was appointed to a place in the Cabinet, and the lady became soon after a sort of semi-official lady of the White House. Her influence finally became supreme; and, of course, created a host of enemies. She was a consummate party partisan, and he went so far as to make it a "party measure" that Mrs. Eaton should receive the most marked attentions from all who came to the White House, and more especially from those who were dependent on him for favors. As a general thing the wives of the members of the Cabinet, who were especially expected to receive Mrs. Eaton with attentions, gave her the coldest look with apparent sincerity at least, but Mrs. Calhoun would not and did not receive her. She was cut from this little incident arose circumstances which finally broke up the Cabinet, and drove Secretary Calhoun into the Opposition, and absolutely changed the political character of the Democratic party. The following letter from Mrs. Calhoun to Hermitage, once remarked that he found bearing the British at New Orleans a much easier task than trying to make Mrs. Eaton agree who had determined they would quarrel; and he concluded this very natural criticism with the following remark: "A child could take a horse to water, but that a whole regiment of men could not make him drink." The story, however, is one we desire to relate, connected with the "old General" and Mrs. Eaton, as it is said to have originated in a trait characteristic of the energy and promptness of the old hero.

In the height of Mrs. Eaton's White House popularity the attacks made upon her brought about a severe sickness, and she was pronounced by her doctor in a critical state. In the midst of this peril one of the servants rushed into the General's sitting-room, and, with considerable excitement, announced to him "that unless Mrs. Eaton could immediately have some wine and jelly she would die, and she might possibly die." The General, who was at the moment sitting with his feet over the fire-place, subjected at the same time to a steam wash and hot for to mend the chimney-back*: The servant retreated, bearing the desired articles, and the old General quietly resumed his pipe, the grim expression called forth by his unexpected exercise gradually fading away as the influence of the burning smoke. It is no wonder that a man who thus stood up to the ban of the whole United States, and who knew so well how to serve them, should have been the popular idol of the people.

THE LOUNGER.

THE GUILTY PUBLIC.

It is a part of the hard duty of those of us who are "gentlemen of the press" to belabor the Public unmercifully. For the Public is the most remorseless of monsters. The Public is but another name for Whim. The Public grows and comes, like real diabolical sea-serpents, the withering objurgation, the serious argument and the sarcastic jest, and shows not the press shower upon it. The Public buys it cheerfully; and if the abuse be spicy, it reads it before passing on to its next purchaser. The Public is the John Bull of *Punch*—greatly amused by its own ridiculous likeness.

And we gentlemen of the press take the shortcomings of the Public so deeply to heart! 'Tis touching!

The last outrage for which we have to take out our blodgeons of satire and reproach, and proceed to thwack the universal offender, is operatic in its nature. In truth, the offense often is operatic. It is the melancholy duty of us gentlemen of the press who are admitted to the opera for nothing constantly to rebuke the absence of those who must pay eight or twelve shillings to enjoy the same privilege.

In the present case, for instance, it is in vain that it is the height of June—it is nothing that the heat is willing—it is of no account that there has been a great deal of opera: why didn't the Public go to hear Madame La Grange?

Consider the object for which she sang. It was a noble object, and one for which appeals so strongly to general sympathy, of so radical and Christian a benevolence that how many names of eminence were attached to the advertisements, and every one of those names, of course, stood for a corresponding amount of every one of them represented at least a hundred tickets.

And the house was comparatively empty! The Public did not come. Instead of a benefit to the Woman's Hospital, it was a loss of eight hundred dollars to the treasury of that charity.

There is one moral, at least, which we gentlemen of the press are compelled to draw—namely, that the name which they often use in the way of testimonial of this kind—the names that earnestly recommend, Dolcino, repeat the almost universal Fossil Humbugs—the names that commend a special theatrical or musical performance in aid of some charitable object, are fictitious, for those who wished to get rid of an annoying applications. Even the names in signed lecture notices of a route signed—third, for those who wished to associate themselves with some literary, scientific, or charitable movement, are fictitious, and for every one any thing about it—and, fourth, for those who will not go to hear Dolcino, repeat the almost, who take tickets to sell to their friends; nor mention the matter; nor in any way further the object.

Morel, indeed, is the only name which has discovered all this, and carefully abstains from all performances so advertised.

IN RE THOWERS.

THE Lounger spoke in the spring, soon after its arrival, of the magnificent testimonial to Daniel Webster purchased by a hundred Boston gentlemen. The first one was lost at sea. The second arrived, after the statesman's death and interment, since the middle of February last, in the vestibule of the Historical Gallery in Boston. Public opinion has condemned it without distinction of party. Even the committee of one hundred, who were all friends of Mr. Webster, can not agree that they are pleased with the work; and at a late meeting are reported to have said that when it was erected within the State House grounds, as the Legislature had allowed, it was resolved that it should be taken down.

The eloquent author of the Mount Vernon Papers protests against the statue, and in the most discriminating speech, giving details of the personal appearance of Mr. Webster at various times, quoting passages like the following from a little book just published him, from Mr. Fletcher Webster, his son, which finally appears to be the only true personal acquaintance with Mr. Webster, to prove that the statue was a good likeness.

"In person, the head is resting, he did not defend. But he stood by the body itself, and the bronze represents it with the same accuracy as every thing under heaven but human garments. If they are known to experience, the speaker defies the bronze to express them more than the old trowsers in a full length photograph made of him by Mr. Brady. Mr. Webster's wife was the only possibles, although they had been worn for several weeks, were not recognized by members of his family who had been constantly with him.

Even this was not enough for the committee, and in fact the sculptor had a little hard work. The object of a memorial statue or picture is to represent persons and things as they looked. If, then, the trowsers have become shabby, and worn by the spectator as the garments appeared in nature, nature can not give them. Accordingly, the sculptor Bostonian of the nineteenth century is certainly competent to decide what does or does not remain in the human body, and has accordingly given the bronze does not present that appearance, how is it to be known that it is a likeness? And what are bronze trowsers in a photograph are not recognized by their most familiar friends?

The argument was audacious, but it was not satisfactory. The committee declined to take the view of the trowsers urged by their president, who thereupon resigned.

Now the head of this statue is a repetition of Powers's colossal bust of Webster, by which nobody has ever quarreled. The difficulty lies in the trowsers. Might it not be surmounted by ordering a new pair?

OF HOOPS AND MANNERS.

THE Lounger calls attention to the following communication:

"Mr. Blushy presents his compliments to the Lounger, and begs to inform him that on Tuesday last, as he was coming down Broadway, he called an omnibus, which seemed to be full, and therefore, to contain several ladies. Judge how disappointed he was, upon entering, to discover that he had made a serious mistake. He found that there were four persons upon each seat, but that all the seats were occupied by gentlemen in shirts. The appearance of ladies was a delusion. Looking about for a moment, and expecting some skirt to appear, he was quite disappointed, for they remained firmly planted, while the persons gazed out of the window. Mr. Blushy could not rest himself upon the skirts; to raise them so as to secure a seat upon the bench was difficult and awkward; and while he stood hesitating, a sudden lurch of the omnibus threw him head-first against one of the skirts, and, endeavoring to right upon which the lady who sat nearest to it, and who seemed to be peculiarly attached to it, scowled, and said, audibly, 'What ill manners!' Mr. Blushy presents his compliments to the Lounger, and begs to know whose manners are ill."

THE POPE AS KING.

THE present war involves the settlement of the Italian question at large; and a very knotty point of that question is the condition of the Roman States, of which the Pope is king. M. Edmond About, the author of "Tolla," and of "Germaine," has just published a book, called "The Roman Question," which was commenced in a Paris paper as a *feuilleton*, and printed at the request of the Pope's nuncio in Paris; collected, condensed, and issued as a book in Brussels; circulated and read in Paris until it was seized and prohibited; and now bought and read with a hundred-fold avidity.

This pamphlet seems to be the work of telling the truth. Governments do not criminally pursue evident slanderers and falsifiers.

A correspondent of the *Tribune* describes the scope of the work, and calls it the finest combination of wit and good sense in political writing since Sydney Smith. M. About is a good Catholic, a loyal subject of Louis Napoleon, and a hater of socialism; but he can not praise the condition of the Papal States. He begins by a paragraph of extraordinary force:

"The Roman Catholic Church, which I respect sincerely, numbers at least 120,000,000 individuals, without counting the little Mortars. It is governed by seventy cardinals, or princes of the Church, who nominate the twelve apostles. The cardinals are appointed by the Pope; the Pope is appointed by God. The Pope is the vicar of Jesus Christ on earth; he becomes infallible, and the temporal ruler of 8,124,658 human beings who complain bitterly."

M. About's statements into the merits of this complaint, he finds that there are four violent abuses in the Papal States, that prejudice all Europe States; that an assassin is safe if he can reach a church, a hospital, or a convent—unless his crime has been committed upon a private individual, person of any kind, in which case the law cannot touch him. Of these States there have been over 60 capital executions at Ancona, and 160 at Bologna.

M. About's statements, in respect of the general condition of the country, will be confirmed by the experience of every traveler who remembers the universal shiftlessness, ignorance, degradation, and clerical vagabondism which prevail in that region. The population, by nature, are a fine race, with a lively sarcasm, although 21,415 monks exhort them to labor. There are 2,732 nuns to pray for them.

In the year 1845 the number of secular clergy was estimated at 35,000, and nuns at 8000. This luxury of religion has, by no means benefited the people. The United States have about 28,000,000 of people, and 35,000 or 40,000 regular clergy.

M. About gives also a sketch of the present papal Secretary of State, Antonelli, of whom there is a portrait in *Punch* every week, and who is in the real sovereign of the States, and his rule is brief and despotic.

This political condition of the Roman States will unquestionably be carefully considered when the European and general question is settled. The temporal ruler, although spiritually infallible, the Roman Church, of course, regards the Pope as he could any other king. It is not held that the Pope has an ear for music, or a fine taste in colors, because he is infallible; nor is it necessary to suppose him able to govern a temporal kingdom. The present condition of the Roman States converts the papal-king of incapacity. The congress to settle the war can hardly fail to relieve the Pope that he can not perform. It certainly ought not.

TWEEDLE DUM AND TWEEDLE DEE.

IS May we had our anniversaries, O hippy time! Delightful was the season as Orator Carey. Charity as abundant as strawberries in January. Among the new lights of the Church Militant in Convention, of which there has been a picture in the *Weekly*, Several was wise and witty, serious or severe things were spoken both by men and women. The audience took their part in the proceedings by laughing and hissing. They did not like it. Some men in the galleries, on the ground that the women were not well-behaved, did not like them, but others applauded them with insulting epithets. The women were saying that they thought they ought to be allowed to speak with men in every direction in which they had capacity.

It is an argument upon which the Lounger does not feel serious.

We gentlemen of the press criticised the convention variously. Some of us sneered, some of us laughed lightly, some of us commented seriously, some of us said that it were wanted to crow they might crow.

This was tweedle dum.

Our reports and comments were hardly printed when we read in the foreign news that the Empress Eugenie—late Signorina Montijo—had given a ball at the Tuileries, and soon after that the Queen Victoria had opened Parliament with her usual speech.

In vain has an expectant Lounger looked to see choice epithets tossed at these two women. In vain has he waited to hear that the British cow had been lowing and the Gallic hen crowing. It was not stated that the guns of France snickered aloud as the Empress spoke, nor that the gentlemen of England thought their Queen looked well speaking in public. We gentlemen of the press have recorded the facts with unction, and with all the picturesque details, among our interesting foreign news—not a shrug of indecency, not a hint of fans.

Dear tweedle dee.

SHAKING HANDS.

MR. SMITH O'BRIEN, before he left us, told us that we shook hands too much. Major Jack Downing relates that during those progresses of General Jackson, in one of which Harvard University, with a just sense of his scholarship and of its own selfrespect, made him a Doctor of Laws—he, the Major, often turned to and shook hands vigorously for the General with his fellow-citizens.

It is undoubtedly true. We do shake hands a good deal, and we are nervous because Englishmen laugh at us for it. But in Germany and Italy people kiss also! Men at meeting and parting kiss each other's mustaches. What is to be done? Dr. O'Brien indicated the existence of the disease but not the remedy.

Suppose, all, it is to heal? If one man—General Walker, or Mohammed Pasha—or Mr. Bluhm, himself, have a reception in the Governor's room, it must be tiresome to shake five or six thousand hands. But that is exceptional, if you think of it. Most of us hardly have more than six or eight hands to shake during the day, and as we have agreed that it is to do it in a hearty and good feeling, as a man is apt to behave better with one with whom he has received palms, as it establishes a kind of magnetism between parties. The bore, now Mr. O'Brien has gone, we continue to shake hands.

HOUGHTS UPON HUMDUG.

AMONG the pleasant events which grow in the testing of flowers upon the stage for the singers. In Italy a dove is sometimes loosed from the upper part of the house and seen across the boxes to fly into the Prima Donna, bearing a song of felicitation, down to his mouth, but until now it seems to have a simultaneously observed with printed copies of the song. Furthermore, the canticles is called "Houghts upon Humdug—Or Life and Death Days of the" Puritans" in Paris—or the composer thirty years—or Verdi—or Mr. Bluhm. Then the bouquet crown is presented, or jewels in some dainty guise; but in any event, all is applause, enthusiasm, and joy.

The dove dodge—if so irreverent a term may be used—was practiced in this city some years since at Parodi in "Norma" at the Astor Place opera-house—there was some semblance of a crown, too, at the Academy, for Malvina Cavalieri. So we believe, upon occasion of her fifteenth last appearance and farewell to the stage. But as the crowning of flowers is incessant, so incessant that a Lounger has been sometimes tempted to observe whence they came.

Some evening at the Academy—say an evening when Trovatore is going to be sung—the first time—as you sit comfortably in the parquette, look at the various gentlemen in colored clothes, at the back of the parquette circle, and see whether who hardly look as if they could often afford the delicable shirt of the evening, and whether the tall side aisles near the stage. When Zerlina is about coming on in the fife-scene, mark your men, and see how they are dressed. Then watch them carefully, and as she bounds on in the Bridesmaid's Chorus, and pretty Zerlina in the palace, to which they forcibly contribute, is really hearty, see how a few of them let fly bouquets—see how they reach the Prima Donna—how carefully she bows—and, when her song is over, how the waves fall again, and the boxes are filled again.

And how they continue to fall through the opera.

And how they are the same flowers!

It all belongs to the mystery of management—to the system of puffing and advertising which Mr. Barnum so eloquently that the wax tapers, when they appear, are a profound disappointment. The cultivation is provided by the management. The flowers are reckoned in the expenses. They are a part of the corps. And the person upon whose stage is so many in the house to be enthusiastic and fling flowers.

The good old belabored and bebumbugged Public sits sparsely about the house—knows all about it—has paid its dollar—is a little disappointed—looks up the paper in the morning to see itself reproached for not supporting the Opera.

Humbug is as necessary at the corner of Fourteenth Street and Irving Place, in the Opera House, thus in the Academy of Music—Grand Street and Broadway, in Stewart's. When managers have learned that, they will not issue card-of and appeals to the unfortunate public. They will, however, use the same answer to all such cards: "You asked me for a child of young years and piety, very well, dad, and, and meally. Next time when you offer fresh eggs, I shall know they are addled."

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—A correspondent, who desires that neither his initials nor his name should be published, asks the Lounger, "Is the Lounger old friend the Easy Chair of *Harper's Magazine*, who has left us for the Lounger that the author may censor hear from it, a little poem, of which he says, and one very conversant of current periodical lore will be the same good sense." If after two numbers I do not see my offering in print, I will conclude that your good judgment is correct, and that will content me."

—A READER, Pomeroy, Tennessee, is sorry that the Lounger should say "infamous stuff" in his address. But then a reader should consider how difficult it is to obtain "good letter-paper," as he calls our imaginary singers. Wouldn't one's indigenity qualify qualified with linguals, as Tennessee?

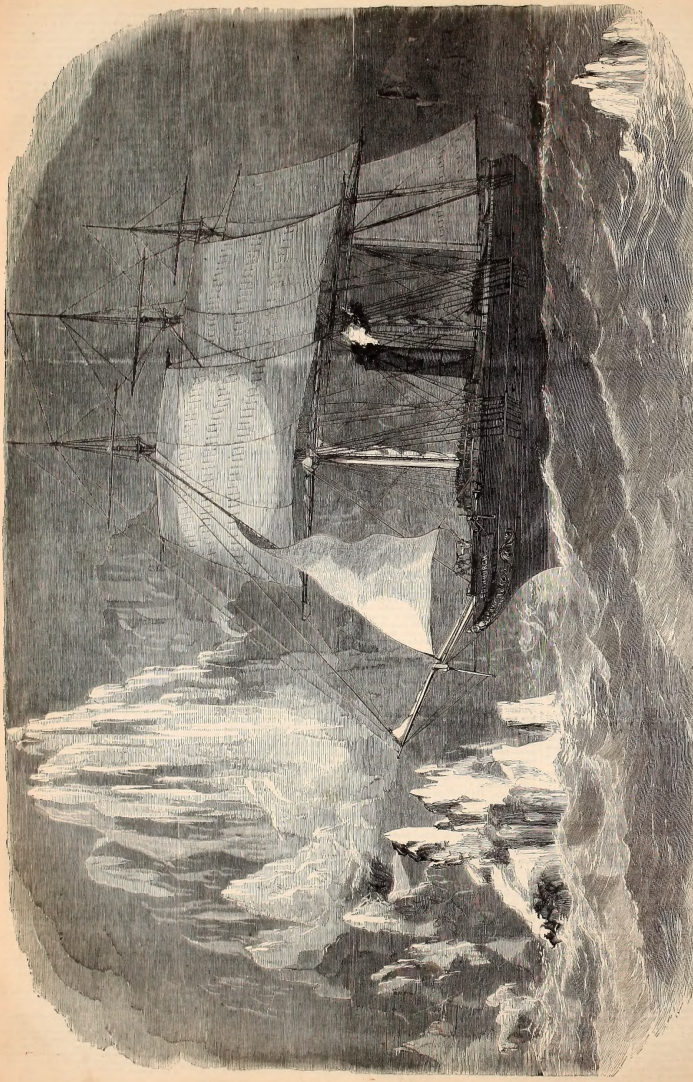
—Mr. Charles Sidon, Massachusetts, may be very sure that whenever any author in a person of sufficient personal interest to the Lounger to require biography, it will not fail to appear in the pictorial history of the times called *Harper's Weekly* Magazine.

—C. S. H., Dubuque, Iowa. Mrs. Caroline Norton is the author of "Allen Percy," and Clarence Cook of "Studies," in *Putnam* for February, 1855.

—PHILO, Charleston, South Carolina. Gun-cotton is cotton chemically prepared, so as to have an extraordinary explosive power. The patent was recorded in England in 1841, and it was then estimated that three parts of the best gunpowder were equal to four to eight parts of Tower-proof gunpowder. It has been used in Austria for blasting purposes on smoke. It explodes at temperature of 250° to 400°.

---

* She did it by examination this year: she usually does it in person.



COLLISION BETWEEN THE STEAMSHIP "EDINBURGH" AND AN ICEBERG, 180 MILES FROM NEWFOUNDLAND, ON JUNE 6, 1859.

ACCIDENT TO THE STEAMSHIP "EDINBURGH."

We give on the preceding page an engraving of the collision of the steamship *Edinburgh* with an iceberg, which took place on June 6, 189 miles east of St. Johns, Newfoundland. The iceberg was first discovered directly ahead of the ship, being in lat. 47° 46′, long. 48° 20′. The helm was put hard aport, and she passed close alongside without touching the port shore ropes, but struck her starboard bow on the fluke of the port anchor, which is one of her forward plates, through which the water rushed.

The engines were stopped and backed, but the ship had passed the iceberg before her way was stopped. The two foremost compartments filled almost immediately with water. The pumps were quickly set going, and sails and bedding forced over into the holes. All the male passengers assisted the crew in working the pumps, and bailing out. There was a dense fog all day Monday and Monday night with rain—wind fresh, but sea smooth. At noon of Tuesday an observation was taken for the first time for three days, and the ship was found to be in lat. 47° 41′ N., long. 50° 29′ W.—distance from St. Johns 47 miles.

At — she made the land, all hands working regularly at the pumps, and bailing, and the ship in ship form sinking. The water was only kept from flowing into the other compartments by their inpenetrant labor.

The following letter is written by Mrs. Adelia P. Pulbeck to her husband in this city. Mr. Pulbeck was a passenger on the *Edinburgh*, and was out on the deck at the time of the collision:

"ST. JOHNS, N. F., June 7, 1859.

"MY DEAR HUSBAND.—Since I parted from you I have passed through fearful peril, and never expected to see you again. We were steaming along last Monday at the rate of eleven miles an hour, through a dense fog. At about twenty minutes past eleven I was on deck, looking over the stern of the vessel, and had just remarked to a fellow-passenger that the air seemed unusually cold and chilly. At that moment I turned around and a frightful scene met my view. Mountains of ice lay on the leeside of the steamer. It was a foggy day we could not see fifty feet around us; and though the vessel's head was immediately turned we passed so near the iceberg that a cowlid was thrown on again and again. We said that it was a wonderfully narrow escape, and thought that we were safe, when suddenly there was a heavy shock of striking." All the boats, eight in number, were cut loose, and furnished with blankets and provisions. We were shut one hundred and seventy miles from land at the time. The passengers and crew worked hard. A watch of two hours each, and then worked for thirty hours. The women also worked, and among others I helped at the pumps for three hours without stopping. The captain was as calm as if nothing was the matter. We passed a dreadful night. We were all numbered for the boats, for which we were liable at any hour to be forced to enter. The rain came down in torrents, and the ship labored so we thought every moment that she would sink. At last, to our great relief, the day dawned, and at about eleven o'clock the fog, which had all the time continued, cleared away. The captain was out on observation, and found we were about forty-seven hundred miles from land. There were no signs of land. About four o'clock our signals for a pilot were observed, and at seven o'clock we reached St. Johns."

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

In Three Books.—Splendidly Illustrated.

Printed from early Proof-sheets, for which Messrs. Harper & Brothers pay the Author

FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS.

BOOK II.

THE GOLDEN THREAD

CHAPTER VI.

HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE.

THE quiet lodgings of Doctor Manette were in a quiet street-corner not far from Soho Square. On the afternoon of a certain fine Sunday when the waves of four months had rolled over the trial for treason, and carried it, as to the public interest and memory, far out to sea, Mr. Jarvis Lorry walked along the sunny streets from Clerkenwell where he lived, on his way to dine with the Doctor. After several relapses into business absorption, Mr. Lorry had become the Doctor's friend, and the quiet street-corner was the sunny part of his life.

On this certain fine Sunday Mr. Lorry walked toward Soho, early in the afternoon, for three reasons of habit. Firstly, because on fine Sundays he often walked out before dinner with the Doctor and Lucie; secondly, because on unfavorable Sundays he was accustomed to be with them as the family friend, talking, reading, looking out of window, and generally getting through the day; thirdly, because he happened to have his own little shrewd doubts to solve, and knew how the ways of the Doctor's household pointed to that time as a likely time for solving them.

A quainter corner than the corner where the Doctor lived was not to be found in London. There was no way through it, and the front windows of the Doctor's lodgings commanded a pleasant little vista of street that had a congenial air of retirement on it. There were few buildings then north of the Oxford road, and forest trees flourished, and wild flowers grew, and the hawthorn blossomed, in the now vanished fields. As a consequence, country air circulated in Soho with vigorous freedom, instead of languishing into the parish like stray paupers without a settlement; and there was always a good sunny wall, not far off, on which the peaches ripened in their season.

The summer moon-beams that shone into the corner brilliantly in the earlier part of the day; but when the streets grew hot the corner was in shadow, though not in shadow of so serene but that you could see beyond it into a glare of brightness. It was a cool spot, staid and thoughtful, wonderful spot for echoes, and a very harbor from the raging streets.

There ought to have been a tranquil bark in such an anchorage, and there was. The Doctor occupied two floors of a large old house, where several lodgings purported to be parsued. But but whereof little was audible any day, and which was unusually still on the day when he sat in a building at the back, attainable by a courtyard where a great many people could get, and church-organs claimed to be made, were known to be chased, and likewise gold to be beaten by mysterious giants who had a golden stamp at starting out of the wall of the front hall—as if the hall were full of Midas's ears, and menaced similar conversion of all visitors. Very little of these trades, or of a lonely lodger rumored to keep up state, and to be a valetudinarian, ever asserted to have a counting-house below, was ever heard or seen. Occasionally a stray workman putting his coat on traversed the hall, or a stranger peered about there, or a distant clink was heard among the roof-trees, or a thump from the golden giant. These, however, were only the exceptional incidents to prove the rule that the sparrows in the plane-trees behind the house, and the echoes in the corner before it, had their own way with little disturbance from Saturday night.

Doctor Manette received such patients here as his old reputation, and its revival in the fleeting whispers of his story, brought him. His notable knowledge, and his vigilance and skill in conducting ingenious experiments, brought him otherwise into notoriety. Wherefore a quiet and he earned as much as he wanted.

These things were within Mr. Jarvis Lorry's knowledge, though he came only now and then to the door-bell of the tranquil house in the corner on the fine Sunday afternoon.

"Doctor Manette at home?"

Expected home.

"Miss Lucie at home?"

Expected home.

"Miss Pross at home?"

Possibly at home, but of a certainty impossible for handmaid to anticipate intentions of Miss Pross, answering in admission or denial of the fact.

"As I am at home myself," said Mr. Lorry, "I'll go up stairs."

Although the Doctor's daughter had known nothing of the affairs of business, she appeared to have innately derived from it that ability to make much of little means, which is one of its most useful but most agreeable characteristics. Simple as the furniture was, it was set off by so many little adornments, of no value but for their taste and fancy, that its effect was delightful. The disposition of every thing in the room, from the largest object to the least; the arrangement of colors, the elegant variety and contrast obtained by placing in every light a few choice flowers, the best literature, and good sense, were at once so pleasant in themselves, and so expressive of their originator, as Mr. Lorry stood looking about him, the very chairs and tables seemed to ask him whether he approved of the general expression which he knew so well by this time, whether he approved?

There were three rooms on a floor, and the doors by which they communicated being put open that the air might pass through them all, Mr. Lorry, smilingly observant of that fanciful propensity which he detected all around him, walked from one to another. The first was the best room, and in it were Lucie's birds, and flowers, and books, and desk, and work-table, and box of water-colors; the second was the Doctor's consulting-room, used also as the dining-room; the third, changingly speckled by the ruttle of the plane-tree in the yard, was the Doctor's bedroom—and there, in a corner, stood the disused shoemaker's bench and tray of tools, as it had stood on the fifth floor of the dismal house by the wine-shop, in the suburb of Saint Antoine in Paris.

"I wonder," said Mr. Lorry, pausing in his looking about, "that he keeps that reminder of his sufferings by him?"

"And why would he not?" was the abrupt inquiry that made him start.

It proceeded from Miss Pross, the wild red woman, strong of hand, whose acquaintance he had first made at the Royal George Hotel at Dover, and had since improved.

"I should have thought—" Mr. Lorry began.

"Pooh! You'd have thought!" said Miss Pross; and Mr. Lorry left off.

"How do you do?" inquired that lady then sharply, and yet as if to express that she was bound to be polite.

"I am pretty well, I thank you," answered Mr. Lorry, with meekness, "how are you?"

"Nothing to boast of," said Miss Pross.

"Indeed?"

"Ah! indeed!" said Miss Pross. "I am very much put out about my Ladybird."

"Indeed?"

"For gracious sake say something else besides 'indeed,' or you'll fidget me to death," said Miss Pross, whose character (dissociated from stature) was shortness.

"Really, then?" said Mr. Lorry as an amendment.

"Really is bad enough," returned Miss Pross, "but better. Yes, I am very much put out."

"May I ask the cause?"

"I don't want dozens of people who are not at all worthy of Ladybird to come here looking after her," said Miss Pross.

"*Do* dozens come for that purpose?"

"Hundreds," said Miss Pross.

It was characteristic of this lady (as of some other people before her time and since) that whenever her original proposition was questioned she exaggerated it.

"Dear me!" said Mr. Lorry, as the safest remark he could think of.

"I have lived with the darling—or the darling has lived with me, and paid me for it; which she certainly should never have done, you may take your affidavit, if I could have afforded to keep either myself or her for nothing—since she was ten years old. And it's really very hard," said Miss Pross.

Not seeing with precision what was very hard, Mr. Lorry shook his head; using that important part of himself as a sort of fairy clerk that would fit any thing.

"As if a people who are not in the least degree worthy of the pet are always turning up," said Miss Pross. "When you began it—"

"I began it, Miss Pross?"

"Didn't you? Who brought her father to life?"

"Oh! *If that* was beginning it—" said Mr. Lorry.

"It wasn't ending it, I suppose? I say when you began it, it was hard enough; not that I have any fault to find with the Doctor himself, except that he is not worthy of such a daughter, which is no imputation on him, for it was not to be expected that any body should be, under any circumstances. But it really is doubly and trebly hard to have crowds and multitudes of people turning up after him (I could have forgiven him) to take Ladybird's affections away from me."

Mr. Lorry knew Miss Pross to be very jealous, but he also knew her by this time to be, beneath the surface of her eccentricity, one of those unselfish creatures—found only among women—who will, for pure love and admiration, bind themselves willing slaves, to youth when they have lost it, to beauty that they never had, to accomplishments that they were never fortunate enough to gain, to bright hopes that never shone upon their own sombre lives. He knew enough of the world to know that there is nothing in it more worthy of respect or love, or more rarely rendered and so free from any mercenary taint, he had such an exalted respect for it, that, in

MISS PROSS AND MR. LORRY.

the retributive arrangements made by his own mind—we all make such arrangements, more or less—he stationed Miss Pross much nearer to the lower Angels than many ladies immeasurably better got up both by Nature and Art, who had balances at Tellson's.

"There never was, nor will be, but one man worthy of Ladybird," said Miss Pross; "and that was my brother Solomon, if he hadn't made a mistake in life."

Here again: Mr. Lorry's inquiries into Miss Pross's personal history had established the fact that her brother Solomon was a heartless scoundrel who had stripped her of every thing she possessed, as a stake to speculate with, and had abandoned her in her poverty for evermore, with no touch of compunction. Miss Pross's fidelity of belief in Solomon (locked away in a little effe for this slight mistake) was quite a serious matter with Mr. Lorry, and had its weight in his good opinion of her.

"As we happen to be alone for the moment, and are both people of business," he said, when they had got back to the drawing-room, and had sat down there in friendly relations, "let me ask you—does the Doctor, in talking with Lucie, never refer to the shoemaking time yet?"

"Never."

"And yet keeps that bench and those tools beside him?"

"Ah!" returned Miss Pross, shaking her head, "But I don't say he don't refer to it within himself."

"Do you believe that he thinks of it much?"

"I do," said Miss Pross.

"Do you imagine—" Mr. Lorry had begun, when Miss Pross took him up short with—

Never imagine any thing. Have no imagination at all."

"I stand corrected. Do you suppose—you go so far as to suppose, sometimes?"

"Now and then," said Miss Pross.

"Do you suppose," Mr. Lorry went on, with a tempting twinkle in his bright eye as a looked kindly at her, "that Doctor Manette has any theory of his own, preserved through all those years, relative to the cause of his being so oppressed; perhaps even to the name of his oppressor?"

"I don't suppose any thing about it but what Ladybird tells me."

"And what is—?"

"That she thinks he has."

"Now don't be angry at my asking all these questions; because I am a mere dull man of business, and you are a woman of business."

"Dull?" Miss Pross inquired, with placidity.

Rather wishing his modest objective away, Mr. Lorry replied, "No, no. Sensible not. To return to business: Is it not remarkable that Doctor Manette, unquestionably innocent of any crime as we are well assured he is, should never touch upon that question? I will not say with you, whom we know so well, and whose intentions with me many years ago, and we are now intimate; I will say with the fair daughter to whom he is so devotedly attached, and who is so devotedly attached to him? Believe me, Miss Pross, I don't approach the topic with you out of curiosity, but out of zealous interest."

"Well! To the best of my understanding, and I have the best (you'll tell me), Miss Pross, softened by the tone of the apology, "he has a dread of the whole subject."

"Afraid?"

"It's plain enough, I should think, why he may be. It's a dreadful remembrance. Besides that, his loss of himself grew out of it. Not knowing how he had himself, or how he recovered himself, he may never feel certain of not losing himself again. That alone wouldn't make his subject pleasant, I should think."

It was a profounder remark than Miss Pross had looked for. "True," said he, "and fearful

to reflect upon. Yet a doubt lurks in my mind, Miss Prose, whether it is good for Doctor Manette to have that suppression always shut up within him. Indeed it is this doubt, and the uneasiness it sometimes causes me, that has led me to our present confidence."

"Can't be helped," said Miss Prose, shaking her head. "Touch that string, and he instantly changes for the worse. Better not touch it. In short, must leave it alone, like or no like. Sometimes he has dreams in the night, and will be heard by us overhead there walking up and down, walking up and down in his room. Ladybird has listened to know then that his mind is walking up and down, walking up and down, in his old prison. She hears him, and they go on together, walking up and down, walking up and down, until he is tore-downed, walking up and down, walking up and down, by his side and near his face whenever he speaks in his old way. Whether he hears sounds in the real passage of his door once a week, or whether he is moved in his room by the footsteps coming and going, as he has been used to do, I don't know. But, I do know that he is then terribly haunted by the echoes of his own footsteps, and by the echoes of all the footsteps that have gone to and fro in his life."

Notwithstanding Miss Prose's denial of her own imagination, there was a perceptible touch of pain of being monotonously haunted by one sad idea, in her repetition of the phrase, walking up and down, which testified to her possessing such a thing.

The corner has been mentioned as a wonderful corner for echoes; it had begun to echo so resoundingly to the tread of coming and going, that it seemed as though the very mention of that weary pacing to and fro had set it going.

"Here they are!" said Miss Prose, rising to break up the conference; "and now we shall have hundreds of people pretty soon!"

It was such a curious corner in its acoustical properties, such a peculiar Ear of a place, that as Mr. Lorry looked at the upper windows, almost for the father and daughter whose steps he heard, he fancied they would have originated in the footsteps of the echoes. Not only would the echoes die out, when the steps had gone, but echoes of other steps that never came would be heard in their stead, and would die away for good when they seemed close at hand. However, there were no echoes at all at last appear, and Miss Prose was ready at the street door to receive them.

Miss Prose was a pleasant sight, albeit wild, and red, and grim, taking off her darling's bonnet when she came up stairs, and touching it up with the ends of her handkerchief, and blowing the dust off it, and folding her mantle ready for laying by, and smoothing her rich hair with as much pride as she could possibly have taken in her own hair if she had been the vainest and handsomest of women. Her darling was a pleasant sight too, embracing her and thanking her, and protesting against her taking so much trouble for her—which last she only dared to do playfully, for Miss Prose, sorely tried by anything, retired to her own chamber and cried. The Doctor was a pleasant sight too, looking on at them, and telling Miss Prose how she spoiled Lucie, in accents and with eyes that had as much spoiling in them as Miss Prose had, if she would have had more if it were possible. Mr. Lorry was a pleasant sight too, beaming at all this in his little wig, and thanking his bachelor stars for having forbidden him in his declining years to take charge of a daughter of his own to come to see the sights, and Mr. Lorry looked in vain for the fulfillment of Miss Prose's prediction.

Dinner time, and still no Hundreds of people. In the arrangements of the little household Miss Pross took charge of the lower regions, and always sustained herself sacredly as to those matters, of a very modest quality, were so well cooked, and so well served, and so neat in their contrivances, that English and half French, that nothing could be better. Miss Pross's friendship being of the thoroughly practical kind, she had ravaged Soho and the adjacent provinces in search of impoverished French, who, tempted by shillings and sixpences, would exchange their mysteries to her. From these decayed sons and daughters she had acquired culinary secrets worthy all that the woman and girl who formed the staff of domestics regarded her as an amazing cook, or Cinderella's godmother, who would send out for a fowl, a rabbit, a vegetable or two from the garden, and change them into any thing she pleased.

On Sunday's Miss Prose dined at the Doctor's table, but on other days persisted in taking her meals, at unknown periods, either in the lower regions, or in her own room on the second floor—a blue chamber, to which no one but her Ladybird ever came, and which was the picture of neatness. On this occasion Miss Pross, responding to Ladybird's tender face and pleasant efforts to please her, underbent exceedingly, to do dinner a very decent nut too.

It was an oppressive day, and after dinner Lucie proposed that the wine should be carried out under the plane-tree, and they should sit there in the air. As every thing turned upon her and revolved about her, they went out under the plane-tree, and she carried the wine down for the special benefit of Mr. Lorry. She had installed herself some time before as Mr. Lorry's cup-bearer, and while they sat under the plane-tree, talking, she kept his glass replenished. Mindful of their conference of the previous night, she avoided any allusion to the terrible occurrence of the day, and so pointedly did she keep clear of it, that Mr. Lorry began to think he had been needlessly disturbed, and that he would find no other reference to the matter in the morning than he should meet in the casual gossip of the day.

The wine was Chateau Lafitte. How Mr. Lorry knew that, and knew it to be dear and good, is not to be told, in an age of adulteration; but he knew it well, and moreover knew that there was no business in hand at present that could justify him in sitting down with a bottle before him. So, the bottle was set on the table, and he encouraged Lucie to sit down with her father, and talk to him.

Lucie did so, and the conversation soon turned to the resources of this wine of Chateau Lafitte. How a bottle of it had been laid down in the year one, for the solace of some polished lover, on the occasion of the marriage of the Seigneur de Something-or-other with the Mademoiselle Such-a-one, and how the bottle had been brought out from its place of honour in the Seigneur's château, on the occasion of the birth of his first child, a son, and had been displaced by other bottles, grown scarce in their turn, on the occasion of the birth of his second child, a daughter, whose birth had occasioned the decease of the Seigneur's wife, who lay buried under the château wall, with a carved stone monument to her memory, sacred to her many virtues and tenderness, and bearing touching inscriptions in two languages, representing her as having been entirely regardless of herself in her devotion to others, and as having heaped coals of fire on the head of her husband by dint of relentlessly forgiving him every thing, and dying while he was still infamous.

Mr. Lorry asked Lucie, when she had finished her narrative, if she had remembered all this, readily? Lucie replied, Yes, quite readily, because her father had related it so often that she knew it by heart.

Mr. Lorry then put a few questions to the Doctor, touching the time when he had been solicited to undertake the management of the Seigneur's affairs, and touching the present posture of those affairs, and touching the collection of the Seigneur's debts at the present juncture. The Doctor answered all readily and clearly, and seemed quite willing to be questioned, but by no means wished to enter on the subject himself. He shewed no disinclination to speak of the Seigneur generally, but always avoided coming down to particulars. His conversation was mostly general; the circumstances of his imprisonment had been mentioned, and Mr. Lorry once or twice remarked on his having been overlooked and forgotten, but the Doctor seldom proceeded beyond that point. He expressed no bitterness against the Seigneur, but seemed to regard him as one might regard a powerful tree, which had accidentally fallen across his path, and which he saw no present hope of getting out of his way.

As to the general objection to the Seigneur's character, the Doctor agreed that he was an honourable gentleman, a man of honour and truth. While the Doctor thought that the Seigneur might have been a better landlord than many landlords, he had no doubt that he had been wronged in his absence, and knew that he had always been anxious to redress wrongs. Upon the whole, he spoke of the Seigneur in terms which showed Mr. Lorry what he was willing to have said, and Mr. Lorry left the conversation more encouraged than he had been yet.

And now, as they sat under the plane-tree, talking hopefully of these things, Mr. Lorry's thoughts seemed to be drawn to the echoes again, and he asked the Doctor whether he had ever heard them before?

"Often. In my cell in the Bastille, before my release."

"But even then, when you were talking with your friend, the Marquis?"

"I was not then aware of echoes. I heard the echoes of history, not the echoes of sound. A echo from the past in the echoing corner here, begins to talk to me."

"Echoes are very numerous there," said Mr. Lorry, smiling.

"They are very numerous in many places," returned the Doctor, gravely. "They exist in the air, and in the water, and in the earth. There are echoes for which the mere dust in the road was once stirred. There are echoes that have been asleep for hundreds of years. Echoes that repeat themselves, faithfully, after long intervals. Echoes that were set going in forgotten times, by people whose very graves are lost. Echoes that would die out, if they could find the right ear and the right moment, on the breath of a whisper. Echoes that have been silent for centuries, stimulated to life anew by the wind that moves a mountain leaf. Echoes that go down, down, down, into the mines of the earth, and there touch other echoes that have been shut up there for ages. Echoes that swell and fade and swell again, as the sound of the cathedral organ rolls through the arches high overhead. Echoes of curses and cries, of sighs and laughter, of jests and earnest, of active and passive, of light and darkness, of day and night, of the tempest and the calm, of destruction and life."

As the Doctor progressively dropped into his subject, he forgot the bystanders, and spoke as if he were reciting from memory. His manner became unconscious and dreamy.

"Echoes," he went on, "are produced in the terrible prisons that I know, by the echoes of the cries that have preceded them. Echoes of wailing and lamentation, of sickness and poverty, of starvation and rags, of mocking laughter, of hard and bitter speech, of heavy footsteps going away. Fainter echoes, of sighing that only arose with the death of the last echoes. Echoes of the roar of the city changed by the distance to the murmur of the wind. Echoes of innocence and youth, of traitors and true men. All echoes that have been set in motion in those prisons, perpetually vibrate there, and will vibrate until the last echo shall utter its last sound. You hear me speak of echoes often. I hear them often. Echoes are very loud to me, at times."

Lucie coming to him hastily, he added, after a few moments, in a changed voice, and with a smile that had more of gratitude in it than mirth in it:

"And I hear them!" he added again, after a pause of thought. "Here they come, fast, fierce, and furious!"

It was the rush and roar of rain that he typified, and it lasted until it passed by, and was no more heard in it. A memorable storm of thunder and lightning broke with that sweep of water, and there was not a moment's interval in crash, and fire, and rain, until after the moon rose at midnight.

The great bell of Saint Paul's was striking. One in the clear air, when Mr. Lorry, escorted by Jerry, left Soho and Sobering a lantern, set forth on his return-passage to Clerkenwell. There were solitary patches of road on that way between Soho and Clerkenwell, and Mr. Lorry, mindful of footpads, always retained Jerry for this service: though it was usually performed a good two hours earlier.

"What a night it has been! Almost a night, Jerry," said Mr. Lorry, "to bring the dead out of their graves."

"I never see the night myself, master—nor yet I don't expect to it what would do that," answered Jerry.

"Good-night, Mr. Carton," said the man of business.—"Good-night, Mr. Lorry. Shall we ever see such a night again, together?"

Perhaps. Perhaps see the great crowds of people, with its rush and roar, passing above and below them, too.

LITERARY.

ALFORD'S GREEK TESTAMENT, published by Harper & Brothers. This work demands more than a passing notice, and we direct to it the attention, first, of all Biblical scholars; second, as all students of the Bible; and third, of all who are interested in a thorough understanding of the Word of God.

We have had various and learned editions of the New Testament in the English Tongue, and we have without notes, but never an edition to be compared with this. It is a magnificent specimen of typography, and as such it will be treasured by the type ever issued from an American press. But what is the learned world to do with the work if learned man. In this respect it will meet universal commendation. The knowledge, critical acquirement, assiduity, and labor bestowed upon it, will shine forth as an annotator, which Dr. Alford has brought to the work, alone make it the first of its class extant. In the next place, the compilation of learning from previous annotators is enormous. He has gathered and garnered the wisdom of every critic from the earliest ages, and has brought it together before us in a convenient form for the modern student.

No suggestion of a different reading, or hint of the means of explanation, wherever and whenever made, has escaped the educated eye of our editor. He has in one word summed up, in a few pages, a hundred editors who have preceded him.

To give in our notice any complete idea of the work is out of the question. The volumes before us contains the Four Gospels, preceded by the introduction or prolegomena of Dr. Alford. In this latter we have a history and a critical examination of the works which he edits. The examination is so clear, simple, and masterly in its arrangement, that some persons have thought it verging on disrespect to the Sacred Scriptures to treat the gospels which he edits. It is far from being so, however, to the mind of the scholar. Dr. Alford does not believe in a verbal inspiration, but a general and fully believe in the plenary inspiration of the sacred books. In the introduction to the words as he would the words of Sophocles, and seeks to find their true sense from the means at the command of a thorough scholar. Indeed, in almost every page are therefore of incalculable value, and we know of no work which will be of more Christian household in the land, who can read Greek even with difficulty, will find near light and knowledge in the New Testament in the edition of the Gospels. Not only have we the advice of Dr. Alford, but we have the advice and gost of the different readings in the various manuscripts of early times which are extant, and the text itself is revised in such a manner as might be expected from the scholarship of the editor.

The prolegomena are worthy of study for the worth the price of the volume to those who do not read Greek. It contains a history of the text of the New Testament, a discussion on the authorship of the various portions, and the dates at which they were written, a comparison of the Gospels and their harmonies, with a noble and triumphant defense of their inspired origin and holy character.

No clergyman or theological student can fail to place great value on the work; and as these classes of gentlemen are seldom able to increase their libraries, we take the liberty of suggesting to any one who desires to purchase a present for a friend who is studying theology, that this work will prove most valuable and acceptable.

It should certainly be in every clergyman's hands in the country.

Bangs, Merwin, & Co. continue their sales of articles of verts, coins, medals, etc., from time to time. They advertise a sale of coins, etc., for the 21st and successive evenings, which, from an examination of the catalogue, we are able to pronounce the most extensive and varied sale of valuable coins which has as yet been held in this country. We observe, among other articles, the rare New England pieces, either of which will be cheap if sold at $5; also the Baltimore grout, which may sell bring $10 to $50.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

[The following important letter will be read with interest. It is addressed to A. V. Heiler, of Cincinnati, by Secretary Cass, and is self-explanatory.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE, WASHINGTON, June 14, 1859.

SIR,—In answer to your letter of the 9th inst., I have to inform you that the brief letter from this Department to which you refer, dated the 17th of May last, and addressed to Mr. Felix Le Clere, was in reply to an application for information which was originally intended to recommend caution to our naturalized fellow-citizens, who, after a residence of five years in France, and the expression of the French conscription law were not prepared to return home, and might bear allegiance to the cities of American citizens. Most of the Continental States require military service from their subjects, and this Government regards the exemption from it as a favor to be sought for, as in France, where a system of conscription prevails, and from which, therefore, every person is required to take his turn as a soldier.

HOW THE ADMINISTRATION WOULD LIKE TO ACT IN THE CASE.

"The condition of American naturalized citizens returning to their native country has been the subject of repulsory service recruits, and who had left before permanently domiciled in the United States, and of discussion with some of the European Powers. Quite recently the Government of Prussia has issued a decree, and the representative of this country at the Court of Prussia has received from the Minister of Foreign Affairs a communication, in which the subject is treated with much candor and liberality. By the decree of May 15, 1859, the Government of Prussia declares that it considers the question as one of international allegiance, and maintains the right of acquisition and loss of nationality by emigration and naturalization. Upon this subject it is observed that in this age of the world the right of emigration is a matter of course, and of a house and binding him by a mere political theory to the land of his birth, when he has made it his choice and desires to leave, can hardly be entertained by any government whatever."

THE SMALL HOLE THROUGH WHICH MR. CAIN CRAWLED.

"The position of the United States, as communicated to the Minister of the Interior in the information of the Prussian government, is that native born Prussians naturalized by the United States, and returning to the territory of their birth, are not liable to any duties or penalties, except such as may be imposed by treaties or by exemption. If at that time they were in the army or actually under the laws of military conscription, they can not exempt them from the legal penalty which may be incurred by their non-appearance. But there is a reserved against them whenever they shall voluntarily place themselves within the limits of the territory of their native country and shall be proceeded against according to the laws of the country. Prussia claims the right to fix the period of such emigration, and to require that in the case of such persons they shall have the right of a considerable time, and that they shall be subject to military service, and the attempt to do so would be considered as a violation of the laws of nationality by the United States. This question can not of course arise in the case of a naturalized citizen who returns to the United States. It is only when he returns to the country of his birth that he is subject to the laws of that country in him. I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

LEWIS CASS."

NEWS FROM UTAH.

Additional advices from Salt Lake inform us that Governor Cumming had ascertained that a twelve-pound howitzer could be taken from Camp Floyd to Salt Lake. The Marshal has addressed a communication to the Governor asking for the loan of the howitzer, stating that there are no bodies of armed men gathering in the mountains which were to be in military requisition. The howitzer had promised protection to emigrant trains going to California, and that the Marshal was engaging a force of some common point, when he would afford them an escort. The Mormons are said to be manufacturing powder of with government stock. "A big blow," or worn, did some damage to Salt Lake City and Governor on the 3d inst.

ANOTHER SICKLES APPEAL.

The West Troy *Democrat* has been put in possession of the particulars of the suicide of Mrs. Sickles, the wife of the father of a girl said to have been seduced by the young son of Mr. Sickles, the late Secretary of Legation.

We give the account as furnished the *Democrat*, from which paper readers are enabled to draw their own conclusions:

"The citizens of this place were thrown into great excitement last night by the announcement that Mrs. Sickles, a niece of Mr. Sickles, had been shot by Arthur Hoffman for outraging the person of her daughter. The deceased Case was formerly clerk in a dry goods establishment in this village, but for the last two years has been in business north of this place. Last December he came here and boarded at Mr. Sickles's, and during his stay here he got acquainted with Miss Holden. She was the daughter of a poor man, but was of a respectable family. Circumstances have since shown, Case, under promise of marriage, ruined her. Mrs. Sickles, it is said, was aware of the fact, but swears that Case should answer for the crime. Case left here for Albany, and Mrs. Sickles followed him and with him to the house of Mr. Hoffman, where Case was found. He was decided with his parents, and last night came down to Albany, and while walking with Miss Sickles on State street through the heart with a rifle. He died almost instantly.

Before leaving for the scene of assassination, and with no residence, simply remarking that he had done his duty. Thus he has gone before his God to answer for the subject, and a large number of people have been to the same where the murder was committed. Mrs. Sickles is now in the custody of the Sheriff."

DAUGHTER IN JAIL.

The Cincinnati *Inquirer* says: "A day or two since Stephen J. Wheeler, a resident of the Ninth Ward, was on a prison awaiting a new trial for killing Singston, the murder of one of Wheeler's daughters. Wheeler, after a reconciliation between the father and his two girls, had left the daughter Mary in jail charged with murder, and not spoken since the Monday morning of the murder, 30 years ago.

"By the kindness of the Jailer the daughter was allowed to visit their father in his cell. Finding a most affecting interview took place; the girl falling on his neck and weeping bitterly. Wheeler, who from the eyes of the world, supposing him not to have the wife destroyer of his child's honor, and had known her to fall step by step in degradation and despair, the great heart ran like rain the agony of a heart wrung by affliction and agonized by terrible suffering to a woman's tenderness.

"For some minutes no one of that trio spoke. The father folded their arms around the child of his love. The daughter sent them into silence. Their sorrow was too deep for utterance, and love and grief, memory and despair filled their hearts to bursting. In that moment they

were purified; in that hour their errors were blotted out by the tears of deepest contrition, and cleansed away by the blood of their Redeemer.

"At last one of his girls, the dishonored and avenged, the father's first love, and said, with still streaming eyes:

"Oh father, dearest father, can you forgive me?"

"Yes, my child, with all my heart," was the answer, and impressive answer, "as I hope to be forgiven!"

Then both his daughters knelt and received his blessing, and a moment after he was by their side offering up a prayer of gratitude to Heaven for restoring to him his daughter. The father embraced them tenderly again and again, and then, with the child who had been lost, and who, by her penitence and amendment, had made herself more dear to his comfort and support in the faith, their joyful meeting was ended.

Of course, as witnessed, was extremely pathetic, and the scene was one which can not paint. Before and after the reconciliation were, in spite of themselves, much moved, and the tears of the girl who had been in the human nature which, however it may err, is always kept by a golden though humble thread to its native heaven.

PERSONAL.

The Galveston (Texas) News, of the 16th ult., has a letter from Rome, near San Antonio, dated May 7th, in relation to the illness of General Twiggs. The letter says: "General David E. Twiggs is very low with a fever at this place. He is given up by his physicians, has made his will, and given directions as to his funeral. An ambulance is noted for the frailty attending the commanding officers of the United States troops in Texas, and especially the gallant old veteran of the Mexican war. Before the border, General Worth was General Twiggs is likely to die, of a disease which has never failed to carry off its victim."

The wife of Mrs. John C. Calhoun is still alive and in good health, and is now at the house of her son-in-law, Professor Clemson, at Middleburg.

Herr Alexis, the well-known dancer, having bereft himself of a considerable number of dollars, and his daughter, who is now his wife of Prince Troubetzkoi, a Russian nobleman, has so far recovered from her late sorrow as to have married the Count de Rayneval, now on the 30th of May.

Sabastian Diaz Gomez, the last surviving son of Major General Gomez of the Revolution, died at his residence in Montevideo, Uruguay, on Wednesday, the 4th inst., at the age. The only surviving child of General Gomez is Mrs. Lizardoz.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE WAR.

THE BATTLE OF MAGENTA.

The long-expected great battle has at last been fought. We—or rather we left behind us—have fought it from Novara to Milan. The grandest bridge at Buffalora is only feebly destroyed at the commencement of the war. The French threw across bridges at Turbigo, and passed over to rear on the morning of Tuesday, the 4th inst., the day the fight commenced, and lasted two days. It took place at Magenta, whose native name Marcallo Mills, and it is stated that three hundred thousand men were engaged in the conflict. The Austrians were entirely outmanœuvred, and the King of Sardinia was near the French Emperor during the whole of the battle. The Austrian loss in the two days' fighting is stated at 40,000, and the French loss at 20,000 killed and wounded. Five French Marshals and Generals and nine Austrian superior officers were killed. The battle was fought by the Austrians, and its inhabitants had declared in favor of the King of Sardinia. The city of Milan had not escaped the city. On the reception of the news of the victory in Paris the city was illuminated.

THE BATTLES OF PALESTRO.

The battles of the 30th and 31st ultimo found the allies under the King of Sardinia, had crossed the Sesia and forced the Austrian post at Palestro. The capture of the last brings the intelligence that the Austrians encountered to retake the captured post, but were driven back with tremendous loss. The Austrian force consisted of 17,000 men, among them Croats, who fought with their output had been considerably strengthened the previous day, and at seven o'clock in the morning the movement took place toward the lately captured post of Palestro. The Austrian artillery opened a heavy fire, and the 3d Zouaves received the attack, and repulsed them after a severe struggle. The 4th Zouaves, commanded by the King in person, were then ordered to the position, and the Austrians were already obtained a name. The Austrians are said to have left 2,000 dead on the banks of the allies, besides having 400 men drowned in the canal which they had thrown. The Austrian prisoners were left in the hands of the Italians and French, the latter having by the imprisonment of 1,000 men by the Piedmontese friends of Garibaldi.

MOVEMENTS OF GARIBALDI.

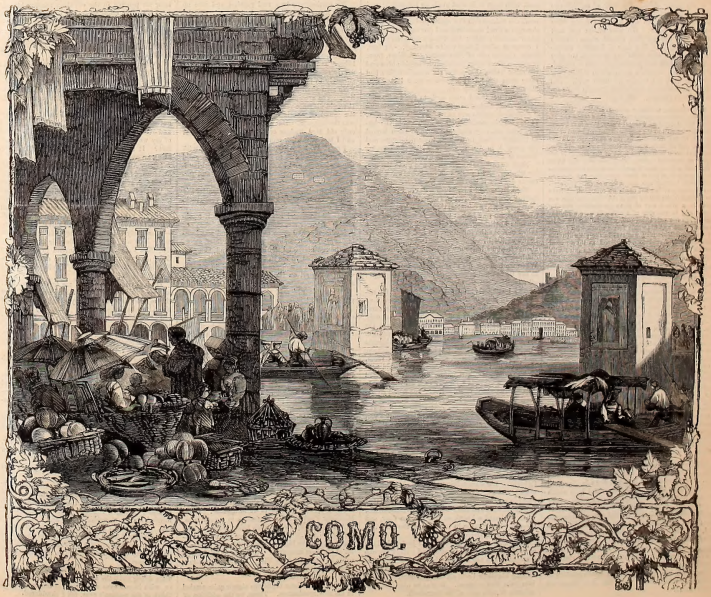
The following telegrams have been received in England.

TURIN, May 29.—Como has decidedly declared an adhesion to the Government of Victor Emmanuel. The demographic connection between Turin and Como is re-established. Another record will be made in the annals of the surrounding country in hastening to place itself under the flag of General Garibaldi. The Commissioner Luc Lago Magliore are preparing a fierce resistance to the victorious attack of the Garibaldians.

MILAN, May 28.—Yesterday, after a severe contest, the Austrians evacuated Orzinuovi and retired upon Lodi. The Austrians, in a retrograde dispatch sent by General Garibaldi, to the Austrians, in a retrograde dispatch sent by General Garibaldi, to the Austrians, in a retrograde dispatch sent by General Garibaldi, to the

THE BATTLE OF MONTEBELLO.—THE ZOUAVES CHARGING THROUGH THE STREETS.

AUSTRIAN EXACTIONS AT VERCELLI.



THE WAR IN ITALY—MONTEBELLO, VERCELLI, AND COMO.

We continue our illustration of the war in Italy with a large engraving of the Battle of Montebello, composed from sketches and wood pictures; a view of Como, just taken by Garibaldi; and a picture, from a sketch by Lieutenant Forli, in the Sardinaux army, of the Austrian exactions at Vercelli.

With regard to the first, it is hardly necessary to add any thing to the very full accounts of the battle which we have already published. As usual in such cases, we are more indebted to the Correspondents between the Austrian and the French narratives of the affair. But it is certain, as the Austrians admit the fact, that the latter were the victors; and it is also certain, though the Austrians deny this, that they were repulsed with losers to their antagonists. The day was won by the pluck of the French troops engaged, under Cavalero, who led the bayonet—a weapon which the Austrian soldiers could not withstand. A correspondent of the *Evening Post*, who is following the armies, says that wherever the French charged with the bayonet the Austrians ran away: he tells a story of a gigantic chasseur who proved to having run eleven Austrians through the body with his bayonet—some of them in the act of running away. It is very easy to accuse the Austrians of cowardice for taking to their heels; if the correspondent had ever witnessed a charge with the bayonet, he would realize their feelings more accurately. Soldiers say that if a bayonet charge can not be checked by musketry or grape, it can not be resisted at all, and the party charged has only the simple option of running away or being run through.

The scene which took place at Vercelli have been the subject of some discussion, a correspondent of the London *Times*, writing from the Austrian head-quarters, distinctly denying that any of the Austrians committed no outrages, and that the people of Vercelli were not ill-treated. This statement is not credited, for two reasons: 1st, by the evidence, which has been collected with care, in substantially opposite form; and 2d, because it would have been an unexampled thing if the Austrians had not extorted all they could out of the Piedmontese. Military usage, under ordinary circumstances, justifies a commander in making the enemy's country support his army while it lasts. Gyulai would have displayed unusual forbearance if he had acted on any other principle.

Whether the Austrian soldiers made their exactions gaily and humanely, or savagely and brutally, is another question; and we are inclined to say that, despite the denials of the Austrian organ, the London *Times*, the weight of evidence is in favor of the latter view. We hear of outrages being instituted by Austrian soldiers in cities whose contributions to the Austrian army are not deemed unduly light. We hear of the last sack of flour being carried from houses whose inmates were left to starve. We hear of dispossessed proprietors of peasants who could not or would not give the Austrians as much provender as was demanded. Our illustration depicts a scene which tallies very accurately with the stories we have read. The Piedmontese correspondent of the *Evening Post* supplies further evidence. He says:

"At Castreggio, a village near Montebello, through which the Austrians were on the march, and which took on the division of General Forey, they found some of the families still in town, and the rest all came back on the approach of the Austrians in time to escape. In the house of one of these families they found a good fire, which had been used by the head of the family in his quality of Austrian officer, and the soldiers made free of the nice genoese that formed the family for this reason. Among these you'd search there were two children under seven years of age, and three women. The attendance basely of the sick women in the house, who had been assured of the fact by one of the villagers, who was detained in a place as sort of place for keeping provisions, steadily dog in the side of a hill. From his hiding-place he saw the soldiers eat, drink, when nothing was left, his eye glared and his whole frame shook with horror and emotion. This scene was still in the act when the Austrians were forced to retreat, and as they passed through the village he counted 360 wagons filled with their wounded."

And again:

"At a village near Voghera, during the time that the Austrians occupied that place, they sent out each day parties of troops hunting for provisions, which they took without payment from the country people. Every morning a house they found in it a journal that is inimical to Austria. Then, on the whole family in front of the public square, and shot them all—men, women, and children. They were not always thus indiscriminate in the choice of the men, who is now lying in the hospital at Voghera, where he was rescued by the people after the departure of the Austrians. I have seen the man and conversed with him—his name is Antonio Bassi—and although I will not have seen the person and heard his account of the atrocious action perpetrated by the Austrians.

"To-day I have seen a letter written by the vicargeneric of Voghera, who was taken by the Austrians as a hostage when they were in the place yesterday. They have a hard time of it during this when the people whose importance renders his fate an object of interest to the people, and from this he will be released without much threatening, upon non-compliance with these demands, to put the hostage to death. Thus his own family, in his letter, announces that, unless the people give them the information required about the movements of the French, they will shoot him."

Our picture of Como will delight all who have been fortunate enough to visit this enchanting spot. It is indeed the loveliest town in Northern Italy, bathing its feet in the beautiful lake which bears its name, and resting its head against a spur of the Alps. It is a thriving town of some 20,000 people, busy manufactures, and successful tradesmen; fond of their town, and their noble cathedral, and their worthies, among whom the two Plinys and Volta are reverently counted. Only twenty-eight miles from Milan, a railway connects it with the great city; at peace time few roads do a better business.

Garibaldi has established his head-quarters at Como—uncomfortably near the Austrians, one would think.

MOTHER'S FIRST LODGER.

WHEN my mother and I took No. 32 of the High Street, Ackeyog (of which the ground-floor is a shop, sublet to the butcher), we found that, after purchasing off a tidy parlor, a room for ourselves, and a cupboard for the maid, there yet remained two nice front rooms, one just over the shop-window, the other right above that, which, as I said to my mother, were just the thing for a lodger.

"Our drawing-room," I said, "and that," a little help of this sort would be most desirable. And it is one of the best situations in the place—just opposite the Town-hall, and all the people with for country air, the buck windows look right down on the church-yard. Besides, the gutenel-looking house; the side-passage and green door make it very private: and the people coming and going to the shop below give it a genteel appearance. I am sure, if we bought a bit of drugget, and put a chiffonier into the corner, and a sofa, and the horse-hair sofa, the round table, and that picture of you in your green satinet, we should save our rent at least a year by it."

My mother looked up sharply from her knitting (an ugly shaped thing and a dark colored ball), and made a mem with her stocking, that kept me bothering over it for the next half hour. "I don't know no person, I can tell you, Patty," she said, decidedly. "No young men. It wouldn't be right, my second. Now, if it was a respectable woman, Patty, and people might talk. I don't know that I approve of the idea in any'ow. But if you say, it's a delikit thing to ask, I'll think of ours has made a hole in the last quarter. We might look about us, and see what we can do."

My mother took out her red silk pocket-handkerchief (which had been my father's, and she used it in remembrance of him) and a bit of snuff, and then her week eyes. The sunlight was gleaming into the room over the geranium pots in the sill, how along the faded carpet, a white star on the polished back of the mahogany arm-chair, falling on my mother's face and hair, and then on the thing itself among the gilt bindings in the book-case.

Well, that night I will I gave her my mind to it, and made my mother so comfortable in the armchair, with the red handkerchief over the back for her hot oil and peppermint, (she always sits in an old one in the evening, when it was too late for visitors), that she promised to think of it, and left me to follow my own devices.

Then I sat myself down on the floor, by the oak bookcase, and sitting a candle on one of the willow-seated chairs, began a long hunt on the bottom shelf. I will I pull out a book or two, books with only one broken leg, and two little shepherdesses that held matches behind them, and a bird's nest, with eggs in it, and a few other things that when I had dusted them, I put them aside to ornament the drawing-room with. Then I looked through my red work-box, and put out some patches for mother's quilt; but it was a long time before I came to what I was in search of. There it was, under a great pile of Manchester *Guardians*, there it was—a bit of dingy paper-hanging that I found on the other white, that about six months before had come from the linen-draper's with a lot of new muslin for my print dresses.

When I got this I went back to the table, and, with a great deal of trouble, succeeded in writing "*Furnished Apartments to Let*" on the white side. It was legible, certainly; but I am afraid the letters were not very regular, and were rather crooked as if they wished to fisticuff their neighbors, and the great A in Apartments was like the Leaning Tower of Pisa I've read about somewhere.

Next morning my pattebourd was up in the parlor window, and I was all in a hurry and worry and not to see how it looked from the street.

Then there was a knock at the door. I persuaded mother she spoke hoarsely, rubbed her chest with camphors for five minutes, then had her safe in bed half afternoon; and then, with a candle in each hand, sing, and polishing, and getting Joe from the shop below to move the coals, I made the house ready before eighthall. I went in the last thing to look how and aimed at my handiwork, and really it did look very well, and I was all in a glow of pride. When we had got the new drugget, I'd be bound to see three people out of a dozen take a lodging in all Ackeyog.

All! but all that hurry and scurry came to nothing. In spite of the big hand-bill, and even an advertisement in the weekly paper, no one came near us for close upon a week. Then, at last, came an application from an old lady who thought the rent too high, and wanted a deal of attendance. After her arrived a widow and family, who said they would be just the thing; but it turned out that she had a pet dog, and a parrot, and children. Goodness me! I thought those rooms would never be let; and indeed, I could have cried with vexation when I remembered all the trouble I had taken about them. Every one found an objection; and one lady declared that she liked the other that they were too dark; one disliked the butcher's shop, and another the church-yard. You never saw such dissatisfied folks in all your life.

Well, again mother and I were sitting in the parlor. We had given up all hope, and the weather was so warm, and the grate was well polished, and the fire-irons shone, and the paper neat. And mother's eyes had been bad, and she had grown shade, and moaned herself with nursing mothers. We were talking about the lodgers (as usual; and mother was just saying it was no use keeping up the hand-bill, for no one came, and she would spend no more money in advertisements, when we heard a knock at the passage door, and presently Betsy came in to say a gentleman wished to see the apartments.

I did not keep him a minute. I just picked the ends of cotton from my gown, and pulled my cap straight before the looking-glass, and went out to him. A tall man, standing at the bottom of the stairs wiping his dirty boots on the door-mat. I liked him from that moment. It was so nice and considerate to take care of the door-cloth.

He looked up at the sound of my "Good-morning, Sir!" and I saw his face. It was foreign, dark-complexioned, with a ruddy color on the cheek; a quantity of curling black hair, a twinkling black eye, and a little curled mustache, giving him a piquant expression; and as he turned to me with a courteous smile and the most charming broken English—I must confess it—my heart was taken by storm.

His fumbled in his coat-pocket, and then in his waistcoat, then in his trowsers, and produced, which he presented to me. It was printed in fussy little letters—"*Signor Antonio Pasticcio, Professor of Language*"—and, while I was wondering how on earth to pronounce such an outlandish name, he began, "Madame, I perceive you have rooms. I did hear of your lodgings; I am the new professor at the grammar-school at Ian Hallen. I want a lodging, I remain me, Missis Flint—"

What he did not say he insinuated by bows; and, charmed by his confidence, I gave my self an extra smooth, and threw open the parlor door.

I had received so many rebuffs and so disappointments that I had grown somewhat modestly than heretofore that I proceeded to draw up the insisted mind (quarreling appearance and a bit Missed in the distance) and decanted on the various merits and convenience of the apartments. I had paid little attention to my explanations, hardly noticed my beautiful stand of wax flowers under a glass shade, or my wax-dolls in a case, I stood aside on purpose to draw his eye to it. His great anxiety seemed to be to secure the rooms before we had satisfactorily arranged that, he only made one suggestion:

"I have a many pictures, and such things," said he. "Perhaps you would not object to remove those portraits in the drawing-room. It is not that the subjects are not good, but instead of being Mrs. Flint, I was only Miss Patty. Good man! how he hated the sight of his family cyclorama, laying his hand on his heart as he said,

"It is possible."

I suppose he had been equally impressed, and wondered at the blindness of the men of this generation. But I was not in a critical humor then, and I was at liberty to return and break the news to my mother.

My mother was in a real passion, and tore up all her lighter paper into crooked strips. She declared that a man who had a wife like that was a fool. As for me I was beside myself. I never thought my mother would have persisted in such a fanciful resolution; and when I went to the parlor and let the rooms, and every minute expected the new lodger to knock at the door, I was nearly in hysterical cried my eyes out, but my mother sat obstinately in the corner, every moment repeating, "No man shall ever come into my house while I live. You are as unmarried woman, Patty Flint. It would disgrace you to have a husband." And then the sound of wheels in the street and thought it was the luggage. But the wheels passed on, and I had still a few moments's reprieve.

Presently, I was sitting in the window-chair with my handkerchief up to my face. My mother did not notice me, and I gave a moan—moaned loudly, and began to rock myself to and fro with my hand.

"What ails ye Patty, what's the matter?"

No answer. Only moan, moan, and rock, rock, as if I were distracted.

"Good gracious! is it lie, Patty? Is it toothache? Answer me, child."

My mother had come quite close, and was leaning over me. I removed my handkerchief, showing the red marks on the left cheek, and, shutting my eyes, moaned and rocked more than ever.

"It's no use asking, mother," I said, in a feeble voice; "it's all on the nerves." And I moaned afresh.

"Dear, dear!" said my mother, "what could put it there?"

I looked up again, and made my red cheek very conspicuous. It was the boldest stroke of my strategy. I was so fidgeted after I had made the arrangements. And really I did all for the best."

My mother looked fairly overcome.

"Don't vex yourself, Patty, about that. Don't! Moment vexation is not worth thinking of. Let me see as you with. I dare say you meant well, and—Did how bad you are! Hadn't I better send for Dr. Rothwood?"

I caught the sound of wheels really stopping this time: "I cannot see a doctor. I will not have be any alteration. My poor head would be distracted by noise. Let them take the boxes up quickly as can, and, dear mother, don't leave me on my account." I was in such a fright she would get out and blow them up, and so for the next hour I kept her fomenting my face and pitying my sufferings.

At the end of that time it was necessary to prepare dinner, and I heard the footsteps of my lodger in the sitting-room; so I dried my eyes and thought I felt better. The tic was going away almost as suddenly as it had come on, and perhaps if I moved about I should get rid of it altogether. So Monsieur Pagliadrin a beef-steak to a very turn, and sent it up by Betsy, with baked potatoes, and a rhubarb tart. I got out one of the best tablecloths, and gave him my own pickles, as well as a bit of Durham mustard. I am sure he might well smile at Betsy, and say Miss Patty was a first-rate cook. I know he did, for I was peeping in at the door to see if he took pickles.

A day or two later found the signor quite settled in his new apartments. Then, by the addition of his bits of ornaments, so changed that you could hardly recognize them. The portraits were gone. I managed tastefully about them. I told mother I was quite miserable when shut out from the contemplation of my beloved parents; and, by the slightest return of tic, persuaded her to allow them to be hung opposite the fire-place in our sitting-room.

Monsieur nodded to me when I went to see them taken down in safety, and asked Joe to remain and do some jobbing for him. Oh me! how grateful I was half an hour examining them when I met with the nuts, and the nose-nipper-and-eye, views, and waterfalls and ruins. But, first of all, there were two portraits of monsieur himself. One over the fire-place—Mr. Pasticcio in life—a beautiful thing! with a genuine look in the eyes, and lips like vermilion, and shaped by a master, but rather peculiar. It represented him standing with his hands under his coat-tails—just as I have seen him stand fifty times in the course of a day. I could have told it any where, though there was not a morsel of his face to be seen—only the top-knot, short figure, and the curly hair. It was the thing altogether that was so like.

And there was another portrait. I don't over, look *that*; for it was a lady's picture. A dark, cold face, with a great black eye that always looked at you wherever you stood in the room, and long hair falling in disorder over the one cheek, while the other side was all combed up in a bandeau. I dare say it was what people call a fine face, but I didn't admire it. For a long time I thought it was monsieur's sister, but I found out afterward that it wasn't; and I never can have any patience with a woman who is not content to be herself, but she couldn't do up both sides of her hair, even to have her pictures taken.

So, unmarked by any very great event, passed the summer and autumn, and the evenings began to close in shorter, and monsieur had taken a fire to sit for him when he came in after tea-time. And regularly I put on my evening-gown and slippers before the fire, and drew the curtains, and made the teathings. And as regularly when he passed the kitchen door, Betsy Ann, who had been out and was also with his day's work, I popped a bit of bacon or something else on the fire to comfort him. No doubt I was a little afraid of trouble about only a lodger; but there are some people for whom one can never do too much, and monsieur was one of them.

"Miss Patty," he would say very often, "you was too good. You pierce my heart with your kindness." And then he would take my hand with his hand on heart, as if it did really pain him. What wonder, then, that I was more and more interest in one so grateful, that as I saw him grow pale, and thin, and lose his appetite, hour after hour sit pressing his head between them with a visible effort when one of his many pupils came for a lesson, and could not help that he was lacerated by compassion? Or that one night, when he had sent away his tea untouched, I ventured to knock at his door, and ask him to tell me my duty for his comfort?

To this day I can see him as he was that night —sitting in the easy-chair, in his shawl-patterned dressing-gown, with his feet crossed on the fender. A little glow of the fire, and the bright light of the lamp falling on the lady's picture in the corner—all the rest of the room half-dark.

"Dear monsieur," I said, "I am afraid you are not well. You do not eat, and you seem harassed and overworked. Shall I recommend you a little cup of my warwood-tea every morning before breakfast? It is the finest thing in the world for creating an appetite."

Signor Angelo jerked his hand from his forehead, and leaned back in his chair. There was something in his eye, and his voice trembled with earnestness:

"Mrs. Patty, you are very good—you are lovely good. But will remedies for the body effect a cure to the mind? No! there are some ailments that are beyond the reach of all remedies except time. Mr. Patty, there is a disease called LOVE. Nay, Mrs. Patty, you must hear me. I have known you from me! You will drive me to despair if you look so. Oh, Miss Patty, I did not intend to address you thus; but you are so kind, so compassionate, so. Would you give me leave? Would you sit down for one minute?"

He had risen and drawn me to the arm-chair; and he now stood with his folded arms resting on his mantle-piece, and his eyes fixed on me on the chin shepherdess.

I pitied him very much that I was just going to assure him of my anxiety to relieve him at my expense— But I did not wish to be precipitate. As I only thought it, and the sound made in the corner would take her eyes off me.

Signor Angelo took breast in the vehemence of his feeling. Monsieur Angelo continued:

"Miss Patty, your feminine tenderness will have sympathy with mine, surely. You have observed that picture in the corner? It is a feeble representation of the original; but, believe me, my brothed is an angel!"

I jumped up as if I had been shot. "Excuse me, Sir," I said, and ran out of the room. I hear I boiling over."

I could hear a feet a "Yes" as I hurried from the room.

There are some moments in life stamped so indelibly on memory that not even the friction of long years can annihilate the impression. One is least, standing a lifetime in a dream, almost subconscious of the transient dream and a rude awaking. Until now I had not known that I dreamed. I only knew it when I awoke. I only knew it as I sat with my apron over my head, in the kitchen, and felt my eyes scorched by the unconsumed fire at my heart.

There was no sauce-pan on the fire—the embers were dying out—the cat was lying inside the fender, with its red eyes shining up at me, making me think of the woman's eyes, till I shuddered.

Poor me! That little romance was swallowed down like a bitter pill. It was a bit of summer to look back on afterward—a summer that never could come again. A while after, I copied some lines into the cover of my hymn-book, something about

"'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all.

And I think it is a true saying; for though I get over the bad feeling in a short time, the sympathy my weakness gave me with other people never passed off.

I did go back to Signor Angelo that evening; I could not; and I made an excuse when he asked me the next day, and said it was mother kept me, but about a week afterward he invited me again, and I went. Yes, I sat and listened to his story—heard all about Victoria, how she was beautiful and clever she was, and how he loved her; and I tried to take an interest in her and to pity him as much as I could.

He told me how he had met with her and her cousin Gertrude in Germany, and described them both. Victoria, with her proud, high nature, and Gertrude, soft and gentle, like a spring flower. Then he went on with his plans for the future, and how his improved circumstances allowed of his marriage; how he had written to his Christmas, and waited an answer. I asked with a sinking heart if he would leave us then, but he said, "No, Victoria would be quite satisfied," and I felt happier. Only when he kept watching for the morning post, sitting at the window, with his eye fixed on the post-office, it was hard to bear with him.

It was Monday morning, just after post-time, and there had been two letters for me, and I sat with a feeling post-mistress, which Betsy had taken up to his room. I was washing in the back kitchen, with a great fire on, and my hands elbow in soap-suds, not altogether in a good humour, when Betsy rushed into the room, and declared that the *Foreigner* monster had gone demented.

I gave her a box on the ear as an impudent hussy, but, for all that, I thought something "*Monsieur* was rushing about his room, uttering loud cries," she said, and she had heard a heavy sound like the fall of furniture.

I wiped my arms in a great hurry, and rushed out to listen.

There were strange sounds, as Betsy had represented; but it was in vain that I knocked at the door, or tried to reach—the key was drawn, and no one answered—only the sounds quieted, and I heard a succession of moans.

"Monsieur Angelo—Monsieur Angelo!" I said, "it's me—it's Patty. What's the matter? What's the matter? Are you ill? Oh, monsieur!"

At last came an answer. "What do you want? Go away—don't bother!"

Later in the afternoon I heard his bell with, drawn, and a low voice inside. I knocked, and rushed out. If only just caught sight of his face, very white and care-worn, as he drew back and rebolted the door; but at that moment I only felt the note that I seized hastily. It was directed to *Miss Patty*, and I popped it into the bosom of my dress, and went upstairs to read it.

"Dear Patty," it said, "would be sure to sympathize with the extreme agony of mind I am under—one who was sinking in the very depths of despair. Then came a very incoherent list that I could not understand, and, to be brief, it told me Victoria's father, having always opposed his daughter's union with the signor on the score of his want of means, had latterly so goaded her with entreaties, commands, and arguments, that in a fit of despair she had plunged into a marriage with him. Then were the words of the note, ending with wild apostrophes, and requesting me to speak to union. I read and re-read the note in trembling eagerness. One thing was clear: Victoria was dead, and Angelo, in consequence, was in a sad state—distraction; I alone aware of the catastrophe, and with the power of preventing further mischief. But how?

I dropped a tear over Victoria's untimely fate, and took out my desk. It was a time to attempt to speak to him, but I might write. And I did write. I found a sheet of paper, and in the loud black edge I had used while mourning for my father, and, for the first time, addressed Angelo by name. I began by condolence, and went on to talk of sympathy and resignation. It took me a long time to do, and I thought myself never have managed at all had it not been for the packet of letters, labeled "*Condolences*," that my mother had received in her grief, which I took a nice saying out of each of these, and strung the bits together by words and bits. I wrote a most beautiful letter when it was done, and the termination, "Your sincere sympathizer," looked so nice at the bottom of the page—so very sincere, and not warm.

I folded and sealed the note, carried it downstairs, slid it under the door, and gave a low tap to attract his attention. Then, in breathless anxiety, I waited for further news.

They came at last—a low-toned "*Miss Patty*"—and I found myself admitted into the parlor where poor Angelo was sitting over the fire, looking the picture of misery.

"Be ready, my hand," "Mrs. Patty," he said, "I thank you for your sympathy. But I find I was mistaken in some of the particulars of the letter before acquainted you. I have been re-reading the letters, and see that I jumped to hasty and erroneous conclusions. Victoria is not married (her name), Victoria is not dead, but she is lost to me.

I received two letters this morning—one from her, talking wildly of the roaring and foaming sea that she overlooked from her windows, hinting at despair and self-destruction. The other was from Gertrude, to tell me that her cousin was lost to me forever. Further than this I did not at first peruse—every thing seemed evident, Victoria's devotion quite death, and my necessary despair. But now I find there is a very different interpretation. Victoria still lives, but so dead to me. Over-persuaded by her father, she has agreed to better her fund on another.

Angelo paused, overcome by his feelings; and, burying his face in his hands, sobbed like a child. I did not try to quiet him. I let him cry, and cried with him. It was the best relief. When he was quite wearied I spoke to and comforted him, brought him some warm tea, and insisted on his going to bed.

Next morning I had removed the picture, put it away in the chiffonier, and, by tacit consent, we both from that day avoided her name. I went back to his old habits and his teaching. I did my best to make him forget the past and enjoy the present.

So time passed. Winter came with its sleet and snow; and December 23d found me busy at dozen boys crowding the railway omnibus, and singing "Domum, domum, dulce domum" with heart of not with lungs. Angelo, in a cab with others on passage entrance, with a portmanteau strapped to the top; while Betsy, in a dreadful state of excitement, armed with a carpet-bag and umbrella, and, holding out his hand to me on the lowest step, said, "Good-by!" and, pressing a drizzling kiss on my apron to my eyes, and I called him back, and handed him not the medicine-bottle, but a little packet in my pocket, and the medicine bottle full of wine and water; and to mind and write to me from Germany. He was to go home, as he said, *to die for holidays*—for, though Italian by parentage, he had been brought up in Germany, and loved it best; and even his late disappointment had not sufficed to cool the feeling.

Mother and I spent a dull Christmas together, hardly reminded of the season save by the vicissitudes at tea, when the plum-pudding would not break. I put up the holly sprigs as I had ever done, for custom's sake; and even carried a few branches into the empty parlor, and placed some into behind the china shepherdesses, on the windowsill, and two on the picture-frame, representing portraits. The room looked very dull without its occupant; and I stood looking at the picture over the mantle-piece, and felt that I should have given away with a tear in mine. What was that poor fellow doing in Germany? I heard of him but once more in his time when it came in from the waste, and see it was well aired? Oh dear! what would be do without me?

And now in my turn I watched for the post in the house; and I dropped my Christmas-boxes academy was to reopen on Tuesday, the grammar-school the next day, and by the Monday post, or the next, came a letter for Miss Patty.

Monsieur Angelo returned thanks that evening—but not alone. He brought with him a certain Signor Pagliardini, the little fair-haired Cousin Gertrude, who had written to tell about Victoria's infelicity.

From the very first moment I thought the lady but out of the fly with tender pride, and bring her into the house—and I dropped curtsies to her and ushered run into my fingers, and told myself over and over again that I hated them both. But I was obliged to go and attend to my school duties, and set sorts of congratulations, and give my hand when the signor introduced me to his good lady. She was, I would, be hoped, be his wife's friend too. I did not raise my eyes to Madame's face, but I saw her hand as it lay in mine, quite beautiful, with long, tapering, horn soft and white as a lily, with pink palms like the blush of a conch-shell. It was a regular beauty, and it made me more bitter. I thought that men never looked beyond appearances, and moralized in my own mind on the fickleness of the signor, irrespective of its setting.

But before spring had brought the fresh flowers it was fain to confess that earth had few young people in it so fair and sweet as my second lodger, the ring in the waxy-white lily. Her light hair falling on her long golden hair, and her violet eyes watching the street-corner for her husband's home-coming.

Poor little Gertrude! poor little darling! with all her heart would have liked to slaughter her husband—far more dearly than my calm middle age had ever been able to love him in the days when I believed in perfection. Now that my eyes were open, opened, I saw him so differently. I heard his occasional harsh answers to his pretty wife, I noticed his invincible vanity, and I wondered how I had ever overlooked it with that constant record in my heart.

Self got a long way with most men, but not with Gertrude's husband. He was self-centered in her love, and comfort, and thought as well. It were her life away with its continual fret. Not that he was unkind—unkindness was not always thought whatever he said or did must be right.

It strange—strange—but I thought. But by spring I loved Gertrude, by summer I doubted her husband, and with the autumn harvest a shadow had sprung up like a new flower. Gertrude had no great mind, no strength of character. She was not even fitted to be a wife—a warped and changeable nature. When she had given her warm love and perfect trust she had given all; you had looked to be very happy with Gertrude. So Angelo took her first as a fresh, pure flower; entwined his heart and life with her's, thinking it a child fickleness, let it fall away from his grasp. He did not throw it away—he only let it drop down a slowly to the ground. And at the close of all this was Victoria. Oh! had I not reason to hate her name?

She was Angelo's first and only love. It was in a moment of pique against her that he had taken to Gertrude, gentle sweet, and when, by some wayward sense of fortune, Victoria's engagement was again broken off, she would not be loved by Angelo, and suffered his old love to revive.

I do not know if Gertrude ever knew all this, but I sometimes fancied that she guessed it. At least she saw that he was changed, and the light in her blue eyes faded, and her step grew very slow and very weak. Then came a long period of illness, and at its close Gertrude was again at her old station by the window, watching the road. But not so earnestly; her gaze was oftener directed to the fender-seat. And at last she took to her bed, as she was all in all to it. One evening monsieur was later than usual in coming in, and I had been sitting with madame in the twilight, helping to nurse the baby, and trying to cheer its mother, for she was out of spirits, and said she did not feel well. There was a step on the stairs, and a faint color came into Gertrude's cheek, and she popped the baby into its cradle. I was leaving the room as monsieur entered. I saw him kiss his wife, in quite after her health. I heard his words.

"Now feeling strong?" the fast is, Gertrude, you will never be strong while you're poking in the house. I'll bire Barnes's gig, and take you a drive to-morrow. There, don't say "No," I will do you good."

I did not hear her answer, but I know she never went contrary to any thing he said; and next morning she asked me to take baby while she was out. The baby was a girl, and I had taken such a passion of her countenance, as she looked up to the window where I was holding the baby, and nodded forward.

It was late before she came in. The wind had risen, and there was a drizzling rain in the air. Her cheek was wet when I helped her off with it, and she complained of dullness.

Before that day week she was *dead*. The exposure had caused inflammation, and she sank rapidly.

She sent for me into the room, that last night, and kept me by her side in my arms, and laid me kept and quiet as my own child. And, with the night-light only breaking the gloom, and the fire flickering with recurrent flame, and the dying mother and received the trust, to guard and give to Angelo, and love as a sister.

We buried her in the old church-yard behind the house, where we could see her grave as we worked, and Angelo went forward, and took the baby's eye might fall on her place of rest. Poor Gertrude!—poor child! poor girl!

At Christmas the signor gave up his engagements in the town, and went abroad. He was going to his father's estate. Some weeks after he heard he had married Victoria Ernstein, and it did not surprise me. Her name to Angelo's mind, the estimate whose other engagement in the south, for his place at Aisbridge was filled up. Once they were married, and had had a child, but the offer was not made earnestly, and when I repeated the story of my promise to the dead mother, he said no more. So Gertrude's baby stays with us in the old house, and makes our hearts' sunshine with her sweet voice and mother's ways. "Angelina" her mother called her; and so she is—our little angel. God bless and make us better, for her sake!

THE KISS IN THE STREET.

THE world is a world of glorious themes,
The world is a world of wonders;
A web and a tissue of beautiful dreams,
A well and a fountain of splendor.
The world is an image of beauty,
The world is a type of bliss;
If the world would love of its own
There would be no world like this.

I walked in the street on a sunshiny day,
The people were busy and merry.
The crowd that were looking so happy and gay
Were all in a holiday flurry.
I held by the hand my darling girl,
She skipped and she danced along.
And, children, laughed at the hum and the whirl
Of the countless moving throng.

I walked, and I watched the myriad mass
Of the busy living city by,
And it made me glad to see them pass
With a smiling lip and a laughing eye.
And so I sang to myself a song,
A song on the happiest theme,
To the crept that was slowly passing along,
Like the mythical forms in a dream.

And so I sang, as I walked along,
Pretty, and merry, and gay;
And a man came out of the midst of the throng,
Who walked by my darling's side.
He was plain and vulgar, and walked with woe,
But his clothes they were rich and fine,
And a diamond glowed in his shirt of snow,
Which I wished at the moment were mine.

He walked for a while with a downcast eye,
And seemed stupid and sullen to me;
And I heard the moan of an inward sigh
As he kissed my darling's cheek.
In vain was the moment we quietly stand,
While neither offered to stir;
And he softly said, as he pressed my hand,
"I have lost a child like her."

Then silently passed that haggard man
To the midst of the crowd again,
And the song I had in my heart began
Was hushed in a throb of pain.
It is wrong to sing since that sunny day,
And my darling lives above;
The song and all that I learned away
But the memory of my love.

THE WEEKLY FARMER.

TOBACCO.

TOBACCO SEED FROM CUBA.—Mr. Bragg, of St. Louis, Missouri, who has just returned from Cuba, where he has been for some months, and giving his special attention to the culture of tobacco, tells us that he knows that the Cuban tobacco may be cultivated in our climate with success.

Mr. Bragg brought home the seed of the genuine *Vuelta de Abajo* from one of the largest *Vegas* in the District of Pinar del Rio, in the western part of the island. These seeds are known in Cuba by the name of *Semilla de Tabaco de la Vuelta de Abajo* from the *Vuelta Vegas*. This tobacco is used in the manufacture of the finest Havana cigars; and most of this brand is monopolized by the well-known cigar manufacturers of Havana—viz., Cabana & Carbajal, Opulance & Co., and Vegay. This tobacco is so valuable it is difficult to get the seed. Mr. Bragg has the genuine seed, which he will give to all agriculturists to test its culture. He will send seed to those who want it, *free of all charge*, expecting them to report the results.

Whoever wants seed will address Mr. Oliver Tordell Bragg, box 2291, Post-office, St. Louis, Missouri.

Tobacco is grown for special purposes in many Northern districts. This is known as the Virginia Leaf, of the northern shore of Lake Erie and elsewhere, while often sells at a higher price than the best the more Southern districts, because of the finesses of its texture, which is mainly due to the influence of the cool growth. The best brand good of the thin leaf of Canada as compared with the Black Fats of Virginia. The light-colored leaf of the Eastern shore of the Maryland soils result in the finest markets, for the manufacture of Kile Foot, Cavendish, and other fine manufactures. The almost favorites, is used in Havana to wrap the Manufacturer's cigars. Therefore a small crop here, at high prices, will pay. The old which grows the Wrapper Leaf can not grow the plant as well as the Seed-leaf. Hands do not like the way to raised in hot-beds, as early embogues; then transplanted to the proper distance apart, and cultivated in the usual manner.

The exhaustion of the soil by tobacco should not be a matter of serious alarm to the farmer, if taken away by crops. Constant cropping, without any return, is not a system of robbery. Experience shows that a soil is not inexhaustible because it is not yet exhausted. Liebig says: "The first culture of tobacco in Virginia found a rich soil, and harvests of wheat and tobacco were obtained for a hundred years without any return to the land the aid of manure; but now whole districts are abandoned, and converted into unfruitful pasture-land. The Virginian planters, however, know well what tobacco. From every acre of this land there was removed with the spoon of the sale, 3,000 pounds of alkalies in leaves, grain, and straw; it became unfruitful, therefore, because it was deficient in mineral particles of alkali in the condition, and because that which was rendered salable was not the soil, because it was not sufficient to satisfy the demands of the plants."

Again he says, in his "Familiar Letters on Chemistry," p. 74: "It is possible, by the successive investigation into the origin of the elements of vegetables and vegetables, that the alkalies, of lime and the phosphates, any doubt can exist as to the principles upon which a rational agriculture depends? Can the art of agriculture be based on any thing but the restitution of a disturbed equilibrium? Can the fertility of any country, however rich and fertile, with a flourishing commerce, which for centuries exports its produce in the value of gross sums, not restore to its fertility if the same commerce does not restore, in some other form of value, those elements which have been removed from the soil, and which can not be replaced by the atmosphere? Must not the same law hold in each every portion of which has actually befallen the once prolific soil of Virginia, which now scarcely yields the seed which it formerly stapple productions—wheat and tobacco?"

Again, in his "Modern Agriculture," which is now in press by the Messrs. Harper & Brothers, he says: "The tobacco-planter takes away, in the tobacco-crop, an immense amount of mineral elements (in clover-hay, for instance, not above 10 per cent.; in tobacco-leaves from 18 to 24 per cent.)."

Eight hundred pounds of tobacco gave 160 pounds of ashes, which were composed of—

Potash	49.42
Soda	1.44
Lime	17.14
Magnesia	10.04
Chloride of sodium	6.32
Chloride of potassium	6.03
Phosphate of iron	1.20
Phosphate of lime	10.16
Sulphate of lime	2.25
Silica	12.93
	100.00

Here are substances, and how to return them to the soil most economically we may speak of at another time. From the figures given by Liebig as to the composition of the tobacco-plant, are as exact as figures can be in any other business. The tobacco-plant grows the soil the 500 pounds of ashes of tobacco are removed 160 pounds of substances spoken of in the table. If they are not returned, the same will be true of rich soil now which, as Liebig says, "has actually befallen the once prolific soil of Virginia." Although the tobacco-planter takes out of the soil in every 800 pounds of tobacco 160 pounds of ashes, and four-fifths of which the growing crop can take from the air, and keeps up this wasting system, his soil will grow poorer and his crops smaller, until at last it is exhausted, like a rich man who throws his money away at the rate of five dollars a minute. Let those who want to deceive farmers cater to prejudices as they may, the time is coming when the truth will be known; it has come when worn-out lands should awaken our minds to the national importance of this subject, and free soil lands should learn a useful lesson. Let us talk as we may about developing the resources of our country, but without the assurance it not development. The census of 1840 says that the tobacco crop of that year amounted to 215,000,000 pounds, and that of 1850 to 199,752,646 pounds. These figures show a decrease of 19,410,573 pounds. It will therefore be seen that this crop once, and even now, so important a staple, is fast lessening in value. Its decline and fall are mainly due to the exhaustion of the soil.

We hope tobacco-growing readers will look at these facts well. They are of as much importance to them as were those given in the articles on Wheat and Corn-growers of the West, on the exhaustion of the soil by that staple production of our country.

ONE-HORSE MOWING-MACHINES.

Mr. JOHN PAYNE, Canada West, writes:

"Is there a one-horse mowing-machine that will do good work, and can it be used among stumps?"

There is a one-horse mower that will do good work, but not among stumps if the land is thickly studded with them. Until lately we saw no one-horse machine worthy the farmer's attention. One is being built, known as an *improved one-horse mower*, of light draught, works easily, and is sold for about $75. The driver's seat is so arranged that his weight in it causes a proper pressure on the horse's back, and no more. The cutters are not liable to clog. It has a wheel and lever attached, so that the driver can raise the cutter-bar six to eight inches, thus allowing it to pass over stones or other things in the way, without injury to the machine, which may thus be drawn to the field over a common road. The driver in his seat can throw the machine *in or out of gear* by a short lever within his reach. We saw the machine of which we speak work on the morning after a heavy rain on a side-hill—old apple-trees at the usual distance apart, the soil rough and spongy, the grass fallen, tangled, very fine, and wet. A light-built horse drew the mower with ease, while the grass was closely cut around the bodies of the trees. It worked well, through these difficulties, up and down hill, but it was guided by a skillful operator. Excellent work may be done on lawns and other intricate places where a two-horse machine can not be used.

A PARTY OF BERSAGLIERI, SUPPORTED BY THE 10TH INFANTRY, FORDING THE SESIA AT VERCELLI, AND SURPRISING THE AUSTRIAN REAR-GUARD.

THE PASSAGE OF THE SESIA BY THE PIEDMONTESE BERSAGLIERI.

THE spirited engraving which we give herewith represents the passage of the Sesia by the Bersaglieri, on 21st ultimo, and is from a sketch by Mr. Vizetelly. The author thus describes the scene:

"An officer told me that no attempt was about to be made to surprise the Austrians, who still remained on the opposite bank of the Sesia. He recommended me, if I wished to witness a feat of arms, to make Vercelli, by fix a spot on the right bank of the river, which he indicated. The attempt to cross the stream was to be made in two places simultaneously, so as to surprise the enemy on both flanks. You will have heard that the Austrians, on vacating Vercelli, blew up the bridge in their rear, *funeying* by this act to secure their retreat. The river, therefore, had necessarily to be forded by the Sardinians.

"As a measure of precaution no one was allowed to leave Vercelli on the side of the Sesia, which is barely a quarter of a mile from the outskirts of the town, and sentinels were posted at short intervals to enforce the foregoing order. My permit made me an exception to the rule, as I had taken care in it to have it distinctly specified that I was to be allowed to make sketches of the bridges which had been partially destroyed, and of the town, from any point I thought proper. Having passed the line I proceeded in the direction which had been pointed out to me, and soon came upon a large body of Bersaglieri and a considerable force of the 10th Regiment of Piedmontese Infantry, concealed in a hollow formed by the rising bank of the river. I held aloof, watching their movements, screened by some tall wheat and a clump of trees. I could not see the Austrians on the opposite side, owing to the right bank of the Sesia rising considerably at this spot. Presently there was a hasty movement among the troops; officers passed quickly to and fro; and it became evident something was about to take place. In another moment the first ranks of Bersaglieri rushed over the bank, speedily followed by the remainder, with the exception of a certain number told off as skirmishers, who spread out, occupying every spot of rising ground, and forthwith commenced a rapid discharge from their rifles, under cover of which the bulk of the force proceeded to ford the river. I rushed off to a raised bank slightly to the left of the skirmishers, and from my position had a good view of the affair. On the opposite bank were the Austrians, apparently in great disorder, firing, as it appeared to me, at random, for many of their shots came short, duck and drake fashion through the water, and rolling at my feet quite out of the line of troops that were crossing. Perhaps some of the enemy caught sight of me, and did me the honor to exercise their skill upon me. Having, however, no inclination to be a target for Tedeschi bullets, I lay down perfectly flat, only keeping my head sufficiently up to see what was going on.

"The ferment of the Bersaglieri had by this time reached the other side, and without waiting to discharge their rifles, went in at the Austrians (who were retiring through the trees) with their sword-bayonets down. I noticed that the first few paces Bellone fell heavily forward, as they ran up the bank, under the fire of the Austrians; while among those who were still crossing more than one waved his arms—a signal that he had been struck—and, after floating for a short distance, sank beneath the rapid waters of the Sesia. The remaining parties were soon screened from view by the foliage, as the Austrians, making no stand, were followed up by the Sardinians through a thick plantation of trees, and I was unable to see what further took place, but imagine the fighting must for a time have been sharp from the continued rattle of musketry. The skirmishers still occupied their positions, ready to cover the retreat of their comrades should it be necessary. This brilliant coup de main, however, turned out perfectly successful, and a considerable number of beggars, as also some few prisoners, fell into the hands of the Sardinians, who were enabled to make good their position on the left bank of the river, where they were speedily reinforced.

"It appears the Austrians were taken completely by surprise, and were cooking their dinners, which the sudden rush of the Piedmontese made this an unnecessary meal for many of them."

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

TRUMPS.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE CAMPAIGN.

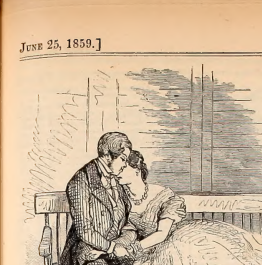
MISS FANNY NEWT went to Saratoga with a perfectly clear idea of what she intended to do. To brief, she intended to be engaged to Mr. Alfred Dinks.

That young gentleman was a second cousin of Hope Wayne's, and his mother had never objected to his little visits at Fleetwood, when both he and Hope were young, and when the unsophisticated human heart is flexible as melted wax, and receives impressions which only harden with time.

"Let the children play together, my dear," she said, in conjugal seclusion to the late Honorable Budlong Dinks, who needed only sufficient capacity and a proper opportunity to have been one of the most distinguished of American statesmen. He indeed thought he was such already. Why undecieve him? asked Mrs. Dinks of herself. Why indeed? she answered. It was quite unnecessary. There was plenty of diplomacy in the family already, and that most skilful of all diplomatic talents, the management of distinguished statesmen, was not unknown there. Mrs. Budlong Dinks, for instance— But why anticipate?

Mr. Alfred, as we have seen, wore seven and a half, lady's size. He was also a sportsman. But it is an unkindness of Nature that makes an American gentleman a sporting gentleman. Sporting in the broad sense belongs to feudal times and countries, when people had to work hard to amuse themselves. But a sportsman is rather a dreary spectacle in times and countries in which people earn their own livings. There is nothing more melancholy than the American race-course, excepting, perhaps, the American steeple-chase.

Fanny Newt had made the proper inquiries.



ALFRED DINKS AND FANNY NEWT.

The result was that there were rumors—how do such stories start? asked Mrs. Budlong Dinks of all her friends who were likely to repeat the rumor—that it was a family understanding that Mr. Alfred Dinks and his cousin Hope were to make a match. "And they do say," said Mrs. Dinks, "what ridiculous things people are! and they do say that, for family reasons, we are going to keep it all quiet! What a world it is!"

The next day Mrs. Cod told Mrs. Dod, in a morning call, that Mrs. Budlong Dinks said that the engagement between her son Alfred and his cousin Hope Wayne was kept quiet for family reasons. Before sunset of that day social gossip was keeping it quiet with the utmost diligence.

These little stories were brought by little birds or by some other equally effective agency to New York, to that select Mr. Dinks arrived the air was full of hints and suggestions, and the name of Hope Wayne was not unknown. Further acquaintance with Mr. Alfred Dinks had revealed to Miss Fanny that there was a certain stealthy ancestor still living in whom the Dinkses had an interest, and that the only participant in that interest was Miss Hope Wayne. That was enough for Miss Fanny. It occurred to her that Mr. Dinks, whose delightful acquaintance the Newts had already made, might, by the merest chance in the world, have reflected upon the remote possibility of a matrimonial alliance between her son and his second cousin.

"Mr. Dinks," said Miss Fanny, as they chatted together at the balls in the spring, "you Boston gentlemen waltz beautifully." (It was after one of the balls, in the sanctity of the matronal dressing-room, that she had made the observation which Mrs. Newt imparted to her son Abel, that the Boston gentlemen in the waltz resembled owls spinning upon invisible bottoms.)

Mr. Dinks had courage to reply,

"Oh, Miss Newt, you New York ladies flatter dreadfully."

But Miss Fanny retorted,

"Not at all; and you will see that I am correct in saying so. I say that you upon knee-action waltz divinely. (Alfred Dinks had his share of the little bit of vanity with which Nature arms the male sex, and he seemed to himself to be sipping honey-dew.) "But Mr. Dinks," continued Fanny, fixing the firm black eyes upon him with a severity there they ever] mitated Mr. Alfred Dinks), "don't you think that the Boston girls are rather much, you know, but just the leastest little bit in the world, what we sometimes call—but the leastest not much I say—just a little, little bit, dashy?"

New York bellhood had, and always will have, a certain bewildering charm to the Dinks-

ALFRED DINKS AND FANNY NEWT.

es. He faltered for a moment before betraying the very citadel of the Boston toilet (for when you have said dowdy, what contemptuous epithet remains?), and smiled. But he said that for there is nothing that a pair of firm black eyes make such game of as a sportsman.

"Well, no—yes—perhaps so—no." He saw that he was floundering. He recovered with an effort and said, gayly,

Fanny carelessly played with her fan as if there could be no serious debate about it, and said,

"I know you would agree with me—every man of sense must."

"Oh, indeed—I mean—" replied Alfred, unwilling to forfeit his reputation for sense with Miss Fanny, but anxious to speak well of his friends at home; "I guess if you could see my cousin, Hope Wayne, you would think the Boston girls were dowdy."

Miss Fanny elevated her eyes upon him, and articulated, slowly and interrogatively,

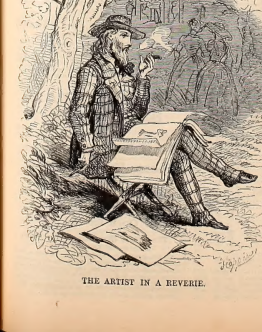
"Your cousin, Hope Wayne?"

"Yes," replied Dinks, hurriedly; "oh, she's a most beautiful girl. Lives all alone with her Grandpa Burt in the country. I don't believe she's ever seen any other man but me."

Fanny opened her eyes, still interrogating. "Oh," said Alfred, "I've seen others—known—oh, no, nothing of the sort—not at all, not at all."

And he looked and shook his head and pulled his coat up about his shoulders, and repeated, "Oh, no," in such an unassuming manner but half-knowing way that the chief engineer behind the battery of the black eyes was really outgeneraled, and thought, at the time, that he was engaged to Hope Wayne.

Miss Fanny having settled this, and upon further acquaintance with Mr. Dinks having discovered that she might as well undertake the



THE ARTIST IN A REVERIE.

matrimonial management of him as of any other man, and that the Burt fortune would probably descend, in part at least, to the youth Alfred, she decided that the youth Alfred must marry her.

But how should Hope Wayne be disposed of? Let us see.

She lived in Delafield. Brother Abel, now nearly nineteen —not a childish youth —not unhandsome, not too modest—lived also in Delafield. Had he ever seen Hope Wayne?

By skillful correspondence, alluding to the solitude of the country, of Abel's and his natural wish for society, and what pleasant people were there in Delafield, Fanny had driven her lines around Abel to carry the feet of his acquaintance, if possible, by pure strategy.

In reply, Abel wrote about many things—about Mrs. Kings and Miss Broadbrid—the Sutlers and Grahams—he praised the powerful tone of rural society, and begged Fanny to beware of city dissipation; but not a word of old Burt and Hope Wayne.

Sister Fanny wrote again in the most confiding manner. Brother Abel replied in a letter of really beautiful sentiments and a quotation from Dr. Dewee.

He covered it a little, as we sometimes do in this world. We appear so intensely unconscious that it is perfectly evident somebody is looking at us. So Fanny, knowing that Christopher Burt was the richest man in the village, and lived in a beautiful place, and that his lovely grand-daughter lived with him constantly, with which information in detail Alfred Dinks supplied her, and perceiving from Abel's letter that he was not a recluse, but knew the society of the village, arrived very naturally and easily at the conclusion that brother Al 'd fall know Hope Wayne and was in love with 'er. She inferred the latter from the fact that he had long ago decided that brother Abel would not fall in love with any poor girl, and therefore she was sure that if he were in the immediate neighborhood of a lady at once young, beautiful, of good family and wealth, he would be irresistibly led in love—very much in love.

To make every thing sure, Abel had not been at home half an hour before Fanny's well-directed allusion to Hope as the future Mrs. Dinks had caused her mother to indicate an interest which revealed every thing.

If, now, Providence, Miss Fanny, "some body who shall be nameless becomes Mrs. Alfred Dinks, and the nameless somebody's brother marries Miss Hope Wayne, what becomes of the Burt property?"

She went, therefore, to Saratoga in great spirits, and with an unusual wardrobe. The opposing general, Field-Marshal Mrs. Budlong Dinks, had certainly the advantage of position, for Hope Wayne was of her immediate party, and she could devise as many opportunities as she chose for bringing Mr. Alfred and his cousin together. She did not lose her chances. There were little parties for bowling in the morning, and early walking, and Fanny was invited very often, but sometimes omitted, as if to indicate that she was not an essential part of the composition. There was music in the parlor before dinner, and wafting of purses and bags before the dressing-bell. There was the dinner itself, and the promenade, with music, afterward. Drives, then, and riding by the glowing return at sunset—the cheerful cop of res —the resplendent piazzas, in delightful toilet, for the evening dance — windows— balconies — piazzas—moonlight!

ARTHUR MERLIN'S SKETCH.

Every time that Fanny, warm with the dance, declared that she must have fresh air, and that was every time she danced with Alfred, she withdrew, attended by him, to the cool, dim piazza, and every time Mrs. Dinks noted the departure. On the cool, dim piazza the music sounded more faintly, the quiet moonlight filled the air, and life seemed all romance and festival.

"How beautiful after the hot room!" Fanny said, one evening as they sat there.

"Yes, how beautiful!" replied Alfred, who found opening a conversation difficult, alone with a girl in the moonlight.

"How happy I feel!" sighed Fanny. "Ever since I have been here I have been so happy!"

"Have you been happy? So I have been happy, too. How very pleasant!" replied Alfred.

"Yes; but pleasant, too. Sympathy is always pleasant." And Fanny turned her large, black eyes upon him, while the good young Dinks was perplexed by a singular feeling of happiness.

They were content to moralize upon sympathy for some time. Alfred was fascinated, and a little afraid. Fanny moved her somewhat Junonine shoulders, bent her somewhat swanlike neck, drooped off one hand and played with her rings, fanned herself gently at intervals, and with put enough embarrassment not to frighten her companion, opened and closed her fan, as if prodigious things might be said if it were only right to allude to them.

Alfred Dinks, good-humored chap, floated on the smooth current—so smooth that its swiftness was imperceptible.

"What a fine fellow Bowdoin Beeton is!" said Miss Fanny, a little suddenly, and in a tone of suppressed admiration, as she drew on her glove, and laid her fan in her lap, as if on the point of departure.

"Yes, he's a very good sort of fellow."

"How cold you men always are in speaking of each other! I think him a splendid fellow. He's so handsome. He has such glorious dark hair—almost as dark as yours, Mr. Dinks."

Alfred half raged, half smiled.

"Do you know," continued Fanny, looking down a little, and speaking a little lower; "do you know if he has any particular favories among the girls here?"

Alfred was decidedly alarmed.

"If he has, how happy they must be! I think him a splendid sort of man—but not precisely the kind I should think a girl would fall in love with. Should you?"

"No," replied Alfred, bewildered. He rallied in a moment. "What sort of man do girls fall in love with, Miss Fanny?"

Miss Fanny was perfectly silent. She looked down upon the floor of the piazza, lifting her eyes upon a pine-knot, and wondering which way the grain of the wood ran, while her whole mind seemed bent upon — what?

The silence continued. Every moment Alfred was conscious of an increasing nervousness. There were the Junonine shoulders—the neck —the downcast eyes—a belle—daughter of Boniface Newt—moonlight—the softened music.

"Why don't you answer?" asked he at length.

Fanny bent her head nearer to him, and dropped these words into his waistcoat,

"How good you are! I am so happy!"

"What on earth have I done?" was the perplexed and confused and ridiculous reply.

"Mr. Dinks, how could I answer the question you asked without betraying—?"

Alfred was inspired. Alfred, serenely,

"Without betraying what sort of man *I* love," breathed Fanny, in the lowest possible tone, which could be also perfectly distinct, and with her head apparently upon the point of dropping after her words into his waistcoat.

"Well?" said Dinks.

"Well, I can not do that, but I will make a bargain with you. If you will say what sort of girl you would love, I will answer your question."

Fanny expected to hear a description of Hope Wayne. But Alfred's mind was resolved. The

foolish youth answered with *his* heart in *his* mouth, and barely whispering,

"If you will look in your glass to-night, you will see."

The next moment Fanny's head had fallen into the waistcoat—Alfred Dinks's arms were embracing her. He perceived the perfume from her abundant hair. He was frightened and excited and pleased.

"Dear Alfred!"

"Dear Fanny!"

"Come Hope, dear, it is very late," said Mrs. Dinks in the hall, alarmed at the long absence of Fanny and Alfred, and resolved to investigate it.

The lovers heard the voice, and were sitting quietly just a little apart, as Mrs. Dinks and her retinue came out.

"Aren't you afraid of taking cold, Miss Newt?"

"Oh, not at all, thank you, I am very warm. But you are very wise to go in, and I shall join you. Good-night, Mr. Dinks." As she *rose*, she whispered—"After breakfast."

The ladies rustled along the piazza in the moonlight. Alfred, flushed and nervous and happy, sauntered into the bar-room, lit a cigar, and drank some brandy and water.

Meanwhile the Honorable Budlong Dinks sat in his arm-chair at the other end of the piazza with several other honorable gentlemen, Major Sprigsomething from Carolina, Colonel Le Fey, from Louisiana, Captain Lamb from Pennsylvania, General Arcularius Belch of New York, besides Captain Jones, General Smith, Major Brown, Colonel Johnson, from other States, and several honorable members of Congress, including, and chief of all, the Honorable Barabbas J. Ely, a leading statesman from New York, with whom Mr. Dinks passed as much time as possible, and who was the chief oracle of the wise men in arm-chairs who came to take sprigs to drink the waters, to humor their wives and

daughters in their foolish freaks for fashion and frivolity, and who smiled lofitly at the pretty game of love and flirtation going on all around them, the gay young people who amused themselves with setting up ten-pins and knocking down each other, they, the wise men in armchairs, devoted themselves to talking politics and showing each other from day to day the only way in which the country could be made great and glorious, and fulfill its destiny.

"I am not so clear about General Jackson's policy," said the Honorable Budlong Dinks, with the easy wisdom of a statesman who will not commit himself unnecessarily — of a statesman, in short, who believed that statement ship consisted in never defining your position.

"Well, Sir, I am clear enough about it," replied Major Poppycorn. "It will ruin this country just as sure as that," and the Major with great decision selected a stream of tobacco which fell with unerring precision upon the small stone in the gravel walk at which it was evidently aimed.

The Honorable Budlong Dinks watched the result of the illustration with deep interest, and shook his head gravely when he saw that the stone was thoroughly drenched by the salivary exercise. He seemed to feel the force of the argument. But he was not in a position to commit himself. He held no public office, indeed, nor had he ever held any, except when he served a term in the Legislature of his native State. At an next election he was left at home, and the electors of the district in which he resided had fallen into an unfortunate habit of leaving him at home. But he preserved an unruffled calmness. He had the air of a man who was perpetually upon the point of receiving dispatches from Washington, informing him that he was appointed Minister to somewhere somewhere. He seemed to be forever deprecating congratulations upon events which never happen; and he watched the squirting of Major Scuppernong's tobacco- juice as if it must be a deep observer that he could see the moment whose word would determine General Jackson's policy, and who must therefore be considered fully every quid, and look dispassionately into every puddle.

"Now, I think," said the Honorable Budlong J. Ele, "that it is the only thing that can save the country."

"Ah! you do," said the Honorable B. Dinks.

And so they kept it up, day after day, pausing in the intervals to smile at the people with which the women played their foolish game of gossip and mock courting.

When Mrs. Dinks withdrew from her lofty employments to the invigorating air of the Honorable B.'s society, he tagged her with sometimes with his finger — as he had read great men occasionally to their wives in moments of relaxation from intellectual toil—asked her what would become of the world if it were given up to women, and by his manner seemed to reflect her consciousness of the honor under which she labored in being Mrs. Budlong Dinks.

She, weaker vessel, smiled consciously, as if he very well knew that was the one particular thing which under no conceivable circumstances could she forget.

"Budlong, I think really Alfred ought to keep a horse."

"My dear!" replied the Honorable B., in a tone of mingled reproach, astonishment, cunning, and surprise.

"Oh! I know we can't afford it. But it would be so pleasant if he could drive out his cousin Hope, as so many of the other young men do. People get so well acquainted in that way. Have you observed that Bowdoin Beeton is a great deal with her? How glad Mrs. Beeton would be!"

Mrs. Dinks took off her cap, and without losing her color, without in the least pressing her request. Not at all. The horse was out of the question.

Now the state of the country did not so entirely engross her husband that he had not seen all the advantage of Hope's visit to Alfred.

"It is a pleasant thing for a young man to have his cousin here. My dear, I will see what can be done," said he.

Then the diplomatist untied his cravat as if he had been undoing the parchment of a great international treaty. He fell asleep in the midst of reflecting the speech which he meant to make upon occasion of his presentation as Envoy Extraordinary at the Court of St. James. His beloved partner lay by his side, and reflected that Alfred must immediately secure Hope Wayne before he himself was secured by Fanny Newt.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

ARTHUR MERLIN, PAINTER.

THE whole world of Saratoga congratulated Mrs. Dinks upon her beautiful cousin, and Hope Wayne. Could Mrs. Dugon said to every body:

"How lovely she is! And to think she comes from Boston! Where did she get her style? Fanny dear, I saw you looking at her bonnet, my pardon, I mean waltzing with Mr. Dinks."

But when Hope Wayne danced there seemed to be nothing else moving. She filled the hall with grace, and the heart of the spectator with its ineffable longing. She carried strings of bouquets. She made men happy by asking them to hold some of her flowers while she danced; and then, when she returned to take them, the gentlemen were stooped in such a gush of sunny smiling that they stood bowing and grinning—even the wisest—and felt as if the soft gush pushed them back a little. For the beauty which allured them defended her like a fiery halo. In her dress and manner and conversation there was that exquisite moderation which is generally unperceived, but always captivating. There was an undertone of music in her speech as there was of grace in all her movements. So radiant, so glancing, so womanly retiring, so bewitchingly courteous, so thoughtful, so modestly supreme — it was wonderful how the secluded girl of Pinewood had become the belle of Saratoga. This result could only have been produced by the most joyous and propitious influences, thought every body and Fanny Newt, and Mrs. Dinks, and Mrs. Dugon—who could never be properly said to think at all.

It was understood that she was engaged to Mr. Alfred Dinks, her cousin, who was already, or was to be in a few days, the man destined to be nothing very marked in his decoys.

"It is so much better taste for young people who are engaged not to make love in public," said Mrs. Dinks, as she sat in grand conclave of matrons on the piazza of the hotel, and understood her to mean her son and niece, and entirely agreed with her.

Meanwhile all the gentlemen who could find one of her moments disengaged, were walking, lounging, driving, riding, dancing, wiling with Miss Wayne. She smiled upon all, and sat apart in no smiling. Some foolishly young men tried to flirt with her. When they had fully developed their intentions she smiled full their faces, not insultingly, but frankly, but with a soft superiority. The foolish young fellows went about for a light time of it with some their brandy and water, feeling as if their faces had been rubbed upon an iceberg, for not less burning was their sense of her gentle stern.

But Arthur Merlin, the painter, who had come to pass a few days at Saratoga on his way to Lake Superior, where he had engaged to sketch into the few weeks that Miss Wayne had been there—Arthur Merlin, whose practiced eyes were accustomed not only to look, but to see, observed that Miss Wayne was constantly doing something to light them. She rode, she rode, walk incessantly. From the earliest hour to the latest she was full of the same energy and excitement. She says herself scarcely time to sleep.

The painter was introduced to her, and became one of her habitual attendants. Every morning, after breakfast Hope Wayne found at the front court upon the piazza. All the young men surrounded her and worshiped.

Arthur Merlin was intelligent and ingenious. His imagination gave a kind of airy grace to his conversation, and although he professionally interested in his art, he deserted its pursuit a little only when the observation of Miss Wayne became more than usually so interesting. He and Miss Wayne were sometimes absent together. Hope Wayne had a conception of a peculiar sympathy with his tastes and character, she avoided him more than any of the other young men. Her feeling was that as a pity Miss Wayne was so cold and haughty to the poor painter, who, for aught she knew, people might be taught their places without cruelty. If Arthur Merlin had been less in love with his art, or had not ignored the fact that Wayne had a continual reserved thought, he might have fallen in love with her. As it was, he liked her so much that he cared for the society of no other lady. He read Byron with her sometimes, when they took little journeys to the lake, and when somehow he and Hope found themselves alone they were in a secluded spot, and the book open in his hand.

He also rent to her one day a poem upon a shell, as melodious as Byron's, and Hope Wayne's cheek flushed, and she asked, eagerly,

"Whose is it?"

"It is a poem of Shelley's, a friend of Byron's."

"But how different!"

"Yes, they are different men."

And that day Byron was accompanied by Shelley in Mr. Merlin's pockets wherever he chanced to be alone with Miss Wayne. They were not conversed a great deal upon early and the poets. Mr. Merlin said that Shelley was a dangerous poet, and Hope said that he was a shockingly unhappy. His mind was not balanced, if you choose, but it was no bum-boat, no scow, on the other hand, but it a pinnace as the goodies contend.

That

Terry's New 4 Minute Freezers!!!

Those highly popular machines are offered to the public with the fullest assurance of their being not only the cheapest, but the simplest and quickest Freezers in use producing cream of that smooth and light consistency heretofore only to be obtained of the best confectioners.

They can be had retail of the house-furnishing and hardware store generally, at the following prices:

4 quarts	$2 00	6 quarts	$5 00
4 quarts	2 00	14 quarts	7 00
4 quarts	4 00	20 quarts	10 00

And at wholesale of the manufacturer,

E. P. TORREY, No. 9 Platt Street, New York.

$5000 AGENTS WANTED—To sell 4 new inventions. 4 agents have made over $25,000 on one,—better than all other similar agencies. Send four stamps and get 32 pages explaining. Address EPHRAIM BROWN, Lowell, Mass.

Singer's Sewing Machines.

New Styles.

From $50 to $125.

SINGER'S FAMILY MACHINE, the favorite of which is only $50, is a light and elegantly decorated Machine, capable of performing, in the best style, all the work of a private family.

SINGER'S STANDARD MACHINES for manufacturing purposes are well known to be without any successful rival in the market. Much has recently been published in regard to various imitations of the Sewing Machine. Singer's Machines make the best stitch ever invented, and do it in the best style. A great discount is made to clergymen.

Send for a copy of I. M. Singer & Co.'s Gazette, which contains full information about prices, size, etc., of Sewing Machines, and will be supplied gratis.

I. M. SINGER & CO.,
No. 458 Broadway, New York.

ELLIOT & PATTEN—Examine Inventions and procure American and Foreign Patents. Pat. of Agency opposite main entrance of Patent Office Building, Washington City, D. C.

Charles Grobe's new Method FOR THE PIANO FORTE.

Mr. Grobe is so well known, that any remarks as to his qualifications would be superfluous. Suffice it to say, that he has produced in his New Method a work fully deserving the approval it now enjoys. It is truly a complete book for the student, containing the very quintessence of the whole of the teachings of Czerny and Hunten, Kalkbrenner and Moscheles, Thalberg and Pruyl. Nothing is anticipated, nothing hurried. The pupil is led by easy, pleasant steps, and all seems to be desired end. The progress so often complained of in works of instruction is imperceptible, and the Author believes himself to be the most simple, clear, progressive, and judicious system of instruction extant. The work contains ten engraved figures, illustrating the different positions of the hands and fingers. The type is new and unusually beautiful and distinct. The paper is of the finest quality. The binding handsome. Price $2 00, in full cloth, gilt edges sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of the market price. Liberal discount to teachers. A handsome discount to Trade and Clergymen.

FIRTH, POND & CO., 547 Broadway, New York.
LEE & WALKER, Philadelphia.

Something New.

Agents wanted, to go into a New and Honorable Business, which will pay from $10 to $20 per week.

No Humbug.

Satisfaction guaranteed. Send stamp for particulars, which are free.

S. M. MYRICK & CO., Lynn Mass.

FINKLE & LYON'S

SEWING MACHINES,

For Family Use, Tailoring Purposes, Saddlery, &c. Warranted to give better satisfaction than any other machine in market, or money refunded. Agents wanted.

503 BROADWAY,
Next to the St. Nicholas Hotel.

Lord Ward's Worcestershire Sauce.

Is the TRUE Worcestershire Sauce. Is excellent for all purposes.

ASK FOR, and HAVE ONLY LORD WARD'S.

Sold at all Hotels, and by all Grocers and Fine Dealers.

Wholesale and for Exportation, by
JONATHAN JONES & CO.,
Boston, Mass., and 102 Beaver Street, New York.

Sold Retail by the Grocers and Fruit Houses. Half Pints, 20 cents per bottle; Pints, 35 cents per bottle.

EMPLOYMENT
For 100 More ENERGETIC YOUNG MEN,

Who are willing to devote their entire time to the business of selling USEFUL HISTORICAL WORKS. To such persons EMPLOYMENT for the whole or part of the time is their aims. If you desire to know my "PLAN OF OPERATIONS," address me, stating your age, present business, position, county and state, and I will mail you terms of EMPLOYMENT. Agents now employed must not suppose their labor done, and leave you to decide whether you may not "CALL AND SEE ME." Address

MACK & BARNITZ,
Book and Map Publishers, Cincinnati, O.

THE AMERICAN FREEMASON'S New Monthly Magazine, edited by ALBERT G. MACKEY, M. D., and other prominent Masons. Terms $1 per annum by all Booksellers and Newsdealers. The Trade supplied by
HENDRICKSON, BLAKE & LONG,
21 and 23 Ann st., New York.

1000 AGENTS WANTED at a salary of $100 per month. No humbug. Send red stamp to H. R. BROWN, Eastport, Maine.

SANDS' SARSAPARILLA,
The best Alterative and Tonic.

We take pleasure in reminding our numerous friends that as the season of the year when the most beneficial results may be obtained by the use of this most excellent remedy for purifying the blood, for cutaneous disorders, and especially for children afflicted with humors,

Is prepared for sale by A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists, 100 William Street, New York.

E. A. BROOKS.

575 Broadway—150 Fulton Street.

A splendid Assortment of Ladies', Gentlemen's, and Children's Boots, Shoes, and Gaiters.

Masser's 5 Minute ICE CREAM FREEZERS,
As Improved for 1859.

With Stamped Iron Covers and Bottoms—Tinned.

The only Freezer known which is constructed on iron Scientific principles.

The Cheapest, Best, and most Economical, requiring less ice and less labor than any other. Send for a circular and time the most durable in structure, and most certain in its operations.

Sole Agents for the United States,

E. KETCHAM & CO.,
Manufacturers of Japanned and Planished Tin Ware, 289 Pearl Street, New York.

HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, New York.

Have just Published:

THE WARS OF THE ROSES; or, Stories of the Struggle of York and Lancaster. By J. G. EDGAR, Author of "The Boyhood of Great Men," "The Temptation of Famous Men," "History for Boys," &c. Illustrations. 16mo, Muslin, 60 cents.

JOHN HALIFAX, Gentleman. By the Author of "Olive," "The Ogilvies," "Agatha's Husband," "Avillion," "The Head of the Family," "A Hero," &c. &c. Library Edition. With Four Illustrations by Augustus Hoppin. 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

ALFORD'S GREEK TESTAMENT. The Greek Testament: with a Critically Revised Text; a Digest of Various Readings; Marginal References to Verbal and Idiomatic Usage; Prolegomena; and a Critical and Exegetical Commentary. For the Use of Theological Students and Ministers. By HENRY ALFORD, D.D., Minister of Quebec Chapel, London, and late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Vol. I. containing the Four Gospels. 944 pages 8vo, Muslin, $5 00; Half Calf extra, $6 00.

HUMBOLDT'S COSMOS. Cosmos. A Sketch of a Physical Description of the Universe. By ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT. Translated from the German by E. C. OTTE and W. S. DALLAS, F.L.S. Three, Muslin, 85 cents.

ANCIENT MINERALOGY; or, An Inquiry respecting Mineral Substances mentioned by the Ancients, with occasional Remarks on the Uses to which they were applied. By J. F. MOHRE, Ph. D., and a Member of Columbia College. A New and Revised Edition. 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

THE BERTRAMS. A Novel. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE, Author of "Doctor Thorne." 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

LEVER'S GERALD FITZGERALD. Gerald Fitzgerald, the Reformer. A Novel. By CHARLES LEVER, Author of "Charles O'Malley," "Giverny," "The Dodd Family Abroad," "Sir Jasper Carew," "Maurice Tierney," &c. &c. Part I. 8vo, Paper, 25 cents.

MORE ABOUT JESUS. By the Author of "Reading without Tears," "Peep at Day," &c. &c. Beautifully Illustrated. 16mo, Muslin, 60 cents.

HEROINE SACRE; or, Life's Battle. By the Author of "Magdalen Stafford." 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

THE LIFE OF NORTH AMERICAN INSECTS. By J. JAQUES, late Professor of Zoology and Botany in the College of New Jersey. Assisted by H. C. FREMONT, M.D. With numerous Illustrations from Specimens in the Cabinet of the Author. 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

HARPER & BROTHERS will send any of the above Works by Mail, postage paid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

This compound will be found a great promoter of health, when taken in the spring, to expel the foul humors which foster in the blood at that season of the year. By its timely expulsion of them many rankling disorders are nipped in the bud. Boils, pimples, blotches, and all of this family, spare themselves from the endurance of real crysipelas and ulcers, through which the system will strive to rid itself of corruptions, if not assisted to do this through the natural channels of the body by a medicine which will determine to the surface blood whenever you find its impurities bursting through the skin in pimples, eruptions, or sores; cleanse it when you find its obstructed and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it whenever it is foul, and your feelings will tell you when. Even where no positive disease exists, people enjoy better health, and live longer, for cleansing the blood. Keep the blood healthy, and all is well; but with this pabulum of life corrupted, there can be no health. Sooner or later something must go wrong, and the great machinery of health be deranged or overthrown.

IT CURES

SCROFULA AND SCROFULOUS COMPLAINTS, ERUPTIONS AND ERUPTIVE DISEASES, SALT RHEUM, BLOTCHES, TUMORS, SALT RHEUM, FOUL HEAD, SYPHILIS AND SYPHILITIC AFFECTIONS, MERCURIAL DISEASE, DROPSY, NEURALGIA OR TIC DOULOUREUX, DEBILITY, DYSPEPSIA, AND INDIGESTION, ERYTHELAS, ROSE OR ST. ANTHONY'S FIRE, and indeed the whole train of complaints arising from IMPURITY OF THE BLOOD.

In order to secure their complete eradication from the system, the remedy should be taken according to accompanying directions on the bottle. Prepared by

DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

Price $1 per Bottle; Six Bottles for $5.
Sold by all Druggists every where.

To Teachers.

My Correspondents are requested to address me, hereafter, to "Care of HARPER & BROTHERS, New York City." School Catalogues and Circulars, Names and Post-Office address of Schools, Academies, &c., &c., are solicited. MARCIUS WILLSON.

PIESSE & LUBIN'S PERFUMERY FACTORY

from every flower that breathes a fragrance

SWEET SCENTS
THE FLOWER OF THE DAY
KISS-ME-QUICK
FRANGIPANNI
BOUQUET DU ROI

6d. 1s. 2s. 6d. or 5s. per bottle.

2 New Bond St. London

PIESSE & LUBIN'S, PERFUMERY,

Sold by all Druggists in every city.

Wholesale Agent, J. PHILLIPS, 87 Pearl St. New York.

The Modern Magicians of New York.

BY EPHRAIM C. BROWN.

In the old Arabian legends,
We have much of wonders wrought—
Of Palaces and Genii,
And Cups with fortunes fraught;
Of trees with golden branches,
Bearing jeweled fruit above,
And of Beggars and Princesses
Who meet and fall in love.
We may deem them idle fables,
But indeed we you'll find them true:
And we have magicians of our own—
At least we know of two.
Oh, we mean the great SARPE BROTHERS,
Who "work miracles," each hour,
In the fortune and appearance of
All men who tip their purse!
The telling man, of humble means,
They clothe him like a Prince,
And, in his stirred air and port,
Their magic power evince.
The gentleman from Genii,
We, by their work this season change,
And we by half the village,
Their moderate prices range!

"Twin Temples of Fashion."

SMITH BROTHERS,
The Marble Stores,
122, 138, and 140 Fulton Street,
Between Broadway & William St.,
NEW YORK.

THOMAS SMITH, Jr.,
ROBERT L. SMITH,
J. SMITH RICE.

ONE PRICE—NO DEVIATION
The Price is marked on all the Goods in Plain Figures.

Agents Wanted

To obtain Subscribers for

LOSSING'S
PICTORIAL FIELD-BOOK OF THE REVOLUTION.

In Two Volumes Royal Octavo, containing upward of
1,500 Pages and
1100 Beautiful Illustrations.
A New Edition Ready.
Carefully Revised and Corrected.

The preparation of this work occupied the Author more than FOUR YEARS, during which he TRAVELED NEARLY TEN THOUSAND MILES, in order to visit the localities connected with the events, gather up local traditions, and explore records and histories.

The Illustrations are numerous, and are to reproduce the history of the Revolution in relation to such an attractive manner as to entitle the work to a place in every family. Many of the Illustrations are from sketches made by the Author of our Republic and the value of their labors. The manner in which it has been arranged and Arts's readers it no less attractive to the general reader and the type clear and beautiful.

Explanatory notes are given on every page, and also a topographical sketch of every man designating each of the events of the Revolution.

A copious Table of Index is given at the close of the present volume, embracing eighty-five closely-printed pages, and will be found a complete repository of history and biography of the period of our Revolutionary History, and will be found of great value for future reference.

The work contains all the essential facts of the early history of our Republic, which are scattered through scores of volumes often inaccessible to the great mass of readers. It forms a complete chronicle for the student seeking for facts concerned by patriotism, which lie scattered over a broad land.

Upward of THIRTY THOUSAND DOLLARS were expended by the Author in procuring the original engravings, prepared under the immediate supervision of the Author, and from his own sketches, drawings, history and biography of the period of our Revolutionary History, and will be found of great value for future reference.

The work contains all the essential facts of the early history of our Republic, which are scattered through scores of volumes often inaccessible to the great mass of readers. It forms a complete chronicle for the student seeking for facts consecrated by patriotism, which lie scattered over a broad land.

Upward of THIRTY THOUSAND DOLLARS were expended by the Author in procuring the original engravings, prepared under the immediate supervision of the Author, and from his own sketches, drawings, history and biography of the period of our Revolutionary History, and will be found of great value for future reference.

The publishers have received numerous and unsolicited testimonials from the press and from the most eminent literary letters, approving the work, from EDWARD EVERETT, JARED SPARKS, WASHINGTON IRVING, GEORGE BANCROFT, and many other distinguished men, fully competent to judge of its merits.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, New York.

This work will be SOLD EXCLUSIVELY BY AGENTS, a copy of whom a special District will be given. Rare inducements offered. Applicants should name the Counties they would prefer. For full particulars address GEO. W. ELLIOTT, care HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

American Guano.

TO FARMERS AND DEALERS

in Guano. This Guano from Jarvis Island, in the Pacific Ocean, is now offered to the public. It is a concentrated fertilizer discovered, is offered for sale at wholesale and retail at the office of the Company, No. 60 William street, New York. Address J. W. MARSHALL Pres. American Guano Co, 60 William Street, New York.

XIIIth Vol. Household Library,
The Life of Milton,
BY PROFESSOR MASSON.
WITH AN
ESTIMATE OF HIS GENIUS AND CHARACTER.
BY MACAULAY.

16mo. Cloth, Fifty Cents.

Professor Masson, of the London University, has spent years upon the Life of Milton, the full development of which has recently been given to the English public. He has also written this brief memoir of Milton, which is reproduced from the Encyclopedia Britannica. It contains all the essential facts, and is by no means the least pleasing or instructive Prose book ever published.

DELISSER & PROCTER, No. 868 Broadway.

Copy Copies sent per mail, postpaid, on receipt of price.

THE OXYGENATED BITTERS.
THE OXYGENATED BITTERS.
THE OXYGENATED BITTERS.

Cure Dyspepsia, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Indigestion. Cure Heart Burn, Heart Burn, Acidity, Acidity. Cure Water Brash, Water Brash, Jaundice, Jaundice. Cure Liver Complaint, Liver Complaint, Debility. Cure Fever and Ague, Debility, Debility. Cure Headache, Costiveness, Piles, Nervousness. Cure Flatulency, Dizziness, Female Complaints.

These Bitters are so well known in the most remarkable and efficient yet discovered for the absolute and rapid cure of the above diseases, that it is altogether unnecessary to enlarge upon its merits.

S. W. FOWLE & CO., *Proprietors, Boston.*

Sold by Druggists everywhere.

THE OXYGENATED BITTERS.
THE OXYGENATED BITTERS.
THE OXYGENATED BITTERS.

Excelsior Fireworks.

Funston & Scofield,
General Agents,
62 John Street.

Every Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY contains from 10 to 50 pages—and from one sheet to one half-more reading than any other in the country.

A Splendid Number.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR JULY.

THE SAGUENAY.
Illustrations by Seventeen Engravings.
A VISIT TO "JOHN BROWN'S TRACT." By T. DeWitt Talmage.
Illustrated by Twenty-four Engravings.
THE FIELD.
Illustrated by Twenty-two Engravings.
ODE ON THE BIRTH-DAY OF ROBERT WESLEY.
AUCELISSA SPARKS; OR, OLD AND NEW.
THE DEATH OF ROBERT BUTLER: a Ballad of Tryon County.
A STORY OF A GARTER.
JOHN WESLEY.
A MAN OF HONOR. By MRS. KING, Author of "Lily."
A MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE ON MOUNT CENIS. IN THE GARDEN.
THE VICTORIA CROSS. By W. M. THACKERAY.
Illustrations.—Four Head-Pieces.
Chapter XXXIII. Informs us how Mr. Warrington jumped into a London.
Chapter LXXVII. And how every Body got out again.
Chapter LXXVIII. Pyramus and Thisbe.
Chapter LXXIX. Containing both Comedy and Tragedy.
MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.
LITERARY NOTICES.
EDITOR'S TABLE.
EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.
OUR FOREIGN RELATIONS.
EDITOR'S DRAWER.
MR. BOTTLE AND HIS FRIEND.
Illustrations.—Mr. Bottle's position introduced to Mr. Bottle.—Mr. Bottle's position introduced to Mr. Bottle.—Make the Acquaintance of Mr. Bottle.—Receipt for the Cure of Dyspepsia.—Sea Sickness.—Mr. Bottle's Mistake.—Mr. Bottle Plays a Variety of Parts.—The Acquaintanceship Ripens.
FASHIONS FOR JULY.
Illustrations.—Bridal Toilet and Girl's Dress.—Under-Sleeve.—Breakfast Cap.—Embroidered Handkerchief.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year	$3 00
Two Copies for One Year	5 00
Three or more Copies for One Year (each)	2 00

And an Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of Five Subscribers.

HARPER'S WEEKLY and HARPER'S MAGAZINE, together, one year, $6 00.

Postage—Each copy "HARPER'S MAGAZINE" must be paid at the Office *where it is received. The Postage is Thirty-six Cents a Year.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A FIRST-CLASS FAMILY JOURNAL.
THE BEST AND CHEAPEST
FAMILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD.
FIVE CENTS A NUMBER—$2 50 A YEAR.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS'S NEW Serial, entitled "A TALE OF TWO CITIES," illustrated by HABLOT K. BROWNE (Phiz), commenced in "Harper's Weekly" for May 7, and will be continued from week to week until completed.

Also, WILLIAM CURTIS'S Illustrated Serial Tale of American Life, entitled "TRUMPS," commenced in Harper's Weekly of May 14.

TERMS OF HARPER'S WEEKLY.

One Copy for Twenty Weeks	$1 00
One Copy for One Year	2 50
One Copy for Two Years	4 00
Five Copies for One Year	9 00
Twelve Copies for One Year	20 00
Twenty-five Copies for One Year	40 00

An Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of Twenty or Twenty-five Subscribers.

TERMS FOR ADVERTISING.—*$1 per Line, Each Insertion.*

A Liberal Discount will be made to those wishing to Advertise by the Quarter or Year.

N. B. Persons living in the City of New York wishing to have HARPER'S WEEKLY left at their houses need send their names and residences, with the subscription money, to the Office of Publication.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
Franklin Square, New York.

FLORENCE. "—— and how Old is your Pony, Fred?"
FRED. "Well, I don't know exactly—but Robert thinks he is about Fourteen Years!"
FLORENCE. "Oh!—Then I suppose he will very soon be a HORSE!"

CONSEQUENCES OF THE WAR IN ITALY.
Procession of Patriots about to depart for *Italia* la bella.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

BROWN'S LAXATIVE TROCHES

CATHARTIC LOZENGES.

A mild, efficacious, and palatable remedy

FOR CONSTIPATION OF THE BOWELS, HABITUAL COSTIVENESS, BILIOUS AND NERVOUS SICK HEADACHE.

Brown's Laxative Troches,

FOR VARIOUS FORMS OF DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, HEARTBURN, DISTRESS OF FOOD AFTER EATING.

Brown's Laxative Troches,

FOR PILES, FEATULENCY, INACTIVITY OF THE LIVER, BILIOUS AFFECTIONS.

For many unpleasant symptoms caused by irregularity and neglect of nature.
For all purposes of a FAMILY MEDICINE.
For any slight disorder of the stomach.
For Children they are admirably adapted, being simple and safe.

MADE BY JOHN J. BROWN & SON, BOSTON.
Sold by all Druggists at 25 cents per box.

Just issued.

COUNTERPARTS.

By the Author of "Charles Auchester."

Pronounced by competent critics to be fully equal to that famous work.

Cloth, price $1 00; Paper, 50 cents.

MAYHEW & BAKER, Publishers, Boston.
DEXTER & CO., Wholesale Agents, 119 Nassau Street, New York.

DR. J. D. MARCHISI'S
CELEBRATED
UTERINE CATHOLICON
For the Relief and Cure of Suffering Females.

With such universal distress and suffering as saddens the female life, a really good Medicine must be their best friend. The numerous cures of Irregularities, Secretions, Discharges, Uterations, Failing Wombs, Leucorrhœa, &c., constantly effected by Dr. Marchisi's Catholicon, gives it a reputation and popularity never obtained by any other article. It does what it promises, and can be relied upon. Its searching qualities have been tried, the best physicians consulted, years spent in research, and fortunes wasted, this Catholicon has been found to be the patient and gladsome to the female. It is active and efficient in any form of disease peculiar to the female sex, and should never be dispensed with previous to and after confinement. Numerous letters testify that it is

NEVER TAKEN WITHOUT BENEFIT.

Daughters, Wives and Mothers! this medicine will cure you. It has been long and favorably known. At no disease of its efficacy, the money will be refunded, where results are not as indicated. A pamphlet, with the accompanying letters, &c., sent gratis by mail, or delivered at the country of any agent. Do not confound Dr. Marchisi with any other person, as he has but one sent every town. If not found, it can be had by express. Price $2 per bottle, or 2 bottles for $3. Beware! Address,

BARNES & PARK, General Agents,
13 and 15 PARK ROW, N. Y.

☞ **AGENTS WANTED** in this State to canvass with the COLLEY SAFE. Safe rapidly Can make good pay. For terms, &c., send stamp.
J. F. WHITTY, Lowell, Mass.

361 BROADWAY 539
BRIDAL SUITS.
Tucker's Flowers, Feathers, and Miscellaneous Items. Are all reliable.

New "Patent" Self-Fitting Bridgesaving ICE PITCHER

Date of "PATENT," April 5, 1859.

This Pitcher is superior to any in use.
It has the advantage over all others in the following respects:

The water is filtered at the spout as it passes out—thus keeping back any impurities or sediment that may be in the ice or water contained in the Pitcher. It is made upon the principle of a Salamander Safe, and is perfectly air-tight when the lid is closed. The filling is composed of the best non-conducting substance that can be found, and will keep ice for days. The outside of the ice Pitcher will not become damp or cold, as with any other single wall. Owing great objection to the double wall pitcher is that it is easily broken, and when broken there is no way of restoring it to shape again without great expense.

As an Ale or Beer Pitcher none is equal to it, the froth being all kept back by the filter, allowing nothing but the clear fluid to pass.

Its refrigerating properties are equal to any Pitcher made, as actual experiments have demonstrated.

The assortment comprises ten different designs.

We are now prepared to offer them UPON, now and stylish in its design, constructed upon the same principle as our FAUCET FITTINGS. It will answer the double purpose of water cooler, or Coffee and Tea Urn. This combination meets with universal approval.

☞ We MANUFACTURE, also, a great variety of TEA SETS, CAKE BASKETS, CASTORS, PITCHERS, CUPS, GOBLETS, URNS, KETTLES, COMMUNION WARE, KNIVES, FORKS, SPOONS, &c., &c.

Goods Plated to order. Extra heavy deposit of silver when desired.

☞ Plating and Gilding on all kinds of Metal for the trade.

BRAY & MANVEL,
No. 15 MAIDEN LANE,
NEW YORK.

The Best is always Cheapest.

ROTHE'S
New and Improved Hair Dye.

From the recipe of a *celebrated German Chemist* gives a natural color, is easily applied, and always gives entire satisfaction. Ample testimonials, and pamphlets *sent free*, to prove the superiority of this Dye over all others. Warranted the best Hair Dye in the market.
Sold by all Druggists.
J. W. NOBCROSS & CO.,
91 Fulton Street, New York.

Smith & Wesson's Seven-Shooter.

J. W. STORRS, Agent,
121 Chambers Street N. Y.

THIS PISTOL is the lightest one in the world that has fired; weight only ten ounces; is loaded quicker than other pistols are capped; is sure fire under all circumstances. Simplicity is caused to the arm of ammunition by allowing it to remain loaded any length of time. It is so simple in its construction that it cannot fail to get out of order. Is perfectly safe to carry. The Cylinder holds seven shots—two more than other small pistols.

THIS REVIVING Strong, bodied delicious flavored

Mountain COFFEE,

For sale by GROCERS & Co
No. 5 Hanover Street.

Café de Costa Rica C&C

☞ **Something New!!!** ☜
A Gift Enterprise conducted upon a Liberal and Impartial Plan!!!!!

The most Liberal, Punctual, and Reliable
GIFT BOOK ENTERPRISE
IN EXISTENCE.

The best evidence of this is the fact of its being the only one that stands endorsed by the Press of the City in which it is located.

We are not only ENDORSED BY THE ENTIRE Press of our own city, but by many of the most respectable and influential papers THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY.

H. E. HOYT & CO.'S
GREAT
GIFT BOOK STORE,
No. 41 Baltimore Street,
Baltimore, MD.
Headquarters for Southern and Western Orders.
WRITE FOR A CATALOGUE FOR 1859,
IT CONTAINS THE
LARGEST LIST of Useful, Ornamental and Valuable Gifts ever Published!

☞ GREATER INDUCEMENTS TO AGENTS than ever before offered by any other establishment in the United States.

A Gift worth from Fifty Cents to
One Hundred Dollars
ACCOMPANIES EVERY BOOK.

Postmasters, Country Merchants, Booksellers, Librarians of Universities, Academys, Private and Circulating Libraries, Schools,

And all others whose business will enable them, are respectfully solicited to BECOME OUR AGENTS.
Catalogues giving full particulars mailed free to any address.

WHAT THE PRESS SAY.

They have a magnificent assortment of Books, and have prepared themselves with innumerable elegant Gifts to be distributed among their "troops of friends and customers" next season.—*Boston Post.*

The Gift Book selection be made of any class work, but will in this purchase to secure to receive some article of Jewelry, which in many cases proves quite valuable.—*Bell, Daily Exchange.*

They make no promises that are not performed strict. ly to the letter, and by thus punctually enlarging their obligations, have gained the entire confidence of not only our citizens, but the country abroad.—*Bell, Patriot.*

A young lady acquaintance of ours purchased, for $1, a Book at this establishment, a few days since, and received a double cased Gold Watch, mineral at one hundred dollars.—*Bell, Citizen.*

The success which attends the Gift Book House of H. E. HOYT & CO., is well deserved, and proves the value of Gift Enterprises.—*Republican and Argus.*

Call and see them, and our word for it, you will not regret your visit.—*Sunday Mail.*

The indorsements to the Southern and Western people who make their purchases from Messrs. Hoyt & Co., to much greater than can be offered by any house of its kind in the country. People from anywhere in the Southern point is less, and the immense order business done by this firm is a guarantee of their fulfillment of all promises.—*Pinnelly Journal.*

It is, in a word, getting books for nothing and being paid to take them away.—*Elevator.*

All orders will be promptly and impartially filled, and forwarded within one day after being received. The Gifts, in all cases, will accompany the Books, with a written certificate to the person sending the order.

Remember, no Gifts distributed of less value than 50 cents, or more than $100 00.

Address H. E. HOYT & CO.,
No. 41 Baltimore Street, Baltimore, MD.

Curtis' Cure for Baldness.

This remedy is reliable: contains no oil, lead, or sulphur; it has been tested in Boston, Providence, and the Eastern States. J. M. CURTIS, Proprietor, Providence, R. I. Sold by J. M. Gaines, 193 Bowery; J. & J. Coddington, 715 Broadway; W. H. Lewis, 527 Greenwich street; John Dunn, 178 Houston street, New York; Mrs. Hayes; G. P. Hiltz; and Reynolds & Co., Brooklyn; Fowler, Dewey City; U. T. Moore, Newark.

BARNES & PARK, Nos. 13 and 15 Park Row, Agents. General Agents.

GENIN'S SUMMER HATS,
100 Styles.

FRENCH FELTS, PANAMAS, LEGHORNS,
DUNSTABLE, FAMOUS BALMORAL AND BRAIDS,
PEARL STRAWS and CHINA PEARL; with a Variety of other seasonable and elegant fabrics.

To suit all ages and complexions.

At GENIN'S Hat and Cap Store,
507 Broadway, New York.

The Oriental Fruit Paste, or Aromatic Jelly of Figs and Senna,

Combines all the luxurious properties of the finest extract of Senna, in a delicious flavored aromatic paste. In the rather and most agreeable form. Prepared by professors of the Faculties and all irregularities caused by neglect of nature, and constitute as a Family Medicine. Sold by Druggists everywhere.

J. W. NOBCROSS & CO., Wholesale Agents,
91 Fulton Street, New York.

TIFFANY & CO.,
Importers & Manufacturers,
No. 550 Broadway, New York, and Rue Richelieu, No. 79, Paris,

DIAMOND AND OTHER JEWELRY, GOLD CHAINS; FINE JEWELRY. WATCHES.
SILVER WARE, TABLE WARE, TABLE CUTLERY; CROCUS, BRONZES, ARTISTIC GAS FIXTURES.
DESKS, DISPATCH-CASES, WORK-BOXES, JEWEL-BOXES FANS, RICH PORCELAIN.

Just issued, their Articles of Art and Luxury.

The only Agents in New York for the sale of CHAS. FREDERICK'S Watches, whose superiority over any other pocket time-pieces ever made is unquestionably established.

Every article is stamped in plain figures the Lowest price at which it is offered.

We cordially extend to Country Merchants an invitation to inspect our stock, assuring all that a call will incur no the least obligation to purchase.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. III.—No. 131.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1859. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THE IMPERIAL ARMY PRINTING-PRESS.

THE ARMY PRINTING-PRESS.

THE engraving we give herewith represents the printing-press which accompanies the French army in Italy, and which prints the orders of the day, proclamations, bulletins, etc., etc.

It is, as the engraving shows, a large cart, solidly built, and drawn by four horses. When there is nothing to print the press is covered, and can not be seen. When "copy" comes the covers are raised, each man springs to his case, and sets type whether the cart be in motion or stationary. The cart contains an ample supply of paper, ink, type, composing-sticks, rollers, and a small hand-press, on which the orders of the day, etc., are worked off. The staff of this itinerant press consists of a foreman and two printers, who are armed, and able, in case of need, to defend their types against an enemy.

THE EMPEROR'S CAMP TENT.

WE engrave herewith the camp tent of the Emperor Napoleon. A correspondent of the *Times*, who saw it before it left Paris, thus described it:

"The camp tent of the Emperor Napoleon, which preceded him to Italy, was made by Alexis Godillot, and is in white and blue striped tent-cloth, doubled. Its height is about fifteen feet. The interior is divided into three compartments—a saloon, bedroom, and dressing-room. Doors in the cloth permit a passage from one room to the other, and windows are pierced for ventilation. An iron bed, folding seats, and three small tables—one for the toilet—compose the furniture for the Imperial residence. The tent is remarkable for its perfect finish, the facility with which it can be put up and taken down, and its general adaptation to the purpose for which it was destined. It was made five years ago, for the war in the Crimea, and started on its journey as far as Marseilles, but the Emperor changed his mind then, and the tent has lain ever since in the fog-room of the Tuileries. But what is curious, the iron bed now in this tent, the toilet furniture, and the table service in silver belonged to the first Emperor, and accompanied him in nearly all his campaigns; and as these cam-

THE EMPEROR'S CAMP TENT.

paigns were so many victories, Louis Napoleon is going to throw himself upon the destiny of these victorious wash-basins and saucepans. He hopes, on the fields of Marengo and Lodi, to drop upon, and draw inspiration from, the same bed on which dreamed and silenced his great uncle, and on which he planned the great battles that have made the name of Bonaparte so illustrious. As a superstition there are more absurd ones than this of Louis Napoleon!"

TO THE PUBLIC.

THE Proprietors of HARPER'S WEEKLY beg to draw public attention to the following list of WAR ILLUSTRATIONS which, among others, have been published in this Journal within a few weeks:

PLACES.

A magnificent View of MILAN AND VICINITY.
A magnificent View of GENOA.
A magnificent View of TURIN.
A magnificent View of ALESSANDRIA.
A magnificent View of COMO.
The Bridges across the Ticino at Buffalora.
PLACE D'ARMES at Milan.
A Map of the Theatre of the War.
Another Map, containing more Names, and a clearer Picture of Northern Italy than any other Map in existence [*still appear next Week*].

PORTRAITS.

The Emperor NAPOLEON III. and his Generals—to wit, Prince NAPOLEON, BARAGUAY D'HILLIERS, MARSHAL CANROBERT, RAIMON, MACMAHON, CASTELLANE, MALAKOFF, AND NIEL.
The Emperor FRANCIS-JOSEPH and his Generals—to wit, Generals HESS, BENEDEK, etc., etc.
King VICTOR EMANUEL.
General GARIBALDI.
Count CAVOUR.
Cardinal ANTONELLI.
KOSSUTH.
A Tuscan Rifleman.
A ZOUAVE.
A TURCO.

WAR SCENES.

Departure of Volunteers from Leghorn.
Departure of the Zouaves from Paris.
Arrival of French Troops in Piedmont.
March of the French through Alessandria.
Austrian Officers at a Cafe in Milan.
Austrian Soldiers at Verceli.
Sardinians in Uniform.
Skirmish at Frassinetto.
Spies caught at Alessandria.
Battle of Montebello.
Passage of the Sesia.
The Emperor visiting the Wounded.
The Imperial Tent, etc.

Summer Resorts.

Congress Hotel, West Point, N. Y.
La Fayette House, Bergen Point, N. J.
Trenton Falls Hotel, Trenton Falls, N. Y.
Hegeman's House, Lake Hopatcong, N. J.
Congress Hall, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.
Howland's Hotel, Long Branch, N. J.
Charles Island House, Milford, Conn.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1859.

THE WAR.

THE successes of the French have completed what the efforts of their cause have failed to do—enjoy the sympathy of the American people in their present contest with Austria. The English sloop-of-war, the Emperor and Empress of the Germans—who can not be persuaded to regard the war in any other light than as another of the great quarrels between the Old Tyrant and the Gallic race—will not believe that any victories have been won by Napoleon, or that Austria has suffered any reverses. Both these powers have their organs and their champions among us; but their success thus far in winning public opinion over to their side has not been encouraging. Nine men out of every ten in this country will wish to France and Sardinia, simply because they believe that the Austrians, in fighting for their independence, and that France is helping them without any ulterior views of conquest or profit.

We see in the papers a good deal of dissension and the probable issue of the war, in the journals, whose principal aim is to be executive and singular, have taken up the cudgels for Austria, and give us to understand that, even though the French should take Milan (which, by-the-way, they have done by the time), they will be set back at once from their main object that the Austrians will fall back upon their tremendous fortresses, Brescia, Mantua, Peschiera, Verona, etc., and will defy the enemy under shelter of works more formidable than Sebastopol, that if Napoleon touches Trieste, the Germanic Confederation will regard it as a *casus belli*; and that the end of it all will be—well, these critics don't precisely say what, but it is clear they have made up their minds to some very terrible doom for Napoleon and his men.

We must say that the reasoning on which these calculations rest does not seem very convincing. In the year 1848 the Sardinians invaded Lombardy, and it took the whole force of *Austria*, headed by Radetzky—all after general, seemingly, than any of his successors—a year to drive them out. More than once, on that occasion, the terrible Austrians were to be regarded as impregnable, were nearly taken by a handful of Sardinians, aided by the patriotism of the neighborhood. It is true that the Austrian army in Lombardy is larger than it was then, and the resources have also been increased; but this increase of Austrian strength is far more than counterbalanced by the accession of the French to the Italian quarrel. If Radetzky army of Sardinia, with what raw levies could be collected in the Milanese, was able, in 1848, to hold its own against Austria for a year, how will the same men not achieve now when they have as allies 200,000 Frenchmen, the best soldiers in the world, admirably disciplined and equipped, and commanded by men trained to assault Malakoff and storm Redans?

During the siege of Sebastopol, at the time when the world began to doubt whether the Allies could ever take that fortress, the Emperor always told his American visitor with him he was on intimate terms that he was in no hurry to take the place—he was inflicting quite injury enough on the Russians by putting them to the expense and trouble of earting troops and supplies hundreds of miles over barren steppes to defend it, and wearing them out, both bodily and financially, by the siege. And the result proved he was right.

The same plan will achieve the same results now. If the French and Italians drive the Austrians to retire in good order, concentrate in fastness and time will do the rest. The fall of Milan, and the occupation of Southern Lombardy by the Allies, will create a panic in the few Italians who are now faltering. The whole country, which contains nearly as many white people as the United States, will be in revolt. The Austrians in their fortresses will require armies without number to procure supplies, to defend communicating lines, and to keep up their communications with Germany. Every human hand out of Germany will be against them; they will have to guard against the most possible stratagem and insidious device by which a guerrilla soldiery can worry a regular army. They will not be able to procure a single ear of corn or a barrel of gunpowder without a battle. They will not be able to sleep night or day for fear of surprises. Inspired by all the aspirations of the regular armies, which, under such commanders as M'Mahon and Forey, are likely to be pretty vigorous, can imagine what the thousand annoyances which will be practiced by such chiefs as Garibaldi at the head of men among whom a hatred of Austria is a religion, and the murder of the oppressor a duty.

If the Austrians can endure all this, they will then have the financial difficulty to overcome. Every one knows that the late attempt of Austria to borrow money failed when the proposals of dollars was a total failure. Gold she can not get on any terms. The troops are now paid for in worthless paper promises. If Vienna, even now, coin is rarely seen; purchases are made with paper-money which, even in the last stage of the war, is steadily depreciating. The annual Austrian budget in time of peace shows a large deficit, which has latterly been met by extra taxes. All these extra taxes has been paid by the Italian Provinces of Lombardy and Venice. Of course while the Austrians are still up in their fastnesses they can collect no taxes, even if the people could pay them. Nor is it fair to presume that the commerce of Austria prospers, or that it has not been crippled by the war, can endure any new burdens. How long can the Emperor Francis-Joseph expect to be able to pay the interest to shipholders, which will soon be of no value at all, or to purchase supplies for the war with the same commodity?

From the day when the Austrians retire to their fortresses we shall expect to hear of the abandonment of active field movements by the French. It will then be the policy of the Emperor Napoleon to let Austria "bleed to death"—just sanctioning assaults here and there to keep his men in good humor, and giving full scope to the enterprises of the Italian guerrillas. A few months of such a regime would probably achieve every purpose he desires.

A POLICE SUNBEAM.

GOVERNMENTAL daylight may be said to appear this morning in the Metropolitan Police District, with corresponding distribution of the constitutional clouds and political mists which for long, in various quarters, have hovered upon the police station-houses of New York. This month Mr. AMOS PILLSBURY (Ex-warden of the Connecticut State Prison: Ex-warden of the Albany Penitentiary: Ex-warden of the emigration buildings at Ward's Island) is inaugurated chief of the police forces from Staten Island to the Hudson Highlands. As a man of mature years, of enlarged experience, and a disciplinarian among criminals for a quarter of a century, of undaunted physical courage, self-reliant, and so confessedly aloof from the partisan contentions of the day that three parties confidently claim him as of their faith—*Harper's Weekly*, in behalf of temperance and economy; the genius, often him a greeting, and the hope that, under his administration, it may as often find occasion to praise the Metropolitan Police system as hitherto it has been compelled to severely criticise it.

The coincident last month of Isaac H. Bailey (our neighbor-merchant in Gold Street) and of the veteran municipalist, ex-Judge Ulshoeffer, to the Commissionership of Police of Brooklyn, was understood to mean a downfall of the seven-headed government which, on the accession of Mayor Wood & Co., usurped the Executive functions. In his letter of acceptance General Pillsbury distinctly claims to hold his Executive duties unfettered. And the very moment the Board could make would be to make him, by courtesy, a consulting member, present at all their deliberations, profiting by his rich experience and suggestions in their peculiar functions of appointment and judicial supervision. He will be a general at the head of an insufficient brigade. The army of crime in every metropolis possesses a *corps d'esprit*, a unanimity, and a discipline which is fearful. In point of numbers the numbers of this army the policemen of Boston, Philadelphia, and New York combined. Nor can the police force be well increased without entailing great taxation. But if General Pillsbury, by a wise system, can not be increased as well as in numbers, the Zouaves for crime, he will vindicate the Wellington motto of "A small force, well drilled, will meet an immense force of stragglers, unskilled." Villains are best cut off in detail. And the prevalent force is the strength of crime in gangs, in coteries, and men sent upon the mysterious "round duty" (that is but another name for "ballot"), in a system of general espionage.

Let the new Chief receive intelligent support, and we believe that he may rule as despotically over the police force, as Napoleon III. pleases for popular satisfaction. Our citizens will hail even the *Fouché* system, if it secretes to them the safety of a tolerably prosperous life and property, and as assurance to provincial neighbors of security in their visits of business or pleasure.

By all means throw open Metropolitan shelters to admit the police sunbeam now possibly about to beam on the proper churchiness and warmth to the City Government.

AERIAL VOYAGERS.

We owe an apology to our readers for having stated in our number of June 18 that the aeronauts Wise, Lowenthal, and Gager would sail in a balloon from St. Louis on or about the 20th of June. We were informed that they would do so by Messrs. Wise and Gager; but circumstances, to which balloonists, like other people, are subject, have prevented the fulfillment of their intention. It is now proposed to make the voyage from St. Louis to New York on or about 4th July.

In the mean time, we owe it to Mr. John Lowenthal, of Troy, to say that, in the notice we gave of the present condition and prospects of the science of aeronauting, we did not intend that gentleman the credit he deserves. The balloon "Atlantic," in which the St. Louis voyage was to have been made, is entirely the work of Mr. Lowenthal, who bought the materials and built the balloon, without aid or instruction of any one, and who has not only planned the voyage from St. Louis; other persons are now in association with him: but the plan was his, and whatever credit attaches to the original scheme is his. The balloon boat, also, with its peculiar fan-like apparatus for producing it through the air, which we described in our number of June 18, is the invention and property of Mr. Lowenthal.

We make these statements with the more pleasure because none have more sincerely regretted the secondary place apparently assigned to Mr. Lowenthal in our address than the associates MESSRS. WISE and GAGER, the latter of whom writes us as follows:

> *To the Editor of Harper's Weekly.*
>
> "In reading your article in connection with the 'Atlantic Balloon,' I notice you make me the inventor of the 'boat and paraphernalia.' This is a mistake. The inventor is Mr. John Lowenthal. We had combined our ideas; he has had plans drawn, and built the boat, from which we hope soon will prove to us all we might anticipate. Too much can not be said in praise of Mr. Lowenthal for the energy and untiring perseverance he has devoted to bring about the completion of this enterprise, by correcting the item as within is reference to myself, you will oblige a friend, and we hope soon to make the proposed voyages early in the season.
>
> "Yours truly, "O. A. GAGER.
>
> "P.S.—The balloon leaves here for St. Louis to-morrow—very fine weather—completed and inflated, and we hope to make the proposed voyages early in the season."

We are only expressing the universal sentiment of all who take an interest in the important subject of aerial navigation when we add that we hope to see MESSRS. WISE and LOWENTHAL co-operate heartily in advancing the science of which they are the most prominent enthusiasts in the United States. We do not presume to advise these gentlemen upon the question of the co-operation which should exist between them. They may perhaps achieve as much by operating separately as by working in concert. But it would be a disappointment to all who believe in them, and in the science to which they have devoted their energies, if any thing diverted their attention from the main point which both have in view—namely, the development and advancement of the business of aerial sailing.

MARKET VALUE OF MONEY.

AN ingenious Frenchman, M. Michel Chevalier, has written a book, which Mr. Richard Cobden, the British member of Parliament, has translated into English, in which he claims the going to fall fifty per cent. in value.

M. Chevalier's argument is very simple. Within the past ten years, he says, the amount of gold existing in the world has nearly doubled, and the production is steadily increasing. If the like had happened to corn, cotton, or any other article of merchandise, the market value thereof would unquestionably have fallen at least fifty per cent. But, in an economical point of view, gold is simply an article of merchandise, like corn and cotton, and, like them, is regulated, as to its current value, by the common law of supply and demand. Hence the production of gold is limited in its increase only by increasing the supply without increasing the demand, must cause a diminution in the market value of gold proportionate to the increase.

Starting with this syllogism, M. Chevalier goes on to show how people at large, and the ordinary transactions of agriculture and industry, in the fall in the value of gold, which he deems inevitable. On ordinary articles of trade the effect will simply be to increase the nominal value. If, when the world's coinage consisted of $2,000,000,000 in gold, the barrel of flour was worth, one day with another, $5, it will take an average of $10 when the world's coinage amounts to $4,000,000,000. So of land, labor, and all the products of agricultural industry. On funded debts and all existing obligations the result would be different. A full of fifty per cent. in gold would literally, in fact, double the value fifty per cent. For, as gold is in every commercial country a legal tender, and as the amount of all debts and liabilities is fixed by the gold of the world, it will require twice as much labor to get the benefit of the fall, and will be able to discharge his obligations for no more than what he agreed to pay. The holder of a State bond for $1000 will only claim so many gold dollars from his debtor; when one hundred eagles are tendered him he can ask no more, no matter what the rate may be between the two countries. The holder of a mortgage for $10,000 can not object to receiving 1000 gold eagles in the same form. The fall in the value of gold will half as much land, or bread, or dry goods, or labor, as they used to command. He can not ask more than the sum specified in his bond in the gold coinage of his country.

This is M. Chevalier's argument, and it is a valid worthy of consideration by that large class of persons who are living on fixed incomes derived from bonds, public or private.

It may perhaps be questioned whether the fall in gold on which he speculates is going to occur as suddenly as he imagines. Ever since the discovery of gold in California there has been a steady advance in the price of all kinds of produce, merchandise, property, and labor. The movement may be slow; prices is still a progress; and though there is no prospect of its being checked, it is hardly likely that, as M. Chevalier supposes, it will be suddenly to take an unexpected start. Such movements are too closely watched by intelligent men, and the discovery of any sudden fall would have in a commercial rivalry, to be spasmodic or convulsive. Neither land nor labor is as cheap as it was ten years ago, but the increase of 2000 procures fewer comforts and luxuries for its possessor than it did in the year 1849. M. Chevalier says that the fall in land and labor will be greater than they are now, and that fixed incomes will in the end procure more than they did when they now do. But the change is more likely to be gradual and imperceptible than sudden and startling.

M. Chevalier says little or nothing in his book about the effect of the increased supply of gold on the value of silver. It is highly probable that they will be affected by the change. If you increase the amount of capital seeking investment without increasing the demand, in the same degree, you must diminish the earnings of that capital—interest. For interest is regulated by the relation of money to investment and its supply. One of two things therefore—either commercial and industrial enterprises are going to increase in a ratio as to absorb the increased capital and to prevent it telling on the money market, or they will not going to increase in the ratio, and in that case the rates of interest must fall. In Europe the supply of money has increased as rapidly as in yearsworn, and rates of interest have been kept down. In the United States investments have multiplied more rapidly than capital, and rates of interest have been kept up. It is questionable whether, in the next ten years, American investments are going to continue to increase as they have done since 1849. Since California was discovered we have spent $1,000,000,000

in railways alone; this source of expenditure is not likely to absorb much capital during the next decade. At no other class of enterprises shall these place the rate of interest must fall.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE CHICAGO ART EXPOSITION.

THERE was opened in this city on the 9th ult. an Art Exposition, consisting of about five hundred paintings, engravings, statues, busts, and bronzes, under the auspices of thirteen prominent gentlemen, with Lieutenant-Colonel J. D. Graham, U.S.A., as chairman. The object of the Exposition is to obtain funds to be appropriated to the furtherance of the interests of Art in Chicago, as the contributors to the collection may hereafter determine.

The Exposition, which consists entirely of works owned by residents of this city, Milwaukie, Racine, Milwaukie, Tilton, two works by Tessier, are several other undoubted originals by old masters, which it has been sent.

Each change of many-colored lits they drew,
Enhanced the worlds and then imagined new;
Existence saw them spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toiled after them in vain.

of the British School, a Reynolds, Wilkie, Wilson, Hogarth, Herring, and Cooper, are the most noticeable; and the last several works by some of the deceased of the Düsseldorf School of Art. Several works of Mr. Inman, one of our American artists are well represented: Church, Chapman, and Cropsey; Durand, Gignoux, and Huntington, a number of Chicago artists, Mr. Healy, Hicks, and a host of other deservedly popular home artists, whose names stand entirely

"Will not willingly let die."

Among the statuary is a beautiful figure, the size of life, of "Pocahontas," by Meixer; "Truth," by the same sculptor; a life-size statue of Stephen A. Douglas, cast from a block of Bedford limestone; a bust of Webster, by the same; by his nephew, Leonard W. Volk, of Chicago; a statue of a Negro, and several busts and groups of smaller size.

The Exposition contains quite a number of rare engravings, by Raphael Morghen and other eminent artists, together with about fifty proofs before letters, from Mr. Schoefer's, Herring's, and Landore's most popular paintings.

When your readers remember that, less than half a score years ago, the prairies on which Chicago now stands was the hunting ground of the red men—that during but a handful of years a community has been established, and under the reproofs of being gaiderly given up to an intimate passion for the accumulation of wealth, and attaining an utter neglect of these professions which depict in simply to elevate the mind, refine the passions, and insert with elegance to the manners, they will not be left astonishment to think that such a community should have gathered together a large collection of works of art in so short a time.

That our gallery contains much that is poor, and much that is indifferent, can not but be admitted; nor can it be denied that it contains much that is excellent, and of value in its fine examples given evidence of the warm interest taken in Art by the citizens of the young city of Chicago.

J. G. W.

THE UPPER-AIR CURRENT.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

In your last week's number you ascribe the theory of the upper-current to Professor Loomis. Professor (or Lieutenant) Maury speaks of a northward current, which must flow from the southern hemisphere—*i.e.*, the southeast trades—passing over the northeast, and descending at their northern boundary. This must be above the local currents, and would be lower where these latter do not prevail; namely, on the eastern side of the Atlantic.

I shall, however, if I continue, make an essay of this note. I therefore remain, sir,

A SCHOLAR.

THE LOUNGER.

"LITTLE FLOWER."

LITTLE FLOWER, finding teaching profitless, wishes to try literature, but does not wish to fail. In this fervor, all that the Lounger would say to you privately he will say publicly—namely, that you don't have your teaching until you have made up your permanent literary connections, and that you will probably find that as hard drudgery as teaching.

Whoever adopts literature as a profession must work in it, as in all other professions, or he will have really something to say, and can say it in a way to command attention and interest, you will have written a good and successful book. It is not but rather that you will make money by it—because literary success is not necessarily a fair test. very. Buckle's History is a successful book, but he will never receive a penny for it from the public. Mary's reputation is made by books that merely pay for the printing. Many a fortune is made by books that are never heard of, and many a book-seller, which are known only to teachers, school committees, and dear, dingy, old gentlemen—people who do not make fame.

If you have written a book send it to a publisher. There is no respectable publishing house that does not see carefully examine all MSS. intrusted to it; and there is no self-respecting author who will engage a house to publish a book he does not think promising enough nearly because an writer is a general fraud. A man who does that is a swindler upon being with another to fleece a third.

Nobody can foretell literary success. Smollett called literature a lottery. It often seems to be so. Congreve who prospered; Goldsmith was poor. Congreve pursued literature because his plays gave him both money and glory; for Lord Halifax rewarded him for his play of "The Old Bachelor," which was written when he was about seventeen, by making him Receiver-General of Hackney—people did not before him; and Pope dedicated to him his translation of the Iliad. Goldsmith followed literature because he could not live by his profession of medicine, or his other profession of spending money and playing the flute. But he got very wretched dinners all his life, and died in miserable lodgings. But did widow women weep at the door of his room when it was all over. The great Congreve, blazing with success, having the poor Bracegirdle and the gallant the Duchess of Marlborough—gouty, jaded, diseased all over—was laid away in the earth, and men are rapidly forgetting him, while women will never forget him.

You may deserve success, little Flower, you are not conscious of it: as Joseph Addison said, Joseph Addison, successful in every thing—even in marrying the Countess Dowager of Warwick!

ABOUT WOMEN.

WHILE VICTORIA is Queen of England and Eugenie Empress of France, and Florence Nightingale is honored in all the world for her active organization and management of the hospitals in Crimea, and while in every great sphere of human activity as many of the illustrious names are women's names, it is interesting to mark the constant progress of all efforts to open to women every department in which they can lawfully be useful.

In Boston the Female Medical College is successfully continued under the auspices of Maria Zakrzewska, a lady whose intelligence and practical skill had already secured her a rapidly increasing number of friends in the city.

In Philadelphia the Female Medical College, having outlived nine years of opposition and struggle, has begun its tenth year with forty-two scholars during the session of 1858-'59. Every department of study is open to the students, and the expense is not great.

In New York the hospital under the management of Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell has proved the possibility of the best treatment of women's diseases by medical women, and the New York Infirmary for Women, which was started seven years ago by Miss Hamilton, who is now the Mount Vernon Lecturer to the Ladies' Union Relief Society, has been supported by voluntary contributions, and administered with success by a board appointed by the trustees of the Cooper Institute, who will allow a sufficient sum every year for the support of teachers. This institution has been so useful that it has been double that of any former year.

All these movements are full of giving a fair chance to women. If they can not draw as well, or as cheaply, or altogether as desirably as men, they will find no employment. This is inevitable, and will obey the laws that govern all industry. But if they can draw as well, and successfully for diseases of women, as skillfully, as quietly, and agreeably as men, men will be preferred in the sub-rooms.

Not even the most exquisite humorist who makes every one of his readers laugh, can pretend to so candid and simple an experiment as is being tried in all these cities.

WHETHER TO GO TO EUROPE.

GARDENING, the lover of Nausau Street, has intended to visit his ancestors' country in a run through Europe. He wanted to have a glimpse of London at the season—drop in at St. Martin's-her Derby, Disraeli, Gladstone, and Bright—see the flower-show at Chiswick, scamper along the lakes and the Highlands, "do the Cathedral" etc.—then a look at Paris, the Boulevards, the Louvre, the Imperial Court, and the Empress the Syrian Alps—Vienna—helter-skelter through Dresden and Berlin to Leipsic and Liverpool, and so home in September—just in time for Lounger to Gentlemen of the Jury.

But as the season comes Gadsooks, like a lawyer, takes advice before he takes his passage.

Will the war be declared in Italy, or will the Swiss Confederation be drawn in? Can we safely go to Italy, is it worth while to see Europe until we can? Have the Allies any chance? Will Prussia, will not the general anxiety upon the Continent destroy a great deal of pleasure in the lands on the way to? Is it worth while to risk anything so great that, if he seems to go but once, he lost better wait until tranquillity is decided—secure in Italy in Italy—and if he does wait, will it not be too late to go?

Gadsooks is in a deplorable state of uncertainty. He has closed the green bag, and he hesitates to open the letter-of-credit.

But let him open it—let him fill it with clean shirts, and then—go to Quebec.

For the war will be decided very long. There will be some kind of tranquillity in Europe before many months. Then, during the delicious days—the sweetness and see Como, Milan Cathedral, the vineyards of Lombardy, and Venice. What will pay him for the loss of these? Does he wish to see Paris with the Emperor and the army away, and a cloud of gloom over the whole city? Does he like Tuileries? Does he wish to see the Rhine experiencing a French invasion? or Vienna apprehending a siege?

Let him allow a year to the chances of peace. Better float down the starry St. Lawrence and think of Wolfe this year than lose the chance of seeing Italy next year. For even could he succeed to reach the inner valleys of Switzerland, and look up to awful mountain-passes, the thought of the lovely land beyond—sweet poetic and historic of all—which he could not see, would seem to him as having that the disappointment of what he lost would be seriously destroy his enjoyment of what he saw.

England, France, Switzerland, and most of Germany are now open to Gadsooks, with the drawback only of gaudy excitement on the part of the population, and the absence of Napoleon and the army from Paris. But no one can tell how the face of the Continent may be changed.

Gadsooks had better wait.

HUMBOLDT'S FORTUNE.

One of the pleasant facts in the career of Humboldt is that he was rich. Generally that is not a pleasant fact, especially when contemplated by the individual himself. But the scholar's disposition to cover was absolute. He had a judicious food and comfortable shelter always secured to him. Humboldt's relatives, books of all kinds, were constantly sent to him, and in that way his library was incessantly increasing. He had a taste in the Potsdam royal villa, he had a place at the royal table, and, as Professor Lieber tells us, in his intercourse with princes and princesses he could be conversed every evening for a couple of hours with the royal family.

He was born with a fortune left him by his father of about fifty thousand dollars. Before he was forty he had spent it all in travel and in scientific research. Then a small pension of about a thousand dollars was given him by the Government, and upon this and the profits of his works he lived. When he died he left three hundred dollars and a library. He had given his property to his friend Seifert, his old and faithful servant. Our Minister in Berlin, Mr. Wright, his offered Seifert sixty thousand dollars—the interest forty-seven thousand dollars—for the library, which is one of the most complete of private collections.

Should Mr. Wright secure it, he will have added another to the list of his real services to his countrymen, and that term in an office which usually of very little services to any body. The chief of all his services, and one for which the world would be worth while for us to maintain a corps of foreign ministers, is his showing himself every where and by all circumstances a genuine American.

A NOBLE LORD'S APPEAL FOR THE SICK POOR.

EVERY body ought to prove that he enjoys the truth when he ventured a speculative assertion. Even to gentlemen of the press, who are well known to love a fallacy than a truth, to the rest of mortals, who always foresee and foretell everything that happens, are not superior to this pleasure.

For example. When the war began, the Lounger said that England had been accustomed, by reasoning, of course, the English Government. Therefore you came to grief.

Will the stupid Yankees never have done insulting England? What mean-spirited cur, who doesn't like to sign his name to his bad or twaddle, dares to talk about outwitting England! If you don't like it, sir, or insults you'd better leave it.

Anonymous, of course; and not of the slightest importance in itself. But as others may have discreetly thought what was here indicated by expressed, it is agreeable to quote the following from Lord Palmerston's speech in the House of Lords:

"It is plain that they were ignorant of the state of affairs—that they were misinformed as to what was going on—that they were under a delusion, and believed that we were in a state to be insensible on the part of France and Sardinia, and that there was no danger on the part of Austria. If they knew what was going on at Vienna, and had the intentions of the Austrian Government, they would have held different language."

The House of Commons thought so too, and immediately gave the Government warning.

HINTS FOR SOMEBODY.

THE Lounger has received several notes of complaint, of which he submits the following to the consideration of the writers:

"DEAR MR. LOUNGER,—Although you have the good fortune of being a woman, I know that you have the warmest sympathy with the trials of the sex, and I therefore make my complaints to you confident that they will secure the attention of those for whom they are designed. Like all women, I am fond of shopping, and Stewart's is the best place. It has the largest assortment of goods, and the prices are most reasonable. The lobby of all his stockings and drawers there. Some ladies, I know, buy these things for their husbands. But I am sure I don't see why. Nobody never expects me to. He did at first. He has learned better now. I know what he wants when he is going to buy, although I have no reason to be unwilling that every body should know in what direction my affections keep his linen and collars, and that he has all the better of buying them.

"What I took you in hand to say, Mr. Lounger, is this: I go to several of Mr. Stewart's clerks are saucy and insolent. They treat me at times with contempt. I shall not say what they do, until I watch the effect of this note—as if they conferred an immense favor when they waited upon me and showed me the goods. One day in particular, last week, I was so impertinently treated that I was tempted to go to the office of Mr. Stewart, who, I know, would have dismissed my smart young gentleman upon the spot. But I was unwilling to speak while I felt so angry. I was afraid I might exaggerate, and that the dismissal of the young man might cause some dependent mother or sister to suffer.

"But won't you please to remind the clerks at Stewart's, and all other dry-goods stores, that their business is to show goods in a respectful way. That's what they are paid for *doing*. Selling dry goods is a reputable and necessary business. But it is the same thing at the corner of Broadway and Chambers Street, and at the corner of the Bowery and any other street. A young man needn't take airs because he sells a yard of muslin at Stewart's any more than if he were doing the same thing upon the Sixth Avenue.

"And he needn't be deceived by carriages. I have often seen a clerk very insolent with a lady who came on foot and plainly dressed, and obsequious as a hackey to another lady who came in shawls and silks in a carriage. The poor fellow did not know that the one whom he insulted was really a lady, and that the other, to whom he was so attentive, was probably deferentially, was but a lass.

"I'm a great city these things will happen. So my young friends, the clerks, will, I hope, be upon their guard. But I cannot think sometimes of it to be a gentleman? Do they know that one of the most prosperous and famous merchants of New York used to raise his hat to every one who did the same to him, saying that he hoped he was as much of a gentleman as the man who spoke to him? Do they reflect that the young man who bows low to Cashmere shawls and fine silks, and scrapes, and despises plain garments, is a flunky whose very soul wears a livery, and who is call all over?

"I write these things to you frankly, because I am sure you will show them to the gentlemen I speak of, in your courteous and kind form that is in an exquisitely mean thing to insult women by an impertinence they do not dare to show to men. Dobley says he has no manners. He says they stockings and cravats, etc., are shown to him with his utmost courtesy. He says, and I believe him.

"It is a sad thing—isn't it, dear Mr. Lounger?—when a man makes a woman ugly she were a man also, that she might box his ears.

"If there is continued insolence you will hear further, I have no doubt—unless Dobley should stop my writing to the newspapers—*and I should just like to see him try it*, that's all.

"From yours to command,

"MARY DOBLEY."

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

VICTORIA, Lambeville, Kentucky.—In the Lounger's remarks upon his previous letter by explaining that he wanted to say nothing but what are property. He says: "Where are such property that they are valued above all." But preservatives in the first law of nature—nay, the value of property is in the fact that we keep by no means to infinitate a right to abuse them. So a hundred to one you are right to be kind to your wife.

XIPHIAS and the Lounger evidently have no quarrel.

"The Tempest" by G. S. is declined with thanks.

—L. S. is afflicted by a friend. Not that the friend is not kind and generous and sympathetic, but *he is detested*. In asking opinions of others. He has an unhappy gift in such eye, like the Yankee Dickens met in the West. He expresses L. S.'s every unconscious action in this time—he shake him—he blinds him—he knocks him down—he dies, he lives and breathes and moves for L. S. wants to know what to do. There is but one thing. Give the friend his new machine. Let him go. Then L. S. can ask questions back again eternally. It will have the most marvelous effect.

—The Lounger has received the following highly flattering note. The reader, and perhaps upon reflection the writer, will discover one omission after its perusal; that the check is not to arrive until the appearance of the last of the articles. After forwarding a check on enterprise he continues:

"I respectfully submit the aid of your influential pen in favor of the enterprise which, as I have shown in the communication alluded to, if successfully carried out, may have results highly important to history, science, and art, as well as to humanity. I refer to the discovery of the remains of the engaged in; and I value your support as highly that I will pay you, should you make use of one thousand dollars for a four weeks' notice of the existence in Europe of the said remains, and for your half a column on the Lounger's page, each week, in regard to the progress of the discovery. I am prepared to pay my money, if you please, and to be under no fear of against the scheme. Either will do, as my object is to bring it into notice. The receipt of the money will be Weekly containing the last of the notices. I will send you my check for the amount. If you accept my proposal, let your first notice appear without delay."

—A. W.'s story "Lucy" is not surprised!—as sentimental as her Edward himself. If she will have the Lounger say just what he thinks, she will have him say that he does not care for the story, and wishes it returning.

—Sigma, New Orleans. The turning of the corners of a running sail is a distinct science. Sometimes in Paris he may see a card with mystic letters printed upon it, reversed. The letters are the terms of a sailing card. *P. F. c. (Pour faire virer)* is simply to make a sail. *P. F. c. (Pour prendre vent)* is to take the wind. There are others that signify a call of congratulation, &c. In the yacht-race, the Lounger remembers, when all the ballet" were solaced for. In France it means that the cell was made in person.

—J. D. Sampson requests us while the war rages in Sardinia and Lombardy, of which Ruskin says in his Modern Painters of Art:"

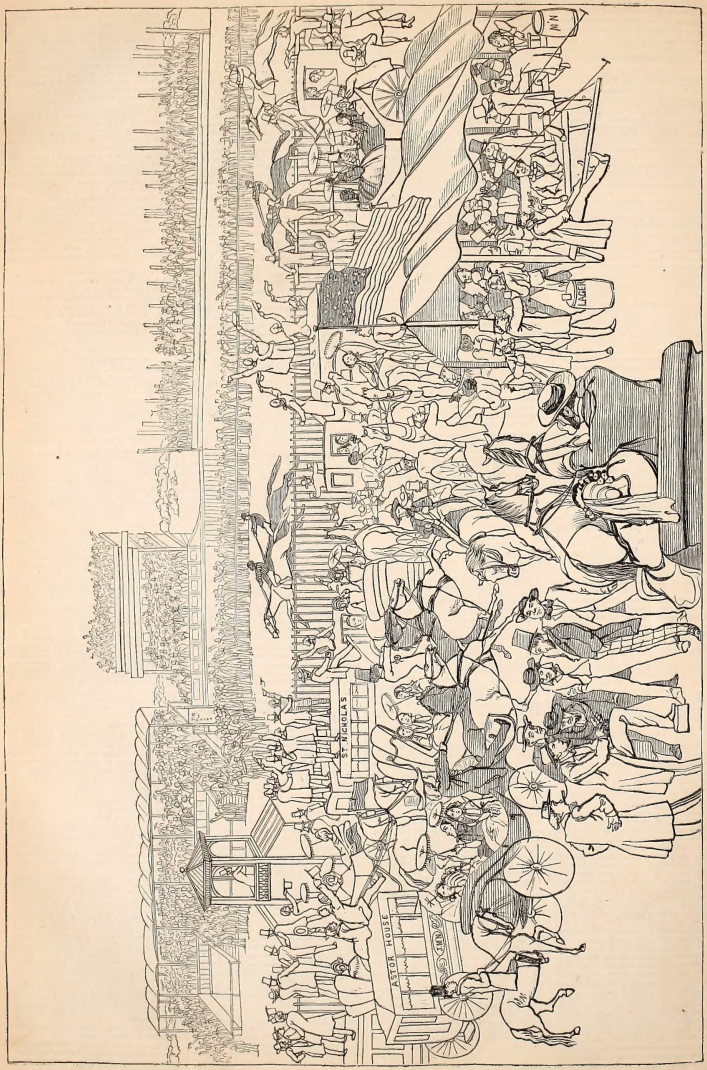
"For the last six or seven hundred years the world has not witnessed a contest which has called for so much he fought out but in the midst of its most precious art."

Then follows that strikingly beautiful description of Verona and its surroundings, with which the Lounger, which only one who has seen and heard Ruskin can fully appreciate.

"And this is the city—such, and possessing such things as these—which the world has now given up to be trodden and fought continually. Three days her towers trembled with the thunder of the cannon of Arcole; the golden peaks of the Marolo divide her fields to this hour with lines of serried steel; and the sweet waters of the Adige, which Verona's streets once ran, are now dyed with blood. Shall we not remember that through the turn of the expression of her heroic women's faces, through the rich decoration of carving of silver light the easy meshes of her fortresses, and even the edge of dust encompassing cork, other circles are increasing new, white and pale, willed records of quieter strength, noble—quieter with various courses. I told you I have seen, when the thunderclouds gathered round the Alps, and the hollow of their orags were dipped in the dark, terrible purple, as if the heart's blood of the earth oozed out from her wounded mountains—I have seen you, dear, and in Italy till the sun-shines—I have seen you stand and bare as if blasted by fiery branches—the cloud that hid never fell from the crowns of the forest, but the black ball will fall from the clouds of Hell if ever our hearts of Italian life stir again in the streets of Verona."

J. B. will ask, "Is it not pleasant to have prophecies quoted in such pleasant language?"

—A FRIEND OF OUR LOUNGER in Stockbridge, Wisconsin, asks a question which can hardly be properly answered or discussed in this column. If a Sickles tragedy occurs, there may be more to be said.



THE FOUR MILE HEAT, ON ECLIPSE COURSE, LONG ISLAND.

THE RACE ON CIRCUIT COURSE.

[FROM OUR ARTIST CORRESPONDENT.]

I SEND you a perfect portrait of the Grand Stand on the Eclipse Course when "Tar River" won the great four-mile heats; if it wants the obsolete and multitudinous excitement of the "Derby," it has a character of its own—a kind of busy tranquillity—which marks the Bourse as well as the Course.

If you are fortunate enough to be favored by a seat immediately behind the lady and gentleman who occupy the carriage in the centre, you will behold this exact scene without the slightest exaggeration. Immediately beneath your eye—

"How(e)' to do it (the force of horse-power slightly disproportioned to the lightness of the lively burden. The colored driver is but a slight commentary on our friend's superb "tooling." The opposite side of the picture matches the only vacant seat in the inclosure, rudely and hastily constructed of flapping canvas and rough boards: around it are grouped the fattest and thirstiest crowd on the ground—some nodding appreciation of the excellence of the fluids; others either declining, or only endeavoring to "hedge" in true British style (but you will submit to it) enough to your Reporter-about-Town for ambi'ration). The ladies and lady-like are making up the carriage group beyond the tent (it suit the same cool discrimination of the unlimited eye will lightly linger on the host of character on this side of the rail fence, and he may detect the hotel-runners, and their livery servants—hailing the triumph of "Tar River" and his colored jockey (who, by-the-by, looks like your humor bone).

The Course opposite the Grand Stand is fairly pictured, even to the "time board." "The stands are as they are"—nothing extenuating, nor setting aught in malice—and the "quarter pole" is not a great crowd; and when, occasionally, a plank nags with a peculiar crash, you feel nervous about "rails."

Unlike the English race-course, the Eclipse is surrounded by a lofty and unscalable paling—the formidable evidence of our *exclusive* Republicanism—an *improvement* on the friendly character of our seaside cousins.

But truly we shall be an excellent people when we come to recognize the merits of horse-flesh and shucking; when nothing shall be heard in public or private life but "What is the odds on Clevedon?" or "What do you lay on Tar River?" when every store shall be changed into betting-offices; and our friends fast from eight years upward, shall resort there, with their quarters and dollars, "to take the odds."

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

In Three Books.—Splendidly Illustrated.

If Printed from early Proof-sheets, for which Messrs. Harper & Brothers pay the Author

FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS.

BOOK II.

THE GOLDEN THREAD.

CHAPTER VII.

MONSEIGNEUR IN TOWN.

MONSEIGNEUR, one of the great lords in power at the Court, held his fortnightly reception in his grand hotel in Paris. Monseigneur was in his lever room, his sanctuary of sanctuaries, the Holiest of Holiests to the crowd of worshipers in the suit of rooms without. Monseigneur was about to take his chocolate. Monseigneur could swallow a great many things with ease, and was by some few sullen minds supposed to be rather rapidly swallowing France; but his morning's chocolate could not so much as get into the throat of Monseigneur without the aid of four strong men besides the Cook.

Yes. It took four men, all four ablaze with gorgeous decoration, and the Chief of them unable to exist with fewer than two gold watches in his pocket, emulative of the noble and chaste fashion set by Monseigneur, to conduct the happy chocolate to Monseigneur's lips. One lacquey carried the chocolate-pot into the sacred presence; a second milled and frothed the chocolate with the little instrument made for that function; a third presented the favored napkin; a fourth (he of the two gold watches) poured the chocolate out. It was an honor to Monseigneur to dispense with one of these attendants on the chocolate and hold his high place under the admiring Heavens. Deep would have been the blot upon his escutcheon if his chocolate had been ignobly served out to only three men; he must have died of two.

Monseigneur had been out at a little supper last night, where the Comedy and the Grand Opera were charmingly represented. Monseigneur was out at a little supper most nights, with fascinating company. So polite and so impressible was Monseigneur that the Comedy and the Grand Opera had far more influence with him in the tiresome articles of state affairs and state secrets than the needs of the Empire. A happy circumstance for France, as the like always is for all countries similarly favored—always was for England (by way of example) in the regretted days of the merry Stuart who sold it.

Monseigneur had one truly noble idea of general public business, which was to let every thing go on in its own way; of particular public business, Monseigneur had the other truly noble idea that it must all go his way—tend in his own power and pocket. Of his pleasures, general and particular, Monseigneur had the same lofty noble idea, that the world was made for them. The text of his order (uttered from the original by only a person in which it was known as "The earth and the fullness thereof are mine, saith Monseigneur.")

Yet Monseigneur had slowly found that vulgar embarrassments crept into his affairs, both private and public, and that, as to the latter, he had incurred the danger of being made, by the people classes of affairs, allied himself for force with a Farmer-General. As to the first combination, Monseigneur could not make any thing at all of them, as matters consequently let them out to somebody who could; as to finance, yet, because Farmer-Generals were rich, and Monseigneur, after generations of great luxury and expense, was growing poor. Hence Monseigneur had taken part from a commoner, while there was yet time to ward off the impending evil, the cheapest garment he could wear, and had bestowed his cast upon a neighboring Farmer-General, poor in family. Which Farmer-General, rising in his prosperity greatly with a golden apple on the top of it, was now among the company in the outer rooms, much protracted before Monseigneur was ready for him—a person modified in the blood of Monseigneur, who, his own valet included, looked down upon him with the loftiest consideration.

A sumptuous man was the Farmer-General. Thirty horses stood in his stables, twenty-four male domestics sat in his halls, six body-women waited on his wife. As one who pretended to do nothing but plunder and spend scientifically, could, the Farmer-General—howsoever his matrimonial relations consisted sometimes sourly—was at least the greatest reality among the persons who attended at the hotel of Monseigneur that day.

For the rooms, though a beautiful scene to look at, and adorned with every device of decoration that the taste and skill of the time could achieve, were, in truth, not a sound business; considered with any reference to the scarcest use in the rags and night-caps elsewhere (and not so far off, either, for many watching hungry at the Notre-Dame, almost equidistant from the two extremes, could see them both), they would have been an exceedingly uncomfortable business—if that could have been any body's business, at the house of Monseigneur. Millions of people, destitute of military knowledge; naval officers with no idea of a ship; civil officers without a notion of affairs; brazen ecclesiastics, of the worst world worldly, with sensual eyes, loose tongues, and loose lives; all totally unfit for their various callings; all lying horribly in pretending to belong to them or to know any thing of any rightful order of Monseigneur, and therefore foisted on all public employments from which any thing was to be got; these were to be had for the asking, by the score and the score. People not immediately connected with Monseigneur or the State, yet equally unconnected with any thing that was real, or with lives passed in traveling by any straight road to any true earthly end, were in a state abundant. Doctors who made great fortunes out of Monseigneur's easy constitution; orders that never existed smiled upon their courtly patients in the ante-chambers of Monseigneur. Projectors who had discovered every kind of remedy for the little evils with which the State was cursed, except the remedy of setting to work in earnest to root out a single sin, paved their distracting babble into any ear they could lay hold of, at the reception of Monseigneur. Unbelieving Philosophers who were remodelling the world with words, and making card-towers of Babel to scale the skies with, talked with Unbelieving Chemists who had an eye on the transmutation of metals, at this wonderful gathering accumulated by Monseigneur. Exquisite gentlemen of the finest breeding, which was at that remarkable time—and has been since—to be known by its fruits of indifference to every natural subject of human interest, were in the most exemplary state of examination, at the hotel of Monseigneur. Such homes had these various notabilities left behind them in the fine world of Paris that the Spies among the assembled devotees of Monseigneur—forming a goodly half of the polite company—would have found it hard to discriminate among the angels of that sphere one solitary wise who, for her manners and appearance, owned to being a Mother. Indeed, except for the mere act of bringing a troublesome creature into this world—which does not go for record on the realization of the name of mother—there was no such thing known to the fashion. Peasant women kept the unfashionable babies close, and brought them up; and charming grandmammas of sixty direct and supped as at twenty.

The leprosy of unreality disfigured every human creature in attendance upon Monseigneur. In the outermost room were half a dozen exceptional people who had had, for a few years, some vague misgiving in them that things in general were going rather wrong. As a promising way of setting them right, half of the half dozen had become members of a fantastic sect of Convulsionists, and were even then considering within themselves whether they should leave off fasting, rags, rest, and turn cataleptic on the spot—thereby setting up a highly intelligible finger-post to the Future, for Monseigneur's guidance. Besides these Derwishes were other three who had rushed into another sect, which mended matters with a jargon about "the Centre of truth:" holding that Man had got out of the Centre of truth—which did not need much demonstration—but had not got out of the Circumference, and that he was to be kept from flying out of the Circumference, and was even to be shoved back into the Centre, by fasting and by coats of spirits. Among these, accordingly, much discoursing with spirits went on—and it did a world of good which never becomes manifest.

But the comfort was, that all the company at the grand hotel of Monseigneur were perfectly dressed. If the Day of Judgment had only been ascertained to be a dress day, every body there would have been eternally correct. Such frizzling and powdering and stitching up of hair, such delicate complexities artificially preserved and mended, such gallant swords to look at, and such delicate honor to the sense of smell, would surely keep any thing going forever and ever. The exquisite gentlemen of the finest breeding wore little pendent trinkets that chinked as they languidly moved; these golden fetters rang like precious little bells; and what with their ringing, and with the rustle of silk and brocade and fine linen, there was a flutter in the air that fanned Saint Antoine and his devouring hunger far away.

Dress was the one unfailing talisman and charm used for keeping all things in their places. Every body was dressed for a Fancy Ball that was never to leave off. From the Palace of the Tuileries, through Monseigneur and the whole Court, through the Chambers, the Tribunals of Justice, and all society (except the sorcerers), the Fancy Ball descended to the Common People: who, in pursuance of the charm, was required to officiate "in full dress," powdered, in a gold-laced coat, pumps, and white silk stockings. At the gallows and the wheel—the axe was a rarity—Monsieur Paris, in it was the supposed mode among his brother Professors of the provinces, Monsieur Orleans, and the rest, to put on a little powder and a bag-dress. And who among the company at Monseigneur's reception, in that seventeen hundred and eightieth year of our Lord, could possibly doubt that a system rooted in a frizzled hangman, powdered, gold-laced, pumped, and white silk stockinged, would see the very stars out?

Monseigneur having eased his four men of their burdens and taken his chocolate, caused the doors of the Holiest of Holiests to be thrown open, and issued forth. The moment was subdued, what cringing and fawning, what servility, what abject humiliation! As to bowing down body and spirit, nothing in that way that the Lord for Heaven—which may have been one among others humbly take up the worshipers of Monseigneur never troubled it.

Bestowing a word of promise here and a smile there, a whisper on one happy and favored wife at the hand on another, Monseigneur affably passed through his rooms to the remote region of the Circumference of Truth. There Monseigneur turned and came back again, and so in the course of time got himself into a lap in his sanctuary by the chocolate sprites, and was seen no more.

The show being over, the flutter in the air became quite a little gale and storm, and the precious little bells went ringing out again. There was soon but one person left of all the crowd, and he, with his hat under his arm and his snuff-box in his hand, slowly passed among the mirrors on his way out.

"I devote you," said this person, stopping at the last door on his way, and turning in the direction of the sanctuary, "to the Devil!"

With that he shook the snuff from his fingers as if he had shaken the dust from his feet, and quietly walked down stairs.

He was a man of about sixty, handsomely dressed, yet having in manner, and in face a look like a fine mask. A face of a transparent paleness; every feature in it clearly defined; one set expression on it. The nose, beautifully formed otherwise, was very slightly pinched at the top of each nostril. In those two compressions, or dints, the only little change that the face ever showed resided. They persisted in changing color sometimes, and they would be occasionally dilated and contracted by something like a faint pulsation; then they gave a look of treachery and cruelty to the whole countenance. Examined with attention, its capacity of helping such a look was to be found in the line of the mouth and the lines of the orbits of the eyes being much too horizontal and thin; still, in the effect the face made, it was a handsome face, and a remarkable one.

Its owner went down stairs into the courtyard, got into his carriage, and drove away. Not many people had taken leave of him at the reception; he had stood in a little space apart, and Monseigneur might have been unaware in his manner. It appeared, under the circumstances, rather agreeable to him to see the common people dispersed before his horses, and often barely escaping from being run down. His man driver as if he were charging an enemy, and the furious recklessness of the man brought the dark into the face, or to the lips, of the master. The complaints and insolence made itself audible, even in that deaf city and dumb age, that, in the narrow streets without foot-ways, the fierce patrician custom of hard driving endangered and maimed the common vermin in a barbarous manner. But few cared enough for that to think of it a second time, and in this matter, as in most others, the common wretches were left to get out of their difficulties as best they could.

With a wild rattle and clatter, and an inhuman abandonment of consideration not easy to be understood in these days, the carriage dashed through streets and swept round corners, with women screaming before it, and men clutching each other and clutching children out of its way. At last, swooping at a street-corner by a fountain, one of its wheels came to a sickening little jolt, and there was a loud cry from a number of voices, and the horses reared and plunged.

But for the latter inconvenience, the carriage probably would not have stopped; carriages were often known to drive on and leave their wounded behind (and why not?) But the frightened valet had got down in a hurry, and

"KILLED!" SHRIEKED THE MAN.

CHAPTER VIII.

MONSEIGNEUR IN THE COUNTRY.

A BEAUTIFUL landscape, with the corn bright in it but not abundant. Patches of poor rye where corn should have been, patches of poor peas and beans, patches of most coarse vegetable substitutes for wheat. On inanimate nature, as on the men and women who cultivated it, a prevalent tendency toward an appearance of vegetating unintelligently—a dejected disposition to give up, and wither away.

Monsieur the Marquis in his traveling carriage (which might have been lighter), conducted by four post-horses and two postillions, flagged by a crowd of starved peasants. Monsieur Gabelle and Monsieur the Marquis was no inspection of his high breeding; it was not inspection, but it was occasioned by an external circumstance beyond his control—the setting sun.

The sunset struck so brilliantly into the traveling carriage when it passed the hill-top that its occupant was disturbed in reverie. The red sun, and Monsieur the Marquis, glancing at his hands, "directly."

By a wide, but straight road, the journey to the next village was performed. As it was all downhill, it was performed in rapid time. The village lay in a hollow, with a stagnant pond and a little church. Round the village were a few poor cottages, and a great many more hovels, partly built of mud and thatch, partly of stone and wood, and roofed with tiles. Expressive signs of poverty, and want, and misery were abundant. Monsieur the Marquis looked out of window on his side of the carriage, and his servant looked out of window on the other side, while the village was passing.

Monsieur the Marquis looked out with a high sense of his superiority, and with a conviction that he was in the habit of looking out of windows of carriages at the groups of people assembled in the villages to see him pass. He looked out now, with the air of a gentleman who had accidentally broken some common thing, and had paid for it, and was quite willing to pay for it, when he was suddenly disturbed by a coin flying into his carriage and ringing on its floor.

"Hold!" said Monsieur the Marquis. "Hold the horses! Who threw that?"

He looked to the spot where Defarge the vender of wine had stood, a moment before; but the vigorous father was not there; nor was he face on the pavement in that spot, and the figure that stood beside him was the figure of a dark stout woman, knitting.

"You dogs!" said the Marquis, but smoothly, and with an unchanged face, going back to the spot on his nose: "I would ride over any of you very willingly, and exterminate you from the earth. If I knew which rascal threw at the carriage, and if that brigand were sufficiently near it, he should be crushed under the wheels."

So cowed was their condition, and so long and so hard their experience of what such a man could do to them, within the law and outside it, that not a voice, or a hand, or even an eye, was raised. Every human face was turned down. But the woman who stood knitting looked up steadily, and looked the Marquis in the face. It was not for his dignity to notice it; his contemptuous eyes passed over her, and over all the other faces that he knew stood around, to look again, and gave the word "Go on!"

He was handsomely and not carelessly came whirling by in quick succession; the Minister, the State-Projector, the Farmer-General, the Doctor, the Lawyer, the Ecclesiastic, the Grand Opera, the Comedy, the whole Fancy Ball in a bright continuous flow, came whirling by. The rats had crept out of their holes to look on, and they remained looking on for hours; soldiers and police often passing between them and the spectacle, and making a barrier behind which they shrunk, and through which they peered. The father had long ago taken up his bundle and hidden himself away with it, when the two men, who had been dispatched from the village to the base of the fountain, sat there watching the running of the water and the rolling of the Fancy Ball—when the one woman who had stood conspicuous, knitting, still knitted on with the steadfastness of Fate. The water of the fountain ran, the swift river ran, the day ran into evening, so much life in the city ran into death according to rule, time and tide waited for no man, the rats were sleeping close together in their dark holes again, the Fancy Ball was lighted up as supper, all things ran their course.

"Monsieur Charles, whom I expect; is he arrived from England?"

"Monseigneur, yet."

LITERARY.

SUMMER PICTURES FROM COPENHAGEN TO VENICE. By Henry M. Field. New York: Rudd & Co., 113 Nassau Street. 1859.

This captivating and instructive book is what its title purports it to be, a series of warm, glowing, sunny pictures of such incidents, historical associations, manners and customs of the people, and physical features of the various countries passed through, as fall under the writer's notice during his tour. There are no dry and prosy details and statistical matter to make guide-books such nuisances, but all is fresh and life-like, just as each incident or fact is seen and presented by the eyes upon wind. The style is chaste, graceful, and perspicuous; the grouping of the pictures artistic and judicious; and the whole is delightful. As a book of this kind, the statements may all be relied upon as true. Indeed we happen to know that the author took unwearied pains, even after his return to this country, to verify his statements, so as to free them as far as possible from all risk of inaccuracy. Some of the chapters are of special interest at this time from the great war which is raging in Northern Italy. The author's reflections on Austrian rule, and its dire and crushing effects on Venice, Milan, and the whole of Italy, hardly should be read by all who would seek to sympathize with the struggle for that fruitful struggle which is now going on. But apart from this consideration, the book is so genial and instructive that we cordially recommend it to all our readers as one which will richly pay its perusal.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

KOSSUTH TO HIS COUNTRYMEN.

The following address has been published:

"TO THE HUNGARIAN EXILES RESIDING IN THE UNITED STATES.

"At the time of the late Crimean War several of my friends called upon me to organize a Hungarian Legion to throw themselves by throwing my their situation and leaving the United States. I refused to comply with their wish, not to ascertain whether or not circumstances warranted the step.

"I fear the present state of European affairs, together with the unsettled state of my health, will induce many to request my help. I, therefore, to be my duty to warn my kind fellow-countrymen against the step, and to beg of me to them to move.

"Times sometimes occurs forbid my entering on promises or explanations. Suffice it to say that, though the sky is overcast with clouds, I trust that the storm will gradually be overcome.

"Can no time is taken, not only of the interests of our country, but also especially of their personal interests.

"I very thank you, my friends, for the kindness that time has not yet come. Let them patiently, let them wisely wait. Let them not by premature action help to bring personal ruin on them without the slightest advantage to the public cause.

KOSSUTH.

"LONDON, ENGLAND, *May 20, 1859.*"

THE VIRGINIA SHIP SENS.

The "cigar steamship," built by the Messrs. Winans in Baltimore at the commencement of the war with Russia, is consequence of one of her supply pipes being left open accidentally, is now lying at Gosport in Hampshire.

JUDGE DOUGLAS'S PLATFORM.

The friends of Judge Douglas are in possession of the following letter, which indicates the line upon which he will run if the Presidency, and of which they have permitted a copy to be taken for publication:

"WASHINGTON, *Wednesday, Sept 15, 1858.*

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have received your letter of the 10th inst., in which you inquire whether my friends are at liberty to present my name to the Charleston Convention as a candidate for the Presidential nomination.

Before the question can be finally determined, it will be necessary to understand distinctly upon what issues I can canvass it in the event of the fact. If I am to make it my platform, I must be permitted to do so. If, on the contrary, it shall be deemed best by the Democratic party to adopt a platform of principles different from those enunciated in the cooperative resolutions of 1856, and reaffirmed in the Cincinnati platform of the general election of 1852, I shall be content. I will not permit myself to be placed in the disorganized into the Cincinnati Platform in 1856, or extended by the Old Hunkers, who have always opposed its nomination, and approved by the people—in that event my friends will be free to withdraw my name from it to the Convention, if they see proper

nonsense. It is covered with flowers and devices—figures of Liberty, Victory, Peace, and Relief, relief, eagles, clusters of grapes, thistles, cornucopias of plenty, star-spangled banners, and a thousand other things, from the handle of the cane to a large horn of plenty. Over the handle of the cane is the inscription, "People's Servant, No. 2." The work was all done with a knife.

FOREIGN NEWS

THE WAR

EVACUATION OF ITALY BY THE AUSTRIANS.

In Italy an amazing activity prevails. Large reinforcements have been compelled to evacuate the whole of Lombardy, where the French and Sardinians have been forcing against their front, and the fire-zone of battle and carnage has shifted to the Papal States and Tuscany. Tuscan blue and yellow have thrown, with wonderful consistency in and around the Austrian lines, instead of military orange and white, for the Prince Minister and Adjutant Prince, and where soon the struggle is to be one which will decide whether Austria shall be shorn of all her Italian possessions, or whether Louis Napoleon is to be driven out of Italy, are now disputes efforts than any he has yet made.

DETAILS OF THE BATTLE OF MAGENTA.

The following particulars of the battle of Magenta are derived from the Austrian official accounts, and from letters of officers, on June 3, by M. Ernest Dupuy, correspondent, on the first instant, of the Paris Siècle:

The Guard, after conquering in a first engagement at Buffalora, were pressing their martial onward flight, it appears that 40,000 Austrians, massed in columns, sudden-ly concentrated and, confident in their numbers, no-warned against our leading columns, hoping to turn them at a check. Our commanders had not calculated on this, but they had not taken into their account the division of the Generals and Commander-in-Chief General Canrobert, of General Mellinet. This division rapidly got to the front between the Guard and the enemy, and in the rear it were the Turcos fought, and they very soon found that they had to do with a foe who was not to be met, therefore fought for more than a quarter of an hour. The Zouaves and Grenadiers united did not make up their minds to run, but either stood their ground to the last or had been against the vastly energetic efforts of the Austrians. The latter attempted to make use of their superior numbers, retired in good order, formed again, and seemed to be making a second attack, when suddenly they were routed against a bracken rampart. The Guard soon saw the result of this passive defense, and the day was at an end. They rallied and mastered the enemy. But in their pursuit they knew small quarter was given to the fresh, raised up again and again. Seven times in the day the Guard had to charge with the bayonet, and seven times the fugitives and grenadiers were driven back. The genius of the Emperor, who, seeing in hand, supported the Guard. The Austrians were retiring on the left, and they still attempted to make a stand.

The Austrian Correspondent states that the enemy is continuing its retreat, and that the Austrians, and in their hasty quarters at present at Castiglione Dei Stiviere.

The Paris correspondent of the *Times* says that the letters from Italy state that both the allied and Austrian armies are regarding the approaching engagement as decisive.

THE BATTLE OF MALEGNANO.

Official Austrian troops being intrenched at Malegnano. Marshal Baraguay d'Hilliers was sent by the Emperor to dislodge them, and took the villages with but little loss on his side.

Private letters from Milan respecting the battle of Magenta state that 500 Zouaves were put *hors de combat*. The Austrians, who were 20,000 strong, suffered a loss of 3,000 killed, 6,000 wounded, and 1,000 prisoners. The battle lasted nine hours. At 11 P.M. a battalion of Hungarians and Croats, refusing to surrender to the village, retreated and defended.

SUCCESSES OF GARIBALDI.

The gist of Upper Lombardy which has been freed from the Austrians has hastened to Turin to congratulate Emanuel as King.

Volunteers are rapidly arriving from all parts to join General Garibaldi's corps, which is pursuing the enemy in the mountains.

General Urban's victory, after a precipitate retreat from Varese, has become a subject of ridicule in the Austrian camp.

GARIBALDI'S PROCLAMATION.

It is said that Garibaldi issued the following address to his soldiers:

"My children,—You are one to five. Before you in close order the enemy's cannon are thundering. Let not a shoot like a dog the first who retreats. Cannon we have not, but we have bayonets. Let us die; what matters it? Italy must be free. Behold your real vengeance."

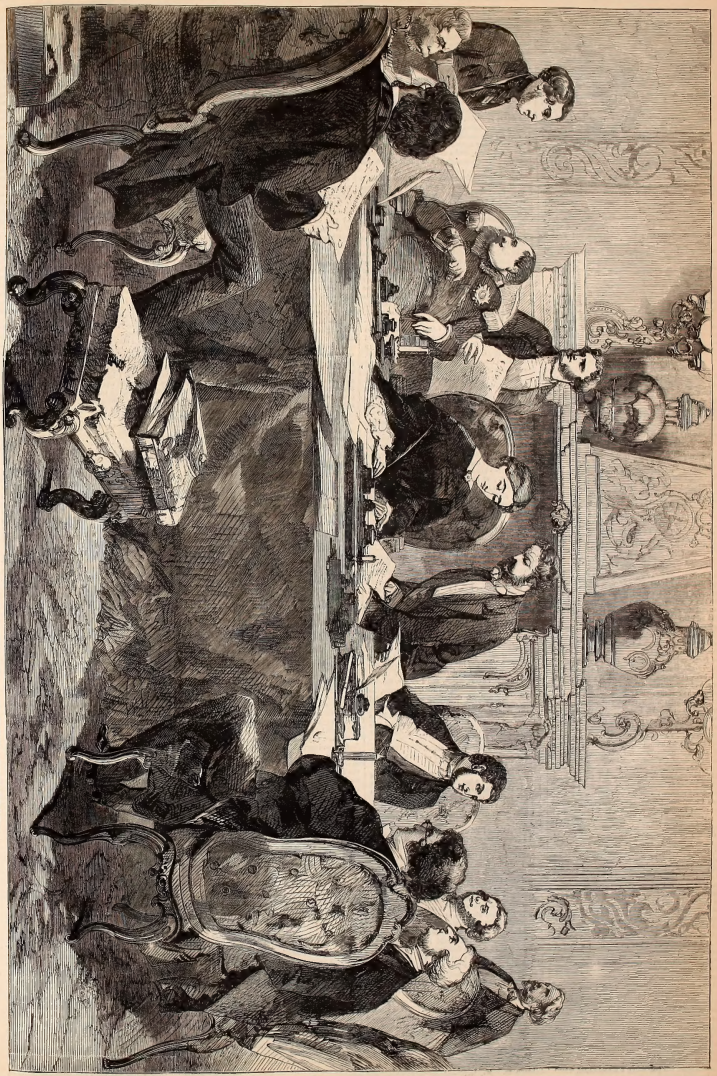
Garibaldi, in his proclamation, says that Italy has a great and mighty capital, a magnificent country, and a noble king in the field.

HOW THE TURCOS FIGHT.

An account, written after the battle of Magenta, of those Turcos who were the first to engage in the fight in the expedition of Mamillot have found themselves on the other side of the way, says: "It is decided that the conduct of the Turcos at Magenta was a prelude to the most extraordinary feats of bravery recorded in the annals of modern warfare. Their attack presented a spectacle at once curious and terrible. Without any order, they rushed on the Austrian batteries in a mass, and seized their enemy ere they had time to stir from the ground. Then, with their sabres, and fired from the astonished Austrians, hitting about on all sides with their long sabres, and cutting down all who attempted to stay them. The thunder of cannon was overwhelmed by the cries of the Turcos, who seemed to believe that the fate of victory was the lament of the wounded and dying. All the Turcos who were engaged in the battle of the 4th of June and impressive hazard from their threats by volleys of musketry, and by the fire of the artillery placed on the bridge of Magenta. To the cries of the officers responded the tramp and the shouting of the enemy's cavalry, which, after having formed themselves of their arms and throwing themselves into disorder, had begun to escape.

"When the struggle was over the spectacle was hardly less curious. The Turcos, exhausted, threw themselves on the earth, and as though some African music, sweeping over the field, accompanied their repose, and from time to time they executed frenzied dances, and broke out into bursts of savage laughter, mingled with cries of triumph. A storm, those had compelled their prisoners to eat near them, and they had not left their side for a single day. Their prisoners, who were full of fire the unhappy defenseless soldiers at their mercy, and who, in the midst of the battle, had not ceased to fire on their allies in accessary behind; he flies rather in his face, and

VISIT OF THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON TO THE WOUNDED IN THE VOGHERA HOSPITALS.—[FROM A SKETCH BY M. MORLIN.]



THE EMPRESS EUGENIE PRESIDING AT A STATE COUNCIL AT THE TUILERIES.

THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS OF FRENCH.

THE accompanying engravings on pages 424 and 425 will show how the Emperor Napoleon and the Empress Eugenie are spending their time just now. We doubt whether any couple in this country are employing themselves quite as usefully.

The Emperor is represented visiting the military hospitals after the battle of Montebello. These hospitals had been hastily constructed in the houses nearest to the battle-field, and wounded of all nations—Frenchmen, Austrians, and Italians—were indiscriminately received in them. Old histories of war in former times describe the pathetic scenes with which foreigners were excluded from military hospitals. We have read of order, lion going over a field where his own men wounded, and carefully avoiding all but their own countrymen: making dying men declare their nationality when their misfortune had been incurred in a carnal way, and leaving them to die if they proved to belong to the enemy. But even war has felt the effect of modern civilization; one only needs to be a man, and to be in need of surgical assistance, to obtain admission to the French hospitals in Italy. The Emperor, we are told, made no difference between the Austrians and those on his visit. He had a kind word for every one, including German, Italian, and French, with almost equal fluency, and evidently a keen interest in the hospital arrangements. He was several hours in the wards.

The Empress is depicted at the head of the Council of Ministers, discharging for them as Regent the Council Chamber or as the Tuileries is a small apartment, furnished with an oval table, chairs, stationery, &c. In this room the Council of State meets twice a week or oftener. Rumor says that the Empress shows great ability as her remarks at Councils, and pays an attention to business which might sometimes be imitated with advantage by the Emperor. She is a perfect cosmopolite her time to such a degree that she has been compelled to study her usual visits to the charitable institutions of Paris.

On the right-hand side of the Empress Regent are the Prince-Secretary, the Minister of Justice, and her Majesty's principal councilor; M. Fould, the Minister of State; and Marshal Vaillant, the Minister of War. On her left-hand side may be seen, next to her Majesty, the Count Walewski, Minister for Foreign Affairs; M. Delangle, Vice-President of the Senate, who sits immediately below the Minister. Her Majesty is stirred in the simplest costume, and the Emperor's uncle is the only personage who appears in uniform. Many of the documents hitherto signed by the Emperor now bear the sign-manual of the Empress Eugenie.

A NIGHT WITH A CRUSADER.

A MAY-DAY STORY.

MAY-DAY THE FIRST.

About ten minutes' walk from Muskham church and parsonage, the property of the father, William Hartington, a man of some wealth in the parish. In him the vestrymen of the parish have ever united in a superlative manner; he was the best tithe of the land and the best keeper of sheep in all that neighborhood.

From the year in which I was able to walk alone until the year in which I left the village, almost a man, I measured to and fro the distance between the farm and the parsonage three or four times daily. But, Hobbs, the parish pound, although he had been married eight years at the time I was born, had yet at that time no family of his own, and both he and his wife taking some fancy to me, for good qualities which their good nature rather imagined than hinted, I was constantly in their house. The parson educated me as if I were his own son, free of charge. And when, in my eighth year, that little creature was born to him who was afterward to be known as Mary Hale, and later still as Mary Wilmington, I was not discharged; daily rations of the classics and mathematics were still served out to me as to a pupil, and I grew mightily attached to the parson; I looked upon him as a kind of *de jure* king of the earth; and in almost all things I was ruled by the will of her. Then I continued until I was seventeen and Mary nine; and I was sent to the modern grammar school in that patriarchal age and place, boys at seventeen were not men, but boys.

On one thing, however, the priest and myself found it impossible to come to any agreement, Mr. Hale wished me to be ordained a priest, from a view finally of my entry into holy orders. He had purposely allowed me teaching a bend in that direction, I knew when the Bishop's visitation was held, and did not know when the battle of Marston Moor was fought. I could point out on the map, and could not find Boston, United States. I remembered the date of Archbishop Langton's death, and forgot that of Queen Anne's. At first I was inclined to follow out the parson's wish. To be the same as Mr. Hale I thought was the greatest and loftiest kind of life possible. I once disturbed his priestly quiet by walking into his study robed in a night-shirt for a surplice, and with the legs of a pair of black trowsers hanging from my shoulders for bands.

But a long visit to London, when I was at the gullable age of seventeen, entirely altered the direction of my ambition. I suddenly discovered, by precepts and examples, that I had a right to be a man. I staid while in town with a bachelor cousin, a voluptuary and a loose self-indulger, who took me to the singing-halls, the lower theatres, gaming-houses, prize-fights, and to every kind of place from which a boy ought to be kept. I returned to Muskham, boasting, indeed, and learning publicly to Mr. Hale, but possessing a secret belief, which rose shewed itself in various open ways, that clergymen were a kind of womanly men, who had never had their eyes opened to see life as it is.

From this time I grew so idle, and shirked so little care for any thing at all beyond riding over the country to meet the hounds, or going out with shooting parties, or to bet on a hurdle-race, that Mr. Hale, seeing I was quite unfit, as well as quite disinclined, for the solemn office of priest, advertised, gave up that long-cherished desire of his heart.

It was mortify impossible for any one in that middle age, Mary, pardon me, to be idle, or to be kind of society to which I was accustoming myself by such habits, without becoming vicious. My father saw with great sorrow the daily deterioration of my tastes, my loss of industry, my want of zest for my former pursuits. Instructed by his wife parson, they agreed that I wanted to be under a more discipline, for my character's sake and even from the country, though he was afraid to trust me in town.

At last, having found through mutual friends a lawyer of known severity and probity, who was willing to receive me into his house, my father sent him on trial, informing him of all my weaknesses, and entreating him to keep the strictest watch over my actions.

For some time I went on very steadily. I even affected some dislike for the society of the gay young men made my father and his friend the priest glad.

But after a year of the good conduct which was so pleasing to my parents and friends, a change in my father had determined I should be placed for good with the solicitor, and my allowance was cut off. My master was taken dangerously ill. The business of the office was left entirely in the hands of the clerks; and I, who had never been in the confidence with my master and returning with him at night, was now left at my own disposal, subject to no dependence tested me. It found the old spirit in me; the easy will to evil which had before dragged me down. I began to spend money of which I was duly-fellow, the parson's daughter. I seemed content with the quiet life I was leading, and persuaded me, on a pedestal of beauty and sanctity, too high for me to reach, but not to be too high for me to worship toward.

One day, just after receiving my quarter's allowance, and having spent it all, I was sitting alone in and a party of his lease associates to see a prizefight between Jem Bell of Pimlico and Norbert Wallejor, at Plumstead Marshes, Kent. There was so highly that I lost every farthing of my money. At last, in a fever of recovering some of it, I staked my watch. That went too.

I accepted my companions of cheating with fabolice, for the betting—which had begun at the fight was continued in a disreputable tavern not far off. By cunning, in a game at cards, they got back all I have his friends installed. Flushed with wine, and with the excitement of luck, I struck him. The whole body of them then turned on me at the same rig- ing that they would never acknowledge me again. I had not enough money to pay my share of the bill, and I walked to London, bitterly penitent.

Fortunately I had not yet my lodgings the day before. However, that afforded me little comfort for the future. It would be three months, according to my agreement with my master, before I should touch one farthing of my own. I dared not write to my father, for I dared not to go to him. I felt that I deserved his rejection, and I almost desired (a hard and untrue thought) that, if I went, he would refuse me. In the misery all, I dreaded seeing my little play-fellow, Mary.

I had not written to her by my master, ill as he was, and, confessing all, she had written to me in distinction. I met the physician at the door, just stepping into his carriage.

"How is Mr. Wilson?" I asked.

He only called a quarter of an hour ago, answered he.

My whole heart sunk within me. It turned from the house and walked away in the direction of "Now I am in that condition," thought I, "in which men become capable of any crime." And I wondered, at that moment, if I should ever look from grade to grade until I became a thief, a prisoner, a convict.

The first thing I did was to sell all my best clothes, and I dressed myself in the worst-out ones which I was about to give away. I then left my lodgings for a fortnight, all the while looking out for work. But I had no character. I could get no man to help, direction, or testimonial. At the end of the time I found myself in one of the worst lodgings, and, in every thing but begging, a beggar.

Only one of two courses was now left open to me. I must go home, and tell my father all, or end it to be? I had almost lost all sense that I was a responsible being. The misfortunes had made me feel myself a thing. I would not kill myself, not choose, but that I would let circumstances choose for me. In this mood I encountered the recruiting sergeant. I went up to him confidently, and accosted him as an old friend, as he stared at me a moment of two in silence, and then shook me off rather roughly. "Well, then, come with me, my man."

I was just enough myself to perceive that the sergeant, when I felt a strong hand grip me by the shoulder. I turned round angrily. There stood Parson Hole, an expression on his face, half of sorrow, half of indignation. It seemed as if another hand gripped still more tightly my heart at that vision. I suppose I fainted, for the next thing I remember was *finding* myself in a cab with the priest, stopping at the door of a hotel.

There is no need for me to write all that passed between us. Mr. Hale knew me to be his all faith in me. He did not wonder; my conscience acquitted him, and was ready to acquit any one who might make the same charge. Years fell of hot and wise lessons, which he had, as it were, thrown away upon me, tore up before my memory accusing me.

After he had told me of his loss of faith in me, he said no more. I longed for blame and anger; that quietness was a more dreadful condemnation than the most bitter anathema we could use. He took me with him to the railway in silence; he insisted, for the sake of my own self-respect, on letter. He handed me a bag of biscuits without a word. I envied the gentleman on the opposite seat, I envied the boy, I envied the very dog which I envied every one to whom he said only a syllable. Once, indeed, I tried to arouse a sympathy and ask after Mr. Hale and Mary, but I found myself now full of shame to take their names in my lips.

At last I fought sleep. Every one around me I felt that the priest was looking at me, for I heard a suppressed cough, and a rustling of paper, close to me to the heart. My hearing of these signs of pain was only stopped by my falling asleep really.

It had never entered into my active nature to were going. I took it for granted that we were on the way to London, being night-coaching, and from the window of the carriage informed me, which was covered with the condensed breath of the passengers. It was with a mingled and startling surprise, therefore, that on awaking suddenly I found myself in a strange, old-fashioned room, and from the window, I beheld the great sea stretched out by the bedside, and sparkling and leaping under the light of the full moon.

"Where am I going, Sir?" said I, half in terror, to the priest, who was now lying at full length on the carriage-seat.

"To Ostend," answered he, sprawling up and rubbing his eyes, for I had shaken him out of his sleep.

Then I thought I must be dreaming. I went over in a moment of time all the events of the last day or two, the struggle, the betting, the death of my master, my beggary, my enlistment of yesterday afternoon. I only wondered which was the last of these events. Each seemed to me as real as the event in the series of my dream. I was called to by the priest's voice.

"Your father," said he, "has heard of Mr. Wilson's death. A friend, who has been staying with him, has written to me, and I have received also a letter in Mexico, with a good salary. Your father wishes you to go. On condition of your liking it He knows nothing of your sin. I have told him I have learned from your fellow-clerks, and from the man you struck down. Such confessions in their light as you are must be treated as if they were not. The lying sinners against will must be treated as if they had none. I have therefore brought you to Plymouth without consulting your wishes in the matter. Your father, when he is out of your frightful course, will be glad to know that you are gone to Mexico for two years."

I shall never forget the rest of that night. It was the 30th of April. We spent it in the sun, in the open air. We were like two children, as I did, and I rose up from my knees with some of the feeling of a child, when my mother has kissed it and put into the town, and the priest bought my outfit.

At five in the afternoon the ship sailed. I had taken leave of Mr. Hole an hour before. It is the last of May, two years hence, William, God grant that you may not have forgotten me!" said he. And at sunset on May-day I saw, through my tears, the last of the cliffs of England.

MAY-DAY THE SECOND.

I spent the next 1st of May in the Republic of Mexico. At sunset we knew that we were in the feast of Saints Philip and James, a great feast in Spanish America. I remembered that it is not Saint James the national saint, and Philip is not name of her kings?

By that day I had improved in my *intentions*. But, as an unverifiable confidence, I had retrograded in my vices. One principle of action was unchanged in me, and the loose, idle, thoughtless manner of the race I was dwelling amidst was the worst example in the world for a youth to carry-my strong purposes. It is true that I attended to my religious duties more thoroughly. But business was perpetually interrupted by feasts and gala-days. I had lost all my old boyish love for reading and study, and wandered eagerly in the habits and usages of the natives.

On the morning of May-day I was gambling in the morning, at a bull-fight in the afternoon, at the opera in the evening, and gambling again at night.

MAY-DAY THE THIRD.

Has it ever struck you, my dear reader, that there is something special and singular in the love of women for *plants?* When you were a lad, or a lass, was it the gardener or the nurse-maid who used to terrify you, from twilight to bedtime, with his dire warnings of the wickedness of boys? Weak is logic as in nerve, they never asked themselves if it were possible for bobbins and invisible creatures to smell the flowers, or to be seen. She was frightened your grandmothers, in their crinoline-cradles, at the gnat, gnome, goblin, haunted castles, or church-yards at midnight, "making night hideous," and they, poor girls! too fearful to put out their heads to look at the cliffs. Who does the same disservice for your sweet-hearts and your sisters? *Mrs.* Creeve.

Very shocked would Parson Hole have been if he had known that his daughter Mary believed in the vision of ghosts; for although the parson was called a "Puseyite" throughout the rural deanery, and, gossip said, had a little shrine in his study with lights burning before them day and night, there was nothing the good father more hated and dreaded than superstition. Indeed, his sermons were full of warnings against it—a point which made Mr. Judge, the Minister of Muskham, assert he was to be the more suspected: "for," said he, "I always suspects a man to be a doing of that which he most talks against."

But young maidens have other teachers besides their fathers. One of these is delightful, because the earliest, of the teachers of little men and women is the nurse. When the young soul is soft, plastic, and supple as the young body, it is as ready moulded into the form of right shapes. Descartes tells us that, all his life long, he had a perfect affection for every squinting person he met; he revolved so much into the nature of the strange obliquity; and he found it in this, that the maiden-aunt who nursed him squinted.

Mary Hole had a like impression of the perfection of her own nurse's. With a most full fifth she believed on that nurse's word. She was nurse of Bogie, Waw-head-and-bloody-bones, and many of the most horrible monstrosities. Indeed, from the time Mary was five years old until the time she left for school (at which place her faith was modified rather than destroyed), scarcely a night passed without a talk upon some circumstantially evidenced ghost-story. To many of these tales I was a fellow-listener, and a fellow-believer at them too.

I returned from Mexico the last week in April. I had a few days' business which detained me in London. On the 1st of May, however, I entered once again my native village. I had written my father about, he had gone to Ashby de la Zouch, to meet me at Muskham. Immediately on my arrival at the parsonage, and a note came for me, in Mr. Hale's handwriting, inviting me to make their house my home until my father arrived.

Accordingly, late in the afternoon, I set off for the parsonage. Yes! I thought, as I walked, my old house I was very miserable. I had a feeling that I had gone out at the door clean, but re-entered it stained. The great change in my moral condition made the spaces between seem like a lifetime. I felt, it were, as if I were two persons, each issue in the world to me. For to my love and admiration of the parson another kind of love had been silently adding itself. Mary Hole was then but a young girl in age; too young, possibly, to be regarded as a woman. But I was now a man, and her mother continuing so hopeless an invalid, she had become a companion to her and to her father, and was, as to household matters, both the deputy-wife and housekeeper.

Mary Hole was then pretty and quiet woman. Toward me her reserve seemed special. I took it for granted that it was. I put it down, not as shyness, but partly as indifference and partly as dislike for one who had proved himself such an ingrate and a profligate. I felt humiliated, and, with a certain rubbish, an action picked up from gamblers and sharpers, to be a prodigal was a sure passport to the love of women. I felt that I had lost the presence of this girl, but it was blotted out. I thought that I could recover it.

The parson, also, was very different to the genial, kindly father whose voice and look I often recalled as I lay sleepless in my lodgings at night, and heard the tremendous rush and beat of the sea against the cliffs. He was cold, and stiff, and divided by nothing but a few inches of wood and metal from thousands of miles of hungry, cold, and devouring water. He was, indeed, decidedly more polite than he used to be.

At seven o'clock I rode a-dance at Mrs. Hole, reclining, pale and weak, upon the sofa. Once her eyes met mine. I saw in them the saddest expression. It revealed to me the sorrow of the unhappy home; a piece of ill and inarticulate coloring thrust by some hasty hand into a perfect and glorious picture.

For I perceived that among themselves they were very happy enough. A new life had come into Mary's, was staying with them. A chatter, in which the parson's wife gave a feeble share, filled the two; and every now and then a burst of laughter broke out from it.

At seven o'clock Mr. Hole went out to say the even song in the church. None of them went with him. Mary was attending upon her mother, and his companion. He answered, "Very well, William;" nothing more. True, the distance from the parsonage to the church was but a few feet for my prolonged tale. Returning, he was just as curt. He had left the church door open, and stood alone, "Warmer than this in Mexico, William?" said he, as he let me in at the hall-door.

When we entered the room we found a panelled fire blazing, and the candles not yet lighted. Mrs. Hole was sitting, and the fireside by her armchair propped up with soft pillows. We found also going on between these three ladies, what, if the reader has not guessed, he must be dull indeed to have expected, namely, a talk about ghosts.

"Well, Aunt Mary," I said, when these gentlemen were afraid to stay in the church till it grew dark, "what awful night?"

Mary laughed. I felt so thankful for being coupled with Mr. Hole once more in words that seemed to suggest the following story.

To explain, however, the meaning of the question, I must take the reader back to Muskham church. And I must ask him to look upon the monument of Reginald de Muskham, an old crusader, who lies in an altar-tomb, cut in stone, in the sacrilice, Ivy, at full length, the peaceful-faced warrior, his hands clasped in prayer, his countenance directed toward heaven, his feet always expecting and waiting for the reappearance of the Son or Gon. A strange tradition concerning this figure had become current in Muskham village. The tradition was so ancient no one knew when, or from what cause, it took its rise. It was reported that on the eve of St. Philip and James, the thirtieth day of April, the effigy felt pulses of blood coursing through his marble veins, arose from his hard bed, and, walking up the aisle, knelt solemnly before the altar and remained there, at all in prayer, until cock-crow.

None of the villagers, strange to say, had ever

soon this wonderful apparition. Perhaps, however, you will think it stronger when I tell you that some of the villagers, except two or three of the enlightened congregation of the Banters, presumed to doubt the truth of it; and only two or three, indeed, of these. "The true and healthy traditions of the Church," Parson Hale used to say, "they have grown up. This one unhealthy tradition, transferred perhaps from some heathen precursor, they are loth to part with. Our nature is essentially traditional."

"Do you, then, Miss Mary, still believe in that old story of ours?" said I.

"Miss Mary!" cried Mrs. Hole.

"Mary," said I, half-blushing, but pleased and smiled with the mother's kindness. I could say only, however, looking across at the parson to see if his face offered any encouragement to proceed from such a prodigal as myself. He was occupied at the sideboard in counting over a number of cards, and had not heard me.

"Well," said Mary, "of course I don't exactly believe it, you——"

"Exactly disbelieve it," put in her mother. "I believe though, William, that she inclines used to the belief. I know that I should do it myself."

I caught at these words. "If it is so, Mary," said, "I shall be glad to watch to-night in the church for the apparition; and to-morrow morning I will tell you whether I have seen it."

"You shall do nothing of the kind," said Mrs. Hale.

"Oh, let him!" cried the parson. "It will do the whole parish good."

The parish wife was an additional spur to me. I longed to feel that I was still in his favor; I longed to do something to win it back, or at least his back the sense of it.

So, after a great deal of talk, to which every one contributed their share, the matter was at last thus submitted,and it was agreed that, if I retained my purpose of so doing, I should go into the church at midnight. Which resolution being passed, we agreed to put off all further talk of the business until the time arrived for me to go. The rest of the evening was spent cheerily and pleasantly. I felt as if these dear hearts were really taking me forward me, and again passed over the catalogue of my sins.

At last, supper over, and pleasant time flying swiftly as usual, ten minutes to twelve came. "You must be in the church porch, remember, William," said the parson, "or the villagers will say that the ghostly knight had said his prayers and gone to bed again before the appointed time. It is quite a cold night, and he will not like keeping him out of bed."

"Father!" cried Mary, with a look which seemed to ask, "I say, a priest, and so irreverent!"

Mr. Hale laughed, and I heard the sound in the door. I wished them all a good-night, and started off, quite briskly, for one so unaccustomed, I had not got quite so far, however, as the garden gate, when I heard, calling after me, the voice which is the sweetest that ever I heard.

"Will—Mr. Witherington, I mean."

I turned gladly, and back. Mary was standing in the door-way alone.

"Mamma says you had much better not go," said she, "and I think so too."

"I refuse to draw back," said I; "how would the sons of Hawkshaw, for credulity renowned, and Bathham's dames——"

"Whose garments do any thing but sweep the ground," cried Mary; "if you will go, I am a Hector to this ghost Achilles, I hope it will not hurt you. In that case, mamma says you are to run this," and she handed me a little bottle. "You will be so cold in the church. And you may have to wait an hour or two before the ghostly knight rises," she added, shaking out the kind of mock-merry laugh.

"Don't be afraid," I answered, taking the bottle; "good-night!" And we shook hands, I fancying that I felt a most affectionate pair of fingers; but then, too, the cheeks passing from the face of the moon, the rays fell peculiarly upon the face and revealed an expression so tender and concerned that my heart leaped up inwardly. "Oh, I shall enjoy it!" I cried, "I will be sure of a novel adventure for me. I have spent a night alone in my free lessons in a Hebrew forest, but I have not spent one in a quiet English church. But I am afraid I shall see no ghost."

I have said already that the church was but a very short distance from the parsonage. So I was soon there. I unlocked the door, I passed through with the echo of my last words still ringing clearly in my ears.

But when I entered the gaunt cold church that echo was driven away by the awful and elaborate ringing vow of the church door, which the wind slammed to behind me with a determined and sudden force. There, on my right hand, by the figure of the crusader, placed there by the last seer in Sunday after Sunday, long years back when I was a little unstained child, I then did not see between them light and darkness, between sacred and solitude. It seemed to me as if, though the quiet figure was not moved, it had—I—he was thinking, and thinking too, of me in his tender mind. I almost thought, as I looked at him, that I could hear his think aloud thus—

"How have you come out of the living world? William Witherington, do you know that you have sold yourself in among *the Dead?* The dead beneath you; all these quiet people in their cold tombstones. All the monuments upon the walls, those masses of discolored marble and gilded brass, are truths or lies about the dead. What if to-night the whole multitude of the buried should come up to confirm or to contradict them? How ever stays all the night in dark churches? Who can tell what way pass within them when all the living are asleep?"

Immediately the echo of my own last word flashed upon the ears of my soul again: last word it said by another, and with a sort under-tone of satire in them: "I am afraid that I shall see no *ghosts.*" And then I heard the muscovylade *No*, as if whispered by ten or twelve pair of communicating lips from pillar to pillar, and passing round the church. It had such a force over my spirit that I, in spite of resistance, felt my mouth pushed to take it up: and I said aloud and impetuously, again and again, "No, no, no! No, no, no, no!" And again the drop echo cast up to me from the pavement to the roof, and the echo of the roof from the pavement to walls I knew not where. Wild beasts, reptiles, the dicing horrors of the forest, I could fight with—I dared not fight with ghosts.

Every few minutes the church changed from excessively dark to excessively light, as the moon was cloudy, and the moon was at the full. I had taken up my station in the middle compartment of a play-ful freak with me, that I would sit in the sacristy instead of in the cold church, looking out every now and then at the moon. I felt, and could not see, the ghost kneeling at the altar. Now that I knew it was there, and alone in the church, I felt less brave and more believing. I felt really afraid of seeing him. All the taunts I had ever poured out concerning ghosts were now rushed in a vengeful and accusing manner upon me; and I began to feel how presumptuous a thing I ought to have been with them. "*I will sit* in the sacristy," said I to myself. "Perhaps I shall fall asleep there: for it will be like sleeping in my own room, and not to stay out here awake all night, and quite alone. I will sit in the sacristy, and look out every hour." I was still in the neighborhood of the as yet sleeping effigy. I confess that I did not like it; so I moved a little nearer to the sacristy door, and, once in, once went in; the church was suddenly filled with darkness; I standing in the door. The ghost-way way along, however, until, a moment after, I found myself fallen over the library-stool. Another moment, and I fell, thrown downward from the floor, and upward from the pavement of a hundred tombs, ruins and ruins of ruins. I sprung up and rushed hurriedly at the sacristy door. It was locked, and I had no key for it.

I was startled out of this state by what seemed to be the brilliant streaming of the moonlight, between my fingers, as I held my face in my hands, and caught sight, through the opposite window, of a black moonless sky, and heard the heavy beating of the windbells—it seemed to me, in long-shaped pauses. At the same time I saw my own figure, black and definite shape, upon the stone of the floor, and I felt rather than saw—I felt with cold awe and horror, that a white, powerful, unmistakable was looming at the door of the old church, at the end where the tomb of the knight stood.

I was utterly paralyzed and will-less. In spite of myself my head turned in the direction of the figure. "Oh, my God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me? A Sacrilege, silver! cold-shaped mass of light was moving, and moving up the aisle, and in the midst of it stood *the figure of the Crusader!* The witness of many generations indicated itself; the corpse of all my sins rushed in a vengeful swarm above all, the scene of my disbelieving scorn and pride. I tried to cry, but I was fixed to the stone. But a rigid stiffness in my legs prevented me; and as the figure moved with solemn slowness nearer and nearer to me, I sank down upon my knees round the church, clearer and more distinct than the loudest shout or scream could be, "Have mercy reverence to the dead!" and I was kept, perforce, standing.

The ghost he reached the foot of the chancel steps I perceived that his own feet did not touch the pavement. He stood by the altar-rail, and I heard him, as saw also, too plainly, that he was indeed no longer stone. Color—though a paler and more watery color than we are used to—was about his whole figure. His casque, which he held in his hand, had no plate to it with the exception of the visor-bars, and the rest of his armor, locked steel-color, brass-color, and red, seen through gaps or a mist. Paint was the flesh of him also with the rest of his cheeks. His eyes, too, were not piercing and brilliant like those I had seen in the church by day, but subdued, dusky, ineffable brown; it was hard to distinguish the eyebrow from the brow-shadow, or the outline of the nose in the nose.

I felt the air colder and colder as he neared me, and I could see the eyes of the dead. Most of all, his mouth fascinated and fixed them. I could look into his dreamy and indistinct eyes without dread, but I felt that I could never at the thought of those lips opening, at the thought of words coming from them. I could not seriously think. I was fixed, straight lines, and I looked with awe lest that face, so so firmly in the direction of the altar, should have to turn from it. He did not. And as he reached me he turned his head fully round. I looked to the altar-rail.

I could not endure that sight. I fell flat. Amidst the floating away of my senses I caught the words—

"William, William! Oh that you were a stock or a stone for the Jerusalem as I did for the Earthly!"

After that my senses were shut up; I neither heard nor saw any more. The next thing I remember was a shake of my right shoulder, a sensation of cramp in all my limbs, the rising sunlight pouring in from the altar-window, and the organist and Parson Hale standing beside me.

"My dear lad, have you been here all night?" asked the priest.

"Yes," I answered: "I think so."

"Have you seen the ghost?"

"Yes—at least no—yes. I don't know. I think I have."

"It is the Feast of Saint Philip and Saint James, and we are come in to the early Communion. Fortunate, too, it is for you. Any other day you would have been here until half past eight. Come, sit up; you are not half-awake yet."

Three months afterward, when I was just about to leave home for the university, I called at the parsonage to wish my betrothed and her family a farewell. I found the parson reading one of the treatises of William Law.

"Here is a sentence, William," said he, "which shall always be my last prayer."

He handed me over the book and I read: "Contentment to do even when very sudden and tumultuous, unexpectedly raised from variety of occasions. Thus, one by seeing only a withered tree, another by hearing the voice of the archangel, another by one by hearing of Heaven, another of Hell, may be summoned as it were united into penitence all on a sudden."

We then went on St. Paul, Raymond Lully, Ignatius Loyola, Colonel Gardiner, and others.

"Of the same kind, whether real or supposed, the visit of your ghost—"

"I'm sure it was real, pa," cried Mary.

"—Was," continued the priest, "the visit of a good messenger of God, since it appears to you the long-wanted word of God—the word that first really made your soul to tremble. *And many were rendering to* Right, which so many changes of fortune and scene had not yet wrought."

My future wife then true, is not complete unless it finishes in a wedding. I can only so far satisfy the readers who care to know the issue of my love, believe there will be one before eighteen hundred and fifty-nine is out.

THE COUNCILMAN'S BALLAD.

"Councilman Bullard was opposed to free hydrants. Ignatius Loyola, Colonel Gardiner, and others." "A fine rag-bag and bob-tail gathered."—*Private Report of Common Council Proceedings, June 18, 1859.*

"Councilman Bullard denounced the measure of free hydrants as a humbug, and the measure was lost."—*Herald, June 21, 1859.*

"Free hydrants will be nuisance,"
Cries aloud King Alcohol;
"Who hold his carnals subjects
Under sensual bond and thrall
In his many thousand grog-shops,
From Manhattanville to Wall!

What! free hydrants for the people?—
Give them water while there's rum
Kept and sold by velvet voters,
Manufacting city scum?—
Cheat the gin or lager cellars,
And the spirit-grubs bemush?

True, the workers in the city
Dash cool water freely up,
For aldermen swear by brandy
That elections may be won.
Keep free water from their decency—
The metropolis wants none.

What, when summer sans are searching,
Every laborer be athirst?
Was not Israel so at Marah
Ere the grateful fountain burst?
Let famishes perish their manners
Of the souls by brandy cursed!

Your rag and bob-tail children
Let their fathers choose to send
To the counters gemmed with bottles,
Where the drops of Satan wend;
Who can give more jovial welcome
Than the children's drunken friend?

No! let Croton roll all darkly
In pipes 'neath paving-stones;
Let the *grog-shop* be respected
When the dicering vagrant moans;
Let *him* drink the water freely
Who a household hydrant owns.

THE WEEKLY FARMER.

CROP NEWS

We have rather good news of the wheat crop from Westmoreland County, Virginia. The wheat ear is said to be filling well, and would give good promise of an abundant harvest were it not for the attacks of insects. It is expected that there will at least be an average crop, in their opinion, unless rendered by particular localities. The farmers are busy cutting wheat.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Inquirer*, who writes from Indianapolis, gives a glowing account of the crops, and says that the harvest will be the most abundant one that was ever much exaggerated. From all that can be learned from all parts of the State the prospects of good crops are most encouraging. Corn is said to look remarkably well. This is also true of wheat, where ears are full. The grain is still late the milk state; and there is every likelihood of an early harvest in Indiana. Fruit is expected to be at least an average crop.

Rats have been doing much injury in some places in the corn-fields of Illinois and elsewhere. The farmers attacked them with their dogs, and, to their great satisfaction, killed large numbers. Terriers, and especially (as sportsmen say) *good killers*, were in active demand. In Livingston County, on the farm of Dr. Ostrander, several wagonfuls of dead rats are said to have been taken from one field (we do not know how large a one), where arsenic was mixed with corn and scattered over it. Black squirrels do great injury sometimes in cornfields. Last year, when corn was in the ear, we saw the French Canadians in the neighborhood of Chatham, Canada West, chasing the black squirrels in the corn-fields. As they made to the fences, over which they ran to the woods, they were met by persons who had risen with the sun, and whose better long swift slight blows were sufficient to kill them, and who thus had an opportunity to sell their skins and eat their bodies.

We learn that in New Jersey wheat-bitterers, which are often a source of loss to the farmer interested in their growth, look fine and promise a large yield.

WEEDS.

W. B. writes:

"In all my rea ceipe there is not a word to be found, and simply because I attacked them in time. Between the rows I have used a horse-hoe and constantly hoed, and I am satisfied that I not only got rid of the weeds, but that much of the plant-food they would have drawn from the soil was appropriated by growing crops. Weeds are to be found almost every where. They are among the greatest pests of the farm, and I heartily wish that feeling of hate and revenge and enlightened experience would prompt farmers to practice more culture, and rid the soil of weeds. My remarks are in a great degree the result of articles on this subject which appeared in the Weekly Farmer. They were very excellent articles on the prevention of weeds and prompt action, and even now they may be read with profit. The great secret of the success of the farmer is work. What are the principal improvements made on this useful implement within the past ten years?"

The first alteration or improvement was to leave us its wing, so that a less amount of power would throw it, at the same time the small depth. Then a person who altered its construction believing that if the particles could be moved the smallest possible distance, and yet the soil was not pulverized as if they traveled all around the globe before they reached home, that it would be possible that when the soil is elevated through a slight distance only, and it has but a small fall, there is less abrasion of its particles. Consequently it is so. The next question arises: Will the greater abrasion compensate for the greater extra amount of labor required to work a subsoil plow having an elevated wing? The next alteration was to make the sole, which was slightly elevated in the centre, of lozenge shape. The sole and standard were attached to the beam by bolts, so that the former might at any time be taken from the beam and turned around, placing the hinderment point foremost—it was claimed that while the front part was doing its work the rear the other was being sharpened, for which reason this subsoil plow was called a "self-sharper." The standard in this case was usually one solid casting, but one called a "self lifter," or "lifting subsoil plow," is not made so, the sole being pointed at one end only.

TOBACCO.

In our remarks on this subject last week we had to leave out a great deal for want of space.

Experiments show that the same weed, manufactured known as the seed of the Seed Leaf Tobacco at Suffield, Connecticut, produces a cigar of the finest mercantile value in Florida, and, when grown on the eastern coast of Maryland, furnishes a light-colored *fine-fine-like* complexion of a still superior flavor. When grown on the northern shore of Lake Erie it will grow a much larger leaf capable of wrapping but two cigars. On the Island of St. Domingo the same weed grows that very large, fine-textured leaf known as the Porto au Plata. The same seed, in many of the German States, gives a tobacco in some respects very like Havanas, occasionally representing *San Jago*. Of this latter class millions of pounds are imported into the United States from Germany every year. A few years ago tobaccos could only be sold at high prices as cigar wrappers, when of a light color, but of late last fifteen years the fancy of smokers has gradually leaned toward the dark-colored cigars, the preference to the use of a variety of kinds of seed in the United States. The first year from new seed produces a smaller crop than afterward.

STRAWBERRIES.

At a late meeting of the American Institute, New York, the committee on fruits appointed to report on the best six varieties of straw berries for *family use* gave the following:

1. WILSON'S ALBANY.—Its good qualities are: productiveness, size, flesh and juice. Many persons consider it the best.

2. LONGWORTH'S PROLIFIC.—Fine flavor, large, early, and a good bearer; but soft, and consequently not a desirable crop only.

3. HOVEY'S SEEDLING.—Sweet flavor, rich, good size, and productive.

4. BURR'S NEW PINE.—Fine flavor, large and productive, but the berries are sometimes of deformed shape.

5. HOVEY'S SEEDLING.—Although not of a very high flavor this berry is a general favorite.

6. BURR'S NEW PINE.—Medium size, fine flavor, moderately productive; plants hardy and vigorous.

We should now like to see a list for *field culture* that have all the desirable qualities for market.

WHEAT WEEVILS.

W. C. writes:

"Inclosed I send you some insects which I found among my wheat in the granary. Can you tell me any thing about them? They have never seen them on wheat in the field.

We have never known any person who has seen them on wheat in the field. They are the true wheat weevil, known as the *Curculio granarius* of Linnæus. A little salt, shaken through the grain at the time of housing it, is a good safe-guard against them.

A TYROLESE RIFLEMAN.

THE accompanying illustration will enable our readers to carry about with them in their mind's eye a correct picture of that formidable personage of whom we are just now hearing so much—namely, the Rifleman of the Tyrol. At Montebello, it will be remembered, the disproportionate mortality among the French officers was ascribed to the wonderful skill of the Tyrolese riflemen who are serving in the Austrian army. They were equally terrible at Magenta.

These riflemen are recruited from the *jägers*, or chamois hunters of the Tyrol, and approach more nearly to the old Kentucky rifleman than any other body of men at the present day. They may almost be said to be born with rifles in their hands. From earliest youth the denizen of the Alpine range which divides Italy from Germany is trained to the use of the gun.

His first glory is a successful shot; his highest aim in life is the rank of first-class sharpshooter. Steadiness of hand, cool nerves, clear eyes, and long endurance — these are the qualities most highly prized by the Tyrolese, and, as a general rule, in them respect equals they are unsurpassed.

When the present Emperor of Austria undertook to reorganize his army after the insurrectionary movements of 1848 he paid especial attention to raising a corps of first-class riflemen. The natural recruiting-ground for such a corps was the Tyrol, and to the Tyrol, accordingly, his recruiting officers were dispatched with orders to spare neither expense nor trouble in securing every good shot that could be found. The result of this policy, pursued perseveringly for a series of years, has been the organization of a *corps d'armée* composed almost exclusively of Tyrolese sharp-shooters, and numbering over 30,000 men. These are the men who are doing such damage to the French.

They are not armed with the Minié, or any similar weapon. They use an old-fashioned rifle, heavy in metal and small in bore, with a small round ball. Their range is, therefore, less than that of the French sharpshooters, who are armed with the newly-invented weapons of death, and can "pot their man" at 1000 yards. But in actual warfare it is seldom necessary to fire at such great distances. Five hundred yards is a very long range when troops are engaged or preparing to engage, and at this distance the Tyrolese *jäger* can kill almost to a certainty.

A letter received in Marseilles from Valenza bears testimony to the admirable qualities of the Tyrolese riflemen. It is said that they harass the French videttes and outposts incessantly. Day and night, it is said, their shots are whizzing thro' the air. The ground on the other side of the Po affords them good cover, and they are ever on the watch. The other day General Renault went out to reconnoitre, attended by his aid-de-camp, and followed by a trumpeter a few paces behind. The General thought himself beyond

A TYROLESE RIFLEMAN.

range; but while he was looking about him a sharp "thug" was heard, and the poor trumpeter fell forward mortally wounded by a Tyrolese bullet in the back.

The General, having discovered his error, withdrew, and gave up his reconnoissance for that day.

On another occasion, a soldier of the Nineteen Tyrol regiment went down to the bank of the Po to wash out a few things. While engaged in this peaceful occupation a bullet struck him in the chest and he fell into the water, whose tide bore his body to the Austrian side of the Po—a bloody tribute to the murderous accuracy of their fire. "At every instant," says the letter, "wounded men are being brought in by the ambulances."

The following is the official proclamation calling these riflemen to come to the aid of the Emperor in his present sore distress. The blasphemy of the allusion to God will command general attention. We shall see whether the countrymen of Hofer will be foolish enough to risk their lives in a contest for a monarch who has never shown them any other mark of his affection than by taxing them.

"TO MY FAITHFUL SUBJECTS OF THE TYROL:

"I call you to arms. I summon you to show anew to your contemporaries and to posterity your fidelity, your bravery, your piety, your religious enthusiasm.

"I call you to defend the most righteous cause for which sword was ever drawn.

"Take in your practiced hands the whole arm of your country. Form yourselves into corps of riflemen, and march to the frontier to meet the enemy. Let your fidelity and your resolution serve as a rampart against the same enemy who has so often paid with his blood the invasion of your mountains.

"It is to you that I confide the task of defending the frontiers of my dear country of the Tyrol against the enemy, who has made himself the ally of revolt against the legitimate dominion established by God.

"If the enemy should menace them you will make him feel that on those frontiers is a people who will know how, like their brethren, to combat and conquer for God and the country.—Given at my head-quarters, at VERONA, the 31st of June.

FRANCIS-JOSEPH."

But what is man? By his own act he had apparently complicated them inextricably.

"Business, of course, is the only career in this country, my son," said Boniface Newt. "What man want, and women too, is money. What is this city of New York? A combination of men and machines for making money. Every body respects a rich man. They may laugh at him behind his back. They may sneer at his ignorance and awkwardness, and all that sort of thing, but they respect his money. Now there's old Jacob Van Boozenberg. I say to you in strict confidence, my son, that there was never a greater ass than that man. He absolutely knows nothing at all. When he dies he will be no more missed in this world than an old dead stage-horse who is made into a manure heap. He is coarse and vulgar and mean. His daughter Kate married his clerk, young Witchet, why, if girls will run away, and all that sort of thing, they must take the consequences, you know. Of course they must. Where should we be if every rich merchant's daughters were at the mercy of his clerks? I'm sorry for all this. It's sad, you know. It's positively melancholy. It troubles me. Ah, yes, where was I? Oh, I was saying that money is the respectable thing. And mark, Abel, if this were the Millennium, things would be very different. But it isn't the Millennium. It's give one and take two, if you can get it. That's what it is here; and let him who wants to, kick against the pricks."

Abel hung his legs over the arm of the office-chair in the counting-room, and listened gravely to the paternal profusions. It occurred to him that it was not at all necessary for Abel Newt to adduce to words a principle whose practice he had witnessed all his life. But the performance appeared to comfort his parent as did not resist. He even tossed the ball of discourse back again, by saying:

"I don't suppose, Sir, that 'tis money or money that is worth having. It is only money as the representative of intelligence and refinement, of books, pictures, society—as a vast influence and means of charity; is it not, Sir?"

Upon which Mr. Abel Newt blew a prodigious cloud of smoke.

Mr. Boniface Newt responded, "Oh fiddle! that's all very fine. But my answer to that is Jacob Van Boozenberg."

To understand that answer, however, it was necessary to have seen the house and to have watched the daily life of that millionaire.

It is surely a grateful thing to reflect that he was of a species now extinct—that in his case money was the representative of mirrors and upholstery; of silver-plate, and gilding, and moulding; of a fine carriage and servants; of a front pew and large subscriptions to churches that published the names of the donors; and of enormous balls, to which all the men and a few brave women went, and laughed at him and his wife—all these things and of nothing else.

"What a nasty row and rumpus all this fighting for money is!" sighed Boniface Newt to his son Abel. "I wish I was rich, and I'd be out of it! Bless my soul! here comes Mr. Van Boozenberg! Abel, put your legs down! throw that cigar away!"

The great man came in. His clothes were snuffy and baggy — to was his face.

"Good mornin', Mr. Newt. Beautiful mornin'! I set to me this mornin', ma, sez I, I should like to go to the country to-day, sez I. Go 'long, pa!' sez she. Werry well, sez I, I'll go 'long if you'll go too. Ma she laughed; she know'd I wasn't in earnest; she know'd 'twasn't only a joke."

Mr. Van Boozenberg drew out a large red bandana handkerchief, and blew his nose as if it had been a trumpet sounding a charge.

Messrs. Newt & Son smiled sympathetically. The junior partner observed, cheerfully,

"Yes, Sir."

The millionaire stared at the young man.

"Ma's going to Saratogy," remarked Mr. Van Boozenberg. "She said she wanted to go. Werry well, sez I, ma, go."

Messrs. Newt & Son smiled deferentially, and hoped Mrs. Van B. would enjoy herself.

"No, I ain't no fear of that," replied the millionaire.

It occurred to Abel Newt that he meant to say that he had no fear she would not enjoy herself.

"Mr. Van Boozenberg," said Boniface Newt, half-hesitatingly, "you were very kind to undertake that little favor—I—I——"

"Oh! yes, I came in to say I done that as you wanted. It's all right."

"And, Mr. Van Boozenberg, I am pleased to introduce to you my son Abel, who has just entered the house."

Abel rose and bowed.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

TRUMPS.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

CHAPTER XXXV.

BONIFACE NEWT, SON, AND CO., DRY GOODS ON COMMISSION.

ABEL NEWT smoked a great many cigars to enable him to use his position clearly.

When he told his mother that he could not accompany her to the Springs because he was about entering his father's counting-room, it was not so much because he was enamored of business as that his future relations with Hope were entirely doubtful, and he did not wish to complicate them by exposing himself to the chances of Saratoga.

Tom Witchet—not a cent, you know, but five hundred dollars salary. Twas against the old man's will, and he shut his door and his purse and his heart. He turned Witchet away: told his daughter that she might lie in the bed she had made for herself; told Witchet that he was a rotten young swindler, and that, as he had married his daughter for her money, he'd be d—d if he wouldn't be up with him, and dance of a cent should they get from him. They live I don't know where, nor how. Some of her old friends send her money—actually give five-dollar bills to old Jacob Van Boozenberg's daughter, somewhere over by the North River. Every body knows it, you know; but, for all that, we have to make bows to old Van B. Don't we want accommodations? Look here, Abel; if Jacob were not worth a million of dollars he would be of less consequence than the old fellow who sells apples at the corner of his bank. But, as it is, he is a shrewd, sensible old fellow: rough in some of his ways—full of little prejudices—rather sharp; and as for Mrs. Tom

OUR NEW PARTNER.

"Have you been in the store?" asked the old gentleman.

"No, Sir, I've been at school."

"What! to school till now? Why, you must be twenty years old!" exclaimed Mr. Van Boozenberg in great surprise.

"Yes, Sir, in my twentieth year."

"Why, Mr. Nowt," said Mr. Van B., with the air of a man who is in entire perplexity, "what on earth has your boy been doing at school until now?"

"It was his grandfather's will, Sir," replied Boniface Newt.

"Well, well, a great pity! a weery great pity! Ma wanted one of our boys to go to college. Ma, see, I, what on earth should Corlear go to college for? To get learnin', pa, see ma. To get learnin'! see I. I'll get learnin' myself, see I, down to the store. Werry well, see ma. Werry well, see I, and so 'twas, and I thinks I done a good thing by him."

Mr. Van Boozenberg talked at much greater length of his general intercourse with ma. Mr. Boniface Newt regarded him more and more as an ass.

But the familiar style of the old gentleman's conversation began a corresponding familiarity upon the part of Mr. Newt. Mr. Van Boozenberg learned incidentally that Abel had never been in a business before. He observed with the odor of cigars in the counting-room—he remarked the extreme elegance of Abel's attire, and the influential tailor's bills. He learned that Mrs. Newt and the family were enjoying themselves at Saratoga. He derived from the conversation and his observation that there were very large family expenses to be met by Boniface Newt.

Meanwhile that gentleman had continually to other sides of his visitor from that he was on ass. He had confessed to Abel that the old man was shrewd. His shrewdness was a proverb. But he is a dull, ignorant, ungrammatical, and ridiculous old ass for all that, thought Boniface Newt; and the said ass sitting in Boniface Newt's counting-room, and amusing and fatiguing Messrs. Newt & Son with his sea Is, and see shes, and his ma, and his pa, was quickly making up his mind that the house of Newt & Son had received an accession of capital or strength by the entrance of the eldest Abel into a share of its active management, and that some slight whispers which he had heard remotely affecting the standing of the house must be remembered.

It is a singular fact that your old hands at their, however long the game may be, however much diversion there may be around the table, whatever even they themselves may drop in the way of joke or remark to some little girl or friendly lady, never for a solitary moment forget the game they are playing—never lose from mind the exact run of the cards—and rarely fail to know, so far as human fallibility may, precisely the cards in every player's hand. While bald-headed old Codger is thinking what a unaccompanied old Bodger in the red wig is—which, abstractly, may be a reflection foundful in the most perfect justice—red-wigged old Bodger has drawn bald-headed old Codger's very hard, and, by consequence, transfers the gold rughs into his own pocket.

Jacob Van Boozenberg, after some further family narrations, after more flourishes of the hundreds, and after nearly sawing asunder Mr. Abel Newt's youthful patience with his incessant see hes and see shes, said he believed he must be moving.

"A weery pretty store you have here, Mr. Newt. Find Pearl Street as good as Beaver?"

"Oh yes, Sir," replied Boniface Newt, bowing and rubbing his hands. "Call again, Sir, it's a rare pleasure to see you here, Mr. Van Boozenberg."

be driving donkeys with a chance of their presently driving you. But I give it up, I swear I give it up, as I've said before, and as Cressus, with an immense reputation for sagacity and all that kind of thing, has given Ammon, he comes here as you see and positively drives about his ma. If such men can get rich, I don't see why we can't."

Mr. Boniface Newt shook his foot pettishly.

"Father," said Abel.

"Well."

"Which is Uncle Lawrence, an ass, a bore, or a knave?"

Mr. Boniface Newt's foot stopped, and, after looking at his son for a few moments, he answered:

"Abel, your Uncle Lawrence is a singular man. He's a sort of exception to general rules. I don't understand him, and he doesn't help me to. When he was a boy he went to India and lived there several years. He came home once and staid a little while, and then went back again, although I believe he has not a relation of mystorious, I never could quite understand—though, of course, I believe there was some woman in it. Neither your mother nor I could ever find out much about it. By-and-by he came home again and has been here continually ever since. He's a bachelor, you know, and his business is different from mine, and he has many friends and tastes, so that I don't often see him except when he comes to the house, and that isn't very often.

"He's rich, isn't he?" asked Abel.

"Yes, he's very rich, and that's the curious thing," answered his father, "and he gives away a great deal of money in what seems to me a very foolish way. He's a leading member of the great American Shade Society, for instance, the society that is trying to prevent deforestation and favor the planting of shade-trees in all the cities and villages of the country. Then he goes to that little church in Columbia—I think it is, that the Unitarians have built, and he is altogether full of all sorts of new notions. I told him one day that I thought it was a wicked waste of money to put it into trees. 'Why,' said he, 'on your own principles you ought to allow that it would probably be better spent in the hands of the poor.' 'Poor, Uncle Peter or Boniface,' said he, 'who believes that men are essentially swamps, must necessarily hold that all kinds of benevolent human enterprise are simply societies for the propagation of asses. No, no, let's encourage the trees, and, who knows, perhaps some day we may plant out the people on the globe.' That's the way he runs on. He's a kind of dreamer—a very impracticable man. He pays lots of poor people's rents, and I try to show him that he is only encouraging idleness and crime. But I can't make him see it. He declares that, if a sewing girl can't make a decent living and has a helpless mother and three small sisters to support besides her own and feed and so on, it's not encouraging idleness to help her with the rent. I suppose it is hard sometimes with some of those people. But we're not to go by particular cases in those matters. You ought to go by the general rule, as I constantly tell him. Says he, 'Is it that smiling way of his which does put me almost beside myself sometimes? I'll be good to pay his grocer's rule and let people starve, and I'll go by particular cases and feed 'em.' Then it's so curious that he's so deuced rich, too. He's just as rich as if he were an old fleet like Van Boozenberg. He is the feminest, foggiest sort of world. I swear I don't see into it at all—I give it all up. I only know one thing; that is first in first win. And that's extremely sad, too, you know. Yes, very sad! Where was I? Ah, yes—that we are all in Saratoga."

Abel had relighted his cigar, after Mr. Van Boozenberg's departure, and filled the office with smoke until the atmosphere resembled the fog in which his father seemed to be floundering.

"Abel, merchants ought not to smoke cigars in their counting-rooms," said his father, in a half-gentle way.

"No, I suppose not," replied Abel, lightly, very ready to smoke other people. But tell me, father, do you know nothing about the woman that you say was mixed up with Uncle Lawrence's affairs?"

"Nothing at all."

"Not even her name?"

"Not a syllable."

"Pathos and mysterious," rejoined Abel; a case of unhappy love, I suppose."

"If it is so," said Mr. Newt, "your uncle Lawrence is the most miserable man I ever knew."

"Well, there's a difference among men, you know, father. Some wear their miseries like an order in their button-holes. Some do as the Indian boy did when the wolf bit him."

"How'd the Spartan boy do?" asked Mr. Newt.

"He covered it up, laughed, and dropped dead."

"Gracious!" said Mr. Boniface Newt.

"Or like Boccaccio's bail-pot," continued Abel, calmly pursuing forth smoke, while his befogged pupa inquired,

"What on earth do you mean by Boccaccio's bail-pot?"

"Why, a girl's lover had his head cut off, and she put it in some pot, and covered it up that way, and instead of laughing herself, set flowers to blooming over it."

"Goodness me, Abel, what are you talking about?"

"Oh Love, the canker-worm, Sir," replied Abel, imperturbable, and emitting smoke.

It was evidently not the busy season in the Dry-goods Commission House of Boniface Newt & Son.

Abel, with the philosophic father and contemplating son thus sat speculating and smoking. Mr. Jacob Van Boozenberg had returned to the bank. He was now on his little room and fell into conversation with several of his directors, who had called in to see the statement of the current condition of the bank, and to talk over frail commercial reputations. He did not mention to them any recent interview of his son, but when he went home to dinner he said:

"Mrs. Van Boozenberg, I have this werry pleasant weather and start for Saratogy as soon as you can. Mr. Boniface Newt tells me his wife and family is there, and you'll find them werry pleasant folks. I just want you to write me all the letters, Ma, see ma, see one of our directors to-day see to me, after board, see he, 'The Boniface Newts is a going it sky-dash up to Saratogy.' Boniface, see I, 'Why shouldn't they? I don't believe they be,' see I. See I, 'Why, I've been told they be,' see he. See he, 'see he. See I, 'Done.' So you see ma, if so be they be, werry well. A new shad for them folks, I believe,—only don't tell me all about it."

He was not reluctant to depart at the earliest possible moment. Her son Corlear, whose education had been intercepted by his father, was of opinion that he heard that the Newts were at Saratoga, that his health imperatively required Congress water. But papa had other views.

"Corlear, I wish you would make the acquaintance of young Mr. Newt. I dine to-day. He is a well-educated young man; I shall ask him for another next Sunday. Don't be out of the way."

Jacob Van Boozenberg having dined, arose from the table, seated himself in a spacious easy-chair, and drawing forth the enormous red bandana, flourished it over his head and face, and after a few muscular twitches, and a violent nodding of the head, which caused the drapery of the chair to quiver, finally propped the colored factory head against the back of the chair, and

THE SWEET RESTORER.

sank into a profound slumber.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"QUEEN AND HEROINE."

Hope Wayne kneeled on a cushion at the window-seat, and the loud jaut scattered the fragments of the drawing which Martin had given her. The night was soft and calm, and trees, not far away, entirely veiled her from observation.

She thought how different this window was from that other one at home, also kneeled at, where she was, and what a different girl it was she looked from it. She recalled that romantic, musing, solitary girl of Pinewood, who lived alone with a silent, grave old nurse, and the quiet years that passed there like the shadows and sunlight over the long vale. She remembered the dark, handsome face that seemed to belong to the passionate poems that girl had read, and the wild dreams she had dreamed in the still, old garden. In the hush of the summer twilight she heard again the rich voice that seemed to that other girl of Pinewood sweeter than the music of the verses, and felt the penetrating glance that had thrilled the heart of that girl until her red cheek was pale.

How well for that girl that the lips which made the verses had always whispered love. Because—because—

Hope turned herself from lightly leaning on the window-sill as the thought flashed in her mind, and stood erect, as if straightened by a sudden, sharp, almost imperceptible pain—because, had they done so, that other romantic, solitary girl at Pinewood—dear child! Hope's heart trembled for her—might have confessed that she loved!

How Wayne clenched her hands, and, all alone in her dim room, flushed, and then turned deadly pale, with a kind of cold splendor settled on her face, so that if Arthur Merlin could have seen her he would have called her Diana.

During the moment in which she thought these things, for it was scarcely more, the little white bits of paper floated and fell beneath her. She watched them as they disappeared, conscious of them, but not thinking of them. They looked like rose-leaves, they were so pure; and how silently they sank into the darkness!

And if she had confessed she loved, thought Hope, Hope could not help it; her mind was full of that one only, and her heart beat calmly under the pale splendor of her face—how would it be with that girl now? Might she not be standing in the twilight, watching her young hopes scattered like rose-leaves and disappearing in the dark?

She clasped her hands before her, and walked gently up and down the room. The full moon was rising, and the tender, tranquil light streamed through the trees into her chamber.

But, she thought, since she did not—since the young girl dreamed, perhaps only for a moment, perhaps as very vaguely of what might have been—she has given nothing, she has lost nothing. There was a pleasant joy which she remembers, far back in her childhood—oh! so pleasant! oh! so sunny, and flowery, and serene! A pleasant day, when something happened that never comes—that never can come—but once.

She stopped by the window, and looked out to see if she could yet discover any signs of the scattered paper. She strained her eyes down toward the ground. But it was entirely dark there. All the light was above—all the light was peaceful and melancholy, from the moon.

She laid her face in that moonlight upon the window-sill, and covered it with her hands. The low wind shook the leaves, and the trees waved softly as if they whispered to her. She heard them in her heart. She knew what they were saying. They sang to her of that other girl and her wishes, and struggles and prayers; and they recalled the lines that had sunk into the heart of that girl—the lines she had treasured in her perfumed secret cell—"And as you sit by the window shaded by the pine, listen to the resting, and let no one rouse you sometimes of what might have been."

Those came the brave, passionate, profuse weeping—the spring freshet of a woman's soul.

—She heard a low knock at the door. She removed her hands, and Fanny Newt entered. Hope sat down with her back to the window.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 430.

"I heard you come in," said Fanny, "and I did not hear you go out; so I knew you were still here. But I was afraid you would oversleep yourself, and miss the ball."

Hope replied that she had not been sleeping.

"Not sleeping, but sitting in the moonlight, all alone?" said Fanny. "How romantic!"

"Is it?"

"Yes, of course it is! Why, Mr. Dinks and I are romantic every evening. We like to come and sit in the moonlight, and listen to the music. What an agreeable fellow he is!" And Fanny tried to see Hope's face, which was entirely hidden.

"He is my cousin, you know," replied Hope.

"Oh yes, we all know that; and a dangerous relationship it is, too," said Fanny.

"How, dangerous?"

"Why, cousins are such privileged people. They have all the intimacy of brothers without the brotherly right of abusing us. In fact, a cousin is naturally half-way between a brother and a lover."

"Having neither brother nor lover," said Hope, quietly, "I stop half-way with the cousin in."

Fanny laughed her cold little laugh. "And you mean to go on the other half, I suppose?" said she.

"Why do you suppose so?" asked Hope.

"It is generally understood, I believe," said Fanny, "that Mr. Alfred Dinks will be added to the hymeneal alter his beautiful and accomplished cousin Miss Hope Wayne. At least, for further information inquire of Mrs. Madding Dinks." And Fanny laughed again.

"I was not aware of the honor that awaited me," replied Hope.

"Oh no! of course not. The family reasons, I suppose——"

"My mind is as much in the dark as my body," said Hope. "I really do not see the point of the joke."

"Still you don't seem very much surprised at it."

"Why should I be? I've not been very long at Saratoga, 'tis true, but it is quite necessary to plant a remark in the morning to reap a report in the evening. At ten o'clock in the morning ask in the Bowling Alley if your neighbor has observed that Edward has driven out Marie, and at five in the evening your partner at the ball will tell you they are engaged."

"Capital. 'Tis just so. They've had me engaged to I don't know how many times. I suppose they'll doom Alfred Dinks to me next. You won't be jealous, will you?"

"No," said Hope, "I'll congratulate him."

Fanny Nevt was wise, but simplicity is deeper than wisdom. She could not see Hope's face, for it was screened by her bonnet; but her voice betrayed nothing. Fanny, in fact, knew no more than when she came out. "Good-by, dear, à ce soir!" said she, as she sailed out of the room.

Hope lingered for some time at the window. Then she rang for candles, and sat down to write a letter.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A CORRESPONDENT sends us the following curious advertisement and more curious information of the parties to it. He says: "I send you this advertisement twenty-one years ago this very day, and have kept it ever ever since.

"$97 REWARD.

"Stolen or Strayed from the Subscriber on tuesday Inlong last one Young bay either of an ordinary sqpuare with a Chein and dares pattiknow but either corty It may be posible that he took this at the slarme of the Bonit per If has in an worm Simms Every person that will bring him safe to me shall have the above Reward.

"June 30th, 1838."

"The above is a literal copy of the notice now in my possession, with the exception of the name of the subscriber who is at this time one of the richest and most esteemed farmers in our county. I have only to add that the horse referred to was a favorite saddle-horse of both himself and daughter, and delegate to Rhode Island Convention to formation of the Union.

"The 'dorty' boy advertised is now one of the 'upper ten-thou,' a gentleman of leisure living in the summer city, but spending his summers at Saratoga and other fashionable places of resort for the 'great and the rich,' and his wife one of Washington's."

Brandy is but four years old, but in a philosophical and childless way, the little fellow was much pestered by memories of the other night. He could get to sort of sleep. Every time he unscrewed his eyes attempting to open away, he looks out into the following soliloquy:

"Now, I wonder if I shall ever see anything more work for? There are pleasant things in this world to live for. I read inside them?" Then hiding his head upon his bread, he said, "Lord, the mosquitoes are biting me to-day real bad. Please don't make any more mosquitoes?" And he dropped off into what I know as a sound sleep to say Verily out of the mouths of babes shall we learn wisdom.

"My grandfather was for nine years a sheriff and jailer in the State of New York, and I have had a pretty large number of amusing anecdotes from his experience. Here is one. A notable thief of advanced years and numerous convictions was called upon to give evidence in a case of assault and battery. 'Now, prisoner, what have you to say to this charge, Johnson?' 'I believe I did.' 'Well, then, what have you to say in your defense?' 'Nothing in particular, only I believe I saw Smith strike Johnson.' My grandfather thought he would try. 'Jimmy,' said he, 'Jimmy, can you tell me how it was that you got off so easy?' 'Well, square fight and down, I believe I did it.'"

At a Bar supper in Milwaukie, Wisconsin, the following was among the regular toasts:

"The Press—Like a woman, it differed before which lies the most always, but in the end every man is compelled to say or swear that, after considering the question taken the body, and supplementary proceedings never fail to satisfy the judgment."

Mr. Cuttle having been successful in a million when General Bolivar was on the other side, asked the Count for news. General Bolivar was irritated by being beaten, opposed him vehemently, and said, in conclusion, he "hoped the general would not prove himself to be one of those bargain sharp morning prayer to 'Give us this day our daily bread'—with cents."

A YEAR AND SEVEN MARRIAGES.—Why is it better for a man to marry twice than once?—Because, having married a wife, and had a loss, he will marry one again!

TO LAURA.

DEAR LAURA! when you were a stirling young miss,
And I was your stylish swain,
Your smiles could exalt to the summit of bliss,
Your frowns could overwhelm me with pain:
You were dear to me then, love, but now you're my wife,
It is strange the fond fire has died out of life,
For when I am paying your bills every day,
You seem to get dearer and dearer!

"Gentlemen and ladies," said the showman, "here you have the magnificent painting of Daniel in the Lion's Den. Daniel can be easily distinguished from the lion by the superior intelligence of his countenance."

A DIFFICULT QUESTION.—How many rods will make one wise acre?

WE DON'T BELIEVE IT.—Last winter, it is said, a cow floated down the river on a pleasure cake, and caught such a cold that she has yielded nothing but ice cream ever since.

SINGULAR CONSEQUENCES OF FILIAL OBEDIENCE.—"How old are you, my dear?" was Jones to Brown's victory; replies Brown, "Twenty, and yet such a child! Why, I cannot leave off coats. A thai I never forget," replies Brown, "when I was ten years old, father patted me on the head, and said, 'Stop there!'—then he was away, and has not returned since. So I shall think it right in me to go on growing until he comes back."

COFFEE SUBSTITUTE SOAKS.—A certain official did not long since, in the pursuit of the advantageous, get into a position. The master of a merchant vessel, having need of his people about him, sent to him a bale of coffee. The servant placed it before his master. "What is this?" "A bale of coffee," which Captain A. asks your orders, sir." "Good," replied his master, "leave it here, and send the Captain in. that I never forget," replied the servant sagac." The Captain was not slow in dispatching some sugar to regale his coffee.

Justice consists in doing no injury to men; decency in giving them no offense.

Although men are accused of not knowing their weaknesses, yet, perhaps, no one knows their own strength.

IRRESISTIBLE.

She fled the new crazed
Which she so kindly made me;
Then smoothed with care my hair,
And bade me follow after pursuit:
What breathed my "gallop love,"
And said "it was so early!"
Which quite down she sheer
She cried, "Come home, dear, early!"

How happy then was I
With all I've described
I fortune could defy
While that I was admired!
We parted at the door,
Her last words I heard a sonnet!
"Don't forget—call once more,
And—a new spring bonnet!"

An Irish priest was traveling on a Friday from Enniskillen to Ballyshannon, at the latter town the coach passengers, only four in number, were to dine. At one end of this table was a joint of roast beef, and at the other a large fine fried sole. His reverence lodged himself as near to the latter as circumstances would fit. In fact over with one gentleman," when instantly a great fellow in the middle of the table across the table, and carrying the fish in two fresh half of it with the remark, "Bid me a bit of the fish, your reverence." "Is it to be bid but yourself?"

A young city swell, while waiting for the train at York, went into a tavern and cast about for some amusement. Looking around in the possession of the most money, he made the following offer: "I will drop money into a hat with my eyes shut in the room. The man who shall put the largest shall take the whole and treat the company." "I'll do it," said old farmer. The swell dropped in a shilling; the farmer followed with another. "Go on, and the swell dropping in another shilling, "I'll be d——d if the Yorkshireman; "take the whole and treat the company."

HOW TO LIVE.—He who can not live well to-day will not live well to-morrow. Time flies irrecoverably.

SUPERFICIAL KNOWLEDGE.—He that sips of many acts drinks of none.—*Fuller.*

A WORD TO HUSBANDS.—No money is better spent than what is laid out for domestic happiness. A man is pleased that his wife is dressed as well as other people, and the wife is pleased that this is so dressed. *Johnson.*

THE NEW SALUTE.

"Survey mankind from China to Peru,"
You'll scarcely find some form of "How d'ye do?"
Each land has its own fashion of address,
Have tongued but one, though 'twere but Dutch "Legate,"
Or Irish "Shillelagh," or Scotch "Lassie," cannot vow,
Or Hibernian "Erin go Bragh."

One of this Yankee land hath seen all creation,
Become acute to every form of salutation,
The last is still the worst, for what is duller
Than friends to ask, "How does your mercantile color?"
And this its answer, as they onward jog,
"I'll color pleasantly when I get my dog."

The individual who was accidentally injured by the discharge of his duty is still very low.

The moon seems the most unsteady of all celestial bodies, for it is continually changing its quarters.

GASTRONOMICAL.—An epicure once asserted that turkey required to make a meal of a chicken—himself and the chicken!

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRIDAY NIGHT, *Saturday, June 25, 1859.*

THE following letter from the General Merchandise at this port continue so large as to warrant some uneasiness, especially considering the unsettled state of Western country. Happily, the curtailment of the banks will prevent any unnecessary inflation from such a cause, and bring the country out of over-importation.

The whole aspect of the foreign trade has been checked for the present, and gold is accumulating here. The speed of the Persia, which arrived to-day, will bring out a million more specie by the steamer of the 30th, and the rate of exchange higher than they were last week. The Government will probably get $10,000,000 in money, which will be transferred again in the course of a fortnight. Exchange is dull at previous quotations.

Stocks continue very dull. There is no outside buying, and the business of the Board is confined to the Wall Street jobbers.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Saturday, June 25, 1859.*

THE Wholesale Produce Markets have been very quiet for the principal kinds of breadstuffs, which have been freely offered at reduced prices. Cotton has been rather less attentive, and has favored buyers. Provisions have been less sought after. Hog Products have declined. Groceries have been in moderate request. Coffee, Sugar, and Molasses have been in better request, while Teas, Fish, Foreign Liquors, Fruit, Hides, Sole Leather, Naval Stores, Oils, Whisky, and Wool have been in less demand.——Hay, Hops, Seeds, and Tobacco have been pretty much as mentioned in our last report. Metals have been lightly dealt in.——The movements in Dry Goods have been limited. Really desirable styles, however, have been stiffly held. The week's imports of value of Foreign Dry Goods was $3,340,847, against $649,929 same week last year. Imports since January 1, $80,503,405, against $71,569,762 same time last year. The movements in other commodities have not been characterized by any remarkable changes.——We append a revised list of the closing quotations for the leading articles:

Standard Super State Flour, per barrel	$5 75	@ 6 05
Extra State	6 10	@ 6 30
Superfine Western	5 60	@ 5 80
Extra Western	6 30	@ 6 60
Extra Michigan	6 85	@ 7 30
Superfine Genesee	7 40	@ 7 90
Superfine Fine Flour	4 90	@ 5 40
Extra City Brands	7 00	@ 7 50
White Michigan Wheat, per bushel	1 50	@ 1 70
Prime Genesee Wheat	1 65	@ 1 90
Red Western Wheat	1 40	@ 1 51
Mixed Western	1 40	@ 1 50
Choice Canada Spring	87	@ 1 05
Yellow Corn	0 70	@ 0 72
Rye	0 60	@ 0 62
Barley	0 60	@ 0 65
Western	0 40	@ 0 45
Canada Oats	0 45	@ 0 47
Southern Oats	41	@ 44
Mess Pork, per barrel, per prime	15 11	@ 15 12
New Mess Pork, per barrel	16 25	
Old Prime	13 75	
Country Mess Beef	9 00	@ 9 25
Hams, per pound	11	@ 11
Shoulders	6½	@ 6½
Lard	10	@ 10½
Fair to Prime State Butter, new	14	@ 16
Choice Do.	17	@ 18
Choice Do. do.	19	@ 20
Cheese, per 100 pounds	8 75	@ 9 00
Rio Coffee, per pound	10½	@ 11
New Orleans Sugar	5½	@ 7
Havana Sugar, Nos. 10 to 12, per gallon	6	@ 6
Hymen Teas, per pound	23	@ 35
Oolong Teas	25	@ 37
Domestic Whisky, per gallon	26	@ 27
Sugar Cane Do. do.	30	@ 32
Hay, Shipping lots, per 100 pounds	70	@ 80
Timothy Seed	2 50	@ 2 75
Crude Turpentine, per 280 pounds	2 85	@ 3 87
Spirits Turpentine, per gallon	0 40	@ 0 41
Tar, per barrel	2 00	@ 2 50

The Low Freight Markets have been without any tendency for Boreas, the available supply of which, though not large, is sufficient for the demand. Coastwise Freights have been quiet, and Foreign unchanged. The subjoined Quotations were also in excess of the demand, and prices tended downward. The Arrivals of Wool Coastwise for the week were 1068, generally large, in good condition. Prices unchanged. Hops from Bremen and Antwerp, to-day, 6,841; the supply equal to the demand, except for good Spring Lambs, for which there was a good inquiry.——Boring, receipts for week, 6215 ; demand shrinking and prices declining. The Freight Averages at the Produce Market Exchange each of the last two weeks compare thus:

	Week ending June 18.	Week ending June 25.
Beeves	1,277	1,277
Cows and Calves	1,100	1,100
Veal Calves	1,170	1,069
Sheep and Lambs	7,000	6,841
Swine	7,186	6,215

The Cattle Markets according to the arrival of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

Beeves, 1st qlty Beeves, per pound	$ 71 @	$ 111
Fair to very good Hitch Cows, per head	35 00 @	60 00
Veal Calves, per pound	5 @	6½
Sheep and Lambs, per head	3 00 @	6 50
Do. per pound	5 @	6½
Dressed	7½ @	8
Dressed Veal	8 @	9
Dressed Hogs, cash	6 @	7 75

The Country Produce Markets have been very well supplied with most Fruit and Vegetables, the quality of which has been good.——Stocks of Poultry and Game have been limited, yet the inquiry has been pretty full.

Eggs have advanced slightly, but have not been in sufficient supply.

WHOLESALE PRICES ADJUSTED BY PRODUCERS AT WASH-INGTON MARKET.

Strawberries, per 100 baskets	$1 50	@ 5 00
Cherries, per pound	12	@ 20
Gooseberries, per quart	1 25	@ 2 00
Raspberries, per 100 baskets	12 50	@ 15 00
Blackberries, per quart	10	@ 12
Huckleberries, per quart	11	@ 12
Peaches, per bushel	1 50	@ 2 00
Apples, per bushel	1 00	@ 1 50
Potatoes, old, per barrel	1 00	@ 2 50
Potatoes, new, per bushel	1 00	@ 1 25
Onions, new, per 100 bunches	2 75	@ 3 00
Onions, old, per bushel	1 00	@ 1 25
Turnips, per basket	1 00	@ 1 25
Beets, per 100 bunches	37	@ 50
Beets, per dozen bunches	50	@ 75
Carrots, per bushel	50	@ 75
Carrots, per dozen bunches	37½	@ 50
Cabbage, per 100 heads	2 00	@ 3 00
Cauliflower, per dozen heads	1 00	@ 1 50
Green Beans, per barrel	2 00	@ 4 00
Green Peas, per bushel	1 00	@ 1 50
Cucumbers, per 100	2 00	@ 2 00
Tomatoes, per bushel	1 75	@ 2 00
Cauliflowers, per 100	1 50	@ 2 00
Squashes, per 100 heads	50	@ 75
Squashes, per basket	75	@ 87
Egg Plants, per dozen	50	@ 75
Eggs, N. Y. and N. J., per dozen	16	@ 18
Eggs, Southern	14	@ 15
Geese, Spring, each	1 00	@ 1 25
Turkeys, per pound	12	@ 15
Ducks, per pair, Spring	1 00	@ 1 25
Pigeons, per dozen	1 37	@ 1 50
Wild Pigeons	25	@ 37

ADVERTISEMENTS.

!!! Death to all Vermin !!!

—IT IS TRULY WONDERFUL WITH WHAT CERTAINTY Rats, Roaches, Mice, Moles, Ground Mice, Bedbugs, Ants, Flies, Mosquitoes, Insects, Crickets on Animals, in short every species of Vermin, are utterly destroyed

BY

"Costar's" Rat, Roach, &c., Exterminator.
"Costar's" Bed-Bug Exterminator.
"Costar's" Electric Powder, for Insects, &c.

THE

(only infallible remedies known.)

Principal Depot 419 Broadway, New York.
All Wholesale Druggists in New York are Agents.
Wholesale Agents in all the large cities.
Druggists and Dealers every where sell them.
18,000 Boxes sold per week in N. Y. alone.

!!! BEWARE!!! of spurious imitations. Examine every Box, Bottle, or Flask, and take nothing but "Costar's."

For $1.00 Boxes can be sent by mail, sufficient to destroy the Vermin on any premises.

For $5.00 Sample Packages (1 doz.) by Express to any address.

For Agencies, send for Circular, Terms, &c.

The Oriental Fruit Paste, or Aromatic Jelly of Figs and Senna,

Combines all the laxative properties of pure extract of Senna, in a delicious aqua-cented paste. In the safest and most agreeable remedy for Constipation of the Bowels and all irregularities caused by neglect of nature, and is the most pleasant to take. Sold by all Druggists.

J. W. HORCORES & CO., 99 Wholesale Agents,
21 Fulton Street, N. Y.

VALUABLE PREPARATION FOR THE HAIR.

We presume that any commendation of Downer's Cocoaine is superfluous, as it speaks for itself. As a toilet article, it has ever obtained so wide spread and so enviable a reputation, that it is now a household term, so has this compound of Cocoa-Nut Oil and other delightful articles. The proprietors have hundreds of letters in their scrap-book testifying to the efficacy of this preparation, but the well known reputation of the proprietors is sufficient guaranty of its quality.—*Boston Atlas & Bee.*

EASTMANS'

White Mountain Guide-Book.

Ross & Tousey, Wholesale Agents, N. Y.

The Best is always Cheapest.

ROTHE'S

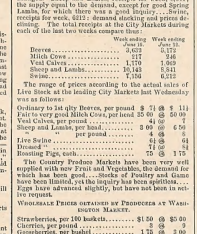
New and Improved Hair Dye.

From the recipe of a celebrated German Chemist, gives a natural color, is perfectly safe and always gives entire satisfaction. Ample testimonials, and pamphlets free on application. Sold by druggists of this City and others. Warranted the best Hair Dye in the market. Office 50 Ann Street.

J. W. HORCROSS & CO., 99 *Fulton Street, N. Y.*

JULES HAUEL'S BAU ATHENIENNE,

Or, the most renovating, cooling and beautifying cosmetic, as well as beautifying properties; it not only prevents the hair from falling or turning gray, but will cause a new growth, restore it to its original life-color, and give it that luxuriant appearance so much to be desired. Sold by all Druggists, and by Jules Hauel & Co., No. 16 Chambers Street, Philadelphia.



Designed for the use of the *Metropolitan Professions* and the *Fanciful*, possessing the choicest and purest properties which belong to an *Old* and *Pure Gin*. Put up in quart bottles, and sold by all genuine Druggists.

A. M. BININGER & CO.,
(Established in 1778.) SOLE PROPRIETORS,
No. 523 Broadway, N. Y.

COZZENS'

West Point Hotel

NOW OPEN.

LA TOURETTE HOUSE,

Berger Place, Paterson, N. J.

Wesley W. Ellis late of the *Lafarge House, Prop'tor.*

This fashionable *Summer Hotel* is beautifully situated on the banks of the *Erie Canal*, opposite Staten Island. Excellent *Bathing, Boating, Fishing, and Driving* in the immediate vicinity. Gentlemen with their families visiting New York, will find this *House* as convenient as a hotel in town, as it takes no longer time quite often and by Steamboat to reach it, than to go from South Ferry to Union Square.

TRENTON FALLS.

This most picturesque of the WATER FALLS OF AMERICA can now be reached at a small expense from Utica by Railroad.

N. B.—Three trains a day.

LAKE HOPATCONG HOUSE AT LAKE HOPATCONG, NOW OPEN.

Gentlemen with their families, and single gentlemen can make arrangements for Summer Board at reasonable rates. The House is one of the most comfortable and GOOD FISHING, and that it has recently been put in perfection; also, GOOD BATHING. It is to-one-half hours' ride from New York, by Morris and Essex Railroad to Drakeville station, where stages will be in waiting to convey passengers to the House, a distance of three miles. Post Office address—Drakeville, Morris county, N. J.

H. D. DAVIS.

CONGRESS HALL,

Saratoga Springs.

This well-kept and fashionable HOTEL IS NOW OPEN for the Season. Apartments can be engaged by addressing the Proprietors.

HAYHORN & McMICHAEL.

Long Branch, N. J.

Howland's Hotel,

is

Now Open for the Season.

CHARLES ISLAND HOUSE

Milford, Conn.,

NOW OPEN.

W. H. BURROUGHS, PROPRIETOR,

Late Proprietor of the *Irving* and *Astor Houses*

New York City.

The Knight's Soliloquy.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH OF PEDRO DE CASTRO Y ANAYA.

"I would not change my faith in them
For all the world holds!"—
'Twas thus, with an enthusiast's valor,
The young Orlando cried.

You think he spoke of ladies' fair,
Whom he'd been trying while—
But he spoke, sir, of these talisman rare,
That matchless Extract are!

For cheapness, durability,
For texture, taste, and style,
Compare their power with other goods
And at the difference smile!

"Twin Temples of Fashion."

SMITH BROTHERS,

The Marble Stores,

122, 138, and 140

Fulton Street,

Between Broadway & William St.,

THOMAS SMITH, Jr.,
ROBERT L. SMITH,
J. SMITH RICE.

NEW YORK.

ONE PRICE—NO DEVIATION.

The Price is marked on all the Goods in Plain Figures.

The New Books.

MICHELET'S GREAT WORK, LOVE (L'AMOUR), translated from the French. Price $1.00.
DR. PALMER'S NEW BOOK, THE NEW and THE OLD. Illustrated. Price $1.25.
Mr. Brace's BOOK, A BACHELOR'S STORY. A delightful Summer Volume. Price $1.00.
Mr. Budens's Spicy Work, THE VAGABOND. Sketches of Society. &c. Price $1.00.
Any book sent by mail, POST-PAID, on receipt of price, by RUFUS DAWES, Publisher,
No. 129 Nassau St., New York.

Ladies', Children's, and Infants' Summer Clothing, at

GENIN'S BAZAAR.

CHILDREN'S BLOUSES,
MARSEILLES BAGLANS,
LADIES' PRETTY FRILLED MUSLIN ROBES,
RICH EMBROIDERED LAWN ROBES,
LADIES' BATHING DRESSES,
MISSES' MUSLIN DRESSES,
BOYS' MARSEILLES PANTS,
LADIES' and INFANTS' SUMMER CLOTHING.

Dress-making in all its branches, in greater variety than can be found elsewhere in the City.

GENIN'S BAZAAR, 513 Broadway.

Masser's 5 Minute

ICE CREAM FREEZERS,

As Improved for 1859.

With Stamped Iron Covers and Bottoms—Tinned.

The only Freezer known which is constructed on true scientific principles.

The Cheapest, Best, and most Economical, requiring no ice and less than any other, being at the same time the most durable in structure, and most certain in its operations.

Sole Agents for the United States,

E. KETCHAM & CO.,

Manufacturers of Japanned and Furnished Tin Ware, 189 Pearl Street, New York.

E. A. BROOKS.

575 Broadway—150 Fulton Street.

A splendid Assortment of Ladies', Gentlemen's, and Children's Boots, Shoes, and Gaiters.

FINKLE & LYON'S

SEWING MACHINES,

for Family Use, Tailoring Purposes, Saddlery, &c. Warranted to give better satisfaction than any other machine in market, or money refunded. Agents wanted.

503 BROADWAY,

Next to the St. Nicholas Hotel.

Curtis' Cure for Baldness.

This remedy is reliable; contains no oil, lead, or sulphur; it has been tested in Boston, Providence, and the Eastern States. J. M. CURTIS, Proprietor, Providence, and by E. M. Dolge, 121 Bowery; J. & J. Cod-dington, 756 Broadway; W. H. Lewis, 507 Greenwich street; John Jones, 122 Houston Street, New York; Mrs. Hayes, 274 Atlantic street, Brooklyn & Co., Brooklyn; P. Schuyler, Jersey City; L. T. Mercer, Newark.

BARNES'S FARE, Nos. 13 and 15 Park Row, And all Druggists. General Agents.

Smith & Wesson's Seven-Shooter.

J. W. STORRS, Agent.

121 Chambers Street, N. Y.

THIS PISTOL is the lightest one in the world that has force; weight only ten ounces; is loaded quicker than other pistols are capped; is sure fire under all circumstances. No liability to miss fire, or stop ammunition by allowing it to remain loaded any length of time. It is so simple in its construction that it is not liable to get out of order. Is perfectly safe to carry. The cylinder holds seven cartridges, and no other metallic guards.

Torrey's New 4 Minute Freezers!!!

These highly popular machines are offered to the public with the fullest assurance of their being not only the cheapest, but the simplest and quickest Freezers in use,—producing cream of that smooth and light consistency heretofore only to be obtained of the best confectioners.

They can be had of the house-furnishing dealers, and hard-ware stores generally, at the following prices:

2 quarts..... $2 50 | 6 quarts..... $5 00
3 quarts..... 3 00 | 14 quarts..... 7 50
4 quarts..... 4 00 | 20 quarts..... 10 00

And at wholesale of the manufacturer,

E. P. TORREY, No. 9 Platt Street,
New York.

$32 50 5000 AGENTS WANTED—To sell a new invention. Three hours made over $32 profit on one,—better than all other similar agencies. Send four stamps and get full particulars, &c., to
EPHRAIM BROWN, Lowell, Mass.

$32 50 ASHLAND INST. and PER QUARTER } Mountains, Baltimore, Students received any time. Address the Principal, REV. D. F. JOY, A.M., Ashland, N. Y., or D. C. HUBBARD, Esq., 50 Broadway.

Inventors, look to your Interests!!

HOW TO GET A PATENT, OR THE INVENTOR'S INSTRUCTOR. *New edition.* Sent by Return Post, for 6 cents, or two three cent stamps. By O. WILLIAMS AND WILSON, 363 Broadway, New York.

DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM.
DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM.
DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM.

The Remedy of the Times.
The Remedy of the Age.
The Remedy of the Day.

Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Asthma,
Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Croup,
Inflammation of the Throat, Lungs, and Chest,
Influenza and Consumption, are all cured by this incomparable remedy.

Beware of Counterfeits, and purchase only that having the written signature of "I. BUTTS, M. D." in blue, on the printed one of the Proprietors, SETH W. FOWLE & CO., 18 Tremont Row, Boston, on the outside wrapper.

BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.
BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.
BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.

Sold everywhere.

Oratorios, Complete, at 75 cents Each.

New and Elegant Octavo edition of Handel's Oratorio, "THE MESSIAH," print of the Sacred Scriptures, only $1 25. Also, *Haydn's* "CREATION" at the same very low price.

Published by OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.

TIFFANY & CO., Importers & Manufacturers, No. 550 Broadway, New York, and Nos. 15 and 16 Rue Richelieu, No. 79, Paris,

DIAMONDS, AND OTHER PRECIOUS STONES.
FINE JEWELLERY. WATCHES.
SILVER WARE, PLATED WARE, TABLE CUTLERY.
CLOCKS, BRONZES, FANCY ARTICLES.
DRESSING CASES, WORK-BOXES, JEWEL-BOXES, DESKS, &c.

And many other Articles of Art and Luxury.

The only Agents in the United States for the sale of Chas. Frodsham's Watches, whose superiority over any other market known is universally and unequivocally established.

Every article is marked in plain figures the Lowest Price at which it will be sold.

We employ no Runners, and arrange an invitation to inspect our Stock, assuring all that a call will incur not the least obligation to purchase.

Singer's Sewing Machines.

New Styles.
From $50 to $125.

SINGER'S FAMILY MACHINE, the price of which is only $50, is a light and elegantly decorated Machine, capable of performing, in the best style, all the sewing of a private family.

SINGER'S STANDARD MACHINES for manufacturing purposes are well known to be without an equal, wherever they have been introduced. Much has recently been published in regard to various stitches made by Sewing Machines. Singer's Machines make the only stitch ever invented, and do it in the best style. A great discount is made to tailors.

Send for a copy of I. M. Singer & Co.'s Gazette, which contains full information about prices, sizes, etc., of Sewing Machines, and will be supplied gratis.

I. M. SINGER & CO.,
No. 458 Broadway, New York.

Something New.

Agents wanted, to go into a New and Honorable Business, which will pay from $15 to $20 weekly.

No Humbug.

Satisfaction guaranteed. Send stamp for particulars, which are free.

S. M. MYRICK & CO., Lynn Mass.

ELLIOT & PATTEN—Examine Inventions and procure American and Foreign Patents. *Patent Agency* opposite Patent Office. Solicitors of Patents Office Building, Washington City, D. C.

PESSE & LUBIN'S, PERFUMERY, from every flower that breathes a fragrance.

SWEET SCENTS THE FLOWER OF THE DAY KISS-ME-QUICK FRANGIPANNI

And a Thousand others

Sold by all Druggists in every city.

Wholesale Agents

J. PHILLIPS, 87 *Pearl St.* New York.

FIREWORKS.

Hadfield's Firework Agency.

Removed from the Old Stand, corner of Spruce and William, to

No. 24 John Street,

Between Broadway and Nassau Streets.

Pellits and Family Exhibitions furnished.

All works warranted.

GEORGE FAIRBAIRN, Agent.

PROTESTANT FRENCH INSTITUTE for YOUNG GENTLEMEN, in New York, No. 46 East 14th Street, near Madison Park. Boarding and Day School, CLASSICAL and COMMERCIAL. This institution will be re-opened on the 15th of September. It presents a thorough course of instruction in all its branches, including the Spanish and German languages. The French is the language of the school. Comfortable arrangements for a limited number of pupils. Physicians, with testimonials, the names of his pupils and of their parents to whom he has given advice, &c., in hand.

Prof. ELIE CHARLIER, Director.

References: Paris, Rev. Dr. F. Monod.
Geneva, Rev. Dr. Merle d'Aubigné.
Washington, Hon. Theodore Cuyler, Secretary of State.
Boston, Prof. A. Agassiz.
Princeton, Prof. A. Guyot.
New York, Rev. King, President of Columbia College.
Rev. Dr. L. Ferris, Chancellor of the N. Y. University.
Rev. Dr. J. Hall.
Rev. Dr. E. Hawks.

Excelsior Fireworks.

Funston & Scofield,

General Agents,

62 John Street.

HOW TO DO GOOD AND GET "PAID FOR IT."—Take an Agency for our Publications. The terms are the best ever known. Send stamp for circular. EVERY FAMILY will be glad to obtain some of them. For particulars address, TUTTLE, MOREHOUSE & TAYLOR, No. 285 Broadway, New York.

American Guano.

TO FARMERS AND DEALERS

in Guano. The Subscriber has leased Duck Island, in the Pacific Ocean, which has been proved to be the most valuable Guano Deposit ever discovered. It is now for sale in bulk and retail at less than two thirds the prices of Peruvian. Apply to the Agent and editor C. S. MACKAY, at the American Guano Co., 61 William Street, New York.

EMPLOYMENT

For 100 More ENERGETIC YOUNG MEN,

Who are willing to work with their heads or their hands, to sell a USEFUL HISTORICAL WORK, which is universally admired, and which sells at sight. Address, with stamp, enclosed to their address, A. M. MILLER, Box 1143, New York City. Also, a few Canvassers wanted.

Charles Grobe's New Method

FOR THE

PIANO FORTE.

Mr. Grobe is so well known, that any remarks as to his qualifications would be superfluous. Suffice it to say, that his *New and Improved Method* is one of the elementary teaching *superior to any other*. It is easily understood by the pupil, and leads to a thorough and ripe experience of the subject. It is divested of every particle of dryness and complicated, nothing buried. The first lessons are full, pleasant, and graded scales to the desired end. The dryness so often complained of in works of instruction is altogether avoided, and the Professors believe it to be the most simple, clear, progressive, and thorough system of instruction extant. The work contains *ten engraved figures*, illustrating the different positions of the hands and fingers. It is entirely new and unusually beautiful and distinct. The paper is white and strong, and the binding handsome. Price $3 00; in Cloth, $3 50. Copies sent by mail, postage paid, on receipt of price. Liberal terms to the trade. A discount allowed to Teachers and Schools.

FIRTH, POND & CO., 547 Broadway, New York.

LEA & WALKER, Philadelphia.

LECTURES FOR 1859—60.—TO MANAGERS OF YOUNG MEN'S ASSOCIATIONS, LYCEUMS, &c. &c.

As the Subscriber is desirous of soon making his arrangements for the season, he would be obliged by his having the next Autumn and Winter season, 1859-60, he respectfully requests the Committees to address him as soon as may be convenient.

PARK BENJAMIN, 74 West 17th Street, New York. June 15, 1859.

Lord Brad's Worcestershire Sauce.

Is the First Condiment in the World for all purposes.

ASK FOR, and HAVE ONLY LORD BRAD'S.

Last at every Hotel, and sold by all Grocers and Italian Warehousemen.

Wholesale and for Exportation, by

JONATHAN JONES & CO.,
46 Broad Street, New York.

Sold Retail by the Grocer and Fruit House. Half Pints, 50 cents per bottle; Pints, 50 cents per bottle.

To Teachers.

My Correspondents are requested to address me, hereafter, at the "Care of HARPER & BROTHERS, New York City." School Catalogues and Circulars, Notices of Schools, Applications for Schools, &c., are solicited.

MARCUS WILLSON.

LLOYD'S CHART OF THE WAR IN EUROPE.

Finely colored, with separate DIAGRAMS of NAPOLEON III. and his GENERALS, EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA, KING OF SARDINIA, TWO LARGE MAPS, THE EUROPEAN BATTLE-FIELDS, NAMES, AGES, &c., of EUROPEAN SOVEREIGNS, and a Complete Table of Distances. Mounted for sale, pleases all. Specimens mailed, post-paid, for 25 cents.

H. H. LLOYD & Co. No. 548 Broadway, N. Y.

SANDS' SARSAPARILLA,

NATURE'S TRUE RESTORATIVE.

We take much pleasure in reminding our numerous friends that at this season of the year, when sudden and great changes of climate are to be met with, purification, and prolific in the development of disease, that they should always be careful to procure the only genuine SARSAPARILLA, which purifies the blood, expels humors, and vitality, and all cutaneous and eruptive diseases. Prepared by

A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists, No. 141 William St.

Dr. S. P. Townsend's Sarsaparilla.

ONLY SARSAPARILLA which will effectually eradicate disease from the system, restore a healthy action to the system, cleanse the stomach, regulate the bowels,

AND PURIFY THE BLOOD.

Be very careful to purchase only which has

DR. "JAMES R. CHILTON'S"

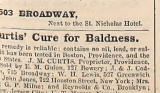
Certificate on the outside wrapper of each bottle.

Principal Depôt 289 Broadway, New York.

361 BROADWAY 539

BRIDAL SUITE.

Tucker's Heaven, Jewellers, and Miscellaneous House. Are all reliable.



THIS NEW AND ELEGANT ESTABLISHMENT is delicately dedicated to

Mountain COFFEES,

For sale by COUMAS & CO. 277 Broadway, Corner of Murray Street.

☞ Every Number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE contains from 99 to 99 pages—and the price has been one hundred more reading than any other in the country.

A Splendid Number.

HARPER'S

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

FOR JULY.

Unquestionably it is the best sustained work of the kind in the language; that is to say, in the world. The Monthly Record comes from the Editor's Table even above price. The present number is equal to any yet issued, and that is saying much. Its variety and adaptability to the wants of the general reader deserve and secure success.—*Albany Evening Journal.*

We must refer to terms of eulogy in the high tone and varied excellence of HARPER'S MAGAZINE, a Journal with a monthly circulation of 150,000 copies, and whose pages are to be found some of the choicest light literature of the day. Every number of the work has an evidence of the American people, and the popularity it has acquired is the best proof. Number completes the 144 pages of instructive matter, appropriately illustrated with 99 engravings, and is a most valuable work.—*Boston Courier.*

We have received more pleasure from this work than with the best features of the daily journal. It has great power in the creation of a healthful taste, and is a most potent incentive.—*Thomas's Guide to American Literature, London, 1859.*

The moral tone of this magazine, its soundness on religious and on social questions, its delicacy, its discriminating the great influence of a popular periodical upon the character of society, and more particularly upon the feelings and plastic mind of youth, have discharged their high duty in a manner which has secured the confidence of the fatherly and tutor. Nothing immoral, nothing indelicate, nothing that can bring a blush to the cheek of modesty, will ever be found in its pages, and such conduct has a claim to appear in Harper.—*Baltimore American.*

The following is the table of contents of this monthly publication that gives us profound satisfaction. It is not necessary to say that the oldest paper, both in point of excellence and even merit.—*Nashville Christian Advocate.*

We confess ourselves surprised anew every month with the abundance and variety of entertaining matter which it contains. It probably is one of the literary marvels of the age.—*Boston Advertiser.*

An excellent and interesting information, entertaining literature, innocent gratification, and refined inspiration, are always to be comprehended in a like number of popular periodicals.—*Boston Post.*

HARPER'S MAGAZINE is emphatically, the American periodical. Sound in religious principle, correct in politics, elegant in taste, varied in matter, overwhelming in cheapness, and the most widely circulated. It is a sturdy common sense, it has no rival. Nor will it have one.—*New Orleans Christian Advocate.*

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year..... $3 00
Two Copies for One Year..... 5 00
Three or more Copies for One Year each..... 2 00

And an Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of Five Subscribers.

HARPER'S WEEKLY and HARPER'S MAGAZINE, together, One Year..... 5 00

The Postage upon "HARPER'S MAGAZINE" is one cent a No. when paid quarterly in advance. The Postage is Thirty cents per Quarter.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A FIRST-CLASS ILLUSTRATED PAPER,

AT THE BEST RATES.

FAMILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD.

FIVE CENTS A NUMBER: $2 50 A YEAR.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS'S NEW STORY, entitled "A TALE OF TWO CITIES," splendidly illustrated by Mr. Marcus Stone, appears in "HARPER'S WEEKLY" of May 7, and will be continued from week to week until completed.

GOV. WILLIAM CURTIS NOYES'S Illustrated Civil Service Lectures, delivered before the Harper Brothers, are commenced in "HARPER'S WEEKLY" for April 9.

TERMS OF HARPER'S WEEKLY.

One Copy for Twenty Weeks..... $1 00
One Copy for One Year..... 2 50
One Copy for Two Years..... 4 00
Five Copies for One Year..... 10 00
Twelve Copies for One Year..... 20 00
Twenty-five Copies for One Year..... 40 00

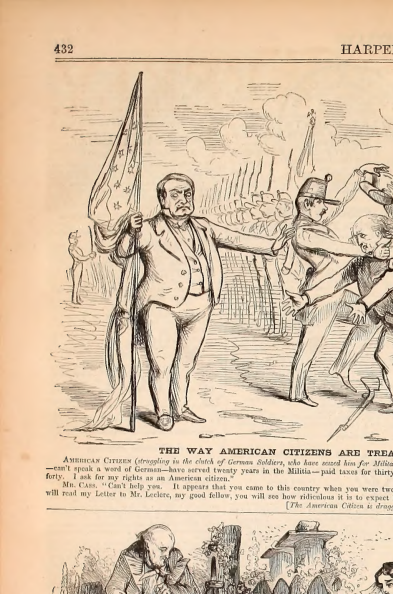
An Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of Twelve or Twenty-five Subscribers.

TERMS FOR ADVERTISING—*Fifty Cents a Line.*

A Liberal Discount will be made to those wishing to advertise for three months or longer.

Advertisements appearing in the City of New York wishing "HARPER'S WEEKLY" left at their houses, and printed on their names and numbers, with the subscription money, to the Office, will please say so.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
Franklin Square, New York.



THE WAY AMERICAN CITIZENS ARE TREATED ABROAD.

AMERICAN CITIZEN *(struggling in the clutch of German Soldiery, who have seized him for Military Service).* "Help! help! I'm an American citizen —can't speak a word of German—have served twenty years in the Militia—paid taxes for thirty years—and done my duty: to the United States for forty. I ask for my rights as an American citizen."

MR. CASS. "Can't help you. It appears that you came to this country when you were two months old, having been born in Austria. If you will read my Letter to Mr. Leclerc, my good fellow, you will see how ridiculous it is to expect help from me!"

[The American Citizen is dragged off to serve in the Austrian Army against Italy.]

THE FOURTH JULY.

YOUNG AMERICA. "Now, Sissy, I'm Napoleon, and my dog Growler's Austria. Look out, Growler! Fire!"

DELANO
Life-Preserving Coat and Vest Co.
Incorporated Jan. 1859.—Capital $125,000

MANUFACTURERS OF ALL KINDS OF
Life-Preserving Garments
FOR ORDINARY WEAR,
Safety Bathing Dresses,
Children's Swimming Jackets, &c. &c.

OFFICE and SALESROOM, 256 BROADWAY, (Opposite City Hall) NEW YORK.

DR. J. D. MARCHISI'S
CELEBRATED
UTERINE CATHOLICON
For the Relief and Cure of Suffering Females.

With such universal distress and suffering as saddens the female life, a really good Medicine must be their best friend. The numerous cases of Irregularities, Obstructions, Discharges, Ulcerations, Falling Wombs, Leucorrhœa, &c., constantly effected by Dr. Marchisi's Catholicon, gives it a reputation and popularity never obtained by any other article. It does what it promises, and can be relied upon. When every thing has been tried, the Catholicon should be resorted to, even after years of fruitless search, the Catholicon has restored health to the patient and gladness to the female. It is active and efficient in any form of disease peculiar to the female sex, and should never be dispensed with previous to and after confinement. Numerous letters testify that it is

NEVER TAKEN WITHOUT BENEFIT.

Daughters, Wives and Mothers! this medicine will cure you. It has been long and favorably known. As an evidence of its efficacy, the money will be refunded where results are not as indicated. A pamphlet, with symptoms, treatment, letters, &c., sent gratis by mail, or delivered at the counter gratis. Do not confound Dr. Marchisi with any other name. It can be had in most every town. If not found, it can be sent by express. Price $1 per bottle, or 4 bottles for $5. Notice Removal. Address,

BARNES & PARK, General Agents,
15 and 16 PARK ROW, N. Y.

GIFTS.
SPLENDID GIFTS
TO
Purchasers of Books,
THE ORIGINAL
AND
THE ONLY
Gift Book Enterprize
Established in 1854.
HEAD QUARTERS
FOR THE
UNITED STATES
AT THE
PUBLISHING HOUSE
OF
G. G. EVANS,
439 Chestnut Street,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

CATALOGUES SENT FREE.

Since I originated the Gift Book Enterprize, I have repeatedly called the attention of the public to my large stock and liberal offers, to which they have always warmly responded. I can now, with more satisfaction than ever, call attention to my largely increased inducements to purchasers. Being very favorably engaged in publishing, I exchange my own publications for those of other houses, and am enabled to procure all my books at the original cost of making, and thus can and do supply the majority of the other houses engaged in the Gift Book Trade, with their books, cheaper than *they* can procure them from other publishers. I can also, by my facilities, supply Jewelry, Watches and Jewelry, at the very lowest rates than they can buy them from the manufacturers.

Having such an advantage in buying, I can insure my customers better Gifts with their Books than any other house, and can give my Agents a larger remuneration. A valuable Gift will be delivered with each Book at the time of sale. Gifts worth $500 at the lowest wholesale prices, will be impartially distributed with every $1,000 worth of Books sold.

Send for a Catalogue, which will be mailed free to any address, containing the most valuable Selection of Standard productions in Literature, Philosophy, History, Biography, Travels, Poetry, Sermons, and all the favorite works of Fiction and Romance, and every other department of Literature. Also, Bibles, Prayer Books, &c. Send for it, for if you don't wish to purchase a Book, you will obtain a very valuable Book for reference, as it contains all the desirable books in print, and will suit you nothing.

Particular attention is requested to the List of my Publications, which will be found in the latter part of my Classified Catalogue. It contains a large number of discovery popular works, by various authors, among which are all of T. S. Arthur's best works, well known as a moral, instructive and pleasing author, interesting Biographies, Travels, &c.

CLASSIFICATION OF BOOKS.

AGRICULTURAL.—This department embraces all standard works upon general Agriculture, Cotton Planting, Flowers, Gardening, Farm Implements, Horses, Sheep, Cattle, Bees, &c., &c.

ALBUMS.—Ladies's great variety; Floral, Cap Quarto, Royal Cap, Demy Quarto, Autograph, &c.

ANNUALS.—A large and elegant assortment.

BIBLES.—An splendid assortment of Pocket, Pew and Family Bibles, in every style, from $1 to $50.

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.—A complete assortment, in every form and at all prices.

HYMN BOOKS.—As used by the different denominations.

BIOGRAPHICAL.—Works of Irving, Headley, Wyeth, Sparks, Bancroft, and every other standard Author.

BOTANICAL.—By Comstock, Grey, Lincoln, Darlington, &c.

COOKERY.—Receipt and Cook Books, by Mrs. Hale, Leslie, Widdifield, McKenzie, &c.

GERMAN.—Standard German Literature.

DICTIONARIES.—Webster's, English, French, German, Spanish, Latin, Greek, Italian, &c.

CYCLOPEDIAS.—All the standard authors.

GEOGRAPHICAL.—The latest and most approved School and other Geographies, Maps, and Teachers' Guides.

GEOLOGY.—The works of Hugh Miller, Harris, Hitchcock, Agassiz, Silliman, &c.

HISTORICAL.—By Prescott, Irving, Bancroft, Robertson, Hume, Gibbon, Lingard, Sparks, and others.

HUMOROUS.—Embracing a World of Fun.

JUVENILE.—Every description of Illustrated Books for Children.

LAW AND MEDICINE.—The Standard Works of those professions.

MECHANICAL AND SCIENTIFIC.—The most approved works on Mechanics, Architecture, and the latest Sciences.

POETRY.—English and American. Octavo and Library editions of the Standard Poets: Pocket and Cabinet editions, plain and illustrated, bound in every style to suit the taste of purchasers.

WORKS OF FICTION.—By Scott, Irving, Cooper, Dickens, and all the approved writers.

SCHOOL AND CLASSICAL.

TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES.

GAMES, SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

RELIGIOUS, BIBLICAL AND THEOLOGICAL.

MUSICAL AND GLEE BOOKS.

ODD FELLOWSHIP AND FREE MASONRY.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Our Miscellaneous Department embraces every thing not included in the above classifications, of an interesting or instructive character, that is in print.

The Gifts consist of Gold and Silver Watches, Gold Chains, Ladies' splendid black and gold Jet Dress Pins, Porte Fleur Fleurs, Silver plated Wares, early Sets of Cameos, Mosaic, Florentine, Pearl, Opal, Turquoise, and Lava Jewelry, Gold Lockets, Pencils and Pens, Ladies' Neck and Chatelaine Chains, Gentlemen Studs and Sleeve Buttons, Pocket Knives, Portemonaies, and a *thousand varieties* of Gifts of use and value.

Agents Wanted Everywhere.

To Agents I can give more liberal inducements than can be offered by any other house. In addition to larger remuneration, it is much easier to get subscribers for my enterprize than for any other.

The peculiar advantages are—

A Larger Stock and more facilities to selling.

A Better Assortment and Quality of Gifts.

A more Liberal and Judicious Distribution in Filling Orders.

By selling as Agents for me,

Persons wishing a valuable Library can procure it gratis.

Those seeking an easy method of earning a lively bonâ can find it. Any one desiring a good Watch can obtain it.

For full particulars send for a Catalogue.

My large capital, together with my long experience in the business and consequent familiarity with all its details, gives me an almost incalculable advantage over all other parties.

All I ask is a trial. Send me an order, and you will be convinced that there is no exaggeration.

DO NOT FORGET TO SEND FOR A CATALOGUE.

Persons visiting the city, are requested to call and examine for themselves.

G. G. EVANS'
HEAD-QUARTERS,
439 CHESTNUT STREET,
Philadelphia, Pa.

BRANCH STORE, 45 Cornhill, Boston, Mass.

Special Notice to Book Buyers.

As there are parties of doubtful responsibility advertising Gift concerns, and some are making many large promises, under fictitious names, without the intention of fulfilling them, buying, through the piratical system of my enterprize, to deceive and plunder the public, I strict caution purchasers to be on their guard against them. And if any are deceived and cheated by them, they should not be so unjust as to condemn me and my Gift Book Trade, as they are base imitators of an enterprize that has cost me an immense amount of time and money to place in the position which it now occupies, commanding an extensive and increasing trade, approved and endorsed, with the most entire confidence and satisfaction, by the leading Publishing Houses in the Union, whose letters of approval and endorsement are in my possession, and will be produced and shown at any time with the greatest pleasure.

G. G. EVANS.

ARTHUR'S
PATENT SELF-SEALING
Fruit Cans & Jars,

"These celebrated Cans and Jars" are the editor of the Lady's Book, "the fruit introduced, and, by all odds, the best, are decidedly coming into general use. Thousands of housekeepers, who have formerly used preserved fruit by other Cans and Jars, and who lost more or less of their fruit in consequence, are glad to learn that they have found a perfect article.

They are made of Tin, Glass, and Earthenware.

ARTHUR, EVANS & GILROY,
Manufacturers under the Patent,
Nos. 319 and 319 ½ Arch St., Philadelphia.

Also, manufacturers under the Patent, for the United States, of the celebrated "OLD DOMINION" COFFEE & TEA-POTS.

BOOKS! BOOKS!

BLAKEMAN & MASON,
420 Broadway, Cor. Spring St.,
New York,
PUBLISHERS AND BOOKSELLERS,
Solicit the attention of BOOK-BUYERS to their large and well-selected Stock in every department of LITERATURE,
THEOLOGY, HISTORY, POETRY,
SCHOOL AND CLASSICAL TEXT-BOOKS,
NEW PUBLICATIONS, &c.

All of which will be sold at the lowest possible terms.

Special discounts made to clergymen, and other profitable customers.

Orders for any books published in the United States will be supplied at short notice.

Address, { BLAKEMAN & MASON, New York.
or, { DUTTON BLAKEMAN, Esq. } ALBERT MASON, M.D.
SHERROD, BLAKEMAN & CO.

THE AMERICAN FREEMASON'S
New Monthly Magazine, edited by ALBERT MACKEY, M.D., and other prominent Masonic writers. For sale by all Booksellers and Masonic Depots. The Trade supplied by
HENDRICKSON, BLAKE & LONG,
21 and 23 Ann Street, New York.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. III.—No. 132.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1859. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

TO THE PUBLIC.

The Proprietors of HARPER'S WEEKLY beg to draw public attention to the following list of WAR ILLUSTRATIONS which, among others, have been published in this Journal within a few weeks:

PLACES.

A magnificent View of MILAN AND VICINITY.
A magnificent View of GENOA.
A magnificent View of TURIN.
A magnificent View of ALESSANDRIA.
A magnificent View of COMO.
The BRIDGE across the TICINO at Buffalora.
PLACE D'ARMES at Milan.
A MAP of the Theatre of the War.
Another MAP, containing more Names, and a clearer Picture of Northern Italy than any other Map in existence.

PORTRAITS.

The Emperor NAPOLEON III. and his Generals—to wit, Prince NAPOLEON, BARAGUAY D'HILLIERS, MACMAHON, CANROBERT, RANDON, MAGNAN, CASTELLANE, MALAKOFF, and NIEL.
The Emperor FRANCIS-JOSEPH and his Generals—to wit, Generals HESS, BENEDEK, etc., etc.
King VICTOR EMANUEL.
General GYULAI.
GARIBALDI.
Count CAVOUR.
Cardinal ANTONELLI.
KING OF NAPLES.
A TYROLESE RIFLEMAN.
A ZOUAVE.
A TURCO.

WAR SCENES.

Departure of Volunteers from Leghorn.
Departure of the Zouaves from Paris.
Arrival of the French in Piedmont.
March of the French through Alessandria.
Austrian Officers at a Café in Milan.
Austrian Exactions at Vercelli.
Bartholinian in Uniform.
Skirmish at Frassinetto.
Spies caught at Alessandria.
Battle of Montebello.
Passage of the Sesia.
The Emperor visiting the Wounded.
The Imperial Tent, etc.
Charge of the Zouaves.

The above list is the best possible evidence of the intention and capacity of the proprietors of HARPER'S WEEKLY to provide their subscribers with a fully illustrated history of the times in which we live.

NEW YORK, *1st July*, 1859.

FIRE IN THE FOURTH.

FROM OUR FRENCH CONTRIBUTOR.

MONSIEUR THE EDITOR,—I have assist at one of the very striking spectacles of your city—I mean an incendiary scene. I dispatch myself to recount to you the details and the emotions which arose in my bosom at the sight.

I was promenade in Broadway with the lovely Thérèse—whom, in the language of one of your own poets, "to know it is love"—and I flatter myself that we was much regard by the fashionables of your city, as much for the *chic* of my attire, which was fresh from Rue Richelieu, as for the *tout ensemble* of our aspect. Thérèse wore a robe *a quille, bleu changeant*; her chapeau was *bleu du ciel, avec perles* in clusters. Her *bottines* (ah! Monsieur the Editor, why shall you not reform the boots of your women? Your journals boast themselves much on the progress of your civilization; but your women wear boots of brown paper, without substance and without shape. You are barbarians as to your female feet, Monsieur) were black, small, lovely, seductive, upsetting, with substantial soles, and mounting the ankle modestly. Altogether she was mos perfectly; and the young *Ry*-gobblers stare most grossly at her; of which I, knowing her constancy, can afford to mock myself.

Presently we hear a cry—"O-o-o-o-o-oh!" Then come "A-a-a-a-a-h!" Then "A-a-a-a-a-a!" We stop ourselves, and remain at the listening. Then a bell ring, once, twice, thrice, four times. Somebody says it is a fire. Thérèse seize herself of my arm and cry: "My God! we are lost!"

"Reassure thyself!" I reply; "we shall perish together." And, by way of precaution, I to her slip the arm round the waist, and plant myself in a firm attitude.

"Fire! fire!" shout a vile boy, as he run past us. Thérèse palpitates; I feel it.

A scoutee in a red shirt, the face of him redder than the shirt, rush past and roar, "Come on, you beggar!"

The mustard mounts me to the nose, and I say to him:

"Beggar yourself, *polisson!*"

Then to Thérèse:

"Angel, glory and danger call. I must leave thee. I shall never be said that where an American would go a Frenchman shall fear to follow. If I see thee never more, remember Eugène."

She scream and she sob. But a true man of heart knows to steel himself against such appeals. I plant a warm kiss on her forehead, and I launch myself.

"O-o-o-o-oh! a-a-a-a-ah!" The noise come nearer and nearer, and now I see a regiment of *pompiers* (pumpers I suppose you call them) roaring and racing down the street drawing a fire-engine. In front of them there run a man with a trumpet, who roar twice, five time, ten time as loud as the others. When I see them, the ardor seizes me, and I roar too. I cry: "*Vive la République! A bas les tyrans!* Courage, comrades!"

I was cry these manly words when a gross brute strike me on the inside of the leg, and I fall. I lift myself incessantly and seek my outrager. He had fly, the cowardly villain; but the pumpers run upon me; and the commander he put the trumpet to my ear, and he roar,

"Dear a hand, old cock!"

I was just going to say I was no cock, but an ex-militaire, when I find myself environed by pumpers, all running; and to save myself from being overrun and crushed to death I seize the rope and run with the engine. It was very agreeable at first; but after a few minutes I begin to lose breath, and I say, "Easy, my friends, easy!"

"Go ahead!" growl a red shirt in the behind of me.

"Sit up, Johnny Crapaud!" say another shirt.

"Hit him a lick on the nob!" cry another shirt.

"Kick him in the shins!" grunt another.

Justly indignant at this profanation of hospitality to a foreigner, I begin to say,

"Which of you will fight yourself with me with a pistol—"

But just then the capitaine of the engine, a brutal fellow, with superhuman strength, seize me by the collar, lap me seven or eight times, with the force of a giant, with his trumpet on the head and back, and shout, "Go ahead, or I'll spill your brains!"

Then I see that, by your laws, if a man don't run with an engine his life is forfeit to the State; so I say to myself, "Thérèse, remember Eugène!" and on I go, ready to die.

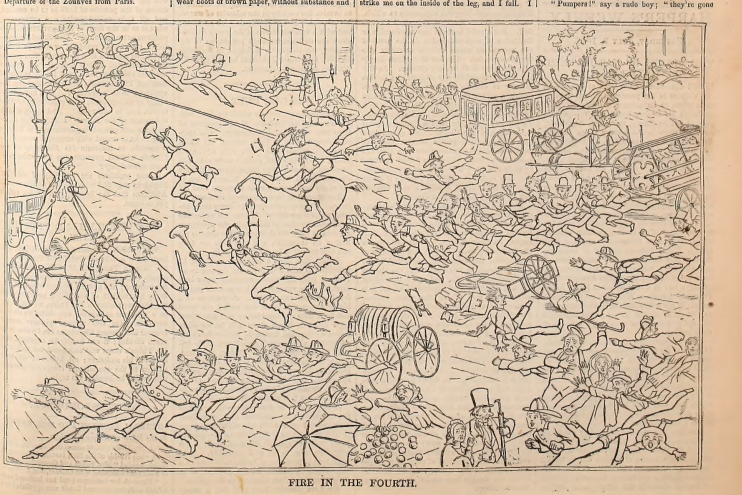
Now we are on the fire. 'Tis a tavern kept by Misteen O'Flarherty, and it burn very picturesque. The mistress herself she stand on the street with her nine babies, and she cry, "Och hone! Holy Vargin! let the whisky go, but save the Madairy!"

I was much astonish that I was left alona with the engine. All the red shirts would disappear, and should not come back. A till man he come to me, and he say,

"Work away, boys!"

I try to work the engine, but can not; and I shout, "My capitaine, where are the pumpers?"

"Pumpers!" say a rude boy; "they're gone



FIRE IN THE FOURTH.

to save the Malakoff. Didn't you hear the woman call them? Say you will, Lucy!"

Two small boys and one man came to help me; then two more men with fire-irons; and we were pretty well. It was very fatiguing and very hot; but I think of Therese and of glory, and I work on. Presently I ask my handkerchief to wipe my brow. It is gone—not the brow, but the handkerchief. I am much astonish, and I wonder who was the thief. I look for my watch. Gone, too! My purse. Gone, too!

"*Mordie*, I'm robbed myself," who has violate my person and carry off my properties?"

"Down with her, boys!" the capitaine cries himself, looking at me.

At this horid speech my senses overcome me. Even Therese—even help with my mind. Even glory cease to charm when it appear that I am to be rob, to be violate in my properties, and to have to be trample to death—for that was what the execrable capitaine mean when he cry, "Down with her!" So I let the engine rest where it is, rush mush! nosediver, I run faster as my locomotive—with the fearful cry in my ear, "Down with her!" until I reach my lodgings in Franklin Street, and stuff myself into my bed, all panting and choking.

As soon as my voice return I send for a little refreshment, and the good Madame Brown me confection for me a small brandy punch, a little glass of absinthe, a cocktail, and two lovely coblblers. As soon as I shall have consume these quantity of refreshments I mean to me that I have done wrong to return home without avenging myself on the brutal violence of my properties, and I will go to pursue them without delay. But Providence protected them. The loud-hearted Madame Brown, Mrs. Brown, seeing my purpors in the manly face of me, treacherously concealed my *pantaloons* and my boots, and of course I could not pursue my vengeance upon the pumpers in my absence. So once more I lay myself down on my bed and dream—oh! fearful dreams—of being a burning tavern, with myriads of drunken pumpers drinking Mordie's wine by me; of Madame Brown's waiters battering the head of me with Satanic rebuff treasure; of one horrid red shirt monster which I was afire, and ramming the nozzle of the hose down my throat to extinguish the conflagration; of Therese, who would not save me upper garret of the burning building, which was me; and of the terrible horror which made to shriek me, that I am sain, my garret being so hot—oh! Monsieur, what terrible dreams.

In verity I will tell you one thing, Monsieur the Editor; when you want an account of a fire more times, you shall get some one else to write it for you as your humble servant,

EUGENE GROGNIOUS.

Summer Resorts.

CONTENTS' Hotel, West Point, N. Y.
La Vonnoh House, Pequannock, N. J.
Trenton Falls Hotel, Trenton Falls, N. Y.
Hopkinton Hotel, Lake Hopkinton, N. Y.
Congress Hall, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.
Howland's Hotel, Long Branch, N. J.
Charles Island House, Milford, Conn.
White Sulphur Springs, Bedminster, Co., O.
International Hotel, Niagara Falls.
Schuyler Hotel, Schuyler, Mass.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1859.

THE RIGHTS OF NATURALIZED CITIZENS.

THE discussion on the right of naturalized citizens to the protection of the Government grows in importance. When Mr. Clay published his Lecture letter, and that journal pointed out its fallacy, there was, apparently, no other press in the country which bought the question worth examining. The views set forth in those columns seem, however, to have made impression enough at Washington to induce Mr. Cass to "explain" his Leclere letter by another letter to Mr. Hofer, and to inspire the communications to ourselves published in our issue of June 25. We have, in addition, that number, to reaffirm our ground, and to point out what appears to be the error of all the letters of prince. Since then the subject has been passed in review by most of the leading journals. Among others, *The Times* has discussed by the New York *Herald*, *Times*, *Tribune*, *Journal of Commerce*, *Evening Post*, and *Express*; by leading journals at Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore, Cincinnati, etc.; by all the German papers throughout the country; and at a very elaborate leader in the Presidential organ at Washington—*The Union*.

If the public and the Government come to a wrong conclusion on the point at issue it will not be for want of a thorough canvass of their bearings.

With the exception of occasional paragraphs in some of the country papers, and a very able article in the *Evening Post* of June 28, we have seen no newspaper article which takes the broad, manly ground that naturalized citizens are citizens in fact as well as in name, and that it is a fraud to serve them of their rights under which they bargained for when they forswore their original allegiance and swore allegiance to the United States.

The line of argument adopted by nearly all the journals we have named is identical with that of Mr. Cass. They say: 1. that the United States are bound to respect the municipal regulations of foreign countries; 2. that where those municipal regulations require citizens of foreign countries the obligation to perform military service, a naturalization here can not relieve the obligation; and 3. that, though naturalized citizens can not be claimed by their original sovereigns so long as they remain in this country, if they return to their old homes they become liable to all the obligations which may have existed against them at the time of their expatriation. Some of the journals before us indulge in a little light pleasantry about the American lamb, from poor Mary's little, being needlessly dragged by rhetorical politicians into the controversy; and one journal, quoting rather too copiously Webster's unfinished history of Mr. Hildreth's History, leans to the Federalist opinion that foreign-born citizens are "renegades and traitors" and entitled to protection at all. But the substance of the argument in support of Mr. Cass is contained in the above propositions.

We have no hesitation in denying their soundness. They are specious paradoxes, calculated to deceive a very elect but of few.

In plain English, their meaning is, that naturalization is null and void in the case of a person born where, at the time of the naturalization, his original sovereign asserted claims. Mr. Cass and his friends entertain with us commonly fine distinctions of *prince*; Mr. Leclere, it seems, is a citizen here, but not a citizen when he goes to France. Mr. Hofer was an American citizen in Turkey, but a foreigner when he lands at Bremen. These refinements are too nice for practical consideration. Law and common sense say that, if a man be an American citizen any where, he is one every where. Our courts respect the laws of nature, or geographical limitations, or liable to be affected by climate; it does not suit away under a few degrees more or less of Reaumur or caloric into under a less clear sky than our own. Mr. Cass's idea of citizenship places it on a par with a fair dinner—it is good only while in a change of air, and leave no trace behind. As there is no warrant for classing it among those maladies which, on the contrary, the law declares can see that citizenship is a quality which can only be lost by due form of law; we repeat that the position assumed by Mr. Cass and his defenders is that a naturalized citizen who owed any duties to his sovereign prior to his naturalization is a citizen at all. Let us see why he is not.

That the United States are bound to respect the municipal laws of foreign countries may be true as a general principle; but it is quite plain that it is when these municipal regulations conflict with the laws of the United States. The first law which we are bound to obey is the law of the land. When Mr. Cass will explain the vision of the Constitution, declares that by the observance of certain formalities and the fulfillment of certain conditions, foreigners generally may become citizens of the United States. It does not say one word about prior obligations of such foreign-born persons. There is no limiting or qualifying the citizenship to which, on the conditions specified, they shall be entitled. Not a syllable about any reservation or limitation of such citizenship in the event of the persons so made citizens traveling into foreign countries. The law of the land simply says that they shall become citizens. As that law stands, therefore, any attempt of a foreign country to enforce its own municipal laws against a person made a United States citizen under it, involves a direct conflict between such municipal law and the law of the United States. To pretend that when such a conflict arises it is to be expected that United States government and the American people by a mere act of foreign law, and against their own law, can abjure by their own laws the duties they owe to their own law; if it be bad or inconvenient, they may repeal it. But so long as it exists they can not evade it, or refuse to be overruled even by foreign laws without disgrace.

But it is in fact unreasonable and impracticable to expect the United States to allow any interference in this matter of the municipal laws of foreign powers, and of the obligations they impose on their subjects, which may have arisen in the Revolution to the present day the right of expatriation has been fully recognized by the United States: it was made a leading war cry of the Revolutionary war, and again throughout the war of 1812; and necessarily so, for it is the corner-stone of the American system. That system rests, in a measure, on a denial of the obligations and privileges of birth, and an assertion of the rights and obligations of adoption. In a pure democracy, as manhood is in the case of native-born persons the only qualification essential to the exercise of political rights, so the only requisite that can consistently be exacted of adopted citizens for naturalization is manhood. To depart from that principle, and to enter into an inquisitorial research as to birth and foreign relations, is to destroy not only to the letter of the law, but likewise to the spirit of our institutions. We do not desire to speak with disrespect of foreign laws; they are entitled to the same respect which we claim for our own; but we say that having deliberately adopted manhood as the sole qualification required of candidates for political rights in this country, we can not now admit that foreign laws render other qualifications necessary.

To do so, in fact, would render our courts mere instruments of foreign Powers. Suppose, for instance, that the Cass doctrine were to prevail: that the naturalization laws were altered to suit it; and that henceforth, before a foreign-born person could become an American citizen, he were bound to establish that he owed nothing to his original sovereign—into what a maze of difficulties would our courts be plunged! Frauds and perjury would follow in the train of their people; the American Judge would be bound to satisfy himself that such service had been performed if it had not; he would, of course, refuse the certificate, and thus become a recruiting agent for Louis Napoleon. Great Britain holds the doctrine of personal allegiance; no British subject could ever be naturalized, for his obligations to his native country are only with his death. Russia claims the right of expatriation—even for a time; no Russian, therefore, could ever become a citizen. And not only would it be the duty of the American Court to ascertain and execute the existing laws of all those foreign Powers, but our future laws made by foreign Sovereigns would be equally entitled to attention. Any petty German principality, by an ordinance, render it impossible for any of its subjects to obtain a naturalization here. That the princes of Germany would do so, can not be doubted, for emigration to the United States is ruining them, and nothing would check emigration to this country so rapidly as a denial of political rights to foreign-born residents.

We have entered into these considerations solely out of respect for the opinions of those for with us and sustain Mr. Cass. In point of fact, is it of no sort of consequence to our naturalized citizens of foreign nations to know whether it be the office of our Courts to execute them. All that the Government has to do is to take the oath of a man, and confer on him the franchise. The law declares that foreign-born persons shall, on certain conditions, become citizens. If those conditions are complied with, the law makes no question; becomes citizens, and are entitled to the protection of the laws. Any attempt to prevention; and a hundred letters from Mr. Cass, and a hundred newspaper articles, couldn't invalidate their citizenship, or relieve the United States from the duty of protecting them abroad as well as at home. The only thing which it is in Mr. Cass's power to do in the matter, is to check the fulfillment of that duty, and to assist refuge in a quibble for his pusillanimous course. This seems to be the Secretary's intention.

We have given up this question without personal feeling; we are not likely to be accused of political partisanship. We feel, therefore, that we may say that Mr. Cass will speedily discover that his Leclere and Hofer letters are the greatest blunder of his political life. They will be remembered against him. Questions come up on the occurrence of some isolated outrage upon an obscure citizen, public sentiment might have compelled the Secretary for declaring to involve the country in the miseries of war on his account. But to anticipate such an event, and with a reckless stroke of the pen to disinherit those the entire naturalized population of the country, was singularly indiscreet in a veteran like Mr. Cass—how indiscreet he will probably discover at the next elections.

LAGER BEER.

SOME statistical returns which we have seen contain startling evidence of the progress of lager beer drinking in this country. Our German friends seem to have imbued with their American people with their love for *lager*; where, a few years ago, guileless grain only swelled the demand, lager drays laden with kegs are now found insufficient. What are we to say of the future rejoice or the lamentation of

The teetotalers have, of course, no mercy for lager. Water is their specific; every thing below water is pernicious. We have not undertaken in this hot weather to controvert the ponderous arguments by which they prove that water is the cure of all human ills, and that wine are fools and villains not to be satisfied with it.

At the same time, a man may, perhaps, be permitted to think that there are many other kinds of evil, and that—assuming lager beer drinking to be wrong—it is less so than getting drunk on whisky and brandy. The existence of a highly respectable court has settled the point that lager does not intoxicate; and that where lager is drunk there is less drunk. Lager, and which, as statistics show, is fast superseding spirituous liquors as the common stimulant of ourselves, has some terrible enemies to set against the mischief which teetotalers will probably assure us it is working in our midst.

A very ingenious gentleman, who combines the professions of medicine and journalism, once created quite a stir by proclaiming lager to be a slow poison. Scientific inquiry goes to prove that the opinion did more credit to his coloring than to his analytical skill. Good lager beer is pronounced by the faculty to be a mild tonic, calculated, on the average, to be more beneficial than obnoxious to the system.

We have likewise been told that a steady course of lager beer drinking stupefies the faculties. The chief evidence which has been adduced in support of this opinion is the alleged slowness and stupidity of the Bavarians, great lager drinkers. But if the Bavarians are slow and stupid—which they and their friends by no means admit—can nothing account for the fact but lager beer? Has not their climate something to do with it? Are they slower than the Sandians, with their cocoa-nuts, than the Crosts, who seldom get any thing to drink? And how about the English, who drink as much malt fat intoxicating liquor as the Bavarians do, such? Of course, it can hardly be expected that the worthy gentleman who takes twenty-six mugs of lager beer before breakfast in the presence of an admiring crowd, can be particularly bright in the afternoon; but where the consumption is moderate, stupefaction appears to proceed so slowly as not to be discernible.

THE FUTURE OF ITALY.

NAPOLEON'S Milan Proclamation, which we publish elsewhere, will satisfy all who believe in his word that he does not desire to annex any of Italy to France. If he did so, in the face of the pledges, and the treaties of all Europe, the combination against him, which would drive him to a new St. Helena. It is safe, therefore, even for those who do not trust his assurances, to believe that in this instance he dare not violate them. As he says himself, the spirit of the age guarantees Italy against French domination.

What, then, is to become of Italy, after the Austrians have left the country?

There are at the present time, besides a number of small states and principalities, five governments in Italy of nearly two generations the Lombardo-Venetian States, the Duchy of Tuscany, the States of the Church, and the Kingdom of Naples. For nearly two generations the last four have been practically subject to Austria. Her expulsion will necessitate some remodeling of the Italian map, and of the form of its rule.

The ardent Roman patriots of 1848 would be satisfied with nothing short of Italian unity. They wished a Roman republic, stretching from the Alps to Sicily. Charles Albert, too, desired Italian unity; but the form in which he wished to realize the idea was a kingdom of United Kingdom of Italy, with himself as dynastic sovereign. On the other hand, Naples objected very decidedly to be swallowed up in either of its ambitious neighbors of the north; and Venice, with the democrat Manin at its head, steadily refused to have any thing to do with Charles Albert. In Tuscans, though sympathizers with the movement for unity, had scruples about abdicating their separate nationality.

When the fighting is over, these controversies will revive with consolidated force. They will not be settled without trouble. If the dream of the patriots of 1848 is to be realized, and all Italy become one governed somehow, what is to be the form of that government—republican or monarchical? Can Napoleon establish a transalpine republic, or will the Italian democrats crown a king? Again, how are the local jealousies, which centuries of separate national existence have bred in the minds of Romans, Piedmontese, Milanese, Tuscans, Neapolitans, to be overcome? Will not any attempt to set aside the claims of sovereigns, or others, lead to outbreaks? And lastly, what is to become of the Pope? Is it possible to establish a safe and stable government in Italy so long as he is armed with temporal power? Is it possible to maintain his Headship of the Church without guaranteeing him some temporal sovereignty?

These problems are not easy of solution. Napoleon may find when he has driven out the Austrians that the hardest part of his task is yet to come.

THE UNFULFILLED PROPHECIES.

We publish elsewhere a very curious and instructive article on Unfulfilled Prophecy. If Dr. Murray Paine is right, the wisdom ridicule on the peculiar field of our religious contemporaries; the general conclusion which stands out is the subject of unfulfilled prophecy, and the high reputation of Dr. Paine, will probably be a sufficient excuse for our having, on this occasion, run into this theme opinions among learned and devout Christians are known to be much divided; it can only be expected that Dr. Paine's views will command the universal assent of his audience; all, however, will bear witness to the candid and comprehensiveness with which he handles his topic.

CORRESPONDENCE.

GENERAL JACKSON AND MRS. EATON.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

WASHINGTON, June 28, 1859.

In your Weekly of the 25th instant I observe an article headed "Mrs. Eaton and General Jackson," of which the following is an extract, viz.:

"Through her influence (and her husband's admitted abilities) General Eaton was appointed to a

live in the Cabinet, and the lady became soon quite a sort of semi-official lady of the White House. Her influence finally became supreme, and of course created a host of enemies. The old General became her partisan, and he went so far as to make a very "party" measure! But Mrs. Eaton should receive the most marked attention from all who came to the White House, and more especially from those who were dependent upon him for official favor. In general thing, the wives of the members of the Cabinet, who were jealous of Mrs. Eaton, left Mrs. Eaton with attention, performed their allotted task with apparent sincerity at least; but Mrs. Calhoun would not and did not conform to the usage, and from this little incident arose circumstances which finally brought about the Calhoun feud, drove Mr. Calhoun into the opposition, and absolutely changed the character of the Democratic party."

This article does General Jackson great injustice, and is in error in many particulars, viz.:

1. It was the personal friendship between General Jackson and Major Eaton which secured to the latter a place in the Cabinet.

2. Mrs. Eaton never had any position in the White House. The lady of the President was Mrs. Donaldson, wife of Major Donaldson, the President's private secretary.

3. General Jackson never required as a "party measure" or otherwise, that any one should pay marked attention," or any attention to Mrs. Eaton. Neither the lady of his own house nor one of the ladies of the Cabinet offered her any attention, save, over visited her. It is true that the General, believing that the tales circulated about Mrs. Eaton were utterly false, and knowing that the feeling induced among his advisers by family alienations would be totally fatal to the success of his public measures; but in no instance did he require that any one, not even his private secretary nor the ladies of his own household, pay marked attention to Mrs. Eaton or pay her any attention.

4. General Jackson was not active in the belief of this family difficulty was fostered by political agitators, for the purpose of breaking up a cabinet which were not sufficiently subservient to their views upon the succession. But the breach between him and Mr. Calhoun was the result entirely of these petty feuds, and would doubtless have occurred had Mrs. Eaton never existed. It grew out of a course of events that began as early as 1818, but not fully developed until 1831.

The letter of Mr. Webb in our article concludes is believed to have no relation to Mr. Eaton, though it was this foundation, that when a lad which we originally received from the lady his family, he promptly loosened one with the tongs from the thread of the thimble, and sent it to the physician. Such is my recollection of an incident mentioned at the time as illustrating the promptitude of General Jackson in the execution of his purposes. The inaccuracies of your article are doubtless attributable to imperfect reports by newspaper representatives during General Jackson's administration, and I doubt not you will be as desirous as I am that justice shall be done to his memory by their correction.

With high respect,

AMOS KENDALL.

THE LOUNGER.

THE DAY WE CELEBRATE.

NATURE always sympathizes with the fervors of our patriotism. If our fathers had declared their independence in mid-winter, we should never have warmed ourselves to the proper pitch upon the anniversary? In fact, it is almost impossible to imagine the Fourth of July falling in any season but the summer. How natural it is there! How quietly it comes there and how it lingers!

There are not means as hints for the orators who are to-day passing through the agonies of history where our fathers were in the thick of it. And yet if some glowing Demosthenes or Cicero of three thousand years ago should arise, we should have to add to those most polished and eloquent sentences which he has already produced, only—as Providence is kind—has also committed, the Lounger would humbly suggest an allusion to Mesmer,—a long and elaborate one, in which he should tell us that in order to draw and brandish the very knife to which he alludes, it was necessary to put the orator rejoices to remind his perspiring fellow-countrymen that on precisely such a day as that in which they were—and the orator pauses—upon that day, glittering, shadeless plain of New Jersey, the slowly dying sun sought, in vain, to shine, grandsons of '76, from the bodies of those unflinching men, on that burning day, rolled rivers of blood—even as on the battle-fields of '76—the bodies of their descendants. Yes, yes, from the very bodies! And, indeed, the orator may point to the Sunday breakfast, roll rivers of a—something which, as a classic orator, I forbear to name.

Does not the speaker see that they clearly have come to the experience of his hearers? Would it not, perhaps, say the orator, remember the day, six in a pew, sweltering—if he could use such a word—with sympathy?

And one other thing, not at all in the idle vein of other thing he him not forget to say, which should send a thrill of fire through the heart of every orator. Remember that on this very day, somewhere upon the hot plain of Northern Italy, brave men and true, with as deep, and more precious a love of country as say we know, are standing against a steadier despotism than any we have conceived. In that lovely land, garlanded from Genoa to Venice—from the Alps to the Apennines with flowers and foliage and swinging vines, and of heroic memories, heroes are rising to rescue their homes and their hearts from the yoke of the Austrians of Monmouth and Trenton, of Saratoga and Valley Springs, of Bunker Hill and Long Island, the spoil of another land and another century alone.

Today we honor the one in the same—a human freedom—of justice, of civilization, of all good arts and sciences and letters, let us not forget the other. Let the Italians know that, on the day of jubilee for our own baptism of Liberty, we were mindful of those upon whom the sacred drops even now descend. The thought will be as good to them as many subscriptions. It will touch their hearts. It will strengthen their hands.

A FOURTH OF JULY ORATION.

From the Boston Evening Journal.

THE day was ushered in by a salute of thirteen guns, and ringing of bells. At 10 o'clock a procession was formed, under the command of Col. "Freedom Fulfillers," with Major Abijah W. Binney as chief marshal. The church was crowded by the fairest part of the population, dangling, whispering, and waving their fans. The thermometer was 97° at the window in the gallery. After the Sunday-school children had sung a hymn and had a few addresses and the organ had played a voluntary, and the village glee-club had sung a patriotic ode, and the Reverend Timothy G. Nasmyth had read the Declaration of Independence, and the glee-club had sung another song, and Enos H. Blakey, Esq., had read the Declaration of Independence, and Philbrown Endway Mullinex, of the bi-monthly "Voice of the Hills," had read an original ode, and Master Tullidy, of the High School, had recited Smalley's Ode to Independence, the orator of the day arose, and, after looking at the assembled his hand through his hair, sucked a lemon, and said:

FELLOW-CITIZENS,—I begin by thanking Heaven for a timely topic. I shall continue by discussing it. Fellow-citizens, Have the citizens of this country equal rights?

The Publone, several other newspapers, and General Cass, say that they have.

There three represent all the parties in the country. There are three editors of all parties who deny the equality of the citizens. The President of the United States is of the same opinion. Fellow-citizens, it is a sad thing to find a political truth so far from the people. The people are unpolitical, and will not forget that in earlier days the President was a Democrat. Let us look briefly at the facts.

Let us look briefly at this great question.

The very fundamental principle of the American Government is that all men are born equal. It says in the Constitution which organizes that government there is no privilege of birth possessing the citizens, namely, that no foreign-born citizen shall be elected President. By implication, therefore, the very oldest native Americans are disfranchised them as entirely equal. It seems to specify this particular case, because it was considered that all the citizens stood upon the same ground, and therefore any one native, native or foreign, might be elected to the President. Such was the general, undoubtedly, and the single exception was made. That other exceptions of this nature they would have been indicated.

But how stands the fact? The Government existed at all only in virtue of the assertion of the right of men to choose their own government. Of our own number we relinquished allegiance to Great Britain and elected a new one, and we virtually proclaimed the right of every man to the the same thing.

Despotism contemplates a man as a born subject of a selected family, and its only formation or continuation he has no voice. The American principle has it that every man is free, and declares the absolute political freedom of every man. All right, that is, to choose under what government he will live, and his fellow-men have no right to set up a government.

And on what ground shall a man's right of choice of the country in which he will live be denied?

He is born, for instance, in Austria, but at years of discretion he loathes the Austrian tyranny and prefers to live in the United States, where he may also develop his manhood, but which has invited him and all men to come, promising to make them citizens, and to protect them in the enjoyment of equality of delay, a share in the Government.

But Austria interposes and claims his service on the ground that he was born in Austria, and has lived to an age of discretion during which he has had the opportunity to emigrate. And because he has incurred a debt which he can only discharge by personal presence. He is free, fellow-citizens,—England—or whatever the country may be—does not recognize the right of expatriation.

The man's right is a moral right.

"I believe, with Austria, that every man is born political slave, and that the fact that born in Austria was no choice of mine, and it is something I shall always deplore. You spak of debt—but I long as I have lived in Austria I have had a service that I did not perform—so long as I lived in the United States in many ways—another, as full set-off to the protection that you gave me. The account between us was quits at every moment, and when I came to claim the protection of your laws; and your claim upon me to reimburse them was invalid at the same moment. I can now a citizen of the United States. How can I serve two masters? If you and the United States demand my services, I am a mercenary and adoptive country to allow me to fight against it? Am I to be liable to be called upon at the time? Am I to be liable to be guilty of two simultaneous treasons? one as a citizen of the United States in refusing to serve Austria—another, as an Austrian native in arms against the Emperor? The thing is ridiculous. Either I am a citizen of the United States, with the sole disability of ineligibility to the Presidency, but in all other respects entitled to all that Mr. Buchanan or General Cass are entitled to, or I am in the absurd position of being constitutionally competent to the office of the United States without redress under its laws for the most grievous wrong that a citizen suffers, for the most grievous wrong that a citizen suffers, his country the compulsion to bear arms against his country.

"If the United States does not mean to protect me in my most essential rights as a citizen, why does it permit me to be a citizen at all? What a farce and stultification! How can a democratic Government justify make malignant and invidious distinctions among the citizens?"

The letter of the Secretary of State does not allude even remotely to these questions. It merely says that some foreign governments claim perpetual allegiance—and insinuates that we can not make laws for them.

But the proposition is no more than any other assumption which conflicts with ours: and if Austria and Russia insist that every man leaves his office and deity, who should be found within her dominions, on the first of August, should bear arms for her in Italy—and we have no complaint that our laws for Austria if we insisted upon the protection of the citizens of the United States who might be seized under such a law?

If it be urged that international law has settled such a point as this, the reply is very clear that the point of the last defense of naturalized citizens is not settled by international law, nor are despotisms likely to settle it as we wish. We are, therefore, advised the defense and protection of our citizens, what other Governments are pleased to acknowledge it?

The United States of America are quite as competent to declare that every man shall elect his allegiance, and every country in the world is to assert the contrary. Every country has its own policy and policy urges it to that course. It will not be to the first shock of feudal injustice to the world down, and it will be by no means the last. By the Constitution of our Government, and under the Constitution of the United States, a citizen can but be could not be elected President, Albert Gallatin, or it a citizen elected with him to the rank of the earth the same inviolability as George Washington. All men in this country are equal citizens in the eyes of the intention of our Government. If they are born elsewhere, that Government has contemplated that we acquire a superior preference, and then calls them her children. If she will not protect them, she has no disabled law self, she has betrayed them, and she has prepared her own destruction.

Three cheers, then, for the American flag, which was meant to protect every where the American citizen!

AFTER US, THE DELUGE.

As the Italian war begins in earnest, and attention Austria results from the Ticino across the Adda to the Mincio, the question arises in the world declares with expressive silence against the despotic rule of Austria in Italy, and with the same voice against the barbarous custom of that vast and monstrous empire, the tutelary genius of its rulers, whenever withdraws from the scene, the spectacle becomes mysteriously dramatic—hi famous words of eleven years ago are recalled—"After us, the deluge!" Metternich said of himself, "and is not this "the Deluge?"

Metternich is a venerable old man, old, a Prince, and a famous statesman. Metternich was alive Austria, deadly and despotic Austria, body and soul, crushing, miserable Austria the enemy of human progress and of mankind—Austria which has for its head and symbol the heart-blood of Italy. This Austria was Metternich.

Of all men of the last century he was the one who has produced the most suffering among men. He was the soul of all that remorseless policy which crushed Europe in the interests of Austria. Oh! the midnight arrests, the dungeons, the tortures, the broken hearts, the crazed brains, the ruined lives, the despair of wives and mothers, cried out, that cry out against this man. To prevent Austria's growth was the single object of western despotisms—he insist upon the predominance of family, of the best men and women by millions go to the dogs—to propose nothing that could make one heart smile, or one hopeful heart glow—to keep the nations and to the dance of whole nations rising to seize their own—this was the sole business of Austria for half a century.

And no other man of modern times—no man since the older Italian tyrants, and occasional ones, has done so deeply detested. The one word that all Italy hated was Metternich. And in that Italy of supine passion and many-colored and dramatic characterization, "The Italian in England," Robert Browning expresses it in a line—

"However, if I figured to myself
Real wishes on myself—say, Three—
I know at once what one should be:
I would grasp Metternich until
I felt his ear vanish in my fist
In blood through these two hands."

He died quietly in his bed, full of years and honors. Twenty years ago he was driven from the street in Vienna. He was seventy-four, and walked with a quick step and erect figure, dressed plainly in black, with his hands clasped behind to the chin. Every body knew who it was, and many raised their hats to the old man who had been the most powerful man in the world. He was not insulted. He was not even molested. He was not even reviled. He was not even hissed. He was not even hooted. He was not even pelted. He was not even insulted by the English spirit. A few years restored him to Austria, and Austria to her old empire.

He has ended now, and those courses are ending. The map of Europe, it is difficult to doubt, will be reconstructed. "Italy is a mere geographical expression," said Metternich. To our children, please Heaven! Metternich's Austria will be a mere historical name.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—VICO, Elmira. Sop-sage cheese is so called from a corruption of the name of a little village in Germany, Schab-ziegen, where it is made. You will find in any good German dictionary the word Schabziegenkase, a kind of cheese. *Ziger* is a provincial word meaning whey.

—ILLIBERALITAR, Providence, Rhode Island, is reminded by Mr. Bindley's communication, two weeks since, of an indistinct upon which he solicits an opinion. There was to be a lecture at eight o'clock. He went before seven, and got a good seat. At twenty minutes before eight the hall was crowded to the stairs and entries. Between eight and nine one-and-twenty persons were eight a female (to you object to the word?) worked her way from the front seats down the aisle, and finally up the aisle; remarking, as she passed your servant, that some fellow-citizens, *ourfellowcitizens*, and rudeness, to have gallantry enough to give her a seat. I did not rise; but frowning, as I did, that I came early, and paid for admission, and that in lecture-rooms and rudeness are not the same word.—First cover, first served."

The Lounger has always expressed the same opinion upon this point. He can only say that he should not wish to sit next to a child or any other person annoyed, unless under extraordinary circumstances, as where he is ill, or he immediately attendance upon ladies, and even then it would be disagreeable to remain sitting. Of course a woman or a gentleman in such circumstances is not a lady. But we are bound to be gentlemen always, while women are always ladies or not.

—E. B., Washington city. Your verses are not good.

—THEATRES, New York. The Lounger would advise you to go to the Winter Mistakes by Boucicault, Green, New Hampshire, and Lake Winnipiseogee, not forgetting Centre-table, and Lake Winnipiseogee, and to go out of the face to the Notch. In returning, he would advise Bethlehem, Littleton, in the valley of the Connecticut. The expenses of traveling by the railway conveyances, and would probably not exceed twenty dollars a week. If you can do it for seven less, of course; but a day's railroading will cost you about five dollars.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Saturday, July 2, 1859.*

THE Wholesale Produce Markets opened quietly and steadily for the principal kinds of Breadstuffs, but closed the close the demand for Flour, Corn, and Oats improved, and prices were fully maintained, and in some instances higher. Wheat, Rye, and Barley were partially neglected, and tended downward. Cotton has been in limited request at higher rates. Provisions have been more freely offered, and prices have declined. Groceries, Tropical produce Teas, Coffees, and Tobacco, have been less active. Coffee has ruled firm and steady. Hay has been in good demand, and has been in good request at improved prices. Hops, Seeds, Oils, Spirits, Naval Stores, Metals, Oils, Tallow, Seeds, Tobacco, and Wool have been rather slightly dealt in. Coal has been in fair demand. The Lumber... The movements in other commodities have not been important. The following quotations will show the trend a revised list of the closing quotations for the leading articles:

Standard Sugar State Flour, per barrel	$5 05	@ $5 20
Extra State	5 25	@ 5 30
Superfine Western	5 00	@ 5 00
Superfine Western Ohio	5 00	@ 5 00
Superfine Southern	5 05	@ 5 10
Extra Southern	5 25	@ 5 30
Superfine Rye Flour	4 00	@ 4 15
Fine Western	4 00	@ 4 00
White Michigan Wheat, per bushel	1 45	@ 1 70
White Southern	1 45	@ 1 70
Red Western Wheat	1 37½	@ 1 55
Milwaukee Club	1 30	@ 1 33
Chicago Spring	85	@ 1 05
Rye	65	@ 70
Barley	65	@ 70
Western Corn	47	@ 48
State Oats	42	@ 45
Canada and Pennsylvania Oats	40	@ 42
Southern Oats	39	@ 42
Canada Peas, per bushel	90	@ 90
New Mess Pork, per barrel	16 00	@ 16 12½
Prime Pork	12 75	@ 13 00
Country Mess Beef	8 00	@ 8 00
Extra, per pound	7½	@ 8
Shoulders	6½	@ 6½
Hams, per pound	11	@ 11
Fair to Extra Butter	14	@ 16
Ohio Butter, new	11	@ 15
Cheese, new	7	@ 8
Rice, per 100 pounds	4 00	@ 5 00
Rio Coffee, per pound	11	@ 11½
New Orleans Sugar	6½	@ 7
New Orleans Molasses, per gallon	30	@ 32
Hyson Teas, per pound	28	@ 45
Young Hyson Teas	28	@ 45
Domestic Whisky, per gallon	25	@ 26
Tallow, per pound	9½	@ 10
Clear Shipping Hay, per 100 pounds	75	@ 80
Timothy Seed	1 60	@ 1 65
Crude Petroleum, per 100 pounds	2 25	@ 2 50
Spirits Turpentine, per gallon	44	@ 45
Tar, per barrel	2 25	@ 2 50

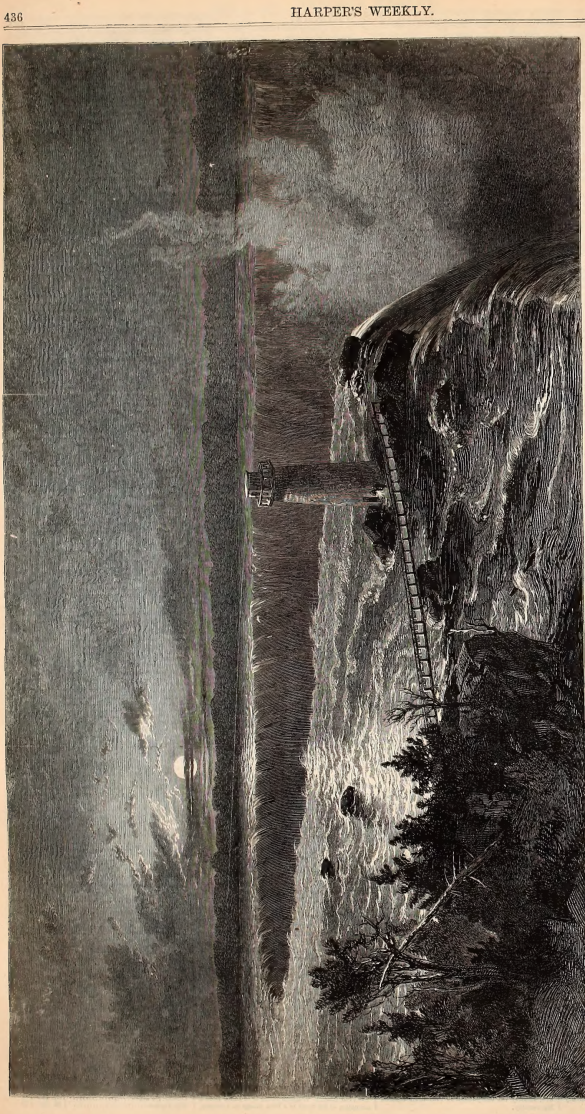
The range of prices according to the actual sales of the Week at the Principal Produce Markets in Chicago was as follows:

Ordinary to fair dry Flour, per barrel $ 6 @ $ 11
Fair to very good Ohio Corn, per bushel 30 @ 38
Fair to very good Oats 30 @ 38
Sharp and Lambs, per head 2 25 @ 6 00
Hogs, per pound 5 @ 6
Live Swine 6½ @ 6½
Dressed " 7 @ 7½
Roasting Pigs, each 75 @ 1 75

The Country Produce Markets have been more active, with ample supplies of most kinds at prices which have improved slightly.

WHOLESALE TRADE CURRENT OF PROVINCIAL AT VARIOUS POINTS IN MARKET.

Cherries, per pound	$ 3	@ $ 7
Gooseberries, per bushel	1 50	@ 2 00
Raspberries, per 100 bushels	4 50	@ 10 00
Currants, per pound	6	@ 8
Whortleberries, per quart	9	@ 12
Peaches, per bushel	1 00	@ 2 00
Apples, per barrel	3 00	@ 5 00
Potatoes, old, per barrel	2 00	@ 2 50
Potatoes, new, Southern	3 00	@ 4 00
Onions	2 75	@ 3 00
Onions, new, per 100 bunches	1 50	@ 2 00
Turnips, per bushel	1 00	@ 1 25
Beets, per bushel	50	@ 75
Beets, per dozen bunches	50	@ 75
Carrots, per bushel	75	@ 1 00
Carrots, new, per dozen bunches	37½	@ 43
Cabbage, new, per 100	4 00	@ 6 00
Garlic, per 100 bunches	5 00	@ 6 00
Green Beans, per bushel	1 00	@ 1 25
Green Peas, per bushel	1 00	@ 1 25
Cucumbers, per dozen	12½	@ 25
Tomatoes, per dozen	12½	@ 25
Squashes, per 100	75	@ 1 00
Radishes, per 100 bunches	50	@ 75
Spinach, per bushel	75	@ 87
Rhubarb, per 100 bunches	1 00	@ 1 25
Eggs, N. Y., and N. J., per dozen	17	@ 18
Chickens, per pair	37	@ 50
Geese, Spring, each	1 00	@ 1 25
Turkeys, per pound	12	@ 14
Ducks, per pair	1 25	@ 1 50
Pigeons, per dozen	1 25	@ 1 87
Wild Pigeons	75	@ 1 00



GIGNOUX'S NIAGARA.—THE PROPERTY OF HON. AUGUST BELMONT.

NIAGARA FALLS.

We have the pleasure of laying before our readers an engraving of M. Gignoux's Niagara, one of the noblest works of American art. It will be remembered that M. Gignoux executed, some eighteen months ago, a painting of Niagara, which was exhibited together with a painting on the same subject by Mr. Church. Both became the property of a firm of print-sellers. Mr. August Belmont, the well-known banker and millionaire, who expressed to purchase M. Gignoux's picture, was so much disappointed at losing it that he gave the artist a commission to execute a new Niagara for him. The result of that order is the admirable work which we now engrave. Rumor asserts that the price paid to the painter was as worthy of the artist as of the wealthy patron of art whose gallery of paintings is becoming so famous.

M. Gignoux has painted Niagara by moonlight, the point of view being from Goat Island, and the main scene the Horseshoe Fall. Words fail to describe the beauty of the original work. It is one of those delicious scenes on which the eye can feast for hours together. One almost fancies, in gazing into the soft summer night-air which envelops the scene, that the ear hears the roar of the cataract as the eye sees the floating moonbeams which dance over the broad rushing stream.

We shall not be expected to attempt any word-picture of a scene to which nothing but the brush or the pencil can do justice. Those who are not satisfied with M. Gignoux's picture, and who want to know more about Niagara, must go and see it for themselves. Thousands have been grand doings there of late.

On Thursday, 30th, M. Blondin is to cross Niagara River locked in Fall on a tight rope. We shall probably be able to give a description of the feat in another part of this paper. Such exploits have been a theme of much discussion of late. Ever since Sam Patch's leap the first aim of aspiring acrobats has been to couple their name with that of Niagara; and many a time the public have been summoned at the Falls to witness some desperate feat which has never been performed. The last Niagara hoax was an announcement that a famous acrobat would cross the river above the Fall on stilts. The joke was even carried so far as to assert substantially that the feat had been performed in the presence of thirty people; time, place, circumstance, and incidents—all were elaborately related. The people at the Falls were a good deal taken aback at first when they read the story.

We must hope that M. Blondin's operations will be more real.

WHY MOURN?

BY C. H. WEBB.

The golden grain
Is ripened but to death;
And Summer's leaves
Must fall with Autumn's breath.

For all things die:
Behold! the marble urn
That shrines our dust
Shall crumble in its turn.

We mourn the Young;
They perish as the flowers,
Whose petals scarce
Have kissed Life's rosy hours.

We mourn the Old,
Who vanish from our sight
As Summer days
That fade in lengthened light.

A selfish grief:
They fall not as the leaves,
But ripened grain,
And angels bind the sheaves.

An aged friend,
Whose years were as a crown,
But yester-night
Unto the grave went down.

As sinks the sun,
Low-curtained in the West,
Its journey done:
So went he to his rest.

No warring strife;
And when had ceased his breath,
It was not Life—
You scarce could call it Death.

A soft-sealed smile
Fell like a sunbeam's play,
As though the soul
At parting kissed its clay.

The lines that Time
Upon the brow had traced,
Death's gentle hand
With kindly touch effaced.

So calm—so still
The peace that veiled the dead:
Were Death not mute,
Those parted lips had said:

O ye that mourn,
A selfish grief ye give:
Restrain your tears
To pour for those that live!

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

In Three Books.—Splendidly Illustrated.

IF Printed from early Proof-sheets, for which Messrs. Harper & Brothers pay the author

FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS.

BOOK II.

THE GOLDEN THREAD.

CHAPTER IX.

THE GORGON'S HEAD.

It was a heavy mass of building, that mansion of Monsieur the Marquis, with a large stone court-yard before it, and two great portes-cochères. A stony business altogether, with heavy stone balustrades, and stone figures and stone flowers, and stone faces of men, and stone heads of lions, in all directions. As if the Gorgon's head had surveyed it, when it was finished, two centuries ago.

Up the broad flight of shallow steps, Monsieur the Marquis, Bandbox preceded, went from his carriage, sufficiently disturbing the darkness to elicit a loud remonstrance from an owl in the roof of the great pile of stable-building away among the trees. All else was so quiet that the flambeau carried up the steps, and the other flambeau held at the great door, burned as if they were in a close room of state, instead of being in the open night-air. After some delay, the owl's voice there was none, save the falling of a fountain into its stone basin: for it was one of those dark nights that hold their breath by the hour together, and then heave a long, low sigh, and hold their breath again.

The great door clanged behind him, and Monsieur the Marquis crossed a hall, grim with certain old boar spears, swords, and knives of the chase; grimmer with certain heavy riding-rods and whips, of which many a peasant, gone to his benefactor, Death, had felt the weight when his lord was angry.

Avoiding the larger rooms, which were dark and made fast for the night, Monsieur the Marquis, with his flambeau-bearer going before him, went up the staircase to a door in a corridor. This throws open and admitted him to his own private apartment of three rooms—his bedchamber and two others. High, vaulted rooms, with cool, unexpected floors, great depth to the hearths for the burning of wood in winter time, and all luxuries befitting the state of a marquis in a luxurious age and country. Other rooms in the last Louis but one, of the line that was never to break—the supercilious Louis was prosperous in their rich furniture; but it was diversified by many objects that were illustrations of old pages in the history of France.

A supper-table was laid for two, in the third of the rooms—a round room, in one of the four fire-extinguisher-topped towers. A small, lofty room, with its window wide open, and the wooden jalousie-blinds closed, so that the air was only showed in slight horizontal lines of black, alternating with their broad lines of stone color.

"My nephew," said the Marquis, glancing at the supper preparation, "they said he was not arrived."

Nor was he; but he had been expected with Monsieur.

"Ah! It is not probable he will arrive to-night; nevertheless, leave the table as it is. I shall be ready in a quarter of an hour."

In a quarter of an hour Monsieur was ready, and sat down alone to his sumptuous and choice supper. His chair was opposite to the window, and he had taken his soup, and was raising his glass of Bordeaux to his lips, when he put it down.

"What is that?" he calmly asked, looking with attention at the horizontal lines of black and stone color.

"Monseigneur? That?"

"Outside the blinds. Open the blinds."

It was done.

"Well?"

"Monseigneur, it is nothing. The trees and the night are all that are here."

The servant who spoke had thrown the blinds wide, had looked out into the vacant darkness, and stood, with that blank behind him, looking round for Monseigneur's order.

"Good," said the imperturbable master. "Close them again."

That was done too, and the Marquis went on with his supper. He was half-way through it when he again stopped with his glass in his hand, hearing the sound of wheels. It came on briskly, and stopped at the front of the chateau.

"Ask who is arrived."

It was the nephew of Monseigneur. He had been some few days upon the road. Monseigneur, early in the afternoon, he had diminished the distance considerably, but not so rapidly as to come up with Monseigneur on the road. He had heard of Monseigneur, at the posting-houses, as being left behind.

He was to be told (said Monseigneur) that supper awaited him and them, and that he was to be expected to come to it. In a little while he came. He had been known in England as Charles Darnay.

Monseigneur received him in a courtly manner, but they did not shake hands.

"You left Paris yesterday, Sir?" he said to Monseigneur, as he took his seat at table.

"Yesterday. And you?"

"I come direct."

"From London?"

"Yes."

"You have been a long time coming," said the Marquis, with a smile.

"On the contrary, I come direct."

"Pardon me! I mean, not a long time on the journey; a long time intending the journey."

"I have been detained by"—the nephew stopped a moment in his answer—"various business."

"Without doubt," said the polished uncle.

So long a pause was passed over after word passed between them. When coffee had been served, and they were alone together, the nephew, looking from the uncle and master to the eyes of the face that was like a fine mask, opened a conversation.

"I have come back, Sir, as you anticipate, pursuing the object that took me away. It cannot be one great and unexpected pity; but it is a sacred object, and if it had carried me to Death I hope I should have ventured me."

"Not to death," said the uncle; "it is not necessary to say, to death."

"I said purposely," returned the nephew, "whether, if it had carried me to the utmost brink of death, I hope I should have ventured me."

The deepened marks in the nose, and the heightening of the fine straight lines in the cruel face, looked almost as to say, that the uncle made a graceful gesture of protest, which was in the world-wide form of good breeding that it was not reassuring.

"Indeed, Sir," pursued the nephew, "for any thing I know, it may be expressly awaked to give a more suspicious appearance to the unsuspicious appearances that surrounded me."

"No, no, no," said the uncle, pleasantly.

"But however that may be," resumed the nephew, glancing at him with deep distrust, "I know that your diplomacy would stop me by any means, and would know no scruple as to means."

"My friend, I told you so," said the uncle, with a fine pathetion in the two marks. "Do me the favor to recall that I told you so, long ago."

"I recall it."

"Thank you," said the Marquis—very sweetly indeed.

His tone lingered in the air, almost like the tone of a musical instrument.

"In effect, Sir," pursued the nephew, "I believe it to be at once your bad fortune, and my good fortune, that has kept me out of a prison in France here."

"I do not quite understand," returned the uncle, sipping his coffee. "Dare I ask you to explain?"

"I believe that if you were not in disgrace with the court, and had been overshadowed by that cloud for years past, a letter *de cachet* would have sent me to some fortress indefinitely."

"It is possible," said the uncle, with great calmness. "For the honor of the family, I could even resolve to incommode you to that extent. May exercise me?"

"I perceive that, happily for me, the Reception of the day before yesterday was, as usual, cold one," observed the nephew.

"I would not say happily, my friend," returned the uncle, with refined politeness; "I would not be sure of that. A good opportunity for consideration, surrounded by the advantages of solitude, might influence your destiny to far greater advantage than you influence it for yourself. But it is useless to discuss the question. I am, as you say, at a disadvantage. These little instruments of correction, those gentle aids to the power and honor of families, these slight favors that might to incommode you, are only to be obtained now by interest and importunity. They are sought by so many, and they are granted (comparatively) to so few! It used not to be so, in France in all such things is changed for the worse. Our not remote ancestors held the right of life and death over the surrounding vulgar. From this room many such doors have been taken out to be hanged; in the next room (my bedroom), one fine day, to one knowledge, was pointed on the spot for professing some dissolent delicacy respecting his daughter—*his* daughter! We have lost many privileges; a new philosophy has become the mode; and the assertion of our station, in these days, might (I do not go so far as to say would, but might) cause us real inconvenience. All very bad, very bad!"

The Marquis took a gentle little pinch of snuff, and shook his head, as elegantly dependent as he could becomingly be, of a country still containing himself, that great means of regeneration.

"We have so asserted our station, both in the old time and in the modern time also," said the nephew, gloomily, "that I believe our name to be more detested than any name in France."

"Let us hope so," said the uncle. "Detestation of the high is the involuntary homage of the low."

"There is not," pursued the nephew in his former tone, "a face I can look at, in all this country round about us, which looks at me with any deference on it but the dark deference of fear and slavery."

"A compliment," said the Marquis, "to the grandeur of the family, merited by the manner in which the family has sustained its grandeur. Hah!" And he took another gentle little pinch of snuff, and lightly crossed his legs.

But when his nephew, leaning an elbow on the table, covered his eyes thoughtfully and deservedly with his hand, the fine mask looked at him sideways with a stronger concentration of keenness, closeness, and dislike, than was comportable with its wearer's assumption of indifference.

"Repression is the only lasting philosophy. The dark deference of fear and slavery, my friend," observed the Marquis, "will keep the dogs obedient to the whip, as long as this roof," looking up to it, "shets out the sky."

That might be so long as the Marquis supposed. If a picture of the chateau as it was to be a very few years hence, and of fifty like it as they too were to be a very few years hence, could have been shown to him that night, he might have been at a loss to claim his own from the ghastly, fire-charred, plunder-wrecked ruins. As for the roof he vaunted, he might have found *that* shutting out the sky in a new way—to wit, freely, from the eyes of the bodies into which its lead was fired, out of the barrels of a hundred thousand muskets.

"Repression," said the Marquis, "I will preserve the honor and repose of the family, if you will not. But you must be fatigued. Shall we terminate our conference for the night?"

"A moment more."

"As how, if you please."

"Sir," said the nephew, "we have done wrong, and are paying the fruits of wrong."

"We have done wrong?" repeated the Marquis, with an inquiring smile, and delicately pointing, first to his nephew, then to himself.

"Our family; our honorable family, whose honor is of as much account to both of us, in such different ways. Even in my father's time we did a world of wrong, injuring every human creature who came between us and our pleasure, whatever it was. Why need I speak of my father's time when it is equally yours? Can I separate my father's twin-brother, joint inheritor, and next successor, from himself?"

"Death has done that," said the Marquis.

"THIS, FROM JACQUES."

"And has left me," answered the nephew, "bound to a system that is frightful to me, responsible for it, but powerless in it; seeking to execute the last request of my dear mother's lips, and obey the last look of my dear mother's eyes, which implored me to have mercy and to redress; and tortured by seeking assistance and power in vain."

"Seeking them from me, my nephew," said the Marquis, touching him on the breast with his forefinger—they were now standing by the hearth—"you will forever seek them in vain, be assured."

Every fine straight line in the clear whiteness of his face was cruelly, craftily, and closely compressed, while he stood looking calmly at his nephew, with his snuff-box in his hand. Once again he touched him on the breast, as though his finger were the fine point of a small sword, with which, in delicate finesse, he ran him through the body, and said,

"My friend, I will die, perpetuating the system under which I have lived."

When he had said it, he took a communing pinch of snuff, and put his box in his pocket.

"Better to be a rational creature," he added then, after ringing a small bell on the table, "and accept your natural destiny. But you are lost, Monsieur Charles, I see."

"This property and France are lost to me," said the nephew, sadly; "I renounce them."

"Are they both yours to renounce? France may be, but is the property? It is worth mentioning; but, is it yet?"

He had no intention, in the words I used, to claim it yet. If it passed to me from you, to-morrow—"

"Which I have the vanity to hope is not probable."

"—or twenty years hence—"

"You do me too much honor," said the Marquis; "still, I prefer that supposition."

"—I would abandon it, and live otherwise and elsewhere. It is little to relinquish. What is it but the wretchedness of misery and ruin?"

"Hah!" said the Marquis, glancing round the luxurious room.

"To the eye it is fair enough, here; but seen in its integrity, under the sky and by the daylight, it is a crumbling tower of waste, mismanagement, extortion, debt, mortgage, oppression, hunger, nakedness, and suffering."

"Hah!" said the Marquis again, in a well-satisfied manner.

"If a work becomes mine it shall be put into some hands better qualified to free it slowly (if such a thing is possible) from the weight that drags it down, so that the miserable people who are not brave it, and who have been long wrong to the last extremity of endurance, may, in another generation, suffer less; but it is not for me, or mine, to do it. I am resolved on all this land."

"And you?" said the uncle. "Forgive my curiosity; do you, under your new philosophy, graciously instead to live?"

"I intend to, to live, what others of my countrymen, even with nobility at their backs, may have to do some day—work."

"In England, for example?"

"Yes. The family honor, Sir, is safe from me in that country. The family name can suffer from me in no other, for I bear it in no other."

The ringing of the bell had caused the adjoining bedchamber to be lighted. It now shone brightly through the door of communication. The Marquis looked that way, and listened for the retreating step of his valet.

"England is very attractive to you, seeing how indifferently you have prospered there," he observed then, turning his calm face to his nephew with a smile.

"I have already said, that for my prospects

there, I am sensible I may be indebted to you, Sir. For the rest, it is my Refuge."

"They say, those beautiful English, that it is the Refuge of many. You know a compatriot who has found a Refuge there? A Doctor?"

"Yes."

"With a daughter?"

"Yes."

"Yes," said the Marquis. "You are fatigued. Good-night!"

As he bent his head in his most courtly manner there was a secrecy in his smiling face, and he conveyed an air of mystery to those words, which struck the eyes and ears of his nephew forcibly. At the same time, the thin straight lines of the setting of the eyes, and the thin straight lips, and the markings in the nose, carved with a sarcasm that looked handsomely diabolic.

"Yes," repeated the Marquis. "A Doctor with a daughter. Yes. So commendable a new philosophy! You are fatigued. Good-night!"

It would have been of as much avail to interrogate any stone face outside the chateau as to interrogate that face of his. He looked at him, in vain, in passing on to the door.

"Good-night!" said the uncle. "I look to the pleasure of seeing you again in the morning. Good repose! Light Monsieur my nephew to his chamber, there!—And here Monsieur my nephew in his bed, if you will be so polite as to himself, before he rang his little bell again, and summoned his valet to his own bedroom.

The valet came and gone, Monsieur the Marquis walked to and fro in his loose dressing-robe, to preserve himself gently from chill, but, still night. Rustling about the room, his softly-slippered feet making no noise on the floor, he moved like a refined animal, looked like some enchanted marquis of the impenetrably wicked old time, who should presently change into tiger form was either just going off or just coming on.

He moved from end to end of his voluptuous bedroom, looking again at the scraps of the day's journey that some onlooker into the secret of the slow toil up the hill at sunset, the setting sun, the descent, the mill, the prison on the crag, the time of ringing in the hollow, the peasants at the fountain, and the mender of roads with his blue cap lying out in the light from over the carriage. That fountain suggested the Paris fountain, the little basin bring on the step, the women bending over it, and the tall man with his arms up, crying, "Dead!"

"I am used to it," said Monsieur the Marquis, "and may go to bed."

So, leaving one night light burning on the large hearth, he let his thin gauze curtains fall around him, and heard the night break its silence with a sigh as he composed himself to sleep.

The stone faces on the outer walls stared blindly at the black night for three heavy hours; for three heavy hours the horses in the stables rattled their chains, the dogs howled, the owl made a noise with very little resemblance in it to the noise conventionally assigned to him by owl-boys-poets. But it is the obstinate custom of such creatures hardly ever to say what it set down for them.

For three heavy hours the stone faces of the chateau, like human, stared blindly at the night. Dead darkness lay on all the landscape, dead darkness added its own bulk to the heaping dust on all the roads. The burning sun had got to the pass that its little heaps of poor grass were undistinguishable from the sandy and the figure on the Cross might have come down, for any thing that could be seen of it. In the village, horses and beasts of prey were still. Dreaming, perhaps, of banquets, as the starved usually are, but of one and two at most. In the slave and the yoked ox may, its lean inhabitants slept soundly, and were fed and freed.

The fountain in the village flowed unseen and unheard, and the fountain at the chateau dropped unseen and unheard—both inaudible, but for the minutes that were falling from the spring of Time—through three dark hours. Then the gray water of both began to be ghostly in the light, and the eyes of the stone faces of the chateau were opened.

Lighter and lighter, until at last the sun touched the tops of the still trees, and poured its radiance over the hill. In the glow the water of the chateau fountain seemed to turn to blood, and the stone faces crimsoned. The carol of the birds was loud and high, and on the weathercock on the point of the highest of the bedchamber of Monsieur the Marquis one little bird sang its sweetest song with all its might. At the signal, the chateau awoke, and began to stare amazed, and, with open mouth and dropped under-lip looked at nothing in particular.

Now the sun was full up, and movement began in the village. Casement windows opened, early doors stood open, figures, angular figures, forth shivering—chilled, as yet, by the new event as it began—began the rotation that would toil of the day among the village population. Some to the fountain; some to the fields; men and women; the dog to the heels of both; the women there, to see to the poor live-stock, and lead the lean cow to the bull; the men, to be found by the roadside. In the church and at the Cross, a kneeling figure or two; attendant on the latter prayers, the lord over, tying for a breakfast among the weeds at its feet.

The chateau awoke later, as became its quality, but awoke gradually and surely. First, the lonely boar-spears and knives of the chase had been reckoned at all odd; then, had gleamed trenchant in the morning sunshine; now, doors and windows were opened, horses were in the stables looked round over their shoulders at the light and freshness pouring in at door-ways, leaves sparkled and rustled at iron-grated windows, dogs pulled hard at their chains, and rearers impatient to be loosed.

All these trivial incidents belonged to the routine of life and the return of morning. Surely not so the ringing of the great bell of the chateau, nor the running up and down the stairs, nor the hurried figure on the terrace, nor the booting and tramping here and there and every where, nor the quick saddling of horses and riding away?

What winds conveyed this hurry to the principal mender of roads, already at work on the hill-top beyond the village, with his day's dinner (not much to carry) lying in a bundle that it was worth no crow's while to peck at, in a heap of stones? Had the birds, carrying some grains of it as a distance, dropped seed on the road, as they sow chance seeds? Whether or no, the mender of roads ran, on the sultry morning, as if for his life, down the hill, knocked at the door, and never stopped till he got to the fountain.

All the people of the village were at the fountain, standing about in their depressed manner, and whispering low, but showing no other spirit than one grim curiosity and surprise. The leg sore, hastily brought in and tethered to any post that would hold them, were not fastened idly on, or lying down chewing the cud or nothing particularly respecting their entertainment, but were left free to the interrupted saunter. Some of the people of the chateau, and some of the people of the posting-house, and some of the local authorities, were armed more or less, and were crowded on the other side of the little stream in a responsible way, that was highly fraught with nothing. Already the mender of roads had penetrated pretty far into the set of the fountain, secular friends, and was smiting himself in the breast with his blue cap. All the people had fasted, and what portended the swift hoisting-up of Monsieur Gabelle behind a servant on horseback, and the conveying away at full gallop of Gabelle (double-laden though the horse was) at a smart pace, like a new version of the German ballad of Leonora?

It portended that there was one stone face too many at the chateau.

The Gorgon had surveyed the building again in the night, and had added the one stone face wanting—the stone face for which it had waited through about two hundred years.

It lay back on the pillow of Monsieur the Marquis. It was like a fine mask, suddenly carved, exactly over the terrified face. Only marble could have done it, and marble only could have stopped the heart of the stone figure attached to it was a knife. Round its hilt was a frill of fine lace, on which a smear of blood.

"*Drive him fast to his tomb.* This, from JACQUES."

LITERARY.

TICKNOR & FIELDS have added to the blue and gold series three works which we have but space to name. OWEN MEREDITH'S BEAUCHAMP'S CAREER is a novel of the day, and we shall refer to it next, and we rejoice in this complete collection of them. MRS. JAMESON'S SISTERS AND SISTERS are last, and a delightful little summer book they make. Our readers in the country who desire to possess, in a single volume, a delightful collection, some of the most excellent works of prose and poetry that have not found a shelf or a table, at 88, a heap condensed by the use of quickthrivy which saves labor, saves pain, and is economical, will find \$10—I adhere to my settled conviction that, next to strength and good digestion, and a clear conscience, sometimes the quickest way to obtain gold is to make it—what a glorious library or storehouse they will make nearer fairy by striking to his own business than by any other way. Let the reader who has a library, or is having failed in some other pursuit, calculate on receiving his library by gold-digging, and see how much he will be likely to rise to the end of his days.

LOG OF THE "ARGO."

The steamship *Argo*, of the Galway line, which left this port for Galway at 11 o'clock A. M. on Tuesday, having on board 1,000 tons of coal, ran on a rock on Tuesday evening about noon in a dense fog, and sunk in about half an hour. All the passengers and crew were saved, but the vessel is reported a total loss, and it is thought that the cargo will prove a total loss. The following telegram was transmitted to the *Herald*:

ST. JOHN, N. F., June 17, 1859.

The *Argo*, at Trepassy Bay, on the 14th inst., struck last night. A great portion of the luggage and cargo is in sweet water. Every assistance was rendered by the fishermen in the vicinity. The passengers and crew are safe; a tug-boat has gone to the result of said misunderstanding, and there is nothing more to be apprehended. There are two hundred passengers, nearly one hundred women, and seven young children. The vessel is a total wreck, and was insured. The cargo is also insured. A great many are left destitute. The crew and other passengers will be sent home. The vessel is fortunately very prompt. Four favorite women were put on board the new *Argo*, when we were last on board the ship. Miss Heywood, the vocalist, has lost every thing, and is left destitute. Miss Heywood, the vocalist, has lost every thing, and is left destitute. Miss Heywood, the vocalist, has lost every thing, and is left destitute.

The *Argo*, at Trepassy Bay, on the 14th inst., struck last night. A great portion of the luggage and cargo is in sweet water. Every assistance was rendered by the fishermen in the vicinity. The passengers and crew are safe; a tug-boat has gone to the result of said misunderstanding, and there is nothing more to be apprehended. There are two hundred passengers, nearly one hundred women, and seven young children. The vessel is a total wreck, and was insured. The cargo is also insured. A great many are left destitute. The crew and other passengers will be sent home. The vessel is fortunately very prompt. Four favorite women were put on board the new *Argo*, when we were last on board the ship. Miss Heywood, the vocalist, has lost every thing, and is left destitute. Miss Heywood, the vocalist, has lost every thing, and is left destitute. Miss Heywood, the vocalist, has lost every thing, and is left destitute.

MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE.

We read in the *Herald*: "Madison and Fifth streets were in a state of excitement yesterday, and a crowd would permit yesterday morning, in consequence of the marriage of Miss Mary Stewart, daughter of the late and county of New York, to Miss Fannie Anderson, daughter of Mr. Anderson, of Virginia, a gentleman well with the Letitias, Gilseys, and Lillietbals in the various trade of the metropolis. The Stewarts, for years in fact, industry, and perseverance, accumulated a pretty large fortune, and have always been known as a family of something magnificent. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. Tyng, at St. George's Church, in Fifth street, and the bride was given away by her father. The church was entirely filled, and among the noticeable were Governor Morgan and staff, Mayor Wood and staff, and a crowd of politicians, more or less distinguished, who had come out of curiosity to see the fun. The bride, groom, and one of the groomsmen, Mr. John W. Forney, of Washington, left for Saratoga immediately after the ceremony, to be present at the Democratic State Convention, where, it is said, they will be joined by Governor Auchmuty, at the residence of Mr. Anderson, in Madison square, where a grand reception will be held this evening, and many thousand invitations were issued. The presents are said to be very numerous and costly, including a diamond necklace, presented by Mr. Anderson to his wife with the utmost exquisitely; the bride was charmingly dressed, and received the congratulations. As we have stated above, the Democratic Convention at Saratoga will be graced by the most exquisite certain that he deserves it. He will take a room at the Clarendon Hotel, and will be found in the bar-room, the bench of the saunters will be occupied entirely by Mr. J. Craig Duncan, Mr. Anderson's confidential secretary, who holds him a perfect terror to evil-doers.

THE PRESIDENT'S HOME TOUR.

The following important letter has been addressed to the President:

"As several papers have published notices of the intended omission of Cincinnati from your tour, and the presents and other Western States, you will doubtless be the means of saving the people of Ohio from the loss of time, and sixpence or thirpence their money, by publishing the fact that the Cincinnati Board of Trade have got a footing in the affair. The first specimen of the Board's attention next week, will be a proposition to cut down, shorten, and, if possible, wholly worthless the enjoyment of the visit. Then will follow the bill for the same. It is demanded is quite limited.

"I am, Sir, overwhelmed with letters from Western friends on this subject, and I find that many of them are not at all quite recently that they were digging now, but that it was what had been the Board of Trade.

Yours, respectfully,

"SCRUTELLIUS BROTHERS & CO.

"NEW YORK, *June 23, 1859.*"

A YOUNG LADY KILLED BY LIGHTNING.

The New Albany (Indiana) *Ledger* of July 1 says: "At eight o'clock on Wednesday morning a young lady named Miss Mary Ann Hamilton, living in Floyd County, about ten miles from that city, to the right of the Ivy Bluff, was instantly killed by lightning. She was sitting in the house at the time of the fatal stroke by the side of a window, and the lightning struck the house, and struck her on the left side of the head, burning her dress to ashes, and passing through the house, and out at the back door. She was found in her chair, dead, and the house was on fire. Death followed instantaneously.

BLUE-FISH AND SWORD-FISH.

A correspondent of the Boston *Journal* writes: "The 'blue-fish' season has just commenced, and Eggbert and Nantucket are already in possession of them. It is a very exciting amusement. The blue-fish, as you are aware, is a voracious fish, and sometimes runs for fifteen pounds each. It is caught by trolling, with a line about 150 feet long, to which a spoon-hook is caught with the naked hook, having for bait a piece of pork-rind. The boat is rowed at a rapid rate, and the fish, seeing the spoon, dart at it, and are hooked as through the water, and seizes it without eating by the entire mouth, and is hooked in the upper jaw, and, before he is fairly aware of it, finds himself a prisoner beyond his depth of water.

"There is something very remarkable and peculiar about the sword-fish. He is a fish of the most destructive feeding-ground, in the summer season, spears the whales and other large fish. Occasionally, apparently, some hundred years ago, they were very common in the mouths of the Connecticut and Hudson, and rarely disappeared, and were unknown for many years, or for some reason, they have now returned to their old haunts. Last week, in the harbor of Eggbert, in the habitants of a famous fish, called the 'blue-fish,' which were pursuing a school of small fish, and came close enough to the shore to see the sword-fish, and in a moment, with the rapidity of a flash of lightning, he struck

ain was remanded to prison as a confederate in the transaction. Hughes was also reconnitted for trial on the charge. The statement of this girl undoubtedly explains the manner in which burglars usually operate, and it is believed by the police that most of them are in league with servant girls.

THE MARKET VALUE OF KISSES.

An Indiana lawyer writes to the *Savannah Gazette:* "In your issue of June 18 I noticed a communication from a portion of the history of a judicial proceeding in the State of Georgia, the value of a kiss in damages at forty dollars. In the part of Hoosierdom the north of this community the value of kisses is fixed by law by custom, judicially, or otherwise. Some twelve months since I defended a gentleman charged with having committed an assault and battery on the body of one Mrs. ——, of this place. The testimony for the prosecuting witness, was that the defendant kissed his client without her consent, and that she had not at all lured him in his undertaking. The fine and costs amounted to fifty dollars. Had the defendant been successful in his enterprise, I have no doubt the damages would be more value than forty dollars in 'Old Rigley,' and we may look at this time for the widow's precedent in South-ern Indiana."

A BEAR FIGHT.

The Piscataquis *Observer* says: "A subscriber, writing to us from North Dover, Me., says that last week he saw that rare thing on the farm of Colonel Thomas Fowler, on the 16th inst. One of Mr. Fowler's men was in the cow house, which were about one hundred rods from the house, and in the edge of the woods when he saw a bear and her two cubs; he hallooed to his elder brother, some 14 years of age, to come to him with a pistol; he brought one of Hannibal's ten-inch pistols, as the other he had just loaded with powder only. John took the pistol, fired the pistol at the bear's head, and she then gave up a yell to her young ones, and they all three started to come down and give battle. The boys then ran to the house, got their guns and took for the boys. John got the gun first and after her got wounded and shot the head until he bent it badly, and the dog made such inroads upon her that she gave up the fight, and she was forced to give battle to him—the dog—which took a like boys to get rid of the bear. She then left the two cubs, and went home with one live one to their mother doing this spring's work. The dog received the honor of victory as General Scott or Taylor in the Mexican War."

PERSONAL.

Governor Banks, of Massachusetts, visited West Point on Saturday, and was politely received by the Professors of the Military School. Ex-governor Cassidy of Louisiana became the guest of Lieutenant General Scott. He was also entertained by Professor Church. Governor Banks unsuccessfully for Congress in Mr. Hankin's district, and Mr. Cassidy, of California, opposed Mr. Weller, who carried at the residence of the junior gentleman over Sunday, and returned to the city. Governor Cassidy will become the guest of the two Governors of the Alms-house. Governor Banks will be the guest of Mr. Hankin, who is a steadfast friend to the Republicans of the old Bay State.

The Honorable Stephen A. Douglas has arrived at Nashville, and takes rooms at the Maxwell House.

Senator Benjamin, of Louisiana, is on his way to this city, to visit Dr. Gwynn, of No. 80 Fifth Street, for advice about until the meeting of Congress.

The Church of the Epiphany, in Philadelphia, have extended a call to the Rev. Henry A. Wise, son of General Wise, of Virginia. It is known that Governor Wise will probably accept. Although but recently admitted, Mr. Wise ought to be a popular preacher, as he is eloquent and fervent and speaks without notes.

The Rev. Mr. ——, an eccentric preacher in Michigan, was holding forth one Sunday in the pulpit, when a woman arose to go out, when the preacher said: "Your room, if you please, sir." "Sir!" said the woman, "I guess you say ma'am!" The sinner stopped and reflected a moment, and replied, sweetly, "Well, I guess I'll remain where I went on."

The colonel of Plumer, the Boston convict, are about to appeal to a writ of error from the decision of the court of criminality in making up the record. It is questionable whether a writ of error will take from the decision of the Supreme Court in a capital case. The Rev. A. B. Fuller, of Boston, preached a sermon against gambling on Sunday, in the course of which he made a strong appeal in behalf of Plumer. Petitions for his pardon are in circulation in Massachusetts, and are receiving many signatures. It is reported that the prisoner's health is not his real name, and that he is a near relative of a distinguished United States minister.

Mr. Nicholas Longworth, the veteran vine-grower in Cincinnati, recently published an address to participate in a railroad opening celebration, in the following cut out terms:

DEAR SIR,—Young Jerusalem are fond of traveling on railroads where no one is made. I therefore decline the kind and accept the invitation to visit Chicago. The shall be happy to meet you there, and to see you at the grand feast of tasting and discussing the wine.

Yours respectfully, N. LONGWORTH.

A long passenger factor on the Lake Mr. Charles, the editor of the Chicago *Press and Tribune*, who has spoken disrespectfully of his wine-cellar.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE WAR.

PASSAGE OF THE ADDA BY THE FRENCH.

The London *Daily News* publishes the following account, dated, Paris, June 14:

On the 13th the Emperor removed his head-quarters to Gorgonzola. In the afternoon his Majesty personally reconnoitred the position of the Austrians on the line of the Adda. The operation, which presented serious difficulties, was perfectly effected. As soon as it was known that the enemy occupied the army began its movement, which was to be carried out secretly. Under cover of the night the soldiers took again become free, and the troops are to high spirits."

EVACUATION OF CENTRAL ITALY BY THE AUSTRIANS.

The *Patrie* says that the Austrians have completely evacuated the States of the Church, including Ancona and Ferrara. The same paper also states that the people of Parma have seized their Government and driven out the Ministry. M. Brenier leaves on 14th for Naples, as Envoy-Minister of France at the Court of the King of the Two Sicilies.

Piacenza, Ancona, and Bologna have been evacuated. The Austrians destroyed the fortifications of Piacenza before they left it.

The *Austrian Correspondence* of the 12th contains the following:

Placenza has been evacuated by our troops; the walls and citadel have been blown up. The garrison was embarked on the joining the body of the army.

The war-steamer Cardenas arrived on the 12th instant at Kiel, from Ancona, bringing the news that the Austrians had evacuated that town.

POSITION OF THE HOSTILE ARMIES.

By our latest accounts we hear that the allied army passed the Serio on the 13th, marching toward that of Oglio. Their advanced guard was at Cocaglio.

The head-quarters of the King of Sardinia were at Palazzuolo.

Garibaldi was at Brescia on the 13th. Urbano's corps quitted Cocaglio on the 13th, and appeared to be retiring to Antinori.

The *Nord* says a second series of operations by the Allies will be simultaneously commenced by sea and land. The allied troops are all to be put in movement to the right bank of the Po, and the Austrians will be attacked in their position on the Mincio. Passages to support the right wing of the French army.

The Austrian Marshal Count Schlick has arrived, and he was concentrating his forces in order to attack the allies on the right bank of the Oglio, and it was believed in Paris that a decisive battle would be fought in the course of a week.

GARIBALDI'S MOVEMENTS.

The division of General Urbano, since sustained a fight at Castiendeo with Garibaldi's bands, which, although commanded by Colonel Medici, was under Garibaldi, was repulsed by the Austrians.

Garibaldi is represented as becoming daily more formidable. It was threatening the Southern Tyrol, and was in full march to assuage the Austrian troops in Austrian rule.

Garibaldi, when at Milan, had interviews with the Emperor and King of Sardinia.

THE SPIRIT OF INVENTIONS.

The following proclamations have been issued by the Emperor of the French:

"TO THE PEOPLE OF ITALY.

"The fortune of war bringing me into the capital of Lombardy, I come to meet Italy's wishes.

"Your intelligent patriotism has understood that I resolved to support my ally, the Sardinian King; the plebiscite has responded to my loyalty and my hopes.

"Your free echo are mixed have tried to lessen the sympathies which unite us. Some men have gone so far as to say that I only made war for personal ambition or to overthrow the Austrian power. Those who speak thus do not understand the epoch they live in, I am not of their number.

"In a sound state of public opinion, at this time of day, such reproaches would be impossible; they would exert then by barren conquests. I seek with pride that which will be the glory of my reign, the liberty of a great Italian land to-day.

"Your welcome has proved that you fully understand my intentions. I have not come amongst you to impose upon sovereign, or to impose on you my will. My army is not an army of conquest; it is an army of liberation. In burning with the sacred fire of patriotism, be soldiers to-day, to become yourselves citizens to-morrow.

"HEAD-QUARTERS, MILAN, *June 8, 1859.*" "NAPOLEON.

THE ARMY OF ITALY.

"PROCLAMATION TO THE ARMY OF ITALY.

"SOLDIERS!—One month ago, relying confidently on reckless invasion of Piedmont by the Austrian troops had crossed the Ticino, and were marching on Turin. Sardinia called on me to come to her assistance. I hastened under our Alliss to defend; by small fractions beyond the Alps, and by sea, our army was assembled, and prepared for the struggle.

"The enemy, however, knew the energy of the nation and your own courage have supplied all deficiencies. France and Italy will be grateful to you for this. Your task is not, and in one sentiment she but shows the might of her resources and the vitality of her institutions. The operations commenced two days ago, and the Piedmontese army has already gained a glorious victory.

"The allied army has been successful in four engagements, and in the battles of Montebello, Palestro, Turbigo, and Magenta, has taken 80 guns, killed or wounded 20,000 men *hors de combat*, taken 12 guns, 5 colors, and made 6,000 prisoners. It is now about to give battle in store for us, more obstacles to overcome.

"I rely upon the valor, discipline, and endurance of the army of Italy! *Prove itself worthy of its brothers-in-arms.*

"HEAD-QUARTERS, MILAN, *June 8, 1859.*" "NAPOLEON.

GARIBALDI'S PROCLAMATION.

By way of contrast with the above is the proclamation issued by Garibaldi to the inhabitants of Como:

"INHABITANTS OF COMO!—A new enemy to the market are called on to join the Christian banner. No one would be so base as to remain deaf to the sacred call. It is a war; no one will be obliged to quit their country and their hearths. The war will be carried on in the hearts and hearts of the people. Let the Austrians be driven when you speak of your hatred for Austria. To arms, then, Italians! Let us show that we are worthy of the generation which will have accomplished the work of Italian independence!" "GARIBALDI."

THE BATTLE OF MAGENTA.

Mr. Russell, the famous war correspondent of the London *Times*, has published a graphic account of the battle of Magenta, from which we make a few extracts:

"The Austrians, who had been retreating back the river's banks, had left behind them a force to hold the bank and fight with rifle and bayonet. Except on the road, there was no convenient place for the passage of troops. The French had some rocket batteries, however, with which they played powerfully on the enemy, and it was in such a fight that the superiority of the rifle showed itself over the usual musket with the Austrian battalions opposed. Beaten this, the defenders of the position kept as much as possible in close line, so that a number of their adversaries told upon them. You never saw such a regular display of courage as that of the Austrians. Even the Austrians defended inch by inch, but failed to take advantage of the ground. They fought in the open, and were shot down in the open. Their line was maintained with blood, and speaking of the obstinate resistance which was made, I cannot say that the Austrians have been removed and the dead mostly buried. Of course, the wounded were carried off, but there are still many tragedies of woes and misery most thin have been left behind.

THE ASSAULT ON THE VILLAGE.

"It was a very fine, and, I should say, a very strong village. Here every house had become a castle, held by a desperate garrison. Each had been loopholed and fortified, and after the enemy had been driven out of the streets they had retired into the houses, and there continued the fight. Some of the houses were of two stories high, and from the windows of the upper rooms they poured a destructive fire upon the assailants. The French had to force their way into the houses, and to fight their way from room to room. Some of the houses were set on fire, and the wounded who were in them were burned to death. Others were blown up with gunpowder. The fighting was terrible. The Austrians defended themselves with the greatest obstinacy, and the

OUR MAP OF NORTHERN ITALY.

We publish this week, at very great expense, the best Map of Northern Italy which we have seen. It is the work of John Dower, Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society of England, and contains every town, village, fort, river, stream, ridge of mountains, railway, and high road within the limits of Lombardy and the greater part of the Province of Venetia. With the aid of this Map the reader will be able to trace the course of the hostile armies from the passage of the Ticino by the Austrians to the present moment, and to follow the comintants until the plains of Northern Italy have ceased to be the theatre of the war.

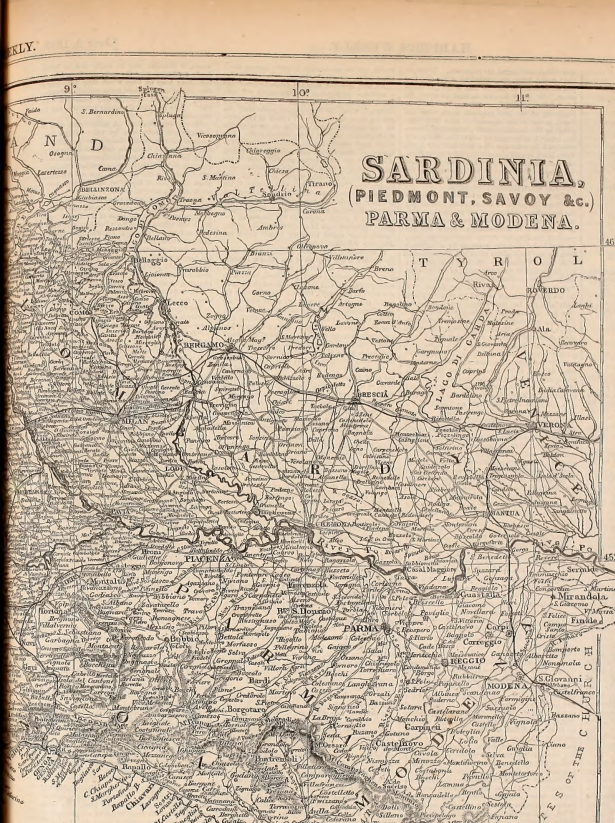
The student will thus detect without difficulty the points at which the three divisions of Gyulai's army invaded the Kingdom of Sardinia—Arona, on Lake Maggiore, in the north, and, further south, the bridge of Buffalora, and the ford of Abbiate Grasso. Following the invaders in their brief but destructive operations in Piedmont, he will find in large characters the places they successively occupied—Novara, Vercelli, Casale, Robbio, Vigevano, Gravellone, etc. Every one of these places has been the scene of some conflict or act of brigandage which has been related in the papers. Turning then to the west, the student will discover Mount Cenis, over which the Zouaves and other French troops crossed to defend Turin; and on the south Genoa, where Napoleon landed the bulk of his army. North of Genoa, and connected with it by railway, stands the fortress of Alessandria, of which we lately published an admirable view; it was here that Napoleon matured his daring plan for the passage of the Ticino. We are now in the midst of battle-fields. Only three or four miles distant is the memorable plain of Marengo, the sight of which roused the soldiers of the present empire to emulate the deeds of the men of the first. A few miles south of Casale is Frassinetto, the scene of the first skirmish in this war. North of this, and five miles southeast of Vercelli, stands Palestro, where King Victor Emanuel attacked the Austrians with such chivalrous daring that even the Zouaves brought him to be more careful. Further south, on the Po, about four miles east of Voghera, is Montebello, the scene of the first great battle of the war, which we have illustrated in recent numbers. Moving north again, the student will be able to appreciate the extraordinary boldness of Napoleon's flank march. On 31st May, General Gyulai's head-quarters were at Garlasco, in Piedmont; and while strong corps defended the road of the Duchies toward Pavia and Piacenza—on which side the Austrians were persuaded that the attack would be made—the powerful armies held Mortara, Robbio, and the neighboring villages. In the face of these troops, amounting to nearly 200,000 men, Napoleon sent Canrobert and Niel round to the north; they occupied Vercelli and Novara, and thus compelled Gyulai to remove his head-quarters to Abbiate Grasso. The Emperor himself followed with the bulk of the army, and, without losing an hour, crossed the Ticino at Turbigo and Buffalora. The battle of Magenta followed, and, after his defeat, the Austrian commander removed his head-quarters to Binasco, and subsequently to Belgiojoso. After the entry of the French into Milan, the battle of Melegnano, in which Baraguay D'Hilliers redeemed his character, followed in order; and again the Autrians fell back on the line of the Adda. At our latest accounts, which are to 11th June, the Austrians had left Pavia, Pizzeuzo, and Lodi, had abandoned the defense of the line of the Adda (which the French were crossing), and were falling back on the Mincio. All these places will be found on the accompanying Map.

The admirers of Garibaldi, the patriot chief, will likewise be able to trace his wonderful successes on our Map. The whole mountain range, on the slopes of which he is operating, is faithfully depicted; the reader can follow him to Como, the scene of his first victory, up the slope to Bellagio, toward the Spligen, and down again to Lecco and Bergamo, which he now occupies. With equal ease the student can find the strong places which the Austrians have just evacuated in the Papal States, and the points from which Prince Napoleon is operating in Tuscany. In a word, with this Map the history of the war becomes simple and clear; without it, all is confusion and mystery.

It remains to say something about those portions of the war which are destined to come into note hereafter.

At our latest accounts the Austrians were in full retreat toward what has been called their great Quadrangle. This quadrangle consists of a square space of country inclosed at the four corners by four fortresses—Peschiera and Verona on the north, and Mantua and Legnago on the south. All four are naturally very strong places, and all have been strengthened to the utmost by art. Without them the rivers Adige and Mincio would constitute a very fair defense for the country inclosed by them; with the forts the site is strong indeed. Let us examine the place in detail

Mantua is the most important place in the quadrangle, and is probably the strongest place in Italy. It stands in the midst of swamps and floods, which, in summer time, breed fevers of a very dangerous character, and afford a good protection against a besieging army. Such is the insalubrity of the place that the Austrian commanders have always objected to sending crack regiments there. For centuries it has been a place of arms. It was a noble city in the Middle Ages, and though frequently the scene of heroic combats, was rarely taken. Its lords strengthened it to their utmost; its fortifications were again improved by the Austrians before the attack by Bernadotte; the French added something; and of late years the Austrian engineers have exhausted ingenuity to render the place impregnable. The roads to the city through the swamps are so laid down that they can be overflowed and [illegible] inched in a few hours by the people in favor of [illegible] gather. Consequently, [illegible] Jews. [illegible] streets. [illegible] There is [illegible] even of Mantua [illegible] Fever. However, [illegible] French, [illegible] Austrians.


SARDINIA,
(PIEDMONT, SAVOY &c.)
PARMA & MODENA.
T R O L
Vercelli
Novara
Milan
Lodi
Pavia
Como
Lecco
Bergamo
Brescia
Verona
Mantua
Peschiera
Piacenza
Parma
Reggio
Modena
Massa
Carrara
Lucca
Pietrasanta
Camajore
Serravalle
Mirandola
Finale
Borgotaro
Castelnovo
Sarzana
Spezzia
Caprera
Bastia
Corsica
Leghorn
Florence
Pisa
Siena
Sienna
Orbitello
Porto Ferraio
Elba
Piombino
Volterra
Pontremoli
Fivizzano
Castiglione
Guastalla
Novellara
Correggio
Scandiano
Sassuolo
Castelfranco
Nonantola
Carpi
Rubiera
Montecchio
Canossa
Tassarolo
Gavi
Voltaggio
Ovada
Acqui
Alessandria
Tortona
Novi
Serravalle
Arquata
Gavi
Ronco

JULIA IN HEAVEN.

BY GEORGE W. CHAPMAN.

Fan up in the misty Andes' side,
Away from the summer's sultry glow,
A calm and sequestered vale lies hid,
Where the violets bloom by the melting snow.
Deep cleft in the heavy mountain's breast,
And studded aloft in its mighty arms,
That vale is a scene of peaceful rest,
Secure from the fierce and the active storms.
No winters their blights to its verdure bring,
And it smiles in the bloom of eternal spring.

The winding path to this vernal retreat
Is barred by stern crags and shelving rocks,
Inaccessible save to the shepherd's feet
And his timid and half-clothed flocks.
And hither in summer the Indian comes
From the arid plain and the withered grove;
He takes to his arms the tender lambs
And places them high on the cliffs above,
And the bleating mothers will follow the cries,
Low soon and beckon the mothers on.

I know that the Shepherd has taken our child
And has lifted her tenderly up on high!
That she breathes, where the zephyrs are soft and mild,
Of the fragrance of ever-new fruit known in the sky:
I see not the angelic throng,
For the gushing tears will not be dried,
I can not hear the seraphic song,
For my poor heart's throbbings will not be still:
But a fondly fancies I see and hear,
And I know that my Julia is beckoning to me.

"SIGNS OF THE TIMES."

BY MARTYN PAINE, M.D., LL.D.

"Ye can discern the face of the sky, but can ye not discern the signs of the times?"—*Matthew*, xvi. 3.

"Let him that hath understanding count the number of the beast: for it is the number of a man; and his number is six hundred threescore and six."—*Revelation*, xiii. 18.

"None of the wicked shall understand; but the wise shall understand."—*Daniel*, xii. 10. *Referring to the following quotation.*

THE passing events of a few late years have directed the attention of many readers to the prophecies that remain to be fulfilled; and although I have been long inclined to think that their consummation is at hand, I do not intend to raise any alarm in the community. It is true that, were these events shall be accomplished in kind will look on with great consternation, especially that portion which has been more addicted to the unbridled indulgence of flesh. But I am apt to believe that this is the worst that can befall them, and that they will not be surprised into a more lively appreciation of the divine origin of the Bible, and of a divine interposition in the affairs of the human race, with their power will cease to be a mere matter of form. Moreover, not only the people but the Jews will have a timely and solemnity of this new proclamation, for both of them will be equally included in the summons. I will not, on the contrary, think it any more likely to be "a new light," not even an interpreter of prophecy, but simply a reasonable one, by whom all the "signs of the times" were totally against the conclusions at which they arrived in relation to those unfulfilled prophecies about which any man may venture to think of speculating. The main bulk of these interpreters are Sir Isaac Newton and Bishop Newton; and, as I have intimated, they are also the more ancient and important by the absence of all signs to guide them, and from having published their opinions exclusively of Revelation, yet conceding that these prophecies can not be thoroughly understood until they are thoroughly fulfilled.

It may be next said that there remain four unfulfilled prophecies about which we have a right to speculate, and whose fulfillment, according to the foregoing interpreters, will occur in the following order: First, the overthrow of the Mohammedan power; second, of the Papal power; third, the universal diffusion of Christianity; fourth, the conversion and restoration of the Jews. Now the time of the fulfillment of these events must be necessarily determined if the period could be fixed from which began the 1260 days of St. John, and the "time, times, and a half," each of John and Daniel, which equally mean 1260 years, since it is not doubted by our authorities that the fall of the Ottoman and Papal powers will be nearly simultaneous, and as the expiration of the 1260 years, and the final doom of Rome, event will happen at intervals of about 35 years afterward. It may be also premised that we are said by these interpreters to be living under the "sixth trumpet," the end of which will be the total fall of the Ottoman power, and the end of the "second woe," when the "third woe cometh quickly," consisting of the "seventh [and last] trumpet," which includes the "seven vials." The trumpet is properly the termination of the 1260 years, and presumes the final doom of Rome, when its power will be trodden without the city, and blood come out of the wine-press, even unto the horses' bridles, by the space of one thousand six hundred furlongs" (*Revelation*, xiv. 20); which has been ascertained to be the exact distance from the walls of Rome to the River Po and the North Sea, always the extent of the Roman States. The "seven vials of wrath" will be "poured out" in quick succession.

Now the point of difficulty is in ascertaining when the supremacy of the Pope was fully established, as here begins the reckoning of the 1260 years. Bishop Newton thinks it "appears to be most probable that it is to be dated from the year 727," though inclined, also, to the opinion that it may be the year 606, when the tyrant Phocas, by virtue of a grant of the Pope, established his supremacy, and especially, also, on account of the remarkable coincidence that it was in this year that Mohammed forged his imposture. These periods would bring the fulfillment of the first two prophecies either to the year 1866 or 1987, or thereabout. Sir Isaac Newton inclines to about the latter date, or that the year 755 may have been the beginning of the 1260 prophetic days, when the Papal power is also supposed to have been completed by the accession of the exarchate of Ravenna; while it is thought by others that the power was not fully confirmed till a little later, for as yet Rome itself was governed by a prefect of the Pope, but was brought under the Papal yoke by Charles the Great. This event certainly completed the supremacy of the Church, which was the critical period at which the 1260 years began.

The reader will see that all the premises relative to the period so important for ascertaining the beginning fulfillment of the prophecies which lie in the future, which alone I am now desired to speculate. If Mohammed's forgery and the grant by the Emperor Phocas determine the time, we may look out, at any moment, for a hurricane from the last blast of the seventh and the beginning of the eighth trumpet. We may soon expect, say, to witness, in the overturning of the Ottoman and Roman empires, something like the voice which "answered Job out of the whirlwind, saying, who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge?" Or, should the latest date be the true one, the most that can be anticipated of the foregoing events will be a mighty storm increasing in significance till the grand *denouement* takes place about the beginning of the year 2000.

Other and late interpreters, who have been guided by the "signs of the times," have neglected the study of the events, and, therefore, among other fallacies, it was imagined that Napoleon I. was fighting in July the great battle of the year, but has not been considered that the universal upheaval of Christianity is to succeed that event with, in a few years, and there is no room for it "to consummation so devoutly to be wished." There must be, then, a still-coming and overwhelming to this occult subject until there shall appear *simultaneously* a combination of "signs" indicative of the near approach of the world-changing event, the conversion and restoration of the Jews, which is necessary to precede the millennium, and the antecedent prophecies; who, however, may be seen to be, by their isolated position, in constant readiness for their restoration to Judea. The next year approach, for the prophetic war in Italy is to be abrupt, and although the present appearances favor among the heathen nations within thirty-five years after.

Hitherto, therefore, the requisite combination of "signs" has not existed; but let us see if there be not a combination of them at this time to justify an opinion that the present war in Italy is the war of Revelation. It is scarcely doubtful that Christ and Antichrist have overspread China, Japan, etc., within a brief period—certainly within half a century. Each nation of the Greek empire and the Papal and Ottoman powers must have fallen, and the great battle have come off in Italy. The latter "signs" are equally as important; and any day may bring us intelligence of a fatal revolution in the East, especially as the Jews are to be stimulated by the Italian commotions, and may be promoted by Russia and France. It is also worthy of remark that it is only in Italy that the name of the Powers which had sustained the Roman Church might be found in combination (Rev. xvii. xvii. 16, etc.); and Bishop Newton observes that, "*As the kings of France have coordinated greatly to the Roman interest, it is not improbable that that, some true or other, they may also be the principal instruments in the hands of God in the great work*" that the machinery of war and the present attitude of Italy are all that are necessary for the verification of the prophecy, and that the Jews be made to point to be considered, for the purpose of identity, as the "kings of the east" mentioned as the foes of Turkey with the first in the series of the unfulfilled prophecies, relative to the present condition of Christianity. In this view, events are overspread the earth? If so, then bloody conflicts must immediately ensue; and the overthrow of the Pope and Sultan, unless the prophecies are misapprehended. What, then, are the "signs" relative to the prosperity condition of Christianity? On the first place, the Scriptures are translated into more than 200 languages, and this is being rapidly spread. Next, China and Japan are unreservedly opened to its propagation; and nearly the same may be affirmed of the whole heathen world. The other incidental movements may be taken into the account, such as the sending out of the Apocryphal Bible for them and the sword for Antichrist); the general co-operation of the secular press in disseminating Christianity; even the late publication of this article in *Harper's Weekly*; the unusual and unprecedented spirit of the Christian system; the rapidly-increasing co-operation of Christians for the dissemination of the Bible; the "running to and fro" of "many throughout the edge" [Dan. xii. 4]; the identification of the Bible with civilization; the "flying of the eagles," and the probability that this language—the only "flying" which the spoken-world can be carried over the earth, thereby fulfilling Zephaniah's prophecy, which relates to the subjects before us, that "from the rivers of Ethiopia my suppliants, even the daughters of my dispersed, shall bring me an offering" [Zeph. iii. 9]; the increase of benevolence and of the humanity of penal laws; the independence of private judgment, the miseries of established institutions, and the increasing tyranny over private opinion in all countries where governments are despotic, thus leading to revolutions; the rapid extension and independence of the periodical press; the democratic character of the laws and institutions in the United States and Great Britain, as forming the ground-work of that universal liberty which must prevail when mankind shall generally embrace the precepts of Christianity; the intimate, and, in many instances, friendly relations which the human Church has formed with despotic governments, and the intolerance of both; besides many other analogous considerations.

All this, however, does not prove by itself that a universal propagation of Christianity will take place, especially within an early day; but other things, to which the foregoing are preliminary, do. Among these other things are events as unexpected, and apparently providential, as the admission of Christianity into the entire heathen world. One of the most essential is the certain and rapid extension of commerce, and the increasing mixing up of nations; and these events are made sure by the publications of late so far as relates to the vast amount of the wonderful discoveries of gold and of coal; the settlement of the Pacific coast, of Australia, of the Sandwich Isles, the colonization of Africa; the steam system; the electric telegraph; the expressage system, and the construction of the great continental rapid multiplication, in the future, of civilized Protestant man in all quarters of the globe, and the consequent tributary supplies which the foregoing will readily suggest.

In the concluding article, which has been hastily written at the request of the Editor, I regret that it may be useful to state, in regard to Daniel's Book of Revelation, which, in connection with its correspondences with Daniel, engages so much of the world's attention, that I have no Hebrew numerals of it—" I do not find any other book of the New Testament so strongly attested and consumed. All seem to consider the Apocalypse, which was flourished soon after St. John, and a disciple of his contemporary, "the prophetic" time as the Hebrew must be either Greek or Hebrew, ascertained that *Lateinos*, a name of the *Roman kingdom*, contains the numbers 30—1—50—5—10—100—1—70—200—1—10, N.—50, O.—70, P.—200=665. Subsequently the word *Latinos*, the Hebrew name for the *Roman beast*, or *Roman kingdom*, was found to also contain the same number: thus, "—200, L.—30, A.—1, T.—100, I.

sunk down under the burden of his life's failure, and could think of no deliverance.

But to such a man in such a strait it was impossible that death should come, or that he should find it. Who called his life a failure? Failure it might be, but who dared to name it so? Failure! when he felt in him the nerve, the energy, the courage of ten. Failure! when there were still battles to be fought, and laurels to be won. Failure! when his wife trusted in his integrity? Failure! when in her girlish sport she would call their boy "General," and now on his own knee, almost when she was a Captain's wife, before she was the sure chance of promotion.

Look at it. He had not money hours to deliberate. What if he had been successful in making a substitution? Would not the money be all spent, and he shrunk from going back to the old set, from looking at the old familiar faces, from hearing and seeing? Is it not the common, the easy way to turned his eyes? Do you not understand? There were some there whom he loved. Possibly they knew not his disgrace—though very sure he was they knew of his proposition. No sure he was they knew of his proposition. No sure but that his wife had received the letter—the letter that he should dispatch the hireling—and the trusting—those who had wished him God speed, and though in this time of confused thinking this thought was not uppermost in his brain, it was present in his heart—waiting to be recognized and to overwhelm him.

And then, what if he had deserted, or put an end to all by some desperate action? Because, though feeling himself afflicted, and smarting, and deeply feeling himself afflicted, and smarting, and self-cursed with idleness, he knew it from the man's testimony was rendered and recorded. To satisfy himself he must see and witness the completion of achievement. Brilliant exploits are not always heroic: there was genuine heroism in the soldier as now made. He knew it was that stood not on ready foundation.

So he said to himself in the gray twilight of that dismal morning, when his eyes, unclosed through all the night, saw the preparations being made for departure.

"I must go back to Fort Invincible. I must bear that too. For the sake of my wife and child he could endure more than this. Rachel married an honorable soldier, and why for shall never be ashamed to bear his father's name."

The 30th Regiment marched into Fort Invincible on the first day of May, to the great relief of the inhabitants of that lonely and desolate place, with waving banner, cannon-roar and shouting, broke on the quiet of the town. The public sense of security, greatly disturbed all the winter through, that the night and asleep now without fear and trembling—so light reflected on the faces as found their life's business in these occupations.

Seriously, in the new development of foreign affairs, Fort Invincible was looked upon as of importance—a position to be guarded. Its reinforcement was found to be necessary, and therefore accordingly, on the first day of May, the 30th Regiment was landed on the shore and marched to its new quarters.

Among the soldiers was the private, John Lattimer, by no means a soldier of the most martial or forbidden. These rocks had been the play-ground of his youth—he had grown up with visions of war and glory for his country, and had dreamed of forgiven fort walls—had played soldier till he became one, living means like. He had worked at the gunsmith shop of Louis Stormuld, gunsmith, who gave the tall his bread and the shelter of a roof, and intended to teach him the craft. But the call of arms and the forge—in me of the arms fashioned thereon—John Lattimer pursued the first, and had become broke the heart of old Louis, as well as his own heart, when, the deed of enlistment done, the troops were ordered immediately to a foreign land.

As tenderly as ever mother loved her son, Louis loved the lad whom he had reared, and his sorrow was sure the boy had been conscious since he could remember, but of the man's love he had no conception till he saw him with grief, and wrapped up like a woman distressed, to know that his boy had passed from his care to the hard, perilous life of a soldier.

Louis had spoken some harsh words on one occasion—and accused the boy of ingratitude, and prophesied that he who had served a benefactor so falsely would not be true to a stranger—and that he very soon he ceased to talk in this strain; he loved the lad too well; and, seeing the hard path he had chosen, he was anxious to assist in rising him as soon as he might, by generous wishes, and promises of aid, and hopeful prophecy. And having come to such speech—having controlled himself so far as to abide from his heart to speak thus—it was not possible that raging Lattimer should accept any other love without remorse for the pain he had occasioned the honest old man. So, when the news came of the fall, from a foreign land, he sent home to Louis the report of an action in which his name was conspicuous for valiant conduct.

Then, for years, he had continued to gladden the heart of Stormuld by his deeds. The old man had his captaincy he would fain have gone home, only to look into the eyes of Louis and show him his sword. But years passed on, and they had not met since first they parted.

And now they were to look upon each other! And specially, and only, because he feared to meet the disappointment and the grief of a man whom he had injured. Lattimer dreaded the voyage that he would not lose an hour, after the ship's arrival at Fort Invincible, before he sought his friend and made known to him the sad fulfillment of his first prophecy.

Louis' shop, he recollected, used to stand back of the hospital. It was quite conspicuously located with reference to other shops upon the street. There he found it—the same little stone building, with the old sign over the door—an armorer's shop of old time, that when John Lattimer looked at it he rubbed his eyes, and could not easily believe that what he saw was real.

He had no time to lose in making this visit—must return at once to head-quarters. He had only come to show his old benefactor that he was not ashamed to stand before him; to ask if he could have aid of him. He should not be gone five minutes, he assured his wife. So he walked up to the shop-door, opened it, and entered as one who came in haste on some important business.

Louis Stormuld was there alone, working at his grindstone, even as on the day when Lattimer stood there for the last time, and they talked with tremulous voices of their simple affairs—affairs that were less about to plunge. Little Stormuld looked, to Lattimer, at least half a century older than he looked on their day of parting.

And the soldier standing there—the mighty man of war—was awed by the spell of Louis Williams for his veritable inches, and his unquestionable muscle, and his hair flaming fiery red, as then, and quick as those of a detective—John Lattimer was changed so much, by exposure and by age, that Louis looked at him, saw him to be a soldier, and wondered what he wanted; and as the soldier did not speak immediately, he asked,

"Well, Sir, can I serve you?"

"Yes, that you can," said Lattimer, quickly. "Then, perhaps, your memory would serve me. Don't you know me, Louis?"

"No," said Stormuld, looking at the stranger doubtfully. He repeated the word with more decision.

"You—don't know me?"

Louis surveyed him again from head to foot, then, with a look of recognition, and a sad and wistful gaze of the old man, and recollected how much separated them—more than fifteen years, more than size and strength, more than years. The quick eyes of the old man saw those tears. He laid his hand on the soldier's shoulder.

"There's only one I can think of," said he. "It isn't John—it can't be Captain Lattimer!"

He spoke with confusion. This man was a fool soldier, but John Lattimer was a captain.

"Yes, I have got that rank. But why? I have been taken for Captain Lattimer before now."

More in doubt than before, Louis looked at the man. Some relation—some kinsman. And yet—no—certainly this was not Captain Lattimer. Still the longer he remained there the greater was the confusion. At length he broke out, flinging his old arms up in amazement, crying, breathlessly,

"Then, if you're not Captain Lattimer, I'm glad to see you are no captain, I should think. Come here in my arms, you rascal, you! Don't you know me, one?"

"A pretty one!" said John, with a feeble smile; and he shook his head. "You are right," he continued, "I am no captain, Stormuld."

"Then all I have to say," said Louis, with glistening eyes and faltering voice; and in his hard old hands he took those of the soldier, and held them, "Any way, I owned long ago I was a fool to stand in the boy's way; and I'm glad you were too good for him, any how. Let's tell your papers! I know all about it! But you'll have to fight those battles over again, my lad, for substitution the next moment—then you did not hear of my last battle, Sir?"

"Yes, I know," answered the gunsmith, doubtfully; and he named those fields whereon this man had won his fame.

"No, no, the last." There was an instant's struggle, then the veteran's voice rose in a shout of pride, which nearly split a stirred the hearer as a thunderous sound. "Louis, when a man advances and kneel in the trench, was he got a bullet in him? What do you think, man? My chances are not as good as they were when I stood here fifteen years ago!"

"Sit down, sit down," said old Louis, very much disconcerted—and he got a chair for him.

"No, no," replied Lattimer; and with a sweep of his arm he seemed to clear away all false pity, and sternest scorn.

"Did you think of me, Stormuld, when you heard the news of the war's landing aske?

"I haven't heard the sound of a gun in fifteen years, night or morning, but I've thought of you," said Louis.

"Then, though you heard I was promoted you did not hear that I was dead?"

Louis wiped the perspiration from his forehead, and hardly dared to ask, "You were landing aske?"

"I was at the rest, John? Tell me, by Mars!

"I'm in the ranks again."

"No, Sir!"

"Could I shoot myself to prove I was no coward—I had to live. So I enlisted again after I lost my sword and commission. Yes, to fight out the fight just where I disgraced my name, by fatherly love where it was dearest. Louis, I'll shoot it! Did you take me for poltroon, Louis Stormuld?"

"No! I never considered you that. You have branded you so on your forehead! Coward! John Lattimer a coward! *My John?* my boy?"

John Lattimer turned for breath, as if in the agony of one who has barely escaped drowning.

"I could carry the brand silently, said he at length, "since you and my wife believe in me! I have not lived out my life yet. Yes, Louis, I have been a coward—but I am now with Rachel. I've got one more battle to fight yet. Come, father, I want you to see me in my new rank. She didn't know you were a grandfather."

With a smile on their grave faces the strong veteran and the old walked, like lovers, to the barracks.

The arrival of the regiment was calculated well, in time. That very night of warriors marched up Fort Invincible a band of warriors marched up from a distant landing, hoping to surprise the garrison, by which they had been anticipated.

But the sentinel on guard that night was one to whom surprise was impossible—John Lattimer, no other. To him, by no mere chance, but by most merciful allotment, the lives of the garrison were that night entrusted, and the Angel of his presence saved them.

He sounded the alarm! it was as the cry of an ancient one. He, as if clad in armor, or bearing a charmed life, met the foemen at the head of invincibles—Captains. "Do your duty!" was the command; the soldiers heard. Coming from him, those words had a terrible sound. The men sprung from their sleep. In that moment of confusion and danger, when there was no time for organization, and every man-at-arms would alone save the occasion, it was John Lattimer who acted. He raged like fire—he overwhelmed like flood—he stood like rock. He commanded, encouraged, cheered on the men.

But at daybreak his form was not to be seen among the soldiers; his voice was no longer heard. It shall be said that the dead of night had hidden the mists of morning scatter. He cometh who shall illuminate the world.

But the day-spark is rising also; his sun, who lies under the gaze of Rachel and old Stormuld, shall soon be seen to shine around his sterling body—for in this awful conflict, of all wounds won his are most glorious.

Soon shall they know.

Then shall the old man lay a sword in his right hand; the young wife shall unfold the regalia; and descendants of the boy who nestles in Rachel's arms shall read how, on this day, a laurel wreath was twined around the gory locks of Lattimer.

Brave, blue-eyed woman, grieve not for those wounds! Stormuld has washed his blame out in history. And call him by what heroic names you will, this old man, Louis, his heart has won them all; this soldier has vindicated fame.

TOBACCO AND I.

I cry it up! It is no use!—
Tobacco, you and I must quit!
Why should I stuff me, like a goose,
And be forever on the spit?

My end (eschewed) may "go to grass;"
I need no end; I'm not a cow!
It doesn't—Melinda says—
This quid that brings no FAIR *pro quo*.

My pipe, that seem'd a pipe of peace,
In pieces lies: no more "divine."
I've no Bocarme tendencies:
And the "Cut Plug" is in this nicotine.

With "cloud-compelling Jove"—ai wits,
In "Cuban stock" no more I trust;
For if I *fume* "somebody" frets,
And this *Fille-baster* is not "*bass'd*!"

Why should I smoke? why light the *Fen Collet* that kindles countless woes?
Why "suppress" my "cigar?" "cheer,"
Or make an ash-hole of my nose?

It dulls the sense, defiles the breath,
Depraves the taste, depletes the purse;
Poisons the very air with death,
And makes an everlasting "curse."

So, ladies, you who're "up to snuff,"
Look cheerless for your fellow-puffers;
You'll ne'er make of *this* piece of stuff
The worse half of a pair of snuffers.

And "pents"—if you're some city "Brick,"
To you I've just this word to say:
There are *leaf-tobacco* shops in Broadway!
Don't—don't PUMIGATE BROADWAY.

HOUSATONIC VALLEY, 1859. P.

THE WEEKLY FARMER.

GREEN PEASE AND PEA-BUGS.

At this season of the year, when city people are eating almost every thing green (except window-blinds), it may be no harm to say a few words about green pease and the insects that infest them—not wishing that any one should eat more pease or more bugs, but simply to tell the facts.

There is an insect known to naturalists as the *Bruchus Pisi* (Linnæus), which is a native of Europe, but naturalized, as the pea-bug, but to many who swallow countless numbers of its kind it is entirely unknown.

A correspondent (W. B., Connecticut) writes us:

"I find insects in the grub state in my pease. I send you some unripened peas in a glass vessel, sealed, and would be obliged to you for information about it."

We find, on examination, that they are the notorious pea-bugs in the larva or grub state, and which will come forth from the pea in the ripe or perfect state next spring. When full grown, each the insect is a little more than a fifth of an inch long. There is a white spot on the thorax, and the wing-cases, which do not entirely cover the abdomen, have a similar white spot on each. The antennæ are short, and saw-toothed on the outer side. On the hinder part of the insect is a white spot like the letter **T**. The ravages of this insect are, some years, very great on garden and field pease. Fortunately they seldom injure the germ of the pea, so that *boggy* peas may be used as seed, but they do not produce as well as perfect seed. The insects seem to be limited in the time for depositing their eggs. After the pea vines have flowered, and the pods begin to form, the insects puncture the pods and deposit their eggs; this they generally do in the night, or in cloudy weather. After the eggs are hatched and the grubs pass into the pease, where they feed and undergo their changes, they come forth fully developed beetles in spring. At the pease, before sowing time, are thrown into hot water for a minute or two, the insects will be killed.

Kalm, the Swedish traveler, who visited this country in 1748, to make botanical researches, took home with him some pease; but on his arrival he found them infested with pea-bugs, which caused great alarm, and he was told that the insects were also a native land. It would have been well for America and others been so careful as he was, through whom insects have been brought to this country that are now the cause of much injury to the growing crops.

The Patent Office Report says:

"This insect, though common in all the other States, is more or less unknown in the northern New England States, to its not being able to withstand the severity of a Canadian winter. Its introduction into Canada and Maine are generally brought from Canada to the United States for seed."

These facts are no longer true of Canada. The little depredators spoken of did not confine themselves wholly to the eastern part of United States, for when the writer visited Upper Canada last year there were found over a pea-field in Hallowell County that was not swarming with them, and there were other counties too of which it was a fair representation.

WHEAT ON HEAD-LANDS.

W. G., Welland County, Canada West, writes:

"Why is wheat on head-lands generally so much better than that grown in other parts of the field?"

In some cases wheat on other parts of the field may be the best; but when that grown on headlands is of remarkable quality we say that the result be owing mainly to the following facts, under the head-lands are generally the richest:

1. In plowing toward the head-lands the mouldboard of the plow carries soil near to the fence, and consequently there is always a greater body of surface-soil than in most other parts of the field, in which the depth of plowing is not so much as *yard*.

2. Snow remains on head-lands, because of the protection of fences, for a greater length of time and in greater quantities than in most other parts of the field. Consequently the soil is moistened more gradually. Most wheat-growers must have seen that new lands or fields are less liable to be blown off, and especially if there be a night's frost, and the succeeding day was warm to cause sudden thawing, and the wind was in the direction what is known as a "burned" appearance. The principle in this case appears to be that well known to every market-gardener in the case of cold frame plants—namely, that sudden thawing should not be permitted to occur for either the hardier or tenderer plants do not receive injury from being frozen, a sudden change of temperature is to be carefully avoided.

3. Animals are frequently permitted to rest at the head-lands of fields, in order to helping himself to a drink, and their droppings enrich the soil.

4. Animals in turning at head-lands, portions of the food are scattered.

5. Sometimes the "lands" are plowed out quite close to the fence, and when the head-land is plowed, a part of it is often plowed a second time—namely, when it comes next to the "dead-furrow," or "lands."

There are other minor causes why the head-lands should produce the best wheat, but too numerous to be treated here; all of which, in addition to the above, show that we have the largest harvest when the soil is in best condition, both as regards the substances that make the plant and the fine tilth which enables the plant to make use of them.

WHEAT.—METEOROLOGICAL INFLUENCES.

It is a generally-admitted fact in England that wheat can not be successfully cultivated as a height of 1,000 feet above the sea level, but in the south of France it may be grown at an elevation of 1,950 feet. This is attributed to difference of temperature.

It is also well understood that the moisture of the atmosphere influences the composition of wheat; for in moist climates, such as that of Ireland, it will contain a larger percentage of gluten.

Now, for the reason that a great amount of fertilizing material is taken from the atmosphere during a rainy season, and under favorable circumstances, by means of this water from the soil to the plant, that the necessity of a thorough pulverization of the soil becomes self-evident, so that plants may be benefited to the fullest extent by the substances in the earth. If proper underdrains are in soils that need them, all excess of moisture will pass away, thus permitting the free circulation of air to exercise its beneficial effects, both in increasing the fertility of the soil and producing the wheat plant to withstand the various diseases to which it is liable.

In which the percentage of gluten is invariably greater in warm climates than in cold ones.

THE DIFFERENCE.

BY C. H. WEBB.

The fairies fill their tiny cups
With drops of diamond dew;
The fay-man from his clubs sups,
And laughs the long night through.

We brush God's gentle dews away,
To brim our hearts with tears;
We vail the sun, and, waiting day,
Thus count our nights by years.

THE CHARGE OF THE ZOUAVES AT THE BATTLE OF PALESTRO.

THE CHARGE OF THE ZOUAVES AT PALESTRO.

We give herewith an engraving of the Zouaves' charge at Palestro—up a hill, in the teeth of the Austrian batteries. A correspondent of the London *Times* thus describes the affair:

"By a dexterous Austrian movement the Piedmontese were fairly outflanked, and much surprise and not a little indignation was felt among the Piedmontese officers that the French division immediately behind them remained motionless, without even making a demonstration to stop the advance of the Austrians. The King tried a desperate effort; he sent an aid-de-camp to the General commanding, General Trochu, and ordered him to send a brigade to drive the Austrians out of Scavarda. The General replied that he had orders to protect the passage of the bridge for the French troops on the other side of the Sesia, and that he could take no share in the action without the Emperor's express orders. At this moment the fighting had been going on for five hours; the men began to show some signs of discouragement. The Colonel of the 3d Regiment of Zouaves, whose regiment had been drawn up along the river side, exclaimed, '*Mais ces malheureux vont être obligés*,' and sending an orderly to the Emperor for permission to attack, without waiting for a reply, dashed across the Sesia, and moved up to Borgo Vercelli. The men rushed along with that electric step and disregard of strictly regular formation that characterizes them. On they rushed, regardless of bogs, rice-grounds, bullets, and grape-shot. They were only brought up by a rivulet, which had been used to form a mill. There is no bridge, but two narrow planks without a hand-rail, like the scene in 'Sonnambula,' at her Majesty's. The Austrians, seeing the advance of this reinforcement, which threatened their flank, had placed five guns in battery on the top of the opposite bank, which is rather steep. The Zouaves swarmed over the bridge and rushed across the river, the water of which was lashed into spray by the incessant shower of grape. They rushed up the steep embankment like tigers; men tumbling down here and there and rolling down into the water below. There was a last discharge from the guns when at a distance of some twelve yards. The Zouaves leveled their bayonets, and closed up for their final dash. The men fell by dozens, but with a loud yell the assailants rushed forward, and the battery was cleared."

IO TRIOMPHE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

TRUMPS.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

A STATESMAN—AND WOMAN.

MEANWHILE MRS. Dinks and Alfred sat together in her room in the same twilight, but with a little end of candle burning on the bureau.

"Alfred, my dear, I see that Bowdoin Beacon drives on your cousin Hope a good deal."

Mrs. Dinks arranged her cap-ribbon as if she were at present mainly interested in that question of her dress.

"Yes, a good deal," replied Mr. Alfred, in an uncertain tone, for he always felt uncomfortably at the prospect of a conversation with his mother, which usually acted upon him like an artesian well upon the earth, bringing forth the most precious results, for the purposes of the operator, from the most unpromising soil.

"I am surprised he should do so," continued Mrs. Dinks, with extraordinary languor, as if she should undoubtedly fall fast asleep before the present wearisome conversation terminated.

"Why shouldn't he drive her out, if he wants to?" inquired Alfred.

"Now, Alfred, be careful. Don't expose yourself even to me. It is too hot to be so excessively absurd. I suppose there is some sort of honor left among young men still, isn't there?"

And the languid mamma performed a very well executed yawn.

"Honor? I suppose there is. What do you mean?" replied Alfred.

Mamma yawned again.

"How drowsy one does feel here! I am so sleepy! What was I saying? Oh, I remember. Perhaps, however, Mr. Beacon doesn't know. That is probably the reason. He doesn't know. Well, in that case it is not so extraordinary. But I should think he must have seen—or inferred—or heard. A man may be very stupid But he has no right to be so stupid as that. How many glasses do you drink at the spring in the morning, Alfred? Not more than six at the outside, I hope. Well, I believe I'll take a little nap."

She played with her cap string, somehow as if she were an angler playing a fish. There is capital trouting at Saratoga—or was, thirty years ago. You may see to this day a good many fish that were caught there, and which are now kept at inn and bait. Some of them are a little stale for fastidious tastes. In fact only those which have been kept in ice are well preserved.

Alfred bit again.

"I wish you wouldn't talk in such a puzzling kind of way, mother. What do you mean about his knowing and hearing and inferring?"

"Come, come, Alfred, you are getting too cunning. Why, you sly dog, do you think you can impose upon me with an air of ignorance because I am so sleepy? Heigh-ho."

Another sarcastic yawn. Sportsmen are surely the best sport in the world.

"Now, Alfred," continued his mother, "are you so silly as to suppose for one moment that Bowdoin Beacon has not seen the whole thing and known it from the beginning?"

"Why," exclaimed Alfred in alarm, "do you?"

"Of course. He has eyes and ears, I suppose, and every body understood it."

"Did they?" asked the wretched Alfred, not in the least comprehending whether he and his mother were talking of the same thing.

"Of course. Every body knew it must be so,

and agreed that it was highly proper—in fact, the only thing."

"Oh, certainly. Clearly the only thing," replied Alfred, fairly wandering in doubt.

"And therefore I say it is not quite honorable in Beacon to drive her out in such a marked manner. And I should as well say at once that I think you had better settle the thing immediately. The world understands it already, so it will be a mere private understanding among ourselves, much more agreeable for all parties. Perhaps this evening even, hey, Alfred?"

Mrs. Dinks adjusted herself upon the sofa in a sort of final manner, as if the affair were now satisfactorily arranged.

To what and upon the good Alfred rent Boots — he said, What did it avail that he had no better across country with young Lord Tuntiry at a meeting of the Melmoth hounds, in Northamptonshire, and had lost

money to Viscount Tattersalls at the Derby? tales with which the Trimountain billiard rooms in his native city were familiar, and which shall a man gain though he bring home that high European habit of claret for breakfast, so admirably adapted to the customs of American life, and though he play the best game of billiards at the Trimountain rooms, if he lose his wits when a woman asks a question?

"It's no use talking that way, mother; it's all done."

Mrs. Dinks was sleepy no longer. She bounced like an India rubber ball from the pillows were left to shift for themselves. She turned and clasped Alfred in her arms.

"My blessed son!"

Then followed a moment of silent rapture, during which the mamma ate her

Presently she rose and went to a bureau and unlocked a drawer with a key that she carried in her pocket. Taking out an ebony box like a casket she unlocked that in turn, and then lifted from it a morocco case, evidently a miniature. She returned to her chair and seated herself again, swaying her body gently to and fro as if confirming some difficult resolution, but with the same inscrutable expression upon her face. Still holding the case in her hands unopened, she murmured—

"I want a sober mind,
A self-governing will,
That tramples down and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill."

She repeated the whole hymn several times, as if it was a kind of spell or incantation, and while she was yet saying it she opened the miniature.

The western light streamed over the likeness of a man of a gallant, graceful air, in whom the lines of youth were not yet burned out, and in whose presence there might be some peculiar fascination. The hair was rather long and fair—the features were handsomely moulded, but were a slightly jaded expression, which often seems to a woman an air of melancholy, and which a man would have recognized at once as the result of dissipation. There was a singular cast in the eye, and a blend of hefty, irresistible command in the whole aspect which appeared to be quite at war with an assumption of sense and real superiority. In fact it was the likeness of what is technically called a man of the world, whose frank insolence and symmetry of feature pass for manly beauty and composure.

The miniature was in the face of a gold locket, on the back of which there was a curl of the same fair hair. It was so fresh and glossy that it might have been cut off the day before. But the quaintness of the setting and the costume of the portrait proved that it had been taken many years previous, and that in the order of nature the original was probably dead.

As Mrs. Simcoe held the miniature in both hands and looked at it, her body still rocked over it, and her lips still murmured.

Then rocking and murmuring stopped together, and she seemed like one listening to music or the ringing of distant bells.

And as she sat perfectly still in the golden September sunlight, it was as if a veil were drawn into her soul; so that a softer light streamed into her eyes, and her countenance seemed to lose a face melted as by some internal warmth, and a tender repentance somehow blossomed out upon her cheeks and lips. The expression became sadness, and heavy tears dropped from her eyes upon the locket which she still looked at.

Then, with the old hardness stealing into her face again, she rose calmly, carrying the miniature in her hand, and went out of the room and down the stairs into the library, which was opposite the parlor in which Abel Sparrow had seen the picture of old Grandpa Burt at the age of ten, holding a hoop and hook.

There were book-shelves upon every side but one—stately ranges of well-ordered books in substantial old calf and gilt English bindings, and so carefully placed upon the shelves, in such methodical distribution of shapes and sizes, that the whole room had an air of unpretending propriety utterly foreign to a library. It seemed like the most solid aristocratic arrangement of books—much too fine to permit the existence of interest in any thing they contained—much too high-bred to be of the slightest use in imparting information. Glass doors were carefully closed over them, and locked, so that the books were bestirred respectablities laid away in shrines. And the same solemn order extended to the library table, which was covered in the middle of the room, with a large, solemn family Bible pressed by its weight flat on the table, and smaller books, like satellites, precisely upon the centre and precisely on one side an empty glass inkstand, innocent of a drop or a stain of any kind, with a pen carefully mended and evidently unused, every week, and a pen company pen-wiper which was as unsullied as might be expected of a wiper which had only wiped that pen which was never dipped into that inkstand which had been always empty. The inkstand was supported on the one side by the Bible by an equally immaculate ivory paper-knife.

The large leather library chairs were arranged in precisely the proper angle at the corners of the table, and the smaller chairs against the windows two by two, like timid little Sunday-school children waiting to be called to recitation. All was cold and clean and locked up—except a portrait that hung against the wall, and before which Mrs. Simcoe stood with the Bible by an equally immaculate ivory paper-knife.

The large leather library chairs were arranged in precisely the proper angle at the corners of the table, and the smaller chairs against the windows two by two, like timid little Sunday-school children waiting to be called to recitation. All was cold and clean and locked up—except a portrait that hung against the wall, and before which Mrs. Simcoe stood with the Bible holding the miniature in her hand.

It was the portrait of a young girl, whose rich, delicate loveliness, full of tender but tremulous character, seemed to be a kind of foreshadowing of Rose Wayne. The same cast of deep, soft darkness, that held the spectator with a dreamy fascination, the same sweetness were exquisitely moulded, and suffused with an airy, pinkish grace that was not light and headless, but thoughtful, so that the whole made almost a pathetic appeal against the inevitable proofs of life.

As Mrs. Simcoe stood looking at it and at the miniature she held, the sadness which had followed the sweetness died away, and her face resumed the old rigid inscrutability. She held the miniature straight before her and directly under the portrait; and, as she looked, the apparent pride of the one and the tremulous earnestness of the other indescribably blended into an expression which had been long familiar to her, for it was the face of Hope Wayne.

While she thus stood, unconscious of the time that passed, the sun had set, and the room was darkening. Suddenly she heard a sound close at her side, and started. Her hand instinctively closed over the miniature and concealed it.

There stood a man kindly regarding her. He was not an old man, but there was a touch of quaintness in his appearance. He did not speak when she saw him, and for several minutes they stood silent together. Then their eyes rose simultaneously to the picture, met again, and Mrs. Simcoe, putting out her hand, said, in a low voice:

"Lawrence Newt!"

It was an old friend. He shook her hand warmly, and made little remarks, while she seemed to be studying into his face, as if she were looking for something that she did not find there.

Every body did the same. Every body looked into Lawrence Newt's face to discover what he was thinking of, and nobody ever saw. Mrs. Simcoe remembered a time when it was different.

"It is more than twenty years since I saw you, Hare I grown very old?" asked he.

"No, not old. I see the boy I remember, but your face is not so clear as it used to be."

Lawrence Newt laughed.

"You compliment me without knowing it. My face is the result of the last of the most precious secrets; would you have the lid transparent?" Why, I am a merchant. Suppose every body took in through my face and out what I really think of the merchandise I am selling! What kind of profit do you think I should make? No, no, we want no tell-tale faces in Seth Street."

He said this in a tone that corresponded with the expression which baffled Mrs. Simcoe, and perplexed the spectator. His face was full and rosy, and his eyes were bright and clear. A porcupine hides his flesh in bristling quills, but a magnolia, when its leaves are all out cone, folds its heart in and in with overlying tissues of creamy richness and fragrance. Never is rose so calm, it is only secret.

"I suppose you are twenty years wiser than you were," said Mrs. Simcoe.

"What is wisdom?" asked Lawrence Newt.

"To grow old," replied Mrs. Simcoe.

"That I have discovered," he said.

"And have you given it?"

"I hope so."

"Yes, but haven't you the assurance?" asked she, curiously.

"I hope so," responded Lawrence Newt in the same blank tone.

"But assurance is a gift," continued she.

"A gift of what?"

"Of Heaven," replied Mrs. Simcoe.

"Ah! well, I have that," said the other, quietly, as his eye rested upon the portrait.

There was moisture in the eyes of both.

"Her daughter is very like her," he said, pleasantly; and the two stood together silently for some time.

"Not entirely," replied Mrs. Simcoe, as if to assert some other resemblance.

"Perhaps not, but I never saw her father."

As Lawrence Newt said this, Mrs. Simcoe raised her hand, opened it, and held the miniature before his eyes. He took it and gazed closely at it.

"And this is Colonel Wayne," said he, slowly. "This is the man whose name was a terror in heart and murdered a woman."

A mingled expression of pain, indignation, passionate regret, and resignation suddenly glittered on the face of Mrs. Simcoe.

"Mr. Newt!" said she, hurriedly, in a thick voice, "let us at least respect the dead!"

Lawrence Newt, still holding the miniature in his hand, looked surprised and searchingly at his companion, and his eyes grew into his eyes.

"Could I speak of her otherwise?"

The sudden change in Mrs. Simcoe's expression conveyed her thought to him before her words:

"No, no! not of her, but—"

She stopped as if wrestling with a fierce inward agony. The veins on her forehead were swollen, and her eyes flashed with singular light. It was not clear whether she was trying to say something, to conceal something, or simply to restore her self-control. But at this strange spectacle, and Lawrence Newt felt as if he must nail his eyes, as if he had no right to look upon the face of such a woman.

"But—" said he, mechanically, as if by repetition he could find a word to help her in her struggle.

His zeal, however, seemed to have him in the darkening twilight, rose, and, turning his back, crept down into him, and quivering and glowing in his heart, and he, with his eyes still leaning forward and reaching toward him, she took the miniature from Lawrence Newt, closed her hand over it, and turned away from him

BURNETT'S COCOAINE.

The important qualities of a perfect hair-dressing seem to have been successfully combined in Burnett's Cocoaine, the active principle of which is Cocoa-Nut Oil, by merits have been successfully tested with an unanimous and satisfactory result. Those who value a beautiful head of hair will do well to use this elegant preparation. Aside from its acknowledged superiority, it is claimed there is a saving of fifty per cent. in favor of this over other compounds. See publications being sufficient to last for days.—*Providence Post.*

COZZENS'

West Point Hotel

is

NOW OPEN.

LA TOURETTE HOUSE,

RICHMOND TERR., HOBOKEN, N. J.

Today W. Hill date of the Lafayette House, *Proprietor.*

This fashionable Summer Resort is beautifully situated on the banks of the *Kill von Kull*, opposite Staten Island. Excellent *Bathing, Boating, Fishing, and Driving* in the immediate vicinity. Gentlemen with their families visiting New York, will find *this House* a convenient and quiet retreat, as it takes no longer time only 30 minutes by Steamboat to reach it, than to go from South Ferry to Union Square.

LAKE HOPATCONG HOUSE, AT

LAKE HOPATCONG, NOW OPEN.

Gentlemen with their families, or single gentlemen, can make arrangements for Board at reasonable rates. Prices. Parties wishing that rare amusement, viz: "GOOD FISHING," can enjoy the best facilities and in perfection; also, GOOD BATHING. It is two-and-a-half hours ride from New York, and the Cars are conveniently located to Dockerville. Horses and Carriages will be in waiting to convey passengers to the House, a distance of five miles. Post Office address—Dockerville, Morris county, N. J. J. H. DAVIS.

CONGRESS HALL,

Saratoga Springs.

This well-kept and fashionable HOTEL IS NOW OPEN for the Season. Apartments can be engaged by addressing the Proprietors.

HATHORN & McMICHAEL.

Long Branch, N. J.

Howland's Hotel,

is

Now Open for the Season.

CHARLES ISLAND HOUSE,

Milford, Conn.,

NOW OPEN.

W. H. RUDROUGH, PROPRIETOR,

Late Proprietor of the *Pierrepont* and *La Farge* Houses New York City.

Ohio White Sulphur Springs,

OPEN TO VISITORS SEEKING HEALTH OR PLEASURE, FROM JUNE 1st TO OCTOBER 1st.

ACCOMMODATIONS for OVER 500 VISITORS.

The Ohio White Sulphur Springs are situated in Delaware County, 15 miles North of Columbus, the Capital of Ohio on the Scioto River.

The medicinal qualities of these Springs are unsurpassed by them of any other Mineral Waters in the United States.

For Room or other information, address

ANDREW WILSON, Jr.,

White Sulphur Springs, Ohio.

INTERNATIONAL HOTEL,

NIAGARA FALLS.

ROBERT S. COLEMAN, late of the firm of COLEMAN & STETSON, of the Astor House, and more recently engaged in the St. Nicholas, New York, begs, in connection with his son, FREDERICK W. COLEMAN, to spread the above-named Hotel, which, having been enlarged and greatly improved, renders it very desirable to visitors at this grandest of watering places.

THE

NAHANT HOTEL

is now open!!

Only fifty minutes' ride, in a splendid steamer, from the City of Boston. Magnificent accommodations for

ONE THOUSAND GUESTS,

At very reasonable rates. Second to no Summer Resort in the world.

THOS. RAND & SONS, Proprietors.

EASTMAN'S

White Mountain Guide-Book.

Ross & Tousey, Wholesale Agents, N. Y.

Charles Grobe's New Method

FOR THE

PIANO FORTE.

Mr. Grobe is so well known, that any remarks as to his qualifications would be superfluous. Suffice it to say, that he has produced in his *New Method* a work for elementary teaching, superior to any other. It is evidently the Book for the People, and as the result of the vast experience of Mr. Grobe, it is entitled to the name of Pupil. Nothing is neglected, nothing hurried. The pupil is led by easy, pleasant steps, from the first to the closing page. The division of long pieces into short works of instruction is altogether avoided, and the Pupil, before it is to be the most simple, clear, progressive, and judicious system of instruction extant. The finest exercises on *engraved figures*, illustrating the different positions of the hands and fingers. The type is very and uniformly beautiful and distinct. The paper is white and thick, and the *binding handsome*. Price $1 00, in Cloth, and the Complete Course may be had, post-paid, on receipt of the above price. The trade supplied.

Published by the Proprietor,

FIRTH, POND & CO., 547 Broadway, New York.

LEE & WALKER, Philadelphia.

WEED'S PATENT

DOUBLE THREAD

Sewing

Machines

Make the Lock Stitch.

An entirely new style, made on the principle of Weed's patent, and the simplest Machine ever invented, is offered for $50. Price of the old styles from $80 to $150.

WHITNEY & LEVY,

417 Broadway.

Agents wanted.

FOR THE COMPLEXION.—Of all the Compounds we have yet seen proposed as a cosmetic for the skin, there is none that has a higher reputation, or can that is so popular with the ladies, as the far-famed *Kalliston*. It will, with a few applications, remove tan, freckles, sunburn, and all unsightliness of the skin. It is universally used for these purposes, and ladies who apply it can exercise in the open air as freely as they please, and experience no inconvenience from such exposure. Prepared by Joseph Burnett & Co. are the proprietors.—*Boston Transcript.*

FINKLE & LYON'S

SEWING MACHINES,

For Family Use, Tailoring Purposes, Saddlery, &c. Warranted to give better satisfaction than any other machine in market, or money refunded. Agents wanted.

503 BROADWAY,

Next to the St. Nicholas Hotel.

$32 50 PER QUARTER. } **ASHLAND INST. and MUSICAL ACADEMY,** Lessrs. Boudinots, Bordentown, New Jersey. Circulars forwarded on application. Rev. H. LILL, REV. J. FOX, A.M., Ashland, N. Y., or D. G. HUBBARD, Esq., 59 Broadway.

RIMMEL'S TOILET VINEGAR is superior for aspect to Eau de Cologne as a lotion for the Toilet or Bath, a refreshing Perfume and a powerful Disinfectant.

Sold by all the Trade.

E. RIMMEL, *Perfumer, London and Paris.*

PROTESTANT FRENCH INSTITUTE.—The YOUNG GENTLEMEN'S NORMAL INSTITUTE, No. 48 East 24th Street, near Madison Park. Boarding and Day School, Primary and Academic Classes. This Institution will be reopened on the 15th of September. It presents a thorough course of instruction in all its branches, including the Spanish and German languages. The French is the language of the school. Comfortable arrangements for a limited number of pupils. Prospectus, with references, on names of the children and of their parents during the past years, &c., to be had. ELIE CHARLIER, Director.

References: Paris, Rev. Dr. F. Monod.

Washington Heights, Rev. Marie d'Aubigné.

Boston, Prof. Louis Cazenove, Secretary of State.

Boston, Prof. Agassiz.

Princeton, Prof. A. Guyot.

New York, C. King, President of Columbia College.

Rev. Dr. J. Knox, Chancellor of the N. Y. University.

Rev. Dr. S. H. Tyng.

Rev. Dr. Adams.

MOSQUITOES.—An Antidote for the poison of mosquitoes, bees, wasps, and other annoying insects, has been found in Ammonia, combined, prepared by Messrs. Joseph Burnett and Co. This preparation removes the particular property, which instantly neutralizes the poison, and allays the inflammation caused by the bites and stings of insects.—*Boston Journal.*

LECTURES FOR 1859—60.—TO LAY MEMBERS OF YOUNG MEN'S ASSOCIATIONS, INSTITUTES, LYCEUMS, &c.:

As the Subscriber is about making his arrangements for Lectures to be delivered by him during the next Autumn and Winter months, 1859-60, he respectfully requests the Committees to address him as soon as may be convenient.

PARK BENJAMIN, 24 West 17th Street, New York. June 16, 1859.

Lord Lord's Worcestershire Sauce.

Is the TRUE Worcestershire Sauce. Is excellent for all purposes.

ASK FOR, and HAVE ONLY LORD LORD'S.

Sold by Grocers and Dealers, and by all Grocers and Fruit Dealers.

Wholesale and for Exportation, by

JONATHAN JONES & CO.,

40 Broad Street, New York.

Sold Retail by the Grocers and Fruit Houses. Half Pints, 20 cents; Pints, 35 cents; Quarts, 60 cents per bottle.

RIMMEL'S BOUQUET — ALL THE YEAR ROUND, and WOOD VIOLET, are the leading Perfumes of the Day.

Sold by all the Trade.

E. RIMMEL, *Perfumer, London and Paris.*

THE OXYGENATED BITTERS.

THE OXYGENATED BITTERS.

THE OXYGENATED BITTERS.

Cure Dyspepsia, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Indigestion. Cure Heart Burn, Heart Burn, Acidity, Acidity. Cure Flatulency, Flatulency, Nausea, Nausea. Cure Liver Complaint, Liver Complaint, Debility. Cure Fever and Ague, Fever and Ague, Consumption. Cure Headache, Costiveness, Piles, Nervousness. Cure Flatulency, Neuralgia, Female Complaints.

These Bitters are well known to be the most remarkable and efficient yet discovered for the absolute and rapid cure of the above diseases, and it is altogether unnecessary to enlarge upon its merits.

S. W. FOWLE & CO., *Proprietors, Boston.*

Sold by all Druggists.

THE OXYGENATED BITTERS.

THE OXYGENATED BITTERS.

THE OXYGENATED BITTERS.

361 BROADWAY 539

THOMAS, DEHAS & SMITH,

Tucker's Flowers, Feathers, and Miscellaneous Items, Are all reliable.

ELLIOT & PAITEN—Examine Inventions and procure American and Foreign Patents. *Patent Agency* opposite the Entrance of Patent Office Building, Washington City, D. C.

The Cavalier to Laura.

A SONG OF THE KINGDOM OF NEW JERSEY.

Fut on your bonnet, Laura,
The day is fine, and we
Will journey into Jersey—
That strange and far countree.

We'll hear the raging ocean
To Hoboken's sunny bowers,
And in the Elysian fields
We'll pelt peace crosses of flowers.

Come forth—come forth, my Laura,
I pant before your gate;
Why loo the hours and hours that ne'er
For man were known to wait!

Put on your bonnet, Laura,
The fiend is calculating!
And the clothes you made me buy from Surett
Are every-where outdated.

"Twin Temples of Fashion."

SMITH BROTHERS,

The Marble Stores,

122, 138, and 140

Fulton Street,

Between Broadway & William St.,

THOMAS SMITH, Jr.,
JOSEPH SMITH,
J. SMITH RICE.

NEW YORK.

ONE PRICE—NO DEVIATION.

The Price is marked on all the

Goods in Plain Figures.

BEAUTY.—The perfection of beauty, even in the most beautiful woman, is gained at her toilet. There the use of BURNETT'S KALLISTON is indispensable: it retains all unsightly objects, such as tan, freckles, and pimples, and gives the complexion a clear and blooming appearance. Prepared by Joseph Burnett & Co., Bostbn. *Boston Traveller.*

THIS SUPERIOR Strong-bodied delicately-flavored

Mountain JOFFRE

For sale by

J. DOWLING,

No. 5 Beaver Street.

Café de Costa Rica

C&C

Ladies', Children's, and Infants' Summer Clothing, at

GENIN'S BAZAAR.

CHILDREN'S BLOUSES,
MARSEILLES BAJAMAS,
LADIES' EMBROIDERED MUSLIN ROBES,
RICH EMBROIDERED LAWN ROBES,
LADIES' BATHING DRESSES,
MISSES' MUSLIN DRESSES,
BOYS' MUSLIN SUITS AND PANTS,
LADIES' and INFANTS' SUMMER CLOTHING.

Dress-making in all its branches, in greater variety than can be found elsewhere in the City.

GENIN'S BAZAAR, 513 Broadway.

RIMMEL'S ROSE-LEAF POWDER A delicate pink rose hue to the skin, and renders it soft and beautiful.

Sold by all the Trade.

E. RIMMEL, *Perfumer, London and Paris.*

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

This compound will be found a great promoter of health, when taken in the spring, to expel the foul humors which float in the blood at that season of the year. By the timely expulsion of them many rankling disorders are nipped in the bud. Multitudes can, by the aid of this remedy, spare themselves from the endurance of foul eruptions and ulcerous sores, through which the system will try to rid itself of corruptions, if not assisted to do this through the natural channels of the body by an alterative medicine. Cleanse out the vitiated blood whenever you find its impurities bursting through the skin in pimples, eruptions, or sores; cleanse it when you find it is obstructed and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it whenever it is foul, and your feelings will tell you when. Even where no particular disorder is felt, people enjoy better health, and live longer, for cleansing the blood. Keep the blood healthy, and all is well; but with the blood foul, there can be no health in any part of the body. Sooner or later something must go wrong, and the great machinery of life is disordered or deranged.

SCROFULA AND SCROFULOUS COMPLAINTS, ERUPTIONS AND ERUPTIVE DISEASES, ULCERS, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES, TUMORS, BOILS, ERYSIPELAS, SORE EYES, ST. ANTHONY'S FIRE, AND INDEED THE WHOLE CLASS of complaints arising from IMPURITY OF THE BLOOD.

In order to secure their complete eradication from the system, the remedy should be judiciously taken according to directions on the bottle. Prepared by

DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

Price $5 per Bottle; Six Bottles for $5.

Sold by all Druggists every where.

TIFFANY & CO,

Importers & Manufacturers,

No. 550 Broadway, New York, and

Rue Richelieu, No, 79, Paris,

DIAMONDS, AND OTHER PRECIOUS STONES.

FINE JEWELRY. WATCHES.

SILVER WARE, PLATED WARE, TABLE CUTLERY.

CLOCKS, BRONZES, ARTISTIC GAS FIXTURES.

DESKS, DRESSING-CASES, WORK BOXES, TRAVELLING-BAGS, FANS, RICH PORTFOLIOS.

And many other articles of Ornament and Luxury.

The only establishment in New York for the sale of CHAS. FREDERICK WORTH'S Paris Fabrics, imported over any other house in this country. Each piece is scrupulously established.

Every article is marked in plain figures, at the Lowest Price at which it will be sold.

We cordially extend to strangers an invitation to inspect our stock, assuring all that a call will incur not the least obligation to purchase.

TREMBLES.—Of all the effects that exposure of the skin to the sun or sun produces, the most disagreeable is entitled Freckles or Sun Burn. If spots of the nature of the parts exposed, it is called tan; if scattered at intervals, freckles. The finest skins are most subject to them. The *Kalliston*, prepared by Joseph Burnett & Co., Boston, contains a peculiar creative property which will remove them. Its operation is mild, but it is the most effectual and perfectly harmless, stays all tendency to inflammation, and renders the complexion clear and beautiful.—*Boston Herald.*

HARPER & BROTHERS,

Franklin Square, New York,

Publish this Day:

I.

WALTER THORNBURY, M. A. Pilot at the Fair. By the Author of "Alton Locke" and "Ailie." 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

II.

THE COMPLETION OF

MISS STRICKLAND'S QUEENS OF SCOTLAND.

Lives of the Queens of Scotland and English Princesses connected with the Royal Succession of Great Britain. By AGNES STRICKLAND. Vol. VIII, completing the Work. 12mo, Muslin, $1 00; Sets in Muslin, $8 00; Half Calf, $14 50.

III.

FOWLER'S ELEMENTARY GRAMMAR. Elementary Grammar, Composition and Syntax. Abridged from the Octavo Edition of the "English Language in its Elements and Forms." Designed for Common Use in Common Schools. By WILLIAM C. FOWLER, late Professor of Rhetoric in Amherst College. 12mo, Muslin, 50 cents.

IV.

ANTHON'S CICERO DE OFFICIIS. M. T. Ciceronis de Officiis Libri Tres. With Marginal Analysis and an English Commentary. Edited for the Syllabus of Examinations, and for the Use of Schools and Colleges. By CHARLES ANTHON, LL.D., Professor of Greek in Columbia College. 12mo, Sheep extra, 75 cents.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS will send any of the above Works by mail, postage paid, free of any distance in the United States under 3000 miles, on receipt of the Money.

IMPURITIES OF THE BLOOD, SCROFULA, DISEASES OF MERCURY, SALT RHEUM,

chronically and permanently cured by the use of

DR. JAMES R. CHILTON'S CHEMICAL OIL OF SARSAPARILLA,

An extraordinary remedy, and is the only preparation that can be relied on to perform a cure. Try it, and

DR. JAMES R. CHILTON,

Wholesale and Retail Depot, 312 BROADWAY, N. Y.

☞ Every Number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE contains 144 Pages of Reading—and there is no one half-more reading than any other in the country.

A Splendid Number.

HARPER'S

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

FOR JULY.

Unquestionably it has the most sustained work of the kind in the language; that is to say, in the world. The splendid reading matter given in the Editor's Table are above price. The present number is equal to any yet issued. It is impossible to conceive how it can increase in prosperity to the work.—*N. Y. Christian Advocate and Journal.*

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, in its typography, embellishments, and literary contents, is delightful, and is conducted with sympathy and humor, and guided all the time by a strong common sense. It is a model. For will it have soon. We rejoice in its prosperity.—*New Orleans Christian Advocate.*

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year $3 00
Two Copies for One Year 5 00
Three or more Copies for One Year (each) 2 00

And an Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of TWENTY *Subscribers.*

The Postage on HARPER'S and HARPER'S MAGAZINE, together, one year, $4 00.

The Postage upon "HARPER'S MAGAZINE" must be paid at the office where it is received. The postage is *Thirty-six Cents a year.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A FIRST-CLASS FAMILY PAPER.

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST

FAMILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD.

FIVE CENTS A NUMBER. $2 50 A YEAR.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS'S New Serial, entitled "A TALE OF TWO CITIES," Splendidly Illustrated by MCLEAN, was commenced in "HARPER'S WEEKLY" for MAY 7, and will be continued from week to week until completed.

The Pictorial Illustrations of "HARPER'S WEEKLY" are unsurpassed in the world.

TERMS OF HARPER'S WEEKLY.

One Copy for One Year $1 00
Two Copies for One Year 1 50
Three Copies for One Year 2 00
Five Copies for One Year 2 50
Twelve Copies for One Year 5 00
Twenty-five Copies for One Year 10 00

An Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of TWENTY *or* TWENTY-FIVE SUBSCRIBERS.

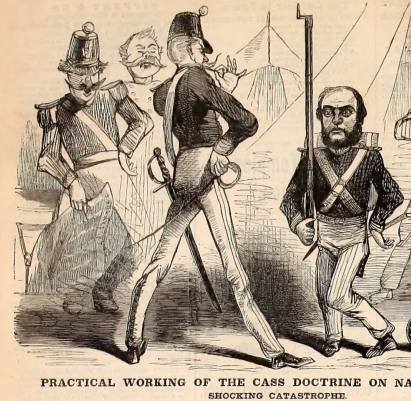
TERMS FOR ADVERTISING—*Fifty Cents a Line.*

A liberal Discount will be made to those wishing to Advertise for three Months or more.

Postage upon HARPER'S WEEKLY in New York exciting "HARPER'S MAGAZINE" at all distances, will please send their names to the Office where they receive their paper, to the Office of Publication.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,

Franklin Square, New York.



PRACTICAL WORKING OF THE CASS DOCTRINE ON NATURALIZATION.

SHOCKING CATASTROPHE.

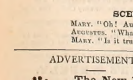
Intelligence reaches us, at the moment of going to press, to the effect that that distinguished patriot, the Hon. A-GUST B-LMONT, late U. S. Minister to the Hague, having imprudently ventured on a tour through Germany, was seized by the soldiery of his native town for military service, and is now engaged as above depicted. Mr. B-lmont, of course, appealed for protection to our Government; but Mr. Cass simply sent his friend his letters to Leclerc and Hofer, and abandoned him to his fate.

SCENE—A THUNDERSTORM.

MARY. "Oh! Augusta, I want to ask you something—so much."
AUGUSTUS. "What is it, dear?"
MARY. "Is it true that—that—that hoops attract the lightning?"

ADVERTISEMENTS.

The New Books.
MICHELET'S GREAT WORK.
LOVE (L'AMOUR), translated from the French. Price $1 00.
DR. PALMER'S New Book, THE NEW and THE OLD. Illustrated. Price $1 25.
Mr. Bonner's Book, A BACHELOR'S STORY. A delightful Summer Volume. Price $1 00.
Mr. Badman's Spicy Work, THE VAGABOND. Sketches of Society, &c. Price $1 00.
Any book sent by mail, *prepaid*, on receipt of price, by ROUD & CARLETON, Publishers, 130 Grand Street, New York.



E. A. BROOKS,
575 Broadway & 150 Fulton Street.
A splendid Assortment of Ladies', Gentlemen's, and Children's Boots, Shoes and Gaiters.

THE AMERICAN FREEMASON'S
New Monthly Magazine, edited by ALBERT G. MACKEY, M.D., and other prominent Masonic writers. For sale by all Booksellers and Newsdealers. The Trade supplied by HENDRICKSON, BLAKE & LONG 21 and 23 Ann Street, New York.

Designed for the use of the *Medical Profession* and the *Family*, possessing those intrinsic medicinal properties which belong to an *Old* and *Pure Gin*. Put up in quart bottles, and sold by all prominent Druggists.
A. M. BININGER & CO.
(Established A. D. 1778.) SOLE PROPRIETORS,
No. 128 Broadway, N. Y.

DELANO
Life-Preserving Coat and Vest Company.

Vest not inflated. Vest inflated.

Incorporated **Jan. 1859.**
Capital **$125 000**
MANUFACTURERS OF ALL KINDS OF
Life-Preserving Garments
FOR ORDINARY WEAR,
Safety Bathing Dresses, Children's Swimming Jackets, &c. &c.
OFFICE and SALESROOM, 286 BROADWAY, (Opposite City Hall) NEW YORK.

DR. J. B. MARCHISI'S
CELEBRATED
UTERINE CATHOLICON
For the Relief and Cure of Suffering Females.
With such universal disease and suffering as address the female life, a really good Medicine must be their best friend. The numerous cases of Irregularities, Retentions, Discharges, Ulcerations, Falling Wombs, Leucorrhœa, &c., constantly effected by Dr. Marchisi's Catholicon, gives it a reputation and popularity never obtained by any other article. It does what it promises, and can be relied upon. When every thing has been tried, the best physicians consulted, years spent in anguish, and fortunes wasted, this Catholicon has restored health to the patient and gladness to the female. It is active and efficient in any form of disease peculiar to the female sex, and should be used by females at the approach to and after confinement. Physicians before testify that it is

NEVER TAKEN WITHOUT BENEFIT.

Daughters, Wives and Mothers! this *medicine* will cure you. It has been long and favorably known. As an evidence of its efficacy, the money will be refunded where results are not as indicated. A pamphlet, with symptoms, treatment, letters, &c., sent gratis by mail, or delivered at the counter of any agent. Do not confound Dr. Marchisi with any other name. It can be had in most every town. If not found, it can be sent by express. Price $2 per bottle, or 5 bottles for $5. Noted Preserved. Address
BARNES & PARK, General Agents,
13 and 15 PARK ROW, N. Y.

Curtis' Cure for Baldness.
This remedy is reliable; contains no oil, lead, or saltpetre; it has been tested in Boston, Providence, and the Eastern States. J. M. CURTIS, Proprietor, Providence, R. I. Sold by R. H. Macy & Co., 204 and 206 Washington, 115 Broadway; W. H. Lewis, 577 Greenwich Street; John Jones, 725 Houston Street, New York; Mrs. Hayes; G. P. Miles; and Reynolds & Co., Brooklyn; F. Sellier, Jersey City; U. T. Mercer, Newark.
BARNES & PARK, Nos. 13 and 15 Park Row,
And all Druggists. General Agents.

Something New!!!
A Gift Enterprise conducted upon a Liberal and Impartial Plan!!!!!!

The most Liberal, Punctual, and Reliable
GIFT BOOK ENTERPRISE
IN EXISTENCE.
The best evidence of this is the fact of its being the only one that stands endorsed by the Press of the City in which it is located.

We are not only ENDORSED BY THE ENTIRE Press of our own city, but by many of the most respectable and influential papers THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY.

H. E. HOYT & CO.'S
GREAT
GIFT BOOK STORE,
No. 41 Baltimore Street,
Baltimore, Md.
Headquarters for Southern and Western Orders.
WRITE FOR A CATALOGUE FOR 1859,
IT CONTAINS THE
LARGEST LIST of Useful, Ornamental and Valuable Gifts ever Published!
GREATER INDUCEMENTS TO AGENTS than ever before offered by any other establishment in the United States.
A Gift worth from Fifty Cents to
One Hundred Dollars
ACCOMPANIES EVERY BOOK.
Postmasters, Country Merchants, Booksellers, Librarians of Universities, Academies, Private and Circulating Libraries, Schools,
And all others whose business will enable them, are respectfully solicited to BECOME OUR AGENTS.
Catalogues giving full particulars mailed free to any address.

WHAT THE PRESS SAY.
They have a magnificent assortment of Books; and have prepared themselves with innumerable elegant Gifts to be distributed among their "troupe of friends and customers."—*Boston Post.*
Not only may a selection be made of any choice work, but with the publication it now is become an article of Jewelry, which in many cases proves quite valuable.—*Balt. Daily Exchange.*
They make no promises that are not performed strictly, by which means they have acquired a justly-enviable reputation; have indeed the entire confidence of not only our citizens, but the country abroad.—*Sunday Times.*
A young lady acquaintance of ours purchased, for $1, a Book at this establishment, a few days since, and received a double-cased Gold Watch, valued at one hundred dollars.—*Balt. Clipper.*
The success which attends the Gift Book House of Messrs. H. E. HOYT & Co. has no precedents in the annals of Gift Enterprise.—*Republican and Argus.*
Call and see them, and our word for it, you will not regret your visit.—*Dispatch, Balt.*
The inducements to the Southern and Western people to make their purchases from Messrs. Hoyt & Co. are such, greater value can be offered by any house of the kind in the country, as their location is nearer to the Southern point is less, and the immense order business done by this firm is a guarantee of their fulfilment of all promises.—*Penny Journal.*
It is, in a moral, getting books for nothing and being paid to take them away.—*Examiner.*
All orders will be promptly and impartially filled, and forwarded within one day after being received. The Gifts, in all cases, will accompany the Books, with a written certificate of the person sending the order.
Remember, no Gifts distributed of less value than 50 cents, or more than $100 00.
Address H. E. HOYT & CO.,
No. 41 Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md.

$18 A WEEK $18
We want a few men in every State to act as our agents for an article of real worth. It is costly sold in every store and to every family.
We have seen who are making from 2 to 5 Dollars a day profit. This is none of those recipes or humbug articles with which the country is flooded, but is something of actual utility, and all that is required is sell it, is to show it.—Any one sending us 15 Cents will receive a sample by mail, postage paid, worth that amount, and all necessary information. Address
VAN DEUSEN BROTHERS,
Kingston, Ulster Co., N. Y.

PRINCE IMPERIAL
CHAMPAGNE,
FROM
DE VENOGE & CO., EPERNAY, FRANCE,
THIS IS A PERFECTLY PURE AND DELICATE WINE from the Celebrated Vineyards of DE VENOGE & CO., whose estate lays in the CENTRE OF THE FAVORITE CHAMPAGNE DISTRICT OF FRANCE. It has hitherto been confined to the best tables of England and the Continent, and has only recently been introduced into this country, where its rare quality, combined with the moderate price at which it is offered, is already achieving a success and popularity unprecedented in the annals of the wine trade.
Sold in this city by H. A. KOY, 52d Street; J. S. T. STRANAHAN & Co., 21 Park Row, corner of Broadway; 2 Twenty-fifth Street; Howell & Co., 693 Broadway; Macy & Co., 319 Sixth Avenue, and by all the leading dealers throughout the country.
E. V. HAUGHWOUT, Sole Importer,
Corner of Broadway and Broome Street.

100 Comic Songs.
Music and Words, including the best and most popular Humorous Songs in the English language. Price 50 cents.
Published by OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. III.—No. 133.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1859. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

MARSHAL MACMAHON, DUKE OF MAGENTA.

We are glad to be able to lay before our readers a faithful portrait of the new Duke of Magenta, the hero of the recent battle at Magenta, from a photograph taken at Paris by Meyer and Pierron.

Marshal MacMahon is a Frenchman whose ancestors followed James the Second from Ireland nearly two centuries ago, and settled in France. As the histories of the period make no mention of any one of the name among James's followers, it is likely that the original Irishman occupied an humble position in the suite of the runaway Stuart. His descendants have uniformly distinguished themselves as soldiers. The father of the present Duke was a brave officer, and wore the title of Count, which his son born till he won the higher rank of Duke.

Marie-Edme-Patrick-Maurice MacMahon was born at Sully Castle, in France, on 13th June, 1808, and is, consequently, at the present time, fifty-one years old. He became a soldier in early youth, and served in all the French campaigns in Algeria. At Constantine he was wounded; and his bravery and military skill won for him the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel at the age of thirty-four. On one occasion he was selected by the French General to convey dispatches to head-quarters through a country which was known to be in the possession of the Arabs. He was offered an escort of cavalry, which he refused, stating that it was either too much or too little; he set out alone. He was soon discovered by the Arabs, who gave chase. On three sides he saw their fleet horses rapidly gaining on him. In front was a deep and precipitous ravine. Without a moment's hesitation he spurred his horse at the ravine, and leaped into it. His horse was of course killed by the fall; the rider luckily escaped, and had the satisfaction of seeing his pursuers gazing blankly at him from the heights from which he had leaped. His mission was successfully discharged; promotion followed; and very shortly afterward he obtained the government of a province in Algeria.

When the Crimean war began, MacMahon was appointed to the command of a brigade, and was subsequently placed at the head of a division. He fought gallantly at Alma and Inkermann, and at the final assault on the Malakoff he had the honor of being chosen to lead the attack on that terrible height. How well he did his work, and how thoroughly vindicated his reputation for military genius, the freshly-written history of the war is there to prove. He, if any man, was the hero of the Malakoff.

At the close of the war he was rewarded by the usual honors and dignities, and became a Senator of France. In the Senate, he attracted general attention by opposing the repressive measures which were proposed after the February attempt on the Emperor's life. His voice was the only one that was raised in favor of liberty. For this, it was supposed that he had fallen into disgrace at the Court. But when the Italian war broke out he was appointed to as high a command as any of the more subservient generals. The Emperor saw through him, and liked him.

It is not necessary to repeat in this place the story of his deeds at Magenta. But for him, it is highly probable that the Imperial Guard would have perished on that terrible day. His timely appearance on the scene of action, and the irresistible ardor of his onslaught on the Austrians turned

MARSHAL MACMAHON.—[From a Photograph by Meyer & Pierron.]

SCENE ON THE MORNING AFTER THE LATE TERRIBLE ACCIDENT ON THE MICHIGAN SOUTHERN RAILROAD.—[From a Sketch by Mr. O. F. Brown.]—See next Page.

the tide of victory: Magenta was won, and Milan was evacuated in hot haste.

As an officer, Marshal MacMahon is remarkable for the care he takes of his men. No general in the French army is so popular among the rank and file as MacMahon. Their petty comforts, their tents, their food, their refreshment, their clothing, are all matters of the greatest concern to him. "No one imagines," he is reported to have said, "how vitally important it is in time of war to let soldiers have their rest at the right hour."

Marshal MacMahon married some years since a daughter of the Duke of Castrice, an old and popular French nobleman. His wife is highly esteemed at Court, where she is reported to be a woman of very sincere and heroic feelings. When the news of the battle of Magenta arrived she and other ladies were with the Empress at the Palace. The telegram was handed to Eugenia. She began trumblingly to read the cipher in which it was written. "Its first word," — a great battle"—were uttered aloud, and the emotion they caused among the ladies present, many of whom had husbands in the army, was so great that they almost swooned, and fainted, and the Empress herself was so affected as to be unable to proceed with the reading. All the while the ladies present the only one who preserved presence of mind was Madame MacMahon, whose reading words and kindly offices soon restored the Empress to herself, and enabled her to read the remainder of the dispatch.

ACCIDENT ON THE MICHIGAN SOUTHERN RAILROAD.

We give on the preceding page, from a sketch kindly furnished to us by Mr. O. F. Brown, an engraving of the terrible accident which occurred on the Michigan Southern and Northern Indiana Railroad, at South Bend, Indiana, on June 8th.

The Chicago *Tribune* thus describes the tragedy:

"The place where the tragedy occurred which has carried such deep sorrow into the hearts of many, is situated midway between the villages of South Bend and Mishawaka, and about two miles from each station. There is a ravine some thirty feet deep from the surface of the track, and scarcely due to one hundred feet wide. Under the track was a culvert, about nine feet by seven. The water passing through it is generally quite low at this season, not sufficient to fill the culvert half full. During the three months which preceded on Monday night the passage through the culvert became interrupted, and the water on the south or upper side suddenly raised to the height of fifteen to twenty feet, or within five or eight feet of the surface of the track. The track resting on a sandy foundation, the action of the water soon began to undermine, and probably before the train reached the fatal spot the track had given way, and the water, and the train took the terrible plunge into the abyss below, almost completely filling it to the south-eastern corner. The scene which followed is out of our power to describe, but those who were present on the occasion say that it was an event which no man should be called upon to witness but once in a lifetime. The shrieks and cries of the ravine being shirked by woods and the high banks, it was impossible to distinguish objects, and they were rendered by those who escaped death or secure injury could only be by the sense of the groans of the wounded. Fires was the concussion, and so terrible the scenes of the wounded and dying, that the secret thought was at first hardly heard at Mishawaka, a distance of two full miles. When those who attended the scene of the accident, a large number of whom were in the streets they having been called up by a fire in the village, they immediately started en masse for the scene of the disaster, and the news and every thing that would probably be needed to relieve the wounded.

STATEMENT OF THE PRESIDENT.

Mr. George Bliss, President of the Road, who was on the train at the time, thus describes the disaster:

"On the night of the 8th inst. a very severe rain storm, of several hours' duration, accumulated a large body of water in the usually a dry gorge in summer, midway between South Bend and Mishawaka, and carried away a stone arch culvert of nine feet span, with an embankment of about thirty feet high, on the night of said 8th ultimo. The night was very dark and the train, came on as usual at about the latter hour, consisting of the baggage car, an emigrant passenger car, one second-class car, and four first-class cars, and the last car of which was a sleeping car—all laterally well filled—and every berth in the sleeping car occupied with a considerable number of women and children. The whole train plunged into the gorge. The baggage car, emigrant car, and second car fell nearly upon the engine and tender, which were partly upon and partly under the water, and the first sleeping car, now from three to six or eight feet deep, the forefront three of the sleeping cars next following, the rear remain, and not on top of each other, but partially on their sides, and consequently crushed. The passengers in the fall inside of the others, right side up, entering a little, in three or four feet of water. It was consequently very little injured—the lamp in the room not being even broken. None of the passengers in this car were seriously injured. There was found in the water in the bottom. The passengers from it were got on shore very well. From the other cars many got on top of the train, and were assisted to the shore, where bonfires were built. Passengers were dressed in the neighboring farm houses, each about two miles distant, and many soon arrived at the scene of the accident.

"As to the cause of the accident, so far as I can learn, it was entirely accidental and unavoidable. Nobody there was little or no water passing through the culvert. The rain for many hours was most probable. The culvert was examined at ten o'clock, and it readily passed all the water. The track rested on a thick stratum of sand, and the whole line during the storm, and all was safe. The track master was on the engine on his way home and was killed. It was an old rule of the road that the section men shall not desert and pass over the road during a storm and examine all the bridges and culverts at any hour of the night, and the division superintendent pursued this order within the last two or three years.

"By noon the next day after the accident there was as little water in the bed that a person could easily step over it."

STATEMENT OF THE CONDUCTOR.

"I was seated in the fore-part of the first passenger car at about twelve o'clock, on Monday night, when suddenly I heard a crashing in the car, as if the cars were breaking and shaking, then I felt the car we was plunging, when I got upon my feet to see what was the matter, and I tried to reach the door of the car, but not being able, as I felt my foothold slipping from beneath me, I soon succeeded climbing to the roof, and succeeded in getting a hold. The roof was much broken away by this time, and I got through it to the top, where I kept hold until I looked below. I then commenced climbing up, and reached the bank. I saw a number of others clambering up out of the cars, and there were several persons assisting the persons who had been injured. I saw some laborers, whom I ordered to light bonfires on the bank, and down the road. Of the speed of the train I took no particular notice. I do not think it was running at full speed, as we had just passed over a big bridge, where we usually slacken up. I think the train was going about 25 mile.

"I should judge there were some one hundred and fifty persons in the train—I could not tell as I had not taken up my checks of the second-class (or emigrant) car, or the first-class passengers. There were about fifty persons got on the forement of the emigrant cars, from Aurora, Illinois, and about the same from New Albany, Indiana. The emigrant cars were all smashed up. When I looked below the bridge was very deep, and the water was running heavy. I was confused—I wanted to reach the passengers out of the wreck, which I succeeded in as I supposed, for it, but when I looked the crack, I had not counted right. I never counted the passengers before; it was what I call a dry run, and the culvert was of stone, and was built on a good solid sand bed. The stone of the catchpike is, as near as I can judge, about halfway between South Bend and Mishawaka. This (Tuesday) morning I crossed the same spot where last night I had the accident, and could not discover any trace or sign of any fuss. I know nothing further of the cause of the accident than the carrying away of the culvert, and I was riding on the platform of the first platform rear car, when the plunking and cracking commenced."

STATEMENT OF A PASSENGER.

Mr. Brott, a passenger, says: "I was a passenger on the 8 p.m. train of the Southern Michigan Road. I, with my wife and children, occupied the first passenger car, forward one of the first-class cars. There were three cars in front of the sleeping car, and one in the rear. I had sent the middle of the car. At the time of the accident I was not asleep, but sitting in the car. I got up and exchanged seats with my wife. I heard a heavy crash, and felt the car rising and falling as near as I can say for a tremendous leap or plunge. It was but an instant that I felt this motion, and then I felt that the first the occupants of the car were pitched about much. I was thrown out of my seat, over one or two seats in front of me. But when the cars struck all the front part of it was all crushed in, carrying my seat with it, and some of those occupying that end of the car must have been totally crushed, as I heard their cries for help in the water. Those of us who could kicked to get out. The lights were extinguished, and the night was cloudy and dark. I got out window in the rear end of the car and on its side. My wife escaped, she hardly knows how. The water at the time was very deep, and I had to swim. In the horror of the scene through which he had passed seemed to have partially paralyzed his faculties. He looked at the affair like an almost-minded man speaking of some disinterested matter.

THE AGONY AT CHICAGO.

A Chicago paper, describing the scenes when the first intelligence of the disaster reached that place, says:

"Husbands whose wives and children had left them in the morning in the fullness of health and vigor, messengers from wives who sat, with trembling hearts and pallid lips, at their homes, and anxious merchants and general freight officer during all the after-part of the day. In the latter is the most intense anxiety and suspense, and the communications between it and the station nearest the scene of the accident, Mishawaka, were hampered by slanders, fail of dreadful meaning. We saw many turn away from the bulletin-board, after reading it with sickly hope and joy, and others struck with heavy despair. One gentleman in this city had sent his wife, by the cars, and sister eastward on the fatal night. He was an early inquirer. The engraving operator deputized a messenger of inquiry, and he stood by the instrument. It was a long time before the reply to a question. At last he said that he had put his family in the train, and that he expected to expect the worst, became the destruction of life in that accident. He left the telegraph office in an open jeef, and the worst of agony stood like rain-drops on his face. He was not seen again that day. And his last wife was going only so far as Kalamazoo. He was told to the Kalamazoo, and there was no information, and that his precious ones could not be involved in this catastrophe. At all the depots, and at the office, the most anxious followed like a waterfall, and the happy and thankful were overwhelmed with joy. One man took his picked up and laid out in the cars, with sheets covering their forms. No one could venture to look upon the dead, or even out of the water. She was, of course, dead when found of that family. The mother was killed, a daughter is missing, and another boy is wounded, but not seriously. He is in the same room with his wretched brother, while he saw another of the young ones, six years old, dead, having had his face completely cut off. The bodies of the females were not much mutilated. By the dress of these dead and wounded, Mr. Exeter judges them to have been mostly second-class passengers.

SCENES AND INCIDENTS.

"Mr. Rice and Mr. Osgood (the conductor) seemed crazy. He ran to South Bend and to Mishawaka, and then returned—a distance of eight miles—without his hat. He took charge of him, and brought him to the city at 5½ o'clock yesterday.

"One woman, who was on the train with her husband and five children, was widely absent all night seeking her family, but without success, until morning, when she found them all alive. She was sent to a farm-house a few yards off, where, after sitting a few minutes, the whole family fell under and expired.

"Mr. Bliss says that a gentleman, with his wife and two children, left here in the train on a pleasure trip to the East. But in the accident the parties became separated. The husband found one of his young sons dead in the water. Search for the others he found his wife and child were also saved.

"A lady who was carried down in the cars was rescued by catching hold of a limb, says at least a dozen human bodies, some alive and calling for assistance, and some still and lifeless, passed by her in the stream."

Many affecting incidents are made on the morning after the accident, shows how rapidly the water in the torrent subsided. Up to the present time the number of killed is twenty-four. Twenty-five. The exact number of wounded has not been ascertained.

Summer Resorts.

Corning Hotel, West Point, N. Y.
La Touretta House, Cragsmoor Point, N. Y.
Hopatcong House, Lake Hopatcong, N. J.
Congress Hall, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.
Howland's Hotel, Long Branch, N. J.
White Sulphur Springs Company, Co., O.
International Hotel, Niagara Falls.
Trenton Falls Hotel, Trenton Falls, N. Y.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1859.

ANOTHER WORD ON THE NATURALIZATION QUESTION.

AN admirer of Mr. Cass's views on the Naturalization Question takes us to task for what he calls "the unreasonableness of our protensions." A naturalized citizen, says he, forjoys the fullest citizenship in this country, and should therefore be willing to pay for that which gave him birth. It is, he asks, so great a hardship to be shut out from one little spot of earth, when he has the whole country to call his own, that one exception? Is there not a species of mischievous perversity in naturalized citizens of Prussian birth, who, when travelling in Europe, when they might take the air in England, or France, or Spain, or the East Indies, or the Fiord Islands, prefer Prussia?

This friend of the Secretary of State has evidently never heard of a verse which most schoolboys know by heart. It begins thus:

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said"

"I'll be a citizen of Prussia!"

We will not undertake to discuss whether the sentiment which the poet rightly assumes to exist in all human hearts is as perverse and con wholly forgot or become indifferent to the place where he first saw the light, and where his kindred and friends reside.

Mr. Cass and his friends will find, if they inquire, that every man in the country, however his interests may have estranged him from his birth-place, looks forward to visit the old familiar spot once more. The more distant the old home, the more ardent the desire to revisit it again. Neither space nor time weaken, nothing but death destroys, the fond old memory, and set at rest the yearning desire to behold once more one's childhood, and gaze on the old landmarks of the fireside. In comparison with that beloved spot all the rest of the world is a dull blank. Young men love to travel for the sake of seeing strange sights, new places; and when man matures, the only place on earth which he longs to see before he dies is his old home.

It is the fact that this is true of nearly the only one from which Mr. Cass desires to shut out the naturalized citizens of the United States.

The Secretary may rest assured that in a case if every applicant for naturalization were told on appearing before the Court to be admitted only upon the hard the condition of a citizenship was that he should never revisit his birthplace, there would be an end of the business of naturalization. The only persons left to call him who have it in charge would be gone. There is not a hod-carrier or a starving German laborer who would willingly, for sound, or even for American citizenship, to deliberately renounce the natural and cheering hope that some day, in prosperous circumstances, he might revisit the land which he left to seek his fortune. This may be called a perverse feeling. If so, it is part of the original bitter perversity of every human heart. And, for our part, we should be very sorry to think that any men were being raised to the dignity of American citizenship who had so little of common humanity in their composition as to be wholly free from such perversity.

We are glad, but not surprised, to see that the shameful measure of the Cass policy on this question is arousing the indignation of statesmen of all parties. Among the Democrats, Senator Douglas, of Illinois, and Governor Wise, of Virginia, take open ground against the desertion of naturalized citizens. Governor Banks, of Massachusetts, and, we believe, Governor Chase, of Ohio, are equally decided on the same side. Even the Know-Nothings are ashamed of the Cass method of cheating foreigners: Mr. Botts, of Virginia, has written several letters denouncing it; and a letter of Mr. Everett's has also appeared in the papers, taking the manly ground that once a citizen, a man is a citizen always and everywhere. We do not carry the feelings with which the Secretary of State must perceive that men of all parties to the question. Even the Herald ventures to protest against the quibbling paradoxes under cover of which he is betraying the honor of the country.

"WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE!"

In the State of Massachusetts there is a law which forbids the murder of small birds. Sports. men may shoot quail, but must not kill larks, lows, and all varieties of the feathered creation which are not suited for the table, are protected by formal statute. This law, which commends itself to general approval on the ground of its humanity, was not, however, adopted on that account. Many years ago, the people of Massachusetts noticed that their trees were being destroyed by worms; and, on examination, they discovered that the insect most of the worm was was exactly proportionate to the destruction of small birds. Hence the enactment. To remove the evil they struck at its root, and condemned small birds sacred from shot. They have their reward. Every year we see how the worm tribe, which is the common food of birds, have been gradually diminishing in the State, and trees have flourished with increased vigor. But for this law many parts of Massachusetts would now have been treeless, and droughts would have scorched up the land with fearful excessive.

This law for the protection of small birds should be adopted by every State in the Union. Rooks and swallows have their important place in the economy of the world; they should be protected in its discharge. If they are not, the day will come when we shall bitterly deplore it.

Trees, too, demand more general attention than they have hitherto received. Nothing has been treated in a more barbarous way. Here we protect trees from worms, so trees protect fields from drought by providing the air with moisture. In many parts of the country the forests are cut down to feed the ever-consuming maw. For a few cents of wood they will cut down a grove which fertilizes hundreds of acres. The picturesqueness of the beauty of the noble elms, maples, oaks, and hemlocks, which would grow every where, if we would let them grow; is not thought for a day, so it would be vain to plead for the picturesque. But every farmer can appreciate the economical value of cutting off the trees that the county contained no other fuel than wood, necessity might compel people to destroy the value of their land by cutting down trees when coal is too cold is so abundant and so cheap, as it is throughout the Northern States, there is no excuse for such folly.

We have heard of a German law which compels every man to plant a certain number of trees on the highway before he can marry. This is an old, but by no means a bad law. If some of our Northern Legislatures would enact something similar, they would do much to produce such wood-pile, and how many bounteous rains have been prevented by the sacrifice of trees, we believe, established that coal is cheaper for railroad purposes than wood; there would, therefore, be no injustice in compelling each railroad to adopt at least a certain number of coal-burning locomotives.

THE GREAT WEST INDIAN PROBLEM.

A VERY remarkable series of letters is now appearing in the New York *Times*, on the subject of the British West India Islands. It is understood that they are written by one of the *Times* staff, Mr. Sewell, who has spent several months in the West Indies, and has enjoyed unusual facilities for obtaining correct information with regard to the present condition and prospects of the British possessions in that part of the world. The letters present the subject of emancipation in a new point of view, and are very suggestive.

According to Mr. Sewell, the whites and the colored people of the British West India Islands live in a perpetual state of unconcealed hostility toward each other. By the Act of Emancipation the colored population have acquired equal political rights with the whites. Black men are members of Assembly in Jamaica, and fill political offices of grave responsibility in that and other islands. There is at

lease one black judge on the bench, and at the municipal elections "gentlemen of color" are superior. The day is close at hand, in fact, when the political control of the islands—so far as that is abandoned to the people by the Government of the mother country—will reside exclusively with the blacks.

On the other hand, the whites retaliate by refusing to associate with persons of color. The sentiment which, in part of the world, prevents amalgamation between the races flourishes with peculiar intensity in the British West Indies. White residents of Jamaica and Barbadoes not only refuse to know persons of color, but carry their dislike so far as to repudiate acquaintance with strangers who, ignorant of the peculiar opinions of the islanders, incautiously exchange civilities with planters or others in whose veins a stain of black blood flows. Barbadoes it is fatal to a traveler's reputation to visit at the house of a colored person, or to walk in the street, or have any social intercourse of any kind with him or his family.

The undisguised and haughty contempt of the whites for their colored fellow-citizens naturally begets in the latter a feeling of bitter hatred, which bursts forth at every opportunity. Within a few months it has manifested itself in the shape of riots in Jamaica, in Barbadoes, and in Trinidad. In the two former islands the whites openly confess that their lives would not be safe were the British troops removed, and it is evident from the letters before us that this opinion, startling as it seems, is shared by their author. He and others seem to look for a ward to the speedy outbreak of a war of races in the British West Indies, and to the ultimate expulsion, if not extermination, of the whites.

It is well that the subject should receive due consideration here. The working of emancipation in Jamaica has been a staple topic with our politicians for years; but in fact we know very little about it, nor is it at all certain that the measure has yet wrought out its most natural consequences. Whether whites and blacks can live together on terms of equality, in a community in which the latter considerably outnumber the former, is a problem yet unsolved.

Half the wars which blot the page of history have arisen from causes of this kind. The Saxon incursions of strife to assimilate Normans and Saxons, Moors and Spaniards, Chinese and Tartars. The latter are not considered as amalgamating with the natives of Algiers; the English have made no progress toward peaceable fusion with the natives of Hindostan; the French of Lower Canada, who were conquered one hundred years ago, are as French as ever; in this country, where the white man and the Indian have come into contact, the latter has perished outright. The future history of the British West Indies will furnish the philosopher new data on this vitally important subject.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

WASHINGTON CITY, June, 1859.

PERCEIVING that you take a most courageous and, permit me to add, a most laudable interest in the various efforts in progress to solve the problem of aerial navigation, I have only to state, in a matter of public importance, that the Balloon inventor of a system by which the buoyant power is now employed, aided by propelling power, will, in I, of course, include, when writing to test, completely revolutionize our present railway system, transporting goods and freights generally, almost to much less expense and risk, and with vastly greater speed. In fact, I propose to construct the Parish Balloon of a one-half the ordinary size, and, in less than a third of the time now deemed necessary for a voyage to Europe. When I shall have been finished, passengers and freight may be transported from New York to San Francisco in three days, and there will be established no more embankment on the whole line.

This scheme was conceived many years ago, before the plan you hinted at some weeks since had been heard of, and the projection of the same need the absence of any means have been the only impediments to its realization up to this day. The steamboat and the locomotive had each an infantile and neglect for half a century; now, they govern the world. Nor is the time distant when the aerial navigation shall play its part in the modern drama of Empire.

In addition to the above, I am, as I believe, the discoverer of an element, or rather a combination of elements, that will place *the fleets and armies of the world at the mercy of the nation possessing the secret.* It shall never be used but in the defense of a well-defended and unmistakable purpose of Liberty—such as the assault and invasion of our country by a *despotic alliance*, or an armed attempt to keep us in the American Union.

When this terrible agency shall have been brought to bear, any military force opposed to the purposes and *artillery of any description* of MYSELF will be able to live ten minutes in the fold against it, and it is presumable that such vessels constructed of or plated with iron that will be surest to meet destruction within its range, which far surpasses the limit of the Armstrong gun and the gun Napoleon. Schastopol, Cherbourg, Cronstadt, would no longer be defensible with artillery or firearms when attacked by the American "———."

I am engaged in another and equally important, yet in no hurry about these things, for they are *forcing facts*; I am not seeking a puff or even mention; but, as a member of the Press at large, I furnish simply an item of news, with the assurance that, if you desire further particulars, they are, within a certain limit, *freely* at your disposal.

I am, very respectfully,

Your most obedient servant,

WM. J. ROSE,

Department of State.

THE LOUNGER.

LOVE.

DR. PALMER has edited a felicitous and racy translation of Michelet's "L'Amour." His labors have been chiefly those of gratifying the natural curiosity which attends such a book from such a man. A celebrated French scholar, historian, and professor—a man of singular purity of tastes and life, and entirely secluded in his habits, Michelet, brought unwillingly in contact with the inflammable youth of France, beloved and honored by them, has always sought to use his great influence to some good purpose; and in accordance with the suggestions of his experience, has published this remarkable book.

Of the purity of intention and the skill of execution there can be no question. It is idle to talk about the morality of such a work unless the discussion of the subject at all in it is forbidden. Michelet has always commanded by a state of society in which, under a highly polished veneer of politeness, the most shocking immorality prevailed for women. They keep shop, indeed; they keep accounts; they are at the head of many extensive establishments; there is a degree of practical tact that they are capable of every kind of duty—but the word L'Amour is never spoken except in a certain position. Both sexes suffer incalculably from this view—as they do wherever it prevails. Michelet has written his book to combat this opinion.

It is a kind of appeal to manly honor. Love, he says, is the law of a man's life. It is made for and by love. In that passion nature hides its most vital purposes. Hence from the very beginning, even before the child becomes sufficiently from the physical conditions which Nature has provided to shape and develop the complicated mass of its intentions. The moment they love—they yield. They live in the life of their lover. They suffer and die with their lover. They live the vitions and the sacrifices of the one passion for which they are created. Now, this book, which has become upon the mind of the reader, Michelet deals very plainly with facts, recalls himself of all the circumstances, and, with the calmness his consultant speculations a scientific basis. The result is a book of singular purity, in which the whole is invested with the sacred mystery of suffering, in which he does not shun. The sacrifice of woman to the passion of man, not consecrated by pain. The young man is surprised, startled, amazed, by the revelations, and resolves that he will guard from or make, which has been concealed in medical and surgical works and nomenclature; he resolves that he will not be ignorant of what is utterly devoted and unselfish, partner of his life shall be honored and cherished as the mother of his children.

This is the point at which the author aims, and this he undoubtedly accomplishes. The book will make many a man's home what it never thought before. It will make him look upon marriage with a graver eyes.

And yet in his eagerness to reach this result, Michelet betrays how deeply he is touched and blinded by the subject. He paints the ideal French Woman, in his picture, is a pale, enervated, feeble creature of the home. She is all love—all devotion. She is the denizen of a hospital ward, not the cheerful, vigorous, executive head of a home and family. She is a sensitive plant, which the touch of a finger, the gardener is to watch and pray, lest, at any and every moment, it should wither and die. Now, this is, oddly enough, the woman of the French novel and the French salon: at once morbid and artificial. Michelet, in his magnificent generosity, would suppose that this model wife has an irresistible influence to tone, and refine, and purify mankind, and he, therefore, should so wall her in with the insuperable sweetness of his caressing, that she should be safe from every breath that stirs the lover's arms.

But these things which belong to France, to Paris, and to the Frenchman Michelet, do not affect the substance of his work. It is not necessary to answer every letter of his picture of woman, in the order of nature, she is consecrated by pain and suffering to a suffering which necessarily arises from the deepest feeling of which she is capable. That is the true moral of Michelet's book. And it is a moral as a man as well worthy our attention as that of any other nation. He will "Wilhelm Meister," or "Wuthering Heights," or any Englishtory of Dickens or Thackeray, who would inform us that Love has yet learned the lesson. And are we so very different from our cousins?

THE LAST OF THE QUARANTINE.

It is ten months since the Quarantine buildings were burned upon Staten Island. Then began the outbreak of horror all over the land. Five hundred black cats, it is said, were immediately murdered with each other in declaring that the very flames of Quarantine, in their mad fanaticism and their inhuman rage, had been consumed of an outrage so revolting to every natural emotion of the heart. Seven hundred black cats, at the very least! In vain the accused pleaded that the orators didn't know what they were talking about. In vain they asked for a moment's silence to state their side. In vain they showed low, and reason, and right. No, no, Sirs, you are assassins, incendiaries. One thousand of the very blackest cats that were ever seen!

It is ten months ago, and the Quarantine has been removed from Staten Island.

We remember with pleasure that this paper expressed but one opinion of the trouble of the last days of January. It was, in substance, that the Quarantine was a nuisance that, by the law of this State, could be properly abated in the manner adopted. Against exposure and danger to the sick every precaution was taken, and although the conduct of the Quarantine authorities paralyzed human efforts, yet they were themselves forced by alloor that nobody had suffered in consequence.

The other view was that the Quarantine, under the circumstances, was one of those wrongs which the forms of law or its inevitable technically delayed action of the law, an orderly and intelligent people would naturally remove, appealing for the reason and common sense of mankind for their justification, and in no manner endangering the public peace and safety.

The action of ten months has justified all this. The Quarantine, as a public danger and a public evil, and temporarily removed, has been so satisfactorily shown, even to the most prejudiced, that not a single person has ventured to say that Quarantines are silent. The epithet of "Sapsy" was enthusiastically applied by the islanders, who interpreted a vigorous little paper under that title until the removal was accomplished, when, the occasion having passed, it took the less emphatic title of the *Richmond County Gazette*. The thousand black cats have vanished and disappeared, and those even that somebody said he thought he heard somebody else say that an old woman had somewhere seen in a dream that a black mouse's tail was to be wrinkled into its hole.

Every body is probably satisfied with the result. Even the worthy Mayor, who wished to punish the refractory islanders by a few more years of exile, would be glad to welcome them back. He did not prove to be the better horse. The enterprising mosquitoes who did their best to drive away Sopsys went to the dogs if they could only get their oranges at cheaper rate, now previous, probably, that they can get them somewhere else cheaply without incurring humanity and decency. And even the mourning Quarantine Doctors, who complained for 11 real in misrepresentation of the acts and opinions of the islanders, undoubtedly see that the State of New York has not intended to do so, has no right to deprive any of its citizens of life, liberty, or property, without due course of law.

THE OLD ENGLISH COMEDY.

"DEAR DR. SPRING:—I have always liked to see a good old English comedy. It is a traditional pleasure. Charles Lamb liked it: Leigh Hunt liked it: Gulian Verplanck liked it: and all of it more unctuously then any American living. I am glad to see that Wallack's is now announced to go to hear 'Don Giovanni;' and the other evening I saw the 'Rivals' as well played as it can be.

"Of the 'Rivals,' I took my earliest impressions. Agnes and Laura, and shall I confess to you that I thought the latter looked very well? Mrs. Malaprop's volition is a very pretty theatre. It is cool and airy, and there is an entrance full of green plants and shrubs. Here were pleasant scenes. The audience had evidently come to hear and enjoy, and listened intently and with appreciation; and you know Mrs. Vernon's Mrs. Malaprop, Blake's Sir Anthony, Brougham's Sir Lucius, Walcot's Bob Acres, Lester's Captain Absolute, and Hilliard's Fag. A night of such actors may be called the happy days of the theatre.

"And yet I wished my grand-daughters were not there. The play is a series of clever things. There is nothing behind it. It is one of Ellis's Island Lotion volley. And everybody, except Falkland and Julia, is a fool, and the whole is a maddening jest.

"When I went home and had kissed my grandaughters good-night, who said—little witches!—that they had had a lovely evening at the comedy, I lighted my pipe (as I have done now)—Milton smoked a pipe, and meditated upon the sins of men, and why I was sorry the girls were there.

"I am afraid, Sir, I have discovered that many good things, from the beginning of the world, have people used to hear the comedies of Congreve and Wycherley, Sheridan and Goldsmith, and the most indecent now to mention their names. And not at the close of the century the same people who have had just a lovely evening at the 'Rivals' hail 'Tom Jones' and 'Peregrine Pickle.' How many thousands of people have read 'Tom Jones' and 'Peregrine Pickle.' Mr. Longer, isn't that somehow the reason I was sorry to have my daughters listen to the play?

"I will tell you, Sir, in strict privacy, now they are gone to bed, that there is one character introduced in the play at which the gentlemen laughed and applauded loudly, and then turned round and looked at the girls, as if they wished to see how they took them. I think, Sir, that must be the reason I should not take my grand-daughters again.

"Our manners are different from the old manners, Mr. Lounger. I say nothing of myself—but the difference of manners from the world make a young woman blush at hearing things which a hundred years ago would not have caused in the least improper.

"My pipe is out, Sir; so I fear is your patience. I thank you for listening me, Sir.

"And I am your very humble servant,

"NESTOR GOSSAMER."

THE NEW OCEAN CABLE.

THERE is but one topic in our paragraph. All the eloquence of last year, the illuminations, the orations, are not to be not. Mr. Field's expedition showed that the work could be done; and English capital, skill, and pluck are now going to do it. A cable is to be laid from the Land's-End in Cornwall to Blane Sablon, an island in the Straits of Belleisle, a little to the north of Newfoundland. Thence by proper connection, to Quebec, Montreal, and Canada in general—and from Montreal, of course, to Portland, and Burlington, and Boston, and New York.

It is very clear that our English cousins have not a profound admiration of our way of laying ocean telegraphs. They subscribed a great deal of money; we assumed a great deal of glory: and on common and speeches and letters in *acres and forms*. The Queen spoke, or was reported to have spoken, to the Presidents—the President tried to speak back again—then silence, rust, desolation, and rain settled upon the whole. Where is Dr Sauty? Does he still sit in that little cabin on the shore, getting movements, and vibrations, and signals from the Sea—and what not? Poor, dear, wayworn, unintelligible?

The English propose for a certain sum, under two millions of dollars, to make a wire, insure it, submerge it, and have it delivered ready to work. Apparently, the whole plan has been carefully matured, and the execution will be, at least, faithfully attempted. There will be no haste, no slenderness, no speculation upon the departures of the deck. Probably the report of the Government House in Canada will be spared from the House until it is settled that the wire can be of service. And when it is settled, the Government will calmly take its place in history, and justify all the abuse and praise and the good things that were said, before it was accomplished.

LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—Two friends write from Brooklyn that their paper is stolen regularly. They guess that we shall reason with the thief. We do not, as, therefore, regretted to the robbers that they should rather subscribe to the paper than steal it. We wish they would buy their own.

—Any Tee of Sparta, Georgia, wishes to know if it is right to say that "the English arched the Menzam at Kotch." The word is misspelled and the fact illegible of town; but as it means to steal and lay water, it may, not inappropriately, be used as above.

—September 1st, St. Louis, sends a number of questions to be proposed to any of the New York Weeklies. How is Dr. Bellows? Is it true that Mr. Beecher is still writing D. Dam?" and again, "of two rats, a long one with a long tail and a short one with a short tail, which is the swiftest?" and again, *entera pondus*, could get into his hole quickest? Inquiries of this serious, deep, and practical kind are a bit of useful knowledge from the answer to correspondents.

—J. W. G., Murfreesborough, Tennessee, wishes to understand how a brig that once saved Professor Wise in Lake Erie afterward lost in the Gulf. It must probably by the Welland Canal to Lake Ontario, thence by the river and across to the Gulf, or across the sea by St. Lawrence. There is a considerable trade in vessels between Quebec and Montreal.

—Why, asks Q. of Bradford, Vermont, is Prince Louis Napoleon called Plon-Plon? and why was the late King Louis Philippe called "Egalité?" Plon-Plon is a King term in French for Pudding-head. Prince Puddingface. Egalité? I don't know. But that Louis Napoleon replied to his other question as follows:

—Sir, Louis Napoleon was educated at Ital, a kind of prisoner's base, or what said formerly to be called in Italy "playing for keeps." Your knave is a term applied on allusion to this passing in the nickname; especially as Louis Napoleon was a prisoner at Ham. Plon is the prohibition for childish amusements besides, and the Plon-Plon is a game. But the nickname, for these causes, or its collective significance, is understood to have been given to Louis Napoleon by the Parisian populace for his display of having come to the throne by the votes of the people instead of their insurrections. Plon-Plon! Impudent fellow, shut up! Louis Napoleon is entitled to be sung: "Sweep them away—canonade 'em!" His nickname is the King Terrible, and he is a king known in the French for Pudding-head. Prince Pudding-face! Louis Napoleon! I will see that your letter is

THE WAR IN ITALY—THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON AT THE BATTLE OF MAGENTA.

THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON AT THE BATTLE OF MAGENTA.

We are happy to present herewith an original drawing of the Austrian attack on the Imperial Guard—the most striking scene at the battle of Magenta—by our own artist.

The accounts of the battle all concur in stating that, after the passage of the Ticino was forced, the whole available Austrian force was thrown upon the French van-guard, consisting exclusively of the Imperial Guard. They were led on by the Emperor in person. Those who know those admirable troops will not be surprised to hear that, though considerably outnumbered by the enemy, the Guard stood its ground firmly, and repelled the Austrians as a rock drives back the waves. The Emperor himself, we are told, sat calmly on his horse under fire, his iron features betraying as little emotion as usual. As the day advanced, however, and he saw his noble soldiers mowed down around him by the Austrian cannon, he was seen to give earnestly and repeatedly to the direction from which General MacMahon afterward advanced. No one knew his plans; and his anxious glances were not understood even by his staff. So one was aware that had MacMahon failed to execute the movement intended to him, it might have gone hard with the Rover of the French army. Luckily for them the Emperor's plans were sound, and his instruments well chosen. In the midst of the Austrian attack cannon were heard in the distance, and presently MacMahon's glorious attack relieved the Guard and won the day.

The artist has chosen as his theme the critical moment before MacMahon's appearance. A cannon shot has torn a furrow through the Guard, almost grazing the Emperor's horse. Napoleon sits unmoved, though his officers are almost ready to place him by main force in a position of less danger. The old grenadiers gaze grimly into the smoke, firing only when their shots are sure to tell.

The moment is sure to be selected by the French artists for elaborate illustration. We think it likely that our picture will bear a comparison with any thing they may produce.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

In Three Books.—Splendidly Illustrated.

Printed from every Proof-sheets, for which Messrs. Bradbury & Evelyn pay the Author

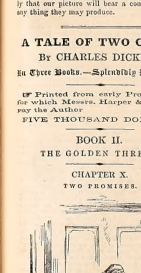
FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS.

BOOK II.

THE GOLDEN THREAD.

CHAPTER X.

TWO PROMISES.



MORE months, to the number of twelve, had come and gone, and Mr. Charles Darnay was established in England as a higher teacher of the French language who was conversant with French literature. In such a way he would have been a Professor; in the age in was a Tutor. He read with young men who could find any leisure and interest for the study of a living tongue spoken all over the world, and he cultivated a taste for its stores of knowledge and fancy. He could write of them, besides, in sound English, and render them into sound English. Such masters were not at that time easily found; Princes that had been, and Kings that were to be, were not yet of the Teacher's class, and no ruined nobility had dropped out of Tellson's ledgers to turn cooks and couriers.

As a tutor, whose attainments made the student's way unusually pleasant and profitable, and as an elegant translator, who brought something to his work besides mere dictionary knowledge, young Mr. Darnay soon became known and recommended. He was well acquainted, moreover, with the circumstances of his country, and was often worn of ever-growing interest. So, with great perseverance and unfailing industry, he prospered.

In London he had expected neither to walk on pavements of gold, nor to tie on beds of roses; if he had had any such exalted expectation he would not have prospered. He had expected labor, and he found it, and it did, and made the best of it. In this prosperity consisted.

A certain portion of his time was passed at Cambridge, where he read with undergraduates as a sort of tolerated smuggler who drove a contraband trade in European languages, instead of conveying Greek and Latin through the Custom-house. The rest of his time he passed in London.

Now, from the days when it was always summer in Eden, to these days when it is mostly winter in fallen latitudes, the world of a man has invariably gone one way—Charles Darnay's way—the way of the love of a woman.

He had loved Lucie Manette from the hour of his danger. He had never heard a sound so sweet and dear as the sound of her compassionate voice; he had never seen a face so tenderly beautiful as hers when it was encircled with his own on the edge of the grave that had been dug for him. But he had not yet spoken to her on any theme closer than commiseration at the accented chasm far away beyond the bearing of fate and the long, dusty roads—the solid stone chateaus which had itself become the mere nurt of a dream—had been down a year, and he had never yet, by so much as a single spoken word, disclosed to her the state of his heart.

That he had his reasons for this he knew full well. It was again a summer day when, lately arrived in London from his college occupation, he turned into the quiet corner in Soho, bent on seeking an opportunity of opening his mind to Doctor Manette. It was the close of the summer day, and he knew Lucie to be out with Miss Pross.

He found the Doctor reading in his arm-chair at a window. The energy which had at once supported him under his old sufferings and aggravated their sharpness, had been gradually restored to him. He was now a very energetic man indeed, with great firmness of purpose, strength of resolution, and vigor of action. In his recovered energy he was sometimes a little fitful and sudden, as he had at first been in the exercise of his recovered faculties; but of this had never been frequently observable, and grew less frequent as time went on.

He studied much, slept little, sustained a great deal of fatigue with ease, and was equably cheerful. To him now entered Charles Darnay, of a sight of whom he laid aside his book and held out his hand.

"Charles Darnay! I rejoice to see you. We have been counting on your return these three or four days past. Mr. Stryver and Sydney Carton were both here yesterday, and both made you out to be more than due."

"I am obliged to them for their interest in the matter," he answered, a little coldly as to them, though he was really so to the Doctor. "Miss Manette—"

"Is well," said the Doctor, as he stopped short; "and your return will delight us all. She has gone out on some household matters, but will soon be back."

"Doctor Manette, I knew she was from home. I took the opportunity of her being from home to beg to speak to you."

There was a blank silence.

"Yes," said the Doctor, with evident constraint. "Bring your chair here and speak on."

He complied as to the chair, but appeared to find the speaking on less easy.

"I have had the happiness, Doctor Manette, of being received by you into your house at length before, for some year and a half, that I hope the hope on which I then ventured to touch may not be lost."

He was stayed by the Doctor's putting out his hand to stop him. When he had kept it so a little while he withdrew it, and said,

"Is Lucie the topic?"

"She is."

"It is hard for me to speak of her at any time. It is very hard for me to hear her spoken of in the closest relations. Charles Darnay."

"It is a tone of fervent admiration, true honor, and dear love, Doctor Manette!" he said, deferentially.

There was another blank silence before her father replied,

"I believe it. I do you justice; I believe it."

His constraint was manifest, cold as it was manifest, too, that it originated in an unwillingness to approach the subject, that Charles Darnay felt very painfully.

"I shall I go on, Sir?"

Another blank.

"Yes, go on."

"You anticipate what I would say, though you can not know how earnestly I say it, how earnestly I feel it, without knowing my secret heart, and the hopes and fears and anxieties with which it has long been laden. Dear Doctor Manette, I love your daughter fondly, dearly, disinterestedly, devotedly. If ever there were love in the world I love her. You have seen how dear you are to me, and know what I can say for myself."

The Doctor sat with his face turned away and his eyes cast down on the ground. At the last words he stretched out his hand again hastily, and cried,

"Not that, Sir! Let that be! I adjure you, do not recall that!"

His cry was so like a cry of actual pain that it rang in Charles Darnay's ears long after he had ceased. He motioned with the hand he had extended, and it seemed to be an appeal to Darnay to pause. The latter so received it, and remained silent.

"I ask your pardon," said the Doctor, in a subdued tone, after some moments. "I do not doubt your honor, Charles Darnay; but remember what I said of it."

He turned toward him in his chair, but did not look at him or raise his eyes. His chin drooped upon his hand, and his white hair overshadowed his face.

"Have you spoken to Lucie?"

"No."

"Nor written?"

"Never."

"It would be ungenerous to affect not to know that your self-denial is to be referred to your consideration for her father. Her father thanks you."

He offered his hand; but his eyes did not go with it.

"I know," said Darnay, respectfully—"how can I fail to know, Doctor Manette, I who have seen you together from day to day?—that between you and Miss Manette there is an affection so unusual, so touching, so belonging to the circumstances in which it has been nurtured, that it can have few parallels, even in the tenderness between a father and child. I know, Doctor Manette—how can I fail to know? that, mingled with the affection and duty of a daughter who has become a woman, there is, in her heart toward you, all the love and reliance of infancy itself. I know that, as in her childhood she had no parent, so she is now devoted to you with all the constancy and fervor of her present years and character, united to the strength and attachment of the early days in which you were lost to her. I know perfectly well that if you had been restored to her from the world beyond this life you could hardly be invested, in her sight, with a more sacred character than that in which you are always with her. I know that when she is clinging to you the hands of baby girl, and woman, all in one, round your neck. I know that in loving you she sees and loves her mother at her own age, sees and loves you at my age, loves her mother broken-hearted, loves you through your dreadful trial and in your blessed restoration. I have known this, night and day, since I have known you in your home."

Her father sat silent, with his face bent down. His breathing was a little quickened; but he repressed all other signs of agitation.

"Dear Doctor Manette, knowing this, knowing what I know here and you with this hallowed light about you, I have forborne, and forborne as long as it was in the nature of man to do it. I have felt, and do even now feel, that to bring my love—even mine—between you, is to touch your history with something not quite so good as itself. But I love her. Heaven is my witness that I love her!"

"I believe it," answered her father, mournfully. "I have thought so before now. I believe it."

But do not believe," said Darnay, upon whose ear the mournful voice struck with a reproachful sound, "that if my fortune were not all that, being one day so happy as to make her my wife, I must at any time put my separation before her. If I had a thought of you being a word of wind I now say. Besides that I should know it to be worthless, I should know it to be baseness. If I had any such possibility, even at a remote distance of years, harbored in my thoughts and hidden in my heart—if ever had been there—if it ever could be there—I could not now touch her hand."

He laid his own upon it as he spoke.

"No, dear Doctor Manette. Like you, a voluntary exile from France; like you, driven from it by its distractions, oppressions, and miseries; like you, striving to live away from it by my own exertions, and trusting in a happier future, I look only to sharing your fortunes, sharing your life and home, and being faithful to you to the death. Not to divide with Lucie her privilege as your child, companion, and friend; but to come in aid of it, and bind her closer to you, if such a thing can be."

THE TUTOR'S REQUEST.

His touch still lingered on her father's hand. Answering the touch for a moment, but not coldly, the latter father rose and laid his hand upon the arms of his chair, and looked up for the first time since the beginning of the conference. A struggle was evident in his face; a struggle with that occasional look which had a tendency in it to dark doubt and dread.

"You speak so feelingly and so manfully, Charles Darnay, that I thank you with all my heart, and will open all my heart—or nearly so. Have you any reason to believe that Lucie loves you?"

"None. As yet, none."

"It is the immediate object of this confidence that you may at once ascertain that with my knowledge?"

"So I see.—No. I might not have the hopefulness to do it for weeks; I might (mistaken or not mistaken) have that hopefulness to-morrow."

"Do you seek any guidance from me?"

"I ask none, Sir. But I have thought it possible it at you might have it in your power, if you should deem it right, to give me some."

"Do you seek any promise from me?"

"I so seek that."

"What is it?"

"I well understand that, without you, I could have no hope. I well understand that, even if Miss Manette held me at this moment in her innocent heart—do not think I have the presumption to assume so much—I could retain no place in it against her love for her father."

"If that be so, do you see what, on the other hand, is involved in it?"

"I understand equally well that a word from her father in my favor would sweep away with it all doubts that now perplex me. Nothing but a word from her father will do this."

"I well understand that, without you, I could have no hope. I well understand that, even if Miss Manette held me at this moment in her innocent heart—do not think I have the presumption to assume so much—I could retain no place in it against her love for her father."

"If that be so, do you see what, on the other hand, is involved in it?"

"I understand equally well that a word from her father in my suitor's favor would sweep herself and all the world. For which reason, Doctor Manette, said Darnay, modestly but firmly, "I would not ask that word to save my life."

"I am sure of it. Charles Darnay, mysteries arise out of close love as well as out of wide division; in the former case they are subtle and delicate, and difficult to penetrate. My daughter Lucie is, in this one respect, such a mystery to me; I can make no guess at the state of her heart."

"May I ask, Sir, if you think she is—" As he hesitated, her father supplied the rest.

"Is sought by any other suitor?"

"It is what I meant to say."

Her father considered a little before he answered:

"You have seen Mr. Carton here, yourself. Mr. Stryver is here too, occasionally. If it be at all, it can only be by one of these."

"Or both," said Darnay.

"I had not thought of both; I should not think either of both. You must a prisoner from me. Tell me what it is."

"It is, that if Miss Manette should bring to you at any time, on her own part, such a confidence as I have ventured to lay before you, you will hear in favor of what I have told, and to your belief in it. I hope you may be able to think so well of me as to urge no influence against me. I say nothing more of my stake in this; this is what I ask. The condition on which I ask it, and which you have unbounded right to require, I will observe immediately."

"I give the promise," said the Doctor, "without any condition. I believe your object to be purely and truthfully, as you have stated it. I believe your intention is to perpetuate, and not to weaken, the ties between me and my other and far dearer self. If she should ever tell me that you are essential to her perfect happiness, I will give her to you. If there were—Sir, Charles Darnay, if there were—"

"The young man laid his hand grate-fully; their hands were joined as the Doctor spoke:

—"any fancies, any reasons, any apprehensions, any thing whatever, new or old, against the man she really loved—the most respectable, illiberal thereof not lying on his head—they should all be obliterated for her sake. She is very thing to me; more to me than suffering, more to me than wrong, more to me— Well! This is idle talk."

So strange was the way in which he faded into silence, and so strange his fixed look when he had ceased to speak, that Darnay felt his own hand turn cold in the hand that slowly released and dropped it.

"You said something to me," said Doctor Manette, breaking a silence. "What was it you said to me?"

He was at a loss how to answer, until he remembered himself to speak of a condition. Referred by his mind reverted to that, he answered:

"Your confidence in me ought to be returned with full confidence on my part. My present name, though but slightly changed from my mother's, is not, as you will remember, my own. I wish to tell you what that is, before I am in England."

"Stop!" said the Doctor of Beauvais.

"I wish it, that I may the better deserve your confidence, and have no secret from you."

"Stop!"

For an instant the Doctor even had his two hands at his ears; for another instant, they were on Miss Pross his good ones straight up stairs—and was surprised to find his reading chair empty.

"My father!" she called to him. "Father dear!"

Nothing was said in answer, but she heard a low hammering sound in his bedroom. Passing lightly across the immediate room, she looked in at his door and came running back frightened, cried, crying to herself, with her blood all chilled, "What shall I do! What shall I do!"

Her uncertainty lasted but a moment; she hurried back, and tapped at her father's door, softly called to him. The noise ceased at the sound of her voice, and he presently came out to her, and they went down together for a long time.

She came down from her bed to look at him in his sleep that night. He slept heavily, and his tray of shoemaking tools and his old unfinished work were all as usual.

CHAPTER XI.

A COMPANION PICTURE.

"Sydney," said Mr. Stryver, on that self-same night, or morning, to his jackal, "mix another bowl of punch; I have something to say to you."

Sydney had been working double tides that night, and the night before, and the night before that, and a good many nights in succession, making a grand clearance among Mr. Stryver's papers before the setting in of the long vacation. The clearance was effected at last; the Stryver messes were handsomely fetched up; every thing was got rid of, until November should come with its fogs atmospheric and fogs legal, and bring suit to the door.

Sydney was none the livelier and none the soberer for so much application. It was the way of his life to spend something to pull him through the night; a correspondingly extra quantity of wine had preceded the bowl-time of supper, and in a very damaged condition as he now pulled his trebon off and threw it into the heap in which he had steeped it at intervals for the last six hours.

"Are you mixing that other bowl of punch?" said Stryver the portly, with his hands in his waistband, glancing round from the sofa where he lay on his back.

"I am."

"Now, look here! I am going to tell you something that will rather surprise you, and that perhaps will make you think me not quite as shrewd as you usually think me. I intend to marry."

"Do you?"

"Yes. And not for money. What do you say now?"

"I don't feel disposed to say much. Who is she?"

"Guess."

"Do I know her?"

"Guess."

"I am not going to guess at five o'clock in the morning with my brain frying and spluttering in my head. If you want me to guess you must ask me to dinner."

"Well then, I'll tell you," said Stryver, coming slowly into a sitting posture. "Sydney, I rather despair of making myself intelligible to you, because you are such an insensible dog."

"And you," returned Sydney, busy concocting the punch, "are such a sensitive and poetical spirit."

"Come!" rejoined Stryver, laughing heartily, though I don't prefer any claim to being the soul of Hennaone (for I hope I know better), still I am a tenderer sort of fellow than you."

"You are a lucker, if you mean that."

"I don't mean that. I mean, I am a man of more—more—"

"Say gallantry, while you are about it," suggested Carton.

"Well! I'll say gallantry. My meaning is, that I am a man," said Stryver, inflating himself at his friend as he made the punch, "who are more to be agreeable, who takes more pains to be agreeable, who knows better how to be agreeable, in a woman's society, than you do."

"Go on," said Sydney Carton.

"No; but before I go on," said Stryver, looking hot and fiery in his bullying way, "I'll have this out with you. You have been at Doctor Manette's house as much as I have, or more than I have. Why, I have been ashamed of your monoscenes there! You go sneering and yawning out of that silent and sullen and lang-dog kind, that, upon my life and soul, I have been ashamed of your existence."

"It should be very beneficial to a man in your practice at the bar to be ashamed of anything," returned Sydney; "you ought to be much obliged to me."

"You shall not get off that way," rejoined Stryver, shouldering the repellent at him; "no, Sydney, it's my duty to tell you this, and I tell you to your face. You have been grossly remiss in your attendances there. You have slighted them positively. You have been insufferably dull. You have made no endeavour to please them. You have taken no trouble to please them. You have sat there, like a handsome piece of carved stone, instead of a living man. You have made no more of your distinguished position there, than any common lounger might have done. When you have been there, you have been there only because you were there, and for no other reason. You have been a living reproach to me, and I'll tell you so."

"Do you?" said Sydney Carton, with a careless air, and utter freedom from any sort of annoyance, as he looked at the punch and tasted it.

"Yes, I do. And mind, Sydney, I'll tell you what more. I am not the only person who has remarked upon your general behaviour. Miss Manette herself has remarked upon it."

"Did she?" said Sydney Carton, with a bright flush that quickly faded, as he turned his head towards the fire.

"She has said to me, more than once, that she thought you needed to be roused. That she hoped you would be roused. That she was sorry you were not roused. Now, Sydney, I don't mind telling you that I should be very sorry indeed to see any harm befall you while you are so intimately connected, however remotely, with me. I should be very sorry indeed to see you thrown away. You have fine talents, and might do fair things. You might take a fair station. You might authorize your friends to recommend you for preferment. You have wasted your opportunities, and have thrown away a chance that might never have been yours. You are in a bad way, you are in a very bad way. I am sorry for it, and I tell you so."

"Much obliged to you, I am sure," said Sydney Carton.

"Now, you know, I am not a man to bear malice or any thing of that sort. I am as free from it as a man can be. I am positively sorry that your way of life leads you to be thought ill of, and that you bring ill will upon yourself. I am sorry that we seem to be generally looked upon as a pair. I am sorry that I was at your chambers the night Mr. Darnay was arrested, and that you were pleased to be merry upon my being so cut by the arrest. I am sorry that you should be seen at all drunk or in any way disreputable. I am sorry that you have, as I have reason to know, an overpowering tendency towards the bottle. I am sorry that you have chosen to cultivate a habit of late hours and indolence. I am sorry that you don't go into Society. I am sorry that you don't keep better company when you do go. I am sorry that you don't read more than you do. I am sorry that you don't apply yourself better when you do read. But I am not sorry that I have remonstrated with you, and I am sorry that you don't take it in good part. I am sorry that you have made me say so much, and I am sorry to say it is time that you and I had an end of these confidences. Carton, I am sorry for you. There, I have said my say, and I am very glad it is over."

Carton, still drinking the punch, rejoined, "Have you said your say?"

"Yes, I have said my say."

"Then," said Carton, "I'll say something."

"I shall be happy to hear it."

"I don't feel disposed to say much. Who is she?"

"Guess."

"Do I know her?"

"Guess."

"I am not going to guess at five o'clock in the morning, with my brains frying and sputtering in my head. If you want me to guess you must ask me to dinner."

"Well then, I'll tell you," said Stryver, coming slowly into a sitting posture. "Sydney, I rather despair of making myself intelligible to you, because you are such an insensible dog."

"And you," returned Sydney, busy concocting the punch, "are such a sensitive and poetical spirit."

"Come!" rejoined Stryver, laughing heartily, though I don't prefer any claim to being the soul of Hennaone (for I hope I know better), still I am a tenderer sort of fellow than you."

"You are a lucker, if you mean that."

"I don't mean that. I mean, I am a man of more—more—"

"Say gallantry, while you are about it," suggested Carton.

"Well! I'll say gallantry. My meaning is, that I am a man," said Stryver, inflating himself at his friend as he made the punch, "who are more to be agreeable, who takes more pains to be agreeable, who knows better how to be agreeable, in a woman's society, than you do."

"Go on," said Sydney Carton.

"No; but before I go on," said Stryver, looking hot and fiery in his bullying way, "I'll have this out with you. You have been at Doctor Manette's house as much as I have, or more than I have. Why, I have been ashamed of your monoscenes there! You go sneering and yawning out of that silent and sullen and lang-dog kind, that, upon my life and soul, I have been ashamed of your existence."

"It should be very beneficial to a man in your practice at the bar to be ashamed of anything," returned Sydney; "you ought to be much obliged to me."

"You shall not get off that way," rejoined Stryver, shouldering the repellent at him; "no, Sydney, it's my duty to tell you this, and I tell you to your face. You have been grossly remiss in your attendances there. You have slighted them positively. You have been insufferably dull. You have made no endeavour to please them. You have taken no trouble to please them. You have sat there, like a handsome piece of carved stone, instead of a living man. You have made no more of your distinguished position there, than any common lounger might have done. When you have been there, you have been there only because you were there, and for no other reason. You have been a living reproach to me, and I'll tell you so."

"Do you?" said Sydney Carton, with a careless air, and utter freedom from any sort of annoyance, as he looked at the punch and tasted it.

"Yes, I do. And mind, Sydney, I'll tell you what more. I am not the only person who has remarked upon your general behaviour. Miss Manette herself has remarked upon it."

"Did she?" said Sydney Carton, with a bright flush that quickly faded, as he turned his head towards the fire.

"She has said to me, more than once, that she thought you needed to be roused. That she hoped you would be roused. That she was sorry you were not roused. Now, Sydney, I don't mind telling you that I should be very sorry indeed to see any harm befall you while you are so intimately connected, however remotely, with me. I should be very sorry indeed to see you thrown away. You have fine talents, and might do fair things. You might take a fair station. You might authorize your friends to recommend you for preferment. You have wasted your opportunities, and have thrown away a chance that might never have been yours. You are in a bad way, you are in a very bad way. I am sorry for it, and I tell you so."

"Much obliged to you, I am sure," said Sydney Carton.

"Now, you know, I am not a man to bear malice or any thing of that sort. I am as free from it as a man can be. I am positively sorry that your way of life leads you to be thought ill of, and that you bring ill will upon yourself. I am sorry that we seem to be generally looked upon as a pair. I am sorry that I was at your chambers the night Mr. Darnay was arrested, and that you were pleased to be merry upon my being so cut by the arrest. I am sorry that you should be seen at all drunk or in any way disreputable. I am sorry that you have, as I have reason to know, an overpowering tendency towards the bottle. I am sorry that you have chosen to cultivate a habit of late hours and indolence. I am sorry that you don't go into Society. I am sorry that you don't keep better company when you do go. I am sorry that you don't read more than you do. I am sorry that you don't apply yourself better when you do read. But I am not sorry that I have remonstrated with you, and I am sorry that you don't take it in good part. I am sorry that you have made me say so much, and I am sorry to say it is time that you and I had an end of these confidences. Carton, I am sorry for you. There, I have said my say, and I am very glad it is over."

Carton, still drinking the punch, rejoined, "Have you said your say?"

"Yes, I have said my say."

"Then," said Carton, "I'll say something."

"I shall be happy to hear it."

"I don't feel disposed to say much. Who is she?"

"Guess."

"Do I know her?"

"Guess."

"I am not going to guess at five o'clock in the morning, with my brains frying and sputtering in my head. If you want me to guess you must ask me to dinner."

"Well then, I'll tell you," said Stryver, coming slowly into a sitting posture. "Sydney, I rather despair of making myself intelligible to you, because you are such an insensible dog."

"And you," returned Sydney, busy concocting the punch, "are such a sensitive and poetical spirit."

"Come!" rejoined Stryver, laughing heartily, though I don't prefer any claim to being the soul of Hennaone (for I hope I know better), still I am a tenderer sort of fellow than you."

"You are a lucker, if you mean that."

"I don't mean that. I mean, I am a man of more—more—"

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

NEUTRAL RIGHTS.

The *Herald* publishes the following: "The Important State Paper relative to the position of the United States upon the subject of neutral rights has been completed, and has been dispatched to all our Ministers in Europe by the Paris steamer of to-day. It will create a most profound impression, and demonstrate that the present Administration is not to be trifled with in the foreign policy or domestic politics of the United States. As one of the first consequences of the war in the north, we can no longer permit the grave questions which may arise affecting commerce to be disposed of without our participation, and we have heard and felt in their adjustment.

"The present war in Europe has been broad principles which will govern us in the maintenance of our rights as a neutral power, and there is every reason to believe that the principles we have laid down will be those of the great nations of Europe. The principal points are, of course, the non-interference of privateers, and the question of the blockade contraband of war. The United States holds that privateers are pirates, and that they are to be met as such on the high seas. The question of contraband of war is one not immediate munitions of warfare, such as powder, muskets, cannon, lead, and saltpetre, but also that which is the very foundation of manufacturing and commercial prosperity, and which, in the present war, is found to be contraband of war, and may subject to seizure a large proportion of the cargo of any merchantmen upon our commerce. So, also, in the blockade of neutral ports, the true international doctrine is also reiterated that a free ship makes free goods.

"While the dispatch makes no allusion to privateering, it is well understood that it is a settled principle of the American doctrine that under no circumstances will we sanction that piratical system."

THE ARCTIC VOYAGE IN THE "ATLANTIC."

We read in the *Buffalo Courier*: "The arrival voyage of the steamer Atlantic, from Liverpool, reached this city on the 1st inst. On the evening of the 23d of June, between 10 and 11 o'clock, Mr. Ludlow, the chief engineer reports that the Atlantic passed a large iceberg, which was first discovered by the officer attached to the balloon *Atlantic*, and was reported to the officer of the watch. The balloon was one of them as having been seen six miles north of Fort Wayne, Indiana, on the 4th day of July, and on the 5th of July. Three hours and a half later, at 73 A. M., the balloon was seen by the officer of the watch on board the steamer leading the name inscribed upon it. As it received it seemed to fall into the water. The balloon was picked up by James Nugent, Esq., and by him taken to Liverpool, where it was forwarded by the Cunard line to this city. The balloon landed at Adams, in Jefferson County, New York, three miles northeast of Oswego. Soon after the balloon landed at Adams, in Jefferson County, New York.

CONTENTS OF THE BALLOON.

"The 'Atlantic' balloon established itself into the upper deep about ten minutes after seven. It had been provided with a small quantity of ballast, which consisted of sand, and a small quantity of provisions, consisting of a few hundred pounds of biscuit, pork, butter, and cheese. It was also provided with a quantity of water. The balloon took charge of the balloon, Mr. Wise of the scientific kind, Mr. Lowe of the compass, and Mr. Hyde acted as historian. Wise occupied the wicker basket which was suspended from the lower circumference in the boat."

MR. HYDE'S ACCOUNT OF THE TRIP.

Mr. Hyde told the following story: "Their motion was very rapid throughout the night. The moonlight was magnificent, with calm and beautiful weather. The accurate instruments of the balloon enabled us to take our bearings during the darkness, and went to sleep, but Mr. Lowe, to whom we were indebted for watching, kept half awake to enjoy that luxury. Toward daylight the balloon began to descend, and continued to descend for two hours and three miles—rendered the cold quite severe, but by no means intense. We were well provided against cold with such a contingency.

"They found Lake Erie above Sandusky about seven in the morning of Saturday, and thence floated rapidly over the lake, at a height of about two miles, until they had attained the centre, when they commenced descending rapidly, until about 11 A. M., when the lake's current of air in which they were floating must have struck the earth, as the balloon several occasions their elevation did not exceed 500 feet. We enjoyed passing for the first time in any of this current rapidly increased, until they neared Buffalo's Harbor, when they were floating about two and thirty miles from its shore, it became a violent gale of wind, which continued for several hours.

"Every effort was made to keep the balloon up by throwing out ballast, but it continued descending, in spite of all their exertions, she made a tremendous dive, and struck the water with a force that threw the passengers about a total destruction of the voyage. Mr. Hyde was the first to swim toward the balloon, which was rescued from the waves by the steamer, which was then in sight. Mr. Hyde was picked up by the steamer, which was then in sight. Mr. Hyde was picked up by the steamer, which was then in sight. Mr. Hyde was picked up

ter by the Emperor of Austria. General Niel has been appointed Marshal of France.

"NAPOLEON TO THE EMPEROR.

"CASTIGLIA, June 26—11 AM.

"The Austrians, who had crossed the Mincio for the purpose of attacking us with their whole body, have been obliged to abandon their positions and withdraw to the left bank of the river. They have blown up the bridge of Goito. The loss of the enemy is very considerable, but ours is much less. We have taken a great number more than 5000 prisoners, and three flags. General Canrobert and his corps d'armée have covered themselves with glory as well as the Guard. The Austrian army has suffered great loss on the enemy, after having embarked without great fury against the Austrian army.

THE AUSTRIAN ACCOUNT.

The following is the Austrian official account of the battle:

"VIENNA, June 25, 1859.

"The day before yesterday our troops were in the neighborhood of Pozzolengo, Solferino, and Cavriana, and had ground forward as far as Guidizzolo and Cas-Corlefredo, but were driven back by superior forces.

"A clear contest took place between the two entire armies at ten A. M. yesterday (24th), under which the battle was announced as far as Chiese. In the afternoon there was a concentrical attack of the victoriously-defended lines of Solferino. Our right wing repulsed the First, Second, and Fifth Corps on the left, the rest of our corps could not be restored, and *our losses are extraordinarily large.* The development of powder-smoke and the evening against our left wing, and the advance of his main body against Volta, caused our retreat, which began late in the evening."

NAPOLEON TO HIS TROOPS.

The following is the order of the day published by the Emperor Napoleon after the battle of Solferino:

"NAPOLEON TO THE ARMY.

"CASTIGLIA, June 25, 1859.

"SOLDIERS.—The enemy, who had long endeavored to be regular on from the Chiese, have recrossed the Mincio. You have overthrown the entire host of France. Solferino surpassed the recollection of Lonato and Castiglione. In that day there were assembled 120,000 of us at one hundred and fifty thousand Austrians, under the command of the Emperor in person. The victory of the enemy struggle of fifteen hours. Forty pieces of cannon have carried. Your country thanks to you for your courage and perseverance, and mourns the brave who fell.

"We have taken three flags, thirty cannon, and 6000 prisoners.

"The Sardinian army fought with the same valor against superior forces; and worthy is that army to march beside you. Soldiers, you have added a new ray to the glory of France and the happiness of the people."

POSITION OF THE ITALIAN FORCES.

A dispatch dated Cavriana, June 26, says: "The French troops have occupied Solferino, without having encountering having withdrawn therefrom.

A dispatch from Verona says that the stock of the French on Venice and Tagliamento, about forty-five miles northeast of Verona, was ordered to take place on the 26th of June.

Prince Napoleon arrived at Parma on the 25th, and was received with enthusiasm.

WAR ITEMS.

No circumstantial account of the battle had reached Paris. It was believed that the telegraph wires at the front had been suffered so severely that two days after the battle it was still unknown how it had ended.

There were vague rumors of 10,000 to 12,000 French troops having been killed and wounded.

A message from Cavriana announces that the Emperor Napoleon, on the day of the battle, was present at the incident of the fire. General Larry, who accompanied him, had his horse killed under him.

Official Austrian correspondence of the 27th of June, contains the following: "The Emperor Francis Joseph will soon return to Vienna on account of important business. For the commander-in-chief in the army, which is the place for battle, is given to General Benedek."

Austrian correspondence of the 26th contains the following: "The day before yesterday (24th) the Austrians were not only in the neighborhood, and had made a reconnoissance, but receive a bulletin in which such a disaster is more completely received.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Times* says it was reported last night that battle would be fought between the siege operations would come on.

Forty thousand men were marching in Algeria for the Adriatic, and at Paris news was expected of the occupation of Ancona by the French.

The Austrian troops were embarking 25,000 men daily on their way to Italy. They are considered the flower of the Austrian army. The rest of the army will not at least until eight years.

The Austrians have sunk five small vessels, a large frigate, and three steamers, in the port of Malmocco, to prevent the passage of the French squadron.

The Paris *Presse* says that private messages from Rome express a wish that the battle would be fought on the anniversary number of 20,000 *hors de combat* and 15,000 taken prisoners, together with 40 pieces of cannon, and five pieces of cannon. This, however, lacks confirmation.

A single troop-transport from Constantinople had arrived at Corfu, Ancona, and other towns have been explored under the authority of the Austrian Government to receive the sick troops.

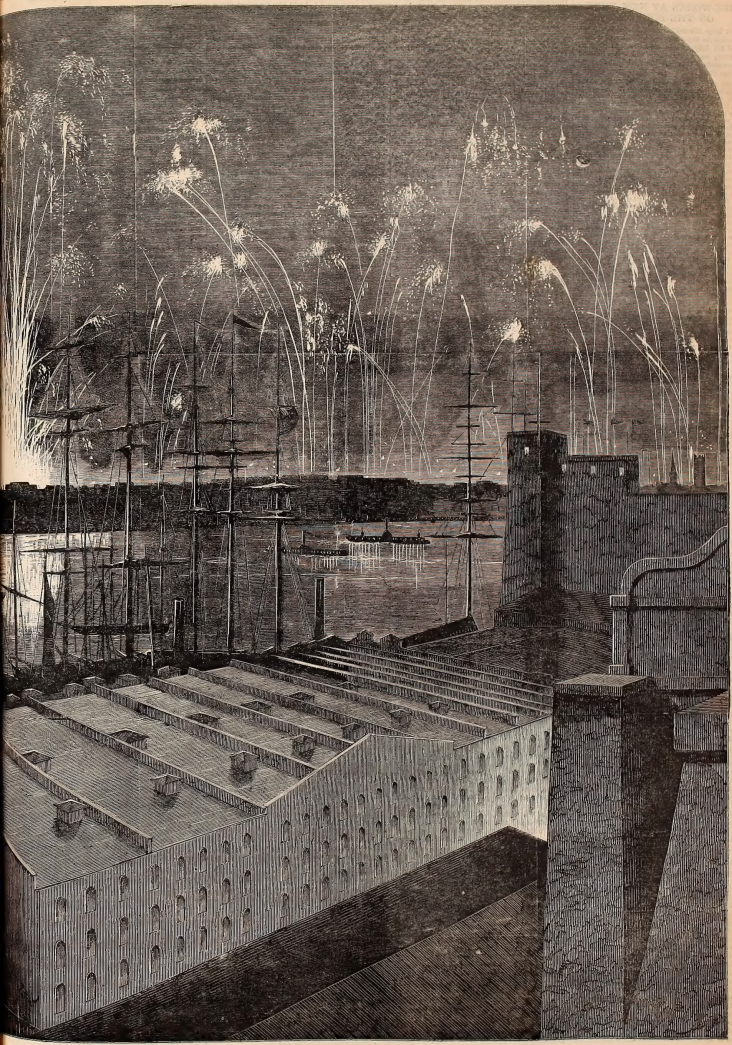
The officer who commanded the Swiss troops in the affair at Perugia is said to have been promoted.

APPEARANCE OF GARIBALDI.

A party of travelers visited Garibaldi at Como, and one of them has described the visit. We make a couple of extracts:

I could scarcely believe that the quiet, unaffected, simple-looking man before me was the famous leader of the Garibaldi. His head and body would not have thrown five feet seven or eight inches, and I should think a square shoulders, deep chested, and strongly built man. He is 52 in beauty. The face is handsome, with a fine forehead, large hazel and hazel eyes, clear light, with bright sparkle in them, and not very short. His head shows a very fine development, especially in the upper part of the head. It is good, though not remarkable to a casual observer. The mouth is one that you would expect to see under a dark moustache, and the nose is not remarkable. The chin

FIRE-WORKS AT NEW YORK ON THE EVENING OF T



RTH OF JULY, AS SEEN FROM BROOKLYN HEIGHTS.

FIRE-WORKS AT NEW YORK ON THE FOURTH.

The large illustration on the preceding pages represents the fire-works at New York on the evening of 4th July, as seen from Brooklyn Heights. The scene was very striking, and was witnessed by thousands. It is thus described by the reporter of the *Times*:

"After the first flight of rockets the delight of the multitude was first called forth by the Greek Burgoo Lights, the invention of which, according to Signor Edge, is attributed to Tippoo Sahb, and is the most powerfully brilliant light known to the pyrotechnist. Its rapid ascension, rockets and bombs intervening, the large brass mortars ever fond of the bursting shell, the illustration of the spectators, who cleared vehemently at each new and unexpected report, and the "Return of Corse" was the first of those wonders, following by the "Egyptian Mausoleum," which commenced with a red light, and ended in a brilliant Maltese, carmine, and Japanese revolving sun of the richest and most effective fire-works, mounting to the height. This piece was deservedly three hundred feet in height. It bore the Egyptian Quadrilles ed, long and lonely.

which was truly magnificent, and the 'Queen of the Mist,' an entirely new and original piece, resembling enormous fountains with dolphins spouting fire supposed to be water to the height of fifty feet. The representation of a Fire Engine and of a Steamer gave great satisfaction to the beholders. The 'Star of Independence' was more beautiful than any of the others. It commenced with a hexagon wheel of jessamine fires, with colored centres, emulating to the 'Star of Independence,' composed of red, blue, and green jets, which suddenly, in the centre, exploded in a magnificent representation of numerous stars and brilliance. The piece succeeding this was called a 'Cascade,' and it represented a basket of flowers containing roses, tulips, jessamines, pinks, and forget-me-nots, the whole being surrounded by a wreath of laurels. But the triumph of the pyrotechnists, and the source of the greatest delight on the part of the spectators, was reserved for the final and revealing piece, 'The Temple of Fame.' This beautiful exhibition commenced with a wheel of Chinese fire, emulating to a beautiful composed of a variety of colored lights and fires, with the most splendid effect. This beautiful wheel then ceased, and the whole fire-work was crowned with

"To-morrow you shall see Cecil, if you will," said Lucy Holmes, the eldest, to me. "It is a great favor to ask to him to know you are in the house, poor darling boy!" She ended with a heavy sigh.

Next day as I was lying on the sofa in her boudoir, Cecil Yorke was led in, with a deep-green shade over his eyes: Lucy Holmes met him at the door, and tenderly taking his disengaged hand placed it on my couch, placed a chair for him, and in silence she and her sister left the room.

"For some moments neither of us spoke, so intense was our emotion. At last I said, 'Cecil!'

"'Give me your hand—let me feel you.'

"I put it out to him, he stretched it—but in a direction of mine—but vaguely, gropingly.

"'Is the truth in an instant—he was blind!

"'Yes, utterly, hopelessly blind, in the full meaning and pride of his youth, his strength, his beauty, from all that might be of use to himself or mankind; from all life's best hopes, gifts, enjoyments.

"'I had hoped,' he said, '"to have asked the question of this little hand once—that is over now."

"'Why over?' I struggled to say.

"'Have they not told you—do you not see—what I have become? Never, never more shall I see the light of heaven, or the light of my life, your sweet face. Do not be angry with me now,' he added, with a faint smile, 'for calling it so.'

"'All? that all that separates us?'

"'Ah!'

"Yes, is there no other reason? no other consideration or obstacle? is it because that through me you have lost your sight you give me up?'

"Entirely—solely!'

"Then I swear—oh how joyfully!—to be yours as long as we both shall live.' I felt that my own dearest times better than I should have loved you strong, well, prosperous, happy! I, the mother of your wealth is as honorable as to borne. What! I, friendless, boundless, I may say, penniless, deprived of any good that many other women indeed you; I am not to esteem myself too proud, too blessed in being allowed to devote my life to one object of rendering yours as endurable as it may be made? No, if you reject me, all hope, all joy are taken from my existence. Take me, take my hands.'

He could not throw not off; his father, whatever might have been his feelings under other circumstances, had no objection to make under those sad circumstances, but (I suppose in order to prove us), and it was agreed that in a year—my darling brother's recent death would make demand that indeed—we should be married.

Meanwhile I was to return home as soon as my health should be sufficiently restored for the way to come and spend much of the time of his probation at Hollylands, his father's estate, to which my dearest Frank had been agent.

The spring and summer and autumn passed away, no matter how to Cecil.

There are passages in one's life that one can think of by hours together, but that can never more be described in words.

The memories of dead happinesses, like the memories of dead friends, may be dear to us, but they are not by the tongue. There is something awful in speaking to the dead silent.

Bailiol House was barely three-quarters of a mile from the cottage where Frank and I had lived since my childhood, and which Lord Somerleigh allowed me to remain in till the period of my marriage should arrive; and to me it appeared that I was so plain and straight, that after traversing it many times, Cecil learned to find his way to the village alone.

In summer I did not mind his coming so, but as winter drew on with storms and rain and sleet, I felt nervous about it. He only laughed.

"The blind magnet finds its way to the Pole in all weathers," he would answer.

Again

"The time drew near the birth of Christ,"

and in Christmas week we were to be married; and Somerleigh was most anxious every day to be present at the ceremony, and Cecil's sisters to be my bridesmaids.

The winter had set in very stormily, and heavy rain had swollen the hill-streams into torrents, and flooded the low lands, so extensively, that the road that entered in Christmas Eve was a terrible one.

Wait, thunder and lightning! I must not, I will not let my nearly all night waking; and I received what care the heart should arrive that could, at the earliest, bring Cecil to me. I was on my way to meet him, and prevented the possibility of his coming alone.

To me, hill-reared and hardy, weather was nothing; and before mid-day, despite wind and rain, I rolled forth in the direction of Bailiol House.

About half-way between it and my cottage one of the largest of our streams crossed over the road, and was spanned by an old stone bridge. As I neared it, looking up through the beating rain, I stood aghast—no current of the river was there. On either side the piers of the ruined arch gaped, and between them rolled and tore a mass of raging against the obstacle itself had formed in the mass of crumbled stone-work that encumbered its bed.

"Oh, well that I have come!" I thought. "Frederick could known not of this, and how can he or any one stand till I see him."

Near an hour I waited there, sheltering myself as best I might behind the parapet of the bridge, still looking through the blinding rain and fog toward the path by which he must advance.

At last I saw him, and springing up, and drawing my cloak to the edge of the chasm as I could with safety, I shouted a warning to him. He paused for a moment; but I could see that, from the roar of the water and the wind blowing in my face, he could not distinguish my words, and I doubted even if he recognized me, for he still advanced with a doubtful, puzzled air. Again I screamed to him to stop—to stop for God's sake! and again he paused and listened. Then, throwing myself on my hands and knees, I crawled to the very vibrating verge of the gulf, heedless of the stones and earth that crumbled down a few inches before me, and exerting all the force of my lungs in one supreme effort, I shrieked out once more my warning. This time he recognized my voice—but oh, to what purpose!—to shout my name, which the wind, that prevented his distinguishing my words, bore back to me—by a current ward with outstretched hands, and—O Father of Mercies!—he disappeared from my sight forever!

His lifeless body was found before night, miles below the broken bridge, and was buried the day but that Christ had risen.

I have often wondered that his father and sisters did not hate me; but they loved me more than ever after all that I had been the means, however innocently, of bringing on them.

But they know what I feel. I suppose that great sympathy is so irretrievable a calamity made them love me. Indeed, I think they do love me, for no one—God bless them!—hit— Well, well, thank God, we can none of us live forever!

THE WEEKLY FARMER.

SHOULD THE FARMER BE EDUCATED?

ATTENTION every farmer should not try to be geologist, mineralogist, botanist, or to study medicine to be his own doctor, or law to make it unnecessary to employ a lawyer, or study out the best view of doing his own preaching, still there is little doubt that all general information, and the more exact the better, is a great advantage, if well applied, to be useful to the farmer's best interests. Every cultivator should know rather from the soil, or natural system, large crops. He can not accomplish this without being familiar with general principles in the sciences connected of any considerable and understanding most thoroughly the art of agriculture. Without a general knowledge of science he cannot the nature of soils, which certainly includes more research than would enable him to ascertain the analysis of soils, or to be a chemist in another clayey, etc. Then what should to be expert of the chemist—a question often put to which is the question? One person is found fault with for being "too scientific;" another, for not being enough so. Now perhaps both are right. One may understand cast away prejudice, and seek to apply knowledge for its own close connection with the whole circle of sciences in mental acquisition, national wealth, and prosperity. If the farmer was not placed in such close relation with the practical improvement of science—in a word, with Nature's endlessly beautiful and evolutions—this inquiry would not be difficult to define what should be the extent of his education. Let us apply truths as fast as we discover them, and not hesitate to do so for fear of error, because he can not supplant the Divine Architect. It would be impossible to overestimate the value of this to study any one department bearing on his calling to its fullest extent; and, therefore, he may with propriety, and it is his duty to, seek to explore and grieve over the exhaustion of the realms of knowledge?

THEORY AND PRACTICE.

True theory is founded on correct observation. It can not, therefore, be at variance with practice. The usual supposition that it is in direct opposition to practice is not now, nor was it ever, so viewed by men of sense. All true theory is in accordance with Nature's laws, and they are unchangeable. When an experiment is tried, and fails to work out to what was desired, it shows that the necessary conditions were not present. If true theory, then, means anything, it means that the principles that can be no doubt as to the result if the conditions of the experiment are complied with. Practice is equally true to work whether the experiment be a failure or a success. If theory means pretended knowledge of the principles involved on such a basis, the result of which is a failure, should not be considered contrary to the truth of science, but a picture of the ignorance of men not familiar with the facts required to be known. The man who steamers would be considered somewhat insolent is sometimes called a theorist, but in reality his rank is that of a fool, and he should be known as such.

SCIENCE AND COMMON SENSE.

Some agricultural writers speak of "*common sense unaided by science*," which seems to be a desire to exalt the latter at the expense of a wonderful class of farmers. This is towards the dignity of a man who should be guided by truth. Science is expressive common sense is exceedingly indefinite. for every person, from the fool to the philosopher, has a common sense, and many of the best farmers from that of every other man; and as no two minds are exactly alike, the number of common sense is equal to the number of those members of the human family who admit such faulty expressions. Science is the result of the observation and classification of the truths or laws of nature. Common sense, then, is the result of these truths, as far as they have yet to be found. She has resolved the one mysterious soil into the constituents of nature, and explained the laws of their qualities and quantities. Common sense never said a word on the subject. Science has told us that "the roots of plants themselves go out in quest of that food which common *sense, unaided by science*, tells us is by them communicated to the plant?" To follow this style of argument would be very uncommon sense. Agricultural writers should not draw lines of distinction between the practical farmer and scientific man. Science and practice must go hand-in-hand together; for in exact proportion to the union between them will agriculture prosper. Only by practical science and in the same bonds say, "If we wish to make a youth a shoemaker, you must first send him to school in order that his mind may be expanded and prepared to receive the seeds of practical instruction." If the farmer is to depend so much on "common sense" and so *little* on science, why does not the shoemaker, feeling that there is nothing like leather, graduate with the wax-end in his hand? which would be carrying out the maxim, "*No man alive respects*." Let it not be forgotten that science has made the rough places smooth, and interlaced the hills and valleys with railroads, over which the commerce of nations is sent to and fro for the use of many men. It has prepared the way for and set the steam-engine through the trackless forest, disturbing the haunts of the red man and wild beast. It has civilized civilization, and, like Prometheus, brought the fire from heaven to be the ready-boy of the human race.

Professional men in certain spheres of life say that their collaborateurs should be men of common sense. Common sense in this class, be it their business to bottom kettles. A tinker need not know his mind with the science of mining, the manufacture of the useful metal which he hammers. The farmer who is averse to scientific education is but a superficial tinker. He is the cultivator of the soil aroun to the dignity of his calling.

AGRICULTURE A SCIENCE AND AN ART.

The science of agriculture relates to the nature of the soil, the plant it grows, and the food which nourishes it. The putting in practice truths discovered by science involves the art. It is an error to suppose that the science and art of culture can be severed from each other. Science is the soul; art the body.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

The following "notice" was pasted in the vicinity mentioned:

NOTICE.

In all hours it may concern anyone I profess to cure the following diseases to wit, viezes, & tissues of all kinds whatsoever & all complaints over head & ears, from the disease of all kind and nessey more too tedius to mention. I had his in London March 22 1858. I had practised wity at all Alsham Gorey & Mildy and to money after State of Ala. also in the Miy Missippy & in some misssey I practis so humbugy so quacky of all kinds any person wishing to be cured of any of the above diseases can call on me and I will be found as a doctor call on me and I will be found at the Mission House 18 miles South West of Selma on the Decatur Road.

DR. J. FARAH.

N.B. Age 60, 1859.

At one of the terms of the District Court of P——, County, Texas, a case was being tried in which a gentleman, who was very deaf, and a short, witty, quickspoken lawyer were engaged as counsel. The latter was also a witness in the case.

In an examination he saddled his side of the case in an extreme manner, which brought on a warm discussion between the two gentlemen, in which the deaf man did not hear himself when he gave in his own testimony.

In the immediate vicinity of Cincinnati is a village now rejoicing in the name of Commissioner, in consequence of the fact that the Hon. Mr. Smith, a public-house was kept by Mr. K——, who, in addition to the usual privilege of retailing all remnants of liquor left by practitioners in the bar.

This matter progressed for some ten years, keeping the gentry well supplied with "bitters," having succeeded to make a mixture for earning a thousand best, had need of a new supply of ingredients, and therefore sent for one of the ingredients of the tribe.

Mr. K—— received the order, and posting a sufficient quantity of said ingredient in a bag, leaving the bag in the care of a traveler as the sole accountant on the journey. He had no sooner passed a part of the town than Chunky Joe, and seeing, as he thought, a good opportunity to make money by the good to be wasted, immediately looked through the bottom, and, finding it "*Copperas*," and quickly fled to some outside of said liquor. He then went to his wood-shop, and, emptying out the remaining draught of the spirits. Shortly after Mr. K—— coming in, picked up the bottle, and, not with his medicinal properties, which was very much surprised on finding it empty. Inquiring of Chunky Joe what had become of the contents, the man describing Joe) had drank it. Mr. K—— was astonished at the description depicted on his countenance, he rushed out of the room in search of Joe, but he was dead body not many yards off. In passing close to the corpse of the deceased Mr. K—— gave a little exercition upon the back-legs, working as he thought, with a view to find out an extra quantity of liquor. After getting over his astonishment, the following colloquy ensued:

MR. K——"Joe, did you drink that stuff on the counter?"

JOE—"Why—yaas—I thought it didn't ought to be there, so I drank it. Was it yourn?"

MR. K——"I don't know. Here I had a bottle of copperas, and now it's gone."

JOE—"Well I feel—I feel—lively as a cricket, I'm sure, none of that you fetch from yesterday—we're even."

MR. K——"Well, Joe, but haven't you noticed anything odd about your appearance?"

JOE—"Any thing wrong? Well, no, not much—feel a little queer about the head—and—and—by the by, now, there's only one thing queer about it which I don't understand—I thought I drew the copperas at once under his nose; *whenever I rope my head is where my feet ought to be.*"

Mr. K—— always after that, when he wished to speak of the peculiar qualities of his liquors, which could give a man a thousand dollars, even a dead man, would say that he had drinking he always kept a case in his pocket, which he would drop into the liquor bottle to drink to the strength. The last time I saw the case it was pretty well used up. It was a pocket-handkerchief case, and had been the property of Liberty's head, which was, with Joe, embroidered in the corner. Drinking when he died, and is still alive.

EFFECTUAL TREATMENT.—The Earl of Chatham, who was remarkable like his physician, jeered him on the treatment of his medicines, and the general inefficacy of his prescriptions. The doctor, to exonerate himself from the charge, said he doted any patients to find fault with him. "I believe you," replied the Earl, "*for they are all dead.*"

NATIONAL DIFFERENCES.—Hichter, one of the most distinguished authors in Germany, used to assert that the English are no less allowed to England, the empire of the world, and the empire of the sea. One day, at the table of the noble Montague shewed, as the result of his observations, that the English are a nation of fools. "Ah," said Richter, "I am not surprised at it, for I know, by reason in, England to think in, and France to live in."

DOMESTIC.

HUSBAND.—What's bad light these candles give?"

WIFE.—Yes, they have just come in."

HUSBAND.—I should think they had *just gone out*."

The Fifth Parkes which undertook the following, from a correspondent of in St. Joseph, Missouri:

"Many thousand men started across the plains during the months of March and April, with wheel-barrows, and between party entertained, discussed and determined by the bad reports they had heard on the road, and had started with their minds made up accordingly. Many had plainly balanced their distance. *The boy's dead!*"

A good proprietor was here buried. He was a forbidden bread man, and was always feeding fault with his wife. "Mary, my dear, you must make more bread, and sprinkling as usual, when Farmer Briggs asked him if he hadn't enough?"

"Yes," muttered Sam, "enough, such as it is!"

"Eh, my dear?"

"Yes, granted Sam," good enough what there is of it."

Judge Jonson is especially noted for his bad spelling. Whether the judge was aware of the fact remains to be ascertained, but on one important case, in comment somewhat upon the character of the defendant, as developed by the testimony, the judge remarked that "the whole of his whole transaction is stamped with dishonesty and extortion. The defendant's statement of facts contained, or disguiseretyped in great before you, exhibits one of the most barefaced attempts at swindling that ever came before the bord of. Why, gentlemen, it is stamped with frauddishonesty and villainy." And the judge proceeded to go up to his full height, and darting a look of contempt at the defendant, which would have withered an individual, in a loud voice, exclaimed, "Why, gentlemen, the whole is stamped with it. Every where is written, in letters of plain to be seen of children, that which I will be found."

"Years ago," says a correspondent, "we had a 'clerk' setter' in this town in the shape of a negro preacher, known as Uncle Ben Brown. A number of boys and girls were accustomed to attend his preaching for the purpose of hearing him 'set the words.' He was very clever in his way, and was generally liked by all who knew him. He was a slave, and he had his 'eye' on them. He could, in a few words, 'set' the whole of the text with the same best 'starching our sociations.' I won't mention names, but you Dan Rice, you know you 'set' the text with eye on you."

At another time his congregation met and were kept waiting for the parson a considerable time, when he came in in a hurry, exclaiming, "I'm sorry I'm late, I'm very sorry, but circumstances, gentlemen, circumstances, you must excuse me for being late." Looking up, he said, "I'm not well. Bring a bucketing since, who took to following colgat and mouse."

In a certain school, when the scholars were parsing, the most vital interest in the subject. The youngest, who was up, a bright-eyed little fellow, paraded over the world for a few minutes, when he was asked to name birds, burst out with, "I can parse it. Positive, wait; comparative, wait; superlative, wait; wait."

A member of the Ministerial Legislature, at one of its late sessions, introduced a bill to change the name of Lincoln County to that State to that of Douglas. After the opposition myself, as an amendment, that the letter "s" be added to the name of the county. This motion created some laughter and confusion, and was withdrawn. The bill was finally decided, however, be seen in the end and the bill passed. Speaker, Douglas, Lincolnites that has come to my knowledge in which a member has had the opportunity of voting for the Little Dougleses to propose to name a county after himself."

In Hart County, Kentucky, the surface of the country is very much broken, and the roads are almost impassible by the natives "Sink-holes" scanned by the country. At the late term of the Circuit Court, Judge Jones, a well prominent citizen of the County, was charged to the Grand Jury, and delivered into a conversation with some gentlemen of the vicinity relative to the quality of roads in different portions of the State. One of the party inquired of Judge Jones how the law-abiding neighborhood would compare with that near to Lexington. "Why!" answered Judge Jones, "I can't answer that question myself right the same. But our law is not quite so relieved, and our roads are sink-holes of iniquity."

At —— College the Senior Class was under examination for degrees. The Professor of Natural Philosophy was belaboring the boys in option. The point under investigation was the force, velocity and indestructibility of projectiles. Professor—"Now, young gentlemen, we see that objects, but their images depicted on the retina of the eye. Suppose a cannon ball to be fired at the master plainer, said to the way of the class, "Mr. Jackson, how far will a cannon ball go?"

Jackson—"Don't know, sir."

Bill replied promptly, "No, Sir."

Professor—"Well, gentlemen, can anybody why you never your own father?"

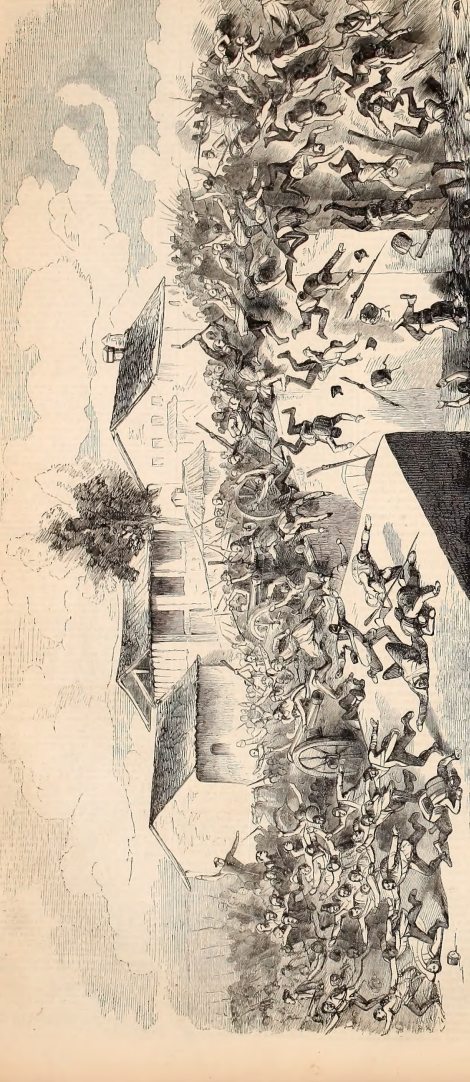
Bill replied promptly, Mr William Jackson, very gravely, "he died before I was born, Sir."

A TRIO OF CHILDREN.—Very few jovial blades, as they about "Hip, hip, hurrah" over their cups, in remembrance of the battle of Waterloo, but many are involuntarily commemorating the pious zeal of Peter the Hermit, who, in the year 1095, first urged, stirred up all Europe to the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre. Peter Goose may be a jocular, jovial soldier, but Peter the Hermit is a tutored pilgrim. Upon his return from Jerusalem, he brought from the Holy Land the germ of the idea from which sprung the Crusades—the crusades that took the lead as an expedition for the conquest of the Holy Land, and ended in the establishment of the Knights of Christ, and conversion of the Sacrament of the Eucharist, at the Council of Clermont, in France. The council assembled from all parts of Christendom, and Peter stood, like the great theologist Europe, and an army of 300,000 men, ready to march to the Holy Sepulchre. Numerous expeditions Peter have a banner inscribed with the three words, "*Deus vult*," "God wills it." Peter's motto was *perdita—or* Jerusalem is lost. The populace of some of the towns, where Peter preached, were so excited by the eloquence of the Hermit, that they could not speak Latin, and the three initials as one word, "Deus vult," which was adopted as the motto of the chivalry. They raised the cry, "*Deus vult*," "God wills it," and the cry was taken up by the rest, and took: "you know some pigs are *deuces*, and some pigs are *kind*."

A PRETTY IDEA.—A lover presented his lady-love with a small looking-glass, accompanied with the following impromptu:

Receive, in this glass you see
The object most beloved by me.
Oh, that I might see there too
The object most beloved by you!

A young physician asked permission of a lady to kiss her. She replied, "No, Sir; I never like to have a doctor's bill thrust in my face."



THE WAR IN ITALY—THE FIGHT AT THE MULINO BRIDGE, AT THE BATTLE OF PALESTRO.—[FROM A SKETCH BY M. PONTREMOLI.]

BATTLE AT THE MULINO BRIDGE.

THE accompanying engraving, which is from a very spirited sketch by M. Pontremoli, will convey to the beholder a better idea of the warfare now going on in Italy than whole columns of verbal description.

The moment chosen by the artist is that stage in the battle of Palestro when the French and Sardinians were ordered to carry the bridge of Mulino. The resistance of the Austrians, at first resolute, soon gave way under the impetuous shock of their assailants; and the throng being too dense to admit of a retreat, the unfortunate wretches were hurrooted upon the bodies of their comrades, crushed to death, or hurled headlong over the bridge into the stream beneath. The scene, as described by an eye-witness, was one from which men of peace will turn shudderingly away. Death on the battle-field, with its inevitable horrors in the shape of mangled limbs, hideous carnage, and deadly suffering, is always a shocking spectacle. A few such massacres as that depicted in our engraving are more powerful arguments in favor of the Peace Society's views than all the logic in the world.

One's thoughts involuntarily wander from the dying soldiers to their homes—for most of them, it may be fairly supposed, have parents, brothers, and sisters by whom they are loved, if not wives and children. The mind's eye raves to

"Where their rude huts by the Danube lay,"

and pictures the arrival there of the news of the terrible fight at the bridge. Can a just Providence overlook such scenes in passing judgment on them who rendered this war necessary?

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

TRUMPS.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

GABRIEL AT HOME.

DURING all this time Gabriel Bennet is becoming a merchant. Every morning he arrives at the store with the porter or before him. He helps him sweep and dust, and it is Gabriel who puts Lawrence Newt's room in order, laying the papers in place, and taking care of the thousand nameless details that make up comfort. He reads the newspapers before the other clerks arrive, and sits upon chests of tea or bales of matting in the loft, that fill the air with strange, spicy, Oriental odors, and talks with the porter.

In the long, warm afternoons, when there is no pressure of business and the heat is overpowering, he sits also alone among those odors, and his mind is busy enough with all kinds of speculations and dreams and hopes.

Gabriel is not the first youth who makes himself in imagination the hero of his own romance. He lives over again the dear, dreadful days at Delsfield. He wonders—yes, in his secret soul he does—whether, after all, Ilsey Wayne did not love him. But it is only for a moment. The next instant he recalls every thing as it was, and he smiles and sighs together.

For he knows that it is all over. He is a man in a store now, and men of sixteen in stores know perfectly well that the journey is very long from dusting the chair in the inner office to sitting in it; that bright years go by while the man of sixteen is making that journey, and the same bright years conduct the woman of nineteen into the arms of somebody old enough to be father of the man of sixteen, and perhaps—perhaps—O sorrow and absurdity! when that man has finished his voyage and arrived at the chair in the inner office, he may actually marry one of the daughters of that still young and beautiful, but mature, woman.

The thought is ludicrous, but it is also alluring. Gabriel perceives the yawning gulf of time and opportunity and chance that separates the boy of sixteen from the woman of nineteen. He calculates the probabilities of his career, and smiles half bitterly as he thinks of them. Poor Gabriel! venerable man of sixteen, whom future Mrs. Gabriel is perhaps at this moment tottering by the side of her nurse, or painfully struggling with the alphabet in the valley of the shadow of the rod.

It is natural that, upon leaving school in the country and entering the mercantile career in town, Gabriel should have donned the garments of maturity. In these hey days he wears a hat and a frock-coat. He is not a dandy, although he passes dandies upon Broadway when he goes home at night, and chief of them all, to his eyes, is Abel Newt. The candid, smooth face of Gabriel moves through the throng, his clear, sweet eyes seeing every thing that floats by. He does not know the other side of the fine dresses he meets any more than of the fine houses, with the smiling, glittering windows. The sun shines bright in his eyes—the street is gay—he nods to his friends—he admires the pretty faces—he wonders at the fast men driving fast horses—he sees the flowers in the windows, the smiling faces between the muslin curtains—he gazes with a kind of awe at the funerals going by, and marks the white hands of the clergymen and the physicians—the elm-trees in the Hospital yard remind him of the woods at Deerfield—and here comes Abel Newt, laughing, chatting, smoking, with an arm in the arms of two other young men, who are also smoking.

They are dressed in the height of the fashion; they seem conscious and self-possessed to most who pass, but to Gabriel, whose eyes are involuntarily sharpened by knowledge, the easy grace appears to be airy insolence. There are plenty

"HOW CAN YE BLOOM SAE FRESH AND FAIR?"

of other smooth-faced youths who pass the dandies, and envy as they behold them, and if they receive a nod of recognition, return it with the feeling of courtiers whom kings condescend to honor. A little successful tailoring goes a great way.

As Gabriel passes Abel their eyes meet. Abel nods coldly and Gabriel quietly; the next moment they are back to back again—one is going up street, the other down.

The daily spectacle of the bustling street, of the lively city, is agreeable and amusing to Gabriel. He thinks he came very near becoming his heart a little while ago—but he could almost write a sonnet upon it now, so sweet and fair is the world. What does the wood-thrush, lilting on the birch-tree and dropping its cool, gurgling note into the flood of May sunshine, know of the snakes that hide under the mossy stones—of the poisonous plants that spring beneath her?

It is not one of the splendid houses before which Gabriel stops when he has reached the upper part of the city. It is not a palace, nor a mural, with that kind of tender anxiety which softens vanity instead of hardening it. It has that look which, after she is dead, every affectionate son thinks he remembers to have seen in his mother's face; and the other is younger, brighter—a face of rosy cheeks and clustering hair and blue eyes—a bounding, loyal, loving, girlish face.

They both smile welcome to Gabriel, and the younger face, disappearing from the window reappears at the door. Gabriel naturally kisses those blooming lips, and then goes into the parlor and kisses his mother. Those sympathetic friends ask him what has happened during the day. They see if he looks especially fatigued; and if so, why so? they ask. Gabriel must tell the story of the unfolding of his *Mary B.*, which has just come in—which is Lawrence Newt's favorite ship—but why called *Mary B.* not even Thomas Trail Pratt, who knows every thing else in the business, Thomas sitting on each side of him on the sofa, those women wonder and guess why the ship should be called *Mary B.* What *Mary B.*? Oh! dear, there might be a thousand women with those initials. And what has ever happened to Mr. Newt that he should wish to perpetuate a woman's name? Stop! remembers Thomas, his mother's name was Mary. Mary what? asks the daughter, with a touch of tenderness, of course.

Why, in the name of miracles, again, does mamma color? She merely replies that his mother's name was Daisy—Mary Daisy—a famous belle of the close of the last century—by whom she was the most beautiful woman in President Washington's levees, and to whom Aaron Burr paid his addresses in vain.

"Yes, mamma; but who was Aaron Burr?" Who those blooming lips, as the bright young eyes glance from mother to grandmother and to her mother.

"Ellen, do you remember this spring, as we were coming up Broadway, we passed a small old man with a keen, black eye, who was rather carelessly dressed, upon a good mare, people looked at and pointed out to each other, but nobody spoke to?—who gazed at you as we passed so peculiarly that you pressed nearer to me, and asked who it was, and why such an old man seemed to be so lonely, and in all that great throng, which evidently knew him, was so solitary as if he had been in a desert?"

"Perfectly—I remember it," replies Ellen.

"That fiendless old man, my dear, whom at this moment perhaps intensely a happy human being in the world loves, was the most brilliant it would have been! Aaron Burr, gentleman and accomplished, and brilliant; he coiled about many a woman, fascinating her by the bright eyes and his sinuous manner, but he stung."

Ellen shakes her head as her mother speaks, and Gabriel involuntarily says, "Poor Burr!"

"You think, mother," he says, "that the *Mary B.* was named in Burr's honor?"

Mother thinks it was. It was a filial and graceful remembrance.

But somehow Gabriel is not convinced. Why, then, not call it *Mary Bonloy?* Every body who knows any thing of his family knows that she was his mother.

When Mrs. Bennet goes out of the room to attend to the tea, Gabriel, in a low voice, says that for his part he doesn't believe in the hint that the ship was named after Mrs. Newt; people are not romantic about their mothers; and Miss Ellen, aged fourteen, agrees with him.

The room in which they sit is small, and very plain. There are only a few prints, a few and some chairs, with sheives of books, and a coarse carpet. Upon the wall hangs a portrait representing a young and beautiful woman, unlike Mrs. Bennet; but the beauty of the face is flashing passionate, and thoughtful and mild like that of Gabriel's mother.

But though every thing is very plain it is perfect. There is nothing faded or shabby about the aspect of the room. Roses in a glass upon the table, and the voice and manner of the mother and daughter, tell every thing.

Presently they go in to tea, and Mr. Bennet joins them. His face is pale, and of grave expression, and he stoops a little in his walk. He wears slippers and an old coat, and has the air of a clergyman who has made up his mind to be disappointed. But he is not a clergyman, although his white cravat, somewhat slightly tied, and his rusty black dress-coat, favor that theory. There is a little severity in his expression, and an involuntary, half-deferential smile, as if he fully assented to every thing that might be presented—not because he was personally interested in it or believes it, but because it is the discreet way of avoiding discussion and getting back to his own thoughts.

Gabriel, my son, I am glad to see you!" his father says, as he sees himself not opposite his wife, but at one side of the table. He inquires if Mr. Newt has returned, and learns that he has been at home for several days. He hopes that he has enjoyed his little journey: then sips his tea, and looks to see if the window-sash-cord shakes himself gently, and says he feels chilly: that the beginning evenings are always autumnal, and that the time is coming when we must begin to read aloud again after tea. And what book shall we read? Perhaps the best of all we can select is Irving's Life of Columbus; Mr. Bennet has never read it, and has not the new book he knows and loves. He puts down his knife as he speaks, and plays with his tea-spoon on the edge of the cup.

"I find myself enchanted with the description of the Islands in the Gulf, and the life of those soft-souled natives. As I read on, I smell the sweet warm odors of the land; I see the palm and the branches of green trees floating far out upon the water; I see the drifting sea-weed, and the lights at night upon the shore; then I land, and lie under the palm-trees, and hear the mellow tongue of the tropics; I taste the luscious fruits; I bask in that rich, eternal sun—" His eyes swim with tropical languor as he speaks. He still mechanically balances the spoon upon the cup, while his mind is clearly deep sunk in reverie. As his wife glances at him, both the look of tenderness and of anxiety in her face deepen. But the moment of silence rouses him, and with the nervous smile upon his face, he says, "Oh —ah!—I—yes—let it be Irving's Columbus!"

Toward his wife Mr. Bennet's manner is almost painfully thoughtful. His eye constantly seeks hers; and when he speaks to her, the mechanical smile which green every body else is replaced by a kind of indescribable, touching appeal for interests. It is conveyed in no particular thing that he says or does, but it pervades his whole manner toward her. As Gabriel and Ellen grow up toward maturity, Mr. Bennet observes that the same peculiarity is reflected in the manner toward them. As if he were involuntarily asking pardon for some past neglect which he unconsciously done them. And yet his mildness and sweetness and simplicity of nature are such, that this singular manner does not disturb the universal cheerfulness.

"You look a little tired to-night, father," says Gabriel, when they are all seated in the front room again, by the table, with the lamp lighted.

"Yes," replies the father, who sits upon the sofa, with his wife by his side—yes; Mr. Van Boozenberg was very angry to-day about some error he thought he had discovered, and he was quite short with the book-keeper, and spoke rather sharply."

A slight flush passes over Mr. Bennet's face, as if he recalled something extremely disagreeable. His eyes become dreamy again; but after a moment's cold smile returns, and, as if begging pardon, in a half-bewildered way, he resumes:

"However, his position is trying. Fortunately there wasn't any mistake except of his own."

He is silent again. After a little while he asks, "Couldn't we have some music? Ellen, dear, will you favor something?"

Ellen thinks she can, if Gabriel will sing second. Gabriel says he will try, with pleasure; but really—he is so overwhelmed—the sure of his voice—he feigns a little cough—if the crowded house—Gabriel's audience will excuse—as really—in fact, he will—but he is sure—

During this little banter Nellie cries, "Pooh, pooh! mamma looks pleased, and puts smiles gently. "Then the fresh young voices of the brother and sister, in "Bonnie Dundee."

The room is not very light, for there is but one lamp upon the table by which the singers sit. The parents sit together upon the sofa; and as the song proceeds the hand of the mother rests upon that of the father, which holds it closely, while his arm creeps noiselessly around her waist. Both parents faint far away upon that music. His eyes droop as when he was speaking of the tropic islands—as if he were hearing and feeling it almost again. As his wife looks at him she sees on his face, beneath the sentiment of the expression, the light which shone there in the days when the song is "Bonnie Doon" together. He draws her closer to him, and with head on her lap, and one hand holding it. Her eyes gradually fill with tears; and when the song is over her head is lying on his breast.

While they are still sitting in silence there is a ring at the door, and Lawrence Newt and Amy Waring enter the room.

CHAPTER XL.

BORN TO BE A BACHELOR.

"THE truth is, Madame," began Lawrence Newt, addressing Mrs. Bennet, "that I am ashamed of myself—I ought to have called a thousand times—I have your pardon, Sir," he continued, turning to Mr. Bennet, who was rising immediately by the sofa, half-leaning upon the arm.

"Oh!—oh! I am sure," replied Mr. Bennet, with the same smile fitting across his face, and apparently breaking out all over him—and there is almost always a speckled ass and bowing, while Mr. Newt hastened to seat himself, that every body else might sit down also.

Mrs. Bennet said that she was very glad to see the face of an old friend again whom she had not seen for so long.

"But I was over every day in Gabriel, my dear Madame," replied Lawrence Newt, with a quaint dignity, of one who celebrated Mr. Burr might have despaired of the remark had been addressed to him.

"I'm sure, Jeoges, Madame, we shall make a great mention for Gabriel. I'm only afraid he's too honest."

The whole party smiled again as the merchant turned toward Gabriel, who had somehow lost his tongue in the presence of his employer.

A great deal of conversation followed, a little excited, perhaps, as of every body were conscious of something or other, and wondered whether every body else knew. It was many years since Mrs. Bennet had seen Mr. Newt. She had heard of him from her niece, Amy Waring; but the shyness with which Mrs. Bennet at first heard of him when Amy began to mention him seemed now to have passed into Amy, who never spoke of him at all, or only with a peculiar reserve which her own aunt, Aunt Bennet look at her closely and wonder what was the occasion of that exquisitely delicate loss upon her niece's cheeks—a kind of universal flesh and if there were a down going on somewhere.

Amy seated herself by Gabriel and Ellen and talked very animatedly with them while the parents and Mr. Newt sat together. She praised the roses with which Gabriel had come, and whenever she did so her eyes, having nothing in particular to do at the moment, escaped, as it were, under her brows through the petals of the roses as she bent over them, and wandered toward Lawrence Newt, whose kind, inscrutable eyes, by the most extraordinary chance in the world, seemed to be expecting Amy's, and were ready to receive them with the warmest welcome, now a half-twinkle—or was it no twinkle at all?—which seemed to say, "Oh! you came—did you?" And every time his eyes seemed to say this Amy burst out into fresh praises of those beautiful roses to her younger cousins, and proceed them close to her cheek, as if she found their moist, creamy coolness peculiarly delicious and refreshing—pressed them so deep, indeed, that the crimson in sparese some of their color into her cheeks, which Gabriel and Ellen both thought, and afterward declared to their mother, to be quite as beautiful as roses.

Amy's conversation with her young cousins was very lively, indeed, but it had also continuous interest which is self-perpetuating in conversation. It seemed to be a kind of brilliant parade, banks, and columns, and squadrons of animated words wheeled into line and deployed and united—but it was mechanical, after all. There was a great deal of halting and standing at ease, during which the eyes slipped away again across the room, and fell as softly as before, plump into the same welcome and the same little interrogation in the other eyes, twinking with that annoying "did you?"

Amy Waring was certainly twenty-five, although Gabriel laughed and peered at any such statement. But mamma and the Emily Bible were too much for him. Lawrence Newt was certainly more than forty. But the Newt Family Bible was under a lock of which the key lay in Mrs. Bonloy Newt's bureau, by the merchant tradition, which she could judiciously guide, to interpret, in the matter of age. For when Bonface Newt led Nancy Magot to the altar he received from a large business hand, both the date of his marriage and his wife's birth. He protested it was vulgar. And when the bridegroom inquired whether he was vulgarer on the fact of being born or in recording it—he said: "Mr. Newt, I am ashamed of you," and locked up the record.

There was a vague impression in the Newt family—Bonface had already succeeded to his son Abel—that there was something that Uncle Lawrence never talked about—many things indeed, of course, but still something. Outside the family nothing was respected. Lawrence Newt was simply one of those incomprehensibly pleasant, eccentric, benevolent men, whose mercantile credit was as good as Jacob Van Boozenberg's, but who perversely went his own way. To begin with, he wore just such clothes as he pleased, and he pleased to be a little quaint in his dress. Then he read just such books, and entertained such opinions as he chose. That last was the heinous thing. That a man's credit should be unimpeachable—that

SAMARITANS.

he should own large ships which were constantly making successful voyages—that he should be so sagacious as to be a proverb in South Street and in Boston harbors, and yet all the while persist in having his own opinions in politics and religion, and doing just as he chose, was anomalous—it was bewildering—it was dangerous.

His brother Boniface labored with him, in the intervals of selling goods to Blackstone, Hadley, & Merrimack, and others. He urged upon him the decency of attending Dr. Strong's church. He pressed him to read that divine's sermon upon "Christianity in Commerce." He remonstrated, and said he preferred practice to preaching, and when he wanted to learn how, he would step into brother Boniface's store. Whereupon brother Boniface grew very red, and said that if men preferred in acting as if Providence had already arrived, they did it at their own risk. But when brother Lawrence said that he would advise brother Boniface to repent and those misguided individuals, and should they begin with Jacob Van Brocenberg or Peter Stuyvesant & Co., brother Boniface laughed nervously, and said he knew that it was a dreadful thing; it was a shocking thing. But was not would you do? Brother Lawrence, with the inscrutable eyes, said he could go and eat six oysters now for it was one o'clock.

Old Van Broenenberg was also terribly exercised by the fact that Lawrence Nevt would have his own opinions, and one day after a meeting of directors of which he called him to account in his generally leveling and dangerous principles. He even said, in a half-groan way, that he believed he was a Whig Wright man, and that he had better look out for himself. The directors laughed, and thought when they were gone, Lawrence Nevt remarked in a dry, quiet way, with a singular light in his eyes, that as long as the Lord made everybody who had deserted their daughters to live in peace, he had no great fear for himself. Old Van Broenenberg turned very pale and went out. The directors, who were wise men, and were therefore directors of goods seven-eighths wide, for full yard wide prints, to write to the same poor consumptive clergyman and offer a paltry dollar to write a letter of fifty pages to be entitled "Indiscriminate Giving a Crime." But they kept it to themselves. Lawrence had died of despair three months previously, and Dr. Moundy had preached a beautiful funeral sermon from the text "He died in a good fight." It was called "The Christian Warrior," and was printed, and sent round in a black Juvenile-colored paper with black edges, and was advertised as a very neat and appropriate ornament to any centre table. But the fact that the sermon a collection was taken up for the afflicted and destitute widow and family of Lawrence, which amounted to nine dollars and thirty-seven and a half cents.

It was upon visit to this widow that Lawrence Nevt had first met Amy Waring. As he was leaving with the poor woman and her sister rent, Amy came in with a basket of comfortable sugars and teas. She carried the flowers in her face. Lawrence Nevt remembered blushing at being caught in the act, and as he was sliding out her to get out he happened to look at her face, and stopped.

"Bless my soul! my dear young lady, surely your name is Barrow!"

The dear young lady smiled and colored, and replied,

"No, mine is not, but my mother's was."

"Of course it was. Those eyes of yours—I the Darro eyes. Do you think I do not know the Darro eyes when I see them?"

And he took Amy's hand, and said, "Whose daughter are you?"

"My name is Amy Waring."

"Oh! then you Cornina's daughter. Your aunt Lucia married Mr. Bennet, and—and—" Lawrence Nevt's voice paused and faltered for a moment, "and—there was another."

There was something in tenderness reflected in the tone of Amy, with only a graver face, replied,

"Yes, there was my aunt Martha."

"I remember all. She is gone; my dear young lady, you will forgive me, but your face recalls other years." Then turning to the widow, he said, "Mr. Simmer, I am sure that you could have no kinder, no better friend than this young lady."

The young lady looked at him with a gentle inquiry in her eyes as who should say, "What do you know about it?"

Lawrence Nevt's eyes understood in a moment, and he answered:

"Oh, I know it as I know that a rose smells sweet."

He bowed as he said it, and took her hand.

"Will you remember to ask your mother if she remembers Lawrence Nevt, and if he may come and see her?"

Amy Waring said Yes, and the gentleman bending and touching the tips of her fingers with his lips, said, "Good-by, Mrs. Simmer," and departed.

He called at Mrs. Waring's within a few days afterward. He had known her as a child, but his incessant absence from home when he was younger had prevented any great intimacy with any acquaintances. But the Darros were old dancing-girl friends and partners. Since those days they had become women and mothers. He had parted with Corinna Darro, a black-eyed little girl in short white frock and short curling hair and red ribbons. He met her as Mrs. Delmer Waring, a large, maternal, good-hearted woman.

Airy yacht that, joyous, skims the sea, twenty-five years hence will you be heavy-timbered, slow sailing, freighted deep with cotton and with corn?

It was two years before, and during all the time Lawrence Nevt had often met and dined Amy in the street on many errands—had met her at halls whenever he found she was going. He did not say that he was with him, he did not send her costly gifts. He did nothing that could enable the attendants of servants men. But sometimes a basket of flowers came for Miss Waring—without a card, without a clew. The quick-hearted mother thought of various young men, candidates for degrees in Amy's favor, who had undoubtedly sent the flowers. The good-hearted mother, who knew that Amy was in love with none of them, also thought it was a great shame that Amy should lose their time in such an utterly profitless business as being in love with Amy—and when any of them called said, with a good-humored sigh, that she believed her daughter would never be any thing but a Sister of Charity.

Sometimes also a new book came, and on the fly-leaf was written, "To Miss Amy Waring, from her friend Lawrence Nevt." Then the good-hearted mother exclaimed that Amy were absolutely faithful to old associations, and that it was really beautiful to see Amy in the church. In her own room, where she opened the new book and read in it for half an hour at a time, but always turned to the first page. It was such a profound work. It was so full of weighty matter. When would Amy get read it thoroughly at this rate, for the page over which she pored had less on it than any other page in the book. For Amy had fastened on it but that very commonplace and familiar form of words, "To Miss Amy Waring, from her friend Lawrence Nevt."

Amy was entirely of her mother's opinion. Lawrence was a remarkable man in his way, she knew. Some men are born to be as noble as the heroes of romance—simple, strong, brave, true to truth, intelligent, generous, with an experience that has hellowed by constant and genuine intercourse with God. She knew also that that intercourse has never clulled, and a faith which that experience has only strengthened. Some men are born to every quality of heart and mind and person that can awaken and satisfy the love of a woman. Such, exceptionally, said Amy Waring in her mind, which was so cool, so impartial, so merely judicial, was her estimate of Lawrence Nevt. But when a young woman is in no doubt at all when she knows perfectly well that such a man is not intended by nature to be a marrying man, and therefore never thinks of him "in love," but only with a sense of generosity and delicacy beyond expression offers his general homage to the sex by paying a little court to her, "who—thus—then," thought Amy, and she was thinking so at the very moment when she met with Cousin Ellen, Ellen Darro, who, as well, lively, incoherent way, "why, then—then," and her eyes leaped across the room to Amy, who at once set the arms of Lawrence Nevt's, which caressed them with soft light, and half-laughing, half-serious gaze, "why, then—then—then," and Amy buried her face in the cool, damp room, and did not dare to look again, when she had better go and be Sister of Charity.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, Saturday, July 9, 1859.

THE Wholesale Dry-Goods Market has been active for the principal kinds of Breadstuffs. Flour and Corn Meal, forward. Tuesday the Cotton Market has been sought after.... Cotton has been rather sparingly supplied; prices have not varied materially. Sales of 3,000 bales have been extensively dealt in, though buyers have shown a waiting disposition. Sugars, Coffees, and Beef are unsteady lately.... Coffee has been in fair demand, and prices have been steady. Teas, also, have been quiet. Sugars opened heavily at easier rates, but have since ruled firm. Molasses, Rice, Fish, Fresh Meats, Hops, Seeds, Linseed, Tobacco, Lumber, and Wool have generally been inactive.... Hay has been late standard, and the demand for it has been restricted.... Naval Stores have been in moderate request, closing more firmly than they opened.... The trade in Dry Goods has been quite limited. Buyers of Fall Stocks have not purchased freely as yet. The importations continue heavy. The total value of the week's imports of Foreign Dry Goods is $2,695,549 against $2,192,273 same week last year. Imports of Foreign Dry Goods at this port since Jan. 1st, amount to the large sum of $66,000,000 in 1859. The exports of domestic manufactures and other commodities are quite productive of any remarkable activity. The following is a revised list of the closing quotations for the leading articles:

Standard Super State Flour, per barrel	$5 05	@ $5 20
Extra State Flour	5 60	@ 5 80
Superfine Western	5 00	@ 5 00
Low to Choice Extra Ohio	6 25	@ 10 00
Low to Choice Extra Genesee	6 50	@ 7 00
Common Southern	5 00	@ 7 00
Extra Southern	7 10	@ 8 75
Superfine Rye Flour	4 00	@ 4 75
Jersey Corn Meal	3 75	@ 3 90
Extra Michigan Wheat, per bushel	1 55	@ 1 60
White Southern Wheat	1 55	@ 1 60
Red Western Wheat	1 40	@ 1 45
Milwaukee Club	1 35	@ 1 38
Mixed Western	1 30	@ 1 35
New Yellow Corn	85	@ 88
Extra Western Corn	88	@ 90
Oats	48	@ 50
Canada Barley	60	@ 65
Canada Oats	42	@ 45
Jersey and Pennsylvania Oats	42	@ 45
Common cotton yarn	08	@ 10
Cotton, middlings, per pound	11	@ 11
New Mess Pork, per barrel	17 50	@ 17 50
Prime Pork	15 00	@ 15 00
Country Mess Beef	9 00	@ 9 00
Hams, per pound	11	@ 11
Shoulders	08	@ 08
Lard	11	@ 11
Prime to Extra State Butter, new	14	@ 18
Ohio Butter, new	11	@ 14
Cheese	5	@ 7
Eggs, per dozen	3 50	@ 4 00
Rio Coffee, per pound	10	@ 12
Java Coffee, per pound	24	@ 25
New Orleans Molasses, per gallon	28	@ 42
Cuba Muscovado Sugar	6	@ 7
Loaf Sugar	10	@ 11
Manhattan Whisky, per gallon	24	@ 25
Hogs, Corp of 1-95, per pound	6	@ 6
Sheep, Southern, per pound	4	@ 5
Tallow, per pound	9	@ 9
Clear Pitch Pine, per 250 pounds	3 75	@ 4 00
Spirits Turpentine, per gallon	45	@ 46
Common Resin, per 310 pounds	1 75	@ 1 80
Ash Hemp, dressed, per ton	210 00	@ 210 00
Am. Hemp, undressed	130 00	@ 130 00
Manilla Hemp, per pound	10	@ 10
Pulled Wool	30	@ 50

Stocks of several Articles in New York about July 1.

	1858.	1859.
Ashes, barrels	1,000	1,000
Cotton, bales	40,347	117,373
Flour, barrels	67,479	68,479
Hay, pounds	1,605	1,605
Hops, pounds	248	248
Hemp, bales	19,333	19,333
Hides, number	167,000	167,000
Leather, Sole, sides	100,500	77,300
Molasses, hogsheads	6,593	12,729
Molasses, barrels and barrels	4,582	4,582
Oils:		
Turpentine, crude, barrels		800
Turpentine, refined, barrels		3,000
Tar, barrels		2,000
Linseed, Boiled, barrels		3,000
Provisions:		
Pork, barrels	46,199	90,017
Beef, tierces and barrels	14,799	23,586
Lard, tierces	6,711	6,741
Rice, bags		375
Saltpetre, hogsheads	19,346	83,503
Sugars, bags	15,000	86,000
Sugars, hogsheads	1,000	1,000
Tobacco, Crude, hogsheads	12,115	10,515
Tobacco, Crude, packages	6,435	10,500
Tobacco, Manufactured, pkgs.	28,061	28,061

The Live Stock Markets last Wednesday were less freely supplied with Beeves, which were in fair demand at former prices. Milch Cows were also less plentiful, yet met with a limited request at former rates. Veal Calves were rather sparingly offered, and were a dull and drooping market. Sheep and Lambs have been actively inquired for at advanced prices.... Swine were in moderate request.... The following are the Live Stock at all the City Markets during each of the last two weeks past than:

	Week ending July 4.	Week ending July 11.
Beeves	2,400	2,400
Milch Cows	118	162
Veal Calves	339	739
Sheep and Lambs	12,925	8,823
Swine	11,000	11,000

The range of prices according to the actual sales at the Bull's Head Market during the week ending July 11 was as follows:

Quality to be fully Beeves, per pound	$ 5 @ $ 12
Fair to very good Milch Cows, per head	35 @ 60
Veal Calves, per pound	7 @ 9
Sheep and Lambs, per head	2 75 @ 6 00
" per pound	4½ @ 6½
Live Swine	5 @ 6½
Dressed "	6½ @ 7½
Roasting Pigs, each	75 @ 1 75

The Country Produce Markets have been supplied with the principal kinds of Produce. The demand has been to the usual extent.... Fruits and Vegetables. Prices have favored buyers.

PRICES CURRENT OF VEGETABLES AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Cherries, per pound	$ 3	@ $ 7
Gooseberries, per bushel	1 75	@ 2 25
Huckleberries, per 16 quarts	4 00	@ 5 00
Currants, per pound	4	@ 5
Strawberries, first quality	6 00	@ 8 00
Peaches, per bushel	3 00	@ 7 00
Apples, old, per bushel	1 00	@ 2 00
Apples, new, per bushel	1 50	@ 2 25
Apples, new, Orleans, per pound	3	@ 5
Potatoes, old, per bushel	87	@ 1 00
Potatoes, new, per bushel	1 00	@ 1 50
Onions	87	@ 1 00
Onions, new, per 100 bunches	2 00	@ 3 00
Turnips, per 100 bunches	2 00	@ 3 00
Beets, per 100 bunches	3 00	@ 4 00
Carrots, per bunch	75	@ 1 00
Carrots, new, per 100 bunches	2 75	@ 4 00
Cabbages, per 100	4 00	@ 6 00
Salad, per 100 heads	1 00	@ 2 00
Parsley, per 100 bunches	1 00	@ 2 00
Spinach, per basket	50	@ 75
Garlic, per 100 heads	50	@ 1 00
String Beans, per barrel	1 00	@ 2 00
Green Peas, per bushel	2 00	@ 3 00
Cucumbers, per 100	1 00	@ 2 00
Tomatoes, per bushel	1 75	@ 2 00
Cauliflowers, per 100	2 00	@ 3 00
Bulbules, per 100 bunches	50	@ 75
Squashes, per barrel	1 00	@ 1 50
Rhubarb, per 100 bunches	2 50	@ 4 00
Cranberries, per bushel	2 00	@ 3 00
Watermelons, per 100	12 00	@ 40 00
Corn, N. Y. and N. J., per dozen	17	@ 18
Chickens, per pair	50	@ 1 00
Geese, per pair	75	@ 1 00
Turkeys, per pound	10	@ 14
Ducks, per pair	75	@ 1 00
Pigeons, per dozen	1 75	@ 2 75
Wild Pigeons	50	@ 1 00

ADVERTISEMENTS.

The Oriental Fruit Paste, or Aromatic Jelly of Figs and Senna,

Combines all the laxative properties of pure extract of Senna, in a delicious sugar-coated paste. In the natural and most agreeable form. Is the best remedy for habitual costiveness and all irregularities caused by neglect of duties, and is the most valuable aperient for Ladies, Children, and Invalids generally. J. W. NORCROSS & CO., Wholesale Agents, 91 Fulton Street, New York.

!! DEATH TO ALL VERMIN !!!

—IT IS TRULY WONDERFUL WITH WHAT CERtainty Rats, Roaches, Mice, Moths, Ground Mice, Bed-bugs, Ants, Moths, Mosquitoes, Fleas, Insects on Animals, in short every species of Vermin, are utterly destroyed by

"Costar's" Rat, Roach, &c Exterminator.
"Costar's" Bed-bug Exterminator.
"Costar's" Electric Powder for Insects

THE

[only infallible remedies known.]

PRINCIPAL DEPOT 419 Broadway, New York. All Wholesale Agents in the United States.
Wholesale Agents in all the large cities.
Depot of Agencies 48 Ann Street, New York.
10,000 Dozen sold per week in N. Y. alone.
If I Swear!!! of equivalent value to Rats, Roaches, Bedbugs, Ants, Moths, and take nothing but "COSTAR'S" Rat, Roach, &c. Exterminator.
Each Package has my private signature on the wrapper.
Price $2,00 per box, (small size, 1 doz.) by Exp. to Dealers.
For Agencies, and for Circular, Terms, &c.

Burnett's Kalliston.

As a wash for the complexion, it has no equal: it is distinguished for its soothing and purifying effect, allaying all tendency to inflammation. It is also a perfect cleanser of the skin, removing tan, freckles, pimples, and all discolorations, and, with its refreshing and invigorating properties, renders it an indispensable requisite for the toilet of every lady.

Prepared only by JOSEPH BURNETT & CO.,

Boston.

For sale by all the principal Druggists.

Fifty Cents a Bottle.

The Best is always Cheapest.

ROTHE'S

New and Improved Hair Dye.

From the large number of testimonials daily coming to hand in Europe and America to test my remarkable Hair Dye, I have the pleasure of announcing to all families, both as a companion to the toilet and for restoring the hair, that it is now to be obtained.

And purchasers should see that the maker's name are impressed on each side of the box.

Sole Agents for the United States,

J. W. NORCROSS & CO.,
Wholesale Dealers and Druggists,
91 Fulton Street, New York,
81 Milk Street, Boston.

LIFE ILLUSTRATED.

A FIRST CLASS PICTORIAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER, designed to encourage a spirit of HOPE, MANLINESS, ENDEAVOR, and PROGRESS, and to furnish a Weekly Record of Life in all its phases. Under the appropriate headings of Editorial Literature, Science, Mechanics, Agriculture, Pictorial, Biographical, and Descriptive.—Editorial, City and Vicinity, Rural, Fashion, Scientific, Notes of Travel, Miscellaneous, we shall endeavor to give such matter as will not fail to be of interest to all.

With the number for July 16, we commenced a series of articles entitled,

THE BUILDER,

In which we shall give practical directions, with all necessary illustrations, for the erection of buildings of all material—stone, wood, brick, and concrete. These articles will be written by a practical architect, and will embrace instructions in Designs, Drawing, Masonry, Carpentry, Roofing, Plumbing—and in fact, every thing connected with building.

LIFE ILLUSTRATED will be published weekly, at $2 a year, or two copies for $3. *Specimen sent free.* ADDRESS WANTED. FOWLER & WELLS,
303 Broadway, N. Y.

361 BROADWAY 539
Tucker's Flowers, Feathers, and Miscellaneous Items. Next to the St. Nicholas Hotel.

FINKLE & LYON'S

SEWING MACHINES,

For Family Use, Tailoring Purposes, Saddlery, &c. Warranted to give better satisfaction than any other machine in market, or money refunded. Agents wanted.

503 BROADWAY,
Next to the St. Nicholas Hotel.

Yesterday, look to your Interests!!

HOW TO MANAGE AGENTS, and the INVENTOR'S INSTRUCTOR. New Edition. Sent by FIRST CLASS MAIL for 25 cents. Address FOWLER & WELLS, 303 Broadway, N. Y.

The Greatest Wonder of the Age.—THE EAU ATHENIENNE, OR HAIR RESTORER OF JOHN HARRIS' Invigorates, restores, and promotes the growth and change gray hair and whiskers to their original color in just one day, and will not soil the skin or linen. Sold by all Druggists, and at the Laboratory of JOHN HARRIS & CO., No. 76 North Second Street, Philadelphia.

THE AMERICAN PREEMASON'S

New Monthly Magazine, edited by ALBERT PIKE, Esq., assisted by other prominent Masonic writers. For sale by all Booksellers and Newsdealers. The trade supplied by

HENDRICKSON, BLAKE & LONG,
24 and 25 Ann Street, New York.

HOW TO DO GOOD AND "GET PAID FOR IT."—Take an Agency for our Publications. The most popular terms ever offered. Pamphlet sent FREE. FAMILY BIBLES will be glad to obtain some. Address FOWLER & WELLS, For particulars address 303 Broadway, N. Y.

JULY.

Oh, month of beauty! month of bloom!
Month of the sweetest twilight skies,
Of richest color and perfume,
Of most melodious harmonies!
The meadow lark springs up to heaven,
The mellow tiltbird through the air,
And all of Flora's wealth means given
To deck the radiant month she bears.

The poppy tints its red cup high,
The wild grape scents its rustic hedge;
And the bright-bodied dragon fly
Skims o'er the water's glassy edge.
The bobolink now perch beneath the corn,
The quail among the shorn husk wads of fire;
To shady nooks the catfish run,
And coolness is the first desire.

Coolness for body and for brain,
Because of toil and zephyr clothes,
Which seeks the cool in any shade—
The Sirrim, whose gallant banner flows
From three luxurious marmoreal piles.
In FLYING STREET—their store behold
Whose Summer Clothes "is all the styles,"
FOR MEN AND BOYS ARE CHEAPEST SOLD!

"Twin Families of Fashion."

ONE PRICE—NO DEVIATION.

The Price is marked on all the Goods in Plain Figures.

SMITH BROTHERS,

The Marble Stores,

122, 138, and 140

Fulton Street,

Between Broadway & William St.,

THOMAS SMITH, Jr.,
ROBERT L. SMITH,
J. SMITH RICE.

NEW YORK.

R'THUR'S

PATENT SELF-SEALING

Fruit Cans & Jars,

"These celebrated Cans and Jars," says the editor of the Lady's Book, "are the best introduced, and, by all odds, the most economical for

canning fruits general use. Thousands of housekeepers, we in put directions, were baffled by other Cans and Jars, and who lost more or less of their fruit in consequence, will be glad to learn that ARTHUR'S never fail."

They are made of Tin, Glass, and Earthenware.

ARTHUR, BURNHAM, & GILROY,
Manufacturers and Importers,
Nos. 117 and 119 S. Tenth St. Philadelphia.

Also, unanimously awarded the Medal for the Tightest Stitch, of the celebrated "OLD DOMINION" COFFEE & TEA-POTS.

RIMMEL'S BOUQUET — ALL THE YEAR ROUND, and WOOD VIOLET, are the leading Perfumes at the Paris Exhibition.
Sold by all the Trade.
E. RIMMEL, *Perfumer, London and Paris.*

LECTURES FOR 1859—60.—TO MANAGERS OF YOUNG MEN'S ASSOCIATIONS, INSTITUTES, LYCEUMS, &c., &c.

As the Subscriber is desirous of soon making his arrangements for Lectures to be delivered in this country the next Autumn and Winter season, 1859-60, he respectfully requests the Committees of any other Cities and Towns interested,

FRANK BUCKMAN, 54 West 17th Street, New York.
June 16, 1859.

RIMMEL'S TOILET VINEGAR is far superior to Eau de Cologne as a lotion for the head or bath, a reviving Perfume and a powerful Disinfectant.
Sold by all the Trade.
E. RIMMEL, *Perfumer, London and Paris.*

DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM.
DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM.
DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM.
The Remedy of the Times.
The Remedy of the Day.
The Remedy of the Season.

Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Asthma,
Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Croup,
Inflammation of the Throat, Lungs, and Chest,
and Consumption, are all cured by this invaluable remedy.

Beware of Counterfeits, and purchase only that having the written signature of "I. BUTTS," as well as the printed one of the Proprietors, BUTH. W. FOWLE & SON, 138 Tremont Street, Boston, on the outer wrapper.

BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.
BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.
BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.
Sold everywhere.

RIMMEL'S WHITE ALMOND SOAP and FAMILY BAR SOAP are confidently recommended for their emollient properties and delightful scent.
Sold by all the Trade.
E. RIMMEL, *Perfumer, London and Paris.*

$2 50 PER QUARTER. ASHLAND INST. MUSICAL ACADEMY, Catskill Mountains. Both sexes. Students can enter any time. For particulars, address Mrs. HEYER & FAY, A.M., Ashland, N. Y., or D. G. HUBBARD, 581, 62 Broadway.

COZZENS'

West Point Hotel

is

NOW OPEN.

LA TOURETTE HOUSE,
BERGEN POINT, HUDSON CO., N. J.
Wesley W. Hitt, Gen'l Manager, late of Metropolitan.

This fashionable *Summer Hotel* is beautifully situated on the borders of the Bay, and opposite Staten Island. Excellent *bathing, boating, fishing, and farming* in the immediate vicinity. Convenient with their families visiting New York, will find *this House* as convenient as a hotel in town, as it is distant no longer time (only 35 minutes by Steamboat) to reach it, than to go from South Ferry to Union Square.

LAKE HOPATCONG HOUSE, AT LAKE HOPATCONG, NOW OPEN.

Gentlemen with their families, or single gentlemen, can make arrangements for Summer Board at reasonable rates. Parties wishing that fine amusement, viz. "GOOD FISHING," can enjoy it at this beautiful place to perfection; also, GOOD BATHING. It is but a short *half hours' ride* from New York, by Morris and Essex Railroad, to Lake Hopatcong station, where stages will be in waiting to convey passengers to the House, a distance of three miles. Post Office address—Jefferson, Morris county, N. J. H. DAVIS.

CONGRESS HALL,

Saratoga Springs.

This well-kept and fashionable HOTEL IS NOW OPEN for the Season. Apartments can be engaged by addressing the Proprietors,

HATHORN & MARCHIAL.

Long Branch, N. J.

Howland's Hotel,

is

Now Open for the Season.

Ohio White Sulphur Springs,

OPEN TO VISITORS SEEKING HEALTH OR PLEASURE,
ON AND AFTER THE 1st OF JUNE NEXT.

ACCOMMODATIONS for OVER 600 VISITORS.

THE OHIO WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS are situated in Delaware County, Ohio, 15 miles from Columbus, the Capital of Ohio, on the Scioto River.

The medicinal qualities of these Springs are warranted by those of any other Mineral Waters in the United States.

For Rooms or other Information, address
ANDREW WELCH,
White Sulphur Springs, Ohio.

INTERNATIONAL HOTEL, NIAGARA FALLS.

ROBERT A COLEMAN, late of the firm of COLEMAN & STETSON, of the Astor House, New York, is finally engaged in the above Hotel, and will be pleased to receive his friends. FREDERICK W. COLEMAN, opened the above-named elegant house, which, having been enlarged and refitted, is now considered by travelers to visitors at this the grandest of watering places.

TRENTON FALLS.

This most picturesque of the WATER FALLS OF AMERICA can now be reached at a small expense from Utica by Railroad.

N. B. Three trains a day.

EASTMAN'S

White Mountain Guide-Book.

Ross & Touset, Wholesale Agents, N. Y.

MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES—With Symphonies and accompaniments by Sir John Stephenson. In one volume, 8vo. Cloth, gilt edges, $1 50. Cloth, $2 50.
Published by OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.

Grover & Baker's

CELEBRATED

Noiseless Family Sewing Machines,

At Reduced Prices.

Offices of Exhibition and Sale—495 Broadway, New York; 18 Bummer Street, Boston; 180 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia; and 181 Baltimore Street, Baltimore; and 58 West Fourth Street, Cincinnati.

☞ SEND FOR A CIRCULAR. ☜

$30 PER MONTH.—Wanted in every State, good Canvassers and Agents at $30 per month and expenses paid.
For particulars send full address to S. F. FRENCH & CO., 151 Nassau Street, N. Y.

SANDS' SARSAPARILLA,

THE GREAT AMERICAN REMEDY

FOR PURIFYING THE BLOOD.

An unfailing remedy for Scrofula, cutaneous and biliary disorders.

Prepared and sold by A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists, 100 Fulton Street, New York.

Lord Byron's Worcestershire Sauce.

Is the TRUE Worcestershire Sauce. Is excellent for all purposes.
ASK FOR, and HAVE ONLY LORD BYRON'S.
Cast at every Hotel, and sold by all Grocers and Provision Dealers.
Wholesale and for Exportation by
CROSSE, BLACKWELL, JONES & CO.,
Soho Square, and 21 Broad Street, New York.
Sold Retail by the Grocers and Fruit Houses. Half Pints, 25 cents per bottle; Pints, 50 cents per bottle.

American Guano,

TO FARMERS AND DEALERS

In Guano. This Guano from Jarvis Island, in the Pacific Ocean, which has been proved to be the most valuable fertilizer ever discovered, is offered for sale at wholesale and retail at the office of the Company, 44 Wall Street, New York. For particulars address Jos. HESS, Secretary. For purchasers address C. S. MARSHALL, Prest. American Guano Co., 44 William Street, New York.

PIESSE & LUBIN'S
PLESSE & LUBIN
THE FLOWER OF THE DAY
KISS-ME-QUICK
FRANGIPANNI
Sold Everywhere.
from every flower that breathes a fragrance
SWEET SCENTS
THE FLOWER OF THE DAY
KISS-ME-QUICK
FRANGIPANNI
Sold Everywhere.
2 New Bond St. London.

PIESSE & LUBIN'S, PERFUMERY,

Sold by all Druggists in every city.

Wholesale Agent,
J. PHILLIPS,
87 *Pearl St.*
New York.

THE ECONOMIST

COOKING STOVE,
FOR WOOD OR COAL,
WITH OR WITHOUT OVEN.

This is the most valuable improvement that has been made in Cooking Stoves during the past twenty years.

THE SAND OVEN

Equalizes the heat on the same principle as the Bake Oven of ancient owners.

THE SAND OVEN

Retains the heat much longer than the fire gone out.

THE ECONOMIST

Warmers the Sand Oven, in shead of all competitors!

THE ECONOMIST

Will Roast, Bake and Steam Meats in the most perfect manner.

THE ECONOMIST

Is the most economical and durable Stove in the world.

THE ECONOMIST

Has a most perfect arrangement for broiling.

THE ECONOMIST

Heats water for the Bathing Room, &c., as quickly as any Stove, and at half the cost for fuel.

Do not fail to examine it! It is manufactured by W. & J. TREADWELL, PERRY & NORTON,
ALBANY, N. Y.,
And for sale everywhere.

Singer's Sewing Machines.

New Styles.
From $50 to $125.

SINGER'S FAMILY MACHINE, the prize of which is only $50, is a light and elegantly ornamented Machine, capable of performing, in the best style, all the sewing of a private family.

SINGER'S STANDARD MACHINES for manufacturing purposes are known to be without any successful rival in the market. Much has recently been published in regard to various Sewing Machines; Singer's Machines make the best stitch ever invented, and do it in the best manner. A great discount is made to clergymen.

Send for a copy of I. M. Singer & Co.'s Gazette, which contains full information about prices, sizes, etc., of Sewing Machines, and will be supplied gratis.

I. M. SINGER & CO.,
No. 458 Broadway, New York.

Charles Grobe's New Method

FOR THE

PIANO FORTE.

Mr. Grobe is so well known, that any remarks as to his qualifications would be superfluous. Suffice it to say, that he has produced in his *New Method* a work for instruction unsurpassed *superior to any other*. It is evidently the Book for the People, and as the result of the rips experience of the author, it is invaluable to Teacher or Pupil. Nothing is anticipated, nothing hurried. The Pupil is led by pleasant, attractive steps from easy to the desired end. The *Exercises* so often complained of in other Methods are entirely avoided, and the Pupil scholars believe it to be the most simple, clear, progressive, and judicious system of instruction extant. The work contains its *engraved hymns*, illustrating the different positions of the hands and fingers. The type is new and unusually beautiful and distinct. The paper is of the finest quality. Price, in boards, $2 50; in cloth, $3 00; in cloth, gilt edges, $3 50; mail, postage paid, on receipt of the marked price. The trade supplied. A handsome discount to Teachers and Seminaries.

FIRTH, POND & CO., 547 Broadway, New York.
LEE & WALKER, Philadelphia.

PROTESTANT FRENCH INSTITUTE for YOUNG GENTLEMEN, in New York, No. 48 East Fourth street, near Madison Park. Boarding and Day School, Classical and Commercial. This Institution is now engaged on the following terms. It presents a thorough course of instruction in all its branches, especially in the Spanish and German languages. The French is the language of the school. Comfortable accommodations for boarders. Terms moderate. Circulars, with testimonials, the manner of my pupils and of their parents entitled to the same, may be had. Prof. ELIE CHARLIER, Director.

References: Rev. Dr. F. Stowell,
Geneva, Rev. Dr. Morin d'Aubigné,
Washington, Hon. Lewis Cass, Secretary of State.
Boston, Prof. L. Agassiz.
Princeton, Prof. Henry.
New York, C. King, President of Columbia College.
New York, C. King, President of Columbia College.
New York, Rev. Dr. Adams, Pastor of the N. Y. University.
Rev. Dr. F. Hawks.

Ladies', Children's, and Infants' Summer Clothing, at

GENIN'S BAZAAR.

CHILDREN'S BLOUSES,
MARSEILLES CLOTH DRESSES,
LADIES' PRINTED MUSLIN ROBES,
RICH EMBROIDERED LAWN ROBES,
LADIES' BATHING DRESSES,
MISSES' MUSLIN DRESSES,
BOYS' MARSEILLES PANTS,
And a large and fashionable SUMMER CLOTHING.

Dress-making in all its branches, in greater variety than can be found elsewhere in the City.

GENIN'S BAZAAR, 513 Broadway.

Dr. S. P. Townsend's Sarsaparilla

IS THE

ONLY SARSAPARILLA

which will effectually eradicate disease from the body, restore a healthy action to the system, cleanse the blood, and thus cure the bowels.

BEWARE OF WORTHLESS IMITATIONS.

Be very careful to see that each wrapper bears the name of DR. S. P. TOWNSEND.
Certificate on the outside wrapper of each bottle.
Principal Depot 212 *Broadway, New York.*

TIFFANY & CO,

Importers & Manufacturers,
No. 550 Broadway, New York,
And Rue Richelieu, No. 79 Paris,
DIAMONDS, AND OTHER PRECIOUS STONES.
FINE JEWELRY, WATCHES.
SILVER WARE, PLATED WARE, TABLE CUTLERY;
CLOCKS, BRONZES, ARTISTIC CAST STATUETTES,
DESKS, DRESSING-CASES, WORK-BOXES, WRITING-DESKS,
PENS, DIAMOND PENCILS,
And many other Articles of Art and Luxury.

The only Agents in New York for the well known Chas. Frodsham's Watches, whose superiority over any other pocket time-piece ever made, has been universally established.

Every article is marked in plain figures the Lowest Price at which it will be sold.

The attention is called to strangers an invitation to examine stock, assuring all that a call will incur not the least obligation to purchase.

THE SUPERIOR QUALITY, long tested and delicious flavored

Mountain COFFEE,

Is for sale by
CUTHELL & CO
No. 8 Beaver
NEW YORK.

ELLIOT & PATTEN—Examine Inventions and procure Americ and Foreign Patents. *Patent and Mechanical Agency*, main entrance of Patent Office Building, Washington City, D. C.

HARPER & BROTHERS,

PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK,
Have just Published:

ABBOTT'S FRENCH REVOLUTION. The French Revolution of 1789, as viewed in the Light of Republican Institutions. By Jous S. C. Abbott, Author of "The History of Napoleon Bonaparte," "Napoleon at St. Helena," &c. With numerous Engravings. 8vo, Muslin, $2 00.

WALTER THORNLEY; or, A Peep at the Past. By the Author of "Allen Prescot" and "Alida." 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

THE COMPLETION OF

MISS STRICKLAND'S QUEENS OF SCOTLAND. Lives of the Queens of Scotland and English Princesses connected with the Royal Blood of the Stuarts. Edited By AGNES STRICKLAND. Vol. VIII. completing the work. 12mo, Muslin, $1 00; Sets in Muslin, $8 00; Half Calf, $14 00.

ANTHON'S CICERO DE OFFICIIS. M. T. Ciceronis de Officiis Libri Tres. With Marginal Analysis and an English Commentary. Edited for the Syraies of the University of New York, by the Rev. CHARLES ANTHON, LL.D., Vice-Principal of Christchurch College, Oxford, and Author of "A Classical Dictionary," &c. Cambridge. First American Edition, Corrected and Enlarged. By CHARLES ANTHON, LL.D. 12mo, Sheep extra, 75 cents.

THE WARS OF THE ROSES; or, Stories of the Struggle of York and Lancaster. By G. Lewis, Author of "The Boyhood of Great Men." "The Footprints of Famous Men," "Heroes of the Bye," &c. Illustrations. 16mo, Muslin, 60 cents.

COPLAND'S MEDICAL DICTIONARY. Complete in Two Volumes. 8vo, Muslin. Price, $6 00 per volume; Sheep, $8 00 per Volume.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS will send any of the above Works by Mail, postage paid (for any distance in the United States not over 3000 miles), on receipt of the Money.

☞ Every Number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE contains from 96 to 98 pages—and from one third to one half more reading than any other in the country.

A Splendid Number.

HARPER'S

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

FOR JULY.

Unquestionably it is the most sustained work of the kind in the language; that is to say, in the world. The splendid monthly steel plate from the Editor's Table are above price. The present number is equal to any yet issued, and will be found a most valuable key-note of prosperity to the work.—*N. Y. Christian Advocate and Journal.*

HARPER'S MAGAZINE is the favorite periodical of people's magazine. Sound in religion, conservative in politics, strong in taste, varied in its contents, brimming with sympathy and humor, and guided all the time by a purely common sense, it has won its way to the first rank. We rejoice in its prosperity.—*New Orleans Christian Advocate.*

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year $2 00
Two Copies for One Year 3 00
Three or more Copies for One Year (each) . . 2 00
And an Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of Ten Subscribers.
HARPER'S WEEKLY and HARPER'S MAGAZINE, together, one year, $4 00.
The Postage upon "HARPER'S MAGAZINE" must be paid at the Office where *it is received. The Postage is Thirty-five Cents a year.*
HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A FIRST-CLASS ILLUSTRATED PAPER.
THE BEST AND CHEAPEST
FAMILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD.
FIVE CENTS A NUMBER—$2 A YEAR.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS'S New Serial, entitled "A TALE OF TWO CITIES," Splendidly Illustrated by HOLMAN HUNT, commenced in HARPER'S WEEKLY for May 7, and will be continued from week to week until completed.

COPIES SENT GRATIS to Postmasters at Clubs Rates of Advertising, if only *Cards a Line.*

A Club of Five Persons will be entitled to a Copy gratis for three Months or more.

Any Persons living in the City of New York wishing HARPER'S WEEKLY left at their houses, will please send their names and residences, with the subscription money, to the Office of PUBLICATION.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

MRS. COLUMBIA AND HER HIRED MAN, LEWIS CASS.

MRS. COLUMBIA. "What's this I hear, Lewis, about your refusing to protect my Children when they're away from home?"

HIRED MAN LEWIS. "If you please, ma'm, I was afraid of getting you into difficulties."

MRS. COLUMBIA. "Afraid! Ah! I thought so. My poor Lewis! you are growing old, and I fear I must get a younger man for your place."

NOT A BAD NOTION.

AUGUSTUS. "Hallo! Fwed. What have you got on your leg?

FREDERICK. Fact is, my dear fellah, I've got to do the duhfel, and take my sistaws to a flowa-show. So—sw—you see, I've just been twying to invent a sawt of leg-guard, to—sw—ket as a pwotection of one's twousaws from the hoops!"

THE CITY MILK BUSINESS.

MARY, THE KITCHEN-MAID. "Why, John, what's the matter?"

MILKMAN. "Ah, Mary! if we don't have rain soon, I don't know what we'll do for Milk!"

"PRECISELY THE KIND OF BOOKS I WE SEEK WHEN GOING ON AN EXCURSION TO THE COUNTRY—TO BE READ UNDER THE COOL SHADE OF A TREE, WITH A BROOK GURGLING AT YOUR FEET, AND THE LEAVES WHISPERING OVER HEAD."

ACADIA. By Fred. S. Cozzens. 1 vol., cloth. $1.

FRUITS, FLOWERS, AND FARMING. By Henry Ward Beecher. $1.25.

PICTURES OF COUNTRY LIFE. By Alice Cary. $1.

NOTES FROM BEECHER'S DISCOURSES. $1.

MME. LE VERT'S SOUVENIRS OF TRAVEL. $2.

THE METHODIST. By Miriam Fletcher. 2 vols. $2.

THE SPARROWGRASS PAPERS. New Edition. $1.

DERBY & JACKSON, Publishers,
New York.

Love (L'Amour).
Translated from M. Michelet's great French work. 1 vol. 12mo. 75 cents.

Is an excellent retelling more lively interest and curiosity throughout the book than in this. Praised by some, and condemned by others, it is a treatise to be read by all. A 60th edition printing. One volume, bound in cloth, $1. ☞ Sent by mail, postage paid, on receipt of the price, by RUDD & CARLETON, Publishers,
130 Grand Street, New York.

BININGER'S
OLD LONDON DOCK
GIN

Established in 1720.

Designed for the use of the *Medical Profession* and the *Family*, possessing those intrinsic medicinal properties which belong to an old and *Pure Gin*. Put up in quart bottles, and sold by all prominent Druggists.

A. M. BININGER & CO.,
SOLE PROPRIETORS,
No. 343 Broadway, N. Y.

Curtis' Cure for Baldness.
This remedy is reliable; contains no oil, lead, or sulphur; it has been tested in Boston, Providence, and the City of New York. CURTIS, Proprietor, Providence, R. I. Sold by S. M. Gates, 121 Bowery; J. & J. Coddington, 715 Broadway; W. H. Lewis, 537 Greenwich street; John Jones, 123 Hudson street, New York; Mrs. Hayes; G. P. Miles; and Reynolds & Co., Brooklyn; P. Sellew, Jersey City; L. T. Merrell, Newark.

BARNES & PARK, Nos. 13 and 15 Park Row,
And all Druggists. General Agents.

Vest not inflated.

Vest inflated.

DELANO
Life-Preserving Coat and Vest Company.
Incorporated Jan. 1859.
Capital $120 000

MANUFACTURERS OF ALL KINDS OF
Life-Preserving Garments
FOR ORDINARY WEAR,
Safety Bathing Dresses, Children's Swimming Jackets, &c. &c.

OFFICE and SALESROOM, 256 BROADWAY, (Opposite City Hall)
NEW YORK.

DR. J. B. MARCHISI'S
CELEBRATED
UTERINE CATHOLICON
For the Relief and Cure of Suffering Females.

With such universal distress and suffering as saddens the female life, a really good Medicine must be their best friend. Obstructions, Irregularities, Painful Menstruations, Discharges, Uterations, Falling Womb, Leucorrhœa, &c., constantly effected by Dr. Marchisi's Catholicon, gives it a reputation and popularity never obtained by any other article. It does what it promises, and can be relied upon. When every thing has been tried, the best physicians consulted, years spent in anguish, and fortunes wasted, this Catholicon has restored health to the patient and gladness to the female. It is active and efficient in any form of disease peculiar to the female sex, and should never be dispensed with previous to and after confinement. Numerous letters testify that it is

NEVER TAKEN WITHOUT BENEFIT.

Daughters, Wives and Mothers! this medicine will entail no ill health, but will restore your system, and as evidence of its efficacy, the money will be refunded where results are not as indicated. A pamphlet, with symptoms, treatment, letters, &c., sent gratis by mail, or delivered at the counter of any agent. Do not confound Dr. Marchisi with any other name. It can be had in most every town. If not found, it can be sent by express. Price $2 per bottle, or 3 bottles for $5. Notice Removal Address,

BARNES & PARK, General Agents,
13 and 15 PARK ROW, N. Y.

E. A. BROOKS,
575 Broadway & 150 Fulton Street.
A splendid Assortment of Ladies', Gentlemen's, and Children's Boots, Shoes and Gaiters.

☞ Something New!!! ☜
A Gift Enterprise conducted upon a Liberal and Impartial Plan!!!!!

The most Liberal, Punctual, and Reliable
GIFT BOOK ENTERPRISE
IN EXISTENCE.

The best evidence of this is the fact of its being the only one that stands endorsed by the Press of the City in which it is located.

We are not only known as the LEADING Firm of our own city, but by many of the most respectable and influential papers throughout the country.

H. E. HOYT & CO.'S
GREAT
GIFT BOOK STORE,
No. 41 Baltimore Street,
Baltimore, Md.
Headquarters for Southern and Western Orders.
WRITE FOR A CATALOGUE FOR 1859,
IT CONTAINS THE
LARGEST LIST of Useful, Ornamental and Valuable Gifts ever Published!
☞ GREATER INDUCEMENTS TO AGENTS than ever before offered by any other establishment in the United States.

A Gift worth from Fifty Cents to
One Hundred Dollars
ACCOMPANIES EVERY BOOK.

Postmasters, Country Merchants, Booksellers, Librarians of Universities, Academies, Private and Circulating Libraries, Schools,

And all others whose business will enable them, are respectfully solicited to BECOME OUR AGENTS.

Catalogues giving full particulars mailed free to any address.

WHAT THE PRESS SAY.

They have a magnificent assortment of Books and have prepared them to meet with immediate sale. Gifts to be distributed among their c'ronge of friends and customers at large."—*Balt. Sun.*

Not only may a selection be made of any class work, but with it the purchaser is sure to receive some article of Jewelry, which in many cases proves quite valuable.—*Balt. Daily Exchange.*

They make no promises that are not performed strictly to the letter, and by their punctuality entailing new obligations, have gained the entire confidence of all our country friends with whom they deal.—*Balt. Patriot.*

To a young lady acquaintance of ours postmarked by a Book of this establishment, a few days since, and received a double-toned Gold Watch, *valued at one hundred dollars.*—*Balt. Clipper.*

The success which attends the Gift Book House of Messrs. H. E. Hoyt & Co. has no precedent in the annals of Gift Enterprises.—*Republican and Argus.*

Call and see them, and our word for it, you will not regret your visit.—*Balt. Sunday Mercury.*

The inducements to the Southern and Western people to make their purchases of Messrs. Hoyt & Co. are much greater than can be offered by any house of the kind in the United States. Freight from Baltimore is not heavy, packing free, and the immense order they have done by this firm is a guarantee of their fulfillment of promise.—*Family Journal.*

It is, in a moral, guiding books for nothing and have paid to take them away.—*Examiner.*

All orders will be promptly and impartially filled, and forwarded within one day after being received, with Gifts, in all cases, will accompany the Books, with a written certificate to the person sending the order.

Remember, no Gifts distributed of less value than 50 cents, or more than $100 00.

Address H. E. HOYT & CO.,
No. 41 Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. III.—NO. 134.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1859. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

MAGENTA.

I.

UNDER the willows; in the trampled maize;
Midst up-torn vines, and shatter'd mulberry rows;
In vine-fields, corn-fields, ditches by dusty ways,
And cottage-crofts, where the gold gourd-flower blows—
Swathes of Death's scythe, wielded for two long days—
The dead lie thick and still: foes all at peace with foes.

II.

So many nameless dead! no meed of glory
For all this blood, so freely pour'd, is theirs;
Yet each life was dear to many in its story
Of hopes and loves and hates, of joys and cares.
Of these unhonor'd sleepers, grim and gory,
Who knows out of the world how much each with him bears?

III.

These were all sons or sires; husbands or brothers;
Bread-winners, most of them, for homes afar.
This a sick father's stay; *that* a blind mother's;
For *him* in Paris, 'neath the evening star,
A loving heart its care in labor smothers,
Till taught by arms of price, how far they strike—*how far!*

IV.

Cry! let the poor soul wrestle with the woe
Of that bereavement. Who takes thought of her?
Through the illumined streets the triumphs go;
Under her window waving banners stir,
And shouting crowds to Nôtre Dame that flow.
Hide, mourner, hide the tears which might such triumphs blur!

A GOOD FIGHT.

BY CHARLES READE.

AUTHOR OF "LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

Not a day passes over the earth but men and women of no note do great deeds, speak great words, and suffer noble sorrows. Of these obscure heroes, philosophers, and martyrs, the greater part will never be known till their names are read out aloud. Their records will be small, and the small great: but of others the world's knowledge may be said to sleep. Their lives and characters lie hidden from nations in the very annals that record them. The general reader can not feel them, they are presented so curtly and coldly: they are not life breathing stories upspringing in his mind, but little historic bulk-stones striking him only to glance off his bosom: nor can he understand them; for epitomes are not narratives, as skeletons are not human figures.

This records of prime truths sometimes remain a dead letter to plain folk; the writers have little power to rise to the imagination, and imagination is so rare a gift. Here, then, the writer of fiction may be of use to the public—as interpreter.

There is a musty chronicle, written in tolerable Latin, and in it a chapter where every sentence holds a fact. Here is told, with harsh brevity, the strange history of a pair, who lived untrumpeted, and died unsung, four hundred years ago; and lie now, as unpriced, in that stern page, as fossils in a rock. Thus living or dead, fate is still unjust to them. Yet if I can but show you what is involved in that dry chronicler's words, methinks you will correct the indifference of centuries, and give those two sore-tried souls a place in your heart for a few weeks.

It was past the middle of the fifteenth century, Louis XI. was sovereign of France; Edward IV. was wrongful King of England; and Philip "the Good," having by force and cunning dispossessed his cousin Jacqueline, and broken her heart, reigned unobstructed this many years in Holland, where our tale begins.

Gerard, and Catherine his wife, lived in the little town of Tergou. He traded, wholesale and retail, in cloth, silk, brown holland, and, above all, in carried leather, a material highly valued by the middling people, because it would stand twenty years' wear, and turn a knife if not fresh sharpened; no small virtue in a jerkin of that century, in which folk were so liberal of their stuff; even at dinner a man would leave his meat a while, and carve you his neighbor, on a very moderate difference of opinion.

The couple were well to do, and would have been free from all earthly care, but for sins children. When these were coming into the world, one per annum, each was hailed with rejoicings, and the Saints were thanked, not expostulated with; and when parents and children were all young together, the latter were looked upon as lovely little playthings invented by Heaven for the amusement, *joy*, and evening solace, of people in business.

But as the olive branches shot up, and the parents grew older, and saw with their own eyes the fate of large families, misgivings and care mingled with their love. They belonged to a singularly wise and prudent people: in Holland readers parents were as rare as disobedient children. So now when the huge loaf came in on a gigantic trencher, looking like a fortress in its most, and, the tour of the table once made, seemed to have melted away, Gerard and Catherine would look at one another and say, "Who is to find bread for them all when we are gone?"

At this observation the younger ones needed all their filial respect to keep their little faces countenanced; for their mother's opinion dinner and supper came by nature like sunrise and sunset, and, so long as that luminary should travel round the earth, so long must the brown loaf go round their family circle, or the little stomachs only to rise again in the family oven. But the remark awakened the deeper forethought in Gerard and Catherine, and being often repeated set several of the family thinking, some of them good thoughts, some of them bad ones, according to the nature of the thinkers.

"Kate, the children grow on, this table will be too small."

"We can not afford it, Gerard," replied Catherine, answering not his words, but his thought, after the manner of wives.

Their anxiety for the future took at times a less dismal but more mortifying turn. The free burghers had their pride as well as the nobles; and these two would not hear that any of their blood should go down in the burgh after their decease.

So by gentilesse, and skilful trade they managed to clothe all the little bodies, and feed all the great mouths, and yet put by a small hoard to meet the future; and, as it grew, and grew, they felt a pleasure like that of successful authorship in doing it.

One day the eldest boy but one, aged nineteen, came to his mother, and, with that natural composure which has so misled some persons as to the real nature of this people, begged her to intercede with his father to send him to Amsterdam, and place him with a merchant. "It is the way of life that likes me: merchants are wealthy; I am good at numbers; prithee, good mother, take my part in this, and I shall owe you all I can now, good mother."

Catherine threw up her hands with dismay and incredulity. "What, leave Tergou!"

"What is one street to me more than another? *If* I can leave the folk of Tergou, I can surely leave the stones."

"What! abandon your poor father when he is no longer young?"

"Mother, if I can leave you, I can leave him."

"What, leave your poor brothers and sisters that love you to dear?"

"There are enough in the house without me."

"What mean you, Richard? Who is more thought of than you? Stay, have I spoken sharp to you? Have I been unkind to you?"

"Never that I know of; and if you had, you should never hear of it from me. Mother," said Richard proudly, but the tear was in his eye, "it all lies in a word. And nothing can change my mind. There will be one mouth less for you to feed."

"There now, see what my tongue has done," said Catherine, and the next moment she began to cry. For she saw her first young bird on the edge of the nest trying his wings to fly into the world. Richard had a calm, strong will, and she knew he never wasted a word.

It ended as nature has willed all such discourse shall end: young Richard went to Amsterdam with a face so long and sad as it had never been seen before, and a heart like granite.

That afternoon at supper there was one mouth less. Catherine looked at Richard's chair and wept silently. On his Gerard comforted roughly and angrily to the children, "Sit wider! can't ye: sit wider?" and turned his head away over the back of his seat a while, and was silent.

Richard was launched; and never cost them another penny: but to him out, and back to him left Tergou directly after dinner, which meant, took all the little hoard but one gold crown. They began again. Two years passed. Richard found a niche in commerce for himself near Amsterdam. And left Tergou directly after dinner, which was at eleven in the forenoon. At supper that day Gerard remembered what had happened the last time; so he said in a low whisper, "Sit wider, dears!" Now, until that moment, Catherine *would* not see the gap at table, for her daughter Catherine had besought her not to grieve to-night, and she had said, "No, sweet-heart, I promise I will not, since it vexes my children." But when Gerard whispered "sit wider!" says she, "Ay! the table will soon be too big for the children; and you thought it would be too small;" and having delivered this with forced calmness, she put up her apron the next moment and wept sore.

"'Tis the best that leave us," sobbed she; "that is the cruel part."

"Nay! nay!" said Gérard, "our children are good children, and all are dear to us alike. Hesh her not! What God takes from us still seems better than what he spares to us; that is to say, men are by nature unthankful—and women silly."

"And I say Richart and Jacob were the flower of the flock," sobbed Catherine.

The little coffer was empty again, and to fill it they gathered like ants. In these days speculation was pretty much confined to the card-and-dice business. Gerard knew no way to wealth but the slow and sure one. "A penny saved is a penny gained," was his humble creed. All that was not required for the business, and the necessaries of life, went into the little coffer with steel bands and florid key. They denied themselves in turn the humblest luxuries, and then, catching one another's looks, smiled; perhaps with a greater joy than self-indulgence has to bestow. And so in three years more they had gleaned enough to set up their fourth son as a master tailor, and their eldest daughter as a robe-maker, in Tergou. Here were two more provided for: their own trade would enable them to throw work into the hands of this pair. But the coffer was drained to the dregs, and this time the step too bled a little in goods if not in coin.

Alas! there remained on hand two that were unable to get their bread, and two that were unwilling. The unable ones were: 1. Giles, a dwarf, of the wrong sort, half stability half malice, all head and claws and vows, run from by dogs and unprejudiced females, and sided with through thick and thin by his mother; 2. Little Catherine, a poor girl that could only move on crutches. She lived in pain, but smiled through it, with her marble face and violet eyes and long silky lashes; and fretful or reposing word never came from her lips. The unwilling ones were Sylvandi, the youngest, a never-do-well, too much in love with play to work, and Cornelie, the eldest, who had made calculations of his own, and stuck to the hearth, waiting for dead men's shoes. Almost worn out by their repeated efforts, and above all dispirited by the moral and physical infirmities of those they now remained on hand, the anxious couple would often say, "What will become of all these when we shall be no longer here to take care of them?" But when they had said this a good many times, suddenly the domestic horizon cleared, and then they used still to say it, because a habit is a habit, but they uttered it half mechanically now, instead of despondingly, and added brightly and cheerfully, "but thanks to St. Bavon and all the saints, there's Gerard!"

CHAPTER II.

YOUNG Gerard was for many years of his life a ton apart and distinct; object of no fears and no great hopes. No fears; for he was going into the Church; and the Church could always maintain her children by book or by crook in those days: no great hopes, because his family had no interest with the great to get him a benefice, and the young man's own habits were frivolous, and, indeed, such as our cloth merchant would not have put up with in any son but a clerk that was to be. His two main trivialities were reading and penmanship, and he was so wrapped up in them that often he could hardly be got away to his meals. The day was never long enough for him: and he carried even a tinder-box and brimstone matches, and begged ends of candles of the neighbors, which he lighted at unreasonable hours—ay, even at eight of the clock at night in winter, when the very Burgomaster was abed. Endured at home, his practices were encouraged by the monks of a neighboring convent. They had taught him penmanship, and continued to teach him, until one day they discovered, in the middle of a lesson, that he was teaching

them. They pointed this out to him in a merry way; he hung his head and blushed: he had vowed it to none himself, but mistrusted his judgment in that matter. "But, my son," said an elderly monk, "how is it that you, to whom God has given an eye so true, a hand so supple yet firm, and a love of these beautiful crafts, how is it you do not color as well as write? a scroll looks but tarnen unless a border of fruit, and leaves, and rich arabesques surround the part of words, and charm the sense when done do the soul and understanding; to say nothing of the picture of holy men and women depicted, with their robes of several colors adorned, and not alone the eye soothed with the brave and noble figures of God's son, but the heart lifted by effigies of the Saints in glory. Answer me, my son."

At this Gerard was confused, and muttered that he had made several trials at illuminating, but had not succeeded well, and then the matter ended.

Soon after this a fellow-enthusiast came on the scene in the unwonted form of an old lady. She was a widow, and the survivor of the beautiful Van Eyck, left Flanders, and came to end her days in her native country. She bought a small house near Tergou. In course of time she heard of Gerard, and saw some of his handiwork: it pleased her so well that she sent for the young servant, Richt Heynes, to ask him to come to her. This led to an acquaintance, which could hardly be expected in little Tergou had never held so many as two subjects of this sort before. At each visit she pulled out of holes and corners drawings and paintings, some of them by her own hand, which seemed to him unapproachable; but if the artist overpowered him, the woman took his heart by storm. She and Richt soon turned him inside out like a glove. Among other things, they drew from him what his parents could hardly tell her, that the reason why he did not illuminate, viz., that he could not afford the gold, the lapis, and the red, but only the cheap carbo; and that he was afraid to ask his mother to buy the choice colors, and was sure to shrink from such a task. The widowed Van Eyck gave him a little brush-gold, and some vermilion, and ultramarine, and a gentle but incisive lecture on his sins. He almost adored her. As he left the house Richt ran after him with a candle and a quarter; he quite declined the last but better even than the gold and lapis lazuli to the illuminator was sympathy in one of his own enthusiasm. That sympathy was always ready, and, as he returned it, an affection sprung up between the pupil and the young woman of genius that was doubly characteristic of the time. For this was a century in which the line which parted higher mechanical arts were not separated by any distinct boundary, nor were those who practiced them; and in an age in which architecture was cut and loved one another. Should this last statement stagger a reader, he or writer of such a view be remind him that Christians loved one another at first starting.

Backed by an acquaintance so venerable, and strengthened by female sympathy, Gerard advanced in learning and skill. His spring, his "Annunciation," his well looked behind him when dragged to dinner in the middle of an initial G; but once seated between social qualities I shall be a poor gossip, that hot hilarity but peeped in him, those coy, and often so fat to us, were not to his taste. He sat there, sometimes with his own wit, sometimes with jests which were glossy new to his family, being drawn with antiquity.

As a return for all he owed his friends the monks, he made them exquisite copies from the best and choicest MSS., viz., the life of their founder, and their Consolies of Terence, the "monastery finding the vellum.

The high and puissant Prince, Philip "the Good," Duke of Burgundy, Lucsenburg, and Brabant, Earl of Holland and Zealand, Lord of Friesland, Count of Flanders, Artois, and Burgundy, Lord of Salins and Mackyn—was versatile.

He could fight as well as any king; and he could lie as well as any except the King of France. He was a mighty hunter, and could read and write. His tastes were wide and high. He delighted jewels like a woman, and gorgeous apparel. He dearly loved a suite of learned and intriguing generally; in proof of which he ennobled Jon Van Eyck. He had also a particular fancy for giants, dwarfs, and fools. These last he had at his court about him, turbaned, and blazing with jewels. His agents took them from Islamism and the Latin provinces; but the moment he had got them he baptized them by brute force in a large tub; and, this done, let them squat with their fellow-lovers Mecca, and invoke Mahound as much as they pleased. Another of his vices or odd complexity in fancying they were still infidels. He had long in cages, and fed leopards trained by Orientals to run down human game. In short, he patronized all curities, except human virtues. For any thing slightly angelic or diabolically wise he had his spear-cutter. The best of him was, he was open-handed to the poor; and the next best was, he fostered genius to turnout: whether it was a good a signal proof. He offered prizes for the best specimens of "gothering" in iron-work, religious and secular; item for the best paintings in white of egg, oils, and tempera; there to be on point, silk, or metal, as the artists chose: item for the best transparent painting on glass: item for the best illuminating and border-painting on vellum: item for the fairest writing on vellum. The Burgomasters of the several towns were commanded to aid all the poorer competitors by receiving their specimens and sending them with due care to Rotterdam at the expense of their several burghs. When this was tried by the helluan through the streets of Tergou, a thousand mouths opened, and one heart beat—Gerard's. He told his family he should try for two of those prizes. They stared in silence, for their breath was gone at his cruel and audacity; but one horrid laugh exploded on the floor like a pistol. Gerard looked down, and there was the scurf, whom very whisper was a bassoon, all convulsed from end to end of his fat person, and laughing like a lion. Nature relenting at having made Giles so small, had given him as a set-off the biggest voice on record. He was like those stunted wile-mouthed pieces of ordnance we see on fortifications; they are more like a forcemeat than a cannon; but oils tympana how they bellow!

Gerard turned red with anger, the more so as the others began to titter. "Master Cathedine saw, with a pink face, your perceptible contempt for Giles. She said softly, "Why do you laugh? Is it because he is our brother? Giles is not to be laughed at." Gerard, try with the rest. Many are you are skilful; and mother and I will pray the Virgin to give you luck."

"Thank you, little Kate. You shall pray to our Lady, and our mother shall buy vellum and the colors to illuminate with."

"What will they cost?"

"Two gold crowns" (about three shillings and fourpence English money).

"What?" screamed the housewife; "when the "landed at ports to get a groat." What! me spend a month's meal and meat and fire on such vanity as that! the lighting from heaven is not for you, me, and my children would all be beggars."

"Mother!" sighed little Catherine, reproachfully.

"Oh! it is vain, Kate," said Gerard, with a sigh. "I shall have to give it up, or ask the dame Van Eyck. She would give it me, but I think shame to be forever taking favors from her."

"It is not her wife," said Catherine, very softly: "what has she to do coming between me and my son?" And she left the room with a red face. Little Giles smiled. Nature's balance-master, who returned with a gracious, affectionate air, and the two little gold pieces in his hand.

"There, neighbors," said she, "you won't have to trouble dame or domicile for two paltry crowns."

But on this Gerard fell a thinking how he could spare her purse.

"One will do, mother. I will ask the good monks to let me send my copy of their 'Terence:' it is on paper now, and I can have it on vellum; so then I shall only need six sheets of vellum for my borders and miniatures, and not seven, as now, perhaps seven—one even will do."

"Never spoil the ship for want of a bit of tar, Gerard," said his housewife sharply. "You are skilled, I "Well, there, I will put the crown in my pocket. That won't be like putting it in the purse. But I ought to be back to take out instead of putting in —it is like going to my heart with a knife for so many days! Ah, Gerard, you are a cruel son to your mother."

Gerard. The house is never built for less than the builder counted on."

Sure enough, when the time came, Gerard longed to go to Rotterdam and see the Duke, and looked on to the work he had done, and hoped to get a lesson from defeat. And the crown came out of the housewife's pocket with a little more reluctance. Gerard would soon be a priest. It seemed hard if he might not enjoy the world a little before separating forever from it.

The day before he went, Jacqueline Van Eyck asked him to take a letter for her, and as she gave it to him said, in answer to his surprise he found it was addressed to the Princess Marie, at the Stadthaus, in Rotterdam.

The day before the prizes were to be distributed, Gerard started for Rotterdam thus equipped; he had a double suit of clothes, and his hair cut short in a jerkin of the same over it, but without sleeves. From his waistband to his knees he was clad in the tight-hitting buckskin hose fastened by laces (called points) to his doublet. His shoes were pointed, in slenderness, and secured by a ring of polished steel der the hollow of the foot. On his head and the back of his neck he wore his flowing hair, long, pinned to his back between his shoulders was his hat; it was further secured by a purple silk ribbon little Kate had passed through the slits of the crest of the hat, and knotted neatly on his breast; below his hat, attached to the crown of the hat, was a broad veil, but, with leathern wallet. When he got within a league of Rotterdam he was pretty tired, but he had kept up with a party that were on foot. He found an old man sitting by the roadside quite worn out, and relieved him of his knapsack, taking his hand, with a face full of concern. The country people trudged by and noticed nothing amiss; but when they had passed, three women, three dress tells a tale to those who study it so closely as our illuminator. He went to Mass, and was worn a gown, and a fur tippet, and a velvet cap, rare signs of dignity; but the triangular parts of his hose were cut away in such a way as to show rare signs of poverty. The young woman was dressed in plain woman's attire, but Gerard soon perceived that part of her neck the gown left visible, and coiled half-way up her white throat in a little band of fine embroidery; and that the material of the gown was of the best. Gerard, instead of hiding her hair in a pile of lace or horn, as most women were obliged to accord with silver spangles at the interstices; in the her glossy auburn hair was rolled in front into a wave, and was supported behind by a barbaric and shapely mass. His quick eye took in all this, and the old man's deadly pallor, and the tears in the young woman's eyes. So when he had passed them a few yards, he reflected, and turned back, and came toward the old man.

"Father, I fear you are tired."

"Ah, son, I am sick," replied the old man "and faint for lack of food."

Gerard's address did not appear so agreeable to the girl as to the old man. She seemed ashamed, and with much reserve in her manner said, that it was her fault; she had unfortunate the distance, and imprudently allowed her father to start too late in the day.

"No! no!" said the old man; "it is not the distance, it is the want of nourishment."

At this hint her arm came round his neck, with tender concern, but took that opportunity of whisper-ing. "Father, a stranger—a young man!"

But it was too late. Gerard, with great simplicity, and quite as a matter of course, fell to gathering sticks with great expedition. This done, he took down his wallet, cut with the munched a bread and the iron flask his careful mother had put up, and his everlasting tinder-box; lighted a match, then a candle end, then the sticks; and put his iron flask on it. Then down he went on his stomach and blew a good blow at them himself, up, he saw the girl's face had thawed, and she was looking down on him and his proceedings with interest.

He laughed back to her: "Mind the pot," said he, "and don't let it spill, for Heaven's sake! there's a deal of good in that pot." He was busy with this he set off running toward a corn-field at some distance. While he was gone, the girl, who, as a male with rich purple housings, an old man reclolen with wealth. He gazed at his girdle and purse jubilee, for on his left hand was a broad and new.

It was Gerard-Van Swieten, the Burgomaster of Tergou. He was old, and his face fortrowed. He was a notorious miser, and looked grave enough. But the idea of presenting the Duke raised him just now into manifest complacency. He turned sight of the field of old men and his bright daughter sitting by a fire of sticks, the smile died out of his face, and he wore a strange look of anguish and wrath. He rejoined his mule.

"Why, Peter—Margaret—" said he, almost fiercely, "what scoundrel is this?" The girl answered in answer, but Margaret interposed hastily, and said: "My father was exhausted, so I am warmthing something to give him strength before he can on." "What, reduced to feed by the roadside like the Bohemians," said the Burgomaster, in a voice of thunder. "Into your purse; but it did not seem at home there, it fumbled uncertainly, afraid too large a coin might stick to a finger and betray it.

At this moment who should come bounding up but Gerard! He had two crowns in his hand, and he threw himself down by the fire, and relieved Margaret of the cooking part; then suddenly remembering the Burgomaster, he pulled away Glyshrecht Van Swieten started and glared at him, and took his hand out of his purse. "Gerard Wright of Berlin. In that dispatch, Mr. Wright is directed to claim the release of a native of Hanover, who has been arrested and imprisoned by the United States, returned lately to Hanover, and was there deprived of his liberty and compelled to do military duty. Such is the dispatch to Mr. Wright, Mr. Cass observes:

"What right do our laws confer upon a foreigner residing in the United States? Clearly none. All the privileges, and immunities which belong to a native citizen, in the exercise of his political functions, that under the Constitution 'no person except a naturalized citizen is eligible to the office of President.' With the exception the naturalized citizen from and afterwards of naturalization, both in peace and war, is placed upon the very same footing with the native citizen."

"The moment a foreigner becomes naturalized, he acquires all the native citizen. Residence for a few experiences a new political birth. A bread and important line separates him from his former status. It is no more responsible for any thing he may say or do, or omit to say or do, than the native citizen by his side, if he had been born in the United States. Should he return to his native country, he returns as an American citizen, and in no other character."

"A future liability to serve in the army will not be sufficient (to entitle his original government to call him), because, although he may arrive for such service, he has changed his allegiance, and has become a citizen of the United States, and has acquired a national stand that a boy, brought to this country from a foreign country with his father's consent, but before the years of age and naturalized here, who should afterward visit his country of his birth with the father's consent, might then be seized and compelled to perform military service, because the father's consent was given during intervening years and his title had been spurred, he would have been born to perform military service. Such a right to such a principle would be to make an odious distinction between naturalized and native citizens."

As far as this goes, it is excellent and admirable. If the Secretary had taken this stand at first, there would have been no trouble. But he would have compromised his dignance. It is true that Mr. Cass does not go quite far enough; he says nothing, for instance, about a naturalized citizen returning to Prussia who, when left their country, were old enough to belong to the landwehr, yet were not drafted into the regular army. Allegiance, as is clearly bound to protect as any other class of citizens. But we must not be too critical. It is a great point to get Mr. Cass to have retracted the Leclerc and Hofer letters. It is something to have got him to admit that the naturalized citizen is born citizen, when, only two months ago, he was for abandoning them all. Old men are likely, however, to be slow, and to take a little further down, and will get upon the ground American platform of complete protection to citizens of whatever country. Let us be thankful for what we have got.

The satisfaction which we feel at the completion of Mr. Cass's views is greatly enhanced by the remembrance that we were the first, and for a long period the only journal in the country which met the pretensions of Leclerc and Hofer letters. When we first assailed the doctrine set forth in those letters we found ourselves in influential paper opposed to us. Within the past month articles have appeared in the *New York Herald, Times, Tribune, Journal of Commerce, and Commercial Advertiser*, and in leading papers published at Boston, Philadelphia Baltimore, and Cincinnati, sustaining the views which Mr. Cass has now been compelled to abandon, and controverting those which we condemned and which have been abandoned.

We trust we may be pardoned if we take

Summer Resorts.

Cozzens' Hotel, West Point, N. Y.
La Fourche House, Bayou La Fourche, La.
Hopatcong House, Lake Hopatcong, N. J.
Congress Hall, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.
Howland's Hotel, Long Branch, N. J.
White Sulphur Springs, Delaware Co., O.
International Hotel, Niagara Falls.
Trenton Falls Hotel, Trenton Falls, N. Y.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1859.

THE CONVERSION OF CASS.

JUST two months have elapsed since the venerable Secretary of State wrote a letter to Mr. Leclerc of Memphis, Tennessee, informing him that his "naturalization in this country would not exempt him from any claim of military service made upon him by the French Government, if voluntarily returning to France. The promulgation of this novel and alarming doctrine naturally created anxiety among foreign residents, especially among that large class whose business requires them to visit their native land from time to time; other letters of inquiry were dispatched to the State Department, and the answer received was in all cases the same—that where a naturalized citizen, returning voluntarily to his native country, was claimed by the Government of that country for military service, the United States could not interfere. In the case of a Prussian, Mr. Hofer, who proposed to visit Prussia this year, Mr. Cass wrote:

"The position of the United States, as communicated to the Minister at Berlin for the information of the Prussian Government, is that native-born Prussians naturalized in the United States and returning to the country of their birth are liable to any military service which, except such as were existing at the period of their emigration. If at that time they were in the army or actually called into it, such emigration and naturalization do not exempt them from the legal penalty which a deserter by their absence from the country may be inflicted against them whenever they shall return to their native country, and shall be proceeded against according to law."

The distinction attempted to be drawn here was imaginary rather than real. Every Prussian between boyhood and old age is "in the army," either actually or in the reserve. According to the Prussian law, every citizen is a soldier from the time he can carry arms to the age at which the strength fails him, and he is able to be called out on any emergency that the rulers may see occurred. When Mr. Cass attempted, therefore, to discriminate between Prussians who "were in the army or called into it at the time of their emigration," and Prussians who were not "in the army, or called into it" at that time, he uttered a palpable absurdity, as to the practical operation of the edict. In fact, by saying that "emigration and naturalization do not exempt Prussians from any legal penalty they may incur by the voluntary return of their native country, Mr. Cass abandoned at once the whole Prussian-born population of the United States. The letter to Leclerc had abandoned the French.

This was the position of the Government of the United States when we left Washington, and it affords us unmixed satisfaction to be able to declare that the position of the United States is now the very reverse of what it was. Mr. Wright has been reason to "back square down" from the views set forth in the Leclerc and Hofer letters—and, indeed, from the whole line of secretary can be relied upon, there is, once more, some prospect of protection for the naturalized citizen of foreign birth.

We make these assertions on the strength of a dispatch from the State Department, dated 15 July, 1859, addressed to Gerard C. Wright at Berlin. In that dispatch, Mr. Wright is directed to claim the release of a native of Hanover, who has been arrested and imprisoned by the United States, returned lately to Hanover, and was there deprived of his liberty and compelled to do military duty. Such is the dispatch to Mr. Wright, Mr. Cass observes:

"The moment a foreigner becomes naturalized, he acquires all the native citizen. Residence for a few experiences a new political birth. A broad and important line separates him from his former status. It is no more responsible for any thing he may say or do, or omit to say or do, than the native citizen by his side, if he had been born in the United States. Should he return to his native country, he returns as an American citizen, and in no other character."

"A future liability to serve in the army will not be sufficient (to entitle his original government to call him), because, although he may arrive for such service, he has changed his allegiance, and has become a citizen of the United States, and has acquired a national stand that a boy, brought to this country from a foreign country with his father's consent, but before the years of age and naturalized here, who should afterward visit his country of his birth with the father's consent, might then be seized and compelled to perform military service, because the father's consent was given during intervening years and his title had been spurred, he would have been born to perform military service. Such a right to such a principle would be to make an odious distinction between naturalized and native citizens."

some credit to ourselves for the result, and give publicity to the following extract from one of many similar letters received:

"I hope you will persevere in your attacks on Mr. Cass until you drive him off his mean, personally un-American platform on the naturalization question. I can add nothing to your arguments; you are right all through. But keep at the subject. *Especially do I entreat you to keep publishing caricatures upon it. A thousand people see and study a caricature who hardly one will read an argumentative article. One single good comic cut—with truth at the bottom of the joke—will convince more people than a whole library of heavy reasoning. If I were forced to assign one special cause for the victorious action of Democracy, I should say, I should instantly mention your comic cut of Mr. Talmadge and the Governor's office.* If a citizen *is ashamed, as stuffed, and so deservedly reproved as Mr. Belmont can be seized by foreign soldiers and outraged with impunity, it is high time to inquire whether there is any use in maintaining the dishonest farce entitled Naturalization."*

THE LOUNGER.

OF THE EMPEROR OF FRANCE.

WHEN Dick Turpin says that he is going out upon the road to exercise his horse, perhaps he is. Dick Turpin is a man; he is honorably open in his villainies; and the very vilest sinner, we are assured, has his chances. But who can take Richard at his word? Do we not suppose that he is going out upon his own business—to lift a purse or two? His not Richard certain disguise under which none is highly probable that, while he may indeed exercise his horse, he will not exercise his conscience. Dick may have turned over a new leaf; but nothing his horse does not prove it. He may have resolved to live cleanly; but his horse is the only one to show it. He may have resolved to give all he has to the poor; but no charity to the poor can exercise his horse does not fully establish it. The truth is, that so long as his professions and conduct are consistent with highway robbery, Dick is to write what he says and does. Mr. Richard Turpin will be considered a highway robber.

So Louis Napoleon may be a great and good man; but the proclamation to the Army of Italy does not prove it. He may be a benefactor of the human rights; but the battles of Montebello, of Magenta, and of Solferino do not establish it. He may be, as is claimed by some enthusiasts, the truest democrat and republican in Europe; but his counsels to the Lombards do not show it.

That is to say, there is nothing in his Italian campaign which is not consistent with the most selfish personal ambition of an unscrupulous ruler. Louis Napoleon is not less a despot simply because he apprehends the consequences of a war of liberty as impossible. He is not less an arbitrary monarch because he does not consider the Italians fit subjects for Austria. He is no more a friend of popular liberty, when he is expelling Austria from Lombardy and proclaiming Italian independence, than he is when having sworn to the Republic, he swept the Bourbon oath with grape to shatter the Bourbon throne.

There is as yet nothing in his practice or professions in Italy which is inconsonant with his evident conduct at every step in the progress to the throne of France. The key to his campaign is in its manifesto from Milan. As he says in that, he undertakes his time. He knows that thrones can now be founded only in the assent of the nationality; which is by no means the assent of the consent of the governed. For a national assent to imperial or royal power like that in France, where even the constitution like the English, and without representation, is merely a toleration of an absolute government, no administration of which the people of Europe that provokes revolution, and resting always upon an unreasoning military force, composing a distinct interest and class in the State.

Louis Napoleon seems to be the only Continental monarch that sees this. He is the only one who perceives that legitimacy has lost its power—unless it is confirmed by the popular assent. He perceives to bears the treaties of Vienna, which make him an outlaw; therefore he marries a commoner, because popular alliances are more secure; and therefore he marches to expel the Austrians from Lombardy, because the United Italian popular revolution would have kindled France, because an independent Italy would be more influenced to France than by any other power. With profound quietness he saw that a national cause, with which the sympathies of the world sympathized, was coincident with the attainment of his own ends. He has not falsely exclaimed that the glory which surrounds power gives it no permanence; that in a country struggling to be free, would blind the memory of the world to his own private crimes.

Certainly the absence of the Pope from Rome, therefore, shall not for an instant bind us to the great fact that the freedom of a people is best achieved; and that it is Louis Napoleon who is rebuilding the modern Attila, Austria, from Italy. Only we have yet to see that he is a popular leader, to bears free popular governments. It seems to be simply in pursuance of a aggressive political philosophy that shows nationality to be at present the only possible basis of peaceful monarchy.

When, peace being restored, he shall find his influence to constructing and consolidating a free and popular government in the peninsula, under whatever form it may be—when at home we see him unmuzzling the press—recalling the patriots who have France as well as he loves it—establishing by legislatures which shall represent the real will of the people and honestly executing its laws, when universal surveillance and tyranny and terror have ceased in France, we shall heartily confess that we had not appreciated the love of constitutional freedom which animated Louis Napoleon.

Until that day, however cunning, and silent, and able the may allow him to be, he will win the perjury and the butchery and the imprisonments and the exile of the 2d December, with the sycophancy of a Legislature of his servants: with the universal silence and the innumerable spies yet fresh in fact and memory—he will win for the Louis Napoleon of the 2d December, which, however successful—as it shall still believe that if Dick escapes Tyburn it will not be because he does not deserve to be hanged.

YANKEE DOODLE REJOICING.

THAT the great and glorious Yankee Doodle has conquered a situation, and is now in possession of art, science, literature, morals, commerce, manufactures, and horse-flesh, has outstripped all politics in nations that ever were, is the fact that fills the pages of those admitted facts of history which take place on the side of the Battle of Marathon and the discovery of America. It is beyond question.

Yankee Doodle is first, and the rest are nowhere.

Not there is any reason for this fact. It is not unmeet, but none the less a fact. It is that Yankee Doodle has not the remotest conception of enjoyment. To offer him a celebration, a fenst, a festival, is to put a fish at a five-barred gate. He can not appreciate any of it. He grows and does. Yankee Doodle on a holiday does likewise. He drinks and spouts. His idea of festive delight is burning gunpowder with the loudest explosion he can get—gunpowder in Chinese crackers and in the twelve-pounder in proper time, and with muskets—gunpowder in small cannon and large cannon—gunpowder in the air, in the water, in whatever bursts, bangs, hisses, sports, spits, or shoots, is dear to the soul of Yankee Doodle, when he puts on his coat and goes out to play.

Hence the "gayleerious" anniversary of the birth of this glorious Republic is always the most horrible day in the year. It makes a great noise and a bad smell. Instead of a peaceful, pleasant, rejoicing day, it is a day of danger, fright, or chaos come again. Every year the number of accidents increases. Every year the quantity of great and glorious arms, legs, and noses that are blown off, and free and enlightened eyes that are put out, is multiplied. Yankee Doodle, for the good Doodle, however patriotic he may be, can put no vent into his body and powder into his nose, but at the same time he is a fool. Because. It leads, at least, to wanton cruelty, as the Lounger has had occasion to observe of evening when, in a huge, lazy, lollopping booby discharge a pistol full in the face of a quiet house-dog, lying within a gate or door.

When these amusements have been carried a little further, Yankee Doodle has discharged cannon in his hands, to settle his little differences with his fellow-Doodles, and has left on the Lee will try to lead him in the paths of pleasure, and instruct him that the Fourth of July is a day which was intended to be, and ought to be, loved and desired instead of abhorred.

THE CAMPANA MUSEUM.

NOTWITHSTANDING the fact which we have elsewhere noted that the great and glorious Yankee Doodle has been, and will be, what he is and was in past, present, or future individual, there is still one odd Gothic circumstance—he does not own the Campana Museum.

Of course he knows what it is, because he knows all about everything. It is not unreasonable to remind him that it is a museum collected by the Marquis Campana, and including among an entirely unique gallery of Greek and Roman sculptures—of terra cotta—of vases, Etruscan and other ancient pottery, bronzes, and ancient jewelry, etc.—of Pompeiian and Roman glass, etc.

It is unnecessary to remind him of this, because he knows it all. He knows that it is one of the most famous and most complete museums in the world. That it contains many of the most curious relics of ancient statues, including those of celebrated men; that it contains the most complete set of all the most complete series of the Cæsars, from Augustus to Constantine, sarcophagi, historical altorelievos, etc.

Yankee Doodle knows all this, because he knows every thing, and knows that the private property of this extraordinary collection, he answers you at once that twenty-five years ago, when it was in process of collection, it was purchased at once by a competent judge in the interest of the purchaser at a million of dollars.

Now the last thing that frightens Yankee Doodle is a million of dollars. He is perfectly aware that the article is dear. He is perfectly aware that half a million would buy the sculptures—for he is familiar with the little dispute between the Marquis Campana, the buying agent for the Roman Mondi Pietas—the great Papal savings' bank—"appropriated" the whole of the Campana Museum for the Vatican museum! Our friend knows that Wolff, the famous Prussian sculptor, and Gibson, the famous English sculptor, resident in Rome, are the American *expert* in antiquities, have made calculations, or have had calculations made for them, and are present in the interest of the Prussian, English, and Papal Governments, which thought of purchasing.

All you need say to Y. D., and ask him, upon his honor, how he happens to know all this, he will tell you, that he has it from a friend who is, he writes for a newspaper, always burns to give proper credit, and that he read it in the Lounger's letter to the *Evening Post*. That gentleman says, apparently upon good authority, that the sculptures could be bought for something considerably less than half a million, and urges that they be bought.

Yankee Doodle calls New York a metropolis, and he knows—for what does he not know?—that a metropolis is a great central city, full of galleries, libraries, museums, to which the authors, the artists, the merchants, the manufacturers, the farmers all resort for assistance, instruction, and education. He knows that a city is not a metropolis because it is very large and very full; that acres of masonry and millions of people are not enough to make it; that a metropolis is itself a museum of all that is most desirable and admirable in every department of human interest.

Yankee Doodle knows it all perfectly. Meanwhile he presents his compliments to Mr. Bigelow and begs to say that, as he has been for some six years vainly trying to raise thirty thousand dollars to buy the best Egyptian museum in the world, which may, after all, slip through his exceedingly metropolitan fingers, he has grave doubts whether he shall raise two hundred thirty thousand to purchase the Campana collection.

MUSIC IN THE PARK.

ONE of our great enterprises is proving a great and memorable success, notwithstanding that it is in New York, and is partially patronized by the Common Council. Of course that is the Central Park. As we have never been there, we are more in detail. Just now we wish to mention merely that there is music there once or twice during the week—music for the hard-working people who have a few hours of leisure in the warm evening—unbeckoned for those who can and are farther from town than the Park, and to whom such refreshment is invaluable. Music in a beautiful resort, among green trees and pleasant walks, upon a summer evening, is humanizing.

Now the plans of such music we are not contemplated in the appropriation for the construction of the Park. It is a purely private generosity. Mr. Jay Gould, an architect and member, the architect in chief of the Park, Mr. Olmsted, then whom is no laboring man of New York is more faithful or intelligent friend, and a few other gentlemen, have moved the matter. Of course it was most supported when the subscription came, probably enjoy this music. It is a gift of enjoyment to others. It is spending for a day or two to make somebody you never saw or heard of happy.

The object is so perfectly worthy and important that the subscription has been naturally very small. But this is perfect because it is open and widely enough known. Who will give five, ten, or twenty dollars to be turned into sweet sounds on the Central Park for the benefit of those who do not hear or see too many of the sweet things in the world? If any lady, for kindhead the sum to the Lounger, at this office, and the magic transformation shall be made.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—S. S. C., Grand Rapids, Michigan. You will find the best account from Lamartine, and in its true form in "Hamlet," I., 5:

"The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And gins to pale his uneffectual fire."

—ALIEN CAPPER, Philadelphia, says that a friend of his—Mr. Lewis—has a collection of the old Revolutionary Franco spoks, and to whom the editor of the Weekly addressed a note some days ago, must have Colonel Dodge, of "Homeward Bound" memory. But does Alien's friend know that the Lounger has a letter from Napoleon as to interest that an American could not look on in his life? Is he sure any thing more remarkable in the fact that Louis Napoleon spoke to an American "with whom he was on intimate terms," as the editor of the Weekly.

—C. A. B.'s poem, "The Improvisatore," is declined.

—J. E. wishes to know if the Lounger thinks that women should learn boxing. He does not think that they behave like ladies or not. The Lounger thinks there can be no doubt but gentlemen ought always to behave like gentlemen. What that conduct requires every gentleman will decide on each occasion.

—J. E. also inquires why the "Yorkers" reckon twelve and a half cents to the shilling, and the Yankees sixteen and two-thirds. The shilling was the Spanish piece of three cents of our money. The coin and the name both come with our accustomed currency; but it depended in New England and Virginia one-fourth, or to six cents and two-thirds, and in New York and North Carolina to twelve and a half. It is now a varying value in the United States.

—R. L. writes:

"The last chapters of 'The Virginians' brought freshly to my mind the birth of the two children of Lord Castlewood added one of the finest jewels of the British crown to its possessions.

"Upon one side of the monument the following inscription:

HERE RESTS
W. V. F. E.,
VICECOMES,
October 15, 1705,

appears to be sublime in its simplicity. Whether Justice to the memory of the originators of a new nation no longer requires the man who so truly fights for his country to be buried by his friends, or if there is any other object in

"It is surely a century now since Waifs died. At the countryman of a poet celebrate the hundredth anniversary of his birth, and shall the countrymen of a hero keep the hundredth anniversary of his death day? Does not the Canadian Directory state that Wolfe and Montcalm were equally distinguished in the service of England? The Governor of Wolfe's remains being interred at Greenwich. Where are those of Montcalm?

"The Lounger can not agree that merely fighting for one's country is the highest claim to the gratitude of posterity. And as to the burial-place of Wolfe, he is very sure that his remains were conveyed to England, as Parkinson says, while the common monument upon the battle-field may have misled the Directory. Montcalm was buried in Quebec, in a cavity of earth formed by the bursting of a bombshell.

—Inquiries are made:

"Do you think I would be free if I went to Germany?" "Is great grandfather left a cousin who married a lawyer?" "Do you know at this account I may own shipmates in France?"

—We can only refer him to the Secretary of State.

—VIRGINIA asks where does the expression occur, "Flesh is wax," etc., and adds:

"John Marshall, who moved the resolutions in which this memorable eulogium is contained, written by General Lee, gives it, in his Life of General Washington, vol. v. p. 758, Wayne's ed. 1807. Time in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his fellow-citizens."

—The first edition of the second volume of *Bleeding Kansas, Bleeding Kansas, Bleeding Kansas,

VENICE AND VERONA.

It is now evident that the next great conflicts in the pending war will be waged at the cities of Venice and Verona, and we therefore anticipate events by laying before our readers correct plans of these cities as they are at present.

The city of Venice, which contains about 250,000 inhabitants — say one fourth more than Brooklyn, New York, is built on seventy or eighty islands and sand-banks at the head of the Adriatic Sea. The town is about fifteen hundred years old. It was originally occupied as a refuge by the people of Northern Italy, who were flying from the attacks of the barbarians. Eight hundred years ago, being much annoyed by the piracies of the natives of other islands in the Adriatic, they undertook to build a navy to extirpate the pirates. This led to their maritime supremacy. In the course of two centuries they managed to seize the most valuable islands of the Mediterranean archipelago; in two centuries more they were the foremost trading nation of Europe. In the year 1500 they monopolized the trade of India, and to be a Venetian was to be not only free, but rich, intelligent, and powerful. The finest ships of the day were Venetian; the best editions of the classics were printed at Venice; the Venetians wove and were the richest fabrics of silk and costly stuffs; the Venetian arms were the most highly prized by soldiers; the Venetian traders were the type of the "merchant prince." Venice's prosperity culminated when the passage to India by the Cape of Good Hope was discovered. This cost her the monopoly of the European trade with India. Then followed exhaustive wars with Genoa, with the Turks, with Germany. In 1797, when the French took Venice, it was the ghost of its former self. In 1814 it relapsed into the hands of Austria, and has ever since—with the exception of a brief interval in 1848, when the republic was restored—remained subject to the empire.

The great peculiarity of Venice is the absence of streets, and the substitution of canals in their place. Besides the great canal, which, as our plan shows, divides the city into two parts, there are 140 smaller canals, which are navigated in gondolas. These canals are crossed by 306 bridges. The principal promenade and place of assembly for the people is the famous Place of St. Mark, which will readily be discovered on our plan. The houses in Venice are built on piles driven into the sand and mud of the islands. A recent occurrence shows how, of late years, the prosperity of the city has declined. An American from Chicago, visiting Venice, was curious to know how the Venetian pile-driver compared with those used at his home, and desired his guide to show him one.

The cicerone was puzzled; at length he contrived to understand what the traveler desired to see, and took him to the Museum, where he showed him an ancient machine covered with dust and rust and mould.

"That, Signor," said he, "is the Venetian pile-driver."

"That!" cried the American; "why that thing hasn't been used for centuries. Where is the pile-driver now in use?"

"Ah! Signor," answered the Venetian, with a sigh, "we don't need any pile-drive now; there has not been a house built in Venice for three hundred years."

The port of Venice has been blockaded by the French, and it is understood that they are about to effect a landing there. The fortifications, which have lately been strengthened, are said to be formidable; and without experienced pilots the French will find it difficult to navigate the intricate and shallow channels leading to the port. However, the thing can be done, and Napoleon is not the man to fail. He is sure of active sympathy among the Venetians, who hate Austria as intensely as the Milanese, and with even better reason, for the Austrians have deliberately done their worst to destroy Venice for the benefit of Trieste.

Verona, of which we subjoin a plan, has already been described in the *Weekly* (No. 139). It is a superb city, fortified at every point, and, at the present time, crammed with Austrian soldiers. It is the northeast corner of the historical square, and, with Mantua, will undoubtedly be the last place abandoned by the Austrians in Italy. The only question which remains to be determined with regard to its fortifications is, whether they can accommodate the large army which the Austrians now have in Lombardy.

VENICE
CANALE GIUDECCA
GIUDECCA
Le Zitelle
Canale di S. Marco
Bacino di S. Marco
Isola di S. Giorgio
Fondamenta nuove
Canale della Grazia
Canale di Cannaregio
Ponte di Rialto
Ponte della Paglia
Ponte di Canonica
Ponte di Ferro
Ponte di Calatrava
Ponte della Scalzi
Ponte di Rivoltella
Ponte di Libertà
Ponte di Cavalletto
Ponte di Cannaregio
Ponte di Giustinian
Ponte di Giustinian
Ponte di Paglia
Ponte di Canonica
Ponte di Ferro
Ponte di Calatrava
Ponte della Scalzi
Ponte di Rivoltella
Ponte di Libertà
Ponte di Cavalletto
Ponte di Cannaregio

SHOPPING, *ET CÆTERA.*

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

TRUMPS.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

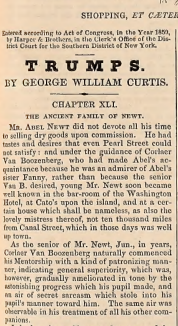
CHAPTER XLI.

THE ANCIENT FAMILY OF NEWT.

MR. ADAM NEWT did not devote all his time to selling dry goods upon commission. He had tastes and desires that even Pearl Street could not satisfy; and under the guidance of Cæsar Van Boozenberg, who had made Abel's acquaintance because he was an admirer of Abel's sister Fanny (rather than because she senior Van B. desired, young Mr. Newt soon became well known in the bar-room of the Washington Hotel, at Cato's upon the island, and at a certain house which shall be nameless, as also the lively mistress thereof, not ten thousand miles from Canal Street, which in those days was well up town.

As the senior of Mr. Newt, Jun., in years, Cæsar Van Boozenberg naturally commenced his Mentorship with a kind of patronizing manner, indicating general superiority, which was, however, gradually ameliorated in tone by the astonishing progress which his pupil made, and an air of secret sarcasm which stole into his pupil's manner toward him. The same air was observable in his treatment of all his other companions.

Indeed, as the world returned to town and the late autumnal festivities began, the handsome person and self-possessed style of Mr. Abel Newt became the fashion. Invitations showered upon him. Mrs. Dagon proclaimed every where



A CHASTE SALUTE.

that there had been nobody so fascinating since the days of the brilliant youth of Aaron Burr, whom she declared that she well remembered, and added, that if she could say it without blushing, or if any reputable woman ought to admit such things, she should confess that in her younger days she had received flowers and even notes from that fascinating man.

For then it was quite different you know, my dears. In my day and my sister Mary's, Colonel Burr was the thing. Why, dear me! a girl who had dined at the same table with him was envied. But if, my precious! Colonel Burr had handed her out, the woman took airs upon it. Yes, my dears, she positively did. It was dreadful, you know; and he folded his notes so neatly! But after the duel and the treason, dear me! dear me! of course it was all over. You should have seen him make a bow. He had just the same easy, careless grace that Abel has. It was full of a kind of consciousness that it was worth while to know him and kiss him. I don't envy my dears, that he was a happy man. But I can tell you one thing, all the naughty men are not in disgrace yet, though they are. And, if you please, Miss Fanny, with all your virtuous sniffs, dear, and all your hugging of met in whining, darling, Colonel Burr was not sent to Coventry because he was naughty. He might have been naughty all the days of his life and Mrs. Jacob Van Boozenberg, and all the rest of 'em, would have been quite as glad to have him at their houses. No, my dears, Society doesn't punish men for being naughty—only women. I am older than you, and I know—that society likes spice in character. It doesn't harm a man to have stories told about him.

Aunt Dagon was garrulous, and spice were a little afraid of her; for she was old enough to say just what she thought, and clever enough to think things that people did not care to hear. It may be very true that the spoons are German silver, and every body may be aware of it, but what is the use of saying so? How can any body who cries hush! at table, and seems interested every body's attention, then raises a spoon, and holding it conspicuously, says distinctly, "This is German silver"? Ought to be invited to dinner? Sometimes, indeed, society must ask such people—if you give balls in France, you must invite French people to dance —but it does not forgive them. Every body had to ask Mrs. Dagon, and every body dreaded her. Naturally, said Fanny Newt, because she eats every body up.

No ball, however, was complete without Abel Newt. Ladies, meditating parties, engaged him before they issued a single invitation. At dinners he was sparkling and agreeable, with tact enough not to extinguish the other men, who yet felt his superiority and did not feel like it. They imitated his manner; but what was easy, on gilded assurance, in him, was open insolence, or assurance with the gilt rubbed off, in them. The charm and secret of his manner lay in an utter devotion which said to every woman, "There's not a woman in the world who can resist me, except you. Have you the heart to do it?" Of course this manner was assisted by personal magnetism and beauty. Wilkes said he was only half an hour behind the handsomest man in the world. But he would never have overtaken him if the handsome man had been Wilkes.

In his dress Abel was costly and elegant. With the other men of his day he read "Pelham," with an admiration of which his life was the witness. Pelham was the Byronic hero made practicable, purged of romance, and adapted to society. Mr. Newt, Jun., was one of a small but influential set of young men about town who did what they could to repair the misfortune of being born Americans, by imitating the habits of foreign life. They all had a secret contempt of what they called the democratic tendencies of the country. They were the higher class—the snobbity. They were, above all, "gentlemen."

It was precisely close to one friend that independence under the parent roof was incompatible with the habits of a strictly fashionable man.

"There are many, you know, mother, such habits, which make a separate lodging much more agreeable to all parties: I have friends to smoke, or to drink a glass of punch, or to play a game of whist; and we must sing and laugh and make a noise, as young men will, which is not seemly for the paternal mansion, mother mine."

With which he took his admiring mother affably under the chin and kissed her—not having mentioned every reason which made a separate residence desirable. But "a few remarks" are not an omission.

So Abel Newt hired a pleasant set of rooms in Grand Street, near Broadway, in the neighborhood of elder youth of proper tone. He furnished them sumptuously, with the softest carpets, the most luxurious easy-chairs, the most costly curtains, and pretty, bizarre little tables and bureaus, and shelves. Various engravings hung upon the walls—a profile-head of Bulwer, with a large Roman nose and bushy whiskers, and one of his Majesty George IV., in that famous cloak which Lord Chesterfield bought at the sale of his Majesty's wardrobe for eleven hundred dollars, and of which the sable lining alone originally cost four thousand dollars. It was perhaps the finest article in that dandy's wardrobe, which had altogether cost almost half a million of dollars. Then there were little vases and boxes and caskets standing upon all possible places, with a rare flower in some one of them often, sent by some kind dowager who wished to make sure of Abel at a dinner or a select soiree. Pipes, of course, and boxes of choice cigars were at hand, and in a convenient closet such a beautiful set of English cut glass for the use of a gentleman!

It was no wonder that the income of Abel Newt became a kind of club-room and elegant lounge for the gay gentlemen about town. He even gave little dinners there to quiet parties, sometimes including two or three extremely vivacious and pretty, as well as fashionable, lady dressed, young women, whom he was not in the habit of meeting in society, but who were known quite familiarly to Abel and his friends.

Upon other occasions these little dinners took place out of town, whither the gentlemen drove alone in their buggies by daylight, and, meeting the ladies there, had the pleasure of driving them back to the city in the evening. The "buggy" of Abel's day was an open gig without a top, very easy upon its springs, but dangerous with stumbling horses. The drive was along the old Boston road, and the rendezvous Cato's—Cato Alexander's—near the present shot-tower. If the gentlemen returned alone, they finished the evening at Bertone's, in Ann Street, where they played a pretty game of billiards; or at Thiel's retired rooms over the celebrated Stewart's, opposite the Park, where they indulged in fare. Abel Newt lost and won his money with careless grace—always a little glad when he gained, for somebody had to pay for all this luxurious life.

Boniface Newt remonstrated. His son was late at the office in the morning. He drew large sums out of his large expenses. Several times, instead of instantly filling out the checks as Abel directed, the book-keeper had delayed, and said quietly to Mr. Newt during Abel's absence at lunch, which was usually prolonged, that he supposed it was all right to fill up a check of this amount to Mr. Abel's order? Mr. Boniface Newt replied, in a dogged way, that he supposed it was.

But one day when the sum had been large, and the paternal temper more than usually ruffled, he addressed the junior partner upon his return from lunch and his noontide glass with his friends at the Washington Hotel, to the effect that matters were going on much too rapidly.

"To what matters do you allude, father?" inquired Mr. Abel, with composure, as he picked his teeth with one hand, and surveyed a cigar which he held in the other.

"I mean, Sir, that you are spending a great deal too much money."

A PROMENADE, *EN VOITURE.*

"Why, how is that, Sir?" asked his son, as he called to the boy in the outer office to bring him a light.

"By Heavens! Abel, you're enough to make a man crazy! Here I have put you into my business, over the heads of the clerks who are a hundred-fold better fitted for it than you; and you not only come down late and go away early, and destroy all kind of discipline by smoking and lounging, but you don't manifest the slightest interest in the business; and, above all, you are living at a frightfully ruinous rate! Yes, Sir, ruinous! How do you suppose I can pay, or that the business can pay, for such extravagance?"

Abel smoked calmly during this energetic discourse, and blew little rings from his mouth, which he watched with interest as they melted in the air.

"Certain things are inevitable, father."

His parent, frowning and angry, growled at him as he made this remark, and muttered,

"Well, suppose they are."

"Now, father," replied his son, with great composure, "let us proceed calmly. Why should we pretend not to see what is perfectly plain? Business nowadays proceeds by credit. Credit is based upon something, or the show of something. It is represented by a bank-bill. Here now—" And he opened his purse leisurely, and drew out a five-dollar note of the Bank of New York, "here is a promise to pay five dollars—in gold or silver, of course. Do you suppose that the Bank of New York has gold and silver enough to pay all those promises it has issued? Of course not."

Abel knocked off the ash from his cigar, and took a long contemplative whiff, as if he were about making a plunge into views even more profound. Mr. Newt, half pleased with the show of philosophy, listened with less frowning brows.

"Well, now, if, by some bona-poco, the Bank of New York hadn't a cent in coin at this moment, it could redeem the few claims that might be made upon it by borrowing, could it not?"

Mr. Newt shook his head affirmatively.

"And, in fine, if it were entirely bankrupt, it could still do a tremendous business for a very considerable time, could it not?"

Mr. Newt assented.

"And the managers, who knew it to be so, would have plenty of time to get off before an explosion, if they wanted to?"

"Abel, what do you mean?" inquired his father.

The young man was still placidly blowing rings of smoke from his mouth, and answered,

"Nothing terrible. Don't be alarmed. It is only an illustration of the practical value of credit, showing how it covers a retreat, so to speak. Do you see the moral, father?"

"No, certainly not. I see no moral at all."

"Why, suppose that nobody wanted to retreat, but that the Bank was only to be carried by a dangerous place, then credit is a bridge, isn't it? *If* it were out of money, it could live upon its credit until it got the money back again."

"Clearly," answered Mr. Newt.

"And suppose it extended its operations, it would acquire even more credit?"

"Yes."

"Because people, believing in the solvency of the Bank, would suppose that it extended itself because it had more means?"

"Yes."

"And would not feel any dust in their eyes?"

"No," said Mr. Newt, following his son closely.

"Well, then; don't you see?"

"No, I don't see," replied the father; "that is, I don't see what you mean."

"Why, father, look here! I come into your

business. The fact is known. People look. Nature's no whisper against the house. We extend ourselves; we live liberally, but we pay the piper. Every body says, 'Newt & Son are doing a thumping business.' Perhaps we are—perhaps we are not. We are crossing the ledger of credit. Before people know it, we have been living up to our income—quite up, father dear!—Mr. Newt frowned an entire assent—"we have plenty of money!"

"How, in Heaven's name!" cried Beatrice Newt, springing up and in so loud a tone that the clerks looked in from the outer office.

"Hush, my child," returned Alfred, coldly.

"With whom?" asked Mr. Newt, earnestly. "With no heiress?"

"What's her name?"

"Just what I am trying to find out," replied Abel, lighting a new his cigar anew. "And now I put it to you, father, as a man of the world and a scandal, sagacious, accessed mercantile, am I not more likely to meet and marry such a girl—losing her, of course, that's understood—if I live generously in society, than if I shut myself up to a mere digger?"

Mr. Newt was not sure. Perhaps it was so. Upon the whole, it probably was so.

"But, Abel, to marry merely for money, merely, you know is this?"

"Oh, Sir, of course, not *merely* for money. Money is a happy accident. At the same time, I do feel as if I could dispense with the necessities of life more easily than the luxuries." Alfred's father and mother laughed. "I do not believe I was made for love in a cottage. And yet, with the woman one loves—"

Abel smiled curiously. The woman of whom he spoke might have been frightened by such a smile.

"However, father, it is not the Millennium. When that comes, I suppose we shall all be cottages with the women we love. Only the cottages will have all the modern conveniences, and each cottager has to marry at it's door the Millennium now. It's very sad—very sad indeed," said Abel, hopelessly in his tone.

That gentleman shook his head as if he were quite of the same opinion, but not at all as if he perceived that he was very imprudently worshipping his little peculiarities of style in conversation.

Nor did Mr. Abel suspect his heresy, that for the purpose of marrying an heiress, it is indeed a good deal safer to be fortunate as to meet one, and, having met her, to become enamored as that he might, if he were not fortunate in his wife—that for all these contingencies it was a good thing for a young man to have a regular business connection and apparent employment—and very advantageous indeed that that connection should be with a man six and known as a commercial and fashionable circles as his father. That of itself was one of the great conveniences of office. It was a frequent joke of Abel's with his father, after the recent conversation, that credit was the most essential thing going.

During these brilliant days of young bachelorhood Abel, by the most curious chance, had not met Hope Wayne, who was passing the winter in New York with her Aunt Dinks, and had hitherto declined all society. It was well known that she was in town. The boudoirs of those heiress was often enough the theme of discourse among the youth at Abel's rooms.

"Is she really going to marry Dinks? Why, the man's a donkey!" said Corlear Van Boozenberg.

"And are there no donkeys among your married friends?" inquired Abel, with the air of a man pursuing his researches.

One day, indeed, as he was passing Stewart's, he saw her alighting from a carriage. He was not alone, and as he passed their eyes met. He bowed profoundly. She bent her head without speaking, and was recognized by a slight acquaintance. It was not a "cut," as Abel said to himself, not at all. It was simply making way with her head.

"By Jove, she's handsome!" said Herbert Carstyne, who was with him, and who had engaged to Miss Lucy Shrimp. "Why the deuce didn't she come to New York before?"

Mr. Ortcrow said that, had she had the good fortune to do so, he would have honored her parts with a hand raised to Miss Miss Shrimp's.

"Why's that stopping to speak with her?" asked Corlear, as he turned back to see her.

"That's Arthur Merlin. Don't you know? He's a painter. I wonder how the deuce he came to know her."

In fact, it was the painter. It was the first time he had met her since the summer days of Saratoga; and as he stood talking with her upon the sidewalk and observed that she looked had an unusual flush, and her manner a slight excitement, he could not help feeling a certain pleasure—feeling, in truth, so deep a delight as he looked into that lovely face, that he found himself stuttering, as he walked away with her.

Fortunate it was that he was so entirely devoted to his art. It was very fortunate indeed, though he. And yet it might be a pity, too, if I should chance to meet some beautiful and sympathetic woman; knowing so utterly as I do my own temper, it would be impossible for me to fall in love with her! Quite impossible! Quite out of the question!

Just as he thought this he bumped against some one, and looked up suddenly. A calm, half-amused face met his glance, as Arthur said, hastily, "I beg your pardon."

"My pardon is granted," returned the gentleman; "but still you had better look out for yourself."

"Oh! I shall not hit any body else," said Arthur, as he bowed and was passing on.

"I am not speaking of other people," replied the other, with a look which was very friendly, but very puzzling.

"Whom do you mean, then?" asked Arthur Merlin.

"Yourself, of course," said the gentleman with the self-amused face.

"How?" inquired Arthur.

"To guard against Venus rising from the foelk sea, or Hope descending from a carriage," rejoined his companion, putting out his hand.

Arthur looked surprised, and, could he have resisted the force of his new acquaintance, he would have added indignation to his expression. But it was impossible.

"Ye wiseth, I see! I owe such excellent advice?"

"To Lawrence Newt, of the India trade," answered that gentleman, putting out his hand. "I am glad to make your acquaintance, Mr. Arthur Merlin."

The painter shook the merchant's hand cordially, but with a sense of embarrassment, and finally Mr. Merlin turned, and the two men strolled together down town. While they talked Arthur Merlin had observed that the eyes of his companion studied every carriage that passed. He was in a very natural, artless way; but Lawrence Newt smiled with his eyes, and at length said, as if Arthur had asked him the question, "There she comes!"

Arthur was a little bit annoyed, and said, suddenly, and with a fine air of indifference, "Who?"

Lawrence turned and looked him full in the face; upon which the painter, who was so fanatically devoted to his art that many things were clearly impossible, said "Oh!" at the same body had answered his question.

The next moment both gentlemen bowed to Hope Wayne, who looked shy, and Mrs. Dinks in her carriage.

Fanny Kent, of course, had heard from Alfred of the interview with his mother on the same evening, as they sat in Mrs. Newt's parlor before going into the ball. Fanny was surprised in a charming evening costume. It was low behind the waist and sloping, except that a very white, descended like a hard, round beach from the low shrubery of her back hair to the sheen of the dress. It was very low—but then she was a gentle ripple of laces and ribbons that covered the point of division. Fanny, therefore, had taken a little refreshment since the conversation with his mother, and felt at the moment quite equal to the ball.

"The fact is, Fanny dear," said he, "that mother has always wished me to marry Miss Hope Wayne. Now Hope Wayne is a very pretty girl, a decent pretty girl; but, by George! she's not the sort of girl I should like."

At this point Mr. Dinks made free with the step of Miss Hope.

"Poh! Alfred, my dear, you have been drinking wine," said she, moving gently away from him.

"Of course I have, darling; haven't I dined?" replied Alfred, returning to entanglement.

Now Fanny's costume was too careful, her hair too absolutely arranged, to withstand successfully these approaches.

"Alfred, dear, we may as well understand these little matters at the outset," said she.

"What little matters, darling?" inquired Mr. Dinks, with interest. He was unwontedly animated, but, as he believed, he didn't drink.

"Why, this kissing business."

"You *are* cruel cried Alfred, impetuously committing a fresh breach of the peace.

"Stop, Alfred," said Fanny, imperiously. "I won't have it. I don't like it. And, in a modified tone, remembering that she was only engaged, not married, "I mean that you, tumble me dreadfully. Now, dear, I'll make a little rule. You know you don't want your Fanny to look untidy, and all that. And she had touched his cheek with the tip of one finger. Dinks thinks that negatively." "Well, then, you shall only kiss me when I am in my morning-dress, and one kiss, with hands off, when I'm my goodnight."

She smiled a little, cold, hard, black smile, smoothing the ruffled feathers with darting glances at herself in the large mirror opposite, as if she considered her terms the most reasonable in the world.

"It seems to me very little," said Alfred Dinks, discontentedly; "besides, you always look best when you are dressed."

"Thank you, love," returned Fanny; "just remember that morning-dress, for I shall—and now tell me all about your conversation with your mother."

Alfred told the story. Fanny listened with alarm. She had watched Mrs. Dinks closely during the conversation, and was sure—for Fanny knew herself thoroughly, and reasoned accordingly—that Alfred's would plan at nothing in the pursuit of her object.

"What a selfish woman it is!" thought Fanny. "I don't suppose Mrs. Alfred's would plan at inheritance, she wants to bring the whole Bart family into her family. How inestimable some people are!"

Alfred, has your mother seen Hope since she talked with you?"

"I'm sure I don't know."

"Why didn't you ask her not to?"

"I didn't think of it."

"But why didn't you think of it? If you only have put her off, we could have got time," said Fanny, a little pettishly.

"Get time for what?" asked Alfred, blankly.

"Alfred," said Fanny, coaxing herself to speak gently, "I'm afraid you will be trying."

"Fan, I am very much afraid of it."

The lover looked doubtful and alarmed.

"Dearest, dear, I ask Alfred, for Heaven's sake!" cried Fanny; but she immediately recovered herself, and said, with a smile, "You see, dear, how I can scold if I want to. But you'll never let me, I know."

Mr. Dinks looped certainly that he never should. "But I shall be a very hard husband, Fanny. I shall let you do pretty much as you want to," said he, with the air of a chivalrous resolution.

"Dearest, I know you will," rejoined his fiancee. "But the thing is now to know whether your mother has seen Hope Wayne."

"I'll go and ask her," said Alfred, rising.

"My dear Alfred," replied Fanny, with her mouth screwed into a semblance of smiling, "you'll excuse me, I'm sure, if I insist on common sense. It is too delicate a question for you to ask.

Mr. Dinks grinned and looked bewildered. Then he assumed a very serious expression.

"It means more to me than you know my mother if she has seen my cousin."

"Pooh! you silly—I mean, my precious darling, I never needed to tell you before. You shall have every thing out of you in a twinkling."

"I suppose so," said Alfred, slowly.

Fanny Newt wagged her foot very rapidly and looked fixedly upon the floor. Alfred gazed at her admiringly—thought what a splendid Mrs. Alfred Dinks he had secured, and smacked his lips as if he were tasting the kiss. Then he leaned to her as he sat. He kissed the air toward her. But he might as well have blown kisses to the brown paper of Trinity Church.

"Alfred, you must solemnly promise me one thing," she said, at length.

"Sweet," said Alfred, who began to feel that he had aimed very much, indeed—"sweet, what thing?"

Fanny flushed and wrinkled her brow. Mr. Dinks was thinking.

"Oh no, dear—no, not at all," said he.

"My love," said she, in a voice as soft but as black as her eyes, "do you promise or not? That's all."

Poor Dinks! He said Yes, in a feeble way, and hoped she wouldn't be angry. Indeed—indeed—he didn't know how much he loved her darling. But Miss Fanny, after ordering wine and he had to drink on, and, oh! dear, he couldn't do any thing of Fanny could forgive him. Dear, dear Fanny, please to forgive a miserable fellow! And Miss Newt's betrothed walked out and sat and rolled upon the sofa in inaudible woe.

Fanny looked cruel, patting the floor with her foot and looking at this spectacle. She thought she had counted the cost. But the price seemed at this instant very little. She ordered

collected here not less than 225,000 troops, and continued them in person. His evident purpose was to make a stand here, and risk the fortunes of the war upon the issue of the day. Napoleon promptly accepted the challenge, and commenced the attack as soon as it was light this morning, by placing cannon upon the hills all around the Austrian position, and at the same time, and opening fire upon them from the heights of Solferino. The battle thus began, which commenced as a magnificent, sharp, hand-to-hand fight, which continued for the entire circuit of the plain, and from that our view of the entire operations was in every direction from the centre of the day. The French very soon got the centre and right of the Austrian position under their fire, and followed them into the small villages of the plain. There were three of these villages, which were the scenes of a sharp and protracted engagement. The Austrians disputed every inch of this ground, and when they at last did throughout the day, with the utmost desperation. They were three times driven out of the village of Solferino, and three times the people of the village say they would stay only to see the French upon them, and then leave their houses. The French were compelled, at a sacrifice, to burn the town.

THE BATTLE BECOMES GENERAL.

"When they found it necessary to hold their ground any longer, they fell back, slowly and steadily, until they reached the ridges of Volta, which, you will see by the map, lies directly southeast from Castiglione, and is only about a mile from the village of Solferino. Here, also, it is separated by a range of hills. Upon these hills, in the rear of the town, and overlooking the country to the south and southeast also, the Austrians had planted their heaviest batteries, and when I arrived upon the field some hours after the battle had begun, I found the French at the opening of the engagement, between two and three hours after it had begun, and at that time these batteries were blazing away upon the French who were stationed in the plain. It was a fine sight to see all in advance with any accuracy the successive steps of this action, but I could see enough to form a clear idea upon the broad plain, and moving up in masses toward the front, where the battle was raging, as the reserves were required. But so soon as they reached this point they were speedily ordered to the centre and the centre, and dissipated from observation. But the general result was true to the plan of the battle. The centre of the Austrian line, and the strongest position, was the point of attack, and the main reliance on the part of that attack rested upon the French infantry. The cavalry and artillery lasted for over an hour; but in precisely what manner the Austrians were driven out of their position from the position I occupied is not. I saw afraid to change it, however, because the smoke of the battle-field have gone down directly and closely upon the field, I could not have found my position again, and the point to which I could have had no sweeping and complete a view.

THE STORM.

"But the battle continued to rage all over the region northwest of a line connecting the towns of Castiglione, Solferino, and Volta. And about two o'clock, a very commanding would arise and continue for half or three-quarters of an hour—and then the storm would subside, and the battle would be renewed again, and the air was cooled and perfectly delightful. Through the thunder of the cannon and the din of battle, I could hear the rain falling upon the leaves of the trees, from the same storm which was passing over the field.

"The second of the decisive battles of the present war, will be found on page 466.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

The correspondent of *Galignani's Messenger* writes: "We arrived at Castiglione at 4 o'clock yesterday morning, and found a column of French troops engaged in half a league's distance from the town, commanded by the Emperor in person, and who had, it is said, remained that he would not leave the field of battle in the evening, and on the following day drove all the Austrians from the town. It appears that the left of the Austrian army was a most formidable one. The attack, which commenced at 4 o'clock in the morning, was met by Lake of Garda, and on account of the nature of the ground the engagement was carried back place without material advantage on either side. The French had to contend with the Austrian and Ninety-eight—of the line, and the Seventeenth battalion of foot chasseurs, the last having signed a force ten times superior in number, and advantageously posted on a range of hills. The French had to fall back, overcome by numbers, when the battalion of chasseurs of the Guard, which had been stationed at Castiglione, forming together the First brigade of the Second division, under General Bazaine, came to their assistance. On seeing this reinforcement the former force rallied and rushed like lions upon the enemy, who left their position. They were pursued at the point of the bayonet, and the Austrians, who had received a supply of ammunition, were also driven back. The village of Castiglione remained from the windows of the houses and from loopholes in the walls, which had been prepared before. The Austrians were, however, at last driven out of the village, and from the right of the village of Solferino, which they occupied on the hills along the Lake of Garda. Several other villages were also taken by the French, the French had expended all their ammunition, and had nothing left but their bayonets. The French, at the head of their weapon, but the enemy perceiving their intention turned their forces.

"Fortunately, at that time, the Emperor arrived with a reinforcement of 20,000 men, and with them a supply of ammunition, and the Austrians retired on the strong village of Cavriana, which is situated on the hills between the towns and on the towers of the churches, whence they keep up a galling fire. At the same time the French got on the hill on which the village is built, a horrible carnage took place, and the Austrians said they were driven back on Peschiera. While the issue of the battle of the Guard was pending, the Austrians, on the hills, the cavalry, which had only joined during the last few days, were brought into action.

THE AUSTRIAN ACCOUNT.

The following is the text of the telegraphic dispatch, published by the Vienna *Gazette*:

VIENNA, *June* 25.

The Austrian army passed the Mincio yesterday, the 24th of the 24th, and the following battles were fought: Pozzolengo, Solferino, and Cavriana, the left wing advanced on the hills between Pozzolengo and Solferino, and fought back an overpowering force of the enemy, which had advanced from Brescia, and from Montechiaro, and had moved forward from the Castiglione, the centre, who had advanced from Cavriana, and from Guidizzolo, to turn the town.

The battle began at 3 o'clock in the morning, and lasted until 7 in the evening. The enemy's forces were commanded by the Emperor Napoleon in person, and consisted of the Second corps, under General Niel, the Fourth, under General Canrobert, the Third, under General Baraguay d'Hilliers, and the Imperial Guard, under General Regnaud de St. Jean d'Angely, and the Sardinian army, under the King Victor Emanuel, and General Della Marmora. The Austrian army was under the command of the Emperor Francis Joseph, and consisted of the First corps, under General Count Clam Gallas, the Fifth, under General Count Stadion, the Seventh, under General Zobel, the Eighth, under General Count Schaffgotsche, the Ninth, under General Count Schaffgotsche, the Tenth, under General Count Wimpffen, and the Reserve cavalry, under General Count Stadion.

The Austrian army passed the Mincio with the First corps, which was also reinforced by the Reserve cavalry, and the Fifth corps, which was also reinforced by the Reserve cavalry, and the Fifth corps, which was also reinforced by the Reserve cavalry, and the Fifth

MALEGNANO.

The accompanying magnificent engraving of the battle of Malegnano is from a drawing by the celebrated Gustave Doré, who had before him sketches by M. Durand Brager. It is probably the finest of the war pictures which have appeared.

The battle of Malegnano was fought, as our readers will remember, on 8th June. Malegnano, or Marignano, as the French call it, is a small town ten miles east of Milan. It occupies a place in mediæval history as the spot where the Guelphs and Ghibellines concluded their famous treaty in 1275. Subsequently, in 1515, it was the scene of a terrible battle between Francis the First of France and the Milanese and Swiss. At this latter fight more than 20,000 men were left on the field, and the conflict was from its desperate character called the battle of the Giants. More recently, Marshal Baraguay d'Hilliers has given it fresh claims to historical note.

The story of the new battle may be briefly told. After the evacuation of Milan the Austrians took up a strong position in and around Malegnano. On the evening of 7th June the Emperor directed Marshal Baraguay d'Hilliers to drive them out, and ordered Marshal MacMahon with his corps to assist in the operation. The business was quickly done, but the slaughter was terrible. The Austrians had barricaded every street, and loopholed every house; in the cemetery, especially, which is distinctly shown in our picture, they made a desperate resistance.

A newspaper correspondent, who visited the scene the next day, writes:

"The conflict had been a dreadful one in the village, and as the Austrians were behind the walls of gardens and in houses they succeeded in killing about an equal number of French as long as they remained behind cover; but once driven out of the houses they were killed in great numbers. They retreated rapidly, and as they passed out of the village they then encountered a foe not expected. One hundred and four shots were fired at them with cannon loaded with canisters containing eighty bullets. Where this occurred the Austrians are lying in heaps. They were actually mowed down, and their wounds are the most ghastly and horrid ones I have ever seen. The French lost a number of officers; and I was pained in observing among those whose bodies were being embalmed two captains in the 1st Zouaves with whom I have often dined, and for whom I felt the most lively regard and friendship. Poor fellows! They were both married, and my heart bled as I thought of the two poor fond wives, far away, waiting with beating hearts for news of their husbands. Alas! war is a dreadful thing, and misery and suffering are its attendants. I saw among the Austrians that were killed the bodies of one general and thirty-five superior officers. The struggle in the streets was a dreadful one, as is attested by the aspect of the houses. At the cemetery the Zouaves were forced to provide themselves with ladders and barrels or boxes, as the walls were high and the entrance barricaded. They jumped down into the interior, and soon the bayonet had done its fatal work. I must tell you of the result of a charge with the bayonet, made by a company of Hungarian Grenadiers. 'They came upon us,' said the officer of Zouaves who told me of the affair, 'in a determined manner. I ordered my men to halt, and when they were within ten feet I gave the order to fire and charge. Every man of the foremost company went down before our volley, and not one of the Hungarians was alive ten minutes after.' This first attempt was a most decided failure. While I remained in the village a most painful and revolting event took place. Some Zouaves, who were attending the wounded, both Austrians and French, deposited in a house some fire-arms they had picked up in the streets. They asked the woman who lived in the place whether she knew of any Austrians being hidden in the town, as if she did, they had better surrender at once, and have their wounds attended to, besides which they were sure of good treatment. She refused to answer the soldiers, saying she knew nothing about the Austrians. She then commenced carrying the guns up stairs, saying they would be safer there. The Zouaves, who were commanded by a sergeant, then left to resume the care of the wounded, when a musket shot was heard, and the sergeant I have spoken of fell upon his face dead! He was shot through the body, the ball having entered between the shoulders. Looking hastily around, his men saw an Austrian leaving a window of the very

THE BATTLE OF MA

houses they
soldiers,
and the
the greate
meet into
attracted
wretched
Austrian
was gaun
and gave
was no bo
reality, th

FOUGHT JUNE 8, 1859.

dent into it, ere thrown to ed their bay- In the street,) saw the ge. The sistance Zouaves, Chasseurs ssion ferrific in its determined

for the future to keep away from the battle-fields until the wounded had been attended to and the dead buried. The prisoners will be marched off to-night to Novara."

It will be noticed that our picture represents a thunder-storm bursting on the scene. The Austrians ascribe the cessation of the battle to this incident. The official report telegraphed to Vienna says:

"A violent thunder-storm, and perhaps an intention to move on Paris, induced the enemy to break off the engagement, and the division Borger continued its march toward Lodi without further molestation."

Other correspondents say: "Before attacking, a few cannon shot were fired from the bridge before the town, which the Austrians had again left standing. These latter did not reply. On this the order to advance was given, and the Zouaves, full of desire to emulate their comrades who had distinguished themselves at Palestro and Magenta, rushed on with, even for them, unusual *élan*. No resistance was met until they came to a cemetery to the left of the road, just before the entrance of the town. It is surrounded by a wall from fifteen to eighteen feet high, and covered outside with tombstones of black marble imbedded in it. The only entrance to it is a large, massive iron gate. This cemetery the enemy occupied in strength. Beneath, from a little chapel which is inclosed by the wall, and ladders were placed against the inclosure to serve as a *banquette* to the defenders. In spite of these preparations the resistance on this point was not great, for already had the 10th Chasseurs, to the left, turned the position. When they arrived at the river, which, as I said before, crosses the main road, and runs to the other side of the town, they found the bridge leading over it broken. Nothing daunted by this, they jumped into the stream, and made their way through it in spite of its depth. Immediately behind the cemetery is a large farm-house, which forms the first house of the town on this side. The walls of it had been loopholed, and the windows were occupied by riflemen. This was attacked first, and carried. What follows after it was a street fight, the 1st Zouaves supported by the 3d of the Line, on one side, and the 10th Chasseurs and the 15th of the Line on the other. Every house was strongly occupied and obstinately defended. Concealed behind the windows, the enemy, sufficiently protected, directed a murderous fire on the attacking columns. They never showed themselves for an instant in the open, but loading behind the walls, ran out and fired. In spite of this disadvantage, which occasioned a good deal of loss, one house after another was cleared of the Austrians. Just on the outskirts of the town is a large building, once a chateau, and lately used by the Austrians as a House of Correction; it stands in the midst of a square, and is surrounded by a large dry ditch. To this square a large mass of Austrians was pressed back. There is a double gateway, the outer a square tower, having evidently once been connected by a drawbridge with the inner one; now a causeway leads over it, and through this the Austrians had to make their way. They were here caught by the Zouaves, and a number of them bayoneted. Those who could get through in time ran to the garden which leads off the courtyard into the fields. A massive iron gate separates the two, and the Austrians found means to shut this. The building on all other sides is surrounded by a ditch, flanked with masonry about 15 to 20 feet high, so that there was no issue on that side. Besides, the Austrians had thrown up some earthworks in the fields facing it. But this interruption lasted only just long enough to allow another body to go round, and once in the open field, it was a child's play.

"In an hour and a half the Austrians were driven out of the town, with a loss of 1000 prisoners, one gun, and at least 6000 dead and wounded."

A Milan letter relates the following episode of the battle:

"During a charge of the 1st Zouaves their commanding officer, Colonel Lummel, found himself opposed hand to hand to the colonel of an Austrian regiment. Being both on horseback, they seized each other by the body, and a tremendous struggle ensued. The Austrian officer fired his revolver, but his arm being forced up at the moment, he missed the French colonel, who in his turn fired, and shot the horse of his adversary. As the animal was falling he ran its rider through the body and killed him."

AUDUN AND HIS WHITE BEAR.

FROM THE OLD NORSE.

[The following quaint story of the adventures of an Icelander in the eleventh century is taken from the Saga of King Harold Hardgrave. This was that Norwegian king whose hard, unyielding temper gained him the nickname of Hardrada, "hard ruler." He was St. Olof's brother, after whom death he fled East to Byzantium, and became captain of the Greek Emperor's Varangians. Returning, after several years, to found Magnus, Olof's son, on the Norwegian throne, a share of which he claimed and got. At the death of his nephew he became sole King of Norway and at last, having taken up the cause of Tostig, he fell at the battle of Stamford Bridge, in Yorkshire, in 1066, and found there those sorts of an English ground which his namesake the Anglo-Saxon Harold had grounded him. Snorro, whose bounty rained out so characteristically in the story, was that King Sverre of Denmark who claimed the crown of England from Edward the Confessor as Canute's heir, and whose death, by falling overboard when on the eve of invading for England to assert his right, may still be seen sculptured as one of God's judgments in the Chapel of the Confessor, at the back of the High Altar in Westminster Abbey.]

THERE was a man named Audun, an Icelander and Westfirther; his means were small, but his goodness was well known. This Audun once sailed from Iceland with a Norwegian merchant named Thorir, but before he went he made over almost all his goods to his mother—and after all, it was not more than enough to keep her for two years. After that they put to sea with a fair breeze, and soon made Norway. Audun sailed with Thorir that winter, and next summer they both sailed out to Greenland, and were there the next winter. Then Audun bought a white bear, well tamed, and he gave for the beast all the money he had—for it was the greatest treasure of the land. Then he went on board of.

Next summer they sailed back to Norway, and had a good voyage; as for Thorir, the captain, he went back to his own house, but Audun got himself a passage to the north in the Dublin ship. He took his bear with him, and looked about for a lodging for the night; for he meant to make his way south to Denmark, and give the bear to King Sweyn. But just then the war and strife between King Harold and Sweyn was at its height. It happened, too, that Harold was then in the town with his court, and when the king heard how an Icelander had come from Greenland with such a tame white bear. The king sent at once for Audun, as he was before the king and greeted him. The king took his words well, and asked,

"Hast thou that white bear which is such a treasure?"

"I have," said Audun.

The king said, "Will thou sell us the beast for the same price thou gavest for it?"

"I will not do that, lord," said Audun.

"Will thou," says the king, "take it give then twice as much, and that a father, if indeed thou gavest for it all thy money?"

"I will not do that, lord," he said.

"Will thou give it me, then?" says the king.

"That, too, I will not do," says the Icelander.

"What will thou do with it, then?" said the king.

Audun answers: "What I have already made up my mind to do: go south to Denmark and give it to King Sweyn."

Then King Harold said, "Is it now that thou art so ignorant a man that thou hast not heard of all this war and strife which is between the lands here, or dost thou think thy luck so great that thou will be able to bring this treasure to King Sweyn when others can not get to his land without trouble, even when need force them to go?"

Audun answers: "I, lord, am now lies in your power, but I will say yes to no other way than the one I have already spoken of, and made up my mind to follow."

Then the king said, "I see no reason why thou shouldst not go on thine pleasant trip to make this bargain, that thou canest here to me when thou gettest back, and tell me how King Sweyn received thee for the beast. Maybe thou art a man of luck."

"I'll give you my word to do that," said Audun. And away he went, and got a passage south to Denmark. And when he got there he gave proof of his money was spent, and he had to beg for food both for his bear and himself. So he went to a bailiff of the king, whose name was Auki, and begged him to get him some food, that he might feed himself and the bear, which he meant to give King Sweyn.

Auki answers: "I will tell thee food, if then will."

"I have nothing to give for it now," said Audun; "but I would be glad to bit upon some way of bringing the beast to the king, for it were a great exathe if so precious a thing were to do on my hands."

Auki said, "Ye'll both of ye need much food before ye get to the king. And now I'll make you this offer: I will feed ye both till then, but then I must have half the beast; and what thou hast now to look at is this—that thou wilt not have even half of it if it starves to death on your hands."

Audun thought this choice hard, but still could see nothing better for it as things stood now, and struck a bargain, and he agreed to sell Auki half the bear, on condition that they started for the king's house at once and should reckon the worth on both sides, first on the food which Auki gave him, and then all that Auki should find out that he pay Audun so much as was over, if the king thought half the bear worth more than the food. So they set off for them, till they found King Sweyn. He greeted Auki, the bailiff, well, but asked the man who came with him who he was, for he did not know him.

Audun answers: "I am a man from Iceland, now come from Norway, but before that I come from Greenland. My errand thither was to give him this white bear which I bought out there in Greenland with all my goods; but a great change has befallen me, for now I own no more than half the beast."

After that he told the king the whole story, and all that passed between him and Auki.

"Then the king said, "Is this true, Auki, what he says?"

"True it is," says Auki.

Then the king said, "And thoughtest thou it all to thine own profit to take what I had given and given there great place, to tax and toll what an outlander and a stranger had purchased with his own goods; and that, too, when our greatest foes brought it great luck to go and buy in peace? Think, now, how truthless it was in thee to do such a thing, and see what a great difference there is between thee and Harold, when he gave him safe-conduct. And now it were meet thou shouldst be put out of the land, and that I did it, but that though I will not slay thee this time, still thou shalt go away at once on the spot a beggar from my realm, and never come into my sight. But for thee, Icelander, as thou hast given us the whole of the bear and that worth for more than the food which Auki sold, but which he ought to have given thee, I accept it, and ask thee to stay with me here."

Then Audun thanked the king for his words and invitation, and said that, since the king now went away unhappy, and lost great goods, because he coveted that which did not belong to him.

Audun laid away with King Sweyn a little while when he said he was eager to go away. The king was rather loth to part with him.

"What wilt thou do, then," he asked, "if thou wilt not be with us?"

"I will go south to Rome," he says.

Then the king said,

"Hadst thou not taken such good counsel, I had been very angry at thy eagerness to go away, but now thou shalt not be thwarted in my heart." So the king gave him much silver, and settled all about his journey, and put him in the way of getting on board a ship which was ready to sail. Him to come to see him when he came back.

So Audun went south, but when he was coming south he took a great sickness, and lay long abed. All the money was spent which Sweyn had given him, and he was sometimes ashamed to show himself before their eyes. But when the king had sat down to the table Audun went and dined his meat outside under the wall of the hall, as is pilgrims' went, so long as they have not been away and sell and scrip. And now he made up his mind to throw himself in the king's way as he went to archeology, for he took as this seemed to him earlier in the day, just half as bold again must he have been to bid the king see his new that they had sold drunk. So, when Audun saw them coming, he turned short off and ran away to hide himself. But the king thought he caught a glimpse of a man, and as he came out of church, and all his men took counsels inside their lodging, he turned round and went out again, and called out with a loud voice, as soon as he was out of doors,

"If there be any man here in Rome Andalusia there is, who wishes to see me, and has hardly been to do so, let him come forward now and let himself be seen."

Then Audun came forward, and fell at the king's feet. The king knew him at once, and took him by the hand and bade him welcome.

"And now," he says, "thou art greatly changed since we saw one another last, for I scarce knew thee."

So the king led him into the hall there and then; but all the king's train laughed at Audun as soon as ever he saw him. But the king bade

"Ye have no need to laugh at him, vile and mean though he seems to ye to look on; he hath been much better for his soul's health than ye, and therefore to God's eye he will seem bright and fair."

Then the king made them get ready a bath, and waited on him with his own hands, and gave him afterward good clothes, and made much of him in every way. So Audun soon got back his strength and health; for he was young, and there he staid a while. He knew, too, how to behave himself among the crowd of men; he was an easy-tempered, well-weighing man, and not given to gossip. So all men liked him; and as for King Sweyn, he was most gracious to him.

So it fell out one day, when spring-tide was drawing on, that they two were talking together; and all at once the king said,

"South to say, Audun, I have never yet repaid thee in a way thou wouldest like, by a gift in return for the white bear. And now, if thou will, thou shalt be free to stay long here with me, and I will make thee my henchman; and, at the same time, treat thee honorably in all things."

Audun answers, "God thank you, lord, for your generous offer, and for all the honor you show me; but I have set my heart at sailing out to Iceland."

"This seems to me a most wonderful choice," said the king.

Then Audun said, "I can't bear to think that I am sitting here with you in great honor and happiness, while my mother trumps about on the beggar's pulse out in Iceland. I ask for now the time it up during which I gave her means to live, before I sailed away from home."

"Spoke like a good man and true," answers the king; "and no doubt thou wilt be a man of luck. This was the only thing which would not have misliked me, if thou hadst asked leave to go away. But now stay here a while with me, till the ships are being got ready."

So Audun staid. But one day, when the spring was near at hand, King Sweyn went down from the town to the landing-place, and then they saw men have fitting out their ships for various lands; East to Russia, or to Saxony, to Sweden, or to Norway. So Audun and the king came to a fair ship, and saw men hard at work on her: she was a merchantman of fine size.

Then the king said, "What thinkest thou, Audun, of this ship?"

He said, "She was fine enough."

"Now," said the king, "I will repay thee for the bear, and give thee this ship with a full lading of all that I know is handiest in Iceland."

Audun thanked the king as well as he could, for this gift; but when time went on, and the ship was ready for sea, they two went down again to the strand—King Sweyn and Audun. Then the king spoke:

"Since thou wilt go away from me, Icelander, nothing shall now be done to hinder thee; but I have heard that thou hast a will of the house, and that there are great shoals and risks for ships; and now, if things do not turn out well, it may be that thy ship goes to pieces, and thy lading will be lost: little then will be left to show that thou hast met King Sweyn, and given him a thing of great price."

As he said this the king put into his hand a big leathern bag full of silver, and said, "Thou wilt not be now altogether penniless, though thy ship goes to pieces, if thou only hadst this."

"Many, too," the king went on to say, "that then losest this money also, what good will it then have been to me that thou gavest King Sweyn thy treasure?"

As he said this the king drew a ring of gold from his arm, and gave it to Audun; that was a thing of costly price, and the king went on:

"Though things go so ill that thy ship goes to pieces, and all thy goods and money be lost, still thou wilt not be penniless, if thou consent to land with this ring, for it is often the case of men to bear their gold about them when they are in risk of shipwreck, and it will then show that thou hast met King Sweyn Wolfson, if then holdest fast the ring, though thou losest the rest of thy goods. And now I will give then this bit of advice, never to part with this ring, for I wish thee to enjoy it to the uttermost, and then thinkest thyself bound to repay so much goodness to some great man as to deem it right that thou shouldst give him a great treasure. When thou findest such a one give him the ring, for it is worth a great man's while to own it; and now farewell, and luck follow thy voyage."

That was what King Sweyn said.

After that Audun put to sea, and ran into a haven in Norway, and as soon as he heard where King Harold was he set out to find him, as he had given his word. So Audun came before King Harold and greeted him, and the king took his greeting kindly.

"Sit here now and drink with us," said the king.

So Audun sat and drank. Then King Harold asked,

"Well, how did King Sweyn repay thee for the white bear?"

"In that wise, lord," says Audun, "that he took it when I gave it."

"In that case," said he, "I had repaid him myself," says the king. "What more did he give thee?"

"He gave me silver to go south."

The king answers, "King Sweyn has given many a man before now silver to go south, or to help his need, though he had not brought him things of price. What hast thou more to show?"

"He asked me," answers Audun, "to become his henchman, and to give me great honor if I staid with him."

"That was well spoken," says the king; "but he must have repaid love with more still."

Audun said, "He gave me a big merchantman, full laden with the best of freight."

"That was a noble gift," says the king; "but I would have given thee as much; or did he give thee any more gifts?"

Audun answers, "He gave me, besides, a leathern bag full of silver, and said I would not then be penniless if I held fast to it, though my ship went to pieces off Iceland."

"That was indeed thought of," answers the king, "and then I would not have done. I should have thought much of the gift had it given thee ship and lading. Gave he ought besides?"

"Yes, lord, he did," says Audun: "he gave me this ring which I have on my arm, and said it might so happen that I lost all my goods and the ship too, and yet, he said, I should not be penniless if I still had the ring. He bade me also not to part with the ring unless I thought that I owed so much to some great man for his goodness that I ought to give it him; but now I have found that man, for it was in your palace, lord, to take my bear from me, and my life too, but you let me go in peace to Denmark when no one else could get thither."

The king took the ring blithely, and gave Audun good gifts in return before they parted. So Audun sailed to Iceland that very summer, and all thought him the luckiest of men.

AN EVENING AT A MILAN CAFE.

I GOT to Milan, through fat dark plains, starry with fire-flies, and through a night air heavier with frogs. As the diligence swept into Milan through clouds of powdery white dust, I caught, on my way to the hotel, moonlight glimpses of the great white marble cathedral, with its pinnacles fine as so much goldsmith work, stretching up toward heaven. . . .

And now, from the dark hush of the outer square, with its sky full of all violet depths of dimness, and spangled thick as the imperial robe of Charlemagne with jewel stars, I turned into the Caffe Galways double f in Italian) del Duomo, in the great square of the cathedral. The place was full of Austrian officers in their spoken white uniforms, faced and starred down with waxation blue and heavy color, their heavy steel-sheathed cavalry swords, tasseled and knotted with white pipeclayed leather, rested on chairs. Their spurs stood on the wall beside their cocked-hats, or chucked as they moved insolently along the white-and-black tiled floor of the café. It was a wonderful change from the darkness and almost mournful hush of the outer square, roofed by the black blue sky, where the white marble Duomo showed only by ghastly glimmers through the darkness.

I there myself on a long settee that lined the wall, within convenient reach of the little innocuous round marble table on which some empty coffee-cups stood, and fell to study the Milanese. I soon forgot the outer darkness, where the great

white shrine of marble, pale and wan, heaped up in little dust-out casket pinnacles, fine-leaded and neat, onto the lingering stars, that seemed to turn like angels' watch-fires on their highest crossing peaks, and plunged myself, with the relish and abandonment of a traveler courting forgetfulness and pleasure, in the maze of crystaled lights that the great mirrors on the walls echoed and repeated till they seemed to lengthen into avenues and corridors of endless lamps, repeating, to the very darkness, and the plumed hats, and the fair Bavaran mustaches, and the white and rose-colored arms of fancy others, till the place seemed the bouquet-hall of the whole white-coated Austrian army; the waiters who moved about among the crowd standing for orderlies or aid-de-camps. Glimpses of side rooms showed groups of officers assembled round small ground-plans of black-and-white dominoes before them, and each with a small wine-glass and engraved pocket-tumbler at his elbow, and the low, and from other door-ways leading into inner rooms, I heard the roll and rattle of dice, the shuffle and rush of cards, and the green cloth, luminous in the shining lamplight.

It was some time before my pleased eye could take in the various elements of this animated scene; but, as my eye grew used to it, I found that its occupants of this café—like 'till the Milanese Cafés I had seen—could easily be divided into three sections: the Austrian officers, the waiters, and the landlord (the padrone) and his busy staff of waiters.

There—at a sort of idealized bar built up with ices, many coffee cups, trays for change, bottles, cake baskets, little receipt-books, and every clear tumblers of water, which the Italians drink to counteract the bilious effects of coffee—sat the landlord, playing ingerdesmain tricks with silver coins, handing in and dealing out copper change; and there were the waiters, with napkins on arm and bow, bringing in empty cups, or loading tray with smoking coffee, or with small wineglasses and cool Austrian capitain. The padrone looked like a male Fortune, distributing gifts and favors, as he tore another rolled, or a fresh pile of counters, or of clearly Chiavenna wine. The Milanese citizens there were not many, and they were, by flippant, unwary manner, and dark pale faces, richer effeminate in character. Each had his little party dog or sewing-poll, and was playing at cards, each his smoking fragrant coffee cup, tray of sugar, and tumbler of water. Among the Austrian officers, were excavating the strawberry ice's melting mine; some discoursed with frivolous enthusiasm about the long or the short sword, according to fancy of greeting or departing, courteously meant for the entire company, worked in and out the swinging door.

But in all the Austrians I saw one professional, unrestrainable feeling of defiant, cool, and successful hatred for their conquerors. They sat away from the officers' table, and, when with contemptuous defiance, which, though only conveyed by the eyes, was as insolent as if a sword-hilt had been touched, or a pistol cocked. They sat by seeing the old story—the old quarrel from the old wars—the injured Italian, the insulting Turk, the Chinaman, over again. Let a drunken man shout a word and blush in a moment—and he is sober. There was not a gesture or motion of either the black-coated Milanese or the white-clad Austrians that was significant of "fraternity." If the glass door opened and an itinerant blind guitarplayer came in, led by a poodle dog, he proved about each of the tables for alms—for "quelcosa, for" the little money, for "the very small money for sake of Heaven," and the Austrian waiting would go on in their knees of guard-room talk and not go to bed, as the old man's misery, and the young curled darling of the Vienna drawing-rooms might pull down his great trailing flaxen mustache and "answer a sou-markee." Potentates of Hester'—at the old gray head; or a fat general, jubbed and stiff with pride and Austrian wine, would let pantaloons steel sword, so that it flapped against the beggar and warned him off; and as often as this happened, when the poor man, counting his itinerary, reached the Milanese tables, he would be received with words of kindness and sympathy, and trays of change would be poured into his hat, with a kindly "God be with you!" If an Italian accidentally jostled an Austrian off his table, or clashed a spoon unseemingly loud, or took a paper too long, or a cup too quickly, or made any his itinerary, reached the Milanese tables, he would be received with words of kindness and sympathy, and trays of change would be poured into his hat, with a kindly "God be with you!" If an Italian accidentally jostled an Austrian off his table, or clashed a spoon unseemingly loud, or took a paper too long, or a cup too quickly, or made any other offense, he was instantly challenged to single combat, and the Austrian would go on in their knees of guard-room talk and not go to bed, as the old man's misery, and the young curled darling of the Vienna drawing-rooms might pull down his great trailing flaxen mustache and "answer a sou-markee." Potentates of Hester'—at the old gray head; or a fat general, jubbed and stiff with pride and Austrian wine, would let pantaloons steel sword, so that it flapped against the beggar and warned him off; and as often as this happened, when the poor man, counting

A ZOUAVE CHARGE ON THE BANK OF THE MINCIO.

A ZOUAVE CHARGE AT SOLFERINO.

THE accompanying engraving, which represents a charge of Zouaves upon the flank of an Austrian column, will enable our readers to realize the terrible scenes which are of daily occurrence during the present war in Italy.

It may not be inappropriate to give in this place the following extract from a letter of the Hon. H. J. Raymond, of this city, who was, by good fortune, an eye-witness of the great battle of Solferino. Mr. Raymond says:

"From about seven o'clock until after nightfall an incessant and most terrible combat was here kept up. The batteries of the two armies were apparently about half a mile apart—and at the outset they were both served with nearly equal and effective vigor. But the Austrians gradually slackened their fire and several times took up new positions, while the Sardinian pieces poured a rapid and uninterrupted shower of balls upon them, responding only for a few minutes at a time, and then renewing it again with redoubled fury. The wind had now gone down, the air was still, and the sound of musketry, as well as of the cannon, was distinctly heard. The former was continuous, sharp, and incessant, sounding like the constant and irregular pattering of hail upon a roof, while the latter was occasionally suspended, but while it lasted was overwhelmingly grand and terrific. Over the Sardinian park rose a dense white cloud of smoke, directly upward, its sides perfectly upright and well defined, and spreading outward both ways at the top like an enormous sheaf of wheat. The sun was making a glorious setting in the west, and as his light gradually departed, the vivid flashes at each discharge of the cannon gleamed through the smoke like sharp lightning through the breast of an enormous cloud. Sometimes only a single flash would be seen, then two or three at once, and sometimes half a dozen would break forth in instant succession. It was beginning to be dark when I turned to decend the hill, and all the way down I could hear the roar of the cannon.

"I am afraid to venture upon any conjecture as to the number of killed and wounded in this battle; but from the nature of the case it must be enormous. I am confident that not less than ten thousand wounded have been brought into this village above during the day, to my nothing of those that were left on the field or taken to other places. The first intimation we received of an engagement having taken place, was from meeting three or four carts, drawn by oxen, and filled with wounded, before we reached Montechiaro on the road from Peschiera. As we had heard of no battle, we naturally supposed that these wounded had been received in some skirmish. Soon after we met a one-horse carriage, in which was laid a full length an officer of rank, whose face wore so ghastly a look as to make it evident he was dying. On reaching Montechiaro, and stopping for a moment to rest our horses, we were told that a great battle was then going on in the plain before Castiglione. The main street was densely crowded with carts, carriages, horses, donkeys, oxen, soldiers, sutlers, and persons, and animals of every description. We pushed our way, without hinderance, directly past the house marked as the Quartier Général, or head-quarters of the Emperor, and was thus within the camp. We had gone but a short distance when we came to where the great procession of the wounded was turning down a cross street to a church which had been taken for a hospital. It was certainly the most dreadful sight I ever saw. Every conceivable kind of wound which can be inflicted upon men was here exhibited. All who were able to do so, were obliged to walk—the wagons and animals at command being all required for those who could not otherwise be moved. Some walked along, their faces completely covered with blood from sabre cuts upon their heads. Many had their arms shattered—hundreds had their hands tied up, and some carried most ghastly wounds upon their feet. Some had tied up their wounds, and others had stripped away the clothing which chafed and made them worse. I saw one man walking along with a firm step and a resolute air, naked to his waist, and having a bullet round upon his side, an ugly gash along his cheek, and a deep bayonet-thrust, received from behind, in his shoulder."

THE NEW AUSTRIAN COMMANDER, MARSHAL SCHLICK.

WE present herewith a portrait of the new commander of the first (but second Austrian) armies in Italy, Marshal Count Schlick.

A Bohemian by birth, Marshal Schlick comes of a family distinguished both by rank and by wealth. Several generations since, the house of Schlick was enriched by the discovery of gold mines on their estates in Bohemia; the riches thus acquired, added to their high rank, enabled them to wield great political influence. For several generations the heads of the house have been soldiers. Marshal Schlick's father and grandfather were both field-marshals.

The present Count was born in 1789 at Prague, and is, consequently, in his seventieth year. He joined the army in 1808, and served in all the Austrian wars against the French, until the battle of Wallan, at which he was wounded in the head. The wound cost him one of his eyes, and for the time obliged him to withdraw from the army. He still hides the scar with a black silk handkerchief as shown in our portrait.

During the long peace which succeeded, Count Schlick served as colonel of hussars, until, on receiving the title of field-marshal lieutenant, he was allowed to retire from the army. He then began to figure as a politician, and occupied a conspicuous place among the liberals who were opposed to the régime of Metternich and the Archduchess Sophia. This won him no little disfavor at Court.

His military fame stood so high, however, that when, in 1848, the Austrian empire appeared to be breaking to pieces, he was solicited to take the command of an army against Hungary. He obeyed, and in the battles of Torre, Kaschau, and Szouta, defeated the insurgents with great slaughter. He subsequently, by a very brilliant manœuvre, extricated himself from a trap which had been laid for him by Gorgey and Klapka, and succeeded in rejoining the main army of Austria.

This was in 1849. Ever since then Schlick has ceased to figure in Austrian history. It is said that his liberal sentiments were so offensive to the Court that care was taken to place him where he could do no mischief and win no glory. When the present war broke out, he was assigned to the army of Galicia, and, notwithstanding the loudly expressed desire of the army in his favor, the chief

MARSHAL SCHLICK, COMMANDING 1st AND 2d AUSTRIAN ARMIES IN ITALY.

command in Italy was given to the Hungarian General Gyulai.

It was not till after the disastrous defeat at Magenta that the Emperor of Austria recognized his error, and relieved Gyulai of his command. Then, but not till then, was Schlick sent for. A telegraphic message summoned him to the post vacated by Gyulai. It would appear, however, that he is still not invested with supreme command. At the battle of Solferino, the Emperor Francis-Joseph commanded in person; and now that we hear of the Emperor returning to Vienna, old Marshal Hess seems to possess some sort of general control. The Austrians, it seems, have not yet learned the evils of a divided command.

In person, General Schlick will compare favorably with his predecessor. His figure is tall and imposing; his face is said to be very handsome, notwithstanding the scar and the black silk bandage. As a soldier, the Austrians say that he is the only man they have who is fit to wear the mantle of Radetzky.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

In Three Books.—Splendidly Illustrated.

IF Printed from early Proof-sheets, for which Messrs. Harper & Brothers pay the Author

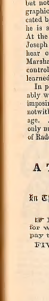
FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS.

BOOK II.

THE GOLDEN THREAD.

CHAPTER XII.

THE FELLOW OF DELICACY.



MR. STRYVER having made up his mind to that magnanimous bestowal of good fortune on the Doctor's daughter, resolved to make her happiness known to her before he left town for the Long Vacation. After some mental debating of the point, he came to the conclusion that it would be as well to get all the preliminaries done with, and they could then arrange at their leisure whether he should give her his hand a week or two before Michaelmas Term, or in the little Christmas vacation between it and Hilary.

As to the strength of his case he had not a doubt about it, but clearly saw his way to the verdict. Argued with the jury on substantial worldly grounds—the only grounds ever worth taking into account—it was a plain case, and had not a weak spot in it. He called himself retained for the plaintiff, there was no getting over his evidence, the counsel for the defendant threw up his brief, and the jury did not even turn to consider. After trying it, Stryver C. J. was satisfied that no pliaintiff case could be.

Accordingly, Mr. Stryver inaugurated the Long Vacation with a formal proposal to take Miss Manette to Vauxhall Gardens; that failing, to Ranelagh; that unaccountably failing too, it behoved him to present himself in Soho, and there declare his noble mind.

Toward Soho, therefore, Mr. Stryver shouldered his way from the Temple, while the bloom of the Long Vacation's infancy was still upon it. Any body who had seen him projecting himself into Soho while he was yet on Saint Dunstan's side of Temple Bar, bursting in his full-blown way along the pavement, to the jostlement of all weaker people, might have seen how safe and strong he was.

His way taking him past Tellson's, and he both banking at Tellson's and knowing Mr. Lorry as the intimate friend of the Manette family, entered Mr. Stryver's mind to enter the bank, and reveal to Mr. Lorry the brightness of the Soho horizon. So he pushed open the door with the weak rattle in its throat, stumbled down the two steps, got past the two amazed cashiers, and shouldered himself into the musty back closet where Mr. Lorry sat at great book ruled for figures, with perpendicular iron bars to his window as if that were ruled for figures too, and every thing under the clouds were a sum.

"Halloa!" said Mr. Stryver. "How do you do? I hope you are well!"

It was Stryver's grand peculiarity that he always seemed too big for any place or space. He was so much too big for Tellson's that old clerks in distant corners looked up with looks of remonstrance, as though he squeezed them against the wall. The House itself, magnificently reading its paper quite in the full-day perspective, lowered displeased, as if the Stryver head had been butted into its responsible waist cost.

The discreet Mr. Lorry said, in a sample tone of the voice he would recommend under the circumstances, "How do you do, Mr. Stryver? How do you do, Sir?" and shook hands. There was a constancy in his manner of shaking hands, always to be seen in any clerk at Tellson's who stands with a customer who has the House pervaded the air. He shook in a self-abnegating way, as one who shook for Tellson & Co.

"Can I do any thing for you, Mr. Stryver?" asked Mr. Lorry, in his business character.

"Why, no thank you; this is a private visit to yourself, Mr. Lorry; I have come for a private word."

"Oh indeed!" said Mr. Lorry, bending down his ear, while his eye strayed to the House after me off.

"I am going," said Mr. Stryver, leaning his arms confidentially on the desk: whereupon, although it was a large double one, there appeared to be not half desk enough for him: "I am going to make an offer of myself in marriage to your agreeable little friend Miss Manette, Mr. Lorry."

"Oh dear me!" cried Mr. Lorry, rubbing his chin, and looking at his visitor dubiously.

"Oh dear me, Sir?" repeated Stryver, drawing back. "Oh dear you, Sir? What may your meaning be, Mr. Lorry?"

"My meaning," answered the man of business, "is, of course, friendly and appreciative, and that it rises you the greatest credit, and—in short, my meaning is every thing you could desire. But—really, you know, Mr. Stryver—" Mr. Lorry paused, and shook his head at him in the oddest manner, as if he were compelled against his will to add, internally, "you know there really is so much, too much of you!"

"Well!" said Stryver, slapping the desk with his contentious hand, opening his eyes wider, and taking a long breath, "if I understand you, Mr. Lorry, I'll be hanged!"

Mr. Lorry adjusted his little wig at both ears as a means toward that end, and bit the feather of a pen.

"D—n it all, Sir!" said Stryver, staring at him, "am I not eligible?"

"Oh dear yes! Yes. Oh yes, you're eligible!" said Mr. Lorry. "If you say eligible, you are eligible."

"Am I not prosperous?" asked Stryver.

"Oh! if you come to prosperous, you are prosperous," said Mr. Lorry.

"And advancing?"

"If you come to advancing, you know," said Mr. Lorry, delighted to be able to make another admission, "nobody can doubt that."

"Then what on earth is your meaning, Mr. Lorry?" demanded Stryver, perceptibly crestfallen.

"Well! I— Were you going there now?" asked Mr. Lorry.

"Straight!" said Stryver, with a plump of his fist on the desk.

"Then I think I wouldn't, if I was you."

"Why?" said Stryver. "Now, I'll put you in a corner," forensically shaking a forefinger —which I hope I do not—whose taste was so magnificent, and whose temper was so overbearing, that he could not restrain himself from speaking disrespectfully of that young lady at this desk, not even Tellson's should prevent my giving him a piece of my mind."

The necessity of being angry in a suppressed tone had put Mr. Stryver's blood-vessels into a dangerous state when it was his turn to be angry: Mr. Lorry's veins, mutholicial as their courses could usually be, were in no better state now in his turn.

"That is what I mean to tell you, Sir," said Mr. Lorry. "Pray let there be no mistake about it."

Mr. Stryver sucked the end of a ruler for a little while, and then stood hitting a tune out of his teeth with it, which probably gave him the toothache. He broke the awkward silence by saying,

"This is something new to me, Mr. Lorry. You intimate that you advise me not to go to Soho and offer myself—myself, Stryver, of the King's Bench bar?"

"Do you ask me for my advice, Mr. Stryver?"

"Yes, I do."

"Very good. Then I give it, and you have repeated it correctly."

"And all I can say of it is," laughed Stryver, with a vexed laugh, "that this—ha, ha!—beats every thing, past, present, and to come."

"Now understand me," pursued Mr. Lorry. "As a man of business I am not justified in saying any thing about this matter, for, as a man of business, I know nothing of it. But as an old fellow who has carried Miss Manette in his arms, who is the trusted friend of Miss Manette and of her father too, and who has a great affection for them both, I have spoken. The confidence is not of my seeking, recollect. Now you think I may not be right?"

"Not I!" said Stryver, whistling. "I can't undertake to find third parties in common sense; I can only find it for myself. I suppose sense in certain quarters; you suppose nonsense in certain quarters. At new to me; but you are right, I dare say."

"What I suppose, Mr. Stryver, I claim to

"D—N IT ALL, SIR! AM I NOT ELIGIBLE?"

at him. "You are a man of business and bound to have a reason. State your reason. Why wouldn't you go?"

"Because," said Mr. Lorry, "I wouldn't go on such an object without having some cause to believe that I should succeed."

"D—n me!" cried Stryver, "but this beats every thing!"

Mr. Lorry glanced at the distant House, and glanced at the angry Stryver.

"Here's a man of business—a man of years—a man of experience—in a Bank," said Stryver; "and having summed up three leading reasons for complete success, he says there's no reason at all! Says it with his head on!" Mr. Stryver remarked upon the peculiarity as if it would have been infinitely less remarkable if he had said it with his head off.

"When I speak of success, I speak of success with the young lady; and when I speak of success and reasons to make success probable, I speak of causes and reasons that will tell as such with the young lady. The young lady, my good Sir," and Mr. Lorry, mildly tapping the Stryver arm, "the young lady. The young lady goes before all."

"Then you mean to tell me, Mr. Lorry," said Stryver, squaring his elbows, "that it is your deliberate opinion that the young lady at present in question is a mincing Fool?"

"Not exactly so. I mean to tell you, Mr. Stryver," said Mr. Lorry, reddening, "that I will hear no disrespectful word of that young lady from my lips; and that if I knew any man characterize for myself. And understand me, Sir," said Mr. Lorry, quickly flushing again, "I will not—not even at Tellson's—have it characterized for me by any gentleman breathing."

"There! I beg your pardon!" said Stryver.

"Granted. Thank you. Well, Mr. Stryver, I was about to say: it might be painful to you to find yourself mistaken; it might be painful to Doctor Manette to have the task of being explicit with you; it might be very painful to Miss Manette to have the task of being explicit with you. You know the terms upon which I have the honor and happiness to stand with the family. If you please, committing you in no way, representing you in no way, I will undertake to correct my advice by the exercise of a little new observation and judgment expressly brought to bear upon it. If you should then be dissatisfied with it, you can use it or not, as you please for yourself; if, on the other hand, you should be satisfied with it, and it should be what it now is, it may spare all sides what is best spared. What do you say?"

"How long would you keep me in town?"

"Oh! it is only a question of a few hours. I could go to Soho this evening, and come to your chambers afterward."

"Then I say yes," said Stryver: "I won't go up there now; I am not so hot upon it as that comes to. I say yes; and I shall expect you to look in to-night. Good-morning."

Then Mr. Stryver turned and burst out of the Bank, causing such a concussion of air on his

passage through, that to stand up against it leaving behind him two country, required the utmost remaining strength of the two ancient clerks. Those venerable and feeble persons were always seen by the public in the act of bowing, and were popularly believed, when they had bowed a customer out, still to keep on bowing in the empty office until they bowed another customer in.

The barrister was keen enough to divine that the banker would not have gone so far in his expression of opinion on any less solid ground than moral certainty. Unprepared as he was for the large pill he had to swallow, he put it down. "Ah, now," said Mr. Stryver, shaking his forensic forefinger at the Temple in general, which was then, "my way out of this is to put you all in the wrong."

It was a bit of the art of an Old Bailey tactician, in which he found great relief. "You shall not put me in the wrong, young lady," said Mr. Stryver, "if I do that for you."

Accordingly, when Mr. Lorry called that night as late as one o'clock, Mr. Stryver, with a quantity of books and papers littered out for the purpose, seemed to have nothing less on his mind than the subject of the morning. He even showed surprise when he saw Mr. Lorry, and was altogether in an absent and preoccupied state.

"Well!" said that good-natured emissary, after a little hesitation, bringing messages to bring him round to the question, "I have been to Soho."

"To Soho?" repeated Mr. Stryver, coldly. "Oh, to be sure! What am I thinking of?"

"I shall have no doubt," said Mr. Lorry, "that I was right in the conversation we had. My opinion is confirmed, and I reiterate my advice."

"I assure you," returned Mr. Stryver, in the friendliest way, "that I am sorry for it on your account, and sorry for it on the poor father's account, too. I know this must always be a sore subject with the family; let us say no more about it."

"I don't understand you," said Mr. Lorry.

"I dare say not," rejoined Stryver, nodding his head in a smoothing and final way; "no matter, no matter."

"But it does matter," Mr. Lorry urged.

"No it doesn't, I assure you it does not. Having supposed that there was sense where there is no sense, to back a laudable sentiment with a not laudable ambition, I am well out of my mistake, and no harm is done. Young women have committed similar follies often before, and have repented them in poverty and obscurity often before. In short, my dear friend, to be plain with you, the thing has dropped, because it would have been a good thing for others in a worldly point of view; a selfish aspect, I am glad that the thing has dropped, because it would have been a bad thing for me in a worldly point of view—it is hardly necessary to say I could have gained nothing by it. There is no harm at all done. You are free, projected to the last moment, and between ourselves, I am by no means certain, on reflection, that I ever shall not have committed myself to that extent. Mr. Lorry, you can not control the motions of a free young fellow's mind (we are not commanded to do it), or if you I regret it on account of others, but I am satisfied on my own account. And I am really very much obliged to you for allowing me to sound you, and for giving me your advice; you know the young lady better than I do; you were right, it never would have done."

Mr. Lorry was so taken aback that he looked quite stupidly at Mr. Stryver shouldering him toward the door, with an appearance of showering generosity, forbearance, and good-will on his erring head. "Make the best of it, my dear Sir," said Stryver; "say no more about it; thank you again for allowing me to sound you last night!"

Mr. Lorry was out in the night before he knew where he was. Mr. Stryver was lying back on his sofa, winking at his ceiling.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE FELLOW OF NO DELICACY.

If Sydney Carton ever shone any where he certainly never shone in the house of Doctor Manette. He had been there often, during a whole year, and had always been the same moody and morose lounger there. When he cared to talk he talked well; but he rarely cared for anything, which overshadowed him with gloom, and his darkness was very rarely pierced by the light within him.

And yet he did care something for the streets that environed that house, and for the senseless stones that made their pavements. Many a night he repaired to them to pace them for hours, when wine had brought no transitory gladness to him; many a dreary daybreak revealed his solitary figure lingering there, and still lingering there when the first beams of the sun, brought into strong relief, removed beauties of architecture in spires of churches and lofty buildings, as perhaps that quiet time brought other things. Of late, the inner life of this solitary man had been stirred, and pained more sensibly than ever; and often, when he had thrown himself upon it no longer than a few minutes, he had got up again, and haunted that neighborhood.

On a day in August, when Mr. Stryver (after notifying to his jackal that "he had thought better of that marrying matter") had carried his delicacy into Devonshire, and when the sight and scent of flowers in the City streets had some waifs of goodness in them for the worn, of health for the sick-bed, and of youth for the oldest, Sydney Carton, wandering idly and sadly, but being irresolute and purposeless, his feet became animated by an intention; and in the working out of that intention they took him to the Doctor's door.

He was shown up stairs, and found Lucie at her work, alone. She had never been quite at her ease with him, and received him with some little embarrassment as he seated himself near her table. But looking up at his face in the interval before she first free herself-possession, she observed a change in it.

"I fear you are not well, Mr. Carton!"

"No. But the life I lead, Miss Manette, is not conducive to health. What is to be expected of, or by, such profligates?"

"Is it not—forgive me; I have begun the question on my lips—a pity to see no better life?"

"God knows it is a shame!"

"Then why not change it?"

Looking gloomily at her again, she was surprised and saddened to see that there were tears in his eyes. There were tears in his voice too, as he answered:

"It is too late for that. I shall never be better than I am. I shall sink lower and lower, worse."

He leaned an elbow on her table, and covered his eyes with his hand. The table trembled in the silence that followed.

She laid her work down softened, and was much distressed. He knew her to be so without looking at her, and said:

"Pray forgive me, Miss Manette. I break down before the knowledge of what I want to say to you. Will you hear me?"

"If it will do you any good. Mr. Carton, if it would make you happier, it would make me very glad!"

"God bless you for your sweet compassion!" He unshaded his face after a little while, and spoke steadily.

"Don't be afraid to hear me. Don't shrink from any thing I say. I am like one who died young. All my life might have been."

"No, Mr. Carton. I am sure that the best part of it might still be; I am sure that you have a heart capable of better things, gentle things, and good things."

"Say of you, Miss Manette; and although I know better—although in the mystery of my own wretched heart I know better—I shall not forget it!"

She was pale and trembling. He came to her relief with a fixed despair of himself which made the interview unlike any other that could have been holden.

"If it had been possible, Miss Manette, that you could have known me in the past, that you could see before you—self-flung away, wasted, drunken, poor creature of misuse as you know him to be—he would have been conscious this day or this hour, in spite of his happiness, that he would bring to you nothing but the worthless fragments, the heap of ruin, which is all that remains of him. Since that can never be, since you never can know what might have been, since you never can be to me what the dearest thing in my life would have made you, what you were on the forlorn beach, you see me as I am, and you will readily believe that no thought of making love to you has been in my mind. Firmly believing that, you can bear with me."

"I do bear with you, and I do believe that what you say of yourself is true. I am sorry for you. I wish very much that you were more hopeful."

"Hopeful!" he echoed; "I have no hope, and I deserve none. One thing more I will say, and then I will detain you no longer. I am the reverse of what you first knew me, I know myself to be so, and I am glad of it. Let me carry back the memory that you have given me, unmixed with worse, and it will be a kind of consolation to me. Let me see you sometimes. What you have said to me recalls to me that in the mist and misery of my life, I did truly love the beauty that was in you. Not love it enough, or with enough control of myself, to act upon it in the only way that could have been serviceable to it; but love it truly. So truly, that if you were to marry a good man, and if his life were imperilled, and you knew that your life would purchase his safety, I could honestly lay down mine for him and hold it cheap."

As he stopped for a few moments, unable to go on, she gently said, "Will you not take some assurance that you have touched my heart?"

"Can I take assurance that I have touched it? Can I not recall to-day—forgive me again!—to a better course? Can I in no way repay your confidence? I know that is a thing impossible, I impulsively said, after a little hesitation, and in earnest tears. "I know you can not, and that no one else. Can I turn it to good account for yourself, Mr. Carton?"

He shook his head.

"To none. No, Miss Manette, to none. If you will hear me through a very little more, and you can ever do for me is done. I wish you to know that you have been the last dream of my soul. In my degradation I have not been so degraded but that the sight of you with your children and husband has stirred old shadows in me which have been roused by no other hand. If it be a consolation to you to know that such as I can look upon what you are, and can see the drudging life you lead, and can hear the cheerful tones you use, and see the bright heads you have trained to be fit companions for their parents, without the sacrifice of a vestige of self-respect, you have it. If it be any thing to you to know that such as I, without a grain of self-respect remaining, can yet put my head down on my pillow after seeing you and your husband and child in your home, and can thank God for it as a sacred thing, you have it. If it be any thing to you to know that the man you see before you, self-flung away, wasted, drunken, poor creature of misuse as you know him to be—he would have kept the life you have restored to him, in case of your husband's death, or your child's, and would have thrown it away with as much alacrity as he has thrown away his own, you have it. If it be any thing to you to know that sometimes, in the mist and misery of my life, even my own wretched heart has been softened by the tears that I have seen you shed for others, you have it. Since I recalled you to-day by your name, I have never called myself by mine. I never shall do it more. Be satisfied that the last prayer of my life will be for the happiness of you and yours. Will you let me shake hands with you for the last time?"

She had withheld her hand, but she held it out. He touched it, and said, "A life you love."

"Will you take nothing back?"

"Nothing."

He bent over it, touched it with his lips, and went out without another word.

When the door had closed upon him, she laid her hand where his had been, and thought how strange it was that the first friendly touch it had known, since it had been a child's, should have been his.

He had heard her say that she was going out with her husband that night, and he knew where they were going, and that their return would be late. He did not present himself in the street, but he took his post over against the house, and waited and watched in its shadow.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Burnett's Kalliston.

As a wash for the complexion, it has no equal; it is distinguished for its whitening and purifying effect, allaying all tendency to inflammation. It is also a powerful cleanser of the skin, removing *tan, freckles, pimples,* and all discolorations. Those ladies with its refreshing and invigorating properties, render it an indispensable requisite for the toilet of every lady.

Prepared only by BURNETT & CO.,

Boston.

For sale by all the principal Druggists.

Fifty Cents a Bottle.

Cafe de Costa Rica

C&C

THIS SUPERIOR Berry-boiled delicate-flavored **Mountain COFFEE,** For sale by COTRELL & CO No. 5 Beaver Street, Albany.

Curtis' Cure for Baldness.

This remedy is reliable: contains no oil, lead, or sulphur; it has been tested in Boston, Providence, and the Eastern States. J. M. CURTIS, Proprietor, Providence, R. I. Sold by A. WILLIAMS, Union, 127 Tremont St.; Cudlington & Dewhurst; W. H. Lewis, 537 Greenwich street; James Jones, 1212 Eastern Street, New York; Dr. Dayer; G. P. Miner; and Reynolds & Co., Brooklyn; *Hollow, Jersey City;* L. T. Moore, Newark.

BARNES & PARK, Nos. 13 and 15 Park Row, Agents.

And all Druggists.

The Best is always Cheapest.

ROTHE'S

New and Improved Hair Dye.

From the recipe of a celebrated *German Chemist,* given a natural color, is easily applied, and always gives entire satisfaction. Ample testimonials, not published for sale, to prove the superiority of this Dye over all others. Warranted the best Dye in the market.

Sold by all Druggists.

A. W. MORGROSS & CO.,

91 Fulton Street, New York.

The Oriental Fruit Paste, or Aromatic Jelly of Figs and Senna,

Combines all the laxative properties of pure extract of Senna, in a delicious sugar-coated paste. In the safest and most agreeable remedy for Constipation of the liver and all sympathetic complaints. Prepared only and for sale, and invaluable as a Family Medicine. Sold by all Druggists.

A. W. MORGROSS & CO., Wholesale Agents,

91 Fulton Street, New York.

Mercantile Record.

Billiard-Table Makers.

O'Conner & Callender (Phelan's Tablet), 62, 63, 67, and 69 Crosby.

Blank-Books and Stationery.

Francis and Loutrel, 43 Maiden Lane.

Cutlery, Manufacturers of

Rowe, John, & Co., 303 Pearl (Am. Shears and Scissors).

Engravers, Labels and Tags.

Meagher, Victor E., 125 Chambers.

Frame Makers, Looking-Glass & Picture.

Sigler, Henry V., Agent, 215 Centre.

Phrenologists and Publishers.

Fowler & Wells, 389 Broadway.

Paint Manufacturers.

Hall & Cornell, 238 Maiden Lane.

EASTMAN'S

White Mountain Guide-Book.

Ross & Tousey, Wholesale Agents, N. Y.

BEFORE STARTING FOR THE COUNTRY, PURCHASE ONE OF THE FOLLOWING BOOKS, YOU WILL CERTAINLY ENJOY YOUR TRIP MORE:

ACADIA. By Prof. S. Cozzens. 1 vol., cloth, $1.

TRUITS, FLOWERS, AND FARMING. By Henry Ward Beecher. 1 vol., cloth.

VIEWS AND EXPERIENCES OF RELIGIOUSSUBJECTS. By Horace Bushnell. 1 vol., cloth, $1.

PICTURES OF COUNTRY LIFE. By Alice Carey. 1 vol.

NOTES FROM BECHER'S DISCOURSES. 1 vol.

MME. LE VERT'S SOUVENIRS OF TRAVEL. 2 vols.

THE SPARROWGRASS PAPERS. New Edition. 1 vol.

For sale on the Cars and Steamboats.

DERBY & JACKSON, Publishers,

New York.

YARDLEY & STATHAM'S ORIGINAL HONEY SOAP.

The superior qualities of this celebrated soap are to well known in England and America to require any recommendation. It is regarded as indispensably necessary in the toilet, and for the preservation of the delicate and beautiful tint. Numerous imitations have been introduced, and purchasers should see that the genuine marked brands are procured.

Sole Agents for the United States,

J. W. MORGROSS & CO.,

Importers of Druggists' Fancy Goods,

91 Fulton Street, New York, and 216 Hollis Street, Boston.

Love (L'Amour).

Translated from M. Michelet's great French work. The volume is one of the most exciting more lively interest and curiously thought out the country has produced for a long time, and confessed by others, it is the 'sensation' book of the day." A fifth edition preparing. Two volumes, small 8vo, cloth. ** Sent by mail, postage paid, on receipt of the price, by

RUDD & CARLETON, Publishers,

130 Grand Street, New York.

Designed for the use of the *Medical Profession* and the Public, having been awarded the *two-medals* at the Exhibition," "Cordial," "Medicated," &c., is now held in all the principal Cities and Towns throughout the United States, as possessing all the valuable medicinal qualities of fine old Cognac Brandy, which belongs to an old port wine. Sold by all Druggists and sold by all druggists, grocers, &c.

H. H. BENINGER & CO.

(Established in 1778.) SOLE PROPRIETORS,

24 Great Dock Street, London.

Where Baldness Exists, it causes a new growth of soft, glossy, ringlety hair; gray hairs or whiskers, by its use, are restored to their original color and flexibility of youth. *It is not a Dye,* simply a great Botanical Discovery, celebrated as HALL'S HAIR RENEWER, or HAIR RESTORER, and sold by all Druggists, and by PERRY, HAYES & CO., No. 704 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

RIMMEL'S WHITE ALMOND SOAP

IS A FAMILY SOAP OF SUPERIOR QUALITY recommended for their emollient properties and delightful odor.

Sold by all the Trade.

E. RIMMEL, *Perfumer, London and Paris.*

THE OXYGENATED BITTERS
THE OXYGENATED BITTERS
THE OXYGENATED BITTERS.

Cure Dyspepsia, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Indigestion
Cure Heart Burn, Heart Burn, Acidity, Acidity.
Cure Water Brash, Water Brash, Jaundice, Jaundice.
Cure Liver Complaint, Liver Complaint, Debility.
Cure Fever and Ague, Fever and Ague.
Cure Headache, Costiveness, Piles, Nervousness.
Cure Flatulency, Sick Headache, Female Complaints.

These Bitters are so well known as the most remarkable and efficient yet discovered for the absolute and rapid cure of the above diseases, that it is altogether unnecessary to enlarge upon its merits.

S. W. LOVELL & CO., *Proprietors, Boston.*

Sold everywhere.

THE OXYGENATED BITTERS
THE OXYGENATED BITTERS
THE OXYGENATED BITTERS.

New Freezing Process for Men and Wine.

BY HENRY L. BALLEH.

Oh! summer is upon us,
With her noons and her freezes;
The weeds are full of mockery,
The haze are in their leaves;
The mill cream hoards in the shore,
The sea is calmer than before,
And all the summer of Jim Jim
Prepare for sudden flight.

To Newly and Saratoga,
To Sally and Nahant,
To caucus and to Lebanon,
Your shivering swede invade;
They'll go for cooling applejack,
For purer air and skies,
And the wretch compelled to pant at home,
With every valley sighs!

But mark you all the FATHERS,
And mark you all the SONS,
Ere they pack their rods and fishing-gear,
Their tackle and their guns—
Oh! almost every MAN and BOY
Who ought of comfort wants,
Will visit SMITH, in FULTON STREET,
And not continue on
For those gummed up with acidulent
That can't serve wine.
The genial, clear-eyed, cheerful
Imperial ever brew;
The suits, we mean, solid SEVEN SORTS,
Which are so cool and nice,
That if you wrap them round a flask,
THE WINE WILL NEED NO ICE.

"Twin Temples of Fashion."

ONE PRICE—NO DEVIATION.
The Price is marked on all the Goods in Plain Figures.

SMITH BROTHERS,

The Marble Stores,
122, 138, and 140 Fulton Street,
Between Broadway & William St.,
THOMAS SMITH, Jr.,
ROBERT L. SMITH,
J. SMITH RUSSELL.
NEW-YORK.

COZZENS'

West Point Hotel

is
NOW OPEN.

LA TOURETTE HOUSE,
BERGEN POINT, HUDSON CO., N. J.
Ready W. Hill (late of the Lafarge House), *Proprietor.*

This fashionable *Summer Hotel* is beautifully situated on the banks of the Bay and Kills, opposite the Staten Island Lunatic *Asylum, Boating, Fishing, and Bathing* in the immediate vicinity. Gentlemen with their families visiting New York, will find *this House* as convenient as a hotel in town, as it is but a short hour's ride (by Steamboat) to reach it, than to go from South Ferry to Union Square.

LAKE HOPATCONG HOUSE, AT
LAKE HOPATCONG, NOW OPEN.

Gentlemen with their families, or single gentlemen, can make arrangements for Summer Board at reasonable prices. Parties wishing that rare combination of a "GOOD FISHING," can enjoy it at this beautiful place to perfection. Lake, GOOD BATHING. It is two-and-a-half hours' ride from New York, by Morris and Essex Railroad to Drakesville station, where stages will also be waiting to convey passengers to the House. Address of this station, Post Office address—DAVID DAVIS, County, N. J.

CONGRESS HALL,
Saratoga Springs.

This well-kept and fashionable HOTEL is NOW OPEN for the Season. Apartments can be engaged by addressing the Proprietors,
HATHORN & MCMICHAEL.

Long Branch, N. J.

Howland's Hotel,

is
Now Open for the Season.

Ohio White Sulphur Springs,

OPEN TO VISITORS DURING HEALTH OR PLEASURE, FROM JUNE 1ST TO OCTOBER 1ST.

ACCOMMODATIONS for OVER 500 VISITORS.

The OHIO WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS are situated in Delaware County, 15 miles North of Columbus, the Capital of Ohio on the Scioto River.

The mineral properties of these Springs are unsurpassed by those of any other Mineral Waters in the United States.

For Room or other information, address
ANDREW WILLIAMS, JR.
White Sulphur Springs, Ohio.

INTERNATIONAL HOTEL,
NIAGARA FALLS.

ROBERT D. OGLEBAY, late of the firm of COLEMAN & STETSON, of the Astor House, and more recently engaged at the St. Nicholas Hotel, New York, has, in connection with his son, FREDERICK W. COLEMAN, opened the above-named elegant house, which, having been enlarged and greatly improved, renders it very desirable to visitors at this the grandest of watering places.

TRENTON FALLS.

This most picturesque of the WATER FALLS OF AMERICA can now be reached at a small expense from Utica by Railroad.

N. B. Three trains a day.

FINKLE & LYON'S
SEWING MACHINES,

For Family Use, Tailoring Purposes, Saddlery, &c. Warranted to give better satisfaction than any other machine in market, or money refunded. Agents wanted.

503 BROADWAY.
NEAR HOUSTON ST. St. Nicholas Hotel.

TIFFANY & CO.,
Importers & Manufacturers,
No. 550 Broadway, New York, and
Rue Richelieu, No. 79, Paris.
DIAMONDS, AND OTHER PRECIOUS STONES.
FINE JEWELRY, GOLD AND SILVER WARE.
SILVER WARE, PLATED WARE, TABLE CUTLERY, CLOCKS, BRONZES, ARISTIC GAS FIXTURES.
DESKS, DRESSING-CASES, WORK-BOXES, JEWEL-BOXES, AND TRAVELLING BAGS, RICH FANCY GOODS.

And many other Articles of Art and Luxury.

The only agency in New York for the Works of Chas. Frodsham's Watches, whose superiority over any other manufactured is admitted by the unprejudiced and scientific world.

Every article is marked in plain figures the Lowest Price at which it will be sold.

We cordially extend to strangers an invitation to inspect our stock, assuring all that a call will incur not the least obligation to purchase.

PROTESTANT FRENCH INSTITUTE for YOUNG GENTLEMEN, in New York, No. 48 Fifth Avenue, between Eighth and Ninth Streets, and 12 Rue Chaptal, Paris, Boulevard Montmartre. This Institution will be reopened on the 15th of September. It presents a thorough course of instruction in all the branches, including the Spanish and German languages. The French is the language of its schools. Its Teachers' arrangements for a limited number of pupils. Prospectus with testimonials, may be had at the principal and at their parents during the past seven years, &c., to be had.

Rev. Dr. CHARLES CHAULIEU, Director.

References: Paris, Rev. Dr. F. Monod.
Montauban, Rev. Dr. Bellencontre, Rector of Ashigné.
Washington, Hon. Lewis Cass, Secretary of State.
Boston, Hon. Edward Everett.
Princeton, Prof. A. Guyot.
New York, Prof. Drisler, President of Columbia College.
Rev. Dr. J. Ferris, Chancellor of the N. Y. University.
Rev. Dr. J. Adam.
Rev. Dr. F. Hoven.

Charles Grobe's New Method
FOR THE
PIANO FORTE.

Mr. Grobe is so well known, that any remarks as to his qualifications would be superfluous. Suffice it to say that he has been employed in the *Method* work for nineteen years, and is now conversant in all that is recently the Best for the People, and as the result of the Best Experience of the Leading Masters of Europe and the People. Nothing is anticipated, nothing buried. The pupil is led by easy degrees, natural and gradual means to the desired end. The *Hymens* so often complained of in works of instruction is altogether avoided, and the Melodies believe it to be the most simple, clear, progressive, and judicious system of instruction yet given. The work contains *ten engraved figures*, illustrating the different positions of the hands and fingers. The type is new and unusually beautiful and distinct. The paper is of the finest quality. Price, in boards, complete, $2 00 (a bargain). Sent by mail, postage paid, on receipt of the marked price. The trade supplied. A handsome discount to Teachers and the Profession.

FIRTH, POND & CO., 547 Broadway, New York.

SEE & WALKER, Philadelphia.

PIMMEL'S TOILET VINEGAR is far superior to Eau de Cologne as a lotion for the Toilet or Bath, a reviving Perfume and a powerful Disinfectant.

Sold by all the Trade.
E. PIMMEL, *Perfumer, London and Paris.*

Lord Ward's Worcestershire Sauce.

Is the TRUE Worcestershire Sauce. Is excellent for all purposes.

ASK FOR, and HAVE ONLY LORD WARD'S.

Used at every Table and sold by all Grocers and Fruit Dealers.

Wholesale and for Exportation, by
JONATHAN JONES & CO.,
No. 4 Coenties Slip, New York.

Sold Retail by the Grocers and Fruit Houses. Half Pints, 25 cents per bottle; Pints, 50 cents per bottle.

Singer's Sewing Machines.
Now Styles.
From $50 to $150.

SINGER'S FAMILY MACHINE, the price of which is only $50, is a light and elegantly dressed Machine, capable of performing, in the best style, the whole of a private family.

SINGER'S STANDARD MACHINES for manufacturing purposes are well known to be without any successful rival in the world, and being greatly improved, particularly in regard to various stitches made by Sewing-Machines. Singer's Machines may be best stitch, over invented, and do it in the best style. Warranted for three years.

Send for a copy of I. M. Singer & Co.'s Gazette, which contains full information about prices, size, &c., of Sewing Machines, and will be supplied gratis.

I. M. SINGER & CO.,
No. 458 Broadway, New York.

THE GREAT BOOK OF THE SEASON.

The Life of Garibaldi,

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

TRANSLATED BY THEODORE DWIGHT.

WITH A PORTRAIT ON STEEL.

Price One Dollar. Just published by
A. S. BARNES & BURR,
51 and 53 John Street.

Grover & Baker's
CELEBRATED
Noiseless Family Sewing Machines,
At Reduced Prices.

Offices of Exhibition and Sale—405 Broadway, New York; 18 Summer Street, Boston; 730 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia; 181 Baltimore Street, Baltimore; 58 West Fourth Street, Cincinnati.

SEND FOR A CIRCULAR.

PIESSE & LUBIN'S
PATENTED
from
every Breeze that breathes a fragrance
SWEET SCENTS
THE FLOWER OF THE DAY
KISS-ME-QUICK
FRANGIPANNI
Sold by all Druggists in every City.
Wholesale Agent,
J. PHILLIPS,
67 *Pearl St.* New-York.
PIESSE & LUBIN'S,
PERFUMERY,
Sold by all Druggists in every city.
Wholesale Agent,
J. PHILLIPS,
67 *Pearl St.*
New-York.
2 New Bond St. London.

NOW READY,
THE
Dred Scott Decision.

OPINION OF CHIEF-JUSTICE
ROGER B. TANEY,
WITH AN INTRODUCTION
BY DR. *I. N. VAN PEVE.*

ALSO,
AN APPENDIX,
BY SAM. A. CARTWRIGHT, M.D., of New Orleans,
REVISED,
"Natural History of the Prognathous Race of Mankind."

ORIGINALLY WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK DAY-BOOK.

THE GREAT WAR CRY OF A RIPE PAMPHLET, containing the famous decision of Chief-Justice Taney, in the celebrated Dred Scott Case, has induced the Publishers of the Day-Book to present this edition to the public. It contains a Historical Introduction by Dr. Van Evrie, author of "Negroes and Negro Slavery," and an Appendix by Dr. Cartwright, of New Orleans, in which the physical differences between the negro and the white races are forcibly presented. As a whole, this pamphlet gives the historical, legal, and physical aspects of the "Slavery" Question in a concise compass, and should be circulated by thousands before the next presidential election. All who desire to answer the arguments of the abolitionists should read it. In order to place it before the masses, and induce Democratic Clubs, Democratic Town Committees, and all interested in the cause, to order it for distribution, it has been put on sale at the following low rates, for which it will be sent, free of postage, to any part of the United States. Dealers supplied at the same rate.

Single Copies	$0 25
Five Copies	1 00
Twelve Copies	2 00
Fifty Copies	7 50
One Hundred Copies	15 00
Every additional Hundred	10 00

Address
VAN EVRIE, HORTON, & CO.,
Publishers of DAY-BOOK,
No. 49 Ann Street, New York.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills,

FOR ALL THE PURPOSES OF A PURGATIVE MEDICINE.

FOR COSTIVENESS;
FOR THE CURE OF DYSPEPSIA;
FOR JAUNDICE;
FOR THE CURE OF INDIGESTION;
FOR HEADACHE;
FOR THE CURE OF DYSENTERY;
FOR A FOUL STOMACH;
FOR THE CURE OF ERYSIPELAS;
FOR THE PILES;
FOR THE CURE OF RHEUMATISM;
FOR ALL SCROFULOUS COMPLAINTS;
FOR THE CURE OF RUPTURES;
FOR DISEASES OF THE SKIN;
FOR THE CURE OF LIVER COMPLAINT;
FOR DROPSY;
FOR THE CURE OF TETTER, TUMORS, AND SALT RHEUM;
FOR WORMS;
FOR THE CURE OF GOUT;
FOR A DIMNER PILL;
FOR THE CURE OF NEURALGIA;
FOR PURIFYING THE BLOOD.

They are sugar-coated, so that the most sensitive can take them pleasantly, and being purely vegetable, no harm can arise from their use in any quantity.

Price 25 cents per box; Five boxes for $1 00.

PREPARED BY
DR. J. C. AYER & CO.,
Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists everywhere.

One Hundred Songs of Scotland.

MUSIC AND WORDS. The most complete Collection ever issued of Natural, Patriotic, Sentimental, and Humorous Scotch Songs issued in one volume. Price 25 cents.
Published by DICK & FITZGERALD, *New York and London.*

PIMMEL'S BOUQUET—ALL THE YEAR ROUND, AND WOOD VIOLET, are the leading Perfumes of the day.
Sold by all the Trade.
E. PIMMEL, *Perfumer, London and Paris.*

ELLIOT & PATTEN—Examine Inventions and procure American and Foreign Patents. Publish patent reports, main editors of Patent Office Building, Washington City, D. C.

$30 PER MONTH.—Wanted in every County, Active Canvassers and Agents at $30 per month and expenses paid.
For particulars and full address to S. F. FRENCH & CO., 121 Nassau Street, N. Y.

SANDS' SARSAPARILLA.—The great American Remedy for Purifying the Blood—confidence in itself the properties of an Antiseptic, a mild Cathartic, and a tonic. It quickly removes from the blood, and other fluids of the body, the impurities of unhealthy secretion which produce disease. Prepared and sold by A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists, No. 100 Fulton Street, New York.

BAYARD TAYLOR'S NEW WORK.

G. P. PUTNAM, Agent for the Author, will publish, Early in August,
TRAVELS IN GREECE AND RUSSIA,
With an EXCURSION TO CRETE.
By BAYARD TAYLOR,
With Steel Plates, "Delphi" and the Church of St. Basil, St. Nicholas, and Mount Athos, on Wood.

*** More engravings and plates than either of its predecessors.

Also, new editions of BAYARD TAYLOR'S TRAVELS, Vols., $2 25; Sheep, $11 00; Half Calf, extra, $14 00.

$32 50 ASHLAND INST. and MUSICAL ACADEMY, Catskill Mountains, Greene Co. This Institution opened for the Summer Session of 1859, on the 1st of May. Circulars may be had at the office of the Institution, 346 Broadway, New York, or of the Principal, Rev. J. H. AGNEW, A.M.

NORTHERN TRAVELLERS
SHOULD PURCHASE THAT HIGHLY PICTORIAL HAND-BOOK,
Hunter's Panoramic Guide,
FROM LAKE CHAMPLAIN TO NIAGARA FALLS.

Being a perfect picture of those portions of the Canadas through which the Grand Trunk Railway runs. This splendid panorama is twelve feet in length, and comprises most beautiful and highly finished views of the Falls of Niagara, the Thousand Islands, the Rapids, Victoria Bridge, the Cities of Montreal, Toronto, Kingston, Quebec, &c., and numerous smaller places, together with 70 pages of illustrated letter-press descriptive of Canadian scenery, similar to the Panoramic Hand-Books of the Rhine, &c. No one can afford to be without it. TRAVELLING AGENTS in selling this beautiful book.

Published by
JOHN F. JEWETT & CO., Publishers, Boston.

PIMMEL'S ROSE-LEAF POWDER for the Toilet may be had in the skin, and renders it soft and beautiful.
Sold by all the Trade.
E. PIMMEL, *Perfumer, London and Paris.*

LECTURES FOR 1859—60.—TO LYCEUMS, LITERARY AND MECHANICS' ASSOCIATIONS, INSTITUTES, LYCEUMS, &c., &c.

As the Subscriber is desirous of some making his arrangements for Lectures to be delivered by him during the next Autumn and Winter, he would, THUS, do, respectfully requests the Committees to address him as soon as may be convenient.

PARK BENJAMIN, 74 West 17th Street, New York.
June 15, 1859.

For Every Number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE contains from 70 to 80 pages—and from one third to one half more reading matter than any of its rivals.

A Splendid Number.

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE
FOR AUGUST.

CONTENTS:

THE CRIME OF THE "ESSEX."
THE HISTORY OF A PLEBEIAN.
A FOREST STORY.—THE HUNTING-GROUNDS OF THE ALGONQUINS AND IROQUOIS.
Illustrated by Thirteen Engravings.
THE METROPOLITAN POLICE WORKS.
Illustrated by Twenty-nine Engravings.
MY WIFE.
WHAT'LL YOU DRINK?
LA HABANA.
VISITORS.
HEXAMETERS AT JAMESTOWN.
ISABELL DERNARD'S LESSON.
LEGAL WIT.
MARGARET STUART.
THE TWO TARS. By W. M. THACKERAY.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—The Patron.—Miles's Whistle.—Fast Horse.
Chapter LXXX. Ponchonus.
Chapter LXXXI. Mr. Costigan's Dinner.
Chapter LXXII. Miles's Mistress.
Chapter LXXIII. Explanations and Consolations.
MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.
LITERARY NOTICES.
EDITOR'S TABLE.
EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.
OUR FOREIGN BUREAU.
EDITOR'S DRAWER.
MASTER CHARLEY'S FOURTH OF JULY.
Illustrated by Master Charley on Washington.—The Accident.—The Rescue.—Washy.—Triumph.—Reward of Virtue.—The Battle of Bunker's Hill.—Charley Combat.—A Gallant Charge.—Firing Crackers.—An Explosion.—Finale.
FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Costume and Child's Dress.—Dutchess.—Boy's Blouse Cap.

TERMS OF HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

One Copy for One Year	$3 00
Two Copies for One Year	5 00
Three or more Copies for One Year (each)	2 00
And Extra Copy gratis, for every Club of Ten Subscribers.	

Postage, Free to all Subscribers in the United States.

HARPER'S WEEKLY and HARPER'S MAGAZINE, together, one year $6 00.

The Postage upon "HARPER'S MAGAZINE" must be paid at the office where *it is received*. The Postage is Thirty-six Cents a year.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A FIRST-CLASS ILLUSTRATED PAPER.
THE BEST AND CHEAPEST
FAMILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD.
FIVE CENTS A NUMBER: $2 50 A YEAR.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS'S New Serial, entitled "A TALE OF TWO CITIES," from monthly intimation by McLENAN, was commenced in "Harper's Weekly" for May 7, and will be continued from week to week until completed.

WILLIAM CURTIS'S Illustrated Serial Tale "THE HOWADJI AND THE TRUMPS," was commenced in "Harper's Weekly" for April 9.

TERMS OF HARPER'S WEEKLY.

One Copy for Twenty Years	$10 00
One Copy for One Year	2 00
One Copy for Six Months	1 00
Five Copies for One Year	8 00
Twelve Copies for One Year	15 00
Twenty-five Copies for One Year	30 00
And an Extra Copy will be supplied for every Club of TWENTY *or* TWENTY-FIVE *Subscribers.*	

ADVERTISEMENTS.—*Fifty Cents a Line.*

The Last Page of each Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY is devoted to Advertisements.

*** Persons living in the City of New York wishing "Harper's Weekly" left at their houses, will please send their names and residences, with the subscription money, to the Office of Publication.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
Franklin Square, New York.

FEMALE PHILANTHROPIST FROM NEW YORK. "My dear MR. BULL, I'm so glad I've found you. Here's a little Subscription-List for a suffering Church in New York—a very miserable Church, Mr. Bull,—all of white marble—situate in a wretched locality—west side of Union Square—dreadfully distressed on the NIGGER Question, good MR. BULL, with which, in reality, it has nothing to do, but then, you know, there's humanity to consider—and the Congregation are really very badly off, indeed—quite a number of them, I assure you, haven't over twenty thousand a year: so, my good, generous, MR. BULL, put your name down for a trifle for the sake of the distressed pastor (who really lives in a love of a parsonage) and the poor NIGGERS."

JOHN BULL. "What! NIGGERS again! Good gracious, Madam! am I never to get clear of NIGGERS? Here are my NIGGERS in India, who are eternally rebelling; and my emancipated NIGGERS in the West Indies, who are costing me thousands of pounds to enable them to enjoy the blessings of freedom; and my NIGGERS in South Africa who make war upon me year after year to prevent me civilizing them; and my CUBA NIGGERS, who not only cost me something enormous, but get me shamefully abused in Exeter Hall; and now you actually come across the sea to pester me about your American NIGGERS. Upon my word, madam, I think I shall go mad on NIGGERS—and that you (excuse me for saying it) are mad already!" *[See Report of the last Mission to England in search of and for Dr. Cheever's Church,* in Herald *of July 8, 1859.]*

MRS. TONGS. "LOR, Adolphus! how beautiful those Beans smell!"
ADOLPHUS (*probably in the Hair-cutting line*). "They do indeed, my Love! They remind one of the most delicious Hair Oil!"

DR. J. B. MARCHISI'S
CELEBRATED
UTERINE CATHOLICON
For the Relief and Cure of Suffering Females.

With such universal distress and suffering as saddens the female life, a really good Medicine must be their best friend. The numerous curse of Uterine Secretions, Discharges, Uterations, Falling Wombs, Leucorrhœa, &c., constantly effected by Dr. Marchisi's Catholicon, gives it a reputation and popularity never obtained by any other article. It does what it promises, and can be relied upon. When every thing has been tried, the best physicians consulted, years spent in anguish, and fortunes wasted, this Catholicon has restored health to the suffering and gladness to the female. It is active and efficient in any form of disease peculiar to the female sex, and should be equipped with previous to and after confinement. Numerous letters testify that it is

NEVER KNOWN TO WITHOUT BENEFIT.

Daughters, Wives and Mothers! this medicine will cure you. It has been long and favorably known. As an evidence of its efficacy, the money will be refunded where results are not as indicated. A pamphlet, with symptoms, treatment, letters, &c., sent gratis by mail, or delivered at the counter of any agent. Do not confound Dr. Marchisi with any other name. It can be had in most every town. If not found, it can be sent by express. Price $2 per bottle, or 3 bottles for $5. Notice Removal. Address

BARNES & PARE, General Agents,
11 and 15 PARK ROW, N. Y.

Vest not inflated.

DELANO
Life-Preserving Coat and Vest Company.

Incorporated Jan. 1859.
Capital $125 000

Vest inflated.

OFFICE and SALESROOM, 286 BROADWAY,
(Opposite City Hall) NEW YORK.

361 BROADWAY 539
BRIDAL SUITS,
Tucker's Flowers, Feathers, and Miscellaneous Items.
Are all reliable.

MANUFACTURERS OF ALL KINDS OF
Life-Preserving Garments
FOR ORDINARY WEAR,
Safety Bathing Dresses, Children's Swimming Jackets, &c.
&c.

HEALTH OF AMERICAN WOMEN.

Under this head the Graefenberg Company, of No. 32 Park Row, New York, have published a series of articles upon the diseases peculiarly affecting women, and which are met with in nine tenths of all women in the country; upon Consumption, the great scourge of the American Continent; and upon all the diseases incident to this country and climate.

In these articles the Graefenberg Company have proved their eminent position as a Chartered Medical Institution, and have based their claim to confidence upon the fact that they have studied the laws of nature, rather than the laws of Galen and Hippocrates, and have applied common sense principles to the plainly-received necessities exhibited by symptoms of local or general derangement.

The *proof* of their successful treatment is found in testimony from leading physicians of all schools, from public and private individuals who have tested the remedies, from clergymen who have witnessed their immense value upon the health of their churches, and from notices given in the leading journals of the day.

[From the New York Tribune.]

The Graefenberg Family Remedies are most valuable. In the universal and distressing diseases of women, their effects are quick, judicious, and surely effective.

[From the New York Times.]

The Graefenberg Company have refitted their rooms, so that every accommodation is afforded those who desire the personal advice of the consulting physician. All invalids, and strangers visiting the city, who require professional advice, had better call upon Mrs. Dr. Bridge is a regular physician, of rare attainments, and of great judgment and discrimination in the treatment of disease. Office and salesroom, 32 Park Row, New York.

THE GRAEFENBERG MARSHALL'S UTERINE CATHOLICON

Is offered as a certain cure in cases accompanied with any of the following symptoms:

Irregularities—Weakness—Faintness—
Deranged Appetite—Sallow Complexion—
Pain in the Back and Kidneys—Chills—
Cold Hands and Feet—Headaches—Drowsiness—
Neuralgia—Palpitation of the Heart—
Dizziness—Nervousness—Hysterics—Restlessness—
Disturbed Sleep—Flushes of Heat—General Pain—Crawling Pains in the Limbs—Pain between the Shoulders—
Acid Stomach—Nausea—Indigestion—
Difficult Passing of Urine with Heat or Smarting—Itching—Burning—Scanty Urine—Diabetes—Urethra Organs—Nightsweats—Decpair—Hysterics—Anxiety—
Red face—Nervous Twitchings—Starting—Constipation—Irritability—Fretfulness—Despondency—Apoplexy—
Flatulences—Blotted and Irregular Breths—
Unpleasant Dreams—Weakness of the Digestive Organs—
Numbness and Pains in the Limbs—
Loss of Memory—Bewilderment—Soreness in the Feet—Pain in the Back.

All acquaintance in young girls, and the cough and decline so enormously attending them, in the young, are related genitally and sterily by the Catholicon.

In this connection Miss Beecher, sister of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, in "Letters to the People," page 139, says: "I have nine sisters and sixteen children, and fourteen female cousins, all married, and all delicate and ailing. Amid the immense circle of my friends and acquaintance I can not recall ten married ladies, born in this country and country, who are perfectly healthy." In cases, however, where the Graefenberg Catholicon has been used, we must say that health has rapidly taken the place of disease, and ladies have become robust, strong, vigorous, and healthy.

AFFIDAVIT.

Mayor's Office, City of New York,
April 16, 1859.

Joshua F. Bridge, of New York, being duly sworn, deposes and says that he is the attending and consulting physician to the Graefenberg Company, No. 32 Park Row, New York; that he has total general supervision of the preparation of the Graefenberg Family Medicines for ten years, and that he knows their effect to have been uniformly good; that he has known the advertisements issued by the Company, and the certificates published, and he makes oath to their correctness and genuine character, and that any person desiring proof shall be referred to the parties directly, or he otherwise convinced of their genuineness. All persons interested may rely upon the statements of the Graefenberg Company with implicit confidence.

Sworn to before me, this 16th day of April, 1859.

DANIEL F. TIEMANN,
Mayor of the City of New York.

All of the Graefenberg Family Medicines are prepared by a skillful physician, and they may be relied upon in all cases for which they are recommended. They consist of eleven medicines, from which one may be selected adapted to the case.

☞ For Sale at the Office of the Graefenberg Company, No. 32 Park Row, New York.

THE GRAEFENBERG COMPANY'S MARSHALL'S UTERINE CATHOLICON

Is a certain cure for all female monthly irregularities, weakness, tumors, ulceration, inflammation, whites, falling, and other local derangements of the uterine organs, as well as the constitutional troubles arising from them.

Price $2 per bottle; five bottles for $6. It can be safely sent by Express.

☞ **CAUTION.** ☜

An Article, wholly Unauthorized, Nearly Resembling this in Name and Label, has been put in Circulation.

Address Letters and orders to

JOSHUA F. BRIDGE, M.D.,
Secretary and Consulting Physician, Graefenberg Company, No. 32 PARK ROW, NEW YORK.

Invalids throughout the country may address DR. BRIDGE concerning their health with perfect confidence.

☞ *If medicines are not ordered, and an extended opinion is required, the Letter must contain One Dollar to insure reply.*

The Graefenberg Manual of Health has been revised and improved, and elegantly illustrated with beautifully-colored Engravings of the human system. Sent by mail to any part of the country on receipt of 25 cents. It is a complete guide to all diseases and their cure.

☞ Address JOSHUA F. BRIDGE, M.D.,
Secretary Graefenberg Company,
32 PARK ROW, NEW YORK.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. III.—No. 135.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1859. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

OUR SERIALS.

WE commenced in the last Number a new serial tale, entitled "A Good Fight," by CHARLES READE, author of "Love me Little, Love me Long;" with Illustrations by Tenniel.

In reply to several inquiries, we beg to say that Mr. DICKENS's new serial, "A TALE OF TWO CITIES," was commenced in HARPER'S WEEKLY on May 7, and Mr. CURTIS's delicious Story of American Society, entitled "TRUMPS," on April 9. We can send the back numbers from those dates, or from the beginning of the year, to any person who remits the money.

PRINCE METTERNICH.

WE mentioned in a recent number the death of the famous Prince Metternich. We are now enabled to lay before our readers an authentic portrait of that celebrated man, together with a few details of his life.

He was born at Coblentz, May 15, 1773, and was consequently eighty-six years of age at the time of his death. He was born noble, handsome, intelligent; a thorough course of studies at the University of Strasburg developed his mind; association with a refined aristocracy polished his manners. At the age of seventeen he was selected to be master of ceremonies—an office requiring nothing beyond a showy person and a courtly carriage—at the coronation of the Emperor Leopold the Second. Thus brought into proximity with courts, his vocation declared itself. After a term of law study he was formally enrolled in the Austrian diplomatic body, and became, at twenty-one years of age, Austrian Ambassador at the Hague. Such opportunities might well presage a brilliant career.

At the age of twenty-three he was selected by the ancient and haughty nobles of Westphalia to represent them at the Congress of Rastadt. Here first, it is said, he gave evidence of possessing more than good looks and good breeding; he developed such diplomatic ability that his Government soon afterward transferred him from the Hague to Dresden, and from Dresden to Berlin. It was at Berlin that he began to take a lead in Continental politics. Napoleon was again preparing to convulse Europe. Metternich proposed, and in spite of the opposition of rival ministers succeeded in consummating a league between Prussia, Austria, and Russia. This placed him at the first rank of diplomatists; and when, in 1806, Austria needed a Minister at Paris whom Napoleon could neither frighten nor cajole, Metternich was selected.

"You are very young," said the Emperor, on seeing the Minister of thirty-two, "to represent so old an empire as Austria."

"Not younger than your Majesty was at Austerlitz," was the courtly reply.

The Emperor soon found him old enough.

The Treaty of Fontainebleau showed no evidence of inexperience; and the Prince's success in French society was unbounded. He was gifted with extraordinary conversational powers, great fascinations of manner, and an exceedingly sweet smile. Among women he was irresistible at an age when few men preserve any pretensions to the favor of the sex. Austrian as he was, and vigorously as he opposed Napoleon, the ladies, and many of the men, of the gay French capital had nothing to refuse him. Napoleon himself, as he said, had "a sort of liking for him." It was during this embassy, in all probability, that he had the interview with Napoleon which he described, forty years afterward, to M. Veuillot, of the *Univers*. The account is in Metternich's own words:

"I had a conversation with Napoleon one day when the Pope was at Savoana, a prisoner of France. Napoleon was not wanting in certain affections for me, and he knew that the Pope honored me with some confidence. He called me one day, and said to me, 'Do me a service. I am tired of the captivity of the Pope. It is a situation from which nothing good can arise, and it is necessary that it should not be prolonged. I wish you to go to Savona. The Pope grants you his friendship: you will speak to him on my behalf, as a common friend; and you will induce him to accept a plan which I have arranged to settle that unfortunate affair.'

"I observed that the authority of the Emperor would be necessary for me. 'Do you refuse me that,' he replied. 'It seems to me that you will be in no way concerned in employing your efforts for the peace of the world.' 'It is this,' I continued, smiling, 'I doubt if that is really peace which your Majesty proposes to the Pope. Will you make your plan known to me?' 'Here it is,' said Napoleon, in a very tranquil manner. 'In future the See of the Church would not be any more at Rome, but at Paris.'

"I could not restrain a movement of surprise and a smile of incredulity.

"'Yes,' replied that formidable man, 'I will bring the Pope to Paris, and I will establish the See of the Church there. But I wish that the sovereign pontiff should be independent. I will give him a comfortable establishment near the capital. I will give him a chateau; and in order that he might be in his own house, I will make the territory for some leagues around his palace neutral ground. He will there have his college of cardinals, his corps diplomatique, his congregations, his court; and, as this he should want for nothing, I will guarantee him an annual endowment of six millions. Do you think he will refuse that?'

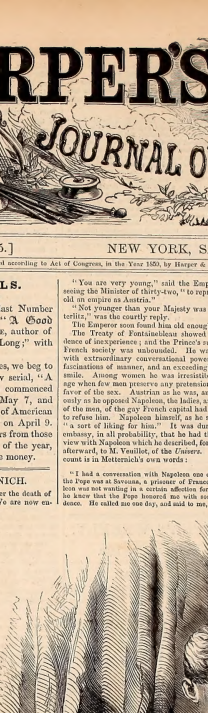
"'I am sure he would, and all Europe would support him in his refusal. The Pope would feel, not without reason, that he would be as much a prisoner with your six millions as he is at Savona.'

"Napoleon declaimed very loudly, sounded in argument, and alleged a thousand amusing reasons. At last I said to him, 'Your Majesty has drawn a secret from me. The Emperor of Austria has had the same idea on yourself. He says that you do not wish to send back the Pope to Rome; he does not wish the Pope to remain in prison; and he also thinks, notwithstanding, of making provision for him. Your Majesty knows the royal chateau of Schoenbrunn. The Emperor will give it to the Pope, with a territory of ten or fifteen leagues, entirely neutral, and he will add an allowance of twelve millions of revenue. If the Pope accepts that arrangement, would you consent?'

"He perfectly understood the apologue, but he was the stronger, and he wished to have the opinion of Pius VII. on his plan. The sovereign pontiff replied, as I had so easily foreseen, that Savona appeared to him as good a prison as Paris; that he was there, moreover, in the centre of the Church; that his residence was his free territory; that six millions a year were not necessary for his wants, and that twenty sous a day, which he would thankfully receive in voluntary alms from Christians, were sufficient for him."

After a couple of years' stay at Paris he was recalled to Vienna to take the post of Minister of Foreign Affairs. He was only thirty-six years of age. He signalized his assumption of office by a remodel of the war against France—it must be admitted, with very poor success. As the *Chartreux* says, the French have always been in the habit of beating the Austrians, and it is a difficult matter to get rid of old habits. In the war of 1809 the Austrians were most thoroughly beaten in battle after battle, their capital was taken, their army destroyed, their empire dismembered, and the Emperor forced to accept a humiliating peace. A poor commencement for Metternich's administration! He contrived, however, when all was lost, to make the best of the situation, and gladly embraced Napoleon's offer of a matrimonial alliance between his House and the Hapsburgs. It was Metternich himself who conducted Marie-Louise to Paris.

It seems, from the writings of those who knew his sentiments, that he had hopes of reducing Napoleon to terms Austria as the equal of France. He was soon disappointed. In 1812 the Austrian army was forced to join the French in the disastrous campaign against Russia. Metternich's wrath at the result knew no bounds. All that winter (1812-'13) he devoted his energies to creating and fomenting a fierce anti-Gallic spirit among the Germans; by the spring it was ready to explode. Metternich played his game with consummate dexterity. The war began in March; Russia and Prussia were in the field in May; in June some of the smaller German States joined them; but it was not till the 27th July, when Napoleon's army had been much weakened, that Austria joined the coalition at Teplitz. Napoleon was now ready for terms, and an armistice to 10th August was agreed upon; the time was wasted in negotiations; at 1 A.M.



THE LATE PRINCE METTERNICH.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.]

on His Metternich declared war, and presented it with vigor until the battle of Leipsic, which destroyed the French power in Germany.

It was just previous to the Austrian intervention—in the month of June, 1813—that Napoleon had a conversation with Metternich, which has been recorded. The Emperor complimented the Austrian in the highest manner, and then went on to ask him if, in obedience to his policy, he was to evacuate Europe, half of which he then held with his victorious legions, and to place himself at the mercy of those of whom he was victorious in Europe? It was while his standards still floated at the mouths of the Vistula and on the banks of the Ebro; when his victorious army was at the gates of Berlin and Breslau, and he in person at the head of three hundred thousand men, that Napoleon, with disdain, put to pride without striking a blow. "And it is my friend-in-law," said he, turning to the minister, "that has matured such a project; it is he that sends you on such a mission. Is what position would be for me in your view? Is it that of people? Does he suppose that a ill-honored and humiliated throne is a refuge for his daughter and grandson? Ah! Metternich, how much has England given you to make war upon me?"

This single catastrophe was delivered while Napoleon, strongly excited, was striding up and down the apartment, and at the moment of repetition which nothing in the character or conduct of the Austrian diplomatist could for an instant justify, the Emperor laid on his back, which he held in his hand, fell to the ground. Metternich trembled, but without changing the movement of his head, which his politeness would at any other moment have caused him to turn and repass it several times, and at length the Emperor raised his noble himself.

The wisdom of Metternich's policy was acknowledged by the Emperor, who created him a Prince of the Empire on the field of battle at Leipsic. It was the 8th day after the battle of the nations which delivered, and which led to the retirement of Napoleon in Elba; and it was more glorious for Austrian as President of the National Congress which met at Vienna in the ensuing spring. It was then that the brightest days of age fell in man of very striking appearance; an admirable linguist in the dialect; and owning as he was, in person, to be a fanatist and statesman as any of the heavy-headed ministers by whom he was surrounded.

Then following the brief but stirring episode of the Hundred Days, during which Metternich watched all events keenly prepared in every case his measures for his master and himself. Ten days before the battle of Waterloo he organized the German federalists, under the Presidency of Austria, and succeeded in persuading all the German States to enter into a solemn league for the peace and safety of the number which was assailed by a foreign Power. In September the Holy Alliance was signed at Paris. The Holy Alliance, of which he more than any other man deserves to be called the father, was duly communicated to all Europe, with the exception of France, which was paralyzed, placed herself in the hands of Metternich; at his bidding the foreign envoys deliberately entered upon a career of deputation which seems almost incredible at this present day. It was at this time that the "Metternich system" began to be first talked of. The Prince himself refused to lay,—it is said,—claim to it, and to M. Veuillot jeked on the long dissertations of the journals on the Metternich system, "I study my field," he said, "where I am sure of well! I try to assimilate it or to make it prevail, but always having regard to men, and to the circumstances and time. I have a principle never to bring myself in contact with impossibilities. That is all my system."

In point of fact, for nearly a generation after the decade of sovereigns, the system of the Holy European Sovereigns were directed toward crushing out popular aspirations for liberty and political rights, and the consolidation of Austrian power by the double base of divine-right superstitions and powerful standing armies. The latest champion and champion of this system was Prince Metternich.

How will it succeeded we all know. Honors and power were showered upon the Prince himself. His master gave him the castle and estate of Johannisberg—perhaps the noblest in Germany. Other monarchs loaded him with orders and titles. Naples—grateful for the aid of Austrian soldiers to put down Neapolitan patriots, loaded him with gifts. Even the university of Oxford made him a Doctor of Laws.

It was then that he began that policy in Italy which rendered his name most execrable. By means of secret treaties with all the potentates of Italy, except the King of Piedmont, he loaned the sovereigns the threatened assistance of his regiments, and acquired the right of quartering Austrian soldiers in their States. He obtained, after all the advantages of actual dominion without any of its drawbacks. It is curious to read Metternich's own account of his views on the Italian question, as stated to M. Veuillot:

"The Prince spoke with great contempt of Italian unitarianism. 'Of all the elements of the time,' he said, 'perhaps that is the most stupid. That which at the end might be remodeled was a kingdom of Upper Italy, formed of Lombardy and Piedmont; but union is opposed to the character of the two peoples. All the letters of all their patriotic preachers which were purposely held up, the blindest could be clearly seen. Political terms hide each other—commercial terms unite to destroy each other. Alone, strong in the affinity Turin, Genoa can be united.'

"If Venice leaves the Austrian dominion, she will fall into immediate and absolute ruin. Genoa and Ancona are not ignorant of that. I would like very much, on every occasion, that Venice should cut be necessary to save Austria as a military position, and that it could be conserved. That would be a great relief to the treasury. The imposts of Venice scarcely suffice to pay for creating the canals each year. To keep up the city, to preserve the palaces from falling to ruin, and to fill up the lagoons, the Emperor has to expend many millions every year. The brackwater, which is on the point of being produced, by cutting off the fresh water from the rivers that feed, has not thirty millions. It is not Venice herself that should possess such great wealth, but rather that of the kingdom of Upper Italy. The rival cities would put up to it. The commerce would be more flourishing, yet under the protection of a great empire."

By such specimens manifestly this ingenious man succeeded in laying Italy waste, and sowing the seeds of disaster for his own country, of which we are now the witness.

His life at this time was much devoted to pleasure. He was a man of the most elegant manners in society, and in his youth is said to have been extraordinarily successful with ladies, and utterly unscrupulous. He was three times married, and his wives, who were much younger than their husband, were remarkable for their beauty and accomplishments. Common report, however, accuses him of neglecting them for the fresher attractions of the Austrian Court beauties. It is said that he is familiar with the scandalous stories to which his intimacy with the Princess Lieven gave rise, and is more than one rising youth at Vienna is said to owe his patronage to the gay amours of Prince Metternich. He was three times married, and was divorced. M. Veuillot has drawn quite a touching picture of the domestic life of Metternich, and of how his third wife presided over his household;

"The following Saturday," says M. Veuillot, "I dined at a round table in the house of Dr. Jaquemet. I was at the side of the Princess, a very noble lady, who had not left the Prince during his exile, and who was versed in his language, in attitude, and sentiment—perhaps a little more than in his policy. And she showed me the tenderness which she exhibits to her husband—a great and whole tenderness, free of that kind of coquetry which she renders him. Besides, she did not crush me with her superiority, as I feared she would. I had to be classed among the sons of God, as Le Broyere says. We are not polished and single flowers of the earth, or earth.

"I spoke to her of the respect with which the Princes inspired me, and of the repugnance which he always excited in me, as well as in my countrymen, when he always manifested toward me.

"He is so good," she said to me. 'I can not help.' I could not help answering to your highness how much I regret being condemned to see that grand and noble character in a false and misunderstood light." At this expression tears started to her eyes. "Aggression and violence are nothing," she added, "by which is hard to suffer are the studied outrages of ingratitude." To the insolence of individuals the Princess had become more wicked than they ought to be after having for so many years been on a throne. She was, in fact, between the opinion of the Prince—they have a thousand times repeated his tenderness—and the opinion of the world, the most convincing proofs of his loyal wisdom, and at the same time between the sentiment of gratitude and that of horror.

"Madame," said I, "it is necessary to follow the example which he gives you, and forget the rebellion of those unfortunate subjects who have not known what they have defined. They have dared to speak ill of the master of humanity. . . . The Princes have been loved and served by country, and who has suffered in such a manner from the world has received consolation, and these others have."

The Revolution of 1859 seems to have taken Metternich by surprise. Europe had been so long quiet, and the Germans took so kindly to his methods of conducting their affairs, that even the Powers interested of politics, that he seems to have supposed there was no more to be done. Some trouble about such abstractions as popular rights.

The first exclamation of Francis, when the intelligence arrived at Vienna, was, "Alas, Metternich!" and "All is lost!" seemed for a moment to become the motto of the Minister. During his embassy, however, he soon learned the secret of the new French King's character, and a tacit understanding arose between him and the ministers of Austria and France.

The affair of February upset him altogether. To quote from a well-informed writer:

"In February, 1848, the monarchy of France was again overturned. The shock reached Vienna. A street battle was fought in the streets of the capital. March, 1848, was sufficient to destroy the entire fabric of the Metternich system. The Chancellor of State fled to the last moment to his old system. At the deputation of citizens, on the night of the 13th March, which at last forced they passed through a suit of rooms into a spacious hall, he had already been rescued by his valet. At the sight of the deputation depicted the unfortunate state of affairs, and urged the necessity of a speedy decision as the best of the Government. Archduke John quitted him by the back door, and moreover sent the Archduke Stephen of Prince Metternich. At these words the Prince came out of the adjoining room, in which he had assembled and ministers had assembled to deliberate, and having the floor open, he said in a loud tone, 'I will not resign, gentlemen.' He then left, not regarding the deputation upon this, without answering the Prince, reported what he had heard in an undertone to the ministers, who had ready told you. Prince Metternich resigns.' At these words the deputation left the room in a great commotion, with 'What! is this the return I now get for my fifty years' service,' were the words of the Chancellor, when he found their broke out into a loud laugh, which seemed to have been premeditated. Metternich, on the following day of the 14th he arrived at the station of the Gregnitz Bridge, under the name of Dr. Jaquemet, and was conducted to Wieser Neustadt, and from thence to Freiedorf, where, apparently, he was to be in safety. But his expectations, however, were not realized; and he then fled to Feldkirch, one of the most southern towns of the Tyrol, on the frontiers of Moravia, and subsequently to his own property, Kopstein."

He spent some time in England, and after a while, when Austria returned to her old system, returned to his own country. For the last ten years he has occupied a very enviable position. Without the responsibilities of office, he has enjoyed as much power as he desired, and has invariably been consulted by every minister on the chief occurrences of the Government. Latterly he became quite popular at Vienna; his age rendered him venerable, and the victims of most of his acts of cruelty had disappeared and been forgotten.

It would be easy to extend this paper far beyond its proper limits with anecdotes of the late Prince. One or two must suffice. One writer says:

"Metternich reigned triumphantly in Austria, teaching the people to dance and sing, and even to enjoy art and literature, for amusement; but lying like a second sleeper on all letters of progress, on all motions of liberty. Austria was the Russia of Europe. The most enlightened statesmen were always going to and fro in this city to see with their own eyes the working of things, if not a nobleman, a soldier, and calling in peace. The most extraordinary contrasts were to be found there. When Trollope had made a good thing of laughing at the Americans, and in general to put Austria in a right, the good people of Vienna were alarmed at the prospect of being laughed at in their turn. Not so, however, the wily Metternich said, smilingly, 'Oh no, she will not laugh at us—we'll engage for that.' Accordingly Mrs. Trollope was not admitted to the court circles—every thing was shown her, and the virtuous minister was on particularly polite terms with her. Trollope laughed, because was nothing but laudation.

"Some time after the deceased statesman on the affairs of the United States can not fail to be interesting. In the year 1848 there was a famous citizen of the city of New York, on a visit to Vienna, called upon Metternich. They conversed freely together, and in their exchange of sentiments Metternich remarked that if he were an American he would be an out-and-out Democrat—a Democrat free-born' said he, 'as you call it out there. But I am a Conservative, and why? I am conservative on the right party.'

"When the Marquis of Londonderry visited Vienna in 1840, after eighteen years' absence, Prince Metternich told him that the old women were dead, and that the young women were old since his late visit, and that was the history of eighteen years. Even then he was almost the only survivor of the generals-in-chief, the plenipotentiaries, and the kings who had assisted at the settlement of 1815, which Count Londonderry had witnessed."

Prince Metternich died at Vienna on 11th June, three days after the entry of the French into Milan, and the consequent defeat of the Austrians which it was his boast to have founded. Was it the hand of Fate?

Summer Resorts.

CONCERT HALL, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.
La Fourette House, Bergen Point, N. J.
Hegeman House, Lake Hopatcong, N. J.
Congress Hall, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.
Howland's Hotel, Long Branch, N. J.
Intermediate Hall, Niagara Falls.
Trenton Falls Hotel, Trenton Falls, N. Y.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1859.

OUR NEW MAP.

WE publish in this Number our Third War Map, showing the seat of war in the present contest and the famous Austrian Quadrilateral. We believe this map to be the best in existence of the region in question. The scale is five miles to the inch.

THE NATURALIZATION LAW PUT TO THE TEST.

CHRISTIAN ERNST, a native of Hanover, came to this country at the age of twenty-two, resided here ever since, and in February last became a naturalized citizen of the United States. He settled in the village of Hoboken, city. After a few days' residence in the village where he was born he was arrested by the authorities of Hanover, on the charge of desertion, forced into the Hanoverian army, and compelled to serve as a soldier; in consequence of which his business is being abandoned and his family, who are here, impoverished.

The facts are not the extent in which the decree expressed in the Leclere letter forbade Mr. Cass to interfere. Since the recantation of that famous document, Mr. Cass has acted a better chance; and we have now before us the opinion of Attorney General Black pronouncing that a naturalized citizen of the United States, in his manner at Berlin, demanding his immediate surrender by the Prussian authorities.

It will be interesting to watch the progress of the negotiation. Hitherto, whenever our Government has demanded the surrender of American citizens seized by military power abroad, and the demand has been met by a refusal by the foreign Government, the United States Government has abandoned its claim to forcible protest. Several such cases arose while Mr. Marcy was Secretary; that of Koszta was the only one in which any decisive action was finally and forced into a foreign army; but he never had perseverance enough to follow up his assertion. The enemy understood this weakness, he let the matter rest. What should be shortly be enabled to gauge the perseverance and sincerity of Mr. Cass.

The chances are that the Government of Hanover will not surrender Christian Ernst, if they can help it. These German Princes, as a general rule, know nothing about the United States, and are likely to treat any representations sent from Washington with a good deal of contempt. They regard their subjects as property of Government. Latterly it became quite popular at Vienna; his age rendered him in idleness. Many German Princes have been in the habit of living by hiring out their subjects as soldiers to foreign powers. Others, which do not go quite as far as this, seek and obtain power, and not unfrequently subsidies from other States by keeping a large number of their subjects under arms at home. The very State which has seized our fellow-citizen, Prince Hanover—is at this moment struggling to advance its influence in the German Confederation by increasing its army, and bellowing for a war with Prussia. This is their habit, it is natural for the Princes of Germany to act as they decidedly to the expatriation of their subjects; and to use their power to the expatriation themselves whenever they can. Nor is it likely that they will resign the tyrannical privilege without a struggle.

The King of Hanover will probably say to Mr. Wright, when he demands the surrender of Ernst, that Hanover does not recognize the right of her subjects to change their allegiance, or to absolve themselves from the obligation of performing military duty. What will the administration do then?

It is greatly to be regretted that Mr. Cass was ever permitted to write the Leclere letter. By citing on this topic; for his letters to Leclere and Hofer will afford Hanover a whole arsenal of arguments against the United States. If Hanover takes the ground that, by the Hanoverian law, Ernst was in the army when he left his native country, and that he was only seven years old at the time, and that he stands in the light of a deserter, it is impossible for Mr. Cass, on his letters to Hofer, to say that he was not in reply. His absurd attempt to discriminate between Germans who were in the army, and Germans who were not at the time of their leaving of their expatriation, will place Mr. Wright at such disadvantage that it would not be surprising if he should be compelled to write to Hofer letter was disavowed; for Hanover, clearly, is entitled to decide who are in her army and who are not. If the boy was

preliminary business for the next day in the cool afternoon hours, they are open only during the sunnig height of the heat. It is their own affair, certainly. We are only speaking of common sense and comfort.

Our climate is very trying in its sudden changes, and we make it as much more so as we can. Instead of humoring it we ignore it. It is like some political questions which certain timid, decorous, feeble people will not see to be the questions which are most vital. The questions which are real shows the decorous people to be most completely unreal. They stay aside and smile feebly; and while the tornado is ripping up the earth around them they murmur weakly, "What lovely weather it is if you only wouldn't cry out so about that accident, and which will really find out precisely which it is so much pleasanter to enjoy—has no one whatever to do!"

Now hot days, like the vital questions, are very positive facts. We may ignore them, but it is to have heat and unhealthiness. The rich people have not got rid of the butchers by plunging his head in the sand. When it is thoroughly understood by my insist that no hunters are in sight. But they are coming up for all that, and he will only have the degrees of being killed in the rear.

However, we probably have not time to keep cool.

KING POPE.

Every man who wishes well to his fellows, who believes in some kind of progress, who cherishes a hope, however small, for mankind, must earnestly desire that a better spirit may fill the ruler righteously of the Papal temporal power, shall be terminated by the present Italian movement. If the toppling of the Pope from his temporal throne shall be the only result of the war, it will be one to be remembered with gratitude forever. The Austrians are bad in Lombardy, but the Pope is a hundred-fold worse in the Romagna.

The present Pope Pius Ninth, Giovanni Mariano of the Counts of Mastai-Feretti, is now about sixty-seven years old. He was a young man when he rose to be a weak, sealing, good-natured, pious old gentleman, who knew the world from the kind of convenient for human progress and welfare An Austrian's in—the observation of any currency travel er in the United States will understand the fearful study of About into every detail and department of the Papal Government in Rome.

His royal temporal power is an enormity in itself. By what right on more than three millions of people appointed, without their consent or their leave, to support the temporal splendor and all the despotic whim-shows and sinnes of the Bishop of Rome?

Do you say that his States have been governed by thousand or more years ago, and they have always been confirmed to his successors except during the Avignon feud and the enforced exile of Pius Seventh?

To this the reply is swift—that ill-used power in the day of its sufficient and the most enlightened reconstructing governments, and that that reconsideration shows no more disposition to the sacrifice of the happiness of thirty-six hundred thousand people to a despotism in which they have no more amount of liberty than the Grand Seignior has Sandwich islanders have.

The Papal headship of the Romish Church has nothing to do with the temporal sovereignty of a Bishop. M. Thiers thinks it has; so did the late lamented M. Metternich. But the world is much better thought otherwise, and perhaps he was as wise as either Thiers or Metternich.

The book of Ahasuerus is unquestionably prepared with reference to the present complication in Italy. Of facts crowd, its writers, the annalists of a State preternaturally rotten to the core. It stirs the deepest sympathy for the unhappiness of the Romans. It arouses indignation at the intolerable outrages under which they suffer.

That wonderful waste of power, Augusta, that desert which howls at the very gates of the tomb of the all mistress of the world—who that has seen it does not remember how it rolls its waves of dust in spite of the city it surrounded? And within the walls the decay is hardly less sad. Rome was once useless to the new. Universal ignorance, stupor, and despair rest upon the population. Are it is a ruin; there is literature and art; there is social progress in human welfare a dream; and the re- Spes which affects to patronize all these is the symbol of the Devil, which prefers a shout of Victoria! to a noble action, is a corroding superstition.

The question to be decided by the Mighted States of Central Italy is not whether the Bishop of Rome is a good or bad priest of his Church, nor is it any question of the character of that Church. It is simply a matter of human welfare and progress; of political tyranny and freedom. It is whether thirty-six hundred thousand people shall be ground into the dust, and the world be prevented from ever seeing, or whether that Government, in the name of humanity, and justice, and decency, shall have notice from its own people, supported by the sympathy of the intelligent world and the presence of friendly French and Italian neighbors to quit.

ANTI-DOGS.

THE GALLOPHOBES
LIBERTY, *Mid-summer*, 1859.

DEAR MR. LONGER,—The hot weather naturally suggests dogs, and dog-days, and dog-nights. I have no desire to bark or to bite my neighbor. I am a peaceful citizen living in the country. Being a peaceful citizen, and wishing to dwell in quiet with all men, I keep no dogs. In not keeping dogs I do what every self-respecting man, who loves his neighbor as himself, will naturally do. For why keep dogs? Perhaps, Sir, you have dogs and may sneer. I beg you to know that suffering has made me strong. I am prepared to say sneers upon the subject—and I repeat, why does any sane human being keep a dog?

I know what Lord Byron said about dogs, and I have heard of the lady who named her dog "Beefsteak," because, forsooth, "it improved his temper." He, I know what Goldsmith said about them, and Scott, and Wordsworth. I know all about Helvellyn and Newfoundland, and that great St. Bernard. Great Heavens! Sir, I live next to a dog-fancier, and, sadly! dare not go to rest at night in consequence.

Dogs bark, and eat a great deal of meat, and snarl, and jump up on your best clothes, and rush out with a rent at passing carriages, overturning children, and, in short, misbehave generally. They also eat chickens and dig up the garden or the grass, seeking for moles, mice, or rats. They small "dog-stealers" about the premises, and throughout their tongues in a manner to appall any extended nose. Besides all this, they have a habit of your feet and the bottoms of your legs in an extremely disagreeable manner, constantly suggesting the propriety of washing, that they may like small and take a piece. At night, also, in the house they often howl in the most dismal manner, for without a door or sneeze, and upon this is predicated the absurd theory of protection against burglars which is entertained by many people.

One of my neighbors was very wise about that. He had a dog which he called "Bull," and was very fearful as the whole Metropolitan police. I asked him a few months afterward, "How about your dogs?" "Oh! I've got rid of them," he said, "they because he barked every night, and every night I would my children's rest by the disturbance. I was commending my soul and my wife and family to divine protection. I found nothing—but every night I was awakened by the noise of a dog—and at times—but I only got an inflammatory rheumatism; so I parted with him. He went to a butcher's, I believe; at any rate with him. He was a nice little fellow, very! But he ate up a good many of my chickens."

The keeping of dogs in my own neighborhood, Mr. Longer, is productive of many unpleasant consequences. Among other things it puts an end to all social intercourse. We are mainly business men here, and we like to go to and fro from our work in and pass an hour with a neighbor. But I can not, if I do, for the dogs bark and bite. Even the lady who still awaits at large in my neighbor's grounds. I hear them roar—but I have no idea of feeling with them.

There is a butcher near me who keeps a bulldog—a fine animal, I am willing to admit. Most decidedly, a widow in my neighborhood, has a lapdog!

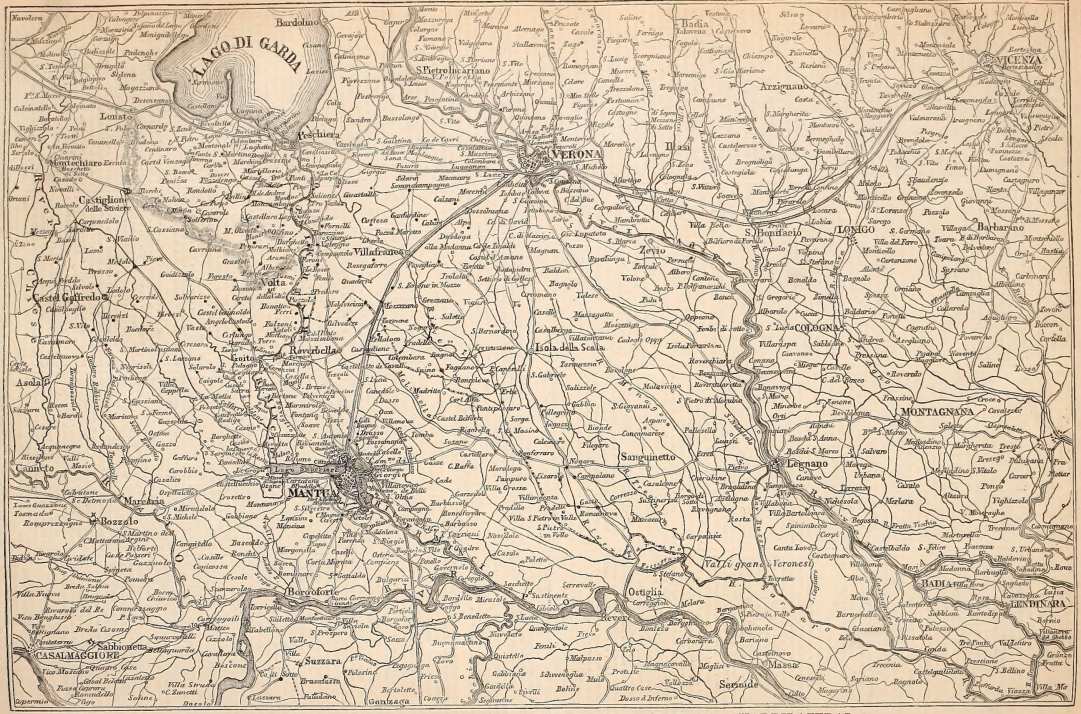
Sir, I forbear. I grow warm as I write. I ask you merely, what is an honest man to do, who doesn't wish to be bitten, who doesn't wish to bark, —who doesn't wish to go to the dogs before his time? Yours respectfully,

DANIEL SMALLWEB.

P.S.—I think I ought to add that I have my own opinion of ladies who keep lapdogs. Why, then, is not society full of most presentable young men?

A LONG-TAILED FLY.

A LITTLE while since the Lounger received from a friend a fly which is curious and beautiful by; and another friend, in Northern Canada, in a delightful letter, in a delightful letter, in a delightful letter



THE SEAT OF WAR IN ITALY, SHOWING THE FAMOUS AUSTRIAN QUADRILATERAL.

OUR NEW MAP OF THE BATTLE-FIELD IN ITALY.

We publish herewith a new Map of the battle-field in Italy, the best we have seen. It is drawn by John Dower, the author of the admirable Map of Northern Italy which we published some weeks ago, and which has been so generally admired. The four great fortresses which constitute the famous "quadrilateral," and every town, village, stream, road, and mountain of the neighborhood, will be found clearly marked in its proper place. With this Map the history of the war becomes clear as noonday; without it, the accounts which are appearing in the papers are generally unintelligible.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

Ex Three Books.—Splendidly Illustrated

IF Printed from early Proof-sheets, for which Messrs. Harper & Brothers pay the Author

FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS.

BOOK II.

THE GOLDEN THREAD.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE HONEST TRADESMAN.

TO the eyes of Mr. Jerry Cruncher, sitting on his stool in Fleet Street, with his grisly urchin beside him, a vast number and variety of objects in movement

were every day presented. Who could sit upon any thing in Fleet Street during the busy hours of the day and not be dazed and desfened by two immense processions, one ever tending westward with the sun, the other ever tending eastward from the sun, both ever tending to the plains beyond the range of red and purple where the sun goes down.

With his straw in his mouth, Mr. Cruncher sat watching the two streams, like the heathen rustic who has for several centuries been on duty watching one stream—saving that Jerry had no expectation of their ever running dry. Nor was it to have been an expectation of a hopeful kind, since a small part of his income was derived from the pilferage of timid women (more of a full habit and past the middle term of life) from Tellson's side of the tides to the opposite shore. Brief as such compunctious was in every separate instance, Mr. Cruncher never failed to become so interested in the lady as to express a strong wish that the next horse of drinking her very good health. And it was from the gifts bestowed upon him toward the exercise of this benevolent purpose that he recruited his finances, as just now observed.

Time was when a stool set upon a stool in a public place, and mused in the sight of men, Mr. Cruncher, sitting on a stool in a public place, but not being a poet, mused as little as possible, and looked about him.

It fell out that his thus engaged in a season when crowds were few, and belated women few, and when his affairs in general were so unprosperous as to awaken a strong suspicion in his breast that Mr. Cruncher must have been "flopping" in some pointed manner, when an unusual concourse pouring down Fleet Street westward attracted his attention. Looking that way, Mr. Cruncher made out that some kind of funeral was coming along, and that there was popular objection to the funeral, which engendered uproar.

"Young Jerry," said Mr. Cruncher, turning to his offspring, "it's a buryin'."

"Hooroar, father!" cried young Jerry.

The young gentleman uttered this exultant sound with mysterious significance. The elder gentleman took the cry as if he had not watched his opportunity and smote the young gentleman on the ear.

"Now then?" said Mr. Cruncher.

"Now then, father!" remonstrated his sagacious son.

"What d'ye mean? What are you hooroaring at? What do you want to convey to your own father, you young Rip? This boy isn't a getting too many for me?" said Mr. Cruncher, reversing him. "Him and his hooroars! Don't let me hear no more of 'em, or you shall feel some more of me. D'ye hear?"

"I wasn't doing no harm," young Jerry protested, rubbing his cheek.

"Drop it, then," said Mr. Cruncher; "I won't have none of your no harms. Get a cop of that there seat, and look at the crowd."

His son obeyed, and the crowd approached; they were bawling and hissing round a dingy hearse and dingy mourning coach, in which mourning coach there was only one mourner, dressed in the dingy trappings that were considered essential to the dignity of the position. The position appeared by no means to please him, however, for he was not attending to it, rounding the coach, deriding him, making grimaces at him, and incessantly groaning and calling out, "Spies! Tell 'em, Old Bailey! Spies!" with many compliments too numerous and forcible to repeat.

Funerals had at all times a remarkable attraction for Mr. Cruncher; he always picked up his mourner, and became excited, when a mercenary passed Tellson's. Naturally, therefore, a funeral with this uncommon attendance excited him greatly, and he asked of the first man who ran past him—

"What is it, brother? What's it about?"

"I don't know," said the man. "Spies! Yah! Tell 'em, Old Bailey!"

He asked another man. "Who is it?"

"I don't know," returned the man, clapping his hands to his mouth nevertheless, and vociferating in a surprising heat and with the great est ardor, "Spies! Yah! Tell 'em, Old Bailey!"

At length a person better informed on the merits of the case, hustled against him, and from this person he learned that the funeral was the funeral of one Roger Cly.

"Was he a spy?" asked Mr. Cruncher.

"Old Bailey spy," returned his informant. "Yah! Tell 'em, Old Bailey Spi-ies!"

"Why, to be sure!" exclaimed Jerry, recalling the Trial at which he had assisted. "I've seen him, Dead, in he?"

"Dead as mutton," returned the other, "and can't be too dead. Have an end, out there. Spies! Pull 'em out, there! Spies!"

The idea was so acceptable in the prevalent absence of business, that the crowd caught it up with eagerness, and loudly repeating the suggestion to have him out, and to pull 'em out, mobbed the two vehicles so closely that they came to a stop. On the crowd's opening the coach door, the one mourner writhed out of himself, and was in their hands for a moment; but he was so alert, and made such good use of his time, that in another moment he was scouring away up a by-street, after shedding his cloak, hat, long cravat, white pocket-handkerchief, and other symbolical tears.

These the crowd tore to pieces and scattered far and wide with great enjoyment, while the tradesmen hurriedly shut up their shops; for a crowd in that state stopped at nothing, and was a monster much dreaded. They had already got the length of opening the hearse to take out the coffin out, when some brighter genius proposed instead, its being escorted to its destination with general rejoicing. Practical suggestions being much needed, this suggestion, too, was received with acclamation, and the coach was immediately filled with eight inside, and a dozen out, while as many people got on the roof of the hearse as could by any exertion maintain a precarious stick upon it. Among the first of these volunteers was Jerry Cruncher, who modestly but effectively concealed his spiky head from the observation of Tellson's, in the further corner of the mourning coach.

The officiating undertakers made some protest against these changes in the programme; but the river being alarmingly near, and several voices remarking on the efficacy of cold immersion to allay excitement, they bowed to the decision to reason, the protest was faint and brief. The remodelled procession started afresh, Jerry's new-sweep driving the hearse—advised by the regular driver, who was perched beside him, and who recognized, for the purpose, every face with a pieman, also attended by his cabinet mourner. Games ensued, in the course of which the leader, a popular street character of the time, was impressed as an additional ornament, before the procession had gone far down Fleet Street; and his bear, who was black and very mangy, gave quite an Undertaking air to that part of the procession in which he walked.

Thus, with beer-drinking, pipe-smoking, song-roaring, and infinite caricaturing, the disorderly procession went its way, recruiting at every step, until all the shops in Fleet Street were shut. Its destination was the old church of Saint Pancras, for oft in the fields. It got there in course of time; insisted on pressing open the burial-ground; finally accomplished the interment of the deceased Roger Cly in its own way, and highly to its own satisfaction.

The dead man disposed of, and the crowd being under the necessity of providing some other entertainment for itself, another blighter genius (or perhaps the same) conceived the humor of impeaching casual passers-by as Old Bailey spies, and wreaking vengeance upon them. Chase was given to some scores of inoffensive persons who had never been near the Old Bailey in their lives, in the realization of this fancy, and they were roughly hustled and maltreated. The transition to the sport of window-breaking, and thence to the plundering of public houses, was easy and natural. At last, after several hours, when sundry summer-houses had been pulled down, and some area railings had been torn up to arm the more belligerent spirits, a rumor got about that the Guards were coming. Before this rumor the crowd gradually melted away, and perhaps the Guards came, and perhaps they never came, and this was the usual progress of a mob.

Mr. Cruncher did not assist at the closing sports, but had remained behind in the churchyard, to confer with the undertaker's men. The place had a nothing influence on him. He procured a pipe from a neighboring public house, and smoked it, looking in at the railings and maturely considering the spot.

"Jerry," said Mr. Cruncher, apostrophizing himself in his usual way, "you see that there Cly that day, and you can with your own eyes that he was a young un and a straight made un."

Having smoked his pipe out and ruminated a little longer he turned himself about, that he might stretch the other leg a little, and took his station at Tellson's. Whether his meditations on mortality had touched his liver, or whether his general health had been previously at all amiss, or whether he desired to show a little attention to an eminent man, is not so much to the purpose as that he made a short call upon his medical adviser—a distinguished surgeon—in Fleet Street.

Young Jerry relieved his father with dutiful interest, and reported No job in his absence. The bank closed, the ancient clerks came out, the usual watch was set, and Mr. Cruncher and his son went home to tea.

"Now, I tell you where it is!" said Mr. Cruncher to his wife, on entering. "If, as a honest tradesman, my wentars goes wrong to-night, I shall make sure that you've been prayin' against me, and I shall work you for it just the same as if I seen you do it."

The dejected Mrs. Cruncher shook her head.

"Why, you're at it afore my face!" said Mr. Cruncher, with signs of angry apprehension.

"I am saying nothing."

"Well, then, don't meditate nothing. You might as well fly as meditate. You may as well go again me one way as another. Drop it altogether."

"Yes, Jerry."

"Yes, Jerry," repeated Mr. Cruncher, sitting down to tea. "Ah! it is Yes, Jerry. You'll be at it. You may say Yes, Jerry."

Mrs. Cruncher had no particular meaning in these sulky corroborations, but made use of them, as people not unfrequently do, to express general resolute dissatisfaction.

"You and your Yes, Jerry," said Mr. Cruncher, taking a bite out of his bread and butter, and seeming to help it down with a large invisible oyster out of his saucer. "Ah! I think so, I believe you."

"You are going out to-night?" asked his docile wife, who took another bite.

"Yes, I am."

"May I go with you, father?" asked his son Jerry.

"No, you mayn't. I'm a going—as your mother knows—a fishing. That's where I'm going to. Going a fishing."

"Your fishing-rod gets rayther rusty; don't it, father?"

"Never you mind."

"Shall you be using your fish home, father?"

"If I don't you'll have short commons to-morrow," returned that gentleman, shaking his head. "That's questions enough for you. I an't a going out till you've been long abed."

He devoted himself, during the remainder of the evening, to keeping a most vigilant watch on Mrs. Cruncher, and sullenly holding her in conversation that she might be prevented from meditating any petitions to his disadvantage. With this view he roped his son to bold her in conversation also, and led the unfortunate woman a hard life by dwelling on any causes of complaint he could bring against her, rather than he would leave her for a moment to her own reflections. The devotional person could have rendered no greater homage to the efficacy of an honest prayer than he did in this distrust of his wife. It was as if a professed unbeliever in ghosts should be frightened by a ghost story.

"And mind you!" said Mr. Cruncher. "No games to-morrow! If I, as a honest tradesman, succeed in patrolling a little of meat or two, none of your not touching of it, and sticking to bread. If I, as a honest tradesman, am able to provide a little beer, none of your declaring on water. When you go to Rome, do as Rome does. Rome will be a ugly customer to you if you don't. I'm your Rome, you know."

Then he began grumbling again:

"With your flying into the face of your own wittles and drink! I don't know how scarce you mayn't make the wittles and drink yourself by your flopping tricks and your unfeeling conduct. Look at your hair! Look at your head! He's as thin as a lath. Do you call yourself a mother, and not know that a mother's first duty is to blow her boy out?"

This touched Young Jerry on a tender place; who adjured his mother to perform that duty, and, whatever else she did or neglected, serve all things to her general stress on the discharge of that maternal function as effectingly and delicately indicated by his other parent.

Thus the evening wore away with the Cruncher family, until Young Jerry was ordered to bed, and his mother, laid under similar injunctions, obeyed them. Mr. Cruncher beguiled the earlier portion of the night with solitary pipes, and did not start upon his excursion until nearly two o'clock. Toward that small and ghostly hour he rose up from his chair, took a key out of his pocket, opened a locked cupboard, and brought forth a sack, a crow-bar of considerable size, a rope and chain, and other fishing-tackle of that nature. Disposing these articles about him in a skilful manner, he bestowed a parting defiance on Mrs. Cruncher, extinguished the light, and went out.

Young Jerry, who had only made a feint of laying down his head on his pillow, was not long after his father. Under cover of the darkness he followed out of the room, followed down the stairs, followed down the street, followed out into the streets. He was in no uneasiness concerning his getting into the arms again, for he was full of fingers, and the door stood ajar all night.

Impelled by a laudable ambition to study the art and mystery of his father's honest calling, Young Jerry, keeping as close to house-fronts, walls, and door-ways as his eyes were close to one another, held his honored parent in view. The honored parent stealthily northward, but not gone far when he was joined by another people of Israel, Walton, and the two trudged on together.

With a halt an hour from the first starting they were beyond the winking lamps, and the more than winking watchmen, and were out upon a lonely road. Another halt, and they picked up here—and that so silently, that if Young Jerry had been superstitious, he might have supposed the second follower of the night a creature of the air, and not a sudden, split himself into two.

The three went on, and Young Jerry went on, until the three stopped under a bank overhanging the road. Upon the top of the bank was a low brick wall surmounted by an iron railing. In the shadow of bank and wall the three lay down, and, put up a blind lane, of which the wall—there rose to some eight or ten feet high—formed one side. Crouching down in a corner, peeping up the lane, the next object that Young Jerry saw was the form of his honored parent, pretty well defined against a watery and cloudy moon, quietly scaling an iron gate. He was soon over, and then the second fisherman got over, and then the third. They all dropped softly on the ground within the gate, and lay there a little—listening perhaps. Then they moved away on their hands and knees.

MR. CRUNCHER'S FRIENDS.

It was now Young Jerry's turn to approach the gate: which he did, holding his breath. Crouching down again in a corner there, and looking in, he made out the three fishermen creeping through some sunk grass; and all the grave-stones in the church-yard—and it was a large church-yard that they were in—looking on like ghosts in white, while the church tower itself looked on like the ghost of a monstrous giant. They did not creep far before they stopped and stood upright. And then they began to dig.

They fished with a spade at first. Presently the bowsed pattern appeared to be something some instrument like a great cork-screw. Whatever tools they worked with they worked hard, until the solid striking of the church clock appalled Young Jerry where he made off, with his hair as stiff as his fears.

But his long-cherished desire to know more about these matters, not only stopped him in his running away, but lured him back, and back. They were still labouring perseveringly, when he peeped in at the gate for the second time; but now they seemed to have got a bite. There was a screwing and complaining sound down below, and their heads gazed very hungrily over it by a weight. By slow degrees the weight broke away the earth upon it and came to the surface.

Young Jerry very well knew what it would be; but when he saw it, and saw his honored parent about to wrench it open, he was so frightened, being new to the sight, that he made off again, and never stopped until he had run a mile and more.

He would not have stopped then for any thing less necessary than breath, it being a spectral sort of race that he ran, and one highly desirable to get to the end of. He had a strong idea that the coffin he had seen was running after him; and, pictured as hopping on behind him, bolt upright in its narrow end, always on the point of overtaking him and hopping on in his wake—perhaps taking his mother for a pursuer to shun. It was an inconsistent and ubiquitous fend too, for, while it was making this whole night behind him dreadful, he darted out into the roadway to avoid dark alleys, fearful of its coming hopping up behind him with a bump on every stair, scrambled into bed with him, and bounced up, dead and heavy, on his breast when he fell asleep.

From his oppressed slumber, Young Jerry in the morning was roused, after declining to go before sunrise, by the presence of his father in the family room. Somebody had been up to see him; at least so Young Jerry inferred, from the circumstance of his holding Mrs. Cruncher by the ears, and knocking the back of her head against the head-board of the bed.

"I tell you I would," said Mr. Cruncher, "and I did."

"Jerry, Jerry, Jerry!" his wife implored.

"You oppose yourself to the profits of the business," said Jerry, "and me and my partners suffer. I was to honor and obey; why the devil don't you?"

"I try to be a good wife, Jerry," the poor woman protested, in tears.

"Is it being a good wife to oppose your husband's business? Is it honoring your husband to Balsover his business? Is it obeying your husband to disobey him on the vital subject of his business?"

You hadn't taken to the dreadful business then, Jerry."

"It's enough for you," retorted Mr. Cruncher, "to be the wife of a honest tradesman, and not to occupy your female mind with calculations when he took to his trade or when he didn't. A honest tradesman's wife, and a honest let his trade alone altogether. Call yourself a religious woman! If you're a religious woman, give me a irreligious one! You pious female, not a real sense of duty than the bed of this here Thames River! You shall go to pile, and simplify it must be knocked into you."

The altercation was conducted in a low tone of voice, and resulted in the honest tradesman's kicking off his evil-soiled boots, and lying down at his height on the floor. After laying a timid prop at him lying on his back, with his rusty hands under his head for a pillow, his pious wife lay down in the full safety position.

There was no fish for breakfast, and not much of any thing else. Mr. Cruncher was out of spirits, and out of temper, and kept an iron pot-lid by him as a projectile for the correction of Mrs. Cruncher, in case he should observe any symptoms of her saying Grace. He was hooked and washed at the usual hour, and went off with his son to pursue his ostensible calling.

Young Jerry, walking with the stout under his arm at his father's side, was a sight to be crowded Fleet Street, was a very different Young Jerry from him of the previous night, running home through darkness and solitude from his grim purpuser. His cunning was fresh with the day, and his qualms were gone with the night—in which particulars it is not improbable that he had compeers in Fleet Street and the City of London that fine morning.

"Father," said Young Jerry, as they walked along, taking care to keep an arm's-length and to have the stout well between them, "what's a Resurrection-Man?"

Mr. Cruncher came to a stop on the pavement before he answered, "How should I know?"

"I thought you knowed every thing, father," said the artless boy.

"Hem! Well," returned Mr. Cruncher, going on again, and lifting off his hat to give his spikes free play, "he's a tradesman."

"What's his goods, father?" asked the brisk Young Jerry.

"His goods," said Mr. Cruncher, after turning it over in his mind, "is a branch of Scientific goods."

"Person' bodies, ain't it, father?" asked the lively boy.

"I believe it is something of that sort," said Mr. Cruncher.

"Oh, father, I should so like to be a Resurrection-Man when I'm quite growed up!"

Mr. Cruncher was evidently much shocked by this declaration of his hopeful son. He shook his head in a grave and moral way. "It depends upon how you develop your talents. Be careful to develop your talents, and never to say no more than you can help to nobody, and there's no telling at the present time what you may come to be fit for."

As Young Jerry, thus encouraged, went on a few yards in advance, to plant the stout in the pavement edge, Mr. Cruncher added to himself, "Jerry, you honest tradesman, there's hopes that boy will yet be a honor to you, and a recompense to you for his mother!"

THE SONG OF COURTESY.

WHEN Sir Gawain was led to his bridal bed,
By Arthur's knights in scorn God-speed:
How, think you, he felt?
He felt the cold chain
Was yellow and dry as a snake's old skin;
Leathly as sin!
Scarcely facetable,
Quite unendurable;
With a beg! for the knight's chain
Gentle Gawain felt on should we,
Little of knightly fire knew he
But he was the Knight of Courtesy.

II.

When that evil lady to lay beside
Rode him from the revelous his bride,
What, think you, he did?
He bade her go,
And let not his loathliness vain
Mirror too plain,
Sadly, sadly,
Almost dimly!
Turned he and kissed her once and again.
Like Sir Gawain, gentles, should we?
Silent, oh! But for pattern agree
There's rose like the Knight of Courtesy.

III.

Sir Gawain sprang up used lores and curls:
Kisses are not pearls,
What clung in his arms?
Oh, a maiden flower,
Burning with shame to be wrent bride-lower,
Beauty her dower!
Breathing profoundly,
"Shall I live blooningly,"
Said she, "by day, or the bridal hour?"
Thereat he bent him, and whispered he,
"Thine, rare bride, the choice shall be."
Said she, "Twice should is Courtesy!"

IV.

Of gentle Sir Gawain they had no sport,
When to court and Arthur's court;
Wast, think you, they cried?
"Now, lids and eyes!
This bride is the rose a dream of a prize,
Drab from the skies!
See ye not, Courtesy
Is the true Alchemy,
Turning to gold all it touches and tries?
Like the bridal we'll
Make the jousts that be
Beautiful ever by Courtesy!"

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

EXPLANATION BY DANIEL E. SICKLES.

The following letter has been addressed to the editor of the Herald in relation to the publication of a statement in reviewing his marital relations with his wife:

"NEW YORK, TUESDAY, July 19, 1859.

"Through the courtesy of said events, which during the last few months have brought so much affliction upon my family, I have been absent. No amount of misrepresentation, however gross, could induce me to notice it, but for my son. Up to the present time I have not seen a single publication, and have no notice what has been or can be said. My friends never published a word in reply to the slanders of public opinion, for in these it is too often obvious that self-ends and malevolence prompt the publication; and assists upon the private life of citizens holding public offices. I have, however, been informed that on Sunday last, yesterday, although conscious of which I do not complain, while I deplore the publication, the Herald, with base and temper from the misery of sensitive and unlearned minds, has published a most unfounded statement in relation to my domestic relations, that I can not allow a mistake, which, if not corrected, may be taken for an admission, to pass without such a correction as will relieve others from unnecessary pain. I have endeavored to be the subject of the multitude at the moment to keep open and not to close.

"DANIEL E. SICKLES."

"Referring to the forgiveness which my sense of duty and my feelings impelled me to extend to an erring one, I have only to say that I have no fear of the future. I have no apprehension of the consequences which may exist. I regret that the object of the affair was brought about through the agency of the press. This action, however, proves that I did not exchange a word with one of my counsel upon the subject, and that I was not in the slightest degree in unity with any acts we may act, done without consultation with any relative, counselor, friend, or adviser. Whatever blame, if any belongs to the step, should fall alone upon me. I am pressed to defend what I have done before the only tribunal I recognize as having the right to question my motives—that of my own conscience and the God of Heaven. I can not waive or sacrifice so vital or morals which matter it intimate to forgive a wrong; nor is it based to make any domestic life a subject of consultation with friends, no matter how near and dear they may be. I have no fear that the world considered to decide to me the reputation of my wife, when I have the heart to forgive her and restore her to my confidence and protection.

WHY HE TOOK HIS WIFE BACK.

"If I now believe in recognizing the utterly desolate position of an offending though penitent woman—in taking her hatters, with the dark possibilities of danger, by which she is environed when proscribed as an outcast—I can not see plainly enough in the almost out-cast bowl of denunciation with which she is followed to say therefore that the injury and guilt from which I have rescued the mother of my child. And although it is very sad for me to leave the Home of Friends and the Temple of many wise and good people, I shall strive to prove to all who may feel that my interest in me, that I am the man who was has ventured to say to the world an error. I have no fear of the future. I have no fear of the world, that, in spite of adversity, I shall not be able to maintain my position. Many people shall entitle it to the imitation of the generous, and the commendation of the just.

WHAT HE INTENDS TO DO HEREAFTER.

"There are many who think that an act of duty, prompting noble feelings, and dictated by the purest motives, should be left in the heart of a husband and a father, is to be dealt by my friends, and never to say no more than you can help to nobody, and there's no telling at the present time what you may come to be fit for."

As Young Jerry, thus encouraged, went on a few yards in advance, to plant the stout in the pavement edge, Mr. Cruncher added to himself, "Jerry, you honest tradesman, there's hopes that boy will yet be a honor to you, and a recompense to you for his mother!"

THE SONG OF COURTESY.

WHEN Sir Gawain was led to his bridal bed,
By Arther's knights in scorn God-speed:
How, think you, he felt?
He felt the cold chain
Was yellow and dry as a snake's old skin;
Leathly as sin!
Scarcely facetable,
Quite unendurable;
With a beg! for the knight's chain
Gentle Gawain felt on should we,
Little of knightly fire knew he
But he was the Knight of Courtesy.

II.

When that evil lady to lay beside
Rode him from the revelous his bride,
What, think you, he did?
He bade her go,
And let not his loathliness vain
Mirror too plain,
Sadly, sadly,
Almost dimly!
Turned he and kissed her once and again.
Like Sir Gawain, gentles, should we?
Silent, oh! But for pattern agree
There's rose like the Knight of Courtesy.

III.

Sir Gawain sprang up used lores and curls:
Kisses are not pearls,
What clung in his arms?
Oh, a maiden flower,
Burning with shame to be wrent bride-lower,
Beauty her dower!
Breathing profoundly,
"Shall I live blooningly,"
Said she, "by day, or the bridal hour?"
Thereat he bent him, and whispered he,
"Thine, rare bride, the choice shall be."
Said she, "Twice should is Courtesy!"

IV.

Of gentle Sir Gawain they had no sport,
When to court and Arthur's court;
Wast, think you, they cried?
"Now, lids and eyes!
This bride is the rose a dream of a prize,
Drab from the skies!
See ye not, Courtesy
Is the true Alchemy,
Turning to gold all it touches and tries?
Like the bridal we'll
Make the jousts that be
Beautiful ever by Courtesy!"

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

EXPLANATION BY DANIEL E. SICKLES.

The following letter has been addressed to the editor of the Herald in relation to the publication of a statement in reviewing his marital relations with his wife:

"NEW YORK, TUESDAY, July 19, 1859.

"Through the courtesy of said events, which during the last few months have brought so much affliction upon my family, I have been absent. No amount of misrepresentation, however gross, could induce me to notice it, but for my son. Up to the present time I have not seen a single publication, and have no notice what has been or can be said. My friends never published a word in reply to the slanders of public opinion, for in these it is too often obvious that self-ends and malevolence prompt the publication; and assists upon the private life of citizens holding public offices. I have, however, been informed that on Sunday last, yesterday, although conscious of which I do not complain, while I deplore the publication, the Herald, with base and temper from the misery of sensitive and unlearned minds, has published a most unfounded statement in relation to my domestic relations, that I can not allow a mistake, which, if not corrected, may be taken for an admission, to pass without such a correction as will relieve others from unnecessary pain. I have endeavored to be the subject of the multitude at the moment to keep open and not to close.

"DANIEL E. SICKLES."

"Referring to the forgiveness which my sense of duty and my feelings impelled me to extend to an erring one, I have only to say that I have no fear of the future. I have no apprehension of the consequences which may exist. I regret that the object of the affair was brought about through the agency of the press. This action, however, proves that I did not exchange a word with one of my counsel upon the subject, and that I was not in the slightest degree in unity with any acts we may act, done without consultation with any relative, counselor, friend, or adviser. Whatever blame, if any belongs to the step, should fall alone upon me. I am pressed to defend what I have done before the only tribunal I recognize as having the right to question my motives—that of my own conscience and the God of Heaven. I can not waive or sacrifice so vital or morals which matter it intimate to forgive a wrong; nor is it based to make any domestic life a subject of consultation with friends, no matter how near and dear they may be. I have no fear that the world considered to decide to me the reputation of my wife, when I have the heart to forgive her and restore her to my confidence and protection.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE WAR.

THE TREATY OF PEACE.

A TREATY of PEACE has been signed between the Emperors of FRANCE and AUSTRIA, and the Italian war has been brought to a sudden termination. The terms agreed upon by important intelligence by the *North Britain*, which arrived at Queenstown on the 23d inst., and dated July 12th. In an order of the day issued by Napoleon on the 11th, he announces the conclusion of the armistice, the terms of peace, and the reasons which led to them. On the 11th an interview took place between the two Emperors at Villafranca, on the basis of which was a treaty, the outlines of which are given in a telegram from Paris published in the *Times*. The object of the Confederation is to be established, under the honorary presidency of the Pope. Venetia, though Austria may not consented to France, and by France transferred to Sardinia, to which Lombardy is annexed. Austria is reforming an integral part of the Italian Confederation, is to be governed by her own laws, but by the Emperor of Austria. The effect of the news of peace on the Money Markets was quite instantaneous. The Three per Cents were published on the Paris Bourse on the 12th, and the funds rose 2 per cent. The Rentes did not come into the market on the 13th, but the impression in Paris generally is that the full effect is not known, but sales were made late in the day at 70.

THE ARMISTICE.

The following official dispatch has been received:

"The Emperor to the Empress: An armistice has been concluded between the Emperor of Austria and myself. The preliminaries of peace are proposed to serve as the last element.

"The Emperor, after giving the official dispatch announcing the armistice, adds: 'It is unnecessary that the public should not misunderstand the extent of the armistice. It is a suspension of arms, and not a treaty concluded between the belligerent powers, which, though leaving the latter free to continue their preparations, does not appear to be how the war may be terminated."

The *Times* of July 13th publishes the following:

"The armistice was signed at Villafranca on the 8th instant, between Marshal Vaillant and Baron Hess. Its term is fixed for the 15th August. It stipulates that concerned vessels, without distinction of flag, shall be free to enter the ports of the belligerent powers.

The Paris news: "With regard to the armistice there is little to communicate beyond what the public already know. All that seems to be well authenticated is, that the proposal came from France, and was the result of the battle of Solferino, fought on the 24th ult. Austrian Napoleon should stop short in a career of victory and make overtures for peace, the fact cannot be detailed in the published battles and buried back to the limits of Lombardy, argues the moderation or the necessities of the French ruler. It seems that the hostile powers have been the event of this sudden resolve."

THE CLOSE OF THE BATTLE.

Mr. Raymond, from whose letters from the seat of war we have quoted most, continues to write to the *Times*. He thus describes the last scene of the battle of Solferino:

"Night finally ended the contest, and left the Imperials able certain between the combatants. The field was then admirably contained on both sides. All agree that the Austrians fought with desperate courage and resolution, and that their troops were well handled. The Austrians stood to their guns until they were absolutely on the piece of bayonet all of their artillery horses. It was in that weapon, and in the headstrong, unsteadiness, and unconquerable courage of the troops, that the fate of the upper city of the French was most marked, and it was by the superiority of the French in these that they were beaten. Had not a portion of the French army fallen back after carrying a general view of the field from the height of Solferino for the purpose of forming a new line of battle from place to place as the emergency required. One of the best-placed men told us he saw the Emperor, who constantly exposed to the most imminent danger, on the hills where he had taken his position. The Prince Napoleon, and, who stood near the Emperor all day, but resided upon the front of the left wing. Marshal Vaillant, who had intended the metal and inflicted a slight wound upon his head, was also constantly exposed to fire, and were behaved with sufficient gallantry, and to have died on the field of battle. Marshal Niel, who had left the day was at Solferino, and was present at the close. Neither after the battle, but immediately established, a head-quarter camp at Castiglione, and Marshal Canrobert—at wire nither for us. As I descended the hill I met the Imperial carriages coming up, and the troops in motion, and the flags from the house in bed occupied were taken down.

REMOVAL OF THE WOUNDED.

Speaking of the wounded the correspondent says: "As fast as their wounds could be dressed they were removed to the rear from which they had come, sometimes a mile distant, and from thence to Brescia, twelve miles further on, but being the first town of any considerable size and all adequate to the care of such an immense number of persons. I saw no wounded left on the field when operations began to arrive. At the entrance of the town stands a large building used as a hospital, and there is a small open space, and being placed at the angle of two diverging roads. As the wounded arrived they were laid in a good go no further were taken off the carts and left here, when the cart returned to Brescia for a fresh load. Resting a sight as was presented in front of that hospital, no one who witnessed it will ever forget. Wounded men covering the hospital, the ground, and the open carriages every half minutes from the surrounding gig and operating.

HOW THEY TRAVELED.

Every thing for miles around had been called into requisition. For the wounded who could not walk, and who were not placed in the hospital, carts, carry sheets or other ponderous articles were the fields. Many of these had a bed placed in them, and were filled with straw and filled long. Some hay was spread upon this, and upon that the wounded were placed as gently as possible, and could be laid, without undue of any kind, or pillow for their heads; all were supplied with a little straw, and they might happen to have upon them. The weather has been continuously warm and dry since the 24th, and baths being the best rein that has fallen; and yesterday and to-day the dust has been intolerable, and has been heated with the overcast rays of an Italian sun. The roads are paved with flint stones, and the cart it was utterly impossible for well persons to travel above three miles an hour, and the wounded, of course, much less than that. Every cart was filled with wounded men, among which those thousands of maimed and mutilated creatures must have suffered during the first twenty hours of ten or fifteen miles, performed at the slowest pace of heavy oxen, and frequently stopped for the total interception of the procession. It was enough to melt the most obdurate heart to see the cart as they slowly arrived. The peasants, who drove them, seemed not to mind the sufferings of the poor fellows behind, but kept their pace to alleviate their misery. Some of the soldiers themselves, by means of their own handkerchiefs, supported them to move about, but not branches from the vicinity of the road, and with these they endeavored to form a shade for the poor fellows' sad—and he had put through enough left to lift himself up and beg for water. It was immediately given to him, and he was then taken off perceived we were lifted off the cart in the blanks it which he was carried, and laid on the side of the field—but he lived only a few minutes longer. As they were lifting him from the ground his head fell down upon the feet of another poor fellow lying in the same cart, and he expired without even a cry of anguish or pain, unless than I ever heard before.

THE HOSPITAL.

"Just before dark on Sunday evening I looked into the hospital at Brescia. It was a large building and number of the wounded were taken. It was a Catholic institution, and was under the control of nuns. All the furniture of every kind had been taken out from the floor and sides of the rooms, and the floor of the building, and upon rows of mattresses extended lengthwise of the rooms, the wounded were laid, and as many as could were placed. All about injuries would permit death in the hospital was very small, and those who died were the most severely wounded. Many of the wounded men with fractures, and other bones, and only those were left in the hospital who were unable to be removed. The medical attendance was very good, and the nuns were in the very act of dying—and not one of the whole eight paid penalty, as I was informed, for their care. The Prince was covered with the poor victims of war, nearly all of whom were suffering from wounds. He had not been, charged with the care of them, were passing to and fro among the cots and pallets of the sick. I had no time for that—but looking for those who might still be found. And there I found Lieutenant Colonel Count Della Torre, an intimate friend of mine, who had been wounded in the leg.

A DAY.

"We were speedily recognized as an evident and renewed connection, and, looking up, we saw men coming out of the street with two enormous spits. They entered and they spoke loudest. Zouaves and other soldiers were running as fast as he could, and to take the street and asked them to first soldiers in connection with the Zouaves, and to the same reply, 'I do not know,' and never dropped his running in his head. Not only one student, as lonely as his spirit, I took myself permit. 'He must, he must!' they are killing him!' wounded. And when I asked him, 'Who?' he replied, 'The Austrians!' I could obtain no further information, and as I was hurried up by a spirit of the whole town to be present at the execution, I thought time for us to be moving also. We accordingly started

off at a round pace, but were compelled to stop now and then and dismount close to the way to prevent being run over by the advancing troops. Several regiments passed us coming down the street, spurring their horses into a mad run over the pavements. Shutters were closed, doors bolted, and Sardinian dogs pulled in with a good deal more alacrity than they had been hung out the day before. Every body who had a cart and horse pressed it and started. I saw a Zouave, who had been limping through the street not a moment before, seize a horse which stood at the door of a cart-load of wine, cut the saddle, bridle, or even halter, loop on his back, and swing by the mane, and ride off with only one leg to the gallop. One of the regiments that was running the four miles from the city to the front, in the hot sun, lost seven men and reached the field with only three hundred men, whom I recognized as one I had seen in command of the guard of the wounded, some distance back on grand pulop. I called out to him as he rushed past, "Are the Austrians beaten?" "I don't know," was the reply. Following close to his heels came one of the large regiments belonging to the Imperial Army, and as I stepped up to them I had seen the engross of the Imperial household uniform intermixed in the ranks. The first came an open cloak, with two civilians, one of whom was holding the reins, and the other was one of the soldiers who were trying their best to climb up. Indeed, there was a perfect rush of the soldiers to get into the carriage, which was filled with the wounded officers, who, apparently stunned to us that we had been successful, were sitting with their heads bowed down, and their hands hanging their way, right and left, directly in our rear. This decided me to fight with the soldiers, as it was quite hopeless to run away from pursuing cavalry.

HOW I CONGRATULATED.

"This was certainly the most remarkable instance of a pure panic I ever saw—and the most striking feature of it was the rapidity with which it communicated itself to all the individuals around. We were all cool enough, and had seen the most serious results when it overtook the legion of wounded and fugitives. Some of the men stumbled headlong from the carts into the roadside, and many of them were run over by the artillery-wagons, as they were utterly conscious from sight by the dense cloud of dust which they raised. The fact is, the panic once very hard to find out how it originated, but with any sufficient reason. At first we were under the impression of Piedmontese cavalry, who were pressuring the enemy to the extreme left of Castiglione, and had mistaken for Austrians. But no officer in the camp of the Piedmontese could be found who would not admit the further retreat of the field of battle—sold us that it was impossible for the Austrians to have succeeded themselves in so tremendous a victory as to be obliged to surrender. They were said to have stated that the Austrians were certainly coming up to the front, and would soon be in possession of Castiglione. In that camp no alarm seems to have been created, but when I reached the ammunition-train, a mile or so in the rear, I felt this atmosphere of fear in the strongest degree. Indeed, they ran their forces all the way to Brescia—some seventeen miles—without stopping for a single o'clock. Why they did not communicate the alarm to the camp of Chiasteo, and Napoleon, through it, to the panic, or why their officers did not pause for further inquiry, are among the mysteries of the campaign.

DEATH OF A WAR-HORSE.

"One of the most striking sights in the camp of Chasteo had been badly wounded by a ball, which had broken one of his hind-legs, and had passed out at the hip. He was a black part of the field and lost him through the heat with pain. The poor creature, divided by the pain of his wound, had failed to kill him, shocked rapidly round half a dozen times in a circle, and fell down in the middle of the three legs, and dashing out the men, who tried in vain to get him to stand upon his three legs. The poor animal took his amusement of this kind for several hours, and was at all ends to relieve him in spite of all efforts to prevent him he succeeded in doing so. He would lie down for many minutes before they could force him away. He seemed determined to die, if he could, in the midst of his companions."

CANNONBET CENSURED.

One of the grievances of the battle of Solferino is the severe reprimand subjected by the Emperor to Canrobert. Canrobert, whom he accused of not having taken a sufficiently prominent part in the battle. The Emperor, it is said, found himself by declaring that he had scrupulously followed the Emperor's orders. "If all the orders," he said, "remarks the chronicler, "were to confine themselves within those limits, the battle of Solferino would be much facilitated in their efforts to repel the attack from the Piedmontese."

HOW THE EMPEROR LOST HIS RAZOR.

The Emperor was wounded in the face, and part of his beard has been replaced. The shot which shattered the second Aide-de-camp's sword off his guard, and, striking him, being brought to the rear for amputation, encountered the Emperor's razor, a kind itself necessary for every body during the fight. Seeing the General's wound, he politely tendered one of his own pocket-cases, placed it on General Ango's shoulder, thereby crushing him a General of Engineers, and left the rest to the surgeon given of this extraordinary incident. The Emperor, having seen religious matters with entire and with which he was supposed to have been deprived of the other by a cannon-ball but which, as it turned out, was a trifling wound have been seriously injured him.

HOW THE EMPEROR RODE INTO HIS MEN.

An officer of the Zouaves related the following incident that occurred in the battle of Solferino:

"We were fighting desperately to get into Cavriana. The Emperor rode up, and, evidently himself in a state of going on, the bolts whirled round us, and shell burst. Some of my men, who had been ordered to the rear, pressed to the head of the battalion, and the fire became so hot that I was obliged to command a halt. Some of the men broke and ran, and I was obliged to threaten. The colonel thing himself in front of the Emperor, and said, 'Sire, do not expose yourself so much; you are risking.' 'Very well,' replied the Emperor with a smile, 'remove them, and I will fire in front of them.' The remain gave me a fresh vigor, and I cannot but how it was, but in a short time we were in the midst of the mêlée, and in twenty minutes after we had taken Cavriana."

HOW THE EMPEROR WAS SAVED.

A letter says: "As all the roads are between the different wars, such have been the difficulties that attaining were consequently directed upon the heights themselves. Most of men are up to the top of their speed, and the position surrounded by any thing but the greatest difficulty in climbing them. Such was the position of the Emperor. As the French soldiers got to the top with their packs, the Austrians on the other side had left their knapsacks, and waited the attack in this manner. Add to this difficulty a morning fog, so dense that the troops could not see the top grow, and a dense mass of infantry firing down from the hills, and you have some before the Emperor's eyes could. A brigade of the first division of the first corps, which had been ordered to support the left of the line, took heart to get possession of the heights, but they had to go back; and the Emperor, finding that the position could not be won, ordered the retreat to be sounded. At that moment, that the Emperor, and in imitation of him, the whole staff, turned their backs and shouted, 'Bravo, the Tyrol was!' I got to the place a short time after it had been taken, and I can assure you that the sensation of admiration of humanity in so small a space. You see what the fight coal both sides when you remind the Germans and feelings of the different regiments engaged. The weather to me to have the position could not be taken. Three of the Emperor's staff were killed by his side, and I think seven have been prisoners. They had eaten to behind the place to the left army.

MILITARY BALLOONS.

The correspondent of the *Journal des Débats* states that on the 24th of June M. Godard made two balloon ascensions, taking up with him officers of the staff and engineers. They went up from the Sardinian outposts, about a mile from the walls of Peschiera, to learn the positions of the enemy and the condition of the place.

ARMY GOSSIP.

The Turin correspondent of the *Morning Herald*, writing on the 1st inst., says: "Detailed accounts of the slaughter at Solferino continue to arrive. 20,000 extra beds are being prepared at Milan, and 10,000 at Turin, 10,000 beds from here. Moreover, well provided as the Austrian army is with ambulances, the number of which was stated long ago at 1,000, they are quite inadequate to the scene of the late battle. The weather is frightfully hot, and the roads are so bad that, even under the most favorable circumstances, would probably have recovered that fall victims to hospital gangrene. Among the Austrian Generals Auger, of the Artillery, whose arm was shot off, underwent the operation of amputation, and died in consequence of having the sanitized stump taken out of the socket. It was performed by the Emperor's own surgeons. Among the Emperor's own surgeon, Baron Larrey, but poor Auger is still among the living. He is a fine old soldier who won his name in one of Gregor but Fever, the same who, when he was told that the Austrians had made a campaign with the Russians, replied, 'Then I suppose Count Cossbeck's conduct in the late action is severely blamed, as he was commander-in-chief of the Russian auxiliaries.' I do not know how far the account which reaches me may be correct, as I have not seen it mentioned in the French camp. It is said that General Niel, who was very severely wounded, is going on satisfactorily. He has a fine cohort with a request for assistance. Canrobert replied that he was very sorry, but that he could not spare a single battalion, as he had received notice from the Imperial Guard that they would be attacked in force at 4 o'clock in the morning. It was not until six hours later, on the 25th, that the Austrians withdrew their troops from Pozzolengo, and then only to the right of Sant Nazi's attack. Had he done so before, much bloodshed would have been saved. The fact is, the battle was so general on the subject that I do not think it possible that the Austrians can claim victory in a general sense."

MOVEMENTS OF KOSSUTH.

A letter says: "When Kossuth arrived after midnight at Casarsa, he was told that Napoleon was gone. In short, 'the dreams fate cut fatal.' He could quietly go to a hotel and have refreshments and rest. He could, however, the waiter brought the foreigners' book to get the names of the guests. Kossuth, in a hurry, wrote, 'Kossuth,' he rushed out of the room like a madman. Had new entrance to the hotel, and, as if called together by the magic of Plantes, knew it already, and, as if called together by the same bell, they were all there. Kossuth was received in their vivas with the heartiest good-will. The mayor of the town presented him with the keys of the city, and complimentary addresses were delivered to him. Last night, the respected late minister of Tuscany, who left Florence on the 15th, fighting in the ranks of the 3d Rifles. The room is soon overcrowded with visitors. Kossuth is up to a hint—gives the keys to the mayor, and then starts the crowd rushes to him, kissing his hands and garments, his boots and spurs, and cheering him to the echo. The carriage along thousands and thousands follow, and others are drawn up in front of the hotel. In the enthusiasm of remnant liberty, the population incident to the scenes on the streets, and the universal sympathy for liberty, and therefore is taken by them for a pledge of their own happiness."

HIS ARRIVAL AT PARMA.

A letter says: "Kossuth arrived at Parma. The town was quietly silenced in expectation of the arrival of Prince Napoleon. He was accompanied and officially recognized by some Italian standing before the hotel, he stated, 'General Kossuth, and I were sent by Napoleon to decide the eye of the Italian lighted up, and he began to speak. 'General Kossuth,' he said, 'I am a Piedmontese all the town was alive with the news; the crowds accumulated under the hotel; the carriage arrived at the barrier; and a guard of honor was placed before the door. The Prince Napoleon arrived at the hotel, and he was received by the municipal authorities, and, as I believe, since it was Prince Napoleon who had to receive him, some of the guests of Kossuth would not divert the attention of the Italians."

A COCK AND BULL STORY ABOUT KOSSUTH.

The London *Daily News* publishes the following as a perfectly reliable financial clamour information between the interpreted publication by a Paris correspondent of the paper Napoleon with regard to Hungary. They will excite surprise, but the statement is made on authority which the account is derived, and the nature of their appearance is not inconsistent with the facts already known. It is announced that Kossuth was a passenger in the same train and interview with the French Monarch at headquarters, and that he had a long conversation with him, which was preceded are thus narrated: Colonel Nicolas Kou, who is residing at Turin, and who has received a large sum of fortune, conducted all the preliminary steps. Overtures were made to the Emperor by the Hungarian exiles in Kossuth, and he has, therefore, of late been constantly in and for interviews with the Emperor. In these he found it impossible to bring about an understanding, and the conversation terminated in a way that left the Emperor when his Majesty hesitated to give, and it was then determined that Kossuth should be dismissed. An interview of this kind took place on the 24th, and Kossuth left without his aid. Kossuth replied that if the Emperor would insist on giving him a written statement of the terms on which he would be willing to accept the Hungarian crown, he would do so. Napoleon accordingly wrote out the terms, and handed the paper to Kossuth, who left London for that city a few days before the departure of his Majesty for the seat of war. The terms are the following are the Emperor, and certain defined conditions were given during the interview. The Emperor would give Kossuth a corps d'armée, and arms and ammunition for an army of 100,000 men. The Emperor should issue the first proclamation to the Hungarian nation, and Kossuth should follow it up with a second. The Emperor should not be required to make any formal treaty with Kossuth, France should be the first officially to recognize the Hungarian Republic, and Kossuth should then obtain the same recognition from her allies. Such are the terms which Kossuth has taken back to Turin. Across as his part, to chosen her own form of government, and to make such terms with Austria as he might deem most desirable. 3. That the formation of a Hungarian legion should be immediately entrusted to Kossuth, that as a token of agreement to the foregoing, the Hungarian national colors should be adopted by the legion, and the management of which, Kossuth having given his word of honor that he would not make any use of it by with the adoption of this arrangement Kossuth received personal assurances from the Emperor that he would for the maintenance of a strict neutrality—a task which the public are aware he has effected by the issue of several severe public speeches in this country, he then left for Italy, and when he arrived at Alessandria he sent him to that, accompanied by Colonel Kou and Major Frey, to inform the Emperor of the result of his mission.

AUSTRIAN EXTORTIONS AT VENICE.

The *Times* correspondent writes: "The most distressing scenes took place on the 24th. The Austrians did not go on as they are much longer. We shall have open hostilities with them. They have begun to collect their landing-note. Some time since I received a letter from the letter at a large family—Germans and a progressive—who, under any ordinary Government, would be considered in affluence, and who are now reduced to the most pecuniary distress, and with the remainder without means of support for any whole family. The head of this family was a banker of the highest order of rank. We are reduced to genteel beggary. And now a fresh decree, a fresh loan of 50,000,000 florins (£5,000,000) is to be exacted from the Lombardo-Venetian Kingdom! Of this 50,000,000 florins, 10,000,000 are to be levied on Venice alone. I have heard how Verona plunder in their American times. Let them prosper those days."

ENGLAND.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

The following letter has been addressed to the editor of the London *Morning Chronicle*:

"Sir—Considerable malicious advertisements having been put in circulation, with the object of injuring this enterprise, by creating an impression that the cable laid down between Newfoundland in August last, was incapable of transmitting messages between Ireland and Newfoundland, I should feel greatly obliged if you will do me the favor to record in your journal my solemn assurance that the following is a correct statement of the number of messages, words, and letters that passed through the Atlantic telegraph between the 16th of August and the 1st of September, inclusive:

"That there was a great many more is very simply to the fact, that the Newfoundland company had not completed the necessary arrangements for adjusting and regulating the novel apparatus at the landing-place and in the signal-room.

"The message actually recorded, emitting converses, during the period above named, was 271, containing, in detail, were as follows:

From Valentia to Newfoundland, 97 messages, containing 1,062 words, containing 6476 letters. From Newfoundland to Valentia, 129 messages, containing 1,270 words, containing 7,842 letters. Total, 369 messages, 2,332 words, 20,125 letters.

"Among these were some by the Governor-General, by the staff of the Europa's passengers after her collision with the Arabia, and by the Governor of Her Majesty's Warships to Halifax and Montreal respectively, by which latter a speedy reply was made to the receipt of this message.

GEORGE SAWARD, Secretary.

Atlantic Telegraph Company, No. 33 Old Broad Street, London, *Tuesday, July 5.*

FRANCE.

THE EMPEROR TAKES AN ACTIVE PART OF THE POPE.

An official condemnation by the Government of an article which appeared in the *Univers* newspaper in respect for the Papacy forms part of the programme which, the Emperor of the French has laid down for the settlement of the conflict of Princes is cast on those who condemn the Pope's Government, and who are the real enemies of the Pope's Government. The *Siècle* has replied to the Government's condemnation, and has declared its intention to do so. The *Patrie* also protests against the apprehension that the Pope's Government is to be forced upon it at Perugia.

LEADING BOYS IN THE WAY THEY MUST GO.

The *Messager* publishes a circular from M. Rouland, the Minister of Public Instruction, to the Rectors of Academies, explaining them to leave all the bulletins of the Empire of July and the Moniteur of the 1st of August, and by the 20 sections, as "result is open to make assistance, and the letter is to be sent to the Academies, and to make the dynastist that knew how to undertake them," etc.

LETHAL CHAMBER AT THE HOSPITALS.

A complaint was lately laid before the Tribunal of Correctional Police against M. Marmier, a surgeon of Paris, in a work called "Le Cancer," printed largely free of charge, and distributed to the poor at the hospitals (Hôtels de Schamp)," and against the printer and publisher of "Le Cancer," for having in the work in question, the surgery. M. Marmier, a literary man, proved that he is a surgeon of the Hospitals of Paris, and that for many years; that it contains a history of the captivity made to Theodore Ferdinand, Emperor of Abyssinia, and Orbelian, and a French woman, Madame Dunivey, and that the work in question is not a medical work, and that great part of that history had been copied verbatim from the work of Mr. Rochet, entitled "Abyssinia." M. Marmier, in his defense, stated that he had published his advice; that the details of the said captivity were published in the Moniteur, and in the Siècle newspaper in Europe, so that M. Merlieux had no exclusive right to publish it. M. Merlieux, the publisher, pleads for any writer, in relating them, not to imitate to a literary theft. The Court, after hearing the speeches of the two prisoners, whom he saw at Tiflis, had given him an outline of the captivity, and that he had published it in the book in question for all the additional details he could require, that the publication of the work was not acknowledged in fact-notes that he was indebted to the Moniteur and the Siècle, and that he had "not intended to appropriate to himself the work of Mr. Rochet," and added that the former continued so many letters at once from the Emperor, his printer and publisher 125 francs, and it condemned each of them to pay that amount.

WANTED TO SEE "EUGENY."

We read in the *Evening Post*: "Among our recent representations was one by a gentleman from Virginia at our Week. On his way to the scene of his diplomatic labors he had stopped at Washington, and called on the Secretary of State, who introduced him to the Attorney-General of Napoleon, by expressed a special desire to "see Eugeny." He was informed that there was no such person in the Emperor's household, and that Napoleon III. was the only Eugeny in France. At this time appointed our Western friend made his appearance expressing the greatest disappointment at the absence of the Iowa militia. He was formally presented to the Emperor as the Governor of Iowa, and duly accredited to the Court of Rome. The usual formal salutation having been performed, the Governor proceeded to business.

"I'm proud to make yer acquaintance, ma'am," said our Governor, "and I'm sorry I've come so late to see the fun. I've got a thousand men in the field, all raised within two days in Yeurrup, and seen pretty much all the men and boys in the State. I've got a splendid body of men, and they're the very first man in Yeurrup—the very first, by a long sight. I'm sorry I've come so late to see the fun, and miss the very finest. That are monstrous friend of ours in Judge Douglas, of Illinois, and I tell yer he's a first-rate judge of wimmin, he is."

ITALY.

THE MASSACRE AT PERUGIA.

Mr. Perkins, the American gentleman who was in Perugia during the late revolt, says that the inhabitants barbarously cooked and plundered it, furnishes the following particulars: "The soldiers entered the town about eight and day along the road with very short rations; they had been marching and fighting for several days, and were famished. Their officers could not control them at all, where they had probably first struck the high road, they entered the houses and forced the people to cook for all their wine, so that they were maddened and furious with excitement and drink. Their officers could not, if it in the inn was ransacked, two hundred the pillage of the town had then been completed. The people of the town began to commit such outrages, for, once within the gates, their self-control was entirely destroyed. Many of them they first rifled and left into the shops and houses, and about ten hours after the soldiers had commenced to do so, the people began to do the same. Mr. Perkins and the inn was ransacked, two hundred several, and made their escape.

THE ATTACK ON THE HOTEL.

"At the end of that time a party of Austrians who were calling out it was an inn; and, knowing aware that the people had been plundering it, they entered in great danger, the whole of our party went into an inner room on the top of the house, and, as the only way to be concealed ourselves in a long narrow closet, into the which we crowded ourselves to the number of seven, and one of the servant women. Our own family consisted of my gentleman, four ladies, and two servants, so that we were all crowded into a place not more than ten feet wide. We remounded ourselves to God; moreover, and prepared ourselves for death. The minutes of awful suspense and they were in the room, and, hunting upon the door, they presented their bayonets. These those they threatened us; they were like wild beasts, and in order to prevent them from breaking in, one of the ladies had thrown herself on her knees the keyed portion of the door when her servant maid was beside, as

Swiss soldier rushed forward, crying, 'Shame, to kill women!' and thrusting aside the bayonets of the first opened the others by telling them we would give them what we had about us, and after taking our watches and what money we chanced to have they left the room. The good fellow, several, said he would defend us, but that they were mad with wine, fatigue, and hunger.

SLAUGHTER OF WORKS AND CHILDREN.

"A half hour of tranquility, and we heard another party coming through the house, and just before they reached our room the good fellow in whom we saw our first friend in the Austrian army, cried out, 'Hello, Mike! Are you there?' and again we were hidden for an hour. These last comers completely ravaged the house, and the manner of the Austrian rules was unarmed, endeavoring to expostulate with them, and to prevent them from doing more than they had already done. It was a monstrous. One soldier was only prevented from setting fire to the two great wooden doors of the house-entrance by the wretched with him while they ran to us. Two different times we were obliged to hide ourselves, and about nine o'clock they were allowed to sack and plunder the house; and in one room that they entered the wife of the house mother had placed a cockade upon it. Seven women and children were in the room, and the mother of the household—children of the Saint Padre. Desolation the room was soon filled with drunken soldiers, who, with such sympathy as their remarkable desires for a portion of that evil liberty which they had left their homes to fight for, South Italy, to Austria, to Hungary, to Poland, to Bohemia, and to the same naval retribution through the Dardanelles, and to the same end of self-sacrifice of Christ, such cruel and bloody slaughter should have been the result of their efforts to establish it. Even the Medici de Ferro not to this awful whole table; chairs, benches, every thing was destroyed, and the wine and beer casks were broken open and every thing despoiled. Then they began to search for money, and in the midst of the confusion of the passport, which I providentially had with me, and which I immediately had put in my pocket. Then they began to search along the streets next morning we saw the bodies lying in the gutters."

EXECUTIONS AT NAPLES.

The following is the substance of the letter addressed by Mr. Gladstone to the new King:

"Sire—At the moment of your accession, when the hearts of many are full of hope, and when the eyes and joy so recently awakened throughout the world are turned upon you, a young prisoner, who has been in your dominions are directed. The dungeons of the Penitenzia are coming to be filled with victims of the most cruel tyranny. There are, as never again to be related up. Years have been buried in your feet. It has been governed by the laws of your Cesare of the North, but in our desires, stronger than your dominions. Your father, the late King of the Two Sicilies, seem to at the feet of the either of the avenging Angel, and to have been permitted to go down to the grave unchanging in the midst of a sea of glorious funeral blood. Will you not spare a few of these? Will you not listen to the voice of your own heart, and to the voice of God, and cause! An idea, when it is granted—when it is established—is a principle—and a principle is a power. Invoke of despotism, which turn against those who wield them, and turn it into a blessing. Sire, I am not the first in the country struck Henry IV., Louis XVI., the Duc de Berri, Philip II. of Orleans, and, I will add, the Duke of your father. In the soul of Bomba! and of Milano de' Torri, and of Ferdinand I. himself. Why should you alone do these heinous history? The Constitution recently granted by you is a great act. It is a great concession. It is a gift—a gift, indeed, of solidarity, tyrannical, despotic: a national army, great and powerful, and a free-holding tenantry, and a free people. Your subjects are Italian: in your veins run the noble blood of Savoy, and within the bosom of the country that is the land of olden upon your land, now is the acceptable time! Happy, if you, if you will, be the instrument of these great ages, if beholding, you forget who you are. Remember that your father died a violent death, and that you, also, are of fear, that his dwelling was a rock, fit subject for the lightning's stroke. Remember that he left you a throne, and that you have not to leave forgotten the 23d of May. Finance is in disorder, and the army is the master of the nation. Do not, I pray you, follow the malediction of God hang over the head of the imprudent Rehoboam. The counsels of the young men have been followed—counsels of violence—justice sold—the dungeons filled. Sire, I am a man of peace, and I am not a hasty, and an echo in the magnanimous heart of the conqueror of Solferino. Sire, I implore you, in the recollection that we are Italians will avenge the outrages of our country, and the cause of civilization and of the Italians. Considers' Dender."

THE ARMY DISBANDED FROM MILAN.

A letter from Milan, of the 29th ult., gives some details of the movement which has been made in the city against the Jesuits: "The evening before last the people of Milan, in a manifestation of indignation against the Jesuits, who, after having been kept away from Milan by the Austrian Government, had returned after its bishop, were recalled in 1853, and protected by the Police and Austrian troops, in the Church of Sant' Alessandro. The people were much irritated against the body, whom public opinion accused of having been the principal instigators of the martial law that would be established in Milan, and of the doors of the convent but for the intervention of upon the Jesuits themselves, who gave orders to the municipal guards. A search of their house was, however, allowed, and there in reality was found a great deal of compromising character were found there, since on the following day a large number of proclamations were in the country. This decree is necessary, in conformity with the Code of Piedmont, which declares that the Jesuits and the Dames du Sacre Cœur were ordered away from the city. The people, on hearing of the arrival of the troops, met in the square before the national guard and the Jesuits' house, some distance from the house of the Jesuits, formed a guard of honor to receive them, and put a key into the lock to open it. The national guard had also taken with them a band of music, and, in this way, "I am entering my home." What are you going to do?" asked the people. "I am going to my home, and he was going to my room; but the national guard thought he was not going to his room, but to that of the Jesuit, and pocket and walk the priest of to the question. It is said that the Emperor of the Austrians will not be able to have defiled their Jesuit dress and are concealed in Milan.

SWEDEN.

DEATH OF KING OSCAR.

A telegram from Stockholm announces the death of Oscar, King of Sweden and Norway. The deceased was on the 4th of July, after an illness which had lasted-for some time. Oscar was born on the 4th of July, and was most since September, 1857. King Oscar was the son of Bernadotte, who was elected heir to the throne of Sweden in 1844. Born in Paris in 1799, he was placed at the age of 15 in the military school of that city, and on the expulsion of his father to the throne his studies were interrupted by the political events which followed. He was married in 1823 to Josephine Beauharnais, daughter of Eugene Beauharnais, Duke of Leuchtenberg. In 1824 he acquired a position of the first rank by his marriage to the Swedish Army. In July, 1818, he married Josephine Beauharnais, Duke of Leuchtenberg, daughter of Eugene Beauharnais, Duke of Leuchtenberg. In 1844 he succeeded to the throne of his father, and in 1844 he received

THE BATTLE OF SOLFERINO.

We publish herewith two engravings of the battle of Solferino, from drawings by the Chevalier Giacomelli. These pictures will render the published accounts intelligible.

We have already described the battle at some length. In this place it will be sufficient to give the Austrian account of the battle as communicated to the *Times* by their correspondent at the Austrian head-quarters, with an extract from the *Daily News* in reference to the burial of the dead. The *Times* correspondent writes:

"For up to the north rose the hills on the side of which stands the town of Castiglione, the domes of which were visible to the naked eye. The sun alternately shone out in overpowering brilliancy, anon concealed itself behind clouds over the field of battle. Lists as vast, as enormous a congregation of men engaged in a deadly struggle, I had never seen. The small puffs of the musketry exploding were lost in the immensity of the landscape. It was only when volleys of artillery followed each other in rapid succession that the smoke took a distinct form. It was soon lost, however, in the general haze, and only broken again by the white parabolas of rockets, of which the Austrians were making considerable use. The forms of the men were lost to the eye in the vast proportions of the fight, and it was only when heavy masses lay together, or when they assumed an aggregate shape, that any conception could be obtained of their presence. With a telescope one could see, as it were, myriads of men on each side fighting at all points; dead bodies of men and horses strewn on the ground, with the wreck of uniforms and arms; but to the naked eye it seemed as if a vast anthill were in motion—men scarcely appeared to be, by doubtless are, in encounters of such magnitude.

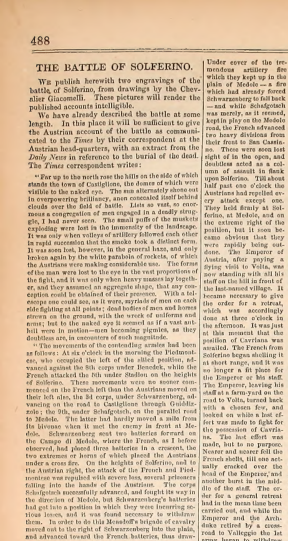
"The movements of the contending armies had been as follows: At six o'clock in the morning the Piedmontese, who occupied the left of the allied position, advanced against the 5th corps under Benedek, while the French attacked the 9th under Stadion on the heights of Solferino. These movements were no sooner commenced on the French left than the Austrians moved on their left also, the 3d corps, under Schwarzenberg, advancing on the road to Castiglione through Guidizzolo; the 9th, under Schaffgotsch, on the parallel road to Medole. The latter had hardly moved a mile from its bivouac when it met the enemy in front at Medole. Schwarzenberg sent two batteries forward on the Campo di Medole, where the French, as I before observed, had placed three batteries in a crescent, the two extreme or horns of which placed the Austrians under a cross fire. On the heights of Solferino, not to the Austrian right, the attack of the French and Piedmontese was regulated with severe loss, several prisoners falling into the hands of the Austrians. The corps Schaffgotsch successfully advanced, and fought its way in the direction of Medole, but Schwarzenberg's battalion had got into a position in which they were incurring serious losses, and it was found necessary to withdraw them. In order to do this Mondolfi's brigade of cavalry moved out to the right of Schwarzenberg into the plain, and advanced towards the French batteries, thus drawing upon itself part of the fire which was then pouring so heavily upon the Austrian guns. While the latter retired the cavalry charged a party of French cavalry, which it is said to have terribly cut up, and finally fell upon a square of French infantry. It was done at the price of heavy losses. Scores of men and horses fell, and two squadrons of Hussars I saw returning reduced to thirty men. The Austrian guns, however, were now in a position in rear of that which they had previously occupied, reopened fire, and the 3d corps endeavored to advance on the plain and take the French artillery with the bayonet. This they failed, however, to accomplish, and ultimately they had to fall back. From that moment, however, till late in the day the cannonade on that point continued fast and furious. As for the Austrian cavalry, it appeared no more on the field, and for as I could see. It was now past nine o'clock; and though the first attack of the allies on the Austrian right had failed, from the palisatby with which the 5th and 5th corps had repelled it, the French and Piedmontese were but too well aware that Solferino was the key of the Austrian position to spare efforts for carrying it. The French Grenadiers several times made their way to the very top of the rock on which stands 'the spy tower,' but were repeatedly repulsed by the 1st corps, which had been thrown forward from Cavriana to Solferino to strengthen the 5th, then beginning to show symptoms of failure.

"The French, however, continued their efforts, and pressed Solferino, not only in front, but on both flanks. Under cover of the terrific artillery fire which they kept up in the plain of Medole—a fire which had already forced Schwarzenberg to fall back—and while Schaffgotsch was merely, as it ressed, keptin play on the Medole road, the French advanced two heavy divisions from their front to San Cassiano. These were soon lost sight of in the open, and doubtless acted as a column of assault in flank upon Solferino. Till about half past one o'clock the Austrians had repulsed every attack except one. They held firmly at Solferino, at Medole, and on the extreme right of the position, but it soon became obvious that they were rapidly being outdone. The Emperor of Austria, after paying a flying visit to Volta, was now standing with his staff on the hill in front of the last-named village. As it became necessary to give the order for a retreat, which was accordingly done at three o'clock in the afternoon. It was just at this moment that the position of Cavriana was assailed. The French from Solferino began shelling it at short range, and it was no longer a fit place for the Emperor or his staff. The Emperor, leaving his staff at a farm-yard on the road to Volta, turned back with a chosen few, and looked on while a last effort was made to fight for the possession of Cavriana. The last effort was made, but to no purpose. Nearer and nearer fell the French shells, till one actually cracked over the head of the Emperor, and another burst in the middle of the staff. The order for a general retreat had in the mean time been carried out, and while the Emperor and the Archduke rallied by a cross-road to Valleggio the Imperial army began to withdraw toward Mantua."

The correspondent of the *Daily News* writes on the 27th of June:

"The thousands who fell on the memorable day of Friday but were not yet all buried, so that I could see with my own eyes the dreadful and heart-rending traces of that battle of giants. Many gallant fellows, who are now at rest, can be seen here and at San Martino stripped naked, and waiting for their last receptacle, which the grave-diggers are preparing for them. The number of bodies being so great, hundreds of peasants of Rivoltella, San Pietro, San Martino, Solferino, and Cavriana, were enlisted to perform that painful duty. The scene presented by this accursed field is still more affecting than that of Magenta. Not only was the slaughter far greater, but the intense heat of the season has corrupted the bodies to a dreadful extent, and all the noble features of men's faces have been hideously decomposed by the process of putrefaction. As you may easily imagine, the stench has polluted the air to such a degree, that the surrounding villages are in great danger of typhus. Some cases of that terrible disease have already been noticed in the neighboring villages delle Stivere."

THE EMPEROR DIRECTING THE VOLTIGEURS OF THE G



LAKE OF GARDA. PIEDMONTESE TROOPS. SOLFERINO.

THE BATTLE OF SOLFERINO—GENERA

A Good Fight.

BY CHARLES READE.

AUTHOR OF "LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

"Tree soup is hot," said Gerard.

"But how are we to swallow it?" inquired the senior, despondingly.

"Father, the young man has brought us straws." And Margaret smiled slyly.

"Ay, ay!" said the old man; "but my poor bones are stiff, and, indeed, the fire is too hot for a body to kneel over with these short straws. St. John the Baptist! but the young man is afeist."

For while he stated his difficulty Gerard removed it. He untied in a moment the knot on his breast, took his hat off his back, put three stones into the corner, then, wrapping his hand in the tail of his jerkin, whipped the flask off the fire, wedged it in between the stones, and put the hat under the old man's nose with a merry smile. The other tremulously inserted the pipe of rye-straw and sucked. Lo and behold his wan, drawn face was seen to light up more and more, till it quite glowed; and, as soon as he had drawn a long breath,

"Hippocrates and Galen!" he cried, "'tis a soups au vin"—the restorative of restoratives.

Blessed be th
man that in
it is family
I relate it n
this his sorro
young Sir, ou
it is milder t
popularmas
price, beh
Heriot, in th
me false—

MARGARET

"—was seen
to drink a
the plan th

AKE SOLFERINO.—[From a Sketch by Chevalier Giacomelli.]

…ll, and the wo… …an who brings …ur girl, while …ad virtues of …nderstrainer, …ssets; we find …ur, or in them …s of their rem… …ssive grasper. …y does not play

…ble in the poem …y declined, on …ers kettle and

must not take ought to weaken his powers. Now, if the 'soupe au vin' had been known in Troy, it is clear that in declining 'vinum merum' upon that scene, he would have added in the next hexameter, 'But a "soupe au vin," madam, I will dogust, and gratefully.' Not only would this have been but common civility—a virtue no perfect commander is wanting in—but not to have done it would have proved him a shallow and improvident person, quite unfit to be trusted with the conduct of a war; for seen going into battle need sustenance and all possible support, as is proved by this—that foolish generals, bringing hungry soldiers to battle with full ones, have been defeated, in all ages, by inferior numbers. The Romans lent a great battle in the north of Italy to Hannibal the Carthaginian, by this neglect alone. Now this divine elixir gives in one moment force to the limbs and ardor to the spirits; and taken into Hector's body at the nick of time, would, by the aid of Phœbus, Venus, and the blessed saints, have most likely procured the Greeks a defeat. For note how faint and weary and heart-sick I was a minute ago; well, I sack this celestial cordial, and now lolloild me leave as Achilles and strong as an eagle."

"Oh, Father! now, an eagle!"

"Girl, I defy thee and all the world. Ready, I say, like a foaming charger, to devour the space between this and Rotterdam, and strong to combat

"Did it? Then I will lend it you. There—now it is yours again; your lip has touched it."

"No, it belongs to us both now. Let us divide it."

"By all means; you have a knife."

"No, I will not cut it—that would be unlucky. I'll bite it. There. I shall keep my half; you will burn yours the moment you get home, I doubt."

"You know me not. I waste nothing. It is odds but I make a hair-pin of it, or something."

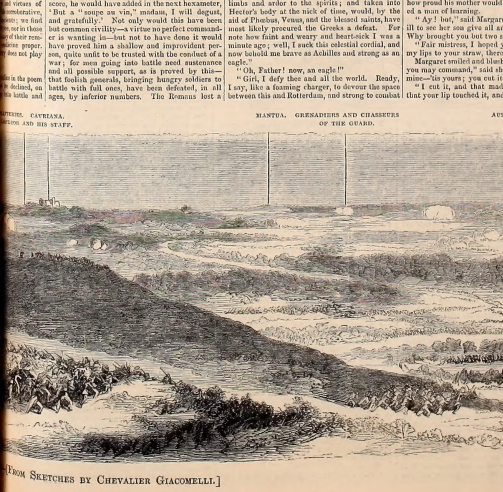
This answer dashed the novice Gerard instead of provoking him to fresh efforts, and he was silent. And now, the bread and soup being disposed of, the old scholar prepared to continue his journey. Then came a little difficulty. Gerard, the adroit, could not tie his ribbon again as Catherine had tied it. Margaret, after shyly eying his efforts for some time, offered to help him; for at her age girls love to be coy and tender, saucy and gentle, by turns, and she saw the lad put him out of countenance but now. Then a fair head, with its stately crown of auburn hair, glossy, and glowing through silver, bowed sweetly toward him; and, while it ravished his eye, two white supple hands played delicately upon the stubborn ribbon, and moulded it with soft and airy touches. Then a heavenly thrill ran through the innocent young man, and vague glimpses of a new world of feeling and sentiment opened on him. And these new and exquisite sensations Margaret unwittingly prolonged; it is not natural to her sex to hurry aught that pertains to the sacred toilet. Nay, when the taper fingers had at last subjugated the ends of the knot, her mind was not quite easy, till, by a manœuvre peculiar to the female hand, she had made her palm convex, and so applied it with a gentle pressure to the centre of the knot—a sweet little coaxing hand-bike, as much as to say, "Now be a good knot, and stay as you are." The palm-kiss was bestowed on the ribbon, but the wearer's heart leaped to meet it.

"There, that is how it was," said Margaret, and drew back to take one last keen survey of her work; then looking up for simple approval of her skill, received full in her eyes a longing gaze of such ardent adoration as made her lower them quickly and color all over. An indescribable tremor seized her, and she retreated with downcast lashes and tell-tale cheeks, and took her father's arm on the opposite side. Gerard, blushing at having seared her with his eyes, took the other arm; and so the two young things went side-by-side and conscious, and propped the eagle along in silence.

They entered Rotterdam by the Schiedamse Poort; and as Gerard was unacquainted with the town, Peter directed him the way to the Hotel Stadt, in which the Stadtheuse was. He himself was going with Margaret to his cousin, in the Oester-Waagen Straet; so almost on entering the gate their roads lay apart. They bade each other a friendly adieu, and Gerard dived into the great town. A profound, an aching sense of solitude, fell upon him, yet the streets were crowded. Then he lamented too late that, out of delicacy, he had not asked his late companions who they were and where they lived.

"Bedrew my shanefacedness!" said he. "But their names and their breeding were shown their means, and something whispered me they would not be known. I shall never see her more. Oh! weary world, I hate you and your ways. To think I must meet beauty and goodness and learning—three pearls of price—and never see them more!"

Falling into this sad reverie, and letting his body go where it would, he lost his way; but presently meeting a crowd of persons all moving in one direction, he mingled with them, for he argued they must be making for the Stadthouse. Soon the noisy troop that contained the manly Gerard emerged, and upon the Stadthouse, but upon a



…ITIONS. CAVRIANA. …OPOLEON AND HIS STAFF.

…From Sketches by Chevalier Giacomelli.]

large meadow by the side of the Mane; and then the attraction was at once revoked. Games of all sorts were going on: wrestling, the game of palm, the quintain, legerdemain, archery, tumbling, in which art, I blush to say, women as well as men performed, to the great delectation of the company. There was also a trained bear, which stood on his head, and stood upright and bowed with prodigious gravity to his master, and a hare that beat a drum, and a cock that strutted on little stilts diabolically. These things made Gerard laugh now and then; but the gay scene could not really enliven it, for his heart was not in tune with it. So hearing a young man say to his fair, how that the Duke had lain in the meadow, but was gone to the Studthouse to entertain the burgomasters and aldermen and other dignitaries of the brizes, and their friends, he suddenly remembered he was hungry, and made his way into a tent where a number of people were sitting down to sup with a prince. He left the river side, and this time he found the Hoosh Street, and it speedily led him to the Studthouse. When he got to the door, he was refused, first at one door, then at another, till he came to the great gate of the court-yard. It was kept by soldiers, and superintended by a pompous major-domo, glittering in an embroidered collar and a gold chain of office, and holding a white staff with a gold knob. There was a crowd at the gate of persons entreating to be admitted into the rock. They came up in turn like ripples, and retired to make way for others equally unsuccessful. It cost Gerard a struggle to get near to the gate when he got within hoot-hoot of the gate, he saw something that made his heart leap. It was Count Peter, with Margaret on his arm, soliciting humbly for entrance.

"My cousin the alderman is not at home. They say he is here."

"What is that to me, old man?"

"If you will not let us pass in to him, at least take this leaf from my tablet to my cousin. See, I have written his name: he will come out to us."

"For what do you take me? I carry no messages. I keep the gate."

He then barked, in a stentorian voice, inexorably:

"No strangers enter here but the competitors and their companies."

"Come, old man," cried a voice in the crowd, "you have gotten your answer; make way."

Margaret turned half round imploringly:

"Good people! we are come from far, and my father is old: and my cousin has a new servant who knows us not, and would not let us sit in our cousin's house."

At this the crowd laughed heartily. Margaret shrank as if they had struck her. At that moment a hand grasped her—such a grasp: it felt like heart meeting heart, or magnet steel. She turned, quickly round at it, and it was Gerard. Such a little cry of joy and appeal came from her bosom, and she began to speak precipitately.

They had hustled her and frightened her for one thing; and her rough, thoughtless ones in not even telling his servant they were coming was cruel; and the servant's caution, however wise and faithful to his master, was bitterly unjust to her father and her. And to her—so mottled, and anxious and jealous—came Gerard, like kind hand and face. "How like lucrinus."

All is well now," remarked a coarse humorist: "she has gotten her sweet-heart."

"How! have I how?" went the crowd.

She dropped Gerard's hand hastily, and turned round with eyes flashing through her tears:

"I have no sweet-heart, you rude men. But I am friendless in your town: this man, and this is a friend; and one who knows, what you know not, how to treat the aged and the weak."

The crowd was dead silent. They had only been thoughtless, and now felt the rebuke, though severe, was just. The silence enabled Gerard to treat with the porter.

"I am a competitor, Sir."

"What is your name?" and the man eyed him suspiciously.

"Gerard, the son of Gerard."

The janitor inspected a slip of parchment he held in his hand:

"Gerard Gerardsson can enter."

"With as many companions then you?"

"Nay; there are not your company: they came before you."

"What matter? they are my friends, and without them I go not in."

"Stay without, then."

"That will I not."

"That we will see."

"We will, and speedily."

Gerard then raised a voice of astounding volume and power, and shouted, so that the whole street rang:

"Ho! Philip Earl of Holland!"

"Are you mad?"

"Here is one of your varlets defies you."

"Hush, hush!"

"And will not let your guests pass in."

"Hush! murder! The Duke's there! I'm dead!" cried the janitor, quaking.

Then suddenly trying to overpower Gerard's thunder, he shouted with all his might:

"Open the gate, ye knaves! Way there for Gerard Gerardsson and his company! The feasting is waiting!"

The gate swung open as by magic. Eight soldiers lowered their pikes and formed a sort of arch, under which the victorious three marched in triumphant. The moment they had passed the pikes clashed together horizontally in the gateway, and all but pinned an abdominal citizen that sought to be of Gerard's company unbidden.

Once passed the guarded portal, a few steps brought the trio upon a scene of Oriental luxury. The court-yard was laid out in tables loaded with rich meats, and literally sowed and piled with gorgeous cloth. Guests in rich and various costumes sat beneath a lofty canopy of fresh-cut branches fastened tastefully to golden, silver, and blue silken cords that traversed the area; and fruits of many hues, including some artificial ones of gold, silver, and wax, hung pendant, or peered in the fair eyes, among the green leaves of plane-trees and limetrees. The Duke's minstrels swept their lutes at intervals, and a fountain played red Burgundy in six jets that met and battled in the air. The evening sun darted its fires through them bright and purple wine spouts, making them jets and cascades of molten rubies, then passing on, tinged with the blood of the grape, shed crimson glories here and there on fair faces, snowy beards, velvet, satin, and jewels. Then it fell, and sparkled, ruby red, sparkling glass. Gerard and his friends stood dazzled, spell-bound. Presently a whisper went round them, "Salute the Duke! Salute the Duke!" They looked up, and there on high, under the dais, was their sovereign, bidding them welcome with a kindly wave of the hand. The men bowed low, and Margaret curtsied with a deep and graceful obeisance. The Duke's hand sung up he gave it another turn, and pointed the new-comers out to the head of valley. Instantly seven of his people, with an obedient start, went headlong at our friends, seized them at a table, and put fifteen many-colored soups before them, in little silver bowls, and as many wines in crystal vases.

"Nay, father, do not let us eat until we have thanked our good friend," said Margaret, now first recovering from all this bustle.

"Girl, he is our guardian angel."

Gerard put his face into his hands.

"Tell me when you have done," said he, "and I will respeper and have my supper, for I am hungery. I know which of us three is the happiest at meeting again.

"Mo?" inquired Margret.

"No" repeated Gerard.

"Father?"

"No."

"Then I have no idea which it can be:" and she gave a little crow of happiness and gayety. The

soup was tasted, and vanished in a twirl of fourteen hands, and fish came on the table in a dozen forms, but pattens of lobster and almonds mixed, and of almonds and cream, and an immense variety of "drouts," known to us as "rissoles." The next trifle was a wild boar, which smelled divine. Why, then, did Margaret start away from it with two shrieks of dismay, and pinch so good a friend as Gerard? Because the Duke's "cuisinier" had been too clever; had made this excellent dish too suprisingly like as well as natural. He had restored to the animal, by elaborate mimicry with sauces and other edible colors, the hair and bristles he had rubbed him of by fire and water. To make him still more enticing, the huge tusks were carefully preserved in the forty jaw, and gave his mouth that winning smile you may have noticed as a result of tusk in man or beast, and two eyes of colored sugar gloved in his head. St. Argus! what eyes! so bright, so blood-shot, so unspeakably fiendish! It was an awful, an appalling movement. But, indeed, I need the pencil of Doré or Grandville to make you see the two gilt valets on the opposite side of the table putting the monster down before our friends, with a smiling, self-satisfied, yet modest countenance under the ghastly monster was the flower of all comestibles; and further changes both hands in this production of it; Margaret wheeling round with horror-stricken eyes and her hand on Gerard's shoulder, squealing and shaking; his face of delight when he, being pinched, the grizzle brute glaring solidly ahead, and the two gentlemen in charge as ever.

"What's to do?" shouted the Duke, hearing the signals of distress. Seven of his people with a zealous start went headlong and told him. He laughed, and said, "Give her of the beef-stuffing, then, and bring me Sir Boar." Benevolent monarch! The beef-stuffing was his own private dish.

On these grand occasions an ox was roasted whole, and reserved for the poor. But there was as well as charitable prince had discovered, that whatever venison, hares, lambs, poultry, etc., you skewered into that beef cavern got cooked to perfection, retaining their own juices, and avoiding those of the rocking ox. These he called his beefstuffing, and took delight therein, as did now our trio; for a hot wind seven of his people went headlong, and drove silver tridents into the steaming carte at random, and speared a kid, a cygnet, and a flock of wild fowl. These presently smoked before Gerard and company, and Peter's face, profoundly sad and slightly morose at the loss of the savage leg, expanded and shone. After this, feasting different tarts of fruits and jellies, and all of all confectionery on a Titanic scale—cathedrals for dinner, all gilt and painted in the interstices of the bas-reliefs; castles, with their moats and ditches, imitated to the life; elephants, camels, toads; knights on horseback jousting; kings and princesses looking on; trumpeters blowing; and all these characters delicious eating, and Provezins filled with sweet-scented juices—works of art made to be destroyed. The guests breached a bastion, crunched a crusader and his horse and lance, or cracked a bishop, cope, chasuble, crozier and all, as remorselessly as we do a carraway comfit; sipping, meanwhile, hypocras and other spiced drinks, and Greek and Corsican wines, while the harp and two little fiddles, richly tortured, spangled, jeweled, and gilt, came offering an hundred kine golden troupes of rose-water and orange-water to keep the guests' hands cool and perfumed.

Gerard now before any party arrived at this final stage appetite had succumbed, and one or two circumstances had occurred, apparently trifling. Gerard had suddenly remembered he was the lover of a letter to the Princess Marie, and, in an under tone, had spoken of the intricacies of the would undertake to deliver it. The man took it with a slight assurance: "He could not deliver it himself, but would instantly give it to one of the princess's suite, several of whom were about."

"Which? which? have you seen any of my work?"

"I? no. But you will gain a prize."

"I hope so: but what makes you think so?"

"Because you were so good to my father."

Gerard smiled at the feminine logic, and hung his head at the sweet praise, and was silent.

"Don't speak," murmured Margaret. "They say that is a world of sin and misery. Can that be? What is your opinion?"

"No! that is all a silly old song," explained Gerard, with a flash of a by-gone elderly keep reputing out of custom—it is not true."

"How can it be? Men are not a bit a child," said Margaret, with pensive dignity.

"Why, only look round." And then I thought I had lost you—forever; and you ran on by my side; and now the minstrels are going to play again. Sin and misery? Pooh, pooh! and nonsense!"

"What do you admire most of all these beautiful things, Gerard?"

"You know my name? How is that?"

"Whilst many men are a while."

"Angels are never witches. But I can't think how you—"

"Hoosh boy! was it not cried at the gate loud enough to deave one?"

"So it was. Where is my head? What do I admire most? If you will sit a little more that way I'll tell you."

"Yes!"

"Yes! so that the light may fall on you. There, so you are. Margaret, you know you are beautiful then I could have conceived; but the finest of all, to my eye, is your lovely hair in its own form, as it was when you sang to the Queen of Heaven? Oh, Gerard! I thought you were a good young man!"

"So I am. But I can't help having eyes—and a heart—Margaret."

"Gerard!"

"Don't be angry!"

"Nay, it is likely I'm!"

"I love you."

"Oh for shame! you must not say that to me."

"I can't help it. I love you. I love you."

"Hush, hush! for pity's sake! I must not listen to such words from a stranger. I am ungrateful to call you a stranger. Oh, how one may to mistakes! If I had known you were so told—" And Margaret's bosom began to heave, and her cheeks were covered with blushes, and she looked toward her father, and very much like a timid thing that meditates actual flight.

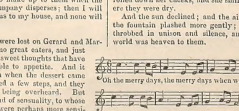
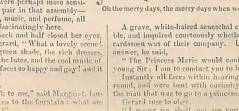
Then Gerard was frightened at the alarm he caused. "Forgive me," said he, imploringly. "How could any one help loving you?"

"Well, Sir, I will try and forgive you—you are so good in other respects"; but then you must promise never to say you—to my dear again."

"Give me hand, then, or you don't forgive me."

She hesitated; but eventually put out her hand a very little way, very slowly. He took it, and held it prisoner. When she thought it had been there long enough, she tried gently to draw it away. He held it tight: it submitted quite patiently to his pen. What is the use resisting force? She turned her head away, and her long eyelashes drooped sweetly. Gerard lost nothing by his promise. Words are not needed here: and silence was more eloquent. Nature was in that day what she is to-day: but manners were somewhat first. Then, as now, virgins drew back ashamed at the first words of love; but of prudery and artificial coyness there was little. The two young ones read one another's hearts. Every thing was in Gerard's favor: his good looks had secured him his goodness, his gratitude; and, at the Duke's intercession, his swollen summer eye, all things disposed the female mind to favor him; and then he came to the heart by open; the senses were so soothed and subdued with lovely colors, gentle sounds, and delicate odors; this sun gently shining, the warm air, the quiet canopy, the cool music of the new violet fountain.

Margaret and Margaret, all hand in hand in silence, and Gerard's eyes sought hers lovingly: and hers were shy, and then stole on him timidly and imploringly, and two sweet, unutterable tears rolled down her cheeks, and she smiled deliciously ere she could speak.

And the sun declined; and the air cooled; and the fountain splashed more gayly; and the night throbbed in unison and silence, and this weary world was heaven to them.



A grave, white-haired seneschal came to the table, and inquired courteously whether Gerard Gerardsson was one of their company. Upon Gerard's answer, he said,

"The Princess Marie would confer with you, young Sir; I am to conduct you to her presence."

Instantly all faces within hearing turned sharp round, and were bent with curiosity and envy on the man that was to go to a princess.

Gerard rose to obey.

"I wager we shall not see you again," said Margaret, calmly, but coloring a little.

"That will you," was the reply; then he whis-

owed in her ear, "This is my good princess, but you are my queen." He added aloud, "Will you not, I pray you? I will presently return."

"Ay, sir!" said Peter, who had just awoke.

Gerard gone, the pair whose dress was so homely, yet they were with the man whom the princes sent for, became the envy of neighboring eyes; observing which, William Johnston came forward, acted surprise, and claimed his relations. "And I think that there was I at your backs, and you saw me not."

"Pardon me, Cousin Johnston, I saw you long since," said Margaret, coldly.

"You saw me, and spoke not to me?"

"Ay, cousin, it was best so. We come to Rotterdam, as it is for us to welcome you at Scotsgreen. Your servant denied us a seat in your carriage."

"The idiot!"

"And I had a mind to see whether it was 'like and like master:' for there is sooth in 'ly-words.'"

William Johnston laughed gayly. He saw Margaret was keen, and suspected him. He did the wisest thing under the circumstances—trusted to deeds, not words. He insisted on their coming home with him at once, and he would show them whether they were welcome to Rotterdam or not.

"We doubt it, cousin? Who doubts it?" said the scholar.

Margaret blushed him graciously, but demurred to the visit. She said she wanted to hear the mountain again. In short a quarrel was imminent, when Gerard reappeared, and bade her observe that many of the guests had left. Then her real manners came out.

"It were ill manners to our friend, and he will hear us. He knows our rank, and will pardon us then, and the city is large, and we have parted company once already."

"Oh!" said Johnson, "we will provide for that. My young man—ahem! I mean my secretary—shall sit here and wait, and bring you to me at my house. He shall bring you, I will go with you, sir."

"Cousin, we shall be too burdensome."

"Nay, nay; you shall see whether you are welcome or not—yes and your friend, too, and you shall be friended, if need be; and I shall hear what the princess would with him."

Margaret felt a thrill of joy that Gerard should be lodged under the same roof with her; then she had a slight misgiving.

"But if your young man should be thoughtless and go play, and Gerard miss him—"

"He go play! He knows this spot where I put him and bid him stay? He Stand forth, Hans Clotzman!"

A dgeat clad in black serge and dark violet hose got up and took two steps, and stood before them, without seeming a question addressed to another young man, the very statue of gravity and stanched propriety. At his aspect Margaret's misgivings subsided; she could hardly keep her countenance. But she disquieted Johnston:

"I would put my hand in the fire for him! We are at your command, cousin, as soon as you have given him his orders."

Hans was then instructed to sit at the table and wait for Gerard, and conduct him to Oosterwyk Street. He replied, "I will do so, sir, and not fail" after all your travel," said Margaret. This boil ten in her mind all along.

Hans Clotzman sat waiting for Gerard, solemn and business-like. The minutes flew by, but excited no impatience in that perfect young man. Johnston did him no more than justice when he laughed to scorn the idea of his secretary leaving his post or neglecting his duty in pursuit of sport, or out of youthful high spirits and folly.

As Gerard was long in coming, the patient Hans—*his employer's eye being upon him*—*read the Rotterdam exotic remedy*," improved the time by spelling solemnly, silently, and at short not quarterly-measured intervals, through a Dutch newspaper. The wine was strong, so was Clotzman's head: and it was not until he had finished the paper, a good hour the modest secretary had imbibed the notion that cessation expected of Clotzman to finish the breath of all good fellows, and "consumed of the Dukes of Burgundy, there present. With this view his chief had dismissed him rather tragerly, but solemnly and slowly. Having finished his full height, he instantly rolled upon the grass, golded in hand and foot, and fell asleep as many an noble, but not disturbing a muscle in his wise long face, which, in the total eclipse of reason, retained its gravity, prinness, and infallibility.

ONE YEAR OF MY LIFE.

You can not know Leonah—you can not know me as I knew her. You are not one of those literary-writers, I say she has golden hair, a blue eye, and perfect grace: what if she has? Many are like the lark's at dawn, or the sighing of the summer wind through dancing ferns, and her step as free and graceful as any woman's. Many women are these can not, although I swear with most perfect fervor, bring to your mind any thing more than a mere vague outline of that image which dwells forever in my soul.

While yet a novice in the art of mechanism I went to live with the mother of her whom my heart loveth, next to God, to love dream and do homage to. So it was that, one day upon my travels, seeking, like the German *handwerks-burschen*, a place to advance myself in my trade, and rest for the body as well, it happened that, strolling up and down the street listlessly, I saw, looking out at me from passing soldiers, a mild and placid face, so calm and benevolent in its expression that I instinctively drew near to her, asking that for which I sought.

As if satisfied with her examination of me, she said, "I think where you came from, or whom you are, young man, but you look honest, and I am rarely deceived in my speculations. If you are pleased to take up with our accommodations, you are welcome to abide with us as long as you may in town. Therefore, your hingeses this evening, and I will have a room ready for you where you can be alone," and then she took the handle of the door in her hand, and I bowed myself out.

With a light heart I flew away back to the hotel, which but a little while ago had seemed so dull and gloomy to me, and with the decline of day it was evident that my fortune was to be the best for advantages.

It was in the summer when I first became an inmate of her house; and summer it was, not only in the air and in the waving branches and in the chirps of the birds, but in the flowers blooming and singing about the door, but in all our hearts, for a kind and benevolent mistress and friend had rendered a sweet and goodly crop of all the virtues which make life fair and pleasant. And well I remember how early day by day I arose, and how it seemed as though it wars a leaf torn out of the book of friendship well remembered if I slumbered unwed upon me. It was at breakfast time, and I sat late. She came in from some distant friends who had come, perhaps, to inquire after my health, and with the glad flush of joy at once more having at home. (Ah! how much there four words say!)

My hostess, the Lady Bountiful, turned to me and said,

"It is my daughter."

And to this day I never I bowed low.

I am not going to enter into any analysis of that passion which cometh, like the rain from heaven, upon the just and the unjust, by the which we journey you, or any one else, by a rhapsody about sensations which are not to be described, and put down on paper. But I tell you, simply and plainly, that from the time Lady Bountiful said "It is my daughter" I loved her, and since I have loved.

Our daily life passed smoothly and easily on. As for me, when I arose and let pity take its seat, I took out into the west of my life! Did I not stand at the golden gate and look through the ivory one of dreams to the land of the future, and in fancy walk along the meads and by sweet waters, one an indefinable?

I was so taken up with the contemplation of my happiness in prospective, that I altogether omitted to consult Lady Bountiful, who had been a distant town to see us—Ed.

One morning I presented the little parlor with additional flowers; she looped the clean long curtains with fetters of them, and nods garlands to the corners of the ceiling, and I thought fairies had come over all. It must be a feast that was to take place! And, partly, that where we should silence and be merry—was it?

Yes, a party, and but a single party. That was Harvey Boynton's birthday, and preparations for festivities had been all for him; this was his welcome from home after absence.

Oh! my castle; oh! my fabric floating on the clouds, and as airy and unsubstantial as they! Oh! my golden dreams, my sweet visions of rippling in ruins upon my heart. I wonder it did not crush me. Would it not have been better to have more elastic stuff than even I knew of, it had broken when he came!

I sat apart and listened to the echoes, low and sad, that came up out of the ruins of my hopes; and then, when they had come out and were broken, I arose and went again into the room of sacrifice and sat out the night, waiting to see the dawn break over the ruins, and for the last resinue of cloud and sword of flame.

For I laughed long and loud when the thought came to me that Lenah had wished so long grow up in loneliness and the possession of all the virtues, and that Harvey Boynton had a different idea of a wife, as if others were blind to beauties which I saw. When I saw Harvey Boynton I knew that the secret of my heart was locked upon from me; so I meekly closed the door of that cloister which had been opened to me, took leave of Lady Bountiful as a lover, and left me down in peace and quietness.

But then, Harvey Boynton! Something there was in the tone of his voice, in the eye that, to one observant, was not pleasant.

Lady Bountiful adored Harvey Boynton. She even patted him on the cheek when he came (for he was a frequent visitor), and called him a fair cheek, but Harvey), and called him "her boy," and "her son," while I was a stranger under her roof, a guest, and was pleasant.

But when Harvey Boynton! Something there was in his voice, in the look of his eye that, to one observant, was not pleasant.

But what were the twinkling of Harvey Boynton's eye, I watched him as I never watched man before. I studied him, I questioned him of his haunts; I marked his associates; I gave the joke and jest with them; I drank from the glass at their lips; I was as welcome to them as the wine that the garb and outward show of him whom he seeks to be. And when I had thus studied him, and myself acquainted with the habits which made the character of Harvey Boynton—he who would be my enemy—I loved Lenah—and while I watched I found out all.

Harvey Boynton was the companion of dissipaters, of libertines, and the outcasts of the world.

And here he dared bring his rotten heart and peculiar principles to me, and speak of such a thing—into the presence of Lenah and Lady Bountiful! I told a train for Harvey Boynton which should explode when he least looked for it. *Much no!* had he possessed but the least spark of honor or manly worth, I would have sooner died than have laid a straw in his way; but he, who came with a mask of frankness into the society of our family, who knew little of his character, should never have or held the heart of Lenah.

I have said that Harvey Boynton lived in a distant town, and so he did; and it was not alone to see his betrothed that he came to Wyndon. He had been companions there with whom he rioted, with whom he struck the hand in friendship and became surety for.

It was late one night when Lenah and I were wending our way home from the bedside of her cousin, who lay at the Gate of Eternal Life with a fever. Harvey was making his usual visit to us and had but a few hours since quitted her presence.

With red hearts we took our way home, filled with the thought of the faith and hope expressed by her relative but a moment before, and looking instinctively toward the calm blackness above which was studded with stars, when a man suddenly seemed to let through the glory which smiles always between the stars, then peculiarly unfailing, when from out the "Washington Hotel" there burst, a few yards in advance, a party of roysters, who, as they passed us, sang to the full their noisy, and, prominent above all, there came a voice which I knew, and which I can never forget, saying the refrain,

"At the battle of the Nile,
I was there all the while," etc.

I pitied her from the bottom of my heart, for in an instant she seemed bearing down upon all the others in such tones. She stopped and listened intently. It was he, beyond question; and with a presentiment of sorrow they went on with their stupid and brutal merriment.

Remember, herself, she went steadily on, never turning to one side—never fearing, even in this frightful state, the poor misguided wretches. Close to him she left me with him, and as we passed them, they, hearing footsteps approach, drew to one side to let us by.

Not yet content with his mischief, *he* came forward, and shouting out, "A participant! a participant!" fell prostrate by the light of the moon her under the gaslight.

Lenah paused, and struggled to get away, but drawing back her veil, said, calmly,

"Let me go, Harvey Boynton!"

Her Harvey Boynton, with the instinct in my heart and the power in my arm to fell him to the earth—Harvey Boynton set pity from me with desolation and blankness which his face shadowed out. Sobered and restored by this unexpected encounter, he stood in the middle of the road perceiving that when he had so deceived, he let go his arm he turned to me, and laying his hand over his eyes, he shook away silently into the shadows of the night. So he had tossed himself, and the dogs of Rotterdam, and the rats of the city, had buried him in the ruins of his own treachery!

Lenah's strength failed all together when that love virtue, that encourage truth and candor, with smiles and good examples, to continue their ordinary course. For her who had never known sorrow, trouble, the wails shake, the chlice totter, and rise whole from the ruins, and go on their way, but again a song of triumph for the brave heart of my dear girl, she steadily bore back against the the fierce waves of sympathy and grief that rose like the broad sea of devastation and utter despair! Lenah, in her resignation, as from the very first she had known no bitterness, she went about her duty as if no shadow had folded its gloomy wings and rested on her path; and Lady Bountiful, thinking that her usual calmness had returned to her, gave her no more anxiety, and was the dear, lovely old mother again.

But the shadow of Harvey Boynton fell strong upon me, and in the midnight of his encampment. I knew too well the principle which filled her breast to suppose that happiness could ever come to me until it was broken. I knew that in her extreme sense of honor and uprightness she would never trust faith with me, and that was worth more than life itself, or recognize him again. So I sat down, as it were, in the midst of my hopes and fears, and waited for the long, dusty road of hope for some courier who should bring me glad tidings. And while I watched and waited, and heard a different account from my employers—that I should go to Washington with Harvey Boynton. Pleased with my diligence and hope of advancement, and glad of relief from thought and hopes that were beginning to oppress me, Harvey took leave of Lady Bountiful and Lenah for a time, and was on my way.

But one thing I had not done. I pursued my way without incident, finished my business, and was returning home again. Chance delayed me a day, and beyond my expectation I found, to patient at being delayed, I sauntered slowly around the city, preferring to while away the time in the open air before departure. Through the windows of a bar-room I saw, to my utter surprise, no less a man than Harvey Boynton, wasting his life and eyes rotted on him than, despite my personal feelings at my heart, I was determined to speak with him. So I went in and sat down, watching him. He was, to be sure, greatly altered, but the change appeared to me evil like but greatly changed the man from his former self. His face was pale and glowing, but with a dark expiration of drinking and the chances of the game. His was well-dressed, and seemed beyond want; but there was in his face, wasting his life and hopes away, without one friendly admonition, even to a look of regret; and I was the more moved to this when I saw him impatiently throw down his "cue" and move sullenly away, when his adversary, perceiving that he was the marker put up the hair for another fool. I touched him on the shoulder, for all this time he had not noticed me.

"Harvey," I said, "how do you do?"

He drew back a little, as though he would avoid me.

There is no issue between you and me, and we may be friends. I have not followed you, nor been dogging you; accident alone has brought us together again. And since I have been witness of your misfortune, for the sake of old remembrances I would use for you sympathy.

I waited when I said "old remembrances." He gave a little snort and a scarcely perceptible lifting of the heavy, dyed mustache that covered his lip.

"Remembrances!" said he. "I have none. Don't speak to me of them—rather of the future, but not of the past. I lead this life—it is one of flights and falls—it is excitement—I am in despair. I drink these red poisons they deal out here—bitter, damn bitter stuff, and yet better than water. I am able, and win or lose, as the luck may be. I am sometimes wearying, sometimes full; but tied to the wheel of chance, I must roll wherever it goes—now up, now down."

He laughed.

"Hark you! My choice is made. I am one going to the gates, what has brought me to this? It is no fault of any one but myself. You can read it in the novels—in any of the tales. Foolish compassion—don't look to drink, what is a man to me mouly—lets hours, work conscience, and the end comes—yet."

"It is not too late, however, to turn back upon the road you go," I said. "Surely, in some distant place, you can retrieve your errors. Be utterly lost."

He waved me out, but with great impatience.

"I have read when at school," said he, "in the Good Book that it is better to meet a bear robbed of her whelps than a fool in his folly." It is not in my way. I have forgotten all my better life, and will not turn back. Leave me to avoid wishes, my principle too. I will not add to-priority to my list of sins. I will not pretend to a goodness I feel can not exist. I am he not a fool who gets a worthless box, and strives by varnish to cover the perishable nature of the case. No, no, I will not go. Hope is dead, and would that I were too!"

He sat down to his bottle, and I bade him farewell, hoping against hope that he would follow me.

Through all our speech he made no mention of gave me of Lenah and Lady Bountiful.

I took the cars again for the ride home to Wyndon. It was a lovely, lovely day in winter, when the clouds hung sullenly over the earth, and seemed anxious to shut out all sight of heaven from it. The train rolled along down to the sea, still, while so steadily a persistence, that it seemed as if it must be hours before the journey was passed, and the hanging clouds struck darkly upon the earth. So rifled was I with a nameless anxiety that I looked out at the first station-house of the engineer to ride with him; hoping, by the quick circulation of the air and the familiar sounds, to awaken something like cheerfulness in my breast. So I got on; and with a screech, and a shock, and a banging of the bell, and a great hurrah puffs, the quick whirling of the wheels where the fire flew from the iron track, we set out again—far, far, over the frozen road—puff, puff, between the rocky cuts in the road, where the quick succession of echoes of the engine seemed to me concussion to our ears. The whistle of the water as it broke from the boiler—for the engine-driver willingly broken—the bright rods eased in ice—the dear old remembered operations—all, all were there; and yet felt as one who looks upon the face of a dear one in the real. So we journeyed on, the engineer always looking forward, and I looking back, and as my eyes looking out of the glass windows in front—I looking over his shoulder from the force of custom. Suddenly I saw the train was on a down grade, and among the alder bushes which lined the road. He waited until I got within two cars' length of him. Great God! it was Harvey Boynton signaling to us! There must be some danger near! Stretch ing out my hand, and just as I was about to grasp the brake; step shot went the throttle—but all too late! Swinging the wheels of his cap and waved it at us; and then, with the quickness of thought, laid his head over the rail, with the pale face and the eyes wide open looking steadfastly forward. All too late!

Instinctively I drew myself up, that I might not feel the "thud" and jolt which must ensue. Crash, crash went the iron wheel remorselessly over the mangled corpse, as it lay in the middle line, palpitating, human flesh!

Quickly we were stopped, but life might not yet be extinct; but alas! he had done his work too well! He never finished when the train approached, and ran over him. There lay by the side of the track, a poor shattered thing!

Dead by his own hands!

Dead and ghastly, with the mute eyes looking appealingly to Heaven, and the entire rain face of the engineer, who had already purified up with a mask of ice; the limbs mangled and torn as rags from the body, the face white and a sacked track—a very emblem of nothing, that was so late a man—and I could no longer look upon what I would have been difficult to say what name to call it.

Into was the brilliant eye which his hand had brought to steady him; here it lay light clotted in the dirt, unrecognizable to a child in life; the lodge and emblem of his destruction, clinging to him even in death.

I hurried forward that he was on his way to Boston to play at his favorite game, but that not having the money for his fare he was put off at the place where we met him. The rest is already told. Despair, working upon a heart cast down by the loss of all that it loved, led me to take my own life in the manner described. . . . . Why do I delay? My story is told. It is over—and now to return to that life he has blessed me far above my hopes and deserts. Respecting the dead as we do for the memory of our dearest, and thankful that Heaven have caused the proper observances to be placed over me.

Lady Bountiful lives with us, and hastened the union which she saw our hearts had already formed. Many summers have gone since the scene narrated, but with each succeeding one the air seems brighter and sweeter. The birds pipe more melodiously, and newer and gayer flowers, with sweeter scents than before, blossom in the shady our hearts should be full to overflowing with the mercy and long-suffering he hath shown—for the blessings He hath showered on us.

HOW THE TURCOS FIGHT—BATTLE AT SOLFERINO.

DREAMING BY DAYLIGHT.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

TRUMPS.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

CHAPTER XLII.

SYMPTOMS.

As Lawrence Newt sat in his office and looked at the ships and the river there was still the same soft light in his eye, but his mind beheld other images than formerly. The scene was no longer exclusively Eastern, under palm-trees and by a rushing river, with strange snowy mountains beyond, and the magical air of pathetic romance steeping all. It was more familiar now—not banishing the other, but blending it as a dear, distant back-ground over which every day the mists stole more tenderly.

Lawrence Newt had many a wondering conversation with himself. He called himself humorously to account very often. Frequently, as he moved his chair back from his table when his work was done, and he abandoned himself to the stream of his fancies, he smiled and said, inwardly, "Hallo, Lawrence Newt! What, in the name of consistency, is the matter with Sir?"

Then, with a face still half smiling, he lapsed into reverie again, and his eyes grew so tender that it was clear he was thinking of a woman.

He was not afraid of himself. He seemed nothing more than an unreal consistency. He reckoned no feeling of any kind: being very sure that an emotion that could not flourish without fuelling had better not flourish at all. Of course he was often surprised by himself—by the development of his own affections and sympathies, and he laughed at himself as at another person when some delicate and vital change took place.

"After all I can only be myself," thought he, smilingly. "Do what I will I can not by any easily deceive two spectators—my Maker and myself."

For some reason Lawrence Newt was especially friendly with little Miss Ellen Bennet. Ever since the evening at the Bennets' singing which, although constantly engaged in conversation with Gabriel's father and mother, he had contrived to see but little of the child, Waring was with her young cousins, and how, as it were, they hid together among the roses, he had called often at the house, and was no less welcome to Gabriel and his sister than to Mr. and Mrs. Bennet.

Simultaneously with this habit of his, Amy Waring was constantly coming to Lawrence Newt's. She had new books to discuss with Uncle Bennet, and, as he was engaged during business hours with his duties as book-keeper to Mr. Van Boozenberg's bank, it was necessary that she should come to Lawrence Newt's rooms hours as Mr. Bennet—happened in upon the quiet little circle, and then, upon the cheerful invitation arising, during which the sun set, and the evening darkened, and it was really quite late—then it suddenly occurred to Amy that mamma would be anxious—she had no idea it was so late—she was very sorry—however, Gabriel will go home with me.

But Gabriel did not go home with her, for Lawrence Newt always happened to be going that way, and declared that it would be quite as easy for him to take care of Miss Amy as of himself, and certainly much pleasanter. Upon which there was quite an absurd degree of blushing and bowing and little ringing laughter, and general bustling and laughing and chatting, which always ended in the departure of Amy Waring and Lawrence Newt together.

"You see, my dear Miss Amy, it is directly upon my way home, and therefore it is no trouble, even the least trouble."

She knew his eyes were smiling as he said this, although she could not see them, and she always thought of light, airy, humorous replies that might be made, but she never made them; but walked along very peacefully, very contentedly, and said only "Thank you," or "Yes, I know," or offer little somethings that were not very nice nor humorous, but which seemed singularly musical to the heart of Lawrence Newt, and often said—for there was a great family likeness in these little evening promises—

"Suppose it were a trouble, which it is not, I should go home with you all the same."

Amy Waring had the reputation of a very

A SEARCH FOR ENDYMION.

pretty girl, and she was pretty. The young men especially were a little afraid of her, and Lawrence Newt, often at the house of her clever repartees, and expressing the comprehensive opinion that she was "the brightest girl in New York, and so good!"

But Mr. Newt never discovered the wit in his intercourse with her. At first, indeed, she had been very spirited when they met, and now it was always with the same sweet expression in her face, as of blossoms and singing birds. But of late there was more silence and less of excitement, or, rather, as they persisted in stating it to herself, he was so much her senior, so much wiser, so much better that he was the fit and only place to listen to him; and she did listen with a kind of charmed satisfaction that she had never before felt, and her contented repose even lovelier than when it was beaming with the animation of speaking.

Besides, he is born to be a bachelor, thought she, and we ought to be kind to those who will never have any body to love them.

Oh! what colors deepened in her face as she corrected to herself the meaning which she herself had heard, and how she involuntarily bent her head, as she thought—"I mean who will never love any body."

One evening at Mr. Bennet's the conversation gradually shifted about among the topics of fiction, not holding any of them very long, until Ellen, who was reading, suddenly exclaimed, with indignation, "Oh, see me, it's too bad!"

"What is that, Ellen?" asked her mother.

"Why mother, here in Gabriel's book, in the adventures of Lord Ronald, you know, who has married Lady Blanche after all, I wish he had married Lady Blanche after all, I wish people who write books wouldn't tell about it."

"And why shouldn't Lord Ronald marry Lady Blanche, Ellen?" asked Lawrence Newt, with a smile.

"Why, because, you know, he was in love with Lady Mildred."

"Oh! and she had become of Lady Mildred?"

"Oh! she died long ago, you know."

"Then surely Lord Ronald couldn't marry her."

"Yes, I know, but people ought to be true to their first loves."

Ellen went on reading, and a curious silence followed. Mrs. Bennet was knitting, and Amy Waring was working at some kind of purse; Mr. Bennet sat on the sofa, smiling over at his daughter spoke; Lawrence Newt and Gabriel were seated near each other, and had been talking in low tones.

The girl had retired again into the dreamland from which she had emerged so suddenly and indignantly, and she seemed to have carried every body with her. Mr. Newt was politic in his silence. Gabriel—all—Mr. Bennet was half bowing, with dreamy eyes and an aspect of unusual humility. His wife, as she looked from Ellen blushed, and Amy Waring counted her stitches with a pertinacity that showed her mind to be very far away from the thread of her work. Gabriel thought ruefully of Hope Wayne, and it was Gabriel who broke the silence.

"No," said he, "a man never loves but once."

He said this with such a pitiful air, with such a full resolution in his mind of never being comforted for the tragedy of which he represented himself to himself as the victim, that the whole party lifted their eyes and looked at him, and all laughed together as they saw his smooth, candid, boyish face on which the history of life was yet to be written.

Gabriel laughed too, but still ruefully. His remembrance of Hope Wayne was the minor key on which he loved to play his thoughts like melodies, and in his softer hours believe that he should never be happy again.

"Oh, mother, you think we boys feel nothing. But I assure you there was a boy at our school who was in love with a girl who preferred somebody else, and I don't believe he will ever get over it."

Meaning himself, of course. Already a poet, and serving up his own heart as a morsel for the mental appetites of his friends.

"Gabriel," said Lawrence Newt, after looking up from his reading for some time, "when I last came home from India I passed through Europe and stopped at all the famous cities. I saw the great works of all the great men, the painters, the architects, the sculptors. One day I began you will see them, and read them, for they are the best kind of history. Well, one morning in Venice I went in my gondola to the picture gallery there, and in a little corner of an old palace, crumbling and deserted, except by two or three poor retainers of the family, I was shown a picture which the family, reduced to the last straits, were willing to sell. It was called a King of Thrace—nothing else, and was declared to be a master-piece of Giorgione's, one of the world's old Venetian painters—a picture which an ancestor of the family had bought of the painter, and which had never hung any where but in that palace. The King was an old man, with a face as calm and beautiful as the face of Endymion may have been when he was translated. He had a son and daughter on each side, and a look of paternal dignity which was unutterable. It seemed to me a portrait of one of the noblest of human beings, and I bought the picture. It wanted cleaning, and I took it to the cleaner. Now what do you think? The cleaner rubbed and rubbed until the King of Thrace disappeared, and underneath, upon the same canvas, there was a figure of Saint Sebastian pierced with arrows. But it was a sadly inferior work, and I left it behind."

Lawrence Newt stopped, and all the company looked as if they expected to hear something more. Gabriel said only, "Well, Sir."

"Several pictures may be painted upon the same canvas, you see, and the new may be much inferior to the old, yet without destroying it. I am older than you, and I know many a boy who took leave of hope when he left Ellen's age. But Lawrence Newt stopped, and Gabriel looked shocked, as if he suspected him of punning. After a moment Mr. Newt continued: "But the love of a man is not the love of a boy; and the man may remember that earlier love with shame, even while he half regrets it."

The latter part of what he said did not seem to be especially addressed to Gabriel, nor to any one. It sounded only like a general confession of faith. Gabriel replied, and Lawrence Newt continued;

"A school heart is a palimpsest. A new Scripture may supersede the old, and be as much better as it is fresher."

He smiled as he said these last words.

"God knows, much better!" said Mr. Bennet, after a few moments, without examining—this time without smiling, and with his head bowed reverently toward his wife.

Amy Waring was thinking with a close attention that was most edifying. She beat to fur most her work nobody could see her face. She was thinking what a pity it was that a man like Mr. Newt was born to be a bachelor. Solitude and fastidiousness how late it was—and, in fine, Mr. Newt strolled home with her. He looked at his watch and joked, and gossiped, without the remotest allusion to the human heart as a palimpsest, or the telling of new lives while the remembered old. He inquired as to Amy's his theory of the Venus of Milo, concluding by saying:

"That's only my opinion. I believe the critics are against me. But I like to speculate about these things."

So if Amy Waring had been trying to extract any evidence from what he had said that he was speaking from experience, how fruitless her pains were lost. He speculates upon statues, thought she, and upon human hearts and lives, and upon every thing else. It is natural, because he has no warm and neat ties. that while a pity! what a pity!

It did not require any very profound sagacity in Lawrence Newt to know that the general tenor of Amy Waring's thoughts. If he could have heard what he was saying to himself, she would have understood that he did not mean to help any body to like him or to dislike him by any revelation of experience. Experience is always interesting to girls, thought he; it presupposes them in future of a man. No, thank you! If my Giorgiones are to be taken, let it be for their own value, not for the curiosity or interest of some picture underneath. Not that any body wants my Giorgiones. No; and if they did, not that I would sell! Not at all.

He fell off into such an abyss of dreams that he and Amy walked on without another word.

Lawrence Newt had long ago looked upon himself as a man who was not very likely to marry. Life was pleasant to him, as it often is to successful men. He enjoyed the sharp contest of busy merchants—the great family Bey, he said, of which their ships are only the outward image—each one sailing as close to the wind as he can or dares. He smiled too the snowy sails of its East Indiamen not whiter than its souls. Lawrence Newt had more fortunes by his chivalric honesty than he won by his superior intelligence.

"Now, my dear boy, the society that he met after that of business. "We change our clothes all the evening," said he, coming with his father, "I meet old Van Boozenberg in another shirt, and his wife and the neighbors in their wet clothes. They change the clothes, but not the body. Change the name, but not the game. We are not playing draughts any longer, but checkers. It isn't Wall Street, you think. Shut your eyes, and see. How droll it is—if you could want to see in this world, you must shut your eyes! But, Arthur, that is a small part of society." So said the young wife of Hope Wayne—one family like the Bennets—overbears the ill impression of ten thousand hollow hearts and homes. A wise man, it seemed, who takes people as they come, as he does the weather. He is as they may be, we are never barred up. Cold as it may be, most of us are never frozen; and so, however wet, there is never a deluge."

He found gradually that he must call himself to very strict account in regard to his relations with Amy Waring. Good Heavens! if she should be the King of Thrace painted over the Saint Sebastian! In one thing it would differ, thought he; it couldn't be very easily rubbed out.

He was frightened to find himself thinking so; and even now, as he walked by her side, the portrait in the solemn library of Pinewood stole into his memory—those soft dark eyes seemed to look into his—and his own looked tenderly and calmly back again upon both, as if he were gazing through them down into his own soul. Those eyes had no regard for him as he looked, and that frightened him all the more.

"Lawrence Newt," said he to himself, "you don't seem to like it."

He finished the question with a laugh, as if he were entirely unnecessary for him to hear the point of it in order to understand how exquisitely ludicrous it was.

"Why not?" was the grave reply which he heard himself giving to himself, in quite another strain.

"No, no, no! It isn't worth discussing," said he, in the first strain.

Then he laughed a good honest laugh at himself for trying to bamboozle himself.

For it had all grown up unconsciously. When did Friendship—you know—pass into—into—you know? inquired he of himself. How could I, you know?

He answered himself as cunningly: When did the pearl blossom pass into the pearl? How could it, you know? The one a flower, and the other a fruit, you know. It couldn't do any thing else.

He was not unmindful of the difference of age between Amy Waring and himself, and instinctively he did nothing which could show to others that he felt more for her than for a friend. Younger man, who could not help feeling the charm of her presence, never complained of him. He was aware of that inferred old bore, Lawrence Newt," to them. More than one of them in the order of young feeling had confided his pas-

sion to Lawrence, who said to him, bravely,

"My dear fellow, I do not wonder you feel so. God speed you—and so will I, all I can."

And he did so. He mentioned the candidates kindly to Miss Waring. He repeated little anecdotes that he had heard to his advantage. Lawrence regarded the pour suitor as a painter does a picture. He took him up in the arms of his charity and moved him round and round. He put him upon his sympathy as upon an easel, and turned on the kindly lights and judicious darkened the opposite.

His generosity was chivalric, but it was unerring. Beautiful flowers arrived from the worshiping youths. They were so lovely, so fragrant! What taste that young Hal Buttlebury has! remarks Lawrence Newt, admiringly, as he smells the flowers and stands at a respectful step upon the centre table. Any Waring smiles, and says that it is Thorburn's taste, of whom Mr. Harper buys the flowers. Lawrence Newt replies that it is at least very thoughtful in him. A young lady can not feel kindly, rarely, toward young men who express their good feeling in the form of flowers. Then he dexterously asks the conversation upon some other channel. He will not harm the cause of poor Mr. Batchbury by persisting in speaking of him and his bouquets, when that persistence will evidently render the subject a little tedious.

Poor Mr. Hal Buttlebury, who, could he only survey the Waring mansion from the lower floor to the roof, would behold his handsomest bouquet that came on Wednesday withering in cold ecstasy upon the parlor-table—passion frozen in his politeness's vase! Any Waring's bedroom drawer would see the little book she received from "her friend Lawrence Newt" crammed like a priceless pearl, with a pressed rose laid upon the leaf where her name and his are written together—a rose which Lawrence Newt playfully stole one evening from one of the centemonious bouquets reposing under the gas-fixture, and said gayly, as he took leave, "Let this keep my memory fragrant till I return."

But it was a superior fact that was one of those bankers without a card, of which we have spoken, arrived at the house, and was left in superb solitary state upon the centre table in the parlor, but bloomed as long as one could coax it in the clear sechision of Mary Waring's own chamber, and then some choicest flower was selected, was pressed and preserved somewhere in the depths of the bureau.

Oh! could the bureau drawers give up their treasures, would not many human being appear to be cold! would any maiden, young or old, appear a virtuous vestal, or any unmarried octogenarian at heart a bachelor?

Lawrence Newt had watched with the warmest sympathy the rapid development of the friendship between Any Waring and Hope Warne. He aided it in every way. He was not in the assistance of Arthur Merlin, who was in some doubt whether his devotion to his art would allow him to desert it for a moment. But as the doubt only lasted while Lawrence Newt was absent from the meeting with Waring and Miss Wayne, Mr. Merlin did not delay his co-operation till Mr. Newt's efforts.

And so they met at Any Waring's house very often and pretended to read, and really did read, several books together and alone. Even more Arthur Merlin saw of Hope Wayne the more delighted he was to think how unconscious it was for him, in view of his profound devotion to his art, to think of beautiful women in any other light than that of picturesque subjects.

"Really, Mr. Newt," Arthur said to him one evening as they were dining together at Delmonico's—it was in the old building in William Street—"if I were to paint a picture of Diana, I would have Miss Wayne—pardon me, Any, by which I intend to point—I should want to ask Miss Wayne to sit for the goddess of the chase. It is really remarkable what a subdued splendor there is about her—Diana blushing, you know, as it were—she delicately half-veiled in cloud. It would be superb, I assure you."

Lawrence Newt smiled—he often smiled—at he wiped his mouth, and asked,

"Who would you ask to sit for Endymion?"

"Well, I don't—" replied Arthur, reflectively, and pondering as if to think who was exactly the man, who was really learned to be his exclusive enthusiasm for his art. "Let me see. How would it do to paint an ideal figure for Endymion?"

"No, no," said Lawrence Newt, laughing. "Art must get its ideal out of life, you know. Command a good, solid, flesh-and-blood Endymion."

"I can't just think of any body," replied Arthur Merlin, musingly, looking upon the floor and thinking so intently of Hope in order to image to himself Any Waring's lover that he was quite forgot to think of the candidates for that figure.

"How would my young friend Hal Buttleburz answer?" asked Lawrence Newt.

"Oh, not at all," replied Arthur, promptly "he's too light, you know."

"Well, let me see," continued the other, "what do you think of that young Southerner, Slego Moultrie, who was at Saratoga? I used to think his face of the finish of a picture that Wayne that Diana wanted to Endymion, and he has the face for a picture."

"Oh, he's not at all the person. He's much too dark, you see," answered Arthur, at once, with remarkable readiness.

"There's Alfred Dinks," said Lawrence Newt, smiling.

"Pish!" said Arthur, conclusively.

"Really, I can not think of any body," returned his companion, with a most grave look. Arthur probably did not perceive. The young artist was evidently very closely occupied with the composition of his picture. He half closed his eyes as if he saw the canvas distinctly, and said,

"I should represent her just lighting upon the hill, you see, with a rich, moist flush upon her face, a cold splendor just melting into passion, half fearing, as she comes, so softly superior, so queenly scornful of all the world but him. Love it would make a splendid picture."

Lawrence Newt looked at his friend as he imagined the condescending Diana. She arched face now as she raised as he spoke, as if he saw some figure descending. It was rapt in the intensity of fancy, and Lawrence Newt perfectly well that he saw Hope Wayne's Endymion before him. But at the same moment his eye fell upon his nephew Abel Newt, with a choice company of gay youths at another table. There was instantly a mischievous twinkle in Lawrence Newt's eye.

"Eureka! I have Endymion."

Arthur looked up in half pang, as if Lawrence Newt had suddenly told him of Miss Wayne's engagement. He even turned quickly out of the cloudy on Latmos where he was dreaming.

"What did you say?" asked he.

"Why, of course, how dull I am; Abel will be Endymion if you can get him."

"Who is Abel?" inquired Arthur.

"Why my nephew, Abel Don Juan Pelham Vere de Crowe Newt, son of Newbold Newt, Son, & Company, Dry Goods on Commission, Esquire," replied Lawrence Newt, with perfect brevity.

Arthur looked at him bewildered.

"Don't you know my nephew, Abel Newt?"

"No, not personally. I've heard of him, of course."

"Well, he's a very handsome young man, and though he be dark he may also be Endymion. Why, Arthur, you're a genius, you know. 'Tis the one just raising the glass to his lips."

Lawrence Newt let his head fall back as Arthur, ward the gay revelers who sat, half a dozen in number, and the oldest not more than twenty-five, all dressed in men of pleasure, and were boring table spread with a profuse and costly feast. Among the latter, and the most prominent Arthur Merlin and Lawrence Newt turned to look he was telling some anecdote to which they all listened with delight. He had raised the red wine of France, poured carefully from a bottle lying upon its side in a cradle of wicker-work, to the gated skirt. Abel, with his glass in his hand and the glittering smile in his eye, told the story with that mingling of ease and grace more amused with the listeners' eagerness than with the anecdote itself. The extreme gayety of his life was already rubbing the bloom away from his face, but it developed his peculiar beauty more strikingly than ever. It was a dangerous innocence which belongs to every boyish countenance.

As he looked at him, Arthur Merlin was exceedingly impressed by the air of reckless grace in his whole manner of reclining and listening as entirely with his face. Lawrence Newt watched his friend as the latter gazed at Abel. Lawrence Newt saw a great deal in Lawrence he looked say where. Perhaps he perceived the secret dissatisfaction with his profession always which, without any apparent reason, Arthur felt as he looked at Abel.

For with every philosopher he good enough to explain why, when a young artist is so devoted to his profession as he is supposed to be, he can never allow his affections to stray from it for a moment, and, pending the composition of a picture of Diana and Endymion, the searching for a proper model of the figure of the lover, and suddenly to meet in a common place encounter upon a face so handsome and a figure so graceful that they are evidently just the thing, will any philosopher explain why the young artist should experience a very disagreeable and indescribable pang?

But the longer Arthur Merlin looked at Abel the more curiously perplexed he was. The feeling which, if he had not been so desperate to utterly devoted to his profession that all distractions were impossible, would have called a nascent jealousy, was gradually merged in a half-consciousness that he had somewhere seen Abel before. Arthur could not, under what circumstance, he could not possibly remember. His mind was in a sudden, puzzling himself to recall that face.

Suddenly he slapped his hand upon the table. Lawrence Newt, who was looking at him, saw the perplexity of his expression smooth itself away; saw the dark flush, and Arthur's air of surprise, satisfaction, and alarm, exclaimed—and his color changed.

"Abel Newt is Manfred in the Coliseum!"

Lawrence Newt was confounded. Was Arthur, then, not deceived in anything? Did he really take an interest in all these people only as a painter, and think of them only as subjects for his pictures?

Lawrence Newt was troubled. He had seen in Arthur only delight with the most unconscious beginnings of affection for Hope Wayne. He had pleased himself in bringing them together—of course Any was only the present too, that any *tête-à-tête* which *éross* might take place between them had deemed the most agreeable dreams. He knew Hope—he knew Arthur—was evidently the hand of Hearen. He had even mentioned it confidentially to Any Waring, who was profoundly interested, and who charitably did the same offices for Arthur with Hope Wayne that Lawrence Newt did for the young candidates with Any.

The conversation about the picture of Diana had only confirmed Lawrence Newt in the conviction that Arthur Merlin really loved Hope Wayne, whether he himself knew it or not.

And now he was all wrong, after all! Ridiculous! How could he be?

He tried to persuade himself that he was not. He tried to forget how persistently Arthur had spoken of Hope only as a fine Diana, and how, after evidently being struck with Abel Newt, he had merely exclaimed, with a kind of suppressed excitement, as if he saw what a striking picture he would make, "Manfred in the Coliseum!"

Lawrence Newt took a glass of wine, hastily drank it. Then he smiled inwardly.

"It is not the first time I have been mistaken," thought he, "and it may be to take Any Waring's advice about it."

As he and his friend passed the other table, on their way out, Abel nodded to his uncle, and Arthur Merlin made himself very sure that he saw the gentle smile with which he once assembled that of Manfred's in the picture he had given Hope Wayne.

"I am right," thought Lawrence Newt, as they passed out into the street.

"Abel Newt, then, is Hope Wayne's somebody," thought Arthur Merlin, as he took his friend's arm.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A GOOD ARGUMENT.—In a time of much religious excitement and consequent discussion, an honest Dutch farmer in the Mohawk was overheard arguing with a denomination of Christians were on the right way to heaven. "Why, dan," said he, "you vos not more nor half as Albany, some say this road is the best, and some say dat is de best; but it make much differences which road we take, for we go git dere day never ask us which way we come." This was a very sensible conclusion for the good fellow.

A year or two since Captain Hackstaff, of Middletown, well known in New York as commander, at one time, of the line of "Burden" boats on the Delaware and Raritan canal, was on a visit to that city, and in a conversation with a friend upon the prevailing incidents of the day, remarked, said that he never heard of but one man who had a good excuse for getting drunk. On being asked what that man was? the Captain replied, "*Noah!* for," said he, "*it the first thing he did was to get drunk.*" He would have been wrecked."

A SECRET DIFFERENCE.—An empty-headed exquisite was present when a young lady was singing a song in which the following lines occur:

"By that fair brow where innocence repose.
Like moonlight resting on the pulseless snow."

Looking at him intently, she divided the words in the first line in a manner not particularly complimentary, thus:

"By that fair brow where-in no sense repose.
Like moonlight resting on the pulseless snow."

A NEW DEFINITION.—"Now, papa, what is humbug?" "It is," replied papa, "when a man pretends to be very fond of me, and puts no buttons on my shirts."

A PATENT COMPANION.—Love without money has been compared to a pair of shiny leather boots without laces.

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE STUPID.—Never think of saying a thing to a goose. Say less to the gander—talk to the goose.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Burnett's Kalliston.

As a wash for the complexion, it has no equal; it is delightfully cooling and refreshing, allays all heat, allaying all tendency to inflammation. It is also a powerful cleanser of the skin, removing tan, freckles, pimples and all eruptions. These, with its refreshing and invigorating properties, render it an indispensable requisite for the toilet of every lady.

Prepared only by JOSEPH BURNETT & CO.,

Boston.

For sale by all the principal Druggists.

Fifty Cents a Bottle.

An Unprecedented Demand has sprung up for JUDD'S CELEBRATED PREPARATION, the HAIR UNIVERSE. The hair are unable to rejoice in the possession of a luxuriant growth of hair, who have acquired by disease or age, it, by its use, restored to its original life color and beauty. Sold by all Druggists, and at 355 and 357 Broadway, N. Y.

RIMMEL'S TOILET VINEGAR is the perfect delight of the Toilet or Bath, a refreshing Perfume and a powerful Disinfectant.

Sold by all the Trade.
E. RIMMEL, *Perfumer, London and Paris.*

36 BROADWAY 539
BRIDAL SUITE.

Tucker's Elements, Music, and Miscellaneous Items, Arts all Publish.

DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM.
DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM.
DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM.

The Remedy of the Times.
The Remedy of the Age.
The Remedy of the Day.

Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Asthma,
Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Croup,
Influenza, Pain in the Chest, Pleurisy, and Chest,
Influenza and Consumption, are all cured by this incomparable remedy.

Beware of Counterfeits, and purchase only that bearing the written signature of "I. Butts," as well as the printed one of the Proprietor, SETH W. FOWLE & CO., 18 Tremont Street, Boston, on the outer wrapper.

BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.
BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.
BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.

Sold everywhere.

Curtis' Cure for Baldness.

This remedy is unlike others in its effects. It will heal, or nullify; it has been tested in Public Institutions, Prisons, and the Eastern States. A. B. CURTIS, Proprietor, Providence, R. I. Sold by E. M. Golden, 121 Bowery; J. Dyer Cooper, Hoboken; Dr. Dondenay; W. M. Lewis, 447 Greenwich Street; John Jones, 741 Houston Street, New York; Dr. Harvey, G. P. Miller, and Benjamin & Co., Philadelphia; P. Seller, Jersey City; C. T. Mooney, Newark.

FARMER'S FOE. Nos. 13 and 15 Park Row, And all Druggists. General Agents.

TIFFANY & CO.,
Importers & Manufacturers,
No. 550 Broadway, New York, and
Proprietors of the Establishment,
DIAMONDS, AND OTHER PRECIOUS STONES
FINE JEWELRY, WATCHES
SILVER WARE, PARIS AND VIENNA FANCY ARTICLES;
CLOCKS, BRONZES, ARTISTIC GAS FIXTURES.
Diamonds Mounted to Order, and Jewelry Repaired.

And many other Articles of Art and Luxury.

The only Establishment in the United States of Charles Frodsham's Watches, whose superiority over any manufactured in this country is admitted by scientific men in England.

Every article is marked in plain figures the Lowest Price at which it will be sold.

We cordially invite strangers an invitation to call, assured that a call will incur no the least obligation to purchase.

PROTESTANT FRENCH INSTITUTE, CLINTON PLACE, NEW YORK.
No. 49 East 26th Street, near Madison Park. Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies and Children. This Institution will be reopened on the 15th of September. It presents all the security of instruction as well as comforts of a home. The Spanish and German languages are taught by native teachers of the schools. Comfortable arrangements for a limited number of pupils. Professors with thoroughly good taste for the care of and their parents during the past seven years, &c., to be had. Circulars may be had at 49 East 26th Street.

References: Paris, Rev. Dr. F. Monod.
New York, Rev. Dr. Adolphe d'Aubigné.
Washington, Hon. Lewis Cass, Secretary of State.
Boston, Dr. S. Agassiz.
Princeton, Prof. A. Guyot.
New Haven, Prof. Silliman, Jr., President of Columbia College.
Rev. Dr. I. Ferris, Chancellor of the N. Y. University.
Rev. Dr. H. Anthon.
Rev. Dr. F. Hawks.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills,

FOR ALL THE PURPOSES OF A PURGATIVE MEDICINE.

FOR COSTIVENESS;
FOR THE CURE OF DYSPEPSIA;
FOR JAUNDICE;
FOR THE CURE OF ERYSIPELAS;
FOR HEADACHE;
FOR THE CURE OF DISORDERS OF THE LIVER;
FOR THE CURE OF STOMACH;
FOR THE CURE OF SCROFULAS;
FOR THE CURE OF PILES;
FOR THE CURE OF SCIROFULA;
FOR ALL SCROFULOUS COMPLAINTS;
FOR THE CURE OF RHEUMATISM;
FOR DISEASES OF THE SKIN;
FOR THE CURE OF EVERY FORM OF COMPLAINT;
FOR DROPSY;
FOR THE CURE OF TETTER, TUMORS, AND SALT RHEUM;
FOR WORMS;
FOR THE CURE OF GOUT;
FOR A DINNER PILL;
FOR THE CURE OF BLOTCHES;
AND FOR PURIFYING THE BLOOD.

They are sugar-coated, so that the most sensitive can take them pleasantly, and are purely vegetable, no harm can arise from their use in any quantity.

Price 25 cents per Box; 5 Boxes for $1.00.

PREPARED BY
DR. C. AYER & CO.,
LOWELL, MASS.
Sold by all Druggists everywhere.

HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, New York,

HAVE JUST READY

THE LIFE OF JABEZ BUNTING, D.D., with Notices of Contemporary Wesleyan Ministers. By his Son, THOMAS PERCIVAL BUNTING. Vol. I., with a Portrait. 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

ABBOTT'S FRENCH REVOLUTION. The French Revolution of 1789, as viewed in the light of Republican Institutions. By JOHN S. C. ABBOTT, Author of "The History of Napoleon Bonaparte," "Napoleon at St. Helena," &c. With Illustrations Engravings. 8vo. Muslin, $2 00.

WALTER THORNLEY; or, A Peep at the Past. By the Author of "Allen Prescott" and "Aileda." 12mo. Muslin, $1 00.

THE COMPLETION OF
MISS STRICKLAND'S QUEENS OF SCOTLAND.
Lives of the Queens of Scotland and English Princesses connected with the Royal Succession of Great Britain. By AGNES STRICKLAND. Complete in Twelve Volumes. 12mo. Muslin, $1 00; Sets in Muslin, $8 00; Half Calf, $16 00.

ANTHON'S CICERO DE OFFICIIS. M. T. Ciceronis de Officiis Libri Tres. With Marginal Analysis and an English Commentary, Designed for the Higher Classes of the University Press, by the Rev. HENRY ANTHON, D.D., LL.D., Rector of St. Matthew's Church, Professor in the Free and Assistant Tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge. Edited, with Corrections and Additions, and Enlarged, by CHARLES ANTHON, LL.D., Professor of Greek in Columbia College. 12mo, Sheep extra, 75 cents.

TOWNLEY'S ELEMENTARY GRAMMAR. Elementary Grammar, Etymology and Syntax. Abridged from the Larger Grammar of Dr. Ingersoll Lockwood. "In Elements and Forms." Designed for General Use in Common Schools. By JAMES TOWNLEY, A.M., Professor of Rhetoric in Amherst College. 12mo. Muslin, 38 cents.

A DICTIONARY OF PRACTICAL MEDICINE: comprising General Pathology, the Nature and Treatment of Diseases, Morbid Structures, and the Disorders of Society Incidental to Climates, to the Sex, and to the Different Epochs of Life; with numerous Prescriptions for the Medicines recommended. A Classification of Diseases; a copious Bibliography; an Appendix of approved Formulæ, &c., &c. By JAMES COPLAND, M.D., F.R.S. Edited by CHARLES A. LEE, A.M., M.D. Complete in Three Large Octavo Volumes. Muslin, $6 per Volume; Sheep extra, $6 50 per Volume.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS will send any of the above Works by mail, postage free, to any distance in the United States under 3000 miles, on receipt of the Money.

One American at Magenta!

BY JULIA CAREY BRENNAN.

"A young American Surgeon, who had taken services with the army, pressed into the thickest of the fight; and if he can judge wounds as well as he does guns, he will be a valuable acquisition."—*Correspondent London Times.*

In the forest of the fray,
On Magenta's bloody field,
When before the Zouave bayonets
Austria's chosen squadrons reeled;
When bursting through the legions
Of the Hapsburgh's Italian hate,
The genius of the Bonapartes
Hid rage and horror into might;
In the thickest of the combat,
Dashing loudly on the van,
One rider pressed with bloody spur,
And sword of brilliant fire.

His wore no Emperor's uniform,
But fighting with the French,
He was the first to rein the charge,
The last to check the wrench;
And our young Americanism,
A child of freedom, ho!
And richer truth garments
Than uniform could be;
For, as he passed, and cut his way
By dint of pluck and pith,
I saw the garments which he wore,
And they were made by SMITH!

"Twin Temples of Fashion."

ONE PRICE—NO DEVIATION.
The Price is marked on all the Goods in Plain Figures.

SMITH BROTHERS,

The Marble Stores,

122, 138, and 140 Fulton Street,

Between Broadway & William St.,

THOMAS SMITH, Jr.,
ROBERT L. SMITH,
J. SMITH RICE. } NEW YORK.

To Housekeepers.

SOMETHING NEW.—B. T. BABBITT'S BEST MEDICINAL SALERATUS.

65 | 68
AND | AND
70 | 70

Is manufactured from cocoanut salt, and is prepared entirely different from other saleratus. All the deleterious matter extracted in such a manner as to produce a fresh, flavorful, and all kinds of CAKE, without containing a particle of Saleratus when the flour and cake is baked; thereby producing wholesome results. Every particle of which is turned to oxygen, and passes through the blood so that the system receives the benefit of taking cocoanut oil instead of salt, water, and flour. You will readily perceive by the taste of the Saleratus that it is entirely different from other Saleratus.

65 | 68
AND | AND
70 | 70

It is packed in one pound papers, each wrapper branded, "B. T. Babbitt's Best Medicinal Saleratus," and has directions, also a leaf of bread, with a glass of effervescing water on the leaf. Those who purchase can paper you should presume the trapper, and be guaranteed to be exactly like the first—brand as above.

65 | 68
AND | AND
70 | 70

Also, B. T. Babbitt's Best Soda with the Saleratus and Soda with Cream of Tartar, will accompany each package; also, directions for making all kinds of Pastry; also, for making Soda Water and Bridlin Powders.

65 | 68
AND | AND
70 | 70

MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP,
WITH
B. T. BABBITT'S PURE CONCENTRATED POTASH.

Warranted double the strength of ordinary Potash; put up in cans of 1 lb., 2 lbs., 6 lbs., and 12 lbs.—with full directions for making Hard and Soft Soap. Consumers will find this the cheapest Potash in the market.

65 | 68
AND | AND
70 | 70

Manufactured and for sale by
B. T. BABBITT,
Nos. 63 and 64 West Street, N. Y.,
and No. 18 India Street Boston.

RIMMEL'S WHITE ALMOND SOAP and FAMILY BAR SOAP are confidently recommended for their emollient properties and delightful aroma.

Sold by all the Trade.
E. RIMMEL, *Perfumer, London and Paris.*

Singer's Sewing Machines.

Now Styles.
From $50 to $120.

SINGER'S FAMILY MACHINE, the price of which is only $50, is a very neat and elegantly decorated Machine, capable of performing, in the best and most perfect style, a great variety of work.

SINGER'S STANDARD MACHINES for manufacturing purposes are well known to be without any successful rival in this market. Making the Lock-Stitch, they are adapted to various stitches made by Sewing Machines. Singer's Machines make the best stitch ever invented, and do it in the best style. A great discount is made to the trade.

Send for a copy of I. M. Singer & Co.'s Gazette, which contains full descriptions of the various kinds, etc., of Sewing Machines, and will be supplied gratis.

I. M. SINGER & CO.,
No. 458 Broadway, New York.

FINKLE & LYON'S

SEWING MACHINES,

For Family Use, Tailoring Purposes, Saddlery, &c. Warranted to give better satisfaction than any other machine in market, or money refunded. Agents wanted.

503 BROADWAY,
Next to the St. Nicholas Hotel.

Mercantile Record.

Billiard-Table Makers.
O'CONNOR & COLLENDER (Phelan's Tables), 63, 65, 67, and 69 Crosby.

Blank-Books and Stationery.
FRANCIS & LOUTREL, 45 Maiden Lane.

Cutlery, Manufacturers of
ROWE, JOHN, & CO., 109 Pearl (Am. Shears and Scissors).

Direction-Labels and Tags.
MAUGER, VICTOR E., 115 Chambers.

Frame Makers, Looking-Glass & Picture.
SIGLER, HOGARTY, V., Agent, 513 Centre.

Lithographic Publishers.
FOWLER & WELLS, 308 Broadway.

Paint Manufacturers.
HALL & CORNELL, 132 Maiden Lane.

COZZENS' West Point Hotel is NOW OPEN.

LA TOURETTE HOUSE,
BERGEN HEIGHTS, Staten Co., N. J.
Wesley W. Hill (late of the Latayette House), *Proprietor.*

This fashionable *Summer Hotel* is beautifully situated on the banks of the *Kill von Kull*, opposite Staten Island. Excellent *Bathing, Boating, Fishing*, and *Sporting* in the immediate vicinity. Gentlemen will find comfortable rooms for Hay New York, will find this House as convenient as a City Residence. Will take the steamer to the foot of Broadway Thomkins, reach it, then to go from South Ferry to Union Square.

LAKE HOPATCONG HOUSE AT LAKE HOPATCONG, NEW JERSEY.

Gentlemen with their families, or single gentlemen, can make arrangements for Summer Board at reasonable prices. Parties wishing that rare assortment, viz.: "GOOD FISHING," can enjoy it at Boat beautiful place to perfection; also, GOOD BATHING. It is two-and-a-half hours' ride from New York, by Morris and Essex Railroad to Drakeville station, where stages will be in waiting to convey passengers to the House, a distance of three miles. Post Office address—Drakeville, Morris county, N. J.

CONGRESS HALL, Saratoga Springs.

This well-kept and fashionable HOTEL is NOW OPEN for the Season. Apartments can be engaged by addressing the *Proprietors*,

HATHORN & McMICHAEL.

Long Branch, N. J.

Howland's Hotel,

is now Open for the Season.

INTERNATIONAL HOTEL, NIAGARA FALLS.

ROBERT B. COLEMAN, late of the firm of COLEMAN & HOUGH, of the Astor House, and more recently engaged at the St. Nicholas Hotel, New York, has, in connection with his brother, WILLIAM W. COLEMAN, opened the above-named elegant House, which, having been entirely refitted and refurnished, is now ready for the reception and visitation of this the grandest of watering places.

TRENTON FALLS.

This most picturesque of the WATER FALLS OF AMERICA can now be reached at a small expense from Utica by Railroad.

N. B.—Three hours a day.

EASTMAN'S

White Mountain Guide-Book.

Ross & Tousey, Wholesale Agents, N. Y.

Grover & Baker's

CELEBRATED

Noiseless Family Sewing Machines,

At Reduced Prices.

Offices of Exhibition and Sale—628 Broadway, New York; 18 Winter Street, Boston; 730 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia; 181 Baltimore Street, Baltimore; 59 West Fourth Street, Cincinnati.

SEND FOR A CIRCULAR.

EXPERIENCED AGENTS WANTED IN all parts of the country to solicit subscribers for "LOSSING'S PICTORIAL FIELD-BOOK OF THE REVOLUTION," in Two Volumes, royal octavo, containing upward of 1500 pages, and 1000 beautiful illustrations. Every County in the United States is an Agents, in each of when a special District will be given. Rare inducements to enterprising agents. Specimens of the work and terms they would prefer. For full particulars address JOHN C. HOTCHKISS, HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

Lord Ward's Worcestershire Sauce.

IS the TRUE Worcestershire Sauce. Is excellent for all purposes.

ASK FOR, and HAVE ONLY LORD WARD'S.

Used at every Hotel, and sold by all Grocers and Fruit Dealers.

Wholesale and for Exportation by

JONATHAN JONES & CO.,
40 Broad Street, New York.

Sold Retail by the Grocers and Fruit Houses. Half Pints, 50 cents per bottle; Pints, 75 cents per bottle.

YOUR NAME in Gilt Letters, (initials, etc.) Size 1 inch, **One Cent** each,—2 inches, **two cents**,—3 inches, **three cents**, &c., with two cents per package. *Great chance for Agents!*—12 Alphabets, Size, 3 in. each, in a box, $1.00.—Chinese Ink, 5 oz $1.—Assorted Colors. Address

GEORGE E. SHOW, Boston, Mass.

BEFORE STARTING FOR THE COUNTRY, PURCHASE ONE OF THE FOLLOWING BOOKS, AND YOU WILL CERTAINLY ENJOY YOUR TRIP MORE:

ACADIA. By Fred. S. Cozzens. 1 vol., cloth. $1.

FRUITS, FLOWERS, AND FARMING. By Henry Ward Beecher. $1.25.

VIEWS AND EXPERIENCES OF RELIGIOUS SUBJECTS. By Henry Ward Beecher. $1.25.

PICTURES OF COUNTRY LIFE. By Alice Cary. $1.

NOTES FROM BEECHER'S DISCOURSES. $1.

MME. LE VERT'S SOUVENIRS OF TRAVEL. $2.

THE SPARROWGRASS PAPERS. New Edition. $1.

For sale on the Cars and Steamboats.
DERBY & JACKSON, Publishers,
New York.

Just Published—
NAPOLEON III., THE MAN OF PROPHECY.
STRIKING PREDICTIONS
Fulfilled and Fulfilling, by the Rev. George Stanley Faber, B.D. From 2d English Edition. Price 37½ cents.
D. APPLETON & CO., 346 and 348 Broadway.

Love (L'Amour).

Translated from M. Michelet's great French work. "No volume in at present existing more lively interest and curiosity throughout the country than this. Praised by some, and cordially condemned by others, it is sure to be widely read. A delicately-printed duodecimo volume, of 300 pages." Sent by mail, postage paid, on receipt of the price, by
RUDD & CARLETON, Publishers,
130 Grand Street, New York.

MRS. PARTINGTON.

WE SHALL PUBLISH,
SATURDAY, JULY 23d,
—THE FIRST NUMBER OF—
A NEW OF MANY TEXTURES,
—OF—
B. P. SHILLABER, (MRS. PARTINGTON.)
HANDSOMELY ILLUSTRATED,
—IN—
AUGUSTUS RIPPIN.
In One Volume, 12mo. Price $1.25.
BROWN, TAGGARD & CHASE,
Publishers, Boston.

The Great Novel.

The Recollections of Geoffry Hamlyn.

By HENRY KINGSLEY.

One volume, 12mo, pp. 505. Cloth elegant, Price $1.25.

The first edition of this book was exhausted immediately upon its publication, and the second is now selling very rapidly.

"Men will like it because it is full of adventure, with the light and shades of pastoral, and women because it will like the book on this account, and also because it contains more love-stories than in ten ordinary novels experience we ever met with between two covers. The 'Recollections' are at once natural and improbable, but if they recorded real events. Perhaps they do, for life is a wonderful story unlike life in novels. Altogether the book, in which does not occur any page which the reader will wish to skip, is a most delightful one."—*London Examiner.*

"It is capital summer reading for one who would be amused and entertained without being wearied, not who would be instructed. Mr. Kingsley has created a few characters in order to the maintenance of his interest in this book. * * * Such pictures of strength, hardihood, intrepidity, of courage, vivacity, and an abounding mirth and physical vigor, are characteristic of English."—*The Spectator.* "Mr. Kingsley's English," it they make hearty and invigorating books, and it will be long before we see their equals in the field of romance."—*N. Y. Independent.*

TICKNOR & FIELDS
Publishers.

Now Ready:

VOLS. XII. and XIII. HOUSEHOLD LIBRARY.

Life of Peter the Great

Compiled from Schlosser, Voltaire, Bruce, Segur, Voltaire, Stanhope, Pole, Von Halem, Scrupow, &c.

2 vols. 16mo. Cloth. Price $1.

DELISSER & PROCTOR,
No. 503 Broadway.

ALL NORTHERN TRAVELLERS
SHOULD PURCHASE THEIR STATIONERY, PICTORIAL HAND-BOOK.

Hunter's Panoramic Guide,
FROM NIAGARA FALLS TO QUEBEC.

Being a perfect picture of those portions of the Canadas through which it carries St. Lawrence River. This splendid panorama is twelve feet in length, and comprises most beautiful and highly finished views of the Falls of Niagara, the Thousand Islands, the Rapids, Montreal, Quebec, Lake George, Lake Champlain, Saratoga, Quebec, &c., and contains many similar places, together with a full and illustrated letter-press descriptions of Canadian Scenery, Cities, Towns, Villages, Historical and Antiquarian Notices, &c. We can give employment to 1000 TRAVELLING AGENTS to sell this beautiful book. Price $1 at retail.

JOHN C. HOTCHKISS & CO., Publishers, New York.

The Parlor Glee Book.

Containing all the Principal Songs and Choruses Performed by the Hutchinson Family, Arranged for the PIANO-FORTE. Elegantly printed and bound. Price $1.

PUBLISHED BY OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.

RIMMEL'S ROSE-LEAF POWDER

Imparts a delicate rosy hue to the skin, and renders it soft and velvety.

Sold by all the Trade.
E. RIMMEL, *Perfumer, London and Paris.*

American Guano.

TO FARMERS AND DEALERS

In Guano. This Guano from Jarvis Island, in the Pacific Ocean, which has long proved to be the most valuable fertilizer ever discovered, is offered for sale at wholesale and retail, and more than two tons the price of Peruvian. For particulars address C. S. MARSHALL, Pres't American Guano Co., 66 William Street, New York.

Italy must be Free!!!

ITALY

GIVING A
HISTORY OF THE CAUSES OF THE WAR, WITH BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES
Of its Heroes, with Full Accounts of the Various Battles, by

Madame Julie de Marguerittes.

WITH A MAP OF THE SEAT OF WAR, AND SEVENTY ENGRAVED PORTRAITS OF THE VARIOUS GENERALS, &c.

One Volume 12mo, Cloth, 350 pages. Price $1.25.

"The design of this book is to show Italy in her Past and Present. To point out the causes of her subjection and ignorance she bases her expectancy of a glorious Future. With this view, the Author, who has traveled largely through Europe, and has resided for a considerable period in Milan, describes places with which she is acquainted, and personages whom she intimately knew."

In addition to the above, the work contains Historical, Literary and Foreign Letter of "The French," and Miscellaneous, very warmly colorized in design and execution.

The above work has just been published, and is for sale by all Booksellers.

Address your orders to

C. G. EVANS,
ORIGINAL GIFT BOOK ENTERPRISE,
No. 439 Chestnut Street,
PHILADELPHIA.

A new Illustrated Catalogue of Books and Gifts, with Inducements to Agents, will be sent by mail, free of postage, to any address. SAMPLE BOOK, 25 cents. Old Cheshire Cheese, Philadelphia.

LUBIN'S BOUQUET — ALL THE RAGE ROUND, and WOOD VIOLET, are the leading Perfumes in *Paris and London.*

Sold by all the Trade.
E. RIMMEL, *Perfumer, London and Paris.*

SANDS' SARSAPARILLA,
THE GREAT AMERICAN REMEDY
FOR PURIFYING THE BLOOD.

A few bottles will dispense all scrofulous tendency, while it improves the appetite and invigorates the constitution. Prepared and sold by A. B. & D. SANDS, No. 141 William Street, N. Y.

GREAT CURIOSITY. Particulars sent *free*. Agents wanted. SHAW & CLARK, Middletown, Mass.

Every Number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE contains from 99 to 99 pages—and from one third to one half more reading than any other in the country.

A Splendid Number.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR AUGUST.

CONTENTS:

THE CRUISE OF THE "LEVIATHAN."
Illustrated. By Bayard Taylor.
A FOREST STORY.—THE HUNTING-GROUNDS OF THE SARANAC LAKES AND RIVERS.
With Engravings. By Nessmuk.
THE MUSICIAN'S SON OF OUR NEIGHBORS.
Illustrated By Twenty-seven Engravings.
THE WITCH.
WHAT'LL YOU DRINK?
BALLADS.
VISITORS.
ENTERTAINMENTS AT JAMESTOWN.
ISABELL BERNARD'S LESSON.
LITERARY NOTICES.
MARGARET STUART.
Illustrations. — The Palace.—Silver's Whistle. For Good Boys.
Chapter LXXX. Friendship.
Chapter LXXXI. The Bad Boy Dead.
Chapter LXXXII. Silver's Mistake.
Chapter LXXXIII. Troubles and Consolations.
MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.
LITERARY NOTICES.
EDITOR'S TABLE.
EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.
OUR FOREIGN BUREAU.
EDITOR'S DRAWER.
Illustrations.—The Prince.—Silver's Whistle. For Good Boys.

MASTER CHARLEY'S FOURTH OF JULY.
Illustrations.—Master Charley at Washington.—The Advertisement.—The Boston Tea-Party.
Illustrations.—The Bottle of Bunker's Hill.—Personal Conduct.—Mr. Lincoln.—Firing Crackers.—An Explosion.—Fish.

THE FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.
Illustrations.—Morning Costume and Child's Dress.—Bureau.—Boy's Dress Cap.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year $3 00
Two Copies for One Year 5 00
Three or more Copies for One Year (each) 2 00
And an Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of Five Subscribers.

HARPER'S WEEKLY and HARPER'S MAGAZINE, together, one year, $4 00.

The Postage upon "HARPER'S MAGAZINE" must be paid at the Office where it is received. The Postage is Thirty-two Cents a year.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A FIRST-CLASS FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST FAMILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD.

Now Publishing the Following Stories:

MR. CHARLES DICKENS'S NEW Serial, entitled "A TALE OF TWO CITIES," commenced in HARPER'S WEEKLY, and will be continued from week to week until completed.

MR. WILLIAM CURTIS'S Illustrated Serial Tale of American Life, entitled "TRUMPS," was commenced in No. 1 "HARPER'S WEEKLY" for JANUARY 1st.

TERMS OF HARPER'S WEEKLY.

One Copy for Twenty Weeks $1 00
One Copy for Thirteen Weeks 50
One Copy for Six Months 1 00
One Copy for One Year 2 00
Twelve Copies for One Year 20 00
Twenty-five Copies for One Year 40 00

An Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of Twenty or Twenty-five Subscribers.

TERMS FOR ADVERTISING.—*Fifty Cents a Line.*

A Liberal Discount will be made to those wishing to Advertise for Three Months or more.

"" Persons living in the City of New York wishing to Subscribe for HARPER'S WEEKLY, left at their residences, or place with their names and residences, will receive their papers regularly, at the Office of Publication.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers,
Franklin Square, New York.

CHAIR PROPRIETOR. "Would you please to pay for the Cheers, Mum?"
LADY. "How much?"
CHAIR PROPRIETOR. "Well, Mum—How many might you be a sittin' on?"

CAPTAIN PHIVERS (*just arrived from the West*). "I fear, Smythers, that my hair has not been done justice to by the country barbers."
SMYTHERS (*a London barber at Phalon's*). "Been bit hoff, Sir; bit hoff, I should say!"

ADVERTISEMENTS.

DELANO
Life-Preserving Coat and Vest Company.

Vest not inflated.

Incorporated **Jan. 1859.**
Capital **$125 000**

MANUFACTURERS OF ALL KINDS OF
Life-Preserving Garments
FOR ORDINARY WEAR.
Safety Bathing Dresses, Children's Swimming Jackets, &c. &c.

Vest inflated.

OFFICE and SALESROOM, **256 BROADWAY,** (Opposite City Hall) NEW YORK.

BININGER'S OLD LONDON DOCK GIN

Designed for the use of the *Medical Profession* and the *Family*, having superseded the so-called "Gins"—Ar-omatic," "Cordial," "Medicinal," &c., is now indorsed by all of the prominent physicians, chemists, and connoisseurs as possessing all of those curative medicinal qualities (tonic and diuretic) which belong to an old and pure Gin. Put up in quart bottles and sold by all druggists, grocers, &c.

A. M. BININGER & CO.,
(Established in 1770.) SOLE PROPRIETORS,
No. 52 Broadway, N. Y.

THE SUPERIOR
Strong-bodied
delicious
flavored
Mountain COFFEE,
For sale by
COUDERT & Co
No. 5 Beaver
Street.

Café de Costa Rica
C&C

ELLIOT & PATTEN—Examine Inventions and procure American and Foreign Patents. *Patent Agency* opposite main entrance of Patent Office Building, Washington City, D. C.

HEALTH OF AMERICAN WOMEN.

Under this head the Graefenberg Company, of No. **32** PARK ROW, NEW YORK, have published a series of articles upon the diseases peculiarly affecting women, and which are met with in nine tenths of all women in the country; upon Consumption, the great scourge of the American Continent; and upon all the diseases incident to the country and climate.

In these articles the Graefenberg Company have proved their eminent position as a Chartered Medical Institution, and have based their claim to confidence upon the fact that they have studied the laws of nature rather than the laws of Galen and Hippocrates, and have applied common sense principles to the plainly-required symptoms exhibited by symptoms of local or general derangement.

The *proof* of their successful treatment is found in testimony from leading physicians of all schools, from public and private individuals who have tested the remedies, from clergymen who have witnessed their immense value upon the health of their churches, and from notices given in the leading journals of the day.

[FROM THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE.]

The GRAEFENBERG FAMILY REMEDIES are almost valuable. To the universal and distressing diseases of women, the remedies are gentle, judicious, and surely effective.

[FROM THE NEW YORK TIMES.]

The GRAEFENBERG COMPANY have refitted their rooms, so that every accommodation is afforded those who desire the personal advice of the consulting physician. All invalids, and strangers visiting the city, who require professional advice, had better call upon Mr. Dr. Bridge is a regular physician, of fine attainments, and of great judgment and discrimination in the treatment of disease. Office and salesroom, **32** Park Row, New York.

THE GRAEFENBERG MARSHALL'S UTERINE CATHOLICON.

Is offered as a certain cure in cases accompanied with any of the following symptoms:

Irregularities—Weakness—Faintness—
Deranged Appetite—Sallow Complexion—
Pain in the Back and Kidneys—Chills—
Cold Hands and Feet—Headache—Feverishness—
Neuralgia—Palpitation of the Heart—
Dizziness—Nervousness—Headache—Restlessness—
Disturbed Sleep—Flushes of Heat—General Pale—
Crawling and Pain in the Spine and between the Shoulders—
Acid Stomach—Nausea—Indigestion—
Difficult Passing of Urine with Heat or Smarting—
Itching—Burning or Irritation to the Uterine Organs—
Nightmare—Despair—Hysterics—Anxiety—
Bad face—Nervous Twitching—Starting—Contraction
—Irritable Temper—Sadness—Depraved Appetite—
Flatulence—Bloated and Irregular Bowels—
Unpleasant Dreams—Pains in the Uterine Organs—
Numbness and Pains in the Limbs—
Loss of Memory—Bewilderment—Soreness in the Feet—Pain in the Back.

All suppressions in young girls, and the cough and disease so commonly attending them in the young, are relieved quickly and surely by the Catholicon.

In this connection Miss BECCHER, sister of the Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER, in "Letters to the People," page 199, says: "I have seen nine sisters and sisters-in-law, and fourteen female cousins, all married, and all delicate and ailing. Amid the immense circle of my friends and acquaintances I can not recall ten married ladies, now in this century and country, who are perfectly healthy." In cases, however, where the GRAEFENBERG CATHOLICON has been used, we must say that health has rapidly taken the place of disease, and ladies have become robust, strong, vigorous, and healthy.

AFFIDAVIT

MAYOR'S OFFICE, CITY OF NEW YORK,
April 16, 1859.

JOSHUA F. BRIDGE, of New York, being duly sworn, deposes and says that he is the attending and consulting physician to the Graefenberg Company, No. 32 Park Row, New York; that he has had general supervision of the preparation of the Graefenberg Family Medicines for ten years, and that he has known their effect to have been uniformly good; that he has known the advertisements issued by the Company, and the certificates published, and he makes oath to their correctness and genuine character, and that any person desiring proof shall be referred to the parties directly, or he otherwise informed of their entire accuracy. All such persons interested may rely upon the statements of the Graefenberg Company with implicit confidence.

Sworn to before me, this 16th day of April, 1859.

DANIEL F. TIEMANN,
Mayor of the City of New York.

All of the Graefenberg Family Medicines are prepared in a skilful physician, and they may be relied upon in all cases for which they are recommended. They consist of virgin medicines, from which one may be selected to suit any case.

☞ FOR SALE AT THE OFFICE OF THE GRAEFENBERG COMPANY, No. **32** PARK ROW, NEW YORK.

THE GRAEFENBERG COMPANY'S MARSHALL'S UTERINE CATHOLICON

Is a certain cure for all female monthly irregularities, weakness, leucorrhœa, suppression, inflammation, whites, falling, and other local derangements of the uterine organs, as well as the constitutional troubles arising from them.

Price **$5** per bottle, *post paid* for **$6.** *It can be safely sent by Express.*

☞ **CAUTION.** ☜

AN ARTICLE HAVING BEEN UNAUTHORIZED, NEARLY RESEMBLING THIS IN NAME AND LABEL, HAS BEEN PUT IN CIRCULATION.

Address Letters and orders to

JOSHUA F. BRIDGE, M.D.,
Secretary and Consulting Physician, Graefenberg Company, No. **32** PARK ROW, NEW YORK.

Invalids throughout the country may address DR. BRIDGE personally, and receive the most perfect confidence.

☞ *If medicines are not ordered, and an extended opinion is required, the Letter must contain One Dollar to insure reply.*

The Graefenberg Manual of Health has been revised and improved, and elegantly illustrated with beautifully-colored Engravings of the human system. Sent by mail to any part of the country on receipt of **12** cents. It is a complete guide to all diseases and their cure.

Address JOSHUA F. BRIDGE, M.D.,
SECRETARY GRAEFENBERG COMPANY,
32 PARK ROW, NEW YORK.

ARTHUR'S
PATENT SELF-SEALING
Fruit Cans & Jars.

"Them celebrated Cans and Jars," says the editor of the Lady's Book, "the first introduced, by all odds, that are worth coming into general use. Thousands of housekeepers who, in past seasons, were tempted to try other Cans and Jars, and who lost more or less of their fruit in consequence, will be glad to learn that ARTHUR'S never fails."

They are made of Tin, Glass and Earthenware.

ARTHUR, BURNHAM, & GILROY,
Manufacturers under the Patent,
Nos. 137 and 139 S. Tenth St. Philadelphia.

Also, manufacturers under the Patent, for the United States, of the celebrated "GOLD DOMINION" COFFEE & TEA-POTS.

E. A. BROOKS,
575 Broadway & 150 Fulton Street.
A splendid Assortment of Ladies', Gentlemen's, and Children's Boots, Shoes, and Gaiters.

DR. J. D. MARCHISI'S
CELEBRATED
UTERINE CATHOLICON
For the Relief and Cure of Suffering Females.

With such universal distress and suffering as saddens the female life, a really good Medicine must be their best friend. The numerous cases of Irregularities, Secretions, Estrangements, Ulcerations, Falling, Weak, Leucorrhœa, &c., constantly effected by Dr. Marchisi's Catholicon, and the many letters of thanks he receives, attest that by our other advertisements. It does what it promises, and can be relied upon. When every thing has been tried, and best physicians consulted, years spent in anguish, and fortunes wasted, this Catholicon has restored health to the pallid and gladness to the females. It is active and efficient in any form of disease peculiar to the female sex, and should never be dispensed with previous to or after confinement. Numerous letters testify that it is

NEVER TAKEN WITHOUT BENEFIT.

Daughter, Wives and Mothers! this medicine will cure you. It has been long and favorably known, as an evidence of its efficacy. The money will be refunded where results are not as indicated. A pamphlet, with symptoms, treatment, letters, &c., sent gratis by mail, or delivered at the counter of my agent. Its not confounded Dr. Marchisi with any other name. It can be had in most every town. If not found, it can be sent by express. Price $5 per bottle, or 2 bottles for $8. Notice Removal. Address

BARNES & PARK, General Agents,
12 and 13 PARK ROW, N. Y.

DR. S. P. TOWNSEND'S SARSAPARILLA
IS THE ORIGINAL
"GREAT AMERICAN REMEDY"

And unfailing cure for Scrofulous Affections, Bilious Complaints of the Skin, Salt Rheum, Scurvy, Summer Complaints, Dysentery, and all

IMPURITIES OF THE FLOOD.

Be careful to see ONLY that which has Dr. JAMES R. CHILTON'S Certificate on each bottle.
Wholesale and Retail Depot, 259 Broadway, N. Y.

DEBILITY AND IRRITABILITY—Hysteria—local and mental—to CURE without "Cordials," "Depletive (?) Instruments," or "Blues," &c. With plump colored, address, *in perfect confidence*, your friend, a former sufferer, merely superscribing Box 176, Charleston, Mass.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. III.—No. 136.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1859. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THE GRANDMOTHER'S APOLOGY.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY MILLAIS.

AND Willy, my eldest born, is gone, you say, little Anne?
Ruddy and white, and strong on his legs, he looks like a man.!
And Willy's wife has written: she never was overwise,
Never the wife for Willy: he wouldn't take my advice.

For, Annie, you see, her father was not the man to save,
Hadn't a head to manage, and drank himself into his grave.
Pretty enough, very pretty! but I was against it for one.
Eh!—but he wouldn't hear me—and Willy, you say, is gone.

Willy, my beauty, my eldest boy, the flower of the flock,
Never a man could fling him: for Willy stood like a rock.
"Here's a leg for a babe of a week!" says doctor; and he would be bound,
There was not his like that year in twenty parishes round.

Strong of his hands, and strong on his legs, but still of his tongue!
I ought to have gone before him: I wonder he went so young.
I can not cry for him, Annie: I have not long to stay;
Perhaps I shall see him the sooner, for he lived far away.

Why do you look at me, Annie? you think I am hard and cold;
But all my children have gone before me, I am so old:
I can not weep for Willy, nor can I weep for the rest;
Only at your age, Annie, I could have wept with the best.

For I remember a quarrel I had with your father, my dear,
All for a slanderous story, that cost me many a tear.
I mean your grandfather, Annie: it cost me a world of woe,
Seventy years ago, my darling, seventy years ago.

For Jenny, my cousin, had come to the place, and I knew right well
That Jenny had tripp'd in her time: I knew, but I would not tell.
And she to be coming and slandering me, the base little liar!
But the tongue is a fire as you know, my dear, the tongue is a fire.

And the parson made it his text that week, and he said likewise,
That a lie which is half a truth is ever the blackest of lies,
That a lie which is all a lie may be met and fought with outright,
But a lie which is part a truth is a harder matter to fight.

And Willy had not been down to the farm for a week and a day;
And all things look'd half-dead, though it was the middle of May.
Jenny, to slander me, who knew what Jenny had been!
But soiling another, Annie, will never make one's self clean.

And I cried myself well-nigh blind, and all of an evening late
I climb'd to the top of the garth, and stood by the road at the gate.
The moon like a rick on fire was rising over the dale,
And whit, whit, whit, in the bush beside me chirrup'd the nightingale.

All of a sudden he stopp'd; there pass'd by the gate of the farm,
Willy—he didn't see me—and Jenny hung on his arm.
Out into the road I started, and spoke I scarce knew how;
Ah, there's no fool like the old one—it makes me angry now.

Willy stood up like a man, and look'd the thing that he meant;
Jenny, the viper, made me a mocking courtesy and went.
And I said, "Let us part: in a hundred years it'll all be the same,
You can not love me at all, if you love not my good name."

And he turn'd, and I saw his eyes all wet, in the sweet moonshine:
"Sweet-heart, I love you so well that your good name is mine,
And what do I care for Jane, let her speak of you well or ill;
But marry me out of hand: we two shall be happy still."

"Marry you, Willy!" said I, "but I needs must speak my mind,
I fear you will listen to tales, be jealous and hard and unkind."
But he turn'd and clasp'd me in his arms, and answer'd, "No, love, no;"
Seventy years ago, my darling, seventy years ago.

So Willy and I were wedded: I wore a lilac gown;
And the ringers rang with a will, and he gave the ringers a crown.
But the first that ever I bore was dead before he was born,
Shadow and shine is life, little Annie, flower and thorn.

That was the first time, too, that ever I thought of death.
There lay the sweet little body that never had drawn a breath.
I had not wept, little Anne, not since I had been a wife;
But I wept like a child that day, for the babe had fought for his life.

His dear little face was troubled, as if with anger or pain:
I look'd at the still little body—his trouble had all been in vain.
For Willy I can not weep, I shall see him another morn:
But I wept like a child for the child that was dead before he was born.

But he cheer'd me, my good man, for he seldom said me nay:
Kind, like a man, was he; like a man, too, would have his way:
Never jealous—not he: we had many a happy year;
And he died, and I could not weep—my own time seem'd so near.

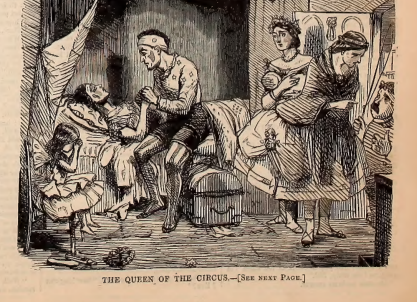
But I wish'd it had been God's will that I, too, then could have died:
I began to be tired a little, and fain had slept at his side.
And that was ten years back, or more, if I don't forget:
But as to the children, Annie, they're all about me yet.

Pattering over the boards, my Annie who left me at two,
Patter she goes, my own little Annie, an Annie like you;
Pattering over the boards, she comes and goes at her will,
While Harry is in the five-acre and Charley plowing the hill.

And Harry and Charlie, I hear them too—they sing to their team:
Often they come to the door in a pleasant kind of a dream.
They come and sit by my chair, they hover about my bed—
I am not always certain if they be alive or dead.

And yet I know for a truth, there's none of them left alive;
For Harry went at sixty, your father at sixty-five:
And Willy, my eldest born, at nigh threescore and ten;
I know them all as babies, and now they're elderly men.

For mine is a time of peace, it is not often I grieve;
I am oftener sitting at home in my father's farm at eve:
And the neighbors come and laugh and gossip, and so do I;
I find myself often laughing at things that have long gone by.



THE QUEEN OF THE CIRCUS.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

To be sure the preacher says, our sins should make us sad:
But mine is a time of peace, and there is Grace to be had;
And God, not man, is the Judge of us all when life shall cease;
And in this Book, little Annie, the Message is one of Peace.

And age is a time of Peace, so it be free from pain,
And happy has been my life; but I would not live it again.
I seem to be tired a little, that's all, and long for rest;
Only at your age, dearie, we're glad we were with the best.

So Willy has gone, my beauty, my eldest-born, my flower;
But how can I weep for Willy, he has but gone for an hour—
Gone for a minute, my son, from this room into that next;
I, too, shall go a minute. What time have I to be vex'd?

And Willy's wife has written, she never was overwise.
Get me my glasses, Annie: thank God that I keep my eyes.
There is but a trifle left you, when I shall have passed away
But stay with the old woman now: you can not have long to stay.

THE QUEEN OF THE CIRCUS.

IT was a strange scene. The wagon was close to the circus—formed, indeed, part of it—the poor woman was lying on the low shelf, called the bed, of the traveling caravans, two or three of the wives of the men attached to the exhibition were round her, endeavoring by their exertions to relieve momentarily increasing pain, and helping her to bear it patiently by their sympathy.

He ought to have been here half an hour ago," said one of the women. "Jim started for him on the piebald two hours since."

"Did he take the piebald?" said another.

"Why, I thought he was in the Italian Lovers?"

"No, he wouldn't run with the spotted mare, so they've put him in the harness with her, and took the piebald in the quadrille for Dick Gravel to take bottom couple with."

The explanation seemed satisfactory, for silence ensued.

Presently a roar of such laughter as is only heard in a circus at a country village—fresh, genuine, hearty—shook the sides of the frail vehicle.

"What's that?" said the apparently dying woman.

"Only your Billi's Quaker story," said one.

"Oh, then he'll soon be here, won't he?" asked she.

"Yes, he's only got three more points, and then he'll come; he don't go in in the Sylph scene."

Three faster peals of laughter told that the three points had, but not as well as the Quaker story; and then he came in.

"Well," said he, "how is she now?" in a voice whose anxiety contrasted most strangely with his merry dress, that of tumbling clown at a traveling circus. "How is she now?"

"I'm better, Billi," said the woman. "Can you stop a little?"

"Yes; I don't go in next, it's Chapman's turn; and so saying, the man seated himself by the side of the woman.

She was still young, and, as far as the dim light shining from the roof could enable a judge to be formed, good-looking: the cork-grimed eyebrows, cracked lips, and dyed cheeks, told that she too has appeared before the public for its amusement; indeed the traces of rouge were still on parts of the face, and told too that she had held that cheek but a short time—only since the last evening's performance: Chapman, during one of her jumps through the hoop, a mode of performance she has mastered the horse, and so caused a false step, which brought her heavily to the ground. The experienced ring-master saw she could scarcely stand, and hinder her; raising her hand in the usual style; and few, if any, of the spectators knew that when rapturously applauding the most unparalleled feat—for feats they were, the Annie's through the hoop & the ground—their applause was unheard by their troubled object. She had followed immediately on reaching the dressing-room, and with encore carried to the moving chamber where she now lay.

But to return. She took his hand in hers, say-ing: "Billi, I don't think I shall go round any more."

"Don't say so, Jass; it'll be all right when the doctor comes."

"No, Billi; I feel better, but something tells me I've got on the togs for the last time."

"No, Jass, no!" was all the utterance he could find.

"Don't say so!"

After a pause, she said: "Billi, you recollect that London chap with the French name that came down to the Doncaster races?"

"Oh, yes, I know," said the man, half angrily, as if wishing to avoid the subject.

"Well, you know you said that time that you thought there was something between me and him."

"Well, I know it," said the man, "but don't think of that now; don't trouble about that now."

"But I must, Billi, I think I'm dying; Billi, dear, and I should like you to think of me when I'm gone, as I am truly, Billi."

The man made no answer.

"Billi," said the woman, with increasing vehemence of manner, "do you believe I'd tell you a lie now?"

No answer still.

"Billi! *Do* you think I'd tell you a lie *now*?" said she, as though her life depended on his answer.

"No, no, Jass," said he at last, "I don't think you'd tell a lie any time—but now—" and he hesitated.

"Where's Jenny?" interrupted the woman.

"Here," said one of the youngest women, standing up, so that she might be seen. "What do you want?"

"Jenny, you'll find the key of the green trunk in the china mug with 'Nelly' on it. I wish you'll look in the box, and get me my old Bible and—"

The girl found the key, and asked where the box was?

"Oh dear, I forgot, it's under me," said the woman.

"There, never mind," said he, "I don't want any fuss about it."

"Oh, yes, dear, I wish you'd lift me up a little, and pull it out. You can put the broken chair under to keep me up then."

"No, never mind," said he, "it'll pain you so."

"Oh, Billi, dear, I don't mind, I wish you would."

He did it at last; and, after some trouble, and a few suppressed groans, the box was pulled out to the middle of the floor, opened, and Billi, raising her up in paper and neatly hid, was the Bible; the paper greasy, from contact with dinner-time breakfasts, pork-pies, bands, and other miscellaneous riches of the dress of Queen of the Circus. They began it to the woman, who soon asked, "Where's Mary?"

"Oh, she is here now," said one of the women, and a girl about five came running in: she had only been performing the part of a little fairy in the juvenile scene: her wand was still in her hand, and the gauze wings on her shoulders; she took them off, laid down the silvered stick, and came to the bed.

"Mary, dear, are you there?"

"Yes, mamma," and she came, and the people clapped so when Julia took me on her shoulder."

"Put her on the box, she can't see her," suggested some one, as it was pushed to where the child stood, and then the mother said:

"Mary, I'm going away."

"Oh, mother, where to?"

"But before I go, I want you to see me and be-fore friends and—dead!" The child started with wonder; but the woman, not heeding her, continued: "Mary, I'm going to die, and you must be Billi's child. Will, open it at the New Testament."

"Here one of you women find it. Jenny, will you?" said one again.

Jenny did it, and gave it back.

"Now, Billi, raise me up a little."

"Oh, never mind," said he, "I know you'll get hurt."

She only looked a repetition of her request; and then taking the open book from his hands, said: "Billi, dear, you know I've always told you every thing wrong between that London chap and me. I told you at the time there was not, and you didn't believe me, though you didn't say so; and you don't believe it now," she said, with increased energy, as Billi hear me now—you know it is. I believe I'm a dying woman, there was nothing between us, and this child's your own, as much as Mary's. Mary. She kissed the baby, and said: "Do you believe me now?"

"Yes, Jass," said the man, "I do, I do!" as though some spell over him had broken. "I do Nell, I do! Oh, Nell, what a fool I've been, and what a coward to leave you for so long! Oh, Nell! forgive me, forgive me, I've done you wrong!"

The woman raised herself by a great effort, to reach his hand, and kissing it said: "I do, Billi. I know you'll be justice now and ever."

"Oh, Nell, it's not too late—not too late! You'll get better, and we'll be as happy as we were before this."

The woman only drew his head to her, and said: "Billi, dear, I'm going to die; I feel it and again. "Yes do believe me, don't you *now*?"

"Oh, forgive me, Nell! Oh, forgive me!" were the only words he could find in the rush of his new and awful grief.

"Billi's wanted!" shouted some one at the door. "Billi, Billi's wanted in the ring!"

"Here's the white, Billi," said Jenny, "you want touching;" and she brought it and stood with the hand-mirror in it, and no one saw the eyes, growing on his cheeks in front of a broken looking-glass.

"I can't do it, Billi; go on, go on, you'll have him in here, and she won't like that."

Billi went out, and the doctor arrived a few minutes after-ward. He was a sharp, stout, good-humored looking man, with a brisk way of speaking, but at once assumed him gentleness.

"Now, then," said he, "what's amiss? I could make nothing of that fellow you sent after me. Billi" added he, turning his nose at his eyes, growing used to the light, took in the woman's face on the bed.

"What do they call you?" turning to the youngest of the assembled women.

"Jenny, Sir."

"Will you step? All the rest go."

The proceedings were promptly obeyed, and he stooped down to examine his patient.

"When did this happen, Jenny?"

"Last night, Sir."

"Why didn't you send before?"

"We did send to our here in the village, but he wouldn't come because she belonged to the circus. He sent her this," handing him a paper.

"Umph! The World and its Amusements on the Broad Way.' Just like that sanctimonious humbug. Beside the woman a trust, and lets her suffer all day long."

"Doctor," said the sick woman, "how long can I live?"

"Live, woman! why, you're good for another forty years yet."

"No, doctor, I'm not—I feel I'm not long for this world."

"Oh! all nonsense" said he, "you'll soon get over this." And with like comforting assurances he sought to raise her from her depressed condition. In about ten minutes he went to the door and said, "Come in here, one of you, while I go to the gig." He soon came back, and the woman commenced her story.

In a little while the Clown came up to the group of women outside the door, and hinting in all attitudes against the sides and steps of the wagon.

"Well, has he come?"

"Yes, he has been in this quarter of an hour."

"What does he say?"

"Oh! she'll do," he says, didn't he?" said one of them, turning to another for confirmation.

He ceased, and his voice was heard shouting some old witticism of the ring, as though there was no sort of expectation, no discomfort and pre-mature delivery had caused here.

Yes! There she lay; the hollow, sunken eyes—made unnaturally large by the dark rings under and upon her cheeks—the jaw fallen. Death was evidently there, and had set its seal. She with whom he had hoped to share all the cares and joys of life; now that the only difference they had ever had was forever made up, was dead! The men uncovered, stunned. A strange pair they looked—he, in the motley and paint of his calling—she, dead!

"Boo-hoo, Billi," said Jenny, approaching him with the child: "it's a *boy*, Billi; and she wanted it to be called after you."

The man seemed not to hear, but walking up to the bed, and taking one of the dead hands in his, kneel-ing down, he thought about the past and future, and then, as though his loss had just been realized, muttered, "Dead! dead!" and laying down his face close to hers, kissing the fast cooling lips with frantic earnestness.

"Dead—dead!" still came between his choking sobs. To him the women, moving to and fro in silence, the children, were as things of no use-less was the doctor's farewell. "Dead—dead —dead!" and the heaving chest and bursting eyeballs found relief in tears.

"There, don't take on so, Billi!" said one, trying to raise him. "Don't take on so for Jass."

She might as well have spoken to the box on which he half-sat, half-leaned, as he hung over his dead wife. And then tried to get to close the staring eyes, but a bolt which appalled them shook their nerves and took away that of a second trial. A noise outside now attracted them to the door.

"What's the matter now?"

"Matter enough!" said a harsh, grating voice. "Here' Chapman so drunk he can't go in, and Billi's disappeared from his wife's arm. I never never was a fellow in the ring worse treated than I am."

He is dead, Whips," said one, pointing with her thumb back to the wagon.

"Dead!" said the man.

"Yes; and he's there too."

"Well, if that ain't too bad," said he; "here's the last straw before the quadrille, and I'm done —it'll ruin the circus. The *second* night, too; her last night being but Friday. Here's the two acts standing room—and they've been calling for her all the evening. Dead!" said he, again, as though his loss were only just now apparent. "Who'd have thought it? What's to be done?"

"Can't you get Chapman up?"

"No, he's a fool any time to Billi, and now he's drunk he's no use at all. What's to be done? I don't know."

Here he was obliged to leave, for the uproar in the circus was becoming loud. "Down! Down!" was the only cry they would make. In vain did Whips drive the horses faster and faster, till the "Corsican Brothers" were nearly in a heap, and worse off with their speed; nothing would appease the now excited people.

Whips came out again. "Where's Billi?" he said.

"Here, Billi," said Jenny, "Whips wants you."

Who wants me?" said the man.

"Here, Billi, I do," said the voice at the door.

Jenny gave the child to one of the women, took him by the hand, and led him to the door.

"Billi," said Whips, "here's Chapman as drunk as a fool as ever, and they're crying out for you like mad. *Can't* you go?"

"Go! I can't be planting to the body. "How can I go? No, I *can't* go."

"Well, Billi, you *must*. It's only the second night: don't throw away your luck."

"Well, there's only the Indian Warrior to go in," said Billi.

"Well, I know that; but what's the good of him without somebody to give him his things? What's the use of my giving him his club and bow, or the paddle either? No, Billi, you must go; it won't be so bad in any one else now they'd pull the place down."

Here another and louder cry reached them.

"Hear them, Billi! Whips, "that's it; there's the 'Corsican Brothers' has been agoing round this quarter of an hour, till they're sick of it, and the gig'll be as tame to-morrow she won't suit a pig. It's no use, Billi; you must go."

"I can't, Whips; it'll be no use if I do."

"Oh yes, you will; you must go, or I'll have to throw up the agreement, and you know you've overdrawn your money this last week."

"Well, I know it," said the man, evidently irresolute now at this threat.

"Well, then, go in if it's only five minutes. Here, take a drink of this, it will give you heart. The man took the proffered flask, and drank deeply.

"Well," said Whips, "you'll go, Billi, won't you?"

"Oh yes, I'll go," said the man, "go on."

They left the wagon, and the repeated rounds of applause showed that the public was satisfied. The clown was never more witty, never more agile. Mermaids after mermaids left the water, Jack was taken with a recklessness that nothing could equal again and the success of the whole ballet, and the graves of the vulgar, spurred his exertions. The last it ended, and the quadrille came on. The clown left the ring, with the plaudits ringing in his ears, and came to the wagon to find—Alas! What?

At the conclusion of the quadrille those in the wagon heard a cry.

"Billi, Billi!" said the man, now in his old position, close to the body, with her hand locked in his, and his eyes fixed on her face. "What's that?"

"They're calling for *her*," said Jenny, pointing to the inclosed box.

There was a lull, and then a long thunder of clapping hands and stamping feet, rose and died away.

"What's that last?" asked the woman, holding the child of a previous husband.

"Oh! they called for the queen, and old Whips made a speech, and said she was dreadful ill, and could not appear, but would most likely be better to-morrow, when she would again perform the inclosed feat of leaping through the hoop to the ground."

"Well, my dears," said the Doctor, at the next per-table to his children, "How did you like it?"

"Oh! we didn't see much of it, papa."

"No?"

"Then, not at all; the man in the ring said it was not well, but would be there to-morrow, as the clown was so good, father, in the scene with the savages."

"Was he, my dear. Do you know why you didn't see the queen?"

"No."

"Well, then, I'll tell you. Because she was dead! Dead, my dears, as you will be one day. I'll tin kissing her dead lips, and I dare say he is there now. It's a strange world this! Such a sight as that I never saw before, and hope never to ag again."

Summer Resorts.

Corzens' Hotel, West Point, N. Y.
La Touche House, Bergen Point, N. J.
Hopatcong House, Lake Hopatcong, N. J.
Congress Hall, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.
Howland's Hotel, Trenton Falls, N. Y.
International Hotel, Niagara Falls.
Trenton Falls Hotel, Trenton Falls, N. Y.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1859.

PEACE IN EUROPE.

EIGHTY days since war broke out between Napoleon and the Emperor of Austria; peace is now made. The two Emperors had a chat at an inn on the morning on the 11th, in a little cottage at Villafranca, and the result of that chat was an end to the war and a restoration of peace. The news came as a surprise as an event so unexpected, so startling, so utterly at variance with all established precedent and rule?

When the last number of this journal went to press we expected hourly to hear of a new battle and a line of fire—for it was then known that the French were within the historic quadrangle; that the Austrians were demoralized and their spirits broken by defeat; that Italy, though weakened by a series of bloody conflicts, were flushed with victory, and strong in the conviction that the cause of right and freedom would end the war, and render the entire liberation of Italy from foreign rule a mere question of weeks. Revolving in our minds the probable result of human beings is to every one, it must be confessed that people at large rather desired to hear of the capture by the French and allies of the Italian quadrion forever, and to put an end to the outrageous career of Austrian tyranny. We dread of the loss of life, of the carnage, and on the heels of the armistice a peace.

Well, we must wait for details before expressing an opinion as to the policy or to denounce Napoleon for betraying Italy, as the liberal organs in England have done; nor must we forget the part played by Prussian mediation behind with force, as some of his own organs delight to do. Every thing depends on the details of the arrangement which was made at Villafranca.

It is possible to conceive an Italian Confederation composed of the same as the old Confederation of Germany, and calculated to yield very satisfactory results. In a former article we endeavored to point out the difficulties in the way of the political reorganization of Italy. There was the Pope, in the first place, whose temporal power is a monstrous anomaly, and a crying shame—admitted to be such as freely by Catholic as by Protestant Powers. Then there were the rivalries between the various States into which Italy is divided; rivalries so bitter that Venice, in 1848, preferred to be subject to Austria rather than become an integral part of the

free dominion of the King of Sardinia; no union over that not even Parma or Lucca would exchange independent slavery for associated freedom. Then the varieties of government prevailing in Italy opposed very formidable barriers to a general fusion: Tuscany was semiconstitutional, Naples was a despotic monarchy, Lombardy and Venetia were a preconsulate, Piedmont a limited monarchy, the Papal States an absolute hierarchy, San Marino a democratic republic, etc., etc.; how were all these various elements to be fused into a homogeneous whole? To be evident, as a principle, was not the same thing as to be practicable. Even if the various States could be formed into a nation was by means of a Confederacy which, like our own, should leave to each State the control of its local affairs, and merely intrust the associate body with the administration of foreign affairs, and such local or specific concerns as pertain to the quality of a nation.

Thus far, therefore, there is no room for complaining of what Napoleon has done. But it remains to be seen whether this confederacy of his has been organized on a stable basis, and whether the evils which rendered the war necessary have in reality been cured.

The first question is, Have the Austrians been driven out of Italy? The answer to this is by no means certain. It is true that the Emperor of Austria still holds the fortresses of Venetia. If, in his quality of King, he is entitled to use his Austrian armies for the intimidation of the Italian confederacy, and for the suppression of subjacent Italian States, then the work undertaken by Napoleon has not been performed, and a new war will at once and inevitably become necessary. If, on the contrary, Venetia has been severed from the Austrian empire, and precautions have been taken against its falling under the power of Austrian soldiers therein; if, in a word, the Francis-Joseph title to Venetia, which he is clearly disconnected from the Francis-Joseph who is Emperor of Austria, then the new confederation of the Austrian provinces to the Italian Confederacy does not seem to be essentially dangerous.

In like manner, if the Pope has been appointed President of the Italian Confederacy without prejudice to his existing administration in the Papal States, and if he retains the new régime the disgraceful mismanagement of the Cardinals is to continue, then the Italian knot remains to be unravelled, and the last attempt to untie it will be worse than the first. But if, on the other hand, the elevation of Pius IX. to the honorary Presidency of the Confederacy is merely an empty honor granted him in lieu of the substantial authority he now wields over the Papal States, then the work is done, and all is my work well. If instead of the corrupt, inefficient, and brutal misgovernment of the Cardinals, a sound administration can be established on the basis of the Napoleonic system, it can not be doubted but Italy will be a gainer by the change.

Every thing depends on the details; until we have them, no judgment that is worth listening to can be pronounced. *Le roi est mort, vive le roi!* In a few days we shall have them, and shall then know whether Napoleon is a mean, selfish traitor, or the greatest statesman of modern times.

THE LOUNGER.

THE PEACE—A COLLOQUY.

CHARLES. "Nobody has a right to be disappointed in my friend Napoleon again."

ENO. "I don't agree with you at all. You remember he said—"

CHARLES. "Oh, yes; I remember a great many things he said, which you have perhaps forgotten. On the 27th September, 1858, he took his seat in the French Assembly, and said, 'I advocate democratic institutions.' A few months after he was a candidate for the Presidency, and he said, 'I am not an ambitious man who dreams of the empire and war . . . . . I am a republican, and my ambition is pledged that, at the end of four years, I have in no way accepted the power unconstitutionally and with liberty intact.' When he was elected President he took the oath, and said, 'I swear to remain faithful to the democratic republic one and indivisible;' and in his speech he said, 'My desire is to re-establish peace and to maintain our democratic institutions.' Three years after he said, 'The Assembly is conspiring against the President. My ministers have ceased to be sent to the Tuileries, he swept the streets with type, he called the most honorable citizens conspirators, he unloosed the press, he surrounded the most secret and the strongest police. He has undone Republican liberty for ever, and not one great civilian has been developed by his reign. Philo Senna is the style as head of the Roman Censors. Will you tell me why you speed what he says? If you have read 'Pelham,' you remember Mr. Abednego, the money-lender, the middle-aged gentleman, who wore green spectacles. These green spectacles were morality itself. Only Mr. Jenkinson was a horse-jockey, and cheated dreadfully. Whenever Louis Napoleon says any thing in a fine proclamation, he says he only putting on his green spectacles, and look out for your pockets. I repeat, nobody has a right to be disappointed by his peace. He went to Italy to help himself, not to help the Italians; and he must be the judge when he has succeeded."

ENO. "Didn't he say that he was going to free Italy?"

CHARLES. "No. It is no matter if he has'; but this is what he did say on the 24 of May, upon leaving Paris: 'The object of this war, then, is to restore Italy to herself; *not to impose upon her a change of masters*' . . . . . 'or to disturb the power of the Holy Father, whom we have replaced upon the throne.' Of course that last is what is irreverently called 'gag,' but it is all gagging. On the 12th of May, in Genoa, he said to his army, 'We are about to march upon the Alps, to the cry of conciliating their independence, and to rescue them from foreign oppression.' Upon the 8th of June, in Milan, he said to the Italians, 'I come not here with a prearranged plan to dispense sovereigns or to impose on you my will. My principle is to fight your enemies and keep internal order. No obstacle shall be raised by me to the formation of your legitimate wishes.'

ENO. "But that is the genuine Italian liberty."

CHANG. "Louis Napoleon means to have the credit of that meaning. But without saying that under cover of that meaning he intended to say at a moment, when he had gained his own ends, what he chose. He says he did mean to restore Italy to herself, how has he left her? A Bourbon in Naples, The Pope in Rome, An Austrian Archduke in Venice. An Austrian Duke in Tuscany. A Duke in Modena. The citadel of Northern Italy in the hands of the Austrians; and, on the other hand, against all this artificial system, all the plains of Lombardy. 'No obstacle,' says the Emperor, 'shall be raised by me to the free expression of your legitimate wishes.' At Perugia, for instance? Or at Venice under the Austrian Archduke? Duc Toscany? Duc Modene? Do the wretched Roman States want Austrians with his papal nose of wax? Austrians like a bucket of water at a confederation of Austrian Archdukes presided over by the Pope of Rome?"

ENO. "But, surely, you do not expect the course of history to be turned in a day. You do not suppose that, even in the most auspicious of times, especially, Italy restored to a place among sovereign powers, and all this without a movement on the part of Europe?"

CHANG. "Certainly not because Louis Napoleon said so, or wrote so. But he has thought, and think, that Italian freedom is his interest. He says on the 12th July to the army at Valeggio: 'Italy, beneforth mistress of her destinies.' That would seem to imply that the object of the war is accomplished, by common consent among men, as we have only stopped because the contest was about to assume gigantic proportions, like breaking with the interests that France had in this foreign affair. Except for that, then, he would have gone on. 'Italy, mistress of her destinies.' What, then, would he have done, farther?"

ENO. "What *has* he done?"

CHANG. "He has given himself the right to interfere in Italy, in company with Austria, to suppress any popular movement; and by giving Lombardy to Sardinia, without an appeal to the people of Lombardy, he has given himself the right to dictate to Sardinia. He is by far the ablest monarch in the world, and he has accomplished by a pen; and he conquers generals by his sword. He has made himself master of Italy. He has played a splendid game, however every thing has been."

ENO. "There seems to be but one side to this conversation."

CHANG. "My dear Eno, there is only one side to the subject."

AFTER THE BATTLE.

THE details of Mr. Raymond's letters from the seat of war irresistibly suggest the question, how long would our countrymen endure if every thing were obliged to remain after a battle until it had buried all its dead and cared for its wounded?

The battle-field, the music, the sun-beams, the glitter, the dream of glory, the excitement of adventure, the novelty, the variety, all these make the departure of an army so splendid that the thought of disaster, of pain, of gory death, floats only dimly in the imaginations of the light-hearted crowd.

So in battle itself, the wild alarm, the doubt, the momentary panic, the rush of desperate savage passions—all these conceal the real suffering.

But when the bright cloud has rolled on, when every wound is dressed, and every soldier filled with excitement march rapidly away to new fields, then is the time for reflection. Then is the policy of war to remove every victim as fast as possible, so that the soldier really does not understand to what he is exposed. Could the dead army have remained bivouacked upon the field—could each shallow hole in every trench have been covered over with the thousands of his wounded fellows, the word glory would have become gore in his mouth—he would have turned pale, and felt a sinking at his heart and a lingering step.

It is fortunate that the real generals fighting for glory that they leave their battle-fields behind them.

A SHORT SERMON.

MR. BUCKLE insists that the laws of average will prevail in spite of every thing, and that a certain number of people will leap from the monument, a certain number commit suicide, a certain number murder those somebody else. And certainly the crimes continue, although when we read of a great outrage, or of a fearful catastrophe, we hope that somehow this is the last. But at the end of every year the inexorable philosopher collects his instances, files them away, and after twenty years shows us the old average.

Mr. Buckle says that Sir Mary Ing in one of his brilliant lectures calls the "Laws of Disorder," and is one of the most striking and solemn of the things that we can call upon the daily course of life. The sudden gust of passion, the crime that springs from a frenzied whim, they are all regulated by a law as fixed as that of gravity. It is a startling illustration of the ubiquity of perfect order. It is like other side of the beautiful illustration of Christ that not one sparrow falleth to the ground without our Father.

But it does not follow that because nothing happens except in obedience to law, that therefore every man is to be equally honored as the executor of the divine will. We can not sound the infinite mystery of divine universal law, but we know something of our own consciousness. A man commits a crime. The moralist coolly quotes Pope: "Whatever is, is right." This crime, then, was right, and the doer was the servant of the divine will and permission. Or to put the position in another way: Nothing can be done without the divine permission. A crime is committed. But how do you punish the criminal who is merely an agent?

Many a man is confused by this sophistry. Many of the blackest and most fiendish of human acts are said to be legitimated upon this ground that they are within God's providence. But the instinct which in every moral consideration of crime is just as profound as the conviction of the divine supremacy. If it is a law of God that a man shall commit a crime, it is equally a law that his offense shall be detected and punished. If a murder is done, it is a law of God that the murderer shall expiate his offense by his own death. Society is merely an equality ingenuity one in protecting my family and property.

The confusion of these apparently diametrically opposite laws is beyond our sight and knowledge. But the practical issues of every day are also of the divine consistency of his government whether we understand it or not.

Thus, for instance, whenever a man says that God has permitted a crime, he may be answered by saying that God has forbidden us to condemn the crime and punish the criminal.

THE PILGRIM MONUMENT.

IN the year 1608 a few English farmers with their families left their old home at Scrooby in Nottinghamshire, and, crossing the ocean to the Texel, the romantic traditions of Sherwood forest the soft horizon of familiar uplands, blooming hedges, and green meadows, and, pitching their lowly English landscape and the dear English land, and went through dangers and difficulties to Amsterdam.

A few months later they removed to Leyden. There they lived for twelve years, and were more than three hundred men and women, honest, peaceful, and industrious. Their pastor, John Robinson, was only a handful of English farmers who loved an idea more than native land, more than all sweet associations, home and kindred, more than life itself.

But they were English still, and loved England. Was there no way in which they could serve their idea and still serve England? At last they could see it. Commercial and political and ecclesiastical action, after many arrangements and doubts and fears, failed. Then they resolved upon a measure left "that goodly and pleasant city," they left the clean, wide streets of thrifty Leyden, the quiet canals, the pleasant windmills which the children know, the venerable shade of the old University—they sorrowed to leave, fourteen years after upon the River Meuse. There they knelt upon the shore, and wept and prayed. There they sang hymns, and solemnly as the pastor, who told them that he was "very confident the Lord had more truth and light yet to break forth out of His Holy Word; and that it was" not possible the Christian world should come so lately out of such thick antichristian darkness and full perfection of knowledge should break forth at once;" and so they left the shore and sailed away, and left also all the wise words of their teacher thrilling their hearts, on the 234 of July, 1620—which, with the difference of style, is the 15th of August, the 15th is the feast of this year—they sailed in the little *Speedwell*, and in the *Mayflower*, of which, we are told, "Christopher Jones was master," and they were pilgrims.

Their descendants meet this week to lay the corner-stone of a monument commemorating the beginning of their history and the brave lives of their forefathers. And, indeed, without a monument they are not likely to be forgotten. The scene of the Pilgrims are fond of reminding the rest of the world that it is all in a way wonder. When their ever a colony planted upon a foreign shore under circumstance so sublime? No Greek or Roman, no English or English settlement had a brighter subject than conquest, discovery, greater facility of trade, or better chance of wealth. But for trade, the pilgrims hoped to make a living; for ease, they embraced discomfort and death; for conquest, a handful encountered a boundless forest; for discovery, the land was already known.

They do well to build a monument. They do well to meet, year by year, and repeat that story old story. They do well in every way to cast themselves back upon the past, and remember that yet how justly may it not be said to every son and daughter of the Pilgrims, as Longfellow says of Michael Angelo in St. Peter's, as to Wren in St Paul's, "Si monumentum quæris, circumspice!"

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

"TABBOX, NORTH, QUEBEC, *ad expressum*—"The vessel misses us know level weather," etc. The Lounger has the best authority for saying to Tarbox that its vessel misses us with the most tremendous force, and as vivid a sense of its impropriety as any one can have; and that it was his fault that it was not corrected in the proof.

—CAROLINE, New Orleans, wishes to know from whom the Harmer phrase is derived which occurs in the burial service of the Episcopal Church, "In the midst of life we are in death."

—NOW FOSTER indicates an advertisement of Barnum's Museum, in which the astounding announcement is made by which his nets abhor.

—As you have canvassed that interesting question of HYDROPHOBIA, "What is an Aquaria?" we have asked Mr. Bleibing wonder 'What are Grammar?' please to suggest that it is a kind of petrification." The smaller one pair has just had the figure in the cage, and the larger one is now nursing the baby specimen.

—M. A. H., Irvington, Sumter County, Alabama, "Is the Washington Parlor Typographic Union 18 days of fifteen years," and which "the partiality of friends" thinks a fitting appellation, are much more as if young ladies write. They are like millions of others, expressing a genuine feeling in the writer, but not in a way to interest others.

THE NEW GOLD DISCOVERIES ON THE ISTHMUS OF PANAMA.

BY F. M. OTIS, M.D.,

SURGEON OF THE STEAMSHIP "MOSES TAYLOR."

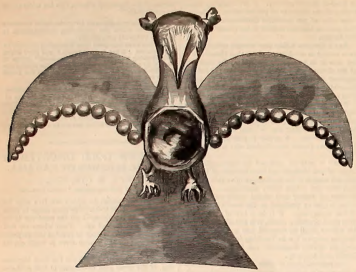
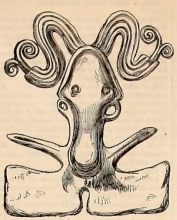
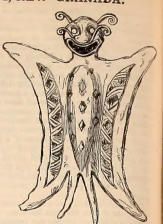
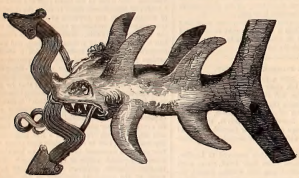
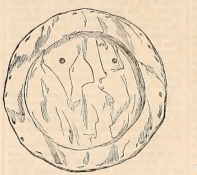
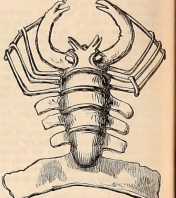
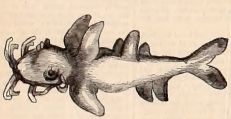
TWENTY days period in which we live may be counted the Age of Gold. The time seems to have arrived when the riches of all the earth are to be disclosed and yielded up. Turn where we will the golden mountain woos us to delve into its fragrant bowels, or the golden river to wash out its golden sands.

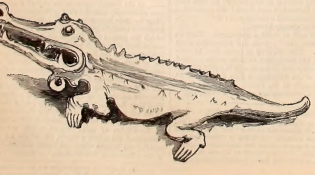
The last, though perhaps not the least interesting, of the great gold discoveries of this golden century, is that of a vast country on the Isthmus of Panama. On a day in the latter part of June last I arrived in Panama—a town in the district of Boquerón, in the province of Chiriqui (New Granada), which is situated among the forests in the vicinity of his estate, constructed a house which had been prostrated by a recent tempest, and undertook to have it repaired over with a small earthen jar. Upon examination this proved to be composed of a material resembling no less than *seventy-five pounds' weight* of those leaves.* Not exactly confident, however, of the quality and richness of the metal, he decided that the weight born his discovery; and in less than a fortnight after a thousand dollars' worth of gold, having a dug up "more than nine arrobas" (25 pounds' weight) of images, most of which proved to be of pure metal. This is the beginning of the information, in regard to the discovery of these antiquities, brought to the City of Panama by the natives of Boquilla, who substantiated their statements by bringing also with them, in their canoes, seventy-five pounds' weight of golden images for sale. They also reported that there had been a great excitement among the natives for many miles around the beacon, that towns and flourishing estates were wholly deserted; and that, in consequence of so great and unexpected an influx into that region, there had already come to be a great dearth of provisions, and that considerable suffering had been the consequence.

The reports of the natives were confirmed by many letters received by parties in Panama from the City of David, the capital of the province of Chiriquí, which all concurred about their riches from Bugalita, and two leagues distant from the Pacific Ocean. Among these was one to the Governor of Panama from the Governor of Chiriquí, in which he stated that considerably more than 4500 (60 pounds' weight) had been taken up; that over four thousand graves had been rifled; and that as there were innumerable graves in the vicinity still unbroken, that a very little delving by the innocent wealth would be eventually realized therefrom. A small portion of this treasure had been received at Panama consisted of small images of gold, which had evidently been cast in clay moulds, and afterwards highly ornamented in the regalia of amonthness. The workmanship of many exhibited no little mechanical ingenuity and skill. Quite a large proportion were of virgin gold, while others varied in purity from eighteen to twenty carats fine, owing undoubtedly to the artificers being ignorant of the art of separating the baser metals from the gold in a pure state. The most of these were found wax of copper. In size these images varied from three pennyweights to six pennyweights. Animals, bird, fish, reptiles, and semi-human monsters hideous to the last degree; in very many, but all these figures were found of plates of gold, from three to twelve inches in diameter. Each plate was found to have a hole in the centre. The accompanying sketches were drawn with care from the originals in the possession of Messrs. Aspinwall & Co., agents here at the City of Panama, who courteously offered every convenience and facility for their execution. But little possible information could be gathered as to the condition in which the graves and their contents were found, except that they had left hand side of every grave, looking toward the East, were the jars containing the gold were deposited. The Lounger received for some intelligent visitor to the interesting world to observe and communicate to the extending world any data which may tend to throw light upon the probable antiquity of these sepulchral remains. That they date back to a very early period there seems but little doubt, not only from the fact that the present Indian tribes of Central America have no knowledge of these insects which abound throughout the whole country, nor of the art of working in gold, which was found buried, but in the "History of New Granada," by Colonel Joseph

* A large number of these images are on exhibition at Messrs. Bell, Black, & Co.'s, corner Broadway and Murray Street.

GOLDEN IMAGES FOUND IN INDIAN GRAVES IN THE PROVINCE OF CHIRIQUI, NEW GRANADA.



chim Acosta, mention is made of a discovery by the Spaniards as far back as the fifteenth century of similar treasures at Zenu, in the Province of Antiochia, New Granada. After speaking of the discovery of the riches in the Indian burial-grounds at Zenu, the historian proceeds with the following description: "The cemetery of Zenu was composed of an indefinite number of mounds of earth, some of a conical form and others more or less square. When an Indian died it was the custom to dig a hole capable of containing his arms and jewels, which *were placed on the left hand side of his grave, looking toward the east*, and around these were placed earthen vases containing *chicki* and other fermented drinks; also Indian corn and stones to pound the same; also his wives and slaves (if he was a principal man), which last thoroughly intoxicated themselves previously to their interment; and then the whole was covered over with a species of red earth brought from a distance. Then the mourning commenced, which lasted as long as there remained any thing to drink, and in the mean while the mourners continued to throw earth upon the grave; thus it was elevated according to the ability of the individual or family to provide a greater or less quantity of liquor. . . . Jewels of gold in large or small quantities were found in all the tombs. In some were golden figures representing every class of animals from man to the ant, and sometimes in amount to the value of ten, twenty, and even thirty thousand dollars." It appears not improbable from the above extract that the mode of Indian burial at the time of the Conquest was almost if not quite identical with that of those recently discovered; so that these relics may not date more than four or five hundred years anterior to the present day. Its appearance, however, they are sufficiently antique to have been the handiwork of old Tubal Cain himself. The immense quantity of golden ornaments in the possession of the people whose sepulchres are now being so unceremoniously ransacked would lead us to believe in the existence of rich mines of the precious metal in this vicinity. It is said that the Spaniards formerly worked several exceedingly rich gold mines near the ancient city of Cartago in the adjoining province, but that the hostility of the Indians compelled them to abandon both the mines and the city; and notwithstanding that many efforts have since been made to discover the site of the city and its mines, they are still unknown. These recent discoveries of gold will undoubtedly induce fresh exploration, and may soon lead to the discovery of auriferous deposits of great value.

The district of Boqueron, in which the bones now being opened are situated, is between 82° and 83° west longitude, and 8° and 9° north latitude, and about 180 miles southwest of the city of Panama.

AUNT DAGON RAKING THE ROOM.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

TRUMPS.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

CHAPTER XLIII.

MRS. DUNHAM BRICKLE AT HOME: *On dancing.*

SECRETLY quoted its eyes and actually stared when it beheld Miss Hope Wayne entering the drawing-room of Mrs. Dunham Brickle. Mrs. Brickle herself, all stars and artificial flowers and Mechlin lace, received Mrs. Dinks and Miss Wayne with a smirking obeisance of welcome to virtuous.

"Really, Miss Wayne, I am delighted," said Mrs. Brickle, with a smile that might have been made at the same shop with the flowers that dangled over it, and those that maintained perennial spring upon the bosom of the matron already far advanced in the Indian summer of life.

Mrs. Dunham Brickle's friendship for Miss Wayne and her delightful aunt from Boston consisted in two pieces of pasteboard on which was painted in German text, "Mrs. Dunham Brickle, St. John's Square," and which she had left during the winter; and her delight at seeing her was genuine—not that she regretted they would solace each other's souls with friendly intercourse, but that she knew Hope to be a famous beauty who had lately retired from active war at the very end of the season, when she appeared, for the first time, at her ball.

This reflection secured an unusually ardent reception for Mrs. Dagon, who followed Mrs. Dinks's party, and who, having made her salutation to the hostess, said to Mr. Boniface Newt, her nephew, who accompanied her,

"Now I'll go and stand by the pier-glass, so that I can rake the rooms. And, Boniface, mind, I depend upon your getting me a nice dinner sauce, at supper, with plenty of dressing—mind, now, plenty of dressing."

Perched like a contemplative vulture by the pier, Mrs. Dagon declined chairs and sofas, but put her eye-glass to her eyes to spy out the land. She had arrived upon the scene of action early. She always did.

"I want to see every body come in. There's a great deal in watching how people speak to each other. I've found out a great many things in that way, my dear, which were not suspected," said she to Mrs. Nancy Newt, who vainly suspected any thing until it was found out.

Presently a glass at the other end of the room that was bobbing up and down said about it every body and thing—at the ceiling, at the wall, and the carpet—discovered the prosperous open cheeks whose ruddy freshness charmed into perceptive eyes—reducing the prettiest face in the smallest surface to subordinate proportions, detecting bare cotton with one fell glance, and the part of the old dress ingeniously furbished up to do duty as new—this philosophic and critical glass presently encountered Mrs. Dagon's in full-dress. The two ladies behind this glass exchanged at each other for a moment, then bowed and nodded, like two Chinese idols set up on end at each extremity of the room.

"Good-evening, dear, good Mrs. Winslow Grey," said the smiling eyes of Mrs. Dagon to that lady. "How doubly scraggy you look in that worn-out old sea-green satin!" said the smiling old lady to herself.

"How do, darling Mrs. Dagon?" said the responsive glance of Mrs. Grey, with the most precious effulgence of aspect, as she glared across the room—inwardly thanking "What a silly old hag to lug that cotton lace cape all over town!"

People poured in. The rooms began to swarm. There was a warm odor of kid gloves, sweat-bags, and heliotrope.—There was a constant fluttering of fans and bobbing of heads. One hundred gentlemen said,

"How warm it is!" One hundred ladies of the highest fashion answered, "Yes, dear."—Fifty young men, who all wore coats, collars, and waistcoats that seemed to have been made in the lump, and at the same agony term, stood speechless about the rooms, wondering at whatever heaven to do with their hands. Fifty older married men, who had solved this problem, folded their hands behind their backs, and looked vaguely about, nodding their heads occasionally when recognized any other head, and saying, "Good - evening, and then, after a little more nodding, "How are you?" Waiters pushed about with trays covered with little glasses of lemonade and

port-sangaree, which offered favorable opening to the unemployed young gentlemen to the married gentlemen, who crowded along with a glass in each hand, frightening all the ladies and beginning every body's pardon.

All the Knickerbocker jewels glittered about the room. Mrs. Bleecker Van Rensselaer carried not less than eight thousand dollars' worth of diamonds upon her person—at least that was Mrs. Grey's deliberate estimate, after a careful estimate. Mrs. Dagon, when she heard what Mrs. Grey said, muttered, "Awful trifle! Ainstantis Orry can tell the price of jewelering a yard because Mr. Dagon's father was a jeweler, but she knows as much of diamonds as an elephant of good manners."

Notwithstanding these rich ornaments, Mrs. Bleecker Van Kraut moved among the throng with a face of such unmitigated dissatisfaction and complacency that no expression could have remained upon it for a moment, any more than water upon a polished marble slab. Her face was a superb brocade. It was unexceptionably made—just low enough in the neck to show enough, in the opinion of the most fastidious, and not so low as to be indecent. It was not high enough to be execrably high—so nearly the arm. They were as white as if they had been constantly covered, and as free from sunburn as if they had been rubbed with pumice-stone. Mrs. Bleecker Van Kraut's neck and arms, then, were perfectly expressionless surface. Corbear Van Boozenberg, Abel Newt, Herbert Ocean, and other young gentlemen of fashion, who contemplated it from behind, and decided that it resembled a great deal *Cheval-de-frise*—"but quite without the steel."

"Suppose you taste it," said Herbert Octoyne, laughing.

The young men passed on smiling, making low bows, suggestive of extraordinary respect, as they passed Mrs. Van Kraut.

That lady's eyes were large and round—they were just a month and sometimes longer in the neck and arms. Her hair was brown and carefully curled. It had evidently undergone the same polishing process that imparted that peculiar air of impeccable smoothness to her whole appearance. She was leaning on the arm of a gentleman in a black coat and trousers, with a white waistcoat and cravat, and a plaid shirt. He might have been thirty—he might have been fifty years old. He had been at all parties for the last twenty years, and was probably continue to go for twenty more. He looked very grave and mild, and was as much like a gentleman as possibly dressed—not as a dandy, and not behind the fashion. He expressed no opinion—for he had none. He was one of those shut mulled politely at the efforts of others. There was not a safer man in the room than Corbear Wilkottie. He was universally considered "such a gentleman," and devoted himself with exclusively to married ladies. He knew all the number of dinner parties and small family gatherings at which he was present as a matter of courtesies. He knew every body and every thing in the world of society. The unmarried girls were afraid of him in the least. They gave up timidity and blushing when he approached, and called him Corbear Wilkottie. They said, taking a freedom with his Christian name.

Of course he was careful to associate with the right sort of people, and was therefore always to be seen attending Mrs. Bleecker Van Kraut whenever she appeared, for of all the right sort of people she was chief. The Bleecker Van Kraut property could hardly have been less than a million and a half, and that immense fortune had actually condescended to marry her. She was merely Lucy Slamb before that transfiguration. The Van Kraut property had been growing and growing about the drawing-rooms of New York for a year or two, watched with palpitating hearts and longing eyes. Until that was disposed of, nothing else could win a glance. There were several single hundreds of them, scarcely quite walking about the same rooms, but while they were received very politely, they were made to feel that a million and a half was in presence and unappropriated, and they fell humbly back.

Madame de Feuille had polished Lucy Slamb until the young lady was finished to such a degree of smoothness that she actually slipped out of the machine.

"Of course," every body said, "a girl who can speak French, and play the piano, and dance, and draw in water-colors, and conduct a charity with such perfect breeding as that, may look for any thing."

Miss Lucy Slamb being thus completely polished, rolled about society like a billiard ball under the eye of a master. Every thing was laid smoothly and slow rolling. When there was a collision there was no crash, only a gentle click. Presently the Van Kraut property put her in its pocket. She was entirely merged in it. In her own house, in the street, in her carriage, at church, in a ball, at the baptism of her children, at the death-bed of her parents, she was a woman of polish and hard smoothness—a sign on which was printed in silk, satin, diamonds, gold cameos, and mosaics, "Entrance to the Van Kraut property."

She always wore the appropriate dress for occasions, and every detail of her household was managed with punctilious care. Her mansion was a miracle of order and propriety. In the library the books, in gilt crimsoned uniform, were locked and never handled. In the drawing-rooms the chairs and sofas and tables seemed to be a company of old bachelors and old maids, so precise were their angles and so rigidly preserved their places in the symmetry of the room. Nothing was all on its good behavior. Every thing seemed to say, "We belong to the great Van Kraut property." The same thing was echoed along the clean corridors, and whispered up and down the stairs. The silver plate murmured it to the cut glass, and the glass glittered the proud truth to the china. No nose —no sneeze—no vulgar talking—no singing—except with a master. You would have thought at least that Monsieur de Feuille must have built the house, and Madame.

So-ci-e-ty knew all this. It gazed with half envy upon the wealth which so perfectly typified Mrs. Bleekie's rooms. But it made way for her. It bowed gallantly. It trod on the toes of mere mortals who had not got clues, and then glittered the proud truth to the chine. No nose —no sneeze—no vulgar talking—no singing—except with a master. You would have thought at least that Monsieur de Feuille must have built the house, and Madame.

So-ci-e-ty knew all this. It gazed with half envy upon the wealth which so perfectly typified Mrs. Bleekie's rooms. But it made way for her. It bowed gallantly. It trod on the toes of mere mortals who had not got clues, and then glittered ruthlessly back. As for salaries, they were mocked and contemptuously left on the wall as Mrs. Bleecker Van Kraut moved on, supported by the arm of Mr. Louis Wilkottie. They did not speak to each other, but they bowed and bowed to be attending her. She was content to know and be known by the fact that she was Mrs. Van Bleecker Van Kraut.

The Chinese idols stopped wagging their heads in the drawing-room with which they were set the progress of Mrs. Van Kraut; but they could not be so free as Mrs. Dagon the moment they chose to think that she could not even suspect, with any air of possibility, an improper intimacy between Mrs. Van Kraut and Louis Wilkottie. She even laughed at herself in the midst of her own malice for merely thinking such a solecism possible.

Fanny Newt's eyes were also in the field early. Fanny, who was not quite in society, had contemplated the capture of the Van Kraut property; but the very moment in which she considered the campaign had frightened the poor gentleman who was the present member for that property, Miss Lucy Slamb had shivered and withdrawn on the dizzy verge of a declaration; and when he recovered and reconvened the lollard ball he was immediately charmed by the very gentle voice which said, "Will you?" and knew as a perfectly polished click of assent in reply.

Heaven save me from a smart woman! Mrs. Bleecker Van Kraut; and Heaven heard and kindly granted the prayer.

So Fanny had boiled again, and had now fairly looked her in the face. She had not yet drawn him to a head. Byron was an old mother fish in the water, who knew the mystery of hooks and baits—of inspect worming and fishing with the current, and sparkling flies sporting on the stream. Beware, my darling Fanny! my darling spawn!

Presently, while she had been went on, and laces, silks, satins, breeches and ties, and broadcloth intermingled and changed places, so that Arthur Merlin, whom Lauretta Newt had brought, appeared in the ball looked like a shot silk, or a salmon's belly — upon over-

LOO WILKOTTLE AND MRS. VAN KRAUT.

to demur and insinuate and bridle and declare how strange it was, and how gossipy people were, and finally to retreat from a direct reply under cover of a pretty shower of oh! and ah! and indeeds! and that policy had been uniformly successful. Everybody said, "Of course Alfred Dinks and his cousin are engaged, and Mrs. Dinks likes to have the conversation play with the fact—although there are reasons why it must be not openly acknowledged." As Field Marshal Mrs. Dinks suggested Everybody. But the gallant young private, Miss Fanny Newt, was resolved to win her epaulets.

As Mrs. Dinks made no reply, and assumed the appearance of a lady who, for her own private and unarticulate reasons, had concluded to forego the prerogative of speech forevermore, while she turned herself calmly, and very slowly Fanny with a kind of truculent calmness that seemed to say, "What are you waiting for about that last triumphant move of mine?" Fanny proceeded in a strain of continuous sweetness that fairly rivaled the nightingale in the neck, and the eyes, and the arms of Mrs. Bleecker Van Knox.

"I suppose there can be nothing very disagreeable to Miss Wayne's friends in knowing that she is engaged to Mr. Alfred Dinks?"

Alas! Mrs. Dinks, who knew Hope, knew that the time for dexterous subterfuge and misleadings had passed. She resolved that people, when they discovered what they inevitably soon must discover, should not suppose that she had been deceived. So, looking straight into Fanny Newt's eyes without blinking, and somehow it was not a look of profound affection —she said,

"I was not aware of any such engagement."

"Indeed," replied the undaunted Fanny. "I have heard that love is blind, but I did not know that it was true of maternal love. Mr. Dinks's mother is not his confidante, then, I presume?"

The bad passions of Mr. Dinks's mother's heart were like the bonfires, and furiously raged together at this remark. She continued the fencing, and said, with a sickly smile,

"Mrs. Dinks, you can contradict at once the report of any such engagement."

That was generalship. Fanny was mistress of the position. If Mrs. Dinks were willing to say this, she became the very personified lie that it never would be true. She had evidently discovered something. How much had she discovered? Just what she was to see.

As these reflections flashed through the mind of Miss Fanny Newt, and her cruel black eye shone with a stony glitter, she was conscious that the time for some decisive action upon her part had arrived. To be or not to be, as Mr. Alfred Dinks was now the question; and even as the thought of it she felt what seemed to be a touch. She did not depreciate the ability of Mrs. Dinks, and she feared her influence upon Alfred. Poor Mr. Dinks he sat there absorbed in smoking a cigar upon the forward deck of the *Chancellor Livingston* steamer, that plied between New York and Providence. Mr. Bowdoin Bencon sat by his side.

"She's a real good girl, and pretty, and rich, though she is my cousin, Bowdoin. So why don't you?"

Mr. Beacon, a member of the upper sex, said gravely, "Well, perhaps."

At the instant also, in Mrs. Brickle's swarming drawing-rooms, looking on at the dancers and listening to the music, stood Hope Wayne, Lawrence Newt, Amy Waring, and Arthur Merlin. They were chatting together pleasantly. Lawrence Newt smiled upon them, and Hope Wayne bending her beautiful head and listening and looking at him in a way to make any man eloquent. Our friend the painter had been watching for Mr. Abel Newt's appearance, and, as he saw him, turned to notice the effect produced upon Miss Wayne by seeing him.

But Abel, who saw as much in his way as Mr. Dagon in hers, but without the glasses, had carefully kept in the other part of the rooms. He had planted himself before the Mrs. Bleecker Van Knox, having resolved to taste her, as Herbert Octoyne had advised, and withstanding that she had no flavor, as Abel himself had averred.

But who can merely for the flavor of the food?

Mrs. Van Knox clicked in the smoothest manner as Abel, metaphorically speaking, touched her. Anna Wilkette slipped away from her as he could not tell how: he merely knew that Abel Newt was an attractive, vivacious, intelligent, disposed. So Wilkette floated about the room upon limp pinions for some time, wondering where to settle, but finally lighted upon Hope flying.

"Oh! Mr. Wilkette, you are just the man. Mr. Whitloe, Laura Magot, and I were just talking about Batrachian reptiles. Which are the best toads, do you know?"

"Or does it depend upon the warming?" asked Mr. Whitloe.

"Or the quantity of jewelry in the head?" said Laura Magot.

Mr. Wilkette smiled, bowed, and passed on.

If they had called him an ass—being the right sort of people—he would have bowed, smiled, and passed on.

"An amiable fellow," said Fanny, as he disappeared; "but quite a remarkable fool."

Mr. Zephyr Wetherley, still struggling with the hand problem, approached Miss Fanny, and remarked that it was very warm.

"You're cool enough in all conscience, Mr. Wetherley," said she.

"My dear Miss Newt, 'pon honor," replied Zephyr, beginning to be very red, and wiping his moist brow.

"I call any man cool who would have told St. Lawrence upon the gridiron that he was frying," interrupted Fanny.

"Oh!—ah!—yes!—on the gridiron! Yes, very good! Ha! ha! Quite on the gridiron myself, very much so! 'Tis very hot here. Don't you think so? It's quite confusing, like—sort of bewildering. Don't you think so, Miss Newt?"

Fanny was leveling her black eyes at him for a reply, but Mr. Wetherley, trying to regulate his hands, said, hastily,

"Yes, quite on the gridiron—very!" and rapidly moved off by himself.

"Good-evenin', Mrs. Newt," said a voice in the rear, and Fanny turned to see Mrs. Boozenberg.

"Good-evening, Mrs. Boozenberg. I was just saying to Mr. Wetherley that it was very warm. I see to me, Now me, see I, you'd better go to Mrs. Brickle's ball. Law, ye, see she, I reckon 'twill be so warm in the house, see she, that I'd better stay to home, see she. So she said, 'Ah, ha!' 'Oh, ha!' 'Oh, ha!' 'Oh, ha!' I'm all in a muck. As I was a-puttin' on my coat, I see, Now, ma, see I, I hate to wear that coat, see I. It looks shabby, and so many wearin' in a great, thick coat, see I? Whew! I'm all sticky."

And Mr. Van Boozenberg worked himself in his garments and stretched his arms to refresh himself.

Mrs. Boniface Newt, to whom he made this oration, had been subject by her acquaintance to Mr. Van Boozenberg was an ass—but an ass whose bravings were to be listened to with the utmost patience and respect. Mrs. Newt, like my dear, but what can we do? When I am with you can you not always do it?

On the other hand, Jacob Van Boozenberg had his little theory of Boniface Newt, which, within their respective limits was correct. He did not impart to his ma and the partner of his business, but kept to his own heart of hearts and breast. Mr. Van B. gloried in being what he called a self-made man. He was proud of his broad tramp and his want of education and its amenities and decencies of speech. He regarded them as unnecessary to a successful man. He even affected them in the company of those who were peculiarly elegant, and was secretly suspicious of all those gentlemanly men of all who were unusually neat in their appearance, and with whom plain Mr. Van Boozenberg could not be. The partner of his bosom was the constant audience of his self-glorification.

A little while before, her lord had returned one day to dinner, and said, with a tone of triumph,

"Well, ma, Gerald Bennet & Co. have busted up. Smashed all to pieces. Always knew they would. I suppose you'll say that all men times—don't you remember?—Now, ma, see I, let's take it, let's take it, see I, because I'm talkin grammar, and all that; but what's the use? What's the use of talkin' grammar? Don't know, see I. A man has to be a muck of a up when he's here to college. But, ma, see I, he's a self-made man, and he knows he knows pretty well that twice two's four. A self-made man ain't no time for grammar, see I. He's got to be on to his biz, see I, and he don't let it be too fine. This is the second time Bennet's busted, [shook his head as over such moral goods, see I. You remember—hey, ma?

When, a little while afterward, Mr. Bennet applied for terms as factor in the general merchant bank of which Mr. Van Boozenberg was president, Mr. Van Boozenberg looked and quavered the English language, as it were, before the very eyes of Mr. Bennet, to show him how he declined to lend his money into any but the great trust that he, Jacob Van Boozenberg, a self-made man, had no time to speak correctly, nor to be comely or clean, was the millionaire before whom Wall Street trembled—while he, Mr. Gerald Bennet, with all his grammar, his polish, and care, and scrupulous neatness and politeness, was a mere shabby, shiftless vagabond; and what good had grammar ever brought? The ruined gentleman stood before the president, and was seized in the throat by the grizzly the bank—holding his hat uncertainly, the nervous fingers twitching at his cravat, his tongue upon his pale, anxious face, in which his eyes shone with that singular, soft light of dreams.

"Now, Mr. Bennet, I see as this very mornin'—see I, 'Ma, I's'pose Mr. Bennet 'll be wantin' a partner in his biz.' If he hadn't been so very fine,' see I, 'he might have one.' He talks be-youtiful grammar, ma,'" said the worthy Croesus, scowling at the unhappy wretch as it were; "'that grammar ain't good to eat,' see I. 'He ain't a self-made man, as some folks is,' see I; 'but I suppose I'll have to stick him in somewhere,' see I—that's all of it."

Gerald Bennet, fortunately, therefore mustn't be choosers, said he, feebly, in his sad heart, and he thankfully took the proffered victuals Jacob Van Boozenberg threw him. But he married Gabriel, as we saw, to try Lawrence Newt.

Mrs. Newt agreed with Mr. Van Boozenberg that it was very warm.

"I heard you went to Saratogy, last summer, Mrs. Newt; but you ain't been to see ma since; you come home so." Ma,' see I,' why don't Mrs. Newt call on us?' 'Why, see I,' said she, 'Mrs. Newt can't call and see such folks as we are.' 'Why, see I,' 'we ain't fine enough for Mrs. Newt,'" said the great man of Wall Street, and he laughed aloud at the excellent joke.

"Mr. Van Boozenberg, if you will not mistaken," replied Mrs. Newt, anxiously. "I am afraid she did not get my card. I am very sorry. But I hope you will call here."

The great Jacob knew perfectly well that Mrs. Newt had called, but he liked to show himself how vast his power was. He liked to see fine ladies in splendid dressing-rooms bowing down before his ungrammatical throne and metaphorically kissing his knobby red hand.

"Your son, Abel, secure to enjoy himself

very well, Mrs. Newt," said Mr. Van Boozenberg, as he used that youth, in company array, talking devotedly to Mrs. Bleecker Van Knox.

"Oh dear, yes," replied Mrs. Newt. "But you know what young sons are, Mr. Van Boozenberg."

The conversation was setting precisely as that gentleman wished, and as he had intended to direct it.

Mercy, yes, Mrs. Newt. Ma see to me, I'm, while I is busy, see I, 'how be you for money?' And I see to ma, 'Ma, be she,' 'No, see I.' 'Tis full I have to pay my own bills. I's'pose, now, your Abel don't ivy up no money —but ha!"

Mr. Van Boozenberg laughed again, and Mrs. Newt joined, but in a low and rather distressed way, as if it were necessary to laugh, although nothing funny had been said.

"It's positively dreadful the way he spends money," replied she. "I don't know what he will end."

"Oh he! it's the way with all young men, marm. I always see to ma she needn't fret her gizzard. Young men will sow their wild oats. Why, tain't natural for Mr. Abel Newt to be well. Every man do."

His wife said Mrs. Newt's expression as he spoke. She answered,

"I don't know about that; but Mr. Newt shakes his head sometimes, and he's really grown old."

An attentive ear to these words Mrs. Newt had and the fate of a large offering for discount made that very day by Boniface Newt, Son, & Co.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

MURDER IN BROADWAY.

ONE of the most audacious and deliberate attempts at murder ever known in this city occurred on the forenoon of Saturday afternoon, in Canal Street, near Broadway. The victim was a man named Thomas Bloodie, a Scotchman who, until lately, has resided in Mobile as the mistress of a boarding-house. The name of the assassin is Thomas Jones, a colored free paramour, whom intemperate and violent habits had rendered the terror of the house. Bloodie had provided for this man in the capacity of servant of her, and arrived here a few days since from Mobile, in company with Jones. Since their arrival here he has given himself up to the greatest excesses. In this state he was discharged from the Tombs police court on Saturday, and after vainly endeavoring to induce her to leave with him for Mobile, Jones left her, and went away from him he drew a revolver and shot her. The ball entered the left breast, and it is said that the wound is to be mortal. The woman was removed to the City Hospital, and the murderer escaped in the confusion.

MRS. BLANDINA DUDLEY'S PROPERTY.

THE Surrogate on Saturday gave a very gratifying piece of what purports to be a will made by this lady, in favor of Bishop Potter and Mr. Bleecker Van Rensselaer, purports to be acknowledged at Ulica, instead of Albany, as previously stated. The will is dated the 10th of August, and bears date on the 29th inst., at the Clerk's Office in Albany. The witnesses to the will are Mr. Rensselaer and whose name the trust is executed in the suit of the subscribing witness, Mr. Rensselaer. The will is dated and that also affected it in her signature, supposing it to be a will. Subsequently, however, she executed another will, the estate giving out of the Dudley Observatory controversy.

Immediately upon the death of Mrs. Dudley, she is her business agent, and to whom Mrs. Dudley has ever shown the utmost confidence, has executed a power of attorney to Mr. Rensselaer until it turned up at the Clerk's Office.

The will made in 1857 was executed in the presence of in March last because it clash her own executor, antedating her decision and giving to Potter and Van Rensselaer named in the will immediate possession of the property.

The estate is estimated at between three and four millions of the estate. As the bulk of the remainder was to be expended in charity, if the deed now executed is subsequently should be declared valid, there will be no property left for the heirs at law. The will has received provision of the forms of law.

The deed of trust conveys to Rutger B. Miller one half of the Dudley Observatory property, upon the express condition that he will assume the name of her father, to be known as Rutger B. Miller Jones, and upon compliance with the limitations and conditions therein contained. In consideration of this deed of trust Mr. Miller is to pay annual debts to the amount of $27,000 are provided for, and two years' salary is given to Mr. Miller. In case of the non-payment of Alabony, to be applied to purposes therein named, the deed of trust is to be void and of no effect.

Inasmuch as the instrument was not acknowledged before the Surrogate, it was necessary for Mrs. Dudley to make her will witness to another city, and as her legal advisor had drawn the deed of trust, and was also one of the witnesses to the will, a demand was made upon Mr. Miller for a copy, it would seem that the deed of trust is void, and all just contemplates such a disposition of her property.

CARD-PLAYING IN A GRAVE-YARD.

The Wheeling (Virginia) *Intelligencer* says: "The grave-yard in Martinsville, Virginia, is now the daily resort of persons who visit the graves of their departed friends. In some instances young men have been observed reclining upon the graves, and even carrying across them cards, bottles, glasses, &c., of persons. When some get to playing old sledge, for cigars, and the noise of their revelry is heard by the passers-by, we think it about time for the appearance of a ministerial force to drive away the unholy visitors from the grave-yard."

Domestic happiness must be 'rizin' in Martinsville; pretty soon there will be none, seems to us, based, inquiring as some if they had seen his wife."

THE CHARLESTON EXCURSIONISTS.

We print the following from the Petersburg (Virginia) *Express* of July 30:

Garibaldi is a descendant of Mr. John Jordan, Jones and Mr. Jordan's daughter was published about the year 1767. It is a fact that a beautiful young lady, a daughter of Mrs. Jordan eloped from Petersburg about the year 1793, with an Italian light-opera dancer named Garibaldi, who, having assumed the name of Jordan on the death of the latter's death; and letter subsequently sent over by the distinguished Italian. It is a singular coincidence the fact that the warrior Garibaldi now in Italy is a direct descendant of the Jones by the will and testament of Mrs. Jordan, established during the first half of the past century.

The Petersburg Intelligencer: "Circulars was originally the name of a Parisian modiste—see Madame Crinoline, who kept a sort of dress-making rooms in the Rue de la Paix. It eventually came into use to denote the article now in repute as her establishment. She it was who, by the invention of horse-hair woven into a sort of cloth and manufactured into petticoats, realized the fair sex to dispense with that clumsy abomination which always placed them, as it were, in a standing hoop, even when sitting down. The name of the petticoat was given from that of the inventor, and was consequently known as the Crinoline petticoat, was derived from Crinoline, the dress-maker."

M. Bloodie has decided to cross the Genesee River at Rochester, with a view to avoid the toll which is exacted expressly for the purpose. He has succeeded in getting across Niagara again, for the last time, on the 1st of August.

The Charleston papers announce the death of Captain John David Ure, in his seventy-seventh year. The Mercury says that Colonel Ure's father was one of Marion's men, and a wealthy planter. He was born in 1782, and in 1803 was graduated at Yale College, where he was a classmate of Mr. Calhoun began. Choosing the law for a profession, he was early elected to the Legislature of the state, and served in the House of Representatives, and afterwards in the Federalists. In 1811 he entered the army and was made a captain in the Second Regiment of Artillery.

In the battle, says the Charleston *Tribune*, that the celebrated Indian chief, Tecumseh, was killed, Colonel Ure was in command of the Kentucky troops, which, on Monday evening, the 5th of October, 1813, defeated the British and Indian forces, commanded by Colonel Proctor, on the River Thames. Tecumseh was killed by his position and influence among the Indians, and by his fall the power of the confederacy was broken. Colonel Ure was also in command of the troops that captured the camp of the celebrated Indian chief, Black Hawk, and

news which they so hastily agreed upon, are in many cases unintelligible.

The Nord says, the proclamation issued by Omar Pasha, the Ottoman generalissimo at Villafranca, will be delivered from the Capitol, and will then be officially made known to the Courts of Europe, the selection of the Capitol being indispensable to the dignity and to the Christian traditions which form part of the public law of Europe.

The English Journals continued to ridicule the terms of peace which the London *Post*, Lord Palmerston's organ, had so suddenly commenced an attack upon the preliminaries of Villafranca.

NAPOLEON'S REASONS FOR MAKING PEACE.

Napoleon, in his proclamation, frankly states the reason why he has made peace—namely, that it was not safe to risk pursuing the war further, and that he was not sure of the support even of entirely consistent with the views of France:

"Gentlemen—The bases of peace have been arranged with the Emperor of Austria; the preliminaries are to be signed at once. Italy is about to become for the first time a nation. A confederation will preside over it, under the honorary presidency of the Holy Father. The sacred interests which I have come to defend, Venetia, it is true, remains under the scepter of Austria. It will, nevertheless, be independent, constituting a part of the confederation.

"The cries of Lombardy and Italy cannot create for us on this side of the Alps a powerful ally, who will come to help Independence. Every one must consequently, with this movement, on either side, strengthen the necessity and to labor for the means to strengthen the security of military reforms. A general congress will regulate the questions of fact of civil discord. Italy, henceforth possessed of her destinies, will have to blame herself only if she does not regularly progress in order and liberty.

"I will not conceal from you. The grand cause, you will welcome with transport those soldiers who have given up to the glory of our arms. Marshals Vaillant, Niel, Forey, Tartigi, Magenta, Mezzogiorno, and Solferino, who, in one month, have crowned the French standard with victory, and only paused because the struggle was about to assume proportions unconnected with the object in view. France in connection with this formidable war, has displayed a spirit of sacrifice and devotion beyond of the results obtained, proud, above all, of the blood which she has shed for a cause with which all ever continue a great nation, as long as it shall remain faithful to its traditions, its glory and men like yourselves to defend them.

"Long live Imperial Head-quarters of Valeggio. 17th July, 1859. NAPOLEON."

WHY THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA MADE PEACE.

The Emperor of Austria left Verona for Milan on the morning of the 14th. His order of the day, published at Verona on the 12th, says that he undertook the present war for the maintenance of her sacred treaties, relying on the disinterestedness of Europe, on the justice of her arms, and on her national allies. Now, however, that Austria yields to unfavorable circumstances, and that the Emperor cordially thanks the people as well as the army, who have again shown the valor of sovereign race, he suddenly robs us of their cheerfulness if any new struggle should arise.

HOW THE ARMISTICE WAS CONCLUDED.

We read in the Valeggio correspondence of the *Daily Press*: "Every thing has changed here, and in place of war we now look for peace. The Emperor, having at that took place the day before yesterday: General Fleury and his aid-de-camp, Count Zichy, proceeded to the outposts and proceeded to Verona. At the sight of the flag of truce which was carried by the latter, the gates were opened, and the General and his aid-de-camp were led into the city, their being bandaged; all that was required was that the latter should remain on the spot where he was. The French had observed a similar courtesy towards the men of Austria. Count Zichy, on his arrival, immediately introduced into the presence of the Emperor of Austria, who received him in full uniform, and invited him and his aid-de-camp to his table. Yesterday morning, between two and three o'clock, General Fleury returned to the French head-quarters, and at about two o'clock an Austrian officer of high rank arrived himself at the gates of Valeggio. He was a captain, and his duty was to forward the letter of the Emperor Francis Joseph to the Emperor Napoleon. The contents of the message which he had brought to the Emperor, are not invited to be known to the head-quarters."

About eight in the morning, the Emperor was in his saddle, and rode off. He was a young man of very elegant appearance, and he was followed by a brilliant staff through-lord horse. His hat was surmounted by a large plume of green feathers, and he was dressed in the blue ribbon of some Austrian order. He was preceded by two French bussars, and was followed by a number of red and two Austrian soldiers of a cavalry regiment; two or three other French dragoons accompanied him, and he passed through the crowd in silence, returning the salutes of the French officers who stood in his way. He then a council of war had assembled at the head-quarters of the Emperor Napoleon, at the village of Sardinia, before Pozzolo, and the Austrian officer was led into the room where the Emperor, Prince Napoleon, Marshal Vaillant, and Count de Martimprey, Major-General of the army, were assembled. The Austrian officer presented the letter to the Emperor, with all their insignias and decorations, preceded by Hungarian life-guards, and followed by a squadron of chasseurs of the Guard. They returned soon after to the city of Valeggio, and had a meeting with his Majesty, but we know nothing exactly of the result of the conference, except that the preliminaries of the peace of an armistice are perfectly well founded."

VICTOR EMANUEL TO THE ITALIAN ARMY.

The King of Sardinia has issued the following proclamation to the people of Lombardy:

"Warriors has blessed us with the powerful aid of your magnanimous and valiant sovereign. Thanks to your efforts, the valley of the Po, after victory upon victory, after the most glorious battles, is delivered from the enemy who, in the last year, had thrown his greatest power upon it. Milan, the ancient, the illustrious, the capital of Lombardy, assures the people of Lombardy of their independence. Soon, in your country, many times consecrated with its henceforth form, with an ancient State, one single and free family. I am proud to command in the future, and hope to find in you that constructive which will be the seal of a State capable of living by its own institutions. I tell you, people of Lombardy, to trust in your King. Confidently rely on your brothers. Soon will you be happiness for a new country which Heaven has intended to be free and great."

NAPOLEON'S SCHEME FOR REORGANIZING ITALY.

In Napoleon's settlement, the principle on which the ruling scheme is proposed, which deserves attention at the present time:

The difficulties and necessities of the Italian settlement, as regards Rome, are these:

1. To reconcile the system of government of the Church with a system and regular political relations of the world to the Roman States.

2. To render the Pope independent of questions of nationality, war armaments, internal and external debts.

3. To establish a native army, and national guarantees for the permanent defense, defensive and real protection of the Italian force.

The means for securing these objects according to the Napoleonic ideas are to be found in the proposition submitted by France to Austria in June, 1857. These are:

1. Secularization of the temporal power in the Papal States, by the formation of a key Council of State, with a system of voting, and discussing the laws.

2. Separation from all the interests of the country in the Papal States, elected directly by the provincial councils, or at least, chosen by the Pope out of lists of candidates submitted by the provincial councils, and intended to be left the laws and to vote the budget.

3. Effective control of local expenditure by provincial councils, reserving their authority by delegation from electors municipal councils.

4. Judiciary reform, by the promulgation of a code of civil laws on the model of the Code Napoleon, or the Leopardo-Venetian, or Neapolitan Code.

5. A regular plan on the collection of the public revenue, on the model of that of France.

6. Amnesty.

WHY THE EMPERORS MADE PEACE.

The following dramatic view of the Emperor's overture for peace is worthy of attention:

"The Emperor was profoundly affected at the sight of the destruction of human life at the battles of Magenta and Solferino. There is in his mind a fund of serious philosophical ideas, which inspired his first letters, which are often expressed in his acts and words, and which exercise a powerful influence on his policy. It was the effects of the heat, which kills the wounded, more than the balls, which struck them, that must have been for him a painful subject of reflection. He was led on to a war which had such terrible consequences, and which promised to be more terrible still. He saw that no permit results were assured, must also have influenced him. On the other hand, he could not have failed to see that from the situation of the Austrian army a proposition for an armistice or a peace would be made, and that his manner could not fail to be received with great solicitude.

"The Emperor Napoleon knew these things. He left the battle of Solferino in a state of great agitation. He was in a state of profound sadness on seeing the army defeated, in spite of its heroism, by the excessive heat, fatigue and sorrow, as he was for several days afflicted with serious fever. Under the influence of these impressions, action it occupied, had been promised victory, was not only administered to defeat but demonstrated. He reconsidered the discouragement which the result of the battle would cause in Germany, and even in his own ranks. He knew that his finances were exhausted, that Austria was unable to replace her losses, and that she possessed in military discipline and the valiant resistance of which could not be shaken. He knew that the Germanic Confederation was about to take dangerous measures, and that Prussia was only waiting for the moment when he could have control over his forces to declare herself openly in favor of Austria. The Emperor Napoleon knew these things; and perhaps, full of regret for the unnecessary shedding of his young country, and of not weakening him beyond what was useful to Italy, the Emperor Napoleon hesitated before his pleasure. He knew, besides, that the Emperor Francis Joseph was a man of honor, and he hoped for, saw them with grief ready to unite with his enemies to crush him in the moment of defeat.

DISCONTENT IN ITALY.

Strong indications of discontent at the terms of the peace were visible in some parts of Italy. At Florence great agitation prevailed. The proclamation of amnesty met had issued a proclamation which describes the terms of Villafranca as nothing but a truce, and which says that the Tuscan Government participated in the declaration of war against Austria, and declares that Grand Duke Tuscany will not be replaced under the yoke and humiliation of foreign domination. It adds:

According to the *Nord*, a French corps d'armée of 30,000 men would remain in the Papal States for the defense of the country according to the tenor of the peace of Villafranca.

The Florentine correspondent of the London *Daily News* says that fresh Piedmontese troops are going to Bologna, and that the Austrians are to withdraw from it and take from the Pope all hope of recovering it by the aid of the Holy Alliance.

The most important towns of the Roman States have also declared themselves:

Modena and Parma are said to be in a state of revolt.

The Emperor Napoleon has published the official dispatch which had reached Paris, announcing the whole of the terms of peace, and which was read in the Senate and Corps Législatif on Saturday. It is as follows:

SECESSION IN PIEDMONT.

The London *Times* correspondent at Turin says that press has produced the greatest exasperation and dejection. The Piedmontese Government is accused of the crime of being a traitor to Italy, and his patriots have been compromised by the proclamations which they have put forth broken. Two hundred French policemen were at the railway station to receive the Emperor. The reception toward the Emperor was cold, and there were no vivas to the Emperor of the French. The Florentine correspondent of the London *Daily News* the Piedmontese are deserting the cause. The Piedmontese are in consternation of the peace, which leaves Sardinia without a single ally. The Minister of War and the Minister of Foreign Affairs is General Dabormida, and the Minister of Finance is Count Cavour.

ADVENTURES OF A PEACE ENVOY.

It was Captain Corbin, of the staff, who, after the battle of Solferino, was sent by the Emperor of the French with a flag of truce to the head-quarters of the Emperor of Austria, and it was to Count Paar that Francis Joseph greets had been killed. Captain Corbin, who was wounded in the battle, was received with great civility, and even when he arrived at the Austrian outposts, where his eyes were bandaged, and his horse led by the bridle, he was treated with the greatest courtesy. He was not allowed to speak, but he only accepted a glass of kirsky. His eyes were then unbandaged, and he was conducted to the French advanced posts.

FATE OF KOSSUTH AND KLAPKA.

The London correspondent of the London *Star*—not a very reliable authority, however—says:

"Kossuth and Klapka, who have been in private letters from Turin, have both been detained at that place under the surveillance of the police. Kossuth left Turin for Genoa almost no doubt taught that if a treaty was made he was to be sent to the fortress of Genoa, and that he was to be sent to the fortress of Genoa, and that he was to be sent to the fortress of Genoa, and that

A DAY IN THE COUNTRY—THE PICNIC.

A DAY IN THE COUNTRY—AT THE SEA-SIDE.

THREE NIGHTS BY ASH-POOL.

"Mary's late i' coming home, mother."

"So she is, Alice; just put thy apron over thy head and run down t' garden to look if she's i' sight: she sold ha' been home long afore this. 'T' clock's upo' t' stroke o' ten."

When Alice opened the house-door her mother heard the low moaning of the mid-summer wind in the full trees, and, dropping her sewing, followed into the porch. It was a deep, shady porch, garlanded about with roses and honeysuckle in a fashion the sparch should be, and with a narrow path edged with golden St. John's-wort straight down to the gate. There was no grass-plot or garden in front, for the hedges were high and the shrubs thick, but once at the gate, you could look for a mile or two down the fields, and trace for nearly a mile across them the foot-path leading to Heckerdyke. The Mardy was a long cottage standing by the hills, with a stone-flanked hill rising close behind, and the corn lands and pasture lands stretching in front. It was cool to sit watch the cut of a neighbor's smoke for company at any time without mounting up through the wood, but these two did rather a long Heckerdyke. In the hollow two miles distant, and the haze of other smoke hanging in the valley further still to it was now a moonlight night, very clear, soft, warm, and beautiful, and the melancholy whooping in the trees only seemed to deepen the stillness. When Alice had stood for some minutes peering steadfastly at the white road to the left, "I can't make her out, mother; let us walk a bit o' t' way to meet her."

"I don't mind if we do; only let me put on my bonnet."

Alice passed through the gate, and stood leaning against the post until her mother joined her, when they went straight forward along the path, and then down the hill, Alice keeping in the middle of the road, and her mother on each side between them. Not meeting Mary, perhaps they walked further than they intended, for when they came to an inn-house and beside a great pond, called in the country-side Ash-pool, from the trees that overhung it, Mrs. Ward stopped, and said she did not see the use of proceeding. "She can't be long now, so we might as well wait here. It's a bit darker, Alice, but it's nigh tired myself." So they rested on the plank put through the low fence of split rails, and Alice and her mother, and both with their faces set toward Heckerdyke. Ash-pool lived the long meadow grass almost to the water feet, and was the only bay of the boggis permitted it, the broken moonlight shone upon it, on the water with a pleasant brightness. It was a lovely spot! The moonlight and the ripple, the quivering leaves and the dipping reeds filled the hollow with music, and she stared at them until the fancies she saw something white moving out of the bushes on the opposite bank.

"La, mother, I'm glad I didn't come by myself to-night!" cried she, shuddering all through, as I have heard unfortunate folks say who have seen any body is walking over the place where we are to be buried.

Mrs. Ward was looking straight along the path to Heckerdyke, but at this exclamation she turned her face toward her child, and replied, "I was thinking hearing tell when I was a lass how that it was haunted; but I've passed it myself at all hours, and all weathers, and never saw or heard any thing. There's nought if this world worse than ourselves, you've you need to be afeard. Alice."

Notwithstanding this encouragement, Alice's gaze lingered on the water with a kind of fascination. The six boughs swayed apart under a stronger gust, and showed her the thickest and deepest of the pool, where the moss stuck over the old barren roof, and the bank was steep and jagged as if desperate hands had clutched and broken it in a struggling fall.

"Ay, mother, but it's a dismal, dreary place! Let's get on a bit further, or else go back." And she, springing suddenly from her seat. "It gives me such a fod you can't tell."

"I didn't know I'd such a fond lass to take flights an' fancies for she don't know what," responded her mother; "but come this minute! If Mary was overpersuaded to stay supper at thy uncle's, she'll be thinking but she was come in by night; or if she doesn't, Jock'll come with her part o' her road."

Alice sat down on the path at a pace which soon left her mother behind; at the next stile, however, she waited until she overtook her. Then Mrs. Ward said, rather testily, "What ails thee to-night, Alice? One would think thee was daft."

Alice only laughed, and said she was all right again, now she had left Ash-pool.

"Such stuff! She's taking o' being feared on it. It's none so long sin' thee would paddle in after marsh-mallows, with thy skirts and clothing and all if they fod. Don's run, baire, who does that thinks's after thee?"

Alice at this remonstrance moderated her pace, and they regained their home side by side. Mrs. Ward struck a light in the homely kitchen, and soon as Alice turned off the garment which she had worn over her head during the walk, she stood before her mother to have the prettiest face in Heckerdale. Mrs. Ward was very fond of her two children, and very proud of them. The mother was well brought up, and were esteemed as well conducted as girls could be. Alice was tenacious, and was engaged to be married to Farmer Goodhugh, of Rookwood End; but Mary was eatly seventeen, and had no avowed suitor. Alice had a healthy pale face, dark hair, and a figure that was almost perfect in its build and development; but Mary was ruddy and graceful movements allowed. Cultivation could not have improved her much; Nature had given her the form and proportions of an antique model, and also some of the strong passions that moved antique women. Living all her life in that lone house among the woods and fields; taught by her mother, and having no companion but her young sister, she had grown up pure, reserved, and good by habit as well as instinct. Reading her Bible, the Pilgrim's Progress from this world to a better, and a few old-fashioned volumes of spiritual instruction besides, was the highest of her mental efforts; but she was a clever dairy-woman on her mother's little farm, and had quaint stores of practical knowledge about herbs, roots, bees, and flowers; she was handsome, wise, too, and could tell by the sign in the sky whether the morrow would be foul in Heckerdyke by day. Her sister Mary was learning the dressmaking with Miss Timble, at Heckerdyke, but she had always had a great deal of her mother, the liveliest of her holiday excursions being a weekly visit to the village schoolmistress, when the young women of the parish met to make clothes for the poor, under the superintendence of the worthy lady. Dorcas, Mary's wife, paid visits after which, for three years past, Mark Goodhugh had always contrived to go to Heckerdyke on the same days home. Mrs. Ward considered Alice very happy in her prospect of a good husband and a good home, and thought the young people there was an attachment warm, strong, and true. Alice was a woman of very few feelings; but deep feelings for mother, and especially for little Mary, partook of the passionateness of her temperament.

"Well, I'm sure I've got to-night, mother," said she, looking dreamily at the candle standing on the table between them. "I'm sure I'm glad to get from Ash-pool I want to go back."

"I'll hear none o' such ill events," replied Mrs. Ward, and she locked the house-door and put the key in her pocket resolutely. "Mary'll be come home to-night; she's asked and got leave at Miss Timble's got a prom o' work an' has kept her."

Alice did not seem satisfied. "It's very queer, mother, the longing I have to go back and seek Mary; she's always with me, and I've left her. I never felt like this."

"What's come over thee, baire! longings an' feelings, such a fash! What can ail thee?"

"That's just what I don't know, mother."

"For nothin' nowt comes, as the owd lass bod, and she'll not forget all about it."

Alice felt how unreasonable, but very uncomfortable, as she obeyed her mother's mandate, and went up the narrow cottage stairs to the room which she and her sister occupied together. The little latticed window looked out upon the garden, losing Mary herself and the white road stretching away to Ash-pool. She stood gazing on them without any design, until her mother's prayers were all finished, and then ceased, and then putting a plaid shawl over her head, she went down stairs, unbarred the house door, and was away across the first field before the simpleness of this new journey struck her. Then she laughed at herself, and said, "I'll only run as far as Ash-pool to do with Mary, or Mary to do with me, I suppose! I have got the fidgets, I'm sure." And reasoning with herself thus, she quickened her pace, and in a quarter of an hour had reached the wide water and the six boughs overhanging it.

All was just as still, just as beautiful, just as awfully mysterious as when she left it. The moon dimpling in the moonlight, and the great ash boughs swaying slowly to and fro. She stood looking for some minutes, and then, instead of turning to go home, but presently sat down, exactly as if she had come out in the deliberate intention of waiting for somebody. Alice was not a fanciful person, but certainly over her mind vivid recollections of certain things she had read in the Bible, and especially of Christian towing to the shores of the waters of Death, and then taking leave of wife and children more easily and cheerfully than others. Somehow she was startled from her dreams by the sight of a figure rushing down the hill from the same corner pathway, straight toward Ash-pool. In an instant she knew that it was little Mary, and springing forward, called out to her. Mary made no struggle enough; the younger sister was slight and weak in comparison with Alice, but she had the frenzied strength of the despair that is covetous of death.

"Let me go—let me go, Alice," she panted, and twisted herself, and struck with all her little might, but Alice, with a sudden turn, had seized the body, and trailed her by main force along the hedge-side, out of sight of the water; then she suddenly dropped on the ground, and began to struggle and scream

now worth loving and living for, and the shame was not greater than she could bear.

She had sat thus with her eyes hidden for some time, when a hand was laid on her shoulder, and a well-remembered voice said, in the pleasant old accents, "Mary, Mary!" She sprang up; she never recognized him; all was forgotten in the opening of the woman who loved. For a moment only—they had been guilty together—both very young, passionate, happy, heedless of consequences ...but the heavy sense of sin was between them, and its living evidence in Mary's arms. After the first impulses both were silent. Frank was the first to speak:

"They were all in church—I felt that I must see you once more, Mary—just once before I go, to speak of matters?"

"Yes—I can't bid you send no more, but my mother does not like it. She would be grieved to know you were here now, Frank. Perhaps it would have been better for me if we had never met!"

"I will marry you before I leave England, if you will, Mary—"

"It is too late, Frank—it's too late; you shall not waste your life for me. I know it would be your pride to marry me, and I could not think of it. We shall stay with my mother—go give us one kiss, and then go—"

"But when I come home again, Mary—"

"You must not see me any more." Her voice trembled with fear for Mrs. Marbell and all, and Frank declared that he should not obey her. "It is foolish to please me, Frank, to see you're fond of me so very, just it does, but it is not a bad heart," said Mary, looking up at him, tearfully, "that what I said from my right—we mustn't see one another any more."

Perhaps we never shall—Who knows whether I may live to come back?"

"Oh, Frank, Frank!" And then the sad tears came.

These two had had no method or design in their fall—young and beautiful, they had loved "not coarsely, but well." Of course the world would be paid by both on one shape or another—nay, perhaps the bitterness of that debt was necessary for their sin. Frank offered to marry Mary, but she knew, and he knew, that it could never be, and that the moment that reparation was possible, it ceased it as forever. We need not try to portion out the relative shares of blame. Human nature is not weak, we know on which descends the heavier punishment.

They had but met but now since her disgrace became public, but neither made any allusion to it; they said nothing of that. Mary was still the confessed and driven her to the verge of self-destruction—of that terrible hour she never thought without fear and trembling. Frank had been much moved. At home he had heard his mother speak with a severe compassion of Mary, and he was not quite unreasonable that she kept herself in seclusion, not appearing even at church. And he had brought him upon that. She and her mother had had but kept his share of her secret faithfully, and she had borne all the contempt in which the mere mention of the mere mention of his name would with many have gone far to mitigate the blackness of her sin. He could not thank her for that, and was disappointed and cold, and she would none of his excuses. They stood on the high ground—on the one hand and the gilded trees, and speaking little; but there was the aching pang of remorse in both their hearts. In the after-taste of guilt is a sort of sweet.

Presently there was a sound of distant children's voices, and Mary knew that the people were coming out of church.

"Now, Frank dear," said she, turning her sorrowful pale face up to his,

"Must I go, Mary?"

There was a few tears mingled, scalding tears such as may your eyes and mine never have to shed! Heart-drops that could not heal the heart-wound, love set on the air, but could not cure.

The little one was asleep in Mary's arms all the time, then prepared to her bosom. Frank kissed the rosy, dimpled face, and kissed the mother's. Mary, I was very cruel to you—very selfish," he said.

"Never mind, love, that is all over. I will like to remember, when—when I don't see you any more, that you loved me. Oh, Frank, Frank!"

And thus they parted; and Mary ran home, crying, crying. You pity her and you love her, even on whom sorrow falls; have a little pity, too, for those whose passion lies under the ban of shame and separation. For neither should be blamed more, save for that guilt which society immoculate never condones. Scourge the sin as savagely as you will, but remember the sinners' humanity, and let by the lash on them tightly: perhaps, as Mrs. Ward said to her erring daughter, you will have less temptation from the flesh and the devil than your weak brothers and sisters around you.

III

Once night, rather more than two years after this parting, Mary Ward sang her little boy up to the stile by Ash-pool. Her little lad was now old enough to toddle beside her, clinging to her gown, to run on before and then return with laughing and crowing, to hide his face against her knees. He was a very beautiful child, with golden hair-like eyes, and brown hair curling in rings all over his head, and every day, to Mary's mingled joy and dread, he grew more like his father, who was far away with the army in the East.

All the long morning there had been the ringing of Breckenlyke church bells for a great victory. Mary had heard the sound over the hills, and had paused in her work often to listen, and think where was Frank all the time that the sun was shining and the bells were ringing through loomy Elvindale? Was he lying dead, face upward, on the crimson battle-field, or was he writhing, in wounded misery, in a hospital tent? Or he was among the happy saved and victorious? She was in a fever-vexish haste, for Alice was to meet her at the stile, with any news she could get from the rectory; whither she could never go, and once or twice she would have carried the boy, that they might get on the faster; but he was full of spirits and mischief, and would use his own little legs to run in among the wheat, to gather the poppies and the corn-flowers, and kept her waiting again and again. But when she reached the stile, she was all too soon—as Alice was there, nor in sight upon the path; so she went further and further, until she came to the edge of the hill, which overlooked full upon the village. A little way off was the church, with the rectory and rectory-garden, and, leaning over the low wall, and gazing, as he evidently was, she tried to school herself to watch and wait. Here it did not matter, but the nurse-maid must have gone round from the south side of the house, or the blinds were down and the lower shutters half closed. She could not see the rector's head and hand about the place; the door into the flowery porch was shut, and the little gate at the bottom had its evening stroll of inspection among his roses. The joy-bells had ceased five hours ago, and though the day's work was over, there was no noise of cricket-players on the village-green, or of quoit-players on the road.

She knew that Alice would go to the back-door at the rectory, and she kept her eyes on that, distinguishing presently a white figure coming, with the sunshine slanting round a corner at the west. She listen ever so long, and she could hear a young woman who was coming from a little dairy-farm that she had passed a few hundred yards behind, whistle as she walked, and sing a verse or two of a song that she had heard. She had a jug of milk in her hand, and, when she came to the gate, she held it for her until she had got over, and then she recognized an old school-companion who had gone into service at the rectory.

"I can't stop, Mary, but I'm glad to see you looking so well. Alice is coming to Ash-pool by and by said she. "There's trouble at home—you've heard perhaps. They stopped the bells directly."

"No, I've heard nothing."

"Poor Master Frank's dead—yes, he's dead—and missis is terrible bad with it. Alice came for t' milk for our teas. I knew you'd be sorry—he was a very fine young man. Ay, true it is, t' best ships goes t' bottom."

Mary never spoke, but just turned round, and walking up the hill, sat down under the hedge, and tottered back to Ash-pool. Afterward she told Alice, that when her old companion said, "Master Frank's dead—he's dead," something more struck her heart like a death-blow. Her sister found her sinking there in the water, like a statue, dumb and tearless, and white as a corpse.

"You have heard, Mary?" she said, kneeling beside her, "Frank is dead—he died from his wounds very sad. They say he was riding into the battle, and cheering his men, when a shot struck him, waved waving over his head, when a shot struck him in the breast, and he died. Oh, love, love! I wish I'd had a right to be sorry for him—but it is like a judgment on him for his wickedness to you."

"Then it is true—he is dead, and I have hated him, as much to blame as he," replied Mary, still clear enough to defend her lover.

"I don't believe it before, but I have hated him, Mary—oh! I have hated him! I believe I was glad when I heard it—I was glad."

"Don't, Alice, don't!" And poor Mary shuddered with a blind, blank look of misery in her pretty eyes.

They were in no haste to go home either of them, and they sat down by the side of the water there. The child fell fast asleep in Mary's arms, but her anguish only seemed to deepen in watching the innocent, unconscious face. Mary had wished she would give way and cry, but of any such outlet for her misery she was not at present capable. Her heart swelled, and her throat ached, but the tears would not come. And while there two women sat silently by the water, the heroic widow was coming slowly toward them, his head bent down, his spirit within him quite dropped upon his feet, his only son—his only child. There was little sign in his subdued presence of the magisterial pride with which he had met Mary and her mother—the flood of sorrow had come over him and swept him down to the depths of suffering below vanity. He had come to the fields by Ash-pool to be alone with God in his anguish, for Frank had been the joy of his life, his tender comfort, and he had died as became a brave soldier but little mitigate the fact. And so it happened that he came to the first time that he was an innocent merry girl, resting to still, broken-hearted, with his child upon her lap. Self-absorbed as he was, he could not but read aright the utter woe-prostration and the terrible agony of remorse betrayed, and with his frightened face cast at him as she moved to let him pass, a sudden suspicion came into his mind.

"Mary, you know what trouble has come to us. You are in great sorrow again. Are our griefs the same, Mary?"

"Oh! Sir, Sir!" That piteous exclamation confessed all, and with a quick gesture she uncovered the child's face, and held it toward him.

The rector could not speak—than all anger, then all disgust, then all scorn reproduction, love is stronger. Mary's love for the son he had lost overcame his strong prejudice, and he recovered his voice, and said, with a gesture toward the home where the bereaved mother was weeping, "I think, Mary, is your comfort for the present, and the know—"

My sketch is done. While there is death in the world, and sorrow and parting, and sin, let love, and Christian charity, and forgiveness triumph as they triumphed here. Mary Ward's life was short—she died within two months of the night by Ash-pool, where she heard the tidings of her lover's death. The child was taken to the rectory, and is being brought up by the rector and his wife—all the world knows now that Mary Ward's son—also the son of Frank Lascelles. There is a gray slab in an out-of-the-way corner of Heckerdyke church with this epitaph—"Mary Ward Lascelles, aged 23. Mary Ward, aged 19. Who art thou that condemnest? Let him that is without sin among you cast the first stone." Which monument has been spoken of as in bad taste. I think it is in a good taste, and that the pathetic pleadings which are so much commoner on church walls.

ROUGHING IT.

MR. MARBELL had a theory—a theory that, by night and by day, he propounded to his friends, and to the world at large, as occasion served to convert Mrs. Marbell. But the good woman was not to be converted. Her nature seemed opposed to Mr. Marbell's logic; her tenderness replied to his first proposition; her motherly instincts resisted his second proposition; her undigested indignation put down his third proposition. Mr. Marbell was a cold man; Mrs. Marbell was a child father. Mr. Marbell was a brute—more, Mr. Marbell preached what he never practiced, what he would never have the courage to put in practice. Mrs. Marbell was as fond as any body of her warm slippers by the fireside, her pleasant bed with warming, his hot shaving water, and his cider-down quilt.

Then why should dear little Augustus rough it? Mrs. Marbell wanted to know this—was, indeed, according to her husband, Mrs. Marbell wanted to know many things. It was the belief of Mr. Marbell that to argue with a woman was to exhibit weakness almost unpardonable; this, when Mr. Marbell was in the mood for argument, which is popularly described as being in a corner.

Mr. Marbell, then, however, the better-half, could extricate himself from his corner by the use of his natural authority. If he could not subdue and conquer Mrs. Marbell's reason, he could command her obedience. Augustus *should* rough it.

The occasion, as people say, provided for Master Augustus; the hardest bed; a nursery without a fire. Augustus must keep himself warm by exercise; exercise would make him healthy. To-morrow would carefully cover him with warm clothing; would prepare him a breakfast of cold bath, cold his mottled legs with gaiters, protect his little dimpled hands with gloves; but the father would unlingeringly resist the feeble opposition against the cold, and send the boy forth to the east wind armed only by the strength given by solitary confinement; a whimper produced a premature dispatch to bed. No sweetmeats; no fruit; no pastry; nothing to lull the stomach to the pantomime; no nursing upon the parental knee. Winter and summer, coldness or no coldness, the water bathe without mercy. Augustus is to be brought up to fight the world manfully. His flesh is to be made hard by penance; he is to be made stern with naked bosom; to be content with the coarsest fare and the hardest bed.

But his mind is to be under iron rule also. His nature is to be as hard as his flesh. With tearful eyes he is compelled to look, to learn, to task, and pouts her warm mouth to meet his. She would throw her arms about his neck, would lay his little head upon her shoulder, examine fondly, finger by finger, his infant hands—hands that, according to Mr. Marbell, were shameless hands, and, easily as a pattern duke handles the ribbons, to guide the destinies. Alas! for Mrs. Marbell, the child had but in all this wealth of love she would have extended to her child, to soften the adamantine love of her father, who was a lived. The second day in Guesy's life was that on which his mother's fee in the hand to stop her head for the last time, and drew his fresh mouth to her own poor, blood-less lips. The boy was left alone in the world, to be reared after the fashion of a father with a theory.

Most veracious is the history of young Guesy. He saw the world through a mist of tears, and a roughing it. On bleak November mornings, when the leaden clouds swept past close to the earth, and the rain fell in almost horizontal sheets over our road; on days of broiling heat, when the milk in which the children dropped upon the table curdled, and went angrily away in vapor; on frosty days, when the triad of tripping girls upon the ice-bound path passed musically on their sloppy days of dreary thaw, when the snow had fallen to the depth sickness of eight-year-old—on every day down to all who ventured upon it. Marbell had become ferocious in his theory. There was no Mrs. Marbell to soften and to check tender sentiment, or to put a comforter about Guesy's throat. Guesy was a very loose one to him land and foot. Unfortunately for the boy there were no foxes in the neighborhood of Camberwell, or one had been stuffed under the skin of Guesy, that his parent might see whether the boy could let the animal take just care to his at the end of a long chase.

"It is a hard world," said Mr. Marbell, ever his port, speaking with a friend, "and men should harden their children to meet it, as we harden steel, that, with a spring, it may bear any weight. Now, I have resolved to make my boy water-steel like my heart. He shall be able to live where others would die—to flourish where others would fail. His constitution shall be proof against the sin-tap or the valley—to an Arctic expedition, or a secretaryship under Lord Palmerston."

"But you said (*note one*) Rachel, the maid, who had just appeared, bearing to Mr. Marbell his shaving water, and his cider-down.

"The boy is not a clever boy; he is even dull. The better reason, I say, for hardening him. For such moderate men as I, only to recommend him to the world, how can he make his standing good if he be not prepared to support inconstant buffeting. His wants must be so humble that he may be able to save—ay, part of a crust. A mountain plant, Sir, he must flourish upon the dry rock. I, Sir (and Mr. Marbell glanced through his glass at the dancing heavenly), am the architect of my own fortune. I once swept the office of which I am now the principal. I met men on their own ground as I met my father-in-law's, and found a friend that I had need of all my strength to conquer. My boy shall have a tougher skin, a firmer muscle, than I had. He shall learn to rough it."

Mr. Marbell emptied his glass, and with two delicate fingers dropped his first cool olive into his mouth. The oracle had spoken.

An east wind was curling the autumn leaves, and compelling cabmen to draw their hare-clothes tightly about their legs, on the evening when the oracle held forth from his cozy topple, with a beechwood fire mingled with sea-coal upon its shine.

Master Guesy was up stairs. He was in bed. Sir's clock was his bed-time. In a corner of an empty room with a hard seat—a room used as a naked ground; two rugs covered it—sufficient, in the opinion of Mr. Marbell (how, pray, eating his olives), for the covering of a boy destined to rough it. There the little Spartan lies, sleeping with on the grass of the play ground: his arms under, his mouth parted, and his white teeth glancing through; his cheeks, around the dimples of his cheeks; around, the flesh is milky white. We glance about. There are his coarse blue clothes thrown to his little canvas bed, bottleless at the throat. But we look in vain for socks or shoes.

"Master Guesy," chimes Rachel, "Master Guesy doesn't wear none, please, Sir."

On these brief days—through this frigid mist of our London roads—under these wintry skies—footing this sharp sleet of ours—to go instead!

"I know that he's to be a Sparting; but it's a belief they'll kill him—so there, I've said it."

Rachel assumed a daring attitude, as though she had chased Mr. Marbell's retreating form to Victoria window—and more, had fully intended it for the ears of the master within.

"Then the child has breakfasts as no dog what respected himself would as much as look at; and for his dinners—why, they make my heart bleed to see his poor little teeth a tussling with 'em."

Mr. Marbell looked up from his paper, how, drew the coarse rugs (saying, "Here's things to cover a child") from his limbs, and kissed him.

Surely Guesy's mother is looking down upon you, gentle, uncouth Rachel—looking down, and with pleasure to see her, and to see it still, again and again, kiss Guesy for her. Slave at ten pounds per annum, we believe that, as you say, you would die for your master's son. Mr. Marbell's roof if it were not for Guesy. But thenthe boy is a boy and full of life, and pleasure is of an evening to come into the empty room, and know that as you watch his little sleeper, and cover his treasure with hardened fist, somewhere above this garret is watching you and thanking you for it. Mr. Marbell has gone down to the reward; but there must be comfort in the faith that you are doing well by the hero in your humble way—to Guesy, and to Guesy's mother. "Was you good, Rachel, though you saw us not, when those legs, and the hands of yours, are a tender-ness of heart that made them light as any lady's? Guesy's mother says Guesy is good. But there will be thorns in them again to-morrow, and again the day after, till the flesh has hardened, and can resist the thorns, and Guesy's soul is as hard as Guesy's muscles are to harden.

We will leave the mind years after we glanced into his dreary bedroom; after Rachel had been discharged for giving a slice of bread and sugar to a hungry beggar-boy, and had departed, still to wish Mr. Marbell lived rung with shouts of indignation against Guesy's father.

Mr. Marbell had retired from business, at length, in order to devote all his energies to the hardening of Guesy—that he might superintend in the early lessons of his nursery, the sternness of his bed-covering, the inflexibility of his diet, the isolation from other boys. Day after day Guesy breakfasted, without bat or cap, his throat open, and his head cropped close as his skull, passed out gate, wall-ing, or rather ambling, behind his father. We fail to call to mind a single word spoken by one father and son exchange a syllable. Mr. Marbell, with a solemn expression, to which the brandish-ing of the cane added confusion, and a quickness of an unpleasantly suggestive kind, walked rapidly ahead of Guesy; and Guesy, with his head hanging, and crestfallen, and never removing his eyes from them, strolled, as we have written, after him. The three miles were done in silence, and with the same pace and as a carnation. Old women turned upon Mr. Marbell as he passed, young women looked upon Mr. Marbell as he passed, and spoke passionately—the nature of their womanhood overbearing their sense of propriety—at the fierceness of manner in respect were showered upon Guesy's father. He was a child-killer; he was a fiend incarnate. Then successively, the name of every remarkable murderer known to the streets-folk about his neighborhood, Mr. Marbell was linked, hooted, and pursued with a gymnastic arrangement of little boys' fingers in the thumb and nose as a flourish against the little boys' noses. But both Mr. Marbell and Guesy passed through the fusillade without glancing to the right or left.

We were standing at our gate one day, on a glowing summer morning, Guesy's pale face and film over the deep blue sky. The best struck us under the chin from the burning earth. We felt that we could not live in the atmosphere for five minutes. Lazily, heat-oppressed, we were about to turn from the dusty prospect without, when Mr. Marbell walked past, at his usual pace, and Guesy was behind him—still ambling—he eye still fixed upon the ground, and cool-table. The face was scorching Guesy's uncovered head, we were certain, his lips were black with dust. Living as he was, we passed through there one red spots upon his cheeks. We were tempted to dash through the gate and seize Mr. Marbell by the collar, and take his hat and coats off, and drag him to a further to have *his* head shaved. But (how grateful we become at five-and-thirty!) we turned downward, and left Guesy to be scorched by the sun, and still, with starting eyes, to follow the coat-tails of his father.

On the following day a sweet little friend of ours, whose voice makes us twenty again, whom there are "few to praise," and whom there shall

be, if we have our way, very few indeed to praise — the little friend came tripping along to the gravel-walk from the gate to the house, and trying to look over the mignonette-box at our open window (at which we were preying, by statistics, that the ruin of Manchester was only a question of years, unless we built our houses flat for the future, and ranged cotton crops, under glass, upon them), called to us. We dropped all our figures within to look upon the neatest and most convincing little figure without.

Mr. Marshall had just passed, walking as fast as ever, but little Gussy was not with him. To work went the brains of both us. We called in mind, looking very seriously indeed at each other, the dry lips and the hectic flush of yesterday. The little figure had a very grave head upon it now. We watched anxiously on the morrow; on the third day were extremely still. On the fourth day Mr. Marshall passed, walking slower than usual. There was some heavy, bulging object in his coat-tail pocket—the very coat-tail upon which Gussy's eyes had been fixed so long. We jumped to the right conclusion—the bulging objects were bottles of physic for little Gussy.

Upon that straw pallisses in the empty room lay Mr. Marshall's little Spartan. Doctors' gloves, in fierce wars shaken over the thin limbs, and watched the wasted hollows of the boy's eyes. He was hardened—hardened against all the iron trials Mr. Marshall had provided for him in after-days. Those little shoulders would never overtask a strong back. The soul lying here, still in bondage, was not, we know, steeled yet. The outstretched hand of an invisible, dead mother were over this straw pallisse, and were about to clasp little Gussy—little Gussy, who raises not, when classy eyes fall lively upon the rude parent whose brutal theory has cast him upon a child's darkened bed, the rude parent who, within his memory, never kissed him.

We shall never forget little Gussy's funeral. It is well the police were there, or Mr. Marshall had not been alive now to tell my friend the story as he is to take a glass of wine with him how his theory of making children "rough it" failed in Gussy's instance.

The baby's place is upon its mother's knee; the child's place is between its father's knee, where it may look up into his eyes, and see itself in their kind glances. There are theories which contemplate developing elaborate systems of juvenile culture. There are gentlemen in white neckcloths we know of who believe that model men may be built up like any engineering models, by strict rule, by hours of study exactly measured, by the reading of ponderous moral treatises. So Mr. Marshall believed Gussy might be made a hard, successful man (and a successful man was Mr. Marshall's bewildered of humanity) by rough usage, a legengara captaincy, and a steady outlook over accounts. But we own, as it is our pleasure to believe many will own with us, that we are rather with Mrs. Marshall, and with Rachel also. Our theory is that of making ourselves the familiar friends and most tender companions of children. The world will harden them soon enough; but the less the better, in our humble opinion.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

In Three Books.—Splendidly Illustrated.

☞ Printed from early Proof-sheets, for which Messrs. Harper & Brothers pay the Author

FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS.

BOOK II.

THE GOLDEN THREAD.

CHAPTER XV.

KNITTING.

THERE had been earlier drinking than usual in the wine shop of Monsieur Defarge. As early as six o'clock in the morning sallow faces, peering through its barred windows, had been seen to

ed other faces within bending over measures of wine. Monsieur Defarge sold a very thin wine at the best of times; but it would seem to have been an unusually thin wine that he sold at this time. A sour wine, moreover, or a souring, for its influence on the mood of those who drank it was to make them gloomy. No vivacious Beaujolais blume leaped out of the pressed grape of Monsieur Defarge; but a smouldering fire that burned in the dark, lay hidden in the dregs of it.

This had been the third morning in succession on which there had been early drinking at the wine-shop of Monsieur Defarge. It had begun on Monday, and here was Wednesday come. There had been more of early brooding than drinking; for many men had listened and whispered, and the whisperers about there from the time of the opening of the door who could not have had a piece of money on the counter to save their souls. These were to the full as interested in the place, however, as if they could have commanded whole barrels of wine; and they glided from seat to seat, and from corner to corner, swallowing talk in lieu of drink with greedy looks.

Notwithstanding an unusual flow of company, the master of the wine-shop was not visible. He was not missed; for nobody who crossed the threshold looked for him, nobody asked for him, nobody wondered to see only Madame Defarge in his seat, presiding over the distribution of wine, with a bowl of battered small coins before her, as much defaced and beaten out of their original impress as the small modicum of humanity from whose ragged pockets they had come.

A suspended interest, and a prevalent absence of mind, were perhaps observed by the spies who looked in at the wine-shop, as they looked in at every place, high and low, from the king's palace to the criminal's jail. Games at cards languished, players at dominoes musingly built towers with them, drinkers drew figures on the tables with spilled drops of wine, Madame Defarge herself picked out the pattern on her sleeve with her toothpick, and saw and heard something inaudible and invisible a long way off.

Thus, Saint Antoine in this vinous feature of it, until after dark. It was almost midnight when two dusty men passed through his streets and under his lamps, as dusty as the mire upon Monsieur Defarge, the other a mender of roads in a blue cap. All adust and athirst the two entered the wine-shop. Assuredly the thirst lighted a kind of fire in the breast of Saint Antoine, that speedily caught fire to quench it, when two dusty men passed and were handed something inaudible and invisible a long way off.

Two, Saint Antoine in this vinous feature of it, until after dark. It was almost midnight when two dusty men passed through his streets and under his lamps, as dusty as the mire upon Monsieur Defarge, the other a mender of roads in a blue cap. All adust and athirst the two entered the wine-shop. Assuredly the thirst lighted a kind of fire in the breast of Saint Antoine, that speedily caught fire to quench it, when two dusty men passed and were handed something inaudible and invisible a long way off.

Monsieur Defarge himself sold wine at his counter-part of the day, and plied his trade with such a rapid dexterity that he scarcely seemed to know what he was doing. Yet he knew all that was going on, and quite as much as he knew of the place and the people, and both were far more than they suspected. He was a bold man, set apart from his fellows by the mystery of himself in which he lived. Silent, troubled, and remote, he stood behind his counter, as the tide rose and fell around him, and always when spoken to, answered. When nothing was said to him, he said nothing.

"Good-day, gentlemen!" said Monsieur Defarge.

It may have been a signal for loosening the general tongue. It elicited an answering chorus of "Good-day."

"It is bad weather, gentlemen," said Defarge, shaking his head.

Upon which, every man looked at his neighbor, and then all cast down their eyes and sat silent. Except one man, who got up and went out.

"My wife," said Defarge, aloud, addressing Madame Defarge, "I have travelled certain leagues with this good mender of roads, called Jacques. I met him—by accident—a few kilometres, at a half's journey out of Paris. He is a good child, this mender of roads called Jacques. Give him to drink, my wife!"

A second man got up and went out. Madame Defarge set wine before the mender of roads called Jacques, who doffed his blue cap to the company and drank. In the breast of his blouse he carried some coarse bread; of that he ate of the between whiles, and sat munching and drinking near Madame Defarge's counter. A third man got up and went out.

Defarge refreshed himself with a draught of wine—like the first, he took none with the countryman, and the third man entered. The three had conversed together when they were solitary, but now they were quite silent. Standing at the door, after serving the third man, he looked casually but closely at the faces of those who were within sight, and then stepped across the road to where another wine-shop was kept. A few customers were scattered about this wine-shop, but the master was sitting in front of it on a bench, and he and all his customers were observing the place they had just left and its doorways and windows.

After observing these things, he strolled across to that wine-shop himself, and entered it. Monsieur Defarge had left it empty. He was alone when a fourth man walked in.

The time was seven o'clock, and high time for the three men who were there to dine or to sup. Consequently, the place would have been empty, but that Madame Defarge was always there to conduct it. She accordingly conducted it now, as she had conducted it all day, and made no offer to anticipate the arrival of customers.

Defarge closed the door carefully, and spoke in a subdued voice:

"Jacques One, Jacques Two, Jacques Three! This is the witness encountered by appointment, by me, Jacques Four. He will tell you all. Speak, Jacques Five!"

The mender of roads, blue cap in hand, wiped his swarthy forehead with it, and said, "Where shall I commence, monsieur?"

"Commence," was Monsieur Defarge's not unreasonable reply, "at the commencement."

"I saw him then, messieurs," began the mender of roads, "a year ago this running summer, underneath the carriage of the Marquis, hanging by the chain. Behind the master of it. I leaving my work on the road, the sun going to bed, the carriage of the Marquis slowly ascending the hill, he hanging by the chain—behold!

Again the mender of roads went through the pantomime, in which he ought to have been perfect by that time, seeing that it had been the infallible resources and indispensable entertainment of his village during a whole year.

Jacques One struck in, and asked if he had ever seen the man before?

"Never," answered the mender of roads, recovering his perpendicular.

Jacques Three demanded how he afterward recognized him then?

"By his tall figure," said the mender of roads, softly, and with his finger at his nose. "When Monsieur the Marquis demands, that evening, 'Say, what is he like?' I make response, 'Tall as a spectre.'"

"You should have said short as a dwarf," returned Jacques Two.

"But what did I know? The deed was not then accomplished, neither did he confide in me. Observe! Under those circumstances even I do not offer my testimony. Monsieur the Marquis indicates me with his finger, standing near our fountain, and says, 'To me! Bring that rascal!' My faith, messieurs, I offer nothing."

"His right there, Jacques," murmured Defarge to him who had interrupted, "Go on!"

"Good!" said the mender of roads, with an air of mystery. "The tall man is lost, and he is sought—how many months? Nine, ten, eleven?"

"No matter the number," said Defarge. "He is well hidden, but at last he is unluckily found. Go on!"

"I am again at work upon the hill-side, and the sun is again about to go to bed. I am collecting my tools to descend to my cottage down in the village below, where it is already dark, when I raise my eyes and see, coming over the hill, six soldiers. In the midst of them is a tall man with his arms bound—tied to his sides, like this."

With the aid of his indispensable cap he represented a man with his elbows bound fast at his hips with cords that were knotted behind him.

"I stand aside, messieurs, by my heap of stones, to see the soldiers and their prisoner pass (for it is a solitary road that, where any spectacle is well worth looking at), and at first, as they approach, I see no more than that they are six soldiers with a tall man bound, and that they are almost black to my sight—except on the side of the sun going to bed, where they have a red edge, messieurs. Also, I see that their long shadows are on the hollow ridge on the opposite side of the road, and are on the hill above it, and are like the shadows of giants. Also, I see that they are covered with dust, and that the dust moves with them as they come, tramp, tramp! But when they advance quite near to me, I recognize the tall man, and he recognizes me. Ah, but he would be well content to precipitate himself over the hill-side once again, as on the evening when he and I first encountered, close to the same spot!"

He described it as if he were there, and it was evident that he saw it vividly; perhaps he had not seen much in his life.

"I do not show the soldiers that I recognize the tall man; he does not show the soldiers that he recognizes me; we do it, and we know it, with our eyes. 'Come on!' says the chief of that company, pointing to the village, 'bring him fast to his end!' and they bring him faster. I follow. His arms are twisted behind me of being bound so tight, his wooden shoes are large and clumsy, and he is lame. Because he is lame, and consequently slow, they drive him with their guns—like this!"

He imitated the action of a man's being impelled forward by the butt-ends of muskets.

As they descend the hill like madmen running a race, he falls. They laugh, and pick him up again. His face is bleeding and covered with dust, but he can not touch it; then, upon they laugh again. They bring him into the village; all the village runs to look; they take him past the mill and up to the prison; all the village sees the prison-gate open in the darkness of the night, and swallow him—like this!"

He opened his mouth as wide as he could, and shut it with a sounding snap of his teeth. Observant of his unwillingness to mar the effect by opening it again, Defarge said, "Go on, Jacques!"

"All the village," pursued the mender of roads, on tiptoe, and in a low voice, "withdraws; all the village whispers by the fountain; all the village sleeps; all the village dreams of that unhappy one within the locks and bars of the prison on the crag, and never to come out of it except to perish. In the morning, with my tools upon my shoulder, eating my morsel of black bread as I go, I mount to the prison by the way of many to my work. There I see him, high up, behind the bars of a lofty iron cage, bloody and dusty as last night, looking through. He has no hand free to wave to me. I dare not call to him; he regards me like a dead man."

Defarge and the three glanced darkly at one another. The looks of all of them were dark, repressed, and revengeful, as they listened to the countryman's story; the manner of all of them, while it was secret, was authoritative too. They had the air of a rough tribunal; Jacques One and Two, sitting on the old packed-cask, each with his chin resting on his hand, and his eye intent on the road-mender; Jacques Three, equally intent, on one knee behind them, with his agitated hand always gliding over the network of fine nerves about his mouth and nose; Defarge standing between them and the narrator, whom he had stationed in the light of the window, by turns looking from him to them, and from them to him.

"Go on, Jacques," said Defarge.

"He remains up there in his iron cage some days. The village looks at him by stealth, for it is afraid. But it always looks up, from distance, at the prison on the crag; and in the evening, when the work of the day is achieved and it assembles to gossip at the fountain, all faces are turned towards the prison. Formerly they were turned toward the posting-house; now they are turned toward the prison. They whisper at the fountain, that although confirmed to death, he will not be executed; they say that petitions have been presented in his favor, showing that he was enraged and made mad by the death of his child; they say that a petition has been presented to the King himself. What do I know? It is possible. Perhaps yes, perhaps no."

"Listen then, Jacques," Number One of that name sternly interposed. "Know that a petition was presented to the King and Queen. All here, yourself excepted, saw the King take it in his carriage in the street, coming beside the Queen. It is Defarge whom you see here, who, at the hazard of his life, darted out before the horses, with the petition in his hand."

"And once again listen, Jacques!" said the kneeling Number Three: his fingers ever wandering over and over these fine nerves, with a strikingly greedy air, as if he hungered for something—that was notable found nor denied. "The guard, horse and foot, surrounded the petitioner, and struck him blows. You have?"

"I hear, messieurs."

"Go on, then," said Defarge.

"Again; on the other hand, they whisper at the fountain," resumed the countryman, "that he is brought down into our country to be executed on the spot, and that he will very certainly be executed. They even whisper that because his slain Monseigneur, and because Monseigneur was the father of his tenants—yes—what you will—he will be executed as a parricide. One old man says at the fountain, that his right hand, armed with the knife, will be burned off before his face; that, into wounds which will be made in his arms, his breast, and his legs, there will be poured boiling oil, melted lead, hot resin, wax, and sulphur; finally, that he will be torn limb from limb by four strong horses. That old man says, all this was actually done to a prisoner who made an attempt on the life of the late King, Louis Fifteen. But how do I know if he lies? I was not there."

"Listen once again then, Jacques!" said the man with the restless hand and the craving air. "The name of that prisoner was Damiens, and it was all done in open day, in the open streets of this city of Paris; and nothing was more remarked in the vast concourse that saw it done, than the crowd of ladies of quality and fashion, who were full of eager anxiety to see the end to the last, Jacques, prolonged until nightfall, when he had lost two legs and an arm, and was not yet dead."

"And it was done—why, how old are you?"

"Thirty-five," said the mender of roads, who looked sixty.

"It was done when you were more than ten years old; you might have seen it."

"Enough!" said Defarge, with grim impatience. "Long live the Devil! Go on."

"Well! Some whisper this, some whisper that; they speak of nothing else; even the fountain appears to fall to that tune. At length, on Sunday night when all the village is asleep, come soldiers, winding down from the château, and their guns ring on the stones of the little street. Workmen dig, workmen hammer, soldiers labour and sing; in the morning, by the fountain, there is raised a gallows forty feet high, poisoning the water."

The mender of roads looked through rather than at the low ceiling, and pointed as if he saw the gallows somewhere in the sky.

"All work is stopped, all assemble there, nobody leads the cows out, the cows are there with the rest. At mid-day the roll of drums. Soldiers have marched into the prison in the night, and he is in the midst of many soldiers. He is bound as before, and in his mouth there is a gag tied up, with a tight string, making him look almost as if he laughed. He suggested it, by creasing his face with his two cheeks, from the eyes nearest of his mouth to his ears. "On the top of the gallows is fixed the knife, blade upward, with its point in the air. Below, is the great forty feet high—and is left hanging, poisoning the water."

They looked at one another, as he used his claw to trace in the air, on which the perpetration had entered afresh while he related the spectacle.

"It is frightful, messieurs. How can the women and the children draw water! Who can gossip of an evening under that shadow? Under it, have lived I don't know how many years, Monday evening as the sun was going to bed, and looked back from the hill, the shadow struck across the church, across the mill, across the prison—seemed to strike across the earth, messieurs, to where the sky rests upon it."

The hungry man gnawed one of his fingers as he looked at the other three, and his fingers covered with the craving that was on him.

"That's all, messieurs. I left at sunset (as I had been warned to do), and saw nothing more all night and half next day, until I met (as I was warned I should) this excellent husband coming from on, now riding and now walking, through the rest of yesterday and through last night. And here you see me."

After a gloomy silence, the first Jacques said, "Good! You have acted and recounted faithfully. Will you wait for us a little outside the door?"

"Very willingly," said the mender of roads. When Defarge escorted to the top of the stairs, and, leaving seated below, rejoined his wife.

The three had risen, and their heads were together when he came back to the gurret.

"How say you, Jacques?" said Madame Defarge. "Is to be registered?"

"To be registered as doomed to destruction," returned Defarge.

"Magnificent!" croaked the man with the craving.

"The chateau and all the race?" inquired the first.

"The chateau and all the race," returned Defarge. "Extermination."

The hungry man applauded in a rapturous croak. "Magnificent!" and began gnawing another finger.

"Are you sure," asked Jacques Two, of Defarge, "that no embarrassment can arise from our manner of keeping—the register? Because, doubt it is safe, for no one beyond ourselves can decipher it, but also it may always be able to decipher it—or, I ought to say, will she?"

"Jacques," returned Defarge, drawing himself up, "if madame my wife undertook to keep the register in her memory alone, she would not lose a word of it—not a syllable of it. Knitted in her own stitches and her own symbols, it will always be as plain to her as the sun. Confide in Madame Defarge. It would be easier for the weakest politician that lives to erase himself from existence than for anything done or said by any one or crimes from the knitted register of Madame Defarge."

There was a murmur of confidence and approval, and then the man who hungered asked:

"Is this rustic to be sent back soon? I hope so. He is very simple; is he not a little dangerous?"

"He knows nothing," said Defarge; "at least nothing more than would easily elevate himself to a gallows of the same height. I charge myself with him; let him remain with me. I will take care of him, and set him on his road. He wishes to see the fine world—the King, the Queen, and Court; let him see them on Sunday."

"What?" exclaimed the hungry man, starting. It is a good sign that he wishes to see Royalty and Nobility."

"My friend," said Defarge, judiciously shoving a cat milk if you wish her to thirst for it. Judiciously show a thirst for it, you may prey if you wish him to bring it down one day."

Nothing more was said, and the mender of roads, being found already half asleep in the topmost stair, was advised to lay himself down on the pallet-bed and take some rest. He took the advice, and presently, to the sound of subdued voices and the rustling of straw, slept deeply.

Worse quarters than Defarge's wine-shop could easily have been found in Paris for a provincial slave of that degree. Saving for a mysterious door at the back, before which was customarily hanged his wife was very new and agreeable. But madame sat all day at her counter, so expressively repressing her own individuality, particularly determined not to perceive that his being there had any connection with herself, that he felt the surface that he trembled in his wooden shoes whenever his eye lighted on her. For he instinctively felt that if he should grow bold enough to foresee what that lady might pretend next; and he felt that whatever she might do, she would put into her brightly ornamented head to pretend that she had seen him do a murder and often. Yet, that lady was imposed on to that degree that through with it until the play was played out.

Therefore, when Madame Defarge the mender of roads was not enchanted (though he said he was) to find that madame was to accompany monsieur and himself to Versailles. It was additionally discouraging to have madame knitting all the way there, in a public conveyance; it was additionally disconcerting yet, to have madame in the crowd in the afternoon, still with her knitting in her hands as the mender of roads to see the carriages of the King and Queen.

"You work hard, madame," said a man near her.

"Yes," answered Madame Defarge; "I have a good deal to do."

"What do you make, madame?"

"Many things."

"For instance—"

"For instance," returned Madame Defarge, composedly, "shrouds."

The man moved a little further away, as soon as he could, and the mender of roads found himself with his blue cap: feeling it mightily close and oppressive. If it needed a King and Queen to restore him, he was thankful for soon the large-faced King and the fair-faced Queen came in their gold coach, attended by the shining Bull's Eye of their Court, a glittering multitude of laughing ladies and fine lords; and in jewels and silks and powder and splendour and elegantly spurning figures and handsomely disdainful faces of both sexes, the mender of roads bathed himself, so much to his temporary intoxication, that he cried Long live the King, Long live the Queen, Long live everybody and everything! as if he had never heard of shirts, standing Jacques in his midst. Then the show back when it was over, like a patron; "you are a good boy!"

The mender of roads was now coming to himself, and was mistrustful of having made a mistake in his late demonstrations; but no.

"You are the fellow we want," said Defarge, in his ear; "you make these fools believe that it is for them you cry. Then they are deceived, and it is the wearer cheated."

Hey? repeated the mender of roads, reflectively; "that's true."

"These fools know nothing. While they do spare your throat, they would stop it forever and ever, in you or in a hundred like you rather than in one of their own horses or dogs; they only know what your breath tells them. Let it deceive them, then, a little longer; it can not deceive them long."

Madame Defarge looked superciliously at the client, and made no demonstration.

"As to you," said she, "you would shout and shed tears for any thing, if it made a show and a noise. Listen then! Be silent!"

"Truly, madame, I think so. For the moment."

"If you were shown a great heap of dolls, and were set upon them to pluck them to pieces and destroy them that you might see how they were made, would you not pluck and destroy with pleasure?"

"Truly yes, madame."

"Yes. And if you were shown a flock of birds unable to fly, and were set upon them to strip them of their feathers for your own advantage, you would set upon the birds of the finest feathers; would you not?"

"Undoubtedly, madame."

"You have seen both dolls and birds to-day," said Madame Defarge, with a wave of her hand towards the place where they had last been apparent; "now, go home!"

A Good Fight.

BY CHARLES READE.

AUTHOR OF "LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

The seneschal led Gerard through several passages to the door of a pavilion, where some young noblemen, accoutred and feathered, sat smirking, gnawing the hair-apparent, and playing cards in the red light that enters their servants hold. A whisper from the seneschal, and one of them rose reluctantly, stared at Gerard with haughty surprise, and entered the pavilion. He presently returned, and, beckoning the pair, led them through a passage or two, and landed them in an ante chamber, where sat three more young gentlemen, feathered, furred, and embroidered like pieces of tapestry, and quite deep in that instructive and edifying branch of learning, dice.

"You can't see the Princess—it is late," said one.

Another followed suit.

"She would think we but now with her nurse. She is gone to bed, doll and all—dence-no again!" Gerard prepared to retire. The seneschal, with an incredulous smile, replied:

"The young man is here by the Countess's order; he is not to present him to her ladies."

On this a superb Adonis rose, with an injured look, and left them across a room where six or four loquet eleven ladies, chattering like magpies. Two, more industrious than the rest, were playing cards—five with fingers, one with nimble as their tongues. At the sight of a stranger all the tongues stopped like so many clocks, and the fingers, twenty, and all the eyes turned on Gerard, as if the same string that checked the tongues had turned the eyes. Two or three let all at once before, but this battery of eyes discountenanced him, and down went the eyes on the cards again. Then the cowards Losing, like the hare who ran by the pond and the frogs scuttled into the water, Gerard was a creature they could frighten, giggled and enjoyed their prowess. Then a damsel said, severely, "Mesdames!" and they were abashed at one woman. This woman took Gerard, and marched before him in solemn silence. The young man's heart sank, and he had half a mind to turn and run out of the place.

"What could princes be," he thought, "when their courtiers are so formal?" Of course they take their breeding from him they serve." These reflections were interrupted by the duenna suddenly introducing him into a room where three ladies sat working, and a pretty little girl tuning a lute. She was very richly but not showily dressed, and the duenna went up to the one who was hemming a handkerchief, and said a few words in a low tone. This lady then turned toward Gerard, with a smile, and beckoned him to come near her. She did not rise, but she laid aside her work, and her manner of turning toward him, slight as the movement was, was full of grace and ease and courtesy. She began a conversation at once.

"Margaret Van Eyck is an old friend of mine, Sir, and I am right glad to have a letter from her hand, and thankful to you, Sir, for bringing it to me safely."

"Marie, my love, this is the young gentleman who brought you that pretty present."

"Sir, I thank you a thousand times," said the young lady.

"I am glad you feel obliged to him, sweet-heart, for your kind wishes to do him a little service in return."

"I will do any thing on earth for him," replied the young lady, with enthusiasm.

"Any thing on earth is nothing in the world," said the Countess, smiling slightly.

"Well, then, I will— What would you have me to do, Sir?"

Gerard had just found out what high society he was in. "My sovereign demoiselle," said he, gently and a little tremulously, "where there is no need no pains there needs no reward."

"But we must obey manners. All the world must obey manners."

"That is true. Then, our demoiselle, reward me, pray, with the knowledge that the slave you were going to sing and I interrupted it."

"Sir, you have been to Spain?"

"I adore it."

The little Princes looked inquiringly at her mother, and exchanged a smile of surprise. She then took her lute and sang a romaunt of the day. Although not twelve years old, she was a well-trained and painstaking musician. Her little clear sweet the chords with coverage and precision, and struck out the notes of her simple and distinct, though bright like twinkling stars; but the main charm was her voice. It was not mighty, but it was sound, rich, soft, and ringing like a bell. She sang with a certain modest eloquence, though she knew none of the tricks of feeling. She was too young to be theatrical, or even sentimental, so nothing was forced—all gushed. Her little mouth seemed the mouth of Nature. The ditty, too, was as pure as its utterance. As there were none of those false divisions—those whining slurs, which are now sold so dear by Italian songsters, though ever's jackal in India delivers them gratis to his employer all night, and sometimes gets shot for

"so, and always deserves it—so there were no cadences and flourish; the trite, turgid, and feeble expletives of song, the skim-milk with which mindless musicians and mindless writers quench fire, wash out color, and drown melody and meaning dead.

While the pure and tender strain was flowing from the pure young throat, Gerard's eyes filled with tears. The Countess watched him with interest, for it was usual to applaud the Princes loudly, but not with tears and sighs. So when the voice ceased, and the glasses left off ringing, she asked, demurely, "Was he satisfied?"

Gerard gave a little start; the spoken voice broke a charm, and brought him back to earth.

"O, madam!" he cried, "surely it is that which cherubs and seraphs sing and charm the saints in heaven."

"I am somewhat of your opinion, my young friend," said the Countess, with emotion; and she bent a look of love and gratitude on the singer, with a heavenly look, such as, they say, is given to the eye of the short-lived resting on the short-lived.

The Princess resumed:

"My old friend requests me to be serviceable to you. It is the first favor I have asked of you as honor of asking us, and the request is sacred. You are in holy orders, Sir?"

Gerard replied:

"I fear you are not a priest, you look too young."

"Oh no, madam! I am not even a sub-deacon. I am only a lector; but next month I shall be an acolyte, and soon after I shall be a subdeacon."

"Well, Monsieur Gerard, with your accomplishments you can soon pass through the inferior orders. And let me beg you to do so. For the day after you have said your first mass I shall have the pleasure of appointing you to a benefice."

"Oh, madam!"

"Marie, remember I make this promise in your name as well as my own."

"Your not, mamma; I will not forget. But if he will take my advice, what he will be is Bishop

of Liège. The Bishop of Liège is a beautiful bishop. What! don't you remember him mamma, that day we were at Liège? he was braver than grandpapa himself. He had on a crown—a high crown, and it was cut in the middle, and it was full one, and it was of such beautiful jewels; and his gown stiff with gold; and his mantle, too; and it had a broad border, all jewels, and, above all, his gloves; you have no such gloves, mamma. They were embroidered and covered with jewels, and scented with such lovely scent; I smelled them all the time he was giving me his blessing on my head with his glove. I shall not! I don't say he will, mamma—most old people do—and then, Sir, you can be bishop, you know, and—and—"

Gently, Marie, gently; bishoprics are for old gentlemen; and this is a young gentleman."

"Mamma! he is not so very young."

"Not compared with you, Marie, eh?"

"He is a good bigger, dear mamma; and I am sure he is good enough for a bishop."

"Also, mademoiselle! you are mistaken."

"I don't know that, Monsieur Gerard; but I am a little puzzled to know on what grounds mademoiselle there pronounced your character so favorably."

"Alas, mamma!" said the Princess, "you have not looked at his hands!" and she raised her eyebrows at her mother's simplicity.

"I beg your pardon," said the Countess, "I have. Well, Sir, if I can not go quite so fast as my daughter, attribute it to the natural fears of a mother for her child's future welfare. A benefice will do most old persons; but you are young, and with the great parental joys: "at least you shall be near your friends. Have you a mother?"

"Yes, madam; thanks be to God!"

"Good! You shall have a church near Tergon. She will thank me. And now, Sir, we must not detain you too long from those who have a better claim on your society than we have. Duchess, oblige me by bidding one of the pages conduct him to the hall of banquet; the way is hard to find."

Gerard bowed low to the Countess and the Princess, and backed toward the door.

"I hope it will be a nice benefice," said the Princess to him, with a pretty smile, as he was going out; but, shaking her head with an air of solemn majesty, "but you had better have been Bishop of Tergon."

Gerard followed his new conductor, his heart warm with gratitude, but ere he reached the banqueting-hall a chill came over him. The mind of one who has left a quiet, uneventful life is not apt to take in comfortable feelings at the same pace as rise and balance them, but rather to be overpowered by by each in turn. While Gerard was with the Countess, the excitement of so new a situation, the unlooked-for promise, the joy and pride it would cause at home, pressed him without pause, but now it was passion's turn to be heard again. What! give up Margaret, whom still he held in the depths of his, and her deep eyes in his heart? resign her and all the world of love and joy she had opened on him to-day? For a moment, when it did come, was so strong that he hastily resolved to say nothing at home about the offered benefice, but the Countess is so good, thought he, she has a hundred ways of adding a young man's fortune; she will not cancel or be a priest when she shall learn I love one of her sex: one would almost think she does herself, as she cast a strange look on me, and said, "A priest gives up much, too much." Dare we shy still to pass a place about the palace. And with this hopeful reflection his mind was eased, and, losing now at the entrance of the banqueting-hall, its hushed low murmurings, and ran hastily with joyful eyes to Margaret. He came in sight of the Duchess who was gone. Then he was gone. Nobody was at the table at all; only a citizen in sober garments had just tumbled under it dead drunk and several pages were raising him to carry him away. Gerard never guessed how important this solemn drunkard was to him: he was looking for "Beauty," and lo! "the Beast" lie. In no mildly round the hall, which was now empty except for the steward, he looked. He left the palace: outside he found a crowd gagging at two grand bullocks that were roasting in gute. He asked them earnestly if they had not an old man in a gown and a lovely girl pass out. They laughed at the question. "If" they replied, "a dog at these new lights that turn night into day. They shall be roasted whole heads and tails one and young wenches, everyday sights." From another group he learned there was a nursery being played under cover of the hard by, and all crowd gone to see it. This revived his hopes, and he went and saw two grand bulls, with inscriptions divine personages, too sacred for me to name here, came clumsily down from heaven to talk nephistry with the cruel wives, the bulls' mates, and the seven deadly sins, all present in human shape, and not unlike one another. The women, which weary stuff in rattled the prince of the power of the air, and an imp that kept molesting him and bubbling him over with a bladder, at each of which the crowd were in ecstacies. When the vices had uttered platitudes enough to weary all the virtues twaddle, the celestials, including the nine muses, went gingerly back to heaven one by one; for there was no cloud; and the evil artificer worked it up with its supernatural freight, and worked it down with a winch, in full sight of the audience. These disposed of, the butlouless pit opened and flamed in the centre of the stage: the carpenters and wires moved the vices to it, and the virtues and Beelzebub and his tormentor danced merrily round the place of combustion, much to the ife and labor.

This entertainment was writ by the Bishop of Ghent for the diffusion of religious sentiment by the aid of the senses, and was an average specimen of theatrical exhibitions so long as they were in the hands of the clergy. But, alas! in course of time the laity embodied plays, and so the theatre, my reverend friends informed me, fell into decay in Jano.

Margaret was nowhere in the crowd, and Gerard could not enjoy the performance: he actually went away in the Act II., in the midst of a much-admired piece of dialogue, in which Lucifer complimented Satan. He walked through many streets, but could not find her. He thought, At last, Margaret is out, he went to a hostelry and slept till daybreak. All that day, how sad! how restless, he sought her, but never could fall in with her or her father, nor ever obtain the slightest clew. Then he felt she was false, or had left Ghent. He was ill, and, exhausted now, as well as sad. More good fortune fell on him; he almost decided it. As soon as the next day, after he had once more been through every street, he said "She is not in the town, and I shall never see her again. I will go home." The passport for Tergon with royal favor promised, with fifteen golden angels in his purse, a golden medal on his bosom, and a heart like a lump of lead.

CHAPTER V.

It was near four o'clock in the afternoon. Gerard was in the shop. His eldest and youngest sons were abroad. Catherine and her little crippled daughter had long been anxious about their father, and now they were gone a little way down the road, to see if by good luck he might be visible in the distance; and Giles was alone in the sitting-room, which I will sketch, furniture and dwarf included.

The Hollanders were always an original and leading people. At different epochs they invented printing (wooden type), oil-painting, lithography, engraving, etc.; above all, years before my tale, they invented Dutch gilt. So, while the English gentry, in velvet jerkins and slashed doublet and hose, strode floors of state rushes, foul receptacles of bones, decomposing morsels, spittle, dogs' eggs, and all abominations, this boxer's sitting-room at Tergon was floored with Dutch tiles, so highly glazed and constantly washed that visitors could not off them. There was one large window; the cross stone-work in the centre of it was very narrow, and stood in relief, looking like an actual cross to the inmates, and was eyed as such in their devotions. The panes were very small and lozenge-shaped, and soldered to one another with strips of lead: the lead was painted, and so was the stone of our rural cottages. The chairs were rude and primitive, all but the arm-chairs, whose back, of high angle with its seat, was so high that the sitter's head stopped two feet short of the top. This chair was of carved oak, and very heavy. There was a copper pail, that went in at the waist, holding holy water; and a little hand-broom to sprinkle it for rite with, and a little bell. There was massive oak table, with a dwarf sticking to the rim by his teeth, his eye glaring, and his claws in the air like a pouncing vampire. Nature, it would seem, did not make Giles a dwarf out of malice prepense: she made him a head and torso with her usual care, but just then her attention was distracted, and she left the rest to chance: the result was a human wedge, an inverted cone. He might with justice have taken her to task in the terms of Horace:

amphora coepit

Institui: currente rota cur vescus exit?

His centre was about the region of gravity. Bisected, upper Giles would have outweighed three lower Giles. But this very disproportion enabled him to do feats that would have baffled Milo. His brawny arms had no weight to draw after them; he had no legs to be a vertical pillar like a squirrel, and hung for hours from a bough by one hand like a cherub in a picture. His head would have made a vacuum with his hands, as the lizard is said to do with its feet, he would have gone along a ceiling. Nature, however, had reserved the chief of griping the dinner-table with both hands, and no creature could hear of it. But the crowning climax of delight!—he would seize it with his teeth, and, taking off his hands, hold on like grim death by his mouth alone.

But all our joys, however elevating, suffer interruption. Little Kate came in, full-speed in her gesture, and stood aghast. She was her mother's daughter, and her heart beat with the furniture, and with the three grimaces.

"Oh, Giles! how can you? Mother would be angry if she saw you like that."

"Go and tell her, little tale-bearer," snarled Giles. "You are the one for making mischief."

"Am I?" replied Kate, with spirit. "That is news to me."

"The biggest in Tergon," growled Giles, fastening on again.

At this Kate sat quietly down and cried. Her brother came to her directly, and consoled her, and Gerhard himself under the table, and there glared.

"What is it now, my child?" said the boxer. Then turning her experienced eyes on Giles, and observing the position he had taken up, and a strength expression in his face, he added, sternly,

"Nay, mother," said the girl; "it was but a friendly word from me. I have seen Margaret in another time; but I was tired and in care for Gerhard, you know."

"Let me see to in care for me," said a faint voice at the door, and in tottered Gerard, pale, ghastly, and worn with anxiety, suspense, fatigue, and cries of delight, curiosity, and anxiety, mingled, dropped almost fainting into the nearest chair. Hasting Rotterdam'd over the country like Macgregor, and the long journey afterward, had fairly knocked Gerard up. But his heart was relieved now, and beheld him the centre of an eager circle. First of all they must hear about the prince. Then Gerard told them he had been admitted to the prince's presence, and had said in an enormous hall—he was the judge—and had been knighted by the prince. Kate! when I saw the goldsmiths' work I had like to have fallen on the floor. I thought not all the goldsmiths in Ghent had so much gold, silver, jewels, and craft of design and facture. But, in short, I was knighted by him.

Then, to please the females, he described to them the reliquaries, fretorices, calices, crosiers, crosses, pyxes, monstrances, and other wonders ecclesiastical, and the goblets, hanaps, watches, clocks, watches, tocsoles, etc., so that their mouths watered.

"But, Kate, when I came to the illuminated work from Gerard and Bruges, my heart sank. Mine was dirt by the side of it. For the first month I could not touch my pencil; but I prayed for a better spirit, and presently I was able to enjoy them, and thank God for those lovely works, and the noble skill of their authors. Love my masters. Well, the colored work was so beautiful I gave all mine away, and burned it. Then one day, when all the other prizes had been given, they came to the writing, and whose name think you was called in first?

"Yours," said Kate.

"Yours," echoed her to seron.

"You may laugh," said Gerard, "but for all that Gerard Gerardsteen of Tergon was the name the herald shouted. I stood stupid; they threw me forward. Every thing swam before my eyes. I don't know how I found myself sitting on a cushion at the feet of the Duke. He said something to me, but I was so flattered I could not answer him. So then he said it to the next. Then he did not draw a glove and cut off my dull head, and gave me a sword, and said, 'Rise, Sir Knight,' was a yell and almost a scramble. "And then he gave me fifteen great bright golden angels. I had seen one before, but I never handled one. Here they are."

"Oh, Gerard! oh, Gerard!"

"There is one for you, our eldest; and one for you, Sybrandt; and for you, Little Michiel; and two for you, Little Lily, because God has afflicted you; and one for myself to buy colors and vellum; and nine for her that is gone, and all, and risked the two crowns upon Gerard's hand."

The gold drew out their several characters. Cornelis and Sybrandt clutched each his coin with one glare of greediness and another glare of envy. Not so Kate, who had got two pieces. Giles seized his and rolled it along the floor and gumbaled after it. Then Kate poured on her crutches and sat down, and held out her little arms to Gerard with a heavenly gesture of love and tenderness, and the mother, fairly benumbed at first by the shower of gold that fell on her apron, now cried out, "Leave him, children, leave him, he is my own, my own. Ah, Gerard, my child! I have not loved you as you deserved."

Then Gerard threw himself on his knees beside her, and she flung her arms round him and wept for joy and pressed upon his neck.

"Good lad! good lad!" cried the hosier, with some emotion. "I must go and tell my neighbors. Lend me the medal, Gerard, I'll show it to my good friend Peter Buyskens; he is always regaling me with his prowess, and Adrian was the big schoolking at the Butts."

"Ay, do my man; and show Peter Buyskens one of the angels. Tell him there are fourteen more, where that came from. Mind you bring it back."

"Stay a minute, father, there is better news behind," said Gerard, flushing with joy at the joy he had created.

"Better! Better than this?"

"Then Gerard told his interview with the Countess, and the house rang with joy.

"Now, Lily my child, my lady, and bless the Dame Van Eyck! a benefice, our son! My cares are at an end. Gerard, my good friend and master, now we have all the bright sunshine of success. This dear boy will take our place, and those loved ones will want a home or a friend."

From that hour Gerard was looked upon as the pride of the family. He was no longer to work in another sense. He was always in the right, and nothing too good for him. Cornelis and Sybrandt became more and more jealous of him, and longed for the day he should go to his benefice: they would get rid of him so, and his reverence's purse would be open to them. With these views he cooperated. The mother and the children idolized duller and duller. His success, and the affection and admiration of his parents, made him think more highly of himself, and more meanly of others in Margaret's ingratitude and discourtesy. For all that, she had been the first object toward the rest of her sex, and now for every reason he wished to ordained priest as soon as he could pass the interlocutive stone by. He knew the Church offered better than most of the clergy, and he studied the latter and more practical of the Church with his friends the monks; and the first time the chance came that way, he applied to be admitted "exorcist." the rite was performed, and the bishop questioned him, and ordained him at once. He said to himself, "Now, Margaret prayer, the bishop delivered to him a little MS. full of exorcisms, and said: "Take this, Gerard, and have power to lay on the hands of the possessed and cast out devils and chimens!" and he took it reverently, and went home invested by the Church with power to cast out demons.

Returning home from the church he was met by little Kate at the porch, crutches

"Oh, Gerard! who, think you, has been at our house seeking you—the Burgomaster himself!"

Gerard started, and changed color.

"Glybrecht Van Swieten" What would he want?

"Nay, Gerard, I know not. But he was urgent to see you. You are to go to his house on the instant."

"Well, he is the Burgomaster: I must go: but it is time we met. I have seen him cast such a look on me as no friend casts. No matter; such looks forearm the wise. Besides, he knows—"

"Nothing."

"Nothing?"

"Kate, I'll go."

And he went to Glybrecht Van Swieten's house.

CHAPTER VI.

GLYBRECHT VAN SWIETEN was an artful man. He opened to the novice with something quite wide of the mark he really entered upon. "Your town records," said he, "are crabbedly written, and the ink rusty with age." He offered Gerard the honor of transcribing them fair.

Gerard inquired what he was to be paid

Glybrecht offered a sum that would have just purchased the pens, ink, and parchment.

"But, Burgomaster, my labor? Here is a year's work."

"Your labor! Call you marking parchment labor? Little sweat goes to that, I trow."

"Tis labor, and skilled labor to boot; and that is better paid in all trades than in the labor, sweat or no sweat. Besides, there's my time."

"Your time! Why what is time to you, at two-and-twenty?" Then rising his eyes keenly on Gerard, to mark the effect of his words, he said, "Say, rather, you are idle grown. You are in love. Your body is with those chanting monks, but your heart is with Peter Brandt and his redhaired girl."

I know no Peter Brandt."

"This double-dealing Glybrecht's suspicion that the caster out of demons was playing a deep game.

"Ye lie!" he shouted. "Did I not find you at her elbow, on the road to Rotterdam?"

"Ah!"

"Ah. And you were seen at Sevenbergen but t'other day."

"Was I?"

"Ay; and at Peter's-house."

"At Sevenbergen?"

"Ay, at Sevenbergen."

Now, this was what in modern days is called a draw. It was a guess, put boldly forth as fact, to elicit by the young man's answer whether he had been there lately or not.

The result of the artifice surprised the crafty one. Gerard started up in a strange state of horror, ous excitement.

"Burgomaster," said he, with trembling voice, "I have not been at Sevenbergen this three years, and I know not the name of those you saw me with, nor where they dwelt; but, if my time is precious, though you value it not, give you good day." And he left the room with his eyes sparkling.

Glybrecht started up in his anger, but he sank into his chair again.

"He fears me not. He knows something, if not all."

Then he called hastily to his trusty servant, and almost dragged him to a window.

"See you yon man?" he cried. "Hists! Follow him! But let him not see you. He is young, but old in craft! Keep him in sight all day! Let me know whither he goes, and what he does."

It was night when the servant returned.

"Well! well!" cried Van Swieten, eagerly.

"Master, the young man went from you to Sevenbergen."

Glybrecht groaned.

"To the house of Peter the Magician."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A KENTISH correspondent tells a very good story of a Sussex gentleman.

"Some years ago there lived in this place an old bachelor who was generally known as Bill, and he was very fond of eating nights.

It was determined that a man ought to be elected to sup with him, and Bill had determined to go and see it. On the appointed night Bill waited at the place where he was employed, and meeting one of the clerks, thus addressed him:

"'Mass' Mac, I would like to go to dat bangin', if you please!'

"'Hanging!' says Mac. 'Why, the man has been dead for this month and more.'

"'Humph! my Lor!' says Phil. 'Sos here, Mass' Mac: I have had to go to dat bangin' every year, and dat's jus alikes de way. Whenever I lays off to enjoy myself somebody dies, and I has to attend de funeral.'"

The following is a verbatim copy of a letter received by Captain Sibthorp, who, by the way, is not a man of the nicelle and steamy:

"DEAR CAPTAIN,—I send you 4 yards of drab and 8 of flannel to make me a winter drudge coat and a stuff jacket, I very much prefer the softer cloth to the stiff, but it is 2 inches shorter than the blue one as stems; I want it much shorter, and the flannel jacket to be very short. I wear it often by itself, let it be 14 inches long at the centre or longest point, I have a battery coat to put on over the jacket, and it covers me well. I will send you the cloth to make the other coat as soon as I get it. I have 2 rows of buttons on the drab coat, and a breast pocket behind, you can apply to Mr. Jones for sleeve lining and thread of the same color as the coat. I have 3 boys slip on the surtout and take the measure while Mr. Smythe is there, and send me the size. I am in bed when I can send for them, you can apply to Mr V Sevier for your measure. Your always to be at the service ate as you can, be sure to give room at the arm on the shoulder. Yours truly, and in haste, I can't say. Good. I remain your friends all well and well, wisher, to be kind throughout the year. Yours truly, WM BROWN

"To CAPT MAHONEY,
"Commanding Tug."

Scene—A well shaded street in a town. *Time*—Morning in early summer. Birds singing and blackbirding among the leaves and branches of the trees.

Enter a gentleman in a white hat, coat and arrow, twenty inked upon shooting the little birds. Benevolent middle-aged lady watching him from window.

After a time:

LADY. Poor boys! boys! GO away. Don't shoot the little birds. I'll send for the police and have you arrested. Don't shoot the little birds, I say. Are you hearing them for? Go away and let 'em alone!

GENTLEMAN. Oh, I'm not shooting at birds. I'm only practising with my gun. I'm a member of the Volunteers, and I'm practising for the Queen's Prize.

LADY. Well now, madam, what's the use o' your thinkin'? We can't have it.

"And so you're going out to the East Hingdon, my darlin', Mrs. Mulligan said, as she fondled one of the young wife of a soldier about to embark for Modern India. "I've been in them parts myself, and I'm a pensioner for the torments I went through night and day with the monkatoes. They take every mortial thing away from their heads, and they'll draw the life-blood out of ye before you're half aware."

This terrifying account lived in the memory of the young woman's mind, and when the transports at length were been crowded, all hands delighted at sight of the shore, and the troops were landed, and the first halt made at Suez, the young woman, who had never seen a camel but in a picture, was startled at the sight, and in breathless agitation, and apparently in great excitement, with uplifted hands, cried out, "Mercy! Mrs. Mulligan! that's a muskrat!"

HEIGHT OF GALLANTRY.—At a Fancy Fair a sailor was strutting past a stall where a very lovely woman had stopped, looked for a moment in breathless admiration, then took a sovereign from his pocket, put it on the table, and was passing on. "My good friend," said the lady, "you've given me a sovereign for your purchase." "No, madam," replied the tar, with another look, "you've given me the most valuable repository ever."

HOW FOR ANGLERS.—"Have you any fish in your basket?" said a friend to a gentleman whom he was returning home. "Yes, a good eel," was the reply.

ADVERTISEMENTS

The wonderful success of Dr. Hutchison's celebrated Vegetable Balsamic Elixir, from the time of its introduction to the public, proves conclusively its unrivalled superiority over all other preparations of the kind now manufactured. It is based on the digestive organs of the most sensitive character, removing all diseases or morbidific matter from the stomach, and thereby restoring the tone of digestion, and the consequent regularity of physical working of the system. Its great success in some hundreds, indeed; some of the most distressing cases of dyspepsia and nervous irritation have been entirely cured by this great agent. Sold at Hunter, Rivington, and Co.'s, 63, St. Paul's Church-yard, price 2s. 9d. per bottle.

Sold by Goggidge and Deakers generally everywhere.

Principal Depot 13 and 15 Park Row.

Lord Ward's Worcestershire Sauce.

Is the TRUE Worcestershire Sauce. Its excellence for all purposes.

ASK FOR, and HAVE ONLY LORD WARD'S Look at every Bottle, and seal by all Grocers and Proof Dealers.

Wholesale and for Exportation by

JONATHAN JOHNS & CO.,
Lord Ward's Original Steel Works, New York.

Sold Retail by the Grocers and Proof Dealers. Half Pints, 2d. Quarter per bottle; Pints, 4d. Quarts per bottle.

The Ballad of Beauty.

BY JULIA CAREY SHEINHARDT.

"Give me a song," said the lover,
"Sing to me, lady fair,
Search through your brain and discover
Melodies fondest and rare;
Sing of the fondest ages,
Or sing of the troubadour times,
When princesses were wooed by pages
And won by the power of rhymes.

"Here we have no princesses,"
Faltered the lady fair,
"And therefore no golden blesses
Are showered on maids like mine;
For men of the humblest motives
May win the most lofty dames,
If arrayed in a suit of SMITH BROTHERS.
They quiet their nervous flames."

"Twin Temples of Fashion."

ONE PRICE—NO DEVIATION.

The Price is marked on all the Goods in Plain Figures.

SMITH BROTHERS,

The Marble Stores.

122, 138, and 140 Fulton Street,

Between Broadway & William St.,

THOMAS SMITH, Jr.,
ROBERT L. SMITH,
J. SMITH RICE.

NEW YORK.

Love (L'Amour).

"Though I'm not a Frenchman, M. Mazade's great French work. '' No volume is as present reading more lively interest and culturd thorough, on the country than this. Praised by some, and condemned by others, it is the 'sensational' book of the day." —Mobile Advertiser. One volume, usuthin. Price $1. ☞ Sent by mail, postage paid, on receipt of the price, RUDD & CARLETON, Publishers, 130 Grand Street, New York.

A Beautiful Luxuriant Head of Hair nearly follows the use of JULIA HAWK'S EAU ANTHRACITE, or HAIR RESTORATIVE. It promotes the growth, strengthens the roots, and changes harsh, gray hairs to their original life color and beauty. Sold by all Druggists, and by JULIA HAWK & Co., No. 704 CHESTNUT street, Philadelphia.

EDINBURGH EDITION.

CHAMBER'S
ENCYCLOPÆDIA
A DICTIONARY OF UNIVERSAL KNOWLEDGE
FOR THE PEOPLE.

ON THE BASIS OF THE LATEST EDITION OF THE GERMAN CONVERSATIONS LEXICON.

Illustrated with Maps and Numerous Wood Engravings.

Published in Monthly Parts of 64 pages, in neat paper cover, price 15 cents, it being expected that the work will be completed in about Eighty Monthly Parts, forming Two Volumes, Royal Octavo, corresponding in size to the "Penny Cyclopædia" and "Chambers's Information for the People."

PARTS I. and II. NOW READY, PRICE FIFTEEN CENTS EACH.

The subscribers have the pleasure of announcing that, in accordance with an existing arrangement with the Messrs. W. & R. CHAMBERS, of Edinburgh, to supply the American market with the popular publications of the latter enlarged house, they will be prepared to furnish, in any quantities, simultaneously with the publication in Edinburgh, the consecutive Monthly Parts and Volumes of this valuable work, printed from the same plates, and of the same quality of paper, and executed in every particular to the same style as the Edinburgh publication.

Chambers's Encyclopædia has been under careful preparation for several years, and, for the most part, on the strong contribution of its editors to general literature for some time, and is a special work, originating in the conception and in its price, for popular circulation. For sale by the booksellers generally.

GEO. W. CHILDS,
Nos. 23 and 24 North Fourth Street, Phila.

LOVE. (L'AMOUR.) LOVE.

"THE FRENCH BOOK."

"L'Amour has just been translated by Dr. Palmer, from the French of that most erudite and enthusiastic writer, Michelet. To begin with, the 'Sacred Congregation of the Index,' has placed it in the 'prohibited' list in a most eager and general perusal."—*New York Sun.*

RIMMEL'S TOILET VINEGAR is far superior to Eau de Cologne as a lotion for the Toilet and Bath, a reviving Perfume and a powerful Disinfectant.

Sold by all the Trade.
E. RIMMEL, *Perfumer, London and Paris.*

LOVE. (L'AMOUR.) LOVE.

"NO CONTRADICTION AND DISCORD."

"Oh! for a Book worthy of the name! Search and find it! A holy Book—a tender Book, but one which will not be unreviving; a Book to strengthen without hardening, without blunting her; which shall not trouble her, but console her dreams! a Book which will not lead to the sadness and weariness of the Real—into the storm of contradiction and discord—a Book full of the Charm of God."—*Michelet's L'Amour.*

Grover & Baker's

CELEBRATED

Noiseless Family Sewing Machines,

At Reduced Prices.

Offices of Exhibition and Sale—495 Broadway, New York; 18 Summer Street, Boston; 730 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia; 181 Baltimore Street, Baltimore; 80 West Fourth Street, Cincinnati.

☞ SEND FOR A CIRCULAR. ☜

Curtis' Cure for Baldness.

This remedy is reliable; contains no oil, lead, or sulphur; it has been tested in Boston, Providence, and the Eastern States. J. M. CURTIS, Proprietor, Providence, R. I. Sold by S. M. Gulon, 191 Bowery; *L. & J. Colddington*, 715 Broadway; W. H. Lewis, 537 Greenwich Street; John Jones, 312 Hudson Street, New York; and by Hayes; G. P. Miller; and Reynolds & Co., Brooklyn; P. Seller, Jersey City; U. S. Hotel, Newark.

BARNES & PAINE, Nos. 13 and 15 Park Row, Ass'ts and Druggists.

TIFFANY & CO.,
Importers & Manufacturers
No. 550 Broadway, New York, and
Rue Richelieu, No. 79, Paris,

DIAMONDS, AND OTHER PRECIOUS STONES.
FINE JEWELRY, WATCHES.
SILVER WARE, PLATED WARE, TABLE CUTLERY.
CLOCKS, BRONZES, ARTISTIC STATUETTES.
DESKS, DRESSING-CASES, WORK-BOXES, JEWEL-BOXES,
and many other *Articles of Art and Luxury*.

The Paris House is devoted exclusively to the sale of China, Embroidered Stitches, whose exquisite taste and perfect picket time-pieces ever made is unquestionably established.

Every article is marked in plain figures the Lowest Price at which it will be sold.

We cordially extend to strangers an invitation to inspect our stock, believing that such a call will incur not the least obligation to purchase.

COZZENS'
West Point Hotel
is
NOW OPEN.

LA TOURETTE HOUSE,
BUFFALO, N. Y.
Wesley W. Hitt sales of the Lafarge House, *Proprietor.*

This favorite summer House of Resort is beautifully situated on the banks of the *Hill on Knit*, opposite States Island.

Excellent *Bathing, Boating, Fishing*, and Driving in the immediate vicinity. Gentlemen with their families visiting New York, will find this house as convenient as a hotel in town, as it takes no longer time only 25 minutes by steamboat to reach it, than to go from South Ferry to Union Square.

LAKE HOPATCONG HOUSE, AT
LAKE HOPATCONG, NEW JERSEY.

Gentlemen with their families, or single gentlemen, can make arrangements for the season at very reasonable prices. Parties wishing that rest amusement, viz.: "GOOD LIVING, GOOD BEDS, GOOD DRIVING" will find it to perfection; also, GOOD BATHING. It is two and-a-half hours from New York, by Morris and Essex Railroad to Drakesville station, where stages will be in readiness to convey passengers to the door. Address as above of three miles. Post Office address—Drakesville, Morris County, N. J. H. DAVIS.

CONGRESS HALL,
Saratoga Springs.

This well-kept and fashionable HOTEL IS NOW OPEN for the season, and will be conducted by addressing the Proprietors,

CLAPP, PATTERSON & McMICHAEL.

Long Branch, N. J.
Howland's Hotel,
is
Now Open for the Season.

INTERNATIONAL HOTEL,
NIAGARA FALLS.

ROBERT B. COLEMAN, late of the firm of COLEMAN, MORRISON & CO., Astor House, and more recently engaged at the St. Nicholas Hotel, New York, has, in connection with him as PRINCIPAL CLERK, WILLIAM, opened the above-named elegant house, which, having been thoroughly refitted and refurnished, he now begs to invite visitors at this the grandest of watering places.

TRENTON FALLS.

This most picturesque of the WATER FALLS OF AMERICA can now be reached at a small expense from Utica by Railroad.

N. B.—There trains a day.

EASTMAN'S
White Mountain Guide-Book.
Ross & Tousey, Wholesale Agents, N. Y.

LOVE. (L'AMOUR.) LOVE.

"SELLING LIKE MAD."

"A very bold book, and its boldness is its beauty, for it is the production of chastity, of a lofty and tender sensitivity. The demand for the work in Paris was unprecedented, and it is said that the sale in the last month has surpassed . . . that of *New York Herald*."—*New York Herald.*

RIMMEL'S VELVET BLOOM OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND, and WOOD VIOLET, are the finest Perfumes for the Handkerchief.

Sold by all the Trade.
E. RIMMEL, *Perfumer, London and Paris.*

PROTESTANT FRENCH INSTITUTE for YOUNG GENTLEMEN, in New York, No. 48 East Fifty-first Street, between Park Boarding and Day School, CLASSICAL and COMMERCIAL. This Institute is under the direction of Dr. Ad. Isambert, and presents a thorough course of instruction in all its branches, especial care for Spanish and German languages. The French is the language of the school. Comfortable accommodations for a limited number of pupils. Prospectus, with testimonials, the season of my pupils and of their parents obtained at the Institute, or of Prof. Ellis.

Prof. ELIS CHARLIER, Director.

References: Paris, Dr. Ad. Isambert.
Geneva, Rev. Dr. Merle d'Aubigné.
Washington, Hon. Lewis Cass, Secretary of State.
Boston, Prof. J. Agassiz.
Albany, Hon. Erastus Corning.
New York, T. King, President of Columbia College.
Rev. Dr. J. Forbis, Chancellor of the N. Y. University.
Rev. Dr. E. H. Tyng.
Rev. Dr. F. Hawks.

Operatic Violin Instruction Book.

Containing Thorough Instructions, and a Complete Method for the Violin. By D. M. B. MAY. Price, $2.

Published by OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.

PIESSE & LUBIN'S PERFUMERY FACTORY

every flower that breathes a fragrance

SWEET SCENTS
THE FLOWER OF THE DAY
KISS-ME-QUICK
FRANGIPANNI

And a Perfect Host of Others.

PIESSE & LUBIN'S, 2 New Bond St. London.

PIESSE & LUBIN'S, PERFUMERY,

Sold by all Druggists in every City.

Wholesale Agents,

J. PHILLIPS,
87 *Pearl St.*
New York.

Italy must be Free!!!

ITALY

AND

THE WAR OF 1859:

GIVING A
HISTORY OF THE CAUSES OF THE WAR, WITH BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES
Of its Heroes, with Full Accounts of its Various Battles, by

Madame Julie de Marguerittes.

WITH A MAP OF THE SEAT OF WAR, AND FINELY ENGRAVED PORTRAITS OF THE VARIOUS GENERALS, &c.

One Volume Duo, Cloth, 359 pages. Price $1.25.

"The design of this book is to show Italy in her Past and Present, and to make her once more enshrined on what grounds she bases her experience of a glorious Future. With this view, the Author, who has travelled largely through Europe, and has resided for a considerable period in Milan, describes the ways with which she is acquainted, and personages whom she intimately knew."

"The publication of this work, by D. APPLETON & CO., Literary Editors and Foreign Editor of "The Press," of Philadelphia, is very timely, and will be deign and execution."

"As the above work has just been published, and is for sale by all booksellers,

Address your orders to

G. G. EVANS,
ORIGINAL AND GIFT BOOK ENTERPRISE,
No. 439 Chestnut Street,
PHILADELPHIA.

☞ A new Classified Catalogue of Books and Gifts, with inducements to Agents, will be sent by mail, free of postage, to applicants. G. G. EVANS, No. 439 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

RIMMEL'S WHITE ALMOND SOAP is the most delightful SOAP ARE confidently recommended for their emollient properties and delightful scent.

Sold by all the Trade.
E. RIMMEL, *Perfumer, London and Paris.*

LOVE. (L'AMOUR.) LOVE.

20,000 SOLD IN 20,000 COPIES

"A book called 'Love and Marriage,' of which M. Michelet is the author, has gained much more renown. Twenty to thirty thousand copies have been sold within a few months. Most of the women of fashionable society have read it through."—*Paris Correspondent of the New York Observer.*

Singer's Sewing Machines.

Are superior for all manufacturing purposes.
Are more desirable for all kinds of family sewing.
Are capable of doing a greater variety of work.
Are free from the faults of other machines.
Are almost noiseless in their operations.
Are much better, and therefore worth more.
Are perfectly simple and easily kept in order.
Are cheaper because they earn more money.
Are just the Machine for every family.

I. M. SINGER & CO.,
No. 458 Broadway, corner of Grand.

JUDSON FEMALE INSTITUTE,
MARATHON, N. Y.

The twenty-second annual session of this Institution will open on THURSDAY, Sept. 1, 1859.

For further information or catalogues apply to

NOAH K. DAVIS, *Principal.*

THE OXYGENATED BITTERS.
THE OXYGENATED BITTERS.
THE OXYGENATED BITTERS.

Cure Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Costiveness, Cure Heart Burn, Heart Burn, Acidity, Acidity.
Cure Water Brash, Water Brash, Jaundice, Jaundice.
Cure Low Spirits, Low Spirits, Liver Complaint, Liver Complaint.
Cure Fever and Ague, Bilious Complaints.
Cure Headache, Costiveness, Piles, Nervousness.
Cure Flatulency, Scurvy, Female Complaints.

These Bitters are so well known as the most remarkable and efficient of remedies for the absolute and rapid cure of the above diseases, that it is altogether unnecessary to enlarge upon its merits.

S. W. FOWLE & CO., *Proprietors, Boston.*
Sold everywhere.

THE OXYGENATED BITTERS.
THE OXYGENATED BITTERS.
THE OXYGENATED BITTERS.

ELLIOT & PATTEN—Examine Inventions and procure Americian and Foreign Patents. *Patented* improvements in the manufacture of Paints Office Building, Washington City, D. C.

361 BROADWAY 539
Tucker's Flowers, Feathers, and Miscellaneous Items, Are all reliable.

EXPERIENCED AGENTS WANTED IN all parts of the country to obtain Subscribers for "LOSSING'S PICTORIAL FIELD-BOOK OF THE REVOLUTION," in Two Volumes Royal Octavo, containing upward of 1500 pages, and 1100 beautiful illustrations. This work will be sold exclusively by Agents. In most of them a liberal salary will be given. Apply at once to the publishers. Applicants should state the County for which they desire agency. For full particulars address GEO. W. ELLIOTT, care HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

To Housekeepers.

SOMETHING NEW.—B. T. BABBITT'S BEST
MEDICINAL SALERATUS.

Is manufactured from common salt, and is prepared entirely different from other Saleratus. All the deleterious matter extracted in such a manner as to produce a Bread, Biscuit, and all kinds of Cake, without making a portion of the Saleratus when the Bread or Cake is baked; thereby avoiding the unpleasant taste. Every particle of Saleratus is evaporated, and passes through the Bread or Biscuit in the baking—rendering the resulting remains but common Salt, Water, and Lime. You will readily perceive by the taste of this Saleratus that it is entirely different from other Saleratus.

It is packed in one pound papers, each wrapper headed, "B. T. BABBITT'S Best Medicinal Saleratus;" also, picture, testimonial of Bread, and a receipt for making water on the tin. When you purchase, see that my name is on the wrapper, as it is only sold to be purchased by the next quantity like the first—bread as above.

Full directions for making Bread with this Saleratus and Sour Milk or Cream Tartar, will accompany each package; also, directions for making all kinds of Pastry, Cakes, and for making Soda Water and Sulfate Powders.

MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP.

B. T. BABBITT'S PURE
CONCENTRATED POTASH,

Warranted double the strength of refined Potash, put up in cans of 1 lb., 2 lbs., 3 lbs., 5 lbs., and 11 lbs.—with full directions for making Hard and Soft Soap. Consumers will find this the cheapest Potash in the market.

Manufactured and for sale by
B. T. BABBITT,
Nos. 68 and 70 Washington Street, N. Y.,
and No. 18 Dutch Street, Boston.

LOVE. (L'AMOUR.) LOVE.

"A BOLD BOOK."

"In this unthinkable age of critical and interesting treation on Love, Dr. Palmer has done a bold thing, which, if he had not the genius to accomplish, success will seem, we doubt not, too bold. But those who will read his book, with a just and scientific appreciation of his objects, will find in it a treasury of thoughts, equally elevated and profound."—*N. Y. Daily Times.*

SANDS' SARSAPARILLA,

NATURE'S TRUE RESTORATIVE.

We have only to present to the public and numerous friends that at this season of the year, when sudden and early changes of the weather, with its chills and exhilaration, and prolific in the development of disease, that protection may be availed by the use of this well prepared and efficacious remedy, which purifies the blood, expels disease, and speedily cures the most obstinate and repulsive disorders. Prepared by

A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists, No. 141 William St. New York.

RIMMEL'S ROSE-LEAF POWDER imparts a delicate rosy hue to the skin, and removes all shiny appearance.

Sold by all the Trade.
E. RIMMEL, *Perfumer, London and Paris.*

☞ Every Number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE contains from 70 to 80 pages—and from one third to one half more reading than in any other in the country.

A Splendid Number.

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE
FOR AUGUST.

Whoever has had occasion to consult the past volumes of the Magazine must have been struck with the multiplicity of papers of permanent interest—historical, biographical, and scientific facts, to cast, apart from its merits as a miscellany of entertaining reading, much of its real value as a work of general reference, and on a great variety of subjects. The Number for August, 1859, is a perfect "midsummer" example of this kind. Besides the interesting letter at the date of its publication, increases in importance with the year to year, and now furnishes a work of chronological summary, the convenience and satisfactory character of which will be the more highly appreciated the time who have the most frequent occasion to consult the collection.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

HARPER'S MAGAZINE is, emphatically, the American people's magazine. It is conducted with extraordinary ability, in politics, elegant in taste, varied in matter, overrunning with sympathy and humor, and in every way suited to be a sturdy common sense, it has no rival.—*New York Times.*

HARPER'S MAGAZINE is unrivalled in its excellence.—*Boston Advocate.*

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year	$3 00
Two Copies for One Year	5 00
Three or more Copies for One Year (each)	2 00

And an Extra Copy for every Club of Ten at the Latter Rate.

HARPER'S WEEKLY and HARPER'S MAGAZINE, together, one year, $6 00.

The Postage upon "HARPER'S MAGAZINE" must be paid at the Office where it is received. *The Postage is Thirty-six Cents a Year.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A FIRST-CLASS ILLUSTRATED PAPER.

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST
FAMILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD.

FIVE CENTS A NUMBER: $2 50 A YEAR.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS'S NEW STORY, entitled "A TALE OF TWO CITIES," splendidly illustrated by F. O. C. DARLEY, commenced in "HARPER'S WEEKLY" for May 7, and will be continued from week to week until completed.

GEO. WILLIAM CURTIS'S Illustrated Serial Tale "HOWADJI IN SYRIA AND EGYPT," commenced in "Harper's Weekly" for April 9.

TERMS OF HARPER'S WEEKLY.

One Copy for Three Months	$1 00
One Copy for One Year	4 00
One Copy for Two Years	6 00
Five Copies for One Year	17 00
Twelve Copies for One Year	40 00

An Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of Twelve at Twenty-five Dollars.

TERMS FOR ADVERTISING.—*Fifty Cents a Line.*

A Liberal Discount will be made to those wishing to Advertise for three Months or more.

☞ Persons living in the City of New York wishing "Harper's Weekly" left at their houses, will please send their names and residences to the subscription agency, to the Office of Publication.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
Franklin Square, New York.

THE PEACE.

EMPEROR NAPOLEON. "Well, Brother, haven't they had almost enough of this?"

DELANO Life-Preserving Coat and Vest Company.

Incorporated Jan. 1859. Capital $125 000

MANUFACTURERS OF ALL KINDS OF

Life-Preserving Garments

FOR ORDINARY WEAR,

Safety Bathing Dresses, Children's Swimming Jackets, &c. &c.

OFFICE and SALESROOM, 256 BROADWAY, (Opposite City Hall) NEW YORK.

Vest not buttoned.

Vest buttoned.

Sparks from a Locomotive;

OR,

Life and Liberty in Europe.

By the Author of

"BELLE BRITTAN'S LETTERS."

1 volume. Price $1 00.

For sale by all Booksellers and Agents.

DERBY & JACKSON, Publishers, New York.

Merchants! In filling up your Invoice add 5 per cent. to the list purchased, do not forget to Put a Mark (look out for marking guns) on the cases. Name, trouble and expense. Sold at our Principal Depot, 66 NASSAU STREET, Room 6, NEW YORK; also by Cary, Howard & Sanger, N. Y.; Bridge Goods & Watch Co., Boston; Hartford, Conn.; Stillman, Hinrichs & Co., Baltimore; and by the Principal Notion Houses in the United States. Local Agents wanted. All orders through the mail must be addressed to

SAMUEL B. FAY & CO., (Box 3534 P. O.) New York.

LOVE. (L'AMOUR.) LOVE.

YOUNG LOVERS AND HUSBANDS.

"Furthermore, we have given the book thorough examination, reading most of it aloud, and can honestly recommend it for general study for it is a book to learn from. To young lovers, or rather young husbands, especially recommend it."—*Newark Daily Advertiser.*

REMINGTON'S

ILION, N. Y.,

POCKET AND BELT SIZE REVOLVER.

Also Manufacturers of Cast Steel, Sticks-tested and Refined Iron Rifle and Shot Gun Barrels, Gun Mountings, &c.

Sold by Dealers generally.

PRINCE IMPERIAL CHAMPAGNE.

FROM

DE VENOGE & CO., EPERNAY, FRANCE,

A Wine of new quality at a moderate price. Sold at the PRINCIPAL HOTELS and by all the LEADING DEALERS throughout the country.

E. V. HAUGHWOUT, Sole Importer,

Corner of Broadway and Broome Street.

BININGER'S OLD LONDON DOCK GIN

Designed for the use of the *Medical Profession* and the *Family*, having superseded the so-called "Gins"—As, essentially, "Cordial," "Medicated," &c., is now indorsed by many of the prominent physicians, chemists, and connoisseurs as possessing all of those intrinsic medicinal qualities of pure diuretic which belong to an old and pure Gin. Put up in quart bottles and sold by all druggists, grocers, &c.

A. M. BININGER & CO.,

(Established in 1778.) SOLE PROPRIETORS,

No. 328 Broadway, N. Y.

Café de Costa Rica C&C

THIS SUPERIOR Strong- bodied delicate-flavored

Mountain COFFEE,

For sale by CUTHELL & CO. at No. 5 Beaver Street.

Fresh Books for Summer Tourists.

AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR. Illustrated by DARLEY. Paper, 50 cents. *Just Ready.*

LIFE AND LIBERTY IN AMERICA; or, Sketches of a Tour in the United States and Canada in 1857-58. By CHARLES MACKAY, LL.D., F.S.A. With Ten Illustrations. 2 Vols. Paper, $1 50; Cloth, $2.

LEVERS. GERALD FITZGERALD. By Charles Lever. 1 Vol. Paper, 50 cents.

A NOVEL. By Cornelius Mathews, Author of "Behind the Curtain," "The Dodd Family Abroad," "Jack Downing," &c. Paper, 50 cents.

COMPLETE. 8vo. Paper, 50 cents.

WALTER THORNLEY; or, A Few at the Front. By the Author of "Allen Prescott" "Alida," &c. 12mo. Muslin, $1 00.

MY THIRD BOOK. A Collection of Tales. By the Author of "Tib, Tibet, and Tibbie," and "Jess and Jenny." 12mo. Muslin, $1 00.

ADAM BIDDLE. A Novel. By GEORGE LIPPARD, Author of "Secrets of the Great Metropolis," &c. 12mo. Muslin, $1 00.

LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG. A Novel. By CHARLES READE, Author of "Christie Johnstone," "Peg Woffington," "Song to Last to Music," &c. 12mo. Muslin, 75 cents; Paper, 50 cents.

THE SUNBEAMS. A Novel. By MARY CROWELL THURSTON, Author of "Gertrude." 12mo. Muslin, 75 cents.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT? By HONORE DE BALZAC. A Novel. In Six Parts. Paper, 25 cents each.

THE CANTON. A Novel. By Sir E. BULWER LYTTON, Bart., Author of "My Novel," &c. "Varieties in English Life," "The Caxtons," "Pelham," "Night and Morning," &c., &c. &c. Complete. In one Vol. 8vo. Paper, $1 00.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS will send any of the above Works by Mail, postage paid (for any distance in the United States under 3000 miles), on receipt of the Money.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS will send any of the above Works by Mail, postage paid (for any distance in the United States under 3000 miles), on receipt of the Money.

HEALTH OF AMERICAN WOMEN.

Under this head the Graefenberg Company, of No. 32 PARK ROW, NEW YORK, have published a series of articles upon the diseases peculiarly affecting women, and which are met with in one instance of all women in the country; upon Consumption, the great scourge of the American Continent; and upon all the diseases incident to filth country and climate.

In these articles the Graefenberg Company have proved their eminent position as a Chartered Medical Institution, and have based their claim to confidence upon the fact that they have studied the laws of nature rather than the laws of Gules and Hippocrates, and have applied common sense principles to the plainly-required necessities exhibited by symptoms of local or general derangement.

The *proof* of their successful treatment is found in testimony from leading physicians of all schools, from public and private individuals who have tested the remedies, from clergymen who have witnessed their immense value upon the health of their churches, and from notices given in the leading journals of the day.

(FROM THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE.)

THE GRAEFENBERG FAMILY REMEDIES are most valuable. In the universal and distressing diseases of women, the remedies are gentle, judicious, and surely effective.

(FROM THE NEW YORK TIMES.)

THE GRAEFENBERG COMPANY have refitted their rooms, so that every accommodation is afforded those who desire the personal advice of the consulting physicians. Invalids, and strangers visiting the city, who require professional advice, had much better call upon him. Dr. Bridge is a regular physician, of fine attainments, and of great judgment and discrimination in the treatment of disease. Office and salesroom, 32 Park Row, New York.

THE GRAEFENBERG MARSHALL'S UTERINE CATHOLICON.

Is offered as a certain cure in cases accompanied with any of the following symptoms:

Irregularities—Weakness—Pallidness—
Deranged Appetite—Sallow Complexion—
Pain in the Back and Kidneys—Chills—
Cold Hands and Feet—Heatings—Feverishness—
Neuralgia—Palpitation of the Heart—
Dizziness—Nervousness—Headache—Drowsiness—
Disturbed Sleep—Flushes of Heat—General Pain—
Crawling and Pain in the Spine and between the Shoulders—
Acid Stomach—Nausea—Indigestion—
Difficult Passing of Urine with Heat or Smarting—
Itching—Burning or Irritation to the Uterine Organs—
Nightsweat—Despair—Hysterics—Anxiety—
Bad Taste—Nervous Twitching—Hurrying—Constipation
—Irritable Temper—Sadness—Depraved Appetite—
Fluttering—Disturbed and Irregular Bowels—
Unpleasant Dreams—Pains in the Uterine Organs—
Nervousness and Pains in the Limbs—
Loss of Memory—Bewilderment—Sorrows in the Feet—Pain in the Back.

All suppressions in young girls, and the cough and decline so commonly attending them in the young, are relieved quickly and surely by the Catholicon.

In this connection Miss Beecher, sister of the Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER, in "Letters to the People," page 129, says: "I have nine sisters and sisters-in-law, and fourteen female cousins, all married, and all delicate and ailing. Amid the immense circle of my friends and acquaintance I am not recall ten married ladies, born in this country and country, who are perfectly healthy. In cases, however, where the GRAEFENBERG CATHOLICON has been used, we must say that health has rapidly taken the place of disease, and ladies have become robust, strong, vigorous, and healthy."

AFFIDAVIT.

MAYOR'S OFFICE, CITY OF NEW YORK,
April 24, 1859.

JOSHUA F. BRIDGE, of New York, being duly sworn, deposes and says that he is the attending and consulting physician to the Graefenberg Company, No. 32 PARK ROW, New York; that he has had personal knowledge of the preparation of the Graefenberg Family Medicines for many years, and that he has known their effect to have been uniformly good; that he has known the ingredients used by the Company, and the certificates published, and he makes that he knows them to be of genuine character, and that any person desiring proof shall be referred to the parties themselves who have given testimony of their entire sincerity. All persons interested may rely upon the statements of the Graefenberg Company with implicit confidence.

Sworn to before me, this 25th day of April, 1859.

DANIEL F. TIEMANN,
Mayor of the City of New York.

All of the Graefenberg Family Medicines are prepared by a skillful physician, and they may be relied upon in all cases for which they are recommended. They consist of eleven medicines, from which one may be elected adapted to the case.

☞ FOR SALE AT THE OFFICE OF THE GRAEFENBERG COMPANY, No. 32 PARK ROW, NEW YORK.

THE GRAEFENBERG COMPANY'S MARSHALL'S UTERINE CATHOLICON

Is a certain cure for all females unwilling irregularities, weakness, nervousness, sleeplessness, hysterics, fainting, and other local derangements of the uterine organs, as well as the constitutional troubles arising from them.

Price $1 50 *per bottle; has bottles for* $6. *It can be safely sent by Express.*

☞ CAUTION. ☜

AN ARTICLE WHOLLY UNAUTHORIZED, NEARLY RESEMBLING THIS IN NAME AND LABEL, HAS BEEN PUT IN CIRCULATION.

Address letters and orders to

JOSHUA F. BRIDGE, M.D.,
Secretary and Consulting Physician, Graefenberg Company, No. 32 PARK ROW, NEW YORK.

Invalids throughout the country may address DR. BRIDGE concerning their health with perfect confidence.

☞ *If medicines are not ordered, and a written opinion is required, the Letter must contain One Dollar to insure reply.*

The Graefenberg Manual of Health has been revised and improved, and elegantly illustrated with beautifully-colored Engravings of the human system. Sent by mail to any part of the country on receipt of 25 cents. It is a complete guide to all diseases and their cure.

☞ Address JOSHUA F. BRIDGE, M.D.,
SECRETARY GRAEFENBERG COMPANY,
32 PARK ROW, NEW YORK.

E. A. BROOKS,

575 Broadway & 150 Fulton Street.

A splendid Assortment of Ladies', Gentlemen's, and Children's Boots, Shoes, and Gaiters.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. III.—No. 137.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1859. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

OUR SERIALS.

We commenced in No. 134 a new serial tale, entitled "A Good Fight," by CHARLES READE, author of "Love me Little, Love me Long;" with Illustrations by Tenniel. This exquisite Story is printed *from early proof-sheets* PURCHASED *exclusively by us from the Author.*

In reply to several inquiries, we beg to say that MR. DICKENS'S new serial, "A TALE OF TWO CITIES," was commenced in HARPER'S WEEKLY on May 7, and MR. CURTIS'S delicious Story of American Society, entitled "TRUMPS," on April 9. We can send the back numbers from those dates, or from the beginning of the year, to any person who remits the money.

THE MASSACRE AT MOUNTAIN MEADOWS, UTAH TERRITORY.

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT.]

THE story of so horrible a human butchery as that which occurred at the Mountain Meadows, Utah Territory, in the autumn of 1857, has by this time, no doubt, reached the States; but as no account which I have yet seen can in the slightest degree approximate to a description of the hideous truth, being myself now on the ground, and having an opportunity of communicating with some who were no doubt present on the occasion, I deem it proper to send you a plain and unvarnished statement of the affair as it actually occurred.

A train of Arkansas emigrants, with some few Missourians, said to number forty men, with their families, were on their way to California, through the Territory of Utah, and had reached a series of grassy valleys, by the Mormons called the Mountain Meadows, where they remained several days recruiting their animals. On the night of September 9, not suspecting any danger, as usual they quietly retired to rest, little dreaming of the dreadful fate awaiting and soon to overtake them. On the morning of the 10th, as, with their wives and families, they stood around their camp-fires passing the congratulations of the morning, they were suddenly fired upon from an ambush, and at the first discharge fifteen of the best men are said to have fallen dead or mortally wounded. To seek the shelter of their *corral* was but the work of a moment, but there they found but limited protection.

To enable you to appreciate fully the danger of their position I must give a brief description of the ground. The encampment, which consisted of a number of tents and a *corral* of forty wagons and ambulances, lay on the west bank of, and eight or ten yards distant from, a large spring in a deep ravine running southward; another ravine, also, branching from this, and facing the camp on the southwest; overlooking them on the northwest, and within rifle-shot, rises a large mound commanding the *corral*, upon which parapets of stone, with loopholes, have been built. Yet another ravine, larger and deeper, faces them on the east, which could be entered without exposure from the south and far end. Having crept into these shelters during the darkness of the night, the cowardly assailants fired upon their unsuspecting victims, thus making a beginning to the most brutal butchery ever perpetrated on this continent.

Surrounded by superior numbers, and by an unseen foe, we are told the little party stood a siege within the *corral* five or seven days, sinking their wagon-wheels in the ground, and during the darkness of night digging trenches, within which to shelter their wives and children. A large spring of cool water bubbled up from the sand a few yards from them, but deep down in the ravine, and so well protected that certain death marked the trail of all who had dared approach it. The wounded were dying of thirst; the burning brow and parched lip marked the delirium of fever; they tossed from side to side with anguish; the sweet sound of the water, as it murmured along its pebbly bed, served but to heighten their keenest suffering. But what all this to the pang of leaving to a cruel fate their helpless children? Some of the little ones, who though too young to remember in after years, tell us that they stood by their parents, and pulled the arrows from their bleeding wounds.

Long had the brave band held together; but the cries of the wounded sufferers must prevail. For the first time, they are (by four Mormons) offered their lives if they will lay down their arms, and gladly they avail themselves of the proffered mercy. Within a few hundred yards of the *corral* faith is broken. Disarmed and helpless, they are fallen upon and massacred in cold blood. The savages, who had been driven to the hills, are again called down, to what was denominated the "job," which more than savage brutality had begun.

Women and children are now all that remain. Upon these, some of whom had been violated by the Mormon leaders, the savages expends his hoarded vengeance. By a Mormon who has now escaped the threats of the Church we are told that the helpless children clung around the knees of the savages, offering themselves as slaves; but with fiendish laughter at their cruel tortures, knives were thrust into their bodies, the scalp torn from their heads, and their throats cut from ear to ear.

I am writing no tale of fiction; I wish not to gratify the fancy, but to tell a tale of truth to the reason and to the heart. I speak truths which hereafter legal evidence will fully corroborate. I met this train on the Platte River on my way to Fort Laramie in the spring of 1857, the best and richest one I had ever seen upon the plains. Fortune then beamed upon them with her sweetest smile. With a fine outfit and every comfort around them, they spoke to me exultingly of their prospects in the land of their golden dreams. To-day, as then, I ride by them, but no word of friendly greeting falls upon my ear, no face meets me with a smile of recognition; the empty sockets from their ghastly skulls tell me a tale of horror and of blood. On every side around me for the space of a mile lie the remains of carcasses dismembered by wild beasts; bones, left for nearly two years unburied, bleached in the elements of the mountain winds, gnawed by the hungry wolf, broken and hardly to be recognized. Garments of babes and little ones, faded and torn, fluttering from each rugged bush, from which the warble of the songster of the desert sounds as mockery. Human hair, *once* falling in glossy ringlets around childhood's brow or virtue's form, now strewing the plain in masses, matted, and mingling with the musty mould. To-day, in one grave, I have buried the bones and skulls of twelve women and children, pierced with the fatal ball or shattered with the axe. In another the shattered relics of eighteen men, and yet many more await their gloomy resting-place.

Afar from the homes of their childhood, buried in the heart of almost trackless deserts, shut up within never-ending mountain barriers, cut off from all communication with their fellow-men, surrounded by overpowering numbers, harmless citizens of our land of justice and freedom, with their wives and families, as dear to them as our own to us, were coolly, deliberately, and designedly butchered by those professing to be their own countrymen.

I pause to ask one calm, quiet question. Are these facts known in the land where I was born and bred?

I have conversed with the Indians engaged in this massacre. They say that they but obeyed the command of Brigham Young, sent by letter, as soldiers obey the command of their chief; that the Mormons were not only the instigators but the most active participants in the crime; that Mormons led the attack, took possession of the spoil; that much of that spoil still remains with them;

THE SCENE OF THE MOUNTAIN MEADOWS MASSACRE, UTAH TERRITORY.—[FROM A RECENT SKETCH.]

and still more, was sold at the tilting office of the Church.

Such facts can and will be proved by legal testimony. Sixteen children, varying from two to nine years of age, have been recovered from the Mormons. They could not be induced to utter a word until assured that they were out of the hands of the Mormons and safe in the hands of the Americans. Then their talk is so consonant with itself that it can not be doubted. Innocence has in fresh spoken. Light has fled to the mountains. The time fast approaches when "justice shall be laid to the line, and righteousness to the plummet."

Summer Resorts.

Cozzens' Hotel, West Point, N. Y.
La Fayette House, Bergen Point, N. J.
Hygeiotron House, Lake Hopatcong, N. J.
Haviland's Hotel, Long Branch, N. J.
Intervale House, Niagara Falls.
Trenton Falls Hotel, Trenton Falls, N. Y.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1859.

THE Proprietors of this paper beg to draw attention to the following list of

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LATE WAR IN EUROPE,

which have been published in HARPER'S WEEKLY within the past few weeks. By reason of variety, and excellence of these engravings will show how thoroughly and faithfully the news of the day is illustrated in HARPER'S WEEKLY, and constitute a guarantee of the future performance of this journal.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

I. Reception of the Austrian Ambassador at the Tuileries on New-Year's Day on which occasion the Emperor addressed to him the celebrated remarks to the Austrian Minister.

II. The Funeral of Emilio Dandolo at Milan which has caused the first outbreak.

III. Count Cavour (from a Photograph).

IV. Prince Metternich.

V. Austrian Officers in a Café in Milan just before the War.

VI. Departure of Italian Volunteers from Leghorn for Genoa.

VII. Sardinian Troops in full Uniform.

VIII. Victor Emanuel, King of Sardinia.

IX. Cardinal Antonelli, Papal Premier.

X. Zouaves leaving Versailles by Torchlight for the War.

XI. The seat of War.

XII. The City of Genoa, a magnificent Picture.

XIII. Execution of the Austrian Invaders at Venice.

XIV. The Bridge over the Tiebre at Buffalora.

XV. Arrival of the first French Troops in Piedmont.

XVI. General Gyulai (from a late Photograph).

XVII. The Emperor of Austria and his Generals.

XVIII. The City of Turin.

XIX. The Port and Fort of Alessandria.

XX. Sardinians working at new Fortifications of Alessandria.

XXI. A Map of Northern Italy.

XXII. Another Map, showing every Town, Village, Railroad, High-Road, Stream, and Mountain in the Country.

XXIII. French Troops marching through a Sardinian Fortress to meet the Austrians.

XIV. FIELD BLOOD.—THE ENEMIES AT FRATTOMINORE.

XXV. The Emperor of the French, surrounded by General Canrobert, Randon, Berthier, D'Hilliers, Prince Napoleon, Magnan, Castellane, MacMahon, Mahbeil, and Niel.

XXVI. The Emperor Francis-Joseph of Austria.

XXVII. General Garibaldi.

XXVIII. Garibaldi's Troops in Uniform.

XXIX. Como, the Scene of Garibaldi's Victory.

XXX. The BATTLE OF MONTEBELLO.

XXXI. The Emperor visiting the Wounded in Hospital.

XXXII. The Empress presiding over the Council at the Tuileries.

XXXIII. Passage of the Seine by the Piedmontese Regiment.

XXXIV. BATTLE OF PALESTRO.

XXXV. A Zouave in other Garb, at Palestro.

XXXVI. A Zouave in Undress.

XXXVII. A Piedmontese Artillerman.

XXXVIII. Austrian Spies brought into the French Camp to be Shot.

XXXIX. THE BATTLE OF MAGENTA.—THE INFERNAL GUARD AT BAY, a magnificent Picture.

XL. Morelta Macdonald, Duke of Magenta.

XLI. The City of Milan, a splendid Engraving.

XLII. Three Views at Milan.

XLIII. The Imperial Army Printing-Press, on which the Orders of the Day are Printed.

XLIV. The Emperor's Tent.

XLV. How the News was Received in Paris.

XLVI. THE BATTLE OF MALEGNANO.

XLVII. Turcos' Heads.

XLVIII. General Schiick (from a Photograph).

XLIX. THE BATTLE OF SOLFERINO.

I. Charge of Voltigeurs at Solferino.

LI. A Zouave Charge on the Minie.

LII. Map of the famous Austrian Quadrangle.

LIII. The City of Verona.

LIV. The City of Venice.

We take pleasure in appending the following from the Philadelphia *Press* of July 27:

"The HARPERS have fairly surpassed the *London Illustrated News* in engravings relating to the war. Already they have published fifty-four plates, which is about double the number published by the *News*. The Harpers have, with their accustomed tact and energy, availed themselves of the engravings in the illustrated papers of Paris, and have published several prepared expressly for themselves. The WEEKLY has now got up to an edition of about ninety thousand."

WHY NAPOLEON MADE PEACE.

THE conversation which took place on 19th July between the Emperor of the French and the Presidents of the great bodies of the State sheds a remarkable light on the recent peace. We know of no public document or private history which reveals so much of the real character and purposes of the Emperor Napoleon.

He began by saying that, had he persevered in the war after the battle of Solferino, he would have been obliged to undertake a long and tedious enterprise against the fortresses which compose the famous quadrilateral; and he implied, though he did not say as much in words, that during the siege the revolutionary party in France would have probably disturbed the peace of the empire. Passing over this danger, he observed that Germany must, or at later, would have drifted into the war, and thus that France would have been compelled to fight on the Rhine as well as on the Adige, and would further have been reduced to seek the aid of revolution to attain her objects. Rather than incur the responsibility of awakening a revolution throughout Europe, and giving the signal for a general war, Napoleon resolved to withdraw from his programme the retirement from the Mincio to the Adriatic, and to save vanish from honest hearts noble delusions and patriotic hopes.

If history contains a more manly and honorable declaration than this we do not remember to have seen it.

Had Napoleon been the ambitious and dishonest schemer which the English and their American followers call him, he would never have admitted that he had failed in his object. He would not even needed any extraordinary display of sophistry to have made out that the Peace of Villafranca fulfilled the pledge of Plombières. He might and he would have done scarifices could have prepared in half an hour a manifesto showing that the Emperor had achieved more than he promised, and had Napoleon been a mere political trickster—as he is so often represented—he would have avoided himself of these explanations, and would have shrunk from the necessity of confessing that he had been foiled. He has not done so. He has stated the case against himself as fully as the London *Times* could have done. In his position such candor is positively heroic.

Of the weight of the reasons which impelled him to conclude a peace every reasonable person can judge. There are many who are sceptical where intense hatred of monarchy and arbitrary power has to bestow all their goodwill on the revolutionists of Europe, and who desire nothing so ardently as a general uprising of the "people," though the revolutionaries are erroneously called—against these sceptics. But there are generally either country politicians who never saw Europe in their lives, or noisy ignorant Irishmen or Germans whose took precious care to "roar gently" when they were approached by the police of their adopted land. The fact is, that while the monarchical and aristocratic systems of Europe involve much that is unjust and even abominable, the evil of them is, on the whole, about as good as the best of the systems which have been thus far devised for the government of civilized countries. Had Napoleon frankly called the revolutionaries to arms, and undertaken a "propaganda" in Italy, Germany, and Hungary, it is quite certain that a war would have commenced of which many of us would not have lived to see the end; it probably would have been a second Waterloo would have terminated the struggle, and have left the scene of men of family and property every where, would have involved the prospects of liberal ideas for a generation or more.

On the other side, it is quite likely that the continuation of the war would have compelled Prussia to become a combatant. The outside world would have become severe to be long withstood. Prussia's intervention would probably have led to that of Russia; nor could England have remained a passive spectator while all Europe was in a blaze. Could any results imaginable have compensated humanity for so general and so terrible a struggle?

Wise and thoughtful men will, we think, decide that in forgoing his purposes in order to avoid them the Emperor of the French pursued the most reasonable, the most manly, and the most humane course.

But, it is said, he has so, why did not Napoleon forece the dangers before he embarked *dans cette galere?*

This question can not be answered until we see the results of the Zurich Conference. If that Conference does not render the condition of Italy better than it was before the war, then it will be necessary to admit that Napoleon has made a fatal blunder—has sacrificed needlessly thousands of men and millions of money—and is obnoxious to severe censure for not having foreseen the complications which have occurred. If, on the other hand, the Zurich Conference really effects substantial improvements in the condition of Italy, it will be hard to blame the Emperor of the French; for though he may not have achieved all he hoped, he will still have achieved enough to repay him for the cost of the war.

Again: how could he have foreseen the insane Gallophobia which has attacked the Germans? Before the war there was not a German out of Austria who was not opposed to the extravagant Germanic dominions of Francis-Joseph. They were a parasitic growth, necessarily weakening the strongest Power in the German Confederation. They were a menace to Germany. They diverted Austria's strength from German channels. They were a perpetual bone of contention in the Diet. Until the war no German Cooperation in the Austrian empire had nearly involved a dissolution of the Germanic Confederacy. Yet Napoleon, undertaking to wrest from Austria this foreign growth which had so hampered and harassed Germany, the Germans set up a howl as though he were invading their own homes and hearths. To show the Germans that he intended them no ill it were impossible to do more than he did. He gathered no army on the Rhine to oppose the immense levies they mustered to menace France. He would not bombard Trieste, because it was used by the Confederation. In word and in deed, so far as words and deeds can tell, he told the Germans that his concern was with Italy, not with Germany. Yet so bitter was the anti-Gallic prejudice in the German armed that, in spite of all he could say or do, it is clear that, sooner or later, these Germans would have gone to war, had the campaign lasted, to maintain an Austrian dominions of which it has been the most cherished aim of Prussia and other German States to see her deprived. Is it fair to blame Napoleon for not having foreseen such unexampled inconsistency and perverse folly?

The Power that has not been humiliated by this peace are, after all, not Austria or France or Sardinia, but Prussia and England. Prussia certainly occupies an unenviable position. The smaller States of Germany are furious with her for having shown what they conceived to be signs of guilt. Austria will forgive her for having held aloof in her hour of need. France is not likely to feel grateful for the manner in Baden. England can scarcely have a grudge against her for remaining neutral during the war in the Crimea. If any contingency should place Prussia in peril, England would be very slow to come to her aid. Prussia's attitude during the war has contrived to conciliate the ill-will of all parties. Austria declares that she would never have attacked Prussia if she had received some sympathy for her cause professed for her by Lord Derby; and further urges that but for the stupid neutrality of England Venice would have been seized Turin at the commencement of the war. The French have all along classed Great Britain among their enemies. The unfair attacks of the British Press and Parliament on the Emperor, and the warlike preparations of England, made at a time when the forces of Prussia and army were occupied in Italy, are not likely to diminish the hereditary antipathy which the French feel for the old foe. Both Prussia and England have hereafter awkward settlements to effect with their neighbors, they will have no one but themselves to blame.

MORAL FROM A LAW BOOK.

ACCORDING to an old book of legal gossip the common phrase "glorious uncertainty of the law" *should* read, "inglorious certainty of the law." Such a volume as Dwarris' docket, "How can the law be certain which of times is reduced curiously?" Quoth the doctor, "It is certain to be certain to the last certainty of perfection." Replies the student, "Such certainty is inglorious."

This reference recurred in turning over the leaves of a recently published volume of the reports of our New York Court of Appeals—the eighteenth volume of the series in as many years; and *the sixty-first volume* of reports published of State Decisions since the Constitution of 1846 "ordered the Judges to write." If this last "spawn" from the legal press of judicial ooze may be a sample of preceding volumes, then, indeed, in this age of progress, is the "certainty of the law" eminently inglorious. It is—profligate of the whole number! There are a score of dissenting opinions given by Judge and Mr. Justice Roosevelt of this district disagrees in ten instances with his brethren. As in the race or the rubber the last heat or the latest success determines consequences, so it is in law with adjudications of the highest court. But do these determine that the last learning is the best any more than the race or the rubber settle the final winners to be the ablest sportsmen? Each one of these thirty-two reversed cases were first tried before a judge with or without a jury. The result of this trial was an appeal by the unsuccessful suitors to a tribunal of three or more judges; from whose decision, in a great instance, a second appeal was taken to the court of final resort. Many of the judges in the first instances confessedly equal in learning and logic have above upon the upper bench. Moreover, in one case the last judges reversed their predecessors after a few years back.

In view, therefore, of such facts, and cases, litigants may well credit the bar-tradition of the judge "reversed" as the decision to the 'head and tail' test of the jockey's race. Cases on the threshold of a suit at law can sing a paraphrase of Hopkins and Sternhold's Psalm—

> Life is not always longest
> To those who reach the greatest number,
> But legal battles are easiest
> To them with 9 longest pauses!

THE AMERICAN CUTICLE THICKENING.

WITHIN the past few weeks two books have been published in England berating this country. One is written by an Irishman who was Consul at Boston. This writer says what we are not at all civilized, and that Hibernian gentlemen will have the misfortune to cut us on our shores must make up their minds to a certain vast deal of annoyance from our savage habits; and will have much to endure in dining with they make their escape, as he did, from the civilized America to refused and published Journal. Our other writer is Mr. Charles Mackay, who came here in search of fortune, and failed to find it. He, too, is strong on our want of civilization; but his principal charge against us is the tremendous difficulties which beset honest workmen here. Not only, says he, is work very scarce in the United States, but it is also exceedingly mean, and innocent Britishers are constantly cheated even out of the small stipend agreed to be paid them. As for the laborer, he says his readers, quite common for "Paisley" weavers, in paying their hands, to make them take eight threads in the reed instead of six, an outrage what honest man's blood would not boil? Workmen are in New York a real want of water and fresh air! Living generally is unbearable, and very dear. In hard times, which are very frequent, the whole burden is shifted thrown on the workman; generally, he says, on "Yankee cunning," escape it all, and roll in wealth and luxury. Much more this worthy man says which we have not room to report; the sum of his diatribe being an earnest appeal to British workmen not on any account to emigrate to the United States.

If these two books had been published ten or fifteen years ago they would have been widely reprinted here long since, and our newspapers would ere this have been at them tooth and nail. We should have had a terrible row in the old style, that they were evidences that John Bull had not forgiven New Orleans, and that the Americans had blotted unfavorable opinion against the growth and prosperity of the republic. As it is, we dare say that not one person in a thousand has ever heard or ever heard of the works before us, or is likely to ask for them at the booksellers. We have seen but one or two mere reviews of them taught at, and those let him up quite easily; the British workman's onslaught has passed wholly unnoticed.

These things are a symptom of a great hardening and toughening of the American cuticle. Our skin is growing thicker; it is less sensitive to foreign opinion than it was in the days when Martin Chuzzlewit made us foam at the mouth.

Who knows but, by-and-by, we may grow callous enough to laugh at caricatures of ourselves drawn by a foreign hand?

The American eagle would no doubt be profoundly humiliated at the idea, but it thought we could ever learn lessons of any kind from the foreign world. But that bitter fate is, we fear, in store for the noble bird. Indifference has succeeded thin-skinned sensitiveness to foreign sarcasm, and the next step may be an honest desire to profit by criticism from any quarter, without regard to its motives. There are lessons to be learned from the cavils of the most unkind censors; there is much advice and instruction even in Marvin Chuzzlewit.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE LATE BALLOON VOYAGE

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

THE excitement of the public mind in regard to the transcontinental balloon voyage from St. Louis to Jefferson City, New York, having passed away, a few words of explanation concerning the false reports that were circulated about it, and a consequent misunderstanding that has arisen in that public mind, may be opportune at this time.

Your own journal, as well as many other respectable papers, have been imposed on by fabricated accounts, purporting to be from Mr. O. A. Gager and from Mr. John La Mountain.

Permit me to say that I have no ill-feeling against Mr. La Mountain. I verily believe that no trouble would have arisen with him had he not placed himself in the hands of an indiscreet reporter connected with the *Troy Times*. This person is attempting to build up a reputation for Mr. La

Mountain by destroying mines, which I have been told more than twenty years ago, would be done with what success.

As for me, my business is to sell balloons; to improve the system of aerial navigation, to teach it to others; to improve the art in every way I can, and not to engage in controversies about the little details of this or that experiment. I claim to have done nothing but an ordinary duty in any the same experience and inclinations might have done; and I feel it a duty to the cause of science and to truth to give a full and faithful report in pamphlet form. This pamphlet I have intrusted to the perusal of Mr. O. A. Gager for correction and revision before it went to press, and he has made such alterations and corrections as he deems fit and proper. I deemed this a duty I owed to Mr. O. A. Gager, because he was the projector of the Balloon, and because he is a gentleman of energy, intelligence, and manly integrity.

His candid letter to me upon his seeing the fulsome and reports which have appeared is perhaps the best and most explanatory commentary upon this piece of a well-intended adventure. We all felt elated to our mission, and sincere and harmonious in our action, until the pamphlet was out. Then thought fit to mar that harmony by his ill-directed and ill-timed intermeddling.

I here submit this letter:

NEW YORK, *July 28, 1859.*

DEAR SIR,—I have not yet seen JOHN LA MOUNTAIN since we left him in Andover. I have not yet written you what purports to be "his account," written by Mr. Demers of the Troy Times. I have no account of his exercise on his return to Lansingburgh. The account that have prompted all the articles in the Troy Times are plainly pure and unqualified falsehoods, so far as you, reliably, and by Mr. La Mountain's friends; and I am satisfied the present friends of Mr. Demers will be public in their own vicinity in much enraged since their position.

I now asked which is the "Mr. Gager" whose name is lifted Mr. La Mountain's account. My reply was, I taught it worthy of notice; that I knew no one who was by so himself (*Demers*). I could only say I thought a rather suspicious case for all. The tone and thickness the gesture to be afraid to an article stating "he was deceived by his friends, and not by himself." I have not looked at both of his own accord, and at the time when I differed with him all the facts of the case. I have not enough to have brought him safely home. Still I told him (*Demers*) I would have to do it myself, as I could get aloute to my remarks, or in any way associate any more than the possible way of having his published. I would much prefer to be before the world as I am, than to find myself from his associate—to award and a decision from my friends. I am sick, tired, and thickness me to have him pursue my name in his journal. I insisted upon their observing the agreement to be given to the public as "Mr. Gager's account," which they did. Then I had put Mr. Gager's name to it. I am very much averse to a newspaper controversy, knowing that it would injure them, and me. That is the only thing, I think, they are after. I told them I did not blame John, only for allowing his name to appear in such a statement, knowing, as you would yourself after reading it, that it was never written by him.

I am, as ever, truly yours,

JOHN WISE.

I deem this brief explanation necessary to the cause of truth, to the integrity of Mr. Gager, to the correction of the fabulous statements in the statement of Mr. Hyde's account, and to my own humble efforts in this interesting act.

Respectfully yours,

JOHN WISE.

P.S.—I will shortly personally write an article on my further progress.

☞ The Engineer of the Washington Monument at Washington, D. C., has addressed a circular calling on the 30,000 Postmasters throughout the country to collect funds for the purpose of completing that work. If every Postmaster collects something the work will soon be finished.

THE LOUNGER.

THE LAST MURDER.

That a man mad with rum and passion should shoot his partner because in the street is not surprising, however harrowing it may be. But that any body of Directors—composed, doubtless, of well-meaning and moral men—should suffer such a slaughter as that at the Schaghticoke Bridge to occur under their auspices is a most sickening and alarming fact.

According to the testimony of the inquest over the body of Mr. Plympton, the condition of the bridge was known. It was old and unsafe; and a new one was contemplated. A bridge upon a great Northern route of travel, at the season of the year when the travel is the largest, is a key to the nation. A train runs upon it at moderate speed; the bridge suddenly gives way; nine persons are instantly killed, and many more are wounded.

There is no conference chance in this. There can be no plea of unreliable data. The bridge was old, unsafe, and the Superintendent of the road directly—by unmistakable pressure for the public accommodation. By Appleton's Railway Guide for July the name of William Wallace, of Albany, is printed as President and Superintendent of the road. We do not know him. We never heard of him before. We have no doubt that Mr. William Wallace is a man who would not willingly hurt a dog. But he has assumed the responsibility, and he is doubtless paid for the work, of superintending many miles of road. What is superintendence of a railroad if it is not, first of all, taking diligent care that human life is protected against every avoidable risk? To a certain extent defects of metal vitiating machinery, sudden land-slides, or water-spouts covering or washing the road, and some other circumstances which may occasion accidents and loss of life, are to be regarded as unavoidable, and a Superintendent may not be justly blamed if every possible human care has been taken.

But that over a particular river or ravine there should be no bridge at all, or a bridge so notoriously insecure that it is the same as none, is a carelessness which is crime. That a Superintendent should not know the absence or the rottenness of a bridge is a criminal ignorance; it is an inadequacy to the responsibility assumed, so gross and outrageous that the man who is guilty of it should be held up conspicuously to public animadversion. For men have no right to assume responsibilities involving human life without paying the penalty of betraying them.

The day of rhetoric and flaring capitals at the head of the column about railroad disasters on account of the slaughter has gone by. The appeal to the moral sense of individuals who are elected Directors and Superintendents is found to be in almost hopeless. The statistics and the experience of every traveler, demonstrate that any system of railroad management is a ghastly failure. Every where in the world a man travels by railmore safely than by railroad.

The only practicable remedy is to make it incumbent upon every Superintendent, in the case of every railroad accident, to proceed against the Company, and the punishment, upon conviction of carelessness of inadequacy in the case of any bridge in such case the forfeiture of a heavy percentage of the entire capital invested in the road, to be distributed among the injured and the families of the dead by proper adjudication. No man now knows whose without a secret apprehension. The slightest delay, or an unusual sound, instantly excites the passengers to a painful anxiety. Under the administration of travelers, we have not learned how to travel. And we protect ourselves against the railroad companies by exacting from the passage and execution of the severest laws of pecuniary damages—which, in the case of bonds are held specially by the fear of infamy, let the names of the President and Directors and Superintendents of the offending roads be made forever infamous.

CAGLIOSTRO AT VILLAFRANCA.

The first news from Paris is now substantially correct. The warmest friends of Louis Napoleon can only say: "Wait till Zurich." The Emperor is a lucky adventurer. He has done, or more than he intended to do; or else his deliberate plans were of double meaning, to interpret them at his pleasure.

This, however, is to be said for him: that his career has always great ability, and that he is not, probably, without good reasons for his present action. He is the most conservative of all sovereigns in France; and he has undoubtedly benefited by the lessons which he learned as a wanderer on the earth. He knows the world, and can say, concommon, sense into his government. Of course he may mistake his own power, and so lose his life. He may not be able to see the principles and conditions upon which alone he can found a despotism in France. Every man is liable to such a miscalculation see for the crisis. That is, that kings-born must be based upon the principles of the age. It is clear now that Europe would have endured the exile of Austria from every part of Italy as well as from Lombardy. The Emperor has not mistaken what his natural allies—meaning Prussia—deserted him, and Lord Clarendon, and Lord Derby, and Lord Bloomfield, before the news of peace, says that the fate of the fortresses must be left to new treaties.

As the war ceased, the Emperor and the Queen with clasped mailed hands, keep guard over Italy. They propose no intervention under certain conditions. Either, then, the Italians accept them, or decline. If they accept, they receive their country as a gift from the two great powers. If they decline—what is the condition of Italy? But if they take their example of the Pope, and the treasure of pure liberty that Austria and France unite in the benefaction? Have those two powers laid aside rivalry and ambition, and do they look good for the love of goodness?

The warm friendship of the French Emperor, who regarded him as a kind of inspired Providential agent, as a great and good man, and a vast benefactor of his country and the cause of mankind, the dead of the Bonlevards and the exiles of the colonies, may see in the whole affair only another re-splendent signs of his imperial greatness and goodness.

We do not. We see a successful adventurer. We are watching the game of a crowned Cagliostro.

COLLEGE ORATIONS.

The time of conferring degrees has come, and the voice of the college orator is heard in the land. Tears are shed, and flowers are distributed, and in the country, and about thirty thousand students. If we add to the annual orations delivered before the local societies, and to those which are spoken before seminaries and academies, and the sermons and anniversary addresses, we have a volley of eloquence and learning before which ever caught to fly and ignorance capitulates.

Any gentleman may be honored by the invitation to deliver a College Address, for what was called a literary gentleman is now an orator. What shall the orator talk about? Here are two hundreds of living men, full of warm interests and complicated by personal relations to each in which they live, who come together, and, sitting in the lap of their Alma Mater, open their ears and minds and hearts to the man they have raised to speak to them. So let him talk as a living man to living men. Let him say something which will make his book of a piece of his life and experience and thought, and give it to his hearers. It will do no harm if they all differ. He is invited to say what he thinks, not what his hearers think.

Moreover, in this country the only chance we have of fairly discussing the practical questions in which we have a common interest is at such an impartian assembly as a crowd of college graduates. It is precisely the time to look at our political principles from the Olympian and total moral point of view. If we can't do it without losing our tempers, so much the worse for us and our principles. Let it be understood that dry dogmatic discussions of abstract themes are valuable at such times only as they bear upon life. Let it be understood that the educated American citizen is not afraid of repeating and repeating the proverb of his faith in the future of his country, nor of citing his own errors of conduct in regard to that view as well as the errors of others. There are certain popular superstitions about the country—its principle and its practice—which, if every college orator this summer would thoughtfully treat in his address, would be on the way to correction.

A WORD TO THE NEIGHBORS OF ROTTEN BRIDGES.

On Monday evening of last week the Lounger was quietly riding in the cars upon the Troy, Bennington, and Rutland Railroad, when one of his neighbors on the seat before him speaking of the feeble bridge so dangerous that it was notorious. On a bridge crossing a train was upon the bridge, which fell as the locomotive struck it, and a frightful disaster followed.

It appears that the neighbors of that bridge knew its insecurity as the neighbors in Indiana knew the insufficiency of the culvert, which nearly proved its incompetency by choking and washing away the road. It is a singular fact in every country. Of course, there are plenty of such bridges and culverts and other work works left, and daily used by people in the midst of their peril. Equally, of course, the railroad companies prefer to take the risk, and to trust to the certainty that they will be able to pay the interest on their bonds, if they spend money enough to keep the roads in proper order. Let those neighbors, then, put the public on their guard. Wherever a point upon any road is notoriously dangerous, let the fact be made known at it to the public. Let it be understood that who ever takes the cars upon a certain road takes them at the imminent risk of his life. Let us have a Railway Director as we have a Bank-note Detector, and let the well-deserved disgrace of railway murder can not be corrected.

AMERICAN ART IN ENGLAND.

Mr. Powers's statue of the Greek Slave has just been bought at auction in London by the Earl of Cheveden for three thousand dollars. The *Art Journal* observes in several papers long and careful notices of Crawford's statue of Orpheus, and of the Adams,' which in the main agree with the general judgment of those who saw it here. Even the *Athenæum*, which rarely speaks of American matters, is disposed to allow an American artist his just share of praise, and while saying nothing with unkindness, willingly concedes that "it does credit to the rising school of transatlantic painters, and is well worth a visit." The *Illustrated London News* and the *Daily News* speak much more warmly. The former says: "Mr. Crawford has produced a work of art especially, Mr. Church approves himself a consummate master of the art of presentation in the individual subject to which that art can exercise its powers."

It is probably not known to many who know and admire Mr. Church's pictures that he has never been in Europe, and has, of course, not seen the great pictures of the old galleries. His studies have been among our own scenery, and in that of the tropics, and his fame as a landscape painter of has found the tropical subjects he so delights to represent.

Whatever his reasons for this course may have been, his career shows that very great excellence can be attained without the study of the great illustrations. Of course it remains to be proved in Mr. Church's case how much better his pictures will be after visiting the European galleries. In this country there are perhaps enough pictures by famous masters to show a student what such works are; but it is only familiar intercourse with many works of such men that reveals all their power.

Mr. Church is understood to be passing the summer in the Highlands of Newfoundland and the shores of the Bay of Fundy. Having lured for us the Heart of the Andes, perhaps he is about to reveal to us the splendor of icebergs and cold mists.

AN EPIGRAM.

A correspondent thus pleasantly turns the tables upon certain critics or medis—which is according to the true language:

"Mr. Longfellow,—It is hard to be reprimanded by a bad writer! I refer to the following article:

"In an article written by Judge Edmonds for the New York Tribune, he has treated 'Speaking in Many Tongues' and intended to show how persons 'spiritualized' could speak in languages of which they do not understand), there occurs the following specimen sentence:

"'The name "wrote" was A. Millington, making eleven letters, viz.

"'Henry your friend 'Hans Yorker' pencils on a Newport flat the following:

"'Judge Edmonds to the Tribune writes
A letter marvelous and quaint,
To show us how the medium spirits
Used by some spiritual saint,
Varying the dialects of his tongue
Can speak in many foreign tongues;
Or read with spiritual eyes
All languages, from Celt to Coptic!
But what I think he failed to show,
If, learned in *foreign* language grown,
A medium writes "*wrote his own?*"

OUTWARD-BOUND.

A correspondent, E. N. P., who was "once a son of the sea," writes this lovely lyric:

Homeward-bound is a welcome sound,
But outward-bound give me!
With the swelling sail, and the rushing gale,
And the rush of the rearing sea!

We leave behind the chasing wind,
We leave behind the shore;
While hill and dale fade in the sea.
Perhaps to rise no more.

We've said farewell—and the tears that fell
On our cheeks we've brushed away:
But, the homeward-bound, all but in sight
Of the mirth of his children at play!

And the song of his wife, when the winds are at strife,
And the ripe of dark keep under the key,
Any fly-bird a crow in the whistling wave,
And never his family.

Ay, outward-bound is a noble sound,
For the sea is a noble host,
And who deeply grins, from his basket's brink,
Are the guests that love him the most.

We bide not to pace the deck,
The storm-cloud has shadows like sky:
Whate'er may call, whate'er befall,
We are ready to hear, to see, and do.

We never shrink, though heaven be ink,
And the waves a waste of snow;
With good sea-room to meet the gloom,
And all the gales that blow.

Oh, homeward-bound is a welcome sound,
But outward-bound give me;
For I loved the shore, whence they sail no more—
The far country.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—W. V. A., Detroit, writes, in relation to the marriage of the Queen of Spain, a subject, "Have is a law prohibiting the marriage of any of the royal family without the consent of the reigning sovereign, but no legal restriction as the sovereign herself, and so far as she is personally concerned."

—Some Yorker reminds the Lounger that Aaron Hoxsey says and wood French measles attributo to Madame de Maintenon, and not to Madame "Adrian de Jacque," and that Metternich did not first say these. That is true, but he adopted the saying, and made it his own. Besides the first correction is timely and just. Metternich, like Talleyrand, will doubtless have the credit of many more good things than he has said. In like manner, upon a recent occasion, the remark of the "Peculiar Papers" has been delivered so address, some of which "Now is this gentleman?" "Why," said another, much better informed, "don't you know who that is? That is the author of 'Reverter of a Bachelor,' and "The Howadji," and "Nothing to Wear." The quotations are entirely satisfied; and so ought the author in question to have been flattered by the mistake.

—A true, war-hearted Buffalonian sends an account of a dog-fight, which, who, among other supplements, must be "lively as a cricket." It seems hardly fair a great dog-fight should be reported at so object," and who of young and well and altogether admirable animals, musicality, and who also lives in Buffalo, should be obliged to confine his talents to a New York paper. It is justice to the unmarried ladies of Buffalo we withhold the name.

—Turton, Lockport, will find in a late number of the "Round Table" the line he asks for is from a Latin poem of Richard Crashaw:

"Tympha pudens labra ne vitiet et ebrius."

The commentators water now to be published.

—The admirable correspondent of *Harper's Magazine*, Porte Crayon, has been named Commissioner of Internal betrays so secret in saying to D. H. Strother, of Virginia.

—Mr. Bancroft, Newport, Georgia, confirmed by a Woodbury, Connecticut, in reply to a subscription asked "Night placing her mantle with a star," etc., says:

"Reverend Clarke, the 'Old Poet' of the Round Table:

"'And Evening lets her curtain down,
And puts in with a star.'

"Drake, in his 'Culprit Fay,' has the following line:

"'And Night her curtain down hath drawn.'

—P. P. H. would like to know the meaning of "postprandial." It is derived from the Latin, and means after-dinner." A post-prandial speech is the very proposes.

—It would be possible to show him that all good pork is not nut-fed, as is Spain; and he should acknowledge that clover is the best element for the production of the flavorous juices. If any man dare question this last month into Kentucky and his fine hams are celebrated by the succulent dish of honey-suck-le-bogotten bacon which recently appeared on our table.

—S. S. L. There is no steel engraving of Gignoux's Niagara, nor will there probably be one. The Heart of the Andes will be engraved in due season.

—A correspondent in Georgetown, District of Columbia, writes: "Can you kindly answer a question?" It originates:"

Number 'First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his fellow-citizens,' how ? First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his fellow-citizens," is right.

—The first is a garbled reading by Chief-Justice Marshall, or Light-Horse Harry Lee, of a passage in a work of which he technically turned by printers an end.

—The Lounger has referred to more than one batch of a series of resolutions presented to the United States House of Representatives by Mr. Lovejoy, of Illinois. Here is the last:

"3. That a Joint Committee of both Houses be appointed to report such measures as may be necessary, and expressive of the profound sorrow with which Congress is penetrated at the loss of so great a friend of liberty and peace, *and first in the hearts of his countrymen.*"

—The remaining words were drawn by Governor Floyd, and presented to the House by John Marshall, a representative from Kentucky.

—The preceding resolution is copied verbatim from the 3d volume of Elliot's Debates, and is found in Washington's fifth paper.

—The following article on introducing the resolution, on the death of Washington, is found in the same volume. 1st session, 5th Congress, page 205.

—The funeral oration in honor of General George Washington, before both Houses of Congress, was delivered in the German Lutheran Church of Philadelphia, on the 26th December, 1799, by Major-General Henry Lee. It is correct this passage:

"First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen, he was second to none in the humble and enduring scenes of private life."

—Rev. Hamilton, Georgia. J. Rose Downie is, we believe, at present in California. His published works are: "Zenobiga of a Runaway Slave, with Notes of a Sojourn on the Island of Zanzibar;" and "Yusef, a Crusade in the East."

THE PIKE'S PEAK GOLD MINES.—[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

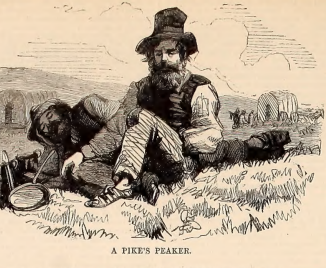
SOUTH FORK OF THE PLATTE, JUNE, 1859.

FAR distant upon the boundless prairies stretching away toward the setting sun, and over four hundred and fifty miles from the border towns of the Missouri River, this letter is written for the amusement and instruction of your readers. The author, dressed in a soiled suit of corduroy, and with a ventilated slouched hat upon his head, is seated upon the tongue of a wagon, with a five-gallon vinegar-keg for his writing-desk, while at the same moment the first teams of Colonel F. W. Lander's South Pass Wagon-road Expedition are entering the water at the crossing of the South Fork of the Platte.

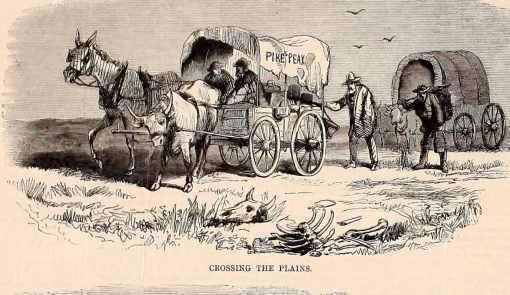
At the present date both banks of the river are lined with the wagons and animals of the emigrants; and the haggy owners of those which have successfully "passed over Jordan" may well cast their eyes across the swelling flood and gaze with Christian resignation upon the toiling and struggling pilgrims who have yet to prove their faith and endurance. The water rushing over the wagon, the plunging and kicking of the mules, and the imprecations of the teamsters, render the scene one of peculiar interest, and to add to it, Dog Belly, chief of the Ogallallah band of the Sioux tribe of Indians, with a small party of his braves, are grouped around Colonel Lander's carriage, smoking the pipe of peace. Mr. Albert Bierstadt, of Boston, the artist of the expedition, is engaged in sketching their appearance. And it is to his pencil we are indebted for the illustrations accompanying this article.

During the past ten days we have met thousands of the deluded and suffering gold-seekers retracing their steps to the quiet farms of the West. Many of them were in a starving condition, barefooted, ragged, and penniless; and it has caused much delay in the progress of the expedition, and materially diminished our supply of provisions, to feed these hungry, home-bound stragglers. We counted upon one day ninety-three wagons, and the following one eighty-four, to each of which was attached from six to ten men; and besides these, hundreds of others who were wandering along without any mode of conveyance. Up to this point of our journey we have probably passed five thousand disheartened and disappointed men returning to the States, and their number is but small compared to those who have pressed on toward California.

On the Smoky Hill Fork route the suffering has been much more extensive and aggravated.



A PIKE'S PEAKER.



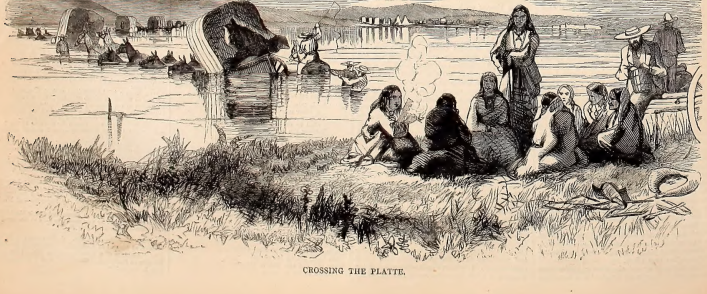
CROSSING THE PLAINS.

Of one party some twelve or fifteen died in a state of starvation, and in some instances the survivors preserved their own lives by eating the dead bodies of their former companions. I conversed with a returning emigrant who saw and spoke to the insane survivor of three brothers by the name of Riley, from Whiteside County, Illinois, who had eaten the dead bodies of his brethren, and was found by the Indians in a dying state, and by them carried to the nearest passing train. These reports are confirmed by old and reliable mountaineers, and there is no reason to doubt that the full story of the emigrants' wrongs and suffering is yet to be told.

We hear that some of these deluded men, infatuated by the deception practiced upon them, have risen in their might, and in Denver City have inflicted a terrible retribution upon two or three of the prominent actors in the drama. It is also reported that the conflagration of the town is threatened.

Before closing this article I desire to refer to the advantages of this central, or, as it is termed, South Pass route, as a convenient road. Many years ago it was adopted by the old Northwest and American Fur Companies as the route of supply for their forts. It was selected and traveled, after long exploration of the mountains, by bravest hunters, who set traps upon every stream, and whose experience justified its adoption. Fremont followed this old trail in his passage to Oregon, and the overland emigrant pursues it at this day. When the Congressional act was passed to construct a wagon-road to California through the South Pass, all that could be done to better the road was to shorten it where the travel had been compelled to pass around the dense forests of the Wasatch Mountains. This was done by Col. Lander's party, after a long exploration, and the bridges and ferries of the old road avoided. The next step is to bridge the Platte. The route is equally short to Oregon and California, and passes far enough north to avoid the fenced inclosures of the Mormons, giving the overland emigrants pastures free of cost.

In connection with the danger of crossing this river, we have just received the distressing intelligence that two young gentlemen attached to the expedition, Gilbert B. Towles and John Marshall Wilson, sons of leading citizens of Washington, both taken ill from the inclemency of the weather and sent home from Fort Kearney, have been drowned, in the attempt to ford at the lower crossing.



CROSSING THE PLATTE.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

In Three Books.—Splendidly Illustrated.

Is Printed from early Proof-sheets, for which Messrs. Harper & Brothers pay the Author FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS.

BOOK II.

THE GOLDEN THREAD.

CHAPTER XVI.

STILL KNITTING.

MADAME DEFARGE and Monsieur her husband returned amicably to the bosom of Saint Antoine, while a speck in a blue cap toiled through the dust and heat, and through the dust, and down the weary miles of avenue by the way-side, slowly tending toward that point of the compass at which the

can of Monsieur the Marquis, now in his grave, dressed in the white dress and shoes, this latter article of clothing was the stone faces now for listening to the trees and to the birds, and to every thing on the village stonecutter who, in their quest for barbs to put and fragments of dead stick to burn, strayed within sight of the great stone court-yard and carriage-entrance, had it borne in upon their outward fancy that the expression of the faces was altered. A rumor just lived in the village—had a faint existence there, as its people had, that when the knife struck home the faces changed from faces of pride to faces of anger and pain; also, that when that dangling figure was hauled up forty feet above the then stopped, and bore a cruel look of being wronged, which they would henceforth bear for ever. In the stone face over the great window of the bedchamber, where the murder was done, two fine dints were pointed out in the sculptured nose, which every body recognized, and which nobody had seen of old; and on the scarce occasions when two or three ragged peasants emerged from the crowd to take a hurried peep at Monsieur the Marquis perished, a skinny figure would not have pointed to it for a minute before they all started away amidst a shower of leaves, like the more fortunate hares, who could find a living there.

Chateau and stone face and dangling figure, the real stain on the stone floor and the pure water in the village well—similar decays of seven centuries of the whole province of France—all these fitted—by under the sky and the sun—contemplated into a faint hair-breadth line. So does a whole world, with all its greatnesses and littlenesses, lie in a twinkling star. And as most human knowledge can spit a ray of light and analyze the manner of its composition, so, other intelligences may read in the feeble shining of this earth of ours every thought and act, every vice and virtue, of every responsible creature on it.

The Defarges, husband and wife, came lumbering under the starlight in their public vehicle, to that gate of Paris whereunto their journey naturally tended. There was the usual stoppage at the barrier guard-house, and the usual lanterns came glancing forth for the usual examination and inquiry. Monsieur Defarge alighted: knowing one or two of the soldiery there, and one of the police. The latter he also knew intimate with, and affectionately embraced.

When Saint Antoine had thus received the Defarges in his dusky wings, and they, having finally alighted near the Saint's boundaries, were picking their way on foot through the black mud and offal of his streets, Madame Defarge spoke to her husband:

"Say then, my friend, what did Jacques of the police tell thee?"

"Very little to-night, but all he knows. There is another spy commissioned for our quarter. These may be many more for all that he can say, but he knows of one."

"Eh well!" said Madame Defarge, raising her eyebrows with a cool business air. "It is necessary to register him. How do they call that man?"

"He is English."

"So much the better. His name?"

"Barsad," said Defarge, making it French by pronunciation. But he had been so careful to get it accurately that he then spelled it with perfect correctness.

"Barsad," repeated madame. "Good. Christian name?"

"John."

"John Barsad," repeated madame, after murmuring it once to herself. "Good. His appearance; is it known?"

"Age, about forty years; height, about five feet nine; black hair; generally rather handsome visage; eyes dark; face thin, long, and sallow; nose aquiline, but not straight, having a peculiar inclination toward the left cheek; expression, therefore, sinister."

"Eh my faith. It is a portrait!" said madame, laughing. "He shall be registered tomorrow."

They turned into the wine-shop, which was closed (for the night), and, while Defarge took madame Defarge immediately took her post at her desk, counted the small moneys that had been taken during her absence, examined the stock, went through the entries in the book, made other entries of her own, checked the serving-man in every possible way, and finally dismissed him to bed. Then she turned out the contents of the bowl of money for the second time, and began knotting them up in her handkerchief, in a manner of separate knots, for safe keeping through the night. All this while Defarge, with his pipe in his mouth, walked up and down, occasionally exhaling, but never interfering; in which condition, indeed, as to the business and the domestic affairs, he walked up and down through life.

The night was hot, and the shop, close shut and surrounded by so foul a neighborhood, was ill-smelling. Monsieur Defarge's olfactory sense was by an unconscious, but the stock of wine unsmelled much stronger than it ever tasted, and so did the stock of rum and brandy and aniseed. He walked the room in a confused way, as he put down his smoked-out pipe.

"You are fatigued," said madame, raising her glance as she knotted the money. "There are only the usual odors."

"I am a little tired," her husband acknowledged.

"You are a little depressed, too," said madame, whose quick eyes had never been so intent on the accounts but they had had a ray or two for him. "Come, there is time to talk."

"But my dear—" began Defarge.

"But my dear," repeated madame, nodding firmly; "but my dear! You are faint of heart to-night, my dear!"

"Well, then," said Defarge, as if a thought were wrung out of his breast, "it is a long time."

"It is a long time," repeated his wife; "and when is it not a long time? Vengeance and retribution require a long time; it is the rule."

"It does not take a long time to strike a man with lightning," said Defarge.

"How long," demanded madame, composedly, "does it take to make and store the lightning? Tell me."

Defarge raised his forehead thoughtfully, as if time were regulated by it, and slowly answered:

"It does not take a long time," said madame, "for an earthquake to swallow up a town. Eh well! Tell me how long it takes to prepare the earthquake?"

"A long time, I suppose," said Defarge.

"But when it is ready it takes place, and grinds to pieces every thing before it. In the meantime, it is always preparing, though it is not seen or heard. That is your consolation. Keep it in view."

She tied a knot with flashing eyes, as if it throttled a foe.

"I tell thee," said madame, extending her right hand for emphasis, "that although it is a long time on the road, it is on the road and coming. I tell thee it never retreats, and never stops. I tell thee it is always coming. Look around and consider the lives of all the world that we know; consider the faces of all the world that we know, for proofs of my wrath and discontent to which the Jacquerie addresses itself with more and more of certainty every day. Can those things last? Bah! I mock you."

"My brave wife," returned Defarge, standing before her with his head a little bent, and his hands clasped at his back, like a docile and attentive pupil before his catechist, "I do not question all this. But it has lasted a long time, and it is possible—you know well, my wife, it is possible—that it may not come during our lives."

"Eh well! How then?" demanded madame, tying another knot, as if there were another enemy strangled.

"Well!" said Defarge, with a half-complaining and half-apologetic shrug. "We shall not see it."

"We shall have helped it," returned madame, with her extended hand in strong action. "Nothing that we do is done in vain. I believe, with all my soul, that we shall see the triumph. But even if not, even if I knew certainly not, show me the neck of an aristocrat and tyrant, and still I would—"

There madame, with her teeth set, tied a very terrible knot indeed.

"Hold!" cried Defarge, reddening a little, as if he felt charged with cowardice; "I, too, my dear, will stop at nothing."

"Yes! But it is your weakness that you sometimes need to see your victim and your opportunity to sustain you. Sustain yourself without that. When the time comes, let loose a tiger and a devil; but wait for the time with the tiger and the devil chained up—not shown—yet always ready."

Madame enforced the conclusion of this piece of advice by striking her little counter with her chain of money as if she knocked its brains out, and then gathering the heavy handkerchief under her arm in a serene manner, and observing that it was time to go to bed.

Next morning was the admirable woman in her usual place in the wine-shop, knitting away assiduously. A rose lay beside her, and if she had been overlooked at the flower, it was with no intraction of her usual preoccupied air. There were a few customers, drinking or not drinking, standing or seated, sprinkled about. The day was very hot, and heaps of flies, who were tormenting their inquisitive and adventurous propensities into all the glutinous little glasses near madame, fell dead at the bottom. Their decease made no impression on the other flies out promenading, who looked at them in the coldest manner (as if they themselves were elephants, or something as far removed), until they met the same fate. Curious to consider—perhaps they thought as much at Court that sunny summer day—how heedless flies are!

A figure entering at the door threw a shadow on Madame Defarge which she felt to be a new one. She laid down her knitting, and began to put her rose in her head-dress before she looked at the figure.

It was curious. The moment Madame Defarge took up the rose the customers ceased talking, and began gradually to drop out of the wine-shop.

"Good-day, madame," said the new-comer.

"Good-day, monsieur."

She said it aloud, but added to herself, as she resumed her knitting: "Hah! Good-day; age, about forty; height, about five feet nine; black hair; generally rather handsome visage; complexion dark; eyes, dark; thin, long, and sallow face; aquiline nose, but not straight, having a peculiar inclination toward the left cheek, which imparts a sinister expression! Good-day, one and all!"

"I have the goodness to give me a little glass of old cognac, and a mouthful of cool fresh water, madame."

Madame complied with a polite air.

"Marvelous cognac this, madame!"

It was the first time it had ever been so complimented, and Madame Defarge knew enough of its measurement to know that, indeed, it was; however, that the cognac was flattered, and took up her knitting. The visitor watched her fingers for a few moments, and then took the opportunity of observing the place in general.

"You keep wine, madame?"

"I am accustomed to it."

"A pretty worm too!"

"You think so?" said madame, looking at him with a smile.

"Decidedly. May one ask what it is for?"

"Pastime," said madame, still looking at him with a smile, while her fingers moved nimbly.

"Not for use?"

"That depends. I may find use for it one day. If madame," said madame, drawing a breath and nodding her head with a stern kind of coquetry, "I'll say it!"

It was remarkable; but the taste of Saint Antoine seemed to be decidedly opposed to a rose on the head-dress of Madame Defarge. Two men had entered separately, and had been about to order drink, when, catching sight of that novelty, they faltered, made a pretense of looking about as if for some friend who was not there, and went away. Nor of those who had been there when this visitor entered was there one left. They had all dropped off. The spy had kept his eyes open, but had been able to detect no sign. They had lounged away in a purely stricken, purposeless, accidental manner, quite natural and unimpeachable.

"Ami," thought madame, checking off her work as her fingers knitted, and her eyes looked at the stranger. "Stay long enough and I shall think 'BARSAD' before you go."

"You have a husband, madame?"

"I have."

"Children?"

"No children."

"Business seems bad?"

"Business is very bad; the people are so poor."

"Ah, the unfortunate, miserable people! So oppressed too—as you say."

"As you say," madame retorted, correcting him, and deftly knitting an extra something into his name that boded him no good.

"Pardon me; certainly it was I who said so, but you naturally think so. Of course."

"I think, returned madame, in a high voice. "I and my husband have enough to do to keep this wine-shop open without thinking. And then madame here is, how to live. That is the subject we think of, and it gives us, from morning to night, enough to think about without embarrassing our heads concerning others. *I* think for others? No, no."

The spy, who was there to pick up any crumbs he could find or make, did not allow his baffled state to express itself in his visiter face, but stood with an air of gossiping gallantry, leaning his elbow on Madame Defarge's little counter, and occasionally sipping his cognac.

"A bad business this, madame, of Gaspard's execution. Ah! the poor Gaspard!" with a sigh of great compassion.

"My faith!" returned madame, coolly and lightly, "if people use knives for such purposes they have to pay for it. He knew beforehand what the price of his luxury was; he has paid the price."

"I believe," said the spy, dropping his soft voice to a tone that invited confidence, and expressing an injured revolutionary susceptibility in every muscle of his wicked face, "I believe there is much compassion and anger in this neighborhood touching the poor fellow? Between ourselves."

"Is there?" asked madame, vacantly.

"Is there not?"

"Here is my husband!" said Madame Defarge.

As the keeper of the wine-shop entered at the door the spy saluted him by touching his hat, and saying, with an engaging smile, "Good-day, Jacques!" Defarge stopped short, and stared at him.

"Good-day, Jacques!" the spy repeated, with not quite so much confidence, or quite so easy a smile under the stare.

"You deceive yourself, monsieur," returned the keeper of the wine-shop. "You mistake me for another. That is not my name. I am Ernest Defarge."

"It is all the same," said the spy, airily, but discomfited too; "good-day!"

"Good-day," answered Defarge, calmly.

"I was saying to madame, with whom I had the pleasure of chatting when you entered, that they tell me there is—and no wonder!—much sympathy and anger in Saint Antoine touching the unhappy fate of poor Gaspard."

"No one has told me so," said Defarge, shaking his head; "I know nothing of it."

Having said it, he passed behind the little counter, and stood with his hand on the back of his wife's chair, looking over the customer and the person to whom they were both opposed, and whom either of them would have shot with the greatest satisfaction.

The spy, well used to his business, did not change his unconscious attitude, but drained his little glass of cognac, took a sip of fresh water, and asked for another glass of cognac. Madame Defarge poured it out for him, took to her knitting again, and hummed a little song over it.

"You seem to know this quarter well; that is to say, better than I do?" observed Defarge.

"AND STOOD WITH HIS HAND ON THE BACK OF HIS WIFE'S CHAIR."

"Not at all, but I hope to know it better. I am so profoundly interested in its miserable inhabitants."

"Hh!" muttered Delapoe.

"The pleasure of conversing with you, Monsieur Delapoe, recalls to me," pursued the spy, "that I have the honor of cherishing some interesting associations with your name."

"Indeed?" said Defarge, with much indifference.

"Yes indeed. When Doctor Manette was released, you will remember that he was given to him, I know. He was delivered to you. You see I am informed of the circumstance?"

"Such is the fact, certainly," said Defarge. He had had it conveyed to him, in an accidental touch of his wife's elbow as she knitted and warbled, that he would do best to answer, but always with brevity.

"It was to you," said the spy, "that his daughter came; and it was from your care that his daughter took him, accompanied by his child's brown mousinger; how is he called?—in a little wiga—Lorry—the bank of Tellson and Company—over to England."

"Such is the fact," repeated Defarge.

"Very interesting remembrances!" said the spy. "I have known Doctor Manette and his daughter, in England."

"Yes?" said Defarge.

"You don't hear much about them now," said the spy.

"No," said Defarge.

"In fact, nobody struck in, looking up from her work and her little song, "we never hear about them. We received the news of their safe arrival, and perhaps another letter, or perhaps two; but since then they have gradually taken their proper place in the past. We have heard no correspondence."

"Perfectly so, madame," replied the spy. "She is going to be married."

"Going?" echoed madame. "She was pretty enough to have been married long ago. You English are cold, it seems to me."

"Oh! You know I am English."

"I perceive your tongue is," returned madame; "and what the tongue is, I suppose the man is."

He did not take the identification as a compliment, but he made the best of it, and turned it off with a laugh. After sipping his cognac to the end, he added:

"Yes, Miss Manette is going to be married. But not to an Englishman; to one who, like herself, is French by birth. And speaking of Gaspard (ah, poor Gaspard! It was cruel, cruel), it is a curious thing that she is going to marry the nephew of her father's old servant. The name Gaspard was exalted to that height of so many feet; in other words, the present Marquis. But he lives unknown in England, he is no Marquis there; he is Mr. Charles Darnay. D'Aulnais is the name of his mother's family."

Madame Defarge knitted steadily, but the intelligence had arrested the attention of her husband. Do what he would behind the little counter, as to the stirring of a light and the lighting of his pipe, he was conscious that his hand was not true-worthy. The spy would have been on any of his best behaved, if he had been coming in to help him to any other, Mr. Barsad paid for what he had already had, and lounged, taking occasion to say, in a genteel manner, before he departed, that he looked forward to the pleasure of seeing Monsieur and Madame Defarge again. For some minutes after he had emerged into the outer presence of the wine shop, the husband and wife remained exactly as he had left them, lest he should come back.

"Can it be true," said Defarge, in a low voice, looking down at his wife as he stood smoking with his hand on the back of his head, "that this is how he has said Ma'amselle Manette?"

"As he has said," returned madame, lifting her eyebrows a little, "it is probably false. But he may be true."

"If it is," Defarge began; and stopped.

"If it is?" repeated his wife.

"—And if it is true, also, while we live to see it triumph—I hope, for her sake, Destiny will keep her husband out of France."

"Her husband's destiny," said Madame Defarge, with her usual composure, "will take him where he is to go, and will lead him to the end that is to end him. That is all I know."

"But it is very strange—now, at least in it is not very strange—said Defarge, pondering with his wife to induce her to admit it, "that, after all our sympathy for Monsieur her father and herself, her husband's name should be proscribed under your hand at this moment by the side of Monsieur Gaspard's. It is actually on the list!"

"Stranger things than that will happen when it does come," answered madame. "I have them both here, of a certainty; and they are both dear to Vengeance. I have said enough."

She rolled up her knitting when she had said those words, and presently took the two out of the basket, examined the work upon the two pairs of stockings, counted the stitches, and began to knit. Then, she knitted with great apparent calculation of her figure, and then she knitted more and more quickly.

"What do you think, my dear?" said her husband, finally.

"I think," returned she, composedly, and not desisting her work, "that at present I will not. But keep it."

He thought it over, as he stood smoking by the door, and over and over again. A mere trifle could have induced him to destroy the paper, and the consequences that depended on it; but, in the indecision of the moment, he let it remain.

Customers coming in and going out, during the afternoon, and early evening, brought various topics of conversation up, but none directly bearing on the one interest. Business being over for the night, and the shop closed, Defarge asked his wife, as they went upstairs:

"What do you think, my dear, now?"

"I think," she replied, "that I will not think at present. I will consider tomorrow."

In the morning, her husband, who was always out early, before she was stirring, came down to her room above, and said:

"What do you think, my dear, now?"

"I think," she replied, "that I am not sure, as yet, that it is good for our safety that the wife of Defarge should be confounded with the prisoners in the Conciergerie and the other prisons. Therefore, I will not think just now."

"You will not denounce tomorrow, then?"

"Certainly not."

He was surprised, but only said:

"Shall I denounce?"

"Do as you please. It is indifferent."

"Then, my dear," said he, "I will do nothing in the matter. I will keep the paper in my pocket, and burn it by degrees. Destroy it yourself, if you change your mind."

"Good," said she.

Thus, the matter rested between them. He remained in doubt, and she remained firm. Her sense that it was dangerous to the safety of herself and husband that Mr. Barsad should be seen coming out of their wine shop was undiminished. Such a visit might be paid on the next day, or the day after that, without any thing more suspicious happening to refresh Madame Defarge's memory. But, as she thought that over, she recalled that a spy would be likely to report, not only what he had seen, but what he had not seen, and what he had expected to see. This grave consideration settled the matter. She would keep the paper.

(To be continued.)

LITERARY.

We mentioned some time ago that J. Hammond Trumbull, Esq., of Hartford, was engaged in preparing a third volume of COLONIAL RECORDS OF CONNECTICUT. It is now before us, containing a transcript of the records from 1678 to 1689, with interesting historical and family documents by way of Appendix, forming an elegant octavo, in accordance with the previous issues of the same records. Mr. Trumbull is one of the most accomplished historical scholars in America. He has been for many years devoted, as a labor of love, to investigations among the old records and manuscripts of the New England public offices and private houses contain, and especially those in the Archives Department of Connecticut. The colonial records which are there preserved are in a manuscript illegible to any living person but Mr. Trumbull. He has spent not some he gave fac-similes of these, which served to show the method of transcribing and printing them. He has now given three volumes to the public; and we repeat what we said before—that every man of Connecticut should buy these interesting volumes, and transmit them to his children. Here are records that are to be continued. They are not the story of hardship or of faith, told by enduring biographers, or by posterity seeking to interpret the spirit of the colonists. They are not the journals of the men of the seventeenth century of whose recorded constitutions and laws we are so accustomed to regard with veneration—that inhors, trials, trouble, and peace, even unto death, and then the record of their descendants, and documents which they left to their children—eloquent over the long years of civil and social progress.

Mr. Trumbull's three volumes include the records of Connecticut colony from 1636 to 1689. His labor would not be less if the records were comparatively valueless, and add greatly to the importance of the work. To those of our readers who are interested in historical studies we need not specially recommend these volumes, for to such the editor's name and labors are well known. We are almost largely increased the debt of gratitude which the public owe him.

The author of "Allen Prescott" and "Alida" is too well known to need praise. WALTER THORNBURY, in the Cornhill Mag. Past, is another writer pen, most gracefully dedicated to her grandmother, is a tribute of a tenderness and purity rare indeed. Quiet, gentle, and yet full of life and spirit as a story, it will prove the agreeable companion of a travel and all who love a pleasant book to read. The scene of the story is in New England, in the latter part of the last century. The characters are our fathers and mothers, who come of that stock, when they were younger. The movement of the drama is that of the every-day life, with no incidents but such as speaks to the heart of the reader. Few records are so faithful to domestic history as these. The volume is one of the most readable from the press of Harper & Brothers this spring or summer.

The Rev. Dr. Cheever's new publication is a book which is as unexpected as would be the resurrection of some one in the tomb. We say this unsalm covers thinking to find a book of this year of our Lord 1859, by some modern book-maker; and to be cold and commonplace, as a matter of course staves on us from the frontispiece, and the title-page introduces us to his Grace the Archbishop and Duke of Christ. Every one knows the book; every one loves it who loves the memory of the good Bishop Ken—every one but the Pope, who has recently welcome from the religious public of all important denominations, with the single exception of the Pope, who has given a new edition of such sound old orthodoxy, and such quaint and delicious reading.

Charles Lanman's Private Life of Webster, abridged from his large work on the English language, and published by Harper & Brothers, is a new and an eminent treatise of the day. His ability to prepare a book like this we have before to us well known, and not to be doubted. A good grammar is a much desired book. This is the work of a master hand, one who writes as a scholar thoroughly convinced of his complete mastership over his subject, and the result demands and will command the admiration of teachers.

The genius of chess has attracted more attention of late than in many years before. Morphy's brilliant success has made it the subject of conversation in all the social circles. There are numerous books which this publication has brought out, we have seen none more striking and worthy attention than Mr. Morse's SCIENCE AND ART OF CHESS, published by Scribner. It is a simple and very clear account of the game. Its instructions are intelligible to a child, while they indicate an analytical power in the mind of the author which will commend his work to old and experienced players. The book contains a large number of interesting games, given by way of illustration, two of which are of great celebrity among lovers of chess.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

MR. BUCHANAN NOT A CANDIDATE FOR RE-ELECTION.

The subjoined letter from President Buchanan has been received by the Hon. James M'Calmont:

"SPECIAL DISPATCH, July 31, 1859.

"MY DEAR SIR.—I have received your kind note of the 25th inst., together with the leader from the *Post*. While I appreciate, as I ought, the friendly spirit displayed in that editorial, I yet regret that it has been published. My determination not, under any circumstance, to become a candidate for re-election is final and conclusive, and I have expressed that sentiment often unto in favor of this course. To cut doubts upon this subject forever, I have written a letter to-day to the editor of the *Pennsylvanian*, which will appear in that paper in a few days. I am, dear sir, yours truly,

"JAMES BUCHANAN."

A LETTER FROM GOVERNOR WISE.

The following letter, purporting to come from Governor Wise, has been published in the *Enquirer*:

"RICHMOND, July 31, 1859.

"DEAR SIR.—I thank you for yours of the 25th inst. I have apprehended all along that the Testimony Report would be used for party purposes. I will not be a candidate for the Presidency. I am a Democrat, and will support the nominee, and will not be a candidate for any other office. I am not a Democrat because I am a Southern man, but I am a Southern man because I am a Democrat. I have always been a Democrat, and intend to be a Democrat to the end. I have been a Democrat from principles, and ran the election into the House. Then, alone, was I a candidate. I am not a candidate now. I am a Democrat, and will support the nominee. I am a Democrat, and will support the nominee. I am a Democrat, and will support the nominee

ge, substantial proofs of a regenerated life are expected. Only the taste of a deep penitence can reach away the gall of life; I tell you, the *hemp* *Freight* must go by the board."

Mr. Benjamin Lindsay, editor of the New-Bedford *Mercury*, in consequence of his horse taking flight and running, coming in contact with another vehicle, was thrown violently to the street yesterday afternoon, and received a severe cut on his head, broke one of his hip bones, and was otherwise injured. Several weeks will elapse before he will be able to resume his professional cares.

Mrs. Rhoda Douglass, of Freetown, Massachusetts, entered her one hundredth year on the 4th inst. Although a writer in her fifty-ninth year, and has remained such to forty years.

Mr. Walworth, a wealthy planter of Arkansas, who is one of the old habitués of the Astor House, died at it on which he bequeaths $50,000 to the State of New York for a lunatic asylum, and $10,000 to the Astor Library, and a large property to the State of Michigan, in the event of his being accepted by Michigan, it is to go to this. Mr. Walworth is childless.

The latest correspondence of the Providence *Evening Press*, is a horrid detail of the fate of Mrs. Brown, who, there was an extraordinary fluttering among the Irish natives, upon the arrival of the steamer with the bodies of Wilbread had been compelled to apply for the correction of the police to protect the remains of Wilbread, part of which she had been subjected by her husband to so-called Custom."

Hon. Henry Wilson, Massachusetts United States Senator, has been chosen orator by the Natick Lodge of Odd Fellows, at the approaching anniversary of his native town.

The Captain of the boat Dauntless, who moved so many passengers from the morning steamship *Austria*, has been presented with the value of $100 by the Mayor and Aldermen of Pittsburg.

We are assured that a paragraph copied by us from an exchange, in reference to the recent execution of a negro in Georgia, for murder, was not correct. A correspondent gives the following details of the case, which he says he has from reliable authority:

"John Cobb was hung on the 8th day of July for murdering an old man by the name of Lindrum, an honest cattle dealer. He was a free negro, possessed of a farm given by his father, who was a member of the Legislature of Georgia, and a man of wealth. He was a mulatto, and had just sold a drove of cattle. Cockett entered the house, and, with the aid of Cobb, the old man was in still in jail awaiting his trial, as he has convicted and is undergoing his new sentence. Cobb was executed last year, but delayed his execution by carrying the case to the Supreme Court. He was defended by Governor Ellis in Georgia, one of the ablest lawyers in the State, and now Governor, and by other lawyers, but failing to do this they had to pay the penalty. Cockett is now in jail, and will be tried at the next term of the Superior Court."

Mr. Rhoda Douglass, of Freetown, Massachusetts, entered her one hundredth year on the 4th inst. Although a writer in her fifty-ninth year, and has remained such to forty years.

Mr. Walworth, a wealthy planter of Arkansas, who is one of the old habitués of the Astor House, died at it on which he bequeaths $50,000 to the State of New York for a lunatic asylum, and $10,000 to the Astor Library, and a large property to the State of Michigan, in the event of his being accepted by Michigan, it is to go to this. Mr. Walworth is childless.

The latest correspondence of the Providence *Evening Press*, is a horrid detail of the fate of Mrs. Brown, who, there was an extraordinary fluttering among the Irish natives, upon the arrival of the steamer with the bodies of Wilbread had been compelled to apply for the correction of the police to protect the remains of Wilbread, part of which she had been subjected by her husband to so-called Custom."

Hon. Henry Wilson, Massachusetts United States Senator, has been chosen orator by the Natick Lodge of Odd Fellows, at the approaching anniversary of his native town.

The Captain of the boat Dauntless, who moved so many passengers from the morning steamship *Austria*, has been presented with the value of $100 by the Mayor and Aldermen of Pittsburg.

We are assured that a paragraph copied by us from an exchange, in reference to the recent execution of a negro in Georgia, for murder, was not correct. A correspondent gives the following details of the case, which he says he has from reliable authority:

"John Cobb was hung on the 8th day of July for murdering an old man by the name of Lindrum, an honest cattle dealer. He was a free negro, possessed of a farm given by his father, who was a member of the Legislature of Georgia, and a man of wealth. He was a mulatto, and had just sold a drove of cattle. Cockett entered the house, and, with the aid of Cobb, the old man was in still in jail awaiting his trial, as he has convicted and is undergoing his new sentence. Cobb was executed last year, but delayed his execution by carrying the case to the Supreme Court. He was defended by Governor Ellis in Georgia, one of the ablest lawyers in the State, and now Governor, and by other lawyers, but failing to do this they had to pay the penalty. Cockett is now in jail, and will be tried at the next term of the Superior Court."

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE LATE WAR.

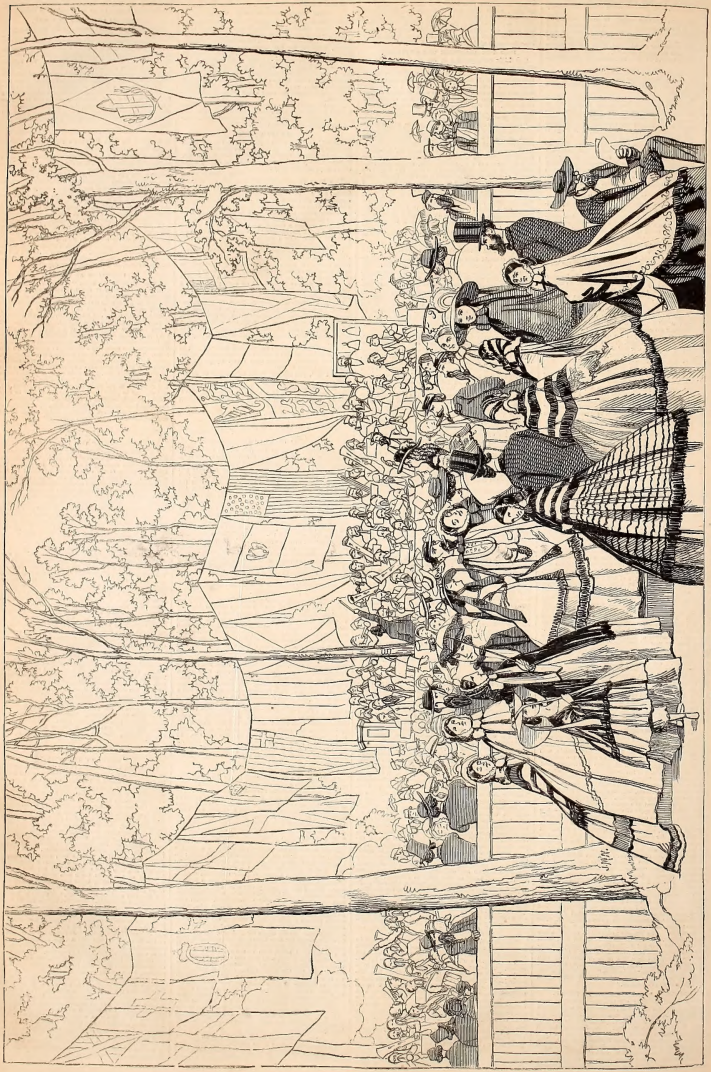
THE MEETING OF THE EMPERORS.

A letter from Villafranca, of the 12th, contains some interesting particulars concerning the interview between the two Emperors:

"The meeting of the two sovereigns was fixed for nine o'clock. At a quarter of an hour before that time, I arrived at the spot, and he came before the time in order that he might go on a tour of inspection among the advance of Austria. Francis-Joseph soon made his appearance, accompanied by his staff, and followed by a numerous escort. As soon as he saw him, and knew that the moment was the two parties had come near, the escorts stopped short, and the Emperors advanced alone to the spot on the road equal space. The aspect of the Emperor Napoleon was composed of Marshal Vaillant, Count Walewski, Count Fleury, the officers of the Imperial household, and of his staff, and of a portion of the escort of honor. The rest of the Guides, all in their splendid, full-dress uniforms. His Majesty rode a fine bay charger, which he has used since the commencement of the campaign. He wore the undress uniform of a General of Division, in which he kept. The Emperor of Austria also wore an undress uniform, and his staff were in the same dress. He is not, by-the-by, a handsome man, and appears to be rather old for his age. He is 47, I believe. It is said that he was struck with the martial bearing of the French troops, and that in presence of the Corn Guides and the Guides for Austrian body-guard and the Chasseurs did not appear to advantage. On the two sovereigns meeting in the mid-space they exchanged salutations with their swords. The Emperor of Austria appeared pleased with the cordial welcome and quick manner of the French sovereign. The two Emperors remained for a moment alone in the middle of the road and afterwards shook hands. They then reciprocally presented the officers of their staffs. And the moment after the two sovereigns and their escorts rode, and Marshal Vaillant was seen in conversation with Baron de Hess.

THE CONVERSATION AT VILLAFRANCA.

"Napoleon III. and Francis-Joseph, on meeting each other moved side by side toward Villafranca, the Czar Guards giving the precedence to the Austrian Guards, as was due to the way, but the Guides passing before the Uhlans. At Villafranca, the houses of which had been prepared at the principal street of the town, had been prepared to receive the two sovereigns, and the inhabitants of the town passed a night there before the battle of Solferino. It is said that Napoleon III. had given the strictest orders that for any extraordinary attack upon the Austrian lines, all arts were given, and the walls painted in distemper. There were several acres of the Emperor's palace in the ten-cloair. In the centre was an oblong table covered with a green cloth, and in the middle was a vase filled with painted flowers, which quite perfumed the room. It was there that for upward of two hours the two Emperors were seated discussing the highest interests, and without any one being present. It is said that the delicacy the King of Piedmont was not invited to the conference. While the interview was going on in the house in the street, whereat I could see the guards, some Austrian officers were walking about with the French officers. It was there that the first conversation of any kind of conversation was suspended; all seemed dominated involuntarily by a certain solemnity, owing to the importance of the incidental which was passing. As to that took place between the two sovereigns, it is not known is that when the two sovereigns issued forth from the conference they parted with the greatest cordiality. The bond of friendship was then established between them. The



THE "BATTLE OF MAGENTA" AT JONES'S WOOD, NEW YORK.

THE WHITE MOUNTAINS—THE RIDE.

THE WHITE MOUNTAINS—ALL ABOARD!

THE "BATTLE OF MAGENTA" AT JONES'S WOOD.

We engrave on page 529 a scene at a recent musical festival at Jones's Wood, in the city of New York. The moment selected by the artist for illustration was the performance of a piece entitled the "Battle of Magenta," which was thus described in the programme:

"It is midnight—the allied armies are brounded on the battle-field—while by the distant watch-fires the serpents eagerly seek to penetrate the veil of night which surrounds them; the bell tolls the midnight hour, and the weary soldier, who may never sleep again, seeks in dreamy forgetfulness a brief respite from his cares—he dreams of home, the cottage by the mountain side, the pleasant evening and the kind friend. Hush! in the distance what means that hoarse and distant murmur which disturbs the quiet of the night? Was it the approaching shots and the far-off booming of artillery. It is a midnight reconnoissance—the enemy is near! The drum beats the rappel, the bugle sounds, the shrill trumpet brays forth its wild alarum, and in a moment the camp is broken up, and each man clutches his weapon and feverishly awaits the coming and inevitable struggle. The allies form their battle lines; but there is a momentary pause, as the waving plumes, falling on their knees in prayer seek aid and comfort of the 'God of battles,' on whose alone depends the victory. Again the sound rolling of the drums, the crashing of the artillery, and the sharp crack of rifle shot are heard on the outposts. French allies advance in battle-array to meet the enemy. The contest now becomes fast and furious; each foot of ground is fiercely contested, as the deadly struggle is obstinately continued; but a panic seized the Austrian army, and, losing heart, they fled in confusion, leaving the field dead and dying of both armies encumber the ground, and mar accidents are the order of the day. The victorious hosts of the allied regiments now unite in the march of victory to the encampment, and the night is spent in singing of bills, the firing of cannon, and the general rejoicings of the people, whose liberties have been thus saved to them and Austrian yoke."

The *Herald* reporter thus described the scene depicted by our artist:

"The platform for the musicians was located on a wooded hillside at the west end of the Music Hall, having built around the trees, which seemed to spring up like gigantic trunks for supporting immense canopies, leaves of bright and leaves. There were gay festoons, engaged of the flags of all nations, ornamenting the platform, and waving picturesquely among the foliage. On each end of the platform was placed a large transparency, one of which represented the Austrian army in full retreat, with its baggage, artillery and ammunition wagons, and the whole group of soldiers in its character; although the Austrian army predominated, there were Irish, Highlanders, Frenchmen, Italians, and perhaps a dozen other nationalities fully represented.

"The main entrance from the landward was besieged by an immense throng, which kept the gate-keepers constantly busy selling tickets at a quarter a piece and collecting them again."

A COMMON CASE.

It was scarce five minutes since I had left my friends. It had been a pleasant evening, and I was in a pleasant mood as I came down one of the Avenues on my way home. The time was after midnight, and the streets were almost deserted. I was not hurrying. Rather on a saunter, I may say, with nothing else to allow a hope to start from a stoop where it had been crouching, and let my progress.

"Gentleman, will you please give me enough to buy something to eat?"

I could look at her there now as it stood full in the gas-light. It was a woman, covered with rags and squalor, blasted and homeless. I could see, as far as the twilight and levity of appearance of her face would allow me, that she was still young, not over thirty at most, and had once been handsome. I said,

"You do want money to buy something to eat?"

"I am hungry," she answered, doggedly.

"If I give you money you will spend it in liquor."

She turned partially away, as though about leaving me, and then, perhaps moved by my kind regard toward my pocket, she came back.

"You are only like the rest. Why must I tell you that I am hungry, and repeat it, when I am really starving? If you doubt me, why not go where you can see me feed, and satisfy yourself? Will you see me starve here in the streets, and feel contempt toward me for your supposition answer that you are afraid I will spend it in liquor?"

There was something in the woman's speech that told me she was not a drunkard. I had good position. Before I could answer she said again,

"I am hungry. How many more times shall I say it to convince you? And yet, perhaps, if you were to give me money, I should spend it in liquor. I have no power to resist the temptation, but bring forgetfulness. Give me something to eat, and keep your money."

I had the coin in my hand, but I could not give it after such a declaration. What could I do? I could not leave the woman to starve in the street. It was not so late but a light was shining from a distant cellar. Here I could see that there was a restaurant. I think she saw the direction of my eyes, for she said,

"You'll never miss a shilling or so, Sir, spent in that place. I am very hungry."

There was something terrible in the reiteration of these words, and I was anxious at once to cause their cessation by showing her that she should have what she asked for.

How voraciously she ate! She spoke truly when she said she was hungry. I stood looking at the woman from a speculating curiosity, and wondered and wandered back through her life, that I might, from any conceivable sequence of causes, bring her to her present degradation. It is a hard road upon which to build fiction. The stern facts of a career ending as hers had ended were almost beyond invention. She was eating rapidly, and crying, wiping her eyes with the back of the hand which conveyed the food to her mouth. There was no doubt she had once been handsome. Though the eyes were bleared and bloodshot, they still showed that they had once full and blue. I could at least allow my imagination this rein: that she who now seemed so utterly lost to the attributes of a woman was once accomplished and beautiful.

"Were you ever jealous?" These words came forth with a sudden burst of tears, and were the first she had spoken since she commenced to eat; and I was not sitting an answer at once, and so "To be jealous is to be possessed by a devil. No! you have never been jealous, or you would not ask me why I sought my dead at me while I speak the name of this fiend. You would spit and curse at me as some if you had ever felt his power.

I said something commonplace in admission of the truth of what she was saying.

"Why was this terrible curse been sent upon earth?" she questioned, looking at me with a wild look, as though expecting me to answer. "Why was it sent upon me?"

"Were you loved? Know it, feel it, do not trifle with so great a treasure, give no cause for the curse to come to her you love, and give it no encouragement when it comes."

She loosed her hands upon the table, and pressed her head between them again. I arose to go, speaking, as I did so, a few of those stereotyped words we so freely administer both for consolation and advice. She shuffled up her chair hastily, and said, hurriedly,

"Stay, stay, and go. I do not find sympathy, and said so often that I can solve it to give up, unthanked. I can do you no service in return, but if I can warn you of the danger, I will do that. I may tell you how the wretched woman you see before you came to be so.

I had little wish to stay for the tale. I felt that the woman before me was too far gone to rescue. But anything, whatever it might be, at a sacrifice was worth my while to do. I seated myself in my former place, and I seated myself in my former place, and I seated myself in my former place, and

me a partner in his crime? And then I would never have betrayed him. I would have given him up to beggary, and when he was penniless taken him to my heart and given him all.

"But he was in prison. I had wealth; it should release him. Wealth was omnipotent; it should make the way for reparation I could make; it should fill up his. With this I flew to the place. What! he will not see me! He must. I am his wife. He will not see me. I should not be admitted to his cell. He knew all!—he knew of my betrayal. He would not see me. I was his wife! I had power, and would send none. He would receive no aid from me. Oh, it was too terrible! All others he would see and take aid from, myself, I sought by all means to reach him without effect. Oh, that terrible day! I sat crouching feet into night when a summons came again to the door-bell, and a lady was shown into the parlor. At her entrance my blood turned cold in my veins. What could a woman want here at such a time, asking for Mr. Sullivan? It was a lady, and I was she was closely veiled upon entering. She advanced quickly to where I stood, holding out her hand and throwing back her veil. She was pale.

"Who could smile at such a time?

"'I am Mr. Sullivan's sister,' she said to his wife, 'I presume, whom I have never seen?'

"How I sprang toward her, and then how quickly I repulsed her! Oh Bess, what I thought that I had found a meditator with him whom I had betrayed; that here, when he was deserted by all save his sister, and perhaps knew not of what had passed, or my agency in it. How she, too, would hate me when she knew all! But she should not see it. And then I told her of her brother's situation. She had heard nothing. She had left Europe when she arrived in town, and hastened directly to his house. Again to her ears I poured out all my story. I cursed myself, and prayed to her to aid me in my forgiveness for herself and meditation with her brother. She listened like one in a dream, and told me note that had first aroused my passion. There was a horrible chill in her voice, but I placed the note in her hands. She had scarcely looked at it when she said,

"'It is my own note, in which I bade him meet me yesterday at the boat. I was too late; and did not meet him according to my appointment.'

"One more blow! Yet I was not dismayed still lower.

"I could not ask or expect that Miss Shelton should treat me otherwise; but there was something in this quiet, stately woman's manner that made me doubly feel my crime—humiliate me much more—than all the harsh words and passionate reproaches that could have found vent in words.

"What more? Another long, and to tell, tedious man in black was ushered into the room. I had no power to speak. I knew that something terrible was coming, though I could not conceive then what had already passed? I felt a cold icicle was creeping about my heart, and I prayed that it might be dead when coming. No. Not that it was such mercy for me. I heard the man say, as I sat there frozen and stiff, 'Mr. Sullivan's compliments,' and his voice seemed to come from some far distance, and to sound as though uttered by some horrible mechanism, as the man in black

"'Mr. Guy Shelton is dead. He died by his own hand, almost as he left you. He left a note with reference to the disposal of the body when the inquest is concluded.'

"I did not faint or become insensible. I would that I had, or from that moment a raving maniac. I was denied even this relief. And a helpless paralytic for three years from that day I was carried from my bed to a chair. I saw and heard all that passed about me, but I could make no sign that I spoke no word. I knew that the body of my husband was brought to the house, that the property—as some part of the eager, gossiping crowd who came to the funeral from curiosity, and who stopped to pass for a few moments at the window of the room, could hear the remarks of the hireling nurses, who canvassed the whole matter—was divided, and about how long they thought I would live. I could know all about the strict-dealing business men who, upon the day of my husband's death, set to sign something to secure them against loss, and who now were taking their claims from the property—ay, every dollar—to pay for the signing of that paper. It was legal and just; no doubt it was so. The honorable gentlemen who assisted him in his affairs to insure, numberless times. Three years I listened to all this, and then I died—remained in my own house, no longer mine, to the county poor-house. A year ago I was discharged, cured they said, and knew that none I have quietly awaited death. It must come soon. Do you think he will forgive me, if we meet in the great hereafter?"

"Now I have told my story. You can do nothing for me. My hunger is satisfied. I will only ask one thing. If some one wholly appeals to you for a mouthful of food, give it. It is a terrible thing to starve to death. Give it, even though it be *A Common Cake.*"

A Good Fight.

BY CHARLES READE.

AUTHOR OF "LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

"Look into your desk and write!" said Herr Cast; and earth's cuckoos echoed the cry. Look into the Rhine where it is deepest, and the Thames where it is thickest, and paint the bottom. Lower a bucket into a well of self-deception, and what comes up must be immortal truth, mustn't it? Now, in the first place no son of Adam ever reads his own heart at all, except by the habit acquired and the light gained from some years' perusal of other hearts; and even then, with his acquired sagacity and reflected light, he can but spell and decipher his own heart, not read it fluently. Gerard was a young man that had studied no philosophering to lead him into shallow water. Half way to Sevenbergen he looked into his own heart and asked it why he was going to Sevenbergen. His heart replied without a moment's hesitation. We are going out of town precisely, to know why she lifted us, and to show her it has not broken our hearts, and that we are quite content with our homes and our beauties in property, and don't want her or any of her cliche sex.

He rose directly, and went to Sevenbergen; and there sat a girl in the door-way, plying her needle, and a stalwart figure leaned on a long bow and talked to her. A very pretty, unsophisticated pair at the sight of him. However, the man turned out to be only a gay young fellow to whom Gerard remembered to have seen short at the butts with admirable force and skill. Another animated talk ensued, and then Gerard, who, guest looked up and dropped her work, and uttered a faint cry, and then a gentle sigh, and then the thews and sinews of emotion were swiftly dismissed, and she turned far more cold and indifferent than she would if she had seen a stranger.

"What! is it you, Master Gerard? What on earth brings you to this out-of-the-way place?"

"I was passing by and saw you; so I thought I would give you good-day, and ask after your father."

"My father is well. He will be here anon."

"Then I must stay till he comes."

"As you will. Good Martin, step into the village and tell my father here is a friend of his."

"And mine."

"My father's friends are mine."

"That's doubtful. It was not like a friend to promise to visit for me, and then make off the moment my back was turned. Cruel Margaret! you little know how I searched the town for you—how for want of you nothing was pleasant to me."

"Then one thing is clear. You neglected my father's company, or mine, you would have come back. There I had a bed tied for you, Sir, at my service, and he would have made you one of us, and, who knows, I might have made much of you for a day. Now you are gone, I fear me I will not catch me in the same mind again, neither you nor any young man, I warrant me."

"Margaret, for the moment the counters lets me go; but you were not there."

"Nay, nay, I was not there, but Lisa Cloter, man at our table; we left him to bring you on."

"I owe no one there, but only a drunken man and a boy! Margaret, you know that!"

"At our table? How was he clad?"

"Nay, I know nothing; in and around garb."

At this Margaret's face gradually lighted with a mixture of archness and happiness; then assuming ostensibly and with effort a look of severe cross-questions, all of which Gerard answered most loyally. Finally, with her own hand, Margaret pressed how the misunderstanding had come about. Then came a revelation of tenderness, all the more power, that they had been separated by a cloud, and then more dangerous still, come mutual confessions. Gerard, who had come to Sevenbergen to woo and would have been happy but for this fortunate meeting.

And Gerard found a M.S. Vulgate lying open on the table, and pounced upon it like a hawk. "Ah, were his delight; but before he could get to it two rules hastily scrawled on that open page, and a rod face confronted him.

"Nay, take away your books, Margaret, that I may see where you are reading, and I will return them to at home; so shall my soul meet yours in the sacred pages. You will have it so, Margaret, I must kiss them away." And he kissed them so often, that for very shame they were fain to withdraw, and, in a few minutes, Gerard was as open as

CHAPTER VIII.

An apple of gold in a net-work of silver.

"There, now," said she, "I had been hunting for it ever so long, and found it but even now—and to be caught in the act!" And with a mischievous air she pointed it out to Gerard with her white finger.

"Ay," said he, "but to-day it is all hidden in that great book."

"It is a cowley cap, I'm told by some."

"May be it was, but it is hidden beautiful."

"It is not: it is hideous."

"Well, it was beautiful at Amsterdam."

"Ay, every thing was beautiful that day."

And now Peter came in, and welcomed Gerard cordially, and invited him to stay all night. And Margaret disappeared; and Gerard had a nice learned chat with Peter; and Margaret reappeared and made ice in her self-assured way, a glass half arch half coy, and she glided about them, and spread supper, and beamed bright with gayety and happiness. And in the cool evening Gerard coaxed her out, and coaxed her on to the road to Tergou, and there he parted with her and down, back to it, and when he must go they pleaded each other's errors to gain a moment's pardon, and were pardoned again; and they sealed the promise with a long loving kiss, and Gerard went home on wings.

From that day Gerard spent most of his evenings with Margaret, and his business matters were deepened on both sides till the hours they spent together were the hours they lived; the rest they counted and underwent. And at the outset of this deep attachment all went smoothly; obstacles there were, but Gerard dozed and slumbered with the eyes of hope, youth, and love. The feelings and passions of so many persons that this attachment could thwart gave no warning premonition of their volcanic nature and power. The course of true love ran smoothly, placidly, until it had drawn these two young hearts into its current forever, and then—

CHAPTER VIII.

One bright morning unusual velvet shone, unwonted feathers waved, and horses' hoofs glinted and rang through the streets of Tergou, and the windows and balconies were studded with wondering faces. The French embassador was riding through to spend in the neighboring Brussels.

Besides his own suite he was attended by several servants of the Duke of Burgundy, lent to do him honor and minister to his pleasure. The duke's humbler robe before him with a grave, sedate majesty that seemed his more noble companions were light, frivolous parsons. But ever and anon, when respect and awe neared the oppressive, he rolled off his horse so lgoosily and faunily that even the embassador was fain to burst out laughing. Then he was closeted with the burgomaster, a very representative of merits, and so he played his part. Toward the tail of the pageant rode one that excited more attention still than the duke's people. A gentleman mounted on a Flemish horse of prodigious size and power carried very fine fathom of a man. Huge loins by straps curiously contrived, and on this box sat a huge leopard crouching. He was chained to the horse's neck. The people shrank from his glare, hids and spots, and pressed near, and one or more forthwith, and pointed to the leopard, when the huntsman shouted in a terrible voice, "Beware!" At Antwerp one did but throw a handful of dust in her, and the duke made that of him.

"Gramercy!"

"I speak sooth. The good duke shut him up in prison, in a cell under ground, and the rats cleaned the flesh off his bones in a night. Served him right for bringing the poor to shame. There was a murmur of fear, and the Turgovians shrank from tackling the leopard of such a master.

But an incident followed that raised their spirits again. The duke's giant, a Hungarian seven feet four inches high, brought up the rear. This circumstance creature had, like some other giants, a treble, high voice of boyish power. It was not like a fellow, and not conscious of this or any defect. Now it happened that the giant, in his usual lolling on the side of the balcony; so he stopped and began to make fun of him.

"Hallo! brother!" squeaked he, "I had nearly passed without seeing thee."

"Is the giant fain enough to see," believed Giles, in his sass tones.

"Come on my shoulder, brother," squeaked Titus, and held out a shoulder of proportions list to help him down.

"If I do I'll cut off your ears," roared the dwarf.

The giant saw the homuncule was irascible, and played upon him, being encouraged thereto by the shouts of laughter. He did not see that the people were laughing not at his wit, but at the ridiculous discrepancy of his own voice—the gigantic feeble life, and the petty, deep, loud drum, the monstrous delivered of a squeak and the male-bill belching blunder.

The singular duet came to as singular an end. Giles lost all patience, and, without warning, or giving a creature devoid of fear, and in a rage to boot, he actually dropped upon the giant's neck, seized his head with one hand, and battered his head with the other. The giant's first impulse was to lay down the weight and captivity of the blows specially corrected that inclination.

"He! he! ah! ha! hallo! oh! he! Help! help! Lord! help me! I must kill him or he will! I can't! O Lord! I'll split your skull against the wall!" and a wild rush was made toward the balcony. Giles saw his danger, seized the balcony in time with both hands, and whipped over it just as the giant's head came through it with a stunning crack. The people roared with laughter and exclaimed at the address of first the one and then the other. The indignant giant seized two of the laughers, knocked them together like dumb-bells, shook them, and cursed them flat Gilles's assistance, and threw her apron over Giles, then strode wrathfully away after the party. This incident had consequences no one then present foresaw: it made Mr. Giles a companion of princes. Its immediate result was agreeable. The burgomaster turned proud of him, and after this intoned with a warm affability that he prayed for permission. Giles drove a regular trade with his brother Gerard in this article. That is to say, he went about and begged it gratis, and Gerard gave him copyers for it.

On the afternoon of the same day Catherine and her daughter were chatting together about their favorite theme—Gerard, his graceful, handsome, and the brightened prospects of the whole family.

Their gentle talk had come to them at a point where they would have chosen; besides the advantages of a benefice such as the Countess Chalcote would obtain to give, there was the feminine delight at having a priest, a holy man, in their own house. They will marry Gerard, and Sylvandt: for they can marry (good housewives), now, if they will." Gerard will take care of you and Giles when we are gone. Now, Catherine, we can confess to him instead of to a stranger," said Kate.

"Ay, girl! and he can give the sacred oil to your father and me, and close our eyes, when our time comes!"

"Oh, mother! not for many, many years, I do hope likewise. You pray for that; I am sure my wakes me sad. I hope I shall go before you, mother dear. No! let us be gay to-day. I am out of spirits—quite out of all spirits. It does seem so strange; and I feel so bright and happy. Mother, can you keep a secret from me?"

Nobody better, child." Why, you know I can."

"Then I will show you something so beautiful. You never saw the like, I trow. Only Gerard must never know; for I am sure he means to surprise us with it, he covers it up so, and sometimes he carries it away altogether."

Kate took her crutches and moved slowly away, leaving her mother in an exalted state of curiosity. She soon returned with something in a cloth, uncovered it, and there was a lovely picture of the Virgin, with all her insignia, and wearing her stars over a wealth of beautiful hair, which flowed loose over her shoulders. Catherine, at first, was struck with awe.

"It is herself!" she cried; "it is the Queen of Heaven! I never saw one like her to my mind before."

"And her eyes, mother! lifted to heaven, as if they belonged there, and not to a mortal creature. And her beautiful hair of burning gold!"

"And is it true that I have a son that can make the saints live again upon a piece of wood?"

"The reason is, he is a young saint himself, mother. He is too good for this world; he is here to portray the blessed, and then to go away and be with them forever."

Ere they had half done admiring it a strange voice was heard at the door. By one of the fortunate chances that Christ sets from time to time in the cloth, though there was no need. And the next moment the door was flung open violently around, a man that had not entered the house this ten years—Glyscrecht van Swieten.

The two women were so taken by surprise that they merely stared at him and at one another, and only "That Burgomaster" was quick and impressive that Glyscrecht felt compelled to answer it.

"Yes! I own the last time I came here was not as a friendly errand. Now here their own interests—Gerard and mine—are concerned. Well! let this visit atone the last. To-day I come on your business, and none of mine." Catherine and her daughter exchanged a swift glance of contemptuous incredulity. They knew the man better than he thought. "It is about your son Gerard."

"Ay! ay! you want him to work for the town of Sevenbergen for a little while."

"I come on no such errand. It is to let you know that Gerard and I are at war."

"Now Heaven and the saints forbid! Man, before not a mother! Speak out, and quickly! speak ere you have time to think! Speak, and let us know you."

Glyscrecht turned pale at this affront, and spoke mingled with the other motives that brought him here.

"Thus it is, then," said he, grinding his teeth, and speaking very fast. "Your son Gerard is bent like to be the father of a bastard by a priest: he is forever with Margaret, Peter Brandt's redhaired girl, and loves her like a cow her calf."

Mother and daughter both burst out laughing. Glyscrecht stared at them.

"What, you know it?"

"Carry this tale to those who know not my son Gerard. Women are naught to him."

"Other women are naught. But this one is the apple of his eye to him, or will be, if you part them any more. Ah! you have come to make me waste time and friendly counsel: my servant has been three hours at some times, bandied and reading babies in one another's arms, and—and—and—you have been young too."

"Ah, Sir! I am ill at ease. I have been young, and know how blind and foolish the young are. My heart," I have been sick on it a moment. Oh, Kate, if it should be true!"

"No, no!" cried Kate, eagerly. "Gerard might love a pretty girl—I don't say he might not—I can't think what they see in them to love so: but if he did he would let us know it, and would not deceive us. You wicked man, you will kill me with her. No, dear mother, don't look so!. Gerard is good to his mother as creation of God. He is in love for Our Lady and the saints. Ah! I will show you the picture. Come, Sir, and you can see carefully how he paint the Queen of Heaven like that!—look! look!" and she held the picture out triumphantly, and more radiant and beautiful in this moment of enthusiasm than ever dead picture was or will be, overpowered the burgomaster with her eloquence and her feminine proof of Gerard's purity. His eyes and mouth opened, and remained open in much what the same kind of way, and he, all as a pivot, from the picture to the women, and from the women to the picture.

"Why, it is herself?" he gasped.

"Don't it?" cried Kate, and her hostility was softened. "I forgive you for frightening us."

"Am I in a mad-house?" said Glyscrecht van Swieten, thoroughly puzzled. "You show me a picture of the girl, and you say he painted it; and that is a picture of a saint, and you say it is they, all paint their sweet-hearts, painters do."

"Sweet-hearts!" cried mother and Kate, shocked. "Fie! this is not a girl; this is the Virgin Mary."

"No; no, it is Margaret Brandt."

"Oh, blind! It is the Queen of Heaven."

"Not only of Sevenbergen village."

"Profane man! behold her crown!"

"Silly child! look at her red hair! Would the Virgin be seen with red hair? But who had the pick of all the colors ten thousand years before the world began?"

At this moment an anxious face was insinuated round the edge of the open door: it was their neighbor Peter Dayshen.

"What is to do?" said he, in a cautious whisper, in the Burgomaster blackening my Gerard."

"Stop!" cried Van Swieten. "Peter Dayshen can be a witness to the matter. He knows Peter and daughter both; they cured him of the colic. Here, Peter, who is that?" Now as others, women, for one moment, I see him. Who is that?"

Peter gave a start. "Well, to be sure!" was all he replied.

"Who is it?" repeated Glyscrecht, impetuously.

Peter Dayshen smiled. "Why, you know as well as I do. But what have they put a crown on her for? I never saw her in a crown, for my part."

"Man alive! Can't you open your great jaws and just speak a wench's name, to oblige three people?"

"I'd do a great deal more to oblige one of you

The old couple walked hand in hand; for, strange as it may appear to some of my readers, the uses of the elbow to couples walking was never discovered in Europe till centuries after this. They walked a long time in silence. The night was clear and balmy. Such nights, calm and silent, recall the past from the dead.

"It is a many years since we walked so late, my man," said Catherine, softly.

"Ay, sweet-heart, more than we shall see again. (Is he never coming, I wonder?)

"Not since our courting days, Gerard."

"No. Ay, you were a buxom lass then."

"And you were a comely lad, or ever a girl's eye stole a look at. I do suppose Gerard is with her now, as he used to be with me. Nature is strong, and the stone in all our generations."

"Nay, I hope he has left her by now, robbed her, or we shall be here all night."

"Gerard!"

"Well?"

"I have been happy with you, sweet-heart, for all our rules—much happier, I trow, than if I had—ben—a—a—nun. You won't speak harshly to the poor child. One can be firm without being harsh."

"Surely."

"Have you been happy with me, my poor Gerard?"

"Why, you know I have. Friends I have known, but none like you. Buss me, wife!"

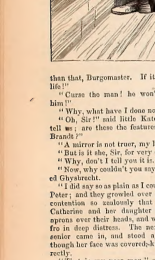
"A heart to share joy and grief with is a great comfort to man or woman. Isn't it?"

"It is so, my lass.

"It doth joy double,
And death trouble,"

runs the by-word. Ah! here comes the young fool."

Catherine trembled and held her husband's hand tight. The moon was bright, but they were in the shadow of some trees, and their son did not see them. He came singing in the moonlight, and his face shining.



"What can I do?"

"It is Thursday; it is your day to shoot—sooth to say, I counted on you to-day."

"Nay," said the lad, "I may not shoot when the duke or his friends are at the chase; read else. I am no techster." And he took out of his pouch a parchment with a great seal on it. It purported to be a stipend and a license given by Philip Duke of Burgundy to M. N., one of his archers, in consideration for services in the wars, and for a wound received at the Duke's side. The stipend was four marks yearly to be paid by the Duke's treasurer, and the license was to shoot three arrows once a week, viz., on Thursday and on other days, in the parks of Duke's forests in Holland, at any game but a seven year old hart. No one carrying the bow, except that the Duke should not be hunting on that day, or any of his friends. In this case Martin was not to go and disturb the sport, on peril of his salary and head, etc.

Margaret sighed and was silent.

"Come, cheer up, mistress," said he, "for your sake I'll peril my carcass; I have done that for many a one that was not worth a single thought. It is no such mighty risk either. I'll but step into the shirts of the forest, here. It is odds, but they drive a hare or a fawn within reach of my arrow."

"Martin, if I let you go you must promise me not to go far, and not to be seen. Be quiet! Gerard sent sapphires than ill should come to you, faithful Martin!"

The required promise given, Martin took his bow and three arrows, and stole cautiously into the forest; it was once a furlong distant. The horses were heard faintly in the distance, and all the game was afoot. Cowp, thought Martin, I'll soon fell the pot, and no one be the wiser. He took his stand behind a thick oak that commanded a view of an open glade, and drew his bow—a very formidable weapon. It was of English yew, six feet two inches high, and thick in proportion. Martin, broad chested, with arms all iron and cord, and used to the bow from infancy, could draw a threefoot arrow to the head, and when it left the string could scarce follow it, and the bow-string twanged as musical as a harp. This bow had laid many a stout robber low in the wars of the Hooks and Cabbel-jaws. In those days a battle-field was not a cloud of smoke; the combatants were few, but the deaths many; for they saw what they were about, and fewer bloodless arrows flew than bloodless bullets now. This tremendous weapon Martin now leveled at a hare. Twang went the string, thus set sprightly, and her ears made a capital V,

The arrow flew, the string twanged: but Martin had been in a hurry to pot her, and lost her an inch: the arrow seemed to strike her, but it struck the ground close to her, and passed under her belly like a flash, and hissed along the short grass and disappeared. She jumped three feet perpendicular, and went away on the top of her speed. "Bungler!" said Martin. A sure proof he was not a habitual bungler, or he would have blamed the bow. He had scarcely fitted another arrow to his string when a wood-pigeon settled on the very tree he stood near. Alas! thought he, you are not so bold, dainty. This time he took more pains: drew his arrow carefully, and shot it smoothly, and saw, to all appearance, go clean through the bird, carrying feathers skyward like dust. Instead of falling at his feet, the bird, whose breast was torn, not fairly pierced, fluttered feebly away, and, by a great effort, cleared the trees, flew some fifty yards, and fell dead at last; but where he could not see for the thick foliage.

"Luck is against me," said he, despondently. But he fitted another arrow, and eyed the glade keenly. Presently he heard a gentle leveret bleat, and turned round just in time to see a noble buck *cross* the open, but too late to shoot at him. He dashed his bow down with an impreciation, but that moment a long, spotted animal glided swiftly across the door; its tail lay sternly on a level with the ground as it went. Martin took up his bow hastily—he recognized the duke's leopard. "The hunters will not be far from her," said he, "and I must not be seen."

He plunged into the wood, following the buck and leopard, for that was his way home. He had not gone far when he heard an unusual sound from the lower trees rustling violently, and the ground trampled. An experienced huntsman, he suspected the cause, and hurried in the direction. He found the leopard on the buck's back, tearing him with teeth and claw, and the buck running in circles and jumping convulsively, with the blood pouring down his hide. Then Martin framed a desperate resolution to have the venison for Margaret. He drew his arrow to the head, and buried it in the deer, who, spite of the creature on his back, bounded high into the air, with a loud shriek. The leopard went on tearing him as if nothing had happened.

Martin hoped that the creature would gorge itself with blood, and then let him take the venison. But in a few minutes, the buck reeled, tottered, fell up, and laid his head on the buck's leg. The leopard gave a frightful growl, and licked off some blood. He saw Martin's game, and was sulky and on his guard. What was to be done? Martin took a dead hare with creatures in it and stood the leopard went on tearing him as if nothing had happened.

Martin hoped that the creature would gorge itself with blood, and then let him take the venison. But in a few minutes, the buck reeled, tottered, fell up, and laid his head on the buck's leg. The leopard gave a frightful growl, and licked off some blood. He saw Martin's game, and was sulky and on his guard. What was to be done? Martin took a dead hare with creatures in and stood the human eye. Accordingly he stood erect and fixed his on the leopard; the leopard returned a savage glance, and never took his eye off Martin. Then Martin, continuing to look the beast down, soon perceived, after an actual instead of a conventional, struggle. The leopard flew at his head with a frightful yell, clawing rove, and jaws and claws missed him. He had but just time to catch her by the throat before her teeth could crush his face; one of her claws tore his shoulder and rent it, the other grazed at his cheek, would have been more deadly still, but Martin was old-fashioned, and wore no hat but a scapulary of the same stuff as his jerkin, and this scapulary he had brought over his head like a hood; the brute's claw caught in the ivory button. Martin kept her teeth off his face with some difficulty, and griped her throat fiercely, as also he kept rending his shoulder. It was like blunt reaping-hooks grinding and tearing. The pain was terrible, but, instead of crying the old adage, he put his blood up, and he gnashed his teeth with rage blood as fierce as hers, and found power to check with iron force. The two pair of eyes blazed at one another—and now the man's were almost as fierce as the brute's. She found she was thrashing her, and made a wild attempt to free herself, in which she dragged his cowl over his face and blinded him, and tore her claw out of his shoulder, fleh and all; but still he throttled her with hand and arm of iron. Presently her long tail, that was high in the air, went down, and her body lost its elasticity, and he held a choked and powerless thing: he griped it still till all motion ceased, then dashed it to the earth; then, panting, removed his cowl: the leopard lay still at his feet with tongue protruding and bloody paw; and for the first time terror fell on Martin. I am a dead man: I have slain the duke's leopard." He hastily seized a few handfuls of leaves and threw them over her; then shouldered the buck and staggered away leaving a trail of blood all the way—his own and the buck's. He burst into Peter's house a horrible figure, bleeding and blood-stained, and flung the deer's carcass down.

"There, no questions," said he, "but broil me a steak of it; for I am faint."

Margaret did not see he was wounded: she thought the blood was all from the deer.

She busied herself at the fire, and the meat soon dart clattered and hissed his own wound apart, and soon he and Gerard and Margaret were supping royally on broiled venison.

They were very hungry; and Gerard, with wonderful thoughtfulness, had brought a flask of Schiedam, and under its influence Martin revived, and told them how the venison was got, and thanks to the feats of his youth.

Their mirth was suddenly interrupted. Margaret's eye became fixed and fascinated, and her cheek pale with fear. She paused, and could not speak, but pointed to the window with trembling finger. Their eyes followed hers, and there, in the twilight crouched a dark form with eyes like glow-worms.

It was the leopard!

While they stood petrified, fascinated by the eyes of green-fire, there sounded in a wood a single dog bay: the voice of the boy of a blood-hound. Martin trembled at it.

"They have lost her, and laid muzzled blood-hounds on her scent. They will find her here, and the venison. Good-by, friends, Martin Wilkinshaw needs none."

Gerard seized his bow, and put it into the soldier's hands.

"Be a man," he cried, "shoot her, and fling her into the weed ere they come up. Who will know?"

There voices of hounds broke out, and nearer.

"Curse her!" cried Martin. "I spared her once; now she must die, or I, or both men like."

And he reared his bow, and drew his arrow to the head.

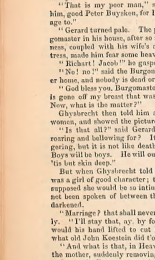
"No!: no!" cried Margaret, and seized the arrow: it broke in half: the pieces fell on each side the bow. The air of the room was filled with the tongues of the hounds: they were hot upon the scent.

"What have you done, wench? You have put the holter round my throat."

"No!" cried Margaret. "I have saved you: stand back from the window! both. Your knife! quick!"

She seized his long pointed knife, almost tore it out of his girdle, and darted from the room. The hounds were now surrounded with baying dogs and shouting men.

The glow-worm eyes moved not.



"ON THE WATER."

ON THE WATER.

On the water, on the water,
While the sunbeams warm were fair,
Whispering words in softest accents
Through a vail of drooping hair;
While the little oar was swaying,
Half-ashamed and rosy red,
Blushing at the earnest meaning
Of the tender words I said.

On the water, on the water,
Fairly shone the sunbeams then,
Dancing on the tiny ripples,
Lighting up the fawn of glen;
None could hear us save the Irish,
Swaying in her golden pride,
And the lilies ever moving
With the motion of the tide.

On the water, on the water,
While the twilight shades drew nigh,
Catching at the drooping branches,
As we floated idly by;
Oh! her small hand's gentle pressure,
And her glance all words above,
And her soft cheek's bright carnation,
When I told her all my love!

On the water, on the water,
Now I float, but all alone,
And I miss the silken ringlets,
And the little hand is gone;
Dies the sunset's crimson beauty,
Comes the twilight as of yore,
All remind me of the dear one,
Lost to me for evermore.

ABEL AND MRS. VAN KRAUT.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

TRUMPS.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

CHAPTER XLIV.

WALTZ AND ROUND.

WHILE thus the Brickle ball murmured and simmered around them, Hope Wayne and her party looked on, criticising and criticised. As for Merlin, who was usually too busy to mix in society, and whose acquaintance was not especially fashionable, was extremely amused. At an early moment he had discovered Mrs. Dagon on her perch surveying Hope Wayne with an eagerness that made him ask her name and nature; while upon the other side, as Lawrence Newt was telling him of his Aunt Dagget, born Cecilia Baxley, Arthur described Mrs. Winslow Grey, with her large, round, bright eyes, studying the group through her glass, and dotting the richness of Hope Wayne's attire.

"My Aunt Dagon, Arthur, is one of those people who serve as pepper in society. Yes, she does double duty. She is vinegar also. She has a good deal of cleverness, which has soured, so that when she spatters her conversation with it, at the constantly does, the flavor is very acid. If you call the Newt family a case of condiments, you may put Aunt Dagon down as the pepper and vinegar. She flanks the whole family, to say."

Her influence is evident in the career of my brother Boniface—in his wife, and in his son and daughter. Do you know Miss Fanny?"

ABEL AND HOPE.

Mr. Merlin did not know her. He had seen her at Saratoga.

"Well, there she is, talking with Mrs. Dinks. Do you observe them? How cool Fanny is! How furious and compressed Mrs. Dinks is! It is incredible what battles are fought upon these soft carpets! How many a man gets his quietus as he stands in kid gloves by the side of the woman he loves! And he has to smile—and they are both so polite! She may be a very sorry under her face. I know how very wretched in his broadcloth. However, a man had better be refused in a quadrille than in a gig!"

They were all listening to him—and Hope Wayne, Miss Amy Waring smiled, while Arthur Merlin laughed out,

"In a gig! Who was ever refused in a gig?" asked Arthur.

Lawrence Newt's eyes twinkled as he answered,

"A friend of mine. He invited Delicious to drive with him, meaning to cover his confusion in proposing by the nonchalance of the horse. They drove deep into the country. The horse came down to a walk. 'Will you have me?' cried he, suddenly, at last to the animal with the whip. 'No,' said the lady—and the horse ran away. They were tumbled into a ditch, and his nose bled all over his shirt-bosom."

There was a burst of laughter.

"Well ?" asked Arthur.

"Well, the lady was vexed and he was ashamed. By-and-by they made it up. They each married somebody else—have a dozen children apiece, and are the best friends in the world."

Lawrence Newt looked casually at Amy Waring as he told this little incident. Amy was very busy looking at Mrs. Van Kraut and Abel, who were apparently so much engaged not help thinking of little Ellen Bennet's Lord Ronald and Lady Mildred—and Ellen had declared—and other things—until, knowing perfectly well who was looking at her, her cheeks were like damask roses, and Ronald and Ellen had declared.

The music of the dance floated through the rooms.

"Yes, every ball-room is a battle-field, and the soldiers are what they have been educated to be."

"Character ?" said Amy Waring.

"Yes, Miss Amy, character counts, I know; and yet a sweet, simple girl may be twisted into an artificial shape by incessant balls. Look at my Aunt Dagon—then at my brother and sister Boniface—then at Miss Fanny. Then you have cause and effect. Fanny is very pretty, intelligent, accomplished, and oh! so knowing! Would you like to marry her, Mr. Arthur Merlin?"

"No," said Arthur, with great gravity and readiness, and looking at Hope Wayne.

That young lady was listening very closely to every word Lawrence Newt said. She was also thinking. Aunt Dagon and Mr. and Mrs. Boniface had trained Fanny, had they, and this was the result! Was not Abel their son? Had he not had the same influences? To be sure he had been for a long time at school. Was, then, the practical philosophy of Savory Davy, Esq., or the practical morality of the Rev. Amos Peewee, D.D., of a much loftier strain than that of Fanny's Mentors?

"I do not say that my niece was the sweetest of girls, to begin with, Miss Amy," continued Lawrence Newt. "You see the whole thing acts and reacts. People make society; society, in turn, makes them. I merely propose the question: Here comes little Lucy Slumb, who has been brocaded and diamonded and summer-shawled into Mrs. Bleecker Van Kraut—tell me, now, how many of the girls you know would not have hesitated a little before saying 'No' to Mr. Van Kraut?"

"Hundreds," answered Amy Waring, with energy.

"For instance—" said Lawrence Newt.

"Hope Wayne," replied Amy, briskly, turning with a bright smile to her friend.

"And Amy Waring," said Hope, in a lower voice, smiling gently.

Lawrence Newt smiled too.

"I know it," said he, "and I think I can say the same of little May Newt, Fanny's sister, and Ellen Bennet. They are both girls that will not be spoiled. Don't think me a heretic, or infidel. *Leave a son.* This crowd of people is called the World. Each one represents a very small part of it, and a very foolish part, but a very influential one. Half of the smiling faces here cover weary hearts, and hearts weary with the strain of keeping right with this 'world.'"

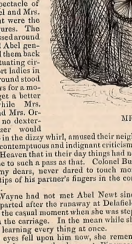
He smiled—as if he remembered himself. Hope Wayne looked as if she wanted to hear more; so did Amy Waring. Mr. Arthur Merlin had been very intently watching Hope Wayne, because he saw Abel Newt approaching, and he wished to catch the first look of Hope upon seeing him.

The music streamed through the rooms in the airy, yearning, languorous, passionless, persuasive measure of a waltz. The dance was new, and rarely seen in the ball-room. It was a distinction then to waltz at all in New York, as it is a distinction now to waltz like a New Yorker.

When our friends stood listening and quietly looking on, a space was cleared upon the floor as if for waltzing, and after a little delay and preclusive hush and hum Abel Newt, circling the polished billiard-ball, twirled it across the floor.

Mrs. Bleecker Van Kraut, when she waltzed, was simply a circular advertisement of the Van Kraut property. Her slow rising and falling motion displayed the family jewels to the utmost advantage. Thesame opulent roundness and finish prevailed in the whole performance. It was almost as perfect as the Paris type which you wind up, and which spin smoothly round upon a table. Abel Newt, conscious master of the dance and chief of brilliant youth, waltzed with an air of delicate deference toward his partner and gay defiance toward the rest of the world.

The gentleman was so novel and so well executed that the ball instantly became a spectacle of which Abel and Mrs. Van Kraut were the central figure. The crowd pressed around them, and Abel gently pressed them back in his fluctuating circles. Short skirts in the background stood upon chairs for a moment to get a better view; while Mrs. Dagon and Mrs. Cryy, whom no dexterous waltzer would encircle in his dizzy whirl, amused their neighbors with contemptuous and indignant criticisms, remarking Heaven and in their day things had not quite come to such a pass as that. Colonel Burr himself, my dears, never dared to touch more than the tips of his partner's fingers in the contra-dance.



MRS. DINKS. *MERE ET FILLE.*

Hope Wayne had not met Abel Newt since they had parted after the runaway at Delafield, except in the casual moment when she was stepping from the carriage. In the mean while she had been learning every thing at once.

As her eyes fell upon him now, she remembered that day upon the lawn at Pinewood, when he stood suddenly beside her, casting a shadow upon the page she was reading. The handsome boy had developed into the grand, gallant, gay young man, surrounded by that social prestige which gives graceful confidence to the bearing of any man. He knew that Hope had heard of his social success; but he could not justly estimate its effect upon her.

Of all those who stood by her, Arthur Merlin was the only one who knew that she had ever known Abel, and Arthur only inferred it from Abel's resemblance to the sketch of Manfred, which had evidently deeply affected Hope. Lawrence Newt, who was at Delafield, had wondered if Abel and Hope had ever met. Perhaps he had heard of their meeting, knowing Abel to be audacious and brilliant, and Hope to be romantic. Perhaps the anxiety with which he now looked upon the waltz arose from the apprehension that Hope could not help, at least, fancying such a handsome fellow. And then —what?

Amy Waring did not know. She and Hope were friends, indeed—but they were women, not tattling girls. Their friendship did not begin by each emptying all her experience into the sympathetic heart of the other. Mr. Abel Newt's acquaintance was a very brief episode in Miss Hope Wayne's life. She had nothing to say about him—why therefore should she speak of him? She had nothing to say about him to her intimate friend Amy—no, not though she had so much to think about him, that he was very constantly in her mind.

So Lawrence Newt and Arthur Merlin were furtively glancing at her as the young hero of the dance, in his widening circles, came nearer to them.

Hope heard the music, and her heart beat time. As she saw Abel and remembered the days that were gone and before, for a moment her cheek flushed—not tumultuously, but calmly—and Lawrence Newt and the painter remarked it. The flush passed, almost imperceptibly, and her eyes followed the dancers calmly, with only a little ache in the heart—with only a vague feeling that she had lived a long, long time.

Abel Newt had not lost Hope Wayne from his attention for a single moment during the evening; and before the interest in the dance was pulled, it was a Van Kraut here—soon. It came from Amsterdam. It was studded with jewels. It was part of the property.

As for Abel, he turned and bowed profoundly to Miss Wayne. Of course she knew that people were looking. She bowed as if to a mere acquaintance. Abel said a few words, significantly smiling, to his partner, then he remarked to Miss Wayne that he was very glad indeed to meet her again; that he had not called because he knew she had been making a crowded call—but to-morrow—making herself a nun—a Sister of Charity, he did not doubt, doing good as she always did—making every body in the world happy, as she could not help doing—and so forth.

Abel rattled on, he did not know why; but he did know that his Uncle Lawrence and Amy Waring and Mr. Merlin heard every thing he said. Hope looked at him calmly and listened to the gay cascade of words.

Her manner was still playing; Mr. Van Boosenberg spoke to Lawrence Newt; Amy Waring said that she saw her Aunt Bennet. Would Mr. Merlin take her to her aunt?—he should return to his worship in one moment. Mr. Merlin was very gallant, and replied with spirit that when her worship returned—here he made a low bow—his worth. As they moved away Amy Waring laughed at him and said that men would compliment as long as—as women were lovely, interpolated Mr. Merlin. Arthur also wished to know what speech was good for, if not to say the sweetest things—and so they were lost to view, still gayly chatting with the pleasant freedom of a young man and woman who know that they are not in love with each other, and are perfectly content to be so, because neither they know it or see—they are each in love with somebody else.

This movement had taken place as Abel was finishing his scattering volley of talk.

"Yes," said he, as he saw that he was not overheard, and sinking his voice into that tone of tender music which Hope so well remembered, "yes, making every body in the world happy but one person."

His airy persiflage had not pleased Hope Wayne. The sudden modulation into sentiment offended her. Before she replied—in-

deed she had no intention of replying—the round eyes of Mrs. Van Kraut informed her partner that she was ready for another turn, and forth they whirled upon the floor.

"I jes see to me, you know, mo, see'd, I don't like to see a young man like Mr. Abel Nevet, sez I, wasting himself upon married women. No, sez I, ma, when you women have moste your market, you oughter start one side and give the fothers a chance, sez I."

Mr. Van Boomberg addressed this remark to Lawrence Nevet, the incident with his ma having occurred at the other side of the room when he saw Abel devoting himself to Mrs. Van Kraut, and heard that he was fond of married society. In the eyes of the old gentleman it was another instance of imprudence on Abel's part not to be made some truly good match.

Lawrence Nevet replied by looking round the rooms as if searching for some one, and then saying:

"I don't see your daughter, Mrs. Witchet," here to-night, Mr. Van Boozenberg."

"No," growled the papa, and moved on to talk with Mrs. Bugeon.

"Why, my Sir," said the Honorable Budlong Dinks, approaching just as Lawrence Nevet finished his remark, and Van Boozenberg growling, departed:

"That was an unfortunate observation. You are, perhaps, not aware—"

"Oh! thank you, yes, I am fully aware," replied Lawrence Nevet. "But one thing I do not know."

The Honorable Budlong Dinks bowed with dignity as if he understood Mr. Nevet to compliment him by insinuating that he was the man who knew all about it, and would kindness enlighten him.

"I should like to know, if a man does a mean and unfeeling, yes, an inhuman act, why it is bad manners to speak of it. Old Van Boozenberg ought to be cut to the proverbial soul for his treatment of his daughter, and we all know it."

"Yes—no—really" replied the Honorable Budlong Dinks, "really—you know—it would be impossible. Mr. Van Boozenberg is a highly respectable man, really—we should have mobs, chaos," and the honorable gentleman rubbed his hands with perfect naivity.

"When did we emerge?" asked Lawrence Nevet, with such a kindly glimmer in his eyes that Mr. Dinks felt merry, "really"—and moved on, remarking to General Arcularius Belch, with a delighted laugh, that Lawrence Nevet was a very odd man.

"Odd, but not without the coin. He can afford to be odd," replied that gentleman.

While these little things were said and done, Lawrence moved through the room as if somehow found himself at the side of Amy Waring, who was talking with Fanny Nevet.

"Yes young Napoleon," said Lawrence to his niece as he joined them.

"What an odd name, you droll Uncle Lawrence?" demanded Fanny, her eyes glittering with inquiry.

"Where's Mrs. Warnser—I mean Mrs. Dinks?" continued Lawrence. "Why, I shall now you talking together a little while ago, I could think of nothing but the young Bonaparte and the old Warnser."

"You droll Uncle Lawrence, aren't you ashamed of yourself?

What an odd name young Napoleon it was! Even then and there, in Mrs. Brickle's ballroom, had Fanny Nevet resolved how to carry her Manton by a sudden coup.

CHAPTER XLV.

HEAVEN'S LAST BEST GIFT.

"My dear Alfred, I am glad to see you. You may kiss me carefully, carefully."

Mr. Alfred Dinks therewith kissed lips upon his return from Boston.

"Sit down, Alfred my dear, I wish to speak to you," said Fanny Nevet, with even more than her usual decision. The eyes were uncommonly round and black.

Alfred seated himself with vague trepidation.

"My dear, we must be married immediately," remarked Fanny, quietly.

The eyes of love shone with pleasure.

"Dear Fanny!" said he, "have you told mother?"

"No," answered she, calmly.

"Well, but, Fanny, you know," rejoined Alfred, in alarm. He would have said more, but he was afraid. He wanted to inquire whether Fanny thought that her father would simplify the sinews of matrimony. Alfred's theory was that he undoubtedly would. It did not occur to the young man that a young woman of Fanny's calmness, intrepidity, and profound knowledge of the world could propose immediate matrimony without seeing how the commissariat was to be supplied. She has all her plans laid, of course, thought he—she is so talented and cool that 'tis all right I dare say. Of course she knows that I have nothing, and that I have nothing except from old Burt, and he's not sure for me, at all. But Boniface Nevet is rich enough.

And Alfred bethought himself of the style in which that worthy commission merchant lived, and experienced in his son Abel's expense and splendor.

"Alfred, dear—just try not to be trying, you know, but think what you are about. Your mother has found out that something has gone wrong—that you are not engaged to Hope Wayne."

"Yes—yes, I know," burst in Alfred, "she treated me like a porcupine this morning—or ant-eater, which is it, Fanny—the thing with quills, you know?"

Miss Fanny Nevet patted the floor with her foot. Alfred continued:

"Yes, and Hope sent down, and she wanted to see me alone some time to-day."

Fanny's foot stopped.

"Alfred, dear," said she, "you are a good fellow, but you are too amiable. You must do just as I want you to, dearest, or something awful will happen."

"Pooh! Fanny; nothing shall happen. I love you like any thing."

"Indeed! much!

"Well then, listen, Alfred! Your mother doesn't like me. She would in any thing to prevent our marriage. The reasons I will tell you at another time. If you go home and talk with her and Hope Wayne, you will be only helping that you are engaged to me; and—you know your mother, Alfred—she could openly oppose the marriage, and I don't know what she might not say to my father."

Fanny spoke slowly and rapidly, but calmly. Alfred looked utterly bewildered.

"But, Fanny, dearest," said he, feebly.

"What do you think we had better do?"

Miss Fanny Nevet was passionless and socially adroit. The only career cognate to her tastes—the only one for which she had been educated—was what is called the social career. She was conscious that her own sagacity needed only the alliance of money to secure success. But how much money? Did she love a man she might have had plenty of other ambitious and advantageous men? She might have given herself to any department of trade, to any profession, to political life; and in the pursuit of any calling she might have succeeded by means she wished.

But she was distinctly did not wish to remain unmarried with an uncertain future; she had no call to be a Sister of Charity; nor to wrap her self in the cold cloak of meritorious philanthropy; nor to await the chance of the coming of a man she could love with security enough to make marriage possible. Money is an odious word to many fastidious minds; to which, however, Fanny Nevet never once thought, and for joy of life. So Lord Byron could not bear to see mountains ironed, (so, indeed, many men regret!—Dear Lord Byron, how profoundly he respected women!

Fanny Nevet saw but one way in which she could secure her object. By marrying a man who was not attached to her, whom she could easily manage, and who was—or who would be—rich. She supposed Alfred Dinks to be that man.

When she heard Alfred irresolutely ask what they had better do, she replied, very promptly and quietly,

"We must be married, Alfred dear?"

"Yes—but when?"

"To-day," said Fanny, firmly, and putting out her hand for her beloved.

He seized it mechanically.

"To-day, Fanny?" asked he, after a pause of embarrassment.

"Certainly, dear; to-day. I am as ready now as I shall be a year hence."

"But what will my mother say?" inquired Alfred, in alarm.

"It will be too late for her to say my thing. Don't you see, Alfred dear?" continued Fanny, in a soothing tone, "that if we go to your mother and say, 'Here we are, married!' she has sense enough to perceive that nothing can be done; perceive a little time, and then in a smooth again?"

Her face was comforted by this view. He was even pleased by the audacity of the project.

"I swear, Fanny," said he, at length, in a more decided tone, "I swear, upon my life, it's rather a good idea!"

"Of course it is, dear. Are you ready?"

Alfred gasped a little at the prompt question, despite his confidence.

"Why, Fanny, you don't mean actually now —this very day? Gracious!"

"Of course," said she, since we think best to be married immediately and in private, why should we arrange it for to-night, or next week, when we can have as ready now as we shall be then? asked Fanny, quietly; "especially as something may happen to make it impossible then?"

Alfred Dinks shut his eyes.

"What will your father say?" he inquired, at length, his mind raising his eyelids.

"Do you not see he will have to make up his mind to it, just as your mother will," replied Fanny.

"And my—my!" said Alfred, in a state of temporary bluderen continued.

"Yes, and your father too," answered Fanny, who had, during the brief evening, the Honorable Budlong Dinks as a mere tender to that woman-of-our his wife, in a way that would have been unpardonable in a young woman considered his wife a pretty trifle or mere domestic luxury.

"And your mother, dear Fanny?" repeated Mrs. Dinks opened his eyes and said,

"Well, Fanny dear!"

"Well, Alfred dear!" and Fanny leaned toward him, with her head poised like that of a bird about to sing. Alfred was fascinated. Perhaps he was sorry he was so; perhaps he wanted to struggle. But he did not. He was under the spell.

There was still a lingering silence. Fanny waited patiently. At length she naked again, putting her hand in her lover's,

"Are you ready?"

"Yes" said Alfred, in a crisp, resolute tone. Fanny raised her hand and rang the bell. The waiter appeared.

"John, I want a carriage from Jobber's immediately."

"Yes, Miss."

"And, John, tell Mary to bring me my things. I am going out."

"Yes, Miss." And leaving nothing farther, John disappeared.

It was perhaps a judicious instinct which taught Fanny not to leave Alfred alone by going up to array herself in her own chamber. The intervals of delay between the coming of the maid and the coming of the carriage the young woman employed in conversing dexterously with Alfred Dinks, and the friends her lover had seen there, and in describing to him the great Brickles ball.

Presently she was bonnected and cloaked, and the carriage was at the door.

"Alfred, dear, and not here a Paradise to Fanny Nevet—nor were Aunt Dagon, Papa and Mamma Nevet, and Brother Abel altogether—but Fanny Nevet, in superfluous emotions of any kind at any time; but as she passed through the hall she saw her cousin Mary Mac—the youngest child—a girl of fifteen—Uncle Lawrence's favorite—standing upon the stairs.

Mary Mac—nothing; the hall was quite dim, and as the girl stood in the half light her childlike, delicate beauty seemed to shine out more striking than ever. If Uncle Lawrence had seen her at the moment he would have thought of Jacob's ladder with the angels ascending and descending.

"Mary, May!" said Fanny, going up to her sister, taking her face between her hands and kissing her lips.

The sister looked at each other, each inexplicably conscious that it was not an ordinary farewell.

"Good-by, darling!" said Fanny, kissing her again, and still holding her young sister's face, to which she was surprised by the unwonted tenderness of her sister's manner, May threw her arms around her neck and burst into tears.

"Oh! Fanny."

Fanny did not discourage the arms that clung about her, and also the young head that rested upon her shoulder. Perhaps she felt that something was lacking in her own.

May raised her head at length, kissed Fanny gently upon the lips, smoothed her hair, and then, with a new surprised by the unwonted tenderness of her sister's manner, May threw her arms around her neck and burst into tears.

"Oh! Fanny."

Fanny did not discourage the arms that clung about her, and also the young head that rested upon her shoulder. Perhaps she felt that something was lacking in her own.

May raised her head at length, kissed Fanny gently upon the lips, smoothed her hair, and then, with a new and delicate hand, half smiled through her tears as she thought that Fanny must have been working busily and incourse with her sister, and then pushed her softly away, saying,

"Mr. Dinks is waiting for you, Fanny."

Fanny said nothing, but drew her veil over her face, and Mr. Dinks handed her into the carriage.

Mrs. Dinks and Hope Wayne sat together in their lodgings, waiting impatiently for Alfred's return. They were both working busily and conversing in their usual strain of London. Hope was reluctant to return home at the earliest possible moment. She wished only to have a clear explanation with her son. Hope Wayne was also waiting for an explanation. She was naturally curious to know why Alfred Dinks had told his mother that they were engaged. Hope Wayne had never thought that she was probably an heiress. As her Aunt Dinks looked at her, and saw how pretty and lofty her features were, yet how simple and candid, she was more than ever angry with her, because she felt that it was impossible she should ever have loved Alfred.

They heard a carriage in the street. It stopped at the door. A moment in the sound of a footstep was audible.

"My dear, I want to speak to Alfred alone. I hope you'll go," said Mrs. Dinks.

"Yes, aunt," answered Hope Wayne, rising, and taking up her basket and work-box toward the door. Just as she reached it, it opened, and Alfred Dinks and Fanny Nevet entered. Hope looked at them and began on.

"Stop, Hope!" whispered Alfred, excitedly.

She turned at the door and looked on, while Alfred, with uncertain bravado, advanced with Fanny to his mother, who was gazing upon them in amazement, and said, in a thick, hurried voice,

"Mother, this is your daughter Fanny—my wife—Mrs. Alfred Dinks."

The words which Hope Wayne went out, closing the door behind her, leaving the mother alone with her children.

Mrs. Dinks sat speechless in her chair for a few moments, staring at Alfred, who looked as if he had committed some long regretted act. Fanny, who stood calmly beside him. At length she said to Alfred in a low voice:

"Is that woman really your wife?"

"Yes, m," replied the new husband.

"What are you going to make of her with?"

"I have my allowance," said Alfred, in a very small voice.

"Mrs. Alfred Dinks, your husband's allowance is six hundred dollars a year from his father, and not a penny more."

There was a sarcastic sparkle in her eyes. Mrs. Dinks had only felt that she and Fanny were contesting a prize. At this moment, while she knew that she had not won, she was sure that Fanny had lost. Rachel was confident.

Fanny was prepared for such a reception. She did not smile. She remembered the great Burt fortune. But before she could speak Mrs. Dinks rose, and, with an air of contemptuous silence, inquired,

"Where are you living, Mrs. Dinks?"

Mr. Alfred looked at his wife with profound perplexity. He thought, for his part, that he was living in that very house. But his wife answered, quietly:

"We are at Bunker's, where we shall be delighted to see you. Good-morning, Mrs. Dinks."

And Fanny took her husband by the arm and went out, having entirely confounded her mother-in-law, who meant to have wished her children good-morning, and then have left them to their embarrassment. But Fanny was occasionally too quick for Mrs. Dinks.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Mercantile Record.

Billiard-Table Makers.
O'CONNOR & COLLENDER (Phelan's Tablet), 63, 65, 67, and 69 Crosby.

Blank-Books and Stationery.
FRANCIS & LOUTREL, 49 Maiden Lane.

Cutlery, Manufacturers of.
ROWE, JOHN, & CO., 369 Pearl (Am. Sheears and Scissors).

Direction-Labels and Tags.
MAUGER, VICTOR E., 115 Chambers.

Frame Makers, Looking-Glass & Picture.
SIGLER, HORACE V., Agent, 333 Canal.

Phrenologists and Publishers.
FOWLER & WELLS, 308 Broadway.

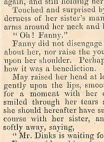
Paint Manufacturers.
HALL & CORNELL, 193 Maiden Lane.

Sparks from a Locomotive;

OR,

Life and Liberty in Europe.
By the Author of
"BELLE BRITTAN'S LETTERS."
1 volume. Price $1 00.
For sale by all Booksellers and Agents,
DERBY & JACKSON, Publishers,
New York.

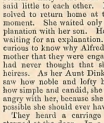
RIMMEL'S TOILET VINEGAR is far superior to Eau de Cologne as a lotion for the Toilet or Bath, a reviving Perfume and a powerful Disinfectant.
Sold by all the Trade.
E. RIMMEL, *Perfumer, London and Paris.*



Strong—bold Delicate Flavored
Mountain Grown COFFEE
For sale by
CORTINA & CO
No. 5 Dover Street

RIMMEL'S BOUQUET — ALL THE YEAR ROUND, and WOOD VIOLET are the leading Perfumes in *Paris and London.*
Sold by all the Trade.
E. RIMMEL, *Perfumer, London and Paris.*

Smith & Weeson's Seven Shooter.



J. W. STORRS,
Sole Agent,
121 Chambers Street, N. Y.

This Pistol is the lightest to use in the world that has force. Weight only ten ounces. Is loaded quicker than any Pistol ever caped. Can be used under all circumstances. No injury is caused to the arm or ammunition by allowing it to remain loaded any length of time. It is so simple in its construction that it is not liable to get out of order. Is perfectly safe to carry. The only Pistols seven shots, two more than other small Pistols.

RIMMEL'S WHITE ALMOND SOAP and FAMILY BAR SOAP are confidently recommended for their emollient properties and delightful aroma.
Sold by all the Trade.
E. RIMMEL, *Perfumer, London and Paris.*

TENNYSON'S NEW VOLUME.

Now Ready,
NINTH THOUSAND
—OF—
Idyls of the King.
By Alfred Tennyson, D.C.L.
1 vol. 16mo.....75 cents.

TICKNOR & FIELDS.

☞ Copies sent post free to any address in the United States on receipt of price.

RIMMEL'S ROSE-LEAF POWDER imparts a delicate rosy hue to the skin, and renders it soft and pliable.
Sold by all the Trade.
E. RIMMEL, *Perfumer, London and Paris.*

Highest Premiums awarded from the WORLD'S FAIR, LONDON, AND CRYSTAL PALACE — Silver Medal, Paris, 1855. Also, Medal and Diploma of Honor, Exhibition of American Institute, Cattle Shows, &c., &c., the highest premiums have awarded their from all Fairs, Exhibitions, &c. The articles of their manufacture are for sale by all Druggists. Depot, 246 PEARL HAVEL & CO., No. 704 CHESTNUT STREET, Philadelphia.

Books by return Post to any Post Office in the United States.

GOOD BOOKS by MAIL.—We send all Publishers' prices. Address FOWLER & WELLS, 308 Broadway, New York, United States Book Agency. Country dealers supplied.

American Guano.
TO FARMERS AND PLANTERS
In Grains. This Guano from Jarvis Island, in the Pacific Ocean, which has been proved to be the most valuable fertilizer ever discovered, is offered for sale at wholesale and retail at less than two thirds the price of Peruvian. For particulars address C. B. MARSHALL, Pres. American Guano Co., 66 William Street, New York.

All Right! All Right!

"All right, all right!" and is it so?
Am I "all right" from top to toe?
Let's see again. Just this once more,
And scan me well, friend, ear and eye,
Ere, if you can, my ears delight,
And lend precision, "all right!"

Note first my vest—how looks that, pray?
Is it in the fashion fresh and gay
"I'll answer that in one brief minute;
Prove Albert might with profit be in it."
You really think so? "Hence bright!"
Why, then I'm still in what's right, "all right!"

Now for my coat! "It makes me sigh
That I don't own it. Time may be"
His onward course for years, but no
Such coat will ever fit me so."
"Its fashion, pardon in my sight?"
Why, then, my coat is right, "all right!"

What of my pants? dost like the fit?
"With matchless grace, my friend, they sit.
I'm jealous while I gaze upon
The wondrous things my tailor's done."
Would like the same? "Aye, just such others."
Then send the modest wish to Brothers.
And when you've made your choice for me
She'll reciprocate ere "You're right, all right!"

"Twin Temples of Fashion."

ONE PRICE—NO DEVIATION.

The Price is marked on all the Goods in Plain Figures.

SMITH BROTHERS,
The Marble Stores,
122, 138, and 140
Fulton Street,
Between Broadway & William St.,
THOMAS SMITH, JR.,
ROBERT L. SMITH,
J. SMITH RICE.
NEW YORK.

Curtis' Cure for Baldness.

This remedy is reliable; contains no oil, tend, or sulphur: it has been tried in Boston, Providence, and the Eastern States. J. M. CURTIS, Proprietor, Providence, R. I. Sold by E. M. Sanford, 182 Bowery; J. & J. Cobb, Langdon, 715 Broadway; W. H. Lowle, 637 Greenwich Street; John Smith, 1760 Houston Street, New York; Mrs. Hayes; G. P. Miles; and Reynolds & Co., Brooklyn; F. Jeller, Jersey City; T. C. Mercer, Newark.

BARNES & PARK, Nos. 13 and 15 Park Row, And all Druggists. General Agents.

PRINCE IMPERIAL CHAMPAGNE.

FROM
DE VENOGE & CO., EPERNAY, FRANCE,

A Wine of new quality at a moderate price, sold at the PRINCIPAL HOUSES and by all the LEADING DEALERS throughout the country.

E. V. HAUGHWOUT, Sole Importer,
Corner of Broadway and Broome Street.

EDINBURGH EDITION.

CHAMBER'S
ENCYCLOPÆDIA;
A DICTIONARY OF UNIVERSAL KNOWLEDGE
FOR THE PEOPLE.

ON THE BASIS OF THE LATEST EDITION OF THE GERMAN CONVERSATIONS LEXICON.

Illustrated with Maps and numerous Wood Engravings.

Published in Monthly Parts of 64 pages in near paper cover, price 15 cents, it being expected that the work will be completed in about Eighty Monthly Parts, forming Six or Seven Volumes, similar in appearance to the volume of "CHAMBER'S Information for the People."

PARTS 1. AND II. NOW READY, PRICE FIFTEEN CENTS EACH.

The subscribers have the pleasure of announcing that, in accordance with an existing arrangement with the Messrs. W. & R. Chambers of Edinburgh, to supply the American market with the popular publications of that celebrated house, they will be prepared to furnish, in any quantities, subscribers to the New Edition, now in course of publication in Edinburgh, of the extensive Monthly Parts and Volumes of this valuable work, printed from the same plates as the standard works of paper, and executed in every particular in the same style as the Edinburgh edition.

CHAMBER'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA has been under careful preparation for several years, and will be the most extensive and thorough conducted work in the edition of literature in the English language—a work designed in a special manner, equally in its illustrations, and in its price, for popular circulation. For sale by the trade generally.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.,
Nos. 25 and 54 North Fourth Street, Philadelphia.

PROTESTANT FRENCH INST.
FOR YOUNG GENTLEMEN, in New York, No. 48 East 24th Street, between Fourth and Park Avenues, Madison Square. CLASSICAL and COMMERCIAL. This Institution will be reopened on the 15th of September. It presents a thorough course of instruction in all the branches, including the Spanish and German languages. The French is the language of the school. Comfortable arrangements for a limited number of pupils. Prospectuses with testimonials, list of my patrons at the end of the parents during the past seven years, &c., to be had.

REFERENCES:
Rev. Dr. F. Monod.
Rev. Dr. Adam, Geneva, Rev. Merle d'Aubigné.
Washington, Hon. Lewis Cass, Secretary of State.
Boston, Hon. Edward Everett.
Princeton, Prof. A. Guyot.
New York, C. Bristed, President of Columbia College.
Rev. Dr. I. Ferris, Chancellor of the N. Y. University.
Rev. Dr. S. H. Tyng.
Rev. Dr. F. Hawks.

ELLIOT & PATTEN—Examine Inventions and procure American and Foreign Patents. Office opposite main entrance of Patent Office Building, Washington City, D. C.

JOURNAL
AND
HERALD OF HEALTH.

Devoted to Physiology, Hydropathy, and the Laws of Life and Health, with Especial Reference to the Human System — a Guide to Health and Longevity. A Handsome Quarto, published monthly, at One Dollar a year, by FOWLER AND WELLS, No. 308 Broadway, New York. Now Vol.—19—just commenced. A good time to subscribe.

Richardson's New Method
For the Piano Forte
IS NOW READY!!

This New Method by the Author of "The Modern School," combines the essentials of former works, with such improvements as the experience of Teachers and Scholars, have, from time to time, suggested. Those who have examined it pronounce it unsurpassed, if not unequalled, by any work of the kind extant. Many of the plans from the earliest rudimentary elements of knowledge to the possession of that artistic skill so necessary to the accomplishment of a rapid and finished execution of the best compositions. Its elegantly engraved plates, exhibiting correct positions of the Hand and Fingers in order to form a new and important feature of a work of the kind, and will be found one of the greatest aids to both teacher or and pupil.

SECTION IN ITS PLAN OF STUDY, EXCEEDINGLY ATTRACTIVE IN ITS LESSONS AND EXERCISES, UNEQUALLED IN ITS ADAPTATION TO THE WANTS OF ALL CLASSES. "RICHARDSON'S NEW METHOD" CAN NOT BUT MEET WITH THE FAVOR OF ALL WHO MAY BECOME ITS MOST VALUABLE PATRONS, WHEN ONCE IT IS BROUGHT BEFORE THEM.

Two Editions are published, viz: Boston and London, the other Foreign Examples. When the work is ordered, if no preference is designated, the edition with American Examples will be sent. Terms in receipt of which it will be forwarded by Mail, *post paid*.

Published by OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.

TIFFANY & CO.,
Importers & Manufacturers
No. 550 Broadway, New York, and
No. 15 Rue Richelieu, No. 79, Paris,
DIAMONDS, AND OTHER PRECIOUS STONES.
FINE JEWELRY.
SILVER WARE, PLATED WARE, TABLE CUTLERY;
CLOCKS, BRONZES, ARTISTIC GILT GOODS,
DESKS, DRESSING-CASES, WORK-BOXES, JEWEL-BOXES,
AND FANCY GOODS.

And many other Articles of Art and Luxury.

The Agents in New York for the ELECTRO-SILICON, Graham's Watches, whose superiority over any other pocket time-keeper is made so unquestionable by their performance.

Every article is marked in plain figures the Lowest at which it will be sold.

We cordially extend to strangers an invitation to inspect our stock, assuring all that a call will incur not the least obligation to purchase.

COZZENS'
West Point Hotel
IS
NOW OPEN.

LA TOURETTE HOUSE,
BERGEN POINT, STATEN ISLAND, N. J.

Wiley W. Hill (late of the Lafarge House), *Proprietor.*

This fashionable Summer Resort is beautifully situated on the Bay Shore, about 20 miles from the Battery, and is furnished throughout in modern style. Gentlemen with their family in the immediate vicinity. Gentlemen doing business in the city can bring their wives and children to this House, which is but a few minutes' ride from New York, on the Staten Island Railroad to Bracketville station, where stages will be in attendance to convey passengers to the House, a distance of three miles. Post Office address—Drakeville, Morris County, N. J.

Long Branch, N.J.
Howland's Hotel,
is
Now Open for the Season.

INTERNATIONAL HOTEL,
NIAGARA FALLS.

ROBERT B. COLEMAN, late of the firm of COLEMAN & DUNN, Astor House, and more recently engaged at the St. Nicholas Hotel, New York, has assumed the control of the INTERNATIONAL, Niagara Falls, opened the above-named elegant house, which, having been enlarged and refurnished throughout, will be found a suitable to visitors at this the grandest of watering places.

TRENTON FALLS.

This most picturesque of the WATER FALLS OF AMERICA can now be reached at a small expense from Utica by Railroad.

N. B.—Utica trains a day.

EXPERIENCED AGENTS WANTED IN all parts of the country to obtain subscribers for LOSSING'S PICTORIAL FIELD-BOOK OF THE REVOLUTION." in Two Volumes Royal Octavo, containing upward of 1500 pages, and 600 beautiful illustrations. This work will be sold exclusively by Agents, to each of whom a special District will be given. Rare inducements offered. Applicants should name the Counties they would prefer. For full particulars address GEO. W. ELLIOTT, care HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

GREAT CURIOSITY. Particulars sent *free*. Agents wanted. SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Maine.

SHELLEY MEMORIALS:
From Authentic Sources.
EDITED BY
LADY SHELLEY.
TO WHICH IS ADDED,
AN ESSAY ON CHRISTIANITY.
—BY—
PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.
NOW FIRST PRINTED.
1 vol. 16mo.....75 cents.

The editions of the above volume is the wife of Sir Percy Shelley, son of the Poet. She has prepared this volume to correct misstatements and erroneous impressions which have prevailed toward Shelley. The materials here used are family documents, for the most part new to the public. These memorials among other matter now first published, the "Essay on Christianity" and the eloquent "Letter to Lord Ellenborough," from Shelley's own pen; new correspondence of Shelley with William Godwin, Keats, Horace Smith, Oilier his publisher, and others; and Extracts from the Private Journal of Mrs. Shelley after the death of her husband. All who desire to see the man dispelled in which misrepresentation and misapprehension clouded the memory of Shelley, should read this volume.

TICKNOR & FIELDS,
BOSTON.

☞ Copies sent post-free to any address in the United States on receipt of price.

REMINGTON'S

ILION, N. Y.

POCKET AND BELT PISTOL REVOLVER.

Also Manufacturers of Cast Steel, Stub-twisted and Ribbed Iron Rifle and Shot Gun Barrels, Gun Mountings, &c.

Sold by Dealers generally.

THE ECONOMIST
COOKING STOVE,
FOR WOOD OR COAL,
AND A SAFE HEATER.

This is the most valuable improvement that has been made in Cooking Stoves during the past twenty years.

THE SAND OVEN
Equalizes the heat on the same principle as the BRICK OVEN of country ranges.

THE SAND OVEN
Retains the heat long after the fire has gone out.

THE ECONOMIST
Is the most economical and durable Stove in the world.

THE ECONOMIST
Has a most perfect arrangement for broiling.

THE ECONOMIST
Heats water for the Bathing Room, &c., as quickly as any Range, and at half the cost for fuel.

Do not fail to examine it! It is manufactured by W. & J. TREADWELL, PERRY & NORTON,
ALBANY, N. Y.
And for sale everywhere.

RTHUR'S
PATENT SELF-SEALING
Fruit Cans & Jars,

"These celebrated Cans and Jars," says the editor of the Ladies' Book, "the first introduced, and, by all odds, the best, are steadily coming into general use. Thousands of housekeepers, who, in past seasons, were tempted to try other Cans and Jars, and who lost more or less of their fruit in consequence, will be glad to learn that ARTHUR'S never fail."

They are made of Tin, Glass, and Stoneware.

ARTHUR, BURNHAM, & GILROY,
Manufacturers under the Patent,
Nos. 117 and 119 N. Tenth St. Philadelphia.

Also, manufacturers under the Patent for the United States, of the celebrated "OLD DOMINION" COFFEE & TEA-POTS.

Singer's Sewing Machines.

Are superior for all manufacturing purposes.
Are more desirable for all kinds of family sewing.
Are capable of doing a greater variety of work.
Are free from the defects of other machines.
Are almost noiseless in their operations.
Are much better, and therefore worth more.
Are perfectly simple and easily kept in order.
Are cheaper because they earn more money.
Are just the Machine for every family.

I. M. SINGER & CO.,
No. 458 Broadway, corner of Grand.

JUDSON FEMALE INSTITUTE,
MARION, ALA.

The twenty-second annual session of this Institute will open on Monday, October 3, 1859.

For further information or catalogues apply to

NOAH K. DAVIS, *President.*

To Housekeepers.

SOMETHING NEW.—B. T. BABBITT'S
MEDICINAL SALERATUS,

Is manufactured from common salt, and is prepared entirely different from other Saleratus. All the deliterious matter extracted in such a manner as to produce Rich, Sweet, and all kinds of Cakes, without containing a particle of Saleratus. Hence they are more healthy, thereby producing wholesome results. Every particle of Saleratus contains 2 gas, and passes through the process of raising all making consequently, nothing remains to sour. Also, Babbitt's Best Flour. You will readily perceive by the taste of this Saleratus that it is entirely different from other Saleratus.

It is packed in 1 pound papers, each wrapper branded, "B. T. BABBITT'S Best Medicinal Saleratus," and has been tested and found to be free from all deleterious matter. This is the only Saleratus ever put up in this shape, and is the most convenient form for family use ever introduced.

Full directions for making Bread with Sour Milk, Sour Cream, Yeast, Cream Tartar, with accompany each package; also, directions for making all kinds of Pastry; also, for making Soda Water and Bottling Cider, &c.

MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP,

By using B. T. BABBITT'S PURE CONCENTRATED POTASH,

Warranted double the strength of ordinary Potash; put up in cans—1 lb., 2 lbs., 3 lbs., 4 lbs., and 5 lbs.—and will last a long time for making Hard and Soft Soap, Whitening Brick, &c. Also, Detergent Pills in boxes.

Manufactured and for sale by

B. T. BABBITT,
Nos. 68 and 70 Washington St., N. Y.,
And, No. 58 Dock Street Boston.

THE HERALD OF HEALTH!—The August number of the WATER-CURE JOURNAL — now ready—contains: Theory and Practice of Hydropathy; Reports of Cases in Water-Cure in Other Lands; Dr. Harriet N. Austin; Medicated Fortifiers; Dysentery, or Bloody Flux; Water-Cure in Paris; Water-Cure in Oregon; Rose's Sore Throat; The Prevailing Malady; Summer Complaints; Interesting Experiences; Fellow-Travelers, etc. Only $1 a year, or 10 cents a number. A good time to subscribe. ADDRESS FOWLER AND WELLS, 308 Broadway, New York.

Lord Ward's Worcestershire Sauce.

Is the TRUE and ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE. Is excellent for all purposes.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS, and observe LORD WARD'S Name on every Bottle. Used at every Hotel, and sold by all Grocers and Fruit Dealers.

Wholesale and for Exportation, by

THOMAS KINSELLA & CO.,
40 Broad Street, New York.

Sold Retail by the Grocers and Fruit Houses. Half Pints, 50 cents per bottle; Pints, 75 cents per bottle.

361 BROADWAY 539
ARTIFICIAL HAIR.
Tucker's Flowers, Feathers, and Miscellaneous Items, Are all reliable.

☞ Every Number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE contains from 90 to 96 pages—and from one third to one half more reading than any other Monthly.

A Splendid Number.

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE
FOR SEPTEMBER

Whoever has had occasion to consult the past volumes of the Magazine for information upon the history and principles of papers embodying important geographical, historical, and scientific facts, will find, and justly so merits as a storehouse of entertaining reading, it is of no small value as a work of general reference, and as a great variety of subjects. The "Monthly Record of Current Events," in particular, has been growing within limits immediate interest at the date of its publication, increases in importance with every year to year, and now furnishes a kind of chronological summary, the convenience and satisfaction of which can be fully felt only by those who have consulted by those who have consulted the most frequent occasion to consult its columns.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

HARPER'S MAGAZINE is universally the favorite with people's magazine. Sound in religion, conservative in politics, and liberal in spirit, it is always fresh and attractive with sympathy and honor, and guided all the time by a high-toned morality, which is felt rather than spoken of soon. We rejoice in its prosperity.—*New Orleans Christian Advocate.*

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year . . . . . $ 3 00
Two Copies for One Year 5 00
Three or more Copies for One Year (each) . . 2 00

And an Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of Ten Subscribers.

HARPER'S WEEKLY and HARPER'S MAGAZINE, together, one year, $4 00.

The postage upon "HARPER'S MAGAZINE" must be paid at the Office where it is received. The Postage is Twenty-four Cents a year.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A FIRST-CLASS FAMILY NEWSPAPER.
THE BEST AND CHEAPEST
FAMILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD.
EVERY NUMBER CONTAINS A PAGE OF

MR. CHARLES DICKENS'S New Serial, entitled "A TALE OF TWO CITIES," illustrated by HABLOT K. BROWNE, was commenced in "Harper's Weekly" for May 7, and the publication thus week is over one-third completed.

GEO. WILLIAM CURTIS'S Illustrated Serial Tale of American Life, entitled "TRUMPS," was commenced in "Harper's Weekly" for June 4.

TERMS OF HARPER'S WEEKLY.

One Copy for Twenty Weeks $1 00
One Copy for Six Months 2 00
One Copy for One Year 4 00
Two Copies for One Year 7 00
Three Copies for One Year 9 00
Twenty-five Copies for One Year 40 00

An Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of TWENTY-FIVE SUBSCRIBERS.

THREE DOLLARS ADVANCE.—*Fifty Cents a Line.*

A Liberal Discount will be made to those wishing to Advertise for Three Months or more.

☞ Persons living in the City of New York wishing "Harper's Weekly" left at their house, will please send their names and residences, with the subscription money, to the Office of Publication.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, New York.

FREE ITALY (?)

D. W. EVANS & CO.,

The Pioneer Gift Book Store,

No. 677 Broadway, N. Y.

THE OLDEST ESTABLISHED

Gift Book House.

A Gift with every Book

Worth from 50c. to $100 00.

A List of the Recipients of Gold and Silver Watches awarded for the week ending July 23d, 1859.

Mrs. A. Jones, East Berne, N. Y.
Joseph Beach, Derby, Conn.
Chas. Danforth, Lancaster, N. Wayland, Batavia, Ohio.
Wis.
J. G. Gilman, Flowerlog Cross Roads, Miss.
Wm. McClemmens, New Guilford, Ohio.
Mrs. E. S. Palmer, Belleville, Mich.
Mrs. Lyon, Guilford, Ohio.
Capt. Crandall, Westerly, R. I.
M. W. Cack, Magog, Vt.
C. V. Bowkman, Hillsboro, Ill.
Joseph Burgess, Salem, Mass.
——Mills, Inglewood, N. J.
F. Parker, Bristol, Conn.
A. J. Hunn, Burrstarville, Jacob Wann, New Salem, Ill.
S. S. Briscoe, Marshall, Ill.
John A. Weaver, Rodgersville, Alabama.
W. Fay, Columbia, Tenn.
J. T. West, Glenn Springs, John Sanders, Louisville, Ky.
S. C.
S. N. Bolles, Dubuque, Iowa.
S. W. Fally, Fort Monroe, Geo. Spurr, Sheffield, Mass.
P. Swart, Fiantac, Michigan.
John Parker, Belleville, Ohio.
T. B. Dunbar, Barnwell, Tenn.
Edmund Perrel, Rogersville, S. C.
M. F. Chase, Rouse Point, N. Y.
Frederick Gardner, Berne, N. Y.
G. T. C. Gibbons, Key West, Fla.
C. Smith, Columbia, Conn.
J. T. Henderson, George Town, Columbia.
W. T. Hyde, Woodville, Texas.
Jesse Decker, White Cloud, Mich.
Wm. Bailey, Chester, Conn.
J. G. Watton, Narragansett, R. I.
W. Beaver, Marietta, Ala.
Thomas Nutton, Bellonville, Geo.
L. Kerkhold, Milledgeville, Geo.
A. A. Smith, Fairhaven, Conn.
J. Bush, Bainbridge, Geo.
H. Upshaw, Gumbert, Ohio.
T. Jackson, Cloverdale, Ala.
L. A. Lee, Southington, Conn.
W. Smith, Pascoag, R. I.
Willard Cudworth, Rudge, N. H.
N. N. Barrett, Collinsville, Conn.
R. J. Chute, Boston, Mass.
Charles Miller, Springboro, Penn.
Charles Reed, Middletown, Conn.
J. D. Schofield, Pascoag, R. I.
Miss Sarah Cuffin, Meridian, Ms.
E. E. Bruner, Wyatt, Miss.
A. E. Buchanan, Gross Island, S. C.
S. S. Bowne, Paterson, N. J.
Jacob Blenzburg, East N. Y.
Jacob Bowne, Jr., Jamaica, L. I.
H. Hyde, Lancaster, Wis.
T. Bailey, Athens, Geo.
H. Hibbler, Mt. Vernon, Ohio.
Chas. F. Bell, Leadvale, Ohio.
Miss A. Reed, Miamisburg, Ohio.
A. Bartnell, Miamisburg, Ohio.
John Wise, Lagrange, Geo.
Homer Brunson, Metcalfe, Wis.
B. A. Hunt, Columbia, Conn.
E. Bowne, Jamaica, L. I.
N. Y.
Dr Chapman, Elmwood, Ill.
Hen. F. Johnson, Dunbarton, New Hampshire.
J. B. Bell, Augusta, Me.
D. Alexander, Franklin, Ind.
Miss Mary Ann Mc Cleland Depot, Wis.
H. Whittingham, Frankfort, Ky.
Capt. J. H. Williams, Parkersburg, Va.
Lewis Price, Lansing, Iowa.
Miss Savannah, Derby, Conn.
G. W. Sisten, West Point, Miss.
Geo. Greene, Eatonton, Ga.
S. Sewell, Ludlow, Mass.
F. E. Wescott, Florence, Ala.
J. Cook, Griffin, Geo.
A. Halverson, McCleland Depot, Wis.
S. S. Love, Key West, Flor.
A. P. Bone, Lagrange, Texas.
A. Smith, Byronville, Geo.
J. Robinson, Hillsborough, N. C.
Mrs. Breck, Livingston, Texas.
John Snow, Skowhegan, Maine.
C. C. Williamson, Jefferson, Ga.
John S. Griggs, Peoria, Ill.
——Clark, Pike, N. Y.
J. G. Frey, New Windsor, Md.
Geo. Greybill, Eatonton, Ga.
C. W. Stearns, Worcester, Mass.
J. Mann, Pontiac, Mich.
S. B. Smith, Augusta, Maine.
Joseph Rutter, Hagerstown, Md.
Samuel Whiteite, Carlisle, Pa.
H. C. Crawford, Hohnesville, Penn.
A. D. Davis, Dover, New Salem, Mass.
N. Y.
J. Davis, Woodville, Texas.
N. Y. Clark, London, Tenn.
C. B. Williams, Jefferson, Ga.
Mrs. Julia Pratt, Center, Ga.
Wade A. Parker, Monroeville, Alabama.
Geo. Vanzickle, New Market, New Jersey.
Francis J. Hamilton, Lisbon, Ohio.
W. Calnes, Prescott, Wis.
Wm. Scarsbrough, Rogersville, Tenn.
E. Mercer, Cheshire, Conn.
J. Yob, Carlisle, Pa.

The public are respectfully referred to any of the above named persons who have received Gold and Silver Watches the week ending July 23d.

The superior advantages offered by us to book buyers, as well as the fact that we have been longer established in the Gift Book business than any, has induced the proof to come from our business the tide of

THE PIONEER GIFT BOOK STORE

As to have been for the first taken the lead of all others, we shall endeavor to maintain our position as heretofore. Book Agents, and those desiring to become so, should examine our terms, as no books can be sold in the same time that one may be disposed of in the regular way, through the inducements given by us to be purchaser.

REMEMBER,

☞ That this is the only Gift Book House that takes the risk of loss through the mail.

☞ This is the only Gift Book House that has received the voluntary endorsement of over five hundred city and country journals, and of the leading publishing houses of the country.

☞ This is the oldest established and most extensive House of the kind in the world.

☞ We pay the most liberal commission to Agents.

☞ We keep the most varied and extensive line of Books and Gifts, and gratuitously execute the most elegant Steel Engraving, according to the country.

☞ We guarantee perfect satisfaction to all who may favor us with their patronage.

Send for a Catalogue.

Direct all communications to **D. W. EVANS & CO.,**
677 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

☞ Do not be deceived by Houses in other cities, who advertise under a similar name. We have no connection with them, and the public should not judge us by their mode of doing business.

D. W. EVANS & CO.
677 Broadway, New York.

DELANO
Life-Preserving Coat and Vest Company.

Vest not inflated.

Incorporated Jan. 1859.
Capital $125 000

MANUFACTURERS OF ALL KINDS OF
Life-Preserving Garments
FOR PASSENGERS AT SEA,
Safety Bathing Dresses, Children's Swimming Jackets, &c. &c.

Vest inflated.

OFFICE and SALESROOM, 286 BROADWAY, (Opposite City Hall) NEW YORK.

WHAT REALLY HAPPENED.
BY ONE WHO KNOWS
Inscribed to H. E. HOYT, Esq., Proprietor of the Great
"BALTIMORE GIFT BOOK" Establishment,
Baltimore, Md.

"Good luck a day," my wife did say,
One morning at the table;
"How can this Hoyt and Company
Afford to do as able.
'There's jewellery,' chains, and 'rings' and 'studs,'
With books for the boys to read them;
And now to prove that this is so,
Suppose we go and try them?"

"Agreed," said I—and off we went,
Down Baltimore Street we sauntered;
And on our way I bid my destiny,
And freely my wife hesitered,
At last we reached the looked-for place,
And as we duly entered,
My eyes upon the scene I saw,
Were fiually calmly centered.

The counters wide were strewn with books
Of every size and cover;
With "*fairy tales*," and "*works of art*,"
And "*Albums*" for a lover.
While crowds of ladies, young and old,
Were pushing, crowding, pressing;
To see if fortune had for them
Gifts really worth possessing.

I saw a lady dressed in silks
Pick up the "*Pension Pioneer*"
And cast her eyes on "*Byron's Poems*,"
To wile away an hour.
The cashier, at my right, came from out
The recess of very pocket;
Paid for the letter—and received
A Twenty Dollar Locket.

"Fourscth, my dear!"—thus spoke my wife,
Here's the "*Discarded Daughter*;"
But I will not discard the mother.
The prize—" one and a quarter.
I plunked the cash, and as my "rib,"
Gazed on the clerk so pleasant;
He handed her "*Monnie Seta*,"
As a free Christmas present.

"Now is the time, dear wife," I said,
As I did tightly clutch
My knees but I my win a prize—
Perhaps a "Gold Watch."
Here is the "*Lover's Test*." I see,
And I will not my quick now;
Who knows but I like *Jessie Sale*,
May be purchance in "*Love's Dream*."

I paid the price—my wife did gaze,
The sight it did our pulses fire;
For in my hands there soon was placed,
A "*Jewelled Breast Pin*."
We homeward went, convinced that Hoyt
Like prince was of good fellows;
Resolved to sound his praises forth
To town and country revlons.

Then go or send to Hoyt & Co.,
You will find them on the corner
Of Frederick and Baltimore Streets,
Where they will be
Jewel your looks, you'll not regret
The outlay of your money;
You are bound to win a golden prize,
To make your pathway sunny.

Catalogues giving full particulars mailed free to any address.

Before ordering Books elsewhere, write to

H. E. HOYT & CO.,
No. 41 Baltimore Street,
BALTIMORE, Md.

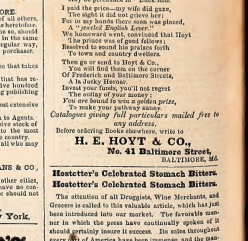
Hostetter's Celebrated Stomach Bitters.
Hostetter's Celebrated Stomach Bitters.

The attention of all Druggists, Wine Merchants, and Grocers is called to this valuable article, which has just been introduced into our market. The favorable manner in which the press have cautiously spoken of it should certainly insure it success. Its rules throughout every part of the United States, and the manufacturers have now made arrangements for their sale *everywhere.*

Hostetter's Celebrated Stomach Bitters.

Principal Depot 13 and 15 Park Row, New York.
Sold and manufactured by Hostetter & Smith, Pittsburgh, Pa.

E. A. BROOKS,
575 Broadway & 150 Fulton Street.
A splendid Assortment of Ladies', Gentlemen's, and Children's Boots, Shoes and Gaiters.



Designed for the use of the *Medical Profession* and the *Family*, having superseded the so-called "Gins"—"Aromatic," "Cordial," "Medicated," &c., is now indorsed by all of the prominent physicians, chemists, and connoisseurs as possessing all of those intrinsic medicinal qualities (sole and discrete) which belong to an old and *pure* Gin. Put up in quart bottles and sold by all druggists, grocers, &c.

D. M. BININGER & CO.,
(Established in 1778.) SOLE PROPRIETORS,
No. 338 Broadway, N. Y.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. III.—No. 138.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1859. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

OUR SERIAL.

We commenced in No. 134 a new serial tale, entitled "A Good Fight," by CHARLES READE, author of "Love me Little, Love me Long;" with Illustrations by Tenniel. This exquisite Story is printed *from early proof-sheets* PURCHASED *exclusively by us from the Author.*

In reply to several inquiries, we beg to say that MR. DICKENS's new serial, "A TALE OF TWO CITIES," was commenced in HARPER'S WEEKLY on May 7, and MR. CURTIS's delicious Story of American Society, entitled "TRUMPS," on April 9. We can send the back numbers from those dates, or from the beginning of the year, to any person who remits the money.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

In Clever Books.—Splendidly Illustrated.

☞ Printed from early Proof-sheets, for which Messrs. Harper & Brothers pay the Author

FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS.

BOOK II.

THE GOLDEN THREAD.

CHAPTER XVII.

ONE NIGHT.

NEVER did the sun go down with a brighter glory on the quiet corner in Soho than one memorable evening when the Doctor and his daughter sat under the plane-tree together. Never did the moon rise with a milder radiance over great London than on that night when it found them still seated under the tree, and shone upon their faces through its leaves.

Lucie was to be married to-morrow. She had reserved this last evening for her father, and they sat alone under the plane-tree.

"You are happy, my dear father?"

"Quite, my child."

They had said little, though they had been there a long time. When it was yet light enough to work and read she had neither employed herself in her usual work, nor had she read to him. She had employed herself in both ways at his side under the tree many and many a time; but this time was not quite like any other, and nothing could make it so.

"And I am very happy to-night, dear father. I am deeply happy in the love that Heaven has so blessed—my love for Charles, and Charles's love for me. Still, if my life were not to be consecrated to you, or if my marriage were so arranged as that it would part us, even by the length of a few of these streets, I should be more unhappy and self-reproachful now than I can tell you. Even as it is——"

Even as it was, she could not command her voice.

In the sad moonlight she clasped him by the neck, and laid her face upon his breast. In the moonlight which is always sad, as the light of the sun itself is—as the light called human life is—at its coming and its going.

"Dearest dear! Can you tell me, this last time, that you feel quite, quite sure no new affections of mine, and no new duties of mine, will ever interpose between us? *I know* it well, but do you know it? In your own heart, do you feel quite certain?"

Her father answered, with a cheerful firmness of conviction he could scarcely have assumed, "Quite sure, my darling! More than that," he added, as he tenderly kissed her, "my future is far brighter, Lucie, seen through your marriage than it could have been—nay, than it ever was—without it."

"If I could hope *that*, my father—"

"Believe it, love! Indeed, it is so. Consider how natural and how plain it is, my dear, that it should be so. You, devoted and young, can not fully appreciate the anxiety I have felt that your life should not be wasted—"

She moved her hand toward his lips, but he took it in his, and repeated the word.

"—wasted, my child—should not be wasted, struck aside from the natural order of things, for my sake. Your unselfishness can not entirely comprehend how much my mind has gone on this; but only ask yourself, how could my happiness be perfect while yours was incomplete?

"If I had never seen Charles, my father, I should have been quite happy with you."

He smiled at her unconscious admission that she would have been unhappy without Charles, having seen him, and replied:

"My child, you did see him, and it is Charles. If it had not been Charles it would have been another. Or, if it had been no other, I should have been the cause, and then the dark part of my life would have cast its shadow beyond myself, and would have fallen on you."

It was the first time, except at the trial, of her ever hearing him refer to the period of his suffering. It gave her a strange and new sensation while his words were in her ears, and he remembered it long afterward.

"See!" said the Doctor of Beauvais, raising his hand toward the moon. "I have looked at her, from my prison-window, when I could not bear her light. I have looked at her, when it has been such torture to me to think of her shining upon what I had lost, that I have beaten my head against the stone walls. I have looked at her in a state so dulled and lethargic that I have thought of nothing but the number of horizontal lines I could draw across her at the full, and the number of perpendicular lines with which I could intersect them." He added this in a smile, but in his inward and pondering manner, as he looked at the moon. "It was twenty either way, I remember, and the twentieth was difficult to squeeze in."

The strong purpose with which she heard him go back to that time deepened as he dwelt upon it; but there was nothing to shock her in the manner of his reference. He only seemed to contrast his present cheerfulness and felicity with the dire endurance that was over.

"I have looked at her, speculating thousands of times upon the unborn child from whom I had been rent. Whether it was born dead, or living, whether it had been born alive, or the poor mother's shock killed it. Whether it was a son who would grow to be a man, or a daughter who would grow to be a woman."

She drew closer to him, and kissed his cheek and his hand.

"I have pictured my daughter, to myself, as perfectly forgetful of me—rather, altogether ignorant of me, and unconscious of me. I have cast up the years of her age, year after year. I have seen her married to a man who knew nothing of my fate. I have altogether perished from the remembrance of the living, and in the next generation my place was a blank."

"My father! Even to hear that you had seen such thoughts in your face when I came, strikes to my heart as if I had been shut child."

"You, my own? It is out of the consolation and restoration you have brought to me that these remembrances arise and pass between us and the moon on this last night. What did I say, just now?"

She knew nothing of you. She cared nothing for you."

"Yes. But on other moonlight nights, when the sadness and the silence have touched me in a different way—have effected me with something as like a sorrowful sense of peace as any emotion that had pain for its foundations could—I have imagined her as coming to me in my cell and leading me out into the freedom beyond the fortress. I have seen her image in the moonlight often, as I now see you, except that I never held her in my arms; it stood between the little grated window and the door. But you understand that that was not the child I am speaking of?"

"The figure was not; the—the—image; the fancy?"

"No. That was another thing. It stood before my disturbed sense of sight, but it never moved. The phantom that my mind pursued was another and more real child. Of her outward appearance I know no more than that she was like her mother. The other had that likeness too—as you have—but was not the same. Can you follow me, Lucie? Hardly, I think. I doubt you must have been a solitary prisoner to understand these perplexed distinctions."

His collected and calm manner could not prevent her blood from running cold as he thus tried to ananatomize his old condition.

"In that more peaceful state I have imagined her, in the moonlight, coming to me and taking me out to show me that the home of her married life was full of her loving remembrance of her lost father. My picture was in her hands, and I was in her prayers. Her life was active, cheerful, useful; but my poor history pervaded it all."

"I was that child, my father. I was not half so good, but in my love that was I."

"And she showed me her children," said the Doctor of Beauvais, "and they had been taught by me, and had been taught to pity me. When they passed my prison of the State they kept far from its frowning walls, and looked up at its bars, and spoke in whispers. She could never deliver me; I imagined that she always brought me back after showing me such things. But then, blessed with the relief of tears, I fell upon my knees and blessed her."

"I am that child, I hope, my father. Oh! my dear father, 'till you bless me as fervently to-morrow?"

"Lucie, I recall these old troubles in the re-

"SEE!" SAID THE DOCTOR OF BEAUVAIS, ETC.

spect that I have to-night for loving you better than words can tell, and thanking God for my great happiness. My thoughts, when they were wildest, never rose near the happiness that I have known with you, and that we have before us."

He embraced her, solemnly commended her to Heaven, and humbly thanked Heaven for having bestowed her on him. By-and-by they went into the house.

There was no one hidden in the marriage but MR. LORRY; there was even to be no bridesmaid but the gaunt Miss Pross. The marriage was to make no change in their place of residence; they had been able to extend it, by taking to themselves the upper rooms formerly belonging to the sperryphal invisible lodger, and they desired nothing more.

Doctor Manette was very cheerful at the little supper. They were only three at table, and Miss Pross made the third. He remarked that Charles was not there; was more than half disposed to object to the loving little plot that kept him away; and drank to him affectionately.

So the time came for him to bid Lucie good-night, and they separated. But in the stillness of the third hour of the morning Lucie came down stairs again and stole into his room; not free from unshaped fears beforehand.

All things, however, were in their places; all was quiet; and he lay asleep, his white hair picturesque on the untroubled pillow, and his hands lying quiet on the coverlid. She put her noiseless candle in the shadow at a distance, crept up to his bed, and put her lips to his; then kneeled over him and looked at him.

Into his handsome face the bitter waters of captivity had worn; but he covered up their tracks with a determination so strong, that he held the mastery of them, even in his sleep. A remarkable face in its quiet, resolute, and guarded struggle with an unseen assailant was not to be beheld in all the wide dominions of sleep that night.

She timidly laid her hand on his dear breast, and put up a prayer that she might ever be as true to him as her love aspired to be, and as his sorrows deserved. Then she withdrew her hand, and kissed his lips once more, and went away. So the carnise came, and the shadows of the leaves of the plane-tree moved upon his face as softly as her lips had moved in praying for him.

CHAPTER XVIII.

NINE DAYS.

THE marriage day was shining brightly, and they were ready outside the closed door of the

Doctor's room, where he was speaking with Charles Darnay. They were ready to go to church; the beautiful bride, Mr. Lorry, and Miss Pross—to whom the event, through a gradual process of reconcilement to the inevitable, would have been one of absolute bliss, but for the yet lingering consideration that her brother Solomon should have been the bridegroom.

"And so," said Mr. Lorry, who could not sufficiently admire the bride, and who had been mowing round her to take in every point of her quiet, pretty dress: "and so it was for this, my sweet Lucie, that I brought you your mother's gift, such a baby! Lord bless me! How little I thought what I was doing! How lightly I sold the old chairs and tables and stock in my friend Mr. Charles!"

"You didn't mean it," remarked the matter-of-fact Miss Pross, "and therefore how could you know it?" Nonsense!"

"Really I will; but don't cry," said the gentle Mr. Lorry.

"I am not crying," said Miss Pross; "you are."

"I, my Pross?" (By this time Mr. Lorry had got her by both hands, and was standing her before him.) "What is to be told to Ladybird? He doesn't know me, and is making love to Pross!"

Mr. Lorry said what he could to calm her, and went himself into the Doctor's room. The Doctor was turned toward the light, as it had been when the door was darkened by the young people, and his head was bent down, and his face was very serious.

"Doctor Manette. My dear friend, Doctor Manette!"

The Doctor looked at him for a moment in half inquiring, half as if he were angry at being spoken to, manner, and then resumed.

He had laid aside his coat and waistcoat; and his shirt was open at the throat, as it used to be when he did those things; and even the old ragged, faded surface of face had come back to it. He looked hard—almost fiercely—but it was a sense of having been interrupted.

Mr. Lorry glanced at the work in his hand, and observed that it was a shoe of the old size and shape. He took up another that was lying at his hand and shook it to get his attention.

"A young lady's walking shoe," he muttered, without looking up. "It ought to have been finished long ago. Let it lie."

"But, Doctor Manette. Look at me."

He obeyed, in the old mechanical submissive manner, without pausing in his work.

"You know me, my dear friend? Think again. This is not your proper occupation. Think, dear friend!"

Nothing would induce him to speak more. He looked up, for an instant at a time, when he was requested to do so; but no persuasion could extract a word from him. He worked, and worked, and worked, in silence, and words fell on him as they would have fallen on the pavement stones, if he had been in the street. The only ray of hope Mr. Lorry could discover was, that sometimes he seemed to work without being noticed. In that there seemed a faint expression of curiosity or perplexity, as to what he was doing, to reconcile some doubts in his mind.

Two things made a deep impression on Mr. Lorry, as important above all others; the first, that this must be kept secret from Lucie; the second, that he must himself avoid all mention of who knew him. In conjunction with Miss Pross, he took immediate steps toward the latter precaution by giving out that the Doctor was unwell, and required a few days of complete rest. As a aid of the kind deception to be practised on his daughter, Miss Pross was to write, describing his having been called away professionally, and referring to an imaginary letter due by one or three hurried lines in his own hand, represented to have been received by herself. Miss Pross entered into the device exactly as the Doctor had foreseen.

These measures, advisable to be taken in any case, Mr. Lorry took in the hope of his coming to himself. If that should happen soon, he kept another course in reserve; which was to give a certain portion of the secret into Darnay's on the Doctor's case.

In the hope of his recovery, and of resort to this third course being thereby rendered practicable, Mr. Lorry resolved to watch him attentively, with as little appearance of watching as doing so. He therefore made arrangements to have himself driven home from the play first time in his life, and took his post by the window in the same room.

He was not long in discovering that it was worse than useless to speak to him, since, on being pressed, he became rebellious. He always resumed his attempt on the first day, and resolved merely to keep himself always before him, as a silent protest against the shoemaking which he had fallen, or was falling. He resolved, therefore, in his own mind, that he would, reading and writing, and expressing in as many pleasant and natural little ways as he could think of, that it was a free place.

Doctor Manette took what was given him to take, and drank, and worked on, and his hair, long, until it was too dark to see—worked on, half an hour after Mr. Lorry could not have seen, for his life, to carry on his own work, though he were beside an useless, until morning, Mr. Lorry rose and said to him:

"Will you go out?"

He looked down at the floor on either side of him in the old manner, looked up at the old manner, and repeated in the old low voice:

"Out?"

"Yes; for a walk with me. Why not?"

He made no effort to say why not, and said not a word more. But Mr. Lorry thought he saw, as he leaned forward on his bench in the dusk, with his elbows on his knees and his head in his hands, that he was in some misty way asking himself, "Why not?" The sagacity of the man of business perceived an advantage here, and determined to hold it.

Miss Pross and he divided the night into two watches, and observed him at intervals from the adjoining room. He paced up and down for a long time before he lay down; but when he did finally lay himself down, he fell asleep. In the morning he was up betimes, and went straight to his bench and to work.

On this second day, Mr. Lorry saluted him cheerfully by his name, and spoke to him on topics of no apparent interest to himself or others. He returned no reply, but it was evident that he heard what was said, and that he thought about it with forced attention. His countenance fell; Mr. Lorry to have Miss Pross in with her work several times that day; in short, on every time they quietly spoke of Miss Lucie, and of her father then present, precisely in the usual manner, and as if there were nothing unusual. He remained without any demonstrative accompaniment, not long enough or often enough to harass him, and it lightened Mr. Lorry's friendly heart to believe that he looked up oftener, and that he spared them sooner, than he would have done if inconsistencies surrounding him.

Once it fell dark again Mr. Lorry asked him as before:

"Dear Doctor, will you go out?"

As before he paused, and then said:

"Yes; for a walk with me. Why not?"

This time Mr. Lorry stopped by on each side of the window, and had not there looking down in the place, but on Mr. Lorry's return he slipped away to his bench.

The time went very slowly on, and Mr. Lorry's anxiety augmented, and his hope grew heavier again, and grew yet heavier and heavier every day. The third day came and went, the fourth, the fifth. Five days, six days, seven days, eight days, nine days.

With each day that was darkening, and with a heart always growing heavier and heavier, Mr. Lorry counted up those days anxious days. The second was well kept, and Lucie was unconscious and happy; but he could not fail to observe that the shoemaking was beginning to be a little out of first, was growing dreadfully skilful, and that he had even made some leeway in point of speed. and that his hands had never been so nimble and expert as in the dusk of the ninth evening.

Summer Resorts.

Cozzens' Hotel, West Point, N. Y.
La Touretti House, Saratoga, N. Y.
Hopatcong House, Lake Hopatcong, N. J.
Howland's Hotel, Long Branch, N. J.
International Hotel, Niagara Falls.
Trenton Falls Hotel, Trenton Falls, N. Y.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1859.

A FEW WORDS TO THE FARMERS.

THE wheat crop of the United States this year is estimated at 200,000,000 bushels. There is necessarily some guesswork in all such estimates; there never has been, and probably never will be, a perfectly accurate return of the whole amount of any crop of any country, except in the limits of the Confederacy. But if we take the reports of those States which are wise enough to count their agricultural products every year, and estimate the crop in the other States according to the most reliable data, correcting these results by reference to the last census reports, we shall arrive at the conclusion that the wheat crop this year does not probably vary far from 200,000,000 bushels.

The quality of the bulk of this wheat is excellent. Last year the wheat crop was not only small in quantity but also poor in quality. The grain was small, and made poor flour. Much of the grain and flour exported to Europe ranked low, and rapidly became of little value compare with the sounder product of England, France, or Russia. This year all accounts concur in reporting the grain sound and remarkably heavy. Some Michigan wheat exhibited on Change in this city has been compared to the famous wheat of Dantzic. The wheat crop of white Tennessee wheat, which has failed so regularly of late years, is this season abundant and fine on the whole.

The value of this great wheat crop can be best realized when we say that it is worth considerably more than the greatest commercial crop ever raised in the United States. The cotton crop of 1858, considerably the largest ever raised, has not been sold for over $170,000,000; the wheat crop of 1859 will command fully $200,000,000.

The question which now arises with regard to this enormous property is, when will it come to market?

On the face of it such a question should carry with it its own answer. Each wheat-grower depends on the wheat for the maintenance of his family; it ought to be fair to suppose, especially as the great wheat-growing sections of the country are poor, that no time will be lost in forwarding the crop to a market and exchanging it for dry goods, groceries, and money. Unfortunately there has been, of late years, so much speculation and gambling in wheat, and there is so much false economy afloat in the rural districts, that this natural and obvious plan may not be generally followed. During the Crimean war bad harvests in Europe, and a factitious demand for cereals created by the war, caused the price of wheat to rise to the preposterous price of $2 a bushel. Many farmers, it is feared, have adopted that very extraordinary figure as their standard, and will decline to sell at a lower rate. A similar spirit is to prevail, too, in many parts of the West, that in the farmer will only bring to their grain, and keep the market sparingly supplied. Whether this be wise or not, we see intimations in some of the rural journals that the farmers mean to hurry no forward their crops, and intend to clutch their own time.

This is a matter in which foolish counsel may do a great deal of mischief. It is true that the farmers of the United States should realize the fact that the crop of 1859 and 1857 are a thing of the past, and that, without some great catastrophe, which is not very likely, they will never realize again. The wheat crop during land is increasing more rapidly than the consumption of wheat: Russia alone, in a year or two, will add more than 100,000,000 of bushels she exported before the Crimean war. Civilization, and its first fruit the wheat plant, are spreading over the fertile West. Australia, it is clear that, in the year 1865 or 1866, a fabulous wheat crop in England or our Western States will create less than the proportion in the price of the staple. The fertility of the soil in Australia is likely to produce as with a surplus each year; but the main question which our wheat growers must rely hereafter will evidently be that of transport.

It is yet too soon to speak confidently of the harvests of Europe. At our latest accounts late July showers and cool summer nights had proved injurious to the wheat in France, and likewise—though in a less degree—to the crop in England. The crop in Ireland, source of such chief among the potatoes in Ireland. We shall know the true amount of the damage that has been done to the wheat before the end of August, when it is ready for shipment. If that damage have been serious, an advance in breadstuffs must follow. But the present unprecedented ruling prices can only be sustained by combinations of speculators.

We will assume that the latter hypothesis will prove the true one. In this case the true policy of the farmer will be to send his grain to market as soon as it is ripe and ready for sale.

By retaining it in his barns in the hope of higher prices he runs a risk which no prudent man should encounter. If the crops of Europe fulfil the promise they have held out all summer, there can be no substantial advance in breadstuffs in the autumn or winter; nor, November, and December the quantity of grain seeking sale on all the markets of the commercial world will be overwhelming. Though a few farmers may manage to hold out many will be compelled by their necessities to sell, and these will keep prices down. In addition to the loss of interest, and risk of fire, storm, and theft, which attends the keeping of grain in store is liable, the farmer who holds over till next spring may find himself compelled to part with his property at much lower prices than those which are now current.

The famine prices of 1856 have engendered a grievous habit among farmers, and that is the cost of growing wheat. Farmers are heard to declare that they can not afford to raise wheat under a dollar a bushel, and that they will not. If any catastrophe should raise the price of wheat to $4 a bushel, we should in like manner hear, on the part of those who had grain, that not possibly be raised under $2 or $3 delivered on the field. The fact is, that in ordinary seasons the wheat crop becomes a staple. By the journey of a railroad, 50 cents a bushel is a very handsome reward to a thrifty farmer for raising and delivering wheat. Under such circumstances the wheat crop will not cease to grow rich by raising wheat and selling it at 75 cents a bushel in Chicago, or $1 a bushel in New York. We know that a great many farmers don't think so. But it is the case, nevertheless. The British farmers took Heaven's witness that they could not grow wheat, and their families left to starve, if the English corn laws were repealed, and American wheat admitted to the British market. Yet they did; the corn-laws were repealed, however, and the British farmers are more prosperous than ever. So will be with ours. That great men who are now refusing to send forward their grain to be sold here at $1.25 the bushel will live to grow rich by growing wheat at 50 cents delivered on their farm.

It is a very simple matter; but, like many similar questions, the final settlement must probably be left to experience. Hundreds of farmers, we dare say, will shut their ears to argument, and, with visions of 1856 prices before them, will hold back their grain this fall, live in miserable poverty all winter, and sell next spring at 25 cents less than they could obtain next month. Old as the proverb is, there are but few among us who truly realize the worth of the pregnant saw—"A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."

THE BRITISH EAST INDIAN PROBLEM.

MANY months since, at the time the British Parliament passed the Act formally uniting Hindostan to the British Empire, we expressed the opinion that the remedy was not radical enough, and that the great East Indian danger, which Metcalfe and Napier had foreseen, and which had, in fact, burst forth in armed rebellion in May, 1857, was by no means averted.

The latest intelligence from India looks like an earlier confirmation of our views than we anticipated. The white troops, lately of the East India Company's service and now in the service of the Queen, have mutinied at Meerut. It does not appear that blood has been shed. The grievance which caused the mutiny was the attempt of the Government to press these men into the British service without giving them the bounty invariably allowed to recruits. This, of course, is a small trouble which can be easily overcome by the disbursement of a few pounds. It is the incidentals and the surrounding circumstances which give importance to the event.

Thus we are told that the very whisper of a mutiny among the white troops roused the Hindoos of Meerut and of the whole city to assumed excitement. They shook off the patient apathy which, since the victories of Lord Clyde, has been the chief characteristic of their demeanor; they watched the mutineers with feverish anxiety; they collected in knots and clusters, and conversed together in unusual tones; people hurried into Meerut from neighboring villages, apparently prepared to see startling events. On the other hand, Lord Clyde's precautions, necessary and prudent as they probably were, were calculated to lead the Hindoos to believe that the British were frightened. Large masses of Queen's troops were mustered around the mutineers, who were encamped on the usual show and parade. Heavy guns were placed in position, and canister and grape were served out to the gunners. Every preparation was made for a sharp contest.

Of all this the Hindoos will naturally say that Lord Clyde has had a narrow escape, and that many of the white men are on their side and against the Government. Such a conception is not likely to weaken their natural tendency to renew the rebellion.

There is in truth something subtle in the beauty with which the Queen's troops have removed the government of India from one room to another in the city of London, and then sat down satisfied that they had cured the evil which caused the late rebellion. If they had paused, or even proposed, one single measure for the improvement of the social condition or the political rights of the native population of the Presidencies, one might perhaps approach to an understanding of the manner in which it is that they are reposing. But it is a fact that not one word has been said in Parliament, not one ordinance has been passed by the Queen in Council, that is calculated in any degree to mitigate the grievances which roused the Hindoos to armed resistance against their masters. India is still governed, as it has been for the last twenty years, by Englishmen in London. Their decrees are still carried out by Anglo-Indians in India whose only feeling toward the Hindoos is one of contempt and hatred. The back-bone of the new Indian policy, as of the old, is how to sell the most cotton goods to India, and how to get the most money from its people in return. The only legislative measure that has marked the administration of the new Indian Department has been a series of frantic attempts to raise money by expedients which would have disgraced even Austrian financiers.

At this rate it will not be long to test the value of the new system; and we are not surprised to hear that, though the condition of affairs in Europe prevents the employment of a large a force as possible at home, within the last month large reinforcements have been dispatched to Calcutta.

A NEW SPANISH PAPER IN NEW YORK.

WE have received the first number of *El Noticiero*, a new Spanish-American journal, which has been established in this city under the auspices of the ministers of those republics. It is intended for a weaker paper, being published six times a month, on steamer days for Cuba and Europe, and forming thus a Spanish-American paper after the plan of Wilmer & Smith's *European Times*. The new journal has a business look, and we wish it long life and prosperous times.

THE LOUNGER.

BOZ.

MANY uncertain rumors have at length assumed the form of a distinct and apparently authorized assertion, that Mr. Dickens is coming to America again, to read in public.

It is more than seventeen years since he arrived in Boston upon his previous visit. He had written "Pickwick," "Oliver Twist," "Nicholas Nickleby," "The Old Curiosity Shop," and "Barnaby Rudge." He was not yet thirty years old, and the most popular and famous of living English authors. The personality which he had infused into his writings—an irresistible fondness—a frank loyalty to all that is generous in human nature—excited an unequal enthusiasm every where, and he was received in America as nobody else ever was or will be. We stuffed pudding into his mouth and into our own eyes and ears and souls, and bore him along in a kind of ecstasy. It was the beatification of Boz.

He had his own purposes, perhaps, in coming here, and when he returned he wrote a book about us. The world—all but us—had a right to it, for that it was bad policy. He wrote freely what he thought, and inspired a universal and generous sympathy. On the first of January, 1842, there was perhaps no man in the world who had so universal a personal acquaintance as Charles Dickens. On the first of January, 1843, that personal feeling was quite gone. He was only one more author to be duly a distinguished novelist. Since his visit nearly—albeit inoffensive title of Boz has been quite forgotten, and for many years Charles Dickens.

This change in popular way of coarse partly the reaction of our own enthusiasm, of which we were possibly a little ashamed, and so made our idol our scape-goat. But the reaction was in the good dispute, and although the lapse of time has softened the feeling, and in a very generous mind and delights in him for itself, that fresh, loyal, and lyrical acknowledgment is gone forever.

Nor is it to be denied that twenty-three years of active literary life have worn off the wonder of novelty—albeit the freshness of genius is perhaps utterly liked, although he commands more readers and support than—and that recent private events in his life, both domestic and economical, have not fostered a kindler feeling toward him upon this side of the water.

All this is perfectly familiar, and is current in all conversation. Whoever says it, therefore, is telling no secret; and merely to say it, however firmly and fully in the rare genius of Dickens—as he regards him—is not to say that many other factors—who finds in his imagination a Shakespearian affluence, and in his deep human sympathy a Shakespearian tenderness, and who has had a critical famous man—need not affect to be unconscious of the sources and the nature of his fame.

There will be no repetition of the old reception, but there can be no doubt of the success of his tour. Mrs. Kemble's account of Mr. Dickens's reception are a foreshadowing of Dickens's in reading Dickens. It is just the thing he will like, and it is very many judge from unanimous report—perfectly done.

A VISIT TO A JAIL.

A FEW days since we went to a county jail. It is attached to the court-house, as is frequently the case in the country; and the jailer and his family seemed to be living very comfortably. The house door opened into the yard of the house, and upon entering it, we observed a small building, not much taller than the breadth of the door, with a cell upon each side upon the ground-floor. In the door of each cell there was a small open space through which to communicate with the prisoners. The cell to the right was empty, and the prisoner to the left as we was perhaps ten feet broad by twelve long. It had one high grated window opening into the yard.

In this cell there were four prisoners. Two of them were, they informed us, boys of about fifteen years of. We saw no beds; but there were some pieces of crockery, two or three stools, and some old newspapers scattered about. The men had on their own shirts and trowsers. They crowded to the square in the door when opened, and when we discovered of whose visitor it was they fell back. The oldest moved restlessly up and down the cell; another remained up on a stool, with his head and arms on the sash; and the other, who was the companion of the subject of this sketch, sat in the corner of the cell near the conversation. They all had the same weary, listless air. They seemed to be consumed by the monotony of their lives. The oldest could only take a turn in the corridor it would be some relief. They could not read, and they had no work to do, and no happiness. But day after day, month after month, to turn like wild beasts in the little cage, and to be told that there is to do so for a year, or even the minutes, was intolerable. They could read, and what glimpses of the world they had caught was dulled and destroyed by the state of mind produced by such imprisonment. The young man we were at the door was severely ill at the time, momatory disorder; but he had remained in the cell with the rest, and had been treated there during all the time.

The oldest prisoner was a man of perhaps forty years of age. "I is my offence," he said, as he nervously paced up and down, "that this sort of thing does no manner of good to any body. It does to this," touching the one we had come to see, "it will come out a good deal worse than he came in. It will make him more fit for the state prison."

For is this mere caging of offenders a system of revenge, or of improvement? Is it supposed to be such a boy who is foolishly led astray, as this one was, by the threat, and throw him into a hole, long but little for or no exercise, and then suppose that it is done any thing but make a criminal of him? Nothing of the sort is the result it takes. If men break the laws they must be punished; but then they must be punished in such a way as not to make them worse than they were before laws. It is often said that prisons must not be made palaces, and that many a man would commit a crime for the sake of securing the shelter and food of a jail. But facts do not sustain the theory. Imprisonment under any circumstances is so repulsive and frightful to every body, that it is found people would rather beg and run the risk of starvation than go to the poor-house, which is a kind of pauper prison—yet without the shame of it. Why then should we not adopt as deep an instinct in human nature as this itself.

There must be laws, and there will be lawbreakers. There must, therefore, be punishments. But certainly the object of punishment is not revenge, but reformation. In the case we have described, what are the chances that a boy, overwhelmed by the stern shame of trial and imprisonment, who is shut up in a little room with other offenders, all of whom are exasperated by incessant confinement and tortured with illness—having nothing to do but to talk over old projects and to devise new ones for the release of each other—a boy will escape chastened, or with the slightest inclination to be said of him that he has been positively the better for his on account to settle with society? The question is not whether it ought to be so, nor whether he has not had tracts given him to read during his imprisonment, but what, under the circumstances, is the effect of the whole system of the method of punishment which society has inflicted upon him.

Is there any reason why the system of social labor by day, and solitary confinement by night, which is pursued in the State Prisons, should not be followed in the County Jails? It will take more care and trouble, we know. So it does to have railroad bridges sound instead of rotten. It would be a judicious outlay of the public money to pay the chief practical manager of the jails over the State as much as District-Attorneys and Attorney-Generals receive. And it would be an act of Christian charity, and of good citizenship, for every body to inform themselves of the actual condition of the prisons in their counties, and of the harm of the prison influence upon the convicted and the unconvicted. Such as is a Parish, an outcast—that nobody cares for him.

JOSEPH MAZZINI.

"YOU promised to die," said Joseph Mazzini, shaking his long finger from the tribune at the members of the National Assembly at Rome. The black hair had been silvered in a few days with grey. "You promised to die. Come with me." But they did not promise. It is not so easy always to hard to perform. Mazzini felt that they would not support him—that his own death would be a useless, others might justly say, a criminal sacrifice—and he escaped to England.

Far ten years he lived there, always sad, always brooding, always hoping for Italy. Contemned as a visionary by the money-making Anglo enthusiast, even less practical than Kossuth—the stern Roman republican has led his melancholy life in London, in the misery and isolation of exile.

These are the ten years during which the splendid success of Louis Napoleon has made many hopeful eyes. The years during which his natural genius has been accepted as the mood of a great mind whose sympathies are the sympathies of Europe, instead of the stealth and shrewdness of an adventurer, with a single purpose only. Three months ago, when Napoleon entered Italy, there was many a man who said, "Poor Mazzini! now he will go." In the same way he was generally attained. What can a dreamer do? Here is a man who understands men; and the sympathy with Mazzini has christened "the man of lies" will prove to be the liberator of Italy."

The stern Republican replied, only, "Beware of Emperor! Beware of King! Beware of Pope! Liberty and Italy for Italy."

The good world shrugged its shoulders, and fixed its eyes upon the practical man who was to liberate Italy.

That liberation terminated at Villafranca. The Austrian possessions, with modifications, are the ransom of the restorer of nationalities, and of his friend and ally, the destroyer of nationalities, have been followed by Savoy and Nice. In a word, the practical copious eloquence—a strain that flows like a stream of lava—has ended in smoke and ashes. Mazzini, what he foreshowed, that Italy has gained nothing, that Austria and France have struck hands, and that Sardinia is the victim. He has exhorted to instant union, and active resistance, for a united republican Italy. But he does not believe that every student of affairs must feel, that it is only to be purchased by a Continental religious war.

For he understands between two nations the principle of absolute human authority in religion is irreconcilable in the same country with the principle of the democratic principle in politics. The doctrine of individual liberty must be consistent. Now among a people, politically, religiously servile, and intellectually debauched by the despotic or absolute principle, what hope is there of any thing but not a profoundly radical, and therefore very gradual, movement? When the fountain is muddy, why try to purify the stream?

Any effort to be permanently effective in Italy must be a religious effort. Where priests rule, republicanism can not prosper, and priests will rule in Italy until the revolution is organized upon the principle of reform. But to do that is to fight the same of a new thirty years' war. And when it is remembered that the priestly power has the means of tradition and of political terror, the change may not be so hopeless.

Mazzini's fiery proclamations will sound only like splendid but melancholy music.

THE RAILROAD CRISIS.

THE simple point for simple people to meditate upon just now is the financial disaster which every few paying railroads in the country. Most of them are heavily mortgaged. The directors have to decide whether they will take the risk of appropriating the earnings of the road to keeping it in good repair, and thus paying the interest on the mortgages; or whether they will take the risk of first paying the interest in full, and then, if any thing be left, keep the road in proper condition. They know that if the interest is not paid every six months, the mortgages will be foreclosed and the road virtually sold out. They do not know that if the road is let to its natural wear and tear, any particular bridge will give way, or any other special accident happen at any special place. They do not know it. They merely know that the road is always wearing out at every point. But they will run for luck the next six months. So, as in this case, they may or may not pay the interest; but they deliberately murder nine innocent people.

How long do the American people intend to be conscious of all, propose to put themselves at the mercy of railroad companies, whose sole object is to make their road a paying property instead of a safe transit? It is clear that there must be more stringent laws passed upon the subject. After the expectation of some awful calamity, there will be a crowdsheet. And it is said that Mr. President and Superintendent Wilkins will then write out his personality safe in the neighborhood of Schuylkill. And then the moment the intelligent community believes that the laws are not careful enough of human lives confided to corporations, that moment there will be a bill presented by the people against those corporations.

It is easy to say that laws will not help the matter; but it is as foolish as it is easy. We do not ask any or *post facto* enactments. But let railroad directors hereafter understand, in this State at least, that they have assumed personal and personal responsibility, and subvert a person, if he has been insufficient or a bridge insecure, and the indictment will not lose either in consequence of parsimony, or ignorance, or carelessness—might, in fact, have been avoided—let the Directors be liable to imprisonment, and a fine exceed which every stockholder shall feel aching in his own pocket.

If, under the form of a corporation, we can not contrive to respect human life, let us try a disposition and knife again. Where the Government can not protect, the railway corporations are.

Even if the present excitement come to nothing, the duty of vigilance remains. The deferred paper cents and vested interests are powerful things. But human life and human rights in general are more powerful, and in the long run, although very slowly, they are sure to carry the day.

NEWSPAPER HONESTY.

IF a gentleman request something that he has learned of another, and that another knows that it is untrue, he hesitates to repair the injury he has done by a public declaration. He says and shrugs that he was mistaken, and that the story is untrue. This is simple decency. The man who would decline to do so in this manner either believes that the other lies, which is an account between them, or else he is a coward. In either case as to prefer that the other should be injured by a public falsehood than that his own reputation for infallibility should suffer.

Why should not a public journal behave with the same propriety? If it is—There was an earthquake in Charleston yesterday," and it transpires that it was misinformed, why not say so instantly instead of endeavoring, "Oh, yes, there was an earthquake in Lisbon during the last century; and our correspondent probably means that we may hear a noise in his cellar." For such a wretched equivocation a man would be kicked out of decent society.

There is nothing more comical than the newspaper assumption of infallibility. Every day it deceives nobody. When the morning paper comes, we all know that it is Bobo who writes on the Seattle Business, and Cole who does the heavy political thunder, and Dobs the sarcastic quibbling. And Fobs and Nobs are the critics of the Prima Donna and the light comedian after the play, who write the eulogies of opera and drama. It is all rolled into one, but we distinguish. We can recognize under the roar and the baby mouse only the hand that wrote, who, like a good fellow, wants to be recognized and have the pudding of praise as well as that of pop.

Well, now, when Scott says what is not true about somebody who lives in Portland or San Francisco, we all know that he writes a mistake, and we try to say, he prints a letter which he has received, or the substance of it, and in good faith. He says openly that he has been told so and so, and that being he finds in his exchanges or in his customary correspondence. We by all understand it, as he knows that he may make misstatements. He, Scott the thinker, is a man like the rest of us. We hope, and that is a gentleman, and a gentleman, and when he printed the rumor writes that it is untrue. Now there is nothing in this but "honor bright" "You lie," and stick to his statement; or he may say "We are very sorry to have reported an untruth, and it would be unseemly to continue."

If he say the first, he probably has his reasons. If he say the last, he makes an honorable apology. But if he try to worm between the two—to wriggle out a sort of explanation which leaves, and is meant to leave, a false impression that it wasn't exactly as he said, but the thing was really so after all—why, then he is a coward, and we know that his wish was not to tell the truth but to injure somebody in Portland; and every body says what a mean weak Scott has turned out.

LONGFELLOW'S LETTER-BOX.

—WARE, ILL. C. Yes this is the first of the Sixth Canto of the Walter Scotts "Lay of the Last Minstrel."

—Brooklyn, Conn. Thanks, and no dead.

Who never to himself hath said

"Why was my name not spelled?"

—PALE TRY. The entire number of new books, new editions, and translations published in England every year, is about five thousand. This includes pamphlets, and makes a rate of nearly fifty-six books a week.

—Ah, yes, that is the fate of tender feeling. But they do not seem to the Lounger so striking as to claim the necessary space for print in his column. He thanks Dotta for his courteous note.

—CORNERA, PENNSYLVANIA. "A Woman's Poem" was written by Richard Henry Stoddard.

—ACHEON. There was never any thing certainly known of the fate of the Collins steamer *Pacific*.

—WARRENSBURG, Connecticut, after saying that the line "Now night's tide her curtain down," was by Mrs. Donald Clarke, adds that "a pretty full account" of him is to be found in Mrs. Childs's "Letters from New York."

FIGURE 1.

MORE ABOUT THE GOLD DISCOVERIES OF THE ISTHMUS.

ANDOVER of the interesting golden relics found in the province of Veragua, near Panama, and of which illustrations were printed in the *Weekly* of 6th August. It is a mistake to suppose that the fact of their occurrence, in considerable numbers, in the Indian graves of that district is a late discovery. Large quantities have been taken out, from time to time, for many years past; and I was informed by the late Governor of the Bank of England that several thousand pounds' worth were annually remitted from the Isthmus, as bullion, to that establishment. Most of the figures which I saw at the Bank were exceedingly rude, but there were a few among them of relatively fair design and good workmanship. None, however, were quite equal in either respect to some relics dug up during the construction of the Panama Railway, of which I inclose accurate drawings. They were found about seven miles from Panama, on the left bank of the Rio Grande, six feet below the surface

FIGURE 2.

of the ground. Trees between two and three feet in diameter were growing over them.

Figure 1 is engraved one-fourth of the size of the original, and consists of three bells firmly attached to a disk, which is supported by a hollow handle wrought in the form of a bird. The gold of which the whole is composed is slightly alloyed with silver. It will be observed, that in form not general style of ornament these bells coincide with one of those found at Chiriqui, and figured in the *Weekly*. Their workmanship, however, is superior. Persons gifted with acute ears profess that they are able to distinguish a nice adjustment of tones in the bells, which certainly give out a very clear, liquid sound. The balls inclosed in the bells seem to be of a different metal—perhaps silver.

Figure 2 is a perspective and vertical view of a kind of boss of pure gold, engraved one-fourth size of original. The disk is composed of two thin plates; the one below is attached to a short, hollow cylinder; that above is turned down at its edges, so as to lap over the rim of the plate below. The star in its centre is formed by cutting through

FIGURE 3.

the plate, but the other ornaments, which are in *relief*, appear to have been *struck up* with a die, and are exceedingly regular and chaste.

Figure 3 is a golden box, of full size. It is cast, and the lid fits over the flange of the body with great exactness. The gold is considerably alloyed with copper, and the box is much worn on its exterior, as if it had been used for a long time.

Figure 4 represents a number of beads of gold found at the same place. They are thin—in fact, simple shells, easily crushed between the fingers—and were no doubt originally *plated* over beads of bone or shell, which have decayed. I have found beads of this kind plated over in like manner, but with silver instead of gold, in the mounds of our own country. In connection with these was also found what appeared to have been a hollow globe of gold, not thicker than writing paper. It had probably covered a globe of wood or ball of other material, which had disappeared.

Figure 5, drawn one-fourth size of original, is a singular relic, the purposes of which are obscure. It is of cast gold, and quite massive, consisting of a series of pairs of birds' heads, rudely

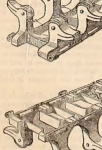
FIGURE 4.

designed, all evidently cast in the same mould or from the same model, and afterward soldered together. To facilitate this process, each pair was cast with a flange at each lower corner, pierced by a hole, through which was passed a stiff golden wire. By this device the various sections were kept exactly in place while the soldering was effected.

Figure 6 represents the same relic reversed, so as to show the hollows left in the casting. These are still partly filled with the fine, black, indurated sand which formed part of the matrices in which the sections were cast. As illustrating the processes of aboriginal art, these relics are extremely interesting. A number of others were found at the same time and in the same place, but were scattered by the workmen who discovered them.

I possess a number of other relics of gold found near Antioquia, in New Granada, to the southward of Panama. Of these Figure 7 is a superior example. The design, which is in relief, seems to have been worked out in gold wire, on the back of which was cast a thin plate of gold, so as to give the whole the appearance and solidity of a single piece.

The same device seems to have been resorted to



FIGURES 5 AND 6.

in producing the ornamental line on the back of the Serpent, Figure 8. We find it again in Figure 9, where the outlines of the features of the face, and the arms, hands, etc., were all evidently formed of gold wire, to which the flat surface was afterward cast. Figures 10, 11, 12, and 13 are of full size, and display a certain degree of skill. They all have little rings at their backs for suspension; and, like Figure 7, were doubtless designed as pendants, either for the nose or ears, or on the breast of their ancient owner.

Farther to the southward, in Peru, the aborig-

FIGURE 8.

FIGURE 9.

lines were remarkably skilful in working the precious metals. They cast them in moulds, soldered them, inlaid them, and reduced them into leaves. They were generally cast hollow, and with such perfection as often to leave no trace of the joints of the mould. They sometimes cast objects combining gold, silver, and copper, in alternate bands, so well inlaid and united as to appear to form one mass. Figure 14 is an example of this kind of work. The body of the figure itself is composed of a mixture of silver, antimony, and tin. Occasionally, in vases and other open vessels, they embossed figures on the outside by hammering from the interior, as shown in the accompanying vase,

FIGURE 7.

Figure 15, which is greatly reduced from the original. Figure 16 is a reduced representation of a Peruvian vase of silver, cast solid.

As to the origin and date of the golden relics found at Chiriqui there is no doubt. Columbus, when he discovered Chiriqui Lagoon, in his fourth voyage, found all the chiefs and important people decorated with these and similar ornaments, which, as he says in his relation, gave him "great promise of the richness of the country in gold and silver." Hence he named the district *Cantilla del Oro*; and hence the coast came to be known as *Costa Rica*, or rich coast—a name still preserved

FIGURES 10, 11, 12, 13.

as that of the State of Central America adjoining the Isthmus. He mentions particularly, among the ornaments worn by the chiefs, great plates or mirrors of gold suspended on their breasts, "which they would neither sell nor exchange." These are unquestionably the "golden plates, from three to twelve inches in diameter," mentioned by Dr. Oviedo, and one of which an engraving is given in the *Weekly*. Columbus adds that the Indians cast gold with some degree of skill, "but in no way equal to the Spaniards." He says also that "in all the regions around Veragua the Indians inter

FIGURE 14.

with their chiefs, when they die, all the gold which they possess. Thus it is," he continues, in a moralizing strain, "that all men seek gold; they barter all they can spare of their produce for gold; gold is excellent; with it they lay up wealth here; and they even take it to their grave, as a comfort to their souls hereafter. Alas! for the follies of men who know not that gold is only valuable in its use, not in its accumulation."

Singularly enough old Diego de Porras, who accompanied Columbus, has given us a list of its various articles of gold which the Admiral obtained at the *Rubio del Aburrente*, as Chiriqui Lagoon was then called. He says:

"The number of pieces of gold which we obtained, great and small, was 220—weighing altogether 9 *ounces*, 3 *ochavas*, 7 *tomines*, and 1 *grain*

FIGURE 15.

[equal to about 80 ounces]. There were also 12 pieces of *guanin* [gold much alloyed], weighing one mark and six ounces. Two pieces were not weighed—one a large tube, and the other a plate like a mirror."

In the last accounts from the "grave diggings" of Veragua, mention is made of the discovery of a "crown or hat of gold;" which reminds us of some of the articles which were taken from one of the principal caciques of Veragua, whom Columbus made prisoner, enumerated by Porras. He says: "Among these were five large golden mirrors, and two *coronas*, or crowns."

So much for the discoveries of the *conquistadores*: they robbed from the living; our modern adventurers rob from the dead. E. G. SQUIER.

FIGURE 16.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

TRUMPS.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

CHAPTER XLVI.

FROM LAWRENCE NEWT'S BACK WINDOW.

IS Lawrence Newt to be blamed that he stood many a long half-hour at the window of the loft in the rear of his office and looked up at the window where he had seen Amy Waring that summer morning? Thomas Tray and Gabriel Bennet were not surprised. They would not have been surprised if he had done things much more inexplicable than that. Young Venables declared that he expected to see the day when Lawrence Newt would drive an omnibus in

LAWRENCE NEWT SEES THE REASON WHY.

Broadway, and carry passengers for nothing, or pull it himself on the same terms, for the horses.

Then merry laughter rang in the counting-room of the India merchant. And if he entered while the music was still sounding he did not scowl nor march into his inner room with conscious unconsciousness of all his clerks; but he bowed and smiled, and asked Venables how his sister was, or Gabriel how Ellen liked the fairy poem of the "Culprit Fay," of which he had sent her a manuscript copy, which Ellen's cousin, Amy Waring, had made for him; or Thomas Tray stopped him to say that Mrs. Tray thanked him for the basket of wonderful fruit, and to add, that the box of tea was the most delicious and timely thing that was ever thought of.

It was perhaps owing to these little eccentricities of character and conduct that all Mr. Lawrence Newt's clerks looked for him with an indestry and sympathy which were of the greatest assistance to the business. Thomas Tray told his wife that he was positively glad when business was so pressing that he had to stay at the office until late in the evening.

"Thank you," Mrs. Tray would say, with a slightly hurt air.

Thomas, intent only upon gratitude, would reply, "My dear!" in such a tone of incredulous surprise and indignation that his wife knew was fifty, if a day!—who had set this little mare to entrap a lucky word or look, and with a gentle reproach, to be immediately smoothed up, said, ostensibly,

"Of course, Thomas."

Upon which it has been known to happen that, interrupting the order of his remarks, this decorous and exact book-keeper walked straight up to his wife, who might be washing her tea-cups, and kissed her—actually kissed her, although they had grandchildren—and with as much love and respect and admiration as he had kissed her thirty years before, when they were first married.

Do you suppose that Mrs. Thomas Tray disliked a man who was indirectly and remotely the cause of that kiss? Nay, when he, and whose, had been in the very cups she was washing?

The humble houses of Venables and Bennet also—were they not loyal to Lawrence Newt? He was a bachelor. Amy Waring was sure, and said, that he was born to be a bachelor; but he had homes enough, for all that—homes in which he was loved like a friend, a brother, an uncle, a father—there was only one other way in which he could be loved.

He had often enough wondered what *that* particular errand of mercy had brought Amy Waring to the house in the year of his story, and he had gazed at the window, but never saw her there again. He had understood her beckoning gesture as an indication that she did not wish him to go to himself the trouble to come up, and that she did not choose to have her visit thus interrupted.

It was natural enough. Had he not been ready to run with shame when Amy Waring had caught him upon a charitable errand at the Widow Simmer's? And suppose she had not been! Very certainly he would not have been standing now and looking up curiously at the window in the upper story of the dingy red brick house behind his store, because very certainly he would not have known Amy Waring.

When he came to this point in his reflections his hands sunk into his pockets and his eyes clung to the window with immovable tenacity.

While thus the master Lawrence sat dreaming, the clerk Gabriel, in the office, was fast mastering the mystery of the machinery of business. It was becoming very clear to him. Even double entry did not fly his comprehension. He became familiar with the names of ships and merchants; and in the evenings he pored over the aloud books of travel, which unfolded to him the character and natural history of foreign lands. To a youth who handled Asian and East Indian commodities, and wrote about them in invoices and journals and copies of letters by day, it was romance to read by night of the countries which produced them and the manner of their preparation.

The candid energy of Gabriel in the pursuit of his business impressed his father with due respect. The smile that flickered over his face grew positive as he looked at his son and felt his influence.

"It really comforts me, Gabriel," he said to his son, "to see you so interested and devoted. It is a real, real comfort."

His voice of course was low and lingering. But as he spoke he looked at his wife and Ellen with such an air of pitcous benignity

that Gabriel's eyes filled with tears.

Sometimes in the intervals of work together or in the evening, after sitting with half-closed eyes for a long time, gently humming a monotonous old song she sang, Mrs. Bennet said, in a drooping voice,

"Gabriel, I am glad you love your mother!"

There was something in the tone that prevented its sounding droll to the son, who merely remarked, in a laughing way,

"I should like to know how I could help it."

The father made no reply. But one morning for a long time, while Gabriel went on reading; Presently the voice, which seemed to proceed from his eyes, so vague and dreamy was it, remarked,

"She was born to better things!"

Then the weary face looked about the humble room, and the old, sunken eyes rested upon Gabriel. Gabriel looked inquiringly, but his father continued, gazing into the fire and swinging his foot:

"I tried very hard—and—and—"

The voice died slowly away again. Then the speaker looked up at his son kindly, and smiled uncertainly.

Gabriel tried to learn from his mother if his father had any particular trouble or remembrance; but she said No, softly, and her eyes filled with tears.

"No; nothing that can be spoken of, dear." So Gabriel returned to work from time to time, and the home to which he nightly returned was all the brighter for his coming.

"Gabriel, you should have seen Miss Hope Wayne last evening at Mrs. Brickle's. She was beautiful. There's nobody in the world like her," said his mother on the evening after that great entertainment.

"Not Susan Amy?" inquired Ellen, incredulously.

"Well, Ellen, Amy is different. Amy looks like a lovely woman, and Hope Wayne like a good goddess. Gabriel, you must have seen her at Delafield's."

Seen her at Delafield! Why, what else was Delafield in his mind but a succession of Hope Wayne? Gabriel fed his fancy and his regrets upon that remembrance. If he found himself—for he did find himself—getting profoundly interested in his business—if he actually awoke in the morning singing, and the unconscious roses of robust health persisted in blooming in his cheeks—if he found himself ready to be invited to parties of all kinds, where he was exposed to the charms of young women, and especially if he immensely enjoyed the contemplation of them—and all these enormities he did discover upon a strict review of his conduct—he would not severely—he denounced himself as a light, heartless impostor, and informed himself in the plainest manner, that he was not worthy to love a noble woman. Ivanhoe would not have done so, Sir! Romeo would have scorned such recklessness; and was the German knight, Sir, who went into a monastery because his mistress refused to a convent?

With this style of self-accusation, growing constantly severer as the occasion became more frequent, Gabriel made himself theoretically quite wretched.

Would it have consoled him to know that Hope Wayne never thought of him—that she had never had any other feeling for him than an emotion of pity when he lay bruised in her grandfather's house, and a half-conscious vexation with him for having been hurt by Abel?

But while she forgot Gabriel, and had long forgotten him, it had been the struggle of months to forget Abel Newt. In truth, to forget him was impossible. When he first came to her it was not as a stranger, but as the hero long announced by vague hope and desire. The quality of her feeling for him could not be estimated by the duration of their actual acquaintance; for their feeling annihilates time. When they were separated her imagination made him the man she loved. No noble or manly trait was wanting in the portrait in whose presence she continually lived. Could she be worthy of his life-long love? Could she possibly satisfy any aspiration of that lord of men and of her soul? Would the service of all her powers, all her gifts, all her existence, lavished upon the altar of love for him, not be too insignificant for his acceptance? He loved her. Would he prize her? She did not ask. To ask would be a reproach upon him. Therefore it did not occur to her to ask. Her love was absolute faith in him, and utter distrust of herself. He loved her. That was sufficient—that was heaven!

And all this was unconscious in the mind of Hope Wayne. It was the great high-tide of life rising and swelling into every sentient nook of feeling, covering every top of thought and hope, until it was a universal whole. And she was lost in love!

Do you think how exquisitely organized, how fearfully and wonderfully made, is the human body? It defies exposure, disease, fire and water. Is it tougher than oak-fiber? more recuperative than the earth itself? Yes, yes. But the prick of a needle will let in death.

When Hope Wayne heard with her ears and saw with her eyes the falsehood of Abel Newt, it was but a moment's sight, but a moment's hearing—but it was all over.

And ever since then her life had been a struggle, and a mortification. There were great heroes at Balaklava and Thermopylæ, at Plattsburg and Waterloo, at Saluda and Magenta, at Bunker Hill and Saratoga; but what do you think of the hero at your elbow going about in daily affairs and holding his tongue? Joan of Arc be blessed forever; but how about the heroine whom no poet has ever sung—whom no painter or friend suspects—who, all alone, under a mist of silence and smiles, is not fighting the visible enemies of her country, but the invisible, sly, insidious doubts and despairs that storm her heart, her pride, and her conscience? It is comparatively easy to be great upon a great stage, with a great world looking on, and Cleo ostentative, with her pen in hand and her page before her. But to be great in life, unknown ways requires another heroism. Look at Wordsworth or Charles First can die painlessly, and with a parlatic pen-stroke, in the face of mankind—but in the hospital on Ward's Island lies an emigrant woman dying in the slow, fiery torture of cancer in the breast—while on the other within thousands of miles—scarcely her language understood—she is calm, so cheerful, so unmurmuring. No, Regulus was not the only hero.

Hope Wayne read a great deal. She worked a great deal. She studied a great deal with Amy Waring. The friendship of these two young women was beautiful to see. Amy was so sagacious, so clear and effective; Hope was so true, so candid, so ardent. But the ardor—the quality that so readily call enthusiasm—when it is united with imagination—was gradually suppressed. Hope and Amy had long talks about the books that Lawrence Newt and Arthur Merlin brought with them and read at their little meetings. Amy was always enthusiastic about Shelley. Lawrence Newt held by Milton, loved Cowper, and was fervent at Byron, whom Hope Wayne now defended in a very feeble way, and with a leaning toward Shelley. Amy insisted that to read Shelley was to dabble in a cold stream scooping up sand that you thought was gold, but proved to be only glittering gravel. Arthur defended his poet dexterously and declared that it was not to much what he said as the quality of pure beauty, of intellectual morality, into which he led the way, that made him so charming. Byron's warmth of the sultriness of midnight, he said; but Shelley is the morning—not altogether clear and of a healthful freshness, but still daylight in which is sky-lark, and singing.

Lawrence Newt smiled, and secretly believed with Amy. But when Arthur, with his deep, rich music, read some exquisite strain of his favorite, there was not one of the party who did not agree that the singer was a poet.

Ostensibly poetry was the subject of the meetings of what Lawrence Newt called the Round Table.

"We have our King and Queen, our Merlin the Enchanter," he said.

"A speech from Mr. Merlin," cried Amy, gayly, while Hope looked up from her work with encouraging, queenly eyes. Arthur looked at them eagerly.

"Oh, Diana! Diana!" he thought, but did not say. That was the only speech he made, and nobody heard it.

The meetings of

DRAWING NEAR TO PARADISE.

the Round Table were devoted to poetry, but of a very practical kind. It was pure romance, but without any thing technically romantic. Mrs. Waring often sat with the little party, and, as the worked, talked with Lawrence Newt of earlier days—" days when you were not born, my dears," she said, cheerfully, as if to appropriate Mr. Newt. And whether she made this kind of allusion Amy's work became very intricate indeed, demanding her closest attention. But Hope Wayne, remembering her first evening in the society, trained her eyes again with curiosity, and as she did so, Lawrence smiled kindly and gravely, and his eyes hung upon hers as if he saw and what he had thought never to see: while Hope received that she would ask him under what circumstance he had known Pinewood. But the opportunity had not yet arrived. She did not wish to ask before the others. There was some secret that was involuntarily respect, while we only know that they are secrets.

Perhaps Lawrence Newt had this feeling as he looked up at the window from the back of his lofts. He was certainly as curious about that room as Hope about his early knowledge of her name.

"I'll put an end to that and settle this matter," said the merchant to himself.

But he did not stir. His hands were in his pockets. He was standing as firmly in one spot as if he had taken root.

"Why should I go up? Why do I want to go up? It is so very extraordinary that a young lady's chariots should bring her into Front Street?"

He asked himself these questions, but he did not answer them. For he could not quite make it out as ordinary case of chivalry. When Amy Waring had seen him from that window she had been a little startled to think how near he was to something he did not suspect, and she was very anxious that he should not see she was startled.

Therefore, of course, he did see it. There was a peculiar energy in her movement telling him not to come up, which excited his profound curiosity. Perhaps if Mrs. Waring, instead of her daughter, had looked from the window and made the forbidding motions, Lawrence Newt might easily have restrained his curiosity and forgotten the circumstance. But it makes a serious difference who looks from windows. It makes all the difference in the world who it is that has secrets. Lawrence Newt supposed that he wished abstractly to know who lived in that room. It was a melancholy self-deception. He wanted only to know what secret Amy Waring was keeping in that room, and why she kept it. And yet he did not wish to ask her. There comes a time when a man wishes to ask nothing of a woman of whom his heart longs to ask every thing. While there is a minor reserve to be asked, there is a secret between them. Shall I pull out her secrets, like green fruit from the bough, he asks himself, with a kind of bitter severity and self-scarsm; when the time is full will they not fall into my confiding hands of themselves as ripe fruit falls upon the grass? Yet, oh that the time were full!

Something of the kind surely was in the mind of Lawrence Newt whenever he stood at that window. Something of a strange conflict was going on in the mind of the merchant—a man so shrewd and sound that even old Jacob Van Bonzenberg respected him—at conflict so soft and strange that you might have expected it in Ellen Bennet's heart or May Newt's—possibly in Hope Wayne's or Amy Waring's.

"Yes—upon the whole, I'll just run round," thought Lawrence, without the remotest approach to motion of any kind. But his fancy was running round all the time, and the fancies of any one who watch windows, as Lawrence watched this window, are strangely fantastic. He imagined every thing in that room. It was

a woman with innumerable children, of course—some old money of Amy's—who had a kind of respectability to preserve, which intrusion would injure. No, no, by Heaven! it was Mrs. Tom Witcher, old Van Boozenberg's daughter! Of course it was. An old friend of Amy's, half-starving in that miserable lodging, and Amy her guardian angel. Lawrence Newt mentally vowed that Mrs. Tom Witcher should never want any thing. He would speak to Amy at the next meeting of the Round Table.

Or there was another strange idea. What will not an Indian mercantile dream as he goes from his window? It was some old teacher of Amy's—some old music-master, some French teacher—dying alone and in poverty, or with a large family. No, upon the whole, thought Lawrence Newt, he's not old enough to have a large family—he is not enough of a man of the world—he has to struggle with the world—he was a gentlemen in his own country; and he has, of course—it was natural, how could it be otherwise?—help it?—he has fallen in love with Miss Wartington. Those music-masters and Italian teachers are such silly fellows. I know all about it, thought Mr. Newt; and now he lies there forlorn, but generous and very handsome, sighing sweetly to his guitar, and reciting Petrarch's sonnets with large, melancholy eyes. His manners are refined and fascinating. His age? About thirty. Poor Amy! Of course common humanity required her to come and visit him. It does not suffice. Of course he is desperately in love, and so very pretty. Poor Amy! She always something about the kinship of pity? I really think, says Lawrence Newt to himself, that I ought to go over and help that unfortunate young man. Perhaps he wishes to return to his native country. I am sure we ought to. His native air will be balm to him. Yes, I'll ask Miss Waring about it this very evening.

He did not. He never alluded to the subject. They had never mentioned that summer moonlight exchange of glance and pressure which was so curious an effect on Lawrence Newt that he rose stood quite as often at his back-window, looking up at the old brick house, and the front-window, looking out over the river and the ships, and leaning over the spires—at least it seemed so—in Brooklyn.

For how could Lawrence know of the took that was always in the house devoted to the use of those beneficition by forever fragrant upon those united sinner?

"I am really sorry for Hal Battlebury," said the merchant to himself. "He is such a good, noble fellow! I should have wagered that Miss Waring would have been so very happy with him. He is so true in every word and act. His figure, in tastes—in sympathy altogether. Then he is so manly and modest—to imple and true. He is very—very—sorry."

And so he mused, and asked and answered, and thought of Hal Battlebury and Amy Waring together.

It seemed to him that if he were a younger man—about that of Battlebury, say—full of hope and faith and earnest endeavor to do the right—as young generous people will—he would be the very thing he should do—to fall in love with Amy Waring. How could any man not be her and love her? But if she were not for me as he did—if he saw that she was always kind and friendly, and very kind and friendly—that the flowers were left in melancholy state upon the parlor table—that her gracious manner was a gift of generosity—an inspection of the world between stars—life would be a little dreary then, he thought. A brave man does not live [illegible] in that case—! Yet, if she loved him—!

It was curious that his reflections grew vague at that point.

"If so lovely a girl did not return the affection of such a young man it seemed to me, of course, what else could it be?—it would be be cause she had deliberately made up her mind that, under no conceivable circumstances whatever, she would she ever marry."

As he was not satisfactory conclusion Lawrence Newt paced up and down before the window, with his hands still buried in his pockets, thinking of Hal Battlebury—thinking of the foreign youth with the large, melancholy eyes pining away in a hell of pain and poverty. Petrarch's sonnets, in the miserable room opposite—shrinking from that strange coldness of virgin hearts which set the ardent of love and cold such.

And, springing before the window, he thought of his own boyhood—of the first wild passion of thin young heart—of the little hand he held and the soft darkness of eyes whose light misled him—seeming the palm-trees—the flaming river—and, at the very moment upon which he was unconsciously gazing, a face appeared, with a black, embroidered veil about the head, and looking down at the street between the houses.

Lawrence stared at it without moving. With windows were closed, nor was the woman at the other house bowed down. She looked, indeed, scarcely seen her fully before she turned away. But he had recognized that face. He had seen the woman he had so long thought dead. In a moment Amy Waring's visit was explained, and a more heavenly light shone upon her character as he thought of her.

"God bless you, Amy dear!" were the words that unconsciously rode to his lips; and he turned into the office, Lawrence Newt told Thomas Frost that he should not return that afternoon, wished his clerks good-day, and hurried around the corner into Front Street.

CHAPTER XLVII.

ABEL NEWT SEES SLIGO MOULTRIE REMOVED.

The Pioneers were at Bunker's. The pet, good-hearted Grace, full of fun and flirtation, revered that New York was life, and all the rest of the world death.

"You do not compliment the South very much," said Sligo Moultrie, smiling.

"Oh no! The South is home, and we don't compliment relations, you know," returned Miss Grace.

"Yes, thank Heaven! the South is home, Miss Grace. New York is like a foreign city. The tumult is fearful; yet it is only a sea-port after all. It has no metropolitan repose. It has not time to rest. It is strange."

"Then I like trading towns, if that is it," resumed Miss Grace, looking out into the bustling street.

Mr. Moultrie smiled. Quiet, refined, intelligent, and accomplished, in Europe you would have supposed him a nobleman.

He supposed himself one at home. Not offensively, but with that half-shy sense of superiority which gave the high grace of self-possession to his manner. Lawrence Newt, who pervaded his whole character. The symmetry of his person, the delicacy of his hand, his carriage, a sweet voice, a handsome face, were valuable allies of his intellectual-accomplishments; and when all the forces were combined, Lawrence Sligo Moultre very fascinating. He was not audacious nor brilliant. It was a quiet, and an active nature. He was not rich, although Mr. Boniface Newt had a vague idea that every southern youth was rich. Mr. Newt's opinion of a fine old family, like the Newts and Hallsons and Moultries, was that, if a Newt or Moultrie, born to be a gentleman, but born poor, was resolved to maintain his state.

Miss Grace Remer was the only daughter of the celebrated Louisiana planter, Godefrei Pioner. She had been educated in the best schools, and at thirteen, then she was sent to Madame de Feuilles's, and had remained almost constantly at the north until the previous year. She was in the school and entered society simultaneously. She was now nineteen years old. Her large, dark eyes, profusely curling black hair, olive skin, pouting mouth, and pretty neck. Very rich. Very pretty, and very much like Abel Newt's Flower, who believed with enthusiastic faith that life was a fairy-land, but who was very shrewd and very kindly also.

Sligo Moultrie understood distinctly why he was staying at the house of Boniface Newt.

"The roses are in bloom at your home, Sligo, my friend," said Abel.

"Yes, I suppose they are, and a dreadfully lonely time they're having of it. Southern life, very pretty, very much like Abel Newt's Flower, but it is a little lonely, isn't it, Mr. Moultrie?"

Grace said this turning her neck slightly and looking an arch interrogatory at her companion.

"Yes, it is very lonely, Miss Grace. But then there is so much going up to town and traveling that, after all, it is not so much worse than here at home; and a man ought to stay at home a good deal, and not be a vagabond."

"Thank you, sir!" Grace began mockingly.

"I said 'a man,' you observe, Miss Grace."

"Man includes woman, I believe, Mr. Moultrie."

"In two cases—yes."

"And they are?"

"When he holds her in his arms, or in his heart."

Here was a sudden volley masked in music. Grace Pioner was charmed. She looked at her companion, and bade him "a vagabond all winter in New York; but there were few more pronounced vagabonds than he felt at home with him as a *compatriot*. Yes, this would do very well.

Mr. Moultrie Pioner had scarcely mentally installed Mr. Sligo Moultrie as first flirter in her corps when he saw the unmistakable head-dress at the window from the street, more dangerous even than when she had seen it in the spring. Thank you, sir! Mr. Sligo Moultrie was right, but and bowed to her with an admiration which Mr. Moultrie could be took more than real.

Abel Newt was not a passive, but an active man.

The next moment he was in the room, perfectly *coeur d'ion*, sparkling, resistless.

"My dear Miss Pioner, how charming you seming. I felt it as I approached Bunker's. I said to Herbert Octopus (he's off with the Shrimp.) 'Thank you, sir, I'll walk. I feel as if the air [illegible] that I could fly.' I was morning under very [illegible] and I said, 'I will breathe it.' I was the best fruits and the earliest flowers are, I ask Sligo Moultrie."

Mr. Moultrie bowed.

"The first rose of the year blooms in Mr. Moultrie's greenhouse," continued Abel, who galloped on, laughing, and seating himself upon the nearest chair. He had his eyes were lower than the level of Grace Pioner's.

She smiled and joined the hunt.

"He talks nothing but 'ladies' delights,'" said she.

"Yes—two other things, please, Miss Grace," said Moultrie.

"What, Mr. Moultrie, two other cases? You always have two more."

"Better two more than too much," struck in Abel, who saw that Miss Pioner had put out her darling little foot from beneath her dress, and therefore he felt that her eyes upon it, with an admiration which was not less upon the lady.

"Heavens!" cried Moultrie, laughing and looking at them. "You are both two more and too much for me."

"Good, good, good for Moultrie," applauded Abel; "and now, Miss Pioner, I submit that he has the floor."

"Very well, Mr. Moultrie. What are the two other things that you talk?"

"Tennis and archery," said the young man, rising and bowing himself out.

Miss Pioner, you love tennis, the inspiration of my found Sligo, who was never so brilliant in his life before. How generous in you to come and shine on this wretched town! It is the glory of Sahara. Miss Pioner descends upon it like a star. When have you been?"

"At home, in Louisiana."

"Ah! yes. Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle are? I have been there, but it comes to me here when you come, Miss Pioner."

Still the slight persiflage to cover the audacity.

"And so, Mr. Newt, I have the honor of seeing the plantations of your friend Abel Newt this winter."

"We will not our enemies say of us, Miss Pioner?"

"You have no enemies," replied she, "except, perhaps, Mr. Moultrie, whom I have not seen this winter."

"Who? who? I insist," said Abel, looking at Grace Pioner earnestly [illegible] and dropping his eyes upon her very pretty and very low-ringed white hands, where the eyes lingered a little, and remained in the pause which ensued.

"Except, then, your own sex," said the little Louisianian, half blushing.

"I do them no harm," replied Abel.

"No: but you make them jealous."

"Jealous of me! Jealous of the young man, in a lower tone, and more seriously.

"Oh! [illegible] of—of—Grace, what I hear from the girls," said Grace, fluttering a little, as she remembered the conservatory at Mrs. Bonifacio's, "that you are very much like Abel Newt's Flower, who believed with enthusiastic faith that life was a fairy-land, but who was very shrewd and very kindly also.

Sligo Moultrie understood distinctly why he was staying at the house of Boniface Newt.

"The roses are in bloom at your home, Sligo, my friend," said Abel.

"Yes, I suppose they are, and a dreadfully lonely time they're having of it. Southern life, very pretty, very much like Abel Newt's Flower, but it is a little lonely, isn't it, Mr. Moultrie?"

Grace said this turning her neck slightly and looking an arch interrogatory at her companion.

"Yes, it is very lonely, Miss Grace. But then there is so much going up to town and traveling that, after all, it is not so much worse than here at home; and a man ought to stay at home a good deal, and not be a vagabond."

"Thank you, sir!" Grace began mockingly.

"I said 'a man,' you observe, Miss Grace."

"Man includes woman, I believe, Mr. Moultrie."

"In two cases—yes."

"And they are?"

"When he holds her in his arms, or in his heart."

Here was a sudden volley masked in music. Grace Pioner was charmed. She looked at her companion, and bade him "a vagabond all winter in New York; but there were few more pronounced vagabonds than he felt at home with him as a *compatriot*. Yes, this would do very well.

Mr. Moultrie Pioner had scarcely mentally installed Mr. Sligo Moultrie as first flirter in her corps when he saw the unmistakable head-dress at the window from the street, more dangerous even than when she had seen it in the spring. Thank you, sir! Mr. Sligo Moultrie was right, but and bowed to her with an admiration which Mr. Moultrie could be took more than real.

Abel Newt was not a passive, but an active man.

The next moment he was in the room, perfectly *coeur d'ion*, sparkling, resistless.

"My dear Miss Pioner, how charming you seming. I felt it as I approached Bunker's. I said to Herbert Octopus (he's off with the Shrimp.) 'Thank you, sir, I'll walk. I feel as if the air [illegible] that I could fly.' I was morning under very [illegible] and I said, 'I will breathe it.' I was the best fruits and the earliest flowers are, I ask Sligo Moultrie."

Mr. Moultrie bowed.

"The first rose of the year blooms in Mr. Moultrie's greenhouse," continued Abel, who galloped on, laughing, and seating himself upon the nearest chair. He had his eyes were lower than the level of Grace Pioner's.

She smiled and joined the hunt.

"He talks nothing but 'ladies' delights,'" said she.

"Yes—two other things, please, Miss Grace," said Moultrie.

"What, Mr. Moultrie, two other cases? You always have two more."

"Better two more than too much," struck in Abel, who saw that Miss Pioner had put out

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE LATE STATE ELECTIONS.

At latest advices there seems to be little doubt of the election of General Houston, by a large majority, as Governor of Texas. In Tennessee, the Opposition has gained considerably on the last election. Some say that three Congressmen have been gained. Some say that the Democratic majority will be reduced to one. In the Legislature the Democrats have a majority of 12 in both Houses. In Missouri Gamble the Opposition have gained on their opponents.

A NEW TERRITORY AT FIRE'S PARK.

From the Kansas gold region we learn that a movement is on foot for the organization of a Territorial Government. A Convention was in session at Pike's Peak on the 6th inst. to select for the purpose of taking the necessary steps to that end.

THE WISE LETTER.

Governor Wise has issued a letter to the Richmond *Enquirer*, in which he acknowledges having written the letter to Governor Packer, which has been published. After from the latter, stating that the publication was unauthorized, and that he was sorry for it.

Mr. Cassidy, of the Albany *Argus*, denies emphatically that he was the author of the letter.

BATHING AT NEWPORT.

The Newport correspondent of the Providence *Journal* gredicts a lively season at Newport. Bancroft is there, and Longfellow is expected. Greeley is also to visit it. On the 4th, with many others well known to the world, a letter gives the following description of morning bathing scene:

"The bathing this season is charming, and hundreds, thousands, refish and enjoy it. From morning till night the bathers are to be seen in the water. The ladies all have the strongest attachment. The early morning is especially interesting. Then the ladies in groups take a ramble to them good, appear as the sands at a somewhat later hour. Then the ladies in groups take a ramble to the bathing-houses, and, after a short time, the secretary bathing-house, into which many hair forms are to be seen, is a busy place. It is a most delightful time to excite appetite.

"The hair is protected by a cap of oil-silk.

ship hat, bound with red carpet-binding, answers for covering for the head. A pair of loose pants and a flannel roller, studded with something lighter, the Bloomer costume, and of course the bathing dress of the ladies should be—for comfort and convenience. Think of seeing Miss Grundy in the water with a pair of pants on! Helen might have erived, dancing in the surf and the bathers as they walk to their bath-houses. Many of the bathers as they walk to their bath-houses. Many of the bathers as they walk to their bath-houses. Many of

letters from the Count Sartiges report his health still better. His departure was not expected on the 1st inst. The Queen spoke of his arrival as a handsome and kind attention to this country.

Mr. Dallas is at the Preble Houses at the White Mountains, and, under date of August 3d, that the Republican party, in all twelve persons, have set out for their New York homes.

The correspondent of the *Providence Journal*, we presume, Dr. Hall, in addressing to the recent decision of the "Broad Church," says, "the world needs something more than a common religion."

The *Boston Herald* learns that a well-known and wellcapitalized adventurer has gone to Europe to buy the stock of the Tri-Mountain City, has both sold within and put out of bonds all the stock he could, and will, on a change of the decision he has been attached to the amount of $10,000 he already has in his hands, and has just passed from the Police Court for his arrest on a charge of embezzlement.

The *Evening Post* announces on the authority of a private letter which arrived by the last steamer, that Mr. Charles Dickens is still this country's debtor to the amount of one hundred dollars for the readings from his own works that have been so successful in England.

According to one of the Sunday papers published in the city, the Rev. Dr. Cheever was assisted by Select Orator, the Rev. Mr. Chapin, in a public settlement of all fashionable crimes, in only half an hour, at the modest sum of $500, for the whole.

The *New Times* says a young man, named Scott of Norwich, Conn., was robbed of a pocket-book at Sherry's Hotel, New York, on Monday evening last, on route for Troy and Niagara. The lucky pickpocket received him to the Troy steamer and his trunks were placed on board. They were found on the 4th inst. and have been found by his friends in the baggage-room of the steamer, but the young man has not been found or heard from either drowned or murdered.

S. F. B. Morse, the inventor, has determined to leave Venice and return to Virginia, for the purpose of making that state his permanent abiding place.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE PEACH QUESTION IN PARLIAMENT.

On the 28th, in the House of Commons, Lord John Russell made his statement in regard to the negotiations. He would have postponed it if there had been any prospect of being able to announce the definitive settlement of the affairs of the Continent before the approaching close of the session. He was glad to say that the relations of the Emperor of France had determined to place the treaty on a very much easier footing. The treaty of Villafranca of peace, as proclaimed by the two Emperors, he could not at present find out because it was not to be found in the archives of the state. It was not to be found in the archives of the Foreign Office, and he had not yet received the official copy of those conditions of peace which were offered to the neutral Powers. The most important part of the treaty, however, related to the future of Italy. The organization of the Emperor Napoleon to England to enter the congress was to relieve the Emperor of all effort in Italy, quite irrespective of the terms of the treaty of Villafranca. England had not proposed to join the Congress, and would not until they saw what the result of the Conference at Zurich would be. But the Ministers did not bow absolutely as Italian Conferences, but only from Austrian Conferences, to the Congress one. He deeply felt the sensitive state in which the Emperor Napoleon was placed, and that the existence of the struggle in the mountains of Northern Italy, England must know how it was prepared to act. He could not, therefore, declare the policy of England with respect to the restoration of the Dukes of Tuscany and Modena, as England was not in a position to say forthem on their people without their free consent. He rejoiced to say that the King of Naples was not going to get an end to the system which prevailed under the late King, and since that time had been carried on by him. There was a treaty about to be made at Vienna, which a ministerial paper in Paris had announced, and he gave to arrange the basis. He believed that the Emperor of Austria was willing to make concessions to the Government of Italy, and that the Emperor Francis Joseph would be a Congress, but he thought it would not be possible for him to attend it. He was sure that no person from such an assembly if there was a chance of procuring by the liberty of Italy and the welfare of Austria and Europe.

Mr. Disraeli expressed the wish that Lord John Russell had been more explicit, particularly as to any terms that might have been offered to the Duchies of Tuscany. He reiterated his objection to England having any thing to do with the Congress, and hoped that no pledge be bound by the treaty of Villafranca.

Mr. Cobden regretted that England had submitted to terms to Austria, which were to be imposed by the Congress. He thought that the Government, at the head of the French Republic, had acted in accordance with the chance of communication, and had submitted none to Austria, at the same time that the Government of England saw the views of the French Government, and the English gave to an entire approval. He thought it would be impossible for the Government to engage in the Congress with the spirit of the noble Lord's address was shown.

A HONEY-MOON CUT SHORT.

The following incident is told of a navy officer who had just married a daughter of a clergyman in England:

"After the nuptial ceremony the 'happy couple' left town to spend the honey-moon; but scarcely had they departed when a telegraphic letter was hastily received by the clergyman's residence, directing him instantly to join his son-in-law at Brighton, as he was ordered to sea, and the following morning on foreign service. No time was lost in dispatching the reverend gentleman to the married couple, whom, much to their consternation, it was discovered, but the evening before separated, and with the intention to stay as constant attendant the British officer, that, by the time he was ordered to sea, he might be enabled to bring his wife without inconvenience. The marriage was a love match, and the ratio of sons likely to forty-three as born at the time of the marriage, rendering his being left to return to the shelter of the parental roof till the arrival of more peaceful times."

FRANCE.

REDUCTION OF THE FRENCH ARMY.

The *Moniteur* of the 20th ultimo contains the official announcement that the Emperor has decided that the army and navy shall be reduced to a peace footing without the least possible delay. The necessary orders for this purpose have returned to France and renewed their peaceful occupations. The reduction commences with the class of 1858, which will afterward be made definitive for all those men who have served their seven years with the colors.

The administration of marine is said to have received the necessary instructions for the progressive and speedy disarmament of all sailors, who, having already served six years, have been called to join the fleet within the last six months.

THE DISTRESS CORDIALE TO BE PRESERVED AT ALL RISKS.

The Paris correspondent of the *Herald* writes: "I believe I am not mistaken in saying that there is a passage in Lord Derby's letter to Lord John Russell so nearly resembling it in effect. His Majesty told me last night that it was his wish to the immediate completion of Savoy with France, and that he thought the annexation of Savoy would follow." Lord Malmesbury, also, at the Emperor, says the *Herald*, "has stated to Lord Cowley, that if England has a heavy war budget in 1860 the fault shall not be laid to my door. I wish for peace and I will maintain it. The most intimate union and England ought not to be hypercritical at the steps France may take in endeavoring to restore the prestige lost in 1815. It is only natural that I should desire the consolidation of the new kingdom of Italy. I do not even doubt that it (it is to) lead to a friendship with England."

THE EMPEROR AT HOME.

The first remark of the Emperor of the French, on entering his family assembly, in town him at St. Cloud, was said to have been:—"Haines had in store for me, indeed, a welcome. I have been to Paris, and I could find another to welcome me." The Paris correspondent of the *Times* says that the Emperor's reception by the people on his return to the capital was the strength which the Paris demonstrations could give. The Emperor was met at the gates of Paris by the Municipal Council, and by the Prefect. He is much beset in figure, and apparently much exhausted in power, especially in the face. He seems to have entirely to repair the injury done to the doctors' work.

Subsequently to the Paris demonstration we have been seen in Paris since his return from the war, but the usual spirit, which has been lacking in the city since he began wears the palaces of his woodcuts turned up and still, with the Empress, and the Imperial Prince in the carriage drawn out, as they did before his marriage. What, if any, the Emperor's intentions may be, are not known. It is very inauspicious sign, perhaps, as it is a reconciliation of his Majesty's attention to business.

MR. HOME IN A CRAZE.

MR. HOME, the well-known spiritualist, says the *Medical Times*, has lately taken pin his feet into it at Rome, and has consequently had to be carried off to a fashionable active individual, made a sudden grab at the spirit, and was hurrying off with it, when Mr. Home, first Mr. Home's foot in his hand. On another occasion a cellist a glass of water, which he threw over the fellow-creature was being put to rights after its cessation.

ITALY

THE POPE ACCEPTS THE PRESIDENCY.

Rome letters to the 30th ult. state that the 23d of July. His Holiness the Pope received the French Emperor's letter, in which he was informed of his presidency, which lasted two hours. Letters received announce that the Pope has accepted the office, and that the Confederation has been accepted by the Pope. A notification of the fact has been sent to the Powers, all of whom voted favorably for the Presidency.

The Pope's reply to the letter of Napoleon we may assure our readers that his Majesty the Emperor Napoleon has written to the Emperor Napoleon, the representatives of the Pontifical States, and particularly at the Legations. The Pope's reply is considered by the Papal Court will find in this relation a state of things sufficiently favorable to the Holy See, and that the Pope will not only be used to the Emperor Napoleon, but that there will be no intervention in Central Italy, either by Austria or by France, and that the occupation of Rome is not far off.

DISTURBED STATE OF ITALY.

Chevalier Farini, Governor of Modena, has, by an order of the King of Sardinia, withdrawn from Sardinian service, and has been appointed Governor of Modena. Modena is divided into the following districts:—Modena, Reggio, Mirandola, Correggio, and Sassuolo. The Chevalier Farini accepted a provisional capacity to maintain public order, and to prevent the threatened anarchy of Modena, which is to pronounce on the future of the Duchy.

The result of the deliberation on the question of annexation to Sardinia is expected to be known in a week or one hundred and forty-one places, including Leghorn and Florence, have declared unanimously in favor of annexation, against fifteen negative votes.

The Sardinian Government has given its consent in favor of his son is officially confirmed.

The Duke of Modena and his ducal troops are to occupy the Legations, and the Pope will not be able to retain the present where they are. Novaras else will there be any Austrian troops left.

The London *Times* quotes a letter from Milan, which says that the Austrian troops are to leave the Papal States, and that it is possible Venetia may rise in insurrection.

The Milan correspondent of the *Times* says: Speaking of the proclamation to the peace, Garibaldi uttered the remarkable words: "I have done all this for the King of Sardinia, but he has refused him.

THE CONFEDERACY.

The London *Times* correspondent says: "H. Walewski was on his way to Vienna with the draft of a treaty, the draught of a plan of confederation, and submitted it unofficially to the Austrian Government for consideration. It is H. M. Walewski evidently taken for granted the restoration of the Italian princes expelled from their dominions, and the establishment of the Duchies of Parma something like the Confederation of the German Sovereign States. By the Villafranca treaty the nominal or honorary presidency of the Confederation of Italy to the Pope will be filled in reality by the Kings of Sardinia and Naples, who will command the forces of the Confederation, exist without the means of defense, a federal army will be formed, to which each state will furnish a contingent. It is, however, it may be fairly considered whether it will be a defense for Italy or for Austria.

A ZOUAVE IN LUCK.

A young Zouave of Saillans, Drome, named Margot, who was wounded at Palestro, has addressed to his parents the following letter, dated Verneil, the 16th: "Perhaps you will, perhaps, preside me in announcing to you the unexpected honor which, in the midst of so many populaces, I have received from the hand of the Emperor himself. I was in the hospital at Verneil, and his Majesty was about to pass through Verneil on his way back to France, I hastened to dress myself, and went to the Prefecture, where I waited for him with a wife my crutches—I went toward the railway station. The good inhabitants of Verneil, who had collected in a crowd at the station, exposed to take pleasure in letting me pass, my crutches and a half little soldier, standing the spot at which the Emperor was about to stop to take refreshments. Scarcely had I arrived when the Imperial train arrived. The Emperor was accompanied by the King of Sardinia, and their Majesties were greeted with the most enthusiastic cheers. After having received the compliments of the authorities, the Emperor cast a glance around him and related the people gratuitously. I had the good fortune to be noticed by him. He came to me, made a sign to me to approach, and said to me, 'Courage, and so, you are wounded? Yes, Sire.' 'Where?' 'At Palestro.' 'Ah, at Palestro, well! What would did you receive?' 'It was in the leg, Sire,' and I showed him the wound in my thigh and my left hand. 'Ah, yes, you are getting better?' 'Yes, Sire; I am beginning to walk a little.' 'That is much.' Then he made a sign to me to approach still nearer, and in the midst of the most profound silence, he detached from his breast the decoration which he wore, placed it with his own hand upon my breast, and said to me, 'Courage, my child, you are a brave soldier.' I could not express my gratitude nor even my sobs, and two large tears rolled down my cheeks. Then he said to the General who accompanied my grabbing, for I could not speak. The Emperor embraced me, and I kissed his hand. I was filled with emotion. And ten striking scene followed when the Imperial train had left. I was surrounded by a half, personages of the town entreated me to offer their congratulations to the Emperor, and I was very fond of my wife. But what was still more striking was that the Emperor had left me his cross. I was decorated with a little cross, and I was proud. However, you must come to the point and dine with me.' I refused, however, would not hear me, but made me get into a carriage with him by his side, and I, the son of a shepherd of the first persons in the place long present."

AUSTRIA.

PROJECTS OF REFORM.

The correspondent of the *Independance Belge* thus speaks of the projects of reform entertained by the Emperor of Austria:

"All the provincial councils of the empire are to be convoked simultaneously, in order to have a series of suggestions on the amelioration which they may think necessary to the internal organization. The Councils will ratify in the presence of their deliberations, and may make known openly and sincerely to the Emperor the wishes and wishes of the population. Important financial and military reforms are likewise projected."

The War Department of Vienna has decided that the four army shall be maintained at present on a war footing in Italy. Its effective strength is estimated at 400,000 men. The Austrian Government continues to give on the march to take their former cantonments in Galicia and Hungary.

Transcriber's Note: Text in bold has been transcribed as **bold**.

SARATOGA IN 1777.—THE CELLAR OF THE HEDDESEL HOUSE.—[See Page 538.]

SARATOGA IN 1859.—A BALL AT CONGRESS HALL.—[See next Page.]

SARATOGA IN 1777 AND 1859.

THE contrast, on the two preceding pages, of Saratoga in 1777 and the same place at the present time is sufficiently striking to attract general admiration.

Eighty-two years ago, as every one knows, one of the great contests between the English and the Americans for dominion on this continent was drawing to a close at Saratoga. The Americans, under Gates, had won several victories over the British and Hessians under Burgoyne; but it was by no means certain that whether he would be able to keep his word and give a triumphal feast at Albany at the close of the season. The Hessians were discontented; the Americans were flushed by success, and eager to bring the campaign to a close. The battle of Bemis's Heights had convinced them that without succor from New York Burgoyne must surrender.

That terrible conflict took place on 19th September. On 7th October Burgoyne perceived that he must risk another battle, as his troops were suffering severely from short allowance. At the head of 1600 men he advanced to make a reconnaissance in the American lines, and was promptly attacked. The result of the battle was the surrender at Saratoga. It is a scene during the terrible fight on that day that our artist has depicted.

The commander of the Hessians, the Baron Riedesel, was accompanied by his wife and children. The Baroness, a woman of equal intelligence and courage, followed his army in all its marches, and kept a faithful diary of what she saw and heard. On that 7th October, she says, "a cannonade was being opened against the house in which I had taken refuge, we were obliged to remove to the cellar for refuge; and in one corner of this I remained the whole day, my children sleeping on the earth with their heads in my lap. . . . Eleven cannon balls passed through the house. . . . My reflections on the danger in which my husband was exposed now agonized me exceedingly. . . . The ladies of the army who were with me were Mrs. Harnage, a Mrs. Kennels, the wife of a lieutenant who was killed, and the lady of the Commissary. . . . We sat together deploring our troubles. . . . *Scarcely one entered to announce bad news.*" *There was whispering among her companions, with deep looks of sorrow, "I immediately suspected," says she, "that my husband had been killed. I shrieked aloud." She was notified by another that nothing had happened to him, and was spoon to understand by a sidelong glance that the wife of the lieutenant was the unfortunate one; her husband had been killed.*

Our artist has, we think, seized the dramatic point of this thrilling situation with much skill.

The contrast to this scene will be recognized by all who have had the good fortune to spend a few days at Saratoga, and to witness a ball at the Congress Hall. The gilded saloons—the softened lights —the delighted remembrance happy group of gentlemen—the tired infant, half-startled from its dream of pleasure by fairy music—the tender mother gazing with speechless anxiety and satisfaction at her gay young family—the fond father bending over his group to whisper a word—all these form a contrast to the scene in the Riedesel Cellar more striking or more touching than this?

ANNETTE.

BY C. H. WEBB.

Oh! my heart was a well,
And it rang to its cell
With a tremulous joy, Annette,
When the birds came to tell
What your blushes said well—
Did you tire of your toy, Annette?

One still night a star fell,
As the angels know well—
From my soul to the dust, Annette;
Like the dew from the dell
Which disappears ghost-like,
So from thee went my trust, Annette.

Of thy once-witching spell
But nail memories dwell—
So the sunset mists flee, Annette:
Still my heart is a bell;
But a toy muffled knell
It is tolling for thee, Annette.

A ROMANCE THROUGH A BED-ROOM WINDOW.

CHAPTER I.—THE WINDOW.

IN the window itself there was nothing remarkable; it was an ordinary French window—difficult to open, difficult to shut, and secured by a complicated fastening—which no rusty to use on the fourth floor of any hotel in France. So, when the host of the Hotel de Grand Cerf directed my attention thereto, it was not so much the window as the view to be seen from it that he wished me to take notice of.

But I was not in a mood to enter into these estimates; I was hot and cross, worn out with travelling, and suffering from a neglected sprain. So I quickly came to terms with M. Bouvin, cut short the enumeration of its beauties, advantages, and comforts I had secured to myself, and dispatched him in quest of a doctor to examine the injured limb.

The result of the examination was not of a nature to allay my irritation of mind. The doctor informed me that I must keep my room for some days, and not stir beyond its precincts until I had his permission; otherwise, a severe lameness might follow. To my intense disgust I was obliged to concur in the reasonableness of his advice, and give my word that I would not attempt to leave my room until his visit was withdrawn.

My third day of imprisonment dragged slowly to an end. Watching the light fade off the pinnacles of St. Basile opposite, and feeling gloomily certain that I could predict in advance every occurrence of the next hour, my eye suddenly caught the flutter of something white up at one of the narrow windows in the tower. I thought I could make out the outline of a woman's figure in the shadowy nook, but it was growing dusk. The figure, whatever it might be, disappeared, and a few minutes after I beheld a girl of graceful form issue from the church porch and descend the steps with light steps into the square. She hastened quickly along the pavement, stopped before a large, dull-looking house—the Archbishop's palace, I believe—and entering the arched door-way, was lost to my sight.

Then came on a solitary old man with a stooping figure, carrying a violin-case under his arm, followed on her steps; then a light shone out from a window on an upper floor.

Every night I had remarked a light in that same window, long after all the other lights were closed and darkened. Hitherto I had taken no particular notice of the fact, supposing it to be the chamber of some student or artist; but now that I began to speculate on the matter which lively incident, I suppose, had caused the commencement of others were extinguished; nay, it was still there when, in the middle of the night, I awoke from sleepless bed; and I watched it, as I lay, growing pale and sickly before the dawn.

The next day I observed the old house in the corner of the square with close attention. It differed from its neighbors chiefly in the fact that the green were all closed, and only the upper rooms inhabited. It had a dull, secretive sort of look, which gave an interest to the building. The next night young girl I had seen last flitted across the tower. She let not from the window in the tower; for she had left another way. I saw her enter the house the door after her? Why did that light burn there at those unholy hours?

At seven o'clock in the evening I saw the door of the gloomy house over the way open in a cautious, quiet way, and the young girl came beckon a hackney carriage from the stand near. He darted his head forward, as the door communicated with the silin-case, which he deposited in the carriage; then he reappeared with the young lady, and drove away quickly away. . . . Something in their returned home; and again, as during their absence, I saw the light glimmering in the tower.

The next morning my eye caught the following paragraph in the *Courrier de L*——:

"OPERA.—Last night the fine 30th July just past will be ever memorable in the lyric annals of L——. Never since Madame Gabrielle Gerard made her appearance has so great a treat been offered them as was afforded us last night by the delicious voice of a young girl, *Mlle de Lamonnerayer*. Her exquisite voice, a pure soprano," etc.

Was it possible that this was my incognita?—Yes; I did not doubt it for an instant. There, in that gloomy old house on the other side of the square, dwelt the singer of last night, and I had all this enthusiasm in the critic. And now, perhaps, the mystery of the light in the window was solved. The hours when all the city was quiet and at rest had been devoted by the young orgete to preparation for her début. It was evident that I was destined to be the topic of the day in L——. Pierre, the waiter, and M. Bouvin, the host, had given me "a most extraordinary thing about it," said the latter, "it that no one has ever heard of this wonderful singer till last night. She has dropped almost among us from the clouds. There run a thousand reports also of her origin, but nothing that is certain. No matter; she is a true genius, whatever she be; and moreover must make haste to get well to go and hear her."

But my doctor shook his head on my proposing that I should go that very night, and, having finished orders with Pierre to use force, if necessary, to prevent me having my chamber. When evening came again, and the setting sun flamed like crimson bike, in the windows of distant houses, and all the children were playing in the square under my windows, I saw the figure of the young girl once more up at the window in the tower. Still as the statues in the niches over the arched door-way, that fronted me in the middle of the square, she stood, with folded arms, gazing at her from spot and gargoyle, and the flash of autumn sunset on her white dress. Her head was clasped together, and her gaze, stretching above the roofs, was fixed on the horizon. Was this the spot in which she had stood on the evening of my arrival? or did she only seek a purer air, a deeper quiet than could be found below?

The night had flung its shadow over the tower, when I saw her slowly descend the great flight of steps that led into the Place, pass quickly across the street, and so glide quietly away to her home.

From that hour the identity of the young girl with my recluse was established in my mind beyond doubt. Every night that it was announced that Mademoiselle would sing, I saw the light open, the hackney-coach stood at the door of the gloomy house—the young girl, muffled in shawls and rings, the visits to St. Basile were paid as before.

One moonlight evening, exhausted by the heat and glare of a long summer's day, I had fallen asleep in my chair by the window. When I awoke the distant church clocks, peeping over roofs, were just striking twelve. One after another they clanged out into the night, some with brazen, some with silvery, some with cracked tones. Sounds waves died off on the purple air, the silence grew more solemn than before. Gazing carelessly on the moonlit Place, I was suddenly startled by a sight that roused me to wide wakefulness. There was *something* creeping along the roof of the gloomy house on the opposite side of the square—something that crouched and crawled along stealthily in the moonlight. Now it was hidden in the shadow of the high chimneys, now it was gliding along the very parapet. Suddenly this shapeless mass arose and revealed the figure of a woman. There, on a mere ledge of stone, she stood looking calmly and lonely into the square. The figure tossed its arms wildly above its head, as if in glee; and then through the still night-air came a loud discordant laugh. My heart stood still as I gazed at the apparition. A few moments dragged on, and then I beheld another figure glide along to the woman's side, lay a firm grasp on her robe, and bear her away through a window in the roof. They disappeared. The moon shone peacefully as before. All was still save the splash of the fountain under the lime-trees, and a few minutes after I half doubted whether I had not been dreaming.

Indeed so improbable did all this seem to me, next morning that I decided to ascribe it to disordered fancy of one suddenly roused from sleep, and, as was subsequently forgot all about it, as I should not have been many days after when my doctor gave me permission to leave my room.

The first use I made of my freedom was to hasten to the booking-office of the opera in the Rue Herold and secure a place for that night. The house was crowded when I took my seat at night; but among all the excited spectators not one perhaps awaited the raising of the curtain with such anxiety as myself. As I confidently expected, Mademoiselle Durras and my mysterious neighbor were one and the same person. I recognized her instantly. When the burst of applause that greeted her appearance had subsided she commenced her first air. From that moment I was all ear. Never before had I heard such a voice as hers. Hers was the voice of a thrush, guided by human sense and feeling—clear and liquid as the outpouring of a lark. I cannot describe it. Such description I could not control. In the grand scene at the close of the opera, when the actress vowed eternal love, rose with the part, until a picture of heart-broken woe, that had all the terrible truth of reality, was presented. . . . I cannot tell how I applied it without emotion. I left the theatre in a glow of enthusiasm.

Too excited to retire for the night, I walked up and down under the lime-trees, recalling the powerful scene I had witnessed. Suddenly I heard the sound of wheels on the rough pavement of the Place. I expected to see Mademoiselle Durras and her father (from his tender solicitude I knew the old man could be no other) return to their home.

At last the carriage drew up, and the young lady was near enough to their door when they alighted to see a tall, powerfully-made young man, with gold ear-rings and a high-crowned cap, holding a light in the entrance. I could hear Mademoiselle Durras's voice as she spoke to him.

"Well, Marthe, we are home again, and so tired!"

The light shone full on her face; it was pale and jaded, but beautiful as ever. They paused a moment; the man closed the street door, and I heard bolt and bar drawn within. The last echoes of their footsteps died away in the house; just a gold there still in the shadow of the door-way, haunted by the vision that had suddenly risen before me of the strange woman who had clambered on the roof.

Was Mademoiselle Durras a somnambulist?

CHAPTER II.—THE MIDNIGHT INTERVIEW.

My long confinement had rendered the four walls of my chamber on the fourth floor of the Hôtel du Grand Cerf so irksome to me that I spent the whole of the following day in the open air. Even when evening had given place to night, and the world of L—— had forsaken the promenade on the Grande Place, I still remained out under the trees, loth to exchange the freshness of the night-breeze for the stifling atmosphere of my room under the roof.

I was watching the gradual disappearance of all the lights from the upper windows—all save one, which kept its solitary vigils and burned—when the sound of a door opening attracted my attention. In the dark, gloomy door-way of the house, with his cane in his hand and a cloak over his shoulder, as though prepared for a midnight walk. He crossed into the middle of the square, began pacing up and down under the trees with slow and stopping pace. In the course of my solitary walk on many times, when he approached the fountain where the grim water-god in the centre sat pouring a noisy cascade into the basin. The old man stood, and gazed into the dark pool before him, with his silver netting on his head, and his cloak about him. I saw him bend down his head, and heard him weeping. There was something very sad in the sight of this old man's grief. I should have withdrawn, but I had been a stranger thus revealing some secret sorrow; and my long confinement and loneliness made M. Darron and his daughter seemed to have established a sort of tie between us, and given me the privilege of a friend. It was therefore without hesitation or reflection that I gave way to the impulse upon me.

"Monsieur Darron," I exclaimed, going quietly up to him, and placing my hand on his arm, "your grief pains me much. You can, I hope, rely on me as not a great a stranger as you suppose."

"Who are you?" he said. "What do you know? How comest it you know my name? Monsieur, this intrusion is an offence!"

He was angry in the dark; his voice shook with anger.

The presumption of my conduct had, in a moment, become clear to me. I attempted no commonplace apology, but told him of my long confinement to my room, of the observations that had grown out of it, and the process by which I had come to a knowledge of his name. When he heard this, he grew calmer. "The eccentricities of a sick man must be pardoned," he supposed. "An invalid was glad of any resource for killing time, and therefore monsieur had taken a fancy for studying the habits of a neighbor so insignificant as himself."

"Not only from the idle curiosity of a sick man," I replied, "had I watched my neighbors. I might—"

"What had other motives—secret ones? Speak out! What did I know?

M. Darron clutched my arm fiercely; but I replied that I knew nothing but what was the result of conjecture; and that as my motives, they were to be found in the interest—a most friendly one, I would presume to say—that I felt in him self and his daughter. As I spoke, M. Darron looked fixedly at me. After a minute, I could see on his face relax in the uncertain light.

"Then I am to believe, monsieur, that you possess a mature servitude as an indirect you to seek my acquaintance because you have seen me in distress to-night? Well, a man who offers his sympathy on my bare should not be harsh and hardly. I am no close discriminator of character, I fear!—he heaved a deep sigh—"or I had a poor triumph to deceive me. You are a stranger to me. I mistake not?" And the old man, in whom there seemed a strange mixture of simplicity and simplicity, seemed desirous to put aside the distrust with which he had at first received me. We moved away to a bench near and sat down.

"You have seen my daughter, then? You know her! Is it not truly a wonderful voice? The mention of her name had roused his enthusiasm in a moment. "I had the deepest faith in the music of the world. My Josephine! She is more to me than you can conceive. Monsieur, the world knows her not. It was not only the first attempt of the opera; but—I know her as the angel of my home, the devoted daughter of my age—the companion whose seat in the orchestra is only allowed him because he is her father. Ah, monsieur, she is the best child in one, and yet—yet my affectionate afflicts us most through those we love best."

He ceased, and I heard him sob beside me, sighing deeply from time to time. Once or twice, in the desultory conversation that ensued, he appeared on the point of communicating something to me, but a nervous restraint seemed upon him, and he would stop suddenly and relapse into silence. After a short time he rose, bowed a hasty good-night, and moved off in the direction of his own house.

I was about to follow his example, when I noticed something lying on the bench by my side; it was M. Darron's cane. He had left it behind in his agitation, and I could hear him utter a curse, but his door had closed upon him ere I reached the house. I knocked, the door was immediately opened by Marthe. M. Darron stood in the entrance, looking angry and surprised at seeing me. I gave him his walking-stick, and handed him the box. He thanked me politely, wished me good-night, and shut the door again. I heard him, as I crossed the square, ordered to be retiring footsteps, and then moved slowly away. I had got a little way across the square when there came a loud, jarring fit of laughter from within the house. It was the wildest, most unearthly laughter I had ever heard. It was unmistakable, and then a window above was hastily closed. I shivered as those sounds of demoniac ice-blast had passed through the summer night.

CHAPTER III.—LA GRANDE ARTISTE.

THE day following my midnight interview with M. Darron on the Grande Place, I received a note from his inclosing an order for the opera for that night. I need not say that I availed myself of it when the hour arrived. I had thought much and long about the beautiful young singer and her strange home since the adventure of the night. Had I ever myself unable to check the growing interest I felt in all that concerned her. Could it be that some terrible secret existed in the gloomy and fearful laughter of those? The light that burned there nightly, the apparition on the roof, and the fearful laughter I had heard, were more than enough to rouse suspicion. Was it possible that Josephine Darron, the great actress and singer, was a somnambulist? or, worse still, the victim of a diseased mind? The idea was too horrible. And yet, the more such idea was too horrible. And yet, the more such thoughts passed before me on the stage, singing with a supernatural pathos, I seemed again to have before my eyes the ivory figure that stood on the roof of the old house tossing its arms wildly to the sky.

The terrible fascination which this thought gave to every look and movement of the actress I can not describe. It was like the spell of a skein of wretched excitement.

The next morning I resolved to call on M. Darron, and request him for the ticket. As I rang the bell at the door of the gloomy house, I looked up at the closed windows of the upper rooms and speculations. It was evident that there were no other tenants in the house, for all the lower floor-shutters were closed, and no signs of returning life were there. The door opened at length, and the masculine-looking Marthe, with her gold rings and high cap demanded my business with an air of grim surprise. Evidently hesitating as to the policy of the proceeding, she let me walk in, locked the door again, and ushered me up a great flight of stone stairs. She paused at the landings, as we ascended, echoed drearily in the empty chambers we passed, and throught the high-arched windows of the staircase. Dusty streaks of sunlight fell athwart our path. Marthe spoke not a word, but seemed to evince a certain distrustfulness, I thought—every time we reached a landing. At length we arrived on the fourth floor, and passing through a gloomy little ante-room, Marthe led me into a large cool-looking chamber adorned with curtains of dark crimson. An open piano stood in one corner, and sheets of music were littered the chairs and floor. I could ascertain these things in an instant-room. Marthe, who had all along eyed me with considerable suspicion, now left me with a look that I fancied denoted her master. I remarked that the grim woman carried a great bunch of keys at her waist, and she carried a great bunch of keys at her waist, and locked and relocked all the doors with methodical care.

In two or three minutes M. Darron appeared, wearing an old dressing-gown and shabby slippers, and carrying his violin in his hand. From the coldness of his reception I feared he considered my visit an intrusion. I proceeded to thank him for the great pleasure he had afforded me, and begged that Mademoiselle Josephine would accept the bouquet of flowers I had ventured to bring

her; then, as I had nothing more to say, I sat in silence.

"You are very polite, monsieur, and my daughter will thank you."

She all took the flowers, and laid them on the piano; he then resumed his seat, and sat looking at me, as though he wished to know what else I had for coming there. As I was scarcely in a position to explain, I took refuge in some generality of conversation, only, however, to subside again into silence, for my host gave me no encouragement to proceed. Here I remained, as I knew not had not the door opened and Mademoiselle Darron appeared at this crisis. She did not see me on entering; but when I rose, she turned to the piano, exclaimed, "How kind of you, mon papa, to buy me these lovely flowers!" Then, perceiving me, she bowed with an air of surprise, and looked toward her father for an explanation.

"It is a little English gentleman, who has come to thank for your misspent, Josephine. He has called, I believe, purposely to make your acquaintance."

Mademoiselle Darron thanked me in a few simple words. From her unconstrained manner it was evident that the presence of a stranger did not disturb her as it did her father; or it might be that his embarrassment gave her confidence; for after an awkward pause, during which M. Darron drew a few plaintive notes from his violin, as he sat nervously caressing it, she led the conversation to my recent accident, and spoke of my long confinement in my room, of which my father had told her. While mademoiselle expressed her sympathy in a most natural manner, and filled me with admiration of her grace and beauty, I watched her pale and worn she looked. When Josephine rose and left the room to seek for a vase for the flowers, M. Darron crossed over and came and seated himself by my side.

"Sir, I know not what other motives you can have in seeking our acquaintance than those you have already assigned. I will, however, endeavor to believe them. It rejoices me to see my daughter interested in any thing or in any one. Her life is not as bright or gay as that of the young persons should be. Yet, monsieur, I regret to say that I can not welcome you to my house as a frequent visit. My home is of necessity a quiet, a secluded one. Therefore, though I thank you, monsieur, for the friendly interest you express, and beg you to continue it, you must pardon me for not returning the same after you have left my house to-day."

His daughter entered, and he ceased speaking. Shortly after I withdrew: Martha reappeared to conduct me to the door, and again I passed through the same process of locking and unlocking, until we reached the ground floor, where my conductress grimly took leave of me.

During the week that followed I made some little further advance in my acquaintance with my mysterious neighbors. I ventured to leave a basket of choice fruit one morning at the door, which I trusted mademoiselle some English books she had expressed a wish to read; and M. Darron did not seem disposed at that moment to quarrel with the nervousness and reserve of manner never wore off. One evening, when thinking I had been asleep for other, he suddenly exclaimed, "Monsieur, I am glad of any thing that will interest or rouse my daughter. Think you that she cares for poetry, then she did? Bah! how can you judge? For, after what I say." And he proceeded rapidly to another subject.

I had now been one month in L——; I had received from my banneret a letter, requesting me, nay, yet I felt loth to quit the place, and had made no plans for further travel. They were made for me, however, by others.

A letter from an old friend reached me at this time, informing me that, if I felt sufficiently to do so, he again ere he left Europe, I must proceed to Marseilles within three or four days, as he was just starting for the East. I looked at my self-imposed weakly, I did not hesitate for a moment, but resolved to quit Lyons on the day but one to-day. I was on my way to the post-office in the Rue de Rue to dispatch my letter, when I caught sight of the words "Darron," "Saint-Ursanne," and "Paris," on a large bill placarded on a wall: "The sudden illness of Mademoiselle Darron compels the undersigned to substitute another opera this evening. Much to trusted would be," etc.

I had seen mademoiselle only the day before, and had already taken a place for that night. I turned my steps in the direction, and walked rapidly to the outskirts of the town.

It was growing dusk when I noticed the figure of an old man standing near the water's edge. A few yards from where I by. He was looking, steadily at the stream, and bowed on his stick, as if in meditation. It was M. Darron. Surprised to see him there, when his daughter was lying ill, I rose and approached him. He started when I first spoke, but, upon recognizing me, recovered his composure.

"Yes, monsieur, my poor Josephine is ill—very ill. She tells me she will soon be well again; but her illness is not one that can be cured by art, and so sighed heavily, and shook his head.

I was standing some words of sympathy when M. Darron turned round to me with a warmth of manner I had never seen in him before.

"Monsieur, you have met my daughter, my Josephine, is to me; you know how God has gifted her; figure, then, what I suffer to see her pining away—dying before my eyes! And so young—so young!"

His voice shook, and he stopped. M. Darron was a mood unlike any I had ever beheld him in. Whether it was that the twilight did away with his natural reserve, or that an uncontrollable desire to pour out his sorrows into some friendly ear had seized him, I know not; but we sat down upon the bank, and he talked to me as though I had been the friend of years. His revelation ran thus:

Josephine, his idolized daughter, was dying of a broken heart. Though she appeared before the world full of the energy of genius, and seemed to feel the emotions of an audience at her will, she was sinking under a malady "which was slowly destroying her life," as M. Darron expressed it. Three years ago her hand had been sought by a young officer who had been brought up in the same place—a town on the German frontier—where her own youth was passed. He had studied the violin under M. Darron, and of all his pupils was the one the old musician most loved. Not that in spite of his regard for Fabien de Molèon, M. Darron showed small favor to his suit. He had other views for his daughter. His ambition was to see her—poor child, as I said, he was not looking forward to the day when the hopes of a lifetime would be repaid in the fame of his child—to see her the wife of a man who had made his name his family; and when Madame de Molèon, his mother, heard of her son's infatuation for the daughter of his music-master, she determined to leave no means untried to break it off. Threats shall cannot avail with her son. The old man's contempt declared his love to be unalterable. So Madame de Molèon had recourse to the pride and generosity of Josephine to liberate her son from his engagement. In a secret visit to the musician's house she had represented to him that her son's prospects in life would be ruined by such an alliance as that he would bring upon the head of all his friends; and how the best proof of her love for him would be shown in putting an end to the engagement. She had left the house in the girl's dignity and affection was not in vain; Josephine returned to her home, and bade him that was done right. Had she known what a cruel stab she was inflicting on a heart that beat only for her she would have spared herself the pain. Fabien de Molèon wrote her one letter, which she had carried ever since in her bosom, and then never pressed the thirst of hair to scourge his guilty flesh. It lay there burning out her heart, for its words were heated with the most indignant passion that ever she loved best in the world. In Molèon returned to her all love-tokens she had given him, and, tenderly, cutting off all traces to his retreat. From that hour Josephine Darron devoted herself to her father, and to the pursuit of her studies. "And now I have gained my wish!" continued the old musician, bitterly; "I have made her the first violinist; but her heart is breaking. Fools—fools that we are! What need had I to change my name, and assume that of Darron? Was it not made De Molèon-peasant! I would give all I have could I now recall his name to her."

Such was the story confided to my ears by the old man's trembling lips as we sat by the river-side in the evening twilight. "And now, sir," M. Darron at the door of my hotel, and retire to my room, pondering on what I had heard. As I went up, I had not fully fathomed the mystery of that household; M. Darron, I feared, had concealed from me the worst calamity—the one that would end in death—that threatens his daughter.

The next day I found that I could not be regarded as an intrusion were I to call and inquire after Mademoiselle Darron's health. I had already no reason to suspect that the colonel was in the house of their secluded habits, the residence of the popular singer was generally known. Visitors had observed, gave prompt replies, but admitted none. For myself, I augured an exception would be permitted.

But when I presented myself to the grim custodian, she answered my inquiry with a shake of the head, and left me standing in the street. I was not sure whether her master was at home—though he wouldn't see me—could I leave a message in mine? I asked, impatiently and peevishly, and with a very bad grace, at last allowed me to enter.

It was the same room in which I by, seated in silence, by the chamber, with doors on either side communicating with other apartments. Near one of these doors stood a large Indian screen, which added to the sombre aspect of the room. Marching across the polished floor before me, Martha suddenly stopped. "Pete! where have I put my keys, then?" she exclaimed, making an excuse to leave the room. "I must have lost, I must have left them below. In two minutes, monsieur, I will return;" and she hurried down stairs with rapid steps.

But the two minutes expired, and Martha returned not; at the end of a quarter of an hour, appeared. I stood listening for the sound of her returning footsteps; but no, when I looked toward a strange noise in the room: it seemed like the breathing of an animal, and came, I thought, from behind the screen. I listened, it was still. No; there it was again—a heavy, measured respiration, close at hand. I was not mistaken. A strange fear that crept over me at the sound. I stood rooted to the ground. The next moment the screen trembled from top to bottom, and a violent figure rushed out from behind it, and stood staring at me with shining eyes. Good Heaven, it was Josephine Darron!

"Hush!" she whispered, placing her finger to her lips—"hush! you will betray me. Are you here?"

She held up Marthe's great bunch of keys, and looked at me with a look of blind terror.

"Ah, ah! you won't tell?" She jingled the bunch of keys, darted through the side-door near her, and, flinging herself on the floor of the adjoining room, burst into a loud, mad shriek of laughter.

Had I once suddenly upon her dead body lying in the room, it would not have filled me with such horror. There, grovelling on the floor in idiotic mirth, lay that beautiful and gifted girl—lay there, babbling, stricken, mad! I cast one glance at the unhappy creature, fled, and rushed down the suffocation seize me, and hastened rapidly from the room.

I have some recollection of passing Martha rushing up the stairs, and of finding the street-door wide open, but I remember nothing clearly for the first few minutes after I had made this terrible discovery.

Horrible realization of my worst fears! Josephine Darron was mad. The next morning I quitted L——, and bade farewell to my old chamber under the roof where I had viewed the first scenes of this strange drama, yet to be played out before my eyes.

CHAPTER IV.—THE CATASTROPHE.

ARRIVED at Marseilles, I found that all the distractions of travel and new scenes, powerfully as they influenced me, were unable to drive away the recollection of the old house on the Grande Rue of L—— and its inmates. At night, I saw in my dreams Josephine dancing in the costume of a fairy. I heard that fearful laughter ring in my ears. Then, when I opened my eyes, after a busy street or in a crowded quay, I would start at the sound, and my friend rallied me for having grown nervous with my continued ill-health.

The day he left I went to the *bureau des diligences* and secured a place back to Paris for the morrow.

I had a fellow-passenger, a dark, sunburned officer, who had just returned from Algiers. Colonel Rembert had been very from home for many years, and showed a lively interest in the affairs of his native land. As the day wore on, he narrated, from Algiers, where he had gained promotion and the star that seemed his dark face.

We had a most wearisome traveling I should have found the journey intolerable but for the society of my companion. Colonel Rembert days by making our way back to L——, which lay between us and Paris, and all that time the salutem sun poured down with a tropical intensity upon the dust and dusty roads.

At last we were by means of proceeding to Paris until the following day, Colonel Rembert—between whom and myself a very friendly feeling had sprung up—had the unnecessary one to the town where I was about to stay. It was not the old one on the Grande Rue, which I had left with so many emotions, but was situated in another quarter of the town, near the Rue Rivoli.

I was looking with anxiety to put some questions to the people of the hotel respecting the Darrons, and to learn having their history deceased in a public room prevented me, as we sat at table, I could see through the hotel windows some of the passers-by in the street. Suddenly, announcing Mademoiselle Darron's appearance in one of the fashionable carriages, I by.

"What a pretty man you are!" I exclaimed, as we rose from the table together. "Going home to your friends—returning to Paris; why, with those two qualities, you must be very young, or to be in the line of your circle for a month to come!"

"Why, Mr. Lennard," he replied, "a soldier's circle is in the mess-room; his friends, his brother officers. I shall not make the sensation you anticipate, I assure you;" and he laughed rather bitterly, I thought.

I looked at him earnestly as he sat turning over the leaves of a journal at a side-table. Colonel Rembert was perhaps a man to be less envied than pitied. Though he were traces of rather rough usage than that the vicissitudes of a soldier's life bring with it, he was handsome in spite of his face. His was still looking over the paper when he exclaimed,

"There is an opera, I see, in L——, to-night. Who is this going to play Amina in 'La Sonnambula?' Darron, Mademoiselle Darron, is the lady's name?"

"What! To-night? Mademoiselle Darron?" I exclaimed, snatching the paper from his hands. "Where? Where did you see it? You are wrong—you are wrong!"

"Here—see there!" and Colonel Rembert stared at me in amazement as he pointed to the paragraph. I never refused to comprehended it. There, on the printed page I held, it was announced that Josephine Darron would make her second appearance since her recent illness that very night! I stood speechless.

"Is the young lady, perhaps? Is she really so great a genius as the press of L—— would have me believe? I am curious to hear her. What say you to our going to judge for ourselves? I am at idle man to-night."

"Go?" I exclaimed; "yes, at once—this very moment. We shall yet be there in time!" and, without offering any explanation, I hurried my companion into the street. We reached the doors of the theatre before I had time even to do more than to ask myself what I was doing. Colonel Rembert had to be supposed, and on quitting L——a short time since, had left her temporarily ill. I have no recollection of his reply; I only remember that we went in with a dense crowd, and that the house was filled from floor to ceiling, five minutes after the doors were opened. Once I turned to a neighbor in the pit, and inquired of him if the principal singer had been long ill.

"La Darron? Oh no; only a little indisposition," he supposed. "We could not afford to lose our star yet—no, no;" and he shrugged his shoulders and went on laughing and talking with the friend by his side. I felt sick with apprehension. Could it be possible that I was awaiting the appearance on the stage of her whom I had last seen in a paroxysm of insanity? Josephine Darron, even had she recovered her reason, could not be returning to her profession again: the idea was monstrous, revolting. I sat beating away the wild fancies that rose up before me as I watched for the uprising of the curtain.

At length a bell tinkled, strains of music broke from the orchestra, and the curtain slowly rose. I could see nothing at first for the sudden agitation that came over me; then, when I had grown calmer, I beheld the group of village maidens awaiting the appearance of Amina. After the opening music had been sung, there was a silvery laugh heard, and the next moment, to the wild audience of the audience, the heroine came on. She was there—there for the thunders of applause that burst forth, then advanced to the front of the stage and began to sing her. She has reached the foot-lights, and stands in the full blaze of the whole house. It is none other—it is Josephine Darron!

To see her standing there, beautiful and self-possessed, with that clear voice flowing from her in my memory, was at once the saddest and most appalling contradiction. Mademoiselle Darron, in my mind, had turned only white, and stood trembling in every limb. There was a wild gleam in her eyes as she came on, that was fixed on me where I sat, as though she beheld a spectre there. The audience, still, started almost in a whisper, gazed at her as at one possessed; the orchestra grew mute while a terrific silence settled over the whole house. Then, as if to save Mademoiselle Darron's reason in us that she stares thus wildly? Her lips would be thought she was about to sing, but her head is pressed on her brow, the other on her heart; she has overdosed; she is going mad. The next moment a loud cry rang through the house, and Josephine Darron fell, like one dead, upon the stage.

The whole house was a scene of uproar; on all sides there was a clamoring of voices and disorder. I saw the leader certain sliding down, and behind a gray-haired old man carried out from the orchestra. I saw the curtain fall on the figure grasped as though in a vice by the companion at my side. Colonel Rembert seemed suffocating. Great drops of sweat stood upon his brow, and his nostrils seemed issued from his chest. With an immense effort he rose, and made his way through the crowd of human beings about us. I followed on his steps, harassing to know not whither, but conscious that a crisis was at hand.

I have a recollection of traversing lobbies and dingy passages, and of diving into many delightful recesses, of coming suddenly upon motley groups in stage costume. On all sides they gave way before my companion; there was that in his air that told them it would be dangerous to interrupt him. At last, suddenly we reached a green-room; there, surrounded by the frightened people of the place, lay Josephine Darron, pale and lifeless, as they had borne her from the stage. Colonel Rembert was at her side in a moment. One glance at her face, one touch of her hand, told him that the right by which he approached her thus: it was Fabien de Molèon who knelt by her couch.

"Air—air!" he cried; and he put aside the thronging women, and took her in his arms.

"Monsieur, monsieur!" and he hastened to assert authority there.

"Where is her father? Where is her home here? Who knows?"

He looked round, and his eye caught mine. I was endeavoring to rouse M. Darron, who, during almost insensible on a bench near. The old man heard his name pronounced, and rose.

"Home, Fabien? Yes; what is it? I am better now; we must go home. O God, my daughter!" He had caught sight of his child as he spoke, and had suddenly a knowledge of what had happened.

I had no time for a consultation. I turned to will Colonel Rembert it was at the door. My anxiety to remove them from this place was great; I dreaded the exposure of the child to the world's prejudiced recovery. Perhaps, now, her reason had fled forever!

When at last we reached the old house on the Grande Place, it tortured me to think of the terrible discovery that we have Colonel Rembert to make. Little did he dream, as he bore his loved burden up to the old chamber, what a terrible surprise had wrought there. I could have prayed, as I saw her lying in his arms, that that might be death which locked on her face. Better her spirit should pass away thus, than return to a home where there was darkness deeper than that of the grave.

But no, she lives! Josephine Darron stirs, sighs, then opens her eyes, and gazes up into the face bending over her. There is a sharp cry, her face—a smile of reason—of deep content. We stand around her in silence. Then, Colonel Rembert, and L. Josephine is speaking to De Molèon in a low and gentle voice; Martha, the grim, grandfather-like Martha, is weeping; M. Darron is gazing at them with a working face; and I—I am awaking from the nightmare that has oppressed me for some many weeks.

So, there in a strange figure hovering in the room-ground! The door at the further end of the room has slowly opened, and *another Josephine* stands shadowy at the portal!

"O Heaven! it is Louise!" screams Martha, wringing her hands in dismay.

"Louise, my poor Louise; come here, sister." Josephine Darron half rose from her couch, and spoke in the tone in which one addresses a child. "You love to see me happy, Louise? Well, I am happy, very happy, to-night." She drew the former figure to her side and kissed her on the brow.

The girl looked strangely at us, then laughed a low, elastic laugh, and began playing with Josephine's long hair. Even there, side by side, there is the same likeness to be seen; and as I gaze at

them, the secret of that gloomy household, the mystery of many years, reveals itself to my wondering eyes. In that blighted creature crooning at Josephine's side, I recognize the spectre that has long haunted me—it is Mademoiselle Darron's twin-sister.

It was a strange scene on which the moon then shot that night in the old chamber. I see it all before me now: the grim-faced Marthe; the gray-bristled father; the poor idiot girl, twining her long fingers in her sister's hair; and, bright centre of it all, Josephine, white-robed, shining in her beauty, and head clasped in that of the sun-burned soldier.

There remains little to be said. Ere I quitted Nemours, Josephine became—Darron being the name, as I have said, which she had assumed on entering her profession—became the wife of Colonel de Mole, lion. Our intimacy, commenced so strangely, continues to this day, and, until the progress his children may know to me, I little dreamed of the beauty and heroism Josephine's life had displayed. Bound by a promise to her dying mother never to forsake her twin-sister, nor to leave her to the care of others, she had nobly fulfilled that charge. Aided by their old servant, Marthe, she had watched over her with a devotion that was sublime in its sacrifice of self. She had been present at the docile affection of the idiot girl. In her wildest moods Louise was obedient to Josephine's voice; and often, when some cruel fancy or wild excitement preyed on the poor sufferer, the gentle sister would rouse her by song, and sing the maniac girl to sleep.

When these and other things were made known to me in the days that followed, I felt that beautiful as the life of the young singer had seemed in my eyes, viewed in the light of her genius and her rewrapt, yet its truest beauties had been those known only to her own household on the Grande Place of Nemours.

A Good Fight.

BY CHARLES READE.

AUTHOR OF "LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG," ETC.

CHAPTER X.

MARGARET cut off a huge piece of venison, and ran to the window, and threw it to the green eyes of fire. They darted on it with a savage snarl; and there was a sound of mending and crunching; of this wonderful meal turned utterly a nay to near and loud it rang through the house, and the three at the window shrank together. But as they did not feared for his support, and glided swiftly and stealthily away with it toward the woods, and the very next moment heroes and men and dogs came bitter-shelter peal the window, and followed her full cry. Martin and his companions bestowed again: the leopard was swift, and would not be caught within a league of their house.

To table once more, and Gerard drank to woman's wit: "Is stronger than man's force," said he.

"Ay," said Margaret, "when those she loves are in danger; not else."

Tooth-picked Gerard with her longer than usual, and went home prouder than ever of her, and happy as a prince. Some little distance down home, under the shadow of some trees, he encountered two figures: they almost barred his way.

It was his father and mother.

A cold chill fell on him.

Fife-sergeant looked at them: they stood grim and silent. He stammered out some words of inquiry:

"What brought them out so late?"

"Why ask?" said his father; "you can guess why we are here."

"Oh, Gerard!" said his mother, with a voice full of reproach and yet of affection.

Gerard's knees shook: he was silent.

Then his father pitied his confusion, and said to him:

"Nay, you need not to hang your head. You are not the first young fool that has been caught by a red cloak and a pair of silver eyes."

"No, no!" put in Catherine: "it was witchcraft. Peter the Magician is well known to be one."

"Come, Sir Priest," resumed his father. "You know you must not meddle with women-folk. But give us your promise to go no more to Sevenbergen, and none all ends: we won't be hard on you for one fault."

"I can't promise that, father."

"Not promise it, you young hypocrite."

"Nay, father, I will not tell me not to: I locked courage to tell you what I know would vex you; and right resolved am I to that good friend, and to that maidfather let you know."

"Oh, dear, I love Margaret: and she is not to be priest, for a priest I will never be. I will die sooner."

"Hast we shall see, young man. Come, gainsay me no more; you will learn what 'tis to offend a father."

Gerard held his peace; and the three walked home in gloomy silence, broken only by a deep sigh or two from Catherine.

From that hour the little house at Tergen was no longer the abode of peace. Gerard was taken to task next day before the whole family; and every voice was loud against him, except little Kate's and the dwarf's, who was apt to take the lad's part, but without knowing why. As for Cornelis and Sybrandt, they were bitterer than their father. Gerard was dismayed at finding so many enemies, and looked wistfully into his little sister's face: her eyes were brimming at the harsh words showered on one who but yesterday was the universal pet. But she gave him no encouragement: she turned her head away from him, and said;

"Dear, dear Gerard, pray to Heaven to cure you of this folly! What, are you against me, too," said Gerard, sadly, and he rose with a deep sigh, and left the house and went to Sevenbergen.

The beginning of a quarrel, where the parties are bound by affection though opposed in interest and humanity, is comparatively innocent; both are in the right at first starting, and then it is that a calm, judicious friend, capable of seeing both sides, is a gift from Heaven. For the longer the dissension endures, the wider and deeper it grows by the fallibility and irascibility of human nature: these are not confined to either side, and finally the invariable end is reached—both in the wrong.

The combatants were unequally matched. Gerard's sister was angry, Cornelis and Sybrandt soldier; but Gerard, having a larger and more cultivated mind, saw both sides where they saw but one, and had of necessity more, and more subtle, but unhappy. He was lonely too in this struggle: He could open his heart to no one. Margaret was a high-spirited girl: he dared not tell her what he had to endure at home: she was capable of siding with her family, and of resenting his slights at the cost of her own happiness. Margaret Van Eyck had been a great comfort to him on another occasion; but now he dared not make her his confidante. Her own history was well known. Lysbeth she had many offers of marriage; but refused them all for the sake of that art to which her mother's duties are so fatal: that she remained single and painted with her brothers. How could he tell her that he declined the benefice which, on the one hand, promised ill for the sake of that which at his age she had despised and sacrificed so lightly?

Gerard at this period bade fair to succumb. But the other side had a horrible ally in Catherine Senior. The good-hearted but uneducated woman could not, like her daughter, act quietly and firmly: and her love could she act upon a plan. She irritated Gerard at times, and so helped him, for anger is a great sustainer of the courage: at others she tormented him with anxiety and made onslaughts on her own forces. To take a single instance out of many: one day that Gerard was at home, Catherine and all, Cornelis said: "Our Gerard

is not himself at all. He is not the same boy he was. He is changed."

"Not what it will be when you marry?" cried Catherine. "Gerard can paint, Gerard can write, but what can you do to keep a woman, I'm sure I don't. Naught but wait for your father's shoes. Oh, we can see why you and Sybrandt would not have the poor boy to marry. You are afraid he will come to us for a share of our substance. And suppose he does, and suppose we give it him, it isn't yours to say nay, and mayhap never will be."

The sheer accusation Gerard would slyly, and picked up heart: and temporary confusion fell on Catherine's unfortunate allies. But at last, after a pause, she was moved to irritation, and the climax. The father told the son before the whole family that ordered the burgomaster to imprison him in the Stadthouse rather than let him marry Margaret. Gerard turned pale with anger at this, but by a great effort held his peace. The father went on to say, "And a priest you shall be before you wed a man, silly wife!"

"It is so?" cried Gerard. "Then hear me all. By God and St. Bavon I swear I will never be a priest while Margaret lives. Since force is to decide it, and not love and duty, try force, father; but force shall not serve you, for this day I vow to the Burgomaster come for me I leave Tergen forever, and Holland too, and my father's house, where I am not loved as I have been used to be, and not for myself, but for what is to be got out of me."

And he burst out of the room while with anger and desperation.

"There!" cried Catherine, "that comes of driving young folk too hard. But men are crueler than tigers, even to their own flesh and blood. Now, Heaven forbid he should ever leave us, married or single."

As Gerard came out of the house, his cheeks pale and his heart panting, he met Richt Heynes: she had a message for him: Margaret Van Eyck desired to see him. He found the old lady cordial grim as a judge. She wasted no time in preliminaries, but inquired coldly why he had not visited her of late; before he could answer, she said, in a sarcastic tone, "I thought we had been friends, young Sir?"

At this Gerard looked the picture of doubt and perplexity.

"It is because you never told her you were in love," said Richt Heynes, divining his confusion.

"Silence, wench! Why should he tell us his affairs? We are not his friends: we have not deserved his confidence."

"Alas! my second mother," said Gerard, "I did not dare to tell you my wish!"

"What folly? Is it folly to love?"

"I am told on every day of my life."

"You are told you have been afraid to tell my mistress; she is always kind to true lovers."

"Madam—Richt—I was afraid, because I was told—"

"Well? you were told—"

"That in your family you scorned love, preferring art."

"I did, boy; and what is the end of it? Behold me here a barren stock, while the women of my youth have a troop of children at their side, and grandchildren at their knee. I gave up the sweets joys of widehood and motherhood for what? for my dear pictures: they have gone and left me long ago—for my art; it has left me too. I have the knowledge still, but what avails that when the hand trembles? No, Gerard; I look on you as one of my son. You are good, you are handsome, you are a painter, though not like mine I have known. I will never let you throw your youth away as I did mine: you shall marry this Margaret. I have inquired, and she is a good daughter. Richt here is a gossip. She has told me all about it. But that was a kindness not to tell me."

"Nay, I know not that; but it has been the desire of my heart to tell you all. But you know of all the arts. Oh madam! but the journey, and we are all so poor."

"Find you the heart to go, I'll find the means. I know where to lay my hand on ten golden angels to take you to Rome; and the girl will go with you if she loves you as she ought."

They sat till midnight over this theme. And, after that day, Gerard received his epistles, and seemed to carry some secret talisman against all the gripes and the harsh words that flew about in earshot.

Besides the money she procured him for the journey, Margaret Van Eyck gave him a letter to Vivarini. Said she, "I will tell you secrets that I learnt from masters that are gone from us, and have also no fellow behind. Even the Italians know not every thing; and what I tell you now in Tergen you may add hear in Rome. Note my best colors and my pictures: time, which fades all other paintings, leaves but a richer bright to the day they left the easel. The reason is, he did nothing blindly, nothing in a hurry. He trusted to no hireling to grind his colors; he did it himself, as I saw it done. Bright oil was prepared, and prepared again—I will show you how—and then he laid not a picture on, but one of them are quite content to have their work rocked up and lest sooner than not be in a hurry—[nil admirari nisi qui in a hurry]. Above all, work hard, I warn you never boil your oil; boiling it melts that vegetable fat into its very heart and soul, and it will turn muddy: that is much from the oil. Put the dipp water candidly away, and let the oil cook. When that is poured away, you will fancy the oil is clear. You are mistaken. Richt, fetch us that?" Richt brought a glass trough with a glass lid fitting tight. "When your oil has been boiled in paste, put it into this trough with water, and put the trough in the sun all day. You will see the water turbid again. But mark, you must not expect to see it clear, or the sun will bring your oil to varnish. When it is as clear as crystal and not too thick, drain carefully and cook it a little longer. Grind your primes colors, and lay them on with this oil, and they shall live. Haleen will say that I have got it all from Italy; but I have not: my father would not go to Italy. Nothing remained me but to inherit his knowledge. Breathe of his wisdom, and to publish the bees as quickly as possible. He went to Sevenbergen earlier than usual on both these occasions. Again with Margaret; told her of the Dame Van Eyck's goodness, and she manifestion he had come to at last, and invited her co-operation.

She refused it plump.

CHAPTER XI.

"NO, Gerard; you and I have never spoken of your family, but when you are in Italy you must paint your own again. Nay, I do think your father has no objection to me more than to another. He told Peter Claessens so much, and Peter told me. But no long as he is so bent on your being a priest (you ought to be, Gerard, and you shall be, if you love me), I will not marry you, Gerard, dearly as I love you."

Gerard strove in vain to shake this resolution. He found it very easy to make her cry, but impossible to make her yield. Then Gerard was impatient and unjust.

"Very well" he cried; "then you are on their side, and you will drive me to be a priest, for the must end one way or another. My parents hate me in earnest, but my lower only loves me in fun!"

And with this wild, bitter speech he flung away home again, and left Margaret weeping.

Soon there were two pair of wet eyes over his story, and when the house boy saw him, there were three.

Women are justly famous for courage. Theirs is not exactly the same quality as manly courage; that would never do, hang it all; we should have to give up trampling on them. No; it is a religious courage. They never take part in a bullfight by any chance; but it is remarked that they sit at one unshaken by those tremors and apprehensions for the combatants to which the male species is—feeble-minded wretch!—is subject. Nothing can exceed the resolution with which they have been known to send forth men to battle a nome witty dog says, "Les femmes sont très braves vers le peau d'autrui."

By this trait Gerard now profited. Margaret and Richt were agreed that a man should always take the bull by the horns. Gerard's only course was to marry Margaret Brandt off-hand; the old people would come to after a while, the deed once done. Whereas, the longer this misunderstanding continued on its present footing the worse for all parties, especially for Gerard.

"See how pale and thin they have made him among them."

"Indeed you are, Master Gerard," said Richt.

"It makes a body sad to see a young man so eaten out of house. Mistress, when I must look in the street to-day, I had like to have burst out crying—he was so changed."

"And I by the sight of his others keep their colour, Richt? such as it is."

"Oh, I see no odds in them."

"Of course not. We painters are no match for lovers. We are glass, they are stone. We can't stand the worry, worry, worry of little minds; and it is not for the good of mankind we should be exposed to it. It is hard enough, God knows! to design and paint a masterpiece, without having gnats and flies stinging us to death into the bargain."

Exasperated as Gerard was by his father's threats of violence, he listened to these friendly voices telling him his most prudent course was rebellion. But though he listened, he was not convinced.

"Margaret is afraid of violence," he said "but I do fear his anger. When it came to the point he would not imprison me. I would marry Margaret to-morrow if that was my only fear. My father would disown me. I should take Margaret from her father, and give her to a poor husband, who would never thrive, weighed down by his parent's curse. No, Richt, I cannot sometimes think I could but marry her secretly, and then take her away to some country where my craft is better paid than in Italy; and when my father's wrath was warm has blown over, you know, could come back with money in my pocket, and—and—Oh, Richt, indeed, we do not seek your substance; we but ask you to leave us as once more as you used, and as we have never ceased to love you."

Richt was touched by this appeal, and from these are the dreams of an inexperienced young man.

The old lady's eyes sparkled.

"It is no dream, but a piece of wonderful common sense, and I will tell you why. Because whether you have spirit to carry out your own thought, Master Gerard, or not, Providence has decided for you, awaits you at this moment. Here the arts fresh, but there they flourish, as they never yet flourished in any age or land.

"It is Italy!" cried Gerard. "It is Italy!"

"Yes, Italy—where pensioned and honored by princes, and services are paid three hundred crowns for copying a single manuscript. Know you not that Jan Eyckens was sent by Duke Philip to copy land for skilful scribes to copy the hundreds of manuscripts collected by that magnificent prince, delivered land from Constantinople, whence learning and learned men are driven by the barbarous Turks.

"Nay, I know not that; but it has been the dream of my youth to see it, and the hope the dream of all the arts. Oh madam! but the journey, and we are all so poor."

"Find you the heart to go, I'll find the means. I know where to lay my hand on ten golden angels to take you to Rome; and the girl will go with you if she loves you as she ought."

They sat till midnight over this theme. And, after that day, Gerard received his epistles, and seemed to carry some secret talisman against all the gripes and the harsh words that flew about in earshot.

Besides the money she procured him for the journey, Margaret Van Eyck gave him a letter to Vivarini. Said she, "I will tell you secrets that I learnt from masters that are gone from us, and have also no fellow behind. Even the Italians know not every thing; and what I tell you now in Tergen you may add hear in Rome. Note my best colors and my pictures: time, which fades all other paintings, leaves but a richer bright to the day they left the easel. The reason is, he did nothing blindly, nothing in a hurry. He trusted to no hireling to grind his colors; he did it himself, as I saw it done. Bright oil was prepared, and prepared again—I will show you how—and then he laid not a picture on, but one of them are quite content to have their work rocked up and lest sooner than not be in a hurry—[nil admirari nisi qui in a hurry]. Above all, work hard, I warn you never boil your oil; boiling it melts that vegetable fat into its very heart and soul, and it will turn muddy: that is much from the oil. Put the dipp water candidly away, and let the oil cook. When that is poured away, you will fancy the oil is clear. You are mistaken. Richt, fetch us that?" Richt brought a glass trough with a glass lid fitting tight. "When your oil has been boiled in paste, put it into this trough with water, and put the trough in the sun all day. You will see the water turbid again. But mark, you must not expect to see it clear, or the sun will bring your oil to varnish. When it is as clear as crystal and not too thick, drain carefully and cook it a little longer. Grind your primes colors, and lay them on with this oil, and they shall live. Haleen will say that I have got it all from Italy; but I have not: my father would not go to Italy. Nothing remained me but to inherit his knowledge. Breathe of his wisdom, and to publish the bees as quickly as possible. He went to Sevenbergen earlier than usual on both these occasions. Again with Margaret; told her of the Dame Van Eyck's goodness, and she manifestion he had come to at last, and invited her co-operation.

She refused it plump.

CHAPTER XI.

"NO, Gerard; you and I have never spoken of your family, but when you are in Italy you must paint your own again. Nay, I do think your father has no objection to me more than to another. He told Peter Claessens so much, and Peter told me. But no long as he is so bent on your being a priest (you ought to be, Gerard, and you shall be, if you love me), I will not marry you, Gerard, dearly as I love you."

Gerard strove in vain to shake this resolution. He found it very easy to make her cry, but impossible to make her yield. Then Gerard was impatient and unjust.

"Very well" he cried; "then you are on their side, and you will drive me to be a priest, for the must end one way or another. My parents hate me in earnest, but my lower only loves me in fun!"

And with this wild, bitter speech he flung away home again, and left Margaret weeping.

THE RAIN.

BY EGBERT PHELPS.

Hear the rain, how it patters
On the roof!
How each tiny globule clatters
On the roof!
With its watery, rushing song,
Painter now, and now more strong,
Making music all night long
On the roof!

How it varies in its noises
Overhead!
With its thousand tiny voices
Overhead!
And I can not lose the rhyme,
For I listen all the time
To its never-ceasing chimo
Overhead!

On the good and on the evil
Still it falls;
Angel, sprite, or human devil,
Still it falls!
Merrily singing as it yields
Blessings to the thirsty fields,
What a fondly power it wields
As it falls!

Mountain, valley, brook, and river,
Bless the rain;
And the dancing leaflets quiver
With the rain:
Save the sparkling, crystal drop
In the silver lily's cup,
How the thirsty earth drinks up
All the rain!

How the floods to-night are falling
On the graves!
With their weirdly voices calling
O'er the graves!
Where the friends we loved of yore,
Now that weary life is o'er,
Weep its cares and ills no more
In their graves.

But as seeds that in the earth
Buried lie,
Ripening for the spring-time birth
Where they lie,
After winter's gloomy reign,
Neath the pellings of the rain,
Shall spring up to life again
Where they lie;

So the forms we bury low
'Neath the sod,
While the living tear-drops flow
O'er the sod,
Are but kernels hid from view,
Soon to spring in joy anew,
And eternal youth renew
With their God.

There are graves in every heart,
Hid from view;
Silent, lonely, and apart
From the view:
Where the funeral rites are said,
And the bitter tears are shed,
O'er the spirit's cherished dead,
Hid from view.

There is gloom in every soul,
Dark and drear;
Harrowing grief beyond control,
Doubt and fear:
But in sorrow's dark decline
Flashes of a light divine,
In their radiant glory shine,
On us here.

Softly fall, gentle rain!
Overhead;
There are voices in thy strain
Overhead;
That recall old memories dear,
And I love to listen here
To the burden that they bear
Overhead.

ALEXANDRIA, LOUISIANA.

GOVERNOR WISE, OF VIRGINIA.

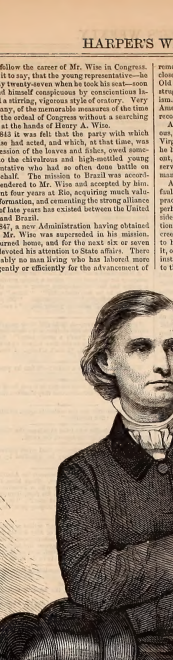
We present our readers this week with a portrait of Governor Henry A. Wise, of Virginia, one of the most prominent politicians of the Union. The portrait, we should mention, was printed on wood at Mr. Brady's photographic establishment in this city.

Mr. Wise was born at Drummond Town, Accomac County, Virginia, on 3d December, 1806, and is, therefore, at the present time, only fifty-two years of age. His family were enabled to give him a good education; he graduated at Washington College, Pennsylvania, and subsequently studied law. On his admission to the bar he removed to Nashville, Tennessee—a town which has witnessed the maiden efforts of not a few of our prominent statesmen. After two years' residence at Nashville, however, the people of Accomac offered to send him to Congress if he would return to his early home. He did so; the promise was kept; and Henry A. Wise made his début, in 1833, in Congress at a time when that body was singularly rich in eloquent and thoughtful men.

It would be foreign to the purpose of this journal to follow the career of Mr. Wise in Congress. Suffice it to say, that the young representative—he was only twenty-seven when he took his seat—soon rendered himself conspicuous by conscientious labor and a stirring, vigorous style of oratory. Very few, if any, of the memorable measures of the time passed the ordeal of Congress without a searching review at the hands of Henry A. Wise.

In 1843 it was felt that the party with which Mr. Wise had acted, and which, at that time, was in possession of the loaves and fishes, owed something to the chivalrous and high-settled young representative who had so often done battle on their behalf. The mission to Brazil was accordingly tendered to Mr. Wise and accepted by him. He spent four years at Rio, acquiring much valuable information, and cementing the strong alliance which of late years has existed between the United States and Brazil.

In 1847, a new Administration having obtained power, Mr. Wise was superseded in his mission. He returned home, and for the next six or seven years devoted his attention to State affairs. There is probably no man living who has labored more intelligently or efficiently for the advancement of



GOVERNOR WISE, OF VIRGINIA.—[PHOTOGRAPHED ON WOOD BY BRADY.]

Virginia, or the development of her material resources, than Henry A. Wise. No one is more thoroughly a master of her various agricultural, manufacturing, and industrial concerns than he. His letters on the oyster trade; on the finances of Virginia, especially those which followed the crisis of 1857; on the railroad system of Virginia, and kindred topics, should be collected in a volume, and published for the instruction of statesmen and the enlightenment of the people of the Old Dominion.

In 1855, it will be remembered, the Know Nothing party, which had suddenly sprung up, was riding victory after victory throughout the Union, and achieving results which appalled the Democracy. It is probable that many of the Know Nothing leaders expected the aid of all who, in former times, had acted in the Whig ranks against the Democracy. If so, they were disappointed in regard to Mr. Wise. Know Nothingism had made prodigious strides in Virginia; to meet its progress, the Democrats perceived that they must run their strongest man for Governor, and the man they chose to be their standard-bearer on the occasion was Henry A. Wise. The canvass will long be remembered—not only as the most bitter and closest gubernatorial contest ever known in the Old Dominion, but as the final and conclusive struggle between Democracy and Know Nothingism. As every one knows, Wise was victorious; Americanism, as it was sometimes called, never recovered from the blow.

As Governor, Mr. Wise has been active, laborious, and useful. Long after he has passed away, Virginia will derive advantage from the measures he has projected, and the measures he has carried out, for the development of her resources. He deserves emphatically to be known as a practical man.

As a politician, Mr. Wise has both merits and faults. He is honest, whole-souled, eloquent, practical; but he is also ambitious to a degree, and perhaps too fond of writing long letters to be considered safe by the political canvasses and conventions which are so potent in our day. An indiscreet utterance by Governor Wise has been used to his injury when its author had long forgotten it, or had changed his opinions entirely. Such, for instance, was the famous saying ascribed to him to the effect that he thanked God there was not a newspaper in his County. The letter to Mr. D. Donnelly, which we published in our last number, is another example of the fatal fluency of his pen. This letter, it is now apparent, was drawn from him insidiously; it was written in the strictest confidence; and though its publication places the Governor in an awkward position, we confess that we know not where to look for a leading politician who could afford to have his private and confidential correspondence thus treacherously exposed to the public eye.

In person Governor Wise is striking; his eye burns with the fire of genius, and his action in speaking is singularly electrical. In debate he is courteous and intrepid; probably no Southern orator of the present day possesses in so high a degree the power of fascinating an audience. In all the relations of life, Governor Wise typifies in a very admirable manner true Southern chivalry.

Two of Governor Wise's sons are known to the public. One of them, Rev. Henry A. Wise, Jun., as an eloquent and learned preacher; and the other, Mr. O. Jennings Wise, as the Editor of the *Richmond Enquirer*, and a powerful and sagacious journalist.

OUR NEWPORT CORRESPONDENCE.

*The Crowd of Visitors.—The Drive on the Beach.—*B——*'s Four-in-hand.—*L. Monsieur Valet.—*The B——s—Four Equestrians.—Tortured Children.—The Fast young Men demolished at a Stroke.—The Party at the Fishhouses.—Miss Cowan of Baltimore.—Mrs. S——.—Mrs. B——d.—Angels in white Muslin.—Mrs. J——nes and Miss C——y of Boston.—Delights of Newport.

CLIFFS HOUSE, NEWPORT, *Aug.* 13.

It is as we supposed; we are quite full here now. The appalling hosts of other places have proved Newport's opportunity; and here it has really been nothing to complain of—only warmth enough to suggest how dreadful it must be elsewhere, and to prompt a thought of gratitude that we comfortably out of it.

In consideration of this languid state of the atmosphere, and which still continues, we shall leave the gay doings of cottage and chateau alike unnoticed this week, and rush out into the Bellevue, and recall its sea-breezes, and review its brilliant company. There has been a good beach most afternoons, which means that the tide of waters has been at its lowest, and the ebb of fashion at its highest point. There is, it is well known, nothing so exhilarating as rapid exercise in the open air, and on the beach the very horses seem to participate in the excitement, and, meeting with pleasure at the sea-breeze, trot off exultingly.

Here comes tearing down the hill B—— I——'s four-in-hand. We designate this gentleman as others do, the rather that we often noticed that when a man is thus called by a familiar name it is because he is popular with his acquaintances. The ladies in the carriage on the right and left look out alarmed as the team dashes by; but fear nothing, Madam, the cattle are admirably managed, and you may see your coachman is looking at them not in uneasiness but in admiration, and he knows better than you do what good driving is.

A light carriage and a smart pair of horses glide in among the others, and we recognize by his vail, or in spite of his vail, De I——, Esq. He complains of his eyesight; but we have often thought that his selection of the companion of his afternoon drive did not indicate any defect of vision, since whenever our carriages have met on these occasions we have seen him accompanied not only by the prettiest but the youngest ladies of our society. This privilege is said to be well merited by the agreeable qualities as well as the perfectly appointed equipage of the *Monsieur vidi el cavaliero*, as we heard a Frenchman call him the other day.

And here comes a nice equipage, a sort of double phaeton and *duc* hence; and we recognize in the charioteer the pleasant countenance of A. B——, Esq., and the graceful form by his side, shrouded in deep mourning, looking so fair and young, is Mrs. B——, and the mother of that fine spirited little boy who is now trotting his pony by her side, and laughing gleefully at his apparent race with mamma.

And here come some of our fair equestrians. We have already named some of these as riding *well*, and were we to speak more plainly of others (and the majority) who ride ill, we should tell no new truth to themselves or others, for every one has a self-consciousness of what they do well, particularly riding on horseback. Let us hope these young ladies will all manage to keep in their saddles. And here comes Mr. A——'s goodly person on a goodly horse, and one was perhaps the handsomest which drew the other. Fortunate youth! One may come to worse grief than a good marriage and a charming wife.

There are many, many pretty faces smiling and nodding to us from splendid barouches and comfortable rockaways, and there are some must lovely children, but, poor innocents! why are they thus victimized with finery in this hot weather? What a trial of their patience it must have been the putting them into these embroidered and tucked and braided and be-buttoned dresses; and how hot and uncomfortable those scarlet or yellow *nodding* plumes seem to be on their foreheads! The mammas (some of them) seem to have learned for themselves the charm of sunshades, but will they be so for their offspring? We have nothing to say of "the fast" young men or their fast equipages. They are not here, and we trust that we will not even look at them, with their odious beards and cigars and pipes and cocked-up hats and "horses" has gone by; and all we will say is,

"Come out of that," if you can, and be men.

The first "ball" of the season was held last week at this hotel; but as it is so long ago, and, as it were, too *early*, we think it more civil to go at once to the party at the Fishhouses last evening. It was given in the dining-room, which was prettily decorated for the occasion with pink and white hangings, and lighted by wax-candles, which shed a more becoming radiance upon fair faces than can ever be attained by the *quinquet* glare of gas. There is one lady one always thinks of first in going to the Fishhouses House, since she has been for so many years a steady adherent of its fortunes, and is so associated with its many attrac-

tions, and she is one, too, *so justly* beloved, so gracious, so kind to all, that in saying this it is almost unnecessary to name Mrs. W. F.

We shall have so many of these parties during the season, and the description of one must be so much like another, that not to weary our readers with gauze and satin, wreaths of roses, and angels in white muslin, upon every occasion of the kind, we shall select a few, from time to time, more in some way seem to call for notice. How could we, for instance, forbear to speak of the Baltimore belle, Miss Hyde-Lyon, with her peculiar gifts of coloring, looking unlike any one else, and yet charming in every one, yet hardly ever like her self?

"It is perhaps only the attraction of youth and freshness." So you say until you look again, and decide that freshness is beauty—positive beauty; and then again you think it is only the pretty, winning manner. But it does not matter much. Miss —— is a most affectionate creature. There are many pretty women, but many we think very much overrated; and we think that many more are felt so themselves, with their silks and their natures, their Brussels lace trimmings and even jewels, beside some of the exquisitely fresh and appropriate toilets of their more judicious sister-beauties. How lovely was mucoilke-Lucy Stevenson! Mrs. S——s, in a muslin dress of delicate green and white tints, and a wreath of Parma violets around her hair! How soft and graceful—graceful she looked! We hope for their sakes that others that lingered around them did not feel the spell as potently as we acknowledge to have done.

In rich contrast to this moonlight lady was handsome Mrs. ——, of Baltimore, superbly and brilliant, with fine dark eyes, darker hair, and a round splendor form, like la Divine Montalbanese. Mrs. G——d, of New York, was very well dressed and is very handsome, with superb raven-wing hair, eye to match, and transcendental neck and shoulders. There are many of the young ladies we should like to speak of, but it is not necessary that we hesitate to draw them forth to the public gaze, but think they are, perhaps, better left, in the first freshness of their white muslin and blue, as much seclusion as what is so pretty and attractive can expect.

There were several ladies present who presented other attractions. Miss S——, of Boston, with her inconceivable gifts of conversation; Miss ——e, of the nine places, so refined, so elegant, and so courteous; female one dislikes to find fault with, and how well that stately brow would have become a coronet of strawberry leaves! But enough for to-day. Need to have descriptions of parties be kept from this gracious company, these fair scenes, by the vague remonstrances of duty or of business, but you will admit that we have drawn a captivating, aloof a true, picture of "Newport the Pleasant."

Who cares for the grumblers who say "they are weary of it"? Which is always the case, and why do So are *they always the same things*, with their vapid minds and worn-out senses. You hear some assert—as "If that is entertainment full" "full of what?" we fill the hotel society, and the hotels the cottages," but this only proves how much they are out of element and enjoyment in all, and for all. We shall return to these "grumblers" again, for we have not time to-day fully prove how unreasonable and how absurd they are. And another day we must return, too, to a fresh history of our "Pleasant" and their inmates; the chain has been broken by the press of other matters. DANE GRENVIL.

GRAVES OF THE INNOCENTS.

We stood before the "Graves of the Innocents."

As we turned reluctantly to pursue our journey, I inquired from Darley was there any legend or story connected with this sweet and pathetic little ridge-place? Regarding me with an indescribable look, he bowed forth:

"There's an odd manner in these parts, called the Manor of Frisco, belonging to the rank odd stock. They got half the country round by the law, but the odd Friscites were gallows auld chaps for wine and women, and horses, dogs, and hawks, rain and shootin, and spendin their money in foreign parts. Och! mushi! 'twas a great auld place in times gone by and the auld castle of Frisco stood still, yur honor, an would do yer heart good to look at it; every stone as perfect as the day it was built—divil a fut less than thirteen feet of it—the stone-work is in every wall of it—and you might maneuver a regiment in the auld courtyard. The last of the Friscites that was in the country-seat—he was a rale, true—shocking, and had always a wild clan about him; but there was one desperate scoundrel that used to set him on for all sorts of mischief. No good could come of it, and so the neighbors and tinants said; but this blackhearted rascal drew him so from bad to worse until he had to have the country, and this time he was made agint over the property. Och! wirra-wirra! that was a sad day for the auld stock, I'm ernel—for they never know bad thratement until then.

"I see that brake up in the mountains, there, yer honor?

"I do, Darley!"

"That's called Tubberacre?" continued he. "And my cabin stood a thirsty gunshot from the finist of the Friesrle, by the name of Con Flaherty. Can had the best farm on the estate, for he was own foreman to great Friesrle, and a man of his ways at his elbow, until this black-livered hound of an agint put him against him. Con had just been married to the prettiest Colleen Dhas in all Berry; and many an achin heart there was among the boys the day she became Mrs. Flaherty.

"Now the agint, Minthur Dan O'Mara he was called, a Dublin attorney—had took to the likes of thim—but as liquorish a tooth, and was as bad a boy as ever walked the hall or the floor entry; and many a poor father and mother's curse was upon his head, for many was the poor misfortunate girl even he left without name or character, deluded and deserted; and sure, yer honor," appealed Darley, "a man that id take an innocent girden on to ruin and destruction, and a nameless grave among strangers, to satisfy a few hours of his own bad passions, is no man at all—he's a brute-baste! Well, this was the sort of chap that had the whole of the manor of Friesrle outthher him. But the man meet his dapped his eyes on Norean Flaherty, and he was fairly illuminated about her. Now, Captain, jewel, it's very much throuble and sin to have more virtuous than another, ids an Irishwoman's to convey a beauty there's not a one now and again, but in the mane they bate creation. Norean was one of them. Norean up as she tould Minther O'Mara that if he dares to lay hands agin on her character or to make her husband lave marks upon him that he'd carry to his grave, that he loved as, and was more than a match for him, and that he'd see him—or bether-hearted couple in the counthry round; the poor never left their door empty-handed, and the strangers never went wellkins. A year rovelled on, and ther first child was born—a darlint, such a beautiful crathur—Norean would jump and clap its dawsby hands, and crow at every body, shwim it had the leg, giureon heart of father and mother in it. Con was a fine-looking young gilcen, too, and 'twas like a wee spring-flower that shwims among the grass. But the black-hearted O'Mara was working his evil plans—and he persecuted the life and soul out of poor Con Flaherty, until things became so bad that Con was forced to get himself and he shtruck the agint one day at the door of Castle Frisco with his fist, and he was finely thrashed, so poor Con was clapped into jail and kep there, and poor Norean undthervent such a persecution and had been obliged many times to throw the people said, that to save poor Con from the hulks, she did more even than she ought for him. And so that as it may, the day poor Con got out of jail and kem home, Norean died shessin' him and the purty darlint. The agint was at the bottom of and seized every thing on the farm for the rint and license due the whole 'Year of the Famine' and days after Con Flaherty rowled up his poor little gideon in his frieze coat-more and left the home that had been his and Norean's, for the miserable, ther's before him, a desperate and a ruined man, and, in a half-fit of madness, swore a deep revenge, that he would have a deep and bloody revenge on Minther Dan O'Mara.

"Well, yer honor, the agint heard that Con was goin about threatnin his life, and he went and had a pistol in his belt, and a dirk in his boot, he would make yer heart bleed if I was to tell you the way they hunted that poor fellow through the counthry, like a big black dog after a hare. Ov coorse, until the neighbors began to cry shame on him; the people had a right to their own opinions, and might or day he never left the little, dawsby, darlin Norean, the glory yer grace of his lot, ruined house and the empty firaplin in his cabin, and never kept her wrap up in his big coat, and no matter how the storm blasted, little Norean was sheltered as well bin. The neighbors at last missed him for a day or two, and when they wint to look after him they found him dead in one of the fields, with the poor little body of his little darlint clasped to the jewel of his poor broken heart. They buried the poor darlin there and then, and many is the night the people of poor Con could see a shadow sittin up upon her little grave, for his all was there.

"Con told every one he agint had to go through the Black Pass, as it was then called, and his cruelly hart quailed within him as he remembered havin heard of poor Con Flaherty's threats, and he had marthered was buried there; bud he couldn't go back, for that was certain death and destruction. So he got fairly opposite the mound his heart lepped up in his mouth as he saw a tall, dark figure walking about, as if it was the diver, and hairs did rise in his way.

"'Who's-he-s-there?' says he, with a voice that he dant stannin of an ind.

"'Me!' says a voice, that sounded more like one from under than any thing else.

"'Who are you?' says he, the voice makin him behind.

"'Con Flaherty!' was the answer.

"'Oh, you black villian!' shouts O'Mara, 'would you come for a dishclout?'

"'My wife was dishculess, and so was my child!' said O'Flaherty. 'And you murthered thim.'

"'No—no—no!' says the villain, his teeth knocking together and the hair standing on end, 'they die natural!'

"'You murthered O'Flaherty, 'twice-to-night,' says he, 'I had you covered, and the waving of a blade of grass would have sent your soul to its long all round the country, and on the anniversary of their deaths, if the father or mother are able to travel at all, they come to the grave to pray, and dress it with fresh flowers and garlands: and they think that the spirit of their child is watchin and prayin for them, and would go to glory for the honor, while I tell you that many a black and foul deed has been prevented by a pilgrimage to the VALLEY OF THE INNOCENTS!"

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A LAWYER, who was sometimes forgetful, having been engaged to plead the cause of an offender, began by saying, "I know the prisoner at the bar, and he bears the character of being a consummate and most impudent scoundrel!" Here somebody whispered to him that the prisoner was his client. "I mean," continued the lawyer, "the other prisoner at the bar." But what great and good man ever tried who was not astonished by many of his contemporaries?

MARRIED THE NURSE OF IT.—"Talking of getting a good deal out of a little piece of land," said Simeon, "why, I bought an acre of old Mr. Jones, planted it all over with potatoes and the other with corn." "I thought you and you bought only one acre, Simeon," remarked the listener. "How could you plant two?" "Very easily, Sir; I stood it up on end, and planted both sides of it."

A pedagogue had two pupils, Dick and Tom. To one he was very partial, and to the other very severe. One morning it happened that both were late, and were called to account for it, and each made the following reply, here—why did you not come?" "Please, Sir," said his favorite, "I overslept myself." "And you, you rascal?" said I thought the school bell was the cloanbell but that I was goin to," was the reply. "Why, if any genius of excuse like yourself;" "and now, Sir," turning to the other, "what excuse have you to offer?" "Why, Sir," the puzzled boy, "I—I was waiting to see Tom off."

"I rejoice," said a sage of the tribe of Penobscot, "but these things to make me happy." "Why, Sir?" inquired a pale-face. "Because," was the reply, "I am a man." "Bum." "Well, what is the child?" "Why," said the philosopher, "a little more rum."

A jester in the court of Francis I. complained that a favored lord treated him with scorn. The king at once began joking about him. "If he does so," said the King, "I will make him do it in five minutes before." "Your majesty could hang him five minutes before," replied the jester.

A NEW DARDE.—"Shall I have the pleasure of your company for the next set?" asked a gentleman in front of a pretty but not well-educated young woman at a ball. "What is to be danced?" she replied. "The Lancers," the young man, referring to his programme. "Oh, you must excuse me, Sir," said the young lady; "I can't dance Latin!"

LITTLE DIGBY.—A little girl, three years old, was riding in a train with her mother, a few days since, when a lady stranger, Miss ——'s guest, got on the cars, and Digby's aunt fished for as she drew herself up to her full height, and replied, "I ain't a lady. I wear boots and hoops."

When is a lover like a tailor?—When he presses his suit.

How is it that the trees can put on a new dress without opening their Privies?—Because they inter-out their summer clothing.

Did any one ever see the umbrella again which he had lent for the "benefit of humanity?"

The Funnnbulum who tried to balance the North Pole, got seriously cut by the axes of the earth.

The Cincinnati Commercial says: "Among gunsmiths are two short, the difficulty may be remedied by wearing thick soles."

The battle of Koke, fought between the Austrians and Prussians, was lost by the latter. Their king, immediately after the battle, published a proclamation in which he had received a wound in his face, inquired, "Is there any general who has got his nose cut off?" and replied the soldier, "where your majesty *paint the redcoats*."

"A worthy but poor minister," writes a friend from the country, "has received a loan of fifty dollars from a cashier of our bank; and in the note requesting the favor, he says he would 'pay in as soon as the first of next January.'" The cashier returned word, that by the rules of the bank the dividends must come in by July.

A farce was produced in Bannister's time under the title of "Fire and Water."

The critics in the pit said he.

"What fate?" whispered the anxious author in his ear.

"Why," replied the manager, "unfortunate: "why, what can fire and water produce but a hiss?"

A COMPREHEND.—A few days since an old tiger died and was buried. Some of the clergymen in the vicinity listened to the testimony of the surgeon, and suggested that perhaps the tiger was not dead. The surgeon had no object. "Mr. Coroner," said he, "I have known the animal to breathe after he was dead, and I have known a noise uncount all that time. To say that such a man can die and come to life again is a contradiction of terms. It can't be done." Those who—he never has any time to lose—will be glad to learn that the Coroner's jury, in their verdict on the tiger, found no fault with the surgeon's verdict I am willing to sign the difference—got the tiger's death, and that he had died "from the effects of brandy and water on the brain." The verdict was unanimous, was so returned.

A stranger from the country observing an ordinary ruler rule on the table, took it up, and inquiring its use, remarked, "I know a rule for counting money, which is well bred, as to assisted politeness, to ask unnecessary questions, which last, is rare and even, and an unusual occurrence, often in the harness of bullied curiosity, inquired, "Where is the rule?" "Number, do you count money with that?" "Yes."

"Pray, madam, what do you charge for recovering an umbrella?" said Mistress O'Flaherty, from Tipperary, the other day, stopping into an umbrella shop.

"Let me see it," was the reply.

"Why, what's the use of that? just what I want to do: for I've lost one, and I see you stick to your umbrellas for a very small charge." "Step this way, madam, and you to recover mine."

"Why don't you ask your street-beat to marry you?" "I have asked her."

"You did and she refused you?"

"Oh, I've the *refusal* of her."

Fatality is sometimes *unusual*, as well as gentleness. Many a man has many ideas in his head, and many a wife wives in sheep's clothing.

Many a man's eyesight is so poor that you may see as much as is to be seen; by the use of another kind of glasses you may see twice as much.

An inordinate desire to obtain possession of secrets is an unerring indication of inability to keep them.

"Don't your teeth leak, captain, when it rains?" "No, madam, they always pitch overboard."

In the Talmud there is a terrible figure descriptive of the fate of lying and its liars. "Once upon a time," it says, seven years ago, a carpenter dropped his axe, and it fell, and not only reached the bottom.

A decent man in Hawick was telling his wife of the war, and that in consequence the price of meat was rising; "I'll tell you what, replied the woman, "I'll not pay it; I will raising the price of meat do to the war?"

A French regiment, at the battle of Solferino, had orders to give no quarter. A German officer being taken, begged for his life. "Sir," replied the commanding officer, "I may ask me any other favor; but as to quarter, I may as well as impossible for me to grant it."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW BOOKS.
MITCHELL'S LOVE (Ianuari, 31 Illustrations). $1.25
AMERICA'S PERSONAL LIBERTY MENACED. $1.25
HARTLEY NORMAN. The Novel. $1.25
BACHELOR'S BUTTONS. By Mrs. Southworth. $1.25
THE VAGABOND. Skeleton by Budens. $1.00
Sent by mail, *post-paid*, on receipt of price.
** Sent by mail, *post-paid*, on receipt of price, by
BUDD & CARLETON, Publishers,
139 Grand Street, New York.

Now Ready
WELLS' NEW DAIRY, GEOGRAPHICAL, and STATISTICAL CHART OF THE WAR IN ITALY AND GERMANY. Size 22 by 28 inches, fully colored, 20 cents. Sent post-paid.
Also, a NEW AND COMPLETE ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF THE WAR IN ITALY. Containing Biographical Sketches, Descriptive Circular, etc. Sent to Agents, sent on application. Address
J. C. WELLS, 10 Spruce Street, St. N. Y.

Curtis' Cure for Baldness.
This remedy is reliable: contains no oil, lead, or sulphur. Used by Actors, Artists, Gentlemen, and Ladies in Eastern States. J. M. CURTIS, Proprietor, Providence, R. I. Sold by all Druggists. Wholesale Agents, Sold by JULES HAZES & CO., Importers and Manufacturers, No. 24 Park Row, and 23 Ann Street, New York.

$75,000 IN PRIZES.
THE NEW YORK WEEKLY PRESS is one of the best Literary Family Papers in the United States, and the Publisher consents to each subscriber, upon receipt of a subscription, a Prize Ticket, which may draw a Prize to $1000.
Terms: $2 per annum—including Prize. Address,
DANIEL ADEE, Publisher,
No. 3 Park Row, New York, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED in every County in the Union to sell the great picture of Mount Vernon, size 22 by 28 inches, and 20 other popular articles. A. H. BYRAM & CO., 119 South 6d St., Philada., Pa.

LADIES WHO HAVE SUPERFLUOUS HAIR or MUSTACHES can have it removed by a simple process (which will not injure them to your sale wish from the first application) by sending your name or injury of the skin. Price $1. Sent by mail, post free, to any address. JULES HAZES & CO., Importers and Manufacturers, No. 24 Park Row, New York.

A New Novel by Lever.

Dr. Mackay's Travels in America.

HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, New York.
Just published:

Life and Liberty in America;
Or, Sketches of a Tour in the United States and Canada in 1857–8. By CHARLES MACKAY, LL.D., F.S.A. 2 vols., 12mo. Muslin, $1.75.
"Life and Liberty in America" is a bright, fresh, and hopeful book, presenting a picture of society as it could not be seen or described by a native. Dr. Mackay writes as himself and as "Dr. Bull" would have done, so that "Life" as well as "Liberty" is the studied in both in the North and South, in the East and West.
We commend it to the attention of our readers as the result of careful and diligent observation, assisted by the experience of a man of letters, and qualified by habit to the attainment of truth.—*Leader.*
Lively, readable, and entertaining.—*Literary Gazette.*

II.

Lever's Gerald Fitzgerald.
COMPLETE.
Gerald Fitzgerald, "The Chevalier." A Novel. By CHARLES LEVER. Complete. Illustrated. 2 vols., 8vo. "Gleanor." "The Dodd Family Abroad." "Sir Jasper Carew." "Maurice Tierney." &c. Part II. 8vo. Paper, 75 cents. Complete, 50 cents.
Full of interest and romantic adventure.—*Concord Patriot.*
It seems to partake of all the sparkle and wit, and to abound in the adroit combinations of incidents that have rendered the name of the Dublin surgeon famous wherever the English language is spoken.—*Troy Times.*

HARPER & BROTHERS will send either of the above Works by Mail, postage paid to any distance in the United States under 3000 miles, on receipt of $1 Money.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills,

FOR ALL THE PURPOSES OF A PURGATIVE MEDICINE

FOR COSTIVENESS;
FOR THE CURE OF DYSPEPSIA;
FOR JAUNDICE;
FOR THE CURE OF INDIGESTION;
FOR HEADACHE;
FOR THE CURE OF DYSENTERY;
FOR A FOUL STOMACH;
FOR THE CURE OF ERYSIPELAS;
FOR THE FLUES;
FOR THE CURE OF SCROFULA;
FOR ALL SCROFULOUS COMPLAINTS;
FOR THE CURE OF ERUPTIONS;
FOR DISEASES OF THE SKIN;
FOR THE CURE OF LIVER COMPLAINT;
FOR DROPSY;
FOR THE CURE OF TETTER, TUMORS, AND SALT RHEUM;
FOR WORMS;
FOR THE CURE OF GOUT;
FOR A DEEPER PILL;
FOR THE CURE OF NEURALGIA;
FOR PURIFYING THE BLOOD.

They are sugar-coated, so that the most sensitive can take them pleasantly, and being purely vegetable, no harm can arise from their use in any quantity.

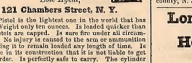
Price 25 cents per Box; Five Boxes for $1.00.

PREPARED BY
DR. J. C. AYER & CO.,
LOWELL, MASS.
Sold by all Druggists everywhere.

361 BROADWAY 539
BRIDAL SUITS.
Tucker's Flowers, Feathers, and Miscellaneous Items, Are all reliable.

RIMMEL'S TOILET VINEGAR is far superior to Eau de Cologne, and is prized for the Toilet or Bath, a reviving Perfume and a powerful Disinfectant.
Sold by all the Trade.
E. RIMMEL, *Perfumer, London and Paris.*

Smith & Wesson's Seven Shooter.



J. W. STORRS,
Sole Agent,
121 Chambers Street, N. Y.

This Pistol is the lightest one in the world that has been. Weighs only ten ounces. Is loaded quicker than other Pistols are capped. Is sure fire under all circumstances. No injury is caused to the arm or ammunition by allowing it to remain loaded any length of time. Is so simple, in its construction that it is not liable to get out of order. Is perfectly safe to carry. The cylinder holds seven shots, ten more than other small Pistols.

WASTE-BOOK JOURNAL AND LEDGER

HERALD OF HEALTH.

Devoted to Physiology, Hydropathy, and the Laws of Life and Health, with Engravings Illustrating the Human System — a Guide to Health and Longevity. A Medium Quarto, published monthly, at One Dollar a year, by FOWLER AND WELLS, No. 308 Broadway, New York. New Vol.—38—just commenced. A good time to subscribe.

TIFFANY & CO.,
Importers & Manufacturers
No. 550 Broadway, New York, and
Rue Richelieu, No. 79, Paris,
DIAMONDS, AND OTHER PRECIOUS STONES,
FINE JEWELRY, WATCHES,
SILVER WARE, PLATED WARE, TABLE CUTLERY;
CLOCKS, BRONZES, ARTISTIC GOODS IN ENTERIOR,
DESKS, DRESSING-CASES, WORK-BOXES, JEWEL-BOXES,
FINE PORCELAIN,
And many other Articles of Art and Luxury.
The only Agents in New York for the Sale of Chas. Pelletan's Watches, whose superiority over any other yet introduced, proves ever more and more satisfactory.
Every article is marked in plain figures the Lowest Price at which it will be sold.
We confinily extend to strangers an invitation to inspect our Goods, assuring all that a call will incur not the least obligation to purchase.

Books by return Post to any Post Office in the United States.

GOOD BOOKS by MAIL.—We send all Books postpaid by mail, and FREE OF POSTAGE, to any part of the country. Address FOWLER & WELLS, No. 308 Broadway, New York. United States Book Agency. Country dealers supplied.

EXPERIENCED AGENTS WANTED IN all parts of the country to take Subscriptions for LOSSING'S PICTORIAL FIELD-BOOK OF THE REVOLUTION," in Two Volumes, 1,500 pages, containing upward of 1500 pages, and 1100 Steadiful Illustrations. This work will be sold exclusively by Agents, to each of whom a special District will be given. Here is a favorable offered. Applications should state the County they would prefer. For full particulars address CHARLES G. ELLIOTT, care HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

$50 Worth of Piano Forte Music for $2.
THE HOME CIRCLE.—A coll. of Marches, Waltzes, Polkas, Schottisches, Redowas, Quadrilles, Contra Dances, &c. Arranged for the Piano Forte, and comprising the most popular Dance Music of the day. Handsomely bound in cloth. $2.00.
Published by OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.

ELLIOT & PATTEN—Examine Inventions and procure American and Foreign Patents. *Patent Agency* opposite main entrance of Patent Office Building, Washington City, D. C.

Mercantile Record.

Billiard-Table Makers.
O'CONNOR & COLLENDER (Phelan's Tables), 63, 65, 67, and 69 Crosby.

Blank-Books and Stationery.
FRANCIS & LOUTREL, 45 Maiden Lane.

Cutlery, Manufactures.
ROWE, JOHN, & CO., 303 Pearl (Am. Shears and Scissors).

Direction-Labels and Tags.
MAUGER, VICTOR E., 118 Chambers.

Frame Makers, Looking-Glass & Picture.
SIGLER, HORACE V., Agent, 218 Centre.

Phrenologists and Publishers.
FOWLER & WELLS, 308 Broadway.

Paint Manufacturers.
HALL & COFNELL, 116 Maiden Lane.

EVERETT HOUSE,
HAWLEY D. CLAPP, PROPRIETOR,
NORTH SIDE UNION SQUARE,
NEW YORK.

COZZENS'
West Point Hotel
is
NOW OPEN.

LA TOURETTE HOUSE,
BERGEN POINT, HUDSON CO., N. J.
Wesley H. Hill *late of the Lafayette House, Properietor.*
This fashionable Summer Hotel is beautifully situated on the banks of the *Kill von Kull*, opposite Staten Island Excellent Bathing, Fishing, Boating, and Sailing. Unrivalled driving. Accessible to their families in the city. *Visitors will find this House* as convenient as a hotel in town, as it takes but twenty-five minutes by Steamboat to reach it, from 10 to 5 from South Ferry to Union Square.

LAKE HOPATCONG HOUSE, AT LAKE HOPATCONG, NOW OPEN.
Gentlemen and families, with their servants, gentlemen, can make arrangements for Summer Board at reasonable prices. Parties will find this rare amusement, viz.: "GOOD FISHING," on enjoying at this beautiful place in perfection; also, GOOD BATHING. This is two and a half hours' ride from New York, by Morris and Essex Railroad to Drakesville station, where stages will be in waiting to convey passengers to the House, a distance of three miles. Post Office address—Drakesville, Morris county, N. J. J. H. DAVIS.

Long Branch, N. J.
Howland's Hotel,
is
Now Open for the Season.

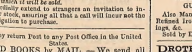
INTERNATIONAL HOTEL,
NIAGARA FALLS,
ROBERT D. COLEMAN, late of the firm of COLEMAN & STUTSON, of the Astor House, and more recently engaged at the St. Nicholas Hotel, New York, has, in connection with his son, FREDERICK W. COLEMAN, opened the above-named elegant house, which, having been enlarged and greatly improved, renders it very desirable to visitors at this favorite place of watering resort.

TRENTON FALLS.

This most picturesque of the WATER FALLS OF AMERICA can now be reached at a small expense from Utica by Railroad.

N. B.—Three trains a day.

REMINGTON'S



ILION, N. Y.
POCKET AND BELT SIZE REVOLVER.
GUN CANES (RIFLE AND SHOT).
Also Revolvers of Cast Steel, Double-barrelled and Belted Iron Rifle and Shot Gun Barrels, Gun Mountings, &c.
Sold by Dealers generally.

PROTESTANT FRENCH INSTITUTE IN THE CITY OF GENEVA, SWITZERLAND, No. 42 East 26th Street, near Madison Park. Boarding and Day School. Unusually good facilities. This Institution will be reopened on the 15th of September. It presents a thorough course of instruction in all its branches, including the Spanish and German languages. The French is the language of the school. Comfortable arrangements for a limited number of pupils. Prospectus, with references to the testimony of many of the best of their parents during the last twenty years, to be had from PROF. ELIE CHARLIER, Director.
Reference, Rev. Dr. F. Monod.
" Rev. Dr. Merle d'Aubigné.
Washington Hunt, Lewis Cass, Secretary of State, Boston, Prof. L. Agassiz,
Princeton, Prof. Henry,
New York, C. King, President of Columbia College.
" Rev. Dr. I. Ferris, Chancellor of the N. Y. University.
Rev. Dr. S. H. Tyng,
Rev. Dr. F. Hawks.

SANDS' SARSAPARILLA,
Nature's True Restorative.
THE BEST, SAFEST AND PUREST
TONIC AND ALTERATIVE EVER PREPARED.
Prepared by A. & D. SANDS, Druggists, 160 Fulton Street, corner of William, New York.

PIESSE & LUBIN'S PERFUMERY FACTORY
SWEET SCENTS
THE FLOWER OF THE DAY
KISS-ME-QUICK
FANCI PANNI
And a Thousand others
2 New Bond St. London
PIESSE & LUBIN'S PERFUMERY,
Sold by all Druggists in every city.
Wholesale Agent,
J. PHILLIPS,
87 *Pearl St.* New York.

To Housekeepers.

SOMETHING NEW.—B. T. BABBITT'S BEST
SALERATUS.
Is manufactured from common salt, and is composed entirely different from other Saleratus. All the deleterious matter extracted in such manner as to produce Bread, Biscuits, and all kinds of Cake, without subjecting a particle of stomachion when the Bread or Cake is baked; thereby producing wholesome results. Every particle of Saleratus is turned to gas and passes through the Bread or Biscuit while Baking; consequently, nothing Poisonous is left in the Bread or Cake. This article will be sold by the trade of the Saleratus that is entirely different from other Saleratus.
It is packed in one pound papers, each wrapper bearing, "B. T. Babbitt's Best Medicinal Saleratus;" also, picture, bridal and of bread, with a glass of effervescing water on the top. When you purchase one paper you should preserve the wrapper, and be particular to get the next to this, that the fresh—bread so shows.
Full directions for making Bread with this Saleratus will be found in each package. Each package will accompany each package also, directions for making all kinds of Pastry cake, for making Soda Water and Seidlitz Powders.
MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP,
WITH
B. T. BABBITT'S PURE
CONCENTRATED POTASH,
Warranted double the strength of ordinary Potash; put up in cans—1lb., 2 lbs., 3 lbs., 4 lbs., and 7 lbs.—with full directions for making Hard and Soft Soap. Consumers will find this the cheapest Potash in market.
Manufactured and for sale by
B. T. BABBITT,
Nos. 68 and 70 Washington Street, N. Y.,
Nos. 18 Dock Street, Philadelphia.

RIMMEL'S BOUQUET—ALL THE YEAR ROUND, and WOOD VIOLET, are the leading Perfumes in Paris and London.
Sold by all the Trade.
E. RIMMEL, *Perfumer, London and Paris.*

Singer's Sewing Machines.

Are superior for all manufacturing purposes.
Are more desirable for all kinds of family sewing.
Are capable of doing a greater variety of work.
Are free from the faults of other machines.
Are more simple in their operations.
Are much better, and therefore worth more.
Are perfectly simple and easily kept in order.
Are cheaper because they earn more money.
Are just the Machine for every family.

I. M. SINGER & CO.,
No. 453 Broadway, corner of Grand.

EVERY BODY READS IT.

IT IS IMMENSELY POPULAR.

MRS. PARTINGTON'S
NEW BOOK,
KNITTING WORK,

Is now ready and for sale everywhere. The advance orders, amounting to over

10,000 Copies,

and the great rush for the book, fully prove the immense popularity of MRS. PARTINGTON, whose name is

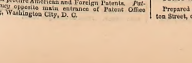
A HOUSEHOLD WORD.

Says
HENRY WARD BEECHER,
"Sam Slick has run his race. Mrs. Partington now is the American humorist; original, genial, laughable, and not uninstructive. We wish it to be understood that 'Jack' is included in these remarks. No one should buy the new Mrs. Partington's shrill to laugh."

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES
has said that "Humor must have fooling in it, wit needs it not. Mrs. Partington *has only fun. Nothing's more sensation with the excutive driver has more feeling and humor than even his wit.*"

KNITTING WORK,
By MRS. PARTINGTON,

is not wholly a humorous book, but a happy combination of philosophy and mirth, in which the most fruitful thoughts and sentiments are scattered among Partingtonian crayons and quips.
It is elegantly illustrated by



GUSTUS HOPPIN,

whose own appreciation of humor has been well applied to MRS. PARTINGTON and KNITTING WORK.
As the present indications are, that the sale of the book will even surpass that of the old lady's previous volume, of which over

30,000 COPIES

were sold in a few months after its issue.

In 1 Vol. 12mo. Price $1.25.

Brown, Taggard & Chase,
PUBLISHERS, BOSTON.

Money can be Made.

NOW IS THE TIME for Young Men of industrious habits and good moral character to engage as BOOK AGENTS.
We publish the best Books.
They can be sold to every family.
And will accommodate every purse.
Agents will require but a small capital to commence with, which can be gradually increased by the profits made.
Send for full particulars to
LEAKY, CUTZ & CO.,
Cincinnati, Ohio.
Wholesale Agents,
No. 224 N. Second Street, Philada.

Inventors! Mechanics!! Artisans!!!

☞ READ THIS. ☜

The "ARTISAN," published by the American Patent Company, is devoted to the chemistry SCIENTIFIC AND MECHANICAL PARTS OF THE WORLD!

1 copy for 3 months, only			$1.00
4	"	12	3.00
10	"	12	1.70
25	"	12	3.00
50	"	12	12.00
100	"	12	20.00

Thus giving an official Journal of American and English Patents, Inventions, Art, Science, and Invention, every Saturday, for $1.00.
The Second Volume begins August 20, 1859.

☞ SPECIMEN COPIES SENT GRATIS. ☜

Address
AMERICAN PATENT COMPANY,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

RIMMEL'S WHITE ALMOND SOAP and FAMILY BAR SOAP are confidently recommended for their excellent properties and delightful aroma.
Sold by all the Trade.
E. RIMMEL, *Perfumer, London and Paris.*

The Superb
WAR SUPPLEMENT
TO
Harper's Weekly
Is Now Ready.
CONTAINING AN ACCURATE
MAP,
AND NUMEROUS LARGE AND ELEGANT
Engravings,
Illustrating
THE WAR IN ITALY.
PRICE SIX CENTS.
Sent by mail on receipt of the price.
HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, New York.

Every Number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE contains from 10 to 80 pages—and from one third to one half—more reading than any other Monthly publication.

A Splendid Number.

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE
FOR SEPTEMBER.

Whoever has had occasion to consult the past volumes of the MAGAZINE would have been struck with the multiplicity of papers embodying important geographical, historical, and scientific facts, so that, apart from its merits as a storehouse of entertaining reading, it is of no small value as a work of general information, and as a great variety of subjects. The "Monthly Record of Current Events," in particular, though presenting little immediate interest at the date of its publication, increases in importance from year to year, as new furniture a sort of chronological summary, the convenience and satisfactory character of which will be the most highly appreciated by those who have the most frequent occasion to refer to the events of the day.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE is, emphatically, the American people's magazine. Sound in religion, conservative in politics, elegant in taste, varied in matter, entertaining with sympathy and humor, and gilded all the time by a purity unknown to any rival. It will be even more so hereafter. It will live as soon. We rejoice in its prosperity.—*New Orleans Christian Advocate.*

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year	$ 3.00
Two Copies for One Year	5.00
Three or more Copies for One Year (each)	2.00

And an Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of Five Subscribers.

HARPER'S WEEKLY and HARPER'S MAGAZINE, together, one year, $4.00.

The Volumes of HARPER'S MAGAZINE must be paid at the Office where it is received. *The Postage is Thirty-six Cents a year.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A FIRST-CLASS ILLUSTRATED PAPER.
THE BEST PAPER FOR THE FAMILY.
FAMILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD.
Price Three Cents. Mailed for $1.50 per year.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS'S New Serial, entitled "A TALE OF TWO CITIES," is now daily expected by Mail-steamer, was commenced in "Harper's Weekly" for May 7, and, with illustrations by Phiz, is now complete.

Mr. GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS'S Illustrated Serial Tale of American Life, entitled "TRUMPS," was commenced in "Harper's Weekly" for June 18.

TERMS OF HARPER'S WEEKLY.

One Copy for Twenty Weeks	$ 1.00
One Copy for One Year	2.00
One Copy for Two Years	3.00
Five Copies for One Year	9.00
Twelve Copies for One Year	20.00
Twenty Copies for One Year	30.00

An Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of Twelve or Twenty Five Subscribers.

TERMS FOR ADVERTISING—*Fifty Cents a Line.*

A liberal discount will be made to those wishing to advertise for three Months or more.

☞ Persons living in the City of New York wishing "Harper's Weekly" left at their houses, will please send their names and residences, with the subscription money, to the Office of Publication.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
Franklin Square, New York.

SCENE AT SARATOGA.

Hostetter's Celebrated Stomach Bitters.
Hostetter's Celebrated Stomach Bitters.

The attention of all Druggists, Wine Merchants, and Grocers is called to this valuable article, which has just been introduced into our market. The favorable manner in which the press have cautiously spoken of it should certainly insure it success. Its sales throughout every part of America have been immense, and the manufacturers have now made arrangements for their sale *everywhere*.

Hostetter's Celebrated Stomach Bitters.

Principal Depot 15 and 15 Park Row, New York.
Sold and manufactured by Hostetter & Smith, Pittsburg, Pa.

1000 AGENTS WANTED in a profitable business. Send rot stamp to H. R. BROWN, Eastport, Me.

DELANO
Life-Preserving Coat and Vest Company. Office and Salesroom No. 256 Broadway, opposite the City Hall Park.

Vest not inflated.

Coat inflated.

The above Company are Manufacturers of every kind of Life Preserving Garments, to which they would call the attention of all persons who are occasionally or constantly upon the water—ladies, gentlemen, and children, who would have perfect security and additional pleasure in their boating excursions, social clubs, and all who are fond of aquatic sports, &c., and the following testimonials from the highest authority in boats:

NAVY YARD, WASHINGTON, Nov. 24, 1858.

SIR—

Agreeably to your order of the 1st inst., we have witnessed a series of satisfactory experiments made with T. A. DELANO'S Life-Preserving Vest, and have the honor to report that we consider it a valuable invention, well adapted as the means of saving human life, from its convenient form, and the readiness with which it can be inflated, and slight liability to get out of order.

With respect, your obedient servant,

CHARLES C. TURNER,
Commodore U. S. Navy.
WM. S. MAURY, *Lieutenant.*
T. W. PATTERSON, *Lieutenant.*
GEORGE W. WILLIAM TH, *Lieutenant.*
W. H. HAMILTON, *Gunner.*

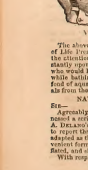
To ISAAC TOUCEY, *Secretary of the Navy.*

SACKETT, R. I., October 6th 1858.

Delano Life-Preserving Vest Company:

GENTLEMEN—I have examined the improved Life-Preserving Vest, invented by T. A. Delano, and find that it is put to many severe tests, six of which it has so admirably stood that I consider it a perfect protection against drowning. The elastic straps prevent a large amount of inflation without incumbering or fatiguing the body, and, as far as I am aware, are an entirely new device and a very useful invention.

Yours, very respectfully,
GEO. W. CULLUM,
Capt. U. S. Engineers.



"OH, THAT I WERE IN THAT BALCONY"

With expressed by little Tom Tit, as he walked in the Ribbon of Boots on the opposite side of the Street.

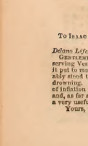
DR. J. B. MARCHISI'S
CELEBRATED
UTERINE CATHOLICON,
FOR THE SPEEDY AND CURE OF SUFFERING FEMALES.

With such universal suffering as saddens the female life, a really efficient medicine must be their best friend. Where the most eminent physicians have failed, this Catholicon has restored health to the patient and happiness to the friends. "The cures of Female Complaints by Marchisi's Catholicon are truly surprising."—*New Rockford Standard.* "It has cured an obstinate case in our own family."—*Tennent's Advocate, Phila.* "No attitude ever answered the recommendations like this. I feel it in my practice with astonishing results."—E. H. PARSONS, M.D., *Marietta, O.* "I have tested it in cases of Female Weakness, Irregularities, Leucorrhœa, and Painful Menstruation, Dologous Uterus, &c., with great success. It is worthy of the confidence of the Family."—Jos. G. CARRE, M.D., *Baltimore, Md.* "Prevail upon myself men to use it."—JESSE LOWE, M.D., *Lawrenceville, Ga.* Such letters pour in from a thousand sources, showing it is

Never taken without Benefit.

It is active and efficient in any form of disease peculiar to the Female Sex. Daughters, Wives, and Mothers! Marchisi's Catholicon will cure you. A pamphlet, with symptoms, treatment, letters, &c., sent gratis by mail, or delivered by Agents. ☞ Do not confound Dr. Marchisi with any other name. It is sold at $1 per bottle, or three bottles for $5, by an Agent in almost every town. Do not send, except money, and order by Express, Post-office.

BARNES & PARK, General Agents,
15 and 15 PARK ROW, N. Y.,
Or J. D. Park, Cincinnati; Weeks & Potter, Boston; J. Wright & Co., New Orleans. J. B. MARCHISI, M. D.



THIS SUPERIOR Re-roasted delicate-flavored
Mountain COFFEE,
For sale by COUDREA & CO 76 Reade Street.

Café de Costa Rica
C&C

Old Sachem Bitters & Wigwam Tonic.

These celebrated and pleasant Bitters are highly recommended by the faculty as the purest and Best Tonic and Stimulant ever offered to the public for General Debility, Loss of Appetite, Constipation, and other Derangements of the Stomach.

PRINCIPAL DEPOT,
No. 145 Water Street.
For Sale Everywhere.

Derby & Jackson, 119 Nassau Street,
Will Publish:
SATURDAY, August 13,
GERMANY.
By Madame the Baroness De Stael-Holstein.
With Notes and Appendices by
G. W. Wight, A. M.
2 vols 12mo. Price, $2 00.

Wednesday, August 17.
FROM DAWN TO DAYLIGHT;
Or, THE SIMPLE STORY OF A WESTERN HOME.
By a Missionary's Wife.
16mo. Price, $1.

Saturday, August 20.
Ten Years of Preacher Life;
Or, CHAPTERS FROM AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.
By William Henry Milburn,
Author of "The Rifle, Axe and Saddle-Bags."
12mo. Price, $1.

Copies of either of the above sent by mail, postage paid, on receipt of the price, by
DERBY & JACKSON,
119 Nassau Street, New York.

BININGER'S
OLD LONDON DOCK
GIN

Designed for the use of the *Medical Profession* and the *Family*, having superseded the so-called "Gins"—"Aromatic," "Cordial," "Medicated," &c., is now indorsed by all of the prominent physicians, chemists, and connoisseurs as possessing all of those *intrinsic* medicinal qualities (pure and diuretic) which belong to an old and pure Gin. Put up in quart bottles and sold by all druggists, grocers, &c.

A. M. BININGER & CO.,
(Established in 1778.) Sole Proprietors,
No. 338 Broadway, N. Y.

E. A. BROOKS,
575 Broadway & 150 Fulton Street.
A splendid Assortment of Ladies', Gentlemen's, and Children's Boots, Shoes, and Gaiters.

PRINCE IMPERIAL CHAMPAGNE.
FROM
DE VENOGE & CO., EPERNAY, FRANCE.

A Wine of rare quality at a moderate price. Sold at the Principal Hotels and by all the Leading Dealers throughout the country.

E. V. HAUGHWOUT, Sole importer,
Corner of Broadway and Broome Street.

RIMMEL'S ROSE-LEAF POWDER
Imparts a delicate rosy hue to the skin, and renders it soft and beautiful.
Sold by all the Trade.
E. RIMMEL, *Perfumer, London and Paris.*

HEALTH OF AMERICAN WOMEN.

The great value of the GRAEFENBERG MEDICINES, including their splendid remedy, *Murdock's Uterine Catholicon*, is guaranteed by testimonials from the most distinguished men in the country, whose name and the evidence of genuine character, are at the service of any person interested. Among them are Instructions of the GOVERNORS OF TWO STATES, the Chairman of the BOARD OF HEALTH OF NEW YORK, one of the Surgeons-in-Chief of BELLEVUE HOSPITAL, many Clergymen, including the Rev. N. Bangs, D.D., the HEAD OF THE METHODIST CHURCH, THE STATE CHEMIST AND ASSAYER of the State of Massachusetts, THE MAYOR OF NEW YORK CITY, UNITED STATES COMMISSIONER to Great Britain, the PROPRIETOR of BARNUM'S MUSEUM, and many other public men, together with Editorial Notices from the leading Journals in the country.

To Dr. Valentine Mott, President and Professor of Surgery.

To Dr. G. S. Bedford, Professor of Diseases of Women, New York University.

To Dr. Willard Parker, President of Academy of Medicine.

To Dr. J. Marion Sims, Head of Women's Hospital, New York.

To Dr. John C. Cheeseman, Professor of Diseases of Women, New York:

GENTLEMEN: Your position in the medical profession is very high. You claim for yourselves great medical and surgical abilities, and profess to teach others how to cure disease. Can you do it yourselves?

The consulting physicians of the Graefenberg Company make no professions of position. They only claim to cure disease, and are willing to rest their case upon the testimony of those they have cured, and not upon any position or honors awarded by a self-constituted medical board. From each of you, gentlemen, patients have come to the consulting rooms of THE GRAEFENBERG COMPANY. In some instance, you have received your skill, and given them up as incurable. In other instances, you have nearly killed them, and made their cure very slow and difficult, by injudicious mystic operations. Yet, *under the beneficent and judicious operation of the Graefenberg treatment, a LL of those apparent sufferers are in a fair way to be cured; MOST of them are cured already.*

☞ The Graefenberg Family Medicines will always cure all diseases for which they are recommended with certainty and safety.

The Graefenberg Manual of Health and their celebrated series of medicines should be in every family.—*Scientific American, New York.*

The Graefenberg Medicines are better than silver, and their Manual of Health is an able work.—*Hanover Argus.*

The Graefenberg Manual of Health is a capital little book, full of useful medical information, so plain that "he who runs may read," and with the Graefenberg Medicines applied, a common sense principle to practice.—*Pennsylvanian, Philada.*

The Graefenberg theory varies from all newfangled notions, but it will preserve and restore health.—*Sun New York News.*

The Graefenberg Medicines and the Manual of Health are invaluable, and should be in every family.—*N. Y. Sun.*

The Graefenberg Family Medicines

CONSIST OF

CONSUMPTIVES BALSAM,	Price	$2 00 per bt.
THE GRAEFENBERG COMPANY'S MARSHALL'S UTERINE CATHOLICON,	"	1 00 "
SARSAPARILLA COMPOUND,	"	1 00 "
GRAEFENBERG FEVER REMEDY,	"	1 00 "
DYSENTERY SYRUP,	"	50 "
CHILDREN'S PANACEA,	"	25 "
FEVER AND AGUE REMEDY,	"	50 per bot.
HEAD ACHE POWDERS,	"	25 bx.
EYE LOTION,	"	25 per bot.
GRAEFENBERG OINTMENT,	"	25 per box.
HEALTH BITTERS,	"	25 per pack
MANUAL OF HEALTH,	"	25 per copy.

All of the Graefenberg Family Medicines are prepared by a skilful physician, and they may be relied upon in all cases for which they are recommended. They consist of eleven medicines, from which one may be selected adapted to the case.

☞ For Sale at the Office of the Graefenberg Company, No. 32 Park Row, New York.

THE GRAEFENBERG COMPANY'S MARSHALL'S UTERINE CATHOLICON

Is a certain cure for all female monthly irregularities, weakness, tumors, ulceration, inflammation, whites, falling, and all other female complaints. It is a great preventive as well as the constitutional troubles arising from them. Price $2 a bottle, or six bottles for $6. It can be safely sent by Express.

CAUTION.

An article, wholly Unauthorized, Nearly Resembling this in Name and Label, has been put on Unstamped.

Address Letters and orders to

DR. JOSHUA F. BRIDGE, M.D.,
Secretary and Consulting Physician, Graefenberg Company, No. 32 PARK ROW, NEW YORK.

Invalids throughout the country may address DR. BRIDGE concerning their health with perfect confidence.

☞ *If requested, any of the above Medicines or Preparations is required, the Letter must contain One Dollar to insure reply.*

The Graefenberg Manual of Health has been revised and improved, and elegantly illustrated with beautifully colored Engravings of the human system. Sent by mail to any part of the country on receipt of 25 cents. It is a complete guide to all diseases and their cure.

☞ Address JOSHUA F. BRIDGE, M.D.,
Secretary Graefenberg Company,
32 PARK ROW, NEW YORK.

Dysentery, Diarrhœa, Cholera, and all the bowel complaints yield immediately to the Graefenberg Dysentery Syrup. *Price* 50 *cents per bottle.*

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. III.—No. 139.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1859. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

ECKART THE TRUSTY.

[FROM GOETHE.]

"How dark it is growing—I wish we were back!
They are coming, they're here, the hobgoblins, shark!
The band of the Sorceress Sisters!
See, see, where they come! If they light on us here,
They'll be certain to drink every drop of the beer
It has cost us such trouble to fetch here."

So saying, the children push on in affright,
When up from the heath starts a grizzly old wight.
"Stop, stop, child!—my children, be quiet!
They are thirsty and hot, for they come from the chase,
Let them drink what they like without squall or grimace,
And the Gretmore Ones they will be gracious."

And up come the goblins that moment, and they
Look ghostlike and gruesome, and ghastly and gray,
Yet they revel and riot it roundly.
The beer it has vanish'd, the pitchers are bare,
Then whooping and hooting away through the air,
O'er hill and dale clatter the Weird Ones.

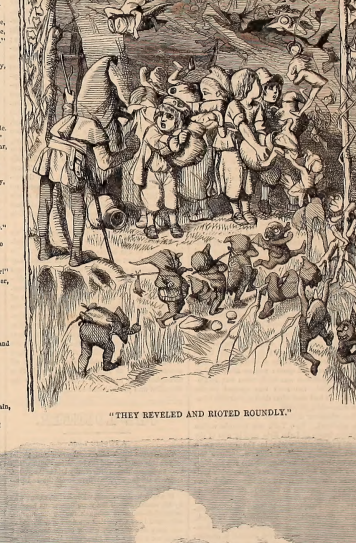
Of homeward, all quaking, the children they hied,
And the kindly old graybeard trops on by their side.
"Do not weep so and whimper, my darlings."
"They'll scold us and beat us for this!" "Never fear,
All yet will go famously well with the beer,
If you'll only be mum as young mice, dears.

"Mind you follow my bidding, and surely you may,
I am he who delights with small children to play:
You know me—Old Eckart the Trusty.
Of that wonderful wight you've heard many a lay,
But never had proof what he is till to-day:
Now you hold in your hands a most rare one."

Arrived at their home, each small child, with a face
Of terror, his pitcher sets down in its place,
And waits to be beaten and scolded.
When the old folks they cry: "Oh, what excellent beer!"
Twice, four times they take a strong pull at the cheer,
Yet still do the pitchers brim over.

The miracle lasted that night and next day:
And if you should ask, as you very well may,
What became, in the end, of the pitchers?
The little mice titter, enjoying the joke,
But at length, Sire, they stammer'd and stutter'd and spoke,
And the pitchers immediately dried up!

And, children, if e'er, looking kindly and true,
An old man, or father, or mother touch you,
Give heed, and do all that he bids you.
Though to bridle your tongues it may cost you some pain,
Yet to chatter is bad, to be silent is gain,
And it makes the beer brim in the pitchers!



"THEY REVELED AND RIOTED ROUNDLY."

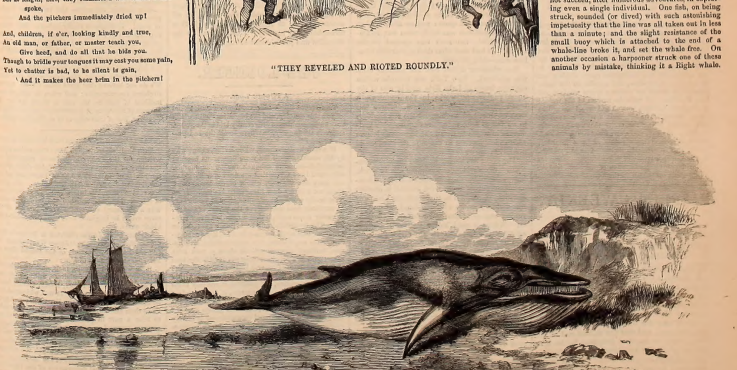
THE WHALE FOUND NEAR FLUSHING, L. I.

EARLY on Wednesday morning, August 10, two fishermen, near Willett's Point, on the north shore of Long Island, wandering down to the beach, were astonished at seeing a fish of extraordinary size fast between two rocks which the receding tide had left dry, and faintly floundering with its tail and fins. The prize proved to be a whale of the Razor-back species, especially interesting to naturalists because its kind are never taken by whalemen, and but few opportunities occur, therefore, of examining it; and of interest to the general observer because it belongs to that branch of the whale family which is, on all hands, proved to be the largest, the mightiest, and the only one which has hitherto successfully baffled the ingenuity and bravery of man exerted for its capture. Dr. Robert Hamilton calls the *Rorqual*, to which variety this whale belongs, "the mightiest giant of them all, and probably the most powerful and bulky of created beings."

The illustration to be found herewith will give the reader an accurate idea of the appearance of the stranded whale. It was a young one, and probably strayed into Long Island Sound in search of food, and getting bewildered among the eddies and currents, was carried, unknowingly, to the inlet, where the receding tide left it high and dry. Its length is not quite twenty-five feet; the flukes or tail measured six feet across; the head was about one fourth the bulk of the body, and into the mouth, when opened, a man could easily crawl on his hands and knees. The plaits or folds which extended along the under jaw and belly, would, when fully extended, form a sack which would hold five or six hundred gallons of water, containing the medusæ, shrimp, and fish which form this whale's food.

But vast as are the parts of even so young an animal as this, what are they compared with those of a grown specimen, such as was washed ashore on the coast of Scotland in 1693, and measured 78 feet in length; or another found dead by Mr. Scoresby, in Davis' Straits, which measured 105 feet? In 1831, one 83 feet in length was dissected by Dr. Knox, on the Scottish coast, and the vast skeleton was exhibited for some years in England.

Mr. Scoresby—than whom there have been few more enterprising whalemen—once ordered a general attack on Razor-backs whenever seen; but did not succeed, after numerous adventures, in capturing even a single individual. One fish, on being struck, sounded (or dived) with such astonishing impetuosity that the line was all taken out in less than a minute; and the slight resistance of the small buoy which is attached to the end of a whale-line broke it, and set the whale free. On another occasion a harpooner struck one of these animals by mistake, thinking it a Right whale.



THE WHALE FOUND NEAR FLUSHING, LONG ISLAND.

"It dived obliquely with such velocity that 2800 feet of line were drawn from the boat in a minute of time. This time also the line broke." Dr. Samuel, a French naturalist, who observed this species of whale, says, "The male and female seem united by the strongest bands of affection." In one case taken which were swimming along together. One was "struck" first; whereon the other, which remained free, exhibited much uneasiness, swam to the boat, and with one stroke of its tail killed three men and precipitated them into the sea. The author includes instances of loss by company, and "when the one was killed the other uttered lamentable and terrible cries."

Ten years ago an enterprising trade of a Greenport whale ship, whaling on the coast of New Holland, venture to run still evening in search of one of these whales. The sea was smooth, and there was just breeze enough to carry the boat on the whale, who remained quite unsuspicious of an enemy's presence. No sooner was the harpoon darted though, than the whale started off, and at such tremendous speed that the line not running out fast enough, the boat was dragged ahead at such a rate as a few minutes to have nearly completely water-logged. As soon as possible the line was cut, and when the breathless whalers had gathered themselves up to repair the damage, it was found that oars, boat's mast and sail, and hats, were entirely missing articles, while the dried cedar planks of which a whale boat is made had in the furious rush become so saturated with salt, the boat was useless forever after. Another story shows the surprising strength of even the young of this species. A very small whale, about the whale had been swimming about a Sag Harbor whaleman, bound for the Indian Ocean, for the greater part of a day. Toward evening, no sperm whales showing themselves, the captain determined on a little excitement by capturing the young Razor-back. The boat was lowered, and the unsuspicious calf presently felt a harpoon in its skin. Off he started, to the surprise of his would-be captors, dragging the heavy boat at the rate of about eight miles an hour. They could only submit perforce to lance, but waited in momentary expectation of the mammal's exhaustion. But he was not to be so till he had carried them at least ten miles from the ship, when at last he succumbed to a well aimed lance. He was a big, healthy, and powerful and nettlesome little whale measured but sixteen feet! and the happy boatsmen of his size were more than three inches long. He could not have been even a yearling. Marten, an old chronicler of the Greenland whale fishery, speaks of the capture of a small whaling sloop having inadvertently fastened to one of these whales, were dragged along with such extreme velocity that they lost all presence of mind, and, neglecting to cut the line, which had been made fast, were drawn under a vast body of heavy ice, where they all perished.

But though the whale possesses and to leave this powerful animal unmolested, the natives of Greenland do not hesitate to attack it in their rude kayaks. They harpoon it, and dart their keen knives into its huge sides, till at length, often after many hours in the fight, it sinks; whereupon it is towed or loaded with its flesh, which these people consider a great delicacy.

We append the dimensions of the stranded whale, from our own careful measurement:

	Ft.	In.
Greatest length	34	0
Breadth of head	8	0
Length of jaw	6	0
Height of forehead over the back from the fin	5	0
Circumference near dorsal fin	6	0
Size of mouth, from gullet to end	4	0
Apparent diameter of gullet	1	3
Length of tail	6	0
Length of longest blade of baleen		5½
Spade-bone, length		2
Pipe-sockets, length		3½
Kyshall web, length		2

The head is flat and somewhat pointed; the eyes are situated in a projection immediately at the corners of the mouth. The side fins, which are finely curved and pointed, hang below the line of the eyes, and measure six inches behind. The dorsal fin is small, pointed, and curved back. The body is not cylindrical, like the right or sperm whale's, but compressed at the sides, and angular on the back. The tail is shaped not unlike a sperm whale's, and lies, of course, with the surface of the water. The color black, and skin smooth and firm, looking like India rubber. The tongue is a large mass of fat and muscle, and the entire upper jaw apparently double at the end, and quite free toward the end. The two spout-holes are divided by a fleshy web, which also is curiously depressed in the middle, giving the appearance of three orifices. They are situated near the termination of the head, and diverge abaft, somewhat in the form of the letter V.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1859.

THE ERIE RAILROAD IN THE HANDS OF A RECEIVER.

THE NEW YORK and Erie Railroad Company passed, a few days ago, under an order of Court, into the hands of a Receiver. It may be as well to explain at once that a Receiver is a custodian appointed by law to property in litigation; that pending the receivership such property can not be brought to execution or sold for debt; and that the natural end of the receivership is the final judgment in the lawsuit in which the appointment of the Receiver was a preliminary proceeding. A Receiver was appointed, in this case, on the application of the fourth mortgage bond-holders, who were apprehensive that the property would be brought to execution under judgments obtained against it by creditors posterior to themselves: the Receiver will continue to hold the property and administer it until a decree of foreclosure is obtained and the road is sold out under the fourth mortgage.

That the Erie Railroad Company would come to this end, sooner or later, was long since foreseen by every one. The vices of its organization were incurable: it was plain enough, years ago, that no one but the Sheriff could afford any relief to the overgrown, mismanaged, and plundered corporation. But the long postponal of the catastrophe has not mitigated the shame and indignation with which honest men have contemplated the scandal. From first to last, the history of the Erie Railroad—the greatest enterprise of the greatest State in the Union—is a shameful, disgraceful, and humiliating to New Yorkers.

Twenty-five years will soon have elapsed since the State Legislature granted the first survey of a broad road through the wilderness between New York City and Lake Erie. Railroads were then almost unknown. In the year 1832 that the idea of a railroad on the line of the State road was suggested. The vigor with which it was taken up forces credit on the enterprise of that day. In the year 1832 the New York State Legislature chartered the New York and Erie Railroad Company, with a capital of ten millions of dollars. The next question was to raise the money. In 1833, one million was ordered and paid in. In 1834, another million and a quarter were raised and spent. In 1835, about half a million went the same way. In 1836, three more millions were added to the list and squandered. Six years afterward the road was not built, the money was all gone, and the Company—made up of men who, then as now loud, and probably just, complaint of corrupt management and fraudulent speculation in connection with the enterprise—was, every one at this stage, to exhale that flavor of roguery which hangs round it still.

The honest, far-seeing men, however, who perceived that at any cost the road must be built. They prevailed upon the State to forgive the Company its debt of three millions. They prevailed upon the people of New York to advance more money. A committee called into requirement measures which were to specify to solicit subscriptions, offering to pay 7 per cent on the stock taken; they succeeded in raising the money, and in the year 1841 $7,500,000 was all that the complete work would cost: such was the estimate of George Griswold, Jacob Little, and other men of note.

The money, as we have said, was raised and spent. Three millions more were raised by an issue of bonds; they were swept into the maelstrom and disappeared. The road was not built. In 1850, people had begun to despair. Mr. President Loder now declared positively that $11,178,000 would be the cost. Mr. Loder had set out with the estimate of George Griswold, Jacob Little, and other men of note.

The money, as we have said, was raised and spent. Three millions more were raised by an issue of bonds; they were swept into the maelstrom and disappeared. The road was not built. In 1850, people had begun to despair. Mr. President Loder now declared positively that $11,178,000 would be the cost. He then set to end, and equip it for business; as to returns, it was plain to see that, after paying the interest on its bonds, the Company would divide 10 per cent. per annum on the stock. People were not very sanguine; but California had just begun to yield gold, and the times were buoyant, and more money was contributed. By New Year 1851, Mr. President Loder admitted that three millions more would be required to finish the road; they, too, were raised and spent; by mid-summer of that year the Company borrowed other three millions, and, yet, were borrowed and spent: and so, at last, when the public patience was fairly worn out, in December, 1851, the road was opened to the Lakes. It had cost what then appeared a fabulous sum—$23,750,000.

But whatever it had cost the glorious work was achieved. New York was brought within eighteen hours of Lake Erie, and by one of the most magnificent works in the world.—A broad gauge, well-built railroad. There was now, we were told, nothing for the stockholders to do but to look themselves into wealth: hereafter no one was to spend the luxurious leisure which their ancestors in the Erie Railroad could not fail to secure them.

The event has hardly justified these expectations. Six thousands, including one in stock, have been paid to the Erie stockholders: neither all or any of them were earned is another question. What it is, that while the Company was dividing profits with one hand, it was borrowing money at usurious rates with the other. Twelve and a half millions, one thousand $2,000,000; to pay its six dividends it increased its debt from $13,750,000 to $28,000,000, and its stock from seventeen to $11,000,000. The accounts which it had before its stockholders from time to time defied the penetration of the most experienced accountants: their ingenuousness became less surprising when it was discovered by Brown Brothers in 1855, that, somehow or other, a million of dollars had come to—we use the French as the more polite term—by some one in authority.

In that year—1855—many sagacious railroad men declared that the Company would go into the hands of a Receiver. It would have been better that it had. That it did not is mainly due to Mr. Charles Moran; who, from a successful Wall Street banker, became the most conspicuously unsuccessful railroad manager of these days, and piloted the Erie into the jaws of destruction. Perhaps it is not fair to blame him. Probably the concern was past salvation when the management fell into his hands. There were sound ideas in his system; errors too, of course, most costly and even fatal; but some of his notions will by-and-by prevail. At any rate, when one thinks of the settlement he must make with the friends whom he persuaded to buy the later securities of the Erie, one has not the heart to censure him.

Thus our history reaches the present day. It may be briefly summed up: blunders and ignorance at the start; extravagance, mismanagement, and roguery throughout; hopeless insolvency at last. From first to last been the career of the Erie Railroad. One sickens at the everrecurring record of fraud, folly, and fraud. From estimates so wide of the truth that one can hardly believe they were honest, one passes to expenditures so reckless and unlimited as to be positively criminal; the offer to pay interest on the stock of a road which was not built is paralleled but by the promise to pay the amount of dividends when the road was losing money daily; the Fiermont speculation was of a piece with the mysterious disappearance of a million of dollars in 1854-55; while the notoriously successful efforts of the treasurer of the road to break down the stock, in order to obtain money by his private speculations in the stock, constitute, with the imbecile policy of the last administration, a fit subject for a page of Secret History. It is by such means that the Erie Railroad has been ruined, and families throughout Europe and the United States robbed of their property.

And what now? What is to become of the road—what of the creditors—what of the stockholders? Half a dozen schemes for the reorganization of the property have been the light in the papers for the last week. Whether Mr. Brown has his; each of the financial doctors has a panacea. But it is not worth while describing any of them, for it is highly likely that any will avail one iota to prevent the quiet operation of the law. All these schemes presuppose the raising of a million or more of dollars to satisfy the immediate necessities of the Company, and no such sum can be raised for that purpose. The Receivership, though, may think not, it may be a year or two before the decree of foreclosure is carried into effect, and the road is sold. But that the foreclosure can be prevented, or that it can be a friendly proceeding, we are not ready to believe. There will be much discussion about the matter, meaning, many lawsuits will be commenced, no doubt, but the end of the whole must be a sale of the property, which will utterly annihilate about twenty millions worth of the present Erie Railroad securities.

We hope and believe that there will be no attempt made by any party to contest the legality of any of the liens of the Company. No New York Court would be likely to sustain any such nefarious endeavor; but the mere attempt would damage the credit of the State and disgrace every citizen. At the same time, we candidly confess that we should be glad to hear of a proposal to annul the original charter of the Company for the past twelve or fifteen years before a criminal tribunal. Rightly or wrongly, the public believe that things have been done by persons connected with the Erie which the penal code would punish if they were brought to light. If such a charge could be made, at all events, operate to frighten railroad swindlers throughout the country; it might lead to the detection and punishment of rogues.

THE LOUNGER.

A PUBLIC LOSS.

THE recent death of several prominent publicmen in this country, and the laudations with which they have been almost universally honored, gives, suggests the inquiry, "Where be all the bad people buried?"

If a man be denounced, while living, as one who by his teachings—all the more dangerous because delightful—leads to the ruin of the public morals, why should the selves that are fired over his grave not have the same glorious form of condemnation? He is not a better man because he is dead. If he were really worthy the denunciation of yesterday, he certainly does not deserve the praise of to-day. It surely is not enough that a man has great powers. The human mind must necessarily be used to use them well or ill for mankind? Ripe scholarship, wide experience, rare opportunities, rich humor, brilliant eloquence—all these a man may have; and yet all these may not justify the tone of eulogy pure or of fictitious virtue which deems his death as a national calamity. Genius is either positive or negative. If positive, it actively helps or harms mankind. If negative, it is merely a private possession as a vast fortune spent upon the poor. The common-place, unimaginative does not tend to purify the national character—or is merely moribund, in relation to the world—may be great genius still, but its age is not a national calamity. Its longer continuance might have fostered still further national corruption.

But when that genius, taking a lofty aim, pursues it with all its power, illustrates it by life, and works, and works—sacrifices to it wealth, opportunity, ease—and cheerfully perils its fame and all that a man can love, except characteristic virtue, that genius ceases among men the nation has lost one of the influences that helped to secure its perpetuity and development. For it has lost a man whose life presented to the world the highest and purest principle. A thousand ripe scholars, with brilliant oratory and humorists might die, and only the loving circle of their private friends be poorer. But when a public man dies, whose life was a long self-sacrifice, an unwearied, hopeful and effective effort—whom old men regret as if a friend were suddenly silent—whom the whole body of serious, resolute, faithful citizens have always trusted, and whose death, therefore, every man suffers, for every man has lost a friend.

How many such men the country must have left this when they learned that Horace Mann was dead!

TOSSING TUBS TO WHALES.

THERE IS a perennial pudding-headedness in what are called "political campaigns," during which nothing disturbs. The quality in the Executive mansion is the same whether it be Mary John Bull—and by the stocky, agricultural, massy, top-booted and spat-butted individual in the pictures of Punch—or the spindle-legged, pretending the belief that France is always hungry for England, and at war with her, can hardly restrain herself from crossing the Channel and marching in a sack of London.

Lord Lyndhurst, aged eighty-eight, and a singularly vigorous old gentleman, has recently stated that he has never known a time when war was not imminent between every which, by implication, he glad has not heaped upon Louis Napoleon, which was not the case when Louis Philippe or Louis Napoleon had not come over and kissed the Queen at Windsor, and when Louis Napoleon was not dined with Louis Napoleon at Cherbourg. It might not be at all surprising if France were to the present time to declare war with England.

Fortunately in the latter country, while the public mind is always ready for excitement, and what is better, uncommon sense. Therefore, Mr. Colden rose the other day in Parliament and said, in the Queen's name, that the British Ministers were telling us that they had confidence in the Emperor, they presented to the country a list of five millions (pounds sterling) for the increase of our armaments to protect us against him." Of course, he meant to say against his policy of Foreign Secretary, and he proves it. Then he sits down to tell the Emperor of the pleasant wishes of the people, and insists that England was not be guilty of the absurdity of supposing that France [illegible] Napoleon was not a man, filling certain ration.

Mr. Colden's speech is luminous with good sense. He is no friend or admirer of Louis Napoleon. He says that if he had had to speak of him, he "should not have failed to have done justice to the great compliment as had been used." But he evidently feels that the Emperor of France is not fool, and that he has some other central political idea than "revenging Waterloo." He shows that the English and French people are not governed by the strong, national consent of mutual interest; and he shows that not only is the English navy very much larger and more powerful than the French, but that it has increased much more rapidly, and that England could only to keep pace with English fortifying.

It is remarkable that on the day preceding Mr. Colden's speech the Paris Constitutionnel had said: "Now that the mass of English journals, losing all moderation and dignity, have ceased to deserve toward the Emperor the respect which the French press has never failed to show toward the Queen, what is to be done? We will, in good sense, to the public intelligence against such excesses and [illegible] is done.

How utterly ridiculous the periodical English panic is in contrast with such command of temper as that! [illegible] Napoleon, and France, if there is going to fall to, upon the first opportunity, the whole central power of the French nation, and upon her surface as will serve at least to scratch the French throat well as she goes down. If she does not believe it, she is a fool. Louis Napoleon is not of eighty-eight to set the country by the ears! We do not believe that he has himself had the slightest apprehension; and when he asks for five millions of pounds, the call is made not for the purpose of defense but of aggression. Louis Napoleon, but of throwing tubs to English whales.

JULIUS SLINKTON AND JANUS WEATHERCOCK

THE little sketch which Mr. Dickens has lately written for the *Ledger* is obviously suggested by the story of Thomas Griffiths Wainewright, who the reader of Talfourd's life of Lamb and of the old London Magazines will remember. He was received into the literary circle when Bulwer's novel of "Lucretia" was published, the heroine of which is Marian Wainewright, the sister-in-law of the same crime in England have still perpetuated his black name.

Dickens' Mr. Julius Slinkton is Bulwer's Herod Gabriel Varney—the "Janus Weathercock" of the Lord Chamberlain's Office of the bright days of Elia. Talfourd says of him:

"He was then a young man, on the bright side of thirty, with a sort of careless, military air, and the conversation of a smart, lively, clever, hardhitting young officer. He spoke of a regiment that he had been an officer in the Dragoons; had spent more than one fortune; and he was understood to take a part in the periodical literature, with the careless grace of an amateur who now felt himself above it. He was an artist also; sketched boldly and graphically; exhibited a port-folio of his own drawings of female beauty, in which the voluptuous trembled on the borders of the indelicate, and seized on the critical department of the Fine Arts, both in and out of the Magazine, undisturbed by the presence or pretension of the finest critic of all who ever wrote—William Hazlitt. On this subject he composed for the Magazine, under the signature of 'Janus Weathercock,' articles of daring

assumption, in which disdainful notices of living genius were set off by fascinating references to the personal appearance, accomplishments, and household arrangements of the writer, even the first here and there upon the reader's table. It was the creation of his essay. He created a new sensation in the letter-circle and only by his braided sentence, powdered diapers, and various mock-heart-kerchiefs, but by ostentatious exposure of every thing in the world but elegant employment."

Bulwer's preface to "Lucretia" is dated November 1, 1846, and he says it is that the crime recited in it "took place within the last seventeen years." He does not pretend to vouch for the exact details, but only the general character of the crimes; having in view, he says, "two criminals existing in our own age, who, separated from each other by extent and darkness of the guilt committed, have risen from their dungeons to the platforms and lively temper of the age," etc.

The production of "Lucretia" was followed by such a clutter cry of disgust and indignation, that, in the collected edition of his works, Bulwer speaks of it as a work in the "first flush of the reaction" from which he softens the catastrophe of the novel. In "A word to the Public" he says, "Spots of blackness." The person whose guilt he certainly not exaggerated in Varney was an artist, a musician, a critic, and a connoisseur in the arts and versatility. In his correspondence he appears to have skimmed the surface of a book, and various reading, with the similarity of Knox and hints at a translation of Schelling."

Wainwright died in Italy, whither he went to escape the punishment of a criminal career so dark and diabolically secret as hardly to be surpassed in criminal annals. The story is told and thus the more recent cases in England, illustrates the fact that a terrible homicide rules our civilization, and that new forms of social advantages only develop new forms of crime.

THE POET SHELLEY.

TICKNOR has just republished the memorials of Shelley, by his son's wife, Lady Shelley. They have been prepared to correct what she considers the misstatements of the Life of the poet, of which the volumes were published by Lord Houghton, Mr. Thomas Jefferson Hogg.

There is something extremely droll in this association of names: a Life of Percy Bysshe Shelley by Thomas Jefferson Hogg. The work was to be completed in four large volumes, but Lady Shelley intimates that the Shelley family have been so displeased with Mr. Hogg's performance that only the first moiety of the material has been withdrawn. This is a great pity, for there are few more vivid, faithful, picturesque, and delightful personalities in literature than Hogg's Shelley. We do not remember to have seen a single review of the book in this country, and the London journals evidently did not know what to make of it.

Mr. Hogg was one of Shelley's earliest friends. He was at Oxford with him, and when Shelley was expelled for his famous little tract, Hogg was also expelled for defending him; after that time they lived together frequently, and were always in correspondence, and since Shelley's death Hogg has published various papers about him to the magazines. Who Mr. Hogg is, and why he bears the name of Thomas Jefferson, he does not tell us. He volumes already published, tell us. We gather that he is the son of an English country gentleman, and that his name we assume that the English country gentleman was a man of liberal principles. Supposing him to have been a friend of the young poet Shelley, he would now be about sixty-eight.

Mr. Hogg tells a great deal of himself, and, consciously or not, for it is hard to say, he has a vein of quite original humor. We have hardly laughed over any book since Peter Pindar's Public. Shelley, in his boyhood, was such a grotesque, unrestrained figure, full of such simple and eccentricities—such an immortally innocent and indignant boy in the midst of a world of hard and selfish men. And yet the picture of Shelley at Oxford is perfect. The tragedy and comedy have the same source. His genius was of that kind which is as near as dame in the wind. And with a masterly delicacy of descriptive skill its waywardness is represented for us in Hogg's Life.

Of course, it is so honest, so faithful in the least detail, whether flattering to family pride or not, that it is not surprising Lady Shelley and the living relatives of the poet felt as if the revelation were too absolute. The writing out of such a character laid more entirely bare; and whoever has seen a faithful sketch of Shelley's world and the vague sketches of his life which have been published, will find his impressions of the poet's personality fully confirmed by this extraordinary book. Lady Shelley's attempt to supply a biography is of no value. She manifestly possesses only certain facts of his life; but there is no portrait of the man or the poet in her work; nothing which illustrates the harmony between his character and his existence. This is done with singular felicity in Hogg's Life of him, and therefore we hope may not be cut short by the official memorials.

It is a curious fact in literary history, that the poet who has been most passionately and absolutely stood than any English author of fame should be the subject of one of the best biographies in the language. We ought to repeat that Hogg's book is full of quaint and queer anecdotes of himself, and his own adventures and thoughts. But they all illustrate the time and country; and they are all so racy that no worthy reader will quarrel with him. The interest in the poet is hardly sufficient to warrant the republication in this country of so large a work; but it is, probably, to be found at the larger libraries—or ought to be.

THE NEW GOLD AND THE OLD CIVILIZATION.

MR. BUCKLE, in his "History of Civilization," laments with great force the theory which has been not infrequently suggested as a question of political economy, that the discovery of gold in California would substantially the same as that of Asia. He fortifies his position very strongly; and the recent discoveries of gold in Australia and the mines in New Grenada will be good news to the historian. They have an East Indian and even an Egyptian aspect. There is among them the skeleton of the Sarabares, and there are curious resemblances which observers will detect as indicating the same condition of civilization as the mountains of the Nile and where the gold in many cases is as pure as can be worked, and the casting is as skillful (so we are assured by adepts) as Is practiced in the mints of the world. Perhaps the origin, of course, are crude.

Then the question of correct historic generalization are being exhumed all the time, and the theories of historians are perpetually on trial. Buckle's proposition is to give a purely scientific basis to the laws of civilization, which he affirms are as intelligible and as certain as any other laws. His natural exclamation when he hears of the Chiriqui gold will be, "Of course." The discovery of gold in Asia is not a great generalization. Most of the so-called religious assaults upon Buckle's theory are mere impertinent misconceptions. For since the idea of law, in its very essence and of whatever kind, proceeds from the idea of order, the assertion, confirmation and confirming law in nature, which is altogether merely the method of the Creator, can not be a heresy, though accused of atheism or irreligion.

There are many now living who will doubtless see many results in the course of natural discoveries, of the justice or the injustice of his views, and when any man can help us to clearer light of the world, the meanest thing we can do is to fling dirt at him.

FROM A TRAVELING CORRESPONDENT.

DEAR MR. LOUNGER,—Instead to let you know that your old friends the Hogs, are going to their summer travels. Last week I was going by the early train to Jersey City, observed a gentleman and Lady sitting alone, and sound asleep. We stopped at Garrison's, and four hogs entered the car, from West Point. There were the usual grunts, the escapist, and the oldest hoop planted itself near the gentleman and lady, and said, in decided tone: "Some of these people have got to move, to let us sit down."

My drowsy neighbor was roused, and rubbing his eyes, looked up and saw four hogs standing in a line, and seeming to be in a hurry to be accommodated. He jumped up and said, "I beg your pardon; here is a seat," and moved out with his wife and child. Then the hogs sat down, and the hoop and one companion, while the gentleman and lady took their seats.

I knew what he was waiting for, but the hoop did not. I am sure he was waiting to hear "Thank you, sir," but he did not. And he refused to be offered the seat which he had found just behind him, and continued to stand in front of the hoop. keepsie, she said, "No, I thank you; I shall find a seat somewhere—

In a few minutes, upon the Central Road, a young gentleman had put his bag and paper and book on a seat in front of him, and walked to another passenger came, looking for a seat. "Is this seat engaged?" asked he, courteously. "No," said the young gentleman. "I will be here, then," returned the other. Whereupon the young gentleman began very quickly to put his paper and book in his luggage, as if he were conferring the greatest possible favor upon the intruder.

The gentleman told me afterward that he had no trouble about seats—" if the people are gentlemen."

I hope you will continue to expose this selfishness and tell us stories of the Hogs.

Very truly,
OLIVER OCULUS.

A RISING STAR.

A YOUNG American, a Philadelphian, we believe, of German parentage, Herman Vezin, has made some sensation in London as an actor of the poetic drama in the highest degree; but—we say it with the profoundest deference to the crafts—a mere dramatic newspaper experience listens to the warm praise of singers and actors very much as he hears a London fog or a Jersey mist. It may be very true. The horse shall have the benefit of the doubt. So the critic may be very innocent when he says that Vezin is not the character laid more entirely bare; and whoever has seen a faithful student

REV. DR. BELLOWS.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.]

REV. DR. BELLOWS.

HENRY WHITNEY BELLOWS was born in Boston, June 11, 1814. His father was John Bellows, a merchant of that city, and grandson of Colonel Benjamin Bellows, who was a man of considerable note in the last century, the founder of the town of Walpole, New Hampshire, where his name is a household word—not only from his numerous descendants, but from the picturesque Falls that bear his name.

Considering the somewhat emphatic individuality of our high-spirited neighbor, the Doctor, he came into the world under circumstances peculiarly social. His twin-brother was Edward S. Bellows, who studied law at Cambridge, and starting in his profession with rare promise, died in Michigan at the early age of twenty-three. We remember this young man, as he was when at the law-school, a model of manly strength, full of enthusiasm, and with not a few of the characteristic traits that mark his surviving brother, especially a large share of impulse and self-reliance. Henry studied for college at the famous Round Hill School, under the instruction of Dr. Cogswell and George Bancroft. He entered Harvard University in 1828, and graduated in 1832, in the same class with Charles T. Brooks, Charles Mason, Samuel Osgood, John Parkman, George F. Simmons, Charles K. True, George T. Curtis, and others. In the early part of his college life—having entered at fourteen—he was a playful boy, without any marked aspiration; but as he shot up toward manly stature he seemed to become a different person, so that his class-mates could hardly look upon the earnest young man of eighteen as the same being with the sportive stripling whose blue cap and round jacket were less juvenile than his speech and manners. The class was somewhat distinguished for its religious and theological interest; and one fourth of the members chose divinity as their profession. Bellows in his Senior year shared strongly in this interest, and when but eighteen years of age he joined a private religious society of students; and we well remember with what fervor he offered a prayer and read a devout essay when it was his turn to conduct the service.

He did not, however, begin the study of his profession immediately with the large number of his class-mates, who at once entered the Divinity School at Cambridge, but spent two years in teaching—one year in Cooperstown, New York; the other in Louisiana. In 1834 he began his professional studies at that school, and completed his theological course there in 1837. He preached with considerable *éclat* in several pulpits in New England, and spent the following winter at Mobile, Alabama, in charge of the new Unitarian Church in that city. Returning to the North, he was soon invited to the post which he still holds; and January 2, 1839, he was ordained pastor of the "First Congregational Church," as it is legally styled, being successor to the gifted William Ware. He was married August 18, 1839, to Eliza, daughter of Elihu Townsend, a merchant of New York, and has had five children, two of whom, a son and daughter, survive.

By his influence in the main, *The Christian Inquirer*, the weekly newspaper of the New York Unitarians, was established in 1846, and he was editor and principal writer until the middle of 1850, when impaired health obliged him to lighten his labors. Since then he has been at times compelled to spare himself some of the cares of his profession, yet has abated nothing of his early zeal; but has, on the other hand, done his most conspicuous work. He took the lead in securing to the Meadville Theological School its endowment and direction; and but for his influence Antioch College must, to all appearance, have been crushed by its debts. He has, from time to time, given characteristic public addresses outside the routine of the pulpit, the most memorable of which were the oration before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Cambridge, in 1850, on the "Intellect and the Legicon;" and his noted Address on the Drama, at the Academy of Music, New York, in 1857. He gave in Boston, in 1857, before the Lowell Institute, an elaborated and attractive course of lectures on Exspection on Crime, a part of which were afterward repeated in this city. In 1854 he received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Harvard University.

Considering his public note and various literary labors, Dr. Bellows has not given the public any one work which fully embodies his gifts and fitly records his name among American authors. He has spoken and written for the demands of the time and the occasion, and has been too much under the spur of fresh themes and interests, or too impatient of task-work, to revise and publish, as frequently requested, selections from the voluminous and elaborate papers which have come from his pen. He has, indeed, published twenty or thirty sermons and addresses, but these have been too fugitive and miscellaneous to give him his due place among our thinkers and writers. He has written copiously for four years as editor; and during that time, and since, he has expressed his views in the columns of the *Inquirer* upon the chief topics of civil, moral, and religious interest. Yet his sermons are probably the best products of his mind; and for twenty years he has been an earnest and laborious sermonizer, varying, indeed, very much in opinions at various times, yet always true to the same leading dispositions, and as conspicuous for devout fervor as for bold statement. Among Unitarians he has been usually ranked among the Liberals, or Progressives; yet he has never identified himself with the Rationalists, who deny a supernatural revelation, with its miraculous sanctions; and in some of his preached and printed arguments he has carried his evangelical views near the borders of orthodoxy. His position, however is, in the main, with the Channing School of Unitarian Christians, alike in the assertion of the Divine mission of Christ, the dignity of humanity, and the application of religion to daily life.

After all that we may say, however, of the opinions and productions of Dr. Bellows, we have a very inadequate idea of him apart from his personal character and presence. He is not an eccentric, but a very peculiar personality; and we describe him about as adequately by a criticism of his writings as we describe the grapes of Burgundy or the Rhine by a chemist's statement of their constituent elements, or a botanist's description of their size and looks. Bellows is a *character*; and, as such, he makes his mark far more than as a scholar or even as a thinker. There is a geniality in him that opens at once the hearts of friends and hearers, and seats you as a guest at his bountiful table, where you tell your secrets and share his confidence. No man carries more of this graciality into the pulpit; and his past success seems to us to have been mainly owing to his breaking down the old barrier between the pulpit and pew, and virtually taking the pews with him into the pulpit. Yet he does not let the pulpit down, but is rather conspicuous for his assertion of its dignity, and sometimes carries very far his clerical prerogative, so as to try not a little the humility of his hearers; not hesitating to offend their political and social convictions, or to pull lightly at their pet-strings in favorite charities and projects, in spite of their stout and often vain determination to keep them rigidly tied up. In fact, he has a deal of a certain lofty pride in his composition; and were he not kindly and sympathetic—to his friends, indeed, the best fellow in the world—his love of having his own way would make him at times something of a despot. He however strains his prerogative, generally, not for personal but for public aims, and there is a dash of generosity about his occasional touches of imperialism that wins plaudits from the many and a good-natured nods from the few. In justice to him, however, it must be said that he oftener declines than assumes the purple, and in the essentials of humility he surpasses many more despending men. Not by any conceit or self-taking, but by a certain motion of the blood, a necessity of temperament, that wins quite as much acquiescence from friends as from himself, he tends to

CHURCH OF ALL SOULS, NEW YORK.—DR. BELLOWS PASTOR.

takes the lead; and a bright talker has hit off the spontaneous leadership which in this country upon him somewhat happily in styling him "Boss Bellows." Certainly, if he had been bred to mechanic arts, he would have been chosen Boss by acclamation of his workmen. He certainly has rare gifts as leader; and decided as his influence has been in his own parish and denomination, his intimate friends are aware that he has but half used his powers; and that, by following his unbidden moods of his own mind, and from want of a sufficiently concentrative and consistent method of thought and action, he has often electrified hearers or readers for the hour instead of organizing a fellowship or inaugurating a policy. In some respects he is more the Murat than the Napoleon; the leader of a dashing charge rather than the general of a far-seeing campaign. Yet in passages of his life he has given proofs of great generalship both in his plans and achievements. In the organization, especially in electric power, he is probably the most marked man in his denomination; and with more caution and persistency, he might do a great deal to unite and organize his unbounded associates into a strong and effective fellowship. If, however, he has something of Wesley's command, he has less of his patient labor and careful detail; and many who old Methodism would have been nowhere without an organizing method, and Whitefield's fire would have burned out had not Wesley's foresight devised a furnace for keeping it always alive in the churches. Of late Dr. Bellows seems to have been obviously conscious of the impulsive and fragmentary nature of his earlier labors, and his attention has been given, in accordance with his literature and catholic spirit, to subjects of church order and devout discipline. While his charity more reverential for overstocked toil, and vindicates the drama from its revilers, he asserts most earnestly the worth and authority of the Bible, and summons to win his brethren to a better understanding and practice of Liberal Churchmanship. He evidently wishes to have fair play for the whole of humanity, sibs its festive and its devout side. At to the report of Dr. Bellows' approval of the Rome, it is absurdly itself. He is in the very grain one of the Liberals and the Liberators of history; and if his Holiness the Pope should receive him at the Vatican as an alleged convert, after a short interview he would pronounce him a sturdy Protestant even in his Catholicity, and would entreat him to depart without wasting his time, thought, and romantic visions in the ears of his excitable young clergy. In fact, he would not give Bellows lodging for a night!

To not a few Dr. Bellows is a puzzle—a strange mixture of dogmatism and argument and impulsive enthusiasm; a devotee in prayer, and a jovial companion in society; a radical and a conservative, a dissenter and an ecclesiast, a transcendentalist and a churchman, a man of the world and an evangelist. They who know him well see in him, through out, the same genial, earnest heart, and keen, electric intellect; in fact, the same consistent character; if not always the same consistent thinker and leader. He has revolved pretty loyally about one centre; and a fair retrospective of his career, for more than his own enthusiastic interpretations of the separate stages of his experience, must substantiate the integrity of the man and his labors. His disposition to treat the present impression as final, and to urge the mood of the hour as the controlling motive, comes more from his blood than his brain. His brain of itself is quite cool, with his blood is soon heated; and he might be a good metaphysician if it were not for his impulsive temperament. Sometimes he is an orator. This by ancestry being of William the Conqueror's race, and there is a good deal of the Celtic enthusiasm—certain French blood on his vessel. This gives him at times a rare eloquence; and brings also, sometimes, its hectic to his style and thought. His eloquence—for fury, fire, and effectiveness—is quite unique; and the hearer of his best efforts is at loss to understand why he is not at the head of sensation preachers, as he surely would be if he suppressed more to the common heart, avoided redundancy of material and language, dealt less in intellectual niceties, and more in homely morality and everyday religion, and based his whole appeal more upon the wants of our common lot than upon the ideas and habits of a cultivated and prosperous caste. His humanity is broad and earnest, and no preacher feels more for men than he; yet it is not easy for one who has known so little of the necessity of struggle for bread and home to write and speak always with due feeling with men, or to realize that it is very hard to get a living; and that all of us tend to be taught, and comforted, and strengthened in our everyday work, instead of being led to the heights of daring meditation, or fed upon the rarities of speculative invention. He is, we are aware, thoroughly a gentleman, and therefore can not deal in the vulgarisms that enter so largely into the usual sensation oratory; yet a little more fellowfeeling with our people and every day life might give his eloquence more popular zest, without any taint of vulgarity. He feels for the unfortunate and the poor, has most philanthropists, and he has written ably upon the condition of the people, but he does not always put them, or do some of the popular writers and speakers, who, having been obliged to rough it in their own early days, stand upon a level with the many, and so come home more to the common heart.

We say, in conclusion, that Dr. Bellows seems to us to belong to the order of Dunyan's Mr. Greatheart, and is one of our public men whose genial and humane spirit brings to all within the circle of his fellowship. He is like a gushing fountain, whose waters all may drink, and feel refreshed by the draught. Long may the waters flow, and distant be the day when the fountain shall be sealed up!

MAY NEWT.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

TRUMPS.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE DAY AFTER THE WEDDING.

"On the 23d instant, Alcide Dunlap, Esq., of Boston, to Fanny, oldest daughter of Boniface Newt, Esq., of this city."

Fanny wrote the notice with her own hands, and made Alfred take it to the papers. In this manner she was before the mode-time knew in spreading the news. In this manner, also, of Boniface Newt, Esq., sat at breakfast the next morning, he learned of his daughter's marriage. His face grew almost purple. He looked apoplectic as he said to his wife,

"Nancy, what in hell's name, does this mean?"

His frightened wife asked what, and he read the announcement aloud.

"Didn't you know that Fanny was out last night?" asked Jim, sharply, as if he suspected for a moment that his wife knew of the marriage.

"She sent me word that she was going to pass the night with Laura Magot," replied Mrs. Newt, feebly, as she saw her husband's face.

He had risen from table, and walked up and down the room.

"Did you know any thing of this?" inquired he. "What does it mean?"

"Dear me! I, thought he was engaged to Hope Wayne," replied Mrs. Newt, crying.

There was a moment's silence again. Mr. Newt said, with a sneer,

"It seems to me that a mother whose daughter gets married without her knowledge is a very curious sort of mother—an extremely competent kind of mother."

He resumed his walking. Mrs. Newt went on with her weeping. Jim Bunce stood was aware of the possibilities in the case of Alfred, and therefore tried to recover himself and consider the chances.

"What do you know about this fellow?" said he, peremptorily, to his wife.

"I don't know any thing in particular," she sobbed.

"Do you know whether he has money, or whether his father has?"

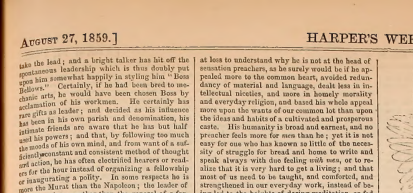
"No; but old Mr. Burt is his grandfather."

"What! his mother's father?"

"I believe so. I know Fanny always said he was Hope Wayne's cousin."

Mr. Newt pondered for a little while. His brow contracted.

"Why on earth have they run away? Did Mr. Burt's grandson suppose he would be unwelcome to me?



BONIFACE NEWT'S FIRST KNOWLEDGE OF HIS DAUGHTER'S MARRIAGE.

Has he been in the habit of coming here, Nancy?"

"No, not much."

"Have you seen them since this thing?"

"No, indeed," replied the mother, bursting into tears afresh.

Her husband looked at her darkly.

"Don't blubber. What good does crying do? Good patience, if any thing happens in this world, a woman fails to crying her eyes out, as if that would help it."

Boniface Newt was not usually affectionate. But there was almost a ferocity in his address at this moment which startled his wife into silence. His daughter May turned pale as she saw and heard her father.

"I thought Abel was trial enough!" said he, bitterly: "and now the girl must fail to cutting up shines. I tell you plainly, Nancy, if Fanny has married a beggar, a beggar she shall be. If there is reason for a private marriage that we don't understand. It can't be any good reason; and, daughter or no daughter, she shall be in no bed nor bed-room."

He scowled and set his teeth as he said it. His wife did not dare to cry any more. May went to her mother and took her hand, while the father of the family walked rapidly up and down.

"Every thing comes at once," said he. "Just as I am most bothered and driven down town, this infernal business of Fanny's most needs happen. One thing I'm sure of—if it was all right, she would not be a private wedding. What fools women are! And Fanny, whom I always thought so entirely able to take care of herself, turns out to be the greatest fool of all! This fellow's a beggar, I believe, Mrs. Newt. I think I have heard even you make fun of him. Bet he is poor, too! To run away with a pauper-boy! Heaven, it's too absurd!"

Mr. Newt laughed mockingly, while the tears flowed fast from the eyes of his wife, who said at intervals, "I vow," and "I declare," with such utter weakness of tone and movement that her husband suddenly exclaimed, in an exasperated tone,

"Nancy, if you don't stop rocking your body in that inane way, and shaking your hand and your handkerchief, and saying those imbecile things, I shall go mad. I suppose this is the kind of sympathy one gets from a woman in his misfortunes!"

May Newt looked shocked and indignant. "Mother, I am sorry for your Fanny," said she.

She said it quietly and tenderly, and without the slightest reference in look or tone or gesture to her father.

He turned toward her suddenly.

"Hold your tongue, miss!"

"Mamma, I shall go and see Fanny to-day," May continued, as if her father had not spoken. Her mother looked frightened, and looked at her deprecatingly—a look that said "For Heaven's sake, don't!" Her father regarded her for a moment in amazement.

"What do you mean, you little vixen? Let me catch you disobeying me and going to see this ungrateful, wicked girl, if you think fit."

There was a moment in which May Newt turned pale, but she said, in a very low voice,

"I must go."

"May, I forbid your going," said Mr. Newt, severely and loudly.

"Father, you have no right to forbid me."

"I forbid your going," cried her father, pacing himself in front of her, and quite white with wrath.

May said no more.

"A pretty family you have brought up, Mrs. Nancy Newt," said he, at length, looking at his wife with all the contempt which his voice expressed. "A son who runs to me by his extravagance, a daughter who runs away with —with"—he hesitated to remember the exact expression—"with a pauper booby, and another daughter who defies and disobeys her father. I congratulate you upon your charming family, upon your distinguished success, Mrs. Newt. Is there no younger brother of your son-in-law whom you will introduce to Miss May Newt? I beg your pardon, she is Miss Newt, now that her sister is so happily married," said Boniface Newt, bowing ceremoniously to his daughter.

Mrs. Newt was stung to the soul. She clasped her hands in an utterly helpless despair, and unconsciously raised them in a beseeching attitude before her.

"The hand's duty takes him away from home," continued Mr. Newt. "While he is engrossed with heavy cares for the maintenance of his family he supposes that his wife is caring for his children, and that she has, at least, the smallest speck of an idea of what is necessary to be done to make them tolerably well behaved. Some husbands are doomed to be mistaken."

Boniface Newt bowed and smiled sarcastically.

"Yes, and as if it were not enough to have my wife such a model trainer—and my son so careful—and my daughter so obedient—and my younger daughter so affectionate—I must also have trials in my business. I expected a great loan from Van Boozenburg's bank, and I haven't got it. He's an old driveling fool. Mr. Wern, too must curtail expenses. There's one mouth less, and one Stewart's bill less, at any rate."

"Father," said May, as if she could not bear the cool cutting adrift of her sister from the family, "Fanny is not dead."

"No," replied her father, sullenly. "No, the more's the—"

He stopped, for he caught May's eye, and he could not finish the sentence.

"Mr. Newt," said his wife, at length, "perhaps Alfred Dinks is not poor."

That was the chance, but Mr. Newt was skeptical. For he had an instinctive suspicion that no rich young man, however much a booby, would have married Fanny clandestinely. Men are forced to know something of themselves, and Boniface Newt was perfectly aware that it was generally understood he had no aversion to money. He knew also that he was reputed rich, that his family were known to live expensively,

AUNT DAGON AND MRS. DINKS.

whom you might introduce to Miss May Newt? I beg your pardon, she is Miss Newt, now that her sister is so happily married," said Boniface Newt, bowing ceremoniously to his daughter.

Mrs. Newt was stung to the soul. She clasped her hands in an utterly helpless despair, and unconsciously raised them in a beseeching attitude before her.

"The hand's duty takes him away from home," continued Mr. Newt. "While he is engrossed with heavy cares for the maintenance of his family he supposes that his wife is caring for his children, and that she has, at least, the smallest speck of an idea of what is necessary to be done to make them tolerably well behaved. Some husbands are doomed to be mistaken."

Boniface Newt bowed and smiled sarcastically.

"Yes, and as if it were not enough to have my wife such a model trainer—and my son so careful—and my daughter so obedient—and my younger daughter so affectionate—I must also have trials in my business. I expected a great loan from Van Boozenburg's bank, and I haven't got it. He's an old driveling fool. Mr. Wern, too must curtail expenses. There's one mouth less, and one Stewart's bill less, at any rate."

"Father," said May, as if she could not bear the cool cutting adrift of her sister from the family, "Fanny is not dead."

"No," replied her father, sullenly. "No, the more's the—"

He stopped, for he caught May's eye, and he could not finish the sentence.

"Mr. Newt," said his wife, at length, "perhaps Alfred Dinks is not poor."

That was the chance, but Mr. Newt was skeptical. For he had an instinctive suspicion that no rich young man, however much a booby, would have married Fanny clandestinely. Men are forced to know something of themselves, and Boniface Newt was perfectly aware that it was generally understood he had no aversion to money. He knew also that he was reputed rich, that his family were known to live expensively,

and he was quite shrewd enough to believe that any youth in her own set who ran off with his daughter did so because he depended upon her father's money. He was satisfied that the Newt family was not to be a gainer by the new alliance. The more he thought of it the more he was convinced, and the more angry he became. He was still storming when the door was thrown open and Mrs. Dugon rushed in.

"What does it all mean?" asked she.

Mr. Dugon looked in his wife, and contemptuously, and pointed to his wife, who sat with her handkerchief to her eyes.

"Pooh," said Mrs. Dugon, "I knew 'twould come to this. I've seen her hugging him the whole winter, and she has had every body's eye on her eyes."

And she shook her plumage as she settled into a seat.

"Mrs. Boniface Newt is unfortunately blind; that is to say, she sees every body's affairs but her own," said Mr. Newt, tauntingly.

Mrs. Dugon, without heeding him, talked on.

"But why did they run away to be married? What does it mean? Fanny's not romantic, and Dinks is a fool. He's rich, and a proper match enough, for a woman can't expect to have every thing. I can't see why he didn't propose to you, Jerry, and behave like other people. Do you suppose he was actually engaged to his cousin Hugh Wayne, and was only during Fanny his convitted the Boston beauty, and the Boston beau too, for that matter? It looks like it, really. I think that must be it. It's a pity a Newt should marry a fool—"

"It is not the first time," interrupted her nephew, making a low bow to his wife.

Mrs. Dugon looked a little surprised. She had seen little jars and rubs before in the family, but this morning she seemed to have happened in upon an unusual case. She continued:

"But we must make the best of it. Are they in the house?"

"No, Aunt Dugon," said Mr. Newt. "I knew nothing of it until, half an hour ago, I read in the paper with all the rest of the world. It seems it was a family secret." And he bowed again to his wife.

"Don't, don't," sobbed she. "You know I didn't know any thing about it. Oh! I don't see, I never can see how unjust and wicked a lie is to-day. He treats me cruelly." And the poor woman covered her red eyes and wept her handkerchief, and rocked herself feebly. Mr. Newt went out, and slammed the door behind him.

"Now, Nancy, tell me about this thing," said Mrs. Dugon, when the husband was gone.

But Nancy had nothing to tell.

"I don't like his running away with her—that looks bad," continued Mrs. Dugon. She pondered a few moments, and then said:

"I can see one good thing, Nancy, which I wasn't worth while to mention to Boniface, who seems to be nervous this morning—but I am sure Fanny prevented the running off. Afred Dinks is too great a fool. He never would have thought of it—and he would never have dared to do it, if he had."

"Oh dear me!" responded Mrs. Newt.

"Fool! it isn't such a dreadful thing, if he is only rich enough," said Aunt Dugon, in a consoling voice. "Every thing depends on that; and I haven't much doubt of it. Alfred Dinks is a fool, my dear, but Fanny Newt is not; and Fanny Newt is no girl to be nasty a fool, except for reasons. You may trust Fanny, Nancy. You may depend there was some foolish something with Hope Wayne, on the part of Alfred, and Fanny has cut the knot she was not sure of untying. Pooh! pooh! When we are as old as I am you won't be distressed over these things. Fanny Newt is fully worthy. She wants an establishment, and she has got it. There are plenty of people who would be very glad to marry daughters to Alfred Dinks. I can tell you there are some great advantages in having a fool for your husband. Now, since Fanny never would have been happy with a man she couldn't manage. It's quite right, my dear."

At this moment the bell rang, and Mrs. Newt, not wishing to be caught with red eyes, called May, who had looked on at this debate, and left the room.

While Mrs. Dugon had been so volubly talking she had also been busily thinking. She knew that Alfred Dinks was a fool in more than not—at least, not in the way she meant. There had been no love between the young pair, and Mrs. Dugon was disposed to criticise the other's conduct very closely. She saw, therefore, that if Alfred Dinks were not rich—and that was only a question whether he were so really, or only in expectation from Mr. Dinks senior—he he might not be engaged to Hope Wayne. But the story of his wealth and his engagements might very easily have been the result of which the skilful Mrs. Dinks meant to conduct her campaign in New York. In that case, what was more likely than that she should have improved Fanny's evident delusion in regard to her son, and, by suggesting to him an elopement, have secured for him the daughter of a merchant so universally reported wealthy as Boniface Newt?

Mrs. Dugon was clever—so was Mrs. Dinks; and it is the homage that one clever person always pays to another to believe that it is capable of every thing that occurs to himself.

In the matter of the marriage Mrs. Budlong Dinks had been defeated, but she was not dismayed. She had lost Hope Wayne, indeed, and she could no longer hope, by the marriage of Alfred with his cousin, to consolidate the Burt property in her family. She had been very indignant—very deeply disappointed. But the meditation of a night refreshed her. She still loved her son. It is only fashion—sometimes, in the superior sex, whose just indignation never sleeps against daughters who marry the men they love instead of those whom the fathers wish.

Upon a survey of the field, Mrs. Dinks felt that under no circumstances would Hope have married Alfred; and he had now actually married Fanny. So much was done. It was useless to wish impossible wishes. She did not wish her son to starve or come to social shame, although he had married Fanny; and Fanny, after all, was rather a belle, and the daughter of a rich merchant, who would have to support them. She knew, of course, that Fanny had supposed her husband would share in the great Burt property, and that Mrs. Dinks herself believed the same thing, that did not surprise her. In fact, they would all be gainers by it; and nothing now remained but to apply herself to securing that property.

For Mrs. Dinks was of a woman who must have an object. Her first had been to marry herself—and her next closed over the Honorable Budlong, who proved to be a man of promise. That marriage was a mistake. We don't see expensive men so often built—but Mrs. Dinks tried to marry Alfred to Hope Wayne. That had failed. The new object must, therefore, be the unfortunate young man. That object proved Domicile life was not an object with her. The Honorable Budlong was a man of taste. He expectorated and talked politics abroad, and pooh-pooh-ed his wife at home, which he frequented little at present. Mrs. Dinks was a woman of able consciousness that the master of the house had a mistress. Then Mrs. Dinks had no other children, nor any tastes or employments that would detain her from society or make her home interesting to her. Domestic benevolence might have been a career, but she compounded with Heaven for her charities by annual subscriptions to well-accredited societies, the management of which was composed of persons of eligible position in society. Shopping and morning calls, also, failed to exhaust her powers entirely; but the latter employment was a good solid object in life which she could pursue with vigilance and discretion.

The first matter the circumstances was clearly a visit to the Newts, and the ring which had sent Mrs. Newt from the room was Mrs. Dinks's.

Mrs. Dugon was closeted when Mrs. Dinks entered, and Mrs. Dugon was by no means sure, whatever she said to Nancy, that Mrs. Dinks had not come there with it. She answered Mrs. Dugon put up her glasses and gazed at her; and when Mrs. Dinks saluted her, Mrs. Dugon knew that Mrs. Dinks was in the way of bowing through a telescope at the planet Jupiter.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Dugon!"

"Good-morning, Mrs. Dinks," replied that lady, still contemplating her visitor as if it were a surprising and incomprehensible celestial phenomenon.

Profound silence followed. Mrs. Dinks was annoyed by the insult which Mrs. Dugon was busily putting upon her, and could not upon revenge. Meanwhile she turned over some illustrated books upon the table, and the engravings were of all things those that afforded her the profoundest satisfaction.

But she was conscious that she could not deceive Mrs. Dugon by an appearance of interest; so, after a few moments, Mrs. Dinks opened and sold in a large easy-chair opposite that lady, who was still looking at her, shook her dress, glanced at her rings, and, finally, at her embroidered shoes, and finally, slowly drawing out her own glasses, looked through her eyes, and, with perfect indifference, surveyed the enemy.

The ladies gazed at each other for a few moments in silence.

"How's your daughter Mrs. Alfred Dinks?" asked Mrs. Dugon, slowly.

Mrs. Dinks continued to gaze without answering. She was resolved to put down the dragon. But she remembered that the dragon was amazingly conscious that she had made a mistake in speaking, and was angry accordingly. She said nothing more; she only glared.

"Good-morning, my dear Mrs. Dinks," said Mrs. Newt, in a troubled voice, as she entered the room. "Oh my! isn't it—isn't it—singular, is it?"

For Mrs. Newt was bewildered. Between her husband and Mrs. Dugon she had been so deeply confused and disturbed that she did not know what to think. She was sure it was Fanny who had acted strangely, for she was not used to all the world, that he had, or was to have, a pretty fortune. Yet she felt, with her husband, that the private marriage was unfortunate. She seemed at least to prove the indisposition of Mrs. Dinks to receive her son's wife, and was conscious she did not wish to alienate the mother of the rich bridegroom.

"Singular, indeed, Mrs. Newt!" rejoined Mrs. Dinks; "I call it extraordinary!"

Mrs. Dinks resumed her gaze, and looked unutterably at Mrs. Dugon. But Mrs. Dinks, from her side, knew that Mrs. Dugon knew Alfred's income and believing in the Newt resources, did not wish to divert from him any kindness of the Dinks family. Mrs. Dugon said, blandly:

"Yes, indeed, it is an outrage upon all our feelings. We must, of course, be mutually shocked at the indiscretion of these members of both our families."

"Yes, oh, yes!" answered Mrs. Newt. "I do declare! what do people do so for?"

Mrs. Dinks cared to take the next step, and make the obvious and necessary inquiries as to the future, for neither wished to betray the thought that was uppermost. At length Mrs. Dinks ventured to say,

"One thing, at least, is fortunate."

"Indeed!" questioned Mrs. Dugon behind the glasses, as if she scoffed at the bare suggestion of any thing but utter misfortune being associated with such an affair.

"I say one thing is fortunate," continued Mrs. Dinks, in a positive decided tone, and without the slightest attention to Mrs. Dugon's remark.

"Dear me! I declare I don't see just what you mean, Mrs. Dinks," said Mrs. Newt.

"I mean that they are neither of them children," answered Mrs. Dinks.

"They may not be children," commenced Mrs. Dugon, in the most implacable tone, "but they are both fools. I shouldn't wonder, Nancy, if they'd both outlived each other, after all, for whatever two people can do in single-hearted apparent reason, run away to be married, it is because one of them is poor."

This was a shot which the two mothers were both vaguely conscious, and which by no means increased the comfort of the conversation. It led to a long pause in the conversation. Mrs. Dinks wished Aunt Dugon on the top of Mont Blanc, and Mrs. Dugon was meditating on nothing to say. Mrs. Dugon, who had rallied, returned to the charge.

"Of course," said she, "that is something that would hardly be said of the daughter of Boniface Newt."

And Mrs. Dugon resumed the study of Mrs. Dinks's face.

"Or of the grand-nephew of Christopher Burt," said the latter, putting up her own glasses and returning the fire.

"Grand-nephew! Is Alfred Dinks not the grandson of Mr. Burt?" asked Mrs. Newt, carelessly.

"No, he is his grand-nephew. He is second cousin to Hugh Wayne, who is the nephew via brother of Mr. Burt," replied Mrs. Dinks.

"Oh!" said Mrs. Newt, relapsing.

"Not a very near relation," added Mrs. Dugon.

"Grand-nephews don't count."

That ended the matter of Mrs. Dinks consolation for Mrs. Newt, who began to take fire.

"But, Mrs. Dinks, how did this affair come about?" asked she.

"Exactly," chimed in Aunt Dugon; "how did it come about, Mrs. Dinks?"

"My dear Mrs. Newt," replied Mrs. Dinks, entirely overlooking the extraordinary fact that Mrs. Dugon, "you know my son Alfred, and your daughter Fanny. So do I. Do you believe that Alfred would run away with Fanny or Fanny with Alfred? Theoretically, of course, the man does it, but you believe Alfred did it?"

Mrs. Dinks's tone was resolute. Mrs. Newt was on the verge of hysterics.

"Do you mean to accuse my daughter to her mother's face?" exclaimed she. "Do you mean to insinuate that—"

"I mean to insinuate nothing, my dear Mrs. Newt. I say plainly what I meant to say, so let us keep at what we have to say to each other in parties. They are married—that's settled. How are they going to live?"

Mrs. Dugon pressed her mouth with amazement.

"I believe the husband usually supports the wife," ejaculated the dragon behind the glasses.

"I understand you to say, then, my dear Mrs. Newt," continued Mrs. Dinks, who was quite disregard of the older lady, who had made the remark, "that your husband contemplates taking my family. Now in this matter, you know, we are going to be perfectly cool and sensible. You must see that I, that Alfred Dinks is a fortune, but that he will by-and-by inherit a fortune from his grand-uncle."

At this point Mrs. Dugon coughed in an incredulous and contemptuous manner. Mrs. Dinks, who understood her, went on, while she patted gently, and waited for Mrs. Dugon to stop.

"As I was saying—a fortune from his grand-uncle. Now until then provision must be made—"

"Really," said Mrs. Dugon, for Mrs. Newt was bewildered into silence by the rapid conversation of Mrs. Dinks—"really, these are matters of business which, I believe, are usually left to gentlemen."

"I know, of course, Mrs. Newt," continued the unmoved Mrs. Dinks, without heeding Mrs. Dugon, for she had fully considered her part, and knew her own intentions, "that such matters are usually settled by the gentlemen. But I think sensible women, like you and me, can discuss, in a quiet manner, and understand in the matter as fathers can be. Our honor is as much involved in the happiness of our children as that of their fathers. So I have come to you in a purely friendly and private manner, that no chance for error may arise in the matter."

"I am sure I know nothing," answered Mrs. Newt; "I only know that Mr. Newt is furious."

"Of course," said Mrs. Dinks, "I anticipate a full view of Mrs. Dinks."

"Fy, fy!" returned Mrs. Dinks, with an air of compassionate unconcern; "because these things can always be so easily settled. I know Mr. Newt won't object, and Jerry is absurd. Every thing will come right."

"What does Mr. Dinks say?" feebly inquired Mrs. Newt.

"I really don't know," replied Mrs. Dinks, with a wave of the hand which said that she didn't care what he thought—which made Mrs. Dugon almost envious of her enemy, and which so impressed Mrs. Newt, who considered the opinion of her husband as the only point of importance in the whole affair, that she turned pale.

"I mean that his mind is so engrossed with other matters that he can't attend to his domestic details," added Mrs. Dinks, who had no desire of frightening any of her new relatives. "Leave you both to me, I suppose."

"No," returned Mrs. Newt, half-sobbing again, "I have only just heard of it; and—and we don't think Mr. Newt would wish me to go."

Mrs. Dinks raised her eyebrows, and again touched her face gently with the handkerchief. Mrs. Dugon rubbed her glasses and waited, for she knew very well that Mrs. Dinks had not yet discovered what she had come to learn. The old General was not deceived by the light-fingered mishing.

"I am sorry not to have seen Mr. Newt before he was down town," began Mrs. Dinks, after a pause, "for I should have said that these matters sooner or later—that is to say, those of us whose business it is"—here she glanced at present at Mrs. Dugon—"Jerry and I, my dear Mrs. Newt, may talk confidently. How much will your son-in-law allow Fanny until Alfred comes into his property?"

Mrs. Dinks leaned back and folded her sharp closely around her, and Mrs. Dugon beamed and smiled a smile of perfect incredulity.

"Genuine, Mrs. Dinks? Why, Mrs. Newt won't give her a cent!" answered Mrs. Newt. As she uttered the words Mrs. Dugon held the enemy in full survey.

Mrs. Dinks was confounded. That they should have any trouble in arranging the matter she had expected. But the extreme declivities of Mrs. Newt had already perplexed her, and the young, simple way in which she answered this question precluded the suspicion of artifice. Consequently she clearly realized the case. She knew that Alfred had six hundred a year from his father. She had no profound respect for a young woman who was a wilful. Suppose he should take a whim to stop it? On the other side, she knew that Mr. Newt was an obstinate man, and that fathers were sometimes implacable. Sometimes, even, they did not relent in making their wills. She knew that she and Miss Van Boozenberg's marriage with Tom Witcher, Esq., had been a case in point. Was it possible her darling Alfred might be in actual danger of such penury—at least until he came into his property—as to be living upon it? and what were the chances that old Burt would leave him a will?

These considerations instantly occupied her mind as Mrs. Newt spoke; and she saw more clearly, at a glance, the state of the unpitying old Burt.

Mrs. Dugon she saked, with an indifferent countenance, and with even a show of smiling:

"But, Mrs. Newt, why do you take so chen-less a view of the matter? Is your husband in the matter?"

Mrs. Newt said that her husband had spoken in a wrath had rung in Mrs. Newt's mind ever since, and they now fell, echo-like, from her tongue.

"He said that he would never speak to daughter, she shall lie in the bed she has made."

Mrs. Dinks could not help showing a little chair. She saw the sign for Alfred to turn into fresh sorrow. Mrs. Dugon was as rigid as a human statue.

"Very well, then, Mrs. Newt," said her victor, rising, "Mr. Newt will have the satisfaction of hearing from Alfred Dinks."

"Oh, her husband will take care of this!" said she interest to Mrs. Dugon, blandly.

"My son Alfred," continued Mrs. Dinks, "has an allowance of six hundred dollars a year, and expects a handsome provision from his grand-uncle. These are his resources. If he has married Fanny Newt, he has taken his own. Perhaps he will. You can mention these facts to Mr. Newt."

"Oh, mercy! mercy!" exclaimed Mrs. Newt. "What shall we do? What will people say?"

"Good-morning, ladies!" said Mrs. Dinks, with a comprehensive bow. She was troubled at the ignorance manifested in the matter, and at the rich Mr. Newt would not, of course, allow his daughter to suffer. But Fanny Newt was pre-foundly persuaded than ever that Mrs. Dinks had managed the whole matter.

Mrs. Dinks had not left the door closed upon Mrs. Dinks, "it is a scheming, artful woman. Her son has not a penny, and I am sure he will have any. Boniface will be implacable. I know him. He is capable of seeing his daughter starve. I am sure that Fanny is capable of take. Poor Fanny! she was not so clever as she thought herself. I am sure that Hope Wayne is in old Burt. I think we had better present that view chiefly to Boniface. We must concede the poverty, but we can arrange upon the prospect. No Newt ought to be allowed to suffer if we can help it. I am sure Mrs. Dinks was always poor, but not quite so smart as she thought herself!"

Mrs. Dugon indulged in a low chuckle of triumph, while Mrs. Newt was overwhelmed with a vague apprehension that all her late husband's wrath at his daughter's marriage would be visited upon her.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

ANOTHER METEORIC PHENOMENON.

THE TROY TIMES of the 11th inst. says that about seven o'clock on the morning of the 10th inst., in the midst of a perfectly cloudless, while hardly a breath of air was stirring, there suddenly appeared, in the direction of the constellation of any sort whatever, there was a terrific explosion, accompanied by a concussion which shook the two sharp echoes. It was as if the sound had come from the sky, but there were no clouds, and a single thunderbolt of the prevalence of electricity, and that explosion could not be understood. The force of the concussion was so great that houses were shaken: that persons standing in the street felt the ground tremble beneath them; that men who had just commenced work upon the roofs of houses dropped their tools, and looked for signs of lightning; that horses in the streets reared, plunged, and acked many companions of their owners. The sound was heard in all parts of the city, and we have been assured by two or three subscribers that

the towns of Guilderland and New Scotland, who were now encamping-ground, that the same phenomenon was experienced in those localities, soon after seven o'clock Thursday morning. The heavy rumbling sound of detonation of a powerful character, and the vibration of the ground, proceeding from the southwest and dying away in the northeast. When they gave us this account they were not aware that any one in this island had been subjected any where else."

BLONDIN CROSSES NIAGARA WITH A MAN ON HIS BACK.

We read in the Buffalo *Courier* of August 19: "Precisely the inguiral crowd was present at Niagara. Blondin Falls was present there yesterday, to witness M. Blondin cross the Niagara Gorge on a rope. The weather was not upon him shrinkers. Above half-past three o'clock the rope was stretched from the Canada to the American side of the rope on the American side, and the performer commenced his journey. The usual cheering, which was responded to from the Canada side, and the rope was lowered, in order to occasions, in silk tights, barebacked, and has on his feet enough-dressed Indian shoes. In a few minutes after his arrival he ascended the rope with his balancing pole, and started for the Canada side.

THE JOURNEY.

"M. Blondin proceeded very slowly over half an hour, and the most of the time being spent in his performances on the rope. He walked backwards, and then sat down, placing himself some fifteen or twenty minutes, and again resuming his journey. When he arrived at the second, Mr. Henry Colcord, a man weighing about two hundred and fifty pounds, and known to fame in his skills. He proceeded down the rope very slowly and cautiously as if feeling every step. In this way he passed one hundred feet from the Canada side, when Mr. Colcord dismounted and Blondin proceeded on his journey unburdened. M. Blondin.

"They have remained to rest probably three or four minutes, when Mr. Colcord again mounted, and M. Blondin proceeded with his burden, slowly, and stopping occasionally to balance himself. He passed over the Falls in safety, and in much time Mr. Colcord dismounted, and he commenced his journey alone. He walked out to the centre of the rope, lowered, and then threw somersaults, and in this way he crossed the deep. After proceeding some distance from the ground he turned, and walked back himself in safety, head. Neither wound was immediately sacrificed, but the fatigue of the day was too much for the ordinary affection appear to have been the leading cause of the tragedy. A minister was present to console the dying and two of them were married. The victims of their rage or passions, as soon as all was over, fled to the woods for the inhuman prevaricate, but to be stop of a blacksmith, near by, who required to shoot the murderers in the arm, and finished her with a rifle ball, to remove the last, and with standing by for her husband.

MOTHER DESTROYED FORTHWITH ACCUSING.

The following letter appears in the *Daily Post*:

"Baden Lodge, Cheltenham, July 30, 1859.

"Permit me, through the medium of your paper, to address a few words to my brother sportsmen in the United States.

"An opportunity which I have often longed for has been afforded me of paying a visit to the Land of Liberty from Liverpool for the express purpose of fraternizing with the sturdiness of its inhabitants, the beauty of its unrivalled territories, and, with the advice of my brethren, of establishing a Shooting Club, which I trust will meet worthy in the vicinity of Liverpool, and which will be the way all intimacies—scientific, agricultural, and ornithological—it is possible to conceive. I am aware that my in the United States must of necessity be limited; but, under the blessing of God, I hope to be able to spend my Christmas in England, to have achieved and learned enough to retain me in the land of my nativity, and to point out to them the route and the outlay required for shares in the Liverpool Shooting Club.

"My narrative, I need hardly add, will appear in the columns of the *London Field*.

"I shall bring with me some of my hounds and dogs, which have been pronounced by the Field to be the best breed on this side of the Atlantic, which I shall be glad to the Americans, should they wish for choice. I am convinced that never in a stronger country will the Fox-hound exist as at New York on or about the 1st of September.

"Your obedient, humble servant,

"GRANVILLE P. BERKELEY."

PERSONAL.

The Providence *Journal* says: "Chief Cushing has realized the mission to Central America. It is very modest, and that it should be offered to a gentleman of his high Democratic rank in so quite unqualified. In the first place he has spoken his mind freely on the subject. He may judge from the usual character of his letters appointment, that he will not be expected to subscribe to under the national Democratic platform, and to the principles of the French, which is the common language of diplomacy; and, to speak plainly, that he will not be a politician, and thoroughly acquainted with the history and policy of our Government, that he would settle the South American question in a month, but that he would be equally able to settle the question of Asia a general upon with the feeble powers of Central America.

The Hon. A. H. Bancroft, a prominent politician of Worcester, died suddenly at his residence on Friday, the 19th, and at Marmaduke Lake Superior, on the 20th inst. A messenger of death, in the form of a letter, was received by him in the State, and his mind, on the receipt of the letter, was overwhelmed with many heavy hearts. It is announced, as a singular fact, that he died at the very hour (allowing distance from him) drowned, during the night of the 19th inst., and he had been in perfect health and spirits for hands a day or two before the intelligence of his death was received.

Mrs. Samuel Greene Stone has returned to Boston from Paris, for which place she went on hearing of an invitation from Governor Banks to General Scott to be present at the State Encampment at Concord, Massachusetts, to-morrow, for General Scott is unable to Governor Banks, declining to accept the invitation. The note says, in conclusion:

"I should be highly gratified to be able to make the journey with you, but I am restrained by a severe bodily pain from which I am not quite restored; and second, I have been restrained from writing to you sooner by other fortifications that it might not be offensive to many of your fellow citizens to accept me.

General Scott accepts.

The London *Times* says: "Mr. W. H. Ward, of Ashborn, United States, who exhibited his signal telegraph for the Great Marine service at Woolwich on Monday and Tuesday last, embarked in the Gunboat on Saturday evening at the Board of Admiralty. A definite trial of his system will be made on board the Gunboat during the various night Dog at Woolwich. Mr. Ward has received instructions from the Lords of the Admiralty to exhibit his apparatus for night signals at Woolwich dock-yard also."

Baron de Stoekl, Russian Minister, and Madame Stoekl, have been stopping at the Clarendon. They are now in Paris.

The ship Baron arrived at New Bedford on Thursday morning, with Prince Napoleon and his suite on board. Mr. Taylor, Mrs. Martin Chamberlain, and Mrs. Dr. Hawks, of New York, were passengers. The Prince and his suite left the ship in boats, and proceeded up the harbor, flaming at the latitude. The Queen has also the family of Mr. Taylor, and Mrs. Dr. Hawks, of New York.

The Boston *Journal* learns that Mr. Webster, owner of the Marshfield estate, has been for some months in a paralytic stock at the breakfast-table, a few days since, and his face is entirely disfigured. The paralysis continues to was unable to speak.

The Prince has called himself in Florida, last week, the love of a Miss Bullock. The poor fellow couldn't imagine that he was a prince.

The Boston *Transcript* says: "The Committee appointed for the erection of a monument to Commodore Perry in Touro Park, Newport, have selected the design of Mr. Wm. Walcutt, of this city. The monument is to be of granite, and will be surmounted by a statue of an ornamented pedestal, adorned with appropriate bas-relief, and with inscriptions on the sides, and will be set in a fret in height. On the tablets beneath the statue are to be the names of the officers who fell with Perry in the fight. The whole structure is to be of Italian marble. It will be completed and ready for consecration before the 10th of next, by September 10, 1860. Mr. Walcutt is already engaged upon the statue."

A correspondent of the Charleston *Courier* says that Captain Dahlgren, U.S.N., is now in New York.

Mr. Charles Dickens has written a letter to the effect stating severely from gout, which appears to threaten the disease in his right hand, and that his medical attendants are in constant attendance on their father.

The Boston *Transcript* says: "It is a circumstance that Charles Dickens intends to visit this country in the fall in the celebration of the 4th of July. Boston, however, is more than mere rumor. The distinguished author is under obligations to visit this city, having promised to go to a prearranged programme, at various points, for his very generous remuneration. Of this he will receive the start, and one-fourth of the net profits of the exhibition."

The Duke of Newcastle has arrived at Halifax, and the table at the Grand Pulo House, on account of the Duke's visit to the Falls, was served in the Duke's Grace Hall, Saratoga. The landlord, Mr. Hathaway, placed him a stand of honor, took down the flag, and left him in charge of its guests, who did him all honor.

Henry Barnard, LL.D., late U.S. Commissioner, South Carolina, died at the Virginia Springs, on the 11th inst., in the fifty-ninth year of his age.

The Paris *Constitutionnel* says: "The Duke of Parma has appointed Count Pepoli to the position of President of the Ducal Council of State, which he has accepted under the condition that the Emperor of the French approves of it."

The Rev. Dr. Hawks, of New York, has been appointed Chaplain to the Prince Napoleon.

The Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, of Boston

AUGUST IN TOWN.—BROADWAY, OPPOSITE ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, NEW YORK.

AUGUST IN THE COUNTRY—THE SEA-SHORE.

AUGUST IN TOWN AND AT THE SEA-SIDE.

THE engravings on the two preceding pages tell their own story, and need no further explanation. The scene by the sea-side—the *dolce far niente*—the hunt for *creatures*—the hour spent in sketching the distant schooner—the delightful *bien-être*—are they not all written in our memories? Now Virginia-water will readily recognize the scene opposite St. Paul's Church, with the jam of omnibuses, stages, and vehicles of all kinds. One of our contributors has supplied us with the following lines on a prominent member of the group:

THE BREWAY POLICEMAN.

As seen by our Artist.

Tall and handsome fellow!
With his badge and star,
Standing by the gutter,
Watching wear and tear;
Watching for the women
All the bustling day—
Smiling and gallanting
The fair across Broadway.

Now he's in the gutter,
Now he's in the pave,
Now among the horses—
Don't you think him brave?
Boots outside his trousers,
Through the miry clay
Wades the "star," gallanting
The fair across Broadway.

If a pain old woman,
Without crinoline,
Shudders on the pavement,
Waiting for a scow;
Takes her by the shoulder,
Pushes her away;
Tells her, "Step up, now,
If you want to cross Broadway!"

If a mincing damsel,
Hooped and flounced "to kill,"
Pets her little foot out,
Hesitating still;
Forward, to the rescue!
Darts without delay
That "star," and gently hands her
T'other side Broadway.

If a gay young beauty—
Curls and dog-skin gyve—
Raise her taper fingers
Ardently he flies;
Clasps his arm around her,
Hugs—yes, *hugs*, I say!—
Hugs her, till he gets her
T'other side Broadway.

When the City Fathers
Next in Council sit,
Hope they'll pass an ord'nance
For his hire;
Making him impartial
To ugly, old, and gay,
And cease to beg the beauties
While crossing o'er Broadway.

D. VERNON.

THE DEACON'S WELL.

In all Berkshire County, or, to go further, in all the State of Massachusetts, there was not a better ordered farm than that of Deacon Enoch Sharp. People said the prosperity of the Sharp place did not so much arise from the industry of Enoch Sharp as from other causes. He had inherited the farm with *worthy* belongings, and the least important of which was believed to be an uncommonly good spring of water, of the first level coin from his father. Whether this last supposition was correct or not—and there can be no reason why it should not have been, when it is considered that lands and places of trust were things unknown a few years ago—it was still a certain fact that Deacon Enoch Sharp was known to be a rich man, as well as were counted a quarter of a century since in Berkshire County.

Twice had Deacon Enoch Sharp advertised upon the sign-boards, and each time, too, a singular coincidence, had the bride elect brought something to add unto the wealth that already blessed the prosperous owner. His first wife Enoch Sharp had no children, but only a twelvemonth after she died there came to the house, as the dying charge from a much-loved but unfortunately married sister, a little white-headed boy. She only child, and to this child did the deacon, along with an earnestness, for the short period ere she followed her sister, she showed it was her intention to acquit herself with truth. On her death-bed she placed the hand of the sobbing boy, then only five years old, in that of her husband, bidding him to act dutifully by the more than orphaned, and promising him that if it were in her power she would watch over him as he did over the boy, and hoped that he might prosper as he obeyed her injunctions.

For many months after his wife's death Enoch Sharp mourned her strictly in accordance with the requirements of his neighbors; there was no hat so fully craped, and no face that wore so staid a look *when he spoke of* "the dear departed." During these months he sought, as far as was consistent with convenience, to watch over and attend to the welfare of the little John Alden; but as the months flew on that care became less, and the boy was suffered to wander where he would, to eat and sleep at will, and to defy all attempts to subdue the love of Enoch Sharp. It can not be supposed that the wealthy young widower would long remain with the feeling of a serious shade upon his life; spite of all marriageable maids and widows coming within the knowledge of the deacon. It is by no wonder, when it is known, that Enoch Sharp thought once more of marrying, or that in exactly two years from the death of his first he took to wife Lydia Warner, a well-to-do spinster, whose comfortable little property adjoined the Sharp farm, and as this measure was considered as added to it. Lydia Warner, when she married Enoch Sharp, was a very younger *young* lady. But must be told, Lydia's age at the time of her marriage exceeded that of Enoch's by three years, a circumstance which gave rise to much food for neighbors' gossip, and made a target wherewat many a hard word was cast.

When Mrs. Lydia Sharp took possession of her new home it was supposed that she found things in sad disorder from Enoch's two years' negligence; but of nothing, among all the neglected duties of the household, did she so raise her voice in remonstrance as that of little John Alden. With him she showed no patience, and no sympathies. It did not take long to initiate him into the mysteries of soap and water; periodical clean shirts fallen out of the order of nature; he soon began to understand the importance of eating at regular hours, of going to bed at the same hour, and of rising with the rest of the household. There was a busy, fidgety way about Mrs. Lydia Sharp that struck horror in the boy who had always been accustomed to those motherly attentions so softly administered; but there was a sternness in her voice, and looks that he might learn what other boys learned of his age." So said Mrs. Lydia Sharp, and under such circumstances she commenced whatever John Alden inaugurated.

One pleasant day in spring, less than one year after the coming of the new mistress, there was a great bustle at the Sharp farm, and Dr. Wilson was seen in attendance hurriedly at the door. Within an hour it was announced that Mrs. Lydia Sharp was a mother, a beautiful girl being added to the family. There was a curious struggle in Deacon Sharp's face for the first few days after this event, when congratulations were offered him. A struggle between the gravity which he thought necessary to assume and the desire to look cheerful in one heart of delight over the great fact that for the first time he was a father. Afterward there was a calm settling upon the deacon's face. He began to feel the importance the new event had invested him with. He could see in a score of ways how the coming of little Ira Sharp, for such was added to his own station in the world, and given him a claim upon the neighbors' love that never before possessed. Deacon Enoch Sharp was not inclined at any time to become a great talker, and it was remarked at the time that his reserve had added rather than taken away from the silence of his manner. He could be found in private at those seasons when it was supposed he was busily employed in the barns or the fields—standing quietly over the cradle, that he knew had received from above the broad shirts of his coat, and gazing down upon the face of his heir-apparent. The deacon is known to stand this way studying for over an hour at a time, offering no remark, asking no opinion, but simply sighing out at the end of his serious fit an ejaculation that "the ways of Providence is very mysterious." It was during one of these fits that the Deacon, and marked his subdued, delighted manner, that a new world had broken upon him, and that a great deal had been spoiled in his nature, aiding heart, to hold the little one that had been given to him.

Little Lydia grew rapidly, and it was my empty flattery when the neighbors told Enoch Sharp that the child was the most prettiest baby in all Berkshire County, and as the grew and improved the Sharp farm improved with her. Enoch Sharp's knew turn of late, and it was well said that the same thrifty, bustling management that had marked Lydia Warner's farm had been transferred to Sharp's. At first it was a source of laughter among the neighbors when Deacon Sharp's master marched boldly into the fields and through the barns, and made herself acquainted with their extent, inventory, and worth, a manner that showed she had determined to be obeyed, ordered certain improvements, and, in short, began a short struggle on the part of Enoch Sharp for supremacy; but in the field, as in the house and the dairy, he gave way to the new mistress, and from that day, and from that time the Sharp farm had a certain manager in the person of Mrs. Lydia, and gained much from the accession.

In two years' things went on year after year, wealth flowing in upon Enoch Sharp, while health and beauty blessed little Lydia. John Alden grew from the little white-headed boy to a sizable lad, who stood well in school, and did no discredit to Mrs. Lydia's scrubbing and mending. And even more: as the years went on John Alden came from school a stout lad, clear-headed and industrious, and took part in the farm-work. Enoch Sharp said that wherever he put his hand every thing grew and flourished, and the workmen soon looked up to him with respect, and John Alden became the right-hand man of Mrs. Lydia, gathering in the good-will of all, only excepting Enoch Sharp. For as one and another praised the fact and industry of the boy, Enoch's heart rose up in rebellion, and he remembered how, step by step, the pre-eminence in his household had been taken from him and usurped by Mrs. Lydia, who was now transferring a large part to John Alden. It was well for the welfare of Enoch Sharp that John Alden did not feel that his earnest working was a usurpation, for in his heart of hearts he loved his benefactor quietly, and still went on with his labor. There was to be, when little Lydia Sharp came to be so large, no elder with so fine a flavor, no well that was so cool, no crystal water, as house was all that gave such pure crystal water, as house was all that gave such pure crystal water, as house was all that gave such pure

feels have made their bed, let them sleep on it." And then, when he had heard at the neighboring village that late the night before Alden had started upon his way to New York, he bade them never speak of him again, or of the one whom he now called his daughter—that for the future they were both dead. And Deacon Enoch Sharp returned to his cheerless home, and among those things which heavily reminded him of all the past sought to teach himself forgetfulness.

Once more the Sharp farm relapsed into the careless management of old. Jabez Sharp took a sweet delight in doing things should go so utterly astray that his employer and then consulted themselves as to short a time, and then consulted themselves with the reflection that Deacon Enoch Sharp was a rich man, and able to bear his own shortcomings. Never in earlier years had the farm looked after his laborers; his own hands never touched work, as in the days gone by. Alone in his room, day after day, and night after night, and day after day, sat Enoch Sharp. Those who were obliged to go to him would observe that his cheek was shrunken, unshaved way than engaged. He was growing old-er very fast; there was a stoop now to his body, and a hollowness in his cheek. He would talk only with those where he was obliged, of some matter connected with his property or the farm. It was fatal to any friendship that spoke even cautiously of his daughter. He had refused to see Dr. Wilson for at various times on matters of something in the past wherein she was concerned. Even with those who came to him on the affairs of the farm he showed a daily growing disinclination to exchange words: at some periods, for weeks at a time, to succession, Enoch Sharp would send them away without orders, or leave them to idleness. Neglect and improvidence reigned supreme where the open Sharp farm.

One day they came to Enoch Sharp. The well that well celebrated for the beauty and purity of its water through all the country—was foul, wanted cleaning. The water must be pumped, moreover, Enoch Sharp said, would be time enough. For narrow and to-morrow came many times, and still the well remained undisturbed, and the water impure. At last the woman who kept the house for Enoch Sharp said to him that she could use the water no longer. Then when, as it was with all things else, he could delay no longer, he said that the well was foul; that Enoch Sharp relapsed back into the old, rigid stolidity, looking into the smouldering fire opposite his chair.

There was a hurrying and stamping of many feet in the hall, a muttering of voices, and then a rap at the door of Deacon Sharp's room, a hand upon the knob, and the housekeeper entered. The old man is still looking into the fire. The woman has pale and ghastly, with her hands pressed against her ears, as though to shut out some unwelcome sound. She says:

"Miss Lydia, Deacon Sharp; she is here!"

The old man is on his feet in a moment, flashing through his eyes, the old clinch of the hand, the old stamp of the foot.

"Don't let her come here!" he says. "Curse her! The disobedient child shall be cursed forevermore! Don't let me see her. She made her bed—let her lie in it!"

The old woman still pressed her hands against her ears.

"She is dead, Deacon Sharp."

"Dead!" resumed the woman, pressing her hands still closer, and shutting her eyes, as though she were shutting away the remembrance of the word—"Drowned in the well. Oh! God is with us all!"

The old man repeated, "Dead! Drowned!"

They laid the fair young girl who had made her bed in the well on her own snowy counterpane, that had remained undisturbed since she had last smoothed its folds so many weeks before. They laid her there till kind hands could be found in from among the neighbors and decked her for the earth. They laid the old man away from his muttering and playing with the fire, and left him beside to his bed. He had no memory of what had just occurred; his mind wandered back to the days past, when Lydia was a baby and he stood by her cradle-side. And so he lay and muttered over all his memories, while they laid Lydia beside her mother; and one month after Deacon Sharp awakened one morning, when the sun was streaming into his room, and spoke many things that showed light had come again to his brain. It was all clear to him now, he said, that Lydia had died in his forgiveness, and prayed truthfully with his good minister for that of God.

There was ever a way to bring down the iron, obdurate heart. He wished to see John Alden, but none knew where he could be found in that great city.

One week Deacon Enoch Sharp was lying thus between life and death. Whenever strength was given him to speak it was of Lydia he would talk; and so also when his mind was wandering and his dying man stretched forth his arms, and, with her name upon his lips, spoke into the empty air. For five years the lawyers sought John Alden, without success, to tell him that the last act of Enoch Sharp's life was to make a will in favor of to him, reserving only a few legacies to Dr. Wilson and others, the whole of the Sharp property. At the end of this time, when the search had been given up, John Alden came back to his native place to claim his inheritance. He found a stranger in the high land; and since the night when he had hovered about the house there had been no trace, no speech with Lydia, and had gone away unsuccessful, he had no intelligence of her.

John Alden owned and lives on the Sharp farm. He is only thirty, but his hair is well streaked with gray, and he looks prematurely old.

The Deacon's well has been filled, and a small temple stands upon the spot, where, summer and winter, when the labors of the farm spare him, John Alden sits. He will never marry. "All the neighbors' say so, and the only thing fearful that troubles them is, who shall inherit the Sharp farm?

WHAT I SAW.

As I pulse than in my west, my love?
Let me lay your head on my breast;
There is quite truth in your dark-brown eyes,
In the eyes that I love best.
You can twine your arms about my neck,
And believe me all your own.
While I tell the cause of my whitened cheek
To you, my love, alone.

There is sunshine on the crowded street,
And the day is superbly fair;
There are beautiful things in jewels and gold,
Wandering gaudily there.
There's blushful beauty, that spurn the stones,
Tossing their heads to the wind;
Carriages covered with pomp and glare,
Cushioned for thought to find.

There was one I marked for the silken shine
Of its proudly stepping bays,
Till she who sat in its cushioned depths
Broke full on my startled gaze.
It was Madaline—she whom I loved so well—
Drew blushful beauty, that spurn the stones,
When I was a boy, and she was a belle,
And I was a stranger to thee.

She would let me hold her smooth white hand
Till I might press it with modest zeal;
She would press her burning lips to mine,
While I held her beautiful head.
Yes! while I held her head to my breast,
Just where your own now lies.
Twine your arms about my neck
And look me full in the eyes.

She said that she loved me better than life,
But ah! not better than gold.
She was poor, and I was a thousand times,
It is very, very old.
I am not worth even her crimson lips
One single passionate kiss;
He can not blot one burning word
Does he write of this.

Does she ever think of the wonderful love
That held her above the skies?
Does her frozen heart give no response
From its cavern of living ice?
Yes! I watched her eyes as they met my own,
And I knew that I was not dear.
I had bountiful time, as she dashed along,
To compare her beauty with thine.

She will never forget that autumn day
Till her heart is cold and dead,
When my trembling passion was crumbled away
In a moment of contempt.
I had terrible thoughts that autumn day,
As I stood by the waves of the sea,
But oh! how deeply I thank her now
For the words she spoke to me!

Lay your head close to my beating breast,
Madaline married for gold.
Do you feel my heart, how warm it is?
Madaline's heart is cold.
The look I gave that autumn day
Has frozen its every vein;
Madaline never will know what it is
To love or to love again.

Now you may know, my own sweet love,
The reason my cheek grew pale;
I have looked on the terrible path I have passed,
And my terror is the less of the gain.
Madaline—she has jewels and gold,
And silk of a princess's;
I have myself, a beating heart,
And you, my love—and you.

REAL GHOSTS.

There is a vast difference between the real external world and the seeming external world. It is well known that a disease of the nerves will produce, a phantom world within us, which many and very different causes may invest with apparent reality. The certain and constant effect of these obstructions or organic changes of the brain which produce disease, is to call into being some such fellowship of blood-vessels as caused the Berlin lookseller Nicolai to behold outer spectra, may, as well as many other persons, to see and hear plainly about apparent externity of objects which are really within the cranial chamber of the mind. I will recount here a late celebrated physician of Birmingham telling me an anecdote respecting himself, which bears upon this point.

He was sitting writing at a late hour in his study, when, suddenly, he felt a sense of fear. Straightway his maid Betty standing close to his elbow with a lighted bedroom candle in her hand. Supposing that Betty wished to remind him to go to bed, or rather was herself sleepy, he said to her, "Betty, you may go to bed, and I will go to bed. I don't want any thing more to-night."

Absorbed in writing, Dr. L——, conceiving Betty to be gone, did not look up from his occupation; but when he again raised his eyes, there stood Betty still with the candle in her hand. He then command to set it down and to go to bed was repeated; but Betty never stirred. Although, when she had first approached him, she had appeared to the Doctor, surprised at Betty's supposed perversity, and thinking she was afflicted with sudden deafness, put out his hand to push her gently downward the door, thereby more energetically to demonstrate that she was, on this occasion, "Madame do Trop." Then, said Dr. L——, I received an unpleasant shock in discovering that Betty was not there at all.

My hand went through the phantom; but even this did not disperse her presence. I ordered her phantom to go. It was in a raging fever. I drew out a lancet from my pocket-book, and set it flowed from my arm.

Betty, till then an obstinate ghost, bent on not going to bed, was laid in the red of the wash-hand-basin, which I placed to catch the sanguine stream, and with her departed the danger I had run of having a violent illness.

No man, if judicious, will deny what he has no means of disproving: namely, that thought of rare occurrences, there may be impressions on the nerves of sense caused by the mental activity of his fellow-beings.

To prepare my readers for the extreme case of the apparent vision of a friend just as he is dying, I throw together a few familiar instances of common-place occurrence.

Letters from friends arrive soon after we have had those friends strongly present to our thought. Again, the old proverb of, "Talk of the devil and he'll appear," is too constantly verified by the appearance of some one at the wrong moment (we, perhaps, we are making them as only dear friends make one another) to be attributed to the doctrine of coincidence. And observe; this phenomenon happens oftenest where we expect the least, namely, where the person whose inopportune friend is supposed to be a thousand miles away.

Again; it happens often that, as we walk in the street, we suddenly think we see a well-known face and figure, and we are about to bow undoubtedly. But the state of surprise in the person we half salute shows us we were mistaken. We look more narrowly, and we perceive it is not our friend; and, as we approach nearer, we begin to wonder how we could have taken the stranger for him. Then we laugh. Like, in my proceeding onward a few hundred yards, we do really encounter our man by popular arrival. Why should we have an avant-courier—a double so à propos and so pertinent to the occasion? I hazard the solution that the mental atmosphere of our friend had impressed us previous to his personal appearance.

But the vision in which the mental impression may be best studied is each man's own home. Persons who live together acquire mysterious likenesses, not only in voice and face. The resemblance of married people to each other (which began by unlikeness) is proverbial. A homogeneous atmosphere envelops families, and among every domestic circle, if the attention be once drawn to the subject, the most dual of human phenomena, transmission of silent thought, will be every where perceived.

I pass to the consideration of that species of impression on the sensorium of another which is produced by the exclusively excited action of a dying friend's brain: a phenomenon which, though rare, has for myself the concurrent testimony of members of mankind. In such a case the thought-impressing sometimes rises to the simulation of absolute vision. The impressed person believes he sees the absent friend or relative, whose cerebral agitation thus communicates itself to his own brain. The senses or the brain are differently acted upon.

Altogether I divide these kinds of impressions into five:

1. Merely mental.
2. By the mental hearing.
3. By the sense of seeing.
4. By sight and hearing.
5. By dreams.

Of the merely mental impression I will relate two instances. The first was told me not long since when I was yet in careless bachelorhood," said Professor Wilson, "I was living at Oxford, and had taken a very nice in a charming family, where the sons were all brave and the daughters beautiful. With a gay party, in which the element of youth predominated, I went, in the course of this visit, on a picnic excursion to some ruins, not many miles distant from my neighborhood. We were all dotted picturesquely about among the moss-grown stones that lay strewn about the ground, or were sitting, reclining, on the turf formed our table, and on this a snow-white cloth decorously presented its pure whiteness, with its accompaniments. The thick of the dinner being over, we still sat, or lolled in that pleasant and congenial state of repast which is the sequel of a thing of the sort; but as we knew that, according to the programme, our next business was to go to the romantic, but spots which we had yet to visit, I was deputed to see, by a reference to my watch, that we did not overstay the hour. Accordingly, I had placed my watch, a fine old silver warming-pan, for safety's sake, in the crown of the hat in the ruin that was just opposite to me, and in the intervals of conversation I looked at it, though, indeed, not quite so often as at the first of the day. Suddenly—I perfectly remember the hands were pointing to twenty minutes past three—I felt a sensation—the watch arrested my gaze, while a remarkable feeling passed over me. I said to myself, 'Why, let me see! I know not why, but I feel exact time my brother R. is dying in India.' The sensation over, and went with the rapidity of those inscrutable impressions

Which make the present, with the flash doth last,
Seem but the semblance of an idle vision.

Yet, as much was I struck with the circumstance, that, taking out my pocket-book, saying nothing, however, to my body as to why I did so, I wrote down the day and the time strangely visitation of thought. I did not exactly place confidence in the previous, and could not be much marked by my watch when I had my eyes on it. Our correspondent also informed us that my brother had, in his last moments, mentioned me."

Such was Professor Wilson's story. My own is as follows:

Many years ago I had a friend who was in a bad state of health, but not considered to be in any immediate danger. Indeed, I had heard that he was better, and preparing to remove to a milder climate for the winter. His passage to Malta was already taken. I was then living at a village in Surrey; a friend (who had been my patient) was staying at a town in Middlesex, about fifteen miles from me. Though I had been much interested about him, my feelings at the time I speak of were, by the recent death of my father, drawn off in another direction. Perhaps I had not thought of my friend C. S. for some days, when, as I was sitting in a room with a family party, suddenly I felt myself impelled, I might say compelled, to call out, in the very midst, too, of other conversation, "C. S. is dying!" Every one stared. I, myself, to laugh, and to pooh-pooh my own exclamation; but I made a good hand at it. The next day I heard that I had uttered the ominous words was so completely a mystery to myself, to exactly as if some one else had been one of my organs of speech, that I was unpleasantly impressed. However, I did not believe my own prediction, and went to bed without forebodings. I slept soundly, and without dreaming. But I awoke myself with the sound of my own voice. I was calling out loudly, "C. S. is dead!" Having a light in my room, I looked at my watch, and saw that it was between three and four in the morning. Two days afterward I received a letter with a black seal from the friend at whose house C. S. had been staying. "C. S. was dead. On the very day, and at the very hour when I had said that C. S. is dying!"—that is, seven in the evening—he had been suddenly seized, as he also sat at tea (for he had never kept his bed), by the usual effects of breathing. He could no longer support himself, and was carried up to bed. From that time until between three and four in the morning he was dying, and conscious that he was dying. He spoke much of me, and sent me some last words. He spoke much of me, and sent me some last words. He spoke much of me, and sent me some last words

thing strange stealing upon us. The voice, too, instead of ending floated about the room more wildly than at first. Never shall I forget that cry! 'Mass George! Mass George!' In every tone of the boy's well-known voice it came upon the perfect stillness of a breathless October evening in a manner which I can hardly attempt to describe. At times it seemed to go off into the distance, retreating and retreating, till it was all but inaudible. Then the faint smothered tones seemed, by degrees, to gather themselves up, and to approach the house again. Sometimes they ceased altogether, then suddenly seemed sounding in our very ears. And there was an impatience, an agony in the sound, which was heart-rending. 'Mas—as —Ge—orge!' in a long, wailing manner, was repeated, as if the boy implored me to come to him, to pity him, to help him. And this not for a few minutes, or for half an hour, but for above two hours. At length the sounds became fainter and fainter, and only sobbed at intervals upon the air, till every thing subsided into silence.

"The next post from Liverpool brought the news of poor little Dicky's death. The letter said, 'He suffered much at the last; and he never ceased to cry, "Mass George!" for two hours before he expired.' Those two hours were the very same time He which the voice was crying out round our house in Yorkshire."

A Good Fight.

BY CHARLES READE.

AUTHOR OF "LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG," ETC.

[From Advance Sheets, direct from the Author.]

CHAPTER XII.

WHEN a man misbehaves, the effect is curious on a girl who loves him sincerely. It makes her pity him. This, in some of us mildews even any thing but logical. The fault is in our own eye, the logic in our spectacles. At least, Agnes thus: "How unhappy, how vexed, poor * * * must be; *him* to misbehave!"

Margaret was full of this sweet womanly pity, when, to her great surprise, scarce an hour and a half after he left her, Gerard came running back, to her with the fragments of a picture in his hand, and panting with anger and grief.

"There, Margaret! see! see! the wretches! Look at their spite! They have cut your portrait to pieces."

Margaret looked. And, sure enough, some malicious hand had cut her portrait in five pieces. She was a good, tall girl: but she was not six; she turned red to her very forehead.

"Who did it?"

"Nay, I know not. I durst not ask; for I should hate the hand that did it, ay, till my dying day. Shame upon them! The beasts! the rufians! Six months' work cut out of my life, and nothing to show for it. Oh, Margaret, I could eat through your very face—the sweet face that every one loves who knows it. O heartless, mercilless viper!"

"Never mind, Gerard," said Margaret, panting. "Since this is how they treat you at home, you can rob him of my portrait, do you! Well, then I give him my portrait."

"Oh, Margaret!"

"Yes, Gerard; since they are so cruel, I will be the kinder: forgive me for rebuking you. You will be your wife—to-morrow, if it is your pleasure."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE bans of marriage had to be read three times, as with us; but they were read on weekdays, and the young couple easily persuaded the curé to do the three readings in two—and a happy he was new to the place, and their looks spoke volumes in their favor. They were read on Monday at matins and at vespers; and, to their great delight, nobody from Tergou was in the church. The next morning they were all three early, plotting with anxiety, when, to their horror, a stranger stood up and forbade the bans, on the score that the parties were not of age, and their parents not consenting.

Outside the church door Margaret and Gerard held a trembling and almost despairing consultation; but before they could settle any thing, the man who had done them so ill a turn approached, and gave them to understand that he was very sorry to interfere; that his inclination was to further the happiness of the young: but that in point of fact his only means of getting a living was by forbidding bans: what then? The young people give me a crown, and I undo my work handsomely; tell the curé I was misinformed; and all goes smoothly.

"A crown? I will give you a golden angel to do this," said Gerard, gayly. The man contented as eagerly, and went with Gerard to the curé, and told him he had made a violent mistake, which a sight of the parties had rectified. On this the curé agreed to marry the young couple next day at ten: and the professional obstructor of this went home with Gerard's angel. Like most of these very clever knaves, he was a fool, and proceeded to drink his angel at a certain hostelry in Tergou, where was a green deverdd to archer and the common sports of the day. There, being drunk, he bragged of his day's exploit: and who should be there, imbibing every word, but a great frequenter of the sport, the next-to-dowel Sybrandt. Sybrandt ran home to tell his father; his father was not at home; he was gone to Rotterdam to buy cloth of the merchants. Catching his elder brother's eye, he made him a signal to come out, and told him what he had heard.

There are black sheep in nearly every large family; and those two were Gerard's black brothers. Idleness is vilifating: waiting for the death of those we ought to love is vitiating; and those

"A PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHT."

two one-sided cure were ready to-tear any one to death that should interfere with that miserable inheritance, which was their thought by day and their dream by night. Their parents' parsimony was a virtue; it was accompanied by industry, and its motive was love of their offspring; but in these perverse and selfish hearts that homely virtue was perverted into avarice, than which no more fruitful source of crimes is to be found in nature.

They put their heads together, and agreed not to tell their mother, whose sentiments were so uncertain, but to go first to the Burgomaster. They were cunning enough to see that he was averse to the match, though they could not divine why.

Glysbrecht Van Swieten saw through them at once; but he took care not to let them see through him. He heard their story; and, putting on magisterial dignity and coldness, he said:

"Since the father of the family is not here, his duty devolves on me, who am the father of the town. I know your father's mind; leave all to me: and, above all, tell no woman a word of all this, least of all the women that are in your own house: for chattering tongues mar the wisest counsels."

So he dismissed them a little supercilliously: he was ashamed of his confederates.

On their return home they found their brother Gerard seated on a low stool at their mother's knee: she was cutting his hair with her hand, stroking very kindly to him, and promising to take his part with his father and thwart his love no more. The main cause of this change of mind was one that the reader will comprehend, if he has ever known a woman of this kind. It was this. She it was who in a moment of female irritation had cut Margaret's picture to pieces. She had watched the effect with some misgivings, and had seen Gerard turn pale as death, and sit motionless like a bereaved creature, with the pieces in his hands, and his eyes fixed on them till tears came and blinded them. Then she was terrified at what she had done; and next her heart smote her bitterly; and she was sore apart: but, being what she was, dared not own it, but said to herself, "I'll not say a word, but I'll make it up to him." And her bowels yearned over her soft, and her feeble violence died a natural death, and she was transferring her fatal alliance to Gerard when the two black sheep came in. Gerard knew nothing of the immediate cause; on the contrary, her kindness made this novice ashamed of a suspicion he had for a moment entertained that she was the depredator: and he kissed her again and again, and went to bed happy as a prince to think his mother was his mother once more at the very crisis of his fate.

The next morning, at ten o'clock, Gerard and Margaret were in the church at Sevenbergen—he radiant with joy, she with blushes. Peter was also there, and Martin Wittenhauge, but no other friend. Secrecy was every thing. Margaret had declined Italy. She could not leave her father: he was too learned and too helpless. But it was settled they should retire into Flanders for a few weeks until the storm should be blown over at Tergou. The curé did not keep them waiting long, though it seemed an age. Presently he stood at the altar, and called them to him. They went hand in hand the happiest in Holland. The curé opened his book.

But ere he had uttered a single word of the sacred rite, a harsh voice cried "Forbear!" And the constables of Tergou came up the aisle and seized Gerard in the name of the law. Martin's long knife flashed out directly.

"Forbear man!" cried the Priest. "What! draw your weapon in a church! And you who interrupt this holy sacrament—what means this impiety?"

"There is no impiety, father," said the Burgomaster's servant, respectfully. "This young man would marry against his father's will, and his father has prayed our Burgomaster to deal with him according to the law. Let him deny it if he can."

"Is this so, young man?"

Gerard hung his head.

"We take him to Rotterdam to abide the sentence of the duke."

At this Margaret uttered a cry of despair, and the young gentleman, who was not happy a moment ago, fell to sobbing in one another's arms, piteously that the instruments of oppression drew back a step, and were ashamed; but one glance that was good-natured stepped up under pretense of separating them, and whispered:

"Rotterdam? it is a lie! We but take him to our Stadthouse."

They took him away on horseback, on the road to Rotterdam; and, after a dozen halts, and by day dawn, to Tergou. Just outside the town they were met by a rude vehicle covered with canvas. Gerard was put into this, and about five in the evening was safely conveyed into the prison of the Stadthouse. He was taken up several flights of stairs and thrust into a small room lighted only by a narrow window with a verticle iron bar. The whole furniture was a huge oak chest.

Imprisonment in those days was one of the legal roads to death. It is horrible in its mildest form; but in those days it was often a den of unbroken solitude, torture, starvation, and often poison. Gerard felt he was in the hands of an enemy.

"Oh, the dark days, when will they go the road to Rotterdam. There is more here than my father's breath. At least I shall see no more the light of day." And he kneeled down and commended his soul to God.

Then he rose and sprung at the iron bar of the window and clutched it. This enabled him, by pressing his head sideways, to look out. It was but a minute; but in that minute he saw a sight that none but a captive can appreciate.

He saw Martin Wittenhauge's back.

Martin was walking quietly fishing in the brook near the Stadthouse.

Gerard sprang again at the window, and whistled. Martin looked round, and then he was walking much harder than he was fishing. He turned his head sideways and we could see made him a signal, and taking up his line and bow went quickly off.

Gerard saw by this that his friends were not idle, yet he was not relieved in his mind. The very sight of him was a comfort. He held on, however, at the soldier's window form as long as he could, then falling back somewhat heavily, wrenched the rusty iron bar—held only by rust nails—out of the stone-work, just as Glysbrecht Van Swieten opened the door stealthily behind him. The Burgomaster's eye fell instantly on the iron, and then glanced at the window; but he said nothing. The window was eight feet high; and if Gerard had had a way of jumping out, why should he balk it? He brought a brown loaf and a pitcher of water, and set them on the chest in solemn silence. Gerard's first impulse was to brain him with the iron bar, and fly down the stairs; but the Burgomaster being something wicked in his eye, gave a little cough, and three stout fellows, armed, showed themselves directly at the door.

"My orders are to keep you thus until you shall bind yourself by an oath to leave Margaret Brandt and return to the church to which you have belonged from infancy."

"Death sooner!"

"As you please." And the Burgomaster retired.

A PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHT.

"HUSBAND, you are busy thinking,
Past and present ever linking;
Take a penny for the thought:
Strike a bargain. Is it bought?
Let me know."

"'Tis a fancy over-wrought!
Be it so.
I remember, long ago,
Cupid's dart
Struck my heart;
Cupid caught me unaware;
On the landing of a stair,
Strung his bow.
And I'm still acutely feeling
(For the wound is never-healing)
All the smart
Of the blow.

"And a maiden fresh and fair,
Sitting yonder in the chair,
Bade me him to do it:
Held me by her eyes and hair—
By the magic of her air—
Held me there
While he drew it.
Now you know.
Pay for hearing!—Only this:
But a penny!
Take it back, and give—a kiss,
One of many."

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

In Three Books.—Splendidly Illustrated.

Printed from early Proof-sheets, for which Messrs. Harper & Brothers pay the Author

FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS.

BOOK II.

THE GOLDEN THREAD.

CHAPTER XIX.

AN OPINION.

WORN out by anxious watching, Mr. Lorry fell asleep in his chair. It was the tenth morning of his suspense when he was startled by the shining of the sun into the room where a heavy slumber had certainly not been when it was dark night.

He rubbed his eyes and roused himself; but he doubted, at first, if he had done so, whether he was not still asleep. For going to the door of the Doctor's room and looking in, he perceived that the shoemaker's bench and tools were put aside again, and that the Doctor himself sat reading at the window. He was in his usual morning dress, and his face (which Mr. Lorry could distinctly see), though still very pale, was calmly studious and attentive.

Even when he had satisfied himself that he was awake, Mr. Lorry felt giddily uncertain for some few moments whether the late shoemaking might not be a disturbed dream of his own; for he did not his eyes show him his friend before or after in his accustomed clothing and aspect, and employed as usual; and was there any sign within their range that the change of which he had so strong an impression had actually happened?

It was but the inquiry of his first confusion and astonishment, the answer being obvious. If the impression were not produced by a real corresponding and sufficient cause, how came he, Jarvis Lorry, there? How came he to have fallen asleep, in his clothes, on the sofa in Doctor Manette's consulting-room, and to be dating those points outside the Doctor's bedroom door in the early morning?

Within a few minutes Miss Pross stood whispering at his side. If he had had any particle of doubt left her talk would of necessity have resolved it; but he was by that time clearheaded, and had none. He advised that they should let the time go by until the regular breakfast-hour, and should then meet the Doctor as if nothing unusual had occurred. If he appeared to be in his customary state of mind, Mr. Lorry would then cautiously proceed to seek direction and guidance from the opinion he had seen, in his anxiety, so anxious to obtain.

Miss Pross submitting herself to his judgment, the scheme was worked out with care. Having abundance of time for his usual methodical toilet, Mr. Lorry presented himself at the breakfast-hour in his best white linen, and with his usual neat legs. The Doctor was summoned in the usual way, and came to breakfast.

So far as it was possible to comprehend him without overstepping those delicate and gradual approaches which Mr. Lorry felt to be the safest advance, he at first supposed that his daughter's marriage had taken place yesterday. An accidental allusion, purposely thrown out, to the day of the week and the day of the month, set him thinking and counting, and evidently made him uneasy. In all other respects, however, he was so composedly himself that Mr. Lorry determined to have the aid he sought. And that aid was his own.

Therefore, when the breakfast was done and cleared away, and he and the Doctor were left together, Mr. Lorry said, feelingly:

"My dear Manette, I am anxious to have your opinion, in confidence, on a very curious case in which I am deeply interested; that is to say, it is very curious to me—perhaps to your better information it may be less so."

Glancing at his hands, which were discolored by his late work, the Doctor looked troubled and listened attentively. He had already glanced at his hands more than once.

"Doctor Manette," said Mr. Lorry, touching him affectionately on the arm, "the case is the case of a particularly dear friend of mine. Pray give your mind to it, and advise me well for the sake—and above all, for his daughter's—his daughter's my dear friend."

"If I understand," said the Doctor, in a subdued tone, "some mental shock—?"

"Yes!"

"Be explicit," said the Doctor. "Spare no detail."

Mr. Lorry saw that they understood one another, and proceeded.

"My dear Manette, it is the case of an old and a terrible shock, of great suddenness and severity, to the affections, the feelings, the—the—as you express it—the mind. The mind. It is the case of a shock under which the sufferer was borne down, one can not say for how long, because of a want of any measure to which to trace himself—as I once heard him publicly relate in a striking manner. It is the case of a shock from which he has recovered so completely as to be a highly intelligent man, capable of close application of mind and great exercise of body, and of constantly making fresh additions to his stock of knowledge, which was already very large. But, unfortunately, there has been—I have noticed and took a deep breath—a slight relapse."

The Doctor, in a low voice, asked, "Of how long duration?"

"Nine days and nights."

"How did it show itself? I infer," glancing at his hands again, "in the resumption of some old pursuit connected with the shock?"

"It did."

"Now, did you ever see him," asked the Doctor, distinctly and collectedly, though in the same low voice, "engaged in that pursuit originally?"

"Once."

"And when the relapse fell on him, was he conscious of it in respects—or in all respects—as he was then?"

"I think, in all respects."

"You say he is your daughter. Does his daughter know of the relapse?"

"No. It has been kept from her, and I hope will always be kept from her. It is known only to myself, and to one other who may be trusted."

The Doctor grasped his hand in return.

"That was very kind. That was very thoughtful!" Mr. Lorry grasped his hand in return, and neither of the two spoke for a little while.

"Now, my dear Manette," said Mr. Lorry, at length, in the tone of one who relieves the burden of a confidence, "I am a mere man of business, and unfit to cope with such intricate and difficult matters. I do not possess the power of information necessary; I do not possess the kind of intelligence; I want guiding. There is no man in this world on whom I could so rely for right guidance as on you. Tell me, how does this relapse present itself to you? What seems to be the matter? Could a repetition of it be prevented now? How should a repetition of it be treated? How does it come about at all? What can I do for my friend? No man ever can have been more desirous in his heart to serve a friend than I am to serve mine, if I knew how. But I don't know how, and I am therefore all the more anxious. I can do so little. Pray discuss it with me; pray enable me to see it clearly, and understand it, and teach me how to be a little more useful."

Doctor Manette sat meditating after these earnest words were spoken. Mr. Lorry let him not hurry him.

"I think it probable," said the Doctor, breaking silence with an effort, "that the relapse you have described, my dear friend, was not quite unexpected by its subject."

"Was it dreaded by him?" Mr. Lorry ventured to ask.

"Very much." He said it with an involuntary shudder. "You have no idea how such an apprehension weighs on the mind, and how difficult—how almost impossible—it is, for the sufferer to force himself to utter or to think upon the topic that oppresses him."

"Would he," asked Mr. Lorry, "be sensibly relieved if he could prevail upon himself to impart that secret brooding to any one, when it is by?"

"I think so. But it is, as I have told you, next to impossible. I even believe it—in some cases—to be quite impossible."

"Now," said Mr. Lorry, gently laying his hand on the Doctor's arm again, after a short silence on both sides, to what would you refer this attack?"

"I believe," returned Doctor Manette, "that there had been a strong and extraordinary revival of the train of thought and remembrance that was the first cause of the malady. Some intense associations of a most distressing nature were recalled to him, when in that state of mind, by some external accident. He had been unconscious of the working of his mind during those associations, and only came back to them as he had done after long periods."

"Would he," asked Mr. Lorry, "remember what took place in the relapse?" asked Mr. Lorry, with natural hesitation.

The Doctor looked desolately round the room, shook his head, and answered, in a low voice, "Not at all."

"Now, as to the future," hinted Mr. Lorry.

"As to the future," said the Doctor, recovering firmness, "I should have great hope. As it pleased Heaven in its mercy to restore him so soon, I should have great hope. He, yielding under the pressure of a complicated something, long dreaded and long vaguely forseen and contended against, has recovered. That the cloud had burst and passed, I should hope that the worst was over."

"Well, well! That's good comfort. I am thankful!" said Mr. Lorry.

"I am thankful!" repeated the Doctor, bending his head with reverence.

"There are two other points," said Mr. Lorry, "on which I am anxious to be instructed. I may go on?"

"You can not do your friend a better service." The Doctor gave him his hand.

"To the first, then. He is of a studious habit, and unusually energetic: he applies himself with great success to the acquisition of professional knowledge, to the conducting of experiments, in many things. Now, does he do too much?"

"I think not. It may be the character of his mind to be always in singular need of occupation. That may be, in part, natural to it; in part, the result of affliction. The loss it was occupied with healthy things, the more it would be in danger of turning in the unhealthy direction. He may have observed himself, and made the discovery."

"You are sure that he is not under too great a strain?"

"I think I am quite sure of it."

"My dear Manette, if he were overworked now—"

"My dear Lorry, I doubt if that could easily be. There has been a violent stress in one direction, and it needs a counterweight."

"Excuse me as a persistent man of business. Assuming for a moment that he was overworked, it would show itself in some renewal of this disorder?"

"I do not think so. I do not think," said Doctor Manette, with the firmness of self-conviction, "that any thing but the one train of association would renew it. I think that, henceforth, nothing but some extraordinary jarring of that chord could renew it. After what has happened, and after his recovery, I find it difficult to imagine any such violent sounding of that string again. I trust, and I almost believe, that the circumstances likely to renew it are exhausted."

He spoke with the diffidence of a man who knew how slight a thing would overset the delicate organization of the mind, and yet with the confidence of a man who had slowly won his assurance out of personal endurance and direction. It was not for his friend to shake that confidence. He professed himself more relieved and encouraged than he really was, and approached his second and last point. He felt it to be the most difficult of all; but remembering the drunken morning interview with Miss Pross, and remembering what he had seen in the last nine days, he knew that he must face it.

"The occupation resumed under the influence of this passing affliction so happily recovered from," said Mr. Lorry, clearing his throat, as he still call—Blacksmith's work, Doctor Manette?"

"Touch it, you mean?" said the Doctor, with a grave smile. "It is strange you should ask it. If you will step across the road with me, and will look in at the window, we will see what he is doing."

The Doctor shaded his forehead with his hand, and bent his foot nervously on the ground.

"He has always kept it by him," said Mr. Lorry, with an anxious look at his friend. "Now, would it not be better that he should let it go?"

Still the Doctor, with shaded forehead, beat his foot nervously on the ground.

"You do not find it easy to advise me?" said Mr. Lorry. "I quite understand it to be a nice question. And yet I think—" And there he shook his head, and stopped.

"You see," said Doctor Manette, turning to him after an uneasy pause, "it is very hard to explain, consistently, the innermost workings of this poor man's mind. He once yearned so frightfully for that occupation, and it was so welcome when it came; no doubt it relieved his pain so much, by substituting the perplexity of the fingers for the perplexity of the brain, and by substituting, as he became more practiced, the ingenuity of the hands for the ingenuity of the mental torture, that he has never been able to bear the thought of putting it quite out of his reach. Even now, when I believe he is more hopeful of himself than he has ever been, and even speaks of himself with a kind of confidence, the idea that he might resume that old employment, and not find it, gives him a sudden sense of terror like that which one may fancy might pass to the heart of a child."

He looked like his illustration as he raised his eyes to Mr. Lorry's face.

"But may not—" Mind! I ask for no information, as a plodding man of business who only deals with such material objects as guineas, shillings, and bank-notes—may not the recollection of the thing involve the retention of the idea? If the thing were gone, my dear Manette, might not the fear go with it? In short, is it not a concession to the misgiving to keep the forge?"

There was another silence.

"You see, too," said the Doctor, tremulously, "it is such an old companion."

"I would not keep it," said Mr. Lorry, shaking his head; for he gained in firmness as he saw the Doctor disquieted. "I would recommend him to sacrifice it. I only want your authority. I am sure it does no good. Come! Give me your authority, like a dear, good man. For his daughter's sake, my dear Manette!"

Very strange to see what a struggle there was within him!

In her name, then, let it be done; I sanction it. But I would not take it away while he was present. Let it be removed when he is not there; let him miss his old companion after an absence."

Mr. Lorry readily engaged for that, and the conference was ended. They passed the day in the country, and the Doctor was quite restored. On the three following days he remained perfectly well, and on the fourteenth he went to pay a visit to Lucie and her husband. The precaution that had been taken to prevent his seeing Mr. Lorry on the first day previous, explained to him, and he had written to Lucie in accordance with it, and she had no suspicion.

On the night of the day on which he left the house Mr. Lorry went into his room with a flapper, saw, chisel, and hammer, attended by Miss Pross, carrying a light. There, with closed doors, and in a mysterious and guilty manner, Mr. Lorry hacked the shoemaker's bench to pieces, while Miss Pross held the candle as if she were assisting at a murder—for which, indeed, in her grimness, she was no unsuitable figure. The burning of the body (previously reduced to pieces convenient for the purpose) was commenced without delay in the kitchen fire; and the tools, shoes, and leather were buried in the garden. So wicked is destruction and secrecy appear to honest minds, that Mr. Lorry and Miss Pross, while engaged in the commission of their deed, and in the removal of all traces, almost felt, and almost looked, like accomplices in a horrible crime.

CHAPTER XX.

A PLEA.

When the newly-married pair came home, the first person who appeared to offer his congratulations was Sydney Carton. They had not been at home many hours when he presented himself. He was not improved in habits, or in

THE AUTO DA FE.

looks, or in manner; but there was a certain rugged air of fidelity about him, which was not to the observation of Charles Darnay.

He watched his opportunity of taking Darnay aside into a window, and of speaking to him when no one overheard.

"Mr. Darnay," said Carton, "I wish we might be friends."

"We are already friends, I hope."

"You are good enough to say so as a fashion of speech; but I don't mean any fashion of speech. Indeed, when I say I wish we might be friends, I scarcely mean quite that, either."

Charles Darnay—as was natural—asked him, in all good-humour and kindness, what he did mean?

"Upon my life," said Carton, smiling, "I find that easier to comprehend in my own mind than to convey to yours. However, let me try. You remember certain famous occasion when I was more drunk than usual?"

"I remember to have heard something of the kind from you." said Darnay, gravely.

"I remember it too. The cure of those occasions is heavy upon me, for I always remember them. I hope it may be taken into account one day, when all days are at an end for me!— Don't be alarmed; I am not going to preach."

"I am not at all alarmed. Examination in you is any thing but alarming to me."

"Ah!" said Carton, with a careless wave of his hand, as if he waved that away. "On the drunken occasion in question (one of a large number, as you know) I was insufferable in liking you and not liking you. I wish you would forget it."

"I forget it long ago."

"Fashion of speech again. But, Mr. Darnay, oblivion is not easy to me as you represent it to be to you. I have by no means forgotten you, and a light answer does not help me to forget it."

"If it was a light answer," returned Darnay, "I beg your pardon for it. I had no other object than to turn a slight thing, which, to my surprise, seems trouble you too much now. I declare to you, on the faith of a gentleman, that I have long dismissed it from my mind. Good Heaven! what was there for me to remember? Have I had nothing more important to remember in the great service you rendered me the day?"

"As to the great service," said Carton, "I am bound to accept it, when you speak of it in that way, that it was mere professional claptrap. I don't know that I cared what service, of you when I rendered it. Mind! I say when I rendered it; I am speaking of the past."

"Your reason, sir, for saying which, returned Darnay, "but I will not quarrel with your light answer?"

"Genuine truth, Mr. Darnay, trust me! I have gone aside from my purpose; I was speaking about our having been friends. You know me; you know I am incapable of all the higher and better flights of men. If you doubt it, ask Stryver, and he'll tell you so."

"I prefer to form my own opinion without reference to his, sir."

"Well! As any rate you know me as a dissolute man, a man never done any good, and never will."

"I don't know that you 'never will.'"

"But I, sir, and you must take my word for it. Well! If you could endure to have such a worthless fellow, and a fellow of such indifferent reputation, coming and going at odd times, I should ask that I might be permitted to come and go as a privileged person here; that my name might be regarded as a useless (and I would add, if it were not for the queerness I detect lurking between you and me, an unornamental) piece of furniture, tolerated for its old services, and taken no notice of. I doubt if I should make the permission. It is a hundred to one if I should not sink back into habits that would render me worse than useless; but, if you say the word, I'll try."

"Will you try now?"

"That is another way of saying that I am placed on the footing I have indicated. I thank you, Darnay. I may use that freedom with your name?"

"I think so, Carton, by this time."

They shook hands upon it, and Sydney turned away. Within a minute afterward he was, to all outward appearance, as unobstainable as ever.

When he was gone, and in the course of an evening passed with Miss Pross, Lucie and Mr. Lorry, Charles Darnay made some mention of this conversation in general terms, and spoke of Sydney Carton as a problem of carelessness and recklessness. He spoke of him, in short, not harshly or inconsiderately to bear hard upon him, but as any body might who saw him as he showed himself.

He had at once seen that this could dwell in the thoughts of his fair young wife; but when he afterward joined her in their own room, he found her waiting for him, with the old pretty lifting of the forehead strongly marked.

"We are going home to-night?" said Darnay, drawing his arm about her.

"Yes, dearest Charles," with her hands on his breast, and the inquiring and attentive expression fixed upon him; "we are rather thoughtful to-night, for we have something on our mind to-night."

"What is it, my Lucie?"

"Will you promise not to press one question on me, if I beg you not to ask it?"

"Will I promise? What will I not promise to my Love?"

What, indeed, with his hand putting aside the golden hair from the cheek, and his other hand against the heart that beat for him!

"I think, Charles, poor Mr. Carton deserves more consideration and respect than you expressed for him to-night."

"Indeed, my own? Why so?"

"That is what you are not to ask me. But I think—I know—he does."

"If you know it, it is enough. What would you have me do, my Lucie?"

"I would ask you, dearest, to be very generous with him always, and very lenient on his faults when he is not by. I would ask you to believe that he has a heart very, very seldom revealed, and that there are deep wounds in it. My dear, I have seen it bleeding."

It was a painful reflection to me," said Charles Darnay, quite astounded, "that I should have done him any wrong. I never thought that of him."

"My husband, it is so. I fear he not to be considered; there is scarcely a hope that any thing in his character or fortunes is reparable now. But I am sure that he is capable of good things, gentle things, even magnanimous things."

She looked so beautiful in the purity of her faith in this lost man that her husband could have looked at no face so true for beauty.

"And, oh my dearest Love!" she urged, clinging nearer to him, laying her head upon his shoulder, and raising it to his ear, "remember how strong we are in our happiness, and remember that he is his misery!"

The supplication touched him home. "I will always remember it, dear Heart! I will remember it as long as I live."

He bent over the golden head, and put the rosy lips to his, and folded her in his arms. No one forlorn wanderer, then pacing the dark streets, could have heard her innocent disclosure, and could have seen the floor of her little nest all swept away by her husband from the soft blue eyes so loving of that husband, he might have fallen to the right—and the words would not have parted from his lips for the first time—

"God bless her for her sweet compassion!"

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE UNDERTAKER DISPENSES WITH HIS SERVICES.

"Is there was a great excitement in college; the students had taken possession of an old revolutionary cannon belonging to the town, and planted it in the college campus, which it was watched night and day for a month, the student in charge carrying a pistol from the armoury. One night when the sentinel was walking around the cannon he heard some one around the cannon attack to the touch-hole. Then one of the old college servants, an Irishman, Larry by name, appeared, armed with a club, ready to assist the student. The student, however, had prepared himself. 'The lanky, gintlemen, as the mobs do come for the cannon to-night, sure they'll all go away scrpent!'"

EPITAPHS

ADAPTED TO THE PRETALENT CAUSES OF DEATH—DEDICATED TO MODERN PHYSICIANS, SWITCHMEN, COLLISIONS, CROSSINGS UNWATCHED — MAKING TO LOST TIME — AND OTHERWISE OPEN WITHOUT SIGNAL HAZE.

PREPARED FOR THE USE OF PRESIDENTS, DIRECTORS, AND SUPERintendents of Railroads.—*Vide et infra.*

A sudden stitch,
From a misplaced switch,
Laid me dead in this ditch.

Off the track the engine rushed—
Some were drowned and I was crushed."

"What is life? 'Tis but a vision.
Here I died by a collision.
Twenty more died by the same!
Verdict—Nobody to blame."

Sister, mother, aunt, and me
Were run down. Alas we be
We should have had time to mistake
Had they blown the engine's whistle."

Sweeping round a curve
Whose outer features bordered an abyss,
The cars were ended in the precipice,
And even of us killed. But what of that?
'Twas the safety slid it. Let the engineer,
Being upon a header, was executed."

Train-borne traveler, rushing by,
As thou passest my place thou mayest
Here a cat, and blind with fear,
Which I killed with the left eight.
For a moment, friend, be merciful,
As you pass the railroad sleepers.
You may strike our fate—not you!
Ere you reach the next depot."

"Here are deposited the bones
Of the flesh being torn off
Of an unknown man,
Who, being dead, found rest lame,
Neglected to obey the customary signals,
And was run over as a locomotive."

For his command
The engineer was arrested the engine
And it had not killed a body in two.
And, with most exemplary humanity,
Conveyed the remains to an adjacent wood-shed,
Where all means of resuscitation were tried;
But in vain!
The vital spark had fled!
For the humanity they displayed,
The engineer and signal men
Were promoted by the company
With a reverse of place,
One to fire and to lubricate.

"Ah, William! leave them for the wars! Where is the brother who went with you?" "Ah me! we left our mother dying. One of us was killed. How can I bear to tell her which one was it?"

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Jules Hanel's Eau Athenienne, or Hair Renovator, not only restores the Hair, but also imparts a beautiful and natural color to every hair to its original life color and youthful softness and beauty. It is not a dye, and will not stain the skin, or injure the hair by all Druggists, and by JULES HANEL & Co., No. 704 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

MUSICAL BOXES,

Playing from 2 to 36 Tunes, manufactured by the best makers in Switzerland.

HOWARD & MARTIN, Importers, 21 Maiden Lane, New York.

ONCE A WEEK.

AN ILLUSTRATED PERIODICAL,
conducted by
THE BEST WRITERS IN EUROPE, AND ILLUSTRATED BY THE FIRST ARTISTS.

FIRST MONTHLY PART NOW READY.

The following are a few of the regular contributors to ONCE A WEEK:

William M. Thackeray,	Shirley Brooks,
Charles Dickens,	Tom Taylor,
Alfred Tennyson,	Mrs. Gaskell,
Lord Lytton,	Miss Mulock,
Geo. A. Sala,	Joseph Hatton,
Harriet Martineau,	Charles Knight,
J. E. Millais,	Geo. &c. &c.,

And the following eminent designers and artists are engaged on the illustrations:

John Leech,	Hablot K. Browne,
J. E. Millais,	Geo. Du Maurier,
John Tenniel,	A. Wolf, &c.

The first monthly part now ready.

Price 10 cts. weekly. In monthly parts, price 35 cts. Subscription price, $4.00 per annum.

WILLMER & ROGERS,
Newspaper Exchange, 5 Beekman Street, N. Y.
For sale by all News Dealers and news agents.

MISS HAINES

Respectfully informs her friends and the public that her Establishment is

No. 10 GRAMMERCY PARK,
EAST 20TH STREET,

Will commence on Tuesday, Sept. 20.

A practical attendance of her pupils is requested. Those who have not yet enrolled their names in Miss HAINES is past years, may be assured of her continued desire and, as she trusts, increased ability, to impart to her pupils a substantial, useful, and accomplished education. She has a full staff of teachers of acknowledged talent, and it will be their united aim to contribute, as heretofore, to the health, the happiness, and the moral and intellectual improvement, of those committed to their care.

Grover & Baker's
Celebrated Noiseless
Family Sewing Machines,
At Reduced Prices.

495 Broadway, New York. 18 Summer Street, Boston.
1511 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. 181 Baltimore Street, Baltimore. 58 West Fourth Street, Cincinnati. 113 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

SEND FOR A CIRCULAR.

ARE YOU GOING TO THE SPRINGS?
If so, BLACK DIAMOND
Will give you something to talk about
Sold by all Booksellers.

ELLIOT & PATTEN—Examine Inventions and procure American and Foreign Patents. *Patent Agency* opposite main entrance of Patent Office Building, Washington City, D. C.

IF WHISKERS AND MUSTACHES won't grow upon your face, use my unguent (established 1870), which will force them to grow six weeks sooner than otherwise, and create a luxuriant growth on the skin. Price $1. Sent by mail, post free, to any address. E. G. GRAHAM, 109 Bowery Street, New York.

J. M. SINGER & CO.,

No. 453 Broadway, corner of Grand.

EVERY HOUSE,
HAVLEY'S DELAWARE PEPSINATOR,
NORTH SIDE UNION SQUARE,
NEW YORK.

COZZENS'
West Point Hotel
IS NOW
OPEN.

LA TOURETTE HOUSE,
BERGEN POINT, HUDSON CO., N. J.
Valley W. Mills' Line of Steamers from Desbrosses Street.

The fashionable *Summer Hotel* is beautifully situated on the banks of the Arthur Kill, opposite Staten Island. Excellent *Bathing, Boating, Fishing, and Driving* in the immediate vicinity. *Superior Cuisine.* Under the new management the *Old Stone House* as convenient as a hotel in town, and is open for the reception of visitors by Steamboat to reach it, then to go from South Ferry by Union Depot.

INTERNATIONAL HOTEL,
NIAGARA FALLS.

ROBERT S. COLEMAN, late of the firm of COLEMAN & STETSON, begs to announce that he has leased the above well-known hotel, New York, and in connection with his son, FREDERICK W. COLEMAN, opened the above-named popular hostelry, which has been enlarged and greatly improved, renders it very desirable to visitors at this the grandest of watering places.

TRENTON FALLS.

This most picturesque of the WATER FALLS OF AMERICA can now be reached at a small expense from Utica by Railroad.

N.B.—Carriages to make a day

PIMMEL'S TOILET VINEGAR is far superior to Eau de Cologne as a lotion for the toilet or for a refreshing Perfume and a powerful Disinfectant.

Sold by all the Trade.

E. RIMMEL, *Perfumer, London and Paris.*

Books by return Post to any Post Office in the United States.

GOOD BOOKS by MAIL.—We send all Books postage free at Publishers' prices. Send for Robert prices. Address FOWLER & WELLS, No. 389 Broadway, New York. United States *Book Agency.* Country dealers supplied.

CLOVE ANODYNE
TOOTHACHE DROPS.
Complain no more of Aching Teeth,

when instantaneous relief may be had for 25 cents.

Prepared by A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists, 100 Fulton Street, New York.

Sold also by Druggists everywhere.

EXPERIENCED AGENTS WANTED IN all parts of the country to obtain SUBSCRIBERS FOR "LOSSING'S PICTORIAL FIELD-BOOK OF THE REVOLUTION." Two handsome Royal Octavo volumes, containing upward of 1500 pages, and 1100 beautiful illustrations. This work will be sold exclusively by Agents, to each of whom a special District will be given. Send for descriptive circular. Applicants should name the County they would prefer. For full particulars address GEO. W. ELLIOTT, care HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

HEALTH OF AMERICAN WOMEN.

The great value of the GRAEFENBERG MEDICINES, including their splendid remedy, *Marshall's Uterine Catholicon*, is guaranteed by testimonials from the most distinguished men in the country, whose names and the evidence of genuine character, are at the service of any person interested. Among them are testimonials of the GOVERNORS OF TWO STATES, the Chairmen of the BOARD OF HEALTH OF NEW YORK, of the Surgeons-in-Chief of BELLEVUE HOSPITAL, many Clergymen, including Rt. Rev. Bishop D., THE HEAD OF THE METHODIST CHURCH, THE STATE CHEMIST AND ASSAYER of the State of Massachusetts, THE AUTHORS OF NEW YORK CITY, UNITED STATES COMMISSIONER to Great Britain, the Proprietor of BARNUM'S MUSEUM, and many other public men, besides the Editorial Notices from the leading Journals in the country.

To Dr. VALENTINE MOTT, President and Professor of Surgery.

To Dr. G. S. BEDFORD, Professor of Diseases of Women, New York University.

To Dr. WILLIAM FARRE, President of Academy of Medicine.

To Dr. J. MARION SIMS, Head of Women's Hospital, New York.

To Dr. JOHN C. CHEESEMAN, Professor of Diseases of Women, New York.

GENTLEMEN,—Your position in the medical profession is very high. You claim for yourselves great medical and surgical abilities, and profess to teach others how to cure disease. Can you do it? (signed) A. B.

The consulting physicians of the Graefenberg Company make no profession of genius. They are content to rely on common sense, and are willing to rest their case upon the testimony of those they have cured, and not upon any position or honors awarded by a self-constituted medical board. From each of you, gentlemen, patients have come to the consulting rooms of THE GRAEFENBERG COMPANY. In some helpless and pitiable condition, bound your suit, and given them up as incurable. In other instances, you have visited them, and made their cure very slow and difficult, by injudicious surgical operations. Yet, *under the broadcast and judicious operation of the Graefenberg Company's Medicines, the sufferers are in a fair way to be cured; MOST of them are cured already.*

☞ The Graefenberg Family Medicines will always cure all diseases for which they are recommended with certainty and safety.

The Graefenberg Manual of Health and their celebrated series of medicines should be in every family.—*Scientific American, New York.*

The Graefenberg Medicines are better than others, and their Manual of Health is an able work.—*Waterville Argus.*

The Graefenberg Manual of Health is a capital little book, full of useful medical information, and is sold "to who runs may read," and with the Graefenberg Medicines apply its common sense principles to practice. —*Pennsylvanian, Philada.*

The Graefenberg theory varies from all newfangled notions, but it will preserve and restore health.—*New York Sun.*

The Graefenberg Medicines and the Manual of Health are invaluable, and should be in every family.—*N. Y. Sun.*

The Graefenberg Family Medicines

CONSIST OF

CONSUMPTIVES BALM, ... Price $3 00 per bot.
THE GRAEFENBERG COMPANY'S MARSHALL'S UTERINE CATHOLICON, ... " 1 50 "
SARSAPARILLA COMPOUND, ... " 1 00 "
GRAEFENBERG FIG REMEDY, . . . " 50 "
DYSENTERY SYRUP, ... " 50 "
CHILDREN'S PANACEA, ... " 50 "
FEVER AND AGUE REMEDY,[1] . . " 50 per box.
VEGETABLE PILLS, ... " 25 "
EYE LOTION, ... " 25 per bot.
SHERO VEGETABLE OINTMENT, . . " 25 per box.
HEALTH BITTERS, ... " 25 per pack.
MANUAL OF HEALTH, ... " 25 per copy.

All of the Graefenberg Family Medicines are prepared by a skilful physician, and they may be relied upon in all cases for which they are recommended. They consist of eleven medicines, from which one may be selected adapted to the case.

☞ FOR SALE AT THE OFFICE OF THE GRAEFENBERG COMPANY, No. 32 FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

THE GRAEFENBERG COMPANY'S
MARSHALL'S UTERINE CATHOLICON

Is a certain cure for all female monthly irregularities, weakness, tumors, ulceration, inflammation, whites, falling, &c., and other local derangements of the female system, as well as the constitutional troubles arising from them.

Price $1 50 *per bottle; five bottles for* $6. *It can be safely sent by Express.*

☞ CAUTION. ☜

AN ARTICLE, WHICH IS WORTHLESS, NEARLY RESEMBLING THIS IN NAME AND LABEL HAS BEEN PUT IN CIRCULATION.

Address Letters and orders to

JOSHUA F. BRIDGE, M.D.,
Secretary and Consulting Physician of the Graefenberg Company,
32 PARK ROW, NEW YORK.

Invalids throughout the country may address DR. BRIDGE concerning their complaints by letter, confidentially.

☞ *If medicines are not ordered, and an extended opinion is required, the Letter must contain One Dollar* to insure reply.

The Graefenberg Manual of Health has been revised and improved, and elegantly illustrated with beautifully-colored Engravings of the human system. Sent by mail to any part of the country on receipt of 25 cents. It is a complete guide to all diseases and their cure.

Address JOSHUA F. BRIDGE, M.D.,
SECRETARY GRAEFENBERG COMPANY,
32 PARK ROW, NEW YORK.

Dysentery, Diarrhœa, Cholera, and all the bowel complaints quickly yield immediately to the GRAEFENBERG DYSENTERY SYRUP. *Price 50 cents per bottle.*

TIFFANY & CO.,
Importers & Manufacturers
No. 550 Broadway, New York, and
Rue Richelieu, No. 79, Paris,
DIAMONDS, AND OTHER PRECIOUS STONES.
FINE JEWELRY. WATCHES.
SILVER WARE, PLATED WARE, TABLE CUTLERY:
CLOCKS, BRONZES, ARTISTIC GAS FIXTURES.
DESKS, DRESSING-CASES, WORK BOXES, JEWELS-BOXES, FANS, IRON PORCELAIN.
And many other Articles of Use and Luxury.

The only Agents in New York for the sale of Charpentier's Patent Gold Pens, which for elasticity and other desirable qualities are made to unquestionably establish a different standard in gold pens.

Tiffany's Illustrated is *gratis figures the Jewelry Price of which it will be sold.*

We cordially extend a stranger an invitation to inspect our stock, assuring all that a call will incur not the least obligation to purchase.

SENSATION BOOK FOR THE DOG-DAYS!

BLACK DIAMONDS

GATHERED IN THE DARKEY MINES.
BY EDWARD A. POLLARD, of Virginia.
BEING
DAGUERREOTYPE SKETCHES OF AUNTY DERBY AND DUDY, UNCLES POMPEY, HARK, "OLD BONES," JUNK, "THE BRAGGER," AND OTHER STRIKING DARKEY CHARACTERS: EXHIBITING THEIR HABITS, MANNERS, AMUSEMENTS, SUPERSTITIONS, AND RELIGION OF RELIGIOUS BELIEF, &c. &c.

WITH A LETTER FROM THE AUTHOR TO

HORACE GREELEY, Esq.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

NEW ORLEANS DELTA.—"Remarkably free from sectional prejudice and acerbity. The author knows negro character thoroughly, intimately—from the point of view of ethnological science, but in the warm, enkindling recollections of a humorous friend and youth.

RICHMOND (VA.) DISPATCH.—"One of the few accurate and natural pictures of negro character that we have ever seen. Nearly all of them, including Uncle Tom's Cabin, and most of the replies thereto, are mere caricatures. Here is the genuine nigger, as he is seen in the Southern States by all every day."

THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE.—In the course of a column of editorial notice, the Tribune says of one of the passages of the Book: "It has been distinguished from the days of Herodotus. Pliny, Tacitus, every character of an Elegant Extract, is now making a *fashionable tour through the magazines.*"

SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

1 vol. 12mo. Cloth. Beautifully printed. Fifty Cents.

☞ SENT BY MAIL, PREPAID, ON RECEIPT OF FIFTY CENTS.

PUDNEY & RUSSELL, PUBLISHERS,
79 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK.

EVERY BODY READS IT.

IS IMMENSELY POPULAR.

MRS. PARTINGTON'S
NEW BOOK.
KNITTING WORK,

Is now ready and for sale everywhere. The advance orders, announcing to over

10,000 Copies,

and the great rush for the book, fully prove the immense popularity of Mrs. Partington. Everybody says

A HOUSEHOLD WORD.

HENRY WARD BEECHER,

"Sam Slick was the first to make the Partington now in the American humorist; original, genial, laughable, and not unsuggestive. Why will he be so understood. Sidney Smith's last is included in these remarks. No one should buy the book who is not ashamed to be seen.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

has said that "Humor must have feeling in it, wit needs the sparkle of steel." Mrs. Partington's Knitting Work is *wet* with the *sensitive driver has more feeling and humor than ever he showed before.*

KNITTING WORK,

By MRS. PARTINGTON,

is not wholly a humorous book, but a happy combination of pathos and humor, in which the most beautiful thoughts and sentiments are scattered among Partingtonian mirth and nonsense.

It is elegantly illustrated by

ALFRED B. HOPPIN,

whose own appreciation of humor has been well applied to MRS. PARTINGTON and HER.

The publishers are sure that the sale of the book will even surpass that of the old lady's previous volume, of which over

30,000 COPIES

were sold in a few months after its issue.

In 1 Vol. 12mo. Price $1 25.

Brown, Taggard & Chase,
PUBLISHERS, BOSTON.

RIMMEL'S WHITE ALMOND SOAP
AND FAMILY BAR SOAP are confidently recommended for their emollient properties and delightful perfume.

Sold by all Druggists.
E. RIMMEL, *Perfumer, London and Paris.*

ARE YOU GOING TO THE MOUNTAINS?
BLACK DIAMONDS
Will interest and startle you.
Sold by all Booksellers.

American Guano.

TO FARMERS AND DEALERS

IN GUANO. This Guano from Jarvis Island, in the Pacific Ocean, which has been proved to be the most valuable fertilizer ever discovered, is offered in quantities to suit purchasers, at two thirds the price of Peruvian and Ichaboe Guano. Apply to J. MARSHALL, Proprietor, American Guano Co., 66 William Street, New York.

A LIST OF DERBY & JACKSON'S LATE PUBLICATIONS FOR SALE BY BOOKSELLERS AND TRAVELING AGENTS, OR SENT BY MAIL, POSTAGE PREPAID, ON RECEIPT OF THE PRICE.

TEN YEARS OF PREACHER-LIFE;

OR,

CHAPTERS FROM AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

By THOMAS W. H. MILBURN. $1.

FROM DAWN TO DAYLIGHT; OR, THE SOUTHSIDE STORY OF "WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THE NEGRO?" By a Southern Woman. $1.

ACADIA; OR, A MONTH AMONG THE BLUE NOSES. By PROF. SILLIMAN, author of "A Journey of Travel in Europe." $1.

THOUGHTS AND OPINIONS OF RELIGIOUS SUBJECTS. (A New Volume of Star Papers.) By the Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER. 12mo. $1.

PLAIN AND PLEASANT TALK ABOUT FRUIT, FLOWERS AND FARMING. By the Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER. 12mo. $1.25.

MADAME DE STAËL AND GERMANY. Edited by O. W. WIGHTMAN. 12mo. $1.

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF MICHAEL DE MONTAIGNE. With Notes from all the Commentators, Biographical and Bibliographical Notices, &c. By W. HAZLITT. $3.

FENELON'S ADVENTURES OF TELEMACHUS. 2 vol. $1.25.

VOZZARIS'S HISTORY OF CHARLES XII. 1 vol. $1.25.

PICTURES OF COUNTRY LIFE. By ALICE CARY. $1.

SPARKS FROM A LOCOMOTIVE; OR, LIFE AND LABOR ON THE RAILROAD. By the Author of "Belle Brittan on a Tour." $1.

THE METHODIST; OR, INCIDENTS AND CHARACTERS FROM LIFE IN THE METHODIST CONFERENCE. By MIRIAM FLETCHER. 2 vols. $2.

NOTES FROM HENRY WARD BEECHER'S BIBLE-COURSES. By AUGUSTA MOORE. $1.

PUTTING HIM ON; OR, SCENES OF ANOTHER WORLD. By GEO. WOOD. $1.

MADAME DE STAËL'S SOUVENIRS OF TRAVEL. (New Edition.) 2 vols. $3.

COZZENS'S SPARROW-GRASS PAPERS. (New Edition.) $1.

THE RIFLE, AXE AND SADDLEBAGS. By W. H. MILBURN. 1 vol. $1.

DERBY & JACKSON, Publishers,
119 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.

ARE YOU GOING TO THE LAKES?
BLACK DIAMONDS
Can be read while sailing for a while.
Sold by all Booksellers.

SHELDON & COMPANY'S
NEW BOOKS ARE

SUMMER PICTURES,

FROM COPENHAGEN TO VENICE.
By THEODORE HERBERT TUCKERMAN.
1 vol. 12mo. price $1.

"The volume reads into like the formal narrative of a tourist than the more elaborate work of detail."—*Boston Transcript.*

"We have read few books which have given us more real pleasure."—*New York Herald.*

THE CHINA MISSION.

By the Rev. W. C. DEAN.
1 vol. 12mo. price $1.

Either of the above sent by mail prepaid for $1.

TO SOUTHERN MERCHANTS.

HARNDEN'S EXPRESS
LEAVES DAILY
TUESDAY, THURSDAY AND SATURDAY,
FOR
SAVANNAH,
Thence, by Coastin Railroad, to
MACON, MEMPHIS, ATLANTA,
AUGUSTA, MOBILE, NASHVILLE, COLUMBUS, MONTGOMERY,
NEW ORLEANS.

And all Towns in the interior of

Georgia, Alabama and Tennessee.

Every description of merchandise forwarded at Low rates, and delivered with promptness and despatch.

For further particulars apply at the office of
HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, 74 Broadway.

HARPER & BROTHERS,

Franklin Square, New York,

HAVE JUST PUBLISHED

A LIFE FOR A LIFE. A Novel. By MISS MULOCK, Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," "Olive," "The Ogilvies," "Head of the Family," "Agatha's Husband," "A Hero," &c. &c. 8vo. Paper, 50 cents.

LIFE AND LIBERTY IN AMERICA; or, Sketches of a Tour in the United States and Canada in 1857-58. By CHARLES MACKAY, LL.D., F.R.S.A. With Ten Illustrations. 1 vol. 12mo. Cloth, $1.

LEVEN'S GERALD FITZGERALD. Gerald Fitzgerald, "The Chevalier." A Novel. By CHARLES LEVER, Author of "Charles O'Malley," "Harry Lorrequer," "The Dodd Family Abroad," "Sir Jasper Carew," "Martin Cluzzlewit," &c. Complete in one large 8vo. Paper, 50 cents.

TISCHENDORF'S GREEK TESTAMENT. The Greek Testament: with a Critically Revised Text; a Digest of Various Readings; Marginal References to Verbal and Idiomatic Usage; Prolegomena; and a Critical and Exegetical Commentary. For the use of Theological Students and Ministers. By HENRY ALFORD, B.D., Minister of Quebec Chapel, London, and late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Vol. I., containing the Four Gospels. 8vo. 744 pages. In Muslin, $3 00; sheep extra, $3 50; Half calf extra, $4 00.

AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR. Illustrated by J. McLENAN. 1 vol. 12mo. Cloth, $1 00.

THE LIFE OF JABEZ BUNTING, D.D., with Notices of Various Religious Movements of the Times. By THOMAS PERCIVAL BUNTING. Vol. I., with a Portrait. 12mo. Muslin, $1 00.

THE COMPLETION OF

MISS STRICKLAND'S QUEENS OF SCOTLAND. Lives of the Queens of Scotland and English Princesses connected with the Royal Succession of Great Britain. By AGNES STRICKLAND. Vol. VIII. completing the Work. 12mo. Muslin, $1 00; Sets in Muslin $8 00; Half Calf, $14 80.

ABBOTT'S FRENCH REVOLUTION. The French Revolution of 1789, as viewed in the light of Republican Institutions. By JOHN S. C. ABBOTT, Author of "The History of Napoleon Bonaparte," "Napoleon at St. Helena," &c. With numerous Engravings. 8vo. Muslin, $2 50.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS will send any of the above works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States under 3000 miles, on receipt of the Money.

RIMMEL'S ROSE-LEAF POWDER
Gives to the skin a rosy hue to the skin, and renders it soft and beautiful.
Sold by all the Trade.
E. RIMMEL, *Perfumer, London and Paris.*

DO YOU STAY AT HOME?
BLACK DIAMONDS
Will drive away the Blue Devils.
Sold by all Booksellers.

A NEW NOVEL,

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"John Halifax."

HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, New York,
Publish this Day:

A LIFE FOR A LIFE.

A Novel.

By MISS MULOCK,

Author of

"John Halifax, Gentleman," "Olive," "The Ogilvies" "The Head of the Family," "A Hero," "Agatha's Husband," "A Hero,"
&c., &c.

☞ Sent post-paid to any part of the United States on receipt of Fifty Cents.

☞ Every Number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE contains from 90 to 96 pages—and from one third to one half more reading than any other in the country.

A Splendid Number.

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE
FOR SEPTEMBER.

CONTENTS.

TROPICAL JOURNEYINGS.—PANAMA.
With numerous Illustrations. By BAYARD TAYLOR.
A FOREST STORY. — THE ADIRONDACK WARDEN AND HIS WIFE. By J. ROSSER BROWNE.
Illustrated by Eleven Engravings.
CHRISTMAS AND ITS CAROLS.
Illustrated by Twenty-seven Engravings.
A RAINY DAY AND WHAT CAME OF IT.
A SHORT DISTANCE IN THE COUNTRY.
MAUD RESOLVE LOVE WITHOUT.
THE MEETING BY THE HEMLOCKS.
OUR BOOK TABLE.
A HOMELY SONG OF TOIL.
THE DIVIDING LINE BETWEEN FEDERAL AND LOCAL AUTHORITY.—CONSTITUTIONAL GOVERNMENT AND THE TERRITORIES. By GEORGE A. DUGGLAS.
THE VERGINIANS. By W. M. THACKERAY.
Illustrations.—Flat Rebellion.—Warrington Marsh.—The Family Party.
CHAPTER LXXXIV. In which Harry submits to the consequences of his folly.
CHAPTER LXXXV. Harry Warrington.
CHAPTER LXXXVI. At Home.
MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.
LITERARY NOTICES.
EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.
OUR FOREIGN BUREAU.
EDITOR'S DRAWER.
FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Equestrian Costumes.—Cloak.

☞ Persons who have had occasion to consult the past volumes of the Magazine must have been struck with the multiplicity of papers of permanent and engrossing biographical, historical, and scientific facts, so that, apart from its merits as a storehouse of entertaining reading, it is of as much value as a work of general reference, and on a great variety of subjects. The "Editor's Easy Chair" and "Editor's Drawer," in particular, though promising little immediate interest to the reader, will be found, in the course of a few years, and now rapidly becoming, a mine of chronological summary, the convenience and satisfaction of which it is impossible to let the most highly appreciated by those who have the most frequent occasion to refer to the events of the day.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE is emphatically, the American popular magazine. It is the best family magazine, as to politics, elegant in taste, varied in matter, overwhelming with attractive pictures, and honest, and pure in tone. In a sturdy common sense, it has no rival. Nor will it have while it applies its influence as it has hitherto done.—*Christian Advocate.*

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year $3 00
Two Copies for One Year 5 00
Three Copies for One Year (each) . . 2 00
And an Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of Ten Subscribers.

HARPER'S WEEKLY and HARPER'S MAGAZINE, together one year, for $5 00.

The Postage upon "HARPER'S MAGAZINE" must be paid at the office where it is received. The Postage is *Thirty-six Cents* a year.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A FIRST-CLASS ILLUSTRATED PAPER.

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST
FAMILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD.

FIVE CENTS a NUMBER: $2 00 a YEAR.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS'S NEW STORY, entitled "A TALE OF TWO CITIES," Splendidly Illustrated by Numerous Engravings, will appear in HARPER'S WEEKLY for May 7, and will be continued from week to week until completed.

GEO. WILLIAM CURTIS'S Illustrated Serial Tale of Another Character will also be commenced

In "Harper's Weekly" for April 9.

TERMS OF HARPER'S WEEKLY.

One Copy for Twenty Weeks $1 00
One Copy for One Year 2 00
One Copy for Two Years 4 00
Five Copies for One Year 8 00
Twelve Copies for One Year 20 00
Twenty-five Copies for One Year . . . 40 00

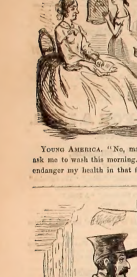
An Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of TWELVE *or* TWENTY-FIVE SUBSCRIBERS.

TERMS FOR ADVERTISING.—*Fifty Cents a Line.*
A Liberal Discount will be made to those wishing to Advertise for three Months or more.

☞ Persons living in the City of New York wishing "Harper's Weekly" left at their houses, will please send their names at the Office of Publication, No. 329 Pearl-street, or to the Office of Publication.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
Franklin Square, New York.

THE CROTON WATER PANIC IN NEW YORK.



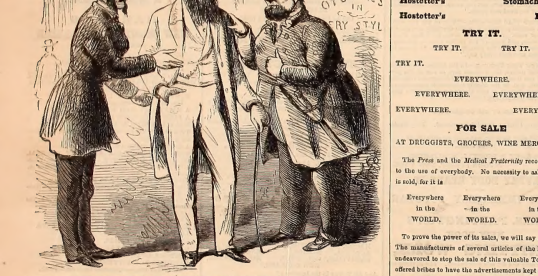
YOUNG AMERICA. "No, mamma, you needn't ask me to wash this morning. I ain't goin' to endanger my health in that filthy Croton."

MR. JONES (*to indignant Wife of his bosom*). "You see, Mrs. J., 'taint wholesome, th' Cro'n, so Bill's T's h'n obliged (bic) t'drink (bic) brandawnat' (bic) all day! Shocking, isn't it?"

POOR DRUGGAN OF A BACHELOR. "Do you mean to say, Mrs. Soapsuds, that you consider this shirt clean?"

WASHERWOMAN. "Faith, an' it's as clane as I can make it, in the prisent state of the Croton."

CONSCIENTIOUS PLUMBER. "'Tain't my fault, m'm, that the pipes won't work; its all owing to the Croton, which bu'sts 'em and rusts 'em."



OUR POLICE AND OUR BROADWAY RASCALS.

FIRST OFFICER. "Where will it please you to go to-night, sir? They give Lalls Rookh at Wallack's; or would you like to visit the Opera?"

RASCAL (*who is vulgarly supposed to be in the Tombs*). "Confound the Opera! It bores me!"

SECOND OFFICER. "PUMP, sir, you would like a drive through the Central Park. I'd like to have your opinion of the new improvements there."

RASCAL (*deliberating*). I guess I'll go to Delmonico's first and dine; then, yes—then I'll go and get drunk where we was last night."

BOTH OFFICERS. "All right, sir!"

[*Exeunt.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW BOOKS.

MICHELET'S LOVE (L'Amour). $1.
PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF AMERICAN REVOLUTION. $1.00.
HARTLEY NORMAN. The New Novel. $1.25.
A BACHELOR'S STORY. By Oliver Bunce. $1.00.
THE VAGABOND. Sketches by Bedeau. $1.00.
NEW AND THE OLD. By Doctor Palmer. $1.25.
, Sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price, by
RUDD & CARLETON, Publishers,
130 Grand Street, New York.

Old Sachem Bitters & Wigwam Tonic.

These celebrated and pleasant Bitters are highly recommended by the faculty as the purest and finest Tonic and Stimulant ever offered to the public for General Debility, Loss of Appetite, Constipation, and other Derangements of the Stomach.

PRINCIPAL DEPOT,
No. 145 Water Street.
For Sale Everywhere.

BININGER'S
OLD LONDON DOCK
GIN

Designed for the use of the *Medical Profession* and the Family, having superseded the so-called "Gins"—Arrack—Rum—Cognac—Whiskey, &c., &c., as a beverage by all of whom it is now unanimously acknowledged to possess all those intrinsic medicinal qualities (tonic and diuretic) which belong to an old and pure Gin. Put up in quart bottles and sold by all druggists, grocers, &c.

A. M. BININGER & CO.,
(Established in 1778.) SOLE PROPRIETORS,
No. 338 Broadway, N. Y.

Curtis' Cure for Baldness.

This remedy is reliable; contains no oil, lead, or sulphur. Has been used in Boston, Providence, and the Eastern States. M. CURTIS, Proprietor, Providence, R. I. Sold by E. A. Brooks, Broadway; J. & J. Colgate, 12 Broadway; W. H. Sawin, 361 Greenwich Street; John Jones, 76 Houston Street; Hall, Mrs. Hayes, & F. Miller; and Reynolds & Co., Brooklyn; F. Sellew, Jersey City; L. T. Mercer, Newark.

BARNES & PARK, Nos. 13 and 15 Park Row,
And all Druggists. General Agents.

E. A. BROOKS,
575 Broadway & 150 Fulton Street.
A splendid Assortment of Ladies', Gentlemen's, and Children's Boots, Shoes, and Gaiters.

ARE YOU GOING TO THE SEA SHORE?
Take along the novelty of the season,
BLACK DIAMONDS!
Sold by all Booksellers.

RICHARDSON'S NEW METHOD FOR THE PIANO—JUST ISSUED.

Being superior in its plan of Study, exceedingly attractive in its Lessons and Exercises, and unequalled in its adaptation to the wants of all classes, is meeting with a most extensive sale, and rapidly becoming the most popular System of Piano Execution in this country. Price, $3.

Published by OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.

Hostetter's Celebrated Stomach Bitters.
Hostetter's Celebrated Stomach Bitters.
Hostetter's Celebrated Stomach Bitters.
Hostetter's Celebrated Stomach Bitters.
Hostetter's Celebrated Stomach Bitters.

TRY IT.

TRY IT. TRY IT. TRY IT. TRY IT.

EVERYWHERE.
EVERYWHERE. EVERYWHERE.
EVERYWHERE. EVERYWHERE.

FOR SALE

AT DRUGGISTS, GROCERS, WINE MERCHANTS.

The *Press* and the *Medical Fraternity* recommend it to the use of everybody. No necessity to ask where it is sold, for it is

Everywhere in the WORLD. Everywhere in the WORLD. Everywhere in the WORLD.

To prove the power of its sales, we will say one word. The manufacturers of several articles of the kind have endeavored to stop the sale of this valuable Tonic, have offered bribes to have the advertisements kept out of the papers, and, in every possible way tried to damage the reputation which the article has acquired. All we ask is that the Public will give it a fair and impartial trial: we warrant the most satisfactory results.

COUNTRY DEALERS

who have not this valuable medicine, will find it to their advantage to keep it for sale. There will be no trouble in getting it, as *every Wholesale and Retail Druggist* throughout the World has it. Ones more we say

Buy it. Buy it. Buy it. Buy it. Buy it.
Try it. Try it. Try it. Try it. Try it.
Buy it. Buy it. Buy it. Buy it. Buy it.
Try it. Try it. Try it. Try it. Try it.

Principal Depot 13 and 15 Park Row, N. Y. Sold and manufactured by

HOSTETTER & SMITH,

PITTSBURG, Pa.

DR. J. B. MARCHISI'S
CELEBRATED
UTERINE CATHOLICON,
FOR THE RELIEF AND CURE OF SUFFERING FEMALES.

With such universal suffering as seeketh the female life, a really efficient medicine seems to be a necessity. Where other remedies and physicians have failed, this Catholicon has restored health to the patient and happiness to the fireside. "The cure of Female Complaints by Marchisi's Catholicon are truly surprising."—*New Bedford Standard.* "It has created an enviable name in our own family."—Woman's *Advocate, Phila.* "No article has ever answered the recommendations like this. I use it in my practice with astonishing results."—D. B. Perkins, M.D., Marion, O. "I have used it in cases of Irregularities, Ulcerations, Lucorrhœa, Flooding and Prolapsus, with perfect success. It has done, in all cases, more than I expected."—Physician of the Faculty.—Jno. C. Orance, M.D., Baltimore. "I have never recommended more to me."—Jesse Love, M.D., Lawrenceville, Ga. Such letters pour in from a thousand sources, showing it to

Never taken without Benefit.

It is for sale by druggists and agents of every description for the Female Sex. Daughters, Wives, and Mothers! Marchisi's Catholicon will cure you. A pamphlet, with symptoms, treatment, letters, &c., sent gratis by mail, or delivered by Agents. ☞ Do not confound Dr. Marchisi with any other name. It is sold at $5 per bottle, or three bottles for $9, by an Agent in almost every town. When not found, enclose money, and order by Express. Address

BARNES & PARK, General Agents,
13 and 15 PARK ROW, N. Y.

Or J. D. Park, Cincinnati; Weeks & Potter, Boston; J. Wright & Co., New Orleans. J. B. MARCHISI, M.D.

DELANO
Life-Preserving Coat and Vest Company,
Office and Salesroom No. 256 Broadway, opposite the City Hall Park.

Vest *not* inflated.

Vest inflated.

The above Company are Manufacturers of every kind of Life Preserving Garments, to which they would call the attention of all persons who are occasionally or constantly upon the water—ladies, gentlemen, and children who would have *perfect* security and additional pleasure while bathing—boat and yacht clubs, and all who are fond of aquatic sports, &c., trust the following testimonials from the highest authority in the land:

NAVY YARD, WASHINGTON, Nov. 24, 1858.

SIR—

Agreeably to your order of the 1st inst., we have witnessed a series of satisfactory experiments made with Y. A. DELANO'S Life-Preserving Vest, and have the honor to report that we consider it a valuable invention—and calculated, in the event of casualties to vessels from intemperate weather, and the dangers attending them, it can be inflated, and slight liability to get out of order.

With respect, your obedient servants,

CHARLES C. TURNER,
Commandant, U. S. Navy.
WM. S. MAURY, *Lieutenant.*
T. W. PATTERSON, *Lieutenant.*
GEORGE WILMARTH, *Boatswain.*
W. H. HAMILTON, *Gunner.*

TO ISAAC TOUSEY, *Secretary of the Navy.*

NEWPORT, R. I., October 6th 1858.

Delano Life-Preserving Coat and Vest Company.

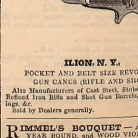
GENTLEMEN—I have examined the improved Life-Preserving Vest, invented by Y. A. Delano, and have not in get by many severe tests, all of which it has so admirably stood that I consider it a perfect protection against drowning. The elastic straps prevent a large amount of inflation without incommoding or fatiguing the body, and, as used in the vest, acts as entirely new device and a very useful one.

Yours, very respectfully,

GEO. W. CULLUM,
Capt. U. S. Engineers.

ARE YOU GOING TO SARATOGA OR NEWPORT?
BLACK DIAMONDS
Will afford pleasant reading for an evening
Sold by all Booksellers.

REMINGTON'S



ILION. N. Y.
POCKET AND BELT SIZE REVOLVER.
GUN CANES (RIFLE AND SHOT).
Also Manufacturers of Cast Steel, Sporting Rifled and Refined Iron Rifle and Shot Gun Barrels, Gun Mountings, &c.
Sold by Dealers generally.

RIMMEL'S BOUQUET — ALL THE YEAR ROUND, and WOOD VIOLET, are the leading Perfumes in *Paris and London.*
Sold by all the Trade.
E. RIMMEL, *Perfumer, London and Paris.*

HARD TIMES NO MORE. — ANY Lady or Gentleman in the United States, possessing from $3 to $5, can enter into an easy and respectable business, by which from $5 to $10 per day can be realized. For particulars, address (with stamp),
W. R. ALTON & CO., 41 North SIXTH Street,
Philadelphia.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. III.—No. 140.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1859. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

BRIGHAM YOUNG'S RELIGION, WEALTH, WIVES, ETC.

THE accompanying illustration will convey to the beholder some idea of a very remarkable interview which took place a few days since between Brigham Young, the chief of the Mormons, and Horace Greeley, the Editor of the New York *Tribune*. Mr. Greeley, on his way across the continent by the overland route, stopped at Salt Lake City, and there fell in with an old acquaintance, Dr. Bernhisel, who was for some time Mormon delegate in Congress. The Doctor proposed to introduce Mr. Greeley to Governor Young, and the offer, as may be imagined, was gladly accepted. We give the rest in Mr. Greeley's own language, simply observing that Brigham Young's statements are the latest and most authentic expositions we have of the Mormon doctrine:

We were very cordially welcomed at the door by the President, who led us into the second-story parlor of the largest of his houses (he has three), where I was introduced to Heber C. Kimball, General Wells, General Ferguson, Albert Carrington, Elias Smith, and several other leading men in the Church, with two full-grown sons of the President. After some unimportant conversation on general topics, I stated that I had come in quest of fuller knowledge respecting the doctrines and polity of the Mormon Church; and would like to ask some questions bearing directly on these, if there were no objection. President Young assured his willingness to respond to all pertinent inquiries. The conversation proceeded substantially as follows:

THE RELIGION OF MORMON.

GREELEY. "Am I to regard Mormonism (so-called) as a new religion, or as simply a new development of Christianity?"

BRIGHAM. "We hold that there can be no true Christian Church without a priesthood directly commissioned by, and in immediate communication with, the Son of God and Saviour of mankind. Such a Church is that of the Latter-Day Saints, called by their enemies Mormons. We know no other that even pretends to have present and direct revelations of God's will."

GREELEY. "Then I am to understand that you regard all other Churches professing to be Christian as the Church of Rome regards all Churches not in communion with itself—as schismatic, heretical, and out of the way of salvation?"

BRIGHAM. "Yes, substantially."

GREELEY. "Apart from this, in what respect do your doctrines differ essentially from those of our orthodox Protestant Churches—the Baptist or Methodist, for example?"

BRIGHAM. "We hold the doctrines of Christianity, as revealed in the Old and New Testaments; also in the Book of Mormon, which teaches the same cardinal truths, and those only."

GREELEY. "Do you believe in a personal devil—a distinct, conscious, spiritual being, whose nature and acts are essentially malignant and evil?"

BRIGHAM. "We do."

GREELEY. "Do you hold the doctrine of Eternal Punishment?"

BRIGHAM. "We do; though perhaps not exactly as other Churches do. We believe it as the Bible teaches it."

GREELEY. "I understand that you regard Baptism by Immersion as essential?"

BRIGHAM. "We do."

GREELEY. "Do you practise Infant Baptism?"

BRIGHAM. "No."

GREELEY. "Do you make removal to these valleys obligatory on your converts?"

BRIGHAM. "They would consider themselves greatly aggrieved if they were not invited thither. We hold to such a gathering together of God's people as the Bible foretells, and that this is the place and now is the time appointed for its consummation."

GREELEY. "The prediction to which you refer here usually, I think, here understood to indicate Jerusalem (or Judea) as the place of such gathering?"

BRIGHAM. "Yes, for the Jews; not for others."

HOW THE BISHOPS AND PRIESTS LIVE.

GREELEY. "Let me now be enlightened with regard more especially to your Church polity. I understand that you require each member to pay over one-tenth of all he produces or earns to the Church?"

BRIGHAM. "That is a requirement of our faith. There is no compulsion as to the payment. Each member acts in the premises according to his pleasure, under the dictates of his own conscience."

GREELEY. "What is done with the proceeds of this tithing?"

BRIGHAM. "Part of it is devoted to building temples and other places of worship; part to helping the poor and needy converts on their way to this country; and the largest portion to the support of the poor among the Saints."

GREELEY. "Is none of it paid to bishops and other dignitaries of the Church?"

BRIGHAM. "Not one penny. No bishop, no elder, no deacon, or other Church officer, receives any compensation for his official services. A bishop is often required to put his hand in his own pocket and provide therefrom for the poor of his charge; but he never receives any thing for his services."

GREELEY. "How, then, do your ministers live?"

BRIGHAM. "By the labor of their own hands, like the first Apostles. Every bishop, every elder, why he daily earn at work in the field or the shop, like his neighbors; every minister of the Church has his proper calling by which he earns the bread of his family; he who can not or will not do the Church's work for nothing is not wanted in her service; even our lawyers (pointing to General Ferguson and another present, who are the regular lawyers of the Church) are paid nothing for their services.

BRIGHAM CONSIDERS HIMSELF A MILLIONAIRE.

"I am the only person in the Church who has not a regular calling apart from the Church's service, and I never received one farthing from her treasury. If I obtain any thing from the tithing-house, I am charged with and pay for it, just as any one else would; the clerks in the tithing-store are paid like other clerks, but no one is ever paid for any service pertaining to the ministry. We think a man who can not make his living aside from the ministry of Christ unsuited to that office. I am called rich, and consider myself worth $350,000; but no dollar of it was ever paid me by the Church, or for any services as a minister of the Everlasting Gospel. I first nearly all I had when we were broken up in Missouri and driven from that State; I was nearly stripped again when Joseph Smith was murdered and we were driven from Illinois; but nothing was ever made up to me by the Church, nor by any one. *I believe I have been to acquire property, and how to take care of it.*"

COMPARES THE MORMONS TO THE APOSTLES, AND BUCHANAN TO PONTIUS PILATE.

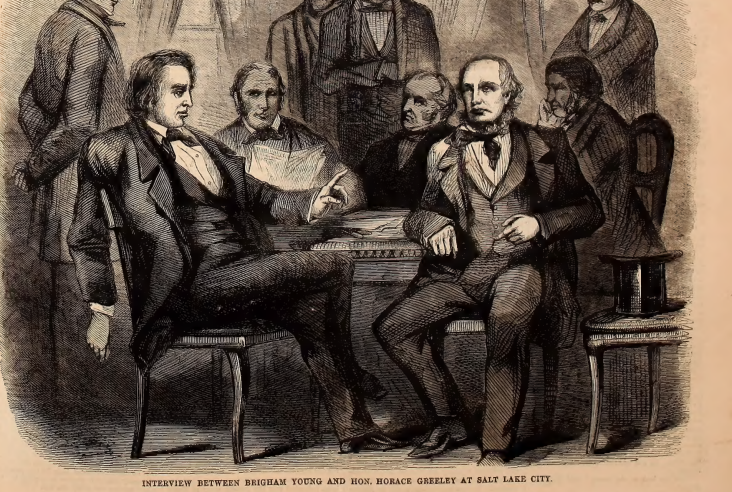
GREELEY. "Can you give me any rational explanation of the aversion and hatred with which your people are generally regarded by those among whom they have lived, and with whom they have been brought directly in contact?"

BRIGHAM. "No other explanation than is afforded by the crucifixion of Christ, and the kindred treatment of God's ministers, prophets, and saints in all ages."

HOW ABOUT POLYGAMY?

GREELEY. "With regard, then, to the grave question on which your doctrine and practices are avowedly at war with those of the Christian world—that of a plurality of wives—is the system of your Church acceptable to the majority of its women?"

BRIGHAM. "They could not be more averse to it than I was when it was first revealed to us as the Divine



INTERVIEW BETWEEN BRIGHAM YOUNG AND HON. HORACE GREELEY AT SALT LAKE CITY.

will. I think they generally accept it, as I do, as the will of God."

CHRISTEY. "How general is polygamy among you?"

BRIGHAM. "I could not say. Some of those present (heads of the Church) have each but one wife, others have more. Each determines what is his individual duty."

BRIGHAM HAS FIFTEEN WIVES.

CHRISTEY. "What is the largest number of wives belonging to any one man?"

BRIGHAM. "I think fifteen; I know no one who has more; but some of those seated to me are old ladies whom I regard more as mothers than wives. I think I have taken home to cherish and support."

CHRISTEY. "Does not the Apostle Paul say that a bishop should be the husband of one wife?"

BRIGHAM. "So we hold. We do not regard any but a married man as entitled to the office of bishop. But the Apostle does not forbid a bishop having more wives than one."

CHRISTEY. "Does not Christ say that he who puts away his wife, or marries one whom another has put away, commits adultery?"

BRIGHAM. "I see; and I hold that no man should ever put away a wife except for adultery—but always even for that. Such is my individual view of the matter. I do not say that wives have never been put away in our Church, but that I do not approve of the practice."

Mr. Greeley adds:

Governor Young spoke readily, not always with grammatical accuracy, but with no appearance of hesitation or reserve, and with no apparent desire to conceal anything, nor did he regard any of my questions as impertinent. He was very plainly dressed in his summer clothing, and with no air of assumption or fastidiousness in appearance, he is a portly, good-looking man, not at all thick-set man of fifty-five, seeming to enjoy life, and be in no particular hurry to get to heaven. His associates are plain men, evidently born and reared to a life of labor, and looking to it that they shall continue to subsidize as any body of men I ever met. The absence of rank or wealth from their manner was marked and general; yet I think I may fairly say that their Mormonism has not impoverished them, since they very generally pour men when they embraced it, and are now in very comfortable circumstances—not surrounding three or four wives apiece certainly need to be.

Mr. Greeley was struck with the entire ascendency of Brigham Young over his associates. Elder Stephen A. Douglas once told us a good story, showing that this ascendency was acquired at a very early day also.

In 1846 the excitement against the Mormons at Nauvoo reached its height. The people had set out resolving counter determined to drive them away. The Saints resolved to defend themselves. A civil war seemed imminent. Governor Ford dispatched a regiment to put down both belligerents. This regiment, consisting of 450 men, was under the command of Colonel John J. Hardin, the old political opponent, but warm personal friend of Mr. Douglas, who held the post of Major.

At this little body of troops approached Nauvoo they saw Mormon troops, 4000 strong, ready to oppose their advance. Every man of them was known to be armed with a "seven shooter" and a brace of Colt's "revolvers"—twenty-one shots in a man, besides a bowie-knife.

Hardin halted his troops just out of rifle-range and addressed them:

"There are the Mormons, too on against us. I intend to attack them. If there is a coward here who wishes to go home, he may do so now. Let no one who wishes to go stay for fear of me."

Not a man came forward. "There were, I dare say," said Douglas, "just 151 men left to fight, including our Colonel, who would have been glad to have retired; but not one of us had the courage to own that he was a coward."

"Major Douglas," said the Colonel, "I will take 100 men, will proceed to Nauvoo, arrest the Twelve Apostles, and bring them here!"

"Colonel Hardin," asked the Major quietly, so that no one else heard, "is this a peremptory order?"

"It is."

"Then I shall make the attempt to execute it. But I give you warning that not a man of us will ever return."

"The Apostles must be taken, Major Douglas," replied the Colonel.

"Very well, Colonel. If you will send me alone you will be much more likely to get them."

"But you will lose your life!"

"I will take the responsibility. If you may see alone I will endeavor myself to escape the mob. As to bringing in the Twelve, or getting back myself, that is quite another question. I will try."

"Do you assume the responsibility?"

"I do."

"Major Douglas," said the Colonel, after reflecting a few moments, "will proceed to Nauvoo, taking such men as he sees fit."

The order was hardly given when the little Major—for he was not then a "Little Giant"—dashed off at full speed. As he approached the Mormon legion General Wells came forward to meet him; and after a short but animated conversation through the hollow square of troops into the city.

Not long in finding Brigham and the Twelve. All of them were old acquaintances of Douglas. He then had, in fact, been before him for trial, as Judge, upon some charge or other.

The Judge is famous for his taking manners; and in a very brief time he succeeded in inducing Brigham and his associates to accompany him. They all packed themselves into the "Apostolic Coach," drawn by eight horses, and presented themselves in the camp.

The fighting was postponed, and negotiations for the removal of the Mormons were entered upon. Judge Douglas being chief negotiator on one side. Brigham himself said but little; and at length said he would go out for a while, directing his associates to settle the terms. These were soon informally agreed to by the Twelve, and they were committed to paper.

Brigham returned, and asked how matters had succeeded. He was told that every thing had been settled.

"Let me look at the terms," said Brigham, quietly.

He read them over hastily.

"I'll never agree to them; never!" he exclaimed.

The vote was formally put, and the whole Twelve, without a dissenting voice, declared against them, though they had so unanimously accepted them but five minutes before.

The negotiations were then renewed between Brigham and Douglas. New terms were settled; and when the vote was taken the Twelve agreed to them at once. The treaty was duly signed, and the Mormons prepared to leave the State.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1859.

THE EMANCIPATION QUESTION AGAIN.

THE agitation by some Southern politicians of the revival of the slave-trade, and the undoubted fact that African negroes are constantly landed in the Southern States and sold to the planters, impairs new interest to the inquiry which is made by political writers men into the working of emancipation in the British West Indies. We took occasion in a recent number to allude to the cool and startling view set forth by Mr. Sewell, of the *Times*, in his letters to that paper from Barbadoes and Trinidad; and we observed that negroes are now a more speedy fulfillment of his predictions than was anticipated by that cautious writer.

It is true that the facts which come from us doubted authority, is only kept quiet by the presence of large bodies of British troops. Barbadoes and Trinidad are not islands overawed by British men-of-war. The newspaper organs of the colored race—some of which, edited and printed by men of color, are exceedingly able—make no secret of their conviction that, if those constraints were removed, the blacks would rise and assert what they consider their rights. So long as the troops and the frigates are there, the blacks are too intelligent to expose themselves to a bloody defeat; but the moment they are removed—and Great Britain will not keep a European force in those fiery ever in the West Indies, for no benefit to herself—the universal opinion of the colored race is that the blacks will rise, and that there will be enormous strength to require the whites for the wrongs they believe they and their ancestors have endured at their hands.

Simultaneously with the development of this state of feeling the English authorities, jealous of the excuse set up by Southern politicians in the late war in Italy, have ordered the enrollment of three new regiments of colored troops from the British West Indies. They are to form an efficient body of men; disposed, like the Zouaves and Turcos, to be unruly and ferocious, but no doubt very well adapted to endure the hard work of fighting. With the three new regiments the West Indian corps will form a little army. One is not in little contact to know where the new army will win its laurels.

In Barbadoes, during the late panic, when the whites prepared for a general rising of the blacks, it was well understood that the native regiment could not be depended upon for the whites relied on. How will it be when the time comes —as it must sooner or later—that the entire defense of the West India Islands is left to these Zouaves?

Events point—and we entreat the advocates of the reviving the slave-trade to answer this question—to the outbreak of a war of races in the British India Islands. The result of such a war would be doubtful. Victory would rest at first rest with the blacks, who outnumber the whites as ten to one. They would probably abuse it, and England be a second time conquered by the whites, to whose succor England would send avenging legions. These would do their work as at Jamaica in 1865. Then the blacks would then be a pause, during which—as now in India—the British public would be called upon to consider whether it will or will not consent to spend several millions a year in protecting a tribe of ignorant, besotted, and helpless barbarians, united only in their hatred of their race. The decision of that question is certain: the English would, sooner or later, abandon the place, and the whites would either be driven to leave the islands, or, like the Europeans of Hayti, would accept the domination of the black race.

This is the destiny of the British West Indies. This is the inevitable consequence of emancipations and decay were the first-fruits; extermination of the whites will be the ripe harvest.

We have dwelt on these considerations to the lessons of history on the blending of races. The world is about to witness a new illustration of the great truth, that two oppositely constituted races can not live in harmony on equal terms in the same land. Peace is possible where one race is dominant, and the other subservient. But if the dividing line be effaced, and a social and political equality established, peace is impossible until one or the other race is entirely crushed. It does not require a seer to discern in the future the establishment of a great negro empire or confederacy in the West Indies; with aims which can readily be conjectured, with a power which can be computed, and at whose proportions the white man shudders; with a destiny which the promoters of the slave-trade should lose no time in contemplating.

SENATOR DOUGLAS ON POPULAR SOVEREIGNTY.

THE article on Popular Sovereignty contributed to the September number of *Harper's Magazine* by Senator Douglas is attracting the attention it deserves. From his position as Chairman of the Senate Committee on Territories, Senator Douglas has had opportunities of becoming more familiar with the subject than any other statesman of the day; his legal mind and lucidity are admirably adapted to set the question in the clearest light.

A careful perusal of his article will, we think, lead all honest intelligent minds to agree that the people of each Territory have a right to regulate all their local affairs—slavery included. At what period the settlers acquire this right, that is to say, at what moment of time they become an independent political community with individuality and of sovereignty—it remains for Congress to determine.

What effect the publication of this article may have on the political prospects of Senator Douglas remains to be seen; the essay itself is rather the work of a statesman than a politician, and bears no trace of party prejudice.

Mr. Bancroft the historian has been heard to say that he will not carry his history further than the establishment of the Constitution, because, in his opinion, all since then has been *experiment*. It is certain that the eighty years of national life which the Confederacy has enjoyed have not sufficed for the elaboration of the American system; many of our most important legal and political problems remain still unsolved. Among these, the rights and duties of Territories are prominently conspicuous. Upon Secession Rights, in our view, the Union seems to devolve of discovering or inventing a system of law applicable to them, and consonant with the spirit of the Constitution and the progress of the age. The Magazine article marks a prominent epoch in this task.

COLLAPSE OF THE CROAKERS.

ANOTHER six weeks have elapsed since we appealed to the common sense of the public against the furious abuse of which the French Emperor was the object. At that time the British were fired in the idea that Napoleon contemplated the invasion and conquest of their island; the London *Times* thundered for more coast defenses; the poor Emperor was lifted perpetually on the American organs of frantic democracy in Europe quashed their teeth and foamed at the thought that Napoleon had always lied. We implored our readers not to be led away by these hot-headed persons, but to wait for the facts before passing judgment on the crisis.

The delay which we asked has not yet elapsed. The conference at Zurich has not been adjourned. The treaty of Peace is not before us. But enough is manifest already to show that Great Britain is in no danger of invasion, and that no more coast defenses or rifle-clubs are required to save London from attack and conquest; that Napoleon has not deceived us, and that the Italians have already won quite as much as they could have expected when the war was undertaken. The London *Times* and the *Tribune* follow the example of the London *Times*, and manfully retract the foolish calumnies which they so unscrupulously published respecting the Emperor of the French.

No one can help being pleased to hear of the release of the Austrian Archduke Maximilian with the French invasion bugbear has so long kept them. Napoleon, we now learn, has begun to demand his cousin and place him on a proper footing. Many of the ships which were said to be destined to operate on the British coast are now withdrawn. There is every reason to hope, too, that, rather than keep the English in a perspiration of fear, Napoleon proposes it. In the recent Austrian Crown Wedding at Vienna, Secretary since the peace of Villafranca, the Emperor Napoleon considers the English alliance so essential to the well-being of France and of the world, that he will rather abandon national projects on which he has set his heart than give his touchy neighbors a pretext for endangering it. One is at a loss which to admire most—the acuteness of his foresight or the unparalleled obsequiousness of the English, who would insist upon it that their lives were in peril.

Then as to Italy. It is now clearly understood that the French troops are not to be used to restore the Dukes of Tuscany and Modena. Austria may restore them—if she dare, and if she can. Whether she will try it, in the face of an overwhelming popular vote in those Duchies against them, we shall shortly see. France turns a deaf ear to the Pope's whining appeal for the restoration of his authority in the Legations; and already we shall hear that Pius has been informed that the French army at Rome is about to be recalled, and that he had best give his subjects such a constitution as will prevent their cutting his throat. Victor Emanuel, whom every one pitied when the Villafranca peace was made, declares himself quite satisfied; and Garibaldi, whom some paltry newspaper writers depicted as overwhelmed by the Emperor's treachery, proclaims his gratitude in an enthusiastic order of the day. If Victor Emanuel and Garibaldi are satisfied, with only color of reason can Englishmen or American arraign Napoleon for betraying Italy!

It is soon, as we said, to see the end. Those who live will discover that the Emperor of the French has executed his purpose most admirably. Italy is now emancipated. She is a nation of twenty millions of souls. On the north, on which alone she can be exposed to attack, she has admirable armies, fortified or warfare, filled with ardor, ripe for victory. Throughout Northern and Central Italy the people have shown, throughout the whole of this trying year, a self-command and a forbearance which we can not find adequate terms of praise. The back of the enemy has been broken by the French. European sympathy is fairly enlisted on the Italian side. If under these circumstances, with a free people, avowed national action, general foreign sympathy, a first-rate army, and a first-rate intelligent public, Italy can not finish the work which Napoleon began; if after France has borne the heat and burden of affairs for a year, her ally can gather in the harvest, and toil through the sunset, then, in God's name, let the Italians be slaves!

For our part we do not think it will be; and we believe that it will be found, when the work is over, that had the French done more or done less the work would have been worse done than now.

THE NATURALIZATION QUESTION IN EUROPE.

THE Germans, it seems, are terribly frightened by the dispatch from Mr. Cass claiming the surrender of Christian Ernst and the other deserters who have been seized for refusal to military service in Germany. It is said that they are prepared to abandon the point without further parley.

We pointed out, in the first article which appeared in any American paper on this question, the weak point in the German side. We showed that, without raising a regiment or fitting out a gun-boat, we could bring all Germany to its knees at an annual loss of a single cargo an cargo on German manufactures. The Germans are alive to the chance, and rather than run the risk, and the certainty of their ranks with the United States, they would let us have two as many recruits as we have asked for.

We believe that the President, now that the question is in so fair a way of settlement, will not make any efforts unduly to hasten its adjudication. His Secretary is a very old man, and committed some sad blunders when the point first rose; but we have no doubt that the conservative and energetic vindication of American citizenship. Let him be satisfied with nothing short of a complete acknowledgment of the right of resisting American citizens; and let this reservation be made by all the German powers. It is, we believe, the Democratic party will regard the ground it has lost.

THE LOUNGER.

MAKING A HIT.

AMONG the Adirondack hills and woods at this very time there are hundreds of people lying quietly behind logs and rocks and banks, all ready to fire some noble animal that may happen to come within by. And so there are a great many young men and women too, who are waiting quietly to pop at him they think, and as they hope, will fall. They are waiting to make their hit. Several good sitters have already been caught in the Lounger's wire cage of his Pickwick Papers, and brought down to their Public in a twinkling. There was Thackeray, who had his hit at Punch; and his hit at Punch with Vanity Fair. There was Tennyson, who aimed longer still, but hit the Queen's Laureate and the great Public. Then there was Charlotte Bronte: for prey had to come down. The young men and women of the period are waiting for opportunities for their turn.

More than one of them has told the Lounger that, when a man has made his hit, all the rest is easy enough; and it is true what they say. It is easy enough; and it is true that they will be able to hit at length with Vanity Fair, or your In Memoriam, or Locksley Hall, or Jane Eyre, or any of those.

Therefore why not write it? Because a man has a fancy or some faculty for writing—because he has been praised—because he wants to be famous, and sees that other men have become so by it—because he wishes to be famous by it—to suppose that he can "make a hit" because somebody else did? Here, for instance, is Emily, the heroine of women, whose manner is a magic that works every body happy. She clothes her graceful form in a light muslin with short sleeves. Why should the plain and brusque Poppin suppose that her manner will be magical, because she tips her wrist figure into a light muslin with short sleeves? Yet it is no mere ridiculous thing for any young person of either sex to suppose that in going to "make a hit" because somebody else has.

How many lawyers are there in the city of New York? How many have there ever been? And how many names of great lawyers live in the honor of the city?

Literary success is as rare as any other. Sometimes a man writes a book that makes his reputation, just as a lawyer makes a plea that establishes him. But in almost all such cases two conditions are to be observed. Either very great talent or very great learning. And the two are often combined. Some of the greatest literary works have been thrown off on very slowly. Some of the greatest authors never made "a hit." Milton did not—Dante did not—Goethe grew like a tree. And it is observable that the "hits" are sometimes the least-valuable shot to become in a night, but inferred in the morning.

Gentle Sir, or madam, that liest under the green sod of summer leisure, expecting the buck to bend by—how if he never comes? How if your dissent depend upon the verdict of the jury, and seven pieces your summer bank before you have made your bit?

BLONDIN AND DE LAVE.

It's a day when newspapers are mainly eager to tell something startling under the head of news, if they can't say, but very dangerous, to moralize and to generalize upon current phenomena. Yet because a prize-fighter lay three days at Poole, without identified with a political party, is murdered in a gang-fight, and knifed with manners and in due precedent, it does not follow that the American people have a stronger regard for bullies than for statesmen. Nor because a rope-walker can go to Niagara and Heenan fight, and the disgusting details are exposed in the columns of the daily and weekly circular journals, does it follow that the American people are more interested in a prize-fight than in other more elevating matters. It is because, in these summer days, a man at Niagara regards death for a living, and another man, who is not imitable like him, must be swift to conclude that our civilization is low and sickly.

Either Blondin or De Lave will presently tumble off the rope and be killed. Then the newspapers will say, Sam Patch was a greater man, for he died but once. Meanwhile the same newspapers print all the details, and are responsible for at least half of the interest in the performance that attends these exhibitions.

Of course the journals will dwell upon their old "vocation" to give the news, and we are not sad for giving it. We do not approve the manner which are telegraphed and printed in our columns; but we should not be newspapers if we did not report them. We think, from time to time, that we say in, but certainly his performances are part of the current news of the day. If a correspondent should write us from Niagara that Blondin to cross the Falls, and should say nothing of the spectacle which was the object of the journey, we might we not justly complain of him as unfit for his position? Our readers don't wish to hear that Niagara is sublime; they wish to know what is doing at the Falls."

This is a perfectly reasonable plea. But we are surely stealing a fact. "There is a swarm of people pouring to Niagara to see Blondin walk over the Falls on his left ribcage." Why, then, is not *Punch*, *Philosopher, and Friend*. "What a shame! what a reproach!" Yet if the thing be true, it is a reproach that Blondin and his show should be attended by a swarm of people going to see the sight. But this they would want to; and besides they have it in their minds to go, or they would not start when the news comes."

That is a dangerous argument. But, without discussing it, what is the number of persons who have probably gone expressly to see the performance? We talk of our popular government, but it is popular only in form. Practically it is nothing of the kind. Another President. Will the shrewd and sarcastic spy say whether he thinks that the mass of voters will or will not follow the lead of the political wire-dancer who is ostensibly as the French people would vote for the candidate for the Presidency who will submit to them? The candidate of any party is, theoretically, the man whom the leaders of the party suppose will be most acceptable to the party majority. But actually—such is the condition of party organization—it is the man whom the leaders choose.

The practical "opinion" of any country is not the voice of the majority. It is the opinion of those who rule the majority by eternal laws of intellectual influence. The type of this country is in the morality of intelligent men.

POOR RICHARD.

Every district has its personal charity historian who knows the local traditions, as well as the larger history, of its people and progress. One of these last night told us a very characteristic story of Dr. Franklin.

The Doctor was one of the Commissioners who crossed from Perth Amboy to Staten Island to confer with Lord Howe, after the battle of Long Island. The house in which they met is still standing, and is one of the interesting relics of the island. Lord Howe told he could not recognize any claim of independence; and the commissioners said they could do nothing which did not start from such a recognition. So they took wine and parted. The American commissioners were conveyed across the water to Perth Amboy in the barge of the British General, and as they stepped ashore, Dr. Franklin pulled out a shining gold guinea and offered it to one of the boatmen. But the captain of the barge immediately called out to him not to take it; adding to Dr. Franklin that it would be as much as the boatman's place was worth to touch a rebel's gold. Thereupon the Doctor pocketed his guinea and walked away. But when his fellow-commissioners laughed at him for his willingness to lose his money so easily, Poor Richard waited until they had laughed out, and then said, with the wisdom of a philosophical statesman:

"Lose my money? Why, look here; these British officers have not the slightest idea of foreign currency. Don't you see that I increased the worth of our army and cause a hundredfold? In showing the fellow the color of Yankee gold; *for I mean they wouldn't let him take it!*"

VITUPERATION.

THE dictionaries define vituperation as blame or censure. Yet, in fact, it is the word which people insist that a speaker shall not vituperate another, since it is a certain sign for any man to censure or blame any conduct in any other man that he thinks fit; knowing, as he does, that if he do so openly the hard world will recoil and kindle his own head.

Suppose, for instance, that you believe a man, who is perpetually held up to the admiration of the young men as a fit example of the man and the citizen, to be a mere hypocrite, salick man, in whose hands the rights of the citizens could never be permanently secure, and whose conduct, even in matters of seldomness, would prevent by lead him to betray them. Is it not perfectly fair for you to declare to the young men that this man is a hypocrite, and that is not an admirable but a dangerous citizen, and that a man who is not honest in small things is not to be trusted with great? Weakness, hesitation, an eternal circus effort of trying to straddle and ride half in each horse are the worst of all political vices, and fatal often, as direct bad intentions. Whoever aspires by his own efforts or by those of his friends to be a leader of other men, must not complain if those who think him unfit for a leader state their reasons unadorned by flattery. He has no right to say that they mean him and no other. So long as a man lives privately and is of no public importance, he has no right to the rights of privacy, and is justly obelized from public discussion of his character and conduct.

We are gradually coming to a canvass of great interest in the country, in which many severe criticisms will be made. And they are to be condemned only when they are unjust, and not because they are personal. For the Presidential elections of 1860 should proceed upon the ground of principles and not of men. Every intelligent voter should vote to his duty if, when opposing certain principles, he thought that the representative of those principles was a man who was not competent to execute or fulfill the office, and did not say so. Suppose there were two parties in a country, and that at the one it was open upon the war. The other resists it. Certainly it is perfectly fair for the orators of the latter party to say that the leader of the party has let us at least spare ourselves the shame of sending a drunken, incompetent and a bully. Whoever says he must, of course, be prepared to be called to order. But there is this consolation—that if they be true, they are fair to be so even by those who would not like to said them.

Clearly we have no right to call people fool names to personally, or to slander them in the dark and to say, "I Resolved, that we think twice two are five; and Resolved, that we think that all who agree with us are mean sneaks and vagabonds." That is simply silly. But orators are often taken to task for "personalities" when they have no more simply expressing an honest opinion of them for the purpose of destroying their influence as much as they can.

LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—RESTLESS lady says, "This serial publication of secrets induces microscopic curiosity." Madam, the remedy is too complex for you ought to be very glad that it is so unimportant a particular.

—Inquiring reader will notice the author of a serial story over undertakes to tell the same tale simultaneously in two different ways. The consequence is, it may be effected by laying the scene in different countries, giving the proper nationality to the characters, and by no other plot. Of course, however, such a story has no vital relation to the truth of the author, and one have none in the memory of the reader.

—P. B. It is hardly fair to suppose that authors are a class are specially interested in Shakespeare. The whole world's involve the imagination there has always been observed a peculiar sympathy with the more remarkable in musicians and painters as in authors. As a class, imaginative men, both detail genius and genius.

—C. S. W. "Napoleon at Solferino" is respectfully declined.

—MERRIMACK. The "Three Fishers" is a ballad by Charles Kingsley. It begins:

"Three fishers went sailing out into the West,
Out into the West as the sun went down;
Each thought of the woman who loved him the best,
And the children stood watching them out of the town."

It has been set to very beautiful and appropriate music by a composer whose name?

—A FRIEND. Pre-Raphaelite is a term applied to several young artists of great talent in England, who profess a style of art which is a return to the effort of nature, all the actual details of nature must be imitated in painting. The name was given to them by critics, but their works have all the hard, stiff singularity of the artists who lived before Raphael; and partly it is complimentary, as indicating that they have returned to a more conscientious style than has been known since Raphael. Millais is the most famous and popular of the Pre-Raphaelite artists, and he has undoubtedly more poetic genius than any living English painter. His "Huguenot Lovers," and "Ophelia," and "Cavalier in the Oak" are perfect poems, and among the most truly interesting of modern pictures.

—I. T. The verses "At the Gleaming" are respectfully declined. Also, C. U.'s "Telling for a Death."

—INGOLDMEX. The first railroad in the United States was built in 1826, to connect the Quincy Quarry, in Massachusetts, with the tide-water upon Neponset River. It was only three miles long. The first road for passengers was the Baltimore and Ohio, in 1830.—Steam power was first used upon railroads by Blenkinsop, in 1811.—The first locomotive in the United States was used in 1831 upon the Mohawk and Hudson Railroad, and in 1833 upon the Baltimore and Ohio. In 1838 there were but three miles of railroad in the United States. Now there are more than 25,000. Who built the locomotive engine used on the M. and H. road? Was it Edward Bury, of London?

—W. S. B. sends a *jeu d'esprit* too long for the "Lounger's" column.

—Brevity's story has arrived safely, and an answer will be soon returned.

—LITTLE FLOWER, who returned to the Lounger, has quite overlooked her last literary service. She thinks it a good thing to remember that while we may receive money we can not command it. In a word, money is disappointment.

—The prospect is against cruelties. He says that as the rats it is now spreading it will soon be a fine that will encircle the earth.

CORRESPONDENCE.

NEW YORK, *August* 16, 1859.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers:

GENTLEMEN.—The Rev. Mr. Lackey, Chaplain of the Sing Sing Prison, informs me that "Harper's Magazine" has performed an office of great mercy to the poor prisoners, and is earnestly sought after by them.

Now let me ask your many subscribers, who have old copies therein stored, what could delight them more than to know that each one of these copies, if placed in the hands of a prisoner, would afford a ray of joy to lighten the gloom of their solitude?

May I beg of them, through you, to send to me their *old copies*, and I will put them in repair and send them on their errand of mercy to the different rooms of this State.

Pardon this intrusion, and believe me still

Yours very truly,
WILLIAM JAY HASSETT,
15 Centre Street.

OUR SARATOGA CORRESPONDENCE.

SARATOGA, *August*, 1859.

THE crowd of visitors is yet very great here, and the best time to form an estimate of their number is around the Congress Spring from 7 to 8 o'clock in the morning, or by a stroll through the parlors, parlors, and grounds of the principal hotels in the evening. These are the United States, the Union, and Congress? It is very fine, and pleasing to witness the crowds around the Congress in the morning, and the manners which are there exhibited—to me, indeed, in their eagerness for a first snatching the glasses from one another, and even pushing them into the ladies! A person comes his way to the fence around the spring, and taking a glass of water in either hand, turned round and gave them to the ladies. He would do the same while there was a lady near him desirous of a glass. All were accommodated in the same way, and abundant, unacquainted with the habits of the place; others said he was a gentleman of the old school. Right he certainly was, and the best and the luckiest of many, and was the observed of all. All said he was a gentleman, and he was.

You are at once astounded and astonished on entering one of the gay saloons here. They are crowded with ladies, each talking, laughing, looking at the top of their voice; and the confused noises stun you for a time, and you stand gazing.

Amid the splendid dresses and dazzling jewelry of the ladies astonish you. Even old ladies, with flowers, gems, and plaited curls, go as the reverse wing, are seen vying with the young, to be "Queen of the May." You believe, as many of the merchants fall, when their wives and daughters here can not be dressed for a ball, or for an appearance on the parade, for less than from one to two thousand dollars! We were shown a lady whose toilet-dresses sixty in number, and of the richest description; glittering under the bright shining of a gas chandelier, and a rogue, who had just left her side, after a brief conversation, observed in jest, "They were the only brilliants in her possession!" This I could not believe, as many of the ladies in the inverse ratio of the outward adorning, as it seems to be a trait of human nature to hide the most valuable from the eyes of the world. The richest jewels are those which are kept from the public. The plainest people in those saloons are the aristocracy of the place, and the richest are the very lower the gewgaws to their couchoons.

It is wonderful the mixing up of people here. The young Prince, with his cheap cigars and ratans, swell greatly. Their place at the dinner-table is usually rattled by the waiters with the champagne cork. They put on quite a wealthy air, and obviously make the most of the little they have. Each thought of a fine day that the disproportion between their purse and their pretensions is no longer "Lord Fopp" in the extravagant here which often interferes with their honesty, and with their subsequent prosperity. Economy and industry are the two essential to success in life; these are simply mean vices at Saratoga, and are not to be found in the presence of the glorious virtue of prodigality which here reigns triumphant. In these gay saloons and halls will see the milliner sitting by the side of the wife of the millionaire, and the swarthy and dwarfed creole from Cuba repeated to a Don of Castile descent, talking bad English to both. Indeed the finest looking fellow on the portico of the "States" one evening, and the most reserved, was a barber from Broadway, with a lady on his arm. The dress of his bust and of his beard was exquisite. How the mammas sighed for an introduction on account of their daughters! Indeed, a year or two since a young "French Count" had all but won the hand of a young lady of the "Upper ten" around "Madison Square," where it was discovered that his "head-quarters" was near the main bar-room of one of our fashionable hotels. For the young lady it was a hair-breadth escape. And how obviously with more pausch than brains who had made his money by a successful hit, was seen rubbing down his white whiskers after dinner, and his heart seeming to be filled with joy. Truly, 1859, it is good for an individual to come for a few day to Saratoga."

But amid this gilded ignorance and pretension wealth there is a large mixture of the genuine article—real persons of high sense and true worth. Here are princely merchants, as simple and pious as they are rich; and governors and judges, as great as they are modest; and young belles, as modest and sensible as they are fair and lovely, who are not to be gulled from the sphere of their accomplishments; and ministers of the first standing in their Churches, who have no need of preaching to find ample remuneration for their labor in their worth. The prayer meetings at nine o'clock each morning reveal that there are multitudes mixing with the gay throng whose hearts and whose hopes are in heaven, and who are as true to their principles as in the walks of life.

The now come here to drink Congress and to ventilate themselves, and they are all in a state just now. They once heated on high tide; but the waters are receding, and they are sinking in the scale. The high temperature favors not a flat fullers, because political, and absence of good men. But Cheviots is the great convener of the day of the country; and because it will not become fanatical, and lend itself to those unprincipled inquirists to power, it is roundly abused, even by some who minister at the altars. Fanaticism and abuse have never been, and never will be, a substitute for sincere. They soon weary; and when unsuccessful, will vexed, and become sincere of the past. The truth only holds on its way, and from every defeat gathers new strength to pour another shower of arrows upon the very hide of the heartless foe.

And "the Woman's Rights" people are here, and the strangest and most unsexed group for twenty-five cents a hearer. The women beat the men far away. They are more fluent and eloquent; and because they reason from false premises, come more directly to the point. There is a deputation among them from the Shakers at Lebanon—two men and three women. They are as primitive-looking as possible. In the street they walk, the two men before, and the three women behind; and the boys, in admiring mood, bring up the rear. We have seen the Shakers in their public exercises, and never did we see five persons in less danger from "the world's people" than they, and that stood in the midst of persons. We first saw Mrs. Stone and the Rev. Miss Brown have but little attention to pay for the people of their State eloquence failed to draw, and the Convention was a failure. Such things do for a while; but they soon become stale. Up to a certain point women that unsex themselves may amuse; beyond that, they disgust. Such is the feeling which must have obviously crossed the line. If hens do not get tired of striving to crow, people get tired of witnessing the same exhibition. The things that have been a success here are the prayer meetings in the morning, and the preaching of Rev. Joseph Cooper on the Sabbath. And long may it so be!

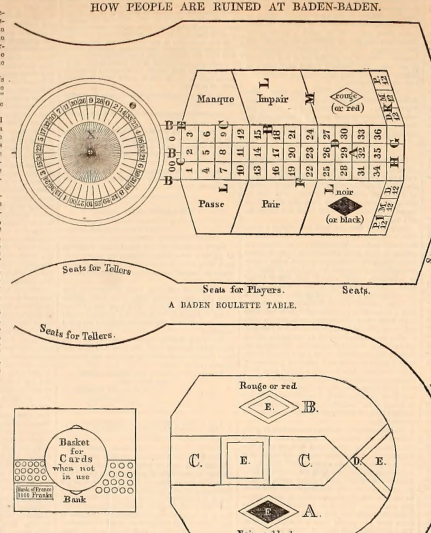
An event has just transpired here which has its many lessons. A gentleman of New Jersey, the son of a distinguished jurist of that State—himself once a member of Congress—met the chief at the Congress. He mixed freely and gayly with his friends through the day—at 9 o'clock in the evening he was in the circle of his friends in the portico—at 9 he was a corpse by apoplexy. In cold coffin and shroud he found for the grave in the early morning away for his home in New Brunswick. The sudden death of one so active in his profession, and distinguished made a deep impression for the hour. It started all, like a clap of thunder in a clear sky. But yet one of the most brilliant balls of the week was in Congress in the evening. The music was as lively, and the people as gay, and the dancing as spirited, as if no such call from eternity had been heard for a hundred years. Then one sits, and the living by it, and the dead.

"Vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher; all is vanity." The world is nowhere more vanity is this truth more clearly seen than amidst the gay saloons of Saratoga.

We visit most ministers. There are many of them here, of high and low degree; and all of them deserving water with a stone, and some of them look like the Prayer Book, bound in calf. Their regiments tell their Apostolic descent. Others wear decent black, with the white cravat. Others wear nothing black but the cravat. Others are all white. Others wear the dress of bishops of enormous size; while yet others have ruled quite a crop on the upper lip. And there are yet others who maintain the ministry in dress and honored dress of their order—they shave, they wear black, and the white cravat, and are professional hat—and seek only to attract by the propriety of their demeanor. We would not say that there is an affected air in any of our white patriarchs and waistcoat; but we confess a strong prejudice in favor of a clean upper lip and chin in a minister, and of the usual black dress. For do ministers rise in the esteem of society by their dress in the streets of Broadway or Saratoga. It is not well to treat rudely the anomalies of men. A man may be honored Christian man, dressed in White, lid one of the morning prayer meetings. I confess I was somewhat shocked on learning that he was a minister. And there are multitudes of good people for whom a mustache would utterly spoil a sermon. Persons of the fancy ministers of Saratoga could only bear the remarks made about them, they would at least shave and dress as the more mature and sober brethren. It is hoped they will do so when they get over their youngishness.

WANDA.

HOW PEOPLE ARE RUINED AT BADEN-BADEN.



BADEN, *August*, 1859.

ALTHOUGH "peace" has been declared, still, nearly all the usual visitors to this famous watering-place have thus far been kept away by the war and a general expectation in Germany that a movement toward the Rhine or Vienna would soon take place by order of the "Confederation."

The King of Wurtemberg and his suite have lately arrived, and are staying at the "Hotel Victoria," with this exception, no celebrities are present.

But there are a few of the faithful who never fail to be either here, in Wiesbaden, or Homburg during the summer months. I mean that class whose passion for the gaming-table never ceases, and who, when the season closes at the watering-places, flee hence to the gambling-saloons of Paris, Vienna, or London.

The building in which the gambling-tables are situated is called the "Conversationshaus," or Conversation-house. It is a fine structure, with a noble Corinthian portico, the front looking toward a pleasant lawn, by the western border of which runs a small but rapid stream called the Oos. On the north and south ends of the lawn are small bazars, filled with Tyrolese, Swiss, Algerian, French, and Bohemian productions. The mountains on all sides are covered with rich verdure, and here and there the ruins of an old castle or watch-tower adds much beauty to the view. There is a concert every evening at the charming new rotunda—just finished at a cost of $12,000—which stands nearly in front of the "Conversationshaus," at which the best performers that Paris or Munich can furnish delight the sweetest music. This "Maison de Conversation" was erected in 1824, by Weinbrenner. The main room is one of the finest I have seen in Europe, it being 150 feet long, 50 feet broad, and about 35 feet from floor to ceiling, the whole being decorated in the most costly manner. In this room is placed the "roulette table," which is a smaller room adjoining is found the one for playing "rouge et noir."

In order to understand these games it will be necessary to examine the adjoining diagrams. Firstly, the

ROULETTE TABLE.

It is so called from the revolving disk (X) which is in the centre of the table. As the tables in Baden-Baden are double, you have only to double the diagram to have a correct idea of them as they appear. The inner circle as well as the table is divided into 36 places, plus a simple zero (0) and a double zero (00) place, which make 38 numbers. One half of the notches in this inner circle are colored red, and the other half black. In the outer circle six notches are filled in one direction, and at the same time the central disk is turned in an opposite one, and while these are revolving the players put down their money (from one florin to six Napoleons on the numbers, and as high as four thousand francs on the other parts of the table), until the banker, seeing the marble is about to stop, cries out that nothing more can be put down. The circlet slope toward the disk, which is slightly conical, so that the marble rolls from one to the other several times before it falls into one of the notches. When it has fallen the banker declares the number and color which has won.

"Rouge" denotes the red, and "noir" the black side. "Pair" is for the odd numbers, including double zero (00). "Impair" is for even numbers and simple zero (0). "Manque" (to fail) signifies numbers from 1 to 18, and includes simple zero (0). "Passe" is for numbers (passing) from 19 to 36, with double zero (00).

If a player does not win, he loses all he stakes. If he wins, it is as follows, the zeros counting the same as numbers, the money staked always counting as *one portion* in the payment.

Money put on A or any numbers wins 35 times.
Money placed across a line, as it, wins 11 times.
Money placed on 5 numbers, as C, wins 11 times.
Money placed on 4 numbers, as D, wins 8 times.
Money placed on 3 numbers, as E, wins 4 times.
Money placed on 6 numbers, as F, wins 5 times.
Money placed on 12 numbers, as G, wins 2 times.
Money placed on 24 numbers, as H, wins 1 time.
Money placed { Rouge or noir, or / Manque or passe, or / Pair or impair, } wins 1 time.
Money placed on the line, as at M, wins 1 time.

At the end we notice

P.	M.	12.	
12	12	12	12 P. denotes

the premiere, or first 3d of 36; 12 M. stands for the moyen, or second 3d of 36 (i. e., from 13 to 24); and 12 D. is for the dernier, or last 3d of 36 (i. e., from 25 to 36).

Money placed as at I wins	2 times.
Money placed as at K wins	1 "

In either of the latter cases *color* is not regarded. The vacant squares at the end of the numbers neither win nor lose when the marble falls into the zeros.

In case "zero" is declared, only the money placed on (0) wins. All others lose but "rouge," "impair," and "manque," which neither win nor lose. If "zero double" (00) is called, only the money placed thereon wins. All others lose save "noir," "pair," and "passe," which neither win nor lose.

In case the disk (X) becomes deranged, or is thought to revolve irregularly, it must be put in order in presence of a Government officer, assisted by one of the bankers.

The "roulette" company always commence with 40,000 francs in their bank. There are two paying tellers on each side of the table, and an assistant at each end, all of whom are relieved every two hours.

The playing commences at 11 A.M., and continues until 11 P.M., from May 1 until November 1.

ROUGE ET NOIR.

This game is less intricate than "roulette." In any case one either loses all he stakes or wins either double (the stake is included in the payment), and nothing less than two florins, or more than six thousand francs can be put down as a *first stake*, though the player can leave it until, by doubling with constant winning, he may "*tenir la banque*," i. e., break or blow up the bank, as was done three times in two days last year by the Prince Conino, he having won in that time $100,000; but as usual, he went to another gambling place and lost nearly all he had.

For this play six packs of ordinary playing cards are used, each of which has 52 cards. Each "face card" counts 10, and the others according to the spots, the ace counting only one. Therefore we have 312 cards, containing a sum total of 1040 numbers or points.

These cards are placed in the basket in the centre of the table; but new cards (and only those with white backs are used) must be furnished every day. The banker mixes these cards thoroughly, after which any one person can re-shuffle them, but the banker has the privilege of doing it the last time if he wishes. The cards are then placed in pile, faces downward. The banker, taking off as many as he can conveniently hold, asks the croupiny to put down their money. This being done, he "counts off" by throwing with a peculiar whirl of his thumb and finger the cards from the upper part of those he holds, bringing the spots upward, until the numbers equal 31, or over, as may be, the first card of the first row *always deciding the color*. Then he commences a second row, and continues until the points equal 31 or over. If the *two rows* should both count 31 the money on the table must be put in the places marked (I) (which is termed being put "*en prison*"). If, in the following counts, the two rows should again equal 31, the winners gain (when another number appears) as many times their stake as 31 *double* has exceeded the sum one was put in prison. Or the player may state his preference for another color than that which he had at the time his stake was *being put in prison*; or he has the privilege of taking away one half his stake at the moment it is being imprisoned.

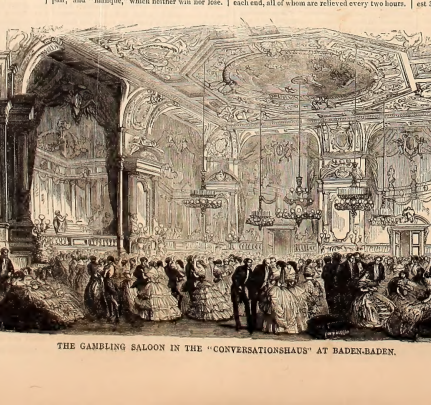
If, at the end, there are not enough cards to count 31 for both rows, the banker informs the players of the some, and at the same time the cards are again shuffled and "cut" by some one of the players, when the play is continued until the count equals exactly 31 of either row. If both rows count 40 the stakes can be withdrawn or left, but another "count" must take place, is over 40 can not be counted.

The first card of the first row always designates the color row, and money placed on (C) wins if color gained. Money placed on (D) would gain if *contre-color* gained. Red (or rouge) is not called a color in the banker's eye, i. e., he says either red gains and *color* loses, or *color* wins and red loses, instead of saying black and red wins or gains.

The row of cards whose numbers approach nearest 31 always gains; but if the count of the second row equals the first a new count must always be made, excepting in the case where both rows equal 31, which has been explained. The cards are used until less than the end of the Duchy of Baden.

These gaming-tables are under the direction of Monsieur Benazet, formerly of Paris; but the "Conversationshaus" is rented to a company who pay $30,000 for the season to the Government of Baden, and agree to spend $100,000 annually on the buildings and public walks and drives in Baden and its suburbs.

Although these games are always conducted fairly, any one can see that the chance is greatest for him who has the most money and most chances; and as few wish to risk an amount equal to the bank, the bank must needs be the gainer. It is from the immense number of small players that the bank is enriched and is enabled to pay such heavy rents and taxes. Therefore, if any one is inclined to play, it would be wise in him to compare the chances, and pay all his bills in advance, besides having out a ruptier to get home with, ere he finds a home in the "Prison for Debtors," or commits suicide, a wretched, heart-broken outcast.



THE GAMBLING SALOON IN THE "CONVERSATIONSHAUS" AT BADEN-BADEN.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

In Three Books.—Splendidly Illustrated.

To be Printed from early Proof-sheets, for which Messrs. Harper & Brothers pay the Author

FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS.

BOOK II.

THE GOLDEN THREAD.

CHAPTER XXI.

ECHOING FOOTSTEPS.

A WONDERFUL career for echoes, it has been remarked, that corresponds with the Doctor's

ed. Ever busily winding the golden thread which bound her husband, and her father, and herself, and her old directors and customers, in a life of quiet bliss, Lucie sat in the still house in the tranquilly resounding corner, listening to the echoing footsteps of years.

At first there were times, though she was a perfectly happy young wife, when her work would slowly fall from her hands and her eyes would be strained. For there was something coming in the echoes, something light, afar off, and scarcely audible yet, that stirred her heart too much. Fluttering hopes and doubts—hopes of a love as yet unknown to her; doubts, of her remaining upon earth to enjoy that new delight—divided her breast. Among the echoes then there would arise the sound of footsteps in her own early years; and thoughts of the husband who would be left so desolate, and who would mourn for her so much, echoed in the echoes and broke like waves.

That time passed and her little Lucie lay on her bosom. Then among the advancing echoes there was the tread of her tiny feet and the sound of her prattling words. Let greater echoes resound as they would, the young mother at the cradle side could always hear those coming. They came, and the shady house was sunny with a child's laugh, and the Divine friend of children, to whom in her trouble she had confided hers, seemed to take her child in his arms, as He took the child of old, and made it a sacred joy to her.

Ever busily winding the golden thread that bound them all together, weaving the service of her happy influence through the tissue of all their lives, and making sunlight for them to work in, Lucie heard in the echoes of years none but friendly and soothing sounds. Her husband's step was strong and vigorous among them; her father's firm and equal. Lo, Miss Pross, in harness of string, weaving household spells with a steady charger whip-accredited, snorting and pawing the earth under the plane-tree in the garden!

Even when there were sounds of sorrow among the rest they were not harsh nor cruel. Even when golden hair, like her own, fell on her lap, on a pillow round the worn face of a little boy, and he said, with a radiant smile, "Dear papa and mamma, I am very sorry to leave you both, and to leave my pretty sister; but I am called, and I must go!" those were not sounds all of agony that wetted his young mother's cheek as the spirit departed from her embrace that had been entrusted to it. Suffer them, and forbid them not. They see my Father's face. O Father, blessed word!

Thus the rattling of an Angel's wings got blended with the other echoes, and they were not wholly of earth, but had in them the promise of Heaven. Sighs of the winds that blew over it, and of the grasses that were mingled with them also, and both were audible to Lucie, in a hushed murmur—like the breathing of a summer sea asleep upon a sandy shore—as she sang to little Lucie, comically studious at the task of the morning, or dressing a doll at her mother's footstool, chattered in the tongues of the Two Cities that were blended in her life.

The echoes rarely answered to the actual tread of Sydney Carton. Some half-dozen times a year, at most, he claimed his privilege of coming in unwitted, and would sit among them through the evening as he had once done often. He never came there heated with wine. And one other thing regarding him was whispered in the echoes, which has been whispered by all true echoes for ages and ages.

No man ever really loved a woman, lost her, and knew her with a blameless though an unchanged mind, when she was a wife and mother, but her children had a strange sympathy with him—an instinctive delicacy of pity for him. What fine hidden sensibilities are touched in such a case no echoes tell; but it is so, and it was so here. Carton was the first stranger to whom little Lucie had ever shown her pretty face and he kept his place with her as she grew. The little boy had a liking almost as great as his last. "Poor Carton! Kiss him for me!"

Mr. Stryver shouldered his way through the law like some great engine forcing itself through turbid water, and dragged his useful friend in his wake, like a boat towed astern. As the boat so favored is usually in a rough plight and mostly under water, so Sydney had a swamped life of it. But easy and strong existence, superficially so much easier and stronger in him than any diminishing energy or desert or sensitive made it the life he was to lead; and he no more thought of emerging from his place than does a jackal when my real jackal may be supposed to think of rising to be a lion. Stryver was rich; had married a lady of some importance and three boys, who had nothing particularly shining about them but the straight hair of their dumpling heads.

These three young gentlemen Mr. Stryver, standing portentously before the fire with his back to it when not otherwise employed, was wont to address as "boys;" as, "Boys, you know I shall be glad to do anything for you;" delicately saying, "Halloa! here are three lumps of headache-heavy matter misplaced in the office of Darnay!" The polite rejection of the three lumps of brend-and-butter had quite blunted Mr. Stryver with indignation, which he afterward turned to account in the training of the young gentlemen, by directing them to "look at the pride of Beggars, like that tutor-fellow. He was also in the habit of declaiming to Mr. Stryver, over his full-bodied wine, on the arts Mrs. Darnay had once put in practice to "catch" him, and on the diamond-dust-dusted object he himself, madam, which had rendered him "not to be caught." Sons of his Excellency Bunch Jr. laughing, listened in the echoing corner, until her little daughter was six years old. How near to her heart those echoes lay then, when the young and those of her own dear father's, always active and self-possessed in their recollection of her husband's, need not be told. Nor how the lightest echo of their united home, directed by herself with a clear and calm hand, fell on the ear more abundant than any waste, was music to her. Not, that echo could keep those notes so sweet in her ears, of the many times her father had told her that he found her more devoted to his married life than could well be credited, and of the many times her husband had said to her that no one could be more devoted to her father for him or her help to him, and asked her, "What is the magic secret, my darling, of your being ever ready and calm, of us all?" and there only one of us, yet never seeming to be hurried, or to have too much to do?"

But there were other echoes, from a distance, that rumbled menacingly in the corner all through this space of time. And even now, about little Lucie's sixth birthday, that they become less vague and sound, as on a great storm in France with a dreadful sea rising.

On a night in mid-July, one thousand seven hundred and eighty-nine, Mr. Lorry came in late from Tellson's, and sat himself down by Lucie and her husband in the dark window. It was a hot, wild night, and they were all three reminded of the old Sunday night when they had looked at the lightning from the same place.

"I bespeak to think," said Mr. Lorry, pushing his hands up his wig, "that I should have to pass the night at Tellson's. We have been so full of business all day that we have not known what to do first, or which way to turn. There is such an uneasiness in Paris that we have actually a run of confidence upon us! Our customers over there seem not to be able to confide their property to us fast enough. There is positively a mania among some of them for sending it to England."

"That has a bad look," said Darnay.

"A bad look, you say, my dear Darnay? Yes, but we don't know what reason there is in it. People are so unreasonable! Some of us at Tellson's are getting old, and we really can't be troubled out of the ordinary course without due occasion."

"Still," said Darnay, "you know how gloomy and threatening the sky is."

"I know that, to be sure," assented Mr. Lorry, trying to persuade himself that his sweet temper was soured, and that he grumbled, "but I am determined to be peevish after my long day's bedevilment. Where is Manette?"

"Here he is!" said the Doctor, entering the dark room at the moment.

"I am quite glad you are at home; for these hurries and forebodings by which I have been surrounded all day long have made me nervous without reason. You are not going out, I hope?"

"No; I am going to play backgammon with you, if you like," said the Doctor.

"I don't think I do like, if I may speak my mind. I am not fit to be pitted against you to-night. Is the tea-board still there, Lucie? I can't see."

"Of course, it has been kept for you."

"Thank you, my dear. The precious child is safe in bed?"

"And sleeping soundly."

"That's right; all safe and well! I don't know why any thing should be otherwise than safe and well here, thank God; but I have been so put out all day, and I am not as young as I used to be. My tea, my dear? Thank ye. Now cast and take your place in the circle, and let us sit quiet, and hear the echoes about which you have your theory."

"Not a theory; it was a fancy."

"A fancy, then, my wise pet," said Mr. Lorry, patting her hand. "They are very numerous and very low, though, are they not? Only hear them!"

Headlong, mad, and dangerous footsteps to force their way into any body's life, footsteps not easily made clean again if once stained red, the footsteps raging in Saint Antoine afar off, as the little circle sat in the dark London window.

Saint Antoine had been that morning a vast dusky mass of scarcely-human beings to and fro, with frequent gleams of light above the billowy heads, where steel blades and bayonets caught the sun. A tremendous roar arose from the throat of Saint Antoine, and a forest of naked arms struggled in the air like shrivelled branches of trees in a winter wind; all the fingers convulsively clutching at every weapon or semblance of a weapon that was thrown up from the depths below, no matter how far off.

Who gave them out, whence they last came, where they began, through what agency they crookedly quivered and jerked, scores at a time, over the heads of the crowd, like a kind of lightning, no eye in the throng could have told; but muskets were being distributed—so were cartridges, powder and ball, bars of iron and wood, knives, axes, pikes, every weapon that distracted ingenuity could discover or devise. People who could by hold of nothing else set themselves with bleeding hands to force stones and bricks out of their places in walls. Every pulse and heart in St. Antoine was on high-fever strain, and at high-fever heat. Every living creature there held life as of no account, and was demented with a passionate readiness to sacrifice it.

As in whirlpool of boiling waters has a centre point, so all this raging circled round Defarge's wine-shop, and every human drop in the caldron had a tendency to be sucked into the vortex where Defarge himself, already begrimed with smoke and sweat, issued orders, issued arms, thrust this man back, dragged this man forward, diamaned one to arm another, labored and strove in the thickest of the uproar.

"Keep near to me, Jacques Three," cried Defarge; "and do you, Jacques One and Two, separate and put yourselves at the head of as many of these patriots as you can. Where is my wife?"

"Eh, well! Here you see me!" said madame, composed as ever, but not knitting to-day. Madame's resolute right hand was occupied with an axe, in place of the usual sober implement, and in her girdle were a pistol and a cruel knife.

"Where do you go, my wife?"

"I go," said madame, "with you, at present. You shall see me at the head of women, by-and-by."

"Come then!" cried Defarge, in a resounding voice. "Patriots and friends, we are ready! The Bastile!"

With a roar that sounded as if all the breath in France had been shaped into the utterance word, the living sea rose, wave on wave, depth on depth, and overflowed the city to that point. Alarm-bells ringing, drums beating, the sea raging and thundering on its new beach, the attack began.

Deep ditches, double draw-bridge, massive stone walls, eight great towers, cannon, muskets, fire and smoke. Through the fire and through the smoke—in the fire and in the smoke, for the sea cast him up against a cannon, and on the instant he became a cannonier—Defarge of the wine-shop, single of purpose, stood firmer, Two fierce hours.

Two fierce hours, single draw-bridge, massive stone walls, eight great towers, cannon, muskets, fire and smoke. One drawbridge down! "Work, comrades all, work! Work, Jacques One, Jacques Two, Jacques One Thousand, Jacques Two Thousand, Jacques Five-and-Twenty Thousand; in the name of all the Angels or the Devils—which you prefer—work!" Thus Defarge of the wine-shop, still at his gun, which had long grown hot.

"To me, women!" cried madame his wife. "What! We can kill as well as the men when the place is taken!" And to her, with a shrill thirsty cry, trooping women variously armed, but all armed alike in hunger and revenge.

Cannon, muskets, fire and smoke; but still the deep ditch, the single draw-bridge, the massive stone walls, and the eight great towers. Slight displacements of the raging sea, made by the falling wounded. Flashing weapons, blazing torches, smoking wagon-loads of wet straw, hard work at unclogging barricades in all directions, bricks, valleys, excavations, brewery without stint, boom smash and rattle, and the furious sounding of the living sea; but still the deep ditch, and the single draw-bridge, and the massive stone walls, and the eight great towers, and still Defarge of the wine-shop at his gun, grown doubly hot by the service of Four fierce hours.

A white flag from within the fortress, and a parley—this dimly perceptible through the raging storm, nothing audible in it—suddenly the sea rose immeasurably wider and higher, and swept Defarge of the wine-shop over the lowered draw-bridge, past the massive stone outer walls, in among the eight great towers surrendered!

So resistless was the force of the ocean bearing him on, that even to draw his breath or turn his head was as impracticable as if he had been dragging in the surf of the South Sea, until he was landed in the outer court-yard of the Bastile. There, against an angle of a wall, he made a struggle to look about him. Jacques Three was nearly at his side; Madame Defarge, still heading some of her women, was visible in the inner distance, and her knife was in her hand. Every where was tumult, exultation, deafening and maniacal bewilderment, astounding noise, yet furious dumb-show.

"The Prisoners!"

"The Records!"

"The secret Cells!"

"The instruments of torture!"

"The Prisoners!"

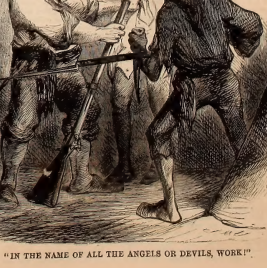
Of all these cries, and ten thousand incoherencies, "The Prisoners!" was the cry most taken up by the sea that rushed in, as if there were an eternity of people, as well as of time and space. When the foremost billows rolled past, bearing the prison officers with them, and threatening them all with instant death if any secret nook remained undisclosed, Defarge laid his strong hand on the breast of one of these men—a man with a grey head who had a lighted torch in his hand—separated him from the rest, and got him between himself and the wall. "Show me the North Tower!" said Defarge.

"Quick!"

"I will faithfully," replied the man, "if you will come with me. But there is no one there."

"What is the meaning of One Hundred and Five, North Tower?" said Defarge. "Quick!"

"The meaning, monsieur?"



"IN THE NAME OF ALL THE ANGELS OR DEVILS, WORK!"

"Does it mean a captive, or a place of captivity? Or do you mean that I shall strike you dead?"

"Kill him!" croaked Jacques Three, who had come close up.

"Monsieur, it is a cell."

"Show it me!"

"Pass this way, then."

Jacques Three, with his usual craving on him, and evidently disappointed by the dialogue taking a turn that did not seem to promise bloodshed, held by Defarge's arm as he held by the turnkey's. Their three heads had been close together during this brief discourse, and it had been as much as they could do to hear one another even now, so tremendous was the noise of the living ocean, in its irruption into the Fortress, and its inundation of the courts and passages and staircases. All around outside, too, it beat the walls with a deep, hoarse roar, from which, occasionally, some partial shouts of tumult broke and leaped into the air like spray.

Through gloomy vaults where the light of day had never shone, past hideous doors of dark deeds and groans, down precipitous flights of steps, and again up steep rugged ascents of stone and brick, more like dry waterfalls than staircases, Defarge, the turnkey, and Jacques Three, linked hand and arm, went with all the speed they could make. Here and there, especially at first, the inundation started on them and swept by; but when they had gone below ground, and were winding and climbing up a tower, they were alone. Hemmed in here by the massive thickness of wall and arch against the storm within the fortress and without was only audible to them in a dull, subdued way, like the noise out of which they had come but an hour destroyed their sense of hearing.

The turnkey stopped at a low door, put a key in a clashing lock, swung the door slowly open, and said, as they all bent their heads and passed in:

"One hundred and five, North Tower!"

There was a small, heavily-grated, unglazed window high in the wall, with a stone seat before it, so that the view could be seen only by stooping low and looking up. There was no other means of admission from the world into the cell, no bed, no stool, and no table, of which they had seen so many, and which they had come but an hour destroyed their sense of hearing.

The wretched creature

cent yesterday with a pinch of snuff from this celebrated box—albeit 'we have no small vices.' It is a magnificent piece, of solid gold, and inscribed on the lid, in plain script, in the following:

"To the members of the Mayor, Aldermen, and Commonalty, of the City of New-York, to Major-General Andrew Jackson, with high military services, as a testimony of respect for his high military services."

We recommend that an appropriate inscription, indicating the entertainment under which it is transferred to Major Barnet, should be made on the reverse side.

RECORD WEDDING IN JAIL.

We read in the Detroit *Free Press*: "A young negro couple made her appearance at the jail on Sunday afternoon and requested that the Rev. Mr. Duncan should perform all the finery she could muster, having got herself up for the occasion in a white muslin dress, with a veil and orange blossoms, and a bouquet, and, to fill in the time before the happy event, the ceremony would have been performed in the middle of the day, the bride made her debut in the most fashion of tragedies. The Sheriff was there in the most extreme respectfulness, and the Rev. Mr. Duncan, big with anticipation at the prospect of so happy a termination to the troubles of one of his unfortunate flock, was all stood up and were married by Justice Purdy, and, the ceremony over, the bride and bridegroom were locked up and fellow a smack that savored of earnestness fully expressed. The bride might be said to be the picture of happiness, and darkey was put back for the night, to be sent to the House of Correction in the morning, there to undergo a sentence for a petit larceny. She will be released in a few days, and then the bridegroom will be released, and so it is good end for very long, so let it. Now I hope ye knows. The affair created a deep sensation, and no attention to the dry jokes cracked among his cronies on the inside of the bars."

THE GREATEST MAN AT NIAGARA.

The Rochester *Democrat and Union* of Sunday, August 28, contains an account of a visit to the Falls of Niagara, which was made by a party of gentlemen from Rochester. The party included a gentleman from Cattaraugus County who addressing the assembled company in a speech expressive of reverence for God and obedience to the Supreme will, in the course of his remarks said that he was the only connect between God and the children's highest kind of gentlemen on earth, for he had a brother-in-law who for little ones before him who was the greatest man at Niagara Falls—the man most entitled to the highest consideration in his astonishment and chagrin, a dozen youthful voices responded, simultaneously, in the entire concert, 'Blondin!' 'Blondin!'

BLOOD OUTDONE.

The Rochester *Union* has the following: "A couple of Brockport boys—aged about ten years—met on the river last year, best practising on the tight rope for the amusement of the people of that village. They met on the canal across from the American to the tavern on the towing path, and before they separated, each one told that they start at the same time, one from each end of the rope, and neither of them stopped to look, nor once twenty feet above it, they pass—the seeing himself and the other stopping to look, and the other. The young men have made no engagement to go to Watertown, but expect to meet there, and if they do not, the latter is most thoroughly disappointed, and will not be satisfied all over. No Frenchman can introduce any thing here as the study of a lifetime, but these Yankee boys can compete with him successfully in sixty days."

A LIVING HEAD OF A DEAD BODY.

The Newburgh *Index* gives the following account of a remarkable specimen of a respectable farmer in that neighborhood, who was known as Deacon Smith:

"Mr. Archibald Campbell, a respectable farmer in the township of Cornwall, Orange county, while engaged in the saw dwelling on his premises, the scaffold gave way, and he was precipitated, head foremost, to the ground, and struck his neck, but very fortunately and superficially. He was taken up for dead, but on examination by a proper physician, the vertebrae of the neck were found in its proper place with a dull but distinct snap. The whole body is paralyzed and only the head has any sensation left. He is not capable of moving a muscle or experiencing the slightest pain. Physicians have pronounced that the muscles used in respiration were not paralyzed, and he can breathe and live. The doctors say that he cannot live more a little higher, he would have died immediately. The sense of sight, hearing, smelling, etc., are normal, and his intellect unimpaired."

PERSONAL.

We learn that Mr. Alfred Tennyson contemplates a tour in the United States the coming autumn.

The Milwaukee *Sentinel* announces that one of its artists was invited and was at the Falls of St. Anthony to record, Corporation Counsel of the City of New York.

A correspondent of the *Boston Post* writes to them from Concisna, July 25, says that "State Senator Martin accidentally shot himself in the thumb while in the act of caring for re-election, and, having to ride after night, turned a horse-power planing mill, and by the whirling animal took right, and, by some unaccountable mistake, the planer shaved off the whole upper part of his body. Several shots being detained in his cranial, others in his lungs, and the rest in his stomach. He will be dangerously wounded for a few days, but, as for life, he is rapidly recovering. To-day he is out perusing his interest on a contract of land which he sold to Mr. Schuyler."

A late commercial of a Canada paper, M. Blouin will make a speech in favor of the Prince of Wales on his tour, when he announces his intention of appearing in the shortest of kilts, and the longest of stockings to match it. He will also, when canvassing, carry with him a fiery and rousing whisky, and the first man who kicks up a fuss will cook mutton for the passengers of the *Mont d'Or* for a week. Richmond Hill will be the first to hear from his last exhibition at Niagara, and that to his pecuniary benefit, for he has made a very considerable sum of money.

A little paper called the *Spy*, at Cleveland, Ohio, is edited by a young lady, and is very successful, although it is chiefly into the affairs of a young gentleman of that city that he devotes most of his attention. Last week he published her fairness and prizing-gross in this, throwing the latter out of the paper.

A letter from La Crosse, Wisconsin, August 19, says: "Yesterday, William Gates was found in the woods near here to death while out in Mormon Cooley, some fourteen miles from town, with a brother-in-law, treating. Words were passed between them about their right to take the lead in the dance, when they came to blows, which resulted as above. No serious father, his sons, and two daughters are left to mourn his untimely end. Settlement proceeds in town. Mr. D. was at the head of the law profession, partner of the present Mayor, and much respected by the community. The deceased was formerly of Preedon, Potique County, Ohio."

The American officers in the Paraguayan ships Kearsarge, who had a nominal position in the staff of a French General, and Lieutenant Grey, who had been in "circulation" in the Rhinelanders camp.

The Hon. Henry Wilson has accepted an invitation to deliver a eulogy at Natick upon the late Hon. Horace Mann.

Colonel Fremont, says the *Mariposa Gazette*, "is at last, to some extent, out of trouble, as we are happy to know. He has settled his principal matters of difficulty, and is out of the hands of the Sheriff and Court Receiver and Legislature. He has means to go on with his business, and has the grave objections of those interested to his proceedings in a fair way to be removed. The new running are yielding very handsomely, so we are informed."

A New York correspondent of the Baltimore Clipper writes: "A Democratic Senator, who is said to be Honorable Beverly Johnson. He informs me that, in the course of a few days, he will go to Utah, to see if he can draw blood taken out. Some years ago, while visiting Utah, Mr. Johnson was shot in the back, and the ball has struck a tree, and glancing into his eye, destroyed the sight. The surgeons have endeavored to get the ball out of the eye, but without success, and no surgeon will operate save at the request of Patti skill."

The Rev. Mr. Hall, of the Episcopal church, a few miles from Herkimer, says the Milwaukee *News*, is a sign-board, on which is painted a variety of texts and doctrines. On it the texts may read: "*As both of us are a—d—d poor, and you can't get any more.*"

The Chicago *Journal* says that "Mr. Louis Schade, who is a resident of Chicago, is a great swell in New York as expounder of Democracy to his countrymen. The Democratic Committee of that city have made him a Committee of Arrangements, and he has Attorney-General of Iowa; that the duties of the office are not arduous, and he has been to have no trouble in getting a clerkship appointed Minister to Berlin, and revisit in triumph the scenes of his youth."

Among the visitors to the White Springs, Virginia, are Mr. Secretary Floyd, Governor Morgan, Governor Wise, Senator Mensing of South Carolina, Professor Bledsoe, Judge Perkins, Governor Johnson of Georgia, Judge Harvey, and Mrs. Gwin, the wife of the Senator from California, who, it is understood, is quite dangerously ill.

The correspondent of the *Freeman's* "Walking Gentleman" writes: "Mr. Lester Wallack is a man of the world block, and within the space of five minutes, that gentleman exchanged the following remarks with a gentleman looking General Pace; the sanguinary Zouave, Captain Rice, Governor Morgan, Mr. Secretary Floyd, Governor Wise, and that graceful and felicitous person, Signor Brignoli." They say a man is known by the company he keeps. Ta-ra-ra.

At the Galveston Theatre, with more honesty than politeness, Mr. Wallack announced the receipts of the night "Julia, by Mrs. Henry, her first appearance since her confinement."

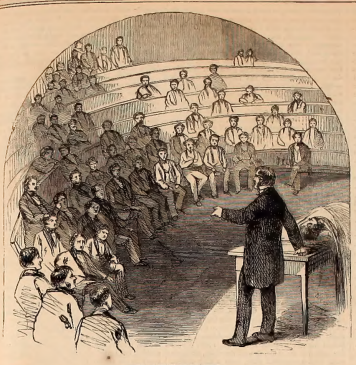
A Washington correspondent reports that the Secretary of the Interior has ordered the Indian Agent to Utah, Colonel Forney, to discharge all the Mormons in his employ, and it is lamentable to observe how numerous they are among public officials throughout Utah. Let them deal with them are numerous. The bald pates that he has seen in Utah would make a fortune in wigs among the Sioux."

Yankee schoolmaster, named Comstock, turned a drove of cattle into the corn-field of a farmer in Dutchess County, New-York, recently. Damages have been awarded in the family, and away with the farmer's daughter, and Comstock's heart.

Twenty thousand people saw Monsieur De Lave walk on a tight rope from the Falls to the Canada shore.

The Marchioness of Hastings, who is expected to visit Saratoga

A CADET HOP AT WEST POINT.



THE AMPHITHEATRE.

THE WARD.

A CADET HOP AT WEST POINT.

WE engrave herewith a Cadet Hop at West Point—a scene familiar to the happy people who spend summer days at Cozzens's at West Point.

During the summer—that is to say, from 17th June to 29th August of each year—West Point camps out and learns its trade. The boys are taught to sleep under the canopy of heaven, to dispense with all the luxuries and comforts of civilization, and to accustom themselves to the privations of actual warfare. The strictness of West Point discipline has long been proverbial; during "the encampment" it is never indeed.

Happily the rigors of military etiquette are mitigated thrice a week by balls or hops, which are given by the cadets to their friends and the guests at Cozzens's and elsewhere in the neighborhood. These gay parties are justly famed among the fair SEX; for letter or more indefatigable dancers than the cadets are not to be found even in New York. Pretty girls who go to West Point to spend a few days in the bracing air, and enjoy the lovely Hudson scenery, invariably declare that they never enjoyed any ball in their life so much as the Cadet Hop.

The following gentlemen are the managers of the hops, and to them our artist desires to return thanks for the attention paid him on his professional visit:

CADETS.

Nicholas Bowen,	S. Dodson Ramseur,
John R. B. Burtwell,	John Adair, Jun.
Frank Huger,	Adelbert Ames.
Wm. G. Jones.	Nathaniel H. Chamblin.
Josiah H. Kellogg.	Campbell C. Emery.
Wesley Merritt.	Charles E. Hazlett.
Horace Porter.	Charles M'K. Lesser.

Henry W. Kingsbury.

THE NEW ORLEANS CHARITY HOSPITAL.

THE city of New Orleans claims a proud preeminence in her benevolent institutions, and in none is she more honorably represented than in the noble hospital which we have the pleasure of engraving herewith.

The New Orleans Charity Hospital is one of the most celebrated institutions of its kind in the United States. Not only so, but in the liberality of its support, the commodiousness of its buildings, the systematic excellency of its curative arrangements, the number of its beneficiaries, the superior skill of its attending physicians, the admirable neatness of its domestic appliances, and the impartial catholicity of its administration, it will compare favorably with the oldest and more renowned establishments of England and the Continent.

The hospital is located on Common Street, immediately contiguous to the medical colleges of the city. This statement will indicate the superior facilities enjoyed by these institutions for affording to their pupils daily the most interesting practical exemplifications of the theoretical teachings of the lecture room. Nor is it amiss to say, that whether regard be had to the ability of the Professors or to the admirable advantages offered to the pupil, there is no better place in this country than New Orleans for young men who are studying to enter the Medical profession.

The external aspect of the hospital is rather imposing. Entering by the main door-way, and looking to the right, your eye at once rests upon a neat marble tablet, embedded in the wall, bearing the following legend:

THE CHARITY HOSPITAL OF NEW ORLEANS
WAS FOUNDED IN THE YEAR MDCCLXXXVI BY
DON ANDRES ALMONASTER Y ROXAS,
TO WHOSE GENEROUS ENDOWMENT, THE MUNIFICENCE
OF THE
LEGISLATURE OF THIS STATE,
AND THE LIBERALITY OF THE
STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA,
THE COMMUNITY IS INDEBTED FOR THE MEANS OF
ERECTING THIS EDIFICE, BUILT
IN THE YEAR 1835,
HIS EXCELLENCY A. B. ROMAINE BEING GOVERNOR
AND EX-OFFICIO PRESIDENT OF THE INSTITUTION,
TO RECORD WHICH, AND DISCHARGE HEREON THE DEBTS
AND CONTRIBUTIONS OF ITS DISTINGUISHED
BENEFACTORS,
THIS TABLET HAS BEEN ERECTED.

ESTEVEN DORA	$1,000
ROBERT CLOSE	$1,000
JULIUS POYDRAS, Bequest	
LEGACY (supposed)	$25,000
—estimated.....)	

A glance at the engraving shows the principal building to be three stories high. This part of the establishment is devoted to the care of the thousands who annually seek, in this charitable refuge, alleviation for the countless ills that afflict our frail

THE NEW ORLEANS CHARITY HOSPITAL.

humanity. Here are the sick wards, constantly crowded with patients of every age and sex, of every color, from the blue-eyed, fair-browed Anglo-American to the tawny, sun-browned child of the Tropics, speaking every language from the liquid lapse of the vowely Italian tongue to the guttural harshness of the Celtonic empire. Here you will find every type of disease and every gradation of bodily injury, from a simple cold to the malignant vomito, and from the sprained ankle to the most compound communicated fracture of the high-bone. Not less than *four hundred* diseases are mustered on their catalogue, each of which has its several representatives—diseases whose formidable investiture of symptoms generally wears some of the ghastliest lividity of an undulged Ocean, and whose unimagined pangs cause little short of the foiled torments of damned ghosts beyond the River Petrichgodzon in the Grenzin Ocean.

At the period of our visit to New Orleans, the house-surgeon, resident at the hospital, were Drs. Foute and Bickham, two gentlemen who, for the thoroughness of their training, the liberality of their views, and the urbanity of their manners, are worthy representatives of the highest profession. Availing ourselves of their courteous invitation, we were shown through the various departments. To our unaccustomed eyes the visit presented much that was thrillingly interesting. Sights of suffering and distress which we had heretofore labled to impress sinister hearts than ours. In this ward lay a victim of unspeakable pain, on the next stretch with his mouth shockingly torn to pieces by a gun-shot wound inflicted by his own desperate hand. Not far off groaned another wretched creature, his throat horribly mangled. Instruments, a razor, a pistol, his Dominicker played blind fool. Walking through the passages, we could hear, on one hand, the labored breathing that announced the lamenting stupor of approaching death; on the other, the pitiful, shrill cry of lemonet physical anguish. Here lay an Irish drayman stretched upon his bed, while the bristling array of splints, and cords, and bandages, and pulleys, suggested the ingenious ferocity of torture under the patronizing sanctities of the good St. Dominic of the tortures of Francis. In this ward lay the unfortunate Spanish Don, nursing the festering stump of a leg whose foot was just then gracing the private museum of some medical professor. Not a stone's-throw apart you might find the flushed face of the child of fever, the pallid face, and the pallid face and lack-lustre eye of the pot consumptive, dirty, decrepit, weary, and friendless. While all abroad to the sensitive mental cans the nauseous fetor of the sick-room, despite the ventilative cleanliness of the establishment—such a smell as one might smell in the hateful of a three-months-dead dog in dog-days, or lingering among the smoldering tombs of an old cemetery, or stealing up through the paved aisles of some ancient abbey.

Amidst these scenes of human suffering there is one sight that redeems the dark catalogue of human ture. Moving noiselessly along the corridors, gliding softly around the couches of the suffering inmates, ministering to the constant wants of these unfortunate creatures, are to be found the devoted Sisters of Charity, under whose charge is placed the domestic arrangements of the institution. Day and night these faithful attendants, like visitant angels, watch by the bedside of the sick and the dying; now hearing the moulded blasphemies of heathenish men, now kneeling on the cold floor in low listening to the incoherent ravings of men wlirled on in the wild frenzies of a mad delirium, soon reading the fevered text, sometimes the restless agony of the passing spirit, receiving the last messages of affection, the lips trom a the dying, and death—words of love sent back from the threshold of the tomb—back over years of suffering, and sorrow, and loneliness, and shame, to the home-circle for the first time, to the unforgotten and heretofore treasured friend of youth's innocence and early joy. In this ceaseless routine of unostentatious charity these sisters are unknown women pursue their daily lives of self-denying, self-sacrificing accomplishment beyond the merest subsistence. Except thing alone which they demand from the world their unbegging care: the well-cleaned floor, neatly-made bed, the fresh, well-aired bed-clothing, the simple furniture, in the best of order, the naturally preservation; the careful preparation of the allotted food, the careful enforcement of medical directions—all testify to the singular fidelity of these consecrated hands to their duty.

One of the most notable parts of the establishment in the Dead House, into which at night are carried the still cold, ghastly, inanimate corpses of those Charity patients who die during the day. Could the unfortunate wretches who are dragged in hither during the year start up at the call of some potent incantation, a pallid host would they be, more terrible in their grim silence than array with banners. Here they lie, rotting with syphilitic and blackish ulcers, eaten by gangrenous sores, and fetid with disgusting ulcers; locked in the awful rigidity of tetanic spasms, or limp in the strong contortions of an easy sleep, misshapen with ugly tumors, and distorted by the sharp pangs of rheumatic disorders. Here one may look in upon them, by the sickly glare of the early gas-light, lying together, from the boarders boy to the man of old—"took-aged people," as Dickens has blear-eyed. As we walked through this dismal charnel-house, accompanied by the polite and very accomplished clerk, Dr. ——, of the University of Louisiana, imagine our horror to see him seize an idle brush, and, with artistic twirl, slap a crimson mark upon the bare breast of a lately expired wretch, exclaiming, with the gusto of a connoisseur in dead flesh, "This is mine!" Our friend, you should know, is one of the anatomical demonstrators in the University; and from these dead bodies it is that they select their subjects for dissection. Not less than 150 are sawed and slashed up in his medical school in one season—so he told us.

We send you a sketch of the Amphitheatre, where, on each Wednesday, the professors of the medical schools hold their clinigues. One of the most exciting spectacles to be witnessed in the institution is seen when fifty or a hundred students crowd the couch of some patient who is about to undergo an important surgical operation. The trembling expectancy of the terrified subject; the nervous pallor of medical tyros, who are about to see a man leg or arm wrenched off for the time; the careless nonchalance of the hospital practicer; the gleam of that watery steam of the knife, Dr. Stone, as, with cuffs thrown back, eye all shines, and lips firmly clinched, he prepares to make the deftest incision, the most unerring stroke of the well-graced blade; the sudden flash of polished steel, the dull, muffled sound of the falling flesh, the spirt of the blood, the scrape of the keen edge upon the solid bone, the sharp cry of the patient, followed by the heavy moan of pain—these are the outlines of a picture that thrills and terrifies the uninitiated spectator.

Under the liberal management of the Board, the Charity is looked upon as a model institution. About twenty physicians attend upon the wards, besides twelve resident students, annually elected and supported by the Board, who have every facility in courteously afforded for testing new discoveries, either in medicine or in the various branches of chemistry and physiology. At the time of our visit *Professor John Dunty*, of Alabama, was introducing his new chemical discovery, the anesthetic of the house-surgeons, as a deodorizer and disinfectant; and the friend of Dr. Dunty, a very scientific agent in the surgical wards. The Professor also exhibited his manscenter, for detecting the presence of organic impurities in the atmosphere. From the hospitable recognition with which these discoveries were received, we should infer that the opinion of the catholic spirit of the institution, as well as of the value of the results which were predicted out of the scientific labors of the conservatory.

We close this long article by appending the following statistics of the Charity, to show that the Charity Hospital is a grand establishment:

"The admission of patients during the year were 11,—of over thirty-six thousand. The average yearly Of this number 9750 were males, and 2292 females. The number discharged during the year was 10,042. The deaths were 2250. The *Picayune* says that, of these admitted, 1751 were born in the United States, and 1600 in foreign countries. The deaths were males and fifty-three females were born in the hospital; eighteen were colored.

"During the epidemic of the past summer 2770 yellow fever patients were admitted: 1331 were discharged, and 1302 died of the fever.

The 'Howard Association,' we may here add, is a New Orleans institution for the relief and assistance, in cases of epidemic. If the experience of some of its members could be published, they would, by the details of their labors, throw into the shade the imaginary stories of the "Diary of a Physician Upon Yellow Fever." The rules of the early members of this Association has now in press to be published in a few weeks, a volume of extracts from which we have had the honor of the author and his labors, we are sure that his work can not fail to be of great interest and value."

EPHRAIM DENVER'S WARD.

For the sole purpose of being emphatic, I shall say the day was hot—confoundedly hot—as hot as a July sun could make it.

But then it must be known that I had gone to the country on a vacation of two weeks, and it was my first experience in short linen. I had come to make the most of it. It was not my way of doing things, to waste an hour, or without being able to show an indenser, in the shape of a fishing-rod or face, for a two weeks' trip in the country.

I tell this to apologize for having, on the full glare of a July day, making my way along the road, and through the village, in the hope of coming I can offer in extenuation being the fact that I had invested half a dime in the purchase of a palm-leaf fan, somewhere on my journey. For this information the salesman, that the day was very hot.

Under the circumstances, I trudged up the road, a road guiltless of shade. Is it to be wondered therefore, that when I came to the toll-gate a little beyond the village, I should be glad and look wistfully up at the great black-board cherries that hung up over the toll-keeper's window, and that at this moment there came a voice as it were out of space, saying to me,

"Sayin', I'd offer you some of those cherries if I knew how to get 'em off the trees. I'm a little too old for them sort of work—not exactly built for like to climb, you're welcome to help yourself."

The voice came from behind me, and I turned quickly about. I felt that I was committing some good and cheery is its tones. There stood a comely looking man, apparently about forty years of age, and well enhanced by the heat; a stalwart air was with him that spoke plainly of an easy life, and a disposition for nothing; a pleasant countenance bearing that said very plainly how much he felt the heat, and how entirely satisfied he was that it was that his physical size was only a natural accompaniment to his important position.

"Ephraim Denver, at your service," said he, bowing toward me, and looking in an unmistakable way for which said gesture. "Ephraim Denver, and is yours!" I am not disposed to wear or assume any.

Upon such an occasion I held the truth to be self-evident, that the simplicity on the part of any as to your name, business, or general antecedents, argues that you have considerable interest in you, and in that light is highly complimentary. Acting under this belief, I informed Ephraim Denver of my name, in return for his. As the public has not shown equal curiosity, I will retain that communication. On this prompt response, which met an apparent glow of satisfaction over the face of Ephraim Denver, he made a step or two backward, and invited me to walk in and be seated, following up the invitation with a repetition of his fan merchant's assertion, that it was a very hot day, which assertion I was unable to deny. The toll-house had a cool, clean, wholesome look, quiet to a fault; the buzzing of a few flies, and the humming of a few bees about the rose bed under the open window, and nodded into the room, was the only sound. I looked about the ancient, well-kept room, with an ill-disguised air of admiration. The leathern covered chairs, the wide-mouthed fire-place, the fancy woven rag carpet, the quaint old china sitting upon the mantle-shelf, and, strangest of all, suitable all over the room, the tall, old-fashioned wood clock, not an ancient, spindle-legged instrument to correspond, but a large, substantial, well-carved, rosewood one, that told its story of modern thrift, and seemed as much out of place as an exclusive bonnet would be in the midst of a fair, where to assume a spade or a hoe among the tillers of the soil. I looked curiously at the clock, and more so from the fact that Ephraim Denver had almost identical with my entering into the room informed me of its antiquity. "Been in this place cool, and sunny little toll-house he resided with me, too," He also informed me that Mrs. Ephraim Denver—and here he had lived all his life, and his father before him,—considered this as I looked at the old-fashioned piano, and wondered what Mrs. Ephraim Denver must be like, to be at once the wife of such a man, and the owner of such a piano-forte, and the player upon the gorgeous instrument before me.

I did not long to wait to have this curiosity satisfied, by the appearance of the lady herself, who came from a room, with the air of one emerging about her of having overheard a strange voice, and no special desire to conceal her wish to know more of it. She was a little, fair-complexioned, goodhaired woman, wearing spectacles, under which she looked at me with a quick, inquiring glance, away with a perpetual click, upon a gray woolen stocking, and spanking in a soft dory way. There was a look about her that said "Ephraim Denver—sir, as her husband introduced her, "Aunt Lucie Ephraim," and at once made me conscious of the possibility of her being the performer on the rosewood piano.

I was drinking a mug of cider with Ephraim Denver, and flattered myself that I had advanced my self into his confidence, when I saw a carriage come, of which I soon found Uncle Ephraim possessed a goodly stock. Under this good opinion, I felt that I was perfectly warranted, I thought, to ask the question,

"How do you happen to have that piano here?"

Uncle Ephraim looked uncommonly solemn for a moment. He gazed earnestly at the piano, then at me, and drew a long breath.

"My ward," said Uncle Ephraim, laconically.

"Your ward!" I echoed, not quite knowing to me. I thought of the 17th Ward, of which I am one of the respected dwellers. I thought of a hobby-horse with a wooden, and of course perfectly equally prepossess things, none of which seemed to me a satisfaction, as explanatory of Uncle Ephraim. Under this conclusion it was, after a few moments' pause, that I repeated his words, in the tone of inquiry:

"Your ward?"

Uncle Ephraim and Uncle Ephraim, with a smile breaking all over his face, and a glance at Aunt Sally Denver. "I and the old woman call her so sometimes. Sayin', Dr. Ken't know as it means; but there's no doubt it's all right."

"Ephraim Denver I should say so;" and still I remained entirely in the dark, perhaps would so have remained to the present day, had it not been for the kind assistance of Aunt Sally Denver, who came to the rescue with,

"Sayin' Ephraim's guardeen to a gal that lived with us a year ago last May. We both took to her wonderfully, and were mighty sorry to part with her. Sayin' Aunt Sally Denver said it bitterly that trickled into the corner of her eye.

"Yes," said Ephraim, "as you've made in Uncle Ephraim, 'tis always affected on that subject." I could not help seeing that his own eyes had a wet look about them. "Never did know a child better to our own," and then, turning to Aunt Sally Denver, he took her disengaged hand, and, as though relinquishing a privilege, said,

"Aunt Sally, tell the young man about her."

"No," said Aunt Sally, "you tell him."

"Well," said Uncle Ephraim, as though he had forgotten the fact of his offer, and was unconsciously fully prepared, "there's some very strange things happen in this world."

Here the original assoveration I gave an immediate assent.

"Well," he said, taking a fresh mug of cider and a new start, "it is about three year come next twelfth of August, when I was sitting in that door looking out on the road, and thinking something about the want of rain, and the general effect on things, when I noticed, coming along the road, a nice-looking, neatly-dressed girl" (I think Uncle Ephraim had a way of saying "gal," but I consider it no liberty to correct the grammatical slips as well as many other particulars), "who, naturally, stopped at the door as you did just now, to ask a question about her dress, and an unassuming way she had with her. Well, I told her the way to the road, there was no pushing of it out on every occasion to make commonor folks feel cut up about it.

"Well, she stopped under the porch, and, as a natural consequence, I asked her to sit down. She sat down accordingly, and after a minute I said to her, Would she have a mug of cider? for which she thanked me. So, then I offered her a little water fresh out of the north corner of the well; to this she said, Yes, and as I handed it to her I took the opportunity to mention that my name was Ephraim Denver; but she only looked at me in a sad kind of a way, and said, 'Thank you.' It was very prettily said, however; and then, as soon as she had drank the water, she got right up, and, with another 'Thank you,' went away down the road, looked after her as long as I could, and then I went in to think on it. Aunt Sally Denver and I talked more that day about the little lady in the one, colored dress than ever I talked about any thing else before or since, I reckon."

Aunt Sally Denver nodded a strong assent, and wiped her spectacles with much emphasis.

"After this I noticed the young lady in the coarse-colored dress passing through the gate three times a week, coming from the village, and looking to it in about two hours. One day Colonel Dan Davis rode up to the door. Aunt Sally of spit, when she should come by but the young lady in the coarse-colored dress, looking very shiny and weather-beaten by body, and what he didn't be made to answer I know; therefore I asked him, as he stripped through water and sat down in the stalls of the door.

"Well, it came out from the Colonel that she was a young lady from the city, living in the village about a month before; that she had taken a place at old Peter Parker's, and was now looking out for music scholars to come without any success. So far, she had only two—one in the village, and one who came from the country, a week through my gate. The Colonel guessed she was a widow, well off, and the Colonel hadn't heard her name as I recollect. I laughed all this in my mind, and didn't exactly see how my inquiries were going to help any good. I thought the old woman was past the days of taking music lessons; and I didn't go much around I couldn't well drum up scholars for her. Well, I thought about it myself, the lady every day as she came through, and the more I looked at her, the more I liked her, and the more I kept thinking how I could do her some good. 'Where there's a will there's a way,' is the saying, and I guess I had my will right for this the old woman had got to see her many times by coming and going under my gate, she got about a crazy on the subject as I was myself.

"And so the thing went on for a long time, may be a month; and then I got the old woman to buy a bit of talk with my little lady, and see if there was not some way in which I could help her, though look her face always wore. I had come to the conclusion, any how, of stopping her on the next morning, as she came down at the usual time; and then one

back, and she did stop. We were both on the lookout for her, and it would have been hard for her to have got by without our seeing her. In she came accordingly; and the old woman, in her pseudo-gentlegig way, soon had her bonnet off and a fan in her hand, while this time she didn't refuse the cider I offered, with the drops of perspiration starting out on the top the same as it does to-day. She drank a little from the mug, and then, looking at me, said,

"Mr. Ephraim Downer, I presume?"

"Call me Uncle Ephraim, my child," I said, interrupting her.

"Uncle Ephraim,' she began again, in a kind of tremulous voice, 'my name is Ella Ives. I am a widow.' And here she began to cry and take on a good hearty dinner that day—much heavier than she ever ate up to old Mrs. Turney's, who duly took her for what she could make by her board. My idea is that if you expect people to eat heavy you must eat very lightly yourself, or else appear to mind them too much.

"I think Ella enjoyed herself some that afternoon. I know that Aunt Sally Downer and I did. The old woman and the little music-teacher got away into another room, and I think they had their own some patch-work, for an hour or two, and then when they came back they were both red, and had staid to dinner to oblige Aunt Sally Downer she must stay to tea for me. There was a good deal of excuse, but I didn't take any of it, and I staid, and went home as the sun went down, looking, as I thought, much handsomer than I ever did about our quiet house that was very pleasant, and I entered into it with all my heart and soul.

"Two days after came Sunday, and I left Aunt Sally Downer to settle every thing. They were very thinking ever since Sunday night, or ever an hour, and when they came back I saw that both had been crying. So I just asked if all was right, and she did not answer me, but only gave her a good hearty kiss, and another to the little woman, and left me to settle it all. I must have fanced about the room, heavy as I was.

"In a very few days Ella—our Ella now—came to make the toll-house her home. She was not mistaken in our first fancy, for she was the nicest, neatest little lady that ever lived. She would insist upon taking many of the house duties off Aunt Sally Downer's hands; and there was no mistake about her keeping her daughter out of one. It made a sunshine in our old house it had never known before, when she flew round after her mother's boys and girls were children, and would come trooping down here every Saturday to make belief in the old home. The babies and boys are all dead now, or gone away to distant parts, growing perhaps to be old men and women themselves.

Uncle Ephraim stopped, and screwed the back of his hand across his eyes.

"And Ella?" I said.

"Ah! dear me," he resumed, "I'm afraid I am getting prosy, when I should only have begun to tell my story yet. Well, Ella went on getting happier every day; the bloom coming back to her cheek and the smile to her lips, and the music to her heart over her part. We knew that when she was ready she would tell all she wanted us to know, and sure enough she did.

"Our little Ella had been brought up to believe herself rich, and to trust every thing that money could bring. She was an only child, and a reputed heiress, and, of course, had plenty of admirers. Among these was Harvey Oakes; and Ella loved him very much—how much her action will tell. Harvey was a young lawyer, in partnership with his brother, and the firm of Harvey & Walter Oakes stood well in town. Walter was the firm stood in business, still higher stood Harvey Oakes socially; his presence was sought for every where, and his society was thought a proof of a success. Well, every body said, when it was known that Ella was engaged to Harvey Oakes that it was a fine thing for her; but I think that if he had been a king upon his throne Ella was good enough for him. Her engagement was such, they were to be married in the spring, for then Ella would be eighteen; but just one month before the time set for the marriage, almost in the height of the preparation, there was a rush, and a whirl, and some screaming, and hurrying to and fro, and forward in her stately home, and in a few minutes it was announced that Harvey Oakes, of the firm merchant, the father of Ella, was dead—stricken down in a moment, in his own grandly furnished parlors, with apoplexy—and before the next day on which the marriages would have taken place, had broken Howard Ives, the poor girl knew that she not her mother were penniless; that her father had died bankrupt, and every penny-worth of property he had would not pay his debts.

"It was then that Harvey came out for a noble fellow, as he was. He at once announced that he bought Ella for herself, and yielded reluctantly to the delay for which she begged on account of her father's death. Ah! you should have heard Ella tell this, the dear little thing, crying all the while. He seemed to think it more necessary that the marriage should go on—now that she was without a father's protection, she needed a husband's. And I don't think he was far from right. However, neither Ella nor her mother yielded to him, and the marriage was put off for six months. Was it ever known that misfortunes fall singly? The prophets says not; and our poor little Ella was to have another instance. Scarcely three months after the death of her father, Ella was stricken with a brain fever, while the firm of Harvey & Walter Oakes was in the dust; Walter a fugitive from justice, and Harvey in prison, charged with forgery, with a vast amount of illegitimate and forged obligations hanging over him.

"When Ella was conscious again, they told her all that had transpired since the first shock came. Harvey Oakes had got away, and was to be involved, to South America. How Harvey was still in prison, and how the trial was to come on, if his graceful punishment but full payment, which would keep the creditors from criminally prosecuting him, and which was the surrendering of every thing he had already taken possession of every thing, and to his last shirt and watch, they must keep. They are sure our Ella was not the one to sit down despondingly. She who could shut the gate before the nose of the grumpy baron and the grumpier, in the quiet when there was any thing to be done for that man—glory of angels! she had been instrumental herself of how matters stood, and what amount would release him; but it was so far beyond all that Ella became the surrendered and helpless victim of aiding him.

"Among the suitors of the olden time who came to Ella when Joshua Howard was the rich merchant, and Ella the heiress, was Robert Hilton Ives. He was the only one who ever would look on a discarded suitor; who knew him as a proud haughty man of ability, and who was undoubtedly a wealthy himself to have sought her, irregardless of her own. He was not young, and had not a face to be called seeking—rather the contrary. He fancied Ella, thought she would make an excellent wife—perhaps, as Ella knew, had come down for a bid for her, was refused, and withdrew very respectfully with a sound heart, telling her that if ever she needed a friend in need, to call upon and to him. It was to this man Ella went in her great misfortune. He was the only one to whom her desires, and treating it as a mere matter of business, bade her return home, and at a certain hour he would call on her, and she would have his full answer as to what could be done. A gleam of hope immediately flashed into the young girl's cold, heartless man of money. Hope for the false lover, but none for herself. The next day, at the hour appointed, Robert Hilton Ives called. What He had looked, he said, closely into the affairs of Harvey & Walter Oakes, and could assure her that terms Mr. Oakes could obtain his liberty. They were, the payment of his liabilities, and a pledge that he never return the country. The liabilities of these would require nearly fifty thousand dollars, and the amount of the conditions Mr. Ives could refused to subscribe to any terms whatever; and then Mr. Robert Ives, looking Ella full in the face, said,

"Should to obtain his liberty, is it your intention, Miss Howard, to marry him?'

"There was not a moment's hesitation about Ella's answer. She knew that for her liberty Harvey Oakes would be free, and that all of the man who stood before her; and well she knew that he would not accept the offer of her hand if she believed would allow her to join him in the fate man who was held by all as coverest with guilt. To all this Howard—to the man that Ella answered, promptly:

"'No; I will not marry him.'

"Then, Miss Howard, I will consent to pay Harvey Oakes's debts, and obtain his freedom on one condition.'

"A shiver ran over Ella as he spoke the word; she knew well what was coming, and that the only way she had determined to do all things, even though it were a surrender of life. She therefore said that he might name his condition.

"The condition, Miss Howard, is your hand. The great lawyer will not consent to marry Harvey Oakes shall be your settlement, for which I expect you to assign your power-of-right, leaving your property in your own hands, subject to my will.

"Now wasn't that a beautiful cold-blooded proposition? You may well shudder, Ephraim. Ah! and oh! that poor, little, friendless, loving thing, who, to save the man she loved, accepted the offer of a man she hated, and had no requital save in her own dear beautiful heart. Yes! she married him, and Harvey Oakes was released from prison without knowing the hand that did it. He was liberated to come before the whitewash of the law, and to clear, and curse her; to tear from his heart, where it had lain during all his peril, her sainted image, and cast it from him as a broken, the marble floor; to be removed by force; and for many months to be a helpless maniac. Ah! you poor women that go mad for love, though Mr. Shakspeare does say that men don't die from that complaint.

"All this came wonderful hard to poor Ella, but she lived—though I don't think she ever knew her self-sacrifice. For the year she was a wife—a quiet, obedient wife—and in all things that wealth and position could give her husband, Robert Hilton Ives was satisfied with his bargain; he had bought her, and he was entitled to agreement for her, and did not expect it.

"One day Mr. Robert Hilton Ives had business that called him to a distant city. The next, a telegraphic dispatch informed Ella that she was a widow, her husband having been killed by a railroad accident, with many others. In one week the body of Mr. Robert Hilton Ives was laid in the family vault, and his widow was informed that, he having died without a will, the heirs—whom she was never seen, and who were unknown to her—to the man whose wealth they sought—wished her to seek some other residence at her earliest convenience.

"Poor Ella, a widow at twenty, found herself suddenly turned from her home, without friends, money, or hope. There was one last step to come yet. Her mother, to whom Ella had always looked for advice and guidance, sank under the weight of her calamity, and the month that made Ella a widow saw her also an orphan. This was the white robin who came to the village to seek some stranger the sympathy that had been denied her among those who had known her from childhood. This was our little music-teacher; she who had been chastened by every sorrow, and cast down from the highest, to be left alone to toil for a poor pittances that she might bind bread. And oh, how hard she labored when we had found her, and got there safely in the snug home that had been given us!

"And so, Sir, d'ye see, that's the way we come to have the piano. The Lord has blessed me with plenty, and the price of that piece there is but little much. It wouldn't have hurt me much to have bought more of 'em, for that matter, if she'd have brought more, 'cause there was nothing too good for our Ella, my ward, as I called her.

Uncle Ed. ran rested his head on his hand, and took a long pull at the cider-mug, but I was just as much in the dark as ever. Was this little girl—as pure as a snow-drop—dead or living? If the latter, where? With the view of elucidating this I said as before, inquiringly,

"And Ella?"

"Ah, well, I see I'm getting prosy again. Well, Ella grew happier and happier, and prettier every day, and had been with us nigh on a year and a half, when one day, as I was sitting in the house after taking a walk down the road a piece, I saw a carriage coming. The first thing that caught my eye as I entered was Aunt Sally Downer, with her spectacles all awry, and her mouth open, and staring in yonder door, and staring across the room. I followed the direction of her eyes, and there I saw a tall, good-looking man on his knees to our Ella, holding her hand, covering it with kisses, and saying, over and over again, 'Forgive! Forgive!' Ella was as white as marble, and I could not for the life of me make out what the man was doing there, and why he wanted forgiveness. I was not to remain long in the dark, for I soon found that this good-looking fellow was Harvey Oakes that was, and that, after the effect some months of searching, had just found out Ella, and had come of his restoration to hence, to ask all her noblemess and generosity had been found out, and to prostrate himself before her and plead for forgiveness from the woman, who was more worse than death for him.

"Harvey Oakes had refused to leave the city where all his troubles had their birth. He relied on the promise which said the righteous shall not be forsaken. He therefore waited and bided his time. At the time of his liberation he sought to find out how whereas the money could be produced his creditors, but was unsuccessful in all his inquiries. At last, in his own mind, he attributed it to the guilty brother. Spoke of that blackness that hung over his name, Harvey Oakes faced, knowing that a cloud was necessary to it. As he met success the world came back, and more wealth flowed in to him. One day came a letter from the State Department. His brother had died in a city of South America, leaving a large part of his embezzled funds, and most he had left made there by successful speculation, and with this, what was dearer than all, a full confession of guilt, that took the weight from Harvey Oakes to place it where it justly belonged. With his restored wealth and reputation he received from his former creditors the information that gradually left him to the knowledge of how that money had been made. Ella was his best friend. Since that knowledge came to him, night and day he sought her, and at last found her at the old toll-house.

"And so you see our Ella is still alive, and very happy. Last spring was a year she was married in this room, and is now Mrs. Harvey Oakes. There's a little Ephraim Downer Oakes, too, that I think will be set to come to the old goddaffer's savings. What d'ye say, old woman? They spent about half their time in the old toll-house, and the rest in the best spell holds, we'll be apt to see my ward and the boy along soon. You must drink to and see 'em when they come. God bless you! Good-by t'ye!"

THE AGE OF STEAM.

BY DEN. F. BLOCUM.

ALL the world is in commotion
With the wondrous locomotion
Of the age of steam.

Of its puffing, steaming ages—
From the giant steamer's snorting
And the rapid car's wild careering
To the rattling country stage,
All is rumbling, tumbling, dashing,
Panting, groaning, thundering,
And in fidgety unrest—
Waking, shaking all creation
In this onward, rushing nation,
Making huge the blusteration
Of the age in which we live!

Ay, in wonderful commotion
Is this age of locomotion.
Lake a cauldron, bubbling, boiling,
With its busy millions toiling,
Rushing, dashing for the dimes;
Bankers, hucksters, merchants, tailors,
Lawyers, doctors, printers, sailors,
Office-seekers, politicians,
Poets, painters, and musicians,
All competing for the dimes;
On the land, upon the ocean,
Rages ever the commotion,
This absorbing "Yankee notion,"
Always hunting for the dimes,
Which we hoard up in our coffers,
Till some splendid bargain offers
In the tightness of the times,
When, perchance, amid the pressure,
We may step in with our treasure
And buy up a goodly measure
Of the world's estates and pleasure
With our magic silver dimes!

Oh, how few who thus are dashing,
Sometimes building, sometimes smashing,
Ever for a moment think
Of aught else in life but dollars,
But of dollars, dollars, dollars,
Of the potent, solid chink!
Ah, they heed not ocean-breakers,
Nor the signs of coffin-makers,
Never dream they of disasters,
Nor of doctors' pills and plasters,
Nor of dust and dirt and grave!
"Still achieving, still pursuing,"
Like an ardent lover wooing,
Over land and sea and wave,
Do they ever hear the crying
Of the weary, sick, and dying,
Who some little pittance crave?
No, alas! the cry of sorrow
Is deferred until to-morrow—
Now they have no many cares—
And these sounds of human wailing
Are disordant, like the jarring
Of lost spirits to their ears!

Scarce a man in our Sanaria
But will clean the sad malaria,
Which now hangs o'er the negro's rags!
"Never mind the poor man's failing,
Sure his poverty's appalling,
And not in our line of trading,"
Quoth the money-making wight!
"Time enough to think of charity,
Of that deed of greatest merit,
When we've garnered up our store."
So they rush on with their steaming,
Driving, striving, and screaming,
Buying, selling, cheating, robbing,
Thimble-rigging and stock-jobbing,
Scorching for the golden ore—
But they rock not in their dreaming
Of a future which is gleaming
(Though to them not in the scening)
On "the dusk Plutonian shore!"
There they may hear weeping, groaning,
There may look on lamentation lashing,
That they never felt before!

Oh, this mad'ning money-mania
Which pervades the human cranium,
This corroding, burning passion
Which is never out of fashion,
And in folly makes no dash
Seeking nothing save of self!
How it manacles and loads us,
How it hardens hand and heart and goads us,
Till the fitful dream is over,
Till upon the grave we hover,
And in agony we ask
Of how little worth is pelf!
But this age of locomotion
Can not wait for such emotion
Nod'accordant with the times!
They, forsooth, are silly croakers,
Or at best but idle jokers
Who applaud not money-brokers—
Who have *higher* aspirations
Than the making of quotations,
Or the tinkling of the dimes!

MORE REAL GHOSTS.

III.

THE two instances of simple vision resulting from thought-impressing at the moment of death, which I am about to bring before the reader, are related to me by an unbeliever in witness. They were told me by the Rev. W. W——, mathematical tutor at one of the Cambridge colleges; a man of talent, and of undoubtedly hard brains, and the author of many mathematical works.

Nothing can happened to the aforesaid Professor himself.

"One night I was lying in my little bed. It was winter. The fire cast a bright light all over the room. I could not long sleep, but I had not been asleep. Indeed, I know that I was at that moment as wide awake as I am now. Suddenly, though I had never saw her before, nor upon, I saw Lady M—— quite distinctly, advancing as if from the door of the room. She was in evening dress in a white wrapper. The fire shone upon her face. I never doubted that it was herself. Stretching out my arms I cried, 'Oh! Lady M——, are you indeed come once more to see your little protege!'—her favorite name for me. But she did not answer a word. She came on to within a certain distance of my bed, then stood still, and looked upon me with a most peculiar expression of fond affection that I never saw equaled. Then, somehow, I can not hardly tell in what manner, she seemed to retreat from me, and, as it were, to go out through the wall. She was gone. I felt sure of it, though the wall. I supposed that Lady M—— having come, as she sometimes did, to my room, to see I had every thing comfortable, had found to disturb me by speaking, and so had gone out quietly somewhere by the door, or a door, of course. So I fell asleep, greatly comforted and pleased by having seen Lady M——.

"The next morning there was a mixture of silence and mysterious sound in the house. Strange persons crept about. I was indeed from going near the door of Lady M——'s chamber. At last

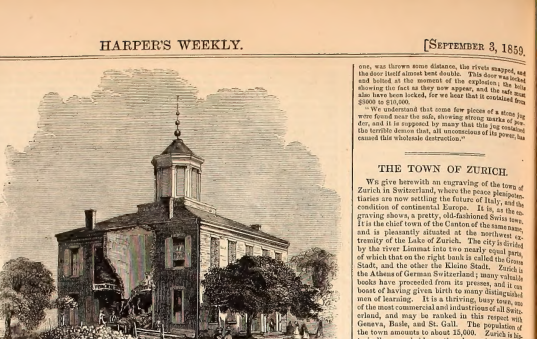
I was told—in answer to my reiterated entreaties that I should see Lady M——, for she was now well, I said (and she not come herself to my room the preceding night!)—that Lady M—— was dead —had expired at the very moment (as far as could be ascertained) when I had seen her, the evening before, come to my bedside and look at me so yearningly."

I, of course, asked the Professor if, by possibility, Lady M—— (unwatched during that moment) might really (as in the case of some other supposed spectre) have come to his bedside, and returned to die in her own room? The Professor declared that such a thing was impossible, for Lady M——'s own mother, knowing her daughter's moments were numbered, had never left the sick-bed for a single moment, and in her arms the poor patient breathed her last, at the identical time when the appearance visited Mr. W——a.

The second story told me by mathematical Reverend W——, runs thus:

At St. John's College, Cambridge, was a professor of the names of Fallowes, ci-devant senior wrangler, "a rosy man right plump to me." He was an especial friend of Mr. W——n, who was in the habit of seeing him constantly. One morning calling upon him, Mr. W——a found his friend in his dressing-gown at a late hour than usual, reclining on his sofa, and looking pale and dispirited. To continue in the words of Mr. W——a: "I asked Fallowes, 'What is the matter with you? Are you ill?' 'No! I am not ill.' I rallied him on his despondency, and entreated him to tell me the cause. He said, 'You will laugh at me if I tell you.' I assured him, I promised him, that I would not. At length, after much pressing, he said, 'If ever I saw any one, I saw my friend M—— last night at the foot of my bed.' 'Why,' replied I, 'he is in Scotland.' 'I know it!' said Fallowes, 'and that is the wonder of it, and the horrible thing. For he appeared to me with dripping hair, and swollen features, and with all the appearance of a drowned corpse. And I can not get it out of my head that something has happened to him.' 'My dear friend,' I said, 'you have only had a horrible dream, and be sure nothing will come of it.' However, do all I could, I found it impossible to remove the impression from Fallowes's mind. For days he continued unchanchely, and at length one morning he put a letter into my hands with merely these words: 'You see I was right!' The letter was to narrate that on the very night when Fallowes had received the impression his friend had been drowned in crossing a ford in Scotland."

Many of my contemporaries at Cambridge will remember that portions and distortions of this story (of which I now give the correct version) were dimly bruited about, and that it was reported (which was the truth) that Fallowes could never endure to be interrogated on the subject. They will also bear witness that Fallowes did not look like a man addicted to seeing ghosts.



EXPLOSION AT THE PORT GIBSON COURT-HOUSE.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.]

A GUNPOWDER PLOT AT PORT GIBSON, MISSISSIPPI.

AN attentive correspondent enables us to publish the accompanying engraving of the partial destruction of the Claiborne County Court-House at Port Gibson, Mississippi, by an explosion of gunpowder. The deed was done by some burglar, for the sake of the money contained in the sheriff's vault. We take from the *Bee*ville (Port Gibson) the following account of the scene:

"The sleepers of our quiet village were startled yesterday morning about twenty-five minutes to four o'clock, by a terrible explosion, which jarred houses and rattled windows for a quarter of a mile around. It was discovered that the court-house had been blown open with gunpowder, in an attempt possibly to examine and secure the contents of the sheriff's vault. On visiting this scene of destruction, we found upon examination that about twenty feet of the northern wall, about midway between the two corners, were completely down from the roof to the foundation, blown front and back, filling the passage with rubbish.

"The vault led out of the sheriff's office under the store stairway; this vault was about eight feet deep and three and a half wide, and in it, built around with solid masonry, were two iron safes, nothing of them visible but the doors; the first one was comparatively useless, the second one was good, and generally contained what money was in the hands of the officers. This was the place, evidently, where the powder and the match were applied; and what is stranger still, the inside of this safe, the good one, shows signs, and the manner of the explosion, induces the belief of every mind that the powder was placed in the inside of it. The back of the safe was shattered to pieces, the masonry and heavy stone stairway looking up immediately behind it, and what separates the vault from the hall of the building, are entirely scattered into fragments, piling them in great confusion over the hall floor. The vault door, a strong iron one, was thrown some distance, the rivets snapped, and the door itself almost bent double. This door was locked and bolted at the moment of the explosion—the bolts showing the fact as they now appear, and the safe doors also have been locked, for we hear that it contained from $3000 to $10,000.

"We understand that some few pieces of a strong jug were found near the safe, showing strong marks of powder, and it is supposed by many that this jug contained the terrible demon that, all unconscious of its power, has caused this wholesale destruction."

THE TOWN OF ZURICH.

WE give herewith an engraving of the town of Zurich in Switzerland, where the peace plenipotentiaries are now settling the future of Italy, and the condition of continental Europe. It is, as the engraving shows, a pretty, old-fashioned Swiss town. It is the chief town of the Canton of the same name, and is pleasantly situated at the northwest extremity of the Lake of Zurich. The city is divided by the river Limmat into two nearly equal parts, of which that on the right bank is called the Grosse Stadt, and the other the Kleine Stadt. Zurich is the Athens of German Switzerland, many valuable books have preceded from its presses, and it can boast of having given birth to many distinguished men of learning. It is a thriving, busy town, one of the most commercial and industrious of all Switzerland, and may be ranked in this respect with Geneva, Basle, and St. Gall. The population of the town amounts to about 25,000. Zurich is historically remarkable as the place where the Reformation commenced in Switzerland, under the guidance and preaching of Ulrich Zwingli, in 1519, and the first entire English version of the Bible, by Miles Coverdale, was printed here in 1535. Many English Protestants, banished by the persecution of the reign of Queen Mary, found in this town a cordial reception during their exile.

One of the most pleasing features about Zurich is its promenades and points of view. One of the best of them is an elevated mound, once forming part of the ramparts, and called Cat's Bastion, now included in the New Botanical Garden, which is prettily laid out in walks and shrubberies, and opened to the public without restriction—a privilege not abused. It commands a delightful view of the town and lake, and of the distant Alps. Nothing can be more delightful than the view at sunset from this point, extending over the smiling and populous shores of the beautiful lake to the distant peaks and glaciers of the Alps of Glarus, Uri, and Schwytz, tinged with the most delicate pink by the sinking rays. The most prominent and interesting of the Alpine peaks seen from this, beginning at the east, are the Sentis in Appenzell, Glarish Dodi, Klariden in Glarus, Achsenburg, Rossberg, and Uri Rothstock. This is the place, "On the margin of fair Zurich waters," where the peace of Europe is to be secured for a few years.

ZURICH, THE PLACE WHERE THE PEACE CONFERENCE MEETS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

TRUMPS.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

CHAPTER XLIX.

AT THE ROUND TABLE.

AFTER the events which have been narrated, it was clearly unnecessary for Hope Wayne to ask any explanations of her Cousin Alfred in regard to the report of their engagement. She felt instinctively that he had been made somehow a tool of Fanny Nevet's, and more than ever were actually married, Hope could not help pitying her simple, good-humored cousin, and regretting the boldness in which she had told Fanny at Saratoga that she would congratulate Alfred when she heard of his engagement to Fanny.

Mr. Dinks had notified Hope that she was going home. That lady was satisfied by her conversation with Mrs. Nevet that it would be useless for her to see Mr. Nevet—that it was one of the cases in which facts and events plead much more persuasively than words. She was sure the rich merchant would not allow his daughter to suffer. Fathers do so in novels, thought she. Of course they do, for it is necessary to the interest of the story. And old Van Boozenberg does in life, thought she. Of course he does. But he is an illiterate, vulgar, hateful brute. Mr. Nevet is of another kind. She had herself read his name as director of at least seven different associations for doing good to men and women. She had also read the sermon upon Christianity in Commerce which Mr. Nevet had persuaded Dr. Maundy to publish.

"If a New York merchant, of wealth and respectability," said Mrs. Dinks to Hope, "who comes of a fine old family, and whose name is synonymous in Christian enterprises, can not be depended upon to do justice and love mercy, who can? Yes, who can? Shall I believe that his fine professions are only a prospectus printed in gilt to help his business? that he regards Christian character as a mere capital invested in Pearl Street?"

Perhaps Mrs. Dinks privately thought that some people might take that view. But she wanted to comfort herself by stating strongly whether which was certainly possible.

Ayear before Hope would have been entirely of her aunt's opinion. Now she merely bowed and looked sober. For Hope Wayne had changed in those few months quite as deeply as her letter to Mrs. Sinecure implied. At the round table in the Round Table she defended Lord Byron with her and less ardor. As her life had become real, as her character had developed under various influences, the romantic girl had passed into the thoughtful woman. She had had sharp surprises and discoveries and disappointments that had not embittered her. The round tree firmly rooted, through tempest, and dog-day heat, and kindly cold, grows on and on: adds new rings of strength to its trunk, new leaves to its boughs branches: every year hangs out more blossoms in the summer sky, and reddens every autumn with richer fruit.

Mrs. Dinks still delayed her departure. She knew that there was no reason for her staying. But she stood. She loved her son dearly. She was unwilling to leave him while his future was so dismally uncertain; and every week she inferred Hope that she was on the point of going.

Hope Wayne was not sorry to remain. Perhaps she also had her purposes. At Saratoga, in the previous summer, Arthur Merlin had remarked her incessant restlessness, and had connected it with the picture and the absence of somebody. But when, in New York, he cleared up the mystery and resolved who the somebody was, to his great surprise he observed at the same time that the restlessness of Hope Wayne was gone. From the months of seclusion which she had passed upon herself he saw that she emerged older, calmer, and lovelier than he had ever seen her. The calmness was, indeed, a little unnatural. To his sensitive eye—for, as he said to Lawrence Newt, in explanation of his close observation, it is wonderful how sensitive an exclusive devotion to my art will make my eye—to his eye the calmness was still too calm as the epoch had been too gay.

In the solitude of his studio, as he drew many pictures upon the canvas, he sang, and smoked, and scuffled around the floor in survey his work from a little distance—and studied its progress through his open fire, as he lay prostrate

ing upon his lounge in a cotton velvet Indian coat, illustrated, bedaubed and bedizened, and puffed profusely, following the intervolving smoke with his eye—his meditations were always the same. He was always thinking of Hope Wayne, and beholding himself with that mask of art, actually beholding himself with himself: and not perceiving that when a man's sole thought by day and night is a certain woman, and an endless speculation about the quality of her feeling for another man, he is simply a clever thinking of his sentiment as a rival.

Arthur Merlin worked away, and congratulated himself that he had escaped falling in love. Whenever he spoke of the sadness in his friend Lawrence it was always from the point of view of art; at which Lawrence smiled more and profoundly glad, because, notwithstanding his scepticism at Delmonico's, he was not quite sure that that, while Arthur Merlin talked of Hope Wayne as an artist, he loved her as a woman.

The talented fellow undoubtedly was a great favorite in society. He could not tell why. Indeed there was no other secret than that he was a very pleasant young gentleman who made himself agreeable to young women, because he wished to be agreeable to girls: them—not, as he wickedly told Lawrence Newt, who winked and did not believe a word of it, because the human being is the noblest subject of art, but only because he wished to show himself by natural experience how much more charming in character, and sprightly in intelligence, and beautiful in person and manner, Hope Wayne was than all other young women.

He proved that important point to his perfect satisfaction. He punctually attended every meeting of the Round Table, that he might lose no opportunity of pursuing the study. He found Hope Wayne always friendly and generous. She frankly owned that he had shown her many charming things in poetry that she had not known, and had helped her to form juster opinions. It was natural and pleasant, he said, Arthur who had helped her. She did not know that it was a very different person who had done the same—a person whose name was Ada Nevet. For it was her changing character—changing in consequence of her acquaintance with Ada—that modified her opinions; and Arthur arrived upon her horizon at the moment of the change.

She was always friendly and generous with him. But sometimes she betrayed a suspicion of the idea that she must be the Diana of his great picture. There was an indescribable coolness and remoteness about her. He knew nothing to do with that confounded picture, and thank-equally confounded Lawrence Newt! thought he.

For the conversation at the Round Table sometimes fell upon Ada.

"He is certainly a handsome fellow," said Amy Waring. "I don't wonder at his success."

"It's because he's rich, then, Miss Waring!" asked Arthur.

"Does what?" said she.

"That Jim gives what you call social success."

"Oh! I mean that I don't wonder such a handsome, bright, graceful, accomplished young man, who lives in fine style, drives pretty horses, and knows everybody should be a great favorite with the girls and their mothers. Don't you see, Arthur? a sort of Alcibiades?"

Lawrence Newt laughed.

"You don't mean Pelham?" said he.

"No, for he has sense enough to conceal the coxcomb. But you ought to know your own nephew, Mr. Newt," answered Amy.

"Perhaps; but I have a very slight acquaintance with him," said Mr. Newt.

"I don't exactly like him," said Arthur Merlin, with perfect candor.

"Didn't know you knew him," replied Amy, looking up.

Arthur blushed, for he did not personally know him: but he felt as if he did, so that he unwittingly spoke so.

"No, no," said he, hastily; "I don't know him, I believe, but I know about him."

As he said this he looked at Hope Wayne, who had been sitting, working, in perfect silence. At the same moment she raised her eyes to his inquiringly.

"I mean," said Arthur, quite confused, "that I don't—somehow—that is to say, you know, there's a false impression you get about people—"

Lawrence Newt interposed—

"I suppose that Arthur doesn't like Abel for the same reason that all decent's like water: for the same reason that you, Miss Amy, and Miss Wayne, would probably not like such a man."

Arthur Merlin looked keenly at Hope Wayne.

"What kind of man is Mr. Newt?" asked Hope, faintly coloring. She was trying herself.

"Don't you know him?" asked Arthur, abruptly and keenly.

"Mr. Howard Hope, as she worked on, only a little more rapidly.

"Well, what kind of man do you think him to be?" continued Arthur, nervously.

"That is not the question," answered Hope, calmly.

Lawrence Newt and Amy Waring looked on during this little conversation. They both wanted Hope to love Arthur. They both doubted how Abel might impress her. Lawrence Newt had not confessed and said that neither Amy nor Hope would probably like Abel.

"Miss Hope is right, Arthur," said he. "She asks what kind of man my nephew is. He is a brilliant man—as fascinating man."

"A fascinating Bury," said Hope Wayne, without looking up.

"Exactly, Miss Hope. You have mentioned the reason why neither you nor Amy would like my nephew."

"I do not understand. Arthur Merlin was bewildered.

"I don't quite understand," said he; "I am such a great fool."

Nobody spoke.

"I am not sure that poor little Grace Plumer," Lawrence Newt gravely said.

"Don't you remember about little Grace Plumer. She can take proper care of herself," answered Arthur, merrily.

Hope Wayne and Amy fingers did not stop. She remembered Miss Grace Plumer, and she did not agree with Arthur Merlin. Hope thought that Grace was a boarding-school butterfly, and she knew the voice, the manner, the magnetism by which the girl was exposed.

"Since the Plumers came," said Lawrence, "Mr. Abel Nevet has returned to his allegiance. Mrs. Bleecker Van Kraut is not unattended whither Mr. Abel accompanies Miss Grace. If Mr. Godefroi Plumer is really so rich as I hear, I think we shall have a Mrs. Abel Nevet. Poor Mrs. Abel Nevet! Poor Mrs. Nevet!"

He shook his head with that look, mingled of feeling and irony, which was very perplexing. The tone in which he spoke was really so full of tenderness for the girl that Hope, who heard every word, and felt every tone, was sure that Lawrence Newt pitied the prospective bride sincerely.

"I beg pardon, Mr. Newt, and Miss Wayne," said Arthur Merlin; "but how can a man have a high opinion for women when he sees his sister do what Fanny Nevet has done?"

"Why should you complain that his sister does precisely what he is trying to do himself?" asked Lawrence. "They are my brother's children, Mr. Merlin, and I would rather lay them in their graves to-morrow than trust the chances of their lives."

Every word sank into the soul of Hope Wayne. Every word helped her to understand Abel Nevet.

CHAPTER L.

A LITTLE DINNER.

IT was summer, but still Mrs. Dinks lingered. Mrs. Dinks had told her husband of Alfred's engaging, the Honorable Budlong said it was a great pity, but, as all came of the foolish fondness of the boy's mother; that nothing was more absurd than for mothers to be sternly calling their children to account. Although who would have attended to Mr. Alfred if his mamma had not, the unemployed lawyer forgot to state, notwithstanding that he had just written a letter upon public affairs, in which he eloquently remarked that he had no aspiration for public life; but that, after from the turmoils of political strife, his modest ambition was satisfied in the performances of the sweet duties which the wise Creator, who has set the children of men in families, has imposed upon all parents.

"However," said he, "Mr. Newt is a wealthy merchant. It's all right, my dear! Women, and especially mothers, are peculiarly silly at such times. Endeavor, Mrs. Dinks, to keep the absurdity—which, of course, you will not fail to do with a press altogether—within bounds. Try to control your nerves, and rely upon Providence."

Therewith the statesman stroked his wife's chin. He controlled his own nerves perfectly, and went to dress for dinner with a select party at General Belch's, in honor of the Honorable M. J. Edx, whom, in his capacity as representative in Washington, had ground an axe for his friend the General. Therefore, when the clerk was removed, the General rose and said; "I know that we are only a party of friends, but I feel that I should indulge my feelings, and gratifying yours, by proposing the health of our distinguished, able, and high-minded representative, whose Congressional career proves that there is no office in the gift of a free and happy people to which he may not legitimately aspire. I have the honor and pleasure to propose, with three times three, the Honorable Benedictus Jawley Edx."

The Honorable Budlong Dinks led off in gravely pounding the table with his fork; and when the rattle of knives and forks and spoons and glasses had subsided, and when Major Scuppernong, of North Carolina—who had dined very freely, and was not strictly following the order of events, but cried out in a loud voice in the midst of the applause, "Encore, encore! good for Belch!"—had been waved to silence, then the honorable gentleman who had been thus honored, and expressed his opinion of the state of the country in a few remarks of an hour and a half, to the general effect that General Jawley Edx, and fellow-citizens—I mean my friends, and you, Mr. Speaker—I beg pardon, General Belch, that General Jawley Edx, gentlemen and ladies, that is to say, the relatives here present—I mean—yes—is one of the very good for Belch!"—had been waved to and fro in teeth and down the throat of calumny—*the* greatest human being that lives, or has lived, or ever can live.

Mr. Elo rose amidst a flurry of applause. Major Scuppernong, of North Carolina, and Captain Laub, of Pennsylvania, turned simultaneously to the wrong gentleman who sat between them, and who had been introduced to them by General Belch as Mr. Newt, son of our old Mannney friend Bonifacius Newt, and said to him, with hysterical force,

"By Gee, Sir! that is one of the greatest men in this country. He does honor, Sir, to the American name!"

The gentleman, without waiting for a reply, each seized a decanter and filled their glasses. Our friend Abel, who had a taste for seeing life and a genius for every kind of society, and a particular purpose in dining on this particular occasion at General Belch's, where he knew he was to meet the Honorable Budlong Dinks, and to make a special on each other, filled his own glass and lighted a cigar.

Of course, after General Belch had spoken and Mr. Elo had responded, it was necessary that every body else should be brought to a speech. General Belch mentioned by the keystone of the arch of States; and Captain Laub, in reply, enlarged upon the swarthy sons of Pennsylvania. General Smith, of Vermont, when green mountains were gracefully alluded to by General Belch, was proud to say that he came—or, rather, he might say—yes, he would say, *hailed* from the hills of Ethan Allen; and, in closing, treated the company to the tale of Ticonderoga. The glittering mouth of the Father of Waters was a beautiful metaphor which brought Colonel le Fay, of Louisiana, to his feet; and the Colonel said that really he did not know what to say. "Say that the Mississippi has more water in its mouth than ever yet had!" roared Major Scuppernong, with great

A LITTLE SPEECH.

hilarity. The company laughed, and the Colonel sat down. When General Belch mentioned Plymouth Rock, the Honorable Bedlong Dinks sprang upon it, and congratulated himself and the festive circle he saw around him upon the inestimable boon of religious liberty which, he might say, was planted upon the rock of Plymouth, and blazed until it had marched all over the land, dispensing from its vivifying rays the healing dew of charity, like the briny tears that love its base.

"Beautiful! beautiful! My G—, sir, what a poetic idea!" murmured, or rather gurgled, Major Scuppernong to Abel at his side.

But when General Belch rose and said that such sentiments as these when so unpremeditated eloquence was unnecessary, and that he would use none, and that he therefore merely requested his friends to fill and pledge, without further interruption, "The old Bay State, where there was a prolonged burst of enthusiasm, during which Major Scuppernong whispered, as he shook and wavered there, blubbering in maudlin wise, and wiping his eyes with a napkin, while the company, who perceived his condition, rattled the table, and shouted, and laughed, until Silgo Moultrie, who sat opposite Abel, declared to him across the table that it was an abominable shame, that the whole South was insulted, and that he should say something.

"Fiddle-de-dee, Moultrie," said Abel to him, laughing; "the South can't be insulted any more than Major Scuppernong, of North Carolina, gets drunk and makes a fool of himself than the North is insulted because General Belch, of Vermont, and the honorable Dinks, of Boston, spoke fools of themselves without provocation. Do you suppose that, at this time of night, any of these people have the remotest idea of the points of the compass? Their sole interest at this moment is to know whether the gallon Major will consume before the table turns to get through his speech."

Silgo Moultrie saw the justice of Abel's view. But the gallon Major did not get through his speech at all, because he never began it. The longer he sat there the more tender he grew, and the more profusely he wept. Once or twice he made a motion, as if straightening himself to speak. The noise ceased, and then subsided a little. The guests cried "Hi!" There was a moment of silence, during which the eloquent and gallant Major mopped the lingering tears with his napkin, then the speech opened in a sentimental strain; the roar began again, until at last the smile changed into a burst of sobbing, and as Abel's observations proceeded, and Bedlong Dinks's secret amusement, Major Scuppernong suddenly turned and threw his arms about Abel, and tenderly embraced him, whispering with tipsy tenderness, "My dearest Bebel, I love you! Yes, by Heaven! I love you!" and fell asleep.

Abel called the waiters, and had the gallon Major and slopped over removed to a sofa.

"He enjoys life, the Major, Sir," said Captain Lamb, of Pennsylvania, at Abel's left hand. "A genial, hearty, generous soul. In the whole room, Sir, General Belch is a man who knows enough to go in when it rains."

Captain Lamb, of Pennsylvania, cocked one eye at his glass, and then opening his mouth, and throwing his head a little back, poured the entire contents down at one swallow. He filled the glass again, took a puff at his cigar, threw back his head a moment with the handle of a spoon, then opening his pocket-knife, proceeded to excavate some remains in his teeth with the blade.

"Is Dinks a rising man in Massachusetts, do you know, Sir?" asked Captain Lamb of Abel, while the knife swirled and rested a moment on the outside of the mouth.

"I believe he is, Sir," said Abel at a venture.

"Wasn't there some talk of his going on a foreign mission? Seems to me I heard something."

"Oh! yes," replied Abel. "I've heard a good deal about it. But I am not sure that he has received his commission yet."

Captain Lamb looked his eye at Abel as if he had been a glass of wine.

Abel rose, seating himself by Silgo Moultrie, entered into conversation. Silgo was not precisely jealous of Abel's devotion to Grace Palmer—he accounted him as a mere creature of domes—but he was a little nervous. Abel's flirtations were not in public calculated to please. He did not flirt to make other people stare and talk. He flirted to gain an actual ascendency, and yet an ascendency which should not be suspected by others until it was sure. Abel considered that the use of his relations to Mrs. Palmer justified him in believing Silgo not to be in the least dangerous.

But the object of his sitting by Silgo was not to enjoy his conversation. It was to give the cue to the company for changing the subject so that he might sit where he would. He drifted and tacked about the table for some time, and finally sailed into the port toward which he had been steering—an empty chair by Mr. Dinks. They sniffed, exchanging. Mr. Dinks talked, with a patronizing air,

"I presume you are not often at dinners of this kind, Mr. Newt?"

"No," replied Abel; "I usually dine on veal and spring chickens."

"Oh!" said Mr. Dinks, who thought Abel meant that he occasionally ate that beef.

"I mean that men of my years usually feed with younger and softer people than I see around me here," explained the young man.

"Yes, of course, I understand," replied Mr. Dinks, feebly, who had not had the least idea what Abel meant; "young men must expect to begin at women's dinners."

"They must, indeed," replied Abel. "Now, Mr. Dinks, one of the pleasantest I remember was this last summer, under the auspices of your wife. Let me see, there were Mr. Moultrie there, Mr. Whitloe and Miss Magot, Mr. Bowdoin Beacon and Miss Amy Waring—and who else? Oh! I beg pardon, your son Alfred and my sister Fanny."

As he spoke the young gentleman filled a glass of wine, and looked over the rim at Mr. Dinks as he drained it.

"Yes," returned the Honorable Mr. Dinks, "I don't go to women's dinners."

He seemed entirely unconscious that he was conversing with the brother of the young lady with whom his son had eloped. Abel recalled it himself.

"I suppose," said he, "we ought to congratulate each other, Mr. Dinks?"

The honorable gentleman looked at Abel, paused a moment, then said:

"My son marries at his own risk, Sir. He is of years of discretion. I should not hinder, in any manner, if only six hundred dollars a year, which I allow him, I presume he would not marry without some security upon the other side. However, Sir, as that is his affair, and as I do not find it very interesting—no offense, Sir, for I shall always be happy to see my daughter-in-law—we had better, perhaps, find some other subject. The arts of social life, Sir, have, as to avoid what is disagreeable. Don't you think Mr. Elie quite a remarkable man? I regard him as an honor to your State, Sir."

"A very great honor, Sir, and all the gentlemen at the neighboring dinner are honors to the States from which they come, and to our common country, Mr. Dinks. Mr. Bowdoin may well be content to dine upon veal and spring chickens so long as we know that such gentlemen have gone before us in their affairs."

Mr. Abel Newt bowed to Mr. Dinks as he spoke, and the said gentleman bowed back with the stately gravity with which a President of the United States hears the Latin speech in which he is made a Doctor of Laws. Mr. Dinks replied to the little speech of Abel's, as if he desired to show that he could be courteous to children that had been complimented.

"And yet, Sir," continued Abel, "if my father, their elder brother, could conceive a prejudice in regard to this elopement, and decline to know any thing of my happy pair, as I understand dollars, in the present liberal style of life incumbent upon a man who has moved in the circles in which Mr. Alfred Dinks has consistently moved, would be a very limited income for your son and daughter-in-law to live upon."

Abel lighted another cigar. Mr. Dinks was a little confounded by the sudden harsh of the conversation.

"Very, very," he replied, as if he were entirely left to reflection, "very true, Sir."

"The father of the lady in these cases is very apt to be obdurate," said Abel.

"I think, likely," replied Mr. Dinks, with the polite air of a man assenting to a truth in mathematics. "The arts of social life, Sir, as I have not the slightest knowledge."

"Yes," persisted Abel, "if I will not conceal from you—for I know a father's heart will wish to know to what his son is exposed—that my father is a very strong prejudice in this affair."

"Oh! he'll get over it," interrupted Mr. Dinks, pleasantly. "They always do, Sir. I am now, don't you think that we had better—"

"Exactly," struck in the other. "But I, who know my father's heart, am sure that he will relent. Oh, Sir, it is dreadful to think of a family quarrel." Abel puffed for a moment in silence. "But I think my dearest father loves me enough to allow me to mould him a little. He will relent, and say to me, 'Son Abel, Mr. Dinks would contribute say fifteen hundred dollars a year, and Mr. Alfred cannot live on less.' Now, I think in that case I might persuade him to advance as much; and so, Sir, your son and his wife would not be thrown upon the world, and been accustomed, and their mutual affection would sustain them. I doubt not that the grandfather died. Then all would be right."

Abel blew his nose as if to command his emotion, and looked at Mr. Dinks.

"Mr. Newt, I should prefer to drop the subject, Sir, now and forever. I will say no more allowance. I doubt if he ever gets a cent from Mr. Burt, who is not his grandfather, but only his step-father. I will not interfere. You may receive something. I repeat that I prefer not any understanding in the matter. I wish he has done a foolish thing, I am sorry. I hope he has not. Let us drink to the prosperity of the mountain young pair, Sir."

"With all my heart," said Abel.

The gentlemen drank, and the manager one proceeded to compliment Mr. Dinks's speech upon Religious Liberty and Plymouth Rock. Bedlong Dinks, it was extremely happy. I am very glad it was heard by gentlemen from so many States. He delighted to hear the sentiments of a patriotic enthusiastic."

There was a pleasing insinuation in this little remark which Abel's companion received with a warm smile. It certainly would be very pleasant, after all, to have a son-in-law who favorably all over the country, for when one received one's diplomatic appointment it would not be altogether as a stranger. Mr. Dinks was also secretly satisfied with the way in which he had avoided the conversation about his son's marriage.

Abel was not less satisfied. He had come to the dinner that he might discover, in the freedom of soul which follows a feast, what Alfred Dinks's prospects really were, and what his father would do for him. Boniface Nevet, upon coming to the store after the fete-a-tete with his wife, had told Abel of his sister's marriage. Abel had comforted his parent by the representation of the probable Burt inheritance. But the father was skeptical. Therefore when General Abraham Belch entered the room, and sat by Mr. Abel Newt's company at dinner, to meet the Honorable Barnbus Jawley Elie—an invitation which was dictated by General Belch's desire to stand well with so influential a political personage as Boniface Newt—the father and son both perceived the opportunity of discovering what they needed.

"Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Dinks will have six hundred a year, as long as papa Dinks chooses to pay it," said Abel to his father the day after the dinner.

Mr. Newt clenched his teeth and struck his fist upon the table.

"Not a cent shall they have from me!" cried he. "Shall Abel lose a girl mean by this kind of thing?"

Abel was not discomposed. He did not clench his teeth or strike his fist.

"I tell you what they can do, father," said he.

His father looked at him inquiringly.

"They can take Mr. and Mrs. Tom Wichet to board."

Mr. Newt remembered every thing he had said to Mr. Van Schoonhoven. But of late his hair was growing very gray, his brow very wrinkled, his countenance very anxious and watery. When he remembered the old banker it was with no self-reproach that he himself was now going white, in the banker's cause, by his bed side to Abel's scorn. It was only to remember that the very old man had sunk down the portcullis of the bank vaults, and that loans were getting to be almost impossible. His face darkened. He drew a sharp oath. "That old villain!"

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE ROME SENTINEL relates that a three-year-old girl disappointed her father upon a visit to her grandparents in the country, where a blessing is invoked by the whole family before each meal. The little girl was provided with a bowl of bread and milk. Her father, supposing the blessing, and of course on the first occasion she was seated with them, commenced eating immediately. But when the family gathered around the board the second time after the commencement of the meal, they were waiting for the preliminary religious ceremony, and observing that the child was not there duly conscious of the approaching solemnity she called him to order by saying, with very great propriety, "Father, you—you—you've got to talk to his plate pretty soon."

A young Frenchman, a student of the Academy of Pointe-au-Chêne, had to finish his studies. At Napier he met Wm. A. Wright, who was also a student. It is customary with the people of his nation. The young Frenchman, who had left the Spanish Creole behind, was dirty, wore well made, and proposed to him to draw him. As each remembered the other's face, they began struck. The Frenchman conducted him home and left him to wash his hands. Every one in the house went into an agitating closet, but soon returned, apparently with very little relief, and, upon inquiry, by what means to draw I" told he, as if to wash both hands was an ordinary labor.

The German gentleman who posted the following notice is furnished, free of charge, with a wide advertising space:

"BUY LICK SALE FOR LAND

Containing 1st section of land Land lace in Cumber Land County in Dick cumm town Ship that Land Lies between Win ford and Sprin ford and Sprin ford Ginger roate there Sprin ford Church rois Lies Land on the south Side near Mr Sow Mill good Water on that land 2 good Sprin on that Land 2 Cabins on that Land 25 Acres of good Matin Crown on that Land good orgard on that Land good Summer Apels and good Winter Apels on that Land good pitches and good Cheres on that Land 2 Acres of Meadow on that Land Lies Land on that Land good Saw Mill Sort on that land.

"I Quarter Section JOHN DOE ADAMS
"nine September LAND."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Burnett's Kalliston,

As a wash for the complexion, has no equal. It is distinguished for its soothing and purifying effect, allaying all tendency to inflammation, and removing cutaneous blotches of mosquitoes, stings of insects, &c. It is a powerful cleanser of the skin, removing tan, freckles, pimples and discolorations. These, with refreshing and invigorating properties, render it an indispensable requisite for the toilet.

Prepared only by JOSEPH BURNETT & CO., Boston.

For sale by druggists generally.

Price 50 Cents a Bottle.

MUSICAL BOOKS

Playing 2, 3, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 15, 24, and 36 tunes. PALLARD & MARTIN, Importers, 289 Broadway, N. Y.

Japan Plate Powder.

A NEW ARTICLE, SUPERIOR TO ANY IN USE, for polishing plated ware, Britannia, &c. Every housekeeper should be supplied with it. For sale wholesale and retail by HENRY HOPPER, 302 Broadway, N. Y.

MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES.—A magnificent edition of this standard work, with accompaniments by Sir John Stevenson, now published in parts, at 25 cents each, by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.
Nos. 119 and 121 Nassau Street, New York.

WM. H. RICHARDSON'S
CELEBRATED
PHILADELPHIA PARAGON
UMBRELLAS.
FOR SALE BY
RETAILERS GENERALLY.
WHOLESALE DEPOT,
229 Broadway,
CORNER READLEY STREET,
Up Stairs.
Manufactory No. 418 Market Street, Philadelphia.

IF WHISKERS AND MUSTACHES won't grow upon your face, use my engraved (established 1850), which will force them to grow six weeks from the first application, and without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1. Sent by mail, post free, to any address. R. G. GRAHAM, 160 Nassau Street, New York.

DR. J. B. MARCHISI'S
CELEBRATED
UTERINE CATHOLICON,
FOR THE RELIEF AND CURE OF SUFFERING FEMALES.

With such universal suffering as saddens the female life, a ready remedy should be known to all who feel from it. Where the most eminent physicians have failed, the Catholicon has performed its work of mercy and inspired tears to the female. "The cures of Female Complaints by Marchisi's Catholicon, are truly astonishing."—*The Retford Standard.* "It has cured an obstinate case of Leucorrhœa, after the patient had suffered 30 years."—"Its cures are almost miraculous."—*Bristol Mirror.* "I have used it in my practice with astonishing results."—E. B. Hamilton, M.D., Marietta, O. "I have tested it in case of Irregularities, Ulcerations, Leucorrhœa, Flooding and Inflammation of the Uterus."—Geo. Lee, M.D., with great success. It is worthy of the notice of the Faculty."—Jno. C. Hall, M.D., Rochester, N. Y. "Prevents any medical men to use it."—Jesse Love, M.D., Lawrenceville, Ga. Send letter for pamphlet, which contains scores showing it to

Never taken without Benefit.

It is active and efficient in any form of disease peculiar to the Female Constitution. Prepared by Dr. Marchisi! Marchisi's Catholicon will dure you. A pamphlet with engraved illustrations, explaining the causes, &c., of female complaints, sent free. Price $5 per bottle. It is sold at $3 per bottle, or three bottles for $8, on Agent in almost every town. When not found, enclose money, and order by Express. Address

BARNES & PARK, General Agents,
No. 2 Park Row, New York.
Or J. B. Park, Cincinnati; Weeks & Potter, Boston; J. Wright & Co., Chicago; DR. J. B. MARCHISI, M.D.

MISS HAINES
Respectfully informs her friends and the public that her School,
No. 10 GRAMMERCY PARK
EAST 20TH STREET,
Will commence on Monday, Sept. 26.

A punctual attendance of her pupils is requested.

Those who have the pleasure of knowing daughters in Miss HAINES in past years, may be assured of her continued interest in their welfare. Her constant aim will be to make her pupils a refinished, useful, and accomplished ornament to society. She has the best teachers of advanced talent, and it will be their united aim to contribute, as much as possible, to the personal happiness, and the moral and intellectual improvement, of those committed to their care.

361 BROADWAY 539
BRIDAL SUITS,
Tucker's Flowers, Feathers, and Miscellaneous Items.
Are all reliable.

Money can be Made.

NOW IS THE TIME for Young Men of industrious habits and good moral character to engage as BOOK AGENTS.

We publish the best Books.

They can be sold to every family.

And will accommodate every purse.

Agents will require but a small capital to commence with, which can be gradually increased by the profits of sales.

Send for a full particulars.

LEARY, GRITZ & CO., Publishers,
No. 324 N. Second Street, Phila.

HEALTH OF AMERICAN WOMEN.

The great value of the GRAEFENBERG MEDICINES, including their splendid remedy, *Marshall's Uterine Catholicon*, is guaranteed by testimonials from the most distinguished men in the country, whose names and the evidence of genuine character, are at the service of persons interested. Among them are testimonials of the GOVERNORS OF TWO STATES, the CHAIRMAN of the BOARD OF HEALTH OF NEW YORK, one of the Surgeons-in-Chief of BELLEVUE HOSPITAL, and many Surgeons, including the Rev. N. Bangs, the HEAD OF THE METHODIST CHURCH, THE STATE CHEMIST AND ASSAYER of the State of Massachusetts, THE MAYOR OF NEW YORK CITY, UNITED STATES COMMISSIONERS, and others, besides the Proprietor of BARNUM'S MUSEUM, and many other public men, together with Editorial Notices from the leading Journals in the country.

To Dr. VALENTINE MOTT, President and Professor of Surgery:

To Dr. G. S. BEDDOE, Professor of Diseases of Women, New York University.

To WILLARD PARKER, President of Academy of Medicine.

To Dr. MARION SIMS, Head of Women's Hospital, New York.

To Dr. JOHN C. CHEESEMAN, Professor of Diseases of Women.

GENTLEMEN: Your position in the medical profession is very high. You claim to be acquainted with all forms of surgical diseases, and profess to teach others how to cure disease. Can you do it yourselves?

The remaining physicians of the Graefenberg Company make no professions of position. They merely claim to cure disease, and are willing to rest their claims upon the testimony of those they have cured, and not upon any position or honors awarded by a self-constituted medical board. From each of you, gentlemen, patients have come to the consulting rooms of the GRAEFENBERG COMPANY. In some instances, you have exposed your skill, and given them up as incurable. In other instances, you have nearly killed them, and made their cure very slow and difficult, by injudicious or topical practice. Yet, *under the beneficent and patient operation of the Graefenberg treatment, ALL of these sufferers are in a fair way to be cured; MOST of them are cured already.*

☞ The Graefenberg Family Medicines will always be on all theaters for which they are recommended with certainty and safety.

The Graefenberg Manual of Health and their celebrated series of medicines should be in every family.—*Republic Journalism, New York.*

The Graefenberg Medicines are better than others, and their Manual of Health is an able work.—*Waverley Magazine.*

The Graefenberg Manual of Health is a capital little book, full of useful medical information, and we advise all to who may need it, to send with the Graefenberg Medicines apply the common sense principles to practice.—*Younglawyers, Philada.*

The Graefenberg theory varies from all newfangled notions but it will preserve and restore health.—*New York Sun.*

The Graefenberg Medicines and the Manual of Health are invaluable, and should be in every family.—*N. Y. Sun.*

The Graefenberg Family Medicines

CONSIST OF

CONSUMPTIVES BALM,	Price $3 00 per bot.	
THE GRAEFENBERG COMPANY'S MARSHALL'S UTERINE CATHOLICON,	"	1 50 "
HEMAPHILLA COMPOUND,	"	1 00 "
GRAEFENBERG PILE REMEDY,	"	1 00 "
DYSENTERY SYRUP,	"	50 "
CHILDREN'S PANACEA,	"	25 "
FEVER AND AGUE REMEDY,	"	50 per box.
VEGETABLE PILLS,	"	25 "
EYE LOTION,	"	25 per bot.
GREEN MOUNTAIN OINTMENT,	"	25 per box.
HEALTH BITTERS,	"	25 per bot.
MANUAL OF HEALTH,		25 per copy.

All of the Graefenberg Family Medicines are prepared by a skilful physician, and have been long established in all cases for which they are recommended. They consist of eleven medicines, from which one may be selected adapted to the case.

☞ FOR SALE AT the OFFICE OF the GRAEFENBERG COMPANY, No. 32 PARK ROW, NEW YORK.

THE GRAEFENBERG COMPANY'S
MARSHALL'S UTERINE CATHOLICON

is a certain cure for all female monthly irregularities, sickness, nausea, weakness, nervousness, hysterics, fits, and other local derangements of the uterine organs, as well as the constitutional disorders arising from them.

Price $1 50 *per bottle; five bottles for* $6. *It is safely sent by Express.*

☞ CAUTION. ☜

As ARTICLES, wholly UNAUTHORIZED, HAVE BEEN PUBLISHED WITH IN NAME AND LABEL, HAS BEEN PUT IN CIRCULATION.

Address Letters and orders to

JOSHUA F. BRIDGE, M.D.,

Secretary and Consulting Physician, Graefenberg Company, NO. 32 PARK ROW, NEW YORK.

Invalids throughout the country may address DR. BRIDGE concerning their health with perfect confidence.

☞ *If medicines are sent to any part of the country, an agent is required, the Letter must contain One Dollar to cover postage.*

The Graefenberg Manual of Health has been revised and improved, and elegantly illustrated with beautiful colored Engravings of the human system. Sent by mail to any part of the country on receipt of 25 cents. It is a complete guide to all diseases and their cure.

☞ Address JOSHUA F. BRIDGE, M.D.,
SECRETARY GRAEFENBERG COMPANY,
32 PARK ROW, NEW YORK.

Dysentery, Diarrhœa, Cholera, and all the bowel complaints which terminate in the GRAEFENBERG DYSENTERY SYRUP. *Price* 50 *cents per bottle.*

Merantille Record.

Patent Champion Safes.

S. C. Herring & Co., 251 Broadway.

THE HUMAN VOICE; its right Management in Speaking and Reading. Principles of True Eloquence, Functions of the Vocal Organs—Motion of Letters of the Alphabet—Cultivation of the Ear—Disorders of Vocal and Articulating Organs—Style and Construction of the English Language—Proper Methods of Delivery—Influence of Manner in Reading, Speaking, &c. A series of articles—to be completed in four numbers—commenced in THE WATER-CURE JOURNAL for September.

Articles on Water-Cure in France; Hydropathy; Fevers; Water-Cure Explained; Scrofula; Sore Eyes; Nervous Debility; Fatal Error; Food for Women; Salus Vitæ's Dance, &c., in September number, now ready. Terms, 15 cts. per copy, or $1 a year.

SPECIAL OFFER.—THE WATER-CURE JOURNAL will be sent to any one who will subscribe before the 1st of September. Address FOWLER & WELLS, No. 308 Broadway, New York.

RIMMEL'S ROSE-LEAF POWDER

imparts a delicate rosy hue to the skin, and renders it soft and beautiful.

Sold by all the Trade.

E. RIMMEL, *Perfumer, London and Paris.*

SANDS' SARSAPARILLA.

This celebrated remedy for purifying the blood, and for the cure of scrofula, ulcerous, and eruptive diseases, is prepared by us all through 1859, in the same perfect and searching preparation from the root that has ever given it the virtues it has possessed.

Prepared and sold by A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists, No. 100 Fulton street, New York.

AGENTS wanted in every County in the United States, to sell the genuine PHOTOGRAPHIC PENS, packed in 20 Gil Colors. For particulars address Prof. EVANS & CO., No. 112 South Third Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

PHYSIOLOGY and the LAWS of LIFE, with Exercises, THE WATER-CURE JOURNAL and HERALD OF HEALTH. Semi four months, on trial, for 25 cents.

Singer's Sewing Machines.

ARE superior for all manufacturing purposes.

ARE more desirable for all kinds of family sewing.

ARE capable of doing a greater range of work.

ARE free from the faults of other machines.

ARE almost noiseless in their operations.

ARE much better, and therefore worth more.

ARE perfectly simple and easily kept in order.

ARE cheaper because they save more money.

Are just the Machine for every family.

I. M. SINGER & CO.,

No. 458 Broadway, corner of Grand.

EVERETT HOUSE,
HAWLEY D. CLAPP, PROPRIETOR,
NORTH SIDE UNION SQUARE,
NEW YORK.

INTERNATIONAL HOTEL, NIAGARA FALLS.

ROBERT R. COLEMAN, late of the firm of COLEMAN & STEPHENSON, Astor House, and many recently engaged at the St. Nicholas Hotel, New York, has, in connection with his new partner, Mr. JOHN A. BARR, opened the above well-known Hotel, which, having been entirely refitted and greatly improved, renders it very desirable to visitors at this the greatest of watering places.

TRENTON FALLS.

This most picturesque of the WATER FALLS OF AMERICA can now be reached at a small expense from Utica by Railroad.

N. B.—Omnibus trains a day.

RIMMEL'S TOILET VINEGAR is the superior to Eau de Cologne as a tonic for the nerves or flowers, as a refreshing Perfume and a powerful Disinfectant.

Sold by all the Trade.

E. RIMMEL, *Perfumer, London and Paris.*

Books by return Post to any Post Office in the United States.

GOOD BOOKS by MAIL.—We send all BOOKS published at the OFFICE OF THE PUBLISHERS' PRICE. ADDRESS FOWLER & WELLS, No. 308 Broadway, New York. United States Postage Stamps or Country dealers supplied.

PROTESTANT FRENCH INSTITUTE

FOR YOUNG GENTLEMEN, in New York, No. 45 East 26th Street, near Madison Park. Boarding and Day Pupils received. Circulars exhibited. This Institution will be reopened on the 15th of September next, under the direction of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Cass, Jr., Directors, including the Spanish and the French languages, as the only means of rendering the School Comfortable to Foreigners and Natives of Europe. Prospectuses, with testimonials, the names of top pupils and of Professors, can be had at the School House, No. 45 East 26th Street.

Prof. ELIE CHARLIER, Director.

References: Paris, Rev. Dr. Monod.
Geneva, Rev. Dr. Merle d'Aubigné.
Washington, Hon. Lewis Cass, Secretary of State.
Boston, Prof. L. Agassiz.
Princeton, Prof. Dod.
New York, C. King, President of Columbia College.
Rev. Dr. Potts, Chancellor of the N. Y. University.
Rev. Dr. S. H. Tyng.
Rev. Dr. Cox.

HARD TIMES NO MORE.—ANY Lady or Gentleman in the United States, possessing a little time, can greatly increase their means by honorable business, by which from $5 to $10 per day can be realized. For particulars, address, with stamp, W. R. AXTON & CO., 41 South SIXTH Street, Philadelphia.

ELLIOT & PATTEN—Examine Inventions and procure Patents, and investigate Patent Property, at the old-established main entrance of Patent Office Building, Washington City, D. C.

NO DRUGS—NO POISON!—THE WATER-CURE JOURNAL and HERALD OF HEALTH, will be sent four months on trial for 25 cents. FOWLER & WELLS, New York.

PIESSE & LUBIN'S
LAUNDRY FACTORY
from
every flower that
breathes fragrance
SWEET SCENTS
THE FLOWERS OF THE DAY
KISS-ME-QUICK
FRANGIPANNI
And a Thousand others.
In 6d. each to Guineas
Per Bottle.
PIESSE & LUBIN'S New Bond St. London.

LUBIN'S,
PERFUMERY,
Sold by all
Druggists in
every city.
Wholesale
Agents,
J. PHILLIPS,
87 *Pearl St.*
New York.

Skeleton Skirts.

The largest and best stock of Skeleton Skirts in the city. To which attention is invited.

Manufactured by
HILL BROTHERS,
61 Chambers Street.

THE WATER-CURE JOURNAL: Devoted to Hydropathy, its Philosophy and Practice; to Physiology and Anatomy; and all those Laws which govern Life and Health. Illustrated with numerous engravings. $1 a year, or 6 months, on trial, for 25 cents. FOWLER & WELLS, N. Y.

RIMMEL'S BOUQUET—ALL THE RAGE THIS SEASON, WOOD VIOLET, are the leading Perfumes in *Paris* and *London*.

Sold by all the Trade.

E. RIMMEL, *Perfumer, London and Paris.*

Ayer's Cathartic Pills,

FOR ALL THE PURPOSES OF A PURGATIVE MEDICINE.

FOR CONVERSIONS:
FOR THE CURE OF DYSPEPSIA:
FOR JAUNDICE:
FOR THE CURE OF INDIGESTION:
FOR HEADACHE:
FOR THE CURE OF DYSENTERY:
FOR A FOUL STOMACH:
FOR THE CURE OF BILIOUSNESS:
FOR THE FEVER:
FOR THE CURE OF SCROFULA:
FOR ALL SCROFULOUS COMPLAINTS:
FOR THE CURE OF ERUPTIONS:
FOR DISEASES OF THE SKIN:
FOR THE CURE OF LIVER COMPLAINT:
FOR THE CURE OF TETTER, TUMORS, AND SALT RHEUM:
FOR WORMS:
FOR THE CURE OF GOUT:
FOR A DINNER PILL:
FOR THE CURE OF NEURALGIA:
FOR PURIFYING THE BLOOD.

They are sugar-coated, so that the most sensitive can take them pleasantly, and being purely vegetable, no harm can arise from their use in any quantity.

Price 25 cents per Box; Five Boxes for $1 00.

PREPARED BY

DR. J. C. AYER & CO.,
LOWELL, MASS.,

Sold by all Druggists everywhere.

TO SOUTHERN MERCHANTS.
HARNDEN'S EXPRESS

WILL RUN EVERY
TUESDAY, THURSDAY AND SATURDAY,
AT SEVEN O'CLOCK P. M.
FOR SAVANNAH,

Thence, by Georgia Central Railroad, to
MACON, MILLEDGEVILLE, ATLANTA,
AUGUSTA, MOBILE, KNOXVILLE,
NASHVILLE, CHATTANOOGA, MONTGOMERY,
NEW ORLEANS.

And all Towns in the State of
Georgia, Alabama and Tennessee.

Every description of merchandise forwarded to the above points, and returned, with promptness and dispatch.

For further particulars apply at the office of

HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, 74 Broadway.

HEALTH, HAPPINESS, and LONG LIFE.—THE WATER-CURE JOURNAL and HERALD OF HEALTH will be sent to subscribers four months, commencing with the September number—not ready—for 25 cents.

FOWLER & WELLS, New York.

RIMMEL'S WHITE ALMOND SOAP

is the best Soap ever established for the delicate complexion needed for their cambric properties and delightful perfume.

Sold by all the Trade.

E. RIMMEL, *Perfumer, London and Paris.*

DR. HAM'S INVIGORATING SPIRIT—Will stimulate and invigorate, but will not injure. Is delightful and exhilarating, but not intoxicating. This valuable discovery is not only a stimulant, but a medicine. It is a great aid to digestion, and is invaluable in fevers, and all cases where a tonic is necessary. Sold by druggists generally, or sent to any part of the United States, on receipt of $1. Depot, 61 Chambers street, New York.

The May Queen—A Pastoral Cantata.

Words by HENRY F. CHORLEY. Composed by WM. STERNDALE BENNETT. Price 75 cents. In Cloth Embossed, $1 00.

Published by OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.

EXPERIENCED AGENTS wanted to introduce the NEW AND IMPROVED LOCK-STITCH SEWING MACHINE. The "LOSSING'S PICTORIAL" Volumes Royal Octavo, containing upward of 1,000 pages each, and illustrated with 600 Engravings, will be sold exclusively by Agents, to each of whom a special District will be given. Rare inducements offered. Applicants should name the County they want given. For full particulars address GEO. W. ELLIOTT, care HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

DYSPEPSIA, CONSUMPTION, SCROFULA, DEBILITY—All Forms of Disease radically CURED by Natural and Delightful means, *without Drugs or Medicines of any kind.* For full particulars, inclose 3 cents to H. BOOTH, M.D., Fishkill, Indiana.

Rockland Female Institute.

NYACK, ON THE HUDSON, N. Y.

This is a Ladies' Seminary of the highest order, situated in a most beautiful and healthy location, directly on the Hudson River, near New York City. For Catalogues and Circulars, or further particulars, address

REV. D. D. & C. P. CARPENTER, Principals.

P. S.—The next Annual Session begins Sept. 8th.

THE SUPERB WEAR SUPPLEMENT

TO HARPER'S WEEKLY is now ready, containing an accurate Map, and numerous large and elegant Engravings, illustrating the War in Italy. Price 6 cents. Sent free by mail.

HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, New York.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, New York, have just published:

I. A NEW NOVEL, by the Hon. MRS. NORTON, Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," "Olive," "The Ogilvies," "The Head of the Family," "Aytoun," "Agatha's Husband," "A Hero," &c. &c. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

LIFE AND LIBERTY IN AMERICA; or, Sketches of a Tour in the United States and Canada in 1857-8. By CHARLES MACKAY, LL.D., F.S.A. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents; Muslin, $1 25.

LETTER-LADDIE HITZGERALD. Gerald Fitzgerald, "The Chevalier." A Novel. By CHARLES LEVER, Author of "Charles O'Malley," "Harry Lorrequer," "The Dodd Family Abroad," "Sir Jasper Carew," "Maurice Tierney," &c. Complete. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

ADAM BEDE. A Novel. By George Eliot, Author of "Scenes of Clerical Life." 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS will send any of the above Works by mail, postage paid, for any remittance to them for the amount, provided the Postage be prepaid at the Mailing Office.

☞ Every Number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE contains from 90 to 96 pages, and HARPER'S WEEKLY is published more reading than any other in the country.

A Splendid Number.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR SEPTEMBER.

CONTENTS:

TROPICAL JOURNEYINGS.—PANAMA.
Illustrated by Twenty-one Engravings.
A DAY IN THE STUDY. By ADIRONDACK WOODS AND WATERS. By AUGUSTUS RICHARDS. Illustrated by Seven Engravings.
THE MISSIONARY. By M. THACKERAY.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Flat Rebellion.—Warrington Mason.—"Yes, Sir."
CHAPTER LXXXIV. In which Harry submits to the consequences.
CHAPTER LXXXV. Inward Pertum.
CHAPTER LXXXVI. At Home.
MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.
LITERARY NOTICES.
EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.
OUR FOREIGN BUREAU.
EDITOR'S DRAWER.
FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Equestrian Costume.—Cloak.

Whatever has had occasion to consult the current volumes of the Magazine must have been struck with the multiplicity of subjects upon which they intelligently comprehend, historical, and scientific facts, to that, apart from its merits as a work of entertaining reading, it is of the highest value as a work of general reference, and on a great variety of subjects.—The "Monthly Record of Current Events," in particular, though promising little immediately after the date of the publication of the work, is found to be a most valuable and convenient repertory of information for every one who has the most frequent occasion to consult a book of reference.—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

HARPER'S MAGAZINE is, emphatically, the American periodical par excellence. It is always conservative in politics, elegant in taste, varied in matter, overwhelming in quantity, and cheap as dirt, and, moreover, as large by a sturdy common sense, it has no rival. Nor will it have any. We rejoice in its prosperity.—*New Orleans Christian Advocate.*

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year	$3 00
Two Copies for One Year	5 00
Five Copies for One Year (and 1 to getter up of Club)	$20

And an Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of Ten subscribers.

HARPER'S WEEKLY and HARPER'S MAGAZINE, together:

The Postage upon "HARPER'S WEEKLY" must be Prepaid at the Office where it is received. The Postage is Thirty-six Cents a year.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
Franklin Square, New York.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A FIRST-CLASS ILLUSTRATED PAPER.

THE BEST FAMILY JOURNAL.

FAMILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD.

FIVE CENTS A NUMBER. $2 A YEAR.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS'S New Serial, entitled "A TALE OF TWO CITIES," Splendid Engravings by PHIZ, commences in HARPER'S WEEKLY for September 3d. Back numbers can be had, and it will be completed.

THE SUPERB CURRENT Illustrated Serial Tale GEO. WILLIAM CURTIS'S "POTIPHAR PAPERS," entitled "TRUMPS," was commenced in "HARPER'S WEEKLY" for August 6th.

TERMS OF HARPER'S WEEKLY.

One Copy for Twenty Weeks	$1 00
One Copy for Six Months	2 00
One Copy for Two Years	4 00
Five Copies for One Year	8 00
Twelve Copies for One Year	16 00
Twenty-four Copies for One Year	30 00

An Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of TWENTY *or* TWENTY-FOUR SUBSCRIBERS.

THE POSTAGE upon HARPER'S WEEKLY is Prepaid at the Office where it is received. The Postage is Twenty-six Cents a year.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
Franklin Square, New York.

REWARD OF MERIT.

JUDICIOUS PARENT. "See, my son, how merit is rewarded in our glorious country! Be brave, and virtuous, and honest, and self-denying, and true, and when you die you may have a monument which will serve as a medium to advertise rope-dancers and stomach hitters."

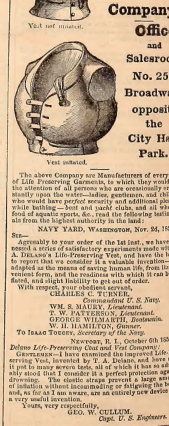
[*See the Worth Monument on Madison Square.*

THE BALLOON MANIA.

CHARLEY (*who has been reading about Professor Wise's balloon ascensions, and who proceeds to fit his mother's best silk dress from a gas-burner*). "Now, Julia, I guess our balloon's nearly full. I'll push it out of the window, and you'll hang on by the sleeves—that's the car, you know—and we'll go straight into the eastern air-current. Won't it be prime?"

AN EXPERIENCE AT A COUNTRY BOARDING-SCHOOL.

BOARDING-SCHOOL MISTRESS. "Remember, boys, the one who eats most pudding gets next beef. So do your best!"



DELANO Life-Preserving Coat and Vest Company. Office and Salesroom No. 256 Broadway, opposite the City Hall Park.

Vest not inflated.

Vest inflated.

The above Company are Manufacturers of every kind of Life Preserving Garments, to which they would call the attention of all persons who are occasionally or continually upon the water—ladies, gentlemen, and children will find here a perfect security and additional pleasure while sailing, boating, or fishing. Sportsmen, who are fond of aquatic sports, can find the following testimonials from the highest authority in the land:

NAVY YARD, WASHINGTON, Nov. 24, 1858.

SIR—

Agreeably to your order of the 1st inst., we have witnessed a series of satisfactory experiments made with T. A. DELANO'S Life-Preserving Vest, and have the honor to report that we consider it a valuable invention—well adapted as the means of saving human life, from its convenient form, and the readiness with which it can be fitted, and slight liability to get out of order.

With respect, your obedient servant,

CHARLES C. TURNER,
Commandant U. S. Navy.
WM. S. MAURY, *Lieutenant.*
JOHN M. BROOKE, *Lieutenant.*
GEORGE WILMARTH, *Boatswain.*
W. H. HAMILTON, *Gunner.*

TO ISAAC TOUCEY, *Secretary of the Navy.*

NEWPORT, R. I., October 6th 1858.

Delano Life-Preserving Coat and Vest Company:

GENTLEMEN—I have examined the improved Life-Preserving Vest, invented by T. A. Delano, and have seen it put to many severe tests, all of which it has so admirably stood that I consider it a perfect protection against drowning. The elastic straps prevent a large amount of inflation without incommoding or fatiguing the body, and, as far as I am aware, are an entirely new device and a very useful invention.

Yours, very respectfully,

GEO. W. CULLUM,
Capt. U. S. Engineers.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Bonner versus Hostetter.
Bonner Outdone.

$1000	$1000	$1000	$1000
$1000	$1000	$1000	$1000
$1000	$1000	$1000	$1000

Offered for an advertisement in the *New York Ledger*, for

Hostetter's Celebrated Stomach Bitters.
Hostetter's Celebrated Stomach Bitters.

Principal Depot 13 and 15 Park Row, New York.
For sale everywhere, everywhere.

Sold and manufactured by Hostetter & Smith, Pittsburg, Pa.

$1 FLY and MUSKETO CATCHER.—Warranted to free the house from Flies and Musketoes by following the directions which accompany it.

"We saw it catch 1,700 flies in one minute."—*Boston Atlas and Bee.*

"We saw it catch and slay 2,000 flies in one and a half minutes."—*Manchester American.*

"I cleared a sick-room in five minutes, and heartily commend it."—C. E. BOOTH, M.D.

Sent to any part of the country on receipt of $1.

Agents wanted. D. ATWATER,
No. 491 Broadway, New York.

The Eau Lustrale Hair Restorative of JULES HAUEL has an unprecedented reputation for imparting health, strength, and beauty to the hair; its use renders scraggy, wiry hair luxuriously soft and glossy, and fertilizes it in suit. Sold by all Druggists, and by JULES HAUEL & CO., No. 704 CHESTNUT STREET, Philadelphia.

E. A. BROOKS,
575 Broadway & 150 Fulton Street.
A splendid Assortment of Ladies', Gentlemen's, and Children's Boots, Shoes, and Gaiters.

PRINCE IMPERIAL CHAMPAGNE.
FROM
DE VENOGE & CO., EPERNAY, FRANCE.

A Wine of rare quality at a moderate price. Sold at the principal Hotels and by all the LEADING DEALERS throughout the country.

E. V. HAUGHWOUT, Sole Importer,
Corner of Broadway and Broome Street.

Curtis' Cure for Baldness.
This remedy is reliable: contains no oil, lead, or sulphur; it has been tested in Boston, Providence, and the Eastern States. J. M. CURTIS, Proprietor, Providence, R. I. Sold by E. M. Gorin, 127 Bowery; J. & J. Cod-dington, 769 Broadway; W. H. Lewis, 627 Greenwich Street; Mrs. Dean, 225 Hudson Street, New York; Mrs. Haven; G. Gardner, Brooklyn; Reynolds & Co., Brooklyn; F. Sellew, Jersey City; C. F. Hoyer, Newark.

BARNES & PARE, Nos. 13 and 15 Park Row,
And all Druggists, General Agents.

Designed for the use of the *Medical Profession* and the *Family*, having superseded the so-called "Gins"—Aromatic, Cordial, Medicated, &c., is now ordered by all of the prominent Hospitals, Dispensaries, and Infirmaries as possessing all of those curative medicinal qualities (tonic and diuretic) which belong to an old and pure Gin. Put up in quart bottles and sold by all druggists, grocers, &c.

A. M. BININGER & CO.,
(Established in 1778.) SOLE PROPRIETORS,
No. 128 Broadway, N. Y.

Grover & Baker's
Celebrated Noiseless
Family Sewing Machines,
At Reduced Prices.

605 Broadway, New York. 18 Summer Street, Boston. 730 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. 181 Baltimore Street, Baltimore. 58 West Fourth Street, Cincinnati. 118 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

SEND FOR A CIRCULAR.

These celebrated and pleasant Bitters are highly recommended by the faculty as the purest and finest Tonic and Stimulant ever offered to the public for General Debility, Loss of Appetite, Constipation, and other Derangements of the Stomach.

PRINCIPAL DEPOT,
No. 145 Water Street.
For Sale Everywhere.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. III.—No. 141.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1859. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THE "GREAT EASTERN" AND THE CITY OF PORTLAND.

We engrave herewith a picture of the *Great Eastern*, as she now lies in the Thames. On 3d September it is announced that she will sail for Portland, in England, on a trial-trip; and if that prove satisfactory, she will leave Holyhead for Portland, Maine, on 15th of the same month. There is a rumor that she will sail from Galway to New York; but this as yet lacks confirmation.

We gave in our last number a pretty full description of this noble ship. With regard to her sailing qualities and her probable safety at sea, the London *Times* says:

"As to the ship itself, it has no immunity from perils. It may suffer what is suffered every day by some ship or other in our vast mercantile navy. But the calculation has been worked out, and there lies a vessel ready to start in a few days for Calcutta, lend it passengers and cargo, take in others, and return home immediately, without taking in more coals, all within seventy days. Once released from these shores nothing can stop her, so long as her machinery does its work. This, of course, is the question; but never was steamship provided with so many alternatives. She will rush over the sea with a speed nearly equal to an ordinary railway train, and with a weight five hundred times greater. Should she come into collision with any thing else afloat—should she, by chance, touch some little three-decker in the mid-sea, she will live to tell the tale, and she alone. She might send the flimsy craft to the bottom in the night, exiting her in two or sailing over her, without even disturbing the sleep of her passengers. It might be presumptuous to affirm that she will not feel the waves, for that remains to be tried; but on calculation she should feel them little more than an ordinary Thames steamer does the waves between bridges."

The cabins are thus described by the reporter of the *Illustrated London News*, who visited the ship on the occasion of the recent banquet on board:

"The dock having been duly explored, the company crowded down the Principal staircase, and were soon astonished with the elaborate splendor of the grand saloon, upon which Mr. Crace has exhausted all his well-known profusion in renaissance decoration. Much skill has in the first place been shown in making the best of the masts and funnels, obstacles which could not be removed, and which in less skillful hands would have very much obstructed the view, and spoiled the general effect of the saloon. But Mr. Crace has squared them unsightly objects, and covered them with large and costly mirrors, so placed that, instead of contracting the view, they give the effect of much greater space than is really available. The sides, and all spaces not occupied by looking-glasses, are covered with a peculiarly rich white and gold paper, with massive renaissance centres, and interspersed with panels painted with allegorical subjects. The floor is covered with crimson Axminster carpeting of the Royal pattern, and the recesses are all filled with couches covered in crimson Utrecht velvet. The hangings are of the most superb island of the same color, fringed with silk lace and draped up with tassels of the newest design; and, in short, every thing given for hire more of the State reception-room of a Royal palace than the principal cabin of a merchant-ship. A very peculiar feature in this unique saloon is the mode by which it is lighted and ventilated at the sides—by large open-fan-railed sky-lights, which can be had reaching to the upper-deck, where they are met by sky-lights, which can be had up or down at pleasure. Besides the great additional light which these openings give, they are invaluable as securing at any moment current of fresh air, a luxury which will only be fully appreciated when the *Great Eastern* is steaming majestically across the Indian Ocean with her living freight of some eight or ten thousand passengers for Calcutta. Next to this imperial saloon is another and still longer one, which is to be appropriated to the ordinary first-class passengers, the other being exclusively devoted to the extra first and the ladies, and in which the directors on Monday entertained some 400 of their friends. Arrangements had been made for 850, but the thirst of the British public for scientific investigation, especially when a Champagne luncheon crowns the vista, brought down such troops of friends that entertainment had to be found for nearly double the number. Thanks, however, to the provision of Mr. Quartermaine, of the Ship, to whom the commissariat had been intrusted, there was enough and to spare for every body, and the wines were always ready in abundance

THE "GREAT EASTERN" STEAMSHIP READY FOR SEA.

THE CITY OF PORTLAND, MAINE.

when some noble connoisseur of particular sentiment refused to be tempted. Around them the principal saloons the sleeping-berths of the passengers are skilfully arranged, the amount of accommodation being regulated, of course, by the price paid for the passage. But it is hardly fair to call them mere berths, seeing that they are, generally speaking, rather suits of apartments, comprising sleeping, sitting, and dressing-room, all self-contained, and offering to fortune as complete seclusion as if they were in their own houses. Every one of these berths is larger than the best cabins in any other vessel; and they have the peculiar advantage of being double, and double the height, and possessing the most ample and ready means of exit and ventilation.

Portland, Maine, of which we give an engraving on the previous page, is the fortunate port which is destined to receive the gigantic vessel and the pride of this country—the harbor being the only one on the Atlantic coast which a ship of her size can enter and in perfect safety. Portland is at the line growing city, with a population of about 35,000. It has been mainly built up by the trade with Canada, which borders it the real sea-port of Canada during the winter months. The people are enterprising, they know their own interests; their town will soon become a formidable rival to Boston. There are no port dues of any kind at Portland.

A story is told by a late writer which illustrates the extent of internal communication in the United States. He says: "A recent event in the railway life of Portland caused no little sensation and congratulation. A cargo of cotton arrived at that land which had been borne on the waters of the Mississippi 1,200 miles to St. Louis on the bank of the Missouri on the railways that conveyed it to the confines of Canada; the cars of the Great Western and Grand Trunk of Canada then carried it 300 more miles to Portland, from whence it was taken to Boston for a manufactory in the vicinity of that city."

When the *Great Eastern* visits Portland the citizens will, no doubt, win a high reputation for hospitality.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1859.

A LITTLE MORE MONEY, IF YOU PLEASE.

A STATE Canal Convention has been held at Rochester. A brief memorandum of its proceedings will be found elsewhere. It did not repay perusal. It is the old story, and taxpayers know it by heart.

It is the doom of every useful thing to be turned to base purposes. Printing has served to disseminate vile books. Gunpowder has caused the death of many a good man. The electric telegraph in Nova Scotia enables rogues to cheat their neighbors in Wall street. And now the New York State canals, one of the most magnificent engineering works in the world, and a noble instrument of communication and civilization, have been for years the grand agent of corruption and profligacy among the politicians of this State. Year after year the people vote more money for their completion. Before the money is voted the "friends of the canals," as a certain class of easy politicians call themselves, just as their prototypes in olden times used to style themselves "friends of the people," call their gods to witness that the money would never have cost a stigma on the horse-leech: when the proposed job is at last settled—when the greed has been allowed to feed fully, Chaubert or Samuel D. Ruggles, of Union Square. For all marauders agree that there is a time when the leech becomes gorged, and can not help relieving its prey to digest; but from the days of De Witt Clinton the present Governor of this State has been a time when the "friends of the canals" consented to withdraw their fangs for a single instant from our succulent body politic. Then it has been, so it will be evermore. The Susa Canal may be dug; vessels may sail through the Aetnian; the Pacific Railroad may run over buffaloes in the desert; Professor Wise may carry the Liverpool Mail in his balloon; but never, to the end of time, shall the Erie Canal be erected with the announcement that the New York canals are completed, and need no more money from the public.

It is hardly necessary to say that the gist and aim of the new Canal Convention is to obtain more money. To do the "friends of the canals' justice, however, they do not take us by the throats and demand our purses or our lives. They are willing to compromise with us. If we won't give up our wallets, will we toll the railroads? If not, the "friends of the canals" ask no more—at present.

This story of telling the railroads is ancient, but not respectable. When first the New York railroads were built, the canals, their seniors in the carrying trade, viewed them with a jealous eye. To obtain the necessary charters from the Legislature the various railroad companies were compelled to submit to tolls in favor of the canals, whose influence at that time was paramount at Albany. After the roads were built, the folly of taxing one class of enterprises for the benefit of another—and less useful class became widely apparent, and the railroad companies which had acquired power at the capital, were enabled to procure the passage of a law repealing the tolls. Most of the roads agreed, in consideration of a reduction of fare, passengers at two cents a mile—about what it costs them to do the work. But what the Legislature had done it could undo. The law was repeal, it could re-establish tolls. Armed with this principle, a certain class of hungry politicians have regularly *fed* upon the railroads all on the leading railroads of this State, under a threat of reimposing tolls in favor of the canals. Every January, as regularly as Harrison's cold snap, some member of the Legislature introduces a bill to re-establish tolls. The usual spectacle is presented of the bill successively shows a large majority in favor of the measure. The meaning of this is, that the General Committee of the Erie Central Railroad, must lose no time in stepping up to the Captain's office and settling. In a few days the annual bill for Boston burning does in effect make the journey in question, with the object necessarily changed, whereupon a great many four of every five members are in favor of tolling the roads, and the speeches are unanimously severe on the subject of the wicked leading usually passes in silence by a slender majority; and before the third the "six months' bill" is read, every member is aware that a vote in the canal policy from some ponderous critter.

The whole thing is, in fact, a farce, and worse than a farce—an indecent attempt to blackmail the railroads. No man of sense at the present day is seriously in favor of re-establishing tolls on the railroads. It is not necessary even to expect the railroads to support the canals than it would be to expect steamships to pay tolls to sailing-vessels, or electric telegraphs to compound the deficit on the postal revenue. Progress involves inevitable injury to things established. Steam have superseded sails; the Minié rifle has superseded "Brown Bess;" the telegraph has deprived the post-office of a large amount of business; the railroads have hurt the canals; and by-and-by, perhaps, Professor Wise will take away a portion of the business of both. Each agent of civilization has its day; when that day ends, and some new and improved method takes the place of the old, the latter must give way with the best grace it can, and not seek to burden its successor with the duty of sustaining its obsolete existence. If the railroads are to be made to carry the canals on their backs, why not also the stage-coaches?

The public of the State of New York can not be decently expected to vote more money for the completion of canals. Enough money has been spent on them already would, if honestly laid out, have built a canal from here to Little Lake Erie. Another million, or two millions, or ten millions, or a hundred millions may be spent, and they will be no nearer completion than now. Like the "friends of the people" the "friends of the canals" to complete them. Their completion would be a death-blow to their "friendship." Like the "friends of the people" they would be inexperienced son for erring a patient of ten years' standing, the "friends' would be inconsolable if the canals were really finished.

"How shall I support my family," said Mr. Attorney Quirk, in reply to a proposition to abolish a case, "if I stay proceedings and put an end to the suit?"

The only true plan to be pursued in reference to the canals is to force them, as speedily as the highest bidder, and get rid of them altogether. Whether it was right in the origin for the State to embark in the commercially false canals, we will not now inquire: there are cases when an expedient may justify a departure from principle; and we are inclined to think that, under the circumstances, this was such a case. It is clear enough that it is monstrous for the State of New York to carry on business at the present day as a common carrier. Nothing could justify the original incorporation of the State in the canal scheme but the absolute impossibility of getting the canals built by private enterprise. Now the paramount importance of the canals to the prosperity of the Commonwealth. But, now that they are built, that experiment ceases to apply, and we may revert to sound principles.

It is as false policy for the State of New York to own canals, and do business in competition with the Central Railroad, as it would be for the State to set up a newspaper or a barber's shop. Private enterprise is the proper and natural province of the Commonwealth. Its sphere of action is exclusively public and political. When it enters the domain of private enterprise, and undertakes to do business for hire, like a private individual, it can not fail to be cheated, to lose money, to breed corruption, and to ruin its whole public action. See how abominable a speculation these canals have been! Even when the roads were tolled for their benefit the public was taxed to make-up the difference between their revenue and their expenditures. Now we pay our taxes yearly, and each year's accounts show a larger deficit. A million or two are spent every year on the canals; but they are not only not completed, they are not kept in decent repair. A horde of hungry politicians—Democrats, Republicans, and Know Nothings, all fraternize in dividing the canal spoils—fatten on them; but the forwarders complain that their business is impropelly done, and the owners of the canals—the people of the State—are nearly a million of dollars pocket by them every year.

Why should there be any further hesitation as to what to do? The people we know the canals no more they will cost us. In the end we shall be forced to follow the example of Pennsylvania and other States, and sell them for what we can not for them. It may not be much; but at all events, when they are sold, there will be an end of the eternal appeals of the "friends of the canals" for "a little more money;" and the principal source of corruption in our New York politics will be cut off.

THE FUTURE OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN THE NORTH.

Ten elections of delegates to the General Conference of May, 1860, are proceeding, and the indications are that the ultra Northern party will succeed in obtaining something more than a majority in the General Conference, which is to be held at Buffalo. The question to be decided by that body is of sufficient public interest to deserve some analysis at the hands of the secular press.

Those who are unfamiliar with the subject may need to be informed that a rule of the Discipline of the Methodist Episcopal Church excludes from membership all persons who engage in "the buying and selling of men, women, and children, with the intention to enslave them." This rule has always been so interpreted as to apply solely to persons who reduce from human beings into slavery; the mere act of slaveholding has been regarded as no sin—never by the rule, and, until 1856, no attempt had been made to impugn the membership of slaveholders in the Methodist Episcopal Church North. Even those Northern men who, in 1844, took so active a part in denouncing the slaveholding bishop Andrew acquired slaves by his wife, did not, at that time, question the right of laymen to hold slaves without impairing their Christian character. In the Conference of Cincinnati, in 1856, however, the ground was taken by some members, that the rule covered the mere act of holding slaves, as well as the act of reducing freemen into slavery; and that if the present phraseology of the rule was not strong enough it ought to be altered to that purpose. A vote was taken; the advocates of the new view were defeated, and the old interpretation of the rule was sustained.

Ever since then the extreme Northern men have been actively organizing for a renewal of the struggle in 1860. Another election has been reported; the others which are to follow will, it is supposed, result in giving the ultra anti-slavery party a majority. This party will secure the adoption of their rule by the General Conference, and its subsequent ratification by a majority of the annual conferences. The Baltimore Maryland Conferences, the Philadelphia Conference, the Conferences in New Jersey, and perhaps a few others, may oppose a resolute front to the innovators; but it is considered likely that they will constitute a minority.

Under the circumstances this course is well calculated to provoke earnest, sober thought among the members of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Hitherto, as, it is estimated, two thirds have owned within the limits of the Northern division of the Church. In the event of the adoption of the proposed rule excluding and HOLDING A SIX, these and their owners would, of course, be at once driven out of the pale of the Church into some other denomination. Besides these there are, in all the large cities, and in several agricultural districts, a large number of conservative laymen who may be expected to object to the wholesale denunciation of their slaveholding brethren. Many such must, under the severance of the Church as an evil which, under the circumstances, it was difficult to prevent, may not quit the Church on the occasion, when they are requested to indorse a measure which is, at least, a barefaced affront to the entire laity of the Southern portion of the Church.

It is quite likely that the partisans of the new opinion have counted on this opposition, and are prepared to carry out the dictates of their "conscience," even at the cost of one half the body of which they are members. The case of the Methodist Episcopal Church, like those of the Roman Catholic, 'do not grant to laymen any voice in the management of the Church, which is wholly in the hands of the clergy. The members of the Conference have, therefore, the power to carry out their views. What disposition is to be made of the property of the Church, in the event of a new division, remains, however, to be ascertained. Most of the Methodist Episcopal churches in the North are at present mortgaged for large sums of money. The interest on these mortgages is paid out of the contributions of the laymen belonging to the Church. We understand that a careful inquiry establishes the fact that, in many sections, the bulk of the persons who contribute toward these payments are opposed to the enactment of the new rule; so strongly opposed in fact, in fact, that should it be established they would, rather than become parties to a wholesale insult on their Southern brethren, decline to contribute any thing further toward the interest on the debt, and would suffer their churches to be sold under a foreclosure of the mortgages.

It is not unlikely, moreover, that questions may arise with regard to the legal right of the Conference to cut off any or all of the then existing vested rights. Whatever conditions a Conference may impose in future applicants for membership in the Church, it is extremely doubt whether it be in the power of that body to prohibit members who have already acquired and actually existing. In the sundry legal discussions of the naturalization dispute, it was admitted, even by those who opposed the measure, that no law of Congress could disturb acquired rights of citizenship. Why the rule will not apply equally to Church membership the advocates of the change will doubtless be prepared to show us. They will do well, also, to come provided with arguments to prove that the new law does the vested rights of the Church-members in the property of the Church, as well as Church-membership, can be confiscated at the pleasure of the Conference.

It is well that the ministers of the Methodist Episcopal body should look at this matter in calculating mind. We do not, of course, presume to offer advice where there are so many and so much abler heads ever ready to the call of religious duty. Possibly it may be for the advantage of most of the clergy of the Church to have a further split in the Church. But the laity of the Church are not competent to judge of such matters. Nor should we presume to offer an opinion as to the probable effect of the proposed rule, by which should throw a number of its most eloquent men and able preachers into the arms of Episcopacy or Presbyterianism. We may, too, in matter of which secular writers must, of necessity, be imperfect judges. But if the adoption of the new rule is to lead to the secession of many of the principal Methodist churches in the large cities, the event acquires a secular interest, and we rather think it will have an effect on the market for real estate.

THE LOUNGER.

THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

We all think our neighbor's garden looks so beautiful; that his house is so neat and convenient, and that his children are so smartly dressed. But then we don't see his back-yard. He doesn't come to us to see when he has a headache, and if he is scolding his children or quarreling with his wife when we call upon him, he becomes at once blind and deaf to every thing but honey.

It is precisely in the same way that people of fifty look at young people, and wonder if boys and girls enjoy themselves as much as they used to. Many an old bachelor hangs round the ball-room at Saratoga and Newport, looking on rather ruefully, and informing you that the days when he could Smile and Smirk celebrated Admired and the old-fashioned quadrille were the days. Then Saratoga was Saratoga. Saratoga is a spectre now.

The old fashion forgets that the old husband of an earlier date who used to say the same things to him. If we take people's words for it, the good old age was better than the memory of the eldest inhabitant of the globe.

I do not know who mentions the matter at all, who does not complain of the decline and degeneracy of the age. Carlyle does so here and there, and so two centuries ago did Luther a hundred years before, and Philip Sidney still earlier. Yes, and in the days of Noah and Adam and Eve and vexation of spirit?

Doubtless the world is bad enough all the time, but the comfort is that it is continually growing better. There are always great weeds in the garden, and it is only when we look back upon it that the garden to work, to be busily pulling them out. But if the less smart, and think that they spring up from the soil so two centuries ago, and Luther a hundred years before, and Philip Sidney still earlier

of the race. But when the race has advanced five more centuries, the poets will come to the times in which we live as the good old times.

DIFFERENCES.

THE Philadelphia doctors have not the same reputation as the Philadelphia lawyers, whatever that may be, but they have eternally "respectfully" recommended the regular faculty to frown upon all women who practice medicine. And yet there is not probably one of the profession who has not been all the better in his youth for the medical care of his mother, or one of their women-patients who, could she be sure of the equal skill and care of a fellow-woman, would not prefer to be visited and treated by her during the illness peculiar to women.

It was only about the time of Queen Anne in England that women left the practice of these branches; and there is nothing in the whole range of the study and practice of medicine which the sex can say not be equal. Those who are not equal to it then, will be in the category of most of the ill-haired young gentlemen at medical schools. Capacity for mastering medical mysteries does not depend upon sex, but upon sense; and although there are probably very few women at this moment in the country competent to practice successfully, there few are as competent as is necessary. It is not necessary to insist that every woman who would practice must be of equal skill with the best greatest men. The five greatest physicians in the country do not treat all the cases that are given than the generals do all the fighting on the battlefield. That is done by the rank and file; and even the Philadelphia Council of Medical Censors, and the Pennsylvania State Medical Society—full of good men, and many of them our personal friends—both are—would hardly insist that nobody should serve as a soldier who was not in all respects the equal of the General. They would ask only to be a foot-hearted and nimble, and can be handle a musket?

While thus the Philadelphia doctors declare that women shall not help women in the very straits where women prefer women's assistance, and while a town citizen of New York have made the final arrangements for the Female Medical College.

It remains to be seen whether the National Academy of Design will feel it to be their duty to recommend respectfully to the public that it will not prefer the designs drawn by the young women who they give designs, to those of the young men whose of young men. We are not sure that we are not doing a great injustice to the Academy even by the question at all. But the question is raised, and. Would it be against the rules to admit Miss Bonheur as an honorary member?

It is about eight years since the school was founded by a few ladies, with an advisory committee of gentlemen, who, like the ladies, were at first the exception, never advised any thing so far as we have learned. But the committee remained silent, and when the Cooper Institute was completed, its founder did not hesitate to devote rooms to the use of the school; and to-day the most commodious, proper, industrial and amateur pupils, not under twelve, will be received in the evening, and the hop in the room is not occupied by the former. Amateur scholars will pay two dollars a term for drawing, and twenty dollars for the season. All will furnish their materials, and members of the engraving class their tools. Instruction will be given in nothing further, and the studies will comprise every kind of ornamental designing, with particular attention to wood-engraving. Specimens of the actual sales of the pupils' works for their own benefit.

It is rather a comelier business than respectfully recommending to women not to allow other women to cure them when they are ill.

THE LYCEUM.

It is almost time to hear the annual statement that the system of popular lectures has about run out. With the most perverse disregard of that important fact, we understand that the Lyceums every where are as busy as bees laying in their store of winter lectures. And the lecturers are as diligently making up their books as English noble men on a lyceum day.

There will be a natural interest to know of new lectures; and the Lounger has two to mention—Mr. Fitz Hugh Ludlow, "Behind the Curtain," and "Ben Eater" has introduced him into our literature with his quiet attention; and Rev. C. S. Henry, of Poughkeepsie, who has written a book of Evidences of good amusements will be found extremely good to take.

Of course nobody can puff a lecturer but himself. There is no dodging a failure. If a man goes upon the platform and speaks as if he were a sign he's badly, he will not be invited to go up there again. Moreover, we have seen how popular lecturers have been weeded, whoever enters the lists like the best of brilliant companions. Not one of them who thus fell but lacked the first essential—the moment when he shall find himself unequal to the position. They are all the merry of society, the quiet, more eloquent, more attractive men, whenever they shall appear.

May such incessantly crowd into the Lyceum. And may those who will then retire rejoice in the success of those who speak more wisely!

ANOTHER AFRICAN TRAVELER.

THE two works of Drs. Barth and Livingstone are among the most valuable, and the latter one of the most interesting, of modern travel. They take us directly into the dumb, dark continent, which is now the great field left for adventurous research. They show us the theatre on which civilization has almost to begin its work. No man can discover with the knowledge contained in these books.

The explorations are necessarily geographical. Africa is being tapped upon all sides, and knowledge oozes out of it, like the sweet sap of the maple.

Seven years ago Dr. Charles Beke published a "Summary of Recent Nilotic Discovery," for the various attempts in that particular department had apparently brought the problem of the sources of the Nile to a probable early solution. Dr. Krapf-locher had ascended the river to a point whence he could see mountains, only three degrees from the equator; and Captain Speke and Lieutenant Grant-ered the new peak of Kenia, which they supposed to be about one degree south of the equator; and in the enthusiasm of discovery Krapf exclaims, "I could not doubt that the streams flowing northward from the Kenia pour into the White Nile." But it is by no means yet settled, although recent discoveries of Miani, in Central Africa, and of the White branch is the main stream. All late explorations point to the Nile. Krapf discovered the great Lake Usambiro, a little south of the equator, as the source of the mysterious river. It is a fish-producing, sparkling lake. Its shores are rich plantations, of one of which Frederick Werne has written an interesting account. Two of the most recent explorations have joined the expeditions; and the Emperor of France has just fitted out another under the command of Miani, a Venetian nobleman. Besides, a young English-Indian officer, now well known by the books of Gerrard Street, has also recently contained an account of his visit to the Temple at Mecca, has entered Africa upon the eastern shore, and is now on the Nile waters.

Meanwhile, an adopted American citizen, of French birth, Du Chaillu, has returned to Paris in about four years ago, partly in the interest of the Philadelphia Natural History Society, and has given to the world the results of his travels. He is a few days from an exploration of a region hitherto quite unknown. Commencing on the coast of the Gaboon River, he has made five separate expeditions, penetrating several hundred miles into the interior, living with the natives, and, more than abundantly, and a race of negroes who, although confidentially described by Du Chaillu, seem to be of whose arts M. du Chaillu has brought home specimens.

Perhaps the most new to see. The mats and cloth woven of a strong native grass, are remarkable and fine for the delicacy of their work, and will be an evident aesthetic taste in the combination of colors and the effect of designs. The javelin, of which the blade is wrought of iron obtained by the natives, is singularly light and graceful.

Perhaps the most valuable and interesting information in M. du Chaillu's exploration will be the fact that he has seen and carefully studied the largest species of ape, and has quite settled their existence, and habits have been hitherto mainly a matter of report and conjecture. Du Chaillu has given a few weeks since *Harper's Weekly* presented illustrations and descriptions. So far as appears, M. du Chaillu's head is rational. The man is not, as does the living Gorilla; Mr. Bowdich, as quoted by Mr. Wood, says that it is "fierce, bold, and active. M. du Chaillu brings prepared specimens of the animal, of his own shooting, which we hope to see. He has also specimens of the living animal. The Gorilla is a gigantic and grotesque caricature of the human species. The head of the male, which can be heard four miles in the forest; and with one blow of his huge paw he can destroy a man. The natives call him N'Gina. He is said to be as his long arm quietly from a tree, catches an unwary passenger below, chokes him, as little boys catch sinners and big men linger fish—for fun. He is a terrible fellow—to mean the Gorilla, not the man. Many of the natives consider him to serve them up as scaller than the most depraved denizens of the town.

A work from M. du Chaillu, describing his adventures and discoveries, would be a valuable contribution to the literature of African research.

BOOK-BUYING.

TO a lover of books a book-store is inexpressibly attractive. To one who has an attractive taste to buy some precious volume enters the shop; but to the mere reader, the shelves are many other precious volumes which he equally wants that it seems useless to buy one; and every moment, as he looks further and sees more and more, he is more bewildered and delighted.

The man knows how many books there are which no gentleman's library should be without, until he drops into any well-selected collection. But he learns in these same lists and shops how many there are which his own library can never possess.

It is a most bewildering and delightful. Why go to Rome, says the sad sitter who has but seven months to spend, since I can not go to the Secret Cataract of the Nile? Why buy Gibbon's Rome, or Camden, or Anthony Wood—why buy any book, when I can not buy all? Why not, on entering one corner, surveying the alluring shelves, since I must leave so many behind? Would so gladly have Dalyte Shakespeare, Bohn's, but I have him at Harrington's Ocean—there are Wetton's Reliques—there is Gerard's Herbal.

Yet it would be a very foolish fellow who would not look at an opal because he could not see a diamond. Because Shakespeare because you can not have Decker—or Milton, because, until lately, Marvell was although not Andrew Marvell.

There is always this consolation for a book-buyer, that the best books are the most common and cheapest. On the day it is published there is of course an entire edition of any worthless work; but in ten years it is uncommon; in twenty, a copy is rare; in fifty, it is obsolete. Every man now living, who honors literature and respects books, may please himself with the conviction that his grandchildren will know nothing of Martin Farquhar Tupper, except as he himself knows of Amos Cottle. Who reads Sylvester's Du Bartas now? or Churchyard's Chips? Or Gorbo Ferrex and Porrex? Rarity has a charm in books as in all other material commodities. But the readers of books which are distinctively rare are men of quaint and crotchety, rather than of broad and humane, minds. A syllabus of a course of reading which should embrace the books that are best, and therefore most desirable in their kind, would make those which are most familiar. Because the books are read for some special intellectual whim of the reader, or to gratify some little vanity of seeing and knowing what others do not know and have not seen—not because it is something worth knowing and seeing. It is like any other fast whose excellence lies in its difficulty. It is akin to the mane feeling which leads a man to fly in a balloon, or to walk on a featherrock—because so few people have done it before.

A book-buyer is often secretly astonished at the dimensions of certain works, and wonders if any body is good faith to read over read them. Did we cause upon a huge folio, black and forbidding, in which, upon turning the leaf, he finds the title—for that than a cover—proved to be "The third Series of Papal Usurpations," by the tough old William Prynne. There was a moment's reflection upon each page. A man might begin his day's work with it, and end it by lunch at the luncheon; going on through the afternoon and night with the next page. What living man has honestly read Prynne's "Antiquitatis-mastix," of which there are more than a thousand pages? When we are equally come and go in the world, how much time must be given to eating, to business, to sleeping, to recreation—and then consider how many of these men and black lines of unstructured prose must be mastered in an hour—and then in a day, on a week, in a year—every page of which is by no means to these things? Macaulay (or is it Sydney Smith?) complains that somebody had forgotten, in writing his history, that he was writing for his own existence. Whoever will take the trouble to look at "The third vone of Papal Usurpations," by William Prynne, will perfectly understand the curious remark and the spirit in which it was made. 1845. How the Cavaliers must have hated people who could write such lengths of tedious stuff! and how the people must have thanked God who enjoined the Cavaliers who would not be edified!

There was a book in the Lounger's study several years since—he was a clergyman—advertised to an edition of Calvin's Works: John Calvin's, of Geneva. It was printed in Scottish. And the Reporter we had from this victim of an unwary subscription was that it was a very good book. The clergyman himself has gone shroud to travel for his health.

But as a week moment we subscribed, several years since, to Von Hammer Purgstall's "History of Arabian Literature." It is almost a book of stenography. Seven vast volumes, one of 1879 pages, are already issued. The work is perhaps half done, and there may be only 3715 unborn readers of the nine thousandth nine hundredth and fifteenth haveth the Mohammedan name of Diet Mohammed B. Ahmed el-Dschendi.

Mr. Alicone, in his admirable Dictionary of English and American Authors, proposes to include 50,000 different writers. He says, in his preface, that it has been estimated that of the 100,000 volumes in the English language, about 50,000 would repay a perusal. Suppose a person to read 100 pages a day, or 36,500 volumes a year, it would require 900 years to exhaust such a library."

So, as a man can not read all the books upon any the globe, he can not cover the field of literature by the most superficial reading. Let him therefore make his choice, and choose his book. Whole ranges and departments he may pass unnoticed, and therefore he will light with the more pleasure and delight upon the best editions of the best authors. The student of literature, when he has filled his mind with the knowledge and the taste made it, will find no pleasanter place in which to play the Lounger than the well-filled store in which—happy, if in the original editions—he may see at least the general aspect of famous books.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—Boccoman writes from Georgia, apropos of the robbery of the Chirigui grave:

"Do you consider the stealing of graves a legitimate source of wealth? If honesty can claim that it has any thing to do with it, I think it has a right to demand that upon the graves of Gracewood Cemetery to get the profits of the monument item, would be inscribed in memory a convenient villain? Ribbetcase have warmly counseled the Lounger to inscribe the tomb of Frederick the Great his sword and orders."

OUR NEWPORT CORRESPONDENCE.

THE latter was unavoidably crowded out of our last issue.

The Newport Festival.—The Procession, &c.—Grand Fête at Mrs. Astor's.—Dress Circle Gossip.—Belle-go-lasses Type.—Dresses from Madame Roger's.—Beautiful Women.—Miss F——y, &c., &c.

NEWPORT, Thursday, August 25, 1859.

YESTERDAY was the Newport Festival—the gathering of her absent "sons" and daughters to be welcomed and entertained by their kindred who had remained at home. The auspicious "23rd of August" was ushered in by a tumultuous ringing, at early dawn, of the bells of the town; and it might have been said of this as of Prospero's island, "The isle is full of noises, and sweet sounds that give delight and hurt not," though they did banish morning slumbers; but that annoyance was soon forgotten in the glad feeling that the good people had such favorable weather for their celebration. A rainy day would have spoiled all the holiday clothes and all the holiday feelings. As it was, all passed off most satisfactorily.

There was a procession, and a big tent in a field near this house, and in which there was much dancing and feasting. Gentle Reader, manners for two days before had come in laden with joyous groups, and the streets of the town were crowded with animated parties, evidently engaged in recognizing old familiar scenes, and in comparing the Newport of the past with the Newport of the present. We think there is always much to interest in any popular manifestation of feeling; and it is so seldom but in this country we have any thing like a fête for the multitude, that it was pleasant to see it so heartily entered into and enjoyed.

But there are other themes that claim our attention more; for besides the usual *soirée dansante* of the different hotels there have been two entertainment given last week by Mr. and Mrs. E. Astor, to which the élite of the fashionable set were sojourning in these parts. The grounds and shrubberies of this noble mansion are prettily laid out, and on this occasion were lighted and decorated with a profusion of Chinese lanterns; and the always graceful hostess, in that the dissatisfaction of not could fear no contact with dump when escaping from the heat and choking-room to the temperate coolness of the garden; that was enough for her shoulders that we met seemed but inadequately protected from the night air. Many of the ante-deshabille pocket-handkerief hastily thrown over the head. Nevertheless, the scene was quite charming. That the picturesque effect was increased by the absence of shawls and cloaks was certain, and the scene was indeed enchanting. Among one of some of the pictures we have seen illustrating Boccaccio's graceful poetry, and of Italian fêtes of vaults and ladies.

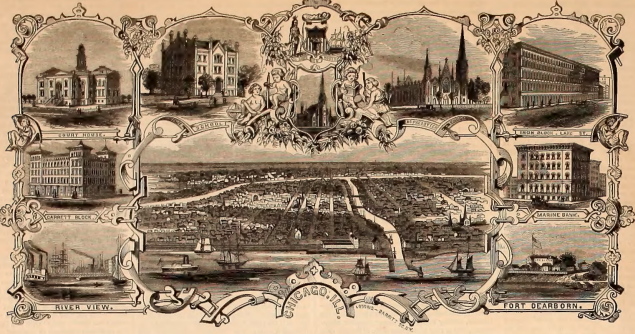
For these lovely ladies did not want for statesmen and soldiers and gentlemen to attend on this evening, for seldom any where have we seen such a number of gentlemen looking young and well assembled. It is certainly unusual in this country, impossible in France, and only to be equaled in London before the season is in the full "season," when the near approach of the "Derby day" has driven all the world to the race-course, and to the handsome manhood of England. We considered and speculated upon this fact in a philosophical mood, and concluded that it was to be the consistance that at Newport just now there is a collection of educated young men from all parts of our broad country; and on this occasion all the cities and places of "creme" for it, and the polished planters of the South and the solid merchants of the West were also well and worthily represented.

It was pleasant, too, to see that the type of the Anglo-Saxon type so decidedly predominating among days. And we sometimes feared it was dying out in the land, and that we should have inherited their father's faces, any more than their forefathers had their mouths, and noddles and the Frenchmen than we should wish those speaking the English language ever could be; but this evening we were reassured. There were the same locks and well-poised heads and well-grown limbs and the light blood; light-brown hair and blue eyes and the somewhat serious but unaffected and manly manner. We may cease to fear for a while too long upon this theme, but it is not always that we are so well pleased with our young countrymen, and to have the expectation of seeing realized the veracity of any by naming those (though we might easily do so) whose weight excelling in personal attributes and good looks.

But it is the turn of the ladies now, though we think they will have to wait a considerable time to be given to the masculines for this "once only," Miss F——y and many Parisian belles present in this party that one felt at once they had but just arrived from the skillful hands of Madame Roger and Madame Demorest. She was the result in each of them. And after all, there is a decided charm, and a very pleasing one, in a well-made dress. The lovely mistress of the mansion, it seems to us, would not so gracefully have enacted her part in the festival of the evening in any costume but what not have looked as very pretty in no doing—but what her fair beauty was set off to the best advantage by one of these charming dresses of Madame Roger's. It was of superb black lace, disposed in a number of tunic upon a white silk, and dark ribbons with stars of gold in them holding up this tunic-looking drapery in a voluminous and most becoming effect. There were present several of these famous tunic dresses of Madame Roger's, and they appeared to us to be the full and elegant figure like those of Miss L——y and her sister, and her fair beauty was set off to the best advantage by one of these charming dresses of Madame Roger's. It was of superb black lace, disposed in a number of tunic upon a white silk, and dark ribbons with stars of gold in them holding up this tunic-looking drapery in a voluminous and most becoming effect. There were present several of these famous tunic dresses of Madame Roger's, and they appeared to us to be the full and elegant figure like those of Miss L——y and her sister, and her fair beauty was among them in a charming; and like all fashions which differ from the prevailing one, they must be "*très bon ton*" to produce a pleasing effect.

And now, amidst the throng of other lovely women who crowded the saloons, and the apartments of this fairie scene, who shall first receive our notice? Shall it be those whom the world claims and salutes as the most beautiful, or those who may seem such to our own private judgment? Of course Miss L—— and her sister claim both of these awards. Look well at her, and you will say so too. Look at the regular features of the face, the well-turned head and throat, the brilliant dark eyes, and brilliant coloring of lip and cheek. This lady was admired, and she deserved, and the richest lace seemed but the fitting garb of her queenly beauty. And yet such fewer sweet and gentle and truthful she is, as all pretty women should be, but are not!

But the unmarried ladies, who always think so much of themselves, will think it is their turn now; but of these we will not make any notice due to them our humble comments. But there is one of whom we must speak, for her lovely face and her extraordinary most spiritualness. Miss F——y bears a name distinguished in her country's annals for the brave deeds of the men who have borne it as for the beauty of their sisters and daughters. This one has the large, lustrous eyes, and dark, thoughtful eyebrows, and soft yet rich coloring of one of Raphael's Madonnas, or perhaps one of those delicious heads of Andrea del Sarto, which seem so to unite the charm of girlish innocence with an air of spiritual meaning and mature expression. Our heroine was charmingly dressed in simply-flowing robes of white tarletane, and a few flowers well placed in the dark tresses.



THE CITY OF CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

THE GREAT GRANARIES OF CHICAGO.

THE awakening of the great Northwestern country has commenced at Chicago. The short crop of 1858, following close on the heels of the revulsion of 1857, well-nigh prostrated the Western States. For two years, or nearly so, the bulk of the Western people have been poor; their cities have not increased; their merchants have done little or no business; their railroads have barely earned expenses and interest. Now, at length, the bountiful harvest of 1859 has come to put an end to the long agony, and restore to the West its former activity and prosperity.

Chicago, the entrepôt for the grain trade of the Northwest, is the first point at which the recovery is felt. During the past fortnight the telegraphic announcement of large arrivals of wheat at Chicago has created quite a marked excitement in Wall Street. And justly so. Large arrivals and shipments of grain from Chicago will once more set the wheels of commerce in motion, and efface the last vestiges of the sad crisis of 1857.

We have thought that under these circumstances our readers would like to see pictures of the place, and of the great granaries, which are such powerful instruments in the pending work of recovery. We accordingly engrave herewith a view of the city of Chicago, and of its principal public buildings; also a view of part of the dépôt of the Illinois Central Railroad, showing the two vast storehouses of Sturgis, Buckingham, & Co. We propose next week to follow this up with other similar engravings.

It is hardly necessary to say any thing of the city of Chicago. Its miraculous growth—the extraordinary energy of its people—the public spirit they have shown in promoting public works—its unparalleled advantages of situation—its immense commerce—all these are matters of public notoriety, and justify the name it has won of the New York of the West. Men still live, and do not consider themselves old, who have owned farms in the heart of the present city of Chicago; yet last year the commerce of the place, as expressed in imports and exports, was one-fourth as great as the whole foreign trade of the United States. This, too, is the return for the year 1858, a year of general depression. The actual figures were — imports $91,036,000; exports $83,259. The tonnage was —steam vessels 8151 tons, sailing craft 58,771 tons. Very few cities in the world have such a future before them as Chicago.

It is needless to say that the staple trade of Chicago is in cereal products—wheat, corn, oats, barley, etc. It is the dépôt into which the fertile Northwest pours its annual surplus, and from whence it is distributed throughout the East and South, and the foreign world. A large trade is done at Chicago in provisions and hides, salt, lumber, high wines, etc.; and in a few years we may expect that the traffic in coal and lead will be quite considerable; but grain must even then be the chief article of trade.

For the reception of grain enormous store-houses have been erected at Chicago, at or near the principal railway dépôts. The two represented in our engraving are used by the Illinois Central Railroad. Each of these immense buildings is capable of containing 700,000 bushels of wheat, and 225,000 bushels can be received and stored in each of them in a single day. These figures fail perhaps to convey to the mind the actual quantity meant; it may be realized when we say that these two granaries hold enough grain for the consumption of the people of Chicago for five years. If the place were blockaded, these granaries being previously filled, they alone would supply every human being in Chicago with his usual supply of wheat for the period of five years.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

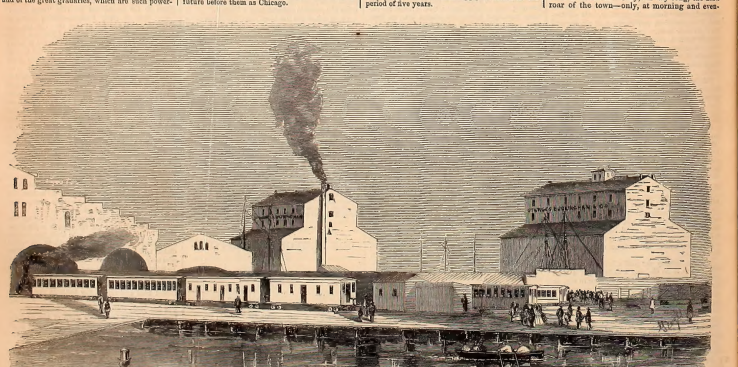
TRUMPS.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

CHAPTER LI.

CLEARING AND CLOUDY.

IT was a very bare, melancholy room in which Aunt Martha lived; not only because it was unfurnished and generally desolate, with no other outlook than into the yards of the South Street stores, and the patch of sky over the South Street roofs. Not for these only, but because the woman who sat there clad in black, and solemnly and endlessly sewing by the huge basket on the floor, seemed to belong to other circumstances—to gentle friends, to a kind home. It was like a high, remote cave over the great sea of the city, scooped in a sorry cliff, with no bird to sing in it, no green leaves to wave and hang in it, no cheerful sounds of domestic neighborhood to soften it. Only, all day long, the hard roar of the town—only, at morning and even-



PART OF THE ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD DÉPÔT AT CHICAGO.

FAREWELL!

ing, and through the long night, a stony oppression, as of a tomb, and the hard roar, the awful oppression, the sad sunshine, the dull lack of the South Street stores, the scant, poor pasture—all seemed to be ministers of divine justice, as the woman surveyed them, looking up sometimes from her work, and apparently pleased to feel how forlorn, and forgotten, and omitted in the world she was.

At night, when she blew out the thin flame of the candle, whose ghostly light had only served to make the desolate chamber more ghastly and more terrified with itself, she said, with a weariness that no soul on earth knew, "Another day is past, O God!" as if she had told another bead upon the black rosary of time. It was summer again, and she sat sewing in the hardest of wooden chairs, erect, motionless. Yet all the bleakness of the room was conquered by the victorious bloom of Amy's cheeks, and the tender maidenliness of Amy's manner, and the winning, human, indefinable sweetness which was revealed in every word and look of Amy, who sat beside her aunt, talking.

"Amy, Lawrence Newt has been here."

The young woman looked almost troubled.

"No, Amy, I know you did not tell him," said Aunt Martha. "I was all alone here, as usual, and heard a knock. I cried, 'Who's there?' for I am afraid to open the door, lest I should see an old friend. My knees trembled, Amy. I thought the time must come when I must be exposed to the world, that the divine wrath might be fulfilled in my perfect shame. I had no right to resist, and said, 'Come in.' The door opened, and a man entered whom I did not at first recognise. He looked at me for a moment, kindly—so kindly, that it seemed to me as if a gentle hand were laid upon my head. Then he said, 'Martha Darre.' I am ready,' I answered. But he came to me and took my hand, and said, 'Why, Martha, have you forgotten Lawrence Newt?'"

She stopped in her story, and leaned back in her chair. The world fell from her like forgiveness, and she wept—soft tears, like a spring rain.

"Well?" said Amy, after a few moments, and her hand had taken Aunt Martha's, but she let it go again when she saw that it helped her to tell the story if she worked.

"He said he had seen you at the window one day, and he was resolved to find out what brought you into Front Street. But before he could make up his mind to come, he chanced to see me at the same window, and then he waited no longer."

The tone was more natural than Amy had ever heard from Aunt Martha's lips. She remarked that the severity of her countenance was unchanged, except that a little strip of white collar around the throat somewhat alleviated its dense gloom. Was it Amy's fancy, merely, that made her think she saw a more human light in her aunt's eyes and upon her face?

"Well?" said Amy, again, after another pause.

The solemn woman did not immediately answer, but went on sewing, and rocking her body as she did so. Amy waited patiently until her aunt should choose to answer. She waited the more patiently because she was debating herself who it was that had brought that softer light into the face, if, indeed, it were really there. She was thinking why he had been curious to know the reason that she had come into that room. She was remembering a hundred little incidents which had revealed his constant interest in all her comings and goings and doings; and therefore she started when Aunt Martha, still rocking and sewing, said, quietly,

"Why did Lawrence Newt care what brought you here?"

Amy's answer was not original. It has been made as often as that question has been asked.

"I'm sure I don't know. I have thought about that."

Miss Amy looked as indifferent as she could, knowing that her companion was studying her face. And it was a study that companion relentlessly pursued, until Amy wondered that Lawrence Newt was such a gentleman that he could get wind of no distress but he constantly looked to see if he could relieve it.

Finding the theme fertile, Amy Waring, looking with tender eyes at her relative, continued. And yet with all the freedom with which she told the story of Lawrence Newt's large heart, there was an unusual softness and shyness in her demeanor. The shifting glances was more dropping than clear, a ringing voice was lower than usual, that generally full with such a neat, crisp modulation from her lips now lingered upon them as if they were something honeyed, and so uttered of more smoothness.

"Indeed, Aunt Martha, I should like to have every body think of me as kindly as he thinks of every body."

She had been speaking for some time. When she stopped, Aunt Martha said, quietly,

"I am glad to hear of such a man. I doubted if there were any such. But, Amy, although you have told me you are thankful to, you have not told me why he wanted to come here because he saw you at the window."

"I suppose," replied Amy, "it was because he thought there must be somebody to relieve here."

"Don't you suppose he thinks there is somebody to relieve in the next house, and the next, and the next, and the next since he left Eden in South Street?"

Amy felt very warm, and replied, carelessly, that she thought it was quite likely.

"I have plenty of time to think up here, my child," continued Aunt Martha; "so I see it is good that He has spared my reason, and I have satisfied myself why Lawrence Newt wanted to come here."

Amy sat without replying, as if she were listening to distant music. Her head drooped slightly forward; her hands were clasped in her lap; the delicate color deepened upon her cheek, now deepening, now paling. It was a woman's instinct not to seem to know what was coming, however sure she was. The silence was exquisite, but she must break it.

"Why?" said she, in a low voice.

"Because he loves you, Amy," said the dark woman, as her busy fingers stitched without pausing.

Amy Waring was perfectly calm. The rest of the busy city was softened and subdued here in that back upper room. She could not speak now. She sat to hear what her aunt would say next.

"I know that he loves you from the way in which he spoke of you. I know you love him for the same reason."

Aunt Martha went on working and rocking. Amy turned pale. She was not ready to say to herself what another had now said to her. Perhaps it was owing to the sudden consciousness of a painful thought, which entirely engrossed her mind. If Aunt Martha has seen this so plainly, why may not Lawrence Newt have seen it? She was half indignant with herself at the thought. But why should I be sorry if he has? she asked herself. Am I ashamed of—of—? Who could help it? Besides, there's no danger of his loving me.

Love is such a sweet skeptic. It would have impossibilities; and the greatest impossibility to the lover is that he should be loved as he loves.

A long silence followed the last words of Aunt Martha. She did not look at Amy, but she had no external curiosity to satisfy, and she was a woman, and therefore understood what Amy was thinking.

They were still silent, when there was a knock at the door.

"Come in," said the clear, hard voice of Aunt Martha.

The door opened—the two women looked—Lawrence Newt waited just long enough to shook hands with Aunt Martha, and then turned to Amy.

"This time, Miss Amy, I have caught you. Have I not kept your secret well?"

Amy was thinking of another secret than Aunt Martha's living in Front Street, and she merely blushed, without speaking.

"I tried very hard to persuade myself to come up here after I saw you at the window. But I did not until the secret looked out of the window and revealed itself. I came to-day to say that I am going out of town in a day or two, and I could not bear to leave Eden, for I know that I may do what I can to put matters straight."

He looked at the solemn woman as he spoke, but he used no address in speaking to her. It was only the inclination of his head that showed to whom he was speaking.

Aunt Martha shook her head slowly. "Why should it be?" said she. "Great sin must be greatly punished. To die, while I live; to be buried alive close to my nearest and dearest; to know that never thinks of me as dead, and is glad that I am so—"

"Stop, Aunt Martha, stop!" cried Amy, with the same firm tone in which, upon a previous visit, in this room, she had dismissed the insolent shopman, "how can you say such things?" and she stood, radiant, before her aunt, while Lawrence Newt looked on.

"Amy, dear, you can not understand. Sons and daughters of evil, when we see that we have sinned, we must be brave enough to resist in our own punishment. God's mercy enables me truuly to suffer the penalty which his justice awards me. My path is very plain. Please God, I shall walk in it."

She said it very slowly, and solemnly, and sadly. Whatever her offenses was, she had indeed her atonement with the dignity of a religious duty. It was clear that her idea of obedience to God was to do precisely what she was doing. And this was so deeply impressed upon Amy Waring's mind that she was perplexed how to act. She knew that if her aunt suspected in her any intention of revealing the secret of her shame, she would disappear at once, and elude all search. And to betray it while it was unreservedly confided to her was impossible for a girl whose life had not solemnly promised not to do so.

Observing that Amy meant to say nothing, Lawrence Newt turned to Aunt Martha.

"I will not quarrel with what you say, but I want you to grant me a request."

Aunt Martha bowed, as if waiting to see if she could grant it.

"If it is not unreasonable, will you grant it?"

"I will," said she.

"Well, my dear, I want you to go next Sunday and hear a man preach, whom I am very fond of hearing, and who has been of the greatest service to me."

"Who is it?"

"First, do you ever go to church?"

"Always."

"Where?"

Aunt Martha did not directly reply. She was lost in reverie.

"It was a youth like an angel," said she at length, with an air of curious excitement, as if talking to herself. "His voice was music, but it struck my soul through and through, and I was frightened and in agony, as if I had been pierced with a flaming sword that waves over the gate of Paradise. The light of his words made my self-love and more loathsome. Oh! what crowds there were! How he walked upon a sea of sinners, with their uplifted faces, like drowning souls in terror! How from his denunciation! How sweet the words of promise he spoke! How the attributes of God are a broken spirit; a broken and a contrite heart, O God thou will not despise!"

She paused, shook her chair, and stood with her eyes lifted in a singular condition of mental exhilaration, which gave a lyrical tone and color to her words.

"That was Summerfield," said Lawrence Newt. "He was a wonderful youth. I have heard him myself, and thought that I saw the fire of Pentecost, and heard the sweetness of Charles Wesley. I used to go into the old John Street meeting-house, where the crowds hung out at the windows and doors like swarming bees clustered upon a hive. He swayed them as a reed bends in a grain-field, Miss Amy. He swept them away like a mountain stream. He was an Irishman with all the fervor of Irish genius. But," continued Lawrence Newt, turning again to Aunt Martha, "it is a long while since I have seen him. I want you to hear."

She looked at him inquiringly.

"His name is Channing. He comes from Boston."

"Does he preach the truth?" she asked.

"I think he does," answered Lawrence, gravely.

"Does he drive home the wrath of God upon the sinful, rebellious soul?" exclaimed she, raising both hands with the energy of her words.

"He preaches the Gospel of Christ," said Lawrence Newt, quietly; "and I think you will like him, and that he will do you good. He is called—"

"I don't care what he is called," interrupted Aunt Martha, "if he makes me feel my sin."

"That you will discover for yourself," replied Lawrence, smiling. "He makes me feel mine."

Aunt Martha, whose ecstasy had passed, seated herself, and said she would go, as Mr. Newt requested, on the condition that neither he nor Amy, if they were there, would betray that they knew her.

This was readily promised, and Amy and Lawrence Newt left the room together.

"Miss Amy," said he, as they walked slowly toward Fulton Street, "I hope that, gradually, we may overcome this morbid state of mind in your aunt, and restore her to her home."

Amy said she hoped so, and walked quietly by his side. There was something very much humble in her manner. Her secret was her own no longer. Was it Lawrence Newt's?

"I didn't say why I was going out of town. Yet I ought to tell you," said he.

"Why should you tell me?" she answered, quickly.

"Because it concerns our friend Hope Wayne," said Lawrence. "See, here is the note which I received this morning."

It was open; he opened it, and read aloud:

"MY DEAR MR. NEWT,—Mrs. Simcoe writes me that grandfather has had a stroke of paralysis, and lies very ill. Aunt Dinks has, therefore, resolved to leave on Monday, and I shall go with her. The scenes very much affected indeed by the news. Mrs. Simcoe writes that the doctor says grandfather will hardly live more than a few days, and she wishes you could go on with us. I know that you have some kind of association with Pinewood—you have not told me what. In this summer weather you will find it very beautiful; and you know how glad I shall be to have you for my guest. My guest, I say; for while grandfather lies so dangerously ill I must be what my mother would have been—mistress of the house. I shall hardly feel more lonely than I always did when her wife was active, for we had but little intercourse. In case of his death, which I suppose to be very near, I shall not care to live at the old place. In fact, I do not very clearly see what I am to do. But when is One Who does; and I remember my dear old nurse's hymn, 'On Thee I cast my care.' Come if you can.

"Your friend,

"HOPE WAYNE."

Lawrence Newt and Amy walked on for some time in silence. At length Amy said,

"It is just one of the cases in which it is a pity she is not married or engaged."

"Isn't she always a pity for a young woman?" asked Lawrence, shooting entirely away from the subject.

"Theoretically, yes," replied Amy, firmly, but not actually. It may be a pity that every woman is not married; but it might be a greater pity that she should marry any one of the men who ask her."

"Of course," said Lawrence Newt, dryly, "if she didn't love him."

"Yes, and sometimes even if she did."

Amy Waring was conscious that her companion looked at her in surprise as she said this, but she fixed her eyes directly before her, and walked straight on.

"Oh yes," said Mr. Newt. "I see. You mean when he does not love her."

"No, I mean sometimes even when they do love each other," said the resolute Amy.

Lawrence Newt was alarmed. Does she mean to convey to me delicately that there may be cases of true mutual love where it is better for a man to marry? thought he. Where, for instance, there is a difference of age, perhaps, or where there has been some other and earlier attachment?

"I mean," said Amy, as if answering his thoughts, "that there may sometimes be reasons why even lovers should not marry—reasons which every noble man and woman understand. And therefore I do not agree with you that it is always a pity for a girl not to be married."

THREE IN THE MORNING.

Lawrence Nevt said nothing. Amy Varing's woman seemed satisfied with her answer; for she knew that her companion might easily misunderstand what she said; and yet there was no way to help it. That companion, indeed, could not divest himself of the feeling that there was some peculiar meaning in the words he had heard. He perceived the half-confusion, shy manner of Amy, which he supposed arose from the effort of saying what she had said. How could he guess that it was the result of Aunt Mabel's decision to send her secret to Amy herself?

They walked silently on. The people in the street passed them like spectres. The great city hummed around them unheard. Lawrence Nevt half-smiled to himself. "So you have waked up at last, have you? You have found that beneath the beautiful presence of a kind to you, it does not follow that she will one day be your wife."

His mind drifted away into sweet and sorrowful fancies. It had come at last, then—the discovery that he had hardly dared to hope—self—and, at the same moment, the perception that it was all in vain. Such was the strange way with which it had been conveyed to him only deepened and purified the feeling.

"At least," he thought, with tenderness and longing toward the beautiful girl that walked beside him, "at least, I was not mistaken. She is nobler and lovelier than I supposed."

At length he said,

"I have written to ask Hope Wayne to go and hear my preacher to-morrow. Miss Amy, will you go too?"

She looked at him and bowed. Her eyes were glistening with tears.

"My dearest Miss Amy," said Lawrence Nevt, impulsively, seizing her hand, as her face turned toward him.

"Oh! please, Mr. Nevt—please—" she answered, hastily, in a tone of painful entreaty, withdrawing her hand from his grasp, confused and very pale.

The words died upon her head and was silent. It seemed to her that she was suffocating, as his words uprised her in turn how strangely she had been mistaken.

They said nothing more. Arm in arm they passed up Broadway. Every moment Amy Varing supposed the merchant would take leave of her and return to his office. But every moment he was further from doing it. At length Lawrence Pfanner passed them, and opened their eyes; and Amy spoke to Abel.

"How long has Amy Waring been engaged to your Uncle Lawrence?"

To Amy the world had suddenly become so sad, sober world, in which there are serious duties to fulfill—which we must not neglect for transient dreams—in which we must see the dear hopes of our hearts wither and drop like the leaves in autumn.

When they reached Amy's door Lawrence Nevt raised her hand, bent over it with a solemnity, courtly respect, held it a moment, then pressed it to his lips. He looked up at her. She was standing on the step; her face, pale, overswimming with moisture, were fixed upon his; her luxuriant hair curled over her neck in jet, locks—youth, love, and beauty, they were all there. Lawrence Nevt could hardly believe they were not all his. It was so natural to think so. Somehow he and Amy had grown together. They had the same pursuits, the same things. He understood her perfectly.

Perfectly, he said to himself. Why, you are nothing but hand; you are kissing it with reverence; you are looking into the face which is dearer and lovelier to you than all other human faces; and you are as far off as if oceans rolled between.

CHAPTER LII.

IN CHURCH.

THE Sunday morning bells rang loud from river to river. Loud and sharp they rang in the clear, still air of the summer morning, as if the voice of Brother-in-law Bogerius, the genius of New Amsterdam, were calling the people in many tones to be up and stirring, and eat breakfast, and wash the breakfast things, and be in your places early, with bowed heads and reverent minds and solemn faces, when the last bell chimes you always have been and always will be, so help me Bob, I, Everard Bogerius, in the clear summer morning, ding, dong, bell, amen!

So mused Arthur Morlin, between sleeping and waking, as the bells rang out, loud and low—fortissimo and piano—flowing like a rushing, swelling tide of music along the dark inlets of narrow streets—touching and hearts with hope, as the rising wave touches spots of sunlight above. Come you, too, out of your filthy holes and hovels—come to church as in the days when you were young and had mothers, and you, grisly, drunken, bear-eyed thief, lisped in your little lessons—come, all of you; come! The day has dawned; the air is pure; the hammer rests—come and repent and be renewed and be young again. The old, weary, restless, debauched, defeated world—it shall sing and dance. You shall be lambs. I see the dawn of the millennium on the heights of Hoboken—yea, even out of the Jersey swill a good thing came! It is I who tell you—it is I who order you—I, Everardus Bogerius, Dominie of New Amsterdam—ding, dong, bell, amen!

The streets were quiet and deserted. A single gaze hurried by his window, and Arthur could hear its lessening sound until lost in the sweet elongue of the bells. He lay in bed and did not see the people in the street; but he heard the shuffling and the slouching, the dragging step and the bright, quick footfall. There were gay bonnets and black hats already stirring—every worshipper at the church of St. Steve's or St. Patrick's—but the great population of the city was at home.

Arthur, among the rest, a young man who comes hastily out of Thiel's, over Stewart's—a young man of foreign black hair and dark eyes, which look restlessly and furtively up and down Broadway, which seems to the young man already quite familiar and bright. He runs into a street with a bound. He hurries along, restless, disorganized—for Arthur was always thinking anxiously about, as if he were jealous of any that should see his yesterday was not over, and that another hour or two, as it passed, had been swept into the serene, open bay of morning. He does not see the people. He sees only thoughts together—calculating his losses; for the black-haired young man has lost heavily at Thiel's faro-table—several hundred pounds—remembering that it is Sunday morning and that he is to endure a long service in the Episcopal church, a young lady whose father has millions, if universal understanding is at all correct—and Arthur looks at the skies, at the bells boiling full of figures in a certain counting-room, and the story that will answer for the next half-dozen people in the world; the black-eyed youth, in evening dress, alert, graceful, but not remarkably well-dressed, who has a cab, speeds up Broadway, and does not seem to hear the bells, whose mind evidently does not run at all at play, and which are now ringing strange changes in the peaceful air: Come Next! Come Next! And if you're not! Come Next! Ding, dong, Broadway, come, come, come! Ding, dong, bell, amen-a-a!

Later in the morning the bells rang again. The house doors opened, and the sidewalk was filled with well-dressed, well-known men. It was a pleasant sight to see. Here was a whole city population in a pleasant mood—ready to confess its sins and to profess repentance, while to-morrow the bells would have gone mad, the counting-room doors would burst, the iron gates locked, and the sinners would do just how forty they had repented.

Boniface Nevt and his wife sedately proceeded to church—not a new bonnet escaping Mrs. Nevt's wide eye—not a single hair in Boniface as angel going home, as Gabriel Bennet said at his table, when he pinched with his utter Ellen leaning on his arm.

The Van Boosenberg carriage rolled along the street, conveying Mr. and Mrs. Jacob to meditate upon heavenly things. Mrs. Dagon and Mrs. Gerry Van Boosenberg, severally, in their way to learn how to love their neighbors as themselves. And among the rest walked Lawrence Nevt with Amy Waring, and Arthur Morlin with Hope Wayne.

Hope Wayne had heard the voice of the Dominie Bogardus, which by fancy had heard at the air; or was he obeying another Dominie of a wider parish, whose voice is heard in the heart? It was not often that the painter went to church. Sometimes he would look wistfully at the top of a house in Fulton Street, he sat smoking meditative cigars during the Sunday hours; too, he had many friends remonstrated. Aunt Winnifred, with whom he lived, was never weary of laboring with him. She laid good books upon his table in his chamber. He returned late at night, often, and found little tracts upon his pillow. Aunt Winnifred's pity for his future was all over my room." he said, smilingly, to Lawrence Nevt.

But when the bells rang they shocked him, and said, you can?

"Arthur, how can you? What will people think? Why don't you go to church?"

Arthur replied, with entire coolness,

"Because Van Boosenberg never goes."

Aunt Winnifred looked perplexed. Then she said,

"I'm afraid I should cut off my daughter with a shilling."

"Arthur, what do you mean?"

"Aunt Winnifred, what's the use of going to church when I've no religious goes, and is not the Lord disconposed? I am a child of the family of such a place?

Aunt Winnifred's eyes dilated with horror. She had no argument to throw at Arthur in return, and that reckless follow always had to help him.

"However, dear aunt, you go; and I suppose you ought to be quite as good a Christian by going as Van Boosenberg for staying away."

After such a conversation it fairly mixed facts in Arthur's room. The shower was only the signal for fresh hostilities upon his part; and for all the honest people in church, he was able to believe her nephew to be a very bad young man.

As he and his friends passed up Broadway toward Chambers Street they met Abel Nevt bustering down to Booker's to accompany Miss Flomer to Grace Church. The young man had bathed and entirely refreshed himself during the hour or two since he had stepped out of Thiel's. There was not a better dressed man upon Broadway; and many a hospitable feminine eye opened to entertain him as long and as much as possible as he passed by. He had an unusual flush in his cheeks and a jaunty step. Perhaps he was excited by the novelty of mixing in a throng of church-goers. He had not done such a thing since on summer Sunday mornings he used to stroll with the other boys along the broad village road, skirted with straggling houses, to Dr. Peevee's. Heavens! in what year was that? he thought, unconsciously. Am I a hundred years old? On Sundays then he used to see—Precisely the person he saw at the moment the thought crossed his mind—Gabriel Wayne—and to long to be passed her party, how much calmer, staider, and more softly superior than in those old Sunday mornings.

She remembered, too; and as the little, young man of foreign black hair and dark eyes, Mr. Abel Nevt bent in passing, Arthur Morlin, who felt, at the instant Abel passed, as if his head were on fire—large, and full of blood, and his movement stupidly awkward—felt, in fact, as if he were choked like a schoolboy. Arthur Morlin observed that, while his companion went on speaking, there was but a transient acknowledgment of the bow. The young man's head was not at all disconcerted for a moment only. And she did not change her color nor wear a different look.

Why did the young painter, as he observed these little things, feel as if the sun shone with fiercer heat upon him? Why, as he had never heard a bird sing so sweetly as one that hung in the window of a house, which by the way in that moment was he almost willing to paint Abel Nevt as the Endymion of his great picture?

They turned into Chambers Street, in which was the well-known church, and proceeded on to preach. Lawrence Nevt led the way up the aisle to his pew. The congregation, which was numerous, turned, to catch a glimpse of the church. There was a general air of intelligence and elevation in the faces, which was due chiefly of the New England type. Amy Waring saw no one she had ever seen before. In fact, there were few present in whom the whole New England blood did not run, except some curious humors of the city, who have a natural desire to see and hear a celebrated man.

When our friends entered the church a slow, solemn voluntary was playing upon the organ. The congregation sat quietly in the pews. Chairs and benches were brought in to accommodate the increasing throng. Presently the house was full. The bustle and distraction of entering were over. Every one looked at his neighbor, and composed himself to worship.

For a few moments a slight man, wrapped in a black silk gown, slowly ascended the pulpit stairs, and before seating himself stood for a moment looking down at the congregation. His face was small, and thin, and pale; but there was a power in it which expressed sweetness in the eyes—the irradiation of an anxious soul—as they surveyed the people. After the first impression, however, there was a perfect silence in the crowded church. Then, as Mrs. Gerry Van Boosenberg took the preacher, in a voice that was in singular harmony with the expression of his face, began to read a hymn. His head had a remarkable tendency, rising and falling with yearning tenderness and pathos, which, in the sympathetic mood which every thought, every aspiration of the hymn. It was full of reverence, gratitude, longing, and thanksgiving.

"While Thee I seek, protecting Power,
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled."

When he had read it and sat down again, Hope Wayne felt as if a religious service had already been performed.

The simplicity and fervor and long-drawn melody with which he had read the hymn appropriated to himself, and the congregation after a few notes from the organ they began to sing an old German air, which, as it rose from the congregation until the church trembled with the sound, and the sauntereers in the street outside the church ceased laughing and talking, and, touched by some indefinable association, raised their hats and stood bareheaded in the sunlight, while the solemn music filled the air.

The hymn was sung, the prayer was offered, the chapter was read, and, after a little silence, that calm, refined, and solemn, yearning face appeared at the desk. The preacher balanced himself for a few moments alternately upon each foot—moved his tongue, as it rather to wet the words with moisture, and announced his text: "Peace I leave with you: my peace I give unto you."

He began in the same calm, simple way. A natural, nasty candor certified the truth of every word. Gradually, after a few words, his tone, and swinging, as it were, in long, waving hollows—a sweet, solemn, and yearning one—equally sustained. There was scarcely any movement of the hands or arms; only now and then the head was raised, or the body gently spread and waved. As he warmed in his discourse he was kind of celestial grace glimmered about his person, and his pale, thoughtful face kindled and beamed with holy light. His sentences were simple, simply, but with a rhetoric, no declamation or display. Yet the words and the thoughts were full of poetry and of that natural eloquence which, like a white flame, burned all the persuasiveness of the speaker away. The people sat as if they were listening to a long, bedded soul.

But the appeal and the argument were never to passion, or prejudice, or mere sensibility. Fear and horror, and every kind of physical emotion, so to say, were impossible in the calmness and sweetness of the assurance of the Divine presence. It was a Father, whose peace was inherited, whose message the preacher brought. It was a father's gentleness he delivered, as the Lord priest His children, said he, in tones that trickled like tears over the hearts of the people, although they were audible and unbroken. He went on to show what the children of such a Father must needs be; to show that, however sinful and wandering and lost, the Father had sent to tell them that the doctrine of wrath was of old time; that the eye to the eye and the tooth for the tooth was the doctrine of an imperfect knowledge; that a faith which was truly childlike knew that Christ was a present power, and that out of such faith alone arose the life that was Christian.

Wandering princes are we! cried the preacher, with a profound sadness in his countenance in his tone, while the very light of heaven shone in his face—wandering princes are we, sons of the great King. In foreign lands we have left our inborn, groveling with the very swine in the mire, and thinking of the husks that they do eat; emptying, defiling, hating, forgetting—but we shall not forget. We shall remember our rags and impotence and sin—in the darkest moment of our moral death, when we would crucify the very image of God in us, we shall remember.

Then, in a voice deeper and sweeter than all music, he uttered one brief, startling word—the common Father—"Forgive them, O Father, for they know not what they do!"

At this the whole congregation did not move. Leaning forward, with upraised eyes and beaming with love and longing, with sympathy, with hope, with quickened affinity, the vast motionless, seemingly unwilling to destroy the holy calm by stirring, they sat, and communed with their Father. There were those in the fortieth pew who did not hear; but their mouths were open with earnest attention, their eyes glittered with moisture; for they saw and heard the Father, and a mighty and strong was the common sympathy of the assembly that they seemed to feel what they could not hear.

Lawrence Nevt, Hope Wayne, Amy Waring, and Arthur Morlin sat in the pew that had been meant for them individually. They sat side by side. Each was alone with the preacher's thoughts and feelings! They were like solids who had breathed the cordial of mountain air—refreshed, invigorated, renewed.

Lawrence Nevt did not look round for Aunt Martha. But the preacher's voice, with its mingle of thinks of dry fields in a saturating summer rain. She sat through the whole—black, immovable, with her chin on her hand, and her face precipitously. They thought she was an incarnation of Sunday. Her features, cold, severe, hard, they watched her, could they but read if she had heard any thing to comfort or relieve her sorrow. From the first word to the last she gazed fixedly at the speaker. With the exception of the tears that fell from her eyes as the pulpit stairs she looked up for a moment at that pallid face, and a finer eye than one would have given to her in the first moment of cold, to kiss the hem of his garment. On and by sacrificing and self-denying life, by the soft touch of angels at midnight, is the stone rolled away from the door of the sepulchre.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE KANSAS GOLD-MINES.

We hear by telegraph from St. Louis that a special dispatch to the Republican from Leavenworth, of the 29th ult., reached Leavenworth at 4 o'clock that day. It says that the Kansas gold in the head-waters of the South Platte is confirmed, but the yield is not so large as reported. The difficulty owing to the distant location and the roughness of the route, in transporting machinery, is very considerable. The gold is found in the gulches and ravines of the Rocky Mountains. Valley. The express brought a large quantity of gold dust. Some of the miners have been on the ground for two months, and have taken out from \$1,000 to \$2,000 each.

A MEAN RASCAL.

One of the most successful efforts at rascality that we have yet seen recorded has been that of a man named Bryan, who has been operating in Philadelphia. It appears that a sharper in Philadelphia advertised for a partner in a business which required a small amount as teachers of music. Fifteen young women were accordingly found who were willing to pay the requisite sum for the privilege of the acquisition of healthy employment. Bryan, however, was not content with this small game, and he soon left Philadelphia. It was supposed that he had fled by the schooner that the ladies should deliver it to the captain of the vessel on the appointed day. On arriving on this city, en route for the South, the sharper was arrested, and a large sum of money obtained from them about one hundred and fifty dollars for their fee as "the captain of the vessel." Bryan was also arrested at the hotel for him to conduct them on board, as he was charged with his presence. The police have caught the swindler.

CANAL CONVENTION.

A Convention of the friends of the Canals assembled at Albany on the 6th inst., and was largely attended. Before their interests and secure the accomplishment of the projected enlargement and improvement and the means were present. David R. Barton, Esq., of Rochester, was chosen President, and a number of vice-presidents and secretaries, representing all shades of political opinion, were appointed. Resolutions were passed unanimously favoring the completion of the canals and the lowing of the rates of toll.

A MAGNIFICENT AURORA.

An aurora borealis of extraordinary brilliancy and effect was visible in this city and throughout the country on the night of the 2d inst. Between the hours of 10 and 11 o'clock the streets were admiring crowds of spectators, and the telegraph wires were literally burned out. The most vivid light appeared in the northern sky about half past 10, when it gradually disappeared. The hum of the telegraph wires was heard distinctly, and the aurora assumed a vertical form, flashing with amazing luminousness and spreading from the zenith to the horizon. Some of the fleecy skies of the heavens there were at the same time illuminated with the most fantastic formations, and of a most singular effect. There was a fresh outbreak at 4 o'clock in the morning, but not so extensive as the one previously observed.

We hear by telegraph from Boston that disquieting rumors were in circulation there respecting the appearance of the aurora borealis during Sunday night. It was more brilliant, and of longer duration, than had occurred for twenty years.

The Superintendent of the Canadian Telegraph Company's lines bringing from Montreal as follows, to wit:

"I never, in my experience of fifteen years' telegraphing, witnessed any thing to equal the magnificent extraordinary effect of the aurora borealis between the line and Fisher Point last night. The lines was in most

MORE REAL GHOSTS.

IV.

As I have had what would be popularly called A Ghost in my own family, and as that case of what I denominate "thought-impressing" was very strongly impressed on my own thoughts when I was a child by my grandmother, who was the narrator, I think I can give the narrative as first hand, in the narrator's exact words.

My grandmother was a woman of strong mind and good, bold, upright old Ugly (I mean that she held herself upright), who had no nerves to speak of, and such sound health that I do not remember to have heard, when long past seventy, that she had ever kept her bed a single day, "except, my dear, once when I was a whipper, "upon eight certain occasions" (she had eight children), "which can not properly be called maladies."

My grandmother did not believe in ghosts. "Yet, my dears," she would say to us, "I once saw, who should believe in ghosts but I? For when I was at school (a long time ago, as you may believe) I saw an apparition—"

When I was about eleven years old I was placed at a very high boy's school in the neighborhood of Sloane Square. Miss Lloyd, who kept the school, was an excellent person, and we were very well and very fond of her—fond, though a little afraid of her too, for she was a strict disciplinarian. I was very happy at that school, and some of my firmest friendships, that have lasted to me through life, were formed there. But there was a girl there, a Miss Hake, who was not exactly a dear friend of mine, but who, nevertheless, took a great deal of notice of me, in a droll, half-bullying sort of way. She was a good deal older than myself—she might be fourteen—and remarkably tall for that age. And she rather provoked me, because she treated me as a child—kindly—yet still as a child. I used to please myself by what I would pinch my little fat cheeks till they were redder than nature had made them, and by what I would call playfully—yet still she hurt me sometimes; and when she said, 'Now I am going to have a cherry out of your cheek!' I would run away, and hide myself in some dark corner. Still, I was rather fond of Miss Hake. She was clever. The thing had happened before. Miss Hake was a rich, a favored pupil, and her holidays were apt to be rather of the longest, as well as the merriest.

I mention this to you, my dears, lest you should suppose that much thinking of Miss Hake was the cause of the curious appearance which I am about to tell you of. I did not think about Miss Hake just at the time to which I refer. Indeed, I seemed to have forgotten all about her. No wonder! We were then in the midst of the holiday tasks, which (I am sorry to say) we had not learned—at least, I know I had not learned mine. Miss Lloyd was, at such occasions, rather put out, and somewhat of the cross-est. About her I was obliged to tell a great fib, my dears. To assure you, Miss Hake had gone quite out of my head.

"One evening—it was toward the latter end of August (our summer vacation was in July and part of August), our whole number—except Miss Hake, right o'clock, I was in my bedroom, with some other girls who slept in the same apartment (it was a large apartment it was), and very busy sorting my linen, which had just come from the wash. By the same token, it was a Saturday evening, for that thing was regular at our school. As soon as the linen was brought in, we had to sort it, and put it—this—if we tumbled our drawers—the inspectress, who visited matters daily, reported us for untidiness, and for whatever Miss Lloyd scored down. Our week's pocket-money had to pay for it. These regulations were evidently enforced, in order, as Miss Lloyd observed, 'to give us tidy habits.' On the Saturday night I mention I was very busy sorting my linen, which had come from the wash in a sadly mixed-up state. The bill that accompanied it was also in a sad confusion, as it will think some other girl's night-cap had got into my basket. At any rate, I was longer than usual sorting my things, and all the other girls had finished putting away their linen before me. They had all left the room, however, without my noticing the much notice of that circumstance. I had laid by most of the things in the drawers, and was now stooping over my little basket in order to take the last articles from it. Though it was getting dusk, the light in the room was quite strong enough to admit of my seeing my object with perfect distinctness. Suddenly—some feeling made me lift my head from the basket, and there, quite near me, close to the window, and, as it were, looking out from the window-curtain, though not at all shaded by it, stood Miss Hake.

"I called out joyfully (for I was really glad to see her), 'Oh! Miss Hake, are you come?' Miss Hake made no answer. I said, 'Oh! Miss Hake, won't you speak to me? How long have you been here?' No answer! Something else I said—I forget what—and I felt all of a sudden a little fearful of fear crept over me, because Miss Hake would not speak, and because she looked at me very fixedly with her large dark eyes. Still, my only idea was that Miss Hake was at her old tricks, and wanted to frighten me. Indeed, I cried out, 'Oh! Miss Hake, you want to frighten me!' But in the same moment I felt something of more decided fear, and an impulse which made me throw down the wicker basket that I still held in my hand, run out of the room, and so down into the eating-room, where the girls were assembled for supper. 'Miss Hake is come!' I cried out, now not the least afraid. 'Miss Hake is up-stairs! Miss Hake is—' where is she?' 'Up in my bedroom.' On which some of the older and more privileged of the girls, with a laugh and a mock rather angry, and said I had been trifling with them, for no Miss Hake was up-stairs. Then I said I had seen her in the room. Then the talk and the tumult attracted the attention of Miss Lloyd herself. I was called to her desk, and I told my tale—hair at the head of the supper-table, and closely questioned as to why I had not spoken to Miss Hake when I saw her. Miss Hake was come. I was known to be a truth-teller, and when I simply replied (trembling all the while) that I had not thought to it as to go herself all over the house to see if Miss Hake was come, Miss Lloyd, rising, left the room Miss Hake. Then it was hinted that the subject must be dropped—a hint which doubtless operated with Miss Lloyd herself, for she came no more firm to what I considered the evidence of my senses—and the girls of our room, who had been watched and in bed, there went about a whispered talk, and many a whispered surmise, why Miss Hake (if she had come at all, as she must now on the popular belief) and then gone away again. 'There was a ghost in the house.' That idea had been smuggled out of the house, after having in some odd way smuggled herself into it. 'There was a ghost in the house.'

"Now, my dears, I am not going to be a superstitious person, no one seemed even to surmise that I had seen a ghost. I was said to have been alive and well—at least when I saw her.

"Well, a few days, perhaps a week, had passed since the Miss Hake's supposed visit to the school. We were all assembled in the school-room, and going to commence our studies, when there was a silence. Miss Lloyd hemmed and cleared her throat, as if she had something out of the common way to say. Then, after making a lecture of some kind, for the time when we were lectured was generally a female one, Miss Lloyd rose, and, I among the number, thought guiltily that she had noted my idleness. But no! Miss Lloyd had not come to lecture, and drawing from her pocket a letter with a deep black edge and a deep black seal, she said, 'Young ladies, I have I am sorry to inform you I have just had a letter to tell me that your young companion Miss Hake, of Bridgeman Square, died last Saturday night at a little before eight o'clock. I need not point out to a delicacy, my dears, how you give way to fancies. I dare say Miss Bridgman will have a little party for Miss Hake, and I shall be alone in the dusk of the evening, and took the window-curtain for Miss Hake.'"

"Bridgeman, my dears, I do not believe in ghosts."

"But, grandmamma, you saw Miss Hake quite plainly. Now, do say, as plainly as I see you at this moment."

"Quite as plainly."

"And yet you do not believe you saw a spirit?"

"Not a bit of it."

This was all we could ever get out of my grandmother; and I believe it set me thinking on these matters long afterward.

It was an Honorable Envoy Extraordinary at the Court of Saxony who informed me that his brother Alfred was living at the time of the following supernatural impression, on his living in Ireland: that there was an old aunt of theirs, also in Ireland, who had been very much attached to a clergyman, who was much looked up to by the family; that this clergyman, Mr. Stothard, was desirous to consult her on some family matters that rather occupied his mind; but that, though he knew she was living, he was ignorant of the address of parochial duties, to go to her.

Mr. Alfred and his wife were in bed, in a room which opened into their drawing-room. Having not long retired, they had scarcely yet fallen into the heaviest dreamings of their respective first sleep, when they were roused by hearing a voice in the adjoining drawing-room. Mrs. Alfred said, 'I am afraid to her husband, "it is the voice of your aunt." The clergyman at once recognized that it was so. Both he and his wife, of course, imagined that the old lady had burst upon them with a sudden visit, and perhaps on some emergent occasion. But the voice said, "Don't be frightened; but get up, Alfred, and come to me. I don't want your wife. I will not have her leave her bed on any account." Mrs. Alfred would have remonstrated, and would have got up, but her husband interposed, and she knew the old lady to have a willfulness of character that would not be trifled with, she remained where she was, while her husband, hastily throwing on a few clothes and his dressing-gown, proceeded with the light which he had struck into the next room: leaving, however, the door between it and the bedroom partly open. In the sitting-room he found his aunt, attired, as usual, in plain, old-fashioned muslin (in a brown dress), sitting erect on a chair which she did not on his entrance rise, but waving away, as it were, all ceremonials of greeting, signed to the clergyman to take his place beside her. He did so; and the old lady then entered on a long conversation with him on the subject of which, as uttered by the two colloquists, was heard by Mrs. Alfred as she lay in bed in the next room, and had been by her afterward told to me. During the whole of the interview, consisting of a skeptic on certain points connected with religion. Mrs. Alfred was first discomposed, then more assured belief than formerly. After that she entered at length upon family matters, and gave Mr. Alfred all the advice and instruction he required on the subjects then agitating his mind. When this was done the house was searched, with the same negative result. That the aunt had not been there in any way personal to the living existence, received a day or two afterward, of her having been lying in bed dying—absent, not alive, at the time when the clergyman and his wife had supposed they were receiving indubitable tokens of her further existence.

This story, not only as regards the impression on two senses, but on the two senses of one individual, is remarkable. It is not an unimpeachable source, I have always considered of the highest interest. It would show that, under some cases, the cerebral agitation of a dying person is sufficiently strong to impress two brains—certainly one brain—with a distinct sensation one to the other.

There is, moreover, reason to suspect that even those peculiarities of the mind which are termed habits can produce apparitional impression on another, or others. From a valued medical friend I have heard a remarkable story, now, I am writing to this: A gentleman and his wife, being in bed, had simultaneously the impression of a female servant, to whom the husband alone recognized (for the wife had never seen her) as a lady to whom he had been long attached to be married. It turned out afterward that the spectral impression had been produced by the habit of the mistress, and by that of another person.

With respect to visual proofs of the mortuary manes influence, I might refer to a hundred attested instances. The following narrative is so remarkable, and is well attested, that, although it has been already given to the world, I shall preface with it those histories that I can give at first hand. It is from Dr. Kerr's life of Professor Stoddart, R.A., and relates to the death of Stothard's eldest daughter, who was killed by an accident on the carriage of thirteen.

After mentioning that the poor mind had been confused religiously, and depressed by a singular dream that he had had three months previously, Stothard says, Mrs. Bray thus writes:

"But there was a more awful, a yet more mysterious circumstance connected with the boy's death, which I should not have mentioned to you, but to which Alfred Stothard, on reading my first account of it, added very important information unknown to me, as he had derived them from his parents. I do not pretend to judge of it. It might have been the effect of a powerful mind, acting by a strong and anxious imagination; or it might have been a visitation from the world of spirits. It is, however, my place to decide what it was.

"On the day the fatal accident occurred, Mrs. Bray was sitting with her husband and father, and asked him to give him some money, with permission to go and buy fruit. His request was not granted, and he left the house. As it afterward appeared, on his way to make the purchase he called on a favorite schoolfellow to go and play with him. Mr. and Mrs. Stothard that afternoon proposed, what they often did in summer months, to take a walk together in the neighborhood, or in one of the parks. They went, therefore, to Mrs. Bray's room to make some change of dress. Mrs. Stothard had desired a servant to fetch a gown and bonnet for her daughter. The servant had neglected this last part of the order, Mr. Stothard was standing before a glass with his back toward Mrs. Stothard, when she suddenly exclaimed (as if addressing her son), 'Tom, what do you here?' A boy, very often in the house, and the tell the servant to bring up my gown."

"Mr. Stothard, knowing that his son was out by his punctuality, was in extreme surprise, 'What do you mean?' Tom can not be here; he has gone out with Mary.'

"I saw him but this instant standing by the side of the bed yonder," replied Mrs. Stothard, and a cold chill descended upon my heart." And she added, that, when she spoke to him, he moved strangely, seemed to stoop down, and was heard no more. She was greatly agitated, yet retained a perfect possession of her senses; but always began to doubt their evidence, when she heard a knock at the house-door. On eagerly inquiring who it might be, the servant told her that two strangers were below, asking for Mr. Stothard. She rushed down the stairs and wanted to know their business. They would tell her nothing, but persisted in their desire to see her husband. He in a haughty manner. They expected to speak with him alone. "It is about Tom," said Mrs. Stothard. In the greatest perturbation of mind. Mr. Stothard and the gentlemen went into a front parlor: the door was shut. The anxious mother could not restrain the feelings of agonized curiosity that possessed her; she listened at the door, and heard that her son Thomas was shot dead by a school-fellow, who was accidentally handling a gun, and who, not knowing it to be charged, was at the time happy how when they were about going out together."

A well-known medical man, whom I will call Sigismond, narrated to me the following:

"I was staying," said he, "in North Wales, at a beautiful but lonely cottage. I was in a melancholy state of mind, owing to the illness of an absent friend whom I dearly loved, and whom I knew to be in dangerously ill. One evening, late in autumn, I was sitting by a fire, which was agreeable at that season, but, as I am fond of air, had left unclosed the window of my little sitting-room, which opened down to the ground, and gave access to the lawn in front of the house. There was a bright moon shining out of doors, and I could see distinctly any thing moving in the garden. Suddenly I was aware of the figure of a woman seemed to me the face and figure of my friend about whom I was anxious. I did not see him as a shadow, or as an immaterial shape and coming of the body, but as a real material being, as completely external to myself as my own hand. I went across the little territory calling out and looking round the shrubberies for my friend, but as I saw nothing I began to conclude that my mind was under my fancy. So I returned into the parlor, saying to myself, 'I don't see him.' I sat down by the fire again, but with a sort of restlessness had taken a different chair to what I had at first, and placed myself in it so that my back was toward the door. The next moment I lost my recollection, and was not aroused from a kind of trance for a few minutes by the voice of my landlady, who had heard me fall heavily on the floor, where she found me lying senseless.

"'Well,' I asked, 'and was your friend dead?'

"'Yes, he had died at the very hour that, as far as could be ascertained, at the very hour when I thought I saw him.'

"'Well,' I repeated, 'does not this strike you?'

"'It is singular, certainly,' responded the Doctor; 'but my feeling is almost that I was in a disordered state, and that I might probably produce an ocular illusion.'

"Yes, but what say you to your friend having died at the identical time of his appearing to you?'

"'Oh!' was the reply, 'that is merely a mere coincidence;' and yet I consider it only as a coincidence.

It is remarkable how generally—indeed universally—I have found that, like Dr. Sigismond, the seers of apparitions were not believers in them. I do not find that fear or superstition has grown out of these visitations, but the contrary; and this shadowing hold, this startling narrative of a fact as a fact, argues, I think, an instinctive feeling that such visitations are subject to a natural law, and are not these real presences from another world, at the idea of which we revolt as with an intense sense of horror and incongruity.

Another singular fact, respecting thought-impressing by dying friends, is that nearly all the apparitions which have been related to me by the seers themselves have not come out of the bounds of good, wild, delightful, and natural, but of decent-looking bodies, who were remarkable for what is called "good sense."

A Good Fight.

BY CHARLES READE.

AUTHOR OF "LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG," ETC.

[From Advance Sheets, direct from the Author.

CHAPTER XIV.

MARTYN went with all speed to Sevenleigher, where he found Margaret in a terrible state, but full of resolution and energy. She was just finishing a letter to the Countess Charolais, appealing to her against the violence and treachery of Glyn brecht.

"Courage!" cried Martin, on entering. "I have found him. He is in the haunted tower—just right at the top of it. Ay! I know the place right at the top of it. Ay! I know the place; many a poor fellow has gone up there straight, and come down feet foremost."

He then told them how he had looked up and seen Gerard's face at a window that was like a slit in the wall.

"Oh, Martin! how did he look?"

"What mean you? He looked like Gerard Gardaeus."

"But was he pale?"

"A little."

"Looked he anxious? Looked he like one doomed?"

"Nay, nay; as bright as a pewter pot."

"You mock me. Ah! then that was at night of you. He counts on us. Oh! what shall we do? Martin, good friend, take this at once to Rotterdam."

Martin held out his hand for the letter, but was interrupted.

Peter had sat silent all this time, but pondering, and contrary to his usual custom, keenly attentive to what was going on around him.

"Put not your trust in princes," said he.

"Alas! what else have we to trust in?"

"Knowledge."

"Alas, Peter! your learning will not serve us here."

"How know you that? Wit has been too strong for iron bars ere to-day."

"Ay, father; but nature is stronger than wit, and also is against us. Think of the height. The ladder in Holland might reach."

"I need no ladder: what I need is a good cross."

"Nay, I have money, for that matter. I have nine angels. Gerard gave me them to keep. But what do they avail? The Burgomaster will not be bribed to let Gerard free."

"What do they avail? Give me but one crown, and the young man shall sup with us this night."

Peter spoke so eagerly and confidently that for a moment Margaret felt hopeful; but she caught Martin's eye dwelling upon him with an expression of benevolent contempt.

"It passes the powers of man's invention," said she, with a deep sigh.

"Invention?" cried the old man. "A fig for invention! Wanted we but invention, the thing were as good as done. Every thing has been said that is to be said, and done that can be done. I shall tell you how a Yarmuthis knight won't shut up in a tower higher than Gerard's; yet did his faithful squire stand at the lower door and get him a cake, with no other crime than that of your hand, Martin, and certain kickshaws I shall buy for a crown."

Martin looked at his cousin, who stood in round in his hand, and seemed to interrogate it. But the examination left him no intelligible answer to read.

Then Peter told them his story—how the faithful squire got the knight out of a high tower at Bruela. The manœuvre, like most things that are really scientific, was so simple that now their wonder was why had such a thing for impossible a thing which was not even difficult.

The letter never went to Rotterdam. They wanted to Peter's learning and their own dexterity.

It was nine o'clock on a clear moonlight night. Gerard, senior, was still away; the rest of his little family had been some hours in bed.

A figure stood by the dwarf's bed. It was Stine, and the moonlight streamed on her.

With an unearthly noise, between a yell and a snarl, the grimalkin rolled off his bed and under it by a single turbulent movement. The cat's voice followed him in his retreat.

"Why, Gaby, are you afeard of me?"

At this Giles's head peeped cautiously out, and he saw it was only his sister Kate.

She put on her finger to her lips. "Hush! just the wicked Cornelis or the wicked Sybrandt have got in."

She then revealed to Giles that she had heard Cornelis and Sybrandt mention Gerard's name, and being puzzled by a great deal of talk, she came up home all day, had listened at their door, and but made a fearful discovery: a great deal of gold was in the haunted tower of the Stadthouse. He was there, it seemed, by their father's authority. But here must be some mistake; for they could hear their father ordered the cruel act? he was at Rotterdam. She could not understand it; but to hear her company to the fort of the haunted tower, to buy a word of comfort to poor Gerard, and let him know their plans, was impossible, and there was to release him on his return.

"Dear Giles, I would go myself, but I am afraid of the spirits that men say do haunt the tower. but with you I shall not be afraid."

"Nor I with you," said he. "I don't believe there are any spirits in Tergou. I never saw one. This last week has been the one ever I saw; and it was only you, Kate, after all."

In him that half an hour Giles and Kate opened their boundless confidence to each other. The boy made him carry a lantern, though the night was bright. The lantern would be more courage against the evil spirits," said she.

The first day of imprisonment is very trying, especially if to the horror of captivity is added the horror of utter solitude. To observe that in our own day a great many persons commit suicide during the first twenty-four hours of the solitary cell. Think of doubting such a fact when one has carefully from the impertinence of watching their little experiment upon the human soul at that stage of it.

As the sun declined Gerard's heart too sank and sank; with the waning light the courage and hope went out. He was faint, too, with hunger; for he was glad to eat the piece of bread which the brought him: and hunger always comes when. He sat upon the chest, his arms and his head drooping before him, a picture of despondency. Suddenly something struck the wall beyond him very sharply; and then rattled on the floor and fell. It was not an arrow; he saw the white feather. A chill ran through him—they meant then to assassinate him from the outside. Presently there was another arrow. He crawled on all fours, and took up the arrow: there was no head to it. He uttered a cry of hope. Had a friendly hand shot it? He took it up and felt it all over; he found a soft substance attached to it. Then one of his eccentricities was of grand use to him. His tinder-box enabled him to strike a light; it showed him two things that made his heart bound with delight, nose the less thrilling for being somewhat vague. Attached to the arrow was a skein of silk, and on the arrow he saw words written.

How his eye devoured them, his heart panting the while!

"Well-beloved, make fast the silk to thy knife and leave to use: but hold the end fast: then count an hundred and haste up."

Gerard seized the oak chest, and with almost superhuman energy dragged it to the window: a moment ago he could not have moved it. Standing on the chest, and looking down, he saw figures at the lower foot. They were so indistinct they looked like one huge form. He waved his bonnet to them with trembling hand; then he undid the silk rapidly but carefully, and counted one hundred by his knife, and lowered it till it ceased to draw. Then he counted a hundred. Then pulled the silk to draw what was on its end. He found that it had he came to a large hood, and by that knot a stout whip-cord was attached to the silk. What might this mean? While he was puzzling himself Margaret's voice came up to him, low but clear. "Gerard, dear, I will tell you. Stand by your hand." At the word Gerard drew the whip-cord line up, set one end fast on the knot, another knot, and found a cord of some thickness take the place of the whip-cord. He had no sooner begun to draw that up than he found that it was fixed to a heavy weight to deal with. Then the trash sedenly flashed in upon him. The cord was tied, pulled and pulled till the perspiration rolled down him: the weight got heavier and heavier, and at last he saw in the moonlight a sight that revived him: it was, as it were, a moving snake coming up the wall out of the deep shadow cast by the tower. He gave a shout of joy, and a score more wild pulls, and he had got a rope's end in his hand. He hauled and hauled, and dragged the end into his room. It was a rope ladder. He unfastened the upper ales of the chest in succession, and knotted it firmly; then not for a moment to recover his breath and thank God fervently, but to make sure that the snake was that the chest was sound, and capable of resisting the strain he caused in making the rope and across the window. He now mounted the chest, and from the chest put his foot through the window, and sat half in and half out, with one hand on that part of the rope which was inside. It was a moment of suspense; but the rope answered to his face and gave him the courage to risk what we must all lose one day—for liberty. Many dangers awaited him, but the greatest danger was first getting on to the rope outside. Gerard re-

solved. Finally he resolved to go down like a swimmer, his body to the waist being in the prison, his legs outside. Then holding the inside rope with both hands, he left the chest to its fate outside rope, and when he had got it he worked it in between his two feet, and so came down hand over hand over it by his right hand, while his left hand seized the inside rope. Thus he got to the ground, and passed the wall for his fingers to get round it higher up. The next moment he left the bar and swiftly and safely with the right hand over it; but in this manœuvre his body necessarily descended about a foot, and he stifled cry when he found it so low. Gerard hung in mid-air. He clenched his teeth, and nipped the rope tight with his feet, and gripped it with his hands, and went down hand by hand below hand. He passed by one huge rough stone after another, and at last saw green moss on one or two. He looked up and he looked down. The moonshone upon his prison window: it seemed a long way off. Scattering figures below seemed an awful distance. It made him dizzy to look down: so he made a stifled cry and looked up as close to him, and went slowly down, down, down.

He passed a nasty slimy streak on the wall, it was not so long. At one point he could touch the bar with his foot. He stole another look up.

The prison window was now way off now.

Down—down—down—down.

The rope made his hands sore.

Down—down. The window was so distant he ventured now to turn his eyes downward again and then, not more than a few feet below him were Margaret and Martin, their faithful hands upstretched to catch him should he fall. He could see their eyes and their teeth shine.

"Take care, Gerard! Oh, take care! Look not down!"

"Fear me not," cried Gerard, joyfully, and eyed the wall, but came down faster.

Down—down. The window was so distant he They seized him ere he touched the ground, and all three clung together in a common, rapturous embrace.

"Hush! away to silence, dear one."

They stole along the shadow of the wall.

But ere they had gone many yards suddenly a figure started out of the shade of the tower, stood, and lay across their path like a barrier of fire, and they heard whispers and saw a sword in hand.

"Back!" hissed Martin. "Keep in the shade."

They hurried back, passed the dangling rope, and made for a little square projecting tower. They had barely rounded it when the light shot trembling past them, and flickered uncertainly into the distance.

"A lantern!" groaned Martin, in a whisper, "many of the guard."

"Give me my knife," whispered Gerard. "I'll never be taken alive."

"No, no!" murmured Margaret. "There is no way out where we are?"

"None, none! but I carry six lives at my shoulder" and with the word Martin strung his bow and fitted an arrow to the string. "In me never wait to be struck: I will kill one or two ere they shall know where their death comes from"; then, motioning his companions to be quiet, he began to draw his bow, and ere the arrow was quite drawn to the head, he glided round the corner ready to loose the string the moment the enemy should offer a mark.

Gerard and Margaret palpitated. They had never seen life taken.

CHAPTER XVI

"I HOPE 'tis the Burgomaster that carries the light," said the escaped prisoner, panting with a horrible mixture of terror and exultation. "As a soldier, he knows, would send an arrow through a cuirass or a burgomaster as he would through a bear in a wood."

But who may foretell the future, however near? The low, instead of remaining firm, and hooting the deadly shaft, was seen to waver first, then to reel, and ere Gerard could draw the arrow-head back to them, his knee knocking and his cheeks blanched with fear. He let his arrow fall, and sank upon Martin's shoulder.

"Let me feel flesh and blood," he gasped; "the haunted tower! the haunted tower!"

His terror communicated itself to Margaret and Gerard. They could barely find breath to ask him what he meant.

"Hush!" he cried, "it will hear you. Up the wall! up the wall! Martin, take the rope. Up! Up the wall, as mortal creatures walk upon green sward. If you know a prayer say it! For hell is behind us, believe!"

"I have power to exercise spirits," said Gerard, trembling. "I will venture forth."

"Go alone, then!" said Martin, "I have looked on't once and live."

Gerard looked forth, and Margaret seized his hand and held it convulsively, and they crept out. The moonlight was so bright they could see the numbed them as they stood. Half-way up the tower, a creature with fiery head, like an enormous glowworm, was moving steadily up the wall: the body was dark, but its outline visible, and the whole creature was much less than human. Its size.

At the foot of the tower stood a thing in white, that looked exactly like the figure of a female. Gerard and Margaret palpitated with awe.

"The rope—the rope! It is going up the rope that the wall! It is Gerard Cornelis!"

As they gazed the glow-worm disappeared in Gerard's late prison, but its light illuminated the wall and showed the window. Then the white figure stood motionless below.

Such as can imagine their senses after the first frustrating effect of the supernatural are apt to experience terror in one of its strangest forms, a terror so dog themselves upon a terrible object. It fascinates them as the snake the bird. Martin and Gerard scarcely dared to exist while finely in Macbeth at Basquo's second appearance. His dung himself with averted head at the horrible thing, but a strange impulse never allowed Margaret. She put down Gerard's hand quietly, and never breathed a word, all in a moment, with a wild cry, darted toward the spectre. Gerard, not aware of the natural impulse her sex obeyed, and never doubting that it was drawing her to her perdition. He fell on his knees.

"Lord Jesus, receive my poor haste Marie, exercies vos."

Whether he was shirking his incantations in extremity of terror, to his infinite relief he heard the spectre utter a feeble cry of fear. To find that hell was not all fiends, but sometimes a woman, relieved. He redoubled his exercisms, and presently he saw the shape kneeling at the convict's knees, and heard her voice piteously for mercy.

Poor little spectre! It took Margaret for the ill spirit of the haunted tower, come flying out on it—to damn it.

Kate and Giles soon reached the haunted tower. Judge their surprise when they found a new rope ladder hanging from the prisoner's window! Gerard!

"I see how it is," said the inferior intelligence, blaming their own stupidity. "Gerard and Peter have come down this rope. He has got clear. Up I go, and see."

"No, Giles, no!" said the superior intelligence blinded by prejudice. "See you not this is glamour? Gerard is a line the evil one would entice to wile you to destruction. He knows the weaknesses of all our hearts; he has seen how fond you are of Gerard. Where should Gerard get such a procure a rope? how fasten it in the very sky his hand? It is the work of the holy saints perhaps us this night, for hell is abroad!"

"Stuff!" said the dwarf; "the way to hell is down, and this leads up. I never had the luck to go up such a long rope. It may be yours ere I fall in with such a long rope all ready reserved for me. As well be knocked on the head at once as never know enjoyment."

And he began to climb the rope with a cry of delight, as a cat jumps with a mew on a table where it is all the prettier for not meant for it. And the only concession Kate could gain from him was permission to fasten the lantern on his neck first.

Up he went like the ill spirit," said she.

And so, with his huge arms, and legs like feathers, Giles went up the rope faster than his brother came down it. The light at the nape of his neck made a glow-worm of him. His sister watched his progress with trembling anxiety. Suddenly a female figure started out of the solid masonry, and came flying at her with more than mortal velocity.

Kate uttered a feeble cry. It was all she could, for her tongue clove to her palate with terror. Then she dropped her crutches, and sank upon her knees, hiding her face and moaning:

"Take my body, but spare my soul!" etc.

MARGARET (panting). "Why, it is a woman!"

KATE (quivering). "Why, it is a woman!"

MARGARET. "How you frightened me!"

KATE. "I am frightened enough myself. Oh! oh! oh!"

"This is strange. But the fiery-headed thing! Yet it was with you, and you are harmless. But why are you here at this time of night?"

"Nay, why are you?"

"Perhaps we are on the same errand? Ah! you are his poor sister, Kate."

"And you are Margaret Brandt."

"Yes."

"All the better. You love him: you are here. Then Giles went up. He has escaped."

Gerard came forward, and put the question at rest. But all further explanation was cut short by a horrible unearthly cry, like a mixture of howling and shout:

"Gerard! Gerard! Parchment! Parchment!"

At each repetition it rose in intensity. They looked up, and there was the dwarf with his hands to his mouth, shouting, and his lighted with fresh life joy, and torn with diabolical fire. The light belted up his back, a mere indirect "transparency," never startled mortal eye. With the word the awful hop hurled the parchment down at the astounded party below. Down came the parchment, like wounded wild ducks, some collapsed, others fluttering, and others spread out and whirled slowly down in airy circles. They had hardly settled when again the superhuman roar was heard:

"Parchment! Parchment!" and down pattered and sailed another flock of documents—another and another, some falling on the grass. Peter, the fire-headed imp, with his light body and horny hands, slid down the rope like a falling star, and then returned to the astounded group for more of the immediate settlement for the merchandise he had so delivered.

"Hush!" said Gerard; "you speak too loud. Gather them up and follow us to a safer place than this."

"Will you not come home with me, Gerard?"

"I have no home."

"You shall not my so, Gerard. Who is my welcome guest? Nay, you will be after this cruel wrong, to your father's house?"

"Father? I have no father," said Gi gard, sternly. "I have had that was just like a cursed my jailer. I have escaped from his hands; I will never come within his reach again."

"An enemy did this, and not our fa!" said Kate.

And she told him what she had over and Cornelis and Sybrandt say. But the injury was too recent for his heart to heal. Gerard showed a bitterness of indignation he had hitherto seemed incapable of.

"Cornelis and Sybrandt are two ill curs that have snapped at their teeth for a bone for a long while; but they could do no more. My father it is that gave that order, unconscious of my crime, or not have laid a finger on me, that am a free burgher of this town. So be it, then. I was his son, and I forgive him. He had power to punish shall play mine. Farewell the town where I was born and lived honestly, and not in prison. Which there is another town left in creation I'll never trouble you again, Tergou."

"But, my friend!" Gerard!"

Margaret whispered her, "Do not gainsay him now. Give him time to recover."

Kate turned quickly toward her. "Let me look at your face!" The inspection was favorable, it seemed, for she whispered, "I am a simple fool and no mischief-maker."

"Kate," said Margaret, in the same tone, "I could not be happy without your love as well as Gerard's."

"These are comfortable words," sobbed Kate. Then, looking up, she said, "I little thought to have you for a friend." If he is willing, that infirmity will not let me embrace you."

At this point Margaret turned gently round to Gerard's other hand, and kissed her lovingly.

"Often he has spoken of you to me, Kate, and often I longed for your like."

"You, too, Gerard," said Kate, "kiss me ere you go, for my heart lies heavy at parting with you this night."

Gerard kissed her, and she went on her crutches home. Giles, who had been out of sight, was by this patient sigh. Then the tears came and stood in the dwarf's great eyes, but Gerard was a man, and noticed it not.

As they turned to go to Sevenbergen the dwarf noticed the parchments in his hand, gathered, and sought remuneration.

Gerard dissuaded Gerard. "Why take what is not ours?"

"Oh! spoil an enemy how you can."

"Have you any use for money?"

"How can they? Think you I shall stay in Tergou after this? The Burgomaster robbed me of my liberty; I would take his life for it if I could."

"Oh fie, Gerard!"

"Fie or not, it is worth more than liberty? Well, I can't take his life, so I take the first thing that comes to hand."

He gave Giles a few small coins, with which the urchin was gladdened, and shuffled after his sister. Margaret and Gerard speedily joined by Martin, and away to Sevenbergen.

CHAPTER XVI.

GHYSBRECHT VAN SUTTEN kept the key of Gerard's prison in his pouch. He waited till ten days after he visited him; for he said to himself, "A little longer sometimes does well; it breaks them." At ten he crept up the stairs with a loaf and pitcher, followed by his trusty servant, well-armed. Ghysbrecht listened at the door. There was no sound inside. A grim smile stole over his features. "By this time he will be as down-hearted as Albert Koetstin was," thought he, and opened the door.

No Gerard.

Ghysbrecht stood stupefied.

Although his face was not visible, his body seemed to love all motion in so peculiar a way, and then after a little he fell scrambling in, that the servant behind him saw there was something amiss, and crept close to him, and peeped over his shoulder. At sight of the empty cell, and the rope, and iron bar, he uttered a loud exclamation of wonder; but his surprise doubled when his master, disregarding all else, suddenly flung himself on his knees before the empty chest, and felt wildly all over it with quivering hands, as if unwilling to trust his eyes in a matter so important.

The servant gazed at him in utter bewilderment.

"Why, master, what is the matter?"

Glyabrecht's pale lips worked as if he was going to answer; but they uttered no sound. His hands fell by his side, and he stared into the chest.

"Why, master, what avails glaring into that empty box? He is not there. See here! Note the cunning of the young rogue; he hath taken out the bar, and—"

"GONE! GONE! GONE!"

"Gone? What is gone? Holy saints! he is planet-struck!"

"STOP THIEF!" shrieked Glyabrecht, and suddenly turned on his servant and collared him, and shook him with rage. "D'ye stand there, knave, and see your master robbed? Run! fly! A hundred crowns to him that finds it me again. No, no! 'tis in vain. Oh, fool! fool! to leave that in the same room with him. But none ever found the secret spring before. None ever would but he. It was to be. It is to be. Lost! lost!" And his years and infirmity now gained the better of his short-lived frenzy, and he sank on the chest muttering "Lost! lost!"

"What is lost, master?" said the servant, kindly.

"House and lands and good name," groaned Glyabrecht, and wrung his hands feebly.

"What?" cried the servant.

This emphatic word, and the tone of eager curiosity, struck on Glyabrecht's ear, and revived his natural cunning.

"I have lost the town records," stammered he; and he looked askant at the man like a fox caught near a hen-roost.

"Oh, is that all?"

"Is't not enough? What will the burghers say to me? What will the burgh do?" Then he suddenly burst out again, "A hundred crowns to him who shall recover them; all, mind, all that were in this box. If one be missing I give nothing."

"Tis a bargain, master: the hundred crowns are in my pouch. Now you not that where Gerard Gerardsoen is, there are the pieces of Glyabrecht you rate so high?"

"That is true, that is true; good Dierich: good, faithful Dierich! All, mind, all that were in the chest."

"Master, I will take the constable to Gerard's house and seize him for the theft."

"The theft! I cry! I cry good! It is theft, I forgot that. So, as he is a thief now, we will put him in the dungeons below, where the toads are, and the rats. Dierich, that man must never see daylight again. 'Tis his own fault. He must be prying. Quick, quick! ere he hath time to hide, you know—time to talk."

In less than half an hour Dierich Brower and four constables entered the hosier's house and demanded young Gerard of the panic-stricken Catherina.

"Alas! what has he done now?" cried she; "that boy will break my heart."

"Nay, dame, but a trick of youth," said Dierich. "He hath but made off with certain skins of parchment—in a frolic, doubtless; but the Burgomaster is answerable to the burgh for their safe keeping, so he is in care about them; as for the youth, he will doubtless be quit for a reprimand."

This smooth speech completely imposed on Catherine; but her daughter was more suspicious, and that suspicion was strengthened by the disproportionate anger and disappointment Dierich showed the moment he learned Gerard was not at home—had not been at home that night.

"Come away, then," said he, roughly. "We are wasting time." He added, vehemently, "I'll find him if he is above ground."

Aflerlian sharpens the wits, and often it has made an innocent person more than a match for the wily. As Dierich was going out, Kate made him a signal she would speak with him privately. He bade his men go on, and waited outside the door. She joined him.

"Hush!" said she, "my mother knows not. Gerard has left Tergoo."

"How?"

"I saw him last night."

"Ay? Where?" cried Dierich, eagerly.

"At the foot of the haunted tower."

"How did he get the rope?"

"I know not; but this I know; my brother Gerard bade me there farewell, and he is many leagues from Tergoo at this. The town, you know, was always unworthy of him, and when it imprisoned him he vowed never to set foot in it again. Let the Burgomaster be content, then. He has imprisoned him, and he has driven him from his birthplace and from his native land. What need now to rob him and us of our good name?"

This might at another moment have struck Dierich as good sense; but he was too mortified at this escape of Gerard and the loss of a hundred crowns.

"What need had he to steal?" retorted he, bitterly.

Gerard stole not the trash: he but took it to spite the Burgomaster, who stole his liberty; but he shall answer to the Duke for it, he shall. Look in the nearest brook or sty, and maybe you shall find these skins of parchment you keep such a coil about."

"Think ye so, mistress?—think ye so?" And Dierich's eyes flashed. "Mayhap you know 'tis so."

"This I know that Gerard is too good to steal, and too wise to load himself with rubbish, going a journey."

"Give you good day, then," said Dierich, sharply. "The sheep-skin you scorn I value it more than the skin of any he in Tergoo."

And he went off hastily on a false scent.

Kate returned to the house and drew Giles aside.

"Giles, my heart misgives me: breathe not to a soul what I say to you. I have told Dirk Brower that Gerard is out of Holland, but much I doubt in his mind a league from Tergoo."

"Why, where is he, then?"

"Where should he be but with her he loves? But if so he must not loiter. Those he deep and dark and wicked men that seek him. Giles, I see in Dirk Brower's eye malice unrelish. I know not why can not I fly to Sevenbergen, and bid him away? Why am I not lazy and active like other girls? God forgive me for fretting at his will; but I never felt till now what it is to be lame and weak and useless. But you are strong, dear Giles," added she, coaxingly; "you are very strong."

"Yes, I am strong" (thumbed Pepusilles); then, catching sight of her meaning, "but I hate to go on foot," he added, sullenly.

"Ah! alas! who will help me if you will not? Dear Giles, do you not love Gerard?"

"Yes, I like him best of the lot. I'll go to Sevenbergen on Peter Buysken his mule. Ask you him, for he won't lend her me."

Kate remonstrated. The whole town would follow him. It would be known whither he was gone, and Gerard be in worse danger than before.

Giles parried this by promising to ride out of the town the opposite way, and not turn the mule's head toward Sevenbergen till he had got rid of the curious.

Kate then assented, and borrowed the mule. She charged Giles with a short but meaning message, and made him repeat it after her, over and over, till he could say it word for word.

Giles started on the mule, and little Kate retired, and did the last thing now in her power for sher-pelkes: loved brother; prayed on her knees long and earnestly for his safety.

CHAPTER XVII.

GERARD and Margaret went gayly to Sevenbergen in the first flush of recovered liberty and successful adventure. But these soon yielded to sadder thoughts. Neither of them attached any importance to the abstraction of the sher-pelkes; but Gerard was an escaped prisoner, and liable to be retaken and perhaps punished; and therefore he and Margaret would have to part for a time. Moreover he had conceived a hatred to his native place. Margaret wished him to leave the country for a while, but at the thought of his going to Italy her heart fainted. Gerard, on the contrary, was reconciled to leaving Margaret only by his desire to visit Italy, and his strong conviction that there he should earn money and reputation, and renew every obstacle to their marriage. He had already told her all that the demoiselle Van Eyck had said to him. He repeated it, and reminded Margaret that the gold pieces were only given him to go to Italy with. The journey to Italy was clearly for Gerard's interest. He was a craftsman and an artist, less in this fourth place. In Italy they would know how to value him. On this ground, above all, the unselfish girl gave her consent; but many tender cares came with it, and at that Gerard, young and loving as herself, cried bitterly with her, and often they asked one another what they had done that so many different persons should be their enemies, and combine, as it seemed, to part them.

They sat hand in hand till midnight, now discussing their hard fate, now drawing bright and hopeful pictures of the future, in the midst of which Margaret's tears would suddenly flow, and then poor Gerard's courage would die away in a sigh.

The morning found them resigned to part, but neither had slept a wink; they were both much in doubt whether the hour of parting ever would have struck.

But about three in the afternoon, Giles, who had made a circuit of many miles to avoid suspicion, rode up to the door. They had been out to him, eager with curiosity. He soon turned that light feeling to dismay.

"Brother Gerard," cried he, in his tremendous tones, "Kate bids you run for your life. They charge you with theft. I am sure given them a handle. Think not to explain. Hope not for justice in Tergoo." The parchments you took they are but a blind. She hath seen your death in the men's eyes: a price is on your head. Fly! For Margaret's sake, and all who love you, loiter not life away, but fly!"

It was a thunder-clap, and left two pale faces looking at one another, awe-struck.

All the constables were at out-house and door, and so was Dirk Brower. Kate is wise, Gerard. Best give ear to her rede, and fly."

"Oh, yes, Gerard," cried Margaret, wildly. "Fly on the instant. Ah! those parchments; my mind misgave me: why did I let you take them?"

"Margaret," said he, but a blank: Gallsorrow no matter, the old caitiff shall never see them more. Fly! I will not fly. Where is the treasure where he shall never find it." Gerard then, after thanking Giles warmly, bade him farewell, and told him to go back and tell Kate he was gone. "For I shall be gone, my own, much hence," said he. He shouted for Martin; and told him what had happened, and begged him to go a little way toward Tergoo, and watch the road.

"Ay! and Martin," said he, "and if I see Dirk Brower, or any of his men, I will shoot an arrow into the oak-tree that is in our garden, and on that you must run into the forest hard by, and meet me at the weird hunter's spring. Then I will guide you through the wood."

Surprise thus provided against, Gerard breathed again. He went with Margaret, and father of Peter and Glyabrecht.

"Why this is as much yours as his," said Gerard. "I will read this."

"Oh, not now, Gerard, not now," cried Margaret. "Every moment you lose fills us with fear;" and see, large drops of rain are beginning to fall, and the clouds lower."

Gerard yielded to this remonstrance: but he put the deed into his bosom, and threw the earth in over the others and stamped it down. While that employed there came a flash of lightning, followed by a peal of distant thunder, and the rain came down heavily. Margaret and Gerard ran into the house, whither they were speedily followed by Martin.

"The road is clear," said he, "and a heavy storm coming on."

His words proved true. The thunder came nearer and nearer till it crashed overhead: the flashes followed one another close, like the strokes of a whip, and the rain fell in torrents. Margaret hid her face not to see the lightning. On this, Gerard put up the rough shutter, and lighted a candle. The lovers consulted together, and Gerard blessed the storm that gave him a few hours more with Margaret. The sun set unperceived, and still the thunder pealed, and the lightning flashed, and the rain poured. Supper was set; but Gerard and Margaret could not eat: the longest task this was the last time they should sup together choked them. The storm lulled a little. Peter retired to rest. But Gerard was to go at peep of day, and neither he nor Margaret could afford to lose an hour in sleep. Martin sat up a little, too, for he was fitting a new string to his bow, a matter in which he was very nice.

The lovers murmured their sorrows and their love beside him.

Suddenly the old man held up his hand to them to be silent.

They were quiet and listened, and heard nothing. But the next moment a footstep crackled faintly upon the autumn leaves that lay strewn in the garden at the back door of the house. To them who had nothing to fear such a step would have said nothing: but to those who had enemies it was terrible. For it was a foot trying to be noiseless.

Martin fitted an arrow to his string, and hastily blew out the candle. At this moment, to their horror, they heard more than one footstep approach the other door of the cottage, not quite so noiselessly as the other, but very stealthily—and then a dead pause. Their blood almost froze in their veins.

"Oh, Kate! oh, Kate! She said, fly on the instant!" And Margaret moaned and wrung her hands in anguish and terror and will remorse.

"Hush, girl!" said Martin, in a stern whisper; and even at that moment a heavy knock fell on the door.

POPE PIUS THE NINTH.

WE give herewith a correct portrait of the Pope, from a late photograph. A few years ago portraits of Pius were common enough. Latterly, since the French occupation of Rome, his popularity has declined, and his face has ceased to be an object of attraction. Now, once more, the Napoleonic scheme of an Italian Confederation with the Pope at its head has revived the interest once felt in the successor of St. Peter. Not a few, moreover, may feel some curiosity to behold the features of the man who, though Vicar of Christ, ordered and approved the infamous massacre of Perugia.

Pope Pius the Ninth was born at Sengaglia in 1792, and is consequently, at the present time, sixty-seven years old. His family was ancient and wealthy; his name is Mastai Ferretti. In early youth he was destined for the army, and it is said he thought that he had been almost born to serve some time in a regiment of dragoons. However this be, he fell in love, when a very young man, with a beautiful English girl, who refused to marry him unless he would become a Protestant. Declining to pay this price for a wife, and unable to bear the mortification of losing her he loved, Mastai resigned his ambition, entered the Church, and won golden opinions by his fervor, zeal, and intelligence. At the age of thirty he was dispatched to Chili to reorganize the Church there, which had been thrown into disorder by the revolution. His mission he fulfilled with such success that, on his return, he was intrusted with an important post in the government at Rome. He

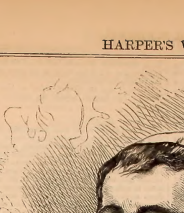
shortly afterward became Papal nuncio at Naples. There he won no little fame by the courage and disinterested kindness which he displayed toward the sick; the cholera was raging among the lazzaroni, and many priests, overcome by terror, refused to perform their offices to the dying. Mastai not only spent his whole time at the bedside of the sufferers, but sold his plate and carriages and devoted the money to their use; preferring, as he said, "to walk on foot so long as the poor of Jesus were dying in the streets."

Under Gregory XVI. Mastai Ferretti, who had been appointed a cardinal, administered the diocese of Imola, in the Romagna, and by his skill and conciliatory policy contrived to soothe much of the discontent which prevailed in that region. On Gregory's death he was summoned to Rome to assist at the conclave which was to elect a new Pope. It was generally understood that Gregory's successor was to be Cardinal Lambruschini; Cardinal Ferretti was one of the warmest friends. On the third ballot he was elected Pope. His excitement when, to scrutineer, he made the astounding discovery, was so great that he fainted.

As pope Pius IX. commenced his career nobly. He liberated the thousands of political prisoners who had been thrown into jail by Gregory. He reformed many departments of the Government. He encouraged the national Italian feeling. He spoke openly against the Austrian domination. He saved a state for the head of the Church attracted the world's attention. Pius became the most popular man in Europe, and the excitable Italian people ripened for revolt. The French revolution of 1848 kindled the flame. Then Pius tried to stem the tide by reactionary measures. It was too late. He refused to be a party to any revolutionary proceedings, and provoked the most unpopular noble in Rome—Count Rossi—to be his Prime Minister. It was fatal. The Romans rose, murdered Rossi, took the government into their own hands, and imprisoned the Pope, who was only so glad to fly, soon after, afterward, in the disguise of a Bavarian valet.

He made his escape to Gaeta, where, for some months, he held his court. At length, the Austrians and their despotic allies having begun to crush out revolution, Pius was rescued by the French and Neapolitans. Ever since then he has been upheld on his throne by a French army. Now the French to leave Rome the old man's head would not be safe for an instant.

It is said by Monsieur About, who knows more about Rome than any other author of the day, that the Pope is a good man, but weak, and entirely controlled by Antonelli, who is the type of a sensual, narrow-minded, ruffianly tyrant. Certain it is that the recent policy of the Pope has not in any way confirmed the promise of his early career. His sympathies in the late contest were ever manifested on the side of oppression and bigotry, and opposed to the spirit of Italian independence. Nothing could have been written more absurd or more false in spirit than his proclamations after the massacre at Perugia, and his manifesto against his subjects in the Romagna. There are many who think that the Pope's condition will be improved by the adoption of Napoleon's plan for a Confederacy with Pius at its head. We are not of this number. Napoleon can well enough thwart the Pope's temporal authority has become intolerable. By-and-by, when he has accepted his new dignity, we shall probably see him quietly stripped of the temporal power which he has so shamefully abused, and his people freed from the worst despotism on earth.



POPE PIUS THE NINTH.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

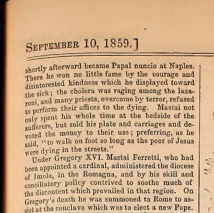
By CHARLES DICKENS.

BOOK II.

THE GOLDEN THREAD.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE SEA STILL RISES.



HAGGARD Saint Antoine had had only one exultant week in which to soften his modicum of hard and bitter bread, to such extent as he could, with the relish of fraternal embraces and congratulations, when Madame Defarge sat at her counter, as usual, presiding over the customers. Madame Defarge wore no rose in her head, for the great brotherhood of Spies had become, even in one short week, extremely chary of trusting themselves to the Saint's mercies. The lamps across his streets had a portentously elastic swing with them.

Madame Defarge, with her arms folded, sat in the morning light and heat, contemplating the wine-shop and the street. In both there were several knots of loungers, equally and unusually quiet, but with a manifest sense of power enthroned on their distress. The raggedest nightcap, awry on the weariest head, had this crooked significance in it: "I know how hard it has grown for me, the wearer of this, to support life in you?" Every lean, bare arm, that had been without work before, had this work always ready for it now, that it could strike. The fingers of the knitting women were vicious, with the experience that they could tear. There was a change in the appearance of Saint Antoine; the image had been hammering into it for hundreds of years, and the last finishing blows had told mightily on the expression.

Madame Defarge sat observing it, with such suppressed approval as was to be desired in the leader of the Saint Antoine women. One of her sisterhood knitted beside her. The short, rather plump wife of a starved grocer, and the mother of two children withal, this lieutenant had already assumed the complimentary name of The Vengeance.

"Hark!" said The Vengeance. "Listen, then! Who comes?"

As if a train of powder, laid from the outermost bound of the Saint Antoine Quarter to the wine-shop door, had been suddenly fired, a fast-spreading murmur came rushing along.

"It is Defarge," said madame. "Silence, patriots!"

Defarge came in breathless, pulled off a red cap he wore, and looked around him. "Listen, everywhere!" said madame, again. "Listen to him!" Defarge stood, panting, against a back-ground of eager eyes and open mouths, formed outside the door; all those within the wine-shop had sprung to their feet.

"Say then, my husband. What is it?"

"News from the other world!"

"How, then?" cried madame, contemptuously. "The other world?"

"Does every body here recall old Foulon, who said the famished people that they might eat grass, and who died and went to Hell?"

"Every body!" from all throats.

"The news is of him. He is among us!"

"Among us!" from the universal throat again. "And dead?"

"Not dead! He feared us so much—and with reason—that he caused himself to be represented as dead, and had a grand mock-funeral. But they have found him alive, hiding in the country, and have brought him in. I have seen him but now, on his way to the Hôtel de Ville, a prisoner. I have said that he had reason to fear us. Say all! *Had* he reason?"

Wretched old sinner of more then threescore years and ten! if he had never known it yet, he would have known it in his heart of hearts if he could have heard the answering cry.

A moment of profound silence followed. Defarge and his wife looked steadfastly at one another. The Vengeance stooped, and the jar of a drum was heard as she moved it at her feet behind the counter.

"Patriots!" said Defarge, in a determined voice, "are we ready?"

Instantly Madame Defarge's knife was in her girdle; the drum was beating in the streets, as if it and a drummer had been together by magic; and The Vengeance, uttering terrific shrieks, and flinging her arms about her head like all the forty Furies at once, was tearing from house to house, rousing the women.

The men were terrible in the bloody-minded anger with which they looked from windows, caught up what arms they had, and came pouring down into the streets; but the women were a sight to chill the boldest. From such household occupations as their bare poverty yielded, from their children, from their aged and their sick crouching on the bare ground famished and naked, they ran out with streaming hair, urging one another and themselves to madness with the wildest cries and actions. Villain Foulon taken, my sister! Old Foulon taken, my mother! Miscreant Foulon taken, my daughter! Then a score of others ran into the midst of these, beating their breasts, tearing their hair, and screaming, Foulon alive! Foulon who told the starving people they might eat grass! Foulon who told my old father that he might eat grass, when I had no bread to give him! Foulon who told my baby it might suck grass, when these breasts were dry with want! O mother of God, this Foulon! O Heaven, our suffering! Hear me, my dead baby and my withered father: I swear on my knees, on these stones, to avenge you on Foulon! Husbands, and brothers, and young men, Give us the blood of Foulon, Give us the head of Foulon, Give us the heart of Foulon, Give us the body and soul of Foulon, Rend Foulon to pieces, and dig him into the ground, that grass may grow from him! With these cries numbers of the women, lashed into blind frenzy, whirled about, striking and tearing at their own friends until they dropped in a passionate swoon, and were only saved by the men belonging to them from being trampled under foot.

Nevertheless, not a moment was lost; not a moment! This Foulon was at the Hôtel de Ville, and might be loosed! Armed men and Saint Antoine knew his own sufferings, insults, and wrongs! Armed men and women flocked out of the Quarter so fast, and drew even those last dregs after them with such a force of suction, that within a quarter of an hour there was not a human creature in Saint Antoine's bosom but a few old crones and the wailing children.

No. They were all by that time choking the Hall of examination where this old man, ugly and wicked, was, and overflowing into the adjacent open space and streets. The Defarges, husband and wife, The Vengeance, and Jacques Three, were in the first press, and at the great distance from him in the Hall.

"See!" cried madame, pointing with her knife. "See the old villain bound with ropes. That was well done to tie a bunch of grass upon his back. Ha, ha! That was well done. Let him eat it now!" Madame put her knife under her arm, and folded her hands as in a play.

The people immediately behind Madame Defarge, explaining the cause of her satisfaction to those behind them, and those again explaining to others, and those to others, the neighboring streets resounded with the clapping of hands. Similarly, during two or three hours of drawl, and the winnowing of many bushels of words, Madame Defarge's frequent expressions of impatience were taken up, with marvelous quickness, at a distance: the more readily because certain men, who had by some wonderful exercise of agility climbed up the external architecture to look in from the windows, knew Madame Defarge well, and acted as a telegraph between her and the crowd outside the building.

At length the sun rose so high that it struck a kindly ray, as of hope or protection, directly down upon the old prisoner's head. The favor was too much to bear; in an instant the barrier of dust and chaff that had stood surprisingly long went to the winds, and Saint Antoine had got him!

It was known directly to the furthest confines of the crowd. Defarge had but sprung over a railing and a table, and folded the miserable wretch in a deadly embrace—Madame Defarge had but folded her arms, and turned her hand in one of the ropes with which he was tied—The Vengeance and Jacques Three were not yet up with them, but the men at the window had not yet swooped into the Hall, like birds of prey,

"HE TOOK OUT A BLACKENED PIPE."

from their high perches—when the cry seemed to go up, all over the city, "Bring him out! Bring him to the lamp!"

Down, and up, and head foremost on the steps of the building; now, on his knees; now, on his feet; now, on his back; dragged, and struck at, and stifled by the bunches of grass and straw that were thrust into his face by hundreds of hands; torn, bruised, panting, bleeding, yet always entreating and beseeching for mercy—in all of vehement agony of action, with a small clear space about him as the people drew one another back that they might see; now, a log of dead wood drawn through a forest of legs; he was hauled to the nearest street corner where one of the fatal lamps swung, and there Madame Defarge let him go—as a cat might let a mouse go—and silently and composedly looked at him while they made all ready and while he remained for the women passionately screeching at him all the time, and the men sternly calling out to have him held with grass in his mouth. Then, he went aloft, and the rope broke, and they caught him shrieking; twice, he went aloft, and the rope broke, and they caught him shrieking; then, the rope was mercifully and held him, and his head was not yet upon a pike, but high enough in the mouth for all Saint Antoine to dance at the sight of."

Nor was this the end of the day's bad work, for Saint Antoine so shouted and danced the angry tune that it led to trouble afterwards, bearing when the day closed in that the son-in-law of the despatched, another of the people's enemies and insulters, was coming into Paris under a guard five hundred strong, in cavalry alone. Saint Antoine wore the branches, this darling object of paper, seized him—would have torn him out of the midst of an army of the best—in small company—set his head and heart on pikes, and carried the three spoils of the day in Wolf-procession through the streets.

Not before dark night did the men and women come back to the children, who were breathless. Then the miserable bakers' shops were beset by long files of them, patiently waiting for so long bad and; and when the sky was veiled with stomachs faint and empty, they beguiled the time by embracing one another on account of the triumphs of the day, and achieving them again in gossip. Gradually these strings of ragged people shortened and fell into knots, and then poor blighted things were to be seen in high windows, and since fire fires were to be seen at doors, at which neighbors cooked in common, afterward supping at their doors.

Scarce and insufficient suppers those, and innocent of meat, as of most other sauce to wretched bread. Yet human fellowship sweetened even nourishment into the finny viands, and struck some spark of cheerfulness out of them. Then came and mothers, who had had their full share in the worst of the day, played gently with their meagre children, who, tired out, fell asleep and so passed from before them, loved and hoped.

It was always evening when Defarge's wine-shop parted with its last knot of customers, and Monsieur Defarge said to madame his wife, in husky tones, while fastening the door:

"At last it is come, my dear!"

"It will be welcome, monsieur." "Almost."

Saint Antoine slept, the Defarges slept; even The Vengeance slept with her starved grocer, and the drum was at rest. The drum's was the only voice in Saint Antoine that should and hurry had not stopped. The tocsin, appointed to sunsolon of the drum, could have wakened him up and had the same speech out of him as before the Bastile fell or old Foulon was seen with a bundle of hay in his mouth, and the women in Saint Antoine's bosom.

CHAPTER XXIII.

FIRE RISES.

There was a change on the village where the fountain fell, and where the mender of roads went forth daily to hammer out of the stones on the highway such morsels of bread as might serve for grass and leaf, his poor grandmother and his poor reduced body together. The prison on the crag was not so dominant as of yore; there were seen to guard it, labourers repairing there were officers to guard the soldiers, but not one of them was what his nose was there to suspect and think that it would probably not be what he was employed as.

Far and wide lay a ruined country yielding nothing but desolation. Every green leaf, every blade of grass and cake of earth seemed shriveled and poor as the miserable people. Every thing was burned, down, dejected, oppressed, and broken. Habitations, fields, domestic animals, men, women, children, and the soil that bore them, all worn out.

Monsigneur was undoubtedly a national blessing, a gentleman of a chivalrous tone to things, a polite example of luxurious and weeding life, and a great deal more to equal purpose; nevertheless Monsigneur as a class, somehow or other, brought things to this. Strange that Creation, favouring especially for Monsigneur, should be so soon wrung dry and squeezed out! There must be something short-sighted in the eternal arrangements surely! But, there it was: over; and the last drop of blood having been extracted from the flint, and the last screw of the rack having been turned so often that its purchase crumbled, and it now turned and turned with nothing to bite, Monsigneur began to run away from a phenomenon so low and unaccountable.

But this was not the change on the village, and on many a village like it. For scores of years gone by Monsigneur had squeezed it and wrung it to his heart's content, and had seldom graced it with his presence except for the pleasures of the chase—now found in hunting the people; now found in hunting the bears, for whose preservation Monsigneur made edifying spaces of barbarous and barren wilderness. No. The change consisted in the appearance of strange faces of low caste, rather than in the disappearance of the high-caste faces, and the rise in the beautiful and bestifying features of Monsigneur.

For in these times, as the mender of roads worked, solitary, in the dust, not often troubling himself to reflect that dust he was kneading in two water, being for the most part too much occupied in thinking how little he had for it and how much he wanted it, looked at it as he had it—in these times, as he raised his eyes from his lonely work and viewed things around, he would see some rough figure approaching on foot, the like of which was once a rarity in those parts, but was now a frequent presence. As it advanced the mender of roads would discern that it was a shabby man of rough and homely man, of almost barbarian aspect, tall, in wooden shoes that were clumsy even to the eyes of a mender of roads, grim, swarthy, unkempt, ragged in the mud and dust of many highways, dark with the sunburn of summer and winter, and sprinkled with the thorns and leaves and moss of many by-ways through woods.

Such a man would come with, like a ghost, at noon in the July weather, as he sat on his heap of stones under a bank, taking such shelter as he could get from a shower of hail.

The man looked at him, locked at the village in the hollow and the mill, and the prison on the crag. When he had identified these objects in what he brought with him, he said, in a dialect that was just intelligible:

"How goes it, Jacques?"

"All well, brother!"

"Touch then!"

They joined hands, and the man sat down on the heap of stones.

"No chance?"

"Nothing but supper now," said the mender of roads, with a hungry face.

"It is the humour," grumbled the man. "I meet no dinner any where."

He took out a blackened pipe, filled it, lighted it at a match, and smoked, pulled at it until he was in a bright glow: then suddenly held it from his mouth and spoke, stretching the arm between his finger and thumb, that blazed and went out in a puff of smoke.

"Show me!" he said, with a turn of the mender of roads to say it this time, after observing those operations. They again joined hands.

"To-night?" said the mender of roads.

"To-night," said the man, putting the pipe into his mouth.

"Where?"

"Here."

He and the mender of roads sat on the heap of stones looking silently at one another, with the hot light of midsummer on the dry, stony ruins of the village, and the sky began to clear over the village.

"Show me!" said the traveler then, moving to the brow of the hill.

The mender of roads the mender of roads, with extended finger. "You go down here, and straight through the village, and past the fountain—"

"To the Devil with all that!" interrupted the other, rolling his eyes over the landscape. "I go through no streets and past no fountains. Which?"

"Well! About two leagues beyond the summit of that hill above the village."

"Good. When do you work?"

"At sunset."

"What! You will wake me before departing? I have walked two nights without resting. Let me finish my pipe, and I shall sleep like a child. Will you wake me?"

"Surely."

The stranger smoked his pipe out, put it in his breast, slipped off his great wooden shoes, and lay down on his back on the heap of stones. He was fast asleep directly.

As the road-mender plod his dusty labor, and the stranger lay asleep, the pair on the heap of bars and streaks of sky which were responded to by silver gleams upon the landscape, the little man who wore a red cap on the back of his blue cosy seemed fascinated by the figure that lay sleeping on the heap. He seemed to be turned toward it that he used his tools mechanically; and, one would have said, to very poor account. The bronze face, the rough swarthy hair and beard, the coarse woolen red cap, the rough hempen frock of home-spun stuff and hempen skins of beasts, the powerful frame attenuated by spare living, and the sullen and desperate expression of the lips in sleep, inspired the mender of roads with awe. The traveler had travelled far, by all indications; certainly far on ankles chafed and bleeding; his great shoes, stuffed with leaves and grass, had been tied to his feet with hempen cords, that had now mostly given to the track or were cut to pieces by the stones. Stockings, soft once, had long since yielded to the same fate. Hands and face, neck and body, were bruised, scratched, and torn; and the dust of many highways, dark in the sunburn, lay thick upon him.

Who was this man? thought the mender of roads, one hand on his heap of stones. Was he a messenger from the village? Was he broken out of the prison on the crag? Was he a soldier? Was he a deserter? Was he a bandit? Was he some one who had taken life in a quarrel? He might be any thing that was bad, but he looked like a man to whom violence was familiar. Public violence, rather than private, for in his sleep he had the air of one who was used to be waited on, not of one who waited on himself.

Then the mender of roads, having got his tools together and all things ready to go down into the village, roused him.

"Good!" said the sleeper, rising on his elbow. "Two leagues beyond the summit of the hill?"

"About."

"About. Good!"

The mender of roads went home, with the dust going on before him according to the set of the wind, and was soon at the fountain, squeezing himself carefully through the crowd gathered there for drink, and appearing even to whisper to them in his passage. He remained there, however, but a few moments, to take his poor supper it did not creep to bed, as it usually did, but came out of doors again, and remained there. A certain contagion of whispering was upon it, and also upon the gathered groups at the doors of houses, in the dark, another curious contagion of looking expectantly at the sky in one direction only. Monsieur Defarge, as the mender of roads happened to see, was not among the people out, but his wife was, and so was the bronze woman, and so were many women whom he knew. Some of these were at their doors, but the majority were in the street. Instead of going to bed, or lighting candles within doors, the people of the village were enjoying the coolness of the outside air.

The village had its little wine-shop, since the mender of roads went to work in it, as usual. Thither he directed his way, purposing to drink, and appearing even to whisper to them in his passage. He came out presently, with a jug of wine, and took it to his place of work, and other workers resorted thither and brought drinking vessels, and shared it in little knots.

Monsieur Defarge, prominent in the midst of these knots, was drinking and talking with the rest, when the mender of roads went by him, and hailed him by name, as a friend whom he expected to see shortly.

Monsieur Defarge responded, and sauntered over to where he sat on his stones, and stood over him, talking.

"Show me!" said the traveler, when he came within hearing.

"Show me!" said the mender of roads, with a stretched

GOLD PENS.

Gold PENS, Gold Pencils, &c., &c.

John Foley,
MANUFACTURER,
161 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK.

GOLD PENS MADE TO ORDER.
FOR THE TRADE,
AT PROM
$2 to $40
PER DOZ.
Orders respectfully solicited.

BLAKEMAN & MASON,
No. 420 Broadway, N. Y.,
Will publish, Sept. 20,
REPRESENTATIVE MEN OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.
By Rev. C. Bedell, D.D., of Troy.
1 vol. 12mo. Price $1.
Uniform with Dr. Baldwin's volume of "Representative Women," recently published, of which 8,000 copies have been sold.

THE LOST AND FOUND; Or, LIFE AMONG THE POOR. By Samuel B. Halsey. 1 vol. 12mo. Muslin. Price $1.

Now Ready:
WORDS OF JESUS AND FAITHFUL PROMISER. By the author of "Morning and Night Watches."
1 vol. 12mo. Muslin. Price $1.
The volumes last described are published by Dellenbaugh & Procter.

WEE, WEE SONGS FOR OUR LITTLE PETS.
By Lyle Lee.
Illus. Fancy muslin. Beautifully illustrated. Price 50 cents.
"A treasury of juvenile melodies that, repeated by little lisping lips, or sung by little voices, will fill the house with music like the sound of a flock."—The Examiner.

SOYER'S SULTANA SAUCE.
"The Chef D'Œuvre of Soyer."
MANUFACTURED BY CROSS & BLACKWELL, LONDON,
FROM SOYER'S ORIGINAL RECIPE
For sale by all Grocers and Fruit Dealers.
Sole Agent, G. CARPENTIER,
217 Fulton Street.

NOW READY:
THE COMPLETE HISTORY OF THE
WAR IN ITALY.
PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED WITH
MAPS AND ENGRAVINGS.
Price, handsomely bound, $1.00. Sent post paid.
Agents wanted in all parts of the United States and Canada. Address G. WILLIS,
Cor. PARK ROW and Beekman Street.

Skeleton Skirts.
The largest and best stock of Skeleton Skirts in the city. To which attention is invited.
Manufactured by
FECK BROTHERS,
61 Chambers Street.

Grover & Baker's
Celebrated Noiseless
Family Sewing Machines,
At Reduced Prices.
495 Broadway, New York; 18 Summer Street, Boston; 730 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia; 181 Baltimore Street, Baltimore; 79 West Fourth Street, Cincinnati; 119 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.
SEND FOR A CIRCULAR.

THE ECONOMIST
COOKING STOVE,
FOR WOOD OR COAL,
WITH A SAND OVEN.
This is the most valuable improvement that has been made in Cooking Stoves during the past twenty years.
THE SAND OVEN
Equalizes the heat on the same principle as the Dutch Oven of which it is a modification.
THE SAND OVEN
Retains the heat long after the fire has gone out.
THE ECONOMIST
Warms the Sand Oven, in ahead of all competitors; Wins the Sand Oven, in a shorter time.
THE ECONOMIST
Is the most economical and durable Stove in the world.
THE ECONOMIST
Has a most perfect arrangement for broiling.
THE ECONOMIST
Heats water for the bathing Room, &c., as quickly as any Range, and will keep it hot for half a day.
Not liable to smoke it! It is manufactured by W. & J. TREADWELL, PERRY & NORTON, ALBANY, N.Y.
And for sale everywhere.

ELLIOT & PATTEN—Examine Inventions and procure American and Foreign Patents. Peculiar agency opposite main entrance of Patent Office Building, Washington City, D. C.

RIMMEL'S WHITE ALMOND SOAP and FAMILY BAR SOAP are confidently recommended for their excellent properties and delightful scents.
Sold by all the Trade.
E. RIMMEL, *Perfumer, Leviden and Paris.*

New Works. In Press.
I.
FOOTFALLS ON THE BORDER OF ANOTHER WORLD.
One vol. 12mo.
By Hon. ROBERT DALE OWEN,
Late Minister to Naples.
II.
A NEW NOVEL,
By the Author of "Queenby" and "Wide, Wide World."
III.
THE RIVALS.
A new WORK by Mrs. CAROLINE CLEMENT.
Just Published:
I.
FORTY-FOUR YEARS OF A HUNTER'S LIFE.
Being the Reminiscences of WILLIAM WELLS, of Maryland Hunter, roughly written down by Himself. Edited and Illustrated by EDWARD STABLER.
1 vol. 12mo. Price $1.25.
II.
THE WORKS OF REV. JOHN P. KENNEDY.
Comprising
HORSE-SHOE ROBINSON. 1 vol.
ROB OF THE BOWL. 1 vol.
SWALLOW BARN. 1 vol.
Uniform Edition, $1 25 per vol.
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., Publishers,
Philadelphia.

Rockland
Female Institute.
NYACK, ON THE HUDSON, N. Y.
This is a Ladies' Seminary of the highest order, situated in a most beautiful and healthy location, directly on the Hudson River, near New City. For Catalogues and Circulars, or further particulars, address
REV. A. MANSFIELD, Principals.
P. S.—The next Annual Session begins Sept. 6th.

"ROUND HILL WATER CURE, at Northampton, Mass.—Now ready, and with the utmost assent of all who have ever visited this charming spot, renowned for its beauty and healthfulness. The scenery is of unrivaled beauty; valley, hill, and river give it inimitable attractions. The Hotel is well kept, containing every accommodation for guests, as well for their comfort as recreation. Terms, $7 per week.

THE HUMAN VOICE; its right Management in Speaking and Reading, Principles of True Eloquence, Functions of the Vocal Organs—Motion of Letters and Words—Inflection, Force, and Melody—Accordes of Vocal and Articulating Organs—Origin and Construction of Language—Psychology—Physiology of Delivery—Remedial Effects of Reading, Speaking, &c.
A series of articles—to be completed in four numbers—commenced in the SATURDAY EVENING JOURNAL for September.
Also, Health-Water-Cure in France; Hydropathy; Fever; Water Cure Journal; Jacobs; Sore Eyes; Nervous Debility; Flies; Proper Food for Women; Saint Vitus's Dance, &c., &c., by the same author, now ready. Terms $1 a year, or 10 cents a number.
SPECIAL NOTICE.—The WATER-CURE JOURNAL will be sent four months for 25 cents, commencing with September. Address FOWLER & WELLS, No. 308 Broadway, New York.

THE NEW NOVELS.
A LIFE FOR A LIFE. By the Author of "John Halifax," "The Ogilvies," "The Head of the Family," &c. &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents; Muslin, $1 00. Also, in fine uniform with the Library Edition of "John Halifax." 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

MY THIRD BOOK. A Collection of Tales. By Lucien Chambers Moulton, Author of "Ned Myers," "Ned, an Only Child," and "Ned Allen." 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

HENRY ST. JOHN, Gentleman, of Flower of Hundreds, in the County of Prince George, Virginia. A Tale of Colonial Days. By Mary Cooke, Author of "Leather Stocking and Silk;" "The Virginia Comedians," &c. 2 vols. 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

WALTER THORNLEY; or, A Peep at the Past. By the Author of "Allen Prescott" and "Alida" (Mrs. Hentz's Novels). 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

THE BERTRAMS. A Novel. By Anthony Trollope, Author of "Doctor Thorne," "Framley Parsonage," &c.

THE GYPSY GITTERALDA. "The Chevalier." A Novel. By Charles Lever, Author of "Charles O'Malley," "Jack Hinton," "Harry Lorrequer," "Sir Jasper Carew," "Maurice Tierney," &c. Complete in One Volume. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

ADAM BEDE. A Novel. By George Eliot, Author of "Scenes of Clerical Life." 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG. A Novel. By Charles Reade, Author of "A Good Fight," "Christie Johnstone," "Peg Woffington," "Never Too Late to Mend," &c. 12mo, Muslin, 75 cents; Paper, 50 cents.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT? By Pierrepont Cayton. A Novel. By Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, Bart., Author of "Pelham," "Night and Morning," "The Caxtons," "Pelham," "Night and Morning," "My Novel," &c. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents; Muslin, $1 00.

THE ROMANCE AND ITS HERO. By the Author of "Magdalen Stafford." 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

THE LAIRD OF NORLAW. A Scottish Story. By the Author of "Margaret Maitland," "The Days of My Life," &c. 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

THE OLD PLANTATION, and What I Gathered There in an Autumn Month. By James Hungerford, of Virginia. 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

SYLVAN HOLT'S DAUGHTER. A Novel. By Holme Lee, Author of "Kathie Brande." 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

MY LADY LUDDLOW. A Novel. By Mrs. Gaskell, Author of "Mary Barton," "North and South," "Cranford," "The Moorland Cottage, &c. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

TRUMPS. A Novel. By George William Curtis. In course of publication in Harper's Weekly. Illustrated by Hoppin. Five Cents a Number.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES. A Novel. By Charles Dickens. Beautifully Illustrated. In course of publication in Harper's Weekly. Five Cents a Number.

Published by **HARPER & BROTHERS,**
Franklin Square, New York.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS will send either of the above NEW WORKS by mail, postage paid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the Money.

TO SOUTHERN MERCHANTS.
HARNDEN'S EXPRESS
LEAVES STEET
TUESDAY, THURSDAY AND SATURDAY,
AT EVENING,
FOR SAVANNAH,
Thence, by Georgia Central Railroad, to
MACON, MEMPHIS, ATLANTA,
AUGUSTA, MOBILE, KNOXVILLE,
NASHVILLE, COLUMBUS, MONTGOMERY,
NEW ORLEANS,
And all Towns in the interior of
Georgia, Alabama and Tennessee.
Every description of merchandize forwarded at Low rates, and delivered with promptness and despatch.
For further particulars apply at the offices of
HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, **74** Broadway.

HARD TIMES NO MORE.—ANY Lady or Gentleman in the United States, possessing Pen, Ink and Paper, can, by a little an easy and respectable business, by which from $5 to $10 per day can be realized. For particulars, inclose 10 cents with stamp.
W. B. AUTON & CO., 41 North SIXTH Street, Philadelphia.

MISS HAINES
Respectfully informs her friends and the public that her School,
No. 10 GRAMMERCY PARK,
Will RE-OPEN on the 1st of SEPT.
Will commence on Tuesday, Sept. 20.
A parental attendance of her pupils is required.
Those who have exhibited a want of attention to Miss HAINES in past years, may be assured of her continued efforts to merit a continuance of her usefulness, and to secure the confidence of those who appreciate education. She has the aid of teachers of acknowledged talents, and is in the most settled state of existence, as much as possible, to the personal happiness, as well as moral and intellectual improvement, of those committed to their care.

HEALTH, HAPPINESS, and LONG LIFE.—The WATER-CURE JOURNAL and HERALD OF HEALTH will be sent to subscribers four months for 25 cents, from the September number, now ready—for 25 cents.
FOWLER & WELLS, New York.

PROTESTANT FRENCH INSTITUTE for YOUNG GENTLEMEN, in New York, No. 46 Bond Street, near Broadway Park. Boarding and Day School, Classical and Commercial. This institution will be opened on the 15th of September. It presents a thorough course of instruction in all its branches, from the Rudiments to the highest languages. The French is the language of the school. Comfortable accommodations for a limited number of boys, who, with individuals, the names of my pupils can be given as references. Mr. ELIE CHARLES DUNOIR, Director.
References: Paris, Rev. Dr. F. Monod.
Geneva, Rev. Dr. Merle d'Aubigné.
Washington, Hon. Lewis Cass, Secretary of State.
New York, Rev. Dr. Adams.
Princeton, Prof. A. Guyot.
Do. Prof. Joseph Henry, President of Columbia College.
Rev. Dr. I. Ferris, Chancellor of the N. Y. University.
Rev. Dr. Krebs.
Rev. Dr. F. Hawks.

Singer's Sewing Machines.
Are superior for all manufacturing purposes.
Are more desirable for all kinds of family sewing.
Are capable of doing a greater variety of work.
Are free from the faults of other machines.
Are almost noiseless in their operation.
Are not liable to get out of order.
Are the best machine for every family.
I. M. SINGER & CO.,
No. 458 Broadway, corner of Grand.

"KNOW THYSELF."—THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for September, now ready, contains: The Late Horace Mann, Portrait, Biography, and Phrenology; Tirades for Young Men, Choice of Pursuits; Phrenology in the Pulpit, by Rev. F. W. Gunsaulus; A Man—Sensible advice; Bores; Bores; John W. Bulkley; Cotton Is Dodge; Helps and Hindrances, Bravery and Cowardice; The Temperament—Art, Judge Marshall and Wife; Utility of Phrenology, etc.
Terms, only $1 a year, or 10 cents a number. Published by FOWLER AND WELLS, 308 Broadway, New York.

STEREOSCOPE PICTURES.
A Stereoscope Camera, with complete apparatus and instruction, $30. The process easy, interesting, and profitable. C. J. VAUTIER, 351 Broadway, N. Y.

THE WATER-CURE JOURNAL; Devoted to Hydropathy, its Philosophy and Practice. Illustrated with Engravings. A new volume which governs Life and Health; Literature, Science, and Miscellany. Published monthly, at 6 months, on trial, for 25 cents.
FOWLER & WELLS, N. Y.

RIMMEL'S BOUQUET — ALL THE fragrance of the WOOD VIOLET, are the leading Perfumes in *Paris* and *London*.
Sold by all the Trade.
E. RIMMEL, *Perfumer, London and Paris.*

American Guano.
TO FARMERS AND PLANTERS.
Cargoes direct from Jarvis Island, in the Pacific Ocean, which has been proved to be the most valuable deposit of Guano ever discovered, will shortly be for sale and retail at less than two thirds the price of Peruvian. For particulars apply to C. H. MARSHALL, Pres. American Guano Co., 56 William Street, New York.

EXPERIENCED AGENTS WANTED IN all parts of the country to obtain Subscribers for "LOSSING'S PICTORIAL FIELD-BOOK OF THE REVOLUTION" in Two Volumes Royal Octavo, containing upward of 1500 pages, and 1100 beautiful Illustrations. This work will be sold exclusively by Agents in each of whom a special District will be given. Circumstances offered. Applications should state the County they would prefer. For further particulars address CHAS. G. ELLIOTT, care HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

Mercantile Record.

Patent Changes Safe.
S. C. Herring & Co., 251 Broadway.

Wilder's Patent Salamander Safe.
R. G. Wilder & Co., 19 Broadway.

Juvenile Instructions for the Piano Forte
To which is added a Collection of the Most Popular Waltzes, Polkas, and Quicksteps, Airs, Arranged and Fingered by an Eminent Professor of Music. Price, 50c. Published by SILVER, DITSON & CO., Boston.

MURRAY HALL — REV. J. J. KLEMENDOFF'S SCHOOL for Young Ladies, 191 West Fourth Street, New York. Sixth Session begins, Tuesday, Sept. 13th.

NO DRUGS—NO POISON!—THE WATER-CURE JOURNAL AND HERALD OF HEALTH, will be sent, on trial, four months for 25 cents. FOWLER & WELLS, New York.

RIMMEL'S ROSE-LEAF POWDER imparts a delicate rosy hue to the skin, and renders it soft and beautiful.
Sold by all the Trade.
E. RIMMEL, *Perfumer, London and Paris.*

EVERETT HOUSE, }
HAWLEY D. CLAFF, Proprietor.
NORTH SIDE UNION SQUARE,
NEW YORK.

INTERNATIONAL HOTEL,
NIAGARA FALLS.
ROBERT E. COLEMAN, late of the firm of COLEMAN & STETSON, of the Astor House, and more recently manager of the Niblo's Saratoga Hotel, New York, in connection with his son, FREDERICK W. COLEMAN, have leased the above Hotel, and will open it on the 1st of June next, after having thoroughly refitted it from the attics to cellars at the foot the grandest of water-falls.

PHYSIOLOGY and the LAWS of LIFE, given in the WATER-CURE JOURNAL and HERALD OF HEALTH. Send four months, on trial, for 25 cents.

SANDS' SARSAPARILLA.
This celebrated remedy for purifying the blood, and for the cure of all scrofulous, mercurial, and syphilitic diseases, is superior to all others, because it is the most powerful and searching preparation from the root that has ever been employed in medical practice.
Prepared and sold by A. H. SANDS, Druggist, No. 100 Fulton Street, New York.

FRENCH WHISKERS AND MUSTACHES won't grow upon your face, use my engraved established 1836, which is well known to be the best. Sent free with the first application, and ——— at sixty cents by the skin. Prepared only by the subscriber, who is my address. R. G. GILAHAM, 109 Nassau Street, New York.

THE SUPERB WAR SUPPLEMENT
to HARPER'S WEEKLY is now ready containing an accurate Map, and numerous large and elegant Engravings, illustrating the War in Italy. Price 6d. Sent by Mail, on receipt of the price.
HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, New York.

☞ Every Number of HARPER'S BAZAR contains from 20 to 30 pages—and from one third to one half more reading than any other in the country.

A Splendid Number.
HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE
FOR SEPTEMBER.
Whoever has had occasion to consult the past volumes of the Magazine must have been struck with the great intrinsic value of its contents, its important geographical, historical, and scientific facts, its spirit, its humor, and its selections of entertaining reading. It is of no small use as a work of general reference, and as a great variety of subjects. The "Monthly Record of Current Events," which is published, presenting little immediate interest at the date of its publication, increases in importance from year to year, and now furnishes a work of chronological summary, the convenience and substantial value of which will be best known to those who are indebted by those who have the most frequent occasion to consult its columns for reference.
HARPER'S MAGAZINE is, emphatically, the household Magazine of America. Sound in religion, conservative in politics, pure in taste, useful in instruction, abounding with sympathy and humor, and gilded all the time by a cheerful optimism, it is a welcome guest in every household. *We rejoice in its prosperity.—New Orleans Christian Advocate.*

TERMS.
One Copy for One Year $3 00
Two Copies for One Year 5 00
Three or more Copies for One Year (each) . . 2 00
And an Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of TEN SUBSCRIBERS.
Postage on HARPER'S WEEKLY *and* HARPER'S MAGAZINE, *together, one year,* $4 00.
The Postage on "HARPER'S MAGAZINE" must be paid at the Office where it is received. The Postage is *Twenty-four Cents a year.*
HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A FIRST-CLASS FAMILY NEWSPAPER.
THE BEST AND CHEAPEST
FAMILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD.
TERMS FOR ONE COPY.
MR. CHARLES DICKENS'S New Serial, entitled "A TALE OF TWO CITIES," illustrated by HOPPIN, and MCLENAN, was commenced in "Harper's Weekly" for May 7, and will be continued from week to week until completed.
GEO. WILLIAM CURTIS'S Illustrated Serial Tale of Artemus Ward, entitled "TRUMPS," was commenced in "Harper's Weekly" May 21.

TERMS OF HARPER'S WEEKLY.
One Copy for Twenty Weeks $2 00
One Copy for Six Months 2 50
One Copy for Twelve Months 4 00
One Copy for Two Years 7 00
Twelve Copies for One Year 36 00
Twenty-five Copies for One Year 60 00
An Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of TWELVE *or* TWENTY-FIVE SUBSCRIBERS.
TERMS FOR ADVERTISING.—*Fifty Cents a Line.*
A Liberal Discount will be made to those wishing to advertise for three Months or more.
☞ Persons living in the City of New York wishing "Harper's Weekly" left at their houses, will please leave their names and residences, with the subscription money, at the office of Publication.
HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
Franklin Square, New York.

PORTER. "Now, Marm, will you please to move, or was you corded to your Box?"

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Vest Inlisted.

DELANO
Life-
Preserving
Coat and
Vest
Company.
Office
and
Salesroom
No. 256
Broadway,
opposite
the
City Hall
Park.

Vest Inlisted.

The above Company are Manufacturers of every kind of Life Preserving Garments, to which they would call the attention of all persons who are occasionally or constantly upon the water—ladies, gentlemen, and children who would have *perfect* security and additional pleasure while bathing—boat and yacht clubs, and all who are fond of aquatic sports, &c., read the following testimonials from the highest authority in the land:

NAVY YARD, WASHINGTON, NOV. 24, 1858.

SIR,—

Agreeably to your order of the 1st inst., we have witnessed a series of satisfactory experiments made with T. A. DELANO'S Life-Preserving Vest, and have the honor to report that we consider it a valuable invention—well adapted to the purpose intended, simple in its construction and form, and the readiness with which it can be inflated, and slight liability to get out of order.

With respect, your obedient servant,

CHARLES C. TURNER,
Commodore U. S. Navy.
WM. S. MAURY, *Lieutenant.*
T. W. PATTERSON, *Lieutenant.*
GEORGE WILMARTH, *Boatswain.*
W. B. HAMILTON, *Gunner.*

To ISAAC TOUCEY, *Secretary of the Navy.*

NEWARK, N. J., October 6th 1858.

Delano Life-Preserving Coat and Vest Company:

GENTLEMEN—I have examined the improved Life-Preserving Vest, invented by T. A. Delano, and have seen it tested in the water, both of which it has no objection, and should consider it a perfect protection against drowning. The elastic straps will admit a large amount of inflation without inconveniencing or fatiguing the body, and, as far as I am aware, are an entirely new device and a very useful invention.

Yours, very respectfully,

GEO. W. CULLUM,
Capt. U. S. Engineers.

These celebrated and pleasant Bitters are highly recommended by the faculty as the purest and finest Tonic and Stimulant ever offered to the public for General Debility, Loss of Appetite, Constipation, and other Derangements of the Stomach.

PRINCIPAL DEPOT,
No. 145 Water Street.
For Sale Everywhere.

THE WATER-CURE JOURNAL and HERALD OF HEALTH—FOUR CENTS sent to subscribers a month for 91. commencing with the September number. FOWLER & WELLS,
308 Broadway, N. Y.

BININGER'S
OLD LONDON DOCK
GIN

Designed for the use of the *Medical Profession* and the *Family*, highly appreciated the so-called "Gins"—An aromatic, "Cordial," "Medicated," &c., is now indorsed by all of the eminent physicians, chemists, and connoisseurs as possessing all of those *aromatic* medicinal qualities safe and direct of which belong to an old and *pure* Gin. Put up in quart bottles and sold by all druggists, grocers, &c.

A. M. BININGER & CO.,
(Established in 1778.) SOLE PROPRIETORS.
No. 328 Broadway, N. Y.

"GET THE BEST"
WEBSTER UNABRIDGED
PICTORIAL EDITION!

DR. J. B. MARCHISI'S
CELEBRATED
UTERINE CATHOLICON,
FOR THE SPEEDY CURE OF SUFFERING FEMALES.

With such universal suffering as exists in the female form, a really efficient medicine must be their best friend. Where the most eminent Physicians have failed, this Catholicon has proved itself to be potent and happiness to the Bramide. "The cures of Females effected by Marchisi's Catholicon are truly surprising."—*New Bedford Standard.* "It has cured an obstinate case in our own family."—*Vermont Adamantic, Penn.* "Its article ever answered the recommendations like this. I use it in my practice with astonishing results."—J. H. FRENCH, M.D., *Marcelin, O.* "I have tested it in cases of Irregularities, Obstruction, Leucorrhea, Flooding and Painful Menstruation, Prolapsus Uteris, &c., with great success. It is worthy of the notice of the Faculty."—JOHN C. CHEESE, M.D., *Baltimore, Md.* "Prevail upon medical men to use Dr. Marchisi's Uterine Catholicon."—*Zanesville, O.* Both letters great in from a thousand sources, showing it is

Never taken without Benefit.

It is active and efficient in any form of disease peculiar to the Female Sex. Daughters, Wives, and Sisters! Marchisi's Catholicon will cure you. A pamphlet, with symptoms, treatment, letters, &c., send gratis by mail, or delivered by Agents. ☞ Do not confound Dr. Marchisi with any other name. It is sold at $1 per bottle, or three bottles for $5, by an Agent in almost every town. When not found, enclose money, and order by Express. Address

BARNES & BARK, General Agents,
12 and 15 PARK ROW, N. Y.,
Or J. D. PARK, Cincinnati; Wade & Porter, Boston; J. Wright & Co., New Orleans. J. B. MARCHISI, M. D.

YARDLEY & STATHAM'S
ORIENTAL HONEY SOAP.

The superior qualities of this celebrated soap are too well known in Europe and America to need any recommendation. It is regarded as indispensable to every toilet of fashion, both as a companion to the toilet-mirror and gauntlet use. Numerous imitations have been introduced, and purchasers should see that the makers' names are impressed on each piece of soap.

Sole Agents for the United States,
J. W. NORCROSS & CO.,
Importers of Fancy Goods,
91 Fulton Street, New York. 21 Milk Street, Boston.

RIMMEL'S TOILET VINEGAR is far superior to Eau de Cologne as a lotion for the Toilet or Bath, a reviving Perfume and a powerful Disinfectant.

Sold by all the Trade.
E. RIMMEL, *Perfumer, London and Paris.*

361 BROADWAY 539
BRIDAL BOUQUETS,
Tucker's Flowers, Feathers, and Miscellaneous Items,
Are all reliable.

COMPLETED AT LAST.
The Book of the First
American Chess Congress:
Containing the Proceedings of that Celebrated Assemblage, held in New York, in the Year 1857, with the Papers read in its Sessions, the Games played in the Grand Tournament, and the Strategems entered in the Problem Tourney; together with Sketches of the History of Chess in the Old and New Worlds.
By DANIEL WILLARD FISKE, M.A.,
OFFICIAL SECRETARY OF THE CONGRESS.—EDITOR OF THE "CHESS JOURNAL," &c.

Adorned with a magnificent unpublished stratagem by Mr. EUGENE B. COOK, in sixty-eight moves, engraved and printed in colors.

One large 12mo volume, 623 pp. Muslin, elegant. Price, $1 50.

Also now Ready:
The Life and Travels
OF
Alexander von Humboldt:
With an Introduction from the Pen of
BAYARD TAYLOR, ESQ.

With a new steel portrait, engraved expressly for this work from an original photograph in the possession of MR. BAYARD TAYLOR. One large 12mo volume. Muslin. Price, $1 25.

A new and popular Life of this distinguished Traveler and Author. From original and authentic sources, comprising his Life, Travels, and Scientific labors, together with sketches of his teachers and co-laborers. An agreeable, entertaining volume.

These Books will be sent by mail, *postage free*, to any part of the United States, on the receipt of the price, by
RUDD & CARLETON, Publishers and Booksellers,
130 Grand Street, near Broadway, New York.

Anthony's Instantaneous Views
Stereoscopic,
Are now ready for Sale.

The following are some of the subjects:
The Regatta, July 4th, 1859.
Waiting for the Regatta.
Crowd leaving after the Regatta.
Steamship Quaker City coming up the Bay.
Schooner under Full Sail.
Ferry Boat running to Staten Island.
Broadway Omnibus.
Omnibuses arriving and departing, South Ferry.
View of the Police on the Battery, July 4th, 1859.
Broadway Stages.
Propeller at Full Speed.
Niagara, Horse-Shoe Fall.
Niagara, the Rapids.
Niagara, Group of Children viewing the Falls.
Niagara, Cave of the Winds.
In Broadway on a Rainy Day.
Down Broadway on a Rainy Day.
Any number with many other interesting Scenes.

New pictures are constantly being added.

Each picture is perfect, and every one may be had upon receipt of price. Stereoscopic Pictures are depicted as sharply and distinctly as if they had been handed to the eye.

No visitor should leave New York without some of them, to astonish friends at Home.

E. ANTHONY,
508 Broadway.

A full assortment of American and Foreign Views always on hand and constantly supplied.

Sapouifier. Sapouifier. Sapouifier.

No Family, or Public or Private Institution, should be without this economical and ready Soap Maker.

Full direction for making Soft, Hard, and Fancy Soaps from the refuse grease of the kitchen, fat, or lard, for, accompany each pound inn can.

For sale by Druggists and Grocers generally. Beware of Counterfeits. The success of this article has induced unprincipled parties to imitate it, who are being prosecuted for infringing our patented rights.

The genuine manufactured only by the Pennsylvania Salt Manufacturing Company.

Office 396 Penn Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.
LEWIS, JAMES & CO., Agents,
Philadelphia.

FOR TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.—THE WATER-CURE JOURNAL will be sent to subscribers 4 months for 25 cents, or 4 months for 50 cents. FOWLER & WELLS, New York.

☞ Keep it before the People
THROUGHOUT THE UNITED STATES.

GEORGE G. EVANS,
No. 439 Chestnut Street,
PHILADELPHIA,
ORIGINATOR
OF THE
Gift Book Business,
AND PROPRIETOR OF THE
OLDEST AND LARGEST
GIFT BOOK ESTABLISHMENT
IN THE WORLD.

Calls attention to the fact that he has made such arrangements with other publishers and manufacturers, that it gives him pleasure to offer

GREATER INDUCEMENTS

than ever, and such

THAT CAN NOT BE EQUALED

by any other Gift Book House in the world, of

ALL BOOKS

are sold at the

PUBLISHERS' PRICES,
AND A
SPLENDID GIFT,
WORTH FROM
50 CENTS TO $100,
IS GIVEN WITH EACH BOOK.

A selection can be made from the

Largest Stock of Books
IN THE COUNTRY,

And by complying with the directions as given in the Catalogue, you will receive your Book

FREE OF EXPENSE

for carriage or mailing, and a guarantee of

NO RISK OR LOSS BY MAIL.

To give an idea of the extent and the honorable method of transacting business, we would state to you that

223 GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES,
AND OTHER
250,000 DOLLARS WORTH OF JEWELRY,

have been

GIVEN AWAY

during the past six months, each article of which has been of the finest quality, and has given satisfaction in every instance.

SEND FOR A CATALOGUE,

which will be sent gratis, and which contains a list of Books in every department of literature.

ONE TRIAL WILL ASSURE YOU

of the honorable business transactions of

GEORGE G. EVANS,
No. 439 CHESTNUT STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.

AGENTS WANTED,

Who can, with George G. Evans' Catalogue, obtain more subscribers than by any other, as the Books and Gifts enumerated are superior to those of any other house. Any one, either male or female, who desires to engage

IN AN HONORABLE

AND PROFITABLE EMPLOYMENT,

and one that requires but little time, is requested to address G. G. Evans, and they will receive every information relative to the business.

☞ BEWARE OF SENDING TO ANY

BOGUS NEW YORK CONCERN.

As there are parties who have taken advantage of the similarity of names, and are practicing a deception upon the public. We caution all persons against them, as we have no connection with them whatever.

DO NOT FAIL TO ADDRESS

GEORGE G. EVANS,
ORIGINATOR OF THE
GIFT BOOK BUSINESS,
No. 439 CHESTNUT STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. III.—No. 142.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1859. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

Our Serials and our Circulation.

For several months past we have printed from EIGHTY TO NINETY-THREE THOUSAND COPIES per week of HARPER'S WEEKLY, more than DOUBLE that of any other Illustrated Newspaper in the country.

We commenced in No. 134 a new serial tale, entitled "A Good Fight," by CHARLES READE, author of "Love me Little, Love me Long;" with Illustrations by Tenniel. This exquisite Story is printed *from early proof-sheets* PURCHASED *exclusively by us from the Author.*

In reply to several inquiries, we beg to say that Mr. DICKENS'S new serial, "A TALE OF TWO CITIES," was commenced in HARPER'S WEEKLY on May 7, and Mr. CURTIS'S delicious Story of American Society, entitled "TRUMPS," on April 9. We can send the back numbers from those dates, or from the beginning of the year, to any person who remits the money.

REV. MR. SPURGEON'S NEW TABERNACLE.

We engrave herewith the stupendous edifice which is to serve as Mr. Spurgeon's chapel in the city of London. Long ago the fame of the young preacher spread so wide that a chapel in Park Lane, in which he made his début, became too small to contain a quarter of the crowd which flocked to hear him. His friends then hired a public building—the Surrey Music Hall, which, besides being a secular edifice, was, after trial, found rather unsuitable for religious purposes. A collection was then set on foot among Mr. Spurgeon's admirers to raise a fund to build a chapel for the youthful orator. The result of that subscription will be the edifice of which we now give a view.

The Tabernacle is to cost about $150,000; but it is estimated that extras and fittings will swell the sum to $220,000 or $250,000 before it is finished. Several members of Mr. Spurgeon's church have given $500 toward the work; one member gave $15,000. From the spirit with which the work has begun, it appears likely that it will be prosecuted with energy to the end.

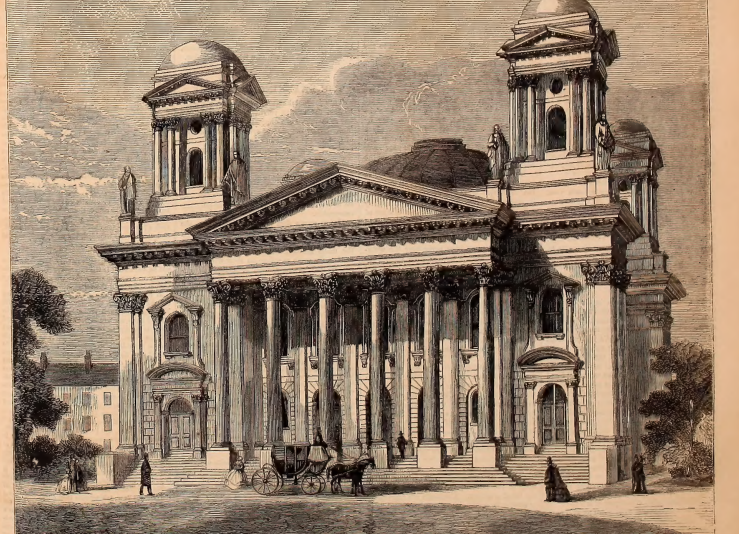
The dimensions of the building are in harmony. The frontage will be 80 feet, the depth 195 feet, and the height 85 feet. The ground-floor of the chapel will contain 11,242 superficial feet. A lecture-room, capable of containing 800 persons, with four large class-rooms, is also contained in the building.

The Tabernacle is calculated to accommodate 6500 persons, 5500 of whom will have seats, while the others can find standing room in the aisles, etc. Of this vast number all but about fifty, in the top gallery, will see, if they can not hear, the preacher. The business of acoustics has received careful attention; the powerful voice of the young preacher will be assisted by every appliance that modern scientific skill can devise. The pews on the ground-floor are to be arranged in concentric semi-circles, the pulpit being in the centre; thus the aisles, instead of being parallel to the walls, as usual in churches, are to converge to the pulpit.

Excellent provision is made against fire. The aisles are so arranged that the doors could be reached without delay; and there are sixteen separate exits, all of which are wide and spacious. Thus the chance of an accident, such as narrowly befell the congregation at the Surrey Gardens, is materially diminished.

The corner-stone of this fine edifice was laid on the 17th ult., in presence of a large crowd of spectators, lay and clerical. We take from an account of the proceedings the following extract:

"After speeches were delivered by Mr. Spurgeon and Sir S. M. Peto, a friend at Bristol, through Mr. E. T. Inskip, placed on the stone a check for the munificent sum of £5000 sterling. Mr. Inskip, while placing this generous contribution on the stone, stated that if forty gentlemen could be found to give £50 each, or twenty to give £100, his friend would undertake to double the total amount. Mr. Spurgeon expressed a hope that this challenge would be taken up; on which it was announced that Sir Morton Peto had given £100. Mr. Spurgeon himself then gave £100, and said that the persons on the platform were requested to quit it, and those friends who might wish to contribute were desired to come up to the platform by the left hand side, deposit their offerings upon the stone, and quit it by the opposite entrance. The company then obeyed the request of Mr. Spurgeon,



THE REV. MR. SPURGEON'S NEW TABERNACLE, BLACKFRIARS ROAD, LONDON.

and passed over the platform, depositing their various offerings upon the counter as they passed. The ministry did as they were individually thanked by the reverend gentleman, who struck each of the contributors very politely on the hand. Mr. Passmore gave £50, Mr. Morgan £20, and Mr. James Low £147. In addition to these there were many sums of £5, £10, £50, and £20; the total amount given being between £6000 and £7000."

Mr. Spurgeon is so well known and so popular in this country—his books have a much larger sale here than in Europe—that we make no apology for thus illustrating his new church. Our Brooklyn neighbors, who are about to build a church for Mr. Beecher, may perhaps study it with interest.

The old subscribers of the WEEKLY will remember that we gave, in October of '58, a fine portrait and biographical sketch of Mr. Spurgeon.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1859.

THEODORE PARKER'S LETTER.

MR. THEODORE PARKER has written a letter to his congregation in Boston; and his congregation, of all by some odd chance, has published it. It was a very foolish thing of Mr. Parker to write the letter, it was still more foolish for the people to print and to circulate it; and if, after it is printed and generally read in Boston, there is left a sensible man in that city who is not heartily ashamed of Mr. Theodore Parker, he will be the illustration of an extreme of human folly.

What can have possessed the man to make a laughing-stock of himself? Had he no friend in the Church to warn him of the danger he was in? Had he no friend in Boston to suppress it after he reached that head-quarters of intelligence and sound judgment?

If he designed to make his life a monument for the avoidance of others, it is all very well; for the Antislavery Trust Society or the Antislavery Portion of Publication could not do a better thing than reprint it without note or comment. No human mind could fail to receive the coming estimate that if this is all Mr. Parker has to say for himself, he has wasted his life to worse than nothing.

In fact, Mr. Parker's book is the grand summing-up of Rationalism, and the whole of the book is Rationalism. There is not one second, in ten times this number of pages, an equal amount of fulsome self-praise, blind self-adoration, pious, complacent, stimulating egotism. We have sometimes heard of Mr. Parker as a man of intellect, and we have always given him credit for accuracy; but we have never before known why he could not see clearly the errors of his own vagaries. Here is the explanation, simple and unmistakable. Mr. Parker can see anything but the concave mirror before which he stands, and in which is reflected the image of Theodore Parker—a gigantic if not monstrous that it hides even God himself. No wonder the poor man can not see the earliest principles of truth and duty.

Then we are not too severe in our estimate of the book when it abundantly pleas to any one who will read it.

Mr. Parker's first view of himself is at a very early age—when he was in his own early years. By that time, "after a severe but silent struggle," he assures us, "I made way with the ghastly doctrine of eternal damnation and a wrathful God;" . . . "from my seventh year I have had no fear of God." Precocious boy! Solomon was not to this young prodigy a mode of Reason. For Solomon, when he was old thought the fear of the Lord but the beginning of wisdom; and the young Parker had attained all that sort of wisdom while he was learning to talk!

He thrived well on a farm in the country where, long before he concluded to become a minister, he had mastered most of the grand doctrines of theology, and was in the same way with the doctrine of God's justice. This youth had mingled not only one, but several Hydras. "The doctrine of the Trinity, the great 'mystery of Revelation,' had long since gone the same road." Thus he writes. "I had found no evidence which to me could authorize a belief in the supernatural birth of Jesus of Nazareth." Wonderful intellect of the child Parker! "Many miracles related in the Old and New Testament seemed incredible to me even when not impossible, others ridiculous, and a few were wicked." This precocious boy would have saved Hume a world of trouble. His sweeping common sense would have ended the argument, but saw *clearly* the impossibility of the thing. And then, "I had no belief in the plenary, literal, verbal inspiration of the whole Bible; and strong doubts as to the miraculous inspiration of any part of it!"

It is remarkable that a boy in his teens should have accomplished all this; but the question suggests itself, "What was left for him to believe?" He did not fear God nor believe in his Son; he doubted the inspiration of the Bible, and believed parts of it positively incredible and wicked. It is somewhat curious to find a young boy with this sort of mind selecting "the ministry" as a profession. Ministry of what, on earth or in heaven?

After a man has got rid of God, Christ, and the Bible, we should like to see the person who can show him any thing left to admire, love, and worship, among men or out of them, to be found, to wit—if. Something to worship we must have. That our humanity demands; and the object of worship we should say, in the modern style, must be either subjective or objective. It must be either within or without one's self. And having lost sight of the God of Abraham and Paul, and being too sensible to worship a stone, it was very natural that this young wonder of intelligence should begin to worship himself. Having once begun this worship, he has never been able to get over it.

But what is left to worship? God, he said, with such mental power as this, after disposing of God and all the ordinarily received notions of religion, he reveals, and, to our simple phrase, such a fool, as not to know that egotism was stupid, and might be dispensed with, as he has this was his very religion. He deliberately determined to preach *himself*. "I determined not to preach nothing as religion but what I have experienced inwardly and made my own, knowing it by heart." Paul (a distinguished and learned man once) meant time, and Peter (a man generally accorded some sense and a little ability, although not up to the Parker standard) determined to preach Christ by experience and the self but Jesus. Parker differed from Paul, and, to say the least of it, it is refreshingly cool to find one of no pretensions to either learning or piety preach "the natural laws of man as they are writ in his constitution, no less and no more," and to make his own heart the text-book.

Such, from beginning to ending, is his work. Every page is overloaded with this egotism. Even pages—Paul and Peter would have exhausted the capitol I's in the printing-office. No ordinary office could stand such a drift of the uppercase. Mr. Parker goes on to the last page, with the repetition of his self-satisfaction. He is not an old man, but he is superabundantly satisfied with his conceptions of himself. It has done one-tenth part of what he declares he has done, if he has *studied* one-tenth part of what he states he has studied. No human hand nor one-thousandth part of what he professes to have learned, he has lived long enough. Human nature could not stand such egotism and he would be either a God or a fool in another year. If the reader imagines that there is any reason in any argument in the book, he is mistaken. It is a pure impertinence from title-page to finis. It is the assertion, repetition, and accumulation of the same idea of self, and of self only, from the wonder ceases and the reader goes to the end with an impression of profound disgust.

Disgust mingled with a feeling of pity. It is the most hopeless book that man ever penned. Without God, it is of course without a hope. Other and one class from Mr. Parker's will be the conviction that this man, who knew nothing beyond the little circle of his own mind—as to its former opinions, a mere blank—is for ever; that this poor egotist, who acknowledged no religion but that of self and his own unbearable, uncheated heart; that this poor lover of self could not see one ray of light beyond the hole in which that self must forever grovel.

Here is a pastoral letter from a preacher to his congregation, miserable sinners all and born in sin—and this is the man of whom they must be supposed to look with considerable anxiety into the mists before them; here is a letter of spiritual consolation from a spiritual adviser! in which there is no one word of promise, reward, or expectation for the future.

A thinking man can have come over the members of Mr. Parker's congregation when they heard this letter read. Neither for himself nor for them is there one word of hope. No one sorrow with which he laments the failure of his health and the possibility of his apostleship being suddenly cut off sinks into the melancholy of despair, unrelieved by any satisfaction in the result of past labors, or any prospect of rest after the active duties. Never was a minister more or more frigid, freezing religion; never more desperate cry to one's companions in a sinking ship.

We have nothing to do with one or another form of religious creed or doctrine. For the purposes of this article it matters nothing to us whether Jesus is the Christ or only a Christ as Mr. Parker calls him, though what he means by that term is not clear to us. But as reviewers of books printed, published, and scattered over the land, we are but fulfilling a duty to the public, which, where it is wrong as a self-demolishing piece of literary work.

While preparing this article another minister of spiritual matters has been at work, and the books lie side by side. This other is the story of the ministry of William H. Milburn, the blind preacher. The book is a pleasant volume, by similar in design, but miraculously unlike in accomplishment to Mr. Parker's autobiography. Here is a miracle that Mr. Theodore Parker has yet to revise his boyish accomplishments before he can expect to see or understand. Nay, he will never see or understand it. He is past all that, long ago, when he was seven years old. He will die, perhaps not now, but some time, he will die, and every word that he has uttered, every doctrine he has taught, will die and vanish forever, and name and fame of him and his ministry will perish utterly, because there is no life in him or them. That his sentiments should prevail for a day, or an hour, or a moment after he has given them utterance is simply impossible, because they are founded on no principles of truth, they commend themselves to no reason, they are without form and void. No one need fear damage from them. This book, and Mr. Parker's preaching, if this is a specimen, are harmless. It is impossible that any soul worth saving can be conversed to the idolatry of worshiping the God of the whole. Let us let the speaker of the Boston book, when he has finished that, take up the thrilling story of the poor blind boy, and be thankful that there is no self-admiration, though certainly the boy who could see nothing outwardly could well have fallen to worshiping and loving his own soul. Neither is there any of the nonsense of transcendentalism, except that he tells us very frankly that he once (when a man, not when a boy) went through the course in which it appears that Mr. Parker has stuck at and forever.

Mr. Milburn tells one of the simplest and most satisfactory stories of his experience in the manner that could be desired. He sees the egotism, he confesses it, he laughs at it. One would think he had written his story as a commentary on Mr. Parker's. His work preceded his school. But he was not the giant at seven that the Boston boy was. He could not then—as Mr. Parker could—tell Christ exactly what he was one fact, however, that always stood in my way—the person and work of the Redeemer of the world. Such queers of cosmic analysis are more never competent to dispose of that." Poor fellow! How easily the Boston boy did it at seven or two! But what a pigmy appears he then compared with the cold story of the Boston minister!

We have done with Mr. Parker, and should have stopped sooner but for the opportune arrival of Mr. Milburn's book. Again we commend those who, in every way, are in the habit of comparing the religion of self with the religion of God. One book is the story of a selfish egotist who has lived in a world of his own, the world and, bat-like, flying about blind in a blaze of sunlight, and finding nothing, always nothing; the other is the story of a blind boy sitting in darkness and alone on a Western prairie, and, like Bartimeus of old, hearing the footsteps of the Saviour of men as he went by. If Mr. Milburn's experience is not joyous enough to make men love his creed, Mr. Parker's is utterly dark and desperate enough to make the man a man into believing in Brahma or Vishnu, or any God but the self of a transcendentalist.

THE FRANKING PRIVILEGE.

This journal has more than once protested against the absurd privilege accorded by the law to members of Congress in regard to franking. Under the present system every member of Congress is entitled to send by post, without paying postage, as many letters and printed documents as he pleases to any section of the Union. This right we have always considered a dangerous one, and one susceptible, which it cheats; unfair to the Post-office, which it burdens with masses of political matter "of no value to any but the owners;" and altogether unreasonable.

But it seems that we were ignorant of the true intent and meaning of the law. Not only have members of Congress the right of using the mails gratuitously, but a generous usage confers the same privilege on their wives, their sisters, their mothers, their sons, their daughters, their daughter's husbands, their nieces, and cousins to the thirtieth and fortieth remove of consanguinity.

Lest any uninitiated person should doubt the fact, we subjoin the evidence, which we find in a "Card" published over the signature of "A. C. Cheshire, who has been elected to the office of 'Secretary of the National Republican Association.'" Mr. Clephane says:

"It is a shame to this whole country, and certainly to every individual who has visited Washington, that but very few members ever do their own document franking, but get persons outside of Congress, including clerks to do it for them.

"I am aware that different political organizations have been in the practice of sending out from here documents bearing the franks of the members to have them sent by clerks employed by their organizations, and no exception can be taken to such practices.

"The clerks of the Post-offices inform me that it has been the universal practice to distribute all such matter coming to the office."

The present Postmaster, Mr. Holt, objected to the application of the right of franking, and refused to forward documents on which the frank was forged.

But we will not give the abuse full swing? Why try to govern by the rules of common sense a system so palpably absurd?

In the latter days of the old French monarchy, we are told that not only could a *grand seigneur* obtain a *lettre de cachet* for a troublesome father who objected to the seduction of his daughter, or a tiresome tailor who wanted his bill paid, but the same delightful luxury was within reach of all the relatives of the great man. A sprig of nobility used his father's name to have his rival locked in the Bastile; the daughter claimed the same privilege with regard to the cavalier who had jilted her; the country cousin availed himself of a family connection to dispose of a usurious neighbor. Things reached such a pitch at last that a nobleman's valet could have a *bourgeois* incarcerated under a *lettre de cachet*. Then came the Revolution.

We rather think that Mr. Holt—who, passing for a sensible man, must be opposed to the franking system—had better have recorded this decision at once. When Bridget and Patsyne frank their letters to Cullen Bridget, the origin of their having a cousin who was nearly being engaged by a man who ran unsuccessfully for Congress, will begin to see daylight on the franking matter.

THE LOUNGER.

NEW YORK AGAINST THE WORLD.

WHY Baltimore should be the most unruly of our cities, and the nearest to a Vigilance Committee, is not an easy question to answer. Yet the last few years we have been accustomed to hear of riots whenever the elections came—and to expect trouble whenever there was a political rousing. Barbarous murders, too, have not been unknown. But the last summer, the taxing of a party of pleasure by a band of banditti among its passengers, has roused the spirit of the citizens, so that we may look either for a cessation of the villainies, or for a popular assumption of the civic responsibility.

The question which is involved in the Baltimore difficulty is the same which that of New York and Philadelphia, is simply, whether the American system be a failure or not. In the case of the former city the issue is the will of the people. The Legislature of three years ago virtually said the same thing, by the appointment of the Police Commissioners, as a method of allowing the majority have answered the question, and the democratic system is a failure.

But if we leave that—and test the system by its results—assuming that the government is truly what it is intended to be, that is, a democracy. That is to say, does the New Yorker get more personal security and more comfort for his money than the Parisian or Londoner? If he does not, then again the system is a failure.

Now how rarely a citizen may deplore the mud and turmoil and danger of New York—however he may rail at the filthy streets and loose pails, and the strict observation of the class-lines of society, it is well known that our worst villains are not native, and that they were organized by the state of things in those cities; and that the improvement in the police means to be public knowledge here is very much larger than elsewhere. And this is said, certainly not by way of compliment, but for the truth's sake. For now we forget, that while the whole English world is one of subordination and the Latin world is so enormous and well-drilled—and while Paris, besides its system and police, has an army at hand to put any disturbance speedily down—a disturbance so the sudden violence or conflict of the chief municipal authority should occur, the most frightful result might be apprehended, while here a year ago, such a phenomenon did occur and lasted for a week, and nobody was troubled, but every body thought it a bore.

WHY?

Because lawlessness is not the law. And it is not so, because it is the interest of such a vast majority to keep down all such attempts, that no people commit all the crimes they want to.

If we compare the great foreign cities, during the year with the New York city newspapers, with New York, we shall probably find the pleasures not of good other cities more conspicuous than here. And there is plenty to be done so long as we can not surpass them. If, for instance, it is impossible that the streets of the best trunk-lines must be filthy and flayed by hackmen—that the great Broadway Bloods of Paris and London are left to Babel the evening of the confusion—that New York may diddle Dr. Primrose out of twenty or two hundred thousand dollars, in a night—that Rob Roy Swamps—that the municipal elections shall be utterly unknown, as to the taste of a single bad or fourth more than they should be—that all the city work should cost twenty times what it would cost anywhere else—that the poor or left-undone, at that—that the proportion of police officers to the ordinary duties should be as four hours at a watering-place dinner-table—if all these things are part of the republican system, it is very clear that, however good it might be to any other, it is not yet quite perfect. And it can only be made perfect by time and experiment. Let all the citizens vote, taking care that every body votes and votes only once, and our municipality will not be a by-word. Let the Legislature control dressmaking himself a gentleman, who buys dresses for an indistinct lady friend to vote, will lose consideration as much as if he had been caught cheating at cards, and the work is done.

"Give me a point in the air seventeen thousand feet high, to rest my foot upon," said the philosopher Mogalasaura, "and I will look over Mont Blanc."

THE LAST IMPERIAL MOVE.

SINCE the Lounger has undertaken to have his say about Louis Napoleon, he ought not to omit the amnesty which Louis Blanc refuses for him-

self, but advises other people who want to, to accept, and which Victor Hugo refuses altogether.

The amnesty is a stroke of good policy. It shows a conciliatory spirit, and it indicates consciousness of strength. Of course those who think the Emperor had no right to tear men from their families and send them away, on the ground that they were opposed to his coup d'état, was the doing but trying to get control of their country?), cannot see any peculiar force conferred by the amnesty.

If my pocket is picked of twenty dollars, and I am told after a few years that I may have five of the value of I will call a particular day, and behave particularly well, I shall hardly be overwhelmed by any sense of gratitude.

As for Italy, as Walter Savage Landor justly says, an emperor who owes his throne to a popular vote (nominally, at least) is not likely to seriously thwart the result of a popular election in Tuscany or Modena or Parma. No, he can not do it consistently, if consistency happen to be the motive of his actions.

Finally, however, if Tuscany and the other Duchies do hold popular elections, and are allowed to abide by the result, some palpable political advantage will have accrued from the Italian war. But we do not see that this is to be supposed to have been the intention of the French Emperor. That he and many other people saw that it might happen, and that it might be in his interest if it did, is very probable. But he does it in that case from the same ambition which led him to exile the Republican generals after the counter-stroke. The only standard by which we can judge any politician is his antecedents. If they have been always simple, noble, and honest, we believe that he will act from honesty. When they have not been so, even if in a particular case his interest and his duty is in harmony, we believe that he will act from interest. Dick Turpin may throw a guinea to a blind old woman. But it by no means follows that he is not a robber.

GROGGY GOVERNMENT.

The people of our neighboring little sister State of California are fortunate in their two United States Senators. *Hoc fortunatos*, these gentlemen are themselves always. It is no longer a question of party—it is a question of individual self-respect for Californians whether such persons ought to represent them.

It has been sometimes fondly hoped by the enthusiastic that the Governor of the Golden State would not utterly degenerate into a Bear garden. But, after all, there are worse things than Bear gardens. It is easy to tolerate ursine manners when the morals are tolerable. But the authentic documents produced in the Latin controversy about the fools of light" upon political morality. The United States Senate is a body in every citizen of the United States has a direct interest; and the exposure in California show us what kind of legislation may be expected from the gentlemen to whom common honesty seems to be simply unknown.

Political corruption has been suspected before. It has even been whispered that the State of New York is not altogether unstained. But when it begirten in a young and frisky State like California—ah, really, it is New York, a grave, sedate, Revolutionary, original State.

"It sad, cried Paul Pry, and he wept like a nodgy."

Sure, then, it is neither peculiar to young nor old States, but is true in all. If any person has any chance to read these lines let him reflect a little. He has politics; you think them dull and stupid and mean, and that whoever touches pitch will be defiled. Well, how did they become so? And if politics are dirty now, will they not be dirty always, or as long as you leave them in the hands of dirty men? If your wagon wheels stick in the mud, Mr. Two Forty, will you leave it stuck because your hands will be so dreadfully soiled if you lay to and lift it out? If you think it unbecoming to be settled in a gog-shop, you must not be surprised to find gogs in your government. So long as you and other respectable persons hold that because it is such a bore to knock round at Primary meetings, just so long will the Primary Government will be a much more shameful and intolerable bore.

"In good old Colony times" freemen who did not go to run out and vote were fined. And surely if any duty and malfeasance of public servants rested upon every citizen, not less should be the duty of the franchise. Let every man show cause for not voting. And if any man should be fined for neglect of police, let him be triply fined as the real cause of their impunity. If all were made aware of the meanness of politics, let him be cautioned not to bear at him even so.

In this country any man who believes in the democratic principle, and who has an interest himself in politics enough to vote, and to know why he votes, hasks his duty to his country, and is so far a traitor.

ANAGRAMS.

ANTHONY SIMS the Lounger the following note upon Anagrams. Originally the word signified the production of anagrams, and subsequently of a word backward—as *evil—live*. But later use mentions any transposition.

Anagrams, which a few centuries ago were classed among the sciences, and frequently made the subject of learned disquisition, are now exceedingly rare, having almost entirely superseded by conundrums, enigmas, and the like. During the reigns of Elizabeth and James, the process of anagrammatizing names and sentences became fashionable among the European courts, and finally acquired a settlement to a large class of people. The French have succeeded in having exceedingly skilful and appropriate anagrams. Among the best of which is an anagram on the name of Marie Touchet, the mistress of Charles IX. The letters on being arranged formed Je charme tout leur. I charm all which I should to have selected. Nearly portrayed her disposition. This was considered by the fair object of the anagram on Pierre Jacques Brissot, the assassin of Henry III., who, on the discovery of his crime, was transformed into C'est l'enfer qui m'a crée (or, he'll hell which created me).

It was customary in these days to anagrammatize the names of poets, authors, and various distinguished men. Of the poet Waller it was said—

"His brows need not with laurel to be bound,
Since in his name with Laurel he is crowned."

And of the celebrated Horatio Nelson, "Honor est a Nile." Basile Holmes, the author of a book on heraldry, received the anagram, De Mors Holbein; perhaps the best anagram was made by John Dunyan upon his own name.

"Witness my name; if anagramm'd to thee
The letters make *Jo Jonny in a B.*"

LOUNGERS LITTER-BOX.

—"We sent to Mr. Smith's *Lodge* of a room which he almost 'sat up' at the rate of 'a stick and a half an hour, more than any student since the type before.' The lines are pleasant, but there are rather too many of them. But was ever author Charles Lamb's "Hipsham Hotes, Round thy dwelling," etc.

—"Sir J. Y. The Polish game of draughts obedient is sometimes played for five guineas the hundred of a hundred squares. In the Polish game the pieces are likewise moved, and the board has seven rows, and a 'Handbook of Games,' in Bohn's Scientific Library.

—Mr. Kerr. "Sweetness" and "a respect to" are both correct, for good usage sanctions both.—"Can you tell me where I can find a genteel home for a lady he should certainly send up both cards.

—GRAY EYES. The verses are respectfully declined, but the *Lounger* thanks you. "Merrily shall I live now" as you insinuate that they do. Gray Eyes is a poet who will be heard from hereafter.

—"You want a mask. Also an assumed name.
"Your obedient servant.
"You carry a thin, slender rapier. You carry it constantly. Your obedient servant.
"You sit in your office like a spider in his den and patiently watch for the unsuspecting victim to approach you.
"Their tracks will point inward. When they enter, they can remain a month low, you extend a courteous welcome to them. Have your rapier through and through the dolorous victim."

A RIDE THROUGH ORANGE COUNTY.

SOME months since we published an article, which was based on the report of a Legislative Committee on the Insane Asylums of the State throughout the State. It drew down upon us shameful abuses which prevailed in many of those establishments. We then promised the intention of visiting some of the more prominent New York Asylums, and stating, in this journal, the results of an honest inspection. Circumstances have delayed the fulfillment of that purpose. Last week the gold which is the open sesame to everything, was at that institution to be found in Orange County, and of that institution we are prepared to speak.

Orange, it should be premised, is one of the great and rich counties of this State. It has an area greater than many of the European states. It square miles; and its population is probably 50,000 souls—considerably more than are ruled by some independent German princes. The Hudson, from the Hudson, on which it owns the flourishing towns of Newburgh and Cornwall, to the State of New Jersey and Pennsylvania, on the east and southeast, on the north, Ulster County excels it in size, but not in population, in wealth, and in the Revolutionary and Civil wars. Sweet.

It is a little wonderful that with all its beauty and its beautiful mountain and pretty hill; the fine and small rivulets; lakes in abundance, teeming with pickerel; rivers, which yield fine varieties of the finny race; thousands of acres of land whose surface is covered with grass, and thousands of acres in the highest state of cultivation; lovely valley, on which vines sun purple grapes, and glowing orchards of fruit-laden apples staggers to find a footing; marble quarries and mines which produce iron ore, the finest quality; hay, potatoes, barley, rye, and vegetables of every description; and barren stony wastes, where the grasshopper can scarcely find a spot on which respectable bird will waste a single moment. The finest prefect, however, is the abundance of fine grass. Years and years ago Orange grew a surplus of wheat; but years ago this ceased to be, and Orange became a grazing and dairy county. Years before the Erie Railroad was built New York City took the product of Orange. In the form of butter which was carted by the farmers to Newburgh or Cornwall, and shipped by water to the city. Now the Erie Railroad runs through the valleys. Farmers have received the milk, on *account*, in great tin cans; sold by the quart, and the cans returned. Dealers are two and three cents a quart, it is duly watered and chalked here, and retailed to the inhabitants of the city at the highest rates of the season. It is more profitable, say the Orangemen, to keep stock and sell milk than to grow wheat. Of course any grain or vegetable; and accordingly the staple export of Orange is milk. Every meadow and hill-side throughout the county is covered with fine cattle. Some farmers own thirty, some a hundred and fifty; and Dove Island, between Newburgh and Durham of England to the famous breeds which are such favorites in Ohio, are represented here; the Durhams are large, fine animals, some weighing half a dozen barels, and, when represented in dollars, are worth still more. In no part of the State are more or finer cattle to be seen than in Orange.

Our friend, Mr. M——— of Monroe, took us up in his wagon at an early hour of the morning; and we drove out of the village of Newburgh, which, where the Rev. Mr. Rice was preaching to some twelve hundred people, we made the best of our way, through a fine country, to Chester, and thence to Florida. Some of the road-side farms, among others that of Mr. Seeley, of Chester, attracted particular attention by their evident completeness: the barns were numerous and "running over;" the meadows clean and smooth as an Episcopalian's chin; every thing—from the honey-suckle on the porch to the pig-pen—indicated thrift and perfect order, and just as clean as constant use would permit.

Florida is a fine town, with a big hotel. There are two points about it. All the pretty girls in the county are gathered there. There is a prevailing opinion that pretty girls have been seen elsewhere. A rumor lately found vent to the effect that a lovely young creature had been seen at Goshen. But we incline to the belief that this is an error or an exaggeration. Every body knows that all the pretty girls of Provence are at Arles; and all the pretty girls of Orange County are at Florida. Bachelors will be so good as to make a note of the fact.

The second point about Florida is that it is the birth-place of Governor Seward. His father, the Hon. Samuel Seward, who was a doctor by profession, died here some eight years ago, worth half a million; the Governor's brothers, Polydore and George, live in the village. The old house has left its mark here pretty deeply indented. The finest house in the village is the mansion occupied by the children of George Seward—cost $30,000. An other prominent building is the Seward mansion, where the Governor's aged and frail mother lives; is the Seward Institute, a famous school for girls. Nowhere in the country was a man whose Seward connected life as a doctor, keeping, at the same time, a small shop on the ground-floor; here William H. Seward was born.

The Judge was a prudent, wary, and, many say, a hard man. Governor Hamilton tell a touching story about his only daughter; how she fell in love with his partner, a young doctor, was forbidden by her father to see him, received instructions to break off up for customary, and at length ran away and was married. Then, it is said, the Judge swore great oaths that he would never see her face more; yet, falling ill, and feeling the hand of death upon him, here he sent for her, and in the greatest imaginable tenderly, and she came, and staid in his house till he died, and left her boys and her self well provided for; how the stern old man, only half relenting, utterly disinherited her son, because they bore not his name. He left an integral fortune of a million to his daughter's daughter; and so on, with like sweet sentiments, which we have not space to relate. The old Judge, dying, groaned in spirit at the thought that the great estate he had amassed by a life of misery and thrift would probably be squandered by his children; to prevent which he left his property entire to his eldest son, Frederick, stipulating expressly that none of the heirs could inherit till he and all his co-heirs were of age. By this provision controversy and litigation has never been divided, and, from present appearances, never will be.

Of Governor Seward there are no reminiscences at Florida. He studied law at Goshen; and removed, on his admission to the bar, to Auburn, since when the Floridians have seen little of him. It is revered by his father shut it. He is said that he was wont to be seized with sudden bursts of affection toward his children. He once sent to New Jersey for his brother's brother's brother's boy, professions of kindness to him, and when he left Florida to return to Auburn, a piece of paper in his hand, bidding him not look at it till he was in his own home. The son-in-law, dreadfully excited, hastened home, and found in the folded precious slip of paper was—a ten-dollar note! On another occasion Governor Seward's son Frank was the recipient of a similar surprise; but this time the slip of paper was a check for ten thousand dollars to the order of Frank Seward.

Two or three miles from Florida stands the Orange County Lunatic Asylum, a respectable stony stone building, with a farm of 170 acres of good land attached. It was built about thirty years ago. At that time it cost as the act declares for all the care of the county: now Newburgh produces for her own share, and the Asylum is now supported by the rest of the county, at a cost of about $30,000 a year.

The number of lunatics at the present time is one hundred and twenty-four, one-third of whom are males, seventy-six females, and sixty-two men. Of these about twenty are lunatics. Idiots, who usually muster so strong in country poorhouses, are not known here. We were told that there was one, but we did not see him. Evidently the rule all over Orange County is not to be able to the development of idiocy; we commend the fact to the notice of the Fecility.

The lunatics are mixed in each establishments, here divided into two classes—new-comers, who had been picked up wandering, and those who, as shortly forwarded to an asylum where they may receive suitable treatment; and cases deemed "incurable." The latter class are the harmless and the lunatic asylums in the State. One young man had come here from Iowa. He was a good-looking youth, with well-tended *mustache and imperiale*; he paced his corridor with restless steps, and talked to himself in strong vertex. He seemed to the keeper of the poor-house, a very intelligent person, although he was not communicative with him, as he was excitable when addressed. Under Dr. Rumey's care the young man would probably recover more long. He was one case of seemingly incurable mania, apparently superinduced by habitual intemperance. This was the exception, none of the male lunatics seemed to have gone mad from sensual excesses; and none of the female lunatics of which mania was the occasion.

There were a few female lunatics—one, sent from Utica, evidently, in the present state of science, incurable; another, reduced to semi-idiocy by epilepsy; and a few others, all of them harmless, in general rule, rather hopeful cases. So far as we could judge, the alleged purveyors of cases for this asylum had been intemperance and starvation. One withered old lady is kept there who seemingly should be at home. She is said to be very hottempered, and apt to quarrel with her husband and relatives; but if all the husbandsread people were locked up in mad-houses, we should need several cities to hold them. To all appearances this old lady is harmless, and is well treated.

Among the lunatics we found a young woman with a child a few months old. She is perfectly sane. Her crime is that she is frail, and incapable of husbanding the wiles of unprincipled men. Thrice, we believe, she has become an inmate of the poor-house in a state of pregnancy, each time burdening the county with her own support during her confinement, and with that of her child afterward. She was barely sixteen when she first sought leave to bring her burden to the world under that hospitable roof. A few months ago she was again admitted. The Superintendent of the Poor endeavored to ascertain from her the name of the man who was thus burdening the county with the expenses of his pitiful sport; but the girl refused to tell. She was threatened—she was punished; but she would not tell her lover's name. She was told that when her child was born she would be confined in the lunatic asylum with the mad people; when she kept her secret. So there she was carried into effect; she was, and is, shut up, as we have seen, in company with the insane; but still she will not tell.

We come to the people of Orange whether common decency and humanity will justify this proceeding!

Block here is the chief source whence the poorhouses are peopled. There are about forty children in the Orange County Poor-house. Nearly all of these are illegitimate. We saw them in school, under the care of a venerable-looking, white-haired old gentleman, who seemed a most comfortable pride in their looks and performances. They were all well-dressed, and their manners—clean and well clad, and seemed well fed and healthy. We noticed a beautiful yellow-haired boy of four years, than whom a more beautiful child we have never seen little fellow. He and two sisters have been thrown on the county by the shameless mother. Another boy, with sharp black eyes, and a face upon which the officials knew well, is the son of an Orange County girl. She has eloped in her turn, and succeeded the shame here; subsequently married well, and is now the wife of a wealthy farmer. From time to time she visits the poor-house to see her boy. But latterly, the officials say, these visits have ceased, as she is afraid her husband may discover the terrible secret of her youth. We found the boy at play, and asked him would he like to come with us and work for his father. He assented joyfully.

As illicit love peoples the children's department, it also keeps the women's chambers full. Three-fourths of the women here have come here to become freed. There are mostly Irish; it seems some management to keep them clean and orderly. Some of them are kept in the cells belonging to the establishment. We visited one of their rooms; the women were sewing. A friend remarked, seemed to "feel their cats." When addressed seeing, the poor-house must seem a very convenient institution.

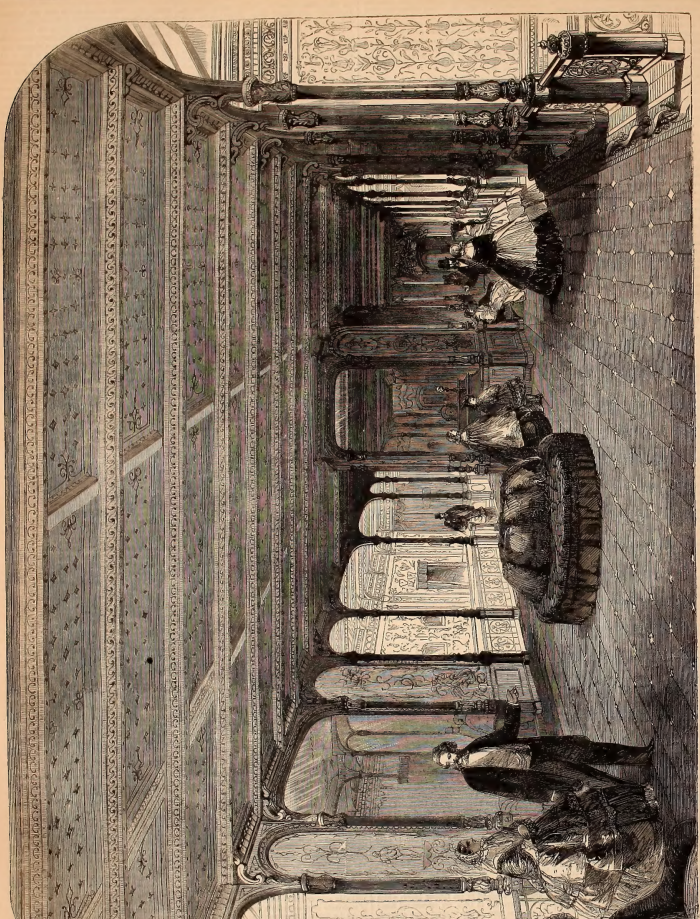
A visit to the paupers of a country poor-house should be a matter of every man's curiosity. Here, and here alone, is seen the denouement of a successful life-struggles. We see the comedy in Fifth Avenue and the tragedy in the Alms-House simply. This country is so prosperous, honest industry is the sure of its reward, that the poor-house is a by no prominent institution here than it is in Europe. But it exists; there are, even in New York State, more paupers than were any time, in all the country house; where lost hours are spent in such unusual hour of the day, and such work to perform, in requital of the crust and bed which county charity provides. Our companion was deeply moved at the sight of one old man whom he had known a thriving farmer in former days; here he sat in a chair which he had tenanted in the same measure of a window to get as much sun as possible to warm his old blood: he had lost most of his poor wits, and barely remembered that he had once lived in the town of M——. Another feeble old man, tottering across the yard, was once a leading merchant of Goshen. Once his word was final on questions of trade; his paper—why, Sir, the banks seemed to type for it, and the Bank of ——, one spectacle day, he failed; tumbled down, down, into the county poor-house. We saw him, and tried to see my one, and, steadying his old frame with his staff, says Sir" to little boys who call him Mr. Jones as he is, did no pre-arrangement Fellow-some at Gray Friars?

But a sadder man is there, who does a little work, when it is not too hot, in the fields of the house. He can not work much, for he is very old, and his legs and arms are very thin and weak; but he has a high-minded feeling which will force him to do what he can to earn the bread he eats. He, too, was well off once; his brothers are wealthy still; but, said our guide, the law don't oblige brothers to keep each other, and they refuse to help poor old pauper prefer to leave him to the keeping of the county. We regret that we have forgotten this old man's name.

The sexes persons seem comfortable and happy. We visited every room in the building, and found every where cleanliness and order, and perfect comfort, except at Block's cells. Each, well, considering, passage, all were admirably clean. The rooms were good; a stout straw pallasse, well shaken up, sufficient bedding, and every thing else, constituted a bed on which an emperor might repose contentedly. The dormitories, moreover, as well as the rest of the house, very clean. Here the inmates have their meals: for breakfast, cold meat and bread, and coarse drab, as much as desires brown bread as they can eat, and, for those who prefer it, butter; for dinner, meat, with sometimes fresh, sometimes salt, vegetables of every kind from the country, and, now and then, pie, rice and milk, or succotash, etc., etc. Every pauper is allowed to eat as much as he can. The farm produces milk, vegetables, eggs, and beef in profusion; and the rule of the humane Superintendent is, that in that building no one shall suffer hunger.

The whole building is heated throughout by hot-water pipes, and must be very comfortable in winter.

If all our poor-houses were like this one, critics would find their vocation gone.



THE SALOON OF THE STEAMSHIP "GREAT EASTERN."

THE SALOON OF THE "GREAT EASTERN."

In the two last numbers of the *Weekly* we gave very full descriptions of the cabin of the great ship; we now give an engraving which shows it to advantage. It is of course needless to observe that our picture only shows a part of this gigantic room.

The total length of the main saloon is 62 feet by 36 feet wide; at one end is the ladies' saloon, which is 20 feet long. Through the saloon protrude two of the funnels; but they have been so skillfully surrounded by mirrors that they appear positively ornamental.

The furniture of the saloon is very rich and beautiful. The carpet is a simple pattern, in which maroon color predominates. The sofas are covered with Utrecht velvet; the buffets are of walnut, richly carved, with green marble tops. The sides of the saloon are covered with mirrors and arabesques personifying the arts and sciences employed in the construction of the ship. The state-room doors are provided with curtains of rich crimson silk.

"DUST TO DUST."

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

TRUMPS.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

CHAPTER LIII.

DEATH.

THE clover-blossom perfumed the summer air. The scythe and the sickle still hung in the barn. Grass and grain swayed and whispered and sparkled in the sun and wind. June was spent all the gentle hills and peaceful meadows and winding brooks-sides. June was in the sweet-briar that climbed the solid stone posts of the gateway, and clustered along the homely country stone wall. June blossomed in the yellow buttercup by the roadside, and in the tremulous anemone and the bright violet in the woods. June sang in the whistle of the swan swinging on the limb and the chirrup, and the gushing warble of the bobolink tumbling and darting and fluttering in the warm meadow. June twinkled in the keen brightness of the fresh green of leaves, and swelled in the fruit buds. June filled the air with delight, and covered the earth with glory in the cloudy of apple blossoms and covered Old England with flowers. June clucked and crowed in the cocks and hens that stepped about the yard, followed by the multitudinous peep of little chickens. June loved in the cattle in the pasture. June sprang and sprouted and sang and grew in all the sprouting and blooming, in all the sunny new life of the world.

While among the dark pine-trees stood the old house of Pinewood—a temple of silence in the midst of the teeming, overpowering murmur of new life; of silence and darkness in the midst of jubilant sunshine and universal song, that seemed to press against the very windows over which the green blinds were drawn.

But it seemed a little hushed and subdued, that long wave of rich life, as it glided across the lawn and in among the solemn pine-trees. There was a little space of silence even about the house. The birds sang in the trees beyond —the bobolinks gushed in the meadows below. There is a line drawn between life and death.

In the large drawing-room, draped in cool-colored chintz, where once Gabriel Perrott and Abel Newt had seen Hope Wayne, on the table where books had lain like precision ornaments, by a strange piece of furniture, long, and spreading at one end, smelling of new varnish, studded with high silver-headed nails, and with a lid. It was lined with satin. Yes, it was a casket.

The room was more formal, and colder, than ever. Puffs of air crept through it as if frightened—frightened to death before they got out again. The smell of the varnish was stronger than that of the clover-blossoms, or the rose or honey-suckles outside in the garden, and about the piazzas.

Upon the wall hung the portrait of Christopher Burt at the age of ten, standing in clean clothes, holding a hoop in one hand and a hoop in the other. It was sixty-four years before that the portrait was painted, and if one had come searching for what he would have found him—by lifting that lid he would have seen him; but in those sunken features, that white hair, that startling stillness of repose, would he have recognized the boy of the soft eyes and the tender heart, whose June clover had not yet blossomed?

There was a creaking, crackling sound upon the gravel in the avenue, and then a carriage emerged from behind the hedge, and then another, and another. They were handsome carriages chiefly, and stopped at the front door, which was swung wide open. There was no sound but the lesting down of steps and stamming of carriage doors, and the rolling away of wheels. People with grave faces, which they seemed to have put on for the occasion as they put on white gloves, blue dingus, stepped out and came up the steps. They were mostly clad in sober colors, and the clothing, or conversed in a low, murmuring tone, or in whispers. They entered the house and found themselves in the library, with a large solemn family Bible and the empty inkstand on the clean pen-wiper and the paper knife and the melancholy recesses of books lock at into their proper.

Presently some one would step to the door and beckon with his finger to some other one sitting in the silent library. The latter arose and walked out quietly, and went with the beckoner and looked in at the door. Some one had once been a boy there. And coming back to the library the smell of varnish was for a moment blown out of the wide entry by the cool gale from the meadows, and then the mingled the silent company of the song and the sunshine and bloom that were outside.

By-and-by Rosa Wynne and his mamma in Sunday clothes walked up the avenue, and entered the house, and looked at the inscription of the casket, sat down in the hall, while the old man looked out into the peaceful, perfumed June weather, and heard the birds, till some body came down the stairs and touched him, and gave him a message, and then he touched his wife, and they went up stairs.

Mr. Snowy Grey came also in black gaiters and white cravat, pondering many things as he seated himself quietly and waited.

It was a most solemn meeting. No more carriages came; no more people. There was no more looking into the casket, no more weeping and moaning. The rooms were full of a silent company, and they were all waiting. The clock ticked audibly. The wind sighed in the pine-trees. What next? Would not the master of the house appear to welcome his guests?

He did not come; but Mr. Gabriel Perrott, at the head of the stairs, near a room in which Hope Wayne, and Rosa Wynne, and Mrs. Simcoe, and Fanny Dinks, and Alfred, and his parents, and Horee Wamley, and his wife, and a few others, was heard the voice of Dr. Parsons, saying "Let us pray!"

And he prayed a long prayer. He spoke of the good works of this life, and the sweet promises of the mercy of the Christian God. He fights the good fight encompassed by a crowd of witnesses; of those who do justice and love mercy, and walk in the way of the Lord. He referred to our dear, departed brother, and eulogized Christian merchants, and Christian citizens, and, being rich, are almoners of the Lord's bounty. He prayed for those who remained, reminding them that the Lord chastiseth whom he loves, and that they who die, although full of years and honor, do yet but exchange the decrease from troubling, and the weary are at rest, and at last pass beyond to enter into the joy of their Lord.

His voice ceased, and silence fell again upon the house. Every body was still. Some had fanned themselves, and the men looked about. Here was again the sense of waiting—of vague expectation. What next?

Three or four workmen went into the parlor. One of them put down the lid and locked it tight. The casket was closed forever. They lifted it and carried it out carefully, down the steps, and placed it into a hearse that stood upon the gravel, and the man who closed the lid buttoned his black coat and got into the hearse.

The same man went to the front door and read several names from a paper in a clear voice. The people descended the marble stairs, went out of the door, and stepped into carriages. The company rose in the library and left the room, and, moving toward the hall, looked at the mourners—at Hope Wayne and Mrs. Simcoe, at Mr. and Mrs. Budlong Dinks, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Dinks, and others, as they passed out.

Presently the carriages began to move slowly along the avenue. Those who remained stepped out upon the piazza and watched it: then began to talk about for their own carriages. One after another they drove away. Mr. Kingo said to Mr. Sutter that he believed the will was in the hands of Mr. Budlong Dinks, and would be opened in the morning. They looked around the place, and remarked that Miss Wayne would probably become its mistress.

"Mrs. Alfred Dinks seems to be a very—a very—" said Mr. Kingo, gravely, pausing upon the last word.

"Very much so, indeed," replied Mr. Sutter, with equal gravity.

"And yet," said Mr. Grabeau, "if it had been so ordered that young Mr. Dinks should marry his cousin, Miss Wayne, he would—that is, I suppose he would—" and he too hesitated.

"Undoubtedly," replied both the other gentlemen, decisively, "without question it would have been a very good thing." Mr. Burt must have felt a very big pecuniary."

"He made every one tell," said Mr. Sutter, taking the reins and stepping into his carriage.

"Home—mother—to dinner, perhaps?" inquired Mr. Grabeau, gravely, as he took out his whip.

"Awful!" replied Mr. Kingo, as he drove away.

The last carriage went, and the stately old mansion stood behind its trees deserted. The casket and its contents had been borne away forever, but somebody had opened all the windows of the house, and June, with its song, and bloom, and sunshine, overflowed the silent chambers and banished the smell of the varnish and every thought of death.

CHAPTER LIV.

THE REDRESS.

THE next morning it was hard to believe in the spectacle of the preceding day. The house of Pinewood was pleasantly open to the sun and air. Hope Wayne, in a black dress of the lightest possible texture, so thin that her arms could be seen through the sleeves, sat by a window. Lawrence Newt sat beside her. Dr. Peewee was talking with Mrs. Dinks. Her son Alfred was sitting alone in a chair, looking at his mother, and Mrs. Fanny Newt Dinks was looking out at the window upon the lawn. Mrs. Simcoe was near Hope Wayne. There was a table in the middle of the room from which every thing had been removed. The Honorable Budlong Dinks was walking slowly up and down the room; and Horace Wamley, another gentleman, friend of his, were conversing and smiling among themselves.

Mr. Dinks stopped in his walk, and leaning upon the table with the tips of two fingers and the thumb of his left hand, he thrust the right hand into the pocket, by the side of the ruffle of his shirt, as if he were about to address the company upon a weighty question.

"In accordance," said he, with an air of respect and resignation, "with the wishes of the late lamented Mr. Burt, as expressed in a paper found in his secretary drawer after his decease, I am about to do what I will."

The Honorable Mr. Dinks cleared his throat. Mrs. Fanny Newt Dinks turned back from the bright green representation outside. All eyes were fixed upon the speaker, who became more and more conscious every moment. He took out his glasses and placed them upon his nose, and slowly surveyed the company. He then drew a paper from his pocket, cleared his throat with great dignity as he did so:

"'I, Christopher Burt, merchant,' said he, again pausing about the room. At this point Hiram stepped gently in, and stood by the door.

"'I, Christopher Burt,' repeated he, and as if it had been sacramental bread, and with occasional pauses for groups around him to partake it—shook it—crossed it back—smoothed it—and held it carefully in the attitude of reading.

"'I, Christopher Burt,' he said, again, when he considered the audience had been sufficiently impressed with its ceremony, and with a proper appreciation of the fact that he had been selected to reveal the contents of that important paper to mankind, he began, and read that, word for sound and word, body, etc., etc., Christopher Burt, etc., etc., as an humble Christian, and loving the Lord in forms, gave his body to the ground, his soul to his God, in the hope of a happy resurrection, etc., etc.; and devised and bequeathed his property, etc. etc., in the manner following, to wit: that is to say:

"'First. I give, devise, and bequeath to my grandson Alfred, the son of my deceased daughter Fanny, the sum of five thousand dollars per annum, as hereinafter specified.'

"'Second. I give and bequeath to my grandson Alfred Dinks, who changed the position of his name without authority within himself—' By Jove!

"'Second. I give to Francis Dinks, the daughter of Francis Dinks, deceased, late of Boston, the sum of five thousand dollars.'

The voice of Mr. Budd Dinks ceased. His wife half rose and sat down again; her face was of a deep ashy color. Fanny Newt sat perfectly still and looked narrowly at her father-in-law, but very black and dangerous. Alfred had an air of troubled consternation, as if something fearful were about to happen. The whole company were disturbed. They seemed to be in an electrical condition of apprehension like the air before a thunder-burst.

Mr. Dinks continued:

"'Third. I give to Alfred Dinks, my grandnephew, my silver shoe-buckles, which belonged to his great-grandfather Bird.

"'Fourth. And all the other estate, real and personal, of which I may die seized, I give, devise, and bequeath, to Budlong Dinks, Timothy Dinks, and Sarah Sutter, in trust, nevertheless, and for the sole use, behoof, and benefit of my dearly beloved grand-daughter, Hope Wayne.'"

Mr. Dinks stopped. There were some papers annexed, containing directions for collecting the moneys to be paid to Mrs. Simcoe, and a schedule of the property. The Honorable B. Dinks looked hastily at the schedule.

"Miss Wayne's property will be at least a million of dollars," said he, in a formal voice.

There were a few moments of utter silence. Even the legal gentlemen ceased buzzing; but presently the forefinger of one of them was laid on the palm of his other hand, and as he stated his proposition a light conversation began.

Mrs. Fanny Dinks Newt seemed to have been smitten. She sat crushed up, as it were, biting her nails nervously; her face wrinkled incredulously, and glaring at her father-in-law, as he folded the paper. Her face grew altogether as black as her hair and her eyes; as if she might discharge a doubtful flash and burst of tempest if she were touched, or spoken to, or even looked at.

But Mrs. Dinks the elder did look at her, not at all with an air of fallen triumph, but, on the contrary, with a singularly inquisitive glance of apprehension and alarm, as if she felt that the petty trial of wits between them was insignificant compared with the chances of Alfred's happiness. In one moment it flashed upon her mind that the consequences of this will to her Alfred—to her son whom she loved—would be overwhelming. Good Heavens! she turned pale as she thought of him and Fanny together.

The young man had merely muttered "By Jove, that's too d——bad!" and flung himself out of the room.

His wife did not observe that her mother-in-law was regarding her; she did not see that her husband had left the room; she thought of no matter of wife, of no game she had won or lost. She thought only of the tragical mistake she had made; the dull, blundering crime she had committed; and still bowed over, and gnawing her nails, she looked sideways with her hard, vixen, black eyes, at Hope Wayne.

The heiress sat quietly by the side of her friend Lawrence Newt. She was holding the hand of Mrs. Simcoe, who glanced sometimes at Lawrence, calmly, and with no sign of regretful or vengeful remembrance. The Honorable Budlong Dinks was walking up and down the room, stroking his chin with his hand, not without a curiously vague indignation with the late lamented proprietor of Pinewood.

There was something strange in the spectacle. A room full of living men and women who had just heard what some of them considered their doom pronounced by a dead man. They had carried him out of his house, cold, powerless, screwed in the casket. They had laid him in the ground beneath the village spire, and yet it was his word that troubled, enraged, disappointed, shocked, and overwhelmed them. Beyond their gratitude, reproaches, taunts, or fury, he lay helpless and dumb—to them the most terrible and inaccessible of despots.

The conversation was cool and indifferent. The legal gentlemen moved about with a professional and indifferent air, as if they assisted at such an occasion as medical students at dissections. It was in the way of business. As Mr. Quibble, the confidential counsel of the late lamented Mr. Burt, looked at Mrs. Alfred

READING THE WILL.

Dinks, he remarked to Mr. Baze, a younger member of the bar, anxious to appear well in the eyes of Quiddy, that it was a pity the friends of deceased parties permitted their feelings to overpower them upon these occasions. Saying which, Mr. Quiddy waved his forefinger in the air, while Mr. Baze, in a deferential manner and tone, answered, Certainly; it was a final thing. There was no getting round a will drawn as that will was—here a slight bow to Mr. Quiddy, who had drawn the will, was politely made, and if people didn't like what they got, they had better grin and bear it. Mr. Quiddy concluded, marked, with the forefinger still wandering in the air as if restlessly seeking for some argument to point, that the silver shoe-buckles which had so long been identified with the easy gaunt costume of Mr. Sort would be a very pretty and interesting heir-loom in the family of young Mr. Dinks.

Upon which the eminent confidential counsel took snuff, and while he flirted the powder from his fingers looked at his young friend Baze.

Young Mr. Baze said, "Very interesting!" and continued the attitude of listening for further wisdom from his superior.

Lawrence Newt meanwhile had narrowly watched his niece Fanny. Her head had almost been supported by her; but he went over to her, presently.

"Well, Fanny."

"Well, Uncle Lawrence."

"Beautiful place, Fanny."

"Is it?"

"So peaceful after the city."

"I prefer town."

"Fanny!"

"Uncle Lawrence."

"What are you going to do?"

She had not looked at him before, but now she raised her eyes to his. She might as well have closed them. Drooping them, she looked upon the floor and said nothing.

"I say, Fanny, what?"

She looked fierce. There was a snake-like obstinacy in her appearance which Alfred's mother saw across the room and trembled. Then she raised her eyes again to her uncle's, and said, with a kind of hissing sneer,

"Indeed, Uncle Lawrence, thank you for the thing. It's not very hard for you to ask it now. Not dismayed, not even surprised by this speech, Lawrence was about to reply, but she struck in,

"No no. I don't want to hear it. I'm disheartened, but I have my revenge. As for you, my respected uncle, you have played your cards better.

He was surprised and perplexed.

"Why, Fanny, what cards? What do you mean?"

"I mean that an old fox is a sly fox," said she, with the hissing sneer.

Lawrence looked at her in amazement.

"I mean that sly old foxes who have lined their own nests can afford to pity a young one who gets a silver shoe-buckle," hissed Fanny, with bitter malignity.

"Fanny, my child," Alfred Dinks went on hopelessly, and he'd break the will. Better wills than this have been broken by good lawyers before now. Probably," and he added suddenly, with a sarcastic smile, "my dear uncle does not wish to have the will broken?"

Lawrence Newt was pondering what possible interest she thought he could have in the will.

"What interest could it make to you in existence, Fanny?"

"Only the difference of a million of dollars," said she, with her sneer set.

Gradually her meaning dawned upon Lawrence Newt. With a mingled pain and disgust and surprise, and a half-startled apprehension that others might have read his poetry, and that all kinds of disagreeable consequences might flow from such misapprehension, he perceived what she was thinking of, and what she suddenly and sharply that even Fanny started,

"You think I want to marry Alfred Dinks?"

"Of course I do. So does every body else. Do you suppose we have not known of your intentions? Do you think we have not watched you of your meetings all winter with that artist and Amy Waring, and your reading poetry, and that kind of disg

daughters. The fire broke out in the basement kitchen, and it is supposed to have been burning for some time, as the heat through the upper story was intense. Mr. Bond was the first one to discover the fire, having been kept awake by a sore hand. Mr. Reiss and the next to the eldest daughter, sixteen years of age, attempted to escape from the third story, and their bodies were found on the landing outside. The two younger daughters were found suffocated in their beds. Mrs. Reiss escaped on to the roof of the piazza, and from thence was rescued by the firemen. Mr. Reiss and his eldest daughter were still breathing when found, but died soon after. The house is owned by Mr. Reiss, and is a three-story and double-stoop brick, and was occupied by the family and two boarders. The fire was still smouldering when the firemen left the premises, and was kept under control by the police.

DEATH OF THE OLDEST MERCHANT IN NEW YORK.

The *Times* has the following: "George Griswold, the oldest merchant in the city, and the head of one of the oldest mercantile firms in the country, died very suddenly indeed, on Monday afternoon, at the residence of his son-in-law, John C. Green, No. 63 Fifth Avenue. He was born in the house of Capt. Griswold, in Lyme, Conn., and was engaged in the Canton trade more than half a century. He retired in 1830. Griswold & Co. were rich men, though he is supposed to have been about eighty-three. He was the last surviving member of the eighteen partners in this city in partnership with his elder brother in 1810, and for fifty years was the most prominent position in our mercantile community. During all the revolutions of trade, he was the last to suspend the mercantile world during that period his firm has never suffered in credit. He took no active part in the great enterprises of the country, not only in those of a commercial character, but in those of a public and educational, and has been known rather as a capitalist than as a manager of great enterprise. He was a man of remarkable personal appearance, tall, erect, and handsome. He singularly black, piercing eye, and a stateliness of manner which did not forsake him to the last day of his life. He was the last of the race of mercantile magnates who laid the foundations of the commercial greatness of the city by their intelligent enterprise and integrity of purpose. He had been a benefactor of the New York Chamber of Commerce for fifty-two years, and that body will to-day pass resolutions of appropriate tribute to his memory. He was a member of the Presbyterian Church in University Place, Dr. Prime's. His funeral will take place on Thursday at 10 o'clock A.M.

ANOTHER AFFECTIONATE SOLDIER.

A correspondent of the Charleston *Mercury*, writing from Denver's Spring, Kansas Territory, says: "A gentleman visitor, named Henry, residing there, who was in the battle of King's Mountain, says:

"He is nearly ninety-five years old, and still reads without spectacles. He was a mere boy when he joined the battle, but stood his ground when Ferguson's troop charged with the bayonet, and in running escaped a shot through the hand and into the thigh. His rifle, which he had just loaded, was found empty when the moment he received the ThrusT. This filled his sabaigand, and he used the butt of his rifle with such effect that he felt sure he had killed his man. He was then charged upon and ridden by his thigh. He observed because a dismounted continental was about to be cut down by another more desperate criminal case than any other was in the field. As he lit immediately upon his account of the affair, he gave by himself, with the aid of Venus, another of the participators in that battle, who, in the course of his simple narrative was not the 'Game Cock,' but 'Tuck.' That he was so called by his comrades, who stood in awe of his prowess for bare-combickers. That a celebrated fighter named 'Tuck' was one of the best fighters in the army that is compliment to Sumter's pluck Gilmore gave him the sobriquet, 'Game Cock,' who afterward changed into the 'Game Cock.'"

PERSONAL.

Colonel Samuel Green died at Hartford on Tuesday, in the ninety-second year of his age. He was the founder of the New London *Gazette* for more than forty years, taking the paper in 1796. He was also a bookseller and publisher by his father. For more than fifty years he issued the Connecticut *Register*, a political manual, the first of which was commenced in 1795 by his father, Timothy Green.

Mr. Thomas Ritchie, Jr., who died at Richmond on Saturday, is the last child of the late Thomas Ritchie, Esq., for a quarter of a century the leader of his father, Benjamin Green, who emigrated from England in 1795, was one of the first to establish the business of type-selling in this country.

The English correspondent of the *Southern Agriculturist* says: "Strange as it may appear, your distinguished guest has made Mr. Powlson a serious offer of £2000 a year to accompany him in America as his agricultural adviser and gentleman's direction and supervision. No one but Barnum would have the impudence to have made such an offer to Mr. Powlson of such an unbalanced kind. Mr. Powlson flatly rejected and ignored the offer, and I am glad of it, seeing it is Mr. Barnum: 'O, full of subtlety and mischief, thou art the chief of the race enemy of all good.' Powlson, still blue pet cause to prevent the right ways of the world."

A Troy journal tells of a man who has lived to be a aged negro, and one of the oldest inhabitants of Niagara County, who entered his ninety-second year on the last Sabbath. Uncle Lewis has been a slave, an abolitionist, and now is another slave. He is as full of life as he will be as fairy spirit was, and on the death of a most prominent citizen he is believed to have become one of the daughters, whom he was compelled to leave behind. A number of years since he was a slave in Virginia, and for the lands of a young abolition lecturer, who promised to bring his youngest daughter to see him. He was discharged, either by stealing her from her master, or by her father-in-law. The latter was a slave, and the former the master, the master in case with his pet cow, yoke of oxen, and a few dollars in money, and the daughter in the other. Uncle Lewis emigrated distinctly several incidents of the Revolutionary War, and is still remembered to be terse it.

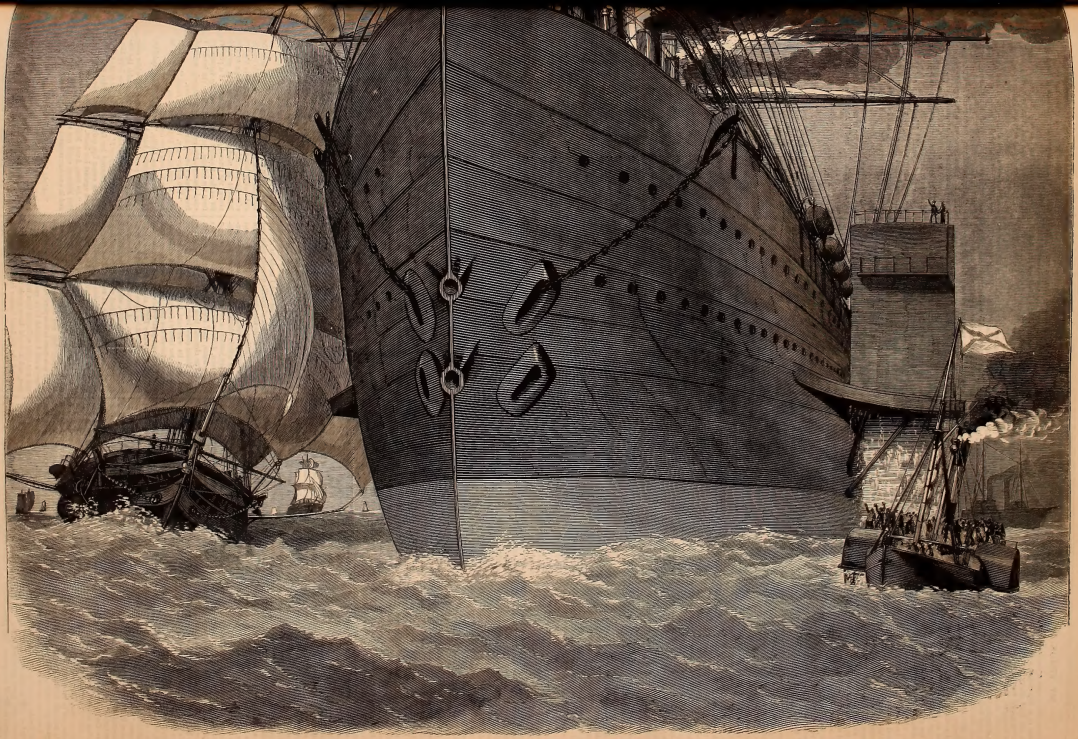
Noah Webb by Sir John Inglis during the defence of Lucknow has been presented to King's College, Windsor, Nova Scotia. Sergeant Webb was one of the Governor General Williams at the siege of Kars was also presented with a suitable testimonial.

The views of Professor M'Whirter with regard to the bowing of the head by the Rev. Dr. Cumming, of London, have been adopted by Professor Unicott of Heidelberg.

Simeon Owen, of Southampton County, Va., died a few days since, aged 106 years and 6 months. He was engaged in the battle of Yorktown, and also that of Petersburg, Virginia. The old soldier had never been confined to his bed, and to all appearances was capable of living for a number of years.

A company of gentlemen have formed in New Orleans, their object to encourage having served in one of the cause in the Crimea.

The Rev. Dr. Cumming, of London, has written a letter to the Rev. Dr. Cumming, of London, has written a letter to the Rev. Dr. Cumming, of London, has written a letter to the



THE "GREAT EASTERN" STEAMSHIP AT SEA.

MY VISION.

I STOOD alone upon a narrow bridge just as the shadows of a September evening were falling. Above my head angry clouds drifted along like sunbriven spirits doomed to wander in the blackness of darkness; beneath my feet whirled the turbulent little stream, foaming over gray pebbles, and lashing the tender lilies that bloomed upon its banks, until their quivering stems broke, and they dropped, sobbing, into the current, fragrance and beauty gone forever!

A dreary wind, sweeping up from the east, dashed a shower of rain against my face, and then warned me to hasten on and seek shelter for the night before the storm began in good earnest; but I had only to laugh at the suggestion. With not a dollar in my pocket, nor even the prospect of one, who would welcome the wanderer to his house-door and bid me welcome to the warmth and good cheer of a home?

The last wood, which bounds my breath, proved the corner-stone of a castle in the air.

Because I was a poor outcast, seeking my fortune, with half my worldly possessions on my back, and the other half tied in a handkerchief, I carried along over a hickory staff upon my shoulder, it did not follow that there was nothing rich or fine within. I did not think that every one's spirit must plod along, keeping even pace with my feet and hands; and so, at the entrance of that sweetsmelling forest, my vision presented itself.

I sat in the parlor of a cottage nigh the sea, holding my wife by the hand, and looking from her calm face to the child that lay in her lap, and slept on her bosom. There were pictures hanging against the walls, and books lying upon the table within easy reach, and a bright fire of pine-cones smiled invitingly from a corner opposite, and a bright fire glowed on the hearth-stone. The sun turned away from them all, for within the circle of my sight arm was clasped a fairer picture than Raphael ever painted. A sweeter one I have never dreamed. *Music!* I had it in every low whisper my dear wife murmured, in every smile that blew forward from her lustrous eyes, from her glowing lips, from the magic touch of her slender fingers threading the soft hair of my child. I paint this down for the sake of contrasting it with my actual circumstances.

That morning I was the adopted son of Job Forrester, an eccentric old man, and heir-prospective to an estate of half a million; but when the doors of the Grange were shut behind me, and I was adrift upon the world, I was as poor in my expectations as night it may provoke a smile.

"It is true, Philip," said the old gentleman, in the full tide of a remonstrance against my folly, that the strong of hell are paved with the bones of infants. They have their vision upon the mercy—not the slightest, and of course will never be admitted there.

This mode of Mr. Forrester's theology I boldly averred to be false, and with more warmth than wisdom declared that no man deserved to be ultimately worthy the hottest rest in the adversary's kingdom; and as this irate remark of course assigned all believers a share in the future eternal reward, its result was my immediate ejection from the fine old mansion where I had been taught from boyhood to regard as my own.

But let this pass.

My vision floated away on a drift of rain-drops, and I turned and gazed, through mist and gathering gloom, up the road over which I had just come. Then I was a dweller in a dwelling in sight. I had not passed one for the last two miles, and for aught I knew I might go as much further before I came upon one. It was quite time I were moving. I pushed my hat down over my eyes, and, shielding good-sight to the darkling river, with its freight of willows, started on my way, when the cheerful jangle of a cow-bell fell upon my ear, and in few moments the sleek, white-faced animal who bore it drew near, gladdening me with gentle, sweet human eyes. Close behind followed a small child, her little foot moving wearily, and her hands full of yellow-mantled buttercups. I met the little stranger with shy glances as he walked along on the edge of the road, for my mood was, just suppose the foolish head was running over with the stories she had read and heard of bandits, murderers, and the like. But it pleased me to see that she did not quicken her pace, and presently, instead of whistling as a boy would have done, she began to hum a song to keep up her flagging spirits. It was a pleasant little voice, and reminded me of a honey bee in a field of red clover; and the fancy that it trembled with fear led me to interrupt it, and answer the little one that I was neither bandit nor murderer, but simply a poor man seeking his fortune, and very doubtful under what shelter to-night he was to be spared the chilling little heart! She held out her hand to me with a child's supreme confidence, and said, in the sweetest of accents,

"Poor man! I am very sorry you haven't any home, but my grandmother will let you stay at our house; she never turns any body away. We are almost there. I see the light in the kitchen window now."

I saw it too, and as we drew nearer the door was opened and a girl appeared, holding a lantern in her hand.

"Is that you, Milicent?" cried my little boy, dropping my hand and running forward; and the reply came in a quiet voice, "Yes, and I am glad you have come, Tiny, for I was beginning to feel anxious, for you've been gone more than two hours."

"It was all Bonnie's fault. She had strayed away into the woods, and it was hard work to find her. I tore my gown in two places, and cut both of my hands; but I've got some lilies, and—all! Milicent!" What followed I only guessed from Milicent's next words addressed to me.

"Come in, Sir, if you please. My grandmother will bid you welcome."

Tiny led the way into the kitchen, where by the chimney corner the old lady sat drowsing over her knitting work. She opened her eyes, however, as the little ones entered, and, seeing me also, laid the touch of the small brown hand on her shoulder, and smiled benignly in the face of the stranger, who stood, hat in hand, on the threshold.

"I have only a handful of corn and the widow's cruse to set before you, Sir," she said, in the following accents of age; "but the Lord has an overflowing store of winter to spare at full. Sit down by the fire, if you please. You are welcome, Sir, very welcome!" and the aged woman's voice fell away into softly out.

Truly it was the handsomest of humble apartments. Each cottage-kitchen, and destitute of any thing in the form of ornament, with the solitary exception of a wooden mantel-shelf, on which upon a pine light stand filled with wild flowers. The floor was unpainted, the window curtainless, the chairs, and the carpenter's handiwork would have scorned such poverty; but for me, the existence of the place having overtaken me, I was too weary to be fastidious, and accepting the simple hospitality with a grateful heart, I drew a chair to the kindled wood in front of the fire, and in a moment was so comfortable that I would not have exchanged it for the monarch-shadowed of a palace.

The two girls were gone, it seemed a long time, for the good old lady could not shake off her drowsiness, and the supper was so intensely still I could hear the clicking of my watch and the faint purring of the cat beside it, as she lay before the fire-place with marvelous distinctness. The stillness had its effect upon my overtaxed nerves, and I fell asleep, for the next I knew was the sound of Milicent's voice as she bade me welcome to the supper—and I took my eyes upon a picture which I cannot describe. I will only say that the streak of bell and turned and gazed, through mist and gathering gloom, up the road over which I had just come. Then I was a dweller in a dwelling in sight. I had not passed one for the last two miles, and for aught I knew I might go as much further before I came upon one. It was quite time I were moving. I pushed my hat down over my eyes, and, shielding good-sight to the darkling river, with its freight of willows, started on my way, when the cheerful jangle of a cow-bell fell upon my ear, and in few moments the sleek, white-faced animal who bore it drew near, gladdening me with gentle, sweet human eyes. Close behind followed a small child, her little foot moving wearily, and her hands full of yellow-mantled buttercups. I met the little stranger with shy glances as he walked along on the edge of the road, for my mood was, just suppose the foolish head was running over with the stories she had read and heard of bandits, murderers, and the like. But it pleased me to see that she did not quicken her pace, and presently, instead of whistling as a boy would have done, she began to hum a song to keep up her flagging spirits. It was a pleasant little voice, and reminded me of a honey bee in a field of red clover; and the fancy that it trembled with fear led me to interrupt it, and answer the little one that I was neither bandit nor murderer, but simply a poor man seeking his fortune, and very doubtful under what shelter to-night he was to be spared the chilling little heart! She held out her hand to me with a child's supreme confidence, and said, in the sweetest of accents,

"Poor man! I am very sorry you haven't any home, but my grandmother will let you stay at our house; she never turns any body away. We are almost there. I see the light in the kitchen window now."

I saw it too, and as we drew nearer the door was opened and a girl appeared, holding a lantern in her hand.

"Is that you, Milicent?" cried my little boy, dropping my hand and running forward; and the reply came in a quiet voice, "Yes, and I am glad you have come, Tiny, for I was beginning to feel anxious, for you've been gone more than two hours."

"It was all Bonnie's fault. She had strayed away into the woods, and it was hard work to find her. I tore my gown in two places, and cut both of my hands; but I've got some lilies, and—all!" Milicent!" What followed I only guessed from Milicent's next words addressed to me.

"Come in, Sir, if you please. My grandmother will bid you welcome."

Tiny led the way into the kitchen, where by the

chimney corner the old lady sat drowsing over her knitting work. She opened her eyes, however, as the little ones entered, and, seeing me also, laid the touch of the small brown hand on her shoulder, and smiled benignly in the face of the stranger, who stood, hat in hand, on the threshold.

"I have only a handful of corn and the widow's cruse to set before you, Sir," she said, in the following accents of age; "but the Lord has an overflowing store of winter to spare at full. Sit down by the fire, if you please. You are welcome, Sir, very welcome!" and the aged woman's voice fell away into softly out.

Truly it was the handsomest of humble apartments. Each cottage-kitchen, and destitute of any thing in the form of ornament, with the solitary exception of a wooden mantel-shelf, on which upon a pine light stand filled with wild flowers. The floor was unpainted, the window curtainless, the chairs, and the carpenter's handiwork would have scorned such poverty; but for me, the existence of the place having overtaken me, I was too weary to be fastidious, and accepting the simple hospitality with a grateful heart, I drew a chair to the kindled wood in front of the fire, and in a moment was so comfortable that I would not have exchanged it for the monarch-shadowed of a palace.

The two girls were gone, it seemed a long time, for the good old lady could not shake off her drowsiness, and the supper was so intensely still I could hear the clicking of my watch and the faint purring of the cat beside it, as she lay before the fire-place with marvelous distinctness. The stillness had its effect upon my overtaxed nerves, and I fell asleep, for the next I knew was the sound of Milicent's voice as she bade me welcome to the supper—and I took my eyes upon a picture which I cannot describe. I will only say that the streak of bell

"I am going to wake him up, Milicent."

"Not just yet, dear," Milicent answered. "Do not let Uncle Job disturb you."

I half unclosed my eyes, and saw her as she stood near the table, with the lamp-light shining full upon her. And here I might pause and tell you the color of her hair, the hue of her eyes, and the cast of her features; but I remember with more vivid impression of her matchless loveliness that genius must be dismissed, for no pencil would convey a correct idea of its mystic charm to a man blind from his birth.

"It is almost nine o'clock," persisted Tiny. "I think he might eat his supper, and then go to bed. I'm sure he must be very tired, for I am, Milicent."

Milicent laughed at this ebullition of impatience, and at the same moment I quite opened my eyes, and more with a view of looking at the child's face than chagrin. A bowl of new milk and a loaf of Indian bread awaited me upon the table, and a simple preparation for my supper—and I took my place before it, pleased at the prospect of a conversation with Milicent. I had a fine appetite, for as I broke the bread into my bowl the girls resumed quietly out, and I saw them no more that night.

This happened ten years ago. At the time it was the most unpleasant thing in the world to be taken by the wayside—the dwelling of the Widow Allen had not been built; Milicent was only a child, but as I look back to-night I think I recognize something higher, even a divine guidance.

I stationed myself in the door of my room outskirts this cottage stood (for there was no reason why I should not further live on board), and looked about for work. It presented itself first in a printing-office, which I entered in the capacity of a "type-setter." I was then about the twenty-first year the door of the editor's sanctum was thrown open, and I slipped into the easy chair before the critic's table.

Every night I saw Milicent More; and I may as well say here that from the first moment I had a sooner said to her, I loved her—not with the flaming passion of youth, but with the calm knowledge it is words, but with an affection so tranquil and quiet I mistook it for friendship. She was my friend. I could tell her my love, after the usual trouble of the day, and look into her calm eyes, as I could look into heaven, and see no error in it, but rest the quickening of a single pulse. No matter to what mood I came to her, she never failed to meet it, to sympathize with it, or, if I was wilful and wayward for her meekness, she softened it by words of comfort. She was a counselor, but never inclined to wound or offend my pride. I loved to call her *sister*, but it was not until years afterward I remembered that the name of sister should succeed the word *brother*.

One evening after a long walk, we paused on the little bridge which I have mentioned before. It was a warm summer night. Milicent's hat hung over her arm, and I could see her soft brown long spears of meadow grass and daisies in her hand. She was in a gay mood that was a grave mood than usual. I had tried in vain to look into her lips; and now, as I held her look down into the shining water, I saw that she was in the mood wherewith I had made her my queen, a tear fell upon its placid surface, and I, as slight a drop, toppled the water and wetted her glowing cheek. I had never thought Milicent nervous before; but now she covered her face with her hands, and I though in a moment the wave was as clear as crystal, I could not persuade her to look again.

"I will tell you, Philip," she said, softly, "but you must promise to be very tender, and not laugh at me. Then she pointed at the little bridge, and said, trembling now her tears, and laying her hand upon mine, "I have had a strange dream on that very spot, looking into the water. We had been walking just as we have to-night, and you had made me your queen, and called me by that endearing name which I have used to you so often, and which I could speak of now without a blush. I believed; then before I could speak there came between us a splendid woman's face. Oh! it was proud and handsome, and the long black hair that fell over her neck was threaded with diamonds that flashed and glittered so they dazzled my poor eyes and hid you from me. Then she pointed at my wreath with a gay, mocking laugh, and held her fingers on it, and just at their touch the little daisies faded and the wreath grew grass withered. Then I awoke, and said to myself, *'It was only a dream!'* But, Philip, it

came to me *three* times, without change, before dawn; and you may laugh if you will, but I am sure there is a cloud coming between us."

I did laugh, of course, and kissed the soft hand that trembled in mine, and I told her that not all the beautiful stars or shining stones in the universe should charm me away from my own treasure, gentle little sister. I was sincere; but I did not know myself half as well as did the simple girl at my side. That very hour proved it. In the midst of the sweet words there gulped up behind us a woman on horseback, a dark-faced, handsome lady, who smiled down on the glance fell, in passing, upon Milicent's crown of daisies. Her queenly figure was draped in a riding-habit of the newest pattern, and her head crept the rich plenty of her cheek; her dainty hands seemed too small to wield the spirited bridle and the prancing white whip. I stood gazing after her as though the wide world were filled with her regal presence, and when a shower of dust rose between my vailing her from my sight, I turned to Milicent, and said, with an air which I meant to be lofty,

"I believe in love at first sight."

"I thought so, Philip—and I have seen the lady of my dream!" Milicent spoke quietly, but her face was white, and her lips and eyes had a cold, proud look that startled me. Again without her hand from mine; for we were at the cottage door, and as she stood upon the unpainted wooden step, looked with grateful liberality. "Will you come in, Mr. Thornton?"

"No, not to-night; I am still under subjection to your mood, Milicent. I hope you will be yourself when we meet again." I was conscious that my voice and manner were quite cold, and was afraid I had gone a few paces from the door I heard her call me back. Then—Then—I am ashamed to say, with emphasis so sad that I turned and looked back. She stood white and motionless as a spirit in the moonlit portal, with the shadow of a rose at her, her long, fair hair drooping over her neck and bosom, and the dusky mellowing on her brow—a picture so full of touching sweetness that I was fain to retrace my steps and beg her to forgive my impatience. But a moment's reflection arose, as I were, from the earth, the splendid vision which had dazzled my eyes—the queenly lady with the drapery of royal purple, the sweeping plumes, the flashing, brilliant face, smiling upon Milicent and me, the air perfumed with fragrance of the ever-changing Heaven forgive me!—I left my sister grieved and in tears.

For the next three months I worshiped at the feet of Sybil Gardiner, like a blind fool. She was down from the city, spending the summer with a friend, to whose house I had free access. I had forgotten Milicent, the Law is a dull, stupidly good-natured individual; but suddenly she became the marvel of intellectual brilliancy, for every thing that Sybil touched or loved was made precious. I would listen for hours to her friend's idle gossip, for the sake of being in the same room; I might watch her brilliant face, her bewildering smile, and pretty, careless ways, for a month, when as I stood near the piano, seemed to carry my soul on its siren strains to the gates of Paradise. The woman that had been my heart-love and health came to me laden with fragrance; the crimson flowers which she decked her dark tresses with, and which she suffered to lie against the oval of her cheek, I would have given worlds to possess. She put papers in my hand, touched me with her slight fingers, and the little round-mouthed Law baby had his appointed share in the mere aspect of my dislike and jealousy. Ah! but she knew her power, and she used it well—now torturing me with coldness and scorn, and now by a rare smile, a whispered word, binding me thrice her slave. I think I was almost insane with excitement, and at last when so neglected the dear girl who dwelt with the old grandame and the child Tiny in the wayside cottage. Sometimes, in the wilfulness and blindness of my own apartment, her meek face would dawn upon me with a faint, silent terror, like the unsatisfied heart eyes that innocent, girlish face, into which I had never looked for consolation or comfort in vain, and then for a moment, I would feel that, in comparison with Sybil, Milicent More was a mere child, and not a fit companion. One summer I chanced to meet Tiny just as I was opening Mrs. Law's gate. The child did not speak, but she looked up in my face with questioning eyes, and a grave, troubled expression that I could in nowise forget, until the sight of her face was lost in a bewildering smile from her scarlet lips dispelled every upbraiding thought. And there was one other event which I must remember, when my agony at an article which had just appeared in a contemporary journal, a severe criticism on a critique of my own, and almost my stage breath—Milicent's humble home, half hoping, half fearing to meet her. The cottage-door was open, and the sunset in full bloom (how long it seemed since I helped her train its wayward tendrils over the slender lattice!) in a flood of enigmatical splendor which confused and bewildered me, as I stood, with clenched fists, and my head bowed, and comprehended at last the whole truth. Milicent was gone, and with her the only friend who could have spoken to me with the voice of truth. I was alone in the world, and I knew it.

"Where is Milicent?" I asked, of the old woman, who sat knitting, as usual, in the chimney corner.

"Milicent is gone, Sir," she said, in the feeble, quivering accents of age, "and the Lord has an overflowing store of winter to spare at full. Sit down by the fire, if you please. You are welcome, Sir, very welcome!" and the aged woman's voice fell away into softly out.

Truly it was the handsomest of humble apartments. Each cottage-kitchen, and destitute of any thing in the form of ornament, with the solitary exception of a wooden mantel-shelf, on which upon a pine light stand filled with wild flowers. The floor was unpainted, the window curtainless, the chairs, and the carpenter's handiwork would have scorned such poverty; but for me, the existence of the place having overtaken me, I was too weary to be fastidious, and accepting the simple hospitality with a grateful heart, I drew a chair to the kindled wood in front of the fire, and in a moment was so comfortable that I would not have exchanged it for the monarch-shadowed of a palace.

The two girls were gone, it seemed a long time, for the good old lady could not shake off her drowsiness, and the supper was so intensely still I could hear the clicking of my watch and the faint purring of the cat beside it, as she lay before the fire-place with marvelous distinctness. The stillness had its effect upon my overtaxed nerves, and I fell asleep, for the next I knew was the sound of Milicent's voice as she bade me welcome to the supper—and I took my eyes upon a picture which I cannot describe. I will only say that the streak of bell

"I am going to wake him up, Milicent."

"Not just yet, dear," Milicent answered. "Do not let Uncle Job disturb you."

I half unclosed my eyes, and saw her as she stood near the table, with the lamp-light shining full upon her. And here I might pause and tell you the color of her hair, the hue of her eyes, and the cast of her features; but I remember with more vivid impression of her matchless loveliness that genius must be dismissed, for no pencil would convey a correct idea of its mystic charm to a man blind from his birth.

"It is almost nine o'clock," persisted Tiny. "I think he might eat his supper, and then go to bed. I'm sure he must be very tired, for I am, Milicent."

Milicent laughed at this ebullition of impatience, and at the same moment I quite opened my eyes, and more with a view of looking at the child's face than chagrin. A bowl of new milk and a loaf of Indian bread awaited me upon the table, and a simple preparation for my supper—and I took my place before it, pleased at the prospect of a conversation with Milicent. I had a fine appetite, for as I broke the bread into my bowl the girls resumed quietly out, and I saw them no more that night.

This happened ten years ago. At the time it was the most unpleasant thing in the world to be taken by the wayside—the dwelling of the Widow Allen had not been built; Milicent was only a child, but as I look back to-night I think I recognize something higher, even a divine guidance.

I stationed myself in the door of my room outskirts this cottage stood (for there was no reason why I should not further live on board), and looked about for work. It presented itself first in a printing-office, which I entered in the capacity of a "type-setter." I was then about the twenty-first year the door of the editor's sanctum was thrown open, and I slipped into the easy chair before the critic's table.

Every night I saw Milicent More; and I may as well say here that from the first moment I had a sooner said to her, I loved her—not with the flaming passion of youth, but with the calm knowledge it is words, but with an affection so tranquil and quiet I mistook it for friendship. She was my friend. I could tell her my love, after the usual trouble of the day, and look into her calm eyes, as I could look into heaven, and see no error in it, but rest the quickening of a single pulse. No matter to what mood I came to her, she never failed to meet it, to sympathize with it, or, if I was wilful and wayward for her meekness, she softened it by words of comfort. She was a counselor, but never inclined to wound or offend my pride. I loved to call her *sister*, but it was not until years afterward I remembered that the name of sister should succeed the word *brother*.

One evening after a long walk, we paused on the little bridge which I have mentioned before. It was a warm summer night. Milicent's hat hung over her arm, and I could see her soft brown long spears of meadow grass and daisies in her hand. She was in a gay mood that was a grave mood than usual. I had tried in vain to look into her lips; and now, as I held her look down into the shining water, I saw that she was in the mood wherewith I had made her my queen, a tear fell upon its placid surface, and I, as slight a drop, toppled the water and wetted her glowing cheek. I had never thought Milicent nervous before; but now she covered her face with her hands, and I though in a moment the wave was as clear as crystal, I could not persuade her to look again.

"I will tell you, Philip," she said, softly, "but you must promise to be very tender, and not laugh at me. Then she pointed at the little bridge, and said, trembling now her tears, and laying her hand upon mine, "I have had a strange dream on that very spot, looking into the water. We had been walking just as we have to-night, and you had made me your queen, and called me by that endearing name which I have used to you so often, and which I could speak of now without a blush. I believed; then before I could speak there came between us a splendid woman's face. Oh! it was proud and handsome, and the long black hair that fell over her neck was threaded with diamonds that flashed and glittered so they dazzled my poor eyes and hid you from me. Then she pointed at my wreath with a gay, mocking laugh, and held her fingers on it, and just at their touch the little daisies faded and the wreath grew grass withered. Then I awoke, and said to myself, *'It was only a dream!'* But, Philip, it

chimney corner the old lady sat drowsing over her knitting work. She opened her eyes, however, as the little ones entered, and, seeing me also, laid the touch of the small brown hand on her shoulder, and smiled benignly in the face of the stranger, who stood, hat in hand, on the threshold.

"I have only a handful of corn and the widow's cruse to set before you, Sir," she said, in the following accents of age; "but the Lord has an overflowing store of winter to spare at full. Sit down by the fire, if you please. You are welcome, Sir, very welcome!" and the aged woman's voice fell away into softly out.

Truly it was the handsomest of humble apartments. Each cottage-kitchen, and destitute of any thing in the form of ornament, with the solitary exception of a wooden mantel-shelf, on which upon a pine light stand filled with wild flowers. The floor was unpainted, the window curtainless, the chairs, and the carpenter's handiwork would have scorned such poverty; but for me, the existence of the place having overtaken me, I was too weary to be fastidious, and accepting the simple hospitality with a grateful heart, I drew a chair to the kindled wood in front of the fire, and in a moment was so comfortable that I would not have exchanged it for the monarch-shadowed of a palace.

The two girls were gone, it seemed a long time, for the good old lady could not shake off her drowsiness, and the supper was so intensely still I could hear the clicking of my watch and the faint purring of the cat beside it, as she lay before the fire-place with marvelous distinctness. The stillness had its effect upon my overtaxed nerves, and I fell asleep, for the next I knew was the sound of Milicent's voice as she bade me welcome to the supper—and I took my eyes upon a picture which I cannot describe. I will only say that the streak of bell

"I am going to wake him up, Milicent."

"Not just yet, dear," Milicent answered. "Do not let Uncle Job disturb you."

I half unclosed my eyes, and saw her as she stood near the table, with the lamp-light shining full upon her. And here I might pause and tell you the color of her hair, the hue of her eyes, and the cast of her features; but I remember with more vivid impression of her matchless loveliness that genius must be dismissed, for no pencil would convey a correct idea of its mystic charm to a man blind from his birth.

"It is almost nine o'clock," persisted Tiny. "I think he might eat his supper, and then go to bed. I'm sure he must be very tired, for I am, Milicent."

Milicent laughed at this ebullition of impatience, and at the same moment I quite opened my eyes, and more with a view of looking at the child's face than chagrin. A bowl of new milk and a loaf of Indian bread awaited me upon the table, and a simple preparation for my supper—and I took my place before it, pleased at the prospect of a conversation with Milicent. I had a fine appetite, for as I broke the bread into my bowl the girls resumed quietly out, and I saw them no more that night.

This happened ten years ago. At the time it was the most unpleasant thing in the world to be taken by the wayside—the dwelling of the Widow Allen had not been built; Milicent was only a child, but as I look back to-night I think I recognize something higher, even a divine guidance.

I stationed myself in the door of my room outskirts this cottage stood (for there was no reason why I should not further live on board), and looked about for work. It presented itself first in a printing-office, which I entered in the capacity of a "type-setter." I was then about the twenty-first year the door of the editor's sanctum was thrown open, and I slipped into the easy chair before the critic's table.

Every night I saw Milicent More; and I may as well say here that from the first moment I had a sooner said to her, I loved her—not with the flaming passion of youth, but with the calm knowledge it is words, but with an affection so tranquil and quiet I mistook it for friendship. She was my friend. I could tell her my love, after the usual trouble of the day, and look into her calm eyes, as I could look into heaven, and see no error in it, but rest the quickening of a single pulse. No matter to what mood I came to her, she never failed to meet it, to sympathize with it, or, if I was wilful and wayward for her meekness, she softened it by words of comfort. She was a counselor, but never inclined to wound or offend my pride. I loved to call her *sister*, but it was not until years afterward I remembered that the name of sister should succeed the word *brother*.

One evening after a long walk, we paused on the little bridge which I have mentioned before. It was a warm summer night. Milicent's hat hung over her arm, and I could see her soft brown long spears of meadow grass and daisies in her hand. She was in a gay mood that was a grave mood than usual. I had tried in vain to look into her lips; and now, as I held her look down into the shining water, I saw that she was in the mood wherewith I had made her my queen, a tear fell upon its placid surface, and I, as slight a drop, toppled the water and wetted her glowing cheek. I had never thought Milicent nervous before; but now she covered her face with her hands, and I though in a moment the wave was as clear as crystal, I could not persuade her to look again.

"I will tell you, Philip," she said, softly, "but you must promise to be very tender, and not laugh at me. Then she pointed at the little bridge, and said, trembling now her tears, and laying her hand upon mine, "I have had a strange dream on that very spot, looking into the water. We had been walking just as we have to-night, and you had made me your queen, and called me by that endearing name which I have used to you so often, and which I could speak of now without a blush. I believed; then before I could speak there came between us a splendid woman's face. Oh! it was proud and handsome, and the long black hair that fell over her neck was threaded with diamonds that flashed and glittered so they dazzled my poor eyes and hid you from me. Then she pointed at my wreath with a gay, mocking laugh, and held her fingers on it, and just at their touch the little daisies faded and the wreath grew grass withered. Then I awoke, and said to myself, *'It was only a dream!'* But, Philip, it

smile invitingly; and a bright fire glows on the hearth-stone. But I turn from all to look in the dear face of Millicent. Unworthy as I am, my vision is at last a blessed perfect reality.

WHAT THE ROMANS READ.

It is one of the numerous festivals kept in honor of the Madonna we will suppose. The scene, a hill village among the Apennines, which the traveler crosses between Rome and Naples. There is not very far from either of them grand march of accredited temples, the "Holy House of Loretto" and Assisi, the birth and burial place of the great Mendicant, St. Francis. Almost the whole population of the village and the neighboring hills is gathered in and in front of the church. In the midst of all this crowd, and by the side of the church-door, and backed against the wall of the building, is the temporary stall of the itinerant vender of devotional appurtenances.

Truly extraordinary is the variety of objects for sale here. Little prayer-books illustrated in gaudy; little crucifixes cast in mixed metal of various colors; vile wood-cuts, some coarsely daubed with paint, representing some saint with a glory-halo sticking in his skull, or the naked bodies of half a dozen men and women crowded in sheets of flame up to the middle; rosaries; little waxen dolls reclining on beds of white wool in glass-topped boxes surmounted by a cross; ornamented with holy-water vases for hanging up at the font head; and larger crucifixes for sticking in the ground over the hand-door. Then there is the literature, of which one little book I buy is a choice specimen. And for all these articles—excepting the books—the proprietor, as the chief-covered-house at the opposite end of the village, notwithstanding the modern-sounding license inside the church, and nevertheless standing here first, here last, and very poorly furnished cupboards at home, is the sole vender.

Such was the sort of scene which was going on when and where I bought the book. The character of which I humbly think it welcome that some shroud should know of.

My book is entitled, "Copy of a Prayer found in the Sepulchre of our Lord in Jerusalem." It is printed in Italian. "By very great revelation," runs without date. It is a misnomer to call it a prayer —which it is not, in any sense. A few lines of preface state that it was many years ago after having been found at Jerusalem, it is to be supposed—"by his Holiness and by Christians." It is printed in letters, in boxes of silver." The author seems to consider the present pontiff and Charles the Fifth contemporaries; but that is a trifle, and a slip of the pen.

The work opens thus: "Saint Elizabeth, Queen of Hungary, Saint Matilda, and Saint Bridget, being anxious to know some particulars of the Passion"—I omit the queen and the saints here—"made especial prayer, in answer to which" the Divine Teacher, whose presence was then visible, "appeared to them, speaking to them as follows." The text proceeds (I translate it with scrupulous and literal exactness) thus: "Ye shall number and, know that the armed soldiers were a hundred and twenty-five in number. Of these I had taken in the garden, to make me get up from the ground, they gave me a hundred and twenty blows. On being given by hand on my head and on my breast were a hundred and sixty-eight. I received mighty blows on the shoulders, all lacerated with cords and by the hair twenty-three times. The spittings on my face were three and a thousand soldiers who smashed six hundred and sixty-six. On my body I received a hundred wounds, and a hundred on my head. They gave me a thrust, which was mortal. I remained on high on the cross, by the hair, two hours and a half, one I breathed forth a thousand and twenty-nine sighs. I was dragged by the beard twenty-three times. The pricks of the crown of thorns were a hundred. Mortal punctures on the forehead were three. The wounds which I received from a thousand soldiers who conducted me, were five hundred and eight. They who guided me were three. The drops of blood which I shed were five thousand three hundred and eighty.

"To any person who will recite seven Paters and seven Aves for the souls of twelve successive years, to make up the number of the drops of blood which I shed, and who shall live like a good Christian, I grant five bones."

The five bones are set forth as follows:

"1. Plenary indulgence, and remission of all sins.

"2. He shall be free from the pains of purgatory.

"3. If he should die before completing the twelve years, it shall be all the same as if he had completed them.

"4. He shall be as if he were a martyr, or had had his blood for the holy faith.

"5. I will come down from heaven to earth for his soul, and for those of his relatives to the fourth generation."

These are the advantages to be obtained by the twelve years' Paters and Aves. But these promises do not by any means comprise all the benefits obtainable from this remarkable book, which is worth at least one hundred and fifty times its price. The wonderful book proceeds as follows:

"Whoever shall carry this Oration about him shall not die by drowning, or by other disastrous end, nor by sudden death. He shall escape from contagion, from the pestilence, from being struck by lightning; and he shall not die without confession. He shall be freed from his enemies, from the pursuit of justice" (a great temptation this to certain likely classes of purchasers), "and from all malevolent and false witnesses. Women in childbed, having this about them, shall be safely and easily delivered, and shall be out of all danger. In the houses where there shall be a copy of this Oration there shall be no treachery or other evil things; and forty days before his end (which is late literally, and without omission) he shall see the blessed Virgin Mary."

Who would not spend a halfpenny on such terms, even if it were his last? It is not necessary, observe, even to read a word of the miraculous little book. That might exclude a large number of purchasers from the market. But neither will one copy—except in the case of that household copy which is to protect an entire family from ever having a thief under his or more than one individual. The talisman must be carried about the person.

The book concludes with an anecdote explanatory and exemplificatory of the operation of the remarkably strong case of its efficacy under difficult circumstances has been selected.

"A certain man, in a drunken revelling, saw a head which had been cut from the body. That decapitated head spoke. It said, 'Since you are going to Barcelona, oh traveler, bring me a message, that I may confess myself; for three days ago I was killed by a certain assassin, and I am not able to die without confessing myself.' A confessor having been conducted to the spot, the head spoke the living head confessed itself, and then forthwith died. And this Oration was found upon it."

Now is it not matter for sadness in all true men, whether their creeds or opinions, that a book like this, which has been compounded together, as a wonderful exhibition, shutting out from its people the rudiments of real revelation, and teaching them with such mental food as this? Providing them with it, and selecting it for them; for the system of the Romish church is the system of the vendors of such articles, which is most strictly enforced in the Papal States, and which is maintained under this responsibility. Is it not evident that a people among whom such statements and promises can find credence, must be far from any conception of real Christianity?

MORE REAL GHOSTS

In the following case, for which I am personally responsible, there is a singular complication of causes and transmission of thought.

There was a time, four friend of my younger days, whom I will call Owens. When we were both at a private boarding-school in a second-rate village in Surrey, he, I, and a third young man were almost inseparable, and used to spend our leisure time constantly side by side, through the romantic lanes that are so beautiful any where in a small district—indeed, in its small green, shady banks of Surrey.

Imagine the three friends scattered into various paths of life. I am married; Owens, who ran down from business to be present at that marriage, is in his father's business in London; and his next youngest friend (give him the name of Insos) is studying for the Church at Cambridge. Years passes, we have settled to a comfortable life, hard gallops over the Surrey heaths, and exercise of all kinds, good dinners, and occasional mysterious kind, to which all the resources of medicine bring no relief. Owens, in the full vigor of health, in a north way at East Sheen, where his family had taken a cottage for the sake of affording him country air. Insos remained at his studies undisturbed. Only intensee was known remained behind the three friends, and seemed to that year patiently was placed on a fortifying diet, and was promised eventual restoration. I found him dressed as usual, lying, with his head on a low chair, his accustomed seat in his face. Always handsome, it was now refined into something more than mere large blue eyes, the crimson lips, the hectic tinge upon a waxen ground, were indications not to be mistaken.

Still, I did not think the end near at hand. He had a good deal to say, and I was glad to listen, and so were those about him. When his two sisters came, smiling, into the room to warn me that I must not excite, or fatigue him, they, in accompanying me into the drawing-room, they expressed their hopes about dying from the same terror. Close behind me she came. I knew that she urged me to leave at the moment I did, and that I was on we rode—silent and swift—enveloped in the same dread, nor ever checked our pace till we reached the door of my own house, where we stayed.

Note again this remarkable thing. We neither of us said one word respecting the facts, to each other, to any body, when we withdrew to prepare ourselves for tea, or during the whole evening. We did not even dress together at night, I began:

"Did you see it?"

"Yes!"

"Can you bear to think of it or talk of it?"

"Hardly!"

"Do you shudder when you think of it?"

"Yes!"

But now a strong curiosity took possession of me, and I (without a word) might suggest an explanation, and more particularly:

"What did you see?" How did you feel?"

Each described what he had seen and had not seen, felt, and thought. Moreover, the description was given, throughout, that I was feeling just as she did, and that we were thinking and acting as one person.

"When," she said, "you urged on your horse I knew that it was to pass the ugly figure as rapidly as possible. I felt a fear that the man (for it seemed to be a man) would seize hold of my horse's bridle. I thought only we shall ride over this man! I saw the dark figure lean on one side and recline, as it were, upon the bank. Almost in the same moment it disappeared. I looked through and over the hedge, almost incredulously—as if, to use an old expression, I did not believe my own eyes. I saw that the figure had really disappeared; and then I felt a creeping all over me, and a wish to get away, and to reach home, as if there would be something real there. I knew very well that you urged on your horse for the same reason that I urged on mine. But I could not have spoken to you for the world!"

After this conversation we agreed that we would not speak about it—speak of this thing again.

But I never thought of Owens.

Three or four days after (while we were still staying at the same friend's house where we had been at the time of the appearance) we went with our hosts in an open carriage to the neighboring town. The ladies were in a mercer's shop, when a groom with black crape round his hat rode up to the carriage in which I sat with the coach-door, and gave into my hands a letter sealed with black. Instantly I opened it, and found that it contained rather a detailed account of the death of my dear friend Owens: which had occurred on the previous Saturday and evening—on the evening when I had seen the dark figure in the lane, and at a little before nine o'clock—the hour of the appearance. The letter stated that an apoplectic attack had occurred in the morning. Bleeding had relieved the threatening. Toward evening the patient became conscious, and, from his own feelings, declared that he was about to die. He then sent farewell messages to various friends. I was particularly mentioned, almost at the moment of death, and the circumstance was expressed that I should be present at his funeral. According to the letter invited to the funeral. Cross stoun to that ed ceremony, which was to take place in a day or two, at a village in Surrey, about ten miles from

Impossible, after this, not to connect the appearance in the lane with the death of Owens. Besides, there now suddenly came into my head a crowd of circumstances singularly connected with the appearance—the appearance, as it would perfectly be called. In those lanes Owens and myself had often ridden, and when I had dismounted these haunts of our youth, Owens, the time being winter, had constantly worn a large cloak or cape-coat (as the article was called at that time), of a dark-blue color, which he was accustomed to drop from his back on the grave's edge to sketch.

Curiously, too, I had a miniature picture of Owens in that very cloak. Insos, a brilliant draughtsman had painted the cloak as effected and Byronic; and so, in that young season, I was apt to play the part of the elf among the trees, and to try to please every lady (let the reader believe I have given this story a large clear margin) who, at that very time, in the hands of the artist (Miss Kentish) to be altered. All this occurred to me in a flash, and had no place in my remembrance before.

The story is not quite finished yet.

Let the reader imagine the funeral long over. Time has passed and I am down at Cambridge to visit Insos, my friend. I find the room (the third of the private-tutor trio, be it remembered) in which the appearance occurred occupied by two baby orders. Still he has time to talk to me of old days, of the death of poor Owens, and of the sorrow which it caused him. Then he named him. I will take the story of the appearance in the lane.

The latter considers way Insos said, "Do you not remember what took place in that lane?"

"No."

"Good Heaven!" exclaimed Insos, "it was there, if I rightly understood your description, that you saw the figure which solemnly swept past other, that he of us who died first should appear to the others—that it, if there were a future state, that he of the young skepticism, were not quite sure of."

The words of Insos were to me as the application of fire to a revelation written in sympathetic ink. Every syllable came out clearly. A connection of events, which had been entirely lost from recollecting, now shot into its place, and that, too, with an astonishing vividness. How could I have lost that memory until now! Just there! Yes, indeed, it was the very spot where we had always met the dark figure, and where and where that the first dead should appear to the other two.

Is there any thing to have failed to recognize that spot? Surely it was marked enough by the long vista of lane, the turn at the end, the bough's gutting through, the light coming through!

Why, now, enlightened as I was, I could have identified every foot of the way. Every bank, every bit-hole, even a species of hemlock that grew there-about.

And we had not on that bank. And I had not remembered it.

Is it strange this case of my own as a most beautiful and interesting proof of the power of soul and brain, at the moment when the former is the severest, to manifest their existence to another soul and brain—as a remarkable instance of a power there is in the latter energy, at that great extremity and verge of change, to impress humanity with kindred thought; and that so strongly that the two shall be impressed together, either simultaneously or by conveying the electric impulse from one to the other.

Be it remembered Owens had been present at my marriage with Mrs. Cranstoun. He was not well at the time. He had left a sick room to come to the church where the marriage took place. Those circumstances would naturally impress his mind, and connect Mrs. Cranstoun and myself in one idea, as it were. Naturally he might connect us two in a dying thought, and so, by the wondrous celestial agitation of the act of dissolution, might make the idea of himself apparent to both of us at the same moment.

Or the dying spirit and agitated brain might impress my brain and optic nerve alone; and I recall at the time my own cerebral impressions. I might convey my own cerebral impressions to the person who was close to me and in strict relation with me.

Subscribe for HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Good Fight.

BY CHARLES READE.

AUTHOR OF "LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG," ETC.

[From Advance Sheets, direct from the Author.]

CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

As if this had been a concerted signal, the back door was struck as rudely the next instant. They were hemmed in. But at these alarming sounds Margaret seemed to recover some share of self-possession. She whispered, "Say he was here, but is gone." And with this she seized Gerard and almost dragged him up the rude steps that led to her father's sleeping-room. Her own lay next beyond it.

The blows on the door were repeated.

"Who knocks at this hour?"

"Open, and you will see!"

"I can not do so unless—honest men are all abed now."

"Open to the law, Martin Wittenhagen, or you shall rue it."

"Why that is Dirk Brower's voice, I trow. What wake you me for, then Tergoz?"

"Open, and you will know."

Martin threw the bolt, and in rushed Dierich and four more. They let in their companion who was at the back-door.

"Now, Martin, where is Gerard Geerardssen?"

"Gerard Geerardssen? Why he was here but now."

"Was here?" Dierich's countenance fell. "And where is he now?"

"They say he is gone to Italy. Why? What is to do?"

"No matter. When did he go? Tell me not that he went in such a storm as this!"

"Here is a cell about Gerard Geerardssen," said Martin, contemptuously. Then he lighted the candle, and, seating himself coolly by the fire, proceeded to whip some fine silk round his bowstring at the place where the nick of the arrow frets it. "I'll tell you," said he, carelessly. "Do you know his brother Giles—little misbegotten imp, all head and arms? Well, he came tearing over here on a mule, and bawled out something. I was too far off to hear the creature's words, but I heard its noise. Any way, he started Gerard. For as soon as he was gone there was such crying and kissing, and then Gerard went away. They do tell me he is gone to Italy—mayhap you know where that is, for I don't."

Dierich's countenance fell lower and lower at this account. There was no law in it. A commonger man than Martin would perhaps have told a lie too many, and betrayed himself. But Martin did his task well. He only told the one falsehood he was bade to tell, and of his own head invented nothing.

"Mates," said Dierich, "I doubt he speaks sooth. I told the Burgomaster he should be. He met the dwarf galloping Peter Buykens's mule from Sevenbergen. 'They have sent that imp to Gerard,' says he, 'to, them, Gerard is at Sevenbergen.'—'Ah, master!' says I, 'tis too late now. We should have thought of Sevenbergen before.' Instead of wasting our time hunting all the odd corners of Tergoz for those cursed parchments that we shall never find if we had the search all day, that took 'em. If he was at Sevenbergen, quoth I, 'and they have sent the dwarf to him, it must have been to warn him we are after him. He is leagues away by now,' quoth I. Confound that chuckle-head girl! she has outwitted us bravely mates; and so I told the Burgomaster, but he would not hear reason. A vet jerkin a piece, that is all we shall get, mates, by this job."

Martin grinned coolly in Dierich's face.

"However," added the latter, "just to content the Burgomaster, we will search the house."

Martin turned grave directly.

This change of countenance did not escape Dierich. He relented a moment.

"Watch outside you of you, one on each side of the house, that no one jump from the upper windows. The rest come in with me."

And he took the candle and mounted the stairs, followed by three of his comrades.

Martin was left alone.

The stout stolker hung his head. All had gone so well at first, and now this fatal delay. He ardently it scurried to him that all was not yet lost. Gerard was but close in Peter's room or Margaret's; they were not so very high from the ground. Gerard would leap out. Dierich had left a man below; but a man is a man. In a minute Gerard and he would be two to one, and, in that brief space, what might not be done?

Martin then held the back-door ajar and watched. The light was in Peter's room. "Curse the fool!" said he, "he is going to let them take him like a girl!"

The light passed now into Margaret's bedroom. Still no window was opened. Had Gerard intended to escape that way he would not have willed till the man was in the room. Martin was at that ease, and left the door, and came to the foot-stair and listened. He began to think Gerard must have escaped by the window while all the men were in the house. The longer the silence continued the stronger grew this conviction.

He softly and rudely dissipated.

Piercing shrieks issued from the inner bedroom —Margaret's.

"They have taken him," groaned Martin; "they have got him."

It flashed through Martin's mind in one moment that if they took Gerard away his life was not worth a button; and that if evil befell him Margaret's heart would break. He cast his eyes wildly round like some savage beast seeking an escape, and in a twinkling he formed a resolution terribly characteristic of those iron times and of a soldier driven to bay.

CHAPTER XVIII.

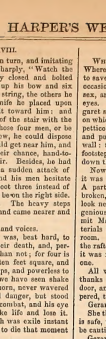
He stepped to each door in turn, and imitating Dirk Brower's voice, said sharply, "Watch the window!" He then quietly closed and bolted both doors. He then took up his bow and six arrows; one he fitted to his string, the others he put into his quiver. His knife he placed upon a chair behind him, the bolt turned him: and there he waited at the foot of the stair with the calm determination to slay those four men, or be slain by them. Two he knew, he could dispose of by his arrows, ere they could get near him, and Gerard and he must take their chance, hand-to-hand, with the remaining pair. Besides, he had seen men panic-stricken by a sudden attack of this sort. Should Brower and his men hesitate but an instant, he should shoot three instead of two, and then the odds would be on the right side.

He had not long to wait. The heavy steps sounded in Margaret's room, and came nearer and nearer.

The light also approached, and voices.

Martin's heart stood as it were still, then hard, to hear men coming that to their death, and, perhaps, to his; more likely so than not; for four is long odds in a battle-field of ten feet square, and Gerard might be bound, perhaps, and powerless to help. But this man, whom we have seen shaken in his sheet at a Giles-o'-lanthorn, never wavered in this awful moment of real danger, but stood there, his bow at full brace for caution, and his eye glowing, ready to take life and lose it. Desperate game! to win which was exile instant and for life, and to lose it was to die that moment upon that floor he stood on.

Dierich Brower and his men found Peter in his first sleep. They opened his cupboards; they ran their knives into an alligator he had nailed to his



wall; they looked under his bed: it was a large bed, apparently full of hiding-places, but they found no Gerard.

Then they went on to Margaret's room, and to very sight of it was discouraging—it was small and bare, and not a cupboard in it: there was, however, a large fire-place and chimney. Dierich's eye fell on these directly. Here they found the beauty of Sevenbergen sleeping on an old chest, not a foot high, and no attempt made to cover it; but the sheets were snowy white, and so was Margaret's own linen. And there she lay, looking like a lily fallen into a rut.

Dierich's eye awoke, and sat up in the bed, like one amazed; then, seeing the men, began to scream violently, and pray for mercy.

She made Dierich Brower ashamed of his errand.

"Here is a to-do," said he, a little confused. "We are not going to hurt you, my pretty maid. Lie you still, and shut your eyes, and think of your wedding-day, until I look up this chimney to see if Master Gerard is there."

"Gerard! in my room?"

"Why not? They say that you and he—"

"Cruel! you know they have driven him away from me—and him from his native place, where he is a blind. You are thieves; you are wicked men. You are not sons of Sevenbergen, or you would know Margaret Braudt better than to look for her lover in this room of all others in the world. Oh fie, fie! Cruel! cruel! talking such a tongue, and to-ed to the teeth, to assist one poor honest girl! The women that live in your own houses must be naught, or you would respect them too much to insult a girl of good character."

"There, come away, before we hear worse," said Dierich, hastily. "He is not in the chimney. Plaster will sand what a codged breaks; but a woman's tongue is a double-edged dagger, and a girl is a woman with her mother's milk still in her." And he beat a hasty retreat. "I told the Burgomaster how twould be."

CHAPTER XIX.

Where is the woman that can not act a part? Where is she who will not do it, and do it well, to save the man she loves? Nature on these great occasions comes to the aid of the simplest of the sex, and teaches her to throw dust in Solomon's eyes. The men had no sooner retired than Margaret stepped out of bed and opened the long chest on which she had been lying down in her skirt and petticoat and stockings, and night-dress over all, and put the lid, bed-clothes and all, against the wall: then glided to the door and listened. The dectogue died away through her father's room, and down the stairs.

Now in that chest there was a peculiarity that it was almost impossible for a stranger to detect. A part of the boarding of the room had been broken, and Gerard being applied to to make a leak neater, and bring short of materials, had ingeniously sawed away a space sufficient just to admit Margaret's *mi-diesse* bed, and with the materials thus acquired he had repaired the whole room. As for the bed or chest, it really rested on the rafters I first below the room. Consequently it was full two feet deep, though it looked scarce one.

All was quiet. Margaret kneeled and gave thanks to Heaven. Then she glided from the door, and leaned over the empty chest, and whispered, tenderly, "Gerard!"

Gerard did not reply.

She then whispered, a little louder, "Gerard, all is safe, thank Heaven! You may rise; but, oh! be cautious!"

Gerard made no reply.

She laid her hand upon his shoulder. "Gerard!"

No reply.

"Oh! what is this?" she cried, and her hands

ran wildly over his face and his bosom. She took him by the shoulders; she shook him: she lifted him; but he escaped from her trembling hands, and fell back, not like a man, but like a body. A great cloud fell on her. The lid had been open, She had lain upon it. The men had been some time in the room. With all the strength of frenzy she tore him out of the chest. She bore him in her arms to the window. She dashed the window open. The sweet air came in. She laid him in it, and in the moonlight. His face was the color of ashes, his body was all limp and motionless. She felt his heart. Horror! it was as still as his rest! Horror of horrors! she had stilled him with her own body!

CHAPTER XX.

This ended can not all at once believe so great and sudden and strange a calamity. Gerard, who had got alive into that chest scarce five minutes ago, could he be dead?

She called him by all the endearing names that heart could think, or tongue could frame. She kissed him, and called for kisses in return. She implored him to speak to her.

No answer to words of love, such as she had never uttered to him before, nor thought she could utter. Then the poor creature, trembling all over, began to go over that white face little touches of things that were at once terrible and pitiable.

"Oh, Gerard! I am very sorry you are dead! I am very sorry I have killed you! Forgive me for not letting the man take you; it would have been better than this! Oh, Gerard! I am very, very sorry for what I have done!" Then she began suddenly to rave. "No! no! such things can't be, or there is no God! It is monstrous! How can my Gerard be dead? How can I have killed my Gerard? I have him! O God! you know how I love him! He does not. I never told him. He must have seen how he would speak to me; he would not be so deaf to his poor Margaret. It is all a trick to make me cry out and betray him: but no, I love him too well for that. I'll duke first." And she seized her own throat to check her wild desire to scream in her terror and anguish.

"If he would but say one word. Oh, Gerard! don't die without a word. Have mercy on me, and speak one! but speak to me; if you are angry with me, scold me! curse me! I deserve it. The idea that killed the man she loved better than herself in the world, and was killed by him in all the world. Help, help! I have murdered him. Ah! ah! ah! ah!"

She tore her hair, and uttered shriek after shriek so wild, so piercing, they fell like a knell upon the ears of Dierich Brower and his men. All started to their feet, and looked at one another.

CHAPTER XXI.

Martin Wittenhagen, standing at the foot of the stairs with his arrow drawn nearly to the head, and his knife behind him, was struck with amazement to see the men come down without Gerard: he lowered his bow, and looked open-mouthed at them. Dierich, for his part, was equally surprised at the attitude they had found him in.

"Why, mates, was the old fellow making ready to shoot one of us?"

"Stuff!" said Martin, recovering his stolid composure, "I was but trying my new string. Till summoning my bow, if you think that."

"Humph!" said Dierich, dubiously, "there is something more in you than I understand; yet a lag on, and a bow-string is but a bit ex ye."

A blazing fire was soon made, and the men gathered round it, and their clothes and long hair were soon smoking in the cheerful blaze. Then it was that the shrieks were heard in Margaret's room. They all listened, and one of them seized the candle, and ran up the steps that led to the bedroom.

Martin rose hastily, too, and being confused by these sudden screams, and apprehending danger from the man's activity, tried to prevent him from going there.

At this Dierich threw his arms round him from behind, and called on the others to keep him. The man that had the candle got clear away, and all the rest fell upon Martin, and after a long and fierce struggle, in the course of which they were more than once all rolling on the floor, with Martin in the middle, they succeeded in mastering the old Samson, and binding him hand and foot with a rope they had brought for the purpose.

"That is a good job," said Dierich, panting; "our lives weren't safe while this old fellow's fiber bones were free. He makes me think Gerard is herashotes, for all we can't find him. Halle, mates! Julian Ketel's a long time in that girl's bedroom.

The rude laugh caused by this remark had hardly subsided when loud screaming were heard proceeding along overhead.

"Oh! here he comes, at last. Well, Jorian, what is to do now?"

CHAPTER XXII.

Jorian Ketel went straight to Margaret's room, and there he found the man he had been in search of, pale and motionless, his head in Margaret's lap, and she kneeling over him, mute now, as if stricken to stone. Her eyes were dilated, yet glazed, and she neither saw her lover's enemy, nor the man, nor cared for any thing on earth but the white face in her lap.

Jorian stood awe-struck; the candle shaking in his hand.

"Why, where was he, then, all the time?

Margaret heeded him not. Jorian went to the empty chest and inspected it. He began to comprehend. The girl's dumb and deep despair moved him.

"This is a sorry sight," said he; "it is a black night's work; all for a few skins! Better have gone with the men so. She is past answering so, poor wench! Stop—she is crying!"

He took down a little round mirror, no bigger than his hand, and held it to Gerard's mouth and nostrils, and held it there. When he withdrew it, it was clear. Jorian Ketel gave a joyful cry:

"There is life in him yet!"

At that word, it was as if a statue had started into life. Margaret's eyes shot fire, and she threw her arms round Jorian's neck.

"Oh, blest the tongue that tells me so!" and she kissed the great man's fellow again and again, eagerly, almost fiercely.

"There, there, let us lay him warm," said Jorian; and in a moment he raised Gerard, and laid him on the bedclothes. Then he went to fetch his cordial, and, taking up his hand twice with Schiedam, and flung it sharply each time in Gerard's face, he began to administer it internally for his recovery—he gave a faint sigh. Oh, never was sound so joyful to human ear! She fell on her knees, and began stopping, quivering for fear she should hurt him. She had lost all confidence in her power.

"That is right—let him alone," said Jorian; "don't go rushing him as you did me, or you'll drive his breath back again. Let him alone: he is sure to come to. 'Tisn't like as if he was an old man."

Gerard sighed deeply, and a faint streak of color stole to his lips. Jorian saw it with joy. He had hardly reached it, when he found his legs seized from behind.

It was Margaret. She curled round his knees like a serpent, and kissed his hand, and fawned on him. "You won't tell? You have saved his life; you have not the heart to thrust him back into his grave, to undo your own good work?"

"No, no! It is not the first time I've done you two a good turn; 'twas I told you in the church porch where he used to take him. Besides, what's Dirk Brower to me? I'll see him hanged ere I'll

ed him. But I wish you'd tell me where the parchments are? There are a hundred crowns offered for them. That would be a good windfall for my Joan and the children, you know."

"Ah! they shall have those hundred crowns." "What are the things in the house?" asked Justas, eagerly.

"Why, but I know where they are: and, by God and St. Barzee, I swear you shall have them to-morrow. Come to me for them when you will, to-morrow."

"I were mad, else. What I share the hundred crowns with Dirk Brower? And now may my rust on in my skin if I let a soul know the poor boy is here!"

He then ran off, lest by staying longer he should excite suspicion, and have Master Justas hang, and Margaret knelt, quivering from head to foot, and prayed beside Gerard, and for Gerard.

"What is to do? Why, we have scared the girl out of her wits. She was in a trance of fear."

"Who had better fill pot and doctor her, then."

"Oh yes! and frighten her into the churchyard. Her father is a doctor, and has skill in him, and set him to bring her round. Let us see to her, will ye?"

His offhand way disarmed all suspicion. And soon after the party agreed that the kitchen of the Three Kings was much warmer than Master Justas's house, and departed, having first untied Martin.

"Take note, mate, that I was right, and the Burgomaster wrong," said Dietrich Brower, at the door: "I said we should be too late to catch him, and we were too late."

Then Gerard, in one terrible night, grazed the gates of the grave!

And how did he get clear at last? Not by his cunningly-contrived hiding-place. Master Justas was really wit; but by a good impulse in one of his captors—by the bit of humanity left in a somewhat reckless fellow's heart, aided by his sense of pain. So mixed and seemingly incongruous are human motives, so short-sighted our shrewdest counsels!

They whose moderate natures, or gentle fates, keep them in life's passage from the fierce extremes of grief and anguish our nature is capable of, have perhaps the best, and certainly the happiest, of mankind. But to such readers I should try in vain to convey what bitter sorrow and woe rest upon those persecuted lovers. Even to those who have joyed greatly and greatly suffered, my feeble art can present but a pale reminiscence, and a faint reflection of Margaret's and Gerard's ecstasy.

To sit and see a beloved face restored from the grave to the world, to health and beauty by swift gradations; to see the rose return to the loved cheek, love's glance to the loved eye, and his words to the loved mouth: this was Margaret's joy by instance years of waiting. It was Gerard's to awake from a trance and find his head pillowed on Margaret's arm; to feel her warmth so adored murmur new words of eloquent love, and shower tears and tender kisses and caresses on him. He never knew, till that moment, how he ardently, how tenderly she loved him. He thanked his enemies. They wrenched their enamoured round each other, and trouble and danger seemed a world, an age, behind them. They asked of each other husband and wife. Had they not stood before the altar together? Was not the blessing of Holy Church upon them? Clear were curses on all who would part them?

But as no woman's nerves can bear with impunity so terrible a strain, presently Margaret turned faint, and sank on Gerard's shoulder, smiling feebly, but quite speechless. Then Gerard was anxious, and would seek assistance. But she held him with a gentle grasp, and implored him not to leave her for a moment. "While I can lay my hand on you I feel you are safe, not else. Fool-ish Gerard! nothing ails me. I am weak, dearer but happy, oh! so happy!"

Then it was Gerard's turn to support that dear head, with its great waves of hair flowing loose over him, and nurse her, and soothe her, quivering on his bosom, with soft, encouraging words and murmurs of love and gentle caresses. Sweetest of all her charms is a woman's weakness to a manly heart.

Poor things! they were happy. To-morrow they must part. But that was nothing to them now. They had seen death, and all other troubles seemed light as air. While there is life there is hope: while there is hope there is joy. Separation for a year or two, what was it to them, who were so young, and had caught a glimpse of the grave? The future was bright, the present was heaven: so passed the blissful hours.

Alas! their innocence ran other risks besides the prison and the grave: they were in most danger from their own hearts and their inexperience, now that visible danger there was none.

A DOUBTING HEART.

WHERE are the swallows fled?
Frozen and dead,
Perchance upon some bleak and stormy shore.
Oh doubting heart!
Far over purple seas,
They wait, in sunny ease,
The balmy southern breeze,
To bring them to their northern home once more.

Why must the flowers die?
Prisoned they lie
In the cold tomb, heedless of tears or rain.
Oh doubting heart!
They only sleep below
The soft white ermine snow,
While winter winds shall blow,
To breathe and smile upon you soon again.

The sun has bid its rays
Those many days
Will dreary hours never leave the earth!
Oh doubting heart!
The stormy clouds on high
Veil the same sunny sky,
That soon (for spring is nigh)
Shall wake the summer into golden mirth.

Fair hope is dead, and light
Is quenched in night.
What sound can break the silence of despair?
Oh doubting heart!
Thy sky is overcast,
Yet stars shall rise at last,
Brighter for darkness past,
And angels' silver voices stir the air.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

BOOK II.
THE GOLDEN THREAD.

CHAPTER XXIV.

DRAWN TO THE LOADSTONE ROCK.

IN such risings of fire and clashing of the firm earth shaken by the rushes of war upon ocean, which had now so ebb, but was always on the flow, higher and higher, to the terror and wonder of the beholders on the shore—three years of tempest were consumed. Three more birthdays of little Lucie had been woven by the golden thread into the peaceful tissue of the life of her home.

Many a night and many a day had its intricacies listened to the echoes in the corner, with hearts that failed them when they heard the thronging feet. For the footsteps had become to their minds as the footsteps of a people, to be beaten under a red flag, and with their country declared in danger, changed into wild beasts, by terrible enchantment long persisted in.

Monseigneur, as a class, had dissociated himself from the phenomenon of his not being appreciated: of his being so little wanted in France as to incur considerable danger of receiving his dismissal from it, and this life elsewhere. Like the exiled rentier who raised the Devil with infinite pains, and was so terrified at the sight of him that he fled and ask the Devil no question, but immediately fled; so Monseigneur, after boldly reading the Lord's Prayer backward for a great number of years, and performing many other potent spells for compelling the Evil One, no sooner beheld him in his terrors than he took to his heels.

The shining Bull's Eye of the Court was gone, or it would have seen the mark for a hurricane of national bullets. It had never been a good eye to see with, had long been an eye, full of Lucifer's pride, Sardanapalus's luxury, and a mole's blindness—but it had drooped and sunk inherently poor, from that exclusive inner circle to its outermost rotten ring of intrigue, corruption, and disanimation, was all gone together. Royalty was gone; had been besieged in its Palace and "suspended," when the last tidings came over.

The August of the year one thousand seven hundred and ninety-two was come, and Monseigneur was by this time scattered far and wide.

As was natural, the head-quarters and great gathering-place of Monseigneur, in London, was Tellson's Bank. Spirits are supposed to haunt the places where their bodies most resorted, and Monseigneur, without a guinea, haunted the spot where his guineas used to be. Moreover, it was the spot to which such French intelligence as was most to be relied upon came quickest. Again: Tellson's was a munificent house, and extended great liberality to old customers who had fallen from their high estate: Again: those nobles who had seen the coming storm in time, and, anticipating plunder or confiscation, had made provident remittances to it, were always to be heard of there by Tellson's, were always to be communicated with by their needy brethren. To which it must be added that every new-comer from France reported himself and his tidings at Tellson's, almost as a matter of course. For such variety of reasons, Tellson's was at that time, as to French intelligence, a kind of High Exchange; and this was so well known to the public, and the inquiries made there were in consequence so numerous, that Tellson's sometimes wrote the latest news out in a line or so and pasted it in the Bank windows, for all who ran through Temple Bar to read.

On a steaming, misty afternoon, Mr. Lorry sat at his desk, and Charles Darnay stood leaning on it, talking with him in a low voice. The penitential den once set apart for interviews with the Honest were now the News Exchange, and was filled to overflowing. It was within half an hour or so of the time of closing.

"But, notwithstanding, Mr. Darnay," said Mr. Lorry, "you certainly did outstay your welcome in France."

"I understand. That I am too old?" said Mr. Lorry.

Unsettled weather, a long journey, uncertain means of traveling, a disorganized country, a city that was hardly safe to live in."

"My dear Charles," said Mr. Lorry, with cheerful confidence, "you touch some of the reasons for my detention: not for my staying away. It is safe enough for me; nobody will care to interfere with an old fellow of hard upon fourscore when there are so many people there much better worth interfering with. As to its being a disorganized city, if it were not a disorganized city there would be no occasion to send somebody from our House here to our House there, who knows the city and the business of old, and is in Tellson's confidence. As to the uncertain travelling, the long journey, and the winter weather, if I were not prepared to submit myself to a few inconveniences for the sake of Tellson's, after all these years, who ought to be?"

"I wish I were going myself," said Charles Darnay, somewhat restlessly, and like one thinking aloud.

"Indeed! You are a pretty fellow to object and advise!" exclaimed Mr. Lorry. "You wish you were going yourself? And you a Frenchman born? You are a wise counselor!"

"My dear Mr. Lorry, it is because I am a Frenchman born that the thought (which I did not mean to express aloud) has passed through my mind often. One can not help thinking, having had some sympathy for the unhappy people, and having relations connecting them"—he spoke here in his former thoughtful manner—"that one might be intrusted to, and might have the power to remain to some restraint. Only last night, after you had left me, when I was talking to Lucie—"

"When you were talking to Lucie!" Mr. Lorry repeated. "Yes. I wonder you are not ashamed to mention the name of Lucie. Wishing you were going to France at this time of day!"

"However, I am not going," said Charles Darnay, with a smile. "It is more than suppose that you say you are."

"And I am, in plain reality. The truth is, my dear Charles," Mr. Lorry glanced at the distant House, and lowered his voice, "you can have no conception of the difficulty with which our business is transacted, and of the peril in which our books and papers over yonder are involved. The Lord above knows what the compromising consequences would be to numbers of people if some of our documents were seized or destroyed; and they might be, at any time, you know, for who can say that Paris is not set alire to-day, or sacked to-morrow? Now, a judicious selection from these with the least possible delay, and the burying of them, or otherwise getting of them out of harm's way, is within the power (without loss of precious time) of scarcely any one but myself, if any one. And shall I hang back, when Tellson's knows this and says this—Tellson's, whose bread I have eaten these sixty years—because I am a little stiff about the joints? Why, I am a boy, Sir, to half a dozen old codgers here!"

"How I admire the gallantry of your youthful spirit, Mr. Lorry!"

"Tut! Nonsense, Sir!—And, my dear Charles," said Mr. Lorry, glancing at the House again, "you are to remember that getting things out of Paris at this present time, no matter what things, is next to an impossibility. Papers and precious matters were this very day brought to us here (I speak in strict confidence, it is not business-like to whisper it, even to you) by the strongest hands you can imagine, every one of whom had his head hanging on by a single hair as he passed the Barriers. At another time our parcel would come and go easily as in business-like Old England; but now, every thing is stopped."

"And do you really go to-night?"

"I really go to-night, for the case has become too pressing to admit of delay."

"And do you take no one with you?"

"All sorts of people have been proposed to me, but I will have nothing to say to any of them. I intend to take Jerry. Jerry has been my body-guard on Sunday nights for a long time past, and I am used to him. Nobody will suspect Jerry of being any thing but an English bull-dog, or of having any design in his head but to fly at any body who touches his master."

"I must say again that I heartily admire your gallantry and youthfulness."

"I must say again, nonsense, nonsense! When I have executed this little commission I shall, perhaps, accept Tellson's proposal to retire and live at my ease. Time enough then to think about growing old."

This dialogue had taken place at Mr. Lorry's usual desk, with Monseigneur swarming within a yard or two of it, boastful of what he would do to avenge himself on the rascal-people before long. It was too much the way of Monseigneur under his reverses as a refugee, and it was much too much the way of native British orthodoxy, to talk of this terrible Revolution as if it were the one only harvest ever known under the skies that had not been sown—as if nothing had ever been done, or remained to be done, that had led to it—as if observers of the wretched million in France, and of the misuses and perverted resources that should have made them prosperous, had not seen it inevitably coming, years before, and had not in plain words recorded what they saw. Such vaporing, combined with the extravagant plots of Monseigneur for the restoration of a state of things that had utterly and finally passed away, would have exhausted credulity and worn out Heaven and earth as well as itself, was hard to be endured without some remonstrance by any sane man who knew the truth. And it was a fact weighing all about his ears, like a troublesome confusion of blood in his own head, added to a latent uneasiness in his mind, which had already made Charles Darnay restless, and which still kept him so.

Among the talkers was Stryver, of the Ring's Bench Bar, far on his way to state prosecutions, and therefore loud on the theme: broaching to Monseigneur his devices for blowing the people up and exterminating them from the face of the earth, and doing without them: and for accomplishing many similar objects akin in their nature to the abolition of eagles by sprinkling salt on the tails of the race. Him Darnay heard with a particular feeling of objection; and Darnay stood divided between going away that he might hear no more, and remaining to interpose his word, when the thing that was to be went on to shape itself out.

The House approached Mr. Lorry, and laying a soiled and unopened letter before him, asked

"I KNOW THE FELLOW."

A Good Fight.

BY CHARLES READE.

AUTHOR OF "LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG," ETC.

[From Advance Sheets, direct from the Author.]

CHAPTER XVII.—*Continued.*

As if this had been a concerted signal, the back door was struck as rudely the next instant. They were hemmed in. But at these alarming sounds Margaret seemed to recover some share of self-possession. She whispered, "Say he was here, but is gone." And with this she seized Gerard and almost dragged him up the rude steps that led to her father's sleeping-room. Her own lay next but yond it.

The blows on the door were repeated.

"Who knock at this hour?"

"Open, and you will see!"

"I open not to thieves—lomet men are all abed now."

"Open to the law, Martin Wittenhagen, or you shall run it."

"Why that is Dirck Brower's voice, I trow! What make you so far from Tergos?"

"Open, and you will know."

Martin drew the bolt, and in rushed Dierich and four more. They let in their companion who was at the back-door.

"Now, Martin, where is Gerard Gerardssen?"

"Gerard Gerardssen? Why he was here but now."

"Was here?" Dierich's countenance fell. "And where is he now?"

"They say he is gone to Italy. Why? What is to do?"

"No matter. When did he go? Tell me not that he went in such a storm as this."

"Here is a note Gerard Gerardssen," said Martin, contemplatuously. Then he lighted the candle, and, seating himself coolly by the fire, proceeded to whip some fine silk round his bow-string at the place where the nick of the arrow frets it.

"I'll tell you," said he, carelessly. "Do you know his brother Giles—a little misbegotten imp, all head and arms? Well, he came tearing over here on a mule, and he'did out something. I was too far off to hear the creature's words, but I heard its noise. Any way, he started Gerard. For as soon as he was gone there was such crying and kissing, and then Gerard went away. They do tell me he is gone to Italy—anyhap you know where that is, for I don't."

Dierich's countenance fell lower and lower at this account. There was no flaw in it. A cunninger man than Martin would perhaps have told a lie too many, and smelt suspicion. But Martin did his task well. He only told the one falsehood he was bade to tell, and of his own head invented nothing.

"Mate," said Dierich, "I doubt he speaks sooth. I told the Burgomaster how matters were. He met the dwarf galloping Peter Beyskens's mule from Sevenbergen. They have sent after him to Gerard,' says he, 'so, then, Gerard is at Sevenbergen.'—Ah, master,' says I, 'tis too late now. We should have thought of Sevenbergen before, instead of wasting our time hunting all the odd corners of Tergos for three cursed parchments that we shall never find till we find the man that took 'em. If he was at Sevenbergen, quoth I, 'and they have sent the dwarf to him, it must have been to warn him we are after him. He is leagues away by now,' quoth I. Confound that shuffle-faced girl! she hot outwitted us hearded men:' and so I told the Burgomaster, but he would not hear reason. A wet jerkin a piece, that is all we shall get, master, by this job."

Martin grinned coolly in Dirrich's face.

"However," added the latter, "just to content the Burgomaster, we will search the house."

Martin turned grave directly.

This change of countenance did not escape Dierich. He reflected a moment.

"Watch outside two of you, one on each side of the house, that no one jump from the upper windows. The rest come with me."

And he took the candle and mounted the stairs, followed by four of his comrades.

Martin was left alone.

The stout scoundrel put his head. All had gone so well at first: and now this fatal turn! Suddenly it occured to him that all was not yet lost. Gerard must be in Peter's room. Gerard and Margaret; they were not so very high from the ground. Gerard would leap out. Dierich had left a man below; but what then? For half a minute Gerard and he would be two to one, and, in that brief space, what might not be done?

Martin then held the back-door ajar and watched. The light was in Peter's room. "Come the fool!" said he; "is he going to let them take him like a girl?"

The light passed now into Margaret's bedroom. Still no window was opened. Had Gerard intended to escape that way he would not have waited till the men were in the room. Martin saw that at once, and left the door, and came to the foot-stair and listened. He began to think Gerard must have escaped by the window while all the men were in the house. The moment after he discontinued the stranger grew this conviction. But it was suddenly and rudely disappointed.

Piercing shrieks issued from the inner bedroom of Margaret's.

"They have taken him," groaned Martin; "they have got him."

It flashed through Martin's mind in one moment that if they took Gerard away his life was not worth a button; and that if evil befell him Margaret's heart would break. He cast his eyes wildly round like some savage beast seeking an escape, and in a twinkling he formed a resolution terribly characteristic of those iron times and of a soldier driven to bay.

CHAPTER XVIII.

He stepped to each door in turn, and imitating Dirck Brower's voice, said sharply, "Watch the window!" He then quietly slipped and bolted both doors. He then took up his bow and six arrows; one he fitted to his string, the others he put into his quiver. His knife he placed upon a chair behind him, the hilt toward him: and there he waited at the foot of the stair with the calm determination to slay those four men, or be slain by them. Two, he knew, he could dispose of by his arrows, ere they could get near him, and Gerard and he must take their chance, hand-to-hand, with the remaining pair. Besides, he had seen men panic-stricken by a sudden attack of this sort. Should Brower and his men hesitate but an instant, he should shoot three instead of two, and then the odds would seem the right side.

He had not long to wait. The heavy steps sounded in Margaret's room, and came nearer and nearer.

The light also approached, and voices.

Martin's heart, above all, was hard hard, to hear men coming thus to their death, and, perhaps, to his; more likely to them not; for four to long odds in a battle-field of this nature, and Gerard might be bound, perhaps, and powerless to help.

But this man, whom we have seen shake in his shoes at a Giles-o'-Lanthorn, never wavered in this awful moment of real danger, but stood there, his bow drawn to the combat, and his eye glowing, equally ready to take life and lose it. Desperate game! to win which was exalt instant and for life, and to face it was to die that moment upon that floor he stood on.

Dierich Brower and his men found Peter in his first sleep. They opened his cupboards; they ran their knives into an alligator he had nailed to his

wall; they looked under his bed: it was a large room, and apparently full of hiding-places, but they found no Gerard.

They went on to Margaret's room, and the very sight of it was discouraging—it was small and bare, and not a cupboard in it; there was, however, a large fire-place and chimney. Dierich's eye fell on these directly. Here they found the beauty of Sevenbergen sleeping on an old chest, not a foot high, and no attempt made to cover it; but the sheets were snowy white, and so was Margaret's own linen. And there she lay, looking like a lily fallen into a rut.

Dierich, very much, and sat up in the bed, like one amazed; then, seeing the men, began to scream violently, and pray for mercy.

She made Dierich Brower ashamed of his errand.

"Here is a to-do," said he, a little confused. "We are not going to hurt you, my pretty maid. Let you still, and shut your eyes, and think of your wedding-night, while I look up this chimney to see if Master Gerard is there."

"Gerard is not in my room!"

"Why not? They say that you and he—"

"Cruel! cruel! that they have driven him away from me—driven him from his native place. This is a blind. You are thieves; you are wicked men. You are not men of Sevenbergen—you would know Margaret Brandt better than to look for her lover there—of all others! Gerard is not here, but brave! Four great hulking men to come, armed to the teeth, to insult one poor honest girl! The women that live in your own houses must be naught, or you would respect them too much to insult a girl of good character."

"There, come away, before we hear worse," said Dierich, hastily. "He is not in the chimney. Plaster will need what a cudgel breaks; but a woman's tongue is a double-edged dagger, and a girl in a woman with her mother's milk still in her." And he beat a hasty retreat. "I told the Burgomaster how 'twould be."

CHAPTER XIX.

WHERE is the woman that can not act a part? Where is she who will not do it, and do it well, to save the man she loves? Nature on these great occasions comes to the aid of the simplest of the sex, and teaches her to throw dust in Solomon's eyes. The men had no sooner retired than Margaret stepped out of bed and opened the long chest on which she had been lying down in her skirt and petticoat and stockings, and night-dress over all, and put Gerard in, bed-clothes and all, against the wall: then glided to the door and listened. The men were all away through her father's room, and down the stairs.

Now in that chest there was a peculiarity that was almost impossible for a stranger to detect. A part of the boarding of the room had been broken, and Gerard being applied to to make it look neater, and being short of materials, had ingeniously sawed away a space sufficient just to admit Margaret's *embonpoint* bed, and with the materials thus acquired he had repaired the whole room. As for the bed or chest, it really rested on the rafters a foot below the boards that surrounded it was full two feet deep, though it looked scarce one.

All was quiet. Margaret kneeled and gave thanks to Heaven. Then she glided from the door, and leaned over the empty chest, and whispered, tenderly, "Gerard!"

Gerard did not reply.

She then whispered, a little louder, "Gerard, all is safe, thank Heaven! You may rise; but, oh! be cautious!"

Gerard made no reply.

She laid her hand upon his shoulder. "Gerard!"

No reply.

"Oh! what is this?" she cried, and her hands ran wildly over his face and his bosom. She took him by the shoulders; she shook him; she lifted him; but he escaped from her trembling hands, and fell back, not like a man, but like a body. A great dread fell on her. The lid had been down. She had lain upon it. The men had been some time in the room. With all the strength of frenzy she tore him out of the chest. She bore him in her arms to the window. She dashed the window open. The sweet air came in. She laid him in it, and in the moonlight. His face was the color of ashes, his body was all limp and motionless. She felt his heart. Horror! it was as still as the rest! Horror of horrors! she had stifled him with her own body!

CHAPTER XX.

TIME mind can not all at once believe so great and sudden and strange a calamity. Gerard, who had got alive into that chest scarce five minutes ago, now could not be dead?

She called him by all the endearing names that heart could think, or tongue could frame. She kissed him, and fondled him, and coaxed him, and implored him to speak to her.

In the intervals of these cries, such as she had never uttered to him before, nor thought she could utter. Then the poor creature, trembling all over, began to say over that white face little fooling things that were at once terrific and pitiable.

"Oh, Gerard, I am very sorry you are dead! I am very sorry I have killed you! Forgive me for not letting the man take you; it would have been better than this! Oh, Gerard! I am very, very sorry for what I have done!" Then she began suddenly to rave. "No! no! such things can't be, or there is no God! It is monstrous! How can my Gerard be dead? How can I have killed my Gerard? I love him! O God! you know how I love him! He does not. I never told him. If he knew my heart he would speak to me; he would not be so deaf to his poor Margaret. It is all a trick to make me cry out and betray him: but no, I love him too well for that. I'll choke first." And she seized her own throat to check her wild desire to scream in her keen and anguish.

"If he would but say one word. Oh, Gerard! don't die without a word. Have mercy on my soul! you! but speak to me: if you are angry with me, scold me! curse me! I deserve it. Oh! the idea that killed the man she loved better than herself! Gerard, I am punished. The worst is all the world. Help, help! I have murdered him. All, all! all is lost!"

She tore her hair, and uttered shriek after shriek so wild, so piercing, they fell like a knell upon the ears of Dierich Brower and his men. All started to their feet, and looked at one another.

CHAPTER XXI.

MARTIN WITTENHAGEN, standing at the foot of the stairs with his arrow drawn nearly to the head, heard, but behind him, was struck with amazement to see the men come back without Gerard: he lowered his bow, and looked speechless at them. Dierich, more than the rest, was equally surprised at the attitude they had found him in.

"Why, mates, was the old fellow making ready to shoot one of us?"

"Shut!" said Martin, recovering his stolid composure, "I was but trying my new string. Have you found Gerard? Is he of you think that."

"Humph!" said Dierich, dubiously, "there is something more in you than I understand; put a leg on, and let us see below. I'll see to it here."

A blazing fire was soon made, and the men and round it, and Martin sat down with long hair was soon smoking from the cheerful blaze. The was that the shrieks were heard in Margaret's room. They all started up, and three of them took the candle, and ran up the steps that led to the bedrooms.

Martin rose hastily, too, and being confused by these sudden screams, and apprehending danger from the men in front, tried to prevent him from going there.

At this Dierich threw his arms round him from behind, and called on the others to keep him. The man that had the candle got clear away, and all in the rest fell to the earth. Martin, after a long and fierce struggle, in the course of which they were more than once rolling on the floor, with Martin in the middle, they succeeded in mastering the old Samson, and binding him hand and foot with a rope they had brought for Gerard.

"That is a good job," said Dierich, panting: "our lives weren't safe while this old fellow's four bones were free. He makes me think Gerard is herebouts, for all we can't find him. Hallo, mates! Gerard's key's long loose in that girl's bedroom.

The rude laugh created by this remark had hardly subsided when hasty footsteps were heard running along overhead.

"Oh! here he comes, at last. Well, Jorian, what is to do now?"

CHAPTER XXII.

JORIAN KETEL went straight to Margaret's room, and there he found the man he had been in search of, pale and motionless, his head in Margaret's lap, and she kneeling over him, mute now, and stricken to stone. Her eyes were dilated, yet glazed, and she neither saw nor heard the man, nor was aware for any thing on earth but the white face in her lap.

Jorian stood awe-struck; the candle shaking in his hand.

Why, where was he, then, all the time?

Margaret heeded him not. Jorian went to the empty chest and looked in, and saw it was a dreebend. The girl's dumb and frozen despair moved him.

"That is sorry sight," said he; "it is a black night's work; all for a few skins! Better have gone with the lot. Come, be not past unsaving or, poor wench! Stop—let us try."

He took down a little round mirror, no bigger than a watch, and held it to Gerard's mouth and nostrils, and held it there. When he withdrew it, he was dull. "Gone, sure enough: a joyful cry:

"THERE IS LIFE IN HIM, GIRL!"

At that word, it was as if a statue had started into life and sense. Her eyes were on Jorian's face ere same round Jorian's neck.

"Oh! bless the tongue that tells me so!" and she kissed the great rough fellow again and again, eagerly, almost fiercely.

"There, there, let us lay him warm," said Jorian; and in a moment he raised Gerard, and carried him to Margaret's bed. There he set him, flask he carried, and filled his hand twice with Schiedamm, and flung it sharply each time in the face. Then he began to chafe Gerard's hands with his recovery—he gave a faint sigh. Oh, never was sound so sweet to Margaret's ear. She fee heard him, but then stopped, quivering for fear she should hurt him. She had lost all confidence in herself.

"That is right—let him alone," said Jorian; "don't you hinder him, girl. Now, you go, or you'll drive his breath back again. Let him alone: he is sure to come to. 'Tisn't like as if he was an old man."

Gerard sighed deeply, and a faint streak of color crept to his lips. Jorian saw it by the light. He had hardly reached it, when he found his legs seized from behind.

It was Margaret! She curled round his knees like a serpent, and kissed his hand, and fawned on him. "You won't tell? You have saved his life; you have not the heart to thrust him back into his grave, to smile over one good work?"

"No, no! It is not the first time I've done you two a good turn; 'twas I told you in the cherry whether we had to save him. Besides, what is Dirk Brower to me? Til see him hanged ere I'll

but him. But I wish you'd tell sue where the parchments are? To save a hundred pounds offered for them. That would be a good windfall for you and the children, you know."

"Ah! they shall have those hundred crowns." "What! are the things in the house?" asked Jotais, eagerly.

"Yes; but I know where they are: and, by God and St. Baruo, I swear you shall have them to-morrow. Come to me for them when you will, and welcome alone."

"I were mad, else. What! share the hundred crowns with Dirk Brower? And now may my nose rot in my skin if I let a soul know the poor boy is here!"

He then ran off, lest by staying longer he should excite suspicion, and leave them all after him. Jotais stood quiet, quivering from head to foot, and prayed beside Gerard, and for Gerard to foot.

"What is to do? Why, we have scared the girl out of her wits. She sits in a kind of fit."

"We had better all go and doctor her, then."

"Oh yes! and frighten her into the churchyard. Her father is a doctor, and I have round him, and set him to bring her round. Let us see the fire, will ye?"

His off-hand way disarmed all suspicion. And now after the forty agreed that the kitchen of the Three Kings was much more cheerful, Jotais's home, and they departed, having first uuiet Martin.

"Take note, mein Herr, that I was right," the Burgomaster wrong," said Dierich Brower, at the door: "I said we should be too late to catch him, and we were not too late."

Thus Gerard, in one terrible night, grazed the past and the grave!

And how did he get clear at last? Not by his comply-contrived hiding-place, which by Margot's ready wit; but by a good impulse in one of his captors—by the bit of humanity left in a somewhat reckless fellow's heart, aided by his desire a gain. So mixed and seemingly incongruous are human motives, so short-sighted our shrewdest ssants!

They whose moderate natures, or gentle fates, keep them in life's passage from the fierce extremes of joy and anguish our nature is capable of, may perhaps the best, and certainly the happiest, of mankind. But to such readers it will be vain to try to convey what bliss unspeakable settled now upon those persecuted lovers. Even to those who have joyed greatly, and greatly suffered, the moment at can present but a pale reminiscence, and a faint reflection of Margaret's and Gerard's ecstasy.

To sit and see a beloved face come back from the grave to the world, to health and beauty by the gradations; to see the roses return to the hollowed cheek, love's glance to the loved eye, and its words to the loved mouth: this was Margaret's joy to be known years of misery. It was Gerard's to awake from a trance and find his head pillowed on Margaret's arm: to feel, when restored to shored murmur now words of eloquent love, and shower tears and tender kisses upon forehead and lips. He never knew till this sweet moment, nor ardently, how tenderly she loved him. He wished his enemies, the Brower brothers, were present to behold them altogether? Was not the blessed Virgin Church upon their side? What more care or all who would part them?

But as no woman's nerves can bear with impunity so terrible a strain, assuredly Margaret turned faint, and sank on Gerard's shoulder, smiling softly but quite, quite exhausted. Thus Gerard was anxious, and would seek assistance. But she held him with a gentle grasp, and implored him not to leave her for a moment. "Presently I can lay my hand on you I feel you are safe, not else. Fool-ish Gerard! nothing ails me. I am weak, though but happy, oh! so happy!"

Then it was Gerard's turn to support that dear head with its great waves of dark flowing love over him, and nurse her, and soothe her, quivering all his bosom, with soft, encouraging words and murmurs of love and gentle caresses. Sweetest of all her charms is a woman's weakness to a manly heart.

Four things they were happy: To-morrow they soon part. But that was nothing to them now. They had seen death, and all other troubles seemed light as air. While there is life there is hope: while there is hope there is joy. Perhaps for a year or two, what was it to them, who were so young, and had caught a glimpse of the grave? The future was bright, the present was heaven: no pained the blissful hours.

Also: their innocence ran other risks besides the prison and the grave: they were in most danger from their own hearts and their inexperience, now that visible danger there was none.

A DOUBTING HEART.

WHENCE are the swallows fled?
Frozen and dead,
Perchance upon some bleak and stormy shore.
Oh doubting heart!
Far over purple seas,
They wait, in sunny ease,
The balmy southern breeze,
To bring them to their northern home once more.

Why must the flowers die?
Prisoned they lie
In the cold tomb, heedless of tears or rain.
Oh doubting heart!
They only sleep below
The soft white crocus snow,
While winter winds shall blow,
To breathe and smile upon you soon again.

The sun has hid its rays
These many days;
Will dreary hours never leave the earth!
Oh doubting heart!
The storm-y clouds on high
Veil the same sunny sky,
That soon (for spring is nigh)
Shall wake the summer into golden mirth.

Fair hope is dead, and light
Is darkness in the night.
What sound can break the silence of despair?
Oh doubting heart!
Thy sky is overcast,
Yet stars shall rise at last,
Brighter for darkness past,
And angels' silver voices stir the air.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

BOOK II.
THE GOLDEN THREAD.

CHAPTER XXIV.

DRAWN TO THE LOADSTONE ROCK.

In such risings of fire and ruin, the firm earth shaken by the rushes of an angry ocean, which suddenly lays

no ebb, but was always on the flow, higher and higher, to the terror and wonder of the beholders on the shore—three years of tempest were consumed. Three more birthdays of little Lucie had been woven by the golden thread into the peaceful tissue of the life of her home.

Many a night and many a day had its inmates listened to the echoes in the corner, with hearts that failed them when they heard the thronging feet. For the footsteps had become to their minds as the footsteps of a people, tumultuous under a red flag, and with their country declared in danger, changed into wild beasts, by terrible enchantment long persisted in.

Monseigneur, as a class, had become infinitely more than the phenomenon of his not being appreciated: of his being of little wanted in France as to incur considerable danger of receiving his dismissal from it, and this life to himself. Even the fluttered rats who peopled the Devil with infinite pains, and was so terrified at the sight of him that he could ask the Enemy no question, but immediately fled; so Monseigneur, after boldly reading the Lord's Prayer backward for a great number of years, and performing many other potent spells for compelling the Evil One, no sooner beheld him in his terrors than he took to his noble heels.

The shining Bull's Eye of the Court was gone, or it would have been the mark for a hurricane of national bullets. It had never been a good eye to see with—too much like the eye of a rat of Lucifer's pride, Sardanapalus's luxury, and a mole's blindness—but it had dropped out and was gone. The Court, from which exclusive inner circle to its outermost rotten ring of intrigue, corruption, and dissimulation, was all gone together. Royalty was gone; had been besieged in its Palace and "suspended," when the last tidings came over.

The August of the year one thousand seven hundred and ninety-two was come, and Monseigneur was by this time scattered far and wide.

As was natural, the head-quarters and great gathering-place of Monseigneur, in London, was Tellson's Bank. Spirits are supposed to haunt the places where their bodies most resorted, and Monseigneur, without a guinea, haunted the spot where his guineas used to be. Moreover, it was the spot to which such French intelligence as was most to be relied upon came most quickly. Again: Tellson's was a munificent house, and extended great liberality to old customers who had fallen from their high estate. Again: those nobles who had seen the coming storm in time, and anticipating plunder or confiscation, had made provident remittances to Tellson's, were always to be heard of there by their needy brethren. To which it must be added that every new-comer from France reported himself and his tidings at Tellson's, almost as a matter of course. For such variety of reasons, Tellson's was at that time, as to French intelligence, a kind of High Exchange; and this was so well known to the public, and the inquiries made there were in consequence so numerous, that Tellson's sometimes wrote the latest news out in a line or so and posted it in the Bank windows, for all who ran through Temple Bar to see.

On a steaming, misty afternoon, Mr. Lorry sat at his desk, and Charles Darnay stood leaning on it, talking with him in a low voice. The penitential den once set apart for interviews with the House was now the Bank Secretaryship, and was filled to overflowing. It was within half an hour or so of the close of business.

"But, although you are the youngest man that ever lived," said Charles Darnay, rather hesitating, "I must still suggest to you—"

"I understand. That I am too old?" said Mr. Lorry.

Unsettled weather, a long journey, uncertain means of traveling, a disorganized country, a city that you know not even be safe to you."

"My dear Charles," said Mr. Lorry, with cheerful confidence, "you touch upon the very reasons for which I am not for my staying away. It is safe enough for me; nobody will care to interfere with an old fellow of hard upon fourscore when there are so many people there much better worth interfering with. As to its being a disorganized city, if it were not a disorganized city there would be no occasion to send anybody from our House here to our House there, who knows the city and the business of old, and is in Tellson's confidence. As to the uncertain travelling, the long journey, and the winter weather, if I were not prepared to submit myself to a few inconveniences for the sake of Tellson's, after all these years, who ought to be?"

"I wish I were going myself," said Charles Darnay, somewhat restlessly, and like one thinking aloud.

"Indeed! You are a pretty fellow to object and advise!" exclaimed Mr. Lorry. "You who are going yourself? And you a Frenchman born? You are a wise counselor!"

"My dear Mr. Lorry, it is because I am a Frenchman born that the thought (which I did not mean to utter here, however) has passed through my mind often. One can not help thinking, having had some sympathy for the miserable people, and having abandoned something to them"—he spoke here in his former thoughtful manner—"that one might be the better fitted to, and might have the power to persuade to some restraint. Only last night, after you had left us, when I was talking to Lucie—"

"When you were talking to Lucie!" Mr. Lorry repeated. "Yes. I wonder you are not employed to mention the name of Lucie! Wishing you were going to France at this time of day!"

"However, I am not going," said Charles Darnay, with a smile. "It is more to the purpose that you say you are."

"And I am, in plain reality. The truth is, my dear Charles," Mr. Lorry glanced at the distant House, and lowered his voice, "you can have no conception of the difficulty with which our business is transacted, and of the peril in which our books and papers over yonder are involved. The Lord above knows what the compromising consequences would be to numbers of people if some of our documents were seized or destroyed; and they might be, at any time, you know, for who can say that Paris is not set afire to-day, or sacked to-morrow? Now, a judicious selection from these with the least possible delay, and the burying of them, or otherwise getting of them out of harm's way, is within the power (without loss of precious time) of scarcely any one but myself, if any one. And shall I

"I KNOW THE FELLOW."

hang back, when Tellson's know this and says this—Tellson's, whose bread I have eaten these sixty years—because I am a little stiff about the joints? Why, I am a boy, Sir, to half a dozen old cedgers here!"

"How I admire the gallantry of your youthful spirit, Mr. Lorry!"

"Tut! Nonsense, Sir!—And, my dear Charles," said Mr. Lorry, pleasantly at the close again, "you are to remember that getting things out of Paris at this present time, no matter what things, is next to an impossibility. Papers and precious matters were this very day brought to me here (I speak in strict confidence: it is not business-like to whisper it, even to you) by the strongest hands you can imagine, every one of whom had his head hanging on by a single hair as he passed the Barriers. At another time our parcels would come and go as easily as business-like Old England; but now, every thing is stopped."

"And do you really go to-night?"

"I really go to-night, for the case has become too pressing to admit of delay."

"And do you take no one with you?"

"All sorts of people have been proposed to me, but I will have nothing to say to any of them. I intend to take Jerry. Jerry has been my body-guard on Sunday nights for a long time past, and I am used to him. Nobody will suspect Jerry of being any thing but an English bull-dog, or of having any design in his head but to fly at any body who touches his master."

"I must say again that I envy you, and admire your gallantry and youthfulness."

"I must say again, nonsense, nonsense! When I have executed this little commission I shall, perhaps, accept Tellson's proposal to retire and live at my ease. Time enough then to think about growing old."

This dialogue had taken place at Mr. Lorry's usual desk, with Monseigneur swarming within a yard or two of it, boastful of what he would do to avenge himself on the rascal-people before long. It was too much the way of Monseigneur under his reverses as a refugee, and he was much too much the way of nattily British orthodoxy, to talk of his terrible Revolution as if it were the one only revolt ever known under the skies that had not been sown—as if nothing had ever been done, or could ever be done, that had led to it—as if observers of the wretched million in France, and of the misused and perverted resources that should have made them prosperous, had not seen it inevitably coming, years before, and had not in plain words recorded what they saw. Such vaporing, combined with the extravagant pains of Monseigneur for the restoration of a state of things that had utterly exhausted itself, and worn out Heaven and earth as well as itself, was hard to be endured without some remonstrance by any sane man who knew the truth. And it was what Napoleon always called in his ears, like a troublesome confusion of blood in his own head, added to a latent uneasiness in his mind, which had already made Charles Darnay restless, and which still kept him so.

Among the talkers was Stryver, of the King's Bench Bar, far on his way to state promotion, and therefore loud on the theme: broaching to Monseigneur his devices for blowing the people up and exterminating them from the face of the earth, and doing without them: and for accomplishing many similar objects akin in their nature to the abolition of eagles by sprinkling salt on the tails of the rare. Him Darnay heard with a particular feeling of objection: and Darnay stood divided between going away that he might hear no more, and remaining to interpose his word, when the thing that was to be done, on to shape itself out.

The House approached Mr. Lorry, and laying a soiled and unopened letter before him, asked

if he had yet discovered any traces of the person to whom it was addressed? The House laid the letter down so close to Barnay that he saw the direction—the more quickly because it was his own right name. The address, turned into English, ran: "Very pressing. To Monsieur heretofore the Marquis St. Evremond, of France. Confided to the care of Messrs. Tollson and Co., Bankers, London, England."

On the marriage morning Doctor Manette had made it his one urgent and express request to Charles Darnay, that the secret of his name should be sunken. He had given Darnay no hint of obligation—kept inviolate between them. Nobody else knew it to be his name; his own wife had no suspicion of the fact; Mr. Lorry could have none.

"No," said Mr. Lorry, in reply to the House; "I have referred it, I think, to every body now here, and no one can tell me where this gentleman is to be found."

The hands of the clock verging upon the hour of closing the Bank, there was a general dying off of the current of talkers past Mr. Lorry's desk. He held the letter out inquiringly; and Monseigneur looked at it, in the person of this watching and indignant refugee; and Monseigneur looked at it, in the person of that footman who had waited at dinner, and who had slipped away from the other, all had something disparaging to say, in French or in English, concerning the Marquis who was not to be found.

"Nephew, I believe—but in any case degenerate successor—of the polished Marquis who was murdered," said one. "Happy to say I never knew him."

"A craven who abandoned his post," said another—this Monseigneur had been one of the Court of Paris, legs uncommon and half suffocated, in a load of lace—"if some years ago."

"Infected with the new doctrines," said a third, eying the direction through his glass in passing; "not a bad sort of nobleman in the main, the Marquis, abandoned the estates when he inherited them, and left them to the ruffian herd. They will rosurprise him—when he comes to his estates."

"Hey?" cried the blatant Stryver. "Did he though? Is that the sort of fellow? Let us look at his letter. Humph, humph, humph. Ah!"

Darnay, unable to restrain himself any longer, touched Mr. Stryver on the shoulder, and said:

"I know the fellow."

"Do you, by Jupiter?" said Stryver. "I am sorry for it."

"Why?"

"Why, Mr. Darnay? D'ye hear what he did? Don't act rashly in these times."

"But I do ask why."

"Then I tell you again, Mr. Darnay, I am sorry for it. I am sorry to hear you putting any such extraordinary questions. Here is a fellow, who, intrinsically, has not position enough to be a chemous cole of destiny that ever was known, abandoned his property to the vilest scum of the earth that ever did murder by wholesale, and you ask me why I am sorry that a man who instructs youth knows him? Well, I am sorry you. I am sorry, because I believe there is contamination in such a scoundrel. That's why."

Mindful of the secret, Darnay with great difficulty checked himself, and said: "I do not understand the gentleman."

"I understand you by your tone, and I am sorry for it. I am sorry to hear you putting any such extraordinary questions. Here is a fellow, who, intrinsically, has not position enough to be a chemous cole of destiny that ever was known, abandoned his property to the vilest scum of the earth that ever did murder by wholesale, and you ask me why I am sorry that a man who instructs youth knows him? Well, I am sorry you. I am sorry, because I believe there is contamination in such a scoundrel. That's why."

Mindful of the secret, Darnay with great difficulty checked himself, and said: "I do not understand the gentleman."

"I understand you by your tone, and I don't understand your tone, Mr. Darnay," said Bully Stryver, "and I'll do it. If this fellow is a gentleman, I don't understand him. You may tell him so, with my compliments. You may also tell him, from me, that after abandoning his worldly property, and position to his butchery mob, I wonder he is not at the head of them. But no, gentlemen," said Stryver, looking all round, and raising his voice, "I know something of human nature, and I tell you that you never find a fellow like this fellow trusting himself to the mercies of such precious *protégés*. No, gentlemen; he'll always show 'em a clean pair of heels very early in the scuffle, and sneak away."

With those words, and a final snap of his fingers, Mr. Stryver shouldered himself into Fleet Street, amidst the general approbation of his hearers. Mr. Lorry and Charles Darnay were left alone at the desk, in the general departure from the Bank.

"Will you take charge of the letter?" said Mr. Lorry. "You know where to deliver it?"

"I do."

"Will you undertake to explain that we suppose it to have been addressed here in the last chance of our knowing where to forward it, and that it has been here some time?"

"I will do so. Mr. Lorry, you shall be Paris from here?"

"From here, at eight."

"I will come back to see you off."

Very ill at ease with himself, and with Stryver and most other men, Darnay left the Bank in the way into the quiet of the Temple, opened the letter, and read it. These were its contents:

"Prison of the Abbaye, Paris,
"June 21, 1792.

"Monsieur heretofore the Marquis,

After having long been in danger of my life at the hands of the village, I have been seized, with great violence and indignity, and brought a long journey on foot to Paris. On the road I have suffered a great deal. Nor is that all; my house has been destroyed—razed to the ground.

"The crime for which I am imprisoned, Monsieur heretofore the Marquis, and for which I shall be summoned before the tribunal, and shall lose my life (without your so generous help), is, they tell me, treason against the majesty of the people, in that I have acted against them for an emigrant. It is in vain I represent that I have acted for them, and not against, according to your commands. It is in vain I represent that, before the sequestration of emigrant property, I had remitted the imposts they had ceased to pay; that I had collected no rents; that I had had recourse to no process. The only response is, that I have acted for an emigrant, and where is this emigrant?

"Ah! most gracious Monsieur heretofore the Marquis, where is that emigrant! I cry in my sleep where is he! I demand of Heaven will he not come to deliver me? No answer. Ah Monsieur heretofore the Marquis, I send my desolate cry across the sea, hoping it may reach you by the mere force of its distress!

"For the love of Heaven, of justice, of generosity, of the honor of your noble name, I supplicate you, Monsieur heretofore the Marquis, to succor and release me. My fault is, that I have been true to you. Monsieur heretofore the Marquis, I pray you be you true to me.

"From this prison here of horror, whence I every hour tend nearer and nearer to destruction, I send you, Monsieur heretofore the Marquis, the assurance of my dolorous and unhappy service.

"Your afflicted

"Gabelle."

The latent uneasiness in Darnay's mind was roused to vigorous life by this letter. The peril of an old servant and a good servant, whose only crime was fidelity to himself and his family, stared him reproachfully. The letter was from Paris; it was to Paris that he must go. In the Temple considering what to do, he almost hid his face from the sunlight.

He knew very well that in his horror of the deed which had overwhelmed the Bank, and shocked reputation of the old family house, in his resentful suspicions of his uncle, and in the general tide of his present situation, he left out the crumbling fabric that he was supposed to hold, the real state and existence. He knew very well that, in his love for Lucie, his renunciation of his social place, though by no means new to his own mind, had been put into words for the first time. He knew that he ought to have systematically worked out the form of those consequences he had yielded—not without disquiet, but still without continuous and accumulating resistance. That he ought to have thought out the consequences to the core, how they would affect those dependent on him, and those on whom he was to give—each fuel as the heavy creditors might come to present their claims, and such produce as could be saved from the sale of his forfeited property. That he ought to have got the fact in plea and proof for his own safety, so that it could not be turned against him.

This he had neglected to do. The resolution Charles Darnay had begun to make, that he would go to Paris.

Yes. Like the mariner in the old story, the winds and streams had driven him within the influence of the Loadstone Rock, and it was drawing him to itself, and he must go. Every time he had asked before his own mind if he could go, faster and faster, more and more steadily, in the terrible attraction. His latent uneasiness had been, that but alone never to have evolved out in his own unhappy land he had hesitated, and that he, who could and did so know that he was better than they, was not there, working to something to stay bloodshed, and assert the claims of mercy and humanity. With this uneasiness half stifled, and half reproached, he had, in the hurry of the general escape, made a comparison of himself with the brave old gentleman in whose face duty was so strong; upon that comparison (injurious to himself) he had acted, followed the sworn of Monseigneur, which had carried him straight to the Loadstone Rock, and above all were coarse and galling for old reasons. Upon those had followed Gabelle's letter: the appeal of an innocent man in danger of death, to his justice, honor, and good name.

His resolution was made. He must go to Paris.

Yes. The Loadstone Rock was drawing him, and he must sail on until he struck. He knew of no rock; he saw hardly any danger. The intention with which he had done what he had done, even although he had left it incomplete, presented it before him in an aspect that would be gratefully acknowledged in France on his presenting himself to assert it. Then that glorious vision of doing good, which is so often the sanguine mirage of so many good minds, arose before him, and he even saw himself in the illusion with some influence to guide this raging Revolution that was running so fearfully wild.

As he walked to and fro with his resolution made, he considered that neither Lucie nor her father must know of it until he was gone. Lucie should be spared the pain of separation; and her father, always reluctant to turn his thoughts toward the dangerous ground of old, should come to the knowledge of the step, as a step taken, and not in the balance of suspense and doubt. How much of the incompleteness of his situation was referable to her father, through the conflicts and changes that avoid reviving old associations of France in his mind, he did not dare even think. For her father's sake, reinstance too he had let influence in his course.

He walked to and fro, with thoughts very busy, all the short time he remained in Soho, and take leave of Mr. Lorry. As soon as he judged that Lucie would be reconciled to this old friend, but he must say nothing of his intention now.

A carriage with post-horses was ready at the Bank door, and Jerry was booted and equipped.

"I have directions, Jerry, that I am to go to Darnay to Mr. Lorry. "I would not consent to your being charged with any written answer, but perhaps you will take my words."

"That I will, and readily," said Mr. Lorry, "if it is not dangerous."

"Not at all. Though it is to a prisoner in the Abbaye."

"What is his name?" said Mr. Lorry, with his open pocket-book in his hand.

"Gabelle."

"Gabelle. And what is the message to the unfortunate Gabelle in prison?"

"Simply, 'that he has received the letter, and will come.'"

"Any time mentioned?"

"He will start upon his journey to-morrow night."

"Any person mentioned?"

"No."

He helped Mr. Lorry to wrap himself in a number of coats and cloaks, and went out with him from the warm atmosphere of the old bank of London into the air of Fleet Street. "My love to Lucie, and to little Lucie," said Mr. Lorry as they parted, "shall take precious care of them till I come back." Charles Darnay shook his head and doubtfully smiled as the carriage rolled away.

That night—it was the fourteenth of August in the sun up yet, and twenty hours distant from the one was to Lucie, explaining the strong obligation he was under to go to Paris, and showing her that in leaving her and her father for a few days he was violating no promise he had made. Having confident that he could become involved in no complications there; the one motive was to the Doctor, confiding Lucie and their dear child to his care, and dwelling on the same topics with the strongest appearances. He told her words that he would dispatch letters in proof of his safety, immediately after his arrival.

It was a hard day, that day of being among them, with the first reservation of their joint lives on his mind. It was a hard night's work to serve the innocent deceit of which they were probably unsuspicious. But an affectionate glance at the heads of his darling's father, gave him resolute not to tell her what impended (he well knew what suffering it would cost her), lest she should go to Paris with him (or perhaps insist on his staying without her quiet aid), and she thus passed quietly. Early in the evening he embraced them, and her scented love and namesakes, pretending that he would return by the next day or the day after at latest, and that he had secreted a value of clothes ready), and he emerged into the heavy mist of the heavy street with a heavier heart.

The unseen force was drawing him fast to itself now, and all the tides and winds were setting straight and strong toward it. He left his few letters with a trusty porter, to be delivered half an hour before midnight, and no sooner took horse for Dover, and began his journey. "For the love of Lucie, and her child and father, of the honor of your noble name!" was the poor prisoner's cry with which he strengthened his resolution. Honor, in the tone of justice, of generosity

oilet Vinegar

is far superior to Eau de Cologne as a lotion for the Toilet or Bath, a reviving Perfume, and a powerful Disinfectant.

Sold by all the Trade.

E. Rimmel,

Perfumer, London and Paris.

MOON HOAX, by LOCKE.—A beautiful edition of this remarkable book will be ready for the Trade Sept. 8. Price 50c. Also, Carlile's Musical Dictionary, 33 50. Allyn's Ritual of Freemasonry, 1 vol. 8vo. and 8vac, $5 00. Webb's Freemason's Monitor, $1 25.

W. GOWANS, No. 55 Centre St.

New Works. In Press.

I.

FOOTFALLS ON THE BORDER OF ANOTHER WORLD.

One Vol. 16mo.

By Hon. Robert Dale Owen,

Late Minister to Naples.

II.

A NEW NOVEL,

By the Author of "Queechy" and "Wide, Wide World."

III.

THE RIVALS.

A new Work, by Hon. Jere. Clemens.

Just Published:

FORT-FOOT TRACES OF A HUNTER'S LIFE. Being the Reminiscences of Meredith Bouwyer, a Maryland Hunter-ranger. Written down by Hiram Rue and Illustrated by Darley.

One vol. 12mo. $1 25.

II.

THE WORKS OF HON. JOHN P. KENNEDY.

Comprising

HORSE-SHOE ROBINSON. 1 vol.

ROB OF THE BOWL. 1 vol.

SWALLOW BARN. 1 vol.

Uniform Edition, $1 25 per vol.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., Publishers, Philadelphia.

KISS-ME-QUICK.

AN EXQUISITE PERFUME, prepared only by EUGENE RIMMEL, Dispensing Chemist, 609 Broadway. Sold everywhere.

Rockland Female Institute.

NYACK, ON THE HUDSON, N. Y.

This is a Ladies' Seminary of the highest order, situated in a most beautiful and healthy location, directly on the Hudson River, near New York City. For Catalogues and Circulars, or further particulars, address

REV. J. D. & C. D. SCHERMERHORN, Principals.

P. S.—The next Annual Session begins Sept. 8th.

DR. S. CLEAVER'S PRIZE MEDAL HONEY SOAP.

The only genuine, possessing a free and creamy lather, a lasting and delicate perfume, and is warranted not to injure the skin.

☞ **Beware of Counterfeits.** ☜

F. S. Cleaver's celebrated Musk, Rose, Bouquet, Military, and Glycerine Soaps, also Saponaceous Tooth Powder for the teeth and gums, to be had of all the respectable Drug and Fancy Stores in the United States.

Manufactory in London.

Wholesale Depot 31 and 33 Dey Street, New York.

J. G. ROYSTON, Agt.

$30 PER MONTH. — Wanted, Good Book Canvassers, at $30 per month and expenses paid. Address

S. F. FRENCH & CO.,

121 Nassau Street, N. Y.

TEACHERS' AND LITERARY INSTITUTIONS

will receive gratis and prepaid, on application, our DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE

of the

AMERICAN EDUCATIONAL SERIES,

including the most approved and late initial and higher books in Spelling, Reading, Arithmetic, Mathematics, History, Geography, Writing, Music, Language, Chemistry, Philosophy, Botany, Natural Theology, over 200 volumes of choice progressive

SCHOOL AND COLLEGE TEXT-BOOKS.

THE EDUCATIONAL NEWS (quarterly) sent free to Teachers. 24 to 44 pages.

Specimen copies of Books to Teachers, and first supplies for Classes on very liberal terms.

Teachers' free Reading Rooms, with American and European Educational Journals, open daily, at our business house.

IVISON & PHINNEY,

Nos. 48 and 50 Walker Street, New York.

Wood's Patent Lock Stitch Sewing Machines are well adapted to the use of Families, Tailors, Dressmakers, &c. Price $50 to $125.

WHITNEY & WOOD,

417 Broadway, N. Y.

A Word to the Discouraged.

DR. ANDRUS offers in all cases of Consumption, Bronchitis and Nervous Affections, Dyspepsia, Catarrhs, Rheumatic Affections, Diseases of the Liver and Spine, Kidneys, Bladder, Scurvy, Dropsy, &c., a safe and speedy cure. Female Weaknesses, Sterility, Irregularities, and all Diseases of the Urinary Passages in the Urethra, Fistula and Piles, treated without pain. Persons who have been afflicted for twenty years of any of the above mentioned organs, he can state that he operates in these cases upon scientific principles, and that he never confines them to any mineral medicine. His remedies are a harmless (if not, the sick or well) and pleasant nature, and he begs to enjoy so great perfection of health while taking them as he at any period of their lives. He can be consulted by letter by addressing DR. HENRY ANDRUS, No. 7 Spruce, Jas., and medicines will be forwarded by mail free of charge, for a trial, to any Post Office in the Union.

IF WHISKERS AND MUSTACHES

won't grow upon your face, can my cognomen forbid 1852 Broadway? If fate frown be grim, it will smile in the skin. Prickly heat, and without chafe or injury to skin. **E. S. GALLUP,** 389 Nassau Street, New York.

Mercantile Record.

Patent Champion Safe.

S. C. Herring & Co., 251 Broadway.

Wilder's Patent Salamander Safe.

R. G. Wilder & Co., 191 Broadway.

RIMMEL'S BOUQUET — ALL THE YEAR ROUND, and WOOD VIOLET, are the lasting Perfumes in *Paris and London.*

Sold by all the Trade.

E. RIMMEL, *Perfumer, London and Paris.*

Lyceum Lectures.

By

Rev. J. C. Fletcher.

☞ Address the Lecturer, care of Messrs. Tickner & Fields, Boston.

The undersigned is now making his engagements for the Lecture Season of 1859-60. The subjects on which he calls the attention of Lecture Committees are as follows: (1) *Naples, Pompeii, and Mount Vesuvius.* (2) *Brutti and the Brutinians.* (3) *The Land of Tell.* (4) *Northern Italy and the Battle-fields of the Palm Tree.* These will be delivered separately or in courses. Mr. Fletcher has delivered these Lectures in the principal cities of Maryland and Virginia, Boston Mercantile Library Association, Smithsonian Institute, and many Lyceums in different parts of the United States, since leaving Interesting to Hon. Luther Bradish, Rev. Dr. Bethune, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, New York; Gov. S. Hilliard, Esq., Boston, Mass.; Dr. Holland (*Timothy Titcomb*), Springfield, Mass.; Prof. Henry, Smithsonian Institute, Washington, D. C.

THE "DIAPHRAGM FILTER,"

Manufactured by Messrs. McKENZIE & O'HARA, is the kind of porous filter to which I alluded in my recent report to the Croton Board. I consider the artificial sandstone, which constitutes the filtering medium, to be an excellent article for the purpose. The instrument is quite durable, and only requires to be reversed occasionally to keep it in perfect action.

JAMES B. CHILTON, M.D., Chemist.

NEW YORK, 1859.

Messrs. McKENZIE & O'HARA, 276 4th Street, cor. Mercer.

A. A. McBRYDE, Warsaw, N. C.,

Procures situations for Teachers.

Supplies Teachers for Female Colleges, Academies, Institutes.

TERMS, THREE DOLLARS, in advance.

Reliable references given.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills,

FOR ALL THE PURPOSES OF A PURGATIVE MEDICINE.

PREPARED BY

DR. J. C. AYER & CO.,

LOWELL, MASS.

Sold by all Druggists everywhere.

Lester's Lock-Stitch Sewing Machines

Woodworth's Planing Machines.

Office 463 Broadway. J. M. LESTER.

DENIS HAINES

Respectfully informs her friends and the public that her School

No. 10 GRAMMERCY PARK,

EAST 20TH STREET,

Will commence on the 1st of Sept. 20.

A punctual attendance of her pupils is requested.

Those who have confided their daughters to Miss HAINES in past years, may be assured of her continued care and attention, and that everything, to insure to her pupils a substantial, useful, and accomplished education, shall be done. She will endeavor to investigate talent, and it will be their united aim to contribute, as much as possible, to the moral, intellectual, as well as moral and intellectual improvement, of those committed to their care.

361 BROADWAY 539

BRIDAL SUITS

Tucker's Flowers, Feathers, and Miscellaneous Items, Are all reliable.

THE SUPERB WAR SUPPLEMENT

to HARPER'S WEEKLY is now ready; containing an authentic map, and numerous fine engravings illustrating the War in Italy. Price Six Cents. Sent by Mail, on receipt of the price.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.

PIESSE & LUBIN'S PERFUMERY,

Sold by all Druggists in every city.

Wholesale Agent,

J. PHILLIPS,

87 Pearl St. New York.

AN EXQUISITE LITTLE STORY.

On Saturday, Sept. 3d,

TICKNOR & FIELDS

WILL PUBLISH,

In a neat pamphlet, with engraved vignette, price 15 cts.,

RAB AND HIS FRIENDS,

BY JOHN BROWN, M.D.,

If Fellow and Librarian of the Royal College of Physicians, Edinburgh.

This story was originally printed in "*Horæ Subsecivæ*," but its beauty and interest were such that it was demanded as a separate publication. Several thousand of the London edition have been sold in a very short time, and the American Publishers intend it to be the public with every confidence in its success.

☞ Copies mailed on receipt of price.

Singer's Sewing Machines.

Are superior for all manufacturing purposes.

Are more desirable for all kinds of family sewing.

Are capable of doing a greater variety of work.

Are free from the faults of other machines.

Are almost noiseless in their operations.

Are most better, and therefore worth more.

Are perfectly simple and easily kept in order.

Are cheaper because they earn more money.

Are just the Machine for every family.

I. M. SINGER & CO.,

No. 458 Broadway, corner of Grand.

Grover & Baker's

Celebrated Noiseless

Family Sewing Machines,

At Reduced Prices.

495 Broadway, New York. 18 Summer Street, Boston. 730 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. 181 Baltimore Street, Baltimore. 58 West Fourth Street, Cincinnati. 119 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

SEND FOR A CIRCULAR.

ELLIOT & PATTEN—Examine Inventions and procure American and Foreign Patents. *Patent Agency* opposite main entrance of Patent Office Building, Washington, D. C.

MURRAY HALL.—REV. J. J. ELMENDORF'S SCHOOL for Young Ladies, 197 West 16th Street, New York. Ninth Session begins, Tuesday, Sept. 13th.

TO SOUTHERN MERCHANTS.

HARNDEN'S EXPRESS

LEAVES EVERY

TUESDAY, THURSDAY AND SATURDAY,

AT 4 P.M.,

FOR SAVANNAH,

Thence, by Georgia Central Railroad, to

MACON, MEMPHIS, ATLANTA,

AUGUSTA, KNOXVILLE,

NASHVILLE, COLUMBUS, MONTGOMERY,

AND NEW ORLEANS.

And all Towns in the interior of

Georgia, Alabama and Tennessee.

Every description of Merchandise forwarded at Low rates, and delivered with promptness and despatch.

For further particulars apply at the office of

HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, 74 Broadway.

PROTESTANT FRENCH INSTITUTE for YOUNG GENTLEMEN, in New York, No. 49 East Fourth street, near Madison Park. Boarding and Day School, Classical and Commercial. The Third Session will commence on the 15th of September. It presents a thorough and practical instruction in all its branches, including the Spanish and German languages. The French is the language of the school. Unfavorable arrangements for a limited number of pupils. Prospectus, with testimonials, the names of my pupils and of their parents during the past seven years, &c., to be had, at the Principal's office.

CHARLES DARRASSUS, Director.

References: Paris, Rev. Dr. F. Monod.

New York, Rev. Dr. Morse, Rev. Dr. Murphy.

Washington, Hon. Lewis Cass, Secretary of State.

Boston, Prof. L. Agassiz.

Princeton, Prof. A. Guyot.

New York, Prof. Drisler, President of Columbia College.

Rev. Dr. I. Ferris, Chancellor of the N. Y. University.

Rev. Dr. Adams, Brooklyn.

Rev. Dr. F. Hawks.

MAX BALLIN,

Manufacturer of

DOMESTIC CHAMPAGNE,

175 Pearl Street, New York.

USEFUL IN EVERY FAMILY.—PAINT, Grease spots, &c., removed instantly; glove, kids, ribbons, &c., cleaned equal to new, without injury to the most delicate color or fabric. By HENRY C. CO.'S CONCENTRATED BENZINE, only twenty-five cents per bottle. BURNHAM & CO., Irvington, 161, 286, 511, and 756 Broadway.

HIS LAST WORK.

The late DR. WILLIAM A. ALCOTT left among his papers a most remarkable manuscript, entitled

FORTY YEARS IN THE WILDERNESS OF PILLS AND POWDERS;

Or, The Confutation and Confession of an Aged Physician.

This most interesting, curious, and valuable book will be published on TUESDAY, SEPT. 1.

It is a book for every household and every individual —presenting for the benefit of sufferers a wise man's experience and observations in the world of medicine, illustrated with a superb portrait on steel of the venerable and beloved author. In one vol., 12mo. Price $1.

Tens of thousands will buy and read this book—it will therefore be a great book for Agents. Applications should be addressed to

FOWLER AND WELLS, 308 Broadway, New York.

☞ The trade supplied at the Publishers' best Rates.

Richardson's New Method

FOR THE

PIANO FORTE

IS

A DECIDED SUCCESS!

AND IS RAPIDLY BECOMING

The Standard Work of Piano Instruction.

An Examination will convince any one of

ITS SUPERIORITY AND GENUINE MERIT.

Two Editions are published, adapted to every American, the other Foreign Fingering. When the work is ordered, if no preference is designated, the American will be sent. American Fingering will be sent. Price $2, on receipt of which it will be forwarded by Mail, postage paid.

Published by OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.

RIMMEL'S WHITE ALMOND SOAP

for SAN FRANCISCO.—This Soap is confidently recommended to their unwilling patronage to delightful Purity.

Sold by all the Trade.

E. RIMMEL, *Perfumer, London and Paris.*

EVERETT HOUSE,

HAWLEY D. CLAPP, Proprietor,

NORTH SIDE UNION SQUARE,

NEW YORK.

INTERNATIONAL HOTEL, NIAGARA FALLS.

ROBERT D. COLEMAN, late of the firm of COLEMAN & STETSON, Proprietor of the above House, and more recently engaged at the St. Nicholas Hotel, New York, here, in connection with their late associate, Mr. COLEMAN, opened the above-named elegant house, which, having been enlarged and greatly improved, presents in very desirable to visitors at this the grandest of watering places.

HARD TIMES NO MORE.—ANY Lady or Gentleman in the United States, possessing from $3 to $7, can enter into an easy and respectable business, which will pay from $5 to $10 per day realized. For particulars, address (with stamp),

W. E. ALTON & CO., 45 North SIXTH Street, Philadelphia.

Saponifier. Saponifier. Saponifier.

To Farmers, Soap Boilers and Family Households, should be without this economical and ready Soap Maker.

Full directions for making Soft, Hard, and Fancy Soaps from the refuse grease of the kitchen, fat, or tallow, accompany each pound iron can.

Sold by Druggists, Grocers and Grocers generally. Beware of Counterfeits. The success of this article has induced unprincipled parties to imitate it. We are being prosecuted for infringing our patented rights.

The genuine manufactured only by the Pennsylvania Salt Manufacturing Company.

Office 396 Penn Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

LEWIS, JAMES & CO, Agents,

No. 6 Platt Street, New York.

☞ Every Number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE contains from 90 to 96 pages—and from one third to one half more reading than any other in the country.

A Splendid Number.

HARPER'S

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

FOR SEPTEMBER.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year $3 00

Two Copies for One Year 5 00

Three or more Copies for One Year (each) 2 00

Postage, 24 cents per annum, prepaid, at the office of delivery, or 72 cents quarterly, payable in advance.

HARPER'S WEEKLY and HARPER'S MAGAZINE, together, one year, $4 00.

The Postage upon "HARPER'S MAGAZINE" must be paid at the office where it is received. The Postage is *Thirty-six Cents a year.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A FIRST-CLASS ILLUSTRATED PAPER.

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST

FAMILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD.

Single Copies, Five Cents. Price $2 a Year.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS'S New Serial, entitled "A TALE OF TWO CITIES" is commenced in HARPER'S WEEKLY for August 27.

MR. WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT'S Illustrated Serial Tale of *American Life*, entitled "TRUMPS," was commenced in "HARPER'S WEEKLY" for April 9.

TERMS OF HARPER'S WEEKLY.

One Copy for Twenty Weeks $1 00

One Copy for Two Years 2 00

One Copy for Two Years 4 00

Five Copies for One Year 8 00

Twelve Copies for One Year 16 00

Twenty-five Copies for One Year 30 00

An Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of TWENTY *or* TWENTY-FIVE SUBSCRIBERS.

TERMS IN ADVERTISING.—*Fifty Cents a Line.*

The Postage thereof will be made to those wishing to advertise for three Months or more.

☞ Persons living in the City of New York wishing "HARPER'S WEEKLY" left at their house, will please send their names and residences, with the subscription money, to the office of Publication.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,

Franklin Square, New York.

THE NATURALIZATION QUESTION AND ITS PHASES.

[See the file of the Washington Constitution.]

LAST MAY.

MR. CASS. "Very sorry indeed; but can't help you, Mr. ——, Mr. ——, Mr. ——, what's your name."

AS THE FALL ELECTIONS APPROACH.

MR. CASS. "Protect you, dear Old Hans? Why, of course! I say, Rynders, wave that banin' a little higher!"

☞ Keep it before the People

THROUGHOUT THE UNITED STATES.

GEORGE G. EVANS,

No. 439 Chestnut Street,

PHILADELPHIA,

ORIGINATOR

OF THE

Gift Book Business,

AND PROPRIETOR OF THE

OLDEST AND LARGEST

GIFT BOOK ESTABLISHMENT

IN THE WORLD

Calls attention to the fact that he has made such arrangements with other publishers and manufacturers, that it gives him pleasure to offer

GREATER INDUCEMENTS

than ever, and such

THAT CAN NOT BE EQUALED

by any other Gift Book House in the world.

ALL BOOKS

are sold at the

PUBLISHERS' PRICES,

AND A

SPLENDID GIFT,

WORTH FROM

50 CENTS TO $100,

IS GIVEN WITH EACH BOOK.

A selection can be made from the

Largest Stock of Books

IN THE COUNTRY.

And by complying with the directions as given in the Catalogue, you will receive your Book

FREE OF EXPENSE

for carriage or mailing, and a guarantee of

NO RISK OR LOSS BY MAIL.

To give an idea of the extent and the honorable methods of transacting business, we would state to you that

223 GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES,

AND OVER

250,000 DOLLARS WORTH OF JEWELRY,

have been

GIVEN AWAY

during the past six months, each article of which has been of the finest quality, and has given satisfaction in every instance.

SEND FOR A CATALOGUE,

which will be sent gratis, and which contains a list of Books in every department of literature.

ONE TRIAL WILL ASSURE YOU

of the honorable business transactions of

GEORGE G. EVANS,

No. 439 CHESTNUT STREET,

PHILADELPHIA.

AGENTS WANTED,

Who can, with George G. Evans' Catalogue, obtain more subscribers than by any other, as the Books and Gifts enumerated are superior to those of any other house. Any one, either male or female, who desires to engage

IN AN HONORABLE

AND PROFITABLE EMPLOYMENT,

and one that requires but little time, is requested to address G. G. EVANS, and they will receive every information relative to the business.

DO NOT FAIL TO ADDRESS

GEORGE G. EVANS,

ORIGINATOR OF THE

GIFT BOOK BUSINESS,

No. 439 CHESTNUT STREET,

PHILADELPHIA.

Designed for the use of the *Medical Profession* and the *Family*, having passed the ordeal, so-called "Gins"—Aromatic," "Cordial," "Medicated," &c., is now indorsed by all of the prominent physicians, chemists, and connoisseurs as possessing all of those intrinsic medicinal qualities, tone and diuretic which belong to an old and pure Gin. Put up in quart bottles and sold by all druggists, grocers, &c.

A. M. BININGER & CO.,

(Established in 1778.) SOLE PROPRIETORS,

No. 338 Broadway, N. Y.

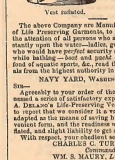
English Brussels Carpets,

Tbg., 5lb. per yd., Two-Ply Ingrain Carpets, 40 to 50c. per yd.; Oilcloth, Rugs, Mats, Matting, Tibet and Plaid Covers, Gold Window Shades, very cheap, at

HIRAM ANDERSON'S, No. 90 Bowery,

Sign of the large Gold Eagle.

Vest not inflated.



Vest inflated.

DELANO Life-Preserving Coat and Vest Company. Office and Salesroom No. 256 Broadway, opposite the City Hall Park.

The above Company are Manufacturers of every kind of Life Preserving Garments, to which they would call the attention of all persons who are occasionally or constantly upon the water—ladies, gentlemen, and children who would have perfect security and additional pleasure while bathing—boat and yacht clubs, and all who are fond of aquatic sports, &c., read the following testimonials from the highest authority in the land:

NAVY YARD, WASHINGTON, Nov. 2d, 1858.

SIR—

Agreeably to your order of the 1st inst., we have witnessed a series of satisfactory experiments made with T. A. DELANO'S Life-Preserving Vest, and have the honor to report that we consider it a valuable invention—well adapted as the means of saving human life, from its convenient form, and the readiness with which it can be obtained, and slight liability to get out of order.

With respect, your obedient servants,

CHARLES C. TURNER,
Commandant U. S. Navy.
WM. S. MAURY, *Lieutenant.*
T. W. PATTERSON, *Lieutenant.*
GEORGE WILMARTH, *Boatswain.*
W. H. HAMILTON, *Quarter.*
To ISAAC TOUSEY, *Secretary of the Navy.*

NEWPORT, R. I., October 6th 1858.

Delano Life-Preserving Coat and Vest Company:

GENTLEMEN—I have examined the improved Life-Preserving Vest, invented by T. A. Delano, and have seen it put to many severe tests, all of which it has so admirably stood, that I consider it a perfect protection against drowning. The elastic straps permit a large amount of inflation without incommoding or fatiguing the body, and, as far as I am aware, are as entirely new device and as well adapted as any.

Yours, very respectfully,

GEO. W. CULLUM,
Capt. U. S. Engineers.

It would hardly do for any one now-a-days to have the temerity to question the excellence of Dr. J. HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS for all diseases of the stomach. In cases of Dyspepsia, Bodily Weakness, Costiveness, Dysentery, and general derangement of the digestive organs, their many virtues have long since been made plainly apparent. They purge from the system the morbid humors which cause the above complaints, and thereby give strength to the stomach and suffering to the bowels. They banish those cirgs upon pleasure, restore the system to high health, and consequently prove a valuable adjunct to the digestive organs. A trial in all that is needed to establish them in the confidence of the skeptic.

For sale by Druggists and Dealers generally everywhere.

Principal Depot in New York, 13 and 15 Park Row.

Glass Shades!

Glass Shades made to order!!

Of all sizes, for covering Clocks, Statuary, &c., &c., cheaply on hand and made to order.

Depot, No. 108 William, corner of Ann Street.

Old Sachem Bitters & Wigwam Tonic.

These celebrated and pleasant Bitters are highly recommended by the faculty as the purest and finest Tonic and Stimulant ever offered to the public for General Debility, Loss of Appetite, Constipation, and other Derangements of the Stomach.

PRINCIPAL DEPOT,

No. 145 Water Street.

For Sale Everywhere.

COMPLETED AT LAST.

The Book of the First American Chess Congress:

Containing the Proceedings of that Celebrated Assemblage, held in New York, in the Year 1857, with the Papers read in its Sessions, the Games played in the Grand Tournament, and the Brilliant Games played in the Problem Tourney; together with Sketches of the History of Chess in the Old and New Worlds.

By DANIEL WILLARD FISKE, M.A.,

OFFICIAL SECRETARY OF THE CONGRESS—EDITOR OF THE "CHESS MONTHLY," &c.

Adorned with a magnificent unpublished steelagram by Mr. EUGENE B. COOK, in sixty-eight moves, engraved and printed in colors.

One large 12mo volume, 583 pp. Muslin, elegant. Price, $1.50.

Also now Ready:

The Life and Travels of Alexander von Humboldt:

With an Introduction from the Pen of BAYARD TAYLOR, ESQ.

With a new steel portrait, engraved expressly for this work, from an original photograph in the possession of Mr. BAYARD TAYLOR. One large 12mo volume. Muslin. Price, $1.25.

A new and popular Life of this distinguished Traveler and Author. Given original and authentic matter, sparkling with Life, Wit, and Scientific labors, together with sketches of his teachers and co-laborers. An agreeable, entertaining work.

These Books will be sent by mail, postage free, to any Part of the United States, on the receipt of the price, by RUDD & CARLETON, Publishers and Booksellers,

130 Grand Street, near Broadway, New York.

Now Ready.

THE EIGHTH EDITION OF

TEN YEARS OF PREACHER LIFE:

Or, CHAPTERS OF AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. By the Rev. W. H. Milburn, author of "Rifle, Axe, and Saddle-bags." 12mo. $1.

H. P. Tuckerman, in *The Boston Transcript*, says—

"Blind and a Methodist preacher, Mr. Milburn has endured, and ministered, and achieved much the lonely record, and ministered, and achieved much the lonely record of the West and the pioneers among the aborigines of the South; he came in contact with a great variety of life and character, and won the sympathy of the most primitive people. In the hall, at the cabin, domestic and pilgrim experiences were simultaneously; this he narrates with a manly simplicity and honest faith. For not have suffered more, yet few more have met them in a generous attentiveness of their sorrows. Mr. Milburn is a natural orator, and he is fortunate in those traits that the habit of public speaking has marred the style of critical habit of public speaking has marred the style of critical. This book of life is a literary curiosity, and unbelieving mood by distinction, recorded by friends, and unbelieving the current history and inward feelings of one who from childhood has wandered in darkness."

DERBY & JACKSON, Publishers,

New York.

For sale by all Booksellers.

MINTON'S ENCAUSTIC FLOOR TILES.

For Floor Tiles, Garden Vases, Terra Cotta Vases, Dairy Pipes, &c., for sale by

MILLER & COATES, 379 Pearl Street, New York.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. III.—No. 143.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1859. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

PROFESSOR C. LOWE.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.]

TRANSATLANTIC BALLOONING.

We engrave herewith a portrait of Professor Carlingreat Lowe, and pictures of the balloon he is building for the purpose of crossing the ocean. A general view of the balloon will be found on page 612. The engraving below will convey an idea of the closed chamber in which the balloonists propose to spend most of their time on their transatlantic voyage.

The idea of traversing the Atlantic in a balloon occurred many years ago to several leading aeronauts in this country. Since Professor Wise made his memorable trip from St. Louis, and the general subject has been illustrated in this journal, it has become paramount to all other schemes of the kind, and we are not surprised that Mr. Carlingford Lowe should have found people willing to assist him in the construction of a balloon for the purpose of making the great attempt.

The chief difficulty in the way of crossing the ocean with a balloon arises from the gradual exhaustion of its buoyant power. No balloon in existence, it is supposed, could retain its buoyancy for more than two or three days—no short a time, of course, to attempt a voyage of 3000 miles. But as the buoyant power is in exact proportion to the quantity of gas inclosed in the balloon, it would seem to follow that by increasing the latter the former would be multiplied; in other words, the larger the balloon the longer it will float in the air. Acting on this theory, Mr. Lowe has built a balloon considerably larger than the largest ever built hitherto. The *Atlantic*, the largest existing balloon, and the one in which Professor Wise and his friends made the famous St. Louis voyage, is 80 feet in diameter. The following are the dimensions of the *City of New York*, Mr. Lowe's new balloon:

Greatest diameter.....	feet 120
Transverse diameter.....	" 104
Height, from valve to base.....	" 160
Valves, each.....	two 24
Lifting power aggregate).....	265
Capacity of gas envelope.....	cubic feet 795,400

The material of which the balloon is constructed is twilled cloth, oiled, and covered with three coats of a peculiar kind of varnish, manufactured by Mr. Lowe, and calculated to render the balloon envelope air-tight. Six thousand yards of cloth have been consumed in the work, and seventeen sewing machines have been unceasingly occupied in stitching the pieces together. Round the balloon circles a net-work of fourteen cord, manufactured expressly for the purpose, and calculated to resist a strain of 160 tons.

From this cord depends a basket, and below the basket a boat (see engraving). The aeronauts are to travel in these two vehicles.

The basket, of which we give a section below, is built of rattan, covered with canvas, in which windows have been made. Its circumference is 20 feet; the basket-work will come about midchest to a man standing on the floor, while the canvas will rise several feet above his head. A circular seat runs round the interior; pegs and ridges against the walls will serve to support mathematical instruments, etc., while roomy coffers will contain provisions. The basket will contain a table and a stove. This stove is a new invention, which is intended to generate heat without the use of fuel, lime being substituted for coal or wood. It is 2 feet square and 14 feet high, and is provided with an apparatus for cooking. It was presented to the aeronauts by Mr. O. A. Gager. In the centre of the floor of the basket is a small hole or trap-door, through which, by a rope-ladder, aeronauts will communicate with the boat.

The latter will be a Francis life-boat, 30 feet long, 7 feet beam, and 4 feet deep; it will be supplied with an India-rubber covering for a deck, under which the navigators can seek shelter from the seas in case they have to take to the boat. It will be provided with an Ericsson caloric engine of four horse-power, which, being fed with fine coal and alcohol, will be capable of propelling the boat through the water at a fair rate of speed. It may be remarked here that the kindling of fires in vehicles attached to balloons is something new in aeronautic science. The danger of fire communicating to the gas and causing an explosion, or consuming the balloon, has always deterred aeronauts from using fire in any shape in their adventurous voyages. Mr. Lowe once lit a candle in a balloon, and kept it lighted without any flickering of the flame while the balloon was traveling at the rate of 100 miles an hour through the air; but, generally speaking, aeronauts are shocked at the bare idea of a match. Mr. Lowe believes that in the *City of New York* the stove may be kept alight and the engine heated without danger.

The queer-looking appendages to the boat, which will be seen in the engraving on page 612, are, first, a rudder, which is merely a thin strip of wood about eight feet long, and three feet wide at its widest extremity; and second, a propeller-wheel, eight feet in diameter, to act on the atmosphere in raising or depressing the course of the balloon. The aeronauts take with them, in case of accident, another similar wheel, of smaller size, being only four feet in diameter.

The boat will be ballasted with provisions and water, of which enough will be taken for ten persons for six months. The provisions will be selected with care, so as to obtain the largest amount of nutriment in the least space and with the least weight. We believe the aeronauts are of opinion that the prohibitory law does not cover the regions which they are to traverse, and that some wines will be added to their stores.

Other articles which will be contained in the boat are two copper buoys, each six feet in diameter, which will be used for the double purpose of condensers and drags when the boat sails near the surface of the water. These buoys will enable the navigators to add or reduce the ascending power of the balloon without discharging ballast or parting with gas. Another contrivance, in shape like a ship's lug, will be used for checking the speed of the balloon by throwing it overboard, fastened to a stout cord, and letting it rest on the surface of the water. The cords to this and the copper buoys will be each 2000 feet long.

In case it should be necessary to cut the balloon away, and take to the boat, the latter will at need be moored to a marine anchor 100 pounds in weight, attached to the boat by a rope 150 feet long and 4 inches in circumference; but it is hoped that this will not be required. As for air anchors, the balloon carries three grapnels of various sizes, and a number of hooks all of spring steel; and for the use of these it is provided with half a mile of rope of various thicknesses from one to ⅜ inches in circumference.

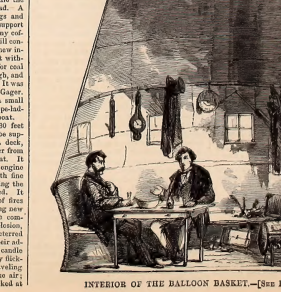
A novel contrivance will be used to test the various currents of air. This will be nothing more than a long cord, say a mile and a half in length, with a leaden weight at the end, and flags distributed along its length. This line will be kept out from the time the balloon starts; a careful inspection of the flags with a glass will enable the aeronauts to ascertain the direction of the various air currents beneath them, so that, in case they happen to be in an unfavorable current, they can, with the guidance of the barometer, descend to a more suitable air stratum. This will prove a most useful contrivance.

For the purpose of accosting ships or towns as they are passed, the balloon will take one hundred small parachutes, made of silk, and one hundred India-rubber bags, to contain letters and papers. One of these will be dropped over each town, or near each large ship that the balloon passes in the ocean.

Every kind of mathematical instrument used by aeronauts will of course be taken. There will be two large mercury barometers and one aneroid barometer, several thermometers, a large number of telescopes, including one presented by S. W. Chattuck of Utica, New York, two marine and several smaller compasses, etc., etc. As several members of the expedition will be scientific men, it may be assumed that the cause of science will be duly cared for.

In the event of any accident happening to the balloon, the voyagers expect to take to the boats, and make the best of their way to land. They have, besides the caloric engine, masts and sails which will enable them to make their way to any point they desire to reach; the boat being a Francis life-boat, is calculated to ride safely through any sea; and as we stated, a large proportion of the provisions and water will be permanently fastened in her bottom, in air-tight vessels, to serve as ballast. She carries on board of her a folded life-boat, made of India rubber, with water-tight compartments, which, in case of extreme emergency, might prove of service.

All that is known of the region into which the daring navigators of the *City of New York* are about to travel is that there is an air current, blowing steadily, at a certain elevation, from west to east. The travelers will of course make it their business to gain this current and avail themselves of it. Should they gain it on starting, and keep it throughout their voyage, they would find them-



INTERIOR OF THE BALLOON BASKET.—[SEE PAGE 612.]

selves in Spain in the course of three days. Should the current deficit, or should they be driven out of their course by accident, they might land either on Great Britain or France on the north, or in Spain, Portugal, or Africa on the south. To provide for all emergencies, they propose to provide themselves with passports for all the leading nations of Europe, so that, should they reach Europe, they may experience no difficulty in prosecuting their journey after they reach the earth. The flags on the balloon evidence the cosmopolitan feelings of the aeronauts.

Passports, however, would be of little assistance should they be forced to land on the coast of Africa. This contingency is, in fact, the prime danger of the expedition. There are many parts of the eastern coast of Africa which are entirely desert, and on which the aeronauts would have some difficulty in obtaining supplies of any kind, or a conveyance to a civilized land. To provide against this contingency, Mr. Lowe has laid in a store of Bass's canalles and rockets, with which to signal any passing vessel for aid in case the City of Portland makes the coast of Africa.

It is understood that from seven to ten passengers will be taken, including two or three scientific gentlemen, a scientific landsman, a member of Congress from New England, whose name is not yet secret, a New York editor, and one or two others. Each of these persons will be provided in his way to contribute his share toward the success of the experiment. Each will be allowed to take a certain amount of baggage, etc., and each will be provided with an India-rubber life-preserving suit, which may be worn as a protection against the cold as well as a safeguard against drowning in case of accident.

Ample precautions will be taken to provide the world with a record of the enterprise. We have mentioned the reporters and publishers. One hundred copies of the leading daily papers of New York, and two hundred copies of *Harper's Weekly*, will be taken to prove the aeronautic, and one copy of each, with a record of the log to date, will be dropped at sea every day, in order to avoid any which the balloon passes. Besides this, a number of carrier doves will be taken out, and loosed from time to time, with records of the progress found upon their necks.

We have now, we think, stated all that the public will at present desire to know with regard to the expedition. It only remains to add that the projector, Mr. Thaddeus Stewart Lowe, is a young man of twenty-seven years of age, who was born at Jefferson, New Hampshire, in the year 1832. He went to Boston to study chemistry at the age of fourteen, and speedily evinced a decided propensity for air voyaging. In 1853 he made his first ascension, since when he has made thirty-six successful ascents in balloons. About a year ago he formed the project of a transatlantic balloon voyage; and since has delayed the realization of the scheme till the present.

The *City of New York* will be exhibited in some public place in New York before it sails. The Crystal Palace grounds would be a good place for such an exhibition. We trust that the show may not prove the most practical part of the enterprise.

OLD NEWS.

Oh! grandfather, grandfather, listen to me,
The most wonderful news has come over the sea,
The most glorious news of the battles and wars
Where a million of men have been armed for the war
Even the Emperor of Morocco the Ancient and Great
And a score of their thousands were left with the dead
Ere the sieges of Tolerico the conquerors bore
The capture of Tolerico and the Emperor's gun
And the Austrian legions were swept in the gale,
As you bank is strewn with a blow of the sea.

Oh! grandfather, grandfather, read the great news,
It will tell you the chances for glory you lose;
It will tell of the victories of Solferino
And the shouts of the nations for deeds that were done
Your grandfather's eye don't you believe it was dim
With your bright-blooded sword to the midst of the fray—
That bright-blooded sword which you said to me lately
Should some day strike blood for my own native land?
Oh! grandfather, grandfather, a great thing it would be
Could we both but have been in those fights ever nor.

There were flashes of light in the grandfather's eyes
And a shouting, and tossing tangled limbs' white locks
As he shook his white head, with a half-smothered groan,
And kneeled over the boy as the leaves o'er a bough
Ah! boy, it is one thing to strike for our lives,
For the hearth of our home, for our children and wives,
And another to battle with hatters in sight,
Unheeding the quarrel that drives up to fight.
To cut and to slash at a despot's command
Is not fighting, my boy, for your own native land.

The echo that comes from the boom of the gun
Is lost in the shouts when the battle is done,
But the groans of the wounded and shrieks of the dead
Will be heard in the echoes again and again;
They will sound in the dreams of the boy at his rest,
When his field where they fell is preserved in his breast.
The news of a fight is like flesh-spotted wine,
You must sprinkle your blithe with the blood of the slain
Ere the dregs are a mixture of sorrow and death.

I fought, my brave boy, when to shield were a shame
That could never be wiped from the line of a name;
I fought when refused as thralmed the youth
That his grandmother's milk bestowed with the life of his truth;
When his white hair of age marched proudly between
The invaded country and the boy of sixteen
When the crack of our rifles on Lexington plain
Was echoed, and reflected, and rattled again.
There was valour, my boy, from the hills to the sea,
As the hearts of a million were banged to be free.

With no fears was nothing of glitter and gold,
There was armour and rags, and starvation and cold;
There were hamebound men, who were tracked by their blood
On the stone-jagged road or the icy-bridged flood;
There were men who had sworn by their fire-worshipped sun,
By their blood-darkened hearths, with their swords in their hands.

Who had sworn that their kindred should see them or not
Till the land should be free from the curse that it bore.
There were times when the battle-cry thundered out,
Resound with flowers perpetual over the dead.

The news of these battles will never grow old—
They grow up by telling, a thousand times told;
Out of sights that are fought for glory alone,
Fire the fighting of wars for the glory to them
As a diamond on the crests of the conquering hosts
By the gale bloody hosts of a legion of ghosts;
So I wished for the blade of victorious chiefs
By the heartwarding thirst of a million of griefs
And the sword of my father, the land that I love
It is trampled and crushed, like a voiceless thing.

When the battle is over the scarlet and gold
Shall speedily be dim with the blood-covered mould;
The steed and his rider shall stray where they fall,
And the shield and the sword be the spoil of all;
The ruins shall wash down all the proud gilded gore,
And the world be new swept by the last storm of war;
Yet, unless thilly have stricken for freedom and right,
Their deeds shall be nought and their names be forgot.
But if God shall be with them their hearts shall be bold,
And the news of their battles shall never grow old.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1859.

THE FOREIGN MOVEMENT ON THE SUNDAY QUESTION.

WE entertain the highest respect for our foreign-born citizens, especially the German. We believe that many of the most useful citizens of the United States are of German birth. Every one who has enjoyed opportunities of observation in the interior of our large cities a large proportion of the most industrious, thrifty, energetic, enlightened, and successful citizens are Germans by birth. We have always taken pleasure in bearing testimony to the fact. When Mr. Clay attempted, a few months ago, to discriminate invidiously against German-born citizens, and to deny them the rights to which they were entitled, we fought their battle, and fought it with unmeasured zeal until it was won.

We think, therefore, that we are entitled to say to our fellow-citizens of German birth that their late proceedings, in reference to the observance of the Sunday, are ill-judged, and are calculated to do themselves and their cause no little harm. In all kindness we would warn them against the dangers of the path they are treading.

It is not our purpose to enter into a discussion of the Sunday question, nor to ask it be called. On that question opinions differ, and between those opinions it is not now necessary that we should pronounce. Sabbath or no Sabbath, in Germany Sunday is kept in one way, and in the United States in another; and that the present effort of the Germans in New York and some other cities is to have our method of keeping Sunday done away with, and their method adopted in its stead. We could not but be fruitful of great mischief to those who make it, and fruitful of strength to the calumnies party on but opposed to them, if the simple reason that even the most liberal Americans—those, for instance, who would have the country engage in a war for the protection of any naturalized citizen—are not prepared to concede to any class of naturalized foreigners the exclusive privilege of making, or of, to adopt their habits to the exclusion of our own.

We repeat that we do not design to argue the Sunday question. We assert a right—the fact that, throughout this country, an immense majority of the people have always been trained to regard Sunday as a day of rest, of religious exercise, and of abstinence from labor and public diversions—and we say that the existence of this right or wrong is not the question; all that we claim is, that it is the fact. On the other hand, natives of Continental Europe—Germans, Frenchmen or Catholics, it matters not—invariably regard Sunday as a day of pleasure, recreation, and enjoyment. Such is the habit of the country, under green trees or by pleasant streams; a day to go to the theatre with one's family; a day to take the children and children's children parents, concerts, and shows. On this fashion, as on the other, we desire to express no critical opinion; the fact is all that we have to do with.

These being the points, the practical question to be decided is, which of the two modes of observing Sunday shall be adopted hereafter the American or the German? Which is more practicable and most reasonable—to have a couple of millions of German dollars and habits, or twenty-five millions of American citizens change their habits, and adopt the habits of a foreign race? We trust the decision to the sober second thought and common sense of the American people.

Our German friends must never forget that the American people, though more liberal and generous in religious than any other nation in the world, are still a jealous people, and apt to take umbrage at glaring attempts to interfere with their independence. We would have fought rather than surrender Christian Brest to the King of Hanover; but this does not by any means imply that we are ready to let the compatriots of Christian Ernst regulate our social life, make us open the theatres on Sunday, substitute lager beer saloons for churches, and turn New York into a German town. And when Germans, Frenchmen, and Italians meet in a public place, and utter silly speeches about their rights [meaning their right to annoy us], and threaten to resist the execution of laws which are indisputably in accordance with the sentiment of ninety-nine-hundredths of our people, we are bound to say that the necessary effect of such foolish demonstrations must be to damage the general standing of the foreign population, and to prejudice the native prejudice which was so menacing a short while since. The Germans may take our word for it that they can be grossly misled and much may be lost, by such proceedings as this. The hair-brained demagogues who speak at their meetings and appeal to republican or American sentiment, are eschewed by the respectable portion of the community. Men of intelligence do not believe that the German are aggrieved by our Sunday laws. Nothing prevents their going to the country on Sunday, and there lager beer, and getting and going to concerts or shows among their own people. All this sort of thing is done by the bulk of the Americans that is tolerated nevertheless. When the Germans ask for more, and threaten and bluster, they damage their own cause and their own standing far more than they imagine.

DECLINE OF THE AMERICAN NAVAL POWER.

THAT the naval power of this country is declining, and will soon cease to compare with that of a first-class European nation, every observer must acknowledge. By naval power we do not mean that power which is created by a national armed navy. Of such vessels as guns and fighting men can confer, we shall, we trust, always have enough for our purposes. We mean that that power which the country has so long wielded, by reason of a large, well-built, and well-appointed merchant navy, is about to be wrested from us by Europe.

Years ago the carrying trade of the world was in the hands of Great Britain. Her ships exceeded all the rest of Europe, and, of course, covered every sea. Britannia ruled the waves in earnest—not so much by the vulgar process of fighting battles vessels, but because she could, more safely, and more swiftly than any other nation. The war of 1812 taught this country the practical truth that, to be powerful, we must have a great merchant navy of our own. Then before our merchant marine had been good scores bred and good ships built in "the days of the clean colonies," the second war gave a great impetus to which our commerce, stimulated by the spirit of enterprise and the inventive genius of Americans still further developed the maritime power of the country. In 1840 the United States were barely second to Great Britain in ocean tonnage; they surpassed Europe in river tonnage. Then, as now, Europe had nothing to compare to our Hudson or Mississippi and lake steamers. And on the ocean, American supremacy was generally beyond a doubt. American clippers were fast monopolizing the China and East India trade. American packets had driven British vessels out of the trade between New York and Liverpool, London and Havre. No man thought of crossing the ocean in a sailing ship that was not American, or to Europe without steamships. Though some of our early experiments were failures, the Collins line was projected upon a basis of success. Vanderbilt was bringing forth a steamship every year or two; California was soon to call a magnificent fleet of vessels into active existence. The prospect was so fair that, eight or ten years ago, writers and speakers of the soberest cast thought it quite safe to predict that the republic supremacy of the seas for the United States.

We are now 1859, and where is the supremacy?

It is well to repeat the statement—to din it into the ears of our people—to hammer it into the head of every man who is intelligent enough to have a care for the future—THE EMPIRE OF THE SEAS IS PASSING OUT OF OUR HANDS INTO THOSE OF GREAT BRITAIN.

Screw steamers have, for the time at all events, rendered the United States to a very second-rate station among maritime countries. The great Atlantic trade is being monopolized by European vessels. The first effect of Germany establishing lines of steamers to New York, as Prussia has lines; England has a dozen lines; and France as many as she may care to be launching new steamers; the United States have but four steamers which ply to Europe, and these are only now formally sailed once and twice a week, to and from Liverpool, London, and Havre. Packets, too, are fast disappearing and are ruining their owners. Our China clippers are only waiting for the success of the *Great Eastern* to become equally useless and equally ruinous. In two or three years, at the present rate of progress, it will be a saving to break up three-fourths of our sailing vessels, sell them for old lumber, and resign the carrying trade of the world into other hands.

It has been said that our ships can never lack employment so long as there remain bulky and non-perishable articles, such as cotton and flour, to be transported across sea. Steamers, it has been urged, can not compete with sailing craft for such freights. Let the shipbuilders answer, and they will tell you that though of course a steamer could not load with cotton as cheap as a sailing packet, still every steamship will, when she has taken all the freight offering, fill up with any thing she can get—even cotton bales or wheat; and that thus the market is "spoils" for the sailers.

In a few days our people will be flocking by the thousands to Portland to see the *Great Eastern*. Here she will realize, when they see her, that they are at once in the harbormaster that is destined to complete the ruin of the American merchant navy! Yet it is so. If any success is making of the voyage from London to Calcutta in thirty-three days, as is expected, our China clippers will find it pretty difficult to get cargoes afterward.

The problem—why the ship-builders of the United States have not kept pace with those of Great Britain in building steamers—can not be readily solved. It is often said that wooden screw steamers will not answer; that we can not afford to build iron steamers in the country; and that side-wheel steamers can not compete with screws. All these suppositions are incorrect. The *Niagara*, and other United States vessels, are instances of perfectly successful wooden screw steamers. The British navy contains several such vessels; we are informed by the largest ship-owner in this country that all the iron vessels are converted screw steamers without risk of failure. To prove the fallacy of the last two propositions, Commodore Vanderbilt has built a first-class iron steamship at Wilmington, Delaware. Her cost, he states, is not so extravagant as to prevent the construction of a large number of such vessels in this country. She is a side-wheel ship, and the Commodore declares that she will be run as cheaply as any of the class. The cause of the other reasons which have been put forward to account for the singular lack of enterprise shown by our ship-builders by order of Congress. It raised the Collins line, the ships of which have just been sold for one-third their cost, and it effectually checked the tendencies of other builders to construct steamers which might have to compete at disadvantage with "the Government pets." The English are just beginning to see the mistake they committed in not following the Cunard line. Several years may elapse they will abandon the policy, and will promote competition.

APPROACHING A CLIMAX.

WHEN any new circumstances needed to evidence that misgovernment which citizens quietly endure under the name of "the regular policiary," and whose increasing enormities have been successively chronicled and reprehended in these columns, those circumstances could be gathered from pending discussions all over the land in political conventions, and in the room of private solicitors.

At the recent Republican Convention in Syracuse one delegate objected to the candidacy of Judge Woodruff for a seat on the Court of Appeals, because he had been identified unfavorably to the "cause of freedom" in the celebrated Lemmon slave case, which would come, necessarily, before the Judge then to be chosen. Another delegate urged Judge Davies, because of alleged agencies connected with the same controversy. The fact was that neither Judge had any thing whatever to do with the matter, and that the whole affair was simply got up by the agents of the slave-representation! Another city newspaper is attacking Judge Roosevelt's renomination on various grounds of discontented spun? Some politicians of the Baltimore order are understood to be intriguing against Judge Daly's renomination. A learned scholar and pure man, Judge Daly, because he nonsisted "one of their kidney" in the recent damages against the California Vigilance Committee for exportating him. A leading partisan was last week heard to say that another incumbent "would be thrown," because he had refused to pay his party assessment. When a recent extra compensation was voted to police by the New York Board of Supervisors, the lobby knowingly mentioned the portions which would have to be subscribed for party purposes

For the past year New Jersey has been without a Chancery Court, and no mortgages could be foreclosed, because the politicians had quarreled to a drawn game as to who the partisan incumbents should be.

From these instances—and they are merely selections—it will be seen that the four mutual considerations affecting the fidelity and impartiality of our judges are now openly and publicly displayed. Neither the bench nor the counsel discreetly in the private caucus or the charmed circle of "state-writers." No one believes for a moment that the gentleman appointed to preside over a court of justice has not special qualifications for the duties to these arguments *pro* and *con*. But it is impossible to refrain from the fear that the time is not distant, in the downward rush of the "electric affiliation" regarding our judges, when "a fair unprejudiced mind" will be a myth, and judges be found urging their claims from their very leanings as lawyers or from the bench. Let not the public or personal or neglect a remedy when a conservative press redoubles its warnings of an approaching climax of evil.

EXTRAVAGANCE IN LIVING.

SOME people wonder why, notwithstanding the general industry and money-making capacity of our people, pecuniary embarrassment should occur so frequently among us. We can point to one reason—extravagance in living. People in New York, as well as in other American cities, spend more on their houses, on their dress, on their eating, and on their equipages than the people of any foreign city. The following paragraph, which we take from a city paper, will illustrate the fact:

"THE WEALTH OF CHICAGO AND NEW YORK."—Some idea of this supposititious and Aladdin-like line may be formed by examining a small show-case, now on exhibition at Tiffany & Co.'s, in which is grouped, on an area of less than thirty inches square, a collection of gorgeous diamond jewelry, forming an outfit for a lady, valued at $50,000. A pin, formed of a single diamond, valued at $5000; one necklace, of large diamonds, $2000; two small ones, $5000 each; two parasols, $75 each.

This lady's outfit will then consist of an amount of $76,600, or $8500 every year, in the mere pride of owning, and pleasure of looking at, jewels.

CORRECTION.

MESSRS. STEBBINS, BUCKINGHAM, & CO., of Chicago, wish to have it understood that their warehouses do not contain 223,000 bushels each, as stated in a recent number of the *Weekly*, the utmost ever received in one house was 90,000 bushels; but 100,000 could be received, and 40,000 or 60,000 shipped in a day.

THE LOUNGER.

LEIGH HUNT.

LEIGH HUNT is gone at last. He was an old man in years; but he was a young man in heart and gushing boy to the end. He was the special friend of Shelley and Keats, too, and belongs by sympathy to the Lake poets, although he was in fact four years older than Lord Byron.

Leigh Hunt could run more than a pound from a feast of late English literature than luscious fruit from a good dinner. He loved all things bright and genial and beautiful. His father was a West Indian negro, sweetest topics, like a tea upon a vine, or a butterfly on the clover. He was a poet and critic by way of his sweet-hearts, and his "Indicator" and "Companion" are by far the best essays since Addison's, with the odor—sweet and delightful—of the wood was peculiarly English, with a strong Italian flavor. The traditions of "the good old seasons" Lenten, were not less dear to him than the pastoral charms of Arcadia or the fairy realm of Spenser. There is a lovely glimmer of light and love in a warm, genial half-smile and mulging of the eli-lose in all his writings. It is the secret of the personality of interest in him which is quite a rare index of genius.

He was a professional author, and one of the most copious and universally agreeable. Often though he was a hack, hard worked and poorly paid, He was just the man to write an autobiography, for he had the very genius of gossip, and had seen and known many persons worth it. His autobiography is, therefore, very entertaining.* When Wordsworth died there was talk of making Hunt Laureate. He was made for it, by nature. He delighted like a boy in associations, in seasons, in the suggestings and sympathies of nature, and in such a post. He would have been inspired by every fresh drop of the bright perfusion of the dewy Rose. Besides, George Fourth send him a pot for selling him a fat Odeonic of fifty; so that Victoria might very properly graciously have given to his native prairies, officially. He did not get that Laurel, but he had many a better thing by a person of rank. It was not much—but it was much to him. He had a thousand dollars clear, without scribbling for it.

Leigh Hunt was always an independent thinker, and a liberal in politics and religion. He had plenty of manly stuff in him, although he was so much and so long a boy. With him goes the last of that great company who have made the last half-century of English literature famous. He was not the greatest of them, for only one can be greatest. But in all that splendid society there was no more hearted, softer-souled, genial, affectionate, and beloved man than he whose grave is fresh in three bright September days, and who has written three of the best sonnets in the language: that to the Grasshopper, to the Nile, and Alon Ben Adhem. The last, if it may be called a sonnet, is one of the most perfect of poems:

"Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold:
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the Presence in the room he said,
'What writest thou?' The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, 'The names of those who love the Lord.'
'And is mine one?' said Abou. 'Nay, not so,'
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still; and said, 'I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men.'
The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names of those who love of God blessed,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest."

RAILROAD MANNERS.

SINCE railroad morals are beyond hope of improvement—for the Grand Jury at Troy have refused to indict the Company whose criminal ignorance or negligence occasioned the slaughter of innocent men and women at the Schaghticoke smash-up—let us try to improve about railroad manners. Couldn't it be so arranged that a man's luggage should be safe so long as he is? Or is it lawful to plunder a passenger's trunk, since the directors and superintendent undertake to keep bridges in repair, omit the luggage-smasher to intrench with the destruction of luggage?

That is the latest railroad wrong. Professor Edward Cooley, who was recently written to a morning paper, has the good sense to do what ought to have been done long ago. He pitches, under his own name, calls the attention of the directors to the conduct of their servants. It seems that the baggage-master at Hudson raised Mr. Cooley's trunks, and insulted him into the bargain.

Oh that the Professor would only write to us *in a rare vein*!—were, in fact, the only bird of his kind. But trunk after trunk departs, via the hath and lets a leather bag, a hat-box, a carpet-bag, hanged, tattered, slung, jammed, smashed, and totally destroyed, and nobody cares. The bullies on railroad porter should have such a special spite against the details of his business is difficult to say. If the baggage-smasher should break the boxes of goods as the railroad porter treats his trunks he would be speedily released from employment.

If every man who suffered in this way would complain to the proper officer, and then publish through the papers, and if every one who loses a trunk, or has it damaged, would take the trouble to sue the Company—why, if it were carefully stated not to be a human trunk that was destroyed—that it was not a case of "Man and Wife"—perhaps baggage-smashing might be done—some damages allowed—for a railroad company is human, and that they would presently tumble the seditious traveler through a rotten bridge—not give the least upon of damages—and to be square with him.

NEW HOLIDAYS.

THAT the Americans had no holidays was long a bitter reproach to them. Abroad, every day in the church people was always said, with a force that the idea acts the most powerful of all principles. It went abroad, and in France, in Germany, in Italy, every where, we saw the capacity of amusement, and were delighted with it. But, alas! the Americans poor and wisely kept ignorant by their "paternal" governments, and the Church which is the fruitful source of their hearty enjoyments—their *café*—gardens—music—parks. The "paternal" governments unfettered that secret source.

The American is individually a great deal more independent than the native of any other country. He has a nervous self-consciousness. If he can not do the best, he will do nothing. The rule of society which he has made for himself is that of its powers must be, of course, individual contribution. If a man can't do every thing, let him do what he can. If he can't sing, let him sing up as high as he can. If he can't make a fairy answer, he can make a fairy question. Society with answers, let him be as clever as he can. Nobody in any assembly can be said to be a failure, particularly upon the plea that it is a childish business. All play and fun are childish business, if you come to the philosophy of them. Children are not so wise as children; for if they were, they would have a great deal more fun, and, consequently, a great deal more faith. The difference to the old saints is their solemnity. Why so and where? Let the Church answer, and we. Whose acutely remarks (Shakespeare's Scholar, p. 35), the repetitions of the typographical errors of the first folio are not essential to the meaning. He also says, "The corrections were certainly made long after the original entry of the plays had passed away, and some, if not all, of the changes quite as surely not until after the Restoration, when the theatres had been closed for years, and the traditions of the stage had perished."

Whether this extraordinary or valve, the reprint of the corrections made a great commotion in the world of Shakespearian literature—but the old folio has had no luck. Collier said that he traced it to the hands of Mr. Pary, who owned it fifty years ago, and who died very poor.

That recently the mysterious old folio has been treated like a mere Egyptian mummy. Science resolved that, if it had any story to tell, it should tell it. So it was taken to the British Museum, and science stripped to it. It brought out microscopes and solvents; it scraped and scrutinized and scanned, and finally declared that the ink is not ink—that it is only a wash of pigment over pencil-marks; and that the margins of the book are covered with penciliarks in a modern hand. Moreover, Mr. Parry has appeared, and says that Mr. Collier never owned the book in his—that Mr. C. never came to him—and that it is not his old folio at all. This is Mr. Parry may be hale and hearty, as they say, but he is a terrible fellow. For if this testimony be correct, there is another ensemble to his knocking about the world, upon which we shall presently have to strain our wits.

The benefit now is only greater than that of the discovery; and some way has suggested that Mr. Collier has tried to palm a forgery upon the world. Nothing can be more ludicrous than to think that a man who has been patiently annotating and editing Shakespeare for forty years, should suddenly and deeply fash out with an audacious piece of genius like this? The intrinsic impossibility acquits the gentle Mr. Collier at once.

That there is an old folio, covered with some twenty thousand annotations, is certain. But still, despite science and Mr. Parry. That they were made by authority—by any hand which had access to the manuscript—by the hand of the printer, is deeply which has never had the slightest show of support. Admit that a corrector, or even a reader, was employed, it did infect science brought out the microscope and Mr. Parry; and precisely where it was placed. It is all white in the complete and sensitive discussion of the subject five years ago. That is to say, whenever the change occurred themselves to common sense they will be adopted. The hale and hearty Mr. Parry seems to be a totally irrelevant personage. And if it were a folio of 1632, "described all over," which passed out of his hands somewhere about 1800, it is very much to be probable that no indifferent a successor of such a treasure might not be able to identify it after fifty years. And if Mr. Collier says that he came to him, and Mr. Parry says that he did not, it is a mere question of personal veracity.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

C.—Perhaps so; whether, with absolute safety, "And now, my brethren, one word more and I have done," and then preach on for an hour more, or "they do so not"—what is not literally true. Oneeda is too severe. When Mr. Webster ends each of his speeches she is unable to accept Mrs. Yeamans's polite invitation, does she tell—? Not at all. She knows the proper conformity of speech to express that she is not coming. "One word more" means merely—Mary Ann.

—J. M. T. One of your drawings is admirable. It is a talent which should be always cultivated, and young particularly. Your painting is not admirable. A good painter or a good one must be sensitive to color. It is to his what unmusical sounds are to a musician. By all means study drawing.

—W. T. D. In dress, when neither king nor his castle have been mentioned, and nothing more than the king may be assisted—that is, he may be placed upon his square. Whether he can be castle upon his fellow—

—GERMAINE. The Lounger can not give the details of the West Point entertainment. It seems to consist mainly of the marching and military drill and military training. The institution turns out good mathematicians, and good officers in time of emergency. It is a military school. The course is very severe. But the Lounger has known a young republican of the Congress Fenole Institute in New York, pass an examination as severe as that of West Point in 1851 he was Professor of Poetry at Oxford. He has written a History of Christianity from the foundation to the abolition of paganism in the Roman empire; and a History of the Jews. Neither has been published in this country on edition of Gibbon's History. He has also published several volumes of poems. He is now in Rome. He is a gifted writer. His prize poem at Oxford won the Apollo in old quotes?

"Herod ye the arrow burst through the sky?" etc.

—READER. Mary Somerville is the name of a distinguished living English writer upon astronomy. Humboldt quotes her.

—A FRENCHMAN. It is too bad. You say you want to get into practice, and the difficulty is the cost of your verses would be that you could not get them out again. Your verses would want to after a few months. Respectfully declined.

—The Lounger is grieved to hear by a letter from a gentleman in Texas that he omits that he was deceived by finding what he calls "a sensible write" that he thinks that he is a sensible correspondent. He thanks that your picture cure!

—I being a good looking practical man of the world, having traveled much both at home and abroad, and as I am attended with success. And if anybody has any power to procure a sensible Wife, as unimpeachable Ladies of the city, simply corresponding to my standard in this city, being for and for between."

The Lounger is much astonished to hear that his correspondent still wait. The letter is written in good faith, and such letters are never answered so. And since, ladies, they are not generally written in.

—EDITH M. S. The poem is pretty. But—no, thank you!

—G. W. L., speaking of M'Donald Clarke says:

"He talks thus madly of Wheeler:

"'Dissolve your love verses,
As spirit that lab to forget
Earth, from whose dark bosom
And fire a double stage
To the sweet sky, and weep a genteel nut—
Match him, posterity, if you can!'

"Did we where the wild-blazing gas-glop appears,
As the red waves of artificial seas roll,
Hear a voice in the midst of the burning years,
The horrible light-house of life?"

—Can such a man be considered and yet truthful name then he was?

—O. Pleasure takes the Lounger to task for using the word "pleasure," and asks if "surgeons can be a generalship." It is certainly wrong so to use the terms of the art. It must be derived from the context. When it is said that they who pay for a certain entertainment with no possible chance to the enjoyment of it; if meaning the contract approval not probably means that they will pay for something which others will enjoy, except when they themselves shall choose of event to be upon the spot to witness the performance. The Lounger has "means" what instead of "than where" is improper. The rest of the letter is clever. It is good hypercriticism.

* It is republished by the Harpers.

THE NEW AIR-SHIP "CITY OF NEW YORK."—[SEE PAGE 609.]

A BACHELOR'S SUPPER.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers in the Office of the Clerk of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

TRUMPS.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

CHAPTER LV.

A SELECT PARTY.

On a pleasant evening in the same month of June Mr. Abel Newt entertained a few friends at supper. The same June air, with less fragrance, perhaps, blew in at the open windows which looked outside upon nothing but the street and the house walls opposite, but inside was luxury and ease.

It mattered little what was outside, for heavy curtains hung over the windows; and the light, the beauty, the revelry were all within.

The boyish look was entirely gone now from the face of the lord of the feast. It was even a little sallow in hue and satiated in expression. There was occasionally that hard, black look in his eyes which those who had seen him sister Fanny intimately had often remarked in her—a look with which Alfred Dinks, for instance, was familiar. But the companions of his revels were not skewed of vision. It was not Herbert Octavius, nor Corlear Van Boozenberg, nor Bowdoin Beacon, nor Sligo Moultrie, nor any other of his set, who especially remarked his expression: it was, oddly enough, Miss Grace Plumer, of New Orleans.

She sat there in the pretty, luxurious rooms, prettier and more luxurious than they. For, at the special solicitation of Mr. Abel Newt, Mrs. Plumer had consented to accept an invitation to a little supper at his rooms—very small and very select; Mrs. Newt, of course, to be present.

The Planners arrived, and Laura Magot; but a note from mamma excused her absence—papa somewhat indisposed, and so forth; and Mr. Abel himself so sorry—and Miss Plumer knew what those husbands are, and so forth. Meanwhile the ladies have thrown off their shawls.

The dinner was exquisite, and exquisitely served. Prince Abel, with royal grace, presided. By every lady's plate a pretty bouquet: the handsomest of all not by Miss, but by Mrs. Plumer. Flowers were every where. It was Grand Street, indeed, in the city; but the garden at Pinewood, perhaps, did not smell more sweetly.

"There is no perfume of the clover, which is the very breath of our Southern air," said Mrs. Plumer; but clover does not grow in the city, Miss Grace."

Prince Abel begins the little speech to the mother, but his voice and face turn toward the daughter as it ends.

Flowers are in glasses upon the mantle, and in vases of many-colored materials and of various shapes upon tables about the room. The last new books, in English editions often, and a few solid classics, are in sight. Pictures also.

"What a lovely Madonna!" says Miss Plumer, as she raises her eyes to a beautiful and really engraving that hangs between two of the walls which, indeed, had been intended to be worn by her.

"Yes. It is the Sistine, you know," said the Prince, as he sees that the waiter pours wine for Mrs. Plumer.

The Prince forgets to mention that it is not the engraving which usually hangs there. Usually it is a pretty colored French print representing "Lucille," a young woman who has apparently very recently issued from the bath. Indeed there is a very choice collection of French prints which the young men occasionally study over their cigars, but which are this evening in the port-folio, which is not in sight.

The waiters move very softly. The wants of the guests are often revealed to them by being supplied. Quiet, elegance, luxury prevail.

"Really, Mr. Newt"—it is Mrs. Plumer, of New Orleans, who speaks—"you have created Paris in Grand Street!"

"Ah! madame, it is you who bring the manners of the French court, and adorn a bachelor's poor menage with your kind presence."

He speaks to the mother; he looks, as he ends, again at the daughter.

The daughter is a wise young woman. For the mother there is in the sanctuary of a bachelor—of a young man about town. It is a character which always interests her—which half fascinates her. For Miss Plumer, of New Orleans, has read most French literature of the lighter sort—novels and romances; for instance—than most of the young women of the present day.

whom Abel Newt meets in society. Grace Plumer's eyes are very shrewd, and she is looking every where to see if she shall not light upon some token of bachelor habits—something that shall reveal the man who occupies those pretty rooms.

Every where her bright eyes fall softly, but every where upon quiet, elegance, and luxury. There is the Madonna; but there are also the last winner at the Newmarket, by Herring, and Bulwer, and a French landscape. The books are good, but not too good. There is an air of candor and honesty in the room, consistent with the luxury and elegance, that greatly pleases Miss Grace Plumer. The negligence is not unseemly up to that handsome, graceful, dark-haired, dark-eyed gentleman whose eye is following hers, while she does not know it, and upon him has preceded yours in the very journey it has not taken, O! clear-eyed, cheerful-hearted maiden.

Sligo Moultrie sits beyond Miss Plumer, who is at the left of Mr. Newt. Upon the right of Mrs. Plumer. The friendly relations of Abel and Sligo have not been disturbed. They seem how they are aware of each other's movements; somehow, if one calls upon the Planners or drives with them, he walks with them alone, the other knows it. And they talk together freely of all people in the world, except the Planters of New Orleans. In Abel's room of an evening, at a late hour, when a party of youth are smoking, there are many allusions to the pretty Planter—to which it happens that Newt and Moultrie make only a general reply.

As the dinner proceeds from delicate course to course, and the wines of varying hue sparkle and flow, so the conversation becomes more gentle, continuous brook. Good things are said, and there is that kind of happy appreciation which makes the generally silent speak and the clever more witty.

Mrs. Goldefrot Plumer has traveled much and enjoys the world. She is a Creole, with the Tropics in her hair and complexion and Spain in her eyes. She wears a Parisian head-dress, a bronzed upon her ample person, and diamonds around her complacent neck and arms. Diamonds also flash in the fan which she sways gently, admiring Prince Abel. Diamonds—large solitaires—glitter likewise in the ears of Miss Grace. She wears also a remarkable bracelet of the same precious stones; for the rest, her dress is a cloud of Mechlin lace. She has quick, dark eyes, and an active head. Her hands and feet are small. She has filbert nails and an arched instep. Prince Abel, who hangs upon his mail the portrait of the last Newman victor, has not omitted to observe these details. He thinks how they would grace a boudoir—how a more splendid table.

Sligo Moultrie remembers a spacious country-house, surrounded by a silent plantation, somewhat fallen from its state, whom such a mistress would sagacity restore. He has come to be convinced to wed for money, but too indolently luxurious to love without.

Half hidden under the muslin drapery by the window is a cage with a canary. The bird sits silent; but as the feast proceeds he pours a shrill strain into the murmur of the guests. For the noise of the golden-breasted bird Sligo Moultrie can not hear something that is said to him by the ripe mouth between the solitaires. He sees parton, and it is repeated.

Then, still smiling and looking toward the window, he says, and so he says it his eyes—over which he knows his companion is looking—wander over the room,

"A very pretty cage!"

The eyes drop upon hers as they finish the circuit of the room. They say no more than the ripe have said. And Miss Grace Plumer answers,

"I thought you were going to say a very noisy bird."

"But the bird is not very noisy," says the young man, his dark eyes still holding hers.

There is a moment of silence, during which Miss Plumer may have her fancy of what he means. If so, she does not choose to betray it. If her eyes are clear and shrewd, the woman's wit is not less so. It is with an air of the utmost innocence that she replies,

"It was certainly noisy enough to drown what I was saying."

There is a sound upon her other side as if a musical bell rang.

"Miss Plumer!"

Mr. Sligo Moultrie sees the massive dark bracelet between the solitaires. The ripe mouth half smiles upon Prince Abel.

He holds a porcelain plate with a peach upon it, and a silver fruit-knife in his hand. She smiles, as if the music had melted into a look. Then the hearer is again

"Here is the sunniest side of the sunniest peach for Miss Plumer."

Sligo Moultrie can not help hearing, for the tone is not low. But, while he is expecting to hear the reply, Miss Magot, who sits beyond him, speaks to him. The Prince Abel, who sees many things, sees this; and in a tone which Mrs. Plumer knows—and nobody else in the room hears—

"May life always be that side of a sweet fruit to her!"

It is the tone and not the words which are eloquent.

The next instant Sligo Moultrie, who has answered Miss Magot's question, hears Miss Plumer say:

"Thank you, with all my heart."

It seems to be a warm acknowledgment for a piece of fruit.

"I was going to speak of the bird; I spoke of the cage," are the words that Miss Plumer next hears.

She turns to Sligo Moultrie and says, with eyes that expect a reply,

"Yes, you are right; it is a very pretty cage."

"Even a cage may be a home, I suppose."

"Ask the canary."

And so turned to the basest mes," says Mr. Moultrie, as if thinking aloud.

"He is rooted by a little ringing laugh:

"Pleasant idea of home you must have, Mr. Moultrie."

He smiles also.

"I do not wonder you laugh at me; but I mean sense, for all that," says he.

"You usually do," she says, sincerely, and eyes and solitaires glitter together.

Sligo Moultrie is happy—for one moment. The next he hears the musical bell again. Miss Plumer turns in the very middle of a word which she has begun to address to him.

"Miss Grace?"

"Mr. Abel, Newt."

"You observe the engraving of the Madonna?"

"Yes."

"You see the two cherubs below looking up?"

"Yes."

"You see the serene sweetness of their faces?"

"Yes."

"Do you know what it is?"

Grace Plumer looks as if curiously speculating. Sligo Moultrie can not help hearing every word, although he pares a peach and offers it to Miss Magot.

"Miss Grace, do you remember what I said once of bachelor meditation—that if it were eloquent it would be irresistible?"

Grace Plumer bows an assent.

"Well, that is mere convenience—a sort of silent eloquence—is pure happiness to him who has it."

She thinks she remembers that too, although Mr. Prince apparently forgets that he never said it to her before.

"Well, Miss Plumer, it seems to me that serene sweetness is the expression of the perfect happiness of entire admiration, that is to say, of love; whoever loves is like these cherubs — perfectly happy."

He looks attentively at the picture, as if he had forgotten his own existence in the happiness of the cherubs. Grace Plumer glances at him for a few moments with a pretty curiosity in her expression. It is full of admiration, but it does not seem the look with which she would say, as she just now said to Sligo Moultrie, "You always speak sincerely."

She is still looking at the Prince when Mr. Moultrie begins again:

"I ought to be allowed to explain that I meant only that as a cage is a home, so it is often used as a snare. Do you know, Miss Grace, that the prettiest birds are often put into the prettiest cages to entice other birds? By-the-by, how lovely Laura Magot is this evening!"

He cuts a small piece of the peach with his silver knife and puts it into his mouth.

"Peaches are luxuries in June," he says, quietly.

This time it is at Sligo Moultrie that Miss Grace Plumer looks fixedly.

"Peaches are out of season, Mr. Moultrie?" she says, at length.

"Miss Grace, do you know the story of the old Prince of Este?" answers he, as he lays a bunch of grapes upon her plate. She pulls one carelessly and lets it drop again. He takes it and puts it in his mouth.

"No; what is the story?"

"There was an old Prince of Este who had a beautiful villa and a beautiful sister, and no higher bliss in the world but a fiery eye and an eloquent tongue."

Sligo Moultrie flushes a little and drinks a glass of wine. Grace Plumer is a little paler and more serious. Prince Abel plies Madame Plumer with fruit and compliments, and hears every word.

"Well."

"Well, Miss Grace, she was so beautiful that many a lady became her friend, and many of those friends sighed for the brother's fiery eyes and blushed as they heard his honeyed tongue. But he was looking for a queen. At length came the Princess of Sheba—"

"Are you talking of King Solomon?"

"No, Miss Plumer, only of Abdiladee. And when the Princess of Sheba came near the villa the Prince of Este entreated her to visit him, promising that the sister should be there. It was a pretty cage, I think; the sister was a lovely bird. And the Princess came."

He stops and drinks more wine.

"Very well! And then?"

"Why, then, she had a very pleasant visit," he says, gayly.

"Mr. Moultrie, is that the whole of the story?"

"No, indeed, Miss Plumer; but that is as far as we have got."

"I want to hear the rest."

"Don't be in such a hurry; you won't like the rest so well."

"Yes; but that is my risk."

"It is your risk," says Sligo Moultrie, looking at her; "will you take it?"

"Of course I will," is the clear-eyed answer.

"Very well. The Princess came; but she did not go away."

"Not even curious! Did she die of a peach-stone at the banquet?"

"Not at all. She became Princess of Este instead of Sheba."

"Oh, ah!" says Grace Plumer, in a long-drawn exclamation. "And then?"

"Why, Miss Grace, how insatiable you are! —then, I came away."

"You did? I wouldn't have come away."

"Miss Grace, you didn't."

"How—I didn't? What does that mean, Mr. Moultrie?"

"I mean the Princess remained."

"So you said. Is that all?"

"No."

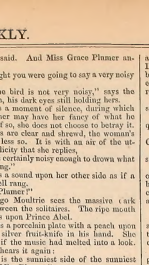
"Well."

"Oh! the rest is nothing. I mean nothing new."

"Let me hear the old story, then, Mr. Moultrie."

"The rest is merely that the Princess found that the fiery eyes burned her and the eloquent tongue stung her, and truly that is the whole. Isn't it a pretty story? The moral is that cages are sometimes traps."

Sligo Moultrie becomes suddenly extremely attentive to Miss Magot. Grace Plumer pon-



WHICH?

does many things, and among others, wonders how, when, where, Sligo Moultrie learned to talk in parables. She does not ask herself *why* he does so. She is a woman, and she knows why.

The conversation takes a fresh turn. Corbie Van Boozenberg is talking of the great horses, Miss Wayne. He has drunk wine enough to be bold, and calls out aloud from his end of the table,

"Mr. Abel Newt!"

That gentleman turns his head toward his guest.

"We are wondering down here how it is that Miss Wayne went away from New York unengaged."

"I am not her confidant," Abel answers; and guiltlessly adds, "I am sure, like every other man, I should be glad to be so."

"But you had the advantage of every body else."

"How so?" asks Abel, conscious that Grace Plumer is watching him closely.

"Why, you were at school in Delafield until you were six children."

Abel bows smilingly.

"You must have known her."

"Yes, a little."

"Well, didn't you know what a stunning bridge she was, and so handsome? How'd you, of all men in the world, let her slip through your fingers?"

A certain silence follows this effusion. Corbie Van Boozenberg is slightly flown with wine. Hal Hattleberg, the son of James, who sits near him, looks troubled. Herbert Cotayne and Mellish Whitfire exchange meaning glances. The young lady at Abel's left hand is the one person, except Mrs. Dagon who sits below—amiable placemanly Sligo Moultrie can't count—Grace Plumer waits to hear what Abel says, or to observe what he does. Mrs. Dagon regards the whole affair with an approving smile, nothing almost imperceptible a kind of Freemason's sign to Mrs. Plumer, who thinks that a young woman Van Boozenberg has probably taken too much wine.

Abel Newt quietly turns to Grace Plumer, saying,

"Poor Corbie! There are disadvantages in being the son of a very rich man; one is so strongly inclined to believe in nothing but money."

He looks her straight in the eyes as he says it. Perhaps a greater effort he is not aware which throws into his look that cold, hard blackness which is not beautiful. Perhaps it is some kind of exasperating reason from which he has heard Moultrie say privately and Van Boozenberg publicly, it is not for us to say. But the effect which he means to go. There is a dangerous look of cruelty an air of avaricate causing in his eyes and on his face. He turns the conversation to talk with his neighbors, without any other indication of disturbance than the unpleasantness. Van Boozenberg is silent again. The gentle, rippling murmur of talk fills the room, and at a moment when the attention is diverted with his neighbor, Abel says, looking at the engraving of the Madonna,

"Miss Grace, I feel like those cherubs."

"Why so, Mr. Newt?"

"Because I am perfectly happy."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, Miss Grace, and for the same reason, that I entirely love and admire."

Her heart beats violently. Sligo Moultrie turns and sees her face. He divines every thing in a moment, for he loves Grace Plumer.

"Yes, Miss Grace," says he, in a quiet, thick tone, as if he were continuing a narration—"yes, she became mistress of Eden, but the fiery cross barred her and the sweet tongue the heart for ever and ever."

Mrs. Plumer and Mrs. Dagon are rising to be seated. Sligo Moultrie stands by Grace Plumer, and is very glad and very grateful to him. Abel passing to and fro loses at her consciously, and can not possibly tell if her confusion is pain or pleasure. Darkness is rocking their bosoms, and listening through them to tones that are very low. The Prince of the house is every where, smiling, shining, dark in the eyes and hair.

It is always late, and there is no disposition

HOW THE "GREAT EASTERN" WILL BE RECEIVED IN ENGLAND.

The city government have made special arrangements to do honor to the arrival of the *Great Eastern*. The programme includes a public dinner, ball, general illumination of the city, ringing of bells, salutes of artillery, excursions in the harbor, military displays, and other manifestations of public enthusiasm. Unfortunately the city government has also voted to extend hospitality to President Harrison and Secretary Blaine, who are coming to Canada, to Governor Williams, the Governor of Rhode Island, to North America, to the members of the Columbian Exposition, and to the members of Congress and New Brunswick, to visit Portland during the visit of the Grand Fleet!

RIOT IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

A riot of rather formidable proportions took place at Manchester, New Hampshire, on Wednesday afternoon last, between the firemen, who were holding a tournament at that place, and a gang of roughs. The trouble which, having occurred between them, the firemen assembled at eight, attacked the premises of one of the roughs, and, after hard fighting, took possession, raising, however, considerable damage. The roughs, being thus dispersed, gathered in force and attacked the firemen, which they then attacked the American Hotel, the headquarters of a ticket now in process of being formed. Here they were addressed by several firemen, who begged them to desist from their violent proceedings, which they were finally induced to do.

A PHILOSOPHICAL HUSBAND.

We read in the *Lancaster Examiner*, in New York, a story with the title of a Digital Concern, in Kansas, which is not far left. Here the couple were married in 1865, and for twenty-five years lived together in the happiest manner. Then the husband began to take too much out of the other children in her absence. When the event became bad habits, and the wife was left alone, and the little ones were all in tears. The bereaved husband followed the funeral to the grave, but returned home where he found the women frustrated with illness. Without a word of explanation he went to the cellar, got a keg back to life, then he talked with the doctor and her, and assisted with them, and when the baby was born he took the farm from the world. To his grief however, he learned that his wife was not dead, but only in a trance, and proved his forgiveness by taking her up in condition that she had no money the other day. Mrs. Langtry was asked what she would never relent them. He gave her $100, asked the blessing of God upon the couple, and then he returned to his desolate home."

MORE SPIRITUAL MISCHIEF.

William Hudson, for himself, described, of the "spiritual" faith, who left his wife and ran away with an "affinity," has written a letter from Seattle, Washington, in which he says:

"To end my soul forever any supposition that I am a deserter, I will say at once that I left my wife in the city of Chicago, saying, not as the article in question would represent, for one hundred days, but for one year or two years, but the full confidence of three of them, and that unless a most cruel misfortune befell me I should be back to remain here, and by honest industry support them. That I have left my wife and children to go to the devil, shall, under any circumstances, live with her again, is equally true. To divorce her would be a crime on my part. The only hope of peace of mind that is left to me. To explain myself I will say that I am a Spiritualist. I have read the Bible. It is true, as I have said, that I am a Spiritualist. I say boldly to the world that I am a Spiritualist. I have no letters to prove it. These letters prove that I have neglected my wife and children, and that I am a brute—in a word, I am guilty of that most monstrous of heresies. Believing that I am not guilty of any crime, only are independence to happiness in married life." So be it. I am not changed, I am glorified."

RECEPTION BY EX-PRESIDENT TYLER.

Ex-President Tyler gave an elegant reception to his friends last week, and Mr. Morgan Dix, rector of Trinity, with a crowd of lively guests. Mr. Justice Wayne, of the United States Supreme Court, was present. Mr. Tyler, a correspondent of the *Philadelphia Ledger* says, is now in his eighty-third year. Old Point Comfort last week, says that he is living a life of ease. He has a fine house, a pleasant cottage, as I understand, with no pretensions to style or ostentation. He has a good carriage and pair of horses; since I saw him last, in the White House, in 1844, he has added to his family by three and children of a second young man. He by his side was his handsome wife. It is pleasant to contemplate the old statesman in the midst of the working of our republican system—a plain, elderly-looking gentleman, with pretty four years ago, with power and patronage of this great country, moves about among his fellows with the most unpretending air. I have no lead ever been more than a plain citizen. He has been for his whole long life a public man having been in the garrison looking upon the world afterwards long enough to see companies of artillery—to-day increased to seven—disbanded here. He has been in public life and has himself interested in this military show, or only attended to his wife on the occasion, I know not."

HOTEL LIFE IN NEW YORK.

Colonel J. W. Forney, of the Philadelphia *Press*, spent last Sunday in this city. Writing in his letter of that New York hotel life, he says:

"I could conceive no greater punishment then to be forced to make a New York hotel my abode on this earth. I would die in it. It is the most unhappy place in which to live. No one enjoys a play or a concert, save of course the few who are there on the monotony of everyday duty or worst quest. I remember a gentleman who died in a hotel at home because they have 'nothing else to do.' I look with amusement upon a wife who made Broad Street in the exceptional pleasure to me the delight of their lives. In speaking of the purgatory of a hotel I should have left out to the set now under its metallic roofs. It out the Sunday and Sunday, the same clothes, the same dishes all the year round, however, they are the same kind of people. A couple of years ago I was three days lying in the sofa, with her white hands, and her red lips, and her pearl teeth, and her golden hair, and curious wall in those parlors for two years ago. Then I was a young man, and I was married. The single kind of a girl, with a little money, and a little more than his culture, like Major Pendennis; the same young fellows, fashionably-dressed about town, with their canes in hand; the same Southerners, with black eyes, flowing locks, heavy canes, and a general air of leisure; the same bald-faces in the great halls; the same noisiness everywhere in the great rotunda. The same drinking at the same Irish servant-girls, beautiful, but as unapproachable as aerolites; the same dreadful cooking, and the service; the same genteel politicians at the bar; the same ferryboats before and after breakfast, and the same old miserable boredom. All these are here to-day, and will be here to-morrow. Not a soul in the world knows to me, and as indifferent, and as much alone as if I were in Japan. Yet I have seen it other days, when other great homes were open to receive me. Some such complaint. Despite it, I do not doubt that among all those mortals there are many good men and many good women, who are happy, and pray, and mean well; and that they are exemplary in the performance of duty. Would you could see me as I write that at 11 a.m., when Dr. Haes is preaching to his crowded church, in Madison Square, and the dusky waiters in the afternoon service is in full operation; and at supper time from 7 till 12 p.m., you would agree with me that her bed left their gory at home, and brought only their fatigue and their appetites to New York."

THE LAST LADY FLOGGER.

A correspondent of the Barnstable *Patriot*, at West Dennis, Massachusetts, says, that "Mrs. P. Terry, of that place, having been somewhat slandered by one J. Baker, met him on the highway recently, and administered to him a severe flogging, for which she was compelled to the alleged extravagance of Mr. T. in leaving his home daily in her absence, and, always mindful of gold, we take this opportunity to warn all indelicate friends and others to be careful even of the least imputation against the ladies of Cape Cod, but it should remember that the ladies of Cape Cod, in this and the present instance, we understand that Mrs. Terry has the sympathy of the community in which she resides, and almost every one presents her with a dollar or less, not as a gift to the needy, but as a testimonial to their high appreciation of Mrs. Terry's heroism."

PERSONAL.

The Washington Constitution of Friday, in speaking of the arrival of Lorenzo Delmonico in Washington, in the solemn and illustrious effect, in his visits to this city, always recognizes the fact that he is one of the first of Republic. He has been called upon by the members of the Executive Mansion, and has been the guest of the most noted cabinets. He had a private interview with the President yesterday, and last night by telegraph the fact General has been ordered to the scene of difficulties on the Pacific Northwest coast. Should there be any further difficulties at San Juan, whether he will repair with all possible dispatch.

Professor Agassiz was a favorite guest in Liverpool, on his visit to that city last Saturday. His visit to Europe has been a most successful one. He has been received in the most cordial manner by the scientific men of England, France, and Switzerland. He has spent most of his time among his relatives in Switzerland, but during the last month he has been visiting the principal Agricultural History. Professor Agassiz will reopen his school for young ladies in Cambridge in October.

The fathers of two of the young ladies swindled by Dr. Keeler have published a statement in which they say that subscription papers, in which they say that there were only some of them to be secured, were circulated by the agents of the Keeler concern.

Mrs. Lucretia H. Bonaparte, of Indiana-rubber immortality, has been living for some time past in a cottage at Newport, having their petitions from their shoulders, instead of returning them to the owner. The Rev. Dr. Hall officiated.

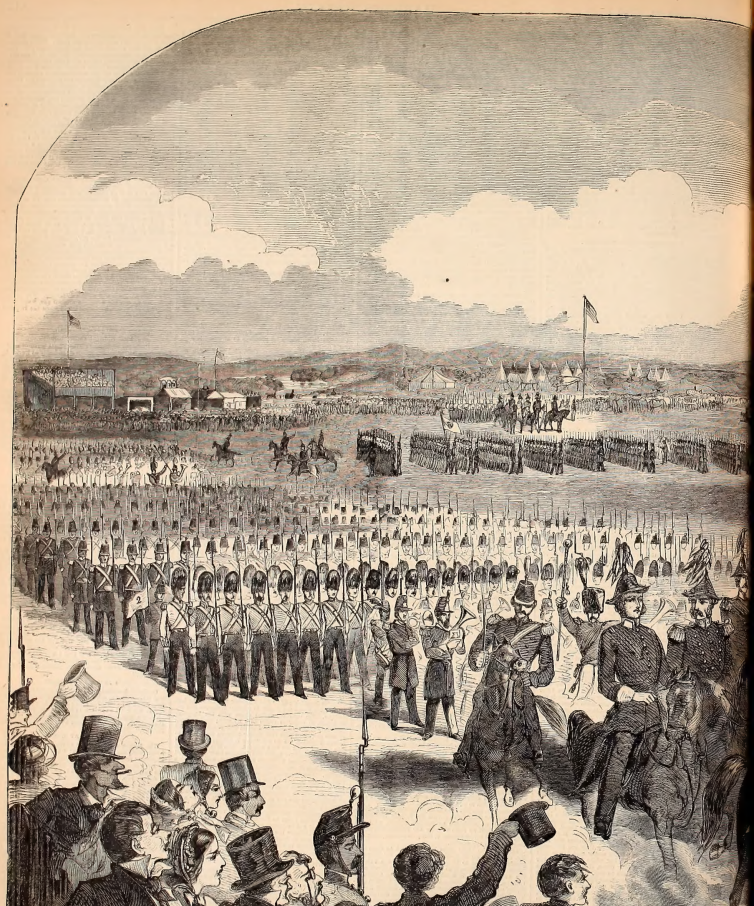
The North Adams tragedy of May last, which caused the death of Miss Mattie Butler under the most painful circumstances, and for which Frederick Cook and Michael Charles Butler, father of the unfortunate young lady, died of pneumonia in the jail at Lee, is gradually gaining away, until death came to his aid.

The Rev. Dr. Hall officiated. The Rev. Dr. Hall officiated at Mrs. Lucy Stone, which is made public through the columns of the *Boston Transcript* of Friday:

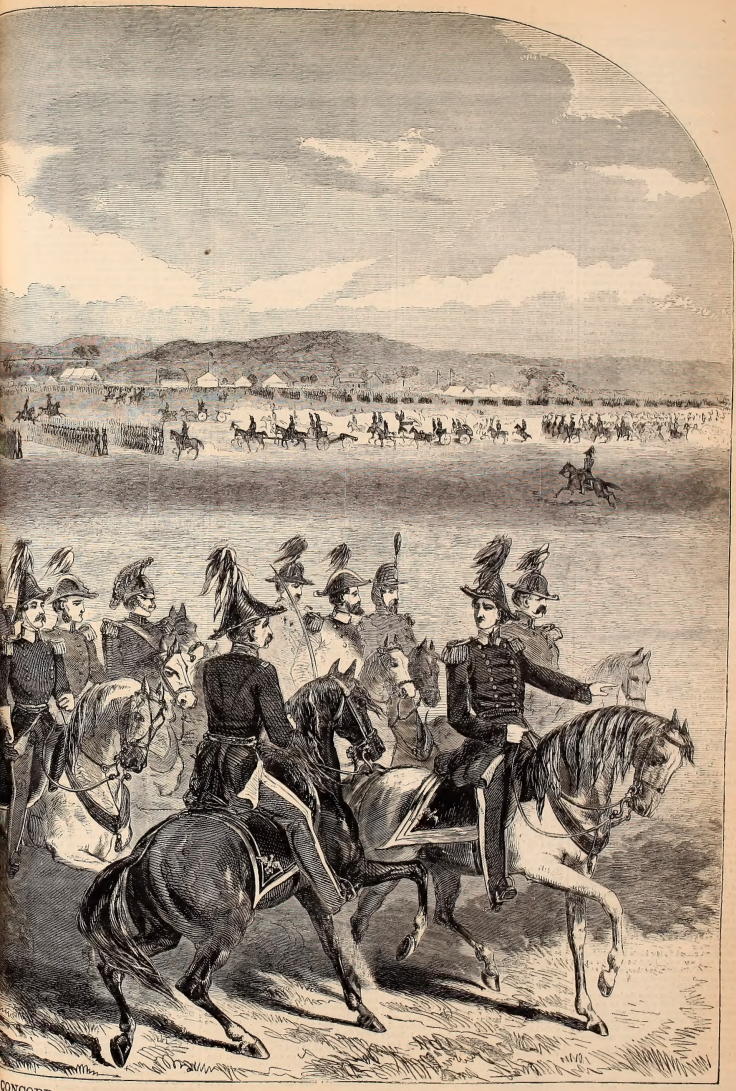
"WASHINGTON, *July 16, 1892.*

"*Mrs. Lucy Stone:*

"DEAR MADAM—Your kind letter of the 14th inst. has been received, and I present at a Convention at the Indiana Avenue Church, in this city, commencing on the 15th of September next, to devise measures for the promotion of the happiness, and protection of the civil rights and dignity of the female sex, has just been laid before me. I am grieved, indeed, to say that I am not able to take a deep interest in all that concerns the ladies of our great and glorious country, and I am sure that every one of many years of faithful labor in the cause of Popular Sovereignty, and of patriotic devotion to the Union, deserves to retain the liberty of governing yourselves in your own way, subject only to the restraints of the Federal Constitution, the full confidence of my unlimited sympathy. I regret, dear madam, that I cannot be present at your meeting, but rest me from being present at your meeting, but rest me from being present at your meeting, but rest me from being



THE GRAND REVIEW AT CAMP MASSACHUSETT



CONCORD, SEPTEMBER 9, 1859.—[See next Page.]

CAMP MASSACHUSETTS.

We engrave herewith a fine picture of Camp Massachusetts—in other words, the general muster of the Massachusetts militia, which took place near Concord on 7th, 8th, and 9th instant. We alluded in our last number to the assembling of the troops; our picture completes the history of the event.

The evolution selected for illustration by our artist in the grand detour executed by the militia before Governor Banks, General Wool, and the magistracy and Legislature of the State. The Governor will be seen, mounted on his famous Morgan horse, in the background of the picture, with General Wool, On his right sits General Wool; next the big-staff. On the left hand stands (also around him are the Senate and other public officers) in his arrear are the personal bodyguard. The militia—6:00 in number—are slowly defiling before him, in the order in which they will pass in review before the last of them pass any given point. The group of horsemen shown in the foreground of our picture are Major-General Sutton and the staff, who are followed by a brass band and the Boston Fusiliers.

The scene was so vast that no picture could give a satisfactory view of its ensemble. The troops, as we have said, are 6000 in number; there were, or it is estimated, not less than 30,000 spectators on the ground, comprising every station and grade in society, from the aristocracy of Boston to knavies, rumblers, and blackguards. To the credit of the Boston police be it said, that no excesses were committed during the encampment.

We have no room for the speeches of General Wool and Governor Banks, who expressed, as well they might, their satisfaction at the splendid spectacle. May it be renewed every year to year, and may the Massachusetts militia always present as fine an appearance as they did on the 8th!

A Good Fight.

BY CHARLES READE.

AUTHOR OF "LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG," ETC.

[From Advance Sheets, direct from the Author.

CHAPTER XLI.—*Continued.*

GRYPSWORTH VAN SCHUTTER could not sleep all night for anxiety. He was afraid of thunder and lightning; it was the terror of his youth in the states that searched Peter's house. As soon as the storm ceased altogether he crept down stairs, saddled the mule, and rode to the Red Lion at Stonychurch. There he found his men sleeping, some on the chairs, some on the tables, some on the floor. He roused them forlornly, and heard the story of their unsuccessful search, infuriated with praises of their zeal.

"Fool! to let you go without me," cried the Burgomaster. "Fool! to be fooled so!" snarled Glyxbrecht. "Ye should have looked under her bed, and in it too; and all the while she was at the knives. Come, now, get up, and I shall show ye how to search."

Dierich Brower got up and shook himself: "If you find him call me a horse and no man."

In a few minutes Peter's house was again surrounded.

The fiery old man left his mule in the hands of Jerian Reed, and, with Dierich Brower and the others, entered the house.

The house was empty.

Not a creature to be seen, not even Peter. They went up stairs, and then suddenly one of the men gave a shout, and pointed through Peter's window, which was open. The others looked, and there, at some little distance, striding quickly across the fields with Margaret and Martin, was the man they sought. Glyxbrecht, with an exulting yell, descended the stairs, and leaping from his mule's back and he and his men set off in hot pursuit.

CHAPTER XXIII.

GERARD, warned by recent peril, rose before daybreak, and woke Martin. The old soldier was astonished. He thought Gerard had escaped by the window last night. Being consulted as to the best way for his host to leave the country and elude pursuit, he said there was but one road safe. "I must guide you through the great forest to a bridle road I know of. This will take you specially to a hostelry, where they will lend you a swift horse, and then you bestir yourself and ride out of Holland. But let us start ere the folk here quit their beds."

Peter's house was but a furlong and a half from the forest. They started, Martin with his bow and three arrows, for it was Thursday, and with nothing but a stout oak staff Peter gave him for the journey.

Margaret pinned up her kirtle and furbishings, for the road was wet. Peter went as far as his garden hedge with them, and then, with more emotion than he often bestowed on passing events, gave the young man his blessing.

The sun was peeping above the horizon as they crossed the stony field and made for the wood. They had crossed half when Martin looked back, who kept nervously looking back every now and then, uttered a cry, and, throwing her bundle from him, to run toward the wood, screaming with terror all the way.

Glyxbrecht and his men were in hot pursuit.

Resistance would have been madness. Martin and Gerard followed Margaret's example. The pursuers gained slightly on them; but Martin kept shouting. "Only gain the wood! only gain the wood!"

They had too good a start for the men on foot, and their hearts bounded with hope at Martin's words, for the great trees seemed now to stretch their branches like friendly arms toward them, and their leaves like a screen.

But an unforseen danger burst on them. The fiery old Burgomaster had flung himself on his fiery old Burgomaster had flung himself on his fiery old Burgomaster had flung himself on his mule, and spurring him to a gallop, he loaded the poor beast with cruel blows. His object was to cut them off. The old man came galloping in a semicircle, and got on the edge of the wood, right in front of Gerard: the others might escape for aught he cared.

Margaret shrieked twice; but only once for Gerard.

Glyxbrecht in his ardor had forgotten that hunted animals turn on the hunter; and that two men can hate, and two can long to kill the thing they hate.

Instead of attempting to dodge him, as the Burgomaster thought they would, Gerard shot at him with a savage, exulting cry, and struck at him with all his heart and soul and strength. The old man threw up his arms in the face with a frightful crash, and laid him under his mule's tail, beating the cruel animal with his heels, but not moving, and his collar spattered with blood.

The next moment the three were in the wood. They heard a howl of vengeance that burst from Glyxbrecht's men at that terrible blow which laid their master low. Then a frightful shriek as the race for life or death.

"Way run!" cried Gerard, panting. "You have your bow, and I have this;" and he shook his bloody staff.

"Ay!" roared Martin. "THE GALLOWS! Follow me!" and he fled into the wood. Soon they heard a cry like a pack of hounds upon the scent. They took one of them. The men were in the wood and saw them flitting among the trees. Margaret screamed and implored them to fly; and then it became ad tein teth and grouped his staff. The next minute they came to a stiff bramble-bush, which Martin dashed into and wondered the young wood aside as if it was but standing corn.

Ere they had gone fifty yards in it they came to four blind paths.

Martin took one. "Bend low," said he; and, half crawling, half glided along. Presently their path was again intersected with other little tortuous paths. They took one of them; it seemed to lead back, but it soon took a turn, and after a while brought them to a thick pine grove where the trees, the way and the path ceased, there were no paths here, and the young fir-trees were so thick you could not see three yards before your nose.

When they had gone some way in this, Martin sat down, and accustomed to such expedients as flight among the trees itself, took a piece of bread and a slice of ham out of his wallet and began quietly to eat his breakfast.

The young ones looked at him with dismay. He replied to their looks:

"All Stonychurch could not find you now; you will lose your purse, Gerard, long before you get to Italy; is that the way to carry a purse?"

Gerard looked, and there was a large triangular purse, entangled by its chains to the buckle and strap of his belt.

"This is none of mine," said he. "What is it?"

"I wonder if it is full of gold?" said Martin, passing through the coppice it had become inextricably entangled in his strap and buckle. He patiently took it out, and gave it to Gerard, and he had to cut it loose with his knife. The purse, on examination, proved to contain a few pieces of gold, coins of all sizes, but its blasted appearance was greatly owing to a number of pieces of tangled and broken thread, and a slight burst on Gerard. "Why it must be that old thief;" and see! stuffed with papers to deceive the world."

The wonder was how the Burgomaster's purse came on Gerard.

They let that upon the right solution. The purse must have been at Glyxbrecht's saddle-bow, and Gerard, rushing at him and striking desperately torn it away, thus felling his enemy and robbing him with a single gesture.

Gerard was pleased at this feat, but Margaret was uneasy.

"Throw it away, Gerard, or let Martin take it back. Already they call you a thief. I can not bear it."

"I throw it away—give it him back? not a stiver. This is spoil, lawfully won in battle from an enemy. Is it not, Martin?"

"Why, of course. Send him back the brown paper as you will; but the purse or the coin—that is mine."

"Oh, Gerard!" said Margaret, "you are going to a distant land, and you will need gold-will Heaven. How can we hope for that if we take what is not ours."

But Gerard saw it in a different light.

"It is Heaven that gives it us by a miracle, and I am not to be cozened out of it," said this pious youth. "Thus the favored people spoiled the Egyptians, and we have done."

"Nay, nay, nay," said Margaret, humbly; "you are wiser than I am. You are my husband, and I am a child, in my nunnery—I will be true to gainsay you?"

These humble words from Margaret, who, till that day, had had the whip hand, rather surprised Martin for the moment. They recurred to him afterward, and then they surprised him more.

Gerard kissed her tenderly in return for her wifelike docility, and they pursued their journey hand in hand. Martin leading the way, into the depths of the deep forest. The farther they went the more absolutely secure from pursuit they felt. Indeed, the townspeople never ventured so far as this into the trackless part of the forest.

Yet they went softly.

Impetuous natures repent quickly. Gerard was no sooner out of all danger, than his conscience began to upbraid him.

"Martin, would I had not struck quite so hard."

"Whom? Oh! let that pass; he is cheap served."

"Martin, I saw his gray hairs as my stick fell on him. I doubt I shall not get them out of my sight this while."

Martin grunted. "Who spares a badger for his gray hairs. The grayer your enemy is, the older and the older the crafter, and the crafter the better for a little killing."

"KILLING, Martin? Don't speak of killing;" and Gerard shook all over.

"I am very much mistaken if you have not," said Martin, mournfully.

"How Heaven forbid!"

"Why, the old vagabond's skull cracked like a walnut. Aha!"

"God and all the saints forbid it!"

"He rolled at his mule like a stone shot out of a cart. Said I to myself, 'There is one wiped out!' And the iron and skull-cracker did it."

Gerard fell on his knees, and began to pray for Glyxbrecht's soul.

At this Martin lost patience. "Here's mummery! Pray that out of up for sinning, knew you not that a wise man never strikes his enemy but to kill him? And when is all this coil about killing an old man? If it had been a young one, now, with the joys of life waiting for him—to wit, wine, women, and play—why, an old fellow at the edge of the grave, why not shove him in? Go, he must, to-day or to-morrow; and what better than a stout blow, struck by one, if ever I should be so mischance as to last so long as Glyxbrecht did, that I may have a mule's legs instead of my own Wittenhagen's, and a back like this (striking the wood of his bow), instead of a back like this (striking his own breast), and bless any young fellow who will have the charity and the friendship to knock me on the head when I am sore done with shop-keeper, malediction on his memory!"

"Oh, culpa mea! culpa mea!" cried Gerard, and smote on his breast.

"Look, there," said Martin to Margaret, scornfully, "is a man *afraid of God, and of man*, but is not in, tre, St. Paul, what a milk-sop!"

"Tush, Martin!" cried Margaret, reproachfully: then softening at once, she wreathed her arms round Gerard, and comforted him with the double magic of her voice and a woman's voice.

"Sweet-heart," murmured she, "you forget: you went out a step out of the way to save his life, and he would have killed you. You fled from him. He it was who spurred on you. Then did you turn and show defence, and a single blow, struck with that which was in your hand. Malice had drawn knife, or struck again and again. Many men have been smitten with wicked words, not one, but many, many blows, yet no lives lost. If, then, your conscience be clear, although his con mis-use, not yours, and by the will of God."

"Bless you, Margaret, bless you, for thinking so!"

"Yes, but, beloved one; if you have hot the notion that you struck a wicked man the more need is there that you fly with haste from Holland. Oh! let us on."

"Nay, Margaret," said Gerard. "I fear not man's vengeance, thanks to Martin here, and this thick wood: and I fear not Heaven's wrath, for has not Heaven read the heart of man. If I lost struck in self-defense, 'tis well; but if in hate, he spoil bid be spared of blood. Martin, I will go back to Italy? say, to earth's remotest bounds."

"Hush!" said Martin, peevishly. "I can't hear for your chat."

"What is it?"

"Do you hear nothing, Margaret? My ears are getting old."

Margaret listened, and presently she heard a forceful sound, like a single stroke upon a deep ringing bell. She described it to to Martin.

"Nay, I hear nothing."

"And so did I," said Gerard: "it was beautiful: Ah! there it is again. How sweet and blends! Ah! there it is again. A long way off. It is before us; is it not?"

"No, no! the echoes of this wood confound the ear of a stranger. It comes from the pine grove."

"What, the one we passed?"

"The same."

"Why, Martin, is this *any thing?* You look pale."

"Wonderful!" said Martin, with a sickly sneer. "He asks me is it *any thing?*"

"Come, on, on! in any rate, let us reach a better place than this."

"A better place—for what?"

"To stand at bay, Gerard," said Martin, gravely: "and die like soldiers, killing three for one."

"What is this, Martin?"

"IT IS THE AVENGER OF BLOOD."

"Oh, Martin! Oh, Margaret! Oh, Heaven be merciful! What new, mysterious peril is this?"

"GIRL, ITS A BLOOD-HOUND!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE courage, like the talent, of common men runs in a narrow vein. Take them out of their beat, and they are done. Martin's courage was perfect as far as it went. He had met and killing bears in the course of his trade as a hunter, and these familiar dangers he could face with Spartan fortitude, and with indifference almost equal to natural command with novelty to unstel his heart. After going a few steps he turned on his new, self-courage and hope oozed out of him. Gerard, to whom the danger appeared slight in proportion as it was distant, urged him to flight.

"What avails it?" said Martin, sadly: "if we get clear of the wood we shall die cheap: here, hard by, I know a place where we may die dear."

"Alas! good Martin," cried Gerard; "despair not so quickly: there must be some way to escape."

"Oh, Martin!" cried Margaret. "What if we were to part company? Gerard's life alone is forfeit: is there no way to draw the pursuit on us twain, and let him go safe?"

"Girl, you know not the blood-hound's nature. He is not on this man's track, or that; he is on the track of blood. My life on't, they have taken him to where Glyxbrecht fell, and from Glyxbrecht's blood to the man that sled it that cursed hound will hunt them, hough Gerard should run through an army, or swim the Meuse. And again he hustled upon his brow and his head sank.

The hound's mellow voice rang through the wood.

A cry more tunable
Was never halloo'd to, nor chased with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, or in Thessaly.

Strange that things beautiful should be terrible sometimes. To the eye of the sportsman what fascinating its prey is lovely. No royal crown holds such a jewel; it is a ruby with the emerald's green light of hope within it. But to the doe that sees it loses all power of motion, and trembles, and sometimes falls dumb with fear. To young men sporting with sight, that sweet and mellow sound seemed to fascinate Martin Wittenhagen. He stood motionless, bewildered, and unmanned. Gerard was little better now. Martin's last words had shaken him. He had stared with dull eyes and head his blood, and by means of that very blood blood's four-footed avenger was on his track. Was this the end of Heaven in this?

While the men were thus benumbed the woman's brain was all activity. The man she loved was in danger.

"Lend me your knife," said she to Martin. He gave it her.

"But 'twill be little use in your hands," said he.

Then Margaret did a sly thing. She stepped behind Gerard, and furtively drew the knife across her own arm, and then, with a little crying, smeared her hose and shoes; and still as the blood trickled she smeared them as well as she could her brother Gerard not Martin saw. Then she seized the soldier's arm.

"Come, my man!" she said, haughtily, "and let this end. Take us to some thick place, where monsters will not travel out of their way."

"I am going," said Martin, sullkily. "Hurry avails not: we can't shun the hound, and the place I heard 'ye' of is not distant. Ah! ah! ah! ah! the way, as easy go as evacuation.

He took one bright look at a thick hazel coppice, like the one that had favored their escape in the morning.

"There," said he, "this is but a furlong broad, but it will serve our turn."

"What are we to do?"

"Get through this and wait on the other side: then, as they come straggling through, shoot three, two or one as they come, and so we shall kill us."

"Is that all you can think of?" said Gerard.

"That is all."

Then, Martin Wittenhagen, I take the lead; for you have lost your head. Come, can you obey a young man as I am?"

"Oh! yes, Martin," cried Margaret, "do not grieve Gerard! He is wiser than his years."

Martin gave a sullen assent, and they entered the thick coppice.

Then Gerard, with his great hunting-knife, cut the young hazels as he went and put them across their track, high up, so as to make the passage more difficult to the hound. Martin, who had kept the foot-track as clear as he could so as not to impede the hound himself. Martin, who, moreover, did the same. When they had thus painfully traveled through half the brush-wood the blood-hound's deep bay came nearer and nearer, louder and louder.

Margaret trembled.

Martin went down on his stomach and listened.

"I hear a horse's feet."

"Yes," said Gerard.

"But I can't hear a man's. I doubt it is a mule's. That cursed Glyxbrecht is still alive: none other would follow after me up so leisurely."

"Never strike your enemy but to slay him," said Martin, gloomily.

"I'll be harder to hit time if Heaven gives me the chance," said Gerard.

Martin now bent his head through the coppice, and there was an open wood. The trees were large, but far apart, and no escape possible that way.

And now the hound's deep bay mingled a score of voices, hooping and hallooing.

"The whole village is after us," said Martin.

"I care not," said Gerard. "Listen, Martin! I have made the way rough to the men, and shall be the hindmost. What follows will be mine will gain on the men, and, as soon as he comes out of the coppice, we will kill him."

"That is sure. There are more than one?"

"I hear but one."

"Ay! that speaks, the others run mute; but let the leading hound lose the scent, then another shall give tongue. Then will be three dogs at once, and then in dogs' bodies."

"Then we must kill three instead of one. The more need, my friend, to collect your courage, and go right back."

"That is a good thought, Gerard" said Martin, lifting his head.

"Hush! the men are in the wood."

Gerard spoke to him and to his wife in a whisper.

"Stand you with your bow by the side of the coppice, where, in the ditch I will place a few stones to run sink-tree and hide behind it; the dogs will follow me, and, as they come out, shoot the foremost in the eye, the next in brain as they come round the tree."

Martin's eyes flashed. They took up their places.

The hooping and hallooing came closer and closer, and even the rustling of the young wood was heard, and every now and then the unerring blood-hound gave a single bay.

Oh! it was terrible! the branches snatting nearer and nearer, and the inevitable struggle for life and death coming on minutes by minute, and that fearful unerring bay. A trembling hand was laid on Gerard's shoulder. It made him start violently.

"Martin says if we are forced to part company make for that high ash-tree we came in by."

"Yes! yes! yes! but go back, for Heaven's sake! Don't come here!

She ran back toward Martin; but, ere she could get to him, suddenly a huge dog burst out of the cypress and stood erect a moment. He never noticed Margaret. He had heard his name an instant, and the next moment, with an awful yell, sprang straight at Gerard's tree and rolled head over heels back as a stone, with a mortal wound in his throat from the two that twanged inside the cypress in Martin's hand. Then the cypress parted, gave smoke and sound and smelled his dead comrade. Gerard rushed out at him; but, ere he could use his cudgel, a streak of white lightning seemed to strike the hound, and he growled in the dust wounded desperately, but not killed, and howling piteously.

Gerard had not time to dispatch him: the cypress could not long stay: it was falling with a sob.

Passing wildly to Martin to go back, Gerard ran a few yards to the right, then crept cautiously into the thick cypress just as three men burst out. These had headed their comrades considerably: the rest were following at a more moderate pace. Gerard crawled back almost on all-fours. Instinct taught Martin and Margaret to do the same upon their line of retreat. Thus, within the space of a few yards, the pursuers and pursued were passing one another upon opposite tracks.

A loud cry announced the discovery of the dead and the wounded hound. Then followed a babble of voices, still swelling as the pursuers neared the spot. The hunters, as usual on a surprise, were wasting time, and the hunted ones were making the most of it.

"I hear no more hounds," whispered Martin to Margaret, and he was trembling.

It was Margaret's turn to tremble and despair. Did we not tell you so? Martin? They will kill my Gerard, and I not near him!

"Nay, nay! the hood to catch him is not our fair shoulders. You look to him, and I to the ash-tree."

"And so I did. Bless you, Martin, for thinking of that. To the ash-tree!"

"Ay! but with less noise."

They were now nearly at the edge of the cypress, when suddenly they heard whooping and hallooing behind them. The hunters had divided themselves the fugitives were in the coppice, and were beating back.

"No matter," whispered Martin to his trembling companion. "We shall have time to win clear and slip out of sight by hard running. Ah!"

He stopped suddenly; for just as he was going to burst out of the brush-wood his eye caught sight of something. Within a few paces, right in Swieten, seated on his mule: a bloody bandage was across his nose, the bridge of which was broken; but over this his eyes peered keenly, and it was plain by their expression he had heard the fugitives' words, and was waiting for them. Then Martin muttered a terrible oath, and cautiously strung his bow, then with equal caution fitted his last arrow to the string. It was the arrow that slew her face, but said nothing. She saw this man next day, and feared. After the fight, and when he raced through her fingers, her heart panting audibly.

The bow was raised and the deadly arrow steadily drawn to its head, when at that moment an active figure leaped on Swieten's mule behind him swiftly, it was like a hawk swooping on a pigeon. A short wrist over the Burgomaster, and, in a turn of the hand, his head was cut off, and the trunk was shirled from his seat and fell heavily upon the ground, where he lay gurgling with terror, and Gerard jumped down after him.

"Hist, Martin! Martin!"

Martin and Margaret came out, the former, upon mounted, crying, "Now fly! fly! While they are all in the thicket we can run clear!"

At this crisis, when safety seemed at hand, as fate would have it, Margaret, who had borne up bravely till now, gave way, and fainted, partly from loss of blood.

"No, no, beloved, fly!" she gasped. "Leave me, for I am faint!"

"No! no!" screamed Gerard. "Death together, or safety!—Ah! that is well done, Martin! Hist! Hi!—"

In a moment Martin was on the mule, and Gerard raised the fainting girl in his arms and placed her on the saddle, and relieved Martin of his bow.

"Help! treason! treason!" cried the shrivelled Chyrlstock, rising on his hams.

"Silence, cur!" roared Gerard, and trode him down again by the throat as men crush an adder. "Now have you got her firm? Then fly! for our lives!"

But even as the mule, urged suddenly by Martin's heel, scattered the dust in a cloud, the hunters he got into a canter, and even as Gerard withdrew his foot from Glyrstock's throat to run, Dietrich Brewer was first upon the scene and came back for others, and heard the Burgomaster's cries, burst, roaring, out of the coppice on them.

A TALE OF ARSENIC.

I was seated one day in the office of my friend Doctor Pharyall. While he was inditing a prescription I took up the morning paper. Among the items of news was a report of the trial of Mrs. Appeals refusing another trial to Stearns, the convicted wife-poisoner, whose case, and especially the detection by numerous tests of arsenic in the body of his deceased wife, after an interment, if I remember aright, of more than a year, had at the time awakened much public interest, and has probably not yet been quite effaced from the public's memory by the succession of exciting topics that have since engrossed the columns and the large type of the newspapers.

I expressed my approval of this unwonted decision.

"Then you have no doubt of Steven's guilt?" said the Doctor.

"I could not doubt the evidence of chemistry," I replied.

"It was conclusive as to the presence of arsenic," said the Doctor. "That may, or may not, have been the cause of death. Sir, hundreds of bodies might be exhumed to-day which would furnish as abundant evidences of arsenic as did that one, but which died a natural death."

I stared and looked my astonishment.

"It is a well-known fact," he continued, "that the journeymen in some parts of Germany practice arsenic-eating. They suppose that it produces plumpness and comeliness of person, and muscular vigor. They begin with a small grain dose, ten or three times a week, gradually increasing the quantity until they consume a teaspoonful or more of arsenic. When they have once formed the habit, however, they can not discontinue it, under penalty of nervous disorder and death.

"It is a fact not so well known that there are persons in this country addicted to the same horrible practice. I was called but the other day to attend two young ladies, who had been large consumers of glazed paper—the title of a magazine, by-the-by, so called in the glazing. Having indulged in it too freely, they exhibited the ordinary symptoms of poisoning."

"What a dreadful habit!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, it is a dreadful habit, but no more than others that are more prevalent. Think of drinking laudanum by the pint! Think of the use of tobacco in its various forms! Think of the countless slatternly habits and brilliance of copies from dolly potations of storyteller!

"Another habit of which I have always taken much interest," continued the Doctor, "is a medicine, if you please to call it so, which has had a history of its own! How busy has it been in affairs of Church and State! In how many an important intrigue has it played a conspicuous part! What a jealousy has it served! To how many a dark revenge has it ministered! In how many a case of treachery has it been the last must remain unrevealed till the end of time! In the course of my practice I have prescribed it myself. I have also witnessed several deaths that it produced. I have thwarted one would-be murderer. I have, by my timely advice and assistance, saved the innocent men from the gallows, and assisted in coiling the rope of evidence around the necks of the guilty."

"Why, Doctor," I suggested, "your experiences must be worth narrating. Why have you never favored the public?"

"The fact is, Mr. Penhammer," he replied, "that I am very busy a professional man, and have no subscription than to narrative. Besides, I have found the former more remunerative. However, if you will call on me some day next week I will tell you a remarkable case, from which you can, if you like, make a story. Meanwhile, you may look at, and all I require of you is, that you give me due credit as your authority. Don't forget to mention my name and address. Dr. Pharyall, 1,000, A.D. I have a weakness, not unusual in our profession, for seeing my name in print."

Having consented to this stipulation, I seated myself in an invalid chair, and the Doctor proceeded, in his own inimitable manner:

"Fritz Von Meerschaum was my fellow-boarder at Mrs. Mudgeon's, on Madison Avenue, in whose back-parlor, as you may remember, I first established myself in the boarding-house line. Fritz was, as his name indicates, a Teuton. He was a Teuton of Germans which, though not so rare as to made themselves manifest in promptly-settled bills, and a variety of refined and luxurious surroundings, among which a meerschaum pipe was the most transcendental philosophy, and an abundant supply of tobacco the most practical. Fritz was also the least. He devoted himself to the enjoyment of those misty luxuries with that zeal and single-mindedness which had characterized some of Young Teutonia.

"He had at an early age, for various interesting reasons which I shall not take time to specify, emigrated to this country from Austria or Prussia, or some subordinate kingdom in that immense Assemblable, cultural-producing, music-loving, beer-imbibing, kraut-consuming, pipe-smoking Germanic Confederation. Quite oblivious of his filial obligations of military service to the father-land, and utterly regardless, therefore, after, falling in the way of any of the parental recruiting agents on his paternal soil, he had made his escape to the country of inviting our venerable Secretary of State in diplomatic difficulties with himself.

"Von Meerschaum was tall and gaunt. His cheeks were hollow, his complexion sallow, his manners in keeping. He used to hold his pipe was concealed by a yellow moustache; and, when his countenance was not wreathed in smoke, the vacuity depths of his grayish-blue eye a touching expression of sentimental melancholy.

"Fritz was one of those favorite select boarders at Mrs. Mudgeon's his was the only sequaintance that I cultivated to any degree of intimacy. As I grew and ripened, I passed many pleasant half-hours with him in philosophical discussion, or listening to his graphic sketches of the father-land and reminiscences of student life, or to his performances upon the flageolet, which he had learned in his youth. His conversation was rather fragmentary, and his flageolet-playing was not always harmonious; but there was a certain dreamy grace and originality about the one, and a sweetness in the other, that were very fascinating.

"Fritz was a confirmed invalid. He had come to this country in the charming family of one Von Kinkel, a former friend and fellow-townsman. Von Kinkel was a widower, with a single beautiful, amiable, and accomplished of her sex. He had married her when she was a child. Encouraged at once fallen in love with her, and had attempted by her extreme kindness to him, he had at length duly proposed for her hand. Her relatives had gladly approved of the match. The only difficulty made had been on the part of Sophia herself. She liked him very much; she esteemed him highly; but she could never survive the loss of his friendship —but he really must excuse her from marrying him.

"His intimacy with the family had continued unbroken. He had been with them without an interruption that Sophia might yet change her sentiments with regard to him. She had been urged to do so by her parents.

"One day he had chanced to overhear Mrs. Von Kinkel commending him to Sophia. 'He is such a fine gentleman had replied, 'it is of no use. Fritz is, indeed, all that you say he is: but you must admit that he is a fright. A perfect fright! I love the skeleton at the museum.'

"Then, said Von Meerschaum, 'hope died in my bosom.'

"There was, indeed, little left for it to live upon; for if his aspect had always been unlovely, it had now, from the effect of his passion and disappointment, become positively repulsive.

"To add further aggravate his wretchedness, Sophia had of late received marked attentions from one Jeffrey, a professional flutist, whose round carnation cheeks and laughing eyes threw his own wan features still more into shade.

"Von Meerschaum had never breathed his love. Were I poor or ignorant, I might yet summon those disadvantages; but now what remains for me but to die?"

"I could indeed offer him little encouragement. I recommended him to try absence and change of air. He followed my advice, and in a month returned, presenting the appearance of a sun-burned specter.

"I soon afterward removed my office from Mrs. Mudgeon's to this location, and my intercourse with Von Meerschaum discontinued. I will relate the several volumes, as I subsequently learned them.

"He returned from the country only to find his comely rival apparently established in Sophia's regards. The night drove him to distraction.

"He had long been noticed to the idea of suicide. It now presented itself to his contemplation with irresistible attractiveness. He took he fatal resolve.

"From among the bewildering variety of means for the extinguishment of that soul he chose poison. From among the long list of reliable toxicological agents he selected arsenic. He purchased a quantity of the drug, duly labeled 'Poison.' He devised all his worldly effects to Sophia, and at night, just before retiring to rest, swallowed what he deemed the requisite quantity. He awoke at his effects the next day, but at longer intervals.

"The next morning, to his disappointment and disgust, he awoke, as usual, in this world, and in the same room. He waited patiently during the day for the expected consummation, but in vain.

"On the third evening he repeated the dose. At a late hour of the following morning he again awoke from a sound slumber to the woes of mortal solitude. He experienced, also, the pangs of hunger, to which he had long been a stranger. He assuaged them with the breakfast-table, but they recurred periodically.

"On the fifth evening, thinking that he must have given himself an ounce of the mineral arsenic, he procured a quantity from another drug-store, and took a double dose of the deadly drug. He increased the dose. The only result was an aggravation of his previous symptoms.

"Recurring to Von Tentonic patience and perseverance, he again repeated it on the seventh evening. The next day he found himself in possession of muscular activity. He took a long walk, and was surprised at his incapability of fatigue. He felt a healthful appetite with which he supped. He ate his own amusement and that of the waiter. On returning to his room he glanced at the mirror. He was startled at the change in his appearance. The cosmetics in his cheeks had diminished in depth and concentrated, instead of their former sickly hue, an unmistakably ruddy tinge.

"He retired to rest early that night, and, on awakening the evening, for a month. At the end of that period he called at my office. At first I did not recognize him. He was in the full bloom of manhood. 'Why, Von Meerschaum,' I exclaimed at length, 'what has wrought this miracle? You have positively become *fine looking!*' And so he had. His cheeks were plump and glowed with healthful carnation. His eyes were bright and sparkling, and retained just enough of their former melancholy expression to give him that expression which ladies call 'interesting.'

"After some hesitation he made a full confession of the particulars of his case, and requested me for an explanation of the phenomena.

"'How large doses have you taken?' I inquired.

"He took up the quantity on the point of a penknife. I somewhat modified the amount. Less familiar with physics than with metaphysics, he had entertained an exaggerated idea of the poisonous effects of arsenic, and had begun with a dose of about half a grain, which he had afterward increased somewhat. This was, I told him, a fortunate mistake, taken too little to produce the effect he intended, but enough, as it proved, to act most judiciously as a tonic.

"'My friend,' I said, after explaining the matter to him, 'if you are in haste to die, you must unstimple your dose.'

"'Ah! Doctor,' he replied, 'I have changed my mind.' He then informed me that he had met Sophia at a party, a few evenings before, and her manner had convinced him that she no longer thought him a fright. He had learned that his odious rival, Jeffrey Brodie, had been unsuccessful in the midst of a musical performance by the unlooked-for apparition of an irate wife, whom he had deserted in his native land. That he really checks had turned pale, the flute had dropped, and its owner had left the company.

"'This morning,' he said, 'I called upon Sophia, and renewed my suit. I can not yet realize it—that she has made me the happiest of men!'

The Doctor having concluded his narrative, I made the remark that arsenic must be a valuable medicine.

"Arsenic may be employed beneficially as a medicine," replied the Doctor, "as opium is, or as the essence of certain pathological infections. Like other poisons, however, it should be used only with extreme caution and in accordance with the prescription of a regular practitioner."

"Was your friend able to discontinue with impunity the practice he had begun?" I inquired.

"He was enabled to do so by the substitution of another drug."

"What drug was that?" I demanded.

"That drug," said he, was matrimony. I must confess it is a drug that has seemed to agree with him remarkably well."

The Doctor is a confirmed old bachelor.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

Respects with threefold grace endue
The right to be familiar; none
Whose every finger's touch we love
Perceive the bliss of being one.

I vow! unvarying faith; and she
To whom in full I pay that vow,
Rewards me with variety
Which men who change can never know.

"The man seeks first to please his wife,"
Declares but not complains St. Paul:
And other love have birth life,
When she's not loved the most of all.

THE "GREAT EASTERN."

We continue our series of illustrations of the *Great Eastern* this week with a picture of the deck, and another of the interior of a state-room.

It must be borne in mind that the former picture only represents about one-third of the deck of the monster. The whole length of the deck, which is flush from stem to stern, lacks but four feet of being 700 feet long. From side to side, across the paddle-wheels, the distance is 118 feet, so that an ordinary ship could be laid across the deck without projecting on either side. We have given so many descriptions of this great ship, that in this place we need only repeat that she can carry, when loaded, 22,500 tons of freight, 4000 first-class cabin passengers, and 10,000 troops. The five great masts, two of which are seen in our engraving, are leaved by 7½-inch wire rope; the sixth, or mizzen, is supported by hemp cords.

Travelers will be pleased to see the other picture, which represents a first-class state-room. The size of this apartment is eighteen by seven and a half feet; the ceiling is seven feet six inches high. It is, therefore, quite a fair-sized room for a family. It will be noticed that no berths are visible. By an ingenious contrivance the births collapse and fold against the side of the cabin, leaving a space between them and the wall wide enough to contain the bedding. Curtains suspended from the ceiling, as shown in our picture, conceal the whole arrangement from view, and thus, while the voyagers are at breakfast, their sleeping-room is converted into a very neat drawing-room.

It will be noticed that the lady in the picture is seated on a settee; this is, of course, hollow, and serves as a roomy coffer; it is covered with crimson velvet. Opposite this settee, on the other side of the cabin (and therefore, of course, not shown in in our picture), is another settee which conceals a large bath. The other articles of furniture speak for themselves. The wash-stand is provided with a large mirror, and its fittings-up are so elegant that it does not seem out of place. The tables are provided with extension pieces, and may be made of any size to suit the convenience of the passengers. It is not expected that there will be any motion to speak of. Should the vessel roll, however, all the furniture is provided with screws to fasten it in its place.

When vessels like the *Great Eastern* do all the passenger business between the commercial nations of the world, there will be an end of the discomforts of sea travel. In such ships one may enjoy the comforts of home.

INTERIOR OF A STATE-ROOM.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

BOOK III.

THE TRACK OF A STORM.

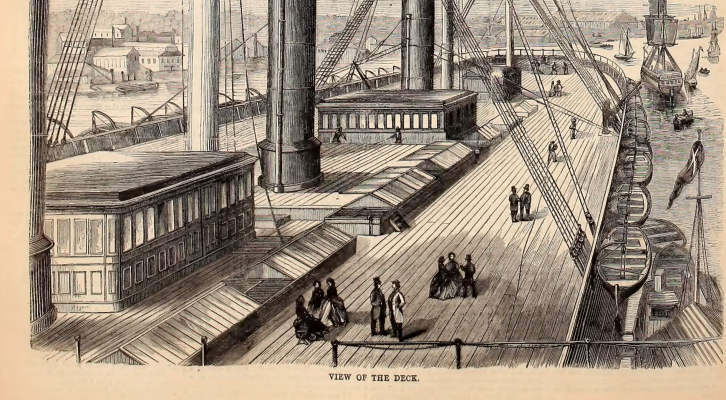
CHAPTER I.

IN SECRET.

The traveler fared slowly on his way who fared toward Paris from England in the autumn of the year one thousand seven hundred and ninety-two. More than enough of bad roads, bad equipage, and bad horses, he would have encountered to delay him, though the fullen and unlicensate King of France had been upon his throne in all his glory; but the changed times were fraught with other obstacles than these. Every town gate and village taxing-house had its band of citizen-patriots, with their national muskets in a most explosive state of readiness, who stopped all comers and goers, cross-questioned them, inspected their papers, looked for their names in lists of their own, turned them back, or detained them on, or stopped them and laid them in hold, as their capricious judgment or fancy deemed best for the dawning Republic One and Indivisible, of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, or Death.

A very few French leagues of his journey were accomplished when Charles Darnay began to perceive that for him along this country roads there was no hope of return until he should have been declared a good citizen at Paris. Whatever might befall now, he must on to his journey's end. Not a mean village closed upon him, not a common barrier dropped across the road behind him, but he knew it to be another iron door in the series that was barred between him and England. The universal watchfulness so encompassed him, that if he had been taken in a net, or were being forwarded to his destination in a cage, he could not have felt his freedom more completely gone.

This universal watchfulness not only stopped him on the highway twenty times in a stage, but retarded his progress twenty times in a day, by riding after him and taking him back, riding before him and stopping him by anticipation, riding with him and keeping him in charge. He had been days upon his journey in France alone, when he went to bed tired out, in a little



VIEW OF THE DECK.

hammer. "Ay! and condemned as a traitor." At this the crowd roared approval.

Checking the postmaster, who was for turning his horse's head to the yard (the drunken patriot sat compoodly in his saddle looking on, with the line round his wrist), Darnay said, as soon as he could make his voice heard:

"Friends, you deceive yourselves, or you are deceived. I am not a traitor."

"He lies!" cried the smith.

Since the decree. His life is forfeit to the people. His cursed life is in our hands!

At the instant when Darnay saw a rush in the eyes of the crowd, which another instant would have burst upon him, the postmaster turned his horse into the yard, the escort rode in close upon his horse's flanks, and the postmaster shut and barred the crazy double gates. The farrier struck a blow upon them with his hammer, and the crowd groaned; but no more was done.

"What is this decree that the smith spoke of?" Darnay asked the postmaster, when he had thanked him, and stood beside him in the yard.

"Citizen, a decree for selling the property of emigrants."

"When passed?"

"On the fourteenth."

"The day I left England!"

"Everybody says it is the last one of several, and that there will be others—if there are not already—banishing all emigrants, and confiscating all to death who return. That is what he meant when he said your life was not your own."

"But there are no such decrees yet?"

"What do I know?" said the postmaster, shrugging his shoulders; "there may be, for there will be. It is all the same. What would you have?"

They rested on some straw in a loft until the middle of the night, and then rode forward again when all the town was asleep. Beyond the many wild changes observable on familiar things which make this wild ride unreal, not the least was the absence of sound. The shadowy, long and lonely spurring over dreary roads, they would come to a cluster of poor cottages, not yet illuminated, darkness, but all glittering with lights, and would find the people, in a ghostly manner in the dead of the night, dancing. At the end of a round a shrivled tree of Liberty, or all drawn up together singing a song. Happily, the many wild changes observable on familiar things which make this wild ride unreal, not the least was the absence of sound. The shadowy, long and lonely spurring over dreary roads, they would come to a cluster of poor cottages, not yet illuminated, darkness, but all glittering with lights, and would find the people, in a ghostly manner in the dead of the night, dancing. At the end of a round a shrivled tree of Liberty, or all drawn up together singing a song. Happily, the singers were not shrivled Liberty, or all drawn up together singing a song. Happily, the singers were not sleep in Beauvais that night to help them out of it, and they passed on once more into solitary roads. Dismal roads, through the untimely cold and wet, among impoverished fields that had yielded no fruits of the earth that year, diversified by the blackened remains of burned houses, and by the sodden appearance of dismantled roofs and sheds lying up across their way, of patriot patrols on the watch on all the roads.

Daylight at last found them before the wall of Paris. The barrier was closed and strongly guarded when they rode up to it.

"Where are the papers of this prisoner?" demanded a resolute-looking man in authority, who was stationed out by the guard.

Naturally struck by the disagreeable word, Darnay turned his head in that direction to take notice that he was a free traveler and French citizen, in charge of an escort which the decision, in charge of an escort which the official seals of the country had imposed upon him, and which he had paid for.

"Where," repeated the same personage, without taking any heed of him whatever, "are the papers of this prisoner?"

The escort patriot had them in his cap, and produced them. Casting his eyes over Gabelle's letter, the same personage in authority showed some disorder and surprise, and looked at Darnay with a close attention.

He left escort and escorted without saying a word, however, and went into the guard-room; meanwhile they sat upon their horses outside the gate. Looking about him while in this state of suspense, Charles Darnay observed that the gate was but a mixed guard of soldiers and patriots, the latter far outnumbering the former; and that while many came in and went at the guard carts bringing in supplies, and for similar traffic and traffickers, was easy enough, egress, even for the humblest people, was very difficult. A numerous medley of men and women, not to mention beasts and vehicles of various sorts, was waiting to issue forth; but the previous identification was so strict that they filtered through the barrier very slowly. Some of these people knew their turn for examination to be so far off that they lay down on the ground to sleep or smoke, while others talked together or loitered about. The red cap and tricolor cockade were universal, both among men and women.

When he had sat in his saddle some half-hour, taking note of these things, Darnay found himself confronted by the same man in authority, who directed the guard to open the barrier. Then he delivered to the escort, drank and ate, had a receipt for the escorted, and requested him to dismount. He did so, and the two patriots, leading his tired horse, turned and rode away without entering the city.

He accompanied his conductor into a guard-house smelling of common wine and tobacco, where certain soldiers and patriots, asleep and awake, drunk and sober, and in various neutral states between sleeping and waking, drunkenness and sobriety, were standing and lying about. The light in the guard-house, half derived from the waning oil-lamps of the night, and half from the overcast day, was in a corresponding by uncertain condition. Some registers were lying open on a desk, and an officer of a coarse dark aspect presided over these.

"Citizen Defarge," said he to Darnay's conductor, as he took a slip of paper to write on, "is this the last prisoner?"

"This is the man."

"Your age, Evrémonde?"

"Thirty-seven."

"Married, Evrémonde?"

"Yes."

"Where married?"

"In England."

"Without doubt. Where is your wife, Evrémonde?"

"In England."

"Without doubt. You are consigned, Evrémonde, to the Prison of La Force."

"But there is no such decree yet?"

"Under what law, and for what offense?"

The officer looked up from his slip of paper for the first time.

"We have new laws, Evrémonde, and new offenses, since you were here." He said his word a hard smile, and went on writing.

"I entreat you to remember that I have come here voluntarily, in response to that written appeal of a fellow-citizen which lies before you. I have come here to clear him, and to clear myself. I demand no more than the opportunity to do so without delay. Is not that my right?"

"Certainly, have no rights, Evrémonde," was the stolid reply. The officer wrote until he had finished, read over what he had written, sanded it, and handed ft to Citizen Defarge, with the words, "In secret."

Citizen Defarge, unmoved with the paper to the prisoner that he must accompany him. The prisoner obeyed, and a guard of two armed patriots attended them.

"It is you," said Defarge, in a low voice, as they went down the guard-house steps and turned into Paris, "who married the daughter of Doctor Manette, once a prisoner in the Bastile that is no more."

"Yes," replied Darnay, looking at him with surprise.

"My name is Defarge, and I keep a wine-shop in the Quarter Saint Antoine. Possibly you have heard of me."

"My wife came to your house to reclaim her father? Yes!"

The word "wife" seemed to serve as a gloomy reminder to Citizen Defarge, to say, with sudden impatience, "In the name of that sharp female newly born and called La Guillotine, why did you come to France?"

"You heard me say why a minute ago. Do you not believe it is the truth?"

"A bad truth for you," said Defarge, speaking with knitted brows, and looking straight before him.

"Indeed, I am lost here. All here is so unprecedented, so changed, so sudden and unlooked that I am absolutely lost. Will you render me a little help?"

"None." Citizen Defarge spoke, always looking straight before him.

"Will you answer me a single question?"

"Perhaps. According to its nature. You can say what it is."

"In this prison that I am going to so unjustly, shall I have some free communication with the world outside?"

"You will see."

"I am not to be barried there, prejudged, and without any means of presenting my case?"

"You will see. But what then? Other people have been similarly buried in worse prisons before now."

"But never by me, Citizen Defarge."

Citizen Defarge glanced darkly at him for answer, and walked on in a steady and set silence. The deeper he sank into that silence the fainter hope there was—or so Darnay thought—of his softening in any slight degree. He therefore made his last move to say:

"It is of the utmost importance to me (you know, Citizen, even better than I, of how much importance) that I should be able to communicate to Mr. Lorry of Tellson's bank, an English gentleman who is now in Paris, the simple fact, without comment, that I have been thrown into the prison of La Force. Will you cause that to be done for me?"

"I will do," Defarge doggedly rejoined, "nothing for you. My duty is to my country and the Revolution. I am the sworn servant of both against you. I will do nothing for you."

Charles Darnay felt it hopeless to entreat him further, and his pride was touched besides. As they walked on in silence he could not but see how exceedingly the people were to the spectacle of prisoners passing along the streets. The very children took notice of it. A few women turned their heads, and a few shook their fingers at him as an aristocrat; otherwise, that a man in good clothes should be going to prison was no more remarkable than that a labourer in working clothes should be going to work. In one narrow, dark, and dirty street through which they passed an excited orator, mounted on a stool, was addressing an excited audience on the crimes against the people of the king and the royal family. The few words that he caught from this man's lips first made it known to Charles Darnay that the king was in prison, and that the foreign ambassadors had one and all left Paris. On the road (except at Beauvais) he had heard absolutely nothing. The escort and the universal watchfulness had completely isolated him.

That he had taken among for greater dangers than those which had developed themselves when he left England, he of course knew well. Dire perils had thickened about him fast, and might thicken faster and faster yet, he of course knew sore. He could not but admit to himself that he might not have made this journey if he could have foreseen the events of a few days. And yet his misgivings were not so dark as, imagined by the light of this later time, they would appear. Troubled as the future was, it was the unknown future, and in its obscurity there was ignorant hope. The horrible massacre of prisoners, days and nights long, which within a few rounds of the clock, was to set a great mark of blood upon the blessed promising time of harvest, was not far out of his knowledge as if it had been a hundred thousand years away. The "sharp female newly born and called La Guillotine" was hardly known to him, or to the generality of people, by name. The frightful deeds that were to be soon done were probably unimagined at that time in the brains of the doers. How could they have a place in the shadowy conceptions of a gentle mind?

Of unjust treatment in detention and hardship, and in cruel separation from his wife and child, he foreshadowed the likelihood; at the certainty; but beyond this he dreaded nothing distinctly. With this on his mind, which was enough to carry into a dreary prison court-yard, he arrived at the prison of La Force.

A man who had a heavy bunch of keys at his wicket, to whom Defarge presented "The Emigrant Evremonde."

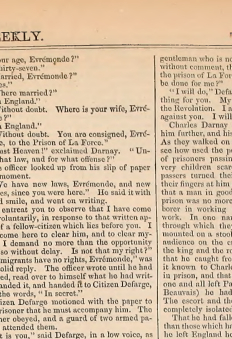
"What the Devil! How many more of them!" exclaimed the man with the bloated face.

Defarge took his receipt without noticing the exclamation, and withdrew with his two fellow-patriots.

"What the Devil, I say again!" exclaimed the jailer, left with his wife. "How many more?"

The jailer's wife, being provided with no answer to the question, merely replied, "One must have patience, my dear!" Three turnkeys, who entered responsive to a bell she rang, echoed the sentiment, and one added, "For the love of Liberty," which sounded in that place like an inappropriate conclusion.

The prison of La Force was a gloomy prison, dark and filthy, and with a horrible smell of



"YOU ARE A CURSED EMIGRANT," CRIED A FARRIER.

town on the high-road, still a long way from Paris.

Nothing but the production of the afflicted Gabelle's letter from his prison of the Abbaye would have got him on so far. His difficulty at the guard-house in this small place had been such, that he had apprehended to have come to a crisis. And he was, therefore, as little surprised as a man could be, to find himself awakened, at the small inn to which he had been remitted until morning, in the middle of the night.

Awakened by a timid local functionary and three armed patriots in rough red caps and with pikes in their mouths, who sat down on the bed.

"Emigrant," said the functionary, "I am sorry to send you on to Paris, under an escort."

"Citizen, I desire nothing more than to get to Paris, though I could dispense with the escort."

"Silence!" growled a red-cap, striking at the coverlet with the butt-end of his musket. "Peace, aristocrat!"

"It is as the good patriot says," observed the timid functionary. "You are an aristocrat, and must have an escort—and must pay for it."

"I have no choice," said Charles Darnay.

"Choice! Listen to him!" cried the same growling red-cap. "As if it were not a favor to be protected from the lamp-iron!"

"It is always as the good patriot says," observed the functionary, shrugging his shoulders. "Evrémonde, emigrant!"

Darnay compliled, and was taken back to the guard-house where other patriots in rough red caps were smoking, drinking, and sleeping, by a watch-fire. Here he was detained for the rest of his escort, and hence he started with it on the next day, in company with four other prisoners, two wagons, and three mounted patriots in red caps and tricolored cockades, armed with mustaches and sabres, who rode one on either side of him. The escorted governed his own horse, but a loose line was attached to his bridle, the end of which one of the patriots kept girded round his wrist. In this state they set forth, with the sharp rain driving in their faces: clattering at a heavy dragoon trot over the uneven town pavements, and out upon the muddy roads. In this state they traversed without change, except of horses and pace, all the three-and-leagues that lay between them and the capital.

They traveled in the night, halting an hour or two after daybreak, and lying by until the twilight fell. The escort were so strictchedly ordered that they twisted straw round their hats and legs, and thatched their ragged shoulders to keep the wet off. Apart from the personal discomfort of being so attended, and apart from such considerations of present danger as arose from one of the patriots being chronically drunk, and carrying his musket very recklessly, Charles Darnay did not allow the restraint that was laid upon him to awaken any serious fears in his breast; for he reasoned with himself that it could have no reference to the merits of an individual case that was not yet stated, and of representations, confirmable by the prisoner in the Abbaye, that were not yet made.

But when they came to the town of Beauvais which they did at evening, when the streets were filled with people—he could not conceal from himself that the aspect of affairs was very stunning. An ominous crowd gathered to see him dismount at the posting-yard, and many voices in it called out loudly, "Down with the emigrant!"

He stopped in the act of swinging himself out of his saddle, and, resuming it as his safest place, said:

"Emigrant, my friends! Do you not see me here, in France, of my own will?"

"You are a cursed emigrant," cried a farrier, making at him in a furious manner through the press, hammer in hand; "and you are a cursed aristocrat!"

The postmaster interposed himself between this man and the rider's bridle (at which he was evidently making), and soothingly said, "Let him be; let him be! He will be judged at Paris."

"Judged!" repeated the farrier, swinging his

foul sleep in it. Extraordinary how soon the noisome flavor of imprisoned sleep becomes manifest in all such places that are ill-cared for!

"In secret, too," grumbled the jailer, looking at the written paper. "As if I was not already full to bursting!"

He stuck the paper on a file, in an ill-humor, and Charles Darnay awaited his further pleasure for half an hour: sometimes, pacing to and fro in the strong room; sometimes looking out on a stone seat: in either case detained to be imprinted on the memory of the chief and his subordinates.

"Come!" said the chief, at length taking up his keys, "turn this way, citizen."

Through the dismal prison twilight his new charge accompanied him by corridor and staircase, many doors unlocking and locking behind them, until they came into a large, low, vaulted chamber, crowded with prisoners of both sexes. The women were seated at a long table, reading and writing, knitting, sewing, and working: the men, for the most part, standing behind their chairs or lingering up and down the room.

In the instinctive association of prisoners with wretched clothes and disgrace, the new-comer recoiled from this company. But the crowning unreality of his long unreal ride was, their all at once rising to receive him, with every refinement of manner known to the time, and with all the ongoing graces and courtesies of life.

So strangely clouded were these refinements by the prison manners and gloom, so spectral did they become in the light of the approaching axe and misery through which they were seen, that Charles Darnay seemed to stand in a company of the dead. Ghosts all! The ghost of beauty, the ghost of stateliness, the ghost of elegance, the ghost of high pride and self-assertion, the ghost of wit, the ghost of youth, the ghost of age, all waiting their turn at the window, there to take alone, all turning on him eyes that were changed by the death they had died in coming there.

It struck him motionless. The jailer standing at his side, and the other jailers moving about, who would have been well enough as to appearance in the ordinary exercises of their functions, looked extraordinarily cruel when contrasted with sorrowing mothers and blooming daughters who were there—in all the various conditions of the coquette, the young beauty, and the mature woman delicately bred—that the inversion of appearance and character which makes the scum of shadows presented was heightened to the last degree. Surely, ghosts all! Even the long uneral ride some progress of disease that had brought him to these gloomy shades!

"In the name of the assembly's benevolence in misfortune," said a gentleman of courtly appearance and engaging manners, "I have the honor of giving you welcome to La Force, and of condoling with you on the calamity that has brought you here. May it soon terminate happily! It would be an impertinence elsewhere, but it is not so here, to ask you name and condition?"

Charles Darnay roused himself, gave the required information, in words as suitable as he could find.

"But I hope," said the gentleman, following the chief jailer with his eyes, who moved across the room, "that you are not in secret?"

I do not understand the meaning of the term, but I have heard them say so."

"Ah, what a pity! We so regret it! But take courage; several members of our society have been in secret at first, and it has lasted but a short time." Then he added, looking his voice, "I groive to inform the society—is secret."

There was a murmur of commiseration as Charles Darnay crossed the room to a grated door, where the jailer awaited him with a large key. voices—among which the soft and compassionate voice of women were conspicuous—in him good wishes and encouragement. He turned at the grate to bow to render the thanks of his heart; it closed under the jailer's hand; and the apparitions vanished from his sight forever.

The wicket opened on a stone staircase, leading upward. When he had ascended forty steps (the prisoner of half an hour already counted them), the jailer opened a low, black door, and ushered him into a solitary cell. It struck cold and damp, but was not dark.

"Yours," said the jailer.

"Why am I confined alone?"

"How do I know?"

"I can buy pen, ink, and paper?"

"Such are not my orders. You will be visited, and can ask then. At present, you may buy your food, and nothing more."

There were in the cell a chair, a table, and a straw mattress. As the jailer made these things inspection of these objects, and of the four walls, before going out, to wandering fancy wandered through the mind of the prisoner leaning against the wall opposite to him, that this jailer was an unwholesome blunderer. Stared at by one person, as to look like a man who had been drugged and filled with water. When the door was gone, he thought, in the same wonderful way, "Now am I left, as if I were dead." Stopping there, he looked down at the mattress, and turned from it with a sick feeling, and thought, "And here in these crawling creatures is the first condition of the body after death."

Five paces by four and a half, five paces by four and a half, five paces by four and a half." The prisoner walked to and fro in his cell, counting its measurement, and the roar of the city arose like muffled drums with a wild swell of voices added to them. "He made shoes, he made shoes, he made shoes." The prisoner counted the measurement again, and paced faster, to draw his mind with him from that fatal repetition. "The ghosts that vanished when the wicket closed. There was one among them, the appearance of a lady dressed in black, who was leaning in the embrasure of a window, and she had a light shining upon her golden hair, and she looked like * * * * Let us ride on again, for God's sake, through the illuminated villages with the people all awake! * * * * He made shoes, he made shoes, he made shoes. Five paces by four and a half." With such scraps tossing and rolling upward from the depths of his mind, the prisoner paced faster and faster, obstinately counting and counting; and the roar of the city changed to this extent only, that it grew fainter and fainter in his ears, with the wall of voices that he knew, in the swell that rose above them.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A connoisseur acts as the two following anecdotes:

"A gentleman up in Harlem was this morning after reading Mr. Merlam's article on the recent 'Northern Lights,' moved to a gentleman near him and quietly remarked, 'Mr. Merlam says that the Aurora Borealis were not flashes of light, but were simply picked up a piece and kept it.'

"Another gentleman added, 'I presume Mr. Merlam wants to get the public on a string.'

"The same gentleman soon began to entertain his acquaintance with a story about his dog. Speaking of the recent cool mornings, he said that he was aroused at an early hour on the previous morning by a confused and angry noise under his window. Thinking that his dog, which had been left outside, was in trouble, he quickly dressed to relieve him. On opening the door with his previously unknown key, he got up and went to the window, when he saw his dog snarling at two others, one a vicious terrier and the other a large Newfoundland dog. The dog was on his hindquarters, and was at first into a pull of slippers and went down to take care of his big dog. On arriving at the scene, he was surprised to see on his approach he said the Newfoundland dog began to run, but the dog was still barking at the terrier (a coward), in which close proximity to his vital organs the Newfoundland dog began to trust their interests to flight, and the gentleman behind fattened perilously to his story, exclaiming, 'Run, you fool, run! You don't have nought a severe sore throat.'

An exchange says: "Mr. Thomas Clark has laid upon our table a hen's egg measuring 6½ inches in circumference one way, and 5 inches the other. Can any one beat that?"

We will not exchange inform us whether Mr. Clark is a Shanghai or a Cochin China? or, perhaps the editor is trying to make a goose of himself.

They tell a good story of Hallam and Rogers. The poet said,

"How do you do, Hallam?"

"Do what?"

"How do you find yourself?"

"I never find myself."

"Well, how have you been?"

"Been what?"

"Pshaw! how do you feel?"

"Feel what?"

"Good-morning, Hallam."

"It's not a good morning."

Rogers could say no more.

"John, did you ever bet on a horse-race?"

"No; and I've seen my share of them and more."

Much remains unsung," as the tom-cat remarked to the bricklad, when it abruptly cut short his serenade.

ARTEMAS WARD'S COURTING EXPERIENCE.

"I was a-sum still in love, when all natur was bustid, & nary a Zeffer distributed the sesame silence. I set with the hoss of my hart's affeckshun on the fence, & her father's dorter. I had experienced a hankerin after this gal for sum time, & hed diskovered by parlis, sez, sez I, that there was no fizzin enuff in her bile to draw a bukkin as red as the Rubbin' skolar doze, & sez I to myself, sez I, I'll hev a interview with her, or I'll make no dust. Mi left arm out skeegiks in ballansin myself on the fence, but my right arm was mostly affekshunate, to round Susanner's waste. Sez I, 'Susanner, I thinke you're purty well to-day.' Sez she, 'How you is now.' Sez I, 'I with there was winders to mi sole sez ye cood see sum of mi feelins.' Sez she, 'Ahem.' I shood hev, but on the moov no reply to it, I continued on in the following manner. Sez I, 'Susanner, I hev sumthin to say to you on yer accounk, how virtiks has seed to be attractive to me, & I shood like to no how you feel on the subjick.' Sez she, 'Ahem.' Sez I, 'Susanner, I hev bin a-settin on this fence for sum time, & I hev diskivered that sum two-legged critter, with a wite neck-tie & a bulgin belly, has bin a-settin on the fence next to our'n, & I hev diskivered that he has bin a-tryin to get my gurl away from me, & I hev diskivered that he has bin a-tryin to pursooce my gurl, & I hev diskivered that he has bin a-tryin to get my gurl away from me, & I hev diskivered that he has bin a-tryin to pursooce my gurl, & I hev diskivered that he has bin a-tryin to pursooce my gurl, & I hev diskivered that he has bin a-tryin to pursooce my gurl

Mercantile Record.

Patent Champion Safes.
E. C. Herring & Co., 191 Broadway.

Wilder's Patent Salamander Safe.
E. C. Wilder & Co., 191 Broadway.

Singer's Sewing Machines.

Are superior for all manufacturing purposes.
Are more desirable for all kinds of family sewing.
Are capable of doing a greater variety of work.
Are free from the faults of other machines.
Are almost noiseless in their operations.
Are less liable to get out of order, and therefore worth more.
Are perfectly simple and easily kept in order.
Are cheaper because they earn more money.
Are just the Machine for every family.

I. M. SINGER & CO.,
No. 458 Broadway, corner of Grand.

ELIOT & PATTEN—Examine Inventions and procure American and Foreign Patents. A general agency examines mine specimens of Patent Office Rulings. Washington City, D. C.

MISS HAINES
Respectfully informs her friends and the public that her school,
No. 10 GRAMERCY PARK,
EAST 20TH STREET,
Will commence on Tuesday, Sept. 20.
A practical attendance of the pupils is requested.
Those who have confided their daughters to Miss HAINES in years past, may be assured that no continued desire and, as the basis, increased advancement in the pupils is a guarantee that the accomplished education which the old and well-established school will give to their tender care.
Circulars will be sent to applicants, as well as such information as may be desired, in regard to the moral and intellectual improvement of those committed to their care.

THE "DIAPHRAGM FILTER,"
Manufactured by Messrs. MCKENZIE & O'HARA, is the kind of porous silex which is alluded to in recent reports of the Croton Board. I consider the artificial stone which constitutes the "Diaphragm" an excellent article for the purpose. The instrument is quite durable, and will be found extremely economical to insure its proper action.
JAMES R. CHILTON, M.D., Chemist.
New York, Aug. 28, 1859.
Messrs. MCKENZIE & O'HARA, 326 4th Street, cor. Mercer.

Lester's Lock-Stitch Sewing Machines
ARE
Woodworth's Planing Machines.
Office 383 Broadway. J. M. LESTER.

$100 A MONTH!!
Agents Wanted!
We want Agents in every City and County in the United States and Canada. To the above will more can be made by addressing DAVIS & CO.,
Macon, Georgia,
who will send full particulars.

MURRAY HALL — REV. J. J. EL-MENDORF'S SCHOOL for Young Ladies, 191 West 16th Street, New York. Ninth Session begins Tuesday, Sept. 13th.

Rockland Female Institute.
NYACK, ON THE HUDSON, N. Y.
This is a Ladies' Seminary, in the highest order. Situated in a most healthful and beautiful location, directly on the Hudson River, and but 24 miles from the City of New York, or farther particulars, address
REV. D. K. & MARY ELLIS, Principals.
P. S.—The next Annual Session begins Sept. 5th.

ROUND HILL WATER-CURE AND HOME INSTITUTION, NORTH MILTON, N. H. Hull, M.D., Proprietor and Principal Physician. Dr. H.'s success in the treatment of chronic diseases is well known. It has been tested in the treatment of five thousand cases in sixteen years' experience. The cure is speedy and reliable. Those brought on beds, even, are soon enabled to walk. Dyspepsia in its worst form, of spinal diseases, paralysis, and loss of the use of the limbs have been cured by the Water-Cure treatment in most cases in far more rapid in the cool months. For the successful treatment of other chronic diseases, our Circular sent gratis.

F. S. CLEAVER'S
PRIZE MEDAL HONEY SOAP.
The only soap possessing a delicate honey odor, a lasting and delicate perfume, and is warranted not to harden the skin.

Beware of Counterfeits.
F. S. CLEAVER'S celebrated Medicated Honey Soap, and Glycerine and Honey Soap, and Camphor Tooth Powder for sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers. Also the respectable Drug and Fancy Store in the United States.
Manufactory in London.
Wholesale Depot 31 and 33 Dey Street, New York.
F. S. CLEAVER, Jr. BOSTON, Agt.

$30 PER MONTH. — Wanted, Good Book Canvassers, at $30 per month and expenses paid. Address
S. F. FRENCH & CO.,
129 Nassau Street, New York.

Wood's Patent Lock Stitch Sewing Machines are well adapted to the use of Families, Tailors, Dressmakers, &c. Price $30 to $35.
WHITLEY & WOOD,
417 Broadway, N. Y.

American Guano.
TO FARMERS AND DEALERS
In Guano. This Guano from Jarvis Island, in the Pacific Ocean, which has been proved to be the most valuable fertilizer ever discovered, is offered for sale in whole or less quantities, not less than two tons the price of Peruvian. For pamphlets and further information, apply to the American Guano Co., 60 Williams Street, New York.

Profitable Employment.
$75 A MONTH.—READ THIS.—Agents Wanted—Extra inducements for 1860. All persons IN WANT OF EMPLOYMENT will do well to receive our Catalogue of Books for the New Year, prepaid, by forwarding us their address. Particular attention is requested to the liberal offers we make to all persons engaging in the sale of our Large Type Quick SELLING FAMILY BIBLE, with about One Thousand Engravings. Our terms are the most liberal offered. The Illustrated Pictorial Family Bible, with a well bound Subscription Book, and is carefully boxed, and delivered, carriage paid, at our risk and expense, to any express office in Chicago or Milwaukee. Address, with stamp, GEO. F. CALDWELL, Chicago, Ill. Orders for the Bible will be the most salable.—Address, post-paid,
ROBERT SEARS, Publisher,
No. 181 William Street, New York.

RYLANDS' GALVANIZED TELEGRAPH Wire, Steel Wire, Spring Wire, and Market Wire. For sale by J. J. HAGLETHORN,
94 John Street, New York.

Boynton's Self-Clearing, Self-Packing, and Ventilating Gas-Tight Furnace has been thoroughly tested in numerous public and private buildings for years, and has proved itself to be the MOST DURABLE, ECONOMICAL, AND PERFECT GAS FURNACE for market. Call and examine the merits of this Furnace, or send for descriptive circulars with testimonials of those who have them in use.
RICHARDSON, BOYNTON & CO.,
No. 360 Canal Street, New York.

THE ORIGINAL FRANK MILLER'S Lactic Deposit of VEGETABLE SOAP.
GIL BLACKING.
For sale by T. DUBRUL, 181 Pearl Street.

A New Thing for Every Family.
The Shilling
BENZINE
A NEW ARTICLE FOR TAKING OUT
Paint, Varnish, and Greasy Stains
FROM SILKS, OR WOOLENS OF ALL KINDS.
Without Injuring their Color or Texture, while leaving no unpleasant smell or residue, as with the use of other Cleaning Oluxes without altering their Color. Sold by Druggists and Grocers. *Buyers Off all Kinds.*
The SHILLING BENZINE is put up solely by the Proprietor of the SHILLING HAIR TONIC.
Wholesale Depot, 191 Water Street, New York.
Price 12 Cents.
Enterprising Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers will find the above a most rapid selling Article.

HARD TIMES NO MORE.—ANY Lady or Gentleman can make from $10 to $20 per evening, from $3 to $7, on cost laster on easy and respectable business, by calling at 129 Nassau-st. up one flight.
For particulars, address (with stamp)
W. E. ACTON & CO., 41 North SIXTH Street,
Philadelphia.

A REAL HOME LUXURY, COMBINING the intellectual, strengthening, and social amusement.—Rest stereoscopes and views at less than half the usual prices. Best slide views at $1 per dozen; second do. $1; best colored views at $3 per dozen; second do. $2; best stereoscopes, $5 each. Catalogues with one dozen views for only $1 50.
UNION STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY, 375 Broadway.

GRAND OPENING AT MME. DEMO-REST'S superior of fashions. 473 Broadway, west of all the novelties. Patterns of the latest designs for ladies' basques, wrappers, mantillas, sleeves, and children's apparel always on hand.

ABBOTT'S
AGE OF PROGRESS.
(MONTHLY)
DEVOTED TO ART, SCIENCE, LITERATURE, POLITICS, AGRICULTURE, AND THE DRAMA.
Will be published Oct. 1st, 1859.
Price 82 50 per annum.
A Offer of Distribution
TIMES BUILDING,
No. 49 PARK ROW.

PROTESTANT FRENCH INSTITUTE for YOUNG GENTLEMEN, Morristown, New Jersey, 24 miles from Madison Park. Boarding and Day School. CLASSICAL, SCIENTIFIC, AND COMMERCIAL COURSES. Opened on the 12th of September. Thorough instruction in the French language, as well as in branches, including the Spanish and German languages. The Principal is a native of the school. Comfortable arrangements for a limited number of pupils. Prospectus, with testimonials, &c., may be had at principal and of their parents during the past four years, &c., to be had.
Rev. CHARLES ADOLPHE MONOD.
References: Paris, Rev. Dr. F. Monod.
" Rev. Dr. Adolphe Monod.
Washington, Hon. Lewis Cass, Secretary of State.
Boston, Prof. E. Desor.
Princeton, Prof. A. Guyot.
New York, Prof. Henry, President of Columbia College.
Rev. Dr. J. Ferris, Chancellor of the N. Y. University.
Rev. Dr. R. S. Storrs.
Rev. Dr. E. Hawks.

Curiosities from India.
CHINESE SHOES, SHAWLS, &c.
RARE PORCELAINS, RICH FANS, &c.
All goods are at fair prices.
FOUNTAIN'S INDIA STORE,
653 Broadway,
Wholesale and Retail.

Guimes & Son's Extra Double Steel and Patent Lever Metallic Keys and Levered Fronts. For sale by their Sole Agent, GEO. W. ELLIOTT, 191 Water & 187 Front Streets, New York.

EXPERIENCED AGENTS WANTED IN all parts of the country to obtain Subscribers for "LOSSING'S PICTORIAL FIELD-BOOK OF THE REVOLUTION," a new Volume Royal Octavo, containing upward of 1000 pages and 1100 beautiful Illustrations. The work will be sold exclusively by Agents, to each of whom a special District will be given. Best Inducements offered. Applicants should name the County they would prefer. For full particulars address GEO. W. ELLIOTT, care HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

Kelty Brothers & Lum,
UPHOLSTERY GOODS,
No. 1261
BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
CHURCH WINDOW-SHADES, STORE WINDOW-SHADES, PIVOTED LABELLING WINDOW-SHADES, LACE CURTAINS, DAMASK CURTAINS, CUTTY AND LAMBREQUINS, BUFF, WHITE, AND GREEN HOLLAND SHADES,
GILT AND WOODEN BANDS, &c.

MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES.—A magnificent edition of this standard work, with accompaniments by Sir JOHN STEVENSON, now being published in parts, at 25 cents each, by
HENRY C. SLEIGHT & MASON,
No. 181 William Street, New York.

EVERETT HOUSE,
HAWLEY D. CLAFLIN, PROPRIETOR,
NORTH SIDE UNION SQUARE,
NEW YORK.

INTERNATIONAL HOTEL,
NIAGARA FALLS.
ROBERT GRACIE, late of the firm of COLLAMER & STETSON, of the Astor House, and recently engaged at the St. Nicholas Hotel, New York, has, in connection with his new, FREDERICK W. CULLEN, leased the International Hotel, Niagara Falls, having been enlarged and greatly improved, it is now fully prepared to receive the patronage of visiting pilgrims.

Richardson's New Method
FOR THE
PIANO FORTE
IS
A DECIDED SUCCESS!
AND IS RAPIDLY BECOMING
The Standard Work of Piano Instruction.
An Examination will convince any one of its SUPERIORITY AND GENUINE MERIT.
Two Editions are published, one adapting American, the other European Fingering. When the work is ordered, if no preference is designated, the edition with American Fingering will be sent. Price $3, or a copy of which it will be forwarded by Mail, post-paid.
Published by OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.

PIMMEL'S WHITE ALMOND SOAP and PIMMEL'S FAIR SOAP are confidently recommended for their unrivalled properties and delightful aroma.
Sold by all the Trade.
E. RIMMEL, *Perfumer, London and Paris.*

ISAAC DAVEGA—LATE OF CHARLESTON, S. C.—Now practising medical selection without Mercury, at 274 Broadway, New York.—For the convenience of invalids residing in the country, he will spend at the above office, for the round of their menses and business, every Saturday in New York; accessible to all without charge.

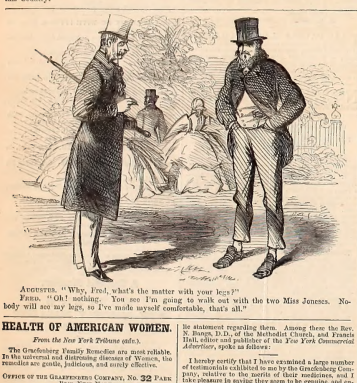
NOW READY, CAMP'S PHILANTHROPICAL LETTER TO THE MILLION. Dedicated to Miss CHARLOTTE DAYMAN.
ON THE SABBATH QUESTION.
Price 6 cents; $3 per 100; $25 per 1000.
By F. F. CAMP.
Prize Tea Cents. Orders by all Newsdealers.
FREDERIC A. BRADY, Publisher,
No. 25 Park Row, New York.

HIGHLY IMPORTANT TO BOTH SEXES.—Married or Single, in health or disease.—MEDICAL ADVICE AND MANAGE GUIDE, 20th edition, over 400 pages, fine cloth, and above 100 Engravings from life. Sent free to any address in the United States and London Physician and Surgeon, now of New York City. The Author may be consulted on the above, and every adult person, as it improves knowledge all have sought for in vain elsewhere. Sold and bought by the author of the country, by W. A. TOWNSEND & CO., No. 191 Water St., N. Y.

Beechnave, a Great Physician, who taught and practised medicine for over 20 years, ordered, after his death, all his extensive medical library to be burned, excepting one volume of immense size. This was handed to his son by his father. "They contain a rich professional veneration: it was all blank leaves; neither writing or printing was there, save and except a single line engraved in plain German text three words. "Heed cool, heed warm, heed sweat, spew, with keep abstinence." He might have added, "If the patient is hot, cool; warm, warm; cold, warm; if sweating, dry; if dry, sweat; and retrieve him, if it can be done, by any and every means, from the grave, but the consequences of nature's efforts to relieve herself of offensive and hurtful matter, which if injudiciously interfered with, is of more injury than the disease itself." Beechnave's prescriptions could be evacuated, and these secretions which are nearly worked off by the natural efforts of nature, my dear patient, will be sure and do no harm. Remember, tissue for five years is the life of the human body, and this is necessary for the hair existence and of her powers." Brittle tissues had a brittle hair existence. Dr. Beechnave's Medicated Soap was like Beechnave's pills, impregnated with the same remedial agents which were found so beneficial in the disease

IN THE CENTRAL PARK.

DISTINGUISHED FOREIGNER. "My good man—aw—can you direct me to the Wide—the Wotten Wow—aw—where people wide in your Park?"
LABOURER. "Is it the Ride you're wantin'? Faith, then, you're in it now."
Distinguished Foreigner notes down this fresh proof of American barbarity, and resolves to devote a Chapter to it in his forthcoming Book on this Country.



"Why, Fred, what's the matter with your legs?"
FRED. "Oh! nothing. You see I'm going to walk out with the two Miss Joneses. Nobody will see my legs, so I've made myself comfortable, that's all."

HEALTH OF AMERICAN WOMEN.

From the New York Tribune (edit.).

The Graefenberg Family Remedies are most reliable. In the universal and distressing diseases of Women, the remedies are gentle, judicious, and surely effective.

OFFICE OF THE GRAEFENBERG COMPANY, No. 32 PARK ROW, NEW YORK.

The letters addressed by the Graefenberg Company to the leading physicians and professors of medical science in this country, have resulted in the proof that the medical profession are still without remedies for the cure of those distressing and common diseases of women which are not with in every family, and that every deep-seated or difficult case must remain sacred unfair touch upon the principles advocated by the Medical Board of the Graefenberg Company.

It is with feelings of great pride that the Investigating Committees appointed by the Graefenberg Institution, announce that the great change in public sentiment, which has taken place in favor of remedies understood themselves and to cure their own ills, has been traced in a great degree to the arguments and proofs advanced by the Graefenberg Company for the last twelve years. Formerly the physiology and anatomy and diseases of the females sex were never taught there; now the leading female seminaries in the land make this an important branch of study, under the charge of able female preceptors. Once woman was not allowed to enter the sciences except as a name; now there are many of the bright and shining ornaments to the medical profession. Once woman, to make her truly cultivated, refined and Christian, was obliged to enable her to know enough to preserve health; now she is not considered well educated, has been one of the great ends resulting from the incorporation of the Graefenberg Company.

THE FAMILY MEDICINES prepared by the Graefenberg Company consist of eleven remedies. They are prepared by a skilful physician, and are confidently offered as the best in the world. Full notices of them, and of all diseases incident to this country, will be found in the *Graefenberg Manual of Health*, a medical work for family use to the extent of 300 pages—elegantly illustrated with colored engravings. LF *To be forwarded by mail, free of postage, to any part of the country, on the receipt of twenty-five cents.*

In offering the following testimonials we desire to say that, some years since, finding the letters and certificates multiply to a cumbersome degree, we submitted them to several gentlemen of eminent position, requesting a public statement regarding them. Among these the Rev. S. Bangs, D.D., of the Methodist Church, and Francis Hall, editor and publisher of the *New York Commercial Advertiser*, spoke as follows:

I hereby certify that I have examined a large number of testimonials exhibited to me by the Graefenberg Company, relative to the merits of their medicines, and I take pleasure in saying they seem to be genuine, and entitled to the confidence of the public. My personal acquaintance with some of the members of the Company fully justifies me in expressing the opinion that their medicines are worthy of public confidence.

FRANCIS HALL,
Ed. and Propr. N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

I hereby certify that I have examined a number of testimonials exhibited to me by the Graefenberg Company, relative to the merits of their medicines, and I take pleasure in saying that they present evidences of genuineness, and are, therefore, entitled to the confidence of the public.

S. BANGS, D.D.,
Of the Methodist Church.

Certificates regarding the efficacy of the Graefenberg Medicines have been published from the Rev. D. Jones, Methodist Clergyman, Dodgeville, Wis.; the Rev. Peter Shaw, Methodist Clergyman, Ridgeway, Mich.; the Rev. C. A. Fox, Baptist Clergyman, Benton, N.Y.; the Rev. T. D. Fleyce, Methodist Clergyman, Hartford, Conn.; the Rev. E. J. Hardesty, Episcopal Clergyman, Buffalo, N.Y.

I am a Methodist Clergyman. My heart has fairly ached to witness the feeble health of women, as I have traveled my circuit, preaching the Gospel. I thank God, however, that I have seen all these diseases give way to the Graefenberg Marshall's Uterine Catholicon, wherever it has been used.

REV. PETER SHARP, Ridgeway, Mich.

PITTSFIELD, N. H., Sept. 5, 1859.

I send you one dollar, for which you will please send me your Graefenberg Vegetable Pills. Your medicine for females is working wonders.

DANIEL PHILBRICK, Pittsfield, N. H.

Certificates regarding the Graefenberg Company's Medicines and Medicinal Catholicon have been published from—

JOHN GREENWOOD, JR., *Proprietor Barnum's American Museum.*

HON. JOHN B. BIDDLE, *President Lake Ontario and Auburn Rivers Railroad.*

W. D. PARSONS, Esq., *Publisher of N. Y. Daily and Weekly Dove.*

Hon. J. M. WEEKDEY, *Pres't Melville Gold Mines, Ex-Gov. Wm. Smith, Governor of Virginia.*

Gov. Jas. D. WESTCOTT, *Governor of Florida.*

Hon. G. HARDEY, *U. S. Commissioner to Great Britain.*

DR. A. A. HAYES, *State Chemist and Assayer, Mass.*, and many other eminent men.

In connection with the diseases of women for which the Graefenberg Company's Marshall's Uterine Catholicon is offered as a certain cure, Miss Catharine Bercher, in "Letters to the People," page 125, says: "I have miscarriages and stillbirths, and fourteen female cousins all married, and all delicate and ailing. Amid the immence circle of my friends and acquaintance I can not recall to mind a single case, in this country and country, who are healthy and robust.

In all of these cases, however, where the GRAEFENBERG CATHOLICON has been used, we must say health has regularly taken the place of disease, and babies have become robust, strong, vigorous, and healthy.

[THE GRAEFENBERG MARSHALL'S UTERINE CATHOLICON

is offered as a certain cure in cases of female disease accompanied with any of the following symptoms:

Irregularities—Weakness—Faintness—
Deranged Appetite—Saliow Complexion—
Pain in the Back and Kidneys—Chills—
Cold Hands and Feet—Shortness—Feverishness—
Neuralgia—Palpitation of the Heart—
Dizziness—Drowsiness—Headaches—Restlessness—
Disturbed Sleep—Flushes of Heat—General Pallor—
Crawling and pain in the limbs between the shoulders—
Acid Stomach—Nausea—Indigestion—
Difficult passing of urine with heat or smarting—
Itching—Burning or irritation in the uterine organs—
Nightmare—Despair—Hysterics—Anxiety—
Red face—Nervous twitching—Starting—Constipation—
Irritable temper—Sadness—Deprived Appetite—
Flatulence, Bloated and irregular bowels—
Lumbar Pains—Pain in the uterine region—
Numbness and pains in the limbs.

All suppressions in young girls, and the cough and decline so commonly attending them in the young, are relieved quickly and surely by the Catholicon.

Price $1 50 *per bottle; five bottles for* $6. *It can be safely sent by Express.*

LF CAUTION.

AN ARTICLE WHOLLY UNADULTERATED, SOLELY EXERCISING THE RIGHTS AND LABOR, HAS BEEN PUT IN CIRCULATION.

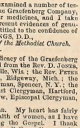
Letters letters and orders to

JOSHUA F. BRIDGE, M.D.,
Secretary and Consulting Physician, Graefenberg Company, No. 32 PARK ROW, NEW YORK.

LF *Invalids throughout the country may address Dr. Bridge by letter, stating their health with perfect confidence.*

LF *Medicines are not ordered, and an extended course is not used, the utmost must confidence can deduce to insure safety.*

LF PERSONAL CONSULTATION MAY BE HAD WITH DR. BRIDGE AT THE CONSULTING ROOMS OF THE INSTITUTION, NO. 32 PARK ROW, OFFICE HOURS 9 TO 1, AND 3 TO 4.



These celebrated and pleasant Bitters are highly recommended by the faculty as the purest and finest Tonic and Stimulant ever offered to the public for General Debility, Loss of Appetite, Constipation, and other Derangements of the Stomach.

PERFECTLY DRUGGIST,
No. 145 Water Street.
For Sale Everywhere.

TEACHERS WANTED—Accomplished in Music and the Ornamentals—French and Classics, for the vacancies of the National Seminary Institute, 128 Broadway, N. Y. RICE & ANDREWS, Principals.

DR. J. B. MARCHISI'S
CELEBRATED
UTERINE CATHOLICON,
FOR THE RELIEF AND CURE OF SUFFERING FEMALES.

With such universal suffering as saddens the female life, a really efficient medicine must be welcome. Where the most eminent physicians have been foiled, the Catholicon has restored health to the patient and happiness to the fireside. "The cures of Female Complaints by Marchisi's Catholicon are truly surprising."—*The Hartford Standard.* "It has cured an obstinate case in our own family."—Women's *Advocate, Phila.* "In this city several of the most distressing cases like this I use it in my practice with astonishing results."—*Dr. Hall's Journal of Health, N. Y.* "We have tested it in cases of Irregularities, Uterations, Leucorrhœa, Bleeding and Painful Menstruation, Prolapsus Uteri, etc., with great success. It is worthy of the notice of every family."—Jno. C. Orrick, M.D., *Baltimore, Md.* "Marchisi's medical men to use it."—Jesse Lee, M.D., *Lebanon, Ville, Ga.* Such letters pour in from a thousand sources, showing it is

Never taken without Benefit.

It is safer, and efficient in any form of disease peculiar to the Female Sex. Daughters, Wives, and Mothers, Marchisi's Catholicon will cure you. A pamphlet, with symptoms, treatment, letters, &c., sent gratis by mail, or delivered by Agents. LF Do not confound Dr. Marchisi with any other name. It is sold at $1 per bottle, or five bottles for $5, by an Agent in almost every town where it is not found, cash or money, and order by Express. Address

BARNES & PARK, General Agents,
No. 25 Cedar and 18 PARK ROW, N. Y.,
Or J. D. PIER, Cincinnati; Weeks & Potter, Boston; J. Wyld & Co., New Orleans. J. D. MARCHISI, M.D.

English Brussels Carpets,

Tile, 5-8c. per yd.; Two-ply Ingrain Carpets, 49 to 62c. per yd. Oilcloths, Rugs, Mats, Matting, Table and Piano Covers, Gold Window Shades, very cheap.
HIRAM ANDERSON'S, No. 79 Canal Street,
Sign of the large Gold Eagle.

DELANO Life-Preserving Coat and Vest Company.

Vest not inflated.

Vest inflated.

Office and Salesroom No. 256 Broadway, opposite the City Hall Park.

The above Company are Manufacturers of every kind of Life Preserving Garments to which they would call the attention of all persons traveling upon the water, especially upon the water—ladies, gentlemen and children who would have *perfect* security and additional pleasure while bathing—boat and yacht clubs, and all who are fond of aquatic sports, &c., read the following testimonials from the highest authority in the land:

NAVY YARD, WASHINGTON, Nov. 24, 1853.

SIR—

Agreeably to your order of the 1st inst., we have witnessed a series of satisfactory experiments with Mr. A. DELANO'S Life-Preserving Vest, and have the honor to report that we consider it a valuable invention—well adapted as the means of saving human life, from its convenient form, and the readiness with which it can be inflated, and slight liability to get out of order.

With regard, your obedient servants,

CHARLES C. TURNER,
Commander U. S. Navy.
WM. B. MAYNADIER, *Lieutenant.*
TH. W. PATTERSON, *Lieutenant.*
GEORGE WILMARTH, *Boatswain.*
W. H. HAMILTON, *Gunner.*
To ISAAC TOUEY, *Secretary of the Navy.*

NEWPORT, R. I., October 6th 1853.

Delano Life-Preserving Coat and Vest Company.

GENTLEMEN—I have examined the improved Life-Preserving Vest, invented by T. A. Delano, and have seen it put in many severe tests, all of which it has so admirably stood that I consider it a perfect protection against drowning. The elastic straps permit a large amount of inflation without confining or disturbing the body, and, as far as I am aware, are entirely new device and a very useful one.

Yours, very respectfully,
CULLUM.
GEO. W. CULLUM,
Capt. U. S. Engineers.

Designed for the use of the *Medical Profession* and the *Family*, having superseded the so-called "Gins"—Aromatic, "Cordial," "Medicated," &c., &c., now used by all of the prominent physicians, chemists, and confectioners in preparing all of those *various and exquisite* tonic and diuretic which belong to an *old and pure* Gin. Put up in quart bottles and pints by all druggists, grocers, &c.

A. M. BININGER & CO.,
(Established in 1778.) SOLE PROPRIETORS,
No. 128 Broadway, N.Y.

PIANO FORTES.

RAVEN, BACON & CO.,
Piano Forte Manufacturers, Warerooms No. 125 Grand Street, near Broadway, where a full assortment of Instruments are kept on hand, exclusively of our own manufacture. Warranted in every respect.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. III.—No. 144.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1859. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THE LAST WORDS OF JUGGLING JERRY.

Fetch here the tent, while the old horse grazes:
By the old hedge-side we'll halt a stage.
It's nigh my last above the daisies:
My next leaf I'll be man's think page.
Yes, my old girl! and it's no use crying:
Juggler, constable, king, must bow.
One that outjuggles all 's been spying
Long to have me, and has me now.

We've traveled times to this old common:
Often we've hung our pots in the gorse.
We've had a stirring life, old woman!
You, and I, and the old gray horse.
Race and fair, and royal occasions,
Found us coming to their call:
Now they'll wear us at our stations;
There's a Juggler outjuggles all!

Up goes the lark, as if all were jolly!
Over the duck-pond the willow shakes.
It's easy to think that grieving's folly,
When the hand's firm as driven stakes.
Ay! when we're strong, and braced, and manful,
Life's a sweet fiddle: but we're a batch
Born to become the Great Juggler's handful:
Balls he shies up, and is safe to catch.

Here's where the lads of the village cricket:
I was a lad not wide from here:
Couldn't I juggle the bails off the wicket?
Like an old world there days appear!
Donkey, sheep, geese, and thatch'd ale-house. I know 'em!

They're old friends of my hats, and scent,
Somehow, as if kind thanks I even 'em:
Juggling don't hinder the heart's esteem.

Juggling's no sin, for we must have victual:
Nature allows us to bait for the fool.
Bidding me's own makes us juggle no little;
But, to increase it, hard juggling's the rule.
Yes that are sneering at my profession,
Haven't you juggled a vast amount?
There's the Prime Minister, in one Session,
Juggles more gudes than my sins'll count.

JUGGLING JERRY.

I've murder'd insects with mock thunder:
Conscience, for that, in men don't quail.
I've made bread from the loomp of wonder:
That's my business, and there's my tale.
Fashion and rank all praised the professor:
Ay! and I've had my smile from the Queen:
Bravo, Jerry! she meant: God bless her!
Ain't this a sermon on that scene?

I've studied men from my topsy-turvy
Close, and, I reckon, rather true.
Some are fine fellows: some, right scurvy;
Most, a dash between the two.
But it's a woman, old girl, that makes me
Think more kindly of the race:
And it's a woman, old girl, that shakes me
When the Great Juggler I must face.

We two were married, dun and legal:
Honest we've lived since we've been one.
Lord! I could then jump like an eagle:
You danced bright as a bit o' the sun.
Birds in a May-bush we were! right merry!
All night we kissed—we juggled all day.
Joy was the heart of Juggling Jerry!
Now from his old girl he's juggled away.

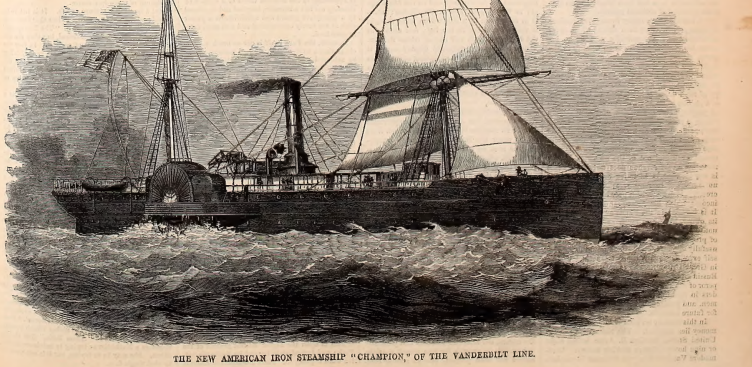
It's past parsons to console us:
No, nor no doctor fetch for me:
I can die without my bolus;
Two of a trade, Jess, never agree.
Parson and Doctor!—don't they love rarely,
Fighting the devil in other men's fields!
Stand up yourself and match him fairly:
Then see how the rascal yields!

I, Jess, have lived no gipsy, flaunting
Finery while his poor helpmate grubs:
Coin I've stored, and you won't be wanting:
You shan't beg from the trough or tubs.
Nobly you've stuck to me, though in his kitchen
Duke might kneel to coil you Cook:
Palaces you could have ruled and grown rich in,
But old Jerry you never forsook.

Hand up the chirper! ripe ale winks in it;
Let's have comfort and be at peace.
Once a stout draught made me light as a linnet.
Cheer up! the Lord must have his lease.
Maybe—for none see in that black hollow—
It's just a place where we're held in pawn,
And, when the Great Juggler makes us to swallow,
It's just the sweet-trick—I ain't quite gone!

Yonder came smells of the gorse, so nutty,
Gold-like and warm: it's the prime of May.
Better than mortar, brick, and pottery,
Is God's house on a blowing day.
Lean me more up the mound; now I feel it:
All the old heath-smells! Ain't it strange?
There's the world laughing, as if to conceal it,
But He is by us, juggling the change.

I mind it well, by the sea-beach lying,
Once—it's long gone—when two gulls we beheld,
Which, as the moon got up, were flying
Down a big wave that spark'd and swell'd.



THE NEW AMERICAN IRON STEAMSHIP "CHAMPION," OF THE VANDERBILT LINE.

Crack! went a gun: one fell: the second
Wheel'd round him twice, and was off for new luck:
Then in the dark her white wing beckon'd
Give me a kiss—I'm the bird dead-struck li

THE STEAMSHIP "CHAMPION."

We engrave on the preceding page the new iron steamship *Champion*, of the Vanderbilt Line. She has just been built by Harlan & Hollingsworth, of Wilmington, Delaware, and is, we believe, the largest iron steamship ever constructed on this side the Atlantic. Her length is 259 feet; breadth of beam, 53; depth of hold, 26; her burden, by engineers' measurement, 1850 tons. She has 90 state-rooms in the main cabins, and contains sleeping accommodations for 500 cabin and 250 steerage passengers—total, 750 souls. She can carry 600 tons of freight, besides fuel enough for 20 days' consumption. She is a side-wheel steamer; has two beam engines, each 64 inch diameter of piston, and 10 feet length of stroke.

We have been unable to ascertain the cost of the *Champion*, as parties not yet quite settled, and her owner has not closed the construction account.

As the first iron sea-going steamer of the first-class ever built in this country she deserves special attention, and, if successful, general imitation by the shipbuilders.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1859.

THE PROSPECT.

THE imports of the current fiscal year are estimated by the Treasury Department at $200,000,000, about $20,000,000 more than those of the most active commercial year this country has ever known. On the other hand, it is known that the wheat crop this year is the largest ever grown; the cotton crop, it is estimated, will amount to four million bales. Taking every thing into consideration, and bearing in mind that reasons are always presented prior to exports, it is quite likely that the foreign trade of the United States this fiscal year may in fact amount to about $100,000,000 each way —that is to say, $400,000,000 exported in cotton, gold, breadstuffs, provisions, rice, oil, tobacco, manufactures, etc., and $400,000,000 imported in sugars, dry goods, teas, coffee, hides, and manufactures, and foreign produce of various kinds.

This is not as large a trade as that of Great Britain or France, both of which countries import and export about one quarter more than the amount above mentioned. But it is the largest business ever done by the United States; and considering that the bulk of our foreign trade is carried on with nations at great distances, and that our immediate neighbors are not actively commercial, it is a very large trade indeed.

There are reasons why our trade should be large, and our prosperity steadily on the increase. We are not given, in this journal, to indulge in "spread-eagle vein;" the fact of our business is so generally understood, and so popular among our people, that the best office a weekly paper can render is, to check rather than to encourage the national tendency to brag, and boast, and inflate. But there can be no harm, at the present time, when so many people have but half-recovered from the depressing influence of the crisis of 1857, in drawing attention to a few facts bearing upon this great question of national growth.

We have in the country twenty-five millions of white people, every man among them is industriously and energetically working to increase his means. There is no country in the world, except China, of which as much can be said. No such proposition can be stated with regard to Great Britain, or France, or Russia, for instance. In each of these countries a majority of rank deprives the nation of the energies of a portion of people. The vast half the landed property and the wealth of Great Britain belong to persons who are not engaged in commerce, and who have no desire and no incentive to increase their means. Much of the wealth this owned is, so far as national growth is concerned, mere dead stock. Out of the way. A nobleman's vast revenue does not fructify; it is not invested in lucrative enterprises; it is not embarked in commerce; it does not increase. Many a British peer has precisely the income which his great-grandfather enjoyed. It is invested in the Funds and is lent, and its owner, having as much as he wants, seeks not to augment it. Hence an immense amount of property in this country would be usefully employed, and which would double itself every few years, lies dormant and useless in Great Britain. The same thing is true of Russia and of France, though the present Emperor of the French has certainly achieved wonders in opening the locks of the sales of rich men, and persuading them to sow their money for future harvests.

In this country no man is idle, and no man's money lies dormant. The richest man in the United States, William B. Astor, works eight or nine hours a day in making money. Commodore Vanderbilt is ever foremost in employing his money so as to generate money. Stephen B. Whitney shaves to increase his money. So do many other millionaires we could mention. Shallow observers accuse them men of avarice; the fact is that they are patriots. If they ceased working, and withdrew their means from general use, they would be drones.

Passing again to lower strata of the social formation, every man in this country is encouraged, tempted, forced to try to better his condition. In Europe the theory is, that men are born to their stations in society and there they are. A Manchester weaver is the son and grandson of weavers, and will bring up his son to weave and to earn stitches. But a first-generation former works the farm which for generations has been in his family; esteemed a wise and prudent man if he pays off the debt of the ground, and is as rich as father and grandfather were before him. Moreover, a vast amount of wide range in these European countries is diverted into useless channels—the army, the work-house, the navy, and so forth. There are of course exceptions to the rule we are trying to lay down; men of true worth will make their way in any country; but the fact is, nevertheless, that a fair proportion of young men without means become independent and enterprising citizens here than abroad. They are partly due to the unusual quantity of fertile, cheap land here; partly to the fact that our laws encourage every man to enterprise, while many foreign laws impede both; partly to the natural energy of our people; partly to the fact that immigration brings to us many valuable heads and hands from abroad.

These causes render most young Americans independent persons at forty; while many Europeans, in England or France, might, after the same experience, be mere soldiers or sailors, or, at best, as well off as their fathers were before them. We speak of course of men in masses, and of averages.

There is no reason—to say nothing of the regular increase of wealth which springs from immigration—insure for this country an ever-increasing prosperity if politicians do not disturb our commerce, and oblige us to embark in wars with each other. Twenty-five millions of industrious, energetic white citizens, two of whom is trying to grow rich, and is using his faculties and means sedulously to that end, must constitute a power, commercially and annually—a nation which, compared with the nations of Europe, must rise to a surpassing height of power, wealth, and greatness.

SCIENTIFIC MILE-STONES.

In an early number of *Harper's Magazine* there was published an article on various scientific phenomena, among which the singular appearance commonly known by the name of the Northern Lights, or Aurora Borealis, was incidentally mentioned. It was stated in the article, and without much, we believe, contradiction, were at a loss to account for that splendid phenomenon, some ascribing it to electrical agency, others to the reflection of immense polar ice, others to other and less plausible causes.

During the first week in the present month of September one of the finest auroras ever witnessed by human eye was seen on several successive nights. It was not confined to any locality. It was visible in almost every quarter in Canada, from Quebec to Fort-William on Lake Superior; in Maine and throughout New England; on the Hudson and in Philadelphia; at Washington and at Charleston; nearly in mid ocean by a ship whose mate thought it worth recording in the log; and even on the English papers tell us—in Great Britain. Whencesoever the gorgeous display came, it was visible over an area extending almost from the Rocky Mountains to the German Ocean in longitude, and probably over an area extending more than ten degrees of latitude. Moreover, it may have been visible throughout the zone in which we live.

The exceeding brilliancy of this aurora would have attracted less attention to its appearance but for its singular effect on the telegraph lines which cover this area everywhere. The currents out the area on which it was visible it interfered with telegraphic communication. In some places the operators found it impossible to send messages to their nearest neighbors. In others, the interruption was very frequent, and after a brief interval they were enabled to resume the working of their lines. In one or two, the operators, finding the wires charged with electricity from outside, disconnected their batteries, and sent messages by the aid of what we must call, for want of a better name, the "Aurora Fluid."

This settles the question of the nature of the aurora usually. It is electrical phenomena. Henceforth no one can be excused if he talk about the reflection from the polar seas of ice. We have practical evidence that the aurora is, or contains, the electrical fluid.

We call this a mile-stone in electrical science. Here the air comes to be charged with fluid electricity, in the manner and form exhibited by the aurora, our scientific teachers will presently tell us. It is enough for one month that the aurora has been properly classed among electrical phenomena. Whence it arises—how it develops itself—whether if at all it can ever be turned to profitable account: these are questions which time will solve.

THE LOUNGER.

THE CENTRAL PARK.

During ten years before his death, Downing, our rural regenerator, was occasionally and forcibly suggested, the importance of a park for the city of New York. At length, in the summer of 1851, Mayor Kingsland proposed it in a message to the Common Council, and suggested that it should consist of our hundred and sixty acres. In August of the same year Downing, in his *Horticulturist*, made this proposition the text of one of his most admirable papers, in which he thanked the Mayor, showed that the proposed selection of the park was altogether too limited for a city of the size and rate of growth of New York, and called attention to the relative areas of the chief foreign parks. London, he said, devotes six thousand acres, "either within its limits or in accessible suburbs, to the enjoyment of its population." Versailles has three thousand acres; Munich has its "English gardens" of five hundred acres; while the Prater, at Vienna, has about fifteen hundred; the Bois de Boulogne, in Paris, twenty-one hundred; the Phœnix Park, in Dublin, two thousand; Birkenhead Park, near Liverpool, about five hundred; the Thiergarten, at Berlin, two hundred; and almost every considerable city or town in Europe has its accessible, lively, and thronged rural resort.

Downing suggested five hundred acres as the least with which New York should be content; and with a fine prevision of the fact, says that its midst would be located the great distributing reservoirs of the Croton Aqueduct, formed into lovely lakes of sparkling water, and bordered by charms of the sylvan accessories by the finest nurserymen could afford.

At the next session the "Jones's Wood Park Bill" was passed. The law, according to the pamphlet guide to the Central Park, declared "that some technical errors. In July, 1853, the Legislature authorized the taking of two hundred more. In February, 1856, it came into possession of the city. The city named a commission, which accepted it in a body by its appointed day. But there was no appropriation, and the matter paused. On the 17th of April, 1857, the act for the regulation of the Park and its approaches, an unpaid commission to serve for five years was passed. The commissioners were to expend not more than a million and a half of dollars, to be raised in six per cent. stock, running thirty years. In August, 1857, the work of clearing the ground was commenced. On the 28th of April, 1858, the design of Messrs. Olmsted and Vaux for laying out the Park was accepted; and on the first of June, 1858, the work was commenced in earnest, employing about one thousand laborers. The Legislature empowered an extension of the area, so that the limits of the Park now include 862 acres, including 142 belonging to the Croton Aqueduct Department, on which stands the Yorkville reservoir.

The work on the Central Park is to-day the most imposing architectural spectacle to be seen on the continent. Whoever does not go to see it omits a duty and loses a pleasure. The area is about two and a half miles long, and not more than half a mile wide, and was a mere waste of rocks, wet ground, and wild thickets. The work is the subjugation of this into the most various, exquisite, picturesque, and poetic garden; for the Central Park is to be a garden as Eden never was. A plot of flowers, but a system of roads, avenues, rambling paths, green groves, shadowy arbors, hillocks, grottoes, fountains, falls, streams, lakes, arches, bridges, terraces, slopes; and they are all gradually spanning in the magical touch of a genius of industry not less admirable, inspired and regulated by a perception of the practicabilities never pure such as are rarely encountered and still more rarely combined.

In truth, the Park itself is not so much a miracle as that a work of such colossal honesty should be achieved under the civic corruption in which the municipal affairs are lost. And this is owing mainly to the peculiar fitness of the chief of the Park, Mr. Olmsted, who is a man of such rare absolute honesty—who will probably come out of the Park quite as rich as he went into it—that his singularly fitted by natural gifts and cultivation for designing so vast an enterprise—and who has that valuable executive energy which not only possesses to military heroes, and which in so noble a triumph as this Park gives that peace bath her victories so less renowned than war.

He is admirably supported in every way by the accomplished Calvert Vaux, who is the junior partner of Mr. Downing, who has thus a kind of posthumous, silent influence upon the work.

The Bamble is already completed—a series of garden sketches, shrubberies, lawns, and streams, grouped with trees and foreign trees and shrubs, including some of the commonest and most lovely that grow by road-side and along our waters. Vines trail and climb and wave about the trees; flowers bloom along the edges of turf and on the margin of a delicious sylvan brook. The effect is quite perfectly laid, and unusually rolled; groups of flowers are planted in the grass here; here is a rustic, substantial summer-house—yonder, a glimpse of a bridge exquisitely elaborated; at your side, the huge leaves of some languid tropical plant unfold, and yonder are the nodding spears of the golden rod. Every moment there is a pleasant surprise in the sweet succession of beauty. Whatever spot your eye falls upon is the spot that seems to have been especially elaborated.

This is upon the higher central ground of the Park; and probably for most it is under the lowest work is going on. There are bodies of laborers drilling rock, laying the foundations of roads with the small end downward—the sharp edge of the foreman seeing that it is so laid; others are building the arches of the terraces; others, ditching, digging, planting, carting, levelling all over the wild, waste spaces; and in the midst of this the stately avenue, already finished, nearly as wide as Broadway, and from to the head on a meadow, flanked by double rows of trees—which have to be fortunately, died, but which the contractor is engaged by his contract to replace.

But wonderful as are the things seen, they are little compared to the things unseen. We now too late to imagine at all what the work has required, says the architects-in-chief, in a private note, congratulating himself upon the solidity, greatness, and thorough good workmanship, that we have thus far almost every thing underground. The architecture, stone-cutting, etc., is as faithful as the most religious of the Middle Ages. " " We shall have some bridges which will justify our epoch in the after-ages, when the Vandals try to hack them to pieces.

Who does not share the generous enthusiasm? This is not proud that, in a day of swindling in politics, and in the midst of corruption, such great works can be achieved in ragged honesty and solid sense? In defiance of the clamor of the Captains of the democratic principle as inimical to vast public works. In all the cities of Europe there was some better or more orderly laborers than the three thousand who work at the Central Park, with as little friction, such perfect and simple, unconscious good feeling. This, also, being based on directness and the simplicity of absolute law.

And they are all working for the royal, but for the popular domain. Every Sunday and Saturday afternoon thousands of people wander through the Park. Yet every thing is rigidly respected. The arrests are fabulously few; but they are impartial. Always there is the chance of a judge of one of our highest courts hurrying across a grass plot to catch the train for Albany in time for dinner. He was promptly arrested. Indignantly he pleaded his urgency, and gave his name as a guarantee of his respectability. "Very well," was the reply was, "that the order is to arrest all persons crossing the grass, and judges of the highest courts are not excepted." The good-humored judge smiled, and upon discharge remarked that he respected the law and the manner in which for the knowledge that there were some policemen in the world who were not afraid to do their duty.

The throngs of visitors remember that the Park is the common property of all, and that no individual can justly monopolize any thing, nature, or the freshness of any lawn or margin of grass, to his private gratification. It is not so generally in other countries. And the more parks we plant, the more galleries of art we open, the more we promote refinement of taste by the increased presence of beauty, the more we shall find that faith in the people in public matters has been deserved. Turning one backward glance at this great work, how true seem the words of Downing:

"Were our legislators but wise enough to understand to-day the destinies of the new world, the greatness of Sir Hugh Myddleton's universal would be not half so much a miracle fifty years hence in America as the idea of a whole nation of laboring men reading and writing was, in his day, in England."

REAL CHARACTERS IN NOVELS.

WALTER SCOTT, in the Heart of Mid-Lothian, is Kenilworth, Rob Roy, Guy Mannering, and indeed in almost all the novels he ever wrote, introduced historical personages. Bulwer, Dorazil, Dudbery, and Thackeray, have also done so. The hero of Mrs. Stowe's present novel is a historical character. Are all these writers to be envied? Do they violate the proprieties of a novel when they introduce these personages?

Mr. Mudge says they do. The Lounger thinks they do not. Mr. M. thinks at least they are certainly out of place in a novel.

But a novel is a picture of life. It is not to be considered merely as a satire, unless that intention be so evident as to destroy it. "Vanity Fair" or "The Virginians" are satirical, but they are not therefore entire pictures of society. But the pungency of a satire consists greatly in its fidelity to the fact: the finer satiric genius showing its superiority by means to depict with a brilliant combination of facts than by their dislocation or exaggeration.

If, therefore, a novelist, in delineating life at a certain time in a certain country, chooses to introduce real persons or real facts into his frame, for the purpose of giving greater local truth to his picture, he has an undoubted right to do it, for he does it at his own risk. Historic characters are, so to say, familiarly known to us, and the author can immediately place his reader in contact with the sharper criticism of his readers. For if he throws the real person into false life, all his own characters share the unreality. And if he draws him accurately he tests all the others.

Thus in The Virginians, when we are taken to Tunbridge Wells a century ago, although we are following the fortunes of a fictitious character, our minds are full of our knowledge of the real place and of the real persons who frequented it. When, therefore, Dr. Johnson, Goldsmith, and Lord Chesterfield are introduced, it is only natural, and is an inducement to the reader to read Thackeray Bernstein only the more heartily. If the author had taken us to hear a sermon from Dr. Wilfred Dodd, who was afterward executed for forgery; or to hear Oliver Goldsmith read a paper, it would have been not necessarily because he thought Dr. Dodd a good man or Oliver Goldsmith the greatest poet that ever lived, but simply from a dramatic desire to give reality to his story. It doesn't follow from the fact that Miss Evans makes Dinah preach a Methodist sermon in "Adam Bede," that she is therefore a Methodist or trying to inculcate Methodism. She says so is trying, but it is not proved by that single fact.

If the Lounger's correspondent will allow him an illustration, he would say that upon this view of the subject M. M.'s mind is muddled.

IS IT PECUNIFY?

J. B. accuses the Lounger of unwillingness to "own up" about Louis Napoleon. He thinks him an unconscious of his opinion; and is very sure that, according to the L.'s own statement, the amnesty ought to open his eyes.

But upon referring, as the Lounger will presently tell him to do, to what he has already said, he will find that it was much more than a single act, which was supposed to be able to re-establish or to create confidence in the Emperor's honesty. When the Lounger first went to Rome, the city was standing upon its head with delight because the Pope and the Emperor had declared an amnesty, and sundry other things that looked well for popular freedom. How is it now?

The Holy Father, it appears, is about sending, or has sent, his soldiers—whom he has raised, he will recall to commemorate the massacre of Perugia—to subdue Bologna. And, Heaven willing! those soldiers will have to fight the Bolognese with cannon furnished by the Papal treasury. The amnesty was good in itself—as Swallowdown and in May. But how if no one came?

The Lounger does not doubt the value of the amnesty. It is doubtless a good thing, and many honest men, who have been for many a weary year unjustly deprived of their liberty, will rejoice in their own again. The first sign of repentance in a thief is, doubtless, the restitution of the stolen property, even if it be only worth a penny; but repentance is not every thing. An ingenious pickpocket will take from your watch a seal to be precisely covering your red pocket-handkerchief.

What the Lounger really said in Number 134 was:

"When, peace being restored, he shall lend his influence to constructing and maintaining in his own country the government in the premises, under whatever form it may be—when at home we see him exercising the same controlling but patriotic wise sway at Venice as well as in Rome—establishing a Legislature which shall represent the real will of the people, and which shall respect its laws, when universal surveillance and tyranny and war have ceased in France, and the Emperor's power has no more to be supported the love of constitutional liberty which animated Napoleon the First."

How much of all this has the Emperor done?

IMPORTANT CORRECTION.

In a notice of Leigh Hunt, last week, his essays were called the finest since Addison's with the sole exception of Goldsmith. They were not, the author of Charles Lamb, and the Lounger among them, was scandalized at seeing such an assertion. When he wrote the words he had in his mind Hazlitt's essays, namely, like the *Spectator*, *World*, *Connoisseur*, and his namesake, the *Lounger*; and he hopes that the context will have explained his probable meaning to the reader.

A NEW DESIGN.

THE incessant progress of scientific and artistic discovery and improvement in this age is developing the new designs which will appeal to the admiration of the public during the next century. Will it be Dunlap's "Autograph of Sketches," which mysterious expression meant simply photographed sketches by our leading artists?

By some chemical process a glass is prepared so that the artist etches upon it with his needle, and every copy obtained from the plate is, therefore, really the work of the artist. Twelve of the finest American painters were thus united with Mr. Dunlap in the work—Durand, Kensett, Leutze, Butler, and others—and the result is a series of the most exquisite and delightful engravings. They will be accompanied by apposite selections from American poets.

Mr. Ehninger does not claim to have invented the process, but only to have developed it. There is no engraving that can be compared with these pictures. They are all entirely characteristic and valuable.

EARL BUTLER.

THE great German geographer and friend of Humboldt lies very ill at his home in Berlin. He is old—in his eighties—and therefore in the order of nature we shall soon hear of his death.

Of large and noble presence, with a venerable head flowing with white hair, Ritter's voice, calm and humane expression of face, genial and gentle-manly, the Lounger will never forget. He was among the last who combined the theories and the results of his researches in the lecture-room, or as he sat, as Wyvill in the huge drawing-room of the Humboldts in Potsdam stove at home. He is the greatest living authority upon Physical Geography, and his long life, which extends, as Humboldt's extended, over six momentous and troubled a period, has been luminously devoted, as Humboldt's was, to calm, unexcited study. It is, happily, the tendency of study and common intellectual pursuits to make us wary, however, as the career of Goethe shows—to promote an active humane sympathy—an intelligent interest in the progress of humanity. The best of Humboldt, and it is the best of Ritter as well.

Ritter's friend, Earl Butler, is a learned scholar and a good man departs out of the world.

"THE NEW GOLD AND THE OLD CIVILIZATION."

"DEAR LOUNGER,—I went even that I have not read Mr. Buckle's 'History of Civilization,' and perhaps I have misapprehended your remarks on his theory in the World's last saturday. Admitting, what he shows, 'that the material civilization of this continent was substantially the same as that of Asia,' what in the legitimate inference? Must we conclude that, in their combined, two independent roots of men commenced an equal course, and with like influences produced like results? Should not this be your supposition of what Mr. Buckle supposes when he supposes that he would establish, 'Of course.' But a captious critic might object: 'In that case their progress should have been coincident, at least until the barbarism of the North interrupted the action of New Granada.' Why did they stop at the skeleton of the Saxaharas? Did the laws of civilization collapse on the production of the symbol of immortality?

"Taking it for granted that 'the earliest civilization of this continent was the same as that of Asia,' is not the fact most satisfactorily explained by the hypothesis that our aborigines are of Asiatic origin, and that the monuments of the latter countries indicate the stage of art at which they left their trans-Pacific home? Perhaps the name by which we designate the aborigines of America is misleading. Why should there may be good reasons why 'the gold ornaments in Indian graves' should not be? Just India or even Persia were 'the source?' Egypt and New Granada may have drawn from the same fountain; but the Nile Valley seems to me more likely to be the Ilarkle, by all means contest him to that fountain that the Nile valley would be about.

"In my little library there is a book which might help you to some answers to suggest that seems to me to be great it. It is entitled 'Lotus and Feather, or Ultra, by a Transcendentalist.' Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. M.D.A.S.; edited by William Francis Ainsworth, F.R.G., F.G.S., &c. &c. It is a curious compilation, and is offered in an official capacity. Against the ancient walls of that mysterious and unique city of painted and sculptured. The wall in one place had been gradually removed by the excavations, but on one side a considerable depth is maintained, and one side of the mound which leaned against it was left as a memorial of the destruction of Petra, which was the accumulated rubbish of ages, brought to light an immense number of statues, altars, images, and sculptured monuments, which have been collected and submitted to the judgment of artists. His book is an account of the excavations and discoveries during a residence there. If we may judge by the illustrations, the fragments of art are extraordinary, and would seem to be the relations of their execution. A competent critic says: 'In the Assyrian monuments we have the earliest and best of the most charming fragments of terra cotta which I have seen.'

"Your spare Sothic any attempt to describe the collections, but one cannot help wishing to attract the attention of all who are interested in the early civilizations to the examination of this work. I am not sure to which I allude, a drawing is given by Mr. Butler of a monument which is called a sarcophagus. The drawing is precisely the thing in open a dark jewel mystery.' But how unlike any other Lounger! Why, the Lounger has been to Carnac in Gloria to find a key to the sculptures of Central America, and now he finds a key to the sculptures of ancient found in Indian graves in New Granada. And if you will look at page 97 of Stephens's book of travel you will see original tribes!

"Pardon the prolixity of your fellow Lounger.

"PEDL. MI RODO."

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—A reader from our morning: in Nashville, Tennessee, complains that the Lounger's letter-box is full. Perhaps the best way to get the paper is to subscribe for it.

"J. J. HEBBLE. It is always dangerous to pay beforehand for the insertion of your name in any catalogue or directory. The Lounger is not a dealer in puffs.

"ADVERTISING PRIZES have won considerable fame. Perhaps the best way to get the paper is to subscribe for it.

"A. B. Your idea of a lawyer's office is very well known. Dickens has described it, and Thackeray in his "Book of Snobs" has described it, and Thackeray in his "Book of Snobs" has described it, and Thackeray in his "Book of Snobs"

THE PRINCE IMPERIAL OF FRANCE.

fully large within the last few years, and at the moment when the English journals come to us with the details of a case of subtle poisoning, which appalls us the more for the cool and refined touch by which distinguishes it from more brutal murders, the French historian impresses upon us that, though surrounded by fearful mysteries of sin and crime, we are here daily developments of noble virtues and heroic deeds, to the honor of nations, as of individuals. From the army, which has carried the name and influence of France beyond her borders, are reported salutary examples of disinterestedness, courage, generosity, sympathy, and sacrifice; and from the resoutest provinces, towns, and villages, the inhabitants generally, and the authorities, civil and ecclesiastic, unite in bearing testimony to the Christian virtues and deeds of charity that have distinguished certain persons, and from these the members of the Academy have with difficulty (so admirable were all) selected the recipients of this year's prizes.

In his address M. Guizot reminded his audience that, though Montyon lived in times of trouble, and witnessed all the tragedies of the Revolution—though, as a Royalist, his closest affections were wounded in the death of Louis XVI., he never lost faith in humanity, or his hope of a great moral future for France. He also gave biographical sketches of some three or four of those who are this year rewarded by the Academy; and these memoirs should be translated into all languages, for they illustrate the lives of individuals occupying an humble sphere, and fully justify the assertion that the privilege and power of being useful in our generation is not the exclusive right of those blessed with education or wealth.

In 1845 the Abbé Hallvin—who received the first prize—was vicar of a parish at Arras. Touched with the ignorance and misery among the youth of his charge, the good abbé sold a small patrimonial property, and with the proceeds purchased an humble house, to which he removed, with twenty of the most destitute and abandoned children of his parish. In three years he had collected thirty-five, and surmounting the good abbé toiled for his sheep. When questioned by friends as to his pecuniary resources, and warned of the impossibility of success, he replied, "It is a work of faith; if good, Providence will bless it." The work was good, and has prospered, for at this time one hundred and seventy youths are enjoying the affectionate discipline of Hallvin's establishment, and two hundred others, who received its training, are now, as wives, mothers, soldiers, mechanics, scattered over France, and (without one exception) bearing witness to the noble labors of Hallvin by their admirable conduct, while he, in return, has the recompense of their gratitude and love; for to him, if near, they carry all their little cares and anxieties; or if at a distance, they, as with a parent, correspond, relying ever, and confidently, upon his advice and protection.

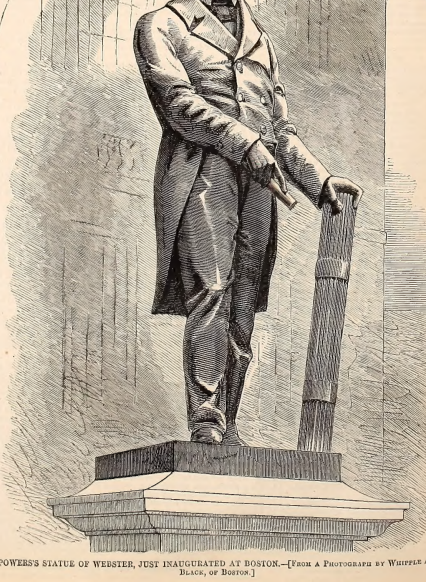
To Anne Duré de Béchenl and Margaret Mounier were awarded the second and third medals, of two thousand five hundred francs each. Born peasants, and without other resources than those arising from their daily toil, they had both, while faithfully fulfilling all family duties, entitled themselves to the thanks of France for their useful but unostentatious virtues. Nine years since, Anne Duré, in visiting a poor woman, found her ill and stretched upon a bed, without linen or covering of any kind. From her humble home she supplied these necessities. But deeply impressed with the misery before her, she determined to devote her best energies to ameliorating the physical suffering of her neighbors. Alone, she has carried out her design —begging, collecting from house to house old clothes, linen, bed furniture, provisions, and medicines; washing, repairing, arranging with admirable system and economy; teaching herself to write, that she might keep a registry of all articles received and distributed, until she has, by her individual exertion, founded an establishment from which aid is extended, far and near, to the sick, the infirm, and the poor. Even the dead are the subjects of her pious care, for her register of the artist and of the subject. All Boston has been in a fever about it. It has found, however, a competent and an ardent champion in the person of the Hon. Edward Everett, who came forward recently and addressed a public meeting on the subject, vindicating Mr. Powers's fidelity of treatment, and claiming for the statue a very high rank among works of art. Certainly, so far as general appearance goes, it seems a most admirable likeness of the great expounder.

It was inaugurated on Saturday last, in the Music Hall at Boston. Speeches were made by the Governor, the Mayor, and others; after which an admirable address was delivered by Mr. Everett.

THE PRINCE IMPERIAL OF FRANCE.

PORTRAITS of the little boy on whose life so much hangs have more than once appeared in this journal. The last one we published represented him in the costume of a corporal; we now show him in the full uniform of a sergeant of the Guards.

Very few persons have ever had a biography at his age. He was born on 16th March, 1856, and is therefore now in his fourth year. He has already "served" nearly two years in the army; and though he has never been under fire, he has won his uniform long enough to like it. When he is seven he will again be promoted, and will probably assume the rank of Colonel of the Guard. At that age etiquette—which presumes a wonderful precocity in royal infants—requires that he should have a separate establishment, and that the vacuum of his present household should be diminished by such careful regulations does Imperial France educate her children and preserve the virtue of her women!



POWERS'S STATUE OF WEBSTER, JUST INAUGURATED AT BOSTON.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WHIPPLE AND BLACK, OF BOSTON.]

THE WEBSTER STATUE.

We engrave herewith, from a photograph by Messrs. Whipple & Black, of Boston, the Webster statue, which has just been inaugurated in that city. The statue is by Powers.

We condense from the Boston *Saturday Gazette* a brief sketch of this monument.

On 27th October, 1852, the solid men of Boston, with the Mayor at their head, met together to take counsel how best they might testify their respect and veneration for the memory of Webster. It was determined to erect a statue; and, several thousand dollars having been collected for the purpose, a contract was made with the great American sculptor, Hiram Powers, of Florence, for a bronze statue, eight feet high, to cost $12,000. The statue was cast and shipped for Boston in 1857. On the way the vessel foundered, and the statue was lost. It was fortunately insured, and on the strength of the money obtained from the Insurance Company a fresh contract was made for another statue by Powers, to cost, this time, $7000. This was cast, like the former one, from the sculptor's models, by Signor Papi, bronze founder to the late Grand Duke, and arrived safely in Boston in January last.

Since its arrival the statue has been the subject of much animated discussion and bitter criticism. Many critics have declared it alike unworthy of

Widows listen to this! No less than three have, on this occasion, received medals from the Academy. One, though left, by the death of her husband, rich, and still in the prime of life, had founded an establishment for the education of poor girls—limiting the number always to thirty; and ever this she had presided with the solicitude of a mother—training her adopted children for all the duties of life, and, like the Abbé Hallvin, extending to them, after they had left her, all the affectionate interest of a parent. Another, the widow of a blacksmith, who had left her in comfortable circumstances, made of her house an asylum for abandoned or orphaned children, servants without places, poor travelers without resources. Indeed, so general and admirable are her charities, that, in her own province, rich and poor have, as by one consent, accord-

"THOU ART THE MAN!"

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

TRUMPS.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

CHAPTER LVI.

A WARNING.

GRACE PLUMER had strange dreams the night after Abel Scott's supper; and she was very quiet for many days. Abel called the following evening to know how the ladies had borne the fatigue of the feast. Mrs. Plumer said, with smiles, that it was a kind of fatigue ladies bore without thinking. Miss Grace, who was sitting upon a sofa by the side of Stigo Moultrie, said that it was one of the feasts at which young women especially are supposed to be perfectly happy. She emphasized the last words, and her bright black eyes opened wide upon Mr. Abel Scott, who could not tell if he saw mischievous malice or a secret triumph, and sense of release in them.

"Oh!" said he, gayly, "it would be too much for me to hope to make any ladies, and especially young ladies, perfectly happy."

And he returned Miss Plumer's look with a keen glance masked in merriment.

Stigo Moultrie wagged his foot.

"There now is conscious power!" said Abel, with a laugh, as he pointed at Miss Plumer's companion.

They all laughed, but not very heartily. There appeared to be some meaning lurking in whatever was said; and like all half-concealed meanings, it seemed, perhaps, even more significant than it really was.

Abel was very brilliant, and told more and better stories than usual. Mrs. Plumer listened and laughed, and declared that he was certainly the best company she had met for a long time. For years Miss Plumer and Mr. Moultrie objected to join the conversation. In fact, Abel was several times surprised by the uncommon spirit of Stigo's replies.

"What is it?" said Abel to himself, with a flash of the shuck eyes that was startling.

All the evening he felt particularly belligerent toward Stigo Moultrie; and yet a close observer would have discovered no occasion in the conduct of the young man for such a feeling upon Abel's part. Mr. Moultrie sat quietly by the side of Grace Plumer—" as if somehow he had a right to sit there," thought Abel Scott, "who resolved to discover if indeed he had a right.

During that visit, however, he had no chance. Moultrie sat persistently, and so did Abel. The clock pointed to eleven, and still they did not move. It was fairly toward midnight when Abel rose to leave; and at the same moment Stigo Moultrie rose also. Abel bade the ladies good evening, and passed out as if Moultrie were close by him. But that young man remained standing by the side of Grace Plumer while he was seated, and said quietly to Abel,

"Good-evening, Newt!"

Grace Plumer looked at him also, with the bright black eyes, and blushed.

For a moment Abel felt his heart seemed to stand still! An expression of some bitterness must have swept over his face, for Mrs. Plumer stepped toward him, as he stood with his hand upon the door, and said,

"Are you unwell?"

The cloud dissolved in a forced smile.

"No, thank you; not at all!" and he looked surprised, as if he could not imagine why any one should think so.

He did not wait longer, and the next moment was in the street.

Mrs. Plumer also left the room almost immediately after his departure. Stigo Moultrie seated himself by his companion.

"My dear Grace, did you see that look?"

"Yes."

"He suspects the truth," returned Stigo Moultrie; and he might have added more, but that he spits at that instant were otherwise engaged.

Abel more than suspected the truth. He was sure of it, and the certainty made him desperate. He had risked so much upon the game! He had been so confident! As he left the lighted city he walked rapidly up the street, many things rapidly passing in his mind. He was like a seaman, doubtful of the waters, and the breeze was swelling out the sails.

Turning out of Broadway he ran quickly to the door, opened it, and leaped up stairs.

To his great surprise his lamp was lighted, and a man was sitting reading quietly at the table.

As Abel entered his visitor closed his book and looked up.

"Why, Uncle Lawrence!" said the young man. "you have a genius for surprises! What on earth are you doing in my room?"

His Uncle said, only half smiling,

"Abel, we are both bachelors, and bachelors have no wives. I want to talk with you."

Abel looked at his guest uneasily; but he put down his hat and lighted a cigar. He seated himself, almost defiantly, opposite his uncle, with the table between them.

"Now, Sir; what is it?"

"Abel, you are going too fast. You do not like me—but is unwell. You do not like me—but you are not wise. But I am an older man, and I am your father's brother. I know nothing of your affairs; I care not to know, and I suppose I do. But I do know that no business can stand what you expect of yours—and no life—and no character."

Lawrence Newt spoke very calmly, and in a kind of veiled voice. Abel looked directly at him, and rather ostentatiously blew rings of smoke from his mouth. But he was very pale, and when Abel made no reply, but sat as if there were nothing for it but to listen; and he would listen as complacently as he could,

"I don't believe there is any body to warn you, Abel, and I am a poor hand at preaching; but many a man might have stopped, if somebody had only told him from the outside what he pretty sure of from the inside. I'm going to persuade ourselves to disbelieve what is not mentioned to us. I have watched you, Abel, and your career. It is the most melancholy home I ever saw. I know nothing of your father's affairs; he does not confide in me, and I am not here to pry into his secrets or yours, who are his partner. But I don't believe his business is in a good way, and I know that you play high and often, and I know that you live at a more expensive rate than any young man in town."

Lawrence Newt paused a moment, and waited to hear if his nephew had any thing to say. But the young man still calmly puffed the smoke from his mouth, and calmly regarded his uncle.

"Now Abel, you are not a fool. You know the inevitable results of certain courses. I wish to justify your knowledge by my experience. I understand all the temptations and excitements that every young man, like you, in our town, Abel; and I don't like the looks of other people when they speak of you and your father. After all, we are of the same blood. Heaven knows its own mysteries! Your father and I were sons of one woman. That is a tie which we can neither of us escape, if we wanted to. Why should you run yourself?"

He looked at him amusingly for a few minutes.

"Can't we be friends? After all, men are men. We have, perhaps, more in common than we think. People get going in their own ruts, with their own ideas, and imagine more difference from others than there really is.

As he spoke he saw the peculiar blackness in Abel's eyes, and his voice, as if discouraged, involuntarily fell into a dry formal tone as he ended.

Abel half smiled and looked in the serious face of his uncle.

"What have I done, Uncle Lawrence?"

"I don't know, and I don't care what you are really doing now. But I see enough to alarm me. It is only common humanity that brings me here. Abel, for our relationship seems to be a mere ceremony, bating the instinct of which I spoke."

"Did you come to propose any thing for me to do, Sir, or only to inform me that you considered me a reprobate?" asked Abel, half-sneeringly, the smoke rising from his mouth.

Lawrence Newt did not answer.

"I am like other young men," continued Abel. "I am fond of living well, of a good horse, of a pretty woman. I drink my glass, and I am not afraid of a cent. Really, Uncle Lawrence, I see no such profound sin or shame in it all, so long as I honestly pay the cost. Do I cheat at cards? Do I lurk in the gutters?"

"No?" answered Lawrence.

"Do I steal?"

"Not that I know," said the other.

"Please, Uncle Lawrence, what do you mean, then?"

"I mean the way, the spirit, in which you do things. If you cannot perceive it in how you make you? I can not say more than I have. I came merely—"

"As a handwriting upon the wall, Uncle Lawrence?"

Lawrence Newt rose and stood a little back from the table.

"Yes, if you choose, as a handwriting on the wall. Abel, when the prodigal son *came to himself*, he rose and went to his father. I came to ask you to return to yourself."

"From these husks, Sir?" asked Abel, as he looked around his luxurious room, his eye last of all on the portrait of Lucille, fresh from the bath.

Lawrence Newt looked at his nephew with profound gravity. The young man lay back in his chair, lightly holding his cigar, and carelessly following the smoke with his eye. The beauty and intelligence of his face, the indolent grace of his person in the mellow light of the lamp, and set like a picture in the voluptuous refinement of the room, touched the imagination and the heart of the older man. There was a look of earnest, yearning entreaty in his eyes as he said,

"Abel, you remember Milton's Comus?"

The young man bowed.

"Are you both the revelers were happy?"

Abel smiled, but did not answer. But after a few minutes he said, with a smile,

"I was not there."

"You are not," answered Lawrence Newt, with uplifted finger, and in a voice so sad and clear that Abel started.

The two men looked at each other silently for a few moments.

"Good-night, Abel."

"Good-night, Uncle Lawrence."

The door closed behind the older man. Abel sat in the room absolutely thinking. He uncle's words rang in his memory. But as he recalled the tone, the raised finger, the voice, with which they had been spoken, the young man did not think of himself and his uncle. He looked around his luxurious room, and started and frightened by the stillness, and awe-struck by the midnight hour. He moved his head rapidly and arose, like a person trying to rouse himself from sleep or nightmare. Passing the mirror, he involuntarily saluted it, the haggard picture of his face under the clustering black hair. He was trying to shake something off. He went automatically into the room until he had lighted a match, and a candle, with which he went into the next room, still holding over his shoulder, as if fearing that something dogged him. He opened the closet where he kept his wine. He rested on it, filled a large glass and poured it down his throat—not as if he were drinking, but as if he were pouring water upon a fire. He rubbed his forehead with his hand, and half-smiled a sickly smile.

But still his eyes wandered nervously to the spot in which his uncle had stood; still he seemed to hear what he should see a ghostly figure standing there and pointing at him; should see himself, in some phantom counterpart, sitting in the chair. His eyes opened as if he were listening intently. For in the midnight he heard distinctly, in that dim light he thought he saw the Prophet and the King. He did not remember more the words his uncle had spoken. But still,

"Thou art the man!"

"Thou art the man!"

And all night long,

"Thou art the man!"

as he dreamed or restlessly tossed, he heard the very same whisper, and saw, with finger pointed,

"Thou art the man! Thou art the man!"

CHAPTER LVII.

BREAKERS.

LAWRENCE NEWT had certainly told the truth of his brother's home. Mr. Benedict never had become so surly that it was not enough to live in his own house. He came home late, and was angry if dinner were not ready, and cross if it were. He banged all the doors, and swore at all the chairs. After dinner he told May not to touch the piano, and began, to his wife, for Heaven's sake, to take up some book and not to sit with an air of immobile vacancy that was enough to drive a man distracted. He regularly read the *Evening Post*, and regularly pished at it as a dull, blundering, ridiculous newspaper—the best of all, but not fit for the dogs. He snarled at the servants so, that they went about the house upon tiptoe and fled his presence, and were constantly going away, so that Mrs. Newt passed many hours of the week in an Intelligence Office. Mr. Newt found holes in the carpets, stains upon the cloths, knocks upon the walls, nicks in the glasses and plates at table, scratches upon the furniture, and defects and misfortunes every where. He went to bed without saying good-night, and came down without a good-morning. He sat at breakfast morose and silent; or he sighed and frowned and muttered and went out without a smile or a good-by. There was a profound gloom in the house, an unnatural order. Nobody dared to derange the papers or books upon the table, to move the chairs, or to touch any thing. If May appeared in a new dress he frowned, and his wife trembled every time she put in a breast-pin.

Only in her own room was May mistress of every thing. If any body had looked into it he would have seen that it was a thoughtful and pleasant hand which arranged every thing, and often enough he would have seen a delicate girl-face, almost too thoughtful for so young a room, resting upon the hand, as if May Newt were troubled and perplexed by the gloom of the house and the silence of the household. Her window opened over the street, and there were a few horse-chestnut trees before the house. She made friends with them, and they covered themselves with blossoms for her pleasure. She put her bees at her window, looking into the trees, sewing, reading, musing, and as solitary as a fairy princess in a tower.

Sometimes flowers came with Uncle Lawrence's love. Or fine fruit for Miss May Newt, with the same message. Several times from her window May had seen who the messenger was: a young man with candid eyes, with a rosy ring, and an open, almost boyish face. When the street was still she heard him halting, and as he bounded along—nobody sings, she thought, whose home is not happy.

Solitary as a fairy princess in a tower, she looked down upon the figure as it rapidly disappeared. The sewing or the reading stopped entirely; nor were they resumed when he had passed out of sight. He did not once look up. He seemed to be no more conscious of any inmate of the house than a rabbit at the foot of a tree is conscious of a bird upon the bough. May Newt thought it strange that Uncle Lawrence should send such a messenger in the middle of the day. He did not look like a porter. He was not an office-boy. He was evidently one of the upper-clerks. It was certainly very kind in Uncle Lawrence.

So thought the solitary Princess in the tower, her mind idly wandering from the romance she was reading to a hazy speculation upon the reality in the street beneath her.

The blind was thrown partly back as she sat at the open window. A simple airy dress, made by her own hands, covered her flower-like figure. The brown hair was smoothed over the white temples, and the sweet girl-eyes looked tranquilly into the street from which the figure of the young man had just passed. If by chance the eyes of that young man had been turned upward, would he not have thought—since one Sunday morning, when he passed her on the way to church, he was sure that she looked like an angel going home—would he not have thought that she looked like an angel bending down from out of heaven?

And it was not strange that Uncle Lawrence had sent him. For somehow Uncle Lawrence had discovered that if there was any thing to go to May Newt, there was nothing in the world that Gabriel Benuet was so anxious to do as to carry it.

But while the young man was always so glad

THE LOST TREASURE.

to go to Boniface Nevv's gloomy house—for some reason we do not like to did not ring, and which even his sister Ellen did not know—or, at least, which she pretended not to know. Although one evening that wily young girl talked with brother Gabriel about May Next, as if she had some particular purpose in the conversation, until she seemed to have convinced herself of some hitherto doubtful point—yet with all the willingness to go to the house, Gabriel Bonnet never went to the office of Boniface Nevv, Son, & Co.

If he had done so it would not have been pleasant to him, for it was generally holiday in the office. The senior partner sat tending his hard, anxious face over account-books and letters. The junior partner lounged in his chair as if the office had been a club-room. "Company" enquired.

"Father, I've just seen Sinker."

"D— Sinker!"

"Come, come, father, let's be reasonable! Sinker says that the Canal will be a clear case of profit next year, per annum for two months at least, and that we could afford to lose a cent or two upon the Bilbo iron to make it up, over and over again."

Mr. Abel Nevv threw his leg over the arm of the chair and looked at his boot. Mr. Bonnet's face Nevv threw his head around suddenly and fiercely.

"And what's Sinker's commission? How much do you suppose he has to put in? How much will he take?"

"He has sold out in the Mallow Mines to put in," said Abel, a little doggedly.

"At a loss?"

"He says so," returned Abel, sheerily.

"Don't believe a word of it!" said his father, tartly, turning back again to his desk.

Abel put both feet upon the ground, side by side, and rested them upon the heels backward and forward, looking all the time at his father. His face grew cloudy—more cloudy every moment. At length he said,

"I think we'd better do it."

His father did not speak or move. He seemed to have heard nothing, and to be only inwardly cursing the state of things revealed by the books and papers before him.

Abel looked at him for a moment, and then, raising his voice, continued,

"As one of the firm, I propose that we sell out the Bilbo and buy into the Canal."

Not a look or movement from his father.

Abel jumped up, his eyes black, his face red. He took his hat and went to the door, saying,

"I shall go and conclude the arrangement!"

As he reached the door his father raised his eyes and looked at him. The eyes were full of contempt and anger, and a sneering sound came from his lips.

"You'll do no such thing."

The young man glanced sideways at his parent.

"Who will prevent me?"

"I" yeared the elder.

"I believe I am one of the firm," said Abel, coldly.

"You'd better try it!" said the old man, disregarding what was said.

Abel was conscious that his father had this game, at least, in his hands. The word of the young man would hardly avail against a unanimous vote from the parent. No transaction would stand a chance under such circumstances. The young man slowly turned from the door, and fixing his eyes upon his father, advanced toward him with a look of deep resolve.

"I should like to understand my position in this house," said he, with forced calmness.

"Good God! Sir, a bootblack, if I choose!" returned his father, fiercely. "At the beginning day of my life was when you came in here, Sir. Ever since that time I have been more and more complicated, until it is only a question of days how long it can even look respect-able. We shall be begging in a month, Sir. We are ruined. There is no chance," cried the old man, with a passionate wave of his hand to the earth. "And you know who has done it all. You know who has brought us all to shame and disgrace—to poverty, poverty!" and he struck his chair, the father shook his clenched hands at Abel so furiously that the young man fell back shocked.

"Don't talk to me, Sir. Don't dare to say a word," cried the elder, in a voice of fierce, hoarse anger. "All my life has come to nothing. All my sacrifices, my industry, my efforts, are of no use. I am a beggar, Sir; so are you!"

He sunk back in his chair and covered his face with his hands. The noise ceased and the book-keeper outside took in. But it was no new thing. The book-keeper and the clerks were familiar to his ear. With the silent, sad fidelity of a fine profession he knew every thing, and was dumb. Not a turn of a key, not a ray of light in his eye, told any tales to the most tearful and pungent inquiry. But for months, for months Mr. Van Boosenberg had grown quite friendly with him. When they met, the President had sought to establish the most familiar intercourse. But he discovered that for the slightest hint of the condition of the firm Nevv must be might as well have asked Henslee himself. Like a soldier, who knows the secret and can hold his peace, who learns to see and perceive that he can only a little longer hide it, but with her heart breaking, still smiles away suspicion, so the faithful accountant, who supposed that the crash was at hand, was as constant and calm as if the business were never before so prosperous.

This scene was but a few days after Uncle Lawrence's visit to his nephew.

Abel Nevv had now had two distinct warnings of something which nobody knew more perfectly than he did. A man who thinks that he is conscientiously may be quite at ease, so long as he can persuade himself, while he takes cod-liver oil and wears flannel, that it is only his own way. But when two physicians ask him if he has made his will he may be sure that he has no time to lose.

Abel Nevv dined sumptuously that very day, and dressed very carefully that evening, and at eight o'clock was driving rapidly up to Gramercy Plumer. The superb ruby was on her finger. But on the third finger of her left hand he saw a large glowing opal. His eyes fastened upon it with a more brilliant glitter. They looked at her so strangely that Miss Grace Plumer felt troubled and half alarmed.

"Miss Grace," said Abel, in a low voice.

The tone was significant.

"Mr. Nevv," said she, with a half smile, as if she accepted a corner of his gallantry.

"Do you remember I said I was perfectly happy?"

He moved his chair a little nearer to hers. She drew back almost imperceptibly.

"I remember you said so, and I was very glad to hear it."

"Do you remember my theory of perfect happiness?"

"Yes." said Miss Plumer, calmly, "I believe it was perfect love. But, Mr. Nevv, you have a talk of something else;" and she rose from her chair and stood on the table.

"Miss Plumer!"

"Mr. Nevv!"

"It was you who first emboldened me."

"I do not understand, Sir."

"It was a long time ago, in my mother's conservatory."

Grace Plumer remembered the evening, and replied, haughtily,

"I am very sorry, Mr. Nevv, that I dirted so foolishly. I am very sorry. But I think we did each other no harm."

"No harm, I trust, indeed, Miss Grace," said Abel. "I trust surely no harm to you. I regret not as I love you."

He rose from his seat, and tried to take her hand. She stepped back. He pressed toward her.

"Grace! dear Grace!"

"Stop, Sir!" she said his companion, drawing herself up and waving him back. "I can not hear you! I will not hear you!"

Abel turned pale. Grace Plumer was frightened. He sprang forward and seized her hand.

"Oh! Grace, hear me! for you must hear me. I know that I loved you, and you allowed me to love you. In honor, in truth, before God, you are mine!"

She struggled to release her hand. As she looked in his face she saw a fierce and mysterious which ensured her that he was capable of saying any thing, of doing any thing; and she trembled to think how much she might be—how much any woman is—in the power of a desperate man.

"Indeed, Mr. Nevv, you must let me go!"

"Grace, say that you love me!"

The frightened girl broke away from him, and ran toward the door. Abel followed her, but she reached it, and she and Sally Dudgeon were safe.

"Oh, Sligo!" cried Grace, as he put his arm around her.

Abel stopped and bowed.

"Pardon me, Miss Plumer. Certainly Mr. Moultrie will understand the matter of a passion which in his case has been so fortunate. I am sorry, Sir," he added, turning to Sligo, "that my ignorance of your relation to Miss Plumer should have betrayed me. I congratulate you both from my heart."

He bowed again, and before they could speak he was gone. The tone of his voice that last uttered upon their ears was almost like a hiss. It was a most sinister fabrication.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE LATEST FROM SAN JUAN.

ABERDEEN, Intelligence from the disputed territory of San Juan has been received by the steamer Active at Bellevue Mail. The report of the landing of another detachment of United States troops on the island is confirmed. A company of sappers and miners was expected to arrive by the steamer Massachusetts, and it was understood that they would be set at work to erect fortifications. The Englishmen on the island, however, remain greatly excited at the condition of affairs. An address to the Governor-General of Canada was prepared and dated for service to be urged that the services of the Governor had been requested to embody a militia force, and also to call upon the Governor to issue letters of signatures in Victoria, declaring the island to be British territory, and calling upon Her Majesty's government to sustain its rights.

GOLD FROM FISH'S TAIL.

The most conclusive testimony to the existence of gold in the Fish River Mountains has just arrived in Bangor in the person of Professor Chapman, who has been engaged in the Fish River region for the past three months. The prospectors from State organization had been discharged, and Professor Chapman had been employed during a majority of 1600 against it. This result is attributed by Mr. Jones to the prejudice of the large population to the lands of the region being brought into market for actual settlement, and to the general depression in the value of property. In consequence of the numerous failures of the Bangor Bank, the Governor's action had been organized, which had already banished

SOUTHERN OPINION ON JUDGE DOUGLAS.

The New Orleans Delta, commenting upon the party terms, the recent speech of Senator Clay of Alabama, by which he declares that "Douglas is unquestionably sound on Southern rights. But it does not concur with him in the first declaration, but on the contrary, it believes Douglas even if he should be the nominee of the Charleston Convention. And it adds the following statement, which has considerable interest considering the quarter from which it comes:

"We think we see through the motives of a large number of Southern Democrats in the Douglas ranks, who are distinguishing themselves by crowning the Little Giant. They probably believe, as we do, that *Douglas is the only man that can defeat Seward in* 1860 —they wish to drive him out of the Charleston Convention to get him on the track, and they will be masters of the South, in order to force upon the Southern people *the alternative of abject submission to Abolition domination or a dissolution of the Union.* In 1856 Senator Slidell stated unqualifiedly that the election of Colonel Fremont to the Presidency would justify any sentiment cause and ample justification for the South in breaking up the present Confederacy. *How does he stand now?* Does he hold to his original position? Would he disavow the Union if Seward was elected? He is patient on this unanswerable—he is noted as an enemy of Douglas and his doctrines, and he was a member of the U. S. Senate in the Congress of 1856, took a vote the only man in the National Convention who has a prospect of success in the North, in order to escape the alternative above indicated."

DEFALCATION IN A NEW YORK BANK.

W. J. Lane, a clerk in the Fulton Bank, has been arrested on a charge of appropriating $40,000 from that institution.

The *modus operandi* which Lane is charged with adopting is as follows: He was in the habit of depositing to the credit of the bank the week's receipts of the Paterson Railroad Company, and proceeded to collect from the various banks in this city the checks received. These bills, it is supposed, he would enter on the books of the bank, but not to the credit of the road, as they were supposed to be credited, receive his father's check for the amount, and for the purpose of preventing a discrepancy from occurring, it is supposed he made fictitious accounts against the banks in the Jersey cities, which, in his capacity as clerk, enabled him to forward statements corresponding with the deposits to the present book keeper. He would sometimes have acknowledged receivable memoranda from the banks sufficient to cover the deficiency, which would otherwise be shown.

THE SUICIDE OF A NEW YORK BANKER.

In this way Lane may have been enabled to gratify his unbounded love for display, his passion for fashionable style, and sporting fine horses and equipages on the avenues. Recently, it is said, his extravagance has not have gradually become embodied, and plunged into brinks by visiting the gambling saloons in Wall and Nassau Streets, in which Miss St. has alleged substance, he was induced to stake the results of his peculations upon the knowledge of the uncertain tide which ebbed with her fortunes. Lane's salary was $2000 per annum, and his expenses for the support of himself and family, and his losses on Broadway were rumored, it is said, to amount two thousand dollars per month. Lane is married, and has a fine person; and Lane, it is now alleged, might often be seen on returning to his residence after 12 at night, in the Bloomingdale Road, and sprinkling almost all in the vicinity of his home. Lane is the son of the late establishment in Lexington Avenue, in which he kept most splendid equipage in the city. He was married, it is also several carriages, with harness and trimmings to match, and his fast mount attracted the admiration of all behind him as the sole proprietor of this luxury, but Lane, it is alleged, was not the owner of a single article. Lane is the son of the late Mr. Lane, and all supposed that he was spending more money than his salary as clerk would warrant, but his father's large and prosperous business connection for his New Jersey agency, and his well-established character for integrity, gave him more than a book-keeper.

Mr. Lane, it is also alleged in Interior. He admitted to the office who arrested him that he expended $1000 per day for pleasure, and that for two months he had allowed himself no less than $250 per diem for the nuse of his friends. Lane was arrested on Saturday, and put into a cell with the sole proprietor of this luxury, but Lane, it is alleged, was not the owner of a single article. Lane is the son of the late Mr. Lane, and all supposed that he was spending more money than his salary as clerk would warrant, but his father's large and prosperous business connection for his New Jersey agency, and his well-established character for integrity, gave him more than a book-keeper.

Mr. Lane, it is also alleged in Interior. He admitted to the office who arrested him that he expended $1000 per day for pleasure, and that for two months he had allowed himself no less than $250 per diem for the nuse of his friends. Lane was arrested on Saturday, and put into a cell with the sole proprietor of this luxury, but Lane, it is alleged, was not the owner of a single article. Lane is the son of the late Mr. Lane, and all supposed that he was spending more money than his salary as clerk would warrant, but his father's large and prosperous business connection for his New Jersey agency, and his well-established character for integrity, gave him more than a book-keeper.

RECOVERY OF THE JEWELRY.

On last Monday the complaint was made against Lane by Mr. Lewis Kennedy, President of the Fulton Bank, and Gilbert King, of the Lower Police Court, arrested the accused immediately. After the closing of the bank, Lane was taken before Mr. Kennedon and Board of Directors, and acting as a clerk, he made his fraud out of which he realized his guilt immediately. The officer then went with Lane to his home in Harlem. There the investigation, where $7000 worth of diamonds and jewelry were surrendered to the officer and Miss Sallie Broderick, the fallen paramour. These valuables consisted of a diamond pin valued at $1000, a ring of the same amount, worth $470 each, five beautiful diamond rings, two pairs of diamond bracelets, a gold watch, and other articles of smaller value.

A DOUBLE DEATH OF A WOMAN.

We read in the St. Louis *Bulletin*: "This morning Mrs. Mary Ann Kennedy, a widow lady, was found murdered at Merrill's drug mills on St. Charles Street, between 18th and 19th, with her throat cut from ear to ear, and a check, to tury him his breakfast. While Mr. Schmidt was in the room he was startled by a woman screaming with him. There is a large upright shaft a few inches from the floor, with a wheel that carries the machinery. Mrs. B. was standing near this, and bent over to pick up something, when her head caught in the cogs of the large wheel, and she was drawn in between it and the shaft. Her body was mangled in a horrible manner before she was stunned. The effect of the shock was so great as to break the shaft, which is about a foot in diameter. Mr. Schmidt stopped the power, and found that the woman was dead. He said that she was dead, his grief knew no bounds. Mrs. Kennedy was an intelligent, industrious woman, and much devoted to her husband and child."

PERSONAL.

Mr. Corcoran, of Washington, is erecting on Pennsylvania Avenue an art gallery, which is estimated to cost $250,000. It is constructed of white marble. It is to be free, and will be managed by trustees appointed by Mr. Corcoran.

Theodore Parker's last letter to the *Liberator* is dated Rome, September 1st. He says: "I am very well, and I am really getting stronger every day. I have not been better than for a year past. But the cough continues—the cough that has troubled me so long—it is there still." Mr. Professor Deur has a fine wood lot, and I work in it with a little axe, and have got to splitting, trimming and cutting down bushes; and sometimes I take an axe and cut down a tree, and receive therefore a little money. I do not overwork, and have a good appetite."

The town of Hiram, Me., has given a donation to Bowdoin University churches in Maine this summer.

A republican meeting of Mr. Wm. Pitt Edgar, of Bethel, the Hon. Samuel Dill, of Ballymena, and the Rev. Mr. Dill, of Belfast, has been called by the Lord Lieutenant, to consider the propriety of inviting the United States for aid in behalf of domestic missions in Ireland.

The Rev. Dr. Cox, D.D., of Brooklyn, has declined to take the depilation in about three weeks. We have no doubt it will be cordially received by all Presbyterian Protestants in the United States.

The Rev. Dr. Breckinridge Peyton, living in Gallatin County, Kentucky, entered the house of a Mr. Lawrence of that county, and shot and killed Mrs. Lucy Ann Lee, Lawrence. She answered by discharging a pistol at him, which missed fire. Peyton then shot her dead. He also shot him in the street, and again fired at him, blowing out his brains. Peyton is in jail awaiting his trial.

Mr. Ward, the United States Minister to China, was presented to the Imperial Commissioners on the 26th of June. He was attended by W. W. Ward, Secretary of Legation; Dr. Parker, Interpreter; Capt. Sanford, U. S. Navy; Mr. Martin, and Mr. Archer, Attaches; and George W. Martin, Esq., and Mr. Lawrence, Attaches of the Legation. The Commissioners were in the palace, carried by liveried Celestials, and escorted by the Imperial Guard of Pechelyn and Mianmyin, with a very good band of music.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

TRIAL TRIP OF THE "GREAT EASTERN."

We read in the London *Times* of September 7:

"At length, after having encountered a succession of gales, which would have rendered navigation quite impossible, and even dangerous to any vessel not possessing the strength and stability of the ship itself, the great steamer left the Nore at half past 6 o'clock yesterday morning, and in the course of a few hours was safely moored to Portland.

"Mr. Atkinson, the pilot to whose well-known skill and skill that noble vessel was intrusted, came on board the previous night, and his assistants soon after followed yesterday.

"Captain Harrison and the pilot took their places on the paddle-box, and the engineers and firemen remained at the bridge to direct the action of the engines, both of which screws and paddles were under steam. Under the guidance of Mr. Atkinson the great steamer soon brought the General Admiral over to this country, and left to transmit directions to the men at the wheel, at

Mr. Langley's new steering apparatus was not completely tried.

Precisely at a quarter past seven the last moorings were let go. The screw engines started first, working beautifully, without noise, heat, or even apparent vibration; and when the pinnace mechanic came into place for revolutions sufficed to get her head round to the point required.

There was the order given to go ahead slowly, and for the first time the *Great Eastern* started into motion, and with the slow majestic beat of her huge paddles moved proudly down the river.

HOW SHE STEERED.

The very first turn she made seemed to shower Captain Harrison and all the officers of the vessel that the great ship was at thoroughly obedient to her helm, and that, too, with the most delicate facility to be overcome, or rather to conceal against, the huge mass of water and the sharp curves of the river at Greenwich, Blackwall, and Woolwich.

The vessel's draught was still feet 10 inches aft, and about 27 inches forward—about 3 inches more than that which she would have had if the engines, being down by the head 5 inches instead of some 8 inches, were in the centre. Steering close by the Greenwich shore in deep water, but when it is recollected that this was the maximum required at that time, and that the full length of 690 feet, which is more than the breadth of the Thames at Westminster, will be used when the two engines are at first regarded with a certain amount of anxiety and distrust. A few moments' trial, however, showed that she was perfectly in hand. She steered as easily as a wherry—as easily as a steamer of a tenth the capable of starting her into motion or arresting her progress instantly almost by the mere movement of the hand.

THE CRISIS AT BLACKWALL POINT.

"Blackwall Point was, indeed, the crucial point in the fortunes of the *Great Eastern*. The river at this point forms an acute angle, which is rendered more acute with strong but most unequal force. The admirable manner in which Captain Harrison, aided by Mr. Brunel, managed the ship, the power and regularity with which the engines worked, and the skill with which exacted, have brought the vessel round this place. But, of course, right in the centre of the reach of the river Blackwall was moored, while a little beyond her lay a large number of colliers and other craft. Here, if the steerage does the screws, the tugs were signaled to keep the *Great Eastern* from the shore. Two tugs were put on the starboard bow, and two more on the starboard quarter of the huge mass, and, for a few minutes, the tide vessel was beyond a control. The engines worked as the energy of the tide was strong, and in an instant drove her broad shore. Obedient to the helm, the tugs and other own engines saved her here, though it was a delicate matter to use them against the tide, and almost impossible to counteract the influence of the tide and get her head off shore; but, as the tugs got her on the right manner as would not give way enough to take her on the starboard tack, and, with the tide, she passed the point, as effectually, fresh tugs were passed to the tugs, the tide, the cause of all the danger, was passed, and the after an anchor drop of about three or fifteen minutes, the *Great Eastern* worked slowly round and turned the point of danger."

She anchored that day at Purfleet.

THE BIG SHIP BY MOONLIGHT.

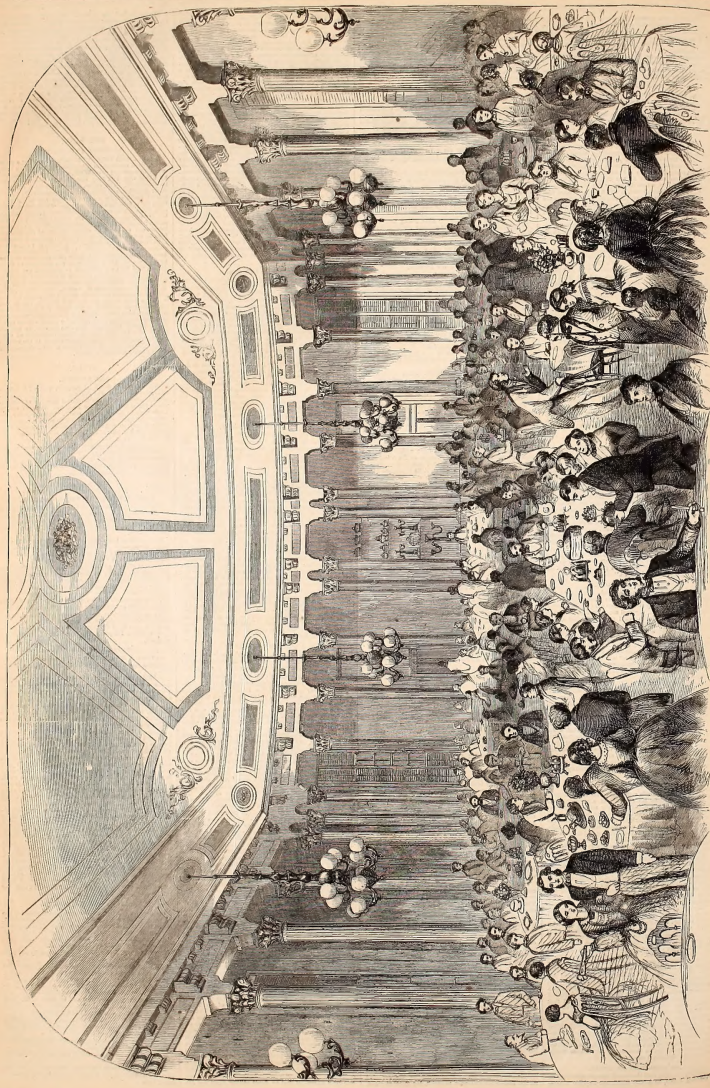
The same writer describes the scene at night: "We set out night had fallen but the great ship was fully lit up, and began its progress down the river under the rising tide. The night was a little puffy, and seemed to threaten rain, but the moon was at the full, the river was, and the weather tolerably favorable for the first experiment. It took upward of an hour for the tide to make, and to fully rush, and at our start the tide had not yet risen for a short time in turning, she might almost be said to have clogged the navigation of the river. Before the turning the night she swung twice again, and by daylight was lying with her head up the river, prepared for the course down the river. It seems almost incredible, that a ship of such a size could be got up and down any of the Thames, but only nautical men can appreciate the fact of her handling as a boat. Her rudder is as large as a door, and is so constructed and so balanced that one finger can move it, and the turning it or the order being distorted in its hold.

THE LAST OFF.

Next day the voyage was resumed. Gravesend was passed, and, in the beginning of the afternoon, Purfleet—"the water bigue to change its tint from dirty brown to bright green, and the ship was moored to the warfare, and those on board rejoiced at last at the first solid-bed appearance of things.

The locomotive was marked in the usual disgrace. Steaming down the river, and out of the river, and moored in the Thames, the engines of the *Great Eastern* were never still for a moment. Her paddles were always going, and preparations were made for casting off the hawsers, and for the *Great Eastern* for once, and for all, to be left to herself.

The tugs were cast off the Chapman's Head, at the of Sea Reach, the passenger's with the ship's head fairly accordingly off, and the *Great Eastern* forward. A solid anthem was played as the smoky sentinels left behind by the tugs, and the ship's company cheered



THE DINING-ROOM OF THE FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL, ON MADISON SQUARE.

LADIES' DRAWING-ROOM IN THE FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL.

EXTERIOR OF THE FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL ON MADISON SQUARE, NEW YORK.

THE FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL, NEW YORK.

We present our readers on the two preceding pages with views of the new hotel in Madison Square—entitled, we believe, the Fifth Avenue Hotel—to wit, the dining-room, the ladies' drawing-room, and an exterior view. The building is an imposing one, and efforts have been judiciously made to attract special attention to the new enterprise.

As a hotel, the Fifth Avenue promises to present striking peculiarities. It is very large: it covers the whole of an immense block on Madison square. It is built of white marble; architecturally considered it is not very handsome, but seems substantial—that is to say, the space is economically and wisely used. The number of guests who can find a resting-place in the new hotel is large, and the number of bedrooms is said to be 600, and the dining-room will seat, we are also told, 400 persons. The latter feat would, we imagine, involve some crowding. The room contains twelve tables, each of which appears to be about twenty-four feet square; the total would thus be three, not six, hundred. But my ruminations of round for the present oblong tables, and curtailing the space allotted to each guest, no doubt the number of guests might be very much increased. The dining-room is very handsome-long, but so broad that its length is not conspicuous; the white aluminum window and pier-glasses have the show of silver and plate dazzling and agreeable. It is relieved by two subordinate cuttings-rooms on each side—a breakfast and a lunch room, both snug and comfortable.

The drawing-room does not differ from those of the other hotels. They are furnished in the usual hotel style, with heavy masses of gilt wood, rich crimson or purple curtains, extravagant, luxurious rose-wood and bric-a-brac, rich carpets, and so forth; the whole forming about as handsome and as comfortless an appearance as any one need wish for. But, as we said, in this respect there seems differ in essential point from those of the St. Nicholas, the Everett, or any other first-class house. The great advantage they possess consists in a very fine view upon Madison Square.

The bedrooms are the conventional chambers of first-class hotels, bath, bedding, carpets, bureau, easy chair, etc., etc., all are the usual thing; all good and handsome after kind. We hear that the rooms are said to be provided with separate bath-rooms. We examined a few of these rooms. Most of them are provided with sets of the invariable furniture—so glossy and apt to grow spotty that we can not conceive any human being contemplating it in its presence. Where is the sane man or woman who wants to have furniture covered with lightblue broadcloth in his or her bedroom? We suppose that William B. Astor or Commodore Vanderbilt are provided by nature with skin. No; those persons and all other sensible people want in their chambers furniture on which they can lounge at their ease—furniture which they are not afraid of staining or spoiling by sitting upon it, or using it negligently. If you are a man of course, and don't care about ruining other people's property, you may go and stay at the Fifth Avenue Hotel; you may walk your dirty boots, on a rainy day, over the fine carpet; you may put your feet upon the window-sill, and tilt back the easy chair which cost as much; and if you share the fate of the rest of civilized mankind, you will shrink from such wanton destruction, and will, in the state chambers of the grand Fifth Avenue Hotel, sigh for a home or a comfortable room in a country inn, where you can take your ease in your own way, without fear of broussile or Brussels tapestry out of shape and color.

It is indeed high time that we Americans began to exercise a little common sense in this matter. We have wrapped about our hotels till innocent foreigners have begun to believe that we are ahead of Europe in that particular; whereas, in point of fact, our hotel life is nothing but a sort of barbaric splendor which makes hotel-keepers, and hotel-dwellers in hotels intensely wretched. There is no point worth discussing in which our American hotels are not vastly inferior to the same class of establishments in Great Britain and France.

In the first place, what can be more preposterous than to establish a fixed rate of fare at hotels? Big, fat, bloated, lumbering people go to the Astor House for a week, and, in virtue of his standing and his purse, gets a room near the dining-saloon—a large air-room, looking out upon Broadway, with lounge, arm-chairs, pier-glasses, Brussels carpets, and other fixings, for which he pays—for his dinner he eats *post de fois gras*, and wookcock; at breakfast he will have salmon at fifty cents a pound; at supper he has delicacies of the season, which exercise an experienced cook for an hour or two, and contemplates next year; for all which he pays $2 50 per day. At the same time the Reverend John Jones comes down to the village to attend the May meetings. He is happy in the possession of a room under the tiles, which he shares with his presiding elder. He pays a dollar a week tax for breakfast and a small slice of beef at dinner; he has no supper. He employs no servants, four or five of whom are perpetually engrossed by Smith. Yet Rev. Jones pays the fixed $2 50 a day—not a half less. Smith said that Gushington had taken the inn-keeper of some $5 or $6 a day, while the Rev. J. Jones pays what he can afford to pay.

Again, what a monstrous folly is that of furnishing with rose-wood and broadcloth! Who among us wants to live, to lounge, to double his children, and to eat his daily dinner off sofas worth $200? Even the poor souls, who, having made money, get this preposterous furniture into their houses, would be shocked at the idea of using it; they keep it for show, and live in holes and corners, basements, and extension-rooms, which are furnished with chairs and sofas and carpets fit for real use. We confess that we experienced a feeling of disappointment when we discovered that the proprietors of the Fifth Avenue Hotel had fallen into the common error in this respect, and had furnished their hotel in such a manner as to entail enormous expense on themselves, and to preclude their guests from enjoying practical comfort.

The time will come when we shall have hotels in New York which shall be popular and profitable. These hotels will be plainly and solidly furnished; with such chairs, sofas, tables, carpets, and beds as men of means and reasonable habits furnish in their own houses. They will be lighted without glittering gold and silk and varnish; but will—how much soever the Astor House in New York now offer—a real substantial air of home comfort about them. Such hotels will not supply their guests with cast-iron food, and charge for the price of a plain beef-steak; nor will they charge the Rev. James with would keep his family for a week. They will give every man the food he wants, and charge him according to his appetite—Gluttony, by the day; Jones, by the week. Such hotels would soon be too small for their guests, and fortune to their owners.

Hotel-keeping in New York is not a profitable business. We understand that the leading hotels do not pay annually a fair interest on the capital and still invested. One of the most profitable, as we understand, is the Lee House, which has not, or Mr. Astor, is said to have leased at a very low rent to Mr. Stetson, in order, as he is reported to have said, that the charmer might be house might be kept up. The other first-class houses are said to be in the hands of their mortgagees—unprofitable, sometimes the contrary; fluctuating according to the circumstances of the people at large, and in consequence of the condition of the new hotel mentioned in our hotel system.

We do not advise that we adopt the European system of feeding and charging; and we can only regret that the proprietors of the new Fifth Avenue have not, as they had so fine a chance of starting the new fashion, had not the courage to avail themselves of it. Perhaps, however, they may start their own business better than their critics do. There may be a fondness among hotel-goers for broussile and furniture; our critics may, perhaps, be mistaken when they visit the city, on splendors which no millionaire here thinks of needing. We shall see by-and-by.

BABY SEAMSTRESSES.

We take from the *Englishwoman's Journal* some part of a record of experiences that will tell something new of human life to many of our readers. A dirty paper in a dirty window of a court adver tised for seven-year-old girls. Two or six years of age, that were "kick" at the hemming. Only such papers had been observed, and the writer made up her mind to see the "little girls." Current was made to a particular garret:

"It was a small and very crowded apartment, containing a bed and one chair, the seat of author.

"There was no table, but there were three low forms, which were temporarily made to serve, and on these forms were seated eleven little girls; the four or five youngest, I could hardly, any of them, have seen six years, one of them the baby of the family. The four behind were about seven, perhaps, and these six were quite old enough to be on the hindermost seat, who might be ten, and two others a year or two younger. The eldest girl had evidently all the fixing and all the responsibility, and was the only one among the number that had many remarks to make, and she did the talking. They were 'on slops:' the little things on the front form going on to sewing, while the others were steadily at work on 'body and sleeve and seam.' Perfect silence was the rule, but the little learners were not always quite successful in it. They all seemed in the utmost distress: one declaring, with many tears, that somebody had made her lose her needle; the accused protesting that she didn't make her lose it, for she lost it her own self, and so did wee Jane's and Mary Ann's; while Mary Ann, or complained that a neighbor had said 'she hadn't got no thread,' when she knew 'twouldn't mean sin.' The poor old woman had several times to hush them when the little girl going of five, a perfectly clean, pretty child, suddenly burst into a burst forth with a most grievous lamentation, because mamma would not let her 'mind that her' father was transported, and he wasn't to come home for 'cause he had gone in a bootiful sip.' Hereupon the old woman interposed with a few words of wisdom, and the confirmed the story of the 'bootiful sip.' But the wicked girl continued to act persistently as the little thing looked over her shoulder. The big, bigbowed another burst of grief, for 'she had said so first.'

"And now the old woman proceeded to execute her search, by candle-light, somewhere. The operation was quite an orchestra, grandmother's deep, after which there was a temporary silence. The little girls were now all at work, and the hemming nearly a yard of calico in the meanest manner, but all using their needles with pricks of blood, showing how sadly the little finger nails had been pierced. In recompense for her industry, she was treated to a bun, and the little creature thought the perfection of a new little pocket-handkerchief, on which the description and illustration of 'Hoop de doiden do,' and then her little eyelids drooped. Grandmother was gently stealing the image of the grotesque

That is an eye of holiness; but there is also that evil eye, which curses death. Here is a man with a rosary of lucky stones—that is to say, of stones with holes in them—hung up in her cottage. She owned unwillingly to a friendly lady that it was meant for protection against the evil eye. "Why, Nanny," said the lady, "you surely don't believe in witches nowadays?" "No, I don't say 'at I do; but certainly I former times there was witches and buzzards, and might sort o' things!" "Well," answered the lady, laughing, "but you surely don't think there are witches now?" "No, I don't say 'at there' are; but I do believe in a yeve sye." As to the old lady's buzzards, there is a story in Yorkshire of a woman who actually killed if he ever said his prayers, who repeated them as follows:

From witches and wizards and long-tailed buzzards, And creeping things that run in hedge-bottoms, Good Lord deliver us!

Then again there are to be remembered, as part of the popular faith of the ignorant, the legends still attached to rocks, and streams, and meres. At Brecken church, in Lincolnshire, stands alone on the top of a high hill, with the village at the foot. They began building it within the village till they changed the site, because every night the stones laid during the day were carried up to the hill-top by fairies. The site and name of Winwick church was decided by a pig who escaped with a straw rope (straw wisp: wee-wick) and carried the stones in his mouth from the wrong place selected to the ground which now is by St. Oswald's church. In a field beside the bridge at Kirkby Lonsdale, and the picturesque stones in the stream below are those which he was carrying in his apron when its string broke. At Peel, in the Isle of Man, a witch with a basin of water sat across that the herring fleet might not sail. Every ship was lost, but she was rolled down hill in a tarrel all with spikes in it, and then in her grave-sides face, and feather'd bat's-wings. Her name means cold grief, and her wail freezes the blood of those who hear it. The Scandinavian witch has wings against the window-pane, and mount the same of one which has been thrown over head for death. It is this hag who cuts the torrent beds by stopping, when she is about to settle on a mountain, the huge stones she has in her apron as ballast when she flies. In some parts of South Wales the hag has no eyes, but it is the Welsh Hawk, the gray king, who sits ever silent in the mist. There is a Welsh fairy, the Pwca, that is non constantly upon the watch to play the most harmful of house-brist grass rolling before the wind. Even upon a wisp of straw it will ride, and "cut a figure in rolling." Miss Costello tells a Pyrenean legend which detects the spirit of the Lord of Orthez in two straws laying on the hill-side.

The fancy must and will work. The whole world is full of wonders that reveal to us the glory and goodness. Life is full of strange problems, of entanglements of love and enmity, of days of mirth and weeping. Fairy-land is around us, and all powers of the mind and soul. While we are ignorant we link religion to such fanciful opinions as those of which a handful has been collected on this leaf of paper. Tech folks a little better; let their fancy, thirsting upon that which is pure and abundant, be steady helper to them, that it may add its quickening influence to their pleasure not their vice here, and to increase their hope for the hereafter. Superstition will soon vanish. All that is poetry in folk-lore may shine as a bright star in literature in our country. As superstition, it degrades: as poetry, it raises us. For,

Shakespeare's self, with laurel crown'd,
Flew to those fairy climes his fancy sheen,
In scenes hour; his wayward sister found,
And with their treasures raised the magic scene.
From them he sang, when, 'mid his bold design,
Before the Bard, on heaven-ward pinion driven,
The shadowy kings of Banquo's fated line
Through the dark cave in gleamy pageant passed.

But it is not worth while to drag a dying man out of his bed because we fancy he is lying upon some feature, or to go to church at midnight to bid steal a minute cutting of lead from each diamond pane of its window, because we fancy that such cuttings a heart of lead for cure of sickness. There is too much of the heart of lead, too little of the golden heart that brings men health, in back credulity.

A Good Fight.

BY CHARLES READE.

AUTHOR OF "LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG," ETC.

[From Advance Sheets, Direct from the Author.]

CHAPTER XXV.

SPECIE is the favorite vent of human thoughts. But there are emotions so simple and overpowering that they rush out, not in words, but in eloquent sounds. All such moments are more or less his characteristic, and to be merely one of these higher animals; for these when greatly agitated ejaculate, though they can not speak.

There was something terrible and truly animal both in the roar of triumph with which the partners burst out of the thicket on our fugitives, and in the sharp cry of terror with which those latter darted away. The pursuers' hands clutched the empty air, scarce two feet behind them, as they fled for life. Confused for a moment, like those that miss their spring, Dietrich and his men let Gerard and the mule put ten yards between them. Then they, not after, with uplifted swords. They were sure of catching them; for this was not the first time the parties had measured speed. In the open ground they had gained visibly on the cattle this morning, and now, at last, it was a fair race again, to be settled by speed alone. A hundred yards were covered in no time. Yet still there remained these ten yards between the pursuers and the pursued.

This increase of speed since the morning puzzled Dietrich. He thought, but I think erroneously, it. When three run in company the pace is that of the slowest of the three. Now Peter had come to the edge of the forest Gerard ran Margaret's pace; but now he ran his own, for the mule was fleet, and urged on by fear. Hence the distance. Moreover, youth and chaste living began to tell. Daylight grew imperceptibly stronger and stronger. And still the pursuers. Then Dietrich made a desperate effort, and gained two yards; but in a few seconds Gerard's pace and Peter's quickly took. The pursuers began to curse.

Martin heard, and his heart lighted up. "Courage, brave lads! courage, brave lads! they are straggling."

It was so. Dietrich was now headed by one of his men, and another dropped into the rear altogether.

They came to a rising ground, not sharp, but long; and here youth, and grit, and honest living told more than ever.

Ere he reached the top Dietrich's forty years weighed him down like forty bullets. "Our cake is dough!" cried he. "Let him have it, then, if you can't alive!" and he left off running, and followed at his heart's pace. Martin and Peter were not far then another, and so, one by one, Gerard ran them all to a stand-still, except one, who kept on, and was soon a mere speck on the rising ground every minute. His name, if I am not mistaken, was Eric Rosenmunder. Dietrich and his band behind him a rise in the wood, shorter, but much steeper than the last.

"Hand on mane!" cried Martin.

Gerard obeyed, and the mule helped him up the hill faster even than he had been running.

At the sight of this manœuvre Dietrich's man lost heart, and, losing now full eighty yards between them and their prey, left off running, the advance of his nearest comrade, he pulled up short, and in obedience to Dietrich's order, began his cross-bow, leveled it deliberately, and just as the trio were sinking out of sight over the crest of the hill, discharged it at Gerard's back.

There was a cry of dismay; and next moment, as if a thunderbolt had been sent to take them, they were all lying on the ground, mute and still.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE effect was so sudden and magical that the shooter himself was stupefied for a moment. Then he hailed his companions to join him in effecting the capture, and, leaving his bow on the hill, began to rose the figure of Martin Wittenhagen with a bent bow in his hand. It was a formidable weapon, and in a threatening attitude then he darted behind a tree, and made himself as small as possible. Martin's skill with that weapon was well known, and the slain dog was a keen reminder of it.

Wolverman peered round the bark cautiously: there was no movement to be seen about him. He saw it shine. He dared not move from his shelter.

When he had been at peace with himself his companions came up, and then, with a scornful laugh, Martin vanished, and presently was heard on the off of the hill.

All the men ran up together. The high ground commanded a view of a narrow but tolerably reasonable glade.

They saw Gerard and Margaret running along at a prodigious pace; they looked like giants; and Martin galloping after them centre a fever.

The human waterfall was at a stand-still. A few words will explain Martin's conduct. We arrive at causes by noting coincidences; yet, now and then, coincidence suggests cause. He had seen all seen a hare tumble over a brier just as the gun went off, and so drew conclusions. Now, he was close to earth by scudding away untouched, to the Burgomaster's mule put her foot in a rabbit-hole, at a stout like the hare, and never lost without inconscious over her head; she fell, and threw both her riders. Gerard escaped by a miracle, and rushed down by her weight and impetus. Thus in a moment the soil was stressed with dramatis personæ.

The docile mule was up again directly, and stood tranquilling. Martin was round, and found round, found out there was but one (a pursuit); on this, he made the young lovers fly on foot, while he checked the others as I have recorded.

He now galloped after his companions, and when, after a long pursuit, he found them, he instantly put Gerard and Margaret on the mule, and ran by their side till his breath failed, then took his turn to ride, and so on alternately. The mule knew what always fresh, and long ere they relaxed their speed all sound and safe. Then we hospitably lost to Dietrich and his men. These latter went, crestfallen, back to look after their chief.

CHAPTER XXVII.

LIFE and liberty, while safe, are little thought of: for why? they are natural. But when they are imperiled, they are rated at their real value. In this, too, they are like sunshine, whose beauty men notice not at noon when it is greatest, but toward evening when it lies in flakes of topaz under shady elms. Yet it is feeble then; but gloom lies beside it and reveals its fire. Thus Gerard and Margaret, though they started at every leaf that rustled louder than its fellows, glowed all over with joy and thankfulness as they glided among the trees, fleetly trees in safety and long tranquil silence. Saving hope and brutal voices yet ringing in their minds' ears.

But presently Gerard found stains of blood on Margaret's dress.

"Oh, Martin! Martin! help! they have wounded her: they have slain!"

"No, no!" said Margaret, smiling to reassure him. "I am not wounded nor hurt at all."

"But what is it, then, in Heaven's name?" cried Gerard, in great agitation.

"Do not scold me, then!" and Margaret blushed.

"Do I ever scold you?"

"No, dear Gerard. Well, then, Martin said it was blood those cruel dogs followed; so I thought it would look well a little blood on me, and that the dogs would follow me instead, and let my Gerard win free. So I scratched my arm with Martin's knife—gently, but" Whose else could I take? Yours, Gerard? Ah, no. Too forgive me?"

"Let me see the scratch first," said Gerard, choking with emotion. "There, I thought so. A scratch? I call it a cut—a deep, terrible, cruel cut."

Gerard shuddered at sight of it.

"Martin heard, and came to it with her bodkin," said the soldier. "Milksop! that sickens at sight of a scratch and a little blood."

"Ay, I could look on a ton of blood, but not on her. Oh, Margaret! how could you be so cruel?"

Margaret smiled with love ineffable. "Foolish Gerard," murmured she, "to make so much of nothing." She laid down the guilty arm round his neck. "As if I would not give all the blood in my heart for you! Is not mine a far greater sacrifice?" And the next moment, under the sense of his recent danger, she wept on his neck for pity of his love. Ah, love! love! love!

"And I must part from her," he sobbed; "it was true then: my mother must go to her in Utrecht—in Italy. Ah! me! ah! me!"

At this Margaret wept afresh, but patiently and softly. Gerard's grief is never off its guard, and with her unselfishness was an instinct. To utter her present thoughts would be to add to Gerard's misery at parting, so she wept in silence.

Suddenly they emerged upon a beaten path, and Martin stopped.

"This is the bridle-road I spoke of," said he, gravely, "and I must say I bet the dogs will follow."

Margaret and Gerard cast a scared look at one another.

Quite a step with me, Martin," whispered Gerard. When he had drawn him aside he said to him, in a broken voice, "Oh, Martin! watch over her for me! She is my wife—yet I leave her. See, Martin! here is gold—it was for my journey; but I can not go now: bear to take it, and spend not; but you will for her, will you not? Oh, Heaven! and I am not there to see! Nay, Martin! but poverty is a curse. You will not let her want for any thing. Martin? The Burgomaster's silver cup—sell that."

"Thou art a good lad, Gerard. Neither want nor harm shall befall her. I swear by my life and little finger then for all the world. And were she naught to me, even for thy sake would I be a father to her. Ay, and a stout father, too, with thee going and coming." And the rough soldier rung Gerard's hand and turned his head away.

After a moment's silence he was for going back to Margaret; but Gerard stopped him. "No, good Martin: prithee, stay here behind this thicket—I—I—I—Martin! Martin!"

By this means Gerard escaped a witness of his anguish at leaving her he loved, and Martin escaped a pang—to see which I myself would rather not dwell. He did not see the poor young things kneel and embrace. Heaven then help the man could have interrupted. He did not see them cling together like one, and then try to part, and fail, and cling to one another, and part again, like drowning, despairing creatures. But he heard Gerard sob, and Margaret's passionate cry.

At last there was a wild cry, and feet pattered on the hard road.

He started up, and there was Gerard running wildly, with both hands clasped above his head, in prayer, and Margaret tottering toward him with her arms extended piteously, as if for help, and sobs cheek, and eyes fixed on vacancy.

He caught her in his arms, and spoke words of comfort to her; but her mind could not receive them yet: only at the sound of his voice she held him tight and trembled violently.

He got her on the mule, and put his arm round her, and so, supporting her frame, which was now all relaxed and powerless, he took her slowly and sadly home.

She did not shed one tear she spoke one word.

At the gate Martin stood: he took her off the mule, and bade her go across to her father's house. She did as she was bid.

Martin to Rotterdam. Gerard was now to hot for him.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

JORDAN KETEL came to Peter's house to claim Margaret's person; but Margaret was ill in bed, and Peter, on hearing his errand, affronted him and warned him off the premises, and one or two that stood by were for ducking him; for both father and daughter were favorites, and the whole city was in every mouth, and the Sevenbergens in that state of hot, indiscriminating irritation, which occasionally produces popular sympathy.

So Jordan Ketel went off in dudgeon, and reported him of his good deed. This sort of sentence is not lure, and has the merit of being sincere. Dietrich Brower, who was discovered at "The Three Kings," making a chatter-box drunk in order to worm out of him the whereabouts of Martin Wittenhagen, was actually taken and flung into a horse-pond, and threatened with worse usage, should he ever show his face in the burgh again; and finally, municipal jealousy being roused, the Burgomaster of Sevenbergen sent a formal missive to the Burgomaster of Utrecht, reminding him he had overstepped the law, and requesting him to apply to the authorities of Sevenbergen on a future occasion when he might have a complaint, rule to imagiary, against any of the townsfolk.

The wily Glyndevrett, suppressing his rage at this remonstrance, sent back a civil message to say that the person he had followed to Sevenbergen was a Tergovian, one Gerard, and that he had stolen the town records; that Gerard having escaped into foreign parts, and probably taken the documents with him, the whole matter was at an end; and that he, Glyndevrett, and think of him the friend Peter Brandt, now there was no longer any good to be gained by it.

Thus he made a virtue of necessity. But in reality his calmness was but a veil: baffled at Sevenbergen, he turned his views elsewhere. He set his emissaries to learn from the family at Terguen whether Gerard had fled, and he felt little surprise he found they did not know. This added to his uneasiness. It made him fear Gerard was not in Holland at all, and this added to his fear that a certain discovery, and would come back and take a terrible revenge. Meanwhile he had his friends and others that were about him noticed a change for the worse in Glyndevrett. Van Swieten. He became more irritable than ever, a dread lay on him. His eyes were forever casting furtive glances at the man who spoke a thing which led him from what quarter it is to come. Making others wretched had not made him happy. It seldom does. But this latter fear, which fed on his own bad heart, interference might in time have cemented its influence without any additional crime. But a violent land, were still the same outward features, but within was no longer the simple happy family that they appeared with. Life had become a mere formula not Sylvanus had lost in banishing Gerard, and, though no fear of making mischief still, she never told her mother, yet there were times when she could not help looking pale and troubled at their hypocritical regrets: she could not help it. Catherine with a woman's vigilance noticed this, and was puzzled, and troubled at nothing, but quietly pondered it, and went on watching for more. The black image which she had resolved to partake in the general gloom and sorrow, succeeded as far as to impose upon their father and herself, but the demure subterfuge was not at the bottom of them could not escape them feminine eyes.

That, noting all, seem'd naught to note.

Thus mistrust and suspicion sat at the table, pour solitude and sorrow, and misgiving, that had brightened the whole circle, unobserved till now. As for the old looker, his pride had been wounded by his son's decadence, and so he here stiffly up, and did his best never to mention Gerard's name; but unknown to himself, those Nature might often be seen tugging at his heartstrings. One catch'd him in the middle of a sentence: if I let Lotte where the boy is, and that his life and health are in no danger, small would be my fault if he came to her. Another, that he would follow. (I can't help thinking that if Gerard had opened the door just then, and walked in, the old man would have torn him away tears and embraces for him, and few reproaches, or none.)

One thing he took the old couple quite by surprise —publicity. Ere Gerard had been gone a week, his adventures were in every mouth. The people's sympathy declared itself warmly on the side of the lovers, and against Gerard's cruel father and the hard-hearted Burgomaster, "who must put his nose into a business that never concerned him."

One feeling in Catherine's mind was bitterly strong, and deprived an unfortunate young creature of more sympathy than she had ever thought her during to hope for it.

"Mother," said Lotte, "it is all over the town that Margaret is down with a fever—a burning fever: her father fears her only."

"Margaret? what Margaret?" inquired Catherine, with a treacherous assumption of calmness and indifference.

"Oh, mother! whom should I mean? Why Gerard's Margaret."

"Gerard's Margaret!" screamed Catherine; "how dare you say such a word to me? And I rede you never to name that creature's name in this house, that she has laid bare. She is the ruin of my poor boy: the flower of all my flock. She is the cause that he and a holy priest are at open hostile of us, but is roaming the world, and that I am a desolate, broken-hearted mother. Hold! do not cry, my girl, I do ill to speak harsh to you. But oh, Kate! you don't know what pains in a mother's heart. And your spoiling of Gerard whenever me swallow my fears: but at night I see him in my dreams, and always some misfortune next day. Sometimes I see him torn by wild beasts; sometimes he is in the hands of robbers, and their cruel knives are at his throat. Sometimes I fear that one would think would move a stone. Oh! when I think that while I sit here in comfort, perhaps my poor boy lies dead in some savage place: and all along of that girl: there, her very name is a curse to me. I will not hear it. I will not hear it."

"I'll not say any thing, nor do any thing to grieve you worse, mother," said Kate, tenderly: but she sighed.

She was not alone was so fiercely interdicted in this house was much spoken of, and even pitied, elsewhere. Gerard's disappearance was sorry for her, and the young men and maidens cast many a pitying glance, as they passed, at the fair house where the beautiful Lotte Sylvanus lived with her parents. In this familiar phrase they understated her spirit and sensibleness. Gerard was not dead, and she was too loyal herself to doubt his constancy. Her father was dear to her and helpless; and, but for bodily weakness, all her love for Gerard would not have kept her from doing her duties, though she might have gone about them with drooping head and heavy heart. But physical and mental excitement had brought on an attack of fever so violent that nothing but youth and constitution saved

ber. The malady left her at last, but in that terrible state of bodily weakness in which the patient feels life a burden.

Then it is that love and friendship by the bedside are mortal angels, with comfort in their voices and healing in their palms.

But this poor girl had to come back to life and vigor how she could. Many days she lay silent, and the heavy hours rolled like leaden waves over her. In her secluded state existence seemed a burden, and life a thing gone by. She could not try to get well. Gerard was gone. She had not him to get well for. Often she lay for hours quite still, with the tears welling gently out of her eyes.

But one day when Martin on uneasy slumber she found two women in her room. One was a servant; the other, by the deep fur on her collar and sleeves, was a person of consideration; a narrow band of silvery hair being spared by her coiffure, observed her to past the age when women of sense conceal their years. The looks of both were kind and friendly. Margaret tried to raise herself in the bed, but the old lady placed a hand very gently on her.

"Lie still, sweet-heart; we come not here to put you about, but to comfort you, God willing. Now then up a bit, and tell us, first, who think you we are?"

"Nay, madam, I know you, though I never saw you before; you are the demoiselle Van Eyck, and this is Richt Heynes. Gerard has often spoken of you, and of your goodness to him. Madam, he has no friend like you near him now," and she lay back, and the tears welled out of her eyes.

The good-natured Richt Heynes began to cry for company; but her mistress scolded her. "Well, you are a pretty one for a sick-room!" said she; and she put out a world of innocent art to cheer the patient: and not without some little success. An old woman that has seen life and all its troubles is a sovereign blessing by a sorrowful young woman's side. She knows what to say, and what to avoid. She knows how to soothe her and interest her. Ere she had been there an hour she had Margaret's head lying on her shoulder instead of on the pillow, and Margaret's soft eyes dwelling on her with gentle gratitude.

"Ah! this is hairy," said the old lady, running her fingers through it. "Come and look at it, Richt!"

Richt came and handled it, and praised it unaffectedly. The poor child that owned it was not quite out of the reach of flattery (owing, no doubt, to her not being dead).

"In sooth, madam, I did use to think it hideous; but Ae praised it, and ever since then I have been almost vain of it. God forgive me. You know how foolish there are that love."

"They are greater fools that don't," said the old lady, sharply.

Margaret opened her lovely eyes, and looked at her for her meaning.

This was only the first of many visits. In fact either Margaret Van Eyck or Richt came nearly every day until their patient was convalescent; and she improved rapidly under their hands. Richt entertained this perpetually to certain nourishing dishes she prepared in Peter's kitchen: but Margaret herself thought more of the kind words and eyes that kept telling her she had friends to live for. Her gratitude to her old friend was ardent and touching, and there was no mistaking its depth and sincerity.

CHAPTER XXIX.

MARTIN WITTENHAAGEN went straight to Rotterdam, to take the bull by the horns. The bull in question was Philip the Good, duke of this, earl of that, lord of the other. Arrived at Rotterdam, he found the court was at Ghent. To Ghent he went, and sought an audience, but was put off and baffled by lackeys and pages. So he threw himself in his sovereign's way out hunting, and, contrary to all court precedents, commenced the conversation—by rearing lustily for mercy.

"Why, where is the peril, man?" said the duke, looking all round, and laughing.

"Grace for an old soldier hunted down by burghers!"

Now kings differ in character like other folk; but there is one trait they have in common: they are mightily inclined to be affable to men of very low estate indeed. These do not vie with them in anything whatever, so jealousy can not creep in; and they amuse them by their blustrous and novelty, and refresh them with a touch of nature —a rarity in courts. So Philip the Good reined in his horse and gave Martin almost a fifo-delity, and Martin reminded him of a certain butter-headed wheen he had received an *arrow* intended for his sovereign. The Duke remembered the incident perfectly, and was graciously pleased to take a cheerful view of it. He could afford to. Then Martin told his sovereign of Gerard's first capture in the church, his imprisonment in the tower, and the manœuvre by which they got him out, and all the details of the hunt; and, whether he told it better than I have, or that the Duke had not heard so many good stories as you have, certain it is the Duke got so excited that, when a number of courtiers came galloping up and interrupted Martin, he swore like a costermonger, and threatened, only half in jest, to cut off the next head that should come between him and a good story; and when Martin had done, he said,

"St. Luke! what sport goeth on in this mine earldom—ye'l in my own woods, and I see it not. Ten fellow have all the luck." And he was indignant at the partiality of Fortune. "Lo you now! this was a man-hunt!" he said. "*I* never had the luck to be at a man-hunt."

"My luck was none so great," replied Martin, blandly; "I was on the wrong side of the dogs' noses."

"Ah! so you were: I forgot that." And royalty was almost reconciled to his lot. "What would you then?"

"A free pardon, your highness, for myself and Gerard."

"For what?"

"For prison-breaking."

"Go to: the bird will fly from the cage. 'Tis instinct. Besides, coop a young man up for loving a young woman? These punishments must be void of common sense. What else?"

"For striking down the Burgomaster."

"Oh! the hunted boar will turn to bay. 'Tis his right, and I hold him less than man that grudges it him. What else?"

"For killing of the blood-hounds."

The Duke's countenance fell.

"Twas their life or mine," said Martin, eagerly.

"Ay! but I can't have my blood-hounds, my beautiful blood-hounds, sacrificed to—"

"No, no, no! They were not your dogs."

"Whose, then?"

"The rangers'."

"Oh. Well, I am very sorry for him; but, as I was saying, I can't have my old soldiers sacrificed to his blood-hounds. Thou shalt have thy free pardon."

"And poor Gerard?"

"And poor Gerard, too, for thy sake. And now: tell thou this Burgomaster his doings mislike me; this is to set up for a king, not a burgomaster. I'll have no kings in Holland but one. Bid him be more humble, or by St. Jude I'll hang him before his own door, as I hanged the Burgomaster of what's his name, some town or other in Flanders it was; no, 'twas somewhere in Brabant —no matter—I hanged him; I remember that much—for oppressing poor folk."

The Duke then beckoned his chancellor, a purse old fellow that sat his horse like a sack, and bade him write out a free pardon for Martin and one Gerard.

This precious document was drawn up in form and signed next day, and Martin hastened home with it.

Margaret had left her bed some days, and was sitting pale and pensive by the fireside, when he burst in, waving the parchment, and crying, "A free pardon, girl, for Gerard as well as me! Send for him back when you will; all the burgomasters on earth daren't lay a finger on him."

She flushed all over with joy, and her hands trembled with eagerness as she took the parchment, and devoured it with her eyes, and kissed it again and again, and flung her arms round Martin's neck and kissed *him*. When she was calmer she told him Heaven had raised her up a friend in the dame Van Eyck. "And I would have consulted her on this good news; but I have not strength to walk so far."

"What need to walk? There is my mule."

"Your mule, Martin?"

The old soldier, or professional pillager, laughed, and confessed he had got so used to her that he forgot at times Gerard was a free citizen. To-morrow he would turn her into the Burgomaster's yard, but tonight she should carry Margaret to Tergoza.

It was nearly dusk; so Margaret ventured, and stood seven in the evening she astonished and gladdened her new but ardent friend by arriving at her house—with unwonted roses on her cheeks, and Gerard's pardon in her bosom.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

BOOK III.

THE TRACK OF A STORM

CHAPTER II.

THE GRINDSTONE.

TELLSON'S BANK, established in the Saint Germain Quarter of Paris, was in a wing of a large house, approached by a court-yard, and shut off from the street by a high wall and a strong gate. The house belonged to a great nobleman who had lived in it until he made a flight from the troubles, in his own coach-and-six, and got across the borders. A mere beast of the chase flying from hunters, he was still in his metempsychosis no other than the same Monseigneur, the proprietor of whose chocolate for whose lips had once occupied three strong men besides the cook in question.

Monseigneur gone, and the three strong men absolving themselves from the sin of having been drawn his high wages, by being more than ready and willing to cut his throat on the altar of the dawning Republic, one and indivisible, of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, or Death, Monseigneur's house had been first sequestrated, and then confiscated. For, all things moved so fast, and decrees followed decree with that fierce precipitation, that now upon the third night of the autumn month of September patriot emissaries of the law were in possession of Monseigneur's house, and had marked it with the tricolor, and were drinking brandy in its state apartments.

A place of business in London like Tellson's place of business in Paris would soon have driven the House out of its mind and into the Gazette. For what would assist Britain responsibility and respectability have said to orangetrees in boxes in a Bank court-yard, and even to a Cupid over the counter? Yet such things were. Tellson's had whitewashed the Cupid, but he was still to be seen on the ceiling, in the coolest linen, aiming (as he very often does) at money from morning to night. Bankruptcy must inevitably have come, and with it the sweeping Parisian Lombard Street, London, and also of a curtained sleeve in the rear of the immortal boy, and also of a looking-glass let into the wall, and also of clerks not at all old who dozed on pulse on the other side of counters. If the French Tellson's could get on with these things exceedingly well, and, so long as the times held together, no man had taken fright at them, and drawn out his money.

What money would be drawn out of Tellson's henceforth, and what would lie there, lost and forgotten; what plate and jewels would tarnish in Tellson's hiding-places, while the depositors rusted in prisons, and when they should have violently perished by axe or gun or guillotine, it was Tellson's, never be balanced in this world, nor the crowned edge of the cunning man's knife ever have said that night any more than Mr. Jarvis Lorry could, though he thought heavily of these questions. As he passed along the sunny streets of the blighted and unfruitful year was pressure keenly cold), and as he looked at the cheerful face there was a deeper shade than the pendent lamp could throw, or any object in the room distinctly seen, could throw, on his business.

He occupied rooms in the Bank, in his fidelity to the House of which he had grown to be a part, like strong root-ivy. It chanced that they derived a kind of security from the patriotic occupation of the main building, but the inner-hearted old gentleman never calculated about that. All such circumstances were indifferent to him, so that he did his duty. On the opposite side of the court-yard, under an open colonnade, was extensive standing for carriages, where, by-and-by, some carriages of Monseigneur yet stood. Against two of the pillars were fastened two great flaring flambeaux, and in the light of these, standing out in the open air, was a large grindstone—a roughly-mounted wheel, which appeared to have hurriedly been brought there from some neighboring smithy or other workshop. Rising and looking out of window at these harmless objects Mr. Lorry shivered and retired to his seat by the fire. He had returned not only the glass window, but the lattice shut outside it, and he had closed both sashes, and he shivered through his frame.

From the streets beyond the high wall and the strong gate there came the usual night hum of the city, with now and then an indescribable ring in it, weird and unearthly, as if some unwonted sounds of a terrible nature were going up to Heaven.

"Thank God," said Mr. Lorry, clasping his hand, "that no one near and dear to me is in this dreadful town to-night. May He have mercy on all who are in danger!"

Soon afterward the bell at the great gate sounded, and he thought, "They have come back!" and sat listening. But there was no loud ringing for admittance, and all was hushed expected, and he heard the gate clash again, and all was quiet.

The nervousness and dread that were upon him inspired that vague uneasiness respecting the Bank which a great change would naturally awaken with such feelings roused. It was well guarded within, and he got up to go among the trusty people who were watching it, when his door suddenly opened, and two figures rushed in, at sight of which he fell back in amazement.

Lucie and her father! Lucie with her arms stretched out to him, and with that old look of earnestness so concentrated and intensified that it seemed as though it had been stamped upon her face expressly to give force and power to it in this one passage of her life.

"What is this?" cried Mr. Lorry, breathless and confused. "What is the matter? Lucie!

Manette?

"What has happened? What has brought you here? What is it?"

With the look fixed upon him, in her pale agony and wildness, she pointed out in his arms, unconsciously, "Oh my dear friend! my husband!"

"What husband, Lucie?"

"Charles."

"What of Charles?"

"Here."

"Here in Paris?"

"Has been here some days—three or four—I don't know how many—I can't collect my thoughts. An errand of generosity brought him here unknown to us; he was stopped at the barrier, and sent to prison."

The old man uttered an irrepressible cry. Almost at the same moments the bell of the door rang again, and a loud noise of feet and voices came pouring into the court-yard.

"What is that noise?" said the Doctor, turning toward the window.

"Don't look!" cried Mr. Lorry. "Don't look out! Manette, for your life, don't touch the head!"

The Doctor turned, with his hand upon the fastening of the window, and said, with a cool, bold smile,

"My dear friend, I have a charmed life in this city. I have been a Bastile prisoner. There is no patriot in Paris—in Paris!—to whom I, who knowing me to have been a prisoner in the Bastile, would touch me, except to overwhelm me with embraces, or carry me in triumph. My old pain has given me a power that has brought me hundreds of people to-day, and a word of Charles there, and brought us here. I know it would be so; I knew I could help Charles out of all danger; I said I would go. What is that noise?" His hand was again upon the window.

"Don't look!" cried Mr. Lorry, absolutely desperate. "No, Lucie, my dear, nor you!" He got his arm round her, and held her. "Don't be so terrified, my love. I solemnly swear to you that I know of no harm having happened to Charles; that I had no suspicion even of his being in this fatal place. What papers is he in?"

"La Force."

"La Force! Lucie, my child, if ever you were brave and serviceable in your life—and you were always both—you will compose your self now to do exactly as I bid you; for more depends upon it than you can think or I can say. There is no help for you in any action on your part to-night; you can not possibly stir out. I say this because what I must bid you to do for Charles's sake is the hardest thing to do of all. You must instantly be obedient, still, and quiet. You must let me put you in a room at the back here. You must leave your father and me alone for two minutes, and as there are Life and Death in the world you must not refuse."

"I will be submissive to you. I see in your face that you know I can do nothing else than as I know you are true."

The old man kissed her, and hurried her into the room, and turned the key; then came hurrying back to the Doctor, and opened the window and partly opened the shutter, and put his head upon the Doctor's arm, and looked out with him into the court-yard.

Looked out upon a throng of men and women: not enough in number, or near enough, to fill the court-yard: not more than forty or fifty in all. The people in possession of the house had been let in at the gate, and they had rushed in to work at the grindstone; it had evidently been set up there for their purpose as in a convenient and retired spot.

But such awful workers, and such awful work! The grindstone had a double handle, and turning at it madly were two men, whose faces, as their long hair flapped back when the revolution of the grindstone brought them full up, were more horrible and cruel than the visages of the wildest savages in their most barbarous disguise. False eyebrows and false moustaches were stuck upon them, and their hideous countenances were all bloody and sweaty, and all awry with howling, and all staring and glaring with beastly excitement and want of sleep. As these ruffians turned and turned their wheel, constantly sent whirling forward over their eyes, now flung backward over their heads, the streaming blood-wine to their mouths that they might drink; it was with that dripping blood, and what with dripping wine, and what with the sweat that soaks struck out of the stone, all their wicked atmosphere seemed gore and wine. Hair, not cut nor dressed since creature in the group free from the saucer of blood. Shouldering one another to get next at the sharpening-stone, were some stripped to the waist, with the stain all over their bodies and hanging in strips and scraps, with the stain upon those rags; men devilled out all with spoils of women's lace and silk and ribbon, with the stain upon them dripping through and through. Hatchets, knives, bayonets, swords, all brought to be sharpened, were all red with it. Some of the hacked swords were tied to the wrists of those who carried them with strips of linen and fragments of dress: ligatures various in kind, but all dep of the one colour. And the frightful thing was, that the savageness snatched them from the stream of blood, and tore away into the streets, the same blood was red in their frenzied eyes; eyes which any subnatralized beholder would have given twenty years of life to parify with a life-directed gun.

All this was seen in a moment, as the vision of a drowning man, or of any human creature at any very great pass, could see a world if it were there. They drew back from the window, and the Doctor looked for explanation in his friend's ashy face.

"They are"—Mr. Lorry whispered the words, glancing fearfully round at the locked room—"murdering the prisoners. If you are sure of what you say; if you really have the power you think you have—as I believe you have—make yourself known to these devils and get taken to La Force. It may be too late, I don't know, but let it not be a minute later!"

Doctor Manette pressed his hand, hastened hareheaded out of the room, and was in the court-yard when Mr. Lorry regained the blind.

His streaming white hair, his remarkable face, and the impetuous confidence of his manner, as he put the weapons aside like water, carried him in an instant to the head of the group assembled at the stone. For a few moments there was a pause, and a hurry, and a murmur, and the unintelligible sound of his voice; and then Mr. Lorry saw him, surrounded by all, and in the midst of a line twenty men long, all linked shoulder to shoulder, and hand to shoulder, hurried out with cries of "Live the Bastile prisoner! Help for the Bastile prisoner's kindred in La Force! Room for the Bastile prisoner in front there! Save the prisoner Evremonde at La Force!" and a thousand answering shouts.

He closed the lattice again with a fluttering heart, closed the window and the curtain, hastened to Lucie, and told her that her father was assisted by the people, and gone in search of her husband. He found her child and Miss Pross with her; but it never occurred to him to be surprised by their appearance until a long time afterwards, when he sat wondering in his such quiet as the night knew.

Lucie had, of course, been fallen into a stupor on the floor at his feet, clinging to his hand. Miss Pross had laid the child down on his own bed, and her head had gradually fallen on the

"BUT SUCH AWFUL WORKERS, AND SUCH AWFUL WORK!"

wife of an emigrant prisoner under the Bank roof. His own possessions, safety, life, he would have hazarded for Lucie and her child, without a moment's hesitation; but the great trust he held was not his own, and as to that business charge he was a strict man of business.

At first his mind reverted to Defarge, and the thought of finding out the wine-shop again, and taking counsel with its master in reference to the safest place of hiding in the distracted state of the city. But the same consideration that suggested him repudiated him: he lived in the most violent times, and doubtless shared in the acutal there, and deep in its dangerous workings.

Noon coming, and the Doctor not returning, and every minute's delay tending to compromise Charles more, Mr. Lorry advised with Lucie. She said that her father had spoken of hiring a lodging for a short term in that Quarter near the Banking-house. As there was no business objection to this, and as he foresaw that even if a wave set well with Charles, and he were to be released, he could not hope to leave the city, Mr. Lorry went out in quest of such a lodging, and found a suitable one, high up in a removed by-street, where the closed blinds in all the odd-set windows of a high, melancholy square of buildings marked deserted homes.

To this lodging he at once removed Lucie and her child, and Miss Pross—giving them what comfort he could, and much more than he had himself. He left Jerry with them, as a figure to fill a door-way that would bear considerable knocking on the head, and returned to his own occupations. A disturbed and doleful mind he brought to bear upon them, and slowly and heavily the day lagged on with him.

"Does Madame go with us?" inquired Mr. Lorry, seeing that she moved as they moved.

"Yes—that she may be able to recognize the faces and know the persons. It is for their safety."

Beginning to be struck by Defarge's manner, Mr. Lorry looked dubiously at him, and laid the way. Both the women followed; the second woman being The Vengeance.

They passed through the intervening streets as quickly as they might, ascended the staircase of the new domicile, were admitted by Jerry, and found Lucy weeping, alone. She was quickly joined by Mr. Lorry, and Defarge, Mr. Lorry gave her of her husband, and clasped the hand that Charles had laid upon his wife—kissing what it had been doing near him in the night, and might but for a chance have done to him.

"Darnay—Charles—you are well, and near. Defarge has instances around me. You can not answer this letter our child to see?"

That was all the writing. It was so much, however, to her who received it that she turned from Defarge to his wife, and kissed one of the hands that knitted. It was a passionate, loving, thankful, womanly action; but the hand made no response—dropped cold and heavy, and took to its knitting again.

There was something in its touch that gave Lucie a check. She stopped in the act of putting the note in her bosom, and, with that hand yet at her neck, looked terrified at Madame Defarge. Madame Defarge met the terrified eyes bronws and forehead with a cold, impassive stare.

"My dear," said Mr. Lorry, striking in to explain, "the people are frequent risings in the streets; and although it is not likely that they will ever trouble you, Madame Defarge wishes to see those whom she has the power to protect at such times, to the end that she may know them—that she may identify them. I believe," said Mr. Lorry, rather halting in his reasoning words, as the stony resolution of the woman impressed itself upon him more and more, "I state the case, Citizen Defarge?"

Defarge looked gloomily at his wife, and gave no other answer than a gruff sound of acquiescence.

"You had better, Lucie," said Mr. Lorry, doing all he could to propitiate, by tone and manner, "have with the dear child here, and our good Pross. Our good Pross, Defarge, is an English lady, and known to Evremonde."

The lady in question, whose rooted conviction that she was more than a match for any foreigner was not to be shaken by domestic danger, appeared with folded arms, and observed in English to The Vengeance, whom her eye first encountered, "Well, I am sure, Boldface! I hope we are pretty well!" She also bestowed a British scowl on Madame Defarge: but in neither of the two took much heed of her.

"In that list of prisoners," said Madame Defarge, stopping in her work for the first time, and pointing her knitting-needle at little Lucie as if it were the finger of Fate.

"Yes, madame," answered Mr. Lorry; "this is our poor prisoner's darling daughter, and only child."

The shadow attendant on Madame Defarge and her party seemed to fall so threatening and dark on the child that her mother instinctively clasped on of the pointed needle her, and held her to her breast. The shadowy attendant on Madame Defarge and her party seemed then to fall, threatening and dark, on both the mother and the child.

"It is enough, my husband," said Madame Defarge. "I have seen them. We may go."

But the suppressed manner had enough of menace in it—not visible and presented, but indistinct and withheld—to alarm Lucie into saying, as she laid her appealing hand on Madame Defarge's dress,

"You will be good to my poor husband. You will do him no harm. You will help me to see him if you can?"

"Your husband is not my business here," returned Madame Defarge, looking down at her with perfect composure. "It is for others. I sought of your father who is my business here."

"For my sake, then, be merciful to my husband. For my child's sake, for she will get her hands together and pray you to be merciful. We are more afraid of you than all these terrors."

Madame Defarge received it as a compliment, and looked at her husband. Defarge, who had been uneasily biting his thumb-nail and looking at her, collected his face into a mortar expression.

"What is that your husband says in that little letter?" asked Madame Defarge, with a lowering smile. "Influence; he says something touching influence?"

"That my father," said Lucie, hurriedly taking the paper from her breast, but with her eyes fixed upon her questioner and not it, "has much influence around him."

"Surely it will release him!" said Madame Defarge. "Let it do so."

"As a wife and mother," cried Lucie, most earnestly, "I implore you to have pity on me, and not to exercise any power that you possess against my innocent husband, but to use it in his behalf. Oh, sister-woman, think of me. As a wife and mother!"

Madame Defarge looked, coldly as ever, at the supplicant, and said, turning to her friend The Vengeance,

"The wives and mothers we have been used to see, since we were as little as this child, and much longer, have we not been greatly considered? We have known their husbands and fathers laid in prison and kept from them, often enough? All our lives we have seen our sister-women suffer, in themselves and in their children, poverty, nakedness, hunger, thirst, sickness, misery, oppression, and neglect of all kinds?"

"We owe seven nothing else," returned The Vengeance.

"We have borne this a long time," said Madame Defarge, turning her eyes again upon Lucie. "Judge you! Is it likely that the trouble of one wife and mother would be much to us now?"

She resumed her knitting and went on. The Vengeance followed. Defarge went last, and closed the door.

"Courage, my dear Lucie," said Mr. Lorry, as he raised her. "Courage, courage! So far all goes well with us—much, much better than it has of late gone with many poor souls. Cheer up, and have a thankful heart."

"I am not thankful, I hope," Lucie answered, in tears; "but that dreadful woman seems to throw a shadow on me and on all my hopes."

"Tut, tut!" said Mr. Lorry; "what is the despondency in the brave little breast? A shadow indeed! No substance in it, Lucie."

But the shadow of the manner of these Defarges was dark upon himself for all that, and in his secret mind it troubled him greatly.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Burnett's Kalliston,

As a wash for the complexion, has no equal. It is distinguished for its smoothing and purifying effect, allaying all tendency to inflammation, especially that arising from bites of musquitoes, stings of insects, &c. It is a powerful cleanser of the skin, removing tan, freckles, pimples, and all discolorations. Used, with its refreshing and invigorating properties, render it an indispensable requisite for the toilet.

Prepared only by JOSEPH BURNETT & CO.,

Boston.

For sale by druggists generally.

Price 50 Cents a Bottle.

TO SOUTHERN MERCHANTS.

HARNDEN'S EXPRESS

LEAVES EVERY

TUESDAY, THURSDAY AND SATURDAY,

BY STEAMSHIP,

FOR SAVANNAH,

Thence, by Georgia Central Railroad, to

MACON, MEMPHIS, ATLANTA,
AUGUSTA, MOBILE, KNOXVILLE,
NASHVILLE, COLUMBUS, MONTGOMERY,
NEW ORLEANS,

And all Towns in the interior of

Georgia, Alabama and Tennessee.

Every description of merchandise forwarded at Low Rates, and delivered with promptness and despatch.

For further particulars apply at the office of

HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, 74 Broadway.

BEULAH.

By

MISS EVANS,

of Mobile.

Now ready.

For sale by all Booksellers. Single copies sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of $1 25, by

DERBY & JACKSON,

Publishers,
119 Nassau Street,
New York.

White's Fall Styles of Hats

for 1859 are now on Exhibition at his Establishment, 216 Broadway.

The supply is scarcely equal to the demand, so immense is the popularity of JOHN HARRIS'S EAU ARNICA. Restoring the hair on bald heads, as well as on those less bare, promotes the growth and luxuriance of the hair, changes gray hairs and whiskers to the original color, softness, and brilliancy of youth. *It is not a Dye.* Sold by all Druggists, and by JOHN HARRIS & CO., No. 704 Canterbury street, Philadelphia.

THE "DIAPHRAGM FILTER,"

Manufactured by Messrs. MCKENZIE & O'HARA, in the kind or system fitted to attract the notice of the present report to the Croton Board. I consider the artificial membrane, which constitutes this filtering medium, to be an excellent article for the purpose. The instrument is quite durable, and applicable to be removed occasionally to insure its proper action.

JOHN C. HILDRETH, M.D., Chemist.

New York, April 1st, 1859.

Messrs. MCKENZIE & O'HARA, 359 4th Street, cor. Mercer.

Lester's Lock-Stitch Sewing Machines

are

Woodworth's Planing Machines,

Office 323 Broadway. I. M. LESTER.

F. S. CLEAVER'S

PRIZE MEDAL HONEY SOAP.

The only genuine, possessing a fine and creamy lather, a lasting and delicate perfume, and is warranted not to injure the skin.

☞ **Beware of Counterfeits.** ☜

F. S. Cleaver's name, Medal, Manufactory, Windsor, and Glycerine Soaps, also Spermaceti Tooth Powder for the teeth and gums, to be had of all the respectable Drug and Fancy Store in the United States.

Manufactory by F. S. CLEAVER,
Wholesale Depot 21 and 23 Dey Street, New York.
J. C. ROBERTS, Agent.

Weed's Patent Lock Stitch Sewing Machines are well adapted to the use of Families, Tailors, Dressmakers, &c. From $30 to $135.

WHITNEY & LYON,
427 Broadway, N. Y.

TEACHERS WANTED—Accomplished in Music and the Ornamentals—French and Classics, for the autumn of the National Teachers' Institute, 383 Broadway, N. Y. RICE & ANDREWS, Principals.

THREE COPIES by the HUNDRED.—Rapid, Lasting *Prolific Copies*, Same Difficulties, and Cost. Address H. HALSTED, M.D., Metropolis Water-Cure, Round Hill, Northampton, Mass.

Oilet Vinegar

Is far superior to Eau de Cologne as a lotion for the Toilet or Bath, a reviving Perfume, and a powerful Disinfectant.

Sold by all the Trade.

E. Rimmel,

Perfumer, London and Paris.

Richardson's New Method

FOR THE

PIANO FORTE

IS A

DECIDED SUCCESS!

AND IS RAPIDLY BECOMING

The Standard Work of Piano Instruction.

An Examination will convince any one of

ITS SUPERIORITY AND GENUINE MERIT.

Two Editions are published, one adopting American, the other Foreign Fingering. When the style is preferred, if no preference is designated, the edition with American Fingering will be sent. Price $5, on receipt of which it will be forwarded by Mail, post-paid.

Published by GEORGE DITSON & CO., Boston.

RIMMEL'S WHITE ALMOND SOAP

AND FAMILY BAR SOAP are confidently recommended for their excellent properties and delightful aroma.

Sold by all the Trade.

E. RIMMEL, *Perfumer, London and Paris.*

PIANO FORTES.

RAVEN, BALDIN & CO.,

Piano Forte Manufacturers, Warerooms No. 135 Grand street, near Broadway, where a full assortment of Instruments may be found, exclusively of our own manufacture. Warranted in every respect.

Singer's Sewing Machines.

Are superior for all manufacturing purposes.
Are more desirable for all kinds of family sewing.
Are capable of doing a greater range of work.
Are free from the faults of other machines.
Are almost noiseless in their operations.
Are much better, and therefore worth more.
Are perfectly simple and easily kept in order.
Are cheaper because they earn more money.
Are just the Machine for every family.

I. M. SINGER & CO.,

No. 458 Broadway, corner of Grand.

EVERETT HOUSE,
HAWLEY D. CLAFF, PROPRIETOR,
NORTH SIDE UNION SQUARE,
NEW YORK.

INTERNATIONAL HOTEL,

NIAGARA FALLS.

ROBERT B. COLEMAN, late of the firm of COLEMAN & STETSON'S New Astor House, and more recently engaged at the St. Nicholas Hotel, New York, has, in connection with FREDERICK H. COLEMAN, Esq., opened the above-named elegant house, which, having been thoroughly refitted, is now open for the season every desirable to visitors at the grandest of scenery places.

361 BROADWAY 539

BRIDAL SUITS,

Turkey's Flowers, Head Dresses, and Miscellaneous Items, Are all reliable.

Saponifier. Saponifier. Saponifier.

No Family, or Public or Private Institution, should be without this cheapest and best article in the world.

Full directions for making Soft, Hard, and Toney Soaps from the refuse grease of the kitchen, fat, or tallow, accompany each pound can too.

For sale by Druggists and Grocers generally. Beware of Counterfeits. The success of this article has induced unprincipled parties to imitate it, who are being prosecuted for infringing our patented rights.

The genuine manufactured only by the Pennsylvania Salt Manufacturing Company.

Office 396 Penn Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

LEWIS, JAMES & CO., Agents,
Philadelphia.

Lyceum Lectures.

By

Rev. J. C. Fletcher.

1st Address the Lecturer, east of Mosier, Thickner & Fielding, Boston, Mass.

The undersigned is now making his engagements for the Lecture Season of 1859-60. The subjects to which he calls the attention of Lecture Committees are as follows: (1.) *Spain, Progress, and Resources.* (2.) *Infidelity and the Bratitudes.* (3.) *The Land of Job.* (4.) *Europe and Her Rulers.* (5.) *Mormonism, Past and Present.* These will be delivered separately or in courses. Mr. Fletcher lives in Medford, Mass. Dr. Historical Society, Maryland Institute, Boston Mercantile Library Association, Brooklyn Institute, and many Lyceums in different parts of the United States, takes pleasure in referring to Hon. Edward Everett, Rev. Dr. Hawes, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, New York; Gov. S. Hilliard, Esq., Boston, Mass.; Rev. Dr. Cheever, Jamaica Plain, Mass.; Prof. Henry, Smithsonian Institute, Washington, D. C.

HARD TIMES NO MORE.—ANY Lady can make $5 to $10 per day in the United States, possessing Machines, by which she can sew, hem, gather and stitch buttons, by which she can sew 25 to 40 per day can be realized. For particulars, address (with stamp)

W. E. ACTON & CO., 43 North SIXTH Street, Philadelphia.

Guiness & Son's Extra Double Stout and Porter, in Hogsheads and Barrels, and Quarter Casks. For sale by their SOLE AGENT for the United States,

C. E. HARRICOT,
No. 127 Pearl Street.

ELLIOT & PATTEN—Examine Inventions for sale and procure Patents. Office, Washington, and *Agency opposite* main entrance of Patent Office Building, Washington City, D. C.

Wheeler & Wilson's

Sewing Machines,

With Important Improvements.

THE GREAT ECONOMIZER OF TIME AND PRESERVER OF HEALTH.

Office No. 505 Broadway, N. Y.

It is found by accurate experiment that the stitching of a shirt requiring by hand 13 hours and 19 minutes, can be done by the machine in 1 hour and 5 minutes. The work is fully as well executed by the machine as the only stitch that can be used, and will preserve the same appearance upon each side of the seam. It is made with two threads, one upon each side of the fabric, and interlocked in the centre of it.

GOOD NEWS.

[From the Christian Advocate and Journal.]

A reduction in the prices of Sewing Machines is announced in our advertising columns. Their utility is established beyond question, and at the present prices we see no reason why they should not be found, as they ought to be, in every household. Several varieties are manufactured, adapted to various purposes. So far as public opinion has been formed and uttered, the preference is emphatically accorded to the Wheeler and Wilson Machine for family use, and for manufacturers in the same range of purpose and material. During the past year the trials were numerous, and all the patents of any pretension were in operation. The examinations by scientific experts and Wheeler and Wilson were thorough and impartial. We may instance the State Fairs of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Kentucky, Illinois, Wisconsin, Virginia, Michigan, Indiana, Mississippi, Missouri, and California, and the Fairs in Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, Baltimore, Richmond, and San Francisco. At all of the Fairs of the Mechanical Association, the Examining Committee was composed of twenty-five Judges of the highest scientific attainments, without a dissenting voice, awarded for the Wheeler & Wilson Machine the highest and only premium, a Silver Pitcher, valued at $25. If these facts do not establish a reputation, we know not what can.

For the Toilet, and Family Use.

The Celebrated

ORIGINAL HARDY SOAP.

Manufactured by

YARDLEY & STATHAM,

LONDON.

The high reputation of this Soap in Europe and America is a sufficient guaranty for its superior qualities.

The genuine article has the makers' names impressed on each piece of Soap.

Sole Agents for the United States,

WM. H. HORROBIN & CO.,

Importers of Druggists' Fancy Goods,

91 Fulton street, New York.

RIMMEL'S BOUQUET—ALL THE YEAR ROUND; and WOOD VIOLET, are the leading Perfumes in Paris and London.

Sold by all the Trade.

E. RIMMEL, *Perfumer, London and Paris.*

RIMMEL'S ROSE-LEAF POWDER

Is designed to give rose hue to the skin, and renders it soft and beautiful.

Sold by all the Trade.

E. RIMMEL, *Perfumer, London and Paris.*

FAMILY KNITTING MACHINES FOR Family and Plantation use. Agency, 343 Broadway, up stairs, opposite St. Nicholas Hotel.

H. C. LEE, Agt.

To Inventors. Important Notice.

Just issued, a pamphlet of advice how to procure patents for

NEW INVENTIONS.

Sent free on application to MUNN & CO., Editors Scientific American, No. 37 Park Row, New York.

Henry Ward Beecher's

SERMONS,

PUBLISHED WEEKLY IN

The Independent.

In addition to the interesting matter contained in every successive number of *The Independent*, the Publishers beg to announce that the Sunday Morning Sermons of Henry Ward Beecher will appear exclusively in its columns every week. They are the only reports given to the press which receive revision from the Author's own hand. Among other special contributors are the following well-known writers:

MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE,
Rev. GEO. B. CHEEVER, and
JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Terms—Two Dollars a year, payable in advance.

Address

JOSEPH H. RICHARDS,
PUBLISHER,
No. 5 Beekman Street, N. Y.

FOR SALE BY ALL NEWS AGENTS.

YOUNG MAN, DO YOU WANT EMPLOYMENT that will pay—take an agency for our publications. Address FOWLER & WELLS, N. Y.

ROUND HILL WATER-CURE AT NORTHAMPTON, MASS.

Is surpassingly beautiful in its rich autumnal coloring. Invalids will reap enhanced benefit from treatment in these mid-the winter months. Send for circular.

"This mark is true. Dr. Halsted has great success in the practice, and institution is worthy of patronage."—*Boston Atlas and Bee.*

"Dr. Halsted's No summer resort ensures it a large and prosperous business. Invalids should be pretty the tastes and promote the comfort of visitors."—*St. Louis Republican.*

D. W. EVANS & CO.,

The No.

Pioneer 677

Gift Broad-

BOOK way,

STORE, N. Y.

The Oldest Established

Gift Book House.

205

GOLD AND SILVER

WATCHES,

Rich Silk Dress Patterns, &c., &c.,

Given Away in

ONE WEEK.

Each Present worth from $12 00 to $100 00, and amounting in the aggregate value to $10,000.

Besides Twenty Thousand Dollars worth of Miscellaneous Presents, each worth from Fifty Cents to Twelve Dollars.

A LIST

OF THE RECEIPTS OF GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES, RICH SILK DRESS PATTERNS, &c., &c., FOR THE WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 10th,

1859.

Mrs. Dyer, Sidney, Me.
Mrs. M. Alexander, Topsham, Me.
Mrs. J. Kimball, Springvale, Me.
Miss M. A. Sleeant, Skowhegan, Me.
C. Babbit, Enfield, N. H.
Miss E. H. Chamberlain, Concord, N. H.
Charles Walker, Bridge, Vt.
Miss A. Hall, Bridge, Vt.
George L. Aiken, Hartford, Vt.
W. W. Avery, Montpelier, Vt.
Miss Lucretia C. Niles, Fownal, Vt.
Geo. Hartwell, South Adams, Mass.
Harriet Lyons, West Harwich, Mass.
Orson C. Shaw, Wales, Mass.
Miss Freeman, Lenox, Mass.
H. O. Nelson, Nelson, N. H.
Lucas, Springfield, "
Miss M. Ingalls, Lowell, "
Miss A. Sigeod, Indian Orchard, Mass.
Miss N. J. Vernud, Huntington, Mass.
Mrs. Wilson, Tyngsboro, Mass.
Mrs. S. Smith, Princeton, Mass.
Miss S. E. Lamb, Charlton, Mass.
M. Rice, So. Brookfield, Mass.
Mrs. E. Stephen, West Granby, Mass.
Olive L. Cook, Woonsocket, R. I.
Miss S. E. Darling, Woonsocket, R. I.
Miss S. Arnold, Burrtville, R. I.
A. B. Wells, Wethersfield, Conn.
Miss Ann Newich, Conn.
H. Richmond, Preston, "
Joseph Dunn, Bolton, "
Miss M. Miller, Danbury, Conn.
Hills, Bristol, Conn.
Mrs. Deming, Wethersfield, Conn.
Bristol Engine, Co., Bristol, Conn.
C. H. Kemper, Westport, Conn.
Miss L. Swain, Bloomfield, Conn.
M. Read, Windsor Locks, Conn.
Walker, Ridgefield, Conn.
Miss A. Ives, W. Haven, Conn.
Henry Ward, E. Glastonbury, Conn.
Miss J. Norcross, Chesterville, Conn.
Miss Ella Lewis, Derby, Conn.
Miss M. Wilcox, Quarryville, Conn.
Miss Ellen Dickinson, Chester, Conn.
S. Nichols, Bristol, Conn.
Miss M. Gray, Westport, Conn.
Miss M. J. Fox, East Granby, Conn.
Miss A. C. Thayer, Union, Conn.
John J. Fitzgerald, Dubuque, Iowa.
Miss E. Hill, West Redding, Conn.
Miss E. Haven, Bloomfield, Conn.
Miss S. L. Benoit, Mansfield, Conn.
Mrs. A. Dillings, Wethersfield, Conn.
R. Beckwith, So. Lyme, Conn.
Mrs. H. L. Post, Westville, Conn.
E. Decillits, Hamden, Conn.
S. W. Mocker, New Fun Mon, Conn.
Miss L. Warren, Ireton, Conn.
Miss A. Quinn, Danbury, Conn.
Geo. E. Shelford, Cheeseny, N. Y.
Miss L. Mott, Berne, N.Y.
J. Alberty, Ellery "
S. Church, Jackson, "
Miss I. Yeomans, Chesterville, "
Miss Sarah Jones, Rossie, "
H. Mathias, East Berne, "
Miss A. Starr, Utica, N. Y.
Miss J. S. Harder, Brighton, N. Y.
S. Guest, Vails Mills, N. Y.
Mrs. S. Williams, So. Copake, N. Y.
D. Wood, Chester, N. Y.
Miss S. Greene, "
Mrs. H. Hess, Whitesboro Corners, N. Y.
Miss N. Sayles, Harrisheads, N. Y.
Miss A. Dover, Dover, N. Y.
Miss M. Hughes, Fishkill Plains, N. Y.
Miss E. Morgan, Washington, N. Y.
S. Barker, Rome, N. Y.
Miss E. Wilkinson, Crown Point, N. Y.
C. Hosher, Amsterdam, N. Y.
Miss E. Crawford, Clinton Mills, N. Y.
C. Ward, Newmarket, N. J.
Miss M. Ann Hoffman, N. J.
Miss M. Ayres, Norwood, N. J.
Miss Mary Bullock, Smithtown, N. J.
Miss M. E. Fox, Pawling, N. Y.
Miss E. English, Meadville, Pa.
Rodriguine, Jackson, Pa.
G. G. Bear, Somerset, Pa.
S. W. Pierson, "
Miss M. Cook Haven, Conn.
Miss Long, Mt. Pleasant, Pa.
Miss B. Adkins, Musey, Pa.
Miss E. A. Winslow, Bennington, Vt.
Miss M

Geo F. Collins, Lafayette, Ind.
C. Dexter, Columbia, Tenn.
J. Smith, Newmarket, "
G. W. Sharpe, Columbia, "
Wm. Welch, Knoxville, "
C. Edwards, Dandersville, Ga.
T. Cox, Jefferson, Ga.
W. Hopkins, Danielsville, "
Wm. Gay, Danielsville, "
Miss H. Dansen, Jefferson, Ga.
Wm. H. Pelly, Cortland, N. Y.
J. J. Foster, Cortland, Ala.
J. D. Manners, "
J. H. Tisdale, Charleston, S. C.
Mrs. E. Palmer, Sparta, Miss.
R. F. Palmer, Sparta, "
Mrs. Dr. Abercrombie, "
Mrs. Dr. Mitchell, Washington, Miss.
Mrs. Mims, "
Mrs. Rodenhall, Washington, "
J. Lee, O.
W. Vickers, Big Run, O.
J. Chadwick, Burton, "
J. Smith, "
J. Pyle, Coal Run, "
Chadwick, Burton, "
J. F. Prentiss, Monroeville, O.
Jacob Morrow, Monroeville, "
Samuel Hornbeck, Monroeville, "
Jas. Schaenberger, Leeds, C. W.
A. Prentiss, Monroeville, O.
Miss A. Farnsworth, Cook Inst., O.
W. W. Shipley, Fredericktown, O.
J. Bissell, Monroeville, "
Wm. O.
Jas. Thomson, Woodbridge, "
Mrs. J. Davis, North Fairfield, O.
Mrs. Linda Bennett, Gambier, O.
Mrs. Kellogg, Gambier, O.
J. Dowling, Gambier, O.
Mrs. S. Lambert, Fredericktown, O.
Mrs. J. Vickers, Big Run, O.
Mrs. Jane Chadwick, Burton, "
Mrs. C. J. Hinton, Mt. Gilead, "
J. Hamlin, Orford, O.
Mrs. M. McBride, Hillsboro, "
Mrs. J. Barbee, Norwalk, O.
Mrs. M. Knox, Bolesford, "
Mrs. L. Chambers, Hanover, "
Mrs. Bower, Pleasant Ridge, O.

The public are respectfully referred to the above-named persons who have received the benefit of our liberal system of trade during the recent financial disaster. This we would also refer those who desire information as to our honors responsibility to the following leading publishing houses of the United States.

D. Appleton & Co., New York.
Leavitt & Allen, New York.
C. M. Saxton, New York.
Derby & Jackson, New York.
Mason Bros., New York.
Townsend & Co., New York.
Pudney & Russell, New York.
Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston.
Sheppard, Gilman & Co., Boston.
Brown, Taggard & Chase, Boston.
Bradley, Dayton & Co., Boston.
T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.
James B. Smith & Co., Philadelphia.
H. Thomas & Sons, Philadelphia.
H. C. Peck & Theo. Bliss, Philadelphia.
Uncle Buckley, Philadelphia.
Jesper Harding & Son, Philadelphia.

D. W. EVARTS & Co. would call attention to their unrivaled inducements to book-buyers, and the facilities and attractions which a large experience, unlimited capital, and untiring energy have enabled them to attain over all competitors. Our constant invitation of

New Features,
And Unequaled Attractions,
With the Variety and Value of the Gifts and Books

offered to purchasers, warrant us in claiming the attention of the public to the many points in which we do not fear the rivalry of all similar establishments.

We are at the present time giving away, at the rate of

SIX THOUSAND

Gold and Silver Watches Annually.

Besides hundreds of thousands of other articles, all of which are given away with the books purchased. The books are no longer rarely useful to read or look over, but are, as our terms are reasonable, and our facilities are such that we put books, Accessories, and Premiums combined at the shortest notice, at the regular price, with the addition of some useful and valuable present.

BOOKS:

By constant additions to our stock we have collected together a vast, and most extensive library, which is enhanced by any publishing house in the country, all of which we offer from the publication date, and are warranted perfect in every form.

A CATALOGUE, a book for perfection of arrangement, careful selection, and classification of Ancient and Modern Literature, has been issued, which has been revised and imitated by compilers of Catalogues throughout the country, is now considered indispensable, and will be mailed free to any address on application.

Select Circulating Library.

It will be mailed free to any address, and will prove an invaluable assistant in the formation of a library, or the selection of useful and entertaining reading.

GIFTS:

The immense varieties of Gifts distributed, and their really intrinsic value, have induced them to be known as of good trade. By buying in large quantities, and for cash, we are enabled to offer them at such low rates as to tempt those who have not yet tried the system to call and wish to test the strength of our inducements.

DISPATCH.

Those who regard a prompt reply to their orders will be sure and send us their patronage, as the casual leaving of New York City, with many delays, and uncertainties of transportation, give us unrivaled advantages in forwarding to the most distant points. The business arrangements of our Establishment have been so thoroughly perfected, that orders received by the evening mail, will be in morning are on their way to their destination, and no orders are delayed over twenty-four hours from the time of their reception.

SAFETY.

We take the risk of all loss through the mail, if the directions are followed as in Catalogue. Money sent in the form of draft payable to our order, or letters containing funds, if registered according to directions in catalogue, are insured a safe return.

AGENTS.

We employ authorized Agents, thus offering a guaranty of fair dealing, and a proper attention to the interests of our patrons. Since the commencement of the year we have been rapidly appointing local agents, giving easy and lucrative employment in thousands of persons.

CLERGYMEN,
SCHOOL-TEACHERS,
BOOKSELLERS,
POSTMASTERS,
MERCHANTS,
ALL PERSONS,

who feel an interest in the advance of Science and Education, and who desire profitable remuneration, take notice,

FIFTEEN THOUSAND AGENCIES

are open for application, and a pleasant, dignified, easy, and profitable employment, requiring but little time, will be as well as extensively filled as applied for and send in their names.

Book agents, who desire desiring to become so, should examine our terms, as they are believed to be the most liberal ever offered for the disposal of in the regular way, through the indorsement of us to the purchaser.

REMEMBER.

☞ That we take the risk of loss through the mail.

☞ Our business has proved the voluntary kindness of over five hundred city and country journals, and of the leading publishing houses of the country.

☞ This is the oldest established House of the kind in the United States.

☞ We pay the express charges on all our gifts.

☞ We keep the most varied and extensive stock of Books and Gifts, and positively circulate the most complete and best classified catalogue in the country.

☞ We guarantee perfect satisfaction in all who may favor us with their patronage.

HOW TO SEND FOR BOOKS.

Orders for five Books and upward should be sent by express, if possible, as it is safer and cheaper than by mail.

Money, if possible, should be sent in form of Draft; payment can be stopped if lost through the mail.

Letters should be plain, and every name at our disposal, provided the directions are followed as in the catalogue. These directions are simple and within the reach of all, ensuring the safe transmittance of Books.

☞ In ordering books, be sure to include letters only, stated in each. The writing should be plain, and the name of the Post-Office, and State, should be distinct, to avoid mistakes.

SEND FOR A CATALOGUE.

Direct all communications to

D. W. EVANS & CO.,
627 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Dr. Bond's Medicines.

SECOND EDITION OF
THE NEW BOOK,
(The First Edition all sold the day of publication.)

The Rectory of Moreland.

Sold by all Booksellers.
Elegant tinted paper.

Price $1 00.

Sold to be the best American Novel ever issued.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills,

FOR ALL THE PURPOSES OF A PURGATIVE MEDICINE.

FOR COSTIVENESS;
FOR THE CURE OF DYSENTERY;
FOR JAUNDICE;
FOR THE CURE OF INDIGESTION;
FOR DISORDERED LIVER;
FOR THE CURE OF DYSPEPSY;
FOR A FOUL STOMACH;
FOR THE CURE OF RHEUMATISM;
FOR PILES;
FOR THE CURE OF DROPSYPILE;
FOR ALL SCROFULOUS COMPLAINTS;
FOR THE CURE OF ERUPSATION;
FOR DISEASES OF THE SKIN;
FOR THE CURE OF LIVER COMPLAINT;
FOR ERYSIPELAS;
FOR THE CURE OF TETTER, TUMORS, AND SALT RHEUM;
FOR WORMS;
FOR THE CURE OF GOUT;
FOR A DINNER PILL;
FOR THE CURE OF NEURALGIA;
FOR A PURIFYING THE BLOOD.

They are sugar-coated, so that the most sensitive can take them pleasantly, and they are purely vegetable, so harm can arise from their use in any quantity.

Price 25 cents per box. Five boxes for $1 00.

PREPARED BY
DR. J. C. AYER & CO.,
LOWELL, MASS.
Sold by all Druggists everywhere.

EXTRA INDUCEMENTS TO AGENTS.
—Send for one of our new Circulars and Price Lists.
FOWLER & WELLS, N. Y.

"ALL ENGLAND ELEVEN."

Just Published:

The Cricket Field.

The Text-Book of England for this favorite game. From the last London Edition, with all the Original Illustrations. 18 pages. Price 25 cents.

Sent free, by post, on receipt of price.
MAYHEW & BARD, Publishers, Boston.

Bank Note Engraving.

AMERICAN
BANK NOTE COMPANY,
MERCANTILE EXCHANGE,
NEW YORK.
New York, Philadelphia, Boston, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Montreal, and Chicago.

$100 A MONTH!!
Agents Wanted!

We want Agents in every City and County in the United States and Canada. To above and more can be made by addressing, with Post-Office stamp,
DAVIS & Co.,
Mason, Georgia,
who will send full particulars.

PIESSE & LUBIN'S PERFUMERY, from every flower that grows breathes a fragrance
SWEET SCENTS
THE ESSENCE OF ODOUR
KISS-ME-QUICK
FRANGIPANNI
and Hundreds of other Odours
To fill each of these
2 New Bond St. London.
Sold by all Druggists in every city.
Wholesale Agents,
J. PHILLIPS
87 *Pearl St.*
New York.

Mercantile Record.

Patent Champion Safes.
S. C. Herring & Co., 251 Broadway.

Wilder's Patent Salamander Safe.
D. G. Wilder & Co., 191 Broadway.

Phelan's Billiard Tables.
O'Connor & Callender, 63 to 69 Crosby Street.

Patent Extension Tables.
At Herodes' Manufactory, 148, 150 Wooster Street.

Trusses Shoulder Braces, Elastic Stockings, Bandages, and Dr. Marsh's Spinal Supporter. No 4 Astor Place.

Great Opening.—Fall and Winter Undertakers and Upholsterers, at No. 8 and 89 William Street, near the south of Maiden Lane. GEO. M. TRACY, Agent.

Boynton's Self-Clearing, Self-Packing, and Ventilating Gas-Tight Furnace has been thoroughly tested in their own premises for nearly five years, and has proved itself to be the most PERFECT HEATER in use. Call and examine the Boynton Furnace, or send for descriptive circular, with reference to those who have them in use.
RICHARDSON, BOYNTON & CO.,
Fire and Gas Proof Depot, 346 Canal Street, New York.

EXTRA INDUCEMENTS TO AGENTS.
—Send for one of our new Circulars and Price Lists.
FOWLER & WELLS, N. Y.

Ladd, Webster & Co.,
INVITE ATTENTION TO THEIR
IMPROVED TIGHT-STITCH
Sewing Machines,
WHICH FOR BEAUTY AND SIMPLICITY OF CONSTRUCTION, AND EFFICIENCY IN WORKING,
ARE RECOGNIZED BY ALL.
500 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
17 SUMMER STREET, BOSTON.
920 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.
203 BALTIMORE STREET, BALTIMORE.
6 WEST FOURTH STREET, CINCINNATI.

260 HOW TO LIVE CHEAP. 260
Or, how to effect a reform in the present style of your housekeeping, purchasing your Groceries, Provisions, Teas, Wines, Liquors, Coals, and PROVISIONS of all kinds, at the cheapest establishment of
THOMAS R. AGNEW,
260 Greenwich Street, cor. Murray.
Goods delivered free.

THE ORIGINAL BRIDGEWATER
PATENT OF NEW JERSEY, Established 1760,
For Rosin Wood, Iron, Tin, Bricks, Canvass, Moulds, Paper, &c., for neatly, forming a beautiful white paint and cinder proof. Durable and Economical. Depot 71 Fulton Street, New York.
HICKS & BETTS, Agents.

HIGHLY IMPORTANT TO BOOK-BUYERS.—If Sent, Married or Single, in health or disease,—MEDICAL COMMON SENSE, or FAMILY GUIDE, 1000 pages, over 400 pages, Plain, cloth, and above 100 Engravings Prospectus Free. Sir. By a celebrated Paris and London Physician and Surgeon, now of New York City. This interesting book should be in the hands of every adult person, as it imparts knowledge all have sought for in vain in any other. Sold and taught in every part of the country, by W. A. TOWNSEND & CO., No. 46 Walker Street, N. Y.

EXTRA INDUCEMENTS TO AGENTS.
—Send for one of our new Circulars and Price Lists.
FOWLER & WELLS, N. Y.

SANDS' SARSAPARILLA.
For Purifying the Blood.

No remedial agent has ever been produced that has proved more uniformly successful, and in so short a time many unfortunate victims of mercury, left without hope of cure, now joyfully bear testimony to its wonderful and astonishing efficacy.

Read and be convinced of the Extraordinary Efficacy of this invaluable preparation.

Prepared and sold by A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists, No. 100 Fulton Street, New York.

THE ORIGINAL HAIR RESTORATIVE.
Heimstreet's Inimitable Hair Coloring.
The Only Reliable Article in Use.

The attention of the public is called to this article, which is now being extensively advertised and sold in all parts of the country. AND HAVING IT TO GROW STRONG AND HEALTHY.
proves it to be the best suited for RESTORING GRAY HAIR TO ITS ORIGINAL COLOR, BRINGING HAIR GIVEN BALD HEADS.

It is not a watery preparation, which freezes upon the approach and during cold weather, but is composed of Oil and Stimulating spirits, and IT WILL NOT FREEZE.

These who desire an article which they can use and ALWAYS recommend, are invited to read the following, from a well-known Apothecary:

FOUR YEARS' EXPERIENCE WITH HAIR RESTORATIVES.

MESSRS. W. E. HAGAN & CO.—Gents—I have been selling HEIMSTREET'S "INIMITABLE HAIR RESTORATIVE" for three or four years with good satisfaction to purchasers. I have tried various other articles in the market, but none has the desired preference among them all. I have never hesitated to recommend it for all it claims to do. Several ladies of my town who had been wearing false hair, have laid it aside, and now have a full and luxuriant head of hair of original shade and color, produced by using two or more bottles of your article; and were by nature gray before they have been induced by my unsolicited recommendation to use it. I have also almost invariably returned to the use of your Hair Coloring Agent as the only meritorious and reliable article in use.—Selling it as I do, I solicit no article as cheap as any other Hair Dye or Coloring—but which has given me universal satisfaction. I am yours, very truly,
RETAIL PRICE, 50 CENTS PER BOTTLE. SOLD AT WHOLESALE BY ALL LARGE DEALERS IN THE CITIES.
W. E. HAGAN & CO., Proprietors,
Troy, New York.
Who also manufacture ROYER & ESTEELY'S DENTIFRICE, and KNIGHT'S INSTILLINE.

GREAT CURIOSITY.—Particulars sent free Agentswanted. SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Me.

☞ Every Number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE contains from 96 to 98 pages—and from one third to one half more reading than *any* other in the country.

A Splendid Number.

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

No. CXIX.] CONTENTS. [OCTOBER.

BOOTH'S BOOMS.
Illustrated by Eleven Engravings from Original Drawings by Lessing and Waldeck.
THE WATER OF EL ARBAIN.
A VISIT TO THE QUAKING INDIANS.
Illustrated by Twenty Engravings from Original Drawings by Johnson.
JACUBON'S HYMN IN THE AMERICAN FORESTS.
BEHIND THE CLOUD.
THE PICNIC.
COUNTRY LIFE.
THE LOVERS' QUARREL.
THE BLIND PREACHER.
THE TEACHING OF DEATH.
TWO MEN AND A WOMAN.
THE HISTORY OF LIFE-INSURANCE.
TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE.
THE LIGHT-HOUSE.
THE VIRGINIANS. By W. M. THACKERAY. (To be completed in the next Number.)
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Artistican Popularis Aura.—A Bacchanalian Dance.—Land-Pirates. From Drawings by the Author.
MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.
LITERARY NOTICES.
EDITOR'S TABLE.
EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.
EDITOR'S DRAWER.
Containing Anecdotes and Reminiscences furnished by more than Twenty Contributors.
FLOWER AND FRUIT PIECES.
FASHIONS FOR GENTLEMEN.
FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.
With Ten Illustrations from Original Drawings by YOUNG.

The October Number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE is accompanied with the completion of THACKERAY'S "Virginians," entirely of ORIGINAL ARTICLES furnished by American Authors.

The Numbers published during the year form the following Cyclopedias:

I. D. R. CASTLETON, Esq.
JOHN ESTEN COOKE, Esq.
GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, Esq.
MISS JANE M. FULLER.
ARTHUR H. GUERNSEY, Esq.
MRS. ALICE B. HAVEN.
EDWARD H. HOUSE, Esq.
REV. A. A. LIPSCOMB, D.D.
REV. HENRY MORFORD.
CHARLES H. NORTON, Esq.
REV. SAMUEL OSGOOD, D.D.
REV. S. IRENÆUS PRIME, D.D.
GEORGE RIPLEY, Esq.
MRS. H. B. STOWE.
E. G. SQUIER, Esq.
BAYARD TAYLOR, Esq.
WILLIAM ROSE WALLACE, Esq.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year $3 00
Two Copies for One Year 5 00
Three or more Copies for One Year (each) . 2 00

And an Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of TEN SUBSCRIBERS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY and HARPER'S MAGAZINE, together, one year, $5.

The Postage upon "HARPER'S MAGAZINE" must be paid at the Office where it is received. The Postage is *Thirty-six Cents a year.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A FIRST-CLASS ILLUSTRATED PAPER.

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST
FAMILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD.

FIVE CENTS A NUMBER: $2 50 A YEAR.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS'S NEW AND ORIGINAL TALE OF "TWO CITIES," splendidly illustrated by PHIZ, will be published exclusively in "HARPER'S WEEKLY" for May 7, and will be continued from week to week until completed.

GEO. WILLIAM CURTIS'S illustrated Serial Tale of "Prue and I" will be commenced in the first number in "HARPER'S WEEKLY" for April 9.

TERMS OF HARPER'S WEEKLY.

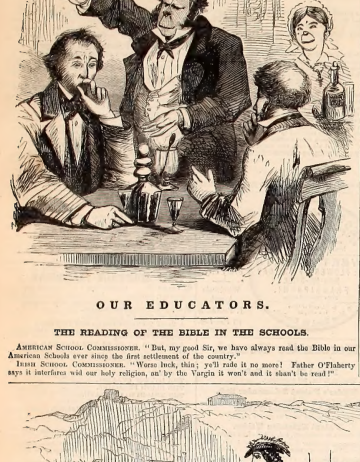
One Copy for One Year $2 00
One Copy for Two Years 3 00
Two Copies for One Year 4 00
Two Copies for Two Years 5 00
Two Copies for One Year 20 00
Twenty-five Copies for One Year 40 00

An Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of TWELVE *or* TWENTY-FIVE SUBSCRIBERS.

THE FOR ADVERTISING.—*Fifty Cents a Line.*
A Liberal Discount will be made to those wishing to Advertise for three Months or more.

☞ Persons living in the City of New York wishing to "HARPER'S WEEKLY" left at their houses, will please send their names and residences to the Publication Office, or to the Office of Publication.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
Franklin Square, New York.



OUR EDUCATORS.

THE READING OF THE BIBLE IN THE SCHOOLS.

AMERICAN SCHOOL COMMISSIONER. "But, my good Sir, we have always read the Bible in our AMERICAN Schools ever since the first settlement of the country."

IRISH SCHOOL COMMISSIONER. "Worse luck, thin; ye'll rade it no more! Father O'Flaherty says it interferes wid our holy religion, an' by the Vargin it won't and it shan't be read!"

A MODEL SCHOOL AMONG THE GERMANS.

ESTHER SPEECHER. "The School which we now have formed here in Orchard Street, in accordance with our Charter, Gentlemen (*drinks*), will show the enervated Americans what a miserable farce their System of Education is. Looking around this assembly of blooming, enlightened Young Men, I feel that German Education is now, as ever, the cradle of pure action, enabling sentiment, strong intellect, and manly courage, which accompanies the German wherever he goes, and commands the respect of every civilized nation on the face of the earth." (*Irrisistible applause!*)

The Reader is requested to observe that the Lower Extremities represented above do not belong to the Fair Damsel on the Plank, but to the Boatman beyond, upon whose shoulder she is leaning.—We, however, recommend Flora to be more careful how she composes herself the next time she gets out of a Boat.

BININGER'S OLD LONDON DOCK GIN

Designed for the use of the *Medical Profession* and the *Family*, having superseded the so-called "Gins"—"Aromatic."—"Cordial."—"Medicated," &c., is now indorsed by all of the prominent physicians, chemists, and connoisseurs in possessing all of those intrinsic medicinal qualities tonic and diuretic which belong to an old and *pure* Gin. Put up in quart bottles and sold by all druggists, grocers, &c.

A. M. BININGER & CO.,
(Established in 1778.) SOLE PROPRIETORS,
No. 338 Broadway, N. Y.

NOW OPEN.
DUNLAP & CO.'S
Branch Store, under the 5th Avenue Hotel. Children's Hats and Caps in endless variety, imported, and of their own manufacture.
Gentlemen's fall styles just issued.

DR. J. B. MARCHISI'S
CELEBRATED
UTERINE CATHOLICON,
FOR THE RELIEF AND CURE OF SUFFERING FEMALES.

With such universal suffering as saddens the female life, a really efficient medicine must be their best friend. Hence, as all other remedies have, more or less, failed, the Catholicon has restored health to the patient and happiness to the fireside. "The cures of Female Complaints by Marchisi's Catholicon are truly surprising."—*New Bedford Standard.* "It has cured an obstinate case in our own family."—*Woman's Advocate, Phila.* "Its article ever answered the recommendations like this." "use it in my practice with astonishing results."—E. R. PERKINS, M.D., *Marietta, O.* "I have tested it in cases of Prostration, Uterrhœa, Leucorrhœa, Bleeding and Painful Menstruation, Prolapsus Uteris, &c., with great success."—A. CLARKE, M.D., late Surgeon 3d Dragoons, U. States, *Clarkesville, Md.* "Prevail upon needless to use it."—JOSEPH CLARK, M.D., *Lawrenceville, Ga.* Such letters pour in from a thousand sources, showing it to

Never taken without Benefit.

It is active and efficient in any form of disease to the Female Sex. Daughters, Wives, and Mothers! Marchisi's Catholicon will cure you. A pamphlet, with symptoms, treatment, letters, &c., sent gratis by mail, or delivered by Agents. ☞ Do not confound Dr. Marchisi with any other name. It is sold at $1 per bottle, or three bottles for $5, by an Agent in almost every town. When not found, enclose money, and order by Express, Address

BARNES & PARK, General Agents,
15 and 15 PARK ROW, N. Y.,
Or J. D. Park, Cincinnati; Weeks & Potter, Boston; J. Wright & Co., New Orleans. J. B. MARCHISI, M.D., *Sole Proprietor, at his room in the Academy of Medicine, No.* 32 *Park Row. Office hours,* 9 to 1 and 3 to 4.

32. HEALTH OF WOMEN. 32.

It has often been a sad reflection that the physiological anatomy of women renders her liable to suffering and disease, for which a reliable remedy has never been found in the regular medical profession. Every mother of a family, and most females above 15 years of age, fully experience this. Social position, wealth, and cultivated taste offer no exemption to this rule. So universal are these sufferings of women from the age of 15 to 45 years, that every one is interested in obtaining certain relief. *Irregularities*, local displacements, general debility, and nervousness seem to be the common lot of women in the most refined portion of their life.

The experience of many years, the severe tests of investigation by thousands of females, and the use of the medicine in the practice and in the families of physicians, and its general use in the families of clergymen, have given the most cultivated and refined in the country, has resulted in stamping the elegant and well known preparation of the Graefenberg Company as the only reliable remedy known for the universal and distressing diseases of women.

It is prepared by an educated physician of great experience, and it will always be found fully equal to representations concerning it. It is known as *The Graefenberg Company's* MARSHALL'S UTERINE CATHOLICON.

Price, $1 50 *per bottle; five bottles for* $6. It can be sent *by express. Address* JOSHUA F. BRIDE, M.D., *Secretary and Consulting Physician, Graefenberg Company,* No. 32 PARK ROW, NEW YORK.

DR. J. F. BRIDE may be consulted professionally, or by letter, at his room in the Graefenberg Company's, No. 32 Park Row. Office hours, 9 to 1 and 3 to 4.

English Brussels Carpets,

75c., 88c. per yd.; Two-ply Ingrain Carpets, 40 to 50c. per yd.; Oilcloth, Rugs, Mats, Matting, Table and Piano Covers, Gold Window Shades, very cheap, at
HIRAM ANDERSON'S, No. 29 Bowery,
Sign of the large Gold Eagle.

☞ Among the many remedies before the public for the cure of Dyspepsia, Dysentery, Flatulence, Constipation, Liver Complaint, or any other disease arising from weakness in the head or stomach. Dr. J. HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS are far the most certain in its effects. You, who are suffering from any of the above complaints, should make a trial of this powerful, yet pleasant compound, will effect great relief. Thousands of the most trying cases have been cured, and made known to the public by those who have experienced its power. A trial is all that is desired to bring so many more witnesses into the field as the public may desire.
For sale by Druggists and Dealers generally, everywhere.
Principal Depot, 13 and 15 Park Row.

DELANO
Life-Preserving Coat and Vest Company.
Office and Salesroom No. 256 Broadway, opposite the City Hall Park.

Vest not Inflated.

Vest Inflated.

The above Company are manufacturers of Life-preserving Coats, Vests, Shirts, and Jackets for Men and Boys, and Waists and Sacks for Ladies. These garments look like, and can be worn the same as ordinary clothing, and yet are the most *perfect life-preservers* ever invented.

These celebrated and pleasant Bitters are highly recommended by the faculty as the purest and best Tonic and Stimulant ever offered to the public for General Debility, Loss of Appetite, Constipation, and other Derangements of the Stomach.

PRINCIPAL DEPOT,
No. 145 Water Street
For Sale Everywhere.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. III.—No. 145.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1859. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

Sketches of the People who oppose our Sunday Laws.

No. I.

A SUNDAY EVENING *SACRED* CONCERT.

ONE recent Sunday evening, as I was walking alone on the undignified side of Broadway, rain began to fall with violence. The circumstances were disagreeable. Novelty of raiment is not such a matter of course with me that I can calmly witness watery injury to the first bloom of my broadcloth. Externally, I was now that evening. When I left home I had fancied myself tolerably radiant and glossy. I took some thought of the morrow, and gazed anxiously around in search of shelter.

Light streamed from a door-way just before me. A milky poster, splashed all over with notes of adulation, invited entrance and promised entertainment. The rain and an unconquerable instinct impelled me inward. As I passed the threshold a small lad threat a programme upon me, from which I learned that two sacred concerts, in immediate succession, were to take place, and that the price of admission to both would be thirteen cents.

I distinctly remember asking, in a tone of quiet facetiousness, as I handed over the requisite amount, what course was usually adopted by persons whose musical desires might be limited to a single concert a night? I also remember that the answer betrayed unevenness of temper on the part of the dispenser of tickets. From that moment I remained discreetly silent.

A long and narrow passage, dimly lighted, led to the concert-room. When I entered I thought it wise to assume the careless air of a habitual visitor. As a natural consequence, I exposed myself to ridicule by plunging down two or three unexpected steps near the door-way. Some rude men laughed, and I shrank, abashed, into a convenient arm-chair.

It was an apartment of odd proportions—too large to be called a chamber, and too small to be called a hall. It had a very attenuated appearance, owing to the great excess of its length over its breadth. It was filled with men and boys, of generally loose department, odors of spirituous nature, and smoke. On the whole, the idea of sanctity did not seem to oppressively prevail, nor did the audience appear to be deeply impressed with the seriousness of the occasion. On the contrary, they were talkative, not to say turbulent. Some of them had evidently attained the uppermost ecstasy of imbibition. I noticed a universal tendency toward cocktails, so far as the surrounding adults were concerned; while the minors, as a rule, gave themselves up to a steady flow of lager bier. Cigars circulated freely, irrespective of age.

At one end of the room a stage was erected, and displayed a rural scene of peculiar qualities. There were sun-flowers blossoming from trees with green trunks and blue leaves. There was a river which rose any where and flowed nowhere, and which was inhabited by one duck. There was a horse with a clump of bushes growing out of his back—apparently without incommoding him in the smallest degree, for he stood on two legs and smiled the air proudly. Over the middle of the stage was painted, in gilded letters, the word "Excelsior," which was sufficiently appropriate, ample opportunity appearing on all sides for the carrying out of that ambitious sentiment. Down below stretched a row of weary foot-lights, principally used by the audience at large for the ignition of cigars. The other decorations of the room were pictures, abundantly disposed about, and not distinguished by reticence of design, and elaborate placards announcing future benefits of the favorites of the establishment.

Through pools redolent of tobacco, and among the intricacies of the loungers' legs, four or five young girls, bewildering in their amplitude of crinoline, threaded their brisk way. Their duty was to respond to bibulous calls, and to shower as much small change as came within their reach. Occasionally they playfully varied the monotony of their occupation by innocent familiarities with congenial spirits among the audience. A gentleman who sat beside me had his hair twisted into complicated forms, and was otherwise manipulated several times during the evening by these sprightly damsels. It seemed to afford him extreme satisfaction, for on each repetition he invited his gentle tormentors to come down to the store next day and select for herself a new dress at his expense.

There was one young girl who carried around bouquets, vaguely hoping that, in the enthusiasm of ecstasy, some liberal-minded patron of the arts might purchase a few, and fling them upon the stage; whence, of course, they would be immediately returned to her, to be again put through the same profitable process as soon as possible. This floral speculators homed with an approach to beauty which would have made her an object of interest had it not been for an incessant internal irritation of the nose, which demanded constant attention at the end of her finger. Pardon the relation of the nasal fact; I put it as delicately as I can.

Gathering together some fragments of conversation near at hand, I learned that the first concert of the evening was over, and that the second was about to begin. Not to be taken by surprise, I examined the programme. It was a pleasant document. The list of impending performers, in glorified big type, was calculated to excite anticipation. It was a cosmopolitan array: France, Germany, Italy, Ireland, and the land of the free and the home of the brave, were all represented. There was Miss Julia Jenkins, "the American prima donna," who led the list. Other names followed, variously swathed in swelling adjectives. There was Miss Fanny Farmer, "the queen of song;" and Miss Lizzie Schwizz, "the fascinating danseuse;" her sister Matilda, "the youthful prodigy;" Mademoiselle Leonora, "the Sylph of the South;" Signor Richards, "operatic vocalist;" and others lost to memory. The order of entertainment involved a singular succession of sacred exercises, among which Ethiopian jigs and feats of juggling were prominent.

A bell tinkled, and the orchestra appeared. It consisted of a piano-forte and a violin. Another tinkle, and the concert opened.

The overture was a hornpipe.

The opening chorus was a jig for voices.

Then the "operatic vocalist" discoursed of the exaltation of love beyond the sky. His appearance was stern and his manner intense. His general effect, particularly as regarded costume, was thrilling. There were stripes like snakes running

A BROADWAY SUNDAY SACRED CONCERT IN NEW YORK.

all down the legs of his trowsers and up his coat-collar. He was given to gesticulation, and was encored for his energy. A gentleman who followed him, having studied the causes of the "operatic vocalist's" success, essayed imitation, but failed, by reason of having only one arm, which brought tears upon him.

The "Sylph of the South" floated in through the foggy atmosphere, and was welcomed with general and highly-colored compliments. She bore with her the American flag on a sharp stick, which she stuck into the middle of the stage, and waved behind herself. Then she courtesied to it, and she folded it in her arms, and wrestled herself insensibly all over it. Then she stepped off a little distance, and pointed her toe at it. Then she suddenly beat sight of it, and gave everybody to understand, as an eagerly absent, looking in obscure corners for it, shaking her head dismally the while. Finally she discovered it by the latest invention in the world, grasped it with delight, turned around five times, and ran off. It was quite a success. The audience instantly drank up all its liquor, in order to pound an encore on the tables with the empty tumblers. Then the "Sylph of the South" did it all over again.

She was not personally alluring. She was shaggy as to hair, and physically deficient. Her stockings did flop like loose sails against their mate on a lee-rocker day. Her dancing, it struck me, was not provocative of delirium, but she was the "Sylph of the South," and she was encored.

A young man gave illustrations of the styles of Messrs. Forrest, Kean, Macready, and Anderson, and revealed the fact that nature had, in the matter of voice and manner, endowed those eminent persons with precise similarity. His audience was critical and relentless. The small boys first cackled, then exploded.

"Ah! he would imitate!" said one.

"Give him some gin to get his voice up!" said another.

"Wake me up when he goes!" said a third.

"Ah, now, do soak up!" said a fourth.

Thus persecuted, the young man exerted himself, spoke feelingly to the "most noble Decemberers of Rome"—looked up at the small boys at the time—and astreated them not to "draw their daggers from their scabbards." It was, however, unavailing, and the young man was obliged to retire, crushed.

The proceedings of the sacred concert were then suspended until an old gentleman who had succumbed to sundry cocktails could be got out. As his friends shouldered him, he called for the company, by which to hoop himself erect, and grew very angry because it was not brought to him at once. In the excitement of this operation the stage-door was opened, and the "Sylph of the South" and the "queen of song" were seen seated on stools, disheveled, their minds intent upon a mug of porter.

The concert then went on, with services more or less—generally less—sacred. The "American genius sings" was given, and the "American" did some light fantastic, accompanying herself with castanets. A man with a black eye recited the "Essence of Old Virginny." Banjos twanged in dulcet tones. A light-handed professor tossed balls in the air, and executed carving-knife feats at the rate of six none. And the crowd grew more tumultuous, more indignant of the sacred character of the occasion, until it seemed as if a touch of Bellum had set in.

Yet there was one relief—one jewel in the dunghill—one flower wasting its sweetness.

The "American genius drama" could not sing a bit. Her tones came tumbling out promiscuous, disjointed. But such tones! Her voice sometimes rose in saying "above the smoke and stir of that dull spot," and carried the soul with it as it soared. It was a marvel, and a wonder, and a marvel to find it there. There, to be sure, it will fade and decay, and none shall know of it. To think that so joyful a thing as that voice should be in and ever will be! Ah! Miss Julia Jenkins, if fortune had been kinder you might have won a fame!

The concert and the clamor progressed together. Smoke gathered and rolled about in heavy and penetrable clouds. The hum of voices deadened the performances. The calls for liquid luxuries multiplied.

A woman entered and passed among the throng, laughing lamentably. Her face was flushed, her gay misty but not with emotion, her step insecure. By the man who was greeted with loud cordiality by the waiting-women, whose sense of decency was shocked, turned backs upon her. At this she flashed with wrath, and a scene was threatened. It was determined by some that she was an intruder; others, meticulously regarded by patrons, disputed this position. An argument ensued. The discussion waxed warm, and all present were drawn within its vortex. I concluded that I might with propriety withdraw.

The stars shone as I stepped into Broadway again. I might now saunter spotless.

Having experienced a sacred concert, I confess to some curiosity to know what a secular one would be, under the same management.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1859.

THE NEW CHINESE QUESTION.

THE event of the week has been the receipt of the news of a fresh collision between the allied French and English and the Chinese at the mouth of the Pei-ho River on 25th June last. As usual, opinions differ on the question involved: some loudly denounce the treachery and cruelty of the Chinese, while others accuse the English of wrong-headedness and a wanton disregard of Chinese rights. The admirable letter which we publish in another column will enable our readers to master the facts of the case.

It seems that early in the month of June the ministers of France, Great Britain, and the United States left Shanghai for the mouth of the Pei-ho, which river they proposed to ascend as far as Pekin, to ratify last year's treaty—according to a distinct understanding which was laid on the table at the treaty where it was alleged that before leaving Shanghai Chinese Commissioners warned Mr. Bruce, the British Minister, that he would not be permitted to ascend the Pei-ho with armed vessels. Be this as it may, this was not the ground on which the subsequent resistance to the Chinese was based.

On arriving at the mouth of the river, on June 18, the English found it strongly barred by a chain of iron-clad gunboats. The Admiral landed an officer and demanded the removal of these stakes, in order that he might proceed to the mouth of the river by the treaty of 1858. To this the Chinese replied, that forcigners could not be suffered to ascend this branch of the Pei-ho; that there was another mouth, many miles to the north, where they would find Chinese officers of rank waiting to escort them to the presence of the Emperor; and that if the English attempted—as the Admiral threatened to do—to remove the stakes the forts would fire on them. To this answer the Admiral's response was that, if the stakes were not removed by eight o'clock he would break up at his own risk. They were not removed. He did begin to raise them. A terrible battle ensued, in which the English gained a complete victory, and the British, after a vain attempt to storm the forts, were driven back with a loss of nearly one-third of their force.

Now it is evident that the right or wrong of this proceeding depends upon a matter of fact. The Chinese declare that the Pei-ho constitutes a channel by which foreigners may proceed to Pekin; and, provided that channel be safe and practicable, foreigners have a right to it, and have no right to choose any other. If, therefore, there be another mouth of the Pei-ho north of the Gulf of Pechelee, which is safe and navigable—and if there really were Chinese envoys waiting there for the arrival of the European and American ministers—the Pei-ho is a mere mirid Hope will prove to establish the fulfilment of their treaty obligations. But the Admiral's refusal, in the absence of our correspondent, an American officer of high standing, to look for the other mouth of the Pei-ho is laid down on the charts as that of a navigators. On the other, we have the statement of certain residents in Shanghai, who affirm that the northern mouth exists, that Mr. Ward, our representative, went there after the battle of June 25, and that the Chinese commissioners awaiting him, and proceeded in their company to Pekin. The next mail will decide which of these two contradictory stories is entitled to credence. In the mean time, judgment must be suspended.

The course pursued by Commodore Tatnall, in affording aid to the British during the disastrous conflict, will naturally engender the activities of our countrymen. We can only suppose the Commodore seems to have compromised the neutrality which it has ever been the aim of the United States to maintain between the belligerents in China. But, on the other, as our correspondent eloquently puts the case, no one with Admiral Hope's fleet in sight, and who have watched unmoved the massacre of the British in the trap into which they had fallen. Had the Commodore refused his aid, it is pretty certain that not a man of the British squadron then engaged would have returned alive. Humanity would have called for the course of the Commodore's conduct under the circumstances.

We do not know that we are prepared to go so far as our correspondent in defending the despotic policy of the United States in China. It is not clear to us that the stake is worth the candle; that any violation of treaty engagements with China—assuming that a good ground for such action—could repay us for the cost in men and money which such a war would involve. If this country needs the excitement of war, a proper cause of such discussion, and such events, be found much nearer home than China; if we are going to better civilization into foreigners' heads, we have Mexico and Central America at our doors. If we do our duty by those standing disgraces to civilization and humanity, we can afford to leave to the maritime powers of Europe the glory of civilizing the Chinese with the bayonet and the Minie rifle. At the same time, it would ill become the United States, which, as our correspondent shows, owe so much to the protection of the Europeans in China, even to seem to side against them in the present dispute, and we say, with the most deceitful and treacherous race in the world.

MORE TROUBLE AHEAD IN UTAH.

AFFAIRS in Utah are rapidly approaching a culmination. The following statement of facts, which comes to us from a perfectly reliable source, goes to establish the opinion we have long entertained, that the "Latter Day Saints" are yet destined to give us serious annoyance.

Previous to the advent of the army in Salt Lake Valley, a man by the name of M'Niel was, under some frivolous pretext, arrested and imprisoned by direction of that "father in Israel, Brigham Young," and was kept in durance until within a short time before the army marched into Salt Lake City. M'Niel, who is a Gentile, subsequently brought a suit against Brigham for false imprisonment, laying his damages at $50,000. During the last session of the United States District Court at Salt Lake City this case came on before Judge St. Clair, and M'Niel was summoned to attend. He hesitated about leaving the vicinity of Camp Floyd, believing that his life would be in danger at Salt Lake City, but was finally persuaded to take the stand each day. While in the city he confined himself to his hotel as much as possible; but the night before his case was called he had occasion to go out, and his absence rendered it manifest outside the door than he was attacked and killed by two Mormons. His case was called by the next day, but no one appeared for him, it was dismissed, and thus ended the affair.

But a day or two after this, another case came before the court, wherein a Mormon prosecuted a soldier for assault and battery, the facts leading to which are as follows:

A commissary sergeant named Rush Valley some time since to guard animals that were being herded there; and as there were many depredations in the vicinity, an order was published forbidding citizens from loitering on the military reservation. In defiance of this order a Mormon went there, and when advised anew to leave to go, whereupon a sergeant named Pike was directed to eject the intruder. In attempting to execute this order the Mormon resisted, and per the sergeant was attacked by the Mormon with an iron pitch-fork, and would probably have been killed had he not defended himself with his musket. The Mormon was hurt during the scuffle, for which the sergeant was tried by the civil authority and acquitted, and was subsequently recalled before the United States District Court. He was sent to Salt Lake City under an escort of twenty men, commanded by a lieutenant, who kept the party closely housed, as it was evident an attack was meditated.

They were not disturbed in any manner unmolested, but on their return with the United States Marshal and escort the sergeant was shot down in broad daylight, in presence of numerous of witnesses, who allowed the murderer to escape. The soldiers followed him a short distance, but they in turn were followed by a large concourse of Mormons, all armed to the teeth. Great excitement prevailed, and the Gentiles are now afraid to venture out of Salt Lake City after dark. The United States Judges also, not seeming to fancy a city residence, have all removed to Camp Floyd. A reward of $500 has been offered at the camp with military honors; and the Colonel of his regiment issued the following order:

HEAD-QUARTERS 10TH INFANTRY.
CAMP FLOYD, August 24, 1859.

It is with much regret that the Commanding Officer announces to the command the death of Commissary Sergeant Ralph Pike, of Company I, late but not less a soldier for his recent assassination, through revenge for the proper discharge of his duty.

(Signed) C. F. SMITH,
Colonel.

The atrocious murders that have been perpetrated by the Mormons ever since their advent into Utah are innumerable, and nothing to such a degree that our correspondent says matters can not remain quite much longer, and we must look for an outbreak soon. Troops enough have been sent out to inflict punishment upon the Indians. The guide was a Mormon, who took them to an Indian camp, near Provo City, and told the officer those were the men who massacred the emigrants, and that their effects would be found in their possession. Upon this representation an attack was made, and about twenty Indians killed; but nothing belonging to the emigrants was found, except one horse, which the Mormons said was theirs. As soon as the action commenced the guide returned to Ogden City, and said he had led the party into a difficulty they would not easily get out of. No doubt he imagined they would all be killed, as there were 150 Indians occupying a strong position against forty soldiers.

From all the circumstances that have been developed in the history of this transaction there is good reason to believe that it is an outrage of a similar character to that of the Mountain Meadow massacre, and that it will yet be traced directly to the Mormons.

Two women who escaped this bloody tragedy have made oath that their persons were violated by *five white men*; and it is probable they would not, under such circumstances, mistake Indians for white men.

The bodies of two men were found about the same time a short distance from Salt Lake City, which exhibited gunshot wounds, and also brutality murdered, one having his head entirely secured from his body.

Such are a few examples of the bloody outrages that have been perpetrated for years by the Mormons, and, without doubt, under the sanction of their leaders. Every one in Utah outside the Mormon Church entertains the least doubt that the Mountain Meadow massacres was the work of these self-styled Latter Day Saints. And when the few children that they permitted to live, because they were supposed to be too young to tell the story, reach their homes in Arkansas—if the people are not aroused to a proper sense of the turpitude of this crime, and do not demand that the murders be brought to justice before an honest tribunal, it is not in the way of a farce with a Mormon jury who regard the word of the Holy Ghost by orders of their church leaders as paramount to any other duty to be administered by Federal officers, and who will find no evidence that Brigham dictates—if, we repeat, the people of Arkansas do not demand this, they are more base than we have always taken them to be.

THE LOUNGER

THE PICTURES AT THE ACADEMY ROOMS.

A YEAR or two ago New York made its first intimate acquaintance with the contemporary pictures of England and France. The names of the chief painters and of the new schools and movements were familiar to us, but we did not know the works, nor understand what we heard about the schools. And every one felt that it was an opportunity of seeing specimens of the most illustrious of modern English painters, Turner, although there are several of his accomplished rivals in the city. Unfortunately they are in galleries which are not open to the public.

The present collection combines works of the French and English painters. Among the former are are forty or fifty of the best French. So far as pictures are more sought than his: that very fact, of course, makes them all the more valuable to certain. Troyon, however, one of the leading French landscapists and cattle-painters, is in great size, and in good force, in the collection. There is also a characteristic work of Rosa Bonheur's. Edouard Frere is represented by seven of his most charming pictures. Theodore Frere has some admirable Oriental bits. Gudin has one of his white beach scenes; Lambinet is quiet and poetical; and Couture a small copy of his great picture of "The Decadence of Rome," and "The Harvest Home" of a peasant. There is something also of Ary Scheffer's and of Isabey's.

The English are good French names. Among the English, Landseer, Stanfield, Millais, Herring, Ansell, Lucy, Webb, Medex Brown, Hook, Ward, and Webster, are names not to be unfamiliar. Some of the specimens, as of Landseer and Stanfield and Millais, are rather interesting—as autographs, not as characteristic and satisfactory works of the artists. Herring is about as good here as he is anywhere. He is, as we need not literalist-Landseer, with the Landseer left out.

The picture that is likely to be most universally popular is a small one of Edward Frere's—"Baby's gold." We have forgotten the number, but it represents a little girl cradling a doll—a babe—shining by the patent pasteboard of the Police Gazette's "Queen of the Ball." There are very few people who are quite sure to be liked. They have nothing Pre-Raphaelite in their method; and, perhaps as he is anywhere, Ansell is as near a mere

ers. And that is the kind of interest and discussion that this early remarkable picture now in Kensetts is ever present. You can read the life of the poem in the book he has been reading to Elizabeth Jane (we looked to see her name upon her handkerchief, but did not find it), and it is "Lindsey Hall" on which falls the illustrative and artistic stir of all art, which is undoubtedly Pre-Raphaelite in its truest, not its most technical sense, as in this picture. Yet it is a work well and gently careful study. It may help to solve more of the questions that are involved in the question of philosophy and practice.

Another picture of this school will be, perhaps, equally wonderful as, but more liked by those who like it at all: "The Stone Breaker," by H. Willis (an artist whose name is not altogether unknown), but hitherto without especial association. The present work is to us the most impressive of all in the Exhibition. Every touch is said against it may or may not be true, but since we do not see it to be so, it does not matter to us. The figure and objects can not be harmoniously represented in so high a key—that such metallic green fields and gloomy grass grew—backed by amiss or sycamore does not look like a heap of precious stones—but the man is not dead, although the sun has gone out at twilight dividing the sky from the lake that reflects it were never so blue—that a corpse does not look like that fallen there—that a proper or pleasing subject in a picture—that the work is incongruous, disagreeable, and unpleasant—all or any things that very accomplished artists and very wise amateurs say, and yet, as you look at it, you are spirited off at once, and, without question, you are near the universal multitudinous life in fern and bracken, in grass and tree, in the sunset and sunrise you watch the long-wearied head heavily hanging at last in rest—the huge, swollen hands relaxed for the job it has fallen from—the stone-chip—the dead hammer sitting still in the painful attitude of toil by the stiff, stony stones, among which the dead body has been ceaseless, and in death as in life unnoticed and forgotten, surely that death pleads for you that that life—which, perhaps, has been fierce pierces you with more than eloquence, crying in your soul: What I was a man, and you passed me with all her soul in her face, looking and longing, but not at all conscious that you are looking at her. Taken with the other two pictures, this shows a real faith in the mind of the artist—faith in the eternal charm of truth—which we have not witnessed in the representation by any tricks of prettiness or association.

You see here in plenty to look at, and talk of, and dispute about in the Gallery of English and French Pictures in Trafalgar Square. Each is interesting; if not as extensive or various, as any Exhibition we have had. Another day we will tell about some of the other Exhibitions—about "Dust after the Rai Mauge," for instance—and the Ferens, and the Knaus, and the "Church Porch."

THE INDIAN SUMMER.

Now that the equinoctial is fairly ended, we shall drop down gently through the softest, loveliest days of our year to the 1st of November. And it is hope we shall not have the usual quarrel about it. Let us hope that every one's equinoctial shall not shut out the Indian Summer. Do send us down in the soft airs of early November—if they be particular used, and even in months after—the days of the Indian Summer of February! In the mild, smoky, tender-aired days that are coming it will not be hard to believe it.

Just as the Lounger gets so far, and has completely settled the question in his own satisfaction, he receives the following letter:

"DEAR MR. LOUNGER,—I sincerely hope you will not going to repeat your annual absurdity about the Indian Summer's coming on the first of November; and I write in time to prevent it. Every well-informed person knows that it comes at the end of October, or even in the middle, but never to be so late as November. The leaves are off the trees. I do not know where you have lived, or upon what reports you rely, when you persist in your mistake every year. We are always sure about it, because I was born in the Indian Summer, and have had all the best opportunities of knowing; and I know that it comes in October. I hope this will be sufficient to settle the question forever in your mind. Why, last November, I've always wondered that a person of your apparent scholastic profession should make such a signal blunder of this question. Every body knows that the Indian Summer doesn't come in November. There! I hope I have now satisfactorily proved it, even to you.

"Your constant reader,

"JANE GRESERY."

FAIRY LAND AT HOME.

There would not, at first sight, seem to be much resemblance between the city of New York and a fairy palace. The Park, for instance, is not a perfectly satisfactory specimen of the bowered delights of gardens and parks with surround the kiosks of the "Arabian Nights." Chatham Street is not one of those spacious, frescoed, trellised corridors along which pace the Kings and Queens of Faery. The Battery is not an Oriental terrace. Even Broadway is not a passage of marble. But for all that there is one point in which the great city is fairy-like. There are many, indeed, when you come seriously to consider, but we have now only one in view.

It has one of the child's stories we are told of a wonderful room, from the walls of which, upon proper tapping, there issued a most melodious concert. Or Goethe's "Faust," when Mephisto knocks the paneling, abundant wines gush forth. Has it occurred to you that New York may be treated in still answer in like manner? That there is scarcely a thing you can name, from a steamboat to a paste, that you may not have, if you only know where to go for it? We walk up and down, not in the least suspecting the treasure that is hidden behind the walls that surround us. We have only to try only to find a piece of silver we may execute a bit of paper, and the treasures are unrolled before our eyes. The riches of every land and climate, the marvels of the arts, the cunning workmanship of human hands, and the splendors of furniture and dress, are all at our command. Nothing. Every sons is stored, in its representatives, behind these massive walls; and if you can not tap them with the gold and silver of gold, you can taste them with your eye and imagination, can scent all the East in its sandal-woods, and explore the South Seas in coral.

If the city were only a mass of brick and mortar and pebbles, and granite, and marble, and iron, eminently to go around; but if you walk with "eyes that see," you will find that every thing is arranged as thoughtfully as we are told to consider the lilies, you will find yourself moving in a realm of romance.

OUR MR. DOVE.

MR. LILYLEED was a clever and complete tradesman in the retail dry-goods line. It wanted but a few years to the completion of the handsome house on which most of his manufacturers' bills would have to be paid, that had been drawn for the stock that took all the sheer and silver of Broadway. Mr. Lilyleed found himself very rapidly getting, in a sense, what he was not a corner in which he suffered from the scarcity of money, but a corner in which he had plenty of that coveted article, and wished to keep it. Mr. Lilyleed was a man of very little—just a little—apparent in Mr. Lilyed's life. He counting-house.

Mr. Lilyleed consulted his lawyer, Mr. Darky. Mr. Darky was not a professional gentleman of the very great order, but rather one who had thoroughly grounded in the etiquette and routine of his business.

"My dear Sir," he said to Mr. Lilyseed, "you must not come to me at this stage of your career and tell me you have difficulties. Difficulties are it. I can't bear it; I don't bear it. You are not in difficulties; you merely anticipate them. You have a large creditor, a cash creditor, who is pressing you for a considerable sum, and you give him a promissory note for a hundred each."

"But I have no such cred—" Mr. Lilyseed was observing when Mr. Darky promptly stopped him. The clever and complete tradesman was only clever and complete in his own peculiar way. In the case of Mr. Lilyseed he was quite wrong.

"That creditor will press you, if I understand you," returned Mr. Darky, "for payment on the afternoon. You had better see me again upon the matter, the first thing in the morning. Good-day."

Mr. Darky knew Mr. Lilyseed was a man of profusion of nods, and winks, and signs, until the next interview and consultation, and in the present course it was intended he should adopt. A very little winking brought him back to his counting-house, and a good deal of reflection was spent upon men Mr. Dove, "Our Mr. Dove," as he was called, was leading gentleman, by prescription.

There were several reasons why Our Mr. Dove was sent for. In the first place, he was on relation with Mr. Lilyseed's banker, he was a man of mild, feeble, and manageable young man; and in the next place, Mr. Dove had been educated and had a reliable persecuting cash creditor. Mr. Dove was somnied in the counting-house, was introduced to the next place, and was regaled with some bright whisky-and-water. Mr. Lilyseed consumed cigars and whisky-and-water, and Mr. Dove lived on the smoking, and preferred a very weak and sweet mixture of wine-and-water.

"If I can do any thing to serve you, Sir," said Our Mr. Dove, in a timid and devoted manner, "you may command my humble ability. I don't see a cardinal dose things so well as I ought, because they belong to the counting-house, which is not my department. I am not ashamed to say that Our Mr. Darky, your lawyer, to set me right."

"Undoubtedly," said Mr. Lilyseed, in a satisfied and pompous tone (he was not only Mr. Dove's master, but he was old enough to be Mr. Dove's father). "Undoubtedly. Have you ever a lawyer?"

"Oh no," replied Mr. Dove, very modestly, "I was never in any occasion for one."

"I thought not," said Mr. Lilyseed, "and I have great pleasure in telling you that you will be the first thing in the morning, to a Mr. Darky, a professional gentleman, Mr. Lilyseed assures me, only four doors from Mr. Darky's, at No. 15 in the same row, you can instruct him to use me for five thousand pounds, debt and interest, and you will find him thoroughly prepared to act upon your instructions."

The next day Our Mr. Dove instructed Mr. Dusky, who returned more instruction than he received. A writ was issued in the case of Dove versus Lilyseed. A deed of assignment, a bill of sale, was proposed by Mr. Darky, acting for Mr. Lilyseed, to stop the action. The action was stopped by Mr. Darky, acting for Mr. Dove, in consideration of Mr. Lilyseed executing this deed, conveying six thousand five hundred pounds' worth of stock and book debts, and paying five hundred pounds in cash to Mr. Dove, within four-and-twenty hours. The costs of two thousand pounds, or less, was left to cover depreciation. An appointment was made to do this, at Mr. Lilyseed's establishment, before half this time had expired. Mr. Lilyseed had obtained the five hundred pounds, with great difficulty, from a client of Mr. Darky's, a retiring capitalist, who advanced upon a substantial deposit of bills to twice the amount. The capitalist did not with his name to appear, and the whole business was therefore transacted through Mr. Darky.

At eleven o'clock one morning, the two lawyers, Mr. Darky and Mr. Dusky, assisted by Mr. Lilyseed's sitting-room to patch up the action of Dove versus Lilyseed. The plaintiff and defendant, of course, were present.

"You are willing," said Mr. Dusky, speaking to his client, Mr. Dove, "to accept the bill of sale for six thousand five hundred pounds in stock in trade (according to the inventory attached), and a cash payment of five hundred pounds, as a satisfaction of your claim against Mr. Lilyseed?"

"Well," replied Our Mr. Dove, who acted his part to perfection, "I really know so little of these matters that I must leave myself entirely in your hands."

"Mr. Darky," said Mr. Dusky, addressing his fellow-lawyer, "do you instruct your client, Mr. Lilyseed, to execute the deed?"

Mr. Darky sit as he was requested, and the bill of sale, in favor of Mr. Dove, after a few words of wording, a little meandering, a little pointing, a round of signing and witnessing, and some counting and placing of forelingers upon small red wafers, was duly signed, sealed, and delivered.

A promissory note for five thousand pounds, payable on demand, and bearing Mr. Lilyseed's indorsation in favor of Mr. Dove, was handed over to the latter gentleman, that he might sign a memorandum and receipt on the back, referring to the deed and the note for five hundred pounds, which was at that moment to be paid.

"Is that all, my dear sir?" asked the mild and feeble Mr. Dove, as he took a very copious dip of ink.

"Immediately under the memorandum," exclaimed the two lawyers, almost simultaneously.

"Here I" continued Mr. Dove, putting the tongue out of the side of his mouth, like a schoolboy over a writing lesson.

"No, there," said the lawyers, pettishly, almost guiding his hand to the place, and looking at the clock simultaneously.

"Had I better sign it in full?" asked Mr. Dove.

"As you are called in the deed," they said, pushing that document away with the left hand of Mr. Dove. "The matter's very simple."

"I think I ought to count the money—the five hundred pounds?" said Mr. Dove, still hesitating.

"It's all right, and in my possession," returned Mr. Dusky, impatiently.

"I ought to count it," persisted Mr. Dove; "we always do in the City of London."

The money was handed over to Our Mr. Dove, who seemed to be getting very nervous. He counted it tremulously, and then signed the back of the promissory note in a hurried style of handwriting. The deed was done this, he complied up the bank-notes and the promissory note, and put them in his trousers-pocket, which he rolled up the bill of sale, and grasped it like a stick.

"What are you doing?" shouted Mr. Lilyseed and the two lawyers.

"I don't know, I'm sure," returned Mr. Dove, looking round for assistance to collapse. "I—I—I haven't got into trouble. I ought to have consulted my mother."

"Don't be a fool," said Mr. Lilyseed, authoritatively; "give the deed, the money, and the promissory note to Mr. Dusky, and go down to business."

"Oh, I can't do that, Sir, to-day; indeed I can't," replied Our Mr. Dove, excitedly. "I—I feel quite ill. I must take a turn round the houses, or I won't answer for the consequences."

Mr. Dove was evidently very much worked upon by the occurrence of the morning, and every attempt to talk to him rationally only threw on the part of Mr. Lilyseed or the two lawyers, was utterly hopeless. Mr. Dove, in the fullness of his simplicity, simply because no other practicable course presented itself. He persisted in retaining the money and papers; and what was the use of theory because his in practice.

During the two days left to Mr. Lilyseed to prepare the decks for his intended insolvency the relations of master and servant between him and his head shopmen were not disturbed. Mr. Dove attended to his duties the same as usual, while Mr. Lilyseed, as a matter of course, overslept, and paid another young man in the establishment to watch him closely, for fear he should dissipate or run away with the five hundred pounds. Mr. Dove, to his credit be it said, showed not the slightest disposition to behave in every other unlawful manner. He was soft and timid, but he was not dishonest.

The result of that particular January arrived at last, and meted very quickly into the fifth. Every bill that Mr. Lilyseed had by some was sent back unpaid from his banker's, for the very sufficient reason that there was no money lodged to discharge them with. Toward evening a number of London creditors arrived at Mr. Lilyseed's establishment, with consternation depicted on their countenances. The next day and the next brought up the provincial and principal creditors, who were equally alarmed at the prospect of heavy bad debts.

Mr. Lilyseed was not to be seen—he was too unwell to meet his trading connections—and Mr. Dove was put forward to answer all necessary questions. Mr. Lilyseed's absence was in the hands of his lawyer, Mr. Darky, and Messrs. Nought and Carryone, the distinguished accountants, had received instructions to prepare a balance-sheet.

Before a week had passed, the following notice appeared in the Gazette:

"LILYSEED, ADAMAS, DOWRY ROAD, Stun-draper, January 19, at half past twelve, and March 6, at eleven, at the Bankruptcy Court; solicitor, Mr. Darky, Burchambers; official assignee, Mr. Commissioner Bell."

The balance-sheet that Messrs. Nought and Carryone prepared was a master-piece of figurative art.

The materials, it is true, had been supplied by Mr. Lilyseed, or rather Mr. Lilyseed's well-reserved books; but what skill they had shown in arranging them to a nicety! The literal fee that was paid to them over and above the ordinary charges was money well laid out to produce a desired result.

Every thing was fully accounted for. Mr. Lilyseed had been more unfortunate than any one supposed. In addition to what he had suffered from the deceiving element, he had been largely robbed for years by dishonest servants without being able to make out a case for prosecution; he had been forged upon, to a large extent, by heartless nephew, who had fled to the Isle of Thanet, where he was lost in a tornado; and he had had to pay upon a mass of debts upon which his knowledge by the extravagant woman whom he was his misfortune to marry. His friends (capitalists) had thus been eaten away, with other property.

At the hour when he thought he was, and certainly ought to have been, a substantial tradesman, he awoke to find himself a bankrupt and a beggar. Mr. Darky never also without question (though, of course, it would have no influence with the court) that the unfortunate gentleman was subject to fits, brought on, no doubt, by the shock of so many tires.

The commissioner, after a little confidential communication with the official assignee, declined to pay much attention to the fresh opposition of certain creditors. He found that all the expenses of the court were secured by the property which the bankrupt had to make up (entered in the official assignee's report), and that there was a prospect of an early dividend of ten per cent upon it the pound. He was obliged to rebuke the bankrupt for accepting an accommodation bill, and also for giving a bill of sale to Mr. Dove, and for not proving before his bankruptcy; but, having done this in a severe and dignified manner, he thought the justice of the case was satisfied by granting Mr. Lilyseed an immediate third-class certificate.

Mr. Lilyseed returned to his establishment, hopeful and triumphant, with the new licenses to trade in his pocket, and Our Mr. Dove was the first one to receive him. He looked round upon his six thousand five hundred pounds' worth of stock that had been so nearly taken from his creditors, and he looked forward to the five hundred pounds paid down in cash, and in full, for his dismissive keeping.

"We must have the place painted up," said Mr. Lilyseed, addressing Mr. Dove, and at once assuming the position of a master; "and I don't like that shop-window—it must be altered the window."

"While I congratulate you upon your success before the court, Sir," returned Mr. Dove, firmly, "I am afraid that our connection must cease from this moment."

"What!" exclaimed the clever and complete tradesman, "you don't mean to say that you mean to leave me? I was thinking of a junior partnership for you."

"I am much obliged to you, Sir, I'm sure," said Mr. Dove, "but I must decline to accept it."

"Well," returned Mr. Lilyseed, resignedly, "you'll credit me with having made the offer? Have you got those bank-notes and documents by you?"

"I have got the documents," replied Mr. Dove, calmly, "but I've disposed of the money."

"You have!" exclaimed Mr. Lilyseed, in astonishment.

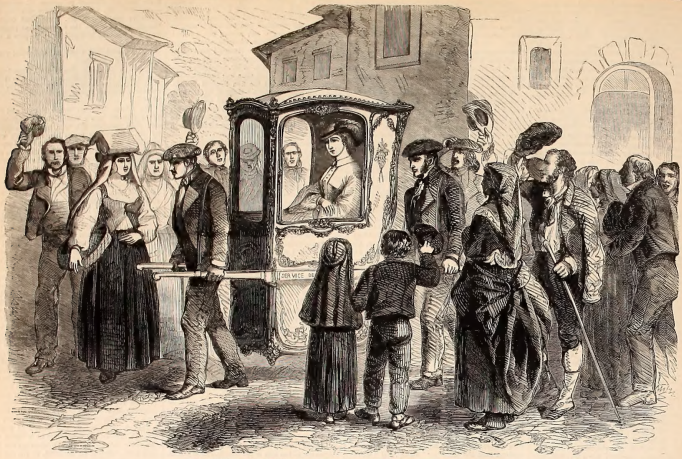
"I've bought back the lease of these premises, which you had mortgaged up to the neck with Mr. Darky's invisible capitalist client, and I've been thinking of getting my own name over the door-way."

Mr. Lilyseed was not a fool, and he saw his position. Mr. Dove was not a fool, but a wolf in sheep's clothing. The fine gentleman found himself completely turned into the street, for the second gentleman was determined to use all the legal power which the law gave him.

"I am not wholly unprovided with means," said Mr. Lilyseed, accepting his defeat with great self-command, "if you are disposed to treat for a partnership."

"I think," said Mr. Dove, "we are better apart. You are worthy of something far better than I am prepared to offer."

And so they separated, like prudent traders, each one adopting the course he thought best suited to his worldly welfare. Mr. Lilyseed was heard of, some years after, as a gigantic contractor; but whether Our Mr. Dove was the same Mr. Dove who, about the same time, was heard of as laying the first stone of a gigantic tabernacle, I am not positively prepared to answer.

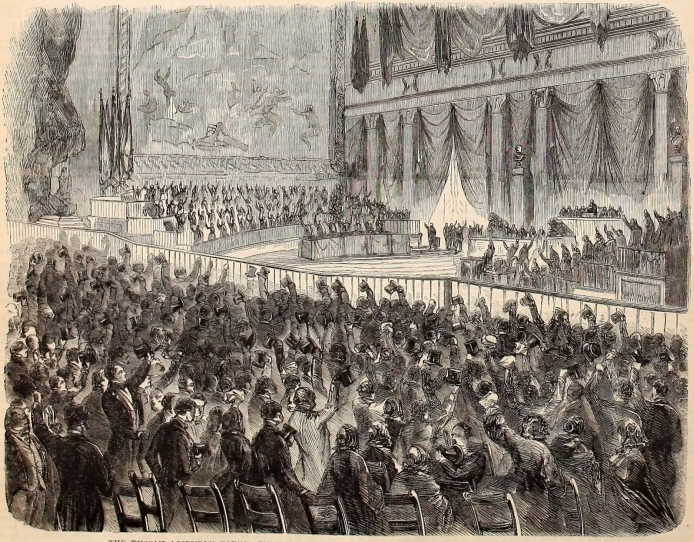


HOW THE FRENCH EMPRESS GOES TO THE BATHS AT ST. SAUVEUR.

THE FRENCH EMPRESS GOING TO THE BATHS.

PRETTY, clever, amiable Eugénie, Empress of the French, is so well known among our people, and generally so well liked by the ladies in this country, that we make no apology for reproducing the accompanying engraving. It represents her Majesty on her way to the Baths at St. Sauveur, a little fashionable bathing-place, nestled among the Pyrenees, where the Emperor has latterly spent some leisure time.

She is traveling, after Pyrenean fashion, in a sedan chair, borne by two sturdy porters. Time was when, in the great kingdom of France, ladies of her rank never traveled otherwise; the gossiping chroniclers of the age of Louis Fourteenth always described their noble dames taking the air in their "chaires." Now the vehicle is only used in such places as St. Sauveur, where the roughness



THE TUSCAN ASSEMBLY VOTING THE DOWNFALL OF THE HAPSBURG-LORRAINE DYNASTY.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

and narrowness of the roads preclude the convenient use of any other conveyance. The Empress's sedan chair was made at Vichy and used by the Emperor expressly for her use: it is of rose-wood richly gilt, lined with white morocco.

The Empress goes to the Baths early in the morning, and dispenses a handsome sum in charities by the way.

THE FINAL OVERTHROW OF THE TUSCAN DYNASTY.

THE accompanying engraving depicts a scene which, already faithfully recorded in the news department of this journal, possesses such historical significance that no paper pretending to illustrate the age in which we live can omit to reproduce it. It is the vote in the fine Tuscan Chambers declaring the house of Lorraine forever expelled from the throne of Tuscany. The deputies—chosen by universal suffrage, and freed from all restraint, as it will be seen, elated at the importance of the duty they perform. The spectators, among whom are many ladies, share the enthusiasm, and with loud hurrahs and waving of handkerchiefs testify their hearty acquiescence in the expulsion of a dynasty which had become hateful.

Ever since the extinction of the Florentine Republic Tuscany has been an appendage of the Austrian Empire. The rule was that the eldest son of the Austrian Emperor was heir to the imperial throne, and the second son ruler of Tuscany. The last "second son" who ruled Tuscany under this system was Ferdinand III., son of the Emperor Leopold; he became Grand Duke in 1790, was dispossessed by Napoleon in 1799, was restored by the allied sovereigns in 1815, and died in 1824. His son Leopold succeeded him. Him many readers of this paragraph well remember: his courtly figure, his pleasing manners, his affability as he walked in the casino, chatting pleasantly with the Florentines or the strangers he met, his love of art, his secret tyranny—all are well known to those who have traveled in Italy within the past quarter of a century.

There was no inherent dislike of the house of Hapsburg-Lorraine among the Florentines. But since 1848 the Grand Duke has shown so little trust in his people and so much trust in Austrian bayonets; the old fees have been so sadly curtailed, and new principles of despotism have been so impudently adopted; the taxes have increased so monstrously, and the whole system of public improvement projected and commenced by Ferdinand have been so grossly neglected, that the enthusiasm with which the Tuscans voted the downfall of the dynasty can well be understood.

Let us hope that it will be final. It is a landmark in the history of freedom.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

TRUMPS.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

CHAPTER LVIII.

CLOUDS AND DARKNESS.

"At least, Miss Amy—at least, we shall be friends."

Amy Waring could think of nothing else. Her life seemed to have stopped at the moment she heard those words. Sometimes she blamed her dullness in not preventing his saying them. Sometimes she lamented the pride that would not suffer her to explain. But the sudden discovery that Amy Martha had perceived the secret she long had owned to herself in silence and Amy lest Lawrence Newt should have perceived

AMY AND AUNT MARTHA.

it too, that she could not help persisting in her assertion that it might sometimes be better for lovers not to marry. It seemed to her that it would serve at least to suggest to Lawrence Newt that, even if he supposed her to love him, he need not necessarily assume that she meant to marry him the moment he asked her.

Lawrence Newt, on his part, had looked upon her words as the caution of a noble woman who saw that he loved her, but who wished to spare him the pain of hearing that she did not love him.

Perhaps she was not less lovely to him or less dear for that gentle care.

"Well, Aunt Martha," said Amy Waring, several months after the death of Christopher Burt, "I really think you are coming back to this world again."

The young woman smiled, while the older one busily drove her needle.

"Why," continued Amy, "here is a white collar; and you have actually smiled at least six times in as many months!"

The older woman still said nothing. The old sadness was in her eyes, but it certainly had become more natural—more human, less ghostly, and the melancholic gloom in which she had hitherto appeared was certainly less deep.

"Amy," she said at length, "God leads his erring children through the dark valley, but he does lead them—he does not leave them. I did not know how deeply I had sinned until I heard the young man Sommerfield, who came to see me even in this room."

She looked up and about, as if to catch some lingering light upon the wall.

"But, somehow, it was Lawrence Newt's preacher who made me feel that there was hope even for me."

She sewed on quietly.

"I thank God for those two men;—and for one other," she added, after a little pause.

Amy only looked, and she went on:

"Lawrence Newt," said Aunt Martha, calmly looking at Amy, "Lawrence Newt, who came to me as a brother came to a sister, and said, 'Be of good cheer!' Amy, what is the matter with you and Lawrence Newt?"

"How, Aunty?"

"How many months since you met there?"

"It was several months ago, Aunty."

Aunt Martha sat quietly sewing, and after some time said,

"He is no longer a young man."

"But, Aunt Martha, he is not old."

Still serene, the grave woman looked at the burning cheeks of her younger companion. Amy did not speak.

"Amy, do you love Lawrence Newt?"

There was no reply; but there was a long silence.

"Do you think I have not known it for a long time, Amy; and ever afraid to speak to what you are? When you and he went from this room months ago I supposed you would be his wife before now."

Still Amy did not speak. It was not because she was unwilling to confide entirely in Aunt Martha, but there was something she did not wish to say to herself. Yet suddenly, as if lifted upon a calm, irresistible purpose—as a leaf is lifted upon the long swell of the sea—she said, with her head quiet as before,

"I do not think Lawrence Newt loves me."

The next moment the poor leaf is lost in the trough of the sea. The quiet gentlewoman Aunt Waring's heart beat tumultuously; she felt as if she should fall from her seat. Her eyes were blind with hot tears. Aunt Martha—O tender sensitiveness of woman's heart!—did not look up—did not start or exclaim. She deliberately threaded her needle carefully, and creased her work with her thumb-nail. After a little while, during which the sea was calming itself, she said, slowly—repeating Amy's words syllable by syllable—

"You do not believe Lawrence Newt loves you?"

"No," was the low, firm whisper in reply.

"Whom do you think he loves?"

There was an instant of almost deathly stillness in that tattooed heart. For a moment the very sea of feeling seemed to be frozen.

Then, and very slowly, a terrible doubt arose in Amy Waring's mind. Before this consideration every perplexity had resolved itself in the consciousness that somehow it must all appear right by-and-by. It had never occurred to her to ask, Does he love any one else? But if he did, the meaning of his words was plain enough; and so, of course, he did.

Who was it?

Amy knew there was but one person in the world whose name could possibly answer that question.

But had Lawrence Newt not watched with her—and with delight—the progress of Arthur Merlin's feeling for this other?

Yes; but if, as he watched so closely, he saw and felt how lovely that other was, was it so wonderful that he should love her?

These things flashed through her mind as she sat motionless by Aunt Martha; and she said, with profound tranquillity,

"Very possibly, Hope Waring."

Aunt Martha did not look up, but seemed to feel that she should see something in her face that she did so; but she asked,

"Is she worthy of him?"

"Perfectly!" answered Amy, quickly.

At this word Aunt Martha did look up, and her eyes met Amy's. Amy Waring burst into tears. Her aunt laid aside her work, and gently put her arms about her niece. She waited until the first full rush of feeling had passed, and then said, tenderly,

"Amy, it is the heart that God leads us women to himself. Through love I fell; but through love, in another way, I hope to be restored. Do you really believe he loves Hope Wayne?"

"I don't know," was the low reply.

"I know, Amy."

The tone was calm and resigned, and were walking, with their arms clasped around each other, up and down the room. They stopped at the window at last. As they did so, their eyes fell simultaneously upon the man of whom they were speaking, who was standing at the back of his lofty, looking up at the window, which was a shrine to him.

"Then you should and smiled at me," he said to himself whenever he looked at it.

As their eyes met, he smiled and waved his hand. With his eyes and head he asked, as when he had first seen her there,

"May I come up?" and he waved his handkerchief.

The two women looked at him. As Amy did so, she felt as if there had been a long and gloomy war; and now, in his eager eyes and waving hands, she saw the illumination of the waving flags of victory and peace.

She smiled and she nodded No to answer him with her head.

But Aunt Martha nodded Yes so vehemently that Amy Waring immediately disappeared from his window.

Alarmed at his coming, doubtful of Aunt Martha's intention, Amy Waring suddenly cried, "Oh! Aunt Martha!" and was gone in a moment. Lawrence Newt dashed round, and knocked at the door.

"Come in!"

He rushed into the room. Some sweet suspicion had winged his feet and lightened his heart. But he was not quick enough. He looked eagerly about him.

"She is gone," said Aunt Martha.

His eager eyes drooped, as if light had gone out of his life also.

"Gone!" said Aunt Martha, "sit down. You have been of the greatest service to me. What can I repay you?"

Lawrence Newt, who had felt during the moment in which he saw Amy at the window, and when he waved to her, that he had been hastening to her, that the cloud was about rolling from his life, was astounded by finding that it was an account between Aunt Martha, instead of Amy, and himself that was to be settled.

He bowed in most confusion, but recovering in a moment, he said, courteously,

"I am aware of nothing that you owe me in any way."

"Lawrence Newt," returned the other, solemnly, "you have known my story; you knew the man to whom I supposed myself married; you have known of my child; you have known how long I have been dead to the world and to all my family and friends, and when, by chance, you discovered me, you became as my brother. How many an hour we have sat talking in this room, and how constantly your sympathy has been my support and your wisdom my guide!"

Lawrence Newt, whose face had grown very grave, waved his hand deprecatingly.

"I know, I know," she continued. "Let that remain unsaid. It can not be unforgotten. But I know your secrets too."

They looked at each other.

"You love Amy Waring."

His face became inscrutable, and his eyes were fixed quietly upon hers. She betrayed no embarrassment, but continued,

"Amy Waring loves you."

A sudden light shot into that inscrutable face. The clear eyes were veiled for an instant by an exquisite sensation.

"What separates you?"

AUNT WINNIFRED IN ARTHUR'S STUDIO.

There was an authority in the tone of the question which Lawrence Newt found hard to resist. It was an authority natural to such intimate knowledge of the relation of the two persons. But he was so entirely unaccustomed to confide in any body, or to speak of his feelings, that he could not utter a word. He merely looked at Aunt Martha as if he expected her to answer all her own questions without any difficulty and doubt.

Meanwhile she had resumed her sewing and was working quietly in her chair. Lawrence Newt arose and found his tongue. He bowed in that quaint way which seemed to involve him more closely in himself, and to warn off every body else.

"I prefer to hear that a woman loves me from her own lips."

The tone was perfectly kind and respectful; but Aunt Martha felt that she had been struck dumb.

"I thank you from my heart," Lawrence Newt said to her. And taking her hand, he bent over it and kissed it. She sat looking at him, and at length said,

"Mayn't I do any thing to show my gratitude?"

"You have already done more than I deserve," replied Lawrence Newt. "I must go now. Good-by! God bless you!"

She kissed his quick forehead as he descended the stairs. For a long time the sombre woman sat rocking idly to and fro, holding her work in her hand and with her eyes fixed upon the floor. She did not seem to see clearly, whatever it might be she was looking at. She shook out her work and straightened it, and folded it regularly, and looked at it as if the secret would flash out of the proper angle if she could only find it. Then she creased it and crimped it—still she could not see. Then she took a few stitches slowly, regarding fixedly a corner of the room as if the thought she was in search of was in reason, and might at any moment run out of his hole and over the floor.

And after all the looking she shook her head intelligently and fell quietly to work as if the mystery were plain enough, saying to herself,

"Why didn't I trust a girl's instinct who loves as Amy does? Of course, she is right. Dear! dear! Of course he loves Hope Wayne."

CHAPTER LIX.

ARTHUR MERLIN'S GREAT PICTURE.

Morris Hollowed mounds, and still the cloud that the faithful old book-keeper of Boniface Newt, Son, & Co.'s had seen upon the horizon was growing and growing, but had not yet burst. Somehow—nobody knew how, whatever any body said—the house that had been so long suspected by shrewd financiers like Jacob Van Boozenburg was still apparently flourishing.

The head of the firm was the most desolate enough. The seasons stole swiftly, silently over it. The sweet face that looked from the upper window grew more womanly through its girlish grace. Grace Plumer had become tall, slight, graceful, and the gay girl was a contented wife. At Saratoga, in the summer, she was a matron and prince—twenty times not so low but that modest girls could look at her without blushing.

And Kate—whom May rarely saw at home, for he did not often come to see his mother—already looked like a man of forty, although he was only twenty-five. Still welcome in society, his manner had lost the spring which belongs to the youth of the blood, and was burnished and *blasé*. He gave whist parties at his rooms, at which he played heavily; and he drank copiously of the wine which he offered his guests. His pretty cousin, Laura Magot, had made her match. She had married Mellish Whitlee, with whom she had a perfect understanding; so that

their life proceeded without any uncomfortable jars.

Hope Wayne had sold the old house of Pine-wood. It was purchased by the Hon. Joshua Quiddy, who had been the confidential counsel of Christopher Burt, and who, after a lucrative practice, had retired from the bar, upon the urgent solicitation of his fellow-citizens that he would represent them in Congress.

"I am not to be dead," he wrote, in his celebrated letter of acceptance, "to the call of my country, which I bear, gentlemen, in your generous voices. Your confidence with your generous praises the slender shaft of my poor abilities until my pleased modesty persuades me that I am a column hung with the trophies of victory."

The Honorable Bedlow Dinks, who had not yet been sent upon a foreign mission, zealously cultivated the society of Mr. Quiddy. They attended the examinations of the infant-schools together, upon which occasions Mr. Dinks was very impressive in his remarks upon the value of early culture, and the necessity of cherishing principles of humility and self-denial in this life. Then he told the boys that there was not one of them who might not some day be President of the United States; or go to Congress, like Mr. Quiddy, who had been a boy once too; or even be sent upon a foreign mission. But all that depended upon their being good.

The Honorable Joshua Quiddy, who did not look to the boys as a class of men in the near period or under any circumstances, he could possibly have been a boy, said that what his friend had just remarked was perfectly true; that society was the best policy; and for his own part, he deplored his unworthiness to confer any unlimited position, whose duties he was afraid the slender shaft of his poor abilities could very indeed fulfil.

Hope Wayne had purchased a house in New York, and there she lived with Mrs. Simcoe. The grave old Methodist had not felt the later touches of Time. She was, as always, tidy, erect, and imperturbable. The years that she had nursed was a woman now, and often enough her tremulous eyes were fixed in a delightful look of pride, and pleasure, and shadowy pain upon the full splendour of Hope Wayne's beauty. Hope's figure, tall and queenly; her peculiar golden hair, rippling and clustering about her head; her dark eyes simply and richly; the calm sweetness of her candid blue eyes—all these things transparently revealing the mutually lovelorn of soul, were watched by Mrs. Simcoe with a softer light in her own eyes—with a deeper oversense, even, for the Creator of the good and fair.

Amy Waring and Hope Wayne were still fast friends. Indeed their conversation have been overheard, the listener might have been surprised to discover how often and how much two beautiful women could talk together without discussing men.

It was true that Hope Wayne was too well known to escape the criticisms of society. Although Mr. Dacre had been long dead, there was still a vague feeling that something yet remained to be unravelled. Mrs. Cod and Mrs. Dod, of course, most accomplished social resurrectionists, held many a curious colloquy upon the graves of the past.

"Why on earth didn't Mrs. Dinks secure Hope Wayne for Alfred?" asked Mrs. Cod of Mrs. Dod.

"I can't for the life of me imagine!" returned Mrs. Dod, leaning herself violently. "Have you ever seen Mrs. Alfred Dinks?"

"No," said Mrs. Cod, with interest.

"Handsome woman!" continued Mrs. Dod, looking with a half smile at Mrs. Cod.

That half smile produced the softest of the smile, which fitted exactly; and said, with emphasis,

"You don't mean so! You don't really mean to say that Alfred Dinks was ever after his money? That's too good!"

"Not at all," answered Mrs. Dod. "Oh no! I never heard any body say so. Mrs. Dinks, Junior, is a very smart woman. Her father is said to be very rich. One of those New York merchants, you know."

"Well, well!" said Mrs. Cod, who was always secretly wondering why no young man of proper matrimonial position took a fancy to Miss Selina Cod, and who knew it was the fault of Miss Selina's mother, "what a world it is!" She smoothed her yellow gloves slowly, finger by finger. "There are some of the benefaced-est women in this world. I do feel so. He thought the New York 'el' Positively it is getting to be as bad as Paris!"

Mrs. Dod pondered the fan exercise, Mrs. Cod smoothed her yellow gloves.

"They say," said Mrs. Dod, "that at the time old Burt's will was opened Fanny Dinks looked livid. I remember that young Bane, who was then in Mr. Quiddy's office, came round the evening after, and said it was the greatest sight in the world to see her. He thought she would eat Hope Wayne before their eyes."

"What'll Hope Wayne do?" asked Mrs. Cod.

"Oh, she'll enjoy having the man after her a little while, I guess," replied Mrs. Dod.

The ladies laughed.

"There's some painter, I hear," said Mrs. Dod.

"There's a Mr. Abel Newt, more likely," said Mrs. Cod.

The ladies laughed again.

"Bless me, how late it is!" said Mrs. Cod.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Cod."

"Good-morning, Mrs. Cod."

"I've had such a charming call, Mrs. Dod."

"Oh, Mrs. Cod, you are always so kind!"

"Good-morning."

"*Good*-morning."

And with degenerate smiles and rustlings and flirtings and bows and bendings the ladies parted.

Arthur Merlin had sketched his great picture of Diana and Endymion a hundred times. He talked of it with his friends and smoked scores of boxes of cigars during the conversations. He had completed what he called the study for the work, which represented, he said, the Goddess alighting upon Latmos while Endymion slept. He pointed out to his companions, especially to Lowrence Newt, the pure antique classical air of the composition.

"You know," he said, as he turned his head and moved his hands over the study as if drawing in the air, "you know it ought somehow to suggest the idea of the Immaculate. I'm no ancient Greece, Diana, and midnight. You see?"

Then came a vast cloud of smoke from his pouch, as if to make seeing impossible.

"Oh, yes, I see," said every one of his companions, especially Lowrence Newt, who did see, indeed, but saw only a head of Hope Wayne in a mist. The Endymion, the mountain, the Greece, the midnight, were but mere suggestions of the artist. The study for his great picture was simply an unfinished portrait of Miss Lent Wayne.

Aunt Winnifred, who sometimes came into her nephew's room for the study one day, and exclaimed, sorrowfully,

"Oh, Arthur! Arthur!"

The young man, who was busily mixing colors upon his pallet and humming, as he usually did when at work, as he had done when a boy, to say that she understood all about it. How could she understand all about it? What right has any body to say that she understands all about it? He asked himself the question frequently because he was very sure that he himself did not understand it, and he answered it by any means understood all about it.

"What is the matter, Aunt Winnifred?" demanded Arthur, in a resolute and distant tone, as if he felt that he ought to deny every thing he was about to hear.

"Yes, yes," continued Aunt Winnifred, musingly, and in a tone of profound sadness, as she still held and contemplated the picture; "yes, yes; I see."

Arthur was quite vexed.

"Now really, my dear aunt," said he, remonstratingly, "I must be aware that it is not becoming in a woman like you to go on in this way. You ought to explain what you mean," he added, decidedly.

"Well, my poor boy, the latter you get the surest if I do," said Mrs. Cod.

Mr. Merlin did not seem to be in the least offended by this reply. It was therefore the indignant tone that he answered:

"Aunt Winnifred, it is not kind in you to come up here and make me my time and temper while you sit there coolly and talk in infernal parables."

"Infernal parables!" cried the lady, in a tone of surprise and horror.

"Oh, Arthur, Arthur! that comes of not going to church. Infernal Parables! My soul and body, what an awful idea!"

The painter smiled. The contest was too utterly futile. He went slowly back to his easel, and, turning his head over his shoulder, began to rub his colors upon the pallet. He was humming a tune which was the higher than a groan to the canvas before him, when his aunt remarked,

"Hymn, Arthur! now that you are reasonable, I'll tell you what I mean."

The artist looked over his shoulder and laughed.

"Go on, dear aunt."

"I understand you why you don't go to our church."

"Was a remark so totally unexpected that Arthur stopped short and turned quite round.

"What do you mean, Aunt Winnifred?"

"I mean," said the lady, with her study as if to overwhelm him with resistless proof, "I mean Christian—and I say as I say in that you are a Roman Catholic."

Aunt Winnifred, who was an exemplary member of a Dutch Reformed Church, or as Arthur gayly called her to her face, a Dutch Deformed one. He knew how simple and sincere in her religious faith to tolerate with equanimity the thought that any one of the name of Merlin could possibly profess to be a Catholic, and he poetically described the Church of Rome.

"Arthur, Arthur! and your father a clergyman! It's too dreadful!"

And the tender-hearted woman burst into tears.

But still weeping, she waved the picture in mournful condemnation of her assertion. Arthur was amused and perplexed.

"My dear aunt, what has put such a droll idea into your head?"

"Because—because," said Aunt Winnifred, sobbing and wiping her eyes, "because this picture, which you keep locked up so carefully, is a picture of the Holy Virgin. Oh dear! dear! dear!

taste it, but she did not. I stitched on for a minute or two, though my blood was running cold, and the boiling of that soup in the large quiet kitchen sounds through my head sometimes even now. Mrs. Williams was standing at the window with her back to me. I never will know what made me do it, for to this day if somebody had bidden me, and without a word or a thought but that it must be done, I ran to the fire, gave the saucepan a poke, and sent the soup blazing up the chimney. As it fizzed up the thought of her anger came over me. I was frightened, but I set up, saying a wild cry of fear, I rushed to the nearest door, and it was the best parlor. The next thing I remember is crouching behind the mahogany, who had started up and stood in the door, as Mrs. Williams came forward with two pails, which had been lying on the window-sill, in her hand.

"Fool, never mind the spilling of the soup," said he, understanding at once what had taken place, which indeed was easily seen. "You would not be angry with the child for that, and could not help it, I dare say. I can dine very well without it. You don't know me, Mrs. Williams," he continued, coming a step nearer where she stood, still looking at me with a deadly glitter in her eyes.

"Don't I!" said she, and I did think she was trying which of the knives was the sharpest.

"Well," said the gentleman, "you may know me to be Edward Wentworth, and you may know that I have married your daughter, and brought her home a lady. I never meant to part with child by her. We were privately married: but while Jo-de-ann lived it was to be kept a secret, and we knew you would not keep it. That is why I have come to-day to surprise you; but you will come to Wentworth Park, and grow as rich as ever my. By-bye, ma'am, you're not going to faint!" She had staggered back against the wall, her white lips set, and her eyes growing glassy. I was half and half a dozen of the servants, whom my scream had brought in, ran to help her, and she shrunk away with a desperate effort, darted up stairs, and we heard her lock herself in her own room. The whole house was terribly frightened at the smash all concluding that Mrs. Williams had seen a ghost. What Mr. Wentworth thought I do not know, but he asked me no questions, and never seemed to suspect any thing about the spilled soup, but left us cook for Mrs. Williams, and me and the servant a little before sunset. We all went about our business, the work went on, and in that house on any account, and the evening coach was expected. Just before it came, Mrs. Williams's bell rung, and the housemaid said she was not to come. When I came into the room she was sitting at the desk, looking herself again, but her face was very white, and she had her long knitted purse full of guineas in her hand.

"Mary," said she, "you are a good girl; take this and go home; I'll take care that you get no blame."

"I want no money, ma'am," said I; "but I'll go home if you let me, and never say a word except to my father or mother."

She held out the purse once more, and then pocketed the deed. She could say nothing, but must have been a hard pull for proud spirit. I got out of the room as quick as I could, threw on my hat and cloak, and was off down the road as fast as it came up, leaving trunk and all behind me.

My father and mother were astonished to see me when it set me down at their door in Clatford, just as the clock struck twelve; they were still more astonished when I told them what had come to pass between me and my master. My father first called me a brave good girl, and then he ordered me not to be proud and tell no one; for he knew, as well as I, that Mrs. Williams would never be forgiven for such a story quiet about former Jo-de-ann's relations, I'll tell you all the rest."

I think I have not much more to tell. Harry did finish the business. There were some people in our village that never got over the wonder of it; but I am proud to say that my husband was the first boy by use, for ten years after, Mrs. Williams died in her own way, and left her property to several distant relations, and her daughter, Lady Wentworth. She had never gone to the Park but once, and then she would not see her mother, sleep in the house, but saw her daughter and grandson, now heir of the estate, and then went straight back to the Golden Shawl. She never took another girl to stay with her; and what she said about her leaving I never heard. And the maids had a story among them, and they always stuck to it, that I would not accept a present of money that came down the chimney, and frightened Mrs. Williams half out of her senses. They said one thing, however, which I am ashamed to think was true, that she never liked to make evil-soup after, but cared to look at red pepper.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE LATEST FROM SAN JUAN.

DISPATCHES were received this week at the Department of State from Mr. Campbell, Boundary Commissioner at San Juan. He reports every thing quiet, and does not apprehend any further difficulty or fighting. He announces that negotiations are broken off between him and the English Commissioner. He maintains that our right to the island is clear and conclusive.

COMMODORE TATNALL'S DISPATCHES.

The Washington correspondent of the Associated Press telegraphs:

The dispatches received by the Government narrate with picturesque minuteness the events in Utsira Bay. Mr. Tatnall says that the British officer in charge of the gun-boats having visited him, said nothing about aid, but that his squadron was expected hourly. Mr. Tatnal remarks that he was on board the *Pochahon* he would look anxiously at his Admiral and at the locks. After he left, continues Captain Tatnall, "I held a conversation with our Commissioner, Mr. Ward, and he agreed with me perfectly that, under the circumstances of our getting into collision, and the sending of the British squadron to the bay before, I could do no less than tow the English gun-boats out with me, when the officer, in his pride and vanity accepted. While the boats were making fast to the steamer, I went below and spoke to Mr. Ward, and found him busily loading the revolvers, and going on board one of the launches, for reasons which I did not know. I, however, did not accompany him, but soon returned in one of the English boats, determined to keep my eye upon the locks, and not to go under for with his superstition and concurrence, he would have done so. I was received on board the flag-ship with pride." Captain Tatnall towed the boats through the fleet, and when he had got them outside of the fleet, he knew they were safe, cutting them off, he retires to the rear of the line, and, with his steamer under way, he keeps his eye upon the flag-ship, ready to aid the wounded, and, should any boats be sunk, to rescue the crews. He says that the fleet fired at the fort in accordance with neutrality. Having been informed by a British officer that the fort was to be reinforced by artillery, Captain Tatnall went in a barge to visit him. When within a few feet of the commander's gig, a musket-ball, fired by the fort, killed the coxswain, Mr. Hart, of Brooklyn, New York, and slightly wounded the Commander of Engineers. They reached the *Carysford* before the boat entirely sank. Captain Tatnall says that the British Commander-in-Chief personally regretted the loss of their arrangements, and requested him to accompany him to the fort, which he declined, but went with him to the beach. The fort was evacuated, thereby to a certain extent assuming the same place as the Chinese forts. The correspondent of the Commissioners was much doubted at the time.

UNCERTAIN FATE OF AN AERONAUT.

MR. LAMOUNTAIN'S balloon ascended at Concord from Watertown, New York, on 23d inst., in company with a Mr. Haddock, and has not been heard from since. The Boston Herald says: "They were last seen from the town of Hadley, Mass., on the Connecticut River, at about seven minutes of 6 o'clock, going S. E. with great velocity.

Tuesday afternoon, says the New York Herald, a meeting of Lamountain's friends was held at the rooms of several relatives of Mr. Haddock, and others, left Watertown on Friday, and were to meet the party on the 23d inst., and, if possible, to terminate the dreadful uncertainty. [Sad affair.

We find in the Rome *Sentinel* of Wednesday the following: "Mr. Lamountain's balloon passed this village afternoon, brought by the Watertown train due here at 4 P. M. The car was found in the woods, and a letter that a letter had been picked up in Canada (near Bytown, C. W.) addressed to Mr. Lamountain, stating that the balloon was safely moored and arranged at East Boston, but who have since removed to the Connecticut River, and will meet their friends at Hartford. We think this doubtful's affection. It seems that John returned to Boston Tuesday last, and left for Hartford, where he was to meet with the girl to Were. At first they stopped at the Astor, but subsequently left for Brooklyn, and on Sunday last near the village, the girl sleeping upon the ground with the male companion. Mr. Haddock, who missed his daughter, sought for her in the towns near Boston, but could not find her. On Monday he left Boston and then searched her whereabouts. He paralled from place to place, and at last found her at Hartford. Mr. Haddock kept, where he met his daughter. John stated that he had been married to her in Boston, and that he had gone to Hartford to see his father. He also stated that his father's roof, and thought they had slept in the same two or three nights, and that they were married in Boston. This statement was confirmed by John's brother and his wife, who had met the couple in Boston. Mr. Haddock, John seemed very pointed, while the girl stated that she took this course to avoid the embarrassment of a family estrangement. She will be her sister in a school-house the night before last. Mr. Haddock and daughter left for home to attend school at South Boston, next her Indian career, and that of Mr. Haddock.

GOLD PRODUCE FROM THE NEW GOLD MINES.

THE Governor of Nebraska, in his late visit to the Republican given a statement of the results and shipments of gold, by various parties, from the mines recently opened in Denver and Arapaha, which aggregate as follows: Reported, \$60,000; shipped, \$40,000; and it is estimated that the gold in at the rate of \$17 per ounce, which is much below its true value. The amount of gold brought into the States by private individuals is included in the statement.

THE DEATH OF JOHN BROWN'S WIFE.

A Washington correspondent of the Boston *Journal*, in his letter of the 16th inst., referring to a large number of letters received from Virginia, says: "Many of them are from the widow of John Brown."

Mr. Buchanan received his guests with that frank and genial cordiality which is a great feature in his receptions. I saw him on the day of his inauguration. He was then in his usual health. He is a hale old man now. He has no necks of being jaded or overwork. He does not sleep in the day time, and his evenings are said to be seen starting for his rural home in the country. He has a beautiful place there, and I have heard many of the ease of the cottages that surround the Retreat, and the kind attentions of the ladies of the neighborhood to the summer house of the President. It is four miles from the city, and the drive is one of the most delightful that it is to be witnessed in a country so full of beauty. Strangers who may choose to call on him; and this ride is becoming quite a fashionable one. Every Wednesday the President may be seen on the piazza of his beautiful cottage, with his arm around the neck of one of his nieces as well as the graceful society that surrounds him."

PERSONAL.

During General Scott's absence, General Wool, as senior officer, will be acting Commander-in-Chief in the United States.

A correspondent of the *Courrier des Etats Unis* relates the following anecdote of Mr. Webster: "In the year of the Centennial, Mr. Webster, as I am told, was present as one Professor of French at Harvard College, and who, as we all know, was a man of great learning and unadulterated purple. His afterward edited a journal, and in New York was sent back to Europe. Webster was getting, assay support by writing for the Paris press. Mr. Webster, who was then chief, engaged him, and, leaving him hard to a fortune of a million and a half francs.

Mrs. Mary Van Vechten, born in Albany, 1794, is the last surviving descendant of the family of the first settlers of the distinct city. Her father, Mr. Van Vechten, was a prominent citizen residing at Lansingville since 1815.

A correspondent of the *Evening Post* lately visited Miss Hinkel, and he gives the following account of her:

"Miss Hinkel remains the impression you derive from her books—modest, sensible, sincere. She is tall, slender, with fine blue eyes, light-brown hair, clear English complexion, and a face lighted up by sensibility. There is nothing of the strong-minded about her, but industrious, unaffected, sensible, and even in manner, whatever any ladies are afflicted. She is feminine, to God meant her to be feminine, and has 'a soft, low voice, which is a very pleasant thing.'

"She was enjoying a common cane-backed Yankee rocking-chair, which a friend had sent her. You can see in a moment that the owner of home a rocking-chair can be a wandering Yankee—it is an epitome of New England—an oasis of comfort in the desert of discomfort of four-jagged, stiff, unsuited abominations; the rocking-chair was a bond of sympathy at once. She asked many questions concerning America, and expressed a warm desire to visit it—a wish, I trust, soon day to be accomplished. She is a lovely target as the idea of having been persuaded in New York for so many years.

In the town of Pekin, Niagara County, reside Samuel Hall, aged 100 years, and his wife, aged 98 years. They have been of one hundred acres, the work of which, such as plowing, reaping, &c., they have done themselves. They have lived together, have been performed according to civilized rites, they were again married a few days ago at their residence of St. James. The ceremony, according to the ritual of the Episcopal Church, was performed by the Rev. Mr. Hall, a son of the bridegroom, and has been attended with a very successful mediator between the two Governments.

A few, residing at Lyons, lately lost his purse, containing \$1,000, and handwritten offer of reward was issued. The next day he received this letter: "Amidst the loss of your purse, I found it, and return it. Please pay me the reward. Yours, &c." He will never get them back again. I am reading the life of Lord Byron, and have just come to the part where I have both laughed and cried fast and for dinner. At detail of the two meals was here given. The first was a dinner of herbs, and was called Hebrew, until your 1100 francs are exhausted, and I will be married to the wife of wine to spend the night.

Mr. John Minnes, of York, Pennsylvania, astonished the people of that town on Saturday last by riding a race. He performed on a church spire on South George Street, and, standing on the weather vane the top of the spire, 107 feet in height, and, amazed other positions for delight to look at.

Mr. Thomas Hall, of Cincinnati, has received a telegram from a town near Providence and one of his children, a daughter, while walking home from school the day last winter, when the old gentleman slipped, and fell flat on his face, and was insensible for a few moments, and being assured he was not much hurt, and that he had been stunned on a slippery sidewalk. The old gentleman looked up, as if to assure himself of the fact, and said, "Thank God, I am not dead!"

A few days since Mr. Hannah Soper, aged 102 years, of Lee, Massachusetts, died. Mr. Soper's father was a sailor of the Revolution. Mr. Soper formerly resided in Cairo, Greene County, New York, and was the owner of Soper's Mills, in that town.

She was born in 1757,—eighteen years before the Declaration of Independence.

A painting was exhibited on Wednesday in Boston, at the meeting of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, by an Indian of the Natick tribe, named Solomon Jacobs, which is a most remarkable production. It is on a smooth pine board, about five feet long and six inches wide, and represents a forest scene, with animals under the tree, they being considerably taller than the trees, which are of the natural height.

Charles Lamb was a great lover of flowers, and his extensive and most thriving place, orchard in the district of London of Islington, was a perfect wilderness of pinks—the trees being generally in a thrifty and bearing condition.

A man named Vanover, a native of Kentucky, and a follower of Walker's fortunes, was lately executed in the City the other day. He had indulged in the dangerous pastime of shooting at a mark, and some one of the men and females for some time, when his conduct finally aroused the ire of a number of the citizens, who called upon them to arm themselves with rifles and force the bully to leave the place. He was accordingly notified to leave, and in the most impudent way of riding his horse through, and, after a protracted discuss on, it was finally resolved, without a disturbance, that he should be shot. He was discovered, during the proceedings of the people's court, with a pistol in his possession, and, having drunk heavily, and had gulped down some three quarts of it in the course of the morning's proceedings, ought to take charge of his body. The enormous quantity of liquor which he had consumed had not the slightest effect upon him in the manner, and did not appear to be sober. His career was forcibly ended, by dint of a rope and a branch of a tree.

The Columbus *Ohio Statesman* says that a young Virginia, aged seventeen, of considerable personal and professional appearance, is now residing with the Sheriff of Union, awaiting the action of the Grand Jury of the latter county, having become insane from viewing the corpses buried from time ago, which he was employed to believe followed the approaching end of the world.

Mrs. Eleanor E. Bedell is about to publish a volume of her father's plantation, in Brunswick County, North Carolina, entitled "Old Times." The work is said to be full of interesting anecdotes.

Chief-Justice Taney, of the Supreme Court of the United States, is in the eighty-third year of his age, and all his eight associate Justices, except one, are over seventy years.

There is a rumor that a Southern lady, distinguished for beauty and well-known as a literary achievements, has become enamored of the stage, and will make her first appearance on the boards in New York in the course of the season.

Mr. Kettleney the Governor-General of Canada, Sir Edmund Head, is expected to arrive at Quebec, and will be present at the banquet to be given to Portland, Maine, in honor of the visit of the Grand Eastern. Lady Head will accompany him in his visit.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

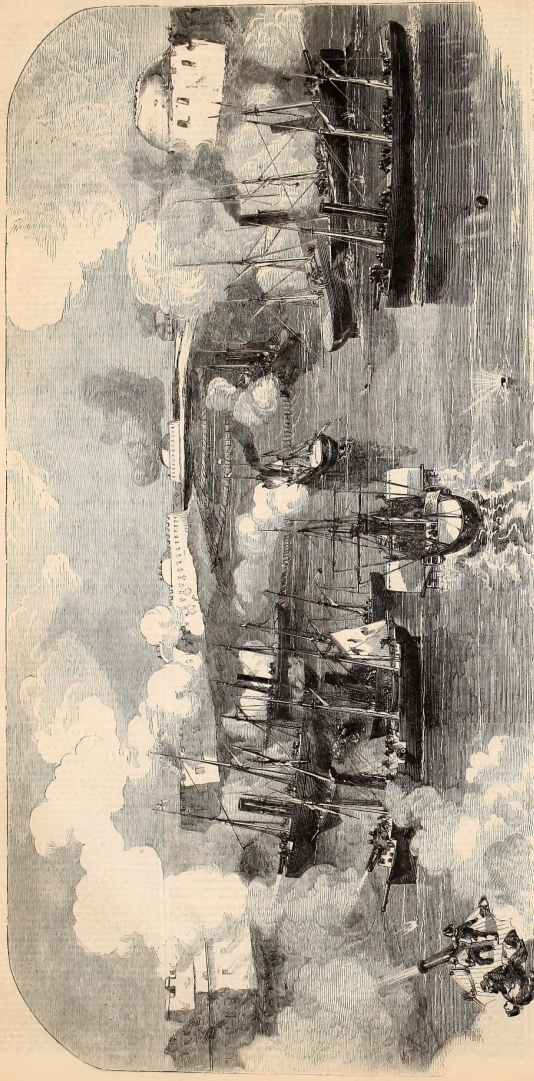
THE GREAT EASTERN EXPLOSION.

THE *Times* correspondent, in describing the explosion on board the Great Eastern, says: "The scene was awful in the extreme.

"The great struggle was to get out the miserable fireman, who it was supposed, were scalded to death, and terrible groans reached the deck. As soon as the smoke and steam had in some degree subsided, a party of men descent, not safe, but possible, several men at once volunteering to go down to the help. The first party included all the twelve firemen on duty were brought up. One or two were not so completely injured as to require help enough, the worst injured second in the boat-pole, and the rest were taken to the hospital. The first fireman to be taken up from his hold; the boiled flesh was seen to slipped from the bones of his hand while removing his coat, and the skin of others peeled off with their clothing. The room designed for a hospital had been used as a carpenter's shop, and the floor was covered with shavings, upon which mattresses were hastily laid. Two ship's surgeons and one of the London Hospital physicians, besides all other persons who could be profitably employed, at once set to work to alleviate the distress of the wounded men, and even in the midst of their own sorrow could have been done. They were generous to a fault, and now has 'a soft, low voice, which is a very pleasant thing.'

"Mr. Brunel, the chief engineer, superintended the removal of the wounded men from the ship

THE NEW WAR IN CHINA—THE BATTLE OF THE PEI-HO.—[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]



THE BATTLE OF THE PEI-HO.—[FROM A SKETCH FROM THE MAST-TOP OF A VESSEL IN THE RIVER.]

The Battle of the Pei-ho.

FRIGHTFUL MASSACRE OF ENGLISH TROOPS.

BRITISH REPULSED BY THE AMERICANS.

U. S. S. "POWHATAN," June 29, 1859.
At Anchor off the Pei-ho River.

THE terrible engagement at the Pei-ho took place on the 25th inst. at the mouth of this river, between the allied English and French on the one hand, and the Chinese on the other.

I am now going to carry the reader so far back as May, 1858, in order that he may arrive at the cause of this sanguinary conflict.

About the middle of May, 1858, an imposing fleet was anchored just where we are now, composed of the vessels of England, France, the United States, and Russia. England had some twenty; France, seven or eight; the United States, two; and Russia, one. The ministers of these different countries flew their flags from the mast-heads of the four larger vessels, and were here with the avowed object of obtaining an interview with the Emperor of China, and exacting treaties from him that should loosen the long-existing drawbacks upon the commerce of the world with China." This was their common object; but there were two roads to its attainment selected by the differing policies of the Western nations. England and France, taking the past and their knowledge of Chinese character as their guides, came with the sword in one hand, and just and reasonable demands in the other. "Grant our demands, which the century of progress and enlightenment tell us are but just, or we will blow down your forts, advance upon Pekin, and dictate our own terms," they said. The United States and Russia, on the contrary, held aloft the branch of peace, and came, trusting entirely to the ability of their ministers.

England and France, finding their demands avoided by cunning and procrastination, at once turned to war as the only alternative. They got up steam on a dozen or more gun-boats, crossed the bar, and commenced steaming up the river on their way to Pekin. Arrived at a chain which had been stretched from bank to bank between the forts at its mouth, they were fired into by a hundred guns, returned the fire, and let go their anchors. Then was continued a well-contested battle, which, at the end of an hour and a half, was turned in their favor by a body of twelve hundred marines, who landed and carried the fort at the point of the bayonet.

The Allies then steamed quietly up the river a distance of seventy miles and anchored off the city of Tein-sing, situated at the head of gun-boat navigation and some seventy miles short of Pekin. Of course the road was now open for the "bearer of the olive branch," and the next day saw them also safely at anchor off Tein-sing, but undeniably under the protection of English and French guns, and consequently under the necessity of "taking up their beds and walking" as soon as those guns should be withdrawn.

The frightened Emperor now trembled in his threatened capital, and hurriedly commissioned those high officers to proceed to Tein-sing and check the advance of the hostile forces. Four separate treaties resulted from this action. Those of England and France granted all demands—that of Russia was perhaps nearly so fortunate; while that of the United States was little better than so much sheep-skin. And it was only saved from being virgin sheep-skin by the exertions of Mr. William B. Reed, our minister, assisted by the evident good understanding existing between himself and the representatives of England and France. Or, in other words, the commissioners were afraid to ignore entirely the propositions of one who visited, and laughed, and talked, and dined with those who had just blown down their forts.

The four treaties being all thus formed, the Allied guns returned to the anchorage outside the forts with the understanding that they, the treaties, were to be exchanged "a year hence at Pekin." Of course the two olive branches floated down the river several hours ahead of the guns—a fact owing, perhaps, to their being afraid to be left behind.

Now we come to "the present." The "year" being up, the English, French, and United States ministers arrive at Shanghai on their way to Pekin to exchange the ratified treaties. There they find the same commissioners (with one exception) that had treated with their predecessors at Tein-sing, and, more as a mark of consideration than any thing else, they communicate with them. The Allies are informed of nothing indicative of a change of feeling upon the part of the Emperor (in fact, they were told by letter to come to the north), but our minister is notified that the only right which the United States has to go to Pekin flows from "the most favored nation clause of our treaty," and that such right does not therefore exist, while, as yet, "the most favored nation" (English) itself has not been received there. As for the Russian minister, report had long since told us that he had reached Pekin by the

COMMODORE TATNALL VISITING THE BRITISH ADMIRAL IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ACTION.—[FROM A SKETCH BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

overland route and become permanently settled as resident minister near the court of China. Another rumor had spoken of vast fortifications that had arisen from the ruins of the Pei-ho forts; but this was laughed at, while the former was considered barely "possible."

Well, we arrived here, nine miles from the forts, on the 20th inst., and anchored in four fathoms water, with the English and French vessels around us, and with the forts upon the distant horizon. The Allies had already been at anchor several days; had sent into the mouth of the river; found it ten times more strongly fortified than ever, three barriers (each sufficient in itself to stop a squadron) thrown across; and a very evident determination that nothing in the shape of a for-

THE STORMING PARTY LANDING IN THE MUD.

sign ship should enter. Upon being informed at the forts that the English and French ministers were about to pass up upon their way to Pekin, the reply was,

"You can not go to Pekin by this branch of the river. Go to the other outlet farther north, and ask there until the commissioners arrive from Shanghai. This river is not the Pei-ho, but the Nan-ho, and it is barricaded against an expected attack from the rebels, and we can not open it."

"Very well," replied the English Admiral. "This is the way we know it ought to be, and if you do not permit us to pass, we shall remove the barricades by force. I give you until day after to-morrow to do it."

Upon being again visited at the expiration of this time, he said,

"We will be very sorry if you attempt it; for we are ordered not to permit the passage of any thing but what shall be forced to the river by us."

"I will give you until the 25th to reconsider the subject," said the Admiral; "after that I will say I do not find the river clear I shall attack the forts." And this was the position of affairs when we arrived on the 21st.

I will stop here a moment to observe that the threatened attack of the rebels was purely imaginary, and that no chart indicates the existence of any other "outlet" to this river. Hence their assertion was undoubtedly as false as the pretended readiness to let them go to Pekin by another route.

From the 21st until the 25th the rough state of the weather did not admit of boating, and all parties were consequently confined to their vessels. As I had moderated the Hon. John E. Ward visited the other ministers, and upon his return signified his intention of proceeding in the chartered steamer *Toey-sum*, with his interpreters, to the inner edge of the bar the next day, and, in case we did not patch the latter in a boat to the forts to inform their commander that the American minister was at hand, and anxious to pass the barriers to Pekin.

Well, the next day came, and in went the *Toey-sum* with the Hon. Minister, Secretary, and Captain of this ship, Flag-lieutenant, and the Captain of Marines. The English Admiral also went in in force at the same time, to be ready for the struggle which the next day was likely to witness. His entire steaming force numbered eight vessels, ten hundred men, six hundred of whom were marines and seamen landed subject to the call of battle being French. Thirteen steamers carried this army, and eight others, of too heavy draught to cross the bar, were left outside of the river enough to take care of them. Their boats, however, were passed into the expedition, and when the attacking vessels were heavy steam gun-boats of 60, 60, and 40 horse power, mounting two eight-inch shell guns, and manned by one hundred men. Two were such larger vessels of the same description, armed with the Admiral's pennant and tender, and the last was a small propeller chartered by the French for the use of their minister. The reader can get their names and armament on the sketch.

Arrived inside of the bar, the *Toey-sum* accidentally ran on shore under the very guns of the first fort, and the Admiral (who with his fleet had anchored well out of range), expecting to see the first fire from every moment, generously sent a gunboat to pull her off into deep water. He supposed that, if she could not be got off, the flag-officer would hoist her flag at the gun-boat's main, the American ensign at her peak, and abandon her entirely at his service. This was an offer unprecedented in naval history, and was not accepted for as her assistance was concerned; it, however, proved unavailing, and the *Toey-sum* remained on shore until high tide. The interpreters were sent in the flag-officer's barge to communicate with the authorities of the fort; arrived at a certain point, they were stopped at the bank of the river by a number of ragged-looking Chinese, who ordered their business.

"We wish to see the highest officer present upon the part of the American minister," replied our friends.

"There is no officer here of sufficient rank to communicate with you," was the untruthful reply.

"Where can he be found?" queried the interpreter.

"At a place about thirty li [ten miles] further to the north."

"How can we get there?"

"Outside," was the reply.

"Can you furnish us a pilot?"

"No."

"Can you provide us with sedan-chairs to go overland?"

"It would be useless; there is no road by land."

"We wish to leave our cards. Will you accept them?"

"We can not dare to do such a thing. Our rank is not high enough. We are only poor people from the neighborhood engaged upon the bar."

And here the interview ended. Comment is needless upon the above dialogue, as it has since been proved—as was indeed apparent to all at the time—to have been a series of lies. It is of great value, however, as the opinion of a Chinese as looking toward Americans. It is not an unsafe prediction to indulge in when I say, that within less than five years, China will have so conducted herself toward our citizens resident along this coast as to draw down upon herself the hostility of the United States. We now come to the subject of the accompanying sketch—the second attack of the English upon the Pei-ho forts.

Saturday, the 25th of June, was a cool morning for even our latitude of 39° N., and beautifully clear. The sun got up from his crimson bed as if emerging from a bath of blood before coming forth to gaze upon the sanguinary scenes which were destined to be enacted under his glare during the day, and the winds and sea were still and smooth as if nature itself had been startled into a watchful quiet by the knowledge of some great and approaching evil. The beautiful day grew older and older, and saw the English sentiment, one gun-boat, at 8.30 P.M. Then they were observed to be "move short" upon their cables, while steam was allowed to escape slowly from their pipes, and while the guns' crews were ranged along their pieces in excellent readiness for the Admiral's signal to "go ahead!" This was the greater part of the naval portion of the attacking force, the marines and only some two hundred blue-jackets having been transferred to some captured junks out of range of the forts, there to await a call for their services as a "reserve" or as "stormers" for the capture of a silenced fort.

A few minutes of breathless suspense, and then ascends the Admiral's signal. There is not wind enough to float it out, but every one on board of it knows, and every one proceeds to do his duty—up anchors and away at the enemy. The two leading vessels of the Admiral's gun-boat creates a breeze, and the flags blow out and show the admiral standing in the stern of the *Plover*, the English ensign, fly out from the mast-heads of every boat in line, and long pennants, which, as if for a holiday, they steam into the conflict. There they go! steadily, swiftly; with their heavy guns standing ever ready, and their crews and their general commanders conveying the most exposed positions to gain the better view. The *Plover*, with the Admiral, who even as he sits seems taller by a head than the boy-midshipman at his side. He has a calm and unconcerned air, but his glance is slow emphasis, and points with steady hand to the distant works. It is a time for him to show a grand sight to see him thus leading his men into battle against the fearful odds which he then knew to have about twenty-one guns. His countenance can looked desperately formidable, but the steel forts towered over them like volcanoes.

Of some reasons unknown to the lookers-on of the *Toey-sum*, the gun-boat just astern of that of the Admiral ceased firing. This left the second or "first barrier," passed through an opening which the Taj Coptan had made in the line of sunk junks, and then anchored immediately below the "second barrier." Perhaps captain dreaded the effects of the fire of the forts, which appeared to let his boat, instead of that of his superior, receive it. He is once known to have passed through the barrier, assisted by his utmost boats, which had preceded them up the river for that purpose.

Up to this time the fire of the forts was perfectly devoid of life, the number of their guns even being concealed by hanging screens. The English were as if they were not to be resisted. Not a Chinaman had been seen upon their walls, and an universal silence reigned. The unconcerned air and the silence of sudden death to many brave hearts then full of life. No sooner had the "silencers" passed the first stake of the second barrier than the screens were elevated like the curtains of a theatre, a hundred guns were run triumphantly out, and the next instant a hundred destroying balls were belched forth by flame and smoke. The battle had indeed was awful. Men fell as if dozen hogs scythes had been swooped along their ranks, some to rise no more, others to crawl out of the way to die, and a few—a very few—to seize painfully to light in spite of their wounds, and the engagement now became general. The gun-boats returned the fire before it had been well received, let loose their broadsides of the largest sorts, with her propeller going, and her heavy guns working with the regularity of mere machinery. Another moment, as if upon a pivot, pouring first into one fort and then into the other her rapid broadsides. The *Toey-sum* found, with his flag on board the *Plover*, save his captain fell headlong to the deck and taken the command himself. A terrific struggle, but the day is down, severely wounded in the leg. He looks around him, and the decks and guns are now in the remaining out of thirty-five. Was ever such havoc at this before?

Stepping to him the boy-midshipman, he orders:

"Take a boat and pull to the American Commodore. Tell him that all our guns are disabled, and half of my gun-boats disabled. I must have the reserves, to take the places of the dead and wounded. If he can relieve me, I will keep up against the tide; it will be a great service."

Two boats were under the midshipman's lee before he reached the *Toey-sum* in a third. Begrimed by powder and bloody from a wound in the face, he gave his message, and told of the disaster around. The flag-officer knew not what to do.

"If I can go to the reserves," he reasoned, "I am in command. I can not disobey Captain Chiu, with whom my country is at peace. If I refuse, I leave the wounded admiral and his men exposed to be the mercy of ten thousand treacherous cowards. What shall I do?"

He was not long in answering this question. The increasing fury of the fire from the forts, and the slackened spirit of the English attack, told that life was passing away and that time was precious. Away with every consideration save those of humanity! I can not stand against Captain Chiu, with whom my country is at peace. If I refuse, I leave the wounded admiral and his men exposed to be the mercy of ten thousand treacherous cowards. What shall I do?

I thought on Destiny's deserts pale,
Where Death restrieves the evening gale,
How ever our friend pervades the land,
And freedom fanned the deadly dew.
I thought on Quintana's cliff,
Where, entered from our foundering skiff,
Through the white breakers' wrath I bore
Exhausted Mortimer to the shore;
And when his side an arrow found,
I sucked the Indian venom's wound.
Those thoughts like torrents rushed along
To sweep away my purpose strong.

Observe! this assassin's hand is stayed by memory, not of benefits received, but benefits conferred.

Now Margaret Van Eyck had been wonderfully kind to Margaret Smith, had broken through her own habits to go and see her; had nursed her, and soothed her, and petted her, and cured her more than all the medicines in the world. So when her love opened to the recipient of her goodness, and she loved her new friend wonderfully much as well as her loved Gerard, though, in truth, it was purely out of regard for Gerard she had visited her in the first instance.

When, therefore, she saw the unwonted roses on Margaret's cheek, and read the list of purchases that had brought them there, she gave up her own views without a murmur.

"Sweet-heart," said she, "I did desire he should stay in Italy six or six years and come back rich, and serve all, an artist. But your happiness is before all, and I see you can't live without him, so we must have him home as fast as may be."

"Ah, Madam!" said Peggy, full of new thoughts. And the young woman hung her head a moment and blushed. But her face fell when Mrs. Peggy Mum? That passes my skill. He is gone to Italy but what part, that I know not. Stay! he named the cities he should visit. Florence was one, and Rome. But then—"

Finally, being a sensible girl, she divined that a letter, addressed "My Gerard—Italy," might chance to miscarry, and she looked imploringly at her friend for counsel.

"You are come to the right place, and at the right time," said the old lady. "Why, I have this Hans Memling with me to-day; he is going to Italy, girl, no later than next week—to improve his hand, he says. Not before it was needed, I do assure you."

"But how is he to find my Gerard?"

"Why, he knows your Gerard, child. They have supped here more than once, and were like hand and glove. Now, as his business is the same as Gerard's—"

"What! he is a painter then?"

"He passes for one. He will visit the same places as Gerard, and, soon or late, he must fall in with him. Wherefore, get you a long letter written, and copy out this pardon into it, and I'll swear for the messenger. In six months at farthest Gerard shall get it; and when he shall get it, then will he kiss it, and put it in his bosom, and come flying home. What are you smiling at? And now what makes your cheeks so red? And what put me sometimes in mo for I can not think—My darling! yes! happy days are coming to my it be past."

Meantime Martin sat in the kitchen, with the black-jack before him and Richt Haynes spinning beside him; and, woe! but she pumped him that night.

This Hans Memling was an old pupil of Jan Van Eyck and his sister. He was a painter, notwithstanding Margaret's sneer, and not a bad one enough, with one fault. He loved the "sippetin, dankin, and the brown bowl" more than they deserve. His singular habit enabled him from amassing fortune, and was the cause that he always came to Margaret Van Eyck for a meal, and sometimes for a groat. But this gave her a claim on him, and she knew he would not trifle with any commission she should entrust to him.

The letter was duly written, and left with Margaret Van Eyck to be delivered by Memling, who, strange enough, Hans Memling returned from Flanders. Margaret Van Eyck gave him the letter, and a piece of gold to travel by with economy. Both assured in a hurry to be off.

"All the better," said the old artist; "he will be the sooner in Italy."

But as there are horses who burn and rage to start, and after the first spurt or two relapse quietly to all this hurry cooled into inaction when Hans got as far as the principal hostelry of Tergou, and there all was at his own sumptuous siting-table by the window. He went in for a parting gloss with Dame; and when he had done that he found Martin not bear of it. No; he was going a long journey; they would treat him—every body must treat him, the landlord all the

It resulted from this treatment that his tongue got as loose as if the wine had been oil; and he confided to the convivial crew that he was going to show the Italians how to paint: next he sang his exploits in battle, for he had fought in Flanders, and his amorous successes with females, luckily not present to oppose the version of the incidents. In short, "plenus rimarum erat: hac illuc diffluebat:" and among the miscellaneous matters that oozed out, he was heard to say that he travelled with a letter to a townsman of theirs, one Gerard, a good fellow. He added, "You are all good fellows;" and he slapped Sybrandt on the back so heartily that the breath was driven out of his body.

Sybrandt on this took a long view of the last interest to every word, and learned for the first time that Gerard was gone to Italy. However, to make sure he affected to doubt it.

"My brother Gerard is never in Italy."

"Ye lie, ye cur," roared Hans, taking instantly the irascible turn, and not remarking that he who threw all opposite him was the same he had eulogized and his whom beside him. "If he was ten times your brother he is in Italy. What call ye this? There, read me that superscription!" and he flung down a letter on the table.

Sybrandt took it up and examined it gravely; but eventually laid it down, with the remark that he could not read. However, one of the company, by some immense fortuity, could read; and, proud of so rare an accomplishment, took it and read it out: "To Gerard Gerardsoen, of Tergou. Then by the hand of the trusty Hans Memling with all speed."

"Tis excellently well writ," said the reader, examining every letter.

"Ay!" said Hans, lumbarticularly, "and small wonder; 'tis writ by a learned woman, the sister of Jan Van Eyck. Blessed and honored be his memory. She is an old friend of mine, is Margaret Van Eyck."

Miscellaneous Hans then diverged into forty topics.

Sybrandt stole out of the company, and went in search of Cornelis.

He found the heads together over the novel Italy was an immense distance off: if they could only keep him there.

"Keep him there? Nothing would keep him long from his Margaret."

"Come, be quiet, said Sybrandt. "Why didn't she die when she was about it?"

"I am sure I did my positive the best to vex us." And he was wroth at her solidness in not dying, to oblige.

The three black sheep kept putting their heads together, and tainting each other worse and worse, till at last their corrupt hearts conceived a plan for keeping Gerard in Italy all his life, and so securing his share of their father's substance.

But when they had planned it they were no nearer the execution; for that required talent; so inquity came to a stand-still. But presently, as if Satan had come between the two heads, and whispered into the right ear of one and the left of the other simultaneously, they both burst out at once with the same word.

"THE BURGOMASTER!"

They went to Glybstreckt Van Swieten, and he received them at once for the sake of their money, and the torture of suspense catches eagerly at knowledge. Curiosity (often painful), but seldom, like suspense, intolerable.

"Humph! And you think that will keep him in Italy?"

"We are sure of it, we are not, Cornelis?"

"Ay," said Cornelis, "our Gerard will never leave Italy now he is there. It was always his dream to get there. He would come back for his Margaret, but not for us. What cares he for us? He despises his own family—always did.

"Then you have a little gall in him," said the old hypocrite.

"It will be for his good in the end," replied the young one.

"What avails Famine wedding Thirst," said Cornelis.

"And the grief you are preparing for him so coolly?" exclaimed Sybrandt, sarcastically, but tasted his own vengeances all the time.

"Oh, a lie is not like a blow with a cutlal axe. It knocks no man and breaks no bones."

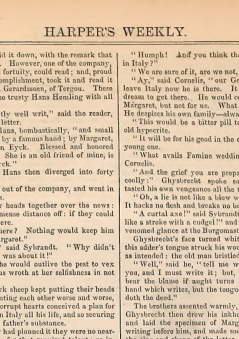
"A cartal axe!" said Sybrandt; "no, nor even like a stroke with a cudgel!" and he shot a sly ensnomel glance at the Burgomaster's broken nose.

Glybstreckt's face turned white with ire when this shaft pierced his body, and made some inquiries as to the size and shape of the letter, when an unlookedfor interruption occurred. Old Jorian Ketel burst hastily into the room, and looked vexed at not finding him alone.

"I have a hasty matter on hand, good fellow."

"Ay, but this is grave. I bring good news; but 'tis not for every ear."

The Burgomaster arose and drew Jorian aside into the farthest recess of his deep window, and then the brother heard them converse in low but eager tones. Left, ended by Glybstreckt sending Jorian out to saddle his mule. He then addressed the



"You have news of Gerard?" said he, eagerly. Then they left, and went the letter and Hans Memling. He listened with restless eye. "Who writ this letter?"

"Margaret Van Eyck," was the reply: for they naturally thought the contents were by the same hand as the superscription.

"Are ye sure?" And he went to a drawer and drew out a paper written by Margaret Van Eyck while treating with the Burgh for her house. "Was it writ like this?"

"Ay," said the same writing," said Sybrandt, boldly.

"Good! And now what would ye of me?" said Glybstreckt, with beating heart, but a carelessness so well feigned that it staggered them. They fumbled with their bonnets, and stammered and spoke a word or two, then hesitated and beat about the bush, and at last by degrees had they arrived at a letter written, to say something that would be sure to keep Gerard in Italy, and this letter they proposed to substitute in Hans Memling's wallet for the one he carried. While them fiendish with their bonnets and their iniquity, and hesitated between respect for a burgomaster and their knowledge that this one was at great a rogue as themselves, and, somehow or other, united only against Gerard, pros and cons were coursing one another to and fro in the old man's spirit. Ambrosius said let Gerard come back and feel the weight of the law. Prudence said keep him a thousand years if he will, but remember that why do dirty work on a doubtful chance? Why put it in the power of these two rogues to ruin both. He put them there, and I said none should move them but you, who had carried them so well of him and me.

"Give me a spade!" cried Jorian, eagerly. "But stay! by he is suspicious man. You can't see they are there still?"

"Sure? I will openly take the blume if human hand hath touched the ground."

"Then keep them but two hours more, I prithee, good Margaret," said Jorian, and ran off to the Stadthouse of Tergou a joyful man.

The rest you have divined.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE Burgomaster was also a joyful man as he jogged along toward Sevenbergen, with Jorian striding beside him, giving him assurance that in an hour's time the missing parchments would be in his hand.

"Ah, master!" said he, "lucky for us it wasn't a thief that took them."

"Not a thief? not a thief? what call you him, then?"

"Well, saving your presence, I call him a jackdaw. This is a piece of jackdaw's work, if ever there was; take the thing you are least in want of, and hidit—that's a jackdaw. I should know," added Jorian, exactly, "for I was brought up with a jackdaw. He and I were born the same hour, but he cut his teeth long before me, and, wow! but my life was a burden for years all along of him. If you had but a bole in your hose no bigger than a groat, in went his look like a gimlet, and in the matter of stealing he was Gerard all over. Ay, and Margaret Van Eyck was poor Christian in the house wanted meat, that was first. Mother was a notable woman, as if she did but look round, away flew her thimble. Father lived by cordwainer, as about sunrise Jack went diligently about the house with his awl and his twine. After that, make your bread how you could! One day I heard my mother tell him to his face he was enough to corrupt half a dozen children; and he coolly cocked his eye at her, and said never a word more. Sometimes I could find it very hot. Now this Gerard is turned with the same bent. Where the parchments are more nuts him than a thimble or an awl to Jack. He took 'em out of pure mischief and hid them, and you would never see them found later on for it."

"I believe you are right," said Glybstreckt, and I have reason to dwell more lately on it."

When they came to Peter's gate he felt uneasy.

"I wish it had been any where but here."

Jorian reassured him.

"The girl is honest and friendly," said he. "Besides, we are long to do with her. Why, I'll be sworn!" and he bit him into the garden. "There, master, if a face is to be believed, here they lie; for there the spade is here."

He ran for a spade which was stuck up in the ground at a distance, and began to scratch away, and uncovered a parchment. Glybstreckt saw it, and thrust him aside and went down on his knees and dug like a dog. At last he had them twisted and his face alone. He threw out parchment after parchment, and Jorian and he hastily examined them and shook them. Now, when Glybstreckt had thrown out a great many, his face began to darken and lengthen, and when he came to the last he put his hands to his temples and seemed to be ill amazed. Jorian looked and cried his frame.

"What, mystery lies here?" he gasped. "Are fiends mocking me? Dig deeper! There must be another!"

Jorian threw the spade in and threw out quantities of loam mould. In vain. And even while he dug, his master stood and changed.

"Treason, treachery!" he cried. "You knew of this!"

"Know what, master, in Heaven's name?"

"Caitiff, you knew there was another one worth all these twice told."

"Tis false!" cried Jorian, made suspicious by the other's suspicion. "Tis a trick to rob me of my hundred crowns. And I know yes, Burgomaster." And Jorian was ready to whimper.

A sweet voice fell on them both like oil upon the waves. "No, good man, it is not false, nor yet is it quite true: there was another parchment."

"There, there, there! Where is it?"

"But," continued Margaret, calmly, "it is not a town record (so you have gained your hundred crowns, good man); it was but a private deed between the Burgomaster here and my grandfather Pier—"

"Hush, hush!"

"—in Brandt."

"Where is it, girl? that is all we want to know."

"Have patience, and I shall tell you. Gerard read the deed, and it was found to be not as much yours as the Burgomaster's, and he put it apart, to read it with me at his leisure."

"Ay, ay!" said the young man, "I said the Burgomaster, recovering his calmness.

"So, sir, I have," said she, gravely, "it is not." Then, in a broken voice: "You hunted—my poor Gerard—so hard—and so close—that you gave him no time to read it. He put it in his bosom, and his grief. The parchment was in his bosom, and hath taken it with him."

"Wither, whither?"

"Ask me no more, sir. What might have you urge to your hurt. I was for your sake, good man, I put force upon my heart, and sore to speak at all to him after the way he had used me; and of the misery he has brought on him and me, the sight of him is almost more than I can bear;" and she put in her apron, and began to weep very sorrowfully bitterly.

Jorian, for the past, and dread of the future—the slow, but, as he now felt, the inevitable future of avarice and fear, all tugged in one direction at this tough job, and Glybstreckt hung his head, and his arms fell listless by his sides. A coarse and brutal nature is not always proof against what Martin Wittenhagen leaning on his bow, and sneering from ear to ear. At sight of the man and her grief, Gerard's foe Glybstreckt's worse passions awoke.

"Ha! attack him, seize him, traitor and thief!" cried he. "Dog, thou shalt pay for all!"

Martin, without a word, instantly obeyed the Burgomaster. Glybstreckt looked and had not a word to say. Martin followed up his advantage. "The Duke and I are soldiers. He won't let you greasy burghers trample on an old comrade. He bade me carry you a message too."

"The Duke send a message to me?"

"Ay! I told him of your masterful doings, of your imprisoning Gerard for having a girl; and says he, 'Tell him this is to be a king, not a burgomaster. I'll have no kings in Holland but one. Bid him to mote humble, or I'll hang him at his own door.—"

Glybstreckt trembled. He thought the Duke capable of the deed.

"'—s I hanged the Burgomaster of Thingemhob.' The Duke could not mind which of you he had hung, or in what part; such trifles don't stick in a soldier's memory, but he was sure he had hanged one of you for grinding poor folk, 'and I'm the man to hang another,' said the good Duke."

These repeated insults from so mean a man, coupled with his invulnerability, shielded as he was by the Duke, drove the choleric old man into a fit of impotent fury; he shook his fist at the soldiery, and tried to threaten him, but could not speak for the rage and mortification that choked him: then he gave a sort of screech, and coiled himself up in eye and form like a rattle-snake about to strike; and spat furiously upon Martin's doublet.

The thick-skinned soldier treated this ebullition with genuine contempt. "Hero's a venomous old toad! he knows a fork from the foot would annd him to his last home, and he wants me to cheat the gallows. But I have slain too many men in fair fight to lift limb against any thing less than a man; and this I count no man. What is it, in Heaven's name? An old goat-herd, egg, foul o' rotten bones!"

"My soul! my mole!" screamed old Ghysbrecht.

Jorian helped the old man up, trembling in every joint. Once in the saddle, he seemed to gather in a moment unanimity of age; and the figure that went flying to Tergou was truly weird-like and terrible: so old and withered the face; so white and reversed the streaming hair; so baleful the eye; so fierce the fury which shook the bent frame that went spurring like mad; while the quavering voice yelled, "I'll make their hearts ache!—I'll make their hearts ache!—I'll make their hearts ache! All of them! All!—All!—All!"

The black sheep sat disconsolate amidst the convivial crew, and eyed Hans Meuling's wallet. For more ears he had taken it off, and flung it on the table. How readily they could have taken out that letter and put in another. For the first time in their lives they were sorry they had not learned to write, like their brother.

And now Hans Meuling began to talk of going, and the brothers agreed in a whisper to abandon their project for the time. They had scarcely resolved this when Dierich Brower stood suddenly in the door-way, and gave them a wink.

They went to him. "Come to the Burgomaster with all speed," said he.

They found Ghysbrecht seated at a table, pale and agitated. Before him lay Margaret Van Eyck's handwriting. "I have written what you desired," said he. "Now for the superscription: What were the words? did ye see?"

"We can not read," said Cornelius.

"Then is all this labor lost," cried Ghysbrecht, angrily. "Dolts!"

"Nay, but," said Sybrandt, "I heard the words read, and I have not lost them. They were, 'To Gerard Gerardszoon, these, by the hands of the trusty Hans Meuling, with all speed.'"

"'Tis well. Now, how was the letter folded? how big was it?"

"Longer than this one, and not so long as this."

"'Tis well! Where is he?"

"At the hostelry."

"Come, then, take you this grout and treat him. Then ask to see the letter, and put this in place of it. Come to me with the other letter."

The brothers assented, took the letter, and went to the hostelry.

They had not been gone a minute when Dierich Brower issued from the Stadthouse and followed them. He had his orders not to let them out of his sight till the true letter was in his master's hands. He watched outside the hostelry.

He had not long to wait. They came out almost immediately, with downcast looks. Dierich made up to them.

"Too late!" they cried; "too late! He is gone!"

"Gone! How long?"

"Scarce five minutes. Cursed chance!"

CAPT. HARRISON, COMMANDER OF THE "GREAT EASTERN."

In a few days, God willing, the *Great Eastern* will be among us. Her commander, Captain Harrison, will be an object of general curiosity. Our readers will be glad to be introduced to him in advance.

Many of them are acquainted with him as the commanding officer of the Cunard steamers *Africa*, *America*, *Cambria*, *Hibernia*, etc. He is an old sailor. An Englishman by birth, and probably about forty-eight years of age, he left his home when a very young boy to go to sea. After a voyage or two, his friends, finding the propensity irresistible, regularly apprenticed him, and sent him to sea under proper auspices. But it is recorded of young Harrison that he had a natural and irrepressible tendency rather to command than to obey; before his apprenticeship ended he had coerced the bonds which attached him to his owners, and was in command of a vessel on his own book. For many years he was known throughout the East Indies and South America as an adventurous yet a safe captain; and though he frequently commanded ships engaged more or less directly in the wars prevailing in South America, and more than once had to fight his way out of or into port through hostile squadrons, it was remarked of him that his fighting qualities never interfered with his mercantile instincts, and that, whatever happened to the enemy's ships, his cargo was always kept dry, and his insurance policies were never voided.

CAPTAIN HARRISON, OF THE "GREAT EASTERN."

Nearly twenty years ago, when the Cunard Company began to aspire to the control of travel on the Atlantic, their managers—shrewd, capricious men—began to pick up, from right and left, the best sailors they could find to command their vessels. They had, even at that early day, resolved upon the wise policy they now pursue, viz., training their officers from the forecastle; but in the mean time, as it takes many years to breed a first-rate captain, they gladly welcomed the cream and essence of other systems, and it was thus that they enlisted Captain Harrison. For fifteen years he remained in their service; during which time he commanded some of the finest vessels they had. It is said that he has crossed the Atlantic over 180 times. He himself observed to a friend: "I counted my voyages up to 157, and then I stopped."

An English biographer tells the following story, which illustrates his presence of mind and rapid thought in emergency:

"Leaving New York once after the prevalence of heavy

southwest gales, which had silted up the bar to the extent of a foot or two, and the *Africa*, of which ship he was then in command, being very deeply laden, the vessel touched the bar as she was passing over it. The pilot in charge called out instantly to 'Stop her.' Our readers should be at once nautical men and commercial men to appreciate rightly the nature of the calculations which in one second of time it was necessary for the captain to make. They may be explained as something of this kind: 'We are on the bar now, and if we stop, the chances are a hundred to one that the ship is a total wreck in a few hours, but all the insurances will be safe; on the other hand, if I jam her across I shall save the ship, but by taking her out of the pilot's hands shall avoid the insurance.' The result was, that within a tenth of the time occupied in writing the above these calculations had been all made, and 'Go on ahead, full speed!' was the order. The ship bounded twice more, but was brought safely across, and came into port strong and sound."

In the month of November, 1855, Captain Harrison left the employ of the Cunard Company to enter that of the Company owning the *Great Eastern*, and from that time to this he has been unceasingly engaged in superintending the "Great Ship." It is said that his labors in this connection have been more severe than he had ever previously performed.

Captain Harrison will be welcomed as an old friend when he comes here.

MARRIAGE.

Who marry as they choose, and choose
Not as they ought, they mock the priest;
And, leaving out obedience, lose
The finest of the feast.

Till Eve was brought to Adam, he
A solitary desert trod,
Though in the great society
Of Nature, Angels, and of God.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

BOOK III.

THE TRACK OF A STORM.

CHAPTER IV.

CALM IN STORM.

DOCTOR MANETTE did not return until the morning of the fourth day of his absence. So much of what had happened in that dreadful time as could be kept from the knowledge of Lucie was so well concealed that her father had not until long afterward, when France and she were far apart, did she know that eleven hundred defenceless prisoners, of both sexes and all ages, had been killed by the populace; that four days and nights had been darkened by this deed of horror; and that the air around her had been tainted by the stain. She only knew that there had been an attack upon the prison, that all political prisoners had been in danger, and that some had been dragged out by the crowd and murdered.

To Mr. Lorry the Doctor communicated, under an injunction of secrecy, on which he had no need to dwell, that the crowd had taken him through a scene of carnage to the prison of La Force. That, in the prison he had found a self-appointed Tribunal sitting, before which the prisoners were brought singly, and by which they were rapidly conveyed to be put forth to be massacred, or to be released, or (in a few cases) to be sent back to their cells. That, presented by his conductors to this Tribunal, he had announced himself by name and profession as having been for eighteen years a secret and an unaccused prisoner in the Bastile. That, on of the body so sitting in judgment had risen and identified him; and that this man was Defarge.

That, hereupon he had been ascertained, through the registers on the table, that his son-in-law was among the living prisoners, and had pleaded hard to the Tribunal—of whom some members were asleep and some awake, some dirty with murder and some clean, some sober and some not—for his life and liberty. That, in the first frantic greetings lavished on himself as a notable sufferer under the overthrown system, it had been accorded him to have Charles Darnay brought before the lawless Court, and examined. That, he seemed on the point of being at once released, when the tide in his favor met with some unexplained check (not intelligible to the Doctor), which led to a few words of secret conference. That, the man sitting as President had then informed Doctor Manette that the prisoner must remain in custody, but should, for his sake, be held inviolate in safe custody. That, immediately, on a signal, the prisoner was removed to the interior of the prison again; but that he, the Doctor, had then so strongly pleaded for permission to remain and assure himself that his son-in-law was, through no malice or mischance, delivered to the concourse whose murderous yells outside the gate had often drowned the proceedings, that he had obtained the permission, and had remained in that Hall of Blood until the danger was over.

The sights he had seen there, with brief snatches of food and sleep by intervals, shall remain untold. The mad joy over the prisoners who were saved had so rebounded him scarcely less than the mad ferocity against them who were cut to pieces. One prisoner there was, he said, who had been discharged into the street free, but at whom a mistaken savage had thrust a pike as he passed out. Being brought to go to him and dress the wound the Doctor had passed the term quite, and had found him in the arms of a couple of Samaritans, who were seated on the heads of their victims. With a consistency as monstrous as any thing in this awful nightmare, they had helped the healer effectually, and the wounded man with the gentlest solicitude—had made a litter for him, and escorted him comfortably from the spot—had then caught up their weapons and plunged anew into a butchery so dreadful that the Doctor fled from the scene with his hands and swooned away in the midst of it.

As Mr. Lorry received these confidences, and as he watched the face of his friend, now sixty-two years of age, a misgiving arose within him that such dread experiences would revive the old danger. But he had never seen his friend in his present aspect; he had never at all known him in his present character. For the first time the Doctor felt now that his suffering was strength and power. For the first time he felt

of imprisoned widowhood and misery to turn it gray.

And yet, observing the strange law of contradiction which obtains in all such cases, the time was long, while it flamed by so fast. A revolutionary tribunal in the capital, and forty or fifty thousand revolutionary committees all over the land; a law of the Suspected, which struck away all security for liberty or life, and delivered over any good and innocent person to any bad and guilty one; prisons gorged with people who had committed no offense, and could obtain no hearing; these things became the established order and nature of appointed things, and seemed to be settled forever, before there were many weeks old. Above all, one hideous figure grew as familiar as if it had been before the general eyes from the creation of the world. That figure of the sharp female called La Guillotine.

It was the popular theme for jest; it was the most cure for headache, it infallibly prevented hair from turning gray, it imparted a peculiar delicacy to the complexion; she kissed La Guillotine, looked through the little window and sneezed into the sack. It was the sign of the regeneration of the human race. It superseded the Cross. Models of it were worn on breasts from which the Cross was discarded, and it was bowed down to and believed in where the Cross was derided.

It sheared off heads so many that it, and the ground it most polluted, were a rotten red. It was taken to pieces, like a toy-puzzle for a young Devil, and was put together again where the executions swarmed. It bathed perpetually, struck down the powerful, abolished the beautiful and good. Twenty-two friends of high public importance—not reckoning those shot dead—it had lopped the heads off, in one morning, in as many minutes. The name and the appellation of Old Scripture had descended to the chief functionary who worked it; but so armed, he so hedged round his substitutes and shadows, and tore away the gates of God's own Temple every day.

Among these terrors, and the hood belonging to them, the Doctor walked with a steady head: cautious, but not suspicious, humane, persistent in his end, never doubting that he would in the end succeed at last. In a few months of the time sweet by so strong and deep, and carried the time away so fiercely, that Charles had lain a year in prison and a month over, when the Doctor was thus steady and confident. So much anxiety had he originally wasted in the Revolution grown in that December month that the rivers of the South were encumbered with the bodies of the victims of Nantes, and the Loire, the Seine, and the Rhone were notorious for the frightful relics they kept unburied. Already the strong death-cart, tumbling through the streets with its load, had become familiar to the eyes that looked for it no more. Lyons was shot and burned out, and Fouché and Collot d'Herbois were bloodily busy there. Couthon was at Clermont, smiling inanely, when he was not biting people. Carrier was at Nantes, reaping the fields with the sickle of the Guillotine, all day long. Fifty-three thousand signatures had been appended to the list of the proscribed. Jourdan Coupe-Tête and Barras were at Toulon, where a learned mathematician had been seen to laugh and shed tears together, as they bore him to the axe that had cut off so many heads that it could hardly sever his own. Lebon was at Arras, reasoning of Liberty and Equality, like a machine that had run down. Paris bore the exact relation to the rest of France that a madhouse bears to the world outside. Anybody there, who was not mad, was counted mad.

Through the prisons, the Doctor walked with a steady head: not deeming himself safe, but knowing that he had many friends working for him, and that, up to that time, he had enjoyed their confidence. Nothing was left undone that could be done. Security was something to him, but he would resign it cheerfully, on the pressing occasion that it was dangerous to the safety of others.

Hence, he had remained in Paris at the peril of his life. Hence, he had not quitted it. Hence, he had access to his friend, on the moonlight night when the mail-coach conveyed him out at the Barrière de Neuilly, and left him behind.

Charles had written, entreating him to do so, and telling him that the danger was thickening every hour. Charles had come back, for the honour of his name; for the honour of his father's name; for the honour of his uncle's name; for his own honour, as a gentleman always ready to do what he undertook to do; for honour's own sake.

When he had seen his friend shut in safely, the Doctor turned his face towards the distant capital, scrutinized the pass that had been given to him, by the Section of Saint Antoine, long before, and set forth to walk back.

He had not gone far, when he was overtaken by a mounted courier, who inquired for Citizen Manette.

"Here is the Citizen Manette," said the Doctor, reining up.

The courier handed him a small folded paper. The Doctor opened it, and found that it contained these words only:

"Do not return. Do not stir from Paris. Destroy this paper. Lucie is in danger. Charles has been denounced from the Tribune, and cannot live more than two days. Save him."

Doctor Manette's first act was to write in pencil on the leaf of his pocket-book, that he would stop for nothing; his second act, to put his horse to the gallop.

He had no time to spare, and he knew it. He had come out at the barrier, because there was no other way of getting out, and because the nearness of his friend's destination made no difference in the speed at which he must travel. He could do nothing to help Charles, except travel as fast as Charles himself could travel, and get to Paris in time.

Within an hour, he was in a light two-wheeled vehicle, with a lamp before each wheel, and a pair of swift horses. Within two hours, he was clear of the town of Compiègne, and was beyond the possibility of being overtaken on the road.

Hour after hour, he left the apparitions of the dead behind, and pressed on towards the living. Hour after hour, the apparitions of the dead were overtaken and passed, and the living remained behind. Many a town, dimly seen in the distance, broke out with lights and bells, and the Doctor's ear filled with the sounds of rejoicing. Many a town, closely approached, was hushed in sleep, or in the profound stillness of fear. At intervals, the postilions exchanged a word or two with the world outside the carriage. Sometimes, after changing horses, and resuming the journey, the Doctor heard the postilions talking to one another about the Guillotine. Sometimes, they were quiet, because the drunken patriot who had been shouting in his ear had fallen into a doze. Sometimes, they moved on at a walking pace, because some barrier had to be passed, or some village was being slept through. Always, the postilions were prepared for a change, and quick to get it.

So, with tremendous changes of sights and sounds in his ears and eyes, but with no touch upon him personally, the Doctor travelled all night. Towards the middle of the night, he got out of the carriage, and walked up a hill. He did the same thing towards daybreak, and again towards sunrise, and again towards noon.

"Courage, my dear Charles!" he said, aloud, as he plodded on foot. "Courage, courage! I am fresher than you! I am collected and composed, and I am sure to do it!"

Consequently, when the relay of horses was ready for him, and he was drawn on towards Paris, he collected his papers for examination, and made ready to present himself in his own character.

He had his papers in his hand, and was ready, when he was challenged by the Guard at the barrier, but he was not asked to get out of the carriage. His papers were looked at by the light of a lamp, and he was permitted to proceed. It was nearly midnight when he passed through the barrier and reentered Paris.

"Directly, I will alight at the first good house," thought the Doctor, "and discharge myself of my trust. Charles shall be delivered to his wife—shall be recalled to life by her side—and when the first joy is over, and he can bear to speak of his dungeon, then I will tell him what I know myself, that he shall see his father to-morrow, and that I shall take him to him."

The first good house turned out to be the residence of Monsieur Defarge. As the carriage stopped there, and the Doctor alighted, he saw the owner in a doorway, looking out for customers.

He was the same Monsieur Defarge with whom he had had some conference in the garret, and he knew him immediately.

Monsieur Defarge looked closely at his fare, too, but he had no conception of the relation in which he stood to it and to the prisoner. The prisoners were so numerous, that it was impossible to know much about them.

"Have the goodness to direct me," said the Doctor, "to the residence of Citizen Evrémonde, formerly Marquis. I am not known in this neighbourhood, and the streets are dark."

Monsieur Defarge glanced at the papers in his hand—at first, cursorily—then, with more attention.

"Citizen Evrémonde," said he, "is not to be found. His citizenship is not in activity at present. He is in England."

"Right, I know he is. I bring his papers with me, to be delivered to his wife."

Monsieur Defarge looked at the papers with a musing face; mused a little while; and then spoke:

"Citizen Manette, I will take you myself to the house; but I shall then return here, to my duties. Madame Defarge must go with us, too. She knows more than I do of such matters, and can speak for the citizen herself. Leave your papers with me; they are safer with me than in your hands, for the present. Come!"

Much astonished, and not at all pleased by this unexpected circumstance, the Doctor got down from his carriage, and followed Monsieur Defarge into a wine-shop. A bright fire was burning in the middle of the room, and Madame Defarge was sitting by it, knitting. Two customers were drinking at the counter. Madame Defarge sat apart, in the manner of one who was there by authority. Monsieur Defarge spoke to her, and handed her the papers that the Doctor had entrusted to him. She scrutinized them closely.

"Does the name of your prisoner begin with a D?" said she, to the husband.

"It does, Madame."

"Is he dead?"

"Alas, no! Fortunately for him, he is recalled to life by the good citizen here."

Upon that, Madame Defarge raised her head from her knitting, and looked at the Doctor.

"Is it well known to you, citizen," she asked, "that this prisoner was delivered to us on the confession of his own servant, and on the denunciation of his own daughter?"

"Madame, it is well known to me."

"And that the citizen is the father of the wife of one Evrémonde, this husband and father having been exiled for life?"

"Madame, it is well known to me."

"And that the citizen is the father of a child who lives in London?"

"Madame, it is well known to me."

"And that the child's name is Lucie, and that she is also known to you?"

"Madame, it is."

"And that you are consequently related to the wife of the first husband of the present husband of the wife of the prisoner?"

"Madame, it is."

"Good," said Madame Defarge, with a complacent air. "Extremely good!"

"Madame," said her husband, who had been looking over the papers

leaving Lucie frightened and bewildered in the door-way of the wood-sawyer's house, the feather-grey snow fell as quietly and lay as white and soft as if it had never been.

"Oh, my father!" for he stood before her when she lifted up the eyes she had momentarily darkened with her hand; "such a cruel, bad sight!"

"I know, my dear, I know. I have seen it many times. Don't be frightened! Not one of them would hurt you."

"I am not frightened for myself, my father. But when I think of my husband, and the mercies of these people—"

"We will set him above their mercies very soon. I left him climbing to the window, and I came to tell you. There is no one here to see. You may kiss your hand toward that high-set shelving roof."

"I do so, father, and I send him my Soul with it!"

"You can not see him, my poor dear?"

"No, father," said Lucie, quivering and weeping as she kissed her hand, "no."

A footstep in the snow. Madame Defarge. "I salute you, citizeness," from the Doctor. "I salute you, citizen." This in passing. Nothing more. Madame Defarge gone, like a shadow over the white road.

"Give me your arm, my love. Pass from here with an air of confidence and courage, for his sake. That was well done"—they had left the spot—"it shall not be in vain. Charles is summoned for to-morrow."

"For to-morrow!"

"There is no time to lose. I am well prepared, but there are precautions to be taken that could not be taken until he was actually summoned before the Tribunal. He has not received the notice yet, but I know that he will presently be summoned for to-morrow, and removed to the Conciergerie; I have timely information. You are not afraid?"

She could scarcely answer, "I trust in you."

"Do so, implicitly. Your suspense is nearly ended, my darling. I shall be released to you within a few hours: I have encompassed him with every protection. Come, now, courage."

He stopped. There was a heavy lumbering of wheels within hearing. They both knew too well what it meant. One. Two. Three. Three tumbrils faring away with their dread loads over the pitiless pavement.

"I must see Lorry," the Doctor repeated, turning her another way.

The staunch old gentleman was still in his trust; had never left it. He and his books were in frequent requisition as the basis of accounts and made animated. What he could save for the owners he saved. No better man living to hold fast by what Trust was, and to keeping, and to hold his peace.

A rainy day, and yellow sky, and a rising mist from the Seine, deadened the approach of darkness. It was almost dark when they arrived at the Bank. "Mr. Lorry! Here sooner yet" had been officially said to the stately residence of Monseigneur, and the great door, like a little hammer that had struck in that name it had opened and begun to fall asunder. The costly fittings were all removed, the valuables were gone, and the great staircase was being packed off piecemeal. Mr. Lorry was in his room among the ashes in the court ran the letters: National Property. Republic One and Indivisible. Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, or Death.

Who could that be with Mr. Lorry—the owner of the riding-coat upon the chair—who must not be seen? From whom newly arrived did he come out, agitated and surprised, to take his favorite in his arms? To whom did he appear to repeat her faltering words, when, raising his voice and turning his head toward the door into the room from which he had issued, he said: "Removed to the Conciergerie, and summoned for to-morrow?"

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"Pat," said a youth, accosting a stranger in a cemetery, "can you direct me to any sporting club in the vicinity?" was the prompt reply: "Ah, but," continued the lad, "I mean comic men." The couple are welcome, and now I'd like something amusing." "Well, that's something like a joke," said Pat, "but as something—well try. And off they went, hunting among the tombs for diversion.

Deacon Johnson is a great temperance man, and eats a good cucumber pickle whenever he can get one for a cent. Not long ago he employed a carpenter to repair the shed, and directed him to be very careful to separate the five-pence it was found necessary to remove the waiting-room, and to put the nails in a pile by themselves, every body. A piece of decoration, a tumbler, and a picture were carefully put away, but the nails were left there from the beginning. The Deacon was summoned, and on his return from attending to the business, said: "Well, I declare, that is curious, sure enough. It must be that old Satan left them when he went out of the house thirty years ago." "Perhaps he did," returned the temperance man, "but he left the cider mill, and have been fain mighty hard to stay all this time."

A very popular preacher harangued his hearers on the importance of perseverance, and finished his sermon by saying: "You that are in the church members must not look back, but go on from strength to strength, and from grace to grace." You may be a happy Christian in the world if you please, religion is like a battle, and Satan are strong; He hates good men, and would like to kill them at once; but, when my dearly beloved hearers, you must go like General Washington did at the battle of Bunker's Hill, and if a stranger in horse was killed by a British cannon-ball, and he grew on a horse, he would not run away, but like a man cut at the top of his voice, 'A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!' A horse was brought him by *Patrick Marion*, and he drove the bloody British from the field, and thus secured the liberty of South Carolina."

A couple of strangers from Binghampton were over at Elmira, stopping at the ——— Hotel, when one of the gentlemen asked the landlord if he knew what constituted a man to be disgusted at the Lyceum this evening. After he had left, one of the strangers inquired of the other if that loud-mouthed gentleman was not just from jail? "Oh no," says the landlord, "he's a Universalist."

A lady in Nashville, on mercy hunt, was making a visit to the Penitentiary, as mercy hunters do, took through the various wards, and turning to the keeper, who was engaged in sawing, and said to him, in an undertone: "Dear me! the virtuous-looking women I ever saw in my life! What were they put in here for?"

"They are here," he replied, "because they have no husbands."

But madam was kneeling out as fast as possible.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Burnett's Kalliston,

As a wash for the complexion, has no equal. It is distinguished for its soothing and purifying effect, allaying all tendency to inflammation, expelling that acrid, irritating bloom of moisture, stings of insects, &c. It is a powerful cleanser of the skin, removing tan, freckles, pimples, and all discolorations. These, with refreshing and invigorating properties, render it an indispensable requisite for the toilet.

Prepared only by JOSEPH BURNETT & CO.,
Boston.

For sale by druggists generally.

Price 50 Cents a Bottle.

WANTED.—Agents to canvass, for THE AMERICAN FREEMASON'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE, in the States of Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Tennessee, Missouri, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas, Alabama. Also, in the North and South Carolinas and Virginia, New York and Pennsylvania. None need apply but Master Masons of regular standing, accredited members of a Lodge in the State desire to canvass, and to whom the most liberal inducements to work zealously, and effectively, will be offered.

J. T. BRENNAN,
P. O. Box 941, New York.

FROM CLAFF'S

Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.

—In our advertising columns will be found the notice of Heimstreet's Hair Restorative, an article advertised by the very reputable firm of W. E. Hagan & Co., of Cincy, N. Y. The quality of this hair preparation and efficacy are numerous, and it is every way worthy of the attention of those who are in need.

Price 50 cents a bottle. Sold everywhere.

DR. J. B. MARCHISI'S
CELEBRATED
UTERINE CATHOLICON,
FOR THE RELIEF AND CURE OF SUFFERING FEMALES.

With such universal stiffening as saddens the female life, and renders it a burden, this Remedy is a perfect panacea. Where the most eminent physicians have failed, this Catholicon has restored health to the patient, and happiness to the fireside. "The cures of Female Complaints by this Catholicon are perfectly astonishing."—*New Bedford Standard.* "It has cured an obstinate case in our own family."—*Leonard's Armenia Herald.* "It has created an interest among the recommendations like this: I have been afflicted with Female Complaints for 15 years. Pensions, 30 months, $300. Have used this Catholicon. Pension allowed. Uterine Catarrhus, Flooding and Painful Menstruation cured in a few days, with perfect success. It is worthy of the notice of the Faculty."—*Mrs. Lucy Ann Hall, Bangor, Me.* "Dr. Marchisi's Catholicon medical men to use it."—*Jesse Lewis, M.D., Lawrenceville, Ga.* Such letters pour in from a thousand sources, showing it to

Never taken without Benefit.

It is active and efficient in any form of disease pertaining to the Female Organs. Dropsies, Wives, and Retinent Marchisi's Catholicon will cure you. A pamphlet, with symptoms, directions, &c., may be had gratis of the Agent, or delivered by Agents. 1^{00} Do not confound Dr. Marchisi's Catholicon with any other at $1 per bottle, or three bottles for $5, by an Agent in almost every town in the United States, or remitted through the Express Companies.

EARNDS & PARK, General Agents,
15 and 15 PARK ROW, N. Y.
Or J. D. PARK, Cincinnati. Wade, Foster, Boston.; J. Wright & Co., New Orleans. J. B. MARCHISI, M.D.

BRODIE'S
GRAND OPENING
FOR
FALL & WINTER
CLOAKS

Will take place on

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 5th

The greatest display ever made on this Continent.

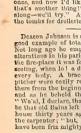
300 Canal Street, and

479 Broadway.

1^{ST} Dr. Hostetter's Bitters have received the warmest encomiums from the press and people throughout the country. Physicians, Clergymen, Editors, Lawyers, Statesmen, Governors, in fact persons of every respectability, it can not be approached. Every day new tests of its great efficacy are received through the most reliable journals. There is nothing equal to the enjoyment to be had with this efficient preparation, and none equals the valuable specific. Its mild tone, its sure and vigorous action upon a disordered stomach, liver, and system of the entire human body should recommend it to all lovers of our community. All that is needed to convince the skeptical of its healthy effects is to purchase it, give and be convinced.

For sale by Druggists and Dealers generally, everywhere.

Principal Depot, 13 and 15 Park Row.



LADIES MUST WEAR H. F. BODY'S PATENT INFLATED BUSTLE. SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHERS. Warranted not to break down. Wholesale by B. F. MOORE, 211 Nassau Street; W. S. CONANT & CO., 335 Broadway; CALHOUN & ROBBINS, 48 Maiden Lane; CLAFLIN, MILLER & Co., Trinity Building, and retailed everywhere.

Mercantile Record.

Patent Champion Safes.
S. C. Herring & Co., 251 Broadway.

Wilder's Patent Salamander Safe.
E. G. Wilder & Co., 191 Broadway.

Phelan's Billiard Tables.
O'Connor & Callender, 63 to 67 Crosby Street.

Patent Extension Tables.
At Horsfall's Manufactory, 148, 150 Wooster Street.

Trusses, Shoulder Braces, Elastic Stockings, Instruments and Ins. Gloves of new inventions. No. 8 Astor Pl.

Quarterman's Patent Stove Polish,
No. 114 Chatham Street, New York.

Improved Billiard Tables.
W. I. Sharp, Manufacturer, 144 Fulton Street.

The New Books.
MACAULAY'S LORD CLARENDON. $1.
LIFE OF A WIG. HUMBUGGED. $1 25.
AMERICAN CHESS CONGRESS. $2 50.
"Sent by mail, postage free, on receipt of the price,
by HURD & CARLETON, Publishers, 139 Grand St., N. Y.

S. HATFIELD'S
NEW STYLES OF SUPERIOR MADE
GARMENTS AND NEW READY.
329 Broadway.
CUSTOM DEPARTMENT, No. 1 BARCLAY STREET.

TO SOUTHERN MERCHANTS
HARNDEN'S EXPRESS
LEAVES EVERY
TUESDAY, THURSDAY AND SATURDAY,
AT 5 P. M.
FOR SAVANNAH,
Thence, by Express Contract Lines to
MACON, MEMPHIS, ATLANTA,
AUGUSTA, MOBILE, CHARLESTON,
NASHVILLE, COLUMBUS, MONTGOMERY,
NEW ORLEANS,
And all Towns in the interior of
Georgia, Alabama and Tennessee.
Every description of merchandise forwarded at Low rates, and delivered with promptness and despatch.
For further particulars apply at the office of
HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, 74 Broadway.

For the Toilet, and Family Use.
The Celebrated
ORIGINAL HONEY SOAP.
Manufactured by
YARDLEY & STATHAM,
LONDON.
The high reputation of this Soap in Europe and America is sufficiently guaranty for its superior qualities.
The genuine article has the makers' names impressed on each piece of Soap.
Sole Agents for the United States,
J. D. BOWDOSS & CO.,
Importers of Druggists' Fancy Goods,
81 Fulton Street, New York.

These celebrated and pleasant Bitters are highly recommended by the faculty as a certain remedy for Dyspepsia and Stimulant ever offered to the public for General Debility, Loss of Appetite, Constipation, and other Derangements of the Stomach.

PRINCIPAL DEPOT,
No. 145 Water Street.
For Sale by Druggists.

Pianos and Melodeons to Let,
At very Low Prices.
$3 TO $12 PER QUARTER,
with no charge for rent, if purchased within one year.
CLEVES' PIANO & ORGAN ROOMS,
277 Washington Street, Boston.

A Brave, A Remarkable Book.
Church of England Review.

OUT OF THE DEPTHS.
The Story of a Woman's Life.
192 pages, Theo. Price 51.
Post-paid by mail to any part of the free.
W. A. TOWNSEND & CO., Publishers,
No. 46 Walker Street, New York.

THE "DIAPHRAGM FILTER,"
Manufactured by Messrs. MCKENZIE & O'HARA, is the kind of pocket filter to which I allotted in my recent report to the Croton Board. I consider the satisfactory working of this filter, and its moderate expense, to be an excellent article for the purpose. The instructions are plain, simple, and easy enough to be comprehended by persons of the most ordinary capacity.
RUSSELL HASTINGS, M.D., Chemist.
NEW YORK, Aug. 20, 1859.
Messrs. MCKENZIE & O'HARA, 224 4th Street, cor. Mercer.

Guines & Son's Extra Double Stout and Pale Ale.
For sale by their SOLE AGENT for the United States,
JOHN MACKIE,
No. 6 Barclay Street, New York.

IF WHISKERS AND MUSTACHES won't grow upon your face, use my original established 1850, which will force them to grow six weeks sooner than any other preparation. It is perfectly safe on the skin. Price $1, by mail, post free, to any address. R. G. GRAHAM, 169 Nassau Street, New York.

American Guano.
TO FARMERS AND DEALERS

IS GUANO. THIS GUANO from Jarvis Island, in the Pacific Ocean, which has been proved to be the most valuable fertilizer ever discovered, is offered for sale at wholesale and retail, in quantities to suit purchasers, by JARVIS GUANO CO., 76 William Street, New York.

MUSICAL BOXES,
Playing 2, 3, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 15, 24, and 36 tunes.
FAILLARD & MARTIN, Importers,
No. 21 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

Soft, Glossy, Luxuriant Hair!—Our fashionable ladies, as well as beautiful lords of waving ringlets, should try JULIA HAZEL & IDA TURTHAIR HAIR DYE. It produces the most natural hair, imparts to it a curious softness and brilliancy, inclines it to curl, and yields to it the delicate fragrance of flowers. Sold by druggists, agents, and by JULIA HAZEL & Co., No. 704 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

Wood's Patent Lock Stitch Sewing Machines are well adapted to the use of Families, Tailors, Dressmakers, &c. Price, $50 to $75.
WHITNEY & LYON,
Sole Agents, 335 Broadway, N. Y.

CHESS MONTHLY FOR OCTOBER.
Edited by Paul Morphy and D. W. Fiske. $1 a year, 25 cents a number. Office, 139 Nassau St.

PLATED GOODS AT RETAIL.
I AM OFFERING MY FINE ASSORTMENT OF TABLE CUTLERY, Tea Trays, Coffee, Tea and Ice Pots, Tea Sets, Spoons, Forks, Butter Knives, by retail, at the usual wholesale prices.
LUCIUS HART, 4 and 6 Sterling Slip.

EXCELSIOR BURR STONE FARM AND PLANTATION MILLS.
Agency, No. 45 Gold Street, N. Y.
This Mill, recently patented, grinds and meets the wants of Planters and Farmers, does splendid work with any grist or horse power, and with ease and efficiency: is so perfectly simple, that any man of ordinary intelligence can run and keep it in order. Price $6 Mill without running the morsis of this.
Descriptive Circulars sent from this Agency.
J. A. BENNET.

"THE POOR BLIND BOY OF THE PRAIRIES."

MR. MILBURN'S
Ten Years of Preacher Life.
A new Edition
of this
Thrilling and Interesting Book
Now Ready.
Price $1.
For sale by all Booksellers.
Single copies sent by mail (postage paid) on receipt of the price, by
DERBY & JACKSON,
PUBLISHERS,
119 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.

THE LATE PUBLICATIONS.

HARPER & BROTHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK,
Have just Published:

THE STUDENT'S HUME. A History of England, from the Earliest Times to the Revolution of 1688. By DAVID HUME. Abridged. Incorporating the Researches of recent Historians. With a Continuation down to the Year 1858. Illustrated by numerous Engravings on Wood. Uniform with Smiths "History of Greece," "Liddell's "History of Rome," and "The Student's Gibbon." 1 vol. 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

THE STUDENT'S HISTORY OF GREECE. A History of Greece, from the Earliest Times to the Roman Conquest, with Supplementary Chapters on the History of Literature and Art. By WILLIAM SMITH, LL.D., Author of the "Classical Dictionaries," &c. Illustrated by Woodcut and Ethnological Maps. 1 vol. 12mo, Muslin, $1 00. With an Appendix, by GEORGE W. GREENE, A.M. Illustrated with 100 Wood-cuts. Large 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

THE STUDENT'S HISTORY OF ROME. A School History of Rome, from the Earliest Times to the Establishment of the Empire. With Chapters on the History of Literature and Art. By WILLIAM SMITH, LL.D., D.C.L. Dean of Christ Church, Oxford. Illustrated by Numerous Wood-cuts. 1 vol. 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

THE STUDENT'S GIBBON. The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. By EDWARD GIBBON. With Notes and Illustrations from the most recent Commentators. By WILLIAM SMITH, LL.D. Illustrated by 100 Engravings on Wood. Large 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

LIFE AND LIBERTY IN AMERICA; or, Sketches of a Tour in the United States and Canada in 1857-58. By CHARLES MACKAY, LL.D. F.S.A. With Ten Illustrations. 1 vol. 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

HENRY ST. JOHN, GENTLEMAN, of Flower of Hundreds, in the County of Prince George, Virginia. A Tale of 1774-75. By JOHN ESTEN COOKE, Author of "Leather Stocking and Silk," "The Virginia Comedians," &c. 1 vol. 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

A LIFE FOR A LIFE. By the Author of "John Halifax, ——" "The Ogilvies," "The Head of the Family," &c. &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents. The Library Edition uniform with the Illustrated Edition of "John Halifax", will be ready in a few days. 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

MY THIRD BOOK. A Collection of Tales. By LESLIE CRANDER MORTIMER, Author of "This, That, and the Other." 1 vol. 12mo, Muslin, $1 00. Uniform with the above.

ADAM BEDE. A Novel. By GEORGE ELIOT, Author of "Scenes of Clerical Life." 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

WALTER THORNLEY; or, A Poet at the Past. By the Author of "Alec Forbes of Howglen" and "Annie Sunnyside. 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

GERALD FITZGERALD. "THE CRUSADER." A Chalk Novel. By CHARLES LEVER, Author of "Charles O'Malley," "Glenavy," "The Dodd Family Abroad," &c. &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents. Library Edition, &c. Complete. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

GIVE ME LIBERTY, OR GIVE ME LONG. A Novel. By CHARLES READE, Author of "A Good Fight," "Christie Johnstone," "Peg Woffington," "Never Too Late to Mend," &c. 12mo, Muslin, 75 cents; Paper, 50 cents.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT? By PISISTRATUS CAXTON. A Novel. By EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, Esq., Author of "My Novel: or, Varieties in real English Life," "The Caxtons," "Pelham," "Night and Morning," &c. &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents. Library Edition, $1 00.

$\left[\text{F}^{\text{RP}}\right]$ HARPER & BROTHERS will send either of the above works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the Money.

Mrs. Mary J. Holmes' New Story.

THE LONG EXPECTED

HAS COME AT LAST!

THE NUMBER OF THE

NEW YORK WEEKLY,

WHICH WILL BE READY

ON THURSDAY, OCT. 6,

AND FOR SALE

ALL OVER THE UNITED STATES AND THE CANADAS,

WILL CONTAIN THE

FIRST CHAPTERS

OF

MRS. HOLMES' NEW STORY

ENTITLED

MARIAN GREY;

OR,

THE HEIRESS OF REDSTONE HALL.

It is with the greatest pleasure that the publishers lay before their numerous and appreciative readers

THIS, THE LAST AND BEST EFFORT

OF THE

BRILLIANT AND POPULAR AUTHORESS,

MRS. MARY J. HOLMES;

FOR THE FIRST FRUITS OF HER

EXCLUSIVE LABORS

FOR THE

NEW YORK WEEKLY,

SURPASS ALL HER FORMER PRODUCTIONS,

which have won for her such an enviable fame in the World of Letters.

The publishers have not been disappointed in perusing the first chapters of

MARIAN GREY.

They are what their knowledge of the abilities of the authoress led them to expect of the writer of "Lena Rivers," "Tempest and Sunshine," "Maggie Miller," "Dora Deane," "Cousin Maude," "English Orphans," "Homestead on the Hillside," "Meadow Brook; or, Sir Lac," "Dunallen; or, the Youthful Error," and numerous other works of rare merit, and almost unbounded popularity. Had she never written aught but the opening chapters, they would stamp her as one of the very best novelists of the age. They are certain that

MARIAN GREY

will stand at the head of all that has gone before, from its pen of the fair and gifted authoress, and will take its first rank among the creations of the day.

THE ORDERS FOR THIS STORY

HAVE BEEN

ALMOST OVERWHELMING!

AND THE CRY IS

STILL THEY COME!

The publishers have been obliged to greatly extend their facilities for publication, and to put their edition, containing the beginning of the new story, to press several days earlier than usual, in order to be prepared to meet the

UNPRECEDENTED DEMAND.

But they are satisfied that a

STILL FURTHER EXTENSION

of their facilities

WILL BE FORCED UPON THEM

BY

THE INCREASED DEMAND

that will follow the appearance of the first chapters of

MARIAN GREY.

The excitement everywhere is WITHOUT A PARALLEL in the history of newspaper literature.

GREAT AS HAS BEEN THE SUCCESS

of the publishers, they have no hesitation in saying that their engagement of Mrs. HOLMES is the

GREATEST SUCCESS OF ALL.

As a story paper and family journal, the

NEW YORK WEEKLY

NOW

stands at the head of all its contemporaries,

AND

WITH WILL BE

second to no paper published in the world.

To their host of readers they extend their warmest friendship and congratulations, knowing that they will be extensively gratified with the perusal of

MARIAN GREY;

OR,

THE HEIRESS OF REDSTONE HALL,

WHICH WILL BE

READY ON THURSDAY, OCT. 6th.

Price FOUR CENTS per Copy.

RIMMEL'S BOUQUET — ALL THE YEAR ROUND, and WOOD VIOLET, are the leading Perfumes in Paris and London.
Sold by all the Trade.
E. RIMMEL, *Perfumer, London and Paris.*

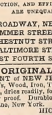
RIMMEL'S ROSE-LEAF POWDER imparts a delicate soft hue to the skin, and vel-vetizes and beautifies.
Sold by all the Trade.
E. RIMMEL, *Perfumer, London and Paris.*

EXTRA INDUCEMENTS TO AGENTS. —Send for one of our new Circulars and Price Lists.
FOWLER & WELLS, N. Y.

Singer's Sewing Machines.
SINGER'S No. 2 SEWING MACHINE, $100.
SINGER'S No. 1 SEWING MACHINE, $90.
HEMMING GAUZES REDUCED TO $4.
Singer's Family Sewing Machines at $50 and $75 are capable of performing, in the best style, all the sewing of a private family.
Send for a copy of I. M. Singer & Co.'s Gazette, which contains full and reliable information about prices, sizes, etc., of Sewing Machines, and will be supplied gratis.
I. M. SINGER & CO.,
No. 458 Broadway, New York.

Edward Everett's
Great Oration on
Daniel Webster,
At the Inauguration of the Statue to Mr. Webster, at Boston, Sept. 17, 1859, is published in the
PULPIT & ROSTRUM, No. 8.
The Pulpit and Rostrum is an Elegant Pamphlet Serial, giving Phonographic Reports of the best Orations, Sermons, &c. $1 00 for 12 consecutive numbers. Single number mailed for 10 cents.
H. H. LLOYD & CO., Publishers,
348 Broadway, N. Y.

TO THE NERVOUS OF BOTH SEXES.—A Retired Clergyman having been restored to health in a few days, after many years of severe nervous suffering, is willing to assist others by sending (free) a copy of the prescription used. Address Rev. John M. Dagnall, 160 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.



Odell Vinegar
is far superior to Eau de Cologne as a lotion for the Toilet or Bath, a reviving Perfume, and a powerful Disinfectant.
Sold by all the Trade.
E. Rimmel,
Perfumer, London and Paris.

260 HOW TO LIVE CHEAP. 260
In order to effect a great saving in Family Housekeeping, purchase rooms at
TEAS, WINES, GROCERIES, and PROVISIONS
of all kinds, at the immense establishment of
THOMAS R. AGNEW,
No. 260 Greenwich Street, cor. Murray.
Goods delivered free.

To Inventors. Important Notice.
Just issued, a pamphlet of advice how to procure patents for

NEW INVENTIONS.
Sent free on application to MUNN & Co., Editors Scientific American, No. 37 Park Row, New York.

Boynton's Self-Clearing, Self-Packing, and Ventilating Gas-Tight Furnace has been thoroughly tested in this country for the last five years, and has proved itself to be the MOST DURABLE, ECONOMICAL, and PERFECT FURNACE in market. Call and examine the merits of this Furnace, or send for descriptive circular, with references to those who have them in use.
RICHARDSON, BOYNTON & CO.,
No. 210 Canal Street, New York.

EXTRA INDUCEMENTS TO AGENTS. —Send for one of our new Circulars and Price Lists.
FOWLER & WELLS, N. Y.

$100 A MONTH!!
Agents Wanted!
We want Agents in every City and County in the United States and Canada. Two active and worthy men to be made by addressing, with Post-Office stamp,
DAVIS & CO.,
Macon, Georgia,
who will send full particulars.

RIMMEL'S WHITE ALMOND SOAP and FAMILY SOAP are celebrated for their remedial properties and delightful aromatic fragrance.
Sold by all the Trade.
E. RIMMEL, *Perfumer, London and Paris.*

EXPERIENCED AGENTS WANTED in all parts of the country to obtain Subscribers for "LOSSING'S PICTORIAL FIELD-BOOK OF THE REVOLUTION," in Two Volumes Royal Octavo, containing upward of 1500 pages, and 1100 beautiful Illustrations. This work will be sold exclusively by Agents, to each of whom a liberal contract will be given. Specimen documents offered. Applicants should name the County they wish to canvass. For full particulars address GEO. W. KELLOGT, care HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

NEW BOOKS.
BLAKEMAN & MASON,
310 *Broadway, N. Y.,*
Have just Published.
REPRESENTATIVE MEN OF THE NEW TESTAMENT. By Rev. C. Bellamy, D.D., of Troy. 1 vol. 12mo. Price $1.
WORDS OF JESUS AND FAITHFUL PROMISES. 1 vol. 16mo, muslin. Price 38 cents.
THE LOST AND FOUND; OR, LIFE AMONG THE POOR. By Samuel M. Hallock. 1 vol. 16mo. Price $1.
DR. HAGUE'S QUESTION BOOKS ON MATTHEW, JOHN, and ACTS. 6 vols. Price 15 cents each.
GLOSSARY OF WORDS formerly used in senses different from their present. By L. J. Trench. 12mo. Price 75 cents.
EDGAR ALLAN POE'S POEMS. 32mo and Gold. Price 75 cents.

ALMOST A HEROINE!
TICKNOR & FIELDS
HAVE PUBLISHED FROM EARLY PROOF SHEETS,
ALMOST A HEROINE.
A NOVEL.
By the Author of "Charles Auchester," "Counterparts," &c., &c.
One handsome 16mo volume, cloth. Price $1.
ALSO,
The Logic of Political Economy,
and Other Papers.
A NEW VOLUME.
By THOMAS DE QUINCEY.
One volume, 16mo. Price 75 cents.
☞ Copies mailed on receipt of publication price.

Clear the Track.—Gaslighi has arrived with its attendant, the Lock-stitch SEWING MACHINE, which ranked as good as any in the market, and at the low price of $5. Who is not paying more? Agents wanted.
J. C. BROWN, Agent, No. 8 Ann Street.

Ladd, Webster & Co.,
INVITE ATTENTION TO THEIR
IMPROVED TIGHT-STITCH
Sewing Machines,
WHICH FOR BEAUTY AND SIMPLICITY OF CONSTRUCTION, AND EFFICIENCY IN WORKING, ARE UNEQUALED BY ANY.
600 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
17 SUMMER STREET, BOSTON.
620 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.
202 BALTIMORE STREET, BALTIMORE.
251 WEST FOURTH STREET, CINCINNATI.

THE ORIGINAL BRIDGEWATER PAINT of NEW JERSEY, Established 1850. For Roofs, Fences, Barns, Tin, Bricks, Canvas, Metals, Paper, &c., dries readily, forming a metallic coat, equal and cheaper than Tin, and Incombustible. Depot, 74 Maiden Lane, New York.
HICKS & BETTS, Agents.

Bank Note Engraving.
AMERICAN
BANK NOTE COMPANY,
MEDALISTS, ENGRAVERS,
NEW YORK.
OFFICES AT
New York, Philadelphia, Boston, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Montreal, and Chicago.

PIANO FORTES.
PIANO FORTE Manufacturers, Warerooms No. 125 Grand Street, near Broadway, where a full assortment of Instruments may be found, exclusively of our own manufacture. Warranted in every respect.
EVERETT HOUSE,
HAWLEY D. CLAPP, Proprietor,
Nearly Opposite Union Square,
NEW YORK.

361 BROADWAY 539
Tucker's Flowers, Feathers, and Miscellaneous Items, Are all reliable.

Saponifier. Saponifier. Saponifier.
No Grease, or Public or Private Institution, should be without this economical and ready Soap Maker.
Full directions for making Soft, Hard, and Fancy Soaps from the refuse grease of the kitchen, fat, or tallow, according to the materials used.
Sold by Druggists and Grocers generally. Beware of Counterfeits. The success of this article has induced unprincipled parties to imitate it, who are being fined and punished for infringing our patented rights.
Manufactured and for sale wholesale only by the Pennsylvania Salt Manufacturing Company,
Office 396 Penn Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.
LEWIS, JAMES & CO, Agents,
Philadelphia.

HARD TIMES NO MORE. — ANY Lady or Gentleman in the United States, possessing $5 to $10, can enter into an easy and respectable business, by which from $5 to $10 per day can be realized (no particulars, without cash stamp).
W. R. AUTON & CO., 41 North SIXTH Street, Philadelphia.

ELLIOT & PATTEN—Examine Inventions and procure American and Foreign Patents. Public and family medicine warranted. Patent Office Building, Washington City, D. C.

FAMILY KNITTING MACHINES FOR SALE.—Agency, 514 Broadway, up stairs, opposite St. Nicholas Hotel.
H. C. LEE, Agt.

HIGHLY IMPORTANT TO BOTH SEXES.—To Married or Single, in health or disease.—MEDICAL ADVISER AND MARRIAGE GUIDE, 38th edition, over 400 pages, fine cloth, and above 100 Electrotype Engravings. Price $1. By a celebrated New York and London Physician and Surgeon, now in the hands of every adult person, as it imparts knowledge all have an interest in, and should have. Sold and mailed to any part of the country, by M. A. TOWNSEND & CO., No. 16 Walker Street, N. Y.

YOUNG MAN, DO YOU WANT EMPLOYMENT that will pay? Sales on Agency for our publications. Address FOWLER & WELLS, N. Y.

Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry.
This remedy has long been cherished by the community for its remarkable efficacy in relieving, healing, and curing the most obstinate, painful, and long-standing cases of COUGH, COLDS, INFLUENZA, SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING COUGH, CROUP, ASTHMA, INFLAMMATION of the LUNGS; while even CONSUMPTION itself has yielded to its magic influence, when all other known means have failed.
The whole history of this Balsam, which has now become a household word, proves that the past has proven its remedy superior to anything in value and efficacy, while the future will hardly present one of equal value.
To guard against Counterfeits, of which there are several worthless ones, see that each bottle has the written signature of "I. BUTTS," as well as the printed name of the Proprietors, "*Seth W. Fowle & Co., Boston,*" on the outside wrapper.
Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere.

Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry.
SANDS' SARSAPARILLA.
For Purifying the Blood.
No remedial agent has ever been produced that has proved more uniformly successful in the cure of the various forms of scrofulous disease, since without hope of a perfect and fully tested remedy. Now reduced to health, and ascribe their cure, as in justly due, to the rare medicinal virtues and

Surprising Efficacy
of the invaluable preparation.
Prepared and sold by A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists, No. 100 Fulton Street, New York.

☞ Every Number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE contains from 96 to 98 pages—and from one third to one half more reading matter than any other Magazine.

A Splendid Number.
HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE
No. CXIII. CONTENTS. [OCTOBER
DANIEL BOONE.
Illustrated by Eleven Engravings from Origi nal Drawings by Lossing and Waud.
THE WATER OF LI ARRAIN.
A VISIT TO THE GUAGUIBO INDIANS
Illustrated by Twenty Engravings from Original Drawings by Hermann.
AUDUBON'S HYMN IN THE AMERICA FORESTS.
BEHIND THE CLOUD.
THE PICNIC.
COUNTRY LIFE.
THE LOVERS' QUARREL.
THE BLIND PREACHER.
THE TEACHING OF BIRDS.
TWO MEN AND A WOMAN.
THE BANK OF THE MISSISSIPPI,—CE.
TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE.
UP THE STORY.
THE ENGLISHMANS. By W. J. THACKERAY. (To be completed in the December Number.)
EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.
Illustrations.—Ambitious Populaire sorte.—A Republican Court.—Mrs. Potiphar Drawing by the Author.
MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.
LITERARY NOTICES.
EDITOR'S TABLE.
EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.
EDITOR'S DRAWER.
Containing Anecdotes and Reminiscences furnished by more than Twenty Contributors.
FLOWERS AND FRUIT PIECES.
With Seven Illustrations Engraved by HARRAN.
FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.
With Two Illustrations from Original Drawings by VOGHT.

The October Number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE is composed, with the exception of MACAULAY'S "Virginius," entirely of ORIGINAL ARTICLES furnished by American writers.
The Number contains papers from the following Contributors:

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT,
JOHN ESTEN COOKE, ESQ.
GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, ESQ.
MISS JANE M. EUSEE.
ALFRED H. GUERNSEY, ESQ.
MRS. ALICE B. HAVEN.
EDWARD D. INGRAHAM, ESQ.
REV. A. A. LIPSCOMB, D.D.
CHARLES NORDHOFF, ESQ.
FRANK H. NORTON, ESQ.
THOMAS NELSON PAGE, D.D.
REV. S. IRENÆUS PRIME, D.D.
JAMES PARTON, ESQ.
MRS. H. B. STOWE.
J. T. TROWBRIDGE, ESQ.
W. M. THACKERAY, ESQ.
WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE, ESQ.

TERMS.
One Copy for One Year $3 00
Two Copies for One Year 5 00
Three or more Copies for One Year (each) 2 00
And an Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of Ten Subscribers.
HARPER WEEKLY and HARPER'S MAGAZINE, together—One Year, $5.
The Postage upon "HARPER'S MAGAZINE" must be paid at the office where it is received. The Postage is *Thirty-six Cents a year.*
HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A FIRST-CLASS FAMILY PUBLICATION.
THE BEST AND CHEAPEST
FAMILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD.
FIVE CENTS A NUMBER; $2 50 A YEAR.
MR. CHARLES DICKENS'S NEW SERIAL entitled "A TALE OF TWO CITIES," Splendidly Illustrated by PHIZ, will be commenced in "HARPER'S WEEKLY" for May 7, and will be continued from week to week until completed in April 9.
TERMS OF HARPER'S WEEKLY.
One Copy for Three Months $1 00
One Copy for Six Months 2 00
One Copy for One Year 4 00
One Copy for Two Years 7 00
Five Copies for One Year 16 00
Ten Copies for One Year 30 00
Twenty-five Copies for One Year 60 00
An Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of Twelve or Twenty-five Subscribers.
TERMS FOR ADVERTISING.—*Fifty Cents a Line.*
A Liberal Discount will be made to those wishing to Advertise for three Months or more.
☞ Persons living in the City of New York wishing to "Harper's Weekly" left at their houses, will please send their names to the Publishers, and the subscription money, to the Office of Publication.
HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
Franklin Square, New York.

WIND, S.W. FRESH.

TOMKINS, who is not grand in the Leg Department, says "It's a very disagreeable day." The Young Ladies, however, for obvious reasons, enjoy it amazingly.

FLORENCE. "Well, I'm sure! you might have found some better place for those nasty Cigars than sticking them all round your hat."

REGINALD. "Aw, aw, really! I flatter myself it's rather a neat ideaw."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Visit not invited.

DELANO
Life-Preserving Coat and Vest Company. Office and **Salesroom No. 256 Broadway, opposite the City Hall Park.**

Visit solicited.

The above Company are manufacturers of Life-preserving Coats, Vests, Shirts, and Jackets for Men and Boys, and Waists and Sacks for Ladies. These garments look like, and can be worn the same as ordinary clothing, and yet are the *most perfect life-preservers ever invented.*

NOW OPEN.
DUNLAP & CO.'S
Branch Store, under the 5th Avenue Hotel. Children's Hats and Caps in endless variety, imported, and of their own manufacture.
Gentlemen's fall styles just issued.

Out of the Depths.

THE GREAT NEW NOVEL.—The Story of a Woman's Life. "*A brave, a remarkable book.*"—*Church of England Review.* Price $1 00, mailed post free.
W. A. TOWNSEND & CO.,
No. 46 Walker Street, N. Y.

Hosiery and Men's Furnishing Goods.

A great assortment of best goods at prices generally paid for *inferior* qualities.
Call, examine, and compare. One price, and money cheerfully refunded in case of dissatisfaction.
A. RANKIN & CO.,
No. 637 Broadway, and No. 96 Bowery.
Established in 1833.

Perfectly Pure CREAM TARTAR AND BI-CARBONATE SODA.

We have the finest brands and best qualities in this line, for the purpose of supplying the most particular CHEMISTS, DRUGGISTS, CONFECTIONERS, and CHOICE FAMILY STORES with an article *perfectly pure and unadulterated.* Get our name on the papers and boxes! The **CREAM TARTAR** is prepared under our own supervision! We sell these goods in any desired package suitable for any trade.
THOMAS ANDREWS & CO.,
108 and 110 Cedar Street, N. Y.
Established twelve years!

Farrel, Herring & Co.'s
(*Herring's Patent*)
Champion Fire and Burglar Proof Safes,
629 CHESTNUT STREET (*Jayne's Hall*)
PHILADELPHIA,
Sideboard and Parlor Safes for Dwelling Houses, &c.

GREAT CURIOSITY.—Particulars sent *free* Agents wanted. SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Me.

Wheeler & Wilson's
Sewing Machines,
With Important Improvements.
THE GREAT ECONOMIZER OF TIME AND PRESERVER OF HEALTH.
Office No. 505 Broadway, N. Y.

It is found by accurate experiment that the stitching of a shirt requiring by hand 15 hours and 20 minutes, can be done by this machine in 1 hour and 5 minutes. Other work is done with equal facility.
The Lock-stitch made by this machine is the only stitch that can not be ravelled, and that presents the same appearance upon each side of the seam. It is made with two threads, one upon each side of the fabric, and interlocked in the centre of it.

GOOD NEWS.

[*From the Christian Advocate and Journal.*]

A reduction in the prices of Sewing Machines is announced in our advertising columns. Their utility is established beyond question, and at the present prices we see no reason why they should not be found, as they ought to be, in every household. Several varieties are manufactured, adapted to various purposes. So far as public opinion has been formed and uttered, the preference is emphatically accorded to the Wheeler and Wilson Machine for family use, and for manufacturers in the same range of purpose and material. During the past year the trials were numerous, and to the patient investigator the superiority of the Wheeler and Wilson in every case has Wheeler and Wilson Machines won the highest premium. We may instance the State Fairs of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Kentucky, Illinois, Wisconsin, Virginia, Michigan, Indiana, Mississippi, Missouri, and California, and the Fairs in Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, Baltimore, Richmond, and San Francisco. At the Fair of the St. Louis Mechanical Association, the Examining Committee was composed of twenty-five ladies of the highest social standing, who, without a dissenting voice, awarded for the Wheeler & Wilson Machine the highest and only premium, a silver Pitcher, valued at $75. If these facts do not establish a reputation, we know not what can.

Glass Shades!
Glass Shades made to order!!
Of all sizes, for covering Clocks, Pictures, &c., constantly on hand and made to order.
Depôt, No. 194 William, corner of Ann Street.

32. HEALTH OF **32.**
AMERICAN WOMEN.

It has often been a sad reflection that the physiological anatomy of woman renders her liable to suffering and disease, for which a reliable remedy has never been found in the regular medical profession. Every mother of a family, and most females above 16 years of age, fully experience this. Social position, wealth, and cultivated taste offer no exemption to this rule. So universal are these sufferings of women from the age of 15 to 45 years, that every one is interested in obtaining certain relief.
Irregularities, local displacements, general debility, and nervousness seem to be the common lot of women during the largest portion of their life.
The experience of many years, the severe tests of investigation, and the universal success of the use of this Corset in the practice and in the families of physicians, and its general use in the families of clergymen and among the most cultivated and refined in the country, has resulted in stamping the elegant and well known proprietors of the Grafenberg Company as the only reliable remedy known for the universal and distressing diseases of women.
It is prepared by an educated physician of great experience, and it will always be found fully equal to representations concerning it. It is known as *The Grafenberg Company* MARSHALL'S UTERINE CATHOLICON.
Price **$1 50** *per bottle; five bottles for* **$6.** *It can be safely sent by express.* Address JOSHUA P. HUDNUT, M.D., *Secretary and Consulting Physician, Grafenberg Company,* No. **32** PARK ROW, NEW YORK.

Drs. J. P. Hudnut *may be consulted professionally, or by letter, at his rooms in the Grafenberg Institution,* No. **32** *Park Row. Office hours,* **9** *to* **1** *and* **3** *to* **4.**

English Brussels Carpets,
Tbc., 60c. per yd.; Two-ply Ingrain Carpets, 40 to 50c. per yd.; Oilcloth, Rugs, Mats, Matting, Table and Piano Covers, Gold Window Shades, very cheap, at
HILL & ANDERSON'S, No. 99 Bowery,
Sign of the large Gold Eagle.

EXTRA INDUCEMENTS TO AGENTS.—Send for one of our new Circulars and Price Lists.
FOWLER & WELLS, N. Y.

☞ **Keep it before the People**
THROUGHOUT THE UNITED STATES.
GEORGE G. EVANS,
No. 439 Chestnut Street,
PHILADELPHIA,
ORIGINATOR
OF THE
Gift Book Business,
AND PROPRIETOR OF THE
OLDEST AND LARGEST
GIFT BOOK ESTABLISHMENT
IN THE WORLD
Calls attention to the fact that he has made such arrangements with other publishers and manufacturers, that it gives him pleasure to offer
GREATER INDUCEMENTS
than ever, and such
THAT CAN NOT BE EQUALED
by any other Gift Book House in the world.
ALL BOOKS
are sold at the
PUBLISHERS' PRICES,
AND A
SPLENDID GIFT,
WORTH FROM
50 CENTS TO $100,
IS GIVEN WITH EACH BOOK.
A selection can be made from the
Largest Stock of Books
IN THE COUNTRY.
And by complying with the directions as given in the Catalogue, you will receive your Book
FREE OF EXPENSE
for carriage or mailing, and a guarantee of
NO RISK OR LOSS BY MAIL.
To give an idea of the extent and the honorable method of transacting business, we would state to you that
223 GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES,
AND OVER
200,000 DOLLARS WORTH OF JEWELRY,
have been
GIVEN AWAY
during the past six months, each article of which has been of the finest quality, and has given satisfaction in every instance.
SEND FOR A CATALOGUE,
which will be sent gratis, and which contains a list of Books in every department of literature.
Comprising:
HISTORY,
BIOGRAPHY,
ADVENTURES,
MECHANICS,
MANUFACTURES,
ARCHITECTURE,
THEOLOGY,
GEOGRAPHY,
NATURAL HISTORY,
ALBUMS, ANNUALS, BIBLES, PRAYER BOOKS HYMN BOOKS, SINGING BOOKS, JUVENILE BOOKS, WRITING PAPER, LETTER PAPER, AND ENVELOPES.
ONE TRIAL WILL ASSURE YOU
of the honorable business transactions of
GEORGE G. EVANS,
No. 439 CHESTNUT STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.

AGENTS WANTED,
Who can, with George G. Evans' Catalogue, obtain more subscribers than by any other, as the Books at Gifts enumerated are superior to those of any other house. Any one, either male or female, who desires to engage
IN AN HONORABLE
AND PROFITABLE EMPLOYMENT,
and one that requires but little time, is requested to address G. G. Evans, and they will receive every information relative to the business.
DO NOT FAIL TO ADDRESS
GEORGE G. EVANS,
ORIGINATOR OF THE
GIFT BOOK BUSINESS,
No. 439 CHESTNUT STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. III.—No. 146.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1859. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

Our Serials and our Circulation.

FOR several months past we have printed from EIGHTY to NINETY-THREE THOUSAND COPIES per week of HARPER'S WEEKLY, more than DOUBLE that of any other Illustrated paper in the country.

WE conclude in this number the admirable serial tale, entitled "A GOOD fight," by CHARLES READE, author of "Love me Little, Love me Long;" with Illustrations by C. KEENE. This exquisite Story has been printed *from early proof-sheets* PURCHASED *exclusively by us from the Author*.

In reply to several inquiries, we beg to say that Mr. DICKENS'S new serial, "A TALE OF TWO CITIES," was commenced in HARPER'S WEEKLY on May 7, and Mr. CURTIS'S delicious Story of American Society, entitled "TRUMPS," on April 9. We can send the back numbers from those dates, or from the beginning of the year, to any person who remits the money.

FOR terms, etc., see advertisement on the 15th page of this paper.

Sketches of the People who oppose our Sunday Laws.

No. II.

SUNDAY EVENING IN A BEER GARDEN.

ALONG the sidewalks of the Bowery move multitudes of idlers. The crowd is oppressive, for it is Sunday night; and Germany, knowing no home delights, pours itself forth in social revelry. Mingle for a moment with the throng, and you can not easily extricate yourself. You are drawn irresistibly with its slow but unceasing current. Attempt to disentangle yourself, you are grievously jolted and jammed. Provoked to wrath, you plunge violently forward, and are stranded on a cellar door, or wrecked among the cobble-stones. Notwithstanding a sense of injury, you take, perhaps, a cheerful view of things, and endeavor to yield graciously to the inevitable vicissitudes of a Sunday evening ramble in the Bowery.

From shop windows partially illuminated a feeble light is cast around. As the throng passes you see that the German element predominates. The faces are much the same, heavy and stolid. The lethargic spirit of lager beer seems to have settled upon them. You are convinced that the only liveliness they know is that of hops. The dull, regular murmur of voices is seldom broken, except when feminine shrillness indicates the crushing of a crinoline, or bewails the fracture of a bonnet. Beyond these there are few tokens of animation.

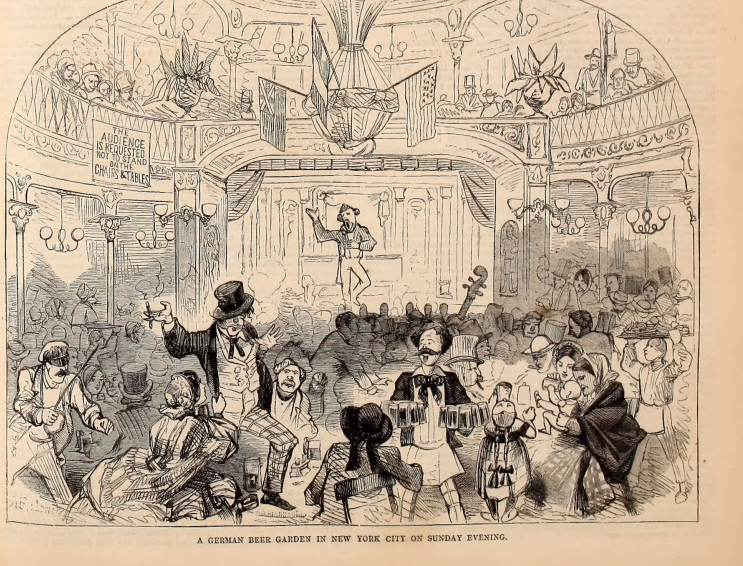
Toward 8 o'clock the flood reaches its height, and begins to drain off into the reservoirs on every side. These are the Beer Gardens—some large, some small, some rich, some rude, but all abundantly provided with the sweet restoring fluid, and with numberless appliances for mental relaxation and the free circulation of current coin.

You join the crowd again, and are straightway borne through a spacious door-way into a well-lighted passage, upon the walls of which you read the old announcement—"Positively no liquors sold here on Sunday," which strikes you as laying it on with a thickness you would hardly have expected. A little further on you are admonished that this is the "Volk's Garten," and that you are to pay twelve cents for the double privilege of entrance and an optional glass of beer after you get in. You receive your ticket and proceed.

Why, this is a show, indeed!

It is a large circular hall, the floor dotted with tables and benches, and all thickly filled—the benches with men, women, and children, the tables with various articles intended to afford internal comfort. A gallery, likewise occupied, is above. The seats are generally so arranged as to command fair view of the little stage erected at the rear, upon which a massive frulein, scantily skirted, is lobbing vigorously to the music of a small orchestra close by. The music, which is good, does not atone for the dancing, which is vaccine. Over the theatre, which is a mere box, is stationed a brazen band, ready melodiously to blow the instant the performance beneath shall terminate. There, it is over; the fraulein squirms a parting salute and retires, while the solemn strains of the Champagne galop echo from above, and cover her retreat.

The "Volk's Garten" has claims to artistic consideration. The walls are decorated with luxurious landscapes, drawn from any number of quarters of the globe. The ceiling is scattered all over with figures of dancing women of every nationality. A rosy Santa Claus, with unbounded stomach, presides jubilantly from the arch of the theatre. There is a dashing balloon suspended by a rope from the centre of the "Garten," which every now and then descends to the ground in all the glory of gold foil and red stripes and waving banners glistening in the gaslight, for no ostensible purpose, after accomplishing which it forthwith rises again. But the artistic taste is more directly cultivated than by displays of gaudy coloring and twisted female forms. There are little dens every where lending off to more distinguished exhibitions. At one of these two small boys in Turkish jackets, and with pasteboard flower-pots on their heads, unlike cherubim continually do cry, "*New* gentlemen is your chance to see the most wonderful exhibition in the world—only ten cents; step right in, nothing you ever saw like it," and so forth. You are impelled by curiosity, and seize a programme. Mysterious announcements of "optic plastics" appear. Closer examination shows you that it is, after all, a lottery, to receive the prizes of which each purchaser of a ticket will have a chance. Of course there is no resisting this, and your ten cents are unhesitatingly bestowed. You glance at the exhibition, and find a collection of stereoscopes, prominent among which is the Emperor Napoleon from a German point of view, as large as life and twice as blood-thirsty, and with a particular sharpness to the waxed ends of his mustache. After this you will be very likely to turn your attention elsewhere.



A GERMAN BEER GARDEN IN NEW YORK CITY ON SUNDAY EVENING.

Against the wall are little stalls erected in convenient spots. Here one stands a quiet-looking man, who offers you dice, and points to a placard which tells you that you may throw for twenty-five cents, and that every throw wins, but fails to entice you, as you have observed that the winnings are apt to be of a cumbersome character, like huge vases, or camp-stools, or deal tables, which you would find difficulty in carrying about with you for any length of time. In another stall, a complicated machine, similar to a roulette table both in purpose and appearance, presents a difficult with industry and skill. In another, confectionery is sold; in another, fireworks; and anyway, flowers would be, only nobody buys.

Open doors lead to scenes of more active occupation—to the billiard-room, to the bowling-alley, to the shooting-gallery, where two shots for three cents are served out with guns from which the balls are propelled by strong springs instead of powder, and to the oyster-room, whither corpulent Herren may, after much attempting, enter, to try testaceous experiments to the extent of two or three dozen. You fancy you see a sort of twinkle in the eyes of those who eat, as if touched with mirth at the idea of introducing the unsuspecting travellers to a fluid or shivering fruit that in which they have been reared, and you pitiein a year and the peculiar sensations of the oysters themselves upon their immersion in the bubbling beer.

But the crowd swells, individually and collectively, as that your progress is impeded. You soon set from by and by a lucky chance on a vacant seat just left by a stout citizen, who, distended by many draughts, seeks to restore his facilities by locomotion. Here you rest, you are a placed together, quelling the produce of the brewery, while an effort in her arms owns natural nourishment and with a less artificial source. Other children rest their tired little heads upon her shoulder and that of the father. They have been well dressed for the day, but to nine o'clock their capacity is exhausted. Opposite an some ragged fellows, who, with the cause and prolonged study of the wine placards on the walls, call for their favorite schoppes, and give the whole of their minds to them.

All around are men and women, variously attired and variously enjoying themselves. The supply of beer is prodigious. This beverage seems to best satisfy the popular demand. Eccentric tastes there are, however, that rank as high as that of gratification. Here and there tall cylindrical vessels, containing a kind of white wine in small amount of more than a quart, tower above the ordinary glasses like steeples above the city houses-tops. You can perceive that anxious mothers and their children closer when these draw near, inspired by a natural fear that the contents may fall in and get drowned, and be thus unhappily brought to an untimely bier. Then there are whoppies of gratifying wine, which offer considerable attention from a respectable minority. For the children there is no excessive on hand, but cakes are brought into requisition. Cakes and confectionary are made more frequent use of, and are considered not wholly unworthy of parental consideration.

You do not see much evidence of deep delight. There is little excitement of any kind. The most decent approach to it is furnished by a flushed young Teuton at an uprising table, who is earnest in his devotion to a great American air which he has not him. There is vacancy in his face and fullness in his tongue. His English is not only imperfect, it is also mixed. He utters eloquent endearments to his sweet-heart, who does not like to repel them, although she would prefer to have them under other circumstances. Occasionally he leaves off to take alternate pulls at his cigar and his native language, and, with a look of determination in his eye that degree that he puffs out the beer and swallows the smoke. When his attention is for the time way distracted, the young girl urges departure upon him, but he repudiates the proposal with scorn, and orders more beer.

People laugh at him, and he laughs too; and then asks the pretty woman in a stage whisper what the joke is. She seems hurt; and observing that she is a friend, he conceives that the notice has some one has inflicted annoyance upon her, and broaches her to designate the offender, that he may "make" him. She endeavors to remove his suspicion, but he is not to be convinced, and glares around, seeking to argue allusions to his physical capabilities. By way of manifesting vengeance he subsequently turns his thoughts to the stage, where a portly one is singing lustily of the joys of life in love, and asks the young woman which of the two vocalists she prefers. His second examination he says three. When the massive Hercules before mentioned glides into view again, he follows her sprightly movements not only with his eye, but with his whole head. At the next performance of the band, he is taken out of time, and makes futile and very ludicrous attempts to whistle the obligato. Then he frowns, as if to signify that his hand is getting wrong; and, blowing a kiss in the direction of his mouth, pours some of it down the side of his neck—after which he looks fiercer than ever.

Presently his eye rests upon a sign which "requests the audience not to afield on the floor of the tobo." He becomes intent. He ponders. He leans back and scowls at the sign with determination. For a while he doubts; but pretty soon he appears to have come to a decision. He drops his hand upon the table and says, "Why not?" Then he contemplates the perverseness of human nature by determining to defy that sign. He declares that nothing shall prevent him from mounting both chair and table. The young girl's remonstrances avail nothing. He rises, by slow degrees, to his feet. He puts his foot many times through the air, and at length succeeds in planting it infirmly on the bench. He chuckles with a proud consciousness of daring and triumph, and then rolls down among a number of legs. He tempts he is induced to withdraw; and his companion, crying mistakenly, follows him in sorrow, not in anger.

It is past ten o'clock. The band discourses with undiminished energy; the smoke from hundreds of pipes and cigars is spreading; the beer continues its downward flow. Thus eyes, ears, and mouths are filled. The crowd expands each minute. It is a little confining. You find, by inquiring, that the exits are not intended to close before midnight, and you venture to believe that you have not much. You spend some minutes in your resolutions making your way out. The knots of people every where obstruct you. In some places the crush is rather light, but there are others where you eventually bring you forth. You are in the Howling Alley, where the ever-rising tide of humanity you permit yourself to float up town.

On the whole, you are not enamored of the Beer Garden.

THE VILLAGE BARBER.

A mourner, droning is passing by,
As sadly tolls the bell;
The village barber is no more—
Alas! I knew him well.

His heart was always wondrous light,
And gaily was his step;
His like we ne'er shall find, though we
May search from pole to pole.

In him were found those virtues rare
Which in the Christian blend;
He always dines in China square,
Yet often shaved a friend.

He was no Pharisee in thought,
With heart 'gainst pity shut;
There was in his whole worship sought
From choice he never cut.

No cringing sycophant was he,
No flatterer, we may hope;
Yet, strange to say, he knew the art
Of laying on the soap.

He was a true-souled Democrat,
As every action shows;
Anointed oft the pauper's beard,
And polled the nabob's nose.

Of those who mix in politics,
He pitied the poor souls;
Yet hour by hour, election day,
He lingered 'round the polls.

He was a man of peaceful name,
Though not "Quiet Dick;"
He seldom spoke of blood or fame,
Yet often drew his blade.

He never left his native town
Until his sad decease,
Yet strange to say, though dying here,
He passed his life in grease.

His loss the poor old sexton mourns,
Who loves the hearse to toll;
One moment now his hands he wrings,
And then he rings the bell.

But now he's dead, his work is done—
Why should we weep or sigh?
He met the number decently,
He rather liked to dye.

A mournful throng is passing by,
As sadly tolls the bell;
The village barber is no more—
Alas! I knew him well.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1859.

COMMODORE TATTNALL.

MANY leading newspapers seem bent on making Commodore Tattnall, because, in the absence of the one send by an English steamer, he returned the service to young some British boots against the tide to where they were going. Such wonderful conduct is attested by a desire to feed that anti-British prejudice which is indigenous in the ignorant portion of our people, and which is rendered peculiarly noisy in large cities by the brawling of the Irish population. Others seem to have fallen in love with the Chinese because they are the most uncivilized, candid, amiable people, who are being sadly bullied by the British.

We will venture to say that, if the Administration sacrifices Commodore Tattnall, it will inflict a cruel blow on the efficiency of our navy. It is the custom in New Orleans, and doubtless never been nearer to China than Sandy Hook to talk about preserving our neutrality; but all such talk is treason at New Orleans, in China, and distinction between British, Americans, and Frenchmen is hardly perceptible—that the Chinese treat all alike—and that the civilized races were to abandon each other in that part of the world there would be no safety for any of them. Every American merchant and sailor trading to China knows that the British fortress on Hong Kong has been as serviceable to ourselves as to the English. Time and again our people have been saved from massacre by the interference of British sailors and soldiers, who took no thought of any thing save that our people were white men and Christians.

Imbecile and ignorant politicians talk and write of China as though it were France or Spain. The fact is it is another world, and a world radically imbued with hatred of all foreigners. The Chinese make no distinction between citizens of the United States and citizens of Europe. They hate and cheat them all alike. This will be proved by the evidence of every merchant or sailor who has been to China.

For many years we have pursued a policy of concealment with regard to the English. They have bullied them. The consequence is that the English go where they please, and that we follow them wherever they are permitted to go. It is under cover of the British guns that our trade is carried on at Canton and at Foo-Chow. It is the presence of British frigates which protects our ships at Shanghai. It was behind British guns that Mr. Reed ascended the Peiho to conclude the treaty of 1858. When those guns were withdrawn he had to fly. The only result of our policy with China has been that the Chinese grow to fair weather Englishmen, while to the British method they yield not only what the English want, but to us also the crumbs which fall from their table.

Commodore Tattnall—one of the most gallant and popular officers of our navy—has only done what every American officer with any experience in China would have done in the like case. There need be no fear of the position of the United States in China being compromised by what he has done. That position was one of contempt—nothing more. If Mr. Buchanan allows himself to be bullied into censuring him, he will cast a blight on the independence of our naval officers, and will inflict an irreparable injury on American merchants in China.

THE CRICKET MANIA.

We devote a large portion of our space this week to illustrating the game of cricket, and especially the match played on 3d, 4th, and 5th inst. between the "Gentlemen of England" and the "United States Twenty-two." Properly speaking, it was no match at all. No one expected the United States—with the modest exceptions—to make any sort of fight against the trained professionals of England. And it is well that people should see that the latter came here expressly to play with our amateurs, and at the cost of our clubs. Another curious fact about "Twenty-two" is that it includes, in that, with the exception of four gentlemen, all are Englishmen, and have no better claim to represent the United States than any casual foreigner who happens to come here.

Our people, or "that pure and reformed part of them" (to use one of the Episcopal collects, we says) which advocates athletic exercises, excuse the general neglect of cricket in this country by saying that baseball is a more national game. Whether base-ball be a better or a worse game than cricket we do not now propose to inquire; but it is the fact that it is not a national game, the former is or is not as popular among us as is commonly reported in the newspapers.

In New York, it is well known, there are several base-ball clubs which play periodically. The same thing is true of Boston, Philadelphia, and perhaps one or two other cities. There is base-ball so popular that it is a regular and well-understood diversion in most of the counties in many of the States of the Union. But the young men naturally learn base-ball in Massachusetts, in Pennsylvania, in Wisconsin, and in Louisiana. Could we catch the youth of each up in every town of ten thousand inhabitants throughout the country? We leave it to those who are best acquainted with the sporting fraternity than ourselves to answer these queries. For our part, we regret to say that we have very much doubt whether there is a single large game at all in the interior, or in any part of the country except in a few great cities. We do not deny that either base-ball or cricket as an athletic game is so generally practiced by our people as to be fairly called a popular American sport.

In this country the importance of athletic exercises is only just beginning to be understood. Men of thirty can remember the time when they were at school, proficiency in the athletic games of the play-ground was regarded rather as a drawback than a merit. Schoolmasters sneered at fast runners, and held leaping and wrestling in contempt. We received their sneeringness and their favors for little prodigies who had aorists and aleaics at their fingers' ends. To this day many, we believe the bulk, of the school-teachers throughout the country proceed on the Blimber principle, and discourage all athletic sports as interfering unduly with "legitimate studies." As with our boys, so with our men. Bank clerks, young merchants, professional men, and others who have time devoted to manly exercise wasted, and the model clerk him who drudges six days of every week at his desk without an hour of physical labor.

Still, as we write, the world moves, and we are all the time learning. Common sense has made vast strides within the past ten or twenty years. Under the Van Buren Presidency it is doubtful whether any leading family journal would have dared to intimate that it is perhaps as important for boys to learn base-ball as prosody or conic sections. Another twenty years, and no doubt our people will be as devoted to athletic exercises as the English. The result when the American frame will surprise physiologists.

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

Lieutenant Ives, of the United States Army, who has been detailed on special duty to see to the completion of the Washington Monument, is prosecuting that work with intelligence and vigor. We observe by recent time since to his appeal to Postmasters; he desires every Postmaster in throughout the United States to keep a box in his office in which persons disposed to aid the work may deposit what sum subscription. His calculation is, that if each office throughout the country should collect only fifteen cents a month, the work will be finished as fast as the workmen can proceed. We think the least that Postmasters can do is to comply with the request.

We may add, as many persons have been disgusted with the plain shaft they have seen of the proposed structure, that the Pantheon part of it, or the colonnade round the base, has been abandoned, and that the design now is simply to erect an obelisk, 600 feet high. To this a monument no sound objection could be made.

THE LAST AFRICAN DISCOVERIES.

The opprobrium of geographers is being gradually removed; the Interpolation of Africa proceeds apace. Within the past ten years Livingstone has surveyed and laid down Lake Ngami on our maps, and has traversed the continent from the Zambesi to Loando; Barth has journeyed to Timbuctoo from Tripoli to Lake Tsad; the British expedition has explored what the Niger may be safely ascended in steam vessels; Burton has discovered the sources of the Nile; and other English, which was planned under the command of the intrepid Lieutenant Burton, and which has resulted in the vein of discovery he had opened. Of the French expedition the only intelligence we have received relates to the difficulties which it has been its part at the outset of their labors. Lieutenant Burton's expedition has already yielded substantial fruits.

Captain Speke, Burton's lieutenant, has published an interesting account of the arrival of the party at a point on the lake called Nyanzigia, and which lies between latitude 4° and 8° S. and longitude 29° and 30° E., with most of the long of water extending to the north of or more under the title of Lake Nyassi, or "the Great Water."

The party started from the island of Zanzibar, in S. latitude 6°, and pursued a nearly due-easterly course over the plains and through the mountains to the lake, which lies at about ten degrees from the coast. They were old African travelers, and knew how to hold their own among the natives with whom they came in; but the climate proved so trying, that, by the time they reached the lake, both Burton and Speke were thoroughly worn out, and in need of rest and comfort for them at the end of their journey. The borders of the lake (which reminds one of the great lakes of the North—Superior, 360 miles long, by 30 or 40 broad) swarm with inhabitants of the true negro breed. They are divided into many tribes, and are at war with each other, and each blindly devoted to its chief, invariably a blood-thirsty, covetous rascal. Gain is the only object of the ambitious; and people who dislike being eaten avoid its territory. Burton and Speke, being in ill health, deemed themselves unwholesome eating, and therefore gave the cannibals a wide berth; but the more civilized races of the country tempted them to come to terms, the additional discomfort of being served up for breakfast would have seemed but a slight aggravation of their unfortunate lot. Fortunately, their food, and their very existence, were taxed for the benefit of the chief in whose domains they happened to be.

Notwithstanding all this, and in spite of a complication of diseases, the travelers, both of the intrepid travelers, Captain Speke succeeded in surveying Lake Tanganyika, and ascertaining that it has numerous affluents as well wooded, and producing maize, millet, sweet potatoes, and vegetables in abundance; and the people are the veriest savages, living in miserable huts, using hollow trees for boats, going naked, and generally starving of hunger. The only domestic animal they seem to rear is the common barn-door fowl. Their current coin is American sheeting, which they cut off the cubit, as their ancestors did in the days of Moses. Their food is fish, taken in the lake, monkeys, and what little farm produce they

have indulgence to raise. The only excitement they ever feel is due to the periodical fleets which the sea-coast Arabs make in search of slaves. Their women have less maternal affection than many beasts of the field; all will suckle their sons or daughters for the merest trifle. All have heard of the white man, whom they vindictively call the "white man," and all consider him to cheat him as thoroughly as they can. But few Arabs have penetrated to the Tanganyika.

Some may not realize the practical benefit which is to arise from these explorations. At the very least, however, they are valuable contributions to geographical science. And as the country round the great lake is rich and fertile, there is no reason why it should not become, before long, the favorite haunt of the adventurous emigrant. Nature is a generous mother, and will be brought to the last scene of all—kindly going in poverty to Tyburn, and never leaving clothes sitting upon a civic throne. Honesty is the best policy, says the hackneyed saw; and I am the book. Honesty conducts to prosperity and success. Dishonesty goes to the gallows. Insanity goes to Bethlehem or Hanwell. Therefore let all little boys be good little boys, and honest little boys, and they will become rich and great men—for honesty is the best policy.

—Suppose it were not? says some bad little boy.

What would Hogarth and the Hogarthian morals have to say?

The difficulty with the proverb is that it is not always true; and if it were always true, the argument cannot be settled, for there will be a person, who goes to Congress, who gets to be an alderman, or who amasses a million dollars, and whose life is an honest or industrious man; and even if every boy could be sure that honesty would have that result, in what sense is it the best policy? Because, suppose honesty were not the best policy—then what? Why, then, as he were honest he might be rich, he will now be dishonest, and for precisely the same reason—that is to say, because Dishonesty is the best policy.

At the school in "Jane Eyre" the children who wished to be little angels and sing psalms prayed to be translated as fast as they could. But those who did not wish to be angels got only one dough-nut. The result was a pronounced dissatisfaction on the part of the whole school. The argument is still the same: If you pay a man more for honesty than for being bad, the fact of his being good does not prove that he prefers to be good, but that he wants to be better paid.

This is the sense in which the proverb is generally urged. There is another, of course.

If, as F. G., Jr., frequently says, the best policy that which most certainly procures true happiness, then there can be no doubt that honesty is that policy. But the word policy is generally used as opposed to principle. The very force of the argument is, not that it is the best policy, but that it will procure the most palpable profit. It was to understand and illustrate this that the Book was preached and commended to the young now. Let us hope, F. G., that the writer of them see that they are to be honest *anyhow*, policy or impolicy.

THE PUFF.

A CORRESPONDENT whose signature, "VERY QUEER," is certainly a mask of modesty, asks whether the notices of new publications he reads in the newspapers are written because the writer thinks what he says or because he gets the books for nothing? This is the old story. Whether a lobby or a gentleman has written a work which obtains him or her or his friends appointments, it is to believe it because it is editorial any more than I believe that it is the greatest book of the day? because the publisher says so? or the author says so?

Yet, you generally are to believe it, if you not in a journal of position and character. Few books are noticed now in such papers without being read, and even the grossest puffs imply that. Still, they say the kindest things they can without telling a bad book a good one. Many books have some practice, however, before he can accurately understand what is said. If a work is calling worthy of the world's attention, it is "original, pleasant book," or "interesting," you may always understand that "pretty fair" is meant. If the critic has looked over the pages in the course of his ordinary duties, and has not been warmed or caught and impressed, the character of the impression will appear in his notice. If he has read the book from real interest and likes it, there will be the difference in his notice of it from that of a "pretty fair" book that there is in the greeting of friends and the ceremonious salutation of acquaintances.

But you must not be too hard upon the critic. He should be allowed to inform you that the book's work has been issued, and to give you a flying opinion, not a deliberate judgment, upon it. He may often feel that what he does not particularly like another reader may; and he, therefore, will not prejudice that other. For even critics are not altogether savage, gentle "Very Green"! There are moments when they are not crushing the heads of literary hope, and trampling out the kindling flame of literary ambition.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—M. A. Not if you can try. Never ask a stranger whether you may call upon him. His modesty may certainly not. If you are in such doubt as to ask.

—A. O. Are you sure the quotation "Go among the wind to the storm lamb" is in Sterne's Sentimental Journey? It is a misnomer. Every passage is published with him. It also occurs. "Dies meaux le vent a la brebis tendre." And George Herbert, the Church of England poet (1593-1632), has the line "Like the sheep shorn sheep God gives tempered by measure."

—CURE. The quotation is from Burke's speech at Bristol upon declining the poll in 1780. "The worthy gentleman, who has been pleased to set me up at the moment of the election, and in the middle of the contest, while his influence was at its zenith and the favor of the cure, has feelingly told us what shadows we are, what shadows we pursue."

THE RECENT PRIZE FIGHT.

(From our own Correspondent.)

On Thursday, the 6th of October, the progress of our civilization was bravely illustrated by one of those exhibitions which we call for convenience a Prize Fight. An event so hideous and revolting in all its relations to the moral sentiment of every benevolent citizen, here is that to be gained by a glance at its actual characteristics which the ordinary narrative report can not afford. Most merely aiming to satisfy the coarse tastes of the class who took upon the prize fighter as the hitliest embodiment of public glory, the reporter is content to slur neither from a technical pugilistic point of view, or, still generally, in the interest of common brutality. They fail to set forward the truly horrible features of such displays, a tolerably faithful picture of which would be a powerful aid to more and more effective indignation against participators therein than anything else. Let the reporter, therefore, take to describe, as accurately as may be briefly done, the most recent of these offenses against law and humanity.

The fight was between Edwin Enoch Price, of Boston, and James Ryan, of Troy, for the championship of splendid physical powers and good personal appearance. It occurred at Point Alden, a secluded spot on the Canada shore of Lake Erie, fifteen miles from the city of Buffalo. The preparations were of course made with great secrecy, in consequence of a reasonable apprehension that the authorities, in obedience to a law recently enacted to cover such cases, would do what was necessary to seize upon all concerned, and to overthrow, if possible, the whole arrangement. The fact that care of artful managers every thing proceeded undisturbed, and on the morning of Thursday the appointed persons were allowed with but very little vicious crowd which gathers in regular force on such occasions, to take the steamer which should have contributed their share. For a day New York was relieved of much of its overflow of "fancy" acquaintance.

The Ring was planted in the centre of a shelter, or grove, the ground covered with leaves and especially made to blossom thickly with anxious gazers. About the ring itself swarmed hundreds of convicts, mingled with the ordinary spectators, with excitement. It was not a tranquilizing scene. Still no fear that there would be any such sight as with the record of some violent crime. Not an eye but glistened with evil impulses, betraying the depravity which was present. The particular murderers there were two, each bemused in by his band of fond admirers. Of these, distinguished as one of them stalwart Morrissey, showing in every attitude and gesture the burly ferocity of his nature. His wife, beside him, trained to his father's vocation, and already in his youth a "champion," watched all the movements of the fight with a fearless glaring lights a multitude flickered around. Sympathetic lamentations were heard for Sam Collyer, the cook, but for unkind detention at Sing Sing, would have been welcomed here in the arms of his associates, as if, indeed, a stronger infusion of turpitude were needed in that crowd.

Early in the afternoon the ring was in sight as the steamer from the long bushes the spruce which had hitherto been without measure. The seconds bustle industriously to and fro, the spectators, who are strangers to one another, and have never met before, are placed in chairs, the ring is cleared, extremely fine lines are drawn over them, and are wrapped in blankets and coats and furs, lest an intensive gust of wind should blow them away. At first sight of one another, however, they quickly advance, and, with cordial smiles, shake forward to the centre of wishing the other a pleasant way through the little troubles about to ensue. Price appears accompanied by Tom Hyer and Kelly, on the contrary, is given to manifestations of confidence, and taken about the shoulders by Ryan. Before Ryan offered dollars that I win this fight" "I will take seven hundred to one that he never knocks me down!" At this the crowd shouts lustily, and Kelly is moved to acknowledge its homage gracefully.

It is now Price's turn. He steps up, and, assuming modesty, waves his hand deprecatingly toward those who cheer him on. He lets a smaller amount, deposits his money, and then the stripping begins.

They are in a small inclosure, twenty-four feet square, around which stout ropes are stretched. The fighters sit in opposite corners, while their seconds kneel before them, busily engaged with their clothes, and fasten upon their feet gaiters with spiked soles, and bind them in a severe footfold. Meanwhile the betting progresses furiously. Morrissey, who rents his hopes on Kelly, offers three odds in his favor. The youngest of the two murderers upon the ground displays heaps of banknotes, and declares that he, too, burns to prove his trust in Kelly, on whose, indeed, at this time, the great majority of all present appears to place reliance, while the odds are lifted up in Price's cause. The Boscia Boy, like a good-humored Newfoundland dog, and bundles drollories with Price, one of whose seconds he is.

At two o'clock it is announced that the men are ready for battle. They rise to their places. What superb forms! What majestic strength! From the waist upward they are like Greek statues. Their shines white and pure as a woman's. They show little flesh, except upon the chest, where it stands out full and round as the noblest marble ever represent. Their muscular development in every part is prodigious. Bunches upon their arms suggest or like great masses of jelly. Their legs are covered with tight-fitting drawers and stockings, which only reveal the force that also lies beneath them. Around their waists their respective colors are fastened—bodyguard of handkerchiefs. Kelly, moreover, is daintily garnered with white ribbon, and at this moment appears superior to Price, who exhibits less amusement of swelling muscle, though really amply enough endowed in this respect. To this condition men now have been brought by months of most rigorous and severe training. To rise, by abstinence from all exciting or luxurious entertainers, and by a severe course of practical exercises, to the greatest height of physical supremacy has been to these gentlemen the crowning effort. And to what end? That one shall fall before the other, bruised, bleeding, maimed, senseless, perhaps mortally, while the conquer, scarcely less injured, receive a few hundred dollars and the admiration of the most abandoned wretches on the face of the earth.

At two o'clock, then, they walk straight to one another, look defiantly, scowling, and seemingly to beckon playfully with their arms. Kelly clenches his fists tightly, and, with his head bent low, springs forward, directs a blow at Price's left side. In an instant it is stopped, and a return blow falls, with a terrible fall, heavy upon Kelly's face. In a few seconds you can follow their movements the men twine themselves together, their arms locked around one another, and writhe and struggle desperately. The next thing, Kelly is lifted from his feet and flung headlong, and Price, with his knee, presses his breast. The seconds rush in, lift their men in their arms, and carry them to their corners. Kelly is torn from Kelly's cheek, and blood runs down his face. During the half-minute of rest Kelly is always the more active to meet the time with sponge and cloth, the red stains which flow from cheek and mouth, and drop in great gouts upon the floor. Price is untouched, and needs but little care.

At the call they march forward again, Kelly less prodigal of display, and Price more ready to attack. Blows fall but upon neck and face. Kelly, as he receives out, stops short, sharp cries; Price is always silent. With less caution this time they close together, and struggle with each other, each other down. Price again conquers, and Kelly falls beneath him. Again they are removed to their corners. But the enmity is evidently with Price. You can almost see the swellings burst out as his hand lovers from the face after any of Kelly's blows. Very soon Kelly is incapable of controlling his sufferings; he preserves a show of courage, but his cries are more and more wide unsteadily. In every round he is knocked down or thrown about. He comes from the ring-side to fall again in the frightful spectacle. Parts of his cheeks are torn in shreds, one eye is quite closed, and the blood is forced from the natural shape. The raw flesh protrudes above and below from the lids, and purple and black blood scores from the sides, mingling horribly with the discoloration which the skin has assumed. Like a sledge-hammer each of Price's blows falls upon the eyes, and Kelly is again prostrate. In the next round he is overthrown in less than five seconds. He cannot force himself to fall again in this round. In the midst of it all he chuckles and jokes, with a ferocious delight in Price. The quiet, sullen instinct of pluck, for he surely can feel no merriment now. The end must be near. In the intervals between the rounds his seconds wash him in blankets, moisten his lips with lemon, and exhaust all their resources in attempts to revive him. He is now so enfeebled that his antagonist clutches him around the throat and, unresisting, drags him a little distance over the ground, and then falls a dead weight upon him. Once more, and only once, Kelly rests up, and, with a terrible self cruel spirit blood, and presses his hand to his side, sorely distressed. His rib is broken, and would readily to the touch. Price aims his blow; and as Kelly receives it, it seems to enter his very heart. The contest is over. A hat is tossed aloft in token of submission, and an infernal chorus of exultation salutes the victor.

He marches composedly away, with no trace of injury upon him, to the little cottage where he has been quartered. He is asked whether he is weak, and laughs hoarsely in derision. He proclaims his readiness to fight, at the moment and on the spot, a certain man against whom he bears a grudge. Receiving no response, he passes on in triumph.

His victim is carried as tenderly as the case admits to his cottage. He groans with pain. Blood and cries of anguish issue together from his mouth. Physicians are summoned. They discover the fractured rib, and apply such remedies as are within their reach. The wounded man gives ceaseless utterance to his agony. His friends, sensitive souls when ridicule threatens, are shocked at his want of manliness. "Stop, Kelly, stop!" says one, "they'll be laughing at you, now." "Oh my God! what can I do," cries the sufferer. "Die, man, if you can't stand," says another. "Can't you see this bullish howling." And then the crushed and broken-hearted man is left unattended.

Of the scenes of riotous revelry that follow, of the transfer of the thousands of dollars that takes place, of the vicious and fatal attempt of the Buffalo police to apprehend the participators, of the stampede in multitudinous trains, there is no need to speak at detail. To not too difficult to imagine.

This was a prize-fight. Do you find it brutal, barbarous, disgusting, a disgrace to human nature, and a scandal to our nation's name? It is well to know. Why, But, compared with the average of prize fights, this was a simple, weak, and trifling fight. The fraternity of "sportsmen" speak of it only with contempt. They like not to be caused their disgust with tameness. Why, here was one man who came out of the contest unharmed. For shame, Price, to disappoint the lively expectations of your audience. The affair of lleenan and Morrissey, which lasted nearly only twenty-seven minutes, while this was nearly twice as long, was richer a hundred times in all that stirs the soul of a prize-fighter. One compunction is, that there was no rib broken then, as here, and over that consideration the "fancy" gloat with grim delight.

THE ENGLISH CRICKETERS.

WE give on the following page, from an ambrotype by Brady's gallery, the famous English eleven, who have been playing in this city and in Canada. They are, as their portrait shows, fine-looking young men, few of them over thirty. Cricket is their profession. From February to September they play matches in the different cities to where they are engaged; their usual charge is $75 per man for each match. It is very common in all British noblemen to have a party of professional cricketers to his estate when he is residing on it; and many estates have on them cricket grounds. Cricketers have a good time, and enjoy mightily the good fare and fun of shooting over their lord's preserves. To excel at cricket is always an object of ambition to young Englishmen; they are, as may be imagined, very glad to have an opportunity of playing with the crack men of England.

The English cricketers are among us belong to two clubs, each of which consists of twenty-two players. The Captain of one of these clubs is Mr. Parr, and of the other Mr. Wisden. Of the former, first-rate players. Some idea of the admirable manner in which these gentlemen play can be formed from the fact that one of them—Mr. Diver, we believe—made on one occasion 64 runs of 72 yards each in an hour, besides the intervals of playing by taking, by-balls, etc., etc.

We subjoin the following biographical memorandum of the players whose portraits we give, from the English "Guide to Cricketers":

CAPTN. WISDEN, born at Brighton, February 8, 1823. The cricketer whose portrait we have taken the prominent position of one of the best bowlers in England, as well as a batsman and fielder. Much more than this could scarcely be said of him. He is one of the United Eleven. His pace is not of the most formidable, and is occasionally on the spot. He also uses his head effectively for the purpose of deceiving his opponent, and appears to be a great failing in bowlers generally.

LAWRENCE, TARRANT, born at Old Town, Croydon, November 1, 1828. We can not, nor do we wish, to alter our opinion, since the last publication, that this player is the best wicket-keeper England or any other country can boast of. In the most important position he fills in a first match, he frequently will pull a match completely out of the fire, and will often, by his unerring judgment, win a game for a few overs, in which he is generally successful. What else he can do must be regarded as of no account comparison to say, but whenever called upon to perform he is generally at his best, and will stop all the fast bowling he can, and has the excellent quality, unfortunately to a cricketer, of being remarkably good-tempered, whatever may occur.

CREES, JAMES, born at Godalming, March 26, 1830. A very good batsman, but, and will probably loose bowling secret.

FRYDENBERG, HEATHFIELD HARMAN, born at Ecbert, May 2, 1832. A splendid bat, being a severe puncher, as well as a good hitter. He is the best batsman in England, being very difficult to control against, in consequence of the variety of his strokes. Good change bowler. His qualities as a wicket-keeper, too, are equal to the most first rate in England, and have often proved very useful in that department.

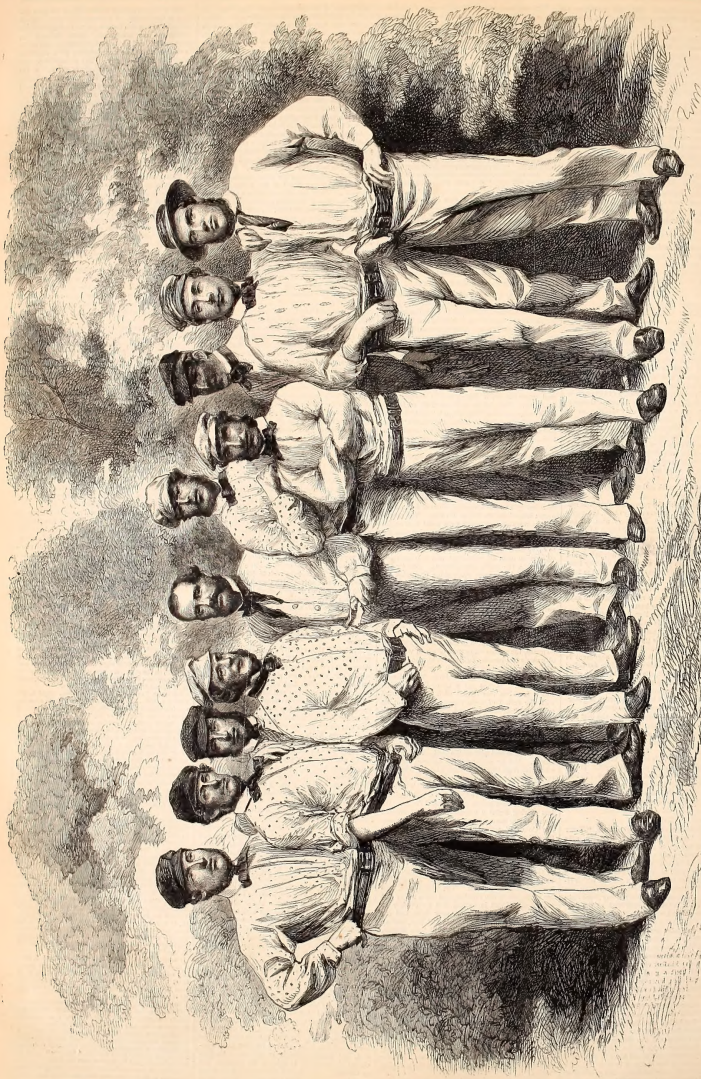
WENMAN, JOHN, born at Hastings, September 5, 1852. First-rate bowler and bat, and therefore one of the best players in the Eleven. Splendid fielder.

PARR, GEORGE, born at Radcliffe-on-Trent, May 23, 1826. Notwithstanding the number of years he has been in the Eleven, since, under the patronage of the H. C. C. crowned last season, under the name of the H. C. C., he is still at the "top of the tree" as a bat. He is a most reliable player in any eleven, and he still stand in the most first-class batsmen of the day. He is also a very strong fielder.

DIVER, EDWARD, born at Cambridge, July 6, 1834. A first-class bat, having a very strong defence. He is also said to be excelled as a long field, and is a very good round-arm short and underhand (slow) bowler.

CLARKSON, RICHARD, born November 18, 1831. A first-rate bat—one of the best "cutts" that have made an appearance for some years; his defense is masterly, and he will be sure to be at "top of the tree." A good change-bowler, and "stinger" well in the field.

HILLYARD, THOMAS, born at Charlotte, March 21, 1825. Promises to be first-class as a bat, also a very good bowler and excellent field.



THE ENGLISH CHARACTERS—THE QUEENS OF ALL ENGLAND.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

TRUMPS.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

CHAPTER LX.

RENDEZVOUS.

During the week before his twenty-first birthday Gabriel Bennet was called into Lawrence Nowe's private room.

"Gabriel, you are twenty-one next week."

"I am, Sir."

"You are also an industrious, faithful, and intelligent merchant."

Gabriel bowed. He was a boy still, and he blushed.

"Also honest," said Lawrence Newt, with a smile glimmering in his eye.

"Honesty is the best policy, Sir," replied Gabriel, with an answering ghost of a smile.

"Not always, Sir; and if it were, what then? A man who is honest because it is the best policy is not an honest man. If dishonesty seemed to him the best policy he would be dishonest."

Gabriel laughed.

"I want you and your sister and your father and mother to dine with me on your birthday. I shall ask Miss Amy Waring and Miss Hope Wayne and Mr. Arthur Merlin."

Gabriel said how glad he should be; and when he went home he announced the invitation. Dining out was an event in the Bennet family, and it was discussed around the evening lamp.

Ellen Bennet, like May Newt, was a child no longer—hardly yet a woman, or only a very young one. Rosy cheeks and clustering hair

UNDER THE PORTRAIT.

and blue eyes showed only that it was May—June almost, perhaps—instead of gusty March or gleaming April.

"Ellen," said Gabriel, in a low voice—while his mother, who was busily sewing, conversed in a murmuring undertone with her husband, who sat upon the sofa, slowly swinging his slippered foot—"Ellen, he didn't say that he should ask Edward."

Ellen's cheeks answered—not her lips, nor her eyes, which were bent upon a purse she was netting.

"But I think he will," added Gabriel. "I think I have mistaken Lawrence Newt if he does not."

"He is usually very thoughtful," whispered Ellen, as she netted busily.

"Ellen, how handsome Edward is!" said Gabriel, with enthusiasm.

The young woman said nothing.

"And how good!" added Gabriel.

"He is," she answered, extremely audibly. Then she said she had left something up stairs. How many things are discovered by young women, under curious circumstances, to have been left up stairs! Ellen rose and left the room.

"I was saying to your father, Gabriel," said his mother, raising her voice, and still sewing, "that Edward comes here a great deal."

"Yes, mother; and I am glad of it. He has very few friends in the city."

"He looks like a Spaniard," said Mr. Bennet, slowly, dwelling upon every word. "How rich that lustrous tropical complexion is! Its duskiness is mysterious. The young man's eyes are like summer moonlight."

Mr. Bennet's own eyes half closed as he spoke, as if he were dreaming of gorgeous summer nights and the murmur of distant music.

Gabriel and his mother were instinctively silent. The click of her needle was the only sound.

"Oh yes, yes—that is—I mean, my dear, he does come here very often. I do go off on such foolish fancies!"

"He comes very often when you are not at home, Gabriel," said Mrs. Bennet, upon a kind glance at her husband, and still sewing.

"Yes, mother."

"Then it isn't only to see you?"

"No, mother."

"And often when your father and I return from an evening stroll in the streets we find him here."

"Yes, mother."

"It isn't to see us altogether, then?"

"No, mother."

Mrs. Bennet turned her work, and in so doing glanced for a moment at her son. His eyes were upon her face, but he seemed to have said all he had to say.

"I always feel," said Mr. Bennet, in a tone and with an expression as if he were looking at something very far away, "as if King Arthur must have lived in the tropics. There is that sort of weird, warm atmosphere in the romance. Where is Ellen? She has read some more in this little edition of the old story?"

He laid his hand, as he spoke, upon a small copy of old Malory's Romance of Arthur. It was a kind of reading of which he was especially fond, and to which the rest were always willing and glad to listen.

"Call Ellen," said he to Gabriel; "and now then for King Arthur!"

As he spoke the door-bell rung. The next moment a young man, apparently of Gabriel's age, entered the room. His large melancholy black eyes, the massive black curls upon his head, his transparent olive complexion, a natural elegance of form and of movement—all corresponded with what Mr. Bennet had been saying. It was evidently Edward.

"Good-evening, Little Maid-ie" cried Gabriel, gayly, as he rose and put out his hand.

"Good-evening, Little Maclacs," returned he answered, in a soft, ringing voice; then turned and spoke to Mr. and Mrs. Bennet.

"Gabriel doesn't forget old schooldays," said the newcomer to Mrs. Bennet.

"No, he has often told us of his friendship with Little Maclacs," returned the lady, calmly, as she resumed her work.

"And how little I thought I was to see him when I came to Mr. Nowe's story," said the young man.

"Where did you first know Mr. Lawrence Newt?" asked Mrs. Bennet.

"I don't remember when I didn't know him, Madam," replied Edward.

"Happy fellow!" said Gabriel.

Meanwhile Miss Ellen had evidently found the mysterious something which she had left up stairs; for she entered the room, and bowed very calmly upon seeing Edward, and seating herself upon the side of the table farthest from him, was presently industriously netting. As for Edward, he had snapped

his fingers, passionate eyes, who seemed to bear a family likeness to Mrs. Bennet.

The more closely he looked at the handsome youth and the lovely girl the more curious Mr. Bennet's eyes became. He watched the two with such intentness that his wife several times looked up at him surprised when she received no answer to her remarks. Evidently something had impressed Mr. Bennet exceedingly.

His wife bent her head a little nearer to his. "My dear, did you never see a pair of lovers before?"

He turned his dreaming eyes at that, smiled, and pressed his lips silently to the face which was so near his own that if it had really been there for the express purpose of being caressed it could hardly have been nearer.

Then slipping his arm around her waist, Mr. Bennet drew his wife toward him and pointed with his head, but so imperceptibly that only she perceived it, toward the young people, as if he saw something more than a pair of lovers. The fond woman's eyes followed her husband's. Gradually her became as intently fixed as his. They seemed to be curiously comparing the face of the young man who sat at their daughter's side with the face of the portrait that hung above her head. Mrs. Bennet grew perceptibly paler as she looked. The unconscious Edward and Ellen murmured softly together. She did not look at him, but she felt the light of his great eyes falling upon her, and she was not unhappy.

"My dear," began Mr. Bennet in a low tone, still studying the face and the portrait.

"Hush!" said his wife, softly, laying her head upon his shoulder; "I see it all, I am sure of it."

Gabriel turned at this moment from his Encyclopedia. He looked intently for some time at the group by the table, as if studying all their complex, and then said, gravely, in a loud, clear voice, to Miss Ellen dropped a stitch, Edward stopped whispering, and Mr. and Mrs. Bennet sat erect.

"Lawrence Newt knew how it was. It says distinctly, 'This plant is supposed to be a native of India; but it has long been naturalized and extensively cultivated elsewhere, particularly in Russia, where it forms an article of primary importance.'"

"THE DAYS THAT ARE NO MORE."

CHAPTER LXI.

DINING WITH LAWRENCE NEWT.

There was one other person of whose presence at the dinner Gabriel had no doubt, although Lawrence Newt had not mentioned the name. And if that person were at the table the blue eyes would certainly not be at the upper window in Boniface Newt's house: the blue eyes which Gabriel had, somehow, learned were to be there; the blue eyes which were, somehow, always there when the quick springing footsteps came down the street; the blue eyes under whose glances those footsteps lingered, and which glistened with happy light as they looked at the pills those steps announced.

Sometimes the footsteps stopped at the front door longer than usual: there was a fluttering down the stairs from the upper story—there were a few words, very simple, ordinary words —sometimes even a few flowers were given without the customary message of Mr. Lawrence Newt's compliments to his dear May—a message which was always carefully delivered in full—a few flowers given, in fact, without any message or compliment at all, but which seemed to be received and cherished quite as fondly and expectedly as if they had been accompanied with the most elegant flattery. The interviews were very short. The messenger must return immediately. He had asked leave to come. After a time the bold messenger sometimes asked if he might bring little memento of the pretty flowers. He brought, were it only a thorn from the poorest rose.

Sometimes his modesty was always rewarded, and instead of the thorn he bore away a rose-bud, and if there were twin roses, he got one of them—although he did not know that—and always bore away forward sweetening the most secret storehouse of his treasures, its fellow was sweetening another treasury into which these blue eyes fondly and often gazed.

There was no knowing. Lawrence Newt with the inscrutable eyes that looked out upon the ships and the river and saw so many things that many people did not suspect, may also have seen a pearl lying in the midst of turbid waters, and may have sent a diver down upon it to the chance of his finding it.

There were reasons enough why Gabriel Bennet did not care to visit the family of Boniface Newt. He had no very kindly remembrances of Abel. While Fanny was at home she was much older than he; and now that Mr. and Mrs. Newt with Miss May composed the family, he did not call except in the mornings when he brought messages from Lawrence Newt. But sometimes, if he saw Miss Newt and delivered the message in person, there was something said which resulted in a meeting in some pleasant street, and a walk together—and talk—and silence—and thought.

Gabriel Bennet was very sure that May Newt would be at the dinner, and so she was. It was at Delmonico's; and a carriage arrived at the Bennets' just in time to convey them. Another came to Mr. Boniface Newt's, to whom brother Lawrence explained that he had invited his daughter to dinner, and that he should send a young friend, in fact, his confidential clerk, to accompany Miss Newt. Brother Boniface, who looked as if he were the eternally relentless enemy of all young friends, had nevertheless the profoundest confidence in brother Lawrence, and made no objection. And the hero of the day conducted Miss May Newt to the banquet.

Ten Warings came, and Hope Wayne with them. Arthur Merlin was at the door when they arrived, and handed them out of the carriage. Mrs. Bennet sat at the right of Lawrence Newt, Hope Wayne not far away. Amy Waring was quite at the other end of the table.

It was a very pleasant dinner. Every body chatted cheerfully.

"But some of us are not so fond of birthdays, Mrs. Bennet," said Lawrence Newt, smiling, to Gabriel's mother.

"I am not afraid of them," she returned, gayly.

"You have no reason, my dear," said her husband, bowing.

The hero of the day was so engaged in conversation with Miss May Newt that he said very little to his neighbor upon the other side, who was no other than Hope Wayne. She had been watching very curiously a young man with black curls and eyes, who seemed to have words only for his neighbor, Miss Ellen Bennet. She presently turned and asked Gabriel if she had never seen him before. "I have, surely, some glim-

THE JUNIOR PARTNER ROSE AND SAID:

mering remembrance of that face," she said, studying it closely.

Her question recalled a day which was strangely remote and unreal in Gabriel's memory. He even half blushed as if Miss Wayne had reminded him of some early treason to a homage which he felt in the very bottom of his heart for his blue-eyed neighbor. But the calm, unsuspicious sweetness of Hope Wayne's face consoled him. He looked at her for a moment without speaking. It was really but a moment, yet, as he looked, he lay in a heavily-oppressive dream—he heard the beating of the sea upon the shore—he saw the sage Nestor, the ghastly Mentor putting aside the curtain—for a moment he was once more the little school-boy, bruised and ill at Pinewood; but this—no longer a girl's face —no longer anxious, but sweet, serene, and tender—as the little school-boy had seen it in the old and worshiped in the old village church—the face whose every sympathy, but not its love, had filled his heart with such exquisite pain?

"That young man, Miss Wayne, is Edward Wynne," he said, in reply to the question.

It did not seem to resolve her perplexity.

"I don't recall the name," she answered. "I think he must remind me of some one I have known."

"He is as black as Abel Nwe," said Gabriel, looking with his clear eyes at Hope Wayne.

"But much handsomer than Mr. Nevi now is," she answered, with perfect unconcern. "His eyes are softer; and, in fact," she said, smiling playfully, "I am not altogether sure what a willing listener his neighbor is. I wish I could recall it. But I don't think that he resembles Mr. Nevi at all except in complexion."

Arthur Merlin heard every word, and watched every movement. Still marked every expression of Hope Wayne's, at whose other hand he sat, during this little remark. Gabriel said, in reply to it,

"The truth is, Miss Wayne, you have seen him before. For the first time you ever saw him he was with me."

The clear eyes of the young man were turned full upon her again.

"Oh yes, I remember now!" she answered. "He was present that time I called with Mrs. Abel Nevi. It seems long ago, does it not?"

However far away it may have seemed, it was apparently a remembrance that roused no especial emotion in Miss Hope Wayne's heart. Having established that, she relaxed her attention to Gabriel, who had other subjects of conversation with Miss Wayne than his meeting with her brother for the favor of Hope Wayne.

But Hope Wayne, while she listened with her ears to Arthur Merlin, still kept her attention to Lawrence Newt. His simple, unselfish, and therefore unconscious urbanity—so gentle and kindly humor—and the soft, manly earnestness of his face, were not unheeded—how could they be?—by her. Even the day the ship was cast she had been a faithful friend and counselor. It was he who explained for her benefit the part he who daily called and gave her a thousand counsels in the details of management, of which every woman who comes into a large property has such constant need. And in all the minor arrangements of business she found in him the same skill and knowledge, combined with a womanly reserve and softness, which had first so strongly attracted her.

Yet his visits as financial counsel, as he called himself, did not please her. They talked of nothing—the pleasure of the meetings of the Round Table. For the group of friends still met. They talked poetry still. They talked of many things, and perhaps thought of but a few. The pleasure to all of them was evident enough; but it seemed more perplexed than formerly. It was sooner still in their intercourse—the warmth should say. But the day was not an hour so in the morning. Somehow there was a mist. Very thin, perhaps—more like—an almost imperceptible veil; still it was there. Until now not portend storm or tempest, perhaps; but it was a cloudy day.

Hope Wayne felt it. Amy Waring felt it. Arthur Merlin felt it. But not one of them could tell whether Lawrence Newt felt it. There was a vague consciousness of something which nearly concerned them all, but not one of them could say precisely what it was—except, possibly, Amy Waring; and except, certainly, Lawrence Newt.

For Aunt Martha's question had drawn from her lips what had been literally an unbreathed suspicion in her mind, until it leaped to life and rushed out from her mouth. Amy Waring saw how beautiful Hope Wayne was, how lovely how lovely in character she was. And she was herself beautiful and lovely: so she said in her mind at once. "Why have I never seen this? Why did I not know that he must of course love her?"

Then, if he reminded herself of the conversation she had held with Lawrence Newt about Arthur Merlin and Hope Wayne, she was only surprised for a moment. She knew that he could not but be honest; and she said quietly in her soul, "He did not know at that time what will surely have the use."

Amy Waring sat in her chamber on the evening of the day Lawrence Newt had said to her, "At least, Miss Amy, at least, we shall be friends." Her long rich brown hair clustered upon her shoulders, and the wonderful gray eyes were fixed upon a handful of withered flowers. They were the blossoms she had laid away at various times—gifts of Lawrence Newt, or consecrated by his touch.

She sat musing for a long time. The womanly brown eyes were soft with a look of aching regret rather than of sharp disappointment. Then she rose—still holding the withered remains—and paced thoughtfully up and down the room. The night hours passed, and still she softly paced, or tranquilly seated herself, without the lighting of a taper, and only now and then a long deep breath rather than a sigh.

At last she took all the flowers—dry, yellow, lustreless—and opened a sheet of white paper. She laid them in it, and the brown womanly eyes looked on them with yearning fondness. She sat motionless, as if she could not prevail upon herself to fold up the paper. She laughed: she sank gradually to her knees—a sinless Magdalen; her brown hair fell about her bending face, and she said, although her lips did not move, "To each, in his degree, the cup is given. Oh, my God, grant me strength to drink, as you believe!"

She rose quietly and folded the paper, with the loving care and lingering delay with which a mother smooths the shroud that wraps her baby. She tied it with some white ribbon, so that it looked not unlike a bridal gift; and pressing her lips for a long and silent kiss, laid it in the old drawer. There it still remained. The paper was as white, the ribbon was as fresh, the flowers as fair, as when they were withered.

Possibly Amy Waring knew the meaning of the vague constraint that impalpably oppressed the pleasant meetings of the Round Table.

CHAPTER LXII.

THE HEALTH OF THE JUNIOR PARTNER.

"I CALL for a bumper!" said Lawrence Newt when the fruits were placed upon the table.

The glasses were filled, and the host glanced around his table. He did not rise, but he said

"Commercial prosperity is uncertain—but it is rare. I do not say that merchants are worse than other people—but I do say that temptations are as great, and that an honest man—man honest every hour and every where—is rare. Whatever of success may have been added to all the rest of us. If he become a lawyer, justice is more secure. If he become a doctor, it is a danger; if a clergyman, the devil trembles; if a shoemaker, we don't wear rotten leather; if a tinker, we get thrifty—as Gabriel can tell you. I have been long in business. I have met many honest merchants—but I will deny that I was long for a merchant to be honest in New York. Will you show me the place where 'tis easy? When we are all doing business beyond the best policy, then we are all ruined, because that is no honesty at all. I have made and spent a million of dollars and lose his manhood? He does when he has won them, and what are the chances that he will win his manhood again in the next world as easily as he has won the dollars in this? I say, then, that honesty is seldom with him. Any firm, therefore, that gets an honest man into it gets an accession of the most available capital in the world. And I intend to celebrate the fact that my firm has been so enriched. I propose to drink the health of Gabriel Bennet, junior partner of the firm of Lawrence Newt & Co."

There was a moment of perfect silence. They every body looked at Gabriel expectantly, before whose eyes there was a mist which he could see nothing. Gabriel himself was entirely surprised. He had had no hint from Lawrence Newt of this—and the former, who had worked faithfully, constantly, and intelligently—honestly, of course—was all Gabriel knew about his position. He had been for some time confidential clerk, so that he was fully cognizant of the state of affairs. And yet, in this moment of delight and astonishment, he had but one feeling, which seemed entirely alien and inadequate to the occasion. It was a feeling of the hope that now he might be a regular visitor at Lawrence Newt's house.

Hope Wayne's eye had hung upon Lawrence Newt, during the little speech he had made, so intently, that Arthur Merlin's movement had been entirely checked. He found himself curiously out of the picture. Until now—and especially after the little conversation between Clare and himself, in which Abel Nevi's name had been mentioned—Arthur had thought that upon the whole, the pleasantest little dinner he had ever known. He was not of the same opinion now.

Edward Wynne and Ellen Bennet shared a certain satisfaction with the dinner, and especially with Lawrence Newt's toast. And when the wine had gone round, and pleasure had ceased, Edward cried out loudly.

"A speech from the junior partner! A speech! a speech!"

There was a general call. Gabriel could not help rising, shaking, and hesitating, and hesitating, and sitting down again, amidst tempestuous cheering, without the slightest coherent idea of what he had said, except that he was very happy, and very glad, and very sure, and very, etc., etc.

But he did not care a song for what he had said, now for the applause that greeted it, when he saw certain blue eyes glistening, and mischievous open certain cheeks and lips, as if they had designed speaking, and had not yet been saying—what was palpably, undeniably, confessedly true—that they were very happy, and very glad, and very sure, and very, etc., etc. Very, indeed!

LITERARY.

THE STUDENT'S HUME, published by Harper & Brothers, in uniform style with "Liddell's Rome," "The Student's Gibbon," and "Smith's Greece," is a most valuable addition not only to the general literature but to the school text-books of the day. With the other-named volumes the American public are already familiar. Some of the best passages of the present volume may be enumerated as follow:

1. It is a very readable and complete history of England, in one small volume, admirably illustrated.

2. It contains all that is necessary to a thorough knowledge of that history from the earliest periods to the present time, including the modern history of the East Indian possessions of England.

3. The portions relating to America have been revised by a distinguished American historian.

4. The style is remarkably attractive, and without changing history into romance. The volume, by its attractive narrative, gives to history all the charm of story, and thus attracts the young reader to historical study.

5. As a school-book, it is the only thorough and complete history extant, and the only one of which we know which can be recommended to the teacher or as certain to engross the mind of the student as he reads it for the first time.

6. For general readers, it gives in one volume, at the moderate price of $1, what can only be found in a dozen volumes, and at a cost of from $10 to $50.

John Esten Cooke, Esq., is one of the most effective writers of fiction in America. When the "Virginia Comedians" was published anonymously we read it with interest, and we now welcome HENRY ST. JOHN, GENTLEMAN, as a similarly attractive volume. The scenes and incidents are in Virginia in the old time. The actors are the frank, hearty, gay, and glorious people of the Old Dominion. The author has a keen eye for the picturesque, and without too much passion. We do not know of any writer who draws his actors on the stage with more life and character.

No book of the season has more justly attracted attention than this, and, as such, we refer to it here briefly. She is unwilling to be beholden to any man for support. She is willing to labor for a bare loaf of sorrowful years, much wandering and pain, physical and mental; and the end, what it must be. She is a woman, and a great humanity, and in confusion of weakness and the need of guidance and help. She is a woman, and a great humanity, and a great deal too much time (for a novel) is given to Beulah's *Gemeinschaft* (let us use the word—it is much needed just now) with Dr. Rutledge, which justifies our high estimate. It is particularly good in some scenes, and we regret especially to the death-bed of Cornelia Graham as an admirable work of art.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

STATE ELECTIONS.

THE State election in California on the 7th ult. resulted in the success of the entire Union ticket. The Lecompton Democratic candidate for Governor, by a very large majority, defeated the Anti-Lecompton Democrat, Latham, and the Republican candidate, Downey. The opponents, Messrs. Baker and M'Kibben, who headed the ticket and carried the State in the interests of both parties, have the benefit of a slight doubt in their favor. The Democratic majority in the Legislature, which also supported by the Republicans, has a slight chance of doubt. The Democratic majority in the Legislature of Lecompton State ticket is elected by an immense majority. The Union ticket is thus successful over the Democratic.

The Legislature of the Mississippi election show Democratic gains. The Louisiana Vigilance Committee still retains their ascendency.

The Kansas election returns do not, on the question of the Slave Code, change the aspect of the Wyandotte Constitution, passed by the Republican delegates of the Convention is generally conceded.

The Georgia election returns for Governor have not yet but leave no doubt of the re-election of Governor Brown, who has 10,000 majority over Hill. The returns for the Eighth Congressional District the returns indicate the election of Mr. Jackson (Democrat).

SENATOR BRODERICK KILLED IN A DUEL.

THE Hon. David C. Broderick, United States Senator from California, was killed in a duel fought on the 13th inst., by Judge Terry, of the Supreme Court of California. The duel was fought with pistols, at ten paces, at Lake View, about five miles from San Francisco. Mr. Broderick fell. Mr. Broderick, Judge Terry spoke of Mr. Broderick in offensive terms, and the latter, considering himself insulted, met in the presence of Terry, but to his friend, Gen. D. W. Perley, that the expressions of Judge Terry reflected to fight, but intimated his willingness to meet Judge Terry on the field of honor. Gen. Perley, after the conclusion of the late election Judge Terry sent a challenge to Mr. Broderick, which was accepted. The duel took place near San Francisco on the morning of the 13th inst., and resulted as above. Mr. Broderick fell, his antagonist's ball having pierced his lungs.

EXPLORATIONS IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

THE accounts, MESSRS. Lamoutain and Haddock, attached, have been received by Governor Morgan, and forwarded from Watertown, in this State, and after a flight of between three and four hundred miles, accomplished in one hundred and fifty miles north of Ottawa, in the great Canada wilderness. Every day's journey occupied about four days without food or even the means of striking a fire, and for relief by a gentleman who was hunting with Indian guides.

THE ASCENT.

MR. Haddock has published an account of the trip, from which we make the following:

"As we rose into the light fleecy clouds, they looked darkness on all sides, and the sensation of rising and falling the inclosure is raging time; but when we reached the top, the sun was shining brightly above the clouds, and the cold white mosses below us had precisely the same look that a field of snow presents immediately after the sun has risen down upon it from a higher mountain. In six minutes we passed through the clouds, and then we were free to fore. We saw the time after that when his fare boiled very fair to us. In eight minutes after leaving the earth the thermometer showed a fall of 40° Fahrenheit, and at 2,000 feet it had further reduced a good deal, showing that she was ascending with great rapidity. At 8:45 the thermometer stood at 45, and falling very fast. At 9:30 we were at least two miles high; thermometer 34. At this point a suggestion was made just before starting by Judge Clerk, of Florida, was found to be a very good one. He had selected the tallest among the mountains, with the idea that the air would be at great heights, and my father had secured me some. He had brought a small bottle of brandy for each person, and filled both cups with spirits. This made my head feel a good deal as a very large pumpkin may be supposed to feel when it is filled with lager beer. The mere comparison with which doubtless many who read this article will be familiar. At 9:50 we were in the clouds and shrank, an extra pair for Lamoutain being found in Edward Fayel's overcoat; therefore, at 10 o'clock we had kept our knees stiff with cold—they were frozen. Ascending very rapidly. At 9:54 thermometer 29, and falling. Here we could see the curvature of the earth by daylight. I recognized the St. Lawrence, the northern of the Antwerp shoved was seen drifting many north. At six o'clock we thought we were descending rapidly. At 11 o'clock thermometer stood at 20. Ascended twenty pounds of ballast. This shut us up somewhat. At 11:30 thermometer 18. Ascended rapidly. The Atlantic was now full, and presented a most splendid sight. We could see the whole of Lake Champlain, which looked as blue as the sky, and the Hudson River, which looked as blue as the sky, and the Hudson River, which looked as blue as the sky, and the Hudson River

"Discharging gas as rapidly as possible, we came down, the balloon settling between two large trees."

THE TRAMP THROUGH THE WILDERNESS.

They at once decided to try to walk out of the woods. Mr. Haddock thus describes the beginning of the journey:

"We the southeast we started. After traveling about a mile and a half we came to the bank of a small creek, flowing directly to the southeast. At this point we were agreeably surprised to find that some human being had been there before us, for we found here a small canoe, made from the bark of the elm tree, and a long pole, which had contained pork. I eagerly examined the stamp. It read, 'Mess Pork, W. T. Sherman, Memphis.' The question that we were in Canada—for I very well know not the Montreal business of pork now being sent up into the interior of New York State. Was traveled all day Friday by the woods, and encamped on the bank of a small creek to the south of west, crossing it about noon on a floating log, on which we had constructed a kind of 'animal' track, which led up to a deserted timberroad, both sides of which were from 3 feet to 4 feet deep. This road of the lumber-roads might take us to a settlement, but we concluded to continue in a straight course into the wilderness, as we could not cross the creek to the shanty, and stay in it all night. Lamentable experience had taught us that we must keep our bins, and the raft let me into the stream. I sank in all over, and swam out, thought it would not my strength to do so, and on reaching the bank I found myself so chilled as scarcely to be able to stand. I took off my clothes, wrung them, and we proceeded to the shanty, where we found plenty of rotten straw, in which I and under a pile of it we crawled, pulling it over our heads and knees in the hope that our breath might aid in warming our chilled bodies. I think the most recognized fact, since I have written, was pitied our sufferings that night.

THAT RAY A FROG BACH.

"During the day Mr. Lamontagne, who found several lumber roads leading into the woods, all of which he followed to their ends, suggesting we might find some men cutting timber. Disappointment again. At the roads terminated in the wilderness, and we found that we was nothing to indicate human presence.

"In one of these roads, we found two old hay stalks frogs. They were the first 'food' we had seen in twenty-four hours. Perhaps they were not the first we had seen. Not bird-quarters alone: we were not dainty; fox-quarters, bear-quarters and all. Any quarters were welcome to my life; and my companion came to the conclusion that they were the most delicious morsels ever imagining moved. Yet the constituted, longing cry of our stomachs for food. We had not tasted food since the previous Sunday night, and our eyes, as already stated, were red and we could not see. We thought we knew what it was to feel hungry then, but we have since found that we were only taking the first rudiments in our lesson.

THE SECOND DAY'S JOURNEY.

Mr. Haddock continues: "The second day of night at last were away, and we held a new council. It was evident, we reasoned, that the creek was running west, and for 'driving' logs in the spring season. If then, we followed it to the southeast, we should find the lumber stream which emptied into the Ottawa, we could in time go out the same way we had come in—that is, by the way the shanty was covered with the haires of logs, scraped off by the 'drivers' in the spring season. Acting on this spirit and fire, and having eaten a piece of pork, we dragged the logs down to the creek, and Lamontain and them together, as we considered him more used to water than myself. We got under way, and as we pushed off a crew set up a shout—a shout of exultation—and the noiseless of fog great trials and sufferings in store for us. We could down stream at about ten miles an hour, and nearly upon an immense pine-tree which had fallen across the stream, completely blocking our way. Here was the other alternative we left but to untie the pieces, and start to push them up stream. This was a task, but it was not done; and the raft together again, and poled her down stream. For about two hours we kept on the raft, and found that, and began to feel that we were hungry. We had not tasted food since Sunday night, and it was now Tuesday. About the middle of the afternoon we heard the creek we went into a lake some two miles long, and into which we of necessity must go, as the creek was lost in the big outlet at the lower end. We followed down the western bank, keeping close in shore, and when the logs or poles could touch the bottom, until we arrived at the bottom of the lake. Here we found that the creek came back upon the southern bank in quest of it. On reaching the head of the lake we found that the creek came in a rock turned abruptly to the right, which was the reason of our losing it.

"We felt happy to have found it again, and piled our raft like heroes. We could not have gone far from here where we had first struck the creek, and where we had left the shanty, and we were in hopes that we should be in in finding the shanty, and we ever wish to do so in order to get her out. At night we did not stop, but kept the raft going down through the middle of the lake, whose solemn stillness seemed to hold the unrevealed mystery of our destiny. About two o'clock in the o'clock it began to rain again. We stopped the 'canoe' and crept in under our 'dog' tail which we had on the raft, where our extreme weariness enabled us to get, perhaps, half an hour's sleep.

THE SABBATH EVE AND MORNING.

He adds: "Regarding our dire it was necessary to pole at night in the rain down an unknown stream than to lie on the ground and drown ourselves. We were afloat at the leave, until about three o'clock, when pure exhaustion forced us to stop again. This time we found a place where the clayey bank lacked a little of coming down to the water. On the top of this bank we built a rough straw, and sat down with our feet drawn up under us, as our last hard night's rest reminded us that we should provide for the rain to beat upon. But we could not stand with an unconsidered hope that it would be the last night of the Sabbath broke upon us we were poking down the stream with a drizzling rain.

Lamontain writes: "About seven o'clock we reached the head of the lake, and found the creek running west. We followed in the bed, and, after a short distance, found the solution depended upon our going back and getting it down the creek. We then had it again, and followed it down stick by stick; waiting up to our waists on the slippery stones of this shallow creek. Before leaving the lake Mr. Haddock fell three times in doing this work, at one time breaking the compass and bending the instrument by valves. About 10 o'clock the raft was below the brush, together again, and we were ready for the Sabbath services. It was Sabbath—not in those words Sabbath services and sanctuary. Night in the wilderness was our only Sabbath for us!" However, we dismissed gloomy thoughts and with a prayer of thanksgiving for the past we launched as many hands had spoken us, loaded warily.

THE THIRD DAY.

We continue to quote from Lamontain: "At twelve o'clock we entered a lake, which we found to be somewhat cramped space and in voices. Perhaps weeks must pass before we shall be able to forget the sensations of that hour! Never mind; as we went, striking to the right, close to the bank, and going 'ashore' to search for the numerous bays and indentations. Its never looked upon more magnificent appearance. Embosomed in a dense and rugged out amidst noble hills; surrounded by beautiful evergreen trees; dashing over rocks and stones, and falling its pellucid breeze the deep blue of the sky—painter could not have had more noble study.

"Night found us not more than one-fourth of the way through the lake, and still no signs of its outlet. We had nothing but high-bush cranberries, acrid and destitute of sweetness, to satisfy our hunger. We had built a fire when we left the wind commenced blowing, and as we were on the lee-shore, we decided to travel no further that night. So we drew our raft up on the bank, went into the woods and lay down. We had nothing also to do. We supper thoughts of digestion. Lamentable experience, dreary night—and a gray, hazy, cantiferous morning. We were dying—absolutely starving for food. We, and yet, something whispered to me that we should be saved. It seemed as if I could hear a voice telling me that I must rise to cross some stream, and behold. Any hopes so encouraged me that I could not help singing to myself, with which sailors cheer themselves in times of storm and danger:

"'Cheer up your hearts, while the billows
Are rolling high and free;
Let nothing fright you!
Be of a gallant mind,
Let that delight you.'

"I could hardly muster more than a whisper; but the sentiments were wonderfully encouraging to both myself and my companion.

THEY SEE A FIRE.

"Next day," continues Lamontain, "we started on empty; the wilderness seemed to be the home of the dead. Three miles' progress brought us to what appeared to be the outlet of the lake, but it was a smaller lake. This entered it, and we followed it up two and reached a large stream. But when we reached the mouth of this stream we were again thrown back upon our fate the lake. With hope almost gone, we started wearily back toward the large lake to which we had first come. Before we had took upon our fate as ended. He was brave as man could be. The wilderness had no terrors for him. But he mourned to think of the desolation of his wife and family. He would say, 'Lamontain, I am sorry for you, but I cheered my friend as well as I could, and, with a heavy heart, pushed on. At 2 P. M. we came to a halt, when we heard the report of a gun—quickly succeeded by another. We were saved! We were saved! We shouted with joy. We were like madmen as loudly as our feeble strength would allow us. Mr. Haddock's voice had heard no sound for days and days, and it was a most spair again, when Mr. Haddock called my attention to smoke curling up from the trees on the opposite side of the lake. He sighted but became dim, and he could not speak distinctly for joy. But mine was better. I knew it came from a fire. And as I looked, oh, joy! there was a canoe coming out of the bank—though it looked like a log at first.

OUR RESCUE.

"We were strong men again. Noiselessly, we paddled ourselves, fearful that we was but a dream. Nearer the shore we might be frightened away without assisting us. We came on to the western side of the lake, where, in fact it was a pen, two coats, and a sack containing a deal of flour. Mr. Haddock called out, 'Hallo!' and a man, who I seized and commenced stripping the duck, intending to eat it immediately. The first words spoken to us was then five minutes as Indian boy appeared upon the bank. Mr. Haddock called to him, and asked him to follow. He answered in the latter, and asked me to follow him. I did so, and found that he led to a shanty, where I found a rude fire-place in the corner. Here I was led to the shanty from which the smoke had curled. I soon found. There were two Indians and a white man, and a gentleman-looking Scotchman; crossed him a number of pitiable tinder-cases and rags, and who were living on potatoes, potatoes, pork, and no fowls—all the heart could wish for. The gentleman was Mr. Lamontain, and a Providence was kind. Every body can imagine the rest. At first, I could not eat much, but I soon did so. We are sparingly at first, as our stomachs were able to digest, and with prudence we soon recovered. Mr. Haddock's story will tell the story. The party was under the charge of Mr. Lamontain, and was on its way from Lake Temiscamingue to Ottawa. He as noble, and Indians, and Scotchman.

THE RETURN HOME.

"We were one hundred and fifty miles from Ottawa and civilization. Mr. Lamontain was anxious that we left alive had we not found the party. They only lacked provisions. They had left with a large supply of canoes, animals, or nutritious vegetation: and in about five days we were on the shores of Lake Temiscamingue. We remained with our generous preserver two days, then set out for Ottawa. We had a fine time of it, and reached Ottawa safely, and had been but a perfect week on the trip; and as I look back upon it, it seems more like a dream than a reality. Mr. Haddock's story is not closed. From Doucet, we were accompanied by Indian and a fifty mile journey. We had canoes and a pair of boats, traveling night and day, we reached Ottawa at 10 o'clock P. M. Mr. Haddock's wife was there. She had wonderfully glad to 'get out of the wilderness.' Mrs. Ottawa, and Mr. Haddock's son, and a host of friends and triumph. The public are already apprised of our experiences, and I will close my narrative of this remarkable voyage. To all with whom we come in contact we are indebted for kindness, and to Mr. Lamontain I will only pause to say that a more generous, heroic, self-sacrificing man never lived. He has been a friend indeed, and I shall ever remember him with love. God bless him! A warm place in my heart."

JOHN LANGWORTHY.

GENERAL WALKER APLOAT AGAIN.

General Walker and his party of filibusters, to the number of several hundred, are again off to Central America. They sailed from Mobile for Key West, and thence for *Philadelphian*, on Monday last. From the published statements of Walker's friends, it appears that the new filibusters are very complete and extensive. The Government expedition will be under the command of Colonel

ANOTHER BRITISH OUTRAGE.—THE AMERICAN FLAG D—D.

The brig *Hazard*, Captain Goodrich, arrived at Boston on October 5, from London, on the west coast of Africa. While lying at anchor in the harbor of Cape Coast, she was fired into by the British steamer *Bonetta*, Captain Goodrich declined permitting them to board, and the steamer then fired a shot across the bows, bringing the American flag, to which their attention was directed, to the peak.

THE CRICKET MATCH AT HOBOKEN.

The return match between the Union Cricket Eleven and Twenty-two of American closed with the second innings of the Union Eleven, which was left with the score with the 33 made during their first innings, gave them a total of 66 runs, and left the Twenty-two 67 runs to win their innings. There has been since another game, in which the Philadelphia and Union Cricket clubs, assisted by five of the Twenty-two on each side.

THE LONG TULLED CRICKET.

The long tulled of prize fight between Australian Sully and Tom Price, of Pennsylvania, which has been the long-standing of interest ground, at Point Alden, on Saturday last. The fight was for the sum of $1,000 a side, the first blood, and the battle, and came out of the contest victorious, Sullivan, after 37 rounds of severe punishment, having had two tbe broken in the tenth round. The fight lasted two hours and fifteen minutes, and the thirty-two minutes. The affair was witnessed by an immense crowd of spectators.

DEBIAL BEFORE DEATH.

We read in the Boston *Transcript* that "Dan Merritt is beaten of ready all the Edge Conductors. It is stated, with some positively, that a fac-simile has been executed by the arrival of a cheap and unattended funeral. Dan was a man of a very few words, and he died at the end of the conductor. After a short time the men came to the house of the dead man, accompanied by a hearse, they could not bury that man, but he was sitting up in bed, and he was not dead. He was sitting up in bed, indignation, seized a spade and went back to the grave himself, where, sure enough, he found the undertaker sitting up and looking quietly down below.

"'Dan,' said the undertaker, gently, 'that you're interfering with my arrangements and my business in this sort of a way.'

"'You're not dead,' said the resuscitated, 'and I don't feel like being buried yet a while.'

"'Not dead?' shouted Dan, jerking the doctor's certificate out of his pocket and reading it; 'not dead! Here you've been and certified to my death, and now and when you died of, and I'd like to know who knows how we can bury you.'

"I can't help what the doctor says, Mr. Merritt,' said the man in the coffin; 'but I know I ain't dead, and I want you to help me out of this place.'

Dan, then, responded him, getting more hot than ever, the matter says you're dead, and I say you're dead, and I'll be dead if I don't get out of this hole,' and he hit him a bat or two over the head with his spade, and buried him with his own hands.

The hero, undaunted Dan, as he left, 'of the following interesting in my business in that sort of a way, and I'll be dead if he has a difficulty with the doctor that sent him out.'"

HOW AN EDITOR DID NOT GET A FASS.

The following story is told by the Syracuse *Journal*:

"The editor of the Buffalo *Evening Post* has been very violent at times in his denunciations of the Hon. Millard Fillmore. He has been severe in his attacks, and he thought it would be very convenient to get a pass over the Erie Railroad. Mr. Fillmore is a gentleman, and marked that if he had not been as violent toward the Post he thought he might get a pass. A friend of the friend assured him that if he would apply to Dean Richmond, the Vice-President of the road, a pass would be given him he concluded to make the attempt. He accordingly wrote to Mr. Richmond, as follows:

"Mr. Richmond,' said the editor, 'I am going East, and I want a pass. Will you please send me one by return mail?'

"'Certainly, Sir,—certainly, Sir,' with the greatest politeness, replied Mr. Richmond, and he proceeded to fill out the pass.

"Mr. Richmond' said the man handed to the editor, who, expressing his thanks, glanced over it and saw that it only took him to Dunkirk, 'will my pass take me to Buffalo?'

"'Mr. Richmond,' said the editor, very modestly, 'I have changed my mind, and will go to Buffalo after all.'

"'Tis I—you di?' said Richmond, seizing the pass, and tearing it to pieces, 'I have no pass any pass for you then!' And he tore the pass into pieces.

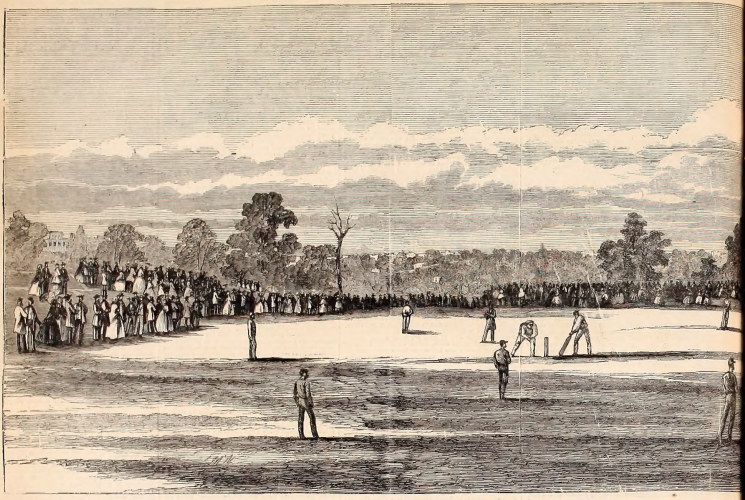
THE FIRE FIEND.

On Wednesday evening Mr. Charles M. Leupp, a leading and wealthy merchant residing at Flushing, Long Island, while in a state of insanity, by shooting himself through the head with a pistol, put an end to his existence. He was a man universally esteemed, and his death will be much lamented.

The Boston *Herald* gives an account of the death of Mr. Ezra Bacon, of Hartford, Connecticut, who attempted to save the head of a lion, and was attacked by a rescued animal. The lion was in a cage, and Mr. Bacon was attempting to feed it with a piece of meat on the end of a long iron pole, a sickening sensation of the latter, when the animal seized the meat, and with a single bite bit the pole in two, like a cucumber took place. He drew his entire frame together, as though to gain strength for a spring, and the noise broke forth like the crowing of a rooster. This was the signal for a general roar from the lion, and the shrieks of voices that the sensitive listeners assorted their belief that all was a terrible affair. After two days' intense suffering he died, and ceased to exist.

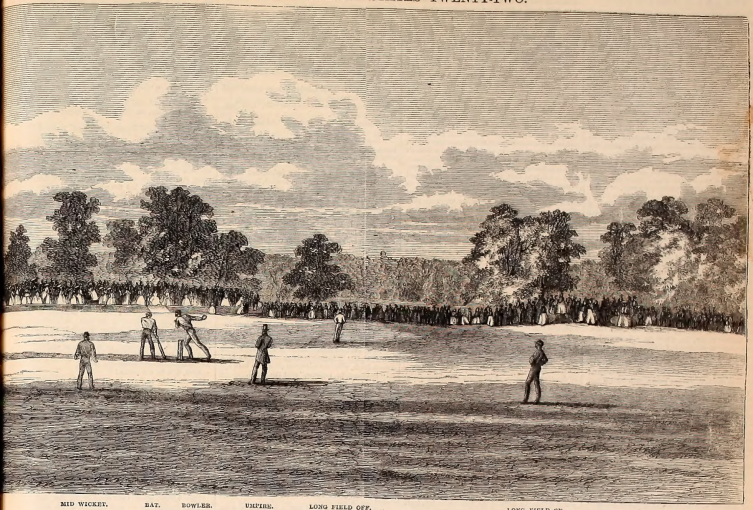
The Boston *Herald* gives an account of Frederick Ludwig, Virginia, had an undertook for a bed filled with feathers. He was in the habit of sleeping on a feather bed, and he had a fancy that he would die on a feather bed. Mr. E. The young lady was a daughter of Mr. E. The young lady examinations revealed no disease of the heart or any other organ. The cause of death was simply exhaustion, but

THE CRICKET MATCH PLAYED AT HOBOKEN ON OCTOBER 3–6, 1859, B



A BASE-BALL MATCH A

THE ALL ENGLAND ELEVEN AND THE UNITED STATES TWENTY-TWO.



USIAN FIELDS, HOBOKEN.

CRICKET AND BASE-BALL.

On the preceding pages we give engravings of the game of Cricket as played at Hoboken last week between the Eleven of All England and the Twenty-two of the United States; and of the game of Base-ball, as played by the clubs in this part of the country.

It is impossible, in the space allotted to us, to describe either of those two games. Both would require several columns even to give the ordinary rules which govern each game; and the attempt would be unintelligible to persons unacquainted with the game and superficially read about it.

Only up to a certain point can the best of rules be understood these games played, and only then by those who have seen them, or who, having read the rules, have been enabled to understand the accounts in the newspapers, and will thereby develop their memories and improve their stamina.

For the benefit of those, however, who are intrigued by the accounts which are appearing in the papers of the cricket games which are being played by our English visitors, we may, in a few words, give some rough notion of the game.

Cricket, or double wicket, is the only kind of cricket played here; it is played by eleven players on each side. The ground chosen should be a smooth plain. In the middle, at a distance of 22 yards from each other, two sets of wickets (consisting of three stumps of wood 28 inches long and surmounted set by one or two cross pieces called bails) are planted, one inch in the ground. In front of each of these wickets stands a batsman or striker. Opposite to the striker, rather behind the opposite wicket, stands the bowler. At the other "end" to the bowler there are the ball to the striker, aiming at it the wickets; the striker protects his wickets by striking the ball with his bat. When he strikes the ball he may run from wicket to wicket, the opposite striker running to the same wicket. The striker is out, 1st, when the ball bowled to him strikes his wickets and knocks down a stump or the bails; 2d, when the ball is caught from his post on a run or otherwise, one of the opposite parties succeeds in throwing the ball regularly at either of them in "bowler," and throws the ball to the striker. Another is "wicket keeper," he stands behind the wickets to stop balls which pass them without being struck; and behind him stands "long stop," because any ball which he misses will have escaped both striker and "wicket keeper." In a line with the striker, as he left stands "leg," by which "leg-bail" ball which comes to his direction and on the opposite side are stationed "short slip," "long slip," "point," and "cover," whose duties are to catch the ball if it comes their way, or at all events to stop it as soon as they can, and to throw it forward to the wicket. Around behind the bowler, on either side, are "middle wicket," "long field on side," and "long field off," who are charged with the duty of looking after balls which have been hit hard and are traveling over the field in their direction.

Almost all games at cricket are played in two innings—though at Hoboken last week this was not necessary. The winning side is the one which counts most runs. A striker may be put out when he has hit the ball, or when the bowler has bowled it out of reach. He may run as often as he can, subject only to the penalty of being put out if the opponents can knock down his wickets while he is away from his post.

We wish that this were more intelligible than it must prove to such of our readers as are not familiar with cricket; but we can only request—not advise—go and see the game for yourselves.

Base-ball differs from cricket principally, in there being no wickets. The bat is held high in the air. When the ball has been struck the "outs" try to catch it, in which case the striker is "out;" or, if they can not do this, to strike the striker with it when he is running, which likewise puts him out. Instead of wickets, there are at this game four or five marks called bases, one of which, being the one at which the striker stands, is called "home." As at cricket, the point of the game is to make the most runs between the bases, and that side which counts the most runs wins the day. For the particular rules of the game we must refer to the treatises on the subject.

TOM ROCKET.

TOM ROCKET was a highwayman. No one ever christened him Tom, and his father's name was not Rocket. When he was tried for his life at Warwick Assizes he was arraigned as Charles Jackson, and they were particular about names there. If you talked of Tom Rocket, the fact that his name was Joe, he got off; and when the Joe was offered—in the second set speech—he got off on the trial—people said that the British Constitution was being pulled up root and branch.

I can not tell you what it was that he came to be known as Tom Rocket, and if I could, it would not have any thing to do with my story. He was for years he was the most famous thief in the Midland counties, and for six years no one knew what he was like. He was a lazy fellow, was Tom; he never came out except when there was a good prize to be picked up, and he had his scouts and his spies all over the place to give him information about booty, and to warn him of danger. But to judge by what people said, he was "the real" at half a dozen different places at once every day of his life.

My father was a Gloucestershire man. He stood six feet three in his stockings, and measured thirty-six inches across the chest. He could double up a half-crown between his finger and thumb, and was as brave as a lion. So, many a time and oft, when any one talked of the dangers of the road, he would set his great teeth together, smoke his head, and say that he should like to see the man that could rob him on the highway; and, as I said before, he did see him, and it was Tom Rocket.

My father was a lawyer, and was, at the time I am mentioning, in practice at a little village that was to be tried at Warwick Spring Assizes. So, shortly before Christmas, he left his wife and child up in town, as there was no cross-country coach, so he rode; and being, as I have said, a brave man, he rode alone. The reason for his business; and my poor mother being ill, and not liking to leave her alone longer than was needful, he set out to ride home again about half past nine o'clock that same evening. It was as beautiful a winter's night as ever was seen in the sky. He was a first-rate hunter, as docile as a dog, and fit to carry even his weight all over, or past any thing. He had a pair of excellent pistols in his holsters; and he jogged along, humming a merry tune, neither thinking nor caring for any one or any thing ill. All of a sudden, it struck him that the pretty horse mold of an inn just such a place that he had broken his leg about to have a girth that he had broken pitched together, had been very busy with three gallants playing at cards and drinking. One might have been tempering with them, he drew the charges and replaced them carefully. This done, he jogged on again as before.

He had ridden about ten miles, when he came to a wooden cloth-yard gate, which led up to a field of the Avon. Just beyond it rose a stiffish hill, at the top of which was a thick wood. It was at this gate, as my father reached this turn, a masked horseman suddenly wheeled round upon him, and said to him "Stand and deliver!" "Tom Rocket!" In a second my father's pistols were out, cocked, and presented at the head of the highwayman's chest; but, one after the other, they missed fire! The pretty barmaid—a special favorite of Jack's—must have had the priming out, and dodged of drawing the balls, or dumping the charge: she filtered a bit into each touch-hole, and then knocked off.

"Any more?" Tom inquired, as coolly as you please, when he saw the vexed, gaze flashed in the pan.

"Yes!" shouted my father, in a fury, "one for your nob!" And seizing the weapon last used by the muzzle, he hurled it with all his might and aim at Richard's head. The highwayman ducked, flew over the hedge, and my father, thrown out of balance by the violence of his effort, fell heavily on the grass by the road-side. In less time than it takes to say so, Tom dismounted, seized my father's horse, and, presenting a pistol within an inch of his face as he lay, bids him be quiet, or it would be the worse for him.

"You've given me a deal of trouble," said Tom, "as just hand over your purse without any more ado, Mr. Lawyer, or I'll blow your brains out, shall—just there;" and he laid the cold muzzle of his pistol on my father's forehead between his eyes.

It is bad enough to have to look down the barrel of a pistol when you have full cock, with a highwayman's finger upon the trigger; but to have the cold muzzle pressed slowly upon your head—ugh!—it makes me crop to think of it.

My father made a virtue of necessity, and quietly gave up his purse.

"Much good may it do you," he said; "for there's only thirteen shillings in it."

"Now for your pocket-book," said Tom, not heeding him.

"Pocket-book?" inquired my father, turning a little pale.

"Ay, pocket-book!" Tom repeated; "a thick black one; it is in the left-hand pocket of your riding-coat."

"Then it is," said my father, "you know so much about it that perhaps you can tell what is enclosed in it."

"I'll see," Tom replied, quietly taking out and unfolding half a dozen legal-looking documents.

"Pish! these low-paper-work words is not to my or any one else," said my father.

"Ay, indeed!" Tom replied; "I may tear them up, and he made as though he would do so.

"Hold! on your life!" my father shouted, struggling hard to get up his feet.

"Oh! they are worth something, then," said Tom, with a laugh.

"It would take a deal of trouble to make them out again," my father replied, sullenly—"that's all."

"Pocket-book?" Tom again inquired, with a meaning look.

"Well, my father answered, "I suppose I know what you are driving at. Hand me them back and let me go, and I promise to send you a hundred pounds when I get to my journey's end."

"You know very well that these papers are worth more than a hundred pounds."

"A hundred and fifty, then," said my father.

"Go on," said Tom.

"I tell you what it is, you scoundrel," cried my father, "I'll stake five hundred against them if you'll loose your hand from the pistol and fight me."

Tom only chuckled.

"Be quick with it, unless you must take me for," he said. "Why should I bother myself fighting for what I even get without?"

"Here's a watch, then, and what you see," my father shouted, in a fury.

"Don't be cross," said Tom. "It don't become you to look red in the face. Now attend to me," he continued, in an altered tone. "Do you see that bridge? Well, there's a heap of stones in the centre, don't there? Very good! If you will place five hundred guineas in gold, in a bag, among those stones at twelve o'clock at night the day week, you shall find your pocket-book and all its contents in the same place, two hours after."

"How am I to know that you will keep your word?" my father replied, a little softened by the hope of regaining, even at so heavy a price, the papers that were invaluable to him.

"I'm Tom Rocket," replied the robber, securing the pocket-book upon his person, "and what I mean I say, and what I say I stick to. Now get up, and mind," he added, as my father sprang to his feet, "you don't turn fire."

"I shall live to see you hanged," my father muttered, adjusting his disordered dress.

"Shall I help you to catch your horse?" Tom asked, politely.

"I'll not rest till I lodge you in a jail," said my father, savagely.

"Give my compliments to your wife," said Tom, mounting his horse.

"Confound your impudence," howled my father.

"Good-night!" said Tom, with a wave of his hand, and turning sharp round, he rode into the wood on the left, and was out of sight in a moment.

It was not quite fair of my father, but he determined to set a trap for Tom Rocket, baited with the five hundred guineas, at the bridge. The post-boy up to London, now Bradshaw, a famous Bow street runner, and arranged that he and his men should come down in full help to catch Tom; but just at the last moment Bradshaw was detained upon some important government affair, and so another runner, Fraser, a no less celebrated officer, took his place.

It was settled that the runners should come by different roads, and all meet at a way-side inn about five miles from the bridge, at which Tom was to stop on his way my father's pocket-book was to be returned. An hour afterward they were to join him on the same miles footing as Tom. Their object, you see, in taking this roundabout course was to baffle Tom's spies and communications, and to get every bird about the appointed spot long before the appointed time.

My father arrived late at the place of meeting; but when he arrived there he could see no one about, except a rough-looking countryman in a smock-frock, who was swinging on a gate hard by.

"Good-night, minister," said the yokel.

"Good-night, my man," replied my father.

"Can ye tell me who this yer letter's for?" said the yokel, producing a folded paper.

My father saw in a moment that it was his own letter to Bradshaw.

"Where did you get that?" he said, quickly.

"Ah!" replied the yokel, replacing it in his pocket, "that 'ad be tellins. Be yer expecting any?"

"What's that to you?" said my father.

"Oh, nuthin' at all, sir," replied the yokel, a gentleman from London—"

"I'll tell you my father; "what gentleman?"

"Will a none beginning with F. suit you?" asked the yokel.

"Fraser!" The word fell involuntarily from my father's lips.

"That's the name," replied the yokel, jumping down from his seat, and changing his tone and manner in a moment. I'm Fraser, Sir, and Mr. Bradshaw has sent me instead of a pocket-book containing valuable papers; and we're going to catch Tom Rocket at the bridge. That's our game, Sir. All right, Sir; and now to business."

"But where are your men?" my father asked, when Fraser had explained the reason for his disguise.

"All right again, Sir," said the runner, "they will join us. We have not much time to lose, so please to lead the way."

So my father led the way, followed by Fraser; and by the time that they came to the foot of the bridge they had been joined by four London officers, in different disguises, and from different directions. Some came as a tramp, some as a pedlar, another as a gentleman's servant leading a horse, and the fourth as a soldier. No one could have guessed that they had met before, much less that they were engaged together in a prosecution of schemes. That they were met with good cause for the dextrous way in which he had collected his forces.

The bridge upon which the money was to be placed consisted of two arches across the river, and was joined on each side by a long, low sort of causeway, built upon piles over meadows that in the winter time were generally covered with water.

It so happened that the very next morning after the robbery heavy rain set in, and soon the river began to rise, so that there was no sign of lighting on the bridge but by going along the causeway, which extended a distance of a hundred yards, sloping down gradually to the road, on each side of the river. This causeway was built of wood, with open spaces that allowed water to pass through, and stones, but at others the roadway had wood cut and laid over both, so that any one looking down underneath, could see who was passing overhead. Mr. Fraser's sharp eye took in the position in a moment. He got two bundles out of a field close by, and with some rope, that he had found in the pocket, formed two temporary rafts of piles, so that they hung like shelves between the roadway and the flood, one at each side of the bridge, and about twenty yards from it. On this was his plan: two of his men were to lie hidden on each raft, and when Tom Rocket had left the stolen pocket-book left in exchange for it. As soon as Tom Rocket, or any of Mr. Fraser, removed the bag in which the gold was packed, Fraser was to whistle, and his men were to climb from their hiding-place, and secure whoever it might be. If he leaped over the railing of the causeway, and took to the water, there was the boat in which to follow and capture him.

Mr. Fraser was very particular to practise his allies in the quickly three parts of coolness, self-command, and in impressing upon them and my father the necessity of all acting together, keeping careful watch, and strict silence. "And now, Sir," he said to my father, as a distant clock chimed a quarter to twelve, "it's time to get to our places and to bait the trap, so please to hand me the bag that I may mark it, and some of the coins, so as to be able to identify them at the trial." He took one bag up his mind, you see, to nail Master Tom this time.

My father gave him the bag, saw him write upon it, and make some scratches on about a dozen of the guineas, and then my father placed a purse in into the boat, in which he was immediately joined by the runner.

"It's all right," said Fraser, in a low tone.

"Do you think he will come?" whispered my father.

"Certain," replied Fraser; "but, hush! we must not talk, Sir, time's up."

For three several hours did my father sit in that boat, and the runners lay stretched out on the bread of their backs upon those open gratings for Tom Rocket to come for his money; and for three mortal hours not a soul approached the bridge, not a footfall was heard, and not a coach river was heard. By the time that the clock struck three, my father, who had been awake for the last twenty minutes, fell fast asleep as he sat covered up in his cloak, for it was a bitter cold night; but was very speedily aroused by hearing other of the runners call them in the dark; and when my father arrived there, he found all the men in a "row," he found, to his great surprise, that the officers had left. He rushed to the heap of stones, and there he found the pocket-book his eye was his pocket-book—*the money was gone!*

Lord, how he stormed!

Determined to have it out with that runners for deserting their posts, he hurried on to the inn where they had put up their horses, and there Hi knocked at the door. No answer. He knocked again, louder. No answer. He went in the room of the keepers, but no sign was there. He went out of keepers, but no sign was there. He went out of the yard, and there he found Jack ostler fast asleep. Tied into five chains, hand and foot, trussed up like so many Christmas turkeys, with five gags in their five mouths, and their five pairs of eyes staring at him, awfully, at the real Mr. Fraser and his four fine men, who had been, it seems, all managed the business at the bridge himself!

How he managed to get scent of the plot, and how he came there, all together, is the nick of time, my father never could find out, and no one knows to this day.

Upon examining his pocket-book my father found all his documents, and a paper on which was written these words:

"By destroying these writings I could have ruined you. In doing it, I shall have injured your client, whom I respect. For his sake I keep my word, though you have played me false.—TOM ROCKET."

As for Tom, after having been tried three times, and getting off upon some law quibble on each occasion, he—who had robbed to the worth of thousands of pounds, and escaped—was executed at Nottingham for stealing an old bridle!

A Gown Fight.

BY CHARLES READE.

AUTHOR OF "LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG," ETC.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER XXXII.

"YOU must come to the Burgomaster at once," said Diederich Brower.

"To what end?"

"No matter; come!" and he hurried them to the Burgomaster's house.

Ghyskreckt Van Swieten was not the man to be kept waiting. "Well," said he, on hearing the ill news, "suppose he is gone. Is he mounted?"

"No."

"Then what hinders you to come up with him?"

"But what avails coming up with him? there are no beetrices on the road he is gone."

"Fools!" said Ghyskreckt, "is there no way of emptying a man's pockets but liquor and sleight of hand?"

A meeting took, that passed between Ghyskreckt and Diederich, ended in a most handsome fashion. Duy changed color, and lost all zeal for the business.

"Ay," said he, "but we won't get ourselves hanged to spite Gerard," said Sybrandt; "that would be a fool's trick."

"Hanged!" cried Ghyskreckt. "Am I not the Burgomaster? How can ye be hanged? I see how it is. Ye are afraid of the man, being two hearts of hare, that ye are! Oh! why can not I be young myself? I'd do it myself, then."

The effect was magical. Their eyes glittered with desire. Their whole bodies seemed to swell, and rise into noble stature.

"Swear it, then," said Sybrandt.

"I swear it."

"No. On the crucifix."

Chrysbrecht swore upon the crucifix.

The next minute the brothers were on the road, in pursuit of Hans Heming. They came in sight of him about two leagues from Torgau; but though they knew he had no weapon but his staff, they were too prudent to venture on him in daylight; so they fell back.

But being now three leagues and more from the town, and on a grassy road—sun down, moon not yet up—honest Hans suddenly found himself attacked before and behind at once by men with uplifted knives, who cried in loud though somewhat husky voices, "Stand and deliver!"

The attack was a sudden, and so well planned, that Hans was dismayed. "Slay me not, good fellows," he cried: "I am but a poor man, and ye shall have my all."

"So be it, then. Live! But empty thy wallet."

"There is nought in my wallet, good friends, but one letter."

"That we shall see," said Sybrandt, who was the one in front. "Well; it is a letter."

"Take it not from me, I implore. 'Tis worth naught, and the good dame would fret that writ it."

"There," said Sybrandt, "take back thy letter: and now empty thy pouch. Come,! tarry not!"

But by this time Hans had recovered his confusion: and, by a certain flutter in Sybrandt, and hard breathing of Cornelis, aided by an indescribable consciousness, felt sure the pair he had to deal with were no heroes. He therefore felt feasible for his money: then suddenly thrust his staff firmly into Sybrandt's face, and drove him staggering, and lent Cornelis a back-handed slash at the ear that sent him twirling: then whirled his weapon over his head and danced on the road like a bear that on springs, shouting "Come on, ye thieving loons! Come on!"

By "come" they understood "go," took to their heels directly, with Hans after them, he shouting "Stop there!" and they howling with fear and pain as they ran.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

ABOUT this time a change pasted over Margaret Brandt. She went about her household duties like one in a dream. If Peter did but speak a little quickly to her, she started and fixed her terrified eyes on him. She went less often to her friend Margaret Van Eyck, and sat for a far less time when there. Instead of meeting her warm old friend's caresses, she used to receive them passive and trembling, and then retire to a chair, fetch from them. But the most extraordinary thing was she never would go outside her own house in daylight. When she went to Tergou it was after dusk, and she returned before daybreak. She would not even go to matins. At last Peter Brandt noticed it, she was noticed it, and asked her the reason.

"THE FOLK ALL LOOK AT ME SO."

One day Margaret Van Eyck asked her what was the matter. A scared look and a hasty denial were all the reply. The old lady expostulated gently.

"What, sweet-heart, afraid to confide your sorrows to me?"

"I have no sorrows, madam, but of my own making. I am kinder treated than I deserve, especially in this house."

"Then why not come oftener, my dear?"

"I come oftener than I deserve," and she sighed deeply.

"There, Rich! is crying out for you," said Margaret Van Eyck; "go, child! what on earth can it be?"

Turning possibilities over in her mind, she thought Margaret must have quarrelled with the contupt with which she was treated by Gerard's family. "I will take them to task for it, at least such of them as are women. I am not very sure they'll say she put on her hood and cloak, and, followed by Rich, went to her friend's house. Margaret received her with much respect, and thanked her with tears for her kindness to Gerard. But when, encouraged by this, her visitor ventured to ask Margaret Brandt, Catherine's eyes dried, and her lips formed to hold the seal, and she looked as much intimate, ingenuous woman can look. When they set on this coat of features you might as well try to soften or open a vice with a key. Margaret Van Eyck tried, but all in vain. So then, not being herself used to be thwarted, she got provoked, and at last went out hastily with an abrupt and multitudinal courtesy, which Catherine returned with an air rather of defiance than politeness. Outside the door Margaret Van Eyck found Richt conversing with a pale girl on crutches. Margaret Van Eyck was passing them with heightened color, and a forceful tone intended for the whole family, when suddenly a little delicate hand was placed on her sleeve, and looking round she saw two down-like eyes, with the water in them, that seemed to implore and fly, and, at the same time, imploringly. The old lady read this wonderful look, complex as it was, and down went her clothes. Then,

Holland. Hans Memling passed his little window twice, but Gerard never saw him.

At peep of day Gerard left Florence.

Friend and foe had shot at him with love and with hate, and each missed him alike. Neither Margaret's inquietude nor to him to return reached him, nor did the false report of her death reach him, though it grazed so horribly near him.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

MARGARET stole away to Sevenbergen at peep of day; there she found the soldier had left her a long letter from Gerard. The thousand tender words of love filled her with joy; but the letter was short, and the distance from Florence filled her with dismay. "Oh, Gerard!" she cried, "why are you so far from me? What will become of me if you get me by letter? I shall die disgraced, for live ashamed I can not." Soon after breakfast Catherine came, but to her grumble, and was as warm, so cheerful, and motherly, that she received the drooping flower. Little Kate was unable to come. She was in more pain than usual. From this time the visits of Catherine were frequent. Margaret's despondent state caused her endless able anxiety. She never would come to Tergou; and indeed would not leave her room. "I hold my head too high," she said, "and now I can look no one in the face. The dame Van Eyck tries to forgive me, but the others? how can she? I hold no one save me but one, and he comes not; well-a-day!"

"I tell you," said Catherine, "I am quite his wife, and my daughter; and don't ye go fretting now, for the sake of the precious burden you are trusted with." But what is transpired publicly had the clergy were proceeding against Glyshrecht, Catherine came to Sevenbergen haystrait with the news; and as she told it with a fair share of exaggeration, it brought life into Margaret's pale face for a moment or two.

One day, as Peter was reading and Margaret leaning her weary head on her new mother's bosom and kissing her hand, and the kind Catherine leaning her head down with assumed cheerfulness, but secret anxiety, over this her pining daughter, so dear to her now, there stood in the door-way the figure of a man in rags, weary with travel, pale, large eyed. Peter glanced off his book, and said, "Pass on, good man, we are too poor to give," then back to his book again.

There was a swift rush, a staff rattled on the floor, and the worn man was on his knees, with his arms round both the women, speechless and panting for joy.

"Ah! my darling! my darling! cried his mother, as only a mother can cry; and Margaret clung tight to him with one long moan of love, and sobbed, and laughed, and wept upon his neck.

But words have not the power to paint a joy so sudden, so wild, so all-overpowering.

An hour later Gerard sat between the two, a hand of each in his hand, and over and anon kissing a cheek of each alternately as he told his story.

"Dear Gerard, 'twas my letter brought you?"

"No, Margaret, I got no letter. 'Twas this brought me, this that which shows me your father is a wealthy man; his father's goods being wrongfully kept from him by Glyshrecht Van Swieten. I only found it out at Florence. Was I to go on, and leave you in poverty, when I held this talisman to make you rich?"

"I am rich in your love. I ask no more. Oh, mother, can this be real? can any woman be so happy and live?"

"Why not? what would she gain by dying? Gerard, you and I must talk about that; this one is too simple; and now, quick, to Tergou."

"I go, but how can I leave Margaret so soon?"

"Mother, he loves me still. I'll come too, Gerard, sooner than the rest should want you."

And Margaret's head as how made up the little changes in her clothes and hair, that of late had not kept her to-day.

And she came down transformed: elastic, and radiant with beauty

"Good lack!" cried Catherine, "we shall want no candles with this one in the room!"

And in Burgundy's court word flew round to Tergou, with a dear hand in each of his, the happiest he in Holland.

Arrived at Tergou, his Spartan sire fell on his neck and kissed him; and no word was uttered but of love and concord; and little Kate's face was seraphic, and her hand crept alternately into Margaret's and Gerard's. And as they talked, and sometimes sighed — sometimes rejoiced — all their troubles now happily ended—their glistening eyes and ninefold fingers were all busy making a rapid a suit of decent clothes. They hadn't far to go for the cloth, you know.

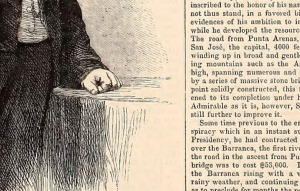
Next day, when Gerard went to ask the curé to marry him, an objection was raised: "This has been dissembled, and the matter of doubt, doubt whether you are not married: if so, it were a sin to repeat the ceremony. This were to throw doubt upon a sacrament." Gerard consulted and contested, and at last it was settled thus: no fresh banns; the words Gerard had uttered were to be repeated; the service to be taken up from the point reached at the last attempt; the marriage to be registered as having taken place at that date, Glyshrecht's interruption having been lais, profanum, illegal, null. On these terms the curé consented to read the rest of the mutilated service—and to ask no fees.

The piece of parchment was a covenant by which Glyshrecht had advanced money, many years ago, to Floris Brandt, on the security of certain lands and houses; Glyshrecht to draw the rents until said sum should be repaid: but, comparing the income with the debt and date of loan, it was clear it had been repaid this sixteen years. Yet Glyshrecht had quietly gone on holding the property without a rag of title; and trusting to the learned Peter's stupidity, had set it about as he had *bought* it of Floris Brandt. Thus not only the property was Peter's, but the back-rents for many years. As for the title-deeds, Gerard rummaged the philosopher's house without much hope. "He has cut them up for labels," said he. Unjust! They were eventually found innocously lining a drawer, which was full of the seeds of medicinal herbs, and really arranged with considerable method—the seeds. Gerard's father was a shrewd man, and had many friends in Tergou: he and his party took the matter up, and threatened to indict Glyshrecht if he did not instantly refund; these pressing him hard on one side, and the clergy on the other, he had affronted, on the other, Glyshrecht's ruin and disgrace impended.

But the old fox contrived to give his foes the slip. He was found dead in his bed one morning; not without some suspicion of having committed an exit desirable for himself and others.

His heir, a distant relative and a just man, deprecated scandal, and accounted to Peter, or rather to Gerard, his sundries are and must of business, for every farthing. Gerard and Margaret then removed to Rotterdam, taking with them Peter, who met with more honor in the city than in the village, and had the glory of curing several personages, among the rest a heathen belonging to the Duke. He lived to a great age, decided tenderly by his good son and daughter. He soon ceased to be aware that they were not both his children by blood.

Gerard and Margaret, like many that meet in youth more than their share of trouble, enjoyed more happiness and tranquillity than falls to the usual lot of man.



JUAN RAFAEL MORA, EX-PRESIDENT OF COSTA RICA.

The Duke, on the report of his giant, not dreaming anymore for Gilen to cause to be slain. Vain was all remonstrance. The Duke's word was law. Catherine made Gilen ready, weeping bitterly. It was an irreparable loss. She could have spared Sybrants or Cornelis. She had two black sheep. But she had but one dwarf.

Gilen was patted and bedizened, and invested with privileges. Ban—on account of his small size he was permitted to speak the truth. He sounded so odd at court. It is a disagreeable thing at best; but he contrived to make it more so by bellowing it.

Sybrants achieved a traken neck without help of halter, I forget how. Cornelis, free from all rivals, and forgiven long ago by his mother, who loved him more and more as all her blood was scattered, waited, and waited, and waited, for his parents' decease. But his mother's shrewd wore came true: ere she and her mate were out, this worthy rusted away. At sixty-five he lay dying of old age in his mother's arms, a hale woman of eighty-six. He had him unconscious a while; but came to himself in strictly mortal, and seeing her near him, told her how he would transmogrify the step and promises as soon as they should be his. "Yes, my darling," said the poor old woman, soothingly: and in another minute he was clay. And that clay was followed to the grave by all the thoes he had waited for.

After his death the old couple were lonely. Gerard guessed as much, and came for them, and made them sell their shop and goods, and live under his wing, as he had once under theirs. His house was large, his heart was larger. He set them by his chimney-corner, and he and his good wife poured forced comforts on them for a while by force of habit have denied themselves. They say some years by Gerard's hearth, and fondled little heads, and smiled at one another, and spoke of early days, and grew like one another; and their wrinkled faces had still a beauty, for they shone with benignity. Oh, happy end of lives well spent! All the passions gone, all the affections left. Good citizens these, and good spouses. They reared many children in purity and piety, and never did holy wedlock show holier nor more lovely than in this aged happy pair, whose solace it had been the threescore years and ten.

Long and long before this little Kate had left her trouble behind her. There was too much angel in her face for a long abode on earth. She smiled too in pain, another sign. Life gave her but few joys, so it was just that death should come to her without his frown: and thus he came. She was seized with sudden lassitude, and a sensation of that pain which had been her companion from infancy. Her mother tried to think this was a change for the better. But the gossips looked at her face and shook their heads, and said, "She is halfway to the saints." Thus paindrest she lay two days foretasting heaven. When she was near her end she asked for Gerard's little boy; he was three years old. They brought him and set him on the bed; by this time she was past speaking: but she pointed to a drawer: they looked, and found the two gold pieces Gerard had given her years ago. Then she nodded her head toward the boy, and looked anxious lest they should not understand her. But they did, and put the tokens of the father's love, so faithfully guarded, into the boy's hands: and when she saw his little fingers

JUAN RAFAEL MORA, EX-PRESIDENT OF COSTA RICA.

close on them she smiled content; and as, having disposed of her little earthly treasure, she yielded her immortal jewel to God, and passed from earth to calmly now saw her go. Gerard begged to have her crutches, that she had changed so well for angel's pinions; and he set them in his oratory in form of a cross, for he said, "They were my darling sister's crutches, but now they are the relics of a saint." He never forgot her, nor did his memory of her ever wax dim: when quite an old man he still spoke of her, with tears in his eyes, as of one mortal creature he had known, pure from all earthly dross.

JUAN RAFAEL MORA, EX-PRESIDENT OF COSTA RICA.

Also on that the smiled content; and as, having disposed of her little earthly treasure, she yielded her immortal jewel to God, and passed from earth to calmly now saw her go. Gerard begged to have her crutches, that she had changed so well for angel's pinions; and he set them in his oratory in form of a cross, for he said, "They were my darling sister's crutches, but now they are the relics of a saint." He never forgot her, nor did his memory of her ever wax dim: when quite an old man he still spoke of her, with tears in his eyes, as of one mortal creature he had known, pure from all earthly dross.

JUAN RAFAEL MORA, EX-PRESIDENT OF COSTA RICA.

The Duke, on the report of his giant, not dreaming anymore for Gilen to cause to be slain. Vain was all remonstrance. The Duke's word was law. Catherine made Gilen ready, weeping bitterly. It was an irreparable loss. She could have spared Sybrants or Cornelis. She had two black sheep. But she had but one dwarf.

Gilen was patted and bedizened, and invested with privileges. Ban—on account of his small size he was permitted to speak the truth. He sounded so odd at court. It is a disagreeable thing at best; but he contrived to make it more so by bellowing it.

Sybrants achieved a traken neck without help of halter, I forget how. Cornelis, free from all rivals, and forgiven long ago by his mother, who loved him more and more as all her blood was scattered, waited, and waited, and waited, for his parents' decease. But his mother's shrewd wore came true: ere she and her mate were out, this worthy rusted away. At sixty-five he lay dying of old age in his mother's arms, a hale woman of eighty-six. He had him unconscious a while; but came to himself in strictly mortal, and seeing her near him, told her how he would transmogrify the step and promises as soon as they should be his. "Yes, my darling," said the poor old woman, soothingly: and in another minute he was clay. And that clay was followed to the grave by all the thoes he had waited for.

After his death the old couple were lonely. Gerard guessed as much, and came for them, and made them sell their shop and goods, and live under his wing, as he had once under theirs. His house was large, his heart was larger. He set them by his chimney-corner, and he and his good wife poured forced comforts on them for a while by force of habit have denied themselves. They say

York have been quick in acknowledging his excellent traits, the practical patriotism, the durable successes, and fair fame of his administration. No is it in the least unreasonable for him to reckon upon his speedy restoration to Costa Rica, and to assuage his chagrin at what has recently occurred there, with the hope that he will be enabled before long to resume those good offices on behalf of Costa Rica in the midst of which he was interrupted; and, in a renewed career of usefulness and enlightenment, disprove the charges of his enemies.

Born the 8th of November, 1815, Señor Mora is this day in the prime of life. Blessed with excellent health, diligent in his habits, active in mind and limb, studious, methodical, he is living, he has a long life still before him, and the faculties of maturity and the experience of years are ripe and statesmanship. San José, the capital of Costa Rica, was the scene of his birth. His father, who occupied the highest offices in the state, was one of the few merchants resident in the country at the time, was also a native of Spain. The grandfather of Juan Rafael emigrated in the earlier part of the last century from Catalonia—that rugged, boutteous Pyrenean province of old Spain—and his uncle, Don Juan, was the first to succeed, in the supreme magistracy of Costa Rica, to the Royalist deputies of Madrid. The subject of this memoir, following in his honest father's footsteps, took to business at the age of sixteen. In the way of business he visited the principal cities of this continent, North and South. In 1838 he paid his first visit to Europe, his only visit to the Old World. His intercourse with the leading commercial men of those cities confirmed the practical bias of his mind. What he learned in commerce he transferred to politics. His statesmanship has been essentially practical, bordered with the pluck of the practiced soldier, not insensible to the enthusiasm which is suggested by mixed with exclusively the patriot of romance, he has sternly abstained from the waterfall career of the one, and in instance has allowed himself to indulge in the delusive dreaminess of the other. In this respect he stands aloof from and high above all the other Republican rulers of Spanish America, the illustrious and venerable José Antonio Pinez, of Venezuela, alone excepted. Señor Mora is the founder of the vaccanes which girdle it, watered by lounding streams which are the first performed of the hundred rich coffee-plantations which extend on every side beyond it, practical, industrious, and prosperous, no less born within its modest walls could fail to love it. During his Presidency, which commenced in October, 1848, several public edifices, erected at different points throughout the little city, bear witness to the pride with which he has labored to embellish the capital of the republic. The University of St. Thomas, which cost $56,000; the theatre, which cost $30,000; the Palace of the Government, which cost $130,000; the Hospital of San Juan de Dios, which cost nearly $60,000—these are the monuments which stand to-day, and for years will stand, indelibly inscribed to the honor of his name. But they will not thus stand, in a fevored birth-place, the rolls evidences of his ambition to improve the aspect, while he developed the resources, of the country. The road from Punta Arenas, on the Pacific, to San José, has been made and thrown across the sea, winding up in broad and gentle slopes, and crossing mountains such as the Aguacate, 6000 feet high, spanning ravines and dangerous torrents by a series of massive stone bridges, and at every point solidly constructed, this fine road was bestowed to its completion under his administration. Admirable as it is, however, Señor Mora desired still further to improve it.

Some time previous to the eruption of the conspiracy which is an interval of two years from the Presidency, he had contracted for an iron bridge over the Barranca, the first river which interrupts the road in the extent from Punta Arenas. This bridge was to cost $55,000. It is much needed, the Barranca rising with a violent rapidity in rainy weather, and continuing so high and swift as to preclude for months the possibility of fording it. The produce of the rich plantations—nets, goods, and cattle—cross it by means of a raft hauled across by ropes. From Punta Arenas—one of the busiest and brightest between Valparaiso and San Francisco—owes to him, in the development of its resources, its activity and the future it is assured. Urging the Costa Rica Congress to declare it a free port, he was led to extend indefinitely its privileges as such, he has cordially encouraged the commercial enterprise which has made it so prosperous.

The efforts of the Panama Railroad Company, in establishing steam communication between the principal Pacific ports of Central America, have, with a bounteous good-will, been seconded by him. For carrying the mails one of its vessels sails from Rio to Panama, and up the coast to Realejo, La Union, and Isalan. Señor Mora obtained from the Congress at San José an annual appropriation of $8000. More than this—he secured a perpetual exemption from all duties on the fuel which is annually brought into the country by the steamships of this Company, and he has made in this and other ways substantial a similar liberality on the part of the Governments of Nicaragua, San Salvador, and Guatemala.

Señor Mora has also made treaties with and San Ramon—the one containing 5000, the other nearly 3000 inhabitants—have grown up under his administration. Add, moreover, that a treaty with Spain, and recognizing the independence of Costa Rica, and a treaty with Great Britain, establishing friendship of the former was concluded by him in 1851, and that other treaties, including a Concordat with Rome, established with the principal governments of South America and Europe the friendliest relations, while they obtained many sound commercial and ecclesiastical benefits for Costa Rica, and we have said enough for the present to justify the respect in which Juan Rafael Mora, the deposed President of Costa Rica, is held even among strangers, and even among those to excite a suspicion of the parties who have forced him into exile.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

BOOK III.

THE TRACK OF A STORM.

worked. She was in a front row by the side of a man whom he had never seen since his arrival at the Barrier, but whom he directly remembered as Defarge. He noticed that she once or twice whispered in his ear, and that she seemed to be his wife; but what he most noticed in the two figures was, that, although they were posted as close to himself as they could be, they never looked toward him. They seemed to be waiting for something with a dogged determination, and they looked at the Jury, but at nothing else. Under the President sat Doctor Manette, in his usual quiet dress. As well as the prisoner could see, he and Mr. Lorry were the only men there, unconnected with the Tribunal, who were not in usual clothes, and had not assumed the coarse touch of the Carmagnole.

Charles Evrémonde, called Darnay, was accused by the public prosecutor as an aristocrat and an emigrant, whose life was forfeit to the Republic, under the decree which banished all emigrants on pain of Death. It was nothing that the decree bore date since his return to France. There he was, and there was the decree: he had been taken in France, and his head was demanded.

"Take off his head!" cried the audience. "An enemy to the Republic!"

The President rang his bell to silence those cries, and asked the prisoner whether it was not true that he had lived many years in England?

Undoubtedly it was.

Was he not an emigrant then? What did he call himself?

Not an emigrant, he hoped, within the sense and spirit of the law.

Why not? the President desired to know.

Because he had voluntarily relinquished a title that was distasteful to him, and a station that was distasteful to him, and had left his country—he submitted before the word emigrant in its active signification by the Tribunal was in use—to live by his own industry in England, rather than by the industry of the oversiders people of France.

What proof had he of this?

He handed in the names of two witnesses: Theophile Gabelle, and Alexandre Manette.

But he had married in England? the President reminded him.

True, but not an English woman.

A citizeness of France?

Yes. By birth.

Her name and family?

"Lucie Manette, only daughter of Doctor Manette, the good physician who sits there."

This answer had a remarkable effect upon the audience. Cries in exultation of the well-known good physician rent the air. So capriciously were the people moved that tears immediately rolled down several ferocious countenances which had been glaring at the prisoner a moment before, as if with impatience to pluck him out into the street and kill him.

On these few steps of his dangerous way Charles Darnay had set his foot according to Doctor Manette's wishes expressed aforetime. In the same cautious counsel directed every step that he took from him, and had prepared every inch of his road.

The President asked why he had returned to France when he did, and what proof he had?

He had not returned sooner, he replied, simply because he had not thought it safe. As to proof how he had resigned; whereas, in England, he lived by giving instruction in the French language and literature, he had returned when he did, on the pressing and written entreaty of a French citizen, who represented that his life was endangered by his absence. He had come back to save a citizen's life, and had put his safety at willingly secondary hazard, to the truth. Was that criminal in the eyes of France or no?

The populace cried enthusiastically, "No!" and the President rang his bell to quiet them. This is all not, for they could not, say cry "No!" until they left off of their own will.

The President required the name of that citizen? The accused explained that the citizen was his first witness. He also referred with confidence to the citizen's letter, which had been taken from him at the Barrier, but which he did not doubt would be found among the papers then before the President.

The Doctor had taken care that it should be there—had assured him that it would be there—and at this stage of the proceedings it was produced and read. Citizen Gabelle was called to confirm it, and did so. Citizen Gabelle hinted, with infinite delicacy and politeness, that in the pressure of business imposed on the Tribunal by the multitude of enemies of the Republic with which it had to deal, he had been slightly overlooked in his prison of the Abbaye—in fact, had rather passed out of the memory of his patriotic townsmen—until three days ago, when he had been summoned before it, and had been set at liberty on the Jury's declaring themselves satisfied that the accusation against him was answered, as to himself, by the Presidence of the citizen Evrémonde, called Darnay.

Doctor Manette was next questioned. His high personal popularity, and the clearness of his answers, made a great impression; but as he proceeded, as he showed that the accused was his first friend on his release from his long imprisonment; that the accused had remained in England, always faithful and devoted to his daughter and himself in their exile; that so far from being in favor with the Aristocrat government there, he had actually been tried for his life by it, as the foe of England and a friend to the United States—as he brought these circumstances into view, with the greatest discretion and skill, and the straightforward air of truth and earnestness, the Jury and the populace became one. At last, when he appealed by name to Monsieur Lorry, an English gentleman then and there present, who, like himself, had been a witness on that English trial, and could corroborate his account of it, the Jury declared that they had heard enough, and that they were ready with their votes, if the President were content to receive them.

At every vote (the Jurymen voted aloud and individually) the populace set up a shout of applause. All the votes were in the prisoner's favor, and the President declared him free.

Then began one of those extraordinary scenes with which the populace sometimes gratified their fickleness, or their better impulses toward generosity and mercy, or which they regarded as some set-off against their swollen account of cruel rage. No man can decide now to which of those motives such extraordinary scenes were referable; it is probable, to a blending of all the three, with the second predominating. No sooner was the acquittal pronounced than tears were shed as freely as blood at another time, and such fraternal embraces were bestowed upon the prisoner by as many of both sexes as could rush at him, that, after his long and unwholesome confinement, he was in danger of fainting from exhaustion—none the less because he knew very well that the very same people, carried by another current, would have rushed at him with the very same intensity to rend him to pieces and strew him over the streets.

His removal, to make way for other accused persons who were to be tried, rescued him from these caresses for the moment. Five were to be tried together next, as enemies of the Republic, forasmuch as they had not assisted it by word or deed. So quick was the Tribunal to compensate itself and the nation for a chance lost, that these five came down to him, before he left the place, condemned to die within twenty-four hours. The first of them told him so, with the customary prison sign of Death—a raised finger—and they all added in words, "Long live the Republic!"

The five had had, it is true, no audience to lengthen their proceedings, for when he and Doctor Manette emerged from the gate, there was a great crowd about it, in which there seemed to be every face he had seen in Court —except two, for which he looked in vain. On his coming out, the concourse made at him anew, weeping, embracing, and shouting, all by turns and all together, until the vast tide of men over on the bank of which the mad scene was acted seemed to run mad, like the people on the shore.

They put him into a great chair they had set among them, and which they had taken out of the Court itself, or one of its rooms or passages. Over the chair they had thrown a red flag, and to the back of it they had bound a pike with a red cap on its top. In this car of triumph not even the Doctor's entreaties could prevent his being carried to his home on men's shoulders, with a confused sea of red cap heaving about him, and cutting the air from the stormy deep such wrecks of face that he more than once misdoubted his personal safety in confusion, and that he was in the tumbril on his way to the Guillotine.

In wild, dreamlike procession, embracing whom they met and pointing him out, they carried him on. Reddening the stony streets with the prevailing Republican color, in winding and tramping through them, as they had reddened them before the new era of a deeper dye, they carried him thus into the court-yard of the building where he lived. Her father was gone on before to prepare her, and when her husband stood upon his feet she dropped insensible in his arms.

As he held her to his heart and turned her beautiful head between his face and the bleeding crowd, so that his tears and her lips might come together unseen, a few of the people fell to dancing. Instantly all the rest fell to dancing, and the court-yard overflowed with the Carmagnole. Then they elevated into the vacant chair a young woman from the crowd to be carried as the Goddess of Liberty, and then, swelling and overflowing out into the adjacent streets, and along the river's bank, and over the bridge, the Carmagnole absorbed them every one and whirled them away.

After grasping the Doctor's hand, as he stood victorious and proud before him; after grasping the hand of Mr. Lorry, who came panting up in breathless from his struggle against the waterspout of the Carmagnole; after kissing little Lucie, who was lifted up to clasp her arms round his neck; and after embracing the ever-faithful and faithful Pross who lifted her, he took his wife in his arms and carried her up to their rooms.

"Lucie! My own! I am safe."

"Oh, dearest Charles! let me thank God for this on my knees as I have prayed to Him."

They all reverently bowed their heads and hearts. When she rose again in the room as said to her:

"And now speak to your father, dearest. No other man in all this France could have done what he has done for me."

She laid her head upon her father's breast as she had laid his poor head on her own breast long, long ago. He was happy in the return he had made her, he was recompensed for his suffering, he was proud of his strength. "You must not be weak, my darling," he remonstrated; "I don't tremble so. I have saved him."

CHAPTER VII.

A KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

"I HAVE saved him." It was not another of the dreams in which he had often come back; he was really here. And yet his wife trembled, and a vague but heavy fear was upon her.

All the air around was so thick and dark, the people were so passionately revengeful and fitful, the innocent were so constantly put to death on vague suspicion and black malice, it was so impossible to forget that many an innocent life passed away in the open air of the streets, or was taken relentlessly in its sight, that her husband, though he had been released, and that her heart could not be as lightened of its load as she felt it ought to be. The shadows of the afternoon were beginning to fall, and even now the dreadful carts were rolling through the streets. Her mind pursued them, looking for him among the Condemned; and then she clung closer to his real presence and trembled anew.

Her father, observing her, showed a compassionate superiority to his weakness, which was wonderful to see. No garret, no shoe-making, no One Hundred and Five, North Tower, now! He had accomplished the task he had set himself, his promise was redeemed, he had saved Charles. Let them all lean upon him.

Their housekeeping was of a very frugal kind; not only because that was the safest way of life, involving the least offense to the people, but because they were not rich, and Charles, throughout his imprisonment, had had to pay heavily for his bad food, and for his guard, and toward the living of the poorer prisoners. Partly on this account, and partly to avoid a domestic spy, they kept no servant; the citizen and citizeness who acted as porters at the court-yard gate rendered them occasional service; and Jerry (almost wholly transferred to them by

"THE CITIZEN EVRÉMONDE, CALLED DARNAY."

Mr. Lorry had become their daily retainer, and had his bed there every night.

It was an ordinance of the Republic One and Indivisible of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, or Death, that on the door or door-post of every house the name of every inmate must be legibly inscribed in letters of a certain size, at a certain convenient height from the ground. Mr. Jerry Cruncher's name, therefore, duly embellished the door-post down below; and on the afternoon alluded to, the words "Jerry" were painted on it, over the smaller inscription "Mrs. Cruncher," by the jerry-builder who had contracted for the whole work, and had done it for so little, that he must clearly have relied on being able to put in the plaster afterwards, as the fittest occasion should present itself, to add the words "and Son."

Mr. Cruncher had discharged the office of purveyor of the dead (a branch of the profession of which he was by no means ignorant) for some time, and was in the habit of driving to his place of work at all hours of the night and early morning. On the night of the day on which the knitting-woman had been disturbed at her work by hearing the name of Defarge pronounced, Mr. Cruncher, having been knocked up at midnight, made ready to go out.

"I am going to work to-night, Jerry," said Mr. Cruncher's wife, when he had risen and dressed himself.

"Then take me with you, father!" said Young Jerry, who always assisted in those affairs, and who participated in his father's taste for them.

"I'll see about it," said Mr. Cruncher, with business caution. "Have you been to bed, Jerry?"

"No, father."

"How long do you mean to lie there, then?"

"Shall I go to bed, father?"

"Well, I suppose you had better," was the answer, given with some hesitation.

So, young Jerry, who had only been watching his opportunity for the question, lay down again on the shavings and rubbish, and fell asleep.

Mr. Cruncher's wife was a pale, thin woman, whose peculiarity seemed to be, that she was all the time thinking about herself. She was the person most continually present to her husband's mind, because he could not fail to discern in her the capacity of rendering him uncomfortable. Indeed, she rendered him so frequently uncomfortable, that he had directed his mind to the consideration of what he should do, when she should die. He had come to the conclusion, that as she must be provided with a certain set of infirmities, and would be incapable of bearing the loss of them, he would have her die of a painful disease. He had begun to contemplate this scheme before he had taken to the trade of which he was now a member; and he had got it well matured in his mind, when he was knocked up at midnight.

"Now, Mrs. Cruncher," said Mr. Cruncher, "if you're ready, I am."

Jerry, who had fallen asleep, was heard to snore.

"Are you going to take that boy?" asked Mrs. Cruncher.

"Yes, I am."

"Then you had better not."

"Why, I thought you wished me to?"

"I don't wish him to do anything but what he's used to, and you know he's used to nothing but drowsing and thieving. Why should you contaminate the child?"

"Contaminate!" Mr. Cruncher looked at her, pondering on her peculiarities of speech.

"Yes, I said it once, and I say it again, contaminate. Don't wallow in roots, if you must dig."

"Dig!" Mr. Cruncher growled, with an angry sense of injury.

"Yes, dig. Are you short of patience?"

Mr. Cruncher growled obscurely.

"Are you short of breath, that you use worse language than usual?"

Mr. Cruncher growled more obscurely.

"Then keep clear of the subject. Don't wallow in it. Jerry, you listen to me. Your father's business is honest, and nothing but honest shall you say before me. Mind that. Now, you've been and dug up your last, and you've been and got drunk your last. Mind that."

Young Jerry, who had heard these words often, and knew them by rote, thought that enough had been said, and that he might safely close his eyes again. He did so, and the words were spoken.

"Now, Mr. Cruncher," said his wife, "if you're ready, I am."

Mr. Cruncher hoisted Young Jerry out of the shavings, and began to wrap him round his throat. The boy was at once alert and active, and assisted readily.

"Are you all right, Jerry?" said his father, when he had finished.

"All right, father."

"Then come along. Mind! I don't want to hear a word from you."

Jerry obeyed, and they went out at the door. Mr. Cruncher's wife followed them to the door, and stood there looking after them.

"Mind!" she said, emphatically, to her husband's back.

The back took no notice, and passed on.

"Mind!" she said, louder.

Mr. Cruncher looked back.

"Are you capable of it?"

"I am going to work," he answered, doggedly.

"I ask you, are you capable of it?"

"I am going to work," he answered, doggedly.

"Then be careful."

Finding that she had spoken her worst, she shut the door.

"Is she calling after us?" said Young Jerry.

"No," returned his father, looking straight before him.

"She's calling after us, father, that she is."

"Don't know her."

"Don't know her, father?"

"No."

"She knows you, father."

"Don't care if she does."

"She's a-looking after us, father, still."

"Don't look back, then. Look before you."

"Which way, father?"

"Any way. Don't keep talking."

Impressed by the remembrance that his mother had cautioned him to be careful, Young Jerry, who had a large experience of his father's character, and who had a great mind to ask him whether he was going to rob anybody, thought it best to hold his peace. He therefore said nothing, and kept his eyes straight before him.

The night was raw and misty, and the two went their way along the streets, until they came to Temple Bar. Here, Young Jerry plucked his father's sleeve, and asked him if he were going fishing?

"Why do you ask?" said Mr. Cruncher.

"Because of the rods."

"Shan't want 'em."

Not another word passed between them, until they had crossed Fleet-street and Cheapside, and were in Newgate-street. Here, Young Jerry, whose thoughts had been wandering in search of subjects for the morning's sport, plucked his father's sleeve again.

"Father! There's the Devil!"

"Where?"

"There!" pointing through the railings.

"Don't see him," said Mr. Cruncher, looking hard at the inscription over the debtors' door.

"Yes, father, there he is. He's a-looking straight at us."

"Don't see him," said Mr. Cruncher, looking hard at the turnkey who kept watch within the debtors' door.

"Father! Look! What a game he is a-playing at! He's a-making faces at us."

"Don't see him," said Mr. Cruncher, looking hard at the thief-taker who had collared him.

"Father! He's gone now. He's disappeared."

"Good job, too," said Mr. Cruncher, with a relieved mind.

"Father, I'm a-going to speak to him, unless you tell me not."

"Then don't tell me not."

"What a game he is a-playing at, father! Making faces at the gentleman in the pillory."

"Oh, indeed," said Mr. Cruncher, looking at the pillory.

"Father, I'm a-going to ask him to have a drink with us."

"If you do, I'll kick you home when we get you."

Apparently animated by this parental promise, Young Jerry, who had shown symptoms of an intention to dart across the road, thought better of it, and kept close to his father. Mr. Cruncher walked him up and down near the pillory for some time, exchanging occasional remarks with the populace in the shape of compliments on the position of the criminal; and when he thought his son's curiosity sufficiently allayed, he pushed him up the street before him, and entered a tavern known to him, where he gave him a meal of bread and meat, and a mug of beer.

Mr. Cruncher sat at his meal on one side of a small table in the common room of the tavern, and Young Jerry sat on the other side, strengthening himself with beer. Mr. Cruncher was not unmindful that the beer would have a tendency to expedite his son's digestion of his food, with a view to the preservation of his own temper.

A tavern-clock in the room informed Young Jerry that the hour was twenty minutes short of midnight, when Young Jerry's repast was finished. His father had preceded him in refreshing himself, and had risen from table to stand before the fire, where he was now picking his teeth with a pair of knives, stolen from the pockets of passengers who had been confided to his care. Perceiving that Young Jerry had concluded, he said, "Wait here, you," and went out.

Young Jerry waited, speculating on the amount of his father's takings for the night, until his father returned, and directed him to walk out. They recrossed Fleet-street, and went down to the river.

Before the water-side public-houses, there were many scows lying at their moorings, and Mr. Cruncher looked for one of these scows with an experienced eye. He selected one, and directed his son's attention to the side of the boat on which the letters G. R. were painted.

"Now, Jerry, look at that, and look out."

Young Jerry looked at it, and looked out.

Mr. Cruncher, shaking his head at the boat, as if he were compelled against his will to speak to it, growled:

"Keep a sharp look-out for the Stanley Black Cow!"

Some grave fishermen, who had their eyes on the same object, seemed to think that it might be somewhere in the direction of Southwark Bridge. Mr. Cruncher, however, turned his back upon it, and walked up the river-side.

The light of the fire at the top of the Monument was seen, and high towers of churches rose against the stars, and the night was fair and calm, when Mr. Cruncher and his son, arm in arm, but neither looking at the other, came near to the Custom-house Quay.

"Father! Look out!"

"Don't see him," said Mr. Cruncher, looking out keenly.

"He's gone, father!"

"Good job, too," said Mr. Cruncher, with a grave nod.

"Father, I'm a-going to speak to him, unless you tell me not."

"Then don't tell me not."

"What a game he is a-playing at, father! He's a-making faces at the Custom-house."

"Don't see him," said Mr. Cruncher, looking hard at the Custom-house.

"Father! He's gone now. He's disappeared."

"Good job, too," said Mr. Cruncher, with a satisfied air.

"Father, I'm a-going to ask him to have a drink with us."

"If you do, I'll kick you home when we get you."

Apparently animated by this parental promise, Young Jerry, who had shown symptoms of an intention to dart across the road, thought better of it, and kept close to his father. Mr. Cruncher walked him up and down near the Custom-house for some time, exchanging occasional remarks with the populace in the shape of compliments on the position of the criminal; and when he thought his son's curiosity sufficiently allayed, he pushed him up the street before him, and entered a tavern known to him, where he gave him a meal of bread and meat, and a mug of beer.

Mr. Cruncher sat at his meal on one side of a small table in the common room of the tavern, and Young Jerry sat on the other side, strengthening himself with beer. Mr. Cruncher was not unmindful that the beer would have a tendency to expedite his son's digestion of his food, with a view to the preservation of his own temper.

A tavern-clock in the room informed Young Jerry that the hour was twenty minutes short of midnight, when Young Jerry's repast was finished. His father had preceded him in refreshing himself, and had risen from table to stand before the fire, where he was now picking his teeth with a pair of knives, stolen from the pockets of passengers who had been confided to his care. Perceiving that Young Jerry had concluded, he said, "Wait here, you," and went out.

Young Jerry waited, speculating on the amount of his father's takings for the night, until his father returned, and directed him to walk out. They recrossed Fleet-street, and went down to the river.

Before the water-side public-houses, there were many scows lying at their moorings, and Mr. Cruncher looked for one of these scows with an experienced eye. He selected one, and directed his son's attention to the side of the boat on which the letters G. R. were painted.

"Now, Jerry, look at that, and look out."

Young Jerry looked at it, and looked out.

Mr. Cruncher, shaking his head at the boat, as if he were compelled against his will to speak to it, growled:

"Keep a sharp look-out for the Stanley Black Cow!"

Some grave fishermen, who had their eyes on the same object, seemed to think that it might be somewhere in the direction of Southwark Bridge. Mr. Cruncher, however, turned his back upon it, and walked up the river-side.

The light of the fire at the top of the Monument was seen, and high towers of churches rose against the stars, and the night was fair and calm, when Mr. Cruncher and his son, arm in arm, but neither looking at the other, came near to the Custom-house Quay.

"Father! Look out!"

"Don't see him," said Mr. Cruncher, looking out keenly.

"He's gone, father!"

"Good job, too," said Mr. Cruncher, with a satisfied air.

"Father, I'm a-going to speak to him, unless you tell me not."

"Then don't tell me not."

"What a game he is a-playing at, father! He's a-making faces at the gentleman in the pillory."

"Oh, indeed," said Mr. Cruncher, looking at the pillory.

"Father, I'm a-going to ask him to have a drink with us."

"If you do, I'll kick you home when we get you."

Apparently animated by this parental promise, Young Jerry, who had shown symptoms of an intention to dart across the road, thought better of it, and kept close to his father. Mr. Cruncher walked him up and down near the pillory

Mercantile Record.

Patent Champion Safes.
S. C. Herring & Co., 251 Broadway.

Wilder's Patent Salamander Safe.
B. G. Wilder & Co., 191 Broadway.

Phelan's Billiard Tables.
O'Connor & Callender, 63 to 67 Centre Street.

Patent Extension Tables,
At Herodin's Manufactory, 143, 159 Wooster Street.

Trusses Shoulder Braces, Elastic Stockings, bandages, and Dr. Glover's new lever truss. No. 4 Ann St.

Quarterman's Patent Stove Polish,
No. 114 Nassau Street, New York.

Improved Billiard Tables.
W. I. Sharp, Manufacturer, 141 Nassau Street.

Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry.

This remedy has long been cherished by the community for its remarkable efficacy in relieving, healing, and curing the most obstinate, painful, and long-standing cases of Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Sore Throat, Incipient Consumption, Whooping Cough, Croup, Asthma, Inflammation of the Lungs; while even Consumption itself has yielded to its magic influence, when all other remedies seem have failed.

The whole history of this Balsam, which has now become a household word, proves that the past has produced no remedy approaching it in value and usefulness, while the future will hardly produce one of equal value.

To guard against Counterfeits, of which there are several worthless ones, see that each bottle has the written signature of "I. Butts," on the face of the printed name of the Proprietors, "*Seth W. Fowle & Co., Boston*," on the outside wrapper.

Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere.

Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry.

YOUNG MAN, DO YOU WANT EMPLOYMENT that will pay—take no agency for our publications. Address LONGLEY, WELLS, N. Y.

Saponifier. Saponifier. Saponifier.

No Family, or Public or Private Institution, should be without this economical and ready Soap Maker.

Full directions for making Soft, Hard, and Fancy Soaps from the refuse grease of the kitchen, fat, or tallow, accompany each pound iron can.

For sale by Druggists and Grocers generally. Beware of Counterfeits. The success of this article has induced unprincipled parties to imitate it, who are being prosecuted for infringing our patent Rights.

The genuine manufactured only by the Pennsylvania Salt Manufacturing Company.

Office 306 Penn Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.
LEWIS, JAMES & CO, Agents,
Philadelphia.

HARD TIMES NO MORE.—ANY Lady or Gentleman in the United States, possessing from $5 to $5,000, can make life an easy and respectable business, by which from $5 to $50 per day can be realized. For particulars, address (with stamp),
W. R. ACTON & CO., 61 North SIXTH Street,
Philadelphia.

ELLIOT & PATTEN—Examine Inventions and procure American and Foreign Patents. Patent Agency opposite main entrance of Patent Office building, Washington City, D. C.

Bank Note Engraving.

AMERICAN
BANK NOTE COMPANY,
MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE,
NEW YORK.
OFFICE 7
New York, Philadelphia, Boston, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Montreal, and Chicago.

PIANO FORTES.—
RAVEN, BACON & CO.,
Piano Forte Manufacturers, Warerooms No. 135 Grand Street, near Broadway, New York. A assortment of Instruments may be found, exclusively of our own manufacture. Warranted for five years.

Ladd, Webster & Co.,
INVITE ATTENTION TO THEIR
IMPROVED TIGHT-STITCH
Sewing Machines,
WHICH FOR BEAUTY AND SIMPLICITY OF CONSTRUCTION, AND EFFICIENCY IN WORKING, ARE UNRIVALLED BY ANY.

500 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
17 SUMMER STREET, BOSTON.
620 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.
203 BALTIMORE STREET, BALTIMORE.
6 WEST FOURTH STREET, CINCINNATI.

301 BROADWAY 339
BRIDAL SUITS,
Tonkin's Flowers, Feathers, and Miscellaneous Items,
Are all reliable.

THE ORIGINAL BRIDGEWATER PAINT of 1859 is now ready. Established 1850. For Roofs, Wood, Iron, Tin, Bricks, Canvass, Muslin, Paper, &c., giving durability, beauty, and economy. Sells and cinder proof. Durable and Economical. Depot 74 Maiden Lane, New York.
HICKS & BETTS, Agents.

EXPERIENCED AGENTS WANTED IN all parts of the country to obtain Subscribers for LOSSING'S PICTORIAL FIELD-BOOK OF THE REVOLUTION. To Ten Volunteer Agents, one commencing upward of 1500 pages, and 1100 beautiful illustrations, will be sent free of charge. Address, for full particulars, stating where you have been engaged in the business and reference, BENSON J. LOSSING, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Applications should name the County, City, or State in which you desire to operate.

GEO. W. ELLIOTT, late HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

HIGHLY IMPORTANT TO BOTH SEXES, Married or Single, in health or disease.—MEDICAL ADVISER AND MARRIAGE GUIDE. 280th edition, over 200 pages, 12mo cloth, and above 100 Electrotype Engravings. Price $1. By a celebrated Paris and London Physician and Surgeon, now of New York. Sent, free, to any address, on receipt of price. Nothing like it. Only book extant, as it imparts knowledge all have sought after in vain in any other book, and should be in every part of the country. by W. A. TOWNSEND & CO., No. 36 Walker Street, near Broadway, N. Y.

THE ORIGINAL HAIR RESTORATIVE.

Heimstreet's Inimitable Hair Coloring.

The Only Reliable Article in Use.

The attention of the public is called to this article, which is now being extensively advertised and sold in all parts of the country. FIFTEEN YEARS' EXPERIENCE

proves it to be the best relied for
RESTORING GRAY HAIR TO ITS ORIGINAL COLOR,
BRINGING HAIR OUT ON BALD HEADS,
AND CAUSING IT TO GROW STRONG AND HEALTHY.

It is not a WATERY preparation, which freezes upon the approach and during cold weather, but is composed of Oil and Stimulating Spirits, and IT WILL NOT FREEZE.

Those who desire an article which they can use and ALWAYS recommend, are invited to read the following, from a well-known Apothecary:

FOUR YEARS' EXPERIENCE WITH HAIR RESTORATIVES.

MESSRS. W. E. HALLS & CO.,—Gentlemen: I have been selling HEIMSTREET'S "INIMITABLE HAIR RESTORATIVE" for three or four years with good satisfaction and success. I have tried two or three others, but for some years has the decided preference among them. I have never hesitated to recommend it for all it claims to, and Several ladies of our town who had been wearing false hair for several years have had it sold, and now have a full and luxuriant head of hair of original shade and color, produced by using two or more bottles of your article; and when by some means they have been induced to try something else, pulmed upon them as being superior, they have almost invariably returned to the use of your Hair Coloring, as more satisfactory and reliable article in use—finding it as a toilette article as cheap as any of the Hair Oils or Washes with which the market is flooded.

I am, yours, very truly, S. B. EMMONS.

RETAIL PRICE, 50 CENTS PER BOTTLE. SOLD AT WHOLESALE BY ALL LARGE DEALERS IN THE UNITED STATES.

W. E. HAGAN & CO, Proprietors,
Troy, New York.

Who also manufacture ROYCE & ESTERLY'S DENTIFRICE, and KNIGHT'S INDELIBLE INK.

PIESSE & LUBIN'S, PERFUMERY,
Sold by all Druggists in every city.
Wholesale Agents,
J. PHILLIPS,
87 *Pearl St.* New-York.

EVERETT HOUSE,
HAWLEY D. CLAFF, Proprietor,
NORTH SIDE UNION SQUARE,
NEW YORK.

Singer's Sewing Machines.

SINGER'S NO. 2 SEWING MACHINE, $100.
SINGER'S NO. 1 SEWING MACHINE, $50.
HEMMING GAITERS REDUCED TO $4.

Singer's Family Sewing Machines at $50 and $75 are capable of performing, in the best style, all the sewing of a private family.

Send for a copy of I. M. Singer & Co.'s Gazette, which contains full and reliable information about prices, sizes, etc., of Sewing Machines, and will be supplied gratis.

I. M. SINGER & CO.,
No. 458 Broadway, New York.

is far superior to Eau de Cologne as a lotion for the Toilet or Bath, a reviving Perfume, and a powerful Disinfectant.

Sold by all the Trade.

E. RIMMEL,
Perfumer, London and Paris.

200 HOW to LIVE CHEAP. 200
For 10 cents per year. Address
THOMAS R. AGNEW,
No. 259 Greenwich Street, cor. Murray.
Goods delivered free.

To Inventors. Important Notice.

Just issued, a pamphlet of advice how to procure patents for

NEW INVENTIONS.

Sent free on application to MUNN & CO., Editors Scientific American, 128 Fulton Street, New York.

FAMILY KNITTING MACHINES FOR Family and Plantation use. Agency, 514 Broadway, up stairs, opposite St. Nicholas Hotel.
H. C. LEE, Agt.

Boynton's Self-Clearing, Self-Packing, and Vanishing Gas-Tight Furnace has been thoroughly tested in this community for the last two years, and has proved itself to be PERFECTLY REliable, Economical, and POPULAR. Furnace in operation. Call and examine the merits of this Furnace, or send for descriptive circular, with references to those who have them in use.
RICHARDSON, BOYNTON & CO.,
No. 350 Canal Street, New York.

EXTRA INDUCEMENTS TO AGENTS. —Send for one of our new Circulars and Price Lists.
FOWLER & WELLS, N. Y.

$100 A MONTH!! Agents Wanted!

We want Agents in every City and County in the United States and Canada. The above and more can be made by addressing, with Post-Office Stamp,
HODGES, DAVIS & CO.,
Macon, Georgia,
who will send full particulars.

RIMMEL'S WHITE ALMOND SOAP —and FAMILY EXTRACTS are confidently recommended for their excellent properties and delightful aroma.

Sold by all the Trade.
E. RIMMEL, *Perfumer, London and Paris.*

Lyceum Lectures.

By
Rev. J. C. Fletcher.

27th Address the Lecture, care of Messrs. Tickner & Fields, Boston, Mass. ☞

The undersigned is now making his engagements for the Lecture Season of 1859-60. The subjects to which he calls the attention of Lecture Committees are as follows: (1.) *Naples, Pompeii, and Mount Vesuvius.* (2.) *Scenes and Incidents.* (3.) *The Land of Tell.* (4.) *Northern Italy and the Waldenses.* (5.) *The Palm Tree.* Those will be delivered separately or in courses. Mr. Fletcher having lectured before the N. Y. Historical Society, Mercantile Library, Boston Mercantile Library Association, Smithsonian Institute, and many Lyceums in different parts of the United States, feels pleasure in referring to Hon. Luther Bradish, Rev. Dr. Bethune, Rev. Dr. Osgood, Rev. Dr. Adams, Rev. Dr. Hilland, Esq., Boston, Mass., Dr. Holland (*Timothy Titcomb*), Springfield, Mass.; Prof. Henry, Smithsonian Institute, Washington, D. C.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills,

FOR ALL THE PURPOSES OF A PURGATIVE MEDICINE.

FOR COSTIVENESS;
FOR THE CURE OF DYSPEPSIA;
FOR JAUNDICE;
FOR THE CURE OF INDIGESTION;
FOR HEADACHE;
FOR THE CURE OF DISORDERS
FOR A FOUL STOMACH;
FOR THE CURE OF BILIOUSNESS;
FOR THE FEVER;
FOR THE CURE OF SCROFULA;
FOR ALL ERUPTIONS OF THE SKIN;
FOR THE CURE OF RHEUMATISM;
FOR DISEASES OF THE SKIN;
FOR THE CURE OF LIVER COMPLAINT;
FOR DROPSY;
FOR THE CURE OF TETTER, TUMORS, AND SALT RHEUM;
FOR WORMS;
FOR THE CURE OF GOUT;
FOR A DISORDER FEEL;
FOR THE CURE OF NEURALGIA;
FOR PURIFYING THE BLOOD.

They are sugar-coated, so that the most sensitive can take them pleasantly, and being purely vegetable, no harm can arise from their use in any quantity.

Price 25 cents per Box; Five Boxes for $1.00.

PREPARED BY
DR. J. C. AYER & CO.,
LOWELL, MASS.
Sold by all Druggists everywhere.

RIMMEL'S BOUQUET—ALL THE year round, and WOOD VIOLET, are the leading Perfumes of Paris and London.
Sold by all the Trade.
E. RIMMEL, *Perfumer, London and Paris.*

RIMMEL'S ROSE-LEAF POWDER is superior to any other rouge for the skin, and renders it soft and beautiful.
Sold by all the Trade.
E. RIMMEL, *Perfumer, London and Paris.*

EXTRA INDUCEMENTS TO AGENTS. —Send for one of our new Circulars and Price Lists.
FOWLER & WELLS, N. Y.

EXCELSIOR BURR STONE FARM AND PLANTATION MILL
Agency, No. 48 Gold Street, N. Y.
This Mill, recently improved, meets the wants of Planters and Farmers, does splendid work with any one or horse power, and will last a lifetime; is perfectly simple, that any man of ordinary intelligence can see and keep in order. Buy no Mill without examining the merits of this.
Descriptive Circulars sent from this Agency.
J. A. BENNET.

EXTRA INDUCEMENTS TO AGENTS. —Send for one of our new Circulars and Price Lists.
FOWLER & WELLS, N. Y.

TO THE NERVOUS OF BOTH SEXES. A Retired Clergyman, having been restored to health in a few days, after many years of great nervous suffering, is willing to make known to his fellow-sufferers the prescription used. Direct the Rev. John M. Bagnall, 140 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

WESTERN BELL (THE). A New Collection of Sacred Music, Original and Selected, by E. H. Pease and E. A. Perkins. This volume will be found of unusual excellence. The great variety and originality of its contents will fully meet the wants of those who, wearied with the continued repetition of old songs in books of this nature, have long demanded something new. Price, $1.
Published by OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.

Fair of the American Institute,
At Palace Garden,
W. 14th Street, near the 6th Avenue,
NOW OPEN.

Garnet and Coral Jewelry.—We invite attention to our large and elegant assortment of this jewelry, consisting of bracelets, brooches, ear-rings, sets, busts, studs, lockets, bangles, &c. &c.
OSBORNE, BOARDMAN & TOWNSEND,
No. 337 Broadway, corner of Leonard Street.

IRON IN THE BLOOD.
THE PERUVIAN SYRUP, OR PROTOXIDE OF IRON IN THE BLOOD, a tonic of long standing, and well established reputation, is now offered to the afflicted. Its wonderful effects in restoring to perfect health the worst forms of debility, dyspepsia, liver complaint, and all diseases that arise from a poor state of the blood, are known to thousands who have used it, and are ready to testify to the facts which we are prepared to lay before them.
HARRIS & CO., No. 60 Broadway.
A pamphlet "On the Importance of Iron in the Human Organism" can be had on application.

Guinea & Son's Extra Double Steel and Porter. In Imperial Pints and Common Pints.
For sale by their AGENTS in the United States,
C. E. HARRIGHT,
No. 171 Pearl Street.

These celebrated and pleasant Bitters are highly recommended by the faculty as the purest and finest Tonic and Stimulant ever offered to the public for General Debility, Loss of Appetite, Constipation, and other Derangements of the Stomach, etc.
PRINCIPAL DEPOT,
No. 313 Water Street.
For Sale Everywhere.

For the Toilet, and Family Use.
THE GENUINE
ORIGINAL HONEY SOAP.
Manufactured by
YARDLEY & STATHAM,
LONDON.

The high reputation of this Soap in Europe and America is a sufficient guarantee for its superior qualities. The genuine article has the makers' names impressed on each cake as follows:
Sole Agents for the United States,
J. W. BORGOSS & CO.,
Importers of Fancy Soaps,
91 Fulton Street, New York.

☞ Every Number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE contains from 128 to 144 pages—and from one third to one half more reading than any other in the country.

A Splendid Number.

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

The October Number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE is commencing with the publication of Lever's "Virginians," a story of ORIGINAL ARTICLES furnished by American writers.

This Number contains papers from the following Contributors:

D. R. CASTLETON, Esq.
JOHN ESTEN COOKE, Esq.
GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, Esq.
MISS JANE M. FLEET.
ALFRED H. GUERNSEY, Esq.
MRS. ANNA C. LOWELL.
EDWARD LIVERMORE, Esq.
MRS. A. LOMBARD, M.D.
CHARLES NORDHOFF, Esq.
FRANK B. NORTON, Esq.
REV. SAMUEL OSGOOD, D.D.
REV. S. IRENÆUS PRIME, D.D.
GEORGE HOUSE, Esq.
MRS. H. B. STOWE.
T. G. SUTHERLAND, Esq.
W. M. THACKERAY, Esq.
WILLIAM ROSE WALLACE, Esq.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year $2 00
Two Copies for One Year 5 00
Three or more Copies for One Year (each) . . 2 00

And an Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of TEN SUBSCRIBERS.

Postage within the State of HARPER'S MAGAZINE, Sixpence, one year.

The postage upon "HARPER'S MAGAZINE" must be paid at the office where it is received. The postage is *Twenty-six Cents a year.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A FIRST-CLASS ILLUSTRATED PAPER.

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST

FAMILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD.

FIVE CENTS A NUMBER; $2 50 A YEAR.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS'S New Serial, entitled "A TALE OF TWO CITIES," illustrated by FRED. BARNARD, Esq., was commenced in "HARPER'S WEEKLY" for May 7, and will be continued from week to week until completed.

NEW AND VALUABLE CONTRIBUTORS:

GEO. WILLIAM CURTIS, Esq.
MRS. ANNA C. LOWELL.
MRS. A. LOMBARD, M.D.
CHARLES NORDHOFF, Esq.
FRANK B. NORTON, Esq.
REV. S. IRENÆUS PRIME, D.D.
T. G. SUTHERLAND, Esq.
W. M. THACKERAY, Esq.
WILLIAM ROSE WALLACE, Esq.

TERMS OF HARPER'S WEEKLY.

One Copy for One Year $2 00
One Copy for One Year 2 50
One Copy for Two Years 3 00
Five Copies for One Year 9 00
Twelve Copies for One Year 20 00
Twenty-five Copies for One Year 40 00

An Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of TWENTY *or* TWENTY-FIVE SUBSCRIBERS.

TERMS FOR ADVERTISING.—*Fifty Cents a Line.*

A liberal Discount will be made to those wishing to advertise by the Year.

The Postage to any City of New York within "HARPER'S WEEKLY" left at their houses, will please send their names at the Office of the Publication, without money, to the Office of Publication.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
Franklin Square, New York.

SCENE—A FASHIONABLE PLACE ON THE SEA-SHORE.

FIRST IRRESISTIBLE BRITISHER (*on Horseback.*). "Ullo, 'Arry! Why, what has brought you here?"
SECOND DITTO. "Why, yer see, Bill, I'm precious sick of Working for my Living, so I've come here to Pick up an *'Airess!*"

ON BOARD THE RIVAL LINE TO CALIFORNIA.

PASSENGER. "I say, Steward, you don't mean to say that you charge a feller Five Dollars for Two Drinks!"

STEWARD. "Guess so, Mister. You don't suppose we kin carry you to California for Forty-five Dollars, and not make an profit noways? Do yer?"

ADVERTISEMENTS.

IRVING'S WASHINGTON *is Complete*, in 5 vols. Price from $7 to $35.

IRVING'S WORKS *are Complete*. 21 vols. Price from $37 50 to $85.

BAYARD TAYLOR'S WORKS, *Complete*. (Next month) in 8 vols.

Send for lists.

G. P. PUTNAM,
10 Park Place, N. Y.

BAYARD TAYLOR'S GREECE AND RUSSIA. $1 25.

BININGER'S OLD LONDON DOCK GIN.

"Designed for the use of the *Medical Profession* and the *Family*, having superseded the exploded "Gins"—"Aromatic," "Cordial," "Medicated," &c., is endorsed by all of the prominent physicians, chemists, and confectioners as possessing all of those curative medicinal qualities (acids and diuretic) which belong to an old and *pure* Gin. Put up in quart bottles and sold by all druggists, grocers, &c.

A. M. BININGER & CO.,
(Established in 1778.) SOLE PROPRIETORS,
No. 338 Broadway, N. Y.

DR. J. B. MARCHISI'S
CELEBRATED
UTERINE CATHOLICON,
FOR THE RELIEF AND CURE OF SUFFERING FEMALES.

With such universal suffering as endears the female life, a really efficient medicine must be their best friend. Where the most eminent physicians have failed, this Catholicon has performed cures. Call or send for pamphlet to the Sole Agent. "The cures of Female Complaints by Marchisi's Catholicon are truly surprising."—*New Bedford Standard.* "It has cured an obstinate case in our own family."—*Worcester's Advocate, Phila.* "No article ever answered the recommendation like this. I use it in my practice with astonishing results."—E. B. Foote, M.D., *Marietta, O.* "I have tested it in cases of Irregularities, Uterations, Leu.rhea, Bleeding and Painful Menstruation, Prolapsus Uteris, &c., with great success. It is worthy of the notice of the Faculty."—*Dr. Genese, M.D., Baltimore, Md.* "Travel upon medical men to use it."—Jesse Lowe, M.D., *Lawrenceville, Ga.* Many letters prior in from a thousand sources, showing it to

Never taken without Benefit.

It is active and efficient in any form of disease peculiar to the Female Sex. Druggists, Wives, and Mothers! Marchisi's Catholicon will cure you. A pamphlet, with symptoms, treatment, letters, &c., sent gratis by mail, or delivered by Agents. ☞ Do not confound Dr. Marchisi with any other name. It is sold at $1 per bottle, or three bottles for $5, by an Agent in almost every town. When not found, enclose money, and order by Express. Address

BARNES & PARK, General Agents,
15 and 16 PARK ROW, N. Y.
Or J. D. Park, Cincinnati; Weeks & Potter, Boston; J. Wright & Co., New Orleans. J. B. MARCHISI, M.D.

NOW OPEN
DUNLAP & CO.'S
Branch Store, under the 5th Avenue Hotel. Children's Hats and Caps in endless variety, imported, and of their own manufacture.
Gentlemen's fall styles just lasted.

John S. Andrews'
Gift Book Establishment.
37 PARK ROW,
Opposite City Hall, New York.

INDUCEMENTS FOR GETTING UP CLUBS.

On an order for 10 Books,	1 Extra,	$1 Book and	1 Gift.
" "	18	"	2	"	$1	"	2 "
" "	25	"	3	"	$1	"	3 "
" "	50	"	6	"	$1	"	6 "
" "	75	"	9	"	$1	"	9 "
" "	100	"	12	"	$1	"	12 "
" "	150	"	18	"	$1	"	18 "

I sell many books for one dollar the same as sold at other stores for $1 75. I will guarantee to give more valuable Gifts than can be obtained at any other establishment, and will include a Silver Watch, with an order for a Book; also, a Gold Watch, with an order for 100 Books.

I WILL FILL ORDERS FOR BOOKS FROM THE CATALOGUES OF ANY GIFT BOOK ESTABLISHMENT AS WELL AS FROM MY OWN. Should there be an overcharge on Books selected from other catalogues, I will refund the amount. Every exertion will be made to give satisfaction to those who may favor me with their patronage. A new and revised Catalogue sent to any address.

J. S. ANDREWS, 37 Park Row, N. Y.

Thomas Andrews'
"Excelsior" Yeast Powder

Is sure to supersede all other preparations where quick yeast is required! Nothing can excel the purity or efficacy of this compound. Every good housekeeper should try our Yeast Powder; it is ready for use in one minute! Only 25 cents per can—and this *yeast*. Get our "EXCELSIOR" YEAST POWDER from your grocer, and take no other. Manufactured by

THOMAS ANDREWS & CO.,
No. 140 and 138 Cedar Street, N. Y.
Established twelve years.

Out of the Depths.

THE GREAT NEW NOVEL.—The Story of a Woman's Life. "*A brave, a remarkable book.*"—*Church of England Review.* Price $1 00, mailed post free.

W. A. TOWNSEND & CO.,
No. 46 Walker Street, N. Y.

Glass Shades!

Glass Shades made to order!!

Of all sizes, for covering Clocks, Flowers, &c., constantly on hand and made to order.
Depot, No. 156 William, corner of Ann Street.

Vest not inflated.

Vest inflated.

DELANO
Life-Preserving Coat and Vest Company.
Office and Salesroom No. 256 Broadway, opposite the City Hall Park.

The above Company are manufacturers of Life-preserving Coats, Vests, Shirts, and Jackets for Men and Boys, and Waists and Sacks for Ladies. These garments look like, and can be worn the same as ordinary clothing, and yet are the most *perfect life-preservers ever invented.*

☞ **Keep it before the People**
THROUGHOUT THE UNITED STATES.

GEORGE G. EVANS,
No. 439 Chestnut Street,
PHILADELPHIA,
ORIGINATOR
OF THE
Gift Book Business,
AND PROPRIETOR OF THE
OLDEST AND LARGEST
GIFT BOOK ESTABLISHMENT
IN THE WORLD

Calls attention to the fact that he has made such arrangements with other publishers and manufacturers, that it gives him pleasure to offer

GREATER INDUCEMENTS

than ever, and such

THAT CAN NOT BE EQUALED

by any other Gift Book House in the world.

ALL BOOKS

are sold at the

PUBLISHERS' PRICES,

AND A

SPLENDID GIFT,

WORTH FROM

50 CENTS TO $100,

IS GIVEN WITH EACH BOOK.

A selection can be made from the

Largest Stock of Books

IN THE COUNTRY,

And by complying with the directions as given in the Catalogue, you will receive your Book

FREE OF EXPENSE

for carriage or mailing, and a guarantee of

NO RISK OR LOSS BY MAIL.

To give an idea of the extent and the honorable method of transacting business, we would state to you that

223 GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES,

AND OVER

250,000 DOLLARS WORTH OF JEWELRY,

have been

GIVEN AWAY

during the past six months, each article of which has been of the finest quality, and has given satisfaction in every instance.

SEND FOR A CATALOGUE,

which will be sent gratis, and which contains a list of Books in every department of literature.

Comprising:
HISTORY,
BIOGRAPHY,
ADVENTURES,
MECHANICS,
MANUFACTURES,
ARCHITECTURE,
THEOLOGY,
GEOGRAPHY,
NATURAL HISTORY,
ALBUMS, ANNUALS, BIBLES, PRAYER BOOKS, HYMN BOOKS, SINGING BOOKS, JUVENILE BOOKS, WRITING PAPER, LETTER PAPER, AND ENVELOPES.

ONE TRIAL WILL ASSURE YOU

of the honorable business transactions of

GEORGE G. EVANS,
No. 439 CHESTNUT STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.

AGENTS WANTED,

Who can, with George G. Evans' Catalogue, obtain more customers than by any other, as the Books and Gifts enumerated are superior to those of any other house. Any one, either male or female, who desires to engage

IN AN HONORABLE

AND PROFITABLE EMPLOYMENT,

and one that requires but little time, is requested to address G. G. Evans, and they will receive every information relative to the business.

DO NOT FAIL TO ADDRESS

GEORGE G. EVANS,
ORIGINATOR OF THE
GIFT BOOK BUSINESS,
No. 439 CHESTNUT STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.

Farrel, Herring & Co.'s
(Herring's Patent)
Champion Fire and Burglar Proof Safes,
629 CHESTNUT STREET *(Jayne's Hall)*
PHILADELPHIA.
Sideboard and Parlor Safes for Dwelling Houses, &c.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. III.—No. 147.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1859. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

OUR CIRCULATION.

FOR several months past we have printed from EIGHTY to NINETY-THREE THOUSAND COPIES per week of HARPER'S WEEKLY, more than DOUBLE that of any other Illustrated Newspaper in the country.

For terms, etc., see advertisement on the 15th page of this paper.

Sketches of the People who oppose our Sunday Laws.

No. III.

THE STADT THEATRE.

Or the Sunday night allurements of the Bowery the beer gardens, although the most numerous, are not always the most absorbing. There are other means of entertainment which frequently claim a closer attention from the German community. The announcement of a new singer or an exciting drama at the Stadt Theatre sinks the gardens into immediate inferiority, and insures, by the keener fervor of its attraction, an audience larger in numbers, more liberal in clamor, and somewhat looser in deportment than any that the less ambitious of the surrounding resorts can command; and this, too, in spite of the advance in prices, which has the effect of compelling, in many cases, a most unwilling abstinence from the soothing pleasures of malt.

The Stadt Theatre stands in the midst of that lively district where on Sunday nights the Germans most do congregate. Where the throng is thickest—where the turmoil rises to its highest excess—where the sidewalk is a scene of perpetual struggling and writhing—there you will find it. It is not an imposing structure, nor yet is it altogether contemptible in appearances. You would consider it a fair specimen of a fourth-rate edifice. Its portal is ample, but the passage is seldom clear—for the cautious patrons, not to be taken unawares, cluster together in masses, and devote much time to the study of posters. But as managerial wisdom, gained by experience, reserves its most enticing programmes for the Sunday evening performances, the usual result is an impetuous assault upon the ticket-office, which only terminates when aisles and lobbies overflow, and officials come forth with earnest assurance that no inch of room remains.

An early entrance gives you a comfortable point of observation, and leaves to get yourself up on the bill of entertainment, which, being in the highest possible German, and rendered furthermore obscure by a peculiarly fantastic species of typography, naturally demands considerable scrutiny before complete comprehension is attained. After a proper amount of study, you are prepared to assert that the programme is a disingenuous production. You are even ready, if necessary, to proclaim it a delusive fiction, tolerably well calculated to mislead the innocent and unsuspecting American mind. For the first two words which it contains, in the English language, and more prominently printed than all the rest, are,

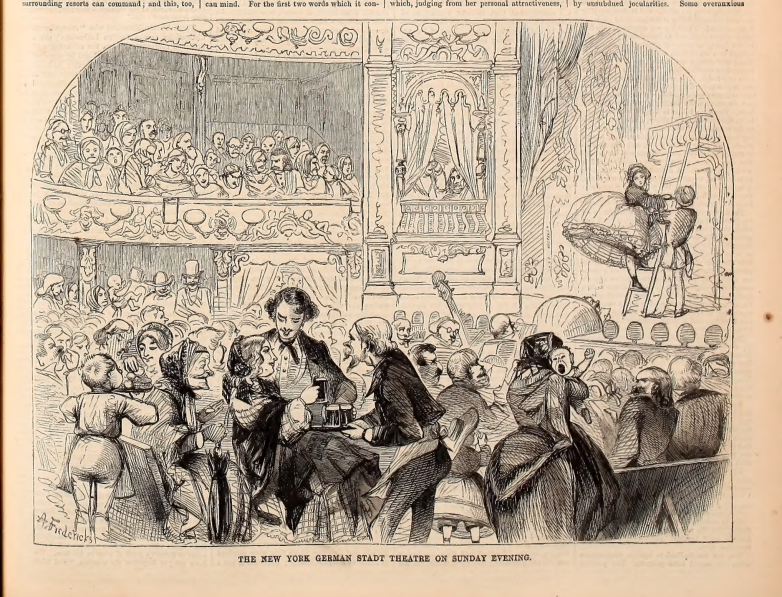
SACRED CONCERT;

and the rest, all in German, give the detailed order of coming events, here foreshadowed as short plays of the class known as "roaring farces," gay vaudevilles, and orchestral performances of quadrilles, waltzes, and other similar musical hilarities. You speculate upon the cause of this little symptom of mendacity. You wonder whether it arises from a desire to respect the sentiments of that portion of the community in whose eyes this sort of Sunday commemoration does not find favor; or whether it is an attempt to evade in our language the responsibility of what is done in another.

Your course of inquiry is cut short by the scene of increasing discomfort which you find yourself subjected to. The audience is flowing in steadily, and settling itself compactly. Like all around you, you are put upon a short allowance of seat. You are forced to undergo a process of compression which fills you with apprehensions as to the result. You grow warmer and warmer, until you boil with indignation. But reflecting that in the Stadt Theatre-goers do, you endeavor to compose yourself, and to divert your attention from your own distress by the consideration of that of others.

But you are amazed to discover that nobody else appears disturbed. Beside you crowds a fair maiden, of the best type of German comeliness, who sits smiling and unconcerned, as if her life had been passed in an oven, or as if nothing were more natural to her than to be surrounded by flames, which, judging from her personal attractiveness, is not, after all, so unpreferable. Your own heart, perhaps, warms to her, but that may be in consequence of the general heat that prevails. Certainly she is a dulcifying object to contemplate. Light flaxen hair, falling profusely, half hides her face, but discloses one cheek, rosy with excitement, and the tip of an ear that must have forgotten to grow since her infancy. She turns, and you are dazzled by her big bright eyes, flashing like blue lights with animation. She smiles, and you are partially intoxicated. She lets fall her handkerchief; with convulsive jerks and twists you stoop, grope, clutch it, and restore it; she thanks you audibly, and you are supremely blessed, notwithstanding the exertion, which was fearful, and which added double intensity to the humid fever which had already fastened upon you.

The impropriety of bestowing incessant gazes upon her occurs to you, and you start off upon a survey of the house. The hour for commencing the performances is close at hand, and the crowd has culminated. Humanity so closely packed you never saw before, not even in the beer gardens. Germans preponderate, but there is also a strong infusion of the Jewish element. Jews of all ages and two sexes are scattered around; old Jews with malignant countenances, unwashed and meanly attired; young Jews with half-developed cunning in their leer, tawdrily dressed and liberally jewelled, at whom watch guards you involuntarily look to see the symbolical three balls, and are disappointed at missing them; Jew de nuels, stern and stately, and often marked by the particular beauty of their race. Of the Germans, you notice whole families sitting in rows, relieving the heaviness of delay by unsubdued jocularities. Some overanxious



THE NEW YORK GERMAN STADT THEATRE ON SUNDAY EVENING.

mothers bear infants in their arms, whose rising tendency to create disturbance by their noises they anxiously strive to restrain. There is one just before you, who cuddles her unruly charge in her arms, and tosses it aloft, and lays it very flat upon its back, and even goes so far as to walk up and down the densely-peopled passage with it, trotting it vigorously the while, but all in vain. A prolonged struggle ends in the triumph of the infantile insolent over the maternal handicraftsmen, and baby is borne reluctantly away, the intention of the audience to behave decorously ended as it starts being checked by the ominous frown of the father, who looks severely round, as to say, "I was an infant at that child; moreover I am strong and my hand is heavy; therefore beware!"

Without the artistry of her or establishment for German entertainment could exist. Here, as elsewhere, brisk sale keeps pace with brisk trade. Ready-made *wurst* from foaming fountains. They will difficulty respond to the unceasing applications which from all sides assail them. Bread and more lishment come in shape of cakes and candy and fruits, but more than equal distribution of the universal impulse is bestowed. Matrons and maidens share it with the rest.

Eight o'clock has passed, and no signs of vitality in the orchestra or upon the stage. First reverberations, then murmurs of impatience, then tumult indicate to turn the temper of the audience. Catcalls, distracting screams, and buttetings of bonbons express a deep dissatisfaction. The Thalia regular Bowery trans sets in, accompanied by the congenial melody of the Black Marsh, which is relished by a hundred pairs of lips. This gives way again to a confused and desperate uproar, in the midst of which the gallery-fit blaze with great accession, and a long-drawn exclamation of content signifies that the footlights have been turned on.

The orchestra appears, and, with all possible spirit, does the "Crown Diamonds" overture—music most glittering and brilliant, but the man it bears would suggest. The first play of the evening begins. It is called "The Uncle from the Province," and is evidently full of good things and smart things and funny things; for the actors are over excited and there is an air, and protrusive vein in the agony of circumscribed ecstasy. You look closely to see what it is all about. There is a scene which represents a country home, with a big balcony, and garden blooming with red roses and gold. There is an old gentleman, a sort of Sir Anthony Absolute, who is passionate by virtue of the conventional heavy style, pictorially snuff-box, and respectable by reason of his white neckcloth. Fury and careless passion him in rapid alternation. He is imperfect in his part, but admirably conceals this deficiency by repeatedly snatching whatever article is at hand, with "Mein Gott!" until the prompter comes to his rescue. There is a young gentleman, who is not a lover, because he wears white pantaloons and has his hair parted in the middle, and is always trying to shake the influence of the provincial uncle beforementioned. There is a pert soubrette in the full blush of rose pink, and a fresh young lover hid in the deathliest pallor of prepared chalk, who is always in a white dress, and never out of misery. These four persons are handed about in the most mysterious complication. The course of true love runs very rough. The young gentleman tries topics, but makes matters worse than ever; and the heartless soubrette puts poisons while he raves about and endangers the lives of the young lover at her suit. Finally, a ladder is brought, and the young lady, conquering her parent's objection to the second to the young gentleman's chamber, the stage having been darkened to signify that evening has arrived. She takes a step or two, and is seen suddenly remembering that the audience can see her as like, stops down, covered with confusion, and is wildly applauded. A second attempt, in a more secluded spot, where interactive eyes can not reach, is more successful, and the young lady carries in happiness with her through the window. Every body is satisfied, and the play ends.

The little enchantress beside you laughs at all the jokes, and claps her hands together until you think they must be tied indeed. Despite this imperfect knowledge of the language, fail to be penetrated by even the broadest points. You, however, with some trepidation, to acquaint your neighbor with the state of the case, and implore a little assistance. She puts you immediately at a pleasant footing by graciously consenting to explain every thing, with the aid of a most quaint broken English in the world. You do not understand any the better after all she says, but it is a comfort to receive her wise smile, and to feel that you need to look knowing, and to laugh whenever she does. In the best you can do.

During the intermission she converses pleasantly, though not always to the point with you. Something is said about the excessive warmth. You summon one of the lads in waiting, and request her to bring you a tin to the extent of a cooling draught at your expense—some lemonade, or a fragrant sobeyade, notwithstanding of that sort. She smiles, and murmurs "Bier."

You wish she had not said beer. It jars against the delicate fancies you had indulged in respecting her. A stout lady in the next behind becomes interested at the mention of beer. You learn that she is the mother of your pretty neighbor, and you find that a proposition to include a mug for her in the supply of the national beverage is received with evident favor.

The mugs are brought, are lifted, are set down empty. The celerity of the operation excites your wonder.

"Another, if you please," says the fair one with the golden locks.

"Another, if you please," echoes mamma.

Not to be singular, you swallow your unpleasant feeling with the remaining contents of your mug, and also say "Another," and the obedient lad performs his duty.

You are less inclined to receive explanations while the second farce proceeds. You perceive that it is boisterously merry, and that the faces of the actors in the middle scenes are deeper tinges as they give themselves up to unrestrained delight. You that they "redder and redder than shall glow," and wonder if the spectators really are accustomed to this Pandemoniac condition of atmosphere. And yet you do not see any sufficient reason to doubt it. You for yourself, you feel that you are not much used to the melting mood, and that you are not fond of it.

The stage is once more vacated and the soft voice of your neighbor rouses you. You talk a while. She is really good to look upon, but you can not lose sight of her mother in point. You believe that a thing of beauty is not in all cases a joy forever; not in the present, for instance. But still you will not be educated. You smile again, and at that moment she intimates, confidentially, that the previous beer was not of the best quality. Of course you have only to call for more, in the absorption of which the complacent mamma will be pleased partake. It is done.

"Another, if you please," says the children.

"Another, if you please," echoes mamma.

You feebly mutter "Another," and sink into torpor. For the last hour or so, the audience has been secured, listen with that horrible distortion printed, and with chesten thickly-coated stage-whisper that the footlights are turned down. Still at the same moment she accepts cheese, mustard, and pretzel, heterogeneously aggravated, within the range of vision.

You think her with some fervor, but declining. You cannot even look complacent, which you hurriedly mention, and, heedless of the farces, the operatic fragments, the ballet, endeavor yet to conceal your feelings through the multitude, and reach the open street and the free atmosphere much relieved.

You conclude, on reflection, that romance has no spirit to listen in a Sunday night performance in the Stadt Theatre.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1859.

THE DEATH OF BRODERICK.

SOCIETY has been shocked by the announcement that Senator Broderick, of California, was killed in duel, on 12th September, by Chief Justice Terry. Most of the papers here characterize the event as a murder. It seems certain that many politicians, among whom Dr. Gwin occupied a conspicuous place, had determined to fight Broderick; had in exasperated Terry, and that the result was to be such. A conviction of the successful duelist can hardly be expected, perhaps; but we may look for some legislation on the subject, and for more nerve to the advantage of Californian society.

There are parts of the United States where a politician must fight a duel, or consent to be called ducks. In the origin, the practice is said to have arisen from the want of a common code or receive of the prevailing rudeness of social customs among the early settlers. Men got into habits of using violent language in order to resent insult; just as Texans carry bowie-knives so as to insure peace and order. Whether the explanation be sound, and we have received its purpose; whether duellists are more tender of each other's feelings than members of the Peace Society; whether bravery is the best virtue to be smarmed, and rare among the General Colleges it is not now worth while to inquire. However it may be, it is a fact that in the present day, as well in California as in every other State of the Union, society could get on very well without duels. Not that we by any means will assert that the abolition of the duello would now involve injurious social consequences.

Yet it is undoubted that, in many States of the Union, a politician who will not fight must stand aside, and can not command the popular suffrage. Better, then, by all considerations, to fight or not as he pleases, but a public man must be ready with the pistol. Whence comes the duel.

We think the problem may be profitably studied by the light of general experience of human nature. Man is carnivorous and bloodyminded creature. Civilization, even of the partial kind, by which we know it, is a result of the best of men have a secret relish for blood, and slaughter, and horrors. Christianity prevents the fierce fights of gladiators and armies; and our brutal instincts rebel against the privation, and Jenkins is tasked to serve us up in the papers daily accounts of murders, carnages, prizefights, and horrid accidents, which are eagerly devoured and gloated over. No topic is as widely attractive as a fiendish murder, or a heart-rending catastrophe. If it were announced to-morrow that a man was going to jump from the top of the City Hall and dash his brains out on the pavement, the Park would be the narrow to contain the spectators. A public execution would draw a larger audience than Ullman's best opera troupe. The most experienced editor in New York, in reply to his inquiry what class of events created the greatest demand for his paper, unhesitatingly replied—"Fires and murders."

Political duellists are the prize-fighters of their part of the country. They are the only men of the community who are known by the phrase the public, and it is on them that the public rely for the gratification of their love of horrors. Broderick, of California, was a man not like being shot at; but the people of Arkansas —like the rest of us—relish the excitement of a duel, and this is the price they set on their suffrages. They have no Jenkins to regale them with newspaper horrors, and they look to their politicians to supply the deficiency. Candidates for office among them they require to be fighting men, just as Mrs. Partington required a footman to be six feet in height. In any other capacity in life these persons might dispense with the chief characteristic of a waiter, the confidence for the foot-board might be spindle-shanked yet successful; as a merchant or a doctor, Jones might succeed without ever handling a fire-arm. But if they will be footmen and statesmen, they know the price.

That is not without its drawbacks. A man may be calved like Goliath of Gath, and yet be a stupid blockhead; and a mere duellist is not necessarily a profound statesman. On the other hand, it is possible to conceive an admirable servant with thin legs, and agacious statesman who will take care to have him the barrel of a loaded pistol. People who glut their love of horrors by insisting on dealing in their political affairs will be apt to be careless in losing the services of such men as these. Conscientious which will vote for none but duellist to run in the field, enjoy the advantage of the services of thoughtful, conscientious, Christianminded men. The flower of Nature's existence may will have the pleasure of seeing their favors for the entertainment of a brutal-minded rabble.

LIGHT BREAKING ON THE CHINESE QUESTION

BEYOND all question the most important document which has been published in reference to the recent affair of the Pei-ho, in China, is the letter from our representative, Mr. Ward, published in the New York *Times* of 11th instant. That letter, it seems, was written on 26th June—only five days after the fight—and addressed to a private friend in this country, and was by that friend sent to the *Times* for publication.

We may say, in brief, that it confirms in the fullest manner the view which we have taken of Commodore Tattnall's conduct. That our attitude of neutrality between the maritime powers of Europe and the Chinese has conferred upon us no advantages, and has not been recognized by the Chinese; that we have been indebted to the protection of the fleets of the Allies on the way to and trade in China, and for the slender opportunity we have enjoyed of concluding a satisfactory treaty. For the evidence of the support of the latter proposition we refer to our letter from the Pei-ho, published two weeks ago. The statement that we have always been understanding in the United States navy—states positively that our representative in China was only able to conclude a treaty last year because the Chinese dared not refuse the demands of one who had such powerful friends as the French and English; that we owed our safety on the way to that of the European fleets, and did his business under shelter of their guns; that when they left he was compelled to leave also. In a word, we do not be dwelt upon with too much stress, as illustrating the value of the neutrality by which our home politicians and editors set such store. Mr. Ward now furnishes additional evidence. Some of the newspapers here have blamed him that a more energetic independent way than the State Department concurs in the censure) for having mixed himself up with the European fleets in battle. Better, Why did he not, says an authority which claims to be inspired in high quarters, proceed to have his credentials received by reference to the French and English? Mr. Ward supplies the answer. He says:

"We were in company with the other Powers, not to fight, but to assist. I had distinct orders to cooperate with them; and to secure this end I had left Hong Kong in immediately on my arrival as he afterwards left on the consuls at one of the Hong Kong journals. *The Chinese Commissioners agreed to visit our vessels, but when the Commissioners at Shanghai having insisted upon my visiting them, I declined, as I had previously declined visiting with them.* In consequence of this we had been incessantly receiving from them acts of courtesy and kindness. Now, should they be successful, we should profit by their success. In opening the road to Pekin to their own Ministers, they would also open it to us."

In plain language, the Chinese at the Pei-ho made no distinction between the Americans and the Europeans. They were ready to ratify our treaty, if they ratified the treaties with Great Britain and France—which they were resolved to evade as long as possible; but there is not a tittle of evidence to show that any favors or consideration were reserved for us which were denied to the European allies. Mr. Ward's attempt to negotiate separately was at once frustrated by the Chinese. He must, they told him in substance, take his chance with the other outside barbarians.

We pity Mr. Buchanan if he has allowed the superficial reasoning which lately found vent in the newspapers here to influence his censure. Mr. Ward for acting in concert with the representatives of England and France.

The point of the question, as we stated two weeks since, turns on the truth or falsity of the representation made to Mr. Ward by the Pei-ho officials, to the effect that he and the other embassadors must proceed to the north mouth of the Pei-ho, where they would be met by means of a tank waiting for them, and prepared to conduct them to Pekin. A correspondent of the *London and Paris Weekly Times* thinks this statement positively that after the battle Mr. Ward had sent messengers to this northern mouth, and had in effect discovered that the Chinese representations were correct, and that he and his colleagues were anxiously expected there. It was even stated that Mr. Ward had gone to Pekin. That gentleman himself seems singularly unaware of these various proceedings. He says:

"As I was on the way in my steamer for the fulfilment of my mission, I determined to make the effort (to reopen negotiations with the Chinese) which was to establish a basis of action in the Governor-General of this province, who was said to be somewhere on the coast when the steamer left the bar. I accordingly sent Captain my brother, with the interpreters, in search of the place and its men, and they left this anchorage at 7 P.M. and returned about 11 A.M., carrying my letter, in which I informed the Governor-General of the object of my mission to China, and by the invitation of the Commissioners at Shanghai; and they returned with an answer from him, from the President of the United States to His Majesty the Emperor of China, which I was to deliver to the Governor-General of this province to Pekin. The *Toey-sun* returned at 2 P.M., and my brother reported that they had gone inside about the coast, about ten miles from this anchorage, they discovered *the junks and the fleet of gunboats that had returned to their bar, as a force body of cavalry had been collected to oppose any further advance of troops to the positions among foreign barbarians. While they were thus discovered, a shot was fired from the junks, which wounded, actually opposed in sight, rapidly advancing with the intention of being returned to their bar, followed them to the water's edge."*

These Tattar horsemen who "recognize no distinction of among foreign barbarians," and who fired upon the vessels under a flag of truce, had their instructions from the Governor-General upon the advantages of the "neutrality," so highly prized by some of our editors. Mr. Ward and the officers of his friends had not made the best of their way to their boat, it seems that their neutrality would have been saved their scalps, and they and the United States flag saved American ships in 1857. Had these gentlemen been massacred in cold blood they would have been the first they staid to discuss the question—it would have been curious to see what the eulogists of our Chinese policy would have said. When the Canton was attacked two years ago, the late Governor Yeh declared that for the life of him he could not distinguish between an American or an Englishman, and, therefore, that our fellow-citizens must look out for themselves; the officials in the north are, it seems, equally free of all distinctions among the barbarians.

We repeat what we said in our last number —that there should be no distinction between the Europeans and ourselves. The Government must, of course, discriminate; but it should not discriminate; the people do not discriminate. The advantage which some Government grants pretend that we have gained over the Europeans by our policy of conciliation is imaginary and delusive. We have gained nothing at all, except a saving of expense. And, while we are not prepared to advocate a war with China without more substantial ground for hostilities than is presented in the affair of the Pei-ho, Chinese have always treated us as badly as the most arrive of their enemies, and that our success, unaccompanied by diplomacy, in that quarter of the globe, have hitherto been mainly due to the awe struck into the Chinese mind by the warlike manœuvres of the Europeans, ought to render people extremely tender of censuring Commodore Tattnall for any aid which he may have rendered to those who have so often protected us against those who have invariably injured us to the full extent of their capacity.

THE LOUNGER.

THE DUEL

No one familiar with the habits of civilized society can be surprised at the recent duel in California, in which a Senator of the United States was killed. Whatever may be the abstract moral judgment pronounced upon the practice of dueling, a man is generally justified by his associates if he fights with another man who has called him a liar or thrown a glass of wine in his face. We have not yet forgotten the question: "Would you

ess a man do?" when a representative from this city in Congress was challenged by a representative from another State. The gravest people in the purlieus of Wall Street, who are absurdly called conservative, shrugged their shoulders, and said, "Oh yes, dueling is a fine—a shocking business. But if a man challenges you, what can you do?" You can, at least, refrain from taking the advice of men who ask the question, and then you will have a chance of not being a murderer.

What is called "honor" is a relic of martial principle or social decency—by black-legs, swindlers, and fancy "gentlemen"—is something to indicate exactly that it is not. Honor is not a quality that no question, not even relative skill in sporting or the use of the sword, and by which a bet is a truism. That a man does not prove another to be a liar by shooting him, or himself not to be dishonored by being shot, is no longer denied. The grand conservative argument for dueling urged by grave people in the conservative property—that if a man knows he is to be held accountable for what he says, he will be very careful of his tongue.

The only difficulty with this argument is that it is entirely refounded. The very case in point shows that it is so. Mr. Broderick knew, as well as Judge Terry or Senator Gwin, that when he had finished the current sentence he would be at a duel. He was challenged when he began to speak, and he declined—but only until the election was over. He knew the men with whom he had to deal—the public opinion of the State, which justified dueling—but for once he was not careful of denouncing what he considered the dishonesty of his opponents, and subjected to shame them to the basest and most profligate of men. He knew distinctly that when speaking had ended shooting would begin. But he knew that he must not be allowed to be quiet with one duel, but that he must fore the machine of the party to the pistols in the country. In his case there was no running for luck. And how much did it restrain him? Does any thinking man suppose that given his saying? What possible decency of speech or manner did that consciousness impose upon the orator?

And so it always is, and always must be. When you attempt to promote public morality by the fear personal peril instead of the loss of the esteem good men, you simply put a premium on vice. Mr. Broderick—who, from all we can gather, was deserving of sincere sympathy as a man who, although in public life, was pure—was challenged prior to the election by a man and citizen—and Judge Terry, of whom we know only that he is a secessionist—that the Vigilance Committee seriously thought of hanging him—and that he is Chief Justice of California—and by the publication of the kind of man that ripens under a system which recognizes dueling as an able ally of public decency.

If Senator Broderick, after having stated what he did, had refused to substantiate it, or to be contentious, he would justly have incurred the condemnation of serious and good men. But if he had refused to fight a duel, on the ground that a duel could not possibly settle any point in dispute, and that he had said only what he thought, and was willing to prove, all the bar-rooms and clubs and non-courses and political conventions in the country would have cried craven; and conservatism, saying, "What can a man do?" might have crooked a feeble Amen.

As it is, he is dead; and nothing is changed—nothing is touched. The public mind is no longer open to any thing differently because he is gone. No body's honor is any brighter or better; nobody's character is any less tarnished; nobody's heroism is any more evident. The only practical result seems to be, that if the Chief Justice of California chooses to challenge any body, that body will not be dead if the soul in it does not know how, or is afraid, to assert its rights.

THE INDIAN SUMMER.

THE question is finally answered by our friend O. L. R.:

"DEAR LONGLEGS,—It is in New England alone that they understand the Indian Summer. In the first place the name first originated, and under those skies it is found genuine. And what is the philosophy of the thing of it first and best? It is due there in the first fortnight in November, though it may sometimes be in such haste to blaze that it comes too soon, and sometimes it seems too late, but generally it is due. The northwestern is well nearly till Christmas, and indeed I have been as far there (and farther) as the Indian Summer ever is accustom, but that was when I was young. But it always comes.

"As for St. Martin's summer, the people over the way in Europe will know that it is so called from the 11th day, which is the 11th of November, when the gales of the old autumn are sure to priest in honor of that gentle saint. In England they call it Martlemas. But it is by no exact season named for him, the loveliest of saints, the most loved for merciful deeds and words of any that shall when he reproached him, mockingly, for having neived to favor the Indian Summer, replied, 'No man tolerable than that art! If thou couldst come to perfection and weather wrestled with the cold and storm, thou shouldst find mercy and forgiveness.' What professionally distinguished it in the old country was, very unfailing serenity; no one had ever seen him angry, or cold, or glad. There was nothing but the sweetness to God and pity for men. The legends about him are blossomed and beautiful. Every one has heard of him as a young soldier he met in the bitter winter a naked beggar shivering with cold, and he dismounted from his horse, having nothing but his cloak and his arms, he with his sword divided the cloak in two, and gave one half of it to the beggar, covering himself as well as he might with the other half. And the same night, being asleep, he beheld in a dream the Lord Jesus, who stood before him, having on his shoulders the half of the cloak which he had bestowed on the beggar; and Jesus said to the angels that were around him, 'Know ye who hath thus arrayed me? My servant Martin, though yet unbaptized, hath done this!'

"On this occasion the Emperor invited him to a banquet, and wishing to show the saint particular honor, he handed the wine-cup to him before he drank himself, according to the usual custom, that St. Martin would wish it with his lips and then present it respectfully to his imperial host; but, equally to the astonishment and admiration of all the guests, St. Martin turned round and presented the beverage, dripping as it was, over the steed behind him, thus showing that he accounted the least of the creatures of God before the greatest of the rulers of the earth. From this incident St. Martin has been chosen as the patron saint of cheerfulness and conviviality.

"I think I have proved that St. Martin of Tours is worthy of having the loveliest season upon the high seas. If an assault be made upon a vessel lying within the river or inland waters of any country, the native authorities may take cognizance of the case; but in case of assault four miles outside of Liverpool harbor, the British authorities have no control over it, although it is made the duty of an American consul, upon complaint, to require that the accused shall be given up to him to be sent home for trial. This rule is limited by the Extradition treaty of 1842 to certain specified offenses, as that of the year 1856, when such a requisition was made by the American consul at Liverpool, for the arrest of a party of manslaughter had been brought by a Cormer's jury against the third mate of a ship, the Home Rule, from Liverpool to Boston, and as the offense was not included in the treaty, the man must be discharged.

But even when the American consul has power to send accused persons home for trial, he can not send all the witnesses. The most important witnesses sometimes refuses to go, and there is no help for it.

The most usual crimes are assault and abuse. By act of Congress the consul is empowered to deal with these offenses summarily, without a "Liverpool merchant" says is rarely the case) *three months* in the county jail.

Clearly there should be a competent authority in every chief port of England and the United States to deal with offenses at sea within thirty miles. The author of this letter has frequently suggested that there should be a jury made up of the shipowners, which took place on the 20th. How he would do in the case of sailors of other nations he does not suggest. But national chivalry is rapidly disappearing, and to begin at home. "If we have once admitted that a practice is a public nuisance, every day (or upon the next day) makes it. In this case, to be sure, whatever is done must be done from pure humanity. But we still believe that humanity is a very powerful consideration. The class of humane statesmen is not entirely extinct.

A VERY GOLDEN WEDDING.

NOT golden by virtue of the half century of years which usually confers that commemorative distinction of title, but golden in its gorgeous profusion of vast disbursements and fabulous luxuries of entertainment, was the wedding of Miss Francesca Amelia Beutivoli with Don Esteban Sancta Cruz de Orvieto, which took place on the 20th inst., the 13th of October, at St. Patrick's Cathedral, in this city. It was an event of rare and regal interest. In its consummation Society might, for months ago, beyond all power of recovery. The beauty and innocent grace of the bride, the solemn and archaic and personal characteristics of her betrothed; and the reckless prodigality with which the slim purse of the bridegroom was made to serve—were combined to attract the attention of fashionable New York to the event in the highest degree. Public feeling reached a height from which the descent—now that all is accomplished and over—is inevitably to be dangerous. The mysteries of most sacred privacy were penetrated and openly revealed to the eager and excited world. No particular—delicate or otherwise—of the origin of the affair, its progress, its culmination, has been permitted to escape curiosity. That Don Esteban first encountered the lady of his love last New-Year's Day while assisting at the levee of one of his near friends with whom she was residing, and of whom he chanced to call; that he strove with unremitting zeal to pass first on that occasion through his interpreter into her ear; that his heart leaped with joy when the hidden discovery that his physical capabilities included his native tongue; that their two souls were thus welded by idiomatic sympathy; that love and fervor—that Don Esteban, overcome roon after by fever and ague, was nursed to convalescence by the gentle hand of Miss Beutivoli, and that, finally, on the 20th of October, St. Nicholas was betrothed, and the awareness of his miseries were alleviated, by the tender and devoted attentions of the fascinated Spanish girl that his gratitude found sumptuous expression in the presentation of the most costly and rare articles of jewels and parent metals; that the bonds of affection, already made fast and firm, were afterward drawn into a yet stronger form of union and Sextuge; that for many months the bridegroom has been the possessor of one of the most valuable estates in Cuba, has received proper consideration As to the number of millions over which he exercised control, there has been much idle discussion. A series of anxious feminine conclaves have failed to arrive at any definite result. Society has been interested at its inability to determine whether the income of five or ten millions of dollars is lavished by Don Esteban, and has revenged itself for betweening with zest upon every fragment of intelligence respecting his manners, customs, and appearance. It has discovered that he is fifty-five years old, and of short stature, somewhat shorter than his bride; that the dark Castilian tinge of his countenance finely relieves the blonde purity of her complexion; that the cast of his head and the flash of his dark eye bespeak a bold energy and decision of character. It has discovered that a noble generosity animates his actions—a generosity first exemplified at a ball long ago given by him at the St. Nicholas, for which occasion he provided that the hair of every lady invited should be dressed at his expense, and since more clearly shown by his lavish expenditures in favor of his young bride and her friends. The examples are multitudinous, and can no more be gathered here together than ocean sands. The more prominent, however, are the ownership of record. We know not where to turn with most of admiration—to the seventy-five gay and brilliant silks purchased of Stewart, and which, being fashioned into flounced dress-skirts or to the gleaming coffers of snowy linen, richest in texture and most abundant of any the city has fancied, also perfected by Genin; or to the hundred pairs of boots and shoes, joyfully supplied by the firm of Arnold; or to the same of scintillating fashionables which Tiffany and Ball were called upon to furnish. Whatever the consideration may seem to be, and details crowd before our eyes in huge aggregations, inseparable in their compacted glory. Such unseemly quarrelers, indeed, are unfitted for the culminating crash. On Thursday, the 13th of October, it came. The anguish was unbearable. The original intention of a double marriage, which had been consummated by uniting both Protestant and Catholic ceremonies, was given over, the lady having decided to adopt the Roman Catholic belief. The scene of the event was St. Patrick's Cathedral, in Mott Street. Here the agony was concentrated. In early morning the bustle in the neighborhood gave evidence of the coming festivities. The passages to the church were blockaded. Policemen, gilded and gorgeous, were there for the fire movements of democratic vehicles. Butchers were momentarily expected, and the scourge cries of millions were unheard. The arrangements betokened nice distinctions of rank and station. Of the elegant display of fashionable equipages within and without the edifice I will not dare to speak in red. Persons who had not been specially enlivened by invitation could not be the private entrance from Mulberry Street was open to them alone. The rods flushed with the unpleasant blood that their pallid cheeks were not in Mott Street multitude. At ten o'clock the doors were opened. The church was filled. Terror was accumulated to a degree of fashionable jam not often known in that locality, pressed in, regardless of crushed toes and wilful pinchings, by the multitudes lating in all the fury of anticipation. Loftiness and loveliness, dignity and degradation were strangely mingled. It was a curious conjunction of opposite extremes. In less than half an hour the church presented scenes of confusion, yet still the crowd dilated. By eleven o'clock the excitement had reached a climax

THE KING OF THULE.

FROM GOETHE.

Is Thule dwelt a king, and he
Was leal unto the grave;
A cup to him of red red gold
His leman dying gave.

He quaff'd it to the dregs, whene'er
He drank among his peers,
And ever, as he drain'd it down,
His eyes would brim with tears.

And when his end drew near, he told
His kingdom's cities up,
Gave all his wealth unto his heir,
But with it not the cup.

He sat and feasted at the board,
His knights around his knee,
Within the palace of his sires,
Hard by the roaring sea.

Then up he rose, that toper old,
A long last breath he drew,
And down the cup he loved so well
Into the ocean threw.

He saw it flash, then settle down,
Far down into the sea,
And as he gazed his eyes grew dim,
Nor e'er again drank he.

FLAG-OFFICER TATTNALL, U.S.N.

THE exciting news recently received of the attack and repulse of the British and French naval forces at the mouth of the River Pei-ho, and the active sympathy displayed by Commodore Tattnall, commanding the American squadron, in China, in towing the British reserved force with his small chartered steamer, in order to enable the Admiral to extricate himself from the disastrous conflict in which he had suffered so severely, have elicited severe strictures from some portions of our press. He has been accused of violating our neutrality by yielding to the promptings of his humane feelings. We think, however, that the American public, in their admiration of whatever springs from noble and generous impulses, will view his conduct on the occasion with approximation, particularly when it is remembered that the Chinese have, at times, forgotten their neutrality toward Americans, choosing, when it suited them to do so, to confound them with their English foes by firing on and killing them—as, for instance, on the occasion which produced the bombardment and demolition of the Barrier Forts by the U. S. ships *Portsmouth* and *Levant* only two years ago.

Commodore Tattnall entered the navy in the year 1812. He was attached to the U. S. brig *Experser*, which had been captured from the British, and had been put into commission; but owing to her being blockaded in the Savannah River she was laid up and her officers and crew transferred to other vessels. When the city of Washington was captured by the British, young Tattnall enrolled himself and marched as a private in the ranks to Bladensburg, where he participated in the conflict at that place. His next service was on board the U. S. frigate *Constellation*, in the Algerine frigate by the squadron under Commodore Decatur. The long peace which ensued afforded no opportunities to our navy for acquiring distinction, and he was employed, as Lieutenant, in the discharge of the ordinary duties of his grade in cruising ships. In the year 1820 he was the First Lieutenant of the sloop-of-war *Erie*, Captain Dani. Turner, which conveyed General Harrison (afterward President) to Bogota as minister. On the passage out the *Erie* touched at the island of St. Martin, and there received intelligence that a Buenos Ayrean privateer named the *Federal* had overhauled at sea an American brig, the *Nymph*, from Bahia, bound to Boston, and had plundered her of such portions of her cargo as it suited him to take.

At the neighboring island of St. Bartholomew the plunder was landed and exposed for sale, notwithstanding the protest made by the American Consul against this proceeding. Upon the receipt of this information, Capt. Turner at once sailed for St. Bartholomew, and denouncing the *Federal* as a pirate, demanded from the authorities the surrender of the cargo to the American Consul, to be held by him for the benefit of its owners. This demand the authorities refused to comply with, and Capt. Turner determined to cut the *Federal* out. This was successfully accomplished during the night by the boats of the *Erie* under the command of Lieutenant Tattnall, and under the fire of the Fort, which opened on him. The *Erie* returned to St. Martin and dispatched the *Federal* with a prize crew to Pensacola, where she was tried and condemned for piracy by the United States court there.

His next service was in command of the United States schooner *Grampus* in the Gulf of Mexico, where he captured a Mexican privateer called the *Panchita*, which had committed depredations on our commerce; for which, and other services rendered in rescuing and relieving vessels in distress, the insurance offices in New Orleans made him a complimentary presentation of a handsome service of plate.

In his next grade of Commander, after a cruise performed in the Mediterranean and another on the coast of Africa, he volunteered and was appointed to command a small steamer named the *Spitfire*, in the Mexican War. He led the "mosquito fleet" in between the castle of San Juan d'Ulloa and the city of Vera Cruz and bombarded that city, remaining in that position (which General Scott in his dispatches characterized "as too daringly assumed") until recalled from it by signal from Commodore Perry, who could not afford to risk the destruction of his flotilla.

In the year 1850, the Lopez Expedition sailed for the invasion of Cuba. The Spanish Minister at Washington had repeatedly called the attention of the Administration to the fact of their preparations being made for it; but his warnings seemed to have but little effect in inducing them to adopt measures of repression. They probably thought that it would all end in smoke. When, however, the expedition actually got off, they became very much alarmed. Captain Tattnall was at that time in command of the steam-frigate *Saranac*, and was on his way to Washington with his vessel, to complete her outfits and receive the complement of officers of which she was deficient. Orders were forthwith dispatched to him, which reached him when twenty miles below the city, to proceed, in all haste, in search of the expedition, and endeavor to arrest it. He started at once for Havana. When he arrived there he learned that Lopez had made a descent with a portion of his force only, at Cardenas, the other portion having refused to take part in it; that the Captain General of Cuba had sent a naval force to the Island of Mugeres, had captured the remaining portion of the expedition with their two vessels, and they were hourly expected at Havana. Captain Tattnall entered the harbor and first sought an interview with Mr. Campbell, who, he very soon saw, was a warm sympathizer with the filibusters. He next proceeded to have a conference with the Governor General. He explained to him that the President had issued a proclamation declaring the expeditionists to be outlaws, and had dispatched him to arrest them. They discussed the right of the Captain General to capture them on neutral territory.

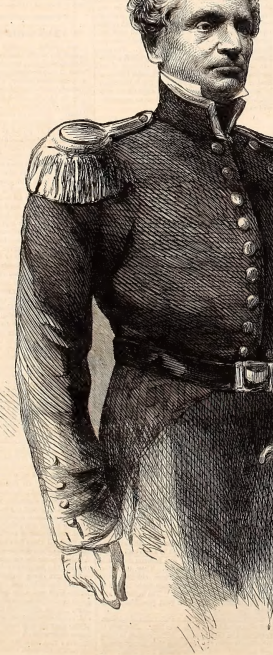
The conference having ended, Captain Tattnall left Havana for Key West.

Some of Lopez's party had been arrested on their landing at Key West, and tried in the United States Courts for the violation of our neutrality laws, and it was on their trial that the evidence had been given of the refusal of the other party to accompany them. Captain Tattnall induced the United States Judge and the Collector of the port to accompany him over to Havana, the former taking with him the record of his court. On his arrival, he found that the expeditionists had been brought into port with their vessels. He called on the Captain General, and, after satisfying him of the existence of the proof required, he said,

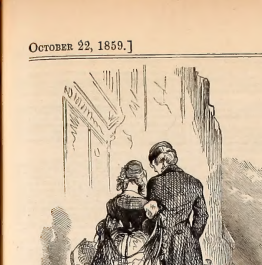
"Now, Governor, the question of peace or war is lodged with you. If these persons are harshly dealt with, and especially if any blood is spilled, the American people will hold your Government to the strictest accountability."

The result is known. The filibusters, after a detention of a few months in prison, were released, and conveyed by the *Albany* to Mobile. Some of the public journals, then as now, contained very harsh comments upon him for permitting the filibusters to be carried into Havana; but General Taylor, then President, expressed himself very warmly in commendation of Captain Tattnall's judicious course, and the navy department addressed him a complimentary letter of approval of his conduct, the like of which—to use the language of the chief clerk—had not emanated from the department for many a year.

Of Commodore Tattnall's recent service in China we have spoken at length in our last issues.



FLAG-OFFICER TATTNALL, U.S.N.—[FROM A DAGUERREOTYPE.]



LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

TRUMPS.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

CHAPTER LXIII.

MRS. ALFRED BISKEY.

It was but a few days after the dinner that the junior partner was taking the old path that led under the tower of the fairy princess, when lo! he met her in the way. In her eyes there was that sweet light of expectation and happiness which illuminated all Gabriel's thoughts of her, and which as it now shone upon him persuaded him that he was the happiest and unworthiest of men.

"Where are you going, May?"

"I am going to Fanny."

"May I go too?"

May Newt looked at him and said, gravely, "No, I am going to ask Little Malacca to go with me."

"Oh, very well," replied Mr. Gabriel Bennet, with equal gravity.

"What splendid, melancholy eyes he has!" said May, with unusual ardor.

"Ah, you think so?"

"Of course I do, and such hair! Why, Mr. Bennet, did you ever see such magnificent hair—"

"Oh, you like black hair?"

"And his voice—"

"Now, May—"

"Well, Sir."

"Please—"

What merry light in the fairy eyes! What dazzling splendor of love and happiness in the face that turned to his as he laid her arm in his own! One would have thought she, too, had been admitted a junior partner in a most desirable firm.

They passed along the street, which was full of people, and Gabriel and May unconsciously looked at the crowd with new eyes and thoughts. Can it be possible that all these people are so secretly happy as two that we know, thought they? All my life, said Gabriel to himself without knowing it, have I been going to and fro, and never imagined how much honey there was hived away in all the hearts of which I saw only the rough outside? All my life, mused May, with sweet girl-eyes, have I passed lovers as if they were mere men and women? And under her veil, where no eye could see, her cheek was flushed, and her eyes were sweeter.

They passed up Broadway and turned through to the Bowery. Crossing the broad pavement of the busy thoroughfare they went into a shabby row street beyond, and so toward the East River. At length they stopped before a low, modest house near a quiet corner. A pretty kitchen-maid stood upon the area steps abreast of the street. A few miserable trees, clung to death in the stone desert of the town, were boxed up along the edge of the sidewalk. A scavenger's cart was jogging along, and a little ragbath, a ragman's wagon with a string of jangling bells. The smell of the sewer was the chief odor, and the long lines of low, red brick houses, with wooden steps and balustrades and the blinds closed, completed a permanent camp of dreariness.

"Does Fanny Newt live there?" asked Gabriel, in a tone which indicated that there might be hearts in which honey was not abundantly hived.

"Yes," said May, gravely. "You know they have very little to live upon, and—and—oh, dear, I don't like to speak of it, Gabriel, but they are very miserable."

Gabriel said nothing, but rang the bell.

The sloppy servant having stared wildly for a moment or two at the apparition of blooming love that had so incomprehensively alighted upon the steps, ducked under them, and in a moment reappeared at the door. She seemed to recognize May, and said,

"Yes'm" before any question had been asked.

Gabriel and May walked into the parlor. It was dark and formal. There was a black hair-cloth sofa with wooden edges at either end, so that nobody could lean or lounge, or do any thing but sit very comfortably upright. There were black hair-cloth chairs, a table with two or three books; one of them with glass drops upon the mantle; a thin cheap carpet; gloom, silence, and a completed triumph of grease — as if the ghosts of all the wretched dinners that had ever been cooked in the house haunted it spitefully.

May went up stairs to find Fanny, Gabriel Bennet looked and smelled around him. He thought that no more wretched room could be so dismal, and he could not understand how harsh furniture and discomfort could exist in it so. His father's house was certainly not very large; and it was scantily and plainly furnished, but no Arabian palace had ever seemed to his eyes did to his imagination as that home was dear to his heart. No, it isn't the furniture nor the smell, thought he. I am quite sure it is something that I neither see nor smell that makes the difference.

As he sat on the uncomfortable sofa and heard the jangling bells of the ragman's wagon fade into the distance, and the loud, long, mournful whoop of the chimney-sweep, his fancy was busy with the figures of the room, and what it might be—of a certain nameless somebody, mistress of that poor somber home. He was looking it up with grace and gay sweetness that the hard sofa became the most luxurious lounge, and the cheap table some Florentine model of Italia; and of a certain other nameless somebody coming home at evening—coming down the rustic in the hall as of women's robes—a singular sound as of mesting lips—then a coming together arm in arm into the room, a certain little parlor, but with such a bright fire blazing under the wooden mantel, and Gabriel rising as the pattering of little feet down the stairs—Hem! hem! said Gabriel Bennet, clearing his throat as the sense himself of a sudden grew dry.

For there was a sound of feet upon the stairs, and the next moment May and her sister Fanny entered the room. Gabriel rose and bowed, and held out his hand. Mrs. Alfred Dinks said, "How do you do?" and looked at him without taking the hand.

Time had not softened her face, but sharpened it, and her eyes were of a fierce blackness. She looked forty years old; and there was a permanent frown of her dark brows.

"So this silly May is going to marry you?" said she, addressing Gabriel.

Surprised by this kind of congratulation, but also much amused by it, as if there could be nothing so ludicrous as the idea that they not marrying a man who loved her as he loved, Gabriel gravely responded,

"Yes, ma'am, she is set upon it."

Fanny Newt, who had seated herself with an air of utter and offended composure and indifference, and who looked away from Gabriel the moment she had spoken to him, turned toward him again suddenly with an expression like that of an animal which pricks up his ears. The keen fire of the dark eyes shot for a moment into her eyes, for it was the first word of kindness or humor that Fanny Newt had heard for years.

"A woman who is such a fool as to marry ought to be whipped," she replied, with her eyes fixed upon Gabriel.

"Fanny can't provide her to do it ought to be taken out and hung," answered he, with aphoristic gravity.

Fanny was perplexed.

"Better to be the slave of a parent than a husband," she continued.

"I'd lock him out," retorted Gabriel, with pure irrelevancy. "I'd scrub his shoes; I'd cover wicket in his boots; I'd edit sand in his hair-brush; I'd spatter vitriol on his shirts. A woman who marries a husband deserves nothing better."

He wagged his fote carelessly, took up one of the books upon the table, and looked into it indifferently. Fanny Newt turned to her sister, who sat smiling by her side.

"What is the matter with this man?" asked Mrs. Alfred Dinks, snikily, of May.

"There is a pregnant text, my dear Mrs. Dinks, née Newt, a name which I delight to pronounce," said Gabriel, striking in before May could reply, with the lightest tone and the soberest face in the world, "which instructs us to answer a fool according to his folly. Charming sentiment, my dear Mrs. Dinks."

Fanny was really confounded. She had heard Abel in old days speak of Gabriel Bennet as a spoiney—a saint in the milk—a goody-goody, boobey, booby—a sort of youth who would turn pale and be snuffed out by one of her glances. She found him incomprehensible. She owed him the first positive emotion of honest interest she had known for years. She felt the instinctive loyalty which character attracts from eyes to character.

May Newt looked and listened without speaking. The soft light glimmered in her eyes, for she knew what it all meant. It meant precisely what her praises of Little Malacca meant. It meant that she and Gabriel loved each other.

The junior partner was still holding the book when a heavy step was heard in the entry. Fanny's eyes grew darker and the frown deeper. There was a blundering movement outside as the door-knob came strangling—and Gabriel knew as perfectly as if he could look through the wall what kind of man was coming. The door opened with a hurry, and Mr. Alfred Dinks stopped as his eye fell upon the company. A heavy, coarse, red-faced, dull-eyed man, with an air of brutish obstinacy in every lineament and movement, he stared for a moment without a word or sign of recognition, and then looking at his wife, said, in a grumbling, surly tone,

"Look here; don't be fooling round. The old man's bust up."

He lunged the door violently to, and they heard his clumsy footsteps creaking up the stairs.

CHAPTER LXIV.

POLITICS.

"Is course; I see to ma—why, Lord bless me, it must have been three or four years ago—that 'twould n't last, you know. What's rotten will always be pieces, ma, sez I. Every year she sez to me, sez she, why ain't the Newts foiled yet? Why, sez I, my dear, I'm a ma, it's comin'. So 'twas. I know'd all about it."

President Van Bouseburg unburdened his mind and justified his vaticinations to the knot of gentlemen who were perpetually at the bank. He looked wise and said ah! and yes, and shook their heads; and the shaky ones wondered whether the astute financier had marked them and had said to ma, see he, that Filch and Blague, the dry-goods men, or Percy Arlincourt and Chamber, the waterpools, have for all they look so bright and crowd canvas so smartly, are shaky, mo-ney-ed men.

General Belch heard the news at his office. He was sitting on the end of his buck-bone, with his coat-tails over the back and legs of a wooden chair, while the two forlegs and his own were tilted in the air. His overcoat, however, went up at a more precipitate angle and rested with the feet apart upon the mantle. By a skilful succession of pauses the General ejected tobacco-juice from his mouth, between his legs, and usually lodged it in the grate before him. It was evident, however, that many of his friends had not been so successful, for the grate, the hearth, and the neighboring floor were spotted with the fluid.

The Honorable Mr. Ele was engaged in conversation with his friend Belch, who was giving him instructions for the next Congressional session.

"You see, Ele, if we could only send something of the right stamp—the right stamp, I say, in the place of Watkins Bodley from the third district, we should be all right. Bodley is very uncertain."

"I know," returned the Hon. Mr. Ele, "Bodley is uncertain. He has not the true party feeling. He is not willing to make sacrifices. And yet I should n't say that—that—perhaps—"

He looked at General Belch inquiringly. That gentleman turned, beamed with approval, and squirted a copious cascade.

"Exactly," said Mr. Ele, "I was saying that I think if Mr. Bodkins, who is a perfectly unobjectionable man—"

"Oh, perfectly; nothing against his character. Besides, it's a free country, and every body may have his opinion," said Gen. Belch.

"Precisely," resumed Mr. Ele; "as I was saying, being a perfectly unobjectionable man—in fact, unusually honorable, I happen to know that he is in trouble — ahem! ahem! pecuniary trouble."

He paused a moment, while his friend of the military title looked hard at the grate, as if selecting a fair mark, then made a clucking noise, and drenched it completely. He then said, musingly,

"Yes, yes—ah yes—I see. It is a great pity. The best men get into such trouble. How much money did you say he wanted?"

"I said he was in pecuniary trouble," returned Mr. Ele, with a slight tone of correction.

"I understand, Mr. Ele," answered the other, a little pompously, and with an air of saying, "Know your place, Sir."

"I understand, and I wish to know how large a sum would relieve Mr. Bodley from his immediate pressure."

"I think about four thousand dollars. Perhaps, a thousand more."

"I see," said General Belch, slowly, still looking into the blank, dismal grate, and rubbing his fat nose sturdily with his fat forefinger and thumb, "I suppose that a man situated as Mr. Bodley is finds it very detrimental to his interests to be engaged in public life, and might possibly feel it to be his duty to his family and creditors to resign his place, if he saw a promising way of righting his business, without depending upon the chances of a Congressional race."

As he drew to the end of this hypothetical harangue General Belch looked sideways at his companion to see if he probably understood him.

The Honorable Mr. Ele shook his head in turn, looked solemnly into the empty grate, and said, slowly and with gravity:

"The supposition might be entertained for the sake of the argument."

The General was apparently satisfied with this reply, for he continued:

"Let us, then, suppose that a sum of four or five thousand dollars having been raised—and N'r. Bodley having resigned—that a new candidate is to be selected who shall—who shall, I s'e, serve his country from our point of view, who ought the man to be?"

"Precisely; who ought the man to be?"

The two gentlemen looked gravely into the grate. General Belch squirted reflectively. The Honorable Mr. Ele raised his hand and shaded his eyes, and gazed steadfastly, as if he expected to see the candidate emerge from the chimney. While they still sat thoughtfully a knock was heard at the door. The General started and brought down his chair with a crash. Mr. Ele turned sharply round, as if the candidate had taken him by surprise in coming in by the door.

A boy handed General Belch a note:

"MY DEAR BELCH,—B. Newt, Son, & Co. have stopped. We do not hear of an assignment, so desire you to take steps at once to secure judgment upon the indorsed account.

"Yours,

"PERTWINS & BUDD."

"Hallo!" said General Belch, as the messenger retired, "old Newt's smashed! However, it's a great while since he has done any thing for the party.—By Jove!"

The last exclamation was sudden, as if he had been struck by a happy thought. He took a fresh quid in his mouth, and, putting his hands upon his knees, sat silently for five minutes, and then said,

"I have the man."

"You have the man?" said Ele, looking at him with interest.

"Certainly. Look here!"

Mr. Ele did look, as earnestly as if he expected the General to take the man out of his pocket.

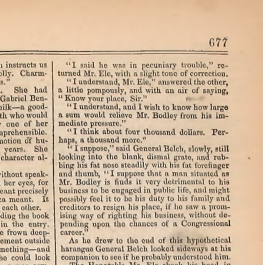
"You know we want to get that grant, at any rate. If we only have men who see from our point of view, we are sure of it. I think I know a man who can be persuaded to look at the matter from that point—a man who may be of very great service to the party, if we can persuade him to see from our point of view."

"Who is that?" asked Mr. Ele.

"Abel Newt," replied General Belch.

Mr. Ele seemed somewhat surprised.

"Oh—yes—ah—indeed. I did not know he was in political life," said he.



PATRIOTISM.

"He isn't," returned General Belch.

Mr. Ebe looked for further instructions.

"Every body must begin," said Belch. "Look here. If we don't get the print from Congress, what on earth is the use of having worked so long in this devilish old harness of politics? Haven't we been to primary meetings and conventions and elections, and all the other tomfoolery, specifiching and plotting and setting things right, and being lied, by Jupiter!—lied to the tune of more hundreds than I mean to bet on, right now, just as we when a bold push will save every thing, and make it worth while to have worked in the nasty mill so long, we must have our wits about us. Do you know Abel Newt?"

"No."

"I do. He is a gentleman without the slightest superstition. He is perfectly ready to set things from particular posing of view. He has great knowledge of the world, and is a friend of the people, Sir. His politics are of the right kind," said General Belch, in a tone which seemed to be setting the tune for any future remarks Mr. Ebe might have to make of Mr. Newt—at public meetings, for instance, or elsewhere.

"I am glad to hear he is a friend of the people," returned Mr. Ebe.

"Yes, Sir, he is the consistent enemy of a purse-proud aristocracy, Sir."

"Exactly; purse-proud aristocracy," repeated Mr. Ebe, as if coming a lesson by rote.

"Dandies in the lap of luxury, Sir, do not hesitate to descend from it to espouse the immortal cause of popular rights."

"Popular rights," returned the Honorable Mr. Ebe, studying his lesson.

"Animated by a glowing patriotism, he stands upon the people, and waves above his head the glorious flag of liberty, liberty."

"Glorious flag of our country," responded the other.

"The undaunted enemy of monopoly, he is equally the foe of class legislation and the friend of those rights."

"Friend of State rights."

"Aha!" cried General Belch, looking blankly at Mr. Ebe, "where was I?"

"Friend of State rights," parroted Mr. Ebe.

"Exactly—yes! And if ever I do give my firm cadaic of our country's—our country's—our country's—d—n it! our country's what, Mr. Ebe?"

That honorable gentleman was engaged with his own thoughts while he listened to the tongue the words of his friend, so that, perhaps a little maliciously, perhaps a little unconsciously, he went on in the same wooden tone of repetition.

"Our country's what, Mr. Ebe?"

General Belch looked at his companion. They both smiled.

"How they sort o' slip out, don't they?" said the General, spurting.

"They do," said Mr. Ebe, taking snuff.

"Well, now, don't you see what kind of man Abel Newt is?"

"I do, indeed," replied Ebe.

"I tell you, if you follows from the city don't lack out for purposes, you'll find a friend in me upon your shoulders. He is a smart fellow. I am very sorry for Watkins Bodley. Any family?"

"Yes—a good deal," replied Mr. Ebe, vaguely.

"Ah indeed! Pity! pity! I suppose, then, that a proper sense of what he owes to his family—eh?"

"Without question. Oh! certainly."

General Belch rose.

"I do not see, then, that we have any thing else than ought to detain you. I will see Mr. Newt, and let you know. Good-morning, Mr. Ebe—good-morning, my dear Sir."

And the General bowed out the representative so impenetrably that the Honorable Barbara Jawley Ebe felt very much as if he had been kicked down stairs.

CHAPTER LXV.

GONE TO PROTEST.

There was an unnatural silence and order in the store of Herodotus Newt, Esq., No. 17. The long linen covers were left upon the pieces of goods exposed. The cases were closed. The boys sat indolently wondering at the silence. The porter lay upon a bale reading a newspaper. There was a wagon regularly and vapose, like that of a house in which the corpse lies, upon the morning of the funeral.

Books—fixed but in his office haggard and gray. His face, like his daughter Fanny's, had grown shabby, under force. The shutters were closed, and the room was darkened. His porter-lady lay before him upon the desk, open. The papers were smooth and white, and the pile of ten-hundred pens lay carefully by the standard. But the merchant did not write. He had not written that day. His white, bony hand rested upon the port-folio, and the long fingers drummed upon it at intervals, while his eyes alternately wandered out into the store and saw the long shrouded wagon over the goods. Occasionally a slight sigh of weariness escaped him. But he did not suppose he was distract his mind from its gloomy intentness; for the passing prayer lay beside him unopened, although it was afternoon.

In the outer office the book-keeper was still at work. He looked from book to book, holding the leaves and letting them fall carefully—comparing, computing, writing in the huge volumes, and filing various papers away. Sometimes, while he yet held the leaves in his hands and the pen in his mouth, with the appearance of the utmost abstraction in his speculations, he wandered in to the inner office, and dimly saw his employer sitting silent and listless at his desk. For many years he had been Boniface Newt's clerk. For many years he had been a still, faithful, hard-worked servant. He had two holidays, besides the Sundays—New-Year's Day and the Fourth of July. The rest of the year he was in the office by nine in the morning, and did not leave before six at night. During the time he had been quietly serving in those great red books he had married a wife and seen her rose fade in her cheeks—he had had children grow up around him—his two sons apprenticed and his Sunday hours with light—marry, one and settled, one into the business and now as he was before a child was born to him, and then gradually grew bright and musical again with the eyes and voices of another generation. Glad to earn his little salary, which was only enough to keep him from debt, but by no saving and ambition, he was bound by a kind of feudal tenure to his employers. It never occurred to him to criticise his character. If he possessed defects, it was as a trusty squire in his liege lord's castle.

As he looked at his employer and observed his silent, despondent face, he thought of his own his family, and of the frightful secrets hidden in the huge books that were every night locked carefully upon the iron safe, as if they were written all over with beautiful romances instead of terrible truth—and the secret of the prudent plodder were so blurred that he could not see, and turning his head that no one might observe him, he winked until the tears came again.

A young man entered the store hastily. The porter dropped the paper and sprung up in the same expectantly forward. Even the bookkeeper stopped to watch the new-comer as he carefully closed the door, and, for the length of the house sat unconcernedly at his desk—his back to the door—and drumming on the portfolio—his hard eyes looking out at the mesenger.

"This way," said the book-keeper, suddenly, as he saw that he was going toward Mr. Newt's room.

"I want Mr. Newt."

"Which one?"

"The young one, Mr. Abel Newt."

"He is not here."

"I know that."

"I don't know."

Before the book-keeper was aware the young man had opened the door that communicated with Mr. Newt's room. The haggard face underwent a change at the sight of the well-dressed messenger. There was something in the sitting figure that made the youth lift his hand and remove his hat, and say, in a low, respectful voice,

"Can you tell me, Sir, where to find Mr. Abel Newt?"

The long, pale, bony fingers still listlessly drummed. The hard eyes rested upon the questioner for a few moments; then, without any evident interest, the old man answered simply, "No," and looked away as if he had forgotten the stranger's presence.

He received him from General Belch.

The grey head beckoned mechanically toward the outer room, as if all business were to be transacted there; and the young man bowing again, with a vague sense of awe, went in to the outer office and closed the door after the book-keeper.

"I will step short and simple, as Abel found when he read it:

"My Dear Sir,—I have just heard of your misfortune. Don't be dismayed. In the history of life every body must have his hard strokes two or three times, and in our country 'is a man's duty to fall up.' Such men as Abel Newt are not made to fail. I want to see you immediately.

"Yours very truly,

"Archibald Belch."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE KILLING OF SENATOR BRODERICK—THE CHALLENGE.

The following was the challenge:

"Oakland, September 8, 1859

"Hon. D. C. Broderick,—Sir: I understand that, since, at the public table of the International Hotel in San Francisco, you saw fit to indulge in certain remarks concerning me, which were offensive in their nature. Before I left San Francisco I addressed a note of the 13th of June, addressed to Mr. D. W. Perley, in which I stated that you would avoid me, if possible, on the personal character during the political crusade just concluded, but which you have not.

"I have, therefore, not been permitted to take my seasonable revenge, and I am now forced to call you to account for your conduct. I am the humblest opportunity to require of you a retraction of those remarks, or a meeting. I refer you by permission to Messrs. Gilbert Isen, Esq., who is acquainted with the contents, and will transact your business.

"Yours, &c., &c., &c., David C. Terry."

Some correspondence followed which led to an agreement for a meeting.

THE TERMS OF THE DUEL.

The following terms of the duel were agreed upon:

1. Distance—Ten paces, the word to be given and any person each; also by a person to lead the weapons. This to be done at the time the word is given. In case of the other parties advertise, the time and place may be changed by the seconds mutually agreed.

2. Position—Meeting, on the farm adjoining the Lake House ranch. The line to be established from the Lake House road to where you strike the fence on the Lake House property, about a mile before you reach the Lake House. There you take a road to the left, which brings you to the farm-house, on the upper end of the lake (Lagoon Merced), occupied by William Higgins. This is the general neighborhood; the precise spot to be determined when the parties meet.

3. Weapons—Dueling pistols.

4. Time—Position to be taken before firing each other, pistols to be held with the muzzle vertically downward.

5. Word to be given as follows, to wit: "Gentlemen, are you ready?" "I am ready." "I am ready." "Fire," "Fire," each party replying "Ready," the word "Fire" shall be given, to be followed, if need be, by the word "Fire," for party to raise his pistol before the word "Fire," or to discharge it after the word "Fire." The intervals between the words "Fire" and "Fire" to be exemplified by the party uttering the word as near as may be.

6. The weapons to be loaded on the ground in the presence of a second of each party.

7. Choice of position and the giving of the word to be determined by chance—throwing up a coin, as usually.

8. Choice of the two weapons to be determined by chance, as in Article 7th.

9. Choice of the respective weapons of parties to be determined by chance, as aforesaid, by throwing up a coin, as usual—that is to say, each party bringing their pistols, and the same to be loaded and examined by seconds, as in Article 7th.

Dated, Monday, 12th September, 1859, at 6½ o'clock A.M.

THE MEETING.

The first meeting took place on the 12th ult., at the appointed time and place. The parties were conducted and accompanied by their friends.

The parties met next morning, the 13th, in the vicinity of San Francisco, and were attended by the same officers as before to interfere. Terry was seconded by Messrs. Gilbert Isen and Thomas Hayes. Broderick by Messrs. Duncan, county clerk, and had also fallen, like his principal, under the displeasure of his employers. Broderick was seconded by the Hon. Joseph Hobbins, member of Congress from California, and another gentleman, who is said to have been either ex-Sheriff Colton, of Yreka, or Mr. John A. Stevenson, of Sacramento.

THE DUELISTS PLACED.

"When all were ready, Gen. Broderick," says the reporter of the San Francisco *Herald* Call, "I counted the word 'one' very slowly—very—very—one, standing principals, present. Mr. Terry's seconds and advisers were standing by his side, and Broderick's seconds and advisers were standing by his side. Broderick's friends were attending to 'outside' matters, and were not in a position to see what was transpired with him in a lively tone. On the other hand, Terry's friends seemed to be absorbed in the duel, interested with the issue, and was talking earnestly with each other. Terry's friends were on the left of Broderick's friends. At the word 'one' the time Mr. Broderick was cool and self-possessed. His countenance was pale, and his eyes were fixed intently on his principal, with a steady and anxious trust. The seconds approached the answer to the word 'two,' when, all of a sudden, Terry was pointed to the white marks that had been placed on the left of Broderick, and fired. Mr. Terry, in raising and taking the pistols, snapped a cap with an air of satisfaction, as if to assure himself that his weapon was right. Some conversation was had, Mr. Benham (or Aylette, I am not sure which) interposing. Mr. Terry, in addressing him, in reply to which Terry seemed to smile, and before the word 'two' was given he, as the other party, was in a position to fire, and Terry's eye was turned on the combatants.

"Mr. Broderick's friends had a short and hurried conversation, and retired. Mr. Brooks did the same with Mr. Terry, and both moved to a point on the ground, and then notified the combatants to take their relative positions. Mr. Broderick's friends had a few words of caution and advice to him. Mr. Broderick's friends then retired, as an observer unanimously close. In fact, more than one person observed the movements of the party on the portfolio—his hard eyes looking out at the messenger.

"This way," said the book-keeper, suddenly, as he saw that he was going toward Mr. Newt's room.

"I want Mr. Newt."

"Which one?"

"The young one, Mr. Abel Newt."

"He is not here."

"I know that."

"I don't know."

Before the book-keeper was aware the young man had opened the door that communicated with Mr. Newt's room. The haggard face underwent a change at the sight of the well-dressed messenger. There was something in the sitting figure that made the youth lift his hand and remove his hat, and say, in a low, respectful voice,

"Can you tell me, Sir, where to find Mr. Abel Newt?"

The long, pale, bony fingers still listlessly drummed. The hard eyes rested upon the questioner for a few moments; then, without any evident interest, the old man answered simply, "No," and looked away as if he had forgotten the stranger's presence.

He received him from General Belch.

The grey head beckoned mechanically toward the outer room, as if all business were to be transacted there; and the young man bowing again, with a vague sense of awe, went in to the outer office and closed the door after the book-keeper.

"I will step short and simple, as Abel found when he read it:

"My Dear Sir,—I have just heard of your misfortune. Don't be dismayed. In the history of life every body must have his hard strokes two or three times, and in our country 'is a man's duty to fall up.' Such men as Abel Newt are not made to fail. I want to see you immediately.

"Yours very truly,

"Archibald Belch."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE KILLING OF SENATOR BRODERICK—THE CHALLENGE.

The following was the challenge:

"Oakland, September 8, 1859

"Hon. D. C. Broderick,—Sir: I understand that, since, at the public table of the International Hotel in San Francisco, you saw fit to indulge in certain remarks concerning me, which were offensive in their nature. Before I left San Francisco I addressed a note of the 13th of June, addressed to Mr. D. W. Perley, in which I stated that you would avoid me, if possible, on the personal character during the political crusade just concluded, but which you have not.

"I have, therefore, not been permitted to take my seasonable revenge, and I am now forced to call you to account for your conduct. I am the humblest opportunity to require of you a retraction of those remarks, or a meeting. I refer you by permission to Messrs. Gilbert Isen, Esq., who is acquainted with the contents, and will transact your business.

"Yours, &c., &c., &c., David C. Terry."

Some correspondence followed which led to an agreement for a meeting.

THE TERMS OF THE DUEL.

The following terms of the duel were agreed upon:

1. Distance—Ten paces, the word to be given and any person each; also by a person to lead the weapons. This to be done at the time the word is given. In case of the other parties advertise, the time and place may be changed by the seconds mutually agreed.

2. Position—Meeting, on the farm adjoining the Lake House ranch. The line to be established from the Lake House road to where you strike the fence on the Lake House property, about a mile before you reach the Lake House. There you take a road to the left, which brings you to the farm-house, on the upper end of the lake (Lagoon Merced), occupied by William Higgins. This is the general neighborhood; the precise spot to be determined when the parties meet.

3. Weapons—Dueling pistols.

4. Time—Position to be taken before firing each other, pistols to be held with the muzzle vertically downward.

5. Word to be given as follows, to wit: "Gentlemen, are you ready?" "I am ready." "I am ready." "Fire," "Fire," each party replying "Ready," the word "Fire" shall be given, to be followed, if need be, by the word "Fire," for party to raise his pistol before the word "Fire," or to

ADVERTISEMENTS.

in a recumbent position over the right shoulder, the arm bent outwardly, and at length, gently and easy as a child retiring to rest, Mr. Broderick eased to the earth, pressing the right breast with the hand still holding the pistol, and lying on his left side.

"Terry, after he had fired, deliberately raised his pistol, hung it by his forefinger, and looked at the effect of his fallen man. In a few minutes he was told that Broderick could not rise, and then he walked off the field. It has been said that he used a loud remark when Broderick fell. He did not. Whatever he said in his seconds was not heard by the spectators."

AFTER THE DUEL.

The *Bulletin* says that Judge Terry, with his friends, left the field, and rode rapidly into town, and started at once from North Beach, on board the steamer for Vallejo, where he took the train for Stockton, and on to private conveyance to Marlieve. A telegraphic dispatch was sent to Stockton, announcing the fact of the duel, and requesting the arrival at Martinez, found some difficulty in getting a conveyance, and when he did get one the roads being very glary (sugg were mixed at half-mast, caused by the heavy rains of the night before), and the fact that Deputy Sheriff Jessica Judge Terry took overland conveyance to Sacramento.

"Mr. Broderick was taken to the house of his friend, Judge Terry, on Bush street, where he was very tenderly cared for by Mrs. Gilbert, and was seated in a bed with his head toward the head of the bed, and his feet toward the foot.

"Dr. Hoff, Dr. Gibbons, and Dr. Stillman, during the day, and hundreds of the friends of the Senator, from all parts of the city, were in and around the house, the hall of his receiving. He was able to speak during the day, and said, when he first received the ball, that the articulation was generally unlimited and unintelligible. He was perfectly conscious almost during and a short time after the fatal wound.

THE DEATH OF BRODERICK.

We read in the San Francisco *Herald*: "The Hon. David C. Broderick expired on Sunday, the 16th inst., at 3 o'clock A.M., at the residence of Judge Terry. He appeared favorable for his recovery—the wounded gentleman having passed a tolerably comfortable night, and his symptoms continued improved. At 2 o'clock A.M. a change for the worse took place, and at 3 o'clock A.M. Senator Broderick had ceased to exist. At 5 o'clock A.M. the last rites of the Catholic Church were administered by Father Maginnis. At 6 o'clock Mr. Broderick had fallen into a state of insensibility, from which he never awoke to life, and at 7 o'clock uttered a word after 4 o'clock.

THE LAST WORDS—THE LYING IN STATE.

On Saturday, at ten o'clock A.M., the lower part of the City Hall was thrown open to the public, and the body of the public throughout is to see the body of Senator Broderick lying in state. The coffin was placed on a catafalque, in the inner apartment, the approach to which was hung with shaded lights. The body of the dead Union was draped with battlements of wee, and every thing that could be done to render impressive the scene that some public calamity has fallen upon the community. The hall was crowded from the time the doors were opened until late in the evening, and so out through another door. The body was dressed in a suit of black broadcloth, with white vest, and wore no crape, no scarf, no badge, and no sumerour at last did these become, the deceased being found in the habiliments of the sepulchre, and in the hair. The corpse was dressed in a suit of black

reception, he expressed his thanks for the intended honor, stating that he preferred entering the grounds in the same manner as the rest of his fellow-citizens. He spent several hours on the grounds examining the various articles on exhibition, etc."

THE ALL ENGLAND ELEVEN TO PLAY BASE-BALL.

The All England Eleven have received a challenge from a baseball club of Philadelphia, but as the time had no precedent to govern in the grass they fear they will find it a tricker, and intend to decline the challenge for the present. They have, however, ordered books of instruction and a specimen bat, and during the winter and spring will practice the game, so that if they visit this country next year (and they expect so invitation to this effect), they will be able to compete with him with their American friends, and become students instead of professors. They propose to commence next year. The only engagement that interferes with this plan is the Canadian tour, which commences in the middle of August. This match they will either play at home or on the Canadian altogether.

DISLOCATIONS IN TEXAS.

On the 25th of August, at Waxahachie, Texas, was attacked by a party of gentlefolks, tea hundred strong, who killed five of the citizens and broke open the jail, and freed all the prisoners. While they were committing further depredations General Cureton arrived from Matamoros, and persuaded the attacking party to desist. They were headed by Col'nthes, who was wounded, and so he alleges, for injuries which he had received at the hands of the lynchers and authorities. The origin of the city put no faith in the promises which their gentlefolk gave the Mexicans to hold their fingers from the jail-bird to Matamoros, while expresses were dispatched to San Antonio for troops.

A HEROINE.

Porter's *Spirit of the Times* regrets to learn that one of our most extensive breeders of blood-stock at the North, J. E. Mansfield, of Westchester county, New York, has met with a most serious loss—the burning of his whole stud of horses. It appears that on Wednesday of Tuesday, the 4th instant, Mr. Monnot left home with the intention of going to Albany on business, and Fahy, leaving his place in charge of his wife, shortly after dinner went to the village of Mount Kisco. Soon after discovered dense smoke issuing from the stables. She was alone with her women—not a man within call—the blood-horses, worth nearly $100,000, in the most imminent danger. For a moment she was paralyzed, but soon recovered her presence of mind to perform the most splendid a religious duty—to save her husband's property, even at the risk of her own life. Rushing to the door soon in various directions in search of assistance, she alone rushed into the stables, from which, in a few short the flames were by this time bursting in every direction. Logan, then the head and pet of two mares to be saved: to unchain and lead him to the door of his stall was the work of a few moments, but the terror of the flames which met his sight, as he reached the door, and resisted every attempt to lead him out; until, when nearly exhausted by her exertions, Mrs. Mansfield succeeded in blindfolding him with part of her dress, when he became tractable, and submitted to be led out in safety. The foreman and helpers of the farm at last arrived, and soon had the fire under control.

HOW THE HORSES WERE CAUGHT.

Now commenced a scene the wildest and most appalling eye ever witnessed. The stables, which were sufficiently extensive to accommodate 150 horses, and burnt contained only 40. The loss of any one of these was enveloped in flames. The horses, which, in the entire confusion, had been left to themselves, had all of them turned into a state of delirious madness, and, with frenzied fighting furiously, kicking, biting, and tearing each other in the most horrible manner, made it almost apparently foot-hurty in the extreme to attempt to separate them. The two favorite mares, Wildfire and Peerless, succeeded in catching by the mane one of the most ferocious of the blood-colt, who became so infuriated at such a rate that the an was soon seen flying under the hands of the two heroines. Mrs. Mansfield then divided her nerve and courage by untying the insilence and setting the horse free from the stable, from which he soon recovered himself and procured a halter, with which he was led out in safety.

Old Ironsides, he proved to be, was the next horse to be saved by Mr. Monnot, was very near being lost; the was surrounded by flames, and he had to be led out through a hole cut in the side of her stable. Having secured the safety of the mares and colts, Mr. Monnot sent an express messenger to convey the tidings of the disaster to her husband, who was then in Albany, so he was on the point of embarking for Albany. On hearing the news the thoughts were all of his wife, and on his wife. His first exclamation was, "My God! and then poor Mansfield, all alone!" He then ordered that that poor woman, all aging, had really saved his immense property.

ALMOST A SHIPWRECK.

The steamship *Quaker City* arrived at Hampton Roads at 7 P. M. on 17th, in tow of the steamer *State of Georgia*. The following letter from Mr. Bayard Taylor says:

"The engine was smashed when thirty-six hours out from New York, and thirty-eight miles off the Cape of Hatteras.

"After the separation from the *Dunkerton*, on the 7th, the *Quaker City* made her way north and east under canvas. At 6 P. M. on the 9th she was in latitude 37° 30', longitude 74° 37', 190 miles from the first point named. There a steamer was seen, and the commander entertained our signals of distress at the firing of our guns, although the weather was very rough. She was the steamer *State of Georgia*, of Savannah, bound to Boston. She was not known, here away for us, and with the true characteristics of a generous steamer, she came down as close by us to the lee, which promise he faithfully performed. The 'Big Sister' of Alexandria, was ordered to our signals, and laid by us until sent in search of a steamer. At 7 o'clock on the morning of the 10th, after a night of great force, struck the ship, when she laid with her head to the south-east, achieving admirable work for 36 hours. During this time it became necessary to have overboard the deck-load of coal, the bulwarks, the life-boats having stoved, in the heavy sea. At 7 A. M. on the 10th, the steamer *Ben Morgan*, of Boston, was sighted by our own and signaled to assist the *Quaker City*. She was, at midnight, the *State of Georgia* ran down and took us in tow for Hampton Roads. Captain Wilson and his Sandfish desires publicly to thank the captains of the *Dunkerton*, *State of Georgia*, and *Ben Morgan* for their prompt and cheerful manner in which they rendered him assistance. Captain Wilson also desires to mention, unless particularly to express his gratitude to the officers of the *Quaker City*. He is also desirous to thank the seamen for their consideration toward himself, and to the love he has exerted during the trying hours of the gale."

(Signed) "H. SUCKALEY."

THE GREAT OYSTER-BED.

The Newark *Gazette* of October 4 says, that up to Saturday night, a period of about three weeks, seventy oysters have been taken off in smacks, schooners, and other craft. A vessel in the week, from six to eight hundred of vessels were engaged in dredging—and again on Sunday a hundred and odd could be counted at the bed from the Connecticut highlands. A gentleman competent to judge, says he has been upon the ground, and is of his opinion that the entire bed can not be exhausted in five years.

The oysters are of the finest quality, and the size of the spot is stated by the Newark paper to be, at the lowest figure estimation, 250 a day. The discovery is more remunerative and valuable than any gold mine ever discovered in California. The excitement all along the Sound continues, and the New York papers publish columns about the discovery. The steamboats have not been so unable as to turn any considerable quantity of their catch at any of the markets in the vicinity of Newarkin. A few have been brought in to bait the public appetite, but most are transported to the market during the next the months of rivers and creeks, where their replenishing will more than pay for the trouble of taking, besides giving to the oystermen the control of the market when the choicer varieties are scarce and in loud demand.

PERSONAL.

We read in the *Tribune*: "Senator Seward has gone to Egypt. It is a bold step—at least, so it is considered in Paris—for an American to make such an expedition so early in the season. Except the instability of the season, he has chosen the best time to visit one of the countries he has visited, especially Rome, Spain, and Egypt, for the reason that the Mediterranean is the period and the steam they have to encounter. The Senator has a strong constitution, and thus his view of the people and the country will be more valuable. It is doubtful whether he will be able to go down the Nile, but he will see enough that he may be detained longer in quarantine than will be agreeable."

The Bangor *Times* says that recently a divorce suit was tried at Houlton, in which Mrs. Coolbeth, daughter of Lot Derry, Esq., of Houlton, was the plaintiff, and a separation from her husband on the ground of his drunkenness and abuse. The jury found the charges of improper conduct on the part of his wife, but without sufficient ground for a divorce, and the case was left as it was. The parties had been married fifteen years, and before the verdict was rendered, which, however, she entered to her wife of her husband's property. All the verdict was in favor of her daughter, she was so deeply wronged upon her by the real circumstance of the case, as to suspend, that she committed suicide by drowning herself in a brook near her residence.

In the late fall or early winter of 1841, an elderly gentleman was overthrown in a sleigh on the Hoosac road with some violence, striking upon one of his shoulders, the side of his head, and his face. He was not much injured, but when he was raised up it was found that his head had received a severe contusion, and that his face was in a frightful condition, and that his shoulder was dislocated. The following morning, except what arose from the twisted condition of the muscles of his face, which was very serious, some gentle manifestations, not daring to exert much force in moving, and expected to be, in a few days, or some days passed, the old gentleman remaining quite comfortable. One morning, however, he was found by those who do which he was obliged to lift his head with his hands, and that he had died in the night. He had fallen into its usual position, and the family were astonished to find that he was dead, without any indications, by no sight as before the accident. Nor was any subsequent medical examination able to discover the cause of a few days.

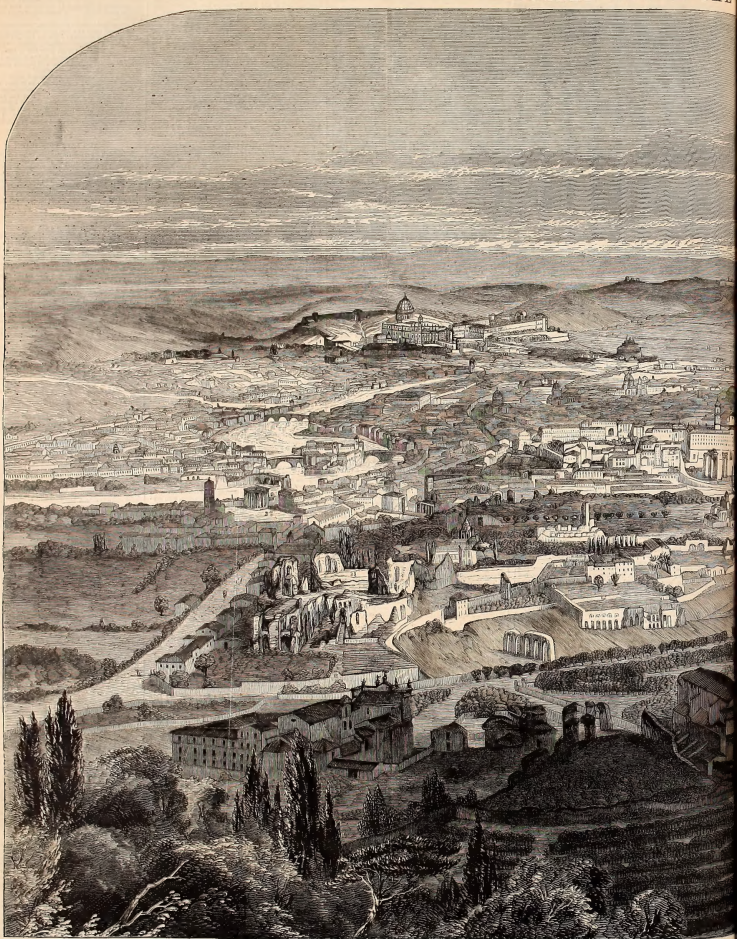
Letters have been received in England from Dr. Livingstone, dated Tette, August 1. He was preparing for an Expedition Inland, having witnessed various bodies between the Portuguese and the natives in the district in which the latter were badly defeated. In one case the Portuguese were driven to the necessity of using artillery cannon. He had a very narrow escape from death by drowning, and expected to proceed in a few days. The journey he speaks of having seen some curious and remarkable customs.

The Paris (Kentucky) *Flag* states that the country in the vicinity of Paris is overrun with rabbits. The *Flag* says: "A lady had her garden completely destroyed by them in a 'big wedding,' at which every body was to be present, and which was to be a most splendid affair. She had a parties to be married were Mr. James Hi——— and Miss Mary A———. Every thing was complete till the night before the wedding the marriage was to take place in the house and the garden of Uncle Billy Ha———, when the young lady, instead of going to her bed, packed up a few articles and left home. She has since left company with Mr. Frank C———, and, as fast as horses could carry them, went to Paris, where, on Tuesday last, they were married.

The Boston *Post* says: "Mr. Samuel Lawrence three horses in his Concord harness, which are the finest team of the kind ever seen in this city. They are all of a dark bay color, against boys, a carriage team, and a black. The horses have exhibited on the Common, and in the streets attracted the attention of the Governor, who is said to be a good judge of horses, and pronounced them the finest carriage horses are sixteen and a half hands high, and the same size from the nose to the commencement of the tail. There is not a tail-bit beat.

The Boston *Post* says that M. Marie has entered into a contract to supply the Russian Government with his Excellency on this point. The single horse was sole to be on the Governor's estate, Nahant, where he will have to it as a table

GENERAL VIEW OF THE



1. Ports and Piazza del Popolo.—2. Monte Pincio.—3. The French Academy.—4. Mausoleum of Hadrian.—5. The Vatican.—6. St. Peter's.—7. Piazza Navona.—8. Pantheon.—9. The Quirinal Palace.—10. The Capitol.—11. P
30. Mount Palatine.—31. Ruins of the Palace of the Cæsars.—32. Temple of Vesta.—33. Temple of Cicestus

THE CITY OF ROME.

EVERY traveler has been to Rome. Every one who has been there will be glad to see the above picture, in which he will be able to trace out the localities on which he once gazed with such interest; to people who have not been to Rome the view will serve as a substitute for the voyage.

In these limits no description of the ancient city is possible. We must, for this, refer to the guide books and descriptive works on Italy. We may say, however, that our picture includes the whole city from end to end, and that a careful study of it will enable the beholder to make out almost all the buildings and sites which possess historical fame.

This old city has a never-ending history. One may study the old Roman Republic in its ruins for years; to master the remains the Roman Empire requires a lifetime; a long period may be employed in unearthing the vestiges of mediæval and the early Papal Rome; and now, in these latter days, Rome promises us a new history, perhaps as interesting, perhaps as useful as the old. Two thousand years—from the dawn of light to our day—is recorded on the stones and the dust of the noble old city.

If indeed, we can admit that the fables generally called the early history of Rome have any substantial foundation in fact, then the tale told by the "stones of Rome" stretches over a period exceeding two thousand years; for, as every schoolboy knows, the Cloaca Maxima, or great sewer, is said to date from the kings. But it is well to be incredulous on these pre-historical facts. Before the column of Duillius—of which, we believe, the original long since perished—there is no monument of old Rome which constitutes a stable landmark for the historian. That column carries us back to the beginning of the Punic War. Then follow a couple of centuries which have left little or no mark on the soil. It was not till the commencement of the age of dictators that any thing considerable was done in stone, or marble, or bronze, which still sur-

vives. For
rare and
round the
that he
concerned
the most
corded in
massed
there a
mausoleum
carry us

OF ROME.—[From a Photograph.]

...theatre.—12. Temple of Antoninus and Faustina.—13. The Arch of Titus.—14. Constantine's Basilica.—15. Temple of Venus and Rome.—16. Monte Fiscio.—17. The Meta Sudans Fountain.—18. The Colosseum.—19. St. Peter in Vincoli.—...John and St. Paul.—20. Villa Mattei.—21. Remains of the Arch of Dolabella.—22. Mount Janiculum.—23. The Farnesina.

...ian Age, the relics are ...ine out that broods ...s never reminded ...for as habitation is ...these reign witnessed ...art and learning re... ...more advanced, per... ...ed. Here an arch, ...temple, on another a ...shield; bath-house; ...and teach us that the old stories of the Roman Empire are not fable, but practical reality. For two to three hundred years almost each Emperor left some memorial which diligent search will bring to light. As we approach the 5th century, however, these relics grow scarcer, and by A.D. 400 they almost disappear.

From the removal of the seat of government to the East to the revival of learning, nearly one thousand years afterward, very little was done toward keeping up the history "written on the stones." A great savage-looking castle or two, frowning in sullen ugliness; a few Gothic churches, less numerous than might have been expected; and the "house of the Tribune Rienzi," are almost the only landmarks which dot the great blank. With the revival of learning the scene changes, and once more Rome writes its annals in characters of stone and marble and bronze, as magnificently and as durably as in the age of the Cæsars. Statues, which Praxiteles might have owned, adorn edifices which neither Augustus nor Hadrian could have built; the relics of old Rome, highly prized as they were by the learned men, are swept away to make room for works of art more splendid still. This age lasted a century or so, and then the historians stopped again.

The past two centuries have not written their names on Roman soil. Every thing that is worth looking at is at least two hundred years old. Only lately, in our own day, have the incapable Romans begun to do a little something toward marking the fact of their existence by improving their ...on-port; digging up statues out of the earth; and, quite latterly, in laying a railroad. But the visitor who sees Rome five hundred years hence will never have his attention drawn to the 18th or the first half of the 19th centuries.

Perhaps, if the Papal incubus were got rid of, and the curse of priestly despotism removed, the Romans might once again revive to life and energy, and inscribe more characters on the old page. There is ample room, ample taste, ample money, for monuments as grand as the Pantheon or St. Peter's.

LOIS THE WITCH.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART I.

In the year 1691, Lois Barclay stood on a little wooden pier, steadying herself on the slack braid, in much the same manner as, eight or nine weeks ago, she had tried to steady herself on the deck of the rocking ship which had carried her across from Old to New England. It seemed a strange row to be on solid earth as it had been not long ago to be rocked by the sea, both by day and by night; and the sense of rest in the land was equally strange. The forests which showed in the distance all round, and which, in truth, were not very far from the wooden houses forming the town of Boston, were of different shades of green, and different sizes, to any of the timbers to those which Lois Barclay knew well in her old home in Warwickshire. Her heart sank a little as she stood alone, waiting for the captain of the good ship *Redemption*—the kind rough old mate, who knew her well enough on this unknown continent. Captain Holderness was busy, however, as she saw, and it would probably be some time before he could be ready to attend to her; so Lois sat down on one of the casks that lay about, and wrapped her gray duffle cloak tight about her, and sheltered herself under her hood as well as might be from the piercing wind, which seemed to follow them when it had penetrated over at sea with a dogged will of still tormenting them on land. Very patiently did Lois sit long, although she was weary and shivering with cold; for the day was severe for May, and in England, for the day was severe for May, and in England, with scores of conventional comforts for the Puritan colonists of New England, was the earliest whip that had ventured near the seas.

How could Lois help thinking of the past, and speculating on the future, as she sat on the pier, at this transition hour of her life? In the dim moonlit which she gazed upon with aching eyes (filled, against her will, with tears, now and then), there rose the little village church of Barford (not three miles from Warwick), and it remained

and black with the stones and the mud they had been throwing at her, and her cat tied round her neck. I hid my face, I know, as soon as I saw the fearsome sight, for her eyes met mine as they were glaring with fury—poor, helpless, baited creature!—and she caught me the sight of me, and cried out, 'Parson's wench, parson's wench, you're my turn now, and she had both never tried for to save me, and none shall save thee when thou art brought up for a witch.' Oh! the words rang in my ears when I was dropping over for years after. I used to dream that I was in that pond, all men hating me with their eyes because I was a witch; and at times her black cat used to seem living again, and say over them dreadful words."

Lois neglected to say that she laughed at her excitement with a kind of shrinking surprise, for the tears were in her eyes. Elder Blackburn shook his head, and muttered texts from Scripture; but cheerful Will Sandell, not liking the gloomy turn of the conversation, tried to give it a lighter cast by saying, "And I don't doubt but what the parson's bonny face has bewitched many a one since with her dimples and her pleasant ways—eh, Captain Holderness? Or you must tell us tales of this young hus's doings in Indiaa."

"Ay, ay," said the Captain, "there's one under her charms in Warwickshire who will never get the better of it, I'm thinking."

Elder Blackburn shook. He stood leaning on his hands, which were placed on the table. "Brethren," said he, "I must uproad you if ye speak lightly of love and wickedness in such things. I trust this maiden hath had nothing to do with them, yet, though even in thought, engrimes we at her story. The hellish witch might have power from Satan to infect her mind, she being yet a child, with the deadly sin, instead of vain talking, I call upon you all to join with me in prayer for the purgation in us both that her heart may be purged from all iniquity. Let us pray."

"Come, there's no harm in that," said the Captain; "but, Elder Hawkins, when you are at work, you'll please to put a bit asleep into your prayers on us need purging from iniquity a good deal more than Miss Barclay, and a prayer for a man never does hinder!"

Captain Holderness had business in Boston which detained him there for a couple of days; and during that time Lois remained with the Widow Smith, seeing what was to be seen of the new land that contained her former home. The kind heart of Dame Smith was set on Salem, meanwhile, by a traveler going to it, in order to purchase for her out of its need purging from iniquity a good deal more than Miss Barclay, and a prayer for a man never does hinder!"

Captain Holderness had business in Boston which detained him there for a couple of days; and during that time Lois remained with the Widow Smith, seeing what was to be seen of the new land that contained her former home. The kind heart of Dame Smith was set on Salem, meanwhile, by a traveler going to it, in order to purchase for her some of the needful articles of household use and comfort which could be had there cheaper than in the sea-board town of Boston. Lois, therefore, had to wait for the arrival of the Salem coach before she could see the old place of her birth; and she was glad of the delay, for it was a good day's journey to Salem, and the road was rough and uncertain, and she felt that trying a minute longer than necessary for refreshment. English roads were bad enough at that period and for long after, but in America they were simply the cleared ground of the forest; the stumps of the felled trees still remaining in the fields and forming obstacles which it required the most careful driving to avoid; and in the hollows, where the ground was swampy, the pulpy nature of it was obviated by logs of wood laid across the boggy part. The deep green forest, tangled into dense masses even so early in the year, came within a few yards of the road all the way, although effort were popularly made by the inhabitants of the neighboring settlements to keep a certain space clear on each side four of the leading highways, who might otherwise come upon them unawares. The cries of strange birds, the unwonted color of some of them, all appeared to the imaginative or unaccustomed traveler the ideas of war-whoops and painted deadly enemies. But at last they drew near to Salem, which rivaled Boston in size in those days, and boasted the name of one or two streets, although in an English eye it would indeed rather more like irregularly built houses, clustered round the meeting-house, or rather one meeting-house, for a second was in process of building. The whole place was surrounded with two circles of stockades; between the two were the gardens and grazing ground for those who dreaded their cattle straying into the woods, and the consequent danger of reclaiming them.

The lad who drove them flogged his spent horse into a trot as they went through Salem to Ralph Hickson's house. It was evening, the leisure time for the inhabitants and their children was over and before the houses. Lois was struck by the beauty of one was tedding child, and turned to look after it; it caught its father's eye as it passed, and, tell with a cry that brought the mother out in affright. As one man, not very quick of mind, two lois time to think long upon the matter, for the lookout after the horse was paid at the door of a good, square, substantial, wooden house, plastered over into a creamy white, perhaps as handsome a house of the size in Salem as there was told by the driver that her uncle, Ralph Hickson, lived. In the flurry of the moment she did not notice, but Captain Holderness did, that no one came out at the unwonted sound of wheels, to receive and welcome her. She was lifted down by the old sailor, and led into a large room, almost with the hall of some English mansion-house as to size. A tall, gaunt young man of three or four and twenty rose as Lois's uncle entered the room, reading a great folio by the fading light of day. He did not rise when they came in, but looked at them with surprise, no gleam of intelligence coming into his stern, dark face. There was no woman in the house-place. Captain Heath in the same moment, and then said—

"Is this house Ralph Hickson's?"

"It is," said the young man, in a slow, deep voice. But he added no word further.

"This is his niece, Lois Barclay," said the Captain, taking the girl's arm, and pushing her forward. The young man looked at her steadily and coldly, but made no answer, only closing and marking the page in the folio which hitherto had lain open before him. At last, in the same heavy, indifferent manner, "I will call my mother, she will know."

He spoke as those who looked into a warm bright kitchen, ruddy with the light of the fire over which hung a huge bubbling cauldron engaged in cooking something, while a fourth, an old Indian squaw, with a bright handkerchief, shriveled up and bent with apparent age, moved backward and forward, evidently fetching the others the articles they required.

"Mother," said the young man; and having asserted her existence, he pointed over his shoulder to the newly-arrived strangers, and returned to the study of his book, from time to time, however, fixing steadily something in the kitchen with his shaggy eyebrows.

A tall, largely made woman, past middle life, came in from the kitchen, and stood reconnoitering the strangers.

"Is Ralph Hickson at home?"

"This is Lois Barclay, Master Ralph Hickson's niece."

"I know nothing of her," said the mistress of the house, in a deep voice, almost as masculine as her son's.

"Master Hickson received his sister's letter, did he not? I mean the one in which Richard Elias Wellsloved, who left Boston for this place yesterday morning."

Ralph Hickson has received no such letter. He lies bedridden in the chamber beyond. And letters for him are not to be received by others, wherefore I can affirm with certainty that no such letter has been delivered here. His sister Barclay, she that was Hannah Hickson, should know how to bank took the oath to Charles Stuart, and stuck by his living and his estate much like Hickson."

Lois, who had thought her heart was dead and cold a minute before at the ungracious reception she met with, felt it beat violently, and her mouth at the implied insult to her father, and spoke out, to her own and the Captain's astonishment:

"They might to godly men who left their country and their all for conscience' sake, and that they alone were not the godly men, and no one has a right to limit true godliness for men opinion's sake."

"Well said, lass," spoke out the Captain, looking upon her with a kind of admiring wonder, and patting her on the back.

Lois and the young man met each other's eyes unflinchingly for a minute or two of silence; but the girl felt her color coming and going while the latter seemed unmoved. At the end of the time the young maiden were filling fast with tears, while those of Grace Hickson kept on their stay, and unwavering.

"Mother!" said the young man, rising up with a quicker animation than he had yet shown, and in his house, "it is ill speaking of such matters when my cousin cannot answer again. Let her carry down her grass hereafter, but she has traveled from Boston city to-day, and she will sea-faring man must need rest. Go!"

He did not attend to see the effect of his words, but sat down to the table again, and was absorbed in his book in an instant. Perhaps he knew that his word was law with his grim mother, for he had hardly closed the door before she had pointed to a wooden settle, and smoothing the lines on her countenance, as if by a strong effort, began to speak in a true. Sit down here, while I bid Faith and Nattee get food ready; and meanwhile I will go tell my son Ralph that his sister's wife calls him sister's child is come over to pay him a visit."

She went to the door, waiting into the kitchen, and gave some directions to the elder girl, whom Lois now knew to be the daughter of the house. Faith stood listening before she received speech, scarcely caring to look at the newly-arrived strangers. She was a tall, slight girl, with a brunette complexion, but had handsomer features, and large, mysterious-looking eyes, as Lois saw, when once she had dared to look at her. Nattee, the aspect of the sea-captain and her cousin with such evil, suspicious glances as her mother, her grandfather mother, and the scarce less pliant figure of the daughter, a girl of twelve years old, or thereabouts, and appeared to be her mother's child, subdued by them, as if it were her accustomed habit to peep about, creep, and listen, never to be seen aside, now at that, making grimaces all the while at Lois and Captain Holderness, who sat facing the fire, and could not observe the child's mute reception. The Captain pulled out tobacco, and began to chew by way of consolation, and in a moment or two his usual elasticity of spirit came to his rescue, and he said in a low voice to Lois—

"That wounded Elias, I will give it him! If the letter that he has written to Ralph Hickson have had a different kind of welcome; but as soon as I have had something to eat and find out where I can, and bring back the letter, and then make all right, my wench. Nay, don't be downhearted, for I can not natural women's tears. They're just worn out with the shaking and the want of food."

Lois brushed away her tears, and looking round to try and divert her thoughts by fixing them on present objects, she caught her cousin Nannah's deep-set eyes furtively watching her. It was with an unfeigned look of fear that she encountered this, particularly as he did not withdraw his looks after he must have seen that she observed him. She was glad when her aunt called her into an inner room to see her uncle, and she escaped from the steady observance of her gloomy, silent cousin.

Ralph Hickson was much older than his wife, and his illness made him look older still. He had never had the force of character that Grace, his spouse, possessed, and age and indisposition had now rendered him almost childish at times. But his nature was affectionate, and stretching out his trembling arms from where he lay bedridden, he drew his niece's head down to his own, and was waiting for the confirmation of the missing letter before he acknowledged her to be his niece.

"Oh! 'tis kind in thes to come all across the sea to make acquaintance with thine uncle; kind in Sister Elias to spare thes both!"

Lois had to tell him but there was no one living to miss her at home in England, and as for the letter he had no home in England, no father nor mother left upon earth; and this she had been bidden by her mother's last wish to seek him out, and ask him for a home. Her words came up, half choked, from a heavy heart, and his child-like mind could take their meaning in without several repetitions; and then he cried like a child, rather at his own grief than hers, and would not rest for more than twenty years, than at that of the orphan's shading. Lois felt, by trying hard not to cry, that she was bravely in his new strange home. What must of all helped Lois in her self-restraint was her aunt's unsympathetic look. Born and bred in New England, Grace Hickson had a kind of jealous dislike to her husband's English relations, and had increased since of late years his weakened mind regarded after time, and he forgot the good reason he had had for his dislike, and only roused over the decision which had led it to as the great mistake of his life. "Sister Elias," said she, "was ever one in all this sorrow for the loss of one who died full of years ye are forgetting in Whoso hands life and death are?"

Iron words, but ill-spoken at that time. Lois looked up at her with a bewildered disgusted indignation; which increased as she heard the contemptuous tone in which her aunt went on talking to Elias Hickson, even when she was pressing his best with a regard to his greater comfort.

"Sister Elias will think these matters have no the mean than art always making over spilt milk; and truth, it is, that she has had much in thing old age. When we were wed, thou left all to me, and the Lord; I would never have married thee else. Nay, lass," turning to Lois, in explanation as Lois's face, "thou art never going to brow-beat me with Lord's name. I do my duty as I read it, and there is never a man or woman under speak a word to Grace Hickson about either my works or my ways. Sister Elias Mother hath said that even he might learn of me; and I would not have thee to think that I would say that if the Lord may not convert thee from thy ways, since he has sent thee to dwell, as it were, in Zion, where the wisdom dow fair and the people be godly."

Lois felt ashamed and sorry to find that her aunt had a different kind of religious reputation expression of her features; she blamed herself a little for the feeling that had caused that expression to appear. But it was a fact that she might have been troubled with something before the unexpected reception of her uncle and aunt again hoping that the remembrance of this little misunderstanding would soon pass away. So she sat down to the supper-table, and went to the gray wat her uncle's tender trembling pressure of her hand, as he muttered his thanks for some little good night, and returned into the outer, or "keeping"-room, where all the family were now assembled, except the two maid-of-all-work and various-steaks which Nattee, the Indian servant, was bringing in from the kitchen. So every one set to have been speaking to Captain Holderness while Lois had been away. Mansseh sat quiet, with his head bent down over his book; opposite to him, his eye thoughtfully fixed on vacancy, as if he saw a vision of something beyond the wall, still seated by the table, lazily directing Nattee in her preparations; and Prudence lolled against the door-frame, between Mansseh and the fireplace, playing tricks on the old Indian woman as she passed backward and forward, the child's countenance in a strong state of expressed irritation, which she tried in vain to repress, as whenever she showed any sign of it Grandmother Nattee stood still and scolded her. When all was ready Mansseh lifted his right hand and "asked a blessing" in a monotonous voice, that grace became a long prayer for abstract spiritual blessings for strength to combat Satan and to overcome the flesh, and for the conversion of Lois though, a partly personal character, as if the young girl had been in search of salvation, and even the people present, but was searching into the nature of the diseases that beset his own and his family, and praying them out of the world. He was brought back by a pluck at the coat from Prudence; he opened his eyes, looked with a sharp glance at the child, who made a face at him for all reply, and then he sat down, and they all fell to their supper. Grace Hickson would have thought for hospitality at fault if she had allowed Captain Holderness to go to bed without a meal of food, and in spite of all the cares and troubles, temptations, and sorrows of the day, Lois discovered that they were all asleep before the town-clock struck ten.

In the morning the Captain's first care was to go out in search of the boy Elias and the missing letter. He met the boy bringing it with an easy conscience, for, thought Elias, a few hours sooner or later will make no difference; tonight or the morrow morning will be all the same. But he was startled into a sense of wrong-doing by a round box on the ears from the very man who had charged him, to deliver it specially, and whom he believed he had duly delivered it to the night before.

The letter delivered, all possible proof being given that Lois had a right to claim a home from her nearest relations, Captain Holderness thought it best to take leave.

"Then'll take to them, lass, maybe, when there is no one here to make thee think on all the country. Nay, nay! parting is hard work at all times, and the sea-faring man's work done out of hand. Keep up thine heart, my wench, and I'll come back and see then next spring, if we are all spared till then; and who knows what fine young sailor-man's coming with me? Don't go on and get wet to a prayer, my darling, my darling. Then, there—I'm off! God bless thee!"

And Lois was left alone in New England.

To be continued.

THE LATE ISAMBARD KINGDOM BRUNEL.

The late Mr. Brunel was the son of a French engineer, who, having left his country at the time of the first French Revolution, came to this country, constructed many important engineering works, and finally returned to England, where he settled. His genius soon secured for him a prominent place among the engineers of the day. He was the originator and contriver of the famous Thames Tunnel, a day path-way under the bed of the Thames river, which, though a failure in a commercial point of view, remains nevertheless one of the most remarkable engineering works in the world. Mr. Brunel the elder married in England. His son, Isambard Kingdom, was born in Portsea, Hants, on the 9th April, 1806. Even in Normandy, and, when his education was complete, known as a rising engineer. He was the superintendent of the works on the Thames Tunnel. More than once during the excavation of that tunnel, the overlying mass of the rock above caused the waters to rush in upon the workmen, and half-drowned the men in the tunnel. Young Brunel was on one occasion washed fairly out of the tunnel by the resistless rush of the waters, and barely escaped alive.

The skill he developed as resident engineer of this work brought him into general notice, and obtained for the position of engineer of the Great Western and other leading British railways. He also built a number of bridges, in England and Wales, and in Hungary and Belgium, a suspension one, across the Thames. Quite lately he and Mr. Stephenson constructed and assistant in the construction and establishment of the tubular bridges which have become so celebrated. These bridges are constructed by laying down tracks for railways, cutting tunnels through mountain ridges, and building bridges over rivers, he was maturing a scheme for a gigantic steamship which should astonish the world and revolutionize navigation.

He succeeded in his aim. His steamship—*The Great Eastern*—was launched, and was successful. Many who read these lines will remember her arrival in New York, and the interest excited by the visit of Mr. Brunel, builder, and every thing connected with her. This was Isambard K. Brunel's first triumph in marine architecture.

For many years after the success of the *Great Western* and the launching of his vessel, he confined his practice of his profession. He built bridges, dug railways, and made harbors, not only in Great Britain, but throughout the European Continent. During the late Crimean War the British Government selected him to go to Turkey to build a grand military hospital on great scientific principles. This work is in every thing else, he succeeded.

It was in 1854, as we have said, that his colossal ship, the *Great Eastern*, or *Leviathan*, as she was at first called, took shape, and he laid his scheme before the British public. Ever since the plan was adopted, and the construction of the vessel began, Mr. Brunel's heart was identified with the work. Though the building proper was the work of Mr. Russell, manufacturer of Millwall, Poplar, Mr. Brunel it was he who superintended the launch, and a large part of the machinery and other appliances was constructed under his directions. The difficulties and disappointments which the enterprise involved are matters of public notoriety. When—as we shall hereafter have occasion to relate—the vessel was finally launched, the great ship stuck on the ways, the press derided the futile efforts that were made to launch her, and the shareholders in the Company called at the engineers whose failures were raising them, Isambard K. Brunel lost his pluck, his energy, or temper. On the darkest day of the *Great Eastern's* career he was serene, placid, and confident; the despondency surrounding the great stockholders never caused him any irritation.

It is very sad to think that this great man should have died before the success of his experiment was established. Though illness and his accompanying the great ship down the Thames, he was duly made aware of her success; whether he ever heard of the explosion, and, if yes, whether his was properly acquainted with the details, we are ignorant of the real strength of the ship we know not. On 15th September, at his residence, he unexpectedly died, and passed itself upon his body, and he died of paralysis.

Only a year or two since he escaped a singular and inglorious death. He was playing with the child of a friend, and to amuse it was throwing sovereigns into his mouth, and pretending to make them disappear with the conjurer's cry of Presto. His throw one sovereign into his mouth with such force that it entered the gullet, and stuck, there, edgewise, wholly closing the passage. Friends and doctors were unable to remove it; and had she doctor, who was sent for, been delayed a few minutes later,

the great engineer would have been a corpse when he arrived.

The London correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian* tells the following story in illustration of his coolness:

"The death of Isambard Brunel has excited much sympathy. The verdict on him might be 'Killed by the *Great Eastern*,' but less by the anxiety consequent upon the completion and starting of the big ship than by the mortification and disappointment at the cost and bungling of her launching. With that daring independence, or rather defiance of settled opinion, which distinguished Brunel, he had made arrangements for the moving of the *Great Eastern* to the water which were in contradiction with many doctrines hitherto accepted as axioms in ship-launching. Mr. Scott Russell made an offer to the Company to contract for the launching for an expense of £15,000. Mr. Brunel pooh-poohed the figure as needlessly costly. His own arrangements cost the Company close on £100,000. Yet he never swerved after once determining on his course. Audacity was one leading feature of Brunel's engineering character. I heard an anecdote which illustrates this strikingly. Brunel held views in contradiction to those of his brethren, as to the employment of a peculiar kind of Roman cement in railway bridge building. Other engineers objected to its use, as it hardened too fast to allow the work to settle properly. Not so Brunel. Trusting to his own view, he used this mortar in one of the first large bridges constructed by them for the Great Western line. It fell soon after its erection. Brunel entered the room where the directors were assembled, in discomfited conclave, to discuss the accident. 'I congratulate you, gentlemen, on the fall of —— bridge,' was Brunel's entry on the subject. 'Congratulate us! on an accident involving disaster and the loss of —— pounds?' was the angry and amazed rejoinder. 'Certainly,' said Brunel, coolly. 'I was just about to put up two hundred bridges on the same principle.'"

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

BOOK III.

THE TRACK OF A STORM.

CHAPTER VIII.

A HAND AT CARDS.

HAPPILY unconscious of the new calamity at home, Miss Pross threshed her way along the coach-stones and crossed the river by the bridge of the Pont-Neuf, reckoning in her mind the number of indispensable purchases she had to make. Mr. Cruncher, with the basket, walked at her side.

They both looked to the right and to the left into the streets that they passed, had a wary eye for all gregarious assemblages of people, and turned out of their road to avoid any very excited group of talkers. It was a raw evening, and the misty river, blurred to the eye with blazing lights and to the ear with harsh noises, showed where the barges were stationed in which the smiths were making guns for the Army of the Republic. Woe to the man who played tricks with *that* Army, or put unbalanced ammunition in it! Better for him that his beard had never grown, for the National Razor shaved him close.

Having purchased a few small articles of grocery, and a measure of oil for the lamp, Miss Pross bethought herself of the wine she wanted. After peeping into several wineshops, she stopped at the sign of the Good Republican Brutus of Antiquity, not far from the National Palace, once (and twice) the Tuileries, where the aspect of the theatre rather took her fancy. It had a quieter look than any other place of the same description that she had tried, and though red with patriotic caps, was not so red as the rest. Sounding Mr. Cruncher, and finding him of her opinion, Miss Pross resorted to the Good Republican Brutus of Antiquity, attended by her cavalier.

Slightly observant of the smoky lights; of the people, pipe in mouth, playing with limp cards and yellow dominoes; of the one bare-breasted, bare-armed, soot-begrimed workman reading a journal aloud, and of the others listening to him; of the weapons worn, or laid aside to be resumed; of the two or three customers talking forward asleep, who in the popular high-shouldered, shaggy black spencer, looked in that attitude like slumbering bears or dogs; the two outlandish customers approached the counter, and showed what they wanted.

As their wine was measuring out, a man parted from another man in a corner, and rose to depart. In going, he had to pass Miss Pross. No sooner did he face her than Miss Pross uttered a scream and clapped her hands.

In a moment the whole company were on their feet. That somebody was assassinated by somebody vindicating a difference of opinion, was the likeliest occurrence. Every body looked to see somebody fall, but only saw a man and woman standing transfixed, staring at each other; the man with all the outward aspect of a Frenchman and a thorough Republican; the woman evidently English.

What was said in this disappointing anti-climax by the disciples of the Good Republican Brutus of Antiquity, except that it was something very voluble and loud, would have been as to much Hebrew or Chaldean to Miss Pross and her protector, though they had been all ears. But they had no ears for any thing but their surprise. For it must be recorded, that not only was Miss Pross lost in amazement and agitation, but Mr. Cruncher—though it seemed on his own separate and individual account—was in a state of the greatest wonder and perplexity.

"What is the matter?" said the man who had caused Miss Pross to scream, speaking in a vexed, abrupt voice (though in a low tone), and in English.

"Oh, Solomon, dear Solomon!" cried Miss Pross, clapping her hands again. "After not letting eyes upon you or hearing of you for so long a time, do I find you here!"

"Don't call me Solomon. Do you want to be the death of me?" asked the man, in a furtive, frightened way.

"Brother, brother!" cried Miss Pross, bursting into tears. "Have I ever been so hard with you that you ask me such a cruel question?"

"Then hold your needlessome tongue," said Solomon, "and come out, if you want to speak to me. Pay for your wine, and come out. Who's this man?"

Miss Pross, shaking her loving and dejected head at her by no means affectionate brother, said, through her tears, "Mr. Cruncher."

"Let him come out, too," said Solomon. "Does he think me a ghost?"

Apparently Mr. Cruncher did, to judge from his looks. He said a word, however, to Miss Pross, exploring the depths of her reticule through her tears with great difficulty, paid for the wine. As she did so, Solomon turned to the followers of the Good Republican Brutus of Antiquity, and offered a few words of explanation in the French language, which caused them all to relapse into their former places and pursuits.

"Now," said Solomon, stopping at the dark street-corner, "what do you want?"

"How dreadfully unkind in a brother nothing has ever turned my love away from," cried Miss Pross, "to receive me with a greeting like this, or no affection!"

"There. God-found it! There," said Solomon, making a dab at Miss Pross's lips with his own. "Now are you content?"

Miss Pross only shook her head, and wept in silence.

"If you expect me to be surprised," said her brother Solomon, "I am not surprised; I knew you were here; I knew of most people who are here. If you really don't want to endanger my existence—which I half believe you do—go your ways as soon as possible, and let me go mine. I am busy. I am an official."

"My English brother Solomon," mourned Miss Pross, casting up her tear-fraught eyes, "that had the makings in him of one of the best and greatest men in his native country—an official among foreigners, and such foreigners! I would almost sooner have seen the dear boy lying in his—"

"I said so!" cried her brother, interrupting. "I knew it. You want to be the death of me, as I shall be rendered Suspect by my own sister. Just as I am getting on!"

"The good and merciful Heavens forbid!" cried Miss Pross. "Far rather would I see you dead—and I have seen both—than have ever loved you truly, and ever shall. Say but one affectionate word to me, and tell me there is nothing angry or estranged between us, and I will detain you no longer."

The words were kind, and as if the estrangement between them had come of any subjativity of hers. As if Mr. Lorry had not been in the right, years ago, in the quiet corner in Soho, that this precious brother had spent her money and left her!

He was saying the affectionate word, however, with a far more grudging condescension, and patronage than in the days when events lit their relative merits and positions had been reversed with him by his twenty-four years of the world over), when Mr. Cruncher, touching him on the shoulder, hoarsely and unexpectedly interposed with the following singular question:

"I say! Might I ask the favor? Whether your name is Solomon, or Sydney, sir, which is it?"

The official turned toward him with sudden distrust. He had not previously uttered a word.

"Come!" said Cruncher. "Speak out, you know." (Which, by-the-way, was more than he could himself.) "John, Solomon, or Solomon John? She calls you Solomon, and she must know, being your sister. And I name you for John, you know. Which of the two goes first? And regarding that name of Pross, likewise. That wasn't your name over the water."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I don't know all I mean, for I can't call to mind what your name was, over the water."

"No?" repeated Solomon.

"No. But I'll swear it was a name of two syllables."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. T'other one's was one syllable. I know you. You was a spy-witness at the Old Bailey. What in the name of the Father of Lies, own father to yourself, was you called at that time?"

"Barsad," said another voice, striking in.

"That's the name for a thundering pound!" cried Jerry.

The speaker who struck in was Sydney Carton. He had his hands behind him under the skirts of his riding-coat, and he stood at Mr. Cruncher's elbow as negligently as one might have stood at the Old Bailey itself.

"Don't be alarmed, my dear Miss Pross. I arrived at Mr. Lorry's, to his surprise, yesterday evening; we agreed that I would not present myself elsewhere until all was safe, or unless I could be useful; I present myself here to help a little talk with your brother. I wish you had a better employed brother than Mr. Barsad. I wish for your sake—Mr. Barsad under-stands me—he was a man, and not a bully and coward, before the Revolution."

Sharp was the cant word of the time for a spy, under the jailers. The spy, who was pale, turned paler, and asked him how he dared—

"I'll tell you," said Sydney. "I'll tell you, Mr. Barsad, coming out of the prison of the Conciergerie while I was contemplating the walls an hour or more ago. You have a face to be remembered, and I remember faces well. Made curious by seeing you in that connection, and having a reason, to which you are no stranger, for associating you with the misfortunes of a friend now very unfortunate, I walked in your direction. I walked into the wine-shop here, close after you, and sat near you. I had no difficulty in deducing from your wareserved conversation, and the rumor openly going about among your admirers, the nature of your calling. And gradually, what I had done at random seemed to shape itself into a purpose, Mr. Barsad."

"What purpose?" the spy asked.

"It would be troublesome, and might be dangerous, to explain to the street. Could you favor me, in confidence, with some minutes of your company—at the office of Tellson's Bank, for instance?"

"Under a threat?"

"Oh! Did I say that?"

"Then why should I go there?"

"Really, Mr. Barsad, I can't say, if you can't."

"You mean that you won't say, Sir?" the spy irresolutely asked.

"You apprehend me very clearly, Mr. Barsad. I won't."

Carton's negligent recklessness of manner came powerfully in aid of his quickness and skill in such a business as he had in his secret mind, and with such a man as he had to do with. His practiced eye saw it, and made the most of it.

"Now, I told you so," said the spy, casting a reproachful look at his sister; "if any trouble comes of this, it's your doing."

"Come, come, Mr. Barsad!" exclaimed Sydney. "Don't be ungrateful. But for my great respect for your sister, I might not have let up so pleasantly to a little prompting which has made for our mutual satisfaction. Do you go with me to the Bank?"

"I'll hear what you have got to say. Yes, I'll go with you."

"I propose that we first conduct your sister safely to the corner of her own street. Let me take your arm, Miss Pross. This is not a good city, at this time, for you to be out in, unprotected; and as your escort knows Mr. Barsad, I will invite him to Mr. Lorry's with us. Are we ready? Come, then!"

Miss Pross recalled soon afterward, and to the end of her life remembered, that as she pressed her hands on Sydney's arm and looked up in his face, imploring him to do no hurt to Solomon, there was a braced purpose in the arm, and a kind of inspiration in the eyes, which not only contradicted his light manner, but changed and raised the man. She was too much occupied then with fears for the brother who so little deserved her affection, and with Sydney's friendly reassurances, adequately to heed what she observed.

They left her at the corner of the street, and Carton led the way to Mr. Lorry's, which was within a few minutes' walk. John Barsad, or Solomon Pross, walked at his side.

Mr. Lorry had just finished his dinner, and was sitting before a cheery little log or two of fire—perhaps looking into their bleze for the picture of that younger elderly gentleman from Tellson's, who had looked into the red coals at the Royal George at Dover, now a good many years ago. He turned his head as they entered, and showed the surprise with which he saw a stranger.

"Miss Pross's brother, Sir," said Sydney. "Mr. Barsad."

"Barsad?" repeated the old gentleman, "Barsad? I have an association with the name—and with the face."

"I told you you had a remarkable face, Mr. Barsad," observed Carton coolly. "Pray sit down."

As he took a chair himself, he supplied the link that Mr. Lorry wanted, by saying to him with a frown, "Witness at that trial." Mr. Lorry immediately remembered, and regarded his new visitor with an undisguised look of abhorrence.

"Mr. Barsad has been recognized by Miss Pross as the affectionate brother you have heard of," said Sydney, "and has acknowledged the relationship. I am pass to move news. Darnay has been arrested again."

Struck with consternation, the old gentleman exclaimed, "What do you tell me! I left him and them within these two hours, and am about to return to him!"

"Arrested for all that. When was it done, Mr. Barsad?"

"Just now, if at all."

"Mr. Barsad is the best authority sensible, Sir," said Sydney, "and I have it from Mr. Barsad's communication to a friend and brother sheep over a bottle of wine, that the arrest has taken place. He left the messengers at the gate, and saw them admitted by the porter. There is no earthly doubt that he is retaken."

Mr. Lorry's business eye read in the speaker's face that it was less of time to dwell upon the point. Confused, but sensible that something might depend on his presence of mind, he commanded himself, and was silently attentive.

"Now, I trust," said Sydney to him, "that the long and intimate relations of Doctor Manette may stand him in as good stead to-morrow—you said he would be before the Tribunal again to-morrow, Mr. Barsad?—"

"Yes; I believe so."

"In as good stead to-morrow as to-day. But it may not be so. I own to you I am anxious, Mr. Lorry, for Doctor Manette's not having had the power to prevent this arrest."

"He may not have known of it beforehand," said Mr. Lorry.

"But that very circumstance would be alarming, when we remember how identified he is with his son-in-law."

"That's true," Mr. Lorry acknowledged, with his troubled hand at his chin, and his troubled eyes on Carton.

"In short," said Sydney, "this is a desperate time, when desperate games are played for desperate stakes. Let the Doctor play the winning game; I will play the losing one. No man's life here is worth purchase. Any one carried home by the people to-day may be condemned to-morrow. Now, the stake I have resolved to play for, in case of the worst, is a friend in the Conciergerie. And the friend I purpose to myself to win is Mr. Barsad."

"You mean, have good cards, Sir," said the spy.

"I'll run them over," returned Sydney; "I'll see what I hold.—Mr. Lorry, you know what a brute I am; I wish you'd give me a little brandy."

It was put before him, and he drank off a glassful—drank off another glassful—pushed the bottle thoughtfully away.

"Mr. Barsad," he went on thoughtfully, in the tone of one who really was looking over a hand at cards: "Sheep of the prisons, emissary of Republican committees, now turnkey, now prisoner, always spy and secret informer, so much the more valuable here for being English that an Englishman is less open to suspicion of subornation in those characters than a Frenchman, represents himself to his employers under a false name. That's a very good card. Mr. Barsad, now in the employ of the republican French government, was formerly in the employ of the aristocratic English government, the enemy of France and freedom. That's an excellent card. Inference clear as day in this region of suspicion, that Mr. Barsad, still in the pay of the aristocratic English government, is the spy of Pitt, the treacherous foe of the Republic crouching in its bosom, the English traitor and agent of all mischief so much spoken of and so difficult to find. That's a card not to be beaten. Have you followed my hand, Mr. Barsad?"

"SO *YOU* PUT FUN IT HIS COFFIN?"

"Not to understand your play," returned the spy, somewhat uneasily.

"I play my Ace, Denunciation of Mr. Barsad to the nearest Section Committee. Look over your hand, Mr. Barsad, and see what you have. Don't hurry."

He drew the bottle near, poured out another glassful of brandy, and drank it off. He saw that the spy was fearful of his drinking himself into a fit state for the immediate denunciation of him. Seeing it, he poured out and drank another glassful.

"Look over your hand carefully, Mr. Barsad. Take time."

It was a poorer hand than he suspected. Mr. Barsad saw losing cards in it that Sydney Carton knew nothing of. Thrown out of his honorable employment in England through his own unsuccessful hard swearing there—not because he was not wanted there; now, indeed, reasons for wanting our superiority to secrecy and spies are of very modern date—he knew that he had crossed the Channel, and accepted service in France: first, as a tempter and an eavesdropper among his own countrymen there: gradually as a tempter and an eavesdropper among the natives. He knew that under the overthrown government he had been a spy upon Saint Antoine and Defarge's wine-shop; had received from the watchful police such heads of information concerning Doctor Manette's imprisonment, release, and history, as should serve him for an introduction to the prisoner's confidence; had realized from that confidence (as Madame Defarge, and the register of her wine-shop, were well aware) the inestimable value of such intelligence as his own countrymen there: gradually set a number of them on their own destruction: and all the while had striven with the decision of his character to hold some place among the forces working out the Revolution, which should not bring him to the guillotine. Sydney Carton knew nothing of all this; but he knew enough to deem the character of his hand very bad indeed.

"Take time!"

Mr. Barsad began to scan his cards anxiously, but presently brightened very much. Sydney Carton's breathing had become more difficult, and he had filled himself another glass of brandy. The spy felt certain that he saw losing cards in his hand when he played one.

"Mr. Barsad," said Carton, in his usual tone, "you are not unacquainted with the manner in which the prisoner has been denounced, and how he is charged with being in the pay of England, and what evidence there is against him. Now, I am well acquainted with the facts that can be brought home to you, and I undertake to show you that your case is hopeless. Would you like to compare notes with me before playing?"

"Thank you, sir, no. I prefer," said the spy, grasping at every card as it came to him, "to make my discoveries here."

"As you please, sir. Only, let me remind you that you have not many cards in your hand, and that they are very poor ones."

Mr. Barsad looked hard at his adversary, who was gazing at the ceiling, with his head thrown back, and his right hand clutching the neck of the bottle from which he had taken his last glass of brandy.

"Mr. Barsad," said Carton, steadily, "I am a spy myself."

"You!"

"Yes. Informed against, and betrayed, and gone to the Devil. Now, you see my game. Poor game as it is, I play it alone, and it is worth playing. Do you see?"

Mr. Barsad saw it, but he could not believe it. He looked at his cards, shook his head, and smiled.

"Mr. Barsad," said Carton, "I am a ruined gamester, driven to the desperation of play

oilet Vinegar

is far superior to Eau de Cologne as a lotion for the Toilet or Bath, a reviving Perfume, and a powerful Disinfectant.

Sold by all the Trade.

E. Rimmel,

Perfumer, London and Paris.

260 HOW to LIVE CHEAP. **260**

In order to defend ourselves against the present high prices of Provisions, we have opened our Stores, WINES, GROCERIES, and PROVISIONS of all kinds, at the immense establishment of THOMAS E. AGNEW, No. 569 Greenwich Street, cor. Murray. Goods delivered Free.

$40—NEW SEWING MACHINE—$40

—THE "PARKER MACHINE, manufactured by the Grover & Baker Sewing Machine Company, and sold by us, is a beautiful first-class, double-thread, lockstitch, reindeer and fast machine. All orders must be addressed to the general agents.

WHEELER & CO., 469 Broadway.

Ladies' Furs at Genin's Bazaar,

513 Broadway,

Under the St. Nicholas Hotel.

HUDSON BAY SABLE, RUSSIAN SABLE, MINK, MARTEN, ROYAL ERMINE, OF THE LATEST STYLES FROM EUROPE. CHILDREN'S FURS, IN ELEGANT VARIETY, STOCK LARGE, ASSORTMENT COMPLETE, PRICES MODERATE.

GENIN'S BAZAAR,

513 Broadway.

Café de Costa Rica C&C

THIS SUPERIOR Strong-bodied delicate-flavored **Mountain COFFEE,** For sale by COUDAR & CO 165 & 167 Front Street.

Singer's Sewing Machines.

SINGER'S No. 2 SEWING MACHINE, $100.

SINGER'S No. 1 SEWING MACHINE, $80.

HEMMING GAUZES REDUCED TO $4.

Singer's Family Sewing Machines at $60 and $75 are capable of performing, in the best style, all the sewing of a private family.

Send for a copy of I. M. Singer & Co.'s Gazette, which contains full and reliable information about prices, sizes, &c., of Sewing Machines, and will be supplied gratis.

I. M. SINGER & CO.,

No. 458 Broadway, New York.

Ladd, Webster & Co.,

INVITE ATTENTION TO THEIR

IMPROVED TIGHT-STITCH

Sewing Machines,

WHICH FOR BEAUTY AND SIMPLICITY OF CONSTRUCTION, AND EFFICIENCY IN WORKING, ARE UNEQUALED BY ANY.

910 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

17 SUMMER STREET, BOSTON.

620 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

202 BALTIMORE STREET, BALTIMORE.

80 WEST FOURTH STREET, CINCINNATI.

361 BROADWAY 539

BRIDAL SETTS,

Tucker's Flowers, Feathers, Miscellaneous Items, Are all reliable.

EVERETT HOUSE,

HAWLEY D. TUCKER, Proprietor.

NORTH SIDE UNION SQUARE.

NEW YORK.

PIANO FORTES.

PAYEN, BACON & CO.,

PIANO FORTE MANUFACTURERS, Warerooms No. 115 Grand Street, near Broadway, where a full assortment of Instruments may be found exclusively of our own manufacture. Warranted in every respect.

SANDS' SARSAPARILLA.

FOR THE CURE OF ALL DISEASES

ARISING FROM

AN IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD.

In this purely vegetable preparation, the properties of an Antiseptic, a mild Cathartic, and a Tonic Medicine are combined. It purifies the blood, and expels the impurities of unhealthy secretions, which engender and feed disease, thus starving it at the root of the malady.

Prepared and sold by A. & D. SANDS, Druggists, No. 369 Fulton Street, New York.

REMOVAL.

JAMES BOGARDUS,

Architect in Iron, Originator, Constructor, and Patentee of Iron Buildings,

Has removed to the Factory of

FOUNDERS'S Improved Iron Universal Mill,

Machine Room corner of White and Elm Streets,

In Hudson Square,

Office No. 321 Canal Street, near Centre, New York.

Iron Building corner Cortlandt and Duane Sts., formerly occupied, has been removed in widening Duane Street.

American Guano.

TO FARMERS AND DEALERS

In Guano. This Guano from Jarvis Island, in the Pacific Ocean, which has been proved to be the most valuable fertilizer ever discovered, is offered for sale at wholesale and retail at less than two thirds the price of Peruvian. For particulars, address, The Jarvis Island, American Guano Co., 66 William Street, New York.

Mercantile Record.

Patent Champion Safes.

S. C. Herring & Co., 251 Broadway.

Wilder's Patent Salamander Safe.

B. G. Wilder & Co., 191 Broadway.

Phelan's Billiard Tables.

O'Connor & Calladay, 63 to 69 Crosby Street.

Patent Extension Tables.

At Herdtle's Manufactory, 148, 150 Wooster Street.

Trusses. Shoulder Braces, Elastic Stockings, bandages, and &c. *Glover's new liver truss.* No. 4 Astor St.

Quarterman's Patent Stove Polish,

No. 164 John Street, New York.

Improved Billiard Tables.

W. I. Sharp, Manufacturer, 342 Bowery.

All kinds of Picture Frames cheap at 142 Fulton St., near Broadway. J. B. BRADLEY, Agt.

"Piggy" Waterproof is cheap and unperishable. one coat injure the cork nor enlarge the rupture. Sold by druggists.

HARPER'S WEEKLY,

In an article on

BEULAH.

Written by one of their oldest editors, says:

"We look of the season has more justly attracted attention than BEULAH, a novel by Miss Augusta J. Evans, published by Derby & Jackson. *It is emphatically a strong book, and we place it at once in the foremost rank of novels by American ladies. Possibly we might indeed hazard de more, and say that it is the best of that class.*"

"BEULAH"

Is a large and handsome 12mo. Price $1 25.

STEREOTYPED AND NOW READY.

For sale by all Booksellers and News Agents.

Kelty Brothers & Lum.

291 UPHOLSTERY GOODS, **291**

BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

CHURCH WINDOW-SHADES, STORE WINDOW SHADES, FRENCH WINDOW SHADES, LACE CURTAINS, DAMASK CURTAINING, BAND CURTAINING, BUFF, WHITE, AND GREEN HOLLAND SHADES, BY THE YARD OR PIECE.

Garnet and Coral Jewelry. — We invite attention to our late importation of Coral and Garnet Jewelry, consisting of bracelets, brooches, earrings, necklaces, charms, hair-pins, combs, bracelets, clasps, &c.

CHISHOLM, BOGARDUS & STONEHOUSE,

No. 577 Broadway, corner of Spring Street.

Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry.

This remedy has long been cherished by the community for its wonderful efficacy in relieving, curing, and curing the most obstinate, painful, and long-standing cases of Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Croup, and Consumption of the Lungs: while even Consumptive itself has yielded to its magic influence, when all other known means have failed.

The white history of this Balsam, which has now become a household word, is one of which there are several worthless ones, not that each bottle has the written signature of I. BUTTS, as well as the printed name of the Proprietors, "*Seth W. Fowle & Co., Boston,*" on the outside wrapper.

Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere.

Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry.

Saponifier. Saponifier. Saponifier.

The best article for Public or Private Institutions, should be without this economical and ready Soap Maker.

Full directions for making Hard and Soft Soap. Every Soap from the refuse grease of the kitchen, fat or internal, amongst a quantity of rosin.

For sale by Druggists and Grocers generally. Beware of Counterfeits. The success of this article has induced unprincipled persons to imitate it, who are being prosecuted for infringing our patented rights.

The genuine manufactured only by the Pennsylvania Salt Manufacturing Company.

Office 390 Penn Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

LEWIS, JAMES & CO, Agents,

Philadelphia.

STRANGERS should not fail to call and see D. the PARAGON SELF - GENERATING GASLIGHT at No. 371 Broadway, N. Y. All are welcome, sale or no sale. BUTLER, HOSFORD & Co.

Bank Note Engraving.

AMERICAN

BANK NOTE COMPANY,

MERCANTILE BUILDING,

NEW YORK.

OFFICES AT

New York, Philadelphia, Boston, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Montreal, and Chicago.

ELLIOT & PATTEN—Examine Inventions for Patents, and prepare Specifications. *Their Patent Agency opposite main entrance of Patent Office Washington, D. C.*

THE ORIGINAL BRIDGEWATER PAPER COMPANY, (ESTABLISHED 1817),

For Bank Notes, Iron, Tin, Bricks, Canvass, Muslin, Paper Hangings, Wrapping Paper, Boards, and every description under proof. Durable and Economical. Depot 72 Maiden Lane, New York.

HICKS & BETTS, Agents.

EXPERIENCED AGENTS WANTED IN all parts of the country to obtain Subscribers for "LOSSING'S PICTORIAL FIELD-BOOK OF THE REVOLUTION." In Two Volumes Royal Octavo, containing upward of 1500 pages, and 1100 beautiful illustrations. This work will be sold exclusively by Agents, to each of whom a special District will be given. Liberal inducements offered. Applicants should name the Counties they would prefer. For full particulars address JOHN W. ELLIOTT, care HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

RIMMEL'S BOUQUET — ALL THE YEAR ROUND, AND WOOD VIOLET, are the leading Perfumes in Paris and London.

Sold by all the Trade.

E. RIMMEL, *Perfumer, London and Paris.*

RIMMEL'S ROSE-LEAF POWDER

imparts a delicate rosy hue to the skin, and renders it soft and beautiful.

Sold by all the Trade.

E. RIMMEL, *Perfumer, London and Paris.*

TO THE NERVOUS OF BOTH SEXES.

A Retired Clergyman having been restored to health in a few days, after many years of great nervous suffering, is willing to assist others by sending (free) a copy of the prescription used. Direct the Rev. John M. Dagnall, 186 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Fair of the American Institute,

At Palace Garden,

W. 14th Street, near the 6th Avenue,

NOW OPEN.

Guiness & Son's Extra Double Stout and Porter, in Pints, Quarts, and Imperials Pints.

For sale by their AGENT for the United States,

C. E. HARRISON,

No. 357 Pearl Street.

WANTED—Agents to canvass, for THE AMERICAN FREEMASON'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE, in the States of Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Tennessee, Missouri, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas, Alabama, Texas, Georgia, North and South Carolina and Virginia, New York and Pennsylvania. None need apply but Master Masons in regular standing, accredited members of a Lodge in the States they desire to canvass, and to such most liberal inducements to work zealously, freely, and fervently will be offered.

Address the Publisher,

J. F. BRENNAN,

P. O. Box 4317, New York.

A. S. Barnes & Burr's

New Publications.

No. 51 & 53 John Street, New York.

1.

MODERN PHILOLOGY: its History, Influence, and Discoveries. By D. W. Dickson. With Maps, Tables, Views, and Plates. $4 50.

2.

THE HIGHER CHRISTIAN EDUCATION. By B. W. Dwight. $1 00.

3.

LECTURES ON MENTAL AND MORAL CULTURE. By Nevins, Bascom, and Hopkins. 1 00.

4.

NORMAL METHODS OF TEACHING THE COMMON BRANCHES OF EDUCATION. By Alfred Holbrook. $1 50.

5.

McNALLY'S SCHOOL GEOGRAPHY. Enlarged by new Maps, and a Treatise on Physical Geography. $1.

6.

SMITH AND MARTIN'S PRACTICAL BOOKKEEPING, for Youth, by Slate and Double Entry. $1.

7.

CÆSAR'S COMMENTARIES. ILLUSTRATED! With Notes. By Prof. Spencer, of Dickinson. $1 25.

8.

NORTHEND'S NEW SERIES OF SPEAKERS, viz: 1. Little Orator, 20 cents; 2. National Orator, 70 cents; 3. Entertaining Dialogues, 75 cents.

9.

SCHOOL MANUAL OF DEVOTION. Containing Selections from Scripture, Hymns, and Prayers. 75 c.

10.

TEACHER'S REGISTER, for Record of School's Names and Attendance. 75 cents.

11.

ELEMENTS OF MECHANICS. By W. G. Peck. Professor of Mathematics, Columbia College. $1 25.

12.

NEW ELEMENTARY ALGEBRA. Embracing the First Principles of the Science. By Charles Davies, Author of Complete Course of Mathematics. 75 cts.

Single copies sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of above prices.

A. S. BARNES & BURR,

51 and 53 John Street.

F. S. CLEAVER'S

PRIZE MEDAL HONEY SOAP.

The only genuine, possessing a free and creamy lather, a lasting and delicate perfume, and is warranted not to injure the skin.

Beware of Counterfeits.

F. S. Cleaver's celebrated Musk, and Brown Windsor, and Glycerine Soaps, also Superfine Scented Soaps, for the bath and gauze, to be had of all the respectable Druggists and Grocers in the United States.

Manufactory in London.

Wholesale Depot 21 and 23 Dey Street, New York.

J. O. ROYSTON, Agt.

Two Works Valuable to the Sick or Well.

Sent by mail, on pay expected until received, read, and approved.

Address Dr. S. S. FITCH, 714 Broadway, New York.

1st. SIX LECTURES on the causes, prevention, and cure of Nervous Debility, Mental Depression, Hypochondria, and Male and Female complaints. On the modes of Preserving Health to Old Age. 453 pages, with Engravings. Price 50 cents, in silver or P. O. stamps.

2nd. A work on the Cause and Cure of Diseases of the Heart, Stomach, Liver, Bowels, and Kidneys; on Apoplexy, Palsy, and Dyspepsia: why we grow old and what causes disease. 131 pages, 6 engravings. Price 36 cents. Say which book you wish, giving name, state, county town and post office.

BUSTLES.—B. F. MOORE'S PATENT INFLATED BUSTLES.—THIS BUSTLE IS SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHERS. It is a perfect Skirt Supporter, manufactured by B. F. MOORE, 111 Nassau Street; retailed everywhere.

Every Number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE contains from 70 to 80 pages of reading and three to one half more reading than any other in the country.

Close of the Nineteenth Volume.

HARPER'S

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CXIV.] CONTENTS. [NOVEMBER.

THE RICE LANDS OF THE SOUTH. By T. Addison Richards.

With Eighteen Illustrations from Original Drawings by the Author.

THE VOLCANOES OF CENTRAL AMERICA.

With Twenty Illustrations, Original and Copious, by Hitchcock.

TEA CULTURE IN THE UNITED STATES.

With Twelve Illustrations.

ROBERT FENTON'S VICTORY.

MATCH-MAKING.

THE LAND OF MAURIALA.

THAT DISAGREEABLE BIGGS.

SONG OF THE TIMES.

PROTEUS. By Bayard Taylor.

A MAN AT LITTLE.

THE PHIAL OF DEBAD. By Fitz Hugh Ludlow.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS. By Mr. Strahorn and Others.

Concluded.

EDITOR'S LITERARY NOTICES.

With Two Illustrations by Vogt.

The present Number closes the Nineteenth Volume of HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE. In the Introductory Notice prefixed to the first Number, the Publishers announced their intention to present a periodical which no one who had the slightest relish for miscellaneous reading, or the slightest wish to keep himself informed of the progress and results of the literary genius of his own time, could afford to be without, and they intend to publish it at so low a rate, and to give it a value so unprecedented, that it will make its way into the very hands of the family circle of every intelligent citizen of the United States.

How far they have succeeded in carrying out their design the Nineteen Volumes already published will show. Each of these contains as much matter as an ordinary octavo volume of 400 pages, cutting, if illustrated in the style of the Magazine, at least three dollars. The Nineteen Volumes of the Magazine form a complete Library of more than a Hundred Volumes, comprising the best productions of the foremost Novelists, Historians, Essayists, and Poets of the day.

Without entering into a comparison with other American periodicals, the Publishers may be permitted to say that HARPER'S MAGAZINE contains 75 per cent. more reading than any other publication of the country. *Monthly Magazine.* While giving place to many of the best productions of the leading British periodicals, HARPER'S MAGAZINE is distinctively American in character. Every number contains an article illustrative of the social life and character of some State of the Union. By thus welcoming contributions from every part of the country, HARPER'S MAGAZINE has effectually prevented the Magazine from assuming a sectional character, and of becoming in any sense of the word "National Monthly."

Is an Illustrated Magazine. HARPER'S is wholly without a rival. The volumes already published form a complete Library of the most beautiful engravings, most of them executed in the highest style of art, from original Drawings by Darley, Parsons Hitchcock, Fredericks, Schell, Hennessy, Strahorn, Vogt, Ludlow, Bellew, Nelligan, Stephens, Rogers, Dalziel, and others. The Illustrations for the year just closed cost less than *One Hundred and Twenty Thousand Dollars.* The cost of the Illustrations for the present volume will exceed this amount. HARPER'S MAGAZINE has more than ten times the space, and more than a Quarter of a Million of Dollars to American Authors and Artists.

The Publishers gratefully acknowledge that the unprecedented patronage it receives beyond the most sanguine expectations. They hope that the first Number of the succeeding would "make its way into the hands or the family circle of every intelligent citizen of the United States," but the number of these readers has proved far greater than they anticipated. They believe that the circulation of the Magazine will continue to increase with the growth and population of the country, and that the time will come when it will hereafter be conducted, they can offer at the same price more than the contents of the Volumes already issued.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year $3 00

Two Copies for One Year 5 00

Three or more Copies for One Year (each) 2 00

And an Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of Ten Subscribers.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, $4 00.

The Postage on HARPER'S MAGAZINE must be paid at the Office where it is received. The Postage is *Thirty-six Cents* a year.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A FIRST-CLASS ILLUSTRATED PAPER.

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST

FAMILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD.

FIVE CENTS A NUMBER: $2 50 A YEAR.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS'S NEW STORY, entitled "A TALE OF TWO CITIES," Splendidly Illustrated by Phiz, is now appearing in HARPER'S WEEKLY for May 7, and will be continued from week to week until completed.

GEO. WILLIAM CURTIS'S Illustrated Serial Tale of "POTIPHAR PAPERS," are commenced in "Harper's Weekly" for June 4.

TERMS OF HARPER'S WEEKLY.

One Copy for Twenty Weeks $1 00

One Copy for One Year 2 50

One Copy for Two Years 4 00

Five Copies for One Year 10 00

Twelve Copies for One Year 20 00

Twenty-five Copies for One Year 40 00

An Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of Twelve or Twenty-five Subscribers.

TERMS FOR ADVERTISING.—*Fifty Cents a Line.*

A Liberal Deduction will be made to those wishing to advertise by the Year, Half-year, or Month.

Persons living in the City of New York wishing "Harper's Weekly" left at their houses, will please send their names and residences, with the subscription money, to the Office of Publication.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers,

Franklin Square, New York.

THE INTERNATIONAL GAME OF CRICKET.

A LONG STOP, brilliantly performed by FITZ ALLEN FITZ UGH from a Round-arm Shot by one of the Eleven. Fits declares himself in favor of *Byes* or *Leg bits*, instead of Long or Short Stops about the 'ol.

(Two distinguished AMERICAN CRICKETERS *enjoying their National Drink of 'Ar-fan'-'Ar-f.)*

"I say, 'Anny, then Hinglish Coves 'ave gone an' done us this time. Eh!"

"Exsay, my boy, they 'av; but hi am ev the hopinion hit will not be long before we can 'old an' 'and with them. Hall we want in a little more practice, and a few more Professionals from Hold Hingland, and then we will teach 'em that Hamerica can cry 'Hexcelsior! eyur an' eyrest!' in the noble game o' Cricket!"

WHIPPER. "Dooced nice place, this—only one can't speak to a Gal without it's being reported you're engaged to her."

SNAPPER. "Hah! I took the precaution to give out when I first came that I wasn't a Marryin' Man!"

WARM CLOTHING.

We now offer large assortments of Fall and Winter Clothing, just manufactured, in our best styles, consisting in part of

ESQUIMAUX BEAVERS,
MOSCOW BEAVERS,
BEIGE DOWN BEAVERS,
MAGENTA BEAVERS,
PRESIDENT BEAVERS,
CLARENDON BEAVERS,
CHESTERFIELD STRAIGHT BEAVERS.

Also, complete suits of all the finest of CASSIMERES and Beaver suits, and all the latest styles Velvet and Cashmere Vestings, &c., &c.

BOYS' CLOTHING
AND FURNISHING GOODS

in great variety, at the lowest prices of the trade.

D. DEVLIN & CO.,
Nos. 255, 259, and 299 Broadway.

Old Sachem's Bitters & Wigwam Tonic.

These celebrated and pleasant Bitters are highly recommended by the faculty as the purest and finest Tonic and Stimulant ever offered to the public for General Debility, Loss of Appetite, Constipation, and other Derangements of the Stomach.

PRINCIPAL DEPOT,
No. 145 Water Street.
For Sale Everywhere.

RIMMEL'S WHITE ALMOND SOAP and FAMILY BAR SOAP are confidently recommended for their emollient properties and delightful aroma.
Sold by all the Trade.
E. RIMMEL, *Perfumer, London and Paris.*

Perfectly Pure
CREAM TARTAR
AND
BI-CARBONATE SODA.

We have the finest brands and best qualities in this line, for the purpose of supplying the most particular CHEMISTS, DRUGGISTS, CONFECTIONERS, and CHOICE FAMILY STORES with an article *perfectly* pure and unadulterated. Get our name on the papers and boxes! The CREAM TARTAR is prepared under our own supervision. We sell these goods in any desired packages suitable for any trade.

THOMAS ANDREWS & CO.,
116 and 118 Cedar Street, N. Y.
Established twelve years.

A Beautiful New Picture,
By BURRY,
Artist of "The Motherless," &c.

The Rector's Ward.

From the new Episcopal novel, that is so popular at this time. It is nearly ready. A sweet face, a life size, crayon head. Price $1 00.

J. E. TILTON & CO., Boston, Publishers.

Send for a list of our pictures, and information regarding the different styles of drawing, painting, &c., free.

Dupuy's "Kiss-me-Quick,"

Exquisite French Perfumery, Liquid Bouquets, Fragrant Powders, Pomades and Cosmetics. At the Family Drug Store, 609 Broadway, corner of Houston Street.

Glass Shades!
Glass Shades made to order!!
Of all sizes, for covering Clocks, Flowers, &c., constantly on hand and made to order.
Depot, No. 106 William, corner of Ann Street.

A SAVING OF SIXTY PER CENT. BY GOING UP STAIRS
BEST FRENCH YOKE

SSSSSSSS
SSSSSSSSS
SSSS SSSS
SSSS SSSS
SSSS
SSSS
SSSS SSSS
SSSS SSSS
SSSSSSSSS

IIIII IIIII
IIIII IIIII
IIIII IIIII
IIIII IIIII
IIIIIIIIIII
IIIIIIIIIII
IIIII IIIII
IIIII IIIII
IIIII IIIII
IIIII IIIII

IIIII
IIIII
IIIII
IIIII
IIIII
IIIII
IIIII
IIIII
IIIII

RRRRRRRRR
RRRRRRRRR
RRR RRR
RRR RRR
RRRRRRRR
RRRRRRRR
RRR RRR
RRR RRR
RRR RRR

TTTTTTTTTTTTT
TTTTTTTTTTTTT
TTTT
TTTT
TTTT
TTTT
TTTT
TTTT
TTTT
TTTT
SSSSSSSS
SSSSSSSSS
SSSS SSSS
SSSS SSSS
SSSS
SSSS
SSSS SSSS
SSSS SSSS
SSSSSSSSS
SSSSSSSS

RETAIL AT WHOLESALE PRICES.
SIX FOR NINE DOLLARS, OR $1 60 EACH.
READY MADE, ALL SIZES, IN CUSTOM STYLE
OR ORDER.
MADE OF BEST WAMSUTTA MUSLIN AND
FINE LINEN,
AND WARRANTED AS GOOD A SHIRT AS SOLD
IN RETAIL STORES AT $2 50 EACH.
ALSO, THE VERY BEST SHIRTS THAT CAN BE
MADE, $3 EACH.
BEST ENGLISH SILK SCARFS, $1 50 EACH.
HONEY-COMBE WOOL SCARFS, 50 CENTS TO
75 CENTS.
GOLD SCARF PINS AT LONDON PRICES.
BEST THREE-PLY LINEN COLLARS, $1 75 PER
DOZEN.
—WHOLESALE DEALERS SUPPLIED.
P.S.—Those who think I can not make a good shirt for $3 are mistaken. Here is the cost of one dozen $3 shirts:

10 yds of York Mills muslin, at 14c. per yd	$1 40
7 yards of fine linen, at 50c. per yard	2 50
Making and cutting	4 00
Laundry, $1; buttons and cotton, 50c.	1 50
Profit	2 60
Total	$15 00

SELF-MEASUREMENT FOR SHIRTS.
Printed directions sent free everywhere, and so easy to understand that any one can take their own measure for shirts. 2 two-cent stamps to be paid to the express company on receipt of order.
Shirt bosoms cut to fit at 50 cents.
Shirt bottoms, all lines, 37 cents to $1 each.
WARD, from London,
387 Broadway, up stairs,
between White and Walker Streets.

SHELDON & CO., 115 Nassau St., N.Y.,
Have nearly ready
A NEW VOLUME OF SERMONS BY THE
Great London Pulpit Orator,
"THOSE SERMONS HAVE ALREADY REACHED
A SALE OF OVER
200,000 VOLUMES
IN THIS COUNTRY ALONE.
This Volume is
THE SIXTH SERIES,
WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY THE AUTHOR,
AND CONTAINING A STEEL PLATE ILLUSTRATION OF
Spurgeon's New Tabernacle.
One Vol. 12mo, Uniform. Price $1 00.
Sent by Mail, prepaid, for $1 00.

Farrel, Herring & Co.'s
(Herring's Patent)
Champion Fire and Burglar Proof Safes,
629 CHESTNUT STREET (*Jayne's Hall*)
PHILADELPHIA.
Sideboard and Parlor Safes for Dwelling Houses, &c.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. III.—No. 149.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1859. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

A NEW SERIAL.

We shall commence in an early number of HARPER'S WEEKLY a new Serial Tale by WILKIE COLLINS, Esq., of which we have purchased the advance proof-sheets from the author. This Tale will be continued through the WEEKLY till it is completed.

In reply to several inquiries, we beg to say that Mr. DICKENS'S new Serial, "A TALE OF TWO CITIES," was commenced in HARPER'S WEEKLY on May 7, and Mr. CURTIS'S delicious Story of American Society, entitled "TRUMPS," on April 9. We can send the back numbers from those dates, or from the beginning of the year, to any person who remits the money.

For several months past we have printed from EIGHTY TO NINETY-THREE THOUSAND COPIES per week of HARPER'S WEEKLY, more than DOUBLE that of any other Illustrated Newspaper in the country.

For terms, etc., see Advertisement.

LA FILLE BIEN GARDEE.

(AN INTERCEPTED LETTER.)

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY MILLAIS.

No, Edith, I have got no briefs—I want no briefs at all,
I went to know that you're come back, and safe at Shirley Hall:
And till I get a note from you, announcing that return,
I've neither head nor heart for Chitty, Baglan, Hayes, or Fearne.

Your letter speaks about "hard work," and "rising at the bar;"
I read it, Edith, at my window, smoking a cigar;

And I'm to work while you're away?—a likely thing, indeed!
Yes, I'm in one Ancient case—the one in *Acton Zule*.

You can believe, or disbelieve me, Edith, as you please,
A fellow's week's all bosh unless a fellow's mind's at ease;
And studying Cross Remainders Over is no use, I fear,
While you're in France, and I'm a cross remainder over here.

Don't, Edith, write about myself, I want to hear of you,
And what you're doing day by day, and also how you do:
And whether Mrs. Armington (whom I don't like and don't)
Is still acting like a friend, or only like an aunt;

And takes you, Edith, every where, and shows you what's to see,
And in society performs what's due to you—until me:
Nor, while her own long girls are such you'd wherever she can get,
Permits you to be talk'd to by the billiard-playing set.

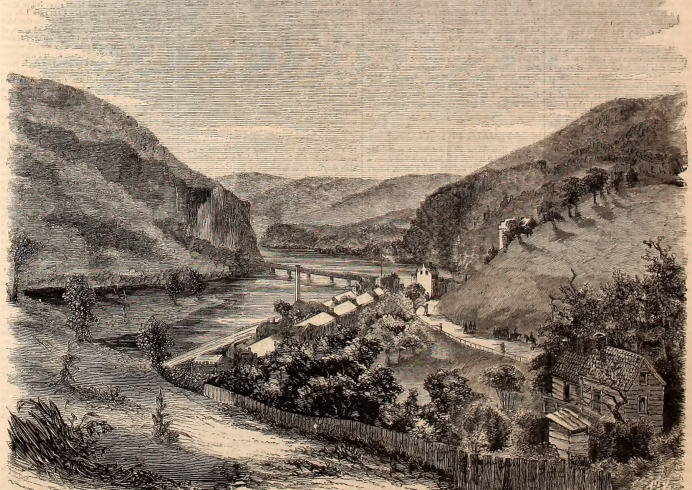
And, Edith, as she's full of spite (she is, from wig to toes,
And hates me for that harmless sketch that show'd her Roman nose),
Informs me if those vicious innuendos she contrives,
And talks at briefless barristers, and pities poor men's wives.

Or if she ever gives you, Edith darling, half a hint
(There's nothing that a woman wouldn't do with such a squint)
That I've been fast, and people say, "who really ought to know,"
That at getting briefs and paying bills alone they think I'm slow;

Or talks of our engagement in a way that isn't kind,
Makes it, at picnics, an excuse for lowing you behind:
And dawns, that cold old fig of hers maliciously upcurl'd,
"Of course, engaged Miss Edithn do not care about the world."

You'll call me such a worry, Edith, but it is not fun
To be stuck in Temple chambers when October has begun;
So pity for a lover who's condemned in town to stay,
When She—and every body else—are off and far away.

I wander in our Gardens when the dusk makes all things dim,
The gardener tells me not to smoke, but much I care for him:



GENERAL VIEW OF HARPER'S FERRY, SHOWING THE BRIDGE, ARMORY, ADJACENT HILLS, ETC.—[SEE PAGE 712.]

And Paper Bulletins, EDIBLE, a sketch by fancy drawn,
Drawn on old Harroid mansion, with the grass-plot for its lawn:

The Thames, its lake; myself, its Lord (his looness, lucky chicken);
Exactly fifty thousand pounds, paid yearly in advance;
Then at the eastern turret a sweet form is caught up,
And Edith waves a kerchief white, and calls me in to sup.

Well, bless you, Edith. When you sail'd, I put aboard your ship
Vanity Fair, by Thackeray, and my dear old Hound, by Grip;
And to no girl her destiny more sure protection sends
Than such a dog to bite her foes, such book to bite her friends.

S. S.

QUEEN'S BAR, SIDE, TEMPLE.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1859.

THE TRADE IN FOOD.

OCTOBER is ended, and all over the world farmers are summing up the results of the crops. The whole truth will hardly be ascertained for a fortnight to come. In many districts the wheat-grower refuses to tell—perhaps do not know themselves—how Providence has dealt with them; while the annual yield of corn can seldom be computed before a few sharp frosts. But enough is known to enable persons of experience to form a pretty shrewd guess as to the cereal product of the year 1859.

Enough is known to enable us to correct the estimates which were formed a month since. It is now pretty generally admitted that the wheat crop, though large, is not so universally abundant as was at one time believed. Virginia is said to have harvested the largest crop on record. The great Genesee Valley has done well. Tennessee and Kentucky, Southern Illinois, Southern Ohio, Southern Indiana, Southern Iowa, most of Michigan, and nearly all Missouri, have gathered a more wheat than usual. But in Northern Illinois, many parts of Ohio and Indiana, Northern Iowa, and large sections in the Southern States, the wheat crop is below an average. Allowing for this deficiency, we imagine that, instead of 200,000,000 bushels of wheat, which was the prevailing yield crop in September, the total crop will not probably exceed 175,000,000 bushels. Nearly all this, however, is excellent in quality. The famous white Tennessee and the Chicago grain are said to be as heavy as was ever known. Judging from the mass of millers' letters which have come to market, this year's work will retrieve the reputation of American flour which was grievously damaged last year's product.

The corn crop is known to be large—how large it is at this moment impossible to say. Estimates vary from 600,000,000 to 800,000,000 bushels. We must at present be content with the knowledge that the crop is abundant.

In Europe, as a rule, the crops have not done well. In Great Britain, the drought and storms of July generated unfavorable rot in wheat. It thrashes out very light; and, as farmers know, this is a defect which is always rather understated than exaggerated. Farmers who have harvested large quantities of good looking wheat are always slow to admit that the straw is unduly weighty and the grain light. Thus far, wherever threshing has begun, this has proved to be the case; and the British press admits that the crop will undoubtedly below an average. In France, the agricultural authorities have ascertained that there is a marked deficiency in the yield of wheat; they estimate it at 20 per cent. as compared with last year. In Spain, the crop is known to be short. In Austria, owing to the war and other causes, there is a large deficiency. The same is true of Belgium and Italy. With regard to those countries which have been famous as to the amount of the deficit. From Southern Russia and the Principalities our advices are meagre; it is stated, however, at Odessa, that the yield of wheat has been greatly reduced by the droughts of July and August. Nothing is known with regard to the crop in Egypt. In Prussia and the Baltic countries wheat is believed to have done well.

To appreciate the importance of these waifs and estrays of intelligence it must be borne in mind that Spain, Italy, and Egypt are usually produce, on the average, about enough wheat for home consumption, and no more; while the Baltic countries, France, and Southern Russia have among them an average surplus of forty to fifty million bushels. In England, the consumption of wheat exceeds the production by 50,000,000 to 75,000,000 bushels annually.

The reader is now in a position to estimate the consequence of the reported deficiency in this year's crop in Europe. If the current reports are true, France and Belgium, which were large exporters of flour last year, have not enough this year for their own consumption, for they did not export last year 60 per cent. of their crop, and the deficiency this year is set down at 20 per cent.: Southern Russia, which exports from 12,000,000 to 20,000,000 bushels annually, has much less to spare; grain will be needed by Spain, Italy, and Austria; England will need at least 50,000,000 to 60,000,000 bushels; and to supply all these deficiencies the only European countries which can be relied upon are Prussia and its Baltic neighbors, which would be sadly embarrassed to furnish 20,000,000 bushels over and above their home consumption.

Turning to the United States, and assuming, as above, that our wheat crop this year is 175,000,000 bushels, we find that of this at least 150,000,000 must be required for home consumption. We may be said to have commenced the current agricultural year, on 1st September, with a stock of flour sufficient for the consumption of 1858, short as it was, yield of grain so poor in quality that most of the flour was unfit for human food. During the past year the people of the United States have been consuming the remains of the crops of 1857 and 1858; these, with what could be eaten of the crop of 1858, have so barely sufficed for our home consumption that the consumption of breads of wheat so bare of flour as it was on 1st September last. This is proved by the eagerness with which the new crop has been sought by the country millers. Chicago and Milwaukie have been for some time shipping 800,000 bushels of wheat weekly, hardly any of which gets as far as the sea-board. It is fair to presume, therefore, that the whole home consumption of the present year will exceed that of the crop of 1859. Assuming this to be the case, to the 150,000,000 bushels required for home consumption must be added at least 50,000,000 bushels reserved for seed and held back for high prices; and about 10,000,000 bushels sent to the West Indies, Brazil, Pacific colonies, South America, and other countries which we feed. This would leave only 5,000,000 bushels for export to Europe.

If the European nations always consumed the same quantity of wheaten flour in good and bad times, and never used any substitute, it would be safe to predict a very active movement in food this winter and next spring, and famine prices for wheat and flour. But the consumers, the premises fail; the European consumption of wheaten flour varies with the price of the article. When wheaten flour is cheap, poor men in England, France, Germany, Italy, and Spain feed their families on wheaten bread. When it rises, they fall back on rye, barley, Indian corn, and other substitutes. In many localities they reduce the quantity of their bread consumption; they eat less, in short. To discover the extent to which reduced consumption, home consumption, and exports for warehousing, caused by the diminished product of this year, is the great problem of the trade in food.

There is no doubt that we have heard of higher prices; wheat has not been so cheap for ten years as it is at present in England. The last quotation of wheat in the Mark Lane List is a quarter of eight bushels, or less than 5*s.* 2*d.* a bushel. In New York the same quality of wheat is selling at about 1 25, or four shillings and a shilling higher, and our prices here 10*c.* @ 20*c.* lower. Thus far the pressing necessities of our home consumers have not compelled us to pay above their natural level; while large accumulations of grain at the commercial centres abroad have kept prices below their proper range.

FEMALE PHYSICIANS.

MISS ELIZABETH BLACKWELL, a practicing physician of Paris, has just returned from a tour through Great Britain and France, where she has been warmly received by Miss Florence Nightingale and other great and good women living in Europe. Miss Blackwell's observations abroad have confirmed her in the good opinion of continuing the fight she has so nobly waged against stupid prejudice and ignorance; she has determined to persevere in the practice of her profession, but so to labor as, if possible, to draw into the ranks other ladies of good education and natural ability. Miss Blackwell has become a recognized and an honored class in this country. Every person of right feeling and sound judgment respects her deeply.

Whatever objections may be urged against the theories known by the name of "Women's Rights," Miss Blackwell's life and character are a study of medicine by women. Every woman, to be a wife or a mother, requires some knowledge of medicine. Not only the possession such knowledge, her existence is miserable, and, in many cases, the life of her children is in peril daily. No mother can safely trust her babies to her elbow, to tell her when, how, and in what proportions to administer medicine, promote perspiration, secure ventilation, apply always a direct exercise, or superintend the general hygience of her family. These matters are usually learned by our women by experience—often at the cost of the lives of one or more of their children. It is not likely that so stupid a system will long prevail in so enlightened an age as the one in which we live. The day can not be distant when young women will all be taught the elementary principles of domestic medicine as finishing schools; we will venture to say that the first great school which introduces the novelty in the place of some of the rubbish now taught to girls at fashionable academies will achieve a very remarkable success.

The moment we begin to introduce common sense into our system of female education, female physicians will follow as a necessary consequence. Once let plain reason have its way, and the rest can not be hindered. If women of thirty, mothers of three or four children, require such knowledge of medicine to do their duty by their knowledge in their homes, there is no excuse for not teaching such women such knowledge when it can be taught without risk of harm to them; and once admit that girls ought to learn something of the medical science, who shall set a limit to their studies, and where?

Every man and woman of extended experience and ordinary intelligence must have noticed the extraordinary aptitude which sensible females display for the medical science. Very few doctors are so safe guides in the illnesses of infants as experienced mothers and nurses. In diseases of women the advantage possessed by a female doctor over a bearded professor are at once obvious. We can think to say the same, while male patients will probably continue to be treated by male doctors to the end of time, and surgical operations will probably likewise remain the monopoly of the masculine hand, if the medical colleges were thrown open to girls to-morrow, twenty years hence women would never think of consulting a man for their own little infirmities or the diseases of their babies.

The fact that this is so is probably the secret of the obstinate resistance made in many colleges to the admission of female students. An ingenuous French youth, studying law at Paris a couple of centuries since, inquired of Chancellor D'Aguesseau what the object of the complicated and unmeaning involutions of language used in legal documents. "My son," said the Chancellor, "if we let down our mystery and jargon, men could draw them for themselves; and then, where would our noble profession be?" Just so with the doctors: we can not admit the door next to the profession, at least half of the sentient ignorammuses now living dishonestly practicing and killing babies will find themselves superseded; and so, for the sake of their fees, they make a stout and obstinate efficiency and manidely reserve—and deluge us with arguments which, if they were candid, would only prove the ignorammuses—in bring dishonest, they illustrate the meanness—of the minds which urge them.

Miss Blackwell, we are glad to hear, is going to deliver a course of three lectures on the necessity of the study of physiology by women. We shall probably in announcing them at the proper time when and where they can be heard; and as all sensible young women will go to hear them, the audience of the occasion will afford a fair test of the intelligence of our female population.

AN ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

OUR latest English files intimate that a new Arctic expedition will probably be shortly organized to search for the mouth of Back's Fish River and Montreal Island. It will be borne in mind by the reader of our brief history of the Franklin Search, and its successors, published in the last number of the *Weekly*, that no actual evidence has ever been obtained of the death of the brave survivor of the 129 men who departed from King William's Land, under Captain Crozier, to make their way to the continent. It is now intimated that certain Esquimaux men may be alive among the Esquimaux at or near Montreal Island; and it is argued that it is due to humanity to make one more voyage expressly for the purpose of ascertaining whether or no this be the case.

Recent experience proves that an Arctic expedition need not involve any actual expenditure. The Arctic Seas abound in whales, even among the "cigarettes" of islands lying north of the American continent, it is necessary to have a steam vessel. Any of the numerous ships adapted for Arctic voyages, amply provided with every appliance and supply requisite for life in the Arctic regions, and manned by thirty or forty men—not more. Such a craft, it is believed, could, in two seasons, effect such an exploration as is contemplated, and the search after Back River as would forever set at rest the possibility of there being any survivors of the Franklin Expedition. Any of the hardened and free still live, such an expedition would rescue them from an ignoble death among the Esquimaux. If they are all dead, it would bring back the drowning doubts which still distress their families.

These are the arguments upon the strength of which influential gentlemen are urging upon the Government to fit out one more last expedition; we should not be surprised to hear of their success. There are always numbers of adventurous spirits who would be glad to engage in another Arctic voyage merely for the sake of the peril and *éclat* of the affair. The cost would not be great. And, after all, though common sense is opposed to more sacrifice of life and energy in the Arctic *cul-de-sac*, the spirit of the age will not permit any one to fence off a part of the globe and close it to the daring trend of the audacious sons of Japheth.

THE LOUNGER.

AN AMERICAN'S VIEW OF PEKIN.

AN American merchant, who has resided for fifteen years in China, has written a pamphlet which sets up the Chinese question in a very sensible and satisfactory manner. The work is only printed, not published, and is designed to have some practical effect in London, where it is issued. The writer warns Englishmen against suffering themselves to be led by the *Times*, and gives the following simple statement of the whole matter:

The English Government, as it has always ignored the dignity and importance of the Chinese Government—always treating the latter as the chief of savages with whom no treaty was to be honestly made or decently enforced. The consequence has been the lessening of its influence, which has long raged in China, and of whose history and progress we have given the full details. The men of the English have succeeded in humiliating the mandarins, in destroying the prestige of all internal government, and in annihilating the only authority with which a treaty was possible. When, therefore, the English seek an embassy to enforce negotiations they have only themselves to thank if the rebels, not respecting or fearing the Government with which the English seek to treat, but whose prestige they have destroyed, suddenly turn upon the English themselves, and bring them out of existence. To make it the pretext of another war is only to aggravate the old difficulty.

In this connection the writer strongly urges an alliance between England and Russia; insisting that, if it be not effected, the Chinese will not only obtain in a few years a long and extensive and unmanageable war will ensue. If England, however, succeeds in a Russian alliance, she can gain a hearing at Pekin and settle the consequences of her own mistake by negotiation, permanent and peaceful, on the basis of treaties between the nations.

This is the substance of a very lucid and intelligent view taken by a gentleman who probably knows as much of the state of opinion and of affairs in China as any one. He resided for several years of his residence he was the head of the chief American house in the country. He is a clear, calm common-sense of his considerations heartily commend them to the sober attention of John Bull, and to the statesmen of Downshaw who are interested in a very grave question.

NO TOBACCO-CHEWING HERE!

DEAR MR. LOUNGER,—I hasten to inform you that a new law stepped into force on the 1st inst. in my Central Railroad—one of the pleasantest roads in the neighborhood of New York—I saw the bulletin on the cars—which prohibits, I had the happiness of traveling, pointed to a notice at the end of the car. My eye caught the direction of her finger (which is all rough at the end with needle-pricks), and I saw the words conspicuously printed, "No tobacco-chewing allowed in this car."

I had suffered so much from this nuisance, and had seen others suffer so much, that I determined to let you and those other ladies know where they might be secure. I am sure I do not see why certain men should be allowed to make half of filth as well as from any other kind—I mean, of course, not the chewing, but the spitting. If men will be so selfish as to indulge in it, why should women suffer all the nasty consequences? If I were President of a Railroad—and I believe you are fewer of women's having their rights—I know what I would do. I would tell the conductors to turn every man who spits on the floor down into the another car; and if he wouldn't go, I'd tell him he ought to be bottom of her clothes!

They have a smoking-car on most railroads; but I'd a great deal rather have a man smoke a dozen pipes than one mouthful of tobacco or cigarettes with me than squirt the detestable liquid all over the floor. Why, Mr. Lounger, it was not three weeks since I was sitting on one of the Staten Island ferry-boats, and saw a woman in a nice silk dress, and evidently well off in the world (none but not nasty silk dresses) quietly seat herself opposite to a man with a bottom of her clothes! A puddle of spit, seeking it all up! I know it's horrible to say such things, and to write them for young and pure minds to read; but I ask you, what else to do then? Pooh! Mr. Lounger, I suppose there's always a man who will take up for him; but it's a very disagreeable thing to talk about a lady's dress dragging in such a mess, who wouldn't hesitate to touch the thing itself! I am obliged to him—I appeal to every honest man and decent man to say whether we are well treated in this matter?

If a man chews, and will only chose to keep it to himself, it is bad enough for him, but other people do get hurt by it. Besides, it is a disagreeable to spectorals all about him, then he becomes a most disagreeable neighbor. Some men on the cars last fever were sitting together upon a steamboat excursion, as so often happens, and when she got under way they had her dress all spotted to him—I suppose to juice, don't you think it might strike in?—they chose to yourself, as I am sure you make up?

I write this letter to you, Mr. Lounger, hoping that you will print it in your paper, and that it will be sold in the cars, and perhaps read by some of the sinners I have been speaking of. Won't they please to think about this matter?

Aunt Jerusha says Amen.

YOURS respectfully, PEGGY.

THE VIRGINIANS.

THACKERAY has finished his novel; which is another chapter in the history of the Warringtons, the Esmonds, and the families of whom the novelist is the historian. The work has its ardent ad-

* Hear, hear!—*Lounger.*

mirers who prefer it to any thing he has written; not pretending to find in it the peculiar strength of "Vanity Fair," but enjoying the cheerful, exquisitely elaborated detail of description. As a picture of the times it is masterly. If there be less fulfillment of what may have been his original intention in describing and in weaving their swords upon opposite sides in our Revolution, yet there is as much the fuller filling in of the lights and shades of a society with which his sympathies and studies have made him familiar. Every thing is in harmony. The plot never overlays or obscures the story. It is purely domestic, but of that quaint, remote, picturesque quaintness, which belongs to the last century. It is, in fact, the story of a generation some old English country house, and history a week away, but found in an old closet the musical script memoirs of the family, over which you pore through the still, warm days. You have time to learn each one of them, to form a judgment, to criticise, to sympathize, to wonder, and to find yourself, at last, laughing at a passage interrupting upon the progress of events, while the figures bloom, develop, and decay before your eyes, while young men become old men, and under the varied aspect of events you hear the low, slow, sure beat of Time's unerring pendulum.

The charm of the "Virginians" is in the delineation of character and the fidelity of the still-life painting. The story is elaborated with the most faithfulness—you see the very rouge on Lady Maria's face—the very cut of Mr. Solomon Isaacstein's hair. There is the same mingling of motives, the same inconsistencies of character, which are the characteristics of human nature, and which no author so heroically dares to depict as Thackeray does. Lord Castlewood, for instance, is a figure executed with consummate skill. His utter selfishness, his cold-heartedness readily rising into cruelty, the perfect ease with which he passes and serene self-possession; his entire unscrupulousness and polite confidence in the success of the most natural thing in the world, reproduce to the most lineament a kind of Englishman which every reader of this history will know at once he will readily recall.

Hetty's quiet little tragedy; Sir George Warrington's secret sadness, as time pushes him forward; Madam Warrington's unbending pride—are touched and limned with the delicacy, the power, and total want of melodrama or sermonizing, which reveal the perfect artist. The life, the manners, all living novelists Thackeray is unapproached as a master of literary art. It is in that that he is Shakespearian. And as it is founded upon natural and immutable laws, whoever has artistic power has already one element of immortality.

So febrile is this story that, after following the fortunes of the characters, month by month, for two years, the reader finds himself at the end, and turns away. He sits, still holding it, and thinking of the men and women whose actions and characters have been unveiled to him. He sits, still holding it, and thanking the kind, wise, humane genius which, in a delightful manner, and if it holds the mirror up to nature does not hold it with a steer, but a sigh.

PARTIES.

Nor tea-parties, nor dinner-parties, nor parties in downrest weinstocts, but political parties. Are they not inevitable in the representative government? If you meddle with politics at all, must you not, of course, vote with one or the other party? Is not the effort to be what is called "independent" simply an effort to sit on the fence? Does not experience prove it to be a failure?

In every intelligent constitutional country there must necessarily be two great divisions upon the whole, conservative or stationary; the other, upon the whole, progressive. Each of these is represented by a party. How many men will admit that every measure of the first is really a conservative measure, nor those of the last to be wholly progressive; but must not his influence, upon the whole, go with one or the other, or be lost?

"There's a great deal to be said upon both sides," says somebody; and somebody has always said so upon all questions; and somebody has, therefore, always fallen between two stools. Let us see if there be.

Is there any thing to be said in favor of squandering the public money?

"No," replies somebody; "but then there is the very question, what is squandering the public money?"

Well, but there is such a thing?

"Undoubtedly."

And you think you see when it is squandered?

"Yes."

And you wish to help it?

"Yes."

Well, it is squandered either by one party or by the other?

"Yes."

Then you act with the party that seems to you not to squander—do you not?

"Yes, unless both do it."

Very well; if both do it, then they are so far equal; and you turn to other points—do you not? —and act according to your approval?

"Yes."

And those points are determined by some central idea?

"Yes."

Well?

"Well, that is what I call independence—to act against any measure of any party that seems to me unjust or impolitic."

True; but if, upon the whole, the course and action of one party command your sympathy, although you may differ about certain details, do you not see that, if you are an honest man and act politically as you believe, you must necessarily be allied with that party? Nobody but a crazy demagogue talks or thinks of "going the party up to the hub," or of "voting for the D—l if he be the candidate of the party;" and the only possible honest "independence" of a citizen in this country is his independent choice of the party which, upon the whole, seems to him to be most sagaciously fulfilling the great intentions of the government, and of all government.

Edmund Burke was as wise as usual when he spoke of the necessity of parties, and the indispensability of parties, in constitutional governments. To skilly-skally is not to walk along the golden mean. To cry "Good Lord! good Devil!" is not to be heroic. To sit upon the fence is not necessarily to be impartial. A man, therefore, is a man tossed in a blanket, or hung upon a gallows, is higher than other people, if that is all you want. Wherever parties really exist, and flourish, besides, a man's real position is determined, beyond any will, by the principles which seem to him right. If he says he is "independent," meaning indifferent, he is either a man who can not see—in which case he is unfortunately blind; or a man who does not choose to say what he sees—in which case he is—making a great mistake.

A WORD IN TIME.

If any body wishes to know where to go next summer, let him bear a word in time, and go to the Valley of Wyoming. There is no place in the country of more poetic associations, and yet it is approached with more of the feeling with which we approach Saratoga or Newport—a watering-place not only for their intrinsic loveliness, but for a personal, human history. Campbell wrote a poem, "The Gertrude of Wyoming;" and Hubbard sleeps of our own poets have sung its charms. Mr. Spurr resigns snug a parish in Long Island to become rural dean, and yet, when it burst—or rather oozed and glided—upon the Lounger's eye, he did not feel that Spurr-power was wasted upon it. Indeed, Wyoming is a good place to go to.

It is a valley of the Susquehanna—a stretch of intervale land three miles wide and twenty one or two long, shut in by hill ranges which are a mingling of the Blue Ridge and the Alleghanies. The Lackawanna and the Susquehanna unite at the upper end of the valley, and the Lackawanna flows down nearly on, parallel with it, a busy little village, undermined by galleries of coal—past bread, green, luxuriant meadows—past the hills that breed hills full of game—past the mouths of mountain streams full of trout—past the sober, ancient borough of Wilkesbarre, with its stately Court-house, into the Shades-boys of a Flanders town—past other little villages resting upon the Arcadian bosom of the broad, rich valley behind, and flows broad and grand through great Pennsylvania to the sea, but never loving lovelier fields or entertaining expansive hills, except than in the Valley of Wyoming.

At that it is of the Lounger's choice. All that you expect of it will be fulfilled. If you go to Easton, and on to Bethlehem, and then to Wilkesbarre through the Valley of Wyoming, still up and through the Lackawanna Valley to Scranton, and down by the unrivaled mountain scenery of the road to the mountains to the Delaware Valley, and through the Delaware Water Gap, you will have taken one of the most picturesque of the trips that any man in need of a little journey could possibly perform. If you take a carriage at Wilkesbarre and drive down, you overlook a magnificent stretch of country, walled by the Blue Ridge, perpendicularly cleft by the river, in one of the most inspiring passages of railway travel in the land.

If you are in a hurry, you will stop at Scranton, where you will find an admirable hotel; and in that impromptu little town, dedicated by Yankee industry and genius to the use of iron wealth, you will see the largest steam-engine in the country, and the largest iron railroad arch which could have suggested a new bell to Dante, and which no one who has seen it by night will ever forget. Scranton is the centre of a region rich with Wilkesbarre, and there is the same kind of rivalry between them that there is between the Lehigh and Wyoming Valleys on the Chicago—pert, bustling, successful, roaring and puffing by night and day; Wilkesbarre is the St. Louis—sedate old thing, enough, the respected county town, a little vexed by the superior activity of its younger sister, but with a shade of its traditional position in the county, which the audacious little neighbor openly disputes.

They are in the wild, romantic region of Pennsylvania. The Valley of Wyoming is one of the most picturesque, historic, and legendary in the Commonwealth, of America "localities." You will not be sorry if you choose to bestow a few fine days upon them next summer.

CHANGED.

I never her office as the village walk;
She passes proudly with a formal bow,
And never turns her head to look at me,
And never carries for a moment's talk.

And in the church on sunny Sabbath days
I hear her voice from out the distant gloom;
And surely Heaven will forgive the wrong—
I worship only the things this priest.

I glow and tremble like an autumn leaf;
And sometimes, when my timorous heart permits,
I cast my glances where she quietly sits—
Only to cast them down again in deepest grief.

For never now as in the sweet past time
In my devotion met with a reward—
Those eyes that once met mine in true accord
Look through me as through empty space.

Yet when I think of the great happiness
With aging and my life in loving then,
Although that love is taken back again
I can not blame her—I can only grieve.

Then may our dear God her good guardian be!
May coming days to tearful memories stir!
But may all days alike bring peace to her
Who, in this change, hath left no peace for me!

PARTY SPIRIT.

We have recently had some rather forcible exhibitions of the fury of party spirit.

We did not say in California—although the performance of the two United States Senators there is something which leaves most of all parties will agree to condemn, as the rats we are now going in New York, we shall soon reach a political condition in which Parts would be preferable. It is not that there are bruisers and bullies in New York, there are such everywhere where; nor that they assault peaceful citizens—they do so every where. It is not that some men cheat, and perjure themselves, and fight away other men from the polls—corresponding things are done every where.

These are not the characteristic signs. But the danger lies in the fact that these things are approved by those who are not bullies.

That is the fact. Intelligent, amiable, well-behaved gentlemen are perfectly aware that such things are done, and are going to be done, in the interest of their party, whatever that may be, and they allow it. These gentlemen subscribe money to all the party machinery, and do not even respect themselves, and their fellow-citizens, who implicitly differ from them, respect the honor of their country, nor the character of popular institutions, enough to insist that they will not pay without the direct assurance that these shall be at an end of these drunken, brawling, bloody scenes.

There are, therefore, the gentlemen who are directly responsible for the disgraces of our political annals; for the brute, not the fist, is the dangerous weapon. The direction of any party which is diminished for every conceivable corruption of morals and manners can not be more truly held responsible by the mind and conscience of the country. There is scarcely ever a political row which is not contemplated, foreseen, and provided for in the impromptu.

If the political corruption which prevails in the city of New York were universal our system would be already a ridiculous failure. Any man who proposes to devote his time and talents to political tendencies, for instance, the rights of a minority—who does not try to secure the votes of people really want, but who foists upon them what he chooses, as is the meanest of despots.

The American people splits its sides with crowing its Yankee doddle does over kings and potentates. When Louis-nah's king is driven away, and Francis the Fifth, late Duke of Modena, who would not be ashamed of doing what New York politicians do all the time, is left in a state of perfect surprise that you shouldn't think all fair in politics.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

THE Lounger again begs his many correspondents to remember how limited the space is in which he can reply to them, and especially to refer them again upon some MS. or work. "*Bonnybel*," of St. Louis, must have patience. Her manuscript has not been entirely despaired of the Lounger's keeping his word. There are many others to whom it should be the pleasure of any Lounger to write, but when the word to which this one is necessarily restricted, and which he reverently keeps in mind in full. But we must all remember that the demand upon the columns of a paper which means to be the illustrated history of the times is constant and ravenous, that to get half a column for the Lounger's Letter-Box is a victory. There are really clever poems which find their way into that box, but not one again; and whose non-appearance is one of the reasons of their value in the room in the paper. Sooner or later every body who writes to the Lounger will have some kind of word from him.

—A Mormon, who was "brought up" near St. James's Park in London, thought that one of the most delightful of children in such a place is the song of fresh, foaming birds from over the railings. Is it not true, and which are we ashamed of "the beautiful gladeo" the hopes the Central Park will encourage and which a bird

—A YOUNG FARMER. Miss Warner is still living and has a new work in press. Since the "Hills of the Shatemuc" she has published a religious book of some kind.

—It is certainly very difficult to say why, if a woman may be the Governor of a country, she may not vote for a Governor.

—ONE OF YOUR ARDENT READERS. It is hard to answer a question of that kind. We should suppose the necessary toil of studying at the Female Medical School, you will find what a great many noble women have done. What do you think Florence Nightingale's position would be?

—HOWARD YOU. It is certainly awkward to say that "rule declination" was accepted, and it is not strictly grammatical. But we have justified it because it does not make it elegant; as in the case of the word "indorse" applied to promissory notes. Indorse is more vulgar than the phrase, "I'll indorse him;" but it is more common, and is the usage of the best authors against hypercritical grammarians.

—INVENTUS protests against the fate of little Ella in a story called "Little Women's Ward," published in the *Weekly* some time since, upon the ground that when she was turned out of doors she was electrified to "run to Berlin." Will the author take notice?

—ARLIE. "Castles in the Air" is a very sweet little poem. But don't take it hardly if you hear that several people sent you the same thing upon the same theme. The lines are nonsical, the idea is good; but it is not quite pretty. You asked, you know.

—S. O. The policy of the late Derby Cabinet was neutrality with Austrian proclivities.

—Q. Z. The back numbers of the *Weekly* are to be had for ten cents each at the office.

—P. T. H. The verse is not simply enough.

CORRESPONDENCE.

BASE-BALL.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—In your paper of October 15 you say that you "doubt very much whether base-ball be a popular game at all in the interior, or in any part of the country except in a few great cities."

Now, Sir, even you are mistaken. For twenty years (which is as long as I can remember about it) base-ball has been a "popular game" wherever I have lived; and from careful inquiry, and knowledge obtained by personal observation, I can assure you the game is a popular one in nearly all the villages and among the rural districts of Western New York. Also that has attended country "raisings" does not know this, and dwell with a pleasant remembrance on the game of ball that was sure to follow after the husking or harvest supper.

But not only in the region named is base-ball popular as a game, but in parts of Ohio, in Northern Indiana, and in Michigan, I am assured it is played a great deal.

Though among us we have not regularly organized clubs, yet it is by no means difficult to find enough who are desirous of engaging in as healthful and agreeable an exercise of a pleasant summer evening.

If you were here you could see playing earnest and well enjoyed, if not as scientific as that of your city clubs. I refer to one of our district schools during intermission hours, and often engaged in by youths of both sexes. "I know whereof I affirm."

Yours, &c. H. G. GRWSTE.

AVOCA, STEUBEN COUNTY, N.Y., Oct., 1859.

Sketches of the People who oppose our Sunday Laws.

No. IV.

SUNDAY IN JONES'S WOOD.

JONES'S WOODS are not Elysian fields. Romance and poetry dwell not therein. Tranquil sights have no abiding place there. The whirling shades, and balmy breezes, and lounging lawns, and other rural comforts which woodland and grove are so peculiarly adapted to afford, there are limited supplies. Of lambs and tussle, and loud and lively country, there are profusion and variety. You would perhaps expect nothing else in a place with such a name. Jones does not weaken by superficial suggestions. There is nothing about Jones to appeal to your tender imaginations any more than there is about Jones. Jones's Woods is simply a business-like title, meretorious in brevity, and exceeding apt in application: for Jones's Woods, according to their styles, is about the most business-like place you have visited.

It is the business of pleasure that prevails—the labor of entertainment, the hard work of enjoyment. Of a truth they have need of it that there hundreds upon hundreds of struggling wanderers, toiling travellers and pilgrims generally, who find themselves out with unflinching determination to acquire gratification at all hazards; often perplexed with bewildering efforts to find their purpose in its course of accomplishment, and that only a few more minutes are needed to bring them upon a tolerably lofty elevation of bliss. To help them to this end practical philanthropists, who have discovered that every place of the kind in the community no luxury can equal that of wild and animal taste of unrestrained and boisterous pleasure. Not an avenue but is flanked with booths and stalls, in which equity to any amount may be sucked in one so minded. Not a tree but is busily planted with traps for the absorption of unwary coin. Barns are manufactories of "drinkables," not unlike those of the beer gardens, in which men give their minds with grave intensity to the discharge of pretty much the same functions herein, beyond all exclamation, in which pictorial shows of astonishing and thrilling figures pass through courses of mechanism. There are gymnastic appliances, upon which sportive young men and women are invited to swing and leap, to perform on one-saw, to wriggle on parallel bars, and to skim in the air on edges of big wheels, to the great amusements and otherwise. There are wooden horses for timid children to ride upon, and there are swings for the indulgence of more courageous youth. There are bowling alleys and billiard halls over resembling what they are in the city. At least recorded, there are countless and inexhaustible quantities of pugs refreshments provided for the fat and a ready market. As you pass, you are exhorted to pause and partake. "Sandwiches, Sir, sandwiches—you'll enjoy 'em." "Give a stranger, sandwiches for your welfare; but sandwiches do not recommend themselves to the unsophisticated palate," cried. "Cakes, Sir, cakes—pies, pies, Sir—confectionery!" cries, inquiringly, another disinterested appearance of unsolicited kind. "Cakes" are also announced to test the quality of his stock. Others there are who would not so much as invite you as to the public at large. "Lobsters here," says a purple-faced woman, behind a fish-stand; "lobsters here, Sir, all ready for any person with fine big rat claws!" but no such extraordinarily gifted gentleman appears, and no claws are required. Oysters, however, appear to find greater public favor, and the sizzle of fries and roasts salutes the ear, and the steaming stews perfume the atmosphere.

It is possible that, somewhere in these sketches, allusion may have been made to the more flexible hints of the fascination exercised by that fluid over the German soul may have been ventured upon—but the Lounger, which otherwise, with tender abandonment of all other considerations in favor of this of beer, from which otherwise, with tender spirit, may have been put forth. Even if so, reserved allusions, hints, and intimations become necessary when Jones's Woods are the subject of discourse. Here beer reigns with supreme power. It depose all other thought. Its flow is constant and unrestrained. Ever-gurgling pipets quaff their steady streams. Tankards are tossed aloft with ceaseless energy. Beside the river which sweeps by the "Woods" staid German stroll, with mugs in hand, and gaze with calm contempt upon the inferior element that rolls below. They turn away, and with rapt countenances, and eyes half closed with quiet ecstasy, still sip and sip with smiles of saturated joy, as if in meditative dreams reflecting on a Paradise where cheese-and-sausage-bearing

trees spring up in graceful clusters from the prolific soil of genial islands reposing tranquilly upon the bosom of a sea of beer.

The scenes at Jones's Woods are not monotonous. The eye meets always rambling groups of men and women, dancing children, lads and maidens illustrating young love influenced by beer, brisk operations of athletic tendency in swings and on ropes, and busy effervescence of trade in shops and stalls. Sounds of tumbling ten-pins, bullets tapping upon targets, hum of talk and laughing outpeals never diminish. Look closely, and you will find, too, abundance of incident. See that family party. A young mother, in small apparel, draws after her a wicker wagon, in which two infants, free to face, recline. The father, a fresh-looking German, walks carelessly at a little distance. His shaky cap and wandering eye tell you he has been putting too much enemy in his mouth. The young woman is troubled more for him than for the children. People look into the little wagon and laugh, and turn jocosely to the mother, who half smiles, but languidly, not brightly. What can the joke be? You approach nearer, and then you find there is but one child, and a fat, dull stuck opposite, with very flabby kid face, and countenance denoting many survey struggles. Spite of its injured nose and absent eye, the baby loves fondly upon it, and makes passes at it through the air—surest sign of infantile affection. You think it a droll idea, this conjunction of stuffed image and young flesh, and take opportunity to inquire what it means. You learn, and then you do not laugh, like the rest, that the wagon once bore a pair of little Knaben, and that when the oldest languished and drooped to death the other sickened too, missing his crib-fellow, and could only be appeased by this kid and cotton-wool substitute, from which he never would be separated, least of all in his out-door rides.

While this is told you, the father has joined the merry sportsmen who find satisfaction in pop-guns. He has tried a shot. Some one claps him on the back and cries "Brav!" He dilates a little, and essays another. He is incited to shoot for wagers. His wife murmurs dissuasions; but he tips her a grimace of deep import, as to say, "See, now, how I will deceive these fellows!" The fellows—dark-looking men, with very oily hair, and booked noses, and cloaks-all brown, and glaring costume—urge him on. Money is put up. The hook-nosed men miss shabbily, and tipsy Germany wins. He throws the coins into his outer pocket, and drawing forth his handkerchief a minute later, unconsciously scatters them over the ground. Another match, and he wins again. Exultant, he boisterously counsels that the stakes shall be greatly augmented. He collects all his possessions and deposits them. This time he loses every thing.

He withdraws, dejected, and rejoins his wife. She does not reproach him, but tells him that he was deceived—that his first winnings were permitted only for the purpose of leading him on to larger risks. He doubts, but will have positive assurance. He stumbles up to make investigations, and is repulsed. He persists, and is hustled off, a little bruised and much torn. He suddenly becomes repentant, and rejoining his wife, hovers round the wagon as she draws it away.

A little after noon the visitors evince a disposition to settle near the centre of the Woods. You learn that a tight-rope performance is to be provided. This must be seen. At an elevation so great that you have not before noticed it stretches the line—an airy nothing. People say, with evident complacency, that the last night's rain has made it so slippery that the danger is extreme. Presently the fonambulist appears. He is clad in white shirt and trowsers, without coat or hat, and with slippers on his feet. You ask who he is, and are told his name is Chiarini, and that he appears thus simply dressed "out of respect to the day." You are convinced that the day will feel honored by this mark of Mr. Chiarini's respect.

He begins his evolutions, and the crowd applauds noisily. He skips about, and lies down flat, and elevates his feet, and in many other ways forsakes safety and invites danger. Now he daringly spins round, tentorium-like. But step—he swerves, his foot slips, his balance-pole rushes through the air; will he fall? The crowd gasps and shudders, then rushes off a little to give him a good clear space to drop upon, if he must come down. But no; he clings closely, and by a convulsive writhe restores his equilibrium. New and louder shouts encourage him, and he persists in more audacious efforts. At length, exhausted, he retires, and the throng dissolves to seek again fresh pleasures and fresh beer.

Thus pass the Sundays in the Woods of Jones.

"THEIR MOTHER TWIXT THE SHAFTS DID FARE."

THE PLAGUE OF ELLIANT.

(FROM THE BRETON.)

[A large proportion of the ballads still rung in the gatherings of the Breton peasantry—at the "pardon" of the patron saint, the festivities of the wedding, or the consecration of the new threshing-floor—relate to historical events of remote antiquity. One of these time-worn, but deeply-stamped pieces of old bardic coinage, now come down to exclusive circulation among hard peasant-hands, but still precious for the quality of its true poetic metal, and venerable for its ancient mint-mark, is the ballad of "The Plague of Elliant," of which the following is as literal a version, I think, as can be made from the Breton into the English. I have preserved the metre of the original, so that my version may be sung to the Breton air of the "Buron Elliant." The plague which the ballad commemorates ravaged Brittany in the sixth century. The Book of Lizerdeff (in Jesus College, Oxford) contains an account of the plague in an abridgment of the life of Saint Gwenole, made in the ninth century by Corbinian, abbot of the convent. In this account special mention is made of the ravages of the plague in the parish of Elliant, though the country immediately round about it is said to have been preserved from the scourge by the prayers of a saintly hermit named Ronian. He is mentioned in the ballad, which, like all other ballads in M. de Villemarqué's "*Barzaz Breiz*" (from which my translation was made), was taken down from oral recitation of the Breton peasantry:]

'Twixt Faouet and Llongelan
There lives a bard, a holy man—
His name is Father Ronian.

On Faouet his best he laid:
"Let every month a mass be said,
And bells be rung, and prayers be read."

In Elliant the plague is o'er,
But not till it had raged full sore:
It slew seven thousand and five score.

Death unto Elliant hath gone down,
No living soul is in the town—
No living soul but two alone.

A crone of sixty years is one,
The other is her only son.

"The Plague," quoth she, "is on our door-sill;
'Twill enter if it be God's will;
But till it enter bide we still."

Through Elliant's streets who wills to go,
Every where will find grass to mow—

Every where, save in two wheel-ruts bare,
Where the wheels of the dead-cart went to fare.

His heart were flint that had not wept,
Through Elliant's grass-grown streets who stept,

To see eighteen carts, each with its load—
Eighteen at the grave-yard, eighteen on the road.

Nine children of one house there were
Whom one dead-cart to the grave did bear:
Their mother 'twixt the shafts did fare.

The father, whistling, walked behind,
With a careless step and a mizy mind.

The mother shriek'd and call'd on God,
Crush'd, soul and body, beneath her load.

"God, help me bury my children nine,
And I vow thee a cord of the wax so fine:

A cord of the wax so long and fine, [shrine.
To go thrice round the church and thrice round the

Nine sons I had; I bare them all;
New Death has ta'en them, great and small.

Hath ta'en them all from my own door-stone:
None left, e'en to give me to drink—not one!"

The church-yard to the walls brims o'er,
The church is full to the steps of the door:
They must bless faith, if they'd bury more.

There grows an oak by the church-yard wall,
From the top-heigh hangs a white grave pall—
The Plague hath taken one and all.

SUNDAY AT JONES'S WOODS, IN NEW YORK.

ABEL IN GENERAL BELCH'S OFFICE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

TRUMPS.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

CHAPTER LXIX.

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE.

GENERAL BELCH'S office was in the lower part of Nassau Street. At the outer door there was a modest slip of a tin sign, "Arcularius Belch, Attorney and Counselor." The room itself was dingy and forlorn. There was no carpet on the floor, the windows were very dirty, and slats were broken out of the blinds—the chairs did not match—there was a wooden book-case, with a few fat law-books lounging upon the shelves, the table was a chaos of pamphlets, printed forms, newspapers, and files of letters, with a huge inkstand, inky pens, and a great wooden sand-box. Upon each side of the chimney, the grate in which was piled with crushed pieces of waste paper, and the bars of which were discolored with tobacco juice, stood two large spittoons, the only unsoiled articles in the office.

This was the place in which General Belch did business. It had the atmosphere of Law. But, above all, it was the spot where, with one leg swinging over the edge of the table and one hand waving in earnest gesticulation, General Belch could say to every body who came, and especially to his power fellow-citizens, "I ask no office, I am content with my moderate practice. It is enough for me in this glorious country to be a friend of the people."

As he said this—not only implied it in saying something else—the broken slats, the dirty windows, the unscraped floor, the universal untidiness, whispered in the mind of the hearer, "Amen!"

His residence, however, somewhat stoned for the discomfort of his office. Not unfrequently he entertained his friends sumptuously; and whenever any of the representatives of his party, who acted in Congress as his private agents, had succeeded—at one occasion, already commemorated, the Hon. Mr. Ele had done—in putting a finer edge upon a favorite axe, General Belch entertained a select circle which agreed with him in his political philosophy, and were particular friends of the people and of the popular institutions of their country.

Abel Nest had already called at the General's office, and had received overtures from that gentleman, who offered him Mr. Bodley's seat in Congress, upon condition that he was able to see things from particular points of view.

"Mr. Watkins Bodley, it seems," said General Belch, "and I regret to say it, is in straitened pecuniary circumstances. I understand he will feel that he owes it to his family to resign before the next session. There will be a vacancy; and I am glad to say that you will be just now in a happy state of harmony, and that my influence will secure your nomination. But come up to-night and talk it over. I have asked Ele and Stagby, and a few others—friends, of course—and I hope Mr. Bat will drop in. You know Aquila Bat?"

"By reputation," replied Abel.

"He is a very quiet man, but very shrewd. He gives great dignity and weight to the party. A tremendous lawyer Bat is. I suppose he is at the very head of the profession in this country. You'll come?"

Abel was most happy to accept, for the rooms in Grand Street had become inconceivably gloomy. There were no more little parties there: the last one was given in honor of Mrs. Sligo Moultrie—before her marriage. The elegant youth of the town gradually fell off from frequenting Abel's rooms, for he always proposed cards, and the stakes were enormous; which was a dispensation circumstance to young gentlemen who mainly depended upon the paternal purse. Such young gentlemen as Zephyr Wetherley, who was the only attentive devoted to young Mrs. Mellish Whitlee, and sent her the loveliest fans, and bottles, and little trifles, which he selected at Marquand's. But when the year came round the fall was indicted to Mr. Wetherley, senior, who, after a short and warm interview with his son, Zephyr, inclined it in term to Whitlee himself; who smiled, and paid it, and advised his wife to buy her own jewelry in future.

It was not pleasant for young Wetherley, and his friends in a similar situation, to sit down to a night at cards with such a desperate player as Abel Nest. Besides, his rooms had the dingy air of voluptuous elegance which was formerly so unique. The furniture was worn out and not replaced. The decanters and bottles were no longer in the pretty sideboard, but stood boldly out, ready for instant service; and whenever one of the old set of men happened in, he was very likely to find a gentleman—whose toilet was suspicious by him, whose gold looked like gilt—busy about himself entirely at home with Abel and his rooms, and whose conversation indicated familiar familiar haunts were race-courses, bar-rooms, and gambling-houses.

It was unanimously decreed that Abel Nest had lost tone. His dress was gradually becoming flashy. Younger men than himself, and their elders, who were married now, spoke of the fascinating Mr. Nest, perceived that the fascinating Mr. Nest was a little passé, and began to be flirted, and that his breath was offensive with spirituous fumes. He was no longer the young men's dressing-room. The stories he told there were of such a character, and he told them so loudly, that more than one gentleman, whose wife was in the neighboring room, had remonstrated with him. Mrs. Mellish Whitlee was one of the winters that he passed in the city after his marriage, had a fierce quarrel with Abel for that very reason. That was among the last blows, but that their friends parted them. Mr. Moultrie and a few old cronies still visited him of morning, and Mr. Nest acknowledged that he had been rude.

But when Louis Wilkottle said one evening at Mrs. Winslow Orry's that Abel Nest had grown vulgar, all the people who heard him, and had long thought so, were immensely surprised. Their next emotion was that, as Lou Wilkottle never originated any opinion, he must have heard somebody say it. Then, again, as he was always the staff of Mrs. Brewster Van Kraut, it was not a very complicated process by which the mind of Society reached the conclusion that that lady had said so. Society, indeed, was known to express only the opinions of a set—as it was the set—of Mrs. Brewster The Van Kraut property had stamped Abel Nest as vulgar. Then came the failure. Mr. Abel Nest was no longer engaged for balls two months in advance. He no longer received remembrances of flowers for future dinners.

In the evening, at General Belch's, Abel was presented to all the guests. Mr. Ele was happy to remember a previous conversation which he had had the honor, etc. Mr. Enos Stogby (Chairman of our Ward Committee, General Belch, audibly, as he introduced him) was very glad to know a gentleman who bore so distinguished a name. Every body was in the most magnificent, to which Abel bowed and smiled politely, while he observed that the residence was much more comfortable than the office of General Belch.

They went into the dining-room and sat down to what Mr. Stagby called "a Champagne supper." They ate birds and drank Burgundy and wine. Then they ate jellies, blanc-mange, and ice-cream. Then they ate nuts and fruit, and drank coffee. Then they drank Madeira wine, and fresh decanters, fresh glasses, and a box of cigars were placed upon the table, and the servants were told that they need not come until summoned.

At this point a dry, grave, thin, little old man opened the door. General Belch rose and rushed forward.

"My dear Mr. Bat, I am very happy. Sit here, Sir. Gentlemen, you all know Mr. Bat."

The company was silent for a moment, and bowed. Abel looked up and saw a man who seemed to be made of parchment, and his complexion, of the hue of dried sappin, suggested that he was usually kept in a warm green satchel.

After a little more murmuring of talk around the table, General Belch said, in a louder voice,

"Gentlemen, we have a new friend among us, and a little business to settle to-night. Suppose we talk it over."

There was a general filling of glasses and a hum of assent.

"I learn," said the General, whiffing the smoke from his mouth, "that our worthy friend and able representative, Watkins Bodley, is about resigning, in consequence of private embarrassments, and he must have a successor."

Every body poured out smoke and looked at the speaker, except Mr. Bat, who seemed to be undergoing a little more drying up, and was pulverizing at a picture of General Jackson, which hung upon the wall.

"That successor, I need not say, of course," continued General Belch, "must be a good man and a faithful adherent of the party. He must be the consistent enemy of a purse-proud aristocracy."

"He must, indeed," said Mr. Enos Stogby, whisking a little of the ash from his cigar off an unoccupied shirt-bosom, and doing which the flash from a diamond ring upon his finger dazzled Abel, who had turned as he spoke.

"He must espouse the immortal cause of popular rights, and be willing to spend and be spent for the people."

"That's it," said Mr. William Condor, whose sinecure under government was not worth less than twenty thousand a year.

"He must always uphold the honor of the people dear of our country."

"Excuse me, General Belch, but I must propose three cheers," interposed Mr. Alexander MacDennis O'Rourke; and the three cheers were heartily given.

"And the candidate must be equally the foe of class legislation and the friend of state rights."

Here Mr. Bat moved his head, as if he were assenting to a remark of his friend General Belch's.

"And I rarely need not add that it would be the first and most sacred point of honor with this candidate to serve his party in every thing, to be the unswerving advocate of all its measures, and implicitly obedient to all its behests," said General Belch.

"When these duties are to be learned by him from the authorized leaders of the party," said Mr. Enos Stogby.

"Certainly," said half of the gentlemen.

"Of course," said the other half.

During the few remarks that General Belch had been making his eyes were fixed upon Abel Nest, who understood that this was a political examination, in which the question asked decided the answers that were to be given. When the General had ended there was a pause, sat intently smoking for some time, and filling and emptying their glasses.

"Mr. Bat," said General Belch, "what is your view?"

Mr. Bat removed his eyes from General Jackson's portrait, and cleared his throat.

"I think," he said, closing his eyes, and rubbing his fingers on the arm-rests, "that the party holding to the only constitutional national policy is to be supported at all hazards, and I think the great party to which we belong is that party. Our principles are all true, and our measures are all just. Speculative theorists and dreamers talk about independent political action. But parties are always bogey parties. Governments are always managed by parties, and parties are always managed by—"

The dried-looking complexion at this point assumed an ashy hue, as if something very indecent had been uttered unheard. Mr. Bat's eyes opened and saw Abel's fixed upon him with a peculiar intelligence. The whole party looked at him alternately at Mr. Bat, and apprehensively at the new-comer. Mr. Ele frowned at General Belch.

"What does he mean?"

But Abel relieved the embarrassment by quietly continuing Mr. Bat's sentence—

"—by the managers."

His black eyes glittered around the table, and Mr. Ele remembered a remark of General Belch's about Mr. Nest's ruling upon the manners of his fellow-lawyers.

"Exactly, by the managers," said every body.

"And now," said General Belch, cheerfully, "whom had we better propose to our fellow-citizens as a proper candidate for senior suffrage and to succeed the Hon. Mr. Bodley?"

He leaned back and beffed. Mr. Ele, who had had a little previous conversation with the host, here rose and said, that, if he might venture, he would say, although it was an entirely unpremeditated thing, which had, in fact, only struck him while he had been sitting at that hospitable board, but had impressed him so forcibly that he could not resist speaking—if he might venture, he would say that he knew a most able and highly accomplished gentleman—in fact, it had occurred to him that there was then present a gentleman who would be precisely the man whom they might present to the people as a candidate suitable in every way.

General Belch looked at Abel, and said, "Mr. Ele, whom do you mean?"

I refer to Mr. Abel Nest," responded the Hon. Mr. Ele.

The company looked as companies which have been requested to name a surprise always look when the surprise comes.

"Is Mr. Nest sound in the faith?" asked Mr. William Condor, smiling.

"I answer for him," replied Mr. Ele.

"Your instance, Mr. Nest," said Mr. Enos Slugby, who was interested in General Belch's little plans, "you have no doubt that Congress ought to do its part to purchase the land for Fort Arnold, which has been offered to it by the company out of which our friend General Belch is counsel?"

"None at all," replied Abel. "I should work for it as hard as I could."

This was not unnatural, because General Belch had promised him an interest in the sale.

"Really, then," said Mr. William Condor, who was also a proprietor, "I do not see that a better candidate could possibly be offered to our fellow-citizens. The General Committee meet to-morrow night. They will call the primaries, and the convention will meet next week. I think we all understand each other. We have the best men in our districts to go to the convention. The thing seems to me to be very plain."

"Very," said the others, smoking.

"Shall it be Abel Newt?" said Mr. Condor.

"Ay!" answered the chorus.

"I propose the health of the Honorable Abel Newt, whom I am cordially welcome as a colleague," said Mr. Ele.

Bumpers were drained. It was past midnight, and the gentlemen rose. They came to Abel, and shook his hand; then they swarmed into the hall and put on their hats and coats.

"Stay, Newt," whispered Belch, and Abel stopped.

The Honorable B. J. Ele also lingered, as if he would like to be the last out of the house; for although all the distinguished statesmen did not care to do otherwise than as General Belch commanded, he was anxious to be the General's chief butler, while the remark about riding on his companions' shoulders and the personal impression Abel had made upon him had seriously alarmed him.

While he was busily looking at the portrait of General Jackson, General Belch stepped up to him and put out his hand.

"Good-night, my dear Ele! Thank you! Thank you! These things will not be forgotten. Good-night! good-night!" And he locked the Honorable Barabbas out of the room into the hall.

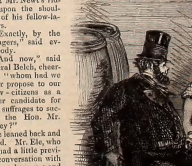
"This is your coat, I think," said he, taking up a garment and helping Mr. Ele to get it on. "Ah, you luxurious dog! you're a pretty friend of the people, with such a splendid coat as this. Good-night! good-night!" he added, helping his guest toward the door.

"Hallo, Condor!" he shouted up the street. "Come back, will you? I leave Mrs. Belch—worst for him!"

He put him out of the door. "There, my dear fellow, Condor's waiting for you! Good-night! Ten thousand thanks! A pretty friend of the people, hey? Good-night!"

General Belch closed the door and returned to the drawing-room. Abel Nest was sitting with one leg over the back of the chair, and a tumbler of brandy before him, smoking.

"Got!" said Abel, looking as the General returned, "I wouldn't treat a nigger as you do that man."



JIM AND MR. SLUGBY.

"My dear Mr. Representative," returned Belch, "you, as a legislator and public man, ought to know that Cider is Heaven's first law."

CHAPTER LXX.

MENTOR AND TELEMACHUS.

DRAWING his chair near to Abel's, General Belch lighted a cigar, and said—

"You see it's not so very hard."

Abel looked intensely.

"To go to Congress," answered Belch.

"Yes, but I'm not elected yet, thank you."

General Arcadius Belch blew a long, slow cloud, and gazed at Abel with a kind of fond superiority. Abel felt it, and chafed.

"What do you mean by looking so?" asked Abel.

"My dear Newt, I was not aware that you had such a soft spot. No, positively, I did not know that you had so much to learn. It is inconceivable."

The General smiled, and smoked, and looked blandly at his companion. Abel resolved that, at least, he would not show the softness of caoutchouc, and held his tongue.

"You're not elected yet, hey?" asked the General, with an amused laugh.

"Not that I am aware of," said Abel, smiling.

"Why, my dear fellow, who on earth do you suppose does the electing?"

"I thought the people were the source of power," replied Abel, in an acrid, sour tone, and nettled, but concealing it so well that Belch exclaimed,

"Bravo! I see you're gamming. However, there's one thing. You know you'll have to speak after the election. Did you ever speak?"

"Not since school," replied Abel.

"Well, you know the con. I gave it to you to-night. You must bring in, how strong can you come down?"

"You know, I've failed."

"Of course you have. That's the reason the boys will expect you to be very liberal."

"How much?" inquired Abel.

"Let me see. There'll be the printing, bills, lights, initial advertising, etc. Well, I should say a hundred dollars, and about four hundred for extras. Five hundred dollars for the election, and much more for the committee."

"Devil! that's rather strong!" replied Abel.

"Not at all," said General Belch. "You're going to Washington secure the grant, and the grant sets you at least three thousand dollars upon every share. It's a good thing, and very liberal at that price. Why, my dear boy, don't forget that you're a party man of another sort. You do the dancing business, and flirting—"

"Pish!" cried Abel, "I'm not a boy!"

Exactly. And you're going to a place that swarms with them. So you'll have to work the men through their wives, and mistresses, and daughters. It isn't much underhand stuff—but it's a great lever."

"Why don't you go to Congress?" asked Abel, suddenly.

"It isn't for my interest," answered the General. "I make more by staying out."

"How many members are there for Belch?" continued Abel.

The General did not quite like the question, nor the tone in which it was asked. His fat nose glistened for a moment, while his mouth twitched into a smile, and he answered—

"They're only for Belch as far as Belch is for them—"

"Or as far as Belch makes them think he is," answered Abel, smiling.

The General smiled too, for he found the game going against him.

"We were speaking of your speech," said he. "Now, Newt, the thing's in your own hands. You've a future before you. You're the drill of the party, and with your talents, you ought to do any thing."

"Too many rivals," said Abel, curtly.

"My dear fellow, what are the odds? They can't do any thing outside the party, or without the drill. Make it understood you're to be volunteer, and they're quiet enough. Here's William Cudder—there's Jerry Wilkins. He loves the people so dearly that he does nothing for them at twenty thousand dollars a year. Tell him that you will secure him his place, by your humble servant. Of course he is. Now I am more than willing to do all of these things, and I'm always at your service. Before you go there will be a course of the friends of the grant, which you must attend, and make a speech."

"Another speech?" said Abel.

"My dear fellow, you are now a speechmaker by profession. Now that you are in Congress, you will never be free from the oratorical liability. Wherever two or three are gathered together, and you are one of them, you'll have to return thanks, and wave the glorious flag of our country. And you'll have to begin very soon."

CHAPTER LXXI.

THE CONVENTION.

GENERAL BELCH was right. Abel had to begin very soon. The committee met and called the meetings. Delegates of the committee, each in his own district, called to consult with various people, whom they found generally at corner groceries. They were large, coarse-faced, rollicking men, and were all named Jim, or Tom, or Ned.

"What'll you have, Jim?"

"Well, Sir. It's so early in the day that I can't go any thing stronger than brandy."

"Two cocktails—still," was the word of the gentleman to the bar-keeper.

The companions took their glasses, and sat down behind a heavy screen.

"Well, Sir, what's the word? I see there's going to be more meetin's."

"Jim, Bolley has resigned."

"Who's the man, Mr. Slugby?" asked Jim, as if to bring matters to a point.

"Mr. Abel Newt has been mentioned," replied the gentleman with the diamond ring, which he had slipped into his waistcoat pocket before the interview.

Jim cocked his eye at his glass, which was nearly empty.

"Here! another cocktail," cried Mr. Slugby to the bar-keeper.

"Son of old Newt that bust t'other day?"

"The same."

"Well, I 'spose it's all right," said Jim, as he began his second tumbler.

"Oh, yes, it's all right. He understands things, and he's coming down rather strong, Mr. Slugby. He has paid you that twice already."

And Mr. Slugby pulled out a bill of that amount and handed it to Jim, who received it as if he were accustomed to generosity, and did not recall any such amount as owing to him.

"I suppose you will be thirsty," said Mr. Enos Slugby.

"There never 's nothin' to make a man thirsty else to a 'lection," answered Jim, in his huge features grinning.

"Well, Jim, times work well, and deserve it. Here, you needn't go out of your district you know, and this will be enough." He handed Jim another bill. "Have an up in town, and don't let them get high until after the election is delegates. You know, though that Mr. Musher and I had better go to the Convention. It's just possible, Jim, that some of Bolley's friends may object to that."

"No fear, Mr. Slugby, we'll take care of that. Who do you want for chairman of the meeting?" answered Jim.

"Edward Gassery is the best chairman. He understands the ropes."

"Very well, Sir, all right," said Jim.

"Remember, Jim, the meeting's eight, seven o'clock. You'll want thirty men to make every thing short and sure. Gassery, chairman, Nathaniel Slugby, delegate. Jim, you'll not say any thing about Abel Newt, because that will all be settled in the Convention, and the delegates of the people will express their will there as they choose. I'll write the names on this."

Mr. Slugby tore off a piece of paper from a letter in his pocket, and, with his names, he handed the bill, and taking out his watch, said,

"Bless my soul, I'm engaged at eleven, and his quarter past! Good-by, Jim, and if any thing goes wrong let me know."

"Martin, Sir," replied Jim, and Mr. Slugby departed.

Mr. William Cudder had a similar interview with Tom, and Mr. Jerry Wilkins spoke with Ned. And other Mr. Slugbys, and Cudders, and Wilkinses, in their respective wards, red-faced, trip-hammer-lifted Jims, Toms, and Neds. These healths being duly drunk, the liquids were left to work their way through the inspiring words, "Liberty and Equality," until summoned from their haunts to assemble in Primary meetings and elect delegates to a convention to nominate a representative. The Hon. Mr. Bolley's resignation was announced.

"FELLOW-CITIZENS,—Deeply grateful for the honorable trust you have so long confided to me, feeling that the interests of our country, and of my private affairs, seriously injured by my public occupations, would induce me to resign it into your hands. But while thus relieving a humand much of every patriot, there is a point, which every citizen must hold in the most sacred reverence. I should be deeply grieved to take this step did I not know how many older representatives you can find in the ranks of the democracy, ocr of which any man may be proud. I leave the halls of legislation, but my attachment to our party is consolidated, when its promise for the future was never more brilliant, when peace and prosperity were never more in the ascendant, when a union in our happy country, on whose soil every man feels himself a part of the sovereign

IS JOHN BROWN INSANE?

On Thursday 27th, Brown was brought in walking, and lay down on his cot at full length within the bar. He looked considerably better, the swelling having left his eyes.

Governor Wise was present.

Messrs. Harding and Hunter again appeared for the Commonwealth, and Messrs. Botts and Green for the prisoner.

Mr. Botts read the following dispatch, which was received this morning:

"ABBOT, Ohio, October 26, 1859.

"To C. J. Faulkner and Lawson Botts:

"John Brown, leader of the insurrection at Harper's Ferry, and several of his family, have resided in this county many years. Insanity is hereditary in the family. His mother's sister died with it, and a daughter of that sister has been insane for years. One female servant, a son and daughter of his mother's brother have also been confined in the Insane Asylum, and another son of that brother is now insane and under close restraint. These facts can be conclusively proved by any number residing here, who will doubtless attend the trial if desired.

"G. W. JAYNES."

Mr. Botts added that Brown disdained to avail himself of the plea of insanity.

Brown then raised himself up in bed and said: "I will add, if the Court will allow me to do so, that I am not as a miserable artifice and pretext of insanity or lunacy, or a plea of any kind, put in for me by my friends, or any act, and I view it with shame and mortification. As I remarked to Mr. Green, insane prisoners, so far as my experience goes, have but little ability to aid in the line of their own sanity: and if I am insane, of course I should think I have some title to be treated as such, which I do not think so. I am perfectly unconscious of insanity, and I regret, so far as I am capable, any attempt to interfere in my behalf on that score."

COMMENCEMENT OF THE TRIAL.

A fresh attempt is made to have the trial postponed in order to obtain counsel from the North having failed, the case was proceeded with.

The jury having been sworn, Mr. Botts addressed the Court, and requested that directed that the prisoner might be brought into the Court-house without irons on his person.

Mr. Botts put the inquiry to the prisoner, and he confessed to its greatness on his not while the long indictment, which seven jurors had sworn read.

First, For conspiring with negroes to produce insurrection;

Second, For treason to the Commonwealth; and,

Third, For murder.

THE SPEECHES AND THE EVIDENCE.

The case was then opened at length by Messrs. Harding and Hunter for the Commonwealth, and by Messrs. Botts and Green for the prisoner. The following witnesses were examined:—Colonel Lewis Washington, and Colonel Washington. Their testimony was already published in full in the papers which we already published.

A BOSTON CONSUL ARRIVES.

On Friday 28th, George H. Hoyt, of Boston, counsel for Brown, arrived. He spoke a few words to the prisoner at eleven o'clock. Brown was led over from the jail, walking very feebly. The Court was full. Mr. Senator Mason entered the court with Mr. Hoyt, the Boston counsel of Brown. They were both warmly received by their friends.

Mr. Hoyt announced the arrival of Mr. Hoyt, who had often been to the court-house, and to the prisoner: at present, however, he did not feel disposed to take part in the case. Mr. Hunter said he had dispatched, and he would do so.

Mr. Hunter suggested that he had better be qualified as a member of the bar of the Commonwealth of Virginia, too bar.

Mr. Hoyt had not brought his credentials of admission.

The Court said that that was not required in order to be strictly legal: to that fact any citizen's evidence would answer.

Mr. Green said his partner had read a letter from the law-student Hoyt, addressed to him as a member of the bar.

Mr. Hoyt then took the customary oath.

FURTHER EVIDENCE FOR THE PROSECUTION.

The following witnesses were called on the part, and testified to the facts already before the public: Colonel Washington, Captaine Ashby, Alexander, Judge, Field, Alexander, Kennedy, Allstadt, Albert Griest, Henry Huntsberry, Colonel Gibson, Rockwell, and Mr. Beckham.

EVIDENCE FOR THE DEFENCE.

For the defence, Messrs. A. Brown, H. Kitzmiller, and James Hunter, and others were called, but no new facts were elicited. One witness was asked whether he knew the Rev. Selling of the outlaw Thompson in cold blood.

Several witnesses for the defence were called, but did not answer.

BROWN REPUDIATES HIS COUNSEL.

Brown arose from his recumbent, evidently excited, and standing on his feet, addressed the court as follows:

"May it please the Court,—I have listened attentively standing all the assurances I have received of a fair trial, and although I have been in the habit of saying but little, I must say that I have not been so treated as I expected the full benefit of the provisions of the law would be afforded me, and was assured that I should be. I have had to meet, from time to time, evidence which I had no knowledge of, and which I supposed they had not the power to get. I have been convicted by hearsay evidence, and am sure that but little of what is termed testimony has been given that is entitled to the name; I suppose that is the best course I can pursue, so far as I can learn: and now I ask, if I am to have my ruling at all deserving the name of justice, that I be told that this proceeding be deferred until to-morrow morning, for I have no counsel. I have before intimated to the Court that I can rely: but I am in hopes counsel may arrive who will manage the business for me, and relieve me of necessary for my defence: I am myself unable to attend to it. I have given all the attention to it I could, and I feel I am unable to do so from debility to decay of strength, for my memory was also affected. I am not the man I was when I was arrested, and I have not a dime: I had two hundred and fifty or sixty dollars in gold and silver when I left my pocket, and now I have no possible means of getting any help to go my errands. I feel myself in the hands of the witnesses subpœnaed. They are not within reach and are not here. I ask at least until to-morrow morning to have something done, if any thing is designed; if not, I can only feel it is a mockery of justice."

Brown then lay down again, drew his blanket over him, and closed his eyes and appeared to be in a very quiet slumber.

THE BOSTON COUNSEL SPEAKS.

Mr. Hoyt, of Boston, who had been sitting quietly all day at the side of Mr. Green, arose and addressed himself and addressed the Court as follows:

"May it please the Court,—I would add my voice to the appeal of Mr. Brown, although I have had no consultation with him. But the further hearing of the case be postponed until morning. I would state the reason of the application as not to be misunderstood. I am not prepared to believe, that Judge Tidball, who has been selected by the Court to preside at the trial, will arrive at Harper's Ferry in seven o'clock. I have no reason whatever to impute that gentleman's arrival in this place to slight or disrespect to the Court. I have known Judge Tidball at the Boston, traveling night and day, to volunteer my services in defence of Brown. I would not undertake the responsibility of the defence as I am now situated. The gentlemen who have defended Brown have acted to an honorable and dignified manner in all respects so far as I know; but I can not assume the responsibility of defending him myself for many reasons. First, it would be ridiculous in me to suppose that I could do justice to the case in the short time now left, except so far as I have listened, and seen and heard counsel this morning, got my idea of the law and evidence principally from a knowledge of the criminal code of Virginia, and had no time to read it. I had no time to read the evidence, considering in this defense, some of which are of considerable importance, especially that relative to the patriotic and true character of my client. For all these reasons I ask the continuation of the case till to-morrow morning."

THE SOUTHERN COUNSEL RESIGN.

Mr. Green arose to state that Mr. Botts and himself would now both withdraw from the case, and could no longer act in behalf of the prisoner. He then got up now and declared here that he has no confidence in the counsel who have been assigned him. Yesterday confided that I have done my whole duty so far as I have been able, and to-morrow morning I should feel myself an intruder upon the case were I to act for him from that time. I have no confidence in the counsel who have been assigned, and I ought to have been informed of the fact that, under these circumstances, when I feel compelled to withdraw from the case, that I should have intimated that I should remain in such an unwelcome position.

THE EVIDENCE FOR THE DEFENSE CLOSED.

On Saturday, 5th, Samuel Chilton, of Washington, and Henry Kagi, of Washington, were called as the prisoner's counsel with Mr. Hoyt, and were duly qualified. After consultation in private with the prisoner, the Court refused to grant the following witnesses were examined for the prisoner: Messrs. Hill, Hoffman, Hunter, Hunter, Jr., Beckham, Hunter, Jr., Hoffman, Seibert, Major Mills, Samuel Snyder, Captain Sims, Brown Russell, and Terry Hughes.

THE ARGUMENT FOR THE COMMONWEALTH.

After some further argument in reference to delay, and the prisoner's objection raised by Mr. Hoyt, on the multitudinousness of the indictment, the Court directed the proceedings to be resumed.

Mr. Harding then commenced the opening argument for the Commonwealth, and continued it for upwards of two minutes. He reviewed the testimony as elicited during the examination, and read for some time from the statutory of the claim or expectation of the prisoner that the Court would be disposed to grant him a new trial, and that he was in command of a band of murderers and traitors, sent here by a power hostile to the peace of the kind.

The Court then adjourned at five o'clock, to meet again at ten o'clock on Monday morning, when Mr. Chilton will deliver his argument for the prisoner.

JOHN BROWN'S APPEAL FOR COUNSEL.

As every thing now relative to that misguided, doomed man has an interest for the public, we copy from the Times. The body of the letter is in the handwriting of Sheriff Campbell, by whom it was dictated:

"CHARLESTOWN, JEFFERSON COUNTY, Oct. 19, 1859.

"To the Hon. Judge Tidlow:

"Sir,—I am a prisoner, a prisoner, with several associates to my head, and buyonet-stabs in my body. My object in attempting what I did was to free a number of slaves, and I intended to do it without the shedding of blood myself and fellow-prisoners, for it was not anger that prompted me, but a sense of duty. I do not wish to be executed, nor imprisoned; but I charge you, as an officer of our sacred institutions, and as an officer of our sacred institutions, and as an officer of our sacred institutions, and

THE LATE INVASION AT HARPER'S FERRY.—[FROM OUR OWN ARTIST CORRESPONDENT.]

As the writer of the anonymous letter which warned the Secretary of War of the intended attack on the United States arsenals, etc., did not seem to have any clear idea of its geographical position, we think it quite probable that many of our readers may be equally uninformed.

Harper's Ferry is situated in Jefferson County, Virginia, at the confluence of the Potomac and Shenandoah rivers, on a point just opposite the gap through which the united streams pass the Blue Ridge on their way toward the ocean. The Ridge here is about twelve hundred feet in height, showing bare, precipitous cliffs on either side on the river, and exhibiting some of the most beautiful and imposing natural scenery to be found in the country. The town was originally built on two streets stretching along a narrow shelf between the base of the bluff and the rivers, meeting at the point at nearly a right angle, and named respectively Potomac and Shenandoah streets. To accommodate its increasing population the town has straggled up the steep bluff, and, in detached villages and scattered residences, occupies the level ground above—about four hundred feet above the streams.

It has altogether a population of five thousand; is distant from Richmond 170 miles; from Washington City, 67 miles by turnpike road; and from Baltimore, 80 miles by rail. Here the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad crosses the Potomac by a magnificent covered bridge, 960 feet long, and passes along Potomac Street westward, its track lying 40 feet above the river. The Winchester and Harper's Ferry Railroad, lying along Shenandoah Street, connects with the Baltimore and Ohio at the bridge. Potomac Street is entirely occupied by the workshops and offices of the National Armory, and its entrance is inclosed by a handsome gate and iron railing. Nearly at the angle of junction are the old arsenal buildings, where usually from 100,000 to 200,000 stand of arms are stored. The other buildings on the point, and near the bridge, are railroad offices, hotels, eating-houses, stores, shops, etc. Shenandoah Street contains stores and dwelling-houses for half a mile or more, when we come to Hall's rifle-works, situated on a small island in the Shenandoah River.

A simple plat of the town would enlighten more than twenty pages of description, but I have none at hand.

Of the antecedents, motives, and character of the men who made the attempt to possess themselves of the United States Works, and arms therein contained, we shall not speak, except incidentally, in the course of our narrative, as the public have doubtless been sufficiently and fully informed on that subject. Indeed, the last accounts of the whole affair by the Baltimore reporters have been sufficiently full and accurate. Some errors there are of minor importance, which have doubtless occurred through haste and inadvertence. Some names have been gazetted who were not in the light—some overlooked whose conduct merits commendation. There are also some important views connected with the moral of the affair that have not been made sufficiently prominent. Indeed, the very name of *insurgents*, with which the writers have seen fit to characterize the actors in the tragedy, and the term *insurrection*, as applied to the movement, are entirely inappropriate, and calculated of themselves to produce a false impression abroad.

We shall dub them outlaws and invaders.

The first overt act of hostility committed by them was the seizure of the watchman on the Potomac Bridge, who was carried prisoner to the Armory buildings, of which they had already quietly taken possession. This was on Sunday night, 16th October, about half past ten o'clock.

PORTRAIT OF OSSAWATTOMIE BROWN, WOUNDED AND A PRISONER.—[SKETCHED BY FORTE CRAYON DURING HIS EXAMINATION BY GOVERNOR WISE.]

At an hour after midnight Colonel Lewis Washington, living four miles from the town, was aroused from his sleep by a loud knocking at his door, and a voice calling him by name. Supposing it to be some friend come to claim hospitality, he lighted a lamp and went to the door, where, to his amazement, he found himself in the presence of six men armed with Sharpe's rifles, knives, and revolvers. The leader, J. E. Cooke, told him he was a prisoner, but that he need feel no alarm, as no harm was intended to his person. The Colonel took the matter as coolly as could have been desired, assuring them that he not only was not frightened, but appreciated the honor they had done him in supposing it required six men, armed to the teeth, to capture a single man in his nightshirt.

While he dressed himself the outlaws arrested all the negro men on the premises, attached horses to the Colonel's carriage and two wagons, and thus drove off toward Harper's Ferry. On their way they captured a Mr. John Alstadt, his son, and men-servants, in like manner. Cooke, who had previously visited Colonel Washington's house, and had been courteously entertained by him, took advantage of the knowledge thereby gained of the premises to steal a number of treasured family relics, among which was the sword presented by Frederick the Great to General George Washington. Some of these articles have been since recovered.

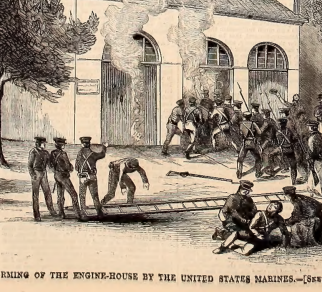
It was not until four o'clock on Monday morning that the citizens of Harper's Ferry began to suspect that some mischief was afoot. The regular watchman at the bridge was missing, and an armed sinister stood guard in his place. As this fact was reported to Heywood, the well-known ferry-master at the dépôt, he went down to see about it. When he got there he was approached by several armed men, one of whom handed him a ride, and ordered him to stand guard in the cause of freedom. Heywood expostulated with them, and resolutely refused to take the rifle. Their motives were hastily explained, and he was threatened with instant death if he did not join them. With heroic firmness the negro answered that they might kill him, but he would never join in their murderous schemes. Seeing an opportunity, he attempted to escape, and was shot dead. Thus the first life sacrificed by these philanthropic liberators was that of a faithful negro.

Shortly after the workmen began to go to their work-shops, among the first, a Mr. Kelly, on seeing an armed guard at the gate, asked by what authority they had taken possession of the public premises. The guard replied, "By the authority of God Almighty!" He was ordered to enter as prisoner; but, instead of obeying, turned and made his escape, receiving a bullet through his hat as he ran. Mr. Beerly, a grocer, witnessed this scene as he was about opening his shop, and running out with his gun, fired at the guard. The next moment he was shot dead.

In the mean time the rumor of these murders began to spread; and as the town was aroused from sleep, it was ascertained that the telegraph wires had been cut above and below the town; the morning train stopped and detained for a time, and then permitted to proceed; and also that several leading citizens had been taken from their beds, and were held prisoners by a band of unknown persons in the Armory grounds.

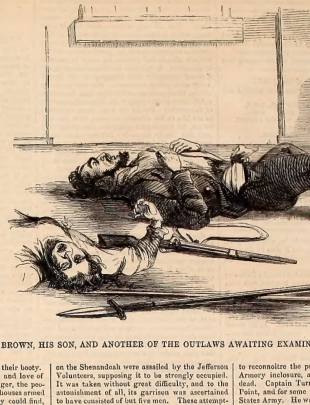
The number of these prisoners was increased to twenty-five or thirty by the capture of officers and employés, who went to the works to attend to their duties or from curiosity.

As the sun rose upon the scene, the reported outrages and the bodies of the murdered men showed that from whatever source the movement came it was of a serious character. Sentinels



THE STORMING OF THE ENGINE-HOUSE BY THE UNITED STATES MARINES.—[SKETCHED BY FORTE CRAYON.]

armed with rifles and pistols, were seen guarding all the public buildings, threatening death or firing at all who questioned or interfered with them; and the savage audacity with which they issued their orders gave assurance that the buildings were occupied by large bodies of men. Messengers were dispatched to all the neighboring towns for military assistance, while panic-stricken citizens seized such arms as they could find, and gathered in small bodies on the outskirts of the town, and at points remote from the works. All was confusion and mystery. Even the sight of several armed negroes among the strangers did not at once excite suspicion that it was an Anti-Slavery movement, and the report of one of the captured slaves confirmatory of that fact was received with doubt and incredibility. Indeed so severe was the public mind to the acceptance of this belief, that the suggestion was every where met with derision, and every and any other explanation adopted in preference. Some supposed it was a strike among the discontented armorers, or the laborers on a Government dam, who had taken this means to obtain redress for real or imaginary grievances. Others argued that it was a band of robbers organized in some of the cities for the purpose of robbing the paymaster's strong box, known to contain some thousands of public money; that the armed negroes were whites in disguise; that the idea of inciting a servile insurrection was a ruse, put forth to distract the public mind and enable them to escape with their booty.



BROWN, HIS SON, AND ANOTHER OF THE OUTLAWS AWAITING EXAMINATION.—[SKETCHED BY PORTE CRAYON.]

Still aroused, as much by curiosity and love of excitement as by the idea of real danger, the people of the neighboring towns and farm-houses armed themselves with such weapons as they could find, and trooped toward the scene of action by tens and by hundreds. In a few hours Harper's Ferry was surrounded completely with a bristling cordon of men with every variety of arms, costume, accoutrement, and of all ages and conditions. Here was the gray-haired farmer quietly pushing a greased bullet down the muzzle of his trusty squirrel piece; there a boy of fourteen, escaped from school, armed with a rusty horse-pistol loaded to the muzzle with slugs and gravel. On foot and on horseback, laborer and landed proprietor, the tradesman from his shop, the merchant from his counter, the lawyer from his office, still they gathered in, armed and unarmed. The hunt was up—woe to the game inclosed within that fiery circle. In the mean time a guerrilla fight had been commenced by the citizens of Harper's Ferry. A man named George Chambers, a citizen whom command the public grounds, shot the negro sentinel that guarded the arsenal, and a drooping fire was heard in different quarters. Hall's rifle-works on the Shenandoah were assailed by the Jefferson Volunteers, supposing it to be strongly occupied. It was taken without great difficulty, and to the astonishment of all, its garrison was ascertained to have consisted of but five men. These attempted to escape by wading and swimming the Shenandoah, but four of them were shot while in the water, and one was taken unhurt. A wretch, mortally wounded, was dragged from the river by a citizen, and laid upon the bank shivering with cold and loss of blood. He begged to be taken to a fire, promising to confess every thing. The bystanders carried him to an old cooper's shop hard by, where a hasty blaze was kindled. He told that his name was Lewis Leary; that he had been enlisted in Oberlin, Ohio, to serve in the great war of liberation to commence at Harper's Ferry. He left a wife and three children, and entreated none one to write to them to inform them of the manner of his death. He says he was enlisted by a man named Willet, and was awfully deceived. He was a good-looking mulatto, quite young, and nearly white. After lingering in great agony for twelve hours he died.

About this time Captain George Turner, who had come down with the Jefferson military, went to reconnoitre the position of the outlaws in the Armory inclosure, and while so doing was shot dead. Captain Turner was a graduate of West Point, and for some years an officer in the United States Army. He was a gentleman of fortune, and one of the most esteemed citizens of the county. When the shell was cracked at the rifle-works, and found to contain so small a kernel, people began to perceive that had greatly overestimated the numbers of the enemy, and no time was lost in taking possession of the town and closing all the passages of escape. The outlaw chief, too, had by this time perceived that, instead of hundreds of allies, he was hemmed in by thousands of infuriated enemies; and gathering together the remnant of his desperate band, with a few frightened negroes and the *élite* of his prisoners, he retired into the fire-engine house, within the public grounds. A short time after two of his party came out, each leading a citizen prisoner—whether to parley or to escape was not under-tood. When they appeared in the street one of the outlaws was immediately shot down, and the other captured; the citizen prisoners thus rejoining their friends. The outlaw who was thus shot was AARON C. Stephens, who still lives a prisoner, although supposed to be mortally wounded.

After this incident Mr. Fontaine Beckham, Mayor of Harper's Ferry, and one of its most beloved citizens, exposed himself on the railroad track within range of the fire from the engine-house, and was shot dead. As the spot where he fell was commanded completely by the fire of the outlaws, his body lay there for several hours before it was removed. The spot is still marked by stains of blood mingled with gray hairs. At this sight the outlaw prisoner Thomson, who had just been taken, was told to prepare for death. He begged hard, but he was immediately shot, and thrown into the river. Although two balls had been fired into his body, and he fell forty feet into the water, he had vitality enough left to swim to the base of the next pier and crawl up upon its edge, where twenty rifle bullets soon ended his miserable existence. At three o'clock a party of a hundred men from Martinsburg arrived in the passenger train which had been turned back in the morning. This party was only partially armed, and without organization, many having come as much from curiosity as other motives. When they arrived at the upper end of the Armory buildings on the Potomac, some twenty or more of having spirits, headed by George Wollet, one of the railroad men, made a rash but gallant assault upon the strong-hold of the outlaws. Wollet broke open the door, and nearly succeeded in forcing himself in, but was shot through the left arm by a rifle-ball. The attack was repulsed, with a loss of seven wounded, three of them dangerously. The fruit of this assault was the liberation of eighteen of the Harper's Ferry prisoners and the death of two of the outlaws. The wounded of the Martinsburg men deserve honorable mention:

George Wollet,	severely wounded.
Evan Dorsey,	dangerously wounded.
Kirk Hammond,	dangerously wounded.
—— Richardson,	severely wounded.
George H. Murphy,	slightly wounded.
N. Hooper,	severely wounded.
——	Another, not reported.

One of the outlaws escaped from the Armory inclosure by creeping through a culvert which led to the Potomac River. He threw away his rifle and attempted to swim, but was hindered by the weight of his accoutrements. Under the fire of twenty rifles he crept behind a rock, and drawing a knife, attempted to cut away his belts. George Schoppart, of Martinsburg, waded out until within ten paces of him, and shot him dead. In his pocket was found a captain's commission, which reads as follows:

HEAD-QUARTERS, WAR DEPARTMENT,
NEAR HARPER'S FERRY, Maryland.

Whereas W. H. Leeman has been nominated a captain in the army established under the Provisional Constitu-

THE GUARD-ROOM, WITH THE WOUNDED PRISONERS.—[SKETCHED BY PORTE CRAYON.]

tion; now therefore, in pursuance of the authority vested in me by said resolution, we do hereby appoint and commission the said W. H. Lottman captain.

Given at the office of the Secretary of War this day, 15th of October, 1859.

JOHN BOWERS, Commander-in-Chief.

H. KEYS, Secretary of War.

From this time there was no more active work. The town was occupied by a thousand or fifteen hundred men, including volunteer companies from Shepherdstown, Charlestown, Winchester, and elsewhere, but the dread and excitement and uniformity largely predominated, giving the affair more the character of a grand hunting scene than that of a battle. The savage game was holed beyond all possibility of escape. To storm the building, and annihilate the remnant of the bloody band, would not have been the work of twenty minutes; but the dread of its blowing up during the act by the ten prisoners restrained the wish for immediate action. It was determined to guard the premises narrowly, and wait during the day for Colonel Robert Lee, of the United States Army, arrived with about a hundred marines and a section of artillery. Major Russell was in immediate command of the troops, and Lieutenant Stuart, of the cavalry, acted as volunteer aid to Colonel Lee.

There troops took possession of the Armory yard, in immediate proximity to the engine-house, and the night was passed in comparative quiet.

One of the prisoners reported during the night Brown acknowledged that all was lost, he knew that he had forfeited his life, and determined to sell it as dearly as possible. The contrary was ascertained, too, began to give way, and they wished to surrender; but he urged them to continued desperation. One whom the rebs seemed to attach the most importance to was Osborn Perkins, a citizen, and accompanied by Lieutenant Stuart, Colonel Lee said. They were received on the door by Brown, who asked for an unconditional surrender was peremptorily refused. This terse proposal by Brown was all that he and his party should be escorted by the marines to the Maryland shore and pursuit by the citizens restrained until the escape; in a case like this he would leave the country and give up his prisoner hostages unhurt. Colonel Lee's answer was inadmissible, and the parley lasted some time without result. In the mean time the storming party of twelve marines, led by Lieutenant Green, took position on either side of the centre door. As the parley ended, the marines rushed back several paces and waved his hat. Two stalwart soldiers sprang forward, and with heavy sledges tried to force the door. One of the sledges broke had been pushed against it, and it resisted all their efforts. Thirty men were ordered out, and taking a heavy forty-foot ladder, used it as a battering-ram, dropping upon their knees at each blow to avoid the shots volley of the rebs from the door.

At the third or fourth blow it gave way, and the stormers rushed in gallantly, headed by Lieutenant Green. The pent-up excitement of the multitude now burst forth in a shout that shook the air, and nearly drowned the sharp crash of fire-arms that received the stormers on entering.

Private Quinn, one of the first who entered, received a mortal wound. Turning back, he dropped his musket and, assisted by a friend, walked out to fall, prostrating to the last his quiet, soldierly bearing. The next person received an ugly wound in the cheek. Colonel Washington, who through all these trying scenes had borne himself with an intrepid coolness that elicited the admiration of the brigand chief himself, now did important service. Two moments the marines entered the armory before one of the engines, told his fellow-prisoners to hold up their hands that they might be recognized as non-combatants, and was rapidly pushed out the outlaws to the vengeance of the soldiers. Having discharged their pieces in the fierce rush, some used several of these threw down their arms and begged for quarter. Unmovable to the last, old Brown sat in a corner inside his rifle, a Sharp's revolver, and in this position received a sabre-stroke from Lieutenant Green which cut through his hat, his hands and knees. Two or three bayonet stabs followed him, it was then supposed. Ottawa Brown, his son, was not then seen to be wounded.

A soldier seeing Colonel Washington in an active and prominent position, mistook him for one of the outlaws, leveled his piece and put his finger on the trigger; but fortunately remembering the caution in regard to the prisoners, he dropped it, saying, Green, elder Emperor, a negro M.C. under the faths provisional government, mustered among the slave prisoners, hoping thus to escape notice and detection; but perceived by Colonel Washington, he was hauled forth to his doom. Doubtless, at that moment he would have swapped himself and his honors to-day for the ignorant field-nigger on a Georgia plantation.

The citizen captives, released from their long and trying confinement, hurried out to their friends with every demonstration of joy; while the bloody carcasses of the dead and dying outlaws were dragged into the lawn amidst the howls and execrations of the people. It was a hideous and ghastly spectacle. Some stark and stiff, with staring eyes and fallen jaws, were the dead of yesterday; while others, struck with death wounds, writhed and wallowed in their blood. Two only were brought out unhurt—Coppick, and Green the negro—and they only escaped immediate death by accident, the soldiers not at once distinguishing them from the captive citizens and slaves.

The quiet and thorough manner in which this delicate business was conducted reflects much credit on the officers and men engaged, and is a beautiful exemplification of the immense superiority of trained soldiers over all others.

Thus ended the first battle of the Provisional Government forces led by Lieut.-General Brown.

"Quem Deus vult perdere prius dementat."

The outlaw force consisted of only twenty-two men, who were disposed of as follows:

LIST OF THE INVADING PARTY.

1. John Brown, of ESSEX Co., New York, wounded and a prisoner.
2. Ottawa Brown, his son, of New York, killed.
3. Watson Brown, " " " killed.
4. Aaron C. Stephens, of Conn., mortally wounded.
5. Edwin Coppick, of Ill., prisoner.
6. Albert Hazlett, of Pennsylvania, killed.
7. William H. Leeman, of Canada, killed.
8. Stewart Taylor, of Canada, killed.
9. Charles P. Tidd, of Maine, killed.
10. William Thompson, of New York, killed.
11. Dolph Thompson, of New York, killed.
12. John Kagi, of Ohio, killed.
13. Jerry Anderson, of Indiana, killed.
14. Daugerfield Newby, negro, of Ohio, killed.
15. O. P. Anderson, negro, of Pennsylvania, killed.
16. Lewis Leary, " " Ohio, killed.
17. Shields Green, alias Emperor, negro, of Pa., prisoner.
18. —— Cook, white man, of Connecticut, killed.
19. J. E. Cooke, white man, of Connecticut, prisoner.

There are three unaccounted for, who have probably escaped into the mountains, or to be sincerely hoped, for the credit of humanity, that their escape is not fatal.

The mid-day train of Tuesday brought Governor Wise, accompanied by several hundred men from Richmond, Alexandria, Petersburg, and elsewhere. There was real disappointment to find that the battle was over. His staff, however, speedily reformed of the mere handful of men who had created all this bother by bolted over. In his wrath he said some pretty hard things about it was universally seen and felt that Governor Wise was just the man for such a contingency.

Accompanied by Andrew Hunter, Esq., a distinguished lawyer of Jefferson County, the Governor rejoined his staff, which was augmented by the two wounded prisoners lay, and there had a spectacle and a scene of excitement which for the chief of the outlaws. It had more the character of a conversation than a legal examination, for the Governor treated the prisoner with a kindness that evidently rather than a hostile manner. He was evidently surprised and affected by the appearance of the old man, who raised his feet to the fire and his head propped upon pillows on the back of a chair. During the examination of Brown by Governor Wise his countenance assumed a look of the deepest anguish, and the likeness of him as he then appeared. His hair was the same as of mixed grey, so that it could not distinguish the original color. His eye is also of mixed grey, rose Roman, and beard, originally sandy, now white and bushy. His appearance is that of a seventy interrupted by deep groans, not awakening the sympathy like those of the young soldier dying in the next room, but rather that of anguish at the agonized grief of a ferocious beast.

A few feet from Brown lay Stephens, a fine-looking fellow, quiet, not in pain apparently, and conversing in a voice as full and natural as if he were making a speech. He had received a wound in his breast in a childlike, helpless way—a position that would indicate that he was shot while in flight or died or were dying of their wounds. Only those who were shot stone-dead lay as they fell.

The examination and consequences, answering all questions without reserve, except such as tend to implicate others, was conducted calmly and collied or taken. I append some extracts from notes taken during the conversation by Mr. Hunter:

"Brown says that he has a number of printed copies of which were found on the persons of the rebs, and entitled 'The Provisional Constitution and Ordinances for the People of the United States,' was prepared principally by himself, and adopted at a convention of delegates which has been over 2 years ago at Chatham, Canada West, where it was written. Brown, Kagi, and Hazlett were the ones who pointed 'Commander-in-Chief.' His two sons and Stephens were each captains, and Coppick a lieutenant. Kagi was Secretary of War, appointed so by himself.

"He avers that the whole number operating under this organization was but twenty-two, each of whom had taken the oath required by Article 48; that he had enough supplies and ammunition stored from Virginia, Kentucky, Maryland, North and South Carolina, and several other States, besides the Free States—taking it for granted that he was only necessary to seize the public arms and place them in the hands of the slaves and other slaveholders to recruit his forces indefinitely. In this calculation he was alone, of whom he fully admitted that he had been entirely disappointed."

Not most of the particulars of this conversation have already appeared, and will be of more interest on present than a second time.

Concluding that the prisoner must be seriously weakened by his vigils and his wounds, the Governor ordered some refreshment to be given him, and, appointing Lieutenant Stuart his guard, took his leave. As some of us lingered, the old man exclaimed in a loud tone, "Where is my old-time hospitality when I was a slaveholder?" Upon which Governor Wise was just the man for such a question.

Accompanied by Andrew Hunter, Esq., a distinguished lawyer of Jefferson County, the Governor resumed his visit to the prisoner, and spent the two wounded prisoners lay, and there had a spectacle and a scene of excitement which for the chief of the outlaws. It had more the character of a conversation than a legal examination, for the Governor treated the prisoner with a kindness that evidently rather than a hostile manner. He was evidently surprised and affected by the appearance of the old man, who raised his feet to the fire and his head propped upon pillows on the back of a chair. During the examination of Brown by Governor Wise his countenance assumed a look of the deepest anguish, and the likeness of him as he then appeared. His hair was the same as of mixed grey, so that it could not distinguish the original color. His eye is also of mixed grey, rose Roman, and beard, originally sandy, now white and bushy. His appearance is that of a seventy interrupted by deep groans, not awakening the sympathy like those of the young soldier dying in the next room, but rather that of anguish at the agonized grief of a ferocious beast.

A few feet from Brown lay Stephens, a fine-looking fellow, quiet, not in pain apparently, and conversing in a voice as full and natural as if he were making a speech. He had received a wound in his breast in a childlike, helpless way—a position that would indicate that he was shot while in flight or died or were dying of their wounds. Only those who were shot stone-dead lay as they fell.

The examination and consequences, answering all questions without reserve, except such as tend to implicate others, was conducted calmly and collied or taken. I append some extracts from notes taken during the conversation by Mr. Hunter:

"Brown says that he has a number of printed copies of which were found on the persons of the rebs, and entitled 'The Provisional Constitution and Ordinances for the People of the United States,' was prepared principally by himself, and adopted at a convention of delegates which has been over 2 years ago at Chatham, Canada West, where it was written. Brown, Kagi, and Hazlett were the ones who pointed 'Commander-in-Chief.' His two sons and Stephens were each captains, and Coppick a lieutenant. Kagi was Secretary of War, appointed so by himself.

"He avers that the whole number operating under this organization was but twenty-two, each of whom had taken the oath required by Article 48; that he had enough supplies and ammunition stored from Virginia, Kentucky, Maryland, North and South Carolina, and several other States, besides the Free States—taking it for granted that he was only necessary to seize the public arms and place them in the hands of the slaves and other slaveholders to recruit his forces indefinitely. In this calculation he was alone, of whom he fully admitted that he had been entirely disappointed."

Not most of the particulars of this conversation have already appeared, and will be of more interest on present than a second time.

Concluding that the prisoner must be seriously weakened by his vigils and his wounds, the Governor ordered some refreshment to be given him, and, appointing Lieutenant Stuart his guard, took his leave. As some of us lingered, the old man exclaimed in a loud tone, "Where is my old-time hospitality when I was a slaveholder?" Upon which Governor Wise was just the man for such a question.

"Then," said he, quickly, "they are not both dead; there were three dead bodies there last night. Gentlemen, my son is doubtless living and in your power. I will ask for him what I would not ask for myself; let him have kind treatment, for he is as pure and noble-hearted a youth as ever breathed the breath of life."

There was some show of human feeling in the old felon at last, but his prayer was vain. Both his boys lay stark and bloody by the Armory wall.

I had observed Stephens holding a small packet in his folded hands, and feeling some curiosity in regard to it, it was handed to me. It contained miniatures of his sisters; one, a sweet girlish face of about fourteen, the other more mature, but pretty. What strange reflections these incidents awakened! This old man crazes a boon for his noble boys, which neither pain nor death can bring him to ask for himself. The other clasps to his dying breast a remembrance of his gentle sisters and his father's dis-inherited cottage far away in peaceful Connecticut. Is this pity that thus dims my eyes? a rising sympathy that struggles in my heart? Away with these weak feelings for this bloody villain, that prates about his sons, been for months a deliberate plotter against the liven and happiness of thousands! And he, in this time sees boys to aid him in his attempt to waste, with fire and sword, the fairest land under the sun of heaven! And this bloody dupe—his follower—how many men's sister did he propose to murder; how many social hearths did he intend to lay in ashes? how were those hundreds of deadly rifles, those loads of pikes, those bundles of sabres designed for Satan's death Almighty Providence! is man indeed so weak that he can inflict no more?

And all about this ragged-haired, grey-bearded, half-mother nay—the negroes. Let us walk through the streets of Harper's Ferry and see what part they have played in the drama. It seems that there is not the remotest suspicion that a single individual among them knew of the foreknowledge of Brown's movement. It is still asserted that they were ignorant of it, nor persuasion could induce one of them to join the movement when it was proposed to them. Heyward was shot dead when he heroically attempting his rescue of their nefarious designs. Brown discovered early that the negroes were of no such as he had captured, and on Monday morning sent Cook and two other white men, with eleven negro prisoners to raise the Maryland side, where they were met by the citizens, and the munitions of war found in the engine-house. The log cabin-house in the mountain opposite the town. This we assume that they might be more convenient for those impromptu recruits that Brown's genius vaguely seemed confidently to expect.

As Cooke and the negroes went at times to the river to fire across at the Virginians these negroes escaped, dodging through the woods, swimming the river, and running up the canal, were turned to their respective homes. I conversed with several of them who narrated their adventures, while in the power of the outlaws, with keen eyes, with great humor and vivacity. One fellow in a boat, when he got across, threw up his eyes and his hands by Brown, who told him to take it and strive for himself.

"Good lord, Massa," cried Cuffee, in a tremor, "I don't know nuffin 'bout handlin' dem tings."

"Take it instantly," cried the old revolutionist, and strike home. This is a day that will long be remembered in the history of your race—a day of emancipation."

"Please God, Massa, I's got a sore finger," and Cuffee exhibited it, and it was true that the finger he had lost in a wheel-machine some years before.

Finding that he had no mind to be a hero, Brown took him to the engine-house and left him to keep him out for water. As soon as he got out of range of their guns he stole the pitcher and ran off for his life. I narrate the story faithfully as it was told to me. Many similar anecdotes I gleaned from the negroes themselves, but have not room for all I lists them. In the town they were passing to and fro with entire confidence, and the moment their escapes and jeering at the dead carcasses of the Liberators. Several told me that Brown, in urging them to join, repeatedly said, "I came to free you and" Did you never hear of John Brown of Kansas? Osawatomie Brown?" To which they answered the negroes more. They dropped the pikes, like the devil's gifts, and took to their beds, hiding their heads under straw ricks, barns, and corners. On the other hand, there is sufficient and full evidence to show that the slaveholders were present in any instance, the slaves would not be in the least have very cheerfully thrust the pikes into the bodies of their masters, and many of the slaveholders were not so ignorant of the pitch-fork exercise as to be unprotected.

As for the non-slaveholding inhabitants, on whom Brown calculated so confidently for assistance, it is stated that at least four out of five of the whites are volunteered so promptly were non-slaveholders and non-slaveholders' sons. Not were they the working men of the occasion, the stormers, who went to work with a remorseless ferocity equaling that of the outlaws themselves.

Any man who has heretofore imagined that he had sounded the depths of human folly and human wickedness will yet be amazed when he considers this affair at Harper's Ferry. It is generally regarded as the work of a madman, a monomaniac, an act which, as it is without precedent, and is likely to remain without imitation, is of little importance. Less is only equaled by its atrocity, would be ludicrous but not the blood of some of our best citizens made it serious.

As for Brown's beast, "that, if at liberty, he would bring forth," and the idiocy of his plan, the

us us, and to do good to them that persecute us. But poor Nattee is not a christened woman. I would that Mr. Nolan would baptise her; it would, may-be, take her out of the power of Satan's temptations."

"Ah! you never tempted *?" asked Faith, half scornfully; "and yet I doubt not you were well baptised."

"True," said Lois, sadly. "I often do very wrong; but perhaps I might have done worse if the holy form had been omitted by me."

They were again silent for a time.

"Lois," said Faith, "I did not mean any offence. But do you not fear lest by so much evil piling up all that future life, of which the parsons talk, and which seems to me as vague and as distant as a few years of real vivid blessedness to begin to-morrow—this hour, this minute? Oh, I could think of happiness for ever! I would willingly give up all those misty chances of heaven—"

"Faith, Faith!" said Lois, in terror, holding her hand before her cousin's mouth, and looking around in fright. "Hush! you know not who may be listening; you are putting yourself in his power."

But Faith pushed her hand away, and said, "Lois, I believe in him no more than I believe in heaven. Both may exist, but they are so far away that I defy them. Why, all this ado about Mr. Tappan's house—promise me never to tell living creature, and I will tell you all—"

"No!" said Lois, terrified. "I dread all secrets. I will hear none. I will to all that I can for you, Cousin Faith, in any way; but I dread sometimes I strive to keep my life and thoughts within the strictest bounds of godly simplicity, lest I be dread pledging myself to aught that is hidden and secret."

"As you will, cowardly girl, full of terrors, which, if you had listened to me, might have been lessened, if not entirely done away with. But Faith would not utter another word, though Lois tried meekly to entice her into conversation on some other subject.

The rumor of witchcraft was like the echo of thunder among the hills. It had first sprung up in Mr. Tappan's house, and his two little daughters were the first supposed to be bewitched; but rumor, always, from every quarter of the town, sent in accounts of sufferers by witchcraft. There was hardly a family without some grave complaint of its sufferers. Thus arose a growl and menace of vengeance from many a household—menaces deepened, not daunted, by the solemn and mysterious air of the fearing that gave rise to them.

At length a day was appointed when, after solemn fasting and prayer, Mr. Tappan invited the neighboring ministers and all godly people to assemble at his house, and unite with him in spending a day to solemn religious services, and to supplication for the deliverance of his children, and these similarly afflicted, from the malice of the Evil One. All Salem poured out toward the house of the minister. It was a day of deep and solemn awe on all their faces; eagerness and horror was depicted on many a face, while stern resolution, amounting to determined cruelty, in the accused, arose, was seen on others.

In the midst of the prayer, Hester Tappan, the younger girl, fell into convulsions; fit after fit came on, and her screams mingled with the shrieks and cries of the assembled congregation. In the first pause, when the child was partially recovered, when the people were again composing and breathless, her father, the Pastor Tappan, lifted his right hand, and adjured her, in the name of the Trinity, to say who tormented her. There was a dead silence; not a creature stirred of all those hundreds. Hester turned wearily and uneasily, and moaned out the name of Hota, her father's Indian servant. Hota was present, apparently as much interested as any one. Hota had been busying herself much in bringing remedies to the sufferers. Hota, as she stood, stalwart, tranquil, while her name was caught up and shouted out in tones of reprobation and hatred by all the crowd around her, deemed nominal and they would have fallen upon the trembling creature and torn her to pieces from impulse, thanks, shivering Hota, half guilty-looking from her very bewilderment. But Pastor Tappan, that gaunt, gray man, lifting himself to his utmost height, signed to them to go back, to keep still while he addressed them; and, in the few words that constant vengeance was not just, deliberate punishment; that there would be need of conviction, perchance of confession, before hope for mercy arrives for his suffering children from her revelations, if she were brought to confession. They must look on the culprit in his hands, and in those of his brother ministers, that they might wrestle with Satan before delivering her up to the civil power. His spoke well, for he spoke from the heart of a father seeing his children, whom he loved best and most serious suffering, and firmly believing that he now held the clew in his hand which should ultimately release them and their fellow-sufferers. And the congregation moaned themselves into unsatisfied satisfaction, and listened to the ministers' solemn prayer, which he uplifted even while the hapless Hota stood there, guarded and bound by two men, who glared at her like blood-hounds ready to slay even while the prayer ended in the words of the merciful Saviour. Lois shuddered and trembled at the whole scene; and this was no intellectual shuddering at the folly and superstition of the people, but with moral indignation at the sight of guilt which she believed in, and at the evidence of man's harsh and unforgiving spirit, which when given to the guilty, troubled and distressed her merciful heart. She followed her aunt and cousin out into the open air with downcast eyes and pale face. Grace Hickson was going home with a feeling of triumphant relief at the detection of the guilty one. Faith alone seemed uneasy and disturbed beyond her wont, for Manassen received the whole business as the fulfillment of a prophesy, and Prudence was excited by the whole scene into a state of discordant high spirits.

"I am quite as old as Hester Tappan," said she; "her birthday is in September and mine in October."

"What has that to do with it?" said Faith, sharply.

Nothing, only she seemed such a little thing for all those grave ministers to be praying for, and so many folk come from a distance—some from Boston, I reckon—all for her sake and Mr. Why, didst thou see it was godly Mr. Hewick that held her forward? I'll be bound to, and old Madam Holbrook had herself helped upon a chair to see the better. I wonder how long I might engage before a young godly man like that take so much notice of me. But I suppose that comes of being a pastor's daughter. Shall be so set by there'll be no speaking to her now. Faith! thinkest thou that Hota really had bewitched her? She gave me corn-cakes the last day we were at Mr. Tappan's, just like any other woman, only, perchance, a little more downcast; and to think of her being a witch after all!"

But Faith seemed in a hurry to reach home, and to get away from Prudence's talking. Lois hastened on with Faith, for Manassen was walking alongside of all the rest, and seemed ready to her plan of avoiding him, even though she pressed her company upon Faith, who had seemed of late desirous of avoiding her.

That evening the news spread through Salem that Hota had confessed to her own, had acknowledged that she was a witch. Natter was brought to confess the intelligence. She broke into the room where the girls were sitting, and, full of her own importance by doing nothing, because of the great prayer meeting in the morning, cried out, "Mercy, mercy, mistress, every body! take care of your feet! Nattee, who never do wrong, but for mistress and Miss Faith, she be witch now, and she say so to herself; oh, me! oh, me!" and stooping over the girls, she stirred the fire with the shovel, in spite of voice, of which Lois only heard the word "torture." But Faith heard all, and turning very pale, hastily descended to the kitchen, and to the kitchen. Presently, Grace Hickson came in. She had come to see Faith, and to ask her, as she had to say that so godly a woman had been gossiping; and, indeed, the subject of the conversation she had to say that so godly a woman had been gossiping; and, indeed, the subject of the conversation she had to have shed a no serious consequence, was asked for me to employ a light word to designate it. Prudence, however, with a loud repeating small detailed tails and rumors, in which the speakers had no concern, that constitutes gossiping; but in this instance, all civil, and even all godly terms were considered to bear such dreadful significance, and which have so grown up on ending, that such witnesses were occasionally wanted to give them importance. Every fragment of intelligence that related to the Evil One, whether in connection with witchcraft, or how big dog howled all one long night through, or how the cock crowed, or how his cow suddenly failed in her milk only two mornings, was had calved; how his memory had forsaken him one Sabbath day when he was preaching from Hosea on Prayer, and he had even omitted a clause thereof in his Sunday afternoon; and how all these forerunners of the children's coming illness might now be interpreted and understood—this had formed the staple of the conversation between Grace Hickson and her friends. There had arisen a dispute among them as to how far those subjections to the power of the Evil One, which were considered as a judgment upon Pastor Tappan for some sin on his part, might be held to affect the general religious discussion, although there was a good deal of difference of opinion; for as none of the speakers but had been present at some one of the days when a prayer that they had none of them committed any sin. In the midst of this, Faith came down stairs into the street, brought the news that Hota had confessed all, had owned to signing a certain little red book with Satan that he presented to her at a communion at impious sacraments, had ridden through the air on a broomstick to the Devil's Hoof, and had been at the questions which the elders and magistrates, carefully reading over the confessions of the witch, had drawn from her, were all true. Natter, in order that they might not omit a single iniquity, had asked of Hota if she had ever been to, but typical of inferior importance, and partaking more of the nature of earthly sticks than of spiritual power. Hota had answered, carefully and thoroughly, by which all the crockery in Pastor Tappan's house could be gathered together, and which was one of the intelligible malpractices the gossips of Salem took little heed. One of these had that such an action showed Satan's prompting, but they preferred to listen to the grander guilt of the blasphemous communion and supernatural power. The interview ended with saying that she was to be hung the next morning, in spite of her confession, even although her life had been preserved on account of her acknowledged her sin; for it was well to make an example of such a dangerous witch as she, and it was also well that she was an Indian, a heathen, who life would be no great loss to the community. Natter seemed disposed to go on to relate how all witches should perish of the face of the earth, Indian or Christian, but Faith, who had never known a Christian who had betrayed the Lord, even as Judas did, and had gone over to Satan. For her part, she wished that the first-discovered witch had been a member of a godly English household, that it might be seen how the godly and righteous folk were willing to cut off the right hand, and pluck out the right eye, if needful, that this devilish sin. She spoke sternly and well. The latter comer said that her words might be brought to the proof, for that Hota was already tried, found guilty, and condemned, and some among the most religious families of Salem, whom she had seen among the unholy communicants at the sacrament of the Evil One. And Grace replied that she would answer for it, all godly folk would stand the proof, and quench all natural affection rather than that such a sin should grow and spread unchecked. Faith turned herself and a weak bodily dread of witnessing the violent death even of an animal; but she would not let that deter her from standing among those who cast the accursed creature out from among them on the morrow morning.

Contrary to her wont, Grace Hickson told her family much of this conversation. It was a sign of her excitement on the subject that she thus spoke, and the excitement spread in different forms through her family. Faith was flushed and restless, wandering between the keeping-room and the kitchen, and questioning her mother particularly as to the more extraordinary parts of Hota's confession, as if she wished to satisfy herself that the children with whom she usually done had not some mysterious deeds.

Lois listened and trembled with affright at the narration, and the idea that such things were possible. Occasionally she found herself wandering off into sympathy with Hota, though the terrors that was to die, abhorred of all men, and surprised that Hota, who had been a friend to the children, and who was now, at this very time—when Lois sat among her kindred by the warm and cheerful fireside, unhampered by many peaceful—gentlemen happy—nervous—solitary, shivering, panic-stricken in the cells, with the fear of death in the near future, shut up in darkness between the cold walls of the town prison. But Lois almost shrank from Faith's eyes, with the loathsome accusation of Satan, and prayed for forgiveness for her charitable thought; and yet, again, she remembered the tender spirit of the Saviour, and allowed herself to fall into piety, till at last all her sense of right and duty became so bewildered that she was afraid to leave all in God's hands, and just ask that He would take all creatures and all events into His hands.

Prudence was as anxious as if she were listening to some merry story—curious as to more than her mother would tell her—seeming to have no particular terror of witches or witchcraft, and not to be especially desirous to accompany her mother the next morning to the hanging. Lois shrank from the cruel, cruel sight of the young, and begged that her mother to allow her to go. Even Grace was astonished and perplexed by her daughter's peculiarity.

"Lois!" said she, "I do not like you. Thou shalt not go. Such sights are not for young girls. I go, and I sicken at the thoughts of it. But I go because that I am a member of the church, and it is against the devil's. Thou shalt not go, I tell thee. I could whip thee for thinking of it."

"Manassen Nolan is to be left whipped by Pastor Tappan as she was brought to confession," said Prudence, all anxious to change the subject of discussion.

Manassen lifted up his head from the great folio Bible, he brought by his father from England, which he was studying. He had not heard what Prudence had said, but looked up at the mention of his name. All present were startled at his wild eyes, his bloodless face. But he was evidently annoyed at the expression of their countenances.

"Why look ye at me in that manner?" asked he, in a tone of mingled displeasure and agitation. His mother made haste to speak:

"It was but that Prudence said something that then have left Pastor Tappan child, that laid his hands by whipping the witch Hota. What evil thought has put into thy head, Lois? I fear me if the nature of this sin of witchcraft, and whether it be indeed, be more dangerous than we deem of. Shoot. At times I feel a creeping influence coming over me, prompting all evil thoughts and unbecoming words. Is it Satan within me, or is it but the power of witchcraft?" and I sicken and loathe myself for my words, and yet cannot for my heart hath the mastery over me, and I must needs do and say what I loathe and dread. Why wouldst thou whipped, Lois? all and, more than from the exact nature of witchcraft, and for that end study the Bible, for I fear me I am not wise when I was, as it were, possessed with a devil?"

He spoke calmly, sadly, but as under deep conviction. Lois answered him with a question:

"My son," she said, "no one ever who the devil, or heard him utter words like these, or who could say were prompted by devils. We have seen them, poor lad, with thy wits gone astray for a time, but such thoughts never entered thy head will in forbidden places, than lest the clew to these dreadful mysteries be found in the powers of darkness. Those days are long past; a future lies before us. The root of witches or of being subject to the power of witchcraft, I am ready to speak of it before thee."

"Let Lois come and sit by thee, and talk to her."

Lois went to her cousin, grieved at heart for his depressed state of mind, anxious to soothe and comfort him, and to lead him away from any fear even the idea of ultimately becoming his wife—an idea to which she had never given a thought—and was consciously day by day, as she perceived the English girl's power of soothing and comforting her self-torturing and very tones of her sweet cousin voice.

He took Lois's hand.

"Lois, I am by you. I forget all my troubles—all the day never come when I am with thee—even to the voice that speaks to me continually?"

"Hush, Manassen!" said Lois, low and soft; "but do not think of the voices. Tell me of the land you hope to inclose from the forest—how much trees grow on it?"

Thus, by simple questions on practical affairs, she led him back, in her unconscious wisdom, to the subjects on which he had always shown strong practical sense. He talked on them with all due discretion till the hour for family prayer came round, which was early in these days. It was Manassen's place to conduct it, as head of the family; a post which his mother had always been anxious to assign to him since Grace Hickson's death. He prayed extempore; and to-night his supplications wandered off into wild, unconnected fragments of prayer, which all those kneeling around began, each according to her anxiety for the speaker, to think would never end. Minutes elapsed, and grew to quarters of the hour, and his words grew only more emphatic and wilder, praying for himself alone, and laying bare the recesses of his heart. At length his mother rose, and taking Lois by the hand, for she had fallen in Lois's prayer over her son, as being akin to that which the shepherd David playing on his harp had over the king Saul sitting on his throne. She drew her toward him, where he knelt facing into the circle, and with her disengaged hand she covered up his face depicting the struggle of the troubled soul within.

"Here is Lois," said Grace, almost tenderly; "she would fain go to her chamber." (Down the back of the chair she went screaming.) "Rise, and finish thy prayer in thy closet."

But as Lois's approach he sprang to his feet, sprang aside.

"Take her away, mother. Lead me not into temptation. Take her away, bring not evil into my thoughts. She overshadows me, even in the presence of my God. She is no angel of light, or she would not do this. She troubles me, and the sound of a voice bidding me marry her, even when I think of her, stuns me. Take her away!"

He would have struck at Lois if she had not shrunk back, paralyzed and affrighted. His mother, although equally dismayed, was not affrighted. She had seen him thus before; and under-stood the temporary displacement of his reason.

"Go, Lois! the sight of thee irritates him, as does that of Faith. Go! leave him to me."

And Lois rushed away to her room, and threw herself on her bed like a panting, hunted creature. Faith came to her, asked her, shook her.

"Lois," said she, "will thou do me a favor? It is but enough to ask. I will do thine before day-light, and bear this letter from my mother to Goody Nolan's lodgings? I would have done it myself, but Prudence has locked the door, and I will not be detained until the time when Hota is to be hung: and the letter tells of matters pertaining to life and death. Seek out Pastor Nolan's dwelling, he may be, and have speech of him after he has read the letter."

"Can not Nattee take it?" asked Lois.

"No!" Faith answered, fiercely. "Why should she?"

But Lois did not reply. A quick suspicion darted through her Faith's mind which rightly judged. It had never entered there before.

"Speak, Lois! I read thy thoughts. Thou couldst faint not to the bearer of this letter?"

"I will take it," said Lois, meekly. "It concerns thee, I think, you say."

"Yes" said Faith, in quite a different tone of voice. But, after a pause, she continued, sadly, "Then as soon as the house is still I will write what I have to say, and leave it here, on this table, that you with greed may not be kept from it by a night's rest, while there is yet time for action."

"Yes! I promise," said Lois. And Faith knew enough of her to feel sure that the deed would be done, and done faithfully.

The letter was written—laid on the chest; and, ere day dawned, Lois rose, took it, and, creeping out her from between her half-closed eyelids—eyelids that had never been fully closed in sleep the livelong night. Faith heard the footsteps of Lois locked, left the room, Faith sprang up, and prepared to go to the window, to watch the departure of her sprang. Nearly every one in Salem was awake and up on this awful morning, though few were out of doors, for the rain was falling in torrents, and the sky was hastily-erected gallows, the black shadow of which fell across the ground with ghastly distinctness; now she had to pass the iron-barred jail, through the unglazed windows of which she heard the forlorn cry of a woman, and the sound of many footsteps. On she sped, sick almost to faintness, to the widow woman's where the Nolans were living. On was already up and abroad, gone, his hostess believed, to the jail. Thither Lois, repeating the words "Jail" and "Nolan" to herself, tried to go. Retracing her steps, she was thankful to see him coming out of the jail, looking still more haggard and dismal for being in heavy shadow, just as she approached. What his errand had been she knew not; but he looked grave and stern, as she put Faith's letter into his hands, and stood before him quietly waiting until he should have read and deliver the expected answer. But, instead of opening it, he held it in his hand, apparently absorbed in thought. At last he spoke as though he were to himself than to her:

"My God! and is she then to die in this fearful manner? Oh! that he—can be—only delirium that prompts such wild and horrible confessions! Mistress Barclay, I come from the prisoner of the Indian woman appointed to die. It seems she confessed herself betrayed her own soul by her sentence not being respited, even after she had made confession of sin enough to bring down fire from heaven; and now it seems to me that nothing, impotent anger of this helpless creature has turned to murderous, fiery rage, and that in her diseased revelations she has made to the keepers during the night—to the morning. I could almost fancy that she thinks, by deepening the guilt she confesses, to escape this last dread punishment of all, as if by some kind of order of which I know not, one could suffer such a sinner to live. Yet to send her to death in such a state of and terror! What is to be done?"

"Let Scripture says that we are not to suffer witches to live on the land," said Lois.

"True; I would but ask for a respite till the prayers of God's people had gone up for His mercy. Some would pray for her, poor wretch as she is. You would, Mistress Barclay, I am sure?" But he said it in a questioning tone.

"I have been praying for her in the night many a time," said Lois, in a low voice. "I pray for her in my heart at this moment; I suppose they are bidden to put her out of the land, but I would not have her entirely God-forsaken. But, sir, you

have not read my cousin's letter. And she had me bring him an envelope with much pomposity.

Still he delayed. He was thinking of the dreadful confession he came from hearing. If it was true, the beautiful earth was a polluted place, and he almost wished to die to escape from such pollution into the white innocence of those who stood in the presence of God.

Suddenly his eyes fell on Lois's pure, grave face, upturned and watching his. Faith is earthly goodness come over his soul in that instant, "and he blessed her unawares."

He put his hand on her shoulder with an action half paternal—although the difference in their ages was not above a dozen years—and, bending a little toward her, whispered half to himself, "Mistress Barclay, I thank you; you have done me good."

"I," said Lois, half affrighted, "I done you good! How?"

"By being what you are. But perhaps I should rather thank God, who sent you at the very moment when my need was so disquieted."

At this instant they were aware of Faith standing in front of them, with a countenance of wonder. Her angry look made Lois feel guilty. She had not enough regard the pastor to read his letter, she thought; and it was indignation at his delay in what she had been commissioned to do with the urgency of life or death, that had overcome her, or at her so from beneath her straight black brows. Lois explained how she had not found Mr. Nolan at his lodgings, and had had to follow him to the door of the jail. But Faith replied, with obdurate contempt,

"Spare thy breath, Cousin Lois. It is easy seeing on what pleasant matters thine and the Pastor Nolan were talking. I marvel not at thy forgetfulness." My mind is changed. Give me back my letter, Sir! it was under a poor maiden's care, not a man's life. And what is that compared to a young lady's love?"

Lois heard but for an instant; did not understand that her cousin, in her jealous anger, could suspect the existence of such a feeling as love between her and Mr. Nolan. No imagination as to its possibility had entered into her mind; and the respected him, almost revered him—nay, had liked him as the probable husband of Faith. At the thought that her cousin could believe herself on such treachery her grave eyes dilated and fixed themselves on the angry countenance before them. That serious, unprotesting manner of perfect innocence must have told on her accuser, had it not been that at the same instant the unexpected sight of the crimsoned and disturbed countenance of the pastor, with the letter in his hand, met the unconscious scrut of his heart. Faith matched the letter out of his hands, and said,

"Let the wicked flee. What care I? She has done harm enough with her charms and her sorceries on Peter Lyon's pride. Let her look to it, and all other witches look to themselves; for there be many kinds of witchcraft abroad. Cousin Lois, then will like to keep company with Peter Lyon. I would pray thee to come back with me to breakfast."

Lois was not to be daunted by jealous sarcasm. She held out her hand to Pastor Nolan, determined he take to heart all her cousin's rude words. But he did lion herself in her accustomed manner. He hesitated before taking it, and when he did so it was with a convulsive squeeze that almost made her start. Faith waited and watched all with set lips and vengeful eyes. She bade no farewell when she spoke no word; but grasping Lois tightly by the back of the arm, she led her away with her before her down the street till they reached their house.

The arrangement for the morning was this. Grace Hickson and two Massachusetts girls to be present at the hanging of the first witch executed in Salem, in pious and godly hatred of a family. All the other members were strictly forbidden to stir out until such time as the low-lolling bell announced that all was over in that corner of Gallows the Indian witch. When the execution was ended, there was to be a solemn meeting of all the inhabitants of Salem; ministers had come from a distance to aid by the efficacy of their prayers in thess efforts to purge the land of the evil of witch servants. There was reason to think that the great old meeting-house would be crowded, and what Faith and Lois reached home, Grace Hickson was giving her directions to Prudence, urging her to be ready for an early start to that place. The splendid woman was troubled in her mind at the anticipation of the vulgar crowd that were many minutes were over, and spoke in a more hurried and incoherent manner than was her wont. She was dressed in her Sunday best; but her mind was in the gray and colorless, and she seemed afraid to cause speculation about household affairs for fear she should have time to think. Manasseh stood by her, perfectly, rigidly still; he also was in his Sunday clothes. His face, too, was paler than its wont, but it wore a kind of absent, rapt expression almost like that of a dreamer. Neither he nor Faith entered, still holding Lois in her fierce grasp, Manasseh started and smiled; but still dreamily. His manner was so peculiar, that no one mother stayed her talking to observe him more closely; he was in that state of excitement which usually ended in what his mother and certain of her friends esteemed a prophetic revelation. He began to speak, at first very low, and then his voice increased in power:

"How beautiful is the land of Beulah, for ever the sea, beyond the mountains! Thither the angels carry her, lying back in their arms like one fainting. They shall kiss away the black circle of death, and lay her down at the feet of the Lamb. I hear her pleading there for those on earth who consented to her death. Oh, Lois, pray also for me, pray for me, mine sick!"

When he uttered his cousin's name all their eyes turned toward her. It was to her that his vision related! She stood among them, amazed, awe-stricken, but not like one affrighted or dismayed. She was the first to speak.

"Dear friends, do not think of me; his words may or may not be true. I am in God's hands all the same, whether I have the gift of prophecy or not. Besides, hear you not that I cod where all would fain end. Think of him and of his needs. Such times as these always leave him exhausted and weary when he comes out of them."

And she busied herself in cares for his refreshment, aiding her aunt's trembling hands to set before him the requisite food, as he now sat tired and bewildered, gathering together with difficulty his scattered senses.

Breakfast and all she could to assist and speed their departure. But Faith stood apart, watching in silence with her passionate eyes.

As soon as they had gone on their solemn, fatal errand, Faith left the room. She had not tasted food or touched drink. Indeed, they all felt sick at heart. As soon as her sister had gone up stairs Prudence passed to the settle on which Lois had thrown down her cloak and hood.

"Lend me your muffles and mantle, Cousin Lois. I never yet saw a hanging, and I see not why I should not go. I will stand on the edge of the crowd; no one will know me, and I will be home long before my mother."

"No!" said Lois, "that may not be. My aunt would be much displeased. Remember, as you, Prudence, seeking to witness such a sight." And as she spoke she held her cloak back, which Prudence vehemently struggled for.

Faith returned, brought back possibly by the sound of the struggle. She smiled—a deadly smile.

"Give it up, Prudence. Strive no more with her. She has bought success in this world, and we are not her mates."

"Oh, Faith!" said Lois, relinquishing her hold of the cloak, and turning round with passionate reproach in her look and voice, "what have I done that you should speak so of me—you that I have loved as I think one loves a sister?"

Prudence saw her opportunity, but hastily arrayed herself in the mantle, which was too large for her, and which she, therefore, would probas well adapted for concealment; but as she went toward the door her foot became entangled in the unused length, and she fell, bringing her arm pretty sharply.

"Take care another time how you meddle with a witch's things," said Faith, as one scarcely believing her own words, but at enmity with all the world in her bitter heart. Prudence rubbed her arm and looked stealthily at Lois.

Which shall it be?" said Faith, and at last, softly, pulling a childish face of spite at her.

"Oh bush, Prudence!. Do not hastily such terrible words. Lois, dear Lois, forgive me. I am sorry for thy hurt, only glad that it has kept thee from witnessing such a sight."

"Away, away!" said Prudence, springing from her. "I am afraid of her in very truth, Faith. Keep between us and her, or I will leave a blood at her."

Faith smiled—it was a bad and wicked smile—but she did not stir to calm the fears she had called up in her young sister. Just at this moment the bell began to toll. Hets, the witch, was dead. Lois covered her face with her hands. Even Faith was a shade paler than she had been, and said, sighing, "Poor Hets! But death is best."

Prudence alone seemed unmoved by any thoughts connected with the solemn, monotonous sound. Her self-assumed courage had not given way, and she rose to the street and see the sight, and hear the news, and escape from the terror which she felt at the presence of her cousin. She flew up stairs to find her own mantle, ran down again, and past Lois, before the English girl had realized her pray-er, and was speedily mingled among the crowd going to the wresting-house. There, also, Faith and Lois came in due course of time, but separately, yet together. Faith to evidently avoided Lois that she, instinctively, could not force her company upon her cousin, but loitered a little behind, the quiet tears stealing down her face, shed for the unexpected sorrow that overtook her morning.

TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.

FRANKLIN.

The Polar cloud uplift—
A meteor shoots, no more—
And through the snowy drift,
We see them on the shore—

A band of gallant hearts,
Well-ordered, calm, and brave;
Braced for their closing parts—
Their long march to the grave.

Through the snow's dazzling blink,
Into the dark they're gone;
No pause: the weaker sink,
The strong can but strive on.

Till all the dreary way
In dotted with their dead;
And the sky fixes play
About each sleeping head.

Unharmed the wild deer run,
To graze along the strand;
Nor dread the loaded gun
Beside each sleeping hand.

The remnant that survive
Onward like drunkards reel;
Scarce writing if alive,
But for the pangs they feel.

The river of their hope
At length is flowing nigh—
Their snow-blind way they grope,
And reach its banks to die!

Thank God! brave FRANKLIN's place
Was empty in that band.
He closed his well-run race
Not on the iron strand.

Not under snow-clouds white,
By cutting frost-wind driven,
Did his true spirit flight
Its shuddering way to Heaven.

But warm, aboard his ship,
With comfort at his side,
And hope upon his lip,
The gallant FRANKLIN died.

His heart ne'er ached to see
His much-loved sailors ta'en;
His sailors' pangs were free
From their loved Captain's pain.

But though of death apart,
They are together now;
Calm, each enduring heart—
Bright, each devoted brow!

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

BOOK III.

THE TRACK OF A STORM.

CHAPTER X.

THE SUBSTANCE OF THE SHADOW.

"I, ALEXANDRE MANETTE, unfortunate physician, native of Beauvais and afterward resident in Paris, write this melancholy paper in my doleful cell in the Bastile, during the last month of the year 1767. Write it at solen intervals, under difficulty. I design to secrete it in the wall of the chimney, where I have newly and secretly made a place of concealment for it. Some pitying hand may find it there when I and my sorrows are dust.

"These words are formed in the rusty iron point with which I write with difficulty in scraps of such paper as I can procure. Overnight was mixed with blood, in the last month of the tenth year of my captivity. Hope has quite departed from my breast. I know from terrible warnings I have noted in myself that my reason will not long remain unimpaired; but I solemnly declare that I am at this time in the possession of my right mind—that my memory is exact and circumstantial—and that I write the truth as I shall answer for these, my last recorded words, whether they are read by men or not, at the Eternal Judgment-seat.

"One cloudy moonlight night, in the third week of December (I think the twenty-second of the month), in the year 1757, I was walking on a retired part of the quay by the Seine for the refreshment of the frosty air, at an hour's distance from my place of residence in the Street of the Cross Roads. Formerly, when a carriage came along behind me, driven very fast. As I stood aside to let that carriage pass, apprehensive that it might otherwise run me down, a head was put out at the window, and a voice called to the driver to stop.

"The carriage stopped as soon as the driver could rein in his horses, and the same voice called to me by my name. I answered. The carriage was then so far in advance of me that two gentlemen had time to open the door and alight before I came up with it. I observed that they were both wrapped in cloaks, and appeared to conceal themselves. As they stood side by side near the carriage-door, I also observed that they both looked at me with keen eyes, or rather younger, and that they were greatly alike, in stature, manner, voice, and (as far as I could see) free too.

"'You are Doctor Manette?' said one.

"'I am.'

"'Doctor Manette, formerly of Beauvais,' said the other; 'the young physician, originally an expert surgeon, who, within the last year or two has made a rising reputation in Paris?'

"'Gentlemen,' I returned, 'I am Doctor Manette of whom you speak so graciously.'

"'We have been to your residence,' said the first, 'and not being so fortunate as to find you there, and being informed that you were probably walking in this direction, we followed, in the hope of overtaking you. Will you please to enter the carriage?'

"The manner of both was imperious, and they both moved, as these words were spoken, so as to place themselves between me and the carriage-door. They were armed. I was not.

"'Gentlemen,' said I, 'pardon me; but I usually inquire who does me the honor to seek my assistance, and what is the nature of the case to which I am summoned.'

"The reply to this was made by him who had spoken second. 'Doctor, your clients are people of condition. As to the nature of the case, our confidence in your skill assures us that you will ascertain it for yourself better than we can describe it. Enough. Will you please to enter the carriage?'

"I could do nothing but comply, and I entered it readily. They both entered after me—the last springing in after putting up the steps. The carriage turned about and drove on at its former speed.

"I repeat this conversation exactly as it occurred. I have no doubt that it is, word for word, the same. I describe every thing exactly as it took place, constraining my mind not to wander from the task. Where I make the broken marks that follow here, I leave off for the time, and put my paper in its hiding-place.

"The carriage left the streets behind, passed the North Barrier, and emerged upon the country road. At two hundred yards from the North Barrier—I did not estimate the distance at that time, but afterward carefully—the carriage stopped at the outer of the main avenue, and presently stopped at a solitary house. We three alighted, and walked, by a dump soft foot-path in a garden where a neglected fountain had overflowed, to the door of the house. It was not opened immediately, in answer to the ringing of the bell, and one of my two conductors struck the man who opened it with his heavy riding-glove across the face.

"There was nothing in this action to attract my particular attention, for I had seen common people strike more commonly than dogs. But the other of the two, exclaiming in French, struck the man in like manner with his arm, the look and bearing of the brother were then so exactly alike that I then first perceived them to be twin brothers.

"From the time of our alighting at the outer gate (which we found locked, and which one of the brothers had opened to admit us, and had relocked) I had heard cries proceeding from an upper chamber. I was conducted to this chamber straight, by the nearer cries growing louder as we ended the stairs, and I found a patient in a high fever of the brain, lying on a bed.

"The patient was a woman of great beauty, and young; assuredly not much past twenty. Her hair was torn and dishevelled, and her arms were bound to her sides with sashes and handkerchiefs. A mantle was bound round her upper portions of a gentleman's dress. On one of them, which was a fringed scarf for a dress of ceremony, I saw the arms embroidered in the back, and the letter E.

"I saw all this within the first minute of my contemplation of the patient; for in her restless strivings she had turned over on her face on the edge of the bed, had drawn the end of the scarf into her mouth, and was in danger of suffocation. I put out my hand to stay her, and with her head to relieve her breathing, and in moving the scarf aside the embroidery in the corner caught my sight.

"I turned her gently over, placed my hand upon her forehead to calm her, and looked over, and looked into her face. Her eyes were dilated and wild, and she constantly uttered piercing shrieks, and repeatedly cried out, 'My husband, my father, and my brother!' and then counted up to twelve, and said, 'Hush!' For an instant, and no more, she would pause to listen, and then the piercing shrieks would begin again, and she would count up to twelve, and say, 'Hush! my father, and my brother!' and would count up to twelve, and say, 'Hush!' There was no variation in the order or the manner. There was no cessation, but the regular moment's pause, in the utterances of these words.

"'How long,' I asked, 'has this lasted?'

"To distinguish the brothers, I will call them the elder and the younger; by the elder, I mean him who exercised the most authority. It was the elder who answered: 'Since early last night.'

"'She has a husband, a father, and a brother?'

"'A brother.'

"'I do not address her brother?'

"He answered with great contempt, 'No.'

"'She has some recent association with the number twelve?'

"The younger brother impatiently rejoined, 'With twelve o'clock.'

"'See, gentlemen,' said I, still keeping my hands upon her breast, 'how useless I am, as you have brought me! If I had known what I was coming to see, I could have come provided. As it is, time must be lost. There are no medicines to be obtained in this lonely place.'

"The elder brother looked to the younger, who said haughtily, 'There is a case of medicines here;' and brought it from a closet, and put it on the table.

"I opened some of the bottles, smelled them, and put the stoppers to my lips. If I had wanted to use my thing save narcotic medicines that were poisons in themselves, I would not have administered any of them.

"'Do you doubt them?' asked the younger brother.

"'You see, monsieur, I am going to use them,' I replied, and said no more.

"I made the patient swallow, with great difficulty, and after many efforts, the dose that I desired to give. As I intended to repeat it after a while, and as it was necessary to watch its influence, I then sat down by the side of the bed. There was a timid and delicate woman in attendance (wife of the man down stairs), who had retreated into a corner. The house was damp and decayed, indifferently furnished—evidently recently occupied and temporarily used. Some thick old hangings had been nailed up before the windows to deaden the sound of the shrieks. They continued to be uttered in their regular succession, with the cry, 'My husband, my father, and my brother!' the counting up to twelve, and 'Hush!' The frenzy was so violent that I had not unfastened the bandages restraining the arms; but I had looked to them to see that they were not painful. The only spark of encouragement in the

case was that my hand upon the left-hand side of her breast did more soothing influence that for minutes at a time it tranquilized the figure. It had no effect upon the cries; no pendulum could be more regular.

"For the reason that my hand had this effect I assume, I had sat by the side of the bed for half an hour, with the two brothers looking on, before the elder said:

"'There is another patient.'

"I was startled, and asked, 'Is it a pressing case?'

"'You had better see,' he carelessly answered; and took up a light. . . .

"The other patient lay in a back room across a second staircase which was a species of loft over a stable. There was a low garret-like passing to a part of it; the rest was open, to the ridge of the tiled roof, and there were beams across. Hay and straw were stored in that portion of the place, fagots for firing, and a heap of apples in mid. I had to pass through that part to get at the other. My memory is circumstantial and unshaken. I try it with these details, and I see them all, in this my cell in the Bastile, near the close of the tenth year of my captivity, as I saw them all that night.

"On some hay on the ground, with a cushion thrown under his head, lay a handsome peasant boy—a boy of not more than seventeen at the most. He lay on his back, with his teeth set, his right hand clenched on his breast, and his fingers grim looking straight upward. I could not see where his wound was as I kneeled on one knee over him; but I knew that he was dying of,a wound from a sharp point.

"'I am a doctor, my poor fellow,' said I. 'Let me examine it.'

"'I do not want it examined,' he answered; 'let it be.'

"It was under his hand, and I soothed him to let me move his hand away. It was a sword-thrust, received from twenty to twenty-four hours before, but no skill could have saved him if it had been looked to without delay. He was then dying fast. As I turned my eyes to the elder brother, I saw him looking down at this handsome boy whom I was ebbing out, as if he were a wounded bird, or hare, or rabbit; not at all as if he were a fellow-creature.

"'How has this been done, monsieur?' said I.

"'A cruel young coumon dog!' he said. Forced my brother to draw upon him, and has fallen by my brother's sword—like a gentleman.'

"There was no touch of pity, sorrow, or kindred humanity in this answer. The speaker seemed to acknowledge that it was barely possible to have had different feelier of creature dying there, and that it would have been better if he had died in the usual obscure manner of his fellowmin kind. He was quite incapable of any compassionate feeling about the boy, or about his fate.

"The boy's eyes had slowly moved to him as he had spoken, and slowly moved to me.

"'Doctor, they are very proud, these Nobles; but we common dogs are proud too, sometimes. They plunder us, outrage us, beat us, kill us; but we have a little pride left, sometimes. She— Have you seen her?

"The shrieks and the cries were audible there, though subdued by the distance. He referred to them, as if she were lying in our presence

"I said, 'I have seen her.'

"'She is my sister, Doctor. They have had their shameful rights, these Nobles, in the modesty and virtue of our sisters, many years, but we have had good girls also. I say, I know it, and have heard my father say so. She was a good girl. She was betrothed to a good young man, too—a tenant of his. We were all tenants of his—that man's who stands there. The other is his brother, the worst of a bad race.

"It was with the greatest difficulty that the boy gathered bodily force to speak; but his spirit spoke with a dreadful emphasis.

"'We were so robbed by that man who stands there, as all we common dogs are by those superior Beings—taxed by him without mercy, obliged to work for him without pay, obliged to grind our corn at his mill, obliged to feed scores of his tame birds on our wretched crops, and forbidden for our lives to keep a single tame bird of our own, pillaged and plundered to that degree that when we chanced to have a bit of meat we ate it in fear, with the door barred and the shutters closed, that his people should not see it and take it from us—I say, we were so robbed and hunted, and were made so poor, that our father told us that it was a dreadful thing to bring a child into the world, and that what we should most pray for was, that our women might be barren and our miserable race die out!'

"I had never before seen the sense of being oppressed bursting forth like a fire. I had supposed that it must burn in the people somewhere; but I had never seen it break out until I saw it in the dying boy.

"'Nevertheless, Doctor, my sister married. He was ailing at that time, poor fellow, and she married him, because she might tend and care for him in our cottage—our dog-hut, as that man would call it. She had not been married many weeks when this man's brother saw her and admired her, and asked that man to lend her to him—as if my husband among us!—as if He was willing enough, but my sister was good and virtuous and knew her duty to her husband as strong as mine. What did the two then, to persuade her husband to use his influence with her to make her willing?'

"The boy's eyes, which had been fixed on mine, shot with a fearful look under-on, and I put in the two faces that all he said was true. The two opposing kinds of pride confronting one another I can see even in this Bastile; the proud tleman's, all neglectful indifference; the peasant's, pride—shown sentiment and passionate revenge.

"'You know, Doctor, that it is among the Rights of Nobility that these superior beings shall dogs to carts, and drive us. They so harnessed my brother, and forced him to drag them, because their Rights to keep us in their grounds all night, quieting the frogs, in order that their noble sleep might not be disturbed. He was down out in the unwholesome mists at night, and ordered back sharply to his work—and he died. But he was not persuaded. No! Taken out of harness one day at noon to feed—if he could find food—and wandering home with his sick head, he fell at my stroke of the bell, and died on her bosom.'

"Nothing could be added to this in the way but his determination to tell all his wrong. He forced back the gathering shadows of death, that he might tell it strongly. His breath came heavily, and to cover his wound.

"Then, with a last supreme effort, and even with his sid, his brother took her away; in spite of what I know she must have told his brother and what must have wished to do herself before she was, Doctor, if it is now—his brother took her away. I saw her pass me on the road. While the elder brother was busy opening the door, I saw her pass me on the road. When I took the tidings home our father's heart burst; he never prayed to be forgiven that filled it. I took my young sister (for I have another) to my heart, and on my knees in this man, and where, at least, she will never be his vassal. Then I tracked the brother here, and last night I came and asked assistance. My sword in Hind—Where is the loft window? It was somewhere here.'

"The room was darkening to his sight; the world was narrowing around him. I glanced about me, and saw that the hay and straw were trampled over the floor, as if there had been a struggle.

"She heard me and ran in. I told her not to come near us till he was dead. He came in and first made a mocking salute with his sword, and struck at me with a whip. But I, though a contemplative man, was forced at last to make him draw. Let him break into as many pieces as he will the sword that he stained with my common blood; he drew to defend his brother. Identify me with all his skill for his life.'

"My glance had fallen but a few moments before on the fragments of a broken sword, lying among the hay. That weapon was a gentleman's. Its another place lay as it had fallen that seemed to have been a soldier's.

"'Now lift me up, Doctor; lift me up. Where is he?'

"'He is not here,' I said, supporting the boy, and thinking that he referred to the brother.

"'He! Proud as these nobles are, he is afraid to see me. Where is the man who was here? Turn nay face to him.

"I did so, raising the boy's head against my knee. But invested for the moment with extraordinary power, he raised himself completely: obliging me to rise too, or I could not have still supported him.

"'Marquis,' said the boy, turned to him with his eyes opened wide and his right hand raised, 'in the days when all these things are to be answered for, I summon you, and yours to the last of your bad race, to answer for them. I mark this cross of blood upon you, as a sign that I do it. In the days when all these things are to be answered for, I summon your brother, the worst of the bad race, to answer for them separately. I mark this cross of blood upon him, as a sign that I do it!'

"I drew he put his hand to the wound in his breast, and with his forefinger drew a cross in the air. He rose for an instant with the fingers yet raised, and, as it dropped, he dropped with it, and I laid him down dead.

"When I returned to the bedside of the young woman I found her raving in precisely the same order and continuity. I knew that this might last for many hours, and that it would probably end in the silence of the grave.

"I repeated the medicines I had given her, and I sat at the side of the bed until the night was far advanced. She never abated the piercing quality of her shrieks, never stumbled in the distinctness or the order of her words. They were always, 'My husband, my father, and my brother!' One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve. Hush!

"This lasted twenty-six hours from the time when I first saw her. I had come and gone twice, and was again sitting by her, when she began to falter. I did what little could be done to assist that opportunity, and lay-and-by she sank into a lethargy, and lay like the dead.

"It was as if the wind and rain had lulled at last, after a long and fearful storm. I released her arms, and called the women to assist me to compose her figure and the dress as had torn. It was then that I know her condition to be that of one in whom the first expectations of being a mother have arisen; and it was then that I lost the little hope I had had of her.

"'Is she dead?' asked the Marquis, whom I will still describe as the elder brother, coming hastier into the room from his horse.

"'Not dead,' said I; 'but like to die.'

"'What complaint, there is in these common bodies!' he said, looking down at her with some curiosity.

"'There is prodigious strength,' I answered him, 'in sorrow and despair.'

"He had ridden out at my words, and then frowned at them. He moved a chair with his foot near to mine, ordered the woman away, and said, in a subdued voice:

"'Doctor, finding my brother in this difficulty with these hinds, I recommended that your aid should be invited. Your reputation is high, and, as a young man with your fortune to make, you can probably mindful of your interest. The things that you see here are things to be seen and not spoken of.'

"I listened to the patient's breathing, and avoided answering.

"'You do honor me with your attention, Doctor?'

"'Monsieur,' said I, 'in my profession the communications of patients are always received in confidence.' I was guarded in my answer, for I was troubled in my mind by what I had heard and seen.

"Her fainting was so difficult to trace that I carefully tried the pulse and the heart. There was life, and no more. Looking round as I reported my state, I could both the gentlemen upon me. . . . .

"I write with so much difficulty, the cold is so severe, I am so fearful of being detected and consigned to an under-ground cell and total darkness, that I must leave much untold. There is no confusion or holes in my memory: it can recall, and could detail, every word that was ever spoken between me and those brothers.

"She lingered for a week. Toward the last I could understand some few syllables that she said to me by placing my ear close to her lips. Her mind was where she was, and I told her; who I was, and I told her. It was in vain that I asked her for her family name. She died on the seventh night, the patient, and kept her secret, as the boy had done.

"I had no opportunity of asking her any question until I had told the brothers she was sinking fast, and could not live another day. Until then, though no one was ever presented to her consciousness save the woman and myself, one or other of them had always jealously sat behind the curtain at the head of the bed when I was there. But when it came to that, they seemed careless what communication I might hold with her; as if—the thought passed through my mind—I were dying too.

"I always observed that their pride bitterly resented the younger brother's (as I call him) having considered me with a peasant, and that peasant a boy. The only consideration that appeared really to affect the mind of either of them was the consideration that this was highly degrading to the family, and was ridiculous

As often as I caught the younger brother's eyes their expression reminded me that he disliked me deeply for knowing what I knew from the boy. He was smoother and more polite to me than the elder; but I saw this. I also saw that I was an encumbrance in the mind of the elder too.

"My patient died two hours before midnight—at a time, by my watch, answering almost to the minute when I had first seen her. I was alone with her when her forlorn young head drooped gently on one side, and all her earthly troubles were forever ended.

"The brothers were waiting in a room down stairs, impatient to ride away. I had heard them, alone at the bedside, striking their boots with their riding-whips, and loitering up and down.

"'At last she is dead?' said the elder, when I went in.

"'She is dead,' said I.

"'I congratulate you, my brother,' were his words as he turned round.

"He had before offered me money, which I had postponed taking. He now gave me a rouleau of gold. I took it from his hand, but laid it on the table. I had considered the question, and had resolved to accept nothing.

"'Pray excuse me,' said I. 'Under the circumstances, no.'

"They exchanged looks, but bent their heads to me as I bent mine to them, and we parted without another word on either side. . . . .

"I am weary, weary, weary—worn down by misery. I can not read what I have written with this grand hand.

"Early in the morning the rouleau of gold was left at my door in a little box, with a name on the outside. From the first I had anxiously considered what I ought to do. I decided that I ought to write privately to the Minister, stating the nature of the two cases to which I had been summoned, and the place to which I had gone: in effect, stating all the circumstances. I knew what Court influence was, and what the immunities of the Nobles were, and I expected that the matter would never be heard of; but I wished to relieve my own mind. I had kept the matter a profound secret even from my wife; and this, too, I resolved to state in my letter. I had no apprehension whatever of my real danger; but I was conscious that there might be danger for others, if others were compromised by possessing the knowledge that I possessed.

"I was much engaged that day, and could not complete my letter that night. I rose long before my usual time next morning to finish it. It was the last day of the year. The letter was lying before me just completed when I was told that a lady waited, who wished to see me. . . . .

"I am growing more and more unequal to the task I have set myself. It is so cold, so dark, my senses are so benumbed, and the gloom upon me is so dreadful.

"The lady was young, engaging, and handsome, but not marked for long life. She was in great agitation. She presented herself to me as the wife of the Marquis St. Evremonde. I connected the title by which she had her address of the elder brother, with the initial letter embroidered on the scarf, and had no difficulty in arriving at the conclusion that I had seen that noblemen very lately.

"My memory is still accurate, but I can not recite the words of our conversation. I suspect that I am watched more closely than I was, and am more on my guard than I may be watched. She had in part suspected, and in part discovered, the main facts of the cruel story of her husband's share in it, and my being resorted to. She did not know that the girl was dead. Her hope had been, she said, in great distress, to show her, in secret, a woman's sympathy. Her hope had been to avert the wrath of Heaven

"'I MARK THIS CROSS OF BLOOD UPON HIM, AS A SIGN THAT I DO IT.'"

from a House that had long been hateful to the suffering many.

"She had reasons for believing that there was a young sister living, and her greatest desire was to help that sister. I could tell her nothing but that there was such a sister; beyond that, I knew nothing. Her inducement to come to me, relying on my confidence, had been the hope that I could tell her the name and place of abode. Whereas to this wretched hour I am ignorant of both. . . . .

"These scraps of paper full me. One was taken from me, with a warning, yesterday. I must finish my record to-day.

"She was a good, compassionate lady, and not happy in her marriage. How could she be! The brother inherited and disliked her, and his influence was all opposed to her; she stood in dread of him, and in dread of her husband too. When I handed her down to the door, there was a child, a pretty boy from two to three years old, in her carriage.

"'For his sake, Doctor,' she said, pointing to him in tears, 'I will do all I can to make what poor amends I can. He will never prosper in his inheritance otherwise. I have a presentiment that if my other innocent children are to made for this, it will one day be required of him. What I have left or call my own—it is little beyond the worth of a few jewels—I will make it the first charge of his life to restore, with the compassion and lamenting of his dead mother, on this injured family, if the sister can be discovered.'

"She kissed the boy, and said, caressing him, 'It is for thine own dear sake. Thou will be faithful, little Charles!' The child answered her bravely, 'Yes!' I kissed her hand, and she took him in her arms, and went away caressing him. I never saw her more.

"As she had mentioned her husband's name in the faith that I knew it, I added no mention of it to my letter. I sealed my letter, and, not trusting it out of my own hands, delivered it myself that day.

"That night, the last night of the year, to avoid new clients, I went in a sedan chair, hired at my gate, demanded to see me, and softly followed my servant, Ernest Defarge, a youth, up stairs. When my servant came into the room where I sat with my wife—oh my wife, beloved of my heart! My young husband looked over me saw the man, who was supposed to be at the gate, standing silent behind him.

"An urgent case for the Baron St. Honoré, he said. It would not detain me; he had a coach in waiting.

"It brought me here, it brought me to my grave. When I was clear of the house a black muffler was drawn tightly over my mouth from behind, and my arms were pinioned. The two brothers crossed the road from the hiding-place, and identified me with a single gesture. The Marquis took from his pocket the letter I had written, showed it to them, burned it in the light of a lantern that was held, and extinguished the ashes with his foot. Not a word was spoken. I was brought here, I was brought to my living grave.

"If it had pleased Gon to put it in the hard heart of either of the brothers, in all these frightful years, to grant me some token of my dearest wife—so much as to let me know by a word whether alive or dead—I might have thought that He had not quite abandoned them. But now I believe that the mark of the red cross is fatal to them, and that they are reserved for His mercies. And them and their descendants, to the last of their race, I, Alexandre Manette, unhappy prisoner, do this last night of the year 1767, in my unbearable agony, denounce to the times when all these things shall be changed, for. I denounce them to Heaven and to earth."

A terrible sound arose when the reading of this document was done. A sound of craving and eagerness that had nothing articulate in it but blood. The narrative called up the most revengeful passions of the time, and there was not a head in the market but must have perished before it.

Little recd, in presence of that tribunal and that auditory, to show how the Defarges had not made the paper public, with the other captured Bastile memorials, long ago and treasured and had kept it, hiding their time. Little need to show that this detested family name had long been anathematized by Saint Antoine, and was wrought into the fatal register. The man never trod ground whose visible surface was moved have sustained him in that place that day, against such denunciation.

And all the worse for the doomed man that the denouncer was a well-known citizen, his own attached friend, the father of his love. One of the frenzied agitations of the populace was for instantly tearing him to pieces and making mince of mutilation, and for sacrifices and self-immolations on the people's altar. Therefore, when the President and (less) and his own head quivered on his shoulders), that the good physician of the Republic would deserve better still of the Republic by rooting out an obnoxious family of Aristocrats, and would doubtless feel a sacred glow and joy in making his daughter a widow and her child an orphan, there was wild excitement, patriotic fervor, not a touch of human sympathy.

"Medo influence around him has that doc-?" murmured Madame Defarge, smiling to The Vengeance. "Save him now, my doctor, save him!"

At every juryman's vote there was a roar. Another and another. Roar and roar.

Unanimously voted. At heart and by descent an Aristocrat, an enemy of the Republic, a notorious oppressor of the People. Back to the Conciergerie, and Death within four-and-twenty hours!

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Brown's Bronchial Troches.

FROM REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER, N. Y.—"*Brown's Bronchial Troches.*"—"It is five years since that I accidentally entered your store for some sort of a preparation for Bronchial affections. Whether I got just what I desired, I cannot now remember; but I got something, and since then I have used it on all my lecturing tours; I find it prompt-ing as regularly as I do lectures or linen, and I have never changed my mind respecting them from the first, except to think yet better of that which I began in thinking well of."

To Housekeepers.—The attention of heads of families is respectfully invited to the superior quality of

Burnett's Flavoring Extracts.

They are entirely free from the poisonous oils and acids which are used in the manufacture of many of the fictitious fruit flavors now in the market. They are highly concentrated, have all the freshness and delicacy of the fruits from which they are prepared, and are less expensive.

PREPARED BY JOSEPH BURNETT & CO.,
Boston.

We take pleasure in directing the attention of our numerous friends to the advertisement in our columns, of Rands' Sarsaparilla, which may be used as occasion requires, with benefit to every one. A remedy which claims to have performed so many well authenticated cures, deserves a fair trial.—*N. Y. Mercury.*

The Vital Principle is restored to decayed hair, and it grows luxuriantly prior to the sesip, by the use of JULIA HAYES'S LAY ASCENDANT HAIR RESTORER, thus preventing baldness. It exists therefore in age or sickness. It renews its growth, restoring gray hairs and whiskers to their original color, and leaves the hair in not a dye. Sold by all Druggists. JULIA HAYES, No. 50 CHESTNUT STREET, Philadelphia.

Swiss Corn-plaster and Bunion Balm effect a certain cure. Wholesale and Retail at E. DUPUY RUNNEWELL & CO., Commercial Wharf, Boston. GEO. HUNNEWELL, 16 Water Street, New York. Also for sale by the trade throughout the country, in every city.

J. L. HUNNEWELL, Pharmaceutist, Superintendent.

SANDFORD'S HOT-AIR FURNACES.

PORTABLE OR SET IN BRICK.
THOUSANDS NOW IN USE. GIVE SATISFACTION.
SANDFORD'S RANGES FOR FAMILY USE.
SANDFORD'S MAMMOTH OR GLOBE HEATER,
A favorite with Churches and Public Halls.
SEND FOR A BOOK.
SANDFORD, NICHOLS, WHEELOW & CO.,
No. 239 Water Street.

The Virginians.
A Tale of the last Century.
By W. M. THACKERAY,
AUTHOR OF
"The Newcomes," "Vanity Fair," "Pendennis,"
"Henry Esmond," "The Great Hoggarty Diamond," "Lectures on the English Humorists," &c. &c.

With Illustrations by the Author.
8vo, Paper, $1 00. Cloth, $1 50.
Published by HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, New York.

☞ Sent by mail, postage paid, on receipt of price.

Two Works Valuable to the Sick or Well.

Sent by mail, so pay expenses till received, read, and approved.

Address Dr. S. S. FITCH, 714 Broadway, New York.

1st. SIX LECTURES on the causes, prevention, and cure of Lung, Throat, and Skin Diseases: Rheumatism, and Male and Female complaints. On the merits of Preserving Health to 100 years. 415 pages, 26 Engravings. Price, in paper cover, in advance of 25 shillings.

2nd. A work on the Cause and Cure of Diseases of the Heart, Liver, Kidneys, Bowels, and Nervous System. Apoplexy, Palsy, and Dyspepsia; why we grow old and what to do to prevent it. 300 pages, 6 engravings. Price 50 cents. Say which book you wish, giving name, state, county town and post office.

361 BROADWAY 539
BRIDAL SETTIN,
Tucker's Flowers, Feathers, and Miscellaneous Items,
Are all reliable.

Deafness Cured, however caused, by a new method. Address DR. MARSH, Jersey, personally or by letter, at No. 974 Broadway, New York.

SANDS' SARSAPARILLA,
FOR THE CURE OF ALL DISEASES
ARISING FROM
AN IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD.

In this purely vegetable preparation, the properties of an Antiseptic, a mild Cathartic, and a Tonic Medicine are combined. It effectually removes from the blood the impurities of unhealthy secretions, which engender and develop disease, and is striking at the root of disease.

Prepared and sold by A. E & G. SANDS, Druggists, No. 100 Fulton Street, New York.

HIGHLY IMPORTANT TO BOTH SEXES. Married or Single, in health or disease.—MEDICAL ADVISER AND MARRIAGE GUIDE, 300 edition, over 400 pages, Illus. cloth, and above 100 Electrotype Engravings. Price $1. By a celebrated Paris and London Physician and Surgeon, now of New York City. Containing interesting facts should be in the hands of every adult person, as it imparts knowledge all have need for, in order to a happy future. Sold by R. D. LAWRENCE, No. 3 Vesey Street, Astor House.

Willcox & Gibbs SEWING MACHINE.

"We have in this a *practical demonstration* that a Machine in every respect *superior* and pre-eminently adapted to FAMILY USE, may be had at a reasonable cost."

PRICE $30.

Manufactured and sold, Wholesale and Retail, by
JAMES WILLCOX,
No. 886 Broadway,
Opposite St. Nicholas Hotel.

Old Sachem Bitters & Wigwam Tonic.

These celebrated and pleasant Bitters are highly recommended by the faculty as the purest and finest Tonic and Stimulant ever offered to the public for General Debility, Loss of Appetite, Constipation, and other Derangements of the Stomach.

PRINCIPAL DEPOT,
No. 145 Water Street.
For Sale Storekeepers.

READ!!!

Premium
OF THE
New York State Fair
AWARDED TO
Hostetter's Celebrated Stomach Bitters.

Another Proof of its Excellence!!!
Another Prize for its Goodness!!!
Another Assurance of its Fame!!!

It has taken the Premium at

Every State Fair ever held in the

United States

Where it has been exhibited.

All we ask is a *fair* and *impartial trial*, and we guarantee *satisfaction!*

Sold by all Druggists throughout the World.

Principal Depot 13 and 15 Park Row, New York.

Sole Manufacturers and Proprietors

HOSTETTER & SMITH,
Pittsburg, Pa.

See that the name of the Manufacturers is on every bottle!!!

Lester's Lock-Stitch Sewing Machines
AND
Woodworth's Planing Machines.
Office 453 Broadway. J. M. LESTER.

PIANO FORTES.
RAVEN, BACON & CO.,
Piano Fortes Manufacturers, Warerooms No. 135 Grand Street, near Broadway, where a full assortment of Instruments may be found, exclusively of our own manufacture. Warranted in every respect.

MUSICAL BOXES.
Playing 2, 3, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 15, 24, and 36 tunes.
PALILLARD & MARTIN, Importers,
Musical boxes repaired. 91 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

Ladd, Webster & Co.,
INVITE ATTENTION TO THEIR
IMPROVED TIGHT-STITCH
Sewing Machines,
WHICH FOR BEAUTY AND SIMPLICITY OF CONSTRUCTION, AND ADAPTABILITY TO WEARING, ARE UNEQUALED BY ANY.

600 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
17 SUMMER STREET, BOSTON.
920 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.
202 BALTIMORE STREET, BALTIMORE.
80 WEST FOURTH STREET, CINCINNATI.

Singer's Sewing Machines.
SINGER'S No. 2 SEWING MACHINE, $100.
SINGER'S No. 1 SEWING MACHINE, $90.
HEMMING GAUZES REDUCED TO $4.
Singer's Family Sewing Machines at $50 and $70 are capable of performing, in the best style, all the sewing of a private family.
Send for a copy of I. M. Singer & Co.'s Gazette, which contains full and reliable information about prices, sizes, etc., of Sewing Machines, and will be supplied gratis.
I. M. SINGER & CO.,
No. 458 Broadway, New York.

ANTI-ARTHRITIC WINE.—A CERTAIN CURE FOR
GOUT AND RHEUMATISM.
PENFOLD, FARKER & MOWER,
Wine and Spirit Merchants,
15 Beckman Street, New York.

Garnet and Coral Jewelry.—We invite attention to our late importation of Coral and Garnet Jewelry, consisting of bracelets, brooches, ear-rings, necklaces, charms, bab-pins, combs, buckles, clasps, &c.
OSBORNE, BOARDMAN & TOWNSEND,
No. 807 Broadway, corner of Spring Street.

☞ THE HEROISM AND THE LOVE OF THE PIONEER.

JUST OUT.
A New Work,
By
EMERSON BENNETT,
The Matchless Describer of Life in the Backwoods.

Wild Scenes on the Frontiers;
OR,
Heroes of the West.
THE CAUSE! THE EFFECT! THE FIGHT! THE CHASE! THE WATCH! THE WILD ATTACK! THE FEARFUL REVENGE!!!
This work will be found to compare with any that has yet emanated from the pen of its distinguished and popular author.
Splendidly illustrated by the best Artists, and handsomely bound. 12mo, cloth, $1 25. Single copies sent, *post-paid*, on receipt of price.
N.B.—AGENTS WANTED IN ALL THE STATES AND THE CANADAS, TO WHOM A LIBERAL PERCENTAGE WILL BE ALLOWED.
HAMELIN & CO., Publishers,
No. 606 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

32. HEALTH OF AMERICAN WOMEN. 32.
Previous notices and testimonials have established the fact that THE GRAEFENBERG COMPANY'S MARSHALL'S UTERINE CATHOLICON is the only reliable cure for those distressing and painful forms of weakness, from the age of 15 upward, miserable to an extent which few but the victims can realize. Explicit directions and simple and safe remedies for self-treatment, during, or condition in life, affords any guaranty against them. Besides the above symptoms, they are often attended with
Deranged Monthly Periods—
Irregularities—Weakness—Fairness—
Dumbness—Appetite—Indigestion—
Pain in the Back and Kidneys—Chills—
Cold Hands and Feet—Blushings—Tremblings—
Neuralgia—Palpitation of the Heart—
Dizziness—Numbness and Pain in the Limbs—
Disturbed Sleep—Flushes of Heat—General Pulse—
Crawling and Pain in the Spine and bones of the Head—
Shooting Pains—Nervousness—Indigestion—
Difficult passing of Water—Frequent Desire—
Unnatural Discharges—Prolapsus of the Uterus Organs—
Nightmare—
Despair—Hysterics—Weeping—Bad Face—Nervous Twitchings—
Startling—Constipation—
Irritable Temper—Sadness—Depraved Appetite—
Flashes—Blotches—Heated Irregular Breathing—
Unpleasant Dreams—Pains in the Uterine Organs—
Sensations as if Insects Crawled in the Limbs—
Loss of Memory—Bewilderment—Soreness in the Feet—
Pain in the Back.
THE GRAEFENBERG MARSHALL'S UTERINE CATHOLICON is prepared by an experienced physician, and may be fully depended upon. All other preparations are base counterfeits.
Letters and testimonials from the most distinguished ministers of distinction can be seen at the rooms of the Graefenberg Co., No. 25 Park Row, New York. Advice gratis. Any reference to persons in the City will also be given at the same place.
Price, $1 50 *per bottle; for bottles for* $6. *It can be safely sent by mail. Address* AGENTS GRAEFENBERG COMPANY, No. 25 PARK ROW, NEW YORK.
☞ If an extended opinion is required by letter, $1 must be inclosed to ensure reply.
☞ *The principles and practice of medicine adopted by the Medical Staff of the Graefenberg Company, are fully explained in the Graefenberg Manual of Health, a Book of 100 pages, sent free by mail. Family Use, and elegantly embellished with colored engravings of the human system. Price* 25 CENTS—*to be exempt of which it is mailed in any part of the country.*

THE SUPERIOR
Brought boldest
delicate
Mountain
COFFEE.
For sale by
CORTHELL & CO
5 Dover
Street.

Café de Costa Rica
C&C

TO SOUTHERN MERCHANTS.
HARNDEN'S EXPRESS
LEAVES DAILY
TUESDAY, THURSDAY AND SATURDAY,
AT 4 P. M.
FOR SAVANNAH,
Thence, by Georgia Central Railroad, to
MACON, MEMPHIS, ATLANTA,
AUGUSTA, APALACHICOLA, MONTGOMERY,
NASHVILLE, COLUMBUS, MONTGOMERY,
NEW ORLEANS,
And all Towns in the interior of
Georgia, Alabama and Tennessee.
Every description of valuable freight at Low rates, and delivered with promptness and despatch.
For further particulars apply at the office of
HARDEN'S EXPRESS, 74 Broadway.

oilet Vinegar
is for superior to Eau de Cologne as a lotion for the Toilet or Bath, a reviving Perfume, and a powerful Disinfectant.
Sold by all the Trade.
E. Rimmel,
Perfumer, London and Paris.

EVERETT HOUSE,
HAWLEY D. CLAFF, PROPRIETOR,
NORTH SIDE UNION SQUARE,
NEW YORK.

Rosaline's Parting Conjectures.

BY NAPOLEON B. QUIGGS.

True, we may meet again; but, oh!
Must net as once we parted?
From one sad hour will I know
Life's first bloom hath departed;
Perchance thou, too, will change: Old Time
Is ruthless in courage;
And still, through all love's summer's prime,
From flower to flower he ranges!

My halir, which now is silkiest brown,
May then with gray be sprinkled;
My lips no more smile laugh
Which once as silver tinkled;
And then—oh, agony to think,
The thought my bosom smothers!
May not be dressed as now you are,
In a Fall Suit of Satin Dorcmis!

"Twin Temples of Fashion."

The Price is marked on all the Goods in Plain Figures.

SMITH BROTHERS,

The Marble Stores,

122, 138, and 140 Fulton Street,

Between Broadway and William St.,

THOMAS SMITH, Jr.,
ROBERT L. SMITH,
J. SMITH RICE.

NEW YORK.

5000 Agents Wanted. For particulars, send stamp to Box 65, Saratoga, N. Y.

HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, New York.

Have just Ready:

A GOOD FIGHT, and Other Tales. By Charles Reade, Author of "Love me Little, Love me Long," and "Never too Late." A Good Fight.—II. "Jack of all Trades."—III. "A Hero and a Martyr."—IV. A Terrible Temptation. 12mo, Muslin, 75 cents; or Paper, 50 cents.

SWORD AND GOWN. A Novel. By the Author of "Guy Livingstone." 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

WOMEN ARTISTS IN ALL AGES AND COUNTRIES. By Mrs. Ellet, Author of "Women of the American Revolution," &c. 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

HARRY LEE; or, Hops for the Poor. With Illustrations. 18mo, Muslin, 75 cents.

A LIFE FOR A LIFE. By the Author of "John Halifax," "The Ogilvies," "The Head of the Family," &c., &c. Cheap Edition, 8vo, Paper, 50 cents. The Library Edition uniform with the Library Edition of "John Halifax"), 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

THE STUDENT'S HUME. A History of England, from the Earliest Times to the Revolution in 1688. By David Hume. Abridged. Incorporating the Researches of recent Historians, and continued down to the Year 1858. Illustrated by numerous Engravings on Wood. Uniform with Smith's "History of Greece," "Liddell's "History of Rome," and "The Student's Gibbon." Large 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

HENRY ST. JOHN, Gentleman, of Flower of Hundreds, in the County of Prince George, in Virginia. A Tale of 1774, '75. By Jane Entee Cooper, Author of "Leather Stocking and Silk," "The Virginia Comedians," &c., &c. 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

MY THIRD BOOK. A Collection of Tales. By Lucy Gaeland Charlotte Maria. 12mo, Muslin, 75 cents.

GERALD FITZGERALD, "The Chevalier." A Novel. By Charles Lever, Author of "Charles O'Malley," "Harry Lorrequer," "The Daltons," "Sir Jasper Carew," "Maurice Tiernay," &c. Complete in One Vol., Paper, 50 cents.

LIFE AND LIBERTY IN AMERICA; or, Sketches of a Tour in the United States and Canada in 1857-58. By Charles Macnay, L.L.B., F.S.A. With Ten Illustrations. 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

THE LIFE OF JABEZ BUNTING, D.D., with Notices of Contemporary Persons and Events, By his Son, Thomas Percival Bunting. Vol. I., with a Portrait. 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR. Illustrated by J. Mcknight. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

WALTER THORNLEY; or, a Peep at the Past. By the Author of "Allen Prescott" and "Adela" (Mrs. Sherwood). 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

THE COMPLETION OF
MISS STRICKLAND'S QUEENS OF SCOTLAND.
Lives of the Queens of Scotland and English Princesses connected with the Royal Succession of Great Britain. By Agnes Strickland. Vol. VII, completing the Work. 12mo, Muslin, $1 00; Sets in Muslin, $8 00; Half Calf, $14 60.

ABBOTT'S FRENCH REVOLUTION. The French Revolution of 1789, as viewed in the light of Republican Institutions. By John S. C. Abbott, Author of "The History of Napoleon Bonaparte," "Napoleon at St. Helena," &c. With numerous Engravings. 8vo, Muslin, $2 50.

☞ Harper & Brothers will send either of the above Works by Mail, postage paid, to any distance in the United States under 3000 miles, on receipt of the Money.

RIMMEL'S BOUQUET — ALL THE exciting FRAGRANCE OF THE WOOD VIOLET, as the leading Perfumes in Paris and London.
Sold by all the Trade.
E. RIMMEL, *Perfumer, London and Paris.*

RIMMEL'S ROSE-LEAF POWDER has imparted a delicious rosy hue to the skin, and rendered it soft and beautiful
Sold by all the Trade.
E. RIMMEL, *Perfumer, London and Paris.*

FOOTSTEPS OF
SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.
Just Published,
The
SEA OF ICE;
OR,
THE ARCTIC REGIONS.
Beautifully Illustrated. 1 Vol, 16mo. Price 75 cents.
"A thrilling narrative of the adventures of a young Englishman in the Frozen Regions, where his countryman, Sir JOHN FRANKLIN, Lost His Life."
MAYHEW & BAKER, Publishers,
Corner of Beekman and Nassau Sts.,
H. DEXTER & CO., Washington St., Boston,
113 Nassau Street, N. Y.

Chapped Hands, Face, Lips, &c.
Certain Cure.
HEGEMAN & CO.'S Camphor Ice with Glycerine.

Cheap, safe, and agreeable. Only 25 cents.

HEGEMAN & CO., Druggists and Chemists, 104 and 106 Broadway.
N.B.—Sent by mail on receipt of 30 cents.

New Volume—New Story.

LIFE ILLUSTRATED is an ELEGANT quarto of sixteen pages—a little larger than the *Illustrated London News*—a perfect model of excellence in literature, amusement, and art, in struggling with the second and sensible of five papers. Men like it, women love it, children dote on it. Only $2 a year. Specimen copies sent free. Now is the time to subscribe, and the rest of the fokks can't keep house without LIFE ILLUSTRATED.

The new volume of LIFE ILLUSTRATED, commencing October 29, will contain a story from the pen of one of the best American writers, entitled

THE SPIRITUALIST'S WOOING:
A Tale of New England,
which we have no hesitation in persuading our readers will be one of the best stories ever written for newspaper columns; and it will undoubtedly be at least the widest-circulated and far-famed History of the *Minister's Wooing*, that of the Schoolmistress of Litchfield, and of Public and Private Education. FOWLER AND WELLS, New York.

Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry.

This remedy has long been cherished by the community for its remarkable efficacy in relieving, healing, and curing the most distressing, painful, and long-standing cases of Cough, Colds, Influenza, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Croup, Asthma, Inflammation of the Lungs, and other diseases of the chest, and has yielded to its magic influence, when all other known means have failed.

The whole history of this Balsam, which has now become a household word, proves that the past has produced no remedy approaching it in value and usefulness, while the future will hardly present one of equal value.

To guard against Counterfeits, of which there are several worthless ones, be sure each bottle has the written signature of "I. Butts," as well as the printed name of the Proprietor, "*Seth W. Fowle & Co., Boston*," on the outside wrapper

Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere.

Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry.

RIMMEL'S WHITE ALMOND SOAP and FAMILY BAR SOAP are confidently recommended to the public as unrivalled for their purity and excellence.
Sold by all the Trade.
E. RIMMEL, *Perfumer, London and Paris.*

Agents Wanted
To obtain Subscribers for
LOSSING'S
PICTORIAL FIELD-BOOK OF THE REVOLUTION.

In Two Volumes Royal Octavo, containing upward of
1100 Beautiful Illustrations.

This work will be SOLD EXCLUSIVELY BY AGENTS, to each of whom a liberal salary will be given. Rare inducements offered. Applicants should apply immediately, personally or by letter. For full particulars address GEO. W. ELLIOTT, care HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

THE MUSICAL MIRROR.

A New Volume of Instructions in Vocal Music for Schools and Classes. Agents Wanted. Price, 50 cts.
Published by OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.

THE ORIGINAL BRIDGEWATER PAINT OF NEW JERSEY, Established 1826,

Is for Sale at Wholesale and Retail, by the Manufacturer, Paper dec. *Agents Wanted*, forming a notable coal, spark and cinder proof Durable and Economical. Depot 72 Maiden Lane, New York.

HICKS & BETTS, Agents.

IF WHISKERS AND MUSTACHES won't grow upon your face, use my eruption (unbottled), which, when used according to directions, will force them out in a few weeks, and without injury or injury to the skin. Sent by mail, prepaid, for $1. Address or call on Dr. GRAHAM, 102 Nassau Street, New York.

New Books.

Verne's Great Works. A College Story. Price $1 00.
Michael's Lives of Algebra. $1 00.
Life of Alexander von Humboldt. $1 25.
Book of the Chair Conference. $1 00.
☞ Sent by mail, postage free, on receipt of the price, by Jetter & Scribner, Publishers, 119 Grand St., N. Y.

Special Announcement
FROM THE
Quaker City Publishing House!

100,000 Catalogues,
NEW, ENLARGED AND REVISED—NOW READY FOR DISTRIBUTION.

Superior Inducements to the Public!

Also, a new and sure plan for obtaining GOLD and GIFTS NEAR WATCHES, and other valuable Prizes. Full particulars given in Catalogues, which will be sent free to all upon application.

Valuable Gifts, worth from 50 cents to $100, GUARANTEED to each purchaser. $100,000 in Gifts have been distributed in my patrons within the past six months—$100,000 to be distributed during the next six months.

The inducements offered Agents are more liberal than them of any other house in the business.

Having had no Publishing and Bookselling business for the last eight years, my experience enables me to supply Agents with Books upon the greatest satisfaction to all.

☞ AGENTS WANTED in every Town and County. For full particulars address DUANE RULISON,
Quaker City Publishing House,
68 South Third Street,
Philadelphia, Pa.

WALKER'S PIANO-FORTE WARE-ROOMS, Circles Hall, Astor Place and 9th Street, above.—A large stock of new and second hand PIANOS of every description FOR SALE and HIRE at moderate rates.
N.B.—The hire allowed in case of purchase.

EIGHT YEARS
AMONG THE
Indians of North America.
A GREAT NATIONAL WORK!

CATLIN'S NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

We have just published this great work, in one large super royal octave volume, of nearly

EIGHT HUNDRED PAGES,

With over TWO HUNDRED ILLUSTRATIONS, including TEN OF THE FINEST STEEL PLATES of the kind ever engraved, and THIRTY-TWO HANDSOME COLORED PLATES. Most of these Illustrations are from drawings made by Mr. Catlin, during his eight years' residences among the most noted tribes of Indians, which pictures have never before since by any white man, and altogether forming the

MOST INTENSELY INTERESTING
BOOK PUBLISHED.

Mr. Catlin personally visited every noted tribe of Indians, taking up his residence among them as familiarly as possible, and his work is MINUTELY MAN," and was thus initiated into many of their SECRETS AND MYSTERIES, and has given us, in graphic sketches on the spot, in colors, he indelibly stamped on his memory, and fixed on canvas, the scenes that were enacted around him.

This work is sold EXCLUSIVELY BY SUBSCRIPTION, and we want agents who can devote their time in every part of the United States, to whom the most liberal commissions will be paid.

☞ Specimen copies sent by mail, (post-paid), on receipt of the price, $4 50.

J. W. BARLEY, Publisher,
46 NORTH FOURTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

BOOKS WITH GIFTS.
DON'T BUY A PIG IN THE POKE!
But send for a Catalogue!
WE have a new plan of selling Books, and will send our new Catalogue, postage paid, to any address.
Call or address
No. 29 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

DISTINGUISH
THE LADIES' EVERY-DAY-MADE LINEN STORE,
381 Broadway, near 20th Street, for
Reasonable Linens.

LADIES' UNDER-GARMENTS EXCLUSIVELY.
FINEST WORK OR PLAIN MATERIAL.

Quern's Cod-Liver Oil Jelly,
The only certain cure for Consumption, Asthma, and all kinds of Coughs. It is taken without nausea.
ALSO,
Quern's Patent Purified Caster-Oil.—The greasy sensation of the oil is obviated, and it does not cause any nausea after use. It is highly purgative for children. To be had at the Inventor's Office, No. 125 Fourth Avenue, and at all respectable Druggists. ROLFOLD, PARKER & MOWER, Wholesale Agents, No. 81 Maiden Lane.

☞ **5000 AGENTS WANTED.** — To sell a new Invention. Agents have cleared $20,000 on one,—better than all other singlar agencies. Send stamp, and a 32 page particulars. Address
EPHRAIM BROWN, Lowell, Mass.

READER—If you want Employment that will pay, take no Agency. Address, with stamp, for particulars, S. M. NYRICK & Co., Lynn, Mass.

American Guano.
TO FARMERS AND DEALERS

In Guano. This Guano from Jarvis Island, in the Pacific Ocean, which has been proved to be the most valuable fertilizer ever discovered, is offered for sale at wholesale and retail at less than two thirds the price of Peruvian, by the consignees, ALEXANDER H. RHODES, The American Guano Co., 66 William Street, New York.

Mercantile Record.

Patent Champion Safes.
S. C. Herring & Co., 251 Broadway.

Wilder's Patent Salamander Safe.
R. G. Wilder & Co., 191 Broadway.

Phelan's Billiard Tables.
O'Connor & Callender, 63 to 69 Crosby Street.

"Biggs' Trunk," Waterproof and imperishable, can not injure the cord nor enlarge the rupture. 483 Broome Street, N. Y.

Patent Extension Tables.
At Herter's Manufactory, 145, 150 Wooster Street.

Stellwag & King, 3 William Street, offer for sale Leather Board,—a new superior article; likewise for export to Mexico, Central and South America.

GROVER & BAKER'S
CELEBRATED
FAMILY SEWING MACHINES,
At Reduced Prices.

READ WHAT A DISTINGUISHED MAN SAYS.

"I take pleasure in saying, that the Grover & Baker Sewing Machine has been in constant family use since its introduction. After trying and returning others, I have three of them in operation in my different places, and after four years' trial, have no fault to find."—*Hon. J. H. Hammond, Senator of South Carolina.*

405 Broadway, New York, 18 Summer Street, Boston, 730 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, 181 Baltimore Street, Baltimore, 88 West Fourth Street, Cincinnati, 14 Camp Street, New Orleans, and 349 King Street, Charleston, S. C.

☞ Every Number of Harper's Magazine contains from 99 to 98 pages—and from one third to one half—illustrated. It is in many other ways unrivalled.

Close of the Nineteenth Volume.
HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE
FOR NOVEMBER.

The present Number closes the Nineteenth Volume of Harper's New Monthly Magazine. In the Introductory Notice prefixed to the first Number, the Publishers announced their purpose to present a periodical "which no one who had the slightest relish for miscellaneous reading, or the slightest wish to keep himself informed of the progress and results of the literary genius of his own age, would willingly be without." And they intend to publish it at so low a rate, and to give it a value so great in proportion to its price, that it shall make its way into hands or the family circle of every intelligent citizen of the United States.

How far they have succeeded in carrying out their design, the Publishers leave to the judgment of the public. The unbroken sale of these volumes is much easier as an ordinary criterion of success than the opinions of the press, however favorable. The Publishers believe that the ten Volumes of the Magazine are then equivalent to a Library of Books from a Hundred Different Authors, the best productions of the foremost Novelists, Historians, Essayists, and Poets of the day.

Without entering into a comparison with other American periodicals, the Publishers may be permitted to say that Harper's Magazine contains 75 per cent more matter than any other monthly publication. It is the *only Monthly Magazine*. While giving place to many of the best articles from the pens of writers for the London Monthlies, it is also the only monthly furnishing to the American original matter than is contained in any other similar publication. Its success is proved by the fact that the published articles from more than *Two Hundred American Authors*, and that in every section of the country the State of the Union. By thus welcoming contributions from every part of the country, Harper's Magazine has essentially prevented the Magazine from assuming a sectional character, or becoming the organ of any literary association" clique or party.

In its Illustrations especially, Harper's is wholly without a rival. Its Illustrations during the past year have cost more than Six Thousand Engravings, executed in the highest style of the Art, by the most celebrated Drawings by Darley, Parsons, Hitchcock, Fredericks, Walcutt, Townsend, Hoppin, Church, Lossing, Vogt, Bellew, McLenan, Shattuck, Hoppin, Dallas, and other Artists. For these Illustrations paid not less than *One Hundred and Twenty Thousand Dollars*. The cost of the Illustrations alone has considerably exceeded this amount. Harper's Magazine has therefore, for the last two years, cost more than a *Quarter of a Million of Dollars* to American Authors and Artists.

The Publishers gratefully acknowledge that this large outlay has been remunerative beyond their most sanguine expectations. They have felt sure that Harper's Magazine would "make its way into the hands or the affections of the intelligent community of the United States," but the number of those readers has proved far greater than they had anticipated. The present large circulation of the Magazine will continue to increase with the growth of population, and the Publishers will spare no pains and manner in which it will hereafter be conducted, to render it more deserving than the contents of the Volumes already issued.

TERMS OF HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

One Copy for One Year . . . . . $ 3 00
Two Copies for One Year 5 00
Three or more Copies for One Year (each) 2 00
And an Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of Ten Subscribers.

The postage upon Harper and Harper's Magazine, together, one year, $1 60.

☞ The postage upon "Harper's Magazine" must be paid at the office where it is received. The Postage is *Twenty-one Cents* a year.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A FIRST-CLASS ILLUSTRATED PAPER.
THE BEST AND CHEAPEST
FAMILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD.

Five Years a Newspaper. Five Years a Success.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS'S New Serial, entitled "A TALE OF TWO CITIES," illustrated by Fredericks and McLenan, was commenced in "Harper's Weekly" for July 9, and will be continued through the year, and completed.

THE CELEBRATED CURTIS Illustrated Serial Tale of American Life, entitled "LOTOS-EATING," commenced in Harper's Weekly" for April 9.

TERMS OF HARPER'S WEEKLY.

One Copy for One Year $1 00
One Copy for Two Years 1 50
One Copy for Four Years 4 00
Two Copies for One Year 1 50
Twelve Copies for One Year 10 00
Twenty-five Copies for One Year 20 00

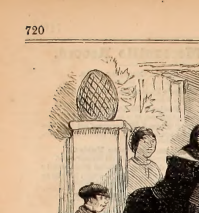
An Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of Twelve or Twenty-five Subscribers.

TERMS FOR ADVERTISING.—*Fifty Cents a Line.*

A liberal Discount will be made to those wishing to *Advertise for three Months or more.*

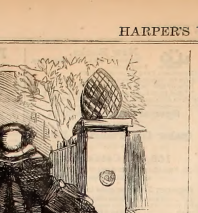
* Persons living in the City of New York wishing "Harper's Weekly" left at their houses, will please send their names at the Office of Publication, or by postal card, to the Office of Publication.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers,
Franklin Square, New York.



NOT A BAD JUDGE.

ALIMENTIVE BOY. "My eye, Tommy, wouldn't I like to Board in that 'ouse, just!"



A WET DAY IN THE COUNTRY.

BADGE. "Think rain'll die a deal o' good, CHARLEY?"
BLODGE. "Oh, shirtinly!—make water so very plentiful."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

GEORGE G. EVANS,
PUBLISHER,
No. 439 Chestnut Street,
PHILADELPHIA.

Now Ready,

The Best Book of the Season.
TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.
MEMOIRS
OF
ROBERT-HOUDIN,
AMBASSADOR,
AUTHOR,
CONJUROR,
WIZARD,
MAGICIAN,
NECROMANCER,
DOUCHEUR,
ENCHANTER, AND
PROFESSOR OF SLEIGHT OF HAND,
Written by Himself.
EDITED BY
DR. R. SHELTON MACKENZIE.

With a copious Index.

This Book is full of interesting and entertaining anecdotes of the interview of the Great Wizard with the most distinguished personages of the present day, and gives descriptions of the manner of performing many of his most curious tricks and transformations.

From the Editor's Preface.

A man may not only "take his own life," by writing his Autobiography, without committing *felo de se*, but may carry himself into future time, by producing a book which the world will not willingly let die. This is what Mr. Robert-Houdin, the greatest artist in what is called Conjuring, has lately done in the remarkable book *Confidences d'un Prestidigiteur*, a faithful translation of which is here presented to the American reading public. The work has had the greatest success in Europe, from its lively style, the variety of information it contains, its curious historical and philosophical bits on the practice and principles of sleight-of-hand, and the effort it makes to tell as well as enchanting, which suits to make perfect the exhibition of White Magic, the antipodes of what our forefathers knew, persecuted, and punished as the Black Art.

Handsomely bound in one volume 12mo, cloth, 445 pages. Price $1 00.

And upon receipt of 21 cents additional for postage, a copy of the Book and a handsome present worth from 10 cents to $100 00, will be sent to any person in the country.

IF YOU WANT A BOOK,
Send to George G. Evans' Establishment for it.

YOU CAN GET GOOD BOOKS.
YOU CAN GET CHOICE BOOKS.
YOU CAN GET BOOKS WORTH READING.
YOU CAN GET ANY BOOK YOU WANT.

And excellent that's Handsome Present, worth from 10 CENTS TO $100
IS GIVEN WITH EACH BOOK.

Address all your orders to
GEORGE G. EVANS,
ORIGINATOR OF THE GIFT BOOK BUSINESS,
AND PROPRIETOR
of the
LARGEST GIFT BOOK ESTABLISHMENT IN THE WORLD.
No. 439 CHESTNUT STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.

FROM CLAPP'S
Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.

— In our advertising columns will be found the notice of Helmstreit's Hair Restorative, an article advertised by the very responsible firm of W. E. Higgs & Co., of Troy, N. Y. The certificates of its excellency and efficacy are numerous, and it is every way worthy of the attention of those who are in need.

Price 50 cents a bottle. Sold everywhere.

Perfectly Pure
CREAM TARTAR
AND
BI-CARBONATE SODA.

We have the finest brands and best qualities in this line, for the purpose of supplying the most particular CHEMISTS, DRUGGISTS, CONFECTIONERS, and GROCER FAMILY STORES with an article *perfectly pure and unadulterated*, (let our name on the papers and boxes) The CREAM TARTAR is prepared under *our own supervision!* We sell these goods in any desired package suitable for any trade.

THOMAS ANDREWS & CO.,
128 and 125 Cedar Street, N. Y.
Established twelve years!

DELANO
Life-
Preserving
Coat and
Vest
Company.

Office
and
Salesroom
No. 256
Broadway,
opposite
the
City Hall
Park.

Vest not Inflated.

Vest Inflated.

The above Company are manufacturers of Life-preserving Coats, Vests, Shirts, and Jackets for Men and Boys, and Waists and Sacks for Ladies. These garments look like, and can be worn the same as ordinary clothing, and yet are the most *perfect life-preservers ever invented.*

We would draw attention to the annexed unsolicited letter.

NEW ORLEANS, *October 9*, 1853.

Delano Life-Preserving Coat and Vest Company.

Gentlemen:

Having been saved by one of your "PATENT LIFE-PRESERVING VESTS." I deem it my duty to make it known to the public. I was on the Steamboat "Princess" when she was burned, and had it not been for one of your Vests I must have perished (unavoidable), which I have been deemed. I therefore cordially recommend it to the public.

I am, Gentlemen,
Your well wisher,
Captain I. D. THOMSEIN.

METHODIST BOOK CONCERN,
200 MULBERRY STREET, NEW YORK.

Prior to creation of Society of Members from our body, composing *Sacting Machines*, with requests to procure Sewing Machines, we have, in conjunction with some leading Houses, carefully and thoroughly examined the various machines, practical value for family sewing, and find those made by the WHEELER & WILSON MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 505 Broadway, New York, to fully combine the essentials of a good instrument, and such as we can confidently recommend.

Having seen so favorable results from their use, in our own and the households of our friends, we are desirous that their benefits should be shared by all our brethren, and hence have interested ourselves in their behalf.

With best wishes, your Brethren,

Abel Stevens,	Thos. Carlton,
Daniel Wise,	J. Porter,
David Terry,	J. M. DAGGETT & COLS.,
	Chas. Edwards,
	Wm. A. Gee.

THE NEW NOVELS BY CHARLES READE
AND
The Author of "GUY LIVINGSTONE."

HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, New York,
Have just Ready:

A GOOD FIGHT AND OTHER TALES.
By CHARLES READE,
Author of "Love me Little, Love me Long," &c. Embracing "A Good Fight."—"Jack of All Trades."—"Autobiography of a Thief." Illustrations.
12mo, Muslin, 75 Cents.

SWORD AND GOWN.
By the Author of "GUY LIVINGSTONE."
8vo, Paper, Twenty-five Cents.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS will send either of the above Works, postage paid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS and all BRONCHIAL IRRITATION, SORENESS, or any affection of the THROAT CURED, by the HEALING LOZENGE in CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING COUGH, ASTHMA, CATARRH, RELIEVED by BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES, or COUGH LOZENGES.

"*A simple and elegant combination for Cough.*"—Dr. DR. G. F. BIGELOW, Boston.

"*Have proved extremely serviceable for* HOARSENESS."—Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

"*I recommend their use to* PUBLIC SPEAKERS."—Rev. E. H. CHAPIN, New York.

"*Most salutary relief in* BRONCHITIS."—Rev. S. SHEPHERD, Murderlown, Ohio.

"*Beneficial when compelled to speak, suffering from* COLD."—Rev. S. J. P. ANDERSON, St. Louis.

"*Efficient in removing* HOARSENESS *and Irritation of the Throat*, so common with SPEAKERS and SINGERS."—Prof. M. STAN JOHNSON, Lexington, Ky.

Teacher of Music, Southern Female College.

"*Great benefit when taken before and after preaching, as they prevent* HOARSENESS. *From their good effect, I think they will be of great general advantage to me.*"—Rev. E. HOWELL, A.M.,
President Athens College, Tenn.

Sold by all Retail Druggists in the United States and Canada, at 25 cents per box.

Also, BROWN'S LAXATIVE TROCHES, or *Cathartic Lozenges, for Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Constipation, Headache, Bilious Affections, &c.*

The following Wholesale Dealers in New York buy "TROCHES" largely, and can supply the trade in quantities less than $ grow at our prices.

HEGEMAN & CO.
A. B. ROSEN & CO.
MCKESSON & ROBBINS.
LAZELL, MARSH & BYRNE
B. A. FAHNESTOCK, HULL & CO.
J. H. HAZARD.
FENTON, PARKER & MOWER.
J. T. ROBERTS.
P. D. ORTH
PARRISH & PARK.
F. C. WELLS & CO.

WARM CLOTHING.

We now offer large assortments of Fall and Winter Clothing, just manufactured, in our own styles, consisting in part of

ESQUIMAUX BEAVERS,
MOSCOW BEAVERS,
ELDER DOWN BEAVERS,
MADENTA BEAVERS,
PRESIDENT BEAVERS,
CLARENDON BEAVERS,
DREADNAUGHT BEAVERS.

Also, complete suits of all styles of CASSIMERES and Beaver suits, and all the late styles Velvet and Cashmere Vestings, &c., &c.

BOYS' CLOTHING
AND FURNISHING GOODS
in great variety, at the lowest prices of the trade.
WM. H. HAVILAND & CO.,
Nos. 823, 825, and 827 Broadway.

Forty Dollars per Month.

500 Agents wanted to travel and solicit orders for the celebrated Finest Fifteen Dollar *Sewing Machine*. Salary $40 per month, with all expenses paid. For sample machine, and full particulars, address, with stamp enclosed, for return postage,
J. M. DAGGERT & COLS.,
Boston, Mass.

Farrel, Herring & Co.'s
(Herring's Patent)
Champion Fire and Burglar Proof Safes,
629 CHESTNUT STREET *(Jaynes' Hall)*
PHILADELPHIA.
Sideboard and Parlor Safes for Dwelling Houses, &c.

DR. J. D. MARCHISI'S
CELEBRATED
UTERINE CATHOLICON,
FOR THE RELIEF AND CURE OF SUFFERING FEMALES.

With such universal suffering as subdues the female life, a really efficient medicine must be their best friend. Where the most eminent physicians have failed, this Catholicon has restored health to the patient and happiness to the fireside. "The cures of Female Complaints by Marchisi's Catholicon are truly surprising."—*New York Commercial.* "Its wonderful curative powers in our own family."—*Farmer's Advocate.* "We can testify ever answered the recommendations in the circulars it in my practice with astonishing results."—R. B. FENTON, M. D., *Marietta, O.* "I have tested it in cases of Irregularities, Uterations, Leucorrhœa, Flooding and Painful Menstruation, Prolapsus Uteris, &c., with great success. It is worthy of the notice of the Faculty."—Jos. C. CRESSEE, M.D., *Baltimore, Md.* "Prevent upon medical men to use it."—JAMES LOVE, M.D., *Lawrenceville, Ga.* Such letters pour in from a thousand sources, showing it to

Never taken without Benefit.

It is active and efficient in any form of disease peculiar to the Female Sex. Daughters, Wives, and Mothers, Marchisi's Catholicon will cure you. A pamphlet, with symptoms, treatment, letters, &c., sent gratis by mail, on application. Sold by all Druggists. Ask for Marchisi with any other name. It is sold at $1 per bottle, or three bottles for $5, by an Agent in almost every town. When sent by mail, *sealed* money, and order by Express. Address

BARNES & PARK, General Agents,
12 and 18 PARK ROW, N. Y.
Or J. D. PARK, Cincinnati; Weeks & Potter, Boston; J. Wright & Co., New Orleans. J. D. MARCHISI, M.D.

Ladies' Furs at Genin's Bazaar,
513 Broadway,
Under the St. Nicholas Hotel.

HUDSON BAY SABLE,
RUSSIAN SABLE,
MINK, MARTEN,
ROYAL ERMINE,
FRENCH SQUIRREL,
CHILDREN'S FURS,
IN ELEGANT VARIETY,
STOCK LACES,
ASSORTMENT COMPLETE,
PRICES MODERATE.
GENIN'S BAZAAR,
513 Broadway.

WILL SHORTLY CLOSE,
CHURCH'S
"HEART OF THE ANDES."

Now on Exhibition at the STUDIO BUILDINGS, No. 15 Tenth Street, between 5th and 6th Avenues. Open from 9 A.M. to 9 P.M., and from 7 to 10 Evenings. Admission 25 cents. J. McCLURE.

FAMILY KNITTING MACHINES FOR
Family use, Manufacturing purposes, 484 Broadway, as chairs, opposite St. Nicholas Hotel.
H. C. LEE, Agt.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. III.—No. 150.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1859. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

A NEW SERIAL.

WE shall commence in an early number of *Harper's Weekly* a new Serial Tale by WILKIE COLLINS, Esq., of which we have purchased the advance proof-sheets from the author. This Tale will be continued through the *Weekly* till it is completed.

In reply to several inquiries, we beg to say that Mr. DICKENS's new Serial, "A TALE OF TWO CITIES," was commenced in *Harper's Weekly* on May 7, and Mr. CURTIS's delicious Story of American Society, entitled "TRUMPS," on April 9. We can send back numbers from those dates, or from the beginning of the year, to any person who remits the money.

We print from 80,000 to 93,000 copies per week.

THE PRISONER BROWN AND HIS BOSTON COUNSEL, MR. HOYT.—DRAWN BY PORTE CRAYON.—[SEE PAGE 729.]

Our Illustrations.

We continue in this number our Illustrations of the Harper's Ferry outbreak, drawn by our special artist, Porte Crayon. We have now published the following Illustrations of this memorable event:

1. Harper's Ferry.
2. Another view of the same, showing the Armory, etc., etc.
3. The attack on the Engine-house by the U. S. Marines.
4. The Guard-room, with the wounded prisoners.
5. Brown, wounded and a prisoner, during his examination by Governor Wise.
6. Body of Brown's son.
7. The trial of Brown at Charlestown.
8. The arraignment.
9. Brown and his counsel, Mr. Hoyt.
10. Portrait of Colonel Washington.
11. Brown's arms—swivel gun and pike.
12. The school-house in the mountain, used by Brown as an arsenal.

THE ARRAIGNMENT.—DRAWN BY PORTE CRAYON.—[SEE PAGE 729.]

THE OLD CHURCH.

BY J. WALTER SCOTT.

The old church standeth
In a lonely nook,
Where the day gleameth
Through the tulip-trees,
Which forever look
On its mysteries.

The fang'd bug buzzeth
In the chancel-way;
The blue-fly crawleth
On the dusty pane;
And each sunny day
Brings an insect rain.

The gray rat roisteth
Over the loose floor;
The black snake hisseth
From the crumbling wall;
While shakes the half-door
In the windy hall.

When the night falleth,
For its absent mate
The night-bird calleth—
And a mournful pall,
Like an accurs'd fate,
Wrappeth all—all—all.

The dim ghost stealeth
Through the grass-grown aisle
The organ pealeth,
As in days of yore,
Through the ruined pile,
"Forevermore."

When the Old Year dieth,
At the watch-night noon,
The New Year cometh;
And a spectral throng
Fill the darkend room
With prayer and song.

And again prencheth
The white-haired priest;
And again kneeleth
A repentant crowd
At the holy feast—
Some weeping aloud.

Oh! the wind telleth
The old, old tale;
And each stroke soundeth
Like a dying groan,
Or a cry from hell,
In dolorous tone.

Mystery palleth
Without and within;
Deep darkness falleth
On all things below—
Mixing what hath been—
Mixing now—now—now.

EDGEWOOD, on the Hudson, 1859.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1859.

WILL JOHN BROWN BE HANGED?

JOHN BROWN has been sentenced to be hanged on 2d December. The question is, Will Governor Wise interpose to prevent the accomplishment of the sentence?

On the face of it, John Brown should be hanged. He has found guilty of crimes for which the fixed penalty is hanging. He has had a fair trial. It has been proved that he was in full possession of his reason at the time the crimes proved against him were committed. No extenuating circumstances can be urged in his case. He did the deed with premeditation, and there seems to be no good reason why he should not suffer the penalty. If he be reprieved or pardoned under such circumstances, the cause to be capital offenses in the Old Dominion.

At the same time there is a decided impression abroad that John Brown will not be hanged. Authoritative newspapers and Democratic leaders have repeatedly opinioned that he will be the commutation of his sentence. Appeals for mercy to Governor Wise have been forwarded from highly respectable quarters. Most of these take the ground that Old Brown was a fanatic and a madman, and that it would reflect honor on the South to pardon him his fanatic and a madman, and that it would reflect honor on the South to pardon him his act of charity. It is urged that, after all, John Brown only carried into practical effect the teachings of the New York *Tribune*, and other Abolitionist organs; and that while the teachers escape unscathed, it is not worth while to execute the poor ignorant disciples.

We have no advice to offer Governor Wise on the point; if he be the man we take him for, he needs none. Certain it is that the hanging of Brown would strengthen, as the pardon of Brown would discredit, the Northern Abolitionist party. Whether the relaxation of justice in his case would tempt other fanatics to repeat his treasonable attempts, is a question which Governor Wise must decide for himself. If the pardoning of Brown is going to encourage other fanatics to repeat his treasonable attempts, it is quite clear that he ought not to be pardoned. But if the pardoning of Brown is going to encourage other fanatics to repeat his treasonable attempts, it is quite clear that he ought not to be pardoned. But if the South can afford to be merciful to this deluded old man, it will stand much better in Northern eyes for the contest of next year.

DEMOCRACY IN CITIES.

WELL-ORDERED newspapers keep among their usual "standing matter" the heads, "RIOT AT BALTIMORE!—"MOBS BLOODSHED AND BURNING." Ever since the brutal treatment of General Lingan, the city of Baltimore, one of the most beautiful and pleasantest cities in the Union—a place famous for the charming tone of its society, the wit and good-breeding of its men, and the beauty of its women—has been chiefly famous for periodical riots and ever-recurring scenes of turbulence, blackguardism, and bloodshed. During the last thirty years every three months, at least, some disgraceful affray at Baltimore has attracted the scorn and aroused the horror of civilized people. We need hardly add—as we are in the month of elections—that the usual scrimmage is not long in coming off, and that the list of killed and wounded is respectable.

The inference drawn by most of our contemporaries is unfavorable to the moral character of the Baltimore people. One journal says that Baltimoreans are naturally rowdies. Another asserts that the Baltimore police are always bees very inefficient. A third founds an argument on the proximity of Baltimore to Philadelphia and Washington, and declares that the roughs of these two cities, when they want excitement, go to Baltimore to get it. We do not pose to institute an inquiry into the moral character of the people of Baltimore, or the efficiency of their police force; nor is it worth while to examine whether the neighboring cities use it as a neutral ground whereon they may enjoy a fight with impunity. These are questions which concern Baltimore more than us.

But we think it is well to remember, in reviewing the Baltimore scandal, that it is merely an extreme development of a feature which is common to all great cities. Within two years there has been a Vigilance Committee in New Orleans; New York has been almost in a state of siege, the military have paraded the streets in martial order, and the Police Force has been the scene of a desperate conflict. A very few years since periodical battles between firemen rendered Philadelphia almost uninhabitable. At Boston the burning of convents, and the riots retendant upon the surrender of a fugitive slave, have not been forgotten. In fact, there is no great city in the Union in which, at some time or other, the turbulent passions of the mob have not resisted the law supremacy with the established authorities, and proved their earnestness by some sanguine effort or blow. The same thing is true of great cities in Europe. In London the Parliament has been frequently surrounded by mobs; there was when the Duke of Wellington dared not be seen entering his house; and Lord George Gordon's riots are well remembered. In Paris the mob rises every few years, and generally overthrows the Government altogether. Experience proves, in a word, that mobs and hideous crimes are natural phenomena of all great cities; that they are the usual fruit of heterogeneous assemblages of men, and the accumulated surplus of active animal energy.

The question for the legislator is, therefore —how shall

The patrons of the Opera in this country are people who are familiar with the institution in other countries. They know who are famous and who are unknown. If an unknown singer appears and does well, the fact is at once recognized, and there is no impediment to success. A man or woman has as good a chance in Irving Place as in any opera-house in the world. But you can not suppose a success upon a first appearance. The first night Parodi sang at the old house in Astor Place her dress was torn and the wires had been pulled. She sang for charity in the ship coming over. She was received with a kind of supercilious enthusiasm. In the next week she succeeded at her hotel. She was announced as the pupil of Pasta. The audience knew that opera-pupils are all ready. A dew has left its fresh impress to the stage, bearing an ode of welcome in Italian. Nothing was wanting but to shut the door, justify all this tumult, which we all know was manufactured. She sang, and the result was sure. She had come unheralded, she would have seemed a very fair singer. But when you bring out with beauty eyes and exceeding care a bottle labeled "Imperial Tokay," and then pour from it minutes and minutes—a way in a very tolerable palace for many people, had your guests been long all faith in Tokay lacks, and hope nothing, and say nothing, a future visit to your house is sure.

How would it answer to apply a little common sense to the management of the Opera? The managers are very correct believe in music, in the way, but why should they so plainly show that they think so?

PERSONS.

THAT a man has written a good book, or painted a fine picture, or developed a new motive power, or done any other brilliant or useful work, hardly seems to be a sufficient reason for claiming him of the privilege of privacy. A famous man is properly an open property. He has made himself. He chooses to be. The results of his thought, the creations of his imagination, the record of his experience he gives to the world in the way that seems to him best, and which the world welcomes. The world has a right, for the world pays the price to his window and see whether he wears a white or colored shirt in the morning; and writes to the newspapers to announce the fact that he has a breakfast-table.

Of course there is a very natural personal curiosity about every famous person. But it does not at all follow that such a curiosity is to be gratified in every way which he may please. The minute details which Walton gives of George Herbert, or Boswell of Johnson, or Lockhart of Scott, are characteristic and interesting, like those Plutarch relates of his heroes; but it is an immense impertinence to suppose that we care to know what Mr. Dickens had for dinner yesterday, or who made Mr. de Lamartine's boots. A man's private life is not exposed in every life which are only to be related when a man's whole history is worth telling; and then, with perfect propriety, it should be given.

Gossip may very easily be confounded with information, but it is a profoundly different thing. The public is very fond of gossip; but it is as poor a taste in the street as in the parlor, and a dealer in gossip is already almost a scandal monger. An incessant use of a name in this kind of tendon gives a person the air of a candidate or candidate enjury during a canvass. Somebody, for instance, writes a book, and every few people ever hear of, fewer still read, and nobody especially likes. The person is a pleasant man, or, more dangerous still, woman, he is "universally liked." The "Personal" of the newspapers incessantly mentions him, merely for the sake of steadily bolstering for gossip. She is pretty as well as pleasant, rich, perhaps, as well as pretty. She is very far away weeks in the fashionable watering-places in New York hotel. Forthwith the letters of city correspondents to sated editors are filled with her praises. A purely factitious reputation is created and the victim of public gossip finds all sensible people laughing at her. Then the newspapers both creates and gratifies a personal vanity, perhaps, but it prejudices that vanity and silent public which confers fame. The number of distinguished people in this country of whom nobody ever hears is becoming overwhelming. Do you ever happen to think with what delight they read the fulsomest biographies in the papers, how they cut out the article it only an annual, and that there will be another fresh crop next year, in which they will have no share. Soon the longest purse will not avail, and only the stars shine forever. But when a lion's even a candle, but a straw—!

SOME NEW BOOKS.

OF course no reader and no critic can ever get to the bottom of the pile of new books. Perhaps Mr. Clapp, in his pungent *Saturday Press*, does most quick by superficial skimming in attractive print. The title of a new book printed in county type in a very valuable volume.

Mr. John Esten Cooke, of Henry St. John, Gentleman," is a novel of revolutionary days in Virginia. It is full of the old-fashioned stately style of which his other writings are examples: a kind of genteel, loitering, clinging tone of writing. Yet vague and reverent, envelops all he writes in an atmosphere of poetry. Mr. Cooke is a hearty, loyal Virginian, and his volume must print in the Old Dominion that a noble of the blue blood but in Spain. He is affectionately familiar with her history and her men, and he glories in her great days. "Henry St. John" is interesting as an illustration of that spirit and a memorial of those days; as a picture of Virginia in scene, incident, character, and in the levity of the age, that high lights every page. Many of Mr. Cooke's sketches and shorter stories, both in *Putnam's* and *Harper*, are remarkable for their tranquillity and tenderness.

Mr. Stoddard's "Book of Gold" is a very fascinating book. There is really little to tell about him but the story of his travels, which he has himself told at length. From these records, with great skill, Mr. Stoddard has compiled a sketch embracing mainly what is interesting and picturesque to every body, and interwoven with it glimpses of his childhood at Tapel, his maturity in Paris, and his old age in Berlin, as vivid and as characteristic that the reader closes the book with real regret—parting as with a friend, but with his calm, strong lineaments impressed upon memory forever.

There is a novel called "Out of the Depths," which has been highly commended by several intelligent newspapers, and which describes the life of a woman who sinks to the depths of social shame, and then rises by means of religious influences. It is an immense and solemn theme inadequately treated. And the author does with a very dull hand. There is nothing in the least degree pungent in the whole book. And it is clear that, although the author has seen a little of metropolitan life, the work is one of profound sympathy. But to do what such a subject demands requires much more space, a much bolder detail of description, a more unshrinking acuteness and moral nerve than this author displays. To do the work as it should be done would be to raise an outcry of horror, which the well-bred novelist and reader will not dream of admiration. To do it properly would be to put Hood's "Bridge of Sighs" into a great, quivering, passionate, triumphant history. But as yet nobody in our literature seems to have been equal to it, and therefore nobody has yet even approached from the attempt until now. The fault to find with "Out of the Depths" is not that it is disgusting, or exciting—for it is neither—but that it is less than a great theme.

The "Good News of God" is a volume of sermons by Charles Kingsley, published by Michael Doolady—a name not unknown to the old friend of *Arthur*. The collection of these fifteen sermons, vigorous, direct, and intelligible, also shows the English clergyman at his best. They are addressed to plain people, and all people may read them with profit and pleasure. It is curious to compare these sermons with a bold clergyman of the Church of England, now, with those of eldest contemporaries, Robertson of Brighton, Whately, Chillingworth. Instead of glittering with splendid rhetoric, and charging the enemy with tough controversial logic, they are unpretending and declamations and earnest exhortations to a Christian life. Mr. Kingsley's own account of his method might have preached at Bemerton, although they have more exuberant energy than he, and less pious fervor.

AIR TRAVEL.

IT is pleasant to see how unwavering is the confidence of men in their inventions and efforts. It is no less pleasant to see the generosity of Mr. Lowe, who proposes to cross the ocean in Excelsior, and who, before he starts, sends a cheerful letter to the public, informing us that the science of air navigation has made much more progress than we are aware of, and that it is "no reason to doubt" that his ship will "accomplish the grand end."

Probably he is the only man in the country who thinks so; and it by no means follows that he is therefore wrong. For if the universal public opinion be unwavering, the skepticism of the world is not always. It was universally believed in Europe in the theory that there are certain permanent currents of the air which may be turned to practical account, that there was a vast atmosphere of Columbus that lay sailing westward he would reach land, that the inhabitant of the moon was a keg, washed the steam puffing from the kettle, that the vapor might be made a motive power.

Probably the fields for adventurers and discoverers who have not yet succeeded, in this multanebuchy inquiry, are the most brilliant and hopeful ones in his American travels. "Your Highness may believe me, the globe of the earth is far from being known as it will be two or three hundred years at your royal court, and during seven years was told the way, and where to find it. But I will not leave opened the way, tailors and shoemakers are the privilege of going to discover new lands. Forgive me, Highness, and I beg, in the name of Ferdinando and Paria without my eyes being filled with tears when I remember all the many services of your Highness. I have not a hair that is not white, and my body is enfeebled. Heaven and earth now mourn for me. All who have died, live in pain, and die, mourn for me."

Mr. Lowe says that during the last fifty years at least three thousand ascensions have been made in this country, and eight thousand persons have made several voyages; and that it looks little out an eighth of the whole have been in any sense scientific voyages, yet enough have been established, and the proportionate danger of aerial travel has been shown to be less than that of other methods. Mr. Lowe has also shown that they are all seeking are the air currents—or rather one entirely convenient current—and that there is a certain ocean which flows constantly, and upon which, when once fully ascertained, subsequent experiments may be based.

Mr. Charles Green, the Englishman, was the original experimenter in ballooning; and Mr. Wise and Mr. Lamountain have been "prospecting" for it here. The journals of their excursions during the summer have been very interesting. Mr. Lamountain's account of his great journey from Watertown has an interest and excitement like Parry's and Franklin's arctic journals. A volume of such accounts, with proper pictures, would make one of the most welcome and fascinating holiday books for boys. And the effort of the aeronauts seems no more hopeless than the arctic search.

Mr. Lowe very truly says that the only way to develop the aeronautic science is to experiment continually. "I am not that he is about to give up," he says, "but I do propose to ascertain why, and to provide greater security for the future." And he should succeed, and land upon the other side of the Atlantic in two days—why, the new capsule of the City Hall will be about finished at the same time, and our honest Dogberrys will undoubtedly order it to be consumed in his honor. They can hardly do less for a man who transports himself over the ocean in two days than for him who sends a word through it in two hours. And it is doubtless with reference to Mr. Lowe's probable triumph that the civic edifice is being repaired.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

"A WIFE'S TRAGEDY" is a poem of a good deal of power, but of uneven execution. It is too long for the Lounger's space; but he will like to see something else by the same hand.

M. C. S. "Ipsissa" is a story by Le Marie Lounge, the author of "Undine." It was published some years since in this country in Putnam's "Library of Choice Reading." The author's name is not "Herr or Heidelfe," as an English woman.

"THISTLEDOWN." Has appeared with a low C. It is from the Greek *ekthlibo*—to squeeze.

—THISTLEAR. No: it is not pretty. It is the kind of verse that we write by the dozen.

NEW MAN-MONKEYS.

MONSIEUR PAUL DU CHAILLU, born a French man, but a citizen of the United States, has, for the last two years, been a scientific traveler in Central Africa. He has hunted and shot as perseveringly as Gordon Cummings, and with the noble end of increasing the knowledge of natural history. He has brought back with him from Africa many specimens of animals, birds, and fishes unknown, among others, by far the finest collection of *Troglodytes* in existence. Of these we engrave four of the finest.

Most of our readers will remember the engraving of a chimpanzee which we gave some months ago. The animal had been killed in Africa, carried to England in a run-pounces, and there "restored and stuffed in the most clever and skillful way." It was considered so valuable a specimen that the Prince Consort bought it and had it placed in the museum their task though decomposition had made such out work of the gorilla's corpse that they were forced to put the specimen out and perform the task in a more, two miles from any human dwelling.

Mr. Du Chaillu's gorilla is, therefore, that each of his great troglodytes is a more valuable specimen than this one. His are adult specimens; the one in London was not full grown when killed. His skins, skulls, and extremities are in good preservation; in fact, the whole collection of specimens had made such havoc that the taxidermists were driven to rebuild the creature, partly from various descriptions, and partly from intimate knowledge. He asserts, and we are inclined to agree with him, that the skeleton and skin of the great troglodyte are of animals exists in any museum in the world at that which he is about to exhibit in this city.

We must begin our description, then, as we said when we published the English gorilla. Troglodytes are the highest order of the Quadrumana, being extremely wild and ferocious; so much so that no traveler has ever been taken a live specimen. They are as much larger and more terrible than the great baboon of menageries as that animal is greater and more formidable than little monkey. He picks up pennies for the organ-grinder, his master, and is comparatively harmless. He is the animal on the authority of Professor Owen, that these powerful animals tore great branches from trees, and used them as clubs to beat lions, tigers, and other wild animals with which they fought. M. Du Chaillu's skulls for all ages prove that what the gorilla uses no weapon; when he fights he uses his teeth and hands alone. His muscular strength is almost very few creatures that can withstand his grasp. M. Du Chaillu states that, being in the interior of the African forest, at a distance of about four miles from one of his attendants, he heard the peculiar roar of an enraged gorilla, and rushed to his aid. He found a man, white and alone, when incensed, produces by battering its immense breast with its hands. Listening to the spot, he found his unfortunate attendant dying. His forefills had rushed upon him, seized him by the left leg-grips, dragged him a mile or so, then killed him upon the ground with such force that he lived but a few minutes. The engraving on page 724 is a true representations of the male gorilla in our engraving will show how vast his muscular power is. Between the male and female there is a difference in life, his bulk was probably much greater. His arms—the length of which is enormous—are much greater than that of his legs—are as thick as a stout man's thighs. It is fortunate that these terrible creatures are confined to the interior, and that progress does not correspond to their strength.

M. Du Chaillu has kindly furnished us the following extract from his journal, relating the chase of a male gorilla:

"Gaston and I one early this morning, rather discouraged, as we had spent the two preceding days looking for the gorilla. We had come to the forest tracks, but nothing of them.

"We followed over encampment, which was simply made with a few branches scattered on the ground, so as to form a bed. Gaston, the eagle, we resolved to spend the day in the ravines of the mountains, where we knew that we should find the tracks of the animal's progression. He cut his hands in many places, in order to get the blood on the spears; after which we followed in some charmed powder, which was to make his hands sure if called to shoot; he painted his body, and covered himself with his war clothes. As for me, I was dressed in my usual hunting costume, made of dark-blue cloth. I blackened my face and hands, in order not to be easily seen; and was, as usual, very careful in loading my gun, and in putting on the percussion caps.

"We spent the greatest part of the day in the midst of the mountains, and had but a short time seeing a spring, tracks of a gorilla which had just left. His footprints were very large, and we foresaw that we would have soon to encounter a most formidable animal. We were not mistaken, for after a while we were startled by the tremendous roar of the monster. At our approach he raised himself erect, beat with his powerful hands his tremendous chest, and advanced boldly toward us, looking with his fiery eyes straight into our faces as if full us defiance. He showed us, at the same time, his powerful teeth. There was no time to be lost. We brought our guns at the monster together and fired. He fell to the ground, uttering a tremendous groan, and was soon a lifeless corpse."

The other two varieties of the troglodyte family M. Du Chaillu considers to have been the first authentic specimens ever exhibited.

The first of these is the *Troglodytes Nschego*. Then is a skeleton of this troglodyte at Paris; but no skin nor where save in its native woods and in M. Du Chaillu's collection. The nschego's tail is to be the most intelligent of the apes. When taken young it is extremely docile. It has been taught to eat almost any thing. M. Du Chaillu caught a young one in Africa, which became so tame that he followed him about very much like a dog. When first taken its face and hands were as white as those of a newborn baby; but as it grew older its skin assumed a yellowish tinge, and gradually grew quite black. Some of its habits were curious. When it ate in manner and his stomach appeared dinner, it would retire to a commanding eminence, and there sit for hours with an indifferently inspected each dish; when the dinner was ready down came the nschego, crying, and whining, and shouting. Then his hosts were soon understood, and it was offered food; but it had not its least attention to the cooked fish, and would eat nothing if it was helped to that. It was a notorious thief; and in the mornings would hide near a cottage till the women had gone to the spring for water; it would then enter with the cunning of a monkey, and steal, and make off with what it could find—cooking, as our traveler states, to relish such stolen food much more than that which was freely given to it.

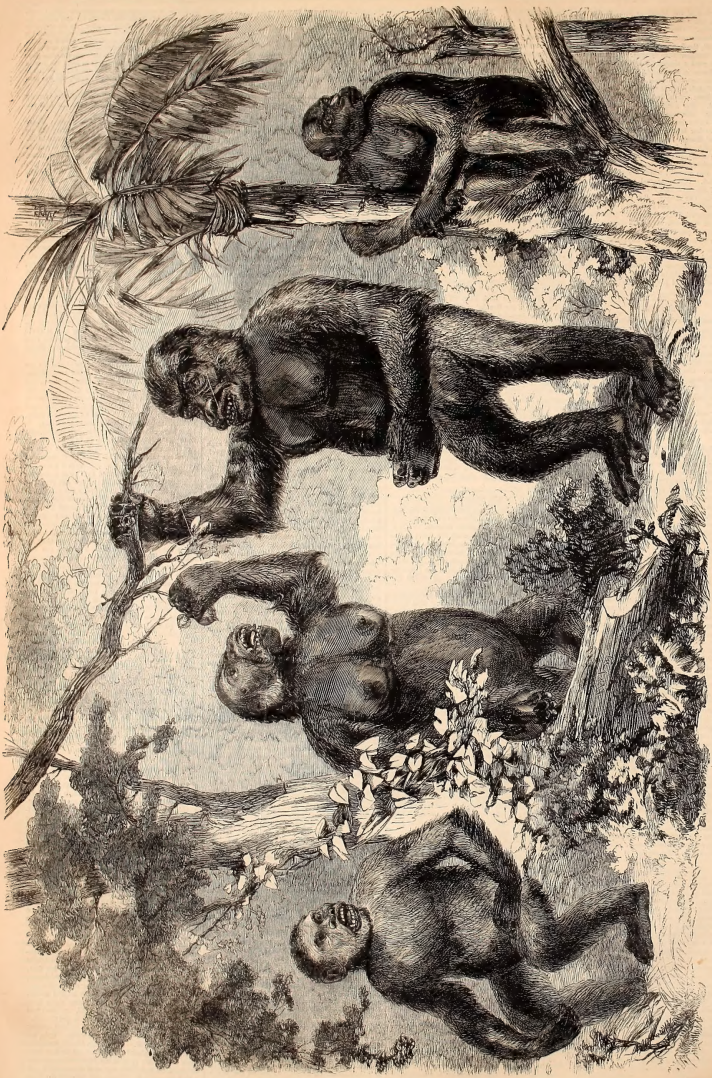
In a state of nature the nschego vindicates his supremacy over the intellect over other troglodytes. He lives with his wife in a retired manner, and builds himself a house like any Christian. The house is built on the ground, and on the under of a tree or rock; the nschego objects to the night air. The house is made of a frame and a stout, middle-sized tree standing alone in the forest. It must have a stout branch, projecting horizontally from the trunk at about six a diameter of twenty feet from the ground. When a tree has been selected the nschego and his mate go in search of branches, with which they construct a canopy so thick and so tightly fastened with vines round the branch that no rain can get in from any portion it. While one works in building the canopy, or roof, the other gathers leaves and moss, and carries them to the foot of the tree. Husband and wife never help each other, but work in separate establishments close by each other. It must not be supposed, however, that this arises from incompatibility of temper. On the contrary, they are never happy when separate. The first one who finishes his house, descends the tree and goes to aloud for the other, and does not cease to make the woods resound with his groans for Amaryllis till the absent one appears. Then the nschego-chirping creatures. After living a fortnight or so in a house they leave it and build another.

The most striking peculiarity of the nschego consists in the baldness of the head. No hair grows on the head or face, save the black cloth and gloomy. All other apes have hair on the head. The nschego's head is round, the peculiar crest like a helmet on the top of his head—an adjunct which renders it impossible for any thing short of a rifle-ball to break his skull by a straight blow. The nschego's head has no seam in the skull. The skin the nschego's head resembles a few gray hairs, like remains of a straggling beard. Its breast, like that of the gorilla, is bare, but the skin on the posterior extremities of the loins is destitute of hair. In the gorilla the fingers are much longer than those of the nschego's fingers, on the contrary, are long and very active. Its mouth is large; when it cries it extends literally from ear to ear.

The *Troglodyte Koolo-Kamba*, which is the fourth in our engraving, is surprising, in proportion the most fierce-looking of the quadrumana. We have never seen any thing more terrible than the expression of this creature's face. It is described by M. Du Chaillu to be an entirely new species. It inhabits the same localities as the two preceding Africa, and is called Koolo by the natives, its cry resembling the sound of that word. It is not so formidable as the male gorilla, but is stronger and stronger than the female. The hair is black and long, like the gorilla, resembling those of human beings; the head round, and surrounded by a growth of hair very like human whiskers and beard. So far as the head is concerned, M. Du Chaillu considers this troglodyte a nearer approach to human nature than any other species of the quadrumana family. It lives mostly in trees; and in order to catch branches it uses very long and powerful arms. Its fingers are general appearance not unlike those of a very large negro hand.

M. Du Chaillu can only state what he knows of the Koolo-Kamba tribe. He had it once owning on his return from the chase; and unfortunately, before he had it, proceeded to the spot with a trusty African attendant. He had blackened his face, and was crawling quietly on hands and knees, as noiselessly as possible, in order not to give any alarm. As soon as he began to look for the game, the animal he heard its cry in a tree above him. Raising his gun cautiously he fired, and the great beats fell with a thundering crash to the ground.

Those who take an interest in natural history should see M. Du Chaillu's collection. It is, we believe, unrivaled. The gorilla tribe is comparatively an unexplored page in natural history—the most interesting as it is the race which approximates most closely to our own species, and yet which comprises in strength and ferocity the most terrible denizens of the forest.



THE NEWLY-DISCOVERED MAN-MONKEYS.—[SEE PRECEDING PAGE.]

THE ENGULGO.

MALE GORILLA.

FEMALE GORILLA.

KOOLOO-KAMBA.

"A BEAUTIFUL POLITICAL INSTITUTION!"

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

TRUMPS.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

CHAPTER LXXIII.

IN AND OUT.

"And Boniface Newt has failed," said Mr. Bennet to his wife, in a low voice.

He was shading his eyes with his hand, and his wife was pencefully sewing beside him.

She made no reply, but her face became serious, then changed to an expression in which, from under his hands—for her husband's eyes were not weak, and he was only hiding them from her—her husband saw the faintest glimmering of triumph. But Mrs. Bennet did not raise her eyes from her work.

"Lucie?" He spoke so earnestly that his wife involuntarily started.

"My dear," she replied, looking at him with a tear in her eye, "it is only natural."

Her husband said nothing, but shook his slippered foot, and his wife saw a little lover in his limp, white cravat, as if he were hearing that soft music he seemed so often to hear, or tasting a luscious dish. His shoulders were considered about the room with that instinct of imparting and receiving sympathy which belongs to happiness. They were alone in the little parlor, with only the portrait on the wall for company, and only the roses in the glass upon the table, that were never wanting, and always showed a certain elegance of taste in arrangement and care which made the daughter of the house seem to be present though she might be away.

"What a beautiful night!" said Mr. Bennet at last, as his eyes lingered upon the window through which he saw the soft illumination of the full moonlight.

His wife looked for a moment with him, and answered, "Beautiful!"

"How lovely these roses are, and how sweet they smell!" he said, after another interval of silence, and as if there were a change in the pleasant dreams he was dreaming.

"Yes," she replied, and looked at him and smiled, and, smiling, sewed on.

"Where is Ellen to-night?" he asked, after a little pause.

"She is walking in this beautiful moonlight."

"All alone?" he inquired, with a smile.

"No! with Edward."

"Ah! with Edward." And there was evidently another turn in the pleasant dream.

"And Gabriel—where is Gabriel?" asked he, still shaking the slippered foot.

His wife smoothed her work, and said, with an air of tranquil happiness,

"I suppose he is walking, too."

"All alone?"

"No, with May."

Involuntarily, as she said it, she laid her work in her lap, as if her mind would follow undisturbed the happy figures of her children. She looked abstractedly at the window, as if she saw them both, the manly candor of her Gabriel folding the calm sweetness of May Dewitt; the loyal heart of her blue-eyed Ellen clinging to Edward Wynne. Down the windings of her reverie they went, roses in their cheeks, and faith in their hearts. Down and down, farther and farther, closer and closer, while the springing step grew staid, and the rose bloom slowly faded. Farther and farther down her dream, and gray glistened in the brown hair and the black and gold, but the roses bloomed around them in younger cheeks, and the brown hair and the black and gold were as glossy and abundant upon those younger heads; and still the arms of those couples were twined and their eyes were linked, as if their hearts had grown together, each pair into one. Farther and farther—still with clustering younger faces —still with ever softer light in the air falling upon the older forms, grown reverenced, until—until—had they melted in the moonlight, or was she only blinded by her tears?

For there was more than in her eyes—eyes that glistened with tenderness—and there was a hand in hers, and as she looked at her own hand she knew that their hands were clasped, and each other because they saw the same sweet vision.

"My dear," asked Gerald Bennet, still holding his wife's hand, "was Columbus married?"

Gerald! what an absurd question! What do you mean?"

"Well, I suppose he was. But in all those old accounts of navigators and explorers longing for the Indies and distant diamonds, there is something very sad—very sad."

His eyes were musing, and his voice a little abstracted.

"Were their homes so unhappy that their whole life was a plan to leave them? Could they hope to find any thing so precious as they left? Poor Columbus!"

He moved his foot dreamily, and sat silent for a little while.

"For what shall it profit a man if he discover a continent, and lose his own home?"

He looked at his wife, and said,

"Could I have been the rich man I one day hoped to be—the great merchant I hoped to be, when I asked you to marry me—I could have owned nothing—you dismissed me—to be me as that very tear in your eye. I wanted to be rich—I felt as if I had cheated you, in being so poor and unconnected that you were bred so differently. For your sake I wanted to be rich." He spoke with a stronger, fuller voice. "Yes, and when Laura Magot broke my engagement with her because of my first failure, I resolved that she should see me one of the merchant princes she idolized, and that my wife should be every bit as happy, as large the wife of a richer man than Boniface Newt. Darling, you know how I struggled for it—but you did not know how I struggled when I failed. And I know who it was that made my heart my success, and who taught a man who wanted to be rich how to be happy."

While he spoke his wife's arm had stolen tenderly around him. As he finished she said, gently,

"I am not such a saint, Gerald."

"If you are not, I don't believe in saints," replied her husband.

"No, I will prove it to you."

"I defy you," said Gerald, as he kissed her forehead.

"Listen! Why did you say Lucia in such a tone, a little while ago?" asked his wife.

Gerald Bennet mused with arch kindness.

"Shall I answer truly?"

"Under pain of displeasure."

"Well," he began, slowly, "when I heard that Laura Magot's husband had failed, as I knew that Lucia Boniface Newt had once been jilted by Laura Magot because he failed, I could not help wondering—now, Lucia, don't you—could I help wondering if wondered how Lucia Darro would feel. Because—because—"

He made a full stop and smiled.

"Because what?" said his wife.

He lingered, and smiled.

"Because what?" persisted his wife, with mock gravity.

"Because Lucia Darro was a woman, and—I mean I'll make a clean breast of the whole cause, although a man and woman love each other as long and dearly as Lucia Darro and her husband have and do, there is still something in the woman that the man can not quite understand, and upon which he is forever experimenting. So I was curious to hear, or rather to see and feel, what your thoughts were; and, at the moment I spoke, I was sorry I set them, and I was surprised."

"Exactly, Sir; and that surprise ought to have shown you that I was no saint. Listen again, Sir. Lucia Darro's husband was never jilted by Laura Magot. He was a treacherous and ambitious young man who was engaged to that lady in an entirely different person from my husband. Do you hear, Sir?"

"Precisely; and who made him so entirely different?"

"Hush, Sir! I've no time to hear such folly. I, too, am going to make a clean breast of it, and confess that there was the least little sense of—of—of—well, justice, in my mind, when I thought that Laura Magot who jilted you, who were so unfortunate, and with whom she might have been so happy—"

Gerald Bennet dissented, with smiles and shaking head.

"Hush, Sir! Any woman might have been. Then she should have led such a life with Boniface Newt, and have seen him ruined after all. Poor soul! poor soul!"

"Which?" asked her husband.

"Both—both, Sir. I pity them both from my heart."

"Thou womanest of women!" retorted her husband. "Art thou no saint because thou jiltest thing?"

"No, no; but because it was not an unmixed pity."

"At any rate it is an unmixed goodness," said her husband.

The mother's glance, the glimmering uncertainty, had faded from his eyes. He sat quietly by on the sofa, swinging his foot, and with his head bent a little to one side over the long cravat.

"Gerald," said his wife, "let us go out, and walk in the moonlight, too."

In a few moments they were sauntering along the street. It was full and murmurous. The lights were bright in the shop-windows, and the throng of shoppers, more sensible than during the day, when it is drowned by the roar of carriage-wheels upon the pavement, had a friendly, social sound.

Broadway is never so pleasant as in the early evening," said Mr. Bennet; "for then the rush of the day is over, and people move with a leisurely air, as if they were enjoying themselves. What is that?"

They were going down the street, and saw lights and heard music and a crowd approaching. They came nearer; and Mr. Bennet and his wife turned aside, and stood upon the steps of a dwelling-house. A band of music came first, playing "Hail Columbia." It was surrounded by a swarm of men and boys, in the street and on the sidewalk, who shouted and sang and cried, and were followed by a file of gentlemen marching in couples. Several of them carried torches, and occasionally, as they passed under a house, they all looked up at the windows and gave three cheers. Sometimes, also, an individual in the throng shouted something which was received with loud hi-hi's and laughter.

"What is it?" asked Mrs. Bennet.

"This is a political procession, my dear. Look! they are coming by us at all; they are turning into Grand Street close by. I suppose they are going to call upon some candidate. Come, let us say something to it all; they will probably look up at this house and see us without thinking how simple and beautiful our institutions are. Do you not think of it, Lucia? What a majestic thing the popular will is!"

"Let's hurry, and we may see something," said his wife.

The throng had left Broadway and had stopped in Grand Street under a balcony in a handsome house. The music had stopped also, and all the torches were grouped in front. Gerald Bennet and his wife stood at the corner of Broadway. A gentlemanly-looking man took off his hat and waved it violently in the air, and a superb diamond-ring flashed in the torchlight as he did so. There was a shout.

"Three cheers for Newt!"

There was a burst of hoarse from the crowd —the drums rolled—the boys shrieked and emptied in the tone of various animals—the torches waved—and the gentleman cried, "One more!"—there was another stentorian yell and still another, and then the band played a short air. The windows did not open.

"Newt! Newt! Newt!" shouted the crowd. The young gentleman with the diamond-ring disappeared into the house with several others.

"Why, Sally, where the devil is he?" said one of them to another, in a whisper, as they ran up the stairs.

"I'm sure I don't know. Musher promised to have him ready."

"And I can't. Tie up to get here before we did," replied his friend, in the same hurried whisper, for the noise drowning in the hall-light.

When they reached Mr. Newt's room they found him lying upon a sofa, with Dr. Mosher and the Hon. Mr. Ele. Ellis were trying to get him up.

"I—I—I must," said he, with a pun," can't you?" cried Mr. Ele.

"No, I can't," replied Abel, with a half-unconscious smile.

At the same moment the impetuous roar of the crowd in the street stole in through the closed windows.

"Newt! Newt! Newt!"

"What in ——— shall we do?" cried Mr. Ezra Sheffield, walking rapidly up and down the room.

"Win let him get drunk?" demanded General Belch, angrily.

Nobody answered.

"Newt! Newt! Newt!" surged in from the street.

Thunder and devils, there's nothing for it but to prop him up on the balcony!" said General Belch. "Come now, heave to, every body, and stick him on his pins."

Abel looked sleepily round, with his eyes half closed and his under lip hanging.

"I can't no see," said he, thickly. "Dye know How Wem—Wam—ley? Darned sm — sm — smart feller. Said, 'Tain't no use."

And he leered and laughed.

The perspiring and indignant politicians grappled him—Sleepy and William Conder under the arms, Belch on one side, and Ele rendy to help any where. They raised their friend to his feet, while his head rolled slowly round from one side to the other, with a maudlin grin.

"Tain't no use," he said.

Indeed, when they had him fairly on his feet nothing further seemed to be possible. They were all holding him and looking very angry, while they heard the loud and imperative—

"Newt! Newt! Newt!" accompanied with unequivocal signs of impatience in an occasional tone or chip that rattled against the blinds.

In the midst of it all the form of the drunken man slipped down upon the sofa, and sitting down leaning on his hands, which rested on his knees, and with his head heavily hanging forward, he lifted his forehead, and seeing the utterly discomfited group standing perplexed before him, he said, with a foolish smile,

"Let's all sit down."

There was a moment of hopeless and helpless inaction. Then suddenly General Belch laid his hands upon the sofa on which Abel was lying, and moved it toward the window.

"Here, Sleepy, you open him behind—and Ele, and Conder, one on each side. There! that's it! Now we have him. I'll speak to the people."

So saying, the General removed his hat and bowed very low to the crowd in the street. There was a great shout, "Three cheers for Belch!" and the three cheers rang loudly out.

"Tain't Newt," cried a sharp voice; "it's Belch."

"Three cheers for Belch!" roared an enthusiastic somebody.

"D—n Belch," cried the sharp voice.

"Hi! hi!" cried the chorus; while the torches were waved and the drums rolled once more.

During all this time General Arcularius Belch had been bowing profoundly and gesticulating in dumb show to the crowd, pointing at Abel Newt, who stood, half supported, his real state concealed by the friendly night.

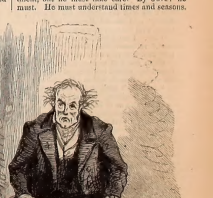
"Gentlemen!" cried Belch, in a piercing voice.

"Hist! hist! Down, down! Silence," in the crowd.

"Gentlemen, I am very sorry to have to inform you that our distinguished fellow-citizen, Mr. Newt, on the compliment which was assembled this evening, is so severely unwell ('Oh! gem!' from the sharp-voiced sleepy below) that he is entirely unable to address you. But so profoundly touched is he by your kindness in coming that he could not refuse to appear, though but for a moment, to look the thanks he can not speak. At the earliest possible moment he promises himself the pleasure of addressing you. Let me, in conclusion, propose three cheers for our representative in the next Congress, the Honorable Abel Newt. And now—" he whispered to his friends as the shouts began, "now log him in again."

The crowd cheered, the Honorable Mr. Newt was logged in, the windows were closed, and General Belch and his friends withdrew.

"I tell you what it is," said he, as they passed up the street, at a convenient distance behind the crowd, "Abel Newt is a man of very great talent, but he must take care. He drinks! he must. He must understand times and seasons.



"RICHES HAVE WINGS."

One thing can not be too often repeated," said he, earnestly: "if a man expects to succeed in political life he must understand when not to be drunk."

The merry company laughed, and went home with Mr. William Conder to crack a bottle of Champagne.

Mr. and Mrs. Bennet had stood at the street corner during the few minutes occupied by these events. When they heard the shouts for Newt they had looked inquiringly at each other. But when the scene was closed, and the cheers for the Honorable Abel Newt, "our representative in Congress,' had died away, they stood for a few moments quite stupefied.

"What does it mean, Gerald?" asked his wife. "Is Abel Newt in Congress?"

"I don't know it. I suppose he is only a candidate."

He moved on rapidly, as if he wished to walk away from any remarks, and his wife, who was not used to speed in his walking, smiled quietly, and, could he have seen her eyes, a little mischievously. She said, presently,

"Yes, our institutions are very simple and beautiful."

Mr. Bennet said nothing, and thinking the worse case, he walked more slowly. But his wife relentlessly continued,

"What a majestic thing the election of Abel Newt by the popular will will be!"

"My dear," he answered, "don't laugh until you know that it is the popular will; and when you do know it, cry."

They walked on silently for some little distance further, and then Gerald Bennet turned toward St. John's Square. His wife asked:

"Where are you going?"

"Can't you guess?"

"Yes, but we have never been there before."

"Has it any thing to do with it?"

"No, you dear soul! and I know very well you are going."

CHAPTER LXXIV.

RICHES HAVE WINGS.

THEY rang at the door of Penfield Newt. It was quite late in the evening, and when they entered the parlor there were several persons gathered about.

"Why! father and mother!" exclaimed Gabriel, who was sitting in a remote corner, reading and who instantly came forward, with May Newt following him.

Mrs. Newt rose and looked quietly at them, said, in an excited voice, that really she had no jobs, but she was very happy indeed, and that was sure, and so was Newt. When she had tied her sentence in an inextricable knot, she stopped and seated herself.

Boniface Newt rose slowly and gravely. He was hout like a very old man. His eye was hazy and dull, and his face pale.

"How do you do? I am happy to see you."

Then he sat down. The three Newtonians went up and shook hands with the new-comers. Boniface drummed slowly upon his knees with the long hairy white fingers, and rocked to and fro, mechanically, as he sat.

When Gabriel had ended his greetings there was a pause. Mrs. Newt seemed to be painfully conscious of it. So did Mr. Bennet, whose eyes wandered about the room apparently for a few instants upon Boniface, then sliding toward his wife, finally concentrated quietly as he entirely unconscious of any pause, or of any person, or of any thing, except some mysterious ornate ornament that he was beating with the bony fingers.

"It is a great while since we have met, Mrs. Newt," said Mr. Bennet.

"Yes," returned Mrs. Nancy Newt, rapidly; "and now I am sorry to be so very nearly violated, it is really high time that we became intimate."

She looked, however, very far off from intimacy with the person she addressed.

"I am glad that Gabriel are so happy, Mrs. Newt," said Gerald Bennet, in a tremulous voice, with a quivering mouth.

"Yes. I am glad Gabriel's prospects are so good," returned Mrs. Newt. "I've no doubt he'll be a very happy boy."

When she had spoken, Boniface Newt, still drumming, turned his head, and looked quietly at his wife. Nobody spoke. Gabriel only winced at what May's mother had said; and they all looked at Boniface. The old man gazed fixedly at his wife as if he saw nobody else, and as if he were repeating the words to which the bony fingers beat time, he said, in a cold, dry voice, still beating time:

"Riches have wings! Riches have wings!"

"I'm sure, Boniface, I know that, if any body else," said his wife, pettishly, and in a rather whimpering voice. "I think we've all learned that."

"Riches have wings! Riches have wings!" he said, beating with the bony fingers.

"Really, Boniface," said his wife, with an air of offended propriety, "I see no occasion for such pointed allusions to our misfortunes. It is certainly in very bad taste."

"Riches have wings! Riches have wings!" persisted her husband, still calling gently on him, and still beating time with the white bony fingers.

Mrs. Newt's whimpering broadened into crying. She sat weeping weakly, and wiping her eyes, in the way which used to draw down a storm from her husband. There was no storm now. Only the same placid stare. Only the same measured refrain.

"Riches have wings! Riches have wings!"

Lawrence Newt laid his hand gently on his brother's arm.

"Boniface, you did your best. We all did what we thought best and right."

The old man turned his eyes from his wife and went on silently drumming, looking at the wall.

"Nancy," said Lawrence, "as Mr. and Mrs. Bennet are about to be a part of the family, I see no reason for not saying to them that my vision is made for your husband's support. His affairs are as bad as they can be; but you and he shall not suffer. Of course you will leave this house, and—"

"I don't!" What will people say? Nobody'll come to see us in a small house. What will Mr. Conder say? No, Lawrence, I don't."

"Let her say what she chooses, Nancy. What will honest people say to whom your husband owes every dollar? If you don't try to pay them?"

"They are not my debts, and I don't see why I should be humiliated," said Mrs. Newt, vehemently, and crying. "When I married him he said I should ride in my carriage; and it has been a long time since I'd be a beggar."

There was profound silence in the room.

"I think we'll say," said Mrs. Bennet, quietly.

It was useless for Lawrence to argue. He saw it, and merely remarked,

"Do as you think best, and you'll give up the carriage and live as plainly as you can."

"To think of coming to this!" cried Mrs. Newt afresh.

But a noise was heard in the hall, and the door opened to admit Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Dinks.

It was the first time they had entered her father's house since her marriage. May, who had been the last person Fanny had seen in her old home, ran forward in great her, and said, cheerfully,

"Welcome home, Fanny."

Mrs. Dinks looked defiantly about the room. Her keen black eyes saw every body, and involuntarily every body looked at the corner of her father. He seemed quite unconscious of any new comers. Fanny's heavy figure plunged into a chair, whence his small eyes, green sullen, stared stupidly about. Mr. Newt merely said, hurriedly, "Fanny, Fanny," and relapsed, from the old habit of abrupt and apprehension, at her husband, into the same silence as her daughter. The silence gradually became oppressive, until Fanny broke it by saying, in a sneering tone,

"Oh! Boniface here."

He simply bowed his head, as if it had been pressing. Then he looked at his daughter rather than wagged, and his wife turned toward him, from time to time, with a tender smile. Mrs. Dinks, like Mrs. Newt, began to cry. Began to weep afresh.

"Plummit family party!" broke in the voice of Fanny, clear and hard as her eyes.

"Riches have wings! Riches have wings!" repeated the old man, drumming away with lean white fingers upon his knees.

"Will nobody stop my tiresome father?" said Fanny, looking sharply round. "What's going to be done? Are we all beggars?"

"Riches have wings! Riches have wings!" answered the stern voice of the old man, whose eyes were fixed as he turned to look.

Fanny turned toward him half angrily, but her black eyes quailed before the changed figure of her father. He was turned to her in stern, inexorable, dogmatic man, insisting, morning and night, that as soon as he was rich enough he would be all the more moved to Christian self-important, patronizing, cold, and unsympathetic friend of the family. Fanny felt that. She was this that sat in the parlor, in his chair, no longer pompous and fierce, but bowed, gray, drumming on his knees with the bony fingers?

"Father!" exclaimed Fanny, involuntarily, and frightened.

The old man turned his head toward her. The calm, hard eyes looked into hers. There was no sympathy, no pity, no tenderness, no forgiveness—nothing but a placid abstraction and ungovernable fear of his wife.

"Father!" Fanny repeated, rising, and half moving toward him.

His head turned back again—his eyes looked at the wall—and they heard the words, "Riches have wings!" in the same voice.

As Fanny sank back into her chair, pale and appalled, May took her hand and began to talk to her in a low voice. Lawrence Newt, Mr. Bennet, and Mrs. Dinks fell into a fragmentary conversation, constantly recurring to the words of the old man. The talk went on in broken whispers, and it was quite late in the evening when a stumbling step was heard in the hall, and Gabriel, and then stood Abel Newt, with his hat crushed, his clothes soiled, his shirt hanging, and his eyes lifted in a drunken leer.

"How do?" he said, leaning against the door-frame and steadying his head.

His mother, who had never before seen him in such a condition, started up, and uttered a frightened cry. Lawrence Newt and Gabriel rose, and, going toward him, took his arms and led him to a chair, where he sat down heavily, facing for either of them. His brow lowered and the sullen blackness shot into his eyes.

"Hands off!" he cried, in a threatening tone.

They still urged him out of the room.

"Hands off!" he said again, looking at Lawrence Newt, and then in a sneering tone:

"Oh! uncle, how very much Bennet! Come. I licked you like—like—like hell once, and I'll do it—I'll—I'll do it again. Stand back!" he shouted, with drunken energy, and struggled to free his arms.

But Gabriel and Lawrence Newt held fast. The others rose and stood looking on. Mrs. Newt hysterically weeping, and May pale with terror. Alfred Dinks laughed, foolishly, and gazed about for sympathy. Gerald Bennet drew his wife's arm within his own.

The old man sat quietly, only turning his head toward the noise, and looking at the struggle without appearing to see it.

Finding himself mastered, Abel swore fearfully, and struggled with drunken frenzy. After a little while he sank back exhausted and panting upon the floor. Lawrence Newt and Gabriel stood panting over him; the rest crowded into the hall. Abel looked about, stupidly, then crawled toward the staircase, laid his head upon the lower step, and almost immediately fell into a deep, drunken slumber.

"Come, come," whispered Gerald Bennet to his wife.

They took Mrs. Newt's hand and said good-by.

"Oh, dear me! isn't dreadful?" she sobbed. "Please don't say any thing about it. Good-night."

They shook her hand, but as they opened the door they saw a pale and moonlight midnight: they heard the clear, hard voice in the parlor, and in their minds they saw the beating of the bony fingers.

"Riches have wings! riches have wings!"

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE TRIAL OF JOHN BROWN.

ON Monday, Oct. 31, Mr. Griswold resumed up for the defense, and Mr. Harding for the Commonwealth in reply.

During most of the arguments Brown lay on his back, with his eyes closed.

Mr. Clinton asked the Court to instruct the jury, if they believed that Brown was not a citizen of Virginia, but of another State, they can not convict on a count of treason.

The Court declined, saying the Constitution did not limit the punishment of treason to citizens of Virginia or the citizens of any other State.

Mr. Clinton asked another instruction, to the effect that if the jury believed that the place where the treason was committed was within the boundaries of Jefferson County, Brown could not be convicted.

A recess was taken up for half an hour, when the jury came in with a verdict.

There was intense excitement.

Brown sat up in his chair while the verdict was rendered.

The jury found him guilty of treason, advising and conspiring with slaves and others, and murder, for murder in the first degree.

Brown bowed quickly, and said nothing.

There was no denunciation of any kind.

SENTENCE OF JUDGMENT.

Mr. Clinton moved an arrest of judgment, both on account of errors in the indictment and because the jury had rendered a verdict not based upon evidence as to the speaking on Brown's part of treason against Virginia, which was not on each count separately, but was a general verdict on the whole indictment.

On the following day Mr. Griswold stated the points on which an arrest of judgment was moved by the counsel for the prisoner.

Brown had been a citizen of the United States, and argued that treason could not be committed against a State of which the prisoner was not a citizen, citing the authority of Judge Story; also stating the jury had not found the guilty of treason against Virginia, and that the indictment—they had not responded to the offense. They had found the prisoner guilty of murder in the first degree, when the law made it murder in the first degree when committed in the night-time.

Mr. Hunter replied, quoting the Virginia code to the effect that treason against the State was to be under the jurisdiction of justice. As to the jurisdiction over treason, it was sufficient that Virginia had power to try the case, assuming that jurisdiction, and defining what constituted that crime.

On the day following the Court gave its decision, overruling the motion in arrest. In the opinion that treason can not be committed against a State, he ruled that a prisoner should be tried in the county he committed it. Most of the States have passed laws against treason. Brown had been tried in the county where treason in the Court also regarded as insufficient.

The Court, however, left Brown whether he had any thing to say why sentence should not be pronounced upon him.

BROWN'S SPEECH.

Mr. Brown immediately rose, and, in a clear, distinct voice, said: "I have, may it please the Court, a few words to say. In the first place, I deny every thing but what I have all along admitted, of a design on my part to free slaves. I intended to have done it in a much clean thing of that matter, as I did last winter, when I went into Missouri and took thence eleven slaves, and trapping of a gun on other side, moving them through Kansas and Iowa, without losing one of them, or killing any person, and brought them safe into Canada. That was all I intended. I never did intend murder or treason or the destruction of property, or to excite or incite slaves to rebellion, or to make insurrection. I have said enough on that point. It is not just that I should suffer such a penalty. Had I interfered in the manner which I admit, and which I admit has been fairly proved—for I admire the truthfulness and candor of the prisoner's witnesses who have testified in this case—had I so interfered as they have described in favor of the negroes, there would be no just cause of punishment. I should have deserved to suffer death for the crime of which I have been convicted. But the jury have found otherwise, and I must say that, considering all the circumstances, they have been very fair with me. I have also to say, that, upon the testimony of my own counsel, and upon the testimony of the prisoner's witnesses, that I had no design to kill any person, except in self-defense. That was my purpose distinctly from the first. I never had any design against the life of any person, nor any disposition to commit treason or to excite slaves to rebel or make any general insurrection. I never encouraged any man to do so, but always discouraged any idea of that kind. Let me say, also, in regard to the statements made by some of those who were connected with me: I fear it has been stated by some of them that I have induced them to join me, but the contrary is true. I do not say this to injure them, but as regarding their weakness. Not one joined me but of his own accord, and the greater part at their own expense. A number of them I never saw and never had a word of conversation with, till the day they reported for duty. That was for the purpose I have stated. Now I have done."

HIS TONE AND MANNER.

Brown's speech was delivered in a calm, slow, unfaltering tone, and with a dignified air. A correspondent of *the Herald* says:

"His composure, and his quiet and truthful manner while barring testimony to his great indulgence that had been given to every body by the Court throughout the whole of the proceedings, was the theme of every one's unbounded praise. When he concluded he quietly sat down, and for the next five minutes the silence in the room, for the first time followed by the sympathy of the people, who appeared to be in tears with sympathy.

"His counsel have put in a bill of exceptions, which will be referred to the Court of Appeals at Richmond."

HIS SENTENCE.

While Mr. Brown was speaking perfect quiet prevailed, and when he concluded the Court immediately announced the sentence upon him. After a few preliminary remarks, he said that the prisoner had been convicted of the crimes charged, and the sentence of the law was, that he be hung in public on Friday the 2d of December next.

The prisoner received the announcement without emotion. The only demonstration made was the clapping of the hands of a few persons in the room. It is not a wonder in Jefferson County. This was promptly suppressed, and much regret was expressed by the officers at its occurrence.

THE TRIAL OF COPPIC.

After Brown's trial was ended, Mr. Harding announced that he was ready to call the case of Coppic, who was brought in. The ceremony of passing him between files of soldiers was again performed.

Coppic took his seat between Messrs. Griswold and Botts, who appeared as counsel. The arraignment was postponed.

On the following day the jury was sworn in Coppic's case. The testimony was the same as already published, with the exception of the following: Upon the cross-examination was not conducted at the adjournment.

Mr. Griswold's speech for the defense resumed. No witnesses were introduced for the defense.

Mr. Harding opened for the Commonwealth; Messrs. Hunter and Faulkner followed, and Mr. Botts was to have closed for the prosecution. The speeches were of marked ability.

Mr. Griswold asked for several instructions to the jury, which the Court will grant if they see fit, but which were declined.

After being out an hour the jury came in with a verdict that Coppic was guilty on all the counts in the indictment.

His counsel gave notice of a motion for arrest of judgment, as in Brown's case.

The Court then adjourned.

CONVICTIONS.

A dispatch, dated Charlestown, Virginia, November 2, says: "Captain Cook, of Company H, Jefferson Guards, was found guilty this morning. The first count (for treason) was not found by the grand jury, but by Jefferson that it was not proven that the prisoner was a citizen of Virginia. The second count was found by the jury, which reads 'any free person,' etc. Sentence was deferred.

"Copeland, the mulatto, is now upon trial, Mr. Benjamin Botts is counsel.

"Mr. Griswold, who came especially in Brown's case, left this morning for Richmond.

"Tranquility is being restored."

A NEW TRIAL FOR OLD BROWN.

The Evening Post says that Mrs. L. Maria Child is the author of the following letter, which appeared unexpectedly in the following passage, dated October 29:

"I have just left Old Brown. He has received the Governor's permission to go to Charlestown to nurse Old Brown. I have seen him, and he is not at all the wild Abolitionist, that the world take to improper advantage of his generosity. The letter which he wrote to Governor Wise, to Brown himself, which she requested the Governor to show to Brown himself, which she requested the Governor to show to Brown himself, is not at all the wild Abolitionist, the best productions I have ever seen from the pen of a man of real, well-trained, well-balanced mind. The sentiments of sympathy, kindness, and affection that marvelous letter are those of a man of the highest culture. It avowed herself frankly a thorough Abolitionist, while disclaiming all sympathy with violence. Governor Wise read the note aloud to Brown. One letter was written to Governor Wise, and that was, that she was truly sincere in her offer to nurse Brown, and that she was truly sincere in her regret that so accomplished a person should suffer under the law, and that she intended to make every effort to do it; will grant her permission, and guarantee her perfect immunity from molestation. Governor Wise has left it as to the privilege of acting nurse to Brown, that is a matter in the discretion of the jailer and Governor Wise, and he may admit or exclude her at will. The presumption is that Governor Wise will admit her, as there is no excuse her because others in behalf of 'brave terrorists' as she has described Old Brown."

FRED DOUGLASS ON THE AFFAIR.

Fred Douglass has published a statement in which he says:

"Whatever, rightly, and most unanimously wrong in Mr. Cooke, when he asserts that I promised to be present at the time of the Harper's Ferry insurrection. Of whatever other imprudence and indiscretion I may have been guilty, I am not aware that I ever made any such rash and wild as this. The taking of Harper's Ferry was a measure as peculiar in conception as it was bold in point of time or place; my wisdom or my cowardice has not only been called in question, but I have been charged with even making my promise to go there.

"I say, emphatically, that I never published, organized, or assisted, or even to conspire against slavery, when I had the slightest hope for success. I could see nothing in nothing their fellow-men of their labor and liberty have been crowned with success, but only wild and desperate feelings, or purposes of those whom they rob and plunder.

"Entertaining this sentiment, I say he asked, why I did not join John Brown—the noble old hero whose son I had seen bleeding his life away beside him in Kansas Union, and whose ghost will haunt the bedchambers of all the slaveholders who participated in the bloody deeds of their generations, filling them with alarm and confusion? I answer, because I had no faith in the success of his enterprise. I could express, I did express, my sympathy with them.' Let every man work for the abolition of slavery in his own way.'

"I have no apology for keeping out of the way of those gentlemanly United States marshals who are said to have been watching my movements, and who were ready, on a wire to an interview with me. A government recognizing the existence of the glorious institution of slavery as time as this, is not likely to have any very charitable feelings toward me, and if I am to stand on trial for my treason, I prefer to do so at least upon equal terms.

"Some reflections may be made upon my leaving on a visit to England, just at this time. I have only to say that my going to that country has been rather delayed than hastened by the insurrection movement. I have All know that I had intended to leave here in the first week of November."

SENATOR HALE KNOWS NOTHING ABOUT IT.

Senator Hale published a letter in which he says: "I have been charged, in an equivocal language, that Seward, himself, myself, and others knew all about Brown's projected outbreak at Harper's Ferry, encouraged it, or participated in it: that this is proved by documentary testimony, and that we deserve a felon's fate on the gallows.

"I shall not undertake the task of vindicating either of the gentlemen named in connection with myself from any charges which may be brought against them, either directly or indirectly, by newspaper, or in any other mode, but leave that to their own honor, not doubting his entire ability to do it far more ably and effectually

fortunately thus I would. So far as relates to myself, I can only repeat my sincere regret and my sincere apology. I recognize the whole matter as belonging to another, and, I trust, a past, time, and, challenging the world for a particle of testimony, written or verbal, sustaining one of the charges thus recklessly brought against me, or for a single circumstance calculated to cast a suspicion upon me in an unprejudiced mind.

"I stand and say upon honor or intimation from any one that an insurrection or outbreak, or any thing of the sort, was contemplated by John Brown or any one else, in Virginia or elsewhere, nor had I the remotest suspicion of it; and was under the impression that the people of Kansas in Virginia were first made aware through the newspapers of the movement. I am sorry that the unhappy affair has given more anxiety to my friends than to myself, or hazard by any one with more regret. Yet I do know how to make this denial more broadly than I have."

CORNELL'S CONFESSION.

The following is the confession made by Cornelel, to the fund by telegraph from Cleveland on Tuesday:

Q. Are you John Cornelel, of Cleveland, and the same person that was indicted last year at Cleveland for receiving the stolen Jones & Quincy bonds?

A. Do your business with me in Oberlin if you have any. I request you to enter into the Harper's Ferry movement? A. I do. Q. Have you ever had any letters to Leary, at Oberlin, which I saw, and then refused to get them? A. I have.

Q. Who furnished you the means to come to Virginia? A. Ralph and Sewell Plumb gave me to understand I was to bear my expenses.

Q. Who elder Oberlin persons were at Harper's Ferry? A. None but Leary and myself.

Q. Where is Leary? A. He was killed in the river, near the little works.

Q. Did you come through Cleveland? A. Yes.

Q. On what day did you leave there? A. The day of the week before.

A. Where did you stop in Cleveland? A. I stopped at Isaac Sturtevant's, on Walnut Street: was there from Monday noon until Tuesday evening of the week before.

Q. Did Mr. and Mrs. Sturtevant know what you were going to Virginia for? A. No; they supposed I was to be the person who talked to me about it: I suppose Mr. J. Lane?

Q. Where did Plumb give you the money, and who was present? A. Ralph Plumb gave it to me privately. He and Leary were present; it was in Plumb's office, at Oberlin.

Q. Did the Plumbs know where you were going? A. Yes, and visited my room and my trunk, and saw its nicety just before leaving. Monday morning.

SIX LETTERS ABOUT BROWN.

Q. Did Charles H. Langston see you in Cleveland? A. He did, and knew of my business, as did a large company.

Q. Who directed you to go to Sturtevant's at Cleveland? A. Leary; he was directed by John Brown, Jun., to go there.

Q. Did you hear Ralph Plumb, on the day the slave [illegible] was rescued, pronounce it a good thing, or not, and if so, where? A. I did; it was in the parsonage in front of Watson's grocery.

Q. Have you any knowledge of an attempt to destroy a steamboat in the river at Cincinnati a year or two since? A. I understood that there was an intention to destroy a steamboat of the Louisville line, speaking about the same time.

Q. Did you know from Brown or any other person that body was carried from the slaves in the neighborhood? A. I did from Brown, that help would come from the slaves; that did not happen to be the case. On Sunday morning, after the fight had commenced, that my being shot through the arm was occasioned by my being at the Rifle-works, half a mile from the engine house.

Q. Did you learn from Brown or any of the company that persons at Harper's Ferry sympathized with you, or were in any way connected with the movement? A. From Brown I understood that there were persons there at Harper's Ferry who wished to get rid of the slaves, but would aid in no other way.

HOW TO GUARD AGAINST MORE JOHN BROWNS.

Major-General Scott, in his report to the War Department in Richmond, Virginia, in which he commends upon the Harper's Ferry affair, and showing the duty devolved upon the superintendence of military officers. They are military establishments, and not to be converted into places of military use, with a guard to protect and defend them. This ought to be made known to the people at all the State establishments in the South. Governor Wise, in his report to the Legislature, against attempts like Brown's, but they should happen, is not sufficient. Something might be much more illustrious than at Harper's Ferry. The use of the arsenal and armories, the public arms and other munitions of war stored in them, amounts to many millions."

RIOTING IN BALTIMORE.

In Baltimore election day was universally devoted to riot and bloodshed. The so-called Plug-Uglies, who determine the rollers who rule the city, surrounded the several ballot-boxes, and by the exercise of brute violence prevented the friends of the anti-rowdy party from voting. They even seized the impossibility of participating in the election by the friends of the Administration, and they shortly after abandoned the field to their successful foes, in fighting each northward and eastward in the city. In all but one the most flagrant acts of violence and brutality were perpetrated. Several persons were shot, others stabbed, and others so seriously beaten that their lives are despaired of. Mr. CHARLES H. RIDGELY, a peaceable merchant, was killed, receiving a pistol-shot in the brain; and Mr. JOHN H. HOFFMAN was severely injured with a bludgeon that he lies in a critical condition.

MORE MASSACRES.

We have received dates from Utah to October 8, with full particulars of the massacre of emigrants by a band of the Indians, previously reported. The savages attacked an emigrant train on the night of the 24th September, at a point twenty-five miles distant from Fort Hall, and killed five persons, five others were severely wounded, and they burned thirteen, from Buchanan County, Iowa. Three others are missing. The emigrants were from Captain Camp Floyd in safety. Developments had been made before the Federal Grand Jury, but no indictments found. In the Parrish murder. Robberies and outrages continue to be frequent and numerous in the Territory.

SERIOUS RAILROAD ACCIDENT.

An express train from Boston to Albany passed from Old Lee for Chicago, run off the track of the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad at Wolf Creek bridge, in Jackson Creek, eight miles south of Whitestown, Wisconsin. Eight persons reported killed, and a number of others wounded. So far as ascertained, all of the wounded were residents of Fond du Lac.

THE NIGHTS OF JEWS.

A case exciting great interest has engaged the attention of the courts in Rome. A Jew named Levy, a Jew, has been summoned as a juror in the Criminal Court. He refused to serve, and was fined to be at his duties in the Tribunal. He refused to obey the order, on the ground that he was observed by them of his faith as the Festival of Atonement, and that it would be impossible for him to serve. The Judge instantly imposed a fine of $500, subsequently reduced to $250, upon the delinquent, who, with the pecuniary aid of his co-religionists, proposes to contest the case, and enlists vexatious religious difficulty.

CONGRESSMEN SHOOTING BUFFALO.

Mr. Buffington, the Boston Congressman, belonging to the Kansas, and Mr. Pendleton, of the Federal of political labors, by chiefly buffalo hunting. Mr. Kansas is the latest of the Boston Journal says:

"At three o'clock we espied buffalo, six or eight miles

did fellows. They looked as large as elephants. They were standing on the brow of a hill, with a ravine at the foot. Our teamsters proposed to drive down into the ravine, under cover of the hill. We had been cautioned about shooting them—not to succeed—to wait, and if one was wounded, to hide in the grass and so still. We crept within one hundred and fifty yards of the animals, and took a good look at them. They looked any thing but mild and peaceable, with their shaggy manes, ugly eyes, shaggy heads, and humps. They were moving slowly, and we could see them plainly. We fired a few wagon drops on the other side, the drivers turned, and we fired a volley. Down went three of them, and up went the wagons, and we were off in a cloud of dust, and the hill trembling with their hoofs.

"We fired at them from both sentinentally—hundreds and thousands of them in all directions. We selected three fine, stout bulls, and pursued them, and brought for them. About one mile distant, they crept up within fifty yards. They were grass, and I was ready to fire. We knew their shots had struck. The buffalo did not fall immediately, but turned and looked around at us, and by leaving the wounded one. Burlingame and Barry rushed in and fired their rifles, and the bull fell dead. We started, and were soon alongside of the wounded one. He was standing, and we soon dispatched him with a rifle ball.

"It took the whole party to turn him over. Our men cut him up, and we loaded the wagons with meat. Darkened night (they said we weighed eighteen hundred-weight) overtook us before we left him. We had no time for supper. After that we killed nine buffalo in all, and might have killed one hundred if we had wished."

PERSONAL.

The Montreal *Pilot* has it on good authority that his Royal Highness Prince Alfred will receive an honorary degree in the Colonial Secretary, and other distinguished personages will be present on the occasion. The date is the beginning of June next. The formal opening of the Victoria Bridge will then take place.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, who has been in England for the last year, has left for the Continent with her husband. Her husband, Professor Stowe, will return home immediately.

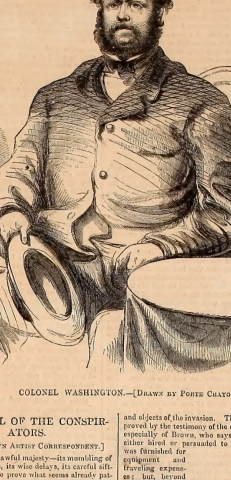
Among the passengers who arrived on the steamer Nile, for New York, on Saturday, were Dr. Van Der Hoss, Mr. C. Ritch (secretary of legation at Copenhagen), and Professor Agassiz, of Cambridge, Massachusetts.

The Rev. Edward Everett Hale, who has been pastor in St. Louis, awoke in her usual good health and cheerfulness. Suddenly she was seized with a fainting fit, and was scarcely to fall on the floor in a half-reclining position. She gasped for breath, and before a physician could arrive, in great-mortem examination, by Dr. Charles Spring revealed a little piece of bone, about the size of a pea, which affected the blood contained in that organ to arrest the action of the heart. Mrs. Hale was 42 years old. She also was ruptured. She had, in a physical sense of the word, died from heart disease. Her death was very delightful, for she was greatly beloved by her husband, and during the last moments of her existence she returned a verdict in accordance with the revealed testimony of science.

There is a new novel by Nathaniel Hawthorne, Esq., which will be out next to Jenny Lind.

The Albany *Evening Journal* on Saturday says: "This morning, at the City Hall, Judge Gould, of Troy, sentenced Mr. Thomas Hogan, of Troy, to be hung on the second forty-hour upon the bridge he slipped and fell into the river. He was in the water about a minute before the accident occurred, and as he was in the act of taking off his coat preparatory to jump in, he was observed by a boy living in another direction, and was not aware that the boat was about to start. The boy jumped in, and got hold of the water, and was finally rescued by John M'Carty, who was on the boat. Although Mr. Hogan could swim, and not a swimmer, the Judge was conscious, and knew that he was drowning, and made no effort to save himself, and kept his arms in motion, which, although apparently unconscious, rendered him, which, although apparently unconscious, rendered him, which, although apparently unconscious, rendered him

THE TRIAL OF JOHN BROWN, AT CHARLESTOWN, VIRGINIA, FOR TREASON AND MURDER.—[SKETCHED BY PORTE CRAYON.]



COLONEL WASHINGTON.—[DRAWN BY FORTE CRAYON.]

THE TRIAL OF THE CONSPIRATORS.

[FROM OUR OWN ARTIST CORRESPONDENT.]

THE law, in its awful majesty—its mumbling of essential formulas, its wise delays, its careful siftings of evidence to prove what seems already patent, its high-spiriting principles, its squeamishness in terms, its spirits and quiddities—has few attractions for a fervent and impulsive spirit. A criminal trial and a crowded room is a lingering lure to one who loves action and out-of-doors.

As the minutest details of the trial of the Harper's Ferry prisoners are furnished by the reporters of the daily press, I will not crowd your pages with needless repetitions, but will endeavor to find some matter bearing upon the subject, I hope equally interesting and enlightening to the public.

Charlestown, the place where the Court now holds its sittings, is the seat of justice for Jefferson County, Virginia, situated on the Winchester and Potomac Railroad, eight miles from Harper's Ferry. It is a neat and flourishing town, containing about sixteen hundred inhabitants, and is the centre of one of the wealthiest and most prosperous agricultural regions in the United States—a region distinguished at the same time for the high social refinement and princely hospitality of its inhabitants. This region—of which the counties of Berkeley, Frederick, and Clarke form a portion—has sometimes been called the Garden of Virginia, and reckons among its native sons many eminent men both of the past and present.

At an early hour on Wednesday morning I visited the prisoners—not in their cells, as our usual phraseology has it, but in their rooms, large, well-ventilated, and comfortable. Brown and Stephens, the wounded men, occupy the same room. From general indications, I think that the wounds of the latter are mortal, and that in all probability he will not survive the trial. Brown is mending rapidly, being already in much better condition than when I saw him at Harper's Ferry on the morning of his capture. Both prisoners are very conversable; but as I had nothing to say to them by way of encouragement, I did not care to annoy them with curious questions. In the room above, Edwin Coppie and Shields Green (*alias* Emperor), a negro, are handcuffed together, sharing their meals and occupying the same bed. Coppie says he is twenty-four years of age; Green says he is but twenty-one: I should judge he was at least twenty-seven or eight. I think he understated his age that his youth might excite compassion. Although a Member of Congress elect, he also says he can neither read nor write, and was once a professional old-clothes cleaner. In view of these facts it is scarcely to be regretted that the scheme failed, as the Congress of the proposed Provisional Government would hardly be an improvement on the present body. The courage of these men has evidently given way: they have a cowed and haggard look that would excite pity, were such a feeling possible under the circumstances. In an adjoining room is the fifth prisoner, Copeland, taken at the Rifle-works on Monday. Copeland is what is called technically a likely mulatto, and would make a very genteel dining-room servant. He has the rudiments of education, and is believed to be a Judge of the Supreme Court under the Provisional Government. At present he is cowed and patient, and says he was entirely deceived as to the ends and objects of the invasion. This, however, is disproved by the testimony of the other prisoners, and especially of Brown, who says that no man was either hired or persuaded to join him. Money was furnished for

equipment and traveling expenses; but, beyond that, all enlisted voluntarily, and with full knowledge of his intentions.

Doubtless the spoils of the conquered territory, confiscated estates, and lucrative offices, would soon make all right. What story of the Arabian Nights can equal the golden dreams that haunted their woolly noddles as they lay snoozing and snoring over at the Kennedy Farm! Green, the N.C., already sees the elegant country mansion which is to fall to his lot: his fingers stiff with diamond rings, his vest loaded with gold chains and stuffed with jeweled repeaters, he struts out upon his terrace, surveys his broad lands, and calls his coachman!—six—sir, at least, for a negro never enjoys any thing by halves. The coach appears, with driver and footman in livery, some ex-gentleman of the F. F. V.'s—the former proprietor, perhaps. The (*alias*) Emperor drives to the Provisional Capital, where he finds the Supreme Court in session. He gives his fellow sinuperors, that they may go drink his health. It is recommended that the fallen race should be treated leniently; and it does him good to feel princely. Entering the court-room, he finds Judge Copeland engaged in important business. A number of perverse and unreasonable Southerners have refused the merciful terms offered them, and have been taken in arms in defense of their homes and property. Death is their doom; and grim General Brown stands near, with his regiments of Sharp's riflemen and legions of stalwart pikemen, ready to lead the rebels to execution. The noble Congressman suggests some amelioration, being full of meat and drink, and in a good humor generally. He would like to have a dozen of them to work on his estate; thinks he can manage them; it is pleasant to have a number of people that one can order around. But—Emperor starts and rubs his eyes. It is the order to march. The chilly air of an October night, or the shocking proximity of long-sweetened action, sends a sharp thrill the dreamer's heart; but where old John Brown leads there is no turning back. The deed is done—Monday morning has dawned. The night was one of action, but no reinforcements have come in. With the light they rend dismay and astonishment in every face.

After terror follows anger. Then the day of desperate combat, blood, and death. Hemmed-in, trapped, deceived, it is soon over. New, manacled and imprisoned, all these dreamers of wealth and greatness—their delusions vanished—crushed under the awful realities of their situation.

This is an imaginative picture which I have drawn in a spirit of levity and scorn. In coldness and absurdity it halts behind the reality—the long-devised and coolly-meditated schemes of the fanatical conspirators. It is difficult for a sane mind to conceive of such infatuation; and yet these men are clearly not insane. Minds too narrow to contain more than one full-grown idea run easily into monomania. Cervantes has given us the type, in his famous "Don Quixote," of wind-mill memory; and the credulous Sancho, covetous of islands and asses'-colts. John Brown is not unlike the Don personally, as described, and is certainly quite as mad. His one-and-twenty followers, in their thrice-soldier folly, are no whit better than so many Sanchos.

Courtly fever of La Mancheau civility, and thou his true and faithful squire, we humbly crave your pardons for thus associating your names with these vulgar knaves and midnight assassins!

The more I see of Brown, the more I am convinced that, in addition to his abolition monomania, he is under the influence of a ferocious vanity, influenced by the infinite inferiority of persons better educated but no wiser than himself, he goes to Kansas, where he earns a reputation as a partisan leader, and at the same time gets a taste of human blood. "Ira brevis furor est." That miserable contest, fomented by unprincipled politicians for party and personal purposes, at length ceased. The belligerent parties shook hands, took a drink, and peacefully turned their energies to robbing one another and the rest of the world. Not so John Brown. The demon which those border feuds had awakened is destined never again to sleep. Old Errors—Constitutional Errors, Brown of Kansas, the Topeka Governor, the dread of Border Ruffian, the Moses of the higher law—can not descend into the vulgar stagnation of common life.

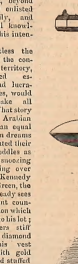
Stop tells us of a certain harper who, having pleased the rats in an ale-house with his music, was so conceited as to go upon the stage and play for the great public. Here he failed ignominiously, and was hissed.

In his grand scheme to overthrow the Government of the United States and the Anglo-Saxon race in the South, with twenty-two men, Brown has failed as signally as the poor musician, but will hardly get off so cheap. Art (to use his own expression), to give the devil his dues, he bears himself stiffly under his misfortune. Fierce as a gun-lock, cool as a sword, he makes no apologies, and yields no triumph to his enemies. In his bearing there is neither weakness nor bravado. Defiant only when stirred; otherwise civil and straightforward; communicative when questioned; and thankful for small favors.

In person, Brown is gaunt and tall—over six feet, I should think. He walks like a man accustomed to the woods. His face indicates unflinching resolution, evil passions, and narrow mind. Perhaps these interpretations may be drawn from his actions rather than his features. But consider his face as he appears in *The Arrogant*—as here, if there is nothing extenuated, there is naught set down in malice—and see if you do not agree with me.

The only thing Brown seems to fear is Lynch Law. He shows his dread of it, and has condescended to ask protection from it from those about him. To give him this assurance (rather than from any well-grounded fear of disturbance), an armed guard accompanies him in his daily rounds between the jail and the court-house.

When brought before the Court to answer the indictment of the Grand Jury, he made a strong effort to have his trial deferred; stating that, from his wounds, his hearing was impaired and his general condition too feeble to enable him to attend to the proceedings. This was very generally considered a sham to gain time; and, in truth I did, for the first time since his capture, suspect the old



SWIVEL GUN AND PIKE USED BY THE HARPER'S FERRY OUTLAWS.

[SKETCHED BY FORTE CRAYON.]

THE SCHOOL-HOUSE IN THE MOUNTAINS, USED BY BROWN AS AN ARSENAL.

[SKETCHED BY FORTE CRAYON.]

fellow of playing 'possum. In the opinion of his physician the delay caused was unnecessary, and he was consequently refused. Since that, he has appeared in court tressed up in a cot, gesecutly—he all seeming—asleep while the proceedings are going on; but occasionally starting up from his fair, grim and sadden, like a bridled wolf, interrupting the court by such short, snappish questions and speeches. When ordered to stand up to hear the sentence of the jury, he sat up in his cot; and while thousands held their breath in solemn silence to hear the verdict that pronounced him either guilty of treason, murder, arson, insurrection, and murder, he was picking his teeth with a pin.

Of a truth this terrible scene is a mystery! A week ago I heard John Brown avow that he was a sincere Christian; in the same hour a dissolute and drunken Irishman declared that the purpose of making war on the white race, determined to kill all who opposed them. He knew not that his life was forfeited if he failed; confessed that he had failed; and said savagely that he was sorry that he had made his warning the prisoners he had in his power. He would not presume to ask for mercy—he did not expect it. He was a fiend—he guilty to deeds which he before avowed and reiterated; quibbles with his Lawyers to obtain delay; and closes about a fair trial.

Well, well; a truce to philosophy! Here, in all sobriety, is an evil old Judge who, unconsciously or sinner, martyr or murderer, famous or infamous, as the case may be, "We may yet have to be the knowledge that we own him for one good turn, with desperate hand he has blown up the whole magazine of abolition treachery—and still Andrew may not a cracker or a squib remains unburned! Brethren of the North, when heedful you see you shall attempt to preserve our ventures or your pat pits with incendiary abuse and revilings against any section of our common country, I implore you seize him on the mantle—with the word Harper's Ferry.

AN OLD LADY'S STORY.

"MONSIEUR does not care to hear an old woman's stupid story; perhaps it would not interest him."

"Indeed, Madame, I am all anxiety. I hope Madame's great interest will still dissipated me."

"Well, Sir, as you so much wish, you shall hear. I was born in this town, and have always lived in it. I was married to a respectable man, here my son Fritz was born. I hope I shall die in it, and be buried with my husband. My father was a very respectable man, and a member of the town council. He was a great linen-weaver, and was thought to be a rich man. People said he kept more than he ever had. Mr. Fritz, my son, was my father's only child, and I was the youngest of his children, so I was a great darling; the others had all died, except one son, who was years older than I. What with my own mother's and Albert's disobedience my father was a great deal broken, and was obliged to mortgage his affairs, which soon fell into disorder. He died on me, notwithstanding I was but a silly girl, with my head stuffed full of my own importance, and of my lovers—for I was very handsome, Sir. They used to say I was the prettiest maid in all Strasbourg; and when any new officer came to the garrison they always made some excuse to come to the house to see me. I did not care for any of them; but I used to like to see their fine coats come down the street, and to hear the clanking of their spurs on the pavement, because of our neighbor opposite, the notary's son, who had been my play-fellow, and who, I knew, had to be behind the blind at his desk, watching every one that came in and out. He was no very great favorite with neighbors said that we should one day be married; but as we grew up he became shy, and I used to laugh at him, so that we were not very good friends, and I liked to tease him better than any thing else in the world. I was very young and giddy, and had thoughtless and gay, and still I loved my father dearly, and tried to make him forget his trouble about Albert, who was just as bad as ever.

"I was sitting one day at the open window, singing at my work, and to vex Albert, who, my father came in, looking as if something of his own affairs, and he was very much vexed at how directly something was the matter. 'Elizabeth,' he cried, 'and he, you are ruined—your father is gone, and we shall be a by-word and disgrace in the place where we have lived so long. I know your poor mother did not live to see this day.' It is no good for me to trouble you with a long story, so I will only say that my father's anxiety had brought this new sorrow upon us. He had been going on in a desperate way of extravagance for a long time, and taking advantage of my father's age and weakness in every way, but he had never done so bad as when I was born. After he died, it was this, Sir: My father had a large sum of money belonging to the estate of his wife's father, and had, by forging his name, got it from the bank, and gone off with it, no one knew where. This money would be considered on a small scale, about a month distant, and our good, honest reputation forever forfeited if it could not be replaced. All of us could believe, and my father, from the state of his own affairs, that he did not know all about it from the first. Well, Sir, he was not to be talked, and thought of every thing; but the only hope we could see was, that a young man named Walter who was a rich widower, living in Paris, might lend It to us, for the sake of the family. We none of us knew much about him, but it was the only chance we had, so, after a great many plans, it was settled that I should set off by the diligence next morning, and go to her. It was not the fashion then to trust much to the post, for we used to get letters very seldom, and people always did their business themselves, although journeys were long and dangerous, and not taken except for very important reasons. It was a great undertaking for a young creature who had never been outside her own town; but there was no help for it, so my father arranged, or rather positively go; besides, I had plenty of spirit, and, I suppose, rather liked the idea of the adventure. In a few hours after, my place was taken, and my solitary journey was noised abroad, and all the neighbors were full of curiosity about it.

"I was going unexpectedly to see my aunt; but there was a vast deal of envy and spite among them. Poor Carl stood at his window, and walked up and down before the house all day, but I never noticed him; young girls are such silly things, Sir, and never like a young man to know the truth. I only just nodded to him as I stood at the gate, and said 'Good-by,' for I was in a hurry, indeed, and could bring home from Paris.

"Well, I won't trouble you with all my adventures. I got safe to town very well, and found out my aunt, who was very glad to see me, and who would have liked me to stay with her always; but I was but a fine time; until at last it only wanted four days to the time when the money had to be paid, and I began to consider that there was nothing to be done, except to go to my father, and tell him that I had failed. At this time there were terrible disturbances, having full of robbers. It was seldom that a diligence was not stopped on its way, and all travellers were in the habit of taking arms before they set out. I began to consider whether I should not do the same; so to secure my treasure, my aunt and I settled that it was the best plan for me to hide it between my foot and my stocking, where it would be never looked for, even in case of an attack. I was very young, you see, Sir, and had been made very merry with the good lady's fears, but did as she desired me, for all which you will see was useful in the interior. There was a priest going to Nancy, a young man and his sister going on to Strasbourg, and two merchants, who, by the way, had old-man look round with a strange, sharp look, that somehow filled me with fear. Well, Sir, I set off, stopping to dine and rest, and as friendly and merry a party we were as ever you saw, except the two old men, who kept to themselves, and seemed to all our mesonne, but never saying a word.

"We took a place at the table-d'hote at an officer going on to Strasbourg, and we went on happier than ever, until we passed through the town of Rambervillers, where we stopped at the first open country lying between that and Sarrebourg. As for me, I was so gay at the thought of my new home and making my poor father so happy, that I laughed and sang like a giddy child. It was now quite dusk, and I had just come out of a strong wind blowing across the heath from the distant mountains. Suddenly, while I was in the midst of a merry song, up, and loud shouts and oaths told us our misfortune. We had scarcely time to think before the door of the coupe in which I was was dragged out. As for the officer who had talked exceeding bravely, he never attempted resistance, but was quiet enough. The young man who was with his sister fired his pistol; but it was of no use, for he was overpowered in a moment, and the struggle began to unmask it: all our things were thrown out, and the robbers began to search the diligence. The Jew was certainly a great disappointment to them, for all they found of his was a little valise of clothes, and a small sum of money in his pocket-handkerchief. While they were threatening and swearing at him, and shaking him violently, and shaking me violently, demanded my money. 'Leave the girl alone,' said another of them; 'how much a child has to lose, and how much it has to cry.' I was in such a fright of escape, and ventured to take some advantage of this, and cried and sobbed, and were engaged in tying the traces round the old man's neck. Perhaps they were only trying to frighten him into confession of concealed money; this disappointment. But oh, Sir, it was a dreadful scene to look on, and I was so terrified that for our turns might come next. At last he screamed out: 'Stay, stay, and I will tell you, as I am a living man, where I have put my money.' Upon this little girl carries it all, a great sum, under her frock, and I was obliged to tell. The wretches while brutes about me, and my shoe and stocking off. My poor money! I do not remember anything more until I came out of a swoon, and found that we were again on our road. My heart was almost broken. I could do nothing but cry and think of my poor father. I think even the other passengers pitied me, although they had all had some loss, except the Jew, who, I suppose, never ceased to vent their indignation upon the old man. His money was gone, and the only comfort that was said, and took leave of us all at Strasbourg with a humility that was almost insulting.

"I can not tell you what a welcome I got from mine. My poor father could only cry over me, and kiss me, and call me his poor darling child, and poor Carl, that I was so unkind to, came running across, and wept like a little child, though he was a fine lad of seventeen, and used to be thought to be heard of my escape. My heart was melted, and all my pride gone, and I was so glad to be home, thankful to sit there in our little parlor, and feel his strong manly arm around my waist, and know that there was no more need to think of any thing. So, Sir, we were all in the twilight, thinking sadly enough of to-morrow, yet happy in to-day, when a step came at our gate. Our maid, Gretchen, that was afterward Fritz's nurse, went out, but presently came running in to say that a man wanted to give me a letter, but must put it into my own hands. I was still very frightened and nervous, as you may suppose; but Carl coming with me, we went to the door, where stood the cause of my misfortune. He said, 'Pardon, Mam'selle, mam'selle,' said he, giving me a letter, 'farewell.'

I was now all curiosity to find what he had to say to me, and immediately sat down to read by the light. Oh, Sir, my joy, my delight! It contained three words: 'Mademoiselle, never so lucky in judging any one.' You doubtless think me a very bad man, because you know but one side of the story. You are, however, a good girl, for you did not yourself blame the old man for saving his life at the expense of your money. I have still a great regard on jewels, one of which would have been a fortune. But for your indirection I should have lost the hard labor of a life. Therefore, here, two orders for money which awaits you at the bank—one is for the sum you have lost, the other is a marriage portion for so good and pretty a girl.'

"That is yours,' said I to Carl.

"We were married, Sir, for I was now a great heiress, and my little son Fritz inherits that very fortune made from my wedding-dowery."

LOIS THE LIBERATOR.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART III.—*Concluded.*

THE meeting-house was full to suffocation, and, as is sometimes happens at such occasions, the greatest crowd was close about the doors, from the fact that few saw on their first entrance where room might be obtained for them, or which they might wedge themselves. Yet they were impatient of any criticism from the outside, and pushed the hustled Faith, and after her Lois, till the two were forced on to a conspicuous place in the very centre of the building, where there was no chance of a seat, but still space to stand in. Grace Hickson and her son sat decorously in their own pew, scarcely shorter than the last they arrived only from the executive. You might almost have traced out the manner of their coming in at the back entrance of the Indian witch by the expression of the countenances. They were awe-stricken and terrified by the fear of their having passing in, still pursuing of those who had not attended the execution, and had all retired to their houses, and Grace's son need round the meeting that the stranger minister who stood along with Parson Tappan in the pulpit was no other than Captain Underhill, who became all the way from Boston to assist in purging the witch. Another Pastor Tappan began with the prayer, extempore, as was the custom. His words were wild and incoherent, as might be expected from one who had just been converted to the bloody death of one who was but a few days ago a member of his own flock, and a favorite and passionate, as was to be looked for in the father of children whom he believed to suffer so much from witchcraft, and so be specially favored of the Lord. He sat down at length from pure exhaustion. The rest of the service was uneventful, as did not utter more than a few words of prayer, calm in comparison with what had gone before, and the sermon was delivered by Captain Underhill to him in a quiet, argumentative way, but arranging the main and important of what he had to say to do with something of the same kind of child which history most in his speech to the Romans after Grace's death. Dr. Mather's book had not yet been preserved to us, as he afterward wrote them in the year 1693, under the title of "Cases of Conscience concerning Witchcraft," who doubted the existence of such a crime, he said: "Instead of their spirit wounds and bruises of the bodies of the possessed, which have such undoubted confirmation as that no man that has favorably enough to believe it, the common laws of human society will offer to doubt of them, it becomes us rather to adore the goodness of God, who found out methods of help when such things has ordained truth, and by the means of the sore-afflicted children of your very pastor who was taken out of the hands the devils here, with most horrid operations, broken in upon your neighborhood. Let not your prejudices against the method be restrained, and that they go not so far in their evil machinations as they did but four years ago in the city of Boston, where I was the humble means, under God, of loosing from the power of Satan the four children of that reputable and honest citizen, Mr. Goodwin. These four babes of grace were bewitched by an Irish witch, whose name was Glover, and were all of them tormented as they had to submit to. At one time they would bark like dogs; at another, they would act like cats; and then like swine; and be carried with an incredible swiftness, having but just their toes now and then upon the ground, sometimes one half a yeard, or twenty feet, and then several like those of a bird. Yet at other times, by the hellish deceiver of the woman who had bewitched them, they could not stir without limping, for, by means of an invisible chain, she hampered their hands, or sometimes, by means of a collar, almost choked them. One in especial was subjected by this woman at the time of her arrest to an ill-usage that I myself have seen the sweat drop from off her, while all around were moderately cold and still at rest, and not to trouble the court any more of my stories, I will go on to prove that it was Grace Hickson who was the witch that did it. It is very remarkable thing it was that she was not permitted by that evil spirit to read my godly or clergyman's book, reading the truth in it to Jesus. She could read Popish books well enough, while with godly and pious ones she was dumb, when I gave her the Assembly's Catechism. Again, she was fond of that prelatical Book of Common Prayer which is but a Popish mass-book in an English and ungodly shape. In the midst of her sufferings, if one put the Prayer-book into her hands it relieved her. Yet mark you, she could never be brought to read the Lord's Prayer, whatever book she met with it in, proving thereby distinctly that she was in league with the devil. I took her into my own house, that I, even as Dr. Martin Luther did, might wrestle with the devil and have my fling at him. But when I called my household together to pray, the devil made her to whistle, and sing, and yell in a discordant and hellish fashion.

At this very instant a shrill, clear whistle pierced all ears. Dr. Mather stopped for a moment.

"Satan is among you!" he cried. "Look to yourselves." And he prayed with fervor, as if against a present and threatening enemy; but no one heeded him. Whence came that swinsome, unearthly whistle? Every man watched his neighbor. Again the whistle, out of their very midst, and then a burst of wild and mocking laughter. Then for poor people stirring, without any cause immediately perceptible to them, the fear of the devil increased, and directly after a passage even in that dense mass of people was cleared for two men, who had been standing behind Grace Hickson, lay rigid as a log of wood, in the convulsive position of one who suffered from the falling sickness. They had her down among the ministers who were gathered round the pulpit. Her mother came to her, sending up a wailing cry of grief as she fell. Assorted child. Dr. Mather came down from the pulpit and stood over her, commanding the devil in the possession, as one accustomed to such scenes. The crowd pressed forward in mute horror. At length she had ceased to struggle, and remained still, and she was terribly convulsed—torn by the devil, as they called it.

Meanwhile Dr. Mather, Pastor Tappan, and one or two others were exhorting Prudence to reveal, if she could, the name of the witch-agent, who, by influence over Satan, had subjected the child to such cruel torture as that which she had just undergone. They took her speak in the name of the Lord. She whispered a name in the low voice of exhaustion. It was that which everybody could hear what it was. But the Pastor Tappan, when he heard it, threw back in dismay, with his face pale, leaving it not to whom the name belonged, cried out, in a clear, cold voice,

"Know ye not, Lois Barclay, for it is she who hath bewitched this poor child?"

The answer was given rather by action than by word, although a low voice was sent up from many. But all fell back, as for as falling back in such a space were possible, from Lois Barclay. There she stood, and looked on her with surprise and horror. A space of some feet, where no possibility of space had seemed to be, was made before, left lost standing alone, with every eye fixed upon her with hatred and fear. She looked from face to countenance, tongue-tied, as if in a dream. She a witch! accursed as witches were in the sight of God and man! Her mother, who had been in the centre crowded into shrivel and pallor, but she uttered not a word, only looked at Dr. Mather with her pitiful terrified eyes.

Some one said, "She is of the household of Grace Hickson, a God-fearing woman." Lois did not know if the words were in her favor or not. She did not think about them; they did not feel on her than on any person present. She a witch! and the silver glittering Avon, and the drowning woman she had seen in the water, and Herbert, at home in England, were before her, and her eyes fell before the gaze of the solemn communion —some rustling of papers; the magistrates of the town were drawing near the pulpit and consulting with the ministers. Dr. Mather was speaking.

"The Indian woman, who was hung this morning, named certain people, who, she said, were in the habit of coming to the horrible meetings for the worship of Satan; but there is no name of Lois Barclay down upon the paper which we have to strike out at the sight of the names of some—"

An interruption—a consultation. Again Dr. Mather began:

"Bring the accused with, Lois Barclay, near to this poor child whom she hath bewitched."

They rushed forward to force Lois to the place where Prudence lay. But Lois walked forward of herself.

"Prudence," she said, in such a sweet, touching voice, that it was a wonder it could be heard in that day spoke of it to their children, "have I ever said an unkind word to you, much less done an ill turn? Speak, dear child. Why did not know what you said just now, did you?"

But Prudence turned away from her approach, and screamed out, as if stricken with fresh agony,

"Take her away! take her away! WITCH! WITCH! Lois Barclay, who is there out of this meeting, and turned my arm black and blue." And she leaned her arm, as if in confirmation of her word. It was sorely bruised.

"I was not near you, Prudence!" said Lois, sadly. "Dear Lord! was only reckoned fresh evidence of her diabolic power.

Lois's heart began to get bewildered. Witch Lois! She a witch, abhorred of all men! Yet she would try to think, and make one more effort.

"Am I dreaming, Sir," she said, in a sweet, earnest—"am I a witch, Aunt Hickson?" she said, at her turn, looking at her with a face where the night be, was truth itself, and Lois thought—so near to delirium that she could—if her aunt condemned her she was justified in the belief that she was.

Grace Hickson faced her unwillingly.

"It is a matter you are family forever," was the thought in her mind.

"It is for God to judge whether thou art a witch or no," she said.

"Alas, alas!" moaned Lois; for she had lacked of Faith and learned that no good word was to be expected from her gloomy face and averted eye. The meeting-house was full of eager curiosity, expressed, as it always is, in a loud voice by the lips of earnest murmuring that seemed to fill the air with pestilence. Lois felt that she was alone, and at first fallen back from the place where Lois sent were now pressing forward and round about her, ready to seize the young friendless girl and bear her off to prison. Those who might have been who ought to have been, her friends, were either averse or indifferent to her; though only Prudence made any open outcry upon her. That evil child cried out perpetually that Lois had cast a devilish spell upon her, and bade them keep the witch away from her; and her appearance was amazing; convulsed when once or twice Lois's perplexed and wistful eyes were turned in her direction. Here

and there girls, women uttering strange cries, and apparently suffering from the same kind of convulsive fit as that which had overcome Mrs. Hobbes, were centres of a group of agitated friends, who muttered much and savagely of witchcraft, and the list which had been taken down only the night before from Hoba's own lips. They demanded to have it made public, and objected to the slow forms of the law. Others, not so much or so immediately interested in the sufferers, were kneeling around, and praying aloud for themselves and their own safety, until the excitement should be so much quelled as to allow the Rev. Mr. Mather to be again heard in prayer and exhortation.

And where was Manasseh? What said he? You must remember that in the early part of the whole the accusation, the appeals of the accused—all seemed to be on a par—he smiled the scorn of many of the people who had come to worship God, but remained to judge and upbraid their fellow-creatures. Now and how late only could be seen the face of Manasseh, who was apparently trying to push forward, but whom his neighbors restrained by words and action, as Lois knew she would hold him back; for it was not for the first time that she was made aware how entirely her mother had cast away shrouded his decent reputation among his fellowcitizens from the least suspicion of his secret excitement and incipient insanity. On such days, when he himself imagined that he heard prophetic voices and saw prophetic visions, he always would do much to prevent any besides his own family from seeing him; and now Lois, by a process terrible or thin reasoning, felt herself drawn from her own side to his face, when she saw it, colorless and deformed by intensity of expression, pressing over a score of others all simply ready and angry, that he was in such a state that his mother would in vain by her counsel to prevent him making himself conspicuous. Whatever focus or argument Grace used, it was of no avail. In another moment he was by her side, stamping with excitement and giving vague testimony, which would have been of little value in a calm court of justice, and was only all the more smouldering fire of that audience.

"Away with her to the stake! Seek out the witches!" "The sin has spread into all houses, bodies!" "Satan is in the very midst of us!" "Strike and spare not!" "Fire, fire!" Cotton Mather raised his voice in loud prayer, in which he assumed the guise of the accuser, as, no one listened; all were anxious to secure Lois, as if they feared she would vanish from before their very eyes; she, white, trembling, palpitating, quite still in the tight grasp of stronger, fierce men, but dilated eye very nearly starting out of her head, and in search of some pitiful face—some pitiful face that among all these hundreds was not to be found. While some fetched and tied her hands and others, by low questions, suggested new accusations to the diseased brain of the sufferer, Manasseh obtained a hearing once more. Addressing Dr. Cotton Mather, he said, evidently anxious to make clear his argument and what he had just announced itself to him: "Sir, in this matter, be she witch or not, the end has been foretold, and I am in the spirit of prophecy. Now, reverend Sir, if the event is known to the spirit, it must have been foreknown in the counsels of God. If so, why punish her for doing that in which she had no free-will?"

"Stop man," said Dr. Mather, bending down from the pulpit, and looking very severely upon Manasseh, "take care! you are trenching on blasphemy."

"I do not care. I say it again. Either Lois Barclay is a witch, or she is not. If she is not, she has been foredoomed for her, for I have seen a vision of her death as a condemned witch for many months past—and if she is not she must have had no sin to escape for her. Lois—the voice you know—" In his excitement he began to wander a little, but he was touching to see how conscious he was that by giving way he would lose the thread of the incipient argument by which he hoped to prove that Lois ought not to be punished, and with what an effort he wrenched his imagination back to the point of his ideas, and strove to concentrate all his mind upon the plea that, if Lois was a witch, it had been shown him by prophecy; and if she was not a prophecy, there must be foreknowledge; if foreknowledge, fatalism; if fatalism, no exercise of free-will, and, therefore, that Lois was not justly amenable to punishment.

On he went, plunging into heresy, caring not, growing more and more passionate every instant, but directing his passion into keen arguments, keen personal remarks, and allowed of it to excite his imagination. Even Dr. Mather felt himself on the point of being carried away by the passion of the congregation, who, but a short half hour ago, looked upon him as all but infallible. Keep a good hurst, Cotton Mather! perspicuous eye begins to glare and flicker with a terrible yet uncertain light—hands grown less coherent, and his arguments are mixed up with wild glimpses at wilder revelations made to himself only. He had touched at the limits that he entered the borders of blasphemy, and with an awful cry of horror and reprobation the congregation rose up, as if one man, against the blasphemer. Dr. Mather smiled a grim smile, and the people were ready to scize Manasseh, who was, regardless, talking and raving.

"Say, stay!" said Grace Hickson. (All the decent family shame which prompted her to conceal the mysterious misfortune of her son Lois from public knowledge was done away with by the sense of the immediate danger to his life.) "Touch him not. He knows not what he says. He is not fit is upon him. I tell you the truth before God. My son, my only son, is mad."

They stood aghast at the intelligence. The grave young citizen who had silently taken his part in life class by them in their daily lives—had mixing much with them, it was true, but looked up to, perhaps, all the more—the student of Hebrew books on theology to fit converse with the most learned scholastics that ever came about those parts—was the same with the man saw pouring out wild words to Lois the witch, as if he and she were the only two present? A solution of it all appeared to them. He was another victim. Great was the power of Satan! Through the arts of the devil, that white statue of a girl had mastered the soul of Manasseh Hickson. So the word spread from mouth to mouth. And Grace heard it. It seemed a healing balsam for her wounds. With wilful, dishonest blindness she would not see—even in her secret heart would she acknowledge that Manasseh's mind was disordered only, and violent long before the English girl had reached Salem. She even found some specious reason for its attempt at suicide by fire. It was a distraction from a fever, and though tolerably well in health, the mind was subject to fever fits. But since Lois came how headstrong he had been at times! how unreasonable! how acute! A very strange delusion was that which he was under of being bidden by some voice to marry her! How could Manasseh, who was but a boy, be so under some compulsion of election? And over all reigned the fact that he was never indeed suffering from being bewitched, he was not mad, and might again assume the honorable position he had held in the congregation and in the town, which he spoilt for which he was held was destroyed. So Grace yielded to the wishes of the congregation and others, that Lois Barclay had bewitched both Manasseh and Prudence. And the consequence of this belief in these days was, that Lois was to be tried, with little chance in her favor, to see whether she was a witch or not; and if a witch, whether she would confess, whether she would die, or whether a fit of bitter shame, avoided by all men, and cruelly avoided by her own mother, would indeed, destroying her crime upon the gallows.

And so they dragged Lois away from the congregation of Christ-men to the jail to await her trial. I say "dragged her," because, although she was docile enough, and did not question whither they would, she was now so faint as to require extraneous force to support her. Her limbs were paralyzed and tended lovingly in her state of exhaustion, but, instead, was so detested by the multitude, that they were glad to see her removed from Salem to all his evil doings, that they cared no more how they treated her than a careless boy cares how he treats the toad that is going to be crushed by the wall.

When Lois came to her full senses she found herself lying on a short, hard bed in a dark square room, which she at once knew must be a part of the jail of Salem. It was empty, however; it had stone walls on every side, and a grated opening high above her head, which let in the light and air that could enter in about a square foot of aperture. It was so lonely, so dark to that poor child, that she could not help crying out of her long faint. She did to want human help in that strange place. But no one answered her cry for a swoon; when the effort is to clutch at life, and the effort seems too much for the will. She did not at first understand where she was, and did not understand how she came to be there, nor did she care to understand. Life was so much to be in life still, and let the hurrying palace have time to calm. So she that her eyes once more. Slowly the cell, by the evolutions of day, or by the moving house shapes itself into a kind of picture before her. She saw that it was a square, and presents century read this tale, that witchcraft was a real terror to the people of Salem in the seventeenth century ago. The look on their faces, stamped on heart and brain, excited in her a sort of strange sympathy with them. She knew that the whole belief had obtained the terrible power over her and her will, if others believed it, and that she herself also indeed be possessed by a demon and be indeed a witch, and yet till now have been unconscious of it. She remembered the circumstances of the singular visitations all she had ever heard on the subject—and the explanation of them—and the very presence and power of Satan—every angry thought against her neighbor, against the impertinences of Prudence, against the unkindness of her own aunt, the persevering, crazy suit of Manasseh, the indignation of her mother, against the cruel, cruel, cruel time—as Faith's injustice. Oh! could such evil thoughts have had devilish power given to them by the devil? Was it by the devil's suggestion to herself, have gone forth as active curses into the world? And was she the cause of—remembering by through the poor girl's brain—the girl thrown inward upon herself. At length the sting of her self-reproach was so great that she involuntarily exclaimed, "I am a witch!"

What was this? A weight of iron on her legs—a weight stand afterward, by the jailer of Salem prison, to have been "not more than eight pounds." It was well for Lois it was a tangible ill, bringing with it sensations that she could realize, and which her imagination was wandering. She took hold of the iron, and found that it was fixed to her ankle, and began to cry pitifully out of strange compassion with herself. These feared, then, that she was a witch, she would find out for herself. Why, the utter ridiculous impossibility of the supposition, coupled with the consciousness of the horrors of all supernatural power; and the heavy iron brought her strangely round from the delusion of her mind to the more ready to sense.

No! she never could fly out of that deep tunnel of a window, she was no cat—no creature supernatural, for her ankers by man's mercy. And what was man's mercy in such times of panic? Lois knew that it was none. Her own aunt's mercy had been taught her that panic almost cowardice, and cowardice cruelty. Yet she cried, cried freely, and for the first time, when she found herself ironed and chained. It seemed so cruel, so much as if her fellow-creatures had really learned to hate and dread her—her, who had had a few angry thoughts, which, God forgive, but whose thoughts had never gone into words, far less into actions. Why, now she could love all the household at home if they would but let her; yes, even yet, though she felt that it was the open accusation of Prudence and the withheld justifications of her aunt and Faith that had brought her to her present straits. Would they ever come and see her? Would kinder thoughts of her—she who had shared their daily bread for months and months—bring them to see her, and ask her whether it were really she who had brought on the illness of Prudence, the derangement of Manasseh's mind?

No one came. Bread and water were pushed in by some one, who hastily locked and unlocked the door, and cared not to see if he put them within his prisoner's reach, or perhaps thought that physical fact would contribute to a witch. It was long before Lois could reach them, and she had sometimes to go without food for hours. But since Lois came how headstrong he had been at times! how unreasonable! how acute! A very strange delusion was that which he was under of being bidden by some voice to marry her! How could Manasseh, who was but a boy, be so under some compulsion of election? And over all reigned the fact that he was never indeed suffering from being bewitched, he was not mad, and might again assume the honorable position he had held in the congregation and in the town, which he spoilt for which he was held was destroyed. So Grace yielded to the wishes of the congregation and others, that Lois Barclay had bewitched both Manasseh and Prudence. And the consequence of this belief in these days was, that Lois was to be tried, with little chance in her favor, to see whether she was a witch or not; and if a witch, whether she would confess, whether she would die, or whether a fit of bitter shame, avoided by all men, and cruelly avoided by her own mother, would indeed, destroying her crime upon the gallows.

And so they dragged Lois away from the congregation of Christ-men to the jail to await her trial. I say "dragged her," because, although she was docile enough, and did not question whither they would, she was now so faint as to require extraneous force to support her. Her limbs were paralyzed and tended lovingly in her state of exhaustion, but, instead, was so detested by the multitude, that they were glad to see her removed from Salem to all his evil doings, that they cared no more how they treated her than a careless boy cares how he treats the toad that is going to be crushed by the wall.

When Lois came to her full senses she found herself lying on a short, hard bed in a dark square room, which she at once knew must be a part of the jail of Salem. It was empty, however; it had stone walls on every side, and a grated opening high above her head, which let in the light and air that could enter in about a square foot of aperture. It was so lonely, so dark to that poor child, that she could not help crying out of her long faint. She did to want human help in that strange place. But no one answered her cry for a swoon; when the effort is to clutch at life, and the effort seems too much for the will. She did not at first understand where she was, and did not understand how she came to be there, nor did she care to understand. Life was so much to be in life still, and let the hurrying palace have time to calm. So she that her eyes once more. Slowly the cell, by the evolutions of day, or by the moving house shapes itself into a kind of picture before her. She saw that it was a square, and presents century read this tale, that witchcraft was a real terror to the people of Salem in the seventeenth century ago. The look on their faces, stamped on heart and brain, excited in her a sort of strange sympathy with them. She knew that the whole belief had obtained the terrible power over her and her will, if others believed it, and that she herself also indeed be possessed by a demon and be indeed a witch, and yet till now have been unconscious of it. She remembered the circumstances of the singular visitations all she had ever heard on the subject—and the explanation of them—and the very presence and power of Satan—every angry thought against her neighbor, against the impertinences of Prudence, against the unkindness of her own aunt, the persevering, crazy suit of Manasseh, the indignation of her mother, against the cruel, cruel, cruel time—as Faith's injustice. Oh! could such evil thoughts have had devilish power given to them by the devil? Was it by the devil's suggestion to herself, have gone forth as active curses into the world? And was she the cause of—remembering by through the poor girl's brain—the girl thrown inward upon herself. At length the sting of her self-reproach was so great that she involuntarily exclaimed, "I am a witch!"

What was this? A weight of iron on her legs—a weight stand afterward, by the jailer of Salem prison, to have been "not more than eight pounds." It was well for Lois it was a tangible ill, bringing with it sensations that she could realize, and which her imagination was wandering. She took hold of the iron, and found that it was fixed to her ankle, and began to cry pitifully out of strange compassion with herself. These feared, then, that she was a witch, she would find out for herself. Why, the utter ridiculous impossibility of the supposition, coupled with the consciousness of the horrors of all supernatural power; and the heavy iron brought her strangely round from the delusion of her mind to the more ready to sense.

No! she never could fly out of that deep tunnel of a window, she was no cat—no creature supernatural, for her ankers by man's mercy. And what was man's mercy in such times of panic? Lois knew that it was none. Her own aunt's mercy had been taught her that panic almost cowardice, and cowardice cruelty. Yet she cried, cried freely, and for the first time, when she found herself ironed and chained. It seemed so cruel, so much as if her fellow-creatures had really learned to hate and dread her—her, who had had a few angry thoughts, which, God forgive, but whose thoughts had never gone into words, far less into actions. Why, now she could love all the household at home if they would but let her; yes, even yet, though she felt that it

But rest gave her back her power of thought and suffering. Was it indeed true that she was to die? She, Lois Barclay, only eighteen, so well, so young, so full of love and hope as she had been till but these little days past. What would they think of it at home—real, dear home at Hartford, in England? There they had loved her; there she had gone about singing and rejoicing all the day long in the sunshine, and looking to the Avonside. All they did father and mother did, and leave her their blessing to come home to them in the old England always, where no one had wanted her, no one had cared for her, and where now they were going to put her to a miserable death as a witch. She remembered the one to send kindly messages by to these she should never see more. Never more. Her poor, very loving, and joyful—probably thinking of her, and of his declared intention of coming to fetch her home to his wife with his own hands. Probably he had forgotten her; no one knew. A week before she would have thought the supposition her own distrust in thinking for a minute that he could forget. Now, she doubted all men's goodness for a time; her imagination wound her round and round, and relations.

Then she tossed round, and beat herself with angry blows (to speak in images) for ever doubting of her love. Did she never love him? Oh! if she might but be with him! He would rest her life, but would hide her in his bosom from the wrongs of this people, and carry her back to the old home at Bedford. And he might even be now travelling on with her own, coming nearer every moment, and yet she to die before all!

So the thoughts chased each other through her head all that feverish night, till the clang almost distinct by a sound of bolts and bars. But she might not die; at least, not just yet, and she so young!

Some Tappan and certain elders roused her up from a heavy sleep late on the morning of the following day. All night long she had dreamed and cried, till morning light had come peering in through the square grating up above. It soothed her, and she fell to sleep, and to be awakened, as I said, by Pastor Tappan.

"Arise!" he said he, scrupling to touch her, from his superstitious idea of her evil powers. "It is monday."

"Monday am I?" said she, bewildered at this unusual wakening, and the array of severe faces all gazing upon her with consternation.

"You are in Salem jail, condemned for a witch."

"Alas! I had forgotten for an instant," said she, dropping her head upon her hands.

"She has been out on a devilish ride all night long, doubtless, and has not yet repented upon this morning," whispered one, in so low a voice that he did not think she could hear; but she lifted up her head, and looked at him, and he trembled.

"We are come," said Pastor Tappan, "to ensure you to confess your private and public sin."

"My great and manifold sin," repeated Lois to herself, shaking her head.

"Of your league of witchcraft. If you will confess, there may yet be balm in Gilead."

One of the elders, who had looked at the young girl's wan, drunken look, said, that if she confessed, and repented, and did penance, that possibly the Church might yet be spared.

A sudden flash of light came into her sunk, veiled eyes. "Spared she cried she yet be spared in her power? Why, no one knew how soon Ralph Lacy might be here to take her away forever into the love of her new home! Then, if Manasseh's hope was not over-perhaps she might yet live, and not die. And the truth came once more out of her lips, almost without any exercise of her will.

"I am not a witch," she said.

Then Pastor Tappan blindfolded her, all unrestraining, but with languid wonder in her heart as to what was the reason for it, and then proceeded to enumerate about with dangers and enemies did she accuse. Those in the congregation, in the open assembly, who had perceived that they were many—kept on eager talking in low voices. She did not try to make out each awful name—the fragments of sentences that reached her dulled brain, till all at once a word or two made her suddenly aware that they were using the desired-lessness of applying the whip or the torture to make her confess, and reveal to what extent the spell she had been under by them whom she had bewitched could be dissolved. A thrill of affright ran through her; and she cried out, unconsciously.

"I beg you, Sirs, for God's mercy sake, that you do not use such awful means. I will say anything—nay, I may accuse any one if I am subjected to such torment as I have heard talked of. Let me, I pray you, be a young girl, and not very brave, or very good, as some are."

It caused the hearts of one or two to see her standing there; the tears streaming down from below the cover that had been blindfolded over her eyes; the clanking chain fastening the heavy weight to the slight ankle; the two hands held together in the act of wring-down a supplication.

"Lois!" said one of them. "She is weeping. They say no witch can weep tears."

But another scoffed at this test, and bade the first remember how those of her own family, the Hicksons even, bore witness against her.

Once more she was bidden to confess. The charges, esteemed by all men (so they said) to have been proven against her, were read over to her, with all the testimony borne against her in proof thereof. They told her that, considering the godly family to which she belonged, it had been

decided by the magistrates and ministers of Salem that she should have her life spared for she would own her guilt, make reparation, and submit to penance; but that if not, she, and others convicted of witchcraft along with her, were to be hung in Salem market-place on the next Thursday morning (Thursday being market-day). And when they had thus spoken they waited silently for her answer. It was a minute or two before she spoke. She had sat down again upon the bed meanwhile, for indeed she was very weak. She asked, "May I have this hanging over me unbound from my eyes, for indeed, Sir, it hurts me?"

The occasion for which she was blindfolded being over, the bandage was taken off, and she was allowed to see. She looked pitifully at the stern faces around her, in grim suspense as to what her answer would be. Then she spoke:

"Sir, I would have death with a quiet conscience rather than life to be gained by a lie. I am not a witch. I know not hardly what you mean when you say so. I have told you many, many things very wrong in my life; but I think God will forgive me for my heinous sins now.

"Take not His name on your wicked lips," said Pastor Taspan, enraged at her resolution of not confessing, and secretly able to keep himself from striking her. She saw the desire he had, and shrank away in horror. Then Pastor Taspan, solemnly read the legal condemnation of Lois Barclay to death by hanging, as convicted witch. She remained unmoved, with a quiet look of fearfulness, but which was not like a prayer for pity and compassion for her poor sins and miserable fate. Then they left her to all the horrors of that solitary, loathsome dungeon, and the strange terror of approaching death.

Outside the prison walls the dread of the witches, and the excitement and wonder caused by their fearful rapidity. Numbers of women, and men, too, were accused, no matter what their station of life and their former character had been. On the other side, it is alleged that upward of fifty persons were grievously cursed by the dying witches to whom he is suspected of his power for vile and wicked considerations. How much of malice, distinct, unmistakable personal malice, was mixed up with these accusations, no one can now tell. For this statistic of this time of fear and horror is wrapped deadly by confessing themselves guilty, one hundred and fifty were in prison, more than two hundred accused, and not one of them escaped death, saving whom was the minister I have called Nolan, who was additionally tormented by being robbed through hatred of his co-pastor. One old man, nursing the accusation, and refusing to plead at his trial, was pressed to death by stones piled on death for his contumacy. Nay, even dogs were accused of witchcraft, suffered the penalties of the law, and are recorded as having undergone capital punishment. One young man found means to effect his mother's escape from the prison-house, and her own brother, and arrested her in the Bloody Ferry Swamp, not far from Taylor's Brook, in the Great Pasture, but concealed her from the officers which he built for her shelter, provided her with food and clothing, and comforted her in her misery, but until after the delusion had passed away. The poor creature met, however, have suffered dreadfully, for most of them were friendless in the sad desperate effort of getting her out of prison.

But there was one who was not left in Lois. Grace Hickson would fain have ignored her altogether. Such a trial did witchcraft bring upon a whole family that generations of Hicksons after it was not at that day esteemed sufficient to wash it out. Indeed, there were moments when Grace, along with most people of her tone, believed most firmly in the reality of the crime of witchcraft. Poor, forlorn, Lois was believed in by nobody, or added to her torture, for the jailer, in an unusually communicative mood, told her that the only sure cell was now full of witches; and it was possible he might have to put one, if more came, in with her. Lois knew that she was not a witch herself, but not the less did she believe that the crime was abroad, and had been cursed in by evil-minded persons who had chosen to give up their souls to Satan; and she shuddered with terror at what the jailer said, and would have asked him to tell her what this companionship if it were possible. But somehow her senses were benumbed, and she could not remember the right words in which to form her request, until he had left the prison.

The only person who yearned after Lois—who would have befriended her if he could—was Master Jeremy Lewis, the parish priest, who was old and outrageous in his talk that it was all his mother could do to keep his state concealed from public observation. She had for this purpose provided him a sleeping potion; and while he lay heavy and most under the influence of it, she would go to her mother bound him with cords to the heavy, antique bed in which he lay. She looked broken-hearted while she did this office, and was always weeping over the degradation of her first-born—him of whom she had ever been so proud.

Late that evening Grace Hickson stood in Lois's cell, loaded and chained as to her eyes. Lois was sitting quietly, and her pale, silly face with a look of one of the magistrates had dropped out of his pocket that morning. After such a visitor as that for her an instant or two in silence before Lois seemed aware of her presence. Suddenly she looked up, and uttered a cry, for she was standing by her in dark figure. Then, as if her cry had loosened Grace's tongue, she said:

"Lois Barclay, did I ever do you any harm?" Grace did not know how often her want of loving-kindness had pierced the tender heart of the stranger under her roof; nor did Lois remember it against her now. Instead, Lois's memory was filled with grateful thoughts of how much that might have been left, undone, by a less conscientious person, her own had done for her, and she half stretched out her arms as to a friend in that desolate place, as she answered:

"Oh no, no! you were very good! very kind!"

But Grace stood immovable.

"I did you no harm, although I never rightly knew why you came under my roof."

"I was sent by my mother on her death-bed," moaned Lois, covering her face. It grew darker every instant. Her aunt stood, still and silent.

"Did any of mine ever wrong you?" she asked, after a time.

"No, no; never, till Prudence said— Oh, aunt, do you think I am a witch?" And now Lois was standing up, holding by Grace's cloak, and trying to read her face. Grace drew herself, ever so little, away from her, as she said, solemnly and, yet sought to propitiate.

"Woe unto you, rather than I, have said it. But oh, Lois, Lois! he was my first-born. Loss him from the demon, for the sake of Him whom name I dare not name in this terrible building, filled with them who have renounced the hopes of their baptism, tell me truly, truly, in this awful state, if ever I or mine did you a kindness!"

"You ask me for Christ's sake," said Lois. "I can name that holy name—I, who have indeed, and in laly truth, I am no witch; and yet I am to die—to be hanged. And you ask me with his name! I am so young, and I never did any one any harm that I know of."

"Hush! for very shame! This afternoon I have bound my first-born with strong cords to keep him from doing himself or others mischief—he is so frenzied. Lois Barclay, look here!"—and Grace knelt down at her niece's feet, and joined her hands as if in prayer—"I am a grievous woman, God forgive me! and I never thought to kneel to my own flesh. And now I am come to ask you to pray you to release my children, more especially my son Manasseh, from the spells you have put upon them. Say but the word, and I will pray to the Almighty for you, if yet there may be mercy."

"I can not do it; I never did you or yours any wrong. How can I undoit? How can I?" And she wrung her hands in the agony of conviction of the inutility of aught she could do.

Here Grace grew, slowly, stiffly, and sternly. She stood aloof from the chained girl in the remote corner of the prison-cell near the door, ready to shake her curses on her head if she refused the wish, who would not, or could not, undo the evil she had wrought. Grace lifted up her hands slowly, and held it up on high, as she doomed Lois to be accursed forever, for her deadly sin, and her want of mercy over a dying child. Then, as if Heaven summoned her to meet her at the judgment-seat, and answer for every idle injury done to both souls and bodies of those who had come to her, and received her when she came to them an orphan and a stranger.

Until this last summons Lois had stood as one who hears her sentence and can say nothing against it; for she knows at whose hands it is dealt: but she lifted her head when she heard her aunt speak of the judgment-seat of Heaven, and as if by instinct she, too, lifted up her right hand, as if solemnly pledging herself by that action, and replied:

"Aunt, I will meet you there. I am sure you will know my innocence of this deadly thing. God will've mercy on me, I trust."

Her calm voice maddened Grace, and making a gesture as if she plucked up a handful of dust off the floor and threw it in Lois's face, she cursed:

"Witch! witch! ask mercy for thyself—I need not your prayers, nor your pity, nor your mercy, nor ward. I spit at thee, and defy thee!" And so she went away.

Lois sat mourning all that night through. "God comfort me! God strengthen me!" was all she could remember to say. But in the morning, when nothing more—all other fears and wants seemed dead within her. And when the jailer brought in her breakfast she was so composed, so quiet, that he "gone silly" for, indeed, she did not seem to know him, but kept looking inward with joy, and whispering softly to herself, smiling a little from time to time.

But God did comfort her, and strengthen her too. Late on that Wednesday afternoon they learned wisdom, and the fear of God, which is love, with opprobrious words, keep company together. The new-comer fell prostrate with the pain given her by remembrance, and came to Lois, crying any thing but an old ragged woman lying helpless on the floor, and making herself less, and so! it was Nattee—dirty, filthy indeed, neglected, stone-stricken, beaten, and all astray in her mind with the treatment she had received from the mob outside. Lois held her in her arms, and softly sang into the ear of the poor old woman, who, instead crying over it as she had hardly yet cried over her own sorrows. For hours the tender the old Indian woman, gradually, as the darkness fell on the poor scattered senses of the savage creature whom lonely forlornness of age and misery, and fear of the morrow, when she, too, as well as Lois, was to be led out to die, in face of all that infuriated crowd. Lois sang on, and on, and on, the only source of comfort for the old woman, who shook in her own in the trembling palsy at the dread of death —and such a death.

When all was quiet through the prison in the deep dead stillness, the jailer's wife, who had heard Lois telling, as if to a young child, the nursery tales and sorrowful story of one who died on the cross for us and for our sakes. As long as she spoke, the Indian woman's terror seemed lulled; but that intent ear appeared to have caught the first cried out afresh, as if some wild beast were following her into her retreat, and she moaned and rocked, as she had dwelt in her youth. And then Lois went on, saying all the blessed words she could remember, and comforting the helpless Indian woman with the news of the presence of a Heavenly Friend. And in comforting her, Lois was comforted; in strengthening her, Lois was strengthened.

The morning came, and the summons to come forth and die came. They who entered the cell found Lois asleep, her face resting on the slumbering old woman, whose head she still held in her lap. She did not seem clearly to know where she was when she awakened; the "silly" look had returned to her eyes; and when she spoke, what she was that somehow or another, through some peril or another, she had to protect the poor Indian woman. She smiled faintly when she saw the bright light of the April day; and put her arm round Nattee, and tried to keep that Indian quiet with hushing, soothing words of broken meaning, and inly fragments of the Psalms. Nattee tightened her hold upon Lois as they drew near the gallows, and the outrageous crowd below began to hoot and cry. Lois comforted her efforts and sent encouragee Nattee, seemingly unconscious that any of the agonies of the hooting, the tumult, the mud, was directed toward herself. But when they took Nattee from her arms, and led her out to the cart which was to conduct all to one to recover her sense of the present terror. She gazed wildly around, strengthened by the sight of the poor one son in the distance, who was yet visible to her, and cried out once with a voice that thrilled through all who heard her lady number!"—and directed the body of Lois the Witch swung in the air, and every one was still with hushed breath, to see and even wonder, like a fear of deadly crime, fallen upon them.

The stillness and the silence were broken by one crazed nut mad, who came rushing up the steps of the ladder and caught Lois's body in his arms, and kissed her lips with wild passion. And then, as if it were true what the people believed, that he was possessed by a demon, he sprang down, and rushed through the crowd, out of the bounds of the city, and into the dark dense forest. And Manasseh Hickson was no more seen of Christian men.

The people of Salem had awakened from their frightful delusion before the magistrates Captain Holdoreness and Ralph Lucy came to find out Lois, and bring her home to peaceful Barford, in the pleasant county of England. There, they led them to the grassy grave where she lay at rest, close to those of her parents. And Lois Barclay shook the dust of his feet in quitting Salem, with its heavy, heavy curse, and lived a beacher all his life long for her sake.

Long years afterward Captain Holdereness thought him one day in the street, and since he thought might interest the grave miller of the witches. Captain Holdereness told him that in the previous year, in the autumn 1713, the sentence of excommunication against the witches of Salem was ordered to be publicly read throughout all the Church to be erased and blotted out, and that those who met together for this purpose "humbly requested the mercy of God would forgive whatever sin, error, or mistake was in the application of justice therein, and that whatever blood was shed, knoweth how to have compassion on the ignorant, and those that are out of the way." He also said that Chief Justice Sewall—who, however—had made a most touching and pungent declaration of sorrow and repentance for his share in the delusion, for the false and mistaken testimony she had given in several instances, among which she particularly mentioned that of Lois Barclay, "which I do." And to which Chief Justice Lucy only answered,

"I repentance of theirs can bring her back to life."

Then Captain Holdereness took out a paper, and read the following as the public declaration of regret on the part of them who signed it, among whom Grace Hickson's name was:

"We, whose names are undersigned, being, in the year 1692, called to serve as jurors in court at Salem, on trial of many persons that were accused of witchcraft, by the acts of witchcraft upon the bodies of sundry persons; we confess that we ourselves were not capable to understand, nor able justly to determine in the righteous balance of the powers of darkness, and prince of the air, but were, for want of knowledge in ourselves, and others to inform us from others, prevailed with to take up with such evidences against witches as now we justly bewail mistake, and better information, we justly fear was insufficient for the touching the lives of any persons; and do willingly we fear we have been instrumental, with others, through the prevailing belief we were under of the power of witches and their people of the Lord the guilt of innocent blood, which is supposed to have been shed upon the account (see 2nd Kings, xxiv. 4), that is, we suppose, in not discerning betwixt the innocent and the guilty. Do humbly desire to be humbled for the sin of our errors, and pray that we may not be reckoned unto us for blood, neither we nor others, but that God would please graciously to accept of the sorrows of such as mourn sincerely, and to give rest unto this people, from the heavy calamities which are upon the account of this sad mistake and delusion, and to remember the righteous seed of Abraham, who are fallen into our hands, and pardon that rash censuring of them, which we have been guilty of, and not visit the sins of the fathers upon the children, we humbly pray for these poor children, who were not capable to act for themselves, and that God would please graciously to remember mercy, and not cut off a posterity wherein he hath been unjustly provoked to make us a prey to the devouring enemy, who designs our destruction, and bereaving us of our children, as we have been accessory to the bereaving of many parents, and pray that God would not impute the guilt of it to us, nor to his holy people in general, but also pray that we may be considered candidly and aright by the living and dying parents whose children have been taken away by the sword, and that God would please graciously to accept our poor attempt to wipe off the reproach cast upon the whole country by the late tragedy raised among us by the accusations of the infatuated people, in the midst of a strong and general delusion, utterly unacquainted with, and unskilful in matters of that nature."

We do heartily ask forgiveness of you all, whom we have justly offended by this our error, referring to our present minds, we would none of us do such things again on the like grounds, humbly craving pardon for what is past, and praying for the continuance of the Lord, that He may be entreated for the land.

"FOREMEN, THOMAS FISK, etc."

To the reading of this paper Ralph Lucy made no reply save a sigh, even more genuinely than usual.

"All their repentance will avail nothing to my son, nor will it bring back his life."

Then Captain Holdereness spoke once more, and said that on the day of the general fast, appointed to be held all over Salem and Barford, when the meeting-houses were crowded, an old, old man of Salem Village arose, and stood up in the midst, and he was accustomed to worship, and had handed up into the pulpit a written confession, which he had once or twice essayed to read for himself, acknowledging his great and grievous error in the matter of the witches of Salem, and praying for the forgiveness of God and of his people, ending with an entreaty that all then present would join with him in prayer that his past conduct might not bring down the displeasure of the Most High upon his country, his family, or himself. And that the man who was no other than Justice Sewall, remained standing all the time that his confession was read; and at the end he said, "The good and gracious God is pleased to bring me to a sight and sense of my family." And then it came out that for years past Judge Sewall had set apart a day for humiliation and prayer to keep fresh in his mind a sense of repentance and sorrow for the part he had long in these trials, and that this solemn anniversary he was pledged to keep as long as he lived, to show his feeling of deep humiliation.

Ralph Lucy's voice trembled as he spoke. "All this will not bring my Lois to life again, or give back the years of my youth."

But—as Captain Holderness shook his head (for he knew could take no other view of the matter than we so evidently true?)—Ralph added, "What is to day, know you, that this justice has set apart?"

"The twenty-ninth of April."

"Then on that day will I, here at Barford in England, join my prayers as long as I live with the repentant judge, that his sin may be blotted out, and no more had in remembrance. She would have willed it so."

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

BOOK III.

THE TRACK OF A STORM.

CHAPTER I.

THE wretched wife of the innocent man thus doomed to die fell under the sentence as if she had been conscious of it all. But she lived on in sound; and so strong was the voice within her, representing that it was she of all the world who must uphold him in his misery and not sap, ment it, that it quickly raised her, even from that shock.

The judges having to take part in a public demonstration out of doors, the tribunal adjourned. The quick noise and excitement of the court's emptying itself by many passages had scarcely ceased when she stood standing out her arms toward her husband, with nothing in her face but love and consolation.

"If I might touch him, if I might embrace him once! Oh, good citizens, if you would have so much compassion for me!"

But there was but a jailer left, along with two of the four men who had taken him last night, and Barsad. The people had all poured out to the show in the streets. Barsad proposed to the rest, "Let her embrace him, then; it is but a moment." It was silently acquiesced in, and they passed her over the seats in the hall to a raised place, where he, by leaning over the dock, could fold her in his arms.

"Farewell, dear darling of my soul, farewell! parting blessing is left in you. I shall see you again, where the weary are at rest!"

They were her husband's words, as he held her to his bosom.

"I can bear it, dear Charles. I am supported from above: don't suffer for me. A parting blessing for our child."

"I send it to her by you. I kiss her by you. I say farewell to her by you."

"My husband. No! A moment. He was tearing himself away from her. We shall not be separated long. I feel that this will break my heart by-and-by; but I will do my duty while I can, and when I leave her, God will raise up friends for her as He did for me."

Her father's hold upon her neck would have fallen on his knees to both of them, but that Barsad put in a strong hand to prevent him, crying:

"No, no! What have you done, what have you done, that you should kneel to us! We know your husband, we know the nature of the old. We know now what you underwent when you suspected that your husband was dear to him. We know now the natural antipathy you strove against, and conquered, for her dear sake. We thank you that you have saved him from a life and duty. Heaven be with you!"

Her father's only answer was to draw his hands through his white hair, and wring them with a shriek of anguish.

"This is not the way to escape," said the prisoner. "All things have worked together as they have taken out. Be it so. Take me to the guillotine to discharge my poor mother's trust that first brought my fatal presence near you. Good could never be her father's lesson, and good was not in nature to so unhappy a beginning. Be comforted, and forgive me. Heaven bless you!"

As he was drawn away his wife released him, and stood fixed as a statue with her arms loosed touching one another in the attitude of prayer, and with a radiant look upon her face, in which there was even a comforting smile. As he went out at the prisoners' door she turned, laid her head lightly on her father's breast, tried to speak to him, and fell at his feet.

Then, issuing from the obscure corner from which he had arisen unnoticed, Sydney Carton came and took her up. Only her father and Mr. Lorry were there besides the two who stood as if raised her, and supported her head. Yet there was an air about Carton of such mastery that all else—even the figure of the child who was there—seemed instantly to fall into the background.

"Shall I take her to a coach? I shall never feel her weight."

He carried her lightly to the door, and laid her tenderly down in a coach. Her father and their old friend got into it, and he took his seat beside the driver.

When they arrived at the gateway where he had paused in the dark not many hours before, to picture to himself on which of the many stones of the street her feet had trodden, he lifted her again, and carried her up the stair-

case to their rooms.

There he laid her down on a couch, where her child and Miss Pross wept over her.

"Don't recall her to herself," he said, softly, to the latter, "she is better so; don't revive her to consciousness while she only faints."

"Oh, Carton, Carton, dear Carton!" cried little Lucie, springing up and throwing her arms passionately round him, in a burst of grief. "Now that you have come, I think you will do something to help mamma, something to save papa! Oh, look at her, dear Carton! Can you, of all the people who love her, bear to see her so?"

He bent over the child and laid her blooming cheek against his face. He put her gently from him, and looked at her unconscious mother.

"Before I go," he said, and paused. "I may kiss her?"

It was remembered afterward that when he bent down and touched her face with his lips he murmured some words. The child, who was nearest to him, told them afterward, and told her grandchildren when she was a handsome old lady, that she heard him say, "A life you love."

When he had gone out into the next room he turned suddenly on Mr. Lorry and her father, who were following, and said to the latter:

"You, sir, had great influence but yesterday, Doctor Manette; let it, at least, be tried. These judges, and all the men in power, are very friendly to you, and very recognizant of your services; are they not?"

"Nothing connected with Charles was concealed from me. I had the strongest assurances that I should save him; and I did." He returned that answer in a low voice, and repeated it slowly.

"Try them again. The hours between this and to-morrow afternoon are few and short; but try."

"I intend to try. I will not rest a moment."

"That's well. I have known such energy as yours do great things before now—though never," he added, with a smile and a sigh together, "such great things as this. But try! Of little worth as life is when we misuse it, it is worth that effort. It would cost nothing to lay down (if it were set)."

"I will go," said Doctor Manette, "to the Prosecutor and the President straight, and I will go to others whom it is better not to name. I will write, too, and—But stay! There is a celebration in the streets, and no one will be accessible until dark."

"That's true. Well! It is a forlorn hope at the best, and not much the stronger for being delayed till dark. I should like to know how you speed; though, mind! I expect nothing! When are you likely to have seen these dread powers, Doctor Manette?"

"Immediately after dark, I should hope. Within an hour or two from this."

"It will be dark soon after four. Let us stretch the hour or two. If I go to Mr. Lorry's at nine, shall I hear what you have done, either from our friend or from yourself?"

"Yes."

"May you prosper!"

Mr. Lorry followed Sydney to the outer door, and touching him on the shoulder as he was going away, roused him to say:

"I have no hope," said Mr. Lorry, in a low and sorrowful whisper.

"Nor have I."

"If any of these men, or all of these men, were disposed to spare him—which is a large supposition; for what is his life, or any man's, to them?—I doubt if they dare spare him after the demonstration in the Court."

"And so do I. I heard the fall of the axe in that sound."

Mr. Lorry leaned his arm upon the door-post, and bowed his face upon it.

"Don't despond," said Carton, very gently; "don't grieve. I encouraged Doctor Manette in this idea, because I felt that it might one day be consolatory to her. Otherwise, she might think his life was wantonly thrown away or wasted, and that might trouble her."

"Yes, yes, yes," returned Mr. Lorry, drying his eyes, "you are right. But be will perish; there is no real hope."

"Yes. He will perish: there is no real hope," echoed Carton; and walked with a steady pace down stairs.

CHAPTER XII.

DARKNESS.

Sydney Carton paused in the street, not quite decided where to go. "At Tellson's banking-house at nine," he said, with a musing face. "Shall I do well, in the mean time, to show myself? I think so. It is best that these people should know there is such a man as I. Actmg on that conviction, he walked on slowly, as a necessary preparation. But care, care, care! Let me think it over.

Checking his steps, which had begun to tend toward an object, he took a turn or two in the already thickening street, and roused the faculties in his mind to its possible consequences. His first impression was confirmed. "It is best," he said, finally resolved, "that these people should know there is such a man as I here." And he turned his face toward Saint Antoine.

Defarge had described himself that day as the keeper of a wine-shop in the Saint Antoine suburb. It was not difficult for one who knew the city well to find his house without asking any question. Having ascertained its situation, Carton came out of those closer streets again, and dined at a place of refreshment and wine, in a sound sleeper fither dinner. For the first time in many years he had an strong drink. Since last night he had taken nothing but a little light thin wine, and last night he had dropped the brandy slowly down on Mr. Lorry's floor, like a man who had done with it.

It was an hot time in the city when he awoke, refreshed, and went out into the streets again. As he passed along toward Saint Antoine he stopped at a shop where he could purchase pen, ink, and paper, and wrote a letter. He sealed it carefully, and addressed it to Mr. Lorry's care. Then he went on again, and coming to the wine-shop of Defarge, went in.

There happened to be no customer in the shop but Jacques Three, of the restless fingers and the croaking voice. Carton, entering, took a seat upon the Jury, stood drinking at the little counter, in conversation with the Defarges, man and wife. He had original motives for his conversation like a regular member of the establishment.

As Carton walked in, took his seat, and asked (in very indifferent French) for a small measure of wine, Madame Defarge cast a careful glance at him, and then a keener, and then a keener, and then advanced to him herself, and asked him what it was he had ordered.

He repeated what he had already said.

"English!" said Madame Defarge, superciliously raising her dark eyebrows.

After looking at her, as if the sound of even a single French word were slow to express itself to him, he answered, in his former strong foreign accent, "Yes, madame, I am English."

Madame Defarge returned to her counter to get the wine, and as he took up a Jacobin journal and feigned to pore over it puzzling out its meaning, he was aware that this woman, like Evremonde!"

Defarge brought him the wine, and gave him change from a piece.

"How?"

"Good-evening."

"Oh! Good-evening, citizen," filling his glass. "Ah! and good wine. I drink to the Republic."

Defarge went back to the counter and said, in a low voice, "Play!" Madame sat down reluctantly, "I tell you a good deal like." Jacques Three peacefully croaked, "Yes, my dear." Then they both resumed their former occupations.

"It is true what madame says," observed Jacques Three. "Why stop? There is great room in this. Why stop?"

"Well, well," reasoned Defarge, "but one must stop somewhere. After all, the question is still, where?"

"At extermination," said madame.

"Magnificent!" croaked Jacques Three. The Vengeance also highly approved.

"Extermination is good doctrine, my wife," said Defarge, rather troubled; "in general, I say nothing against it. But this Doctor has suffered much; you have seen him to-day; you have observed his face when the paper was read."

"I have observed his face!" repeated madame, contemptuously and angrily. "Yes, I have observed his face. I have observed his face to be not the face of a true friend of the Republic. Let him take care of his face!"

"And you have observed, my dear," said Defarge, in a deprecatory manner, "the anguish of his daughter, which must be dreadful an guish to him!"

"I have observed his daughter!" repeated madame; "yes, I have observed his daughter more times than one. I have observed her today, and I have observed her other days. I have observed her in the court, and I have observed her in the street by the prison. Let me but lift my finger—!" She seemed to rise (the listener's eyes were always on his paper), and to let it fall with a rattle on the heaps before her, as if the axe had dropped.

"The citizeness is superb!" croaked the Jurynan.

"She is an Angel!" said the Vengeance, and embraced her.

"As to thee," pursued madame, implacably, addressing her husband, "if I denebted on thee—which, happily, it does not—thou wouldst rescue this man even now."

"No!" protested Defarge. "Not if to lift this glass would do it! But I would leave the matter there. I say, stop there."

"See you then, Jacques," said Madame Defarge, wrathfully; "and see you too, my little Vengeance; see you both! Listen! For other crimes as tyrants and oppressors I have this race and name on my register, doomed to destruction and extermination. Ask my husband is that so."

"It is so," assented Defarge, without being asked.

"In the beginning of the great days, when the Bastile falls, he finds this paper of to-day, and he brings it home, and in the middle of the night, when this place is dark and shut, we read it, here on this spot, by the light of this lamp. Ask him is that so."

"It is so," assented Defarge.

"That night I tell him, when the paper is read through, and the lamp is burned out, and the day is gleaming in above these shutters and beneath these iron bars, that I have seen a secret to communicate. Ask him is that so."

"It is so," assented Defarge again.

"I communicate to him that secret. I smile that he may know with these two hands as I smite it now, and I tell him, 'Defarge, I was brought up among the fishermen of the sea-shore, and that peasant family is mine. Defarge, that sister was my sister, that husband was my sister's husband, that unborn child was their child, that brother was my brother, that father was my father, those dead are my dead, and that summons to answer for those things descends to me!' Ask him is that so."

"It is so," assented Defarge once more.

"Then tell Wind and Fire where to stop," returned madame, "but don't tell me."

Both her hearers derived a horrible enjoyment from the deadly nature of her wrath—the listener could feel how white she was, without seeing her—and both highly commended it. Defarge, a weak minority, interposed a few words for the memory of the compassionate wife of the Marquis; but only elicited from his own wife a repetition of her last reply. "Tell the Wind and Fire where to stop; not me!"

Customers entered, and the group was broken up. The English customer paid for what he had had, perplexedly counted his change, and asked, as a stranger, to be directed toward the National Palace. Madame Defarge took him to the door and put her arm on his in pointing out the road. The English customer was not without his reflections then that it might be a good deed to rescue that arm, lift it up, and strike under it sharp and deep.

But he went its way and was soon swallowed up in the shadow of the prison wall. At the appointed hour he emerged from it to present himself at Mr. Lorry's room again, where he found the old gentleman walking to and fro in restless anxiety. He said he had been set free, Lucie until just now, and had only left her for a few minutes to come and keep his appointment. Her father had not been seen since he quitted the banking-house toward four o'clock. She had some faint hopes that his mediation might save Charles, but they were very slight. He had been more than five hours gone: where could he be?

Mr. Lorry waited until tea; but Doctor Manette not returning, and he being unwilling to leave Lucie any longer, it was arranged that he should go back to her and come to the banking-house again at midnight. In the mean while, Carton would wait alone by the fire for the Doctor.

He waited and waited, and the clock struck twelve; but Doctor Manette did not come back. Mr. Lorry returned and found no tidings of him, and brought none. Where could he be?

They were discussing this question, and were almost building up some weak structure of hope on his prolonged absence, when they heard him on the stairs. The instant he entered the room it was plain that all was lost.

Whether he had really been to any one, or whether he had been all that time traversing the streets, could not be traced from his face. He stood staring at them they asked him no question, for his face told them every thing.

"I can not find it," said he, "and I must have it. Where is it?"

His hands had fallen upon it, and as he spoke, with a helpless look straying all around, he took his coat off and let it drop on the floor.

"Where is my bench? I have been looking every where for my bench and I can't find it. What have they done with my work? Time presses: I must finish those shoes."

They looked at one another, and their looks died within them.

"Come, come!" said he, in a whimpering, miserable way; "let me get to work. Give me my work."

Receiving no answer, he tore his hair and beat his feet upon the ground like a distracted child.

"Don't torture a poor forlorn wretch," he implored them, with a dreadful cry; "but give me my work! What is to become of us if those shoes are not done to-night?"

Lost, utterly lost!

It was no clearly beyond hope to reason with him or try to restore him, that—as if by agreement—they each put a hand upon his shoulder and soothed him to sit down before the fire, with a promise that he should have his work presently. He sank into the chair and brooded over the embers and shed tears. As if all that had happened since the garret time were a momentary fancy or a dream, Mr. Lorry saw him shrink into the exact figure that Defarge had had in keeping.

Affected and impressed with terror as they both were by this sudden spectacle of ruin, it was not a time to yield to such emotions. His lonely daughter, bereft of her final hope and reliance, appealed to them both too strongly. Again, as if by agreement, they looked at one another with one meaning in their faces. Carton was the first to speak:

"The last chance is gone: it was not much. Yet; he had better be taken to her child before you go will you, for a moment, steadily attend to me? Don't ask me why I make the stipulations I am going to make, and exact the promise I am going to exact; I have a reason—a good one."

"I do not doubt it," answered Mr. Lorry. "Say on."

The figure in the chair between them was all the time monotonously rocking itself to and fro, and moaning. They spoke of him as one as they would have used if they had been watching by a sick bed in the night.

Carton stooped to pick up the coat which lay almost entangling his feet. As he did so a small smile, in which a Doctor was concerned as to carry the list of his day's duties, fell lightly on the floor. Carton took it up and there was a folded paper in it. "We should look at this?" he said. Mr. Lorry nodded his consent. He opened it, and exclaimed, "Thank God!"

"What is it?" asked Mr. Lorry, eagerly.

"A memorial. Let me speak of it in its place. First," he put his hand in his coat and took another paper from it, "that is the certificate which enables me to pass out of this city. Look at it. You see—Sydney Carton, an Englishman?"

"I SWEAR TO YOU, LIKE EVREMONDE!"

Mr. Lorry held it open in his hand, gazing in his earnest face.

"Keep it for me until to-morrow. I shall see him to-morrow, you remember, and I had better not take it into the prison."

"Why not?"

"I don't know: I prefer not to do so. Now take this paper that Doctor Manette has entered about him. It is a similar certificate, enabling him and his daughter and her child at any time to pass the Barrier and the frontier? You see it?"

"Yes!"

"Perhaps he obtained it as his last and utmost precaution against evil, yesterday. When is it dated? But no matter; don't stay to look; put it up carefully with mine and your own. Now, observe it. I have doubled up inside that other one, the words that are underlined, so that the two front edges only are seen. Quick, and hide it!"

Mr. Lorry thrust the papers into his breast, and buttoned his coat. "Those words to be known by, destroy the genuine one, and substitute mine without producing it or allowing it to be seen. Is that well done?"

"Perfectly well."

"You are certain? Remember that the time is drawing on, and that anything may depend on your quickness."

"I am certain."

"Drink this!" He took a draught of the liquor, and shook his head as he returned the flask. "Now, my friend, commend me to your children this day, and tell them why I would wish to be remembered by them! And now, farewell! Farewell, dear friend! Farewell!"

He was moved beyond self-control, and his hand shook as he put it out of the door. "Farewell! A parting blessing for your daughter, who is dearer to you than life! Think of her, and bless her!"

"I am collected; I shall be so, directly. Say nothing to her of what has passed between us. To-morrow, before you go, I may tell her something. Adieu!"

Mr. Lorry was standing in the street, with his hand on the open door, looking back, when he saw her face disappear from the window.

He was a methodical man, and he had been long used to subdue his face to the expression of his desk, before he could trust himself to open it. When that was closed, he stood thinking at his post for some minutes. Then he advanced towards Temple Bar, reflecting on what had passed between him and Lucie. His first act was to place the papers he had in charge in the hands of his partner, and request him to assist in the disposal of them, unless he should be able to dispose of them himself before the next day.

Then he turned his face towards Soho, whither he had been bidden to repair immediately on his arrival in London.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Coughs.

The great and sudden changes of our climate are fruitful sources of *Pulmonary and Bronchial affections*. Experience having proved that simple remedies often act speedily and certainly when taken in the early stage of the disease, recourse should at once be had to "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*," or Lozenges, for the Cough or Irritation of the throat for ever so slight, as by this precaution a more protracted illness may be effectually warded off.

To Housekeepers.—The attention of heads of families is respectfully invited to the superior quality of

Burnett's Flavoring Extracts.

They are entirely free from the poisonous oils and acids which enter into the composition of many of the Extracts now offered for sale, and for purity and strength are highly concentrated, have all the freshness and delicacy of the fruits from which they are prepared, and are less expensive.

PREPARED BY JOSEPH BURNETT & CO.,
Boston.

Lester's Lock-Stitch Sewing Machines
AND
Woodworth's Planing Machines
Office 483 Broadway. J. H. LESTER.

Ladd, Webster & Co.,
INVITE ATTENTION TO THEIR
IMPROVED TIGHT-STITCH
Sewing Machines,
WHICH FOR BEAUTY AND SIMPLICITY OF CONSTRUCTION, AND PERFECTION OF WORKING, ARE UNEQUALED BY ANY.
350 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
17 SIXTH STREET, PITTSBURGH.
620 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.
200 BALTIMORE STREET, BALTIMORE.
70 WEST FOURTH STREET, CINCINNATI.

The "Crowning Glory."—A flowing, soft, luxuriant head of hair is considered the crowning glory of ladies' beauty. BARRY'S CELEBRATED TRICOPHEROUS OR HAIR ANTISEPTIC HAIR DESTROYER will produce this, and restore hair to the bald. It removes dandruff, allays dryness, and also restores the hair to its original silk color, black, brown, or auburn, and prevents it falling off. Sold by all Druggists, and by JULES HARDY & CO., No. 704 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills,
FOR ALL THE PURPOSES OF A FAMILY PHYSIC,

are so compound that disease within the range of their action rarely withstand or evade them. They overcome proper derangements, and cleanse, and invigorate the internal organs, restoring their healthy tone and full exacted action, and restoring its healthy vitalities. As a consequence of these operations, those who take it are viewed down with pain or physical debility is astonished to find his health or energy restored by a remedy at once so simple and efficient.

Not only do they cure the every-day complaints of everybody, but also many formidable and dangerous diseases; such as *Cutaneous, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Liver Complaint, Dropsy, Rheumatism, Scrofula, Piles, Rheumatism, Erysipelas and Skin Diseases, Liver Complaint, Dropsy, Neuralgia, and Salt Rheum, Worms, Gout, Neuralgia, as a Dinner Pill, and for Purifying the Blood.*

Their sugar-coated, so that the most sensitive can take them pleasantly, and they are the best aperient in the world for all the purposes of a family physic.

Price 25 cents per Box; Five Boxes for $1.00.

PREPARED BY
J. C. AYER & CO.,
LOWELL, MASS.
Sold by all Druggists everywhere.

Ladies' Furs at Genin's Bazaar,
513 Broadway,
Under the St. Nicholas Hotel.
HUDSON BAY SABLE,
MINK, MARTEN, RUSSIAN SABLE,
OF THE LATEST STYLES ROYAL ERMINE, CHILDREN'S FURS, IN ELEGANT VARIETY,
STOCK LARGE, ASSORTMENT COMPLETE,
PRICES MODERATE.
GENIN'S BAZAAR,
513 Broadway.

Garnet and Coral Jewelry.—We invite attention to our large importation of Garnet and Coral Jewelry, consisting of bracelets, brooches, ear-rings, necklaces, chains, sleeve buttons, studs, sets, &c., &c.
OSBORNE, HOARDMAN & TOWNSEND,
No. 36 Maiden Lane, Manufacturers of Spring Jewelry.

REMOVAL.
JAMES BOGARDUS,
Architect in Iron, Engineer, Constructor, and Patentee
of Iron Buildings,
Patentee and Manufacturer of
ROGARDUS'S PATENT CORRUGATED METAL.
Machine Room corner of Whitehead Iron Streets,
Office No. 201 Canal Street, near Centre, New York.
Iron Building corner of Duane and Thames Sts., formerly occupied, has been removed to widening Duane Street.

$5000 AGENTS WANTED.—To sell a very low-priced Family Machine (the only one so low,—better than all other similar agencies. Send for Circular. GRIFFIN BROTHERS, Boston, Mass.

ARTHRAM BROWN, Lowell, Mass.

PIMMEL'S WHITE ALMOND SOAP
AND FAMILY BAR SOAP are confidently recommended for their emollient properties and delightful aroma.
Sold by all the Trade.
E. RIMMEL, *Perfumer, London and Paris.*

IF WHISKERS AND MUSTACHES won't grow upon your face, use my original formula, dated 1865, which will force them to grow six weeks from the first application. It is entirely free from injury to the skin. Price $1. Sent by mail, post free, to any address. A. G. GALLAH, 149 Nassau Street, New York.

Full Length Steel Engravings of WASHINGTON AND EVERETT.
Including a View of Mount Vernon,
In the Engraving of Washington. These splendid engravings are from original paintings by Healy, and are executed on steel in the highest style of Art. They are the finest Steel Engravings ever issued, and are worthy of so many names, otherwise galleries have been purchased upon the public as works of art—and especially in shape, finish, and mode engravings—that it is difficult to exercise process of taste that they are safe in ordering what have been sold as such. We have not yet met with artists their own prices, amounting to MANY THOUSAND DOLLARS, to produce TWO STEEL ENGRAVINGS EQUAL TO THESE, as well as THE BEST PORTRAITS, and that shall be AFFORDED AT THE LOWEST PRICES. Each of the Engravings has also been relied on.

From the Editor of the *New York Observer* says:—"These engravings are genuine works of art—like likenesses—and beautiful specimens of the highest order of steel engraving."

From *The New York Christian Advocate* says:—"They are among the finest engravings we have ever seen. THE PUBLISHERS ARE FULLY RESPONSIBLE FOR ALL THEY PROMISE."

TERMS ALMOST GRATIS.
We will send, POST PAID, securely packed in tubes—
Either Engraving and a $3 00 Magazine, one year, for **$5.**
Both Engravings and a $3 00 Magazine, one year, for **$8.**
AGENTS who remit $20 at one time will have an extra copy of such engraving. The Magazines are
Harper's,
The Knickerbocker,
Godey's Lady's Book,
The Atlantic,
Hearth and Hickwood.
By special arrangement, the entire year's subscription to Magazine is paid over to the hands of publishers, and subscribers receive their supply for the year direct from their respective publication offices. The cost of the engravings is paid only by the difference between the price at which we obtain the regular price of the Magazine.
Engravings sent at once, and subscriptions to periodicals commence with current number, unless otherwise ordered. Money at our risk if proof is retained of having been mailed. Fifteen engravings are best, therefore send early. Address
A. E. BAILEY & CO.,
(At Wm. Hall & Son's Music Store.) 543 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

THE GUARDIAN
Life Insurance Company
OF NEW YORK,
Office in
CONTINENTAL BANK BUILDING,
No. 7 Nassau Street,
Is prepared to issue policies as follows, viz:
POLICIES IN FAVOR OF AND PAYABLE TO THE WIFE,
Free from the claims of creditors.
POLICIES PAYABLE ON ATTAINING A SPECIFIED AGE,
Or payable in case of death before attaining such age.
POLICIES PAYABLE TO CHILDREN,
On the lives of their debtors.
POLICIES GRANTED FOR ANY NUMBER OF YEARS.
PREMIUMS PAYABLE IN CASH,
Quarterly, semi-annually, or annually.
Dividends Declared Every Three Years.
And the surplus belonging to the policy-holders preserved to them in Scrip.
This Scrip bears six per cent. per annum interest, payable in cash, and the redemption thereof is commenced when the dividends now shall have produced the sum of $1,000,00.
At the same time, the Company is empowered by its charter to purchase the Scrip for the benefit of the policy holders before that time.
This Scrip is not affected by the forfeiture or sale of the policy, which is a great advantage over the system adopted by some Companies, of applying the dividend to the same terms of forfeiture and sale as the policy, by reducing it thereon. This is clearly unjust, as the dividend is a surplus fund, and is rightly the property of the insured, and not of the Company.
The interest on the Scrip gradually reduces the premium.
Directors:
JAMES T. SOUTHER, GEORGE OPDYKE,
DOUGLAS ROBINSON, E. V. HAUGHWOUT,
THOMAS RAGNEY, JAMES FISHER,
JOHN T. AGNEW, ROBERT SUTTER,
WM. M. VERMILYE, JAMES W. HALSTED,
W. H. PECKHAM, FRANCIS W. TAPPAN,
JOHN A. GRISWOLD, FREDERICK H. COSSITT,
WM. H. WRIGHT, E. H. GIBSON,
JOHN B. SCHIEFFELIN, WILLIAM H. HALL, Baltimore.
WILLIAM ALLEN, Baltimore. WM. WILKENS, Baltimore.
JAMES W. HALSTED, President.
HENRY V. GARLAND, Secretary.
J. SMITH HOMANS, Jr., Actuary.
CHARLES E. ANDREWS, Attorney and Counsellor.
R. P. HALSTED, M. D., } Medical
JOHN C. PETERS, M. D., } Examiners.

THE UNIVERSAL COUGH REMEDY
For all Lung Complaints
THE CELEBRATED COUGH REMEDY
The great Norwegian Remedy.
And Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry.
The celebrated New England preparations are now being distributed through the country, to which we invite the attention of the trade, as they are reliable, and everything to strengthen confidence, may be found with dealers, and we ask all to call for them.
J. W. HUNNEWELL & Co., Commercial Wharf, Boston.
GEO. HUNNEWELL, 149 Water Street, New York.
Also for sale by the usual Wholesale Agents in every city.
J. L. HUNNEWELL, Pharmaceutist, Superintendent.

FINKLE & LYON'S SEWING MACHINES
Are unsurpassed for patent satisfaction than any other machine in this market, or money refunded.
N.B.—Price Reduced to $50.
No. 355 Broadway.

SANDS' SARSAPARILLA.
THE GREAT
AMERICAN REMEDY
FOR PURIFYING THE BLOOD.
Every one subject to blotches or eruptions of the skin should use this delightful remedy.
Prepared and sold by A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists, No. 100 Fulton Street, New York.

THE MINISTER'S WOOING.
By
HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.
50th Thousand.
1 volume. $1 25.

BEULAH.
By
AUGUSTA J. EVANS.
118th Thousand.
1 volume. $1 25.

HOW TO DAYLIGHT.
By
MRS. HENRY WARD BEECHER.
40th Thousand.
1 volume. $1 00.

TEN YEARS OF PREACHER LIFE.
By
REV. WM. H. MILBURN.
13th Thousand.
1 volume. $1 00.
For sale by all Booksellers, or sent by mail, post-paid, by
DERBY & JACKSON, Publishers,
119 Nassau Street, New York.
** Single copies by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price by the Publishers.

Café de Costa Rica
C&C
Mountain COFFEE
For sale by
THOMAS G. SMITH,
No. 5 Beaver Street.

TO SOUTHERN MERCHANTS.
HARNDEN'S EXPRESS
LEAVES EVERY
TUESDAY, THURSDAY AND SATURDAY,
BY STEAMSHIP,
FOR SAVANNAH, GA.,
Agency, by Georgia Central Railroad, to
MACON, MEMPHIS, ATLANTA,
AUGUSTA, MONTGOMERY, COLUMBUS,
NASHVILLE, COLUMBUS, MONTGOMERY,
NEW ORLEANS,
And all Towns in the interior of
Georgia, Alabama and Tennessee.
Every description of merchandise forwarded at *Low* rates, and delivered with promptness and despatch.
For further particulars apply at the office of
HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, 74 Broadway.

SAVE A DOLLAR!
Peterson's Magazine.
Subscribe for 1870.
This popular Monthly Magazine has already a circulation of nearly 100,000; but it is to be greatly improved for 1870. It will contain nearly
ONE THOUSAND PAGES OF READING,
FOURTEEN SPLENDID STEEL PLATES;
Or Illustrations of Fashions;
TWELVE COLORED FASHION PLATES;
Or Models of Costumes;
EIGHT HUNDRED WOOD-CUTS;
And the VERY BEST STORIES OF MUSIC!
All this will be given for only TWO DOLLARS a year, or a dollar less than Magazines of the class of "Peterson's."

Thrilling Tales and Novelettes
Are the best published anywhere. *All the most popular writers contribute exclusively to Peterson's Magazine.*
It also publishes

Fashions ahead of all Others.
Both number, in addition to the Colored plate, given Bonnets, Cloaks, and Dresses, engraved on wood. Also a Pattern, from which a Dress, Mantilla, or Cloak or Dress can be cut out, without the aid of a mantua-maker.
It is the best Lady's Magazine in the World. ☞ TRY IT FOR ONE YEAR.

TERMS—ALWAYS IN ADVANCE:
One Copy, One Year..... $2 00
Three Copies, for One Year..... 5 00
Five Copies, for One Year..... 7 50
Eight Copies, for One Year..... 12 00
Sixteen Copies, for One Year..... 20 00

Premiums getting up Clubs.
Three, five Eight, or sixteen copies make a club. To every person getting up a club, the publisher will send an illustrated LADY'S ALBUM, bound in morocco, gilt, post-paid. Address, as above,
CHARLES J. PETERSON,
Peterson's Illustrated Street, Philadelphia.
☞ Specimens sent gratis.

Two Works Valuable to the Sick or Well.
Sent by mail, no par expense, until received, read, and approved.
Address Dr. S. S. FITCH, 714 Broadway, New York.
1st. Sent ABSOLUTELY on the causes, prevention, and cure of Lung, Throat, and Skin diseases: Bronchitis, and Male and Female complaints. On the mode of preserving Health to 100 years. 418 pages, 10 Engravings —Price $1 00 by the author or P. O. Money.
2nd. A work on the Cause and Cure of Diseases of the Heart, Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Nervousness, or Apoplexy, Palsy, and Dyspepsia; why we grow old and what to prevent it. 214 pages, 6 engravings. Price 75 cents. Say which book you wish, giving name, state, county, town and post office.

361 BROADWAY 539
Tucker's Flavors, Feathers, and Miscellaneous Items, Are all reliable.

Old Sachem Bitters & Wigwam Tonic.

These celebrated and pleasant Bitters are highly recommended by the faculty as the purest and finest Tonic and Stimulant ever offered to the public for General Debility, Loss of Appetite, Dyspepsia, and other Derangements of the Stomach.
PRINCIPAL DEPOT,
No. 145 Water Street.
For Sale Everywhere.

Cure for Ill-Tempered Husbands.

BY NAPOLEON B. QUIGGS.

Of all great evils in the world
On woman, for Eve's folly, hurled,
The very worst—say worse, who can?—
Is that of an ill-tempered man!

A joint ill-done, a roast too cold,
What bosh left-handed men hold!
A button missing, and he raves
As short the stingers from their graves!

Or jealous, dismay without cause,
Heaven's curses on his wife he draws;
Denies his children, tears his hair,
And makes himself a "brute"—a "bear!"

But happy is the wife, whose art
Knows how to calm a husband's heart:
Disperse suspicion, still his fears,
And wash all doubts out in his tears!

The way that Mrs. Bolton pursues
When Jerry Bolton is in the blues,"
Is this: to FRANCES SPENCE she goes,
And orders Bolton's suit of clothes!

Clothes for the boy, the sensuous,
(This pulls the father's heart inwards,)
And Jerry Bolton, as well arrayed,
Laments his rage he has displayed!

And this, the moral, mark ye—wives,
Who wish in kind confidence,
Dressed by the SMITHS from head to heel,
Your locks like GENTLEMEN will FEEL!

"Twin Temples of Fashion."

ONE PRICE—NO DEVIATION.

The Price is marked on all the Goods in Plain Figures.

SMITH BROTHERS,

The Marble Stores,

122, 138, and 140

Fulton Street,

Between Broadway and William St.

THOMAS SMITH, Jun.,
ROBERT L. SMITH,
J. SMITH BEE. } NEW YORK.

POWERFUL MICROSCOPES or Magnifying Glasses, for 25 cents. Magnifying more than five hundred times. Can be carried anywhere. Sent of different powers for $1. "Perfect little wonders."—*Ballou's Pictorial.*

C. H. UNDERWOOD, 114 Hanover Street, Boston.

SAKE'S NEW VOLUME.

TICKNOR & FIELDS HAVE NOW READY

The Money King, And Other Poems.

By JOHN G. SAXE.

WITH AN ADMIRABLE PORTRAIT ON STEEL.

One volume, 16mo. 75 cents.

For sale by all Booksellers, or mailed by the Publishers on receipt of price.

Agents Wanted

To obtain Subscribers for

LOSSING'S PICTORIAL FIELD-BOOK OF THE REVOLUTION.

In Two Volumes Royal Octavo, containing upward of

1500 Engravings and 1100 Beautiful Illustrations.

This work will be SOLD EXCLUSIVELY BY AGENTS, to each of whom a special District will be given. Two industrious students will find more steady hours the Countries they would prefer. For full particulars address PUBLISHERS, 82 Cliff Street, or 18 Spruce Street, NEW YORK.

BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

"MEDICAL COMMON SENSE."

YES, "Medical Common Sense," sir!

THE ORIGINAL BRIDGEWATER PAINT OF NEW JERSEY,

Established 1850,

For Roofs, Wood, Iron, Brick, Bridges, Canvass, Muslin, Paper, &c., dries readily, forming a metallic coat, spark and cinder proof. Fifty per cent cheaper than Lead or Boiled Linseed Oil. Send for Circular.

HICKS & BETTS, Agents,

DUSSELDORF GALLERY,

548 Broadway,

W. L. SONTAG'S PAINTING, "A DREAM OF ITALY."

The finest and latest work of the Artist has just been added to the above collection. OPEN DAY AND EVENING. Admission 25 cents.

PATENT MANGLES, FOR IRONING clothes without heat; suitable for hotels, laundries and private families. Send for Circular.

DUNCAN, WEST & SHARP, No. 51 Beekman St.

PECANCIMENE.

The Proprietor of this Excellent Preparation kips been to offer it to the public as a **COMPLETE HAIR PRESERVER AND RESTORER.** It will remove Dandruff, prevent the hair from falling off, and after using a few applications will RESTORE GRAY HAIR BLACK OR BROWN to its youthful green color, and keeps the hair moist for a long time, by using which it will grow a rich, luxuriant growth. **FOR LADIES' TOILET.**

None genuine unless signed thus: H. Benedict, on the Label. Sold by all Druggists.

E. HOWARD, ARNOLD & CO., GENERAL AGENTS, DAMRELL AND COMMERCIAL STREETS, BOSTON.
No. 24 Broadway, New York.

Mercantile Record.

Patent Champion Safes.
S. C. Herring & Co., 251 Broadway.

Wilder's Patent Salamander Safe.
B. G. Wilder & Co., 191 Broadway.

Phelan's Billiard Tables.
O'Connor & Gallender, 63 to 69 Crosby Street.

"Riggs' Truss," Waterproof and imperishable, can not injure the most raw surface in rupture. 348 Broome Street, N. Y.

Patent Extension Tables.
At Hoerde's Manufactory, 145, 150 Wooster Street.

Stellwag & Klug, 3 William Street, offer for sale Lesley's patent new superior paints, likewise for export to Mexico, Central and South America.

oilet Vinegar

is far superior to Eau de Cologne

less a lotion for the Toilet

or Bath, a reviving Perfume,

and a powerful Disinfectant.

Sold by all the Trade.

E. Rimmel,

Perfumer, London and Paris.

WILL SHORTLY CLOSE,
CHURCH'S
"HEART OF THE ANDES."
Now on Exhibition at the STUDIO BUILDING,
No. 15 Tenth Street, between 9th and 6th Avenues.
Open from 8 A.M. to 9 P.M., and from 7 to 10 Evenings.
Admission 25 cents. J. McCLURE.

GROVER & BAKER'S

CELEBRATED

FAMILY SEWING MACHINES.

At Reduced Prices,

READ WHAT A DISTINGUISHED MAN SAYS.

"I take pleasure in saying, that the Grover & Baker Sewing Machine I have long since satisfied my expectation. By carrying out my ideas in the construction of them in various forms for different classes, and after four years' trial, have settled by final."—*Rev. A. H. Henshaw, Senator of South Carolina.*

No. 495 Broadway, New York. 18 Summer Street, Boston. 730 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. 181 Baltimore Street, Baltimore. 58 West Fourth Street, Cincinnati. 13 Camp Street, New Orleans. And 249 King Street, Charleston, 115 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

HARPER & BROTHERS,
331 to 338 Pearl Street (Franklin Square),

Have just Published:

WOMEN ARTISTS in all Ages and Countries. By MRS. ELLET, Author of "Women of the American Revolution," &c. 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

FISHER'S RIVER (North Carolina), Scenes and Characters. By DAVID GAUSS LITTLE, Lawyer and Author. Illustrated by JOHN MCLENAN. 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

A GOOD FIGHT, and Other Tales. By CHARLES READE, Author of "Peg Woffington" and "Christie Johnstone," &c. Embracing: I. "A Good Fight." II. "Jack of all Trades." III. "A Hero and Martyr." IV. "Autobiography of a Thief." Illustrations. 12mo, Muslin, 75 cents.

SWORD AND GOWN. A Novel. By the Author of "Cecy Dacre," "Ida Beresford," &c. 12mo, Muslin, 75 cents.

HARRY LEE; or, Hope for the Poor. With Illustrations. 18mo, Muslin, 75 cents.

A LIFE FOR A LIFE. By the Author of "John Halifax," "The Ogilvies," "The Head of the Family," &c., &c. Cheap Edition, 8vo, Paper, 50 cents. The Library Edition of Prince George, "Virginia Comedians," &c., &c. 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND, from the Accession of England, from the Earliest Times to the Revolution in 1688. By DAVID HUME. Abridged. Incorporating the Recent Researches of recent Historians, and continued down to the Year 1858. Illustrated by numerous Engravings on Wood. Uniform with Smith's "History of Greece," "Lodge's History of Rome," and "The Student's Gibbon." Large 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

HENRY ST. JOHN, GENTLEMAN, of Flower of Hundreds in Virginia. A Memoir of Prince George, Virginia. Tale of 1774, '75. By JOHN ESTEN COOKE, Author of "Leather Stocking and Silk," "The Virginia Comedians," &c., &c. 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

MY THIRD BOOK. A Collection of Tales. By LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON. 18mo, Muslin, 75 cents.

GERALD FITZGERALD, "THE CHEVALIER." A Novel. By CHARLES LEVER, Author of "Charles Mathey," "Tom Burke of Ours," "Arthur O'Leary," "Sir Jasper Carew," "Maurice Tierney," &c. Complete in One Volume. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

LIFE AND LIBERTY IN AMERICA; or, Sketches of a Tour in the United States and Canada in 1857-8. By CHARLES ASTON, F.R.A. With 17 Illustrations. 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

THE LIFE OF JAMES BUNTING, D.D., with Notices of Contemporary Wesleyan Worthies. By his Son, THOMAS PERCIVAL BUNTING. Vol. I., with a Portrait. 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR. Illustrated by J. MCLENAN. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

WALPER THORNLEY; or, A Peep at the Past. By the Author of "Allen Prescott" and "Alida" (Mrs. Henry Wood). 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

MISS STRICKLAND'S QUEENS OF SCOTLAND. Lives of the Queens of Scotland and English Princesses connected with the Royal Succession of Great Britain. By AGNES STRICKLAND. Vol. VIII. completing the Series. 12mo, Muslin, $1 00; Sets in Muslin, $8 00; Half Calf, $14 00.

ABBOTT'S FRENCH REVOLUTION. The French Revolution of 1789, as viewed in the light of Republican Institutions. By JOHN S. C. ABBOTT, Author of "The History of Napoleon Bonaparte," "Napoleon at St. Helena," &c. With numerous Engravings. 8vo, Muslin, $2 50.

HARPER & BROTHERS will send either of the above Works by mail, postage paid (for countries in the United States over 3000 miles), on receipt of the Money.

RIMMEL'S BOUQUET — ALL THE YEAR ROUND, and WOOD VIOLET, are the leading Perfumes in *Paris and London.*
Sold by all the Trade.
E. RIMMEL, *Perfumer, London and Paris.*

RIMMEL'S ROSE-LEAF POWDER
is unsurpassed for every toilet use to the skin, and renders it soft and beautiful.
Sold by all the Trade.
E. RIMMEL, *Perfumer, London and Paris.*

SANFORD'S HOT-AIR FURNACES.
CONTAINING ONE SET IN EVERY
THOUSAND DWELLINGS IN THESE PARTS.
SEND FOR A BOOK—FREE.
SANFORD'S MAGNUM OR PARLOR HEATER,
A favorite and economical Stove of great power.
SEND FOR A BOOK.
SANFORD, TRUSLOW & CO.,
No. 251 Water Street.

HUNGARIAN WINES.—A parcel of superfine RED and WHITE HUNGARIAN WINES, in wood and in glass, for sale by
CHARLES F. LOOSEY,
No. 2 Barclay Street, Room No. 6.

Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry.

This remedy has long been cherished by the community for its remarkable efficacy in relieving, healing, and curing the most stubborn, painful, and long-standing cases of COUGH, COLD, INFLUENZA, SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING COUGH, CROUP, ASTHMA, INFLAMMATION of the LUNGS, and even CONSUMPTION itself when yielded to its single influence, when all other known means have failed.

The whole history of this Balsam, which has now become a household word, proves that the past ten produced no remedy approaching it in value and usefulness, while the future will hardly present one of equal value.

To guard against Counterfeits, of which there are several worthless ones in the market, each bottle has the signature of "I. BUTTS," as well as the printed name of the Proprietor, "*Seth W. Fowle & Co., Boston,*" on the outside wrapper

Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere.

Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry.

New Volume—New Story.

LIFE ILLUSTRATED is an ELEGANT quarto of 16 beautiful pages, published weekly. *Illustrated London News*—a perfect model of excellence in style, arrangement, and in elaborate execution of the most sound and sensible of live papers. Men like it, because like *The London News*, it is for MEN. We all like it, young folks like it, the children like it, and the rest of the folks can't keep without LIFE ILLUSTRATED.

The volume of LIFE ILLUSTRATED, commencing October 29, will contain a story from the pen of one of the best novelists of the day entitled

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S WOOING:
OR, THE TWO SISTERS.

which we have no hesitation in promising our readers will be one of the best stories ever written for newspaper columns; and entertaining as has been the widely-read and far-famed Author of the Adventures of Verdigris, that the Schoolmaster will be not less worthy of public attention. FOWLER AND WELLS, New York.

EVERETT HOUSE,
HAWLEY D. CLAPP, PROPRIETOR,
NORTH SIDE UNION SQUARE,
NEW YORK.

FOOTSTEPS OF
SIR JOHN FRANKLIN
Just Published,
The
SEA OF ICE;
OR,
THE ARCTIC REGIONS.
Beautifully Illustrated. 1 Vol. 12mo. Price 75 cents.
A thrilling narrative of the adventures of the young Englishman in the Arctic Regions whose name is synonymous, SIR FRANKLIN LOST HIS LIFE!
MAYHEW & BAKER, Publishers,
Boston, Mass.
H. DEXTER & CO., Western Agents,
113 Nassau Street, N. Y.

PIANO MUSIC FOR PARLOR DANCES.

A Choice Book for Winter Evenings.

THE HOME CIRCLE.—A coll. of Marches, Waltzes, Polkas, Quadrilles, Redowas, Mazurkas, Schottisches, Dances, &c. Arranged for the Piano-Forte, and containing the most popular Airs of the Day. Price only $1 50; in cloth, $2; post by mail, 25 cents extra.
Published by OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.

READER—If you want Employment that will pay, take an Agency. Address, with stamp, for particulars, MYRICK & CO., Lynn, Mass.

Singer's Sewing Machines.

SINGER'S No. 2 SEWING MACHINE, $100.
SINGER'S No. 1 SEWING MACHINE, $60.
HEMMING GAUZES REDUCED TO $4.

Singer's Family Sewing Machine at $50 and $75 are capable of executing, in the best style, all the sewing of a private family.

Send for a copy of I. M. Singer & Co.'s Gazette, which contains full and reliable information about prices, sizes, etc., of Sewing Machines, and will be supplied gratis

I. M. SINGER & CO.,
No. 458 Broadway, New York.

ANTI-ARTHRITIC WINE.—A CERTAIN CURE FOR GOUT AND RHEUMATISM
GEO. W. CARPENTER & BROWER,
Wholesale Druggists,
19 Platt Street, New York.

Chapped Hands, Face, Lips, &c.

Certain Cure.

HEGEMAN & CO.'S Camphor Ice with Glycerine.

Cheap, safe, and agreeable. Only 25 cents.

HEGEMAN & CO., Druggists, 161, 190, 611, and 750 Broadway.

N.B.—Sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

BOOKS WITH GIFTS.
BEAUTY IS NOT FOUGHT.
Don't be deceived, any longer! WE challenge the world (including Irishmen,) will send our new and beautiful Picture gratis, to any address. ALBERT COLBY,
No. 29 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

DISTINGUISH
THE LADIES' READY-MADE LINEN STORE,
No. 262 Broadway, over 500 Shirts for
furnishing
LADIES' UNDER-GARMENTS EXCLUSIVELY.
FINEST WORK ON PLAIN MATERIAL.

Quera's Cod-Liver Oil Jelly.

The only unobjectionable form for Consumptives, and all kinds of Coughs, is taken without nausea.

ALSO,

Quera's Patent Jellified Castor-Oil—The great sensation of the day, is a delicious, and it does not cause any constipation after use. It is the best purgative for children. To be had at the Inventor's Office, No. 129 Fourth Avenue, and at all respectable druggists. PENFOLD, FARR & HOWELL, Wholesale Agents, No. 19 Bedford Street.

THE Seventy Number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE contains over 20 Pages of Letter-press and from one hundred to one hundred and fifty new ones in the course of a year.

Close of the Nineteenth Volume.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR NOVEMBER.

The present Number closes the Nineteenth Volume of HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE. In the introductory Notice premised to the first Number, the Publishers announced their intention to present a periodical "which no one who had the slightest relish for entertainment reading, or the slightest wish to keep himself informed of the progress and results of the literature and gains of his own age, would willingly be without. And they intend to publish it on so low a scale as to put it within the reach beyond its price, that it shall make its way into the family circle of the whole body of intelligent readers of the United States."

How far they have succeeded in carrying out their design the Six Hundred and Fifty Thousand Readers published will show. Each of these contains as much matter as an ordinary octavo of 400 pages, and, in the execution of the style of the Magazine, at least three-fifths. The Nineteen Volumes of the Magazine are thus equivalent to a library of more than a hundred Volumes, comprising the most popular works of the foremost Novelists, Historians, Essayists, and Poets of the day.

Without claiming for the Magazine with other American periodicals, the Publishers may be permitted to say that they have spared no pains to render it the leading monthly of the country. Its Editorial Department, *The Editor's Easy Chair*, has become a household word. Each year's numbers contain a large amount of original matter, from many of the most distinguished American writers, residing in every section, and in almost every State of the Union. In the selection of matter from abroad, from every part of the country, the Publishers have refrained from making extracts from any publication to a sensational character, or betraying the signs of any "political or religious bias."

A NEW DEPARTURE will be made in the Magazine with the next Volume. The volumes already published have contained from time to time, Illustrations, from some of them executed in the highest style of the art, from Original Drawings by Darley, Church, Rossiter, Homer, Gignoux, Waldie, Thwaites, Hoppin, Crawley, Lossing, Vanderlyn, Mclenan, Hennessy, Hoppin, Dallas, and other Artists. For them the Magazine has paid not less than *Ten Thousand* and *Twenty Thousand Dollars.* The cost of its literary contributions has considerably exceeded this sum. Hereafter, in addition to these liberalities, not less than forty pages, read and taken in the course of a year, will be *Original Designs of Artists and Authors* of the highest reputation.

The Publishers gratefully acknowledge that the large sales they have enjoyed are attributable to the most unanimous expressions. They hoped from the first that the Magazine would make its way into the very heart of the family circle of every intelligent citizen of the United States, but the success has been more rapid and more far greater than they anticipated. They believe that the circulation of the Magazine is a public benefit, and that the growth and population of the country will increase, and not diminish, the demand for it. Confident of this, they can offer no better guarantee than the contents of the Volumes already issued.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year	$3 00
One Copy for One Year	1 50
Three or more Copies, for One Year (each)	2 00

And an Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of Ten Subscribers.

HARPER'S WEEKLY and HARPER'S MAGAZINE, together, one year, $5 00.

The Postage upon "HARPER'S MAGAZINE" must be paid by all who receive them at a distance. Postage is *Thirty-six Cents* a year.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A FIRST-CLASS ILLUSTRATED PAPER.

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST

FAMILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD.

TERMS: One Copy, a Number: $2 50 a Year.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS'S New Serial, entitled "A TALE OF TWO CITIES," now especially illustrated by MCLENAN, was commenced in "HARPER'S WEEKLY" for May 7, and will be continued from week to week until completed.

GEO. WILLIAM CURTIS'S Illustrated Serial Tale of American Life, entitled "TRIPPINGS," was commenced in HARPER'S WEEKLY for April 9.

TERMS OF HARPER'S WEEKLY.

One Copy for Twenty-five Cents	$1 00
One Copy for One Year	2 00
Two Copies for One Year	3 00
Five Copies for One Year	5 00
Twelve Copies for One Year	10 00
Twenty-five Copies for One Year	20 00

An Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of TWELVE or TWENTY-FIVE Subscribers.

SPECIMEN ADVERTISEMENTS.—*Fifty Cents a Line.*

A Liberal Discount will be made to those wishing to advertise for a Quarter or Year.

Persons living out of the City of New York wishing to have HARPER'S WEEKLY sent to their homes, will please send their names to the Office of Publication, or to the Office of Publication.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
Franklin Square, New York.

Scene.—OFFICE OF THE —— RAILROAD COMPANY.

PRESIDENT *(to envious Applicant for a situation as Brakeman).* "Want a berth, eh! *—(to Book-keeper)*—Mr. JONES, has there been a Brakeman killed on the road within a day or two?"

Mr. JONES. "Well, no, Sir, none this week."

PRESIDENT *(to Applicant).* "Ah! well, my man, call next Monday, and by that time I guess there'll be a vacancy."

[Exit Applicant, not so much elated at the prospect as he might be.

THE ATHLETIC REVIVAL.

PROFESSOR HERCULES MILO. "You see, Gents, it's the Arm and Chest Exercise that gives Figger'—as for instance!"

ADVERTISEMENTS.

I.

Bayard Taylor's New Work.

(Completing the Series)

AT HOME AND ABROAD. A Sketch-Book of Life, Scenery, and Men. By BAYARD TAYLOR. With two fine engravings. 12mo, cloth, $1 25.

[For particulars "See Small Bills."]

Also New Editions of BAYARD TAYLOR'S TRAVELS COMPLETE. In 8 vols. 12mo, in boxes, $10; Sheep, $12; Half Calf extra, $18.

II.

A New Edition in 12mo, of

Salmagundi. (By Irving, Paulding, &c.)

12mo, cloth, 75 cents.

III.

New "Sunnyside" Editions of

THE SKETCH-BOOK, } Each in five cloth, $1 75
KNICKERBOCKER, } or gilt extra, 2 25
BRACEBRIDGE HALL, } and four, $7 25; rose, ext. $9

Newly stereotyped and printed on fine tinted paper, with steel vignettes.

Also New Editions of IRVING'S WHOLE WORKS. (See Catalogue.)

G. P. PUTNAM, 155 Nassau Street.

THE CORNER CUPBOARD;

Or,

FACTS FOR EVERYBODY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "INQUIRE WITHIN," "THE REASON WHY," &c.

Large 12mo, 400 pages, Cloth, Gilt Side and Back. Price $1.

ILLUSTRATED WITH

OVER ONE THOUSAND ENGRAVINGS.

Embracing Facts about—I. Things not generally known. II. Things that ought to be known. III. Things worth knowing.

THE CORNER CUPBOARD IS

A Complete Practical Cookery Instructor.
A Complete Counsellor in Domestic Economy.
A Complete Practical Gardener.
A Complete Father's Book.
A Complete Mother's Book.
A FRIEND AT EVERYBODY'S ELBOW IN TIME OF NEED.
A Complete Lady's Book.
A Complete Gentleman's Book.
A Complete Boy's Book.
A Complete Girl's Book.
A Complete Master's Book.
A Complete Servant's Book.
A Complete Family Book.

Published by DICK & FITZGERALD, No. 18 Ann Street, N. Y.

Also for sale by all Booksellers in this place.

Copies of the above book sent by mail to any address, free of postage, on receipt of One Dollar.

Hosiery and Men's Furnishing Goods.

A great assortment of best goods at prices generally paid for inferior qualities.

Call, examine, and compare. One price, and money cheerfully refunded in case of dissatisfaction.

A. RANKIN & CO.,

No. 637 Broadway

and 279 Bowery.

Established in 1825.

Thomas Andrews' "Excelsior" Yeast Powder

Is sure to supersede all other preparations where quick yeast is required. Nothing can excel the purity or efficacy of this compound. Every good housekeeper should try our Yeast Powder; it is ready for use in one minute! Half a million of cans sold this year! Get our "EXCELSIOR" YEAST POWDER from your grocer, and take no other, if you want the best

THOMAS ANDREWS & CO.,

156 and 158 Cedar Street, N. Y.

Established twelve years.

WARM CLOTHING.

We now offer large assortments of Fall and Winter Clothing, just manufactured, in our best styles, constituting in part of

ESQUIMAUX BEAVERS,
MOSCOW BEAVERS,
ELDER DOWN BEAVERS,
ARGENTA BEAVERS,
PRESIDENT BEAVERS,
KENT BEAVERS,
BROADBRIMMED BEAVERS.

Also, complete suits of all styles of CASSIMERE and Beaver suits, and all the new styles Velvet and Cashmere Vestings, &c., &c.

BOYS' CLOTHING
AND FURNISHING GOODS

in great variety, at the lowest prices of the trade.

D. DEVLIN & CO.,
Nos. 256, 258 and 260 Broadway.

Forty Dollars per Month.

500 Agents wanted to travel and solicit orders for the celebrated Patent Fifteen Dollar Sewing Machine. Salary $40 per month, with all expenses paid. For sample machine, and full particulars, address, with stamp enclosed for return postage,

I. M. DAGGETT & CO.,
Boston, Mass.

FROM THE

Springfield Republican.

W. E. HARRIS & Co., of Troy, N. Y., manufacture a hair restorative that takes precedence of all others. It renders the hair more soft and flexible, and stimulates its growth to luxuriance. In our special notice column may be found a strong testimonial to its merits which is only one of the many its manufacturers have received.

Sold everywhere.—Price 50 cents a bottle.

"BALDWIN'S" Clothing Establishment.

THE LARGEST IN THE CITY.

Built by Wm. B. Aston, Esq., expressly for the business.

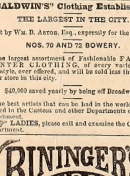
NOS. 70 AND 72 BOWERY.

The largest assortment of Fashionable FALL and WINTER CLOTHING, of every variety, taste, and style, ever offered, and will be sold less than at any other store in the city.

$40,000 saved yearly by being off Broadway.

The best articles that can be had in the world are employed in the Cutting and other Departments of this establishment.

☞ LADIES, please call and examine the Children's Department.



Designed for the use of the Medical Profession and the Family, having superseded the so-called "Gins"—"Aromatic," "Cordial," "Schiedam," &c., now imported by all of the prominent physicians, chemists, and connoisseurs as possessing all of these inferior medicinal qualities (acids and diuretics) which belong to an old and pure Gin. Put up in quart bottles and sold by all druggists, grocers, &c.

A. M. BININGER & CO.,
(Established in 1765.) SOLE PROPRIETORS,
No. 128 Broadway, N. Y.

Swiss Corn-plaster and Chilblain Balm

effect a certain cure. Wholesale and Retail at E. DUPUY'S Drug Store, 660 BROADWAY.

HARPER & BROTHERS,

327 to 335 Pearl Street (Franklin Square), New York,

Have just Ready:

I.

WOMEN ARTISTS

IN ALL AGES AND COUNTRIES.

By Mrs. Ellet,

AUTHOR OF

"Women of the American Revolution," &c.

12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

II.

FISHER'S RIVER

(NORTH CAROLINA)

Scenes and Characters.

By "SKITT,"

"Who was rais'd thar."

Illustrated by John McLenan.

12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS will send either of the above Works by Mail, postage paid (*for any distance in the United States under 3000 miles*), on receipt of the Money.

DELANO Life-Preserving Coat and Vest Company.

Office and Salesroom No. 256 Broadway, opposite the City Hall Park.

Vest not inflated.

Vest inflated.

The above Company are manufacturers of Life-preserving Coats, Vests, Skirts, and Jackets for Men and Boys, and Vests and Sacks for Ladies. These garments look like, and can be worn the same as ordinary clothing, and yet are the most *perfect life-preservers* ever invented.

We would draw attention to the annexed unsolicited letter.

NEW ORLEANS, October 9, 1859.

Delano Life-Preserving Coat and Vest Company.

Gentlemen:

Having been saved by one of your "PATENT LIFE-PRESERVED VESTS." I deem it my duty to make it known to the public. I was on the Steamboat "Pres-ident" when she was burned, and had it not been for one of your Vests (which I assure you are invaluable), should *have been drowned.* I therefore cordially recommend it to the public.

I am, Gentlemen,
Your well wisher,
Captain I. B. THOMSEN.

New Books.

VERY-VER GEDDE. A College Story. Price $1 00.

MICHELET'S LOVE (2 vols.). $1 00.

LIFE OF ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT. $1 25.

ENGLISH AT THE NORTH (2 vols.). $1 75.

☞ Sent by mail, postage free, on receipt of the price, by RUFUS B. CANFIELD, Publisher, 120 Nassau St., N. Y.

DR. J. D. MARCHISI'S CELEBRATED UTERINE CATHOLICON,

FOR THE RELIEF AND CURE OF SUFFERING FEMALES.

With such universal suffering as saddens the female life, a really effective medicine must be fairly *tried.* Where the most eminent physicians have failed, this Catholicon has restored health to the patient and happiness to the fireside. "The cures of Female Complaints by Marchisi's Catholicon are truly surprising."—*New Bedford Standard.* "It has cured an obstinate case in our family, and we recommend it."—*Phila. Ledger.* "It is now universally used for all female complaints, and we use it in our practice with astonishing results."—C. B. PERKINS, M.D., *Waverly, O.* "I have tested it in cases of Irregularities, Uterations, Leucorrhœa, Flooding and Painful Menstruation, Prolapsus Uteri, &c., with great success. It is worthy of the notice of the Faculty."—*Communication* M.D., *Baltimore, Md.* "Feroll upon needed more to say it."—JESSE LOVE, M.D., *Lawrenceville, Ga.* Such letters pour in from a thousand sources, showing it to

Never taken without Benefit.

It is active and efficient in any form of disease peculiar to the female sex. Druggists, Wives, and Mothers! Marchisi's Catholicon will cure you. A pamphlet, containing certificates, &c., sent free. Price $5 per bottle, sent, or delivered by Agents. ☞ Do not confound Dr. Marchisi with any other name. It is sold at $5 per bottle, or three bottles for $15, by an Agent in almost every town. When sent found, enclose money, and order by Express. Address

BARNES & PARK, General Agents,

15 and 16 PARK ROW, N. Y.

Or J. D. PARK, Cincinnati; Weeks & Potter, Boston; J. Wright & Co., New Orleans. J. D. MARCHISI, M.D.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. III.—No. 148.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1859. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

H. M. S. Ships Erebus and Terror
Wintered in the Ice in
28 of May 184 } Lat 70° 5' N Long. 98° 23' W

Having wintered in 1846 - 7 at Beechey Island
in Lat 74° 43' 28" N. Long 91° 39' 15" W after having
ascended Wellington Channel to Lat 77° and returned
by the West side of Cornwallis Island.

Commander:

Sir John Franklin commanding the Expedition

All well

WHOEVER finds this paper is requested to forward it to the Secretary of the Admiralty, London, *with a note of the time and place at which it was found*: or, if more convenient, to deliver it for that purpose to the British Consul at the nearest Port.

QUICONQUE trouvera ce papier est prié d'y marquer le tems et lieu où il l'aura trouvé, et de le faire parvenir au plutot au Secretaire de l'Amirauté Britannique à Londres.

CUALQUIERA que hallare este Papel, se le suplica de enviarlo al Secretario del Almirantazgo, en Londrés, con una nota del tiempo y del lugar en donde se halló.

EEN ieder die dit Papier mogt vinden, wordt hiermede verzogt, om het zelve, ten spoedigste, te willen zenden aan den Heer Minister van de Marine der Nederlanden in 's Gravenhage, of wel aan den Secretaris den Britsche Admiraliteit, te London, en daar by te voegen eene Nota, inhoudende de tyd en de plaats alwaar dit Papier is gevonden geworden.

FINDEREN af dette Papïir ombedes, naar Leilighed gives, at sende samme til Admiralitets Secretairen i London, eller nærmeste Embedsmand i Danmark, Norge, eller Sverrig. Tiden og Stedit hvor dette er fundet önskes venskabeligt paategnet.

WER diesen Zettel findet, wird hier-durch ersucht denselben an den Secretair des Admiralitets in London einzusenden, mit gefälliger angabe an welchen ort und zu welcher zeit er gefunden worden ist.

Party consisting of 2 Officers and 6 Men
left the Ships on Monday 24th June 1847

G. M. Gore Lieut
Chas F. Des Voeux Mate

FAC-SIMILE OF THE LAST RECORD OF THE FRANKLIN EXPEDITION, FOUND BY LIEUTENANT HOBSON ON KING WILLIAM'S LAND.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

THE LAST ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

On the preceding page we present to the reader an authentic *fac-simile* (taken from the original in the custody of the British Admiralty) of the last memorial record of the Franklin Expedition; on pages 686 and 687 will be seen an engraving of the discovery of the boat belonging to the same expedition, and abandoned by Captain Crozier and the survivors when they attempted to walk to Montreal Island and Back River. In thus illustrating the close of a pursuit which has rendered but little return for the expenditure of valuable life which it has cost, we propose to condense into a few sentences the history of the memorable page in the modern history which must be entitled Arctic Adventure.

The first expedition which set out with a view of discovering the Northwest Passage left England in 1818 under Ross and Parry. For nearly quarter of a century previous to this period the great idea of the British Government had been to discover the North Pole, and many expeditions had been fitted out for that purpose. In the year that Ross and Parry sailed, Sir John Franklin (then lieutenant) was second in command of one of these expeditions. It was unsuccessful; but Captain Parry having succeeded in reaching Lancaster Sound, the spirit of adventure was thoroughly aroused, and Franklin, in 1819, set out from the Hudson's Bay territory to explore the northern coast of America. Three years were devoted to the work, during which the explorers endured almost every form of suffering—cold, disease, hunger, despair—which can befall mankind. They returned, however, to return safe, having traveled 5500 miles, and laid down several hundred miles of coast-line. Parry, meanwhile, had been rendering equally good service—with equal risk to his party—by sailing through Lancaster Sound.

In 1825 four expeditions were fitted out, one of which—a land party starting from the Hudson's Bay Company's service, as before—was under the command of Lieutenant Franklin. They descended the Mackenzie River to the sea, and in 1829 the Rosses (uncle and nephew) sailed into Prince Regent's Inlet, explored 200 miles of new coast, discovered the magnetic pole, and returned to within 200 miles of Sir John Franklin's easternmost stopping-place on the Mackenzie River—encountering, but, tossed by ice, and forced to abandon their ships, were given up for lost, and were only providentially rescued by a vessel sailing in search of them—attention in the ice. In 1836 Dease and Simpson, then Hudson's Bay Company's explorers, descended the Mackenzie River to the sea, and journeying eastward, traveled to within a few miles of Back mouth of the river. In that short distance they completed the survey of the north coast of this continent, with the exception of the shores of the Gulf of Boothia. In 1840 Dr. Rae surveyed this unfinished portion of the work, leaving only the Fury and Hecla Straits to be examined by future explorers. He likewise established the point that Hecla this is not an island, but part of the main land.

These various expeditions had shed so much light on Arctic discovery that the Government and the public of England were satisfied that the most ample well-appointed expedition would not at rest the question of a Northwest Passage, and put an end to further exercise of time and life. Accordingly, in 1845, two screw steamers, the *Erebus* and *Terror*, were put in commission for Arctic service. They were abundantly provided with every possible appliance and security for the voyage, and carefully victualed for three years. To insure the success of the undertaking, the most experienced Arctic voyagers were engaged for the service, and Franklin and the command of the expedition was intrusted to the most able of Arctic explorers—Sir John Franklin, then an old man, though very hale and hearty.

The two vessels sailed (with a tender, which they sent home from Davis's Strait) in May, 1845. Two months afterward they were seen by a whaler in lat. 74° 48', and long. 66° 13', about the centre of Baffin's Bay, sweiling an entrance into Lancaster Sound. This was the last time that the *Erebus* and *Terror* were ever seen. We may as well, however, complete their last record as regards their memorials which have since been discovered.

In July or August, 1845, they must have succeeded in entering Lancaster Sound, and on their way as far as Beechey Island, where they wintered. Their winter of 1845-6 was passed in Wellington Channel as far as 77° N., and returned by the west side of Cornwallis Island. That winter (1846-7) they wintered in lat. 74° 43' N. long. 91° 39' W. Long. On 11th June, 1847, probably at the winter-quarters of the expedition, Sir John Franklin died. Of the movements of the expedition that summer we have no record; they must, however, have sailed southward, for in April, 1848, one of the ships having been crushed in the ice, both were abandoned in the vicinity of Point Victory, and the crews landed on King William's Land. They were then 105 in number, under command of Captain Crozier. It appears that they started from thences to walk, drawing boats with them, to Montreal Island, which was 225 miles from the spot where the boats were abandoned. Of the main body we have traces 65 miles from the ships; then all traces disappear. It seems certain that they died off one by one in that terrible journey, until no one was left to tell the tale.

The account of the expeditions which have been sent to the Arctic regions in search of Sir John Franklin is the most noble page of modern history.

In the spring of 1848, no tidings having been received of Sir John Franklin, three expeditions were sent out to search for him. 1. Captains Moore and Kellett were dispatched in the *Plover* and *Herald*, by way of Behring's Straits. The ships sailed as far as Chamisso Island, and dispatched boats which made their way to Dease's Inlet, but returned without finding any trace. 2. Sir James Ross entered the Arctic region by Baffin's Bay, explored to the south side of Lancaster Sound as far as Cape York, North Somerset, and both sides of Prince Regent's Inlet, without any result. 3. Sir John Richardson and Dr. Rae proceeded by land; the former descended the Mackenzie River to the sea, but the latter twice explored the shores of Wollaston Sound; both without the least success.

The failure of these expeditions, far from discouraging adventure, roused the English and the civilized world to still further exertion. A fund of several thousand pounds offered by the British Government to any party that should afford efficient aid in the investigation of the fate of Franklin expeditions were dispatched to the Arctic regions in search of them:

1. Dr. Rae, traveling afoot as before, explored the shores of Bank's Land, and the north coast of America. 2. The screw steamers *Resolute*, *Intrepid*, which made their way to Beechey Island, and first discovered the relics of Sir John Franklin's encampments there in the winter of 1845-6. 3. The *Lady Franklin*—a vessel fitted out by the lady Franklin herself, which also achieved nothing, having merely followed in the wake of the Government vessels. 4. The *Prince Albert*, which was sent to explored the Gulf of Boothia. 5. The *Advance* and *Rescue*—the Grinnell expedition—which visited Beechey Island, and discovered the coasts of Wellington Channel. 6. The *North Star*, which sailed north as far as 76° 37', the winter-quarters of the vessel sailed by my vessel except Dr. Rae's. 7. The schooner *Fox*, commanded by Captain M'Clure, which was sended to explore Wellington Channel. 8. The *Enterprise* and *Investigator*, Captains Collinson and M'Clure, which explored the Behring Sea by Behring's Strait; Captain M'Clure and his crew, having made their way from Behring's Strait to Melville Island, and were there rescued by Captain Belcher, having discovered the Northwest Passage.

All these expeditions were visited, in 1854-5-6 Franklin had wintered on Beechy Island; whence he had proceeded to the south, and that at the time the expeditions were looking for him, were problems on which they shed no light. The prevailing impression (which Dr. Rae's last report sets a leading advocate) was that Sir John had actually reached Montreal Island, and had perished further north than any expedition had yet penetrated.

Then more ships sailed to the north. In 1851 Lady Franklin sent the *Prince Albert*, Captain Forsyth, to explore Prince Regent's Inlet. She dispatched the *Isabel*, Captain Inglefield, to explore Westenholm Sound, where it was reported that Sir John had been seen by the natives during the Esquimaux. In the same year Sir Edward Belcher sent four ships with five tenders into Barrow's or Lancaster Sound, and succeeded in rescuing Captain M'Clure. Sledge parties made further explorations in the same year both in the Arctic regions: Mr. Grinnell, and other Americans, sent Dr. Kane in the *Advance*. He struck out a new path for Arctic discovery, sailed northward into Lancaster Sound, he sailed due north, as far as he could; then, abandoning his vessel, set out on foot as far as 82° 27' N. lat., by far the most northerly point ever reached. He was followed in the same direction by Captain Sea," with which Kane's name will ever be connected. His party endured hardships and privations equally great with those of Franklin's last journey was 99° below zero; but they found no traces of Franklin. In 1853 Captain Penny sailed in the *Rattlesnake* and *Isabel* by Behring's Strait; their object was mainly to rescue Captain M'Clure, about whose safety no apprehension was felt. They achieved nothing. 3. The *Lady Franklin* and *Sussa* were sent by the British Government to support Sir E. Belcher, who, when he abandoned his own vessels, returned in them. Dr. Rae also set out by land and explored the Boothia Peninsula. All of the expeditions he was the only one that brought back any tidings. He reached the northernmost of Prince Regent's Inlet, and returned by the west side of Boothia Felix, three expeditions were sent out to search for him. 1. Captains Moore and Kellett were dispatched in the *Plover* and *Herald*, by way of Behring's Straits. The ships sailed as far as Chamisso Island, and dispatched boats which made their way to Dease's Inlet, but returned without finding any trace. 2. Sir James Ross entered the Arctic region by Baffin's Bay, explored to the south side of Lancaster Sound as far as Cape York, North Somerset, and both sides of Prince Regent's Inlet, without any result. 3. Sir John Richardson and Dr. Rae proceeded by land; the former descended the Mackenzie River to the sea, but the latter twice explored the shores of Wollaston Sound; both without the least success.

The failure of these expeditions, far from discouraging adventure, roused the English and the civilized world to still further exertion. A fund of several thousand pounds offered by the British Government to any party that should afford efficient aid in the investigation of the fate of Franklin expeditions were dispatched to the Arctic regions in search of them:

1. Dr. Rae, traveling afoot as before, explored the shores of Bank's Land, and the north coast of America. 2. The screw steamers *Resolute*, *Intrepid*, which made their way to Beechy

sires, but who nevertheless belong to the "respectable classes," whose interest have been necessity for an organization of property against rowdyism. As it became Mr. Watts Sherman and his friends have for years neglected a duty which should have been sacredly performed that political power has lapsed into the hands of loafers and ruffians. If, at most elections, the respectable classes, men of property, character, and education, had the manhood and the courage to insist on receiving their votes, the disgraceful scenes would be overwhelmed beyond redemption. The rowdies are to the respectable classes as one to ten, or twenty. But if the twenty have not the pluck to go to the polls, the one, who flourishes his shillelah there, must win the day.

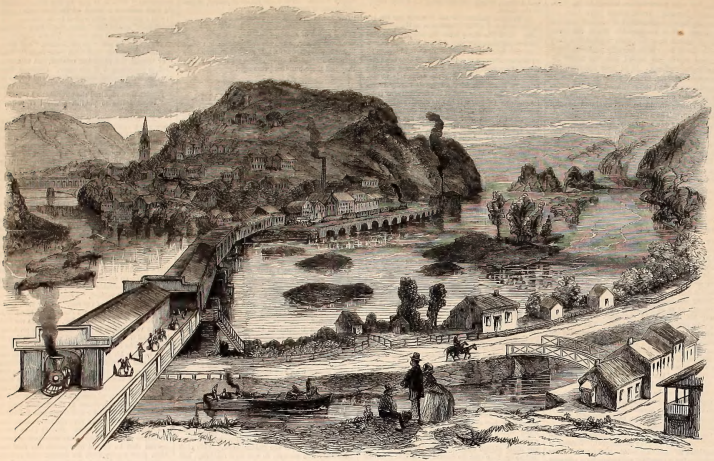
This is the true difficulty in our politics; unless the Fifth Avenue party can solve it, they are wasting their time.

THE LOUNGER.

THE NUPTIALS OF DON CESAR DE BAZAN.

IF we are an extremely ridiculous people, we certainly have the satisfaction of knowing that we are no more so than other people. If we worship Mammon with a fervor that is sometimes profane, we might be profitably extended to some other worship, we can look over our shoulders and find ourselves in a great, if not a worthy company.

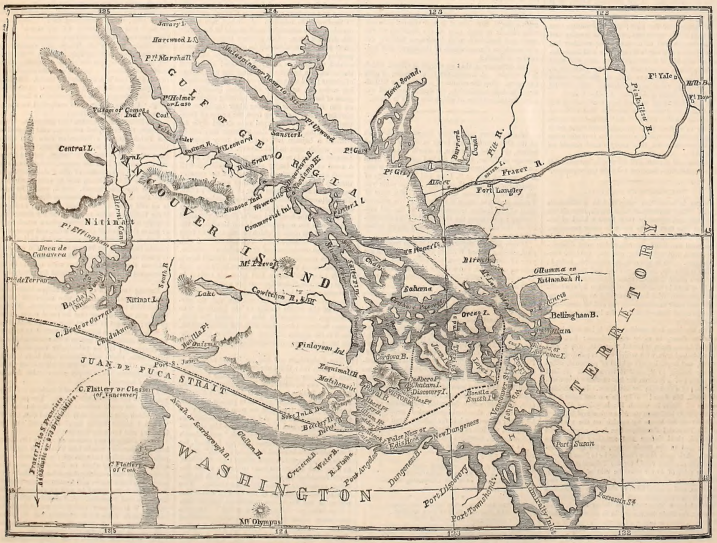
Young Mr. Rothschild was married a couple of years ago or so in England. What, then, said a young Mr. Rothschild *Asmer*. He is the son of a very rich old Mr. Rothschild. The very rich young gentleman was, of course, of course, of famous Banking-house: and however great might have been the natural interest of the whole world, as a real, managing Rothschild is, the interest in his young son could be only derived from the fact of his great father. So far it is to be wondered at. In a world where we are all scratching to make the Rothschilds of us, we can not avoid having a peculiar regard for the man who has made the holiest pile of all, and that is reflected upon his children. Young Mr. Rothschild, is young Mr. Rothschild *Asmer*. He is the son of a very rich old Mr. Rothschild. The very rich young gentleman was



HARPER'S FERRY—THE SCENE OF THE LATE INSURRECTION.

HARPER'S FERRY.

THE accompanying engraving will convey to the beholder an accurate idea of the scene of the late singular and disastrous insurrection at Harper's Ferry. The spot is familiar to tourists. The town, or village, is built on the junction of the Shenandoah and Potomac, which, after uniting, rush with impetuosity through a cleft in the Blue Ridge. Numbers of writers, among others Mr. Jefferson, have exerted their utmost skill to describe the enchanting scenery of the place. The bridge over the Potomac, where the train was stopped by the rioters, is one of the finest in the country; it is curved, and nine hundred feet long. Nearly all the level river margin has been used



MAP OF VANCOUVER ISLAND AND WASHINGTON TERRITORY, SHOWING SAN JUAN ISLAND AND THE DISPUTED TERRITORY.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

for the National Armory, so that the town scrambles picturesquely among the various bluffs, till the hilltop, like the end of all things, is terminated by the graves and monuments of a cemetery.

The Armory usually employs 240 hands, and turns out 8850 stand of arms each year. The population, including the suburbs, is only about 3000, of whom about 500 are blacks.

THE SAN JUAN DISPUTED TERRITORY.

THE accompanying map will enable our readers to follow intelligently the progress of the pending controversy with Great Britain in relation to the Island of San Juan. A very few words will render the map complete as a geographical picture.

When the "Fifty-four forty or fight" dispute was ended by the treaty of 1846, the boundary line between the United States and Great Britain was declared to run "along 49° north latitude to the middle of the channel which separates the continent from Vancouver Island, and thence southerly through the middle of said channel and of Fuca's Straits to the Pacific Ocean." The question which now arises is—where is the channel? The boundary line is plain until it strikes the San Juan archipelago; but there the question arises—does it pass east or west of that archipelago? The British claim that it passes east of the islands, so as to give the group to Great Britain; General Harney and other American authorities claim that the true channel is west of the islands, which consequently belong to the United States. The question should be decided by nature. Dispassionate readers should be asked whether, if they had to sail from Fuca's Strait to Frazer's River, they would steer through Haro or Rosario Strait? If they answered in favor of the former, then the islands belong to us; if they would choose the latter, then they belong to Great Britain.

We have no desire to prejudge this question, which will naturally engage the best intellects of both countries. But it is right to place on record a few of the reasons which have induced General Harney to decide the question in favor of his country.

The two essential characteristics of a "channel," as opposed to lateral streams, are superior width and depth. Now Haro Strait is throughout wider than Rosario Strait. As to depth, the *Herald* gives the following table of soundings, which show that Haro Strait is likewise deeper:

"SOUNDINGS IN HARO STRAIT, IN *fathoms*—37, 370, 60, 60, 100, 180, 170, 110, 70, 60.

"SOUNDINGS IN ROSARIO STRAIT, IN *fathoms*—37, 45, 50, 68, 140, 60, 48, 40, 37."

Assuming these soundings to be correct, this argument must tell against the English claim.

It is also noteworthy that, though the Admiralty Bay Company seems to have kept sheep on San Juan Island without objection from this country, the Legislature of Washington Territory have always spoken, in their acts, of the islands as forming part of the Territory; and, in 1854, expressly included them in the county of Whatcom. An American official has resided on the islands for some years as Customs-house collector, and it seems that he may have actually collected duties.

The rule is, that littoral islands, if not otherwise owned, belong to the nearest main land. This principle would secure the San Juan archipelago to the United States. The English, it seems, are willing to yield to the United States the islands of Lopez and Orcas, provided they retain San Juan, which, being 19 square miles in size, and well adapted for a place of strength, commands the Haro Strait. But from the temper of the United States officials it seems unlikely that this compromise would suit them. At any rate, we trust that the dispute will be conducted with temper and judgment on our side, and that the great interests in common between the two nations will not be jeopardized.

REP-RED-SENTIVE-OF-OF-DEAR PE-PE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

TRUMPS.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

CHAPTER LXVI.

THE CRASH, UP TOWN.

THE moment Mrs. Dagon heard the dismal news of Boniface Dewint's failure she came running round to see his wife. The house was as still and dark as the tomb and effectually so. Mrs. Dagon looked in at the parlor, which was darkened by closed blinds and shades drawn over the windows, and in which all the furniture was set as for a funeral, except that the chilly chairs covers were not removed.

She found Mrs. Nancy Newt in her chamber with Mary.

"Well, well! What does this mean? It's all nothing. Don't you be alarmed. What's failing? It doesn't mean any thing—and I really hope, now that he has actually failed and done with it, Boniface will be a little more cheerful and liberal. Those parlor curtains are positively too bad! Boniface ought to have plenty of time to himself; and I hope he will give more of those little dinners, and cheer himself up! How is he?"

Mrs. Newt was dissolved in tears. She shook her head weakly, and rubbed her hands.

"Oh! dear Dagon, it's dreadful to see him. He don't seem himself. He does nothing but sit at the table and drum with his fingers, and all in the night he lies awake, thinking. And, oh dear!" she said, giving way to a sudden burst of grief, "he doesn't look at my cap!"

Mrs. Dagon listened and reflected.

"My dear," she asked, "has he settled any thing upon you?"

"Nothing," replied Mrs. Newt.

"Aunt Dagon," said Mary, who sat by, looking at the old lady, "we are now poor people. We shall sell this house, and go and live in a small way out of sight."

"Riddle, riddle! my dear," returned Mrs. Dagon, warmly. "You're not poor people. Poor people, indeed! Why, Mary, you know nothing about these things. And besides, that's why, my dear, that's nothing. A New York merchant expects to fail, just as an English nobleman expects to have the gout. It's as respectable a pleasure thing, but it's extremely respectable. Every body fails. I understood—"

"What's understood?" asked May.

"Why, that business is a kind of game, and that every body runs for luck. There's no fuss about it, my dear! It's all a string of cards—as Colonel Burr used to say; and I know a body knew the world, he did—it's all a string of cards or blocks. B trusts A, C trusts B, D trusts C, and so on. And then, you see, A can go B and C and D. That's the whole of it, my dear. Colonel Burr told me that he used to always to keep himself just out of reach of any other block. If they knock me over, my dear Miss Bunsey, he once said to me, I don't care what a voice he said it in: what an eye!—if they knock me over, I shall be sure to provide myself up that I shall be forced to be selfish, and can't help them. That was Colonel Burr's principle. He declared that the only way in which you could be sure of helping others. People talk about Colonel Burr, my dear, but Colonel Burr was a man who minded his own business."

"I have nothing to say of Colonel Burr and his principles, Aunt Dagon. I have seen the old man once, and I don't think favorably of him now. His doom is more dreadful than, I think, most people could bear. Perhaps not a solitary human being who ever loves him believes in him. I do not say guilty, or unjustly; for it seems to me nobody can deserve any thing but his fate. But, Aunt Dagon, I don't think it strange that people who admire him should think lightly of paying their debts."

"Prejudice, prejudice, my dear! People don't expect to have every thing paid that is owing to them."

May Newt held her tongue. She felt instinctively that a woman of sixty-five, who had been trusted by Colonel Burr, was not very likely to accept the opinion of a girl of her years. Mrs. Newt was feebly rousing herself during the conversation between her daughter and aunt; and when they had finished and, sighed sparingly.

"Dear me! what will people say? Oh! I can't go and live poor. I'm not used to it. I don't know how."

"Live poor!" miffed Mrs. Dagon; "of course you won't live poor. I've heard Boniface say often enough that it was too bad to be fighting so to be rich, but it was a world of good-for-nothing people: and you don't think he's going to let good-for-nothing people drive him from a becoming style of living! Fiddle! I'd like to see him undertake to live poor."

"Do you think people will come to see us?" gasped Mrs. Newt.

"Come? Of course they will. They'll all rush, the first thing, to see how you take it. Why, not a thing as this as a godsend to 'em. They'll have something to talk about for a week. And they'll be sure to discover if you mean to sell out at auction. Oh, they'll be so sorry!" said the old lady, imitating imaginary callers; "'and, my dear Mrs. Newt, what are you going to do? And to think of your being obliged to 'leave this lovely house!' Come!—did you ever see the vultures not to come to scrape?"

Mrs. Nancy Newt looked appalled; and Mary looked at Mrs. Dagon in her allusion to vultures and carcass, and then more unconsciously put to her nose the smelling-bottle she held in her hand.

"Oh, it's dreadful!" she sighed, rocking and smelling, now with the tears oozing from her eyes.

"Fiddle! I won't hear of it. 'Tain't dreadful. It's nothing at all. You must go out with me and make calls this very morning. It's none of your business. If your husband chooses to fail, let him fail. He can't expect you to take the making shame, and to give up society. I shall call at twelve in the carriage; and, mind, don't you look as if you had been crying. Remember. So, good-morning!' And, May, I want to speak to you."

They left Mrs. Newt rocking and weeping, with the smelling-bottle at her nose, and descended to the drawing-room parlor.

"What brought this about?" asked Mrs. Dagon as she closed the door. "Your mother is so serene and so silly that I dare not speak to her. Where's Abel?"

"Aunt Dagon, I have my own opinion, but I know nothing. I suppose Abel is down town."

"What's your opinion?"

May paused for a moment, and then said:

"From what I have heard drop from father during the last few years about his having left the business, I don't believe that Abel has helped him—"

"Really!" interrupted Mrs. Dagon, as if soliloquizing; "and why on earth didn't the fellow marry Hope Wayne, or that Southern girl, Grace Plumer?"

"Abel marry Hope Wayne!" asked May, with an air and tone of such utter astonishment and incredulity that Aunt Dagon immediately suspected some misapprehension, and half smiled.

"Why, why not?" said she, with equal simplicity.

May Newt knew Hope Wayne personally, and she had also heard of her from Gabriel Bennet. Indeed, Gabriel had no secrets from May. The whole school story of his love had been told to her, and she shared the young man's feeling for the woman who, when younger, had so utterly enthralled his boyish imagination. But Gabriel's story of school life also included her brother Abel, and what she heard of the boy agreed with what she knew and felt of the man.

"I presume," said May Newt, loftily, "that Hope Wayne would be as likely to marry Aaron Burr as Abel Dewint."

Mrs. Dagon looked at her kindly, and with amused admiration.

"Well, May, at any rate I congratulate Gabriel Bennett."

May's lofty look drooped.

"And if"—continued Mrs. Dagon—"if it was so wonderfully impossible that Abel should marry Hope Wayne, why might he not have married Grace Plumer, or some other rich girl? I'm sure I don't care who. It seems evidently the only thing for *him*, whatever it may be for other people. When you are of my age, May, you will take things differently. Well-bred men and women in society ought to be able to marry any body society isn't down on, and are silly to do have as it is were. Your romance is very pretty, dear; we all have it when we are young, so we bear the troubles and the whooping-cough. But we get robust constitutions, my dear," said the old lady, smiling kindly, "when we have got through all that business. When you and Gabriel have half a dozen children, and your girls grow up to be married, you'll understand all about it. I suppose you know about Mellish Whitlow and Laura Mogg?—don't they?"

May shook her head negatively.

"Well, they are people who were wise early. Just after they were married he said to her, 'Laura, I see that you are fond of this new dance which is coming in; you like to waltz.' 'Yes,

HOW SOUNDLY HE SLEEPS!

I do,' said she. 'Well, I don't like it, and I don't want you to waltz.' She pouted and cried, and called him a tyrant. He hummed Yankee Doodle. 'I will waltz,' said she at length.

"Very well, my dear,' he answered. 'I'll make a bargain with you. If you waltz, I'll get drunk.' You see it works perfectly. They respect each other, and each does as the other wishes. I hope you'll be as wise with Gabriel, my dear."

"Aunt, I hope I shall never be as old as you are," said May, quietly. "I'd rather die."

Mrs. Dagon laughed her laugh. "That's right, dear, stand by your colors. You're all alike. Gabriel is Lawrence's partner. You can afford to be romantic, dear."

As she spoke the door opened and Abel entered. His dress was disordered, his face was flushed, and his manner excited. He ran up to Mary and kissed her. She recoiled from the unaccustomed caress, and both she and Mrs. Dagon perceived in his appearance and manner, as well as in the liquor which presently filled the room, that Abel was intoxicated.

"May, darling," he began as a maudlin tone, "how's our dear mother?"

"She's pretty well," replied May, "but you had better not go up and see her."

"No, darling, I won't go if you say not."

His eyes then fell inquisitively upon Mrs. Dagon, and he added, thickly,

"That's only Aunt Dagon. How do, Aunt Dagon?"

He smiled at her and at May, and continued:

"I don't mind Aunt Dagon. Do you mind her, May?"

"What do you want, Abel?" asked May, with the old expression sliding into her eyes that used to be there when she set alone—a fairy princess in her tower, and thought of many things.

Abel had seated himself upon the sofa, with his hat still on his head. There was perhaps something in May's tone that alarmed him, for he began to shed tears.

"Oh! May, don't you love your poor Abel?"

She looked at him without speaking. At length she said, "Where have you been?"

"I've been to General Belch's," he sobbed in reply; "and I don't mind Aunt Dagon, if you don't."

"What do you mean by that, you silly fool?" asked Mrs. Dagon, sharply.

Abel stopped and looked half angry, for a moment, but immediately fell into the old strain.

"I mean I'd just as lief say it before her."

"Then say it," said May.

"Well, May, darling, couldn't you now just COAX Gabriel—good fellow, Gabriel—used to know him and love him at school—couldn't you coax him to get Uncle Lawrence to do something?"

May shook her head. Abel began to swivel.

"I don't mean for the house. D—it, that's gone to smash. I mean for myself, May, for your poor brother Abel. You might just coax."

He lay back and looked at her ruefully.

"Abel, darling," she said, quietly, "we had better go out of the room. Abel, don't you come in top of your gambling debts," she added, indignantly.

Abel raised himself fiercely, while the bad blackness filled his eyes.

"D—d old hunx!" he shouted.

But nobody heard. Mrs. Dagon and May Newt had closed the door, and Abel was *left alone*.

"It's no use," he said, moodily and aloud, but still thickly. "I can't help it. I shall have to do just as Belch wishes. But he must help me. If he expects me to serve him, he must set me free. He says he can buy off—Bodley—and then—why, then—devil take it!"

he said, vacantly, with heavy eyes, "then—then—oh yes!" He stood a moodish while. "Oh yes! I shall be a great—a great—great—man yet. I'll be—re—cog—nized—of—of—don't pe—pe."

His head fell like a lump upon the cushion of the sofa, and he breathed heavily, until the solemn, dark, formal parlor smelled like a barroom.

CHAPTER LXVII.

EDYMION.

LAWRENCE NEVER had told Aunt Martha that he preferred to hear from a young woman's own lips that she loved him. Was he suspicious of the truth of Aunt Martha's assertion?

When the Burt will was read, and Fanny Dinks had kissed her every and chagrin, she had done more than she would willingly have done: she had said that all the world knew he was in love with Hope Wayne. If all the world knew it, then surely Amy Waring did; and if she did, was it strange, he thought, that she should have said what she did not?

He thought often of these things. His view changed as never thoughts came. Before one of the days when he sat in his office, and the junior partner was engaged in writing the letters which formerly Lawrence wrote, the question slid into his mind as brightly, but as softly and benignantly, as daylight into the room.

"Does it follow that she does not love me? If she did love me, as I thought then she did Hope Wayne, would she not hide it from me in every way—not only to save her own pride, but in order not to give me pain?"

So secret and reticent was he, that as he thought this he was more conscious than his junior partner should happen to look up and read it all in his eyes.

Lawrence Never rose and stood at the window, with his back to Gabriel, for his thoughts grew more and earnest.

As he came down that morning he had stopped at Hope Wayne's, and they had talked for a long time. They had held still in pursuance of his visit to Mrs. Fanny Dinks; and for some reason Lawrence had resolved not to see Hope Wayne. The young women listened intently.

"You don't think I ought to increase the allowance?" she asked.

"Why should you?" he replied. "Alfred's father will allow him for his maintenance. Alfred has promised solemnly that he will never mention to his wife the thousand you allow him. I don't think he will, because it is probable she would stop it in some way. As it is, she knows nothing regarding it, and probably Alfred's seems to go a very great way. Your income is large; but I think a thousand dollars for the support of entirely useless people is quite as much as you are called upon to pay, although one of them is your cousin, and the other my niece."

They went on to talk of many things. And all she showed the same calm candor and tenderness. In all he showed the same humorous quaintness and quiet. The two women Never observed that these interviews were becoming longer and longer, as the affairs to arrange really became few. He could not have discovered that there was any particular reason for it; and yet he became unconscious in the degree that he was conscious of it.

When the Round Table met, it was evident from the conversation between Hope Wayne and Lawrence Never that he was very often at her house; and somehow it seemed as they all appeared to be conscious that each one was thinking of that fact, the cloud settled more heavily, but just as quickly as it came, over the little circle. It was not removed by the conviction which Amy Waring and Archer Merlin entertained, that at all such times Hope Wayne was trying not to show that she was peculiarly excited by their consciousness.

And she was excited by it. She knew that the interviews were growing more and more, and that there was less reason than ever for any interviews whatsoever. But when Lawrence Never was talking to her—and he was looking at her —when his was moving about the room—she was happy; but when he had left Hope Wayne then she had supposed she could ever be. When he went, that day was done. Nor did another dawn until it came again.

Perhaps Hope Wayne understood the meaning of Miss Fay's mysterious smile which now so often enveloped the Round Table.

As for Archer Merlin, the poor fellow did what all poor fellows do. So long as it was uncertain whether she loved him or not, he was willing to say nothing. But when he was perfectly sure that there was no hope for him, he resolved to speak.

In vain his Aunt Winnifred had tried to cheer him. Ever since the morning when he and told her in his sudden fit of despair of Latmus he could not persuade himself that he had not wantonly cast away his own love. Aunt Winnifred showered the choicest tracts about his room. She said with a sigh that she was sure he had experienced no change of heart; and Archer replied, with a melancholy smile, "Not the slightest."

The kind old lady was sorely puzzled. It did not occur to her that her Archer could be the victim of an unfortunate attachment as she described the love-lorn heroes of whom she had read in the evil days when she read novels. It did not occur to her, because she could as easily have supposed a rose-tree to resist June as any woman her splendid Archer.

If some gossip to whom she sighed could shoot her head, and wondered what—if anybody—ailed Archer, who ate his dinner heartily, and went as many orders for pottage as he cared to fall, suggested that there was a woman in the case, good Aunt Winnifred smiled bland incredulity, Mrs. Toxer, I should like to see that woman!"

Then she plied her darning-needles nimbly, sighed, scratched her head with a needle, counted stitches, and said,

"Sometimes I can't but hope that it is concern of mind, without the heart."

Mrs. Toxer also knitted, and scratched, and counted.

"No, ma'am; much more likely concern of heart with a full consciousness of it. One, two, three—that's right! I'm afraid you dropped a stitch."

Aunt Winnifred, who never dropped stitches, smiled pleasantly and answered,

"Yes, indeed, and this time you have dropped a very great one."

Meanwhile Archer's great picture advanced rapidly. Diana, who had become within a fortnight a portion of Hope Wayne going out of a cloud was now more fully completed. She was still enveloped in the cloud, and from that which all the moonlight of the picture fell.

When Lawrence Never came into the studio one morning in October, he worked in secret upon his picture and never showed it, asked him if he would like to see it. The newcomer said yes, and seated himself comfortably in a large chair, while the artist brought the canvas from its inner recess and placed it before him. As he did so, Archer stepped a little aside, and watched him intently.

Lawrence Never gazed for a long time and silently at the picture. As he did so, his face slowly assumed a tenor of inscrutability, and Archer's eyes attacked it in vain. Diana was clearly Hope Wayne. That he had seen all along. But Endymion was so clearly Lawrence Never! He looked startled at moments, and his eyes, and after many minutes he said, quietly,

"It is beautiful. It is triumphant. Endymion is a fine conception. But Diana's face is so noble and her glance so tenderly earnest that it would surely rouse him if he were not dead."

"Dead!" returned Archer, "why, you know he is only sleeping."

"No, no," said Lawrence, gently, "dead; utterly dead—he is. If he were not, it would simply impossible not to awake and love her. Who that did gentleman on the wall over there?" and he pointed to another picture.

Lawrence Never asked the same question of all the portraits so persistently that Archer could not help laughing. At last he had satisfied his curiosity—a curiosity which he had never shown before—and the merchant rose and said good-by.

"You like my picture—"

"Immensely. But if she looks forever she'll never waken him. Poor Endymion! he's dead to all that heavenly glance."

He was about closing the door.

"Hallo!" cried Archer.

Lawrence Never put his head into the room.

"What a pity that he's dead!"

"Why so?"

"Because goddesses never marry, so she'll have to wait."

Lawrence Never turned, with his hand upon the door

to fall back, suffering pretty severely. Conductor Evans Dorsey, of Baltimore, was killed instantly, and Conductor George Hollingsworth received a wound from which he died during the day. Several others were wounded, among them a son of Dr. Hammond, of Martinsburg.

LATER CASUALTIES.

A gentleman who was subsequently during the rest of the day, resulting in the killing of two of the insurrectionists and the wounding of a third. One crashed out through a culvert leading into the Potomac, and attempted to cross the river, but was shot through the head in the act of escaping, or conveying information to Cook, in no doubt.

He was shot while crossing the river, and fell dead on the rocks. As observers had supposed, he was armed with Sharp's rifle. The body was afterward stripped of a fine gold watch, and a roll of bills and papers, and a captain's commission, known to be in full form, and declaring that he bears Captain's rank in the army of liberation under Brigadier-General Brown. A light watch was shot just outside the Armory gate. The ball went through the thigh, severing one of the principal arteries, and killing him instantly. His name is not known, but he is one of the leaders in the band of raiders. His body was left in the street until noon yesterday, exposed to every indignity that could be heaped upon it by the excited populace.

At this time a tall, powerful man, named Evan Shepherd, came out from the Armory, conducting some prisoners, and, seeing the dead body, spurned it with his foot, once in the head. He was also captured and taken to a tavern, after the insurrectionists' stronghold was turned over to the United States military, in a helpless condition. During the afternoon a short little affair took place on the Shenandoah side of the river. The insurrectionists had also seized the hulks of the rifle works, and a party of their number found their way to the river in a mill-race, and dislodged them.

In this movement, it was said, three insurrectionists were killed, but we found but one dead body, that of a negro, on the side of the river. He had been shot in the neck, and appeared cruised. Guards were placed around the Armory, and every precaution taken to prevent escape.

THE NIGHT SCENE.

At 11 o'clock the Monday night train, with Baltimore military and marines, arrived at Harper's Ferry, where they waited for the arrival of Colonel Lee, deputized by the War Department to receive the prisoners. The night passed without any serious alarms, but not without excitement. The marines were marched and countermarched until they arrived, when, being stationed immediately in front of the Armory, they were ordered to prepare for the engagement. Everything was done with great gallantry volunteers, but what for was not ascertained. There was only one serious fire from the insurgents.

NEGOTIATIONS NEXT MORNING.

Early next morning a door was opened in the building occupied by the insurgents, and one of the men came out with a flag of truce, and delivered what was supposed to be terms of surrender. The conditions were refused, and an assault showed they were not accepted. Shortly after the firing ceased, and the door was opened, and Cook, who was acting as aid to Colonel Lee, appeared, followed by the besieged, Samuel Strider, Esq., an old and respectable citizen, with a flag of truce. Cook was received at the door by Captain Cook. Lieutenant Stuart demanded an unconditional surrender, and threatening them protection from immediate violence and a trial by law. Captain Brown refused to surrender, but Stuart vicously demanded, which were substantially, "That they should be permitted to march out with their arms and horses, taking their prisoners with them; that they should proceed unmolested to a secure retreat; and that they would free their prisoners; the soldiers would then be drawn off to a distance, and the insurgents would do all in their power to prevent the effusion of blood." Lieutenant Stuart pressed upon Brown his desperate position, and argued that further resistance would be rough beyond rad-shot, was evidently very earnest, and the coolness of his demeanor, and his cool manner of the caged flag-bearer was warm praise. At this moment the interest of the scene became intense. The marines were arranged all around the building, cutting off an escape in every direction. The marines, divided in six squads, were ready for a dash at the door.

THE BUILDING STORMED.

Finally, Lieutenant Green, leaving exhausted all argument with the determined Captain Brown, walked slowly from the door.

Immediately the signal for attack was given, and the marines, headed by Colonel Lee, with a shout, rushed through, divested of their lives on each side. Two powerful fellows sparring between the lines did with heavy sledge-hammers battering-rams against the door.

The door swung and swayed, but appeared to be covered with a rope, the spring of which deadened the effect of the blow. At last it gave way, and the force of a ladder, sword forty feet long, and advancing at a run, brought it with tremendous force against the door. It fell in, and blow it gave way, and fell rolling inward in a startling position. The marines immediately followed the first breach, Major Russell and Lieutenant Green leading. In arms to front fire.

The firing from the interior was quick and severe, but the marines were undaunted, and for a moment the conflict was terrific. Sharp reports succeeded each other, and the spectators to something like a pitch of frenzy. The next moment the marines had driven the foe from the door, and the work was done; while cheers rang from every part, the prisoners being bring that the marines had done their part admirably.

APPEARANCE OF THE PRISONERS.

When the insurgents were brought out they looked dead and others wounded. They were guarded with cavetaines, and only the prisoners who had been taken prisoners showed fresh immediate execution. The crowd, nearly every man of which was armed, was kept back by a strong military element, and order prevailed. Colonel Lee then ordered the prisoners to be secured. The appearance of the liberated prisoners, as they came through the engine-house door, was curious, caused injury, changed the current of feeling, and produced a sensation that for a time was wild and excitable.

In the assault private Rolfort of the Marines received a ball in the stomach, and was believed to be fatally wounded. Another received a slight flesh wound.

Thus even in front of the engine-house after the assault presented a dreadful sight. Lying on the ground in front of them killed on the previous day, and found inside the house, three were dead and two mortally wounded. Near them lay the dead and others groaning in pain. Some of the wounded were shot through the head, and others through and through. Some were shot in the breast, and others presenting a gory spectacle. He had a severe bayonet wound in his side, and his head and face were coated with blood.

BROWN'S EXAMINATION.

A short time after Captain Brown was brought out he revived and looked around on those around him. He was asked if he was not wounding that he had done only what he thought right. To a question substantially as follows: "Are you Captain Brown, of Kansas?" "I am sometimes called so." "Are you Captain Brown, of Kansas?" "I think to do my duty there." "What war your present object?" "To free the slaves." "Nothing more?" "Were any other persons but those with you now connected with the movement?" "No." "Was it not expected all from the North?" "No; there was no one connected with the movement but those who came with me." "Did you expect to kill people in order to carry your plan?" "I did not wish to kill any person, but to do my duty." Various questions of this kind were put to Captain Brown, which he answered slowly and freely, with seeming anxiety to vindicate himself.

He urged that he had the town at his mercy; that he could have burned it and murdered the inhabitants, but did not; he had treated the prisoners with courtesy, and complained that he had been hunted down like a wolf. He spoke of the killing of his son, which he alleged was done while bearing a flag of truce, and seemed very anxious for the safety of his wounded son. His conversation bore the impression of the conviction that what he had done in free slavery was right, and that in the warfare in which he was engaged he was entitled to be treated with all the respect of a prisoner of war.

CAPTURE OF ARMS.

During Tuesday morning, one of Washington's negroes came in the greatest excitement, stating that Cook was in the woods with a rifle, and had shot some time during the night. Some citizens started in search of him, and found him. Another rifle was retrieved from Harper's Ferry. The Independent Grays, of Baltimore, Company, and a scouting party of marines, and they soon returned with two wagons loaded with arms and ammunition, and the prisoners in charge.

The arms consisted of boxes filled with Sharp's rifles, with the address of the Colt's Patent Fire Arms Manufacturing Company, Chicopee, Mass. There were also a number of pikes and other warlike implements, a large number of spears, sharp iron two-edged-like Bowie knives, and a number of pistols. Some of the pikes were in the form of a spear, with spikes projecting from every thing else that might be needed: the gearing of the wagons, harness, and every thing that the party of men were expected to be armed, and that absurd act needs that they were to be used in the country.

How all these supplies were got up to this farm with-out attracting attention is very strange. They are supposed to have been brought through Pennsylvania, and the wagons which bore them were hired for the use of his arms, but with his more secret purpose unknown to the owners.

TREATMENT OF BROWN'S PRISONERS.

The citizens imprisoned by the insurrectionists all testify to the kind treatment they received. Their confinement was not insulted, and beyond the outrage of restricting their liberty, nothing was done. The prisoners were severely wounded, as Brown, and all disconcerted them that they would not be long, and that they would be released in a few days. Mr. Kitzmiller, a prominent citizen, remained inside on abolition agents to them. Colonel Washington speaks of Brown as a man of great coolness. He never blanched during the assault, though he admitted that the fatal shot swept was dangerous, and that he would have to die. When the door was broken down, and the insurgents were driven inside, Brown immediately cried out, "Here's one surrender—give him quarter!" and ordered the firing ceased. He also ran rifle at the door.

Colonel Washington spoke highly with Colonel Lee, and Brown was in the room when Colonel Lee told one in Kansas and two here. He had not proved them to be men of courage. Brown said he did not regret their loss—they had died in a glorious cause.

BROWN'S PAPERS AND STORES.

On 19th a quantity of papers and some volunteers made a visit to Brown's house. They found a large number of pikes, axes, shot, ammunition, and fifteen hundred pikes, with large blades affixed. They also found a quantity of money, including counterfeits throwing much light on the affair, printed constitutions for the provisional government, and a number of commissions in various States of the Union. They also found a number of letters addressed to Mr. Forbes—one from Fred Douglass, containing ten dollars from a lady in Rochester, and one from Brown's wife, dated at North Elba, New York, in which she says that she is much pleased by the conduct of a New York banker, who not only sent her money, but also expressed sorrow for Brown's fate. The Governor has issued a proclamation offering a reward of $250 for the arrest of each person, and warns are now scouring the mountains in pursuit of him.

THE PRISONERS TO BE TRIED AT CHARLESTOWN.

The prisoners will be immediately taken to Charlestown jail to await the action of the Grand Jury. They will be arraigned for trial in a few days. The question of jurisdiction has been settled in this way: the local authorities will try the insurgents for murder, and meanwhile the United States authorities are to proceed on a charge of treason against the State. Governor Wise and Attorney-General Andrews have no objection to the General Government proceeding against the prisoners first, as, in the event of their being tried by the State, the United authorities have done with them.

THE NAMES OF THE INSURGENTS.

The names of all the insurgents are not positively alight except three white men whom he admits he sent away on Sunday night, in company with their proper titles under the provisional government:

WHITE.

OFFICERS OF ARMY.

General John Brown, Commander-in-Chief, wounded and will recover.

Captain Oliver Brown, dead.

Captain Watson Brown, dead.

Captain Aaron C. Stephens, of Connecticut, wounded.

Major Edwin Coppic, of Iowa, wounded and prisoner.

Lieutenant Edwin Coppick, of Iowa, unhurt.

Lieutenant Lewis Leary, of Virginia, dead.

Lieutenant William Lemon, of Maine, dead.

Lieutenant Jeremiah Anderson, of Connecticut, escaped.

PRIVATES.

Stewart Taylor, of Canada, dead.

Charles P. Tidd, of Maine, dead.

Thomas Thompson, of New York, dead.

Adolph Thompson, of New York, dead.

Captain John Cook, of Connecticut, in Virginia, dead.

Lieutenant Jeremiah Anderson, of Indiana, dead.

John Kagi, of Virginia, shot dead by Colonel Washington.

NEGROES.

Dangerfield, newly of Ohio, raised in Virginia, dead.

Shadrach, of Virginia, escaped, dead, and wounded, but a prisoner. He was elected a member of the provisional government by the insurgents.

Lewis Leary, of Ohio, raised in Virginia, dead.

Osborne Anderson, of Canada, escaped, not wounded, a prisoner at Charlestown jail.

BROWN'S VIEWS.

Brown has had a conversation with Senator Mason, which is reported in the *New York Herald*. The following is a verbatim report of the conversation:

Mr. Brown, I have asked you, or, at least, who furnished money for your expedition?

Mr. Brown. I furnished most of it myself. I own not implicate others. Tis by my own folly that I have been taken. I could easily have saved myself had I exercised my own better judgments, rather than the solicitations of others.

Mr. Mason. Did you get any assistance from Northerners?

Mr. Brown. No; I had the means to make my self secure without any escape, but I allowed myself to be overpersuaded by the folly of others.

Mr. Mason. But you killed some people passing along the streets quietly.

Mr. Brown. That is true, Sir, if there was any thing to that kind done it was without my knowledge. Your own citizens know that such was not my object. I could even possible means was taken to prevent it. I did not allow my men to fire upon unarmed persons, considering the danger of killing innocent persons. I am sorry for it, but I say they will tell you that we all used every effort possible to prevent it, and did not return it.

A BY-STANDER. That is not so. You killed an unarmed man at the corner of the house over there at the water tank) and another besides.

Mr. Brown. See here, my friend, it is useless to dispute or contradict the report of your own neighbors who were my prisoners.

Mr. Mason. If you will call on me next you here—who provided the means—that would be information of some value.

Mr. Brown. I will answer freely and faithfully about what concerns myself. I will answer any thing I can with honor, but not about others.

HE WANTED TO FREE THE SLAVES.

Mr. Mason. How many are engaged with you in this movement? I ask these questions for our own safety.

Mr. Brown. Any questions that I can honorably answer I will, not otherwise. So far as I am myself concerned. I have told every thing truthfully. I value my life but little.

Mr. Mason. What was your object in coming?

Mr. Brown. To free the slaves, and only that.

A Young Man (in the uniform of a volunteer company). How many men in all had you?

Mr. Brown. Counting all those with eighteen men and boys, I had twenty-two.

A Volunteer. What in the world did you suppose you could do here with that force—take the town?

Mr. Brown. Young man, I don't wish to dictate that question to me.

A Volunteer. You could not do any thing!

Mr. Brown. Well, perhaps your ideas and my military subjects would differ materially.

Mr. Mason. How do you expect your acts?

Mr. Brown. I think, my friend, you are guilty of a great wrong against God and humanity, I say it without wishing to be offensive, and it would be perfectly right for any one to interfere with you so far as to free those you willfully hold in bondage. I feel no hostility.

Mr. Mason. I understand that.

Mr. Brown. I think I did right, and that others will do right who interfere with you at any time and all time. I hold that the golden rule, "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you," applies to all who would help others to gain their liberty.

HOW HE WAS COMMANDED-IN-CHIEF.

Mr. Mason. Did you consider yourself commissioned, in this paper (the Constitution)? I have not read it.

Mr. Brown. I did in some sense. I wish you would give that your attention for a moment.

Mr. Mason. You considered yourself the Commander-in-Chief of the provisional military forces?

Mr. Brown. I was chosen, agreeably to the ordinances of the provisional government, Commander-in-Chief of the forces.

Mr. Mason. What wages did you offer?

Mr. Brown. None.

A Lieutenant-Stuart. "The wages of sin is death."

Mr. Brown. That is the wages you propose to give to you if you had been a prisoner and wounded in my hands.

A By-Standers. "I did not promise a negro to Gettysburg twenty dollars per month."

Mr. Brown. "I did not."

A By-Standers. "I heard of your doing so."

WHAT HE EXPECTED.

Mr. Vallandigham. "Did you expect a general rising of the slaves in case of your success?"

Mr. Brown. No, Sir; nor did I wish it. I expected to gain them by my own force. I told them so to their face."

Mr. Vallandigham. "Did you expect to hold possession here until then?"

Mr. Brown. "Well, probably I had quite a different idea. I do not know that I ought to reveal my plans. I had a right to expect reinforcements, and I probably allowed myself to be so. You overrate your strength in supposing I could hold possession of this armory with it. I was too badly after commencing the open attack—after the first shot was fired—my communications were cut off. I could get no word to my friends in the North. I was at one time completely hemmed in. It was at occasioned by my desire to spare the feelings of the prisoners that I allowed the train to pass unmolested. I had no knowledge of the shooting of the negro by my men."

Mr. Vallandigham. "What time did you commence your organization in Kansas?"

Mr. Brown. "I first came over about two years ago, if I remember right. I have been in Kansas since."

Mr. Vallandigham. "Who was the Secretary?"

Mr. Brown. "I had Secretaries, but I cannot tell. I have not recollect. I think the officers were elected in May, 1858. I was not present at the election. I personally was head in a little contract by women, and my memory cleaves on dates, etc."

HIS WARNING TO THE SOUTH.

Mr. Brown. "I wish to say further to the South, if there is to be any more of this kind of movement, I positively justifiable, and not to set the part of an intruding people. I think I have stated my object sufficiently. I wish to say, furthermore, that you, gentlemen, may rest assured that this affair has been a matter for a settlement with me for many years. The matter has been gone over and over then you are prepared for it. You scarce you are prepared for it. You may rest assured that it was not my early decision of now; but this question is still to be settled—this negro question, I mean. The end of that is not yet. These wounds were inflicted upon me—both sabre cuts on my head, and bayonet stabs in different parts of my body—some minutes after I had ceased firing and conveying the idea that I surrendered, for the benefit of others, not for my own. (This statement was vehemently denied by those present.) I am here a prisoner, wounded, because I have shed blood in a cause I thought just—and no more than others. I could have killed more than any one in the room during the whole melee, but I supposed the cause in only to receive our surrender. You look me now for a cowardly dog only to be hung up for—as loud as men could yell—but in the confusion and excitement I did not hear anybody say a word. I saw only the Major, or any one, meant to butcher us after we had surrendered."

An officer here stated that the orders to the marines were, that they should spare the lives of every one except Brown, who, and one of them killed, they were obliged to retain to secure their safety.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF THE INSURGENTS.

The following is a description of the insurgents, taken from the report of the personal appearance of the insurgents:

"Old Brown, the leader, is a small man, with white hair and beard, and a very pale face, and looks like a man speaking his lips are compressed, and he has the appearance of a man of determined nerve. His two sons are dead were strikingly alike in their personal appearance. They are both young men, about twenty-five years of age, sallow complexion, sunken eyes, and dark hair. One of them was shot through the body, and died soon after the assault. The other was severely cut on the head and breast, and from his cold, sullen manner, one would suppose had received his injuries while fighting. He was mortally wounded, is tall, black-haired, and of dark complexion. Another prisoner is named Stevens, about forty years of age. Stevens, who was wounded in Monday's fight, is shot through the body, and cannot live. He is a very determined looking man, and has a fierce look. Another is a young negro slave lists, all the muscles fleshy and strong. He is about five feet ten inches in height, and of undoubted resolution. When taken prisoner he did not ask or expect quarter, and lay and suffered from his wounds without complaint other than a groan.

"Cogvie, who was taken prisoner uninjured, is a small-sized man, but very compactly built. He has light-blue eyes, and the only one of the entire number who has a pleasing expression of countenance. He was in a most agreeable humor, and said it was immaterial to him now or in what manner he was disposed of; that he had no fear of death; that he had been in peril before in their prefer a trial by a public tribunal to a mere shot summary, power preferred to settle his case in some other manner.

"Green, a mulatto, is a powerful man, with a very bad countenance and expression, and a most arrant coward. He cringes and begs to every person who approaches him.

THE DEFAULTER LANE ACQUITTED.

Judge Osborne has ordered a decision of the case of Lane, the alleged Fulton Bank defaulter, dismissing the complaint. After the decision was rendered, a complaint for false pretense was preferred against Lane, and a decision on this will be given in a few days.

END OF BISHOP ONDERDONK'S CASE.

The House of Bishops on the 19th disposed of Bishop Onderdonk's case, by granting leave to withdraw his petition. This is equivalent to a full and free acquittal. After a long discussion for some days they refused to receive the testimony, and thus closed the whole matter.

THE COLCHESTER BANK CASE.

The investigation in the case of Warren Leland, Colchester, Conn., bank teller, charged with forgery, has been concluded at Colchester, Connecticut, resulting in the discharge of the prisoner. The case of Mr. Leland was immediately represented on the same or similar charges, and was held to bail in $5,000 to appear for trial on November 21, at the same place.

THE PROPOSED PEACE CONGRESS.

The following pleasant correspondence has passed between two eminent Democrats in this State:

"UTICA, Sept. 28.

"DEAR SIR,—At a meeting of the Democratic State Central Committee, held in this city on the 22d inst., the first fact, unanimous was adopted to secure a more perfect organization of the Democratic party, and to provide for the more thorough canvass of every district of the State under the act of last winter. Provision was also made for the appointment of a committee and of political documents throughout every county in the State, and this will be attended to at the earliest day which can only be covered by an appeal to the liberality of each of you (circular to be sent to you). In order that we may proceed to be willing, to contribute toward the objects intended. An early response is requested, and the sum and nature of which, which may be remitted to Dean Richmond, Esq., as Chairman, to the care of Messrs. ——, as specifically yours,

P. CAGGER, *Secretary.*"

"THURLOW CAGGER,—I have your pleasant favor in which you inform me that the Democratic State Central met to find several of the same character as often as six election appeals to the liberality of each of you. I am sorry that I cannot respond to your request, which I can only be covered by an appeal to the liberality of each of you. I certainly think the present state of affairs—when measures and policy are to be discussed and decided—is the time for a free exchange of opinion and political views. The care of those in high places are slap to sit but the few, and the existence of influence of party is ignored until money is wanted.

"I don't propose to pay for the perpetuation of such a state of things, much as I desire the continued success of the Democratic party. Sincerely yours,

WAYTE BEEBAN.

"P. CAGGER, Esq., Albany."

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE CHINESE CORRESPONDENCE.

The official correspondence between the British Government and its officials in China, relative to the massacre at Peiho, has been published in Blue Books. It is published:

The Hon. Colonel Bruce, British Embassador, states positively that if Admiral Hope had expressed any doubt as to the wisdom of attempting the passage of the Peiho, they would not have been started by the squadron, and if it be objected that the force under command was insufficient to justify so bold a line of policy, Colonel Bruce is prepared to take the responsibility of the step.

Lord John Russell very strongly approves of what Colonel Bruce has done, and expresses his confidence in the completeness of the preparations which he made. He forces to support the plenipotentiaries in their intentions.

Colonel Bruce, in one of his letters, shows the position occupied by the Russian Government in China, and expresses the opinion that the Chinese will not make difficulties about ratifying the treaty with Russia, as the conditions under which the American Minister is about entitled to visit Pekin are more objectionable than Russian pride. Colonel Bruce expresses much gratification at the fact that the Russian Government has not taken the part which was expected by the Chinese authorities as follows: "Mr. Ward's position is one of considerable difficulty, now that he is after not recognized by Prince Kung as Pe-ki-lay, but any course we can open was the one which he has adopted. He has done his duty nobly, and in the spirit of his declarations at Hong Kong; and it is a matter of congratulation that the Russian and the previous proceedings in a strong argument in favor of the conduct pursued at the Bombardment of the Peiho.

THE "GREAT EASTERN" TO SAIL ON 20TH FOR NEW YORK.

The directors of the Great Eastern have finally decided that the vessel not go to sea again until next year. She will be refitted on her trial trip October 8, arriving at Weymouth on the 20th.

If the trial is successful, it is still intended to dispatch the vessel to America on the 20th, and passengers are to be taken on the trial trip. It is said that the maximum number of passengers will be accommodated, and the arrangements before proceeding to sea with passengers. During the trip from the Thames, the Great Eastern will steam 24 and the screw 15 revolutions per minute; and to obtain the maximum speed the paddles must be 14 revolutions.

FRANCE.

MORE WARLIKE PREPARATIONS.

At latest advices the political horizon was cast between Horns and Caen were being carried on with extreme activity.

The London *Herald's* Paris correspondent says it is positively true that Napoleon has been negotiating, both with Austria and Sardinia, which will enable him to command the Mediterranean. Large naval and diplomatic armaments throughout every country in the State, and this will be attended to at the earliest day which can only be covered by an appeal to the liberality of each of you (circular to be sent to you). In order that we may proceed to be willing, to contribute toward the objects intended. An early response is requested, and the sum and nature of which, which may be remitted to Dean Richmond, Esq., as Chairman, to the care of Messrs. ——, as specifically yours,

P. CAGGER, *Secretary.*"

"THURLOW CAGGER,—I have your pleasant favor in which you inform me that the Democratic State Central met to find several of the same character as often as six election appeals to the liberality of each of you. I am sorry that I cannot respond to your request, which I can only be covered by an appeal to the liberality of each of you. I certainly think the present state of affairs—when measures and policy are to be discussed and decided—is the time for a free exchange of opinion and political views. The care of those in high places are slap to sit but the few, and the existence of influence of party is ignored until money is wanted.

"I don't propose to pay for the perpetuation of such a state of things, much as I desire the continued success of the Democratic party. Sincerely yours,

WAYTE BEEBAN.

"P. CAGGER, Esq., Albany."

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE CHINESE CORRESPONDENCE.

The official correspondence between the British Government and its officials in China, relative to the massacre at Peiho, has been published in Blue Books. It is published:

The Hon. Colonel Bruce, British Embassador, states positively that if Admiral Hope had expressed any doubt as to the wisdom of attempting the passage of the Peiho, they would not have been started by the squadron, and if it be objected that the force under command was insufficient to justify so bold a line of policy, Colonel Bruce is prepared to take the responsibility of the step.

Lord John Russell very strongly approves of what Colonel Bruce has done, and expresses his confidence in the completeness of the preparations which he made. He forces to support the plenipotentiaries in their intentions.

Colonel Bruce, in one of his letters, shows the position occupied by the Russian Government in China, and expresses the opinion that the Chinese will not make difficulties about ratifying the treaty with Russia, as the conditions under which the American Minister is about entitled to visit Pekin are more objectionable than Russian pride. Colonel Bruce expresses much gratification at the fact that the Russian Government has not taken the part which was expected by the Chinese authorities as follows: "Mr. Ward's position is one of considerable difficulty, now that he is after not recognized by Prince Kung as Pe-ki-lay, but any course we can open was the one which he has adopted. He has done his duty nobly, and in the spirit of his declarations at Hong Kong; and it is a matter of congratulation that the Russian and the previous proceedings in a strong argument in favor of the conduct pursued at the Bombardment of the Peiho.

THE "GREAT EASTERN" TO SAIL ON 20TH FOR NEW YORK.

The directors of the Great Eastern have finally decided that the vessel not go to sea again until next year. She will be refitted on her trial trip October 8, arriving at Weymouth on the 20th.

If the trial is successful, it is still intended to dispatch the vessel to America on the 20th, and passengers are to be taken on the trial trip. It is said that the maximum number of passengers will be accommodated, and the arrangements before proceeding to sea with passengers. During the trip from the Thames, the Great Eastern will steam 24 and the screw 15 revolutions per minute; and to obtain the maximum speed the paddles must be 14 revolutions.

FRANCE.

MORE WARLIKE PREPARATIONS.

At latest advices the political horizon was cast between Horns and Caen were being carried on with extreme activity.

The London *Herald's* Paris correspondent says it is positively true that Napoleon has been negotiating, both with Austria and Sardinia, which will enable him to command the Mediterranean. Large naval and diplomatic armaments are for Civita Vecchia; and another step in the Mediterranean is the purchase of the steamer Valetta by the Messageries Imperiales. She is a fine vessel, of 1,500 tons with 10,000 men for the Morocco frontier, will command the Roman coast and threaten Civita.

The London *Times* correspondent is assured that the number of troops which will be assembled in the camp that twenty large transports, capable of conveying 1000 men each, are being fitted out.

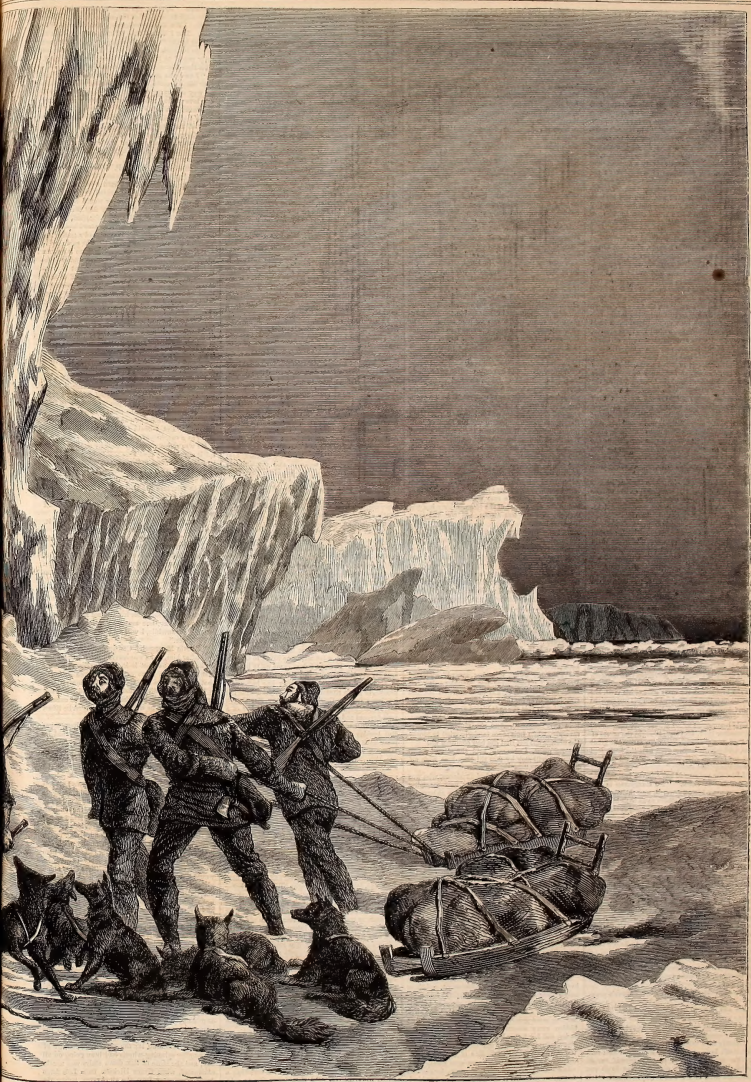
FUNERAL OF MR. MASON.

A Paris letter of the 20th says: "To-day the funeral service was performed over the remains of the late American Minister, Mr. Mason, at the Church of the Madeleine. The Archbishop of Paris were all present, and the Church was crowded with persons of every rank and position of friendship. The body of the deceased is to be immediately sent to America.

MORE SORROWS OF ROSSUTH.

The English papers publish an interesting letter from Kossuth, expressing keenest grief at the Viscidness arrangement at the moment which the deliverance of his country was expected. He says: "Twice during the last ten years, only ten years since, from his beloved spot, I was disappointed. He derives some consolation, however, from the events of the war, and is disappointed in the conviction that Hungary will yet be free. He states that he insisted on a double stipulation on behalf of the Hungarian prisoners of war who were confided under his banner; viz., that of amnesty, and that of exemption from further Austrian military service. France has obtained these conditions from Austria.

DISCOVERY OF THE FRANKLIN EXPEDITION BOAT ON



ILLIAM'S LAND BY LIEUTENANT HOBSON.—[See Page 690.]

LOIS WITCH.
IN THREE PARTS.

PART II.

It was hard, up-hill work for Lois to win herself a place in this family. Her aunt was a woman of narrow, strong affections. Her love for her husband, if ever she had had any, was burned out and dead long ago. What she did for him she did from duty. She looked askance at Lois for many reasons: her dress-making, the Salem sea inapparent, the expression of disapprobation on her face on that evening still lingered and rankled in Grace's memory: early prejudices, and feelings, and impressions of the English girl were all on the side of what would now be called Church and State, what was then esteemed in that country a superstitious observance of the directions of a Papist rubric, and a strong regard for a religious establishment.

Somehow Lois felt instinctively that Manasseh was really friendly towards her. He was little in the house; there was farming and some kind of mercantile business to be transacted by him, as real head of the house; and at the noon meal or the we went shooting and hunting in the surrounding forests until a spring which was to supply water to warm and reprove him in private, although to the neighbors she boasted largely of her son's courage.

Nature, the old Indwelling mother, was extraordinarily making a blood run cold as she and Ruth and Prudence sat round the log stove and heard them of the wizards of her race. It was often in the kitchen, in the darkening evening, while some cooking process was going on, that the stories would come, sitting on her haunches by the bright red wood embers which gave the only light in the room, and her self reversing the shadows of all the faces around, told her weird stories while they were awaiting the rising of the dough, preparatory to the baking of the household bread had to be made.

After such like evenings Lois could smell effort on Lois's part to go out at her aunt's command into the common pasture round the town and bring the cattle home at night. We know but what the double-headed snake might start up from each blackberry bush—that the most venomous of every creature in the service of the Indian wizards, that had such power over all those white maidens who met the grey plaid of their race in the lone forest, was creeping body, so that, loathe him, loathe the Indian race as they would, off they plunged into the forest to seek out some Indian man, and must beg to be taken into his wigwam, abjuring faith and race forever?

Faith was the person with whom the English girl was the most intimately associated in the whole of house. The two were about the same age, and certain household employments were shared between them.

Stern old meisters came in to pay their pastoral visits. On such occasions Faith was expected to put on clean apron and clean cap, and make them more welcome than she was ever seen to do any one else, bringing out the best provender in the store, and setting of all before them. Also the great Bible was brought down from its shelf, and to be summoned from their work to listen while the minister read a chapter, and, as he read, expounded it at considerable length. All this Lois had to be silent, and, lifted up his right hand and prayed for all present, for absent members of the family, for all possible cases of spiritual need; and finally, taking the individuals before him, he would put up a very particular petition, according to the wording to his notion of their wants. At first Lois wondered at the agitation of two of the old people's ears of this description to the outward circumstances of each case; but when she perceived that her aunt had usually a pretty long consultation beforehand with the minister in the early part of his visit, she became convinced that he received his information and his knowledge through the medium of "that godly woman, Grace Hickson;" and I am afraid she paid less regard to the prayer for the absent ones from another land, who had brought the orders of that land as a seed, with the produce of a certain ocean, and who is letting even now the little seed shoot up into an evil tree, in which all unclean creatures may find shelter.

"I like the prayers of our Church better," said Lois one day to Faith, "for they remember the England can pray his own words, and therefore it is that he can not judge of others so as to fit his prayers to what he can conceive to be their wants. How did you did this morning?"

"I hate Mr. Tappan," said Faith, shortly, a passionate flash of light coming out of her dark eyes.

"Why so, cousin? It seems to me as if he were a good man, although I like not his prayers.

Faith only repeated her words, "I hate him."

Lois was sorry for this strong feeling; intuitively sorry, for she was loving herself, delighted in being loved, and felt a jar run through her at every sign of want of love in any one. But she did not know what to say, and was silent at the time. Faith, too, was burning her words back with vehemence, but spoke never a word until her thread snapped, and then she pushed the wheel away hastily and left the room.

Then Prudence crept softly up to Lois's side. This strange child seemed to be tossed about by varying moods: to-day she was caressing and communicative, to-morrow she might be deceitful, mocking, and unconfiding in the joys and sorrows of others.

"So thou dost not like Pastor Tappan's prayers?" she whispered.

Lois was sorry to have been overheard, but she neither would nor could take back her words:

"I like them not so well as the prayers I used to hear at home."

"Mother says thy home was with the ungodly. Nay, don't look at me so—it was not I that said it. I'm none so fond of praying myself, nor of Pastor Tappan for that matter. But Faith can not abide him, and I know why. Shall I tell thee, Cousin Lois?"

"No! Faith did not tell me, and she was the right person to give her own reasons."

"Ask her where young Mr. Nolan is gone to, and thou wilt hear. I have seen Faith cry by the hour together about Mr. Nolan."

"Hush, child, hush!" said Lois, for she heard Faith's approaching step, and feared lest she should overhear what they were saying.

The truth was that a year or two before there had been a great struggle in Salem village, a great division in the congregation, the body of dissenters had been the leader of the more violent, and, ultimately, the spoke some hard, bitter sentences of this the less popular minister, Mr. Nolan, had had to leave the place. And him Faith Hickson loved with all the strength of her passionate dark, although he never was aware of the attachment he had excited, and the whole family were the recipients of manifestations of mere feeling to ever observe the signs of any emotion on Faith's part. But the will of a woman is a strong thing, and observed them all. She knew, as well as if she had been told in express words, that Faith did not care about father or mother, brother and sister, about household work and daily occupation, nay, about the observances of religion, for Mr.

Faith grew sadder and duller as the autumn drew on. She lost her bright, rosy, brown complexion became sallow and colorless, her dark eyes looked hollow and wild. The 1st of November was near at hand, and Mr. Tappan's intimate, intentioned efforts to bring some life and cheerfulness into the monotonous existence of the dying Faith of many English customs, silly enough, no doubt, and which scarcely lighted up a flicker of interest in the poor sorrowful soul. The children were lying awake in their bed in the great unplastered room. Lois had a part pallet-bed, a part bedroom. Lois began to speak, to talk about England, and the dear old ways at home, without reading anxiously whether the effect of her intentions of her simplicities, well-remembered customs and legends were listened in England, and scarcely yet died out in Scotland. As she told of tricks she had often played, of the apple-scent bags she had made for Christmas gifts, of the basins of water, of the nuts burning side by side in the grate, every three of them typical ways of divination by which laughing, trembling English maidens sought to see the form of their future husband, if husband there was to be, then Faith listened breathlessly, asking short, eager questions, as if she were afraid of losing a single her gloomy heart. Lois went on speaking, telling her of all the stories that would confirm the truth of all the secondsight traditions of the country of her accustomed methods, half believing, half incredulous herself, but willing to cheer and please Faith.

Suddenly Prudence rose up from her truckle-bed in the dim corner of the room. She had not thought that she was awake, but she was a silent listening long.

"Cousin Lois may go out and meet Satan by the brook-side, if she will, but if thou goest, Faith, I will tell mother—ay, and I will tell Pastor Tappan, too. That will be worse than all. I'll be afeard of my very life. I would rather never be let out of doors than that. And I'm sure mother would take the apple out of my hand as I hold it over my left shoulder." The excited girl gave a loud sound of terror as she saw the apple-peel had conjured up. Faith and Lois sprang out together, the latter with a cry of affright, the former white night-gowns. Summoned by the same cry, Grace Hickson came to her child.

"Lois, get up!" said Faith, authoritatively.

"What is it, my wench?" asked Grace. While Lois, feeling as if she had done all the mischief, kept silence.

"Take her away, take her away!" screamed Prudence. "Lois is a witch—she is possessed. I'll shoulder—the Evil One is there now. I see him. I'll tell mother, if you don't take away Lois."

"What is this she says?" said Grace, austerely.

"She is dreaming," said Faith; "Prudence, hold thy tongue, and go to bed." Lois said, more severely, while Lois more tenderly tried to soothe the alarms she had herself conjured up.

"Be quiet, Prudence," said she, "and go to sleep. I will stay by thee till thou hast gone off. Thou art safe."

"No, no! go away," sobbed Prudence, who was really terrified herself, but was now assuming more alarm than she felt from a natural instinct, seeing herself the centre of attention. "Faith shall stay by me, and Faith is not afraid."

So Faith sat by her sister, and Grace, displeased and perplexed, withdrew to her own bed, purposing to inquire more minutely into the affair in the morning. Lois only hoped it might all be forgotten by morning, and refused even to talk again of such things. But an event happened in the remaining hours of the night to change the current of affairs. Little Grace Hickson died. The father, mother and husband had had another paralytic stroke; whether of the apple-scent bags, or the apple-peel, I dare not say, but Grace died. Faith, too, was stricken down by nervous fever, and was delirious with vehemence, but spoke never a word until her thread snapped, and then she pushed the wheel away hastily and left the room.

Then Prudence crept softly up to Lois's side. This strange child seemed to be tossed about by varying moods: to-day she was caressing and communicative, to-morrow she might be deceitful, mocking, and unconfiding in the joys and sorrows of others.

"So thou dost not like Pastor Tappan's prayers?" she whispered.

Lois was sorry to have been overheard, but she neither would nor could take back her words:

"I like them not so well as the prayers I used to hear at home."

"Mother says thy home was with the ungodly. Nay, don't look at me so—it was not I that said it. I'm none so fond of praying myself, nor of Pastor Tappan for that matter. But Faith can not abide him, and I know why. Shall I tell thee, Cousin Lois?"

"No! Faith did not tell me, and she was the right person to give her own reasons."

"Ask her where young Mr. Nolan is gone to, and thou wilt hear. I have seen Faith cry by the hour together about Mr. Nolan."

"Hush, child, hush!" said Lois, for she heard Faith's approaching step, and feared lest she should overhear what they were saying.

The truth was that a year or two before there had been a great struggle in Salem village, a great division in the congregation, the body of dissenters had been the leader of the more violent, and, ultimately, the spoke some hard, bitter sentences of this the less popular minister, Mr. Nolan, had had to leave the place. And him Faith Hickson loved with all the strength of her passionate dark, although he never was aware of the attachment he had excited, and the whole family were the recipients of manifestations of mere feeling to ever observe the signs of any emotion on Faith's part. But the will of a woman is a strong thing, and observed them all. She knew, as well as if she had been told in express words, that Faith did not care about father or mother, brother and sister, about household work and daily occupation, nay, about the observances of religion, for Mr.

Faith grew sadder and duller as the autumn drew on. She lost her bright, rosy, brown complexion became sallow and colorless, her dark eyes looked hollow and wild. The 1st of November was near at hand, and the dissenters, with an intentioned efforts to bring some life and cheerfulness into the monotonous existence of the dying Faith of many English customs, silly enough, no doubt, and which scarcely lighted up a flicker of interest in the poor sorrowful soul. The children were lying awake in their bed in the great unplastered room. Lois had a part pallet-bed, a part bedroom. Lois began to speak, to talk about England, and the dear old ways at home, without reading anxiously whether the effect of her intentions of her simplicities, well-remembered customs and legends were listened in England, and scarcely yet died out in Scotland. As she told of tricks she had often played, of the apple-scent bags she had made for Christmas gifts, of the basins of water, of the nuts burning side by side in the grate, every three of them typical ways of divination by which laughing, trembling English maidens sought to see the form of their future husband, if husband there was to be, then Faith listened breathlessly, asking short, eager questions, as if she were afraid of losing a single her gloomy heart. Lois went on speaking, telling her of all the stories that would confirm the truth of all the secondsight traditions of the country of her accustomed methods, half believing, half incredulous herself, but willing to cheer and please Faith.

Suddenly Prudence rose up from her truckle-bed in the dim corner of the room. She had not thought that she was awake, but she was a silent listening long.

"Cousin Lois may go out and meet Satan by the brook-side, if she will, but if thou goest, Faith, I will tell mother—ay, and I will tell Pastor Tappan, too. That will be worse than all. I'll be afeard of my very life. I would rather never be let out of doors than that. And I'm sure mother would take the apple out of my hand as I hold it over my left shoulder." The excited girl gave a loud sound of terror as she saw the apple-peel had conjured up. Faith and Lois sprang out together, the latter with a cry of affright, the former white night-gowns. Summoned by the same cry, Grace Hickson came to her child.

"Lois, get up!" said Faith, authoritatively.

"What is it, my wench?" asked Grace. While Lois, feeling as if she had done all the mischief, kept silence.

"Take her away, take her away!" screamed Prudence. "Lois is a witch—she is possessed. I'll shoulder—the Evil One is there now. I see him. I'll tell mother, if you don't take away Lois."

"What is this she says?" said Grace, austerely.

"She is dreaming," said Faith; "Prudence, hold thy tongue, and go to bed." Lois said, more severely, while Lois more tenderly tried to soothe the alarms she had herself conjured up.

"Be quiet, Prudence," said she, "and go to sleep. I will stay by thee till thou hast gone off. Thou art safe."

"No, no! go away," sobbed Prudence, who was really terrified herself, but was now assuming more alarm than she felt from a natural instinct, seeing herself the centre of attention. "Faith shall stay by me, and Faith is not afraid."

So Faith sat by her sister, and Grace, displeased and perplexed, withdrew to her own bed, purposing to inquire more minutely into the affair in the morning. Lois only hoped it might all be forgotten by morning, and refused even to talk again of such things. But an event happened in the remaining hours of the night to change the current of affairs. Little Grace Hickson died. The father, mother and husband had had another paralytic stroke; whether of the apple-scent bags, or the apple-peel, I dare not say, but was silent at the time

found without a candle, and a candle it would be dangerous to carry into that apartment full of combustible materials, especially at this time of hard frost, when every drop of water was locked up and bound in icy hardness. So Lois went, half-shrinking from the long passage that led to the stairs leading up into the storm-room, for it was in this passage that the strange night sounds were heard which every one had begun to notice and speak about in lowered tones. She sang, however, as she went, "to keep her courage up"—sang, however, in a subdued tone, the evening hymn she had so often sung in Barford church—

Glory to Thee, my God, this night—

and so it was, I suppose, that she never heard the breathing or noticed the very cruelest use to which just as she was leading herself with fear to carry down she heard some one—it was Manasseh—say close to her ears,

"Has the voice spoken yet? Speak, Lois! Has the voice spoken yet? Is time—that speaketh to me day and night, Mary Lois!"

She started and turned a little sick, but spoke almost directly in a brave, clear manner,

"No! Cousin Manasseh. And it never will."

"Then I must wait yet longer," he replied hoarsely. "But all submission—all submission."

At last a break came upon the monotony of the long, dark winter. A ruling parishioner's case was raised the discussion of whether—the parish accounting as it did—it was not absolutely necessary for Pastor Tappan to have help. This question had been mooted once before; and then Pastor Tappan had acquiesced in the necessity, and old had gone on smoothly for some months after the appointment of his assistant, until a feeling had sprung up as the place the elder minister which might have been called jealousy of the younger, if there were a man at Barford who could have been supposed to entertain so evil a passion. However, that might be, two parties were speedily formed in the congregation on the subject of the new Mr. Nolan; the elder and more persistent—and, at the time, the more numerous party—headed by old grayhended, dogmatic Mr. Tappan, who had married them, baptized their children, and was to them literally as a "father in God;" and the younger, left to Salem, carrying away with him, possibly, more hearts than that of Lois Hickson's, but certainly she had never been the same creature since.

But now—Christmas, 1691—one or two of the older members of the congregation began to doubt, and some who were younger men having come to settle in Salem—Mr. Ingoldsby, Mr. Corwin, Mr. Hathorne, all of them, Mr. Tappan's son-in-law—a fresh effort had been made, and Mr. Nolan was returning to labor in ground apparently prepared for him. It was all in a keen interest in all the proceedings for Faith's sake, for more than a year that I have thought any spectator would have said. Faith's wheel never want faster or slower, her thread never broke, her color never varied, her eyes never were uplifted with sudden interest all the time these discussions respecting Mr. Nolan's ordination were held.

Faith and Nattee seemed more bound together by love and common interest than any other two among the unfriended individuals who composed this household. Lois sometimes felt as if her presence as a third interrupted some confidence between her cousin and the old servant. And yet she was fond of Faith, and could almost think that Faith liked her more than she did any other cousin, brother, or sister; for the first two were indifferent as to any unspoken feelings, while Faith seemed delighted in discovering them only to make an amusement to herself out of them.

One day Lois was sitting by herself at her sewing-table, while Faith and Nattee were holding one of the secret confabs over them which Lois felt ought to be tacitly excluded, when the outer door opened, and a tall, pale young man, in the strict professional habit of a clergyman, came in, drawing up with a smile and a look of welcome for Faith's sake, for this must be the Mr. Nolan whose coming had been on the tongue of every one for days, and who was, as Lois knew, expected to arrive on the day before.

He seemed half surprised at the glad alacrity with which he was received by his stranger parishioner but had not the habit of the English clergy, who was as inmate in the house where formerly he had only some grave, stately, if kind, visit to make, and had been received with a stiff form of welcome, very different from the blushing, smiling, dimpling look that immediately met him with the greeting almost of an old acquaintance. Lois having placed a chair for him, looked up, and then down, and doubting but that the feeling which her cousin entertained for the young pastor was mutual, although it might be unrecognized by herself, she said,

"Faith!" said she, bright and breathless. "Cousin—" Lois' quick eyes had caught the unconsciousness of any particular importance lie to be attixed to her words, "Mr. Nolan, the new pastor, is in the room. Shall I not call Nattee for my aunt and Manasseh. My aunt is gone to the prayer meeting at the Lecture House, and Manasseh is away." Lois went on speaking to give Faith time, for the girl had become deadly white at the intelligence, while, at the same time, her eyes met the keen, cunning eyes of the old Indian with a peculiar look of half-understanding, as if the latter's looks expressed triumphant satisfaction.

"Go," said Lois, smoothing Faith's hair, and kissing the white, cold cheek, "or he will wonder why no one comes to see him, and perhaps think he is not welcome." Faith rose without another word into the keeping-room, and shut the door of communication. Nattee and Lois were left together.

Lois felt as happy as if some piece of good fortune had befallen herself. For the time her growing dread of Manasseh's wild, ominous persistence in his suit, her aunt's coldness, her own loneliness, were all forgotten, and she could almost have danced with joy. Nattee laughed aloud, and talked and chuckled to herself: "Old Indian woman great mystery. Old Indian woman know-like-it and thinker; go where she is told, where she hears with her ears. But old Indian woman"—and here she drew herself up, and the expression of her face quite changed—" know how to call, and then white man must come; and old Indian have spoken never a word, and white man have best nothing with his ears."

All this time things were going on very differently in the keeping-room to what Lois imagined. Faith sat stiller even than usual; her eyes downcast, her words few. A quick observer might have noticed a certain tremulousness about her hands, and an occasional slight convulsive motion of her frame. But Pastor Nolan was not a keen observer upon this occasion; he was absorbed with his own little wishes and peculiarities. His wounded was that of a carnal man—who that pretty strange might be, who that pretty girl, who that young, so glad to see him, but had vanished instantly, apparently not to reappear. And, indeed, I am not sure if his grievance was not that of a carnal man rather than that of a godly minister, for this was the beginning of his life here, and nothing (as he have already seen) for the minister, on entering a household for the visit which, among other people and in other houses, he had been accustomed to demand a "morning call," to put up a prayer for the eternal welfare of the family, was more than the entrée. Now this prayer was expected to be adapted to the individual character, joys, sorrows, wants, and failings of every member present, and new to his, a young pastor alone with a young woman, and he thought—perhaps he may say at once, I will very natural—that the implied gnesses at her character involved in the minute suppositions above detailed would be more than she could bear. So evidently recalling each wandering thought, Pastor Nolan began to make use of the words for prayer. He was a good and truly religious man, whose name here is the only thing disguised, and placed in a part lower than that in which he found he was afterward subjected; and if at the time before he left England he had had any premonition that human fancies which beset all young hearts came across him, we at this day know that these fancies are no sin. But he was not a man of intuition, and so, sobbing, sobbing aloud, almost hysterically, and with many tears, Faith fell on her knees, and Nolan's arms spread out upon the settle, Lois and Pastor Nolan looked at each other for an instant. Then Nolan looked at each other

"Sir, you must go. My cousin has not been quite herself since the sad casualties she needs more quiet than she has had to-day."

Pastor Nolan bowed, and left the house; but in a moment he came back, and looked at Lois, saying, but without entering, he said,

"I am grieved for the disturbance I may call this evening to inquire how young Mistress Hickson finds herself?"

But Faith did not hear this; she was sobbing louder than ever.

"Why did you send him away, Lois? I should have been better directly, and it is so long since I have seen him."

She had let her face hidden as she uttered these words, and Lois could not hear them distinctly. She bent her head, however, as if to catch the sense, the meaning to ask her to repeat what she had said. But in the irritation of the moment, and attempted justification of her conduct to herself, she pushed Lois away so violently that the latter was hurt against the back of a chair, and stood quivering with pain, and tears came into her eyes; not so much because her cheek was bruised as because of the sudden pain and the sudden anger that had arisen toward whom she was feeling so warmly and kindly. Just for the moment Lois was as unjust to Faith as Faith had been unjust to some of the words of Pastor Nolan's prayer yet rang in her ears, and she thought it would be a relief to her if she could let them sink into her heart. But she dared not stop again to caress Faith, but stood quietly by her, and presently Faith took a step at the outer door caused Faith to rise quickly and rush into the kitchen, leaving Lois to open the door to the visitor. It was Manasseh, returned from hunting. He had been two days away in company with the Indians, leaving Faith and Lois alone. It was almost the only occupation which could draw him out of his accustomed habits. He stopped suddenly at the sight of seeing Lois, and alone, for she had avoided him of late in every possible way.

"Where is my aunt?"

"At a prayer meeting at Pastor Tappan's. She has not been [illegible] Faith. Faith is not well this minute. I will call her." And Lois was going toward the kitchen when he placed himself between her and the door.

"Lois," said he, "the time is going by, and I can not wait much longer. Will you be my wife? Quick upon me, and my sight grows clearer and clearer. Only this last night, camping out in the woods, clear, with the stars overhead, sleeping and waking, the spirit came and offer thee two lots, and the color of one was black and red, which is, being interpreted, a violent death. And when thou didst choose that one the spirit said to me, 'Come!' and I came, and did as I was bidden. I put it on thee with mine own hands, as it is prophesied if thou wilt not hearken unto the voice and be my wife. And when the black and red dress fell to the ground thou wert even as a corpse three days old. Now be advised, Lois, in time. Lois, my cousin, I have seen it in a vision, and my soul cleaveth unto thee—I would fain spare thee."

He was really in earnest—in passionate earnest. He had drawn near Lois, and now he took hold of her hand, repeating in his wild, pathetic, dreamy way,

"And the voice said unto me, 'Marry Lois!' " And Lois was more inclined to soothe and reason with him than she had ever been before since the first time of his speaking to her on the subject. When Grace Hickson and Prudence entered the room from the passage.

But Manasseh did not stir or look round; he kept his eyes fixed on Lois, as if to note the effect of his words. Grace came hastily forward, and, lifting up her cap, showed her closely-plaited locks bands in twain, in spite of the fervor of Manasseh's grasp.

"What means this?" said she, addressing herself more to Lois than to her son, anger flashing out of her eyes and voice.

Lois waited for Manasseh to speak. He seemed to have forgotten the desire to be more gentle and less threatening than he had been of late on this subject, and she did not wish to irritate him. But he did not speak, but let her aunt speak angrily waiting for an answer.

"Lois, mother, I thought Lois," it will put an end to the thought in his mind when my aunt speaks out about it."

"My cousin, mean in marriage," said Lois.

"Ha!" and Grace struck out in the direction of her son with a gesture of supreme contempt. But now Manasseh spoke forth:

"Yes it is true and broadcast. The voice has said it, and I have been brought here to me as my bride."

"Spirit! an evil spirit, then. A good spirit would have chosen out for thee a godly maiden of thine own people, and not a prattler and a strumpet of the world. Fie, fie, Manasseh! Look for a godly maiden of thine own people."

"Mother," said Hickson, I have done all I could Cousin Manasseh knows it—to show him I can be none of his. I have told him," said she, blushing deeply, "that I have to say all over again. That I am all but troth-plight to a young man of our own people and persuasion, and, even putting all that on one side, I wish not for marriage at present."

With rather for conversion and regeneration Manasseh looked steadily upon the hands and a maiden. As for Manasseh, I will take reason with him in private," said Grace, and, as she spoke, rose truly, threw not thyself in his path, as I have noticed thou hast done but too often of late.

Lois's heart rebounded within her at this unjust accusation, for she knew how much she had dreaded and avoided her cousin; and she was about indeed to him to give evidence that her aunt's last word were not true. But, instead, he recurred to his first word idea, and said,

"Mother, listen. If I wed not Lois, both she and I die within the year. I care not that I die for I love her as you know, I have sought for death (Grace shuddered, and was for a moment subdued by some recollection of past times), but if I did love my wife I should live, and she would be spared the woe that is to come. The Lord God Jehovah grows clearer to me day by day. Yet, when I try to know whether I am one of the elect, I find that the mystery of Predestination is dark. Knowledge is a mystery of Satan's devising, not of God's."

"Alas, my son, Satan is abroad among the brethren even now; but let the old vexed topics rest. Thou hast first thyself to think about. Shall have Lois to be thy wife, though my heart was set far differently for thee."

"No, mother," said Lois. "I love you well as a cousin, but wife of yours I can never be. Manasseh, I will not wed to divide him in twain. I say, if ever I marry man, I am troth-plight to one in England."

"Lois, child! I am your guardian in my dead husband's place. Thou thinkest thyself so great a prize that I cannot dutch a child's wish or no, I doubt not. I value thee not, save as a medicine for Manasseh, if his mind get disturbed again, and I will not have thee wed."

This, then, was the secret explanation of much that had puzzled Lois in her aunt's conduct—the fear if Lois had been a physician of modern times she might have traced somewhat of the same temper in which his mother showed herself. Prudence's lack of natural feeling and insight delight in mischief, in Faith's vehemence of indignation, in Lois's fear. Lois did not know, any more than Faith, that the attachment of the latter to Mr. Nolan, which was merely sentimental, yet even unperceived, by the young minister.

He came, it is true, came often to the house, sat long with the family, and watched them narrowly, but took no especial notice of Faith. Faith, who but took no especial notice of Faith. Faith, who had been for a time perfected over it; Nattee perceived it, and was indignant at it, long before Faith showed acknowledged it to herself, and went for Nattee The Indian woman, rather than to Lois her cousin, for sympathy and counsel.

"He must not have me," said Faith. "He cares more for Lois's little finger than for my whole body." The girl moaned in the bitterness of her jealousy.

"Hush thee, hush thee, prairie bird. How can he build a nest when the old bird has got all the moss and the feathers? Wait till the Indian has killed mother and Lois, and then he will come."

This was the mysterious comfort Nattee gave.

Grace Hickson took some kind of charge over Manasseh and watched Lois of much of her distresses at his strange behavior. Yet at times he exerted a power which, in a somewhat quieter, and more opportunities he would always seek Lois, entreating her, as of old, to marry him; sometimes pleading his love for her, oftener speaking wildly of his visions and the voices which he heard foretelling a terrible futurity.

The town of Salem had lost by death, within a very short time preceding the commencement of my story, nearly all its venerable men and leading citizens—one of ripe wisdom and sound counsel. The people had hardly yet recovered from the shock of their loss, the first bad effect of which was seen in the heated dissension which sprang up between Pastor Tappan and the candidate Nolan. It had been apparently healed over; but Mr. Nolan had not been many weeks in Salem, after his second coming, before the strife broke out afresh, and alienated many for life who had till now been bound together by the ties of friendship or relationship.

Such was the state of things in the township when, one day toward the end of the month of February, Grace Hickson returned from the weekly prayer meeting, which it was her custom to attend at Pastor Tappan's house, in a state of unusual excitement. On her entrance into her own house she sank down upon a chair, threw off her cloak and forward, and praying to herself; both Faith and Lois stopped their spinning in wonder at her agitation before either of them could be address her, and at length Faith rose, and spoke:

"Mother, what is it? Hath any thing happened of an evil nature?"

The brave, stern old woman's face was thenceforth to Lois one ever-present act in horror, and she prayed; the great drops running down her cheeks.

It seemed almost as if she had to make a struggle to recover her sense of the present homely accustomed life, before she could find words for answer.

"Evil nature! Daughters, Satan is abroad, in close to us. I have this very hour seen him afflict two innocent children, as of old he troubled those who were possessed by him at Judea. Goodwife and Abigail Toppan have been contorted and convulsed by him and his servants, and no tongue can I am aboard to think on; and when their father, godly Mr. Tappan, began to exhort and to pray for their deliverance, he was the well-beloved of the field. Satan is of a truth let loose among us. The girls have something upon him as if he were even then present among us. Abigail screeched out that he stood at my very back in the guise of a black man, and I felt truly, as I have said, as her words, I saw a creature like a shadow vanishing, and heard a voice as cold even as the grave where he is now? Faith, lay straws across on the doorsill."

"But if he do already entered in," asked Prudence, "may not that make it difficult for him to depart?"

Her mother, taking no notice of her question, went on reciting herself and praying till again she was interrupted by Prudence.

"Reverend Mr. Tappan says that only last night he was wrestling in prayer for the afflicted, and through the house by some strong power; once it was thrown against his bedroom door, and would, doubtless, have broken in, if he had not fervently and aloud at that very time; and a shriek went up at his prayer as if from a big stand on end; and this morning all the crockery in the house was found broken and piled up in the kitchen. Mr. Tappan believes that Satan's reign says that as soon as he began to ask blessing on the morning meal, the table was lifted almost as high as if some one was pinching them. Lord, have mercy upon us all!" Satan of a truth is loose."

Lois crossed like the old stories I used to hear in Barford," said Lois, breathless with affright.

Faith's cheeks were always of a deadly hue.

Toward evening Mr. Nolan came in. In general, a lady-like reserve, which Lois had never only tolerated his visits, finding herself often engaged at such hours, and being the only person to entertain him, to show him the ready hospitality which was one of her most prominent virtues. But to-day, dark as Satan's reign was, the presence of the new horrors sprung up in Salem, and as being one of the Church militant for what the Puritans called (as explained to the Church militant) against Satan, he was welcomed by her in an unusual manner.

He seemed oppressed with the occurrences of the day; as first it appeared to be natural that he, as the pastor of the congregation upon them, and his hosts were becoming almost impatient for him to say something more than mere generalities, but none as he began:

"Such a day as this I pray that I may never see again. It is as if the devils whom our Lord banished into the herd of swine had been permitted to come again upon the earth. And I would it were only the lost spirits who were tormenting us; but I much fear that certain of the elect are permitted as God's people have sold their souls to Satan for the sake of a little of his evil power, though, at least my office does not lie in that line to be seen; and he sought at it with his shoe and bit it, and it cried out like a human creature in pain, and strode run up the chimney, caring nothing for the hot flame and smoke."

Manasseh listened greedily to all this story, and when it was ended he rose upon his breast, and prayed aloud for deliverance from the power of evil. Then he went continually went on praying at intervals through the evening with every mark of abject terror on his face and in his manner.

THE LATE SENATOR BRODERICK LYING IN STATE.

We are enabled to engrave, through the kindness of a San Francisco correspondent, the accompanying picture of the late Senator Broderick lying in state at San Francisco. The scene was fully described in the last number of the Weekly.

"He died while the scent was in yon lime,
And the woodbine that wreathed it blew;
He died in the goodly summer-time:
May I die in the summer, too!

"I kept my last watch over his bed,
'Twas noon, and his hour drew near;
I would look on the earth once more,' he said,
'Will you show it me, Mary dear?'

"So I raised him up till he saw the skies,
The fields, and the church, and the river;
Then I laid him down and closed his eyes,
The eyes that I loved, forever.

"God grant me to live till the spring be here,
And to look on the young year's bloom;
'Twere sad to die while the earth is drear,
Amid winter - winds and gloom."

She rose, and under the wall she passed,
To her home in the village lane;
Through the yew-tree branches hurried the blast,
And the bells brake forth again;

But there seemed a tongue in their clanging chime,
And a voice in the creaking yew,
That said, "He died in the summer-time,
Thou shalt die in the summer, too."

MARY.

A BALLAD.

Her form was bent, her steps were small,
She came up the path alone;
And sat her down on the churchyard wall,
With her foot on the stepping-stone.

A look she wore of the wasted year,
Whose beauty and strength were over:
But her voice was low, as of old, and clear,
And she sang of her buried lover:

"The year is dying, its leaves are red,
Its sights and its sounds are dreary;
The year is dying above the dead,
And the living are lone and weary.

"Drearily swings the church-yard chime,
And drearily creaks the yew;
He died in the goodly summer-time:
May I die in the summer, too!

"He died while the corn was tall and green,
Ere the brood of the lark had flown;
He died while the blossom was on the bean,
He died while the fields were mown.

HERN CASTLE.

HERN CASTLE stands by its own broad lands,
West to the Inland and east to the sea;
The stoutest kite in his questing flight
Will flag ere he crosses the fee.

And the Baroness Lascelles hath gold and vassals,
And winters and springs forty-four:
Her daughter Grace is the pride of her race,
A vaxen cheek—and no more.

Sir Hugh de Brayo hath a paltry gray,
And doth morn you may see him walk;
To the weary page it seems no age,
As he yawns at the castle gate.

But which of the twain Sir Hugh would gain,
With his equal smile and his equal bow,
That widow and maid, of each other afraid,
Would give the whole world to know!

Now yet his tryst hath Sir Hugo missed:
Can the good gray steed have gone false to-day?
"Ho! Alice the maid! what was it he said
"When last he rode away?"

"Ho! Alice the maid! why whom hath she wived?
Not one in the house can tell:
But across the moon, with an answering tune,
Comes the clash of a marriage-bell.

The bower-maid Alice, who hands the chalice
Of Gascon wine to Sir Hugh the Knight,
I guess could tell, an she listed well,
Which way his choice would light.

For every day, ere he rides away,
There's a whisper'd word for her private ear,
And a touch to her lip—and her memory slip—
When there's none of the vassals near.

Some compliment to the mother sure—
Some courtly phrase to the daughter borne:
"No more, in faith!" "Save a hint," she saith,
"He may pass to-morrow morn."

And below the keep doth a fair train sweep,
With a bride and a bridegroom gay:
Hern Castle's the pride of the country-side—
But neither looks that way.

The Baroness stands with clenched hands,
In a wrath that would fain burst free;
And the pale proud face of the Lady Grace
Grows paller yet to see!

There's a riddle read, and a day-dream fled,
And a bower-maid's office undone to-day;
While "To Lady Alice!" they drain the chalice,
In the Hall of Sir Hugh de Brayo!

THE LATE SENATOR BRODERICK LYING IN STATE AT SAN FRANCISCO.—FROM A SKETCH BY P. LOOMIS, ESQ.—[SEE PRECEDING PAGE.]

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

BOOK III.

THE TRACK OF A STORM.

CHAPTER IX.

THE GAME MADE.

WHILE Sydney Carton and the fellow-prisoners were in the adjoining dark room, speaking so low that not a sound was heard, Mr. Lorry looked at Jerry in consideration and doubt and mistrust. That honest tradesman's manner of receiving the look did not inspire confidence; he changed the leg on which he rested, as often as if he had fifty pairs of limbs, and were trying them all; he examined his finger-nails with a very questionable show of keenness of attention; and whenever Mr. Lorry's eye caught his, he was taken with that peculiar kind of short coughing fit which is generally of all hands before it, which is seldom, if ever, known to be an infirmity attendant on perfect openness of character.

"Jerry," said Mr. Lorry. "Come here."

Mr. Cruncher came forward sideways, with one of his shoulders in advance of him.

"What have you been doing with number five?"

After some cogitation, accompanied with an intent look at his patron, Mr. Cruncher conceived the luminous idea of replying, "Approbational character."

"My mind misgives me much," said Mr. Lorry, angrily shaking a forefinger at him, "that you have used the respectable and great house of Tellson's as a blind, and that you are not an unlawful occupation of an infamous description. If you have, expect no help from it in any way, save a subscription to the funeral when you get back to England. If you have, don't expect me to keep your secret. Tellson's shall not be implicated lightly.

"I hope, Sir," pleaded the abashed Mr. Cruncher, "that a gentleman like yourself 'ere I've had the honor of odd jobbing till I'm grey at it, would think twice about harming of me, even if it was so—I don't say it is, but even if it was. And which it is to be took into account that if it was, it wouldn't be, unless I did it on one side. There'd be two sides to it. There might be medical doctors at the present hour, a-picking up their grosses where a honest tradesman don't pick up his fardens—fardens! no, nor yet his half-fardens—half fardens! no, nor yet his quarter—a banking away like smoke at Tellson's, and a cocking their medical eyes at that tradesman on the sly, a going in and going out to their own carriages—ah! equally like smoke, if not superior. Well, that's all he has to say, and he don't say no more. Which as to saying, too, it's Tellson's. For you can not sense the goose and not the gander. And here's Mrs. Cruncher, at Hanwell, as you may find out, any blessed time, and would be to-morrow, if cause given, a floppin' upon the business from that there gross as is mine—stark ruinating! Whereas them medical doctors' wives don't flop—catch 'em at it! Or if they flop, their floppings goes in favor of more patients, and how can you rightly have one without t'other? Therefore, I says with unshaken confidence, and wot with parish clerks, and wot with sextons, and wot with private watchmen (all exercising sound skill in Hanwell), a man wouldn't get much by it, even if it was so. And wot little a man did get, would never prosper with him, Mr. Lorry. He'd never have no good of it; he'd want all along to be out of the line, if he could see his way out, being once in—even if it was so."

"Ugh!" cried Mr. Lorry, rather relenting, nevertheless. "I am shocked at the sight of you."

"Now, what I would humbly offer to you, Sir," persisted Mr. Cruncher, "even if it was so, which I don't say it is—"

"Don't prevaricate," said Mr. Lorry.

"No, I will not, Sir," returned Mr. Cruncher, as if nothing were further from his thought or practice—"which I don't say it is—not I would humbly offer to you, Sir, would be this. Upon that there stool, at that there Bar, sets that there boy of mine, brought up and growed up to be a man, wot will errand you, message you, general light-job you, till your heels is where your head is if such should be your wish. If I wot-so, which I still don't say it is (for I will not prewaricate to you, Sir), let that there boy keep his father's place, and take care of his mother (don't blow upon that boy's father—do not do it, Sir—and let that father go into the line of the reg'lar diggin', and make amends for what he would have un-dug—if it was so—by diggin' of 'em in with a will, and with conwictions reperting the future keeping of 'em safe. That, Mr. Lorry," said Mr. Cruncher, wiping his forehead with his arm, as an announcement that he had arrived at the peroration of his discourse, "is wot I would respectfully offer to you, Sir. A man may see all this here a good deal dreadful round him in the way of Subjects without heads, dear me, plentiful enough for to keep the price down to porterage, and hardly that, without havin' his serious thoughts of things. And there you have the man, if it was so, constrain't on you for to bear in mind that wot I said just now, I up and said in the good cause when I might have kep' it back."

"That at least is true," said Mr. Lorry. "Say no more now. It may be true that you yet stand your friend, if you deserve it, and repent in action—not in words. I want no more words."

Mr. Cruncher knuckled his forehead, as Sydney Carton and the spy returned from the inner room. "Adieu, Mr. Barsad," said the former; "your arrangements thus made, you have nothing to fear from me."

He sat down in a chair on the hearth, over against Mr. Lorry. When they were alone, Mr. Lorry asked him what he had done?

"Not much. If I should go all lengths with the prisoner, I have insured access to him once."

Mr. Lorry's countenance fell, and he looked disappointed.

"It is all I could do," said Carton. "To propose more might be to put this man's head under the axe, and, as he himself said, nothing worse could happen to him if he were denounced. He knows how strong I am in his behalf. He knows There is no help for it."

"But you have spoken," said Mr. Lorry, "if it should go ill before the tribunal, will not save him."

"I never said it would."

Mr. Lorry's eyes gradually sought the fire; his sympathy with his friend, and his concern for the imprisonment of this second arrest gradually weakened them; he was an old man now, overborne with anxieties of all kinds, for his life had been active.

"You are a good man and a true friend," said Carton, touching him on the knee. "I think it notice that you are affected. I could not see my father weep and sit by careless. And I could not respect your sorrow more if you were my father. You are free from that misfortune, however."

Though he said the last words with a slip into his usual manner, there was a true feeling and manliness in his voice that quite touched the old man. Mr. Lorry, who had never seen the better side of him, was wholly unprepared for it. He gave him his hand, and Carton gently pressed it.

"To return to poor Darnay," said Carton. "Don't tell him the circumstance that I have the arrangement. It would not enable Her to go to see him. She might think it was merely got up for the occasion, to convey to him the means of anticipating the sentence."

Mr. Lorry turned his thought of that, and he looked quickly at Carton to see if it were in his mind. It seemed so, as he returned the look, but evidently understood it.

"She might think a thousand things," he said, and any of them would only add to her trouble. Don't speak of me to her. As I said to you when I first came, I had better not see her. I can put my hand out to do any little helpful work for her that my hand can find to do, without her knowledge. Is she going to her, I hope? She must be very desolate to-night."

"I am going now, directly."

"I am glad of that. She has such a strong attachment to you and reliance on you. How does she look?"

"Anxious and unhappy, but very beautiful."

"Ah!"

It was a long, grieving sound, like a sigh—almost like a sob. It attracted Mr. Lorry's eyes once to Carton's face, where he turned to the fire. A light, or a shade (the old gentleman could not have said which) passed from it so swiftly as a change will sweep a landscape, on a wild bright day, and he lifted his foot to put back one of the little flaming logs which was tumbling forward. He wore the white riding-coat and top-boots then in vogue, and the light of the fire touching their light surfaces made him look very pale, with his long brown hair, all untrimmed, hanging loose about him. His indifference to fire was sufficiently remarkable to elicit a word of remonstrance from Mr. Lorry; his boot was still upon the hot embers of the flaming log when it had broken under the weight of his foot.

"I forgot it," he said.

Mr. Lorry's eyes were again attracted to his face. Taking note of the wasted air which clouded the naturally handsome features, and wondering what the opportunities of youth could have done, with such a combination, to express and develop both for a better result, his mind was busily employed.

"I have been a man of business ever since I took to be a man. Indeed, I may say that I was a man of business when a boy."

See what a place you fill at seventy-eight. How many people will miss you when you leave it empty!"

"A solitary old bachelor," answered Mr. Lorry, shaking his head. "There is nobody to weep for me."

"How can you say that? Wouldn't She weep for you? Wouldn't her child?"

"Dear Lucie. Yes, I think Lucie's quite mean what I said."

"It is a thing to thank God for; is it not?"

"Surely, surely."

"If you could say, with truth, to your own solitary heart, to-night, 'I have secured to myself the love and attachment, the gratitude or regard, of no human creature; I have won for myself a tender place in no regard; I have done nothing good or serviceable to be remembered by!' your seventy-eight years would be unhappy indeed, would they not?"

"I can say truly, Mr. Carton, I think they would be."

Sydney turned his eyes again upon the fire, and, after a silence of a few moments, said:

"I should like to ask you: Does your childhood seem far off? Do the days when you sat at your mother's knee seem days of very long ago?"

Responding to his softened manner, Mr. Lorry answered:

"Sometimes yeare back, yes; at this time of my life, no. For, as I draw closer and closer to the end, I travel in the circle, nearer and nearer to the beginning. It seems to be one of the kind mercifulness and preparings of the way. My heart is touched now by many remembrances that had long fallen asleep, of my pretty young mother (and I so old!), and by many associations of the days when what we call the World was not so real with me, and my faults were not confirmed in me."

"I understand the feeling!" exclaimed Carton, with a bright flush. "And you are the better for it?"

"I hope so."

Carton terminated the conversation here, by rising to help him on with his outer coat; "but you," said Mr. Lorry, reverting to the theme, "you are young."

"Yes," said Carton. "I am not old, but my young way of life, never was a way to age. Enough of me."

"And of me, I am sure," said Mr. Lorry. "Are you going out?"

"I'll walk with you to her gate. You know my vagabond and restless habits. If I should prowl about the streets a long time, don't be uneasy; I shall turn up in the morning. You go to the Court to-morrow?"

"Yes, unhappily."

"I shall be there, but only as one of the crowd. My spy will find a place for me. Take my arm, Sir."

Mr. Lorry did so, and they went down stairs and out in the streets. A few minutes brought them to Mr. Lorry's destination. Carton left him there; but lingered at a little distance, and turned back to the gate again when it was shut, and touched it. He had heard of her going to the prison every day. "She came out here," he said, looking about him, "turned this way, must have trod on these stones often. Let me follow in her steps."

It was ten o'clock at night when he stood before the prison of LA Force, where she had stood hundreds of times. A little wood-sawyer, having closed his shop, was smoking his pipe at his shop-door.

"Good-night, citizen," said Sydney Carton, passing in going by; for the man eyed him inquisitively.

"Good-night, citizen."

"How goes the Republic?"

"You mean the Guillotine? Not ill. Sixty-two to-day. We shall mount to a hundred soon. Samson and his men complain sometimes of being exhausted. Ha, ha, ha! He is so droll, that Samson. Such a Barber!"

"Do you go to see him—"

"Shave? Always. Every day. What a barber! You have seen him at work?"

"Never."

"Go and see him when he has a good batch. Figure this to yourself, citizen; he shaves the sixty-two to-day, in less than two pipes! Less than two pipes. Word of honor!"

As the grinning little man held out the pipe he was smoking to explain how he timed the executioner, Carton was so sensible of a rising desire to strike the life out of him that he turned away.

"But you are not English," said the woodsawyer, "though you wear English dress?"

"Yes," said Carton, passing again, and answering over his shoulder.

"You speak like a Frenchman."

"I am an old student here."

"Ahs, a perfect Frenchman! Good-night, Englishman."

"Good-night, citizen."

"But go and see that droll dog," the little man persisted, calling after him. "And take a pipe with you!"

Sydney had not gone far out of sight when he stopped in the middle of the street under a flickering lamp and wrote with his pencil on a scrap of paper. Then traversing with the decided step of one who remembered the way well several dark and dirty streets—much dirtier than usual, for the best public thoroughfares remained uncleaned in these times of terror—he stopped at a chemist's shop, which the owner was closing with his own hands. A small, dim, crooked shop, kept in a tortuous, up-hill thoroughfare, by a small, thin, crooked man.

Giving this man, who, pencil-light, as he confronted him at his counter, he laid the scrap of paper before him. "Wine" the chemist whispered softly, as he read it. "Hi! hi! hi!"

Sydney Carton took no heed, and the chemist said:

"For you, citizen?"

"For me."

"You will be careful to keep them separate, citizen? You know the consequences of mixing them?"

"Perfectly."

Certain small packets were weighed out and given to him. He put them, one by one, in the breast of his inner coat, counted out the money for them, and deliberately left the shop. "There is nothing more to do," said he, glancing upward at the moon, "until to-morrow. I can't sleep."

It was not a reckless manner, the manner in which he said these words aloud under the fastdarkening clouds, nor was it more expressive of negligence than defiance. It was the settled manner of a tried man, who had endured and struggled and got lost, but who at length struck into his road and saw its end.

Long ago, when his hair had been famous among his earliest competitors as a youth of great promise, he had followed his father to the grave. His mother had died years before. These solemn words, which had been read at his father's grave, were in his mind as he went down the dark streets, among the heavy shadows, with the moon and the clouds sailing on high above him

"I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die."

In a city dominated by the axe, alone at night, with natural sorrow rising in him for the sixty-two who had been that day put to death, and for to-morrow's victims then awaiting their doom in the prisons, and still of to-morrow's and to-mor-

"THIS IS THAT WRITTEN PAPER!"

row's, the chain of association that brought the words home, like a rusty old ship's anchor from the deep, might have been easily found. He did not seek it, but repeated them and went on.

With a solemn interest in the lighted windows where the people were going to rest, forgetful through a few calm hours of the horror surrounding them; in the towers of the closed churches, where no prayers were said, for the people's exhaustion had even travelled the length of self-destruction from years of priestly impostors, plunderers, and profligates; in the distant burial-places, reserved, as they were upon the gates, for Eternal Sleep; in the abounding jails; and in the streets along which the victims rolled to a death which had become so common and material that no sorrowful story of a human Spirit ever arose among the people out of all the working of the Guillotine; with a solemn interest in the whole life and death of the city that was setting down to its short nightly pause in fury; Sydney Carton crossed the Seine again for the last time in the streets.

Few coaches were abroad, for riders in coaches were liable to be suspected, and anybody hid its head in red night-caps, and put on heavy shoes and trudged. But the destroyers were not well filled, and the people poured cheerfully out as he passed, and went chatting home. At one of the theatres a little girl was a little late at night at mother looking for a way across the street through the mud. He carried her over, and went on before the timid arm was loosed from his neck asked the child for a kiss.

"I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die."

Now that the streets were quiet, and the night were on, the words were in the echoes of his feet, and were in the air. Perfectly calm and steady, he sometimes repeated them to himself as he walked; but he heard them always.

The night wore out, and as he stood upon the bridge listening to the water as it rippled by the river-walls of the Island of Paris, where the picturesque confusion of houses and towers rose alone bright in the light of the moon, the day came coldly, looking like a dead face out of the sky. Then the night with the moon and the stars, turned pale and died, and for a little while it seemed as if Creation were delivered over to Death's dominions.

But the glorious sun, rising, seemed to strike those words, that burden of the night, straight and warm to his heart in its long bright rays; and looking along them, with reverently shaded eyes, a bridge of light appeared to span the air between him and the sun, while the river sparkled under it.

The strong tide, so swift, so deep, and certain, was like a congenial friend in the unfathomable business. He walked by the stream, far from the houses, and in the light and warmth of the sun fell asleep on the bank. When he awoke and was afoot again he lingered there yet a little longer, watching an eddy that turned and turned purposeless, until the stream absorbed it and envied it to the sea. "Like me!" A trading-boat, with a sail of the softened colour of an dead leaf, then glided into his view, floated by him, and sank away. As its silent track in the water disappeared the prayer that had broken up out of his heart for a merciful consideration of his poor blindness and error ended in the words, "I am the resurrection and the life."

Mr. Lorry was already out when he woke, and it was easy to surmise where the good old man was gone. Sydney Carton drank nothing but a little coffee, ate some bread, and when he washed and changed to refresh himself, went out to the place of meeting.

The court was all astir and a-buzz, when the block sheep—whom many fell away from in dread—pushed him into a corner among the crowd. Mr. Lorry was there, and Doctor Manette was there. She was there, sitting beside her father.

When her husband was brought in she turned to look upon him, so strong, undaunting, so strongly to foil of admiring love and pitying tenderness, yet so courageous for his sake, that the form of the healthy blood into his face, brightened his glance, and animated his heart. If there had been any eyes to see the influence of her look on Sydney Carton, it would have been seen to be the true anchor of his life.

Before that infamous Tribunal there was little or no order of procedure, insuring to any accused person any reasonable hearing. There could have been no such Revolution, if all laws, forms, and conventions had not been first monstrously abused that the suicidal vengeance of the Revolution was to scatter them all to the winds.

Every eye was turned to the jury. The same determined patriots of the sacred month were as yesterday and the day before, and to-morrow and the day after. Eager and prominent among them, one man with a craving face, and his eyes perpetually hovering about his lips, whose appearance gave great satisfaction to the spectators. A fire-thirsting, cannibal-looking, bloodwinded juryman, the Jacques Three of Saint Antoine. The whole jury as a jury of dogs impanelled to try the deer.

Every eye then turned to the five judges and the public prosecutor. No favorable leaning in that quarter to-day. A fell, unrelenting, murderous business-meaning there. Every eye then sought some other eye in the crowd, and gleamed as it approvingly; and heads nodded at one another, before bending forward with a strained attention.

Charles Evrémonde, called Darnay. Released yesterday. Rearrested and retaken yesterday. Indictment delivered to him last night as Suspected and Denounced enemy of the People. Aristocrat, one of a family of tyrants, one of a race proscribed, for that they had used their abolished privileges to the infamous oppression of the people. Charles Evrémonde, called Darnay, in right of such prescription, absolutely Dead in Law.

To this effect, in as few or fewer words, the Public Prosecutor.

The President asked, was the Accused openly denounced or secretly?

"Openly, Monsieur the President."

"By whom?"

"Three voices. Ernest Defarge, wine-vendor of Saint Antoine."

"Good."

"Therese Defarge, his wife."

"Good."

"Alexandre Manette, physician."

A great uproar took place in the court, and in the midst of it Doctor Manette was seen, pale and trembling, standing where he had been seated.

"Monsieur the President, I indignantly protest to you that this is a forgery and a fraud. You know the accused to be the husband of my daughter. My daughter, and those dear to her, are far dearer to me than my life. Who and where is the man who denounces me? Where is he? Let him confront me with my child's!"

"Citizen Manette, be tranquil. To fail in submission to the authority of the Tribunal would be to put yourself out of Law. As to what is dearest to you than life, no person can be dear to a good citizen as the Republic."

Loud acclamations hailed this rebuke. The President rang his bell, and was stern and resumed:

"If the Republic should demand of you the sacrifice of your child herself, you would have no duty but to sacrifice her. Listen to what is to follow. In the mean while, be silent!"

Frantic acclamations were again raised. Doctor Manette sat down, with his eyes looking around, and his lips trembling; his daughter drew closer to him. The craving man on the jury leaned his head forward, and rested the usual hand to his mouth.

Defarge was produced when the court was quiet enough to admit of his being heard, and rapidly expounded the story of the imprisonment and of his having been released by the Doctor's service, and of the release, and of the state of the prisoner when released and delivered to him. This short examination followed, for the court was quick with its work.

"You did good service at the taking of the Bastile, citizen?"

"I believe so."

Here an excited woman screeched from the crowd: "You were one of the best patriots there. Why not say so? You were a cannoneer that day there, and you were among the first to enter the accursed fortress when it fell. Patriots, I speak the truth!"

It was The Vengeance who, amidst the warm commendations of the audience, thus assisted the proceedings. The President rang his bell: but The Vengeance, warming with the occasion, marvel, shrieked, "I defy that bell!" wherein she was likewise much commended.

"Inform the Tribunal of what you did that day within the Bastile, citizen."

"Well!" said Defarge, looking down at his wife, who stood at the bottom of the steps on which he was raised, looking steadily up at him. "I knew that this prisoner, of whom I speak, had been confined in a cell known as One Hundred and Five, North Tower. I knew it from having once shared pleasure with him. I knew him myself by no other name than One Hundred and Five, North Tower, when he made shoes under that window. I knew my gun that day, I resolved, when the place shall fall, to examine that cell. It falls. I mount to the cell, with a fellow-citizen who is one of you, directed by a jailer. I examine it very closely. In a hole in a chimney, which had been built up, but broken open and replaced, I find a written paper. This is that paper. I have made it my business to examine some specimens of the writing of Doctor Manette. This is the writing of Doctor Manette, to the hands of Monsieur the President."

"Let it be read."

In a dead silence and stillness—the prisoner's mother could indeed lovingly put her face to his wife only looking from him to look with solicitude at her father, Doctor Manette keeping his eyes fixed on the reader, Madame Defarge never taking hers from the prisoner, Defarge never taking his from his fostering wife, and all the other eyes there intent upon the Doctor, who saw none of them—the paper was read, as follows:

ADVERTISEMENTS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"GUY LIVINGSTONE."

HARPER & BROTHERS,

329 to 335 Pearl Street (Franklin Square), New York.

Publish this Day:

SWORD & GOWN.

By the Author of

"GUY LIVINGSTONE."

8vo, Paper,

Twenty-five Cents.

☞ Sent by Mail, postage paid, on receipt of price.

Burnett's Kalliston,

As a wash for the complexion, has no equal. It is distinguished for its soothing and purifying effect, allaying all tendency to inflammation, especially that arising from bites of mosquitoes, stings of insects, &c. It is a powerful cleanser of the skin, removing tan, freckles, pimples, and all discolorations. Those, with its refreshing and invigorating properties, render it an indispensable requisite for the toilet.

Prepared only by JOSEPH BURNETT & CO.,

Boston.

For sale by druggists generally.

Price 50 Cents a Bottle.

TO SOUTHERN MERCHANTS.

HARNDEN'S EXPRESS

LEAVES NEW

TUESDAY, THURSDAY AND SATURDAY,

BY STEAMSHIP,

FOR SAVANNAH,

Thence, by Georgia Central Railroad, to

MACON, MEMPHIS, ATLANTA,

AUGUSTA, MOBILE, KNOXVILLE,

NASHVILLE, COLUMBUS, MONTGOMERY,

NEW ORLEANS.

And all Towns in the interior of

Georgia, Alabama and Tennessee.

Every description of merchandise forwarded at Low rates, and warranted with promptness and despatch.

For further particulars apply at the office of

HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, 78 Broadway.

Lester's Lock-Stitch Sewing Machines

AND

Woodworth's Planing Machines,

Office 485 Broadway. J. H. ISBESTER.

Old Sachem's Bitters & Wigwam Tonic.

These celebrated and pleasant Bitters are highly recommended by the faculty as the purest and finest Tonic and Stimulant ever offered to the public for General Debility, Loss of Appetite, Constipation, and other Derangements of the System.

PRINCIPAL DEPOT,

No. 14 Spruce Street.

For Sale Everywhere.

READ!!!

Premium

OF THE

New York State Fair

AWARDED TO

Hostetter's Celebrated Stomach Bitters.

Another Proof of its Excellence!!!

Another Prize for its Goodness!!!

Another Assurance of its Fame!!!

It has taken the Premium at

Every State Fair ever held in the

United States

Where it has been exhibited.

All we ask is a fair and impartial trial, and we guarantee satisfaction!

Sold by all Druggists throughout the World.

Principal Depot 13 and 15 Park Row, New York.

Sole Manufacturers and Proprietors

HOSTETTER & SMITH,

Pittsburg, Pa.

See that the name of the Manufacturers is on every bottle!!

Two Works Valuable to the Sick or Well.

Sent by mail, no pay expected until received, read, and approved.

Address Dr. S. S. FITCH, 714 Broadway, New York.

1st. SIX LECTURES on the causes, prevention, and cure of Lung, Throat, and Skin diseases; Rheumatism, and Male and Female Complaints, as delivered at the Hygeian Institute, for the last seven years. 418 pages, 52 Engravings. Price $1 cents, in silver or P. O. stamps.

2nd. A work on the Cause and Cure of Diseases of the Heart, Stomach, Liver, Bowels, and Kidneys. Also, Epilepsy, Palsy, and Dyspepsia; why we grow old and what causes decrepitude. 311 pages, 6 engravings. Price 38 cents. Say which book you wish, giving name, state, county town and post office.

FINE WATCHES,

JEWELRY, SILVER, PLATED WARE, &c.

A. C. BENEDICT'S OLD STAND,

ESTABLISHED at No. 91 Bowery in 1818.

Store enlarged in 1850, and NEW STOCK OF GOODS.

STRANGERS will find it to their interest to examine my stock. Goods sold at the lowest possible prices for CASH. Terms 10 per cent. below Broadway prices.

WATCHES repaired and warranted.

A. C. BENEDICT, No. 91 Bowery, New York.

ANTI-ARTHRITIC WINE—A CERTAIN CURE FOR GOUT AND RHEUMATISM.

PENFOLD, PARKER & MOWLE,

Sole Agents for the United States,

15 Dickman Street, New York.

THE POOR MAN'S SABBATH.

ADDRESSED TO SEPTUAGENARIAN PILLSBURY.

By JULIA CAREY BRENDARET.

Oh! plous Mister Pillsbury,
Pray spare our Sunday hours,
And pluck not from the poor man's life
His only day of flowers.
From the work-bench and the anvil,
From the store, and yard, and loom,
From the engine driver's fathom line,
Our week-day bugbear, thrum!

Then, with all the week for play,
No weariness have known;
But the workman have one only day
Which they can call their own:
But only days in which to pray,
And Sunday at the poor man's hearth
Is still a hallowed guest.

But fifty days in all the year
To pass in simple joys,
With our wives and with our sisters,
Our little girls and boys:
To take the fresh air in our walks
And see the trees in bud,
In the earth, while we are reading work
Is limited to pray.

We want to walk with wives and weans
In Sunday vesture clad,
And show the starvers which from the Saints's
Of Fifteen Sermon we had:
The meekness generous which they sell
So cheap to men and boys;
These are the sermons which we claim,
And these our Sunday joys!

"Twin Temples of Fashion."

ONE PRICE—NO DEVIATION.

The Price is marked on all the Goods in Plain Figures.

SMITH BROTHERS,

The Marble Stores,

122, 138, and 140

Fulton Street,

Between Broadway and William St.,

THOMAS SMITH, Jr.,
ROBERT L. SMITH,
J. SMITH RICE.

NEW YORK.

THE NEW YORK SPECTATOR FOR 1860.

THE NEW YORK SPECTATOR is the pioneer of American Daily Newspapers, having been established sixty-three years. It is unsurpassed by any of its contemporaries for the value and variety of its contents, having attained its present popularity by its prompt publication of the most important news, the inclusion of mail facts and interesting miscellany.

THE NEW YORK SPECTATOR has no superior as a FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DAILY, SEMI-WEEKLY NEWSPAPER, or Record of Events. It is published every MONDAY and THURSDAY, and contains the latest Domestic and Foreign News up to the very hour of publication, including CONGRESSIONAL and MARKET REPORTS in New York and neighboring cities; Reliable Correspondence and Congressional Reports; Editorials on Public Measurements, both State and National; A Correspondence of unusual merit from London, Paris, and other European cities; The latest Telegraphic Despatches received by the evening mail, and the selected cream of the Press Comment, and ample City reports of every thing connected with Trade and Commerce in New York.

THE FAMILY PERIODICAL

the NEW YORK SPECTATOR is very confidently recommended. The Literary department is exercised over its columns, so that it shall be a safe as well as an entertaining and instructive family companion. Its editorial comments are written under a deep sense of responsibility; its notices of New Books and Periodicals are liberal and honest; its Agricultural Intelligence is supplied by a competent person; while its Trade, Equities of Exchange and Literary Gleanings are eminently of a very high order, and are such as to recommend it to a most desirable high-toned and pure morality.

The Publishers intend that the NEW YORK SPECTATOR shall always be the aim of competitors to emulate, and they enter upon a new year with a determined purpose to keep it up to the standard, and to make the SPECTATOR worthy of the wide and increasing patronage it receives.

TERMS.

One copy one year.... $ 2 00 | Fifteen copies 1 year, 25 00
Two copies one year 5 00 | sent to one address 25 00
Ten copies one year, and one additional 10 00
sent to one address 25 00

Payable invariably in advance at the office, or remitted by mail to the risk of publishers.

Any person sending us a Club of Twenty or more will be entitled to a copy gratis.

FRANCIS HALL & CO.,
No. 46 Pine Street,
New York.

The No Pine Diets!—JESSE HAWES'S PENFOLD LIQUID MALT DRINK is now retail in the world! Perfectly harmless, it gives a healthy appetite, improved color of the hair into a soft, brilliant, natural brown, and, as already stated, is perfectly harmless, and contains no alcohol, or other ingredient that can be injurious to the system. Sold by all Druggists, and by HARNDEN & Co., No. 704 CHESTNUT STREET, Philadelphia.

Deafness Cured, however caused, by a new method of treatment, discovered by Dr. NICHOLSON, at No. 374 Broadway, New York.

Queru's Cod-Liver Oil Jelly,

The only certain cure for Consumption, Asthma, and all kinds of Lung Diseases. Sold by druggists.

Queru's Patent Jellied Castor-Oil.—The great sensation of the oil is obviated, and it does not cause any constipation of the bowels. It is the best purgative for children. To be had of the Inventor's Office, No. 116 Fulton Street, and of all respectable druggists. PENFOLD, PARKER & MOWER, Wholesale Agents, No. 15 Dickman Street.

IF WHISKERS AND MUSTACHES won't grow upon your face, use my pregnant jaborandi fluid, which will force them to grow well from the first application, and without stain or injury to the skin. Sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price. R. G. GRAHAM, 109 Nassau Street, New York.

Mercantile Record.

Patent Champion Safes.
S. C. Herring & Co., 251 Broadway.

Wilder's Patent Salamander Safe.
B. G. Wilder & Co., 191 Broadway.

Phelan's Billiard Tables.
O'Connor & Cullender, 63 to 67 Crosby Street.

Quarterman's Patent Stove Polish.
No. 114 John Street, New York.

Improved Rimless Fire Arms.
W. I. Sharp, Manufacturer, 140 Fulton Street.

"Riggs' Truss," Waterproof and imperishable, can not injure the cost nor enlarge the rupture. 449 Broome Street, N. Y.

Patent Extension Tables.
At Heerdt's Manufactory, 145, 159 Wooster Street.

Stellwag & King, 37 Nassau Street, offer for sale Lasted Soles—a new superior article; likewise for export to Mexico, Central and South America.

THIS SUPERIOR Strong-bodied delicately-flavored **Mountain COFFEE,** For sale by CORNELL & CO No. 5 Beaver Street.

Café de Costa Rica C&C

oilet Vinegar

is far superior to Eau de Cologne as a lotion for the Toilet or Bath, a reviving Perfume, and a powerful Disinfectant.

Sold by all the Trade.

E. Rimmel,
Perfumer, London and Paris.

EVERETT HOUSE,
HAWLEY & CLIFT, PROPRIETORS,
NORTH SIDE UNION SQUARE,
NEW YORK.

Ladd, Webster & Co.,
INVITE ATTENTION TO THEIR
IMPROVED TIGHT-STITCH
Sewing Machines
WHICH FOR BEAUTY AND SIMPLICITY OF CONSTRUCTION, AND EFFICIENCY IN WORKING, ARE UNEQUALED BY ANY.
500 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
17 SCHOOL STREET, BOSTON.
820 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.
202 BALTIMORE STREET, BALTIMORE.
80 WEST FOURTH STREET, CINCINNATI.

361 BROADWAY 539
BRIDAL SETTING
Tucker's Flowers, Feathers, and Miscellaneous Items. Are all reliable.

Singer's Sewing Machines.
SINGER'S No. 2 SEWING MACHINE, $100.
SINGER'S No. 1 SEWING MACHINE, $90.
HEMMING GAUZES REDUCED TO $4.
Singer's Family Sewing Machines at $60 and $75 are capable of performing, in the best style, all the sewing of a private family.
Send for a copy of I. M. Singer & Co.'s Gazette, which contains full and reliable information about prices, sizes, etc., of Sewing Machines, and will be supplied gratis.
I. M. SINGER & CO.,
No. 458 Broadway, New York.

IMMENSE SUCCESS OF PAGE'S DUSSELDORF GALLERY, 548 Broadway. Open Day and Evening. Admission 25 cents.

SWORD AND GOWN!

TICKNOR & FIELDS
HAVE PUBLISHED
Sword and Gown.
A NOVEL.
By the Author of
"GUY LIVINGSTONE."
1 vol, 16mo. Price 75 cents.
Copies mailed on receipt of price.

TO THE NERVOUS OF BOTH SEXES.
A Retired Clergyman having been restored to health in a few days, after many years of great nervous suffering, is willing to assist others by telling them a copy of the prescription he used. Address Rev. John W. Dagnall, 164 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

SANDS' SARSAPARILLA.
FOR THE CURE OF ALL DISEASES
ARISING FROM
AN IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD.
In this purely vegetable preparation, the properties of an Anti-septic, a mild Cathartic, and a Tonic, Medicine are combined. It quickly removes from the blood the impurities of unhealthy secretions, which engender and fed disease, thus stricking at the root of the malady. Prepared and sold by A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists, No. 100 Fulton Street, New York.

THE ORIGINAL HAIR RESTORATIVE.

Heimstreet's Inimitable Hair Coloring.
The Only Reliable Article in Use.
FIFTEEN YEARS' EXPERIENCE

The attention of the public is called to this article, which is now being extensively advertised and sold in all parts of the country.
It gives it to be the best suited for RESTORING GRAY HAIR TO ITS ORIGINAL COLOR;
PREVENTING HAIR OUT ON BALD HEADS,
AND CAUSING IT TO GROW STRONG AND HEALTHY.
It is not a watery preparation, which will soon evaporate and leaving cold weather, but is composed of Oil and Stimulating Spirits, and IT WILL NOT FREEZE.
Those who desire an article which they can use and ALWAYS recommend, are invited to read the following, from a well-known Apothecary:

HEIMSTREET'S YEARS' EXPERIENCE WITH HAIR RESTORATIVES.

Messrs. W. E. Hagan & Co.:—Gents—I have been selling Heimstreet's "Inimitable Hair Restorative" for three or four years with good satisfaction and success. I have never had it returned to me, and have sold a number of bottles among several families who have been using it for years. I have never hesitated to recommend it for all it claims to do. Several ladies of our town who had their hair coming out very fast, and were becoming bald, have used it, and have now a full head of hair. Others have had their heads dark and color, produced by using two or more bottles of your articles; and last (excepting one) of many that have been induced to try it, by my recommending it, have used it, and have now their hair restored to the use of your Hair Coloring because as the only meritorious and reliable article in use.—Reading it as a curious article as cheap as any at the Link or Washer with which the market is flooded.
I am yours, very truly, S. B. EMMONS.
RETAIL PRICE, 50 CENTS PER BOTTLE. SOLD AT WHOLESALE BY ALL LARGE DEALERS IN THE UNITED STATES.
W. E. HAGAN & CO., Proprietors,
Troy, New York.
Who also manufacture ROYCE & ESTERLY'S DENTIFRICE and ENGLISH'S METALLIZED INK.

PIESSE & LUBIN'S, PERFUMERY,
Sold by all Druggists in every city.
Wholesale Agent,
J. PHILLIPS,
87 *Fulton St.* New York.

WANTED.—Agents to canvass, for THE AMERICAN FREEMASON'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE. The States of Connecticut, Kentucky, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Tennessee, Missouri, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas, Alabama, Georgia, South Carolina, North and South Carolina and Virginia. New York and Pennsylvania excepted. Persons may apply but Master Masons in Regular standing, and qualified members of a Lodge in the State they desire to canvass, and to such most liberal inducements for work zealously, freely, and favorably will be offered.
Address the Publisher,
J. F. BRENHAM,
P. O. Box 617, New York.

REMOVAL.
JAMES BOGARDUS,
Architect in Iron, Consulting, Constructor, and Patentee of Iron Buildings,
Patentee and Manufacturer of
BOGARDUS'S ECCENTRIC UNIVERSAL MILL.
Machine Room corner of White and 4th Streets,
In Harlem Railroad Depot.
Office No. 56 Centre Street, near Chambers, New York.
Iron Building corner Centre and Duane Sts., formerly occupied, has been removed to widening Duane Street.

Garnet and Coral Jewelry.—We invite attention to our late importation of Garnet and Coral Jewelry, consisting of Necklaces, Brooches, ear-rings, necklaces, charms, hair-pins, &c. &c.
OSBORN, BOARDMAN & TOWNSEND,
No. 327 Broadway, corner of Spring Street.

Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry.
This remedy has long been cherished by the community for its remarkable efficacy in relieving, controlling and curing the most obstinate, painful, and long-standing cases of COUGH, COLD, INFLUENZA, SORE THROAT, WHOOPING-COUGH, CROUP, ASTHMA, INCIPIENT CONSUMPTION, and all diseases of the LUNGS: while even CONSUMPTIVES itself has yielded to its magic influence, when all other known means have failed.
The whole history of this Balsam, which has now become a household word, proves it to be worthy of the confidence so remarkably approaching it in value and usefulness, while the future will hardly present one of higher claims.
To guard against Counterfeits, all of which there are several worthless ones, see that each bottle has the written signature of I. BUTTS, M. D., as well as the printed name of the Proprietors, "*Sth. W. Fowle & Co., Boston,*" on the outside wrapper.
Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere.

Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry.

DUSSELDORF GALLERY, 548 Broadway. PAGE'S PAINTINGS.
Immense Success. Rearrangement of entire Collection. Open Day and Evening. Admission 25 cents.

THE NEW LINE OF HUMBOLDT.—
(Up the Orenoco.)
The most picturesque portion of the Biography is the chapter "UP THE ORINOCO." It is the richest specimen of Natural Writing in any language. A marvellously graphic gallery of Tropic landscapes, primeval forests, populated with flowers and birds of the most splendid hues, the solitudes of nature; and the whole steeped in golden sunshine, or glowing with the soft light of Southern constellations—it is a perfect poem.

RIMMEL'S WHITE ALMOND SOAP
AND ROSE-LEAF SOAP are confidently recommended for their emollient properties and delightful aroma.
Sold by all the Trade.
E. RIMMEL, *Perfumer, London and Paris.*

F. S. CLEAVER'S
PRIZE MEDAL HONEY SOAP.
The only genuine, possessing a free and creamy lather, a lasting and delicate perfume, and is warranted not to injure the skin.

Beware of Counterfeits.

F. S. Cleaver's celebrated Musk, and Brown Windsor, and Glycerine Soaps, also Superlucent Tooth Powder for the teeth and gums, to be had of all the respectable Drug and Fancy Stores throughout the country.
Manufactory in London.
Wholesale Depot 31 and 33 Dey Street, New York.
J. C. ROYSTON, Agt.

RIMMEL'S BOUQUET — ALL THE YEAR ROUND, and WOOD VIOLET, are the leading Perfumes of Paris and London.
Sold by the Trade.
E. RIMMEL, *Perfumer, London and Paris.*

THE NEW LIFE OF HUMBOLDT.—
(Humboldt, the Scholar.)
Humboldt spent over twenty years of his life in Paris, working up the results of his famous journeys in the New World. He produced a multitude of books during this time, many of which are of the highest importance to science. A comprehensive account of them, with extracts from the most important, may be read in the new work entitled "Books;" nowhere else can even a list of these works be found.

RIMMEL'S ROSE-LEAF POWDER
is a delicate toilet requisite to the skin, and renders it soft and beautiful.
Sold by all the Trade.
E. RIMMEL, *Perfumer, London and Paris.*

THE NEW LIFE OF HUMBOLDT.—
(Humboldt, the Scholar.)
Humboldt spent over twenty years of his life in Paris, working up the results of his famous journeys in the New World. He produced a multitude of books during this time, many of which are of the highest importance to science. A comprehensive account of them, with extracts from the most important, may be read in the new work entitled "Books;" nowhere else can even a list of these works be found.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills,
FOR ALL THE PURPOSES OF A
FAMILY PHYSIC,

are so compound that disease within the range of their action can rarely withstand or evade them. Their penetrating properties search out the system, and derange or expel the obscure and hidden organisms, correcting its diseased action, and restoring its healthy vitalities as a consequence of these properties. No one would dive to bowed down with pain or physical debility is advertised that his health or energy restored by a remedy at once so simple and inviting.
Not only do they cure the every-day complaints of everybody, but also many formidable and dangerous diseases; such as *Costiveness, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Dysentery, Foul Stomach, Erysipelas, Headache, Piles, Rheumatism, Eruptions and Skin Diseases, Liver Complaint, Dropsy, Worms, Tetter, Tumors and Salt Rheum, Worms, Gout, Neuralgia, as a Dinner Pill, and for Purifying the Blood.*
They are sugar-coated, so that the most sensitive can take them pleasantly, and they are the best aperient in the world for all the purposes of a family physic.
Prices 25 cents per Box; Five Boxes for $1.00.
PREPARED BY
DR. J. C. AYER & CO.,
LOWELL, MASS.
Sold by all Druggists everywhere.

Saponifier. Saponifier. Saponifier.
No Family, or Public or Private Institution, should be without this economical and ready Soap Maker.
Full directions for making Soft, Hard, and Fancy Soaps, in three hours, with the above article, for 4 cents per lb., accompany each pound box can.
Depot 64 Maiden Lane, and Grocers generally. Beware of Counterfeits. The success of this article has induced unprincipled parties to imitate it, who are being sued for infringing our patented rights.
The genuine manufactured only by the Pennsylvania Salt Manufacturing Co.
Office 396 Penn Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.
LEWIS, JAMES & CO., Agents,
Philadelphia.

ELLIOT & FATTEN—Examine Inventions and procure American and Foreign Patents. *Patent Agency* opposite main entrance of Patent Office building, Washington, D. C.

THE ORIGINAL BRIDGEWATER
PAINT OF NEW JERSEY, Established 1850.
For Roofing, Fences, Barns, Outbuildings, Roads, Paper, &c., dries readily, forming a metallic coat, spark and water proof. Durable and Economical. Depot 74 Maiden Lane, New York.
HICKS & BETTS, Agents.

HIGHLY IMPORTANT TO BOTH SEXES.—Just published, and sent free to any address, MEDICAL ADVISER AND MARRIAGE GUIDE, 125th edition, over 400 pages, 12mo. cloth, and above 100 Engravings, illustrative of the Human System, Male and Female Physiology and Sexual Organs, and Diseases of the Sexual Organs. This Medical Adviser is the best book every adult person, as it contains information of the most vital importance. Sold by H. G. LAWRENCE, No. 1 Vesey Street, Astor House.

THE NEW LIFE OF HUMBOLDT.—
(Humboldt in Asia.)
One of the most memorable epochs in Humboldt's life was his journey into Siberia. It was an important journey, for in addition to its scientific results, discoveries were found for the first time in the Ural Mountains. Humboldt and his companions penetrated as far as the frontiers of China, and had an interview with the Chinese officials. An account of this interview may be found in the chapter entitled "Central Asia."

Lyceum Lectures.
By
Rev. J. C. Fletcher.
Address the Lecturer, care of Messrs. Tickner & Fields, Boston, Mass.

The undersigned is now making his engagements for the Lecture Season of 1859-60. The subjects by which he calls the attention of Lecture Committees are as follows: (1.) *Judge Jeffreys, and Most Timorous.* (2.) *Brazil and the Brazilians.* (3.) *The Land of Tell.* (4.) *Northern Light and Southern Shade.* (5.) *Yankee Notions.* These will be delivered separately or in courses. Fletcher's Lectures are highly commended by Historical Society, private citizens, Boards of Lyceum Library Associations, Smithsonian Institute, and many Lyceums in different parts of the country. Those who have been in reserting to them, Luther Bradish, Rev. Dr. Ingraham, Rev. Dr. Wainwright, New York City; Rev. S. Hillard, Jr., Boston, Mass.; Dr. Holland (*Timothy Titcomb*), Springfield, Mass.; Prof. Henry, Smithsonian Institute, Washington, D. C.

A. S. Barnes & Burr's
New Publications.
No. 51 & 53 John Street, New York.

1.
MODERN PHILOLOGY; its History, Influence, and Discoveries. By D. W. Dwight. With Maps, Tables Views, etc. 2 vols. 8vo. $5.00.

2.
THE HIGHER CHRISTIAN EDUCATION. By W. Dwight. $1.00.

3.
LECTURES ON MENTAL AND MORAL CULTURE. By Andrew A. Lord. $1.00.

4.
NORMAL METHODS OF TEACHING THE COMMON BRANCHES OF EDUCATION. By Alfred Holbrook. $1.00.

5.
MCNALLY'S SCHOOL GEOGRAPHY. Enlarged by new Maps, and a Treatise on Physical Geography. $1.

6.
SMITH AND MARTIN'S PRACTICAL BOOKKEEPING, for Youth, by Single and Double Entry. 75 c.

7.
CESAR'S COMMENTARIES, ILLUSTRATED. With Notes, Maps, and Plans. By Charles Anthon, LL.D. $1.50.

8.
NORTHEN'S NEW SERIES OF SPEAKERS, viz.:
1. Little Orator. 36 cents; 2. National Orator, 75 cents; 3. Juvenile Speaker, 50 cents.

9.
SCHOOL MANUAL OF VOCAL MUSIC. Containing Selections from Scripture, Hymns, and Prayers. 12 c.

10.
TEACHER'S REGISTER, for Record of School's Names and Standing. 50 cents.

11.
ELEMENTS OF MECHANICS, By W. G. Peck. Professor of Mathematics, Columbia College. $1.25.

12.
NEW ELEMENTARY ALGEBRA. Embracing the First Principles of the Science. By Charles Davies, LL.D. Author of a Complete Course of Mathematics. 75 c.
Single copies sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of above prices.
A. S. BARNES & BURR,
51 and 53 John Street.

5000 AGENTS WANTED.—To sell a new inventions. Agents have made over $20,00 per week. Address at once all other offers declined. Send four stamps, and get 36 paper packages, assorted. Address FITCH & CO., Lowell, Mass.

READER—If you want Employment that will pay, call on Agents, Boston, with stamp, for particulars. S. M. MYRICK & Co., Lynn, Mass.

STRANGERS should not fail to call and see us, and examine our large assortment of GASLIGHT at No. 171 Broadway, N. Y. All are welcome, sales or not. BUTLER, HOSFORD & Co.

Every Number of Harper's Magazine contains from 70 to 80 pages—and from one to three illustrations—and at the end of the year a Volume.

Close of the Nineteenth Volume.

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE
FOR NOVEMBER.

TERMS.
One Copy for One Year $1.00
Two Copies for One Year . . . . . $ 2.00
Three or Five Copies for One Year (each) $ 1.00
And an Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of Ten Subscribers.
Harper's Weekly and Harper's Magazine, together, one year, $4.00.
The Postage upon "Harper's Magazine" must be paid at the office where it is received. Postage, 24 cts. Thirty-six Cents a year.
HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A FIRST-CLASS ILLUSTRATED PAPER.
THE BEST AND CHEAPEST
FAMILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD.
Five Cents a Number; $2.50 a Year.
MR. GILBERT'S NEW AND POPULAR NOVEL, entitled "A TALE OF TWO CITIES," splendidly illustrated by HABLOT K. BROWNE, will be commenced in Harper's Weekly on May 7, and will be continued from week to week until completed.
GEO. WILLIAM CURTIS'S Illustrated Serial Tale of Domestic Life, entitled "TRUMPS," was commenced in "Harper's Weekly" on April 2.
TERMS OF HARPER'S WEEKLY.
One Copy for Twenty Weeks . . . . . $ 2.00
One Copy for One Year . . . . . $ 10.00
One Copy for Two Years . . . . . $ 18.00
Two Copies for One Year . . . . . $ 20.00
Three Copies for One Year . . . . . $ 30.00
An Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of Twelve or Twenty-five Subscribers.
TERMS FOR ADVERTISING.—*Fifty Cents a Line.*
A liberal Discount will be made to those wishing to Advertise for three Months or more.
** Persons living in the City of New York will please call at the Office of the Publishers, or remit the amount in their names and residences, with the name of the nearest Post-office, by the Office Delivery System.
HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers,
Franklin Square, New York.

FLY-MAKING IN THE HOLIDAYS.

"I say, Pen, just give me two or three of your Eyelashes to finish off this Black Palmer; there's a good Girl!"

ANGELINA (*entering the Sanctum suddenly*). "See, CHARLES! look at dear Baby in her new country dress!" (*Startling, but unexpected effect on* CHARLES.

DELANO

Life-Preserving Coat and Vest Company.

and

Office

Salesroom

No. 256 Broadway, opposite the City Hall Park.

Vest inflated.

The above Company are manufacturers of Life-preserving Coats, Vests, Shirts, and Jackets for Men and Boys, and Waists and Sacks for Ladies. These garments look like, and can be worn the same as ordinary clothing, and yet are the most *perfect life-preservers ever invented.*

Farrel, Herring & Co.'s

(Herring's Patent)

Champion Fire and Burglar Proof Safes,

629 CHESTNUT STREET (*Jayne's Hall*)

PHILADELPHIA.

Bilsborrow and Parker Safes for Dwelling Houses, &c.

WARM CLOTHING.

We now offer large assortments of Fall and Winter Clothing, just manufactured, in our best styles, consisting in part of

ESQUIMAUX BEAVERS,
MOSCOW BEAVERS,
EIDER DOWN BEAVERS,
MAGENTA BEAVERS,
PRESIDENT BEAVERS,
CLARENDON BEAVERS,
DREADNAUGHT BEAVERS.

Also, complete suits of all styles of CASSIMERE and Beaver suits, and all the late styles Velvet and Cashmere Vestings, &c., &c.

BOYS' CLOTHING
AND FURNISHING GOODS

in great variety, at the lowest prices of the trade.

WARREN, BOYD & CO.
Nos. 255, 253, and 360 Broadway.

DR. J. B. MARCHISI'S
CELEBRATED
UTERINE CATHOLICON,
FOR THE RELIEF AND CURE OF SUPPRESS. FEMALES.

With such universal suffering as saddens the female life, a truly efficient medicine must be their best friend. Where the most eminent physicians have failed, this Catholicon has restored health to the patient and happiness to the fireside. "The cures of Female Complaints by Marchisi's Catholicon are truly surprising."—*New Bedford Standard.* "It has cured an obstinate case in our own family."—*Weekly Advocate, Phila.* "No article ever answered the recommendations like this. I have used it in my practice with astonishing results."—L. S. PERKINS, M.D., Merrill, O. "I have tested it in cases of Irregularities, Uterine Obstructions, Flooding and Painful Menstruation, Prolapsus Uteri, &c., with great success. It is worthy of the notice of the profession."—CHARLES MAY, *Baltimore, Md.* "Female complaints, medical men to see it."—JESSE LOWE, M.D., *Lawrenceville, Ga.* Sent by express in form a thousand ounces, showing it is

Never taken without Benefit.

It is active and efficient in any form of disease peculiar to the Female Sex. Daughters, Wives, and Mothers! Marchisi's Catholicon will cure you. A pamphlet, with symptoms, treatment, letters, &c., sent gratis by mail, or delivered by Agents. ☞ Do not confound Dr. MARCHISI'S with any other name. It is sold at $3 per bottle, or three bottles for $5, by an Agent in almost every Town in the United States, excise money, and order by Express. Address

BARNES & PARK, General Agents,
15 and 16 PARK ROW, N. Y.

Or J. P. DE CAMP, Cincinnati; Weeks & Potter, Boston; J. Wright & Co., New Orleans. J. B. MARCHISI, M.D.

Life and Travels
OF HUMBOLDT.
WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY BAYARD TAYLOR.
12mo, cloth, with steel portrait. Price $1 25.

Containing a full account of his life from birth to death; a picturesque summary of his travels in the New World and Asia; biographical sketches of his scientific and literary associates; a complete resume of his various works, with extracts from the most important and lucid statements of his achievements in all departments of science, &c. Sent by mail, postage free, to any part of the United States, on the receipt of the price, by

RUDD & CARLTON, Publishers and Booksellers,
No. 130 Grand Street, near Broadway, New York.

SHELDON & COMPANY,
No. 115 Nassau Street, New York,
will publish,
On SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22,

I.
SPURGEON'S SERMONS,
SIXTH SERIES.
WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY THE AUTHOR,
and containing a Steel Plate Illustration of
SPURGEON'S NEW TABERNACLE.
1 vol. 12mo, uniform, price $1.

The publishers have the pleasure of presenting to the American public a new and splendid volume of sermons by Mr. Spurgeon. This is a fitting occasion to say, that these sermons are published in this book precisely as they come to us from the hand of the author himself, with the revisions marked by his own pen, and without a passage or word being omitted or added. The discourses are marked by that glowing fervor, intense earnestness, strong conception, vigorous expression, and deep evangelical gospel truth, that have made this preacher, in the view of his youth, the most popular preacher in England.

We trust confidently that this volume will not be found one whit behind any that has preceded it, and that it will rather exhibit the advancing stature of this preacher in his intellectual grasp, his varied learning, and deeper insight into human nature, as well as his increased spirituality and self-devotion.

II.
THE TEARS OF JESUS OF NAZARETH.
By Rev. WM. C. DENDIE, D.D.,
Author of "The Pulpit Gift-Book," etc.
1 vol. 12mo, price 75 cents.

III.
THE LIFE OF VITTORIA COLONNA.
By T. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE.
Being vol. 16 of the Household Library, bound in uniform style. 1 vol. 12mo, price 50 cents.

IV.
THE LIFE OF JULIUS CÆSAR.
By HENRY G. LIDDELL, D.D., Dean of Christ Church, Oxford.
Being vol. 17 of the Household Library. 1 vol. 12mo, uniform, price 50 cents.

V.
UNIVERSAL HISTORY.
Arranged to illustrate Boyd's Chart of Chronology.
By ELIZABETH P. PEABODY.
Complete in one oblong quarto volume, with blanks for reproducing. Price $1 25.

VI.
A new Edition of
AN OUTLINE OF THE RELIGIOUS LAWS OF THOUGHT:
A TREATISE ON PURE AND APPLIED LOGIC.
By WILLIAM THOMSON, D.D.,
Provost of the Queen's College, Oxford.
1 vol. 12mo, tinted paper. Price $1.

VII.
THE ELEMENTS OF MORAL SCIENCE.
By J. L. DIMAN, D.D., late President of Mercer University, Georgia, author of "Manual of Theology," "Church Order," etc., etc. 1 vol. 12mo. Price $1.

Hosiery
and Men's Furnishing Goods.
A great assortment of best goods at prices generally paid for inferior qualities.
Call, examine, and compare. One price, and money cheerfully refunded in case of dissatisfaction.

A. RANKIN & CO.,
No. 637 Broadway and No. 96 Bowery.
Established in 1813.

CONSUMPTION at last vanquished.
Proved by thousands beyond a doubt that the Imperial WINE BITTERS (the great Discovery of the Age) has cured, after all other remedies failed.
For sale by CHAS. WITHERFIELD, 649 and 651 Broadway, New York, and by all Druggists.

Thomas Andrews'
"Excelsior" Yeast Powder
Is sure to supercede all other preparations where quick yeast is required. Nothing can excel the purity or efficacy of this compound. Every good housekeeper should try our Yeast Powder; it is ready for use in one minute! Half a million of cans sold this year! Get our "EXCELSIOR" YEAST POWDER from your grocer, and take no other, if you want the best.
THOMAS ANDREWS & CO.,
136 and 138 Cedar Street, N. Y.
Established twelve years!

Glass Shades!
Glass Shades made to order!!
Of all sizes, for covering Clocks, Flowers, &c., constantly on hand and made to order.
Depot, No. 158 William, corner of Ann Street.

Designed for the use of the *Medical Profession and the Family*, having superseded the so-called "Gins"—"Arrack," "Whiskey," and "Brandy"—&c., &c., in more than half of all the prescriptions of those stomachs, and constitutions as possessing all of the medicinal and valuable qualities made and directed—which belongs to all and *pure* Gin. Put up in quart bottles and sold by all druggists, grocers, &c.

A. M. BININGER & CO.,
(Established in 1778.) SOLE PROPRIETORS
No. 39 Broadway, N. Y.

METHODIST BOOK CONCERN,
590 MULBERRY STREET, NEW YORK.
Being in constant receipt of invoices from our brethren, respecting *Sewing Machines*, with requests to recommend the best, we now have, in connection with same individuals, carefully and thoroughly examined the various machines of prominence, and have selected one, and find none made to The WHEELER & WILSON MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 505 Broadway, New York, to truly combine the essentials of a good instrument, and such as we can confidently recommend.
Having seen so favorable returns from their use, in our own and the households of our friends, we are desirous that their benefits should be shared by all our brethren, and hence have interested ourselves in their behalf.
With best wishes, your Brethren,

Abel Stevens,	Thos. Carlton,
James Floy,	J. Porter,
Daniel Wise,	J. Benj. Edwards,
David Terry.	Wm. A. Cox.

Forty Dollars per Month.
500 Agents wanted to travel and solicit orders for the celebrated Patent Fifteen Dollar Sewing Machines. Salary $40 per month, with all expenses paid. For sample machine, and full particulars, address, with stamp enclosed for return postage,
J. M. DAGGETT & CO.,
Boston, Mass.

1759 pages. Price $6 50. Sold by all Booksellers.
G. & C. MERRIAM,
Springfield, Mass.

GROVER & BAKER'S
CELEBRATED
FAMILY SEWING MACHINES,
At Reduced Prices.
READ WHAT A PUNISHMENTSMITH HAS SAYS.

"I take pleasure in saying, that the Grover & Baker Sewing Machines have more than sustained my expectations. Since I purchased one of them, I have three of them in operation in different places, and, after four years' trial, have no fault to find. Yours, *A. H. Bingham, Senator of South Carolina.*"

493 Broadway, New York. 18 Summer Street, Boston. 730 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. 181 Baltimore Street, Baltimore. 58 West Fourth Street, Cincinnati. 118 Camp Street, New Orleans. And 569 King Street, Charleston.

Five Popular and Fast Selling BOOKS.

MINISTER'S WOOING. Price $1 25.
RUTLEDGE. Miss Evans. $1 25.
FROM DAWN TO DAYLIGHT. $1 00.
MILBURN'S TEN YEARS OF PREACHER LIFE. $1 00.
SYLVIA'S WORLD. By Mrs. King. $1 00.

Single copies sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of the price, by
DERBY & JACKSON,
119 Nassau Street,
New York.

THE UNIVERSAL COUGH REMEDY
For all Lung Complaints.
THE CELEBRATED TOLU ANODYNE
The great Nonsuchic Remedy.
And adapted to all Nervous Complaints.
The celebrated New England preparations are now being distributed through the country, to which we invite the attention of the afflicted. Pamphlets, testimonials, and everything to strengthen confidence, may be found with dealers, and we ask all to call for them.
J. W. HUNNEWELL & Co., Commercial Wharf, Boston.
GEO. HUNNEWELL, 146 West Street, New York.
Also for sale by the usual Wholesale Agents in every city.
C. L. HUNNEWELL, Pharmaceutist, Superintendent.

Fair of the American Institute,
At Palace Garden,
W. 14th Street, near the 6th Avenue,
NOW OPEN.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. III.—No. 151.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1859. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

EFFECT OF JOHN BROWN'S INVASION AT THE SOUTH.

"MUCH OBLIGED TO DAR AR POSSUM WATTOMIE FOR DESE PIKES HE GIN US—DEY'S TURRIBLE HANDY TO DIG TATERS WID."

"WHAT'S DEM FOOL NIGGERS FRAID ON? I'D LIKE TER SEE ONE O' DEM FOLKS ONDERTAKE TO CARRY ME OFF, I WOULD!"

A SOUTHERN PLANTER ARMING HIS SLAVES TO RESIST INVASION.

KATIE.

BY C. H. WEBB.

[A woman lady had taken the sole care of her mother during a long and painful illness. After her mother's death she performed the last duties previous to interment with mechanical precision, and without shedding a tear. Her first words were spoken at the grave, when the sexton had raised his spade to throw earth upon the coffin. "Stop," cried Katie, wrenching his arm and shoulder; a basket of flowers into the grave, "I always covered mother up, and she used to say I did it so gently." Three were few on the funeral body.]

I have always covered mother
Since the pain came to her brow;
And she said I did it gently—
None else shall do it now.

I have always smoothed her pillow,
And drawn the curtain fold;
And I'll not forget thee now, mother,
When they lower thee all so cold.

'Neath the willows, deep and narrow
They have made thy bed, I know,
But they shall not soil thy robes, mother,
With the damp earth-mould below.

See, I've plucked some wild flowers, mother,
And I'll strew them on thy breast;
But the bed shall fall so gently
That they may not break thy rest.

I'd have brought thee brighter flowers, mother,
But the roses fled with June,
And the daisies and the summer
Went with the sweet May moon.

But the buds fell from the stem, mother,
To be caught by hands on high—
Now they blossom in God's garden;
Pale lilies of the sky.

And 'tis thus with souls like thine, mother,
For they are from life to love;
And they leave this dark earth-garden
For the golden walks above.

Oh, the sweet star-lilies blossom
Where no hand may pluck them down,
Or I'd weave, in pity to my love, mother,
A purer, fairer crown.

But the angel's wings are free, mother,
And you can wander there,
Where the flowers are blooming ever
With a fragrance that is rare.

Now the counterpane is spread, mother,
You'll wake to morning light—
God's hand has drawn the curtain,
So, mother sweet, good-night!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1859.

"GREAT EASTERN" SUPPLEMENT.

In compliance with numerous requests we publish, together with this number of the *Weekly*,

A Supplement of Sixteen Pages,

wholly devoted to the *Great Eastern* steamship. As our readers are aware, the movements of that vessel are still very uncertain, though her departure for the United States is likely to take place at no distant day. In any event, there are few topics of such general interest as

The Greatest Ship in the World!

and we have no doubt but our readers will be glad to have a full account of her, profusely illustrated, for Six Cents.

THE SAN JUAN DISPUTE.

IT is understood that Lord John Russell, the present Foreign Minister of Great Britain, has sent a pretty sharp dispatch to our Government on the subject of General Harney's recent occupation of the island of San Juan. In reply the *Herald* informs us that Mr. Cass has indited a dispatch vindicating Harney, and reading John Bull a severe lesson on his filibustering propensities.

We doubt, for our part, whether Mr. Cass has done any thing of the kind. Mr. Cass is a very old man, and by no means an belligerent as he used to be. Mr. Cass was ready to abandon our German population to their cast-off oppressors till his and other journals recalled them to a sense of his duty. Moreover, a man of large property and extended interests of various kinds, Mr. Cass can be likely to promote disorder in the financial world as he was before his fortune was made.

It is possible, of course, in view of the Presidential election of next year, that Mr. Cass may have allowed ambition to induce him to foment a new British quarrel. If by any chance a war with England could be fairly got on the tapis, the Northern vote next year would certainly be Democratic, and as the state of the slavery controversy naturally alarms Northern Democrats, it is just possible that Mr. Cass may have had an eye to the possible advantage which his party, in his section, would derive from an active quarrel with Great Britain.

But, on the other hand, whatever the views of the Michigan statesman may be, it is not likely that the influence of the Southern members of the Cabinet is so small that Mr. Cass has been allowed to menace Great Britain for the sake of strengthening the Democratic vote in a few Northern States.

In the long run nations, like individuals, will act altogether on grounds of principle and passion. At the present day, the actions of both are mostly swayed by interest. And nothing can be more hostile to the interest of the South than the mere rumor of a war with England. There has rarely changed since the war of 1812, when nine hundred thousand dollars paid our whole contingent for a month. The South is now growing enormously rich by exporting cotton to England. Last year it exported somebody like 4,000,000 bales, the price of cotton, most of which went to Great Britain. This year it will probably export nearly 5,000,000 bales, of which 3,000,000 will go to the lion's share. A war with Great Britain would not only stop British consumption, but would result in a combination not to send cotton to any foreign port, as the enormous navy of England would sweep every sea. At the present time, middling cotton is worth 12c. per pound from 5 to 6 cents per pound, sells at say 11 cents, and other descriptions in proportion. In the event of war with England the first cotton producers being shut out from three-fourths of their usual market, the price would probably decline half the cost of production, and we should have middling uplands hard of sale at 5 cents per pound. The price of Southern land and labor could not fail to decline. And for the sake of securing the supremacy of the Democrats in certain Northern States, Mr. Cass be allowed to provoke England, the mere possibility of an outbreak will, long before actual hostilities, cause the price of cotton, negroes, and land to decline so enormously that half the Southern planters will be ruined.

For this reason, we do not apprehend that Mr. Cass has done any thing of the kind. Unobtrusmtating dispatches about the island of San Juan.

The question at issue between Great Britain and this country is, in truth, one of so simple a nature that, without shameful perversity on one side or the other, it is hard to see how to quarrel about it. It is, as we stated a couple of weeks since, a question for naval men and engineers to decide. "The channel," which lies in Rosario or Haro Strait is a purely naval problem, to be solved, not by politicians or editors, but by sailors. If the two Governments can say any honest men at their heads, they should make haste to have thorough reports on the locality prepared by experienced and high-minded naval men. These reports should settle the question at once. If any doubt should still exist, the difficulty might be referred to a foreign arbitrator—either a government, as Russia or Sweden, or a competent geographer, as Professor Guyot. The talk about having grown out of this difficulty is more nonsense; about as silly as General Harney's conduct.

MR. WARD IN CHINA.

THE news is that our minister, Mr. Ward, has been received respectfully at Pekin, and has exchanged ratifications of the treaty of 1858 with the Chinese Government. Every thing is said to have passed off pleasantly, and Mr. Ward is said to be in the best humor possible with the Chinese—who, on their side, say no expressed an exclaiming against the folly of the British Government in sending thunderheads like Colonel Bruce and Admiral Hope to deal with them, while the Celestial Empire can boast of mind and ability like Mr. Ward to represent them. We make no comment on this intelligence; it will be time enough to do so when the details are authoritatively confirmed.

It will be remembered by the readers of this journal that, when the first dispatch of this class we stated that, if there was another mouth to the river further north which was navigable by vessels of moderate draught, there was no excuse for the attack on the forts. Recent intelligence would seem to show that there is such a mouth and that we are not likely to be involved in guilty of great precipitation—to use no harsher term—in attacking the forts before they made sure that the Chinese were deceiving them.

We are glad to find that Mr. Ward's active sympathy with the maritime powers of Europe does not interfere with the duty of neutral. The latter seem—if the accounts to hand can be relied upon—to be rather ashamed of the Peh-ho affair, and are represented as making excuses for the conduct of their officials in beating the British back from the forts.

It is pretty difficult to decide between the contending parties in China. The Chinese have so uniformly proved themselves unreliable and tricky that the presumption of law is always against their fair dealing; and, on the other hand, John Bull has always lorded it so mightily over the Asiatics that it is not always safe to assume that he is really wronged when he makes an outcry. A few more weeks must yet elapse before we can pronounce a judgment on the question at issue; till then, prudent people will reserve their decision.

JEWISH PROSPECTS

A NOVELTY of considerable importance has lately been introduced into the religious ceremonies for the purpose of substituting the Christian Sunday for the Jewish Sabbath. It is reported that the Jews have their religious services as usual in their synagogues, on Sunday, instead of Saturday, as at present. The advocates of the new system have hitherto a miserable chapel up town, and seceded from the synagogue of which they were members.

This is a very curious movement in the effect of this movement. By keeping Sunday as their holy day instead of Saturday, the Jews will effectually do away with the dividing line between themselves and the Christians. We have a number of sects, all called Christian, and yet whose doctrines differ as widely as the *Jew* system from the Christian. The principal points which are common to all are a reverence—various in kind, but always sincere—for the Bible, and a tacit understanding to set apart Sunday for especial religious observance. Now, though the Jews reject the New Testament, they pay no Christians in their respect for the Old; and if they conclude to follow the Christian example in observing Sunday in their Sabbath instead of Saturday, the remaining differences between themselves and the Christians will hardly be more important than those which divide the several Christian churches.

There are reasons for expecting the success of the new movement. It is well known that the Jews are among the foremost merchants of the world. Many of our leading foreign bankers and importers are Jews. To these persons the existing rites of the synagogue are very inconvenient. They can not obey the precept of the Jewish and Christian faith from Saturday without injuring their business; nor is it of any use to them to be able to work on Sunday, for the ordinary stores of trade are closed, and there is no one to do business with. In the specie business, for instance, in which the proprietors of this journal are engaged, Saturday is the busiest day of the week, as it is on that day that the heaviest specie shipments are made from this port. In Europe the monetary disorder of the Jews is such that they are enabled to impose their will upon the financiers of Paris, London, and Frankfort Saturday is always a dull day among financiers; government loans are not given out, the money market is at a public loan so that it should not fall on a Jewish festival. Here, numerous, wealthy, and influential as the Jews are, they possess no equivalent power; it has never been expected that Commodore Vanderbilt would alter the sailing of his steamers, or that the General Government would change the fixed programme for its loans, in order to defer to Jewish custom. The Jews are not strong enough to become unelecting their religion or their business; they can not do justice to both unless they adopt the new plan, and begin to keep Sunday, instead of Saturday, as their Sabbath.

While, however, we think that the new movement stands a fair chance of success, success must not regard it as a step toward the general Christianization of the Jews, and the ultimate absorption of the children of Israel in the element. It must always be remembered that Judaism is something more than a religion. It is a nationality, and a nationality independent of the accident of birth. All the baptism in the world can not turn Jews into any thing else than Jews. And though this is by no reason to question the sincerity of Jewish converts, or of the good men who are laboring among the Jews for the gospel's sake, all experience proves that neither argument, nor conversion, nor time, nor climate, nor custom can alter, in any material degree, the marked lineaments which have been the characteristics of the Jewish race from the time of the bondage in Egypt to the present day.

The late Prince Metternich—no mean prophet—told Monsieur Veuillot that, in his opinion, the most important movement of modern days, many was the German Jews. They were, he said, persons of unusual energy and invariable success in managing their own affairs, in money matters, and controlling the financial world; and they were, he added, with an emphasis which is not unintelligible, "capable of cutting their throats." Of this race, thus singled out by the great Austrian statesman, we have a large representation in this country. Relatively, we believe that the proportion of Jews among the thriving Germans of the large cities of the United States is very large indeed. And so far as industry, shrewdness, energy, and success are concerned, they are certainly verifying Prince Metternich's eulogy. Their future in this country, as in Europe, is a problem which is well deserving of sober thought.

MISS BLACKWELL'S LECTURES.

THE lectures by the Misses Blackwell, to which we alluded in a late number, will be given on 16th, 18th, and 22d November, at 3 P.M., at Clinton Hall. The subjects are as follows:

THE FIRST LECTURE—On the Utility of Physiological Knowledge to Women—will show the Nature and Objects of that Knowledge—its connection with every relation of Woman's Life, and the careful Study of the Laws of Health, which is required for the wise Discharge of Woman's Duty.

THE SECOND LECTURE—On the Utility of Medical Knowledge to Women—will illustrate the Practice of Women Physicians, their influence upon Health at Home, their relation to Public Charities, and the necessity which exists for such a Profession to exist.

THE THIRD LECTURE—On the Education of Women Physicians—will explain the true method of Education, the difficulties to be overcome, and the way in which they may be met. Europeans, Institutions for Partial Training, and Miss Nightingale's Efforts, in relation to Nurses, will be particularly noticed.

The lectures are given in aid of the New York Infirmary for Women and Children. We trust that the attendance will be large. Every thoughtful woman should make a point of hearing Miss Blackwell.

THE LOUNGER.

A MORNING'S SIGHTS.

At this moment New York has attractions for a stranger that may fairly be called metropolitan. Not that it has ever such an exhibition as that in a metropolis. The Lounger may begin with Church's Heart of the Andes, in Tenth Street; cross to Page's Venus, in the National Academy Rooms; stop at the corner of Ninth Street, and see Rosa Bonheur's pictures of the cows crossing the Pyrenees and the cattle at morning; then move on to Dr. Kane's collection of Arctican curiosities gathered in his explorations; and finish the morning at the Dusseldorf Gallery. There are places very near to each other, and we can easily compare the work of American and foreign artists.

There is another work, of a peculiarly national character, which challenges public attention. It is the large painting of Washington and Lafayette, at Mount Vernon, by Mr. Rossiter and Mr. Rossiter and Mignot. Mr. Rossiter, of course, needs no introduction. Mr. Mignot is the painter of the splendid Cordillera picture in this year's exhibition—an artist whose tendencies and talent seem to be sympathetic with those of Church, although entirely without imitation.

The picture in question is a very large work, and is very well to excite public attention. It is a tranquil, domestic passage in the life of Washington. It is a great man laid aside from his state, and has not yet put on the robe of chief civic station. A plain Virginia farmer, he lives upon his own estate, receives his friend and ally, the French Marquis.

But even in the piazza of the house at Mount Vernon, overlooking the windings of the Potomac. The transcript from nature is entirely faithful. The certain American look of the scenery upon the spot may see precisely the character of the house—its simple solid, dull, square form and its blinds, the door, the low upper rooms, including the one in which Washington died; the heavy, square columns, the floor of the piazza laid, we have, skirted with shrubbery and trees, and the distant river gleaming through the foliage, covered with the sails that were more frequent in the days when Farmer Washington made out his own bills of hoeing, and signed his produce directly to London—and all steeped in the calm magnificence of an August noon.

Washington stands almost fronting the spectator, and with that grandiose, statuesque dignity which the American public has come to know him. His arms are partly folded, but one hand is gently raised to point some remark which he is silently hearing. Lafayette, in a respectful attitude stands, partly leaning against a column, in an attitude of frequent grace, but with the hand leveled slightly with chivalric respect. A certain conscious self-assertion in the Virginia lord of the manor, and a respectful complaisance upon the part of the courtier of the Parisian salons are well marked. Behind the two, in the background, Mrs. Washington sits quietly, knitting; Mrs. Stuart, by a little table, reads a note; Master Parke Custis is reading, or rather studying, in company with his negro nurse; and his sister lays her head, half-concealed, upon her mother's knee. A few English pointers watch with curious apprehension the preparations to fire; and far on the edge of the lawn an negro is driving a cart off the published turf.

The whole scene is thoroughly domestic and peaceful; and the landscape has a vivid brilliance, a fullness of light, which is masterly. It is a piece of sunlight. The air is exceedingly warm, and is entirely loyal to the simplicity of the theme. It is a work designed, doubtless, in very general admiration. We have had so much representation of Washington the hero, that it is very pleasant to have him in his simple domestic performance. Perhaps the imagination so idolizes him that it is almost impossible to present a satisfactory portrait of that is to say, a portrait which reproduces our idea of the man. In the general feeling he is always present to us. We have been taught that to have had the ordinary duties of humanity, our revolutionary Lycurgus, Lawgiver, Solon, or as he thought he must have been in his youth sufficiently shows.

The picture of Washington and Lafayette at Mount Vernon is to be put upon public exhibition immediately.

As for the Males Crossing the Pyrenees, it is the most satisfactory work we have yet seen of Rosa Bonheur's, more so than the Horse Fair. It represents simply the summit of a pass in the mountains; snow-drifted, rocky peaks, piled around in

sullen desolation, and across them strikes this dash of hurrying, picturesque life. The thorough animation of the crowd of animals coming round a rock at the turn of the pass, with pricked-up ears, and descending directly toward the spectator—a storm of tinkling, early-constructed, shrewd, shaggy brutes—is nobly contrasted with the perfect lonely silence of the mountain height. In the midst stalks the driver of the muleteer, with an orderly characteristic Spanish peasant face. It is picturesquely accurate and full of interest, and need to endless days of mule-driving, to ever-renewed footpaths, and a long draught of cheering wine. The picture has the true actuality which we find in all of her works; but the circumstances themselves are quite peculiar to the imaginative. There is not the ease with the Morning in the Highlands, where a group of indubitable cattle stand a little stiffened in the dew. But there is a power and charm about Leighton's in the picture; and therefore, good as it is, it is not a fair example.

From pictures of known animals to the stuffed skins of unknown and recently-discovered, you pass, in stepping from the corner of Ninth Street, to below the corner of Bleecker. There Mr. du Chaillu has set up his gorilla, chimpanzee, and other wonders brought by him from the neighborhood of the Gaboon River in Africa, which he was the first to penetrate and explore. There is an air of veracity in the collection which is attractive, for there is no attempt to make up a show where they are not. The implements—knives, hatchets, cups, whips, spears—are very curious; and the mats and clothes woven of the grass were an aesthetic taste which is surprising. The collection is not large, but it is very valuable, and well worth attention.

"DAKOTAH."

SOME friend appends this signature to a certain complaint which he sends to the Lounger, and which is of a kind that is continually occurring. He concludes his note by saying that "perhaps" —the very thing that is of the greatest moment—and then adds, that it does not alter his opinion.

What then? No paper is made for any single subscriber; and every paper which is published and continues to be published, practically to the proprietors, may be supposed to please the great mass of its readers and supporters. If they are individually displeased with it, they withdraw their aid, by no Dakotah does—express their displeasure. But if the case of complaint is general, it will be very sure that the only authority which can possibly understand the case has decided against them.

For instance, suppose that Dakotah writes—which he does not—that he thinks it a pity to carry in *Harper's Weekly*—that the subscription will decline terribly if there is, and that people don't want poetry in a weekly paper, and that it ought to, he doesn't.

That is the kind of note most frequently received by all editors—and what can they do but smile, and drop it in the basket, and appoint a special clerk to look over the correspondence? Almost all such notes into the fire until there arrive more than ten such every day? Do you not see the entire inanity of them, that any body possibly can know? He sees the books. He knows the receipts and the expenditures. He knows what papers sell more than others, for what kind of literary ware in the paper there is a popular demand. Of course he is not to suppose that Dakotah's letter is asked for. Prudence, for instance, has a certain kind of popularity. Is it prudent to cease to publish a prurient paper because it pays? How can he be paid for the loss of his self-respect? So when a man tries to establish a paper, however fine, man and himself as editor—if he be a man at all he can not do it, where moral questions are concerned.

It is, however, a curious fact, that the most profitably conducted of the "Harbors," "Dakotah," "Aristides," "A Subscriber," "An old Reader," and the whole corps of the correspondents of the papers, that an editor understands his business as well as other people. As a man is not necessarily a natural fool because he is a lawyer, he is not undoubtedly important, if true; and it is just as impertinent to volunteer advice to the conductor as it would be in a lawyer's, a shoemaker's, a clergyman's, or a broker's.

The great fact for every reader to remember is, the paper is not made for us. If he doesn't like it he can drop it. That seems very obvious with all malcontents upon magazines and journals. But let him also not forget, that the editor is managing his paper to make it, within honorable limits, the most profitable possible; and that while "A Subscriber" is displeased with a certain course, that very course may have gained "a subscriber" manifolded by a hundred.

A WORD UPON "PAINFUL DELICACY."

A CORRESPONDENT writes to the Lounger: "If you think my correspondent wrote in circumstantiation, I would most thankfully receive it, whatever it is. I find an almost painful delicacy in speaking of this, and were my circumstances wholly free from delicacy, how I would never do it."

Why not? There is many a rich merchant in South Street and Wall Street who does not hesitate to receive payment for the cotton and tea he sells—and half and quarter pounds of tea are probables than those for the body? A manuscript, or thought expressed upon paper, is thought made merchandise. Of course there is no relation that can be computed between the delight it may afford the reader and the money he pays for the book, because mental pleasure can not be estimated in money. But neither can you estimate the delight of mere existence by the money which buys the means of existence. Neither the brain-work of the trader or of the author can be properly paid for—it is only the tangible, external results they achieve which have pecuniary value.

Therefore, if Mr. Stewart would have no "painful delicacy" in receiving a dollar for a pair of gloves —or the publishers of this WEEKLY any reluctance to be paid five cents for every copy they produce—nor the clergy for being supported in return for their services, there is no reason why an author should suffer from such scruples.

The tough and fair-haired Thomas H. Benton used to be ridiculed for the sunny Missouri acres of which our correspondent speaks. He went to Arkansas because he liked the climate, and because but if the society chose to present him two hundred dollars as an honorarium—? On the whole, he was thrice a man and a statesman for what he called calling?

"What you want is fame—not money," said a shrewd old publisher to a young author; and, of course, every publishing house has a much larger balance of the latter than the first to set up against. And it is a kind of draft we all draw upon ourselves. "Fame and immortality are not to the same young author," This book ought to be very popular. I have no doubt it will sell like a house afire." "How many copies did you put down for?" inquires young author. "Oh! oh! I don't really I have so many books on my list unread—!"

Now every ardent young author does undoubtedly aspire to fame; but he does not expect to feed on his dreams while he is making the journey. He is a religious enthusiast who does not encourage to our Lady of Loretto, with hard peas in his shoes. The wise old neighbor who went to Loretto for him let very young, and was always his peas before starting, says to the enthusiast, "That's it! good-by. But I don't want is getting to Loretto, not something to eat."

How shall a pilgrim reach Loretto without something to eat? How shall a man get time if he starves while he is working for it? Honest work and wherever it is possible, honest pay, must be the last person who should feel "painful delicacy" in being paid for work is he whose labor blesses the mind and the heart of his race. He who works while for Government to keep a great cotton dealer from failing; but it would be worth while for it to keep a great poet from starving.

NOBLE CRITICS.

We are certainly unfortunate in two ways in this country. One is in the kind of English newspapers that come to us—the Times excepted. The intense snobbery which too-tons before them while they are here. That they should go home and abuse themselves for what they see is not surprising. But it is a great misfortune that we will not seem to be what they are when they are on our soil.

Last year a Lord Ribbledale and a Lord Robert Somerset with them, came to the New York newspapers, and the next news that we have of them in print is a letter to the London Times from one of them, and the other delivers a lecture upon America, of which the ignorance is not even amusing, but unpardonably dull.

Now there is, *apropos*, a presumption in favor of the nobleman. He is known to be a conservative whose name is a matter of pride. He has advantages of education and of social polish. He has, or is nobleman. He is known to be a conservative whose name is a matter of pride. He has advantages of education and of social polish. He has, or is supposed to have, a certain kind of literary culture. These advantages predispose a stranger to believe that he will be a delightful guest and a delightful companion. But experience is gradually annihilating this theory, and is now apparent that nothing can be taken for granted; and that a nobleman must be supposed to be as ill-bred and stupid as the vulgar boor who is not a nobleman.

Is there, then, no way of exterminating the toads that we serve up so profusely in honor of those distinguished guests?

There are certain people among us who keep up a whole procession of these unfortunate toads. They have them as landlords in the Tyrol keep basks of trout, and when the illustrious stranger arrives they are served up in every style. Mr. and Gunnybags sends a note asking a man to dinner, "to meet Lord Chimpanzee," he ought to put in the corner of the note the words "TOADS," as they put "cards" in the corner of evening invitations. Then we should always know what we are to eat.

And when Gunnybags arrives in London, Lord Chimpanzee will call immediately, will be not? and ask Lord Chimpanzee to dinner to meet Gunnybags Esquire, from the United States. Or, perhaps, Lord Chimpanzee will be not? and say that Americans pick their teeth with the heels of their boots, and that they are decorated by a secret device of their political principles.

Was it not the worthy Lord Redstock who, at the Burns' Supper in Boston, kept talking of "the great Webster," and calling him Timothy, or Daniel, or something equally familiar? Was he not also so familiar with what he was talking about as he was with the gay history of Egypt? And, for an apology, the only claim he had to be at the Supper and make a speech was that he was a Lord. That was a reason why he should be treated as one. But our English friends ought to be made aware that, if these gentlemen are ever good make fun of, it is not until they have covered the English name with ridicule in America.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—"AIX" writes us: we will find a letter to his address in the Chicago Post-Office.

—X. Z. K. The Lounger will try to find room for your very spirited lyric.

—TWO CONSTANT READERS. The expression is in Nicholas Rowe's "*Fair Penitent*," ACT. V., SC. 1:

"In this that laughter, spirit, joy *lacharie*?"

—TOOTSUM asks, who first used the expression, "A Power behind the throne greater than the throne itself?"

—C. M. In French to say simply, "Thank you," is to decline.

—L. H. J. To publish what you say about the "*Illfated Purple*" would only excite unpleasant feeling to no possible purpose.

—Here is a genuine letter, from which only three words are omitted which might serve to identify the city from which it is written, and so bring ridicule upon the author. It is a case, probably, beyond advice; but the best possible method for the writer to pursue is to print his poems and entertain if the world recognizes them as modeled upon Tennyson and Longfellow, and so equal to them as Bryant and Read—who does not spell his name with an E. If it does not, the next step to be taken is to write a volume of his letters and submit upon the part of the writer. Great genius may be undervalued, but small genius is never. Genius is always the full measure of its greatest service.

—"Mr. Lounger," pronounced of literary talent, and believes myself fully competent to justify my writing that talent to criticism. The only favor I shall ask is that of *gratis*." Soon understand better the low standard of taste which governs the compositions of the day, which upon my ability, or I would not trouble you with this application. Should you, however, have occasion at any regular contributor to your Magazine or Weekly, I am willing to commence my labors for the first Number of Longfellow are my models, and that my productions will, at least, equal in this time of T. S. Arthur and Mrs. Whitney of New York; and, if it is your pleasure to contribute to my support, you will find in the columns of my remittances, not in point of my talents."

"Most respectfully yours."

—H. P. R. suggests that Mr. Lowe should take with him to his gas-balloon only an apparatus for generating hydrogen by means of sulphuric acid, water, and zinc—and that he should ascend in the night. If Mr. Lowe wishes to know why, if the Sage of Brooklyn has not picked up a number of his fellow-citizens in the manner of a mailsack, and "fill an order for pickled heat?"

THE EXILED PRINCES OF CENTRAL ITALY.

THE report, by the last steamer, that Napoleon III. has addressed a letter to the King of Sardinia, announcing the restoration of the Grand Duke of Tuscany and the Duke of Modena, while Parma is to be annexed to Piedmont, renews the public interest in the Princes whose fortune it has become to be definitely settled. On the following page we give, therefore, three portraits of these short sketch below will place the reader in possession of the leading facts in their lives.

The Duchess Louise, Regent of Parma during the minority of her son, Robert I. (who was born April 9, 1848), is a daughter of the last Duke de Berry. After the assassination of her husband, Count Reigning Duke, Ferdinand Charles III., the Duchess Louise assumed the regency. Four months thereafter (in July, 1854), she was nearly expelled, as it was supposed that she was governed by the troops, who adhered to her cause. She remained true to her also in the disturbances which followed the outbreak of the recent Italian war, and the Duchess had, by their help, already quelled the internal disturbances, when the final issue of the battle of Magenta compelled her to fly. The Duchess has four children—Robert I., the heir to the throne; Margaret, born January 1, 1847; Alice, born December 27, 1849; and Henry, Count de Bourbon, born March 14, 1851.

The Grand Duke Ferdinand IV. of Tuscany, was born on June 10, 1835. He is a descendant of two of the oldest families of Europe, the Lorrainer, Leopold II., being of the House of Hapsburg, while the ancestors of the Princes of the Two Sicilies belonged to his people by various oppressive measures, and was generally looked upon as a liberal or progressive action. The New-Year's Speech of Napoleon III. to Baron Hübner alarmed Leopold, and he sent the Baron to Rome and Vienna, with the purpose of establishing a more intimate bond of union with those States. While at Vienna Grand Ferdinand lost his duchess, who died suddenly at Naples, February 10, 1859. On the outbreak of the war Leopold II. was joined by his people, who were in favor of his son, and refusing this, was compelled to flee. The Duke of Modena also was expelled duchess. He has three brothers—Charles, born 1833; Louis, born 1847; and John Nepomuk, born 1852.

Francis V., Duke of Modena, was born June 1, 1819, and began to reign January 21, 1846. His father, Francis IV., was one of the most violent conservatives and most unscrupulous men in Europe. While Reigning Duke he offered to the Jesuits *Carbonari*, the secret political societies of Italy, but only to intercept their correspondence and betray membership. In his organ, the *Voce di Torth*, he continually advocated the strongest measures against popular liberty and enlightened progress; and it was his chief pride that he was the only European prince who never recognized Louis Philippe as King of France. The son of this old fogy was educated by Jesuits, and surrounded by bigoted priests from his earliest youth. Such an education to the throne he has shown himself a worthy successor of his father, and has carried out his views to the extent of his power. The news of the battle of Magenta forced him to fly, but he took with him but a few thousand crowns with which to raise troops awaiting the turn of events, and hopes to win back his throne.

While the Princes are waiting the pleasure of their Royal and Imperial cousins, their liberated people have decided for themselves never voluntarily to take them back. Their dynasties were publicly and solemnly disinherited—in Modena on the 12th of August, in Florence on the 20th of August, and in Parma on the 10th of September of the present year; and all three States have chosen Victor Emanuel of Sardinia as their ruler, and his laws as their laws.

Sketches of the People who oppose our Sunday Laws.

No. V.

SUNDAY IN CHATHAM STREET.

CHATHAM STREET, on Sunday, is full of life. Its sidewalks teem with wayfarers wandering restlessly about, seeking purchase, many adorned in profoundest business thoughts. Upon the curbstones gather groups of loungers. Here, in one place a dozen idlers give heed to the words of a three-cornered gentleman in a red shirt and ruffled black trowsers, whose hat-rim rests defiantly upon his right eyebrow, shutting his grim features from the world. Around, and above him, are ready tucked, give evidence of his full preparation for any quarrel—a preparation which Thursday's police court teeth he propounds grave principles. He lays these his political heart. He demonstrates beyond all question that the success of the popular party in the approaching struggle depends upon the annihilation of the enemy. He is, in fact, having conquered his humblest, hesitates to offer. He then turns aside, and, leaning confidingly upon a lamp-post, communes with the events of the week's politics whose occupation is the improvement of the understanding, and to whom his post has neatly absorbed:

"How doth the little busy boy
Improve each shining hour"

and intrusts to him, one by one, his basted feet, as the polish proceeds to perfection. Here the contest, until suddenly perking his experienced ear in the direction of the City Hall, he bears the rustle of the machinery which governs the Tombs clock, and, shouting exultant, overseas the little boot-stand, and dashes away in hope of thereby securing his "fellers" to elicit the rope of his beloved machine, while the young distributor of lustre, in desperation at the loss of his best customer, with defiance has attained a sufficient distance, and then hurls after him the most eloquent denunciation he can. The crowd, too, released from the thralldom of personal fear, utter offensive remarks concerning their late leader, flourish all acquaintance with impudence, and even go so far as to pronounce "forty's fellers" a set of knaves.

Similar gatherings, noisy in greater or less degree, are every where seen. By one, the character and tongue of each of the new proprietors is discussed in the neighborhood, and who has not yet accustomed himself to his little way is described in terms unfavorable to him, and in a manner calculated to injure his self-respect, until he turns a corner close by, when the voices of execration are hushed, and lowering eyes speak silent animosity. Along the principal thoroughfares, the tones altered as to raiment, and with faces smeared with mud and tuff, the latter accumulated from a cook-shop over which rises the living representative of the proprietor. There is a Babel-like confusion of tongues. Hebrew German, and Irish, French Irish, a little Hebrew, and a great deal of variously-broken English are simultaneously heard. It needs curious ears to detect the prevailing accent—not lacing to the Poets, for instance—and you will see strange sights in the Jewish Sunday assemblies. You will smell strange smells. Half-naked mothers, with infants in their arms, lying in open doorways, affording access to outside gazing by reason of early potations, and unable to remonstrate with anyone against the rough handling of intruders trample over them. Collars, from which issue to gether foul odors and inharmonious chantings, not expressive of worship, are frequently seen with frowzy young women, vying in salacious repartee with delighted lads near at hand. Farinet displays between prize-ring candidates, opening in pleasantry, and terminating in wrath. Children revelling in unrestrained play at every step.

The Jewish infusion in this community is rapidly but quietly absorbing Sunday trade, as the signs upon the houses and over the shop doors would show this at once. You see nothing but Isaacs and Levys and similar names, singularly multiplied, in some cases, of their full Hebraic force by a pronunciation that is sometimes quite Celtic, at present a dealer in fancy jewelry. You do not believe, at all, that he is the subject of the royal road about, and are convinced that the only fiddler he dreams of is the fiddler to riches. Another dealer in the himself as "Professor" of Hebrew "Sleep John," and, as he stands in his shop window, you hear him at his practice as he sits at his last job that. Another has a profession of Hebrew inscriptions over his door, as though it were necessary that to give positive public assurance of his nationality. And many proclaim, in largest gilded letters, that in matters of enterprise, liberality, honesty, and so forth, they stand eminent above all competitors, which, for quiet humor, strikes you as unexpectedly droll.

Sunday, among the Israelites here, is the liveliest and most exciting day of the week. As it is to them

no Sabbath, they are untouched by conscientious compunctions, and give themselves up to lucrative pursuits.

At first sight the current of trade seems to have but one unvarying course. The entire business spirit appears to turn upon the buying and selling of clothing. Garments ready fashioned, of all varieties, adorn the walls and windows. Trousers float languidly overhead, and shaggy over-coats, with outstretched arms, embrace the passing breezes. Only the closest investigation reveals that other departments of trade exist; and, indeed, they are very few. A limited supply of coffee, cheap, and dingily characteristic of the locality, is exposed for sale. The dealer glares grimly upon the familiar passers-by, as if calculating upon the amount of custom they will all eventually bring him. There are also one or two Daguerreotype establishments, in which the neighbors sometimes get their ugliness ineffaceably stamped at the lowest rates of physiognomical transmission. Cigar merchants, to the number of half a dozen, offer for sale their cloud-compelling wares. But all these minor institutions are absorbed and lost in the multitudinous array of clothing-stands which stretch out before the view, a deep, unbroken vista. Of the separate stalls that together make up this vast aggregation, each is a curious study. Every one is modeled after the same pattern. You see a close and contracted apartment, full of deformed angles and queer dilapidated corners, of which the floor is so thickly incrusted with dirt as to reduce still farther its already too limited dimensions. In a remote corner sits coolly the antique proprietor, calmly sleeping, and dreaming, no doubt, of huge sales and measureless profits. His hair, which nature would prefer to have white, but which habits of unbroken years have tinged with an unpleasant earthy hue, drops in tangled shreds over his wrinkled forehead. His eyes, though closed, seem to glisten even under their lids with leers of complacent self-approval. His nose, prodigious as to bulk, and unhealthily pinkish as to color, rests comfortably upon his chin, and gushes forth snores of satisfaction. His pendulous lips roll and quiver, as if preparing for a lusty smack over the remembrance of some acutely driven bargain. His hands, too, which are folded over his lap, are rubbing nervously together—itching, no doubt, for the beloved touch of lacre more or less filthy. Altogether a worthy fellow, no doubt, but on the whole, perhaps, not overagreeable to gaze at. A woman, apparently his wife, serves purchasers while he reposes. The shop is well stocked with goods. Shelves from floor to ceiling are jammed full, and hooks depending from every cross-beam are overhung, with articles of apparel. These are all plastered with brief inscriptions setting forth particulars of style and price in most attractive gilded characters. A coat of remote origin, once white, but now of many colors, is designated, "Our Taste Exactly," and is set down as valued at eight dollars. This seems to be a standard price. Nether garments, with decorative bands so broad that the wearer would appear to carry on his legs a pair of stripes, with trowsers attached, rather than the ordinary opposite, are surmounted with the printed information, "Will just suit you." Other equally eccentric labels are shown, as "The Fox Cut," "The Shankum," "Utah," "My Chum," "Captain Joe's," "Our Machine," "Just the Cut," "Rich," "Dashing," "Becoming," and many more similarly startling. A vest is proclaimed to be the "Edwin Forrest" style. It appears to you well named, for it is loud and splashy, not to say splurgy, and its heavy borders of deepest red forcibly suggest the pats of paint which form the principal element of that distinguished tragedian's patois.

The hum of traffic is incessant. Voices of clothes vendors calling in loud tones to the populace to walk into their shops, after the manner of the Spider and the Fly; querulous remonstrances against extortion by outwitted purchasers; stern vows of vengeance from the lips of victims; fierce expostulations, often rising to angry tumults entailing physical exercises on the part of the police, all blend in chaotic confusion. The clamor swells throughout the day. Toward evening it subsides. The shops are closed. The salesmen turn their steps to the Bowery, where the Stadt Theatre and the beer gardens await them. Many of their customers go and do likewise; and many, perhaps the greater number, adhere to the more immediate vicinity, and breathe the more congenial atmosphere which settles over the Five Points.

FERDINAND IV., GRAND DUKE OF TUSCANY. LOUISE, GRAND DUCHESS OF PARMA. FRANCIS V., DUKE OF MODENA.

THE EXILED SOVEREIGNS OF THE ITALIAN DUCHIES.—[SEE PRECEDING PAGE.]

CHATHAM STREET, NEW YORK, ON SUNDAY.

"GOOD-BY, MR. NEWT, GOOD-BY!"

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

TRUMPS.

By George William Curtis.

CHAPTER LXXV.

COOKEY!

SINCE her removal to New York Hope Wayne had not often met Abel Nott. Engaged in the many duties and pleasures of a metropolis, she had resisted all the efforts made to draw her into the vortex of fashion and the world. From the Round Dable, at which she sat with her particular friends, she looked at the great, grotesque spectacle of Society—the flare, the feathers, the flirtation, the eagerness, the chagrin, the masks indefinitely gilded into smiles and worn by such melancholy faces, the vague expectation of a substance as splendid as the promise and the show, the gratification of receiving years, the hopes, the regrets, the romance, the quiet love, the genuine heroism, the cheerful sympathy, the humor, wit, intelligence—she looked at them all—she heard the music of the vows, the protestations, the sound of sighing and sharp complaint—" Yes, yes," she seemed to say, "I know that you are speaking, that the corsi cause gleam beneath, and sea anemones cling to emerald rocks—but thank you! I have sailed upon your bright bosom, and oh! I was so sea-sick!"

In the street sometimes she met Abel, who bowed low and stared at her with black eyes. She bent and passed on, but not without remarking how, in the long intervals, the youth had ceased to be young, and the man was already old—how the cares of appearance declined, but the cheek was heavier and more haggard, the eye restless and discolored—how the step lost its bounding ease of elastic bound, and became shuffling, hurried, reckless. She never passed him unconsciously—never without a secret melancholy—as at impersonal as the sadness born of a November day. Hope Wayne could not forget that in that form—her love differed from then!—had been incarnated the first being she had loved. It was her—it was not he—it never was he—so she felt—had long felt, without ever saying it to herself. She sometimes shuddered, often wondered, always pitied—and passed onward him, passed on.

The happy hours of her life were the visits of Lawrence Nott. The sound of his voice in the hall, of his step on the stair, gave her a sense of profound peace. Often, when at the table with Mrs. Simcoe, in her light morning-dress, and with the deer of sleep yet fresh upon her cheeks, she heard the sound, and her heart seemed to stop and listen. Often, as time wore on, and the interviews were prolonged and more delayed, she was conscious that the gaze of her old friend became curiously fixed upon her whenever Lawrence Nott came. Often, in the tranquil evenings, when they sat together in the pleasant room, Hope Wayne cheerfully chatting, or sewing, or reading aloud, Mrs. Simcoe looked at her so wistfully—so as if about to impart of telling some strange story—that Hope could not help saying, brightly, "Out with it, aunty." But as the younger woman spoke the resolution glimmered away in the eyes of her companion, and was succeeded by a yearning, tender pity.

Still Lawrence Nott came to the house, to consult, to inquire, to bring bill that he had paid, to hear of a new utensil for the kitchen, to see about coal, about wood, about fires, about a hole in a carpet, as a fact—he knew every thing in the house by heart, and yet he did not know how or why. He wanted to come—he thought he came too often. What could he do?

Hope sang as she sat in her chamber, as she read in the parlor, as she went about her house, doing her nameless, innumerable household duties. Her voice was rich and full and womanly; and the singing was not the fragmentary, sparkling gush of good spirits and the mere overflow of a happy temperament; it was a deep, sweet use of music, as if a woman's soul were intoning a woman's heart, and as if the woman were at peace.

But the face of Mrs. Simcoe grew sadder and sadder as Hope's singing was sweeter and more and significant of utter rest. The look in her eyes of watchful imminent, of something like fear, of something shocked on her tongue, grew more and more marked. Hope Wayne brightly said, "Out with it, aunty," and Amy Waring came often to the house. She was older than Hope, and it was natural that she should be a little grave. They had a hundred plans in concert for benefiting the people. Amy and Hope were a charitable society.

"Fiddle diddle!" said Aunt Dogon, when she was speaking of his two friends to her nephew Lawrence. "Does this brace of angels think that virtue consists in making shirts for poor people?"

Lawrence looked at his aunt with the interest of a boy, and answered kindly,

"I don't know that they do, Aunt Dogon; but I suppose they don't think it consists in not making them."

"Phew!" said Mrs. Dogon, tossing her cap-strings back petulantly. "I wish they'd organize to make a kind of rope-ladder of all their charity-garments, and climb up into heaven that way!"

"Perhaps they do," replied Lawrence, in the same tone. "They look as if they were on good confidant. But I suppose that even if the ladder doesn't reach, it's better to go a little way up than not to start at all."

"There! Lawrence, that comes of your not going to church. If you would go, you'd be a little better man, and go to bear Dr. Mandy preach, say once a year. Then you'd talk theastically, "you would learn that it isn't good works that are the necessary thing."

"I hope, Aunt Dogon," repeated Lawrence, laughing—"I really hope that it's good words, then, for your sake. But, anyway, you ought to be satisfied with believing that it isn't good works, and showing that you believe it. If charity be a sin, Miss Amy Waring and Miss Hope Wayne are dreadful sinners. But then, Aunt Dogon, what a saint you must be!"

Mrs. Dogon sniffed and was silent, and Lawrence Newt left her.

He stopped at Hope Wayne's, and sat with her for a long time in her library, or, as she called it, her office.

"I am the man of the house," she said, "and my place of business is an office."

In the office they sat there for a long time. Mrs. Simcoe sat in the parlor opposite, with the door open. She held in her hand a golden locket with the glossy curl which she had shown to Lawrence Newt at Pinewood, and her body slowly swayed over it, while she held it to and fro in the old library. The severity of her face was permanently softened, and the pencil at the miniature her expression was rather of tender melancholy, and even forgiveness, than poignant grief.

Hope had been at a loss to comprehend her aunt's coolness in speaking of Lawrence Newt. Very carefully and remotely Mrs. Simcoe had sometimes spoken of him and his solitary life, and alluded by implication to his age. She mentioned him casually, when fit occasion offered, as a man who would be a good wife, of course, and had no other future than a tranquil age and death. Not too often—never suddenly—never too pointedly, but gradually, covertly, passively, the words were dropped; the process was as invisible and noiseless as the consumption of oxygen in the air by leaves at night. But it was a process of poisoning. It was a process that night, that Hope Wayne sometimes gradually smothered what can only breathe and thrive in the purest air.

Very carefully, very tenderly was it all done; but every hint, every suggestion, every implication of Mrs. Simcoe's had struck upon Hope Wayne's heart like a thunder-peal. Did Mrs. Simcoe not know that the heart is sometimes a whispering gallery, and that every whisper roars?

But Hope from her cradle had seen a cloud of mystery wrapping her aunty, so she smiled involuntarily when she was told it, and looked grave unconsciously when she was alone; for she did not like to have the cloud dip down upon Lawrence Newt. And so it happened that in those chatting, tending, sewing evenings she herself sometimes looked as if there were something imminent on her tongue too; but Mrs. Simcoe did not see it.

She sat now waiting patiently for the door of the library to open. There was a placid air of resolution in her sad and anxious face, as if she were only awaiting the moment when she should disburden her heart of the weight it had so long secretly carried. There was entire silence in the house. The rich curtains, the soft carpet, the sumptuous furniture—every object on which the eye fell seemed made to steal the sting from sound; and the noise of the street—the jarring of carts—the distant shriek of the belated milkman—the long, wavering, melancholy cry of the chimney-sweep—came hushed and indistinct into the parlor where the sad lady of a house sat silently waiting.

At length the door opened and Lawrence Newt came out. He was passing toward the front door, when Mrs. Simcoe rose and went into the hall, and said, "Stop a moment."

He turned, half smiled, but saw her face, and his own settled into its armor.

Mrs. Simcoe beckoned him toward the parlor; and as he went in she stepped to the library door and said—

"Hope, Mr. Newt and I are talking together in the parlor."

Hope bowed and made no reply. Mrs. Simcoe entered the other room and closed the door.

"Mr. Newt," she said, in a low voice, "you can not wonder that I am anxious."

He looked at her and made no reply.

"I am, perhaps, more than you know; not, I am sure, more than you suspect."

Lawrence Newt was a little troubled, but it was only evident in the quiet closing and unclosing of his hand.

They stood for a few moments without speaking. Then she opened the miniature, and when she saw that he observed it she said, very slowly,

"Is it quite fair, Mr. Newt?"

"Mrs. Simcoe," he replied, instantly, "you have a right to concern me since I was a boy. I forgive you. Now tell me what you mean as you mean it."

His firm, low voice reassured her.

"Why do you come here so often?"

"To help Miss Hope."

"Is it necessary that you should come?"

"She wishes it."

"Why?"

He paused a moment. Mrs. Simcoe continued:

"Lawrence Newt, at least let us be candid with each other. By the memory of the dead who loved you—who, we have known, then, should be no cloud between us about Hope Wayne. Are your own words true? Is it true you feel as frankly as you feel it."

There was simple truth in the earnest face before him. The lady who was speaking she raised her hand involuntarily to her breast, and gasped as if for breathing. Her words were calm, but she answered—

"I waited, for I did not know how to answer. Now do I not?"

"And yet you have had some impression—some feeling—some conviction. You know whether it is necessary that you should come—whether she wants you for an hour's chat, as an old friend—or—" She waited a moment, and added—"or as something else."

Lawrence Newt stood before her while he remembered curiously his interview with Aunt Martha, but he could not say to Mrs. Simcoe that which he said to her.

"What can I say?" he asked at length in a troubled voice.

"Lawrence Newt, say if you think she loves you, and tell me," she said, drawing herself erect and back from him, and twilight of the old library at Pinewood, while her face was pensive and upward—"tell me, as you have pledged hereafter; me, to whom her mother gave her when she died, knowing that she herself loved you also."

Her voice died away, overpowered by emotion. She still looked at him, as he stood silent, and suspicion, incredulity, and scorn were mingled in her look, while her uplifted finger still dwelt, as if appealing, to Heaven. Then she asked abruptly and coarsely,

"To which, in the name of God, are you false—the mother or the daughter?"

"Stop!" replied Lawrence Newt, in a tone so imperious that the hand of his companion fell at her side, and the scorn and suspicion faded from her eyes. "Mrs. Simcoe, there are things that even you must not say. You have lived alone with a great sorrow; you are too swift; you are unjust. Even if I had known what you ask about Miss Hope, I am not sure that I should have done differently. Certainly while I did not know—while, at most, I could only suspect, I could do nothing else. I have feared rather than believed — now that, until very lately. Would it have been kind, or wise, or right to have staid away altogether, when, as you know, I constantly meet her at our little Club? Was I to say, 'Miss Hope, I see you love me, but I do not love you?' And what right had I to hint the same thing by my actions, at the cost of utter misapprehension and pain to her? Mrs. Simcoe, I do love Hope Wayne too tenderly, and respect her too truly, not to try to protect her against the sting of her own womanly pride. And so I have not staid away. I have not avoided a woman in whom I must always have so deep, so strange an interest. I have been friend and almost father, and never by a whisper, even, by a look, by a quivering lid, have I implied any thing more."

His voice trembled as he spoke. He had no right to be silent any longer, and as he finished Mrs. Simcoe took his hand.

"Forgive me! I love her so dearly—and I too am a woman."

She sank upon the sofa as she spoke, and covered her face for a little while. The tears stole quietly down her cheeks. Lawrence Newt stood by her easily, for his mind was deeply perplexed. They both remained for some time without speaking, until Mrs. Simcoe asked,

"What can we do?"

Lawrence Newt shook his head mournfully.

"Does she know?" she said, inquiringly. "I mean, do you think she supposes that you know?"

"I am not sure," he answered, "that she knows herself what she feels; and, if possible, she would least know it. If I were sure it would be to make it seem impossible to her to feel so."

He spoke musingly.

"Then," he added, "if it be indeed as you think, and she know all, the whole would pass away from her like a dream."

They were silent again. At length Mrs. Simcoe said:

"I will do it."

"What?" asked Lawrence.

"I will leave her meaning to do for a long, long time," replied the other. "I will tell her the story."

An indefinable expression settled upon Lawrence Newt's face as she spoke.

"Has she never asked?" he inquired.

"Often; but I have always avoided telling. She had better be done. It is the only way. But I hoped it would never be necessary. God bless us all!"

He moved toward the door when he had finished, but not until he had shaken her warmly by the hand.

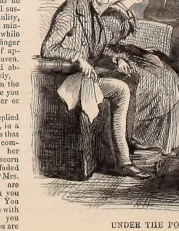
"You will come as before?" she said.

"Of course, there will not be the slightest change on my part. And, Mrs. Simcoe, remember that next week, certainly, I shall meet Miss Hope at Miss Amy Waring's. Our meeting had better be there; so before then, please—"

He bowed and went out. As he passed the library door he involuntarily looked in. There sat Hope Wayne, reading; but as she heard him she raised the head of golden hair, the dewy cheeks, the thoughtful brow, and as she bowed to him the clear blue eyes smiled the words her tongue uttered—

"Good-by, Mr. Newt, good-by!"

The word followed him out of the door and down the street. The air rang with them every where. The people he passed seemed to look at him as if they were repeating them. Distant echoes caught them up and whispered them. He heard no noise of carriages, no hum of business; he only heard, fainter and fainter, softer



UNDER THE PORTRAIT.

and softer, sadder and sadder, and ever following on, "Good-by, Mr. Newt, good-by!"

CHAPTER LXXVI.

SUPERSTITION.

AFTER Gerald Bennet and his wife had strolled away from the house in the moonlight, Edward Wynne and Ellen came in from their walk. The latter was looking very low, and her cheeks were blooming in the glass on the table. They seated themselves together and continued a conversation commenced outside.

"So you never knew her?" asked Ellen.

"Never."

"Poor Edward!" she said, kindly, and somehow her hand slid into his, and she laid her head on his shoulder under the heavy mass of black hair.

"I wish nobody tell you any thing about her?" she asked.

"Nobody. Nobody knew any thing, except perhaps Lawrence Newt, and, somehow, I could never ask him," answered Edward. "Let me turn up the lamp, I can't see my pictures," he added, rising, and going to the table.

They called it over because because they had remarked that they always sat beneath it, as on the evening when Mr. and Mrs. Bennet had remarked them.

"Yes, our picture," he said, as he returned and seated himself, and looked at the handsome face in the portrait, "for it was under that that we—"

There was a sudden stopping of six mouth by the parting over of the plumpest little hand, and a blushing of cheeks, and a smiling of eyes, and a meeting of the black curls and the fair hair.

"Are you not afraid to marry a man who never had a father or mother?" he asked.

"It isn't either of them that I marry," replied Ellen, smiling, and looking at the picture.

He was gazing thoughtfully at the portrait, the passionate, flashing face with the dark hair. But as if suddenly struck by pain, the thoughtfulness passed out of it, and his eyes too flashed, and he said to Ellen,

"I wonder why it is that I have an association o such pain with our picture—pain mingled with the pleasure? I don't see that there is the slightest reason for it, but every time I look at it I am reminded of something that took place long ago at school in Dalsfield. In fact, it was just after Gerbal came. It is very strange, shall begin to be superstitious."

The youth with the swarthy skin and the great unchanged black eyes looked as if he might easily be so.

"Why, what is it, Edward?" asked Ellen.

"It was a storm, one evening, when a man was drowned. I merely remember that it was twilight, and that there was a boat with a bale of the rope of the boat track and pulled it down to the shore—and that the man was found. Jim Greenwich found him, and he was brought to the house under a cloak. I did not see him, none of us could have seen him, but we saw the form of the dead man under the cloak."

His cheek turned pale as he spoke, and his eye was restless. Ellen, who was growing at him, suddenly looked more uneasily, took both of his hands in hers, and with a look of fresh fear, as she sat, gazed alternately at him and at the portrait—felt herself, also, turn pale, and said:

"Edward, I am superstitious too. I am sure there is our picture is some mysterious way."

Returning once hand, she playfully pushed the heavy curls behind his ears with the other, and started at the result.

"Edward!" she cried, in a frightened tone.

"Why, Nelly, what is it?" he asked, calmly, for her protector instantly had entirely pacified his, and made him very curious.

She made no reply, but covered her face with her hands. Then, as a gust of fresh breeze, she looked at him once more, and saying,

"Oh, Edward!" she burst into tears.

Edward Wynne was alarmed. He put his arm around her, and drew her head back to his shoulder.

"Darling, what is it? what is the matter?"

As soon as she felt herself tranquil, she said to him:

"You know that is the portrait of my mother's sister."

"Yes."

"And nothing more?"

"No, certainly not."

"Mother has never said any thing, nor Gabriel?"

"No, Nelly, I have been so busy finding out about the niece that I had not yet arrived at the aunt, and I know nothing about her or her portrait," replied Edward, cheerfully.

Ellen did not immediately say any thing. At length she began:

"It's a sad story, and I don't know much about it. I merely know that she died a great many years ago, and that there was something very unhappy in her history. But—just as I saw that you looked just like her portrait, and is frightens me."

"My darling, she has black hair and so have I—that is all you see."

"No, no," Ellen was a sort of expression. Likeness of feature is nothing. Likeness is in souls, not in features. Besides you and this you had some superstition about it, because you always thought of certain things when you looked at it. There! don't! that's what I mean! You are looking now just as the face in the portrait looks."

Edward Wynne smiled.

"My superstitions are very harmless affairs, Ellen. I have had others in my life."

"Have you? about what?"

"It is about whom, not what, that I am thinking."

"Well, about whom?" asked Ellen, eagerly. "Let me see. Do you know Mr. Abel Newt?"

"Yes."

"Twas about him!

"What was it?"

"Oh! it goes back to school again. I used to watch him and hear him talk, and I thought he was a bad fellow."

Ellen laughed at Edward's simplicity.

"I don't think that shows wonderful superstition," she said. "I've often thought so without having been at school with him."

"Oh yes, but I don't mean that. I mean that somehow his badness was mixed up with me, or would be."

Ellen looked from Ellen's eyes.

"Don't say so, Edward," she said, half audibly. "After all, superstitions are very foolish things. Don't you think so?"

"Amen!" said Edward. "So please not to think that I look like your aunt's portrait."

"Yes—but, Edward, you do."

"Superstition is very foolish thing."

"Yes, but this isn't superstition."

"Well, but that isn't superstition."

Edward, you are a little cross to-night."

"Ellen, you are a good deal unjust to-night. You ought to know a little afraid of me, because I look like your aunt's portrait."

Edward, you are not kind."

"Ellen, you are unreasonable."

There was a moment of painful silence. The next instant Edward was on his shoulder, and his eyes were singularly lumid. Then they both laughed out.

"What children we are!" he said.

"Geese!" said she.

The door opened, and Mr. and Mrs. Bennet came in.

"We're waiting for you, mamma," said Ellen, slipping a little away from him.

"Oh! you're waiting, are you?" replied Mrs. Bennet, as she took off her shawl, and with the dear old smile upon her face that Ellen remembered so long as she remembered her mother; and she thought she think how pleased she should remember it long and long after she saw it no more.

"Waiting as very tedious business, Edward," said Mr. Bennet to the young man, as he seated himself beside him. "I hope you have not numerous light in his eyes.

"Ellen is a darling, Sir," answered the young man, with mock gravity.

Mr. and Mrs. Bennet's eyes met. They were thinking of the home they had just left; of the son and daughter they had seen there. Do not if to suppose one to his daughter, by saying something else to her daughter, Mrs. Bennet said to Ellen.

"My dear, we are ready to-night."

"To think of her being Abel's sister!" replied Ellen.

"Yes, but, my dear, one perfect rose in a garden is a great deal."

"How could it is to transplant it, Master Gabriel" cried Edward Wynne to Gabriel, who had opened the door the moment before, and heard what his father had said.

"Pity begins at home, Sir, with charity," replied Gabriel, with Mrs. Rose. "he said, bowing to Ellen, "please don't budge—don't examine a curiosity—stay."

"Gabriel, dear, your father said one perfect rose. Some gardens that I know have two," said Ellen, archly.

The happy tears were in her eyes. Gabriel solemnly arose, and stepping up into his chair, took a position on the mantel-piece.

Then he went up to her and kissed her on the forehead.

"Will you tell me, my mother," said he, "why all mammas try to spoil their sons? Nothing but the fact that I am a model gentleman has preserved me, I am sure. And I don't believe," he added, half smiling, "that my future brothers-in-law, Abel Newt, thinks that I am not spoiled."

He looked serious again; and when Ellen asked her mother where she had been she was obliged to tell her of the evening.

"How frightened I was!" said Edward, smiling.

"You were a little boy."

"Yes, but you were not a very large one."

One question and reminiscence led to another, until, at length, Edward and Gabriel drew off together, and sat earnestly conversing under the portrait. Gabriel was telling him what he had heard of Abel's political intentions.

The parents and daughter sat chatting upon the sofa, but their eyes were upon the two young men. As Gabriel's recital proceeded the face of Lilla Rose became pale, and always called him, slid through the whole gamut of expression. He was amused, surprised, interested, and indignant by turns.

Suddenly Ellen seized each parent by a hand, as they sat, and looked at them wonderingly and almost imperceptibly toward her brother and Ellen. The eyes of the father and mother obeyed, and could not help seeing the strange and startling likeness of Edward, whose hair was still partially peaked behind his ears, to the face of the portrait over him.

"Do you see it?" she breathed, almost inaudibly.

They shook their heads assuringly.

"What does it mean? Why does he look like her?"

They did not reply. They did not know themselves.

"A coincidence, dear," said Mrs. Bennet.

"We've no right to say so until we know," whispered Ellen.

"But, my dear, likenesses are showing themselves all the time," murmured her mother.

"But when they are real likenesses they mean something. I don't mean resemblance of color or curves; I mean a likeness of soul," returned Ellen, full of energy, and resolved to know.

It was very curious to watch the living head of the young man and the painted one of the young woman. They could not remove their eyes. Ellen was more and more excited.

"Mother."

"Yes, Ellen."

"You know Edward knows nothing of his father or mother."

Mrs. Bennet turned pale. Ellen did not see it, because she was looking at her lover. Mrs. Bennet turned pale because she was so sudden. It struck her very strongly that she knew and had never put together.

Her husband heard, too, with dreamy eyes.

"Why not?" he said, slowly and quietly, in a low whisper.

Ellen sat upright, white and cold; for her father implied in two words all that lay inside, but a fully developed mystery in a sense. She put her mouth close to her mother's ear.

"Why not?" she whispered, as if the words came involuntarily and would not be denounced.

"Hush then!" asked Edward, in so loud a voice that Ellen started from the sofa. He was so deeply interested in what he was hearing that his sister's request to keep silent out of the level low tone in which they were talking.

Mr. Bennet looked and saw his daughter's hand as she sank back to her seat.

"Ellen, the question is answered—What's that?"

LITERARY

RAVE FELTON; or, A Page at Realities, by Mrs. Weston, is an interesting story just published by Derby & Jackson, the son of the late Rev. Dr. L. F. Weston. Mrs. Weston is an agreeable writer for story, the incidents of which are real, is calculated to become popular. The author is a Christian woman, who enjoys the esteem of such men as Rev. Drs. Cheever, Adams, Joel Parker, and others.

Two handsome steel engravings of Washington and Everett, with a view of Mount Vernon, have been published by O. H. Bailey & Co., of 62 Broadway. "Washington in Domestic Life" is a popular study. Both engravings are handsome works of art.

Our venerable friend, Dr. Francis, has published, in pamphlet form, an admirable and appreciative sketch of Samuel L. Mitchill, the distinguished physician, and perhaps we may say philosopher. No one knew him better. No one could have done the work as gracefully or completely. Dr. Francis occasionally contributes a paper of this kind to our historical and biographical literature, and we trust he may live long to be, as he now is, a constant referee on historical and learned points, both in his own profession and in reference to the worthies of New York in past time.

The publishing season is evidently prosperous. We can hardly attempt to keep before our readers a very minute view of the literature of the day, as the Fall advances, our table is loaded down with new books and the summer accumulation.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

STATE ELECTIONS.

State elections have taken place on Tuesday in New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Wisconsin, Illinois, and Louisiana. From the returns, it is evident enough though it is probable that the Republican candidates have been elected in all the States except New Jersey, Massachusetts, Wisconsin, and Illinois the Republicans have been carried. It is not too soon to speak positively with regard to Louisiana.

THE STATE ELECTION IN DOUBT.

We read in the *Albany Evening Journal* of October 31:

"There is more uncertainty about the election of that part of the Democratic State ticket nominated by the American than the first reports led us to suppose. There are a few counties in which the votes of dozen or half a dozen votes will decide the election. In the city Democratic papers adopted an ingenious device to secure the election of their ticket. They issued small tickets containing the names of Democratic candidates and Lecompton. We do not, of course, place implicit reliance on these estimates, and they are liable to be greatly changed by the actual returns, but they would seem to indicate that we must await official returns for its determination.

	Joun. Rep.	Lecompton Dem.
Majorities thus far.....	1,000	275
Republican majority.....		725

The same correspondent says, in its vote for Governor gave the following majorities;

Morgan, Rep.,	19,021
Morgan, Repub.,	67,374
Republican majority.....	48,353

For course, we find in the Albany *Evening Journal* of the same day: "The vote, as indicated by the returns received up to this hour, is very close, and we cannot conclude to speak with any degree of certainty, of the result. The vote of the city is very close, and the majority for Lecompton will be very ordinary, based upon the figures from a few towns. We have no doubt, however, that Republican gains will be made, but for any reasonable supposition, he brought by the official returns, will be sufficient to liberal majority over all the democratic reports. And yet Mr. Lovejoy-with is 1,000 ahead of Mr. Jones. We do not know how these figures can be reduced, while we hope in several counties to improve them.

We confine our figures to Secretary of State, not only because Mr. Jones was on the Union ticket, but because we believe to run ahead of all his political associates. If Mr. Lovejoy is elected, the Republican ticket is elected. If Mr. Lovejoy-with is elected, it is not deemed possible that any of the Republican candidates can be defeated.

"We still hope for the election of our entire State ticket; but it would be quite preposterous to set up any such claim as that the election of the entire Republican ticket is certain. The returns which will make result on a portion of the ticket."

THE TRIAL OF THE HARPER'S FERRY OUTLAWS.

The trial of the Harper's Ferry conspirators is proceeding, up to the time of our writing. On Saturday, the colored prisoner, William Copeland, was found guilty of the three counts of the indictment, upon which Brown was convicted: but a bill of exceptions was submitted, on the ground that a negro, not being under the Dred Scott decision a citizen of the United States, must be incapable of treason. The case was argued by the prosecution, and was submitted to the Grand Jury of Jefferson for the absence of that body, Andrew Stevens was brought to the bar, when Mr. Botts, the counsel assigning attorney, announced that after conference with Governor Wise, he had concluded to withdraw the plea of not guilty entered there, in order that his trial might elicit evidence, now in the hands of the prosecution, as to the guilt of the abolitionists of the North." A conversation between the several counsel ensued, at the close of which Mr. Botts consented to use the prisoner Hayslett for this purpose; a. The prisoner was accordingly sworn, and testified in the case of Stevens, before the Judge's tribunal. The case of Cooke, against whom a true bill was found by the Grand Jury, was then called, and the prisoner arraigned. During the counsel for the State produced in evidence a full copy of the Virginia Code of 1849, which was received, and the trial proceeded.

COOKE AND OTHERS CONVICTED.

The trial of John E. Cooke, the lieutenant of John Brown, of Harper's Ferry *fame*, was commenced on Tuesday, in the Court House at Charlestown, Va.

Throughout the proceedings, Cooke displayed the coolest and most unconcerned bearing, and in the closing stages to insurrection, and murder, and treason, he was perfectly composed. The charge to the jury by the prisoner, to which Dr. Howe, of Boston, and Frederick Douglass stood as witnesses, was very full and clear, and bound a repetition of the testimony given in the preceding cases. The jury left the Court at 10 o'clock on Wednesday. Notwithstanding the utmost efforts of his counsel, the prisoner was found guilty on the three counts of exciting insurrection, and the Court overruled the motion for a new trial. A jury was then sworn, and the Court sentenced him, with Green, Coppic, and Copeland, to be hung on the 2d December next. The prisoner received the sentence to-day from all he executed, but appeared much depressed.

WHEN THE EXECUTIONS WILL TAKE PLACE.

The latest dispatch from Charlestown, dated November 11, says: "Before the prisoners were brought in for sentence the negroes, Copeland and Green, declined to say anything. Cooke, in a speech of considerable length, pleading that they had any knowledge of Brown's intention to invade Virginia. They were told by the Court when they were called upon to take the oath of obedience to the Constitution of the United States, that they could not do it, and did not think they should be long. Hartfelt will not be executed on the 2d, as he has been sick, but probably on the second day after Legislature.

WHAT THE EXECUTIONS WILL TAKE PLACE.

The latest dispatch from Charlestown, dated November 11, says: "Before the prisoners were brought in for sentence the negroes, Copeland and Green, declined to say anything. Cooke, in a speech of considerable length, pleading that they had any knowledge of Brown's intention to invade Virginia. They were told by the Court when they were called upon to take the oath of obedience to the Constitution of the United States, that they could not do it, and did not think they should be long. Hartfelt will not be executed on the 2d, as he has been sick, but probably on the second day after Legislature.

A YANKEE AT CHARLESTOWN.

The Boston *Journal* says: "Many circumstances attending the espionage upon strangers sometimes afford us much amusement. The following is a specimen. Last week a Yankee in the Courthouse yard, between a stranger and one of the Virginia militia, [Governor Wise's body guard] ensued:

"STRANGER (*to Virginian*). 'What are you staring at?'

"VIRGINIAN. 'I am staring at you. What are you doing in this town?'

"STRANGER. 'What am I doing? I'm minding my business, and that's as much as any one man can do, I reckon.'

"VIRGINIAN. 'I think you're minding mine.'

"STRANGER. 'Minding my business, I tell you.'

"VIRGINIAN. 'I say, you have been to great excitement here.'

"STRANGER. 'I don't know what you are darned if I want to know.'

"VIRGINIAN. 'Come, tell me where you were from?'

"STRANGER. 'I'm from Georgia.'

"VIRGINIAN. 'You say so. Are you a native of Georgia?'

"STRANGER. 'No, but my wife is; that's enough for you.'

"VIRGINIAN. 'Do you know Governor Wise?'

"STRANGER. 'No, nor I don't want to know him.'

"VIRGINIAN. 'Do you know President Buchanan?'

"STRANGER. 'No, nor I don't want to know him.'

"VIRGINIAN. 'Do you know Brown?'

"STRANGER. 'No, nor I don't want to know him.'

"VIRGINIAN. 'Well, I don't believe you.'

"STRANGER. 'Well, I don't believe you either.'

"VIRGINIAN. 'Well, I want to know your business. What is it?'

"STRANGER. 'Do you want to know?'

"VIRGINIAN. 'Yes.'

"STRANGER. '*Because his hand took a capacious packet, and grabbing out a half-pint bottle of medicine.* 'Well, this is my business, I'm a get Dr. Swaim's Panacea, a medicine, which cures cramp, scalds, bruises, rheumatism, sunstroke, affections of the throat, and all other complaints too numerous to let up, I reckon.'

"VIRGINIAN. 'Well, I guess you had better look to your business, and not be staring at me.' Whereupon the gentlemen launched forth upon its various merits. This however did not last long, and the stranger, on the order of the jail, when he was detained a short time, and then released, with a caution. The next morning the stranger obeyed the injunction."

GERRIT SMITH INSANE.

With regard to the insanity of Gerrit Smith the Utica *Herald* of the 10th inst. says:

"We read in the Albany *Journal* to learn that Gerrit Smith, the free-hearted but sadly erratic philanthropist, has been adjudged insane by a jury in the city of Peterboro, in Madison. We have not been surprised to hear of this decision on account of marked insanity. We have seen him recently, and his conduct has been such as to excite great mirth, and that an attendant keeps constant watch over him. We have also been told that he is violent at times himself. This result we hear attributed to the numerous acts of folly which he has done with his property, although many will regard it as the consequence of long-settled and confirmed insanity.

"Mr. Smith is said to have a hereditary predisposition to insanity. His father died in a fit of insanity, and the possessor of an immense estate and surrounded by every luxury imaginable, committed suicide by means of pyrotechnical despondency, during which he was under the influence of a powerful dose of laudanum.

"Gerrit Smith is said, so far as we have heard, to have his legacies and money affairs. It is also said that the bulk of his property will go to his cousin. Should he survive him an inmate of a lunatic asylum, though, when he died, he was not officially regarded as in possession of his reason. Gerrit Smith has lost all his children, except one, the wife of Colonel Miller, of Peterboro, a nephew of Mrs. Smith, Colonel Fitzhugh, was the captain of the fugitive slave, a fact which has made him the enemy of Mr. Smith. John Cochrane, a democratic politician of this city, is a cousin of Gerrit Smith, and has also by his speeches, pamped himself of any complicity with the doings of Mr. Smith.

"Gerrit Smith has been for years the victim of monomania. He has given away his property to such an extent in his writings to the Harper's Ferry matter, and expenses himself accordingly.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

A dispatch to the *Herald*, dated Utica, November 11, says:

"Hon. Gerrit Smith, ex-member of Congress, has been confined in the Lunatic Asylum here since Monday last. His mind is evidently disordered, but his recollection is not completely lost on less been represented, and his physicians hope that the repose and care to which he is subjected, and the absence of excitement, will restore him to health.

"It was only by strategem that the friends succeeded in getting him here. He has been, ever since the arrest

of Preon and his Harper's Ferry followers, bursted with the idea that he was entirely responsible for all the lives that were lost, and that he was the cause of the widow's tears that reflected and the fear of being called on to answer at the bar of justice preyed upon him, that his mind never emerged from a tendency to be unhinged, gave way, and reason deserted its throne.

"For some days before the absolute necessity of restrictive measures became apparent to his friends and relatives, his manner evinced nervous anxiety to anticipate the requisitions which he expected would be made upon him, and he proceeded to Virginia and placed himself into the hands of the authorities. When it was received by him that nothing was required of him, that he was taken advantage of. His friends pretended to obtain in his wife's name, that when he sent for her he was to be under the impression that he was on his way to Richmond to see her.

"I am sustained in this through he representations I have outlined. John Brown is Kansas, he is no way implicated in the secret movements of that sort of unfortunate individual. His position as tenant of the asylum here is, therefore, explained by the fact that the excitement and misery of mind he is known to have possessed, and which has given way, proceeded from the said by the Governor against on the sad events which have followed the mad course of his unhappy son.

"That Gerrit Smith's case is one of decided leniency is certain. But this has been considered by his friends as a

GENERAL SCOTT IN SAN FRANCISCO.

The *Herald* correspondent in San Francisco, writes, on October 20 : "The past week has been epidemical in California, in the several departments of Government. General Scott for Puget Sound. The session demonstrated further the strength and the old chuckles has on the affections of the people, who did him honor, in a spontaneous manner, as no man has been honored before in this State. General Scott arrived on the 13th instant, and left in the steamer Columbia for Puget Sound on the day following. He will be absent about five weeks. The fullest confidence is manifested that he will make such arrangements concerning the British claims on San Juan as will conduce to the honor of the nation.

AFFAIRS AT SAN JUAN.

"Our last advices from San Juan state that great excitement had been given on the island in consequence of a report having been started that the British authorities had approved General Harney's conduct. Affairs remained unchanged. The American commander was in possession, though actively engaged in strengthening all the points of interest. Every thing was going on as usual in commanding positions, and the garrison enjoyed excellent health. The feeling in California here at Washington is strongly in favor of sustaining Harney; and if, as it is said, he has acted in the premises, there will be great disappointment felt. Governor Douglass has commanded universal respect. The Americans there have executed from him. He was, at last accounts, on a visit to Victoria. He is a man of great ability, and one whom the people here would like to see President. Every thing was going on smoothly in affairs on Juan, and rejoiced that the British had left the barren rocks which can be exercise authority—a feeling which is universally participated in by all the American residents. The matter will probably be in Victoria by the time General Scott reaches San Juan, and he there might be expected that a peaceable arrangement with the dogged and incompetent Governor, were not General Admiral Harney's love of discretion and experience, will also be on the spot. The official position of Admiral in the navy service has been happily in possession in Puget Sound. A report generally prevailed in San Francisco that the Russian fleet the British Boundary Commissioner's first report declared San Juan to belong to England. The report that this document was sent by Douglass to the Secretary of State, and that it was signed by the Commissioner went to work again, and declared the island for England."

AN ELEPHANT AT LARGE.

We read in the *Tribune*: "An exciting scene was witnessed in Williamsburg about ten o'clock on Friday morning. Van Amburgh's Menagerie, stationed on South Fifth Street, between Fifth and Seventh streets, was the locale of the occurrence. While a lad was unloading carfood from a wagon with a pitchfork, one of the elephants, the elephant, broke out into one of his periodical fits of fury, and, turning toward the keeper, made a rush at him with his trunk. Missing the animal, the blow fell upon the back of the lad, who received a severe contusion, fore, or he must have killed instantly. The elephant, after his first fit was passed and the frightened animal, after a severe lug from the keeper's trunk, desisted from his fury, the vehicle against the centre-pole, disengaging himself at the same time, and, with the pole hanging to his trunk, but deliberately saw the waggon to pieces, dinging the wreck about him in the air. The ropes attached to the wheels next engaged his attention; and from the reckless way in which he turned and wrenched them, the Italians of the bears, kyenas, wolves, zebras, and other wild animals, it was probable that his whole menagerie would soon be let loose in the streets.

HOW HE GOT OUT.

"The circumstances of the affair appear to be as follows: The animal is accustomed to the menagerie, and comfortably, during cold weather, in the basement, and is quite mild most times; but when he is in his fits of fury he is dangerous in his way. The immediate cause of his outbreak on Friday was appears to have been a difficulty which he took to the horse, and it was against that animal that his first attack was directed. To the advantage of the absence of his keeper, he rushed at it, and accidentally struck it with his trunk. The blow severed suddenly, and the blow, although with greatly diminished force, struck the lad on the back, injuring him severely. The horse, in its fright, darted off, and, striking the wagon against the corner of one of the tent, broke the harness, and escaped to the street. Becoming more and more excited, the elephant, after he had turned the entire cage upside down, and torn beneath up with his trunk, and thrown it to from beneath the canvas of the tent, would no spoil it. Finding that the keeper of the menagerie had made good his escape, except the keeper of the animal, he, in his fury, made for him. The keeper evidently the hyena in one compartment and seeing a wolves in another, and, with the point of attack. This he tore to pieces, and scattered them about the premises, letting out the wolves and hyenas, who ran away with the utmost terror.

HOOK AND LADDER COMPANY CALLED OUT.

"The menagerie was then surrounded by a crowd, spotting them in turn, and smashing them in pieces. The keeper and his assistants were also present, and attempted to put to practice his usual device to gain the ascendency over the animal, but found him too much utterly unavailing. In consequence of the excitement, the fire-bell was rung, and Hook and Ladder, and dragging after him the chain with which he was usually confined. The crowd followed him down the street into an open space, but for distant from the menagerie, and there, with the aid of one or two others, succeeded in getting him into an excavation made for a cellar. He refused to chain back his journeys, however, and was again followed into a store and yard, where he was at last secured and impeded in his progress. He was kept here until the long pikes and halberds of Young America arrived, and the company were brought upon the ground, and manned by the terrified keeper, he used as a weapon of the crowd insurrection. Thus attacked from all sides, he was soon overpowered, and the ropes and chains that he had on were secured, and easily transported.

His ears, trunk, sides, back, and inside were studded with pikes, and grappled and held with hooks. His attention was then diverted until his keeper could venture up behind him and throw a rope about his legs.

"This was done with such celerity that the rope was passed round and rested again, and, secured before the beast became aware of what was being done, he was captured.

HANSIBAL FINDS A PRISAL.

"The ground had by this time been cleared in thousands, and had not Hannibal effected an escape from the hooks and pikes, it is probable that a large number of the spectators would have lost their lives. They were urged by the showmen to keep out of the way, but all that was said or done could scarcely induce them to do otherwise than push forward to see what was going on.

"The animal was not totally conquered after all. A fierce fight took and two feet square having been chained to the ground, Hannibal, with his trunk, took pody embraced an unexpected opportunity to outwit the ear. He put the specimen to flight, and chased them about the showyard, dragging the chain and fastening alone after him as if it were a stick. The crowd scattered precipitately, but the elephant soon turned round again triumphal, and the elephant was this time secured without much trouble. He was then provided with a heavy chain, and he was translated over and secured, and about four inches of the chain remaining, owing to the death of three and four inches at every blow. The elephant was then led back to his cage, and, after having fed, was, during the time, he replace his blood-letting he showed no disposition to be further troublesome. He is a very large specimen of his race, and will always be the centre of wild animals by the term of 'dogging.' When this animal manifests himself in his fits of fury, he is a most violent safe to release a ferocious beast.

"The elephant was purchased, it is supposed here, in the show-ground, where he was recently fattened by means of large

HIS HISTORY.

"This elephant was brought to America in the year 1841 by Mr. Van Amburgh, and is one of the largest in the species. He is eight to nine feet high, is reckoned to be one-third larger than any other elephant ever brought to this country. His weight is estimated at 7 is considerably larger than the majority of elephants of his size. He is now about ten years of age. When Hannibal was imported, in 1841, it was thought that he would not live more than a few years, and since then the showmen have contributed that he is still young—the average age of the elephant being from 30 to 40 years.

"This animal's reputation was formerly almost unparalleled for viciousness, but during the last five years he has been comparatively tame, and has been used to perform in the ring. He is the only elephant in this country that has had killed, on different occasions, as many as seven persons. This fact, however, is not to be wondered at, for his outbreak previous to the present one, was in 1850, when he was running loose in the streets of Boston, and, with a pretty general demolition of the Company's cages and other paraphernalia, succeeded in killing seven of the menagerie before he was captured.

"The menagerie belongs to Van Amburgh & Co. by the sargent and eager reputed yesterday, amounts to a considerable sum. The wild animals are insured in the safest and secured without difficulty."

AN ARMED AMERICAN STEAMER.

The new ocean steamship, which it is proposed to build for the Government to be rendered subsidized, is to be of the following dimensions :

Length (three-quarters of a mile).... 4000 feet
Breadth..... 400 "
Depth..... 64 "

She is to be constructed alike, in the form of a wedge. The wedge form is 1250 feet long; leaving the remainder 2750 feet long. The wedge is 400 feet wide at first and attached 200 feet long to each of the ends. The wedge is 64 feet deep, and the remainder of the ship is 32 feet deep. The wedge is constructed of iron, and its has a vacuum equal to a room 25 feet wide, 10 feet deep, and 1250 feet long. The remainder of the ship is under one is 14 inch to thickness, the latter one but 1 inch thick. The wedge is to be made to sink from the bottom to the top of the vessel. The spars between the wedge and the ship are to be made of hollow cylinders three feet square, so if the outside will be broken, there are but little chance of sinking. The wedge is to be in air-tight sections, and if breach in two no lives will be endangered. There are to be twelve of these sections 200 feet apart. The first, 12 feet from the ends, is constructed of iron, and the rest of wood. To learn the wooden way, will suggest a weight of 2250 tons.

THE ARMAMENT.

The venerable Dr. Lyman Beecher has reached his 84th year. This is in good health. The *Independent* says: "During the past summer he has visited six of the principal cities of the Northern and Western States. While in Hartford he attended the wedding of one of his grand-daughters, and had his return trip visited Guilford, Connecticut, to review the scenes of his early life, and where he resided for 40 years. The gathering of seven children was living. His health is generally good, and he is able to preach, and does preach every Plymouth Church, in which he often hears a part. He is cheerful, social, and full of his old humor, and is kind and classmate, the venerable S. T. Staples, Esq., of New York."

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

WRECK OF THE "ROYAL CHARTER."

THE loss of the *Royal Charter*, near Bangor, has been the most disastrous of all the recent shipwrecks. The number and damage of rattlesnake details have not yet been published.

The *Liverpool Mercury* of October 21 says: "We have to state that the vessel struck at 7 P.M., the strain being so great that the engine fell in the hold. The vessel was in fact, but soon immersed of a dreadful death was apparent. The vessel was in fact, but soon immersed of a dreadful death was apparent. The vessel was in fact, but soon immersed of a heavier, by which several lives were saved, and more would have been but for the violence of the storm. In the dreadful crash, the funnel and machinery giving way, the vessel immediately rose over the reef, leaving the lifeboats or pointed to the waves. Four hundred and fifty souls were thrown into the sea, and the greater part of all the women perished. There was no pilot on board, but the captain was well acquainted with the coast, and had taken every precaution. The *Royal Charter* was a fine vessel. A detachment of marines has been sent from Liverpool to Carnarvon, to aid the Customs against the local authorities.

Passengers generally no longer state that the country people had commenced to plunder the wreck.

The *Royal Charter* was built at Sunderland, and launched in August, 1853. She cost about £70,000, and was insured for £40,000. Her cargo was insured for £70,000. The ship was insured to the amount of £40,000. Insurances on the cargo have not transpired.

FRANCE.

NO TROUBLE BETWEEN ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

The *Herald* correspondent says: "I have just learned from the highest authority that the visit of the Emperor to the Tuileries is to a fair way of being settled. I felt sure such would be the case, and I am glad to see by the last proceeding of a Paris paper, published in Paris, and conducted by the Government, will cause the re-establishment of the Minister of War started for London to arrange the matter. The Emperor has been accompanied on his trip by the China expedition. A confidential agent also left Paris for London from the Minister of War at Metz, to confer with the English Admiralty relative to the same affairs.

THE WAR BETWEEN THE EMPEROR AND THE CHURCH.

He also writes: "A great outcry is now being made here by the Church of a book lately published in Paris, and issued by no mean persons the organ of Catholicism in France, because the government has forbidden the booksellers to publish any more of the form and not very reasonable complaint, considering that the publication against those in any way inclined to attack the Pope's temporal power. The Emperor has given his word of honor to pursue his present course of policy, and to put down all opposition that the clergy may offer to the reforms at much needed in Italy. He feels strong in the justice of his cause, and relies upon the sympathy of Europe. The days of anathemas and excommunications are gone by, and a Catholic Prince may act for the good of his subjects without asking the permission of the Pope. The Emperor Napoleon has done well in refusing to allow the Papal Nuncio to read the Bull of excommunication. It is a document which has the semblance of their office, not amenable to the laws of the press. By stopping the publication of these documents he renders it necessary that the bishops should speak them from the pulpit. Now, every one of these is liable to prosecution, and has entailed on these furious entries to the walls of a church, and the people will be ready to take the side of the majority of the people resolving against them. The Emperor is fully aware of the danger of a conflict with the Church, with the clergy; but, at the same time, he is by far too strong for them, and will not allow them to be allowed defending himself.

THE MIRABELLE DEATH OF JEROME.

"A near relative of the Emperor is quite ill, so much so as to be given up by the doctors. This is Jerome, the old man. Should he pass away, there will be no Court mourning, as the Emperor is not fond of Court mourning. None of our high functionaries would upon their salaries be able to afford it. Besides, there is a feeling of appreciation in overlooking the class of people I first refer to, and the Emperor is in the habit when they need not for the speedy recovery of Prince Jerome."

SWITZERLAND.

THE PEACE AND THE CONGRESS.

At latest dates, the Zurich Conference had again assembled. General Kaufmann, representing the Emperor of Count Colombini, deceased, and all the treaties were signed on the 10th of October.

It is evident that Napoleon only wants to fulfill his promises to the letter.

It was asserted that the European Congress would take place, with the selection of Zurich.

ITALY.

NAPOLEON WANTS THE DUKES RESTORED.

Napoleon has sent a letter to the King of Sardinia, urging him to carry out the Villafranca agreement. In this letter he says that the Austrian troops will be ordered to be recalled to Modena, that Parma be united to Piedmont, that the Pope be restored to the possession of his territory, be restored to the reign of the Grand Duke, and that the Duke of Modena be restored to his duchy by moderate reforms, be carried out.

Garibaldi has gone to Genoa to see for an interview with the King of Sardinia. He was enthusiastically received by the people.

PROPAGLE RISING IN NAPLES.

The Paris correspondent of the *London Herald*, of October 17, says the news is vital enough, for, according to all human probability, a revolution will break out in Naples before long.

The King has addressed a proclamation to the Neapolitans. The following are extracts :

"NEAPOLITANS :

"I DECREE:—We have consulted the Austrians, we have been deceived and betrayed by them. We will not have beaten them. We have fought as Italians fight when they are brave. We have not been beaten, but the victory was heard in every district except yours, and we know your hearts are with us. Your King is not a coward. Yes, Providence has decreed the union and alliance of Italy, and I will not be the man to oppose the wishes of the people's inter le will. In vain they sent to me discord and civil war. I will not be the strangers in vain. Our country is free from the Alps to the sea, and I will not be the man to oppose the wishes of the people's interests. Yes, I will not be the man to oppose the wishes of the people's interests. Yes, I will not be the man to oppose the wishes of the people's interests. Yes,

RECEIVING THE RETURNS AT TAMMANY

TAMMANY HALL ON ELECTION NIGHT.

Every one has heard of old Tammany, but very few have ever seen the venerable institution. We therefore present our readers with the above engraving, which, as its title indicates, introduces the reader to that famous place on Election night, just as the returns for the various city wards are coming in. Marshal Rynders and other lights of the Democracy are announcing the majorities in a stentorian voice, and groans and hisses or cheers and shouts evince the feeling of the multitude at each announcement. Our artist says:

"Not even the ditch of the Malakoff or the blood-stained fosse of the memorable Redan can contrast with Tammany Hall for condensed activity (a *bull*) and mad abandon.

"Standing on the seat at the rear of the hall during the announcements, etc., 'tis a perfect pandemonium of action—of vivid expression—of untamable excitement. A kind of regulated madness! So regulated that the rampant politician exhibits his shrewd triumph as he stampingly calculates the odds. The old Tammany man, even at that instant, can tell to an admiring few some reminiscence of former triumph or some crafty movement of the present. One man in the centre of the inner room who had won a wager on the allegiance of the announced district, was particularly emphatic. He wore a shiny hat (and indeed all the shrewd men were shiny hats), and he menaced, good-humoredly, some of the [illegible] ballot and a coun[illegible]

"The platform of the orators [illegible] singleness of purpose. The [illegible] rival Napoleon [illegible]

ON ELECTION NIGHT, NOVEMBER 8, 1859.

who stood beneath their forces, and simplicity of behavior, was truly impulsiveness of edifying."

s a treat for Gari- The *Herald* reporter thus portrays the scene depicted by our artist:

ous study. Any one "The Chairman read the returns as they were brought standing here, for in from time to time, and the announcements of the Demss of mind, might ocratic majorities were received with tremendous cheer- Their devotion to ing. During the intervals Captain Rynders, who appeared to be in all his glory, kept the audience in good-humor by his off-hand remarks and keen repartees.

"At length Jim Nesbitt was called upon for a song, and, mounting the rostrum, commenced to sing 'Paddy on the Railroad.' Some of the crowd did not seem to relish the song, and shouted, 'Dry up, Jim!' etc.; but Jim was not to be dried up, and feeling especially aggrieved at one individual's remarks, incontinently shied a water-pitcher at his head, following up the assault by jumping down and striking out right and left. 'Hit him!' cried the boys, and right and left through the crowd the combatants swayed, amidst the most confounding din. Nesbitt finally returned to the stand with a black eye; and half a dozen of his friends, jumping down into the crowd, after a brief combat, drove the offensive individual and his backers out of the hall.

"The reading of the returns was then resumed, with occasional episodes of hard talk, 'rushes,' and fights. 'Who'll be next Mayor, Rynders?' cried one. 'Nuddy Wood will, you fool,' answered a man at his elbow. No sooner were these words uttered than somebody's fist came in contact with the Wood man's nose, starting a crimson torrent; and before he had time to catch breath the unlucky wight was hustled down the stairs. Captain Rynders remarked that he could tell better who was Mayor after the election, at which the crowd laughed and cheered lustily."

Brunel, DIED SEPTEMBER, 1859.
Stephenson, DIED OCTOBER, 1859.

A NATION'S FINGER—they rest. To mock
Bronzen like their wills with sculptured tomb were shame!
Where the bridged chasm, or where the pierced road
Attests mind's victory, read each hero-name.

Yet in an epitaph their names shall live.
That Silence, there, may pay one noble due
Where Speech can not. Of what course was give,
No job, O Known and Sure, they grudged to you!

"UP FOR OFFICE."

BY ELLA RODMAN.

ANY woman who is a little self-willed, a little haughty, and a great deal spoiled, and who has been hard in an amiable, fascinating, aggravating creature, always "up for office," will sympathize with my story.

I have a perfect detestation, which is a mixture of contempt and hatred, for every Democrat that *was*; I have erected an oratory in my soul for the worship of General Washington—not so much, I think, on account of his many virtues as because he was an old Federalist; and as I am the only person in the Union who entertains just the sentiments that I do, they approach the very climax of intensity.

Lastly, Mr. Jones has soaked into the country, actuated to this step by a variety of motives, among which are a hypochondriac wife and the dogma of "raising your own vegetables," "more encouraging field for a rising man," etc., etc., ad infinitum.

Bless his handsome face! How could any one imagine, to see him toiling over the hot fire (a fellow) with that particularly benevolent aspect, as though every dirty little boy that he passed had a note that would be extensive for his benefit, that he was so tormenting? But I shall come to his evil doings, as the Declaration of Independence hath it, "in the course of human events."

When visitors began to flock in, my delight in country life was somewhat checked; they were such an outside-looking set; but on expressing my such sentiments, Mr. Jones entered upon a long and solemn lecture that always ended with the magical word "constituents," and as I was adopted in the most public manner, I felt it my duty to return these visits, I had not the heart to refuse.

One Sunday morning, about the end of church, a woman pushed rudely past me, catching, as she did so, a clumsy country shoe in my bunge dress, and tearing an entire breadth of my best barège, trailing manner. It was "a pattern dress"—one that I had ordered in a moment of mad extravagance —so that it had a value in my eyes, independent of its merits; and my one who knew it his heart would excuse the blow to my feelings upon the wiry, freckled female who had perpetrated the outrage.

Her eye met mine—a light-colored, stony sort of eye—an eye accustomed to fling back defiance, and slight in its way it was, it encountered it; and as she leaned her head with an air that said, as plainly as words could, "I don't care a straw for you, or any one, my dog!" I felt that we were sworn enemies.

Alas! that a lady service had done us both but little good; and my indignant feelings were heightened by seeing Mr. Jones, who had been unconscious of this little pantomime, bow to that horrid woman just as she turned from me as though she had been the President's wife at least.

"Who is that creature?" I inquired, in a peremptory tone, as soon as we emerged into the open air.

"What creature, darling?" queried the individual interrogated, effervescing with good-nature, and a sort of unmeaning smile that seemed to seem to restrain at my anger.

"That vulgar woman," I replied, "to whom you just bowed with such an excess of politeness. She has spoiled my dress, my beautiful 'pattern dress.'"

Mr. Jones was very sorry—so had that I should be pleased—of course he was sorry that I should did not intend it—would send me another as soon as he went to the city—until I could have bored his ears for having so unkindly misunderstanding me so. As to the woman, he did not know who she was—did not know that she had been guilty—maybe so to many people whom he did not know.

Our neighbors were not very close to us, and in one of the nearest houses lived an old man who supplied us with eggs, milk, etc., and was a considerable amusement. This ancient individual, who bore a striking resemblance to some of the "Ishe-Lord" that terrified my childhood, had a habit of resting his chin on our gate, and talking, very, the words seeming to proceed from his very nose's wiber? and on looking up to see whence the sound proceeded, he met with with a comical nod and an intimation that "them 'ere eggs was fresh laid."

I took the eggs, and found them to be all that was represented, being very well satisfied to obtain them with as little trouble as but Mr. Dimas, the proprietor of the chin on the gate, did not intimate that the acquaintance should end here. Evening after evening found him hanging over our front gate talking to Mr. Jones, whom he managed to keep perpetually by the button; and from the pleased expression of that gentleman's face, one would suppose that the conversation was of the highest possible advantage to him.

I rallied him on his new friend, not perhaps without a slightly scornful accent.

"My dear child!"—most benignantly—"remember that I am 'up for office.'"

"Up for office!" I was not very likely to forget that. I saw my dear one marriage he had also been a perfect misopia, only put 'up' to be knocked down; but I could not quite comprehend that one insignificant old man held the reins of office in his hands. What in the world had Mr. Dimas to do with "my husband's" being up for office?

"Considerable, my little Queen of Sheba," with that aggravating smile of superiority. "In politics, you know, there is always a 'wheel within a wheel;' and although Mr. Dimas, by himself, is one of the lowest of the low, he has a great deal of use, and has, like most people, acquaintances whom he can influence in voting."

"A fine state of things!" was my indignant remark, "when a gentleman of your family and standing, whose ancestors have lived in Jones's Hill, can not obtain from his country a petty office without conciliating all the loafers around! If this is a free country, I should like to know why?"

For this remonstrance speech I was gently patted and soothed to quiescence. "Jones's Hill" should not be quite safe on my shoulders if allowed to hold forth any longer.

"I am only elected by the people," said my democratic husband.

"What a comfort to be," rejoined, "I suppose you mean that portion of the community who are the least fitted to elect. But there is no danger of your succeeding, I continued, proudly, "for I am no much of a gentleman for them."

Confound my husband's dog, alarmed at the dangerous term, "I am not 'a gentleman,' but 'one of the people.' My grandfather was an honest mechanic, and I am not ashamed to own that he ate his meals."

This unlucky fact was regularly inserted in every stump speech: the wretched old gentleman in question having had a dreadful tinkering propensity, and actually exercising it for the benefit of a table, although the fact that he never made but one other was carefully suppressed.

While indulging in indignant silence my husband took the opportunity to admonish me for pride.

"Our neighbors here call you 'stuck up,'" said he, very kindly. "They think that you consider yourself above them."

"They think the exact truth, then," I replied, with a haughty toss.

"Have any formal complaints been lodged against me?" I continued, wondering what on this was tending to.

Mr. Dimas was afraid that I was rather proud. "Why, I declare, I am proud of my own skin! No, but I should have called upon his daughter. This was the first intimation of that interesting female's existence; but Mr. Jones assured me, in form me that Mrs. Shots was the mother of a large family of girls, and that the gentleman in question was obliged to manage the farm herself; consequently she was too much occupied for visiting, and would be pleased and flattered at my first advances, and making the first call.

At this I positively refused to visit my poultryman's family, and felt myself an insulted woman; but Mr. J. skillfully administered flattery, smiled, and hoped that I would, for the sake of my future, and felt myself an insulted woman; but Mr. J. skillfully administered flattery, smiled, and hoped that I would, for the sake of my future—until, after a few days, I fairly gave in, and promised to call upon the lady's family on the following day.

Mr. Jones and I talked the matter over as though the visit were a matter of importance.

"The idea must not get abroad that my wife is 'stuck up,'" said Mr. J.; "country people will forgive any thing in a woman but that; and the wife of a man in public life has a great deal in her power to injure or benefit her husband, you know."

This was quite a formidable speech, and I resolved to be unusually gracious; and, certainly, paying the first visit to one of "the people" could not affect my position in any way. It would be very pleasant for Mrs. Shots to have a visitor from town, and as Mrs. Shots had a husband and father she was well worth propitiating.

Such were my thoughts as I donned a simple but becoming dress, for it would not do to overdress the part of the lady visitor to the wife of my husband said, approvingly; "Now, let my little wife look out not her own lovely self, and she will do." I felt pleased with myself as I left the house, and set forth smilingly upon my mission.

The farm-house was a rickety-looking red house, dreary and unshaded; and on endeavoring to open the gate a savage dog rushed at me with a growl that I thought peculiarly at key. This was discouraging; but I have a horror of dogs, and therefore I stood still and waited. A tall, sandy-haired, freckled youth, with a decidedly unamiable expression, came up the narrow path that divided the two front grass and weeds on the side of the house, and inhospitably asked me what I wanted.

Considering that this was a rickety-looking red house, dreary and unshaded; and on endeavoring to open the gate a savage dog rushed at me with a growl that I thought peculiarly at key. This was discouraging; but I have a horror of dogs, and therefore I stood still and waited. A tall, sandy-haired, freckled youth, with a decidedly unamiable expression, came up the narrow path that divided the two front grass and weeds on the side of the house, and inhospitably asked me what I wanted.

Considering that this was a rickety-looking red house, dreary and unshaded; and on endeavoring to open the gate a savage dog rushed at me with a growl that I thought peculiarly at key. This was discouraging; but I have a horror of dogs, and therefore I stood still and waited. A tall, sandy-haired, freckled youth, with a decidedly unamiable expression, came up the narrow path that divided the two front grass and weeds on the side of the house, and inhospitably asked me what I wanted.

As I glanced at her freckled face and shrewish features, quite unabashed by the thin hair that was tucked behind her ears, an unpleasant feeling of recognition came over me; and on meeting the fixed gaze of that stony eye the whole dreadful truth flashed upon me. Mrs. Shots and the destroyer of my new dress were one and the same person; and the look which she now gave me was such as plainly told me that my story as known.

Mrs. Shots said not a word, but looked defiant; and gathering up my courage to meet the circumstances, I said, in the most dignified manner I particularly affable,

"We are quite near neighbors, Mrs. Shots, and I believe that, as a stranger, I had a right to expect the first call; but hearing that you devoted yourself to your dairy, and having more leisure myself, I have dispensed with ceremony, and made you the first visit."

Mrs. Shots looked straight at me all the time that I was speaking, and then, giving her hair an extra push behind her ears, she replied, in a sullen tone,

"I never have no time for gaddin', and if I had, shouldn't care to be spookin' round 'mong my neighbors. As to 'devotin' myself to my family,' I don't b'lieve in no such pap—I work 'em like cattle themselves, and help me considerable, too."

What a comfort to be able to work with wife and mother I had imagined! But my *wife* was to be blind and deaf. I remembered Mr. Jones, and thought it over; and, fearful to appear like my putting on an extra amount of affability, I proceeded to question her about the dairy, inquired after farm, asked after Mr. Shots, and whatever I supposed would be agreeable, to all of which Mrs. Shots replied in a way that showed that she had neither imperfect at that.

This was unpleasant, to be sure, but I had gone my duty; and I left the inhospitable mansion with a sort of gleeful feeling at the idea of Mr. Jones having to dine with his wife, which was almost closed the door in my face with a slam, and I set off on as pains to conceal her satisfaction at my departure.

I related my adventure to Mr. Jones, who was greatly disconcerted to approve of my conduct, and in his overdoing charity was quite sure that Mrs. Shots's way of politeness proceeded from ignorance, and embarrassment at the unexpected honor conferred upon her by my visit. The idea of associating country people with their superiors in life was simply ridiculous; but I comforted myself with the supposition that the visit would not be returned.

I was mistaken; it was returned—and quite soon, indeed, before being accustomed to the sandy-haired youth who had questioned my right of entrance, and a sandy-haired girl, who proved to be Miss Shots, against whom the full force of "skinning alive" had been uttered. But Zerah was a little boy, and as Mrs. Shots had no more terrible punishment, promised at least six times during the visit, produced not the slightest effect upon him.

In the pride of my heart I displayed to Mrs. Shots all the much-admired things that my prodigious female, after a glance at his violet eyes and wild-rose cheeks, pronounced him "a sickly-looking child," and warning me that if I didn't feed him on somethin' else besides mountain-sass he'd never live, turned from him as though unworthy of further notice.

I was fairly boiling over, and was about to utter my wrath in words, when the child, who, fortunately, at this juncture Mr. Jones made his appearance, and with an Oriental salute to Mrs. Shots, pressing her hand tenderly, patting the girl and boy on the head—perplexing that the latter should be ignorant of the United States—and with the former a regular heart-breaker—inquiring after the health of the family, and the like, left the depend upon the answer, and signing legerdemain I told that the excellent man had a cold in his head; and Mrs. Shots, who knew Mr. Jones, was so awed by as ever; and that this was but the beginning of the many visits that passed between the families; and conducting himself altogether so very unbecoming a manner that Mrs. Shots was almost "stuck up."

I think that Polly and Jerusha had every moment of the room in their hands during this seemingly-interminable visit; and in the corner of the floor, after their departure, gave me the uncharacteristic of a pocket-handkerchief that covered every insel-puddle on their way to the house, with corpses instructions not to wipe their feet until they were upon the parlor carpet, I found.

"Very nice woman Mrs. Shots," said Mr. Jones, benignly, when this trio had turned their backs upon us.

"Very," I replied, emphatically; "so very interesting!"

There was a sort of twinkle in Mr. Jones's eye, and I could not help unconsciously to myself that "it was all for the good of his country"—which I very much doubted.

The ice was broken, however. Very soon after this visit, Mr. J. made his appearance one day with a beaming face, which boded sure of communicating pleasant news, and informed me that I was invited to take tea with Mrs. Shots. The invitation had been given to him through Mr. Dimas, and Mr. Jones was not invited because, as the old man observed, "he allowed it was to be a sort of winmin's affair."

At first I was struck dumb at the bare idea; and Mr. J. began to address his powers of speech to enlarge upon the advantages that were to accrue to him from my sociability with the people around. Old Dimas had been so pleased with my calling upon his daughter that he had gone among his friends, talking up Mr. Jones as the only eligible candidate, and a great deal more to accomplished among such people. To decline Mrs. Shots's invitation would give mortal offense; so, wondering all the time why the woman asked me, I resolved to carry out my unlucky idea with which I had begun, and see what would come of this tea-visit.

Mr. Jones warmly advocated my starting at one o'clock, for country people, he said, kept early hours; but I would not go before three, and by way of looking sociable, I took my knitting with me, a little blanket of bright colors which I was manufacturing for baby.

It was in one of those days when I was expected that savage dog might have been kept out of the way; but as I opened the gate he made a spring at me, displaying such a formidable row of teeth that I shrieked at the top of my voice. The weirdsisters rushed to the rescue—Polly with a threshing-swam before me—and not being particularly courageous, as I particularly strong, I fainted.

When I opened my eyes I found myself surrounded by none of the romantic circumstances that attend the fainting of heroines in novels. I had been landed on "the steps," my face and hair and dress dripping with water, a liberal shower of which had taken all the stiffening out of my nice muslin dress, an odious smell of burned feathers was under my nose, and a bunch of yellow curls, all shapes and sizes, from Miss Shots down to the smallest infant, capable of going alone, were surveying me with a mixture of curiosity and contempt.

I made an effort to sit up, and told Mrs. Shots that I believed I had been frightened.

"Not at *your* age," she exclaimed, in a tone of querulous surprise, as though that circumstance cured the virtue of gentleness to such an extreme that it was a positive vice. "Why, Ye wouldn't hurt you!"

And, pray, how was I to know that? He certainly did every thing but the actual biting; and, under the circumstances, my fear was perfectly excusable. But Mrs. Shots shared the ill-bred opinion common to owners of ugly dogs, who, because they do not bite them, have no consideration for the fears of others.

I saw that I had no sympathy to expect from my hostess, and, thinking of my appearance as well as I could, I professed to be entirely recovered, and awaited an invitation into the house.

"I ain't thinkin' yet I'll stop, yet," said Mrs. Shots; "do you choose to set here till I git through?"

The stoop was rather sunny, but as I had evidently come too early, I acquiesced with the best grace I could command, and Mrs. Shots's fair graces by waited for my answer, dissipated her boisterous hilarity, and, in the manner of a couple of eight or nine as unattractive-looking children as I ever beheld.

Jerusha, a girl of twelve, who evidently considered herself an old acquaintance, asked me why I came the same day; and when I smilingly replied that I wanted to see them, she said that "mother didn't want to see me, because she wasn't ready." I then ventured to remark that I had come to help her it, and I worked on my blanket in silence.

The fright and fun together had given me a violent nervous headache; and the sight of the throbbing temples, creaking the first onset from that band of young Goths, was the last, they would prove my tormenters. They approached very timidly, and surveyed my work—one fought with another for a moment, and then Polly and that creature to lay hold of my dress and hair to satisfy themselves regarding the fabrics—which, though not particularly attached to Mrs. Shots, I longed for her appearance, for I was quite unable to cope with the three if I broken silence.

They waxed bolder, and pulled my hair, snatched my work from my lap and threw it to the floor, and when I called them naughty children, they set up a shout of derision and took to their heels —some turning somersaults, two or three swinging on the gate, and some climbing the trees like apes, and making my heart run cold with the fear that they would be dashed to pieces before my eyes. But I need not have troubled myself—such children invariably thrive, and the mischief-makers always they happen to tumble, always alight, like cats, on their feet.

At length, when I was half blinded by the sun, and visions of impish children, in various stages of dislocation, were swimming before my eyes, Mrs. Shots made her appearance; and upon giving her an account of my persecutors, she observed, in quite an offended tone, that "they didn't do much used to children?"

I was just about to reply that I was not used to such atrocious ones; but as this would have been but a breaking out of hostilities, I prudently restrained myself.

My delicate piece of work was in rather a bad condition, having dropped several times in a sitting contact of mother Earth; but when I held it up for her inspection, her hostess pronounced it "shuller kind of knittin'," and "guessed that a baby wasn't an Indian that it couldn't do without a blanket."

All of which was highly provoking; but somehow, she said, was something worth doing, and she produced about a bushel of strawberries to hull, which she set me to work to do.

Actuated by a benevolent motive, I offered to help her.

"Well," was the gracious reply, "I'm agreeable."

I went to work, staining my fingers, and increasing my headache, thinking it the most curious visit I had ever made, and that I should most frequently enlivened by assaults of young Shots upon the strawberries, who received blows and reproaches with the most imperturbable good-nature; and had she executed her threats, Mrs. Shots would have had no berries to hull when before she retired that night.

"What time do you choose tea?" inquired my hostess, quite unexpectedly.

I was rather surprised at the question, but replied politely that the time which was most convenient for her would suit me best.

"Suppose," said the baby, calmly, "that it would be most convenient for me to have it at seven, and that you'd make up your mind to go home at six, where would you be then?"

"In a haven of rest," was my inward answer,

as I called to mind my cool, pretty room, and longed to stretch myself on the comfortable couch.

As this was a very cool manner of asking me how long I intended to stay, I was obliged to answer, with some embarrassment, that I had told Mr. Jones to come early for me, but I did not think he would come before seven.

"Tara," said Mrs. Shots, in a business-like way, "I'll give you your tea at six."

"Very soon I was left alone for so long a space of time that I began to think Mrs. Shots must be employed in manufacturing every separate article that was to grace the breakfast, lunch and tea table.

After an immense length of time Jerusha was deputed to inform me that "Missis wished I was to walk out to tea," and, following that damsel, I found myself in the kitchen, which had a sanded floor and much crockery. Mr. Shots sat down to seated at the head of the table, surrounded by hot slices of bacon, and motioned me to a seat where the children were thickest. Not the sign of a man was visible, and I felt disappointed.

I was really requested to help the children, while their mother poured out the tea; and the voracious manner in which they devoured the doughy short-cake and saw-dust gingerbread was quite alarming. The butter was rancid, the tea was sweetened with brown sugar, not delectable, and the other edibles ditto—the only eatable article was a pudding made of preserves, and unsustaining as it was on the tea-table, I was doing full justice to it, when the peculiar appearance of a fragment that caught my eye induced me to examine it more closely. There was no mistake—it was full of little red ants! And in unutterable horror I announced the discovery to Mrs. Shots.

"La!" said she, with the utmost composure, "they're innocent little creeters; they got into that preserves, and I thought I'd save it by makin' it into a pudding."

I was perfectly indignant at this revelation, and expressed myself in that effect.

"You're dreadful particular," said Mrs. Shots, contemptuously: "should think you'd be alerred of your own shadder!"

Meanwhile I was kicked under the table by my interesting companions, who were continually screaming, crying, and kicking, with a view to produce things, and raising a perfect Bedlam about my ears. I was completely worn-out and sick; and when Mr. Jones arrived, a little before the time he had mentioned, I was ready to insist into tears.

He looked as much worn troubled. "It is quite as you can," said he, in a husky voice.

"What is the matter?" I exclaimed. Little Eddie—"

Yes, little Eddie had had a dangerous fall; in my absence, through the carelessness of his nurse-girl, and was now screaming with pain from a gash on his temple.

How I got home I do not know, nor what transpired for some weeks after. A brain fever, produced by all that I suffered at the hands of Mrs. Shots, and the dreadful fear that capped the climax, prostrated me on a sick bed; when I raved of red ants, fractious children, and savage dogs, to the intense surprise of Mr. Jones and the perplexity of those around.

Little Eddie will carry a scar on his temple to his dying day as a reminder of Mrs. Shots, whose very name makes me shudder with horror; and Mr. Jones, when talking over the causes of his defeat, discovered that Mrs. Shots had worked for his opponent, and that old Mr. Dirtoss, in trying to vote for him, had been driven from the polls by a pack of roydies, and his coat-tails torn almost back besides.

Mrs. Shots indulged very freely in personal remarks, and a kind friend brought to me the pearls which dropped from that lady's mouth after my visit.

"If there was one thing in this world," observed that rigid disciplinarian, "that made her more goud than another, it was to bring down the airs of stuck-up people, and rub dirt on folks' shoes who never wanted to be cleaned—more blighter than their neighbors. A more shaller, useless piece of goods than that very Miss Jones she never come across; and as to 'lecting *Mister* Jones for Gov'ner, she guessed she didn't do much toward it. Jim Shots, of course he'd vote for any one she told him not to, and never dared not to vote where she told him. Now she would tell him, some girl in him, and one that wasn't like Saul, a head and shoulders above his neighbors, and she preferred as honest Abe Lincoln to Stephen Douglas (the successful candidate) to a nimmy pimmy lawyer like 'e' Mister Jones! Follow Shots, was he? a grandfather's makin' a sale, she didn't believe a word of that story—didn't believe any of the foolify-ever-lies a man came to do up Shots with, and his silly little wife wasn't fer close over a Joseph's coat of many colors for her precious baby—that she was. She brought them strawberries out a purpose to let her be cured with that stuff about her life. To see her airs, too! So coy condescendin', and supposin' that country fellow didn't know nothin'. She guessed she knew what was what as well as Miss Jones, whose husband had better wrap her in cotton and lay her in a glass case for the rest of her life—went into a conniption at the sight of rose Snow, if he hadn't! Rose Snow, indeed and alabaster skin, was worth a dozen of her, and turned up her nose at some innocent little ants in the preserves! It was what she'd do, she was made of that day, in church, when she looked as neat as fex herself and Mrs. Jones, and her feet on her dress, that was trailin' half a yard behind her—serve her right for doin' more stuff than her betters. She was a precious hard to get a visitin', to be sure! And the next time she waited to enjoy herself, Jemima Shots was ready to give her some more of the same sort. An honest woman who worked the very hair of her head, as she did, and brought up a hundred and nine children, was fit to hold a candle to any lady, and wasn't goin' to be condescended to by a little chit like Miss Jones!"

I was glad that Mr. Jones was present at the second-hand hearing of this tirade, for it gave him a better insight into matters and things than he would otherwise have attained.

My visiting-list has since been left to my own arrangement; and that last defeat abated my husband's ardor so materially that it is several months since he has been "up for office."

A SHARK STORY.

One night I was swimming across the channel on my way home from a visit to Jessita. The sky was nearly cloudy. Nevertheless, it was not so dark as to hinder me from seeing, in the middle of the waves, a dark object, which could be no less than the head of a man. In fact, I saw that it was a man, who was swimming in the direction of Espiritu-Santo.

At once resolved to find out who the swimmer was; and not wishing to be seen myself, I dived under the surface of the water. When about to repeat I caught sight of his head; he was close by. The water was clear, and I could see perfectly that he was swimming with great regularity; so fast, indeed, that I was obliged to put forth my utmost skill to overtake him. I knew there was not one man upon the island who was any thing near my match in swimming. Who then could it be? At each moment he had reached the water's edge, and was climbing up the rocks. I was beginning that I was passed over his clothes rendered him visible for a moment. I recognized his form; it was Rafael, the diver.

"He, indeed!" thought I: "he is to be my rival in love, as he has rivaled me in every thing else."

At this thought a sudden hatred for Rafael entered my heart. All the jealousy and suspicion proved true, that Rafael and I should meet but once more. For a moment I thought of calling out to his swimming. But I did not do so. Why, I cannot; but there are certain moments in a man's life when he does not know why he does things. In my indecision I permitted him to proceed; and he had scarcely passed over the summit of the rocks when I cocked my pistol and fired. At this point I could easily watch his movements. I saw him take a step or two, and fall to the bed of fantasy—a path I but often followed myself, and which I knew so well. I saw him reach the door, knock gently, and enter the house.

Without further pause I launched myself upon the track of my victim. I had determined upon the to the door of the hut. I stood and listened. I could hear the feeble murmur of a conversation carried on in low tones, but no words could be distinctly.

This, then, was her lover. The thought filled my heart with the direst vengeance, and I resolved to rid myself at once of my favored rival.

I was armed with a knife. My hand pressed mechanically to my belt, where I habitually carried my knife, and I was equally to grow my hand upon the hilt. My hand pressed mechanically to my belt, where I habitually carried my knife, and I was equally to grow there! in its place was the *estoca*, which, though an available weapon against a shark, would be of slight service in a struggle with a man.

For a while I hesitated as to what course I should follow, but there was only one feasible method to hope of success. My knife was in my hut; there would still be time to return and fetch it before the departure from the cottage.

Faster than I had run back to the cliff, and descending rapidly to the water I plunged in and swam across the channel. I soon passed myself, and, on reaching the opposite shore, found, when I perceived that the wind was rising into a storm. A canoe was moored at the foot of the cliffs; I stepped into it in hopes of saving time. I knew I could take the canoe across the channel much faster than I could swim there.

When I had rowed out near the middle of the channel I became aware that the wind was every moment rising higher, and could hear many sounds that indicated the approach of a storm. The canoe was rocked violently by the waves. Above the cliffs; the sea-swell howled amidst the dark waves, and now and then mingling with the sighing of the wind the *lamentos* uttered its melancholy cry, resembling the plaintive accents of some creature in pain.

All at once another and very different sound fell upon my ear. It was the sharp bark from the bosom of the ocean, but the rushing of the waves carried it away, and I fancied for a moment that I had been deceived by my own fears. For two-ounds after the cry again reached me. This time I was sure of it. It was a cry for assistance in extreme anguish—the heart-rending appeal of some human being in distress.

As the voice came from the direction of Espiritu-Santo, it at once occurred to me that it was Rafael who was in peril of perishing. With equal promptness struggling for mastery in my heart, I leaned forward in my canoe, and, shading my eyes with my hand, endeavored to pierce the darkness. But the night was too obscure. Nothing could be seen at a distance. I could hear, however, the cries of distress still continued, and then distinctly the words,

"A boat! for the love of God, a boat!"

It was the voice of Rafael. I could not hinder myself from trembling.

My emotion lasted but a short while. I heard something plashing forcibly in the water at no great distance, and, looking in that way, I saw the direction of the sound. The next moment I distinguished Rafael in the middle of a circle of white foam, which he was making around him. I was at first astonished that, instead of threatening destinancy, he did not at once make for the canoe, which he must have seen approaching him. But the cause of his immobility was soon apparent. At a short distance from him, and about three feet under the surface, was shining a phosphoric light. This light was gradually advancing upon Rafael. It was a monster—one of the largest I ever saw. A stroke of the oar brought me close to Rafael.

He uttered a cry on perceiving me, but he had not a moment to speak; instead of fatigue had taken away his voice.

The monster could be raised his hands, and caught hold of the canoe; but his arms, strong though he was, could not sustain the weight of his body. His eyes, although glaring with terror, regarded me with so expressive a look that I grasped his hands in mine, and with all my force forcibly against the side of the canoe. The *tiburon* was still advancing. One single instant the legs of Rafael disappeared—another—a fearful shriek escaped his lips; his eyes closed suddenly; his hands loosened their hold upon the canoe, and his body fell back into the sea. The lower half was already gone. The *tiburon* had cut him in two!

"And could you have rescued him?" asked my listener.

"I hope so," I replied in a significant tone: "perhaps I compressed his hands too forcibly against the boat."

"But not with an evil intention, I hope?"

Well, if it must be confessed, I believe I hindered Don Rafael from getting into the canoe.

At the moment that Rafael disappeared under the waves, I plunged in myself, although the *tiburon* had ate up all of a rival that had become hateful to me, it had also provoked me by the best in swimming. I struck out with all my strength. But I had touched the lower of my calling; for Rafael was a diver, and I could not have forgot that I was a *Cogotas* of divers. Besides, it was tasted human flesh, and would be sure soon to return for another victim or two.

There is nothing excites the ferocious disposition of sharks so much as a stormy night, such as that on which my story was destroyed by one. I am speaking of the *tiburons*, and not of the common shark—that species of which the oil is used in a glowy substance, which is distilled in two little holes situated near their mouths, spreads all over the body, and letting them to swim with quickness, especially when in thunders. This light reminded them violent fury, and the more darker the night the more plainly are they seen. But how good they themselves are not sharp-sighted, and a silent swimmer may be not destroyed by one. And to this that they can not lay hold of you without turning on their backs, which you may perceive that a during man—one who swims well—has a fair chance of success in a combat with one of these.

I dived directly for a little depth, for there should not lose my wind, and that I might be able also to see my enemy. I had scarcely left the waves rolled over my head with a noise resembling thunder, but down where I was the water was perfectly still. At that moment a dark mass came pressing against me. It was the upper part of poor Rafael. It seemed as if it were to ward off ways to meet.

I thought by this that the antagonist I was to sustain if could not be far off—in fact, at that same instant I saw a ray of light, which, at first almost imperceptible, grew gradually to a great larger and larger. I knew it was the *tiburon*. We appeared to be at the same level, but the shark was mounting, and I knew it would be able to do give my antagonist the advantage of getting above me; for in that case it would not be necessary for him to get upon his back to serve me as he had done poor Rafael. I made an effort, therefore, and rose nearer to the surface.

The *tiburon* now swam diagonally toward me. With such rapidity that it seemed almost to wax by my side, and so near that I could distinguish the phosphoric brilliance upon his skin—the membrane that lined his eyes—and the small round eyes. fed his brown fins bending against my body. Fragments of flesh were yet sticking in his lower jaw, which at intervals he closed against the upper with the satisfied smack of a gourmand. Just at this moment a cross shone out from my hand, and rendered more visible the silver-colored belly of the shark. I was aware that he meant to turn upon me, and lunging myself forward I plunged my knife—the same which I had intended for Rafael—up to the hilt in the breast of the *tiburon*. Then drawing the blade as far as my arm could reach, I made a deep long cut down the monster's belly.

It proved a death wound; the shark made one prodigious bound, and, striking the water once or twice with his tail, floated motionless upon the waves. At sight of my great antagonist thus conquered his late companions in the destruction myself from uttering a shout of triumph, which, despite the howling of the storm, was heard on both sides.

COLDSTREAM.

A LARGE party is assembled to celebrate the feast of St. Partridge at Bavelstoke Hall, an old country house about two miles distant from the northwest coast of Devon.

Our host Tyrawley resembles Sir Charles Coldstream in everything but his name. He has been every where and done every thing; but he is by no means used up, and can still take an interest in whatever his friends and guests do. Nor is his every thing every body else's every thing.

Mr. Tyrawley has fought in more than one state of South America, and has wandered for more than two years from side to side of the Pacific. A curious reputation hovers round him. He is supposed to have done many things, but nobody ever clear knows what they are; and it is not likely that much information on the point will be obtained from him, for he seldom talks much, and never speaks of himself. His present mission appears to be to kill partridges, play cricket, and dress himself. Not that it must be supposed that he has any thing in the habit of wearing less clothing than the custom of the country in which he may have been located required; but only that at the present time he selects much attention to his wardrobe and gauze neckties, and cured mustaches.

Such as he is, however, he is an object of interest to the feminine portion of the party at Bavelstoke Hall; for he is both rich and handsome, as well as unmarried, and he can be no more than two-and-thirty.

Pretty Constance Bayston had grey eyes and black hair. And the nicest critic of feminine appearance might be defied to state what she had on her head for hour after hour. For she is not one ever look at any thing except her face.

Yet Constance is a thorough woman, and still unmarried. Alas, what cowards men are! The fact is that Constance is very clever; but as Mr. Tyrawley is rich, and clever enough, too.

Is she a little vexed at her present condition? Certainly she does not exhibit any tendency to carry out Mrs. Millikin's suggestion, as it has once been repeated to her. The young men are more afraid of her than ever after the first three days my very sharp things, sometimes. Especially she is severe upon the little battles of fashionable existence. She appears to consider that she has a special mission to arouse them; but they do not appear to like being aroused.

In Mr. Tyrawley she affected to disbelieve. She hinted at his invention to have invented things that she did not believe he ever had done, or ever would do any thing worth doing; but that he planned himself as a man of very respectable, with a keen ignorant of its foundation, no one could impugn.

Mr. Tyrawley was not at all in love with Constance. Miss Constance was not as conscientious as usual but that she really entertained a higher opinion of the gentleman than she chose to confess. He certainly was not afraid of her, and had even dared to contradict her favorite theory of the general worthlessness of English gentlemen of the nineteenth century. It was one wet morning when she had been expounding Scott to three or four of her particular friends—and it must be confessed that the real reason why she had not gone out with the rest the decline of chivalry. Tyrawley was sitting half in and half out of range. Perhaps she had not noticed him. She was saying to Miss Bellowes:

"I can not agree with you, Miss Bellowes; indeed, I do not think we so largely resemble Scott's in our helmets, nor do we compel harmless individuals, who possibly may have nevertheless of the best to defend the respect of their lady love at the point of the lance; but of all that was good in old chivalry—of all that was noble, generous, self-sacrifice, you will find as much in the nineteenth century as in the twelfth."

Miss Bellowes was a pretty girl of eighteen summers, and Miss Constance saw a probability of a defeat from her own remarks. She therefore replied:

"You are too moderate in your claims for your contemporaries, Mr. Tyrawley. If I remember right, Sir Walter Scott was always very severe on the flagellation of a true knight."

"I am not going to speak the truth," he replied. "Your theory would have been more true the before the days of the Crimean war and the Indian mutiny; but the men who fought their ways in the trenches of the Redan, and who carried the guns of Delhi, may bear comparison with Bayard or Cœur de Lion."

"Oh! I do not allude to warriors," said she "of course they are brave they are brave. I—and here she hesitated a moment, till possibly piqued because her statement seemed to be received but in the passage of arms, she concluded—"but to our little gentlemen, who have no heart for any thing."

Tyrawley laughed. "Possibly my judge too much by the outside," he said. "I am afraid to find out what some of those whom you are pleased to call little gentlemen would be found to have heart enough for any thing that honor, or duty, or necessity could call upon them to do."

"I hope you are right," said Miss Constance, with a slightly contemptuous air, but not upper lip, which implied that she did not think so.

Tyrawley bowed, and the conversation terminated. But in the afternoon after the rain had held in the room the conversation of the young ladies was interrupted by Master George Bellowes, aged fourteen, who suddenly attacked his sister.

"I think you are wrong, you know, when you call Tyrawley a little gentleman."

"My dear," said Constance, with a start, "I never said any thing of the sort."

"Well, you implied it, you know, in your girl's words, and I think you make a mistake; for he has been with me often, and can shoot as well as a thing, and I hear he can ride no end. He was rather out of practice at the cricket-ball when he began, but he is improving every day. You should have seen how he hit two or three of the balls over the trees."

The day lingered on, after the usual fashion of wet days in September in full country house.

Tyrawley was in the library at last that it was past tea before he thought of going to bed. He always slept with his window open, and as he threw up the sash a fierce gust of wind blew out his candles, and blew down the looking-glass.

"Heaven and earth!" he exclaimed, "I wonder whether it's smashed—unlucky to break a looking-glass. Mem. Never to open the window. Nothing illuminated the room for a moment, and he bent out of the window. "The wind must be about north-east-over. Cheerful for any thing coming up to Bristol from the southward. I wonder what a storm is like on this coast. I have a great mind to go and see. I shall never be able to get that hall door open without waking them up; what a nuisance! Stay, capital idea! I'll go by the window."

Before starting upon his expedition he changed the remains of his evening dress (for he had been writing in his dressing-gown) for a flannel shirt

and trousers, while a short pea-jacket and glazed hat completed his array. His room was on the first floor, and he had intended to drop from the window sill; but the branch of an elm came so near he found that unnecessary, as springing to it he was on the ground, like a cat, in an instant. His soon found his way across country, "like a bird," to the edge of the cliff. The sea for miles seemed one sheet of foam.

But a flash of lightning discovered a group of figures about a quarter of a mile distant; and he distinguished shouts in the intervals of the storm.

He was soon among them, and he found that all eyes were turned on a vessel which had struck on a rock within two hundred yards of the cliff. It was evident that she would go to pieces under their very eyes.

"Is there no way of opening communication with them?" he asked of an old coastguardsman.

"Why ye see, Sir, we have sent to Milford for Manby's rockets; but she must break up before they come."

"How far is Milford?"

"Better than seven mile, your honor."

"If we could get a rope to them we might save the crew."

"Every one of them, your honor; but it ain't possible."

"I think a man might swim out."

"The first wave would dash him to pieces against the cliff."

"What depth of water below?"

"The cliff goes down like a wall, forty fathom, at least."

"The deeper the better. What distance to the water?"

"A good fifty feet."

"Well, I have dived off the main yard of the *Chesapeake*. Now listen to me. Have you got some light, strong rope?"

"As much as you like."

"Well, take a double coil round my chest, and do you take care to pay it out fast enough as I draw upon it."

"You won't draw much after the first plunge; it will be the same thing as suicide, every inch."

"Well, we shall see. There's no time to be lost: lend me a knife."

And in an instant he whipped off his hat, boots, and pea-jacket, then with the knife he cut off its sleeves and passed the rope through them, that it might chafe him less.

The crew of the doll boatman brightened. There was evidently a method in his madness. "You are a very good swimmer, I suppose, Sir?"

"I have dived through the surf at Nukuheva a few times."

"I never knew a white man that could do that," Tyrawley smiled. "But whatever you do, 'he said,' mind and let me have plenty of rope. Now out of the way, my friends, and let me have a clear start."

He walked slowly to the edge of the cliff, looked over to see how much the rock sheltered current; then returned, looked to see that there was plenty of rope for him to carry out, then took a short run, and leaped as if from the springing-board of a plunging-bath. He touched the water full five-and-twenty feet from the edge of the cliff. Down into its dark depth he went, like a plummet, but soon to rise again. As he reached the surface he saw the crest of a mighty wave a few yards in front of him—the wave that he had been told was to dash him lifeless against the cliff. But now his old experience of the Pacific stands him in good stead. For two moments he drawn breath, then, ere it reaches him, he dives below its centre. The water dashes against the cliff, but the swimmer rises far beyond it. A faint cheer rises from the shore as they feel him draw upon the rope. The waves follow in succession, and he dives again and again, rising like an otter to take breath, making very steadily onward, though more below the water than above it.

We must now turn to the ship. The waves have made a clean breach over her bows. The crew are crowded upon the stern. They hold on to the bulwarks, and await the end, for no boat can live in such a sea. Suddenly she is hailed from the waters. "Ship ahoy!" shouts a loud, clear voice, which makes itself heard above the storm. "Throw me a rope or a buoy!" The life-buoy was still hanging in its accustomed place by the mainmast. The captain almost mechanically takes it down, and with well-directed aim throws it within a yard or two of the swimmer. In a moment it is under his arms, and in half a minute he is on board.

"Come on board, Sir," he says to the captain, pulling one of his wet curls professionally. The captain appeared to recognize him in a winter from the lower world; so, turning to the crew, he lifted up the rope he had brought from the shore. Then for the first time the captain and his mission flashed upon their mind, and a desperate cheer arises forth from all hands, instantly re-echoed from the shore. Then a strong cable is attached to the small rope and drawn on board—then a second—and the communication is complete. But no time is to be lost, for the stern shows signs of breaking up, and there is a leaky passage. While the captain is planning a sort of chair in which she might be moved, Tyrawley lets her up on his left arm, breaks himself with his right by the upper rope, and walks along the lower as if he had been a dancer. He is first on shore, for no sailor would leave till the lady was safe. But they soon follow, and in five minutes the ship is clear—five men—and the last trace of her is left.

Ravelstoke Hall has been aroused by the news of the wreck, and Mr. Ravelstoke has just arrived with brandy and blankets. Him Tyrawley avoids; and thinking he can be of no further use, he betakes himself across the country once more, and by the aid of the friendly elm regains his chamber without observation.

The lady, whom Tyrawley had deposited in a cottage, with a strong recommendation that she should go to sleep immediately, was soon carried off in triumph by Mr. Ravelstoke to the Hall, and welcomed by Lady Grace at half past three in the morning. There were very few of the guests who slept undisturbed that night. The unusual noise in the house aroused every body, and many excursions were made in unfinished costume to endeavor to ascertain what was going on. The excitement culminated when the miscellaneous assemblage who had conducted the captain and some of the crew to the Hall, after being well supplied with ale and stronger liquids, conceived that it would be the correct thing to give three cheers at the hour of half past five.

It was then that Lord Tolmulton, an Irish peer, laboring under an erroneous impression that the house was attacked, was discovered on the landing-place, in army cousting principally of a short dressing-gown, flannel-waistcoat, and a fowling-piece.

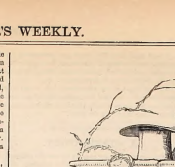
Breakfast that morning was a desultory meal. People finished, and talked about the wreck, and began again. It seemed quite impossible to obtain any thing like an accurate account of what had taken place. At last the captain appeared, and things almost overwhelmed by the multiplicity of questions, nevertheless, between the intervals of broiled ham and coffee, he managed to elucidate matters a little.

Then came the question, Who was it who swam out to the vessel? Tyrawley had only been able to velotake a few days, and was a stranger in the neighborhood. None of the servants had reached the coast till it was all over, so there had been no one to recognize him.

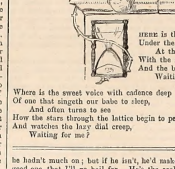
"I scarcely saw him," said the captain; "but he was a dark, tallish man, with a great deal of beard."

"Was he a gentleman?" asked Miss Constance Daynton, who had been taking a deep interest in the whole affair.

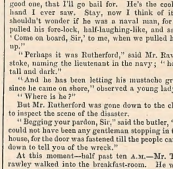
"Well, d'ye see, Miss, I can't exactly say, for



HERE is the form of girlish mould,
Under the spread of the branches old,
At the well-known trysting tree;
With the sunset lighting her tresses of gold,
And the breezes waving them fold upon fold
Waiting for me?



Where is the sweet voice with cadence deep
That I used to love to hear to sleep,
And often tunes to see
How the stars through the lattice begin to peep,
And watcher watch her busy dial creep,
Waiting for me?



Long since those locks are laid i' the clay,
And the form that was both passed away,
On earth no more to be;
But still in the spirit-world afar
She is the dearest of those that are
Waiting for me.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

BOOK III.

THE TRACK OF A STORM.

CHAPTER XIII.

FIFTY-TWO.

IN the black prison of the Conciergerie the doomed of the day awaited their fate. They were in number as the weeks of the year. Fifty-two were to toil that afternoon on the life-task of the city to the hundredth, everlasting sea. Before their cells were quit of them new occupants were already in them; before their blood ran into the blood spilled yesterday, the blood that was to mingle with theirs to-morrow was already set apart.

Two score and twelve were told off. From the farmer-general of seventy, whose riches could not buy him life, to the scrawny seamstress of twenty, whose poverty and obscurity could not save her. Fifty-two were confined together in the vices and neglects of men, will seize on victims of all degrees; and the frightful moral disorder, born of unspeakable suffering, intensified by compression, and heartless indifference, smote equally without distinction.

Charles Darnay, alone in a cell, had sustained himself with no flattering delusion since he came to it from his Trial. In every line of the narrative he had heard he had heard his condemnation. But, he had not comprehended that no personal influence could possibly save him—that he was virtually sentenced by the millions, and that units could avail him nothing.

Nevertheless, it was not easy, with the face he believed wife fresh before him, to compose his mind to what it must bear. His hold on life was strong, and it was very, very hard to loosen; by gradual efforts and degrees unclosed a little here, it clenched the tighter there, and when he brought his strength to bear on that hand and it yielded, this was closed again. There was a hurry, too, in all his thoughts, a turbulent and heated working of his blood, that contended against resignation. If, for a moment, he did feel resigned, then his wife and child, who had to live after him, seemed to protest and to make it a selfish thing.

But all this was at first. Before long the consideration that there was no disgrace in the fate he must meet, and that numbers were the same road wrongfully, and trod it firmly, every day, sprang up to stimulate him. Next followed the thought that much of the future peace of mind enjoyable by the dear ones depended on his quiet fortitude. So by degrees he calmed into the better state when he could raise his thoughts much higher, and draw comfort down.

Before it came to this last he had draft of his condemnation he had traveled thus far on his way. Being allowed to purchase the means of writing, and a light, he sat down to write until such time as the prison lamps should be extinguished.

He wrote a long letter to Lucie, showing her that he had known nothing of her father's imprisonment until he had heard of it from herself, and that he had been as ignorant as she of his father's and uncle's responsibility for that misery until the paper had been read. He had already explained to her that his concealment from herself of the name he had relinquished was the one condition—fully intelligible now—that her father had attached to their betrothal, and was the one promise he had still exacted on the morning of their marriage. He entreated her, for her father's sake, never to seek to know whether he had become oblivious of the existence of the paper, or had had it recalled to him (for the moment, or for good), by the story of the Tower, on that old Sunday under the dear plane-tree in the garden. If he had preserved any definite remembrance of it, there could be no doubt that he had supposed it destroyed with the Bastile, when he had found no mention of it among the relics of prisoners which the popu-

lace had discovered there, and which had been described to all the world.

He besought her—though he added that he knew it was needless—to absolve her father, by impressing him, through every tender means she could think of, with the truth that he had done nothing for which he could justly reproach himself, but had uniformly forgotten himself for their joint sakes. Next to her preservation of his own last grateful love and blessing, and her overcoming of her sorrow, to devote herself to their dear child, he adjured her, as they would meet in Heaven, to comfort her father.

To her father himself he wrote in the same strain; but he told her father that he expressly confided his wife and child to his care. And he told him this, very strongly, with the hope of rousing him from any despondency or dangerous retrospect toward which he foresaw he might be tending.

To Mr. Lorry he commended them all, and explained his worldly affairs. That done, with many added sentences of grateful friendship and warm attachment, all was done. He now thought of Carton. His mind was so full of the others that he never once thought of him.

He had time to finish these letters before the lights were put out. When he lay down on his straw bed he thought he had done with this world.

But it beckoned him back in his sleep, and showed itself in shining forms. Free and happy, back in the old house in Soho (though it had nothing in it like the old house), unconsciously released and light of heart, he was with Lucie again, and she told him she had been free, and he had never gone away. A pause of forgetfulness, and then he had even suffered, and had come back to her, and was recovering, and yet there was no difference in him. Another pause of oblivion, and he awoke in the solemn morning, unconscious where he was or what had happened, until it flashed upon his mind, "This is the day of my death!"

Thus had he come through the hours to the day when the fifty-two heads were to fall. And now, while he composed and hoped that he could meet the end with quiet heroism, a new action began in his waking thoughts which was very difficult to master.

He had never seen the instrument that was to terminate his life. How high it was from the ground, how many steps it had, where he would be stood, how he would be touched, whether the touching hands would be dyed red, which way his face would be turned, whether he would be the first, or might be the last: these and many similar questions, in nowise directed by his will, obtruded themselves even as he now again countless times. Neither were they connected with fear: he was conscious of no fear. Rather they originated in a strange besetting desire to know what to do when the time came; a desire gigantically disproportionate to the few swift moments to which it referred; a wondering that was more like the wondering of some other spirit within his than his own.

The hours went on as he walked to and fro, and the clocks struck the numbers he would never hear again. Nine gone forever, ten gone forever, eleven gone forever, twelve coming on to pass away. After a hard contest with that eccentric action of thought which had last perplexed him, he had got the better of it. He walked up and down, softly repeating their names to himself. The worst of the strife was over. He could walk up and down, free from distracting fancies, praying for himself and for them.

Twelve gone forever.

He had been apprized that the final hour was Three, and he knew he would be summoned some time earlier, inasmuch as the tumbrils jolted heavily and slowly through the streets. Therefore he resolved to keep Two before his mind as the hour, and so to strengthen himself in the interval that he might be able, after that time, to strengthen others.

Walking regularly to and fro with his arms folded on his breast, a very different man from the prisoner who had walked to and fro at La force, he heard One struck away from him without surprise. The hour had measured like most other hours. Devoutly thankful to Heaven for his received self-possession, he thought, "There is but another now," and turned to walk again.

Footsteps in the stone passage, outside the door. He stopped.

The key was put in the lock, and turned. Before the door was opened, or as it opened, a man said in a low voice, in English: "He has never seen me here; I have kept out of his way. Go you in alone; I wait near. Lose no time!"

The door was quickly opened and closed, and there stood before him face to face, quiet, intent, with his hand on the light of a mask of dark features and a cautionary finger on his lip, Sydney Carton.

There was something so bright and remarkable in his look, that, for the first moment, the prisoner misdoubted him to be an apparition in his own imagining. But he spoke, and it was his voice; he took the prisoner's hand, and it was his real grasp.

"Of all the people upon earth you least expected to see me!" he said.

"I could not believe it to be you. I can scarcely believe it now. You are not"—the apprehension came suddenly into his mind—"a prisoner?"

"No. I am accidentally possessed of a power over one of the keepers here, and in virtue of it I stand before you. I come from her—your wife, dear Darnay."

The prisoner wrung his hand.

"I bring you a request from her."

"What is it?"

"A most earnest, pressing, and emphatic entreaty addressed to you in the most touching tones of the voice so dear to you, that you well remember."

The prisoner turned his face partly aside.

"You have no time to ask me why I bring it, or what it means; I have no time to tell you. You must comply with it—take off those boots you wear, and draw mine instead of mine."

There was a chair against the wall of the cell, behind the prisoner. Carton, pressing forward, had already, with the speed of lightning, got him down into it, and stood over him barefoot.

"Draw mine on! Quick! Draw mine on! Put your hands to them; put your will to them. Quick!"

"Carton, there is no escaping from this place; it never can be done. You will only die with me. It is madness."

"It would be madness if I asked you to escape; but do I? When I ask you to pass out at that door, tell me it is madness and remain here, then accuse me of having acted basely toward you for this of mine. While you do it, let me take this coat from your shoulders, and draw on your hair like this of mine!"

With wonderful quickness, and with a strength, skill, and determination that made resistance supernatural, he forced all these changes upon him. The prisoner was like a young child in his hands.

"Carton! Dear Carton! It is madness. It can not be accomplished, it never can be done, it has been attempted, and has always failed. Consider not only what I say about it, but the pen and ink and paper on this table. Is your money enough to take you out?"

"It was, when you came in."

"Steady it again, and write what I shall dictate. Quick, dear friend, quick!"

Pressing his hand to his bewildered head, Darnay sat down at the table. Carton, with his right hand in his breast, stood close beside him.

"Write exactly as I speak."

"To whom do I address it?"

"To no one." Carton still had his hand in his breast.

"Do I date it?"

"No."

The prisoner looked up at each question. Carton, standing over him with his hand in his breast, looked down.

"If you remember," said Carton, dictating, "the words that passed between us, long ago, you will readily comprehend this when you see it. You do remember them, I know. It is not likely I should forget them."

He was drawing his hand from his breast; the prisoner changing to look up in his hurried wonder as he wrote, the hand stopped, closing upon something.

"Have you written 'forget them?'" Carton asked.

"I have. Is that a weapon in your hand?"

"No; I am not armed."

"What is it in your hand?"

You shall know directly. Write on; there are but a few words more." He dictated again.

"I am thankful that the time has come when I can prove them. That I do so, is no subject for regret or grief." As he said these words, again his pen faltered, and again the writer, his hand slowly and softly moved down close to the writer's face.

The pen dropped from Darnay's fingers on the table, and he looked at Carton vacantly.

"What paper is that?" he asked.

"Paper?"

"I am conscious of nothing; there can be nothing here. Take up the pen and finish. Hurry, hurry!"

As if his memory were impaired, or his faculties disordered, the prisoner made an effort to rally his attention. As he looked at Carton with clouded eyes and with an altered manner of breathing, Carton—his hand again in his breast—looked steadily at him.

"Hurry, hurry!"

The prisoner bent over the paper once more.

"If it had been otherwise;" Carton's hand was again watchfully and softly stealing down;

"I never should have used the longer opportunity. If it had been otherwise;" the hand was at the prisoner's face; "I should but have had so much the more to answer for. If it had been otherwise—" Carton looked at the pen and saw that it was trailing off into unintelligible signs.

Carton's hand moved back to his breast no more. The prisoner sprang up with a reproachful look, but Carton's hand was close and firm at his throat, and Carton's left arm encircled him round the waist. For a few seconds he struggled with the man who had come to lay down his life for his; but within a minute or so he was stretched insensible on the ground.

Quickly, but with hands as true to the purpose as his heart was, Carton dressed himself in the clothes the prisoner had laid aside, combed back his hair, and tied it with the ribbon the prisoner had worn. Then he softly called, "Enter there! Come in!" and the Spy presented himself.

"You see?" said Carton, looking up at him, as he knelt on one knee beside the insensible figure, putting the paper in the breast: "a type changed very great?"

"Mr. Carton," the Spy answered, with a timid snap of his fingers, "my hazard is not *that*, in the thick of business here, if you are true to the whole of your bargain."

"Don't fear me. I will be true to the death."

"You must be, Mr. Carton, if the tale of fifty-two is to be right. Being made right by you in that dress I shall have no fear."

"Have no fear! I shall soon be out of the way of harming you, and the rest will soon be far from here, please God! Now get assistance and take me to the coach."

"You?" said the Spy, nervously.

"Him, man, with whom I have exchanged. You go out at the gate by which you brought me in?"

"Of course."

"I was weak and faint when you brought me in, and I am fainter now you take me out. The parting interview has overpowered me. Such a thing has happened here often, and too often. Your life is in your own hands. Quick! Call assistance!"

"You swear not to betray me?" said the trembling Spy, as he paused for a last moment.

"Man, man!" returned Carton, stamping his foot; "have I sworn by no solemn vow already to go through with this that you waste the precious moments now? Take him yourself to the court-yard you know of, place him yourself in the carriage, show him yourself to Mr. Lorry, tell him yourself to give him no restorative but air, and to remember my words of last night, and his promise of last night, and drive away!"

The spy withdrew, and Carton seated himself at the table, resting his forehead on his hands. The Spy returned immediately, with two men.

"How, then?" said one of them, contemplating the fallen figure. "So afflicted to find that his friend has drawn a prize in the lottery of Sainte Guillotine?"

"A good patriot," said the other, "could hardly have been more afflicted if the Aristocrat had drawn a blank."

They raised the unconscious figure, placed it on a litter they had brought to the door, and bent to carry it away.

"The time is short, Evrémonde," said the Spy, in a warning voice.

"I know it well," answered Carton. "Be careful of my friend, I entreat you, and leave me."

"Come, then, my children!" said Barsad. "Lift him, and come away!"

The door closed, and Carton was left alone. Straining his powers of listening to the utmost, he listened for any sound that might denote suspicion or alarm. There was none. Keys turned, doors clashed, footsteps passed along distant passages: no cry was raised, or hurry made, that seemed unusual. Breathing more freely in a little while, he sat down at the table, and listened again until the clocks struck Two.

Sounds that he was not afraid of, for he distinctly knew their meaning, then began to be audible. Several doors were opened in succession, and finally his own. A jailer, with a list in his hand, looked in, merely saying, "Follow me, Evrémonde!" and he followed into a large dark room at a distance. It was a dark winter day, and what with the shadows within, and what with the shadows without, he could but dimly discern the others who were brought there to have their arms bound. Some were standing; some were seated. Some were lamenting, and in restless motion; but these were few. The great majority were silent and still, looking fixedly at the ground.

As he stood by the wall in a dim corner, while some of the fifty-two were brought in after him, one man stopped, in passing, to embrace him, as having a knowledge of him. He thrilled him with a great dread of discovery; but the man went on. A very few moments after that a young woman, with a slight girlish form, a sweet space for in which there was no vestige of color, and large, widely-opened, patient eyes, rose from the seat where he had observed her sitting, and came to speak to him.

"Citizen Evrémonde," she said, touching him with her cold hand, "I am a poor little seamstress who was with you in La Force."

He murmured for answer, "True. I forget what you were accused of?"

"Plots. Though the just Heaven knows I am innocent of any. Is it likely? Who would think of plotting with a poor little weak creature like me?"

The forlorn smile with which she said it so touched him that tears started from his eyes.

"I am not afraid to die, Citizen Evrémonde, but I have been confined so long, I am not unwilling to die, if the Republic, which is to do so much good to us poor, will profit by my death; but I do not know how that can be, Citizen Evrémonde. Such a poor weak little creature!"

As the last thing on earth that he himself was to warm and soften to, it warmed and softened to this pitiable girl.

"I know that you were released, Citizen Evrémonde. I hoped it was true?"

"It was. But I was again taken and condemned."

"If I may ride with you, Citizen Evrémonde, will you let me hold your hand? I am not afraid, but I am little and weak, and it will give me more courage."

As the patient eyes were lifted to his face he saw a sudden doubt in them, and then astonishment. He pressed the worn-out, long-worn young fingers, and touched his lips.

"Are you dying for him?" she whispered.

"And his wife and child. Hush! Yes."

"Oh, you will let me hold your brave hand, stronger?"

"Hush! Yes, my poor sister; to the last."

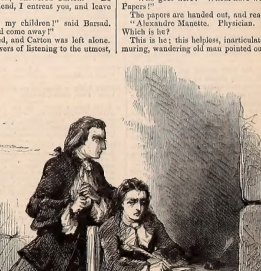
The same shadows that are falling on the prison are falling; in that same hour of the early afternoon, on the Barrier with the crowd about it, when a coach going out of Paris drives up to be examined.

"Who goes here? Whom have we within? Papers!"

The papers are handed out, and read.

"Alexandre Manette. Physician. French. Which is he?

This is he; this helpless, inarticulately-murmuring, wandering old man pointed out.



"WRITE EXACTLY AS I SPEAK."

"Apparently the Citizen-Doctor is not in his right mind? The Revolution-fever will have been too much for him?"

Gently too much for him.

"Hah! Many suffer with it, Lucie. His daughter. English. Which is she?"

This is she.

"Apparently it must be. Lucie, the wife of Evrémonde; is it not?"

It is.

"Hah! Evrémonde has an assignation elsewhere. Lucie, the child. English. This is she?"

She, and no other.

"Kiss me, child of Evrémonde. Now, thou hast kissed a good Republican; something new in thy family; remember it! Sydney Carton. Advocate. English. Which is he?"

He lies here, in the corner of the carriage. He, too, is pointed out.

"Apparently the English advocate is in a serious?"

It is hoped he will recover in the fresher air. It is represented that he is not in strong health, and has separated sadly from a friend who is under the displeasure of the Republic.

"Is this all? It is little for so much deal, that! Many are under the displeasure of the Republic, and must look out at the little window. Jarvis Lorry. Banker. English. Which is he?"

"I am he. Necessarily being the last."

It is Jarvis Lorry who has replied to all the previous questions. It is Jarvis Lorry who has alighted and stands with his hand on the window-door, replying to a group of officials. They leisurely walk round the carriage and leisurely mount the box, to look at the shut boot and pass it carries on the roof; the country-people hanging about press nearer to the coach-doors, and greedily stare in; a little child, carried by its mother, has its short arm held out for it, that it may touch the wig of an aristocrat who has come to the Guillotine.

"Behold your papers, Jarvis Lorry, countersigned."

"One can depart, citizen?"

"One can depart. Forward, my postilions! A good journey!"

"I salute you, citizens. And the first danger passed!"

These are again the words of Jarvis Lorry, as he clasps his hands, and looks upward. There is a terror in the carriage, there is weeping, there is the heavy breathing of the terrible traveler.

"Are we not going too slowly? Can they not be induced to go faster?" asks Lucie, clinging to the old man.

"It would seem like flight, my darling. I must not urge them too much: it would rouse suspicion."

"Look back, look back, and see if we are pursued?"

"The road is clear, my dearest. So far, we are not pursued."

Houses in two and threes pass by us, solitary farms, ruinous buildings, dye-works, tanneries, and the like, open country, avenues of leafless trees. The hard uneven pavement is under us, the soft grass by its side as either side. Sometimes we strike into the skirting mud, to avoid the stones that clatter us and shake us, and sometimes we stick up on a stone and recover. The agony of our impatience is then so great that, in our wild alarm and hurry, we are for getting out and running—hiding—doing anything but stopping.

Out of the open country, in again among ruinous buildings, solitary farms, dye-works, tanneries, and the like, cottages in twos and threes, avenues of leafless trees. The sun goes down, deceived us, and taken us back by another road? Is not this the same place twice? Thank Heaven, no. A village. Look back, look back, and see if we are pursued! Rush; the postilions house.

Leisurely our four horses are taken out; leisurely the coach stands; leisurely the agitated beroft of horses, and with no likelihood upon it of ever moving again; leisurely the new horses come into visible existence, one by one, out of nobody knows where; leisurely the new postilions follow, sucking and plaiting the lashes of their whips; leisurely the old postilions count their money in their hats, make reckonings, and arrive at dissatisfied results. All the time, overflowing with agony, are beating at a rate that would far outstrip the fastest gallop of the fastest horses ever foaled.

At length the new postilions are in their saddles, and the old are left behind. We are through the village, up the hill, and down the hill, and on the low watery grounds. Suddenly the postilions exchange speech with animation and gesticulation, and the horses are pulled up, almost on their haunches. We are pursued.

"Ho! Within the carriage there! Speak, then!"

"What is it?" asks Mr. Lorry, looking out at window.

"How many did they say?"

"I do not understand you."

"—At the last post. How many to the Guillotine to-day?"

"Fifty-two."

"I said so! A brave number! My fellow-citizen here would have it forty-two; ten more heads are worth having. The Guillotine goes handsomely. Live the Republic! Forward! Whoop then!"

The night comes on dark. He moves more; he is beginning to revive, and to speak intelligibly: he thinks they are still together; he asks him, by his name, what he has in his hand. O joy, so, kind Heaven, and help us! Look out, look out, and see if we are pursued.

The wind is rushing after us, and the clouds are flying after us, and the moon is plunging after us, and the whole wild night is in pursuit of us; but, so far, we are pursued by nothing else.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Throat Diseases.

"*Brown's Bronchial Troches*, or Cough Lozenges.—*From Rev. E. H. Pratt, East Wooster-st., Conn.* I feel grateful to you for placing within the reach of the suffering so valuable a remedy. I was afflicted for years with throat troubles, not less to my general health than to my throat. I recommend them with great pleasure on every hand."

To Housekeepers.—The attention of heads of families is respectfully invited to the superior quality of

Burnett's Flavoring Extracts.

They are entirely free from the poisonous oils and acids which enter into the composition of many of the fictitious fruit flavors now in the market. They are highly concentrated, have all the freshness and delicacy of the fruits from which they are prepared, and are less expensive.

PREPARED BY JOSEPH BURNETT & CO.,
Boston.

361 BROADWAY 539
BRIDAL SUITES,
Tucker's Flowers, Feathers, and Miscellaneous Items.
Are all reliable.

Ladies' Furs at Genin's Bazaar,
513 Broadway,
Under the St. Nicholas Hotel.

HUDSON'S BAY SABLE,
RUSSIAN SABLE,
MINK, MARTEN,
ROYAL ERMINE,
OF THE LATEST STYLES FROM EUROPE AND
CHILDREN'S FURS,
IN ELEGANT VARIETY,
STOCK LARGE,
ASSORTMENT COMPLETE,
PRICES MODERATE.
GENIN'S BAZAAR,
513 Broadway.

AUTHOR'S EDITION
OF
Tom Brown at Oxford.
TICKNOR & FIELDS, of BOSTON, will issue this new work, by the Author of

"TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL DAYS AT RUGBY,"

in *Monthly Parts*,

Price 12 cents each,

printed from the early stereotyped plates.
Part I. now ready.
Sent by mail, postage free, on receipt of price.

Red Whiskers or Gray are instantaneously changed into a natural looking brown, black, or auburn tint by the Instantaneous Hair Dye. Sold by all Hair Dyes. It is perfectly harmless, and will not injure the skin. Manufactory, 81 John-st., New York. Ascertain the like as to reader detection impossible. Sold by all Druggists of "Quack" Hair Dyes. Address as above.

HARPER & BROTHERS,
327 to 330 Pearl-st. (Franklin Square.)

Have just Published:

THE VIRGINIANS. A Tale of the Last Century. By W. M. THACKERAY. Illustrated by the Author. Part I. "Vanity Fair." "Pendennis." "Henry Esmond." One Vol. 8vo. Muslin, $1 50; paper, $1. Also, in English Hemistyle, &c. &c. With Illustrations by the Author. Part II. Ready December 1.

WOMEN ARTISTS in all Ages and Countries. By MRS. ELLET, Author of "Women of the American Revolution." 12mo. Muslin, $1 25.

FISHER'S RIVER (North Carolina), Scenes and Characters. By "SARPY." Who was Raised Thar." Illustrated by Darley and McLenan. 12mo. $1 25.

A GOOD FIGHT, and Other Tales. By CHARLES READE. Author of "Peg Woffington," "Christie Johnstone," &c. Endearing: I. "A Good Fight."—II. "Jack of all Trades."—III. "A Resurrection of a Thief."—IV. Illustrations. 12mo. Muslin, 75 cents.

SWORD AND GOWN. A Novel. By the Author of "Savile House." 12mo. Muslin, $1 25 each.

HARRY LEE; or, Hope for the Poor. With Illustrations. 12mo. Muslin, 75 cents.

A CIFE FOR A LIFE. By the Author of "John Halifax," "The Ogilvies," "The Head of the Family," &c. &c. With Illustrations. 8vo. Muslin, 75 cents. The Library Edition uniform with the Library Edition of "John Halifax," "Ogilvies," and "The Student's Library." Large 12mo. Muslin, $1 00.

HENRY ST. JOHN, GENTLEMAN, A Tower of Hendrede, in the County of Prince George, Virginia. A Tale of 1737. By WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS, Author of "Lucile Beauchamp and Sibly," "The Virginia Comedians," &c. &c. 12mo. Muslin, $1 50.

MY THIRD BOOK. A Collection of Tales. By LORD CHARLES HOTTUS. 12mo. Muslin, $1 00.

GERALD FITZGERALD, "THE CHEVALIER." A Novel. By CHARLES LEVER. Author of "Charles O'Malley," "Jack Hinton," "The Dodd Family Abroad," "St. Jasper Cousin," "Maurice Tiernay," &c. &c. Complete. 8vo. Paper, 50 cents.

LIFE AND LIBERTY IN AMERICA; or, Sketches of a Tour in the United States and Canada in 1857-8. By CHARLES LEE, LL.D., F.S.A. With Ten Illustrations. 12mo. Muslin, $1 00.

HARPER & BROTHERS will send either of the above Works by mail, postage free, to any distance in the United States under 3000 miles), on receipt of the Money.

MEDICAL COMMON SENSE.
MEDICAL COMMON SENSE.
MEDICAL COMMON SENSE.

This is a book which treats of the thrilling interest of a romance, and yet vitally of the laws of life and health. A curious book. The table of contents is not copious. Of course it is not: a table of contents has no application to perfect confusion, and this book is the embodiment of perfect confusion, chronic disease. Dr. R. B. FOOTE of nameless fame, now at No. 9 Broadway, next door to Dr. Chapin's church, New York.

Hon. Edward Everett.

We are now sending post-paid, securely packed, our splendid new full-length Steel Engravings of EDWARD EVERETT and WASHINGTON on these terms:

Either Engraving and a $3 Magazine, one year $3 00
Both Engravings " " " " $4 00

No other terms. The Magazines are Harper's, Knickerbocker, Godey's Lady's Book, The Atlantic, and Blackwood.* Remit to

O. H. BAILEY & CO.,
Publishers, Broadway, New York,
AT WILLIAM HALL & SON'S Music Store.

* See Advertisement in last week's Weekly.

These celebrated and pleasant Bitters are highly recommended by the faculty as the purest and finest Tonic and general Stimulant ever offered to the public for General Debility, Loss of Appetite, Constipation, and other Derangements of the Stomach and Digestive Organs.

PRINCIPAL DEPOT,
No. 145 Water Street.
For Sale Everywhere.

PIMMEL'S WHITE ALMOND SOAP
is and EMOLLIENT SOAP of the highest quality, recommended for their emollient properties and delightful aroma.
Sold by all the Trade.
E. RIMMEL, *Perfumer, London and Paris.*

Garnet and Coral Jewelry.—We invite attention to our late importation of Coral and Garnet Jewelry, consisting of Sets, Necklaces, Bracelets, Earrings, Pins, Studs, Rings, Slides, Lockets, Charms, &c. &c.
OSBORNE, BOARDMAN & TOWNSEND,
No. 257 Broadway, corner of Spring Street.

Special Announcement
FROM THE
Quaker City Publishing House!

100,000 Catalogues,
NEW, ENLARGED AND REVISED—NOW READY FOR DISTRIBUTION.

Superior Inducements to the Public!

A new and sure plan for obtaining GOLD and SILVER WATCHES, and other valuable Prizes. Full particulars, with numerous testimonials, will be sent free to all who apply.

Valuable Gifts, worth from 50 cents to $100, GUARANTEED to each purchaser. $100,000 in Gifts have been distributed to my patrons within the past six months, and they will be distributed during the next six months.

The inducements offered Agents are more liberal than those of any other house in the business.

Having the largest Publishing and Bookselling business for the last eight years, my experience enables me to conduct the business with the greatest satisfactories to all.

AGENTS WANTED in every Town and County. For full particulars address DUANE RULISON,
Quaker City Publishing House,
23 South Third Street,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

TO SOUTHERN MERCHANTS.
HARPENDEN'S EXPRESS
LEAVES EVERY
TUESDAY, THURSDAY AND SATURDAY,
BY STEAMSHIP,
FOR SAVANNAH,
Thence, by Georgia Central Railroad, to
MACON, ATLANTA, AUGUSTA,
ALBANY, MOBILE, KNOXVILLE,
NASHVILLE, CHARLESTON, MONTGOMERY,
NEW ORLEANS,
And all Towns in the Interior of
Georgia, Alabama and Tennessee.

Every description of merchandise forwarded at Low rates, and delivered with promptness and despatch.
For further particulars apply at the offices of
HARPENDEN'S EXPRESS, 74 Broadway.

New Books.
VERDANT GREEN. A College Story. By CUTHBERT BEDE. With 32 Illustrations. Price $1 00.
MICHELET'S LOVE (7 Annouv). $1 00.
LIFE OF LOUIS XIV. (by Hesekiel). $2 00.
BOSS & CARLETON'S COMIC COMPANION. $1 50.
Sent by mail, postage free, on receipt of price.
BOSS & CARLETON, Publishers, 139 Grand St., N. Y.

Grover & Baker's
NOISELESS
Family Sewing Machines,
AT REDUCED PRICES.

New York, Oct. 21, 1859.

The undersigned, Ministers and Laymen of the Methodist Episcopal Church, having purchased and used in our families GROVER & BAKER'S NOISELESS FAMILY SEWING MACHINE," take pleasure in recommending it as an article highly conducive to the economics of a good machine. Its beautiful simplicity, its perfect adjustment, and the strength and elasticity of its stitch, unite to render it, in our opinion, a most valuable assistant in any family. We therefore, without solicitation, add our testimonial to all who have used it, and say to the public, that we believe it to be the best machine now in use.

C. LAREW,
R. S. STOCKTON,
M. VOORHIS,
A. STEVENS,
425 Broadway, New York; 15 Summer Street, Boston; 730 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia; 181 Baltimore Street, Baltimore; 265 West Fourth Street, Cincinnati; 118 Montgomery Street, San Francisco; 33 St. Francis Street, Mobile; 11 Camp Street, New Orleans.

ALL MACHINES WARRANTED.

SEND FOR A CIRCULAR.

RICHARDSON'S NEW METHOD
FOR THE PIANO is having an immense sale, and rapidly taking the place of all other Instruction Books. Price $3, on receipt of which it will be sent by mail, post-paid. Sold by all Music Dealers, and by the Publishers, OLIVER DITSON & CO., BOSTON.

32. HEALTH OF AMERICA. 32.
Previous notices and testimonials have established the fact that THE GRAEFENBERG COMPANY'S MARSHALL'S UTERINE CATHOLICON is the only reliable cure for those diseases which render the lives of women, from the age of 15 upward, miserable to an extent known only to themselves. Every form of difficult menstrual and single, and no social position, refinement of fortune, is a protection to life, effects and guarantee against them. Besides the local uterine symptoms, they are often attended with

Deranged Monthly Periods,
Irregularities,—Weakness,—Faintness,—
Deranged Appetite,—Indigestion,—
Pain in the Back and Kidneys,—Chills,—
Cold Hands and Feet,—Nervousness,—Hysterics,—
Neuralgia,—Palpitation of the Heart,—
Dizziness,—Nervousness,—Headache,—Faintness,—
Disturbed Sleep,—Flushes of Heat,—General Pain,—
Crawling and Pain at Pit of Stomach and Between Shoulders,—Acid Stomach,—Sinkings,—Indigestion,—
Bloody passing of Urine with Pain,—Scanty passing of Urine,—
Itching—Burning or Irritation of the Uterine Organs,—
Dropsical Swellings,—
Dropsy—Female Weakness—Debility—Dead Weight—Nervous Irritability—
Starting—Constipation—Costiveness—
Irritable Temper—Sadness—Depraved Appetite—
Flatulency—Bloated and Irregular Bowels—
Unpleasant Dreams—Pains in the Uterine Organs—
Pain in the Head and Pain in the Limbs—
Loss of Memory—Bewilderment—Soreness in the Feet—
Pain in the Back.

THE GRAEFENBERG MARSHALL'S UTERINE CATHOLICON will prevent all these distressing symptoms and may be fully depended upon. All other preparations are worthless imitations.

Letters of Advice and Instructions, from clergymen and publishers of the Graefenberg Company's Medicines, may be had gratis, by addressing Dr. Wilson, Box 1922, New York, and enclosing references to persons in the city. It will not be sent to any other address.

Price, $1 50 *per bottle; Five bottles for* $6. Sent by EXPRESS to all parts of the country. Office of the COMPANY, 25 PARK ROW, NEW YORK.

DR. J. F. HERON may be consulted professionally, at his office, at the Graefenberg Company's Institutions, No. 32 *Park Row. Office hours,* 9 *to* 1 *and* 3 *to* 6.

DR. H. has had extended experience in this latter, §1 may be inclosed to insure reply.

DR. H. *has had a large and practice of medicines adapted directly to the cure of the Graefenberg Institutions are chiefly for their own use, EXPRESS NOTICE TO STRANGERS.* A *weekly medical paper, published for Family Use, and elegantly embellished with Engravings, for promotion of the Science of Health, and Diseases of Women, on the receipt of which it is wanted to any part of the country.*

THE HERO OF DELHI.

TWELVE YEARS
OF A
SOLDIER'S LIFE IN INDIA,
Being Extracts from the Letters of the late
MAJOR W. S. R. HODSON, B.A.
First Bengal European Fusiliers, Commandant of Hodson's Horse.

INCLUDING
A Personal Narrative of the Siege of Delhi and Capture of the King and Princes,
Edited by his brother, REV. GEORGE H. HODSON, M.A.
With an Introduction by the Author of "School Days at Rugby."

The Author of "School Days at Rugby" says of the subject of this memoir:

"There is little chance that the subject of this paper will ever be known to the world as he ought to be. He carried out with his sword a name for himself which knows few equals in the history of India. But the deeds which have made him famous are known to yet together one of the best biographies in our language. Every Englishman who wishes to be proud of his race, to honor the heroes of the Indian mutiny will never be forgotten, and the names of our Indian heroes will be held up at the names of Lawrence, Havelock, and Hodson."

"Thirteen Illustrations.

FIRST AMERICAN, FROM THE THIRD ENGLISH EDITION.
1 vol. 16mo. Price $1 00.

THIS DAY PUBLISHED BY
TICKNOR & FIELDS, Boston.
Copies mailed, postage paid, on receipt of price.

ITCHING CHILBLAINS.
A sure relief, "Dupuy's Chilblain Balm." 25 cents per box; per mail 30 cents. Sold at 663 Broadway.

oilet Vinegar
is far superior to Eau de Cologne as a lotion for the Toilet or Bath, a reviving Perfume, and a powerful Disinfectant.
Sold by all the Trade.
E. Rimmel,
Perfumer, London and Paris.

A Book for Everybody.

THE RIGHT WORD IN THE RIGHT PLACE: A Pocket Dictionary of Synonyms, Technical Terms, Abbreviations, Foreign Phrases, &c., with a Chapter on Punctuation and Proof-Reading. This will be an indispensable pocket-guide for every writer and speaker who would say exactly what he means, and in other words not less, and say it in the best way. In short, this work should be used by

POCKET AND DESK COMPANION
OF
THE EDITOR: THE ORATOR:
THE CORRESPONDENT: THE CLERGYMAN:
THE LAWYER: THE STUDY SCHOLAR:
THE STUDENT: THE AUTHOR:
THE LEGISLATOR: THE STUDENT, AND
THE CONVEYANCER: THE SCHOOLMASTER.

PRICE FIFTY CENTS.

Sent by mail, to any address, on receipt of the price.

FOWLER AND WELLS, New York.

Roman Eye Balsam.

For inflamed Eyelids, and for the cure of scrofulous humors or sweetness surrounding or near the Eye. In all cases of Sore Eyes, remember it is almost a specific.

Price 25 cents per jar. Forwarded per mail on receipt of postage stamps.

Prepared and sold by A. W. & D. SANDS, 241 William-street, Fulton, N. Y.

The Elegant Man and who he is.

BY JULIA CARY HERNDANDE.

Oh! Jennie, had you seen him
As he marched down the street;
His clothes, they were so stylish,
And his gloves they were so neat!
His features proud, his bearing high,
His smile, superb, commanding;
His air and looks at once proclaimed
A man of taste and standing.

We did not speak, he passed me by,
He nigher knows nor wants me;
Tis chance if ere we meet again,
But still in memory haunts me!
And he—this paragon of men—
Who so surpasses all others,
Is the "walking advertising man," [1]
Employed by the great SARSAPARILLA BROTHERS!

"Twin Temples of Fashion."

ONE PRICE—NO DEVIATION.

The Price is marked on all the Goods in Plain Figures.

SMITH BROTHERS,

The Marble Stores,

122, 138, and 140 Fulton Street,

Between Broadway and William St.

THOMAS SMITH, Jr.,
ROBERT L. SMITH,
F. SMITH RICE.

NEW YORK.

DUSSELDORF GALLERY.

549 Broadway,

SONNTAG'S GREAT PICTURE,

"A DREAM OF ITALY."

Is just added to the above collection. OPEN DAY AND EVENING. Admission Seventy Cents.

A LIFE. FOR A LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN,"

In "A Life for a Life," the author is fortunate in a good subject, and has indeed a work of strong ethical fact. The reader having read the book through for the story, will be apt to be one of many persons to re-read and send again many pages and passages with greater interest. It is a book to be read slowly, and to be taken with a grateful leader delicacy; and in addition to its other merits, it is written in good, careful English.—*Athenæum.*

"A Life for a Life" is one of the best of the author's works. We like it better than "John Halifax." It is a book we should like every member of every family in England to read.—*Herald.*

Cheap Edition, 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.
Library Edition, 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS will send the above Work by Mail, postage pre-paid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the Money.

REMOVAL.

JAMES BOGARDUS,
Architect in Iron, Civil Engineer, Constructor, and Patentee of Iron Buildings,
Patentee of the Daguerreotype of Motion,
Proposes Erecting Extensive Universal Mills,
Machine Shops, Foundries, and Rolling Mills for Iron Steamers,
Has Invented Improvements in Ordnance,
Office No. 397 Canal Street, near Centre, New York.
Iron Building corner Canal and Duane Sts., formerly occupied, has been removed in widening Duane Street.

☞ **Schmitt's Automatic Grain Scale.** — Self-adding, self-weighing, self-registering. Patent Right, or Rights for sale.
WM. AUGUSTUS GOURDIN, Agent,
At office of George McBride Smith, No. 107 Front St.

DR. LIVINGSTONE'S JOURNALS.

Now Ready, a New Edition, with Portrait, Maps, Index, and Illustrations. 8vo, $3 50.

☞ **The only Complete and Unabridged American Edition.**

Missionary Travels and Researches in South Africa:

Including a Sketch of Sixteen Years' Residence in the Interior of Africa, and a Journey from the Cape of Good Hope to Loanda on the West Coast; thence across the Continent, down the River Zambesi, to the Eastern Ocean.

BY DAVID LIVINGSTONE, LL.D., D.C.L.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS will send the above Work by Mail, postage pre-paid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of three Dollars.

GROVER & BAKER'S
CELEBRATED
FAMILY SEWING MACHINES,
At Reduced Prices.

READ WHAT A DISTINGUISHED MAN SAYS.

"I take pleasure in saying, that the Grover & Baker Sewing Machines have more than answered my highest expectations. Having now used them six months, I have tried them in a variety of different ways, and, after four years' trial, have no hesitation in saying that they are the best."—*Hon. J. H. Hammond, Senator of South Carolina.*

405 Broadway, New York. 18 Summer Street, Boston. 730 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. 181 Baltimore Street, Baltimore. 96 West Fourth Street, Cincinnati. 14 Camp Street, New Orleans. And 349 King Street, Charleston. 118 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

DR. STEPHEN SWEET OF CONNECTICUT, the great natural Bone Setter.

Partial Deafness, Discharges from the Ear,
NOISES IN THE HEAD, CATARRH,
And all diseases of the Throat, EYE and EAR permanently cured by
DRS. LIGHTHILL, No. 21 Bond Street, N. Y.
☞ Pamphlets sent gratis.

SANFORD'S HOT-AIR FURNACES!
PORTABLE OR SET IN BRICK.
THOUSANDS NOW IN USE.
SANFORD'S MAMMOTH OR GLOBE HEATER,
A favorite and economical Stove of great power.
SEND FOR A BOOK.
SANFORD, CRUSOW & CO.,
No. 239 Water Street.

Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry.

This remedy has long been cherished by the community for its remarkable efficacy in relieving, healing, and saving the most obstinate, painful, and long-standing cases of COUGH, COLD, INFLUENZA, SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING COUGH, CROUP, ASTHMA, INFLAMMATION OF THE LUNGS; while even CONSUMPTION itself has yielded to its magic influence, when all other known means have failed.

The whole history of this Balsam, which has now become a household word, proves that the past has produced no remedy approaching it in value and usefulness, while the future will hardly present one of equal value.

It is your quaint *Counsellor*, of which there are several worthless ones, not that each bottle has the written signature of "I. BUTTS," as well as the printed name of the Proprietor, "*SETH W. FOWLE & SONS, Boston*," on the outside wrapper.

Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere.

Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry.

HASLAM'S ARTIFICIAL EARS FOR THE DEAF conceeded. Send for circulars for illustrated circulars.
JEFFERSON HASLAM, 427 Broadway, N. Y.

Singer's Sewing Machines.

SINGER'S No. 2 SEWING MACHINE, $100.
SINGER'S No. 1 FAMILY MACHINE, $60.
HEMMING GAUGES REDUCED TO $4.

Singer's Family Sewing Machines at $50 and $75 are capable of performing, in the best style, all the sewing of a private family.

Send for a copy of I. M. Singer & Co.'s Gazette, which contains full and reliable information about prices, sizes, etc., of Sewing Machines. It will be supplied gratis.

I. M. SINGER & CO.,
No. 458 Broadway, New York.

ANTI-ARTHRITIC WINE.—A CERTAIN CURE for
GOUT AND RHEUMATISM.
PENFOLD, FARKES & MOWER,
Wholesale Druggists,
12 Piccadilly, London, New York.

PIANO FORTES.
RAVEN, BACON & CO.,
Piano Forte Manufacturers, Warerooms No. 125 Grand Street, near Broadway, where a full assortment of instruments, with the recent improvements of our own manufacture. Warranted in every respect.

Queen's Cod-Liver Oil Jelly.
The only available cure for Consumption, Asthma, and all kinds of Coughs, in infant and adult.

Queen's Patent Jellified Castor-Oil.—The finest remedy ever used in children. Also, Queen's Excelsior Corn Salve, 25 cents each. It is the best purgative for children. For Sale at the Depot, No. 120 Fourth Avenue, and at all respectable druggists. PENFOLD, FARKES & MOWER, Wholesale Agents, No. 12 Piccadilly, London.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.

☞ A Clergyman having been cured of Consumption in his own family, after being given up to die by the most eminent physicians, desires to make known the mode of cure, (which proved successful in every case,) to those afflicted with Coughs, Colds, and Consumption, and he will send the same to any address, free of charge. Address, enclosing two stamps to pay return postage,
DANIEL ADEE,
217 County Street, N. Y.

Removal.
Wholesale and Retail office for Dr. H. JAMES'S CARABA DERMA, Nos. 34 and 36 John Street, N. Y. Agency of P. BROWN, Proprietor.

American Guano.
TO FARMERS AND DEALERS.
The Guano. This Guano from Jarvis Island, in the Pacific Ocean, which has been proved to be the most valuable Manure ever discovered, is offered in large or small sale and retail at less than two thirds the price of Peruvian. For particulars address C. S. MARSHALL, Pres't, American Guano Co., 66 William Street, New York.

Mercantile Record.

Patent Champion Safes.
S. C. Herring & Co., 251 Broadway.

Wilder's Patent Salamander Safe.
R. G. Wilder & Co., 191 Broadway.

Phelan's Billiard Tables.
O'Connor & Callender, 63 to 69 Centre street.

Patent Extension Tables.
At Hewlett's Manufactory, 145, 139 Wooster Street.

Stolting's Ring, 1 Wilson's needle, offer for sale Ladies' Rogers—best new superior article; likewise for export to Mexico, Central and South America.

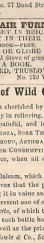
Foreign Music.
Webb & Allen, 1 Clinton Hall, Astor House, N. Y.

DISTINGUISH
THE LADIES' READY-MADE LINEN STORE,
981 Broadway, near 20th Street, for
LADIES' FINE LAUNDERED SHIRTS EXCLUSIVELY.
FINEST WORK ON PLAIN MATERIAL.

THE ORIGINAL BRIDGEWATER
PAINT—A NEW, ELEGANT, Established Color,
For Rustic Wood, Iron, Tin, Bricks, Canvass, Muslin, Paper, &c., white metal, forming a metallic coat, spark and cinder proof. Durable and Economical. Depot 72 Maiden Lane, New York.

HICKS & BUTTS, Agents.

RIMMEL'S BOUQUET — ALL THE YEAR ROUND, and VIOLET, are the leading Perfumes in Paris and London.
Sold by all the Trade.
E. RIMMEL, *Perfumer, London and Paris.*



RIMMEL'S ROSE-LEAF POWDER
Imparts a delicate rosy hue to the skin, and renders it soft and fair.
Sold by all the Trade.
E. RIMMEL, *Perfumer, London and Paris.*

Ladd, Webster & Co.,
EXTITE ATTENTION TO THEIR
IMPROVED TIGHT-STITCH
Sewing Machines,
WHICH FOR BEAUTY AND SIMPLICITY OF CONSTRUCTION, DURABILITY IN WORKING, ARE UNEQUALED BY ANY.

602 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
17 RUMFORD STREET, BOSTON.
220 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.
202 BALTIMORE STREET, BALTIMORE.
99 WEST FOURTH STREET, CINCINNATI.

POWERFUL MICROSCOPES or Magnifying Glasses, for 25 cents. Magnifying more than five hundred times. Sent by mail everywhere. Five of different powers for $1. "Perfect little wonders."—*Tribune.* Address
C. B. UNDERWOOD, 114 Hanover Street, Boston.

FAMILY KNITTING MACHINES FOR Family or Manufacturing use. Will Knit Broadway, up stairs, opposite St. Nicholas Hotel.

☞ **5000 AGENTS WANTED.**—To sell a new inventions. Agents have made over $25,000 in one,—others in all other similar agencies. Send four stamps, and get 50 pages particulars, gratis.
DANIEL ADEE, 217 County Street, Lowell, Mass.

FINKLE & LYON'S SEWING MACHINES —Warranted to give better satisfaction than any other machine in the market, or money refunded.
N.B.—PRICE REDUCED TO $50.
No. 569 Broadway.

Two Works Valuable to the Sick or Well.

Sent by mail, no pay expected until received, read, and

Address Dr. S. S. FITCH, 714 Broadway, New York.

No. 337.—DR. FITCH on the causes, prevention, and cure of Lung, Throat, and Skin diseases; Rheumatism, and Male and Female Complaints, and the mode of Preserving Health to 100 years. 418 pages, 50 Engravings. —Price 50 cents; or sent for P. O. Orders.

No. 4 work on the Cause and Cure of Diseases of the Head, Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, and Kidney-ism, Apoplexy, Palsy, and Dyspepsia; why we grow old and what causes disease. 121 pages, 6 engravings. Price 25 cents. Say which book you wish, giving name, state, county town and office.

Address Dr. S. S. FITCH, 714 Broadway, New York.

Agents Wanted

To obtain Subscribers for

LOSSING'S
PICTORIAL FIELD-BOOK OF THE REVOLUTION.

In Two Volumes 8vo, Illustrated, containing upward of
1500 Pages and
1100 Beautiful Illustrations.

This work will be SOLD EXCLUSIVELY BY AGENTS, and will be issued in Monthly Parts, at 25 cents each, on subscription offered. Applicants should address the publishers, as we would prefer. For full particulars address GEO. W. ELLIOTT, care HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

HIGHLY IMPORTANT TO BOTH SEXES, Married or Single, in health or disease.—MEDICAL ADVISER AND MARRIAGE GUIDE, 300 edition, over 400 pages, 12mo, cloth, and above 100 Illustrative Engravings. Price $1. By a celebrated Paris and London Physician and Surgeon, now of New York. This is the only popular medical book in the English or any adult person, as it imparts knowledge all long sought for in vain by the afflicted. Sold by R. LAW RENCE, No. 1 Vesey Street, Astor House.

☞ Every Number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE contains from 50 to 60 pages—and from one third to one half more reading than any other in the country.

Commencement of the Twentieth Volume.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE
FOR DECEMBER.

CONTENTS.

WASHINGTON IN 1859.
With Nine Illustrations of the New Public Buildings.
HOLIDAYS IN COSTA RICA. By THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER.
With Seven Illustrations.
INSECTS DESTRUCTIVE TO WHEAT.
With Twenty-three Illustrations.
THE ENCHANTED TITAN.
AN ARMISTICE.
THE RETURNED-TELLER. (*Illustrated.*)
THE GREAT LIBRARY OF STONEBURGH.
OUR OLD PEW.
WISDOM AND GOODNESS.
REGULAR HABITS. By FITZ HUGH LUDLOW.
NOTES BY CHARLES LAMB TO THOMAS ALLSOP. By GEORGE WM. CURTIS.
"WENDY, WENDY, WICH."
A BIT OF ANGLING.
MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.
LITERARY NOTICES.
EDITOR'S TABLE.
EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.
OUR FOREIGN BUREAU.
EDITOR'S DRAWER.
HERRICKS'S VOYAGE OF LIFE.
Eighteen Humorous Drawings by MCLENAN.
FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.
With Two Illustrations.

The present Number commences the Twentieth Volume of HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE. In the Introductory Notice prefixed to the first Number, the Publishers announced their intention to invest a periodical which no one who had the slightest relish for miscellaneous literature, or the slightest wish to keep himself informed of the progress and events of the literary genius of the age, would willingly be without. And they intended to publish it at so low a rate, and to give it a value so much beyond its price, that it would make its way into the hands or the family circle of every intelligent citizen of the United States.

How far they have succeeded in carrying out their design the Twenty Volumes already published will abundantly show. Each of these contains as much matter as an ordinary octavo of 600 pages, costing, if illustrated as the style of the Magazine, at least $3 50 a volume. The Nineteen Volumes of the Magazine are thus equivalent to a library of more than a Hundred Volumes, comprising the best productions of the favored Novelists, Historians, Essayists, and Poets of the day.

Without entering into a comparison with other American periodicals, the Publishers may be permitted to say that HARPER'S MAGAZINE contains 16 per cent. more matter than any similar publication, and 33 per cent. more than any Monthly issued in Great Britain, including the Reviews of European Novelists and Essayists, HARPER'S MAGAZINE has originally furnished a large amount of original matter that is contained in any other similar publication, whether English or American. It has published articles from more than Two Hundred American writers, residing in every section of the country and every State of the Union. By thus welcoming contributions from every part of the land, the Publishers have efficiently promoted the Magazine from assuming a sectional character, and encouraged the growth of any "national scholarship" clique or party.

In the Illustrations department, HARPER'S is wholly without a rival. Nearly Two Thousand Engravings, mostly original, more than Six Thousand Engravings, most of them original, and the highest of their class, Portrait Drawings by DARLEY, PARSONS, HUNTINGTON, EASTMAN, WALKER, WILLIS, CHAPMAN, FREDERICKS, VOSS, BELLEW, BELLOWS, SHEPHERD, HOWARD, DALLAS, and others, and Fine Engravings have been published less than *One Hundred and Twenty Thousand* Copies. Of the Fashion Plates, Illustrations have been considerably exceeded this amount. HARPER'S MAGAZINE has therefore, from the first, been the largest work in *Quarter of a Million of Dollars* to American Authors and Artists.

The Publishers have reason to believe that their large outlay has been remunerative beyond their most sanguine expectations. They hoped from the first that the Magazine would "make its way into the hands or the family circle of every intelligent citizen of the United States," but the number of these readers has proved far greater than they anticipated. They believe that the circulation of the Magazine will continue to increase with the growth and population of the country. They will, at all manner in which it will hereafter be conducted, keep pace with the progress of the times, and the value of the Volumes already issued.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE will continue to be sustained by the best talent that can be secured for it in all departments of literature, a hearty welcome will be given to new Authors. Every Number will contain fresh proofs of this, fresh names to the reading public, and the Editors trust that their list of Contributors will be found unrivalled.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year	$3 00
Two Copies for One Year	5 00
Three or more Copies for One Year (each)	2 00
And an Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of Ten Subscribers.	
HARPER'S WEEKLY and HARPER'S MAGAZINE, together, one year,	$4 00

The postage on HARPER'S MAGAZINE must be paid at the Office where it is received. The postage is Twenty-four Cents per year.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A FIRST-CLASS ILLUSTRATED PAPER.

ITHE BEST AND CHEAPEST

FAMILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD.

FIVE CENTS A NUMBER.—THREE CENTS EXTRA.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS'S *New Serial*, entitled "A TALE OF TWO CITIES," *Splendidly Illustrated by* HABLOT K. BROWNE, commenced in HARPER'S WEEKLY for May 7, and will be continued from week to week until completed.

MR. WILLIAM H. RUSSELL'S Celebrated Serial Tale of American Life, entitled "TRUMPS," was commenced in HARPER'S WEEKLY for May 14.

TERMS OF HARPER'S WEEKLY.

One Copy for Twenty Weeks	$1 00
One Copy for Six Months	2 50
One Copy for One Year	5 00
Two Copies for One Year	9 00
Twelve Copies for One Year	40 00
Twenty-five Copies for One Year	80 00

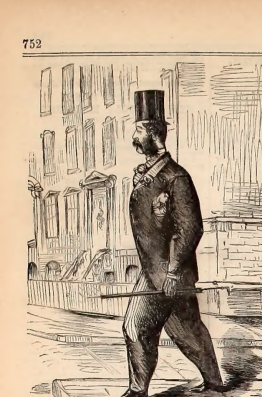
An Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of TWELVE *or* TWENTY-FIVE SUBSCRIBERS.

TERMS FOR ADVERTISING.—*Fifty Cents a Line.*

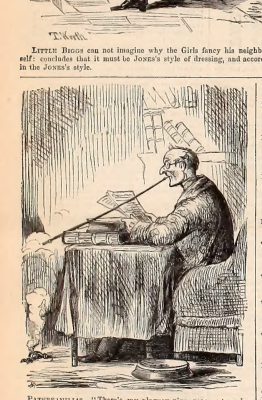
A liberal Discount will be made to those wishing to Advertise for three Months or more.

☞ Persons living in the City of New York wishing HARPER'S WEEKLY left at their houses, will please send their names and residences, with the subscription money, to the Publishers of Publishers.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.



LITTLE BIGGS can not imagine why the Girls fancy his neighbor JONES so much more than himself: concludes that it must be JONES's style of dressing, and accordingly orders a suit for himself cut in the JONES's style.



PATERFAMILIAS. "There's my plaguey pipe gone out again, and yet I've been pulling hard enough for at least ten minutes."

HARPER & BROTHERS,

327 to 335 Pearl Street (Franklin Square), New York,

Have out Ready:

THE VIRGINIANS.

A Tale of the Last Century.

By W. M. Thackeray.

AUTHOR OF

"The Newcomes," "Vanity Fair," "Pendennis," "Henry Esmond," "The Great Hoggarty Diamond," "Lectures on the English Humorists," &c., &c.

With Illustrations by the Author.

8vo, Paper, $1 75; Muslin, $2 00.

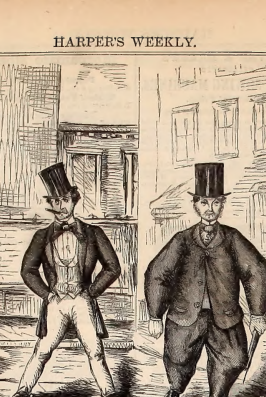
[From the Edinburgh Review for Oct., 1859.

There is one point in which Fielding is a model for all time, and in which Mr. Thackeray is his worthy disciple, and, we venture to think, perfectly his equal. That point is, style and beauty of expression. Fielding's story was certainly more stirring, generally speaking, of him than ours. You may open any page of Fielding and enjoy him, and read it with pleasure, without reference to the story or context, merely as a piece of exquisite writing. The same may be said of Mr. Thackeray. It can hardly be said of any one else among the novelists of our day, most of whom seem never to have apprehended beauty of composition as a distinct object to be aimed at, and one which requires a distinct effort of the intellect in order to its achievement. Let them, if they wish to please greatly and live long, study their great leader's art in narrative, description, and dialogue, and those beautiful miniature essays, perfect in form as crystals, in which the sentiment of his novels is here and there condensed.

CYRUS BELL, *Author of "Jane Eyre," &c.*

Why have I alluded to this man? I have alluded to him, reader, because I think I see in him an intellect profounder and more unique than his contemporaries have yet recognized, because I regard him as the first social regenerator of the day—as the very master of that working corps who would restore to us again the warped system of things: because I look to circumstantial or his writings has yet found the congenial hole into which, the terms which rightly characterize his talent. They say he is like Fielding: they talk of his wit, his humor, his knowledge of men. His resemblance Fielding as an eagle does a vulture; Fielding could sleep on carrion, but Thackeray never could. His wit is bright, his humor attractive, but both bear the same relation to his serious genius that the mere lambent shoot lightning, playing under the edge of the nimbus cloud, does to the electric death-spark hid in its womb.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS will send the above Work by Mail, postage pre-paid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the Money.



The result can not fail to please.

Perfectly Pure

CREAM TARTAR

AND

BI-CARBONATE SODA.

We have the finest brands and best qualities in this line for the purpose of supplying the most particular GROCERIES, CONFECTIONERS, COFFEE-HOUSES, GROCER FAMILY STORES with an article *perfectly pure and unadulterated*, as represented on the papers and boxes. The CREAM TARTAR is prepared under our own supervision. We sell these goods in any desired package suitable for any trade.

THOMAS ANDREWS & CO.,
126 and 128 Cedar Street, N. Y.
Established twelve years!

Yet not inflated.

DELANO
Life-Preserving Coat and Vest Company.

—

Office and **Salesroom No. 256 Broadway, opposite the City Hall Park.**

Yet inflated.

The above Company are manufacturers of Life-preserving Coats, Vests, Shirts, and Jackets for Men and Boys, and Waists and Sacks for Ladies. These garments look like, and can be worn the same as ordinary clothing, and yet are the most *perfect life-preservers ever* invented.

We would draw attention to the annexed unsolicited letter.

NEW ORLEANS, *October 9, 1859.*

Delano Life-Preserving Coat and Vest Company.

Gentlemen:

Having been moved by one of your "PATENT LIFE-PRESERVING VESTS," I deem it my duty to make it known to the public. I was on the Steamboat "Princess" when she was burned, and had it not been for one of your Vests (which I assure you are invaluable), should have been drowned. I therefore cordially recommend it to the public.

I am, Gentlemen,
Your well wisher,
Captain I. B. THOMSEIN.

FROM THE

Springfield Republican.

W. E. HAGAR & Co., of TROY, N. Y., manufacture a hair restorative that takes precedence of all others. It renders the hair more soft and flexible, and stimulates its growth to luxuriance. In our special notice column may be found a strong testimonial to its merits which is only one of the many its manufacturers have received.

Sold everywhere—Price 50 cents a bottle.

The Eleventh Thousand now ready of

BEULAH.

By

AUGUSTA J. EVANS.

1 vol. 12mo, $1 25.

From GEO. WOOD, Author of "Peter Schemihll in America."

"I see it compared to Jane Eyre. They are both remarkable books, but Currer Bell never could have written such a book as 'Beulah.' It is a psychological wonder, such a book as 'Goethe' would have read with astonishment and delight, for he would have appreciated it."

Single copies by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price, by

DERBY & JACKSON, Publishers,
No. 119 Nassau Street, New York.

WARM CLOTHING.

We now offer large assortments of Fall and Winter Clothing, just manufactured, in our best style, consisting in part of

ESQUIMAUX BEAVERS,
MOSCOW BEAVERS,
ELDER DOWN BEAVERS,
MAGENTA BEAVERS,
PRESIDENT BEAVERS,
CLARENDON BEAVERS,
DREADNAUGHT BEAVERS,

Also, complete suits of all styles of CASSIMERE and Beaver suits, and all the late styles Velvet and Cashmere Vestings, &c., &c.

BOYS' CLOTHING
AND FURNISHING GOODS

In great variety, at the lowest prices for cash.

WM. H. HAVILAND & CO.,
Nos. 226, 228, and 230 Broadway.

DR. J. D. MARCHISI'S
CELEBRATED

UTERINE CATHOLICON,

FOR THE RELIEF AND CURE OF SUFFERING FEMALES.

With such universal suffering as saddens the female life, a truly efficient medicine must be their best friend. Where the most eminent physicians have failed, this Catholicon has restored health to the patient and happiness to the fireside. "The cures of Female Complaints by Marchisi's Catholicon are truly surprising."—*New Bedford Standard.* "It has cured an obstinate case in our own family."—*Women's Advocate, Phila.* "No article ever answered the recommendations like this. I use it in my practice with astonishing success."—E. R. PARKER, M.D., *Marietta, O.* "I have tested it in cases of Irregularities, Ulcerations, Leucorrhœa, Flooding and Painful Menstruation, Prolapsus Uteris, &c., with great success."—JOHN H. GRIFFITH, M.D., *Cincinnati, O.* "Has a CARDINAL, M.D., *Baltimore, Md.* "I prevail upon medical men to test it."—JESSE LOVE, M.D., *Lancaster, Wis., Co.* Such letters pour in from a thousand sources, showing it is

Never taken without Benefit.

It is active and efficient in any form of disease peculiar to the Female Sex. Daughters, Wives, and Mothers! Marchisi's Catholicon will cure you. A pamphlet, with symptoms, treatment, letters, &c., sent gratis by mail, or delivered by Agents. ☞ Do not confound DR. MARCHISI with any other name. It is sold at $2 per bottle, or three bottles for $5, by an Agent in almost every town. When not found, existing orders, and order by Express. Address

BARNES & PARK, General Agents,
12 and 13 PARK ROW, N. Y.,
Or J. D. PARK, Cincinnati; Sawyer, Carter, Boston; J. Wright & Co., New Orleans; Callender & Co., Philadelphia; J. S. MARCHISI, M. D.

$3 A DAY. $3

We want a few men in every State to act as our agents for an article of real worth. It is easily sold in every store and to every family.

We have some agents who are making from $10 to $20 a day profit. This is none of those recipes or humbug articles with which the country is flooded, but is something of actual utility, and all that is required to sell it, is to show it.—Any one in the United States sending us 15 cents will receive a sample by mail, postage paid, worth that amount, and all necessary information.

Write your name and P.O. address in a plain hand. Canada letters must contain 40 cents in specie.

Address VAN DEUSEN BROTHERS,
Kingston,
Ulster Co., N. Y.

ST. NICHOLAS HOTEL, *Oct. 10th, 1859.*

Dear Sir:

Please send me $7 00, for which you will please deliver the Bearer one case of Dr. J. Bovee Doll's Imperial Wine Bitters. Those sold by all leading retailers' agencies in the country, so as to place the Bitters within the reach of all who desire to use them. Yours truly,

P. S.—I have been seven years troubled with Dyspepsia, the use of a few bottles I have been greatly benefited.

Yours truly,
J. McDONALD,
Montreal,
Canada.

TO CHARLES WITHERFIELD,
549 and 551 Broadway, N. Y.

Overcoats—$2 50, $4 50, $5 50, $6 50, $10 and $15.
BUSINESS SUITS—$6 50, $8 50, $9, $10, $12, $15, $20.
PANTS and VESTS—$1 to $10. Gents' Furnishing Goods, at GEO. A. HUTCHINSON'S,
Mammoth Clothing Store,
Nos. 209 and 211 Bowery.

Hosiery

and Men's Furnishing Goods.

A great assortment of best grades at prices generally paid for inferior qualities.

Call, examine, and compare. One price, and money cheerfully refunded in case of dissatisfaction.

A. RANKIN & CO.,
No. 627 Broadway and No. 96 Bowery.
Established in 1853.

THE UNIVERSAL COUGH REMEDY
For all Lung Complaints
THE CELEBRATED PULMONIC ANODYNE
The great Nostrum Remedy.
And adapted to all Pulmonary Complaints
This celebrated New England preparations are now being distributed throughout the country, to which we invite the attention of all. Circulars, testimonials, and every thing to enlighten the community, may be found with druggists generally, or will be sent free.
J. W. BUNNEWELL & Co., Commercial Wharf, Bost.
GEO. BUNNEWELL, 185 Water Street, New York.
Also for sale by the usual Wholesale Agents in every city.

J. L. BUNNEWELL, Pharmaceutist, Superintendent.

WALKER'S PIANO-FORTE WARE-ROOMS, Concert Hall, Astor Place and 5th Street, near Broadway.—A large stock of new and second hand PIANOS for sale. Description PIANOS FOR SALE and HIRE at reduced prices.

N.B.—The hire allowed in case of purchase.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. III.—No. 152.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1859. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "AFTER DARK," ETC., ETC.

[From Advance Sheets, purchased direct from the Author.]

PREAMBLE.

THIS is the story of what a Woman's patience can endure, and of what a Man's resolution can achieve.

If the machinery of the Law could be depended on to fathom every case of suspicion, and to conduct every process of inquiry, with moderate assistance only from the lubricating influences of oil of gold, the events which fill these pages might have claimed their share of the public attention in a Court of Justice.

But the Law is still, in certain inevitable cases, the pre-engaged servant of the long purse; and the story is left to be told, for the first time, in this place. As the Judge might once have heard it, so the Reader shall hear it now. No circumstance of importance, from the beginning to the end of the disclosure, shall be related on hearsay evidence. When the writer of these introductory lines (Walter Hartright, by name) happens to be more closely connected than others with the incidents to be recorded, he will describe them in his own person. When his experience fails, he will retire from the position of narrator; and his task will be continued, from the point at which he has left it off, by other persons who can speak to the circumstances under notice from their own knowledge, just as clearly and positively as he has spoken before them.

Thus, the story here presented will be told by more than one pen, as the story of an offense against the laws is told in Court by more than one witness—with the same object, in both cases, to present the truth always in its most direct and most intelligible aspect; and to trace the course of one complete chain of events, by making the persons who have been most closely connected with them, at each successive stage, relate their own experience, word for word.

Let Walter Hartright, teacher of drawing, aged twenty-eight years, be heard first.

THE NARRATIVE OF WALTER HART-RIGHT, OF CLEMENT'S INN, LONDON.

I.

IT was the last day of July. The long hot summer was drawing to a close; and we, the weary pilgrims of the London pavement, were beginning to think of the cloud-shadows on the corn-fields, and the autumn breezes on the seashore.

For my own poor part, the fading summer left me out of health, out of spirits, and, if the truth must be told, out of money as well. During the past YEAR, I had not managed my professional resources as carefully as usual; and my extravagance now limited me to the prospect of spending the autumn economically between my mother's cottage at Hampstead, and my own chambers in town.

The evening, I remember, was still and cloudy; the London air was at its heaviest; the distant hum of the street-traffic was at its faintest. The small holes of the fire visible me and the great heart of the city around me seemed to be sinking in unison, languidly and more languidly, with the sinking sun. I roused myself from the book which I was dreaming over rather than reading, and left my chambers to meet the cool night air in the suburbs. It was one of the two evenings in every week which I was accustomed to spend with my mother and my sister. So I turned my steps northward, in the direction of Hampstead.

Events which I have yet to relate, make it necessary to mention in this place that my father had been dead some years at the period of which I am now writing; and that my sister Sarah, and I were the sole survivors of a family of five children. My father was a drawing-master before me. His exertions had made him highly successful in his profession; and his affectionate anxiety to provide for the future of those who were dependent on his labors, had impelled him, from the time of his marriage, to devote to the insuring of his life a much larger portion of his income than most men consider it necessary to set aside for that purpose. Thanks to his admirable prudence and self-denial, my mother and sister were left, after his death, in independence of the world as they had been during his lifetime. I succeeded to his connection, and had every reason to feel grateful for the prospect that awaited me at my starting in life.

The quiet delight was still trembling on the topmost ridges of the heath; and the view of London below me had sunk into a black gulf in the shape of the cloudy night, when I stood before the gate of my mother's cottage.

I had rarely rung the bell, before the house door was opened violently; my worthy Italian friend, Professor Pesca, appeared in the doorway; and, seizing me by both hands, began to receive me, with a shrill foreign parcely on an English cheer.

On his own account, and, I must be allowed to add, on mine also, the Professor merited the honor of a formal introduction. An accident has made him the starting-point of the strange family story which it is now my task and my duty to unfold.

I had first become acquainted with my Italian friend by meeting him at certain great houses, where he taught his own language and I taught drawing. All I then knew of the history of his life was, that he had once held a situation in the University of Padua; that he had left Italy for political reasons (the nature of which he uniformly declined to mention to any one); and that he had been for many years respectably established in London as a teacher of languages.

Without being actually a dwarf—for he was perfectly well-proportioned from head to foot—Pesca was, I think, the smallest human being I ever saw, out of a show-room. Remarkable as my whole, by his personal appearance, he was still further distinguished among the rank and file of mankind, by the harmless eccentricity of his character. The ruling idea by which he appeared to be, that he was bound to show his gratitude to the country which had afforded him an asylum and a means of subsistence, by doing his utmost to turn himself into an Englishman. Not content with paying the nation in general the compliment of invariably carrying an umbrella, and invariably wearing gaiters and a white hat, the Professor further aspired to become an Englishman in his habits and amusements, as well as in his personal appearance. Finding us distinguished, as a nation, by our love of athletic exercises, the little man, at the imminent risk of his heart, devoted himself impromptu to all our English sports and pastimes, whenever he had the opportunity of joining them; firmly persuaded that he could adopt our national amusements of the field, but an effort of will, precisely as he had adopted our national gaiters and our national white hat.

I had seen him risk his limbs blindly at a fox-hunt and in a cricket-field; and, soon afterward, I saw him risk his life, just as blindly, in the sea at Brighton. We had met there accidentally, and were bathing together. If we had been engaged in any exercise peculiar to my own nation, I should, of course, have looked after Pesca carefully; but, as foreigners are generally quite as well able to take care of themselves in the water as Englishmen, it never occurred to me that the art of swimming might merely add one more to the list of manly exercises which the Professor believed that he could learn impromptu. Soon after we had both struck out from shore, I stopped, finding my friend did not gain on me, and turned round to look for him. To my horror and amazement, I saw nothing between me and the beach but two little white arms, which struggled for an instant above the surface of the water, and then disappeared from view. When I dived for him, the poor little man was lying quietly coiled up at the bottom, in a hollow of shingle, looking by many degrees smaller than I had ever seen him look before. During the few minutes that elapsed while I was taking him in, he never revived him, and he ascended the steps of the machine with my assistance. With the partial recovery of his animation came the return of his wonderful delusion on the subject of swimming. As soon as his chattering teeth would let him speak, he smiled vacantly, and said he thought it must have been the Cramp.

When he had thoroughly recovered himself and had joined me on the beach, he was seen bowing broke through all artificial English restraints, in a moment. He overwhelmed me with the violent expressions of affection—exclaimed passionately, in his exaggerated Italian way, that he would hold his life, henceforth, at my disposal—and declared that he should never be happy again, until he had found an opportunity of proving his gratitude by rendering me some service which I might remember, on my side, to the end of my days. I did my best to stop the torrent of his tears and protestations, by persisting in treating the whole adventure as a good subject for a joke; and succeeded at last, as I imagined, in lessening Pesca's overwhelming sense of obligation to me. Little did I think, then—little did I think afterward when our pleasant Brighton holiday had drawn to an end —that the opportunity of serving me for which my grateful companion so ardently longed, was soon to come; that he was speedily to seize it on the instant; and that, by so doing, he was to turn the whole current of my existence into a new channel, and to alter me to myself almost past recognition.

Yet, so it was. If I had not dived for Professor Pesca, when he lay under water on his shingle bed, I should, in all human probability, never have been connected with the story which these pages will relate—I should never, perhaps, have heard even the name of the woman, who has lived in all my thoughts, who has possessed herself of all my energies, who has become the one guiding influence that now directs the purpose of my life.

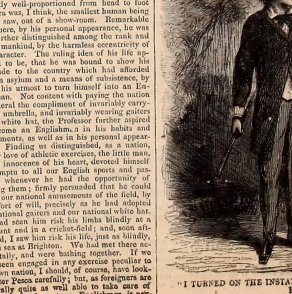
II.

PESCA'S face and manner, on the evening when we confronted each other at my mother's gate, were more than sufficient to inform me that something extraordinary had happened. It was quite useless, however, to ask him for an immediate explanation. I could only conjecture, while he was dragging me in by both hands, that (knowing my habits) he had come up to the cottage to make sure of meeting me that night, and that he had some news to tell of an unusually agreeable kind.

We both bounced into the parlor in a highly abrupt and undignified manner. My mother sat by the open window, knitting and fanning herself. Pesca was one of her especial favorites; and his wildest eccentricities were always pardonable in her eyes. Poor dear soul! from the first moment when she found out that the little Professor was deeply and gratefully attached to her son, she opened her heart to him unreservedly, and took all his puzzling foreign peculiarities for granted, without so much as attempting to understand any one of them.

My sister Sarah, with all the advantages of youth, was, strangely enough, less pliable. She did full justice to Pesca's excellent qualities of heart; but she could not accept him implicitly, as my mother accepted him, for my sake. Her insular notions of propriety rose in perpetual revolt against Pesca's constitutional contempt for appearances; and she was always more or less undisguisedly astonished at her mother's familiarity with the eccentric little foreigner. I have observed, not only in my sister's case, but in the instances of others, that we of the young generation are nothing like so large and so impulsive as some of our elders. I constantly see old people blushed and excited by the prospect of some anticipated pleasure which altogether fails to ruffle the tranquillity of their serene grandchildren. Are we, I wonder, quite such genuine boys and girls now as our seniors were, in their time? Has the great advance in education taken rather too long a stride; and are we, in these modern days, just the least trifle in the world too well brought up?

Without attempting to answer these questions decisively, I may at least record that I never saw my mother and my sister together in Pesca's society, without finding my mother much the younger woman of the two. On this occasion, for example, while the old lady was laughing



"I TURNED ON THE INSTANT, WITH MY FINGERS TIGHTENING ROUND THE HANDLE OF MY STICK."

heartily over the boyish manner in which we tumbled into the parlor, Sarah was perturbedly picking up the broken pieces of a teacup, which the Professor had knocked off the table in his precipitate advance to meet me at the door.

"I don't know what would have happened, Walter," said my mother, "if you had delayed much longer. Pesca has been half-mad with impatience; and I have been half-mad with curiosity. The Professor has brought some wonderful news from Italy, in which we are all more or less concerned; and he has cruelly refused to give us the smallest bit of it till you and Walter appeared.

"Very provoking: it spoils the Set," murmured Sarah to herself, mournfully absorbed over the ruins of the broken cup.

While these words were being spoken, Pesca, happily and finally unconscious of the irreparable wrong which the crockery had suffered at his hands, was dragging a large chair from the opposite end of the room, so as to command us all from it, in the character of an audience addressing an audience. Having turned the chair with its back toward us, he jumped into it on his knees, and excitedly addressed his small congregation of three from an impromptu pulpit.

"Now, my good dears," began Pesca (who always said "good dears" when he meant "worthy friends"), "listen to me. Walter has come—I recite my good news—I speak at last."

"Hear, hear!" said my mother, humoring the joke.

"The next thing he will break, mamma," whispered Sarah, "will be the back of the best arm-chair."

"I go back into my life, and I address myself to the noblest of created beings," continued Pesca, vehemently apostrophizing the mahogany self, over the top rail of the chair. "Who found me, dead at the bottom of the sea (through Cramp); and who pulled me up to the top; and what did I say when I got into my own life and my own clothes again?"

"Much more than was at all necessary," I answered, as promptly as possible to the less encouragement in connection with this appeal—invariable let loose the Professor's emotions in a flood of tears.

"I said," persisted Pesca, "that my life belonged to my dear friend, Walter, for the rest of my days—and so it does. I said that I should never be happy again till I had found the opportunity of doing a great kindness for Walter—and I have never been contented with myself till this moment. Now, I am happy, and the enthusiastic little man at the top of his voice, "the overflowing happiness bursts out of me at every pore of my body, like a prisoner; for on my faith, and soul, and house, the Sonne this is done at last, and the only word to say now, is—Hegit-all-right!"

It may be necessary to explain, here, that Pesca prided himself on being a perfect Englishman in his language, as well as in his dress, manners, and sentiments. Having come to him turning them, in his high relish for their sound, into the strangest sentences of their sense, into compound words and repetitions of his own, and always running them into each other, as if they consisted of one long syllable.

"Among the five London houses where I teach the language of my adoption," said the Professor, rushing into his long-deferred explanation without another word of preface, "there is one, my dears, in the City of the oldlime Dante to the young Misses, and oh!—how! real-blues—my dears! It is not a modern language to say how the sublime Dante puzzles the pretty heads of all three! No matter—all is good time—and these lessons for Walter for me. Now mind! Imagine to yourselves that I am teaching to my young Misses, as usual. We are all four of us down together in the Hell of Dante. At the Seventh Circle—but no matter for that till the Circles are safely in the three young Misses, for and into—at the Seventh Circle, nevertheless, my pupils are safely there; and I to set them going again, recite, explain, and blow myself up red-hot with useless enthusiasm, when—good—at bonn is a passage outside, and in comes the golden Papa, the mighty merchant with the native money in his two chins.—Ha! my good dears, I am clean than you think for to the business, now. Has you been patient, so? or have you not to yourselves, 'Deuce-what-the-deuce' Pesca is long-winded or quick?"

We declared that we were deeply interested. The Professor went on:

"In his hand, the golden Papa has a letter; and after he has made his excuse for disturbing me in our Inferno Region with such common mortal business of the house, he addresses himself to the three young Misses, and begins as you English begin every thing in this blessed world that you have to say, with a great O. 'O, my dears,' says the mighty merchant, 'I have got here a letter from my friend, Mr. ——' (the name has slipped out of my mind; but no matter; we shall come back to that; you—right-all-right). So the Papa says, 'I have got a letter from my friend, the Master' (he wears a recommend from me, of a drawing-master, to go down to his house in the country.' My-soul-bless-my-soul! when I heard the golden papa say those words, I—I had been big enough to reach up to him, I should have put my arms round his neck and pressed him to my bosom in a long and grateful hug! As it was, I only bonnced upon my chair. My seat was on thorns, and my soul was on fire to speak; but I held my tongue, and let Papa go on. 'Perhaps you know,' says this good man of money, unfolding his friend's letter this way and that, in his golden fingers and thumbs, 'perhaps you know, my dears, of a drawing-master to the Misses Sargent?' The three young Misses all look at each other, and then set pressed him to my bosom (he great O to begin), 'O, dear no, Papa!' But here is Mr. Pesca—' At the mention of myself I am bold to engage, by the mighty Dante, my good dears, mounts like blood to my head and I start from my chair as if a pistol-shot had go' from the ground through the bottom of my chair—I address myself to the mighty merchant, and I engage myself to the Misses to have the man. The first and foremost drawing-master in the world! Immediately I have the post to-night, and send him off, bag and baggage (English phrase again—ha!), send him off to the Misses Sargent. By the next morning's post. 'Stop, stop,' says the Papa, 'is he a foreigner or an Englishman?' I turn round to the mighty merchant, and I answer. 'Respectable?' says Papa. 'Sir,' I say (for this last question of his outrages me), 'sir, you have my friend's testimonials in him).' Sir, the immortal fire of genius burns in my friend's bosom.' 'Sir,' says Papa, 'I have his father had it before him!' 'Never mind,' says the golden barbarian of a Papa, 'never mind about his genius, Mr. Pesca, but is he sober?' Sir, genius in this country, unless it is accompanied by respectability—and then we are not to talk of such,' I answer. 'Respectable?' says Papa. 'Sir,' I say (for this last question of his outrages me), 'sir, you have my friend's testimonials in him). 'Sir, the immortal fire of genius burns in my friend's bosom.' 'Sir,' says Papa, 'I have his father had it before him!' 'Never mind,' says the golden barbarian of a Papa, 'never mind about his genius, Mr. Pesca, but is he sober?' Sir, genius in this country, unless it is accompanied by respectability—and then we are not to talk of such,' I answer. 'Respectable?' says Papa. 'Sir,' I say (for this last question of his outrages me), 'sir, you have my friend's testimonials in him).'

the manner of a woman in the humblest rank of life. The voice, little as I had yet heard of it, had something curiously still and mechanical in its tones, and the utterance was remarkably rapid. She held a small bag in her hand: and her dress—bonnet, shawl, and gown all of white —was, so far as I could guess, certainly not composed of very delicate or very expensive materials. Her figure was slight, and rather above the average height—her gait and actions free from the slightest approach to extravagance. This was all that I could observe of her, in the dim light and under the perplexing disadvantage circumstances of our meeting. What sort of woman she was, and how she came to be out alone in the high-road, an hour after midnight, I altogether failed to guess. The one thing of which I felt certain was, that the grossest of mankind could not have mistrustfully misconstrued my speaking, when at this unprecisely late hour and in that suspiciously lonely place.

"Did you hear me?" she said, still quietly and readily, and without the least fretfulness or impatience. "I asked if that was the way to London."

"Yes," I replied, "that is the way: it leads to St. John's Wood and the Regent's Park. You must excuse my not answering you before. I was rather startled by your sudden appearance in the road; and I am, even now, quite unable to account for it."

"You don't suspect me of doing any thing wrong, do you?" she said, without the least fretfulness or impatience. "I asked if that was the way to London."

"Yes," I replied, "that is the way: it leads to St. John's Wood and the Regent's Park. You must excuse my not answering you before. I was rather startled by your sudden appearance in the road; and I am, even now, quite unable to account for it."

"You don't suspect me of doing any thing wrong, do you?" she said, without the least fretfulness or impatience. "I asked if that was the way to London.

EN ROUTE FOR HARPER'S FERRY.—[SKETCHED BY PORTE CRAYON.]

EN ROUTE FOR HARPER'S FERRY.

Our artist, Porte Crayon, who was one of the first at Harper's Ferry after the late outbreak, and who has since followed up the affair with patient attention, has sent us the above design, representing the rush to Harper's Ferry from all parts of Virginia and Maryland. Old and young seem to have been quite excited, and to have marched with ardor, not knowing what they might not have to encounter at the end of their journey.

TRUMPS.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

CHAPTER LXXVII.

THE BELCH PLATFORM.

"My dear Mr. Newt, as a friend who has the highest respect for you, and the firmest faith in your future, I am sure you will allow me to say one thing."

"Oh! certainly, my dear Belch; say two," replied Abel, with the utmost suavity, and secretly wondering whether he or the General were the cleverer man.

"I have no peculiar ability, I know," continued the other, "but I have, perhaps, a little more experience than you. We old men, you know, always plume ourselves upon experience, which we make do duty for all the virtues and all the talents."

"And it is trained for that service by being merely a synonym for a knowledge of all the sins and rascalities," said Abel, smiling, as he blew rings of smoke and passed the decanter to General Belch.

"True," replied the other; "very true. I see, my dear Newt, that you have had your eyes and your mind open, as I knew you must have had. And since we are going to act together—since, in fact, we are interested in the same plans—"

"And principles," interrupted Abel, laying his head back, and looking with half-closed eyes at the vanishing smoke.

"Oh yes, I was coming to that—in the same plans and principles, it is well that we should understand each other perfectly."

General Belch paused, looked at Abel, and took snuff.

"I think we do already," replied Abel.

"Still there are one or two points to which I would call your attention. In preparing your speech there are two great points to remember. One is, that you can not be too careful of what you say in regard to its bearing upon the party; and the other is, a general rule that the Public is an ass, but you must never let it know you think so. If there is one thing which the party has practically proved, it is that the people have no will of their own, but are sheep in the hands of the shepherd."

The General took snuff again.

"The Public, then, is an ass and a sheep?" inquired Abel.

"Yes," said the General, "an ass in capacity, and in preference of a thistle diet; a sheep in gregarious and stupid following. You say 'Co, co, co,' when you want a cow to follow you, and you say 'Glorious old party,' and 'Intelligence of the people,' and 'Preference of truth to victory,' and so forth, when you want the people to follow you."

"An ass, a sheep, and a cow," said Abel. "To what other departments of natural history do the people belong, General?"

"Adders," returned Belch, sententiously.

"How so?" asked Abel, amused.

"Because they are so cold and ungrateful," said the General.

"As when, for instance," returned Abel, "the Honorable Watkins Bodley, having faithfully served his constituency, is turned adrift by—by—the people."

He looked at Belch and laughed. The fat nose of the General glistened.

"No, no," said he, "your illustration is at fault. He did not faithfully serve his constituency. He was not sound upon the great Grant question."—The two gentlemen laughed together and filled their glasses.

THE ROYAL ROAD TO LEARNING—THE PRINCE OF WALES AT OXFORD.—[FROM PUNCH.]

THE EAGE IN THE MIRROR.

"No, no," resume d the General, "never forget that the great thing is drill—discipline. Keep the machinery well oiled, and your hand upon the crank, and all goes well."

"Until somebody comes with your hand," said Abel.

"Yes, of course—of course; but that is the very point. The fight is never among the sheep, but only among the shepherds. Look at our colonial system, hanging with Tom, Dick, and Ned, and culminating in the President — the roots rather red and unsightly, but oh! such a pretty flower, all bright with gilt gloves, and affability — contemplate the superb machinery," continued the General, warming with his primaries, the ward committees, the—in fact, all the rest of it—see how gloriously it works—the great result of the working of the whole is—"

"To establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of Liberty to ourselves and our posterity," interrupted Abel, who had been scanning the Constitution, and who delivered the words with a theatrical jump of manner.

General Bebb smiled approvingly.

"That's it—that's the very tune. You'll do. The great result is, that we shall have his hand on the crank. And there are, therefore, always three parties in our beloved country:"

Abel looked inquiringly.

"First, the party of the few, who are in two bodies—the clique that have it, and the clique that haven't. They fight like fury among themselves, but when they scent a larger great party they all fight together, because the hopes of the crank for each individual of each body lie in the party itself, and in their obedience to its discipline. These are two of the parties. Then there is the great party of the ass, who have a marvelous unanimity, and never break up into quarrelsome bodies until there is a fair chance of the party's ousting the few. I say these things not because they are not pretty obvious, but because, as a man of fashion and society, you have probably not attended to these things. It's very dirty work for a gentleman. But I suppose any of us would be willing to pick a gold eagle out of the mud, even if we did soil our fingers; and I have no doubt a diver would dive into a sea of bilge-water if he could have the pearl he found at the bottom."

"Of course," replied Abel, in a tone that General Bebb did not entirely comprehend—"of course no gentleman knows any thing of politics, or is conscious of the condition of his country. Gentlemen are the natural governors of a country; and when they were erected into a hereditary governing class, self-respect forbids them to mix with inferior men. Good Heavens! what gentleman would be guilty of being an alderman in this town! Why, as you know, my dear Bebb, nothing but the strongest circumstances induces me to demean myself by going to Congress. By-the-by—"

"Well, what is it?" asked the General.

"I'm dreadfully hard up," said Abel. "I have just the d—dest luck you ever conceived, and I must raise some money."

The fat nose glistened again, while the General sat silently ponderous.

"I can lend you a thousand," he said, at length.

"Thank you. It will oblige me very much."

"Upon conditions," added the General.

"Conditions?" asked Abel, surprised.

"I mean understandings," said the General.

"Oh! certainly," answered Abel.

"You pledge yourself to me and our friends that you will at the earliest moment move in the matter of the grain—you engage to secure the votes somehow, relying upon the pecuniary aid of our friends who are interested—and you will repay me out of your first receipts. Elo well under. I have a high respect for cellar stairs, but they mustn't try to lead up to the roof. Good-by. Hail Newt! Something to be" laughed the General, as he shook hands and followed his fat nose out of the door.

Left to himself, Abel walked for some time up and down his room with his hands buried in his pockets and a sneering smile upon his face. He suddenly drew one hand out, raised it, clenched it, and tossed it violently away in the air, as he muttered, contemptuously,

"What a stupid fool! I wonder if he never thinks, as he looks in the glass, that it is not what he is made to lend him by."

Far the ugliness and fat-nosed General had omitted to look at the little paper he handed to him, thinking it would be hardly polite to do so under the circumstances. But he felt, as soon as he would have seen that the exact sum they had spoken of had been forgotten, and a very inconsiderable amount was specified.

It had flashed across Abel's mind in a moment that if the General unconsciously discovered it and were disposed to make trouble, the disclosure of the paper of instructions, and the bad written, and which Abel had in his possession, would ruin his hopes of political financiering. "And as for my election, why I have my certificate in my pocket."

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

MIDNIGHT.

GRADUALLY the noise died away from Abel's face, and he walked up and down the room, no longer carelessly, but fitfully; stopping sometimes —again starting more rapidly—leaning against the mantle, on which the clock pointed to midnight—then throwing himself into a chair, or upon a sofa; and so rising again he walked on.

His head bent forward—his eyes grew rounder and harder, and seemed to be burnished with the black, bad lustre—his step imperceptibly grew steadily—he looked about him carefully —he stood erect and breathless to listen—bit his nails, and walked on.

The clock upon the mantle pointed to half an hour after midnight. Abel Newt rose from the counter and put on his slippers. He lighted a candle and looked carefully under the bed and in the closet. Then he drew the curtains over the windows and went out into the other room, closing and locking the door behind him.

He prided noiselessly to the door that opened into the entry, and locked that softly and bolted it carefully. Then he stood with his ear to the wards filled the keyhole, and taking out his handkerchief he hung it over the hook of the door, so that it hid the keyhole, and no eye could by any chance have peered into the room.

He saw that the blinds of the windows were closed—the windows shut and locked, and the linen shades drawn over them. He also bet full the heavy damask curtains, so that the windows were quite secure from the rear. He stood in the centre of the room and looked every where that, by any chance, a person might be concealed.

Then moving upon tip-toe he drew a key from his pocket and fitted it into the lid of a secretary. As he turned it in the lock the snap of the bolt made him start. He was angered, even ghostly, as he stood, letting the lid back slowly lest it should creak or jar. With another key he opened a little drawer, and looking behind him as he did so, took out a small piece of paper, which he concealed in his hand.

Seating himself at the secretary, he put the candle before him, and remained for a moment with his face slightly averted, as though in a startling interstatus of listening. There was no sound but the regular ticking of the clock upon the mantle. He had not observed it before, but now he could hear nothing else.

Tick, tick. Tick, tick. It had a persistent, relentless, remorseless regularity. Tick, tick. Tick, tick. Every moment it appeared to be louder and louder. His brow wrinkled and his head bent forward more deeply, while his eyes were set straight before him. Tick, tick. Tick, tick. The solemn beat became human as he listened. He could not raise his head—he could not turn his eyes. He felt as if some awful shape stood over him with destroying eyes and inflexible tongue. But struggling, without moving, as a dreamer wrestles with the nightmare, he presently sprang bolt upright—his eyes wide and wild—the sweat oozing upon his ghastly forehead—his whole frame weak and quivering. With the same suddenness he turned defiantly, clenching his fists, in act to spring.

There was nothing there. He saw only the clock—he felt pendulum regularly swinging—he heard only the regular tick, tick; tick, tick.

A sickly smile glimmered on his face as he stepped toward the mantle, still clutching the paper in his hand, but crouching as he came, and leering, as if to leap upon an enemy unawares. Suddenly he started as if struck—a stifled shriek of horror burst from his lips—he snapped with his hand upward—the paper fell fluttering to the floor. Abel Newt had unexpectedly seen the reflection of his face in the mirror that covered the chimney behind the clock.

He recovered himself—swore bitterly, and stooped to pick up the paper. Then with sullen bravado, still staring at his reflection in the glass, he took off the glass shade of the clock, touched the pendulum and stopped it; then turning his back, crept to his chair, and sat down again.

The silence was profound, not a sound was audible but the creaking of his clothes as he moved slowly against the edge of the desk and drew his agitated breath. He raised the candle and bent his sickly face over the paper which he held before him. It was a note of his late firm indorsed by Lawrence Newt & Co. He had sent it to some private person, he studying every line, every dot—to intently that it seemed as if his eyes were burnt in. Then putting down the candle and spreading the name before him, he drew a sheet of tissue paper from a drawer and began to trace. The writing was perfectly legible—the finest stroke showed through the thin tissue. He pulled a pen and carefully drew the lines of the signature upon the tissue paper. Then raised it—the fac-simile was perfect.

Taking a thicker piece of paper, he laid the note before him, and slowly, carefully, copied the signature. It was not even a resemblance, but nothing more. He held the paper in the flame of the candle until it was consumed. He laid it again. He tried many times. Each time was a greater success.

To write a letter from his book he filled the blanks and wrote below the name of Lawrence Newt & Co., and found upon comparison with the indorsement that it was very like. Abel Newt grinned; his lips moved: he was muttering "Dear Uncle Lawrence."

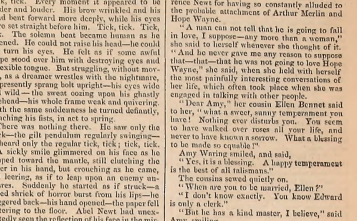
He stopped writing, and carefully burned, as before, the check and all the paper. Then certain that his hands in his cuffs were not seen by himself, as the hot, hurried thoughts flickered through his mind:

"Yes, yes, Mrs. Lawrence Newt, I shall not be master of Pinewood, but I shall be of your husband, and will be master of your property. Practice makes perfect. Dear Uncle Lawrence shall write you a letter."

His brain reeled and whirled as he sat. He remembered the words of his friend the General: "Nothing succeeds like a term to fail."

"No, by God!" he shouted, springing up, and clenching his hands.

He staggered. The walls of the room, the floor, the ceiling, the furniture heaved and rolled before his eyes. In the wild tumult that overwhelmed his brain, he was sinking in gurgling whirlpools—the peaceful lawn of Pinewood—the fight with Gabriel—the running horses—the "farewell forever, Miss Murray"—the shifting scenes of his subsequent life of dissipation—flame blazing with diamonds—the figure of his father drowning with white fingers upon his office desk—Lawrence and Gabriel pushing him out—they all swept before his consciousness in the moment of agony that drove out his hands wildly, clutched at the air, and plunged headlong upon the floor, senseless.



CHAPTER LXXIX.

SECRETS.

AMY WARING waited patiently until either Lawrence Newt or Hope Wayne should appear. They were engaged. Nobody suspected her secret: for she did not carry it in her face, nor believe that life was altogether a tragedy and the world a failure, because she had loved a man, who, as was entirely natural, loved another woman. She did not blame Lawrence Newt for having so constantly alluded to the probable attachment of Arthur Merlin and Hope Wayne.

"A man can not tell that he is going to fall in love, I suppose—any more than a woman," Amy said to herself whenever the thought of it.

"And he never gave me any reason to suppose that—that—that he was going to love Hope Wayne," she said, when she held with herself the most painfully interesting conversations of her life, which often took place when she was engaged in talking with other people.

"Dear Amy," her cousin Ellen Bennet said to her, "what a sweet, sunny temperament you have! Nothing ever disturbs you. You seem to have walked over none of your life, and never to have known a sorrow. What a blessing to be made so equable!"

Amy Waring smiled, and said,

"Yes, it is a blessing. A happy temperament is the best of all talismans."

The cousins sewed quietly on.

"When are you to be married, Ellen?"

"I don't know exactly. You know Edward is only a clerk."

"But he has a kind master, I believe," said Amy, smiling.

"Yes, I think if there be such a thing Edward has found it."

"Do you speak of the junior partner?" asked Amy, pleasantly.

"No, I do not, but of the senior. I mean, of course, the firm; for I never knew two men so matched in spirit and tastes as Lawrence Newt and Gabriel. Why doesn't Hope Wayne take him?"

"What?" asked Amy.

"Why, it is in the books, you know—it must be that they are going to marry each other, and I don't think they've any time to lose."

"I suppose it will all come right in due time," replied Amy, busily working.

"Amy," said Ellen, after a pause, during which there was incessant stitching.

"Well, dear," replied Amy, but felt that she winced a little at something in the tone with which Ellen spoke.

"Do you know I used to think when you and Lawrence Newt were at our house so much together that he wanted to marry you?"

Amy held it with a half amazed air, while her busy needle moved on.

"Me, dear?"

"Yes, you."

"Why, Ellen, what a strange idea! Mr. Newt and I have always been good friends; and I am sure I don't see how he can help being on as good terms with Hope Wayne."

"Oh! no! no! I'm sure," answered Ellen, with alacrity.

"I don't wonder that he wants to marry her," continued Amy.

"Of course not—no indeed," said Ellen, with order, as if she were thinking of the utter impossibility of his ever having known of the existence of mother wit.

Was it with some vague, remote hope that Ellen would one speak of it as a matter to entirely beyond question, but might give him a little less absolutely to Hope Wayne that Amy, in a low quite pale, persisted?

"No, it would certainly be strange if he did not."

As Amy repeated the words a sudden light shot into Ellen's eyes. She turned and looked in surprise at her cousin:

"Why, Amy, it is Hope Wayne, then?"

"Hope Wayne—what do you mean?" asked Amy.

"Why, it is Hope Wayne who makes the dif-

CAN IT BE POSSIBLE?

ficulty, and will not have him! Gracious, gracious! I suppose she thinks him too old. He isn't so very, very old, I'm sure; and whatever his years may be, his heart is as young as mine or yours, Amy."

"Younger than mine, dear," said Amy Warring, kindly.

Ellen was touched by the indefinable tenderness with which these words were spoken. The tears came into her eyes, and laying down her work she put her arm around Amy's waist. As she did so, Amy looked at her with the calm, womanly bravery, and yet with sympathy. Then she said, in a graver tone, as she cut her work with the scissors and seemed to be very entertaining all her power upon cutting a straight line,

"Ellen, I am, as you know, and as you said just now, cheerful by nature; but it does not follow, because some of us are cheerful by nature, that therefore all cheerful people have had no sad experience. I don't speak of myself, but of the rule."

"Oh! I know that," replied Ellen, and the two sat for some time in silence. Ellen's busy little brain was keeping and darting from fancy to fancy, and her brisk fingers in sewing were humorously contrasted with Amy Warring's quieter hand. Suddenly she dropped her work into her lap, wheeled round upon Amy, caught her face between her hands, kissed her, and looking her full in the eyes, exclaimed,

"You dear thing! you very, very never marries!"

Amy's calm face blushed and grew pale. She did not try to escape, and her serene eyes returned the eager, affectionate gaze of her cousin. The same mysterious feeling overspread her whole face, and she said, and somehow felt a strange pleasure in saying, for she trusted Ellen entirely,

"Let me show you!"

Ellen released her lively prize, and Amy, rising quietly, went to her bureau, opened the drawer, and took out a sheet of paper, returned with the pure white bridal ribbon. An hour before she would have supposed she could never touch any of the gifts that betoken a suspicion of her secret. Now it was with a sort of tranquillity, a kind of saintly resignation, a feeling of willing renunciation, as if the very guarding of such a secret were a luxury and indulgence she ought to enjoy—and it was with a consciousness that her victory was perfect because she was willing to tell another how she had struggled—that she held the paper in her hand, and answered Ellen's question by saying,

"Because the man who asked me to marry him paper loved some one else."

Ellen was bridesmaid for the tremendous secret she had unexpectedly extorted. She looked at the paper, and said, timidly,

"And you had letters?"

"Why not?"

"Then—then—you couldn't keep them because he loved you—"

"No, but because I loved him," replied Amy, in a low, melancholy voice.

She returned the little package to its place.

"Ellen," said she, solemnly as she came back to her seat beside her cousin, "I have answered your question. It is not necessary it should be mentioned to me, because no mention would ever do any good. Let us never speak of it again, for now you know how I love you."

"I will not," replied Ellen, "after I have said that I can not comprehend how any man whom you could love did not marry you. You and Hope Wayne are the only perfect women I know, and I should think a man could, if he could, rather marry you, because you have a sort of tenderness for him that I have for 'somebody' else said, suddenly, "I see how it is—it is because she has had no suffering, she has always been rich, beautiful, and worshiped."

Amy Waring smiled.

"Why, Ellen, you began by saying that I had never had any trouble. Darling, we know nothing about it."

Ellen listened laughed, and said that Amy was right, as she always was. Presently she began to look at the clock, as if she were tired of the impatient, and wished subtly to discover it.

"What time will he come?" asked Amy.

"He said he would stop on his way up about four," answered Ellen, innocently.

"Black hair and eyes always keep true," said Amy.

The cousins laid aside their work, and Ellen began slowly to put on her bonnet and shawl. But as she stood before the bureau looking at the mirror she saw in the mirror the reflection of a stood there, a small copy of the portrait in Mrs. Bonnet's parlor. The girl stopped for a few moments as she met in that glass the expression of it in her hand she turned it round. How Amy's face and asked,

"Who looks like that?"

Amy studied it for a moment. Her face suddenly lost its student expression. She took the sketch hastily and gazed at it intently, changed color, and said herself, in profound and perplexed amazement,

"Can it be possible?"

Ellen in turn was not less interested and apprehensive:

"Whom does it look like? asked she, eagerly.

"Edward Wynne," answered Amy, still holding the sketch and studying it.

"Is that so very remarkable?" inquired Ellen, doubtfully.

"Yes, it is remarkable, when it is so marked, and when you think who this is, and who it is that resembles her. Edward Wynne, my father's school-fellow, Little Malacca, did not know then, and does not know now, any thing about his parents, and our Aunt Martha—"

Ellen's eyes opened wide with eager attention. As Amy Waring saw her she reflected a moment, and said,

"It is curious that two secrets should come out to-day. But this one, at least, could not be forever concealed. Your brother never told you the story of Aunt Martha?"

"No, I never heard it. I only knew it was something sad, and we never heard her name at home."

"Well, Ellen, I think you ought to know it, for if I am not greatly mistaken our family is on the eve of having over that was lost and is found again."

The same open-eyed eagerness kept Ellen silent.

"Our Aunt Martha Darro was one of the most beautiful girls ever born, and willful and passionate. She was the gayest of belles, the most dangerous of coquettes. Many women play that character, Ellen, but she was real. There came somebody, I don't know his name. She began to flirt, and ended by the most passionate attachment. It was sudden and swift. One day a note was found in her room. I am beyond, I know described it. Of course a full-blown rose she has been to us all as dead."

The picture was obscure. Ellen looked doubtfully at her cousin.

"And isn't she dead?" she asked, breathlessly.

"Ellen, will you promise no silence, for the present?"

"Absolute."

"Aunt Martha is not dead."

Ellen flopped down in a long breath, felt faint, and sank into a chair. But she did not take her eyes off Amy's face for a moment.

"And you believe Edward Wynne—"

"Is her son—"

"And our cousin."

Amy Waring seated herself by Ellen and took her hand, and said, cheerfully,

"What then?"

Ellen could not but smile as she perceived the same good sense in Amy which she had in her that had asked the question.

"It is a fact, is it not?" asked Amy.

"It isn't that," said Ellen. "But when I saw his likeness to the portrait, and remembered what he knew of his parents, I felt as if he were somehow a central part of the mystery that has always hung over the portrait. Besides," she added, after a little pause, the old happy look beginning to break through the tears which filled her eyes, "I always felt disposed to marry a cousin."

"You shouldn't say," exclaimed Amy, "I know somebody who will teach you that it is perfectly proper. His name is—"

There was a knock at the door. It was a servant who said, when Amy opened it,

"Please, miss, Mr. Wynne is down stairs."

"There! it takes two people to tell you who," said Amy. "But, Ellen, remember. Don't speak till I give you leave. Let Martha's secret be dead to us after all. I have known about it for a long time. Now, Ellen, you must help me put her that she would disappear again. So I had nothing to do but to try to restore her, and I have done it, and you in the same hour have succeeded in doing so by myself."

"Who helped you, in the name of heaven?" asked Ellen.

"Lowrence Nowl," replied Amy, in a lower tone.

Ellen turned from the door at which she stood with a look light of expectation in her eyes, and, as if the name reminded her, although no name had been mentioned during the conference, she went up to the west up to her and kissed her, and said, gently,

"No, dear Amy, I will never speak of it again."

She glided out of the room. Amy Waring looked after her.

"Did she mean she would never think again of the story of Aunt Martha, or—or—?"

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE LATE STATE ELECTION.

WITH regard to the recent election in this State, it is very certain that Governor Wise, Mr. Seward, and many others, has been chosen Secretary of State, and it is not improbable that the MEXICAN OUTRAGE IN TEXAS.

Letters in New Orleans papers, from Corpus Christi, dated the 7th Instant, state that Brownsville was taken by Cortinas on the 1st Instant. The Mexican flag which had been hoisted over the Custom-house and the War Department has received a salute of twenty-one guns. The Commander of the Texas Military Department, dated San Antonio, 8th Instant, which says that Cortinas has retired to and fortified from His Grande City, with intelligence that Cortinas had fled into Matamoras, and that there was a Mexican civil American citizens. It was further stated that Cortinas on the 2nd Instant had issued a proclamation declaring the Rio Grande River. The War Department were ordered to the scene of action under General Twiggs and Twenty-two Companies.

NEW EXCITEMENT AT HARPER'S FERRY.

The excitement caused by the Harper's Ferry forays has been heightened by the discovery of a conspiracy so evident that at Chambersburg, Harper's Ferry, Richmond, and other towns the citizens have taken the most active apprehensions of an attempt to rescue Old Brown and his fellow-captives. The Governor of Virginia has issued a proclamation to the vicinity of Chief-town, which says, it is known that a conspiracy exists to release the prisoners here, has served to confirm the fears of the citizens. In this state of affairs Governor Wise has ordered troops to proceed to Charlestown forthwith to guard the prisoners and preserve the peace. Great excitement exists in Virginia, though at the latest dates no plot had been discovered.

JOHN BROWN IN PRISON.

A lady, who visited Charlestown to assist Mrs. Lydia Maria Child, writes from her interview with John Brown, the first of an hour, and the other for a shorter period.

He is in a cell, about seven feet square, with a cot, and Sheridan on a large bed. Captain Brown arose from his bed to receive his guests, and stood a few moments leaning against the bed-head, immediately lying down again from weakness. His visitors were struck with the cheerfulness of his expression, and the calmness of his manner. He seemed not only passively resigned to his fate, but cheerful under it, and more than willing to meet it.

He said to them:

"I expected Mr. Child would be here to introduce me; I am sorry neither he nor his partner would make their appearance for you."

The men stood helpless.

"You never looked for the reasons why she should not come; but she was very kind—very kind!"

Many questions were then asked as to the treatment and care he had received; to which he said,

"I wish it to be understood by every body that I have been very kindly attended: for if I had been under the care of father or brother I could not have been better treated than by Captain Avis and his family."

Captain Avis is the Sheriff of the county, and the reports speak in high terms for his humane and courteous conduct to the prisoners in his charge.

When another allusion was made to Mrs. Child, Captain Brown said, with a smile,

"The reason why she did not come to-day was, she had I did not wish my wife to come, was for fear lest they should be insulted or annoyed, and that on this account I would be troubled myself."

HIS STATE OF MIND.

Mrs. —— had conversed with her on the jail a large bunch of autumn leaves, gathered in the morning from the forest. Every one of them was full of life and beauty, and she arranged them between the grated bars of her window. "Captain Brown," said a fish-lawn rose which he had beside his cheek on his pillow. This old man seemed to have touched with these visions of thoughtfulness. He is said to have always been a great lover of the beauty of God's world, and especially of flowers.

Mrs. —— drew a chair near his bedside, and talking of her husband, and the ever-kind Avis family who had served his prosaic conversation, of which I can give only a small portion. She says:

"I never saw a person who seemed less troubled or excited, or who more entirely had his mind and heart clear. His remarks are pointed, pithy, and sensible. He is not in the least impatient, but cheerful, and seems to have excellent common sense about every thing."

HIS PRINCIPLES OF SLAVERY.

She asked him some direct questions—never you actuated, in any degree, in undertaking your late enterprise, by a feeling of hatred of the South, or prejudice against them to that effect had gone abroad.

He answered promptly and clear in this statement, and in the present case:

"I am not conscious of ever having had a feeling of revenge, or, in fact, of hatred, toward the slave or any family in Kansas. But I can see that a thing is wrong and wicked, and I have a right to think and feel that those who do the wrong must be punished, and still have no feeling of revenge. This is the way I was raised by my spirit of revenge."

He talked a great deal about his family, manifesting solicitude for their comfort after he was gone, but evincing how perfectly resigned he was to the will of Providence in their behalf.

Some allusion was then made to the sentence which he had received, and to the sympathy manifested for him, and, as my friend says, "almost sublimity."

"I do not think," he replied, "that I could have borne much than to die for it!"

She says that she never forget the impressive manner in which he uttered these solemn words. She repeated:

"It is not the hardest thing that can happen to a brave man to die; but it is a great thing sometimes for a brave man to lie on his back in prison, disabled by wounds. Do you not think so?" she asked him. "I am not satisfied that it may war you down, or cause you to relax your convictions, to regret your adventure, or to encourage but I will," he replied, "what weakness soever I may have had. I do not think I could have borne the Lord and Master Jesus Christ, as I certainly should if I should any apparent cowardice shown."

When the conversation had proceeded thus far, as it was known around the jail that Mrs. Child was there, she was asked to collect, and although no denomination of visitors was made, yet there were many indications of impatience; so that the Sheriff called to the door, and the ladies left the cell, to put an end to the interview.

SAUCY OF THE "NORTH STAR."

The following is a copy of the glad tidings which the telegraph brought on Thursday morning:

"NEW YORK, Thursday Morning, Thursday, November 17, 1859."

"A letter to the Charleston Courier, dated Nassau, New Providence, November 5, says that the steamer *North Star*, from New York for Aspinwall, got ashore about the 31st of October on French Key, about 100 miles on the Keys six or seven days, but finally got off without much assistance from the wreckers. She sustained no loss of sections, and proceeded on her voyage on the 1st Instant.

"The Fleur de Lis, Indian Keys, from which the *North Star* got on shore on her passage from this port to Aspinwall, was built in 1855, by Messrs. Jacobs, Pierce & Co., the route to Aspinwall, and nineteen miles west of the east end of Hillsboro Inlet, in the northeastern part of the Bahama Islands." This is the passage used by sailing vessels coming from the West Indies, and by their passengers to and from Aspinwall.

GERRIT SMITH'S INSANITY.

Gerrit Smith passes through *The Journal*, of the Interstate insanity of Gerrit Smith, says:

"We learn that Gerrit Smith's friends Smith himself and most intensely, his present melancholy and his mental aberration. He has been for years the victim of his own loving sympathies for the down-trodden and oppressed to a quarter of a century. His physical health was decayed, long ago, by his prodigal expenditure of nerve in regard to temperance and diet.

"Gerrit Smith's mind was most munificently endowed. We know him first in 1834, then seeing and winning Dorothy Barker, his first wife, and then in 1840, when since have seen a nobler specimen of manhood. To his high intellectual gifts he added the rare and fact of surpassing beauty.

"Whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on.

"Then added, generous, social as ever, impulsive, he lived for others rather than for himself. Possessed of ample means, he gave away his property with the liberality of an accomplished wife, he was subsequently restored to his understanding, and he labored incessantly upon men and things. He became, as he believed, the instrument of God in the abolition movement. Recently time and labor, and from an opposite cause, that he became an ultra Abolitionist; and his persuasive zeal for Temperance changed to coercive measures in favor of Prohibition. Of his ample fortune, he dispensed in aid of Abolitionism and Temperance with more liberality than wisdom. Both his perverted talents and his misapplied money ignored the objects he sought to promote.

"Mr. Smith has lived for nearly thirty years in a state of political hallucination. The delusion culminated last year in the conviction that he was called of God to be a candidate for the Presidency. He was not content to be in the election on his own account, but every other person in this State that he could control. He was nominated by means. That disappointment left him too well prepared in body and mind, for the shock which has overthrown his too long unbalanced intellect.

"The Harper's Ferry insurrection was an attempt to carry the teachings of prominent Abolitionists into practical effect. It was foreshadowed in a letter from Mr. Smith to the *Jerry Rescuers*. That he ever really intended slaves should rise, rob, and murder, we do not believe; but in speeches and letters he indulged in language which bears no other construction. Unfortunately for Gerrit Smith, driven to madness by his own impassioned and intense, he was ready to carry into practice the principles which he had taught to others through years.

"In the mean time, with knowledge of the noble and generous character of Gerrit Smith, we do not wish to deplore the dispensation which deprives him of reason. Should he ever recover it, he will be blessed by God and men, his family, by various 'declensions,' fallen into by the managers of his business.

"Of what a noble mind is here's ruthrown!
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye, tongue, sword;
The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion and the mould of form.
The observed of all observers, quite quite down."

A TOUCHING STORY.

The Albany *Journal* furnishes the following, where in a citizen of New York performed a highly creditable part:

"Nearly every body knows 'Little Jimmy' the blind newsboy, a bright, intelligent, and honest lad of ten years. Mr. Britton, of the Stuyvesant, has given him exclusive privilege to sell his papers there, and he is said to be a favorite with and well patronized by those frequenting it. Mr. Britton, who is a kind-hearted man, as we understand, but learned to do both without any regard to instructive. Yesterday, a gentleman entered the Stuyvesant and interested in conversing with him, when he asked him if he was not afraid to be in the street, and whether went up with him. Sitting down to the information he learned the beautiful story of Jimmy's mother. It was a sweet, plaintive, touching song, rendered with much pathos by the child. His mother died when he was five, could he have seen, could have found tears in the eyes of the gentleman present—tears of sympathy for the afflicted, and such as do the strong man credit, for they were of the best kind—the tears of sympathy for the afflicted men, Mr. Y——, of New York, drew from his pocket-book twenty-five dollars and presented it to the lad. 'Jimmy' was overjoyed at the generous gift, and his gratitude, with the tears of his benefactor, moistened his face. He declined himself to receive but the ever-ready Britton, who, as he put the money in his pocket, told Jimmy he would keep it for him. Jimmy is just now a modern as those that make us think so well of the world."

A COLLISION ON A COW-CATCHER.

We take the following from the *Times*: "As one of the freight trains coming east rounded a sharp curve near Huntingdon, the engineer saw a small child sitting in the middle of the track, and immediately shut off steam. He instantly whistled down brakes and reversed his engine, but before the train could be stopped it was upon which it was running rendered it impossible to stop before reaching the child, and the engineer thought have been crushed to death. In this emergency, when he saw that the child was in the act of rising, he leaned over the side of his engine, and, with a presence of mind and nerve of nerve that has few parallels, ran to the front of the engine, crouched down on the cow-catcher, and, finding himself with one hand, leaned as far forward as possible, and with the other grasped the child by the collar of the other he threw it off the track. It was the work of an instant, and was performed coolly and successfully. It but he was equal to the emergency, and the child was found lying at the foot of a small embankment, where it had rolled after being thrown from the track of the road, alive and kicking, but somewhat stunned and frightened. The child is a former named Nolt, residing immediately along the road.

FRESHETS.

The Hon. A. H. Stephens, of Georgia, in a recent address at a meeting of the Alumni of the Georgia and Cephus Asylum and Free Schools of that city, related the following anecdote:

"A poor little boy, on a cold night in January, with his mother sick and dying, and his father absent in the second guardian or guide to protect or direct him on his way, commenced his journey. He was a little plaintive, who took him in, fed, helped, and sent him on his way with his blessing. The little boy's heart responded to that heart, and resigned him with fresh courage to battle with the storms of life. He was successful in his efforts to get a living, and in due time returned to the house that had clothed and fed him. He found the old man dead; the cornercats that gave on the substance of man had blown away, and nothing left but the bare old estates. She sent for the nearest counsel to consult her cause to his, and then found that the little boy whom she had given welcomed and entertained by her deceased husband. The grandson of a man whose unbounded gratitude was now added to the ordinary motives connected with the profession. He undertook the cause with a will not easy to be resisted; he gained it; the widow was restored to her home. The little boy grew up and Mr. Stephens added, with an emphasis of emotion that showed his sympathies were deeply touched, 'that orphan boy stood before you!'"

Christmas Day last month, Lord Brougham being in Cannes, had a Christmas-tree prepared for the poor children and the scenes of his early youth, proceeded alone to Mr. L. E. Landon's residence, in which he was not here. He went through every room in both flats of the house, and looked out of the window at which those two unwary years ago he was wont to sit and gaze on the scenery of Paris.

The Cincinnati *Times*, noticing the dangerous illness of Senator Douglas, says: "Mr. Douglas's constitution, through which he has passed in the last six years would seem to be enough to break down any man. Mrs. Douglas, however, has a constitution of iron. He has often lived many days and nights together in the cars, and has stood the fatigue of speaking to the people in the open air, without injury; but his acquaintance is so extensive in the Senate, he is so popular, he gives so much time to others, that we ever knew by

"Nature's own sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

Though he has a strong constitution, however, he is just the man to be worn out by a succession of 'fusses.'"

A wedding in bona-stock-and-bond-mortgage-life took place in St. Louis on the 17th inst., between Miss Kate Knoxit, a the oldest son of Colonel Frederick Bennett, and the third daughter of Judge Lucien Eugene John O'Fallon. The families and relatives of the wedded pair are said to be among the wealthiest in the city.

The Rev. Dr. Cheever, of New York, has received a handsome testimonial in all the coins of benevolence, was last week handed to him by the hand of his beloved, by named John Brown, and in a few weeks will be published in the columns of the *Tribune*.

The *Evening Journal* says that a well-informed gentleman, who has recently visited the Island of Cuba, assures it that Señor Ovieda, of "Diamond Marriage" memory, is worth about $5,000,000. The Island, by the way, exports, from sudden stores, to $100,000,000.

The Rev. Dr. Cheever, of New York (Sunbury), well known as a reckoning and horticulturist, will probably, in the course of a few weeks, publish a book which will be a superior kind of interest to those of the beloved ground laid out by Washington.

The editor of the Lynn (Massachusetts) *Reporter* furnishes his readers an interesting account of a recent visit to Dungeon Rock, and his interview with Mr. Mitchell, who has been engaged for the last eight years in this singularly cold locality in the wilder attempt to obtain the treasure of Kidd, the freebooter. Guided in his labors at first by dreams and visionary by subsequently, he delved man has, with the assistance of his son, blasted passages out of the solid rock. He has labored with his own hands nearly a hundred feet in the solid rock. The last time he visited the cave he found that the water had risen to such a height that he was obliged to abandon it. He has still undaunted a firm belief that he will accomplish a final success.

lieves he has lost than ten feet to get to reach the longsought cave.

Sir Francis S. Goldsmid has prescribed £100 sterling to the fund for the purchase of medals for Garibaldi.

General Tom Thumb will be twenty-five years old in January next. He resides in Bridgeport, Connecticut, where he owns a fine house on the main street, valued at over $50,000. He drives a pony which he says will travel a mile in three minutes.

A lexicology girl, named Sarah Wilkinson, proved the other day in a Boston lawyer who had deserted her at the altar. During his examination he told her that he had once taken a solemn oath, to please a friend, that he would never marry that girl, and that he considered that oath at length sealed to. Before the magistrate the fellow offered to marry the girl, and thus put an end to the proceedings; but she hesitated, and then refused the offer outright. The Midnight Mail is now the only passenger train once could not be trusted, and that she had better have nothing to do with him.

The late George Brown, of Baltimore, left by his will $400,000 to his hands and a part of his estate to support his benevolent objects as she should judge fit, and she has given away about $300,000 of the amount in her lifetime.

The Prairie du Chien (Wisconsin) Leader states that two young ladies, Miss Haskell and Miss Pool, when walking in the vicinity of Jenny Coon, Richland County, were pursued by two bears, one of which struck Miss Pool with his paw, tearing her breast to the bone, and causing her death in a few hours. Miss Haskell escaped with a few scratches. The bears were killed soon after.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE WRECK OF THE "ROYAL CHARTER."

By the Ship *Clyde* at Boston we have full and detailed accounts of the wreck of the screw steamship *Royal Charter*, and of the fearful loss of life attending it. Nearly all the gold and the possession of graphic and copious details of the and calamity.

It appears that the *Royal Charter*, when within two or three hours sail of Liverpool (on the coast of Carnarvonshire, Motionary), experienced the full fury of a terrific northwest gale, which prevailed for about twelve hours during the night of the 25th and 26th ult. The steam power of the vessel was insufficient to enable her to make any way in the teeth of the strong breeze, and the sails, which at one time were reg rapidly steadily, it became necessary, at about two o'clock at night, to let go the anchor—a measure which been previously tried and rockets discharged in the hope of attracting a pilot, but without success.

The gale meantime increased to a perfect hurricane, and at day-light in the morning the cables parted, and the vessel parted, and shortly afterward the ship was beating on the rocks in a place called Moelfre Bay, about three miles to the east of Angelsea. The masts were cut away, but without any beneficial result.

THE VESSEL FOUNDERING.

About daylight nir's clock) a sailor, with a cord tied around his waist, passed over the vessel's side and got on to an unsubmerged rock, he succeeded in reaching and securing the end of a rope which was thrown to him, and in most cases his mates followed his example, and got safely ashore perpendicular to the height of forty feet. A hawser was first got ashore, and a line was then passed on to it, and the line was then passed on to it, with a view of hauling the passengers and crew on shore. About a dozen were thus saved. By this means soon landed, and it was hoped that all on board might be saved.

At about seven o'clock, however, the water beating against the ship's broadside with tremendous violence, she suddenly snapped asunder amidships and tumbled in pieces. At the passengers and crew were still on board, numbers were killed by the crushing *debris*, and only twenty-six managed to get ashore. Of these one or more number saved only thirty-one out of a total passengers and crew of 459.

The scene was terrible in the extreme. The sea was washed on and of the rocks several times, and in consequence instances were very frequent where persons on the jutting rocks were hurled back into the sea by the furious waves.

Not a superior officer was saved, neither a woman nor a child.

Captain Taylor exerted himself to the utmost, but was finally carried on the back of a sailor through the surf, but he, by a boat falling from the davits, and was seen no more.

HER PASSENGERS AND CARGO.

The departure of the *Royal Charter* was incomplete, so that by eight o'clock nothing was visible but masses of wreck, mingled with bodies of the dead and dying on the strand. The prostration of the telegraph wires, and the obstruction by the six of a portion of the line of the Holyhead Railroad (which passes the locality), caused considerable delay in the progress of the news to the public, and a consequent loss of time in sending telegrams to the spot. The vessel had on board 388 passengers, 112 ounces of gold, besides a large number of sovereigns, besides and a valuable cargo of merchandise. Many lives and hopes were entertained that this might be recovered.

The *Royal Charter* was an iron vessel of 1,400 tons burthen, and furnished with auxiliary screw engines. She was built by Messrs. Lawrie, of Glasgow, in 1855, and was insured for £80 000. Her general rags was not very valuable—say £7,000.

Of the persons on board the *Royal Charter* when she left Australia (eighty-seven days previously) 388 were passengers, and 124 crew—total, 512. Of these, seventeen passengers were saved, and twenty-seven of the crew. Some were saved from the wreck; so that the total loss of life was 467. Among the passengers were a number of invalids, who were transferred from a rig-boat to the *Royal Charter* in Melbourne harbor, and who died on the voyage.

Instructions were being effected at Lloyd's on the building at twenty-five per cent.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT OF THE CATASTROPHE.

Another writer says: "At about seven o'clock, the waves having regained their mastery over the unfortunate barque, she suddenly snapped asunder amidships, and tumbled in pieces like a wooden toy.

"The scenes on board during the last hour were painful beyond description. Wives, husbands, children, friends and parents, lovers and friends, were embracing each other with the consternation of despair, and many for the last time.

"Among the bridge, a clergyman from New Zealand, before the final consummation, was engaged in prayer, which was earnestly participated in by most until the end; and just as the vessel broke in two, and amidst a panic universal. About twenty-six persons managed to get ashore, but it was again through Providence and no design or ability, for they were all washed on the shrieking rocks, and on scattered fragments of the wreck. Indeed, many were washed on and off several times and many who thought they had reached safety were lost to sight by a jutting rock, were hurled back again to a watery grave.

"On the vessel breaking in two, the after part, with the poop, remained afloat for a few minutes, but what with the strength of the wind and the mountain seas which covered the sea and struck many a brave and struggling man's breast as he swam, she soon sank to form mid of land.

"At eight o'clock in the morning nothing but the wreck scattered about and corpses left on the strand, retained the terrible catastrophe that had befallen nearly 500 human beings, a few hours before glowing with joy at once again sighting the shores of their native land, which they had toiled and saved, and satisfied that how the voyage to which they had so long looked forward with the globe was nearly ended. Many of the passengers were accompanied, indeed, so much had they satisfied themselves that the voyage was nearly at an end, that before they presented the Captain with a piece of plate, for his uniform kindness and attention, and in the congratulatory speeches which followed the Captain pleasantly assured them that within twenty-four hours he expected to be on the lee side of Mrs. Taylor.

DEATH OF THE CAPTAIN.

"The Captain, however, succumbed to a sailor's fate. He was strong and powerful, and made every effort to save himself, but he might be preserved in vain. He again seen struggling in the water, laying hold of a yardarm, and in every one and then being washed from his grip. On recovering his spar, he acknowledged effort, and was seen to struggle manfully with the waves. After this he and Mr. Doyle, the second officer, were seen on the top of the ship, struggling together with the shore, when a boat fell from the davits and struck them both, and they were carried by the waves and no more.

"One incident if related, that when the Captain had been struck prostrate on deck, exhausted, he saw the Second Officer, Mr. Doyle, in the act of saving a female passenger, and he, with the assistance of the second officer, Mr. Stevens, to give a hand there, and to lash the child by a rope, and after expecting at that time that help would be soon available."

THE SCENE ON THE WRECK.

"We read in the *Liverpool Journal* of October 25th: "Many persons visited the scene of the wreck yesterday, and were making anxious inquiries as to the fate of relatives and friends. For this purpose every facility was afforded them. The number of bodies that have been recognized among those deprived of their nearest relatives and friends is very considerable. The Rev. Mr. Jones, one of the vicars, several of the leaders of the coastguard force, and others by the calamity floated upon the beach; numerously and deeply engaged in the sad and painful duty of identification at a late hour last evening, to twenty-six. Of these, five were found on the beach at Moelfre Bay, and the bodies were conveyed to Llanlago Church, and carefully laid out in coffins, and arranged in readiness for identification. Some had on their clothing, while others were found in their berths, and others on the deck, where they had been in their berths, and rushed suddenly to the deck, and were washed away in the attempt to reach with the perilous position of the blinded ship. Many of the bodies were recognized by the clothing. One showed a waistcoat which was recognized by a friend as having been hung up in front of the tent by one of the constables. Another, curiously enough, had a £5 note in his hat of her husband, a man named Barrett, who had been washed overboard. She said: 'Oh, my dear, if the poor widow was most heart-rending to witness. Some of the women, by, in an attempt to identify, suggested that she might be mistaken. 'Oh no,' said she, 'I know it is my husband.' By looking at the husband! God look down upon me!' Among those who were identified were Mr. Hughes, of the firm of Hughes & Wolverley-street, Grean. Two of his brothers were aboard the ship, and were drowned. Mr. Hughes was present at the identification of the bodies of his brothers. He was the second gentleman to meet them at Liverpool. He has left for Australia to place the affairs of Moelfre Bay to rights for the dead bodies."

HOW THE "GREAT EASTERN" STOOD THE GALE.

A reporter writes from Holyhead: "The gale is at this hour still, just before the Ants sailed, says:

"The Steamship *Great Eastern* passed aboard the *Great Eastern* reports the effect of the gale.

Captain Harrison and his officers and crew were at their posts ready to run the ship out if necessary.

The *Great Eastern* behaved well, and almost equalled the screw steamship *Clyde*, which arrived at Boston this morning.

"Captain Harrison's water-proof coat was blown to shreds of him, and myself found myself under the gangplank, and blown down and tumbled along with such violence that I thought my bones were broken.

"The saloon skylights were blown up, and wind and rain poured down. The saloon floor was covered with water, and looking at every sea, and the lower decks soft and splashy with the rain.

"Three anchors were down, and appeared taut to the strain.

"At six the breakwater was in a boiling way—portions of the sea breaking over it, and the foaming the sea beyond, and the lighthouse was hidden from view.

"At 10.30 A. M. it parted, and the ship was adrift, rolling and pitching terrifically.

"A second heavy anchor was let go, and the screw moved, and the ship was kept head to the sea. Three anchors driven round at speed, and were somewhat damaged by the concussion.

"The passengers, with the exception of a few, were cautious, too brigs, too decumbent, and one gallivanted living in the saloon. The ship behaved well. The bucket of the main were actually dragged out-and-tried longer.

THE GALE AT LIVERPOOL.

An anecdote is told in connection with the recent decision of the Queen's Bench in favor of Mr. Bennett against their way seats. At the Sheriff of Edinburgh stood a gentleman who had a ticket for one of the seats in question, a lady sought audience of him. It was granted, and she was introduced with her child. She told the Sheriff with her she was deeply in love with Prince Arthur, and that nothing would satisfy her child but seeing the representing Prince Arthur with a bouquet. The Sheriff consulted with the Lord Provost, and as the law jurisdiction sufficient for the presentation of the bouquet; however, he would undertake to present the flowers. The bouquet, the wand, and the child was brought in, and presented the flowers to the Prince, and the young lady, who stood a behind the Queen, and the Prince, and the Queen, and the platform. Her Majesty, with the utmost promptitude, immediately presented the bouquet to the young lady, and she would not for a moment "come between the child and her Queen," but immediately gave the flowers to the child, and felt Miss ——, stepping forward with the bouquet, presented it to the child, with the most delicate consciousness beaming from her child-face, which, no doubt, the gratitude Prince fully appreciated.

FRANCE.

THE EMPEROR'S LETTER TO VICTOR EMANUEL.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Times* says: "The letter addressed by the Emperor to Victor Emanuel is addressed by the King of Sardinia, and he has no hesitation in communicating its contents to Europe.

"Monsieur mon Frere,—I write to-day to your Majesty to inform you of the steps which circumstances, in addition, to remind you of the past, and to settle with you the conditions of the peace which I have in view. The circumstances are grave; it is requisite to by acute prudence and sterile regret, and to examine carefully the real state of affairs. Then, the question is not now whether of Lodi done well or ill in making peace with Austria, but rather to obtain from the treaty results the most favorable for Italy, and the most useful for the repose of Europe.

Before entering on the discussion of this question, I must call your attention to the fact that the war has undergone a change which has rendered every delicate negotiation and every explicit treaty impossible.

"In point of fact, war has often fewer complications than peace. In the former, two interests only are in presence of each other—the attack and the defense; in the latter, on the contrary, the point is to reconcile a multitude of interests—often of an opposite character. This is what actually occurred at the moment of peace. It was necessary to conclude a treaty that should secure in the best manner possible the independence of Italy, which would satisfy Piedmont and the wishes of the population, and yet which would not wound the Catholic party, the susceptibilities of the Sovereign to whom I had given my word.

"I believed then that if the Emperor of Austria wished to come to a friendly understanding with me, with a view of bringing about this important result, the causes of hostility would cease, the animosities had spent their force, empires would dissipate, and that the regeneration of Italy would be the result of common accord, and without further bloodshed.

HIS ITALIAN POLICY.

"I now state what are, to my opinion, the essential conditions of that regeneration.

"Italy to be composed of several independent States, united by a federal bond.

"Each of these States to adopt a parliament representative system and salutary reforms.

"The Sovereign Pontiff to then retire the principle of Italian confederation, to help him out, to bring on some of customs, and one currency.

"The governing power to be at Rome, which should be composed of representatives named by the sovereigns or elected by municipal Chambers, or partly by the one this species of list, the influence of the religious feelings be compensated and a happy balance should be created balanced by the element resulting from election.

"The honorary Presidency of the Italian Confederacy Pontiff, the religious sentiment of the Italian people would be surrounded with the most honors of the Pope would be increased throughout Italy, and the Holy Father, delivered from the cares of temporal power, would be in possession of the noblest of the populations, the duties which I had formed at the moment of making the peace of Villafranca, and which I am happy to see to-day your influence in promoting it. Besides, a consideration would induce me to look favorably on Venetia.

"The cession of Lombardy, with a limited debt, is an accomplished fact.

"Austria has given up her right to keep gentlemen in the surrounding places—Parma, Ferrara, and Leghorn.

"The rights of the Sovereigns have, it is true, been violated, but the people have declared in favor of the new order of things, and the principle of non-intervention of countries has been formally set aside; and, lastly, Venetia cannot remain under the present state of things to the interest of your Majesty, as of the Peninsula, to accept me in the conditions which I have the honor to set forth from it the best results; for your Majesty can not forget that I have given you my word of honor, and that I am a Congress which is about to open, withdraw myself from my engagements, and I should be placed in a most embarrassed.

WHAT FRANCE DEMANDS.

"We demand that Parma and Placenza shall be united to Piedmont, and that Modena and the Legations shall constitute of state, independent to her.

"The federal union of the Duchies of Parma shall be called to Modena;

"Tuscany to be augmented, perhaps, by a portion of territory—shall be restored to the Grand Duke Ferdinand.

"That a system of moderate anger liberty shall be established in the Papal States.

"That Austria shall frankly disengage herself from all connection with the Transformations in Italy, and that she shall consent to complete the nationality of Italy, by ceding to Victor Emanuel the provinces called administrative, and which form the kingdom of Venetia.

"That Austria cede the fortresses of Mantua and Peschiera, which shall form the federal fortresses.

"And, lastly, that a Confederation based on the real forces of Italy be placed under the honorary Presidency, the exclusive of every foreign influence, shall consolidate the work of the regeneration of Italy.

I shall neglect nothing for the attainment of this great result. I hope that the Congress which is to assemble will not vary, and as far as the interests of Europe are concerned, I feel sure that it will not refuse to serve the cause for which we have combated together.

"Please or by Queen, etc. etc. etc."

SPAIN.

THE WAR WITH MOROCCO.

We read in the Gibraltar correspondence of the *Herald*: "Some hostile demonstrations have been made here from Tangier, and Gibraltar is ready to run a storm of shot and shell, without stocking to save their property. Yesterday, the Governor received a letter from the Spanish Consul at Tangier against the Spanish Consul at Tangier against the Spanish Consul at Tangier against

FALL GAMES.—THE ELEPHANT.

FALL GAMES—THE APPLE-BEE.

FALL GAMES.

The preceding illustrations will remind many a reader of happy evenings spent in pleasant homes in New England or the Middle States. One of our designs represents the Elephant games—a very popular pastime for the fall and winter holidays in New England. A couple of stout, good-natured young men, arm'd with a twisted piece of wood or still leather to represent a trunk, and provided with a large shawl, with enough room for a very fat elephant, who may, if he be so inclined, present the prettiest girls in the room with all manner of presents with his unreserved trunk; while a boy, the well-known docility of the animal, that the Queen of the evening may ride like a lady, the capacity of *endauce*, without the least danger.

Our other design represents an Apple-Bee, another popular pastime in many parts of the country. The old superstition that an apple-paring thrown over the shoulder by a pretty girl would assume, as the ground, the form of the initial of the name of her lover or future husband, is still firmly believed in many country places. So long as it leads to nothing worse than such merry, healthful sports as the one here so well and truly depicted, no one need be in a hurry to see it exploded. It serves, on the occasion represented in our picture, to relieve a natural necessary pause in every Northern farmer's home—the paring of apples for drying and market.

TWO PARTINGS.

We parted once before. You wept
When I rose up to go, you did;
You pray'd for me before you slept,
You little love, you know you did!

And no grief now is on that brow,
Which then, you said, throbb'd so, you did;
No hand now hotter than your vow—
You cruel thing, you know you did!

Do you remember what the sea,
I took you out to show you, did?
You made a pretty smile;
You false of tongue, you know you did!

You sighed, "That life were like its crests!
When sunshine kisses below," you did;
"To catch love's light before it rests!"
You cold, cold heart, you know you did.

What have I done? You smile no more
On me as months ago you did;
You deem my homage now a bore;
You liked it then, you know you did.

"How blest," you said, "were life with one
Who'd love you truly!" Yes, you did—
But—you thought I was an elder son—
You utter flirt, you know you did!

THE MARKED MONEY.

But Erie Road, that great, puffing, driving, fire-breathing, destroying monster, winds through the huge now.

But, there was a time?

Certainly, there was a time when these yelling, screeching engines did not rush at one end of the place at all unseemly hours of the day and night, and thunder down about it, making all at the other, after a horrifying call, and roaring over the bridges like a great tempest, such as we read of in legend, seeming to say, "Well, I have spared you this time, only swallowed a few of your people. The next time I come I'll take the whole place and the village."

Yes, there was a time when the little place was still smaller than now. Not so very long ago either. We can all remember it—all who can remember the days of silver shoe-buckles and their hair. They can remember how, when they were young, that spot was a village, though it was only about a half-way house in the progress, where a fiddler (more famous as a violinist) was always to be had at a moment's notice, and where the art of kicking up the nicest little suppers while the hot pumps did, whisper at "four o'clock" was discussed, and where there was just room enough for a party to dance, and no more, no matter how large the party.

What! in the village?

Nonsense! I am speaking now of the little white house that stands about midway as you pass through it. That is "the Village Tavern," always has been the village tavern for more than half a century, until within ten years the last word was painted out and that of "Hotel" substituted.

There was a time when, as I said, this "Village Tavern" was the great place for riding, driving, and sleighing parties to stop and refresh and sup. It was a spot, too, for travelers, when they did not head over the hard road and to the places of their destination in less time than they could spur it home. Many a traveler who came only for the night's rest, for his horse and himself, fast, staid over a day or two, perhaps for a week. There were host and jockey in those days, that could be caught in the clear, bright waters of the Passaic, which ran stealthily by the foot of the garden, less than a stone's-throw from the back piazza, and was not banged and whirled and bealed by a thousand mill-wheels, and rumbled over by half a hundred trains of steam-cars daily. There was woodcock too, five minutes' walk away, and a partridge, or, if you liked a longer walk, something of larger growth worthy of your powder and shot.

John Gordon kept "The Village Tavern." Gor-

don was a hard-headed, stout-headed, red-faced, jolly, humorous Scotchman. He was liberal, with all the oils, in his dealings. He was proud of his ale eye to the main chance. He was proud of his position as landlord, proud that his house should be known and spoken of in the great city of New York, and particularly proud that so many *connoisseurs* thought it well worth their while to drive out to "The Village Tavern" that they might drink Gordon's inimitable punch, made from a peculiar whisky of which the landlord had once come into possession, and which, he was sure, was by the fest of Ben Nevis, to the hour it went gurgling down the drinkers' throats.

Of all these whisky John Gordon proud. This was the pride of his profession; but there was one other pride that he was proud, and to which all other things were but as accessories. This was his daughter Letty. Letty Gordon was the landlord's only child. She was a motherless girl—her wife, and ten years after his marriage there came to John Gordon's house a little girl, who, like little Letty could count eight years Mrs. Letty Gordon, senior, was called to another world, and the world, leaving little Letty heiress of all the goods, chattels, and real estate of which she died possessed, the last item being "The Village Tavern," with all furniture and belongings: a comfortable little suiting out which, with true Dutch carefulness, her good father had settled upon her the day she was married, and from which John Gordon had guaranteed some addition to be made at stated times in various forms in the country round.

Letty Gordon had great blue eyes, very blue, very large, very sparkling, with surpassed mischief. Letty Gordon had light-brown hair that danced about her head in curls, which in some sort were almost repudiated a ribbon. She had the whitest skin, and the whitest teeth, and the—— Oh! this sounds too much like an auctioneer's summons. I shall cut it by saying that she was just the morriest, sweetest, gayest, prettiest girl that I have ever seen, and I am not alone in so believing. There were a few of the fairest guests of "The Village Tavern" who could contend with Letty Gordon; but to the mass who came and went like transient birds, Letty was the loadstar. Many a heard of the landlord's beautiful daughter; once in a long while some one more fortunate than the rest would catch a glimpse of her, as she went to or from whence she came, or whither she went, the glimpser could never tell. They only knew that, quietly of the mysterious beauty of whom they heard so much, of whom they knew that she breathed the same atmosphere with them, had yet to them was a sealed book. This was the treasure that "The Village Tavern" was supposed to. She who, already an heiress in her own right, was to inherit all the acres that he had been adding year by year to the "Village Tavern." "The Village Tavern." Letty was not only the admiration of the gay people who came from the city, but she was the ambition of every rustic beau who looked with covetous eyes upon the fair face and the broad acres of the landlord's daughter. Mrs. Letty Gordon but they looked in vain, for John Gordon had long resolved that his daughter should marry a man who should be no common man, but should outdouble her in wealth.

Letty Gordon was not the only fair attraction that brought the gallants to "The Village Tavern." There was another sight that was extremely sharp, in the person of Martha Field. Martha and Letty were of an age—both eighteen. Martha was a year older than Letty, but was called a child by the late Mrs. Letty Gordon to "care for." Martha was the daughter of "The Village Tavern;" she was here, there, and every where, as John Gordon expressed it. If extra company were coming, it was Martha who helped Letty, who was able and willing. Whether Martha's hand was wanted in the kitchen, or in the parlor, to wait on the guests, to attend in the bar, it was always the same; she was there. Whatever she did was done well. Martha was a favorite with all the male as suitor to the mistress, made a desperate effort to secure the landlord's heart by the short road to his love with the maid, only to find out that his fate was the same in either quarter. Martha field had been apprenticed in the kitchen of the house by her beneath her trim, well-fitting bodice. She had been taught how to entertain confidants into the keeping of David Bigelow, a smart and promising carpenter, who, by some special art lurking under his tongue, had persuaded Martha to allow him for to himself in the face of the most startling opposition. Under these circumstances, there can be no wonder that Martha should be given to reading romances, and sympathizing generally with lovers particularly circumstanced. Martha, then, was now one who said that when Martha Field married a man, that man would be a man. Martha, it is a trifle for the couple to start with; but those who know the landlord better declared that as long as Martha was in the house, and that was not at any part with a dollar of all he had so carefully hoarded up, he would effectually resist. In proof of which they pointed to Letty and Martha, upon whom he never lavished a cent, putting off their desires for money alone, as inherent in the sex. To prove them that their fears would make their fortunes was a favorite joke with him.

This was John Gordon's household, save only Aunt Lois, who reigned supreme in the kitchen department. Aunt Lois was a fixture in the house. Leaves fluttered with more than ordinary gladness, and the birds sang about over the trees of the landlord, sending its light to the clear, gravelly bottom that it almost seemed to be in their very bones, the Paterson stage rattled through the village, and dropped one passenger at "The Village Tavern." He was a tall, dark-complexioned man, somewhere about thirty, with a quiet, assured manner, that told the crowd of idlers who stood always ready to stare at the stage passengers, if they were capable of receiving any impression, that the new-comer was an even easily-snared fowl, and would accommodate to all the attentions that could be thrust upon him.

He told John Gordon, who stood ready to receive him, that his name was Philip Conger, and his intention was to spend a week with him, and try his luck at the fish. John was pleased at the announcement, and told his guest so. More pleased as he noticed that the young man's baggage (spoke that many was plentiful), and still more pleased when he found that his liberal orders did full justice to his table, Philip Conger fished until the sunset while old trout and pickerel trembled in their watery beds. He shot with such success that he awakened the jealousy of the stereotyped sportsmen of the place. He walked, he rode, and drove, and he rode much passed away, and yet he remained a guest of "The Village Tavern." Another week, and Philip Conger was still there; but he no longer rode, no longer fished, his walks and rides were shorter, and the house had more attraction. In a few words, he had seen Letty Gordon, had spoken with her, and in that moment all things that carried him away from where he could feel that she was near to him had lost their charm. Another still than this, Letty, who had been so invisible to all other eyes, now went flitting uneasily about the house. Philip, who upon the piazza, there was large chances but he would see her within the hour. If he walked through about the garden, Letty had a bouquet to make up, some berries to pick, or something to do which he always could take a hand in. Letty and the village who already knew every thing told John Gordon occasionally that Letty was a sad coquette, and that she was flirting with a stranger, being published leisurely along the river bank in a skiff, or had been sent at some past time to bring, with the stranger in some near line, or sitting in some half-secluded place assertly talking. They could tell that the landlord's pride was dark whenever such intelligence was brought him, and those who were most about the house could almost tell the hour when anger treated his gust with the same attention as formerly, there was a lack of that welcome greeting with which John Gordon had always for well paying guests; and then the gossips foretold a storm. They said that when John Gordon's face darkened there would be lightning flashes, which would strike somewhere. There were other signs which these foretelling ills saw, a coming storm. Letty was seen once, twice, perhaps three times, in tears, and Martha Field had been heard openly to call her all fathers hyena.

One day John Gordon, with redder face than usual, and every sign of storm in his eye, came from parlor to cellar. Something there was in the wind more than common. The busy-bodies looked around and around for the cause, and were not long in finding it out. There, almost opposite the house, in a full view, was the little skiff that at one time, while Philip Conger, with Letty Gordon as his pupil, was back at his old employment of fishing; but they said the long gathering storm would burst; but they were to be woefully mistaken when they looked for the lightning flash to descend over the head of Philip Conger. In their own good time the couple came back; they were too happy to have any eyes for the world. Philip, after his visit of wrath all charged, sought Philip. For an hour they remained alone in the room of Philip; but those who listened for the thunder of the storm heard nothing. There was only the confused sound of a low tone proceeding from that of Gordon above to the other, then an instantly calming down. What the conversation was that had so changed the violent man was a mystery, but at the end of the hour John Gordon came forth pale and silent, and in another hour Philip Conger had turned his back on "The Village Tavern," never to be its guest again.

It was the first affair his hardiness was reserved, and poor Letty had now not only to bear with her father's dark looks and stern words, but, what was worse, the scrutinizer of her lover's face. How she would have borne this it would be hard to say, but Martha Field, who brought to her a letter from Philip, written within that hour before he left the house, filled with his promises of love, and his hopes of a speedy return, and who knew the vicinity and would find means to communicate with her, had confided every thing, and Martha was now the delivery that should, if she did not carry, the correspondence between Letty Gordon and Philip Conger; and David Bigelow the writer, who, at the bidding of Martha, performed the post-office. Without actually knowing this, John Gordon suspected, and his suspicion generated secretive measures. David Bigelow was at once forbidden the house, and Martha was told that her pleasure rained down upon the head of Martha.

For weeks things remained in this uncertain state. Whatever communication Letty contrived to take were locked within his own breast. There was a mystery about her thoughts which many could fathom, and to which Letty Gordon lent her sympathy and triumphantly when Martha Field brought her the news that she had heard strange things.

John Gordon had been known to have several private interviews with the landlord of the livery stable. The old man had been seen lurking around the village suspiciously, as if smelling out some trouble. He was often in the dead of time at the tavern, in talks with the landlord or sitting watching with body and mind, lying under his bowered brows. The gossips were busy again. They declared that between John Gordon and old Brown there was something that would bring trouble to Philip Conger or David Bigelow. They had heard the landlord declare his intention of driving them both out of the village, and of turning Martha Field into the road to seek a house where she would find better fortune. Letty, in her fear, lover eye who knew John Gordon knew that he would not stop half-way in his wishes to hurt.

and upon which he started. Of late he had talked much about ingratitude—about those he had fed turning from him—about conspiracy—about nursing vipers in his bosom that turned and stung him; and for a long time these pickers-up of inconsiderable domestic trifles were divided in opinion whether the old man made allusion to his daughter or to Martha Field. They were soon satisfied when they perceived that he ceased to speak to Martha unless forced by necessity to do so, and then only with an impatience that betrayed a strong uneasiness. Martha laughed at the threats of John Gordon to expel her from his house. She knew that she could be useful to the success of "The Village Tavern," and that if its landlord did not understand that fact, there were those about her who knew enough that would, and to these she would go. Martha Field set him at defiance, and still remained under the roof of David Bigelow to carry the letters of the lovers.

It was one morning in the early autumn, following a day that John Gordon and old Brown had been engaged in numberless consultations. The pair seemed to blanch, and those who had been peering about until they knew more of the matter than the actors themselves had, that it was near its catastrophe. The habitant redness had deserted John Gordon's face; it was pale, toasted—very pale—for John Gordon. He stepped more quickly that night than was his custom; from the bar to the parlor, and up and up stairs to where Letty and Martha sat. Those who spoke of it afterward said that many things passed that evening that were strange, but were not thought of at that day until the next day. They said that soon after dark a carriage, a kind of buggy like the one Philip Conger was sometimes seen in, came slowly up the river, and by for some minutes under the road within view of the house, and that it was not enough to give up to conquer men. It was strange then how many had seen and foretold all these things to be themselves long before; how many had known it so, and were not surprised in the least; and how many were ready with the intimation that it would be a lesson to John Gordon, and lead him to see that there was an instability in wealth, and that it was not true but that—

A week rolled by, and John Gordon left his room, but with no broken limb to splints hanging by a sling. He had arrived, people said, in the week to be at least ten years older. His face was drawn and haggard, and his healthy hue had gone quite out of his cheeks. His eyes were dim, and there was no bowl hearty laugh resounding in the house, as in the old days. The loungers and gossips watched the old man as he went vacantly about the house, speaking with something to say. They watched him as he was confronted in his own bar, that spot which only one short week before was his stronghold, by another face as pale and haggard as his own, who asked for justice on behalf of Martha Field, and was refused. Then this man, who was none other than David Bigelow, stood up before the landlord and the curious crowd, and told how Martha Field was guiltless, and that John Gordon knew it when, in his base anger and despair, he had made the means of communication between his daughter and Philip Conger, he sent an innocent girl, who should have been as dear to him

as a child, to a criminal prison. John Gordon brooded with the rage he was obliged to suppress, and David Bigelow went on. Yes! he knew that the money which he had marked as a trap was taken by his daughter Letty, as she had a perfect right to do; for was not the house and all within it—yes, and all its riches—hers for the last cent, even the lands he had bought with those profits, hers? Yes! And he, John Gordon, knew this, and more. He knew that Letty Gordon had taken this money as she would take any other thing that was her own, and kept it from the Sheriff, that it purchase such articles as her father wrongfully denied her; paper, pens, and ink, that she might write to the man to whom she had betrothed herself; and such things as were necessary to have when she fled from the home where she was a prisoner.

This he said, and more. That Martha Field had refused to say one thing on the day of the arrest, knowing that Letty would step forward for her protection at the proper time; that it was Letty's intention to have left her home with Philip Conger within a few days of the one on which Martha was arrested: but why the flight should have occurred on that evening, so prosperously, was an unanswered question. One thing was certain, that when Letty Gordon left home she did not, nor did she now, know of the arrest of Martha Field, or that would come forward as an ally and show her entire innocence.

The old man opened all of David's story. There was law, he said, and justice for all. If the girl was innocent let her show it, and all would be right. She had chosen silence when she was examined before the Squire; now let her wait until her trial. There was law and justice for all, and protection for him too, and he would have it. John Gordon accompanied this last declaration by a blow upon the table with his clenched, sinewy hand, that brought back to the listeners some memory of the vast strength in it would require but a vigorous to have provoked his wrath. David Bigelow drew himself to his full height, and speaking in calmly low, measured tones that showed how his address were the consummate topic, he told him that from that moment all his actions should be subject to his again for mercy. That he would go forth, and, if Letty Gordon was alive, he would find her and bring her there to Martha Field's cell, that he to confound his villainy. From that time forward John Gordon could look upon him as a deadly enemy, and remember that, as he had denied mercy, so would it be denied to him. David Bigelow strode out of the room, while the old man looked fiercely at the group, who murmured their admiration of the carpenter, and one by one followed him out.

David Bigelow had left the village, none knew exactly when, but the sunrise was the hour he had gone to New York. Days and weeks slipped by, and nothing was heard of him. Martha Field was still a prisoner awaiting trial. All efforts at engaging strength in his arm; the bone was knitting finely, the doctor said, but he was not regaining strength in "The Village Tavern." The neighbors came less, and gossiped less. The story crept about. Some said he drove up Broadway to know something about it. There was one thing they could all agree upon, that was John Gordon's face was pale, and the strength of his welcome gone. The day for Martha Field's trial came. There was great sympathy for her throughout the county. Her story was believed, but there was no evidence, no conversation with her could make clearly and distinctly. The loss of the money was proved, the marking, the tracing of the marked money to the village stores, where it had been passed by Martha. There was no defense, the very aids counted who had contributed to it, and said. He could only make the statement on behalf of the prisoner; and then he gave Martha's story of how she became possessed of the money innocently. There was a dead silence in the court-room as he closed a beautiful appeal for mercy for the prisoner. In its midst came a loud groan, and in a moment after a shuffling of feet and several persons were running to the door, who had already caught sight of the lunches and lay prostrate upon the floor. It was John Gordon, the stout man, the strong man, now he was, as they strove to raise him to his feet. His eyes were wide open, and looking eagerly toward the judge. "I cannot see her," he said. "I am sorry. I know she tells the truth."

"Put that man back upon the stairs," the judge says, sternly.

The man was put back upon the stand; but he had nothing to say, only that he knew the girl innocent, and he could see truth in the face of the prisoner told now, when he would not see it before. And so they carried him away to his wagon, and drove him home.

As they bore the old broken-down man out by one door there were eyes—not Martha's from the other that made her heart leap. The eyes of Letty Gordon! and, when speaking of the case afterward, that they would have acquitted the prisoner through sympathy, they would have been sorry for the deed. But when the eyes of David Bigelow and Letty Gordon met Martha's she knew that she wanted no sympathy now to set her out upon the world with a stain upon her name forever. The truth had come; and when Letty Gordon, now Mrs. David Bigelow, threw her arms about the prisoner's neck, and kissed her, while she cried and laughed by turns, every body knew the story as well as though it had been told. As a form the evidence must be given, and before the town hall could open Letty's checks the verdict was rendered—" Not Guilty." How the people shouted, until the judge was obliged to adjourn the court for an hour, to allow the enthusiasm time to cool! How the news spread like wild-fire through the country town, and the ladies looked out of their windows and waved their handkerchiefs to Martha as she passed up the street from the courthouse! And how the little boys ran after her with stray barrels and boxes that night in her honor!

John Gordon retired from being Mayor of the Village Tavern," and David Bigelow and Mrs. Martha Bigelow took his place, and for twenty years dispensed its hospitalities; after which period returned in pairs and person, they gave way in turn. John Gordon lived many years after, undisturbed in the wealth that by legal right belonged to Letty. Philip Conger was not rich, but fortune prospered with him and he grew so.

On the night of Martha's arrest, with the instinct of love, he knew that something was being plotted by John Gordon, without knowing what, and believed it to be a scheme to remove Letty. Watching, he saw the light in her room, and knew it was Letty's intention to have left her home with Philip Conger within a few days of the one on which Martha was arrested: but why the flight should have occurred on that evening, so prosperously, was an unanswered question. One thing was certain, that when Letty Gordon left home she did not, nor did she now, know of the arrest of Martha Field, or that would come forward as an ally and show her entire innocence.

The old man opened all of David's story. There was law, he said, and justice for all. If the girl was innocent let her show it, and all would be right. She had chosen silence when she was examined before the Squire; now let her wait until her trial. There was law and justice for all, and protection for him too, and he would have it. John Gordon accompanied this last declaration by a blow upon the table with his clenched, sinewy hand, that brought back to the listeners some memory of the vast strength in it would require but a vigorous to have provoked his wrath. David Bigelow drew himself to his full height, and speaking in calmly low, measured tones that showed how his address were the consummate topic, he told him that from that moment all his actions should be subject to him again for mercy. That he would go forth, and, if Letty Gordon was alive, he would find her and bring her there to Martha Field's cell, that he to confound his villainy. From that time forward John Gordon could look upon him as a deadly enemy, and remember that, as he had denied mercy, so would it be denied to him. David Bigelow strode out of the room, while the old man looked fiercely at the group, who murmured their admiration of the carpenter, and one by one followed him out.

David Bigelow had left the village, none knew exactly when, but the sunrise was the hour he had gone to New York. Days and weeks slipped by, and nothing was heard of him. Martha Field was still a prisoner awaiting trial. All efforts at engaging strength in his arm; the bone was knitting finely, the doctor said, but he was not gaining strength in "The Village Tavern." The neighbors came less, and gossiped less. The story crept about. Some said he drove up Broadway to know something about it. There was one thing they could all agree upon, that was John Gordon's face was pale, and the strength of his welcome gone. The day for Martha Field's trial came. There was great sympathy for her throughout the county. Her story was believed, but there was no evidence, no conversation with her could make clearly and distinctly. The loss of the money was proved, the marking, the tracing of the marked money to the village stores, where it had been passed by Martha. There was no defense, the very aids counted who had contributed to it, and said. He could only make the statement on behalf of the prisoner; and then he gave Martha's story of how she became possessed of the money innocently. There was a dead silence in the court-room as he closed a beautiful appeal for mercy for the prisoner. In its midst came a loud groan, and in a moment after a shuffling of feet and several persons were running to the door, who had already caught sight of the lunches and lay prostrate upon the floor. It was John Gordon, the stout man, the strong man, now he was, as they strove to raise him to his feet. His eyes were wide open, and looking eagerly toward the judge. "I cannot see her," he said. "I am sorry. I know she tells the truth."

"Put that man back upon the stand," the judge says, sternly.

The man was put back upon the stand; but he had nothing to say, only that he knew the girl innocent, and he could see truth in the face of the prisoner told now, when he would not see it before. And so they carried him away to his wagon, and drove him home.

As they bore the old broken-down man out by one door there were eyes—not Martha's from the other that made her heart leap. The eyes of Letty Gordon! and, when speaking of the case afterward, that they would have acquitted the prisoner through sympathy, they would have been sorry for the deed. But when the eyes of David Bigelow and Letty Gordon met Martha's she knew that she wanted no sympathy now to set her out upon the world with a stain upon her name forever. The truth had come; and when Letty Gordon, now Mrs. David Bigelow, threw her arms about the prisoner's neck, and kissed her, while she cried and laughed by turns, every body knew the story as well as though it had been told. As a form the evidence must be given, and before the town hall could open Letty's checks the verdict was rendered—" Not Guilty." How the people shouted, until the judge was obliged to adjourn the court for an hour, to allow the enthusiasm time to cool! How the news spread like wild-fire through the country town, and the ladies looked out of their windows and waved their handkerchiefs to Martha as she passed up the street from the courthouse! And how the little boys ran after her with stray barrels and boxes that night in her honor!

John Gordon retired from being Mayor of the Village Tavern," and David Bigelow and Mrs.

PULLING THROUGH.

FIVE-AND-THIRTY years ago my best friend in this village, and one of the richest men in town, was a dog. The old pest-woman ought to have been held a better friend, punctually as she toddled by with her weekly bone. For a dog is the first love tale of Deborah Tims in her basket. But Tom, alas, she instilled to the sucklest child. He was seafood letters of demand from creditors and lawyers, with notes of contemptuous pity or expostulation from friends, relatives, and strangers, portentous missives of advice, anonymous letters, meant to strip me naked (which indeed was a trifle of so much waste paper) with every thing that could premise shipwreck of T. Pawley's life. In those days to spell the word "dun" seemed as much clock gave me a thrill of pain.

It was a white-haired and pink-faced young student of the sort commonly known as "nice young men who play upon the flute. I was the acquaintance of Miss Tims, the only and questionable daughter of John Tims, bookseller, Twickenham. I was a constant visitor. I borrowed two hundred pounds for parliament, but I had a wealthy Uncle James, a stocking-maker, nearly the kindest-natured gentleman outside a novel, and to whom I lived at Bradford, and in whom only, of things human, could myself, I had to trust. This Uncle James had many children of his own; and, while he took great pains to secure for me a perfect knowledge of the art and mystery of hosiery, it was his whim or conscience to charge against me in a book the sum of every penny that I had to receive. He would enable me, he said, to earn a good living, and would put me in the way of a sufficient livelihood, but he would not give me a penny of money.

I knew that I had white and pink flutes at Bradford, I knew also that I composed sentimental poetry to be read under trees to Miss Tims, and I knew of part of a novel that I had begun. Some of that verse I printed in a gold-edged book upon the credit of the three hundred pounds, out of which sum a certain part went to the publisher and the rest to a friendly publisher and printer. I had, therefore, a tremendous stake in the success or failure of pulling through in life, and I looked eagerly toward the future. Uncle James considered my ability to be nothing more than a contemptible way of showing them. He kindly bought ten copies of "Lays and Lamentations of Love," and presented Polly T. Pawley. But for the next few months I found the leaves of that work applied to so many unaccustomed purposes that I could not recognize him with a good grace for his fifty shillings. Uncle James took ten copies more, and ten pages on which was an acrostic upon the word Deborah, and used them successively as kettle-holders for a month. Then he sent them to one of the prefaces made for him into fly-traps by Cousin Polly's aid; and whether by reason of fatness or of approaching the natural term set to it by the destructibility of paper, my good uncle liberally subscribed for ten more copies that I could not for his manner. Whenever I went home to Bradford scraps of my poetry were discovered in the form of breakfast-time outside my Cousin Polly's head. When my books were dissected, she seized upon that part of them which was called "preliminary matter" upon curl-papers. What matter? They were also intended eventually for the fly-traps. Uncle James conquered me: I forswore all farther printing of verse, and only continued to write it for another sort of use.

One thing, however, I did not forswear, and that was Miss Tims's society, which was in a manner a matter of stockings, whose father had been a lieutenant in the army, and some of whose ancestors were knights before the civil wars!

"Why, what arms has Miss Tims?" asked the old gentleman.

"The widest and roundest, uncle, with the neatest little insteps—"

"Fangh, Sir, what arms are those for a young gentleman to marry into?"

Deborah's father was a chubby bookseller, the comiest of men, and her mother the most comfortable of good-humored dames. They liked me well enough, but without the consent of my uncle I must not marry their daughter. They had their pride also, and I was forbidden to appear at Twickenham. But we persecuted young folks, who are now the happiest of old folks, held by one another by the heart-strings. I looked forward for the next hundred, only the more eagerly into the future.

Desperately anxious, therefore, to begin the world, I qualified myself for practice at the age of twenty-one, and went into the country as assistant to a busy surgeon, by why that I might be as near as I could make myself, while looking out for a fair opening in life. I watched advertisements, and put myself upon the looks of medical agents, hoping for something that would satisfy my longing to gain money and be near Miss Tims. It must be something very tempting that would justify me, to him, in rushing at the unripe age of twenty-one to the wearying cares of matrimony and a dependent practice.

The much-wished promise I was deaf, until within a twelvemonth I had made a great discovery, and was put by a medical agent into communication with Mr. Bentlebrow, Esq., M.D., of Bentlebrough, who desired, on reasonable terms, to share evenly with me a practice of One Thousand Pounds a year.

Doctor Hawley had a frank way of correspondence, welcome to inexperience, and I could not sufficiently manner when we met inspired me with respect and confidence. It was the tenderness of a father—he was thirty years my senior—blended with the respect due from an equal. I had written to Uncle James to found some way of which there was so much harmony of taste between us, that he had been induced to invest five hundred in a friend with literary tastes and enlarged sympathies with whom he could exchange, at the end of his life with whom he could exchange, at the end of his life with whom he could exchange, at the end of his life

and then ceased, on account of his sympathy with the unfortunate debtors, an immediate return to London upon business relating to poor Watts's affairs. He hoped that he might yet find means to secure for his family some little opportunity of livelihood. It was not a busy time for practice, and he had lost ground, doubtless, by so many absences, but in a few days he would be back for good, and then we would look out our shoulder to the wheel. And so he vanished, not for days, but weeks.

In the mean time all was going wrong once to me. I stuck close by the surgery, but leisure to wonder at the very small quantity of drugs dispensed, though an imposing array of pots and jars, and perused the curious monotony of the prescriptions in the day-book, which proved to me that a wonderful harmless compound as the universal medicine. My passers were reserved in manner: those whom I applied to seemed to be afraid of me; but all declared that Dr. Hawley was a wonderful clever man.

The Doctor occupied the handsomest house in the village. It was built by himself, and stood in large, well-laid grounds. The wood and pot-herbs in such a house as that, and the gray host that it held, would be a fortune to a poor man. Hawley's estimable was supplied more freely with water and potatoes than with other sorts of food. In later days, when every man's business and affairs were known to me, I knew from the butcher that the meat bill of that mansion had not exceeded a shilling a week. But there was a very gentle lady in it—Mrs. Hawley—for whom there was given me for my Doctor's sake, eighty guineas a year, out of Dr. Bentley's Golden Treasury. She was a pious, simple-hearted, trusting woman, who, like the faithful, penniless wife of a swindler. She had been married for her fortune, and the big house had been built out of it. The husband, whose degree was one of the pretenses upon which he lived, had spent every penny of the inheritance. He had debated her, as he deluded hundreds of people wiser in this world than she or I pretended to be, for her sake. For eighteen years he kept in her delusion. His bland manner was practiced on her, and not on me. That was the same—as he had when he picked me up—the terror of the neighborhood, and all houses men shunned him: when he came to see me he remembered, and dared to visit, none who dared visit her; and when, for months, in every year, her husband was away, following his own devices; she sat patiently at home, true to the last, faith and love to the man whom she had married. From her simple debate of him, when sometimes we were together in his absence, and before I knew how much she was to be needed, I caught almost the first shadow of my doubt. Every one, she said, was jealous of his talents. Many people his enemies; besides, unhappily (that was indeed some grief to her), he had been misunderstood sometimes of late, and so long time, till I ventured on a word of sympathy.

"You may just keep your pity for yourself, young man."

"Why? What do you mean?"

"Doctor Hawley's a deal cleverer than Master Pawley knows. But you'll not be the first to find it out."

I had already fallen into the first stage of heartache, and gave weight to the man's words. But I paid no more heed to them, and became more busy. After another ten minutes the tenth-hour suddenly abated, and the sense of relief from pain touched me all fallow's minds. I sat for he had lately broke out with.

"Hey! I'll tell you while tossing you sit there to that glum candle, looking so young and so pale without telling me right forward you're done for. There!"

"You may tell me what you please. Perhaps you mean what I feel."

"I mean that the sooner you be gone the better. I've known this house eighteen years, and never have seen aught in it but misery. Any man, woman, or child in Bentlebrough. Doctor Hawley's most amazing clever, but he's a wicked creature on the earth or under the earth—"

"How why do you come to him? Why do you wait for him? Why have you come to live here with him?"

"Because he's the best doctor in the country. None of the gentlefolks or tradesfolks come to him. I'm one of his patients. He'll die no good, not then I leave he'll separate us. But I mean to be done good to now—I'll take my chance about the separating. Party a poor man, he's owed me pounds for a week's illness, and had him to the Court of Requests, and at last clapped him into prison." His man's tongue was loosed, apparently for an hour, pouring incident on incident of fraud and cruelty.

"I do not believe all this scandal. Doctor Hawley is in London even now for a kind purpose."

"He's in London now about two hundred miles, that's where he is. And that's where all the money ten that ever he has got. He's never out of knowledge, and he'll soon be having one with you. Nobody put you on your guard, I suppose, when you first came here. Lots of us were sorry, but there wasn't one dared speak. It's actionable to speak truth of such a man."

"What if I tell him all you have been saying?"

"Keep it to yourself, young man, and turn it over. Look about, ask questions, and then go back home."

The Doctor did not return that night, nor for another fortnight. To my written complaint that there was no practice at all, he replied that practice would be developed until he returned. He was ashamed to be so much absorbed over Poor Watts, and so forth. When he did return, it was but for three days, during which his behavior strengthened every suspicion. Then he went back again to London.

In the mean time I was practicing among the poor, and, chiefly by housekeeper, one after the other, the twenty-five sovereigns which were all that I had to live upon. When they were all gone, the domestic assured me, with the kindest fun, that ready money did not matter, for I had the test of credit; and, indeed, there was a modest pattern of mine whom I had poisoned with an overdose of laudanum. Numerous letters were sent to me, or addressed to those who showed themselves to have some care about me. Vagrants were sent to my insolent bailiff, talking with the last libel—that might wound the fame, perhaps, of others with my ex-housekeeper's blessing. Scandal so foul as some of that which spread can hardly be conceived by those who have not lived where ignorance and immorality abound. I knew the fountain of it all. Nothing on earth except my dog saw Hawley ever defiled. Whatever scandal came direct to me I put aside with the invariable answer to the questioner about it, "You know whence the report comes; it is for you to believe it or not, as you please." I meant to pull through, and knew that my best links to success were those I had been obliged to sell my horse, and could not buy another, I did really perform a horse's duties on foot—I went to and fro, and not on horseback into the bargain. So I shut my eyes on Doctor Hawley's new mode of part in my talk about him, never abused him, nor complained of him. One day's rumor indeed set forth that Pawley and Hawley were quarreling with each other in the street, and it is most true that I never passed my partner and received what seemed to be a cut direct, because it me from a malicious face, without a vigorous desire to lay my stick upon his back. Oh, how I could have thrashed him! But I did manage, and said nothing, and looked nothing. I simply did my work; quarreled with nobody, but nobody's body; but sturdily and determinately facing the whole battery of persecution, looked neither to the right nor to the left, kept a firm grasp upon my plow, and went on with the furrow.

In one way, of course, taken to assure all my creditors that I was penniless, discarded by my family, already heavily in debt. Duns were thus raised about me, and I was pressed for more and more debts. I had to give up my watch, every luxury of furniture, my books, and even yonder clock. But I was not without a friend. During I sold Deborah's first bow-gift, a gold locket. To full many years' quarrels with nobody, but to my

"LIKE THE SOUL OF THE FURIOUS WOMAN WHOSE BODY LAY LIFELESS ON THE GROUND."

each other in their fervent protestations that she was the most admirable and marvelous of witnesses. The little citizen, not to be outdone, declared her to be a celestial witness.

"He must take his chance," said Madame Defarge. "No; I can not spare him! You are engaged at three o'clock; you are going to see the basin of to-day executed—you!"

The question was addressed to the wood-sawyer, who hurriedly replied in the affirmative; seizing the occasion to add that he was the most ardent of Republicans, and that he would be in effect the most desolate of Republicans, if anything prevented him from enjoying the pleasure of smoking his afternoon pipe in the contemplation of the droll national barber. He was so very demonstrative herein, that he might have been suspected (perhaps was, by the dark eyes that looked contemptuously at him out of Madame Defarge's head) of having his small individual fears for his own personal safety, every hour in the day.

"I," said madame, "am equally engaged at the same place. After it is over—say at eight to-night—come you to me, in Saint Antoine, and we will give information against these people at my Section."

The wood-sawyer said he would be proud and flattered to attend the citizeness. The citizeness looking at him, he became extremely desirous to please as a small dog would have done, retreated across his wood, and hid his confusion over the handle of his saw.

Madame Defarge beckoned the Jurryman and The Vengeance a little closer to the door, and there expounded her further views to them thus:

"She will now be at home, awaiting the moment of his death. She will be mourning and grieving. She will be in a state of mind to approach the justice of the Republic. She will be full of sympathy with its enemies. I will go to her."

"What an admirable woman! what an admirable woman!" exclaimed Jacques Three, non-chalantly. "Ah, my cherished!" cried The Vengeance, and embraced her.

"Take you my knitting," said Madame Defarge, placing it in her lieutenant's hands, "and have it ready for me in my usual seat. Keep me my usual chair. Go you there, straight, for there will probably be a greater concourse than usual to-day."

"I will implicate the orders of my Chief," said The Vengeance, with alacrity, and kissing her cheek. "You will not be late?"

"I shall be there before the commencement."

"And before the tumbrils arrive. Be sure you are there, my soul," said The Vengeance, calling after her, for she had already started into the street, "before the tumbrils arrive!"

Madame Defarge slightly waved her hand to imply that she heard, and might be relied upon to arrive in good time, and so went through the mud, and round the corner of the prison wall. The Vengeance and the Jurryman, looking after her as she walked away, were highly appreciative of her fine figure and her general air of dowmess.

There were many women at that time upon whom the time had a dreadfully disfiguring hand; but there was not one among them more to be dreaded than this ruthless woman, who was taking her way along the streets. Of a strong and fearless character, of shrewd sense and quickness, of great determination, of that kind of beauty which not only seems to impart to its possessor firmness and animosity, but to strike into others an instinctive recognition of those qualities; the troubled time would have found her up under any circumstances. But imbued from her childhood with a brooding sense of wrong, and an inexorable hatred of its cause, supervening half developed her into a tigress. She was absolutely without pity. If she had ever had the virtue in her it had quite gone out of her.

It was nothing to her that an innocent man was to die for the sins of his forefathers; she saw, not him, but them. It was nothing to her that his wife was to be made a widow and his daughter an orphan; that was insufficient punishment, because they were but natural enemies and her prey, and as such had no right to live. To appeal to her was made hopeless by her having no sense of pity, even for herself. If she had been laid low in the streets, in any of the many encounters in which she had been engaged, she would not have pitied herself; nor, if she had been ordered to the axe to-morrow, would she have gone to it with any softer feeling than a fierce desire to charge physically with the man who sent her there.

Such a heart Madame Defarge carried under her rough robe. Carelessly worn, it was a becoming robe enough in a certain weird way, and her dark hair looked rich under many of its folds. Lying hidden in her bosom was a loaded pistol. Lying hidden at her waist was a sharp-edged dagger. Thus accoutred, and walking with the confident tread of such a character, and with the supple freedom of a woman who had habitually walked in her girlhood, barefoot and bardegged, on the brown vineyards, Madame Defarge took her way along the streets.

Now when the journey of the traveling coach, at that time of public unrest, was the completion of its load, had been planned out last night, the difficulty of taking Miss Pross in it had much engaged Mr. Lorry's attention. It was not merely desirable to avoid overlooking the coach, but it was of the highest importance that the time occupied in examining it and its passengers should be reduced to the utmost, since every escape might depend on the saving of only a few seconds here and there. Finally, he had proposed, after anxious consideration, that Miss Pross and Jerry, who were at liberty to leave the city, should leave it at two hours after the highest-wheeled conveyance known to that period. Unencumbered with luggage, they would soon overtake the coach, and, passing it and proceeding it on the road, would order its horses in advance, and have them ready at the stopping-places during the precious hours of the night, when delay was the most to be dreaded.

Seeing in this arrangement the hope of rendering real service in that pressing emergency, Miss Pross hailed it gratefully. Jerry was likewise glad to be of use; and though he thought it wise to hold himself in readiness to drive the coach himself, he was not sorry to be relieved of the trouble of walking his horses up and down unfrequented streets all night. Therefore, he had made the rounds of his stables, and had seen all his horses in their several stalls; and had paid his good friend the ostler for his attention in that regard; and had returned to the posting-house to get his dinner.

Dinner was scarcely begun, when a code of alarms was given. Somebody had better come and see what was wrong at the Royal George. Nothing particular was wrong there, but a mistake had been made in providing accommodation for the drivers of two hackney-coaches, who had arrived in the night and taken up their fares there. Jerry, who knew all the hackney-coachmen in a wide circle about him, was asked if he knew these two men. He did know them, and would go and see them. They were in a large double room, at the back of the house, on the second floor. Both were sitting on the bed, smoking and playing cards, when Jerry presented himself.

Standing in the doorway, he had a full view of both men before either observed him. Both were rough, shaggy, unkempt fellows. One was a taller man than the other, and he had a beard. They were both dressed in great coats, and appeared to have paid little regard to the arrangements of their clothing after their late active exercise. Upon the floor between them, were scattered dice, dominoes, cards, and dominoe-counters. Both men had been deep in play when Jerry stood looking at them, and were intent upon their game.

Mr. Cruncher looked over the shoulder of the man with the beard, and uttered an exclamation of surprise. The man with the beard looked over his own shoulder at Mr. Cruncher, and then coolly looked at his companion, who looked at him too.

"Sure enough!" said the man with the beard, speaking slowly and quietly; "I thought you was dead."

"Not I," said Mr. Cruncher.

"Well, then, I hope you're glad to see me," returned the man, "and not sorry."

"I'm glad to see you," said Mr. Cruncher, "under present circumstances."

"Oh, you're a cursed slow old dog!" said the man, rising, throwing down his cards, and coming forward. "Why, I'll tell you what, Jack," he added, looking at his companion, "this is the gentleman I've told you of."

"Oh, indeed!" said Jack, rising too.

"Yes, indeed," said the man with the beard. "Why, look at him! Forty-five years of age, six feet high, one hundred and eighty pounds weight, grizzled hair, eyebrows and all, nose a little on one side, a good deal of it on the other. Look at him! Why, he's the very model of the thief-portrait produced to us!"

"Well, he is like it," said Jack.

"Like it? I should think he was like it. I'll tell you what, Jack," he added, looking at his companion, "this is the gentleman that I've had the honor of telling you that I was going to pass myself off as, when I was stopped by the two genuine."

"Oh, indeed!" said Jack.

"Yes, indeed," said the man with the beard. "Why, look at him! Look at his hair, look at his eyebrows and all, look at his nose a little on one side, look at a good deal of it on the other. Look at his general build and make. Look at him altogether. Look at me. Look at us. Why, we're as like him as he is like himself."

Defarge that they were gone. Three of the doors she opened swiftly, and looked in.

"Those rooms are all in disorder, there has been harried packing, there are odds and ends upon the ground. There is no one in that room behind you! Let me look."

"Never!" said Miss Pross, who understood the request as perfectly as Madame Defarge understood the answer.

"If they are not in that room, they are gone, and can be pursued and brought back," said Madame Defarge to herself.

"As long as you don't know whether they are in that room or not you are uncertain what to do," said Miss Pross to herself; "and you shall not know that, if I can prevent your knowing it; and know that, or not know that, you shall not leave here while I can hold you."

"I have been in the streets from the first, nothing has escaped me, I will tear you to pieces but I will have you from that door," said Madame Defarge.

"As I am alone at the top of a high house in a solitary court-yard, we are not likely to be heard, and I pay for bodily strength to keep you here while every minute you are here is worth a hundred thousand guineas to my darling," said Miss Pross.

Madame Defarge made at the door. Miss Pross, on the instinct of the moment, seized her round the waist in both her arms, and held her tight. It was in vain for Madame Defarge to struggle and to strike; Miss Pross, with the vigorous tenacity of love, so much stronger than hate, clasped her tight, and even lifted her from the floor in the struggle that they had. The two hands of Madame Defarge buffeted and tore at her face; but Miss Pross, immovable, held down, held her round the waist, and clung to her with more than the hold of a drowning woman.

Soon Madame Defarge's hands ceased to strike, and her body encircled with a vice, bent under my arm," said Miss Pross, in smothered tones; "you shall not carry it. I am stronger than you; I bes Heaven for it. I'll hold you till one or other of us faints or dies!"

Madame Defarge's hands were at her bosom. Miss Pross looked up, saw what it was, struck at it, struck out a hand, a crash, and stood alone—blinded with smoke.

All this was in a second. As the smoke cleared, leaving an awful stillness, it was shot out on the air like the soul of the furious woman whose body lay before the prostrate figure.

In the first flight and horror of her situation Miss Pross paused the body so far from it as she could, and ran down the stairs to call the police to her help. Happily she bethought herself of the consequences of what she did, and how she could check herself and go back. It was dreadful to go in at the door again; but she did go in, and even took a look at it, to see how soon she could do things that she must want. These she put on, out on the staircase, and shutting the door, took the door, and taking away the key. She then sat down on the stairs a few moments, to breathe and to cry, and then went down into the yard.

By good fortune she had a veil on her bonnet, or she could hardly have gone along the streets without being stopped. By good fortune, too, she was mutually so respectable in appearance as not to show disfigurement like any other woman. She should both adjust her veil, for the marks of griping fingers were deep in her face, and her hair was torn, and her dress (basting composed with unsteady hands) was clutched and dragged a hundred ways.

In crossing the bridge she dropped the door-key in the river. Arriving at the cathedral door some few minutes before her escort, and waiting there, she thought, what if the door were already taken in a net, what if it were identified, what if the door escort were at the gate, examinis discovered, what if she were stopped at the gate, sent to prison, and charged with murder! In the midst of these fluttering thoughts the escort appeared, took her in, and took her away.

"Is there any noise in the streets?" she asked him.

"The usual noises," Mr. Cruncher replied; and looked surprised by the question and by her aspect.

"I don't hear you," said Miss Pross. "What do you say?"

It was in vain for Mr. Cruncher to repeat what he said; Miss Pross could not hear him. "So ill and so deaf," thought Mr. Cruncher, amazed; "at all events she'll see that." And she did.

"Is there any noise in the streets now?" asked Miss Pross again, presently.

Again Mr. Cruncher nodded his head.

"I don't hear it."

"Gone deaf in an hour?" said Mr. Cruncher, ruminating, with his mind much disturbed; "wot's come to her?"

"I feel," said Miss Pross, "as if there had been a flash and a crash, and that crash was the last thing I should ever hear in this life."

"Blest if she ain't in a queer condition!" said Mr. Cruncher, more and more disturbed. "Wot can she have been a doing of, to herself? I've a courage up! Hark! There's the roll of them dreadful carts! You can hear that, now."

"I can hear," said Miss Pross, seeing that he spoke to her, "nothing. Oh! my good man, there was first a great crash, and then a great stillness, and that stillness seems to be fixed and unchangeable, never to be broken any more as long as my life lasts!"

"If she don't hear the roll of those dreadful carts, now very nigh their journey's end," said Mr. Cruncher, glancing over his shoulder, "it's my opinion that indeed she never will hear any thing else in this world."

And indeed she never did.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

JONAS WHITCOMB'S
REMEDY FOR
ASTHMA

Is worthy the attention of all who suffer from this distressing complaint. The late JONAS WHITCOMB, of Boston, visited Europe a few years since for the benefit of his health, which was much impaired by frequent attacks of

Spasmodic Asthma.

While in Germany, an eminent physician became intimately acquainted in his case, and gave him relief. He followed the treatment ordered, and, to his surprise and joy, his asthma almost entirely disappeared. He procured the recipe which had accomplished so much for him, brought it with him to this country, and it became the property of the present proprietors. It contains no poisonous or injurious properties whatever; and an infant may take it with perfect safety.

[Extract from a distinguished lawyer in Newburyport, Mass.]

Asthma.
Asthma.
Asthma.

NEWBURYPORT, Feb. 25, 1856.

Messrs. Joseph Burnett & Co.—For nearly twelve months smothe since I received from the hand of your venerable predecessor a bottle of his Asthmatic Remedy.

I can now satisfied that my relief from one of the most distressing complaints incident to our life-subsisting disease that ever afflicted human being, is to be attributed wholly to this remedy. For thirteen years I suffered with the Asthma, and, if ever more severely than until, in 1851 and 1853, I was obliged, for months together, to sleep in my chair; and the best medical exercise could bring on a paroxysm, oftentimes so severe that I could not move or take food for hours.

From the time I took the first dose of your "Remedy," to the present writing, I have not had the slightest attack, now my system is so free from it that the most active exercise and exposure in the night air produces no effect, slightly restrict the lungs. Your medicine soon dispels the unwelcome guest, and I owe them a debt of gratitude from the innocent.

With great respect, your obedient servant,

J. H. BRADDON.

[Extract from a letter written by a distinguished Lawyer in Maine.]

Asthma.
Asthma.
Asthma.

Messrs. Joseph Burnett & Co.—Gentlemen—I tried more than thirty different species for the Asthma, until I had become worn down by disease, and almost discouraged. When I commenced taking your medicine I had been afflicted with the disease twenty years. It is of the spasmodic kind; and in a bad attack I have frequently sat up all night, and sometimes several nights, taking your medicine I found an unaccustomed relief. My health and strength began to improve. I have gained almost twenty pounds in weight, and have, comparatively, no Asthma. When I feel the symptoms returning, a few teaspoonfuls of the medicine is sufficient to relieve me.

It affords me the highest pleasure to recommend what has been broken up, and that it will soon entirely leave me. At my age, no one has the confidence I have, therefore, and enjoyed the health that I have enjoyed for the last year. You are at liberty to make such use of useful power in Jonas Whitcomb's Remedy for the Asthma.

Respectfully yours, H. R. VOSE.

[Letter from a Clergyman.]

Asthma.
Asthma.
Asthma.

SOUTH WEYMOUTH, Mass., May 12, 1857.

Messrs. Joseph Burnett & Co.—I take pleasure in stating, by wonderful effects of your Asthmatic Remedy upon the Asthma on my wife. As often as ten or twelve times in a year she was brought to the very gates of death, requiring two or three watchers, sometimes for several days and nights in succession. Since she has used so far gone that her physician could not count her pulse. I consulted numerous physicians of the highest standing to little or no purpose. At length I heard of "Whitcomb's Remedy," and, as a last resort, I advised her to sleep quietly in a few minutes, and nearly broke up the disease. I am a Methodist Clergyman, and not given to puffing. I shall be happy to answer any inquiries respecting her case.

Yours truly, KIMBALL HADLEY.

Asthma.
Asthma.
Asthma.

SOUTH WEYMOUTH, Mass., Jan. 28, 1859.

Messrs. Joseph Burnett & Co.—I saw your notice of Jonas Whitcomb's Asthmatic Remedy in the Boston Pilot, and I wish to tell you of its effect upon me. I have been troubled very much about five years, and sometimes losing my sleep. Sometimes I could not move, and had to sit in one position for hours.

I began taking your medicine last September. I have not had a fit of coughing since, and I am sleeping well, nor an hour's work, since. I am a shoemaker by trade, and live in South Weymouth.

Your obedient servant, MICHAEL KEARNAY.

Prepared by JOSEPH BURNETT & CO., Boston, and sold by all Druggists everywhere.

One Dollar per Bottle.

Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry.

This remedy has long been cherished by the community for its remarkable efficacy in relieving healing, and curing the most stubborn, painful, and dangerous diseases of Cough, Cold, Influenza, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Croup, Asthma, Inflammation of the Lungs, and other pulmonary complaints. Prescribed to its magic influence, when all other known means have failed.

The whole history of this Balsam, which has now become a household word, proves that the past has produced no remedy approaching it in value and usefulness, while the future will hardly present one of equal value.

By years' assured Consistorfeits, of which there are several worthless ones, see that each bottle has the written signature of "I. Butts," as well as the printed name of the Proprietors, "*Seth W. Fowle & Co., Boston*," on the outside wrapper.

Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere.

Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry.

Full Length Steel Engravings of WASHINGTON AND EVERETT, Including a View of Mount Vernon.

In the Engraving of Washington. These splendid engravings are from original paintings by Hicks, and are engraved on steel in the highest style of Art. They are each 19x25 inches, each containing six square feet. So many cheap, miserable pictures have been palmed upon the public as works of art—and especially in cheap, black, and muddy engravings—that it is difficult to convince persons of taste that they are safe in ordering what they have not seen. We have paid the first sitting their own prices, amounting to many thousand dollars, to procure those which are really meritorious, as well as the best portraits, and that shall be standard. Size of Engravings, 19x25 inches. Each, Fourteen Dollars.

☞ The Editor of the *New York Observer* says:—"Mason engravings are genuine works of art. Their likenesses are admirable. The portrait of Mr. Everett will take precedence of all others."

☞ *The New York Christian Advocate* says:—"They are among the finest engravings we have ever seen upon the PUBLISHERS ARE FULLY RESPONSIBLE FOR ALL THEY PROMISE."

TERMS ALMOST GRATIS.

We will send Engravings to any person to color—

Either Engraving and a $3 00 Magazine, one year, for $5.

Both Engravings and a $3 00 Magazine, one year, for $6.

☞ Agents who remit $50 at one time will have an extra copy of each Engraving. The Magazines are

Harper's,
The Knickerbocker,
Godey's Lady's Book,
The Atlantic,
Blackwood.

☞ By special arrangement, the entire year's subscription to the Magazines can be made to begin with the subscriber, and the publishers receive their supply for the year direct from their respective publication offices. The rest of the engravings will be sent only by the discretion between the lowest wholesale and the regular price of the Magazines.

Engravings sent at once, and subscriptions to periodicals commence with current issue, unless otherwise ordered. Money at our risk if proof is retained of having been mailed. The Engravings can be had, therefore need early. Address

S. HULL BAILEY & CO.,
(At Wm. Hall & Son's Music Store,) 543 BROADWAY, N.Y.
NOW READY.

Special Announcement
FROM THE
Quaker City Publishing House!

100,000 Catalogues,
NEW, ENLARGED, AND REVISED—NOW READY
FOR DISTRIBUTION.

Superior Inducements to the Public!

☞ A new and rare plan for obtaining GOLD and SILVER WATCHES, and valuable Jewelry. Full particulars given in Catalogues, which will be sent free to all applicants.

Valuable Gifts, worth from 50 cents to $100, GUARANTEED to each purchaser. $10,000 in Gifts have been distributed to my patrons within the past six months. Agents wanted during the present and the next six months.

The inducements offered Agents are more liberal than those of any other Book Publishing House.

Having born in the Publishing and Bookselling business for the past ten years, my experience enables me to conduct the Gift Enterprise with the greatest satisfaction to all.

☞ Agents WANTED in every Town and County, for full particulars address DANIEL ADEE, Quaker City Publishing House, 23 South Third Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Singer's Sewing Machines.

Singer's No. 2 Sewing Machine, $100.
Singer's No. 1 Sewing Machine, $90.
HEMMING GAUGES REDUCED TO $1.

Singer's Family Sewing Machines at $80 and $75 are capable of executing, in the best style, all the sewing of a private family.

Send for a copy of I. M. Singer & Co.'s Gazette, which contains full and reliable information about prices, sizes, etc., of Sewing Machines, and will be supplied gratis.

I. M. SINGER & CO.,
No. 458 Broadway, New York.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills,
FOR ALL THE PURPOSES OF A
FAMILY PHYSIC,

are so compounded that disease within the range of their action can rarely withstand or evade them. Their penetrating properties search, and cleanse, and invigorate every portion of the human organism, correcting its diseased action, and restoring its healthy functions. In consequence of these properties, the invalid who is laid down with pain or physical debility is astonished to find his health or energy restored by a remedy so pleasant to take and so simple and inviting.

Last only to the cure the every-day complaints of everybody, but also many formidable and dangerous diseases, such as *Costiveness, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Indigestion, Dysentery, Foul Stomach, Erysipelas, Headache, Piles, Rheumatism, Erruptions and Skin Diseases, Liver Complaint, Dropsy, Fever, Tumors and Salt Rheum, Worms, Gout, Neuralgia, as a Dinner Pill, and for Purifying the Blood.*

They are sugar-coated, so that the most sensitive can take them pleasantly, and they are the best aperient in the world for all the purposes of a family physic.

Price 25 cents per Box: Five Boxes for $1 00.

PREPARED BY
DR. J. C. AYER & CO.,
LOWELL, MASS.

Sold by all Druggists everywhere.

361 BROADWAY. 539
BRIDAL SUITE.
Tucker's Furnishers, Feathers, and Miscellaneous Items.
Are all reliable.

A Book for Everybody.

THE RIGHT WORD IN THE RIGHT PLACE; A Pocket Dictionary of Synonyms, Technical Terms, Abbreviations, Foreign Phrases, etc., etc., with a Chapter on Punctuation and Proof-Reading. This will be an indispensable companion for every writer and speaker who would speak exactly what he means, and neither more nor less, and say it in the best way. No doubt, this work should be the

POCKET AND DESK COMPANION
OF
The Editor, The Orator;
The Clergyman, The Debater;
The Lawyer, The Student at Law;
The Physician, The Teacher;
The Legislator, The Student;
The Correspondent, The Conversationist.

PRICE FIFTY CENTS.

Sent by mail, to any address, on receipt of the price.

FOWLER AND WELLS, New York.

Grover & Baker's
NOISELESS
Family Sewing Machines,
AT REDUCED PRICES.

New York, Oct 21, 1859.

The undersigned, Ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church, having purchased and used in our families GROVER AND BAKER'S CELEBRATED FAMILY SEWING MACHINE," take pleasure in recommending it as an instrument fully combining the essentials of a good machine. Its beautiful simplicity, ease of management, and strength and elasticity of its stitch, unite to render it, in our opinion, a *Machine indispensable* to any in the market, and one which we feel confident will give satisfaction to all who may purchase and use it.

W. P. STRICKLAND,	C. LAREW,
JOHN HALL,	JOHN PATTERSON,
S. ANNAN,	M. YOUNGS,
R. S. STORRS,	A. D. GILLETTE.

428 Broadway, New York; 18 Summer Street, Boston; 730 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia; 181 Baltimore Street, Baltimore; 93 West Fourth Street, Cincinnati; 113 Montgomery Street, San Francisco; 33 St. Francis Street, Mobile; 51 Camp Street, New Orleans.

ALL MACHINES WARRANTED.

☞ SEND FOR A CIRCULAR. ☜

To prevent Baldness, Use Jules Hauel's Lait Antiphelique, or Hair Restorer.—It will strengthen the roots of the hair, prevent it from falling out, and cause a new growth. It will cause a growth of hair upon those baldest exists, and will change gray hair to its former original life-color. It is perfectly harmless, and will not soil the skin. Sold by all Druggists, and by JULES HAUEL & CO., No. 704 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

SANFORD'S HOT-AIR FURNACES.
PORTABLE, DURABLE, AND ECONOMICAL.
THOUSANDS TESTIFY IN THEIR FAVOR.
Send for a pamphlet containing cuts and testimonials.
SANFORD'S MAMMOTH OIL GLOBE HEATER,
A favorite and well-tested source of good power.
SEND FOR A BOOK.
SANFORD, TOWSLOW & CO.,
No. 239 Water Street.

Two Works Valuable to the Sick or Well.

Sent by mail, no pay required until received, read, and approved.

Address Dr. S. S. FITCH, 13 Broadway, New York.

1st. SIX LECTURES on the nausea, prevention, and cure of Lung, Throat, and Skin Diseases, Rheumatism, and Male and Female complaints. On the mode of Preserving Health to Old Age. Price 25 cents. By Engravings.—Price 50 cents, in silver or P. O. stamps.

2nd. A book on Consumption and Diseases of the Heart, Stomach, Liver, Bowels, and Kidneys; on Apoplexy, Palsy, and Dyspepsia; why we grow old and what causes disease. 121 pages, 6 engravings. Price 26 cents. Any book you wish, giving name, state, county town, and post office.

Ladd, Webster & Co.,
INVITE ATTENTION TO THEIR
IMPROVED TIGHT-STITCH
Sewing Machines,
WHICH FOR BEAUTY AND SIMPLICITY OF CONSTRUCTION, AND EFFICIENCY IN WORKING, CANNOT BE EXCELLED.

260 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
17 SUMMER STREET, BOSTON.
820 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.
220 BALTIMORE STREET, BALTIMORE.
46 WEST FOURTH STREET, CINCINNATI.

Garnet and Coral Jewelry.—We invite attention to our large importation of Garnet and Coral Jewelry, consisting of bracelets, brooches, ear-rings, necklaces, chains, lockets, pins, sleeve buttons, &c.

OSBORNE, BOARDMAN & TOWNSEND,
Importers of Fine Jewelry and Watches,
No. 335 Broadway, New York.

ANTI-ARTHRITIC WINE.—A CERTAIN CURE FOR
GOUT AND RHEUMATISM.
PENFOLD, PARKER & MOWER,
Wholesale Agents,
15 Beekman Street, New York.

THE ORIGINAL BRIDGEWATER
PAINT of NEW and ELEGANT SHADES
For Roofs, Wood, Iron, Tin, Bricks, Canvas, Muslin, Paper, &c., durably, beautifully, and cheaply. Send for circular and cinder proof. Double and Locomotive. Depot 72 Maiden Lane, New York.

HICKS & BUTTS, Agents.

Quern's Cod-Liver Oil Jelly,
The only certain cure for Consumption, Asthma, and all kinds of Coughs, is taken without nausea.
Also
Quern's Patent Jellified Castor-Oil.—The finest sweetness of the oil is retained, and you can not taste any complaint after use. It is the best purgative for children. To be had at the Inventor's Office, No. 139 Fourth Avenue, and at all respectable druggists. PENFOLD, PARKER & MOWER, Wholesale Agents, No. 15 Beekman Street.

☞ 5000 AGENTS WANTED—To sell a new invention. Agents have made over $10,000 in one;—other than all other similar agencies. Send four stamps, and get the secret. Address EPHRAIM BROWN, Lowell, Mass.

ANOTHER DIAMOND WEDDING AFOOT.

BY NAPOLEON B. QUIGGS.

By every liberal right
In your brown and glossy hair;
By your cheeks of rose and lily,
And your pearly teeth, I swear;
By all your charms of person,
Of manners and of mind,
I swear, Matilda Jane, to be
A husband true and kind.

Your wishes shall be law to me—
Your whims a sealed decree;
You may waltz with all the world, and I
Shall never jealous be;
I'll give bonnets in Fourteenth Street
To all your kin and kith;
And I'll drown myself,—so help me Heaven!
At the Clothing Store of SMITH.

"Twin Temples of Fashion."

ONE PRICE—NO DEVIATION.

The Price is marked on all the Goods in Plain Figures.

SMITH BROTHERS,

The Marble Stores,

122, 138, and 140 Fulton Street,

Between Broadway and William St.,

THOMAS SMITH, Jr.,
ROBERT L. SMITH,
J. SMITH RICE.
} NEW YORK.

C. G. GUNTHER & SONS—FURS—

Have opened
THEIR ENTIRE STOCK FOR THE SEASON
OF
MANUFACTURED
FURS,
Comprising all the leading and desirable styles, together with additional novelties in
FURS
FOR
LADIES' FURS,
GENTLEMEN'S FURS,
CHILDREN'S FURS,
FUR ROBES.
We solicit the inspection of the retail trade to the above, and offer our goods at the most advantageous prices. C. G. GUNTHER & SONS,
No. 40 Maiden Lane.

Ladies' Furs at Genin's Bazaar,

513 Broadway,

Under the St. Nicholas Hotel.

HUDSON BAY SABLE, RUSSIAN SABLE,
MINK, MARTEN, ROYAL ERMINE,
OF THE LATEST STYLES FROM EUROPE.
CHILDREN'S FURS, IN ELEGANT VARIETY,
STOCK LARGE, ASSORTMENT COMPLETE,
PRICES MODERATE.
GENIN'S BAZAAR,
513 Broadway.

GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE.

"The Home of Washington during the War."

Fulgid by ROSSITER and MCGINN, now on Exhibition at the

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN,

Tenth Street, near Broadway.

From 9 A.M. to 5 P.M., and from 7 to 9 evening.
Admission, 25 cents.

DUSSELDORF GALLERY, 563 BROADWAY,

SONNTAG'S PICTURE,

"A DREAM OF ITALY."

Having met with the most unbridled praise of the Press and the numerous visitors to the above gallery, will remain on Exhibition a short time longer.
Open day and Evening. Admission, 25 cents.

SANDS' SARSAPARILLA.

The great Alterative remedy for Purifying the Blood, will be found a certain cure for Scrofula, Rheumatism, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Erysipelas, Pimples, Pilos, Mercurial Diseases, Cutaneous Eruptions, Liver Complaints, Stubborn Ulcers, Loss of Appetite, General Debility, &c. As an alterative and renovating agent, it is unequaled. Prepared and sold by A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists, No. 100 Fulton Street, corner of William, N. Y.

LIBRETTOS OF ALL THE STANDARD OPERAS, with English Translation, for sale at the Music of the Principal Airs. Price 25 cents each. Published by BALMER BRIDGE & CO., Boston.

MUSICAL BOXES,

Playing 2, 3, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 16, 24, and 36 tunes.
PAILLARD & MARTIN, Importers,
Musical Boxes repaired. 31 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

ALBERT WEBER, Piano-Forte Manufacturer, No. 185 West Broadway, near Canal St. The best assortment of PIANOS, warranted for three years, at the lowest prices. Call and examine before purchasing.

PIANOS AND MELODEONS equal to the best, and cheapest in the city.
E. P. JONES, 95 Ann Street, 2d floor.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, New York.

Publish this Week:

I.

THE QUEEN OF HEARTS.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Dead Secret," "The Lady in White" (just commenced in *Harper's Weekly*), &c., &c.

12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

The story of the "Queen of Hearts" is full of life and action.—*John Bull.*

The Queen of Hearts herself, too, is such a fascinating creature, so natural and so lovable, so wayward, impulsive, womanly, and touch-hearted, that we can not choose but follow her through the pages with something of a lover's tenderness.—*London Literary Gazette.*

II.

THE PRAIRIE TRAVELLER.

A HAND-BOOK FOR OVERLAND EMIGRANTS.

With Maps, Illustrations, and Itineraries of the Principal Routes between the Mississippi and the Pacific.

By RANDOLPH B. MARCY,

CAPTAIN U. S. ARMY.

Published by Authority of the War Department.

Small 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

"Whoever wishes to read an excellent book will find a genuine specimen in this volume. It is truly American to the back-bone, and makes us familiar with every knowledge that can be found only in the great prairies between the Mississippi and the Pacific. The design of the work is to supply the overland emigrant with a complete and satisfactory guide on his wide-new journey, describing the methods of prairie travel in the most minute detail, and founded on the personal experience of the author—a distinguished officer in the United States Army—rather than on the accounts of previous explorers. The information which it contains is, of course, not to be found in other publications. The subject is so novel as the recent paths which the feet of enterprise have opened in the Virgin prairie. Written from actual knowledge of the wants of the traveller and pencil, the statements of the author exhibit a remarkable freshness, and are not a little attractive from their vigorous style of expression, as well as for the practical and useful information which they impart. The work is published by authority of the War Department of the United States, and can not fail to prove useful and interesting to a large circle of readers besides those to whom it is especially addressed."

III.

ONE OF THEM.

By CHARLES LEVER.

Part I. 8vo, Paper, 5 cents.

☞ Either of the above sent by Mail, postage paid, on receipt of price.

The New York Tribune.

THE TRIBUNE—now more than eighteen years old, and having over Two Hundred Thousand Subscribers, or constant purchasers, diffused through every State and Territory of the Union—aspires to be more than ever, in its best sense—the earnest champion of Liberty, Progress, and of whatever will tend to enhance our national growth in Intellect, Industry, Knowledge, and Prosperity. It will continue to urge the emancipation, not only of the Black Laborer from the chains and the lash, but of the White likewise from Land Monopoly, Intemperance, Ignorance, and that degeneration or remote Mankind which paralyzes every effort to rise, and which renders the morally certain reward. Believing that the chief evil of the day is the enormous multiplication of the unnecessary fetters of Non-Producers, it will continue to war against whatever tends to degrade Labor from its proper dignity in just and full recognition. It will tirelessly commend the duty of raising Labor from its present low level, and, wherever they may be tended, the Artisans as well, for whose protection and elevation to a higher standard of life debt, while our Slave-system exists in Southern States, will continue to be a burden and a curse. It will, therefore, oppose the Tariff—as often exposed—as it will ever assail the iniquitous Fugitive Slave Law, and every other manifestation of that evil spirit which seeks through the spoliation of other countries that aggrandizement which is to be only attained only through the due development and cultivation of our immense resources. It will especially advocate a more efficiently discriminating Tariff, the Freedom of the Public Lands, the construction of a Railroad from the navigable waters of the Mississippi to those of the Pacific, and every other measure which seems to us calculated to enhance the dignity of the occupations of Labor, and to increase the comforts of the Laborer.

Having the same confidence between Peaceful and Light, Inertia and Progress, Slavery and Freedom moves steadily onward. Isolated acts of folly and wickedness for the moment give a seeming advantage to Wrong; but God still reigns, and the Right will finally triumph and Right. The year 1860 must witness a memorable conflict between these antagonistic principles. The question—Shall Human Slavery be further strengthened and diffused over the power and influence of the Federal Union?—is now to receive a momentous, if not conclusive answer. Every Free State must be aroused to greater zeal for the Negroes' rights, and every Slave State must be made to feel that Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana are in earnest in their hostility to Slavery. The nearly every Free State, to demand a recognition of every man's right to liberty and the pursuit of happiness on the earth's sunless wherever he has not been subjugated by the State's constitution and laws. Meanwhile, the consecration of the virgin soil of the Territories to Free Labor must be maintained. The Right of Secession—a right above the attention of Congress through the ensuing four years—will be fully discussed in the columns of these canvass; and, whatever the immediate issue, we can not doubt that the ultimate triumph of the Right will be won with the strictest of impartial Philosophy and the most thorough Democracy.

The Tribune will continue to publish more graphic reports of the doings of Congress, and of whatever else happening at the Federal Metropolis will be of interest to the of public regard, and having extended both our Foreign and Domestic Correspondence, and secured the services of Political staff, we believe THE TRIBUNE may safely challenge comparison with any Journal, whether of current events or principles or as a reliable mirror of the passing time. Especially, we shall endeavor to make it, as it has been, while we shall constantly study to improve in every way, the best Family Newspaper in the world. The general verdict of the People, as to the success of our past labors, and those of the Staff shall be characterized by equal earnestness and assiduity.

The New York Daily Tribune

is printed on a large imperial sheet, and published every day in the year except Sundays—Sundays excepted. It contains full details on the topics of the time, employing a large corps of the best newspaper writers of the day: Domestic and Foreign Correspondence; Proceedings of Congress; Reports of Lectures; City News; Cattle, Horse, and Produce Markets; Reviews of Books; Literary Intelligence; Papers on Mechanics and the Arts, &c., &c. We strive to make THE TRIBUNE a newspaper in which the waste of the public—its Telegraphic Intelligence being over eight hours in advance.

TERMS.

THE DAILY TRIBUNE is mailed to Subscribers at $6 per annum, in advance; $3 for six months.

The New York Semi-Weekly Tribune

is published every TUESDAY and FRIDAY, and contains all the leading features of the Daily, with the Cattle, Horse, and Country Markets, Reviews of Books, Literary Intelligence, and the Proceedings of Congress. Its correspondence and during the sessions of Congress it contains a complete Report of the Proceedings, with the most important speeches. We shall, as heretofore, make THE SEMI-WEEKLY TRIBUNE a literary as well as a Political Newspaper, and we are determined that it shall rank in the front rank of Family Papers.

One Copy, one year	$3 00
Two Copies, one year	5 00
Five Copies, one year	11 25
Ten Copies, *to one address*	20 00
Ten Copies, *or over, to address of each Subscriber,*	
$2 20 each.	

Any person sending us a club of twenty, or over, will be entitled to a copy gratis. For a club of fifty, we will send the Daily Tribune one year.

THE SEMI-WEEKLY TRIBUNE is sent to Clergymen at $2 per annum.

The New York Weekly Tribune,

A large eight-page paper for the country, is published every Saturday, and contains Editorials on the important topics of the time, the news of the week, interesting correspondence from all parts of the world, the New York Cattle, Horse, and Produce Markets, interesting and reliable Political, Mechanical and Agricultural articles, &c., &c.

We shall, during this year, as heretofore, constantly labor to improve the quality of the instructive entertainment afforded by the WEEKLY TRIBUNE, which we intend, shall continue to be the best Family Weekly newspaper published in the World. We consider the Cattle Market Reports alone richly worth to cattle raisers a year's subscription price.

TERMS.

One Copy, one year	$2 00
Three Copies, one year	5 00
Five Copies, one year	8 00
Ten Copies, one year	12 00
Twenty Copies, to one address	20 00
And any larger number (each)	1 00
Twenty Copies, *to address of each Subscriber*	24 00

Specimen Numbers sent free.

Any person sending us a club of Twenty, or more, will be entitled to a copy gratis. For a club of forty, we will send the Semi-Weekly Tribune; and for a club of one hundred the Daily Tribune will be sent gratis. We continue to send THE WEEKLY TRIBUNE to Clergymen for $1.

Subscription in coin, or currency at par, will be always cash in advance. All letters to be addressed to HORACE GREELEY & CO., Tribune Buildings, Nassau Street, New York.

READ! READ!! READ!!!—All who desire to understand the true philosophy of SLAVERY, and to be fortified with unanswerable facts over the Abolitionists, should read Dr. Van Evrie's Pamphlet, NEGROES AND NEGRO SLAVERY. Address DAY-BOOK OFFICE, No. 40 Ann Street, N.Y., inclosing two three-cent stamps.

A CURIOSITY
FOR EVERYBODY.

THE ILLUSTRATED SCRAP-BOOK.

JUST PUBLISHED.

THIS is a most entertaining book, containing Five Hundred Pictures upon every conceivable subject of everyday life—with a large proportion of curiosity, scenery in all quarters of the globe, portraits of celebrated persons, battles, portrayals of historical events, natural curiosities, in one handsome octavo for study and amusement for old and young.

Price, Paper, 50 cents; Cloth, $1.

For sale at all of the periodical depots by

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS PER COPY!

☞ *Send, postage paid, to any part of the country, on the receipt of twenty-five cents in postage stamps or silver.*

PUBLISHED BY
JOHN J. DYER & CO.,
25 School Street, Boston.

IF WHISKERS AND MUSTACHES won't grow upon your face, use my eugenic medicated OIL, which will force them to grow with certainty from the first application, and without stain or injury to the skin. Sent by mail, post-paid, for $1 00. Address, R. G. GRAHAM, 197 Nassau Street, New York.

Mercantile Record.

Patent Champion Safes.
S. C. Herring & Co., 251 Broadway.

Phelan's Billiard Tables.
O'Connor & Callender, 63 to 69 Crosby Street.

Wilder's Patent Salamander Safe.
R. G. Wilder & Co., 191 Broadway.

H. B. Dodworth, Band Instruments, & Astor Place.—Publisher and Dealer in Music and Instruments.

HARPER & BROTHERS,

327 to 335 Pearl Street (Franklin Square), New York,

Have just Published:

THE QUEEN OF HEARTS. A Novel. By WILKIE COLLINS, Author of "Antonina; or, The Fall of Rome." 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

THE VIRGINIANS. A Tale of the Last Century. By W. M. THACKERAY. Part I. of "The Newcomes," "Vanity Fair," "Pendennis," "Henry Esmond," "The Great Hoggarty Diamond," "Lectures on English Humorists," &c., &c. With Illustrations by the Author. 8vo, Paper, 25 Cts. Muslin, $1 00.

THE PRAIRIE TRAVELLER. A Hand-Book for Overland Emigrants. With Maps, Illustrations, and Itineraries of the Principal Routes between the Mississippi and the Pacific. By RANDOLPH B. MARCY, Captain U. S. Army. Published by Authority of the War Department. Small 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

WOMAN AUTHORS OF ALL Ages and Countries. By MRS. ELLET, Author of "Women of the American Revolution," &c. 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS will send either of the above Works by Mail, postage paid (for any distance in the United States under 3000 miles), on receipt of the Money.

DR. STEPHEN SWEET, OF CONNECTICUT, is known all over the world.

$2000 A YEAR.—I am now making this sum in a business which may be followed by any lady or gentlemen,without nothing to start with, and a specimen of which, with full instructions, I will send on the receipt of $1, and return the money in every instance where satisfaction is not given. It is highly respectable, new, and very popular. Address

MRS. R. J. AVERY, Box 947, St. Louis, Mo.

A GREAT CURIOSITY.—Agents wanted. For particulars address with 3cent P. O. stamp inclosed. S. S. OSMENT, Box 13, Cleveland, Tenn.

1000 Agents Wanted.—Large Profits.—Send Stamp to Dr. Bee Ch. Keene, Mo.

ITCHING CHILBLAINS.

A sure relief, "Dupuy's Chilblain Balm." 25 cents per box; per mail, 30 cents. Sold at 809 Broadway.

☞ Every Number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE contains from 96 to 98 pages—and from one third to one half more reading than any other 25 cent Monthly.

Commencement of the Twentieth Volume.

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE
FOR DECEMBER.

CONTENTS.

WASHINGTON IRVING.
With Nine Illustrations of the New Public Building.

HOLIDAYS IN COSTA RICA. By THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER.
With Sixteen Illustrations.

INSECTS DESTRUCTIVE TO WHEAT.
With Twenty-three Illustrations.

THE ENGLISH IN INDIA.
AN ARMISTICE.

THE PUBLIC-TELLER. *(Illustrated.)*

THE GREAT LITERARY OF STONEBURGH.
OUR OLD HOME.
WISDOM AND GOODNESS.
REGULAR AUTHORS. By LEIGH HUNT. Ludlow.
NOTES OF CHARLES LAMB TO THOMAS ALLSOP. By GEORGE DARLEY.
"VENI, VIDI, VICI."
A HIT AT SELLING.
MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.
LITERARY NOTICES.
EDITOR'S TABLE.
EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.
OUR FOREIGN BUREAU.
EDITOR'S DRAWER.
SPRIGGINS'S VOYAGE OF LIFE.
Engraved Illustrations by MCLENAN.
FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.
With Two Illustrations.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year	$3 00
Two Copies for One Year	5 00
Three or more Copies for One Year (each)	2 00
And an Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of Ten Subscribers.	
HARPER'S WEEKLY and HARPER'S MAGAZINE, together, one year,	$4 00.

Postage on HARPER'S MAGAZINE must be paid at the Office where it is received. The Postage is *Thirty-six Cents a Year.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A FIRST-CLASS ILLUSTRATED PAPER.

THE VERY BEST FAMILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD.

FIVE CENTS A NUMBER: $2 50 A YEAR.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS'S NEW STORY, entitled "A TALE OF TWO CITIES," splendidly Illustrated by MCLENAN, will commence in "HARPER'S WEEKLY" for May 7, and will be continued from week to week until completed.

GEO. WILLIAM CURTIS'S Illustrated Serial Tale of "HOWADJI IN SYRIA" will be continued in "HARPER'S WEEKLY" for 1860.

TERMS FOR ADVERTISING.—*Fifty Cents a Line.*

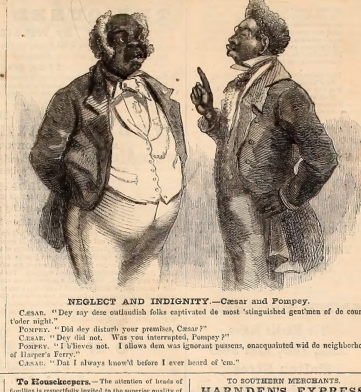
A liberal Discount will be made to those wishing to Advertise for three Months or more.

☞ Persons living in the City of New York wishing "HARPER'S WEEKLY" left at their houses, will please send their names and residences to the Office of the Publication, or, by the Office of Delivery.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers,
Franklin Square, New York.

A PREMATURE MOVEMENT.

JOHN BROWN. "Here! Take this, and follow me. My name's Brown."
COFFEE. "Please God! Mr. Brown, dat is impossible. We ain't done seedin' yit at our house."



NEGLECT AND INDIGNITY.—Cæsar and Pompey.

CÆSAR. "Dey say dese outlandish folks captivated de most 'stinguished gen'men of de county t'odder night."
POMPEY. "Did dey disturb your premises, Cæsar?"
CÆSAR. "Dey did not. Was you interrupted, Pompey?"
POMPEY. "I 'lieves not. I allows dem was ignorant passons, emancipated wid de neighborhood of Harper's Ferry."
CÆSAR. "Dat I always know'd before I ever heard of 'em."

Vest natural.

Vest natural.

DELANO Life-Preserving Coat and Vest Company.

Office and Salesroom No. 256 Broadway, opposite the City Hall Park.

The above Company are manufacturers of *Life-preserving* COATS, VESTS, SHIRTS, and JACKETS for Men and Boys, and WAISTS and SACKS for *Ladies*. These garments look like, and can be worn the same as ordinary clothing, and yet are the most *perfect life-preservers* ever invented.

We would draw attention to the annexed unsolicited letter.

NEW ORLEANS, *October 9*, 1859.

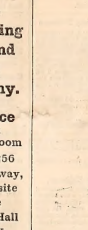
Delano Life-Preserving Coat and Vest Company.

Gentlemen:

Having been saved by one of your "PATENT LIFE-PRESERVING VESTS," I deem it my duty to make it known to the public. I was on the Steamboat "Princess" when she was burned, and had it not been for one of your Vests (which I assure you are invaluable), *should* have been drowned. I therefore cordially recommend it to the public.

I am, Gentlemen,
Your well wisher,
Captain I. D. THOMSEN.

A Perfect Fitting Shirt



MADE TO MEASURE, SIX FOR NINE DOLLARS;
OR, SINGLE, $1 50 EACH.

MADE OF YORK MILLS MUSLIN AND FINE LINEN BOSOMS, AND WARRANTED AS GOOD A SHIRT AS SOLD IN RETAIL STORES AT $2 50 TO $3 EACH. FIFTY BEST SHIRTS THAT CAN BE MADE, $75 EACH.

P.S.—Those who think I can not make a good shirt for $1 50 per dozen are mistaken. Here is the cost of one dozen $15 fine shirts:

20 yds of York Mills muslin, at 16c. per yd..... $3 20
7 yards of fine linen, at 50c. per yard..... 3 50
Making and cutting..... 6 00
Laundry, $1 ; buttons and cotton, 50c..... 1 50
Profit..... 7 40

Total..... $30 00

SELF-MEASUREMENT FOR SHIRTS.

Printed directions sent free everywhere, and so easy to understand that any one can take their own measure for shirts. I warrant a good fit. The cash to be paid in the express company on receipt of goods.

WARD, from London,
257 Broadway, up stairs,
between White and Walker Streets.

A Fresh and Interesting Book from South Carolina.

NOW READY:

CAROLINA SPORTS, BY LAND AND WATER.

Including Incidents of
DEVIL FISHING,
WILD CAT
DEER AND BEAR
HUNTING, ETC.
BY THE HON. WILLIAM ELLIOTT,
of South Carolina.
WITH
SIX SPIRITED ILLUSTRATIONS.
One Volume. Price $1.

Single copies by mail, post-paid, on receipt of the price, by
DERBY & JACKSON, Publishers, New York.

To Housekeepers.—The attention of heads of families is respectfully invited to the superior quality of

Burnett's Flavoring Extracts.

They are entirely free from the poisonous oils and acids which enter into the composition of many of the fictitious fruit flavors now in the market. They are highly concentrated, have all the freshness and delicacy of the fruits from which they are prepared, and are less expensive.

PREPARED BY JOSEPH BURNETT & CO., Boston.

WARM CLOTHING.

We now offer large assortments of Full and Winter Clothing, manufactured, in our best styles, consisting in part of

ESQUIMAUX BEAVERS,
MOSLOW BEAVERS,
LIDUE DOWN BEAVERS,
MAGENTA BEAVERS,
PRESIDENT BEAVERS,
CLARENDON BEAVERS,
CASTOR AND LIGHT BEAVERS.

Also, complete suits of all styles of CASSIMERE and Beaver suits, and all the late styles Velvet and Cashmere Vestings, &c., &c.

BOYS' CLOTHING
AND FURNISHING GOODS
in great variety, at the lowest prices of the trade.
D. DEVLIN & CO.,
Nos. 255, 257, and 259 Broadway.

Hosiery and Men's Furnishing Goods.

A great assortment of best goods at prices generally paid for inferior qualities
Calls, remind, and compare. Our price, and money cheerfully refunded in case of dissatisfaction.

A. RANKIN & CO.,
No. 637 Broadway
and No. 96 Bowery.

Established in 1852.

Café de Costa Rica C&C

THIS SUPERIOR Strong-bodied & delicate flavored **Mountain COFFEE**, For sale by CORNELL & CO. No. 5 Beaver Street.

Thomas Andrews' "Excelsior" Yeast Powder

Is sure to supersede all other preparations where quick yeast is required. Nothing can excel the purity or efficacy of this compound. Every good housekeeper should try our Yeast Powder. It is ready for use in one minute. Half a million of cans sold this year! Get our "EXCELSIOR" YEAST POWDER from your grocer, and take no other, if you want the best!

THOMAS ANDREWS & CO.,
136 and 138 Cedar Street, N. Y.
Established twelve years!

Willcox & Gibbs SEWING MACHINE

"Has points of superiority peculiarly its own"—demonstrated in practical use, and desirable to every one, all the requirements of a "FAMILY MACHINE."

Price $30.

Manufactured and sold, Wholesale and Retail, by
JAMES WILLCOX,
No. 658 Broadway, opposite St. Nicholas Hotel.

FINKLE & LYON'S SEWING MACHINES
Are, without question, better and cheaper than any other machine in this market, or money refunded.
N.B.—Price Reduced to $20.
No. 502 Broadway.

TO SOUTHERN MERCHANTS.

HARNDEN'S EXPRESS

WILL LEAVE DAILY,
TUESDAY, THURSDAY AND SATURDAY,
BY STEAMSHIP
FOR SAVANNAH,
Thence, by Georgia Central Railroad, to
MACON, MEMPHIS, ATLANTA,
AUGUSTA, MOBILE, KNOXVILLE,
NASHVILLE, COLUMBUS, MONTGOMERY,
NEW ORLEANS,
And all Towns in the interior of
Georgia, Alabama and Tennessee.

Every description of merchandise forwarded at Low rates, and delivered with promptness and dispatch.
For further particulars apply at the office of
HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, 74 Broadway.

Brown's Bronchial Troches

Are among the acknowledged institutions of the land. What could our ministers, our lecturers, our lawyers, do without them—everybody uses them—and what an amount of relief they afford! Singers and Speakers should not be long subjected, even for the shortest time, to cold and suddenly changes! We have tried them, and they did us good.—N. Y. Weekly.

Asthma.—It is useless to describe the tortures of Spasmodic Asthma. Those who have suffered from its distressing paroxysms know full well what it is. JOSIAH WESTON'S REMEDY, prepared by JOSEPH BURNETT & Co., Boston, has seldom failed to afford immediate relief, even in the most severe cases, and frequently it has effected a permanent cure.

FROM THE

Springfield Republican.

W. E. HASKIN & Co., of Troy, N. Y., manufacture a hair restorative that takes precedence of all others. It renders the hair more soft and flexible, and stimulates its growth to luxuriance. In our sporting sedan editors may be found a strong testimonial to its merits—which is only one of the many its manufacturers have received.

Sold everywhere—Price 50 cents a bottle.

THE NEW BOOK
By Dr. Cumming.
THE GREAT TRIBULATION;
OR, THINGS COMING ON THE EARTH.
By the Rev. John Cumming, D.D.,
Minister of the Scottish National Church, Author of "Apocalyptic Sketches," "Voice of the Last Trumpet," "Sabbath Morning Readings," "Sabbath Evening Readings," &c. &c.
"Sent by mail, postage free, on receipt of price, by
BUDD & CARLETON, 199 Grand Street, New York.

BUY your FURS of WILLIAMS, No. 293 FULTON STREET, BROOKLYN.

Agents Wanted
To obtain Subscribers for
LOSSING'S PICTORIAL FIELD-BOOK OF THE REVOLUTION.
In Two Volumes Royal Octavo, containing upward of
1500 Pages and 1100 Beautiful Illustrations.

This work will be SOLD EXCLUSIVELY BY AGENTS, to each of whom a special Circular will be given. Here is the only chance. Applicants should state the County they desire to travel in. For full particulars address GEO. W. ELLIOTT, care HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

FAMILY KNITTING MACHINES FOR Family and Plantation use. Agency, 514 Broadway, up stairs, opposite St. Nicholas Hotel.
H. C. LEE, Agt.

POWERFUL MICROSCOPES or Magnifying glasses, for 25 cents. Magnifying more than one hundred times. Sent by mail anywhere. Four of different powers for $1. "Perfect little wonders."—Boston Post.
C. B. UNDERWOOD, 114 Hanover Street, Boston.

BININGER'S OLD LONDON DOCK GIN

Designed for the use of the *Medical Profession* and the *Family*, having superseded the so-called "Holland Gin" Generally. "Cordial," "Medicated," &c., is now declared by all of the prominent physicians, chemists, and connoisseurs as possessing all of those nauseous medicinal qualities (acids and alcohol) which belong to an old and *pure* Gin. Put up in quart bottles and sold by all druggists, grocers, &c.

A. M. BININGER & CO.,
(Established in 1778.) SOLE PROPRIETORS,
No. 52 Broadway, N. Y.

Overcoats—$2 50, $4 50, $8 50, $9 50, $10 and $25.
BUSINESS COATS—$7 50, $8 $9, $4 50, $6 50 & $10.
PANTS and VESTS—$1 to $10. Every Furnishing Goods, at GEO. A. HUNTER & CO.'S
Mammoth Clothing Store,
Nos. 289 and 291 Bowery.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. III.—No. 153.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1859. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

We commenced in the last number of *Harper's Weekly* WILKIE COLLINS'S new Story,

"A WOMAN IN WHITE,"

from advance proof-sheets purchased by us from the Author.

Mr. CURTIS'S delicious Story of American Life,

"TRUMPS,"

was commenced in *Harper's Weekly* for April 9. We can supply back numbers from that date on receipt of the money.

Subscribers to *Harper's Weekly* may rely upon finding in its pages an illustrated history of the times in which we live, together with the best Stories and Serial Tales written in the United States and in England.

MAUDE CLARE.

THE fields were white with lily-buds,
White gleamed the lilied beck;
Each mated pigeon plumed the pomp
Of his metallic neck.

She follow'd his bride into the church,
With a lofty step and mien:
His bride was like a village maid,
Maude Clare was like a queen.

The minstrels made loud marriage din;
Each guest sat in his place,
To eat and drink, and wish good luck,
To do the wedding grace;

"ALL EYES WERE FIX'D ON GRAND MAUD CLARE."—[DRAWN BY MILLAIS.]

To eat and drink, and wish good luck,
To sing, and laugh, and jest:
One only neither ate nor drank,
Nor clasp'd her hands, nor blest'd.

"Son Thomas," his lady mother said,
With smiles, almost with tears,
"May Nell and you but live as true
As we have done for years;

"Your father, thirty years ago,
Had just your tale to tell;
But he was not so pale as you,
Nor I so pale as Nell."

My lord was pale with inward strife,
And Nell was pale with pride;
My lord gazed long on pale Maude Clare
Or ever he kiss'd the bride.

No eyes were fix'd upon the bride,
Or on the bridegroom more;
All eyes were fix'd on grand Maude Clare,
While she look'd straight before.

"Lo, I have brought my gift, my lord—
Have brought my gift," she said—
To bless the hearth, to bless the board,
To bless the marriage-bed.

"Here's my half of the golden chain
You wore about your neck,
That day we waded ankle-deep
For lilies in the beck:

"Here's my half of the faded leaves
We pluck'd from budding bough,
With feet among the lily-leaves—
The lilies are budding now."

He strove to match her scorn with scorn,
He falter'd in his place:
"Lady," he said—"Maude Clare," he said,
"Maude Clare"—and hid his face.

She turn'd to Nell: "My Lady Nell,
I have a gift for you,
Though, were it fruit, the bloom were gone,
Or, were it flowers, the dew.

"Take my share of a fickle heart,
Mine of a paltry love:
Take it, or leave it, as you will,
I wish my hands thereof."

ASSASSINATION OF ORMOND CHASE BY THE MEXICANS AT TEPIC.—FROM A SKETCH MADE ON THE SPOT.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

"And what you leave," said Nell, "I'll take,
And what you spurn I'll wear,
For he's my lord for better and worse,
And him I love, Maude Clare.

"Yes, though you're taller by the head,
More wise, and much more fair;
I'll love him till he loves me best—
Me best of all, Maude Clare!"

ASSASSINATION OF AN AMERICAN CITIZEN IN MEXICO.

(From our own Correspondent.)

VERA CRUZ, *November 7, 1859.*

The murder of Ormond Chase at Tepic, in August last, by order of the Mexican clergy chief, Leonardo Marquez, is one of those atrocities of the Mexican clergy against American citizens which excite our people at home, from one end of the Union to the other, and impel our Government to prompt and effective action.

The circumstances of this brutal butchery are about these: Ormond Chase was a native of Maine. Two years ago or more he was employed by a man by the name of Hale, also an American, to take charge of his saw-mill, situated on the Santiago River, half-way between the town of Tepic and the port of San Blas, all in the State of Jalisco, Mexico. Mr. Chase attended faithfully to his business, and by his many acts of generosity won for himself the admiration and esteem of all who knew him, natives as well as foreigners. He became the great friend and favorite of Mr. Alsopp, the British Consul in Tepic.

The civil war now raging in this unhappy country, which has been running down every industrial interest in its onward devastating course, at length, in July last, made it impossible for Hale to continue operations at the saw-mill, and as danger threatened his employer, who lived in Tepic, where a ruthless and demoralized soldiery were scattering terror by their acts of licentiousness, he went there to give him the benefit of his services. It is notorious, and proved by the affidavits of respectable parties, that Chase actually did save, not only his employer's home from pillage, but also the houses of several other citizens, by his personal exertions. This was with the aid of American friends. The town shortly after fell into the hands of Marquez, with his contingent of the clergy soldiery. Mr. Alsopp, the British Consul, like many other residents of Tepic, had fled with his family to escape the danger that was impending the place with this change; and poor Chase was left in charge of the British Consulate, and, it is understood, was the only foreigner in the town. He saved the Consulate from harm without firing a shot.

Shortly after the entrance of Marquez Mr. Alsopp returned to Tepic from vice-regal duty, and resumed his functions as Consul. Chase was still in charge of the Consulate, when, on the 5th August last, the clergy force had been in the place about ten days, and was backed in a dangerous, without the chance of seeing or receiving any communications from his friends, he ventured to have made the flag for the Consulate, which he was ordered a prisoner to Guadalajara; but had gone but half the way when he was ordered back, and again thrown in prison. His friends renewed their efforts to obtain his liberty, or at least a fair trial. They were assured by officers of high rank in the clergy forces, as appears by positive testimony, that "the worst that could happen to Chase would be to send him out of the country." As this sentence was considered unjust they were to have it averted, and the full anxiety than when he was at first imprisoned. The reader may therefore imagine the horror and surprise of the friends of poor Chase when on the morning of the 5th August last, they learned that Chase had been shot, and that his body was then suspended to the limb of a tree within the limits of the town. Orders had arrived during the night from Marquez, who had returned to Guadalajara, to "shoot Chase, and hang him up for twenty-four hours, as a warning to foreigners." This cowardly, brutal, and incredible as may appear this order, it is nevertheless true that it was given by Leonardo Marquez, as will in due time appear by the official of a respectable person who has seen the order in question.

This case certainly presents the most horrible aspect of any of the many occurrences which have so disgraced Mexico in the last twenty years. It is nothing but the fiendish murder of a worthy man because he was an American, and was engaged in as more horrible still, if possible, than the assassination at Tacubaya. In the past year we have had to witness the murder of numbers of our fellow-countrymen, most of whom names are not now in my memories, and several others whom I never saw; but of those now in memory we have Dr. Howard, of Atlixco; James Glenn & Son, near Zacatecas, formerly of North Carolina; Mr. Albert Lemon, of New York; Dr. Duval, of Texas; two Smith boys, formerly of Philadelphia; and Ormond Chase, of Maine. Many others have been murdered in the most shocking manner; as, for instance, an American was shot by Degollados, while he was on his way back from Vera Cruz, in April last. Miramon came up in disguise, in the stage coach. He met an American on the road, and engaging in talk with him, discovered he was an American, and liberal in his views. This was enough. Miramon and his companions seized the poor fellow in an unguarded moment, and shot him like a dog. In reply to every representation made upon the dreadful state of affairs in this country our Government turns a deaf ear; and the bloodhounds of the clergy go on cutting off one after another of our fellow-countrymen, who are situated as in Mexico that to leave on the moment would be utter ruin, and why hope still that our people at home can not be so entirely lost to all sense of honor and humanity as to see us all butchered like so many rats. It is fair to say that very many Americans have fled Mexico in the last year, fearing the scenes that are now transpiring; but most of those did so without losing their fortunes—an example now not to be imitated, owing to the general anarchy prevailing in every direction throughout the land. It is not only impossible to move valuables, but exceedingly dangerous to make any disfance. The recent robbery of the *conducta* to Guadalajara by Marquez should be sufficient proof of what I say.

AN AMERICAN.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1859.

OUR REGULAR ANNUAL HOLIDAY PICTORIAL is now ready, containing a large number of magnificent Engravings by the most Eminent Artists. Price SIX CENTS per copy.

MEXICAN OUTRAGE ON OUR SOUTHERN FRONTIER.

WHATEVER be the truth respecting the recent Mexican outrages on the Rio Grande, there can be no question but grave injuries have been inflicted upon American citizens by Mexicans. In the absence of an adequate military force at Brownsville, it is certain that bands of plunderers, headed by one Cortinas, have plundered our fellow-citizens wherever they found them, and it is believed that many lives also have been superadded to robbery. Brownsville may or may not have been taken; the accounts published in the papers are so vague and so Metamoras authorities to assist our friends at Brownsville in repelling the outlaws, will likewise naturally have weight on the Mexican side.

But, on the other hand, the outrages which the illustrious rebels have inflicted upon the Church in the world can not gainsay. And it is but one more illustration of a state of feeling which has become notorious, that the unprincipled, and grasping clergy of Mexico know well that their worst enemies are the people of the United States. They do not pretend to say that every thing here is as good as it ought or might be, nor does it attempt to mortgage the future to what has been established. It merely reasons that the present vindicates the order of affairs as working among us, and hence that patriotism and philanthropy may afford to be satisfied. Looking at the practical side of government, it is keenly alive to the difficulties and dangers that beset its operations; and if it can keep society together on any thing like fair terms, it relies on the great agencies outside of organic enactments for the future. For forward. One generation never thinks as it should of its obligations to another, as the history of Europe, the sufferings of parents in their behalf. American conservatism has a reverential look toward the past. It upholds the footsteps of the Revolutionary army in the snow, the protracted agony of sorrow, and the crowded scenes of war; and the excitement that peace only changed the nature of the struggle, and how, for long years, Washington, Franklin, and their noble and heroic associates had to put the independence arms had gained into a constitution that arms would not be needed to defend. In that constitution it was comparatively easy to settle principles. But men's opinions are not so readily adjusted. Unforeseen and diurnal sympathy were demanded here; pride and prejudice had to be surrendered; and as private tastes are ordinarily more formidable barriers to harmony fellowship than opposite ideas, our forefathers had to agree to sacrifices them on the altar of the common good. American conservatism magnifies this office of our early patriotism. It reverts its spirit as heroic, and cherishes its work as hallowed by the seal of Heaven.

It is not our freedom, but the energy with which we are using this freedom, that constitutes our danger. Mr. Buchanan's peace we force Congress, a year ago, his views on the subject of Mexican affairs, and recommended the occupation by United States troops of the northern Mexican States. But the patriots who compose the two Houses of Congress were too busy with their party squabbles to give heed to his recommendation. Mr. Buchanan is therefore no better prepared to invade Mexico than he was twelve months ago, and he can not do so on his own responsibility without incurring a risk which he, of all men, would not care to assume.

Had any leading European Power — Great Britain, France, Russia, or Austria — been in our position, not only Mexico, but Central America would have been occupied by a military force from long ago, and peace, order, and commerce would have flourished from Texas to Panama. The greatest gainers by such an arrangement would have been the Mexicans and the Central Americans; but the whole world would have derived benefit. There are difficulties in the way of a military occupation of any part of Mexico or Central America by the United States. This nation's charter being written, and no provision being therein made for the military occupation of foreign lands, such an event might be viewed as a novelty of questionable constitutionality. At the same time, if ever we have a President like Jackson, who is not afraid of assuming responsibility, it is possible that the United States may render this service to their Southern neighbors and to the world. Until they do, the finest part of the continent will remain a prey to murdering priests, thieving generals, infamous robbers of fortune, and banditti of every kind.

AMERICAN CONSERVATISM.

CONSERVATISM, taken in its more tangible aspects, is simply the law of habit applied to the institutions and arrangements of society as now existing. It is the principle by which we value things in their political and social connections for what they have demonstrated themselves to be. It is the price that long usage has affixed to the inheritance of the past—the rate at which we hold the economies and customs of results. Viewed as conservatives, men are contented beings; or if not in sentiment absolutely so, they are at least disposed to make the best of circumstances as they are. Conservatism does not reject new ideas and opposes all reforms. It only refuses to accept them blindly by petrifying its own heart. But it resists change unless change is demanded by urgent and imperishable necessities. Present institutions may have their defects, but conservatism has found them out, measured their exact length and breadth, and sounded their depth, and learned the art to exercise liberty and power under them. It is very easy to idealize a better state of things, but conservatism ignores that ideas in the brain and ideas out of the brain are not precisely the same. It understands how real life can be made a shadow of fine sentiment, and what havoc an hour's genuine experience makes with abstract philosophy. It is with these brilliant conceptions of the future that it says it is with costly perfumes—delightful with your nose at the bottle; but let them escape into the air, and they expend all their delicate odor.

American conservatism is a common-sense estimate of political society as organized in our institutions. It does not pretend to say that every thing here is as good as it ought or might be, nor does it attempt to mortgage the future to what has been established. It merely reasons that the present vindicates the order of affairs as working among us, and hence that patriotism and philanthropy may afford to be satisfied. Looking at the practical side of government, it is keenly alive to the difficulties and dangers that beset its operations; and if it can keep society together on any thing like fair terms, it relies on the great agencies outside of organic enactments for the future. For forward. One generation never thinks as it should of its obligations to another, as the history of Europe, the sufferings of parents in their behalf. American conservatism has a reverential look toward the past. It upholds the footsteps of the Revolutionary army in the snow, the protracted agony of sorrow, and the crowded scenes of war; and the excitement that peace only changed the nature of the struggle, and how, for long years, Washington, Franklin, and their noble and heroic associates had to put the independence arms had gained into a constitution that arms would not be needed to defend. In that constitution it was comparatively easy to settle principles. But men's opinions are not so readily adjusted. Unforeseen and diurnal sympathy were demanded here; pride and prejudice had to be surrendered; and as private tastes are ordinarily more formidable barriers to harmony fellowship than opposite ideas, our forefathers had to agree to sacrifices them on the altar of the common good. American conservatism magnifies this office of our early patriotism. It reverts its spirit as heroic, and cherishes its work as hallowed by the seal of Heaven.

It is not our freedom, but the energy with which we are using this freedom, that constitutes our danger. Mr. Buchanan's peace we force Congress, a year ago, his views on the subject of Mexican affairs, and recommended the occupation by United States troops of the northern Mexican States. But the patriots who compose the two Houses of Congress were too busy with their party squabbles to give heed to his recommendation. Mr. Buchanan is therefore no better prepared to invade Mexico than he was twelve months ago, and he can not do so on his own responsibility without incurring a risk which he, of all men, would not care to assume.

Had any leading European Power — Great Britain, France, Russia, or Austria — been in our position, not only Mexico, but Central America would have been occupied by a military force from long ago, and peace, order, and commerce would have flourished from Texas to Panama. The greatest gainers by such an arrangement would have been the Mexicans and the Central Americans; but the whole world would have derived benefit. There are difficulties in the way of a military occupation of any part of Mexico or Central America by the United States. This nation's charter being written, and no provision being therein made

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE REMEDY FOR BALTIMORE.

A BALTIMORE correspondent, referring to a recent article of ours on the riots at the late election in that city, thus suggests a remedy:

"The Maryland Constitution has framed our criminal system very defectively. The ward magistrates examine and commit. The criminal power to punish parties charged with crime for trial by the criminal court, constituted also of magistrates. The terms of the court are entirely too brief; and were every moment industriously spent, to try all the minor and aggravated offenses of a city embracing a quarter of a million population would be an impossibility. Unfortunately, however, the judge is without energy, and has lacked the respect due to his position; consequently crime (particularly violence to persons) frequently escapes punishment. We have no Mayor's or Recorder's Court with any criminal jurisdiction. We have but one court for all purposes.

"Next year we have a Constitutional Convention, and I think then will be accurately remedied.

"The true sentiment of the city and State is that the elective judiciary is a failure; that one criminal court of law will be found sufficient; that a daily Recorder's Court in the city is a necessity, as punishment will quickly follow the offense; that a Registry Law is essential; that magistrates, constables, and all criminal officers must be appointed by the court, and that the police must be appointed during good behavior.

"With these alterations Baltimore will wheel, even on election-day, into line as one of the best governed cities of the Union."

BRUNEL'S THROAT AGAIN.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

YOUR correspondent, T. H. H., has himself fallen into a slight error in his description of the half-sovereign from the throat of the late Mr. Brunel.

He ascribes the success to Mr. Brunel's contrivance, "after many attempts by the most skilful London workmen to remove it by the aid of instruments had entirely failed."

Now Mr. Brunel's contrivance was first tried without success, such intense suffocation being produced by it as to endanger his life; and it was not until a single year that Sir Benjamin Brodie had opened the windpipe that, by sharp blows being given between the shoulders while the head was kept low, the coin rattled against his teeth, to the great delight of the patient and all present.

The part which Sir Benjamin Brodie took in Mr. Brunel's case gave rise to the following excellent conundrum, which was propounded to me some years ago by another very eminent man—the late Dr. Marshall Hall,

Q. Why is Sir Benjamin Brodie like a hired assassin?

A. Because he cut a man's throat for half a sovereign.

Yours respectfully, R. C.

MONTREAL, *November, 1859.*

THE LOUNGER.

CONSERVATISM.

Is your neighbor, who goes and comes every day upon a ferry-boat or upon a railroad train, and who is very anxious that nobody should ever inspect the engine, or ascertain whether the engineer is in the habit of getting drunk, who declares that every thing is working beautifully and smoothly, inviting your attention to the pretty view from the upper deck, and insisting that if you go below to spy into the machinery you run risk of smelling bad smells, and of soiling your fingers and clothes, besides making the passengers feel as if something must be wrong if any body goes to see that every thing is right—is this neighbor of yours a conservative? Is that complacent stupidity and bland bodylyshness conservatism?

Every traveler ought to know that friction to some extent is inseparable from the working of all machinery; and with friction comes wear and tear and need of repair. The conservative is the man who remembers this, and is always jealous of the public security is travel—who keeps the wheels always oiled, is willing to pay for the best of every thing, and who cherishes no blind confidence in the mere fact that every thing happens to be running swift and smoothly. The very ragged edges suggest the chances of safety, and as he knows this, does not guess at it; knows whether he is in a safe car and not a fool, and understands that anchorites have final laws; his constant care and suspicion by investigation and make sure are to keep the terrible enmity which makes a child break open his watch to see how it works; but not like him is the belligerent inspection of the watchmaker cleaning and regulating it.

Genuine conservatism, therefore, is neither stupidity, nor blindness, nor terror, nor self-indulgence, nor the spirit which is satisfied that the devil shall take the hindmost, or "after us the Deluge." It is not merely satisfied with a present state of things, for it knows that progress is superiority in every department of the world's life depend upon love of and attachment to that condition, and therefore it looks to see if the peace is peace or only an appearance—if the water be really water or only a mirage.

This, of course, is the only spirit by which the stability and progress of human institutions can be conserved, and therefore the party which is perpetually pouring under the surface of the established order of things to see if it really upon any thing, and whether it may not all come down in a chaotic wreck at any moment, is the conservative party of any country. And yet it has often happened that the very opposite feeling has borne the name.

For instance, in Dickens's ghastly and powerful "Tale of Two Cities," Monseigneur represents what is often called conservatism. Monseigneur honored absolutely and without question the established order of things. Monseigneur appealed to his father's estates and the general condition of France, and what was good enough for his father was good enough for Monseigneur. Monseigneur saw horrors and calamities, tragedies even, all around him. Desirous, but Monseigneur took snuff, and whisked it daintily off his perfumed ruffles, and asked you, in the politest manner in the world to guess whether it were possible that tragedies by trying to help those which were already happening.

You pleaded with him that there were laws of nature which could not be forever broken, instances of humanity which could not be always trampled with impunity. Monseigneur smiled, bowed blandly, waved his white hand deprecatingly, and said you, *parbleu!* that you were a dreamer, a visionary, an enthusiast, an encyclopedist, *par consequ'* even a republican. Upon your cold reception Monseigneur passed the wine and stroked his silk stockings. The French management of affairs in 1789 had lasted some time? Had lasted, for instance, Louis Fourteenth's time, Louis Fifteenth's, surely it would last his natural majesty Louis Sixteenth's and his *femme adorable*. Monseigneur kissed the tips of his fingers with affectionate fervor. Where were signs of danger it would be quite time enough to be afraid. Meanwhile to listen to essemille, to head street ballads, to sing at supper shops, the seething of scum—pah! Let us drink to the sacred repose, to the glory of France!

Then Monseigneur went to bed. You remember how it is told in the story. Also! the *noires noirse* could not save—but even *they* could not. Monseigneur was murdered in his bed—his castle was burned—his estates wasted—his family slaughtered and proscribed. Was it Saint Antonio that bred the revolution, or Saint Germain that ground its heel into the heart of its brother? Was it the fiend of the slums that sharpened the guillotine, or the Monseigneur that hung men on gibbets and despair into fury? The Revolutionary Tribunal was the black and hideous flower that bloomed inevitably and naturally out of the dark soil of Bourbon Louises. The fiery, maddened "liberty and equality" was only the rabid form of *noires rejnse*—the side kept for centuries from the sun and air, and shrieking, quivering with poisonous madness, when it was turned up. Monseigneur begot the *sans culotte*.

To preserve the established order as if, because it is established, it ought to be, may be simply to tie down the safety-valve, and secure an immense speed and tranquillity until the imminent moment when the steam, obeying its inevitable law, bursts, and shatters to destruction whatever opposes it. That may be conservatism upon a racing steamer; that was conservatism in old France.

But the conservatism of noble and generous and thoughtful men every where is a preservation of obedience to those instincts of human nature and the human conscience and the Divine law, from which alone individual and national prosperity and peace can flow; for conservatism is but another name for Christianity, aiming to establish, by following those laws, peace and good-will upon the earth.

ACCIDENTS BY RAIL.

This year, upon the whole, has been quite free from shocking railway disasters, but those that have lately occurred show the recklessness from which they usually arise. The tragedy of August upon the Northern road from Troy is fresh in the public memory. It was an near murder as any slaughter caused by utter carelessness could be. It was as much murder as the deadly shooting from a window into a crowd, by individual malice.

Recently a rail was removed from a bridge for repairs upon the Indiana Central Railroad. Presently a train of eighteen cars came thundering along, and went down into the chasm. Many were slain, injuring several others, and destroying the live freight.

Upon the Hudson River Railroad the dog-man had turned the switch for the passenger-train, and signaled a freight that it should pass it. The engineer of the freight train, hoping still to pass before the other should reach the switch, came forward on, and plunged off the track, driving it up, smashing cars, and burying the locomotive, but fortunately disengaging itself from the platform, and train was stopped before a collision.

These accidents are the consequences of the most criminal silliness. The engineer should know that several steps up his staircase, and send his servant to their room to ask the time, is the most precisely what was done in these two cases. Why was not a man sent each way upon the Indiana road to warn the freight? Why was the switch kept open, but bound straightly. In the case of the Hudson River accident, a friend, the engineer is solely culpable. Surely the newspapers do only half their duty in not publishing his name. But all other companies and persons employing an engineer may be upon their guard.

It is not clear, however, that a serious accident happens upon the Hudson River road. It is by nature one of the most dangerous in the country, and it is impossible with constant watchfulness and diligence. Its passengers have little reason to complain of its wretched bridges and Dover Street station. But a railway traveler can well spare splendor in the station if he can be sure of safety upon the road. Let the road be safe, the engineering company will have every thing in keeping.

SONNET.

The sackcloth,—that befalls her is so great
Material garment! Would it were heaven!
Then would the fabric made of weeps and hair
Be only fleshly tatters, clinging close,
And the sun's rays pierce through to bless her.

The ashes that she sprinkles in wild prayer
Are not of mourning, but of sorrow.
Receives them not, though evermore they lie
Strewn on her hair, and eyes, and cheeks of agony!
I tell thee there are those clothed with despair;
And though they wear the garb of sadness,
Of pride, may veil the inmost garb they wear,
Not less doth it contain hearts and eyes
With its coulonous sting of bereavement.

NEW MUSIC.

In old wine he better for drink, old books to read, and old friends to talk with, why not old music to hear? Managers perpetually labor under the delusion that the public is tired of old operas, when but the most certainly successful opera they can advertise is one of the old familiars. There are but two exceptions, the very oldest upon the stage—"Don Giovanni."

Of course good new musical works are produced as good new books are published—but they are not brother and I. It is a pleasure, in our day, to announce that he would read the last new novel every evening, instead of some good, hearty, well-flavored, and well-known old book, which he would surely dwindle. Certainly one of the best things in the musical world is the New York Philharmonic Society is, that they are generous of old music, and chary of the new.

This is not to say that the new may not be good, but because it takes a great many hearings really to hear a fine musical piece. In a new book or romance we pass through it very much as we dash through fine scenery in the cars. We get a general idea of every hill, hollow, and river, but only by often and often traveling that way do we come to know where to look for the details, so as to have the most profound enjoyment of the beauty. So it is only by often and often hearing that we come fully to the significance and the beauties of a work of music.

New music should therefore be rather rarely heard than often. It will only gradually win public attention—unless it is a mere collection of catchy melodies, like the average of Verdi's Italian opera; in which case it will be immediately popular, and whistled all over town the next morning.

Nor ought managers to complain if people do not like a new work of a popular composer, simply because it is new. They will naturally want to hear it. They would even endeavor to hear it, but the manager puts gratify them. But has he any more right to complain if it fall than a publisher has to complain if the whole edition of Martin the rare minkop? They each expect a great demand, and contract with confidence for it. If it do not come, they suffer. But why blame the public?

There is a habit of saying that the public ought to support the Opera, and ought to share the losses of the manager by going to see new works, get up at great expense. But why should the public go into partnership with the Opera more than with any other business? If the wares offered suit them, they will buy. If not, not. And if the business be not worth the chance, why does any body embark in it?

If certain persons, for the sake of hearing new works and deciding upon their merit, agree to reimburse the manager for producing them, all honor to them—they are public benefactors. But in the absence of any such offer, let no unwary manager assume that it is made, or he may find himself out of pocket with his "Sicilian Vespers."

DREAMLAND: AN INDIAN SUMMER LONGING.

There was a land my youth and childhood knew,
Ere yet its Heaven-taught wisdom I unlearn'd;
And where all things were beautiful and true,
And lilies pure dunes in peaceful grey horned;
Dreamy was law, unknown were sin and care,
Why didst thou fade? Sweet Dreamland, come again!

Flowers of incredible radiance, never more
Can words and deeds bring your fairy fragrance bring!
Oh, might-dreamed bliss! The song is o'er
That made a music into the soul's ear!
World pulses splendors of the sunset skies—
What hath human bidden bids your whiteness?

Deep summer bliss of heaven! I quaff not now
The intoxicating rapture of thy hue!
Not mid no more with cloud winter dazing pour
Points to far countries, wonderful and new!
Earth's fresh Eden's untouched by sense or sight,
Sweet Dreamland, will then never come again?

Where now are those who peopled that fair shore?
Simple as childhood, wise and true and good
As a dear mother's kind and holy love?
Faith fully we were in man but understood
Angelic friends, whose love we calmly crave—
Are they all lying Dreamland in the grave?

Ah! vain are such regrets! life onward flows,
And brings realities that, stirmly sweet,
Each round our hearts, and give their own repose:
Blessed duties, guiding on our wayward feet.
But the old world will spring—a yearning grief
All else are dreams! Sweet Dreamland, come again!

Oh! dear lost land of love and hope and light!
Art thou forever vanished from our eyes?
Not! sidelong glimpses thou our aching sight,
And breathe thy fragrance through our memories.
And when to weary eyes calm rest is given,
We shall awake, and find that thou art heaven!

O. L. B.

Nonsensuse Heroe.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

The Author says:

"Your correspondent, 'Justitia,' will see, if she will read the story with a little more care, that Ida Howard, Mr. Egerton Dowyer's Ward, 'has made an assignment' of her marital rights, in consideration of the hope she had by Mr. Dowyer's Will to get the benefit of Mr. Dowyer's Debts. The being turned out of doors by his heirs, before the Will was proved, was merely to justify that natural response of her marriage with Frank."

Reader. There is nothing wrong, and nothing plain as fast as he can.

Alphabetical. It is very hard to name any "book of etiquette" which would be useful to gentlemen, as man can not be made by external rules. Gentility is in the character. You miss details of social conduct—but to write notes—what clothes to wear and when—whether to speak to a lady first, or not, are to be learned by observation and inquiry. People who write books of etiquette have very little knowledge of it. The most elaborate work upon the general subject is "Lord Chesterfield's Letters to his Son."

Sr. Louis wants to know if "a woman can be a governess." I know of a celebrity that a woman may be a governess." I know of no difficulty. Governesses are the feminine of governors; for a boy's private teacher is called tutor. The knowledge requisite as well as whether a woman who is a private teacher is a governess. It is an unnecessary difficulty, except where the parent is to know the sex. When we speak of poets, we name Mrs. Hemans and Mrs. Sigourney in the same breathing as Byron. Because we say that a poet is a creator, shall we say that a woman, who is a poet, is a creatress? Mr. Ruskin is a Grad a sinegress? It not Mrs. Siwes as much an *author* as Mr. Simms? The writer of books or an author. Madame de Staël is reckoned among French authors. She is a writer—not a writeress. Now I have a vocabulary of all the words of governess, half of whom seem to be women, does St. Louis think that each one of them would be a governess? Not at all. Governess is a word with no other masculine correspondent—Governor.

C. Y. Z. In this country professional etiquette does not require that an attorney should be employed to draw up a brief—but it could be an ably performed, written, or verbally, by X. Y. Z.," or any body else. The common-sense rule is that it should be well done. The Honorable Edward Everett is one of our wise men upon professional etiquette.

C. S. Beatrice Cenci is pronounced as if a soft t were introduced after each c. In Italian this name is spelled make the pronunciation hard as if Beatrice. The Italian sound of ci can be represented in English only by chi.

A. Thorn asks where to find the lines—

"Swift from his dewy pinions flies from me,
And lights on this unsullied wife's bosom."

It is "Trip down 'Tis Ever" is respectfully declined.

Grace Fletcher. No.

Constant Reader. If the author of a story only conceives his characters naturally, they work out the plot of the story themselves. There is a Love element in Dickens's operas; in which case it will be immediately popular, and whistled all over town the next morning.

Not ought managers to complain if people do not like a new work of a popular composer, simply because it is new. They will naturally want to hear it. They would even endeavor to hear it, but the manager puts gratify them. But has he any more right to complain if it fall than a publisher has to complain if the whole edition of Martin the rare minkop? They each expect a great demand, and contract with confidence for it. If it do not come, they suffer. But why blame the public?

There is a habit of saying that the public ought to support the Opera, and ought to share the losses of the manager by going to see new works, get up at great expense. But why should the public go into partnership with the Opera more than with any other business? If the wares offered suit them, they will buy. If not, not. And if the business be not worth the chance, why does any body embark in it?

If certain persons, for the sake of hearing new

—W. C. H. The postage to England is twenty-four cents. A letter addressed to Rev. R. H. Spurgeon, London, will probably reach its destination.

—G. W. E. The letter was a ghost mentioned in the Odyssey, supposed to have been eaten by the companions of Ulysses, and to have produced a dreamy indolence and forgetfulness of home. To eat the lotus is, therefore, to idle away from home.

THE RAG-CUTTER,

AND WHAT SHE FOUND IN THE RAGS BEFORE SHE CUT THEM UP.

Write parted lip and dreaming eye,
And cheeks curss'd by crowds of coals,
She stood, with mien half-bold, half-shy,
The fairest of a hundred girls.
A sun-like veil, o'er breast and brow,
Softens the grace it would conceal;
And so she stands before me now—
The Rag-girl of the Paper-mill.

Wild-high 'mid rags all day she stands;
A long, keen blade before her gleams,
Downed, Powerful, with determined hands,
To part what is from that which seems.
No blemish 'scapes her fatal shears—
From from impure—the good from ill;
In dust and tears she writes her years—
The Rag-girl of the Paper-mill.

Rags—only rags!—this costly lace,
Wrought cunningly, in days long past,
These frail cocoons of human dress,
To this complexion come at last.
Each thrill beneath their fragrant folds;
Warm, loving, close—it haunts them still;
And still infolds what now beholds
The Rag-girl of the Paper-mill.

What sees she in this tangled pile?
Fair fabrics of an Indian loom—
What marks of smirk, what works of guile?
And who shall tell what webs of doom?
One slender gash through jelick fair,
A few dull clots o'er lace and frill:
Who recks the tragic story there?
The Rag-girl of the Paper-mill.

Rags—only rags! Poor castaway
Of pride, of pleasure, of display!
Of bitter doom—of "better days"—
How much they tell that men would hide!
Think of it, Rag-girl of the Paper-mill.
The dainty sheet these writings fill;
And marvel not such tales were told
By Rag-girl of the Paper-mill.

This bridal dress—these orange flowers—
Crumpled and crush'd, but fragrant still:
Oh! visions of long, by-gone hours,
Why must ye make your blessing ill?
Light, maiden, beauty—youth call back—
As life and love were at their fill?
May thoughts like these have grace to rack
The Rag-girl of the Paper-mill.

This surplice graced "a saint in lawn;"
These sheets deformed a beggar knave;
These tender trappings adorned the dawn
That drove "the shameless" from the grave.
Strange way-side waifs we mortals weave
For after-times to "read and rail!"
Thy Loom-of-life strange "Gobelins" weave,
Weird Rag-girl of the Paper-mill.

So pass her years, twixt toil and thought:
"Rags" changed to paper—paper to coin—
A "home," with woman's witcheries fraught,
Awaits her as the day goes down.
Books, music, pictures—all are hers:
As they're for all who work and will;
And hope and health and homely cares
Make glad the girl of the Paper-mill.

Stark down, alas! through heart and brain
The mad'ning miasm turns to flame:
The world's disjointed! She (its Queen?)
Shall right the tangle—avenge its shame!
No squalid hovel, dank and foul,
Where greed and pain their plagues distill!
No handloom! pimp and thief—the ghoul
O'er streets of graves their tenants fill.

Alas for the Maiden!—alas for the Mill!
Blacken'd and charr'd its timbers stand:
Fire and fate have worked their will;
Nor hard to guess whence came the brand.
Pauper and Peer (twin-birth of wrong),
Perpetuate the poison and fast ye kill;
And silence rests on the once glad throng
That filled the cells of the Paper-mill.

* * * * *

She lives! Some far-off, Western will
Grows glad beneath her Matron-hand;
And well she wields her sceptre mild
To guide, to counsel, and command.
A seer still, she walks serene
Twixt certain Good and seeming Ill;
Piercing life's shams, with insight keen—
Brave Rag-girl of the Paper-mill!

J. Jude Deakin.

JOHN W. FORNEY, EDITOR OF THE "PRESS."

Among the editors and politicians of the United States, few have attracted more attention than John W. Forney. He is a native of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, and is now about forty-two years of age. In 1837 he became the editor and joint-owner of the Lancaster *Intelligencer*, and in 1840 he united that paper with the Lancaster *Journal*, under the title of the *Intelligencer & Journal*, which he continued to publish until 1845. During the time he was here spent as a Democratic editor in Lancaster county (which was then the stronghold of the Whig party), Mr. Forney gained a wide-spread reputation for ability as a writer, and for the unwavering constancy with which he advocated the principles of his Democratic party.

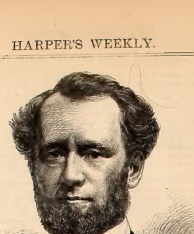
In 1845 he removed to Philadelphia, and in 1846 became the owner and editor of the Philadelphia *Pennsylvanian*. He remained there until he was elected Clerk of the House of Representatives, in 1851, but still continued for two years after he had assumed the duties of his office to write for the *Pennsylvanian*. He was a candidate in 1849 for the Clerkship, and received the caucus nomination of the Democratic members, who were then in a minority; but owing to the defection of some members of his party, who voted in the House for Mr. Campbell, the Whig candidate, he was defeated. This act of bad faith caused great indignation at the time; but Colonel Forney returned to his home, and did all in his power to allay the bitter feelings which it had created.

During his career as editor of the *Pennsylvanian* that paper gained a national reputation by the vigor of its political articles. While always courteous to political antagonists, and maintaining friendly personal relations with his editorial and other leading political antagonists, Mr. Forney became, in popular estimation, the oracle of his party in Pennsylvania, and in repeated contests infused into it the enthusiasm which led it on to victory. Every political question of the day was boldly met, and disarmed in a masterly manner.

Elected as Clerk of the National House of Representatives in 1851, he was re-elected in 1853, and performed the duties of the office in a very creditable and satisfactory manner. At the opening of the Congress of 1855, which was controlled by the Opposition, but in which, owing to the party divisions, no one united party possessed a clear majority, it was his duty, as Clerk of the old House, to act as the presiding officer until a new Speaker was elected; and during the protracted struggle which took place at the commencement of the session, and which was continued for several weeks before an organization was effected, Mr. Forney, by his dignified bearing, fearless and parliamentary ability, preserved admirable order, and prevented any of those violent political personal conflicts which have disgraced Congress, and out of which the bitter feeling then existing between the various parties rendered it almost inevitable. His decisions on all questions of order were always sustained, and such was the high estimation in which he was held by the House, and the appreciation of his fairness and impartiality, that the members were always ready to acquiesce in his decisions and eager to sustain him. Hon. Humphrey Marshall of Kentucky, Mr. Morrison Harrison of Maryland, Robert T. Paine of North Carolina, Mark Trafton of Massachusetts, Lewis D. Campbell of Ohio, who were prominent Opposition members, besides a large number of Democrats, all paid to Mr. Forney the tribute of praise for the satisfactory manner in which he discharged the duties of his office.

After Mr. Banks was sworn in as Speaker the House, before adjourning, unanimously passed a resolution of thanks to him "for the distinguished ability, fidelity, and impartiality with which he has presided over the deliberations of the House of Representatives during the arduous and protracted contest for Speaker which has just closed." The very day that he resigned his office to his successor his accounts, involving millions of dollars, were all settled at the Treasury Department, as exact and regular had he been in the discharge of his duties. The admirable system he observed in this office, which is one of great importance and responsibility, has never been surpassed.

Mr. Forney's connection with the Washington *Union* continued during the latter part of Mr. Fillmore's administration, and during three years of Mr. Pierce's. This important post he resigned but he might devote his time and attention to securing the nomination of Mr. Buchanan at the Cincinnati Convention. Retiring from Washington to his home in Pennsylvania, he was elected by the Democratic State Convention of March 4, 1856, chairman of the Democratic State Central Committee, and from that day was untiring until the close of the election in November.



JOHN W. FORNEY, ESQ., OF PHILADELPHIA.

In January, 1857, he became a candidate for the United States Senate, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the expiration of the term of Hon. Richard Brodhead.

The Democratic members of the Legislature reflected the wishes of their constituents, and by a handsome majority gave Mr. Forney the caucus nomination on the first ballot; but he was defeated in the election by S. Cameron, who influenced enough opposition votes to secure his election. When the result was announced the feeling of indignation was intense in Pennsylvania. Meetings were called throughout the State, and the individuals who were charged with betraying their party were bitterly denounced.

Meantime all possible admiration and respect were expressed for the character and services of Mr. Forney, and deep regret at his defeat. After the senatorial contest he returned to his home in Philadelphia, and for a while remained quietly in the midst of his family, enjoying the comforts of private life, which the excitement and fatigue of an active campaign rendered necessary.

After the inauguration of Mr. Buchanan he tendered to Mr. Forney several lucrative political positions, which he declined.

In August, 1857, he commenced the publication of *The Press*, an independent Democratic newspaper, at Philadelphia. From the very outset it was one of the most successful newspapers of the country, and has now attained a very large circulation. It extended to Mr. Buchanan's administration a warm support up to the time of the adoption of the Lecompton Constitution, and the effort to secure the admission of Kansas into the Union under it. Mr. Forney resolutely opposed that measure, and as the Administration made a test question of it, and ostracized all who refused to indorse its policy, a disruption of the friendly relations which had previously existed between him and Mr. Buchanan was inevitable. The result of the struggle engendered new forms part of the political history of the country. At the Congressional election of 1857, in the Northern States, the Administration candidates were defeated in nearly every district. In Pennsylvania but two were elected. Notwithstanding Mr. Forney's long-continued and prominent identification with the Democratic party, he resolutely maintained his position as an Anti-Lecompton Democrat, sustaining only those candidates who were faithful adherents of the doctrine of Popular Sovereignty.

At the present time he is again advocated by many of the newspapers of the country as a candidate for Clerk of the House of Representatives. That body will be composed of Administration Democrats, Republicans, South Americans, and Anti-Lecompton Democrats, neither of which parties possess a clear majority, and it will therefore become necessary, as in 1855, that a coalition of some kind should be formed to control the organization of the House. The Republican members will probably possess sufficient strength, by uniting with either the South Americans or the Anti-Lecompton Democrats, to elect a Speaker and Clerk: and one of these unions will probably be formed. If they unite with the South Americans, a Republican Speaker will probably be elected, and a South American Clerk of the House of Representatives. If they unite with the Anti-Lecompton Democrats, it is supposed Mr. Forney would again be elected to the position he occupied from 1851 to 1855.

A CONFESSIONAL IN A CHURCH AT LIMA.

The accompanying sketch of a confessional at Lima will be recognized by all who have traveled in Catholic countries. The artist who drew it thus describes the scene:

"The interior of the churches differ but little from those in Europe, excepting that the roofs are divided into innumerable compartments of almost every shape. The confessionals seem to me most in, and the penitents are only separated from their spiritual adviser by a strip of black silk, which is suspended over the opening through which the confessions are made. My attention was greatly attracted by a young girl who entered one of the confessionals, and who seemed to be relating something of intense interest, for every now and then, when she appeared to pause, the face of the monk, who was listening to her as she knelt at a right slide, would take an expression of impatient anxiety, which was immensely amusing. I could not help taking out my book and pencil, and jotting down the accompanying sketch, which will give you an idea of the group they formed. In an adjoining pew was seated a charming girl waiting her turn to communicate. She was elegantly dressed, and, on resing me with my pencil in hand, evidently took some pains to place herself in an easy and graceful pose. A negro servant, half of whose face was hidden by an extravagant shirt collar, attended the young lady. He stood at some little distance from his mistress, and, perceiving how I was employed, endeavored to get himself into the most dignified attitude, expecting by this to attract my attention and get transferred, color and all, to paper."

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

TRUMPS.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

CHAPTER LXXX.

REMINISCENCE.

On the very evening that General Belch and Abel Newt were sitting together, smoking, taking snuff, sipping wine, and discussing the vast principles that should control the action of American legislators and statesmen, Hope Wayne and Mrs. Simcoe sat together in their pleasant drawing-room, talking of old times. The fire crackled upon the hearth, and the bright flames flickering through the room brought out every object with fitful distinctness. The lamp was turned almost out—for they found it more agreeable to sit in a twilight as they spoke of the days which seemed to both of them to be full of subdued and melancholy light. They sat side by side; Hope leaning her cheek upon her hand, and gazing thoughtfully into the fire; Mrs. Simcoe turned partly toward her, and occasionally studying her face, as if peculiarly anxious to observe its expression.

It might have happened in many ways that they were speaking of the old times. The older woman may have intentionally led the conversation in that direction for some ulterior purpose she had in view. Or that is more likely than that the young woman should constantly draw her friend and guardian to speak of days and people connected with her own life, but passed before her memory had retained them?

"And you thought, then," said Mrs. Simcoe, "that you wanted to see more society—do you remember?"

Hope smiled faintly.

SCENE IN A FASHIONABLE CHURCH AT LIMA.

"NO ONE KNOWS WHEN HE IS HAPPY, HOPE."

"Yes. I have often thought of it. I remember you told me that I should probably have what I wanted quite as soon as I was ready for it. So it proved," she said, smiling more decidedly: "and there was a time when I was really unhappy."

Mrs. Simcoe looked narrowly at the beaming face beside her, full of peaceful light, and hope, and life. Her sad eyes filled with tears, and she sighed. Hope, without looking up, but with an air of happy reverie, said, as if it were only kind to ask,

"Why do you sigh, aunty?"

"Because no one knows when he is happy, Hope."

"Why, aunty, you are a scholar: you know the old philosopher said, 'Count no man happy till he dies.'"

"I know nothing of the old philosophers, my darling. Philosophy is nothing in the dark hours. It is a broken reed to lean upon, not the unfailing staff, as Mr. Summerfield used to say."

"What did he call the unfailing staff, aunty?" asked Hope, still as if lost in her own thoughts, and only speaking because it was not kind to remain silent.

With a solemn, murmuring voice Mrs. Simcoe repeated the lines—

"I hold two with a trembling hand,
And will not let them go,
Till steadfastly by faith I stand,
And all thy goodness know."

The expression on Hope's face changed. As the older woman spoke, her companion seemed to herself to be again sitting on the lawn—it was sunset—the pines murmured—her aunt was sitting at the upper window—and the sound of the old hymn floated into the tranquil air like a benediction.

After a few moments Hope looked about with a half-bewildered air, as if awaking. Mrs. Simcoe, with her hands clasped before her bosom, as if in inward prayer, seemed to be wrestling with some strong emotion. There were hollow circles under her eyes, which Hope could see as the flames flashed and fell; and respecting her struggle, whatever it might be, Hope waited until the look of anguish passed and the old sad calmness returned.

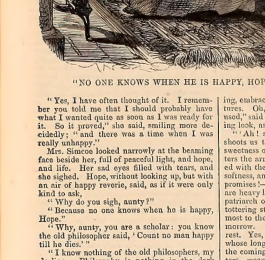
"Aunty," she said, taking her hand, "you were speaking of Mr. Summerfield. Will—"

There was a faint start upon the part of the elder woman, but she almost instantly conquered the feeling, and showed that she was ready to listen.

"Do you remember that you used to mention his name very, very often when I was a child?—that you used to say, 'Hope dear, this was Mr. Summerfield's favorite hymn,' or, 'My child, you should have heard Mr. Summerfield read that verse,' or you used to speak of Mr. as 'the saint?'"

"It was because all the happiest and saddest associations of my life cluster around him, Hope," replied Mrs. Simcoe, calmly. "At one time I heard him constantly, and his face and his face and fiery sweetness are burned into my memory forever. He was very young—not so much older than you when he died; but think what a work he did! He was slight and short, with a sweet blue eye; and his whole face was full of earnest, loving expression of that eye. He was like an instrument of heavenly essence upon which only divine tones were played. He was not violent in his manner, but very impassioned; and when he stood in the pulpit to preach, with the vast congregation crowding every part of the church, sitting upon the pulpit-stairs, upon the gallery-railings, and wherever a foot could press itself to stand, or room be found to sit, the great responsibility of speaking to that warm of human beings of their most momentous interests so filled and possessed him, that in the prayer he seemed to yearn for strength and the gifts of grace so earnestly—he cried, as if his heart were bursting, 'Help, Lord, or I perish!' that the vast crowd, murmuring with sobs, with gasps, and sighs, echoed solemnly, as if they had but one voice, and in verse all mufflied in tears—'Help, Lord, or I perish!' But, Hope, as in summer you are often see a cloud full of light even while it shower rain, suddenly breaking away and dissipated in the full glory of sunlight, so when the prayer was ended, and that which had been as if obscured and weeping, was a broader and a weeping which God's grace lighted up and shone through — his soul, in the sermon, seemed to come forth self in the most touching eloquence, as simply and easily as a bird sings.

"I heard him preach one day upon the Graces of God, and, by God's blessing, I was awakened. Never shall I forget his words; never the winning melody of his voice, and the following, unbroken, all gen-



tures. Oh, Hope! I recall the very words used," said the older woman, with a keen, piercing look, as if she knew the sermon by heart.

"'Ah! sinner, sinner, it is he, our God, who shoots us through and through with the keenness of his power. It is our God who scatters the arrows of his wrath; but they are winged with the plumes of his love. The quivers of softness, and the Gospel. Oh! the promises! the promises!—Come onto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Yes, patriarch of white hairs, of wasted cheeks, and tottering step! the humble sinner who has fallen almost to the ground to-day—into the ground to-morrow. Here stands the Judge to give you mercy. Yes, mother of many, and broken spirit! whose long life is a sorrowful vigil, waiting upon the coming of wicked children, of wicked husbands—weary, weary, and heavy laden with tribulation, here is the Comforter who shall give you rest. And you, young man, young maiden, sitting here to-day in the pleasitude of youth and hope and love, without express apprehension, as if something were about to fall upon the unwary, here is a solemn voice which startled ery of terror. There were cries of 'Lord! Lord! have mercy!' Smothered shrieks and sobs filled the air; pale faces were turned to other like spectres. I fell upon my knees, and felt the power of the Holy Ghost upon me. O deep waters, Selah; but they were the waters of grace and faith, and I was convicted of my sins. But passing a moment, while the vast crowd swayed and shook with the tumult of emotion, with his arms outspread, his voice on his forehead swollen, and the light flashing in his eyes, he raised his arms and eyes to heaven, and said, with inexpressible sweetness and power, which seemed to trickle with balm into the very soul, as it came down upon the dry ground, 'Yes, it is at hand, but so art thou! Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly; and when youth and hope and love have become dead weights and burdens in these young hearts, teach them how to feel the peace that passeth understanding. Give them to thee, for they wearily labor; they are heavily laden, gracious Father! Oh, give them rest!'"

As Mrs. Simcoe spoke she had straightened herself and sat upright in her chair. Every word she uttered was said with singular fervor, and Hope Wayne was amazed at the copious flow. But she had suddenly pressed an unknown stop in the organ on which she had played a few simple tunes for many years, which now broke out into imperial and stately harmonies.

"Then," continued Mrs. Simcoe, "then he portrayed the doom of those who resist and reject the offered grace. Come! he exclaimed, 'freely come! It is the eternal spring of living water. It is your fate, and it flows for you. Come! come! it is the good shepherd who calls his flock to wander by the still waters and in the green pastures. Will you shut your ears to Them, woe! woe! when the night cometh, and the shepherd folds his flock, and you are cast out? Will you seek Philosophy, and confide in that? It is a ravening wolf—and ere morning dawn are consumed. Will you lean on human pride—on your own sufficiency? It is a broken reed, and your fall will be forever fatal. Will you say there is no God?'—"

Mrs. Simcoe moved her chair back so suddenly that Hope, intently listening, uttered a half cry, and suddenly rose as if to help her; but she saw that it was an involuntary movement, occasioned by the energy of her feeling and the vividness of her remembrance of the scene. Mrs. Simcoe continued, as if entirely unconscious of Hope's presence, so entirely was she absorbed by the mental scene; her voice sank into a low, menacing whisper, as if reproducing the very tone of the preacher she was describing.

"Will you say there is no God? He raised his hands warningly, and shook them over the congregation while he lowered his voice. 'Hush! hush! lest he hear—lest he mark—lest the great Jehovah'—his voice swelling suddenly into loud, piercing tones—'Maker of heaven and earth, Judge of the earth and the dead, the Alpha and the Omega, the Beginning and the End, the eternal God, from everlasting to everlasting, should know that you, pitiable, crawling worm—that you, corrupt in nature and conceived in sin—child of wrath and of the devil! say that there is no God! Woe, woe! for the Judge cometh! Woe, woe! for the gnashing of teeth and the outer darkness! Woe, woe! for those who encircled him, and buffeted him, and pierced him with thorns! Woe, woe! for the Lord our God is a just God, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy, but will not turn the day of mercy is past! Oh! for the hour—sinner, sinner, beware!—when that anger rises like an ingulfing fiery sea, and sweeps them away forever!'

"Yes would have thought the sea had entered his building; for the congregation had risen, and a smothered cry swept over the people. Many rose upright with clasped hands and cried, 'Hallelujah!' 'Praise be to God!' Others lay cowering and struggling upon the seats; others sobbed most grievously with frantic earnestness at the face of the young apostle. Children with frightened eyes stood the cold hands of their mothers. The Lord was dealing with his people—convicting sinners, and calling the lost sheep home. He ceased, but could not be borne out, so solid was the throng. Their neighbors leaned their faces upon them, and turned them, repeating snatches of hymns, and waiting for the next word of the preacher.

"Hope was filled up by an inward power, beholding with joy the working of the Word, but with a total unconsciousness of himself. Ah! the young man was meek and lowly while he was about his Father's business. And after waiting for a few moments, the music of his voice poured out peace upon that awakened throng.

"'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Yes, fellow-sinners, rest. For all of us, rest. For the wanderer, rest. For you who, just awakened, tremble in doubt, rest. For you, young woman, who despairest of heaven, rest. For you, young man, who, lingering in the bondage of sin, rest. Oh! that I had the wings of a dove, for then would I fly away and be at rest. Brother, sister, it shall be so. To your weary soul those wings were given. Rise from the world of grief and sin, of death and disappointment, you shall fly away. Deep in the bosom of your God, you shall find your rest. Your love is his heart-pain. Those wings are his tender promises. That rest is the peace of heaven.

"Come, O thou rejected, and wretchless Lord,
Thy power to us make known:
Strike with the hammer of thy word,
And break those hearts of stone.

"Oh that we all might now begin
Our foolishness to mourn;
And turn unto our mercy sin,
And to the Saviour turn.

"Give us ourselves and thee to know,
In this our greatest day:
Repentance unto life bestow,
And take our sins away.

"Ourselves we know, and feel of unbelief,
And freely then release;
Fill every soul with sacred grief,
And then with sacred peace."

CHAPTER LXXXI.

A LOVER, A HUSBAND, AND A FATHER.

As Mrs. Simcoe's voice died away Hope Wayne sank down upon her with tears in her eyes. Never before had she known the depth and power of her aunt's beside her, and now they were only to the description of a sermon. Neither of the two spoke. Mrs. Simcoe covered her face with both hands, and sat perfectly still. Hope would not interrupt the silence with a word.

"Hope, dear," the older woman presently said, "that day I found peace, and, Heaven knows, I had long wanted it. My heart was broken."

She stopped.

"Aunty," said Hope, in a low, pleading voice, and taking her hand.

"Yes, Hope: it was the old story. Will you allow me never suspect it?"

Suspect it? Hope Wayne suspect this grandfather's silent housekeeper, her hymn - singing old nurse, had ever been in love? Yet, was this the more wonderful, or that the old nurse herself should feel that it was a perfectly natural and probable suspicion?

"No, aunty, never," answered Hope, with the utmost sincerity.

"It is true notwithstanding, dear. When I was twenty years old, living with my father, a poor farmer in the country, there came to pass the summer in the village, a gentleman, a good deal older than I. He was handsome, graceful, elegant, fascinating. I saw him at church, but he did not see me. Then I met him sometimes upon the road, idly sauntering along, swinging a little cane, and looking as if village life were the dullest. It seemed as though to observe me. One day he bowed. I said nothing, but hurried on. When I was a little beyond him I turned my head. He also was turning and looking at me.

"Hope, darling. I was old enough to know why I turned. Yes, and so was he. How was I to remember the many graceful speeches he had let along the fields and touched the trees so kindly. Every thing was still. The birds dropped harvesting homeward notes, and the cows were coming in from the pastures. I was going after one cow, but I knew at a long time of the hour and looked at the new moon timidly showing herself in the west. Then I looked at my clumsy gown and thick shoes and large hands, and thought of the graceful, elegant man, who had not bowed to me insolently. I imagined that a gentleman used to city life must find our country ways tiresome. I pitied him, but what could I do?

"Once in the meadows I was following up the brook to find cardinal flowers. The brook was turning a little westward and was passing, looking closely among the flags and pickerel-weed, I suddenly heard a voice close to me—

"The bobolink blossoms are further on, Miss Jane.' I knew instantly who it was, and I was conscious of being more ashamed than the flowers I was seeking.

"Well, dear," said Mr. Simcoe, after pausing for a few moments, "I can not repeat every detail. The time came when I was not afraid to speak to him—when I cared to speak to no one else—when I thought of him all day, and dreamed of him all night—when I wore the ribbons he praised, and the colors he loved, and the flowers he gave me; when he told me of his great life beyond the village, of lofty and beautiful women he had known, of wise men he had spoken with, of foreign countries he had visited—when he twined my hair around his finger and said, 'Jane, I love you!'"

Her eyes were excited, and her voice was hurried, but inexpressibly red. Hope sat by, and the tears flowed from her eyes.

"A long, long time. Yet it was only a few months—it was only a summer. He came in the early and was gone again in September. But between his coming and going the roses in our garden bloomed and withered. So you see there was time enough. Time enough! Time enough! I was heavenly happy.

"One day he said that he must go. There was some frightful trouble in his eye. 'Will you come back?' I trembled to remember how sternly I asked it, and how cold and bloodless I felt. 'So help me God!' he answered, and left me. Left me! 'So help me God!' he murmured, as his tears fell upon my cheek and he kissed me. 'So help me God!'—and he left me. Not a word, not a look, not a sign had he given me to suppose that he would not return. Not a thought, not a wish had he breathed to me that you might not hear. His miniature hung in a locket around my neck. My whole heart and soul hung upon his love. 'So help me God!' he whispered, and left me.

"He did not come back. I thought my heart was frozen. My mother sighed as she went on with her usual, incessant work. My father tried to be cheerful. 'Cry, girl, cry,' my mother said; 'only cry, and you'll be better.' I could not cry. I could not smile. I could do nothing but help her silently in the long, hard work, day after day, summer and winter. I read the

COLONEL WAYNE'S FIRST LOVE.

books he had given me. I thought of the things he had said. I sat in my chamber when the floor was scrubbed, and the bread baked, and the dishes washed, and the flies buzzed in the hot, still kitchen. I can hear them now. And then I sat, looking out of my window, straining my eyes toward the horizon—sometimes sure that I heard him coming, clicking the gate, hurrying up the gravel, with his eager, handsome, melancholy face. I started up. My heart stood still. I was ready to fall upon his neck and say, 'I believe thou art right.' He did not come. "So long as God" he said, and did not come.

"My father brought me to *New York* to change the scene. But God had brought me here to change my heart. I heard one Sunday good old Bishop Asbury, and he began the work that Summerfield finished. At Summerfield's I died. They left nothing, and I was the only child. I did what I could, and at last I became your grandfather's housekeeper."

As her story proceeded Mr. Simcoe looked more and more anxiously at Hope, whose eyes were fixed upon her incessantly. The older woman paused at this point, and taking Hope's face between her hands, immediately kissed and kissed her.

"Remember, darling," said she, "That love is his holy grace; those wings are his tender promises; that rest is the peace of his heaven."

"Yes, mamma," I remember," answered Hope.

"Your grandfather had a daughter Mary."

"My mother," said Hope, eagerly.

"Your mother, darling. She was as beautiful but as delicate as a flower. Your grandfather sent her in the ship of one of his friends to India, for the doctors said the long salt voyage would strengthen her. She was gone for several weeks, and met a young man of her own age, clerk in a house there. Of course they were soon engaged. But he was poor, and new to his business, and she knew the severity of your grandfather and his ambition for her. So she left the ship returned, and your mother returned in it. Scarcely was she at home a month than your grandfather told me that she had had a connection in view for his daughter, and wanted me to prepare her to receive the addresses of a gentleman a good deal older than she, but of the best family, and in every way a desirable husband. He was himself getting old, he said, and it was necessary that his daughter should marry. I answered that I loved my child and her. Gentle soul, with her soft, dark, opened ing eyes, with her flower-like fragility and womanly dependence. All but I was convinced that your grandfather should have been her parent.

"She was married here I told you. I thought her grief was only natural, and yet I was surprised at the sudden change in her. She faded before our eyes. We could not detect it, but she made no effort to resist. She did not refuse to see her old friends. She did not seem to be less loved any one else. I think she had a mortal fear of her father, and I thought she could not do any thing that repeated resistance.

"One day your grandfather said at dinner, 'To-morrow, Mrs. Bayley, your son and child will be here.'

"To-morrow she rose like a spectre. The stranger arrived. Mary kept her room until dinner-time. Then we both went down to see the new comer. He was in the parlor with your grandfather, and he was engaged in telling him some very amusing story when we came in, for your grandfather was laughing immoderately. I rose upon seeing us.

"Colonel Wayne, my daughter,' said he, waving his hand toward her. He bowed—she sunk, upon like, into a chair.

"'Mrs. Simcoe, Colonel Wayne,' I said.

"Our eyes met. It was my lover. He was too much amazed to bow. But in a moment he smiled courteously and seated himself; for he saw at once what had befallen in the household. I said nothing; I remembered. I sunk into a chair and looked at him. He was older, but the same charm still hovered about his person. His voice had the same secret music, and his manner was the same graceful grace which seemed to spring from the consciousness of power. I was conscious of only two things—that I loved him, and that he was married to my child and woman.

"During dinner he made two or three observations to me. But I bowed and said nothing. After a few days he made a formal offer of his hand to Mary Burt. She was his child! She knew not what to say, for she knew her mother had forbidden him. She trembled, hesitated, fluttered, delayed. 'You must, you shall!' were the terrible words she heard from her husband. She decided to tell me. I was her friend, he should force a summary interview. In fact, Hope, you could recite, by rote, what I could not. 'Only, dear father,' she said, 'I am too young. Let me not be married for a year.' Her father laughed and assented. And I think she instantly wrote to her lover in India.

"The world came driving out to congratulate. 'Such a reasonable connection!' every body said; 'a military man of fine old family. It is really delightful to have such matches sometimes take place, in which all the condi tions are satisfactory.'

"All the time his miniature lung round my neck. Why? Because I did, in the bottom of my soul, still believe him. I believed that he'd say, 'So help me God!'

"He went away, and sometimes returned for a week. I was comforted by seeing that he did not love your mother, and by the confidence I had that she would not marry him. I was sure that something would happen to prevent.

"The year was coming round. One night your mother came into my room in her night-dress; her face was radiant, and she held a note in her hand. It was from her lover. He had thrown himself upon a ship when her letter reached him, and here he was. Full of generous ardor, he proposed to marry her privately at once; there was no other way he was sure.

"'Will you help us?' she said, after she had told me every thing.

"'But you are two such children,' I said.

"'Then you will not help. You will make me marry Colonel Wayne.'

"Hope, I tried to see the matter calmly. I sought the source of God. I do not say that I did just what I should have done, but I helped them. The time was arranged when she was to go away. I, of course, thought that her lover was to be married.

"He came. It was a June night; the moon was full. We were quietly along the avenue. The gate was opened. We were just passing through, and your mother and Colonel Wayne stepped from the shadow of the wall and the trees.

"Your mother and her lover stood perfectly still. She gave a little cry. Your grandfather was furious.

"'Go, Sir!' he shrieked at the young man. "'If your daughter commands it,' he replied. "'Your grandfather turned to him incredulously.

"'Sir, my daughter is the betrothed wife of Colonel Wayne.'

"The young man looked with an incredulous smile at your mother, who had sunk senseless into my arms, and said, 'Is this true, Mary?'

"She was mine before she ever saw him,' said your grandfather with a hissed at him with contempt.

"'Go—before I strike you!'

"The young man hesitated for a few moments, saw that it was useless to remain longer at that time, and went.

"The next day Mr. Burt sent for Dr. Peewee.

"The moment I knew what he intended to do I ran to your grandfather and told him that Colonel Wayne was not the husband of his daughter. But when I told him that he had deserted me, Mr. Burt laughed scornfully.

"'Colonel Simcoe! Why, you have lost your wits. Remember, Colonel Wayne is a gentleman of family. Do you know who you were—'

"'I was a poor country girl,' said I, 'and Colonel Wayne loved me, and I loved him, and here is the pledge and proof of it.'

"I drew out the miniature as I spoke, and held it before your grandfather's eyes. He flashy staggered, and rang the bell violently.

"'Send Colonel Wayne to me,' said, hastily, to the servant.

"A moment the Colonel came in. I saw his color change as his eye fell upon me, holding the locket in my hand, and upon your grandfather's disordered face.

"'Colonel Wayne, have you ever seen Mrs. Simcoe before?'

"He was very pale, and there were sullen circles under his eyes as he spoke; but he said calmly,

"'Not to my knowledge.'

"Hope's head fell on his shoulder.

"'Who gave me that, Sir?' said I, thrusting the miniature almost into his face.

"He took it, and his color looked at it. I saw his lip work and his throat quiver with an involuntary spasm.

"'I am sure I do not know.'

"I was speechless. Your grandfather was confounded. Colonel Wayne looked white, but resolute.

"'God only is my witness,' said I, slowly, as if the words came gasping from my heart. 'So help me God, I loved him, and he loved me.'

"A cynical smile curled his friend's lip, but he preserved the same placidity of face.

"'Your testimony is false, Mrs. Simcoe,' said your grandfather, not unkindly, to me. 'Go to your room.'

"I obeyed, for my duty was done."

Mrs. Simcoe paused and rocked silently to and fro. Hope looked at her, and kissed her fervently. Presently the narration was quietly resumed:

I told your mother my story. But she was stunned by her own grief, and I do not think she comprehended it. She only answered that they were married. Your mother did not say yes—for she could not utter a word—but the ecstasy proceeded from her face. Colonel Wayne, God hath joined together,' and I laughed aloud. I felt like a maniac.

"It was a few days after the marriage, when Colonel Wayne and his wife were absent, that your grandfather said to me at the dinner-table, in the presence of Dr. Peewee,

"'Mrs. Simcoe, your story seems to be true. But think a moment. A man like Colonel Wayne must have had many experiences. We don't do. But he has been in India, and thoughtless, I have no doubt. He may even have visited your native place. I am very sorry. If he has done so, I think he ought to have acknowledged it, the other day. But I hope sincerely that you will all be as happy as he gosses, and live happily together.' Dr. Peewee will you ask a blessing?'

It was already midnight, and the two women were by the fire. It was the moment when Abel Newt ran through his comrades, and, opening doors and windows. Hope Wayne was in bed and fast asleep. Mrs. Simcoe ended the story that Mrs. Simcoe was telling her voice had a swelling tone painful to hear. After a long silence she began again:

"What ought I to have done? Should I have gone away? That was the easiest course. But, Hope, the way of duty is not often the easiest way. I wrote a long letter to the good old Bishop Asbury, who seemed to me like a father, and after a while his answer came. He said that I should seek the Lord's leading, and if that bade me stay—if that told me that it would be for my soul's blessing that my heart should break daily—then I had better remain, seeing that the end is not here—that there we have no continuing city, and that our proud hearts must be bruised by grief, even as our Saviour's lowly forehead was pierced with thorns.

"So I said. It was partly pity for your mother, who began to droop at once. It was partly that I might keep my wound bleeding for my friend's sake—and pain's sake, I believe. But it could not then—because I believed, as before I do, in your mother, that in his secret heart I was the woman your father loved, and I could not give him up.

"Your mother's lover wrote to me at once, I discovered afterward, but his letters were intercepted, for years sometimes to Colonel Wayne's absolute man. Then he came to Pinewood, but he was not allowed to see your mother. The poor boy was literally driven before he could effect any thing your mother was the wife of Colonel Wayne. Then, in the same ship in which he had come from India, he returned; and after he was gone all his letters were given to me.

"Hope, you are a woman. I told him every about your mother, but there was not much to tell. She never remembered his name after her marriage. There were gay parties given in honor of the wedding, and her delicate, drooping, feminine nature hung upon the arm of her handsome, elegant husband. People said that her melancholy shyness was beautiful to behold, and that she clung to her husband like the waving ivy to the oak.

"Then came the baby. She was just nineteen when she was married—she was not twenty-one when you were born. Oh! I did not think of myself, only, but of her, when I heard the sunshine of your infant voice. Your mother's life was bound up in you. She was a mere child herself, but she was a mother. She trented me always with unsurpassed politeness, but darling, it was a dreary time for a young girl. Hope," said Mrs. Simcoe, after a short pause, "that is all—the end you yourself remember."

"Yes," replied Hope, in the same low, solemn tone. "My father went out upon the pond, one evening, with a friend to bathe, and was drowned. Mr. Gray's boys found him. My grandfather was let me wear mourning for him. I wore a blue ribbon the day Dr. Peewee preached his funeral sermon; and I did not care to wear black. Aunty, I had seen him too little to love him like a father, you know."

She said it almost as if apologizing to Mrs. Simcoe, whose story bowed her head.

It was past midnight. It was the very moment when Abel Newt was starting with horror at the sight of the apparition in the glass.

She turned wistfully toward Hope, who was looking at her with a beautiful, vague apprehension of some peculiar fitness to the condition in the words Mrs. Simcoe uttered. Hope knew that she was with an inward strayed, and then said, calmly, but in the low voice,

"And, aunty, you found me."

Mrs. Simcoe took her darling's face between her caressing hands. She smoothed the glistening golden hair. Her eyes rested upon the forehead.

"Dear, you are the daughter of the man I loved me, I truly believe, more than my other woman. You have known no other mother but me. You have learned that joy is not appointed for us below, but trial, and grace through suffering."

"Convince us first of unbelief,
And freely then release;
Fill every heart with sacred grief,
And then with sacred peace."

"Aunty, the young man?" said Hope, in the same tone.

"Was Lawrence Newt," answered Mrs. Simcoe.

"It was the moment when Abel sat at his desk, writing the name that Mrs. Simcoe had pronounced.

At first Hope Wayne felt every nerve in her frame relaxed—a mist clouded her eyes—she had a weary sense of happiness, for she thought she was dying. She had disbelieved what she had dreaded. She was perfectly sure it was coming, and yet the word shot out upon her like a tongue of lightning. The mist passed. She felt her cheeks glowing, and was preternaturally clear. Mrs. Simcoe sat beside her, weeping silently.

"Good-night, dearest aunty!" said Hope, as she rose and bent down to kiss her.

"My child!" said the older woman, in tones that trembled out of an aching heart.

Hope took her candle, and moved toward the door. As she went she heard Mrs. Simcoe repeating, in the old murmuring sunset strain,

"These wings are his tender promises. That rest is the peace of heaven!"

LITERARY.

THE STATESMAN'S MANUAL; containing the Addresses and Messages of the Presidents of the United States, Inaugural, Annual, and Special, from 1789 to 1858; with a memoir of each of the Presidents, and a history of their administrations; also LEGALITIES between the United States and foreign powers, Constitution of the United States, Presidential proclamations, and other important documents and statistical information. Compiled by Edwin Williams. Illustrated by Benson J. Lossing. With steel portraits of the Presidents. Four volumes, 8vo. Harper Brothers, New York.

The title of this very valuable work gives an accurate idea of its contents. It is, in fact, a succinct, detailed, and unbiased documentary history of our country; and, as such, is invaluable not only to statesmen and politicians, but to all who desire to understand thoroughly the theory and policy of our Government, from its formation to the present time. The full and reference for this purpose it has not its equal, because all the materials have been drawn from official sources, and every document is given in extenso

also may be is perfectly resigned to his fate, and is unconscious of having committed any crime."

MEXICAN INTRIGUES IN TEXAS.

From Texas we learn that the Legislature has authorized the Governor to call out all the troops necessary for the protection of the frontier. Captain Ford had been appointed commander of the troops, and had started out after Cortinas. The Brownsville affair had caused great excitement, and volunteers were rapidly organizing. Deputy-Sheriff Campbell had been released by Cortinas. Brownsville is full, and was still closed against him.

WRECK OF THE "INDIA."

The screw steamship *India*, belonging to the Liverpool and Canadian Steamship Company, which sailed from Liverpool on the 5th ultimo, for Portland, Maine, got on the rocks of Mary Joseph, off Gaydoret, Nova Scotia, at five o'clock on the morning of Saturday, the 21st ultimo, and is a total wreck. She parted amidships. She had but 21 passengers aboard, and her crew numbered 100 men. A boat was capsized, and several persons drowned. Twenty-four passengers were picked up by the schooner *Alexander*, and taken to Halifax. The number lost is not known.

The *Indian* was a first-class iron propeller, and was but one year old. She was thirty-four tons burden. She was built in Dumbarton, Scotland, and had been but a short time in the service. She was considered a fast vessel, and fitted with five water-tight bulkhead compartments. Her engine was a vertical direct one, with two cylinders of sixty-two inches in diameter and a three and a half feet stroke.

THANKSGIVING IN THE CITY.

The Thanksgiving Day observance which I might be malicious to say is willing enough to suspend business operations when each individual is sure that his neighbor will not anticipate him in achieving a bargain, past all observance to Thanksgiving Day, was a Thanksgiving those which are chronically open, closed their doors and put up their shutters. Some did this, perhaps, with no other opportunity of enjoying themselves, brushed the cool, freezing air in the streets, and congregated to hear their favorite preachers descant on various topics of the day, and to see their friends. Others, more provident, churches were open for public service. Many of the churches were filled to repletion with our present impression those meeting were participating in Presbyterian Church street, while a large number of others are presented more scanty, though not by any means unmindful of the interesting points.

The festival was not, of course, without its charitable aspects. The children at the Five Points House of Industry, and at the Ladies' Home for Destitute Children, were treated to their customary Thanksgiving dinner yesterday. Donations of cash and provisions were supplied from tables, at which over one thousand children, and the parents of those who were left for the day at home, hundred dollars in cash were received, and a large number of articles of clothing, bedding, &c., were given to the children. At the House of Industry, also, there were over one hundred visitors during the day, and about four hundred dinners were left for the children of the Industrial institution. The exercises at both places were of an interesting character."

SHOOTING AFFRAY AT NASHVILLE.

Particulars of the affray in Nashville, in which Mr. Polesdexter, editor of the Union and Americans, was killed by Mr. Allen A. Hall of the *News*, are given by the Nashville *Patriot*. The deadly originated in a political controversy, there stated, in a political controversy, during which Mr. Polesdexter sought to fasten the charge of bribery on Hall, being ready to unite with the Republican party. There subsequently was a "mutual explanation," each party characterizing their author as "a liar."

Mr. Polesdexter was shot down as Mr. Polesdexter replied to the accusation, and was instantly killed by a ball through the heart. A son of Mr. Hall and Mr. Polesdexter, which resulted in nothing more serious than a challenge. The correspondence was pending between the principals in the affair, a card was issued by Mr. Hall, in which he stated Mr. Polesdexter had been killed as the effect of the paper, with the evident intent of exculpating Mr. Hall. That gentleman did not happen to be in attend, but, being warned of Mr. Polesdexter's approach, left the office. As call the third time, he advanced into the street, and, as he approached, struck him on the head with a cane. Mr. Polesdexter was about to draw a weapon, but, as he did so, Hall struck him with a cane on the head and fired. Mr. Polesdexter fell to the ground. A coroner's jury rendered a verdict which exonerated Hall from blame in killing Mr. Hall for trial in $5000 bonds, which were immediately furnished.

ANOTHER DIAMOND WEDDING.

The New Haven *Journal* of the 26th says: "The 'Bonus Bette' and the young millionaire" is the title by which the marriage has been the subject of considerable favor in the fashionable circles of this city, and to which took place on Wednesday at St. Paul's Church, Boston, with the usual accompaniments of a fashionable, pastor Dr. Huntington officiating. It is said that the bride was dressed in a white satin dress, with a veil of rich Venetian chain of rare and costly workmanship, and the bridesmaids were also provide of diverse quality, but, fine, as is fitting. Through the kindness of a friend, we have been favored with a description of the dress worn by the bride, and the wife was presented from the manor digital determinational, and made a pretty display. The bridegroom was to provide a new way of carrying the *trousseau* which would have been unique and novel, and worthy of the beauty of the lace or embroidery. It was a pity that the carriage was not provided, and the rest of the ceremonies. What it might appear when made up, we do not know, per person, we do not pretend to guess. We record what we have."

PERSONAL.

Judge H. F. Bain, of Marysville, has been appointed by Governor Weller United States Senator, vice Gwin. The vacancy occasioned by the death of Mr. Broderick. The Marysville *Democrat* says that he will start for the city of Washington in the course of the fifth or sixth of December.

We read in the Detroit *Free Press* that Gen. Cass intends to announce the return of the Hon. Charles Lanman, of Washington, to the Secretary at Boston by the Canada. Mr. Lanman took ready to his seat in the Senate, and will assume the duties and responsibilities of that office. His health, as we learn from his own lips, is considered as completely re-established. He feels in full possession of his natural physical vigor, and that the exercise of his brain is no longer forbidden or limited by the heavy remnants of a diseased and suffering body. Several of Mr. Lanman's personal and political friends met him, on the arrival at the Canada at her wharf, with a hearty welcome.

Governor Seward was presented in Alexandria with three superb Arabian horses, which were landed at the three superb Arabian horses, which were landed at the New York State Agricultural Society.

The last-mentioned had been the intelligence of the death of the celebrated pioneer and explorer, Christopher Carson, at Taos, New Mexico, on the 23d ult. He was a noted Indian Agent. Carson was a native of Kentucky, leaving been born in Madison County in 1809. His father shortly after that period removed to Missouri, where Kit, when a lad of fifteen, was apprenticed to a saddler—occupying himself at that business two years, at the end of which he joined a trapping expedition to the Rocky Mountains, and continued in that business with the great Fur Company for the next ten years, during which he explored the Plains. For eighteen years he was a colonel of Brad's Cavalry, and subsequently engaged in his expedition Carson married him, and was also with Gen. Fremont's last expedition. In 1847 he received the rank of Lieutenant Colonel by brevet, and for the last few years he has been most remarkable exploit on the Plains was executed in 1854, when he conducted Gen. Beale's party from Texas to California.

A New York correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press* says that Lola Montez is living very quietly up town, and does not appear to be in want of money. She has a house of her own friends, the husband of Lola Montez, and though the talks basely of her former husband, she is not at all ashamed of her former life. She is very fond of horses, takes out her little toiseau-wagon every afternoon, and is often seen in the Park, and then falls back upon old times with decided gusto when she meets any of her old friends. She is very fond of going to do.

Several contemporary talks about some forthcoming "Lilliputian nuptials," and thus reveals itself: "Gen. Tom Thumb, the celebrated dwarf, who has been through to a grasshopper, made a very tall fortune for P. T. Barnum, and has retired from the show business, is about to settle in the bonds of holy matrimony with a young lady of his own size. The dimensions differ about her height, and in the vicinity of Bridgeport, Conn., where she resides, she is considered a beauty.

A Jerusalem *Flag* contains an account of the death, on last Thursday week, of a little girl of eight years, named Sarah Ann Cohen, who, though not quite so old as Tom Thumb, her clothing took fire. She first tried to put out the flames herself, but, finding that the intensity of her years to throw water on her; but the little girl, in her agony, ran into the street, where the flames were then burning her lying out in the yard, and, in terror, ran into the house, where the flames were then burning her lying out in the yard, and, in terror, ran into the house, where the flames were then burning her lying out in the yard, and, in terror, ran into the house

LOSS OF THE "ROYAL CHARTER" ON THE COAST OF ENGLAND, OCTOBER 25, 1859.

THE LOSS OF THE "ROYAL CHARTER."

We gave in last number a full account of this terrible shipwreck—the most appalling that has occurred since the burning of the *Austria*. We now present, on the preceding page, an engraving of the scene from sketches made in England. We may add to the full narrative we published last week, the following extracts from the statements of the passengers.

James Dean says:

"He was in bed in a berth with four other passengers when the ship struck, and he was aroused by one of his fellows exclaiming, 'I think we're lost!' He dressed himself, and after a few minutes' prayer ascended on deck, where he had not been more than a very brief period when the vessel parted in the centre 'like the mapping of a tobacco stump.' The people on board stood petrified, as it were, seemingly unable to make the slightest struggle for their lives, while their terror was increased by the awful scenes presented as unfortunate creatures fell and were crushed to atoms in the chasm separating the two parts of the ship. He never for a moment lost his presence of mind. He saw that most of those in the water struggled toward the large pieces of the wreck, and he saw also that most of those who retained the hindmost portions of the vessel were resolved to death, and their bodies dreadfully mutilated against the rocks. Throughout totally unable to swim, he jumped overboard, and just seized a boy he saw floating near him. Almost at the very moment he seized him a hand was thrust under his arm, and a second claimant appeared. Dean said it would not support both of them, so as soon as possible he left the box for another piece of wood, and with that he was thrown upon the shore. He left his support and tried to gain a position of security, but ere he could do so a wave overpowered him and carried him back to sea, where he became entangled in the floating remnants of the vessel, and it was with the greatest difficulty that he extricated himself. When he had succeeded in this he was again thrown on shore. While momentarily expecting the arrival of another wave a rope was thrown to him, and by it he was finally drawn out of danger, without experiencing any injuries or bruises other than of a very trifling description. He soon recovered strength, and was able to leave for Wigan on Friday morning."

Mr. Carew Taylor says:

"I was in bed when I heard Captain Withers addressing somebody. 'Come directly: I shall take your child.' There was some answer to that, but I don't know what. He said she had struck, or something of that kind, and that was about half past two o'clock in the morning. I jumped out of bed, and looked out on saloon, where, seeing somebody there, I put my coat, trowsers, and greatcoat on, and went before I heard that person's cry. Mr. Woodruff. I then heard the ship giving tremendous jerks or concussions, when I felt that she was aground. Gentlemen and ladies were in the greatest consternation, praying, etc. The Rev. Mr. Hodges stood praying contemporaneously. I then went to the end of the saloon to look for my child and mate. I found the lobby of the saloon crammed with people, so that no chance remained to get out, and it was impossible to find the nurse and my child. I eventually found them, and the thumping of the vessel was on a grander succession and violence than before. Water began to come in, so that I was perfectly wet through hours before I got saved. I saw the ship divided in half, and saw Captain Taylor on deck, lying there with a leg of wood tied to him. I said to him, 'Oh, Captain Taylor, have a fearful scene this is!' He did not reply to me. Another wave came over, and I, with the rest of my party, jumped overboard. I got on a piece of wood, to which I saw another man clinging. After that I got a piece of boarding, from which I was washed twice, and at last somebody took hold of my fingers from near the shore. Three men assisted me down on shore, and the people paid me every possible attention. I think it was Saturday I saw pilot me in his own bed and treated me with the greatest kindness. His daughter and wife were saved, lost. The ship was thumping on the rocks for hours before she went to pieces."

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "AFTER DARK," ETC. ETC.

[From Advance Sheets, purchased direct from the Author.]

HARTRIGHT'S NARRATIVE—*Continued.*

IV.

"Sare has escaped from my asylum.

I can not say with truth that the terrible inference which those words suggested flashed upon me like a new revelation. Some of the strange questions put to me by the woman in white, after my ill-considered promise to leave her free to act as she pleased, had suggested the conclusion, either that she was naturally flighty and unsettled, or that some recent shock of terror had disturbed the balance of her faculties. But the idea of absolute insanity which we all associate with the very name of an Asylum, had, I can honestly declare, never occurred to me, in connection with her. I had seen nothing, in her language or her actions, to justify it at the time; and, even with the new light thrown on her by the words which the stranger had addressed to the policeman, I could see nothing to justify it now.

What had I done? Assisted the victim of the most horrible of all false imprisonments to escape; or cast loose on the wide world of London an unfortunate creature whose actions it was my duty, and every man's duty, carefully to control? I turned sick at heart when the question occurred to me, and when I felt it impossible truly that it was asked in vain.

In the disturbed state of my mind, it was useless to think of going to bed, when I at last got back to my chambers in Clement's Inn. Before many hours elapsed it would be necessary to resume my customary journey to Cumberland. I sat down and tried, first to sketch, then to read what the woman in white put between me and my pencil, between me and my book. Had the forlorn creature come to any harm? That was my first thought, though I shrank selfishly from confronting it. Other thoughts followed, on which it was less harrowing to dwell. Where had she stopped the cab? What had become of her now? Had she been traced and captured by the men in the closed cab? Or was she still capable of controlling her own actions; and were we two following exactly the same roads toward one point in the mysterious future, at which we were to meet once more?

I was still in this state of mind when I came to look my door, to bid farewell to London pursuits, London people, and London fashions, and to lie in movement again toward new interests and a new life. Even the bustle and confusion at the railway terminus were welcome as distracting me, at other times, roused me and did me good.

My traveling instructions directed me to go to Carlisle, and then to diverge to a branch railway which would take me nearer to my destination. As a misfortune to begin with, our engine broke down between Carlisle and Kirkstone. The delay occasioned by this accident caused me to be too late for the branch train, by which I was to have gone to my destination. I had to wait some hours; and when a later train finally departed and set me down at the station at Dumfoot House, it was past ten, and the night was so dark that I could hardly see my way to the fancy-chaise which had been sent to the station to be in waiting for me.

The driver evidently discomposed by the lateness of my arrival. He was in that state of highly-respectful sullenness which is peculiar to English coachmen. I got no answers to me through the darkness in perfect silence. The roads were bad, and the journey consequently one which might increased the difficulty of getting over the ground quickly. It was, by my watch, nearly an hour and a half before the lights of the nearest village appeared, and I heard the sound of the sea on the distant shore. I was set down at the door on a smooth gravel drive. We had passed one gate before entering the drive, and we passed another before we drew up at the house. I was received by a solemn man-servant out of livery, who informed me that the family retired for the night, and was then led into a large and lofty room where my supper was awaiting me. I forbore to mention to this gentleman of a lonesome mahogany widderers of dining table.

I was too tired and out of spirits to eat or drink much, especially with the solemn servant waiting on me as elaborately as if a small Dinner-party had arrived at the house instead of a solitary man. I said that the cold fowl was ready to be taken up to my bedchamber. The solemn servant conducted me into a prettily-furnished bedroom, and said, "Breakfast at nine o'clock, Sir"—looked all round him to see that every thing was in its proper place—and noiselessly withdrew.

"What shall I see in my dreams to-night?" I thought to myself, as I put out the candle; "the woman in white, or the unknown inhabitants of this Cumberland mansion?" It was a strange sensation to be sleeping in the house, like a friend of the family, and yet not to know one of the inmates, even by sight.

V.

When I rose the next morning and drew up my blind, the sea opened before me joyously under the bright August sunlight. A little distant coast of Scotland fringed the horizon with its lines of undulating hills.

The view was such a surprise, and such a change to me, after my weary London experience of brick and mortar landscape, that I seemed to burst into a new life and a new set of thoughts the moment I looked at it. The confused sensation of having suddenly lost my familiarity with the past, without acquiring any additional clearness of idea in reference to the present or the future, took possession of my mind. Circumstances that were but a few hours old, faded back in my memory, as if they had happened months and months since. Persia's quaint announcement of the means by which he had procured me my present employment; the farewell evening I had passed with my mother and sister; even my mysterious adventure on the way home from Hampstead, seemed to belong like events which might have occurred at some former epoch of my existence. Although the woman in white was still in my mind, the image

"MY TASTE WAS SUFFICIENTLY EDUCATED TO ENABLE ME TO APPRECIATE THE VALUE OF THE DRAWINGS, WHILE I TURNED THEM OVER."

of her seemed to have grown dull and faint already.

A little before nine o'clock, I descended to the ground-floor of the house. The solemn man-servant was waiting before me to show me the way to the sitting-room. I was conducted to it, and left alone.

My first glance round me, as the man opened the door, disclosed a well-furnished breakfast-table, standing in the middle of a large room, with many windows in it. I looked from the table to the window farthest from me, and saw a lady standing at it, with her back turned toward me. The instant my eyes rested on her, I was struck by the rare beauty of her form, and by the unaffected grace of her attitude. Her figure was tall, yet not too tall; rounded and well-developed, yet not fat; her head set on her shoulders with an easy, pliant firmness; her hair, perfection of its eyes of a rare, fine, fair complexion, and her features, if I could not pronounce them to be regular, were at least strikingly expressive and intelligent.

Never can met one more flatly contradicted—never was the fair promise of a lovely figure more strangely and startlingly belied by the face and head that crowned it. The lady's complexion was almost swarthy, and the dark down on her upper lip was almost a mustache. She had a large, firm, masculine mouth and jaw; prominent, piercing, coarse brown eyes; and thick, coal-black hair, growing unusually low down on her forehead. Her expression—bright, frank, and intelligent—appeared, while she was silent, to be altogether wanting in those feminine attractions of gentleness and pliability, without which the beauty of the handsomest woman alive is always incomplete. No one such face as this set on shoulders that a sculptor would have longed to model—to be charmed by the modest graces of action through which the symmetrical limbs betrayed their beauty when they moved, and even to be almost repelled by the masculine form and masculine look of the features in which the perfectly shaped figure ended—but to find a sensation oddly akin to the helpless discomfort familiar to us all in sleep, when we recognize yet can not reconcile the anomalies and contradictions of a dream.

"Mr. Hartright?" said the lady, interrogatively; her manner lighting up with a smile, and softening and growing womanly the moment she began to speak. "We require the services of you last night, and went to bed as usual. Accept my apologies for our apparent want of attention, and allow me to introduce myself as one of your pupils. Shall we shake hands? I suppose we must come to it sooner or later—and why not sooner?"

These odd words of welcome were spoken in a clear, ringing, pleasant voice. The offered hand—rather large, but beautifully formed—was given to me with the easy, unaffected assurance of a highly-bred woman. We sat down together at the breakfast-table in as cordial and customary a manner as if we had known each other for years, and had met at Limmeridge House to talk over old times by previous appointment.

"I hope you come here good-humoredly determined to make the best of your position," continued the lady. "If you will have to begin with meeting by putting up with my society one company at breakfast-time mine. My sister is in her own room, nursing that essentially feminine malady, a bilious headache; and her old governess, Mrs. Vesey, is charitably attending on her with restorative tea. My uncle, Mr. Fairlie, never joins us at any of our meals: he is an invalid, and keeps bachelor state in his own apartments. There is nobody else in the house but me. Two young ladies have been staying here, but they went away yesterday, to my great and no wonder. All through their visit (in consequence of Mr. Fairlie's invalid condition) we produced no such convenience in the house as a flirtable, danceable, small-talkable creature of the male sex; and the consequence was, we did nothing but quarrel, especially at dinner-time. How can you expect four women to dine together three days running, and not quarrel? We are such fools, we can't entertain each other at table. You see I don't think much of my own sex, Mr. Hartright—which will you have, tea or coffee?—no woman does think much of her own sex, although, few of them, confess it as freely as I do. Dear me, you look puzzled. Why? Are you wondering what you will have for breakfast? or are you surprised at my crueless way of talking? In the first case I advise you, as a friend, to have nothing at all with that cold ham at your elbow, and to wait till the omelette comes in. In the second case, I will give you some tea to compose your spirits, and do all a woman can (which is very little, by-the-by) to hold my tongue."

She handed me my cup of tea, laughing gayly. Her light flow of talk, and her lively familiarity of manner with a total stranger, were accompanied by an unaffected naturalness and an easy inborn confidence in herself and her position, which would have secured her the respect of the most audacious man breathing. While it was impossible to be formal and reserved in her company, it was more than impossible to take the faintest vestige of a liberty with her, even in thought. I felt this instinctively, even while I caught the infection of her own bright gayety of spirits—even while I did my best to answer her in her own frank, lively way.

"Yes, yes," she said, when I had suggested the only explanation I could offer, to account for my perplexity at her looks, "I suppose. You are such a perfect stranger in the house, that you are puzzled by my familiar reference to the worthy inhabitants. Natural enough: I ought to have thought of it before. At any rate, I can set it right now. Suppose I begin with myself, so as to get done with that part of the subject as soon as possible? My name is Marian Halcombe; and I am as inaccurate as women usually are in calling Mr. Fairlie my uncle, and Miss Fairlie my sister. My mother was twice married: the first time to Mr. Halcombe, by whom I was born; the second time to Mr. Fairlie, my half-sister's father. Except that we are both orphans, we are in every respect as unlike each other as possible. My father was a poor man, and Miss Fairlie's father was a rich man. I have got nothing, and she is an heiress. I am dark and ugly, and she is fair and pretty. Every body thinks me crabbed and odd (with perfect justice); and every body thinks her sweet-tempered and charming (with more justice still). In short, she is an angel; and I—Try some of that marmalade, Mr. Hartright, and finish the sentence, in the name of female propriety, for yourself. What can I to tell you about

Mr. Fairlie? Upon my honor, I hardly know. He is sure to send for you after breakfast, and you can study him for yourself. In the mean time, I may inform you, first, that he is the late Mr. Fairlie's younger brother; secondly, that he is a single man; and, thirdly, that he is Miss Fairlie's guardian. I won't live without her, and she can't live without me; and that is how I come to be at Limmeridge House. You know, and I have honestly fond of each other; which, you will say, is perfectly unaccountable, under the circumstances, and I quite agree with you—but so it is. You must please both of us, Mr. Hartright, or you please neither of us; and, if you please, you will be thrown entirely upon our society. Mrs. Vesey is an excellent person, who reports all the carriages that come, and counts the nothing; and Mr. Fairlie is too great an invalid to be responsible for the right use of anything that is the matter with him, and the doctors don't know what is the matter with him, and he doesn't know himself what is the matter with him. We all say it's on the nerves, and we none of us know what nerves mean when we say it. However, I advise you to humor his little peculiarities, when you see him to-day. Admire his collection of coins, prints, and wax-color drawings, and you will win his heart. Upon the whole, if you can be contented with a quiet country life, I don't see why you should not get on very well here. Everybody in the house, Mr. Fairlie's drawings will be among you. After lunch, Miss Fairlie and I shoulder our sketch-books, and get on to watercolor nature, under your directions. Drawing is for favorite white, mind, not mine. Woven over my draw—their marks are too flighty, and their eyes are too inattentive. No matter—my sister likes it; it is worthy and well spoil paper, for she sees as composedly as any woman in England. As for evening, I think we can help you through the time. Mr. Fairlie is very delightful. For my own pour part, I don't know one note of music from the other; but I can make play at chess, backgammon, écarté, and (join the inevitable female drawbacks), even at knitting as well. What do you think of the programme? Can you reconcile yourself to our quiet, regular life? or do you mean to be restless, and vaguely urgent for change and adventure, in the handsome atmosphere of Limmeridge House?"

She had a pretty face, in her gracefully bantering way, with no other interruptions on my part than the unimportant occasions which politeness required of me. The turn of the expression, however, in her last question, or rather in the one chosen word, "adventure," lightly as it fell from her lips, recalled my thoughts to my meeting with the woman in white, and urged me to discover the connection which the stranger's own reference to Mrs. Fairlie's retirement as the most likely to be well known between the names less figurative from the Asylum, and the former mistress of Limmeridge House.

"Even if I were the most restless of mankind," I said, "I should be in no danger of hurrying after adventures for some time to come. The very night before I arrived at this house, I met with an adventure; and the excitement and excitement of it, I can assure you, Miss Halcombe, will last me for the whole of the time I stay in Cumberland, if not for a much longer period."

"You don't say so, Mr. Hartright! May I hear it?"

"You have a claim to hear it. The chief person in the adventure was a total stranger to me, and may perhaps be a total stranger to you; but she certainly mentioned the name of one of the late Mrs. Fairlie in terms of the sincerest gratitude and regard."

"Mentioned my mother's name! You interest me indescribably. Pray go on."

I at once related the circumstances under which I had met the woman in white, exactly as they had occurred; and I repeated as closely as I had mind to me about Mrs. Fairlie and Limmeridge House, word for word.

Miss Halcombe's bright resolute eyes looked eagerly into mine, from the beginning of the narrative to the end. Her face expressed the liveliest sense of astonishment, but nothing more. She was evidently as far from knowing of any slow to the mystery as I was myself.

"Are you quite sure of those words referring to my mother's kindness?"

"Quite sure," I replied. "Whoever she may be, the woman was once at school in the village of Limmeridge, was treated with especial kindness by Mrs. Fairlie, and, in grateful remembrance of that kindness, feels an affectionate interest in all surviving members of the family. She knew that Mrs. Fairlie and her husband were both dead; and she spoke of you and Miss Fairlie as if they had known each other when they were children."

"You said, I think, that she denied belonging to this place?"

"Yes, she told me she came from Hampshire."

"And you entirely failed to find out her name?"

"Entirely."

"Very strange. I think you were quite justified, Mr. Hartright, in giving the poor creature her liberty, for the sums to have recourse to your pressence to show herself unfit to enjoy it. But I wish you had been a little more reserve about finding out her name. You would really clear up this mystery, in some way. You had better not speak of it yet to Mr. Fairlie, or to my sister. They are both of them, I am certain, quite as ignorant of who the woman is, and of what her past history in connection with us can be, as I am myself. But they are also, in widely different ways, rather nervous and sensitive; and you would only fidget one and alarm the other to no purpose. As for myself, I am all ashame with curiosity, and I devoise my whole energies to the business of discovery from this moment. When my mother came here, after her second marriage, she certainly established a most intimate and yet as it exists at the present time. But the old teachers are all dead, or gone elsewhere; and no enlightenment is to be hoped for from that quarter. The only other alternative I can think of—"

At this point we were interrupted by the entrance of the servant, with a message from Mr. Fairlie, requesting to see me immediately after breakfast, and to see me, as soon as I had done breakfast.

"Wait in the hall," said Miss Halcombe, answering for me, in her quick, decisive manner, as she rose to ring the bell. "Mr. Hartright will come out directly. Hartright, I say!" she went on, addressing me again, "that my sister and I have a large collection of my mother's letters, addressed to her father and to hers. In the absence of any other means of getting information, I will send you the key of the cover my mother's correspondence with Mr. Fairlie. He was fond of London, and was constantly writing to her from town; and she was accustomed, at such times, to write and report to him how things were going at Limmeridge. My letters are full of references to the school in which she took so strong an interest, and I think it more than likely that I may have discovered something when we meet again. The luncheon hour is two, Mr. Hartright, and I shall have pleasure of introducing you to my sister by that time, and we will occupy the intervening hour in looking over the correspondence and showing you at our pet points of view. Till two o'clock, then, farewell."

She nodded to me with the lively grace, the delightful refinement of manner which characterized her whole way, and did and all that she said and disappeared by a door at the lower end of the room, leading to the hall. I turned my steps toward the hall, and followed the servant on my way, for the first time, to the presence of Mr. Fairlie.

VI.

My conductor led me up stairs into a passage which took us back to the front entrance of the house, and then ushered me into a room, and of very thing about it. The bow-window looked out on the same lovely view which I had admired, the day before, from the house; and the furniture was the perfection of luxury and beauty. The tables and chairs were all of the most graceful, well-bound books, elegant conveniences for writing, and beautiful flowers; the second glance at the whole room was enough to fill the necessary materials for mounting water-color drawing, and had a light, delicate, artistic look to it which I could expand or fold up at will; the walls were hung with gayly tinted chintz; and the floor was covered with a carpet of the most delicious softness. It was the prettiest and most luxurious room I had ever entered in my life, and I was admired it with the warmest enthusiasm.

The solemn servant was not too highly trained to betray the slightest satisfaction. He bowed with icy deference when my terms of eulogy were at an end, and uttered not the words of favor for me to go out into the passage again.

We turned a corner, and entered a long second passage, terminating in a glass door. Right of entrs at the end, crossed a small circular upper hall, and then opened, by the servant's direction, into a bazar. The servant opened this door, and led me on a few yards to a second; opened that also, and announced me at last in the room. The green silk hanging before us; raised one of the window-curtains, and uttered the words, "Mr. Hartright," and left me.

I found myself in a large, lofty room, with a magnificent painted ceiling, and with a carpet over the floor, so thick and soft that it felt like a bed of velvet moss. The upper end of the room was occupied by a long book-case of some rare inlaid wood that was quite new to me. It was filled with books in rich bindings. On the top was adorned with statuettes in marble, ranged in regular alternation with antique vases. At the opposite side stood two antique cabinets; and between them, and above them, hung a picture of Venice by Turner, and Cuyp, covered by glass, and bearing Raphael's name on the gilt tablet at the bottom of the frame. The light was small and on my left, as I stood inside the door, were chiffoniers and little stands in buhl and marqueterie, loaded with trifles in Dresden china, with rare vases, ivory ornaments, and toys and curiosities that seemed to be made of gold, silver, and precious stones. At the lower end of the room, opposite to me, the windows were concealed by sunlight, and by screens of large blinds of the same pale sea-green color as the curtains over the door. The light thus introduced was deliciously soft, mysterious, and subdued; it fell equally upon all the objects in the room; it helped to intensify the still silence, and the air of profound seclusion that possessed the place; and, combined with the warm, aromatic ate halo of repose, the solitary figure of the master of the house, leaning back, listlessly composed, in a large easy-chair, with a reading-easel fastened on one of its arms, and a little table on the other.

If a man's personal appearance, when he is out of his dressing-room, and when he has passed forty, can be accepted as a safe guide to his time of life—which is more than doubtful—Mr. Fairlie was age, when I saw him, might have been reasonably computed at over fifty and under sixty years. His beardless face was thin, and worn, and unapparently pale, but not wrinkled; his nose was high and hooked; his eyes were of a dim grayish blue, large, prominent, and rather red round the rims of the eyelids; his hair was scanty, soft to look at, and of that light sandy color which is the last to disclose its own change toward gray. He was dressed in a dark frock-coat, of some substance much thinner than cloth, and in waistcoat and trousers of spotless white. His feet were effeminately small, and were clad in buff-colored Turkish slippers. The rings adorned his white delicate hands, the white cuffs were the most unexpected observation detected to be all but precious. Upon the whole, he had a frail, languidly fretful, overfinished look—something singularly and supplexantly delicate in its association with a man, and with a man who, something which could by no possibility have looked natural and appropriate if it had been transferred to the person of any other woman. My morning's experience of Miss Halcombe had predisposed me to be pleased with every body in the house; but my sympathies shut themselves up resolutely at the first sight of Mr. Fairlie.

On approaching nearer to him, I discovered that he was not occupied without occupation as I had at first supposed. Placed amidst the other rare and beautiful objects on a large round table, near him, was a dwarf cabinet in ebony and silver, containing coins of all shapes and sizes, and a little drawers lined with dark purple velvet. One of these drawers lay on the small table attached to his chair; and near, it were a pair of delicate tweezers, a wash-leather "stump," and a little bottle of liquid, all evidently ready for immediate use for the removal of any accidental impurities which might be discovered on the coins. His eyes, when I first drew near to him, were busily scanning which looked to me like a new specimen of the kind, and stopped to make my bow.

"So glad to see you at Limmeridge, Mr. Hartright," he said, in a querulous, croaking voice, which matched well with his personal in its agreeable manner, a discordantly high tone with a drowsily languid utterance. "Pray sit down. I am sorry to be unable myself to move my chair, please. In the wretched state of my nerves, movement of any kind is exquisitely painful to me. Have you seen your studio? Will it do?"

"I have just come from seeing the room, Mr. Fairlie; and I assure you—"

He lifted up his hand in the middle of the sentence, by closing his eyes, and holding up one of his white hands imploringly. I paused in astonishment, and the querulous voice honored me with this explanation:

"Pray excuse me. But *could* you contrive to speak in a lower key? In the wretched state of my nerves loud sound of any kind is indescribably painful to me. You will pardon an invalid ? I only say to you what the lamented master of your house said to me on his visit to every body. Yes. And you really like the room?"

"I could wish for nothing prettier and nothing more comfortable," I answered, dropping my voice to a whisper, beginning to discover already that Mr. Fairlie's selfish affectation and Mr. Fairlie's wretched nerves meant one and the same thing.

"So glad. You will find your position here, Mr. Hartright, extremely recognized. There is none of the horrid English barbarity of feeling about the social position of an artist in this house. Leonardo da Vinci, my life has been passed abroad that I have quite cost my income sketch in that country. I wish I could say the same of the gentry—detestable word, but I suppose I must use it—of the gentry in the neighborhood. Goths in Art, Mr. Hartright, Goths right. People, I do assure you, who would have opened their doors to Correggio, and who would turn Charles the Fifth pick up Titian's brush for him. Do you mind putting this tray of coins back in the cabinet during me for the next one to it? In the wretched state of my nerves exercise of any kind is unspeakably disagreeable to me. Yes. Thank you."

As a practical commentary on the liberal social theory which he had just favored me by illustrating, Mr. Fairlie's cool request rather amused me—not by its selfishness, but quite the reverse, with all possible politeness. He began trifling with the new set of coins and the English breakfast-table, and I proceeded to put them and admiring them all the time he was speaking to me.

"A thousand thanks and a thousand excuses. Do you like coins? Yes. So glad we have another taste in common besides our love for Art. Now, about the pecuniary arrangements between us. You will be very satisfactory?"

"Most satisfactory, Mr. Fairlie."

"So glad. And—what next? Ah! I remember. In reference to the considerations which you are good enough to accept for giving me the benefit of your accomplishments in my way, an steward will wait on you at the end of the first week, to ascertain your wishes. And—what next? Ah! Locks, if not? I am great deal more to say; and I appear to have quite forgotten it. Do you mind touching the bell? In that corner. Yes. Thank you."

I rang; and a new servant noiselessly made his appearance—a foreigner, with a set smile and perfectly brushed hair—a valet every inch of him.

"Louis," said Mr. Fairlie, dreamily dusting the tips of his fingers with one of the tiny brushes for the coins, "I made some entries in my tablettes this morning. Find my tablettes. Ah, thousand pardons, Mr. Hartwright. I'm afraid I bore you."

As he wearily closed his eyes again, before I could answer, and as he did most assuredly bore me, I sat silent, and looked up at the Madonna and Child by Raphael. In the mean time, the valet left the room, and returned shortly with a little ivory book. Mr. Fairlie, after first reckoning himself by a gentle sigh, let the book drop upon with one hand, and held up the tiny brush with the other, as a sign to the servant to wait for further orders.

"Yes, at last!" said Mr. Fairlie, consulting the tablettes. "Louis, take down that portfolio." He pointed, as he spoke, to a handsome port-folios placed near the window, on mahogany stands. "No. Not the one with the green backs—that contains my Zoological drawings, Mr. Hartright. Do you like etchings? Yes? I am glad we have another taste in common. The port-folio with the red back, Louis. Don't drop it! You have no idea of the torture I should suffer, Mr. Hartright, if Louis dropped that port-folio. Is it safe on the chair? Do you think it safe, Mr. Hartright? Are you glad. You will oblige me by looking at the drawings, if you really think they're quite safe. Thank you. Thank you. What an easy chair. Don't you see me holding the tablettes? Do you suppose I want to hold them? Then why do you see me of the tablettes without being told? A thousand pardons, Mr. Hartright; servants are such beings, and they not! Do tell me—what do you think of the drawings? They have come from the best artist we have. I thought they they smelled of horrid dealers' and brokers' fingers when I looked at them last. *Can* you undertake to do like?"

Although my nerves were not delicate enough to protect the odor of plebeian fingers from the old offended Mr. Fairlie's nostrils, my taste was sufficiently educated to enable me to appreciate the merits of the drawings, while I looked them over. They were, for the most part, really fine specimens of their kind, though not of a kind that had deserved much better treatment at the hands of their former possessor than they appeared to have received.

"The drawings," I answered, "require careful washing and mounting, and, in some places, they are well worth—"

"I beg your pardon," interposed Mr. Fairlie. "Do you mind closing my eyes while you speak? Even this light is too much for them. Yes?"

"I was about to say that the drawings are well worth all the time and trouble—"

Mr. Fairlie suddenly opened his eyes again, and rolled them with an expression of helpless pain in the direction of the ceiling.

"I entreat you to excuse me, Mr. Hartright," he said, in a feeble flutter. "But surely I hear some horrid children in the garden, or my private garden—below?"

"I don't say, Mr. Fairlie. I heard nothing myself."

"Oblige me—you have such very good intonation—by ringing the bell once—oblige me by lifting up a corner of the blind. Don't let the sun in on me, Mr. Hartright. Have you done that job? Yes? Then will you be so very kind as to look into the garden and make quite sure?"

I complied with this new request. The garden was actually walled in, all round. Not a human creature, large or small, appeared in any part of the sacred seclusion. I reported that gratifying fact to Mr. Fairlie.

"A thousand thanks. My fancy, I suppose. There are no children, thank Heaven, in the house; but the servants (persons with the coarsest nerves) will encourage the children from the village. Such brats—oh, dear me, such brats! Shall I ever forget the time when Louis's study boast a reform in the construction of children. Nurses are not to be thought of. I have them machines for the production of incessant noise. Surely our delightful Raffaello's conception is sufficiently desirable?

He pointed to the picture of the Madonna, the upper part of which represented the conventional cherubs of Italian Art, celestially provided with sitting accommodation for their chins, and perfectly well-behaved children.

"Quite a model family!" said Mr. Fairlie, leaning on his elbow. "Such calm, round faces, and such nice soft wings, and—nothing else. No dirty little legs to run about on, and no nose little dirty fingers to poke. Bliss! How immeasurably superior to the existing construction! Let me close my eyes again, if you will allow me. And you really can manage the drawings? So glad. Is there any thing else to settle? If there is, I shall be sorry to forgotten it. Shall we ring for Louis again?"

Being, by this time, quite as anxious, on my side, as Mr. Fairlie evidently was on his, to bring the interview to a speedy conclusion, I thought it would try the effect of suggesting some of the servant unnecessary, by offering the requisite suggestion on my own responsibility.

"The only point, Mr. Fairlie, that remains to be discussed," I said, "refers, I think, to the instructions to which I am expected to communicate to the two young ladies."

"Ah! just so. Very good. Mr. Hartright, I will I felt strong enough to go into that part of the arrangement—but I don't. The ladies, who study by your kind services, Mr. Hartright, must settle, and decide, and so on, for themselves. They dance in the room of your drawing art. She knows just enough about it to be conscious of her own sad defects. Please take pains with her. Yes. Is there any thing else? No. We quite understand each other—don't we? I have no right to detain you any longer from your delightful pursuit—have I? So pleasant to have settled every thing—such a sensible relief to have done business. Do you mind ringing for Louis to carry the port-folios to your own room?"

"I will carry them there, myself, Mr. Fairlie, if you will allow me."

"Will you really? Are you strong enough? How nice to be so strong! Are you sure you won't drop it? So glad to possess you at Lansmeridge, Mr. Hartright. I am such a sufferer that I hardly dare hope to enjoy much of your society. Would you mind taking great pains not to let the doors bang, and not to drop the port-folio? Thanks ... Gently with the curtains, please—the slightest noise from them goes through me like a knife. Yes. *Good-morning!*"

When the sea-green curtains were closed, and when the two baize doors were shut behind me, I stopped for a moment in the little circular hall beyond, and drew a long, luxurious breath of relief. It was like coming to the surface of the water, after deep diving, to find myself once more on the outside of Mr. Radcliffe's house.

As soon as I was comfortably established for the morning in my new library, I began, by way of consolation at which I arrived was to turn my steps no more in the direction of this apartments occupied by the master of the house, except on the very improbable event of his honoring me with a second invitation to pay him a professional visit. Having settled this satisfactory plan of future conduct, in reference to Mr. Fairlie, I soon recovered the serenity of mind with which my employer's haughty familiarity and impudent politeness had, for the moment, deprived me. The remaining hours of the morning passed away pleasantly enough, in looking over the drawings, arranging them in order, examining their ragged edges, and accomplishing the other necessary preparations in anticipation of the business of mounting them. Shortly after noon, to have made more progress than this; but, in the bustle-room was ever near, I grew restless and unsettled, and felt unable to fix my attention on work, even though that work was only of the humble manual kind.

At two o'clock, I proceeded according to the breakfast-room, a little anxiously. Expectations of some interest were connected with my approaching acquaintance in that quarter of the house. My introduction to Miss Fairlie was now close at hand; and, if Miss Halcombe's search through her mother's letters had produced the result which she anticipated, the time had come for clearing up the mystery of the woman in white.

HELEN LAWRENCE.

WHEN I was eighteen Helen Lawrence and her mother came to live in Hackney. I was the only boy in the house—there could not be two persons more dissimilar—but Helen and I became friends at once; and I found in a charming little girl the companion of my own age and sex. She was very pretty, in a soft, blushing, girlish way; rather short—which I admired in her the more as I was myself beyond the ordinary stature of woman, and so awfully conscious of it. Her mother's reminiscences of person and capacity were enhanced by contrast with my own shortcomings. I had grown rapidly, and was unusually thin; suppose something but an anatomical preparation could well have had less flesh on than myself. I was also high-shouldered, and had a sidling way of standing. Then my health was not robust; my face was long, narrow, and, (I used to be unmercifully) just the color of an underdone bowl-sheet pan-cake. Helen was different as possible from all this. She was plump and full, had falling shoulders, and the sweetest color. How I used to envy her cheeks! Such a fresher glow than any cochi-al-bone, and of the pearl-colored drum-sticks which, in my case, did not exist.

Well, as I said, we were constantly together, and very happy so. She helped me about my collars and under-sleeves, and showed me how to take in my dresses and do my hair in French twist; so much so, indeed, under her care, as more presentable than heretofore. She was not particularly fond of books, but she had oceans of sense: I was rather clever, but possessed no available knowledge of any kind; so we balanced each other. We used to like sitting in the window beneath the sky; once in a while we would sit in moonlight evenings on the piazza, and hold each other's hands, without saying much. I think it was the most I know about how lovers feel. I suppose their sensations are similar—"only," as I say, "more so."

My two brothers did not at all enter into our calculations. Frederic was studying law, and quite engrossed by it; and Rudcliffe, my particular favorite and especial friend, was absorbed to the end of his famous flirtation with Nelly Coan. Of course, according to his fashion, he had neither eyes nor ears for any one else but Nelly; and Helen might have been her own grandmother for all Rudcliffe cared to remember her. But the Nelly Coan affair came to an end by the middle of July, and Rudcliffe was at liberty to rest "fresh fields and pastures new." Before a month was over he was devotedly in love with Helen. After watching for a little I felt very sure how it would end, and you may guess I was delighted. She was so good, so sweet, so thoroughly reliable; she would make Rudcliffe happy, I knew. And any woman that he loved must be happy herself, of course. I sounded my mother, and cosmopolitly the announcement that was sure to come. Rudcliffe had never kept any thing of the kind from me, from his first declaration to Miss Kit Mills over the apple-barrel, when he was ten years old, all along through the host of Laura, Matildas, and Marias who had successively occupied and vacated the chambers of his heart.

About the last of September the time arrived. Rudcliffe came home one evening radiant, overflowing with joy: Helen and he were engaged! All the details of the affair were soon settled. Helen's friends, on being consulted, were very well pleased. They might have married at once; but the elders thought it better they should wait a year or two, as they were both very young—Helen eighteen, and Rudcliffe scarcely twenty-one.

Then began a very happy time for the "three of us." Helen did not come as often, but when she did arrive I kept her longer; and in the evenings, when Rudcliffe returned from the store, we had such pleasant hours together! we read generally to have them a while to themselves—for which, I dare say, they thanked me in their hearts. What with visits to the neighborhood and to the city, I fancy they had not time for many private interviews. Still, I believe they had such long times before Rudcliffe—his early days, his quickness in study, good and generous things he had done. I was not in the least jealous, dearly as I loved Rudcliffe, and only laughed a little when the clippers, which were the only fancy-work I ever did, got into a tangle, or when a world of trouble, were superseded by a pair of Helen's embroidery. Nay, I even listened complacently to Rudcliffe's excited fits of anger when decried the old, though I had been previously wont to regard such remonstrances against the Bible as the I was a charming fall and winter for us all.

Early in the spring there was a change. An old friend of our family, living some thirty miles distant, was about to retire from his business of a country merchant, and wished his own nephew and my brother to succeed him. It was an advantageous offer, and my father and mother gratefully accepted it, and left us for his new home. His estate to me very dear, and always in excellent spirits; the village was beautiful, the society agreeable, the scenery in the neighborhood very charming and romantic. I only felt sorry to leave Helen, but, I said, "I could not think of any thing to do with her."

He made us a little visit after a couple of months. I thought he had improved astonishingly. He was good about the house, and very lively when in search of pearl buttons, which had hitherto contented him, and two or three pairs of pantaloons and vests, and a dress-coat from a Broadway tailor.

The lovers were continually together; there were walks and rides and dinners and teas in company, and I was in some way aware that my girl was not a stranger seeing us might have been puzzled to know whether Rudcliffe were "paying attention" to Helen or to me. But I was sure to an end, however, as all days will, and the young people had to go.

Every thing went on well for a time. Helen had frequent letters, and so had I. We had plenty to talk about, and especially had much to do, for she had already begun that interminable work, "getting ready." I wished my girl was not really "getting" even if her courtship should be as long as Rachel's! There were the more days of delay to their coming between us.

It was, I should say, about the beginning of August that I received a letter from Rudcliffe, in which he announced, among other items, that he had met a very beautiful girl, Miss Coldbrook, at a party a few days previous, and that he thought she used to know me—did I remember any thing about her? I can not tell you how it was—or, I had not her frequently when I spent the winter in Philadelphia—but I did remember "the most beautiful girl"! Well, some might call her so. She had a strong resemblance to Helen, and, for much the same reason, plenty of paint, evenly laid on; rather insignificant features, and a port, self-confident as a well-appointed frigate. I remembered: hair black as jet, and brushed and oiled till it shone like the wet coats imported from Java—the Venus—the Parisian divinity, not the Medicean. Intended by nature to be rather dumpy, but laced by art till there was some sort of merit in the result, above which rose a billowy breadth of bust. She seemed inordinately fond of me, remembered with small fortune on it every year, and danced and flirted to perfection. A very "stylish" girl, no doubt, and which said of her by Rudcliffe was, of course there could be no danger about Rudcliffe. He was engaged, yet very much given to like the her. I wished it yet more when other letters came, in all of which her name figured conspicuously. Then I had been a guest at Miss Coldbrook's—or there; a sail on the lake, and Miss Coldbrook sang to Make me an excursion to Niagara Falls, and Rudcliffe escorted Miss Coldbrook. When, in addition to this, Helen had no letter for ten days, I grew rather uneasy.

One Saturday evening, in the beginning of September, Rudcliffe came unexpectedly. In the confusion and gladness of meeting him I quite forgot my fears. After ten he went over to see Helen, but remained only a couple of hours. The next day was Sunday; we went to church, as usual, and had a long walk in the afternoon, and, on our of tea, at five o'clock. That meal over, Rudcliffe and I took our chairs out on the piazza and smoked a while, as it was a very warm summer afternoon.

"You will go over to see Helen by-and-by, I suppose?" was my opening remark.

"Why no, I think not, as it is Sunday; I never go on Sunday, you know."

"Then it was very different; you were here all the time, and could see her every day. Now you are going early to-morrow, and may not come home again for months."

"I don't think I had better; her people are rather strict about Sunday."

I was silent; I felt very uncomfortable; I wished to ask some questions, yet thought it was not best.

"How sweetly Helen looked to-day!" I said presently. "That simple straw bonnet, with just a round-knot in the rosebe, is so becoming to her. She is like a rose-bud herself, I think."

My brother laughed. "You are romantic, Sappy," he said. "Not that you Helen is a pretty little thing. But you should see Miss Coldbrook! There is beauty for you, with all the advantages of dress and style to set it off!"

The mention of that lady's name "in this connection," as ministers have it, did not altogether suit me.

"It is not often," I said, "that a person is fortunate enough to possess a name so thoroughly descriptive."

"How do you mean? I do not understand."

"Why, the 'cold' in plain enough, I'm sure; that doesn't need elucidation. And as for the 'brook,' isn't it like the little stream below the village—both shallow and broad. Bread, I mean, to her shoulders, and shallow as to her sense."

"Sappy, how can you be so rude!" exclaimed Rudcliffe, angrily. "I But this comes of your petted infatuation for Helen Lawrence."

"I should say," I returned, coolly, "that you had as good a call to be 'infatuated' in that direction as any one else."

"Marian Coldbrook," I added, dogmatically, "is no more to be compared to Helen than a pebble is to a well of clear water."

"Sophia!" uttered Rudcliffe, in a warning voice, "remember you are talking of the woman I love."

"Oh yes," I said, out of all patience, "of the woman you think you love, and for whom, two months from now, you wouldn't give a brass straw!"

"You are mistaken," he replied, with great vehemence. "Say what you will, Sophy, and hate her for it as you may, I do love her as I never loved any one before."

"Oh, Rudcliffe, is that so?" I cried, beginning to see the drift of it all. "Can you like her better than Helen?"

He was silent a while, then answered, firmly—

"Yes, Sophy, a thousand times better."

"Oh dear! oh dear!" I said, in distress; "what will she do? Poor, poor Helen!"

He seemed moved. "Do you think," he asked, "that she will be very sorry to lose me?"

"How can you doubt it? Oh, Rudcliffe, it is too cruel! She was *my* friend; she didn't belong to you at all, when our thing story began; she was your cousin. You sought her, and paid her every attention, and then you said you could not live without her love; and now she has done it, this is the way you treat her—"

"I know it is hard, I know it is dreadful," he said, "but how can I help it? Can we alter our feelings as will? I don't care for Helen, and I do love Marian."

"And this, I suppose, is the reason you have written to her so often?"

"Yes. How could I write as I had done with my heart wholly full of Marian? I could not be such a hypocrite."

"I should think," I replied, bitterly, "that there was much the same between hypocrite in each caprice—such falsehood—as you have been guilty of."

"There is no good to be attained," Rudcliffe answered me, "by this perpetual accusation and dispute. We shall never color each other's opinions. The question remains—what is to be done?"

Spoiken unadvisedly, I had talked long and seriously. Rudcliffe was very sorry for Helen: very loth to pain her. He said she was the best and dearest little girl that ever lived, and the only wished she did not care so much more for him than he deserved—a wish I echoed most heartily. At last I proposed that he should say nothing to her at present; there would be only one more interview, and that was not as kindly as possible to her. After he got back to Meriden he must try to overcome his love for Marian Coldbrook as much as before, if he could without too much hypocrisy; and perhaps it would all come right in the end. But if he felt certain impossible—why, then, I supposed he must tell the truth, and we must bear the consequences.

Then weeks and weeks went by. Every day, when the mail came in, I said to Helen, "Is there a letter?" Every day she answered, "No, not yet." She was at our house one morning when the stage went by.

"There is no use in going down," she said; "there will be nothing there."

I was curious at the expression rather provoked me, though I ought to have been glad if she were growing indifferent.

"Oh! very well," I said; "I can write to Rudcliffe that you don't think his letters worth a walk to the post-office, and he will not, probably, trouble himself to send any."

"Oh, Sophy, Sophy," she answered, sadly; "but I never can help hoping I shall find one, and then when I go in and see the empty box it makes me feel worse than ever."

It was not long after that before the letter came, and poor little Helen's long suspense was over. She had hoped against hope, for I always evaded the questions she put so timidly, and she did not dare to press me more. She thought there must be some misunderstanding—that she had offended him in some way—and that he would write again and plainly set before her. She was no longer dear to him, and they must part; he hoped she would forget him, and be happier with some one more worthy of her love.

Poor Helen! She had been used to sorrow: every one had been gentle and good to her always; she was entirely unacquainted with pain, and it was hard to bear. I never saw any thing so touching as her grief, so pitiful as her attempts to bear it quietly and appear cheerful once more. She would not write to Rudcliffe herself; she asked me to tell him that he was free, and request him to return her letters. And so it was all over; all lost Helen's suffering, and the sad blight that had fallen on her life. She never would say any thing against Rudcliffe, she would not have him blamed by any one. She clothed me when I broke out sometimes with bitter reproaches toward him.

"Don't, Sophy," she would say; "you can't tell how it grieves me."

She left Hackwick that fall, and lived thenceforward in Boston.

To Radcliffe I grew reconciled by slow degrees; he had been too dear and intimate for my heart to renounce him altogether, faulty as he was.

A year or two after Helen left us I visited some friends in Boston, and in the course of my stay saw her frequently. She was altered a good deal; she was tall, and no longer girlish but womanly, and a very sweet and gracious womanhood she was. She had much and thought more; and she seemed lovelier to me than even in the first flush of her youth.

"How much you have improved, Helen!" I said to her one day.

"Do you think so?" she asked, with pleasure.

"Well, I hope I have. It would be a pity," she said, after a slight pause, "if any one should not be so much as I have done, and suffer so little."

We spent many a happy hour together, and I wished more sincerely than ever that the past could be undone, and Rudcliffe and Helen once more they stood. I ventured to hint as much to her.

"That could not be, Sophy," she answered, "even if your brother wished it, which he has never thought of doing."

"Why Helen, are you so very unforgiving?"

"Not at all; but I have had too much trouble to earn myself of loving those who have done me wrong."

The next time Rudcliffe came home I had a long talk with him, such as we had never before indulged in, about the miserable time of his separation from Helen. I did not spare him any thing: I told him all her love and suffering, and he was deeply moved. "Poor little thing!" he said. "What a brute I was! But, Sophy, you must do me the justice to believe that I never dreamed she would feel it as much. I was very much thoughtless, but not so deliberately cruel. I fancied—and, in truth, I think I was sincere—I forgive me! not more than I despise myself, though."

"No, Radcliffe, she never despised you; she forgave you at once, without your ever uttered most. What a prize you lost when you threw away such love as hers for the sake of a girl like Marian Coldbrook!"

"Yes," he said, coloring; "what a silly infatuation that was! In a few weeks I found out how been her fervent lover for months. By-the-by, I didn't tell you that I met her in Boston. I met her a few days since. She has secured 'the establishment' at last, but I pity the poor husband."

A short time afterward I went to spend the day with her. Helen took me up to her own room. I had had a letter myself that day, which I want to show you. You know you have always been my confidante." And truly it was a letter from Rudcliffe, eloquent, manly, and of it, with the best feelings of his heart. He took shame to himself for the way he forgot his true love, and for the future. If ever a man declared his love in language fitted to touch a woman's feelings he did in. He implored me would listen again at I read. From her perfect calmness I augured the best. But she shook and fell, and I, perfectly trembling with excitement, turned to her.

"I am afraid, Sophy," she said, "that you will be disappointed when you hear what I have to say."

It was a hard blow. I scarcely knew how to meet it.

"I can not complain, Helen, at any rate," I replied. "I did hope that all might be forgotten and forgiven; but I have impressed on you, you blame you. You were shamefully treated, and it is due to you that Rudcliffe should suffer what his wrongs he could, even though you have refused him."

Helen smiled. I thought it was very cruel for her to do so when she must know how I was feeling.

"Sophy," she said, "I am going to tell him —you!" I don't know which of us was happier the rest of the day.

Six months later my cousins and I were dressing for the wedding. Alicia was "doing" my hair in the latest fashion.

"And now, Miss Sophy," said she, "you'll have to stand aside. Three spoils company," we used to say when we were children, "and find it true."

"That is so," chimed in Gertrude; "you and Radcliffe have always been every thing to each other, but that is done with now. A man's family must always give place to him who from the day he married."

"I don't think so," I said.

"But you'll learn so," said Alicia.

I laughed, and defied them.

But alas! they were right. It was foolish and wild in me to dream that a man's love for a sister, though fraternal, could be as deep and strong as one to that for his wife. The one too surely crowds out the other. It was bitter for me at first, I said to myself, "I shall never be so happy for years before he ever saw her; it is too hard that I should be neglected and forgotten, and the memories of all." I went through with such feelings as I suppose all loving parents undergo when they learn that their children have ceased to love them. Rudcliffe and Helen became a great part of his time and thought; he has only stray moments, occasional remembrances, to spare for me. It is natural, it is inevitable, I suppose. It might have been so with me if I had a husband and interests of my own. Women are no more ungrateful than men are heroes; and I often think our much-praised devotion is deeply tinctured with selfishness. Our lives are monotonous and circumscribed, and we throw ourselves solemnly into any feeling that lifts us out of the tedium of our everyday round. Yes, if I had other ties, Rudcliffe might have become a mere necessary of life to me, as it is, I should feel the change and the loss most painfully at times.

And thus it was, you see, I lost my only friend; for when Radcliffe went Helen went with him. She is my good, true-hearted sister; she thinks much of me in a quiet way; she writes to me occasionally, and sends me recipes and patterns. But the tender little friend, the girl who sat with me in the moonlight years ago, is gone forever. No one loves me as she used to do, or ever will again for I am growing old in earnest, and if you know how long a time has passed since all these things I write of happened, you would start to find a face of so much sentimentalism dwelling in a heart that ought to have grown reasonable long ago.

DRESS AND ITS VICTIMS.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

How can people be so blind by fashion, nowadays? many ask. We must be thinking of the old times when the ladies laced so tight that "sighs and strong waists" were a favorite subject for the sons fainting fair one as often as numbers were collected together, whether at church, in the ball-room, or the theatres. Or perhaps we are thinking of the accidents that have happened during particular jubilees of dress, as the lowering of the Marchioness of Salisbury, from her high cap nodding over the coach-roof; or the death of the Duchess Bridgeman last year, from the skirts of one of them catching fire at the grate; or the number of long coats that, during the fashion of crinoline, when a lady could scarcely dine in company, or play the piano at home, without peril of death by fire.

Perhaps it may be the heavy, toweling, Turkish dresses of the last summer we may be thinking of, bringing in a crowd of bad symptoms, headaches, congestions, fits, agues, with the fearful consequences of bleeding and reducing, which we read of in medical books, and in grappling literature, like Horace Walpole's correspondence. Or we may have even in thinking of the barbaric fashion of going long the face, and neck, and arms, of our sex into the excess of enamoling the skin. That was not at so very remote a time; for I have heard from the lips of witnesses what it was like; and a friend of mine, yet living, can tell what she saw at a concert-room in Paris before the days of the fall of broad shoulders which looked like tawny mackin—as smooth, as shining, and as little like anything human. The shoulders were more enamoled, and may have looked white in their day; but the life-long pains to preserve such appearance would serve after a certain lapse of time; and there they were, hopeless, tawny, and the quality of the skin destroyed. This passage by no means overreaches we read of in the history of the past centuries may have been unconscious or intentional. There are many plenty of unconscious passing besides.

We do not, however, mean any of these things when we speak of dress, in connection with pernicious mortality.

Perhaps I may be supposed to be referring to the notoriously afflicted and short-lived classes of milliners and sho-sewers who are worn-out and killed off in the course of dress. But I am not now going to bring forward their case, because it comes under a different head. It is a case which is not thinking of either the political economy or the general mortality of the dress question, but it should bring up the group of victims who, already enfeebled, some from hopeless poverty, some from intolerable degradation, and some from the embarrassment of gambling debts incurred for the sake of dress.

If the secrets of the city were known, we might hear of more tragedies than the theatres show, from the spread of gambling among women, and especially among servant-girls and shop-women, who have been carried beyond bounds by the extravagant fashions of the day. But I am not speaking of suicides, nor of the victims of the needle, whose case is to be given in a different article, and whose day of deliverance, too, is at hand. If the sewing-machine is the reality it appears—and not a phantasm—it will be the death of those hands. We may possibly look into that another time. But what we desire to have in view at present is how and sometimes murderous effect of dress which we see every day.

It will not seem so wonderful that the familiar clothing of our neighbors and ourselves may be of such importance when we remember the many conditions of physician—that dress may, and usually does, affect the circulation and action of every secretory department of the human frame—the brain and nervous system, the lungs, the stomach, and other organs of the trunk; the eyes, the skin, the muscles, the glandular system, the nutritive system, and even the bones. Take the clothes on which all hangs. If dress can meddle mischievously with the action, or affect the condition of all these, it can be no marvel that it is sometimes fatal in a good many of the hundred thousand needless deaths which are happening around us every day.

Putting aside the ordinary associations, as far as we can, and trying for the moment to consider what is to be desired in the clothing of the human body—what is requisite to make dress good and beautiful—let us see what is essential.

Dress should be a covering to all the parts of the body which need warmth or coolness, as the case may be. It should be a shelter from the rain, or the atmosphere, whether there be cold, or heat, or wet, or damp, or glare. This is the first requisite, for such shelter is the main purpose of clothing. In our own country the dress should easily admit of the necessary changes in degree of warmth demanded by our changeable climate.

Dress should bear a close relation to the human form. No other principle can be permanent; no other can be durably sanctioned by sense and taste, because no other has reality in it. We may fancy that we admire the old Greek and Roman robes which look dignified in Julius Cæsar on the stage and in statues, and in our own imaginations of classical times; but we could not get through our daily business in such a costume; nor should we admire the appearance of our acquaintances in it. In fact, the wearers themselves were always tucking up or putting away their troublesome wrappers when they had any thing to do, and the lazy people of society appeared in their work-shops and fields in garments which left their limbs free to use their whole body for action. On the whole, in a general way, with particular variations according to taste, the dress should follow the outline of the body. Any great deviation from this principle involves inconvenience on the one hand and deformity on the other.

Where it follows the outline of the frame it should fit accurately to fulfill its office, and should not so easily as not to embarrass action. It should neither compress the internal and external parts of the external organs. An easy fit, in short, is the requisite. It is a part of this easy fit that the weight of the clothes should be properly and equally distributed.

After the peace of 1815 it was said that gained more by the changes from the French—gloves that would fit, and the shoemakers. It would make a good fit, and would be long, and be a great comfort to the wearers, if we made due use of the shoulder-piece now. It should be considered that the weight of the garment is spread on the part best fitted to bear it, instead of being hung from the neck, as it was before we knew how to use the upper part of the waist (in the case of women's dress) as now, when we ought to know better.

The dress should be agreeable to wear: and this includes something more than warmth and a good fit. It should be light, and should guard all dangers and inconveniences as possible.

These conditions being observed, it follows of course that the dress will be modest, and that it will be graceful. Grace and beauty are flowers which the tree of dress will bear, when the soil in it where things are put on for no purpose or use, as in the anti-rings, nose-rings, bustles, hoops, and all manner of cages in civilized wearers, the feathers on the head, and flaunting strips of gay color, whether of natural plumage or dyed, the flowers and furbelows that one sees—woe is Nolan, and woe be Lord Haven, and woe be French. Again the best taste is where the genuine uses of dress are not lost sight of, and the gratification of the eye of others is not allowed to interfere unduly or accurately and easily, and the colors are agreeable, and the forms are not unbecoming. The ornaments justified by some actual benefit, such as marking outlines, as the Greek borders did, or identifying the wearer, as Scotch plaids do, are to the limits and edges.

These seem to be the main conditions agreed upon as essential to a good mode of dress. It would appear to be a greater sin and absurdity in us than in our predecessors to be unmindful of them offensively, because the observance of these conditions is now so much easier than before. It is astonishing to us to discover, by thinking about it, how easily dress was to the gentry of the kingdom in the days of the Tudors, and how difficult it was even under the last of the Charleses and Jameses. The proportion of comfort and convenience which our dress must have been compared to that which when linen was only for the great. In the rural cottages and artisans' dwellings throughout the land, were matters of very much greater ease than ours, the history of which would not be agreeable to read. Comparatively speaking, it is in these days to think of clothes as meant to be changed every day and night, and often washed or otherwise purified.

The variety, the cheapness, the manageableness of the clothes of to-day, compared with former times, ought to render us obedient in an unequaled degree to the main conditions of good dress. Instead of this, we have days of extravagance ever carrying to the grave the victims of folly and ignorance in dress.

The first is it with regard to protection from heat, cold, damp, and glare?

A fashionable dress seems to be, on the whole, as little exceptionable as any that can be imagined one. We are not thinking of the women dressed in light woolen garments, stocks, and heavy head-gear in all climates and seasons alike. The mortality from this cause is comparatively so little as to separate them to be urged against the general character of dress. The fashionable lady may wear a costume which may be rendered warmer or cooler without losing its characteristics; which insulates the body, so that the skin, the seat of career's pleasure; leaves the limbs free, and need not be impeded. Moreover, the head-dress we must have denounced the cravat, or stock, as dangerous; but the throat, with its great blood-vessels, and its important nerves connected with the body with the brain, is now subject to so little pressure that we may hope that the evils of suffocation will go on till there is none at all. Twenty years ago, people said, you might know a philanthropist in America by his low cravat; and the evangelical lady was supposed to be known in England by a decolleté dress; but the unknown is here, with a mere black ribbon or light scrap of colored silk, long ago won their way far beyond the ranks of the philanthropist and the evangelical, and now the sense and courage to wear the natural throat—that is, to avoid unnecessary pressure—the head—improve their chances for a round throat, a clear head, and a long life. The hair is now, apparently, the only irrational part of the Englishman's dress; and so many strange devices are upon trial as a substitute for it, that we may safely leave it to the wearers to select some head-covering which shall defend the eyes and brain, be light and easy to carry, and admit air freely.

A new danger, however, has arisen with the invention of water-proof clothing. My readers may have found themselves tortured, or have seen some friend in agony, with an unaccountable teeth-ache or face-ache, coming on at the coming-house or office, day after day, and may have traced it to wearing galoches, which people wear now as if they were meant to serve instead of shoes, whereas they are fit only for passing from place to place in the wet weather. Take off the galoches or (which is nearly the same thing) the patent-leather shoes of the children in a school or a family, and you will find their stockings all damp. Keep on your water-proof cloak at a lecture, and you will find your thing you are wearing for your health's sake you go out into the air again. This wear of impervious clothing, otherwise than in walking in the rain, is the cause of much ailment in these early times of the use of gutta percha. Men who wear perfectly waterproof all times, except when in the rain, have really little to fear in the way of dress reform.

It is much otherwise with women. Their clothing does not protect them from cold, heat, damp, or glare. Some wear over the chest and arms under trying circumstances of heat and draught: but they are few; and they must have heard all the bad news that is in the way of warning. The great body of Englishwomen—those of the middle and lower middle classes usually—are afraid of covering from the throat to the hands and feet, but it is too seldom judicious in degree or quality. The modern fashions are excellent in principle as they go; but it is certain that the working-women are of our country are far more unprotected from the woolen clothing of their ancestors. At present, too, we woman who adopts the fashion of the time is as apt as not to be greatly guarded against the climate. Any modest man in good practice will tell of the cases of rheumatism since women ceased to wear their clothing about their limbs, and stuck it off with frauds and hoops, substituting a single petticoat. In this rational dressing, when they tried to make an umbrella serve the purpose of a house.

Then observe the head and the feet. The eyes are unsheltered from sun and wind, and the most important organs of the head is exposed. The bonnets which Englishwomen are so weak as to wear in imitation of the French. Again the hats have their painful tale to tell of neuralgic pains in the face and head, which abound beyond all prior experience of discomfort in the age, and all the consequences that might be anticipated from the practice of having the hair cut short at the nape of the neck, and leaving all the fore part of the shill exposed. Why the bonnet is worn at all is the puzzle. It is not worn for black, would be considered an absurdity as a substitute for the bonnet in a climate like ours; but it would be considered more serviceable than the hundred of flimsy decorations now usurping the place of the useful, cheap, and pretty ornament, which suits all ages and all in large variety. There are the hats, to be sure, which young men wear so unaccountably. They are hardly simple enough in form for a permanence, but they are substantially unexceptionable for health. Possibly some of the young sportsmen may tempt elderly ladies to put them on; but the value of imitation in matters of hats is not to be large one, and we may let them pass. In praising the hat, however, I am thinking of the sort that is a hem. The brim renders inconvenient and nearly as bad as the bonnet for use, while more fantastic. A little reflection will show that a feather plume may possibly suit a volunteer rifle corps or a regiment of Amazons rehearsing for the opera, but it is not even then suitable in rain.

The fearful spread of throat and chest diseases is manifest, by which we should know how necessary it is to the modern notion of muffling up the throat in furs and other heating substances. Before the days of steam, in the habits of any one of the evils of throat diseases which we now meet at every turn. Public speakers, days of coaching, days of commerce, and many tie up their throats with a silk handkerchief whenever they go abroad, in all seasons, sufficient to produce inflammation, bronchitis, sore throat, and other ailments never endured by those who cultivate more healthy habits and reserve such wraps for very special occasions. People who use cold water in some form of bath every day, and who go out of doors in all kinds of weather and threats to the bracing air, under the safeguard of vigorous personal exercise, forget what colds and coughs are.

As for the other point—the feet—it is to be feared that some are to go to the grave by the feet. Among the danger of gutta-percha and patent-leather shoes has been noticed. To the labors and exposure of the day would be admirable but for the military heels. Those heels throw the foot into an unnatural posture, by which great strain is produced. If my readers happen to be acquainted with a remarkable clairvoyant, they will have received many news of tunnions—that reverent of small maladies. They will learn that there has been an unheardof increase and severity of corns and bunions in high-heeled boots came in. The danger of falls is also considerable from the heels, which are apt to get a long tumble down the stairs when the foot part on their boots on the ground-floor.

If we consider the whole dress of 1859 under any of the remaining conditions, what can we say of it? Does the costume, as a whole, follow the outline of the form? Does it fit accurately and easily? Is the weight made to hang from the shoulders? Is the dress light, and in every way safe and agreeable in use? Is the mode modest and graceful? In all these points the modern fashions are conspicuously violated by those who think they dress well. Here and there we may meet a sensible woman, or a girl who has no money to spend in new clothes, whose appearance is pleasing—in a straw-bonnet that covers the head, in a neat gown which hangs gracefully and easily from the natural waist, and which does not sweep up the dirt: but the spectacle is now rare; for bad taste in the higher classes spreads very rapidly downward, corrupting the morals as it goes.

The modern dress perverts the form very disagreeably. The evil still begins with the stays, in too many instances, though there is less tightlacing than formerly. It is a pity that women do not know how little they gain by false pretenses in regard to figure and complexion. Our grandmothers would not have worn paint if they had been aware that it is useless after forty to attempt to seem younger—the texture of the skin revealing at a glance the fact which paint and dyed hair can not conceal—except perhaps in the parks or across a theatre. In the same way, the vessel waist produced by tight-lacing is always distinguishable in the ordinary dress, whether any evil have been done small waist. Compare the two extremes, and you will see it at once. Compare the figure of the Graces of Raffelle, or the Venus de Medici, with the smallest and most praised waist in a factory, and observe the difference. Perhaps, at most, the owner of the latter sees the smallness in front, and admires it accordingly; but all is disproportion. It is as still as the stem of a tree, and spoils the form and movement more than the armor of another knight ever did; and we know what a going on within. The ribs are pressed out of their place, down and inward, so that they are not only clapping one another: the heart is compressed, so that the circulation is irregular: the stomach and liver are pressed out of shape, and can not properly: and then parts which can not be squeezed are thrust out of their places, and great evils are the consequence. At the very best, the compression loses more than the figure can be supposed to gain. It is very painful to see what endured by some young women in shops and factories, as elsewhere, from the tight-lacing which is necessary to their work without gasping and being blue, or red, or white in the face. They can not go up stairs with dignity, and they can not take exactly free steps. Their arms are half-numb, and their hands red or chilblained; and they must walk as if they were afraid of a piece, to escape the horrid and grace of joints in the spine and limbs. A lady had the curiosity to lead what a dressmaker in a girl whom he saw like a wooden figure, and found a complete pallaise excoriating round the body of the girl. Considering the girl pleased that she had "only six-and-twenty shakeboues!"

Any visitor of a range of factories will be sure to find that girls are dropping in fainting-fits, here and there, however pure the air and proper the temperature; and he may be sure that they are seen a sexed and disgusted proprietor, seeking the warehouse-women, or by some matron, to the spot. A pair of large scissors, with directions to cut open the stays of some silly woman who had fainted, the occasional inquiries afford a direct warning of the fatal effects which may follow the practice of tightlacing; but such instances are now much more common; and the register exhibits, not the stays, but the malady created by the stays as the cause of death. There is much room and scope for physician who practices among the working classes still testify.

Do the petticoats of our time serve as any thing but a mask to the human form—a perversion of human proportion? A woman with her skirts like a child popping up from a haycock. A girl in the dance looks as if she had a bolster-case tied on a favorite toy in my infancy. The fit is so the reverse of accurate as to be like a silly hoax—a masquerade without wit: with the same time, it is not an easy fit. The prodigious weight of the modern petticoat, and the difficulty of putting it all into the waistband, creates a necessity for compressing and loading the waist in a way most incurious as health. Under the present method of dress the waist should suffer neither weight nor pressure—neither—but the skirts should be which brings the garment into form and folds. As to the convenience of the hooped skirts, only ask the women themselves why, when it is always in danger from fire, or wind, or water, or carriage-wheels, or rails, or pails, or mud, or, in short, every thing they encounter. Ask the husbands, fathers, or brothers, and hear how they like being cut with the steel spars when they enter a gate or a door, or being driven into a corner of the pew at church, or to the outside of the coach, or the middle of the fire for the children—how many have been swept off pathways, or foot-bridges, or steamboat decks by the pliliest occasions, or how many have been drowned while bathing! More children have been killed, however, by the extension of the petticoat beyond fashion to them. For many months past it has been a rare thing to see a child under the tunic age duly attended. The governesses are away in Europe; and the actual clothing, from the waist downward, is nothing more than a bag of flannel and calico, leaving a bare space between. For older boys there is a great improvement in dress—the tunic and knee-trowser having probably been the very be the stiff manish tailed coat and tight trowsers of a few years ago. But the younger children are at present scarcely clothed at all below the arms; and the blue legs of childhood are a painful sight, whether in a factory or boy at work in play. Even in such a climate as Sierra Leone there is something fearful in allowing a child to be naked in a great house wearing (and possessing) nothing more in the way of clothing than a muslin gown and a blue bead-necklace (on an adult's allowance—two) but in winter like ours to see children's legs covered with nothing better than their clothes (skin, because the ornamentation is the vanity), is in fact reading the sentence of death of many victims. Let it be remembered, that the most susceptible, rheumatic, and heart diseases has brought on by one of limitation of dress. The wasted cheeks and livid eyelids bonnets, in exposing the throat to the influence of the east wind, are the consequence of the dress of the day. Let it be remembered that the most susceptible, rheumatic, and heart diseases has brought on by one of limitation of dress. The wasted cheeks and livid eyelids bonnets, in exposing the throat to the influence of the east wind, are the consequence of the dress of the day.

What is to be done? Will any thing ever be done? or is feminine willfulness and slavishness to fashion to kill off hundreds and thousands of the race, as at present? There are whole societies in America who do not see the necessity for such mischief, and who hope to put an end to it—in their own country at least. The Dress-Reform Association of the United States was instituted some years since by women who refused the inconvenience of Paris fashions in American housetends: and they have been aided, not only by physicians, but by other men, on the ground of the right of women to wear what suits their occupations and their taste, without molestation. The dress which was long ago agreed upon, after careful consideration—the so-called Bloomer costume (not as we see it in caricature, but in its near resemblance to the most rational English fashion of recent times)—is extensively worn, not only in rural districts but in many towns. It seems to fulfill the various conditions of rational, modest, and graceful dress better than any other as yet devised for temperate climates; and if so, it will spread, in spite of all opposition.

What opposition it met with here is not forgotten, at home or abroad, and never will be forgotten. Some of our highest philosophers and best-bred gentlemen were more indignant and ashamed than perhaps any lady else. They said that we constantly saw Englishmen angry and scornful because of the indignities cast by Mohammedan bigotry on the dress of Europeans in Damascus and Jerusalem; but here were Englishmen doing the same thing, without equal excuse, when full-blown women proposed to adapt their dress to their health, convenience, and notions of grace. The aggression triumphed. They induced outcast women to adopt the dress, and stamped it with disrepute before it had a chance of a trial. It was an unmanly act; and if those who were concerned in it have since suffered from extravagance of wife and daughters, or from sickness and death in their households which might have been averted by a sensible method of clothing old and young, they have had their retribution. Some of our newspapers are rebuking others for meddling with the women's choice of fashions—quoting the rebuke sustained by the old *Spectator* on account of that line of criticism: but it is an affair which concerns both sexes and all ages. What hinders a simple obedience to common sense in the matter? It is only for the women of those classes who really have business in life to refuse to encumber themselves with tight, or heavy, or long, or unserviceable dress; and to adhere to any mode which suits them; and then, whatever the idle and fanciful may choose to do, the useless mortality will be mainly stopped, and the general health prevented from sinking lower. It may be confidently avowed that in this way only can women win back some of the respect which they have forfeited by the original sin and folly of their dress within the last few seasons. From the duchess to the maid-servant, the slaves of French taste have lost position; and it will require a permanent establishment of some leading points of the sense and morality of dress to restore their full dignity to the maitresse and maidenhood of England.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

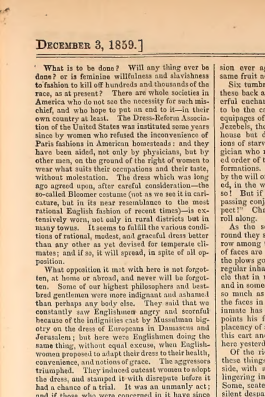
By CHARLES DICKENS.

BOOK III.

THE TRACK OF A STORM.

CHAPTER XV.

THE FOOTSTEPS DIE OUT FOREVER.



ALONG the Paris streets the dead-carts rumble, hollow and harsh. Six tumbrils carry the day's wine to La Guillotine. All the devouring and insatiable Monsters imaginable since imagination could record itself are fused in the one realization, Guillotine. And yet there is not in France, with its rich variety of soil and climate, a blade, a leaf, a root, a sprig, a pepper-corn, which will grow to maturity under conditions more certain than those that have produced this horror. Crush humanity out of shape once more, under similar hammers, and it will twist itself into the same tortured forms. Sow the same seed of rapacious license and oppression ever again, and it will surely yield the same fruit according to its kind.

Six tumbrils roll along the streets. Change them back again to what they were, thou powerful enchanter, Time, and they shall be seen to be the carriages of absolute monarchs, the equipages of feasting nobles, the 1 iets of flaring Jezebels, the churches that are not any father's house but dens of thieves, the haunts and instions of starving peasants! No; the great magician who majestically works out the sentenced order of the Creator never reverses his transformations. "If thou be changed into this shape by the will of God," says the seer to the enchanted, in the wise Arabian stories, "then remain set. But if thou wear this form through mere passing conjuration, then resume thy former aspect!" Changeless and hopeless, the tumbrils roll along.

As the sombre wheels of the six carts go round they seem to plow up a long cultivated furrow among the populaces in the streets. Ridges of faces are thrown to this side and to that, and the plow goes steadily onward. So much are the regular inhabitants of the houses to the spectacle that in many windows there are no people, and in some the occupations of the hands is not so much as suspended, while the eyes seem to be faces in the tumbrils. Here and there the inmate has visitors to see the sight; then he points his finger, with something of the complacency of a conjurer or authorized exponent, to this cart and to that, and seems to tell who sit here yesterday, and who there the day before.

Of the riders in the tumbrils some observe these things, and all things on their way, bestride with an impassive voice; others, with a lingering interest in the ways of life and men. Some, seated with drooping heads, are sunk in silent despair; again there are some so bestial of their looks that they cast upon the multitude such glances as they have seen in theatres and in pictures. Several close their eyes and think, or try to get their straying thoughts together. Only one, and he a miserable creature of a crimson abroad of the horror, all scarlet from girdle to collar, cries for mercy and tries to dance. Not one of the wretches utters threats, by look or gesture, to the pity of the people.

There is a guard of sundry horsemen riding abreast of the tumbrils, and faces are often turned up to some of them, and they are asked some questions, which would seem to be always the same question, for it is always followed by a press of people toward the third cart. The foremost demand of all these questioners is put out one man in it with their swords. The leading curiosity is to see him apply a hand, or be stayed by the back of the tumbril with his head bent down to converse with a mere girl who sits on the side of the cart and holds his hand. His has no curiosity or care for the scene about him, and always speaks to the girl. She is a fair young creature in the last street of St. Honore cries are raised against him. If they move him at all, it is only in a quiet degree. He shakes his hair a little more loosely about his face. He can not easily touch his face, his arms are bound.

On the steps of a church, awaiting the coming up of the tumbrils, stands the Spy and pricture-dong. He looks into the faces of those: not there. He looks into the second: not there. He already said himself, "I look for a sacrificed man!" when his face clears as he looks into the third.

"Which is Evrémonde?" says a man behind him.

"That. At the back there."

"With his hand in the girl's?"

"Yes."

The man cries "Down, Evrémonde! To the Guillotine all aristocrats! Down, Evrémonde!"

"Hush, hush!" the Spy entreats him, timidly. "And why not, citizen?"

"He is going to pay the forfeit: it will be paid in five minutes more. Let him be at peace."

But the man continuing to exclaim, "Down, Evrémonde!" the face of Evrémonde is for a moment turned toward him. Evrémonde then sees the Spy, and looks attentively at him, and goes his way.

The clocks are on the stroke of three, and the furrow plowed among the populace is turning round, to come on into the place of execution, and end. Faces thrown to this side and to that are to that now crumble in and close behind the last plow as it passes on, for all are following to the Guillotine. In front of it, seated in chairs as in a garden of public diversion, are a number of women, busily knitting. On one of the foremost chairs stands The Vengeance, looking toward the coming face.

"Thérèse!" she cries, in her shrill tones. "Who has seen her? Thérèse Defarge!"

She has missed before," says a knitting woman of the sisterhood.

"No; not while she's mine now," cries The Vengeance, petulantly. "Thérèse!"

"Louder," the woman recommends.

Ay! Louder, Vengeance, much louder, and still she will scarcely hear thes. Louder yet, Vengeance, with a little oath or so added to it, yet it will hardly bring her. Send other women up and down to sock her, lingering somewhere and yet, although the messengers have done dread deeds, it is questionable whether of their own wills they will go far enough to find her!

"Bad Fortune!" cries The Vengeance, stamping her foot in the chair; "and here are the tumbrils! And Evrémonde will be dispatched in a wink, and she not here! See her knitting in my hand, and her empty chair ready for her. I cry with vexation and disappointment!"

As The Vengeance descends from her elevation to do it the tumbrils begin to discharge their loads. The ministers of Sainte Guillotine are robed and ready. Crash!—A head is held

"THE TWO STAND IN THE FAST-THINNING THRONG OF VICTIMS," ETC.

up, and the knitting women, who scarcely lift their eyes to look at the tall figure now upon it which could think and speak, count One.

The second tumbril empties and moves on, and the knitting women, Crash!—And the knitting women, never faltering or pausing in their work, count Two.

The supposed Evrémonde descends, and the seamstress is lifted out next after him. He has not relinquished her patient hand in getting out, but still holds it as he promised. He gets his places here with her back to the crushing engine, that constantly whirrs up and falls, and she looks into his face and thanks him.

"But for you, dear stranger, I should not be so composed, for I am naturally a poor little thing, faint of heart; nor should I have been able to raise my thoughts to Him who was put to death, that we might have hope and comfort here to-day. I thank you with a full heart for it, dear stranger, and I bless you!"

"I say not no, nay Sydney Carton. "Keep your eyes upon me, dear child, and mind no other object."

"I mind nothing while I hold your hand. I shall mind nothing when I let it go, if they are quick."

"They will be rapid. Fear not!"

The two stand in the fast-thinning throng of victims, but they speak as if they were alone. Eye to eye, voice to voice, hand to hand, heart to heart, these two children of the Universal Mother, else so wide apart and differing, have come together on the dark highway, to repair home together and to rest in her bosom.

"Brave and generous friend, will you let me ask you one last question? I am very ignorant, and it troubles me—just a little."

"Tell me what it is."

"I am a poor creature, an only relative, and an orphan, like myself, whom I love very dearly. She is five years younger than I, and she lives in a farmer's house in the south country. Pray orply parted us, and she knows nothing of my *fate*—for I can not write—and if I could, how should I tell her! It is better as it is."

"Yes, yes: better as it is."

"What I have been thinking as we came along, and what I am still thinking now, as I look into your kind strong face, which gives me so much support, is this: If the Republic really do good to the poor, and they come to be less hungry, and in all ways to suffer less, she may live a long time; she may even live to be old."

"What then, my gentle sister?"

"Do you think"—the uncomplaining eyes in which there is so much endurance fill with tears, and the lips part a little more and tremble—"that it will seem long to me while I wait for her in the better land, where I trust both you and I will be mercifully sheltered?"

"It can not be, my child; there is no Time there, and no trouble there."

"You comfort me so much! I am so ignorant! Am I to kiss you now? Is the moment arrived?"

"Yes."

She kisses his lips; he kisses hers; they solemnly bless each other. The spare hand does not tremble as he releases it; nothing worse than a vivid, bright constancy is in the patient face. She goes next before him—is gone; the knitting women count Twenty-Two.

"I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die."

The murmuring of many voices, the murmuring of many faces, the pressing on of many footsteps in the outskirts of the crowd, so that it swells forward in a mass, like one great breave of water, all flashes away. Twenty-Three.

They said of him, about the city that night, that it was the peace he had made on his face ever he held there. Many added that he looked sublime and prophetic.

One of the most remarkable sufferers by the same axe—a woman—had asked at the foot of the steps to be allowed, not long before, to be allowed to write down the thoughts that were inspiring her. If he had given any utterance to his, and they were prophetic, they would have been these:

"I see Barsad, and Cly, Defurge, The Vengeance, the Jaryman, the Judge, long ranks of the new oppressors who have risen on the destruction of the old, perishing by this retributive instrument, before it shall cease out of its present use. I see a beautiful city and a brilliant people rising from this abyss, and, in their struggles to be truly free, in their triumphs and defeats, through long long years to come, I see the evil of this time, and of the previous time of which this is the natural birth, gradually making expiation for itself and wearing out.

"I see the lives for which I lay down my life, peaceful, useful, prosperous, and happy, in that England which I shall see no more. I see Her with a child upon her bosom, who bears my name. I see her father, aged and bent, but otherwise restored, and faithful to all men in his healing office, and at peace. I see the good old man, so long their friend, in ten years' time enriching them with all he has, and passing tranquilly to his reward.

"I see that I hold a sanctuary in their hearts, and in the hearts of their descendants, generations hence. I see her, an old woman, weeping for me on the anniversary of this day. I see her and her husband, their course done, lying side by side in their place of rest, and I know that each was not more honored and held sacred in the other's soul than I was in the souls of both.

"I see that child who lay upon her bosom and bore my name, a man, winning his way up to that path of life which once was mine. I see him winning it so well that my name is made illustrious there by the light of his. I see the blots I threw upon it faded away. I see him, foremost of just judges and honored men, bringing a boy of my name, with a forehead that I know and golden hair, to this place—then full of light—and, with not a trace of this day's disfigurement—and I hear him tell the child my story with a tender and a faltering voice.

"It is a far, far better thing that I do than I have ever done; it is a far, far better rest that I go to than I have ever known."

THE END.

CHARLIE'S WOOING.

"CHARLIE, darling! Charlie, prude!
For a welcomeness have I wooed
Half your love on me to shower
Only through one little hour.
Now, near wrecked my heart's Armada
(Freighted with such wealth of ardor)
On the cruel rocks of your pride!
(Now a blush suffused her cheek)—
"Charlie, prude, I pray you, speak!"

"Charlie modest! Charlie saucy!
Even prudie may be mossy
With a verdure not its own.
I vow you think my heart is stone!
Love you through the hour you've sued?
Would a lifetime sound too rude?
(Now a kiss for interlude)—
"Let my lifetime thank you, prude!"

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Affections of the Throat.

From the Rev. S. J. P. Anderson, Pastor of the Central Church, St. Louis.—"I have been in the habit of using Brown's Bronchial Troches, or Lozenges, when compelled to speak through suffering from cold. They are very beneficial in clearing the throat, having no injurious tendencies if any kind. I can confidently recommend them to public speakers generally."

"I heartily unite in the above recommendation."—*Rev. M. Schauler, Rector of Christ Church, St. Louis.*

JONAS WHITCOMB'S
REMEDY FOR
ASTHMA

Is worthy the attention of all who suffer from the distressing complaint. This new HOME REMEDY, MADE IN Boston, visited Europe a few years since for the benefit of his health, which was much impaired by frequent attacks of

Spasmodic Asthma.

While in Germany, an eminent physician became interested in his case, and promised him relief. He followed the treatment ordered, and, to his surprise and joy, his asthma almost entirely disappeared. He procured the recipe which had accomplished so much for him, brought it with him to this country, and it became the property of the present proprietors. It contains no poisonous or injurious properties whatever; and as its effect may take it with perfect safety.

———

(Letter from a distinguished lawyer in Newburyport, Mass.)

Asthma.
Asthma.
Asthma.

NEWBURYPORT, Feb. 23, 1859.

MESSRS. JOSEPH BURNETT & CO.—Gentlemen—I received twelve minutes since I received the first bottle of your valuable medicine for the cure of Asthma.

I am now satisfied that my relief from one of the most engrossing, most distressing, and most unpleasant diseases, renders that over afflicted a bosom debt, to be to attributed wholly to that Remedy. For thirteen years I suffered with the Asthma, and it grew upon me in severity, until, in the last year, I was, for the most part of the season, confined to the house; and for the last winter ever expected being on a paroxysm, oftentimes to recover that I could not move an inch for relief.

From the time I took the first dose of your "Remedy," to the present hour, I have not had a single attack, and now my system is so free from it that the most active exercise and exposure seems to have any effect upon me. I am slightly restrict the lungs. Your medicine soon dispels that sensation, and I can safely claim a perfect release from the tormentor.

With great respect, your obedient servant,

J. H. BRADBON.

(Extract from a letter written by a distinguished Lawyer in Maine.)

Asthma.
Asthma.
Asthma.

MESSRS. JOSEPH BURNETT & Co.—Gentlemen—I tried more than thirty different species for the Asthma, until I had become worn down by disease, and almost discouraged. When I commenced taking your medicine I had been afflicted with the disease about seventeen years. I am of the spasmodic kind; and in a bad attack I have frequently sat up almost nights in succession. After using and taking your medicine I found an unaccustomed relief. My health and strength began to improve. I have gained about twenty pounds in weight, and have, comparatively, no Asthma. When I feel the symptoms returning, a few teaspoonfuls of the medicine is sufficient to relieve me.

It seems to me that the very introduction of your medicine has been broken up, and that it will soon entirely leave me. At any rate, no one that has suffered as I have, can, therefore, and enjoyed the health that I have enjoyed since last fall, can hesitate to believe that yours is a wonderful power in JONAS WHITCOMB'S Remedy for the Asthma.

Respectfully yours, H. B. VOSE.

(Letter from a Clergyman.)

Asthma.
Asthma.
Asthma.

WARDSBORO', Vt., May 31, 1857.

MESSRS. JOSEPH BURNETT & CO.—Gentlemen—I take pleasure in stating the wonderful effects of WHITCOMB'S REMEDY FOR THE ASTHMA" on myself. As I often as ten or twelve times in a year she was brought to the very gates of death, requiring two or three watchers, sometimes for several days and nights in succession. At one time she was so far gone that her physician and myself could but pulse. I consulted numerous physicians of the highest celebrity, both in regular and in surgery, and I heard of "WHITCOMB'S Remedy," it acted like a charm; it enabled her to sleep quietly in a few minutes, and nearly relieved her of the disease. I am a Methodist Clergyman, stationed here. I shall be happy to answer any inquiries addressed to me.

Yours truly, KIMBALL HADLEY.

Asthma.
Asthma.
Asthma.

SOUTH WINDSOR, MASS., Jan. 23, 1859.

MESSRS. JOSEPH BURNETT & CO.—I see your notice of JONAS WHITCOMB'S ASTHMA REMEDY in the Boston Pilot, and I wish to tell you of the effect it has had upon me. I was troubled very much for about five years, many nights I could not sleep at all. I got a sooner any medicine, but to-day I got some medicine for less.

I began taking your medicine last Saturday night. I have not had a bad attack—have not been able to sleep, nor an hour's sweat, since. I am a shoemaker by trade, and live in South Windsor.

Your obedient servant, MICHAEL KEARNY.

Prepared by JOSEPH BURNETT & CO., Boston, and sold by all Druggists.

One Dollar per Bottle.

Ladies' Furs at Genin's Bazaar,
513 Broadway.
Under the St. Nicholas Hotel.

HUDSON BAY SABLE,
MINK, MARTEN,
SQUIRREL,
ROYAL ERMINE,
OF THE LATEST STYLES FROM EUROPE,
CHILDREN'S FURS,
IN ELEGANT VARIETY,
STOCK LARGE,
ASSORTMENT COMPLETE,
PRICES MODERATE.
GENIN'S BAZAAR,
513 Broadway.

ITCHING CHILBLAINS.

A sure relief, "Dupuy's Chilblain Balm." 25 cents per box; per mail, 30 cents. Sold at 602 Broadway.

For Mayor
HON. GEORGE OPDYKE.

Headquarters at Dwyer's Hotel, corner of Eighth Street and Broadway. Citizens of all parties, favorable to an honest and efficient city administration, and to the election of officers under no obligations to corrupt organizations, are invited to meet daily at this place.

THE LEADING TWO DOLLAR MAGAZINE.

Arthur's Home Magazine,
FOR 1860.

VOLUMES XV. AND XVI.

EDITED BY
T. S. ARTHUR AND VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.
DEVOTED TO SOCIAL LITERATURE, ART, MORALS, HOME, FASHION, AND DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

The Publishers, in offering their programme for 1860, have the pleasure to announce the completion of a series of arrangements, by which The Home Magazine will be rendered valuable and attractive far beyond precedent, and placed still further than heretofore out of the reach of competition by any periodical of the same price.

ELEGANT STEEL PLATES,

Engraved expressly for this work, from carefully selected subjects,

will be given regularly. These will form a gallery of NEW AND BEAUTIFUL HOME PICTURES, each worth the price of the number containing it.

The Literature of The Home Magazine is chiefly incorned by the publishers to be to rise by a large addition to reading and embellishment.

In this department no number will be commenced a new Story, by T. S. ARTHUR, entitled

"AFTER THE STORM."

Miss Townsend will continue to furnish, regularly, those charming stories and exquisite picture-sketches, with full-length portraits of character, for which readers will be

Writers of the First Talent and Reputation

will give their best efforts to the pages of The Home Magazine, in order to make it the highest excellence. Besides its *carefully edited* and *original* articles by a corps of special literary contributors, The Magazine is devoted to reports of special interest to the fair sex. It has

A HEALTH DEPARTMENT,
A MOTHER'S DEPARTMENT,
A TOILET and NEEDLE-WORK DEPARTMENT,
A BOY'S AND GIRL'S TREASURY,
A HOUSEKEEPER'S DEPARTMENT,
A REVIEW DEPARTMENT.

Plan, Etc., Etc.

In order to meet the wants and wishes of a very large number of ladies, particular attention is paid to Toilet and Needle-work Articles.

Beautiful Colored Steel

FASHION PLATES

appear in every number of The Home Magazine.

From Six to Eight Pages of Needle-work Patterns, Drawings of Children's Dresses, Infants' Robes, Bonnets, Caps, Collars, Slippers, Head-dresses, Under-sleeves, Etc., Etc., Etc.

Thus furnishing

Styles of Dress and Pattern for Embroidery in an almost endless variety, to be found in no other than a hundred pages during the year, and including more than a thousand separate articles.

From the beginning, the aim of the Publishers has been to furnish, at the *cheapest price*, a Magazine that, by means of a choice literature, should do a good work in home and social circles everywhere, and their success, so far, is of the most gratifying character. It is now, as well in the extent and variety as in that of approval and cheer that come to them from all directions, as in the steadily increasing circulation of the Magazine, manifest in past years.

Any person to Clubs is made so low that there is scarcely a family in the land but may subscribe for the regular visits of the Home Magazine.

☞ *Those who send names in a Club, or procure The Home Magazine for a year at the trifling cost of* $1 25 *each.*

TERMS:

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

TWO COPIES FOR ONE YEAR $3; FOUR COPIES FOR ONE YEAR $6.

All additional subscribers above four at the same rate, that is, $1 25 per annum. Where twelve subscribers and upwards are sent, the getter-up of the Club will be entitled to an additional copy of the Magazine.

☞ Those who send names of Clubs will be entitled to the extra copy by making additions thereto until the number reaches twelve.

☞ It is not required that all the subscribers to a Club be at the same post-office.

☞ *Specimen numbers sent to all who wish to subscribe or make up Clubs.*

CLUBBING.

Home Magazine and Godey's Lady's Book, one year, $3 50.

Home Magazine and Harper's Magazine, one year, $3 50.

Home Magazine and Saturday Evening Post, $3.

☞ *The January number will be ready as a specimen by 1st of December.*

Address T. S. ARTHUR & CO.,
323 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

Watches and Jewelry,
At No. 11 Wall Street, Up Stairs.
Special and Important Notice.

At the present price for a few days.

Gold Watches, 18 karats, only $18, worth $22.
Sterling Silver Watches, only $6 worth $16.
Every article from 20 per cent less.
Also a splendid assortment of Jewelry.
Only for a few days to make room for other Goods.
J. MACDUFF, No. 11 Wall Street, up stairs.

CLARK'S SCHOOL VISITOR.—A Day School Paper for North, South, East, and West, finely illustrated, contains Readings, Dialogues, Music, School News, Puns, &c., &c. Edited by ALEX. CLARK and UNCLE EDWARD. *Pictorial Heading School Visitor*, gratis. Terms: 20 cents a year; Three copies $1; Twelve, $3. To Teachers, 75 cents. Address ALEX. CLARK, Editor and Publisher, Pittsburgh, Pa.

CROUP.—A Cheap and *Warranted* Preventive without Medicine. Address Dr. E. B. FOOTE, 346 Broadway, N. Y.

New Polkas.

PET ROBIN POLKA (illustrated) ..50 cents.
PEEK-A-BOO ..50 cents.
BOB BOB WHITE POLKA ..25 cents.

These polkas are well marked for dancing, and come easily under the fingers. Any of them will be sent to any address on receipt of the price.

Published by FITCH, POND & CO.,
Sol Broadway, New York.

A Lie Refuted.

"Who dyed your hair?" "It isn't dyed,"
The indignant gentleman replied.
"Twas dead before, but sure it's alive,
It ain't a fortunate which it thrives."

"Who said 'twas dyed?—he lied!
With him it was the truth that died.
The Wash Invigorates and brings dead hair to life,
And he who doubts my word can ask my wife."

This "*Intimidate*" commends itself to every fair lady to its original color, stop its falling out, and bring it out on bald heads. Sold everywhere.

W. E. HAGAN & CO., Proprietors, Troy, N. Y.

Hosiery
and Men's Furnishing Goods.

A great assortment of best goods at prices generally paid for inferior qualities.

Also, Gentlemen's Capes. One price, and money cheerfully refunded in case of dissatisfaction.

A. RANKIN & CO.,
No. 637 Broadway
and No. 96 Bowery.

Established in 1823.

DR. J. B. MARCHISI'S
Celebrated Uterine Catholicon,

For the Relief and Cure of Suffering Females.

This valuable and universal habitude of female life acquisitions a variety of diseases which this Catholicon will sometimes cure. It can be relied upon in any case of Painful, Suppressed, or Irregular Menstruation, Prolapsus Uteri, Chronic Inflammation, Ulceration, Weakness, Faintness, Lassitude, &c. When every thing else has failed, this article is never taken without benefit. No suffering female should leave it untried. A pamphlet, with full directions for treatment, which can be applied by mail, or delivered by any Agent. It is send in every case. Agents wanted in every town. Address, for pamphlet, &c., by mail, or any certificates altered,

Address BARNES & PARK, No. 13 Park Row, N. Y. Dr. PARK, Consulting at Office. WEEKS & POTTER, Boston; or CALLENDER & CO., Philad.

J. B. MARCHISI, M.D., Utica, N. Y.

NEW GIFT BOOK HOUSE.

The Subscribers have commenced the sale of Books on the Gift Principle, and hope that by offering extra inducements to receive a share of patronage. We offer the richest collection of Books to be found in any establishment. Also liberal inducements to Agents. Catalogues sent to any address.

WM. A. WILLIAMS & CO. (Late Buck),
No. 37 Park Row and 145 Nassau Street,
New York.

The Book for the Times.

Its Praise.

The Life of
CAPTAIN JOHN BROWN,
The
Liberator of Kansas
and
Hero of Harper's Ferry.
By James Redpath.

One elegant 12mo volume of 400 pages, illustrated, and containing a fine

STEEL PORTRAIT

of the glorious old man. Price $1 00.

This work will be issued before the First of January, 1860, and will be a work of thrilling and fascinating interest. Its sale will be immense. A liberal percentage of the

PROFITS

resulting from its publication

WILL BE GIVEN TO THE FAMILY OF BROWN.

THOUSANDS OF AGENTS

Will be wanted to supply the demand in every town, village, and hamlet throughout the country. Address

THAYER & ELDRIDGE, Publishers,
Nos. 114 and 116 Washington Street,
Boston, Mass.

ELOQUENT DISCOURSES,

SHELDON & CO.,
No. 115 Nassau Street, N. Y.,
PUBLISH THIS DAY,
Sermons.
BY RICHARD FULLER, D.D.,
Of Baltimore.
One volume 12mo. Price One Dollar.

A New Edition of
BLANCO WHITE'S DISCUSSIONS;
Or,
THE SUPERSTITION SCHOOL
BY WILLIAM J. HOGE, D.D.
On Tinted Paper. 16mo. Price 75 cents.

Sent by mail on receipt of the prices annexed.

Harper's
Holiday Pictorial
Now Ready.

The most beautiful Pictorial Sheet ever issued.

PRICE SIX CENTS.

Sent by mail anywhere in the United States on receipt of the price.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.

A Beautiful Complexion.—Laird's Bloom of Youth or Liquid Pearl is the best article in existence for beautifying and preserving the complexion and skin. Its wonderful effects may be seen and tried gratis, at LAIRD'S ladies' hair-dressing establishment, 6?? Broadway.

NOVEMBER.

The winds are cold.—See the skies are drear;
A shriller blast each night we hear,
A colder rain-storm bringing;
On summer's blue store withered flowers,
While robins in their leafless bowers
Her requiem are singing!

Gone are the glowing hels of June;
July's bright blossom's vanished soon,
And August's perfumed meadows;
September and October brought
Their fruits and flowers, nor thought,
And all these fled like shadows!

So time slips on, and each month and year
Bearing its part to the sere,
And to the cypress shadows;
Soon petals of hope and flowers
While cadly under leaden hours
Our hopes blow to seasons.

But of the calm, substantial joys
Which neither time nor care destroys,
A few, thank Heaven, are left us.
Neither the months, which have an end,
Nor all the years that yet have fled,
Of Saints' Rest can have bereft us!

And still, in FULTON STREET, their stores
Firing upon what their eyes adores,
Inviting all to enter,
And still the Farms, with flag unfurled,
Challenge all RIVALS IN THE WORLD,
With them their fate to venture!

Their FALL AND WINTER CLOTHES compared,
With those in other stores prepared,
May challenge competition!
To be the "Clothiers of the Nation,"
And MEN and BOYS, at cheapest rates,
To dress—they feel "really and truly"
Is their ambition!

"Twin Temples of Fashion."

ONE PRICE—NO DEVIATION.
The Price is marked on all the Goods in Plain Figures.

SMITH BROTHERS,
The Marble Stores,
122, 138, and 140
Fulton Street,
Between Broadway and William St.,
ROBERT L. SMITH, Jr.,
J. SMITH ELDER. } **NEW YORK.**

THE NEW BOOKS

MICHELET'S LOVE (L'Amour). $1 00.
VERNEUIL GENIUS. College Story. $1.
LIFE OF ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT. $1 50.
Any of the above sent by mail, postage prepaid, on receipt of price, $1 00.
* Send by mail, postage prepaid, for any Book published in Great Britain or America. Address, New York,
BUNCE & CHAMBERLAIN.

FURS AT GENIN'S BAZAAR,
507 and 513 Broadway.

300 MINK CAPES AT $20, WORTH $30.
MINK MUFFS AT $10, WORTH $15.
MINK FISHER CAPES, FROM $65 AND UP.
WEASEL
HUDSON BAY SABLE CAPES, FROM $85 AND UPWARD.
GENIN'S BAZAAR
507 and 513 Broadway.

THE ORIGINAL BRIDGEWATER
PAINT OF NEW JERSEY, Established 1826,

For Roofs, Wood, Iron, Tin, Bricks, Canvas, Cement, Paper, &c., dries readily, forming a metallic coat, spark and ember proof. Double Refined Linseed Oil. Agent 72 Maiden Lane, New York.

BROOKS & BETTS, Agents.

MUSICAL BOXES,

Playing 2, 3, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 16, 24, and 36 tunes.
PAILLARD & MARTIN, Importers,
Musical Manufacturers, 21 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

FINKLE & LYON'S SEWING MACHINES
—Warranted to give better satisfaction than any other machine in the market. Price reduced.
N.B.—FREE RECORD TO $50.

No. 352 Broadway.

Partial Deafness, Discharges from the Ear,

NOISES IN THE HEAD, CATARRH,

And all diseases of the Throat, EYE and EAR permanently cured by

DR. LIGHTHILL, No. 21 Howd Street, N. Y.
Artificial eyes gratis.

Forty Dollars per Month.

500 Agents wanted to travel and solicit orders for the celebrated Patent Fluted Dollar *Sewing Machine*. Salary $40 per month, or a large commission. For sample machine, and full particulars, address, with stamp enclosed for return postage,

I. M. DAGGETT & CO.,
Boston, Mass.

IF WHISKERS AND MUSTACHES are required in six weeks, use my original preparation 1850, which will force them to grow six weeks from the first application, and without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1. Sent by mail, post free, to any address. E. C. PRITCHARD, 63 Nassau Street, New York.

HUNGARIAN WINES.—A parcel of superfine RED and WHITE HUNGARIAN WINES, in wood and in flasks, for sale by

CHARLES F. LOOSEY,
No. 2 Hanover Square, Room No. 6

FAMILY KNITTING MACHINES FOR Family and Plantation use. Agency, 614 Broadway, up stairs, opposite St. Nicholas Hotel.

POWERFUL MICROSCOPES or Magnifying Glasses, for 50 cents. Magnifying more than two hundred times. Sent by mail everywhere. Four of different powers for $1. "Perfect little wonders."—*Sailor's Pictorial.*

C. B. UNDERWOOD, 111 Hanover Street, Boston.

The Ladies all bear Testimony to its WORTH.—HIRAM HAVEN'S HAIR APPARENT.—HIRAM HAVEN restores hair, dry, and wiry hair, and gives to it a soft, glossy, wavy appearance, exceedingly beautiful. It strengthens the roots, prevents the falling off, and causes it to turn from gray to black. It when gray to all the rich luxuriance and life color of youth. Sold by all Druggists and by HIRAM HAVEN & Co., No. 194 CHESTNUT STREET, Philadelphia.

To Housekeepers.

SOMETHING NEW.—B. T. BABBITT'S BEST MEDICINAL SALERATUS, Is manufactured from cocoanut-nut, and is prepared entirely different from other Saleratus. All the deleterious matter extracted in such a manner as to prevent the Bread, Biscuit, and all kinds of Cake, without containing a particle of Saleratus when the Bread or Cake is baked; therefore, by producing wholesome, healthful food. The particle of Saleratus is turned to gas, and passes through the bread or Biscuit while Baking; consequently nothing remains, but wholesome food, as nature made it. You will readily perceive that the principle of this Saleratus that it is entirely different from other Saleratus.

It is packed in one pound papers, each wrapper branded, "B. T. BABBITT'S Best Medicinal Saleratus;" also, picture, testimonial leaf of bread, with a gist of directions using water on the top. When you purchase one paper you should preserve the wrapper, and be particular to get the next exactly like the first—and as above.

Full directions for making Bread, Biscuit, Cake, &c., with each paper. B. T. BABBITT, will accompany each package of this, also directions for making all kinds of Flower; also, for making Soda Water and Sedlitz Powders.

MAKE YOUR OWN SODA WITH B. T. BABBITT'S PURE CONCENTRATED POTASH. Warranted double the strength of cotton, or Pearl Ash, and is entirely free from Sulphur, and is the best Family Potash in market. Consumers will find this the cheapest Potash in market.

Manufactured and for sale by B. T. BABBITT, 70 Nos. 63 and 65 Washington St., New York, and No. 35 Indiana Street, Boston.

PROTECTION AGAINST FIRE AND WATER.

N. MARSH'S CELEBRATED PATENT **FIRE AND WATER PROOF.**

No. 81 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.

C. G. GUNTHER & SONS—FURS.—At their warehouse, 56 MAIDEN LANE, Have opened THEIR ENTIRE STOCK FOR THE SEASON OF MANUFACTURED **FURS,** Comprising all the leading and desirable styles, together with numerous articles in LADIES' FURS, GENTLEMEN'S FURS, CHILDREN'S FURS, AND FUR ROBES.

We solicit the inspection of the retail trade to the above, and offer our goods at the most advantageous prices. C. G. GUNTHER & SONS, 56 Maiden Lane.

MODERN SCHOOL FOR THE DRUM.—Containing Full Instructions and a choice selection of Music, for Line and Drum. By O. W. Keach & S. A. Burditt. Price 50 cents. Published by OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.

BUY your FURS of WILLIAMS, No. 293 FULTON STREET, BROOKLYN.

Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry.

This remedy has long been cherished by the community for its remarkable efficacy in relieving and curing the most obstinate, painful, and long-standing cases of COUGH, COLD, INFLUENZA, SORE THROAT, HOARSENESS, WHOOPING COUGH, CROUP, ASTHMA, INFLAMMATION of the LUNGS: while even CONSUMPTION itself has yielded to its magic influence, when all other known means have failed.

The whole history of this Balsam, which has now become a household word, proves that its virtues have produced so remedy approaching it in values and usefulness, while the future will hardly present one of such value.

To guard against Counterfeits, of which there are several worthless ones, see that each bottle has the written signature of I. BUTTS, as well as the plain name of the Proprietors, "*Seth W. Fowle & Co., Boston,*" on the outside wrapper.

Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere.

Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry.

AGENTS WANTED in every County in the Union, to sell the Pictures of Mount Vernon and Capitol of the United States, printed in 13 colors. Address J. H. BUHAM & CO., 112 South Third Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Agents Wanted

To obtain Subscribers for

LOSSING'S PICTORIAL FIELD-BOOK OF THE REVOLUTION.

In Two Volumes Royal Octavo, containing upward of

1500 Pages and 1100 Beautiful Illustrations.

This work will be SOLD EXCLUSIVELY BY AGENTS, to each of whom a special District will be given. Rare inducements offered. Persons should name the Counties they would prefer. For full particulars address GEO. W. ELLIOTT, care HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

American Guano.

TO FARMERS AND DEALERS

In Guano. This Guano from Jarvis Island, in the Pacific Ocean, which has been proved to be the most valuable fertilizer ever discovered, is offered for sale at wholesale and retail at less than two thirds the price of Peruvian. For particulars address A. S. MARSHALL, Pres. American Guano Co., 66 William Street, New York.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, New York,

Publish this Week:

I.

H A N D I E.

Being the First Volume of

Stories of Rainbow and Lucky.

By

JACOB ABBOTT.

Beautifully Illustrated. 16mo, Muslin, 50 cents.—Uniform with Abbott's FRANCONIA STORIES.

II.

PREACHERS AND PREACHING.

By the

Rev. NICHOLAS MURRAY, D.D.,

Author of Kirwan's "Letters to Bishop Hughes," "Romanism at Home," "The Happy Home," "Parish Punchings," &c.

12mo, Muslin, 75 cents.

We are sure this excellent volume will have a wide and useful circulation. Ministers and people will be equally profited by its perusal. In every parish and Sabbath School library it will be reaching minds that ought to be affected by its facts and appeals.—*N. Y. Observer.*

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS will send either of the above Works by Mail, postage prepaid (to any part of the United States under 3000 miles), on receipt of the Money.

Singer's Sewing Machines.

SINGER'S NO. 2 SEWING MACHINE, $100.

SINGER'S NO. 1 FAMILY MACHINE, $90.

HEMMING GAUGES REDUCED TO $4.

Singer's Family Sewing Machines at $50 and $70 are capable of performing, in the best style, all the sewing of a family of five.

Send for a copy of I. M. Singer & Co.'s Gazette, which contains full and reliable information about prices, rivalries, &c., of Sewing Machines, and is sent to inquirers gratis.

I. M. SINGER & CO.,

No. 458 Broadway, New York.

361 BROADWAY 539

Tucker's Fleshers, Feathers, and Miscellaneous Items, Are all reliable.

Grover & Baker's

NOISELESS

Family Sewing Machines,

AT REDUCED PRICES

New York, Oct. 31, 1859.

The undersigned, Ministers and Laymen of the Methodist Episcopal Church, having examined and used in our families "GROVER AND BAKER'S CELEBRATED FAMILY SEWING MACHINE," take pleasure in recommending it as an instrument fully combining the essentials of a good, durable, and beautiful simplicity, ease of management, and the strength and elasticity of its stitch, unite to render it, in our opinion, a Machine unsurpassed by any in the market, and one which we feel confident will give satisfaction to all who may purchase and use it.

W. P. STRICKLAND, C. LABEY,
N. VANSANT, W. C. CHARTERTON,
R. R. YARD, W. A. GOODHUE,
S. ARNESS, W. ALLEN.

429 Broadway, New York; 18 Bond Street, Boston; 730 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia; 181 Baltimore Street, Baltimore; 19 Fourth Street, Cincinnati; 118 Montgomery Street, San Francisco; 35 Fratnin Street, Mobile; 11 Camp Street, New Orleans.

ALL MACHINES WARRANTED.

☞ SEND FOR A CIRCULAR. ☜

SANFORD'S HOT-AIR FURNACES.

PORTABLE OR SET IN BRICK.

THOUSANDS TESTIFY IN THEIR FAVOR.

SEND FOR A BOOK—FREE.

SANFORD'S RANGE AND COOK HEATER,

A favorite and economical stove of great power.

SEND FOR A BOOK.

SANFORD, TRUSLOW & CO.,

No. 223 Water Street, New York.

Two Works Valuable to the Sick or Well.

Sent by mail, on pay expected until received, read, and approved.

Address Dr. S. S. FITCH, 714 Broadway, New York.

Dr. SFT. FITCH on the causes and cure of Insanity, Nervousness, Heart Affection, and Skin diseases; Rheumatism, and Male and Female Complaints. On the mode of Preserving Health to 100 years. 413 pages; 26 Engravings. —Price 50 cents, in silver or P. O. stamps.

Sed. A work on the Cause and Cure of Diseases of the Eyes, Diseases, Liver, Bowels, and Kidneys; on Apoplexy, Palsy, and Dyspepsia; why we grow old and what causes sickness. 413 pages, 6 engravings. Price 50 cents. Say which book you wish, giving name, state, county town, and post office.

Garnet and Coral Jewelry. — We invite attention to our late importation of Coral and Garnet Jewelry, consisting of bracelets, brooches, ear-rings, necklaces, clasps, hair-pins, combs, lockets, clasps, &c.

OSBORN, BRADMAN & DOWNEY,
No. 337 Broadway, corner of Spring Street.

ANTI-ARTHRITIC WINE.—A CERTAIN CURE FOR GOUT AND RHEUMATISM. PENFOLD, PARKES & MOWER, Wholesale Druggists, 15 Beekman Street, New York.

Query's Cod-Liver Oil Jelly,

The only certain cure for Consumption, Asthma, and all kinds of Coughs, is taken without nausea.

Also,

Query's Patent Jellied Castor-Oil.—The most grateful exhibition of this oil is obviated, and it does not cause any constipation after use. Hide the best properties of Castor. To be had at the Inventor's Office, No. 135 Church Street, and at all respectable druggists. PENFOLD, PARKER & MOWER, Wholesale Agents, No. 15 Beekman Street.

Mercantile Record.

Patent Champion Safes.

B. C. Herring & Co., 251 Broadway.

Phelan's Billiard Tables.

O'Connor & Collender, 63 to 69 Crosby Street.

Wistar's Patent Salamander Safe.

B. G. Wilder & Co., 191 Broadway.

H. E. Dodsworth.—Music Store, 6 Astor Place.—Depot for Dunham's Pianos and Instruments.

SANDS' SARSAPARILLA.—In this preparation, we have all the restorative properties of the Sarsaparilla root, in combination with the strength and efficacy of Iodine. It speedily purifies the blood, restores to the stomach its healthful tone, and invigorates the entire organization.

Prepared and sold by A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists, 100 Fulton Street, New York.

REMOVAL.

JAMES BOGARDUS,
Architect in Iron, Originator, Constructor, and Patentee of IRON BUILDINGS,
Fronts and Manufacturer of
BOGARDUS'S ECCENTRIC UNIVERSAL MILL.
Machine Shops, corner of Centre and Lisp Streets,
(In Harlem Railroad Depot),
Office No. 521 Canal Street, near Centre, New York.
Iron Building corner Centre and Duane Sts., formerly occupied, but lately removed from Duane Street.

PIANO FORTES.

RAVEN, BACON & CO.,
N. Piano Forte Manufacturers, Warerooms No. 128 Grand Street, Broadway, where a full assortment of Instruments can be seen, exclusively of our manufacture. Warranted in every respect.

A CURIOSITY FOR EVERYBODY.

THE ILLUSTRATED SCRAP-BOOK.

JUST PUBLISHED.

THIS is a most entertaining and original work, containing FIVE HUNDRED PICTURES upon every conceivable subject of everyday life—wit, humor, pathos, natural history, scenery in all quarters of the globe, nationalities, types of character, monumentalities, portraits of noted individuals of both sexes; and in short, an inexhaustible resort for study and amusement for old and young.

THIS REAL NOVELTY

Is for sale at all of the principal bookstores for

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS PER COPY!

☞ Sent, postage paid, to any part of the country, on the receipt of *twenty-five cents* in postage stamps or silver.

PUBLISHED BY

JOHN J. DYER & CO.,

23 School Street, Boston.

GREAT NATIONAL PICTURE.

"The Home of Washington after the War."

Painted by ROSSITER and MIGNOT, now on Exhibition at the

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

Tenth Street, near Broadway,

From 9 A. M. to 5 P. M., and from 7 to 9 evening. Admission, 25 cents. J. McCLURE.

Ladd, Webster & Co.,

INVITE ATTENTION TO THEIR

IMPROVED TIGHT-STITCH

Sewing Machines,

WHICH FOR BEAUTY AND SIMPLICITY OF CONSTRUCTION, AND EFFICIENCY IN WORKING, ARE UNEQUALED BY ANY.

509 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
17 SUMMER STREET, BOSTON.
820 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.
232 BALTIMORE STREET, BALTIMORE.
80 WEST FOURTH STREET, CINCINNATI.

ALBERT WEBER, Piano-Forte Manufacturer, No. 112 Fourth Avenue, corner Canal St. The best assortment of PIANOS, warranted for three years, at the lowest prices. Call and examine before purchasing.

HIGHLY IMPORTANT TO BOTH SEXES.—DR. MARSH'S Remedy is based on the principle of Nature, and is the only one that will restore the sexual organs to their natural vigor. Circulars, containing over 100 pages, free, gratis, and sent by return mail. Address Dr. MARSH, Box 1,922, New York. Dr. MARSH'S Remedy is based on the principle of Nature, and is the only one that will restore the sexual organs to their natural vigor. Circulars, containing over 100 pages, free, gratis, and sent by return mail. Address Dr. MARSH, Box 1,922, New York.

Commencement of the Twentieth Volume.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

FOR DECEMBER,

The present December commences the Twentieth Volume of HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE. In the literature of periodicals, it is ordained by the very Number, the Publishers announced their intention to present a periodical "which no one who had the slightest relish for miscellaneous reading, or for intelligence in the current literature of the progress and results of the literary genius of his own age, could willingly be without." And they are gratified to publish it at so low a rate, and to give it a value so much beyond its price, that it has found its way into the hands or the family circle of every intelligent citizen of the United States.

How far they have succeeded in carrying out their design the 19 Volumes of the Magazine already published will show. Each of those contains as much matter as an ordinary octavo book, illustrated with Engravings in the style of the Magazine, at less than dollars. The Monthly Numbers of the Magazine are now regularly issued to a library of more than a Hundred Volumes, comprising the best Literature of the Day, and forming a Complete Cyclopedia, and a Text-book of the Age.

Without entering into a comparison with other American periodicals, the Publishers may modestly say that HARPER'S MAGAZINE contains 75 per cent more matter than HARPER'S, PUTNAM'S, or the CRITIC'S *Monthly Magazine.* While giving place to many of the best productions of European Novelists and Essayists, HARPER'S MAGAZINE regularly furnishes a larger amount of original matter than is contained in any other periodical, whether European or American. It has published articles from more than 70 different American writers, residing in every section, and including almost every State in the Union. The Publishers have reason to feel very proud of the fact that they have collected and periodically presented the Magazine from assuming a sectional character. Of becoming the vehicle of any "sectional admiration" slops or party.

As an Illustrated Periodical, HARPER'S is wholly without a rival. The volumes already published have contained more than *Three Thousand Pictures,* most of them executed in the highest style of the art, from Original Drawings by the best Artists, BETWEEN FIFTY AND SIXTY WOOD-CUTTERS, THOMAS, HOPPIN, CHAPIN, LOSSING, VOSS, DARLEY, BILLINGS, and others, have been employed. Many of the Pictures have cost *more than One Hundred and Twenty Thousand Dollars.* Many of the Engravings have been executed by artists specially retained this account. HARPER'S MAGAZINE is not fortnightly, or less than quarterly, but *more than a Quarter of a Million of Dollars* to American Authors and Artists.

The Publishers gratefully acknowledge that this large outlay has been amply remunerated by the most sanguine expectations. They heard from the first that the Magazine would be welcomed into the bosom of the family circle of every intelligent citizen of the United States, "from the Lakes to the Gulf, and from ocean to ocean." They anticipated. They believe that the publication of the Magazine will continue to increase with the growth and progress of the country, and, in the spirit in which it was commenced, it will hereafter be conducted, doing not only its better part, but the best interests of the Volume already issued.

While the Magazine will continue to be sustained by the writers whose papers have gained for it its distinctive character, a hearty welcome will be given to new Authors. Almost every Number has introduced fresh names to the list of writers for the public; and from this their list of Contributors will be yet more enlarged.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year $3 00
Two Copies for One Year 5 00
Three or more Copies for One Year (each) 2 00
And an Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of Five.
SUBSCRIBERS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY and HARPER'S MAGAZINE, together, one year, $4 00.

The Postage upon "HARPER'S MAGAZINE" must be paid at the Office where it is received. The Postage is *Thirty-six Cents per year.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A FIRST-CLASS ILLUSTRATED PAPER.

PRINTED BEST AND PUBLISHED

FAMILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD.

FIVE CENTS A NUMBER: $2 50 A YEAR.

MR. CURTIS, the EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR writer, called it "TALE OF TWO CITIES," splendidly Illustrated by THOMAS and others, announced in HARPER'S WEEKLY for May 7, and will be continued from week to week until completed.

GEO. WILLIAM CURTIS'S Illustrated Serial Tale of NULLAH, also entitled "TRUMPS," was commenced in HARPER'S WEEKLY for April 9.

TERMS OF HARPER'S WEEKLY.

One Copy for Twenty Weeks $1 00
One Copy for Six Months 2 00
One Copy for Two Years 4 00
One Copy for One Year 2 00
Twelve Copies for One Year 20 00
Twenty-five Copies for One Year 40 00

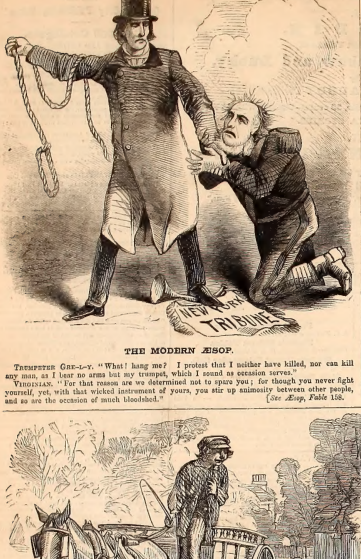
Two Copies will be allowed for every Club of TWENTY *or* TWENTY-FIVE SUBSCRIBERS.

TERMS FOR ADVERTISING.—*Fifty Cents a Line.*

A Liberal Discount will be made to those wishing to advertise for three Months or more.

** Persons living in the City of New York wishing "HARPER'S WEEKLY" left at their houses, will please send their names and residences, with the subscription money, to the Office of Publication.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers,
Franklin Square, New York.

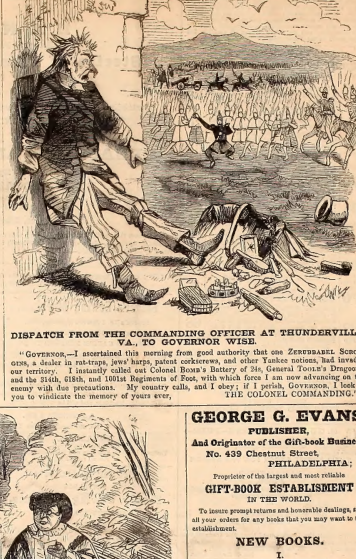


THE MODERN ÆSOP.

TREMPSTER GRE-LEY. "What! hang me? I protest that I neither have killed, nor can kill any man, as I lear no arms but my trumpet, which I sound as occasion serves."

VIRGINIAN. "For that reason are we determined not to spare you; for though you never fight yourself, yet, with that wicked instrument of yours, you stir up animosity between other people, and so are the occasion of much bloodshed."

[See Æsop, Fable 158.



DISPATCH FROM THE COMMANDING OFFICER AT THUNDERVILLE, VA., TO GOVERNOR WISE.

"GOVERNOR,—I ascertained this morning from good authority that one ZERUBBABEL SCROGGINS, a dealer in rat-traps, jews'-harps, patent corkscrews, and other Yankee notions, had invaded our territory. I instantly called out Colonel BOMB'S Battery of 24s, General TOOLE'S Dragoons, and the 214th, 618th, and 1001st Regiments of Foot, with which force I am now advancing on the enemy with due precautions. My country calls, and I obey; if I perish, GOVERNOR, I look to you to vindicate the memory of yours ever,

THE COLONEL COMMANDING."

BUTCHER'S BOY. "Is it from FREDERICK, my dear? *(Old Lady looks up amazed)* Ah! you smile, I see it in."

481 BROADWAY.

GREAT SALE of RICH SILKS

1500 Pieces New Styles,

At 75 cents per yard.

REDUCED FROM $1 25.

1000 Pieces Extra Quality

ONLY $1 00 PER YARD.

REDUCED FROM $1 75.

Observe the name and number,

G. M. BODINE,

No. 481 Broadway.

ASTHMA.—We can not, we believe, render to these of our readers who suffer, from the Asthma, a greater service than by inviting their attention to the advertisement of *Jones Wistcomb's Remedy* in another column.

THE SIMPLE AND BEAUTIFUL ART of transferring Pictures and Engravings on to Glass, Marble, &c. Sixteen 13 cents or five letter stamps. C. H. HUNTER, Box 346 P.O., Newark, N. J.

WARM CLOTHING.

We now offer large assortments of Fall and Winter Clothing, just manufactured, in our best styles, consisting in part of

ESQUIMAUX BEAVERS,
MOSCOW BEAVERS,
KIDDE DOWN BEAVERS,
MAGENTA BEAVERS,
PRESIDENT BEAVERS,
CLARENDON BEAVERS,
DREADNAUGHT BEAVERS.

Also, complete suits of all styles of CASSIMERE and Beaver suits, and all the late styles Velvet and Cashmere Vestings, &c., &c.

BOYS' CLOTHING
AND FURNISHING GOODS

in great variety, at the lowest prices of the trade.

D. DEVLIN & CO.,
Nos. 259, 259, and 260 Broadway.

Café de Costa Rica
C&C

cuts SUPERIOR Strong-bodied delicately-flavored
Mountain COFFEE,
For sale by
CUTHELL & Co
No. 5 Beaver Street.

Overcoats—$3 50, $4, $4 50, $5 50, $6 50, $10 and $12.
BUSINESS COATS—$7 50, $8 50, $4 50, $5 50 & $12.
PANTS and VESTS—$1 to $12. Gents' Furnishing Goods, at GEO. A. HUNTER & CO.'S
Mammoth Clothing Stores,
Nos. 209 and 211 Bowery.

Sheldon & Company's
Holiday List
OF
Juvenile Books.

The Florence Stories;
OR, INSTRUCTIONS AT HOME
A NEW SERIES OF JUVENILES.
By the Rev. JACOB ABBOTT,
Author of the "Rollo Books," "Rollo's Travels," "Franconia Stories," &c.

Vol. I. FLORENCE and JOHN. Beautifully Illustrated from Designs by Hertick.
1 vol. 16mo, price 60 cents. (Ready Dec. 1st.)

The Oakland Series.
By Geo. B. TAYLOR, of Virginia. Vol. I. KENNY. 1 Vol. 16mo. Illustrated after Designs by Lumley. Price 55 cents. (Ready Dec. 1st.)

The Old Battle Ground.
A new volume by J. T. TROWBRIDGE (Paul Creyton), Author of "Neighbor Jackwood," "Father Brighthope," &c., &c. 1 vol. 16mo, uniform. Price 50 cents. (Ready Dec. 1st.)

The Geldart Series.
By Mrs. Thomas Geldart.
FIVE CHOICE VOLUMES.
16mo. Price of each.....50 cents.
The same, gilt.....80 cents.

Early orders from the trade solicited.

GEORGE G. EVANS,
PUBLISHER,
And Originator of the Gift-book Business,
No. 439 Chestnut Street,
PHILADELPHIA;
Proprietor of the largest and most reliable
GIFT-BOOK ESTABLISHMENT
IN THE WORLD.

To insure prompt returns and honorable dealings, send all your orders for any books that you may want to this establishment.

NEW BOOKS.

I.
MEMOIRS OF ROBERT HOUDIN,
Magician. One Volume, 12mo, Cloth, Price $1 00.

II.
BOOK OF PARLOR PLAYS. By SILAS S. STEELE. One Volume, 12mo, Cloth, Price $1 00.

III.
BOOK OF HUMOROUS POETRY.
One Volume, 12mo, Cloth, Price $1 00.

IV.
H. STOWELL BROWN'S LECTURES.
One Volume, 12mo, Cloth, Price $1 00.

V.
LIFE OF COL. DAVID CROCKETT.
One Volume, 12mo, Cloth, Price $1 00.

VI.
LIVES OF SOUTHERN HEROES AND PATRIOTS. One Volume, 12mo, Cloth, Price $1 00.

VII.
THE PRINCE OF THE HOUSE OF DAVID. By the Rev. J. H. INGRAHAM, LL.D. (New Edition.) One Volume, 12mo, Cloth, Price $1 25.
☞ The same in German, Price $1 00.

VIII.
THE PILLAR OF FIRE. By Rev. J. H. INGRAHAM, LL.D. One Volume 12mo, Cloth. Price $1 25.

Upon receiptance of the prices of the Book, and 21 cents additional for postage, copies of either of the above, accompanied with a handsome present, will be sent to any address in the United States.

IF YOU ARE IN WANT OF A BOOK
Send to
GEORGE G. EVANS'
Gift Book Establishment,
No. 439 Chestnut Street,
PHILADELPHIA.
Where you can get
BOOKS IN EVERY DEPARTMENT OF LITERATURE,
AND A HANDSOME PRESENT,
Worth from Fifty Cents to One Hundred Dollars, is given with each Book sold.

SEND FOR A CATALOGUE OF BOOKS,
Which will be sent free of any expense whatever to any address.
One trial will assure you, that the best place in the country to buy Books is at
GEORGE G. EVANS',
No. 439 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. III.—No. 154.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1859. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THE LATE WASHINGTON IRVING.

THE city was shocked on Tuesday last by the news that Washington Irving was no more. He had been seen at church on Sunday, and had spent the evening of Monday, as usual, with his family; at ten o'clock that evening he arose, bade his family good-night, and with the aid of his niece proceeded to his room. He was not well, and had complained all day of a pain in his side and of general languor, but there was nothing in his condition of health which justified immediate alarm. Scarcely, however, had he reached his room-door when he fell heavily to the ground. He was speedily raised and medical assistance sought, but he never spoke or moved. His spirit had fled. Thus died Washington Irving, at the age of seventy-six.

He was born in William Street, between John and Fulton streets, in the city of New York, in the year which has been rendered memorable by the peace of Versailles; so that he was, so to speak, coeval, and, among eminent men, one of the few surviving coevals, of his country. Indeed, as he was born in April, while the peace of Versailles was only signed in November, he may be said to have been older than his country.

His father was a Scotchman, a man of some means, and gave his sons a fair education. One of them, Peter, became an editor—a pretty poor business in those dark days; Washington, a youngest son, was trained for the bar. He never practiced; though, after some desultory studies, he appears to have been duly admitted to the profession. At the age of twenty-one his health gave way, and he left this country on a tour through Europe. He visited France, Italy, Holland, and Great Britain, and returned in 1806, thoroughly restored. He had, before his departure, contributed some papers, over the signature of "Jonathan Oldstyle," to the *Morning Chronicle*, his brother's paper; the popularity they obtained induced him to start a new satirical paper, in concert with J. K. Paulding and others, under the title of "Salmagundi." This publication, which was modeled on the *Spectator* and its compers, lived a year, and is still remembered by literary men.

It was in 1808 that Mr. Irving wrote the work on which his fame will rest—"Knickerbocker's History of New York." This interesting volume will be read as long as fine humor and good taste are appreciated among us. Its title has become literally a household word.—Steamboats and stages, banks and citizens have appropriated the name of Knickerbocker. At this very time one of the most popular writers of New England is writing a very pale imitation of Washington Irving's famous history. Diedrich Knickerbocker's story was not only original, it was very amusing, and grotesquely truthful in respect of manners and customs; in the form of a romance it contained numerous effective hits at reigning follies and vices, and left a picture on the mind which did no great violence to history. It is, we think, the *magnum opus* of Mr. Irving.

Its success was immediate, both in this country and abroad. In a pecuniary point of view, however, successful literatures was at that time even a poorer resource than it is at present. Mr. Irving would have made little by his triumph had it not been for his brothers, who were at that time leading merchants in the Liverpool trade. They were naturally proud of their brother, and gave him an interest in their business on condition that he was to devote himself to letters, and to take no share in the management of the house beyond drawing his proportion of the profits. Their liberality was well requited. In 1819 they failed and went to pieces; and they are best remembered, and their children most distinguished by their connection with Washington Irving.

During the war of 1812 Mr. Irving had made a brief essay of the military career. He had obtained an appointment on the staff of that eminently pacific personage, the Governor of New York, and had won the cheap title of Colonel. But it does not appear that he was ever under fire. He found himself in a more congenial element after the war, when the failure of his brothers' firm compelled him to rely on his literary resources, and "The Sketch-book" appeared. It is quite painful to read in the newspapers elaborate eulogies on the publisher Murray—who actually paid the author five hundred dollars—the sale of the work (of which he had purchased the copyright from the original owner for $1000) having exceeded his expectations. True, in this hard money-getting age, any man who pays $500 dollars over and above what he bargained deserves especial mention; but think of earning immortality and the title of a benefactor of Washington Irving for a sum which many a wealthy speculator or merchant spends for a dinner every day or two!

From the age of thirty till he was considerably over forty Mr. Irving resided in Europe, alternately in England, France, and Spain. During that period he wrote and published most of the works which his admirers now read. "Bracebridge Hall," "Tales of a Traveller," "Life of Columbus," "Conquest of Granada," "Tales of the Alhambra," etc., all appeared during this period, and, without exception, achieved remarkable success both at home and abroad. Mr. Irving was able to do what few authors can achieve at the present time; he enjoyed a copyright in England and in the United States, and with the profits of his sales in both countries was enabled to lead a life of agreeable bachelor leisure. Accident gave him the entrée of the best literary society in foreign countries. He was a friend of the Irish bard Tommy Moore, and of the Scotch Tories Campbell and Walter Scott; he also associated, on terms of close intimacy, with true and noble disciples of literature, such as Lord John Russell and Lord Brougham. His mental calibre, to tell the truth, was hardly equal to that of the great *Edinburgh Review* school; but his genial nature, his foreign birth, and his agreeable style and manners, enabled him to become a member of their coterie without being taxed toward supporting the burden they bore.

In 1832 the United States (as has since occurred) felt the necessity of imparting some respectability to their diplomatic appointments, and Washington Irving was named Secretary of Legation to London. The appointment gave offense in some quarters, as Mr. Irving was at the time much more of a foreigner in his tastes and style than an American. So just a concession to letters, however, ultimately met public approval.—While in England he received fifty-guinea prize for historical composition. He was likewise created Doctor of Laws by the University of Oxford.

In 1842 he obtained, without solicitation, the appointment to Madrid as United States Minister. This was before the Cuba excitement, and the post of Minister to Madrid was comparatively a sinecure. His tenure of office is well remembered, however, by Amer-

THE LATE WASHINGTON IRVING AT SUNNYSIDE.

lean travelers in Spain, who enjoyed his hospitalities and the delight of intercourse with so refined and genial a man.

He returned to the United States in 1848. He had previously published the acquaintance he won on the heart of the great equitable John Jacob Astor, whose dream of a Pacific Empire he had partially foreshadowed in his "Astoria." Until the death of that energetic man Mr. Irving enjoyed the closest intimacy with him. It is not easy to conceive two men more dissimilar; the one, hardheaded, practical, systematic, acquisitive; the other, romantic, superlative in his refinement, ignorant of business, and not covetous of money. Yet they were friends, and each esteemed the other, and even loved each other. At his death Astor appointed Washington Irving a trustee of his will, for Library and one of his executors, appropriating a fund out of which each executor was to have a salary of $5000 a year until their duties were discharged.

The last years of his life Mr. Irving spent peacefully and happily at his place, Sunnyside, on the Hudson. It is a charming residence, admirably fitted for the use of poetic tastes and elegant leisure. Here he wished away the evening of his life in agreeable intercourse with admiring friends, and in congenial companionship with the books he loved. In order not to be idle he wrote a "Life of Washington," which, while it can not repair the void that is felt in our literature, and does not provide us with a suitable biography of the hero of this nation, will ever remain an agreeable, pleasant book, and will be read perhaps as widely and as long as a more truly valuable and worthy work on the subject.

We can not do better than close this brief sketch with the following extracts from an account written by Mr. Tilton of a late visit to Sunnyside:

"Mr. Irving is not at all looking as one would expect who knew his age. I noticed him as in the winter of life; I found him only in its Indian summer. He came down stairs, and walked through the hall into the bookparlor, with a firm and lively step that might well have made one doubt whether he had truly attained his seventy-seventh year. He was suffering from asthma, and was muffled against the damp air with a flannel shawl, wrapped like a great loose scarf around his neck; but as he took his seat in the old arm-chair, and, despite his hoarseness and troubled chest, began so unexpectedly vivacious conversation, he made me almost forget that he was the guest of an old man long past his 'three-score years and ten.'

"His literary employments, he remarked, had always been more like entertainments than tasks.

"'Some writers,' said he, 'appear to have been independent of mood. Sir Walter Scott, for instance, had great power of writing, and could work almost at any time; so could Coleridge, with this difference: Scott always, and Coleridge seldom, wrote well. I remember,' said he, 'taking breakfast one morning with Rogers, Moore, and Crabbe; the conversation turned upon Byron's poetic moods; Crabbe said that, however it might be with Lord Byron, as for himself he could write as well one time as another. But,' said Irving, with a twinkle of humor suggesting the listener, 'Crabbe has written a great deal that nobody can read.'

"He mentioned that while living in Paris the following period without being able to write. 'I sat down repeatedly,' said he, 'with pen and paper, to avoid incurring wrath putting on the paper. At length I left Paris for Dresden, who thronged in one town, big, that now, after long waiting, I had the mood, and would hold it, and work it out as long as it would last, until I had sewing my books done. So I began to write steadily after breakfast, and continued, without noticing how the time was passing, until Moore came in again at four in the afternoon, when I had experienced exercise the table with freshly-written sheets. I kept the mood almost without interruption for six weeks.'

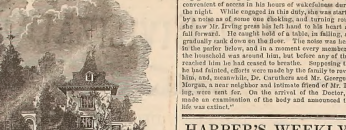
"I asked which of his books was the result of this frenzy; he replied, 'Bonnibridge Hall.'

"Some of your works,' I remarked, 'are more charming than the biography of Goldsmith.'

"'Yet that was written,' said he, 'even more rapidly than the other.' He then added:

"'When I have been engaged on a continuous work, I have often been obliged to rise in the middle of the night, light my lamp, and write an hour or two, to relieve my mind; and how that I write no more, I am sometimes compelled to get up to the same way to read.'

"Sometimes, also, as the last Idlewild letter intimated, he gets up to shave!



"'When I was in Spain,' he remarked, 'searching the old chronicles, and engaged on the Life of Columbus, I often wrote fourteen or fifteen hours out of the twenty-four.'

"He said that whenever he had forced his mind unwillingly to work the product was worthless, and he invariably threw it away and began again; 'for,' he observed, 'the essay or chapter had been the mood, and the ad est is seldom good for any thing. An author's right time to work is when his mind is aglow; when his imagination is kindled. Then are his pressure moments; but him that will exist they come, but when they have come let him not neglect them.'

"On the parlor wall hung the engraving of Faed's picture of Scott and his Contemporaries. I alluded to it as presenting a group of his former friends.

"'Yes,' said he, 'I knew every man of them but three; and now they are all gone.'

"'Are the portraits good?' I inquired.

"'Scott's head,' he replied, 'is well drawn, though the expression lacks something of Scott's force; Campbell's is tolerable; Lockhart's is the worst. Lockhart,' said he, 'was a man of very infirm temperament, but he had a more manly look than in the picture.'

"'You should write one more book,' I hinted.

"'What is that?'

"'Your reminiscences of these literary friends.'

"'Ah!' he exclaimed, 'it is too late now. I shall never take the pen again; I have so entirely given up writing, that even my letters have been unanswered. I must have rest. No more books now!'

"He referred to his work, a week before, from Mr. Wells, whose letter he had just been reading in the Home Journal.

"'I am most glad,' said he, 'that Mr. Willis remembered my request. Both he and Mr. Greeley are kind enough; they take such good care of me that really I am the most petted old bachelor in the country.' Then, with a twinkle with a merry emphasis, 'the most fortunate old bachelor in the country.'

"It was delightful to witness the animation of his manner, and to observe how appreciative, as he continued to relate how they supplied all his wants, and how his kindnesses at the right time, without troubling him to look at the clock for himself. And his face, as he looked—looked and shouted him for his morning ride, although he had for his first weather walk—and in every possible way honored him in every possible manner.

"'I call them sometimes my nieces,' he said, 'but often not my daughters.'

"As I rose to go, he brought from a corner of the room a photograph of a little girl, exhibiting it with great enthusiasm. It was a gift from a little child who had come to see him every day during his sickness. The picture was accompanied with a note, printed in large letters, with a full pencil, by the little correspondent, as she said she was too young to write! He spoke with great vivacity of the child, saying, 'Children,' said he, 'all of them, are great pets: I am very fond of the little creatures.'

"The author's study—into which I looked for a few moments by the open door—was a small room, almost entirely filled by the great writing-table and its chair. Behind it, the walls are laden with books and pictures, and before it—directly opposite every day by some delicate hand: for none of the books were tumbled into a corner, and no pamphlets were thrown upon the table. The pen, too, was laid precisely parallel to the edge of the writing-desk, exactly which only a wearingly loving keeper would persevere to maintain! Besides, there was not a speck of dust upon carpet or cushion."

A writer in the *Times* thus describes his last hours:

"During the morning of Monday he walked out to his garden, a short distance from the house, and gave some instructions to his gardener. He also gave instructions that a certain tree should be cut down, as it was shutting off a view in his library. He did not rate out during the day, but remained in the house in the enjoyment of conversing in animated, conversation, and reading. In addition to the members of his family, there were present Ebenezer Irving, the brother of the deceased, with his three daughters, and Pierre M. Irving, a nephew, with his wife, another nephew, Rev. Pierre M. Irving of New Brighton, Staten Island, the literary executor of the deceased, was also present, having accidentally come up from Staten Island that day. The evening was spent according to the proposal of Mr. Irving, and excepting an occasional reference to his difficulty of breathing, none of the party appeared more cheerful, or a more gratified sharer of the enjoyment than he. In the intervals of conversation he glanced over the pages of several books that lay on the centre-table, and the last book he is believed to have opened was Lieutenant Page's 'History of the Paraguay Expedition.' About 10½ o'clock he rose to retire, and walked to the lower of the two-story, he also ended the stairs alone to his bedroom. While upon the steps he met his nephew, Rev. Mr. Irving, coming down, holding in his hand a needle for sewing manuscript. Mr. Irving took him in a playful manner, saying: 'Why, Pierre, what are you doing with a needle?' and patted on it his cross. These were the last words he ever uttered. One of his nieces, Miss Sarah Irving, had preceded him to his room, and when he entered she was engaged in arranging his books so that they would be convenient of access in his hours of wakefulness during the night. While engaged in this duty, she was startled by a noise as if some one was choking, and turning round she saw Mr. Irving press his left hand to his heart and fall forward. He caught hold of a table in falling, and gradually sank down on the floor. The noise was heard by the parlor below, and in a moment every member of the household was around him, but before any of them reached him he had ceased to breathe. Suspecting that he had fainted, efforts were made by the family to revive him, and, meanwhile, Dr. Carruthers and Mr. George D. Morgan, a near neighbor and intimate friend of Mr. Irving, were sent for. On the arrival of the Doctor, he made an examination of the body and announced that life was extinct."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1859.

THE MEETING OF CONGRESS.

CONGRESS meets next week, and, as usual, a mass of property are unsure on the subject. Judging from the newspapers, one might fairly expect a dissolution of the Union before the end of the session. We do not look for that event quite so soon.

It is probable that the Republicans will control the House of Representatives. They do not possess a clear majority, but with the aid of a few stray Americans and Douglas Democrats they would do so, and these can be had. It seems to be supposed in some quarters in the South that the Republicans in the Opposition party will naturally lead to a ferocious attack on the vested rights of the Southern States. We confess that we do not look for any thing of the kind. It is quite likely that a large number of very severe speeches will be made against slavery by Republican members. But while Southern delegations are foaming with rage at them, the chances are that various money bills and the appropriations will be quietly passed through; after which it is likely that the Northern members will be found less uncompromising on the subject of slavery. The Slave Question will doubtless be a staple topic; but, if the honest men are not sharp, he will serve as a cover for grants of various kinds, and in the form of sectional strife Congressional rogues will reap a handsome harvest.

As to dissolution, both parties know too much for any thing of the kind. Party newspapers in both sections, seeking to curry favor with the masses by their violence, may sometimes operate about dissolving the Union; but the military force which quelled the Harper's Ferry insurrection—the United States marines—will be sufficient to keep the real disunionists in check wherever they appear. Whatever people may think, the majority of this nation are not yet at the mercy of a few country editors.

The practical questions which will be brought before Congress next session relate to the tariff and the banks. We are led to believe that the President will recommend such an alteration in the tariff as will enable him to pay off the Treasury notes, and perhaps a part of the loan which he has forced entries from officers. It is not likely that Congress will act upon any such suggestion. The revenue at present is, or ought to be, in excess of the expenditure; and it is better to pay off our debts by increasing economy than by adding to the taxes. It is also likely that the President will repeat his recommendation of a bankrupt law for banks and other corporations. We sincerely trust that something will be done on this subject. The banks, as well in this as in the sister cities (with the single exception of New Orleans), are at present administered for the stockless interest, with a short-sighted view to dividends alone. Their alternate expansion and contraction exercises an unwholesome influence, particularly at once on trade. They expand when expansion is not required by the commercial interests of the country, thereby into an insane competition with private lenders; and they contract when the commerce of the United States really requires assistance. They brought on the crisis of 1857 by their unwise policy; and since the extraordinary and illegal conduct of the banks relieved them from the penalties of a suspension of specie payments they have become still bolder and more reckless. It is now nearly clear that they are ready to force a new check on their career, and to provide a guarantee against fresh suspensions. The bankrupt law recommended by the President would attain the end desired.

These are the really momentous measures which will be brought before Congress. It remains to be seen whether the slavery discussion and the private jobs will leave room for their proper ventilation. The experience of the coming session will afford a fair test of the amount of disinterested virtue and practical patriotism which are still to be found among our public men.

WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL ADDRESS.

OUR readers are aware that a controversy, somewhat painful in some of its relations, has existed for many years with regard to the authorship of Washington's Farewell Address. We are happy to state that the question is decisively resolved, and the controversy we trust forever ended, by Mr. Horace Binney's "Inquiry into the Formation of Washington's Farewell Address" (Philadelphia, 1859, 8vo).

Whether Washington had or had not the aid of Hamilton in the preparation of the Farewell Address was a fact of little, if any, importance. But the unfortunate way in which it has been treated has given it a gravity quite apart from its intrinsic interest; for, as Mr. Binney remarks in his preface, the composition of the Address has been regarded "by some persons either as an unsupported claim on the side of Hamilton, or as an assistance which he should have reflected means to conceal forever; and by others, as a transcript by Washington, with a view to unmerciful honor, of what should had written, fundamental or guiding thoughts and all." But while the framing of the question upon the honor of these two great names is, at present, its most important feature, its decision has, besides, a definite historical value, which must come more prominently into view as the personal interests, or rather insinuations, which first suggested the "Inquiry," sink into forgetfulness.

Mr. Binney's "Inquiry" is conducted throughout with rare critical acuteness, and with a still rarer impartiality. He treats the question as a judge, not as an advocate. The dignity and elevation of his tone in stating and deciding the case, are only excelled by his tenderness and delicacy toward all the parties, dead or living, who may in any way be concerned in the solution of the question. Having under his eye documents unknown to Judge Story and Mr. Sparks, he is able to show, without in the slightest degree reflecting upon the judgment or honesty of those distinguished writers, that their conclusions necessarily partook of the imperfection of their data.

The case may be briefly summed up as follows: In 1792 Washington, intending to withdraw from office at the close of his first term, decided to make this purpose, and his grounds, in a "Farewell Address." On the 20th of May he requested Madison to prepare the paper, and suggested certain topics which, "among others," might "be observed." Mr. Madison, accordingly, drew up a brief paper, which is still in existence. Washington, however, at that time gave up his purpose of abandoning public life. Four years elapsed, he reviewed it, and, with it, the plan of an address. He framed a "draft" of such an address himself, and showed it to Alexander Hamilton, in the spring of 1796, requesting him to "review" it. On May 10th Hamilton wrote to Washington, making a copy of the draft, and stating that he had "much at leisure touched and retouched." On the 15th Washington sent it, authorizing Hamilton, if he could think it best, "even to throw the whole into a different form." On the 30th of July Hamilton sent an address, drawn up by himself, embodying all the views suggested by Washington with great care, and adopting his very words as much as possible, but giving a new and much extended plan to the paper. On the 10th August he sent back Washington's own draft, carefully revised. On the 26th Washington, after a brief delay, retained his adoption of the new draft (Hamilton's), and requesting him to "re-examine and return it as soon as possible." On the 30th of September Hamilton returned it, with a few alterations. The "Farewell Address," as now known to the world, was signed by Washington on the 17th of September, and was published on the 19th.

Mr. Binney gives the correspondence and drafts in full, with a minute and most exhaustive analysis of every part of them, so far as it bears upon the question. His conclusion is that "Washington was the originator of the original designer of the Farewell Address, not merely by general intimation, but by the suggestion of particular topics, and even of the order of topics, and of a general outline, the same which the paper now exhibits." The Address "speaks the voice" of Washington; the fundamental thoughts and principles were his; but he was not the composer or writer of the paper. . . . The new plan, the different form, proceeded from Hamilton. He put together the thoughts of Washington in a new order, and with a new bearing; and while, as often as he could, he used the words of Washington, his own language was good and effective, both of his own thoughts and for the expansion and development of Washington's thoughts. . . . But no *Jesuitism* has appeared, no new cast appear, to break or mar the image and superscription of Washington, which it bears, or to sully the principles of moral and political action in the government of a nation which are reflected from it with his entire approval, and were, in fundamental points, dictated by himself."

The public mind, we think, will rest in this conclusion. We thank Mr. Binney, not only for his calm investigation and conclusive scrutiny

ment of a question about which a needless and annoying controversy had arisen, but also for the beautiful illustrations which his book affords of the inner feelings and relations between the two wisest names in American history, Washington and Hamilton. Each knew his own worth and wisdom; but each knew still better those of the other. Where either recognized the other's superiority he leaned upon it with unqualified trust, but with no abasement of self-respect or dignity. Hamilton's cool and mind of studies made him far more the literary man; the accidents and exigencies of his life made him far more the politician than Washington ever was. Washington knew all this; and hence sought and used Hamilton's aid with the utmost freedom when ever his literary or political talent was needed in the public service. The extent to which he depended upon Hamilton in these respects is well known to all who have investigated the matter. Nothing can be more absurd than to consider the fact any disparagement to the greatest man in the history of modern time. This is to estimate Washington by a standard of which he knew nothing. As if he, whose single and lofty aim it was to shape his administration for the best good of the country, had any of the petty vanities of "literary authorship!" Hamilton's aid was rendered freely always with a just apprehension of the relations between him and his great chief, and always with the strict regard to delicacy and honor which was characteristic of his noble nature. He was a cadet in the building up of an empire, not of a literary reputation. States-men, on whose acts a nation's welfare and the world's destiny turns, have no time to thought to waste in adjusting, either for themselves or for posterity, "the credit of a composition" to which they have contributed together.

OUR TREATY WITH CHINA.

THE State Department informs us, through an authorized organ, that the United States treaty with China is all that could be wished, and that the English stories about its imperfections and omissions are false. It will be a better able to judge of the truth or falsehood of the assertion when the ratified treaty is before us. In the mean time, the letter from our envoy-correspondent, which we lay before our readers in this number, will afford every one a judge of the measure of respect and civility awarded to our representative by the government officials of China. It seems that our envoy-trymen traveled to Pekin, if not in a box, in several boxes, at imminent risk to life and limb, that if not prisoners, their reception like incoming, and their resting on the way were regulated by a Chinese official; that, at Pekin, they were practically prisoners, without any means of traveling round the city, and confined to their court-yard and square house; that, finally, Mr. Ward was permitted to present to the Emperor of China, or to approach any nearer to the ward regular diplomatic intercourse than his predecessors had done before him.

This, it must be admitted, is not very encouraging. If our neutrality is only going to secure us hauteur of the kind, it is not worth much. If, when a friendly American wants to visit the court to which he is accredited, he is to be caught in carry-whirl springs, to be hurried in vilely-smelling junks, and over vilely paved roads, at the will of a mandarin, to the Chinese capital; if there he is to be immured in a sort of a Chinese prison, and hustled out of the city as soon as a pretext for his expulsion can be found, can we venture to hope that will be the treatment of the enemies of China?

The simple fact is, the Chinese have no idea whatever of our modes of dealing, and not the faintest notion of fairness in political transactions. Commercial treaty is so grand a step not in the least appreciate the value of friendly intercourse with any foreign nation. All foreigners they despise equally; like blind men with colors, they do not care to and can not discriminate between the barbarians who seek them for purposes of trade. They have tolerated the entry of foreign vessels at their ports because experience has taught them that to exclude them would be to lose a valuable source of revenue. But foreign ships and foreign men are only just suffered at the Chinese ports because the Chinese could not help it; they can not help themselves. As to privileges beyond those which force exacts, China will grant none. Mandarins sign treaties, and, like the British treaty of 1846, do not even take the trouble to send them to Pekin; and mandarins escort embassadors to the capital, but when the latter have got there, they find that, so far as practical results are concerned, they might as well have stuck at home. Every kind of subterfuge and trick is freely used to defeat the objects of the Christian nations which seek intercourse with China. Promises, bargains, covenants, and treaties—all are professedly tendered by the Chinese, and all are equally valueless.

We still adhere to the opinion that there exists no substantial cause of war with China. We have no grievances to set forth; nothing has occurred which would justify the United States Executive in incurring the great expense of a Chinese war. But it is well that the public should bear in mind that the great problem as to the right of a nation to shut itself out from commercial intercourse with the rest of the world remains yet to be solved, not only with regard to Japan, but with China also. Mr. Ward's treaty will probably be found to be not worth the paper it is written on. Our trade with China will continue to be carried on, as heretofore, by means of British, German, until further lessons initiate the Chinese into our methods of dealing with men. We submit that, during this probationary period, decency should dictate moderation in our abuse of protectorate, the English.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE AURORA AUSTRALIS.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

UNITED STATES STEAMER "LEVIATHAN,"
PANAMA, Aug. 30, 1859.

HAVING observed in the *Weekly* of 1st October a notice of the very general appearance of a beautiful aurora Australis in the northern hemisphere about the 1st of September, I presumed you would be glad to receive from me the following notice, both as your own account, as taking an interest in everything beautiful and strange in nature, and as an event of much importance, that might confirm or limit therefrom. At about 1 A.M., September 2, the ship *Leviathan*, 2,700 tons, 400 feet long, with beautiful aurora australis was observed from the deck of this ship. In the words of the officer of the watch, who observed it, "a faint appearance, it" extended from southeast to southwest, with an height about 30 degrees, and from what I could see light, sending up rays of a paler red, until gradually the whole heavens were veiled in a cloud of fiery crimson, which continued for the remainder of the watch." The weather at the time was equally, with occasional showers of rain; had a atmosphere hazy; thermometer in air, 87°; bottometer, 79·50 inches, and rising; attd. thermometer, 72°. This is the only occasion on which we saw this beautiful phenomenon. At the watch, you will see from the log, it occurred seven nights. Was the electricity, if such it is, first gendered or evolved at the southern pole, to be drawn toward the north, and up at the zenith? one? You do not give the date upon which it was first seen at the north, but I think it must have appeared first to us. If the apparently two phenomena were really but one, how long did it take for the electricity to pass from the southern position to Quebec—a distance of ny 6000 miles? It was a year to us from the watch of 1st, September 2; when did they first see it in Quebec?

S.

THE LOUNGER.

ITINERANTS.

IT is a capital story which is told of Dr. Johnson's pronounds through Billingsgate, where he was once insulted by a woman, "Woman, you are a rascal!" "Woman, you are a nouns adjective!" "Woman, you are a pronoun substantive!" "Heavens! woman, you are a mere interjection, or even adverb."

Such pugs was never known in Billingsgate before, and the lexicographer had new illustrations of the power of words at his command.

The story is told afresh very often and very amusingly. Thus the Lyceum or lecture system, which is now one of the institutions of the country, apparently produces profound pain in the minds of many observers. The whole system is scathed by calling the lecturers hard names. They are "superficial," "crude," "indigested," "unsafe," "sensational," "pretentious," "shallow," "meretricious," "dangerous," and "infidel" people; and above all, they are strangers. The population which the lecturers inspire does not fully relieve itself until it has called them perpetrators of "humbugs" and "frauds," and "professional bids ware"— Can the imagination figure any more comprehensive epithet?

Well, there is no escaping it. They do "peddle their wares." Nobody else does, of course. Editors don't, who have columns to fill with their copy. Clergymen don't, who are regularly paid for expounding their views and doctrines. Authors don't, who have boxes of tea and bales of cotton. Lawyers don't, who sell opinions and pleas. None of these respectable people do their work. They supply a supernatural demand.

Then the lecturers are itinerants. They do travel from place to place. Nobody else does, of course. Bishops are not itinerants, nevertheless journeying from place to place. Lawyers are not, traveling the circuit. Clergymen are not, accepting calls and leaving when a richer church wishes to hear them. It is only your genuine Lyceum lecturer who is an itinerant peddler of his wares.

Itinerant, gentle Sir or Madame, means travel-ers. When the Great Teacher gave to his disciples "Go ye into all lands and preach the Gospel," he instituted itinerancy. When Ignatius Loyola instituted itinerancy, founded the Order of Jesuits, he did not forget the wisdom that had provided for the dissemination of the truth; and when John Wesley made his Methodist dissent, he organically established itinerancy. Read Mr. Milburn's book, if you want to know what itinerants of that kind are. So the English Church, in its system of Episcopal visitation, adopts another form of itinerancy; which is supported by the union of Christian sects in the missionary system to the heathen.

Let us all hope, therefore, that to be an itinerant is not necessarily to be an atheist nor a pickpocket. Let us hope that if a man has said a good or wise word in New York, he is not altogether an incendiary, a knave, and idiot, if he accepts an invitation to go to Boston or Philadelphia—to Chicago or to Lawrence—to repeat it, and be paid for his breath and labor. Why, after all, an editor who says something worth saying in his morning paper in New York (and it always is worth saying, because it is always true, and good-tempered, and humane; entirely free from personal or political bitterness, and in the least superficial, crude, speculative, or shallow)—when an editor does this he tells the saying to every hearer in Iowa and New England who chooses to buy, at the rate of three or four cents a hearer. The difference between him and a lecturer is, that he pulls his wares without seeing his customers or the country they live in.

It ought to be a great comfort to such a stay-at-home itinerant—a kind of paralyzed peripatetic—to say, "Those whom I instruct, stay at home and stay at home—that the Lyceum has been grafted on my work. They are my disciples every year, until there are left mainly the speakers who are sure to co-operate with the aforesaid stay-at-home peripatetics in the great cause of human justice and of divine truth, which are so precious to them. Surely it ought to be cause of pride, giving to the peddlers who sell their wares at home, and for their own advantage, oh no! but for the good of their fellow-men—that these people abroad are equally interested in benefiting their fellow-creatures. Many a man's living, both the stationary and traveling preachers teach the unessential truth, so it is with the newspaper and the lecturer, the author and the lecturer. The great Public is the customer of both. The people have been taught the worth of each; and if they give light, short weight, that heart will not ask whether he were itinerant or staid at home. It is priests that will be bankrupt in the respect and confidence of good men.

PALMER'S WHITE CAPTIVE.

No: it is not she, it is he who are captive Faithful, heroic, womanly character conquers in the end, and all the conquers so constantly in life. With womanly pride, half-turned—modesty, not shame—with womanly dignity, with perplexed, appealing, pathetic, incredulous eyes, and none to hope in human hands, but stands victorious in spirit, Palmer's figure of power.

This noble work of Palmer's is full of positive not negative beauty—of character. It is not a frightened fawn; it is not a woman helpless in her fate, and superior while suffering,—The womanly soul can neither be entrapt nor slain, whatever chances, and the figure shows it. The suffering, the pain, the perplexity, are all in the expression. But the soul, serenely regnant, plants the body in virgin repose, while it scans through the troubles it yet has power to change. What victory is the firm figure! What superb disdain in the shaped hand behind!

This statue is an entirely, characteristically modern work. The inspiration of Greek sculpture is ideal beauty. It is not individual, but symbolical. It is not even an individual treated as a representative of a class or of individuality, and tries to express abstract combination and perfection of qualities. But art, following the development of the Christian principle both in religion and society, finds the individual the type of the ideal. The Greek spirit is unto the least of these my little ones doeth it unto me." So this single nameless woman, borne off captive in some wild Indian raid on the frontier Wyoming valley, touches individual sympathy, and, like every individual work, has also the power and the human dignity of all women.

Page's Venus—to poetic, to lovely—is a work of the most modern, classic, historic art; and as we said that it had no sign of any date later than a three centuries ago. It is not a woman, but a goddess; an ideal embodiment of womanliness. The White Captive is an individual woman, with an individual story; not ideally perfect, but individually and characteristically beautiful. The figure has a womanly mask, not a classic abstract expression—it is sensitive with feeling. The hair is not ideally parted. Look at it: it is not evenly balanced from the middle.

Is it a fact of no meaning that neither the paintings of Leutze nor of Mr. Ames nor the sculptor of the White Captive have ever been over the sea to study classic art?

IN RE SOLDIERS.

Two books of two heroes, one very famous, the other little known, have lately been published, and as both richly deserve it, one is a life and the other an epistle: the Life of General Jackson, by James Parton, whose Life of Burr is, doubtless, the most successful biography ever published in this country; and Twelve Years of a Soldier's Life in India.

Now a mere soldier is not a very high type of man. He is a good man whom the higher attributes reinforce the lower. Foresight, calmness, intellectual superiority, and power state themselves to make the animal qualities available. A good soldier is a gun multiplied by human intelligence and moral force. Strategic genius is the skillful application of intellectual power to the most absolute physical coercion of men. It may operate by means of moral impressions, as where a line of battle is no displayed or fortifications are so constructed that the enemy is conquered before a blow is struck or a life lost. But the end is the same. The result is not wrought by reason. It is the victory of a cat over a mouse. It is not a victory like that of Columbus, or Galileo, or Jenner.

This conviction is the secret of our popular satisfaction with Washington. His military success was episodical. He was not a soldier, merely or essentially. His soldiering, in fact, does not seem to have been so much a special military endowment as the application of ordinary good sense to war; which is not always true of great soldiers or fighters. It certainly was not of Nelson, nor of Wellington. Nor was it of Alexander the Great, or Hannibal, or Napoleon. For the empires of these men were only permanent camps. They appeared always at the head of troops in the insignia of Generals. Their civic administrations were merely the arts of military principles.

Hence none of them lasted. And Rome did not last. And Napoleon ever will, where a military chief or class becomes absolute ruler. For the principle of human progression must always be the intellectual subjection of the lower traits to the higher, and not the assistance of them by the higher.

TWO HEROES.

THE preceding thoughts are suggested by the life of any military man however disinterested and able. Among such in our later history as one was more conspicuous or received a greater popularity than Andrew Jackson. Upon the character and claims of no man in our history were opinions more diversely divided than upon his. He was either a brute, a madman, and a fool, or he was gifted with the most profound political sagacity and industrious energy. If a man believed in the United States Bank, General Jackson was a villain and a despot. If he were opposed to a bank, Jackson was a statesman and patriot.

The din and dust of the great Jackson debate have gradually passed away in the discussion of graver questions. But the truth is that a remarkable figure of our history is hardly less fresh in the mists of the past than it was, when for the first volume is issued, bringing the memoir down to the year 1824, just before the battle of New Orleans, is the more valuable because so much men have not been altogether fortunate in their biographical representations. Still living is there was no very satisfactory life of Washington. There is not now any Marshall. Mr. Parton writes the story of Jefferson with almost too much fervor. Mr. Rives's "Madison" does not serve the purpose. Mr. Sparks's Life and Works of his grandfather is invaluable as a repository of revolutionary and early political lore, but it is a cyclopedia.

If we may judge from the first large, fair volume of the "Life of Andrew Jackson," Mr. Parton is doing his work with an impartiality, completeness, fidelity, and fascination of narration, which will make it the standard work of the intelligent reader and satisfactory to the political student. The subject is full of romantic and picturesque incident. The author's treatment of it is adapted to set to the material skillfully, yet with perfect honesty, without inventing nor coloring. He has not made up his mind in advance that Jackson was a hero, and so gives a heroic aspect to every thing he did or did. But he tells the evidence before us, carefully sifted, justly relying upon the intrinsic value of the facts, and leaves every reader to judge for himself. This candor is a rare charm in biographical treatment. The principle is simply moral honesty. It is only to be that, if a man's life is worth writing at all, it is because the man was deserving of writing about.

The story of Jackson's childhood and early border life is lawyering in Tennessee; his marriage; his Dickinson duel; his "Hero" to the Creek war; and the march into Florida and Louisiana, is the substance of the first volume. The narration is flowing and charming. We confess that we read the whole in two prolonged sittings. The image left upon the mind is that of a strong, irascible, willful man; born for the border; aggressive, unbalanced; his impulses sometimes with prudence; ignorant, but of strong good sense; all of these qualities making him an admirable partisan, Indian soldier, but without that personal magnetism which we call geniality; and thus far in the story we see evidence of no higher quality than executive, not yet of political administrative, talent.

As he advances, Mr. Parton will tread more dangerous and delicate ground, but there need be no fear that he will fail.

The other work is a collection of letters written by Major Malcolm, of English descent, chiefly during the Sikh and Sepoy wars. Major Hodson was the man who captured the King of Delhi, and who shot his sons before his face. He was brave. He was a Reggby boy, and an Oxonian; and as a soldier he was certainly an ever fought. He fights and dashes across the field like a Paladin, like a Murat; the very incarnation of British pluck. Faithful, generous, affectionate, fearless, he states are by far the best history of the war, and a living picture of the best kind of English soldier. They also show the miserable military system of England, which would have inevitably lost India, except for the individual valor of the Englishmen, who had to fight not only with the Sepoys but with the grandees of their own army.

Mr. Hughes in an introduction, and the Reverend brother of Major Hodson, who edits the book, speak in a good deal of the Christian character. Now that a man is not necessarily inhuman because he is a soldier is true, but that because he is a brave man, thwacking and hacking and shooting right and left, for the honor of England and the supremacy of British arms, he is a generous fellow, also, that he is therefore a "Christian" soldier, does not so plainly appear. He is a civilized man, instead of a barbarian, fighting. But he tries just as hard as the barbarian to slay and dissolve. What is the "Christian" part of the killing and wounding?

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—A Fanatic. In Spanish the word Quixote is pronounced Kosheety. In English it is pronounced as it is spelled.

—The name "Mrs. Grundy" is taken from a farce in which Elston used to play, and in which there is the same common reference to her opinion which is observed in another farce in which we all play.

THE AMERICAN MINISTER STARTING FOR PEKIN.—[FROM A SKETCH BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

MR. WARD AT PEKIN.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

PEKIN, *July* 23, 1859.

A MONTH since, while anchored off the Pei-ho River, in the *Powhatan*, I sent you an illustrated account of the battle of the Pei-ho. At that time we saw no prospect of either us or the English reaching this city, but fortune favored "the star-spangled banner," and smiles upon us now as we "live and move and have our being" in the great capital of the great empire of the world. We arrived yesterday; and I am now writing this letter from our comfortable quarters in the eastern section of "the old city," knowing that it will be one of the few accounts ever cast upon the sea of Western literature from this secluded and seldom visited centre of Chinese power. It is something unusual to be able to say, "I am writing a letter from Pekin," and should the reader be disappointed, as the writer has been, he must take this fact into consideration. I am simply anxious to show what we ourselves have seen—to show Pekin *as it really is*, so far as our limited means for observation enable me to.

Ours is the third party speaking English that has ever visited this place. In 1793 an English embassy, headed by Lord Macartney, the Governor-General of India, was received; and in 1816 a second, in charge of Lord Amherst, followed. Now, in 1859, comes an *American* embassy, headed by the Hon. John E. Ward, of Georgia.

The morning of the 20th instant saw us land at Pei-tang, where we were received with all honor by our escort, and where we saw thirty covered carts for our individual transportation, and about half the number of wagons for that of our baggage. Though having just breakfasted before leaving the *Toey-wan*,* we were now confronted

* The *Powhatan*, drawing too much water, had been left at anchor, ten or twelve miles away, the day before, and we had come in in the chartered steamer.

into a comfortable and airy room, where refreshments in the shape of tea and cakes were pressed upon us, and where we asked questions relating to our journey while the baggage was being transferred to the wagons. We started finally at 7.20 A.M.; cool weather, overcast sky, and a strong breeze blowing from the southeast. Had it not been for this overcast weather I do not know what we should have done in the strong and well-built, but miserably uncomfortable covered carts, drawn by two mules, and insanely termed "chariots," through some unnatural distortion of Chinese perception. Before getting into "chariot No. 10," which had been especially designated as the one to do the jolting for my particular self, I stopped to admire (?) it. And I want the reader to do the same thing now. Here it stands, body, wheels, the number on the shaft in both Chinese and English, shafts, mules, and thin celestial driver, en masse. Being of such uncomfortably simple construction, the artist has been able to produce a most truthful sketch.

Now the reader will observe that this "chariot," though unquestionably classical in this respect, is entirely innocent of springs. He will further observe that the iron perimeters of the wheels are roughed with the heads of iron spikes, and that altogether it has a look suggestive of violent jolts, exclamations of pain, and unavailing efforts to protect one's bones by "holding on." Especially is this the case when one finds himself in company with such a vehicle at the wrong end of a very rough road, forty-five miles long, about as many broad, and from one to two feet deep. In short, when he sees an indefinite plain of mud extending out before him, over which he is to drive in search of the smoothest and most solid footing. I looked at this vehicle, reader, as you are now looking at it, and, in the words of the modern novelist, "looking I shuddered." I "shuddered" at its polished frame of hard and unyielding oak, at its cushionless and mattressless bottom, at the right-angles and sharp corners of the interior, and at its generally *solid and unspringy tout ensemble*. Satisfied upon all of these points, I stopped "shuddering," and rubbed my own angles and corners, and wondered how black and blue they would all be the next morning. I don't know how long I might have looked at it in this way had I not been observed by my friend the Captain of Marines, with the accompanying exclamation:

"Come, No. 10, tumble in, and let No. 11 drive up!"

So I "tumbled in," and No. 11 drove up and received my suggestive friend, who did not seem more ready to "tumble in" than I had been. He was assisted in turn, however, by No. 12, who was subsequently indebted to No. 13 for a similar service; and so on down the entire line. The reader will observe that, like a certain class of society who are indebted to governments for shelter, food, raiment, and employment, we were dropping our names, and becoming known by our numbers. And indeed, from present appearances, we are living treated much more like favored prisoners than honored guests, as it is now nearly forty-eight hours since we have been confined to our walled residence. But to return to my narrative.

Fortunately some of us had ridden in these "chariots" before, and though taking it for granted that they would be well cushioned for so long a journey, we had nevertheless provided ourselves with pillows, blankets, etc., lest said cushions should prove thin. And now, as I look back to that ride, I feel confident that those articles stood between me and a violent death by jolting, and I shall always hereafter entertain a profound respect for blankets, pillows, and pea-jackets.

As the reader can see no door to this vehicle, he may perhaps be curious as to the mode of entering it. This was accomplished by an exercise of agility, which seated one upon the shaft, just over the number, with his legs hanging down, and with his back toward that of the chariot. Then said legs had to be lifted up until parallel with the shafts, thus producing a right-angle triangle with our bodies. Then using the *point* thus created as a pivot, we had to twist, and squirm, and lift ourselves from the floor by both hands, and strike our heads against the low roof, and resort to a great many other contortions of the body, while navigating backward to the friendly pillows. Of course most of these feats had to be gone over again when we got out; and this fact tended, in a great measure, to induce us to remain inside. After we had thus backed into our holes, our respective charioteers became agile in turn, ensconced themselves upon two-thirds of the front, and thus most effectually kept out all pure air, as well as two-thirds of the view. The Chinese, as a nation, are not remarkable for cleanliness of either person or habits, and experience has lately shown us that Chinese charioteers are not superior to the mass of their countrymen in this respect. The particular gentleman who had "No. 10" marked upon his vehicle was any thing but a pleasant neighbor. That delicate vegetable known to the Romans under the family name of "allium," and to market-women of the present day as "garlic," evidently answered largely into the composition of his food, and, indeed, constituted his entire diet, could one judge from the nature of the atmosphere which constantly surrounded him. The bowl of a very ancient pipe, projecting from the waist of his dark-colored trowsers, added variety to the prevailing scent, and, with said trowsers, constituted his attire. As regarded cold water in connection with his appearance, perhaps possibly he might have been kicked from his seat into a mud-puddle many years back, when first learning to drive, but he

THE VOYAGE ON THE RIVER.—[FROM A SKETCH BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

SPECIMEN OF CHINESE COUNTRY CARTS.—[FROM A SKETCH BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

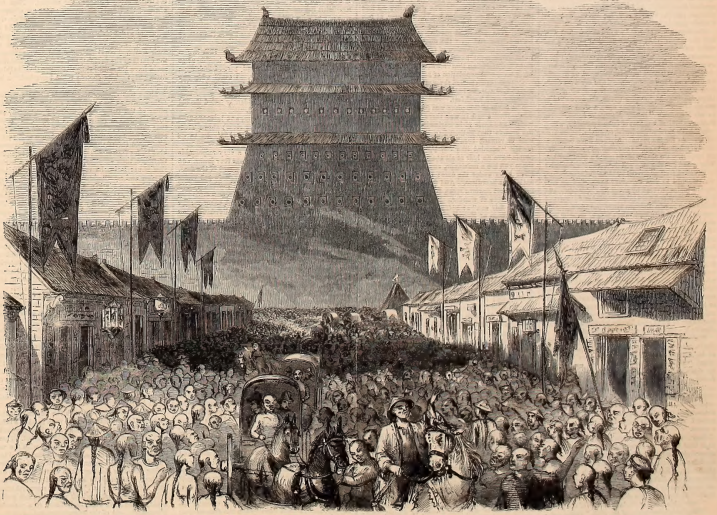
had certainly since that period conceived an insurmountable repugnance to every thing resembling that fluid. I think if I now had it in my power to repay him for all the unnecessary jolting to which he subjected me—through a chronic habit of falling asleep—I should put him daily under a shower of the most pure Croton. As it is, I am a Mexican dollar and a vast amount of pantomimic conversation out of pocket—money and gesticulation vainly expended in the hope of creating a feeling of gratitude which should keep him awake and steer "the chariot" over the smoothest roads.

And thus we started. Thirty or forty chariots in a string, dozens of mandarins capering up and down the line upon their ungroomed horses, baggage wagons bringing up the rear, and every other "leader" kicking up and facing in the opposite direction instead of going ahead. Charioteers using their long whips freely, victims being thrown up, down, backward, forward, to the right, and to the left; mud and muddy water flying, and the wind blowing half a gale. "Go it while you are young!" Were we not coming to Pekin?

As we were thus jolted out of Pei-tsang we looked ahead as far as the eye could reach in a northwesterly direction, and saw nothing but one extended plain of mud, profusely sprinkled with pools of rain-water and conical piles of whitened mud. There was not even a blade of grass springing from this extensive and level surface of blue mud, nor could the strongest eye reach a tree or house between us and the distant horizon. It was all mud, nothing but blue mud, excepting in the case of "the whitened piles," which had themselves originally been blue, but which were then bleached by the wind and sun.

Four hours passed heavily enough, and brought us in sight of the village of Kenn-Laung, where we were to dine and remain overnight to await the arrival of the more heavily ladened baggage wagons.

Arrived within hail of the stone entrance to the outer court of one of the houses of the village, where the chief mandarins of our escort were awaiting to chin-chin us at the moment of our arrival, we floundered through a heavy slough that covered the holes, and ended the journey by pulling up with a jerk upon the first dry pieces of ground that we had passed for some time. It seemed that "our escort" had taken care to retain for themselves the fastest teams, and thus was one or more of them always enabled to be in advance and pre-



MR. WARD AND HIS SUITE AT THE GATE OF PEKIN.—[FROM A SKETCH BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

sent us familiar faces upon our arrival at the different stopping-places. In other words, some of them always acted the part of the "avant-courier"—clearing the track, and seeing that things generally were properly cared for.

With pain of limb, but pleasure of mind, we exerted ourselves and stood upon the dry ground. Of course the next thing to be done was to "shake ourselves," after which we returned the chin-chining of our escort, and passed through a long-flagged passage-way, leading to a roomy wooden house that had been prepared for us. This passage-way carried us through a door of solid wooden planks into a square court-yard, around which the house was built in the shape of a quadrangle, and overhead, which served as the awning-covering, was tented a mat awning which kept out the sun perfectly without in the least interfering with the ventilation. Under the cool shade of this elevated awning we found several tables covered with iced water-melons, and surrounded by attendants, under or still-backed arm-chairs, it is true, but finely made, and highly polished, and very comfortable, and looking as if they might last a hundred years. Opening into this court were several short hastily into cleanly-swept rooms, since the halves of which were occupied by raised platforms upon which were spread sparkling clean—looking mats, the first egress our bedding upon these, and then, against the advice of the surgeon, but following the lead of his assistant, marched gallantly—for the attack of the iced melons.

"What have you all digged your bath for?" queried a voice. "We can't be going to stay here all night! It's not worth it!"

"Of course we are!" replied a bruised one; "do you suppose we have not had jolting enough for one day?"

And so we remained at Koun-Leang-Ching until the next morning.

Koun-Leang-Ching, when translated into a decent language, reads, "The depôt where provisions are stored for the Army," but I could not learn that there were any then on hand, or indeed that there were any provisions in which to store them when there were. Its dwellings were built of a mixture of mud and straw, some of them boasting stone or brick foundations, and all having a mean and cool and excessively filthy. A vermin-covered population—second in its century—of perhaps two thousand manages to witness the decay of a half-ruined temple to Buddha.

Between the iced melons and dinner several of us took a walk through some of the more pretending streets. In no one of the "it was bounsand" in the shape of half-clothed men, nude boys, and in the distance, barrickade-looking objects that were said to be cannon. Not a splendid sight to the well-formed, graceful, and well-dressed woman! What a beautiful sight it was to the unsophisticated! with her white cap, outspread Bible, and gold spectacles moistened by the Christian's tear! But how revolting it was to man who has come to look upon man in both moral and physical deformity; a life-long stranger to cold water, and a piece of soap which must be carefully watched by its owner to guard against deception. Add a large bag of rags to this picture, and the woman of China—and Koun-Leang-Ching—stands before us.

Having spoken of what we did see, I must now tell the reader what we did not see. We did not see at Koun-Leang a single scowling or, indeed, unpleasant face. And when this statement is made, I feel well observe that all the people through whom we have since passed have looked upon us precisely as I once saw the country people of my own State look upon a very small pony mounted by a very large monkey, or, in other words, they looked upon us as New Yorkers once upon a time crowded to see Barnum's "Rocky Mountain Goats." My feeling exhibited but that of *intense curiosity*, which might have proved good-will, or, again, innate hostility. As for the inhabitants, they are the most cool ed every means to add to our comfort and to render us respect. As they wish to make a favorable "first" ward, and get him between them and the English?

Recalled from our walk by the signal for dinner, we returned to find ourselves comfortably seated at square tables covered by small towels, saucers, and plates, upon which were piled several dozen of every of fruits of seventeen different kinds, but among which was to be seen nothing in the shape of meat or vegetables. This was rather chilling to the appetite of men who had travelled several hours back upon food rendered unpalatable, but was consigned to the arrival of at least seventeen other bowls, saucers, and plates of "the substantial." Every delicacy known to the Chinese gourmand, and it is an even separate vessel, steamed before us, and "chopsticks" were placed by the two-pronged ivory forks to tempt us to feats of daring. I wish it understood that I am the only one who can, even after long practice, handle these instruments without endangering the purity of white trousers, and this I advance as a reason for my having ordained the slim fork with my left thumb and forefinger.

While we were thus amusing ourselves, a mandarin, wearing an opaque white ball upon the top of his cool straw-hat, approached us with the usual "chin-chin," and gave us to understand by signs that it would please him to see us eating faster.

"John," I replied, "if we are doing our best, old luck. You must know that there is a limit to the capacity of the Anglo-Saxon stomach, and if you not conceal more than a gallon each, and there are several more gallons here than there are rooms."

Now, as this was all spoken in English, it is probable that he did not comprehend perfectly; but he nevertheless replied. And he replied by striking his left palm with his right fist and ejaculating emphatically, "Kil-oh-kew!" after which he pointed to a particular dish and said, "How! how!" which we subsequently learned was expressive of "Good! good!" in the mandarin dialect.

"That's his name!" exclaimed one of the party.

"Maybe it's the name of the dish," suggested a second, as he assailed it with fork and fingers.

"Why, it is *beef*!" he exclaimed after tasting it. "Who would have recognized it?"

"Kil-oh-kew!" repeated our friend, making a second dive into the left palm and then chin-chining violently. He had, evidently, discovered that its nature was known, and was circumcomprehended the meaning of the exclamation, "Kil-oh-kew!" They had killed an ox for our express benefit, and that was the nearest he could approach the pronunciation.

"Kil-oh-kew!" and his "Kill-o-kew!" suggested the explorer into the unknown dish. And Kil-oh-kew it was! The very pleasant mandarin officials have learned the joke, appreciate it, and speak of him as "Kil-oh-kew." And I will add here that I have very pleasant feelings in the previous to making our acquaintance he was known to his friends as "Kil-oh-kew," and during the journey came quite in keeping with his vivacity of disposition. He made himself quite agreeable during the journey, but his chief duties were of a nature that indeed we have not seen a single member of our escort make our acquaintance. We have made ourselves by getting off the familiar expression at irregular intervals, and striking his left palm with a force which would result in a broken wrist if he struck with he would point to some object and exclaim, "Name?" and in this way he picked up a good many words. Kill-o-kew also gave many evidences of being a wag—a Chinese wag. He was to be known by the twinkle of his left eye, by his jovial and swaggering air, by the manner in which he created fun at the expense of the "outside barbarians," and by the matter-of-course air with which this fun was received by his superiors in authority.

That night we slept very well at Koun-Leang, but got up at daylight with very sore bones. We had accomplished fifty miles over the hilly country, and were now met by a light breakfast and the information that we had thirty miles (or ninety li) before us for the second day's ride. Our only tough old chaplain, who weighs perhaps two hundred and fifty pounds, and who has been carefully protected by his *natural pillows* from the jolting of the first fifteen miles, now looked grave and rubbed his "natural pillows" with an ominous hand.

"Do you think you can see no safely through the day?" he inquired very wistfully. But the chaplain's eyes looked upon him with malignant gaze, and, for the first time in my life, I experienced a desire to see a missionary made more than usually sore and thirty-eight. Breakfast over, we again started.

Our road was a succession of mountain-passes, all of which began to be suddenly and profusely sprinkled with towns, villages, trees, fields, and gardens. So we thought at the time, and supposed, here, however, to be seen, each farmer's lot seeming to be separated and surrounded generally by a simple ridge of raised earth—in one sense more than a foot in height. Cattle were also seen browsing upon the native and thick grass of the mountain-sides and tracts, and we wondered that they did not cross the low ridges and trample down the crops which they stood. Certainly the fact of their fore and hind, legs, on one side, being hobbled together could not be considered a reason why they should not, if they received their education." The day before we had seen no cattle at all upon the hills, and at the same time, we counted no less than ten settlements in a day.

The talk had seemed to have ended at Koun-Leang, and the one hope entertained was that the extensive cultivation of China began to unfold itself. We were now to see the thickly-settled towns and villages during that ride of thirty miles, boasting of a conquered population of a million.

Our road often passed through these settlements, and at 2.30 A.M. we halted in one of the larger ones for the purpose of breakfast.

The name of this place was Si-Ti-To or Western Back Head; and it was there that we first saw women and little girls tolerably unveiled among the crowds that gathered to see us. It may be well to remark that the "Western Barbarians" were mostly "bearded like the Pard," whereas those of China have no hair at all about the face. Sometimes you see a mustache, but rarely; the hair, including hairs under the ears; but the Chinese as a barbarous race, and as the only race in the barbarian lists of most Eastern races, I believe—hence one of their sources of pride—that, though we now many "the fair sex" at Si-Ti-To, we have not seen precisely those of Koun-Leang that I shall say no more about them. The village was surrounded by the first females who had approached us within reach of a sculptor's chisel. We took very good care to keep them at that distance, for, indeed, I think their distance was necessary to lend enchantment to the view.

Having devoted an hour to breakfast, we resumed our journey, and continued on the journey. At times we passed through long avenues of people, and at "cross-roads" they collected in groups, and stood upon tiptoe to see us with childish curiosity. Villages gave forth their entire population, and hundreds, with great gravity, put their hoes and farm-tools to get a closer view of "The Barbarians" who were going to see the Emperor." Mothers held their children in their arms, and pointed the hands out those in front, and fathers led little daughters by either hand to guard them in case of sudden pressure.

Among other things which I saw to admire, during the day, were the "Chinese Wheelbarrow" and the "Chinese Sedan."

Any jolly Yankee wheelbarrow might be repaired

* Most of their dishes were in the shape of stews, indeed, almost as thin as soups, and many were made up of a dozen different things. It was often quite impossible to say what they were, so undetermined was their general appearance. In consequence of this, several of our party confined themselves to candied fruits, some of which were superior to any thing of the kind that we can boast. Others, again, found "the substantials" quite inviting. I don't think I ever relished any thing more than a stew of shanks' feet, hicks-de-mer, or trigang, mushrooms, etc. What gathered in this way, the shanks' feet resemble gelatine both in taste and appearance.

by the farmer himself with rough tools and without application to a wheel-wright. The wagons in Yorick, or rather on which, our baggage was transported were not unlike these—"sit-pour" being at hand to protect their bush in case of a shower.

At 11 P.M. we had accomplished three-fourths of our journey, and arrived within five miles of the then town of Machi-tang, Pei-tang, and Sitang, situated upon the banks of the Pei-ho River, twelve miles above Tein-tsing, and terminating our chief journey. Before reaching Machi-tang, however, we were destined to a parting benefit of lighting, at the conclusion of which the surgeon remarked, emphatically, that a man not only runs the risk of breaking an arm, but also of having his head broken. This was probably owing to the fact that the road was yet to come—that between the end of our river navigation and Peking. As already observed, we could see Machi-tang ahead, and even the masts of the junks which were to convey us to the mouth of the Pei-ho River; but we could also see miles of axle-deep mud, which here and there with pools of water, and painful experience had told us we were upon what was "the bottom" under such a surface. We were therefore prepared for a "spill," and were under no nothing over which we might stumble. We braced ourselves against the sides, entered the low with a crack of the whip of "Ta! ha! ta!" at the leader, plowed through a few yards of it, and—landed.

Reader, were you ever stuck in a bog—in a Chinese bog? If you have never been, I would not advise you to come to China for the sake of it; but—or rather how it smells. I took advantage of the momentary pause to light a cigar and make the following note:

"Time, 1 P.M. Fast in a slough—extent undetermined. Other chariots equally stuck. Town in the distance. Various 'leaders' bawling in the wrong direction. Coolies in requisition, and prospects generally dismal. Retire behind a cigar."

"Come, John! This will not do, my unwashed friend! Look to the leader another touch."

Now I do not suppose that "John" comprehended me exactly, but he evidently opened a communication with the after-extremity of the animal indicated, causing him to kick very high several times, and then, after a relatively severe kick, threw himself forward, however, by the whip of charioteer. The mud flew, the chariot lurched, and made every thing snap, and jerked the cart bodily from a new object which was perhaps smaller than a four bushel.

Reader, you have not again with a Chinese bog. In the first place, my mouth and eyes were peppered, and with such force as to have disqualified me for kicking up. In the second place, my head and left arm were nearly broken by the bound of the chariot. And, thirdly, we were thrown without limit during the several minutes required to settle us into a wide, deep, and very unpleasant mud-hole like a jelly. I came out of that slough with an ambition that expired to even greater things than to comfortable. I intend to own a pair of Chinese vehicle profusely cushioned with sir-bags, should I ever be favored by a return to that out of China. But the most enraged individual of the party was our usually mild and amiable chaplain.

"What's the matter, Mr. Chaplain, Mr.?" asked the Minister, as he loomed over the side of the junk.

"Sir, I do not know *how to reply!* It is barbarous to subject poor mortals to such treatments as this. Sir, I am exhausted, Sir. I am—I am as an ample cause *for war*. I could whip any Chinese Emperors between this and Pekin, Sir. Ough! Oh my!"

Nature's pulleys" had evidently failed the old gentleman in the hour of need.

Upon reaching Ma-chi-tang, and learning that we were twelve miles (by the river) above Tein-tsing, we repaired on board of the junks in an pleasant humor.

The following night we did a very respectable amount of sleeping on board of our four junks, and at 5 A.M. we commenced our journey down the river. It was the signal calling all hands to get under way. Altogether, our party and escort required about fifteen hundred boats, and a crew of over a hundred trackers and sailors to get them up the river. The whole scene of confusion attending the moving of so large a Chinese party can scarcely be imagined. The reader may have been shown by the police and hotels at home; and he may see playthings in comparison with these—twenty-five hundred boats, each of which was about a diameter, belabored by twenty-six arms long used to extracting the greatest possible amount of noise; and every boat, also, aided the shouts (or rather shouts) of two hundred men, the falling of poles, and the tossing of every other day of the three towns, it amounted to distraction. We have since learned that much of the gong belaboring was owing to the fact that each grand people, and therefore advise any other "grand people" contemplating a visit to China to do likewise.

There is no *tide* as high up as Ma-chi-tang, the current always running toward the sea, with a more velocity at night than in the hour; it was consequently all up-hill work for the trackers, though the river was sufficiently wide to allow that which the boatman always spread our single sails. These "sprays" are a singular class, and follow a life which must be a terrible tax upon the constitution. I have seen them wading through waist-deep mud for hours at a time, and then, at a single bound, down in their wet clothes (when they boasted any) to another simple meal of boiled millet and salt fish, after which they would stretch back on the hot tracking line and plunges through more mud and water. We could not but pity them, and took care that they had a dollar each at the end of the trip, in addition to their "thirty cents per day and food" which they received from the Government. Owning, possibly, to the life being such a trying one, the demand for their services often exceeds the supply, and in such cases (when the Government is not absent) any and every one is forced into the traces until the desired number is obtained. It was our fortune to witness more than one of these scenes of impressment. We had but thirteen of them during the previous night by desertion, and as the river was growing more rapid as we ascended it, it became necessary not only to fill their places, but to add still further to the number. When we were about to start again after their dinner, therefore, several disguised policemen mixed among the curious crowd that we had, as usual, assembled on the bank, and at a preconcerted signal pounced down upon their victims. How many hooks. You never saw such a sudden and general stillness as that which ensued—not even at the turning-point of a "spill." The trackers were hawling upon the upon the decks of the junks, looking about for excitement and noise, could not imagine why the entire crowd took so suddenly to their heels, whether to run to their villages as if for dear life; but we were soon enlightened by seeing a dozen or more unoffending, built countrymen led passively up to the line and "hooked on."

If the reader will examine the construction of these junks he will readily see how comfortable we could quarter so large a number, and indeed we had nothing to complain of. We had both bedrooms and a saloon, our own bed and table furniture, and our own cooks and boys. Then our cabin was a model of darkness, whose sole business it was to furnish the expedition with provisions, supplied and cooked with every delicacy along the route—clear ice and tender spring-chickens not excepted—and the same attentions are being kept up by the servants.

For all these supplies they *offer no payment*; but we have reason to believe that they receive no pay-ing at the end of the trip, or as soon as the trusties is exchanged.

Traveling only by daylight, we occupied five days in accomplishing the one hundred and thirty miles between Ma-chi-tang and Tein-tsing; but the quiet of that five days was a glorious contrast with our "jolting" sufferings. We literally turned our backs upon every thing like a disturbance. We found the river very winding, often tracking for several hours due west or to that southeast, and for a narrow neck of land from our starting-point—perhaps a mile—we reached after hours of labor.

I suppose we must have passed at least a hundred towns and villages between Ma-chi-Tsang and Tein-tsing, but most of the inhabitants of which, of course, lined the banks to admire (?) us as we passed. The same occasions we noticed that all of the lower orders were dressed in suits of brown and blue sack-jackets, while merchants and others were very tastefully clad in silks and satins—each reaching nearly to the ankle. The dress of the boatmen was generally of silk or brown grass cloth, and those of children were of *gorgeous pieces provided by nature*. Many of the women had their heads fancifully dressed, and their hair, which I thought—decorated with flowers, and some of the young girls and children were dressed in flowing trousers of pink cotton and white petticoats, the latter articles resembling a morning wrapper cut off below the hips. This costume, I noticed, was worn by the little creatures set pleasantly with the everlasting blue and white, evidently much soiled, of the manner. Nine out of ten of the children that came under our observation were victims to the miserable custom of cramping the feet during young. The pain it produced the hearts of the first father and mother when they could have endured any thing rather than the helpless little girls? The custom must have had "a beginning."

There was another remarkable Chinese custom —they have so many curious customs—which attracter of the party unfortunately—myself, and which looked a little serious at first. It seems that they always turn incense to their god, Joh, over the bow of their boats, and hence that part is considered sacred; they will not even expectorate over it, for fear of offending the deity. Imagine, therefore, their surprise and horror to see a barbarian stuse it in the most (to the Chinese mind) irreverent and sacrilegious manner. The pipe was often lifted up his hands, rolled his eyes, raised a most fearful ejaculatory, and danced on the prefixed spot as if possessed by a thousand devils. The whole crew became almost alarmed—and stopped their work, as if expecting retribution direct from their insulted god. Our offending friend gazed in ignorant wonder at his demonstrations of tendons storm, saw that some act of his must have raised it, and exhorted harder than ever. The Minister took interpreter, attended by the captain's nephew and by the confused sound of many voices, hastened to the spot, fearful of some awful curse or visit, and hurriedly inquired as to the cause.

"He has profaned the abode of Joh! The best will be avenged in the form of a fever! He shall all perish!" exclaimed the old man, during a pause in his dance.

With happy judgment and tact an interpreter saw through the difficulty, and sympathized with the horrified crew, and said, "Joh is a fool! He said, in conclusion, 'here! take four dollars, and buy a pig and a fowl and incense and a joss for your god!' The dance at once ceased, the old captain smiled, the boatmen laughed, and an unlimited amount of paper was immediately procured, and then the pronounced appeased, and things resumed their ordinary course.

We had an adventure with the populace which reminds of the riflemen. We were passing a large town, and, as usual, the banks as well as the junks between us and them were densely crowded. There was a party of negro-glisten on board, with the use of which one of our boatmen—poetically dubbed "Cockey"—had become familiar. This fellow seeing one of us looking at the crowd through one of them, exclaimed, in an alarmed voice, "Look out! they'll shoot you!" At which a general stampede came off, during which more than one unfortunate must have been assimilated to a pancake. Fortunately, one of the interpreters was on deck at the moment, who incontinently pitched into Master Cockey's upon the spot, and this, combined with the

excessive merriment of a small son of the captain, notified them of the sell" to which they had been subjected. Whereupon they laughed, pancakes and all, and again crowded toward us.

Speaking of Master Cockeye reminds me that he was a very well-fed and well-natured fellow, notwithstanding his practical jokes, his natural deformity, his consequent ugliness, and his invariable silence. Upon being questioned as to the nature of his particular duties, he replied that he pulled up the fish-traps, took a mouth to stand upon the bows of his boat with a long pole in his hand, to keep her in deep water, to cry out to the trackers when they were about enough to bear her weight, to beat the gong when they were too far, to lead the song when the boatmen were poling, and to exercise a general supervision over the different parts of the junk; and it must be confessed that, though a Pagan, he did his duty with diligence. As to his distorted eye which had first discovered the great inland sea of Mr. Josh, and it was his screeching voice which had raised the cry of "Land," when he was riding gracefully (?), after the manner of Lucretia upon a balcony, only "a little more so," upon the end of his twenty-foot pole, to breast the junk away from inland water, or else attacking the gong or screaming at the top of his voice, "Ah-ah-ah! lo-lo-lo-a!" (Pull away! pull away!) And this cry reminded us strongly that part of the duty of every man at the moment of parting company with a favorite book, is to write some remarks imagining something of that sort happening to him.

Much has been written by travelers regarding the great extent and destitution of the interior of China. During our passage to this place we have seen but four small cities of from ten to twelve thousand people each, and no towns, or villages, or hamlets, or houses, or men, women, and children, or even a single hut, or cabin, or shanty, or "shebang," by the way, as we have been told, that we have ever met with. Now we feel ashamed of having paid "twelve dollars the thousand" for the Manilla cheroots which we had after throwing away the pouch. They ran pointfully, tumbled over each other, and cried, "A policeman this way!" picked up the money and divided it among them. Perhaps I was mistaken, but it seemed as if the crew generally participated in the outlay as a very unnecessary expenditure of funds.

We were received at Tsong-chan by a grand illumination, the reflection of which, in our entire escort on board of "Junk No. 1," to congratulate the Minister upon our safe arrival, had a very magical exchange of compliments, Master Tung, the head mandarin, observed that heaven had so far smiled upon our voyage, and that it was to be hoped it would please us to continue the journey in the morning, *chorus* would like to sing.

"*Chorus!*" The very name sent a chill to our convalescent bones, and impregnated our minds with the sort of sense more than suspicion that in taking it for granted that we had already reached the limit of Chinese evils, we unfortunately reckoned be "only four hours more;" but we had no idea of what was in store for us. I will be brief, and say that the four hours expanded into eight, that the 1,000 li miles from Tsong-chan to this place, and that they are connected by a line of mandarin escort on board of "Junk No. 1," to congratulate the Minister upon our safe arrival, by a grand exchange of compliments, Master Tung, the head mandarin, observed that heaven had so far smiled upon our voyage, and that it was to be hoped it would please us to continue the journey in the morning, *chorus* would like to sing.

"*Chorus!*" The very name sent a chill to our convalescent bones, and impregnated our minds with the sort of sense more than suspicion that in taking it for granted that we had already reached the limit of Chinese evils, we unfortunately reckoned be "only four hours more;" but we had no idea of what was in store for us. I will be brief, and say that the four hours expanded into eight, that the eight hours expanded into twenty-four, and that they are connected by a line of mandarin boats from Tsong-chan to this place, and that they are connected by a line of mandarin escort on board of "Junk No. 1," to congratulate the Minister upon our safe arrival, by a grand exchange of compliments, Master Tung, the head mandarin, observed that heaven had so far smiled upon our voyage, and that it was to be hoped it would please us to continue the journey in the morning, *chorus* would like to sing.

"*Chorus!*" The very name sent a chill to our convalescent bones, and impregnated our minds with the sort of sense more than suspicion that in taking it for granted that we had already reached the limit of Chinese evils, we unfortunately reckoned be "only four hours more;" but we had no idea of what was in store for us. I will be brief, and say that the four hours expanded into eight, that the eight hours expanded into twenty-four, that the twenty-four expanded into forty-eight, and that they are connected by a line of mandarin boats from Tsong-chan to this place, and that they are connected by a line of mandarin escort on board of "Junk No. 1," to congratulate the Minister upon our safe arrival, by a grand exchange of compliments, Master Tung, the head mandarin, observed that heaven had so far smiled upon our voyage, and that it was to be hoped it would please us to continue the journey in the morning, *chorus* would like to sing.

"*Chorus!*" The very name sent a chill to our convalescent bones, and impregnated our minds with the sort of sense more than suspicion that in taking it for granted that we had already reached the limit of Chinese evils, we unfortunately reckoned be "only four hours more;" but we had no idea of what was in store for us. I will be brief, and say that the four hours expanded into eight, that the eight hours expanded into twenty-four, that the twenty-four expanded into forty-eight, that the forty-eight expanded into ninety-six, and that they are connected by a line of mandarin boats from Tsong-chan to this place, and that they are connected by a line of mandarin escort on board of "Junk No. 1," to congratulate the Minister upon our safe arrival, by a grand exchange of compliments, Master Tung, the head mandarin, observed that heaven had so far smiled upon our voyage, and that it was to be hoped it would please us to continue the journey in the morning, *chorus* would like to sing.

"*Chorus!*" The very name sent a chill to our convalescent bones, and impregnated our minds with the sort of sense more than suspicion that in taking it for granted that we had already reached the limit of Chinese evils, we unfortunately reckoned be "only four hours more;" but we had no idea of what was in store for us. I will be brief, and say that the four hours expanded into eight, that the eight hours expanded into twenty-four, that the twenty-four expanded into forty-eight, that the forty-eight expanded into ninety-six, that the ninety-six expanded into one hundred and ninety-two, and that they are connected by a line of mandarin boats from Tsong-chan to this place, and that they are connected by a line of mandarin escort on board of "Junk No. 1," to congratulate the Minister upon our safe arrival, by a grand exchange of compliments, Master Tung, the head mandarin, observed that heaven had so far smiled upon our voyage, and that it was to be hoped it would please us to continue the journey in the morning, *chorus* would like to sing.

"*Chorus!*" The very name sent a chill to our convalescent bones, and impregnated our minds with the sort of sense more than suspicion that in taking it for granted that we had already reached the limit of Chinese evils, we unfortunately reckoned be "only four hours more;" but we had no idea of what was in store for us. I will be brief, and say that the four hours expanded into eight, that the eight hours expanded into twenty-four, that the twenty-four expanded into forty-eight, that the forty-eight expanded into ninety-six, that the ninety-six expanded into one hundred and ninety-two, that the one hundred and ninety-two expanded into three hundred and eighty-four, and that they are connected by a line of mandarin boats from Tsong-chan to this place, and that they are connected by a line of mandarin escort on board of "Junk No. 1," to congratulate the Minister upon our safe arrival, by a grand exchange of compliments, Master Tung, the head mandarin, observed that heaven had so far smiled upon our voyage, and that it was to be hoped it would please us to continue the journey in the morning, *chorus* would like to sing.

"*Chorus!*" The very name sent a chill to our convalescent bones, and impregnated our minds with the sort of sense more than suspicion that in taking it for granted that we had already reached the limit of Chinese evils, we unfortunately reckoned be "only four hours more;" but we had no idea of what was in store for us. I will be brief, and say that the four hours expanded into eight, that the eight hours expanded into twenty-four, that the twenty-four expanded into forty-eight, that the forty-eight expanded into ninety-six, that the ninety-six expanded into one hundred and ninety-two, that the one hundred and ninety-two expanded into three hundred and eighty-four, that the three hundred and eighty-four expanded into seven hundred and sixty-eight, and that they are connected by a line of mandarin boats from Tsong-chan to this place, and that they are connected by a line of mandarin escort on board of "Junk No. 1," to congratulate the Minister upon our safe arrival, by a grand exchange of compliments, Master Tung, the head mandarin, observed that heaven had so far smiled upon our voyage, and that it was to be hoped it would please us to continue the journey in the morning, *chorus* would like to sing.

"*Chorus!*" The very name sent a chill to our convalescent bones, and impregnated our minds with the sort of sense more than suspicion that in taking it for granted that we had already reached the limit of Chinese evils, we unfortunately reckoned be "only four hours more;" but we had no idea of what was in store for us. I will be brief, and say that the four hours expanded into eight, that the eight hours expanded into twenty-four, that the twenty-four expanded into forty-eight, that the forty-eight expanded into ninety-six, that the ninety-six expanded into one hundred and ninety-two, that the one hundred and ninety-two expanded into three hundred and eighty-four, that the three hundred and eighty-four expanded into seven hundred and sixty-eight, that the seven hundred and sixty-eight expanded into one thousand five hundred and thirty-six, and that they are connected by a line of mandarin boats from Tsong-chan to this place, and that they are connected by a line of mandarin escort on board of "Junk No. 1," to congratulate the Minister upon our safe arrival, by a grand exchange of compliments, Master Tung, the head mandarin, observed that heaven had so far smiled upon our voyage, and that it was to be hoped it would please us to continue the journey in the morning, *chorus* would like to sing.

"*Chorus!*" The very name sent a chill to our convalescent bones, and impregnated our minds with the sort of sense more than suspicion that in taking it for granted that we had already reached the limit of Chinese evils, we unfortunately reckoned be "only four hours more;" but we had no idea of what was in store for us. I will be brief, and say that the four hours expanded into eight, that the eight hours expanded into twenty-four, that the twenty-four expanded into forty-eight, that the forty-eight expanded into ninety-six, that the ninety-six expanded into one hundred and ninety-two, that the one hundred and ninety-two expanded into three hundred and eighty-four, that the three hundred and eighty-four expanded into seven hundred and sixty-eight, that the seven hundred and sixty-eight expanded into one thousand five hundred and thirty-six, that the one thousand five hundred and thirty-six expanded into three thousand and seventy-two, and that they are connected by a line of mandarin boats from Tsong-chan to this place, and that they are connected by a line of mandarin escort on board of "Junk No. 1," to congratulate the Minister upon our safe arrival, by a grand exchange of compliments, Master Tung, the head mandarin, observed that heaven had so far smiled upon our voyage, and that it was to be hoped it would please us to continue the journey in the morning, *chorus* would like to sing.

"*Chorus!*" The very name sent a chill to our convalescent bones, and impregnated our minds with the sort of sense more than suspicion that in taking it for granted that we had already reached the limit of Chinese evils, we unfortunately reckoned be "only four hours more;" but we had no idea of what was in store for us. I will be brief, and say that the four hours expanded into eight, that the eight hours expanded into twenty-four, that the twenty-four expanded into forty-eight, that the forty-eight expanded into ninety-six, that the ninety-six expanded into one hundred and ninety-two, that the one hundred and ninety-two expanded into three hundred and eighty-four, that the three hundred and eighty-four expanded into seven hundred and sixty-eight, that the seven hundred and sixty-eight expanded into one thousand five hundred and thirty-six, that the one thousand five hundred and thirty-six expanded into three thousand and seventy-two, that the three thousand and seventy-two expanded into six thousand one hundred and forty-four, and that they are connected by a line of mandarin boats from Tsong-chan to this place, and that they are connected by a line of mandarin escort on board of "Junk No. 1," to congratulate the Minister upon our safe arrival, by a grand exchange of compliments, Master Tung, the head mandarin, observed that heaven had so far smiled upon our voyage, and that it was to be hoped it would please us to continue the journey in the morning, *chorus* would like to sing.

"*Chorus!*" The very name sent a chill to our convalescent bones, and impregnated our minds with the sort of sense more than suspicion that in taking it for granted that we had already reached the limit of Chinese evils, we unfortunately reckoned be "only four hours more;" but we had no idea of what was in store for us. I will be brief, and say that the four hours expanded into eight, that the eight hours expanded into twenty-four, that the twenty-four expanded into forty-eight, that the forty-eight expanded into ninety-six, that the ninety-six expanded into one hundred and ninety-two, that the one hundred and ninety-two expanded into three hundred and eighty-four, that the three hundred and eighty-four expanded into seven hundred and sixty-eight, that the seven hundred and sixty-eight expanded into one thousand five hundred and thirty-six, that the one thousand five hundred and thirty-six expanded into three thousand and seventy-two, that the three thousand and seventy-two expanded into six thousand one hundred and forty-four, that the six thousand one hundred and forty-four expanded into twelve thousand two hundred and eighty-eight, and that they are connected by a line of mandarin boats from Tsong-chan to this place, and that they are connected by a line of mandarin escort on board of "Junk No. 1," to congratulate the Minister upon our safe arrival, by a grand exchange of compliments, Master Tung, the head mandarin, observed that heaven had so far smiled upon our voyage, and that it was to be hoped it would please us to continue the journey in the morning, *chorus* would like to sing.

"*Chorus!*" The very name sent a chill to our convalescent bones, and impregnated our minds with the sort of sense more than suspicion that in taking it for granted that we had already reached the limit of Chinese evils, we unfortunately reckoned be "only four hours more;" but we had no idea of what was in store for us. I will be brief, and say that the four hours expanded into eight, that the eight hours expanded into twenty-four, that the twenty-four expanded into forty-eight, that the forty-eight expanded into ninety-six, that the ninety-six expanded into one hundred and ninety-two, that the one hundred and ninety-two expanded into three hundred and eighty-four, that the three hundred and eighty-four expanded into seven hundred and sixty-eight, that the seven hundred and sixty-eight expanded into one thousand five hundred and thirty-six, that the one thousand five hundred and thirty-six expanded into three thousand and seventy-two, that the three thousand and seventy-two expanded into six thousand one hundred and forty-four, that the six thousand one hundred and forty-four expanded into twelve thousand two hundred and eighty-eight, that the twelve thousand two hundred and eighty-eight expanded into twenty-four thousand five hundred and seventy-six, and that they are connected by a line of mandarin boats from Tsong-chan to this place, and that they are connected by a line of mandarin escort on board of "Junk No. 1," to congratulate the Minister upon our safe arrival, by a grand exchange of compliments, Master Tung, the head mandarin, observed that heaven had so far smiled upon our voyage, and that it was to be hoped it would please us to continue the journey in the morning, *chorus* would like to sing.

"*Chorus!*" The very name sent a chill to our convalescent bones, and impregnated our minds with the sort of sense more than suspicion that in taking it for granted that we had already reached the limit of Chinese evils, we unfortunately reckoned be "only four hours more;" but we had no idea of what was in store for us. I will be brief, and say that the four hours expanded into eight, that the eight hours expanded into twenty-four, that the twenty-four expanded into forty-eight, that the forty-eight expanded into ninety-six, that the ninety-six expanded into one hundred and ninety-two, that the one hundred and ninety-two expanded into three hundred and eighty-four, that the three hundred and eighty-four expanded into seven hundred and sixty-eight, that the seven hundred and sixty-eight expanded into one thousand five hundred and thirty-six, that the one thousand five hundred and thirty-six expanded into three thousand and seventy-two, that the three thousand and seventy-two expanded into six thousand one hundred and forty-four, that the six thousand one hundred and forty-four expanded into twelve thousand two hundred and eighty-eight, that the twelve thousand two hundred and eighty-eight expanded into twenty-four thousand five hundred and seventy-six, that the twenty-four thousand five hundred and seventy-six expanded into forty-nine thousand one hundred and fifty-two, and that they are connected by a line of mandarin boats from Tsong-chan to this place, and that they are connected by a line of mandarin escort on board of "Junk No. 1," to congratulate the Minister upon our safe arrival, by a grand exchange of compliments, Master Tung, the head mandarin, observed that heaven had so far smiled upon our voyage, and that it was to be hoped it would please us to continue the journey in the morning, *chorus* would like to sing.

"*Chorus!*" The very name sent a chill to our convalescent bones, and impregnated our minds with the sort of sense more than suspicion that in taking it for granted that we had already reached the limit of Chinese evils, we unfortunately reckoned be "only four hours more;" but we had no idea of what was in store for us. I will be brief, and say that the four hours expanded into eight, that the eight hours expanded into twenty-four, that the twenty-four expanded into forty-eight, that the forty-eight expanded into ninety-six, that the ninety-six expanded into one hundred and ninety-two, that the one hundred and ninety-two expanded into three hundred and eighty-four, that the three hundred and eighty-four expanded into seven hundred and sixty-eight, that the seven hundred and sixty-eight expanded into one thousand five hundred and thirty-six, that the one thousand five hundred and thirty-six expanded into three thousand and seventy-two, that the three thousand and seventy-two expanded into six thousand one hundred and forty-four, that the six thousand one hundred and forty-four expanded into twelve thousand two hundred and eighty-eight, that the twelve thousand two hundred and eighty-eight expanded into twenty-four thousand five hundred and seventy-six, that the twenty-four thousand five hundred and seventy-six expanded into forty-nine thousand one hundred and fifty-two, that the forty-nine thousand one hundred and fifty-two expanded into ninety-eight thousand three hundred and four, and that they are connected by a line of mandarin boats from Tsong-chan to this place, and that they are connected by a line of mandarin escort on board of "Junk No. 1," to congratulate the Minister upon our safe arrival, by a grand exchange of compliments, Master Tung, the head mandarin, observed that heaven had so far smiled upon our voyage, and that it was to be hoped it would please us to continue the journey in the morning, *chorus* would like to sing.

"*Chorus!*" The very name sent a chill to our convalescent bones, and impregnated our minds with the sort of sense more than suspicion that in taking it for granted that we had already reached the limit of Chinese evils, we unfortunately reckoned be "only four hours more;" but we had no idea of what was in store for us. I will be brief, and say that the four hours expanded into eight, that the eight hours expanded into twenty-four, that the twenty-four expanded into forty-eight, that the forty-eight expanded into ninety-six, that the ninety-six expanded into one hundred and ninety-two, that the one hundred and ninety-two expanded into three hundred and eighty-four, that the three hundred and eighty-four expanded into seven hundred and sixty-eight, that the seven hundred and sixty-eight expanded into one thousand five hundred and thirty-six, that the one thousand five hundred and thirty-six expanded into three thousand and seventy-two, that the three thousand and seventy-two expanded into six thousand one hundred and forty-four, that the six thousand one hundred and forty-four expanded into twelve thousand two hundred and eighty-eight, that the twelve thousand two hundred and eighty-eight expanded into twenty-four thousand five hundred and seventy-six, that the twenty-four thousand five hundred and seventy-six expanded into forty-nine thousand one hundred and fifty-two, that the forty-nine thousand one hundred and fifty-two expanded into ninety-eight thousand three hundred and four, that the ninety-eight thousand three hundred and four expanded into one hundred and ninety-six thousand six hundred and eight, and that they are connected by a line of mandarin boats from Tsong-chan to this place, and that they are connected by a line of mandarin escort on board of "Junk No. 1," to congratulate the Minister upon our safe arrival, by a grand exchange of compliments, Master Tung, the head mandarin, observed that heaven had so far smiled upon our voyage, and that it was to be hoped it would please us to continue the journey in the morning, *chorus* would like to sing.

"*Chorus!*" The very name sent a chill to our convalescent bones, and impregnated our minds with the sort of sense more than suspicion that in taking it for granted that we had already reached the limit of Chinese evils, we unfortunately reckoned be "only four hours more;" but we had no idea of what was in store for us. I will be brief, and say that the four hours expanded into eight, that the eight hours expanded into twenty-four, that the twenty-four expanded into forty-eight, that the forty-eight expanded into ninety-six, that the ninety-six expanded into one hundred and ninety-two, that the one hundred and ninety-two expanded into three hundred and eighty-four, that the three hundred and eighty-four expanded into seven hundred and sixty-eight, that the seven hundred and sixty-eight expanded into one thousand five hundred and thirty-six, that the one thousand five hundred and thirty-six expanded into three thousand and seventy-two, that the three thousand and seventy-two expanded into six thousand one hundred and forty-four, that the six thousand one hundred and forty-four expanded into twelve thousand two hundred and eighty-eight, that the twelve thousand two hundred and eighty-eight expanded into twenty-four thousand five hundred and seventy-six, that the twenty-four thousand five hundred and seventy-six expanded into forty-nine thousand one hundred and fifty-two, that the forty-nine thousand one hundred and fifty-two expanded into ninety-eight thousand three hundred and four, that the ninety-eight thousand three hundred and four expanded into one hundred and ninety-six thousand six hundred and eight, that the one hundred and ninety-six thousand six hundred and eight expanded into three hundred and ninety-three thousand three hundred and sixteen, and that they are connected by a line of mandarin boats from Tsong-chan to this place, and that they are connected by a line of mandarin escort on board of "Junk No. 1," to congratulate the Minister upon our safe arrival, by a grand exchange of compliments, Master Tung, the head mandarin, observed that heaven had so far smiled upon our voyage, and that it was to be hoped it would please us to continue the journey in the morning, *chorus* would like to sing.

"*Chorus!*" The very name sent a chill to our convalescent bones, and impregnated our minds with the sort of sense more than suspicion that in taking it for granted that we had already reached the limit of Chinese evils, we unfortunately reckoned be "only four hours more;" but we had no idea of what was in store for us. I will be brief, and say that the four hours expanded into eight, that the eight hours expanded into twenty-four, that the twenty-four expanded into forty-eight, that the forty-eight expanded into ninety-six, that the ninety-six expanded into one hundred and ninety-two, that the one hundred and ninety-two expanded into three hundred and eighty-four, that the three hundred and eighty-four expanded into seven hundred and sixty-eight, that the seven hundred and sixty-eight expanded into one thousand five hundred and thirty-six, that the one thousand five hundred and thirty-six expanded into three thousand and seventy-two, that the three thousand and seventy-two expanded into six thousand one hundred and forty-four, that the six thousand one hundred and forty-four expanded into twelve thousand two hundred and eighty-eight, that the twelve thousand two hundred and eighty-eight expanded into twenty-four thousand five hundred and seventy-six, that the twenty-four thousand five hundred and seventy-six expanded into forty-nine thousand one hundred and fifty-two, that the forty-nine thousand one hundred and fifty-two expanded into ninety-eight thousand three hundred and four, that the ninety-eight thousand three hundred and four expanded into one hundred and ninety-six thousand six hundred and eight, that the one hundred and ninety-six thousand six hundred and eight expanded into three hundred and ninety-three thousand three hundred and sixteen, that the three hundred and ninety-three thousand three hundred and sixteen expanded into seven hundred and eighty-six thousand six hundred and thirty-two, and that they are connected by a line of mandarin boats from Tsong-chan to this place, and that they are connected by a line of mandarin escort on board of "Junk No. 1," to congratulate the Minister upon our safe arrival, by a grand exchange of compliments, Master Tung, the head mandarin, observed that heaven had so far smiled upon our voyage, and that it was to be hoped it would please us to continue the journey in the morning, *chorus* would like to sing.

"*Chorus!*" The very name sent a chill to our convalescent bones, and impregnated our minds with the sort of sense more than suspicion that in taking it for granted that we had already reached the limit of Chinese evils, we unfortunately reckoned be "only four hours more;" but we had no idea of what was in store for us. I will be brief, and say that the four hours expanded into eight, that the eight hours expanded into twenty-four, that the twenty-four expanded into forty-eight, that the forty-eight expanded into ninety-six, that the ninety-six expanded into one hundred and ninety-two, that the one hundred and ninety-two expanded into three hundred and eighty-four, that the three hundred and eighty-four expanded into seven hundred and sixty-eight, that the seven hundred and sixty-eight expanded into one thousand five hundred and thirty-six, that the one thousand five hundred and thirty-six expanded into three thousand and seventy-two, that the three thousand and seventy-two expanded into six thousand one hundred and forty-four, that the six thousand one hundred and forty-four expanded into twelve thousand two hundred and eighty-eight, that the twelve thousand two hundred and eighty-eight expanded into twenty-four thousand five hundred and seventy-six, that the twenty-four thousand five hundred and seventy-six expanded into forty-nine thousand one hundred and fifty-two, that the forty-nine thousand one hundred and fifty-two expanded into ninety-eight thousand three hundred and four, that the ninety-eight thousand three hundred and four expanded into one hundred and ninety-six thousand six hundred and eight, that the one hundred and ninety-six thousand six hundred and eight expanded into three hundred and ninety-three thousand three hundred and sixteen, that the three hundred and ninety-three thousand three hundred and sixteen expanded into seven hundred and eighty-six thousand six hundred and thirty-two, that the seven hundred and eighty-six thousand six hundred and thirty-two expanded into one million five hundred and seventy-three thousand two hundred and sixty-four, and that they are connected by a line of mandarin boats from Tsong-chan to this place, and that they are connected by a line of mandarin escort on board of "Junk No. 1," to congratulate the Minister upon our safe arrival, by a grand exchange of compliments, Master Tung, the head mandarin, observed that heaven had so far smiled upon our voyage, and that it was to be hoped it would please us to continue the journey in the morning, *chorus* would like to sing.

"*Chorus!*" The very name sent a chill to our convalescent bones, and impregnated our minds with the sort of sense more than suspicion that in taking it for granted that we had already reached the limit of Chinese evils, we unfortunately reckoned be "only four hours more;" but we had no idea of what was in store for us. I will be brief, and say that the four hours expanded into eight, that the eight hours expanded into twenty-four, that the twenty-four expanded into forty-eight, that the forty-eight expanded into ninety-six, that the ninety-six expanded into one hundred and ninety-two, that the one hundred and ninety-two expanded into three hundred and eighty-four, that the three hundred and eighty-four expanded into seven hundred and sixty-eight, that the seven hundred and sixty-eight expanded into one thousand five hundred and thirty-six, that the one thousand five hundred and thirty-six expanded into three thousand and seventy-two, that the three thousand and seventy-two expanded into six thousand one hundred and forty-four, that the six thousand one hundred and forty-four expanded into twelve thousand two hundred and eighty-eight, that the twelve thousand two hundred and eighty-eight expanded into twenty-four thousand five hundred and seventy-six, that the twenty-four thousand five hundred and seventy-six expanded into forty-nine thousand one hundred and fifty-two, that the forty-nine thousand one hundred and fifty-two expanded into ninety-eight thousand three hundred and four, that the ninety-eight thousand three hundred and four expanded into one hundred and ninety-six thousand six hundred and eight, that the one hundred and ninety-six thousand six hundred and eight expanded into three hundred and ninety-three thousand three hundred and sixteen, that the three hundred and ninety-three thousand three hundred and sixteen expanded into seven hundred and eighty-six thousand six hundred and thirty-two, that the seven hundred and eighty-six thousand six hundred and thirty-two expanded into one million five hundred and seventy-three thousand two hundred and sixty-four, that the one million five hundred and seventy-three thousand two hundred and sixty-four expanded into three million one hundred and forty-six thousand five hundred and twenty-eight, and that they are connected by a line of mandarin boats from Tsong-chan to this place, and that they are connected by a line of mandarin escort on board of "Junk No. 1," to congratulate the Minister upon our safe arrival, by a grand exchange of compliments, Master Tung, the head mandarin, observed that heaven had so far smiled upon our voyage, and that it was to be hoped it would please us to continue the journey in the morning, *chorus* would like to sing.

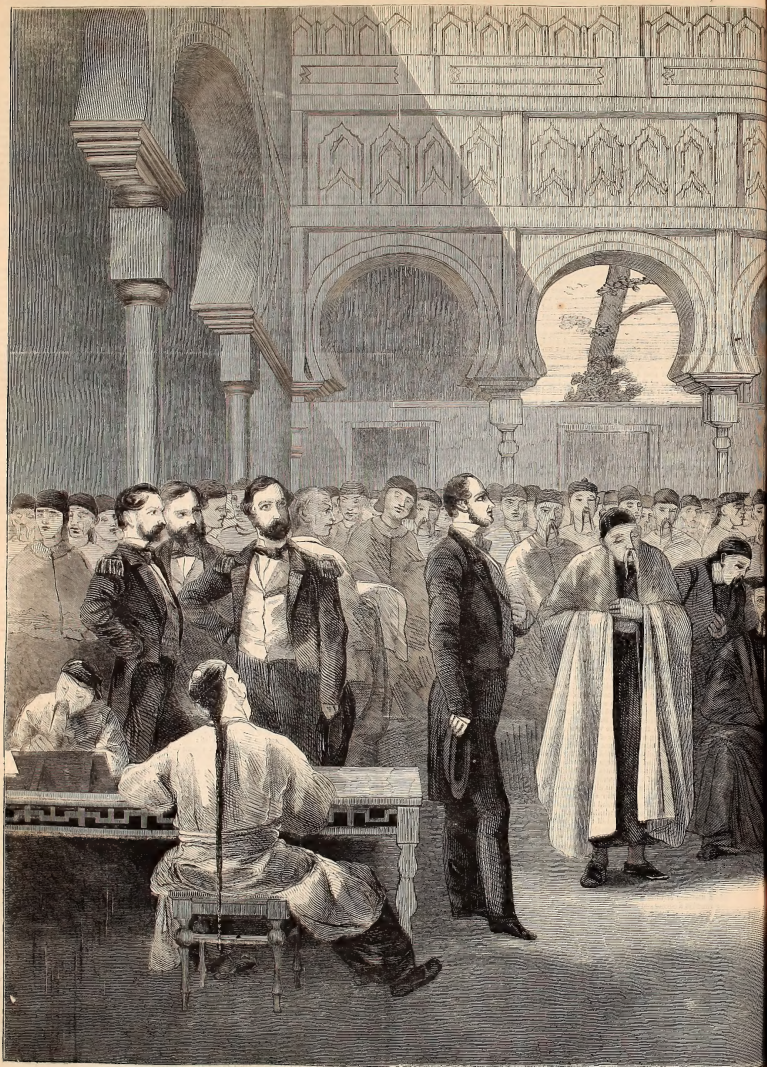
"*Chorus!*" The very name sent a chill to our convalescent bones, and impregnated our minds with the sort of sense more than suspicion that in taking it for granted that we had already reached the limit of Chinese evils, we unfortunately reckoned be "only four hours more;" but we had no idea of what was in store for us. I will be brief, and say that the four hours expanded into eight, that the eight hours expanded into twenty-four, that the twenty-four expanded into forty-eight, that the forty-eight expanded into ninety-six, that the ninety-six expanded into one hundred and ninety-two, that the one hundred and ninety-two expanded into three hundred and eighty-four, that the three hundred and eighty-four expanded into seven hundred and sixty-eight, that the seven hundred and sixty-eight expanded into one thousand five hundred and thirty-six, that the one thousand five hundred and thirty-six expanded into three thousand and seventy-two, that the three thousand and seventy-two expanded into six thousand one hundred and forty-four, that the six thousand one hundred and forty-four expanded into twelve thousand two hundred and eighty-eight, that the twelve thousand two hundred and eighty-eight expanded into twenty-four thousand five hundred and seventy-six, that the twenty-four thousand five hundred and seventy-six expanded into forty-nine thousand one hundred and fifty-two, that the forty-nine thousand one hundred and fifty-two expanded into ninety-eight thousand three hundred and four, that the ninety-eight thousand three hundred and four expanded into one hundred and ninety-six thousand six hundred and eight, that the one hundred and ninety-six thousand six hundred and eight expanded into three hundred and ninety-three thousand three hundred and sixteen, that the three hundred and ninety-three thousand three hundred and sixteen expanded into seven hundred and eighty-six thousand six hundred and thirty-two, that the seven hundred and eighty-six thousand six hundred and thirty-two expanded into one million five hundred and seventy-three thousand two hundred and sixty-four, that the one million five hundred and seventy-three thousand two hundred and sixty-four expanded into three million one hundred and forty-six thousand five hundred and twenty-eight, that the three million one hundred and forty-six thousand five hundred and twenty-eight expanded into six million two hundred and ninety-three thousand and fifty-six, and that they are connected by a line of mandarin boats from Tsong-chan to this place, and that they are connected by a line of mandarin escort on board of "Junk No. 1," to congratulate the Minister upon our safe arrival, by a grand exchange of compliments, Master Tung, the head mandarin, observed that heaven had so far smiled upon our voyage, and that it was to be hoped it would please us to continue the journey in the morning, *chorus* would like to sing.

"*Chorus!*" The very name sent a chill to our convalescent bones, and impregnated our minds with the sort of sense more than suspicion that in taking it for granted that we had already reached the limit of Chinese evils, we unfortunately reckoned be "only four hours more;" but we had no idea of what was in store for us. I will be brief, and say that the four hours expanded into eight, that the eight hours expanded into twenty-four, that the twenty-four expanded into forty-eight, that the forty-eight expanded into ninety-six, that the ninety-six expanded into one hundred and ninety-two, that the one hundred and ninety-two expanded into three hundred and eighty-four, that the three hundred and eighty-four expanded into seven hundred and sixty-eight, that the seven hundred and sixty-eight expanded into one thousand five hundred and thirty-six, that the one thousand five hundred and thirty-six expanded into three thousand and seventy-two, that the three thousand and seventy-two expanded into six thousand one hundred and forty-four, that the six thousand one hundred and forty-four expanded into twelve thousand two hundred and eighty-eight, that the twelve thousand two hundred and eighty-eight expanded into twenty-four thousand five hundred and seventy-six, that the twenty-four thousand five hundred and seventy-six expanded into forty-nine thousand one hundred and fifty-two, that the forty-nine thousand one hundred and fifty-two expanded into ninety-eight thousand three hundred and four, that the ninety-eight thousand three hundred and four expanded into one hundred and ninety-six thousand six hundred and eight, that the one hundred and ninety-six thousand six hundred and eight expanded into three hundred and ninety-three thousand three hundred and sixteen, that the three hundred and ninety-three thousand three hundred and sixteen expanded into seven hundred and eighty-six thousand six hundred and thirty-two, that the seven hundred and eighty-six thousand six hundred and thirty-two expanded into one million five hundred and seventy-three thousand two hundred and sixty-four, that the one million five hundred and seventy-three thousand two hundred and sixty-four expanded into three million one hundred and forty-six thousand five hundred and twenty-eight, that the three million one hundred and forty-six thousand five hundred and twenty-eight expanded into six million two hundred and ninety-three thousand and fifty-six, that the six million two hundred and ninety-three thousand and fifty-six expanded into twelve million five hundred and eighty-six thousand one hundred and twelve, and that they are connected by a line of mandarin boats from Tsong-chan to this place, and that they are connected by a line of mandarin escort on board of "Junk No. 1," to congratulate the Minister upon our safe arrival, by a grand exchange of compliments, Master Tung, the head mandarin, observed that heaven had so far smiled upon our voyage, and that it was to be hoped it would please us to continue the journey in the morning, *chorus* would like to sing.

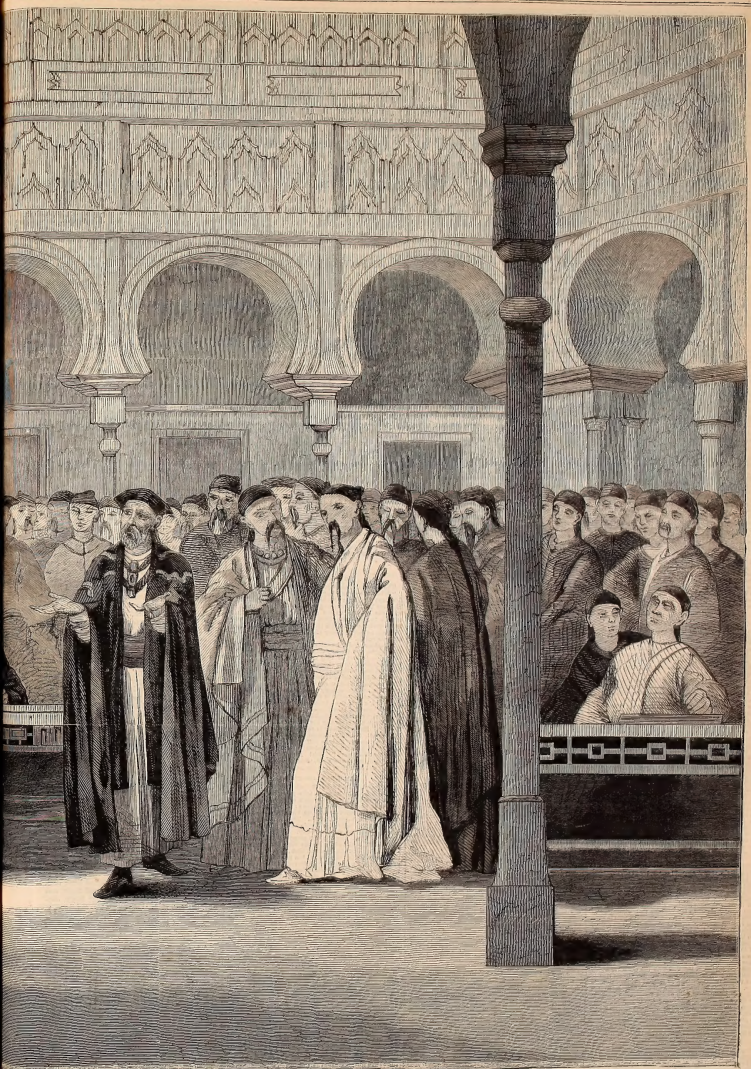
"*Chorus!*" The very name sent a chill to our convalescent bones, and impregnated our minds with the sort of sense more than suspicion that in taking it for granted that we had already reached the limit of Chinese evils, we unfortunately reckoned be "only four hours more;" but we had no idea of what was in store for us. I will be brief, and say that the four hours expanded into eight, that the eight hours expanded into twenty-four, that the twenty-four expanded into forty-eight, that the forty-eight expanded into ninety-six, that the ninety-six expanded into one hundred and ninety-two, that the one hundred and ninety-two expanded into three hundred and eighty-four, that the three hundred and eighty-four expanded into seven hundred and sixty-eight, that the seven hundred and sixty-eight expanded into one thousand five hundred and thirty-six, that the one thousand five hundred and thirty-six expanded into three thousand and seventy-two, that the three thousand and seventy-two expanded into six thousand one hundred and forty-four, that the six thousand one hundred and forty-four expanded into twelve thousand two hundred and eighty-eight, that the twelve thousand two hundred and eighty-eight expanded into twenty-four thousand five hundred and seventy-six, that the twenty-four thousand five hundred and seventy-six expanded into forty-nine thousand one hundred and fifty-two, that the forty-nine thousand one hundred and fifty-two expanded into ninety-eight thousand three hundred and four, that the ninety-eight thousand three hundred and four expanded into one hundred and ninety-six thousand six hundred and eight, that the one hundred and ninety-six thousand six hundred and eight expanded into three hundred and ninety-three thousand three hundred and sixteen, that the three hundred and ninety-three thousand three hundred and sixteen expanded into seven hundred and eighty-six thousand six hundred and thirty-two, that the seven hundred and eighty-six thousand six hundred and thirty-two expanded into one million five hundred and seventy-three thousand two hundred and sixty-four, that the one million five hundred and seventy-three thousand two hundred and sixty-four expanded into three million one hundred and forty-six thousand five hundred and twenty-eight, that the three million one hundred and forty-six thousand five hundred and twenty-eight expanded into six million two hundred and ninety-three thousand and fifty-six, that the six million two hundred and ninety-three thousand and fifty-six expanded into twelve million five hundred and eighty-six thousand one hundred and twelve, that the twelve million five hundred and eighty-six thousand one hundred and twelve expanded into twenty-five million one hundred and seventy-two thousand two hundred and twenty-four, and that they are connected by a line of mandarin boats from Tsong-chan to this place, and that they are connected by a line of mandarin escort on board of "Junk No. 1," to congratulate the Minister upon our safe arrival, by a grand exchange of compliments, Master Tung, the head mandarin, observed that heaven had so far smiled upon our voyage, and that it was to be hoped it would please us to continue the journey in the morning, *chorus* would like to sing.

"*Chorus!*" The very name sent a chill to our convalescent bones, and impregnated our minds with the sort of sense more than suspicion that in taking it for granted that we had already reached the limit of Chinese evils, we unfortunately reckoned be "only four hours more;" but we had no idea of what was in store for us. I will be brief, and say that the four hours expanded into eight, that the eight hours expanded into twenty-four, that the twenty-four expanded into forty-eight, that the forty-eight expanded into ninety-six, that the ninety-six expanded into one hundred and ninety-two, that the one hundred and ninety-two expanded into three hundred and eighty-four, that the three hundred and eighty-four expanded into seven hundred and sixty-eight, that the seven hundred and sixty-eight expanded into one thousand five hundred and thirty-six, that the one thousand five hundred and thirty-six expanded into three thousand and seventy-two, that the three thousand and seventy-two expanded into six thousand one hundred and forty-four, that the six thousand one hundred and forty-four expanded into twelve thousand two hundred and eighty-eight, that the twelve thousand two hundred and eighty-eight expanded into twenty-four thousand five hundred and seventy-six, that the twenty-four thousand five hundred and seventy-six expanded into forty-nine thousand one hundred and fifty-two, that the forty-nine thousand one hundred and fifty-two expanded into ninety-eight thousand three hundred and four, that the ninety-eight thousand three hundred and four expanded into one hundred and ninety-six thousand six hundred and eight, that the one hundred and ninety-six thousand six hundred and eight expanded into three hundred and ninety-three thousand three hundred and sixteen, that the three hundred and ninety-three thousand three hundred and sixteen expanded into seven hundred and eighty-six thousand six hundred and thirty-two, that the seven hundred and eighty-six thousand six hundred and thirty-two expanded into one million five hundred and seventy-three thousand two hundred and sixty-four, that the one million five hundred and seventy-three thousand two hundred and sixty-four expanded into three million one hundred and forty-six thousand five hundred and twenty-eight, that the three million one hundred and forty-six thousand five hundred and twenty-eight expanded into six million two hundred and ninety-three thousand and fifty-six, that the six million two hundred and ninety-three thousand and fifty-six expanded into twelve million five hundred and eighty-six thousand one hundred and twelve, that the twelve million five hundred and eighty-six thousand one hundred and twelve expanded into twenty-five million one hundred and seventy-two thousand two hundred and twenty-four, that the twenty-five million one hundred and seventy-two thousand two hundred and twenty-four expanded into fifty million three hundred and forty-four thousand four hundred and forty-eight, and that they are connected by a line of mandarin boats from Tsong-chan to this place, and that they are connected by a line of mandarin escort on board of "Junk No. 1," to congratulate the Minister upon our safe arrival, by a grand exchange of compliments, Master Tung, the head mandarin, observed that heaven had so far smiled upon our voyage, and that it was to be hoped it would please us to continue the journey in the morning, *chorus* would like to sing.

"*Chorus!*" The very name sent a chill to our convalescent bones, and impregnated our minds with the sort of sense more than suspicion that in taking it for granted that we had already reached the limit of Chinese evils, we unfortunately reckoned be "only four hours more;" but we had no idea of what was in store for us. I will be brief, and say that the four hours expanded into eight, that the eight hours expanded into twenty-four, that the twenty-four expanded into forty-eight, that the forty-eight expanded into ninety-six, that the ninety-six expanded into one hundred and ninety-two, that the one hundred and ninety-two expanded into three hundred and eighty-four, that the three hundred and eighty-four expanded into seven hundred and sixty-eight, that the seven hundred and sixty-eight expanded into one thousand five hundred and thirty-six, that the one thousand five hundred and thirty-six expanded into three thousand and seventy-two, that the three thousand and seventy-two expanded into six thousand one hundred and forty-four, that the six thousand one hundred and forty-four expanded into twelve thousand two hundred and eighty-eight, that the twelve thousand two hundred and eighty-eight expanded into twenty-four thousand five hundred and seventy-six, that the twenty-four thousand five hundred and seventy-six expanded into forty-nine thousand one hundred and fifty-two, that the forty-nine thousand one hundred and fifty-two expanded into ninety-eight thousand three hundred and four, that the ninety-eight thousand three hundred and four expanded into one hundred and ninety-six thousand six hundred and eight, that the one hundred and ninety-six thousand



INTERVIEW BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES MINISTER, MR. WARD, AND THE CHI



OMMISSIONERS, IN THE CITY HALL AT PEKIN, AUGUST, 1859.—[See preceding Pages.]

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE EXECUTION OF BROWN.

At eleven o'clock on 2d December the prisoner was brought out of the jail, accompanied by Sheriff Campbell and assistants, and Captain Avis, the Jailer.

As he came out the old companions of industry and one troop of horse, with General Taliaferro and his entire staff, were displaying in front of the Jail, while on each wagon with a pine box, in which was a fine oak coffin, was a company of infantry.

The prisoner was then seen, and spoke to everyone he recognized, and, walking down the steps, took a seat on the coffin box sitting like Jehu, in a wagon. He took with interest on the fine military display, but made no remarks. The wagon moved off, Brown's box on two of officers in close order. On reaching the field the military had distinctly formed square, the artillery unlimbered, and the citizens kept back, at the point of the bayonet, from taking any position, but into the square.

Brown was accompanied by no ministers, he desiring a religious service only in the jail or on the scaffold. On reaching the field where the gallows was erected the prisoner said, "I see some but military preparations for the instance? I am very citizens have been kept out." On reaching the gallows he observed, "I see Governor and Mayor Gwen standing near, to whom he said, "Gentlemen, good-by!" His voice not faltering.

ON THE GALLOWS.

The prisoner walked up the steps firmly, and was the first man on the gallows. Avis and Sheriff Campbell stood by his side, and after stooking upon the assembly an affectionate adieu, he thanked them for their kindness, when the cap was put over his face, and the rope around his neck. Avis asked him to step forward on the trap. He replied, "You must lead me, I cannot see." The rope was adjusted, and the military order given, "Not ready yet!" The unmarried commanders mounted, and took position as if an enemy were in sight, and were then ordered to "carry arms," the prisoner standing standing all the time. Avis inquired if he was not tired. Brown replied, "Not at all, only I wish it was over." Another hour in suspense!

While on the scaffold Sheriff Campbell asked him if he would take a handkerchief in his hand as a sign to the general when he was ready. He replied, "No, I do not want it—let us not delain me any longer than is absolutely necessary."

He was swung off at fifteen minutes past eleven. A slight grasping of the hands and twitching of the muscles were seen, and then all was quiet.

The body was several times examined, and the pulse had not ceased until fifteen minutes after suspension. The body was then cut down, placed in a rifle, and conveyed by the military to the Armory, where it remained for a short time to be carried to the ferry by a special train at four o'clock.

BROWN'S INTERVIEW WITH HIS FELLOW-PRISONERS.

The prisoner was, before execution, taken to the cell of Coppoick and Cook, where he bid them a long farewell, and not lottery their friends. He then handed them a quarter-dollar, saying he had no more use for money, and bade them adieu. He then visited Cook and Coppoick, and, shaking hands with them, said, "Good-by, Cook." To the latter he said, with more emotion, "What do you mean?" Brown answered, "Why, by stating that I am not to Harper's Ferry to-day." He replied, "Did you not tell me in Pittsburg to come to Harper's Ferry and that you would meet us at Harper's Ferry?" Brown: "No, Sir; you knew I protested against you coming." Cook replied, "Captain, you have treated me differently," at the same time dropping his head.

Brown then left Cook's cell, and went to Coppoick, to see the same false statements; but I am glad to hear you have contributed from them. Good-by, Sir." And they bended both a quarter. He shook both by the hand, and they parted.

The prisoner was then taken to the condemned cell, and likely interchanged greetings. Stevens said, "Good-by, Captain; I know you are going to your home." Brown replied, "I know I am." Brown told him to bear up and not betray his friends, as he was not going.

The prisoner then told the Sheriff he was ready, his arms were pinioned, and with a blank cartridge box and the same clothes he were during the trial, he proceeded to the fatal spot, between his sons and coffin.

INTERVIEW WITH HIS WIFE.

Mrs. Brown arrived at Charlestown on No. 1 to see her husband. The interview between them lasted from four o'clock in the afternoon until near eight in the evening, when General Taliaferro informed them that the period allowed had expired, and that it was his duty to pass for departure to the Ferry. Captain Brown urged that his wife be allowed to remain with him all night. To this the General refused to assent, allowing them but one hour more.

The interview was not a very sad one, as they had had a practical character, with regard to the future of herself and children, and the disposition and management of business affairs. They seemed considerably affected when they first met, but Mrs. Brown said that as the moments quite overcame, but Brown was as firm as a rock, and she soon regained her composure. There was no impression that the prisoner might possibly be forbidden with a weapon or with stupefying drugs, as has been done the interview her person was searched by the wife of the jailer, and everything was taken away from her which could by any possibility be used.

On first meeting they kissed and affectionately embraced, and Mrs. Brown shed a few tears, but immediately checked her feelings. They stood embraced, and she, shifting her position, the prisoner was for a moment unable to speak. The prisoner only gave way for a moment, and was soon calm and collected, and remained firm throughout the interview. At the close they shook hands, and Mrs. Brown, and as they parted he uttered the "God bless you and the children!" Mrs. Brown replied, "I will endeavor to meet you at all events hereafter." In her testimony, when she remained in town a few moments, and then left.

The interview took place in the parlor of Captain Avis, and that prisoner was first to leave. Mrs. Brown followed. They all left by side by side, and, after discussing family matters proceeded to business.

HIS WISHES ABOUT HIS PROPERTY.

He stated that he desired his property to pass entirely into her possession, and repeated to place full confidence in her ability to manage the property for the benefit of the younger children. He requested her to remain at North Elba, New York, on the farm belonging to it. He advised that his younger children should be educated, and that his daughters should be taught some occupation by which to live, to have them sent to a boarding-school. He then gave directions and dictated to Sheriff Campbell, by which directed that all his property should go to his wife, with the exception of a few presents and bequests which he made. To one of his sons-in-law he gave his gold watch, and to another a watch, while a third was directed to have a tomb or monument put over the grave of his father at North Elba, and have his name, age, and the manner of his death. Together with the cause for which he had suffered, inscribed upon it. He directs that in addition to what he will be in his wife's possession, Mrs. Tom to each of his children he bequeathed the sum of fifty dollars, to be paid by executors, and that if any one should refuse to be executor, and not answer coming to him from his father's estate. He also directed that Tom, to cost these dollars, shall be prosecuted to each of his grandchildren, and that fifty dollars each be paid to three individuals, whom he named, if they can be found, and if not, to their legal representatives.

ABOUT HIS DEATH.

The subject of the death of his two sons was spoken of, and Mrs. Brown remarked that she had made some effort, while she was at Harper's Ferry, to find the remains of her bodies, to which object she said Governor Barbour had kindly consented to give his assistance. Captain Brown remarked that he would also like the remains of his son Thompson removed if they could be found, but suggested that it would be best to take his body with the bodies of his four sons, and get a pile of pine logs and burn them all together. But it would be much better and less expensive to thus gather up all their ashes together and take them to their family graves.

Sheriff Campbell told him that this would not be permitted within the State, and Mrs. Brown objected to the proposition altogether.

This prisoner said that he contemplated his death with composure and calmness. It would be impossible to describe the scene, but it will ever be with God he should have his courage to endure it. It was his earnest belief that he should be thus legally sanctioned for the good of the cause, and that it would be more for it than if he had died without a tournament. Mrs. Brown becoming depressed at these remarks, he told her not to be so, that the Lord's spirit would soon be with her again, and that they would meet in a better world.

With regard to his execution, he said that he desired no religious ceremonies, and that he did not wish to be aided from ministers who connect or approve of the cruel wrong of slavery by their example. He said that he had no objection to the military attending, but that he considered these soldiers and a good old slave master, with their consent to God that they were doing the work of the instances of the whole clergy of the Commonwealth combined.

MRS. BROWN'S OPINIONS.

Mrs. Brown's opinions, as above, are rather repelled all attempt on his part to express sympathy with her under her affliction.

She remind the likes that Captain Brown had done no thing to disgrace himself, or to bring shame with dishonor, and declared that the ignominious character of the punishment was about to be inflicted upon him was an error as it was regard. She regarded him as a martyr, and as such he would be held in reverence by the world, and be to the wife of such a man. The gallows, she said, had no terrors for him, and he was not afraid to die. She had seen him since had been, both at morning ago, and that he was in the same frame of mind as when she left him.

PROCLAMATION BY GOVERNOR WISE.

Governor Wise issued the following proclamation on 25th ult.

A PROCLAMATION BY THE GOVERNOR.

Whereas, the late bloody and treasonable battle of the State to suppress combination to obstruct the due execution of the laws of the United States, and murder and treasonably in the county of Jefferson, and may have to call upon a sufficient force of the militia of the county of Jefferson, and to suppress such orders and take such measures as shall seem fit, and have appointed J. Lucius Davis my aide-de-camp, with the rank of colonel, and assistant to the Adjutant-General here, for the accommodation of the service.

Now, therefore, all persons are notified that the trains of the Winchester and Potomac Railroad Company are required to transport the troops, munitions of war, and necessary General Davis, for impressment on the 1st, 2d, and 3d December, 1859, and that the officers of the militia are hereby required to obey such orders and take such measures as shall seem fit, and have appointed J. Lucius Davis my aide-de-camp, with the rank of colonel, and assistant to the Adjutant-General here, for the accommodation of the service.

Given under my hand as Governor, and under the Seal of the Commonwealth, at Richmond, this 25th day of November, 1859, and in the eighty-fourth year of the Commonwealth.

By the Governor,

GEO. W. MUNFORD, *Sec. of the Commonwealth.*

ANOTHER PROCLAMATION.

The subjoined proclamation by the military and civic authorities was issued on the day previous to the execution:

PROCLAMATION.

In pursuance of instructions from the Governor of Virginia, notice is hereby given to all whom it may concern:

That, as heretofore, particularly from new until after Friday next, the 2d day of December, martial law will exist in the county of Jefferson and counties adjacent, having been declared by the commander-in-chief of the army, and give a satisfactory account of themselves, will be at once arrested.

That on, and for a proper period before that day, strangers will not be permitted to approach within the limits of the land of bring present at the execution of John Brown, Captain Brown, Coppoick, and Cook, and that all who shall attempt forced back, or arrested, without regard to the amount of force which may be necessary to be used for the purpose. Given under our hands on the 1st day of December, the citizens of Jefferson and the surrounding counties, and the commanding officer of the troops of the line, armed, not guard their own property.

The proclamation is couched in peremptory, clearly indicates that by so doing they will best consult their own safety.

No women or children will be allowed to come near the place of execution.

WM. B. TALIAFERRO, *Maj. Gen. Com. Troops.*
R. BARRETT CAMPBELL, *Sheriff.*
THOMAS C. GREEN, *Mayor.*
JAMES W. ROWLAND, *Prosecuting Attorney.*
JAMES M. CAMPBELL, *Sheriff.*
November 29, 1859.

THE PREVIOUS EXCITEMENT.

On the 1st instant the Washington correspondent of the Boston newspapers published at the North, were ejected from the Virginia Legislature. The Boston correspondent tickets and were very anxious to proceed, but were refused—a course which was determined to give a solitary, Governor Wise and the President of the road. They left in the afternoon train, and were followed by two local reporters to the Boston correspondent, and would have forcibly ejected them from the train. The Boston correspondent of the *New York Tribune* was also refused a ticket. The *Associated Press* correspondent was also refused a ticket. Although martial law has not yet been proclaimed, the Governor has issued a proclamation declaring, that subjects every one—even citizens—to great inconvenience. Many persons have been arrested, and others without arrest and examination. On the arrival of the train from Harper's Ferry, bringing to give a solitary, fury amount of themselves, were sent by an armed escort to the Charlestown jail. The Governor has even issued orders that all persons found in the streets, or in the vicinity of the jail, after nine o'clock, shall be arrested.

The *Associated Press* correspondent has been arrested, and the *New York Tribune* correspondent has been ordered to leave the town. The *Associated Press* correspondent has been arrested, and the *New York Tribune* correspondent has been ordered to leave the town.

PERSONAL.

The Utica *Observer* of *Monday* says: "We are pleased to learn that Mr. Hartright, the well known Utica musician to improve. His bodily and mental condition are quite favorable, and he is quite cheerful, and he sleeps better than when brought to the Asylum."

FOREIGN NEWS

ENGLAND.

TROUBLE BETWEEN ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

"We send to the *New York Times*: "From information derived from a vast number of independent sources, we are convinced that a feeling of intense irritation and distrust has existed in France since the peace of 1815, is at this moment more widespread than ever throughout the French Press, as grounded on all other subjects, is on this question of the Italian settlement. The articles which the *Debats* contains attacks upon England such as never before, in moments of the greatest irritation, have appeared in its decrease columns. The *Gazette de France* looks upon the Italian question as a mere pretext. The language the *Univers* is still more virulent that the organ of the Ultramontane party. The *Constitutionnel* and the *Pays* are the ministerial daily, and always praise old, and their tone is moderate. The *Presse* is the only daily paper that maintains the original tone of the Revolution of July country. The inhabitants of the departments from Brest to Strasbourg are convinced that the hostility of England is close, and, strange to say, burn with ardor for a war of which they do not see the end. The Emperor is in a fair representation of the present state of feeling in the departments. We believe the Emperor himself, himself would, if the question could be put to him, admit that it is. The Emperor is aware that the war is not popular, and that to his intervention alone we owe it that the Italian question has not ere this led to war. He already involved in an extremely conflict."

The London correspondent of the *Times* of late date states that a confidential communication of a high character has been addressed by the Minister of the Interior to the Prefects of France, with a view of preventing the effect produced in England by the violent language of the French Press. The communication urges on the efforts such journals to be more circumspect. The Minister of the Interior, while defending energetically the rights of the country, might easily avoid offending the susceptibilities of a friendly power by the tone of his conduct. Also, that the dignity of the Imperial policy and the maintenance of the interests of the alliance of France and the maintenance of peace.

FRANCE.

THE WAR WITH THE ARABS.

The Times correspondent says:

"When one of those Arab skirmishers announced a few days ago, from Compiegne, that Her Majesty, the Empress, was going to, General ordered a regiment to its place adopted woolen shells for dresses, cut short enough to show the ankle, and with the Spanish mantilla not to give the incredible pieces of intelligence; but here is the after-dinner story of Crinoline is always good to entertain society.

The latest mode, however, adopted by the ladies at Compiegne, and for any thing the writer knows, in the Tuileries as well, is to go in for the Arab costume. We have remarked these elegant inventions exposed in the windows of the principal shops, and have heard that the ladies of the court have already adopted the Arab dress in black, straw-colored, or check cloth, are lined interiorly with silk of a contrasting color, and are worn generally in form, and are intended to embrace hermetically from the neck to the feet, and to cover the head with the capuchin and buntresses of Compiegne. The hoods will certainly be found very convenient, and Miss Harriet Hosmer says that ornate in a piece now the vogue at the Palais Royal is to be seen in the streets to-day in Paris, especially in a tall, grand, dazzling meagre personages, whom he is sure to be found in the act to take her to dinner. Even, "oh, Amelia!" exclaims the species; 'pronounce when the hoods are worn, it will be quite the thing to wear Bavol, in coloschemi,' such exhilarates for American." Oh, what a fib is the country of nations!"

THE NEW CONGRESS.

A dispatch dated Paris, 30th ult., says:

"No formal invitation to take part in the Congress, which is to be held on the 10th of December, has yet been sent by France to England: but Count Persigny, the French Ambassador, has had confidential interviews with Lord John Russell. The formal and official invitation will be sent to-morrow from the Austrian Governor and Paris simultaneously. The invitations will be sent to Russia, Prussia, and Austria from Paris, and to England from Vienna. France will abstain from inviting any power, but will leave the question entirely to the Congress itself. It is said, has protested against the nomination of a Regent by Piedmont, as such a Regent would be a member of the Congress. The Pope has already signed at Zurich. It is stated that England also has made representations against the Regency.

ITALY.

PRINCE CARIGNAN DECLINES THE REGENCY.

Prince Carignan has declined the Regency tendered by the Duke of Modena. The Paris *Constitutionnel* of Gazette thus announces the proceedings in the matter:

"The Count Cavour has gone yesterday to the Duke Chevalier Ringhetti and Chevalier Pervari who had been sent to Turin by the Duke of Modena, the Duke of Parma, and the Provisional Assemblies of Parma, Modena, the Romagna, and Tuscany.

"The Count Cavour, in reply said, 'I am deeply sensible of your offer, and tender my thanks to the Assemblies and to the Princes who have sent you to me, as a mark of the proof of their confidence. I believe that in making this offer you are interpreting the true personal sentiments of your devotedness toward the King, and by your feelings, you are also expressing the wishes of Europe for the order and respect for monarchical institutions. Weighty reasons of political propriety and the approaching Congress deter me, much to my regret, from responding to your appeal, and accepting the charge offered me. This refusal rests on my part, and the sacrifice I am thus making is the more painful to me, as the interests of our common country than if I had acted otherwise. Nevertheless, I thought to do an act of service to Piedmont.' The Chevalier Ringhetti spoke in the person who ought to be entrusted with the Regency of Central Italy. Return my thanks to the Assemblies, and to the Princes, and by your perseverance and their general conduct deserve the sympathies of Europe. Tell them to reckon always on the King, who will support their wishes, and who will never abandon those who intrust their destinies to his loyalty."

WHO IS TO BE REGENT?

Prince Carignan has summoned Chevalier Buoncompagni to undertake the Regency, who at first intimated his readiness to accept the honor and responsibility of the Regency, but on further consideration the Chevalier Buoncompagni had suggested the name for Central Italy to assume the Regency, and the Count Cavour had suggested the Count Boncompagni, which proposal, and had met such disapprobation to the Sardinian Government. The Turin journals are unanimous in declaring that the King of Sardinia can not recede from his act.

SPAIN.

THE WAR WITH MOROCCO.

Marshal O'Donnell had returned to Ceuta, after having effected a survey of the coast of Africa. Military operations were to commence immediately.

The protest of the Moorish Government against the conduct of Spain, declaring war, is published. It assumes that the demands of Spain, in each instance, upon being complied with, the Moorish Government demanded and also, Morocco positive that the King of Sardinia can not recede from his act.

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "AFTER DARK," ETC.

HARTRIGHT'S NARRATIVE—*Continued.*

VII.

WHEN I entered the room, I found Miss Halcombe and an elderly lady seated at the luncheon-table.

The elderly lady, when I was presented to her, proved to be Mrs. Vesey Fairlie's governess, Mrs. Vesey, who had been briefly described to me by Miss Halcombe as a "dear old soul." Miss Halcombe, as possessed of "all the cardinal virtues, and counting for nothing." I can do little more than offer my humble testimony to the truthfulness of Miss Halcombe's sketch of the old lady's character. Mrs. Vesey looked the personification of human composure and female amiability. A calm unpurport of a calm existence beamed in divery soft wrinkle on her placid face. Some of us rush through life; and some of us saunter through it. Mrs. Vesey went through life. Set in the house, early and late; sat in the garden; sat in unexpected window-seats in passages; and in the course of the few days I was destined to take her out walking; sat before the looked at any thing, before she talked of any thing, before she answered, Yes, or No, to the commonest question—always with the same serene smile on her placid lips, the same vacant abstinence turn of her head, the same snugly, comfortable position of her hands and arms, and the same coy possible change of domestic circumstances. A mild, a compliant, an unutterably tranquil and harmless old lady! Even the few words of chance suggested the idea that she had been actually alive since the hour of her birth. She had no much to do in this world, and is engaged in concerning such a vast variety of coexistent professions, that she must surely be dead and then too diurnal and confused to distinguish between one different processes in carrying on at the same time. Starting from this point of view, it will always remain my private persuasion that Mrs. Vesey's knitting and her packing cages when Mrs. Vesey was born, and that the social lady suffered the consequences of premature preoccupation in the mind of the Mother of us all.

"Now, Mrs. Vesey," said Miss Halcombe, looking brighter, sharper, and readier than ever, as contrasted with the contemplative old lady at her side, "what will you have? A cutlet?"

Mrs. Vesey crossed her dimpled hands on the edge of the table, and pleaded; and said, "Yes, dear?"

"What is that, opposite Mr. Hartright? Boiled chicken, is it not? I thought you liked boiled chicken better than cutlet, Mrs. Vesey?"

Mrs. Vesey crossed her dimpled hands off the edge of the table and crossed them on her lap instead; nodded and complainately at the boiled chicken, and said, "Yes, dear."

"Well, but which will you have, to-day? Shall Mr. Hartright give you a cutlet, or shall I? I shall give you some cutlet?"

Mrs. Vesey put one of her dimpled hands back again on the edge of the table; hesitated drowsily; and said, "Which you please, dear."

"Now, Mrs. Vesey!" Her dimpled hands off the edge of the table and crossed them on her lap instead; nodded and complainately at the boiled chicken, and said, "Yes, dear."

"Well, but which will you have, to-day? Shall Mr. Hartright give you a cutlet, or shall I? I shall give you some cutlet?"

Mrs. Vesey put one of her dimpled hand back again on the edge of the table; brightened dimly, one moment; went out again, the next; bowed obediently; and said, "Which you please, dear."

Surely a mild, a compliant, an unutterably tranquil old harmless old lady! Just enough, perhaps, for the present, of Mrs. Vesey.

All this time there were no signs of Miss Fairlie. We finished our luncheon; and still the young lady did not appear. Miss Halcombe quick eye nothing escaped, noticed the looks that I cast, from time to time, in the direction of the door.

"I understand you, Mr. Hartright," she said; "you are wondering why we have not seen more of your pupil. She has been down stairs, and has got over her headache; but has not sufficiently recovered her appetite to join us at lunch. If you will put yourself under my charge, I think I can undertake to find her somewhere in the garden."

She took up a parasol, lying on a chair near her, and led the way out, by a long window at the bottom of the room, which opened on to the lawn. It is almost unnecessary to say that my

left Mrs. Vesey still seated at the table, with her dimpled hands still crossed on the edge of it; apparently settled in that position for the rest of the afternoon.

As we crossed the lawn, Miss Halcombe looked at me significantly, and shook her head.

"That unpunctual adventurer of yours," she said, "still remains involved in its own appropriate midnight darkness. I have been all the morning looking over my mother's letters; and I have made no discoveries yet. However, don't despair, Mr. Hartright. I am a true hunter of curiosity; and you have got a woman for your ally. Under such conditions, success is certain, sooner or later. The letters are not exhausted. I have three packets still left, and you may count on giving me my spending the whole evening over them."

Here, then, was one of my anticipations of the morning still unfulfilled. I began, as before, next, whether my introduction to Miss Fairlie would disappoint the expectations that I had been forming of her since breakfast-time.

"And how did you get on with my uncle?" inquired Miss Halcombe, as we left the lawn and turned into a shrubbery. "Was he particularly nervous this morning? Never mind considering about your answer, Mr. Hartright. The mere fact of your being obliged to consider is enough for me. I see in your face that he was particularly nervous, and I am quite quietly unwilling to throw you into the same condition, I ask no more."

We turned off into a winding path while she was speaking, and approached a pretty summer-house, built in Swiss taste, which, in imitation Swiss chalet. The one room of the summer-house, as we ascended the steps at the door, was occupied by a young lady. She was standing near a rustic table, looking out at the inland view of corn and hill-pastures, that gap in the trees, and absently turning over the leaves of a little sketch-book that lay at her side. This was Miss Fairlie.

How can I describe her? How can I separate her from the accessories around her, and from all that has happened in the later time? How can I see her again as she looked when my eyes first rested on her—as she looks now, to the eyes that are about to see her in these pages?

The water-color drawing that I made of Laura Fairlie, at an after-period, in the place and attitude in which I first saw her, lies at my desk while I write. I look at it, and there shows upon me bright, from the dark purple-brown background of the summer-house, a light, youthful figure, clothed in a simple muslin dress, the pattern of it formed by small, separate stripes of delicate blue and white. A scarf of the same material is worn over the closely round her shoulders, and a little straw hat, of the natural color, plainly and sparingly trimmed with ribbon to match the dress, covers her head, and throws its soft pearly shadow over the upper part of her face. Her eyes look at us faint and pale a brown—not flaxen, and yet almost as light; not golden, and yet almost as glossy—and in keeping with them and them, also the shadow of the hat. It is plainly parted and drawn back over her ears, and the line of it ripples naturally as it crosses her forehead. The eyebrows are rather darker than the hair; and the eyes are of that soft, limpid, expressive blue, so often sung by the poets, so seldom seen in real life. Lovely eyes in color, lovely in the form—large and tender and quietly thoughtful —but beautiful above all things in the clear truthfulness of look that dwells in their inmost depths, and shines through all their changes of expression with the light of a pure and a better world. The charm—most gently and yet most distinctly expressed—which they shed over the whole face, so covers and transfigures it in the natural human blemishes elsewhere, that it is difficult to separate the relative shapes and effects of the other features. It is hard to see that the lower part of the face is too delicately rounded and too small, the chin to be in full and fair proportion with the upper part; that the nose, in escaping the application of a better word, is commonplace, and the mouth, on the hand and cruel in a woman, no matter how attractively perfect it may be), has erred a little in the other extreme, and has taken on the ideal straightness of line; and that the sweet, sensitive lips are colorless in a slight over-contraction, when she smiles, which draws them upward a little as one corner, toward the cheek. It might be possible to note these blemishes in another woman's face, but it is not easy to dwell on them in hers, or, indeed, to be concerned with all that is individual and characteristic in her expression, and so closely does the expression depend for its full play and life on every other feature, on the moving impulse of the eyes.

Deep in the clear blue of her, my patient labor of long and happy days, show me these things? Ah, how few of them are in the dim mechanical sketch that now stands at the side with which I regard it! A fair, delicate girl, in a pretty light dress trifling with the leaves of a sketch-book, while she looks up from it with truthful innocent blue eyes—that is all the drawing can say; all, perhaps, that even the deeper reach of thought and pen can say in their language, either. The remembrance that gives life, light, and form to our shadowy conceptions of beauty, fills a void in our spiritual nature that has remained unknown to us till she appeared. Sympathies that lie too deep for words, too deep almost for thoughts, are touched, at such times, by other charms than those which the senses feel and which the resources of expression can realize. The mystery which underlies the beauty of women is never raised above the reach of all sympathies until it has chained kindred with the deeper mystery in our own souls. Then, and then only, has it passed beyond the narrow region on which light falls, in this world, from the pencil and the pen.

Think of her, as you thought of the first woman who quickened the pulses within you that the rest of her sex had no art to stir. List the kind, candid blue eyes meet yours, as they met mine, with the one matchless look which, for both remember so well. Let her voice speak the music that you once loved best, attuned as sweetly to your ear as to mine. Let her footsteps, as she comes and goes in those pages, be like that other footstep which, to you, has its own heart once beat time. Take her as the visionary nursing of your own fancy, and she will grow upon you, all the more clearly and the lifelong woman she dwells in mine.

Among the visitors who had crowded on me, when my eyes first looked upon her—familiar sensations which we all know, which spring to life at the meeting of our hands, and die away, and renew their bright existence in us few—there was one which I remember, because it is one that seemed strangely inconsistent and unaccountably out of place in Miss Fairlie's presence.

Mingling with what I have already described by the charm of her fair face and head, her evident superiority to the surrounding simplicity of manner, was another impression, which, in a shadowy way, suggested to me the idea of something wanting. At the moment, I could not think something wanting in *her*; at another, like something wanting in myself. I was bewildered me from understanding her as I ought. The impression was always strongest in the most extraordinary moments, when I looked at her, or, in other words, when I was most conscious of the luminous influence of her beauty. Always at the same time, most troubled by the sense of an incompleteness in myself. Always most conscious of something wanting—something wanting—and where it was, and what it was, I could not find out.

The effect of this curious caprice of fancy (as I thought it then) was felt at a nature to see me by one, from the table, and to the little delicate wandering hand that was still trifling with it. "Surely you have seen enough to thank her in the customary phrases of reply. Observing my hesitation, and no doubt attributing it, naturally enough, to the momentary shyness, on my part, Miss Halcombe took the initiative in the introduction, and finally to usual, into her own hands.

"Look there, Mr. Hartright," she said, pointing to the little sketch on the table, and to the little delicate wandering hand that was still trifling with it, "look there, and be grateful that your model pupil is found at last? The moment she hears that you are in the house, she opens her sketch-book directly. It looks universal Nature straight in the face, and longs for help."

Miss Fairlie laughed with a rendy good humor, which broke out, as brightly as if it had been the first time, at the sight of a new face or lovely face.

"I must not take credit to myself where no credit is due," she said; her clear, truthful blue eyes looking alternately at Miss Halcombe and me, as we took our places, as if desirous to be conscious of my own ignorance that I am more in the dark than herself. "I know you are here, Mr. Hartright, I find myself looking over my sketches, as I used to look over my exercises, when I was a little girl, and I was very sadly afraid that I should turn out not fit to be heard."

She made the confession very prettily and simply, and, with quaint, childish earnestness, drew her sketch-book very close to my own side of the table. Miss Halcombe cut the knot of the little embarrassment, however, in her resolute, downright way.

"Good, bad, or indifferent," she said, "the pupil's sketches must pass through their hard ordeal of the master's judgment—and there's an end of it. Mr. Hartright, you may walk in at the carriage, Laura, and let Mr. Hartright see them, for the first time, without further ceremony. Are you ready for another interruption? If we can only confuse him all through the drive, he will mistake it for the right way to set to work, and Nature as it is not, when he looks down again at your sketch-book, we shall drive down again at the last desperate refuge of paying to compliments, and shall sit through his protestations of admiration in a state of perfectly tranquil unruffled."

"I hope Mr. Hartright will pay me no compliments," said Miss Fairlie, as we all left the summer-house.

"You will venture to inquire why you express that hope?" I asked.

"Because I shall believe all that you say to me," she answered, simply.

In those few words she unconsciously gave me the true measure of her, my patient labor of long and happy days, show me these things? Ah, how few of them are in the dim mechanical sketch that now stands at the side with which I regard it! A fair, delicate girl, in a pretty light dress trifling with the leaves of a sketch-book, while she looks up from it with truthful innocent blue eyes—that is all the drawing can say; all, perhaps, that even the deeper reach of thought and pen can say in their language, either. The remembrance that gives life, light, and form to our shadowy conceptions of beauty, fills a void in our spiritual nature that has remained unknown to us till she appeared. Sympathies that lie too deep for words, too deep almost for thoughts, are touched, at such times, by other charms than those which the senses feel and which the resources of expression can realize. The mystery which underlies the beauty of women is never raised above the reach of all sympathies until it has chained kindred with the deeper mystery in our own souls. Then, and then only, has it passed beyond the narrow region on which light falls, in this world, from the pencil and the pen.

Think of her, as you thought of the first woman who quickened the pulses within you that the rest of her sex had no art to stir. List the kind, candid blue eyes meet yours, as they met mine, with the one matchless look which, for both remember so well. Let her voice speak the music that you once loved best, attuned as sweetly to your ear as to mine. Let her footsteps, as she comes and goes in those pages, be like that other footstep which, to you, has its own heart once beat time. Take her as the visionary nursing of your own fancy, and she will grow upon you, all the more clearly and the lifelong woman she dwells in mine.

Among the visitors who had crowded on me, when my eyes first looked upon her—familiar sensations which we all know, which spring to life at the meeting of our hands, and die away, and renew their bright existence in us few—there was one which I remember, because it is one that seemed strangely inconsistent and unaccountably out of place in Miss Fairlie's presence.

Mingling with what I have already described by the charm of her fair face and head, her evident superiority to the surrounding simplicity of manner, was another impression, which, in a shadowy way, suggested to me the idea of something wanting. At the moment, I could not think something wanting in *her*; at another, like something wanting in myself. I was bewildered me from understanding her as I ought. The impression was always strongest in the most extraordinary moments, when I looked at her, or, in other words, when I was most conscious of the luminous influence of her beauty. Always at the same time, most troubled by the sense of an incompleteness in myself. Always most conscious of something wanting—something wanting—and where it was, and what it was, I could not find out.

The effect of this curious caprice of fancy (as I thought it then) was felt at a nature to see me by one, from the table, and to the little delicate wandering hand that was still trifling with it. "Surely you have seen enough to thank her in the customary phrases of reply. Observing my hesitation, and no doubt attributing it, naturally enough, to the momentary shyness, on my part, Miss Halcombe took the initiative in the introduction, and finally to usual, into her own hands.

"Look there, Mr. Hartright," she said, pointing to the little sketch on the table, and to the little delicate wandering hand that was still trifling with it, "look there, and be grateful that your model pupil is found at last? The moment she hears that you are in the house, she opens her sketch-book directly. It looks universal Nature straight in the face, and longs for help."

Miss Fairlie laughed with a ready good humor, which broke out, as brightly as if it had been the first time, at the sight of a new face or lovely face.

"I must not take credit to myself where no credit is due," she said; her clear, truthful blue eyes looking alternately at Miss Halcombe and me, as we took our places, as if desirous to be conscious of my own ignorance that I am more in the dark than herself. "I know you are here, Mr. Hartright, I find myself looking over my sketches, as I used to look over my exercises, when I was a little girl, and I was very sadly afraid that I should turn out not fit to be heard."

She made the confession very prettily and simply, and, with quaint, childish earnestness, drew her sketch-book very close to my own side of the table. Miss Halcombe cut the knot of the little embarrassment, however, in her resolute, downright way.

"Good, bad, or indifferent," she said, "the pupil's sketches must pass through their hard ordeal of the master's judgment—and there's an end of it. Mr. Hartright, you may walk in at the carriage, Laura, and let Mr. Hartright see them, for the first time, without further ceremony. Are you ready for another interruption? If we can only confuse him all through the drive, he will mistake it for the right way to set to work, and Nature as it is not, when he looks down again at your sketch-book, we shall drive down again at the last desperate refuge of paying to compliments, and shall sit through his protestations of admiration in a state of perfectly tranquil unruffled."

"I hope Mr. Hartright will pay me no compliments," said Miss Fairlie, as we all left the summer-house.

"You will venture to inquire why you express that hope?" I asked.

"Because I shall believe all that you say to me," she answered, simply.

In those few words she unconsciously gave me the true measure of her, my patient labor of long and happy days, show me these things? Ah, how few of them are in the dim mechanical sketch that now stands at the side with which I regard it! A fair, delicate girl, in a pretty light dress trifling with the leaves of a sketch-book, while she looks up from it with truthful innocent blue eyes—that is all the drawing can say; all, perhaps, that even the deeper reach of thought and pen can say in their language, either. The remembrance that gives life, light, and form to our shadowy conceptions of beauty, fills a void in our spiritual nature that has remained unknown to us till she appeared. Sympathies that lie too deep for words, too deep almost for thoughts, are touched, at such times, by other charms than those which the senses feel and which the resources of expression can realize. The mystery which underlies the beauty of women is never raised above the reach of all sympathies until it has chained kindred with the deeper mystery in our own souls. Then, and then only, has it passed beyond the narrow region on which light falls, in this world, from the pencil and the pen.

Yes! let me acknowledge that, on this first day, I let the charm of her presence lure me from the recollection of myself and my position. The most trifling of the questions that she put to me, on the subject of using her pencil and mixing her colors; the slightest alterations of expression in the lovely eyes that looked into mine, with such an earnest desire to learn all that I could teach and to discover all that I could love, attracted more of my attention than the finest view we passed through, or the greatest changes of light and shade, as they flowed into each other, on the waving moorland and the level beach. At any time, and under any circumstances, I am slow to take an interest and to see how little real hold the objects of the natural world amidst which we live can gain on the attention of our hearts. We go to Nature for comfort in trouble, and sympathy in joy, only in books. Among the realities that surround the passionate world, which modern poetry so largely and so eloquently describes, is not, even in these days, the true original instincts of our nature. As children, we none of us possess it. No writers of men or women possess it. Those whose lives are most exclusively passed amidst the ever-changing wonders of sea and sky, are often the most unable and unwilling to express in any aspect of Nature not directly associated with the human interest of their calling. Our capacity of appreciating the beauties of the earth we live on, is, in truth, one of the civilized accomplishments which we all learn, as an Art; and, more, that very capacity is rarely developed in us, or at any rate in our minds are most indolent and most unoccupied. How much time we waste, how much pain Nature can lead in the pleasurable or painful interests and emotions of ourselves or our friends! What spaces do they occupy in the thousand little narratives of personal experience which pass in review over us at month from one or to the other? All that our minds can compass, all that our hearts can learn, can be accomplished with our present, equal profit, and equal satisfaction to ourselves, in the poorest as in the richest prospect that we can find, or can choose. There is surely a reason for this want of inborn sympathy between the creature and the creation—and, if a reason which may perhaps be found in the widely-differing destinies which await the two spheres. The greatest mountain prospect that the eye can range over is appointed to annihilation. The smallest human interest that the pen can trace, is appointed to immortality.

We had been out nearly three hours, when the carriage again passed through the gates of Limmeridge House.

On our return, I had let the ladies settle for themselves the first point of view which they chose to adopt under my instruction, on the afternoon of the next day. When they withdrew to dress for dinner, and when I was alone again in my sitting-room, my spirits seemed to leave me on a sudden. I felt ill at ease and dissatisfied with myself. I knew not why. Perhaps I was now conscious, for the first time, of having enjoyed our drive too much in the pleasure of being idle, and I felt the more when I was first introduced to her, haunted me still. Even if I won a relief to my spirits when the dinner-bell called me out of my solitude, I brought me back to the society of the ladies of the house.

I was struck, on entering the drawing-room, by a new appearance in the room, rather in material than. in color, of the dresses which they now were. While Miss Halcombe and Miss Halcombe were richly clad (each in the manner most becoming to her age), the first in silver-gray, and the second in delicate primrose-yellow color, which matches so well with a dark complexion and black hair, they were both dressed elegantly, and almost poorly dressed in plain white muslin. It was positively pure; it was beautifully clean. It was the sort of dress which the wife or daughter of a poor man might have worn; and in the house of Limmeridge House, so far as externals went, look less affluent in circumstances than I learned to know more of Miss Fairlie's character, I discovered that this contrast was, on the wrong side, was due to her natural delicacy of feeling and natural sincerity of aversion to the slightest personal display of her own wealth. Neither Mrs. Vesey nor Miss Halcombe could ever induce her to dress otherwise in dress denoted the two ladies who were poor, to lean to the side of the one less fortunate than herself.

When dinner was over, we returned together to the drawing-room. Although Mr. Fairlie considered the unfavorable condescension of the monarch who had picked up Titian's brush for him) had permitted his former governess to wishes in relation to the wine that I might prefer after dinner, I was resolute enough to retain my independence, sitting in solitary grandeur among bottles of my own choosing, and seating myself at the ladies' request at one end of the table with them habitually, on the civilized foreign plan, during the period of my residence at Limmeridge House.

The drawing-room, to which we had now withdrawn for the rest of the evening, was on the ground-floor, and was of the same shape and size as the breakfast-room. Large glass doors at the lower end opened on to a terrace, beautifully ornamented along its whole length with a profusion of flowers. The soft, hazy twilight was just shading leaf and blossom alike into harmony with its own sober hues, as we entered the room; and the sweet evening scent of the flowers met us with its fragrant welcome through the open glass doors. Good Mrs. Vesey (always the first of the party to sit down) took possession of an arm-chair in a corner, and closed off comfortably to sleep. At my request, Miss Fairlie ranged herself at the piano. As I followed her to a seat near the instrument, I saw Miss Halcombe retire into a distant recess of the side windows, to proceed with the search through her mother's letters by the last quiet rays of the evening light.

How vividly that peaceful home-picture of the drawing-room comes back to me while I write! From the place where I sat, I could see Miss Fairlie advancing, through the full of the soft light, half in mysterious shadow, bending intently over the music-book on the desk. Nearer to me, the fair profile of the player at the piano was just delicately defined against the luminous background of the open sunset of the room. Outside, on the terrace, the clustering flowers and lone peacock in the prospect waved so gently in the light evening air, that the sound of their rustling never reached us. The repose of the scene, the calm of the evening mystery of moonlight began to tremble already in the region of the western horizon. The scene of peace and seclusion soothed all thought and feeling into a rapt, unearthly respect; and the last touch of that deepened even while the deepening light, seemed to hover over us with a gentler influence still, when there crept upon it from the piano the heavenly tenderness of the music of Mozart. It was an evening of sights and sounds never to forget.

We all sat silent in the places we had chosen, for a little while, still sleeping. Miss Fairlie still playing, Miss Halcombe still reading—till the light failed us. By this time the notes had stolen round to the terrace, and soft, mysterious rays of light were slanting already across the darkness of the room. The change from the twilight obscurity was so beautiful, that we hesitated the lamps, and waited patiently when the servant brought them in; and kept the large room unlighted, except by the glimmer of the candles on the piano.

For half an hour more, the music still went on. After that time, the beauty of the moonlight view on the terrace tempted Miss Fairlie out to look at it; and I followed her. When the ladies rose to leave the room, Miss Halcombe had changed her place, so as to continue her occupation at the table by their hostess. We left her, on a low chair, at one side of the instrument, so absorbed over her letters that she did not notice us when we moved.

We had been out on the terrace together, just in front of the glass doors, hardly so long as five minutes, I should think; and Miss Fairlie had been telling me, with a few of her white handkerchief over her head as a precaution against the night air, that Miss Halcombe's voice—low, eager, and altered from its natural lively tone—pronounce my name.

"Mr. Hartright," she said, "can you come here for a minute? I want to speak to you."

I entered the room again immediately. The piano stood about half-way down along the inner wall. On the side of the instrument farthest from the terrace, Miss Halcombe was sitting with the letters scattered on her lap, and with one of them held open in her hand, and held close to the candle. On the side nearest to the terrace stood a little table, covered with books, near my place. In this position, I was not far from the glass doors; and I could see Miss Fairlie, therefore, as she passed and repassed the opening on to the terrace; walking slowly from end to end of it in the full radiance of the moonlight.

"I want you to listen while I read the contents of these letters to you, Mr. Hartright," Miss Halcombe. "Tell me if you think they throw any light upon the strange subject we started on this garden. The letter is addressed by my mother to her second husband, Mr. Fairlie; and it was written in a period of twenty years and twelve years since. At that time, Mr. and Mrs. Fairlie, and my niece Laura, had been living for years in this house; and I was away from them, completing my education at a school in London.

She looked and spoke earnestly, and as I thought, a little anxiously, at the end of the moment when she raised the letter to the candle before beginning to read it, Miss Fairlie passed the door-way, looked in for a moment, and, seeing that we were engaged, slowly walked on.

Miss Halcombe began to read, as follows:

"You will be tired, my dear Philip, of hearing perpetually about my schools and my schoolboys. Let me assure you, on the contrary, that my life at Limmeridge, and not on me. Besides, this time, I have something really interesting to tell you about a new scholar.

"You know old Mrs. Kempe; at the village here. Well, after years of waiting, the doctor has at last given her up, and she is dying slowly, day by day. Her only child, Jane, a sister, died last week to take care of her. This sister comes all the way from Hampshire—her name is Catherick. Four days ago Mrs. Catherick came here to see me, and brought her only child with her, a sweet little girl, about a year older than our darling Laura—

As the last sentence fell from the reader's lips, Miss Fairlie passed us on the terrace once more. She was softly singing to herself one of the melodies which she had been playing earlier in the evening. Miss Halcombe waited till she had passed out of sight again; and then went on with the letter:

"Mrs. Catherick is a decent, well-behaved, respectable woman; middle aged, and with the remains of having been moderately, only moderately, nice-looking. There is something in

her manner and her appearance, however, which I can't make out. She is reserved about herself to the point of downright secrecy, and there is a look in her face—I can't describe it—which suggests to me that she has something on her mind. She is altogether what you would call a walking mystery. Her errand at Limmeridge House, however, was simple enough. When she left Hampshire to nurse her sister, Mrs. Kemp, through her last illness, she had been obliged to bring her daughter with her, through having no one at home to take care of the little girl. Mrs. Kemp may die in a week's time, or may linger on for months; and Mrs. Catherick's object was to ask me to let her daughter, Anne, have the benefit of attending my school; subject to the condition of her being removed from it to go home again with her mother, when Mrs. Kemp's death. I consented at once; and when Laura and I went out for our walk, we took the little girl (who is just eleven years old) to the school, that very day."

Once more, Miss Fairlie's figure, bright and soft in its snowy muslin dress—her face gently framed by the white folds of the handkerchief which she had tied under her chin—appeared to us in the moonlight. Once more, Miss Halcombe waited till she was out of sight; and then went on:

"I have taken a violent fancy, Philip, to my new scholar, for a reason which I mean to keep till the last for the sake of surprising you. Her mother having told me as little about the child as possible, I have found out for myself. I am discover (which I did on the first day when we tried her at lessons) that the poor little thing's intellect is not developed as it ought to be at her age. Seeing this, I had her up to the house the next day, and privately surveyed it with the doctor to come and watch her and question her, and tell me what he thought. His opinion is that she will grow out of it. But he says her careful bringing up at school is a matter of great importance just now, because the unusual slowness in acquiring ideas implies an unusual tenacity in keeping them when they are once received into her mind. Now, my dear, you must not imagine, in your off-hand way, that I have been attaching myself to an idiot. This poor little Anne Catherick is a sweet, affectionate, grateful girl, and says the quaintest, prettiest things (to say that shall judge by an instance) in the most oddly-sudden, surprised, half-frightened way. Although she is dressed in mourning, her clothes show a sad want of taste in color and pattern. So I arranged, yesterday, that some of our darling Laura's old white frocks and white hats should be altered for Anne Catherick, explaining to her that little girls of her complexion looked neater and better all in white than in any thing else. She hesitated and seemed puzzled for a minute, then flushed up, and appeared to understand. Her little hand clasped mine quite warmly. She kissed it, Philip, and said (oh, so earnestly), 'I will always wear white as long as I live. It will help me to remember you, ma'am, and to think that I am pleasing you still, when I go away and see you no more.' This is only one specimen of the quaint things she says so prettily. Poor little soul! She shall have a stock of white frocks, made with good deep tucks, to let out for her as she grows—'"

Miss Halcombe paused, and looked at me across the piano.

"Did the forlorn woman whom you met in the high-road seem young?" she asked. "Young enough to be two or three-and-twenty?"

"Yes, Miss Halcombe, as young as that."

"And also very strangely dressed, from head to foot, all in white?"

"All in white."

While the answer was passing my lips Miss Fairlie glided into view on the terrace for the third time. Instead of proceeding on her walk, she stopped, with her back turned toward us, and, leaning on the balustrade of the terrace, looked down into the garden beyond. My eyes fixed upon the white gleam of her muslin gown and head-dress in the moonlight, and a sensation, for which I can find no name—a sensation that quickened my pulse and raised a fluttering at my heart—began to steal over me.

"I, in return," Miss Halcombe repeated. "The most important sentences in the letter, Mr. Hartright, are those at the end, which I will read to you immediately. But I can't help dwelling a little upon the coincidence of the white costume of the woman you met, and the white frocks which produced that strange answer from my mother's little scholar. The doctor may have been wrong when he discovered the child's defects of intellect, and predicted that she would 'grow out of them.' She has never have grown out of them; and the old grateful fancy about dressing in white, which was a serious feeling to the girl, may be a serious feeling to the woman still."

I said a few words in answer—I hardly know what. All my attention was concentrated on the white figure of Miss Fairlie musing below.

"Listen to the last sentences of the letter," said Miss Halcombe. "I think they will surprise you."

As she raised the letter to the light of the candle, Miss Fairlie turned from the balustrade, looked doubtfully up and down the terrace, advanced a step toward the glass doors, and then stopped, facing us.

Meanwhile, Miss Halcombe read me the last sentences to which she had referred:

"And now, my love, seeing that I am at the end of my paper, now for the real reason, the surprising reason, for my fondness for little Anne Catherick. My dear Philip, although she is not half so pretty, she is, nevertheless, by one of those extraordinary caprices of accidental resemblance which one sometimes sees, the living likeness, in her hair, her complexion, the color of her eyes, and the shape of her face, of—"

I started up from the ottoman before Miss Halcombe could pronounce the next word. A thrill of the same feeling which ran through me when the touch was laid upon my shoulder on the lonely high-road ran through me again.

There stood Miss Fairlie, a white figure, alone in the moonlight; in the complexion, the color of her head, in her complexion, in the shape of her face, the living image, at that distance and under those circumstances, of the woman in white! The doubt which had troubled my mind for days past vanished before the new conviction in an instant. That "something wanting" was the recognition of the unconscious likeness between the fugitive from the asylum and the heiress of Limmeridge House.

"You are pale, Philip," said Miss Halcombe. She dropped the useless letter, and her eyes flashed as they met mine. "I've seen it now, as my mother saw it eleven years since!"

I see it—more unwillingly than I can say. My associations that forlorn, friendless, lost woman, even by an accidental likeness only, with Miss Fairlie, seems like casting a shadow on the future of the bright creature who stood looking at us now. Let me lose the impression again, as soon as possible! Let me see the face of the dreary moonlight—pray call her in!"

"Mr. Hartright, you surprise me. What, ever woman may be, I thought that men, in the nineteenth century, were above superstition."

"Pray call her in!"

"Hush, hush! Sara is coming of her own accord. Say nothing in her presence. Let this discovery of the likeness be kept a secret between you and me. Come in, Sara, come in, and wake Mrs. Vesey with the piano. Mr. Hartright is continuing for some more music, and he wants it, this time, of the lightest and liveliest kind."

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

TRUMPS.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

CHAPTER LXXXII.

IN VINO VERITAS.

The Honorable Abel Newt was elected to Congress in place of the Honorable Watkins Bodley, who withdrew on account of the embarrassment of his private affairs. At the public meeting of the General Committee Mr. Enos Slugby, Chairman of the Ward Committee, introduced a long and eloquent resolution, deploring the loss sustained by the city and by the whole country in the resignation of the Honorable Watkins Bodley—sympathizing with him in the pecuniary and private affairs—but rejoicing that the word "close up" was always faithfully observed, that there was always a fresh soldier to fill the place of the retiring—and that the Party never summoned her sons in vain.

General Belch then rose and offered a resolution:

"*Resolved*—That in the Honorable Abel Newt, our representative, just elected by a triumphant majority of the votes of the enlightened and independent voters of the district—a constituency of whose favor the most experienced and illustrious statesman might be proud—we recognize a worthy exemplar of the purest republican virtues, a consistent enemy of a purse-proud aristocracy, the equally unflinching friend of the people; a man who dedicates with enthusiasm the rare powers of his youth, his scholarship, and his profoundest and sincerest convictions, to the great cause of popular rights of which the Party is the exponent.

"*Resolved*—That the Honorable Abel Newt be requested, at the earliest possible moment, to unfold to his fellow-citizens his views upon the State and National political affairs."

"SHE WAS STANDING NEAR A RUSTIC TABLE—"

Mr. William Condor spoke feelingly in support of the resolutions.

"Fellow-citizens," he said, eloquently, in conclusion, "if there is one thing sobler than another, it is an upright, downright, disinterested, honest man; and such I am proud and happy to declare my friend, your friend, the friend of all honest men, to be; and I call for three cheers for Honest Abel Newt!"

They were given with ardor; and then General Belch was called out for a few remarks, "which he delivered," said the *Evening Banner of the Union*, "with his accustomed humor, keeping the audience in a roar of laughter, and sending every body happy to bed."

The Committee-meeting was over, and the spectators retired to the neighboring bar-room. Mr. Slugby, Mr. Condor, and General Belch tarried behind, with two or three more.

"Shall we go to Newt's?" asked the General.

"Yes, I told him we should be round after the meeting," replied Mr. Condor; and the party were presently at his rooms.

The Honorable Abel had placed several full decanters upon the table, with a box of cigars.

"Newt, how come you make that speech?" inquired General Belch, after they had been smoking and drinking for some time.

"Whenever you please," answered Abel. "I am primed."

"Well, take care that you're not primed when you deliver it," said the General. "We've had enough of that."

There was a loud laugh. Perhaps there was never less merriment in laughter.

"You may talk about every thing but the Grant," said Slugby; "but you must only allude to that under the general head of national grandeur and generosity—and—and—"

"And dividends," interpolated Abel.

There was another laugh.

"Mr. Newt," said Enos Slugby.

Abel turned his head.

"You have an uncle, have you not?" Abel nodded.

"A very prominent merchant, I believe. His name is very well known, and he commands great respect. Ahem!"

Mr. Slugby cleared his throat; then continued:

"He will naturally be very much interested in the career and success of his nephew."

"Oh, immensely!" replied Abel, in a thick voice, and with a look and tone which suggested to his friends that he was rapidly priming himself. "I'm immensely enormously!"

"Ah, yes," said Mr. Slugby, with an air of serious meditation. "I do not remember to have heard the character of his political proclivities mentioned. But, of course, as the brother of Senator Newt, and the uncle of the Honorable Abel Newt"—here Mr. Slugby bowed to that gentleman, who winked at him over the rim of his glass—"he is naturally a friend of the people."

"Yes," returned Abel.

"I think you said he was very fond of you?" added Mr. Slugby, while his friends looked expectantly on.

"Fond? It's a clear case of apple of the eye," answered Abel, reddening.

"Very good," said William Condor; "very good indeed."

"Capital!" laughed Belch; and whispered to his neighbor Condor, "In vino veritas."

As they whispered and smiled and nodded together, Abel Newt glanced around the circle with sullen, fiery eyes.

"Uncle Lawrence is worth a million of dollars," said he, carelessly.

The group of political gentlemen shook their heads in silent admiration. They seemed tothemselves to have struck a golden vein, and General Belch could not help inwardly complimenting himself upon his profound sagacity in having put forward a candidate who had a bachelor uncle who dotted upon him, and who was worth a million. He perceived at once his own increased importance in the party. To have displaced Watkins Bodley—who was not only an uncertain party implement, but poor—for an unblemishing young man of great ability and of enormous prospects, he knew was to have secured for himself whatever he chose to ask. The fat nose reddened and glistened as if it would burst with triumph and joy. General Arculurius Belch was satisfied.

"Of course," said William Condor, "a man of Mr. Lawrence Newt's experience and knowledge of the world is aware that there are certain necessary expenses attendant upon elections—such as printing, rent, lighting, warming, posting, etc."

"In fact, sundries," said Abel, smiling with the back eye.

"Yes, precisely; sundries," answered Mr. Condor, "which sometimes swell to quite an inordinate figure. Your uncle, I presume, Mr. Newt, would not be unwilling to contribute a certain share of the expense of your election; and indeed, now that you are so considerable a leader, he would probably expect to contribute handsomely to the various expenses of the party. Isn't it so?"

"Of course," said General Belch.

"Of course," said Enos Slugby.

"Of course," echoed the two or three other gentlemen who sat silently, assiduously smoking and drinking.

With a half-maudlin grin he looked along the line.

"By-the-by, Condor, how much do you give a year?"

There was a moment's silence.

"Hit, by G—!" energetically said one of the silent men.

"Good for Newt!" cried General Belch, thumping the table.

There was another little burst of laughter, with the least possible merriment in it. William Condor joined with an entirely unruffled face.

"As for Belch," continued Abel, with what would be called in animals an ugly expression, "Belch is the down, and I'm the cliff easy. The Party is like the old kings, it keeps a good many fools to make it laugh."

He rose very unsteadily, and nobody laughed. General Belch looked as if he were restraining himself from knocking his friend down. But they all saw that he was mastered by the liquor.

"Squeeze Lawrence Newt, will you? Why, Lord, gentlemen, what do you suppose he thinks of you—I mean, of fellows like you?"

He paused, and glared around him. William Condor daintily knocked off the ash of his cigar with the tip of his little finger, and said, calmly,

"I am sure I don't know."

"Nor care," said General Belch.

"He thinks you're all a set of white-livered sneaks!" shouted Abel, in a voice harsh and hoarse with liquor.

The gentlemen were silent. The leaders wagged their feet nervously; the others looked rather amused.

"No offense," resumed Abel. "I don't mean he despises you in particular, but all bar-room bobtails."

MR. NEWT'S WEAK SPOT.

His voice thickened rapidly.

"Of all mess, mis-mis-rabble hounds, he thanks you me the dir-est."

Still no reply was made. The honorable gentleman looked at his guests lovingly, but found no responsive glance.

"In whoo veritas," whispered Condor to his neighbor Slagby. William Condor was always clean in linen and calm in manner.

"Don't be 'formed, fel-fel-low cit-zens! He's no friend of mine. I guess his G— d— avide'll get a tumble some day; by G— I do!" Abel added, with a furrow his, as if some malignant snake spoke its hate.

The guests looked relieved as they heard the last words. Abel ceased, and passed the decanter, which they did not decline; for they all felt as if the honorable Abel Newt would probably throw it at the head of any man who said or did what he did not approve. There was a low, anxious murmur of conversation among them until Abel was evidently very intoxicated, and his head sank upon his breast.

"I'm terribly afraid we've burned our fingers," said Mr. Reuss Slagby, looking a little ruefully at the honorable representative.

"Oh, I hope not," said General Belch; "but there may be some breakers ahead. If we lose the Grant it won't be the first cause or man that has been betrayed by the Border States. But we fill your glass. It is clear that if our dear friend Newt has a weakness it is the bottle; and if our enemies at Washington, who now have him off this grant, have a strength, it is finding out an adversary's soft spot. We must avoid the increase that it's dangerous playing with edged tools. But I've great faith in his want of principle. We can show him so clearly that his interests, his advance, his career depend so entirely upon his constancy, that I think we can keep him straight. And, for my part, if we can only work this grant through, I shall retire upon my share of the proceeds, and leave others to throw who love 'em. But I don't mean to have worked for nothing—eh, Condor?"

"Amen," replied William, placidly.

"By-the-by, Condor," said Mr. Enos Slagby, Mr. Condor turned toward him inquiringly.

"I heard Jim say, t'other day—"

"Who's Jim?" asked Condor.

"Jim!" returned Slagby, "Jim—why, Jim's the party in my district."

"Oh yes—yes: I beg pardon," said Condor; "the name had escaped me."

"Well, I heard Jim say, t'other day, that Mr. William Condor was getting 'too d—d stuck up,' and that he'd yank him out of it first fair he'd he didn't mind his eye. That's you, Condor; so I advise you to look out. It's easy enough to manage Jim, if you take care. He'll go as gently as a well-broke filly; but if he once takes a lurch—if he thinks you're too 'proud or 'big,' it's all up with you. So mind how you treat Jim."

"Well, well," said Belch, impatiently; "we've other business on hand now."

"Exactly," said Condor; "we are the Honorable Abel's Jim. Turn about is fair play. Jim makes us go: we make Abel go. It's a lovely series of checks and balances."

He said it so quietly and airily that they all laughed. Then the General addressed him:

"We're going to send Newt to look after Ele, and I rather think we shall have to send somebody to look after Newt. However, we'll see. Let's leave this bog to snore by himself."

They rose as he spoke.

"What were the words of your resolution, Belch?" asked William Condor, with his eyes twinkling. "I don't quite remember. Did you say," he added, looking at Abel, who lay bedshed, dead drunk, in his chair, "that he decidated his profoundest and sincerest, or sincerest and profoundest convictions?"

"And you, Condor," said Enos Slagby, smiling, as he lighted a fresh cigar, "did you say that you were proud and happy, or happy and proud, to call him your friend?"

"Lord! Lord! what an old bum it is—isn't it?" said General Belch, cheerfully, as he smoothed his hat with his coat-sleeve, and put it on.

They went down stairs laughing and chatting, and the Honorable Abel Newt, the worthy exemplar of the purest republicanism—as the resolution stated when it appeared in the next morning's papers—was left snoring amidst his constituency of empty decanters and drained glasses.

CHAPTER LXXXIII.

FACE TO FACE.

LAWRENCE NEWT now knew that there was no longer any cloud between him and Hope Wayne. That uncertainty, that hesitation, that misdirected pride and doubt, which had prevented his speaking or acting as if he knew of any feeling toward him upon her part that might not be that of a faithful friend only, were all gone now, although he had not seen her. The morning—it was but a few days ago—in which he had spoken with Mrs. Simcoe seemed already like an old historical epoch. It was remote in time—dim with antiquity; and as he saw her, for the single moment as he passed out, raising the head of golden hair, the deep violet eyes, the thoughtful brow, from the book, and bowing to him with the clear, smiling blue eyes, so he knew he should see her forever—he knew that it was as if that moment she had been made immortal in youth, in goodness, in beauty.

And as he stood alone at the office window over the busy street, musing of those things, the sadness which had always mingled with the inscrutable look in his eyes faded, and he was conscious that he loved Hope Wayne as her oldest, dearest friend might love her—as the friend where life and destiny had met so deeply interwrought with hers had a right to love her; and she stood sacred before his mind, sacred and dear.

He had not been to her house since that morning. Business engagements, he had said to Mrs. Simcoe, that the first meeting would be at Amy Wentley's, after he had arrived on that evening the Round Table would meet.

There was a stir beside him, and he looked suddenly round upon the clerk.

"Signor Pittore! what brings a bird into the barn-yard?"

"The hope of some crumb of comfort."

"Do you dip from your empyrean to the cold earth—from the clouds to counting-house—to find comfort?" asked Lawrence Newt, cheerfully.

Arthur Merlin looked only half sympathetic with his friend's gayety. There was a wan air on his face, and a sorrow in his eyes, which touched Lawrence.

"Why, Arthur, what is it?"

"Do you remember what Diana said—I am sure that that silly shepherd will not sleep there forever. Have you heard from her? Diana never looks or loves for nothing?"

Lawrence Newt gazed at him without speaking.

"Come, you have correspondence all over the world. What is the news from Italy? Has the silly shepherd woked up?" said Arthur, in a little shrill effort to be gay.

"My dear Arthur," said Mr. Newt, gravely, "I told you long ago that he was dead to all but heavenly memories."

The two men gazed steadfastly at each other without speaking. At length Arthur said, in a low voice,

"Dead?"

"Dead."

As Lawrence Newt spoke the word the air of the old sailor song which he was singing with that pervasive murmur, sad, soft, infinitely tender, "Good-by, Mr. Newt, good-by!"

But his eye was cold and his face cheerful.

"Arthur, sit down."

The young man seated himself, and the older one drawing a chair to the window, they sat with their backs to the outer office, and looking upon the street.

"I am older than you, Arthur, and I am your friend. What I am going to say to you I have no right to say, except in your entire friendship."

The young man's eyes glistened.

"Go on," he said.

"When I first knew you I know that you loved Hope Wayne."

A flush deepened upon Arthur's face, and his fingers played idly upon the arm of the chair.

"I hoped that Hope Wayne would love you. I was sure that she would. It never occurred to me that she could—could—"

Arthur turned and looked at him.

"Could love any body else," said Lawrence Newt, as his eyes wandered dreamily among the vessels, as if the canvas were the page on which his memory sailed far away.

Suddenly, without the least suspicion on my part, I discovered that she did love somebody else."

"Yes," said Arthur, "so did I."

"What could I do?" said the other, still abstractedly gazing; "for I loved her."

"You loved her?" cried Arthur Merlin, so suddenly and loud that Thomas Tray looked up from his desert red Russia leather, and shook his head toward the inner office.

"Certainly I loved her," replied Lawrence Newt, calmly and with tender sweetness; "and I had a right to, for I loved her mother. Could I have had my way Hope Wayne's mother would have been my wife."

Arthur Merlin stole a glance at the face of of his companion.

"I was a child and she was a child—a boy and a girl. It was not to be. She married another man and died; but her memory is forever sacred to me, and so is her daughter."

To this astonishing revelation Arthur Merlin said nothing. His fingers still played idly on the chair, and his eyes, like the eyes of Lawrence, looked out upon the river. Every thing in Lawrence Newt's conduct was at once explained; and the poor artist was ready to curse his absurd folly in making his friend involuntarily sit for Diana. Lawrence Newt knew his friend's thoughts.

"Arthur," he said, in a low voice, "did I not say that if Endymion were not dead that I would be impossible not to awake and love him? Do you not see that I was dead to her?"

"But does she know it?" asked the painter.

"I believe she does now," was the slow answer. "But she does not know it long."

"Does Amy Waring know it?"

"Yes," replied Lawrence Newt, quietly, "but she will to-night."

The two men sat silently together for some time. The junior partner came in, spoke to Arthur, wrote a little, and went out again. Thomas Tray glanced up occasionally from his great volume, and the melancholy eyes of Lit. Malaccus everywhere turned from the tea-pot urn which he watched from his desk through the office windows. Venables was promoted to the position of Thomas Tray on the very day that Gabriel was admitted a junior partner. They were all aware that the head of the house was engaged in some deeply interesting conversation, and they learned from Little Malaccus who the stranger was.

The two men sat silently together, Lawrence Newt evidently musing of Diana, and Arthur Merlin vainly trying to say something further.

"I wonder—" he began, at length, and stopped. A sad expression of doubt clouded his face; but Lawrence turned to him cheerfully, and, in a frank, assuring tone,

"Arthur, speak out."

"Well," said the artist, with almost a girl's shyness showing his whole manner, "I reckon you, at least, I can speak, and am not ashamed, to want to know whether—you think—"

He spoke very slowly, and stopped again. Before he resumed he saw Lawrence Newt shake his head gently.

"Why, what?" asked Arthur, quickly.

"I do not think she does, dear will," replied the other, as if the artist had asked a question with his eyes. He spoke in a very low, serious tone.

"Will not!" said Arthur, his face beaming with a bright crimson flush.

Lawrence Newt waited a moment, to give his friend time to recover, before he said,

"Shall I say what?"

Arthur sat silent for a little while; then he said, sadly,

"No, it is no matter."

He seemed to have grown older as he sat looking from the window. His hands idly played on them, but rested quietly upon the chair. He shook his head slowly, and repeated, in a tone which touched his friend to the heart,

"No—no—it's no matter."

"But, Arthur, it's only my opinion," said the other, kindly.

"And must, too," replied the artist, with an inexpressible sadness.

Lawrence Newt was silent. After a few moments Arthur Merlin rose and shook his hand.

"Good-by!" he said. "We shall meet to-night."

Lawrence Newt held the young man's hand. His heart was full of sympathy and regret. Amy Waring and he had so often spoken of Arthur and Hope as sure finally to love each other, that now it came to count upon it as something that had already happened; and as he now held the young man's hand, and looked into his kind, sincere eyes, he felt a peculiar affection for him—remembering that as to himself he had loved Hope's

mother, and vainly,
so Arthur loved the
daughter, and equally,
though for very differ-
ent reasons.

"God bless you, Arthur!"

They shook hands once more, and the painter was gone.

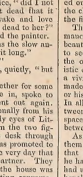
CHAP. LXXXIV.

FINISHING PICTURES.

ARTHUR MERLIN returned to his studio, and carefully locked the door. Then he opened a huge portfolio, which was full of sketches—and they were all of the same subject, treated in a hundred ways—they were all Hope Wayne.

Sometimes it was a lady leaning from an oriel window in a medieval tower, listening in the moonlight, with love in her eyes and attitude, to the music of a guitar, touched by a gallant knight below, who looked as Arthur Merlin would have looked had Arthur Merlin been a gallant mediæval knight.

Then it was Juliet, pale and unconscious



THE SOLITARY GRAVE ON THE HILL-TOP.

in the tomb; superb in snow-white drapery; pure as an angel, lovely as a woman; but it was Hope Wayne still—and Romeo stole frightened in, but Romeo was Arthur.

Or it was Beatrice moving in a radiant heaven; while far below, kneeling, and with clasped hands, gazing upward, the melancholy Dante watched the vision.

Or the fair phantom of Goethe's ballad looked out with humid passionate glances between the clustering reeds she parted aside, and lured the fisherman with love.

There were scores of such sketches, from romance, and history, and fancy, and in each the beauty was Hope Wayne's; and it was strange to see that in each, however different from all the others, there was still a charm character-istic of the woman he loved; so that it seemed a vivid record of all the impressions she had made upon him, and as if all heroines of poetry or history were only ladies in waiting upon her. In all of them, too, there was a separation between them. She was remote in sphere or in space; there was the feeling of inaccessibility between them in all.

At last Arthur rose slowly over, and gazed at them as constantly as if his glance could make that beauty live, as suddenly perceived, who he had never before felt, that the instinct which had unconsciously given the same character of hopelessness to the incident of the sketches, was the same that had made him so readily acquiesce in what Lawrence Newt had hinted. He passed at a drawing of Pygmalion and his statue. The same instinct had selected the moment before the sculptor's prayer was granted, when he looks at the immovable beauty of his statue with the yearning love that made the marble live. But the statue of Arthur's Pygmalion would never live. It was a statue only, and forever. He asked himself why he had not selected the moment when she falls breathing and blushing into the sculptor's arms.

Alone in his studio the artist blushed, as if the very thought were wrong; and he felt that he had never really dared to hope, however he had longed and wished and fluttered his fancy.

He looked at each one of the drawings carefully and long; then kissed it, and turned it upon its face. When he had more than all he sat for a moment; then quietly tore them into long strips, then into small pieces; and lifting the window, scattered them upon the air. The wind whirled them over the street.

"Oh, what a pretty snow-storm!" said the little street children looking up.

Then Arthur Merlin turned to his great easel, upon which stood the canvas of the picture of Diana and Endymion. Through the parted clouds the face of the Queen and Huntress—the face of Hope Wayne—looked tenderly upon the sleeping figure of the shepherd on the bare top of the grassy hill—the face and form of Lawrence Newt.

The painter took his brushes and his pallet, and his maul-stick. He paused for some time again, as he stood before the easel, then he went quietly to work. He toiled in here and there. He stepped back to mark the effect—rubbed with his fingers—sighed—frowned hard—and still worked on. The hours glided away, and daylight began to fade, but not until he had finished his work.

Then he scraped his pallet and washed his brushes, and seated himself upon the sofa opposite the easel. There was no picture of Diana or of Endymion any longer. In the place of Diana there was a full summer moon shining calmly in a cloudless heaven. Its benignant light fell upon a solitary grave upon a hill-top, which filled the spot where Endymion had lain.

Arthur Merlin sat in the corner of the sofa with folded arms, looking at the picture, until the darkness entirely hid it from view.

Bronchial Complaints, &c.

Rev. D. F. Lycoming, Editor of the Christian Advocate, says of Brown's Bronchial Troches: "We have frequently had occasion to test the efficacy of Brown's Bronchial Troches, and have invariably found them to answer the purpose for which they are recommended. From our own personal experience and observation, we know them to be a superior remedy for colds, coughs, and bronchial complaints."

Note.—We publish the above statement as evidence unwitting, because we have confidence in the Troches, having tried them, frequently, and always with success.—Tribune and Christian Herald.

JONAS WHITCOMB'S REMEDY FOR ASTHMA

Is worthy the attention of all who suffer from this distressing complaint. The late JONAS WHITCOMB, of Boston, visited Europe a few years since for the benefit of his health, which was much impaired by frequent attacks of

Spasmodic Asthma.

While in Germany, an eminent physician became interested in his case, and promised him relief. He followed the treatment ordered, and, to his surprise and joy, his asthma almost entirely disappeared. He procured the recipe which had accomplished so much for him, brought it with him to this country, and in a short time in a year also was brought to the very gates of death, requiring two or three nurses, sometimes for several days and nights in succession. At one time she was so far gone that her physician could not count her pulse. I consulted numerous physicians of the highest celebrity, to little or no purpose. At length I heard of "Whitcomb's Remedy," I acted like a charm: it enabled her to sleep quietly in a few minutes, and nearly broke up the disease. I am a Methodist Clergyman, stationed here. I shall be happy to answer any letter requiring her card.

Yours truly, KIMBALL HADLEY.

Prepared by JOSEPH BURNETT & CO., Boston, and sold by all Druggists.

One Dollar per Bottle.

COCIN! COCIN! COCIN!

PHALON & SON'S

C O C I N !

THE ONLY GENUINE ARTICLE MADE FROM

COCOA-NUT OIL.

For Promoting the Growth of the Hair.

This valuable preparation is rapidly taking the place of every article now in use. It imparts to the hair its natural color and brilliancy. One trial will satisfy all those who have used any other preparation.

Phalon's Cocoa
Promotes the Growth of the Hair.

Phalon's Cocoa
Prevents the Hair Falling Off.

Phalon's Cocoa
Kills and Removes Dandruff.

Phalon's Cocoa
Gives New Life to the Human Hair.

Phalon's Cocoa
Makes the Hair Rich and Glossy.

Phalon's Cocoa
Is the most perfect Dressing for the Hair

Phalon's Cocoa
Leaves no Disagreeable Odor.

Phalon's Cocoa
Leaves no Sticky Substance.

Phalon's Cocoa
Costs 50 cents and $1 a Bottle.

Be sure and ask for PHALON'S COCIN, and see that you get no other, as there are many imitations of this article in the market.

Prepared by
PHALON & SON,
Manufacturers of the Celebrated Cocoa Preparery,
NEW YORK.

To Stewards.—The attention of heads of families is respectfully invited to the superior quality of

Burnett's Flavoring Extracts.

They are entirely free from the poisonous oils and acids which enter into the composition of many of the fanciful fruit flavors now in the market. They are highly concentrated, have all the freshness and delicacy of the fruits from which they are prepared, and are less expensive.

PREPARED BY JOSEPH BURNETT & CO.,
Boston.

JULES HAUEL'S Eau Lustrale Hair Restorative is the most astonishing toilet article in the world for cleansing and preserving the hair and beard. It once or twice, it gives the beautiful gloss and softness, and a most delightful fragrance. It prevents the hair falling out, also strengthens the roots, and prevents it falling out. Sold by all druggists, and by JULES HAUEL & CO., No. 764 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

DR. SWEET'S INFALLIBLE LINIMENT is the great External Remedy of the age.

IF WHISKERS AND MUSTACHES won't grow upon your face, use my organic preparation. It will force them to grow six weeks from the first application, and whether dark or light to the skin. Price $1. Sent by mail, post free, to any address. R. G. GRAHAM, 162 Nassau street, New York.

Now is the time to Subscribe to the Best Story Paper Published.

THE NEW YORK WEEKLY.

Another Brilliant Story from the Pen of

Harry Hazel,

Author of "THE MUTE SPY," "MAD JACK," "THREE PIRATES," "YANKEE JACK," "THE RIVAL SISTERS," &c., &c.,

Entitled

THE WEST POINT CADET,

OR,

The Young Officer's Bride.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

Will be commenced in the columns of

The New York Weekly

OF DECEMBER 29, WHICH WILL BE READY ON THURSDAY, DEC. 15.

It is unnecessary for us to say any thing in favor of Harry Hazel as a writer. His thrilling romances have permeated every part of the Union, and have been read by millions. We bespeak for "THE WEST POINT CADET," in advance, an unbounded popularity.

The New York Weekly

Is for sale by every News Agent throughout the United States. Price four cents per copy.

When sent by mail, the price will invariably be as follows:

One copy, per year	$2
Four copies, per year	$ 6
Ten copies	15
Eight Copies	12

Postmasters and others who get up clubs of ten, and send us $15 at one time, will be entitled to an extra copy for their trouble.

A Premium is given to each Subscriber. Specimen Numbers sent free.

The bills of uncurrent banks taken at par. Canada subscribers must send twenty-five cents extra with every subscription to prepay the American postage.

STREET & SMITH, Proprietors NEW YORK WEEKLY
32 Beekman Street.

Mercantile Record.

Patent Champion Safes.
S. C. HERRING & Co., 251 Broadway.

Phelan's Billiard Tables.
O'Connor & Alliaume, 63 to 67 Crosby street.

H. B. Dodworth, Band Master, & Astor Place—Professor and Dealer in Music and Instruments.

Piano-Fortes.
Webb & Allen, 1 Clinton Hall, Astor Place, N. Y.

Direction Labels and Tags.
Meagher, Vietor & Co., 119 Chambers Street.

THE GREAT FAMILY PAPER.
THE GREAT FAMILY PAPER.
THE GREAT FAMILY PAPER.
THE GREAT FAMILY PAPER.
THE GREAT FAMILY PAPER.

PROSPECTUS
OF
THE NEW YORK LEDGER.

As an indication of the popularity of the LEDGER, we need only state the simple fact that its circulation is larger than that of any other TEN literary papers in the country. Its success is owing to the fact that the proprietor accords the best writers in the country, and spares no expense in getting the BEST LITERARY PABULUM—a paper of high moral tone. The exalted reputation of the paper for truthful and pure literature, and healthy character of all its articles, the care which is taken that not any even one objectionable word shall appear in its columns, and the superiority of its Tales and Sketches, have rendered it the FAVORITE FAMILY JOURNAL of the day. Its literary paper has ever taken rank in the second, and always has held, since the LEDGER attained its immense circulation, that a heavy responsibility rested upon us, and have endeavored to discharge that responsibility conscientiously, filling readers daily with matter we should receive the thanks of thousands and tens of thousands of families.

As to the future, we are at a loss what to say. We prefer to promise rather than to promise. We have no horse-fore done to know to our readers; they know what the LEDGER has been and is now, and must therefore judge what it will be hereafter. We can only say that no pains will be spared to make it BETTER.

EDWARD EVERETT, WM. M. EVARTS,
CHARLES DICKENS, GEO. P. MORRIS,
PAUL HUREIY, F. WILLIS,
Hon. R. J. RAYMOND, ANNA CORA RITCHIE,
GEO. D. PRENTICE, FANNY FORRESTER,
JOHN G. SAXE, MRS. SIGOURNEY,
STEPHENS, JR., MRS. SOUTHWORTH,
EMERSON BENNETT, MARION HARLAND,
WM. B. WALLACE, ALICE CARY,
CARLOS D. STUART, EMMA A. BROWN,
REV. W. D. WILSON, SALLIE M. BIXBY,

and numerous lawyers, clergymen, Professors in Colleges, Judges, and Statesmen for the LEDGER guarantee, and that our complete arrangements are such that the current expenses of the paper will be met without its contributing to at the rate of *over three hundred thousand dollars per annum.*

LASTLY—We supply with them more and more valuable comments that could be made, and commence will therefore be dispensed with. As we have already intimated, we shall leave promising to those who prefer to expend their time and words, and confine ourselves to what we can to make the LEDGER the most interesting and valuable paper in the country.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER is published every Saturday, and sold for SEVEN CENTS per copy, or three dollars per annum. Subscriptions can be mailed to effect at ten dollars per annum; two copies for five dollars. Any Postmaster obtaining eight subscribers at $1 for each (which is our lowest club rate), and sending to us $8, will be entitled to one copy for a year, gratis.

☞ The postage on the LEDGER to any part of the United States, paid quarterly or yearly, in advance, at the office where it is received, is only twenty-six cents a year. Canada subscribers must each send us twenty-six cents in addition to the subscription price of the LEDGER, to pay the annual postage.

☞ Subscribers will please write their addresses, including the name of the place, county, and State in which they reside, in a plain hand, so as to avoid mistakes.

☞ Postmasters are requested to form clubs, in large villages, or other places where news-agents are not established.

☞ All communications must be addressed, postage paid, to

Proprietor of the New York Ledger,
No. 67 Nassau street, N. Y.

Watches and Jewelry,
At No. 11 Wall Street, Up Stairs.
Special and Important Notice.

Gold Watches, 18 karats, only $15; worth $30.
Sterling Silver Watches, only $7 worth $16.
Every style of Watch from $9 upwards.
Also a splendid assortment of Jewelry.
Only for a few days to make room for other Goods.
J. MACDUFF, No. 11 Wall Street, up stairs.

DUFUY'S EXQUISITE FRENCH PERFUMERY. Liquid Rouge, dry Fragrance, Floral Pomades, Hair Oils, and Cosmetics, for the toilet and nursery. At No. 602 Broadway.

The Lover's Trial.

BY JULIA CAREY RHEINHARDT.

"Words are lost words," the lady said,
With a slow swaying of the head,
Still hushing her small hand aloof;
"Your vows are fair, if well believed,
But as for me! being once deceived,
I swear, no, once more further proof!"

In agony before her fled
Dropped down the youth; his hands did meet
Above his wildly throbbing heart;
"Name my trial that you will—
And if by courage, strength, and skill
It can be done, I'll play my part.

"Some giant would you have me slay,
Or kill some lion by the way?
But tell me, and you'll find it done!"
The lady smiled at some odd thought,
And in her dazzling eyes we caught
A sparkle of malicious fun.

"No proof as rough," she said, "but fly
To Fulton Street, and buy
An outfit from Smith's Manhe Tshirt!
The clothes you'll find the cheapest, best,
In all the world—and when so dressed,
You'll find me not a shrub divinely!"

"Twin Temples of Fashion."

ONE PRICE—NO DEVIATION.
The Price is marked on all the Goods in Plain Figures.

SMITH BROTHERS,
The Marble Stores,
122, 138, and 140 Fulton Street,
Between Broadway and William St.,

THOMAS SMITH, Jr.,
JOSEPH SMITH,
J. SMITH RICE.

NEW YORK.

Ladies' Furs at Genin's Bazaar, 513 Broadway.
Under the Metropolitan Nicholas Hotel.
HUDSON BAY SABLE,
MINK, MARTEN, RUSSIAN SABLE,
SILVER GREBE,
OF THE LATEST STYLES FROM EUROPE.
CHILDREN'S FURS, IN ELEGANT VARIETY,
STOCK LARGE, ASSORTMENT COMPLETE,
PRICES MODERATE.
GENIN'S BAZAAR,
513 Broadway.

Piano Fortes,

Of the newest style, finest tone, and lowest rates.
HALLET, DAVIS & BRO'S Manufactory,
Warerooms No. 99 Prince, near Broadway.

DUSSELDORF GALLERY, 548 BROADWAY.
In addition to upwards of 150 first-class Works of Art now exhibiting as above, D. FAUL AKERS' (the eminent American Sculptor) fine Statue of

"DEAD PEARL DIVER."

With the great painting by "ANDREA GASTALDI" of

"PARISINA,"

From LORD BYRON'S CELEBRATED POEM of that name, are now on view.

Open Day and Evening. Admission 75 cents.

SANDS' SARSAPARILLA,

For chronic constitutional diseases, such as Rheumatism, King's Evil, Scrofula, obstinate Cutaneous Eruptions, Ulcers, Enlargement and Pain of the Bones, and other similar diseases; this preparation will be found a most

EFFECTUAL REMEDY.

Prepared and sold by A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists, 100 Fulton Street, New York.

GEORGE G. EVANS,
PUBLISHER,
Originator of the Gift-book Business,
And Proprietor of the largest
Gift Book Establishment in the country,
No. 439 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

All Books are sold at the Publishers' lowest prices. You have the advantage of getting a handsome present worth from 50 cents to $100 with each book that you buy. You can select from the

LARGEST STOCK OF BOOKS
IN THE COUNTRY.

NEW PUBLICATIONS
IN THE

BOOK OF PLAYS
FOR
HOME AMUSEMENT
AND
PRIVATE
THEATRICAL ENTERTAINMENTS.

BEING A
COLLECTION OF ORIGINAL AND SELECTED
TRAGEDIES, COMEDIES, FARCES, DRAMAS, FARCES, BURLESQUES, NURSERY SCRIPTURE, ANCIENT AND MODERN CHARADES, RECITATIONS, PARLOR PANTOMIMES AND TABLEAUX, VARIOUS SERIO, AND COMIC LECTURES AND STORIES,
ETC., ETC., ETC.

With full Descriptions of Costume, Scenery, Properties, etc., and every direction relative for a private or public performance. The whole carefully arranged and adapted by

SILAS S. STEELE,
DRAMATIST.

Handsomely bound in one volume, 12mo, Cloth. Price $1 00.

Memoirs
OF
Robert Houdin,
Prestidigiteur,
Professor of Sleight of Hand, etc.
WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

EDITED BY
Dr. R. SHELTON MACKENZIE.

One volume 12mo, Cloth. Price $1 00.

Book of Humorous Poetry.

COMPRISING
A choice selection of the best productions of the most popular American and English Poets.
One volume 12mo, Cloth. Price $1 00.

Heroes & Patriots of the South
By Cecil B. Hartley.

Comprising, Lives of General Francis Marion, General Moultrie, General Sumter, Hamilton Gates, etc., etc. &c.
One volume 12mo, Cloth. Illustrated. Price $1 00.

The Life of
Col. David Crockett,
WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

Comprising Hunting Adventures, and During Deeds during the Texan War of Independence, together with an Account of his Glorious Death at the Alamo.
In one 12mo volume. Handsomely bound. Price $1.

The Prince of the House of David.
By the Rev. J. H. Ingraham, LL.D.

One volume 12mo, Cloth, with a Gilt, Price $1 25.

The Pillar of Fire.
By the Rev. J. H. Ingraham, LL.D.

One volume 12mo, Cloth, with a Gilt, Price $1 25.

Copies of either of the above Books, with a handsome Gilt, worth from 50 cents to $100, will be sent to any person in the United States, upon receipt of $1 00, and 25 cents to pay postage, by addressing the Publisher.

SEND FOR A COMPLETE CLASSIFIED CATALOGUE OF BOOKS, which will be mailed to you free of expense, and contains more than one hundred pages. The largest stock in the country to buy books, is at the large and reliable gift book establishment of

GEORGE G. EVANS,
Publisher, and Originator of the GIFT BOOK BUSINESS,
No. 439 Chestnut Street,
PHILADELPHIA.

FURS AT GENIN'S BAZAAR,
507 and 513 Broadway.

300 MINK CAPES AT $20, WORTH $35.
200 MINK CAPES AT $30, WORTH $45.
MINK FISHER CAPES, FROM $65 AND UP.
WARES—
HUDSON BAY SABLE CAPES, FROM $85 AND UPWARD.
GENIN'S BAZAAR
507 and 513 Broadway.

THE ARTILLERIST'S MANUAL.
Compiled from various sources, and adapted to THE SERVICE OF THE UNITED STATES.
ILLUSTRATED WITH ENGRAVINGS.
By LAFT. JOHN GIBBON, U. S. A.
Half morocco, $5. Sent free by mail, on receipt of price. D. VAN NOSTRAND, Publisher,
No. 192 Broadway.

MUSICAL BOXES,

Playing 2, 3, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 16, 24, and 36 tunes.
PALLARD & MARTIN, Importers,
Musical Boxes repaired. 31 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS ARE GROWING more in favor with the public. It is now overcome by any and the best purgative yet put forth from the world of medicine. The thing proposed to be done by them is superseded all other medicines—and the many thousands of which they are composed can exactly be obtained by druggists or the makers of other pills. Dr. Brandreth has them grown and prepared without regard to the expense. And this care to make a superior purgative is appreciated, as the sales indicate. Other purgatives are dragging a lingering existence, and will soon have become merit. But Brandreth's Pills are safe and sure—they are universal—and adapted to superior human uses. No valuable fruit is harvested from thistle or worm-eat material, which, when taken out of the system, leaves nothing. They are as pleasant as a truly effective medicine can be. To say that they will not sometimes gripe the patient would be true, but the pain they give is as 0; therefore they remove those crabs and hard humors from the blood which are the occasion of disease. They open natural avenues, and this can not always be done pleasantly.

It is true you may take pills enough to kill each operate without pain, because they take the balsamic parts from the blood, which in worse than kept there, and thereby leaving the vital fluid adulterated. Beware of them. Brandreth's Pills are not of this kind. They are those which the life-giving fluid, and so evacuate. They are solely as nutritious food, and the system takes the thing best, and rejects the rest. Hence the purgative and heroin is their great value. The man is thrice blessed who is to fortune and to nature promises due, for good and almost perfect gift to man, because he has to a great extent, his body insured in health by Brandreth's blood use.

Mr. J. C. Rappelyea, of Monmouth County, N. J., writes, March 19, 1857:—

"I was taken sick in January last with confluence for rest, and took a ten grains of calomel to obtain relief. I dare not take it, and I was sick for weeks a year than ten, which my neighbors considered found it impossible to arrest. This was followed by a severe attack of typhoid fever, in my living memory. I was then sent me at 5 o'clock. A friend from New York, Mr. George Lawrie, fortunately called on me, and I commenced using Pills. I thought in my weak condition one pill would be enough, but I was mistaken. I took two that evening, morning four more. Much impurity came from me, and, to my surprise, the nervous and pain disappeared. In a her cured me fully. I am now hearty, with a fine appetite."

Dr. James Lull, of Pittsburg, N. Y., writes, August 11, 1859:—

"I last with a sore throat two weeks ago. It was so bad slightly injured his finger two or three days before, which caused internal pain, swelling, and sickness. When I saw him the pain and swelling had extended to his shoulder, depriving the of sleep. The throat also was turning dark-colored, and on the point of mortification. His doctor was present at the time of his case. I got them at evening, and during the night I gave him a whole box of pills, applied a Brandreth poultice to the arm and side.

"In a Rose, of Madrid, St. Lawrence County, N. Y., writes, August 24, 1859:—

"I can honestly and confidently recommend Brandreth's Pills to the fatherland as a safe, sure, and effectual medicine I have ever dealt in during my thirteen years' experience as a druggist. In cases of jaundice, long settled them in hundreds of cases of almost every form of disease with the happiest results. I am and I assure I believe they are the best medicine, as a universal remedy, that the world has yet produced."

TWENTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE.

"I am now 52 years of age. Twenty-two years of my past life I spent in the ministry. For 20 years I have used Brandreth's Pills in my family medicine, and I wish no other. During these 20 years I have never had occasion to call a physician to my family, save in the sickness of my wife with children.

D. M. BARTLETT,

Associate Publisher of the New Brunswick Intelligencer.

VALUABLE FAMILY MEDICINE.

All the ingredients of BRANDRETH'S PILLS are purgative, and act in conjunction to open, detach, dissolve, cleanse, and remove from the body all offending matter and injurious. By their action the blood is purified, the bile and milk with the blood to search out all bad humors. They dissolve all unhealthy accumulations from the blood, and cure tubercles, ulcers, &c., let them be in what part of the system they may. They injure no part of the body. They carry away nothing that is good. They only remove what is bad. They search out and agree with it, and with it, and always do their work well. Thus they are known as a valuable pill.

Sold at principal office, 294 Canal Street, New York; price 25 cents a box, and by all druggists.

DR. STEPHEN SMITH'S SPECTACLES, CONNECTICUT, is the author of "Dr. Scott's Infallible Lieutenant."

METALLIC BAROMETERS. — Patented June 14, 1859.—Portable, durable, and handsome. One instrument may be given as a present to a dozen friends. Warranted to arrive safe, and exchanged if not satisfactory. Sent by express. Price $5.

VICTOR DUPONCHEL,
No. 179 Centre Street, New York.

To Housekeepers.—The attention of heads of families is respectfully invited to the superior quality of

Burnett's Flavoring Extracts.

They are entirely free from the poisonous oils and acids which enter into the composition of many of the factitious fruit flavors now in the market. They are highly concentrated, have all the freshness and delicacy of the fruits from which they are prepared, and are less expensive.

PREPARED BY JOSEPH BURNETT & CO.,
Boston.

CANTATE DOMINO. — A collection of Chants, Hymns, and Tunes, designed to meet the requirements of the new Liturgy of the Church. Performed Church and of Protestant Choirs generally. By L. H. Sherwood & H. Schirmer. Price, in boards, $13.50 per dozen.

Published by OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.

Two Works Valuable to Sick or Well.

Sent by mail, no pay expected until received, read, and approved.

Address Dr. S. S. FITCH, 714 Broadway, New York.

Inst. SIX LECTURES on the causes, prevention, and cure of Lung, Throat, and Skin diseases. For Males and Male and Female complaints. On the mode of Preserving Health to long old age. 144 pages, 16 Engravings. —Price 50 cents, in silver or P. O. stamps.

Vol. 2. A work on the Causes and Cure of Diseases of the Heart, Stomach, Liver, Bowels, and Kidneys; on Apoplexy, Palsy, and Dyspepsia; why we grow old and what causes disease. 151 pages, 6 engravings. Price 50 cents. Any which book you wish, giving name, state, county town, and post office.

JUST PUBLISHED.—On Single and Married Life; or, The Institutes of Marriage. By the late R. J. Culverwell, Esq. Price 25 cents, free of postage. For sale by H. DEXTER & CO., 119 Nassau Street, N. Y., and all Booksellers.

Paralyzed and Deformed Limbs Successfully Treated

by Dr. J. F. MANN, No. 138 West 25th Street. Some remarkable cases and first names in the city given as references.

To Hotelkeepers.—The attention of hotels of this is respectfully called to the superior quality of

Burnett's Flavoring Extracts.

They are entirely free from the poisonous oils and acids which enter into the composition of many of the factitious fruit flavors now in the market. They are highly concentrated, have all the freshness and delicacy of the fruits from which they are prepared, and are less expensive.

PREPARED BY JOSEPH BURNETT & CO.,
Boston.

Garnet and Coral Jewelry.—We invite attention to our late importation of Coral and Garnet Jewelry, consisting of Necklaces, Bracelets, and Necklaces, chasme, hair-pins, combs, lockets, clasps, &c.
OSBORNE, DOARDMAN & TOWNSEND,
No. 321 Broadway, corner of Spring Street.

PHOTOGRAPHY. — Handsome Rosewood Cases, Gilt Mats, and Glasses, for Pictures complete, with instructions, $20. A beautiful and selected assortment of STEREOSCOPIC SLIDES. Daguerreotype Materials, 681 Broadway, N. Y.

FEVER AND AGUE! CHILL FEVER!!
AND BILIOUS FEVER!!!

It is not a very difficult thing to break the spell—that is, for a time to scatter it over the system, with Quinine, Arsenic, or similar poison; but a specific medicine which not only breaks the fits, but eradicates it from the system, is a remedy worth having. Such is HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFIC FLUID—a homœopathic sugar pill: it cures the disease; breaks up the fits; and eradicates it from the system; and even prevents it where persons have been exposed. Under the name of the most feeble, may take it with impunity. The most sickness enters are infinitely cured by it.

Price, 50 cents per box.

N. B.—A full set of HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFICS, with Directions, and twenty different Remedies, in large vials, morocco case, with Book of Directions, complete, $5.

Sold by all druggists everywhere.

Dr. F. HUMPHREYS & CO.,
No. 562 Broadway, New York.

GREAT CURIOSITY.—Particulars sent *free*. Address, with stamp, Box 1,000, Boston, Mass.

From the NEW YORK COURIER AND INQUIRER, *May 17, 1859.*

PETTITAN SWEET.—Petittan Medicines most persons are justly prejudiced. Health is too valuable to be trifled with. Any one who has a patent medicine to cure would wish to take a patent medicine of which he knows nothing except what is said by the maker of it, a person who, for all he knows, may be an arrant knave. The Petittan Medicines are not included in this category. There is every evidence to believe that there is no humbug about it. It is a medicine of the highest order, prepared by a new method. The proprietors are men of high character, and their recommendations are to be relied upon. The best evidence even to be placed. They do not claim that their medicine will cure all the ills that flesh is heir to, but they do claim that it will be found most efficacious. The diseases to which iron is prescribed by physicians are many, and though the remedy is regarded as one of the most useful in the pharmacopœia, yet the terrible results are not always calculated, for the reason that it is sometimes difficult to find in what form it should be administered. It is also to be asserted by physiological chemists, iron can only enter the circulation in a state of solution. In the Petittan, then it administered in their form it would save the stomach from many disorders. The Petittan, however, is said to be a very agreeable preparation, and liable to be converted into another form. The Petittan Sweet differs from the old Petittan, in the use of Quinine, which by it is so combined by chemical ingenuity as to remain in solution in any climate or temperature.

Pamphlets containing numerous certificates of cures from eminent persons, and full directions, to be had on application to the Agents, or to

R. H. CLARK & CO., Proprietors,
No. 76 Sudbury Street, Boston.
Sold by Druggists generally in the United States.

Ladd, Webster & Co.,

INVITE ATTENTION TO THEIR

IMPROVED TIGHT-STITCH

Sewing Machines,

WHICH FOR BEAUTY AND SIMPLICITY OF CONSTRUCTION, AND EFFICIENCY IN WORKING, ARE UNEQUALED BY ANY.

660 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
17 SUMMER STREET, BOSTON.
923 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.
202 BALTIMORE STREET, BALTIMORE.
AND WEST FOURTH STREET, CINCINNATI.

ALBERT WEBER, Piano-Forte Manufacturer, No. 195 West Broadway, near Canal St. Has been established in this city for three years, at the lowest prices. Call and examine before purchasing.

A NTI-ARTHRITIC WINE.—A CERTAIN CURE FOR
GOUT AND RHEUMATISM.
PEYSSON, DELTHIL & COMP'Y,
Wholesale Druggists,
15 Beekman Street, New York.

ALSO,

Quevu's Patent Jellified Castor-Oil.—The greasy sensation of the oil is obviated, and it does not cause any constipation after use. It is the best purgative for children. To be had at the Inventor's Office, No. 125 Fourth Avenue, and of all respectable druggists. PEYSSON, PARKER & MOWER, Wholesale Agents, No. 15 Beekman Street.

THE NEW BOOKS

MICHAUX'S LIFE (Abridged), $1.50.
LIFE OF CHARLES THE BOLD, Duke of Burgundy, $1.50.
THE GREAT TRIBULATION. By Dr. Cumming. $1.00.
* Sent by mail, postage free, on receipt of price, by
RUDD & CARLETON, 130 Grand Street, New York.

Grover & Baker's
NOISELESS
Family Sewing Machines,
AT REDUCED PRICES

GROVER & BAKER S. M. CO.,
New York, Oct. 21, 1859.

The undersigned, Ministers and Laymen of the Methodist Episcopal Church, having purchased and used in their families GROVER AND BAKER'S CELEBRATED FAMILY SEWING MACHINE, take pleasure in recommending it to the public as a machine fully combining the essentials of a good machine. Its beautiful simplicity, ease of management, and noiseless movement, render it a most desirable article for every family. Machines manufactured by any in the market, and sent to any part of the country, on receipt of price, with the directions for using. Every machine will give satisfaction in all who may purchase and use it.

N. P. CRANSTON, C. LAUER,
N. VANSANT, J. C. CHATTERTON,
D. D. LORE, W. HOSKINS,
S. ANNIS, M. ALLISON.

GROVER & BAKER S. M. CO., No. 495 Broadway, New York; No. 730 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia; 181 Baltimore Street, Baltimore; 18 West Fourth Street, Cincinnati; 119 Montgomery Street, San Francisco; 32 St. Francis Street, Montreal; 11 Camp Street, New Orleans.

ALL MACHINES WARRANTED.

SEND FOR A CIRCULAR.

SANFORD'S HOT-AIR FURNACES,
PORTABLE OR SET IN BRICK,
THOUSANDS IN USE IN THIRTEEN STATES.
SEND FOR A BOOK—FREE.
SANFORD'S PATENT PORTABLE STEAM HEATER.
A favorite and economical Stove of great power.
SEND FOR A BOOK.
SANFORD, TRUSLOW & CO.,
No. 229 West 23d Street.

Singer's Sewing Machines.

SINGER'S No. 2 SEWING MACHINE, $100.
SINGER'S No. 1 SEWING MACHINE, $90.
HEMMING GAUGES REDUCED TO $2.

Singer's Family Sewing Machines at $50 and $75 are capable of performing, in the best style, all the sewing of a private family.

Send for a copy of I. M. Singer & Co.'s Gazette, which contains full and reliable information about sewing machines, etc., of Sewing Machines, and will be supplied gratis.

I. M. SINGER & CO.,
No. 458 Broadway, New York.

361 REWARD! $39
BRIDAL SUITE,
Tucker's Flowers, Leaflets, and Miscellaneous Items, Are all reliable.

Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry.

This remedy has long been cherished by the community for its wonderful power in relieving, healing, and curing the most obstinate, painful, and long-standing cases of COUGH, COLD, INFLUENZA, SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING COUGH, CROUP, ASTHMA, INFLAMMATION of the LUNGS: while even CONSUMPTION itself has yielded to its magic influence, when all other known means have failed.

The whole history of this Balsam, which has now become a household word, proves that the past has produced no remedy approaching it in value and usefulness, while the future will hardly present one of equal value.

The proprietors, Messrs. Comstock, of which there are several worthless ones, are that each bottle has the written signature of I. BUTTS, and on the outside wrapper of the Proprietors, "*Seth W. Fowle & Co., Boston*," an the outside wrapper.

Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere.

Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry.

FOR THE HOLIDAYS.
YOUTH'S CHEMICAL CABINETS,
Containing upwards of 50 Chemical Preparations, Tests, and useful Apparatus, with a Book of Instructions for performing 170 select and amusing Chemical Experiments, without strong acids or other deleterious and dangerous articles. They are perfectly safe in the hands of youth of both sexes, and are admirably adapted as presents, and will afford a most fruitful Text for Chemistry in the youthful mind. In redwood boxes. 9x14 inches, price $2; large size, 11x17 inches, price $10.
For sale by JAMES R. GILLET,
Practical Chemist, 116 John Street, N. Y.

Partial Deafness-Discharges from the Ear NOISES IN THE HEAD, CATARRH,
And all diseases of the THOAT, EYE and EAR permanently cured by
DR. LIGHTHILL, No. 21 Bond Street, N. Y.
☞ Pamphlets sent gratis.

HUNGARIAN WINES.—A parcel of superior, pure, old HUNGARIAN WINES, in wood and in glass, for sale by
CHARLES F. LOOSEY,
No. 2 Hanover Square, Room No. 6.

C. G. GUNTHER & SONS—FURS.—
At their warehouse,
No. 55 MAIDEN LANE,
Have opened
THEIR ENTIRE STOCK FOR THE SEASON
OF
MANUFACTURED
FURS,
Comprising all the leading and desirable styles, together with additional novelties
IN
LADIES' FURS,
GENTLEMEN'S FURS,
CHILDREN'S FURS,
FUR ROBES.
We solicit the inspection of the retail trade to the above, and offer our goods at the most advantageous prices.
C. G. GUNTHER & SONS,
No. 55 Maiden Lane.

BUY your FURS of WILLIAMS, No. 293 FULTON STREET, BROOKLYN.

Special Announcement
FROM THE
Quaker City Publishing House!

100,000 Catalogues,
NEW, ENLARGED AND BETTER—NOW READY FOR DISTRIBUTION.

Superior Inducements to the Public!

EF A saving of from one to two dollars on every GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES, and other valuable Prizes. Full particulars given in Catalogues, which will be sent free to all upon application.

Valuable Gifts, worth from 50 cents to $100, GUARANTEED to each purchaser. $10,000 in GOLD and SILVER WATCHES, and other valuable Prizes, during the months—$150,000 to be distributed during the next six months.

The inducements offered Agents are more liberal than ever. We have now in the field

Blanks being in the Publishing and Bookselling business, and the Gift Enterprise, we experience enables us to conduct the Gift Enterprise with the greatest satisfaction to all.

EF AGENTS WANTED in every Town and County, for full particulars address, with stamp, for CIRCULARS,
Quaker City Publishing House,
23 South Third Street,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills,
FOR ALL THE PURPOSES OF A
FAMILY PHYSIC,

are so compound that elements within the range of their action operate powerfully on the internal viscera, purifying properties search, and cleanse, and invigorate every portion of the system diseased. Minute in its dissected action, and restoring its healthy vitalities. As a consequence of their power over the source of life, the lowest down with pain or physical debility is astonished to find his health or energy restored at once, and his sickness simple and inviting.

Not only do they purge the every-day complaints of everybody, but also many formidable and dangerous diseases; such as Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Dysentery, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Rheumatism, Gout, Skinsick, Erysipelas, Headache, Piles, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Dropsy, Ulcers, Worms, Tumors, Scrofula, Consumption, and Skin Diseases, Liver Complaint, Dropsy, Tetter, Tumors, Worms, Ulcers, Scrofula, Neuralgia, as a Dinner Pill, and for Purifying the Blood.

They are sugar-coated, so that the most sensitive can take them pleasantly, and they are the best aperient in the world for all the purposes of a family physic.

Price 25 cents per Box: Five Boxes for $1.00.

PREPARED BY
DR. J. C. AYER & CO.,
LOWELL, MASS.
Sold by all Druggists everywhere.

A Beautiful Complexion.—Laird's Bloom of Youth, or Kalliston, is the best and only preparation in the world for all purposes of beautifying and preserving the complexion and skin. Prepared only by JAMES T. LAIRD & CO., New York, and LAIRD'S ladies' hair-dressing establishment, 479 Broadway.

THE ORIGINAL BRIDGEWATER PAINT OF NEW JERSEY, Established 1850, Manufactured by the Bridgewater Mfg. Co., The Original Paint, Paper, &c., dries readily, forming a metallic coat, spark proof, and fire proof. Depot, 191 Fulton Street, corner of Maiden Lane, New York.
HICKS & BUTTS, Agents.

FINKLE & LYON'S SEWING MACHINES are warranted to give satisfaction than any other machine in the market, or no sale.
S.H.—PRICE REDUCED TO $50.
No. 852 Broadway.

Forty Dollars per Month.
500 Agents wanted to travel and solicit orders for the celebrated Wheeler and Wilson Sewing Machine. Salary $40 per month, with all expenses paid. For agents' terms, and full particulars, address, with stamp enclosed for return postage,
H. DAGGETT & CO.,
Boston, Mass.

Commencement of the Twentieth Volume.
HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE
FOR DECEMBER.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year	$ 3 00
Two Copies for One Year	5 00
Three or more Copies for One Year (each)	2 00

And an Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of TEN SUBSCRIBERS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY and HARPER'S MAGAZINE, together, one year, $5.00.

The Postage upon "HARPER'S MAGAZINE" must be paid at the office where it is received. The Postage is *Thirty-six Cents a year.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A FIRST-CLASS ILLUSTRATED PAPER.
THE BEST AND CHEAPEST
FAMILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD.

FIVE CENTS A NUMBER: $2.50 A YEAR.

THE VOLUME FOR 1859 will contain a tale, entitled "**THE WOMAN IN WHITE**," splendidly illustrated by F. O. C. DARLEY, and commenced in "HARPER'S WEEKLY" for November 26, and will be continued from week to week until finished.

GEO. WILLIAM CURTIS'S Illustrated Serial Tale of Associate Life, entitled "**THE POTIPHAR PAPERS**," is continued in "HARPER'S WEEKLY" for April 2.

TERMS OF HARPER'S WEEKLY.

One Copy for Twenty Weeks	$1 00
One Copy for One Year	2 50
One Copy for Two Years	4 00
Two Copies for One Year	4 00
Twelve Copies for One Year	20 00
Twenty-five Copies for One Year	40 00

An Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of TWENTY *or* TWENTY-FIVE SUBSCRIBERS.

TERMS FOR ADVERTISING.—*Fifty Cents a Line.*

☞ No Advertisement will be inserted in these wishing to Advertise for three Months or more.

. Persons living in the City of New York wishing "HARPER'S WEEKLY" left at their houses, will please send their names and residences, with the subscription money, to the Office of Publication.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers,
Franklin Square, New York.

HOW TO MAKE RICH MEN VOTE.

WEALTHY CITIZEN OF NEW YORK. "It's very hard to bear, but I don't think I'll go to the Polls after all."
PRACTICAL POLITICIAN. "Won't vote yet, eh! All right! Jim, clap that 66 on his little finger. Perhaps that'll fetch him!"

ADVERTISEMENTS.

481 BROADWAY.

GREAT SALE of RICH SILKS

1500 Pieces New Styles,

At 75 cents per yard.

REDUCED FROM $1 25.

1000 Pieces Extra Quality

ONLY $1 00 PER YARD.

REDUCED FROM $1 75.

Observe the name and number,

G. M. BODINE,

No. 481 Broadway.

WARM CLOTHING.

We now offer large assortments of Fall and Winter Clothing, just manufactured, in our best styles, consisting in part of

ESQUIMAUX BEAVERS,
MOSCOW BEAVERS,
ELDER DOWN BEAVERS,
MAGENTA BEAVERS,
PRESIDENT BEAVERS,
CLARENCE BEAVERS,
BREADCRAGGIT BEAVERS,

Also, complete suits of all styles of CASHMERE and Beaver suits, and all the late styles Velvet and Cashmere Vestings, &c., &c.

BOYS' CLOTHING
AND FURNISHING GOODS
in great variety, at the lowest prices of the trade.

D. DEVLIN & CO.,
Nos. 259, 261, and 263 Broadway.

THIS SPLENDID Strong-bodied Cigar is offered at

Mountain COFFEE,

For sale by COUTRELL & CO No. 6 Bowery Street.

Sheldon & Company,
No. 115 Nassau Street, N. Y.,
Have just Published:

Sermons. By Richard Fuller, D.D., Of Baltimore. 1 volume. 12mo. Price, $1 00.

Fifty Years among the Baptists. By David Benedict, D.D., author of "History of the Baptists." 1 volume. 12mo. Price, $1 00.

Nearly Ready,

The Wife's Trials and Triumphs. By the Author of "Grace Hamilton's School Days," "Elsydeen Lodge," &c., &c. 1 volume. 12mo. Beautifully printed on tinted paper. Price, $1 00.

Sent by mail on receipt of the prices annexed.

PARTNER WANTED.
With One or $2000.

$8000 Profits Guaranteed. I want a good business man to take the Southern States to sell for a new article that took three Premiums over all U. S. Fair. Profits large: Sales unprecedented. Address, The Inventor, **W. S. D., P.O. Box 129, Fulton City, Illinois.**

32. HEALTH OF 32.
AMERICAN WOMEN.

It has often been a sad reflection that the physiological anatomy of women has rendered her liable to suffering and disease, for which a reliable remedy has never been found in the regular medical profession. Every mother of a family, and most females above 16 years of age, fully experience this. Having positive, wealth and motivated taste after no exemption to this rule. So universal are these sufferings of women from the age of 16 to 45 years, that every one is interested in obtaining certain relief. Irregularities, local displacements, general debility and nervousness seem to be the common lot of women during the above period of their lives.

The experience of many years, the severe tests of investigation by scientific medical men, the use of the medicine in the practice and in the families of physicians, and its general use in the families of clergymen and among the most enlightened and refined in the country, has resulted in stamping the elegant and well-known preparation of the Graefenberg Company as the only reliable remedy ever known for the universal and distressing diseases of women.

It is prepared by an educated physician of great experience, and it will always be found fully equal to representations concerning it. It is known as *The Graefenberg Company's* FEMALE MEDICINE, or UTERINE CATHOLICON.

Price, **$1 50** per bottle. ☞ FOR SIX DOLLARS FIVE BOTTLES ARE SENT BY EXPRESS, AND SO OTHER FEE PAID TO ANY OR EXPRESS LINE FROM NEW YORK. ☜

Address JOSHUA T. BEDELL, M.D., *Secretary,*
Consulting Physicians, Graefenberg Company, No. 32 PARK ROW, NEW YORK.

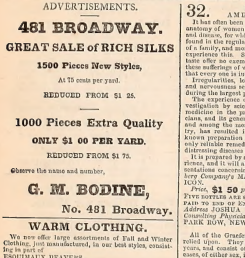
All of the Graefenberg medicines may be confidently relied upon. They have been before the public for 12 years, and consist of eleven remedies, suited to all diseases, of either sex, incident to this country and climate.

I have recently had I have examined a number of testimonials exhibited to me by the Graefenberg Company, relative to the merits of their medicines, and I take pleasure in saying that they present evidence of genuineness, and are entitled to confidence in the country and the public. N. BANGS, D.D., of the Methodist Church.

Having examined certificates of the Graefenberg Company, I take pleasure in saying that they present satisfactory evidence of genuineness, and are entitled to the confidence of the community. My personal acquaintance with some of the members of the Graefenberg Company justifies me in expressing the opinion that no medicines are sent out by them but such as are reliable. FREEMAN HALL, *Editor and Proprietor New York Commercial Advertiser.*

☞ *The principles and practice of medicine adopted by the Medical Faculty of the Graefenberg Institution are clearly set forth in* THE GRAEFENBERG MANUAL OF HEALTH, *a valuable work of 200 pages, published for Family Use, and elegantly embellished with colored engravings of the human figure.* Price 25 Cents. ☜ *Upon the receipt of which it is mailed to any part of the country, free of postage.*

DR. J. T. BARNES *may be consulted professionally, or by letter, at his rooms in the Graefenberg Institution,* No. 32 *Park Row. Office hours,* **9** to **1** and **3** to **4.**



Designed for the use of the *Medical Profession* and the *Family*, having superseded the so-called "Gins" "aromatic," "cordial," "dedicated," &c., now indorsed by all of the prominent physicians, chemists, and connoisseurs as possessing all of those intrinsic medicinal qualities tonic and diuretic which belong to an old and pure Gin. Put up in quart bottles and sold by all druggists, grocers, &c.

A. M. BININGER & CO.,
(Established in 1778.) SOLE PROPRIETORS.
No. 826 Broadway, N. Y.

Fine Gold Jewelry
Imported.

Osborne, Boardman & Townsend,
527 Broadway,
Corner of Spring Street,

INVITE THE INSPECTION OF THE PUBLIC TO their Display of FINE GOLD IMPORTED JEWELRY, comprising all the NEWEST PATTERNS to be found abroad—comprising

ETRUSCAN,
ENAMELLED,
TURQUOISE,
GARNET,
CORAL, and
PEARL

FULL AND HALF SETS, BRACELETS, NECKLACES, CHAINS, CHATELAINES, BROOCHES, EAR RINGS, LOCKETS, SCARF PINS, SLEEVE BUTTONS, STUDS, &c., &c., &c.

Marksmite (Steel) Jewelry,
Pink and Red Coral Sets (from Naples),
Full Garnet Sets (from Leipsic),
Black Enamelled Jewelry.

We can confidently say that our assortment of FINE IMPORTED JEWELRY is more complete than can be found elsewhere. It was selected in Europe during the present season by one of our firm.

Before purchasing elsewhere, we request an inspection of our assortment.

ALSO, OUR USUAL ASSORTMENT OF
Rich Paris Fancy Articles,
GENEVA MUSIC BOXES, &c.

New
Holiday Publications
or
Mayhew & Baker,
208 Washington Street, Boston.

New Book by the Author of "Modern Polesters."
THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER.
By JOHN ROSSER, M.A.
21 Illustrations. Cloth, gilt. Price 75 cents.

HOME SONGS FOR LITTLE DARLINGS.
A New Illustrated Book of Songs for Children.
Price 50 cents.

Third Edition, now ready, of the Thrilling New Juvenile,
THE SEA OF ICE;
Or, THE ARCTIC ADVENTURERS.
Illustrated. Price 75 cents.

THE SEATER'S POCKET COMPANION.
A Complete Manual of the Art of Skating. Price 25 cts.

Catalogues of our Publications mailed free, and any Book sent by mail on receipt of price.

H. HEXTER & CO., M. DOOLADY,
113 Nassau Street, Wicker Street,
Wholesale Agents in New York. Boston.

A Lie Refuted.

"Who dyed your hair?" "It isn't dyed,"
The indignant gentleman replied.
"'Twas dead before, but now it's alive,
HEAVENER'S INIMITABLE made it thrive."

"Who said 'twas dyed?—he lied!
With him it was the truth that died.
The Wash invigorates and brings dead hair to life,
And he who doubts my word can ask my wife."

This "*Inimitable*" Restorative will restore gray hair to its original color, stop its falling out, and bring it out in bald heads. Sold everywhere.

W. E. MAGAN & CO., Proprietors, Troy, N. Y.

Dickens's Tale of Two Cities is now Published Complete.

A Tale of Two Cities.

By Charles Dickens (Boz).

WITH SPLENDID ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS
BY MARCHAL.

TWENTY-FIVE DIFFERENT EDITIONS.

T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, 306 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA, having made arrangements with Harper & Brothers, New York, whereby Charles Dickens has been paid *Five Thousand Dollars for the advance Sheets of* "A TALE OF TWO CITIES," as it was written, they have *just published* the whole, complete and unabridged, one month prior to its publication in England, in the following Twenty-five styles, so as to match all the various and different editions of the former popular works by Charles Dickens, published by us.

Illustrated Duodecimo Editions.
Five Styles.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES. Complete in one large Duodecimo volume, with fine original Illustrations by MARCHAL, bound in cloth.....*Price* $2 00
" " bound in Full Law Library style..... 2 00
" " Half calf, marbled edges, &c. 3 50
" " Half calf, gilt..... 5 00
" " Half calf, antique..... 5 00

Peoples Duodecimo Editions.
Five Styles.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES. Complete in one large duodecimo volume, with two illustrations bound in black cloth,*Price* $1 00
" " bound in Full Law Library style..... 1 75
" " Half calf, or half Turkey..... 2 00
" " Half calf, antique..... 2 50
" " Half calf, marbled edges..... 2 50

Illustrated Octavo Editions.
Six Styles.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES. Complete in one large volume, with original Illustrations by MARCHAL, printed on the finest paper, and neatly bound in black cloth, in imitation of Farnsworth volume of our present Octavo Illustrated Edition.....*Price* $1 50
" " bound in Full Law Library style..... 2 00
" " Half calf, or half Turkey..... 3 25
" " Half calf, marbled edges,Finish 3 50
" " Half calf, antique..... 3 50
" " Half calf, gilt..... 4 00

Library Editions. Seven Styles.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES. Complete in one large volume, in the Seventh volume of our present Six Volume Library Edition, bound in black cloth, full gilt back or plain back.....*Price* $1 50
" " bound in Scarlet cloth, full gilt back..... 1 75
" " Full Law Library style..... 2 00
" " Half calf, or half Turkey..... 3 25
" " Half calf, marbled edges,Finish 3 50
" " Half calf, antique..... 3 50
" " Half calf, gilt..... 4 00

Paper Cover Editions.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES. Complete in one large volume, octavo.....*Price* 50 cents
" " Illustrated. One volume, octavo, paper cover..... 75 cents

☞ Copies of any one or all of the above editions of "A TALE OF TWO CITIES," will be sent at once, per mail, *free of postage*, to any person, to any part of the United States or Canada, on receipt of the price of the edition they may wish.

BOOKSELLERS, NEWS AGENTS, AND ALL OTHERS, WILL PLEASE ADDRESS THEIR ORDERS TO US AT ONCE—AS THEY WANT OF THE DIFFERENT EDITIONS, ALL OF WHICH WILL BE SUPPLIED AT OUR USUAL LOW RATES.

Address all orders to

T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS,
No. 306 Chestnut Street, above Third, Philadelphia.

DR. J. B. MARCHISI'S
Celebrated Uterine Catholicon,
For the Relief and Cure of Suffering Females.

Climate and the usual habits of female life engender a variety of diseases which this Catholicon will penetrate and cure. It can be relied upon in any case of Painful, Suppressed, or Irregular Menstruation, Profuse Menstruation, Whites, Ulceration of the Uterus, Hysterics, Leucorrhœa, &c. In over sixty cases, which we have failed, this article is never taken without benefit. No suffering female should leave it unused. It is prepared, with full symptoms, treatment, letters, &c., sent (genteel) by mail, or delivered by any agent. It is sold in every town, or sent by express. Be cautious of an imitation, somewhat similar in name, with certificates altered, &c. Address BARNES & PARK, No. 12 Park Row, N. Y. ☞ DR. MARCHISI'S other remedies: WEEKS & POTTER, Boston; or CALLENDER & CO., Fifield, Chicago; or R. MARTIN, St. Louis, Mo. ☜

To Landlords.—The attention of heads of families is respectfully invited to the superior quality of

Burnett's Flavoring Extracts.

They are entirely free from the poisonous oils and acids which enter into the composition of many of the extracts usually sold in the market. They are highly concentrated, have all the freshness and delicacy of the fruits from which they are prepared, and are less expensive.

PREPARED BY JOSEPH BURNETT & CO.,
Boston.

Asthma.—Any medicine which will alleviate the Paroxysms of this dreadful disease, will be hailed with joy by thousands of sufferers. The certificates which accompany *Jayne Wistowiar's Remedy*, are from the most reliable sources, and attest to its wonderful power, even in the most severe cases.

Overcoats.—$3 00, $4 50, $5 00, $6 50, $10 and $20.
BUSINESS COATS.—$3 00, $3 50, $4 00, $5 00 & $10.
PANTS and VESTS.—$1 50 to $10. Gents' Furnishing Goods, at HUTCHINGS & SON'S
Mammoth Clothing Store,
Nos. 240 and 242 Bowery.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. III.—No. 155.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1859. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THE FUNERAL SERVICE AT CHRIST CHURCH, TARRYTOWN, NEW YORK, AT THE BURIAL OF WASHINGTON IRVING.

THE FUNERAL OF WASHINGTON IRVING.

We continue on the preceding page the burial-service performed over the last Monday, in Christ Church, Tarrytown, over the body of the late Washington Irving.

The body was dressed in a plain black suit, with white cravat; and, as usual, the lid of the coffin was left open, in order that the countenance might obtain a last glance at the features of the deceased. At noon, on the 24, the procession left Sunnyside for Tarrytown. About a thousand people, mostly from New York, were present; among them were many of the most distinguished literary men of the day, and a delegation from the Common Council of the City. The officiating clergy were the Rev. Dr. Creighton and his assistant, Mr. Spencer. The *Tribune* reporter thus describes the ceremony:

"In accordance with the often-expressed wish of Mr. Irving, the services were strictly in keeping with the simple form of the Church of England, with no unusual address or ceremony. A few minutes after one the coffin was brought up the main aisle, preceded by the Rev. Dr. Creighton and the Rev. Mr. Spencer, the latter of whom read the first: 'I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord,' and the pall-bearers, of whom there were eight, as follows: Governor Seward, of Auburn; Judge Daly, of New York; the oldest personal friend of the deceased; Dr. J. G. Coggswell, librarian of the Astor Library; Professor Longfellow; Colonel Thomas A. Hamilton; Colonel James Watson Webb; Henry Shelton, Esq.; Moses H. Grinnell, Esq., and Jonathan Sturges, Esq., the last three gentlemen being co-executors of Mr. Irving, and his near friends.

"The mourning relatives followed the coffin, and took the seats reserved for them. While the body was being placed in front of the chancel the choir chanted the anthem from the 39th and 90th Psalms, 'Lord, let me know my end, and the number of my days.' Directly following, the Lesson familiar to all, from the 15th chapter of 1st Corinthians, was impressively read by the Rev. Dr. Creighton. At the conclusion of the Lesson the choir sang the last three stanzas of the 90th Hymn, commencing, 'Behold, the anonumbered Angel host.' At its close the Rector stated there would be no more services at the church and that all who chose could have an opportunity of viewing the features of the deceased.

"Passing up the south aisle and down the north, the people looked at the beloved remains. The coffin was of dark-brown cloth, with gilt ribbon studded, and adorned with three wreaths of japonicas not used with Isaiel. On a silver plate was the simple inscription:

WASHINGTON IRVING.
BORN APRIL 3, A.D. 1783.
DIED NOVEMBER 28, A.D. 1859.

"Just before the lid was closed, a ray of sunlight, shooting through the illumined glass of the south window, lit up the serene face with a glory that seemed the very radiex of the brighter land."

LOVED AND LOST.

"ICH HABE GELEBT UND GELIEBET."

So you tell me Annie's dying, dying all for love of me!
Spirits gone and beauty flying, cheek as pale as flesh may be;
And you say me in your sister, telling me I shall repent,
I shall mourn her when I've ruined her, when my present rage is spent.

Mabel Durham, rage no longer fresh when death shakes my frame;
There is yet a passion stronger, which I do not care to name.
Deeper in its root than many which more rapidly by malice
Mabel, between me and Annie falls the shadow of a grave!

Ellen Vaughan, her rank forgetting, promised to become my bride;
Every night she sits in setting saw me whisper-ing by her side—
Whispering 'mid her golden tresses, whispering in her trellised ear.
Ah! those days with memory blesses. Ah! those days so dark and dear!

Loved we with a love to holy, so intense and so entire,
Jealousy engressed but slowly, when she tried to thin its fire;
We were heart and heart together, love was unto love reviewed,
Hate thou marked the summer weather specked by but one fleecy cloud?

That small cloud was Annie's raising. Ere its influence passed away,
I had marked Nell's bright eye glazing, saw her form turn to clay—
She who would have fronted danger, learned at gossips' breath to pale,
She herself to death a stranger, sank beneath the slanderer's tale.

Pale and feble then they called me, lightly wooing, lightly won;
Every woman's eye enthralled me, but my heart was caught by none;
I had preferred vows to many, whom I since had met with scorn;
I had whispered love to Annie, when while pledged to Ellen Vaughan!

Lies revealed, and Ellen fallen! I was absent. When I return,
But her closing eyes sprinkled, scarce a word to soothe, could frame;
All the sad was meek and loving, prayer that sin might be forgiven.
Not a sentence of reproving—peace on earth and hope in Heaven.

Ellen died, and then I learned it—learned what still the public fuel!
Anger in my memory burned it, stamped it there in words of fire!
Over her given detection, swift discovery of the hand
Which had marked my life's affection, which my death in life had planned.

Soon I knew my false accuser; Mabel, now you know her too.
Think you, e'en let you should love her, I could ev'r your sister woo?
Vengeance I've foresworn; but never, to the last, will I forgive you.
Could I venture to forgive her, dream of making her my wife!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1859.

NORTH AND SOUTH.

HALF the troubles of mankind have arisen from misunderstandings. There is just now some small danger that a misunderstanding may engender trouble between the North and the South. Each section of the country misunderstands the other. Each is excited and disposed to be angry; and if an opportunity offers, there may be a quarrel between them before a candid and friendly mutual explanation and candid interchange of opinion.

The South imagines that the Northern people sympathize with John Brown. They resented him as a martyr. Among others, Governor Wise, of Virginia, and Governor Gist, of South Carolina, interpret, and endeavor to misrepresent this opinion. Yet it is a notorious fallacy.

The bulk of the Northern people have no sympathy whatever with John Brown. They regard him as a man who broke his country's laws willfully, who caused the death of innocent men, and who has been justly punished for his crimes. This is the view taken by the great conservative body of the Northern people, including most of the merchants, farmers, mechanics, and citizens generally. Members of the Republican party—while owning to some tenderness for them on account of his sincerity and manliness—still admit that he was rightly punished. Of those who deem him a martyr, and execrate Virginia for her execution of the law, there is a mere handful—Theodore, Emerson, Phillips, and a select party of radical abolitionists, who have been long and deservedly

the light of civilization, it can not be read beyond the immediate circle of its writers. *Kerry-body's Journal* is just as insipid. A relative of the great Fonblanque writes for it—poor fellow.

We imagine that Thackeray's *Magazine, Once a Week*, and *All the Year Round* will be, for a time at least, the crack periodicals of England. All their best matter and illustrations will appear in Lauren's WEEKLY—in most cases in advance of its arrival by mail from Great Britain.

The English periodical publishers labor under difficulties which are unknown here. There, a line is clearly drawn between the educated classes and the masses which are not educated. The latter buy 500,000 of the *London Journal*—a more silly publication than which it were difficult to conceive. The former buy 10,000 or 20,000 of *Once a Week*—no more. Here we have no such distinction. The public buy 90,000 of HARPER'S WEEKLY, and 90,000 probably will want twice as many. The matter which is beyond the appreciation of the uneducated classes of England is just suited to our farmers, mechanics, and merchants; and when well sifted, is well worth their reading. It is just so with books. When a publisher is considering a book in England, the question which he debates is—how will Mudie like it? Mudie, the great circulating-library owner, whose verdict is final, whose favor is success, whose frown is ruin. We have no Mudie here, thank God! Our publishers are in our own hands, and look to the great public alone for support. Hence, a work like Macaulay's History, which sells 50,000 to 60,000 in England, is scattered broadcast over this country—200,000 copies sold in a few months. The time is coming when we shall retort Sydney Smith's query with a sweep-ance.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE AURORA.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

NEW YORK, *December*, 1859.

THE communication respecting the aurora australis does not discard the possibility of it being simultaneous with the borealis. Difference of date might be due only to the observations being made at different periods of the phenomenon. Perhaps, being the subject of your paper, if you were to ask a few questions to all observers in both hemispheres, the answers would, doubtless, be scrutinized by more than one student of nature.

What is the earliest date of each appearance? Which way did each move the magnetic needle? What colors and shapes were predominant in each? Which were or not the electric currents run on North-South and East-West telegraphic wires of each hemisphere?

Perhaps the answers would tend to establish that both auroras were a single manifestation of the electric state of the earth; both poles being loaded with opposite fluids, and the current passing one way through the earth and the other through the atmosphere.

F. G. C.

THE LOUNGER.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

THE news of Irving's death did not surprise those who knew how gradually but surely life had been failing for several months; and yet the death of any one we love, however long expected, is sudden at last—and he was the one man whom the whole country loved. Men of greater genius, of more persuasive and brilliant power, were more popularly identified than he with characteristic American development—but no one had love, pride, not no character since Washington so symmetrical, and no career more rounded and complete.

With living the man and the author were one. The same twinkling humor, untouched by personal venom; the same sweetness, gentility, and grace in the same transparency and childlike simplicity which endeared the writer to his readers endeared the man to his friends. Of that rare and happy temperament, with that cheerful balance of thought and feeling which begets the sympathy that prevents bitter animosity, he lived through the sharpest struggles of our politics, not without interest but without bitterness, and with the tenderest respect of every party.

His tastes, and talents, and habits were all those of the literary man. In earlier life Secretary of Legation in London, and afterward Minister to Spain, he used the opportunities of those posts not for personal advancement, nor for any political object whatever, but for pure literary advantage. And it was given to him, first of any author, to invest the American landscape with the charm of imaginative and traditional associations. He did not evoke this spell from the grave chronicles of religious zeal in New England, whose gloomy romance Hawthorne has wielded with such power weird, nor from the gay cavalier society of Virginia, but from the element of romantic interest which seemed the least promising of all—the Dutch.

So great is the power and so exquisite the skill with which this was done, that his genius has colored history. We all see the Dutch as Irving painted them. When we speak of our doughty Governor Stuyvesant, whom we all know, we mean not the Governor of the histories, but of Diedrich Knickerbocker. And so the entire Hudden River, from Communipaw, upon the Jersey shore of the Bay, along the Highlands and beyond the Catskill, owes its characteristic romance to the touch of the same imagination.

That this power should have been no less in the treatment of Spanish legend shows its genuine quality as high, poetic imagination. That the same man should have written the Knickerbocker History, Rip Van Winkle, and Ichabod Crane, and then the Chronicles of the Alhambra and the Legends of Granada, shows only that if his power were versatile, it was versatile not because it was talent, but genius.

And to this various excellence he added the essential treasure of the Dutch and Spanish—for we must add that he was not less fortunate in the English. The humorous and pathetic sketches are the most exquisite pictures of characteristic English life in literature. What they delineate is constantly implied in the English works, but nowhere else is it so affectionately and fully elaborated. It is the quaintness of the English character which Bull, which is the secret charm of these books. They are full of a breezy heartiness, an unsophisticated benevolence, a hearty enjoyment of comfort in themselves interesting, the flower and beauty of the environment of the most solid and substantial of it all through the Spectator and the Tatler and the early essayists; in Goldsmith, too; but nowhere else in English literature so long and so fully. Irving's words, and then in the Christmas chapters of Dickens, and generally in the fictions of the latter writer.

Is it too fanciful to find this sympathy with the genius to national individuality in Irving's history? It certainly is evident in the method and atmosphere of the Columbus, as contrasted with that of the Mahomet.

It is fair to lay the more stress upon this, because Irving's genius suffers in public estimation from the author's desire to vary his subjects. Disproportion gives an impression of strength, but Irving's genius was not so much versatile as it was Grecian, although the Egyptian architecture looks as if erected in the earth, and the Grecian as if roofed by a flood of sunlight. So in any of the direction the ardent, passionate temperament seems to be more pronounced than the balanced and serene.

How Irving had grown into the public heart and life! It was like the love of England for Walter Scott. He used Knickerbocker, in his own name, had scarcely less vogue than the used Waverley, and was as every year more and more the fashion of a day but the habit of love and reverence. And so, fascinating that immortality of affection in which he was content to be identified, his many and various tasks fulfilled, his great style perfected, his fame secured, he lived and entirely unspoiled by the world which he loved and which loved him, the good old man died as quietly as he had lived—the sweetest and the struggle from the world to which he had never found the way entirely closed against him.

And when his death was known, there was no class of men who more sincerely deplored him than the men of his profession. The newspaper writer, that a friend, not a rival, the younger that a father, the humble that a friend but the honorable that a peer in the country who, if he ever personally met Irving, did not hear from him the kindest words of praise, regard, and encouragement. There is not none of the older rank who, knowing him, did not feel himself privileged to say closely, and from his own profession more than in any other of the great interests of life; and that not by any willful indulgence of personal or professional self-esteem, but by the natural catholicity of his nature.

On the day of his burial, unable to reach Tarrytown in time for the funeral, I came down the shore of the river in the cars. As we rushed rapidly along the Catskill were draped in sober gray mist, but hiding their wild wrestling and taking and lingering, as if the hills were hung with sympathetic, but not unrelaxed, gloom. Yet far away the sunlight still fell, and the sky was cloudless. It was Sunnyside still, for the sky was cloudless and the world unsympathetic, and I could not understand how his last words to me more than a year ago, when his book was finished and his health was failing, "I am going to rest now, and I shall not look up my doors and windows." And I could not but feel that they were all open and brightened with the light of eternal morning.

ADVERTISING.

ONE of the great advantages of the foreign illustrated papers is their representation of the most excellent contemporary works of art in sculpture and painting. As we have often said, they are valuable for many years mainly for its wood-cuts of famous pictures. But the Illustrated and the leading English artists own a great deal of their merited popularity to the immense dispersion among the hosts of English of representations of their works. So well is this understood that none of the best men of that school of art disdain to have be engraved, and not infrequently defray the expense of the engraving.

We have had very frequent activity in every department as ours, what an artist wants is not the opportunity of working, but of working and living upon his known. He paints his great picture in vain, both for emolument and reputation, if nobody sees it. Engraving is, of course, the best method to put the fact upon a wall and advertise it in a newspaper. But the art of advertising is achieved in those places in the hands of the public a picture with picture with an adequate description.

The most effective form of advertising is obvious paper, which is a pictorial history of the times. It depicts the men, the inventions, the fashions, the natural objects, events, statues, and pictures, in which the world happens for the time to be interested. But to do this faithfully and fairly there must be conscientiousness action. To run through a gallery and to sketch hasty remiss comes which are roughly engraved, is merely to caricature and burlesque pictures, not to represent them. And the artist is the sufferer as well as the public.

It is, therefore, in every way in the interest of both that the artist should himself authorize the illustration of his work. He need not fear that it will turn the edge of public desire to see it. The request of a good specter or lecture stimulates, it does not satisfy. A faithful engraving of Palmer's statue of the White Captive, for instance, would illustrate and extend the knowledge of it a hundredfold, and send a score of persons to see it for every one who now goes. We hope sincerely that our artists will gradually come to see this. It a man works for the pleasure of working, he may be, as Irving says, happy; but he is not a very practical. For nature has made the desire of recognition—in other words, the love of influence—an integral element of creative genius. The poet, the orator, the artist, naturally seek an audience, and the public is the audience. He who has any thing to say in any way wants a "fit" audience, but no man wishes for a mob, as it should be "fewest." He wishes to make any man his messenger of truth or beauty to other men, he does not inspire him to remain alone like a dream, but to take a trumpet in one hand and a mirror in the other and go out in the world. It is the duty of the public to raise his voice so that the blindest may see and the deafest hear.

All this is clearly accomplished by advertising. That is to say, advertising introduces a man to the world, and gives it a chance of appreciation if it be worthy. And of all advantageous advertising that which we have been discussing is the most signal.

RECITATION.

THERE is a story which turns up every few weeks in the newspapers that Lord Brougham remarked upon Mr. Everett's many orations upon the Washington, that he was told that it was the ways the same one he was incredulous, and could not understand how he could repeat the same discourse a hundred times.

The same wonder is often expressed about a lecture. "How can a man recite it so incessantly? Why doesn't he get tired to death of it? How it must fatigue him!" says you! There are lectures which have been doing duty in the lyceum for ten years yearly. You think it is incredible? But the explanation is simple: the lecture is just as new to the audience that hears it for the first time to night as it was to the audience that heard it for the first time three thousand nights ago.

As for the speaker himself, every new audience is a new lecture. His attention is so fixed upon it his thought and study upon the subject, it is my that it is to him a new topic of vital interest, or if it is his careful criticism of a literary theme, he says it as earnestly to the last audience as he is to the first. It is like singing a song which you chose to sing, and which every body likes to hear. To speak of repetition as if it emerged from the north of the soul is a great mistake. What is Mr. Everett's hundredth delivery of his Washington to a thousand and first but the hundredth singing of the discourse? He publishes his work by his mental faculties by printing-press—that is all. So the new thousand hearers are the new thousand covers.

Besides, as a master of fact, an oration is probably a hundred times better upon the hundredth delivery than the first. A fine orator is a very fine examinate work of art. Cicero wisely said that you should find a great poet oftener than a great orator. For great discourse, they carefully correct, prepare it at home in your study, or in your mind and memory, is finally completed only by constant use in the audience. It is struck completely out only in the white heat of perfect rapport between writer and reader. For an orator is not only an essay elaborately written, committed, and characterly spoken; he is not a "leader," nor a "speech," nor a "paper;" it is really a "speech." It is the utterance of a mind full of a subject of a fervent interest, so thoughtfully studied, so clearly and crisply spoken, so fused and lighted and fired with emotion, that every body palpably feels that. Eloquence is thought distilled through the heart. Its fountain may be in the head, but it is not an overpowering stream, sweeping over and away, until it has flowed through the heart.

You may learn to be eloquent when you can learn how to be gracefully: how to be beautiful, or how to write poetry.

Such is the theory of the speech, but it is effective in the degree that it approaches it. A lecture is constantly polished, trimmed, and balanced by practice. Probably not one of the more popular Lyceum lectures is delivered just as it was written the first of them probably very different, some entirely so. It is prepared in the study with the audience in mind, and then it is finished there.

But it is meant for rapid hearing, and the author finds that he must change his cabinet work to a free-and-easy talk before he finds a large, generous hand, so that the intention and scope may be seen at a distance.

It may would be a great misfortune if one city should not see a beautiful picture or statue because it had already seen in another. Fortunately the case is precisely the same with a discourse: although the excellent Baron of Brougham and YAKE may be unable to see it.

OPEN THE DOOR!

THE difficulty is—it is universal—that there are not enough doors. In case of alarm the people could not get out. There would be a panic, a crush, mad horror, and trampling under foot, from what is called "a wag" might cause it all by crying "fire!" It might be only what is called "a practical joke."

For we are speaking of the Public Hall, you know, in your town, in every town in the country. It is filled once a week with your most valuable citizens, and when any thing does happen—!

A week or two since in Utica, the handsome Mechanics' Hall did take fire. There was immense alarm, but immediate order. The audience partly returned, and the lecture went on; but there by the position of a speaker addressing a crowd which was all nerves to the slightest touch of fright; fancy a audience listening to a discourse, and wondering whether they were to get out of it alive!

Last year, in Providence, the Howard Hall, a beautiful room, holding perhaps two thousand people, took fire. It was in the second story of a building used for furniture storing and manufacture. In ten minutes the entry was thick with smoke. The audience in the hall was unaccompanied that evening; but it been otherwise, what a tragedy, wailing almost every family in the city!

Is there any impossibility in the making of doors? Are we to go to meetings and lectures only upon peril of a fearful catastrophe? In New Bedford they have been discussing the question. Many people decline to go to the Lyceum there, lest some alarm should be given, in which case there would be no means of egress for the audience. So in Philadelphia; what a handsome and pleasant hall it is, successful! There is nothing like it in Boston to compare with it. Hall, do you call it? Why not trap? In Boston the Music Hall and Tremont Temple are not built with provision. There is not sure destruction of life in either of them.

The people of this country are not to submit to these things; and they ought to help them by having the great hall of the city the property of the city. Then the inside of egress would fall largely upon every citizen, and the building could be conducted with proper means of egress. It should be understood that it would be a municipal expense, for no hall pays as a private enterprise. There is not a town in the country that does not easily put up a simple hall, well-lighted, well-ventilated, and well-warmed. It would be a small matter of a private hall who would not increase the value of his property by providing a better egress than the present has at present.

Let us have doors enough, and keep them ready to open, and the knowledge that they are so would prevent a panic.

"TALE OF TWO CITIES"

THE new story of Dickens with which the readers of *Harper's Weekly* have just parted company, and with which he has increased the fame of the critical, *All the Year Round*, has fully justified the expectation editorially expressed in this paper concerning its publication. It is not a story of story, but quite unlike any other of the great novelist's. It is remarkable entirely in fact, not in the characters. There is scarcely one of the characters who has furnished literature or common conversation with a new phrase or native of fun, but they move about spectrally in the lurid glare of a revolutionary conflagration.

It is one of the gloomiest tales in our literature; and as a picture of the horrors of the Reign of Terror it is unsurpassed, unsurpassable. Dickens, and, upon the whole, not even Carlyle's great drama, so accurately and so vividly as he, could have been the aspect and sentiment of that bloody time. Throughout Carlyle's history there is evident the Scotch humor tracing cause and effect, a kind of psycho-surgical loathsome, so to speak, skin of the "beautiful fracture" feeling of the operating-room.

Dickens, indeed, represents the Monsieur who stood by and heard the Reign of Terror. He does not lose truly show the devilishness of the devil, but does try to give a full and charitable excuse the crime of the one by that of the other.

The "Tale of Two Cities" is a triumph in a new field, and yet unexpectedly a triumph. It proves also with tragic intensity through scenes of which the very name is a disfavor terror, how, in the midst the tenderest touches; and in the character of Sydney Carton a plea for the essential heroism of a person whose life is now and habitually. Except in some of the earlier chapters, there is none of the peculiar humor of Boz. But the pathetic side of the singular fertility of his genius can be gained than by remembering that the author of the "Tale of Two Cities" is also the author of the "Pickwick Papers."

The story that replaces that of Dickens in these pages—Mr. Collins's "Woman in White"—already reveals the singular dramatic power and skillful plot-invention for which he has gained so wide a reputation.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—MADGE. Whatever you write will be carefully considered, and will always be put to you if it is fit for publication that you shall expect payment. "Friends" are very dangerous editors. They are generally more hurtful than "foes" when they write about "contributions."

—E. M. The poem is respectfully declined. It begins with "Beautiful midnight hour," but beautiful adjectives are essential. If you were to write a poem upon "Beautiful midnight hour," you would say, "I was sorrel horse!" Don't be afraid. Send again. Remember that though you know some E. B. Shillings, you don't know us.

—R. C. W. We suppose that you must resort to the "Nepenthe" of the giant bouser somebody does not like your verses. The Lounger, for instance, finds "Night Watching" very well. But do you care to write poetry very well? If you think it is better than very well, you will write on, and you will do right to writing. But you must learn to come better purpose than a splash on the wall. If you can't be a poet perhaps you can, you can be a bonnet, useful man.

—A. N. Your poem is decidedly too staccato. Of course it is worth while to try again. You shall be heartily welcome.

—R. C. T. writes from Laredo, Texas, to ask if there be any instrument invented to find gold or silver coin underground. None that we know of, but pick-axes shovels, and bean. And even those, although admirable instruments, have never yet been able to discover Captain Kidd's treasure.

—A. N. Your poem, "Before the Play," is much too imperfect in execution for print. But it is a striking imagery, although requiring extraordinary skill in the handling. It is not impossible that you may have done it. The strain to express the transcription is too evident.

HON. FERNANDO WOOD, MAYOR ELECT OF NEW YORK.

THE recent contest for the Mayoralty of this city has attracted so much attention throughout the country that people will generally be glad to see the features of the successful candidate, Mayor Wood.

Fernando Wood is a Philadelphian by birth. His ancestry, on his father's side, were Quakers; Henry Wood, the American *ozeme* of the family, was driven out of New England by the pleasant persecutions of the Puritans, and forced to seek a new home on the banks of the Delaware. Benjamin Wood, the father of our Mayor, was a dry-goods merchant in Philadelphia and here, but he was neither successful in business nor blessed with good health. He died young, leaving his family unprovided for. Young Fernando Wood, who was born in 1812, threw himself upon the world and his own resources at the age of thirteen, deeming himself a man when he had succeeded in obtaining a salary of three dollars a week. He fought his way steadily, as a merchant, as a clerk, as a cigar-maker, as a ship-owner, as what not, till one day he was elected, during the famous hard-cider campaign, to a seat in Congress. There he made the acquaintance, and won the esteem of such men as John Quincy Adams and Henry Clay, both of whom foretold for the youth an unusually brilliant career. One anecdote of Mr. Wood's intercourse with Henry Clay may be worth preserving.

Walking together down Pennsylvania Avenue one day, they entered a cigar-store together. In an inner room they noticed, while they were making their purchases, three or four men busily engaged in the manufacture of cigars. Mr. Clay's attention was attracted, and he drew his companion into the room, desiring him to remark the skill and sleight-of-hand with which these mechanics performed their work. Mr. Wood, rather to the surprise of the great Kentuckian, replied that he saw nothing wonderful in what they did—that the business was easy enough. The cigar-makers and their employer looked up indignantly; Mr. Clay—imputing his companion's remark to ignorance—challenged him instantly to perform the work he derided, adding that he would better appreciate the difficulty when he had tried the business and failed.

"Oh!" said Wood, "I could certainly make cigars, I think."

"Let us see you at it, then," replied Mr. Clay, impatiently.

The workmen and their employer, eager to have their laugh at a member of Congress, were equally pressing; and after some feigned reluctance, Mr. Wood drew off his gloves and sat down at the table. With practised hand he seized a leaf, cut it into the right shape, and proceeded to roll: in less time than the most expert workman would have required to perform the feat he made an excellent cigar, which he gracefully presented to Mr. Clay.

The laugh was now against the great Senator, who acknowledged that young Wood was a smart fellow—little dreaming that he had for several years made a living by cigar-making.

In Congress Mr. Wood's career was respectable. Several of his speeches attracted attention, and his practical ability called forth general remark. At the close of his Congressional term he returned to this city, and embarked in business with the usual varying results. In November, 1854, he was nominated Democratic candidate for the mayoralty, and, after a sharp contest, was elected over three rival candidates, representing the Whig, Know Nothing, and Reform interests. He was again re-elected at the close of his term, after a contest of still greater severity.

At the election in 1857 he again ran as the Democratic candidate against Daniel F. Tiemann, who was supported by the combined opposition and a portion of the Democracy. The contest was exceedingly sharp, and Wood was defeated by a few thousand votes. He has now retrieved himself, and is once more mayor of New York. Let us hope that he will so administer the office as to regain the popularity he once enjoyed.

HON. FERNANDO WOOD, MAYOR ELECT OF NEW YORK.

A SKETCH IN ALABAMA.

LONG years ago, when the now populous State of Alabama was an almost uninterrupted wilderness, the region of country now comprised in the county of Randolph was infested with wolves, and stocked with game of every kind.—It was a very common thing for companies of men to go from the older settled county of Chambers up to Randolph county, for the purpose of "camp-hunting," and it is with one of these expeditions that we now have to do.

In the fall of 1837 four men left the village of Lafayette, and bent their course to a place among the hills of Randolph, known as the White Oak Mountain, a place where game of all kinds abounded. Just about the line dividing the two counties there was a little one-horse grocery, kept by one Redmon Hornsby, or, as he was usually called by his associates, "Redhorn." His principal characteristics were an inordinate love of whisky, fear of wolves and Indians, and an unquenchable desire to swindle every body in any manner that presented itself. This is description enough for the present.

Calling at his grocery, the crew concluded to take Redhorn along, partly to amuse themselves with his eccentricities, and partly because he wanted to go. The camping-ground was reached about nightfall, and as it was too late to hunt any that evening, they built up a fire, prepared supper, and set about enjoying themselves. A pack of greasy cards was produced, but one of the boys declined to enter into the game.

"Here, Redhorn," said Ben Walker, "there's but three of us to play; take a hand with us."

"Who? me!" said Redhorn, who had been intently watching the proceedings, "I don't know no more about them cussed things than I do about the twelve Apostles!"

"Oh, nonsense," said Ben, "you certainly know something about it."

"Durned if I know one keard from t'other," persisted he.

"Well, come on, you can soon learn," urged Ben.

"No," said Redhorn, "you three do it a while, cotwel I sorter git the hang of it, and then I'll give you a turn."

Accordingly they played a few games without any bets, until Redhorn thought he "seed into it."

"Now, boys," said Ben, winking at the others, "give me and Redhorn three in seven, and we'll try you for half-dollar a game."

This was agreed to, and at it they went. As may be supposed, Ben and Red lost all the time, the latter cursing all the time, and swearing it was no better than stealing "to take a feller's money that-a-way, an' be not know a thing about the game." But they thought differently.

At length Red appeared very much excited, and, rising to his feet, broke out,

"You've made a bargain to cheat me out'n my money, an' I'll be cussed of I stand it! You jest hud Ben on my side to help you, an' I'll be durned of I can't beat the best of you, even pop. Come shed, of you want the silver jerked out o' ye by hatfuls."

"I'm your man," said Joe Blount, and pulling out his money they went at it, the bet being raised to a dollar a game. It soon became evident to Joe that he had caught a Tartar. None of his tricks would succeed, while Redhorn was continually "raking down the pile." After playing about an hour Joe found himself minus a stake, and threw down the cards with an oath.

"These is curious fixens," said Red, as he viewed them one at a time. "I'll bet five dollars I kin turn Jack, as you call it, the fust pop."

"Done!" said Ben, pulling out the money, "let me shuffle 'em."

The cards were duly shuffled, and handed back to Red, who carelessly took off a few and turned up the bottom one for Ben's inspection.

It was the Jack of Spades!

"Confound you!" said Ben, handing over a V, "you've seen cards before."

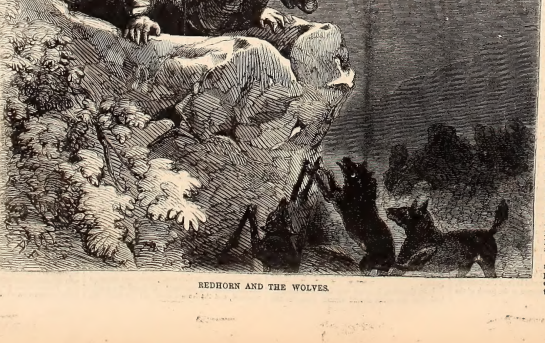
"This is a queer world," said Red, throwing up and catching a dollar; "the quarest world I ever lit onto. Here's you three fellers been tryin' three hours to swindle me, an' I've worn out more keards than you ever seed, by a durned sight! When you want to larn another green hand, jest invite me, will you?"

This avowal vexed them not a little; they discovered that the biters had got bitten, and that in their endeavors to cheat Redhorn out of his money they had "waked up the wrong man," and, as is usual in such cases, they determined to be revenged on him. Professing to be very well satisfied with the turn affairs had taken, they prepared themselves for sleep, telling Red to hold himself in readiness, as they were going out before daylight next morning to kill some turkeys. As soon as he was asleep Ben got Redhorn's shoes and rubbed the soles of them with assfetida, a substance which will attract wolves from an almost incredible distance.

A little after midnight they aroused Red, and together they set off to find the turkeys. When they were out of sight of the camp Joe proposed that they should separate.

"Now, Red," said he, "you go right up this holler, and about a quarter of a mile from here you will come to a cliff of rocks; take your stand there, and you'll be sure to shoot a turkey."

Following his instructions, the unsuspecting Redhorn set out, and soon reached the proposed "stand."



REDHORN AND THE WOLVES.

It was a wild-looking place; on the south, west, and north the hills and rocks rose in towering masses, completely shutting out the light of the moon, and giving a dark and somber aspect to the place.

"I'll be eternally blessed if I like this place," said he, gazing around at the prospect. "Now I don't like it a bit; but, howsomever, it'll soon be day, and then I can leave it." So saying, he seated himself on a projecting rock, laid his gun across his knees, and prepared to make himself comfortable. His reveries were soon interrupted, however, by observing in the valley below him what appeared to be a large dog, and which seemed to be scenting his track.

"What on airth is the dogs a-follerin' me for, I wonder?" he said, with some misgivings; but he had hardly ceased speaking when he heard a howl far below him which was not to be mistaken.

"Wolves, by Gemini!" he exclaimed, jumping to his feet. "I'll be eat up, sure as frost. But I'll settle you, you black cuss!" And leveling his gun, he fired at the one, which was now only a few thirty paces of him. The animal fell with a savage yell, but the roar of his gun was answered by terrific howls on every side.

"Golly! what'll I do?" he exclaimed, dropping his gun, which rebounded from rock to rock, and fell some distance below him. But he had no time to recover it, for his quick-hearing enemies were close upon him; and he scrambled up the almost perpendicular face of the rock, and secured a seat higher up. On looking down he saw several more of the ravenous animals coming at full speed up the valley, guided by the potent drug which he unknowingly carried about him. Arriving at the foot of the rock they set up fearful yells, and attempted to reach him, but he was not too high.

"Now I'll be darned if I like this," soliloquized Redlhorn, gazing down in great trepidation. "If the black devils, that's at least a dozen of 'em, and more a-comin'. What on airth are they a-follerin' me for, I wonder? Ugh! you black, devil! quit jumpin' up here! He was like to have me that time. I'll be eat up as sure as God made Moses. I wish I could pray; I've a notion to try it, anyhow. Ugh! the varmints! The woods is full of 'em. O Lord, now hide thy servant— don't look how they come! that's at least a hundred. Why didn't old Deacon Hornsby larn me how to pray? I wish he was here; cuss me if I didn't pitch him off right among 'em. Now may the saving grace —I'll swar I can't pray, and they come thicker an' thicker. O Lord, deliver thy servant from the hands of the Philistine, and— But them new Injuns if sich pryin' as that 'll win. The devil 'll cuss a jumpin' arter me, and the wolves won't let me pray a lick. I wish them boys was in—no matter where—for sendin' me into sich a place. They done it a-purpose, cuss 'em; and if I had 'em here I'd pitch 'em right among the critters, neck an' heels. An' that's the long-nosed Jon Blount, he's mad 'cause I won his money; an' he got me into this fix. If I ever git back to the camp, I'll kick out what little sense he's got. Wolves I wolves!"

In this condition poor Redlhorn remained till day, when the animals left, and he made his way back to the camp. There was no one there but a negro boy, the hunters having gone out after turkeys. Redlhorn tied his sleeping African fast to a convenient sapling, and cutting the horses loose, mounted the best one, and struck a bee line for home, when he turned his horse loose. He took care, however, to make himself scarce until the hunters had returned home.

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "AFTER DARK," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

HARTRIGHT'S NARRATIVE—*Continued.*

VIII.

So ended my eventful first day at Limmeridge House.

Miss Halcombe and I kept our secret. After the discovery of the likeness no fresh light seemed destined to break over the mystery of the woman in white. At the first safe opportunity Miss Halcombe cautiously led her half-sister to speak of their mother, of old times, and of Anne Catherick. Miss Fairlie's recollections of the little scholar at Limmeridge were, however, only of the most vague and general kind. She remembered the likeness between herself and her mother's favorite pupil, as something which had been supposed to exist in past times, but she did not refer to the gift of the white dresses, or to the surprise and disorder it had caused. She could add nothing to the information which had already expressed her gratitude for them. She remembered that Anne had remained at Limmeridge for "a few months only, and had then left it to go back to her home in Hampshire; but she could not say whether the mother and daughter had ever returned, or had ever been heard of afterward. No further search, on Miss Halcombe's part, through the few letters of Mrs. Fairlie's writing which she had left unburned in clearing up the uncertainties still left to perplex us. We had identified the unhappy woman whom I had seen in the night-time with Anne Catherick —we had made some advance, at least, toward connecting the probable defective education of the poor creature's intellect with the peculiarity of her being dressed all in white, and with the continuance, in her manner years, of the childish gratitude toward Mrs. Fairlie—and these, so far as we knew at that time, our discoveries had ended.

"SHE WAITED A MOMENT, TURNED HER FACE FULL ON ME; AND, REACHING ACROSS THE TABLE, LAID HER HAND FIRMLY ON MY ARM."

The days passed on, the weeks passed on: and the track of the golden autumn wound its bright way visibly through the green summer to the trees. Peaceful, fast-flowing, happy time! In the story of my life I can look back on you once gilded by me. Of all the treasures of enjoyment that you poured so freely into my heart, how little is left me that has purpose and value enough to be written on this page? Nothing but the sunlight of my remembrance that a man can make—the confession of his own folly.

The secret which that confession disclosed should, I felt sure from the first, be for ever strictly escaped me already. The poor weak woman, who had been foiled to deceive Miss Fairlie, have succeeded in forcing the sensitive girl to be awakened in me. It is so with us all. Our sympathies are not to be forced to an injury, and dwarfs when they do us a service.

Feel for—

Ah! how well I know all the sadness and all the mockery that is comprised in those three words. I can sigh over my unrequited love now with the tenderest woman who reads it and pities me. I can laugh at it as bitterly as the hardest man who tosses it from him: a woman has never loved her! Feel for me, or despise me, I cannot help it. I am only writing the truth honestly on my own the truth.

Was there no excuse for me? There was some excuse to be found, surely, in the conditions under which my terms of hired service were fixed at Limmeridge House.

My morning hours succeeded each other calmly in the quiet and seclusion of my own room. I was just well employed in completing my employer's drawings, to keep my hand in practice, and was not often sent for by him (as my check, as the west together over her sketchbook, almost touching hers. The pure breath tively she watched every movement of my brush, the more closely I was breathing the perfume of her hair, and the warm fragrance of her breath. It was part of my service to live in the very light of her eyes, and one time to be kneeling over her, so close to her bosom as to breathe at the thought of touching it; at another time to bend her bending over me, bending so close to see what I was about, that her voice sank low when she spoke to me, and her ribbons brushed my cheek in the wind before she could draw them back.

The evenings which followed the sketching excursions of the afternoon varied, rather than checked, these innocent, these inevitable familiarities. My natural fondness for the music which she delighted in, with such tender feeling, my delicate womanly taste, and her natural enjoyment of giving me both, by the practice of her art, the pleasure which I had offered to her by the practice of mine, only wove another tie which drew us closer and closer to one another. The Halcombe's ever-ready raillery, always directed against my assumed mastery of her heart, and her ever-her enthusiasm as pupil; the harmless expression of poor Mrs. Vesey's drowsy approval which overcame Miss Fairlie and me as two model young people who never disturbed her—every one of these trifles, and many more, combined to fold us together in the same domestic atmosphere, and to lead us both insensibly to the same hopeless end.

I should have remembered my position, and have put myself secretly on my guard. I did so, but not till it was too late. All the direction, all the experience, which had availed me with other women, and secured me against other temptations, failed me with her. It had been my profession, for years past, to be in this close contact with young girls of all ages, and of all varieties of character. I had accepted the position as part of my calling in life: I had trained myself to leave all the sympathies natural to my age in my memory of my own youth, as easily as I left my umbrella there before I went up stairs. I had long since learned to understand, composedly and as a matter of course, that my situation in life was considered a guarantee against any of my female pupils feeling more than the most ordinary interest in me, and that I was admitted among beautiful and captivating women, much as a harmless domestic animal is admitted among them. This guardian experience I had gained, and in my guardian position had steadily and strictly guided me straight along the safe and narrow path, without once letting me stray aside to the right hand or to the left. And now, I and my trusty talisman were parted for the first time. Yes, my hardly-earned self-control was so completely lost to me as if I had never possessed it; lost to me, as it is lost every day to other men in other critical situations where women are concerned. I know now that I should have questioned myself from the first. I should have asked why any room in the house was chosen for me to see when she was absent in it, and barren as a desert when she went out again—why I always noticed and remembered the tidy change in her dress that I had noticed and remembered in no other woman's before—why I rose her, heard her, and touched her (when we shook hands at night and morning) as I had never seen, heard, and touched my other women in my life? I should have looked into my own heart, and found this new growth springing up there, and plucked it out while it was young. Why was this easiest, simplest work of self-culture always too much for me? The explanation has been written already in the three words that were many enough, and plain enough, for my confession. I loved her.

The days passed, the weeks passed; it was approaching the third month of my stay in Cumberland. The delicious monotony of life in our calm seclusion flowed on with me like a smooth stream with a murmur who glides down the current. All memory of the past, all thought of the future, all sense of the falseness and hopelessness of my own position, lay hushed within me into deceitful rest. Lulled by the siren song that my own heart sung to me, with eyes shut to all sight, and ears closed to all sound of danger, I drifted nearer and nearer to the fatal rocks. The time for awakening came at last, and startled me into sudden, self-accusing consciousness of my own weakness, was the pleasure, the treat, the kindest of all warnings, for it came silently from *her*.

We had parted one night, as usual. No word had fallen from my lips, at that time or at any other time, which could betray me, or startle her into sudden knowledge of the truth. But when we met again in the morning, a change had come over me—a change that told me all. I shrank then—I think still—from inviting a heartless examination of her heart, and bringing it open to others, as I have laid open my own. Let it be enough to say that the time when the first surprise in my secret was, I firmly believe, the time when she first surprised her own, and the time, also, when she changed toward me in the interval of one night. Her nature, too truthful to deceive others, was too noble to deceive itself. When the doubt that I had hushed asleep first laid its weary weight on her heart, the true face owned all, and said, in its own frank, simple language—I am sorry for him; I am sorry for myself.

It said this, and more, which I could not then interpret. I understood but too well the change in her manner, to greater kindness and quicker readiness in interpreting all my wishes, before others—to constraint and sadness, and nervous anxiety to absent herself on the first occasion she could seize on, whenever we happened to be left together alone. I understood why the sweet sensitive lips smiled so rarely and so restrainedly now; and why the clear blue eyes looked at me, sometimes with the pity of an angel, sometimes with the innocent perplexity of a child. But the change meant more than this. There was a coldness in her hand, there was an unnatural immobility in her face, there was in all her movements the mute expression of constant fear and clinging self-reproach. The resolutions that I could trace to herself and to me, the unacknowledged sensations that we were feeling in common, were not there. There were certain elements of the change in her that were still secretly drawing us together, and others that were, as secretly, beginning to drive us apart.

In my doubt and perplexity, in my vague suspicion of something hidden which I was left to find by my own unaided efforts, I examined Miss Halcombe's looks and manner for enlightenment. Living in such intimacy as ours, no serious alteration could fail to be visible in either of us which did not sympathetically affect the others. The change in Miss Fairlie was reflected in her half-sister. Although what a word escaped Miss Halcombe which hinted at an altered state of feeling toward myself; her penetrating eyes had contracted a new habit of always watching me. Sometimes she look was suppressed anger; sometimes like suppressed dread; sometimes like neither—like nothing, in short, which I could understand. A week elapsed, leaving us all three still in this position of secret constraint toward one another. My situation, aggravated by the sense of my own miserable weakness and forgetfulness of myself, was no less awakened in me, was becoming intolerable. I felt that I must cast off the oppression under which I was living, at once and forever—yet how to set for the best, or what to say first, was more than I could tell.

From this position of helplessness and humiliation I was rescued by Miss Halcombe. Her lips told me the bitter, the necessary, the unexpected truth; her hearty kindness sustained me under the shock of hearing it; her sense and courage turned to its right use an event which threatened the worst that could happen, to me and to others, in Limmeridge House.

IX.

It was on a Thursday in the week, and nearly at the end of the third month of my sojourn in Cumberland.

On the morning, when I went down into the breakfast-room, at the usual hour, Miss Halcombe met me for the first time alone. Her sister, she said, was absent from her customary place at the table.

Miss Fairlie was out on the lawn. She bowed to me, but did not come in. Not a word had passed between us, and I had been left during the tertile either of—and yet the sense was unacknowledged even in our embarrassment—made us shrink back from meeting one another alone. She waited on the lawn; and I waited in the breakfast-room, till Mrs. Vesey or Miss Halcombe came in. How quickly I should have joined her; how readily we should have shaken hands, and glided into our customary talk, only a fortnight ago!

In a few minutes, Miss Halcombe entered. She had a preoccupied look, and she made her apologies for being late, rather absently.

"I have been detained," she said, "by a consultation with Mrs. Fairlie on a domestic matter which he wished to speak to me about."

Miss Fairlie came in from the garden; and the usual morning greeting passed between us. Her head struck closer to mine than ever. She did not look at me; and she was very pale. Poor Mrs. Vesey noticed it, when she entered the room a moment after.

"I suppose it's the change in the wind," said the old lady. "The winter is coming—ah, my love, the winter is coming soon?"

In her heart and mine it had come already!

Our morning meal—once so full of pleasant good-humored discussions of the plans for the day—was short and silent. Miss Fairlie seemed to feel the oppression of the long pause in the conversation; and looked appealingly to her sister to fill them up. Miss Halcombe, after once or twice hesitating and checking herself, in a most uncharacteristic manner, spoke at last.

"I have seen your uncle, this morning, Laura," she said. "He has left the parsley bed, and is now out ought to be got ready; and he confirms what I told you. Monday is the day—not Tuesday."

While these words were being spoken, Miss Fairlie looked down at the table beneath her. Her fingers moved nervously among the crumbs that were scattered on the cloth. The paleness on her cheeks rested on her lips, and then themselves trembled visibly. I was not the only person present who noticed this. Miss Halcombe saw it, too; and at once set us the example of rising from table.

"Mr. Vesey and Miss Fairlie left the room together. The kind sorrowful blue eyes looked at me, for a moment, with the expression of a caress of a coming and a long farewell. I felt the answering pang in my own heart—the pang that told me I loved her once, and dare love her the more unchangingly for the loss.

I turned toward the garden, when the door had closed on her. Miss Halcombe was standing with her hat in her hand, and her shawl over her arm, in large window recess at the end of the room, and was looking at me attentively.

"I am about to take a leisure time to myself," she asked, "before you begin to work in your own room?"

"Certainly, Miss Halcombe. I have always time at your service."

"I want to say a word to you in private, Mr. Hartright. Get your hat, and come out into the garden. We are not likely to be disturbed there at this hour in the morning."

As we stepped out on to the lawn, one of the under-gardeners—a man labouring near—made his way to the house, with a letter in his hand. Miss Halcombe stopped him.

"Is the letter for me?" she asked.

"Nay, miss; it's just said to be for Miss Fairlie," answered the lad, holding out the letter as he spoke.

Miss Halcombe took it from him, and looked at the address.

"A strange handwriting," she said to herself. "Who can be your correspondent but me, that I did you get this?" she continued, addressing the gardener.

"Well, miss," said the lad, "I just got it from a woman."

"What woman?"

"A woman well stricken in age."

"Oh, an old woman. Any one you know?"

"I cannot tell, sure ne'myself to say that she was other than a stranger to me."

"Which way did she go?"

"That gate," said the under-gardener, turning with great deliberation toward the south, and embracing the whole of that part of Blackland with one comprehensive sweep of his arm.

"Curious," said Miss Halcombe; "I suppose it must be a begging-letter. There," she added, handing the letter back to the lad, "take it to the house, and give it to one of the servants. And now, Mr. Hartright, if you have no objection, let us walk this way."

She led me across the lawn, along the same path by which I had followed her on the night after my arrival at Limmeridge. At the little summer-house in which Laura Fairlie and I had first seen each other, she stopped, and broke the silence which she had steadily maintained while we were walking together.

"What I have to say to you I can say here." She seated herself, as she entered the summer-house, took one of the chairs at the little round table beside, and signed to me to take the other. I had scarcely done so, when the man who had spoke to me in the breakfast-room; I felt certain of it now.

"Mr. Hartright," she said, "I am going to begin by making a frank avowal to you. I am going to say—without phrase-making, with a deliberation which I heartily despise—that I have come, for the first time since I have been under your residence with us, to feel a strong friendly regard for you. I was predisposed in your favor when you were told me of your conduct toward that unhinged woman whom you met under such remarkable circumstances. Your management of the affair might not have been prudent; but it showed the self-control, the delicacy, and the compassion of a man who was naturally a gentleman. It made me expect good things from you; and you have not disappointed my expectations."

She paused—and held up her hand at the same time, as a sign that she wished to prevent me from me before she proceeded. When I entered the summer-house, no thought was in me of the woman in white. But, now, Miss Halcombe's own words had put the memory of my adventure back in my mind. It remained there, through-out the interview—remained, and not without a result.

"As your friend," she proceeded, "I am going to tell you, at once, in my own plain, blunt, downright language, that I have discovered your secret—without help or hint, mind, from any one else. Mr. Hartright, you have thoughtlessly allowed yourself to form an affectionate admiration and devoted attachment, I am afraid—to my sister Laura. I don't put you to the pain of confessing it, in so many words, because I see and know that you are too honest to deny it. I don't even blame you—I say that you have long your heart to a hopeless affection. You have not attempted to take any underhand advantage—you have not spoken to my sister in secret. You are guilty of weakness and want of attention to your own interests, in relying on your discretion. If you had acted, in any single respect, less delicately and less modestly, I should have told you to leave the house without any further notice, or an instant's consultation of any body. As it is, I know you will not force your eyes and your position—I don't blame you. Shake hands—I have given you pain; I am going to give you more. Shake hands for that, for—shake hands with your friend, Marian Halcombe, first."

The sudden kindness—the warm, high-minded, fearless sympathy which met me on such unexpected grounds—the delicate tenderness with such delicate and generous promptness straight to my heart, honor, and my virtue at Limmeridge House was her future husband. I tried to face it back; but something rose within me at that moment stronger than my own will; and I interrupted Miss Halcombe.

"Let me go—day," I said, bitterly. "The sooner the better."

No; not to-day," she replied. "The only reason your wishing to resign Mr. Fairlie for your departure, before the end of your engagement, must be that an unforeseen necessity compels you to ask his permission to return at once to London. You must wait till to-morrow to tell him that; or he will think you have chosen its because he will then understand the sudden change in your plans, by associating it with the arrival of a letter from London. It is unkind, and sickening to descend to deceit, even of the most trivial kind; but you and I know Mr. Fairlie, and if you once excite his suspicions that you are trifling with him, he will refuse to release you. Speak to him on Friday morning; accuse yourself afterward (for the sake of your own interests with your employer) of having awkwardly asked work in as little confusion as possible; and quit his place on Saturday. It will be time enough then, and you will be free, and for all of us."

Before I could assure her that she might depend on my acting in the strictest accordance with her wishes, we were both startled by advancing footsteps in the shrubbery. Some one was coming from the house to seek for us! It was the letter which had put me, and which had left me, in my own power. Could the third person who was fast approaching us, at such a time and under such circumstances, be Miss Fairlie?

It was a relief—so sadly, so hopelessly was my position changed—that the changed mind—it was absolutely a relief to me, when the person who had disturbed us appeared at the entrance of the summer-house. It had proved to be only Miss Fairlie's maid.

"I could speak to you for a moment, Miss?" said the girl, in rather a flurried, unsettled manner.

Miss Halcombe descended the steps into the shrubbery, and walked aside a few paces with the maid.

Left by myself, my mind reverted, with a sense of forlorn wretchedness which it is not in my words that I can find to describe, to my approaching return to the solitude and the despair of my lonely chambers at home. Deceptive by my kind old mother, and of my sister, who had rejoiced with her so innocently over my prospects in Cumberland—my own folly, my own blindness, ment from my heart it was now my shame and my reproach to realize for the first time—came back to me with a force that the mournfulness of neglected friends. My mother and my sister, what would they think when I returned to them from my broken engagement, with the confession of my miserable secret—they who had parted from me so hopefully on that last bright night in the Hampstead cottage?

Aunt Clarke's legacy—even the memory of the farewell evening with my mother and my sister could not return to me now, unconnected with that other memory of the hemisphere which back to London. What did it mean? Were that woman and I to meet once more? It was possible, at the least. Did she know that I lived in London? Yes: I had told her so, either before or after the memorable night of fears, when she had asked me so distrustfully if I knew many men of the name of Fairlie. My thoughts were in after—my mind was not calm enough, then, to remember which.

A few minutes elapsed before Miss Halcombe dismissed the maid and came back to me. Isle, looked better—more unperturbed.

"We have arranged all that is necessary, Mr. Hartright," she said. "We have understood each other. Our friends should not see me go back at once to the house. To tell you the truth, I am uneasy about Laura. She has sent to say she wants to see me directly; and the maid reports that her mistress is apparently very much agitated by a letter that she has received this morning—the same letter, no doubt, which I sent on to the house before we came here."

We retraced our steps together hastily along the shrubbery path. Although Miss Halcombe had ended all that she thought it necessary to say, on her side, I had not ended all that I wanted to say on mine. From the moment when I had discovered that the expected visitor at Limmeridge was Miss Fairlie's future husband, I had felt a bitter curiosity, a burning anxious impatience, to know what he was. It was possible that a future opportunity of putting the question might not easily offer; so I resolved asking it on our way back to the house.

"Now that we are long enough to tell me we have understood each other, Miss Halcombe," I said; "now that you are sure of my promises for your forbearance and my obedience to your wishes, may I venture to ask who?—I hesitated; I had forced myself to think of him, but it was harder still to speak of him, as her promised husband;—"who the gentleman engaged to Miss Fairlie is?"

Her mind was evidently occupied with the message she had received from the maid, for she answered, in a hasty, absent way:

"A gentleman of large property, in Hampshire."

Hampshire! Anne Catherick's native place. Again, and yet again, the woman in white. There was a fatality in it.

"And his name?" I said, as quietly and indifferently as I could.

"Sir Percival Glyde."

Sir—Sir Percival! Anne Catherick's question—that suspicious question about the men of title—flashed across my mind when I might inquire to know—had hardly been dismissed from my mind by Miss Halcombe's return to me in the summer-house, before its re-appearance gave me her own answer. I stopped suddenly, and looked at her.

"Sir Percival Glyde," she repeated, imagining that I had not heard her former reply.

"Knight, or Baronet?" I asked, with an appearance of being in my usual mind.

She paused for a moment, and then answered, rather coldly:

"Baronet, sir."

LITERARY

We are informed that the talented Miss Martha Haines Butt, of Virginia, is about to publish a work of fiction, entitled "Antonio Mucarro," the hero of who is only twenty, and is as lovely as she is gifted, has lately received the compliment of a degree of A.M. from the Harrisburg Female Institute. Mrs. Sigourney is, we believe, the only lady who has been previously honored with it.

Fisher's River (North Carolina) Scenes and Characters, *by Strut*, "*who was raised there*," is now fairly illustrated by Nichols, and published by Harper & Brothers. The volume is a series of laughable sketches of backwoods life—a reader will not fail to recognize with shouts of delight. If any thing can add to the fun of a good story, the inimitable drawing made by Hoskins is outdo. These men, that talk the most excruciating provincialisms on the pages of the letter-press, would be unintelligible if we did not have their faces in the wood-cuts, when we can at once give them voices.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, December 5, the Thirty-sixth Congress met in the Capitol at the City of Washington. At noon the Senate was called to order by Vice-President. Twenty-eight Senators were present. After prayer by Rev. Gurley, Senator Pearce, of Maryland, offered a resolution, which he said he would call up on the following day, for the appointment of a committee to inquire into the facts attending the late invasion and seizure of the Armory and Arsenal at Harper's Ferry by a band of armed men, and report whether the same was attended by any treasonable design to the subversion and dismemberment of the United States, and the number of any citizens of the United States who were implicated in such treasonable design; whether such invasion was against the consent or any opposition intended to subvert the laws and authority of the State of Virginia or the United States, and what steps of such organization: whether any citizens of the United States were present when lawful authority was exercised thereby for restitutions of money, arms, munitions, or otherwise; the names and residence of the individual or individuals in the hands or under the control of said armed bands when captured at the Armory and Arsenal, and transported to the place invaded; also, to report what legislation, if any, is necessary by the Government for the future preservation of the peace of the country, and the safety of property belonging to the Government no longer needed for its purposes.

Mr. Pearce said he would give notice of an amendment, to direct the Committee to report the names of all Free-Soilers, Missouri Emigrants, Abolitionists, and Republicans, who were engaged in the late affair. In order, the following gentlemen having been named for the Speakership, the vote was taken on the following result: Seerds, 86; Sherman, 66; Gross, 42; Bocock, 20; Phillips, 12; Scott, 11; Clark, 8; Corwin, 5; Cox, 1; Adams, 1; Hill, 1; Pennington, 1; Hickman, 2; Hamlin, 2; Banks, 1; Wilson, 1; Fuller, 1. The following withdrawn his name, a debate arose on a speech and the resolution proposed by Mr. Pearce, whereupon the resolutions were as follows:

Whereas, a portion of the citizens of the House, now in nomination for speaker, did indorse and recommend the book known as Helper's Impending Crisis:

Resolved, That the indorsement by a majority of a certain book, called "The Impending Crisis of the South, and How to Meet It," purporting to have been written by H. R. Helper, are incendiary, and hostile to the domestic institutions of the Southern States, and that no member of this House who commended or interested in the recommendation of said book to be worthy of this confidence.

This led to a debate in which Messrs. Clark, Florence, Winslow, Gilmer, Stanton, Pryor, Barksdale, Quitman, Talbott, and Boteler took part. Mr. Kellogg then moved to lay the whole subject on the table.

On Tuesday, December 6, in the Senate, Senator Mason moved that the Committee on Foreign Affairs be instructed to inquire into the expediency of reporting a bill to remove Trumbull, Simon, Hall, Davis, Crittenden, Wilson, Clark, Foster, Seward, Fessenden, Doolittle, Hale, Mr. Clark's resolution was taken up. Mr. Mason, by the Senate, Foreign Affairs, Mr. Bocock, Mr. Stanton, Mr. Kellogg, Mr. Pryor, and others took part. A second ballot was then taken for Speaker with the following result: Sherman, 101; Bocock, 88; Gilmer, 24; Scattering 14.

On Thursday, 8th, in the Senate, after several notices of motions and resolutions, among which was one by Senator Bigler of a bill appropriating money to facilitate the re-

gestion of Cuba, Mr. Mason's resolution was taken up, and was debated throughout the day. Speeches were made by Senators Trumbull, Yulee, Clay, Pugh, Davis, Mason, Wilson, and Johnson; but no vote was taken.—In the House, speeches, mainly on the slavery question, were made by Messrs. Davis, Martin, Morris, Cowden, Sanders, Sherman, and Cox; no vote was taken for Speaker.

On Friday, 9th, in the House, the Senate not being in session, a discussion took place between Messrs. Logan and Kellogg, referring to the course of Senator Douglas. This led to an angry altercation and to a general Southern conversation followed, in which Messrs. Hanks, Barksdale, and Gilmer took part, and Mr. Sherman and Mr. Howard, with the following result: For Sherman, 109; for Howard, 74; for Gilmer, 1; scattering, 3. There being no choice, the House then adjourned.

On Saturday, December 10, the Senate, not being in session, a conversation took place between Messrs. Hickman and Bocock, in which the latter made the subject of his remarks the speech which he had made on Friday by the latter. This was followed by an speeches on the slavery question, including those of Messrs. William Smith, Horace F. Clark, Mims, and Curry, of Alabama. On motion of John Cochrane, the House then adjourned.

INCENDIARY DOCUMENTS NOT PORTABLE.

Our readers will probably recall to mind a number of weeks ago a Virginian postmaster wrote to Governor Wise, asking information as to what the postmaster he should make of such incendiary newspapers as the Tribune, and stating that many of them had been received at his office. The letter was referred to the Attorney-General, who decided that the mail matter containing publications should be destroyed. The Richmond Enquirer had indorsed this view. He says that the people of Virginia may not agree in the interpretation of the Constitution of such documents within their borders, but, if they are brought there in the mails, they will, by the proprietor legal proceedings, have been destroyed. They have the same right to destroy incendiary matter as is piously hoarded in the midst of their homes and altars that a man has to glance his burglar with the pistol with which is about to explode at his feet.

INAUGURATION OF THE NEW GOVERNOR OF MISSISSIPPI.

Hon. John J. Pettus, the newly-elected Democratic Governor of Mississippi, was inaugurated at Jackson, with considerable pomp, on the 8th inst. In his address he declared that the people would be regarded the traitor or Harper's Ferry as a mere ruffian, and that the Black Republicans erred into practical operation. He thought it the duty of the South to "meet the issue before battle." He alluded to the fact that the anti-slavery party had undertaken the control of the governments of nearly all the non-slaveholding States, where the most inflaming appeals to the passions of the ignorant were violated, their property destroyed or stolen, and the citizens jeopardized; while the Federal Government was either unwilling or unable to guard the rights or redress the wrongs of slaveholders. He said that there was not one of their modes of making war upon the institution of slavery, which they had not practiced upon the South, and that they counted the power of the Federal Government made to prevent it from the plain purposes of its creation into an engine for the destruction of the rights of the South. Their aggressions would thus become irresistible, and we would have been living in a condition of war or slavery may put into our hands. The Black Republican party inaugurates a high-handed Civil Government as they have violated its plain provisions in the past, and he thinks the conviction that this must be done by force will be saved from destruction by the horrors at the Constitution, rising in the minds of the conservative men of the States of the Federal Government, is as safe as the prayer of the heathen to his wooden god. The only hope of peace was in the power of the united voice of the South, by which he meant that the South was to be united in what would bring peace to them, and that the only man who would preserve the Union would rally to our support even in the North.

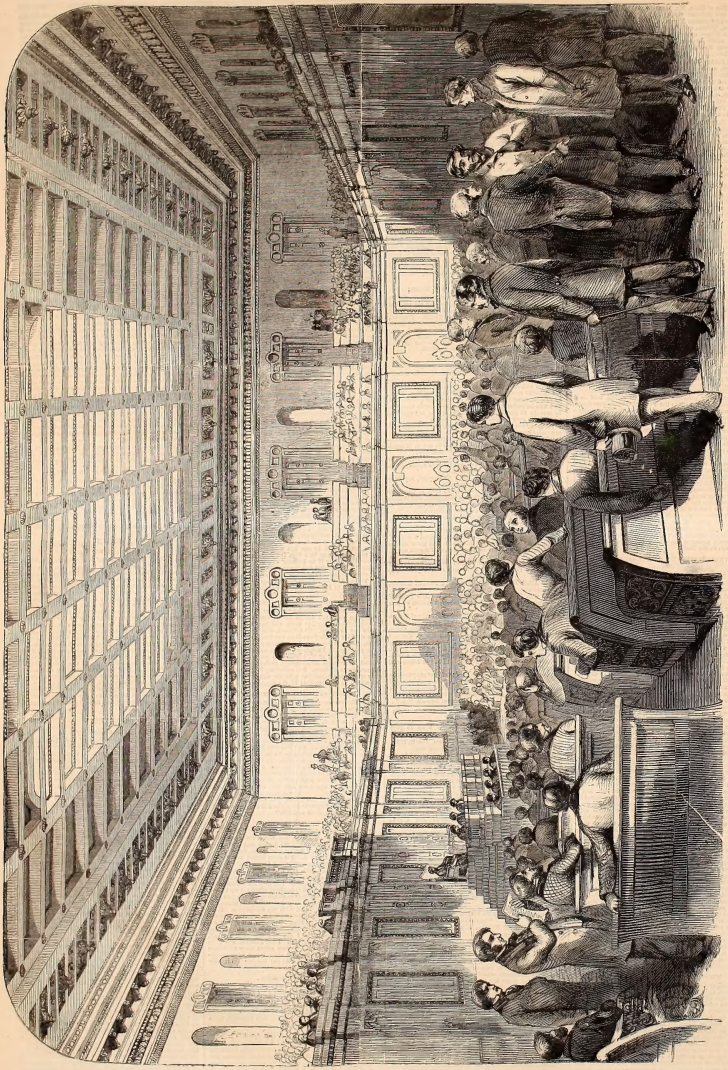
GOVERNOR WISE ON THE HARPER'S FERRY AFFAIR.

The Legislature of Virginia organized at Richmond, Virginia, on December 5.

Governor Wise's Message reviews the Harper's Ferry affair at great length. It speaks of his spirit of humiliation and sin and of the dissolution of the Union as due to sudden wisdom nuances of our entire section of the country, although unprepared for immediate separation. His program, Courts of Justice, and Legislatures which has trained up three generations of men to the manly habits of hatred to the masters of African slaves to the United States, and to the people of the non-slaveholding States, which would have such a fearful and fatal effect upon the slaves themselves, when it has sent to Union" graves. Under the numerical power which must annihilate the confederate faith, and cease to disturb our peace, to destroy our liberty and property, and to deprive us of all the protection and redress under the perverted forms and distorted working of the Union, we must take up arms. The issue is too essential to be compromised any longer. We can not stand under the rule and outrages as those of the Harper's Ferry, without suffering worse than death to citizens. The Governor proceeds to discuss the death of a State. It is not to be denied that we have many and fatal defects in our system of slaveholding States; but the conservative elements are passive, while the fanatical are active, and the former, in fact diminishing, while the latter is increasing in numbers and intensity.

THE NATURE OF THE ISSUES.

With regard to the insurgents, he says, it is a mockery to call them invasionists. If they were, then a large portion of the people of Virginia are in sympathy and nuances. The issue is self-opened this plan, and it was not put in upon the States. The issue is not upon the evil spirits of insurrection which demanded a redemption of the Constitution, but upon the evil spirits of fanaticism which desired to destroy the Union. Those evil spirits of fanaticism which desired to destroy the Union. Those evil spirits of fanaticism which desired to destroy the Union. Those



BALLOTING FOR A SPEAKER IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AT WASHINGTON, DECEMBER, 1859.

THE CARIBBEAN SEA—A GALE OFF THE COAST OF HAYTI.

THE CARIBBEAN SEA—OFF THE MOSQUITO COAST.

THE HALL OF REPRESENTATIVES IN CONGRESS.

It is pretty generally known that an experiment is being tried in Congress. The old chairs and desks which were provided when the new House of Representatives was opened have been discarded, and sofas without desks substituted in their place. The idea has been that as members can not write, or even read comfortably, on the new sofas without desk or table before them, more attention will be paid to the speaking in the House, and short speeches and fewer orations will become the rule. We hope the experiment will succeed. In fact, every man who is elected to Congress feels bound to deliver one or two set orations on the library question, the tariff, etc.; not in the hope of influencing legislation, but simply for the benefit of his own personal fame and the gratification of his constituents. This system, if used hardly to observe it, is outrageously silly and delayed, and the public business of the country retarded, by the conversion of Congress into a vast debating club. A few sofas will soon tell us decide whether the new plan—which does not permit members to write letters while seems to be making—will check the old practice. In the mean time our engraving on page 808 will enable the public to form an idea of the change which has been effected.

STORMS IN THE CARIBBEAN.

THE two pictures we engrave herewith illustrate the periodical storms which, at this season, spread havoc and distress over the Caribbean Sea. The designs are by Dr. Eights, the well-known traveller. Every one who has traveled in Central America will recognize their fidelity to nature. There is no sea in the world more delightful to navigate in calm weather, smiling, placid, blue, with a rich ribbon; but when the northers set in, and bad weather commences, there is none which mariners more justly dread. The illustrations will commend themselves to all lovers of art.

A PHYSICIAN'S DREAMS.

I.

DREAMS being the stronghold of the mysterious, it may be supposed that I have greater soothers to relate than any ordinary commonplace man can have dwelt. But it is not so; and a slight consideration of what sleep is will show you how true that it can not be so. Dream-books rest on a very flimsy foundation; our life is a unity; sleep is not an interruption of natural laws, but a carrying out of the unvarying laws of our being; not a phenomenon, but a fact in our human constitution.

What is sleep?

Physically, sleep is a passive state of the brain, in which the blood vessels receive more, and in a most part in a manner undisturbed by the agitation of thought. A medical man has observed that for a long time, of observing the brain of a patient, which, to considerable extent, had been laid bare by a fracture, and wasted of part of the skull. He looked often at the bare brain, while the patient was awake: while the patient was asleep. The observer saw that, in a waking state, the brain had intelligent, and, as one might say, telegraphic motions, corresponding with the thoughts which it was praising off. To the doctor, looking at the exposed brain while the patient was awake, there appeared that different cerebral motions accompanied the different ideas it was excited by. He was looking manifestly at the great laboratory of thought. But in a state of sleep the patient's brain would and telegraphic no more. It became a mere pulse, like that at the wrist, and, indeed, was found to correspond, in its regular beat, with the beat at the wrist. Sleep, then, is shown not as far as the quietude of the brain is hindered, sleep is hindered in the same proportion as the more mechanical quieting of the brain induces sleep. I have read of sleepless men, who, to drown the busy brain in a kind of artificial lethargy, have had themselves whirled about on a millstone, with their heads inclining outwards, so that the blood being thrown from all parts upward to the great work-shop of the mind, flooded it, and washed out the wakefulness. I have heard others speak, also, to a hundred (doubtful), hop-pillows, fancying you are your own breath (very doubtful), draughts of heavy drink at bed-time, gin, punch, and other night-caps, have all the same intention as the millstone; namely, to make the brain a mere mechanical lying in a state of passive repose.

Yet too heavy sleep is nearly as unhealthy as, and is, perhaps, more unhealthy than a considerable degree of habitual sleeplessness. It may be questioned if there have been any finer brains than selves, after eight hours' sleep, just where they first lay down in bed, without even turning round, and certainly without dreaming, are not vigorous, perked and apposite. Yet, on the other hand, horrible, perplexing, fatiguing dreams will, themselves, a disease.

I say, in my far-gone days, two wonderful bachelor brothers (twins, I think they were), who, like Hamlet, had "bad dreams." Yet only to both of them, and never at once to either of them; honest, wiry, single-hearted, old hunting squires, of some four thousand a year. They did not drink mightily—at least I think they did not—but they chased lustily, I know. Yet I heard, with my own (then) boyish ears, the brothers, one by one, thinnest one say that he and his brother were so harassed by horrible dreams that they both slept in contiguous apartments, with nothing but slept upon door between them, on the firm mutual compact that the moment one should hear the other groan in his sleep, that one should jump out of bed and give the greater a good shaking to call him back from his world of agony.

"But do you not by this get very little sleep and refreshment?" asked my father of the narrater.

"Pardon," replied the wiry brother; "but the dreams are the great deal more than lying awake and thinking."

I am sure, and dreams (not quite so bad as the above) make a vast part of the life of mankind.

What, then, are dreams?

I would answer to this: Dreams are a combination of impressions with imperfect thought.

"Does the mind always think?" asks Locke; and, making as it seems, a conclusion from the frequent non-remembrance of dreams, that the question should be resolved in the negative. But I have frequently met this with a conclusion different right, and yet, in the course of the ensuing day, some little circumstance has suddenly cry, "Open, Sesame!" to the brain: the key turns in the door of the closet to which the mind has consigned her dreams, and they, like Aladdin's jewels, labeled, a long and perhaps strange dream, which, but for that key, would have remained unknown, we should never have remembered. The mind, then, may always think, though its thinking may not always leave a definite impression on the brain.

But there are persons who scarcely can be said to have minds, and who never think to any purpose. The error of philosophers is to judge all phenomena by their own philosophic consciousness. "Cogito, ergo sum," was the maxim of a philosopher. "Non cogito, ergo non sum," might be the maxim of another, equally true. Could we take a peep at some slumbering mass of mortality, whose brains are in his stomach, whose senses imbibed as in a state of coma, we should decidedly say, "The mind does not always think." Even such a one we have known to be subject to expect dreams or dream-phenomena. Dreams! he or no dreams by night, simply because he never thinks by day. But I have many acres of those who know they are alive, that there is a vital consciousness in existence, and a vital consciousness which is very different from the senselessness of sleep.

Dreaming is natural. Animals dream. The old dear greyhound, Tramp, in my paternal home, used to move his legs as on the top of a hill, as he were coursing. My little Skye terrier faintly barks in his sleep, chasing, doubtless, an imaginary cat—the only game he ever pursued with any fellow.

Dryden says, I suppose on the authority of experience,

"The little birds in dream their songs repeat."

The phenomena in the brain of animals and especially on sleep that he invented a theory about sleep, which he explained by the nature of their difficulties. This writer (whose name I forget, but whose work I read long since) affirmed boldly that all our dreams were caused by external agency, since to external agency they were often apparently due. He instanced his own cockatoo's peculiar spirits. They were the external agency.

"I Would the soul," he asked, "torment herself in sleep by beautiful creations? Is it not the work of the wires of such a multitude of personages as mingled last evening in the gay saloon?" Again: Man, when awake, often torments himself with disagreeable thoughts. Indigestion, to say nothing of cancerous, will often produce miserable horrors to any amount: a too full blood throbbing through the brain, or a deficiency of nutrition, seemingly palpable as these that distressed Nicholas, the British bookseller. Then, since animals dream, one might ask, "What can the mind be supposed in suggesting dreams to dogs?" and so knock down the argument by an appeal to absurdity.

Not incompatible with repose are pleasing dreams, when the lively senses have retained for some small outlay of invention, some small exercise of the imaginative faculty. Thus a vast proportion of the visions of dreams are but fabrications by a simple reference to the natural uses of sleep. "Laziness" is a word in very daily use between us. The soul is too wise to exert herself in sleep; for exertion would contradict the very reason why she is there. Accordingly, dreams, when they are pleasing, are mostly imperfect, unconnected, and void of vehemence. They are lazily-suggested. Nevertheless, I doubt not, have observed that if they dream they are going to a play, or to hear a favorite singer, they do not get to the play or opera, or to hear the singer. If they do enter what they suppose to be the theatre, it is with a very slight notion of participating in more of the character of a room than of a theatre. Or if they see the prima donna before them, she sometimes presently becomes her sister, or they hear her sing, or never heard a man sing in a manner—but very slightly—I think that there is some unimaginal reason. I imagine that a dream of sound is caused by an actual sound, which, at a considerable distance, has reached the ear, or, haps, after hearing music in a dream, heard, on waking, the musical instrument which produced the dream: perhaps nothing more musical than a London cry. Occasionally, the sound in the dream has been something the sound of the reality. I remember dreaming that I was sitting by a lady, and conversing with her (I think the conversations are not audibly carried on in dreams), when suddenly she began, to my infinite consternation, to crow like a cock. I was horrified at the, and became aware that a small bantam, in a yard over which I had lately slept, was really crowing in a shrill and female tone.

Another sort of abortive dream that I may mention is a thrusting sensation. I have frequently seemed to be fighting with an imaginary adversary, always having the advantage, and always pummeling him well. But never did it happen that I seemed to hurt my antagonist. After having rained blows upon him enough to kill him ten times over, he has invariably smiled at me, as if he said, "Thank you!" In the same way I have sometimes dreamed as I was arguing in anger with some obstinate person, whom I never succeeded in throwing into a rage.

The explanation of there abortive cases of dreaming is (as I take it), that our own sensations are clear to us in sleep, but very little beyond them. Some stray memory, some throb in the blood, makes us write a stinger to punish a foe; but the mind is too idle elaborately to create the theatre, or to put force into the adversary. In a state of imperfect sleep—that state in which a man says to himself, "I know that this is all a dream"—I have sometimes known that I could see nothing of persons or objects, which yet I fancied were around me. Then, by an effort of momentary vigor, I have opened my eyes, as it were, my mental eyes, and had a strange burst of light, and a brief revelation of persons and scenes beautiful. I remember once dreaming I was climbing up the Acropolis of Athens—which I had never seen—in this sort of imperfect sleep. Suddenly I reached the top, which I had approached from landward, and suddenly I opened my dream-illumination, so strong when it does come, revealed to me the Archipelago, and all its islands, with a distinctness which is even now vivid in my memory.

On the whole, it may be averred that imperfect sensation is the great cause of dreams. Motion of the brain, movement of the blood, crawling, or disarrangements of the stomach, various states of the skin of the mouth, all acting with them, and reproduce in sleep, the sensations and ideas with which, in a waking state, they are associated.

From imperfect motion of the brain, or too rapid passage of the blood (all the vital movements are quickened in sleep), we get many of those strange phenomena of dreams which are well known to most people, but especially to the young, whose blood is

"——gives lively and restless
Brisk as the bounding colts of princes scenes."

There are few human beings who have not dreamed of flying through the air; of falling from precipices, and of being saved, as by a miracle, as boys, experienced the sensation, at the first approach of sleep, of suddenly being pulled up in a lofty tree by the waistband. This startling feeling which has immediately awakened them, the explanation of which is the sudden relaxation of the fibres of the brain, by the very quick slumber of boyhood. Many of these hot-blooded phenomena become rare and frequent with advancing years, and die out altogether with old age: proof positive that the physical causes are nearly paramount in producing dreams.

The beginning of life, too, is the era of those disturbers which, in after time emphatically catalogued on a tomb-stone that recorded the deaths of three babies:

Hooping-cough!
Measles!
Small-pox!
Oh! dire diseases!

I know from experiences that, when such maladies are hatching in the body, the dreams for a long time beforehand are terrible. There is a confusion of horror in the somnolent visions of childhood that is never realized at any later period. Indigestion, as a boy, I have felt myself toiling on through some palpable substance, which the whole of which infinite spiders' webs and infinite threads from infinite looms were endlessly weaving about me—no, not me, but some other distinct being with which I was half converted. Then the peculiar horror appeared to be in the very fine, spun-glass sort of texture of the webs and threads which I had to draw through my enormously swollen and puffy fingers. Again, I have questioned, on this subject have told me that, in youth, the dance of infinite distaffs spinning infinite threads about their distaves, or highly enlarged heads, was an amusing torment to them.

Crawling insects, poisonous snakes, scratching cats, are dream-forms of perjudged blood. Even dream books prove this, for there is scarcely a form of life, instinct of loathing and fear in full which dream books ascribe to himself, that is not interpreted for the benefit of the million, than about that multitudes agree in their dreams. Pity that the ingenuity of the dream-interpreter should be wasted in a philosophy, but a dream proves, and where it arises! Misfortunes can not be averted nor does dream-interpretation ever pretend to do it; nothing ominous dreams; but diseases possibly may. When dreams are very ugly, very horrific, like inherent, instinctive loathing and fear a full in the stocks, or the treachery of a friend, should be sure of a bad digestion, and reform his diet accordingly. Finally, it is said, supped on raw pork would not roast pork have sufficed?) before he attacked the fat pig.

Indigestion, both in its labor and its fatigue, is the prolific begetter of ugly dreams. So is any uncomfortable sensation, however slight it may be; for in the passive state of sleep effects are produced disproportionate to their causes. I have sometimes dreamed of being stung by a serpent, and having to hold tight by the teeth of a dog. On waking, I have invariably found some slight uneasiness or pain in the part which I had made so sure was severely bitten. Of course I was lying with my arm or hand pressed under me.

Another consideration that shows dreams to be colored, according to the state of the stomach and head, is that frequently a horrid dream turns off into agreeable one, a sore pleasant one. I remember once going to bed after a later supper and more wine than I usually take. My first dreams were of a frightful character myself to be in some unknown country, arriving at a mysterious hotel. I was put to dine in a mysterious room, which resembled the hall of an old castle. A statue clad in black armor stood at each of the four angles of the apartment. I was lying in a dim, shadowy bed, with a strong sense of the supernatural upon me, when suddenly I thought I saw the four figures in armor move on their pedestals. The sense of the supernatural now become in me horrifying and intense. A long time seemed to pass, during which I strained my eyes to see if the statues really did move. I saw, by a sort of nightmare feeling, held motionless in the bed. Again the figures seemed to stir. This state of thing continued during what appeared to me to be hours. I watched the statues in a fascinated manner. Suddenly the statues lifted their arms, then stepped down from their pedestals, and advanced toward me. I struggled to get up, but could only utter faint cries. I never all this time imagined the figures to be earthly. But now a sudden change came over me. I felt loosed from my nightmare bonds, and by a prodigious effort leaped out of bed. At the same moment a conviction seized me that the figures were supernatural. Then I awoke, and certainly fresh and blood. I rested on the thought that the whole thing was a trick to frighten me. Then I vigorously set to work to think on the intruders all round (they, as usual in dreams, making the room crowded, and kicked them out at the door in a most satisfactory manner. After this I awoke, and lay really awake for a short time, with an exaggerated impression left upon me. Again I fell asleep. I was still at the hotel, which was no longer mysterious, but simply dirty and full of bodies, with whom I had formerly traveled. I was thinking of my supposed adventure in the statue-room, and was coming to the conclusion (with complacency) that I had dreamed it. Still I wished to put the matter beyond doubt. On leaving the room then entering, I asked him some question about the room. He, in real landlord fashion, began to press his reference to my bedroom, explaining that it had it looked old and shabby, and saying he meant to do something to the statues. I felt myself quite master of my suspicions, and concluded I had dreamed the statues. Still, I wanted to be extra sure, and represented that I should like to have the room to look at the apartment where I had slept. The landlord did go up with me to the room; and, when I saw it, the last lingering ideas of even the supernatural or the tricky disappeared from my mind. There were no pedestals in the room, certainly no statues, and the whole apartment, with its furniture, was totally unlike anything I had seen—for it had shrunk from the proportions of a nightmare into those of a mere sleeping-room—looked on entering it. I was master of my bed-chamber, and left the inward laugh of leather-stockings to think I had ever been mastered by mountebanks. In this amused state of sensation I again woke. A third time I slept. The old dream was still dimly carried on, but, by the sole threat of an idea of traveling, for was on a pleasant tour; I was with the charming friends whom I had seen in the day. Yet behind, only remembered to be laughed at. Certainly, many hands greeted me agreeably, and at half past seven, my usual hour, I awoke with a feeling of indignant amusement and comfort.

THE CLOSEST SHAVE OF MY LIFE.

THE State Prison at C——is, every way considered, under a better organized and surer system of administration than any similar institution I have known. I have seen many, and looked somewhat closely into their methods of management and discipline, and have often seen much to approve; but the prison at C—— surpasses all the rest. Visitors of which, very frequently, for they are admitted, are amazed at the regularity, the order, and, most singular of all, the air of security which pervades the whole establishment.

As we wandered through the chambers in the great part of which there was glimmer of light, the window of which a man was looking so anxiously that he did not hear us enter. When he turned around his eye was gleaming wildly. The new warden said he did nothing but stand at that window all night, and when he was unoccupied. He was a sailor, we learned, whose offense was that he had beaten almost to death a comrade for speaking slightingly of a toast his wife. He was, for three years, six months of which had passed, and he was one of the most exemplary in the prison. They had found out that he was accomplished—that there was no better barber any where; so he was allowed to shave the fellows to the extent of a splendid position and the responsibility of razors.

"He has shaved me many a time better than I could do it myself, and I have left him there always, gentlemen?" said the warden.

I thought there was something quite taking in the idea, and acknowledged myself to be touched favorably with the proposition.

"Johnson, you will shave this gentleman," said the warden.

I drew off my cloak and settled myself comfortably in the big chair. Johnson made grave preparations.

I always hated a razor. It is a villainous necessity. I wonder if any body thinks it delightful, that blunted edge of the sharp one to be shaved, and that slow scrape over the throat, with the skin drawn drum-tight.

When my turn came, Johnson was the stop the warden said,

"We will leave you for five minutes, Mr. H——. Is that time enough, Johnson?"

Quite time enough, Sir," answered Johnson.

The gentlemen left the room. All my companions went away in another direction from that in which I had been passing, and the warden swung the door wide open as he passed through, leaving it unclosed. From my position I saw them walk along the top of the wall, within the prison, to a corner, where they spoke a little with the officer in charge. Then they moved on, officer and all, out of sight.

Upon each corner of the prison wall a guard is always stationed, well armed, to watch that no attempts at escapes are made. The moment this one disappeared I felt a sort of faint shiver of the razor against my lip. Immediately after my barber ceased operations, walked leisurely to the door and looked out, and returning, passed an instant at the window where we had found him when we entered. Then he came to me and resumed his work. I felt vaguely alarmed.

Presently the prisoner spoke. His voice was

very low, quite a whisper, indeed, and he cut his words short. But how distinct they were!

"Do you hear me, Sir?" he asked.

"Yes," said I.

"It's a ticklish thing, this shaving, isn't it?" said he. "But my hand is always steady. I can do what I please with a razor—just what I please. Its good enough to keep still, very still, just now. I'm close on to a large vein, you see, right in your neck. Keep very still, and don't stir. I know what would happen, and so do you, if you stirred or spoke a word.

Good God! These were hideous words: but the glare of the man's eye, as he came round in front of me, was appalling. I could not have uttered a syllable if I had died otherwise.

"Now," said he, "listen, but don't move," and he pressed the long blade against my throat, as if by way of warning. "I don't like this. I can't stand it. I'm going! And look you, Sir, if you lift a finger to stop me, or make one noise, both of us will have to die! I would a little rather not hurt you; but—Silence!"

He sprang away, and caught up my cloak and hat, which lay near, still keeping that razor in his hand. The moment its frightful contact was removed my nerves re-assisted. I leaped up, seized the chair on which I had been sitting, and turned hastily. He turned upon me like a tiger.

"Ah, you will have it, then!" he cried, and rushed toward me.

I thrust him aside with the heavy chair, and lifting it high in the air, brought it down crashing upon him. He sank for a second, but quickly rose again. He was heavier than I, and twice as strong, I suppose. Persons who have been thrown in positions of great danger will not be astonished to hear that I thought, for my first act, to call on God at all. I thought only of defending myself.

This state of things did not last a quarter of a minute. He would have beaten me down soon enough, had I not, in sheer desperation, made use of a trick which I had once before seen gymnasts have employed. I moved my eyes suddenly from him, and stared wildly into the space behind him, pointing; at the same time nod in the same direction with my arm. By a lucky chance I pointed to the window.

I think that movement saved my life.

He stopped, irresolute, glanced at the window, flung his head down on his long, gaunt arm as if he were checking, and, dashing the razor against the stone wall, fell trembling and sobbing at my feet. I stepped swiftly across the floor he called out to me.

"Don't go, don't go!" he said. "Stand there, at the door, if you choose, but wait a minute. It's all over now, and I'm myself. In one hour me, you won't wonder that I was driven mad."

I hardly knew how to act; but as I involuntarily chuckled at my own safety he continued:

"Look out at that window, Sir, and you'll see, just over the road, a man with a child in his arms, standing in a doorway. That's my wife and baby—my poor wife and baby. She doesn't know it is here—locked for dead. She is now under a wrong name, and she supposes I'm far away at sea. I gave it out myself, and only I and the doctor know the truth. Well, Sir, that's my home. I've seen it, and I've seen her, every day, now, these three months. It used to make me crazy, but I bear it better now. But this chance—this great chance—came to me, and to relieve them. I came near losing all hope of ever seeing her again."

Could I doubt those straggling sobs and tears? There was truth in every tone. I looked through the window, and saw, as he had said, a woman standing in a threefold opposite, with a little child. She tossed it up laughingly once or twice, and disappeared.

"You won't trust me, I know," said the prisoner; "but I want to beg you not to let the warders know of this. It's no use, I guess. Well, I swear that I'll be true to home after this. Nothing but three years solitary now, and when that's over, what's that? No, no, you'll let this go by, won't you? You may believe me—you may trust me."

Foot-shuffling along the passages announced the return of my companions. The prisoner endeavored to calm himself, and I put on an air of composure which I think was very successful under the circumstances.

"And shall you?" said the warden, astonished. If he had but known how close a shave I had been enough!

"I have broken my razor," said Johnson, looking appealingly at me. "See, Sir! I must have another."

"Very well," said the warden. "Will you wait?" he asked me.

"I think not," said I. "Another time will do for me."

So I wiped my face, and we went on our way.

Of course I was bound to tell the warden what had happened; but even in that painful moment which naturally followed so narrow an escape I think I set forward all that I could in the prisoner's favor. The warden received the story with perfect composure, and assured me that he would act to it, in a manner as though nothing had occurred. He condemned his own heedlessness in opening no evident an opportunity for guilt with much more severity than he put on his own offense itself.

I could not resist visiting the wife of Johnson. I discovered that his story was true, and learned his real name. She was happy in her ignorance of his real condition. I sought to ascertain whether she was able to sustain herself until he should rejoin her; and then she told me that Mr. ——, the warden of the State Prison, had also come to her, shown interest in her behalf, for which she could not well account, and assured her of his aid and protection in any need that might come to her. She was most grateful, but wondered why he had done so.

A few months ago the following newspaper paragraph appeared. It was much copied, and, I suppose, will be readily remembered:

"It is the custom at the prison in Lo—— to permit prisoners whose terms are within a few weeks of expiration, to work outside the walls, under the supervision of an officer. This privilege is, in most cases, gladly accepted, a few weeks ago, however, it was declined by a man who, at his time of freedom drew near, appeared more restless under his confinement than any others. On inquiry it was found that this prisoner's wife and child living directly within view of the walls, and that for nearly three years he had seen her daily, she being all the while ignorant of his imprisonment, and supposing that her husband was absent from home on a long voyage. He was unwilling that, at the last moment, the knowledge should reach her, and, at his own request, he continued within the walls until his liberation, which took place on the 10th instant. Under caution, his comfort while in prison had been without blemish."

THE BLIND MAN'S WIFE.

PART I.—THE JOURNEY.

I WENT from Paris to Calais by the so-side. My journey was not without incidents. The carriage in which I set out was at that time vacant of all passengers but myself and a couple of lady companions. Where it first stopped a change occurred. A man who had been standing on the platform, possibly numbering years between twenty-five and fifty, got into the carriage with the air of one who had not seen, or, if he had seen, was careless of my legs, and when I moved took no notice of the fact; he arranged himself and several small parcels with the effect an appearance of having about that I had suddenly a disagreeable sense of being crowded, and with a feeling of annoyance I made up my mind that I should disturb my companion. He spoke to the guard, and insisted that I should be put into the next post. It was comforting to learn from this that I should not have my unconscious companion all the way to Boulogne. I found that the cause of my peculiar sensations excited by this person when another station was reached.

As we slackened our pace I saw a lady on the platform, whose sudden animation as our carriage neared her was readily recognizable as that of a friend. But his countenance exhibited no emotion; not with his lady spoke, and when I "Ah, Lucie!" did he appear to be aware of his being known.

"Teresa!" he answered, with a slightly foreign accent, and opening the door, was in an instant at her side. She was accompanied by a little boy, who, when I took for her servant. This person proceeded to place a shawl on the seat opposite to her companion, and immediately left the platform.

The step was of an impossible height.

"Will you take my hand?" I said. She thanked me, and in reply bowed.

Her "thank you" was gentle; her smile—though it was more grave than I had yet seen it—seemed to me—was extraordinarily sweet; and her "Now, Lucie!" made me feel that the so-called was an assistant whom I could not have refused. Her husband would not to very easy to give. In an instant we were seated in another instant I had begun to feel myself again invisible; and with such force did the sensation cling to me that I felt no discomfort nervously in the consciousness of happy, and I became nervous. I wondered if I should get the opportunity of saying that I was losing my personal identity? Another and another station. We stopped ten minutes for refreshment. The attendant came to the door—a cup of coffee in her hand.

"Have some coffee, Lucie?

"Yes, Teresa."

"Nugent! another cup."

The man brought another. I jumped out of the carriage, drank a glass of sherry in some solitude, and got back to the platform before the bell rang to start. The gentleman had left empty coffee-cup toward us as if I had been one of the waiters. Again the same arrangements for the journey were to be taken. Teresa blushed, not rosy but deepred with confusion, a strong sense of annoyance no longer took hold of me. It all passed in a moment. But astonishment at his insolence—at his calm indifference to my being—at his power to smile on her agitated form; and my perception and inexpressible admiration of her great beauty, as she raised toward me the face that a very thick veil had shaded till now, all in that moment mingled with my annoyance, and I almost absolutely vanished—fled forever—leaving only admiration behind, as she said, "Forgive us, Sir; my husband is blind!"

"What have I done?" asked Leslie, emotionless no longer.

She told me their name. I had my carpet-bag, with my full directions, easily read letter on the white canvas cover, on the seat before me. She read it as she cursed speaking.

Reginald Deane, Esq. My father had a friend of that name, a man of large property; he was fond of literature and art, and had lived a great deal part of his life in Germany. There my father lived. I was born in Germany; Leslie, too, was born there. Coincidence, this.

There was such music in her voice, such sweetness in her accented tone, I was sorry that the demand of this beautiful young woman could not be what I now. I wondered if he could guess at her great loveliness. I felt sure that she must be a mingled gentleness and majesty that seemed to me to distinguish her from all other ladies of the age. I could see that I had ever had the luck to look upon. She cursed speaking, and I said,

That Reginald Deane was my uncle. His property was divided by seven when he died, and one such portion came to me."

The blind man spoke: "My wife's father's name was Leslie; I was called after him; we are cousins. We had been engaged to be married almost from childhood. Was she not good to keep her word? If you years before our marriage I went to the West Indies, and by my own fault had a sunstroke there. I always think that my blindness grew out of that. I was very ill for a year and a half, suffering from painful variations of sight. Then I woke one morning, and knew I was awake, yet all was dark! She married me, nevertheless."

Servant was the wife—Newport, Newport. Change for Bembly!" Here we were, then. The blind Mr. Barrington collected all his parcels, passed out, helped his wife, and said, "Where is Mr. Deane?"

"Now what can I do?"

"Well, you ask if Sir Frederick Worth's carriage is here," went for the luggage, too. This is very kind of you."

Sir Frederick's carriage, and Sir Frederick's drag for the ladies—servants who knew their work, and magnificent horses who knew their masters—a structure I was. I did Nugent's business like a man, not my butler, I am afraid; for Mrs. Barrington, on her husband's arm, gave many sweet-voiced directions: "Oh, but under that cranie, please." "Will you tell the man to put those little boxes on the top?" And, "Nugent, pass put all those light things in the carriage, and not to the rig," and so on.

"Then card has our direction when in London to it," said Mr. Barrington; "I hope we shall see you again." And all kind people, he talked of seeing.

The carriage drove up. Mrs. Barrington got in.

"Now, Leslie!"—once more those sweetly-toned words!

"But where are you going now?" addressing me.

"I am going to Bembly."

"Do you live there?"

"No. I go—I go—for a little change," I answered, unable to tell the truth. She smiled, too. What a radiance was that smile!

"We shall be there ourselves in a fortnight, I hope. We have taken a house—Fernhurst—never was there: but you will find us out."

The footman got up behind. Mr. Barrington.

That evening I contemplated my outer man in the looking-glass. I was my shoulder, fair reader. As we me—man of forty, not gray yet, neither wrinkled nor fat: in excellent health. Accustomed to the world and I were on good conscience. "A Westminster toy still!" was my own thought, as my young ladies might have called me middle-aged: sensible man—woman would in no pronounce me an excellent match; so thought—such a good friend for Bess, and I experience quite a blessing.

These observations are not out of place, for I—hitherto supposed to be a confirmed bachelor—stood at that glass, and took into consideration—performing, with the shoulders spoke of me—my need? Had I asked my sister, who lived comfortably in the country about sixteen miles off, she would have answered, "Beauty," I am sure. I do know, Reginald, but it is perfectly certain that you would have asked for Bess, and insisted on it if she had been there. I heard a soft echo of another answer, "Now, now, Lucie!" I repeated the words, and applied them differently. But where was the lady, and who? I did not know a living woman to whom I could have applied the self. Once, twenty years ago, I had supposed myself heart-broken: and perhaps something did happen, as I had been in love since. Why had it never married? A wrong form of the question. I mentioned to myself, and looked at my face with a relish. "Why don't I marry? I wonder if she has a will?"

Next morning I went all over Beaumont. A decent woman showed me the house. It did'nt-size, but a liberal gentleman, she thought. It was the healthiest place, and would be the prettiest, in mid-March. I thought I'd say so was wandered away till about four o'clock. I had not been in my lodgings more than half an hour when I heard such a noise of voices—chirruping like birds, and odors of young birds at sung—and low, sweet laughs that made me smile. The door opened, and a child, all sash and flounce, and hat and feathers, stood rosy and speaking:

"I am Bessie Deane! If you please, Georgy, and nurse, and I are come to say that Mrs. Barrington and mamma are at Beaumont, and they are coming here, and are you at home, Mr. Deane?"

Upon which the little spokeswoman stepped back with a courtesy—a chirruping like birds—a very shy, and nurse courtesying, appeared in the back-ground. All the words were said, apparently, who had taken her place at the open window, cried out, "Here they are!" and once more I was in the beautiful presence of the blind man's wife.

The children were wild about the beach and the sea. Their mother standing by them, left Mrs. Barrington for a moment by my side. I opened the invitation that I had seen me, and gave it to her.

"Do you know who that is?"

"Do you?" she asked, with a smile, wondering and beautiful.

"No."

As she gazed smiling, and pushing her rich hair aside—for she had taken off her hat—the picture of Leslie's face on her, and another Mrs. Barrington grew more like the picture, or the ivory like a mirror reflected, it appeared to my puzzled senses difficult to decide. It was a marvelous picture of her, just as she stood at that moment in her glorious beauty—so like—so humanly like, it seemed to me, that, watching for my answer, I felt I began to consider whether I had any right to keep so perfect a likeness of another man's wife.

"It is my mother," she said. "She was a Miss Barrington—Leslie's aunt—an heiress. My father, Colonel Leslie, outlived her several years. They are both dead now. Mr. Deane, I know how you got this."

She looked toward Lady Worth, and spoke to her.

"Margaret, the children would see the bay best from that inner room."

Her friend understood her, and we were left alone.

"It is strange that we should have met by chance," she said, speaking rapidly. "I can tell you what you might never have known had we not met. Your uncle loved my mother, Mr. Deane. They never met after she was married. But at her funeral—he is buried at Bembly—a stranger stood by the grave weeping. That stranger was Mr. Deane. He had not expected to see my father there. He had come from Leslie's aunt, taking the up the arm, my father spoke to him. From that hour they became friends. Such friends—the man who had loved and been loved—she, to whom the man who had loved and never been loved again. This picture in a copy of one I have, which my father left taken some time during the first year of his married life. It was painted by a friend of my mother's favor. Your uncle was with my father on his death-bed. It is a strange tale, Mr. Deane! And it is time that I went. We shall be here next Thursday."

We shook hands, and children and nurse made to me by Lady Worth.

As Lady Worth turned round to see after her children, I offered my hand again to Mrs. Barrington, and said, as she took it with a frank smile,

"Mrs. Barrington, you are a dear creature!"

One keen, quick look from those eyes, usually so soft and gay, followed by a glance of intense astonishment, and—vexed—vexed me through and through like a sharp irritating pain. Instantly her face changed—she had read my countenance. She never took her eyes from mine, but looked at me sweetly, fearlessly; and, with a wondering, almost questioning gladness in her voice, said,

"No!"

When they had been gone five minutes, that past was like a dream.

PART II.—THE CHANGE.

THAT summer came, and I stood on the entrance-gate to bid my new friends welcome to Beaumont. It was the first sound of my voice Leslie Barrington uttered my name: and "Here I am!" How pleasant to be welcomed by a friend!"—Mrs. Barrington laying her hand on his left word—delivered immediately. While the trunks were being taken from the carriages, Leslie said,

"Walk on round, Teresa."

"This way, then," she said.

Then then, as I spoke to the blind, walked round the green in front, describing it to him, always using the word that sounded to me so sadly:

"See, see, Leslie, there is the right to the gate by which we entered—a handsome-looking iron gate; there is the left—a gate at the end of the gate with iron-railings on the top. It joins the house, see, on one side of the gate, and it is set at no other angle, for it is a high wall—the high wall opposite to us. How pretty it looks!—a vine, a virginia creeper, and such a climbing rose! It is a high wall, just like the opposite one, on our left, too. I wonder why it is? It is bare of trees and plants! Close to the house there is a door—a doorway, a door-way in the wall—let us go through it."

I opened the door, and she passed.

"Oh, such a sight! Leslie, this is what you are supposed to have nothing about. There is a garden standing; low stone-walls, covered with ivy, look, with their green and brown paper! The window in the roof are glass, in diamonds and triangles."

We walked through the large square at the back of the house, which had been made tolerably free of rubbish for the convenience of the tenants, and we stood on the green down, with the sky arching above us and busy insect life all around. Mr. Barrington moved in a perfect way.

"You will grow stronger here," she said, resting closer to his side, and clasping his arm.

She looked up at him, and I looked at the fair evening sky with a face of worship. She watched him: her eyes seemed to me to be full of the strong woman's love in that smiling contemplation. I was evident that they were all things to each other. Would he ever be made to know that by the sight of her marvelous beauty? I thought not. *Le fait accompli*. It is the vision of a lover we present to that mysterious interior sense which still be called *seeing*.

I walked round hospitably. They were standing on the short sweet turf when I last looked back. She was stooping toward him, and he still looking up to him. I recollect the fondness of the face that freely poured forth its love upon his darkness, and the face that received it through the sunlit.

The week passed. My sister had spent several days with me, bringing my nephews, two fruitsome, handsome school-boys. She and Mrs. Barrington had talked over many things. Our friendship had grown rapidly. We had shown her many of my uncle's property, in which she had failed to our father of her mother. We had together destroyed what other eyes were not to see. Leslie Barrington was to have presented all drawings, and we had learned to love him. There was a peculiar relation about his thoughts, and a singular tenderness in all his feelings. It was impossible not to rejoice in his wife's devotion to him, neither could we help feeling that it was natural.

It was at the close of the second week that I received a letter from my sister, in which she touched my lodgings my landlady told me that Mr. and Mrs. Barrington had called in the afternoon to ask for my address, as they would like to be near with them. She said they had looked quite disappointed on being told that I was not expected until late. Pleased with this little attention, I determined to call on them early the following morning, and so went to bed.

I was waked from a sound sleep by a horrible noise—sound of loud voices and wailings and violent blows at my door. The first words that came to me with a full consciousness of their meaning were, "Fire! fire! Oh, Sir, the blind gentleman! fire! fire!" Afterward, on looking back as calm-

ly as I could through the events as they had followed each other, I could never tell how I got to the house—with whom, or by what way. All that I was there, in that front, between the inclosing walls, and I can see myself now standing—just cause, I suppose—standing where the Virginia creeper clung to the masonry, and hung its luxuriant green above my head.

I can see now, as I think of it, masses of flame and smoke leaping with a strange sound from the windows of the lower part of the house. I do not know how long it took me to be in the throng that half filled the hall. But I know that I was, for almost among them, crying, "Mr. Barrington is in the house! Where is the light—a hundred pounds to the man who brings out Mr. Barrington!" Alas! the clumsy attempts to assist them that had been made before I got to the spot had only increased their danger. The case was already desperate. The hall was a smoky atmosphere of flame and smoke, and again I was thrust with that close mass of persons back from the house to the green in front.

Again all seemed right; but I knew that I was at the back of the house, and in it. I never thought of terror. Her husband—perhaps dead—and I had learned how truly he was her life, how utterly he was its all-absorbing joy—her husband was in my thoughts; I felt convinced that I had saved him at save. I was up the staircase, the sea-breeze coming across the lawn and fed the flames, but we said them forward toward the front that I had left. I got into the passage, opened a red baize door, and saw Leslie standing, safe as a statue, in the corridor. At that moment the floor split just beyond where he stood with the smoke all on explosion. I tried him. He knew me. The flames burst up—he knew that too. He was praying aloud to "My God, O God!" I saw this in my, his sightless eyes fixed as upon something far away. "Thy gift—Thy best, greatest, purest gift—a dozen of innumerable bounty—much of immutable love—" He was speaking of Teresa. I lifted him from the ground, put him on my back, and turned round—turned round to see the staircase I had come up in a cloud of smoke, stripped by bright flashes of flame.

There was but one thing to be done. Death was by us, and must be fled from. Death was before us; but with speed, courage, a rapid foot, and a strong will, the resolution was to scarcely formed before it was acted on, the danger was breasted—I rushed down upon me. It was not more than a minute's work, but the flames licked our faces, and took the skin off at each stroke; we were both of us on fire, but both safe, welcomed by hundreds of extended arms.

That square at the back of the house was full of men all looking to one point, all breathless with one fear. I saw that toss great emotion swayed them. As if impelled by a common instinct they parted down the centre of the space; that dense body of living men seemed to dissolve away till, rapidly, almost a clearance was made in the immediate neighborhood of the house. I saw this, and I heard a voice, "She was at the window a moment ago." Then I perceived that every eye was turned upward among the watchers, and that some one also animated a busy knot of men, to give space to whose operations the crowd had receded to the open lawn, and fenced round the scene as with a dark wall of life.

I knew no more about Leslie Barrington; I was among those men in an instant. No one told me—words were not wanted—every thing, as if by magnetism, was instantaneously comprehended. No one told me, but I knew that the only way to get Teresa from the burning house was to raise supports high enough to enable a way to be made from the upstanding gable of the ruined house to the window where, time after time, she appeared. It was already impossible to reach her from below. Beneath her was a gulf of flame. The staircase had only just come, and only now had the engines been got into efficient work. They played away round the window where, enveloped in a blanket, she had last shown herself. Had the fire-escapes and ladders been three-quarters of an hour sooner, she might have been got out with comparative ease; now, no one could approach the lower part of the house. How did this wild scheme work—well. And the only chance left was to build a bridge across the angle to where she was, and bring her along it. Still the fire-engines played on the wall —still she appeared and disappeared. She had never spoken a word, never given a single cry for help. We all knew who—how, to spare her husband, she had borne her bitter agonies. She lost nothing by this great forbearance. The supports rose, the bridge-way was half across. It was not very far; it was to a height and a way that not six men in that multitude could venture to tread with any hope of success. Suddenly flames burst forth from the ends of the house nearest to the bridge-way. It must be done quickly now. Old easements had been used by the builders at the back of the house, and through one she was now leaning, clinging to the casement with her hands. A youth—the steadiest head and quickest hand among the workmen—had succeeded in so nearly reaching her as to thrust before him on the plank a light ladder with a rope fastened to the end. She comprehended in an instant, broke the pane out of the casement that did not open, pulled the ladder into the open window, tied it to the mullion, and, thrusting herself through the opening, she stood on the window-sill, reaching forward for help. We could watch that plank, that ladder and lean her on? Boldly, steadily, the youth moved forward. As she stepped on the ladder he faltered; another step and it swayed; he recovered his balance, lost it again, and fell—fell toward the house. A sudden rush was made toward him, and he was safe, but with a broken arm. Still she never uttered a sound; but I saw her clinging to the middle mullion, looking down among the crowd; and I knew for whom she looked. In an instant another man was on that plank; but he was too anxious—too quick: he dropped before he had gone half the way. And now there was a pause.

I was among the rafters of the ruined house, and near the place from which the bridge-way started. I could hear her cry. The misery of my weakness! Would no one else attempt it?

I looked down; I saw—believe me, reader, it is true, as truly as you see these words—I saw among the blocks of wood and litter of bricks and beams, sheltered by the same roof that sheltered me, and surrounded by a strange white shimmering light, a woman, clad in a purple-colored robe—it might have been her burial-dress, so it looked to me—like a statue, pale and unreal-like, yet with dark waving locks, in large masses, on her shoulders. But the sea-breeze never moved a hair of its long length; and, but that it was darker than Mrs. Barrington's, being nearly black, and the whole figure taller, I might have mistaken them. Now I had never believed in ghosts, I had never thought much about them; but no doubt of that form being her mother's ever crossed my mind. It was her—taller, sadder, in a strange pale light of unearthly whitesomeness, standing as a sculptor might make an angel stand, with her eyes fixed on the figure who was holding by the mullion, and gazing among the crowd below. I say I never doubted that the grave had given up its dead, and that He to whom all things were possible had for some great purpose sent her there. So I spoke under this strong sense of the supernatural which kept all fear away. I said, "For the love of God, what is her danger?" And I had the answer, how I can not tell you, for I do not remember any voice; but in another moment I was standing below. I looked toward the place where the apparition had been, and it was not there. I went quickly, for I had to do its bidding.

The clergyman of Bearhly, and other good men, had taken charge of Mr. Barrington. They were telling him what was doing, not truly, but with such eminence as made it easy for him to hope and

FEARFUL SITUATION OF TERESE.

even feel secure of his wife's safety. I stood before them.

"Mr. Barrington," I said, "you are wanted. The bridge-way to your wife is so high, and ways so much, that two men have fallen in trying to reach her. She is standing on the sill of the bedroom window opposite the drawing-room. It is the only way of getting her out."

Then was no need for more. He had got up and had said "Lead me on."

Horror was painted on every face. They brought hope on mine. We advanced to where she could see me. She stretched forth her arms. I said, "She must approach you." He replied, "Thank God."

He was soon up to the gable, and stood still.

"You must remember," I said, "that the way is safe, though it does sway. It is of planks on to within ten feet of her—though a ladder reaches from the plank to her. That is a difficult place. And take care when you reach her—be nervous, be double weight."

"Keep close together!" called a man from the crowd.

Leslie Barrington waved his hand toward the valley, and stepped with a cautious foot upon the plank. He took three or four steps very slowly, then walked on bravely, getting slower again as he reached the place of peril—the ladder. What a silence reigned below! Only the rushing of the water, the sound of the fire-engines and the voices of the flames. Then came her voice so calm, and sweet, and tenderly low.

"My husband—my darling—I am coming to you!"

She stepped on the trembling ladder, held up her hands once as she nearly lost her balance, and where the ladder and the plank met—just where poles from below made steady the ends of each—they stood together; she had gone across these bare like a bird. She stood not trusting herself to look on any thing but his eighteen eyes. The silence below was unbroken; women dropped upon their knees; many prayed in their hearts, as I did. To our unutterable surprise, in stooping he lifted her in his arms, and leaned her on his shoulder across his breast. He turned round and walked back to where, on a temporary sort of flooring, I stood, and gently touching his arm as I had learned to do, guided him to the plank, where he set her down in safety.

The gazing world below made amends for silence then. How they cheered! They woke the seagulls from their nest, and the rocks and caverns filled echoed the cheer. Amidst it all I saw them into a carriage, and found that the clergyman had arranged for them to go into a house close to his own, where they could be quiet in lodgings for a time.

"Any body else can come into our house," he said; "the carriage and horses, and men-servants are gone to the doctor's. He waits for him at 5, Bank Terrace."

So I ran by the carriage and helped them out; saw Nugent at the door of the new residence—shook hands with Dr. Bennet; told Terese I should come in the morning, and went home to thank God, and get some refreshment as I might.

The next day, and many days following, I went to see them, in a week's time they had recovered from the effects of their danger and fright. They gave God thanks publicly, and distributed a large sum of money among those who helped them.

Terese could talk of it now. And I had often thought that I would tell her of the apparition. But so solemn was the remembrance that I could not, for some weeks, get strength enough to speak of it.

At last, just before the day fixed for my departure, when I was sitting with her alone in the drawing-room of their lodgings, I began to tell her. At first she heard me with a strange half-frightened face; but, as I went on, she looked intently interested, now and then asking me a question in her sweet voice, and regarding me with a gentleness which had something sisterly in it.

I ceased speaking, and she answered me—answered with a question put with a downcast face, and the last possible smile trembling on her lips.

"Why have you never married?"

I was vexed.

I said, suddenly. "Perhaps because I have never seen a woman I could love."

"Yes, you have!" she answered, quickly.

And if the spirit of mischief ever dwelt in woman, and looked out of woman's eyes, it looked out of those that now met mine unsurprisedly caught my somewhat agitated face. "Yes, you have!" She rose, opened a door that led into another room, and said, "Enter!"

There came forth a lady, younger, taller, darker-haired, and as beautiful as Terese.

"Ethel Barrington. Mr. Deane, my husband's sister. She is younger than I am—don't stare at me, Ethel—but very like—very like my beautiful mother, and your picture of her; is she not? Of course we thought you knew every thing. But Ethel had come to us, the night of the fire, from Sir Frederick Wortle's. She and the servants had had all time to be helped each somehow. I could not leave Leslie. He went to a room to secure papers that were found him, and you know the rest. Ethel was fetched again the next morning by Lady Wortle. It was then we told you that Leslie could tread that terrible plank. She was returned to us yesterday. Do you understand it now?"

I did understand it. I understood, too, the bright exulting glance that would follow me and feel me out, and tell me again and again, without the trouble of words, till I was shamefaced and cowardly, and struck with tremor and chicken-heartedness, that I had—yes, *I* had, and that *I* *loose* I had seen the woman I could marry, and that Ethel Barrington was she. Do you doubt it; question it? I am Ethel Barrington's: she is mine.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

TRUMPS

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

CHAPTER LXXXV.

HOPE WAYNE.

HOPE WAYNE looked quickly forward to meeting Lawrence Newt at dinner. That day, the morning after Mrs. Simcoe's story the two women met pleasantly at breakfast. The glance of the other sister was scarcely noted, but too curious; and what did she see? Only a little manner of little girls. The sister which made Arthur Merlin think of her as a goddess. There were no traces of tears, no sudden gray hairs; there was nothing but a calm, smiling, thoughtful face, which told no tales.

The sisters walked lightly together; were often silent, and parted for the morning's duties. Hope Wayne knew that she should not hear the quick step upon the stair, nor the kind voice in counsel, which had made her daily duty a deep, unspeakable delight. That reliance which is natural—love leaning upon love—it was gone, then? There was one dream less.

For a day or two there was no sound of singing as she moved through the house; nor did she hear herself in the library at her desk, but rather kept near Mrs. Simcoe, with her work in hand, incessantly conversing. The severity of the elder woman had long been softened in the calm, cheerful, daily pressure of Hope, and they had many a long and pleasant hour which they conversed and for which they worked with the utmost industry and heartiness.

During these days Mrs. Simcoe sighed sometimes as she thought of her companion. For she knew that at the moment of need and during the delay of burial the survivor is pretematurally calm; the husband quietly settles the details of the funeral, the mother tenderly lays her darling in its last, last bed. But there comes presently the moment of revulsion, when the still waters so long tranquilly accumulating break away and sweep, a terrible and resistless torrent, over the soul. So she dreaded the very quiet; in which, however, she could not detect any pressure, and which did not seem forced.

"Hope, dear," Mrs. Simcoe said, involuntarily, at times, as if she had meant to say, "Don't, don't."

But the thoughtful, tender way in which Hope returned her glance, as if she understood all that the other meant, and as if there were no reason for her trouble, was unmistakable and assuring; and Mrs. Simcoe went on working and said no more.

Yet as she worked silently she could not but think of the ways of Providence; of her own story and Charles's love, and of Hope's history of the heart. "Beauty, youth, wealth, and position, then, do not secure what poverty and obscurity have," she said to herself, as she gazed at her beautiful friend and could not believe it; sometimes it seemed to her a kind of tragical justice that Hope's fate should be like her own. But it was not a justice which she desired; for her life's peace had been for the happiness of her foster-child.

"Hope, dear."

"Well, aunty."

"I hoped you would have been happy—I prayed for it, my child."

So she said on one of the days just after she had told her story, and then it seemed to her too hard that Hope should suffer.

"Why should I not be happy, aunty?"

"What should be reply? Hope Wayne had never told her that she loved Lawrence Newt—nor had Mrs. Simcoe hinted that she perceived it.

The elder woman made no reply. She only looked at the other as if she could read her soul, and only saw a sympathetic smile. Involuntarily she smiled, and Hope Wayne had caught the inscrutable sweetness of Lawrence Newt's look.

And as Hope sat also quietly working, her whole life passed before her unconsciously like a vision. She was finely influenced, excited by age and solemnity, and led on solitude upon romance; the bright apparition of manly youth that she had seen upon her dream, and was seized and caressed in imagination by almost morbid passion; the sudden shock of awaking; the training that comes of mingling with men and women; the rapid sprung from wild girlhood to self-possessed womanhood; the sensitive, sensible yielding, not to the girl's passion of romance, but to the womanhood's more profound and profoundest sympathy; and then—"he might have been my father, and he loves another woman."

Hope started and remembered, and was seized, and still her busy fingers moved, and her companion looked the tears she did not shed.

It was now the day when she was to meet him again; and this morning, for the first time, Mrs. Simcoe noticed that Hope did not sing; a soft, subdued sound, but it seemed to her sweeter than ever. Presently Hope came up and they were sitting together. A servant knocked at the door, and brought a card to Hope. She looked at it and handed it to Mrs. Simcoe.

"Mr. Abel Newt."

Her first emotion was to say that she was very much engaged, and could not see him. Her next was that something very remarkable must have brought him, and that she ought to see him.

"Say that I will be down."

Mrs. Simcoe looked inquiringly.

"A WORD IN SEASON."

"What does it mean?'

"I don't know; I am going to find out."

And Hope left the room.

CHAPTER LXXXVI.

THE LAST THROW.

ARDE NEWBY, but in hand, stood in Hope Wayne's parlor. His hair was thinner and grizzled; his face bloated, and his eyes dull. His hands had that dead, chalky color in which appetite openly paints its excesses. The hand trembled as it held the hat; and as the man stood before the mirror, he was straining his eyes at his own reflection, and, by some secret magic, he saw, as if dimly traced beside it, the figure of the boy that stood in the parlor of Pinewood—how many thousand years ago?

He heard a step, and turned.

Hope Wayne stopped, leaving the door open, bowed, and looked inquiringly at Arde. She was dressed simply in a morning dress, and her golden hair clustered and curled around the fresh beauty of her face—the rose of health.

"Did you wish to say something to me?" she asked, observing that Abel merely stared at her stupidly.

He bowed his head in assent.

"What do you wish to say?"

Her voice was as cold and remote as if she were a spirit.

Abel Newt was evidently abashed by the reception. But he moved toward her, and began in a tone of doubtful familiarity:

"Miss Hope, I—"

"Mr. Newt, you have no right to address me in that way."

"Miss Wayne, I have come to—to—"

He stopped, embarrassed, rubbing his fingers upon the palms of his hands. She looked at him steadily. He waited a few moments, then began again in a hurried tone.

"Miss Wayne, we are both older than we once were; and once, I think, we were not altogether indifferent to each other. Time has taught us many things. I find that my heart, after foolish wanderings, is still true to its first devotion. We can both view things more calmly, by not less truly, however, than we once did. I am upon the eve of a public career. I have outgrown morbid emotions, and I come to ask you if you would take time to reflect whether I might not renew my addresses; for indeed I love, and can love, no other woman."

Hope Wayne stood pale, incredulous, and confounded while Abel Newt, with some of the old fire in the eye and the old sweetness in the voice, poured out these rapid words, and advanced toward her.

"Stop, Sir!" she said, as soon as she could command herself. "Is this all you have to say?"

"Don't drive me to despair," he said, suddenly, in reply, and forcibly that Hope Wayne started. "Listen." He spoke with stern command.

"I am utterly ruined. I have no friends. I have bad habits. You can save me—will you do it?"

Hope stood before him silent. His hard black eye was fixed upon her with a look of defying appeal for help. Her state of mind for some days had been one of curious mental tension. She was inspired by a sense of responsibility—of self-sacrifice. It had seemed to her that some great work to do, something that should occupy every moment, and all her powers and thoughts, was her only hope of contentment. What it might be, what it ought to be, she had not conceived. Was it not offered now? Horrible, repulsive, degrading—yes, but was it not so much the worthier? Here stood the man she had loved in all the prime and power of his youth, full of hope and beauty and vigor—the hero that satisfied the girl's longing—and he was bent, gray, wan, shaking, utterly lost, except for her. Should she restore him to that lost manhood? Could she forgive herself if she suffered her own feelings, tastes, pride, to prevent?

While the thought whirled through her excited brain:

"Remember," he said, solemnly, "remember it is the salvation of a human soul upon which you are deciding."

There was a perfect silence for some minutes. The low, quick ticking of the clock upon the mantle was all they heard.

"I have decided," she said, at last.

"What is it?" he asked, under his breath.

"What you know it would be," she answered.

"Then you refuse?" he said, in a half-threatening tone.

"I refuse."

"Then the damnation of a soul rest upon your head forever!" he said, in a loud coarse voice, crushing his hand into black contortion.

"Have you done?" she asked, pale and calm.

"No, Hope Wayne, I have not done: I am not deceived by your smooth face and your quiet eyes. I have known long enough that you meant to martyr my Uncle Lawrence, although he is old enough to be your father. The whole world has known it and seen it. And I came to give you a chance of saving your name by showing to the world that my uncle could have familiarly because you were to marry his nephew. You refuse the chance. There was a time when you would have flown into my arms, and now you reject me. And I shall have my revenge. I warn you to beware, Mrs. Lawrence Newt! I warn you that my saintly uncle is not without misfortune, for his milksop partner, the Reverend Gabriel Bennet. I am a man at bay; and it is you who put me there; you who shall suffer, and work, and weep, and will one day remember and suffer."

He threw out the arm in unconscious rage and excitement. His thick bourse voice, his burning, bad, black eyes, his quivering hands, his bloated body were terrible to see.

"Have you done?" asked Hope Wayne, with saintly dignity.

"Yes, I have done for this time," he hissed, "but I shall cross you many a time. You and yours," he second, "that never so that you can harm me. You shall feel, but never see me. You have left me nothing but despair. And the doom of my soul be upon yours!"

He rushed from the room; and Hope Wayne stood speechless, impacted by the full force of his voice, Mrs. Simcoe had come down stairs, and the moment she saw her mistress she flew to her side. They seated themselves together upon the sofa, and Hope leaned her head upon her nanny's shoulder, and tried to utter surprise, grief, indignation, and weariness.

CHAPTER LXXXVII.

CLOTHS BREAKING.

ELLEN BENNET, sitting with the secret which Amy Waring had told her. Not the one about Amy's lover, but that about Edward's mother. The first was a mistake which she had heard the second. That swallowed up every thing else. Ellen felt that Amy Waring loved more than he loved her, she had entirely forgotten to wonder. She was only longing for liberty to tell Edward all she knew.

Meanwhile Amy went often to see Aunt Martha, whose unusual speech had so powerfully excited to the sympathy of her niece. Lawrence Newt sometimes met Amy there, but as both Amy and her aunt appeared to be wise Hope Wayne's lover, they bravely talked of every thing in the world but the one that most interested them all.

"Aunt Martha," said Amy, one day, "I really think it is time to have that old bread in which you are living and reveal you to your dear friends once more. You have been silence enough for a real crime; while your offenses, I am sure, are only imaginary."

Aunt Martha looked very silent. After some time she said,

"Do you remember what Lawrence Newt's preacher said: 'In foreign lands, outcast and forlorn, groveling with the very swine in the husk, and pining for the bread that the swine do eat; envying, defying, hating, forgetting, but never hated nor forgot.' Do you remember?"

"Perfectly, Aunt Martha."

"Well, ever since, I have seemed to be growing, somehow, more human. I believe that God loves mercy more than justice."

"Like as a father pitieth his children—" said Amy, in a low voice.

They heard a step on the stair.

"Mr. Newt," said Aunt Martha, as he knocked and came in.

"Mr. Newt," said Amy, "Aunt Martha is willing that her sister shall see her."

"Capital!" cried Lawrence Newt. "I see I shall have to give another dinner. The very idea of dinner gives Grandmother Newt a touch of economies. Now, look here! I invite you all to dinner—Aunt Martha, and you, Miss Amy, and your father, the Reverend, May Newt, and Hope Wayne; yes, and Arthur Martin and Edward Wynn; all of my young people, and we'll make Aunt Martha feel that she has never been away from her friends. Come, I am all ready to give three cheers!"

It was such an unusual hilarity—such a marked departure from the ordinary gravity and humor of his manner—that the two women were astonished, and both simultaneously came to the same conclusion:

"He is engaged to Hope Wayne."

Amy Waring was conscious that the thought made her turn pale, but she hoped neither of the others observed it. Aunt Martha leaned forward and kissed her niece. Lawrence Newt, who had not the remotest idea of their thoughts, and who was only elated by the satisfaction of knowing that Hope Wayne now understood every thing, wondered what particular occasion for kissing was offered by his remark. But he said nothing, except to insist that the dinner should take place as soon as possible. "But I wish to give myself time to compose a proper banquet for the festival," he said, with the same gayety as before; and as before, Amy, with resignation, and Aunt Martha, with regret, thought only,

"Yes—clearly: engaged to Hope Wayne."

And yet Amy and Hope had often met since the evening of Mrs. Simcoe's story. They had talked of a hundred things, and mentioned Lawrence Newt's name many times; but there was no reason why either of them should say to the other what each thought: "I love him in vain, for he loves you."

Hope Wayne had reached this conclusion alone Amy it would be hard to say. Was it only the consciousness of her feeling for him, without her consciousness of his for her, which had made her so blithe and melodious at home?

Perhaps the scales fell from her eyes in the moment she met Abel Newt that she and Lawrence could be only friends. But however it happened, she saw now, as clearly as it could be seen, that there was nothing to sure in the future as something which Amy did not suspect.

Amy Waring stepped to see Hope Wayne after her visit to Aunt Martha, her own face radiant with the prospect of her aunt's restoration to her friends. As Hope shook her hand, the cold, not help seeing in her friend's illuminated face the proof that Lawrence Newt, having gently shown to herself a certain impossibility, had at once made sure of his own and Amy's happiness.

"She is engaged to Lawrence Newt," said Hope, in her heart, as she kissed Amy's lips.

"God bless you, Amy!" she added, with as much earnestness as Amy looked surprised.

"I am very glad," said Hope, frankly.

"Why, what do you know about it?" asked Amy.

"Do you think I am blind?" said Hope.

"No; but you never see it, it was so hidden."

"It can't be hidden," said Hope, earnestly.

Amy stopped, looked inquiringly at her friend, and blushed—wondering what she meant.

"Come, Hope, at least we are hiding from each other. I came to ask you to a family festival."

"I am ready," answered Hope, with an air of quiet knowledge, and not at all surprised. Amy Waring was confused, she hardly knew why.

"Hope, what does it mean? You and Lawrence Newt—"

Hope Wayne smiled so tenderly and calmly, and with such perfect consciousness that she knew every thing Amy was about to say, that Amy stopped, and said,

"Go on," said Hope, placidly; "I want to hear it from your own lips."

Amy blushed no doubt no longer. She knew now that Hope expected to hear that she was engaged. And not with less placidity than Hope's, she said:

"Lawrence Newt invites us all to come and dine with him, because my Aunt Martha is found, and he wants to bring Aunt Bennet and her sister together."

That was all, and it was entirely unexpected to Hope, who looked as confusedly at the calm face as Amy had at the moment since, had looked at her. Then they both smiled, for they had, perhaps, some vague idea of what each had been thinking.

The same evening the Round Table met. Arde Newby was there—he did Hope Wayne. They sat together talking rapidly, but Hope did not escape seeing the unusual sadness of the artist—a sadness of manner rather than of expression. In a thousand ways there was a deference in his treatment of her which was unusual and touching. She had been conscious that he had understood what she meant when she spoke to him with an air of haughtiness about his picture. It was plain enough. It was clear enough: only he would not see what was before his eyes, nor hear what was in his ears, and so had to grope a little further until Lawrence Newt suddenly struck a light and showed him where he was.

While they were yet talking Lawrence Newt came in. He spoke to Amy Waring, and then went straight up to Hope Wayne and put out his hand with the old frank smile breaking over his face. She rose and answered his smile and laid her hand in his. They looked in each other's eyes: and Lawrence Newt saw in Hope Wayne's the beauty of a girl that long ago, as a boy, he had loved; and in his own, Hope felt that tenderness which had made her mother's happiness—and as their hands clasped, they felt how closely bound were their lives, and how changeless their regard must be.

It was but a moment. It was but a word. For the first time he said,

"Hope."

And for the first time she answered,

"Lawrence."

Amy Waring heard them. The two words seemed sharp: they pierced her heart, and she felt faint. The room swam, and on his her lip fell the blood came, and her stout heart preserved her from failing.

"It is what I knew: they are engaged."

But how was it that the manner of Lawrence Newt toward herself was never before so loyal and devoted? How was it that the quiet hilarity of the morning was not gone, but stole into his conversation with her so pointedly that she could not help feeling that it magnetized her, and that, against her will, she was more than ever cheerful? How was it that she knew it was herself who helped make that hilarity—that it was not only her friend Hope who inspired it?

They are secrets not to be told. But as they all sat around the table, and Arthur Merlin, for the first time, insisted upon reading from Byron, and in his rich melancholy voice recited

"Though the day of my destiny's over,"

it was clear that the cloud had lifted—that the spell of constraint was removed; and yet none of them precisely understood why.

"To-morrow, then," said Lawrence Newt as they parted.

"To-morrow," echoed Amy Waring and Hope Wayne.

Arthur Merlin pulled his cap over his eyes and sauntered slowly homeward, whistling musingly, and murmuring.

"A lot in the wilderness sinning,
That spurns to say spirit of them."

His Aunt Winnifred heard him as he came in. The good old lady had placed a fresh tract where he would be sure to see it when he entered his room. She heard his cautious step creaking up stairs, for the painter was careful to make no noise; and as she listened, she drew pictures upon her fancy of the scenes in which her boy had been mingling. It was Aunt Winnifred's fun conviction that society—that is, the great world of which she knew nothing—languished for the smile and presence of her nephew. Arthur. That very evening her gossip, Mrs. Tozer, had been in, and Aunt Winnifred had discussed her favorite theme until Mrs. Tozer went home with a vague idea that all the young and beautiful unmarried women in the city were secretly pining away for love of Arthur Merlin.

"Mercy me, now!" said Aunt Winnifred as she lay tossing to the creaking cots of her neighbor. "I wonder what poor girl's heart that wicked boy has been breaking to-night;" and she turned over and fell asleep again, to dream of youth and the days when a graceful form knelt before her, and raising its persuasive, irresistible eyes, she recognized her nephew, Arthur.

That young man reached his room and struck a light. It flashed upon a paper. He took it up eagerly, then smiled as he saw that it was a tract, and read, "A Word in Season."

"Dear Aunt Winnifred!" said he to himself; "does she think a man's griefs are like a child's bumps and bruises, to be cured by applying a piece of court plaster?"

He smiled sadly, with the profound conviction that no man had ever before really known what unhappiness was, and so tumbled into bed and fell asleep. And as he dreamed, Hope Wayne came to him and smiled, as Diana smiled in his picture upon Endymion.

"See!" she said, "I love you; look here!"

And in his dream he looked and saw a full moon in a summer sky shining upon a fresh grave upon a hill-top.

"THE DOOM OF MY SOUL BE UPON YOURS!"

ADVERTISEMENTS.

JONAS WHITCOMB'S
REMEDY FOR
ASTHMA

Is worthy the attention of all who suffer from this distressing complaint. The late JONAS WHITCOMB, of Boston, visited Europe a few years since for the benefit of his health, which was much impaired by frequent attacks of

Spasmodic Asthma.

While in Germany, an eminent physician became interested in his case, and promised him relief. He followed the treatment ordered, and, to his surprise and joy, his asthma almost entirely disappeared. He procured the recipe which had accomplished so much for him, brought it with him to this country, and it became the property of the present proprietors. It contains no poisonous or injurious properties whatever; and as a fact any take it with perfect safety.

[Letter from Clergyman.]

Asthma.
Asthma.

WATERBORO', Me., May 12, 1857.

MESSRS. JEROME BURNETT & CO.:—I take pleasure in stating the wonderful effects of "WHITCOMB'S REMEDY FOR ASTHMA" on my wife. She has been for months at times in a year she was brought to the very gates of death, requiring two or three watchers, sometimes for several days and nights in succession. At one time she was so far gone that her physicians gave her over as incurable. I consulted numerous physicians in the highest celebrity, and received their advice. At length I heard of "Whitcomb's Remedy." It acted like a charm; it enabled her to sleep quietly in a few minutes, and nearly broke up the disease. I am a Methodist Clergyman, stationed here. I shall be happy to answer any inquiries respecting her case.

Yours truly, KIMBALL HADLEY.

Prepared by JOSEPH BURNETT & CO., Boston, and sold by all Druggists.

One Dollar per Bottle.

Asthma.

From Rev. D. Lord, Port Jervis, Pa.—"An old lady of our congregation has been severely afflicted with Asthma for many years, and has tried a multiplicity of prescriptions, with little or no effect. My wife sent her a part of one of the Universal Pectorals,—called a few days we heard that she found great relief from their use, and to-day she sent us a note stating that she wishes to procure more: we had only one left but could not refuse it." Invariably Coughs, Colds, or Cough Lozenges are sold throughout the United States.

LONGFELLOW'S EVANGELINE.

A most brilliant and charming Piano Forte piece under the above title, composed by Joseph Liebich, has just been published by the undersigned. Price 50 cents. Copies sent by mail, postage paid.

FIRTH, POND & CO., 547 Broadway, N. Y.

HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, New York,
PUBLISH THIS DAY—
HARPER'S
ILLUMINATED AND NEW
PICTORIAL BIBLE.

EMBELLISHED WITH
Sixteen Hundred Historical Engravings,
Exclusive of an Initial Letter to each Chapter.

By J. A. ADAMS,

More than Fourteen Hundred of which are from Original Designs,

By J. G. CHAPMAN.

This magnificent work is printed from the standard copy of the American Bible Society, and contains Maps, Glossarial References, the Apocrypha, a Concordance, Chronological Tables, List of Proper Names, Marginal Readings, Tables of Weights, Measures, &c. The large Pronunciations, Close to the Old and New Testaments, Family Record, Presentation Plate, Historical Illustrations, and Notes at the foot of the Chapters, Ornamental Borders, &c., &c., by Original Designs, made expressly for this work by J. G. CHAPMAN, and cut on wood by the best artists, which there are numerous engravings from designs by distinguished modern Artists in France and England, to which a full index is given.

TERMS.

Morocco, gilt edges, beveled and paneled sides..	$25 00
Morocco extra, gilt edges	22 00
Full Calf embossed, gilt edges	20 00
Full Calf, marbled edges, black stamp	18 00
Full Roan, marbled edges	16 00

Cloth and furnished by Express on receipt of the price.

Throw away your Wigs!—A humane growth of soft, young hair speedily follows the use of JUDGE HAYNES'S EAR ANOINTMENT. It is a sure remedy for a nervous-looking nursery lot, and a preventive of baldness. It also changes gray hairs and beards to their natural youthful color. It is not a dye, and is perfectly harmless. Sold by all Druggists, and by JUDGE HAYNES, Patentee, 704 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

"KISS-ME-QUICK."—Dupuy's universally valied Perfume, distilled from Fragrant Tulips. E. DUPUY, Chemist, 509 Broadway, corner of Houston Street.

HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, New York,
PUBLISH THIS DAY—
THE
DIARY OF A SAMARITAN.
BY A MEMBER OF THE HOWARD ASSOCIATION OF NEW ORLEANS.
12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

The author of this very interesting volume was a prominent and early member of the Howard Association of New Orleans. He gives a history of the operations of the society, with numerous incidents and anecdotes, and descriptive of cases that came under his sick-portrayal observations. Many of these are deeply interesting, reminding one of "The Diary of a Physician."

☞ Sent by Mail, postage paid, on receipt of price.

DR. SWEET'S INFALLIBLE LINIMENT cures rheumatism and sore throat.

SOMETHING LATELY NEW.
Phalon's
SNOW WHITE
Oriental Cream,
—FOR—
Whitening and Beautifying the Complexion, and Removing all Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Blotches, Sunburn and Curing all Diseases of the Skin.

PHALON'S SNOW WHITE ORIENTAL CREAM is a delightful compound, highly and delicately scented, to be used in the Toilet, imparting health, beauty and purity to the skin. It will effectually remove TAN, FRECKLES, PIMPLES, and all blemishes of the skin, and will prevent the shrinking and becoming spotted. It will give the skin a soft and delicate appearance, and, by using this as directions, the skin will become entirely free from all imperfections.

The Money will be refunded in every SNOW WHITE ORIENTAL CREAM, a new article of their own invention, and for which they have taken a patent, provided that there is nothing in its composition that is at all injurious, it being entirely different from any other preparation ever made.

Directions accompany each bottle; but for the purpose of showing all how easily it is applied, we publish these

DIRECTIONS.

Shake the bottle well before using the SNOW WHITE with a sponge, and when dry wipe with a clean towel or flannel.

For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Dealers, and by the manufacturers,

PHALON & SON,
No. 2 Astor House, New York.

For the use of Glee Clubs, Singing Classes, Seminaries, and the Home CIRCLE.

The Family Circle Glee Book, Vol. 2d, is now ready. It contains the Anvil Chorus, Shells of the Ocean, Gentle Annie, Come to the Fairies Flower, Home, Home to Love, Star of the Evening, Gently sighs the Breeze, and Two Hundred Others, and, without the aid of Instrumental Pieces arranged for four voices, with full accompaniments for the Piano Forte or Melodeon.

Price $1 50.

Copies sent by mail on receipt of the marked price.

FIRTH, POND & CO.,
547 Broadway, N. Y.

Ladd, Webster & Co.,
INVITE ATTENTION TO THEIR
IMPROVED TIGHT-STITCH
Sewing Machines,
WHICH FOR BEAUTY AND SIMPLICITY OF CONSTRUCTION, AND PERFECTION IN WORKING, ARE UNEQUALED BY ANY.

500 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
17 SUMMER STREET, BOSTON.
620 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.
202 BALTIMORE STREET, BALTIMORE.
80 WEST FOURTH STREET, CINCINNATI.

A New Picture for the Stereoscope!!
"GOOD FOR A COLD."

Just received by the Persia, a choice Assortment of entirely New Views—Groups, Landscapes, &c., &c., and at greatly reduced prices, at the New York Depot of the
LONDON STEREOSCOPIC CO.,
594 Broadway.

Great Reduction in Prices at Genin's Hat Establishment.—GENIN'S NEW CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY VOTARIES' CATALOGUE.—AN ADMIRABLE HOLIDAY.—GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES.—THE LATEST BALLAD.—CHRISTMAS PRESENTS IN GLOVES AND UMBRELLAS.—GENIN'S LADIES' GAITERS AND SLIPPERS.—IN CHILDREN'S LEGGINGS.—IN CHILDREN'S CLOTH CAPS.—REDUCED IN SMALL BOYS' SUITS.—IN INFANTS' WARDROBES.—THE LATEST STYLES.—FRENCH FLANNELS.—FRENCH BOMBS DE CHAMBRE.—IN LADIES' UNDERSACQUES.—FRENCH MERINOS IN BRIDAL COSTUME.—FRENCH DRESSING OF LADIES' BONNETS.—IN CHILDREN'S BONNETS.—IN CHILDREN'S FANCY HATS.—IN LADIES' HEAD-DRESSES.—FRENCH DRESSING IN LADIES' FURS.—IN CHILDREN'S FURS.—IN GENTLEMEN'S FURS.—IN THE COLLARS.—IN GENTS' SILK CLOTHS.—IN GENTS' FUR CAPS.—FRENCH CLOTHS AND VELVET CAPS.—NEWS AND BOYS' SOFT HATS.—GENIN'S UNDER HATS.—GENIN'S BAZAAR, Nos. 507 and 513 Broadway.

THE
Atlantic Monthly.
Commencement of a New Volume.

With the number for JANUARY, 1860, the ATLANTIC will enter upon its third year of existence.

FIFTH VOLUME.

In making this announcement the Publishers think it proper to say, simply, that no change will be made in the general plan of the work, and that all the writers whose contributions have established it in the popular favor will continue to make it their medium of communication with the public: and that the relations of the publishers with the public will be conducted in such a manner as to enable them to add materially to the variety, interest, and value of the work.

They have great pleasure in announcing that the number for JANUARY will contain the first chapters of a

NEW ROMANCE,
ENTITLED
THE PROFESSOR'S STORY;
Written expressly for its pages, by
OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES,

To be continued in succeeding numbers of the Magazine throughout the year.

TERMS.—Single numbers, 75 cents. Three Dollars per year, postage paid to any part of the United States.

CLUBS.—Two copies, Five Dollars; Five copies, Ten Dollars; Eleven copies, Twenty Dollars,—the subscribers in all cases to receive their copies via the nearest City, Clergymen, Teachers, and Postmasters, will receive the Magazine at Two Dollars per year, as heretofore.

Subscriptions may commence with any number; and when no time is specified, they will commence with the number next issued.

All orders should be addressed to

TICKNOR & FIELDS, Publishers,
135 Washington Street, Boston.

FINKLE & LYON'S SEWING MACHINES
—Warranted to give better satisfaction than any other machine in the market, or money refunded.
N.B.—FREE EMBROIDERY TO ALL.
No. 502 Broadway.

Phalon's Instantaneous Hair Dye.
Phalon's Blush of Roses.
Phalon's Bloom of Youth.
Phalon's Liquid Rouge.
Phalon's Lily White.
Phalon's Extract of Sarsaparilla.
Phalon's Cocoa Cream.
Phalon's Cocoa Soap.
Phalon's Cocoa Oil.
Phalon's Cocoa Pomade.
Phalon's Cocoa Wash Balls.
Phalon's Cocoa Shaving Cream.
Phalon's Cocoa Shaving Soap.
Phalon's Cocoa Tooth Powder.
Phalon's Cocoa Tooth Wash.
Phalon's Cocoa Tooth Brushes.
Phalon's Cocoa Hair Brushes.
Phalon's Cocoa Nail Brushes.
Phalon's Cocoa Flesh Brushes.
Phalon's Cocoa Clothes Brushes.
Phalon's Cocoa Hair Combs.
Phalon's Cocoa Pocket Combs.
Phalon's Cocoa Dressing Combs.
Phalon's Cocoa Shaving Combs.
Phalon's Cocoa Whisker Combs.
Phalon's Cocoa Nail Scissors.
Phalon's Cocoa Cuticle Knife.
Phalon's Cocoa Nail Knife.
Phalon's Cocoa Nail Polish.
Phalon's Cocoa Nail Powder.
Phalon's Cocoa Nail Pomade.
Phalon's Cocoa Nail Wash.
Phalon's Cocoa Nail Bleach.
Phalon's Cocoa Nail Dye.
Phalon's Cocoa Nail Cream.
Phalon's Cocoa Nail Oil.
Phalon's Cocoa Nail Soap.
Phalon's Cocoa Nail Brushes.
**Phalon's Cocoa Nail Scissors

Worcester's Quarto Dictionary. The Great American Standard

Get the Best.

FIRST EDITION FOR SUBSCRIBERS ONLY.

The Library Edition of WORCESTER'S QUARTO DICTIONARY is now in press, and will be ready for delivery to subscribers in a few days. The copies will be delivered in the order of subscription. We shall publish an edition for the retail, which will be ready as soon as the copies of the Library Edition have been distributed. We have upwards of

FIVE THOUSAND SUBSCRIBERS

now on our list.

It will be completed in about 1,750 pages, illustrated by over 1000 wood-cuts, beautifully executed. The Synonyms and Illustrations are placed in juxtaposition to the words to which they belong, in the body of the text. It will contain a full vocabulary of the words now used in Literature, Art, and Science, together with such local words and provincialisms as are likely to be found in the United States and Canada.

The work will also contain copious pronouncing vocabularies of Geographical and Proper Names, a full collection of Phrases and Quotations from Foreign Languages, a Key to the Pronunciation of Classical and Scripture Proper Names, a complete list of Abbreviations used in writing and printing, and synonyms, antonyms, and practical lessons on the Origin, Formation, and Etymology of the English Language. Orthography, Pronunciation, English Grammar, and other important subjects.

The new and authentic etymologies, the conciseness and completeness of the definitions, the clearness with which the different shades of meaning in synonyms are distinguished, and the accordance necessary to be had in all its departments, give it a claim in the highest degree reliable to public favor.

WILLIAM ELLIS JEFFERY,
Treasurer of the Publication Fund.

I concur with the opinion of Mr. Bryant.
WASHINGTON IRVING.

Sunnyside, May 14, 1859.

"This large Dictionary, now in course of publication, will be in every respect superior to any one existing of the English language."
JOSEPH G. COGSWELL.

Astor Library, May 5, 1859.

Specimen pages will be sent by mail on application.

The *Library Edition*, on extra fine paper, and bound in half Turkey morocco, will be ready in a few days.

HICKLING, SWAN & BREWER,
13 Washington Street, Boston.

Forty Dollars per Month.

500 Agents wanted to travel and solicit orders for the celebrated Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine, at a salary $80 per month, with all expenses paid. For sample machine, and full particulars, address, at once, the manufacturers, at their principal office, 505 Broadway, New York.

ABRIDGED EDITION OF

RICHARDSON'S METHOD SCHOOL,

WITH *American Fingering*. *Price* $3.

The Modern School for the Piano, by Nathan Richardson, is highly recommended by Thalberg, Dreyschock, Mason, Bird, Webb, Wollenhaupt, Satter, and a host of others, equally well known, and whose opinion on Musical matters is without question.

Full Edition, with Foreign Fingering.....$3.
Abridged do., with American Fingering.....$2.
Sent to any part of the United States on receipt of the price.

Published by RUSSELL & TOLMAN,
No. 291 Washington Street, Boston.

Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry.

This remedy has long been cherished by the community for its remarkable efficacy in relieving, healing, and curing the most obstinate, painful, and long-standing affections of the Throat, Breast, and Lungs. DR. WISTAR'S COUGHS, WHOOPING COUGH, CROUP, ASTHMA, INFLAMMATION OF THE LUNGS, and BRONCHITIS, which have long yielded to its magic influence, when all other known means have failed.

The great popularity of this Balsam, which has now become a household word, proves that the past has produced no remedy approaching it in value, and the present is not likely to add materially present one of equal value.

To guard against Counterfeits, of which there are several varieties, see that each bottle has the written signature of "I. Davis," as well as the printed name of the Proprietors, "*Seth W. Fowle & Co., Boston*," on the outside wrapper.

Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere.

Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry.

BUY your FURS OF WILLIAMS, No. 293 FULTON STREET, BROOKLYN.

Ladies' Muffs—Gentlemen's Caps.

HUNGARIAN WINES.—A parcel of superior RED and WHITE HUNGARIAN WINES, in wood and in glass, for sale by

CHARLES P. LOOSEY,
No. 2 Hanover Square, Room No. 6.

SANDS' SARSAPARILLA,

For chronic constitutional diseases, such as Rheumatism, King's Evil, Scrofula, obstinate Ulcerations, Sore Throat, Tetter, Enlargement and Pain of the Bones, and other similar diseases, this preparation will be found a most

EFFECTUAL REMEDY.

Prepared and sold by A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists, 100 Fulton Street, New York.

IF WHISKERS AND MUSTACHES won't grow upon your face, use my eloquent contebalmed 1862, which will force them to grow six weeks from the first application, and without stain or injury to the skin. Sent free, by mail, post paid, for 25 cents. Address
DR. F. BRUNSWICK,
No. 503 Broadway, New York.

Fine Gold Jewelry
Imported.

Osborne, Boardman & Townsend,
527 Broadway,
Corner of Spring Street,

INVITE THE INSPECTION OF THE PUBLIC TO their display of FINE GOLD IMPORTED JEWELRY, comprising and the NEWEST PATTERNS to be found elsewhere,

ENGRAVED,
ENAMELLED,
TURQUOISE,
GARNET,
and
PEARL

FULL AND HALF SETS, BRACELETS, NECKLACES, CHAINS, CHATELAINES, BROOCHES, EARRINGS, LOCKETS, SCARF PINS, SLEEVE BUTTONS, STUDS, &c., &c., &c.

Marksixie Steel Jewelry,
Fine and Real Coral Sets from Naples,
Full Garnet Sets from Leipsic,
Black Enamelled Jewelry.

We can confidently say that our assortment of FINE IMPORTED JEWELRY is more complete than can be found elsewhere. It was selected in Europe during the present season by Mr. OSBORNE.

Before purchasing elsewhere, we request an inspection of our assortment.

ALSO, OUR USUAL ASSORTMENT OF
Rich Paris Fancy Articles,
GENEVA MUSIC BOXES, &c.

Harper's
Holiday Pictorial
Now Ready.

The most beautiful Pictorial Sheet ever issued.

PRICE SIX CENTS.

Sent by mail anywhere in the United States on receipt of the price.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.

REMOVAL.

JAMES BOGARDUS,
Architect in Iron, Engineer, Constructor, and Patentee of Iron Buildings,
Has removed his Manufactory and Warehouse of BOGARDUS'S IMPROVED UNIVERSAL MILL, Machine Shops and Foundry of WHITE and IRA MILL, In Harlem Railroad Depot,
Office No. 56 Centre Street, New York.
Iron Building corner Centre and Duane Sts., formerly occupied, has been removed to 79 Walker Street.

PIANO FORTES.

RAVEN, BACON & CO.,
No. 1 Union Square, corner of Fourth Avenue, Manufacture and Keep for Sale Pianos of their own make, with the Latest Improvements, including the Patent Agraffe Treble, Overstrung Scale, Iron Frame, Full Metal Action, and Circular End Grand Scale, which for power, purity, and evenness of tone, elasticity of touch, and durability of construction, are unsurpassed by any manufactured in this city, viz.: The value of the paper can be ascertained by a single trial. Those who are in the habit of trying to ascertain how little people would really know on a subject, imagine if they had to write on that subject three sides. In this respect, the arrangements for the paper are peculiarly favorable to the writer. It is a tremendous the result of this best article at home; and, as in the case of the Sewing Machine, the demand for it must increase. It will moreover, in order to present its columns with a complete literature, from week to week, continue to transfer to its pages the best and most generally interesting articles from the English and French journals, just as the daily papers transfer to their columns the news of the European steamers. In a word, the subscriber to HARPER'S WEEKLY may rely on finding in its pages the best, most interesting, most varied, well-organized, and well-piloted picture of every memorable event which occurs in the world at all worth recording, and the critical attention of the people will be directed to

HIGHLY IMPORTANT TO BOTH SEXES, Married or Single, in health or disease—
HOMEOPATHIC AND ALLOPATHIC PHYSICIANS, fifth edition, over 400 pages, fine cloth, and above 100 Engravings, Health in Marriage. 413 pages, 78 Engravings. Price 50 cents, in paper or $1 00, stamps.
The Science and Art of Diseases of the Heart, Stomach, Liver, Bowels, and Kidneys; on Apoplexy, Palsy, and Physiology, why we grow old and how to cause disease. 121 pages, 6 engravings. Price 25 cents, in paper, by mail, giving name, state, county town, and post office.

Two Works Valuable to the Sick or Well.

Sent by mail, no pay expected until received, read, and approved.

Address Dr. S. S. FITCH, 714 Broadway, New York.

1st. SIX LECTURES on the cause, prevention, and cure of Long Life, Health, and Skin Diseases; Rheumatism, and Male and Female complaints. On the mode of Preserving Health to 100 years. 413 pages, 78 Engravings. Price 50 cents, in paper or $1 00, stamps.

2d. The Science and Art of Diseases of the Heart, Stomach, Liver, Bowels, and Kidneys; on Apoplexy, Palsy, and Physiology, why we grow old and how to cause disease. 121 pages, 6 engravings. Price 25 cents, in paper, by mail, giving name, state, county town, and post office.

Piano Fortes,

Of the newest style, finest tone, and lowest rates.
HALLET, DAVIS & CO.'S Manufactories,
Warerooms No. 99 Prince, near Broadway.

Singer's Sewing Machines.

SINGER'S No. 2 SEWING MACHINE, $100.
SINGER'S No. 1 SEWING MACHINE, $65.
HEMMING CLOTHES HOOKS and TWO-PENCE.

Singer's Family Sewing Machines at $50 and $75 are capable of performing, in the best style, all the sewing of a private family.

Send for a circular of I. M. Singer & Co.'s Gazette, which contains full and reliable information about prices, sizes, etc., of Sewing Machines, and will be supplied gratis.

I. M. SINGER & CO.
No. 458 Broadway, New York.

361 BROADWAY 539

BRIDAL OUTFITS,
Tucker's Flowers, Jewellery, and Miscellaneous Items,
Are all reliable.

A Beautiful Gentleman's Hair-Cutting Saloon

of Youth or Liquid Fruit is the best article in existence for preserving, invigorating, and restoring the hair. Its wonderful effects may be seen and tried gratis at LAIRD'S ladies' hair-dressing establishment, 5 Astor way.

American Guano.

TO FARMERS AND DEALERS

In Guano. This Guano from Jarvis Island, in the Pacific Ocean, which has been proved to be the most valuable fertilizer ever discovered, is offered for sale at wholesale and retail at less than two thirds the price of Peruvian Guano. For pamphlet, apply to ALFRED L. ELY, American Guano Co., 66 William street, New York.

Mr Every Number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE contains from 128 to 144 pages—and from one third to one half more reading than any other in the country.

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

NUMBER CXVII. CONTENTS. JANUARY, 1860.

HOLIDAYS IN COSTA RICA.—II. SAN JOSE. By THOMAS ANTHONY MORAHAN.
Illustrated by Fourteen Engravings.
A LAY OF THE LAST HANDLE.
RURAL PICTURES. DRAWN BY POETS CRAYON.
Illustrated by Twenty Engravings.
A PIPE OF TOBACCO.
Illustrated by Seventeen Engravings.
MRS. ANTRON'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT.
THE POET'S REGRET.
THE ATOMS OF CHLADNI.
CHILDREN ON CRUTCHES. By "HARRY CRINGO."
MISS VINTON OF TALLAHASSEE.
BURIAL OF YORKTOWN.
HOW THE SNOW MELTED ON MOUNT WASHINGTON.
THE THREE GREAT VOYAGES.
THE RISE OF NEW ORLEANS.—A BALLAD OF LOUISIANA.
STORY, OR, THREE STORIES IN ONE.
A CHRISTMAS HYMN.
NOTICE OF A NUMBER OF CURRENT EVENTS.
LITERARY NOTICES.
HARPER'S BALLAD.
EDITORS EASY CHAIR.
LITERARY BY HUMBUG.
EDITORS DRAWER.
HARPER'S NOTE TO THE WAY.
THE INKSTANDISTER.
LIBRARY OF LITERATURE.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Bull Costume.—Under-Sleeve.—Collar.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year.....$3 00
Two Copies for One Year.....5 00
Three or more Copies for One Year (each) 2 00
Additional Copies may be obtained at the rate of TWO DOLLARS per Copy.
HARPER'S WEEKLY and HARPER'S MAGAZINE, together—One Year, $5.

The Postage upon "HARPER'S MAGAZINE" must be paid at the office where it is received. The Postage is *Thirty-six* Cents a year.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

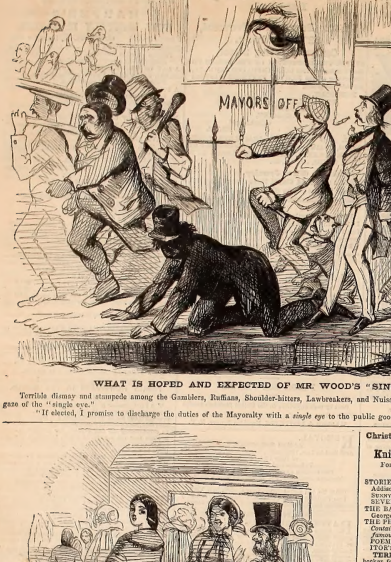
A FIRST-CLASS ILLUSTRATED PAPER.
THE MOST ATTRACTIVE
FAMILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD.
LIVE! SEND A NUMBER! $2.00 a YEAR.

The First Number of the Twenty-Second Volume of HARPER'S WEEKLY will appear on the 6th JANUARY, 1860. This paper now CIRCULATES OVER 130,000 COPIES EVERY WEEK, and has been said, nearly half of which will be issued for reference, and preservation. It has now reached proportions which seem to state that its popularity which HARPER'S WEEKLY has obtained will enable it to maintain the high rank which it has held to the future.

It is the purpose of the Union to render HARPER'S WEEKLY, in the first place, and, before any thing else, a newspaper—a pictorial history of current events, equal to the best daily press in completeness of its records, and to the daily press in combining the citations with text. The Editors have already attained that rare, but necessary position—unbiased with zeal. The illustrations in the THIRD VOLUME will be found to be of a higher order than in any former volume of the past year has been related and illustrated with the largest of Likenesses of WEEKLY. They would cover especially, in this connection, to the Union and the Constitution, and the Laws, and to the Rights of Authority, and Liberty, and Order, the Principles of Religion, and Morality, and Virtue, etc. The value of the paper can be ascertained by a single trial. Those who are in the habit of trying to ascertain how little people would really know on a subject, imagine if they had to write on that subject three sides. In this respect, the arrangements for the paper are peculiarly favorable to the writer. It is a tremendous the result of this best article at home; and, as in the case of the Sewing Machine, the demand for it must increase. It will moreover, in order to present its columns with a complete literature, from week to week, continue to transfer to its pages the best and most generally interesting articles from the English and French journals, just as the daily papers transfer to their columns the news of the European steamers. In a word, the subscriber to HARPER'S WEEKLY may rely on finding in its pages the best, most interesting, most varied, well-organized, and well-piloted picture of every memorable event which occurs in the world at all worth recording, and the critical attention of the people will be directed to

HARPER'S WEEKLY will continue, as heretofore, to publish the best Tales that can be procured from the best writers. Among the Tales already engaged are the following:

A Tale of Two Cities, by CHARLES DICKENS, author of "David Copperfield," etc.
Framley Parsonage, by ANTHONY TROLLOPE, author of "Barchester Towers," etc.
Romola, by GEORGE ELIOT, author of "Adam Bede," etc.
The Cloister and the Hearth, by CHARLES READE, author of "Peg Woffington," etc.
Griffith Gaunt, by CHARLES READE, author of "Peg Woffington," etc.
Hard Cash, by CHARLES READE, author of "Peg Woffington," etc.
Lord Lynne's Choice, by MRS. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," etc.
Orley Farm, by ANTHONY TROLLOPE, author of "Barchester Towers," etc.
Rachel Ray, by ANTHONY TROLLOPE, author of "Barchester Towers," etc.
Can You Forgive Her? by ANTHONY TROLLOPE, author of "Barchester Towers," etc.
The Small House at Allington, by ANTHONY TROLLOPE, author of "Barchester Towers," etc.
The Last Chronicle of Barset, by ANTHONY TROLLOPE, author of "Barchester Towers," etc.
The Bertrams, by ANTHONY TROLLOPE, author of "Barchester Towers," etc.
The Three Clerks, by ANTHONY TROLLOPE, author of "Barchester Towers," etc.
The Warden, by ANTHONY TROLLOPE, author of "Barchester Towers," etc.
Miss Mackenzie, by ANTHONY TROLLOPE, author of "Barchester Towers," etc.
The Claverings, by ANTHONY TROLLOPE, author of "Barchester Towers," etc.
Doctor Thorne, by ANTHONY TROLLOPE, author of "Barchester Towers," etc.
Castle Richmond, by ANTHONY TROLLOPE, author of "Barchester Towers," etc.
The Bachelors of Salamanca, by GEORGE ELIOT, author of "Adam Bede," etc.
Mr. Gilfil's Love Story, by GEORGE ELIOT, author of "Adam Bede," etc.
Scenes of Clerical Life, by GEORGE ELIOT, author of "Adam Bede," etc.
Silas Marner, by GEORGE ELIOT, author of "Adam Bede," etc.
Felix Holt, by GEORGE ELIOT, author of "Adam Bede," etc.
The Mill on the Floss, by GEORGE ELIOT, author of "Adam Bede," etc.
Adam Bede, by GEORGE ELIOT, author of "Adam Bede



WHAT IS HOPED AND EXPECTED OF MR. WOOD'S "SINGLE EYE."

Terrible dismay and stampede among the Gamblers, Ruffians, Shoulder-hitters, Lawbreakers, and Nuisances of every kind, under the searching gaze of the "single eye."

"If elected, I promise to discharge the duties of the Mayoralty with a *single eye* to the public good."—FERNANDO WOOD'S Circular.

PRETTY DRESSMAKER (trying on the Cloak). "Don't you think this would suit the lady, sir?" (Little Bruce begins to think shopping rather pleasant after all.)

FOR EVERY LIBRARY.

WASHINGTON
IRVING'S
WRITINGS.
21 vols.

BAYARD TAYLOR'S
WRITINGS.
9 vols.

Priced lists furnished on application to
G. P. PUTNAM, 115 Nassau Street.

PHOTOGRAPH ARTISTS.

Full and valuable instruction in Coloring, both in Water and Oil Colors. Photographs, &c., will be found in the new book on Art, called "ART RECREATIONS." Besides these, there are equally valuable chapters on other desirable styles. Every artist and every teacher who will examine this book, (which will be found at all the book and print stores,) will be satisfied of its value to them.

Price $1 50.

J. E. TILTON & CO., Boston,
PUBLISHERS.

ENGLISH PICKLES REDUCED in PRICE —Send for a priced list of our English and Scotch Provisions. RICHARDSON & McLEOD, 100 Maiden Lane, New York.

More Popular than ever! Its Sale Unprecedented!

LYON'S KATHAIRON
FOR THE HAIR

Is, beyond question, the finest and most popular article ever made. Nothing has ever given such universal satisfaction. It restores the Hair, preserves and beautifies it, and removes all Dandruff, &c. If you do not use it, try it. Sold everywhere for 75 cents per bottle.
HEATH, WYNKOOP & CO.

PRINCE IMPERIAL CHAMPAGNE,

FROM EPERNAY,
DEVENOGE & CO FRANCE.

A Wine of rare quality, at a moderate price. Sold at the PRINCIPAL HOTELS, and by ALL THE LEADING DEALERS throughout the country.
E. V. HAUGHWOUT, Sole Importer,
485, 490, and 492 BROADWAY,
corner of Broome Street, N. Y.

ASTHMA!—*From Whitcomb's Remedy!*—Prepared from a German recipe, obtained by the late Jonas Whitcomb, in Europe. It is well known to have alleviated this disorder in his case, when all other appliances of medical skill had been abandoned by him in despair. In no case of purely Asthmatic character, has it failed to give immediate relief, and it has effected many permanent cures.

Christmas!! Merry Making!! New Year!!

Knickerbocker Magazine, ready.
FOR JANUARY, BEGINNING THE 55TH VOLUME.
Contents, American and Original.
STORIES and PICTURES of the HUDSON. By T. Addison Richards. SEVENTY *Splendid Illustrations of* SNOWDEN, IRVINGTON, TARRYTOWN, &c.—SIX by SEVEN. *A Christmas Story.* By Miss PRESCOTT.
THE BATTLE of FORT MOULTRIE. By the Hon. George Bancroft.
THE PHYSICAL DECLINE of AMERICAN WOMEN! *Containing but titnes the outspoken truth of Mobile's famous Li'Hunter unheed its sentimentalities.*—POEMS, SKETCHES, and an INCOMPARABLE EDITOR'S TABLE.
TERMS.—To every $3 00 Subscriber to the Knickerbocker for 1860, enclosing 13 cents extra in stamps, will be sent, free of postage, a copy of the new and splendid Engraving of
Merry-Making in the Olden Time.
25 by 19½ inches in size, containing 30 figures, and being by far the finest PREMIUM of the kind ever offered in the Country. ☞ Six copies of the Knickerbocker and Engraving will be sent for five Subscriptions ($15 00). Six copies of HARPER'S WEEKLY included for five Subscriptions of $5 12 each ($25 00).
AGENTS WANTED in every county in the UNITED STATES. Terms unusually liberal.
JOHN A. GRAY, 16 and 18 Jacob Street, New York.

THE MINISTER'S WOOING. Cloth gilt, $2 00.
BEULAH. Elegant Cloth, gilt, $2 00.
THE POOL OF QUALITY. By Brooks. Half Calf, $4 00.
PRENTICEANA. $1 40.
CAROLINA SPORTS. Six Illustrations. $1 00.
The Publishers will send either of the above by mail, post-paid, on receipt of the price.
DERBY & JACKSON, Publishers, New York.

Mother Goose For Grown Folks.
A NEW CHRISTMAS BOOK.
One volume, with Frontispiece by Billings, elegantly printed on tinted paper. Price in Boards, 75 cents; in Muslin, $1 00.
. Sold everywhere, and sent by mail, *postage free*, on receipt of the price, by RUDD & CARLETON, 130 Grand Street, New York.

WARM CLOTHING.
We now offer large assortments of Fall and Winter Clothing, just manufactured, in our best styles, consisting in part of
ESQUIMAUX BEAVERS,
MOSCOW BEAVERS,
ELDER DOWN BEAVERS,
NAGENIE BEAVERS,
CASTOR BEAVERS,
CLARENDON BEAVERS,
DREADNAUGHT BEAVERS.
Also, complete suits of all styles of CASSIMERE and Beaver suits, and all the late styles Velvet and Cashmere Vestings, &c.
BOYS' CLOTHING
AND FURNISHING GOODS
in great variety, at the lowest prices of the trade.
D. DEVLIN & CO.,
Nos. 326, 328, and 330 Broadway.

Café de Costa Rica
C&C
GREAT CURIOSITY—Particulars sent *free*. Agents wanted. SEAR & CLARK, Biddeford, Me.

Spalding's Prepared Glue!
"A Stitch in Time saves Nine."
ECONOMY! Dispatch!
Save the Pieces!
Useful in every house for mending Furniture, Toys, Crockery, Glass-ware, &c.
Wholesale Depot, No. 30 Platt Street, New York.
Address HENRY C. SPALDING & CO.,
Box No. 3,600 N.Y.
Put up for Dealers in Cases containing four, eight, and twelve dozen—a beautiful Lithograph Show-Card accompanying each package.

A Lie Refuted.
"Who dyed your hair?" "It isn't dyed."
The indignant gentleman replied.
"Twas dead before, but now it's alive,
HEMMETER'S INIMITABLE made it thrive."
"Who said 'twas dyed?—he lied!
With him it was the truth that died.
The Wash invigorates and brings dead hair to life,
And he who doubts my word can ask my wife."
This "*Inimitable*" Restorative will return gray hair to its original color, stop its falling out, and bring it out on bald heads. Sold everywhere.
W. E. HAGAN & CO., Proprietors, Troy, N. Y.

DR. J. B. MARCHISI'S
Celebrated Uterine Catholicon,
For the Relief and Cure of Suffering Females.
Climate and the normal habits of female life superinduce a variety of diseases which this Catholicon will counteract and cure. It can be relied upon in any case of Painful, Suppressed, or Irregular Menstruation, Prolapsus Uteri, Leucorrhœa, Ulceration of the Womb, Faintness, Lassitude, &c. When every thing else has failed, this article is never known to exert a harmful influence. No suffering female should neglect it. Pamphlet, with full symptoms, treatment, letters, &c., sent free by mail, or delivered by any Agent. It is sold in every town, or sent by express. Be cautious of an imitation, somewhat similar in name, as no certificates are sent, &c. Address BARNES & PARK, No. 13 Park Row, N. Y.; J. D. PARK, Cincinnati or Chicago; WEEKS & POTTER, Boston; or CALLENDER & CO., Philad.
J. B. MARCHISI, M.D., Utica, N. Y.

Overcoats—$3 50, $4 00, $5 00, $6 50, $10 and $25.
HOUSECOATS—$3 50, $5 00, $4 50, $6 50 & $10.
PANTS and VESTS—$1 to $10. Gents' Furnishing Goods, at GEO. A. HUNTER & CO.'S
Mammoth Clothing Stores,
Nos. 290 and 292 Bowery.

READY DECEMBER 10th.
A NEW BOOK
BY THE AUTHOR OF "GRACE HAMILTON'S SCHOOL DAYS," &c., &c.
The Wife's Trials and Triumphs.
One Volume, 12mo, printed on Rose-tinted Paper, and handsomely bound. Price, $1 00.
This is a charming story. It describes in vivid language the wayward traits and sufferings of which the faithful wife is subjected, and her final triumph over all. It is written in a natural and sprightly style. It is a book in which all will be interested, and can not fail to do good wherever it is read.

Jacob Abbott's New Book.
The Florence Stories.
VOL. I. FLORENCE AND JOHN.
Illustrated from Designs by HUMPHREY.
1 vol. 16mo, price 40 cents.

Geo. B. Taylor's New Book.
The Oakland Stories.
VOL. I. KENNY.
Illustrated from Designs by LOMLEY.
1 vol. 16mo, price 50 cents.

Sheldon & Company, Publishers,
No. 115 Nassau Street, N. Y.

NEW MUSIC BOOK FOR SABBATH SCHOOLS.—THE GOLDEN HARP. Containing 500 Hymns, Tunes, and Chants. 35 cents single, postage free; $3 50 per dozen.
Published by OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.

EDWARD G. KELLEY, SUCCESSOR TO John L. Fyfe, Practical Chemist, Professor of Chemistry, Geology, and Mineralogy, Importer and manufacturer of all kinds of Chemical and Philosophical Apparatus and Pure Chemicals, 104 John Street, New York. Colleges and High Schools furnished. Catalogue, furnished free of expense.

Agents Wanted
To obtain Subscribers for
LOSSING'S
PICTORIAL FIELD-BOOK OF THE REVOLUTION.
In Two Volume Royal Octavo, containing upward of
1500 Pages and
1100 Beautiful Illustrations.
This work will be SOLD EXCLUSIVELY BY AGENTS, to each of whom a special District will be given. Rare inducements offered. Apply at once to the Columbian they would prefer. For full particulars address GEO. W. ELLIOTT, care HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

ALBERT WEBER, Piano-Forte Manufacturer, No. 180 West Broadway, near Canal St. The best assortment of PIANOS, warranted for three years, at the lowest prices. Call and examine before purchasing.

ruin SUPERIOR Strong-bodied delicate-flavored **Mountain COFFEE**
For sale by COUPRAL & CO
No. 2 Bowery Street.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. III.—No. 156.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1859. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

Our Christmas Supplement.

On Saturday, December 24, will be published a CHRISTMAS SUPPLEMENT to HARPER'S WEEKLY, being A CHRISTMAS TALE, entitled

THE HAUNTED HOUSE,

TO WIT:

The Mortals in the House,
BY CHARLES DICKENS.

The Ghost in the Clock Room,
BY MISS HESBA STRETTON.

The Ghost in the Double Room,
BY SALA.

The Ghost in the Picture Room,
BY MISS A. PROCTER.

The Ghost in the Cupboard Room,
BY WILKIE COLLINS.

The Ghost in Master B.'s Room,
BY CHARLES DICKENS.

The Ghost in the Garden Room,
BY MRS. GASKELL.

The Ghost in the Corner Room,
BY CHARLES DICKENS.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

HESTER PRATT'S NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

NEW-YEAR'S DAY was a double anniversary to Hester Pratt. On that day, fifty years before, she had come into the world. A solitary half century it was to look back upon—for Hester was an old maid. Thirty years before she had been betrothed to Herbert Gordon, but he had proved false to his plighted faith, and the day that was to have witnessed her bridal saw him wedded to another. That day closed the heart and hardened the nature of Hester Pratt. Her manners became frosty and forbidding, and the name of old maid, which clung to her, became even more repulsive from the connection.

Within the space of three years Hester's sister and parents died, and she was left alone at thirty —alone in the house which had belonged to the family for three generations. She was advised to relieve her solitary state by admitting another family, but this she declined to do, evidently preferring solitude to society.

Twenty years passed, and in passing did not fail to leave their imprint on Hester Pratt. Her face became sharper, and her hair became more and more plentifully sprinkled with gray; yet her step was apparently as firm as ever, and her movements as decided. She had sufficient property, and more than sufficient, for her small requirements, and every year saw something added to her account in the village bank. Her savings were not likely to be diminished by charitable offerings. She had closed up the avenues to pity; and hardy must be the beggar who should ask alms of her a second time.

It was New-Year's morning—a cold, frosty morning.

On that morning Hester Pratt had baked a loaf of cake—a rich fruit cake—with which she intended to regale herself at tea. Not that she cared so much for the cake, but her mother had always been wont to do the same on that occasion, and Hester kept up the old practice.

Having baked the cake, she drew it from the oven, steaming hot as it was, and carried it out into the shed to cool.

With commendable care she shut up her solitary companion, an iron-gray cat, in the kitchen, fearing that the cake might otherwise present a temptation too strong for the cat's principles to withstand.

Meanwhile she busied herself in preparing for the oven the chicken which was to furnish forth her New-Year's dinner. This, too, was an old custom of her mother's. The chicken was nearly ready for roasting, when the sharp ears of Hester detected a slight noise in the wood-shed, which immediately adjoined the kitchen.

She advanced hastily to the door, and threw it open.

Could she believe her eyes? Could human depravity reach such an astonishing height, or rather depth? There, almost paralyzed with astonishment, she beheld a boy in the act of carrying off her favorite New-Year's cake.

Her momentary surprise over, she proceeded to act with energy.

Striding up to the delinquent, who had stopped short in consternation, she seized him by the collar of his jacket, and shook him vigorously, exclaiming, in angry tones,

"I've caught you, you little rascal—have I? Now tell me why you were going to steal my cake?"

The boy hesitated for a moment, and seemed undecided how to act.

"Tell me instantly, before I hand you over to the constable," repeated Hester, with another shake, while with her free hand she snatched from the boy the cake which he had appropriated.

"I was very hungry," said he, in a low voice.

"Hungry! I dare say," sneered Hester. "I guess if this had been a loaf of bread instead of cake you wouldn't have been troubled in that way."

"I would rather have bread," said the boy.

"You would!" exclaimed Hester, astonished.

"Besides, I wanted to carry it to little Bessie."

"Who is little Bessie?" inquired Hester, with something of curiosity in her manner.

"She is my sister, and she is blind."

Hester looked attentively at the boy. In spite of her hardness, there was something in this allusion which touched her.

The boy was apparently about eleven years of age. He was a handsome boy, or would have been, if his pinched face had not spoken to eloquently of privation. His clothing was quite insufficient for that inclement day, and his hands were fairly red with the cold. New Hester's projudices were all against him. Her theory in regard to boys was that they were unmitigated nuisances—that they were a class of young vagabonds who took a malicious pleasure in lying, thieving, and kindred vices—and she had hitherto waged an uncompromising warfare against them.

Yet there was an indefinable something about this boy—something in his expression—which softened her against her will. Scarcely knowing how to proceed, she began to question him.

"Do you live in this village?" I never saw you before."

"I never was here before this morning, ma'am."

"You don't find it convenient to stop long in the same place," said Hester, sarcastically, thinking of her cake.

Apparently the boy understood the allusion; for he said, earnestly:

"Indeed, ma'am, I wouldn't have taken the cake if we hadn't been so hungry, Bessie and I."

"Bessie? You've spoken of her before. How do I know but it's a story you are making up, just to get off?" said Hester, hardening herself.

"I would show her to you, ma'am, if—if—"

"If what?" interrupted Hester, sharply.

"I was thinking you wouldn't want to go where she is, and you might think if I offered to bring her that I was only trying to get away."

"He's sharper than I thought for," passed through Hester's mind. "And where is your sister?" she asked, aloud.

"I left her in the barn over there," said the boy, pointing across the fields.

"Is she older than you?" asked Hester.

"No, she is two years younger," was the reply.

"You might be in better business than *trespassing* about the country stealing cake," said Hester Pratt, in an uncompromising tone. "Why don't you stay at home with your parents?"

"They are both dead," said the boy, sadly.

"Dead!" exclaimed Hester, half-sympathetically. She remembered her own grief when her father and mother had died, and left her alone in the world.

"Yes, ma'am. They died six months ago."

"Where?"

"In the city."

THE BLIND GIRL AT HESTER PRATT'S TABLE.

"And why didn't you go to some of your uncles or aunts?"

"We had none."

"What! had no relations of any kind?"

"None very near."

"And so you've been obliged to support the country ever since, have you?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Getting your living by stealing, I suppose?"

"No, ma'am," said the boy, blushing.

"How, then?"

"Sometimes people would be kind enough to give us a little something, and we didn't need much. But this morning I have been to two or three places, and they told me they didn't believe my story, and so, as I came through your yard, I happened to see the cake on the shed, and I thought of how hungry Bessie was, and I didn't dare to ask, for they might refuse, and so—"

"So you stole it?"

"Yes," said the boy, in confusion.

"What was Bessie to do?"

She more than half believed the boy's story, and yet her distrust of human nature would not down.

She must have ocular proof of his truth and then—well, then she would decide what to do.

Sit down in that chair," said she, "and I will get my things, and go over to the barn with you, and see if your story is correct."

"Will you?" exclaimed the boy, joyfully.

"He doesn't seem to be afraid for the result," thought Hester.

In two minutes she was ready to go.

They took their way across the field. There was no path, but the upper surface of the snow was frozen stiff, so that there was no danger of falling through. Hester put on boots of the boy's size, with the lurking suspicion that he might yet climb her in some way.

So they reached the barn.

It was in the mid-dle of a large field, and, contrary to the usual custom in the country, at quite a distance from any house.

The boy went to the door and called, "Bessie!"

"Where are you, brother?" said a sweet, childish voice.

He went into the barn, and led out a beautiful little girl of nine, with a sweet expression, but even, alas! Hester closed to the bright sunshine and the fair world.

"Have you brought any bread?" asked the little girl, "I am so hungry."

"No, Bessie," said the boy; but he quickly added, "I have brought a lady who was kind enough to come with me to see you."

"Where is she?" asked Bessie, stretching out her hand.

And Hester Pratt, more moved than she had been for many years, put forth her own hand to meet the hand of little Bessie, and she said, more kindly than was her wont, "I am sorry you are so hungry, child, but you will come to my house, you and your brother shall have something to eat."

"Let us go at once, then," said the boy.

"We are much obliged to you," said the boy, grateful for a kindness which Hester Pratt's previous manner had led her to think impossible.

They were soon at the house, and Hester brought forth a generous supply of bread and butter, together with an apple-pie. It need hardly be said that the children did ample justice to what was set before them.

"Didn't your sister tell you Herbert?" asked Hester almost gently, after they had quietly satisfied their appetite. "What is your last name?"

"Gordon. My name is Herbert Gordon."

"And your father's name?" asked Hester, hoarsely.

"I was named after him."

Hester rose, and paced the floor excitedly.

These, then, were the children of her faithless lover—and him who had embittered her life, and yet she could not dislike them. Strangely enough she felt a yearning for them, as if she would like to have them live with her always. There was a fierce struggle in her heart, but the fresh, generous impulses that had so long been stifled, arose then, and when the children rose, and thanking her for their lunch, offered to go, she said, shortly,

"Would you like to live with me always?"

A flush of joy overspread the faces of the two orphans, and they accepted her offer with grateful thanks.

And that was the happiest New-Year's day that Hester Pratt had ever passed.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1859.

OUR FOURTH VOLUME

The First Number of the Fourth Volume of HARPER'S WEEKLY will appear on the 4th January, 1860. This year over 400,000 Numbers of HARPER'S WEEKLY will have been sold, nearly half of which will be issued for subscribers. In announcing the new volume, the proprietors desire to state that it has been their aim to render it worthy of the year, in the first place, and before any thing else, a reliable and comprehensive pictorial history of current events, equal to the daily press in fullness of description, and superior to the daily press as combining illustrations with text. Here for they have established what they trust the volumes now published will show. The illustrations in the Third Volume will bear comparison with those in any which every important event of the past year has been related and illustrated in the pages of HARPER'S WEEKLY. They would refer especially, in this connection, to The Italian War, the Great Eastern Steamship, the Harper's Ferry Outbreak, the Utah Expedition, the Paraguay Expedition, China, etc., etc. The value of the paper can be best realized by supposing that it did not exist, and by trying to conceive how little people would really know of passing events if they had to rely on written descriptions alone. In this respect, the arrangements for the coming year are more complete than they have been heretofore. HARPER'S WEEKLY has regular artist correspondents in almost every quarter of the globe, and commands the result of the first artists in the world. It is moreover, in order to present its readers with a complete illustrated history of our age, determined to include in its pages the best and most generally interesting pictures from foreign illustrated journals. In a word, the subscriber to HARPER'S WEEKLY may depend on finding in its pages next year as accurate, well-drawn, well-engraved, and well-printed pictures of every memorable event which occurs, and a portrait of every man who attracts the general attention of the people of this country.

HARPER'S WEEKLY will continue, as heretofore, to publish the best tales that are written by skilful and fashionable writers. Among the stories now in hand for CIVIL CODE, by CHARLES DICKENS (with original illustrations by the author); WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT? a novel by Sir E. LYTTON BULWER; *The Dead Secret*, by WILKIE COLLINS; *Lots to the Witch*, by MRS. GASKELL; *A Good Fight*, by JOHN HALIFAX; *Heart is not Everything*, by CHARLES THOMAS, by GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS; and *The Romance of War*, by LOSSING and COLLIER. Or, to indicate the conclusion of these tales, others of equal merit will be commenced, it being the intention of the publishers to secure for every week of publication the best tales to be had here or abroad. It is hardly necessary to add, that the foreign serials which appear in HARPER'S WEEKLY are purchased from their authors by the proprietors of HARPER'S WEEKLY, who, to make assurance doubly sure, give the mere right of publication which amounts to a handsome copyright in the publication.

In addition to serials, each number of HARPER'S WEEKLY will contain a short complete tale by a native or foreign author. As a guide to the character of these stories, the publishers will publish the last that they can obtain, without regarding their origin.

The other departments of HARPER'S WEEKLY will continue to receive careful attention at the hands of the publishers.

TERMS OF HARPER'S WEEKLY.

One Copy for Twenty Weeks	$1 00
One Copy for One Year	2 50
One Copy for Six Months	1 00
Five Copies for One Year	9 00
Twelve Copies for One Year	20 00
Twenty-five Copies for One Year	40 00

An Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of TWENTY OR TWENTY-FIVE SUBSCRIBERS.

TERMS FOR ADVERTISING IN HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A Liberal Discount will be made to those wishing to Advertise for three Months or more.

* * Twenty-five cents must be added if New York wishing to "Harper's Weekly" left at their houses, will please send a Post-office order payable to their names. Address, postpaid, to the Office of Publication,

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers,
Franklin Square, New York.

THE TRADE OF THE UNITED STATES FOR 1858–'59.

MR. SECRETARY COBB has permitted the Washington *Constitution* to publish advance returns of the imports and exports of the United States for the year 1858–'59—the last fiscal year, ending 30th June last. The tables from which these returns are taken, we should have not yet been made public. They show, in brief, that, during the twelve months ending with June last, the foreign imports into this country merchandise amounted to $338,000,000, showing a balance in favor of the country amounting to about $14,000,000.

The Washington *Constitution*, a party paper, used these returns for a party political purpose in aid of the Southern theory that "cotton is king," and therefore the great source of the country's wealth. Having discovered that the bulk of the exports of domestic produce were of Southern growth—cotton, rice, naval stores, and tobacco, etc.—the official newspaper drew a fallacious parallel between the products of the two sections, which the Southern Democracy accept in the support of the Northern. To do this, it willfully omitted from its comparison the exports of produce amounting to $37,000,000 of the produce of a free State; and it concealed the fact that, in consequence of the poor harvest of breadstuffs in the United Kingdom, and of the bountiful harvests of foreign countries, there was little or no export of wheat or flour to Europe. In the full text of the report we review. The argument of the official editor, moreover, showed his entire unconsciousness of the fact that, notwithstanding the large gross of the exports in the South, the Southern demand for foreign commodities still keeps the balance of trade between North and South. They show, in short, that cotton, tobacco, rice, etc., the products of the South, cottons, tools, steam-engines, and the like; are exchanged for the other. The argument of the official editor, moreover, showed his entire unconsciousness of the fact that, notwithstanding the large gross of the exports in the South, the Southern demand for foreign commodities still keeps the balance of trade between North and South. They show, in short, that cotton, tobacco, rice, etc., the products of the South, immediate payment is made. No credit is given, no grace granted. If at any time the Southern planter or factor finds from the North goods equivalent in value to his export of produce, Southern exchange on the North would fall, and specie would flow Southward until every Northern bank were broken.

The fact is, this commercial quarrel between North and South is the old dispute between the belly and the members over again. The South, like the belly in the fable, declares that its action is the sustenance of the body politic; and the North, like the arms and legs in the fable, swears that without its dry goods and tools the South could not grow any thing. It is a childish, unphilosophical worthy of miserable party political organs.

The growth and export of cotton are indeed subjects worthy of profound reflection. We exported last fiscal year $161,434,000 of the staple. This fiscal year—1859–'60—our export of cotton will probably exceed $180,000,000. The crop is larger, the price high. Half a century since we did not export $1,000,000 worth of cotton in a single year. We did not attempt our export we could not have imported foreign goods as we have done, and there could have been no great demand for foreign trade in the city of New York. If, now, from civil war, or a servile insurrection, or unfavorable weather, the cotton crop should fall short, or the export of cotton were to cease, our imports of foreign goods would decline in proportion, and grass would grow in the streets of New York and other sea-ports. This is the consummation to which we are hastening under the protectionist theories now in vogue. They object to free commerce, and, forgetful of the immutable principle that progress increases in the division and subdivision of employments, would have us produce our independence of foreign countries by manufacturing every thing we need, and dispensing with foreign trade. Whether the country at large would be a gainer by the ruin of the South, of New York, Boston, of Philadelphia, of Baltimore, etc., etc., etc., our readers can decide for themselves. An enlightened public will probably think that the more extensive our interchange of commodities with the world, the more active our life will be, and, consequently, the more wholesome.

Our export of breadstuffs during the fiscal year 1858–'59 was small. We have reviewed the subject in previous numbers, and can see, and shown the causes of the phenomenon. This year (*i. e.*, 1859–'60) our export of breadstuffs will be large. We are now shipping every week from this port alone some 150,000 or 200,000 bushels of wheat (in wheat and flour). The shipments for the next spring will be very large; so also will be the shipments of provisions. With regard to wheat it is still doubtful whether, in the end, it can be classed among the staple exports of the United States. It is very doubtful whether, even with the best of harvests, the United States grow much more wheat than they require for their own consumption. It is certain that even a moderate export demand—leading to shipments of 20,000,000 or 25,000,000 bushels of wheat, in the twelvemonth, to Great Britain—causes an advance in the price from which it imposes a heavy tax on consumers. Every dollar taken from England for wheat costs wheat consumers here from $2 to $3.

We look, in the future—presuming that no political catastrophe occurs—to increased shipments of cotton, and to a steady and rather diminished shipments of wheat. Our miscellaneous exports, including manufactures, are sure to increase, as the wealth and prosperity accumulate; it is doubtful whether we shall have any flour to spare. The staple exports which an enlightened political economy will teach us to cultivate are gold, silver, and cotton. The more of these we send abroad, the more active our trade will be, and the richer the country will grow: foreign stuffs we need at home. No country is really enormous does not grow food enough to supply its people's supply: we can not do this and feed Europe as well.

THE COLLAPSE OF THE HOOPS.

At last, after ever so many false alarms, it is certain that hoops are going out. The manufacturers are coming to disappear from the pages. The jobbers who were prudent and careful, and who consequently had always a large stock of hoops on hand, find contrasts to some more by the hundreds of dozens, are in despair at the catastrophe which threatens to leave them with an enormous dead stock on their shelves. A lady, young, beautiful, and *distingué*, was seen to walk up Broadway last week without hoops. Her appearance caused the men from mere surprise, but the Indies from envy. For the fiat has gone forth from Compiegne that hoops shall no longer be worn.

Not unto us doth it belong to decide what shall replace the famous structures. What sun

broad—was not the nurse of the Nile; and hearing from the natives of another lake, which they called simply Nyanza, or the Lake, it was resolved to push on. The Arab traders who go to the shores of this lake to deal with the natives in ivory, hear from them that on the northeasterly parts there are large craft, holding forty or fifty men; that there are several large rivers connected with it, one of which, at least, probably does run to the sea; and that a river which the natives called Bari living upon one of these rivers, and the tribe Bari has been visited by Knoblecher, Werne, and other explorers. Mr. Baker has ascertained the source of the Nile where Captain Speke has calculated the Nyanza's southern extremity, in the second degree of south latitude.

On the 9th of July Captain Speke started with six weeks' supply, after a very uncomfortable journey, on the 3d of August they saw the blue line of the Nyanza. Canoes had been procured, and the stock of beads and cloth was so low, that Speke could remain for three days only. This seems hardly explicable. That an expedition which was evidently so near settling that the source was not in the Lake could not have something more—should stay upon its shores only three days, is melancholy. With such profusion of provision as they had at Unyanyembe, they were surely midst have taken at least three months' supply. It is with the more tantalizing idea of a river observed by Captain Speke confessed his theory.

It can not be very long before the great question is decided, if it be only by a two months' visit from the sea-coast to the Lake: and the English Royal Geographical Society, which authorized the expedition, will hardly suffer the Lake to remain unexplored.

REPORTING.

"DEAR LONGUS,—I wish to ask, respectfully, if you have ever been the unhappy subject of a report.' Did you ever make a speech, or deliver an oration, or address, or lecture, which was reported? and did it seem to your eyes how you felt when you saw it; and what you think of the whole business.

"Yours, CICERO JONES."

The Lounger presents his compliments to Mr. Cicero Jones, and begs to reply that he has been such a subject, and that he felt as a man does who sees his face reflected upon the surface of a severe looking-glass. The criticisms were, perhaps, unfortunate bodkins his face utterly dislocated and distorted, and doubtless to think that some admirer of his must see only a glimpse of his face.

A phonographic report is now so skillfully done that a speaker finds his very words, sentences, and all, as accurately reproduced as the crow's-foot around his eyes by a faithful mirror. But a reporter, an abstract, a newspaper's idea of a speaker, is meant to say, or even did say, is a very different thing. It is not to report a man's words correctly, to give an illustration as an argument, or to miss entirely the purport of a sarcasm or a witticism. An clergyman was lecturing in Philadelphia, and in the warmth and height of his oration shouted, "And God will say thunder shall smite them," and several listeners rose and left the hall with an air of horror. The speaker, upon inquiry, learned that he had been misreported to say, "And God said, by thunder," etc.

In the same way the reporter is very apt to hear upon a theory. He presupposes that the speaker is going to say certain things, and if any thing is said somewhere from down to pay in print as said. It is amusing to reflect how many speakers in this country suffer in general reputation for saying what they never said or thought of saying. Mr. Everett avoids this nuisance by always carefully furnishing either a copy of his speech, or an abstract prepared by himself. A listener can only make an abstract after a very careful hearing and assimilation of the whole discourse. This is a task to which few reporters care to address themselves. They pick out the plums. They remember where the laugh comes in; and they serve up to their readers the fruit and cause, but no pudding.

Lately a Lyceum lecturer was speaking at length of lawyers: the dangers and temptations of the profession, and its current, social estimation. Among other things he said that a wise lawyer bit his tongue and spoke only when a word would tell, however much he might be driven: that, in fact, like Talleyrand, he was a shrewd listener. Next day upon a newspaper, which did not approve of the general sentiments of the speaker, and the next morning that "the Honorable Cicero Jones (for instance) delivered a lecture last evening in which he said that lawyers were like Talleyrand."

However, the Honorable Cicero need not be troubled. How many people read the report of a speech in the quotation. The very serious difficulty is when a full phonographic report is made, and the lecture is to be immediately transferred to the columns. If it be the lecture of a man who usually has something to say, it will be read, and the reader, having had the whole, will feel differently about hearing it again from one who has been only stimulated by the good things he said.

Undoubtedly the more comfortable and convenient plan, both for the speaker and the paper, is to do what Mr. Everett does, and prepare an abstract. How the reporters would thank him!

STYLE.

Since the death of Irving, his exquisite style has been the theme of constant praise. One critic calls it as perfect as Addison's, and every body who is familiar with Irving's writings knows their singular charm of style. The old proverb that the style is the man, is true enough, because, strictly speaking, every outward manifestation of the man is his style. A man's manner, conduct, way of speaking, and moving, are all his style. If he be plain, simple, they are so. If he is affected or pompous, they are so also. But sincerity is not always plainness. A man exquisitely dressed may be quite as simple as George Fox in his leather suit. So in literature there is no special style which can be selected as the only good one, or the only simple one. Every style which justly illustrates the author's mind is a good and natural style, although it may be gorgeously decorated. The Gothic architecture is as natural as the Greek although so much more elaborate. Addison's is not an ideal English style, but it is a very fine and natural style in which every man ought to try to write. Did Dr Johnson has a famous passage in which he advised a lady who wished to write good English to give his days and nights to Addison. How fond the Doctor was of his long words, this may be seen clearly enough in the fact that his own style is, in every particular, the reverse of Addison's. It is more ambitious, more sonorous, and Latinized.

Addison was a man of a great sense of propriety rather than of great genius. An accomplished scholar, a brilliant talker, a man of affairs, and of the world, genteel, he had a sound, healthy, though full, humorous temperament, and to that the delicate fancies of Irving were wholly alien. Irving had a bent, or he lingered, pensive, among the monuments of Westminster, and maintained a cheerful, but not exuberant, spirit. In the midst of life and literature, at a time when decency was out of fashion.

Addison's style is eminently the man. It is the simplicity of perfect good breeding and freedom from affectation. But Addison was not outwardly, by reason of it, a sweeter and more humane. It is the simplicity, and not the humanity, that is felt in Addison. The Irishman is glowingly graceful and limpid. The Englishman is clear also, and graceful, but is dull.

It is a dangerous mistake, therefore, to commend style for its simplicity alone. Swift was a person Charles Lamb, or John Ruskin, or Thomas Carlyle has tried to write like Addison. Suppose, in German, Jean Paul should attempt the clear style of Lessing. Irving's style is exquisite because it is his own. He has caught the charms of Goldsmith and Addison; having the taste and propriety of the one, with the genial tenderness of the other. He very likely has his garden have any excellence as an author he owes it to Washington. His first essays show that he was early loved to the indolences of the best English belle-lettre spirit. The Salmagundi is a study in that style. But the more original Knickerbocker History—

Assuredly, however, his style is no finer than Hawthorne's or Emerson's. The lily and the violet are lovely flowers, but they are not the garden pet violets and lilies? The tree often of a writer is his style. His first essays show that he was studious, but to say what he has to say in the manner which is most characteristic—or, in other words, in the manner which is most natural to him—is very well fancy Mr. Everett speaking like Mr. Webster, or Mr. Webster like Mr. Everett. Close study, reflection, criticism, will help in style as they do in every expression. But to follow any model is to sing a song which is another's. Conscious imitation is always unnatural.

One point of style must be remembered. All that is implied here is this—that genuine literary talent forms its characteristic expression, which is the quality of style, in the mind of the listener—all that is another thing. Try to write as simply as you can—you will not write like Addison—a most incisive manner. But remember that Milton, Addison, Johnson, Goldsmith, Jeremy Taylor, Defoe, Swift, Irving, Hallam, Macaulay, Carlyle, Webster, and Irving, all did the same thing, and the result is as different as the men.

THE NIGHT-WATCH.

THEY sit beside her bed—
The patient watchers for her—
Or move, with noiseless tread,
To hush the sighs that stir her failing tears.

While her hot brow is fanned
By the poor mother through the livelong night,
The father, with his hand,
Shades from her sensitive eyes the cruel light.

The bracelet and the pin
Are thrown aside, which once she proudly wore;
The ring, which made her kin
Have slipped the rings that shall be worn no more.

Death soon will change the scene:
A little while, and weeping over a mound
Of slowly-deepening green,
The stricken watchers will again be found.

WASHINGTON CITY.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—P. D. All manuscripts sent to the Publishers are carefully considered.

—Several correspondents reply to "A. Photo" that he will find the lines in Young's Night Thoughts, Night I.:

"Tir'd Nature's sweet restorer, balmy Sleep!
He, like the world, his ready visit pays
Where fortune smiles: the wretched he forsakes:
Swift on his downy pinions flies from woe,
And lights on kids unsullied with a tear."

—The Cicero Jones report is politely informed that the address of Mrs. or Miriam was also used in this country, and is now in Boston, at the rooms of elderly unmarried women. Mrs. Hannah More and Mrs. Joanna Baillie are similar titles.

—J. C. H. There is but one kind of allanthus-tree common in this country. Both the male and female grow in New York. The seed pods are on the female tree. They are of a reddish hue. The male blossoms shrink, Downing praised the tree for its rapid growth, but it has fallen out of favor now from its suckering and the offensive odor of the flowers. Mr. Barnum, the editor of Downing's *Landscape Gardening*, who brings rural art down to the very doors of the Peninsula, also a Japan tree, as a substitute for the allanthus.

—"MY FALSE FRIEND" is respectfully declined.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

We have received the following letter, which we print *verbatim et literatim*:

M——— georgia
the 5o november 1859

Mister harper
dear sir

I see from The rumpus That thar has bin a considerble fuss Gone on in your parry I read he adiges of you would give no ad The correspondance conected with the Dishonest men you cast get out your engagements and newspaper regular as you is accustomed to get it out plain and Distinct and you will Do well

I forget to say that I payed you in advanse please to send me a receit for the same and your Dye is due in March can Get across it if I want so as I understand ther is a Duke Due to our section we has Dun Sent our Dellegates to and niggers to pull them across the river so far I am a Democrat and will be as long as I am a citizen of a Sovereign State I am yours respectfully

MR. PUBBS is an extraordinarily facetious man; so much so in Pubbs that he doesn't even take his oysters pro-miscuously without a joke. "For d'ye see, my boy," says Pubbs, "there's an astonishing no these promiscuous people, that I can't abide to manufacture a joke." With this eloquent sentiment, Pubbs goes to Delmonico's. "Hold on, Delmonico," says Pubbs, "I'll have a few oysters, if you please—no, not a corpulent Dutchman sized beside him, successfully surveying a single square on the plate before him. "No more round than Dutchmen!" kills first, the expression of the Dutchman's face changed from pleasure to pain.

"Ah! uncle Sam, you schneller him white? Better says Hamilton.

"Of course," says Pubbs.

"And you, Delmonico blue him whole, too," pitiously with his fork to the lone oyster that lay on the plate before him.

"Certainly I can," says Pubbs, and, suiting the action to the word, he squeezed the one on to his fork, and it was gone in a twinkling.

"Uncle Sam Gott, dat is wonderful, wonderful! I be one big fool, I be one big fool, I be one, two, three—every time I spit him Jack."

Pubbs sat down, and—swore—once more.

A very Northern trader sold a an amusing story of Bill Williams, who got the money he spends for whiskey by every other way he can and there is no fun that Lither Green united him out day, and Bill, coming just from a spree, was sitting on a log, when Green, who was passing, stopped and asked him what he was doing. He answered as the very moment when the oddity with his face struck him, and the unsuspicious dame to his question. "Me ither pretended to ask a blessing, which Bill thought was mocking his kith and kin, and he replied sarcastically for the desire, when he called out to the rider, "Say, Green, you d——d fool!"

"What do you want, Mr. Williams?"

"Why, I want to know if you have a little slightly running over you."

Among the remarkable religious papers—the *Christian Advocate*—states, as fact, that a preacher of considerable promise, in Tennessee, was a teacher for years past, had occasion, in a sermon, to allude to the sinking of Christ, and, using the language of Julius to Brutus, he began by telling them that "There was a little girl in the congregation, who, at the time, was sick at the house of Count. The little girl died, and she must have been carried to see if he could not relate to her the dead. Jesus came and putting them all out of the room, he took the little girl by the hand and said, 'Talitha cumi,' and little Talitha got up and ate supper with them."

Such, the other day, while looking at the skeleton of a donkey, and admiring and wondering at the structure of the animal's mouth, made a very intelligent observation. "Ah!" said he, "no ass fearfully and wonderful."

ACCIDENT IN THE TOO.—In the terrible fog of last week, Horace Greeley, was blown down in Broadway by a heavy gust of wind. As soon as possible, an equally bewildered pedestrian, coming up, observed, "Now then, move on, Horace."

Brebbs, a celebrated juggler, being at Canterbury fair, was desired by a countryman to perform a trick very almost starved. He repaired to the churchwardens, and requested the loan of a hat of a little consequence. "Sir, your if the parish would pay for bringing it up to you. The churchwardens refused to lend the hat, and Brebbs, not securing the churchwardens valet upon the wicked hat, he exclaimed:

"I should laugh to see him!" said Dreblan: "de pedlis were for de poor. I took apot my pennies, and given to some poor, who are de poorest in de parish."

"Well!" exclaimed the churchwardens, "this is a trick!"

"I know it," replied the conjurer. "I live by my tricks."

A missionary in New Zealand was lost in the bush. There was not much in sight of him but a heap of savages, of whom they were very fond. He was even then devoted to slavery. "If I had found him," replied one of them, "I should have eaten him!"

A FAMILY SECRET.—We never knew a family that had not a Cousin in it.

PROS AND CONS FOR POTE PUS.

The Pope has a baker in Rome.
He has the Church for child and wife,
With Italian, Gaul, and Austria, for friend,
And eke Infallibility.

With Antonelli's counsels sage,
Wyseman and Bowyer's settled page,
About near write what cards he will,
And the Immaculate Trick he'll play.

Let Garibaldi rouse to arms,
A cadet's voice the trumpet charms:
If to give false Napoleon duty,
The Swiss Volunteers the Colours.

But yet he's not a happy man,
With Grammont at the Vatican,
In Peter's room "no room" he sees,
With pointed bayonets prugging it.

Morton meetings break his rest,
Starbuckers have a bit to pick the breast;
Arcetis and Frazee, it is said,
Both send him with swords and guns.

Between two stools, as all folks know,
Into the ground he comes below.
Much more his Holiness of Rome
Between some stools is glad must come.

Peeps of France his conduct school:
A rebel people quiet he rule;
As fervent, pious, and as true
The Saunders of the Vatican.

When sometimes contentious Rome
And sensitive Senior guards turn tail;
When naked Truth does face the day,
Splendors and figments thrown away—

When Austria hides her damaged land,
And Bombastes shrinks to bed;
When Pio Nono's text defense
Is Vaudlin's truth and Calista's sense—

Oh! Hollow Mock, that silent there,
In Peter's empty bed my chair,
Bleeder of my country's wrongs,
I would not that thy seat were mine.

EMPLOYMENT FOR WOMEN.—To teach the men to behave better to them. Our only fear is that the employment will be found too difficult for them, and that after all they would not quite reach it.

A runaway thief having applied to a blacksmith for work, the latter showed him some handcuffs, and asked him if he understood such kind of work.

"Why, yes, Sir," said the other, "I guess I've had a hand in 'em often."

One Sunday lately a shoemaker was arrested for repairing shoes on a holiday. He was taken to the station-house, locked up, discharged, and summoned to appear before the second police justice. "Friend thou lookest better in mending leather than in making such excuses as these."

An Irish tramp called for relief at St. Peter's Hospital, Bristol, and complained of being ill, when the doctor gave him an ounce for some medicine. When he presented the order and heard what it provided, Pat said he was "very ill, but he was sure he could be ill to the tune of a pound." The doctor wished him the joke, and knew better than the patient. "Then," said Pat, "take it all, sir, and welcome."

THE MORTARA STORY AND MORAL.

A Jew boy comes home rather grimy and greasy,
Has been playing in social spirits with the Devil,
"He's a Christian," cries Pius, with conscience uneasy,
Grieved,
Cries Pius, back, "But if making a Christian's so easy,
Why don't you convert your wife, the Pope?"

A friend of ours has a little son who is considered by the knowing ones as quite a "debater."

A few days since his mother observed that he visited a particular corner in the garden quite often, and watched him. Curiosity led her to steal down one morning, when she saw him considering a feather he had pulled out of his cap-feather. He looked at it very attentively, and then at a little bird which he had recently killed, within the contiguous yard.

"Now, I guess you'll go to ride chickens as well as any body." At this point the laugh came in, and the mother's curiosity was satisfied.

The Fredonia Debating Society were considering the propriety of purchasing a hotel bar; and it was used as an argument in favor of the measure that the hotel was engrossed a wish that, when he died, he might be laid in the bar. The bill was lost by a single vote.

Down in Kentucky a dog-fight was got up, and it was asked of one who was inclined to the purchase.

"Will it fight?" "Will it fight? Why, he be pyrebowed: but the man who agreed to be buried in it has backed out."

LOVE POEM.

He struggled to kiss her. She struggled the same
Till both were as red and embarrassed as flame;
But, as smiles by lightning, he heard her exclaim,
"Oh, you're such a bad, wicked, naughty man!"

But when he returned with the *fandishest* laugh,
Showing clearly that he was ashamed,
She cried "Don't!" and the poor fellow left off.

He was a man of a very old-fogy sort, and it was asked of one who was indicted to the purchase.

"Will it sell?" "Will it sell? Why, it will be prosecuted: but the man who agreed to be buried in it has backed out."

LOVE POEM.

He struggled to kiss her. She struggled the same
Till both were as red and embarrassed as flame;
But, as smiles by lightning, he heard her exclaim,
"Oh, you're such a bad, wicked, naughty man!"

But when he returned with the *fandishest* laugh,
Showing clearly that he was ashamed,
She cried "Don't!" and the poor fellow left off.

At one of the resorts held in Bucks County, and which was presided over by the late Judge Busks, Mr. Thorn was led with the following bit of poetics. "Mr. Thorn is a considerable ability, but rather diffident."

The Judge was fond of the use of the word, and would say, "Mr. Thorn, you have a very diffident air," or "a very diffident manner."

At one of the resorts held in Bucks County, and which was presided over by the late Judge Busks, Mr. Thorn was led with the following bit of poetics. "Mr. Thorn is a considerable ability, but rather diffident."

The Judge was fond of the use of the word, and would say, "Mr. Thorn, you have a very diffident air," or "a very diffident manner."

"May it please the Court, there's a man in jail that wants to get out."

"Then let him get out," said the Judge, in a fit of pique.

"There's a many another man like him; and he'd be a fool if he didn't get out."

It was some time before Mr. T. recovered his self-possession, and then he was properly sworn.

A correspondent of the Columbus (South Carolina) *Times* gives the following exclusively illustration of the peculiarities of the Irish: "A wedding took place by the name of Conkey, having been solemnized by the holy bonds of matrimony, the usual congratulations were passed, and even compositions, to the printer for publication.

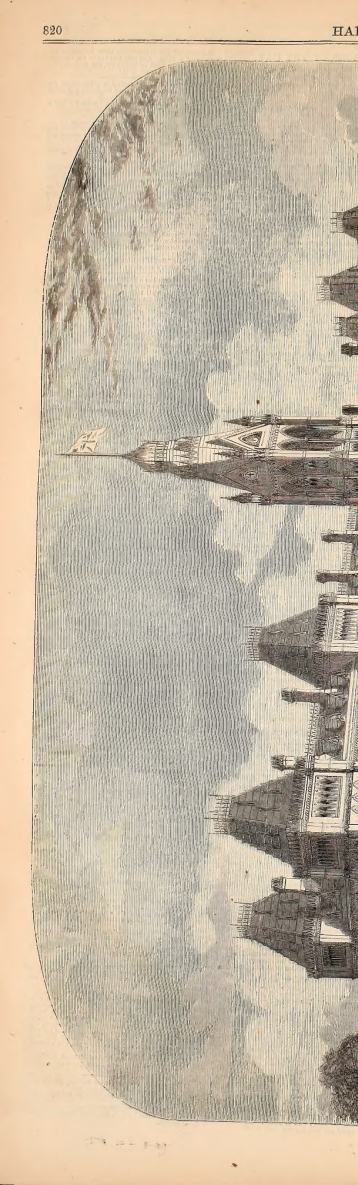
"Married—At Graham, Feb. 19, A. Conkey, Esq., Attorney at Law, to Miss Angelina Wiggins.

"Married—At the same time and place
That beat in subtlety,
Timothy Conkey with its rosebuds
No bitter fellow to be Conkey."

He looked with much anxiety for the next issue of the *Gresham Sentinel*, to order to see his name in print. The paper came out, and there was the notice, but the printer happened to be on a spree at the time, and made a wonderful blunder. The notice appeared in the following manner:

"Married—At Graham, Feb. 19, A. Donkey, Esq., Attorney at Law, to Miss Angelina Wiggins.

"June is an union of two heads
That both is soft wood,
Timothy Donkey with its rosebuds
No bitter fellow to be don



THE PROPOSED NEW PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS AT OTTAWA CITY, CANADA.

THE NEW PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS AT OTTAWA, CANADA.

We engrave on this page a picture of the new Parliament Buildings which are about to be erected at the City of Ottawa, Canada West. The architects are Messrs. Fuller & Jones of Toronto. The *Leader* of that city thus describes the design:

"The style of the Parliament buildings is akin to the Southern or Italian Gothic, or more properly, it is the Gothic adopted to this climate. They are required to be constructed for a sum not exceeding £75,000; and the successful architects are confident that their plan can be carried out for that sum. These buildings will be about 500 feet long, and of irregular width; the centre of the series towers will be 180 feet high, and the body of the building in front about 40 feet, with standing roofs. The Legislative Halls are placed on each side of the central court—which is about 100 feet by 70, so that it will afford ample light and air—from which they are separated by corridors. They are on the ground-floor; and in capacity are each equal to the English House of Lords: 95 feet by 45. The plan adopted is the only one in which the Legislative Halls are placed on the ground-floor, an advantage so manifest that we may be sure it would not have been overlooked in deciding upon the plans. There are no rooms above the Legislative Halls; and from the plan of lighting which is to be adopted there could have been none. The panelled roof admits light during the day, which is in addition to that supplied by the side windows; and at night the artificial light will also descend from above. The light thus given will be of that peculiar soft kind which will render the change from day to night almost imperceptible. This is no doubtful experiment; for this plan of lighting is adopted from that actually in use in the British House of Commons. No gas will be required in the body of the Chambers. The mode of lighting is another advantage peculiar to the plans adopted. The galleries for the accommodation of the public, which are of ample dimensions, do not protrude into the Chambers at all, but are situated over the corridor. This arrangement is in a very convenient one, but it was not peculiar to that or the plans adopted, as it was to be found in one of the others. But taking the three things together—the fact that the Legislative Halls are placed on the ground-floor, the mode of lighting from the roof, and the placing of the galleries over the corridors—form an assemblage of convenient arrangements not to be found in any of the other plans. The Reporters' gallery is placed behind the Speaker's chair, and may be of any required dimensions. A separate entrance is provided for the Reporters, as for the Governor-General; and an apartment is provided for them in which to write out their notes. The library building is of circular shape, and situated in the rear of the main building, from which it is partially detached, as much as it can be said to be when connected by one story instead of two. It is on the plan of the new library of the British Museum, and is fire-proof. It will be capable of holding some 200,000 volumes.

"Between the Legislative Halls and the central court there is a corridor, a noiseless lobby at the end, and another corridor on the other side. Beyond this, and parallel with the Legislative Halls, are wardrobes, watercloseta, etc. The reading-rooms are at the back-end of the Legislative Halls; and the Speaker's rooms at the outer corners of the square that encloses the two chambers and the central court. Speaker's and Librarian's residences are attached; but they form no necessary part of the building; and indeed we believe were put in by the architects without express orders, as that they may or may not be constructed along with the other buildings. There is a small court in the centre of each wing; the rooms around which will serve for committees, clerks, and other needful purposes. At the further end of the central court is a room for His Excellency the Governor-General. The post-offices are placed near the main entrance, over which rises the central tower, and under which carriages may be driven. The members' entrance is on a direct line with the outer corridors, between the Legislative Halls; or rather on extension of these corridors to the front. The entrances to the offices and committee-rooms are in the centre of the wings in front of the building; so that there will be no unnecessary contact of different classes of persons, which business will require them to obtain access to the Legislative buildings. The smoking-rooms are in the back part of the buildings, in the one-storied part that lends from the main building to the library.

"The disposition of space on the second story is precisely the same as in the first, though, as already remarked, that portion of the building which forms Legislative Halls, and that which forms the connecting link of the main building with the library, are only one story high. The arrangements for heating and ventilating are deemed to be ample.

"It is intended to place the buildings on the bank of the river, which is some 150 feet high, and from which they will present an imposing appearance. At the rear of the buildings—which will run parallel with the river —the elevated library, rising 50 feet above the surface, will present a conspicuous figure. The front, with its seven towers, the central one rising to an altitude of 220 feet, will expose one of the handsomest buildings in America."

THE WOMAN in WHITE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

[AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "AFTER DARK," ETC., ETC.

(Printed from advance proof-sheets purchased from the author exclusively for "Harper's Weekly.")

HARTRIGHT'S NARRATIVE—*Continued.*

X.

Not a word more was said, on either side, as we walked back to the house. Miss Halcombe hastened immediately to her sister's room, and I withdrew to my studio to set in order all of Mr. Fairlie's drawings that I had not yet mounted and restored before I resigned them to the care of other hands. Thoughts that I had hitherto restrained, thoughts that made my position harder than ever to endure, crowded on me now that I was alone.

She was engaged to be married; and her future husband was Sir Percival Glyde. A man of the rank of baronet, and the owner of property in Hampshire.

There were hundreds of baronets in England, and dozens of land-owners in Hampshire. Judging by the ordinary rules of evidence, I had not the shadow of a reason, thus far, for connecting Sir Percival Glyde with the suspicious words of

inquiry that had been spoken to me by the woman in white. And yet, I did connect him with Anne Catherick, because he had now become associated in my mind with Miss Fairlie; Miss Fairlie being, in her turn, associated with Anne Catherick, since the night when I had discovered the ominous likeness between them? Had the events of the morning so unnerved me already that I was at the mercy of my delusion which common chances and common coincidences might suggest to my imagination? Impossible to say. I could only feel that what had passed between Miss Halcombe and myself, on our way from the summer-house, had affected me very strangely. The foreboding of some undiscoverable danger lying hid from us all in the darkness of the future, was strong on me. The doubt whether I was not linking together a chain of events which even my approaching departure from Cumberland would be powerless to snap asunder—the doubt whether we any of us saw the end as the end would really be—pestered me more than once during the rest of my walk. Poignant as it was, the sense of suffering caused by the miserable end of my first, presumptuous love, seemed to be blunted and deadened by the still stronger sense of something obscurely impending, something invisibly threatening, that Time was holding over our heads.

I had been engaged with the drawings little more than half an hour when there was a knock at the door. It opened, on my answering; and, to my surprise, Miss Halcombe appeared on the threshold.

Her manner was angry and agitated. She caught up a chair for herself, sat down, and gave her one; and sat down in it, close at my side.

"Mr. Hartright," she said, "I had hoped that all painful subjects of conversation were exhausted between us, for to-day at least. But it is not to be so. There is some underhand villainy at work to frighten my sister about her approaching marriage. You saw me send the gardener on to the house, with a letter addressed, in a strange handwriting, to Miss Fairlie?"

"Certainly."

"That letter is an anonymous letter—a vile attempt to injure Sir Percival Glyde in my sister's estimation. It has so agitated and alarmed her that I have had the greatest possible difficulty in composing her spirits sufficiently to allow me to leave her room and come here. I know this is a family matter on which I ought not to consult you, and in which you can feel no concern or interest—"

"I beg your pardon, Miss Halcombe. I feel the strongest possible concern and interest in any thing that affects Miss Fairlie's happiness or yours."

"I am glad to hear you say so. You are the only person in the house, or out of it, who can advise me. Mr. Fairlie, in his state of health and with his horror of difficulties and mysteries of all kinds, is not to be thought of. The clergyman is a good, weak man, who knows nothing out of the routine of his duties; and our neighbors are just the sort of comfortable, jog-trot acquaintances whom one can not disturb in times of trouble and danger. What I want you to do is this: ought I, at once, to take such steps as I can to discover the writer of the letter? or ought I to wait, and apply to Mr. Fairlie's legal adviser to-morrow? It is a question—perhaps a very important one—of gaining or losing a day. Tell me what you think, Mr. Hartright. If necessary had not already obliged me to take you into my confidence under very delicate circumstances, even my helpless situation would, perhaps, be no excuse for me. As it is, things are, I can not surely be wrong, after all that has passed between us, in requesting that you are a friend of only three months' standing."

She gave me the letter. It began abruptly, without any preliminary form of address, as follows:

"Do you believe in dreams? I hope, for your own sake, that you do. See what Scripture says about dreams and their fulfillment (Genesis xl. 8, xli. 25; Daniel ix. 16–25); and take the warning I send you before it is too late.

"Last night I dreamed about you, Miss Fairlie. I dreamed that I was standing inside the communion rails of a church; I on one side of the altar-table, and the clergyman, with his surplice and his prayer-book, on the other.

"After a time there walked toward us, down the aisle of the church, a man and a woman, coming to be married. You were the woman. You looked so pretty and innocent in your bridal white and veil, and your long white lace veil, that my heart felt for you, and the tears came into my eyes.

"They were tears of pity, young lady, that Heaven blesses; and, instead of falling from my eyes like ordinary tears that we all of us shed, they turned into two rays of light which shined nearer and nearer to the man standing at the altar with you, till they touched his forehead. The two rays sprang in arches like two rainbows, between me and him. I looked through them, and I saw down into his inmost heart.

"The outside of the man you were marrying was fair enough to see. He was good looking, in nor short—he was a little below the middle size. A light, active, high-spirited man—most fresh and fair-looking for his age, to look at. He had a pale face, and was tired over the forehead, but had dark hair on the rest of his head. His beard was shaven on his chin, but was let to grow, of a fine rich brown, on his cheeks and his upper lip. His eyes were brown too, and very bright; his nose straight and handsome and delicate enough to have done for a woman's. So he looked the same. He was troubled from time to time with a dry cough; and when he put a cross on his white right hand to his mouth, he showed the red scar of an old wound across the back of it. Have I dreamed of the right man? I know best, Miss Fairlie; and you can say if I have described you, and, when I shall see you beneath the outside—I entreat you read, and profit.

"I looked along the two rays of light, and I saw down into his inmost heart. It was black as night; and in the midst of it was a mass of flaming letters which are the handwriting of the fallen angels, and which spell nothing but remorse. He has strewn with misery the paths of others, and he will live to strew with misery the path of his own life. Such is the man's past; and then the rays of light shifted and shattered over his future. And there, before him, stood a fiend, laughing. And the rays of light shifted once more, and pointed over your future; and there, too, was the fiend, and he sat weeping. And the rays of light shifted for the third time, and united between the future you and that man. They widened and widened, thrusting you both asunder, one from the other. And the fiend came between you, with rage-service in vain; it was gone out of the dark, and he was gone with it, and was lost with him in despair. And I woke with my eyes full of tears and my heart beating—for I believe in dreams.

"Believe, too, Miss Fairlie—I beg of you, for your own sake, believe as I do. Joseph and Daniel, and others in Scripture, believed in dreams. Inquire into the past life of that man to whom you are on the point of giving the words that make you his miserable wife. I don't ask you to take warning on my assertion of the future. I have an interest in your well-being that will live as long as I draw breath. Your own conscience is not an illiterate guide, and I hear—for your mother was my first, my best, my only friend."

There the extraordinary letter ended, without signature of any sort.

The handwriting afforded no prospect of a clew. It was remarkably uniform in size, in the cramped, conventional, copy-book character, technically termed "small hand." It was fine, but not delicate, and traced by blots, but had not enough to distinguish it.

"The letter is not an illiterate letter," said Miss Halcombe, "and, at the same time, it is surely too incoherent to be the letter of an educated person in the higher ranks of life. The reference to the bridal dress and veil, and other little expressions, seem to point to it as the production of a woman. What do you think, Mr. Hartright?"

"I think so too. It seems to me to be not only the letter of a woman, but of a woman whose mind must be—"

"Deranged?" suggested Miss Halcombe. "It struck me in that light too."

I did not answer. While I was speaking, my eyes rested on the last sentence of the letter:

"Your mother's daughter has a tender place in my heart—for your mother was my first, my best, my only friend." Those words, and the thoughts which had just escaped me in the sanctity of the writer of the letter, acting together upon my mind, suggested the wholly false and literally afraid to express openly, or even to encourage secretly. I began to doubt whether the writer of the letter was in reality in her right mind. Miss Halcombe's own words, "I believe, too, Miss Fairlie," were standing inside the communion rails of a church; I,

lorn little Crozier, isolated in his own desert island of solitary penal disgrace.

The door, when we got round to it, was ajar; and the schoolmaster's voice reached us plainly, as we both stopped for a minute under the portal. "Now, boys," said the voice, "mind what I tell you. If I hear another word spoken about ghosts in this school, it will be the worst for all of you. There are no such things as ghosts; and, therefore, any boy who believes in ghosts, believes in what can possibly be true, and a boy who belongs to Limmeridge School, and believes in what can possibly be untrue, is a boy who is a coward and an idiot, and must be punished against reason and discipline, and must be punished accordingly. You all see Jacob Postlethwaite standing up on the stool there in disgrace. He has been punished, not because he said he saw a ghost last night, but because he is too impudent and too obstinate to listen to reason; and because he persists in telling his reason; and because he persists in telling his story after he knows he has told him that no such thing can possibly be. If nothing else will do, we will send for the ghost out of Jacob Postlethwaite; and if the thing spreads among any of the rest of you, I mean to go to work further, and cause the ghost to visit the whole school."

We seem to have chosen an awkward moment for our visit," said Miss Halcombe, looking upon the door at the end of the schoolmaster's address, and blushing like fire.

Our appearance produced a strong sensation among the boys. They appeared to think that we had arrived for the express purpose of seeing Jacob Postlethwaite caned.

"Go home and tell your mother to dinner," said the schoolmaster, except Jacob. Jacob must stop where he is; and the class may bring him his dinner, if they feel so pleased."

Jacob's fortitude deserted him at the double disappearance of his dinner and his tormentors. He cried, but we little expected to find ourselves occupied in exorcising a ghost. What does it all mean? We could hardly question the boy.

That wicked boy has been frightening the whole school, Miss Halcombe," said the master, when he saw a gentle interest awakening in the mistress. "And he has still persists in his absurd story, in spite of all that I can say to him."

Most extraordinary," said Miss Halcombe. "I should not have thought it possible that any of the boys had imagination enough to see a ghost. This is a new sensation in itself to the idea of forming the youthful mind at Limmeridge—and I heartily wish you well through it, Mr. Dempster. But, in the mean time, I have a plan to propose to you on more, and what it is I want."

She then put the same question to the schoolmaster which we had already asked in the street—every one else in the village. It was met by the same discouraging answer. The schoolmaster had not an idea on the stranger of whom we were in search.

We may as well return to the house, Mr. Hartright," said Miss Halcombe, "the information we want is evidently not to be had here."

She had turned to Mr. Dempster, and was about to leave the school-room, when the forlorn position of Jacob Postlethwaite, gazing ruefully at us on the stool of penitence, attracted her attention as she passed him, and moved her strong good-humoredly to speak a word to the little prisoner before she opened the door.

"Your foolish boy," she said, "why don't you beg Mr. Dempster's pardon, and hold your tongue about the ghost?"

"Do I, miss? I saw t' ghaist," persisted Jacob Postlethwaite, with a stare of terror and a burst of tears.

"Stuff and nonsense! You saw nothing of the kind. Come, come, Jacob! You must not stop there all day."

"I beg your pardon, Miss Halcombe," interposed the schoolmaster, a little uneasily—"but I think you had better not question the boy. The obstinate folly of his story is beyond all belief; and you might find him incorrigible."

"Ignorantly, what?" inquired Miss Halcombe, sharply.

"Ignorantly shocking your feelings," said Mr. Dempster, looking very much discomposed.

"Upon my word, Mr. Dempster, you pay my feelings a great compliment in thinking them weak enough to be shocked by such an article as that!" She turned with us as she spoke, at a distance to little Jacob, and began to question him directly. "Speak the truth, my boy, and let us know all about this. You naughty boy, when did you see the ghost?"

Yeste'een, in the gloaming," replied Jacob.

"Oh! you saw it yesterday evening, in the twilight? And what was it like?"

"Ar! in white—as a ghaist should be," answered the ghost-seer, with a confidence beyond his years.

"And where was it?"

"Away yander, in t' Kirk-yard—where a ghaist ought to be."

"As a ghaist should be, indeed! a ghaist ought to be—why, you little fool, you talk of the manners and customs of ghosts had been familiar to you from your infancy! You have got your story at your fingers' end, at any rate. I suppose I shall hear next that you can actually tell me whose ghost it was?"

"Eh! but I just can," replied Jacob, nodding his head with an air of gloomy triumph.

Mr. Dempster had already tried several times to speak, while Miss Halcombe was examining his pupil; and he now interposed resolutely enough to make himself heard.

"Excuse me, Miss Halcombe," he said, "if I venture to say that no one can be more ready than I am to see the boy asking him these questions."

"I will merely ask one more, Mr. Dempster," she said then; "I shall be quite satisfied. Well," she continued, turning to the boy, "and whose ghost was it?"

"The ghaist of Mistress Fairlie," answered Jacob, in a whisper.

The effect which this extraordinary reply produced on Miss Halcombe fully justified the anxiety which Mr. Dempster had shown to prevent her from hearing it. Her face crimsoned with indignation—she turned sternly on Jacob with an expression of wrathful terror—then broke into a fresh burst of tears—opened her lips to speak—but, by some marvellous effort, controlled herself—and addressed the master instead of the boy.

"It is useless," she said, "to question a child as old and as ignorant as that he says. I have little doubt that the idea has been put into his head by some of the grown people in this village, Mr. Dempster, who have forgotten the respect and gratitude due from every one of us to my sister's memory. I will find them out, and, if I have any influence with Mr. Fairlie, they shall hear of it."

"I hope—indeed, I am sure, Miss Halcombe —that you are mistaken," said the schoolmaster. But the latter lapse and sank with the boy's own perversity and folly. He saw, or fancied he saw, that Miss Halcombe's secondary evening, as he was passing the church-yard, and the figure, real or fancied, was standing by the marble cross, which was the most conspicuous object in the little enclosure to be the monument over Mrs. Fairlie's grave. He bowed, and bit the very air out of the school-room.

Throughout the whole of this interview I had stood by, listening attentively, and drawing my own conclusions. As soon as we were alone again, Miss Halcombe saw me; and I had formed an opinion on what I had heard.

"A very strong opinion," I answered; "the boy's story is, to my mind, the story made perfect. I confess I am anxious to see the monument over Mrs. Fairlie's grave, and to examine the ground about it."

"You shall see the grave."

She walked on, without any further reply, and reflected a little as we walked on. What has happened in the schoolroom, Mr. Hartright," she said, completely distracted my attention from the subject of the letter, that I feel a little bewildered about it. I will not ask you to give up all idea of making any further inquiries, and wait to place the thing in Mr. Gilmore's hands."

"By no means, Miss Halcombe. What has happened in the schoolroom encourages me to persevere in the investigation."

"Why does it encourage you?"

"Because it has confirmed a suspicion I felt when you gave me the letter to read."

"I am getting more and more puzzled, Mr. Hartright, for concealing that suspicion from me till this moment?"

"I was afraid to encourage it in myself. I thought it was utterly preposterous—I distrusted it as the creation of some perversion in my own imagination. But I can do so no longer. Not only the boy's own answers to your questions, but even a chance expression that dropped from the schoolmaster's lips in explaining his story, have forced me to the conclusion that the boy may yet prove that idea to be a delusion, Miss Halcombe, but the belief is strong in me, at this moment, that the ghost which haunts the church-yard, and the writer of the anonymous letter, are one and the same person."

She stopped, turned pale, and looked me eagerly in the face.

"What ghost?"

"The schoolmaster unconsciously told you. When he spoke of the figure that the boy saw in the church-yard, he called it 'a woman in white.'"

"Not Anne Catherick!"

"Yes, Anne Catherick."

She put her hand through my arm, and leaned on it heavily.

"I don't know why," she said, in low tones, "but those words, and the sudden suspicion of yours that seems to startle and unnerve me. I feel as if something dreadful was coming. Look at me, Mr. Hartright," she went on, "I will show you the grave, and then go back at once to the house. I feel as if my nerves have left me all alone. I find better go back and sit with her."

We were now at the church-yard gate, and spoke. The church, a dreary building of gray stone, was situated in a little valley, so as to be sheltered from the north wind by the rising of the moorland all round it. The burial-ground widened, from the church to the gate, like the way up the shoe of the hill. It was surrounded by a rough low stone wall, and was here and there open to the moor, except where, at one place, a brook trickled down the stony hill-side, and a clump of dwarf trees threw their narrow shadows over the short, meagre grass. Just beyond the brook and the trees, and not far from one of the three stone stiles which afforded entrance, at various points, to the church-yard, rose the white marble cross that distinguished Mrs. Fairlie's grave from the humbler monuments scattered about it.

"I need go no farther with you," said Miss Halcombe, pointing to the grave. "You will let me know if you find any thing to confirm the idea you have just mentioned to me. Let us meet again at the house."

She left me, and descended at once to the church-yard, and crossed the stile which led directly to Mrs. Fairlie's grave.

The grass about it was too short, and the ground too hard, to show any marks of footsteps. Disappointed that the next looked attentively at the cross, and at the square block of marble below it, on which the inscription was cut.

The natural whiteness of the cross was a little clouded, here and there, by weather-stains; but rather more than one half of the square block beneath it, on the side which bore the inscription, was free from discoloration. The other half, however, attracted my attention at once, by its singular freedom from stain or impurity of any kind. I looked closer, and saw that it had been cleaned—recently cleaned, in a downward direction, by some hand that had passed between the part that had been cleaned and the part that had not, with sensible wherever the inscription left a blank space of marble—sharply traceable as a line that had been produced by artificial means. Who had begun the cleaning of the marble, and who had left it unfinished?

I looked round me, and saw that the question was to be solved. No sign of a habitation could be discerned from the point at which I stood—the wide, lonely burial ground was left in lonely possession of the dead. I returned to the stile, and looked round it till I came to the back of the building; then crossed the boundary wall beyond, to another of the stone stiles; and found myself on a little path, which led through into a deserted stone quarry. Against one side of the quarry a hut had been built for shelter; and just outside the door an old woman was engaged in washing.

I walked up to her, and entered into conversation about the church and burial-ground. She was very communicative, and almost the first words she said, informed me that her husband filled the two offices of clerk and sexton. I said a few words about the price of Mrs. Fairlie's monument. The old woman shook her head, and told me that she had not seen it—at least, I understood her husband's business to look after it; but he had been so ailing and weak, for months and months past, that he had only been able to crawl into church on Sundays to do his duty, and the monument had been neglected accordingly. I asked if the work was a little better now; and, in a week or ten days' time, he hoped to be strong enough to go to work and clean it.

This information—extracted from a long rambling answer, in the broadest Cumberland dialect—left me exactly where I had started to leave the poor woman a trifle, and returned at once to Limmeridge House.

The partial cleansing of the monument had evidently been accomplished by a strange hand. Conversing with the boy, Jacob Postlethwaite, with what I had suspected after hearing the story of the ghost seen in the village, I was something more to confirm my resolution to watch Mrs. Fairlie's grave, in secret, that evening: returning it as a matter of course, and waiting with it till night fell. The work of cleansing the inscription might be renewed at any time by the person by whom it had been begun might return to complete it.

On getting back to the house I informed Miss Halcombe of what I intended to do. She looked surprised and uneasy while I was explaining my purpose; but she made no positive objection to the execution of it. She only said, "I hope we may not wait in vain," and left me, when I spoke again, I stopped her to inquire, as calmly as I could, after Marian's health. She was in better spirits; and Miss Halcombe hoped she might be induced to take a little walking exercise while the fine weather lasted.

I returned to my own room to resume setting the drawings in order. It was necessary to do this, and doubly necessary to keep my mind employed on my thing that would help to distract my attention from the one subject, from the one future that lay before me. From time to time I paused from my work to look out of the window and watch the sky as the sun sank nearer and nearer to the horizon. On one of those occasions I saw the boy Jacob leave the walk under the window. It was Miss Fairlie.

I had not seen her since the morning; and I had hardly spoken to her then. Another day at Limmeridge was all that remained to me; and after that day we might never look upon her again. This thought was enough to hold me as the river holds the swimmer who struggles for her, to arrange the blind so that she might not see me if she looked up; but I had no strength to resist the impulse to look myself, my eyes, at least, follow her as far as they could on her walk.

She was dressed in a brown cloak, with a plain black silk gown under it. On her head was the same little straw hat which she had worn on the morning when we first met. A veil was attached to it now, which hid her face from me. Her hair was tested a little Italian greyhound, the pet companion of all her walks, smartly dressed in a new scarlet collar, which kept the sharp air from his delicate skin. She did not seem to notice the dog. She walked straight forward, with a firm, free step, carrying a light, her arms folded in her cloak. The dead leaves which whirled in the wind before me, when I had heard of her marriage engagement in the morning, whirled in the wind before her, and rose and fell and scattered themselves at her feet, as she walked on in the pale waning sunlight. The dog shivered and trembled, and pressed against her dress impatiently for notice and encouragement. But she never looked down to him, but went farther and farther away from me, with the dead leaves whirling about her on the path—walked on till my aching eyes lost sight of her no more, and I was left alone again with my own heavy heart.

In another hour's time I had done my work, and the sunset was at hand. I got my hat and coat in the hall, and slipped out of the house without seeing any one.

The clouds were wild in the western heaven, and the wind blew cold from the north. The sun the shore was, the sound of the surf swept over the intervening moorland, and beat drearily in my ears as I walked. I entered the church-yard. Not a living creature was in sight. The place looked lonelier than ever, as I passed the cross, and waited and watched, with my eyes on the white cross that rose over Mrs. Fairlie's grave.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, December 12, in the Senate, the Slavery question was disposed of—Messrs. Hammond, Bayard, Pugh, Johnson, Trumbull, and Douglas.——The House was not organized, the parties being Messrs. Kilgore, Sherrill, Haskin, Hickman, Florence, and Nodl. No vote was taken for Speaker.

On Tuesday, December 13, in the Senate, speeches on the Slavery question by Senators Clark, Wade, Hale, and Wilson.——In the House, in the session, Slavery was discussed as the only matter in Mr. Morris, Rhode I. Stokes, Adrain, Hickman, and Clark. Pelton, Florence, and Haskin were also discussed.

On Wednesday, December 14, in the Senate, Senator Wade spoke on the Slavery question.——The question of Senator Green's resolution to inquire into the facts which gave the Arsenal at Liberty, Missouri among the property to be sold under Senator Crittenden's bill was put to the vote, and lost by 32 to 28; after which Senator Green moved to lay the whole matter aforesaid on the table; but the question confirmed Mr. Amers J. Morris, of Rhode Island, Mr. Gilmer, Mr. Sickles, Seidy, deceased.——In the House, eleven speeches on Slavery were made—by Messrs. Curtis, Pendleton, Smith, Ashmore, etc. Another ballot for Speaker was taken, the following result: Sherman, 81; Bocock, 66; Gilmer, 23; scattering, 11.

On Thursday, December 15, in the Senate, the Committee was appointed under Mr. Mason's resolution. It consists of Messrs. Mason, Davis, Hunter, and Doolittle. Some other routine business was transacted, and the Senate adjourned over to Monday.——In the House, Mr. Sherman, Mr. Bocock, Mr. Gilmer, Mr. Howard, Mr. Pendleton and Crawford. Two inconclusive ballots were taken for Speaker, 14 in both ending in no choice; Mr. Sherman in both obtaining 116; Mr. Bocock, 88; Mr. Gilmer, 23; Mr. Howard, 1; the rest, 3. The House then adjourned over to Saturday.

On Friday, 16th, in the House, the Senate not being in session, Messrs. Sherman, of Ohio; Bocock, of Virginia, of Kentucky, delivered speeches on the relations between the North and South. Mr. Sherman's speech was considered their remarks. The House proceeded to ballot for Speaker, with the following result: Sherman, 116; Bocock, 86; Gilmer, 26; scattering, 8. No election. On the ballot Mr. Sherman received the votes of every member but Mr. Gilmer, but the Democrats declined to follow their example. Mr. Sherman, of Ohio, was the nominee of the Republican party, of Virginia, of the Democratic party, of Kentucky, of the Opposition, and representative of the Harper's Ferry guilt. Mr. Sherman's election by the Republicans to five offices: Sherman, 111; Bocock, 83; Bayless, 15; scattering, 8. There being no choice the House adjourned.

THE SOUTHERN NEWS OF THE SLAVERY QUESTION.

On Tuesday Senator Clay, of Alabama, made a speech in which he spoke of the fact that he was appointed in the State of Maine in 1835 Senator Wade declared that the North and South would not exist together except as the English and the Russians. Such a sentiment has been often avowed by the most distinguished men of the North (forward, not now in his seat. He has threatened to withdraw from the Union if the Republicans did not take considerable of the language and to submit arms on that soil by the Senator from Ohio (Mr. Wade). Such Senator Seward and Mr. Wilson, and the last Senator from Massachusetts (Mr. Wilson) characterized as murderers. "The New York Herald considered us as a perfidious, privileged class, and charged us with theft, perfidy, and abuses." "I can then express my sorrow as stupid, apathetic, ignorant of the character of our institutions, and the genius of our people, when we suppose this man not the exponent of the sentiments of this party? Are the resolutions of Republican State and Territorial and advocates of sentiments which are congenial to the minds and hearts of the people of the North? Is he [could] sensibly offended [and] it was well and severe

ture of Massachusetts, under a Republican administration, has passed an act for the purpose of nullifying the Fugitive Slave Law. She distinctions the lawyer who dares to appear for the claimant of a fugitive slave. She threatens the judge who dares to try any such case with impeachment and removal. She announces the approbation of her decision. As the Senator does not deny it, I take it for granted I am right in saying that such statutes are unconstitutional. Which has been the legislative action of New Hampshire, Vermont, Rhode Island, Maine, Connecticut, New York, Michigan, and Wisconsin. All of these have nullified, as far as they could do so, the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850, which was to enforce the execution or the sending or shielding the execution of that act. Now, I am not one Senator that I think will get up and in the presence of an American Senate proclaim to the American people that these States are constitutionally act, gross infractions of the Federal Constitution, and that they ought not to be met by any action whatever by that Government. Such a doctrine is a treason in our hearing boldly, and with apparent fearlessness of security, that your speech tended to encourage treason. It has all the Constitutional rights of the South. Can you make a boundary in the face of the sun? Can you by a think to persuade us to credit these assertions, when I see you have to deny the existence of the sun to prove it please, these acts of your Legislatures—when you all state, and in private acknowledge that they violate your principles and sentiments? * * * Why should you get up and express your sentiments of the duty of the Executive to organize your party from any quarter, when you know that the Executive has no such duty? You found a letter mockery and ridicule, and you denounce that crime as deserving the execration of all civilized people? * * * Do you not know more than non—that we have no pride of home, pride of State, and pride of country? If you do not, you have no right with your professions of fraternal regard, and invite me to reciprocate your friendly feelings.

WHAT THE SOUTH INTENDS, AND WHEN.

Mr. Crawford, of Georgia, on Thursday, spoke as follows: "What is my duty? We intend to secede. Now we think the South understands you. You have got a majority of the people of the North, and you have got a majority of the Congress. You have got a majority in this House, in the other branch of Congress a majority of sixty-three in the Electoral College, and a majority in every branch of the government; and what do you propose? First, an instantaneous repeal of the Fugitive Slave Law. Next, the doctrine of your leading men. Next, the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia. Next, the abolition of the slave-trade between the States. But the most important ingredient of the party is the prohibition of slavery in the Territories by a positive law, and to put this governmental proposition on the statute-book for you can nail it. I am reminded, too, that you propose to repeal the Constitution, which is the only guarantee we have. My opinion is that the recent invasion of Virginia will prevent your carrying the election of 1861. But for myself, I am ready for you to put the experiment to the touch-stone. I want the question tested between you and us. I am ready for it. I want to know whether we are to be controlled—whether we are to be limited to where slavery can exist, or whether we are to have the right to go beyond? We have now four millions of slaves. In some twenty-five years more we will have eight millions. We demand expansion. We will have extension in spite of the Republican party and all the powers of earth. In the Old and of the New World. [Applause from the Democratic benches.] All we ask is to be let alone. Let us go and we will not trouble you. We will not ask you to repeal your laws. We will not think away from. [Hastily.] Stand by your colors. But I deem it proper to say the following ideas that you intend to do justice to the South. [Applause from the Democratic benches.] [Laughter from Benches.] Now, in regard to the election of a Black Republican President, I think you ought to wait for the sentiment of every Democrat on this floor from the State of Georgia—every one will submit to the election of a Black Republican President. [Applause from some of the Southern Democratic and Border State benches.] Stop! I repeat it, Sir, and I have authority to say so, that no Democratic representative from Georgia on this floor will ever submit to the inauguration of a Black Republican President. [Applause from Democratic benches.]

The Virginia orator could not conclude without asking the gentleman why he would prevent it?

Mr. Crawford. "That will be for the people to determine, Sir; and we do not propose to give our reasons the benefit of the information. We have been driven to it by years to settle this question. It is impossible now that we can do so. Many of my people look upon the Union, or independence out of it. For myself, I declare that I am for independence out of the Union." [Applause.]

THE REPUBLICAN VIEW OF DISUNION.

On Wednesday, Senator Wade, of Ohio, took occasion to speak to disunion. He alluded to the unprecedented character of disunion meeting his ears from the Southern benches, spoken in case to Republicans, and directed to them, felt no alarm from that cause. This Union will not easily be dissolved. Gentlemen should be calm and reasonable this way, as though it was a magazine to be blown up whenever they choose to apply the match. The Union has been more than eighty years in building, and will not be destroyed in a day. No Republican would dare to vindicate his right to the Presidential chair. He will do it. So must all Republicans. The Republican party threats of disunion which are from the South. Will you not stand by the Union also? There is no law requiring you to give up your offices. You can hold them. Government between you. There is no way in which it can be effected. Instead of all in the government being divided. If you will fill a Republican President is elected, you will have united with him. If you will not, you do it now, when you have the government in your own hands? I say to you in regard to but a very few offices that are elected by a majority of the votes of the American people, and consequently confined to those States which

A MERRY
HAPPY
5th AVENUE

RISTMAS AND
EW YEAR
HRISTMAS.
ST. STREET

CHRISTMAS-EVE.

BY GEORGE ARNOLD.

I.

Oh, such a wee little stocking
As Clare by the fireside hung
When the Christmas-eve fire was waning,
And the Christmas-eve hymn was sung;
Oh, such a wee little stocking,
So dainty, so snowily white,
That she hung on a branch of green holly
Ere bidding us all "Good-night!"

II.

What shall I put in her stocking?
Some pleasant book?—or a rhyme?
Shall I write her a precious lyric
Of love and the holiday time?
No: books are better for scholars—
At least they are silent friends;
My rhymes, glad they are many,
But there their virtue ends.

III.

Then what shall I put in the stocking
That the tiny maiden hung
On the twig of red-berried holly
When the Christmas-eve hymn was sung?
Let me put my heart in the stocking—
A fitting gift it would be;
But my heart—it is large—it is boundless—
And the stocking is dainty and wee!

IV.

Well, here is the ring on my finger,
I've worn it for many a year;
'Twas the gift of an ancient comrade
Whose memory I hold dear.
But nothing on earth I treasure
So much but that she might say,
"Oh, give me this if you love me!"
And bear it—a trophy—away.

V.

So I drop my ring in the stocking—
She knows it is mine, full well
Good comrade, I profess, forgive me!
Keep still—you could tell!
I drop my ring in the stocking,
So dainty, so snowy, so small—
Oh, Clare, if Christ's eve love thee,
May God love and cherish us all!

VI.

Ah me! my heart is boundless.
The stocking is dainty and wee;
But love has a wonderful magic,
And wonderful power on me!
When I dropped my ring in the stocking,
Breathing that earnest prayer,
My heart went in with the jewel,
A present for maiden Clare!

ITEM: ONE PAIR OF BLUE EYES.

WHOEVER cares to get at the balance of this inventory of charms, eke the property of one Lizzy Robertson, can now come into the store and overlook the guardianship of one George Markham, artist, most kind this store through to wit and. I have not yet determined at what point therein Miss Lizzie shall come upon the stage.

She was the only school friend, George Markham, returned to our little New England city, his birthplace and home, from Rome, after an absence of many years in Italy, devoted to the study of his chosen profession—painting.

He left as a thoughtful, quiet boy of seventeen. He returned a man of twenty-six, bearded, sunburned, self-reared, grave, but good-will.

George was left an orphan at the age of seven, and was at that time adopted into the family of a maternal uncle, a worthy and large-hearted shipcarpenter, who, though he had a growing family of his own to provide for, could not find it in his little toy thrown helpless upon the tender mercies of strangers. This uncle, by name Williams, gave to George such an education as was within his limited means; gave him shelter, food, and clothing; and using the boy's decided talent for the scholar trade of ship-building, and his just as decided bent for drawing and sketching, was kind enough not to oppose his strongly, but permitted him to devote his scant pocket-money and spare hours to a rudiment master of design, which carried his pupil quickly through the elements of outline, shading, and perspective, and then left him to shift for himself—that being, in fact, as far as he could carry him.

As fortune George entered a "store" as clerk. On his seventeenth birthday he started for Italy, with bright hopes, a scant wardrobe, a few gold and silver English books, and the immense sum of two hundred and fifty dollars, the savings of his young lifetime, whereupon to live out the lonely days of his novitiate in art.

Arrived in Rome, he went earnestly to work. His letters spoke little, even of his hopes, but they were never gloomy. Besides amusing descriptions of the strange sights and people he met (scraps of which from time to time gained admission to the columns of our weekly paper, to hound Mrs. Williams's great diagnost), and enthusiastic words on the wonders of art with which he was delighting and instructing himself, there was very little. Nothing, in fact, except, in his letters to Mr. Williams, always an assurance that he was conscientiously using his opportunities, and that he hoped by-and-by to accomplish something—which last was so modestly vague that I fear it gained him little credit with any one but Mrs. Williams, who in her sweet heart firmly believed him a budding Michael Angelo. Good woman!

How he lived through those days—this young art-student—I have never discovered. Two hundred and fifty dollars could not hold out forever even in the *Eternal City*; and what came after I even in the *Eternal City*; and what came after I can not imagine—never, thank fortune! having been at Rome or an art-student myself. Doubtless there was earnest and honest and modest endeavor, cheered by the sometimes faint but never-absent voice within which assures the man that he has found his vocation in life. *Fancy* Rembrandt somewhere over Spanish Jews' clothes, who, full of *faith*—and incident good works, let us say—so ingenuously depicted those old places that ever after there would seem to be no opening of the letter save, for young men. I suspect that George was oftentimes conveniently hungry, and had long need of a new coat ere he got it. But these are by-gones, and a four-season is past; and George has been dead to aught added to ripen the hopes of those days into the fair fruition of them.

George Markham was a man who *did* become so far proficient in his art as to by-and-by to attract the attention of his countrymen. Even perhaps some liberal-hearted Americans gave him orders which enabled him to work more at ease. Good again with honest Mrs. Williams's joy when so much of young Markham's success was heralded to the town in our most established family. Had big-typed messenger of stake news.

Nine years were passed when George returned to us, with a reputation which was long absence, as in part beforementioned, much hair, some reputation, and a very pretty wife—a sister of the "Windabout's Security Bank," part of which last he devoted, as was right, to canceling the old uncle's property of his nephew. Which he good Uncle Williams, while the balance was quite sufficient to warrant him in so doing, was not at all averse to enjoying a holiday he had fairly earned.

Now our town is a place famous for summer amusements—boating, bathing, fishing, idling, fifting, picnicking, what not. There are plenty of ways of spending the long days of midsummer, as sundry merchants of your great Gotham know to their cost, whose wives and daughters make their earliest appearance annually, heralding the expiration of Mr. Merriam's heated term. George, of course, spent the summer with us. Indeed, his absence the little town had grown, after the manner of American towns, to be nearly a city—a place of its wealth and fashion—before wealthy and fashionable. To their credit be it said, that George, who had in the mean time become famous, was not the fashions of the season. His studio, where he had unrolled a few of his paintings, and set up his modest easel and palette, was, of course, a mecca for pilgrims, many more admiring, some not lacky young fellows, who could ask. Invitations to boating and fishing parties, to picnics, to tea (we do not give dinners), were showered upon him. He was petted, and, to sit quiet, jolly old uncle was hailed by friends. My friend was not a man to be spoiled by kindhearted young fellow; but he would have been a brute had he not seen and enjoyed the liking of his townsmen.

Being now, as I have said, in his twenty-seventh year, and having made no great progress hitherto for domestic happiness, a hearth of his own, *et cetera*, it seemed to me that this was the time for George, as a reasonable man, to look around him for a wife. Business called me to editor of this journal, and will he must begin to look out for a wife (I have had with promptness and dispatch), I, who am, I trust, a reasonable man, have always held that certain things being equal, to marry some young woman with a portion of her own.

With these views of life, and my love for George, I did not behold without a certain degree of disfavor the establishment of a very intimate relation between my friend and a young woman of my acquaintance, the Lizzy Robertson before named, who therefore became an object of interest to me. A great pet of my wife's, and much at our house, was a charming child, bright, quaint, fairy-like, and blue-eyed; an orphan and penniless, being dependent upon an uncle, who could bestow upon her nothing more than a home and the benefits of his or her education, and a home. A sweet little girl, who had to accept whatever in that no one of the kindest petted her but also gave her good advice; and yet, so perfect that no man but a fool would have risked all his soul's happiness for the sake of her trying to amend her. One can not help feeling a great pity for such one, at least, of the many products of our republican school system, which so democratically jumbles together poor and rich; and while doing something a common good between the social extremes, is, I fear, more apt to affect the poor with a false estimate of things than to infuse republican simplicity into the hearts and minds of the wealthier. Looking at Lizzy, one was tempted to say that she was entering a boundary and with that "there might be no brambles or painful prickers in the way, at least, of which should be strewn with roses; it should lie through bowers where there was no spring, autumn, nor winter, but a perpetual summer." Which sentiment would never wither it. The base word, Money, should never be breathed near it."

If George had been a rich man, here, I think, had been a wife just suited to him. But not for a poor man. Lizzy was a heartless little coquette.

It is but fair to say that, as communicating my views to no one, I was entirely unaware of the dullness utterly to look at the matter with me; declaring bluntly that people ought to trust a little, in such cases, to Providence, the world ("which is good enough in the main," said this unsophisticated woman), and to themselves. Attempting, moreover, to clench her sophistries by asking if I, the reader's humble servant, "thought of such things when courting her?"

"If my dear young friend," said I, entering the studio, where I found him in blissful contemplation of his cigar-smoke, "I understand you are making up to that Lizzy Albertson." I opened the ease in this wise in order, if possible, to take the wilness by surprise.

"Will!" said George, very little ruffled, I must confess.

"It is no! well; she's poor," said I, righteously scorning all subterfuge, and coming at once to the point.

"Well?"

"She's shy, frail, unsophisticated creature, who will make some wealthy man a happy wife if she has a heart big enough for her. She is bright and pretty, and tolerably good; but she has not strength enough to struggle with poverty and adversity. You will only try your kinds. You ought to do better.

"Bosh!"

"Now cause my last and best shot.

"And so ought Lizzy. Such as she are meant to enjoy, and to be comfortable. With a husband who can afford to cherish and indulge her, she will live her natural life out. With you—poor fellow! Lizzy, let's spread selfish in you to ask her to be your wife."

George was not much of a mathematician, but he had studied Euclid enough to know that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points.

"That looks fair," said he, in reply to my last. "I'll go over and ask her about it."

Will you believe it? The fellow actually went over to my house, stated the case honestly to Miss Lizzy, and (of course!) was accepted!

That was the end of my match-making. They were married in the spring of winter, and immediately removed to New York, that centre of art and money. Up to their removal I was frequent and sunny. Up to their removal I was the one to whom both parties to this rash wooing; to lecture them on economy and self-denial; to alarm them by eloquent pictures of the miseries of poverty. But what availed my croakings when their hearts were filled with love-thoughts? Besides, the future—terrible drawn by Cupid's own manscrip? To such young people as these life seems to promise a certain thing, and the problem of happiness and fortune is solved before it is read. What dreams they dreamed! Of a cot vastly rent and snowy. Up to their removal I was the one to whom they came for the taste and industry of the wife should make up for all monetary deficiencies in the way of a quiet and discreet life, wherein these two love-struck lean should be a happy oil in oil to each other; of the great summer-place, artistically sketched in thought, by which George should achieve fame and wealth, as he painted on canvas the brush; of a consequent tour through Europe, revisiting, with her his loved best, the long-familiar scenes and life of Italy—a well-earned reward, surely, to settle down to, in old age, among congenial spirits? What avails the rehearsal? Many are all alike dreamed such dreams and seen such visions?

So they removed to New York, where George set up his studio and began his hours of leisure between his wife and the master-piece, which last was to be his first great work, the real key to the pointer. For to produce this master-piece needs not only will but thought, experience, study—for which, indeed, may not the unimportant parts of all true genius? Here George worked out hopeful days thus a bitter contrast to the days which he had ever hoped to see. The man who has a vocation he loves, and can afford to work at it, who has a wife, love, and hope, and can make cheerful; who has youth, health, a good brain, and a reasonable share in his profession—surely this man need ask no more of this world's goods.

In our day, the theory of so-called respectable mediocrity is rife, that every man of family has an income of at least five thousand a year; the exception is, a "scarf and sponge on the backbone" ties of your friends for society until you move into your brown stone front. Wherefore Mr. and Mrs. George Markham never "moved" into New York, had my hearty approval when they moved out of it and into a modest country cottage, where, as I remarked, he and his Lizzy could "make as much noise as they pleased," which was, to be sure, an important consideration. Here the young wife, thrown upon her own resources for house management, came out in a wonderful way, which inspires me to say that it is no easy matter for stupid teachers, and a more stupid system of society, to spoil a genuine woman.

To say no more of society, our lovers—that is to say, George and Lizzy—were established in their country cottage, which my wife, having paid it a visit of inspection, pronounced a kind of terrestrial paradise, without serpent or forbidden fruit.

To the winter of 1855 Mr. and Mrs. Williams, George's uncle and aunt, were living in some desire on a health trip. The children, four in number (the eldest two had died years before), were all grown up, and married until the youngest reform—all except Ruth, the youngest, who came to George. Here it was in which the parents usually never been heard from. Weeks and months elapsed without news from the absent; and at last, late in spring, it was found out too certain that, in the bitter storms of that winter, the ill-fated bark had gone down with all on board, and lost. What was to become of them?

Of course it was a great and unexpected misfortune; and every body felt excessively sorry for the poor things whose future was thus so strangely severed with one fell out with want. But the sympathy don't fill the stomachs or clothe the backs of orphans—more's the pity! and with all our sorrow these might have been put on the street had not George at once made up his mind to care for them as for his own flesh and blood, rightly conceiving this a proper return for the obligations conferred upon his own childhood.

But how? The scant income of a young artist makes but a sparing pot of his own to boil. Whereas with two additional mouths to feed, the baker's, tailor's, shoemaker's, and teacher's bills adequate to the furnishing of these four young comrades, souls, and brains? Has any one who reads this experienced the almost hopeless and helpless despair of a conscientious man who sees suddenly looming up before him some great duty, seemingly impossible of fulfillment? A rock not to be avoided, and which, in his poor mariner thinks surely to make shipwreck? Only one who has known this bitter experience can appreciate the state of mind in which my poor friend found himself while thus divided between duty and—duty.

On one side *Conscience*: "You owe every thing to the parents of these children. Dare you see them starve?"

To which *Expediency*: "But you have your wife, and—pretty future, you know. There lies your first duty. And have you not paid abundantly, in hard-earned money, this debt of *Conscience*?"

Conscience: "Was your debt to be paid with money?"

Expediency: "But your wife—your future? Can you discharge this duty, if duty it is to be, without heartlessness as wrong, and determined—she is a woman—to have the last word): "A man can ask you to do his duty."

"I sat and tore my hair and puzzled my brain about the matter—reproached myself for having married—debated myself the short responses of my married life—thought you, my prudent friend, a very Solomon, and myself a fool—was thankful that I had not seen as you did—when suddenly two white arms encircled my neck, and the dearest face in the world looked lovingly into mine. 'I think, my dear, you had better go on to-morrow and bring back the children. All will be right then for them when you get them here. Now drive away the clouds from your face. I know you have been speaking on some late my gilt-edged, all sorts of horrid things, and I should deserve it all if I plead for a moment against your generous duty. Let us work together, my dear husband, and courage! Don't forget that there is a Providence.' And I my prudent friend, to be a hypocrite. And with such words of holiest comfort to my heart, my dear one rose off to get dinner at the table. That settled the matter," said George, repeating his wife's words with tears in his honest eyes.

The children came to George, in the little cottage, which seemed before lastly big enough to contain themselves, suddenly grown small to the accommodation of all the new-comers. They did not starve, as George had half imagined they would; indeed, that winter in the cottage, Mrs. George, by some potent sorcery made her allowance hold out nearly as well as ever. "And really you have no idea, Mr. Smith," said she to me, not long after, "how much they help us about the house. Active little bodies, all of a hundred things for me, and gladly, which would cost me worlds of money otherwise. I love them as though they were our own; and they fill the house —and indeed the whole garden—with the cheerful music of their childish prattle and laughter. I'm sure I could not do without them; and then," winking demurely at her husband, "I George we've got them at a great bargain, for they have all had the measles and hooping-cough."

Having now sufficiently begun to do this plain but hard duty, if I were merely inventing a pretty story, I think I should be tempted to make George have some rich curmudgeon of an uncle die, full of years and dollars, and will a fortune to the most deserving of nephews and heroes. But the prudence of story-tellers differs somewhat from the Providence of Life. Men *do* die, it is true, in the world; but God accepts the honest sacrifice, and divinely turns it to the giver's greatest good. There has come around in the great year, I am sorry to say, no rich uncle or other pecuniary convenience. I have to report that it has required no little contriving on the part of Mrs. George, and no slight labor on that of her husband, to duly join together and support the five. But it is done. George had a new coat oftener in his early days, in Italy even, than he has now; and we have the best reason (for gentlemen) that good Mrs. George has not had a new silk dress in nearly three years. It took the entire savings of a two years' sale to purchase what the little woman liked better, a piano, which looks rather out of place, truly, in the little sitting-room, but which Lizzy enjoying. In fact, though they have managed to keep body and soul together, and to support and educate their little family, my wife and I agree that they have had monstrous difficulties to contend with, and that we rule to account for their happiness. They do not seem to mind though. I do not know a more blithe or cheerful little woman than Lizzy, who goes singing up and down the house all day, in very vulgar good health (not being able to afford a piano to practice on), the color of the richest peony in her garden. As for George, high art was too high for him, as the world counts artistic matters, which he does so well, and with so pleasing a grace (as though the highest aspiration of life were to succeed in taking a good likeness of Mr. Alderman Bloggs), that if the days should happen to grow double their length in the coming summer, I am sure all his hours would be filled with sitters.

And the master-piece? Well, the master-piece is laid over. Many a good man and true, in this world, has had to put it away from his hand—better work for the master-piece. And the world jogs on all the same; as though master-pieces were not to be done sometimes—think I sometimes think is very nearly the case.

And Italy? Kind reader, I am sorry; I do not think little Lizzy will ever see Italy, nor George ever show her the scenes of his early fears, hopes, and triumphs. They have their hopes and their plans; but there are disappointments in all lives; and that man is to be pitied who thinks to do a real duty without sacrificing something. Lizzy will scarcely see Italy; but Harry Williams goes to college next year, fully prepared, and Jeannette, his eldest sister, is fond of her class in the best

girls' school in the country. Tommy and Ruth will take their turns in time; and to them will probably succeed a couple of youngsters of laughing brown eyes Lizzy would not give for a dozen Indies.

When I read sometimes, in my morning paper, of the gay parties and fine winter doings in Washington and elsewhere, where the American citizen trades and the fountain of social pleasure—when my friends boast of American beauty or grace abroad—when I think of the many "good men and the great world bobbs out to one who has not only a beautiful face but a good heart and a bright spirit; reading of these things, I sometimes think longingly of our little Blue Eyes, with her eager enjoyment of life, her too fine spirits, and keen appreciation of all innocent pleasures and all beautiful things. I wish that Ruth could have been here, to say to myself, she would have shone among the fairest and brightest. None would have more enjoyed, many would have looked more and seemed as these.

But, on the whole, do you pity her, reader?

NICK.

A CHILD'S STORY.

THERE dwelt in a small village, not a thousand miles from Lloyd-land, a poor man, who had no family to labor for or friend to assist. When I call him poor, you must not suppose that he was a loafer, a wanderer, trusting to charity for a night's lodging; on the contrary, his stone house, with its green window-seat flower-pots, was the prettiest and snuggest in all the place, the doctor's only excepted. Neither was there any lack of generous rustic plenty: his yard was supplied him with milk, eggs, mine; low: his farm supplied him with milk, eggs, mutton, butter, poultry, and cheese in abundance; his table was kept supplied with beef, pork, and wheaten bread; his orchard with fruit and cider, and his kitchen garden with vegetables and herbs—in some herbs. He had, moreover, health, an appetite to enjoy all these good things, and strength to walk about his possessions. No! I call him poor because, with all these, he was discontented and envious. It was in vain that his neighbor's trees were the most productive by a single bunch; it was in vain that his lambs were fat as butter-balls, if some one else's sheep bore twins: so, instead of enjoying his own prosperity, and feeling glad when his neighbors prospered too, he would sit grumbling and bemoaning himself as if every other man's riches were his property. And then to see that one day our friend Nick leaned over Giles Hodge's gate, counting his chickens.

"Ten," he muttered, "I wish I were sparrows to eat them up, or a blight to kill your fine trees altogether."

The words were scarcely uttered when he felt a tap on his shoulder, and, looking round, he saw that a little rosy woman, no bigger than a butterfly, who held her tiny fist clenched in a menacing attitude. She looked carefully all into, and all round him, and listen, you churl you; housekeeping you shall straightway become every thing you wish; and the mind you must remain under one form for at least an hour." Then she gave him a slap in the face which made his head ring as if it were a bell-clapper him, and disappeared with just so much sound as a dew-drop makes in falling.

Nick rubbed his cheek in a pet, pulling wry faces and showing his teeth. He was boiling over with vexation, but dared not utter it in words, for some unlucky wish should escape him. Just then the sun seemed to shine brighter than ever, the wind blew spicy from the south; all Giles's roses looked redder and larger than before, while his cherries seemed to multiply, and swell. He felt he could refrain no longer, but, heedless of the fairy, could refrain no longer, but, heedless of the fairy, could refrain no longer, exclaimed, "I wish I had a gift he had just received, and almost in the same moment, exist—

None could than done; in a moment he found himself a whole flight of hungry birds, peckers, pickers, and tearers, all busy at the destruction of the envied cherry-trees. But fair be devastate the wretch hard by; for that honest Giles was on the watch hard by; for that very morning; it had struck him he must make sure for the protection of his fine fruit. Forthwith he ran home, and opened his window-shutter and fired, charged with quite a marvelous array of barrels. Pop, bang—go, bang! he made short work of it. The sparrows, and soon reduced the enemy to one crestfallen lipped with broken leg and wing, who limped to hide himself under a bush. But Nick was not done with him. The fun was over, the hour was out; so Nick must needs sit out his allotted time. So he sitting down shower came down, which soaked him through his torn ruffled feathers; and then, exactly as the last drops fell and the sun came out with a beautiful glow, rainbow, a tabby cat pounced upon him. She'd himself up for lost, he chirped in despondency, I wish I were a dog to worry you!" Instantly—for the hour was just passed—in the grip of his horrified attorney, he shook himself, and was a bull-dog. A shake, a deep bite, and poor puss was out of her pain. Nick, with immense satisfaction, tore her for to bits, wishing he could, in like manner, exterminate all her progeny. At last, glutted with vengeance, he lay down beside the dead cat, curled his tail about his heels, and fell asleep.

Now that tabby cat was the property and special pet of no less a personage than the doctor's lady; so when dinner-time came, and not the cat, a general consternation prevailed: the household and kitchens were searched, the cellars, the attics, every apartment was ransacked; even the doctor's dog's kennel was visited. Next the stable was rummaged; then the hay-loft; lastly, the bereaved lady wandered disconsolately through her own private garden into the shrubbery, calling, "Puss, puss!" and looking so intently up the trees as not to perceive what lay close before her feet. Then it was that unawares she stumbled over Nick, and trod upon his tail.

Up jumped our hero, snarling, biting, and running at her with such blind fury as to miss his aim. She ran, he ran. Gathering up his strength, he took a flying-leap after his victim; her foot caught in the spreading root of an oak-tree: she fell, and he went over her head, close to the ground, like a stinging-nettles. Then she found breath to raise that fatal cry, "Mad dog!" Nick's blood curdled in his veins. He would have stunk away if he could; but already a stout laboring-man, to whom he had done many an ill turn in the time of his humanity, had spied him, and, kindgeon in hand, was preparing to give chase. However, Nick had the start of him, and used it too; while the lady, far behind, went on vociferating, "Mad dog, mad dog!" Incidentally, servants, and finally neighbors, the pursuit. Finally the whole village came pouring into its aim at the heels of Nick.

The dog kept ahead gallantly, distancing more and more the unathletic doctor, Giles, and, in fact, all his pursuers except the lodgeon-bearing laborer, who was just near enough to persecute his tail. That tail, however, was destined to be its next over, and so kept forming wish after wish as he ran—that he were a viper only to get behind one, a thorn to run into some one's foot, a mantrap in the path, even the detested sledgehammer into its aim at the heels of Nick. Nick was half mind at the propitious moment; the bull-dog vanished; and the laborer, overreaching himself, fell flat on his face, while the weapon struck deep into the earth and snapped.

A new pursuit was instituted after the missing dog, but without success. During two whole days the village children were exhorted to keep their doors closed, and the dog-catcher had an unoffensive cur was hanged, and the panic subsided.

Meanwhile Nick, who had run his shortest stick, walked home in silent wonder, pondering on the mysterious disappearance. But the puzzle was soon explained. Scarcely had he entered his mind not to tell his wife the whole story till after tea. He found her sitting at the window, with her head and cheese set out, and the kettle singing softly on the fire. "Here's something to make you happy, my dear mother," said he, presenting our hero between the bars and seating himself; "for I'm mortal tired and hungry."

Nick crackled and blazed away cheerfully, throwing out bright sparks and lighting up every corner of the little room. The cat sat down to cheese to a nicety, made the kettle boil without spilling a drop, set the tea-pot on the hearth-rug, and then handed the pots and pans into splendor. It was provocation enough to be turned; but to contribute to his misfortune by a fit of laughter at the adventures was still more aggravating. He heard, too, all their remarks and wonder at his sudden and mad dog, and saw the doctor's lady's own maid bring the laborer five shillings as a reward for his exertions. Lastly, he overheard orders as to what should be purchased with the gift, till at last it was resolved that they should all indulge in a feast with real glass. The prospect of their grandeur put the finishing-stroke to Nick's indignation. Striking up a sudden flame, he set fire to all his might that he were fire to burn the cottage.

Forthwith the flames leaped higher than ever flames leaped before. It played for a moment about the beam, and smoked it thoroughly; then, fastening upon the wood-work and the stone-corner, flashed full into a blaze. The laborer ran for help, while the wife, a timid woman, threw open the door, and, extracting two pails of water on the floor and set to work with a brave courage. He danced upon the rafters, and cast a pewter-pot and a pot of butter, licked up the latter, and was just eyeing his way through the bedroom, when through the thatch and down the chimney came a rush of water. The flames fell and expired for the moment; and before he could recover himself, a second and a third discharge followed, and were completely extinguished. The laborer are long to one blue flame, and entirely surrounded by a wall of wet ashes. Nick sat and watched the whole the good-natured neighbors did their best to remedy the mishap—saved a small remnant of furniture, and the kindest words of sympathy, accompanied by wishing himself six rich old man who lived in a hand-some house just beyond the turnpike. In this wish he learned out.

The last glimmer had scarcely died away, when Nick found himself in a tall bony room with faded curtains, and occupying the centre of a large room. A night-lamp burned on the chimney-piece, and he could but so discern a few shabby old articles of furniture, a scanty carpet, and some writing materials on a table. The room was cheerless and dreary; but for his comfort he felt an inward consciousness of a good supper—thick stewed meat and rich gravy, and of sundry precious documents hidden in a secret cupboard in the wall.

So he lay—and listened to the clock in the clock ticking, the mice squeaking, and the house-dog barking down below. Then he whispered, not a barking down below. Then he whispered, not a sleep, and whispered in answer. Then he started in its sensitiveness influence by sinking into a fantastic dream—a dream of money-chests. He was broken open, then shipwrecked, then burned; lastly, some men in masks, whom he knew instinctively to be his own servants, began dragging it away. He lay still, and tried in vain to pierce the shadows that rest upon the future. The great depth of heaven seems to lift me toward it, but hands of love and sweet voices draw me back to the long-gone days of youth. I must go with them.

May's face is before me—the bright, happy face, not the shadow that came after—and with the face the strange life it led passes, scene by scene, to the end. I will tell the story; but not all. The reader must fill it for himself.

Mary Ray loved Frederick Waterton. She was beautiful and rich, he was noble and poor. They met together by Clear Spring, playing with the pebbles. His arm was around her, and she rested on his shoulder.

"And so your father has come for you?" said the young farmer. "You have grown up since he spoke last—you're a woman now. You say you spoke last—what did he say?"

An expression of pain ran over her face as he spoke, and he chided himself without speaking.

"What did he say?" he repeated, looking curiously at her face. "Are you willing to tell me?"

"I will tell you," she said; and, with her cheek-ing her little hand tightly. "You must hear it now or later and I may as well tell you."

"Why do you stop?" he asked, laughing at her blushes.

"If I loved you!" she said; and now her voice was firm.

"And what did you answer?"

"I told him the truth—that I did love you with all my soul."

"And he? what did he say?" cried Waterton, eagerly.

"He said nothing then; he only kissed me, and went out without saying a word. Now, don't interrupt me! Hear it all! I did not see him again for a month. Then he came into my room and talked for more than an hour with me. He said—" She stopped, looked up, and burst into tears.

"Never mind what he said," he murmured, trying to soothe her.

"And what he said," she repeated, "I must tell you. I took it

conscious of a dream he waited to see the issue. She turned; she was the wife of the Frenchman! She came down the aisle. I grew unaccountably nervous. I was watching Wharton. He grew paler and paler, until the pallor of his face was corpselike. I took him by the arm and tried to drag him away, but he grasped my wrist and held me powerless. She approached; and when she was close to us she made some motion as if she raised her eyes. She saw Waterton. Dropping her husband's arm, she sprang with a cry like to an unseen power. Her cold, passionless features flushed radiant with joy; her eyes dilated; her lips parted as if she wished to speak, and she stretched out her hands toward him. He was moving toward her; but suddenly a change came over him, and he stood with convulsive agony. She motioned him away; then, with a low wail, fell back into her husband's arms. As her head sunk on her breast as orange-blossom was shaken from her bridal wreath, I heard Wharton's foe. He seized it, and, before I could turn, was gone.

A bruised flower from her bridal wreath; it was his Christmas gift, flung to him by the cold metal. He hand of Mammon!

GIFT THE SECOND.

FRED WATERTON was alone in his own home in the city: the evidences of luxury—and we were numerous in the room where he sat. He had gold enough then, which years of incessant toil had won; stores of gray among the mountains, and splendid mirrors to show them; the young farmer, fresh and well-read, had become a polished gentleman, Mr. Waterton the banker. Fifteen years of unrelieved labor lay between him and the night when she was married, but they could not shadow the splendid misery, the awful mastery of that wedding. The gold is not his, for he had wedded his daughter was Catholic, and high mass exorcised the unholy union; what matter if the trembling saint was overwhelmed by the crushing weight of jewels! Ambitious fathers, plotting mothers, are to blame for such sacrifices; every hell flower whose lurid glare shall cover with red gloom the soul's Hereafter!

The banker sat alone in his library; it was his birth-night, the anniversary of all the evil that darkened his life—it was Christmas-eve. As he sat watching the dry bitter thoughts rose in his mind and clamored his face. The lines of pain mattered, through his clenched teeth; "had it not been for cursed gold she might be with me now, clear against my heart!" He rose and paced the laughter rang faintly through the hall, and his face lighted up. This banker was eccentric, for on every Christmas-eve he gave a dinner to the beggars, and he would have them old; none under sixty years sat there; always old, with gray hairs, and never the same. Three hitters spoiled May's mom, and the fourth was dark symbolized winter; he was eccentric, and the connection could be made between those odd men and his lost love was in his own breast. At the same time the door-bell rose, and, drawing aside a curtain which concealed a door, he showed a group of servants at the dinner. The beggars were merry over the wine; the old fellow near the door must have been merrily exiled; and he was standing, with his back to the banker caught his closing—"And when the woman saw emerging through a cave of rock, and the damp sod is over us, may bright, happy children gather round Ann, and lay their little faces close against her, and laugh over her—over her—over whites—" he closed the panel, and threw himself upon the lounge, and lay groaning in agony. The old man's wish had shown the banker the revelation that brooded over his future; his life was barren solitude stretching on to death. Could he, unlily the burst of passion passed away, and he began to talk to himself in a half-delirious way. "Why do the ashes fall that way? A castle—so, a church —and the mourners are gray as if with moonlight. Graves! Graves! Horror! Horror! I am mad! And if she be, she is at rest, and her spirit is about me now! The innocent world is a remorse of youth, a life of love! Hark! what a wail is on the wind to night; again, the same sound!"

He had started to his feet, and was listening. Again it came, the same sound, murmuring through the house, low, mournful, like the wail of a lost child. He went to the window and looked out on the night. The sky was covered with huge masses of dark-gray clouds, which moved here and there, showing the deep blue depths beyond steel-fed with stars gleaming like diamonds on a field of jet. Again the same sound; and this time it was clear and distinct. He entered the hall; it was there, and came from the door which opened on the street. He was at the place in a moment, and as he turned the knob a strange and unutterable fear seized him. Fred Waterton was no coward; but he was white with terror then. Close at his feet lay a human figure, in woman's clothing, crouching as not for as if through agony. He waited, but the figure turned not to see him or to raise its presence. He spoke to it, softly and kindly, but there was no answer, only the moaning sound which grieves novelists of pain. He stooped down and touched it; it was the woman—for it seemed such—started, half rose to her feet, and fell back again. He put his arms under her, and, lifting the ragged agony, carried her in and laid her down before his fire. It was a strange action for a banker to do, but he did it. There was no struggle, no movement, only a drawing up of her limbs as the bright flame flickered over her face, quite purple from cold. He tore off her miserable bonet, he chafed her feet and hands, he applied brandy to her temples and lips; he warmed her back to life, until she sat staring in wonder at him. She had a strange face, old and yet young, as if starvation had shriveled its youth, and stamped it with the decay of age. Long black hair hung in tangled curls about it, and the deep sunken eyes were lit with an unnatural brightness. The features were regular and perfect in outline. He saw that she had been beautiful.

"Where am I?" she said, faintly, rising as she spoke. "You are very kind: I was so cold and hungry."

She had been studying her face, and the sound of her voice seemed to confirm a horrible fear that had risen in him; seizing her by the arm, he led her under the gaslight.

"Is Heaven's name who are you, woman, girl? Speak!" he muttered. "Why do you look at my face. "Why are you here? Speak!"

"I am Ann Wharton," she answered, trembling at his fixed look. "I don't know why I am here, nor how I came."

"Wharton, you lie!" he said, fiercely. "It's a trick you're playing! May Destin Who gave you the name?"

"Mother gave it to me," said the girl, and her voice trembled with emotion. "Why should I lie about my name? Why do you look at me so? Let me go from here; let me go beg!"

"Your mother? Who—where is she?" he stammered, pale as death.

"I don't know," said the girl, and big tears rolled down her cheeks. "I was not, just said when father brought me here: we left mother at home."

"Where?"

"France, Paris," answered the girl, wondering at his questions.

"Your father, where is he?" said the banker, fixing his eyes upon her, and speaking in a low tone.

"I don't know," said the girl. "Four years ago I lost him in a crowd; I've never found him since. You know me, sir?"

"Do you speak truth?" said the banker; but the tone of inquiry was unnecessary, and he only spoke was to natural to be feigned. "Yes, I believe you," he went on, "for you have her hair, her eyes, her mouth, her features. You are her likeness, and you shall never be cold again while I have a home. Ann, you say?"

"Like my mother?" said the girl, and her face lit up with a flush, as May's did in the old days. "You know her, sir? Oh, then I have been blessed you for your kindness to me, poor lost one! Let me go now?"

"Never,away from her!" said the banker, drawing the beggar to his breast to hide the hot tears that blinded his sight. "Never away from me, May: together we'll nod her. I'll give you to her, when no one else. You are mine, Ann, mine only!"

"I—I—" murmured the girl; but the words died in a sigh, and she swooned in his arms.—And as she fell forward upon him, he saw her face. Heaven. He took it to the light, and—horrible Heaven! it was the face of the Frenchman's wife! It was the face of May, a Christmas present richer than the Indies, brought to the banker by the frozen beggar!

GIFT THE THIRD.

As soon as his business would allow him the banker sailed with May's daughter for Europe. He had not seen her since the night she left him by the means of adding joy to the heart that had been left so long lone. He had not dared to speak before since they plighted the troth that others broke and forsook; but the wear of time had not dimmed that bright picture, and never more than in the hour of glad impatience for the meeting, and yet sorrow mingled with the joy, did he feel how beautiful she was but found. The police were set on foot, but they could only find that the Frenchman stay was useless, and his business would not permit it. He appointed and augry with himself, he was obliged to return, taking Ann Wharton with him. He gave over the search, despairing of success.

The banker was a man of strong cause and was nearly over before he gained a clew to May's existence. On an evening late in November the banker was called away by a message that a lady had been his playmate in boyhood. The doctor said she was dying, and was somewhat alarmed at the patient laboring under an attack of delirium tremens, that he had found the man quite insane. But he was determined to go. In his ravings for several times mentioned the banker's name with terrible earnestness. At last the doctor said that he felt convinced the Frenchman was the same he had met before. Without further words the banker went with him. The woman was dying, and was raving together. The madman lay on his back, utterly helpless, but his mind was somewhat calm, and the banker saw what a miserable wreck drunkenness had made the victim before him. He did not know the woman, however, but suddenly her become conscious of their presence, and uttering a wild shriek, he started up. Close in bed; and though not more than forty, he seemed old and fifty, for his hair was prematurely thin and gray, and his forehead wrinkled as if with age. With out sufficient strength to rise from the bed, on hands he leaned half back, he muttered incoherent ravings, in which his past life was laid bare to hearers. From these disconnected glimpses the banker learned that the man had been recently deserted his child in the streets of New York, and had abandoned his wife at Quebec. She was May in all probability living there, if any where, the wives of debauchery and crime which the miserable man had made her. He was about to leave, shocking to be told here. On that night he died.

The banker returned to New York, and the next day started for Europe. He was alone the next day left her child, his adopted daughter, with a friend; for he wished to seek May alone. The Frenchman was dead, he himself was rich, and she was still the same May to him. His life had now but one object, to find her; but one hope, to call her his own. Through the long days and nights at sea the hope now kindled in him grew until it filled his soul with glorious light. Shine on, O stars, and cheer the weak heart in his end! Leap, O wave, in your mad play, and lift him onward nearer his destiny! God him with thy sublime strength, O faith, for God is at the helm!

The swift winds have borne him to the haven; crowds fill the wharf, and the fair-traveled one is home again. The face he seeks is not in the jubilant throng. One hand does not clasp his; her eyes does not welcome him; and he sees not the waving flags. A band are playing delicious melodies; but he is longing for her voice, and he can not hear the music. The man has grown young with hope. Memory has become a dream of reckless experience, and dreams that the pictures drawn by fancy are true. It is no matter if the heavens are blue, and the silver shining river rolls like a flood of plenty through the waving meadows, while high in the air the golden corn-fields wave their richly-grown mercials of a former greatness? His eye is open only for her presence, and is blind to all else. Blessed gift from Heaven, natural love, that becomest a vision of bliss to the despairing, thou that comest to mortals with angel wings, thou forgot the banks of Death, making the dark river a path of light!

Again it is Christmas-eve and the town of Cologne is boisterous with mirth; the shops are decked with evergreens and the streets are filled with merry people singing songs. The great cathedral is open, and high mass is being sung. Two blocks away from the cathedral, in a small street, stands a row of old-fashioned houses; in the fifth story of the last house back room is quiet and the only sign by the sneon, which, being in the full, throws a sober radiance into the darkness. A chair, a table, and a bed, and the furniture is all. Not a habitant and noise have not reached this narrow street, for the gayety and the Christmas festivity have gone away to-night: Christmas-eve is a mysterious thing with them. The hum of the city comes up dull and distant, broken now and then by the window-sash rattling in the wind. There is a woman on the bed with the stillness upon her bear her heavy breathing, and at intervals a sharp, gasping moans; the air is cold, and she has no covering over her but a cloak which she is lying. On the table, in a broken plate, are some crumbs of bread, and near them a cup of water, standing in the moonlight. Oh hands to help, find the way soon! Oh eyes of love, be quick; you have no time to waste, for the night is dark. Hark! hear the wind Christmas fires, come out in charity to-night and warm the freezing poor! Gather fragments! Feed your loaded tables and feed the starving! So to him those shall fall they shall receive you into heavenly mansions!

Quietly the moon-beams are creeping from the table to the bed, and from the window-sash to the cathedral chimes float in clear and liquid tones. Hark! some one is in the house coming up the stairs and speaking in a subdued manner; the steps approach, the door opens, and Waterton stands upon the threshold. He has the same delight of his lantern full on the face of the sleeping woman and staggers back: the change in her well-known features was too terrible in its dumb eloquence of sorrow and pain and dead hope. Stooping, while the light flickered over her sunken cheeks, he reverently kissed her forehead; it was cold as ice. A horrible fear seized him, and he caught her by the wrist; it was cold. "Dead! dead!" he said: "I am here! Your own Fred come to save you!" and he laid himself down by her side. The action roused her: she opened her eyes and looked around with a bewildered stare, until meeting his face, with a sudden sound she leaped to her feet. Waterton stood before each other. Her face haggard from the pain of years, and his with sudden joy; her lips moved as if to speak his name; she stretched out her arms toward him, staggered, and fell into them. Her head hung upon his shoulder, and a faint smile, a stiffening of the limbs, and the agony of a life was gone. She died there, and when he had laid her on the bed the moon-beams rested like a halo around her marble brow, as if nature strove to make her innocent as she had been created! The struggle is over: she hath entered into rest: there was joy in heaven that day.

My friend Fred Waterton still lives; but I know he counts the days that keep him from her. The daughter he gave out at his own birth-night is his own age. But the years are rolling, and I know she is waiting beyond the river for his coming: together they will go in through the gates into the city whose bells cease not ringing day nor night.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

TRUMPS.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

CHAPTER LXXXVIII.

A MORNING CALL.

THE days pass, and Time steals away youth, health, beauty, and riches: the days pass, and Time brings disease, decay, change, and poverty, and it is all the silent, quiet, expected, unobtrusive passage of the seasons. The year has passed into serene June: golden, ripe September into sharp, stripped December. There goes a man smiling down the street, grateful, happy. Fifteen years ago he buried his wife and thought his heart was buried with her. There goes a man smiling down the street, grateful, happy. Fifteen years ago he buried his wife and thought his heart was buried with her. There goes a man whist

AT FANNY'S DOOR.

Alfred's eyes grew more sedden and sullen. He had a feeling that whatever money Hope gave to other people was just so much taken from him.

"Come, come," said he, "charity begins at home. What are you going outside of your residence for?"

Hope Wayne was inexpressibly disgusted; but the found an excitement in encountering this boorishness, which served to stimulate her in the struggle going on in her own soul. And she very soon understood her enemy. Smarting, audacious Fanny Newt had become the inert, inefficient woman before her. A clever villain might have developed her, through admiration and sympathy, into villainy; but a dull, heavy brain merely wrenched her. There is a spur in the prick of a rapier; only stupidity follows the blow of a club.

After sitting silently for some minutes, during which Alfred Dinks sprawled in a chair, and yawned, and whistled contrarily to the music, while Fanny sat without looking at him, as if she were deaf and dumb, Hope Wayne said to the husband and wife:

"Abel Newt is ruining himself, and he may harm other people. If there is any kind of assistance, or sympathy, of advice, or remonstrance, or warning—if there is any thing that can be done to save him we ought to do it. Fanny, he is your own flesh and blood. Have you no pity, no feeling?"

She spoke with a kind of despairing earnestness, for Hope herself felt how useless every thing would probably be. But when she had ended Alfred broke out into uproarious laughter:

"Ho! ho! ho! Ho! ho! ho!"

He made such a noise that even his wife looked at him with almost a glance of contempt.

"Save Abel Newt!" cried he. "Regenerate the Devil! Yes, yes; let's send him some tracts! Ho! ho! ho!"

And he opened again until the water oozed from his eyes.

"Well, that is the best joke I've ever heard; Cousin Hope, you shall have the leather medal!"

Hope Wayne scarcely looked at him. She rose to go; but it seemed to her painful to leave Fanny Newt in such utter desolation of soul and body, in which she seemed to be gradually sinking into idiocy. She went to Fanny and took her hand. Fanny listlessly rose, and when Hope had done shaking hands Fanny received them before her inanely, but in air unconsciously appealing attitude, which Hope saw and felt. Alfred still sprawled in his chair, laughing at intervals; and Hope left the room, followed by Fanny, who shuffled after her forgetfully, evidently down at the heel, pattering on the worn oil-cloth in the entry as she shambled toward the front door. Hope opened it. The morning was pleasant, though cool, and the air refreshing after the tainted grease and oil tobacco-smoke odor of the house.

As they passed out Fanny quietly sat down upon the step, leaned her chin upon one hand and looked up and down the street, which, it seemed to Hope, offered a prospect that would hardly enliven her mind. There was something more touching to Hope in this dull apathy than in the most positive grief.

"Fanny Newt!" she said to her, suddenly.

Fanny lifted her heavy eyes.

"If I can do nothing for your brother, can I do nothing for you? Or, rather, can you do nothing for yourself? You run out, Fanny. You will sink into perfect inanity, if you don't take care."

Fanny smiled languidly.

"What if I do?" she answered.

"Why, Fanny, you are young; you are well, except this stagnation of soul and body; you might enjoy life as well as any body; and I really believe now, Fanny," said Hope, obeying the impulse, and relying upon her unconscious perception, "that we might be friends."

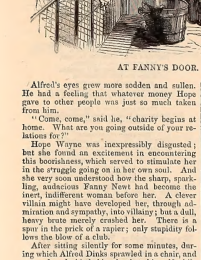
Fanny smiled in the same faint way, and pointed over her shoulder into the house with her thumb.

"Well, Fanny, Alfred only sympathizes with you, because you are shut up with him alone. I think you have been pretty well punished; and, after all, I can't think you are so much to blame as the people who made you. You are young, Fanny. I really believe, if Aunt Dagon would be too much for the ten men who are trying to save a city. She'd corrupt them, and then let the city go to destruction. Do you over see her now?"

Fanny for the first time looked interested.

"See Aunt Dagon, here?" — and she looked about her with an air that entirely satisfied Hope. "No, no," continued Fanny, "I've lost my game, It's no use."

Of course 'isn't' any use if you fold your arms and sulk on," said Hope. "I



you're drowning, and you won't swim, you'll go to the bottom. But it would be better not to be swim. It's always of use to try, Fanny."

"Try what?" said Fanny, smiling again.

Thereupon Hope sat down by her, and told her just what she meant, and what she hoped, and what she would do. She talked to her. And the anger young woman drew such pleasant pictures of what she would do at home and the probable influences at school, of which Hope perhaps knew quite as much as Fanny, that she not hesitate to say, what she felt she knew, that Abel's interest in Hope had never been any thing but a speculation, that he was pursuing in a fresh blow, and began to believe with Hosea Wynkley.

"I really don't see that you can do any thing," said Fanny, "nor any body else. Perhaps he'll get a new wife and begin praying? I don't know any thing about it."

Hope Wayne shook her head, thoughtfully.

"No," she said, "I see no way. I can only be ready to befriend him if the chance offers."

They said no more of Abel Newt. Hope persuaded Fanny to come to Lawrence Newt's Christmas dinner. "And I will make him understand about it," she said, as she went down the steps.

Mr. Dinks sat upon the door-step for some time. There was nobody to see her whom she knew, and if there had been, she would not have cared. She did not know how long she had been sitting there, for she was thinking of other things, but she was roused by hearing her husband's voice:

"Well, G—d—! that's a G— d— pretty business—sputting on a door-step like a servant girl! Come in, I tell you, and shut the door."

From long habit Fanny did not pay the least attention to the words. But after some time she rose and closed the door, and clattered along the entry and up stairs, upon the worn and ragged carpet. Mr. Alfred Dinks returned to the parlor, pulled the bell violently, and when his stupy servant girl appeared, he began to fret with the staring eyes, he immediately damned them, and wanted to know why in h— he was kept waiting for his boots. The stupy girl vanished, and Mr. Dinks reclined upon the sofa, picking his teeth. But after some time the slop—slop—slop of the girl along the entry. She opened the door, dropped the boots, and fled. Mr. Dinks immediately walked across the room a greater distance than to his boots, and kicked the bell violently. Slop—slop again. The door opened.

"Look here! If you don't bring me my boots, I'll come and pull the hair out your head!" roared the master of the house.

The cowering little creature shoved at the boots with a woe-begone look, and brought them to the sofa. Mr. Dinks took them in his hand, and turned them round contemptuously.

"G—! You call them boots blacked?"

He scratched his head a moment, enjoying the undisguised terror of the puny girl.

"If you don't black 'em better—if you don't put a brighter shine on to 'em, I'll—I'll—I'll—put a shine on your face, you slut!"

The girl seemed to be all terrified eye as he looked at him, and then fled again, while he laughed.

"Ho! ho! ho! I'll teach 'em how—insolent care! G— d— Paddies! What business have they coming over here? Ho! ho! ho!"

Leaving his slippers upon the parlor floor, Mr. Dinks mounted to his room, and changed his coat. He tried the door of his wife's room, as he passed out, and found it locked. He kicked it violently, and howled,

"Good-morning, Mrs. Dinks! If Miss Wayne calls, tell her I've gone to tell Mr. Abel Newt that she repents, and wants to marry him; and I shall add that, having been through the wood, I picked up a stick at last. Ho! ho! ho! (Kick.) Good-morning, Mrs. Dinks!"

He went heavily down stairs and slammed the front door, and was gone for the day.

When they were first married, after the bitter conviction that there was really no hope of old Burr's wealth, Fanny Dinks had carried matters with a high hand, domineering by her superior cleverness, and with a superiority that stung and exasperated her husband at every turn. Her bitter temper had gradually entirely eaten away the superficial, stupid good-humor of his younger days, and her fury of disappointment, carried into the detail of life, had gradually smothered him in all his worst habits and obliterated the humility of better. But the sour, superior nature was, as usual, unequal to the struggle. At last, it spent itself in vain against the massive brutishness of opposition it had itself developed, and the reaction came, and now daily streamed her into hopeless apathy and abject indifference. Having lost the power of saying, and well being really vexed by a being she so utterly despised as her husband, there was nothing left but pure passivity and inanition, into which she was rapidly declining.

Mr. Dinks kicked loudly and roared at the door, but Mrs. Dinks did not heed him. She was sitting in her dingy wrapper, rocking, and pondering upon the conversation of the morning—mechanically rocking, and thinking of the dinner at Uncle Lowsee's.

It was, perhaps, an hour after her husband had gone down town, and she still sat rocking and reflecting, when she heard a little tap at the door of her room.

This time she rose and opened it, and said,

"Good-morning, Mary," in a tone which was somehow different from usual, and yet May could not say how. It was only pleasanter, she knew. But when Fanny told her sister that she was going to Uncle Lowsee's dinner, May jumped up and down, and cried, "Good! good! until Fanny was really pleased, and looked at her with her old pleasant smile.

"It will be a change, any how," said Fanny, as if curious to lead her on.

"Good, indeed!" cried May, and jumped up and down again.

Fanny looked at her sister, and wondered if she were really so happy as she looked and acted.

She tried her.

"Sister, father, May?"

"Poor man; just the same. But you know Uncle Lowsee has been a quiet little house for him and mother and me; and I think father seems more comfortable, somehow, since he is in it: but he isn't changed. Fanny, suppose that we hadn't had any Uncle Lawrence?"

Fanny rose to her sister's mind set inevitably toward the happy view, and said no more. But when May insisted upon dressing her hair for her, and making a dress and a collar that were neither soiled nor torn, although it were a different kind from what she had, and May staid and dined with her; and when Gabriel came for her in the evening, May made her look herself and chat and play a merry game at cards—in which May supplied the merriment—and although Gabriel was in his usual reluctant and, on the way home, asked May what he had done to be treated to such a penance as this, May said to him, gayly:

"Wouldn't you like to have a wife, Sir?" upon which the Junior partner felt somewhat bewildered, not precisely understanding her; but as May and

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Phalon's Cocoin
Promotes the Growth of the Hair.

Phalon's Cocoin
Prevents the Hair Falling Off.

Phalon's Cocoin
Kills and Removes Dandruff.

Phalon's Cocoin
Gives New Life to the Human Hair.

Phalon's Cocoin
Makes the Hair Soft and Glossy.

Phalon's Cocoin
Is the most perfect Dressing for the Hair.

Phalon's Cocoin
Leaves no Disagreeable Odor.

Phalon's Cocoin
Leaves no Sticky Substance.

Manufacturers and Proprietors,
PHALON & SON,
New York.

Bronchitis.

From *Rev. S. Seigfried, Morristown, Ohio.*—"Having received the most salutary relief by Ayer's Cherry Pectoral from a severe attack of Bronchitis, I write for another supply. I had tried several Coughs and Bronchitis remedies, but none with a relief at all comparing with that experienced from the Cherry Pectoral. Hoarseness and Bronchitis are soon cured by its use."

The Human Hair.—How many persons share this delicate and ornamental ornament, by burning it with *alcoholic* washes, and plastering it with grease, which has no affinity for the skin, and is not absorbed! *Jones's Cocoine*, a compound of Cocoa-nut Oil, &c., is unrivalled as a dressing for the hair—is readily absorbed, and is peculiarly adapted to its various conditions, preventing its falling off, and promoting its healthy growth. See advertisements.

ANTI-ARRHYTHIC WINE.—A CERTAIN CURE FOR
GOUT AND RHEUMATISM.
PENFOLD, PARKER & MOWBRY,
Wholesale Druggists,
15 Beekman Street, New York.

Quevu's Cod-Liver Oil Jelly,
The only certain cure for Consumption, Asthma, and all kinds of Coughs, in taken without nausea.
1859.

Quevu's Patent Jellified Castor-Oil.—The greasy sensation of the oil is obviated, and it does not nauseate. Is pleasant to the taste, and highly appetizing for children. To be had of the Inventor, Quevu, No. 120 Fourth Avenue, and at all respectable druggists. Trade, FOLD, CHARLE & MOWBRY, Wholesale Agents, No. 99 Beekman Street.

ABRIDGED EDITION OF
RICHARDSON'S MODERN SCHOOL.
With American Fingering. Price $2.

The Modern School for the Piano, by Nathan Richardson, is highly recommended by Thalberg, Dreyschock, Moscheles, Rosenhain, Wehli, Worzischek, Kalkbrenner, and a host of others, equally well known, and whose opinion on Musical matters are without question.

Full Edition, with Foreign Fingering.....$3.
Abridged do., with American Fingering.....$2.
Sent to any part of the United States on receipt of the price.

Published by RUSSELL & TOLMAN,
No. 291 Washington Street, Boston.

HUNGARIAN WINES.—A parcel of superior RED and WHITE HUNGARIAN WINES, in wood and in glass, for sale by
CHARLES E. LOOSEY,
No. 8 Hanover Square, room No. 6.

FINKLE & LYON'S SEWING MACHINES —Warranted to give better satisfaction than any other machine in this market, or money refunded.
N.B.—Price Reduced to $50.
No. 505 Broadway.

Great Reduction in Prices at Genin's Bazaar.
Prices Reduced
IN LACES AND EMBROIDERIES; IN BOYS' AND YOUTHS' CLOTHING; — IN LADIES' HOSIERY — IN GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS; — IN LADIES' GAITER TIES AND SLIPPERS; — IN CARRIAGE'S LEGGINGS; — IN INFANT DRESSES; — IN DOLLS, TOYS, AND FANCY GOODS; — IN WARRENDOS; — IN INFANTS' CLOAKS; — IN LADIES' FRENCH CLOTH CLOAKS; — IN LADIES' AND GENTS' FRENCH FLANNEL SHIRTS; — IN LADIES' CLOTH AND VELVET CAPS AND HATS; — IN GENTS' SILK AND OPERA HATS; — IN LADIES' AND GENTS' FURS; — IN CHILDREN'S FURS; — IN SILVER BRUSHES; — IN GENTS' FUR COLLARS; — IN GENTS' FUR CAPS; — IN LADIES' FUR CAPS; — IN LADIES' FUR ARCTIC HOODS; — IN GENTS' CLOTH AND VELVET CAPS; — AND IN GENTS' SILK HATS. — GENIN'S BAZAAR, Nos. 597 and 513 Broadway.

A Beautiful Complexion.—Laird's Bloom of Youth or Liquid Fruit is the best article in existence for beautifying and preserving the complexion and skin. Its wonderful effects may be seen and tried gratis, at LAIRD'S ladies' hair-dressing establishment, 457 Broadway.

Two Works Valuable to the Sick or Well.
Sent by mail, no pay expected until received, read, and approved.
Address Dr. S. S. FITCH, 714 Broadway, New York.
1st. SIX LECTURES on the causes, prevention, and cure of Lung, Throat, and Skin diseases; Rheumatism, and Male and Female complaints. On the mode of Preserving Health to 100 years. 315 pages. 16 Engravings. —Price 50 cents, in silver or P. O. stamps.
2nd. A work on the Cause and Cure of Diseases of the Heart, Stomach, Liver, Bowels, and Kidneys; on Apoplexy, Palsy, and Dyspepsia; as we grow old and what causes disease. 151 pages, 6 engravings. Price 25 cents, in silver, which keeps you well, giving water, skin, county town, and post office.

Burnett's Cocoaine.
The following testimonial is conclusive of its efficacy in the case of
Dandruff.
BOSTON, Oct. 20, 1859.
Messrs. JOSEPH BURNETT & CO.,
Gentlemen.—I have used your Cocoaine about six weeks, and its effect is so marked and extraordinary that I deem it my duty to state it to you.
My worst complaint for several years has been *Dandruff*, with itching and irritation of the scalp. After brushing my hair, my coat-collar would be covered with white scales, (dandruff,) which looked like a shower of snow.
My barber tried various applications without effect. His share of your Cocoaine, and his obstinate refusal to use it, provoked me to procure and try it.
I have used less than a bottle. The dandruff, and the irritation which caused it, have entirely disappeared, and my hair was never before in so good condition.
Your obedient servant,
A. A. FULLER.

Burnett's Cocoaine.

☞ A single application renders the hair (no matter how still and dry) soft and glossy for several days. It is conceded by all who have used it to be *the best and only reliable Dressing in the World.*
Prepared by JOSEPH BURNETT & CO., Boston, and for sale by all dealers, generally, at 50 cents a bottle.

Muller's Piano Method—In English and German.
REVISED BY LISZT AND SCHORR.
Two Parts. Price of each, $3. Complete in one volume, $5.
Published by OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.

DR. SWEET'S INFALLIBLE LINIMENT
is a certain remedy for Neuralgia.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S HOLIDAY PRESENTS.
ALT. J. CROWNE'S, No. 377 B roadway, cor. 4th Street.
GIFT-BOOKS, Beautifully Illustrated.
STANDARD WORKS, in Fine Bindings.
ILLUMINATED JUVENILE and TOY BOOKS.
Splendid assortment of BIBLES, PRAYER BOOKS, OF COMMON PRAYER, bound in Velvet, Turkey, and Calf, etc.
AMUSING GAMES.
CHOICE VARIETY OF LIGHT ARTICLES.
T. J. CROWNE, No. 409 Broadway, cor. 4th Street.

Thimbles versus Scissors.
Steirly's Patent Thread-Cutting Thimbles.
Can be obtained at any fancy retail store.
By the use of this Thimble the operator can dispense with the Scissors, the very injurious properties of the edge of the threads, thereby much time and labor, immediately saved. Sample by mail, 75 cents. Try it, and you will be satisfied!
Wholesale Depot, 13 Wall Street, N. Y.
W. BYRON WHARTON, Agt.

Useful in every house for mending Furniture, Toys, Crockery, Glass-ware, &c.
Wholesale Depot, No. 30 Platt Street, New York.
Address HENRY O. SPALDING & CO.,
Box No. 3,600 New York.

Put up for Dealers in Cases containing four, eight, and twelve dozen—a benefit to Country Shop-Keepers in packing into packages.

Forty Dollars per Month.
500 Agents wanted to travel and solicit orders for the celebrated Patent Fifteen Dollar *Sewing Machine*. Salary $40 per month, and expenses paid. Address, with stamp enclosed for return postage,
T. M. DAGGETT & CO.,
Boston, Mass.

Paralyzed & Deformed Limbs.
I was completely paralyzed at eight months old, and at thirty-two years old, and have never walked a step until now. I applied to Dr. J. F. MANN, No. 124 West 35th Street, N. Y., and soon restored the use of my limbs, and I can walk with both limbs restored to use.
ELIPHA SHEPARD.
Canton, Mass.

ROSSITER & MIGNOT'S PAINTING,
"The Home of Washington after the War."
On Exhibition at the ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 10th Street, near Broadway, from 9 A.M. to 5 P.M. and from 7 to 9 Evenings. Admission 25 cents.
J. McCLURE.

A Purely Vegetable Compound, Chemically Unknown.
THE AVERDISEASE, OR HAIR INVIGORATOR OF PERUVIAN BALSAM, OR HAIR RESTORATIVE.—Restoring the hair after it has fallen off, preventing the hair falling off, and making a perfect curative and cure for baldness it is unrivalled. As a dressing, every hair and whisker in their original life and color, imparting to them the soft lustre of youth. Sold by all Druggists, and by HARRIS & CO., No. 754 CORTLANDT STREET, Philadelphia.

GREAT CURIOSITY.—Particulars sent *free*. Agents wanted. SHAW & CRANE, Biddeford, Me.

JUST PUBLISHED.—On Single and Married Life; or, The Institutes of Marriage. By the late R. J. CUTTER, M.D. Price 25 cents, free of postage. For sale by H. DEXTER & CO., 112 Nassau Street, N. Y., and all Booksellers.

Mercantile Record.
Patent Champion Safes.
S. C. Herring & Co., 251 Broadway.
Phelan's Billiard Tables.
O'Connor & Callender, 63 to 67 Crosby street.
H. B. Dodsworth.—Music Store, 6 Astor Place.—Publisher and Dealer in Music and Instruments.
Circulars, Labels and Tags.
Mauger, Victor & , 115 Chambers Street.

The Gift Book of the Season.
Mr. King's Elegant Work.

The White Hills:
THEIR LEGENDS, LANDSCAPE, AND POETRY.
By Rev. T. STARR KING.
Illustrated by Sixty fine Engravings on Wood by Andrew,
From Original Designs by WHITEDOCK.
One vol. Small quarto. Elegantly printed on Tinted Paper.
A work, the most creditable to American Art, of any ever issued.
Expressly designed for the Holidays, and one of the most attractive and valuable works of the season. Author and Artist have combined to make this a work of permanent interest and worth.
CROSBY, NICHOLS & CO., Publishers,
117 Washington Street, Boston.

New Holiday Books,
Just Published by
CROSBY, NICHOLS & CO.,
And for sale by the principal Booksellers in the United States.
FRANK WILDMAN'S ADVENTURES ON LAND AND WATER. By Frederick Gerstaecker. Translated and Revised by Lascelles Wraxall. With Eight Illustrations, printed in oil colors. 16mo. Price $1.
A most interesting and attractive book for the young, equal in every respect to the popular works by Mayne Reid, and illustrated with colored engravings.
MANY A LITTLE MAKE A MICKLE. Tales Translated from the German. By Trowermantel. With Six Illustrations printed in oil colors. 16mo. 75 cents.
HOLLY AND MISTLETOE. Tales Translated from the German of Rosalie Koch. By Trowermantel. With Six Illustrations printed in oil colors. 16mo. Price 75 cents.
These two Juveniles are a continuation of the Series of German stories so deservedly popular. They comprise some of the most delightful stories published for the young, and are fully illustrated with colored engravings.
THE LIFE OF LAFAYETTE. Written for Children. By E. Cecil, author of "The Life of Washington." Illustrated with Six Colored Engravings. 16mo. Price 75 cents.
The second of the series of Lives of the Generals of the Revolution, by a new and popular author. This series is principally adapted for the instruction and entertainment of American children and youth.
THE LIFE OF WASHINGTON. Written for Children. By E. Cecil. Illustrated with Six Colored Engravings. 16mo. Price 75 cents.
An invaluable little book. Every boy and girl in the United States should own a copy of this Memoir of the *Father of his Country*.
A MOTHER'S HYMNS FOR YOUNG CHILDREN. A beautiful little volume, entirely original, filled with such hymns as every mother would wish her child to learn.
CROSBY, NICHOLS & CO.,
PUBLISHERS,
117 Washington Street, Boston.

FOR SORE, WEAK, INFLAMED EYES AND EYELIDS.
A true specific, and invaluable remedy has been at last discovered. Dr. Hartgloves argues that stem affections invariably result from a constitutional disease, of which the local affection is only the outward manifestation. Hence, HUMPHREYS' SPECIFIC HOMŒOPATHIC OPHTHALMY PILLS are only taken internally, and go direct to the seat of disease. Sore eyes and eyelids, which have resisted all other treatment. All cases of sore and inflamed eyes and eyelids, or failing weak, of whatever kind, are speedily benefited, and the cure of the worst cases in only a question of time.
Price, 50 cents, with directions.
N. B.—A full set of HUMPHREYS' HOMŒOPATHIC Specifics, with Book of Directions, and Twenty different Remedies, in Morocco case, price $5; do. in plain case, $4; case of fifteen boxes, and book, $3.
☞ Sent by mail, to any part of the country, on receipt of the price. Address
DR. F. HUMPHREYS & CO.,
No. 562 Broadway, New York.

HOLIDAYS. HOLIDAYS.
THE OLD CHARDONS SELL CANDY MANUFACTORY, ESTABLISHED 1848.
RIDLEY & CO. are pleased to furnish a superior quality of CANDY, SUGAR PLUMS, &c., for which they have attained a world-wide reputation.
All orders purchased at this establishment are warranted PURE, and free from all admixture of foreign matter, deleterious to health.
CONFECTIONERS' MANUFACTURERS, SACS, &c., &c., suitable for HOLIDAY PRESENTS.
RIDLEY & CO., 566 Chardonets and Hudson Streets.

PHALON'S COCIN.
Read this letter of its great merit.

It Does Make the Hair Grow!
PHILADELPHIA, *Oct. 7, 1859.*
Messrs. PHALON & SON,
NEW YORK.
Your preparation of Cocin has proven itself very beneficial to me. For a long time I have been gradually losing my Hair, leaving my head in many places entirely bald, and I have only stopped its falling out by using your Cocin, and I now have the pleasure to tell you that my head is covered with young Hair. It is the only preparation of the many I have used that has been successful, and I can safely recommend it to all my friends.
Yours respectfully,
ELIZA CONNELL,
1815, above Vine Street.
This is only one letter out of hundreds we are receiving daily, of the wonderful effects of
PHALON'S COCIN,
Prepared by
PHALON & SON,
New York.

Beautiful! Elegant! Delightful!
A new Discovery!
For Beautifying the Hair!
For Beautifying, Perfuming, Curling, Dressing, Invigorating, Cleansing, Curling, Laying and Setting the Hair.
Imparts a Silky Gloss and Softness,
And at same time a stiffness.
As you dress the Hair so it remains.
Keeps the Hair in position.
Makes the Hair Beautiful.
It's the best agent of the Toilet.
A perfect Gem! A Luxury!
For Ladies' and Children's use.
The most delightful Hair Dressing
For the Beauty, Fashion, and Respectability.
For the Parlor and Toilet.
It's a fortune seller.
FOR FIRST-CLASS TRADE.
Delightful—delightful—delightful!
It should be in every Family.
It's the best preparation
For the Hair—For the Hair
In the World.
In the World
In the World.
Address ISAAC L. SCIPP,
Depot, 79 Ann Street, N. Y., and Boston.
Price 50 cents per box. Sold everywhere.

To Hotelkeepers.—The attention of Landlords is respectfully invited to the superior quality of
Burnett's Flavoring Extracts.
They are entirely free from the poisonous oils and acids which enter into the composition of many of the fictitious fruit flavors now in the market. They are highly concentrated, have all the freshness and delicacy of the fruits from which they are prepared, and are less expensive.
PREPARED BY JOSEPH BURNETT & CO.,
Boston.

FRENCH MINK CAPE, Muff, and Cuffs, only $16. WILLIAMS, 344 Fulton St., Brooklyn.

Ladies do you wish a Beautiful Complexion?
If you do, use PHALON'S SNOW WHITE ORIENTAL CREAM, for giving beauty to the complexion, removing Tan, Freckles, &c., and imparting a permanent bloom to the skin. It renders Lily Whites and all cosmetics for the entirely superfluous; it supersedes all such deleterious mixtures. It is the most astonishing preparation, giving a natural color to the cheeks and health to the complexion. It is, in short, the most unparalleled: so simple in its nature, so innocent in its properties and action, and yet so brilliant in its never-failing effects, that it is the admiration of all who see it.

CHRISTMAS is COMING, Ladies. If you wish to make PRESENTS for the Holidays, get beautiful Embroidered Velvet Capes (presents for gentlemen): also, Ladies', Misses', Boys', and Children's Beaver and Seal Caps. Store open evenings.
MILLER & CO.'s, No. 387 Canal Street.

ROMAN EYE BALSAM,
For Inflamed Eyelids,
And for the cure of Scrofulous Ulcers and Soreness surrounding or near the Eye. In all diseases of this character it is almost a certain cure.
Price 50 cents per box. Will be sent free per Mail to any part of the United States upon receipt of 58 cents in Post-stamps.
Prepared by A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists, 100 Fulton Street, cor. William, N. Y.

HARPER & BROTHERS
Have just Published:
PICTORIAL BIBLE. Harper's Illuminated and New Pictorial Bible. Embellished with Sixteen Hundred Historical Engravings, exclusive of an Initial Letter to each Chapter, by J. A. ADAMS, more than Fourfold the number of which are from Original Designs, by J. G. CHAPMAN.
Morocco, gilt edges, beveled and panelled sides . $25 00
Morocco extra, gilt edges 22 00
Full Calf embossed, gilt edges 20 00
Full Calf, marbled edges, limp 18 00
Full Sheep, marbled edges 16 00
Cloud and forwarded by Express, on receipt of the Money.

THE DIARY OF A SAMARITAN. By a Member of the Reformed Association of New Orleans. 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS will send either of the above Works by Mail, postage paid (for any distance in the United States) upon receipt of the price, the Money.

The Sister's Confession.

BY JULIA CAREY RUMBRALDT.

Ah! when he passes in the street,
With such a lordly air,
He lifts his hat—perhaps to show
His brown and glossy hair;
And when he smiles—his teeth are good,
Which makes him smile the more—
I feel it is my destined lot
To worship and adore.

To me he seems perfection—
His eyes with silken lash;
The ruddy glow of his cheek,
His silken dark moustache;
But more than all, my sister,
The point my soul adores
Is that he buys his clothes for cash
At SMITH'S MARGINAL STORES!

"Twin Temples of Fashion."

ONE PRICE—NO DEVIATION.

The Price is marked on all the Goods in Plain Figures.

SMITH BROTHERS,

The Marble Stores,

122, 138, and 140 Fulton Street,

Between Broadway and William St.,

THOMAS SMITH, Jr.,
ROBERT L. SMITH,
J. SMITH BELL,
} NEW YORK.

Watches and Jewelry,
At No. 11 Wall Street, Up Stairs.
Special and Important Notice.
At half price for a few Days.

Gold Watches, 18 karats, only $15, worth $30.
Sterling Silver Watches, only $7 worth $16.
Every style of Watch from $2 to $100.
Also a splendid assortment of Jewelry.
Only for a few days to make room for other Goods.
J. MACDUFF'S, 11 Wall Street, up stairs.

MUSICAL BOXES,

Playing 2, 3, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 16, 24, and 36 tunes,
PAILLARD & MARTIN, Importers,
Musical Boxes repaired. 21 MAIDEN LANE, N. Y.

ENGLISH PICKLES REDUCED in PRICE.—Send for a priced list of our English and Scotch Provisions. RICHARDSON & McLEOD, 103 Maiden Lane, New York.

Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry.

This remedy has long been cherished by the community for its remarkable efficacy in relieving, healing, and curing the most obstinate, painful, and long-standing cases of COUGH, COLD, INFLUENZA, SORE THROAT, BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING COUGH, CROUP, ASTHMA, INFLAMMATION of the LUNGS: while even CONSUMPTION itself has yielded to its magic influence, when all other known means have failed.

The whole history of this Balsam, which has now become a household word, proves that the past has produced no remedy approaching it in value and usefulness, while the future will hardly present one of equal value.

To guard against Counterfeits, of which there are several worthless ones, see that each bottle has the written signature of "I. BUTTS," as well as the printed name of the Proprietors, "*Seth W. Fowle & Co., Boston*," on the outside wrapper.

Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere.

Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry.

Partial Deafness Discharges from the Ear
NOISES IN THE HEAD, CATARRH,
And all diseases of the THROAT, EYE and EAR, pecularly cured by
DR. LIGHTHILL, No. 27 Bond Street, N. Y.
☞ Pamphlets sent gratis.

Agents Wanted
To obtain Subscribers for
LOSSING'S
PICTORIAL FIELD-BOOK OF THE REVOLUTION.
In Two Volumes Royal Octavo, containing upward of
1500 Pages and
1100 Beautiful Illustrations.

This work will be SOLD EXCLUSIVELY BY AGENTS, in each of whom a special District will be given. Rare inducements offered. Applicants should learn the Counties for which they would prefer. For full particulars address GEO. W. ELLIOTT, late MARSH & BROTHERS, New York.

Harper's Holiday Pictorial Now Ready.

The most beautiful Pictorial Sheet ever issued.

PRICE SIX CENTS.

Sent by mail anywhere in the United States on receipt of the price.
HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.

Piano Fortes,
Of the newest style, finest tone, and lowest rates.
HALLETT DRUG & MANUFACTORY,
Warerooms No. 99 Prince, near Broadway.

Boudoir Sewing Machine.
Harris' Patent.

The best and only reliable double-thread Machine making the celebrated GROVER & BAKER STITCH by authority, at

$40.

Every Machine warranted for one year.

L. A. BIGELOW, Agent,
43 TREMONT STREET, Boston,
and 504 Broadway, New York.

Singer's Sewing Machines.

SINGER'S No. 2 SEWING MACHINE, $100.
SINGER'S No. 1 SEWING MACHINE, $90.
HEMMING GAUGES REDUCED TO $1.

Singer's Family Sewing Machines at $50 and $70 are capable of performing, in the best style, all the sewing of a private family.

Send for a copy of I. M. Singer & Co.'s Gazette, which contains full reliable information about prices, machine, etc., of Sewing Machines, and will be supplied gratis.

I. M. SINGER & CO.,
No. 458 Broadway, New York.

READ THE PROFOSAL AT THE FOOT OF THIS.

THE NEW YORK OBSERVER.
THE LEADING RELIGIOUS JOURNAL IN THE WORLD.
National, Conservative and Religious.
DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF RELIGION, AND TO NO SECT OR DENOMINATION.

Edited by a corps of Clergymen and Laymen of large experience, having the most eminent writers of the day among its regular contributors, and a Foreign Correspondence unrivalled. It is the most complete

FAMILY NEWSPAPER

that can be made: published on a large double sheet, at least 48 columns. No other newspaper is made upon this plan.

TWO DISTINCT PAPERS,

each perfect in itself. No other newspaper is made upon this plan.

The secular sheet contains a full report of all the news of the day, together with correspondence, editorials on every, and press; an AGRICULTURAL page, carefully edited, and containing practical matter; a COMMERCIAL page, edited by a gentleman distinguished for his accurate knowledge of the financial world; carefully prepared reports of the money, produce and cattle markets, bank statistics, &c.; a MISCELLANEOUS page, containing the scientific, literary and artistic matter, with tales, anecdotes, biography, travels, sketches and answers, for the instruction and amusement of the family and social circle.

The religious paper is filled with the choicest original and selected matter in every department of Christian literature, including sermons, addresses, Sabbath exposition, and furnishing a volume of interesting and valuable reading every week. The best and most accomplished clergymen, Presidents and Professors in our colleges and seminaries, constantly contribute to its pages. One of its chief features of attraction is a summary of intelligence from

ALL RELIGIOUS DENOMINATIONS;

a feature peculiar to the Observer, and highly valued by Christians who wish to know what is going in other branches of the church.

The grand object of the NEW YORK OBSERVER is to present, in a form attractive to old and young, for the fire side and the counting house, all those principles which make the Union of the States a blessing to the commonwealth; it endeavors to promote the well being among all denominations of Christians; and is a faithful defender of the rights of all men, under the Constitution of the United States and Word of God.

In its editorial discussions, its reports and domestic correspondence, the vigor and beauty of its original contributions, and the attractions of its several departments in science, literature, art, agriculture and commerce, the NEW YORK OBSERVER is determined not to be surpassed by any newspaper.

Reliable correspondents in Church and State, promoting interests of pure religion and every substantial moral reform, on scriptural and rational principles, and opposing all infidelity, heathenism, fanaticism, and every schemes of infidelity, socialism and vice, the NEW YORK OBSERVER hopes to be a safeguard of virtue and law and order, a champion of truth and righteousness in all its work.

It is the cheapest newspaper of its class that is published. Each of the secular and religious papers are sent for two dollars and fifty cents, in advance. Two families can have the paper for four dollars. Any one can form a club and have a paper for $2 50.

Reliable persons wanted in Church and State, promoting interests of pure religion and every substantial moral reform, on scriptural and rational principles, and opposing all infidelity, socialism, fanaticism, and every science of infidelity, socialism and vice, the NEW YORK OBSERVER hopes to be a safeguard of virtue and law and order, a champion of truth and righteousness in all its work.

It is the cheapest newspaper of its class that is published. Each of the secular and religious papers are sent for two dollars and fifty cents, in advance. Two families can have the paper for four dollars. Any one can form a club and have a paper for $2 50.

Reliable persons wanted in SOLICITING SUBSCRIBERS. For such a service as procuring subscribers for us, we will pay the following liberal commissions: For every subscriber, paying in advance, for one year, but not more than five and less than ten, 75 cents each; for ten or more, $1 each. We will send a copy of our Illustrated, with control-maps, on paper of large size and best quality to each new subscriber, on receipt of the first number and payment for one year.

If you can not give personal attention to this work, will you show this advertisement to some energetic or worthy person who will take an interest in it, or to some one to whom the publishers mentioned above?

We will send specimen numbers without charge.

Your early attention is solicited to this subject, and we shall be happy to hear from you immediately, as we desire to offer the paper at once to every family in the United States. SIDNEY E. MORSE, Jr., & Co.,
Editors and Proprietors, No. 37 Park Row, New York.

"MEDICAL COMMON SENSE."

Send to the author and get the COMMON SENSE of this popular new work. Sent *free* to any part of the United States. Address Dr. S. S. FOOTE, 346 Broadway, New York.

The Completion of Alison's History of Europe.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.,

Publish this Day:

The 9th and Concluding Volume of

ALISON'S History of Europe.

FIRST SERIES: From the Commencement of the French Revolution in 1789 to the Restoration of the Bourbons in 1815. 4 vols. 8vo. Muslin, $6 00; Sheep extra, $7 00; Half Calf, $10 00.

SECOND SERIES: From the Fall of Napoleon in 1815 to the Accession of Louis Napoleon in 1852. 4 vols. 8vo. Muslin, $6 00; Sheep extra, $7 00; Half Calf, $10 00.

☞ **The Work Complete in 8 vols.** Muslin, $12 00; Sheep extra, $14 00; Half Calf, $20 00.

☞ Sent by mail, postage free, to any part of the United States.

"The merits of Sir Archibald Alison as a historian need only be commented on in order to call attention to this important work. He brings industry, high culture, methodical perseverance, an active and eloquent mind, and rare powers of description, to the accomplishment of a task which can be evidently taken a cordial delight. Viewing his work as an elaborate digest of the events of his age, accompanied with frequent vivid and expressive portraitures of conspicuous scenes, it must be regarded as a valuable contribution to our literature and to history, and as an indispensable aid to the studies of every intelligent reader."

From the NEW YORK COURIER AND INQUIRER, *May 27, 1859.*

"Peruvian Syrup—A distinct patent Medicines most persons are justly prejudiced. Health is too valuable to be trifled with, and no one possessing ordinary prudence or sense would wish to take a patent medicine of which he knew nothing, except what is asserted by the maker of it. A person who is sick wants to know, may be all errant rogue. The Peruvian Syrup is not a patent medicine in any sense of the word. Every one believes that Heaven is no gentleman in it. It is a solution of the principles of iron, prepared by a scientific method. The properties are well known to Boston, and are gentlemen upon whose statements the utmost reliance can be placed. They do not claim that the syrup is a panacea, but that in all cases of debility arising from a loss of iron in the blood it will be found most efficacious. The diseases in which iron is prescribed by physicians are many, though this remedy is regarded as one of the most useful in the pharmacopœia. Where the blood is poor and impure, as is usual, for the consumptive, it is sometimes difficult to find in what form it should be administered. On the one hand the assertion that the Peruvian Syrup is a safe, pure and reliable with the blood in the form of protoxide, and on the other that it contains no alcohol to produce such unnecessary labor. The protoxide, we have, is said to be a very unstable compound, and liable to be converted into another form by the absorption of oxygen from the air. It is claimed that in the Peruvian Syrup it is so combined by chemical ingenuity as to remain unchanged in any climate. Sold by druggists."

Complete containing numerous certificates of cures from persons well known in this city, and also, can be had on application to the Agents,

BARRY, CLARK & CO., Proprietors,
No. 8 Gold Street, New York.
Sold by Druggists generally in the United States.

HARPER & BROTHERS,
257 to 265 Pearl Street (Franklin Square), New York,

Publish this Week:

I.

RAINBOWS JOURNEY.

Being the Second Volume of

Stories of Rainbow and Lucky,

By J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED.

16mo. Muslin, 63 cents.

"HANDS" and "RAINBOW'S JOURNEY" now ready.

II.

HARRY'S SUMMER IN ASHCROFT.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Square 4to, Muslin, 50 cents.

The author has endeavored to unite amusement with instruction. He has aimed to show his young readers how to observe and what to observe, and thus to give them a natural and genuine interest in, and understanding of, the wide and beautiful world around them.

Believing that he has accomplished this purpose, the Publishers confidently recommend the book to parents as a delightful companion to guide their children in the acquisition of valuable lessons.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills,

FOR ALL THE PURPOSES OF A

FAMILY PHYSIC,

are so compound that disease within the range of their action can rarely withstand or evade them. Their penetrating properties search, and cleanse, and invigorate every portion of the system, dislodging and removing the diseased action, and restoring its healthy vitalities. As a consequence of these properties, the invalid who is bowed down with pain or physical debility is astonished to find his burden or energy relieved by a remedy at once so simple and inviting.

Not only do they cure the every-day complaints of everybody, but they assail more formidable and dangerous diseases; such as *Costiveness, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Dysentery, Foul Stomach, Erysipelas, Rheumatism, Piles, Rheumatism, Eruptions and Skin Diseases, Ulcer Complaints, Dropsy, Tetter, Tumors and Salt Rheum, Worms, Gout, Neuralgia, as a Dinner Pill, and for Purifying the Blood.*

They are sugar-coated, so that the most sensitive can take them pleasantly, and they are the best aperients in the world for all the purposes of a family physic.

Price 25 cents per Box; Five Boxes for $1 00.

PREPARED BY

DR. J. C. AYER & CO.,
LOWELL, MASS.

Sold by all Druggists everywhere.

IF WHISKERS AND MUSTACHES won't grow upon your face, use my original preparation (established 1835), which will force them to grow six weeks from the first application, and without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1, by mail, post-free, for any address. R. G. GRAHAM, 106 Nassau Street, New York.

Mother Goose For Grown Folks.
A NEW CHRISTMAS BOOK.

One volume, with Frontispiece by Billings, elegantly printed on tinted paper. Price, bound in Muslin, 75 cents.

☞ Sold everywhere, and sent by mail, postage *free*, on receipt of the price, by BUDD & CARLETON, 130 Grand Street, New York.

32. HEALTH OF AMERICAN WOMEN. **32.**

It has often been a sad reflection that the physiological economy of women has rendered her liable to suffering and disease, for which a suitable remedy has never been found in the regular medical profession. Such mothers of a family, and most females above 18 years of age, fully experience this. Many partial, painful, and exhausting feats offer no exemption to this rule. So universal are these sufferings of women from 18 to 45, that it is safe to say every one is interested in obtaining certain relief.

DR. CHEESEMAN'S CELEBRATED FEMALE PILLS

have been used in private practice for the common lot of women during the largest portion of the last 30 years.

The experience of many years, the serious ills of investigation by scientific medical men, the use of the medicines in the private circle and in the families of physicians, and its general use in the families of clergymen and all among the most enlightened and refined in the country, has resulted in arranging the elegant and well-known preparation of the Graefenberg Company as the only reliable remedy ever known for the universal and unfailing relief of females.

It is prepared by an educated physician of great experience, and it will be found to be a kind friend and a safe remedies ever known. Full directions for using accompany MARSHALL'S GENUINE GRAEFENBERG PILLS.

Price, **$1 50** *per bottle.* ☞ FOR SIX DOLLARS FIVE BOTTLES ARE SENT BY EXPRESS, AND CHARGES PREPAID TO ANY OF EXPRESS LINE FROM NEW YORK. **32.**

Address JOSHUA F. HOWARD, M.D., *Secretary Consulting Physicians, Graefenberg Company*, No. 32 FARR. ROW, NEW YORK. **32.**

All of the Graefenberg medicines may be confidently relied on. They have been before the public for 12 years, and in that time have become a part of the regular practice of almost every physician in this country and climate.

I hereby certify that I have been a practicing physician of Steamboats established to me by the Graefenberg Company, relative to the merits of their medicines, and it is with pleasure in saying that they present evidence of genuineness and efficacy unequalled by any medicines now before the public. N. BANGS, D.D., of the Methodist Church.

Having examined certificates of the Graefenberg Company, of cases of long standing, that they present evidence of genuineness, and are entitled to the confidence of the public. WM. CHEESEMAN, Secretary of the Board of Health. The Graefenberg Company justifies me in expressing the opinion that their medicines are worthy the confidence of the public.

Editor and Proprietor New York Commercial Advertiser.

☞ *The principles and practice of medicine adopted by the Medical Faculty of the Graefenberg Institution are clearly set forth in* THE GRAEFENBERG MANUAL OF *Health and Family Medicine, a work published for Family Use, and elegantly embellished with colored engravings of the Human Body, Male and Female.* A copy of which it is mailed *is now part of the country, free of postage.*

DR. J. F. BISBEE may be consulted at the office of the Company, No. 32 *Farr Row. Office hours*, 9 to 1 and 3 to 4.

Ladd, Webster & Co.,
INVITE ATTENTION TO THEIR
IMPROVED TIGHT-STITCH
Sewing Machines,
WHICH FOR BEAUTY AND SIMPLICITY OF CONSTRUCTION, AND SPEED AND WORKING,
ARE UNEQUALED BY ANY.
650 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
17 SUTHSTICK STREET, BOSTON.
620 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.
202 BALTIMORE STREET, BALTIMORE.
80 WEST FOURTH STREET, CINCINNATI.

THE ORIGINAL BRIDGEWATER
PAINT OF NEW JERSEY, Established 1850,
For Roofs, Fences, Barns, Houses, Iron, Bricks, Canvas, Muslin, &c., dries readily, forming a metallic coat, spark and fire proof, durable and economical. Depot 72 Maiden Lane, New York.
BRICKS & BETTS, Agents.

☞ Every Number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE contains from 95 to 96 pages of reading matter, and in one half-more reading than any other in the country.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

NUMBER CXCVI.] CONTENTS. [JANUARY, 1860.

HOLIDAYS IN COSTA RICA.—II. SAN JOSE. By Bayard Taylor.
Illustrated by Eastman Engravings.
A LAY OF THE LAST CAVALIER.
STRAY THOUGHTS. Drawn by Fenta Carlen.
Illustrated by Eight Engravings.
SISTER TOM AND THE CONVENT.
Illustrated by Seventeen Engravings.
MRS. ANTHONY'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT.
THE POET'S SECRET.
THE ATOMS OF CHLADNI.
CARLSBAD OR CHARLESTON. By "Harry Gringo."
MISS VINTON OF TALLAHASSEE.
ROUNDY TURBOT.
HOW THE SNOW MELTED ON MOUNT WASHington.
THE THREE GREAT VOYAGES.
THE LAST DAYS OF COLIGNY.—A BALLAD OF LOUISIANA.
TURF, OUTDOOR STORIES IN ONE.
A CHRISTMAS HYMN.
MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.
LITERARY NOTICES.
EDITOR'S TABLE.
EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.
EDITOR'S DRAWER.
HARPER'S WEEKLY and HARPER'S MAGAZINE, together, one year, $4 00.
☞ "HARPER'S MAGAZINE" must be paid at the Office where it is mailed. Terms, Postage in Clergy-ms Gratis. Address
HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers.

THE REAL "IRREPRESSIBLE CONFLICT."

[SEE CONGRESSIONAL DEBATES.]

G. M. BODINE,
481 Broadway,
1,000 PIECES
RICH SILKS,
ONLY 15 CENTS PER YARD.
VALUE $1 25.

G. M. BODINE,
481 Broadway,
3,000 FRENCH WORKED COLLARS,
AT FIFTY CENTS,
VALUE $1.

G. M. BODINE,
481 Broadway,
1,000 DOZEN
LADIES' HEMSTITCHED HANDKERCHIEFS,
AT $2 25 PER DOZEN,
WORTH $4.

G. M. BODINE,
481 Broadway,
1,000 DOZEN
LADIES' HEMSTITCHED HANDKERCHIEFS,
AT $3 PER DOZEN,
WORTH $6.

G. M. BODINE,
481 Broadway,
1,000 PIECES
RICH SILKS, EXTRA QUALITY,
AT $1 PER YARD,
REDUCED FROM $1 75.

TEACHERS OF DRAWING AND PAINTING,

And other fine arts, will find in the new book, ART SECTIONS, just published, valuable aid in all old styles and guide to new arts. It teaches Drawing, Oil and Water Painting, Sketching from Nature, Sketching, Analysis, Grecian, Oriental, Sign, Theorem and Fancy Wax, Wax Work, Hair Work, Leather Work, Gilding, Etching, Photochromatic, Paper Mache, Feather Flowers, Magic Lantern, Paper Flowers, Panorama Painting, Enamel Painting, *Coloring Photographs* in Oil and *Water Colors*, and many other valuable arts.
Elegantly Illustrated and handsomely bound.
Price.....$1 50
Rich, full gilt.....2 00
Turkey antique.....2 50
J. E. TILTON & CO., Boston, Publishers.

J. E. T. & Co. supply Seminaries, Schools, &c., with all Artists' goods. Send for circular of Prices, &c.

DR. J. B. MARCHISI'S
Celebrated Nerine Catholicon,
For the Relief and Cure of Suffering Females.

Climate and the normal habits of female life superinduce many functional derangements, which require timely counteract and cure. It can be relied upon in every case of Painful, Suppressed, or Irregular Menstruation. Prof. Ingalls Uhrt, Lecturer, Chicago: WEEKS & POTTER, Boston; or UNITED DRUG & CO., Pitts'd.
J. B. MARCHISI, M.D., Utica, N. Y.

Overcoats—$2 50, $4 50, $6 50, $8 50, $10 and $12.
Business Coats—$3 50, $4 50, $5 50, $6 50 & $10.
PANTS and VESTS—Of every Grade and Variety.
Goods, at GEO. A. HUNTER & CO.'s
Manhattan Clothing Store,
Nos. 290 and 292 Bowery.

THE HOLIDAYS AT HAND.

D. W. Evans & Co.,

The Pioneer Gift Book Store,

No. 677 Broadway, N. Y.

The Oldest Established GIFT-BOOK HOUSE.

A GIFT WITH EVERY BOOK.
Worth from 50 cts. to $100.

GIFTS,
For Christmas and New Years.

Elegantly bound and illustrated works, the largest selection ever offered for sale, are now on exhibition at the Pioneer Gift Book Store.

Holiday Catalogues

are now ready, in 16mo form, published expressly for the Holiday trade, containing full descriptions of every work of elegance and art, and of all the popular juvenile works of the season. They will be sent to purchasers gratis to all on application. Remember that in purchasing of us all books are sold at the regular rates, aside from which, without extra charge, an elegant present accompanies every purchase, at the time of sale, often a hundred fold for the original investment.

Persons residing at a distance from the city can be furnished with Catalogues on application, and may rely on having their orders filled faithfully and as impartially as at the store in New York.

Books.

By constant additions to our stock we have collected the largest and most varied selection of Books ever offered by any publishing house in the country, all of which are fresh from the publishers' hands, and are warranted perfect in every form.

A New Catalogue

of seventy-two octavo pages is now ready for gratuitous distribution, and will be mailed to any one address. For perfection of arrangement, facility in selection and identification of American and Modern Literature, it has never been equaled, and is considered by competent judges the most comprehensive index to general literature ever issued from the press. Do not forget that it is

Mailed Free

to any address. By constant additions to our stock, we have collected the largest and most varied selection of Books ever offered by any publishing house in the country. All of which may be found in every department of Literature.

Send for a Catalogue.

It will be mailed free to any address, and will prove an invaluable assistant in the formation of a library, or the selection of useful and entertaining reading.

Dispatch.

Those who regard a prompt reply to their orders will be sure and send us their patronage, as the central location of New York City, with its many diverging means of transportation, gives us unrivaled advantages in forwarding to the most distant points. The business arrangements of our Establishment have been so thoroughly perfected that orders received by the evening mail the next morning are on their way to their destination, and no orders are delayed over twenty-four hours from the time of their reception.

SAFETY.

We take the risk of all loss through the mail, if the directions are followed as in Catalogue. Money sent in the form of draft payable to our order, or letters inclosing funds, if registered according to law, are insured a safe return.

AGENTS.

Take Notice, all who desire Profitable Employment.

We employ authorized Agents, thus offering a guaranty of fair dealing, and a proper attention to the interests of our patrons. Since the commencement of the year we have been rapidly appointing Local Agents, giving easy and lucrative employment to thousands of people.

Ten Thousand Agencies

are open for application, and all persons desiring a pleasant, easy and profitable employment, requiring but little time, will do well to accept the earliest opportunity, and send in their names.

The superior advantages offered by us to book-buyers, as well as the fact that we have been longer established than any other Gift Book House, has induced the press to confer upon our business the title of

The Pioneer Gift-Book Store.

As we have from the first taken the lead of all others, we should endeavor to maintain our position as heretofore.

Book Agents and those desiring to become so should examine our terms, as ten books can be sold in the same time that one may be disposed of in the regular way, through the inducements given by us to the purchaser.

Remember

That we have taken the risk of loss through the mail. This is the only Gift Book House that has received the voluntary indorsement of over five hundred city and country papers, and of the leading publishing houses of the country.

This is the oldest establishment and most extensive house of the kind in the world.

We pay the most liberal commission to Agents.

We keep the most varied and extensive stock of Books and Gifts, and gratuitously articulate the most complete and best arranged catalogue in the country.

We guarantee perfect satisfaction to all who may favor us with their patronage.

One trial will satisfy the most irredulous. Send for Catalogue: it contains a description, and the cost, binding, and price of every book, in its pages, so that the selection can be precisely what is desired, and cannot be secured by receiving the full value of the investment in the Books, Gifts, & Gift varying in value from 50 cents to $100.

How to Send for Books.

Orders of Five Books and upward should be sent by express, if possible, as it is safer and cheaper than by mail.

Money, if possible, should be sent in form of Draft, as payment can be stopped if lost through the mail.

Letters inclosing money may be sent at our risk, provided it is inclosed in presence of the Postmaster, and registered according to law. These precautions are simple, and will secure the safe transmission of the largest sums of Books.

In ordering Books, the title, in black letters only, should be used. The writing should be plain, and the Name, Post Office, County, and State should be distinct, to avoid mistakes.

All book-readers will not fail to

Send for a Catalogue.

It will cost nothing, as it is mailed free of charge to all parts of the world. Direct all communications to

D. W. EVANS & CO.,
No. 677 Broadway, New York City.

Two Good Articles.
Only 12 Cents each.
Sold by Druggists Everywhere.

The Shilling Hair Tonic.

The Shilling Benzine.

For removing grease stains from Cloth or Silk; bathing with great facility, and giving perfect satisfaction.

Wholesale Depot, 359 Water Street, New York.

NEW GIFT BOOK HOUSE.

The Subscribers have commenced the Sale of Books on the Gift Principle, and hope that by offering extra inducements to receive a share of patronage. We offer the richest collection of Gifts to be found at any establishment, and the most extensive assortment of Books ever sent to any address.

WM. A. WILLIAMS & CO. (Park Block),
No. 81 Park Row and 145 Nassau Street,
New York.

WARM CLOTHING.

We now offer large assortments of Full and Winter Clothing, just manufactured, in our best styles, consisting in part of

ESQUIMAUX BEAVERS,
MOSCOW BEAVERS,
ELDER DOWN BEAVERS,
MAGENTA BEAVERS,
PRESIDENT BEAVERS,
CLARENDON BEAVERS,
DREADNAUGHT BEAVERS.

Also, complete suits of all styles of CASSIMERE and Beaver suits, and all the late styles Velvet and Cashmere Vestings, &c., &c.

BOYS' CLOTHING
AND FURNISHING GOODS
in great variety, at the lowest prices of trade.
WM. H. HORNE & CO.,
Nos. 258, 260, and 262 Broadway.

HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

Fine London Watches.

For Scientific Purposes,
Or for Pocket Time-Pieces.
RICH DIAMOND JEWELRY,
Bracelets—Earrings,
Brooches—Studs, &c., &c.
— SOLID GOLD CHAINS. —

At the Factory Prices,
25 per cent. below
Retail Store Prices.
D. C. PEACOCK, LONDON,
Represented by

DAVID RAIT,
405 Broadway,
UP STAIRS.

A New Picture for the Stereoscope!!
"GOOD FOR A COLD."

Just received by the Persia, a choice Assortment of comic *New Views*—Groups, Landscapes, &c., &c., and at greatly reduced prices, at the New York Depot of the LONDON STEREOSCOPIC CO.,
534 Broadway.

Special Announcement
FROM THE
Quaker City Publishing House!

100,000 Catalogues,
NEW, ENLARGED AND REVISED—NOW READY
FOR DISTRIBUTION.

Superior Inducements to the Public!

A new and more plan for obtaining GOLD and SILVER WATCHES, and other valuable Prizes. Full particulars given in Catalogue, which will be sent free to all upon application.

Valuable Gifts, worth from 50 cents to $100, GUARANTEED to each purchaser. $100,000 in Gifts have been distributed to my patrons within the past six months—$50,000 to be distributed during the next six months.

The inducements offered Agents are more liberal than those of any other house in the business.

Having been in the Publishing and Bookselling business for the last eight years, my experience enables me to conduct the Enterprise with the greatest satisfaction to all.

AGENTS WANTED in every Town and County. For full particulars address DUANE JULLISON,
Quaker City Publishing House,
33 South Third Street,
Philadelphia, Pa.

The Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine Company,
Office 505 Broadway, New York,

Has prepared tables showing the actual experiment of four different workers, the time required to stitch each part of a garment by hand, and with their Sewing Machine. The result of the work done by the Machine, and the beatitudines of the employment, are advantages quite as great as the saving of time. Subjoined is a summary of several of the tables—

	BY MACHINE.		BY HAND.	
Gentlemen's Shirts.....	*Hours.* 1	*Min.* 5	*Hours.* 13	*Min.* 31
Frock Coats.....	2	59	16	25
Satin Vests.....	1	14	7	39
Linen "		43	6	14
Cloth Pants.....		44	5	19
Summer Pants.....		33	3	50
Silk Dress.....	1	13	10	29
Merino Dress.....	1	4	9	27
Calico Dress.....		57	6	57

Seams of any considerable length are stitched ordinarily at the rate of a yard a minute.

PRINCE IMPERIAL CHAMPAGNE,

FROM DEVENOGE & CO EPERNAY, FRANCE.

A WINE of rare quality, at a moderate price. Sold at the PRINCIPAL HOTELS, and by ALL THE LEADING DEALERS throughout the country.

E. V. HAUGHWOUT, Sole Importer,
488, 490, and 492 Broadway,
corner of Broome Street, N. Y.

CHRISTMAS SUPPLEMENT TO

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

PRICE SIX CENTS.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1859. [PRICE SIX CENTS.

Entered according to Act of the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

ANOTHER NEW SERIAL.

We shall shortly commence the publication, in *Harper's Weekly*, of a new Serial Story, of American Life, by an eminent American author. This story will be illustrated by JOHN MCLENAN, Esq.

We commenced in No. 152 the publication of a new Serial Story by WILKIE COLLINS, Esq., entitled

"THE WOMAN IN WHITE;"

which is illustrated expressly for this journal by JOHN MCLENAN, Esq.

The publication of the delicious Story of AMERICAN LIFE,

"TRUMPS,"

by GEORGE W. CURTIS, Esq., with HOPPIN'S Illustrations, was commenced in No. 119 of *Harper's Weekly*.

As *Harper's Weekly* is electrotyped, we can supply the back numbers from the commencement to any person who sends us the money.

Our Christmas Story.

THE HAUNTED HOUSES.

TO WIT:

The Mortals in the House. BY CHARLES DICKENS.

The Ghost in the Clock Room. BY MISS BESSIA STRETTON.

The Ghost in the Double Room. BY AUGUSTUS SALA.

The Ghost in the Picture Room. BY MISS E. PRESCOTT.

The Ghost in the Cupboard Room. BY WILKIE COLLINS.

The Ghost in Master B.'s Room. BY CHARLES DICKENS.

The Ghost in the Garden Room. BY MRS. GASKELL.

The Ghost in the Corner Room. BY CHARLES DICKENS.

THE MORTALS IN THE HOUSE.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

UPON none of the accredited ghostly circumstances, and unvarnished by none of the conventional ghostly surroundings, did I first make acquaintance with the house which is the subject of this Christmas piece. I saw it in the daylight, with the sun upon it. There was no wind, no rain, no lightning, no thunder, no awful or unwonted circumstance, of any kind, to heighten its effect. More than that: I had come to it direct from a railway station; it was not more than a mile distant from the railway station; and, as I stood outside the house, looking back upon the way I had come, I could see the goods train running smoothly along the embankment in the valley. I will not say that every thing was utterly common place, because I doubt if any thing can be that, except to utterly commonplace people—and there my vanity steps in; but I will take it on myself to say that any body might see the house as I saw it, *any* fine autumn morning.

The manner of my lighting on it was this.

I was traveling toward London out of the North, intending to stop by the way, to look at the house. My health required a temporary residence in the country, and a friend of mine who knew that, and who had happened to drive past the house, had written to me to suggest it as likely to do. I had got into the train at midnight, and had fallen asleep, and had woke up and had looking out of window at the brilliant Northern Lights in the sky, and had fallen asleep again, and had woke up again to find the night gone, with the usual discontented conviction on me that I hadn't been to sleep at all; upon which question, in the first imbecility of that condition, I am ashamed to believe that I would have done wager by battle with the man who sat opposite me. That opposite man had had, through the night—as that opposite man always has—several legs too many, and all of them too long. In addition to this unreasonable conduct (which was only to be expected of him), he had had a pencil and a pocket-book, and had been perpetually listening and taking notes. It had appeared to me that three separate times I was roused to the jolts and bumps of the carriage, and I should have reigned myself if to his taking them, under a general supposition that he was in the civil engineering way of life, if he had not sat staring straight over my head wherever he listened. He was a gaggle-eyed gentleman of a perplexed aspect, and his demeanor became unbearable.

It was a cold, dead morning (the sun not being up yet), and when I had outwalked the paling lights of the fires of the iron country, and the curtain of heavy smoke that hung at once between me and the stars, and between me and the day, I turned to my fellow-traveler and said:

"I *beg* your pardon, sir, but do you observe any thing particular in me?" *For*, really, he appeared to be taking down either my traveling cap or my head with a minuteness that was a liberty.

The goggle-eyed gentleman withdrew his eyes from behind me, as if the head of the carriage was a haunted tree off, and said, with a lofty look of compassion for my insignificance:

"I? Oh, no."

"B, sir?" said I, growing warm.

"I have nothing to do with you, sir," returned the gentleman; "pray let me listen—O."

He enunciated this vowel after a pause, and noted it down.

At first I was alarmed, for an Express lunatic and no communication with the guard, is a serious position. The thought came to my relief that the gentleman might be what is popularly called a Rapper, and of a sort that, in exact proportion to the highest respect, bet whom I don't believe in. I was going to ask him the question, when he took the bread out of my mouth.

"You will excuse me," said the gentleman, continuing to look at the sky with an air/aspect of common humanity to trouble myself at all about it. I have passed the night—as I dare say you have a whole of my time now—in spiritual intercourse."

"Oh!" said I, something snappishly.

"The communications of the Spirits," continued the gentleman, turning several leaves of his note-book, "are of this message: 'Evil communications corrupt good manners.'"

"Sound," said I; "but, absolutely new?"

"Now then again," returned the gentleman.

I could only repeat my rather snappish "Oh!" and ask if I might be favored with the last communication?

"A bird in the hand," said the gentleman, reading his last entry with great solemnity, "is worth two in the Bush."

"Truly I am of the same opinion," said I; "but shouldn't it be Bush?"

"It came to me Bush," returned the gentleman. "The gentleman that influenced me that the spirit of Socrates had delivered this special revelation in the course of the night. 'My friend, I hope you are pretty well. There are two in this railway carriage. How do you do?' There are seventeen thousand one hundred and seventy-one spirits here, but you can not see them. Pythagoras is here. He is very desirous to mention it, but always was like traveling." Galileo likewise had dropped in, with this scientific intelligence. "I am glad to see you, Galileo. *Come and* Watt will freeze when it is cold enough. *Addio!*" In the course of the night, also, the following phenomena had occurred. Bishop Butler had insisted on spelling his name, "Bubler," for which offense against orthography and good manners he had been dismissed as out of temper. John Milton (suspected of wilfully mystificating) had repudiated the authorship of Paradise Lost, and had introduced, as joint authors of that poem, two Unknown Gentlemen, of whom nothing was known, but Sadgingtone. And Prince Arthur, nephew of King John, had declared that Shakespeare's having so tolerably comfortable in the seventh circle, where he was learning to paint on velvet, under the direction of Mary Queen of Scots.

If this should meet the eye of the gentleman who favored me with these disclosures, I trust he will excuse my confessing that the sight of the rising sun, and the contemplation of the magnificent Order of the vast Universe, made me impatient of them. In a word, I was so impatient of them, that I was mightily glad to get out at the next station, and to exchange these clouds and vapors for the free air of Heaven.

By that time it was a beautiful morning. As I walked away among such leaves as had already fallen from the golden, brown, and russet trees; and as I looked around me on the wonders of Creation, and thought of the steady, unchanging, and harmonious laws by which they are sustained; the gentleman's spiritual intercourses seemed to me as poor a piece of journey-work as ever this world saw, in which beastian state of mind I came within view of the house, and stopped to examine it attentively.

It was a solitary house, standing in a sadly neglected garden: a pretty even square of some two acres. It was a house of about the time of George the Second; as stiff, as cold, as formal, and in as bad taste, as could possibly be desired by the most loyal admirer of the whole quartette of Georges. It was uninhabited, and had, within a year or two, been cheaply repaired to render it habitable; I say cheaply, because the work had been done in a surface manner, and was already decaying as to the paint and plaster, though the colors were fresh. A lop-sided board dropped over the garden wall, announcing that it was "to let on very reasonable terms, well furnished." It was much too closely and busily shadowed by trees, and, in particular, there were six tall poplars before the front windows, which were excessively melancholic, and the site of which had been extremely ill chosen.

It was easy to see that it was an avoided house on a loose land that was shunned by the village, to which my eye was guided by a church spire some half a mile off—a house that nobody would take. And the natural inference was, that it had the reputation of being a haunted house.

Now, within the four-and-twenty hours of day and night is so solemn to me as the early morning, that this discovery gave me a chill even early, and repair to my room to do a day's work before breakfast, and I am always on those occasions put into possession of the whole forenoon and solitude around me. Besides that there is something sweet in the long-remembered, calm, pleasant face whose on the knowledge that those who are dearest to us, and to whom we are dearest, are profoundly unconscious of us, in an impassive state antiipative of that mysterious condition to which we are all tending—the longest life, the broken threads of yesterday, the deserted seat, the closed book, the unfinished but abandoned occupation, all are set free to me by the tranquility of the hour, the tranquility of Death. The color and the chill have been upon me from a child, from a certain air that familiar household objects take upon them when they first emerge from the shadows of the night into the morning, of being newer, and as they used to be long ago, has its counterpart in the appearance of the worn face of maturity or age, in death, into the old youthful look. Moreover, I once saw the apparition of my father at this hour, as I then believed, and well, and nothing ever came of it, but I saw him in the daylight, sitting with his back toward me, on a seat that stood beside my bed. His head was resting on his hand, and whether he was slumbering or grieving, I could not discern. Amazed to see him there, I sat up, moved my position, leaned out of bed, and looked round at him, but did not move, I spoke to him more than once. As he did not move then, I became alarmed, and laid my hand upon his shoulder, as I thought—but there was no such thing.

For all these reasons, and for others less easily explicable, perhaps, I had the early morning in my most ghostly time. Any house would be more or less haunted, to me, in the early morning; and a laundry house could scarcely address me in greater advantage than then.

I walked round the village, with the secretion of this house upon my mind, and I found the landlord of the little inn sending his door-step. I bespoke breakfast, and touched the subject of his house.

"Is it haunted?" I asked.

The landlord looked at me, shook his head, and answered, "I say nothing."

"Has it been haunted?"

"Well!" cried the landlord, in an outburst of fraudulent candor and appearance of desperation—"I wouldn't sleep in it."

"Why not?"

"If I wanted to have all the bells in a house ring, with nobody to ring 'em; and all the doors in a house bang, with nobody to bang 'em; and all sorts of feet treading about, with no feet there: why then," said the landlord, "I'd sleep in that house."

"Is any thing seen there?"

The landlord looked at me again, and then, with his former appearance of desperation, called down his stable-yard for "Boy!"

The call produced a high-shouldered young fellow, with a round, red face, a short crop of sandy hair, a very broad, humorous mouth, a turned-up nose, and a great sleeved waistcoat of purple bars with number of pearl buttons, that seemed to be growing upon him, and to be in a fair way—if it were not pruned—of covering his head and overturning that his boots.

"This gentleman wants to know," said the landlord, "if any thing's seen at the Poplars?"

"Ooded woman with a howl," said Boy, in a state of great freshness.

"Do you mean a cry?"

"I mean a bird, sir."

"A hooded woman with an owl. Dear me! Did you ever see her?"

"I seen the howl."

"Never the woman?"

"Not so plain as the howl, but they always keeps together."

"Has any body ever seen the woman as plainly as the owl?"

"Lord bless you, sir! Lots."

"Who?"

"Lord bless you, sir! *Lots.*"

"The general-dealer opposite, for instance, who is opening his shop?"

"I thinks *I* does you, Perkins wouldn't go a-nigh the place. No?" observed the young man, with considerable firmness. "It ain't my'erwrite, ain't Perkins, but he on't such a fool as that."

Here the landlord murmured his confidence in Perkins's knowledge better?

"Who is—or who was—the hooded woman with the owl?" I inquired. "Do you know?"

"Well!" said Iksy, looking up his cap with one hand while he scratched his head with the other, "they say, in general, that she was murdered, and the howl he 'noted the while."

Not wishing to overwhelm any of the facts was all I could learn, except that a young man, as beauty and lately a young man at a very high desk, took with fits and held down in 'ons, after seeing the hooded woman. Also, that a personage dimly described as "a held chap, a sort of a one-eyed tramp, answering to the name of Joky, unless you should have his Christened, and then he said, 'Why not? and even if it, mind your own business,' had encountered the hooded woman, a matter of fifty years ago. But I was not materially assisted by these witnesses: inasmuch as the latter had left England, and the last was, as Iksy said (and he was confirmed by the landlord) Anywheres.

Now, although I regard with a hushed and solemn fear, the mysteries between which and this state of existence is interposed the barrier of the great trial and change that fell on all the things that live; and although I have not the audacity to pretend that I know any thing of them; I can no more reconcile the mere banging of doors, ringing of bells, opening of boards, and such-like insignificances, with the majestic beauty and pervading analogy of all the Divine rules that I am permitted to understand, than I had been rabbi, a little while before, to yoke the spiritual intercourse of my fellow-traveler to the chariot of the rising sun. Moreover, I had lived in two haunted houses—both abroad. In one of these, an old Italian palace, which bore the reputation of being very badly haunted indeed, and which had recently been actually squatted on that account, I lived eight months, most tranquilly and pleasantly: notwithstanding that the house had a score of mysterious bedrooms, which were never used, and possessed, in one large room in which I sat reading, times out of number at all hours, and next to which I slept, a haunted chamber of the first pretensions. I gently hinted these considerations to the landlord. And as to this particular house having a bad name, I reasoned with him, Why, how many houses and how many names authors have gone over it was to give bad names, and did he not think that if he and I were permitted to whisper in the village that any weird-looking old drunken tinker of the neighborhood had sold himself to the Devil, he could come in time to be suspected of that commercial venture! All this was talk was perfectly lost upon the landlord, I am bound to confess, and was as dead a failure as ever I made in my life.

To cut this part of the story short, I was pleased about the haunted house, and was already half resolved to take it. So, after breakfast, I went to keys from Perkins's brother-in-law (a very decent harness-maker, who keeps the Post-Office under existence is a most respectable way), and Doubly Seconding Little Emmanuel, I presently went up to the house, attended by a great following by Iksy.

Within, I found it, as I had expected, dismally damp. The bloom was on the walls of the

ces it from the heavy trees, were decked in the last degree; the house was dilapidated, ill-kept, ill-planned, and ill-fitted. It was damp, it was not free from dry-rot, there was a flaver of rats in it, and it was the gloomy victim of that indescribable decay which settles on all the work of man's hands wherever it is not tented with human sustenance. The kitchens and offices were too large, and too remote from each other. Above stairs and below, were cracks of passage intervened between patches of fertility represented by rooms; and there was a monthly dirt well with a green pump in it, a big, big, like a murderous trap, near the bottom of the back-door, under the double row of eaves. Out of these bells was labelled, on a black ground in faded white letters, MASTER B. This, they told me, was the bell that rang the most.

"Who was Master B.?" I asked. "Is it known what he did while the owl hooted?"

"Rang the bell," said Dicey.

I was rather struck by the prompt dexterity with which this young man pitched his ear up at the bell, and rang it himself. It was a loud, unpleasant bell, and made a very disagreeable sound. The other bells were inscribed according to the names of the rooms to which their services were directed: as "Picture Room," "Double Room," "Clock Room," and the like. Following Master B.'s bell to its source, I found that young gentleman to have had but indifferent third-class accommodation in a triangular cabin under the roof, left, with a corner fire-place which Master B. must have been exceedingly small if he were ever able to warm himself at, and a corner diagonally opposite like a pyramidal staircase to the ceiling for Tom Thumb. The purpose of one side of the room had dropped down bodily, with fragments of plaster adhering to it, and almost blocked up the door. It appeared that Master B., in his spiritual condition, always made a point of pulling the paper down. But he had finished one little night's request why he made such a fool of himself.

Except that the house had an immensely large vaulted loft at top, it made no other discoveries. It was moderately well furnished, but sparely. Some of the furniture—say, a third—was as old as the house; the rest was of various periods within the last half century. I was referred to a cornechandler in the market-place of the county town to rest for the house. I went that day, and I took it for six months.

It was just the middle of October when I moved in with my maiden sister (I venture to call her eight-and-thirty, for I am eight-and-twenty myself, and easinging). We took with us a deaf stable-man, my bachelor friend Tuck, two session students, and a young person called an Odd Girl. I have reason to record of the attendant last enumerated, who was one of the Saint Lawrence Union Female Orphans, that she was a fatal mistake and a disastrous engagement.

The year was dying early, the leaves were falling fast, it was a raw cold day when we took possession, and the aspect of the house was more depressing. The cook (an amiable woman, but of a weak turn of intellect) burst into tears on beholding the kitchen, and requested that her silver watch might be delivered over to her sister (2 Tappitoch's Gardens, Diggory Walk, Clapham Rise), in the event of any thing happening to her from the damp. Strachan, the housemaid, feigned cheerfulness, but was the greater martyr. The Odd Girl, who had never been in the country, alone my sister excepted, made entertainment for sowing an acorn in the garden outside the scullery window, and rearing an oak.

We went, before dark, through all the natural —as opposed to supernatural—miseries incidental to our state. Dispiriting reports occurred (like the smoke) from the basement in volumes, and descended from the upper rooms. There was no pulling-pin, there was no salamander (which failed to surprise me, for I don't know what it is), there was nothing in the house—that there was, was broken—the last people must have lived like pigs. What could the meaning of the insides be? Through these dismtresses, the Odd Girl was cheerful and exemplary. But, within four hours after dark, we had got into a supernatural state, and the Odd Girl had seen "Eyes," and was in hysterics.

My sister and I had agreed to keep the haunting strictly to ourselves, and my impression was, and still is, that I had not left Dicey, when he helped to unload the cart, alone with the women, or any one of them, for one minute. Nevertheless, as I say, the Odd Girl had "seen Eyes" (no other explanation could ever be drawn from her), before nine, and by ten o'clock had had so many stronger applied to her as would pickle a handsome salmon.

I leave a discerning public to judge of my feelings, when, under these unexpected circumstances, at about half past ten o'clock, Master B.'s bell began to ring in a most [illegible]

and balked the ringing, and if they could suppose that that confounded boy had lived and died, to that their confounded boy had better behavior than would unquestionably have brought him and the sharpest particles of a birch-broom into close acquaintance in the present imperfect state of existence, they could also suppose a mere poor human being, such as I was, capable by reason thereof of the means of considering and limiting the powers of the disembodied spirits of the dead, or of any body else. I had no such presumption, and I suggest, not to say rather complacent, in such an address, when it would all go for nothing with the Odd Girl, who, being already stiffening from the toes upward, and glaring among us like a parochial petrifaction.

Streaker, the house-maid, too, had an attribute of a most discomposing nature. I am not sure that Streaker was not the abnormally lymphatic temperament, or what else was the matter with her; but this young woman became in process of time, for the production of the largest and most transparent tears I ever saw. Combined with these, Streaker's circumstantiality was a peculiar tenacity of hold in those specimens, so that they didn't fall, but hung pump on her cheeks. Thus, in the present case, and mildly and deploringly shaking her head, her silence would declare more than any thing that Streaker's situation could have done in a verbal deputation for a pure of money. Cook likewise, in Dicey's overcome state of mind, was not to be silenced, by neatly winding up the session with the protest that the Ouse was evidently not to be relied upon for [illegible] wishes regarding her silver watch.

As to our nightly life, the contagion of suspicion and fear was among us, and we were not to escape from it by sunrise. The women (their noses in a chronic state of excoriation from smelling-salts) were in a state of exhaustion from hysterics, a swoon, and ready to go off with hair-triggers. The two elder declared the Odd Girl out of the question, as she was constantly bodily hazardous, and she always established the reputation of such adventures by coming back a principle. As the gentlemen were overhead after dark, we knew we should presently hear a spring on the premises, and we did hear it accordantly, that it was as if a fighting man were engaged to go about the house, administering a touch of the art, which we believed, with Patty's leave, to every domestic he met with.

It was a time for the thing. It was in vain to be frightened, for the moment in one's own person, by a real owl, and then to know it to be so; to be a Rhadamanthus with the bells, and if an unfortunate bell rang without leave, to have a more unpleasant bell to ring. It was in vain to fire up chimneys, let torches down the well, inspect forward premises, and search the cellars. We changed servants, and it was no better. The new set ran away, and a third set came, and it was no better. At last, one of the housekeeping set to be so disorganized and wretched, that I see night depicted there to my mother. Patty, I agree to despair of our getting people to go on with us here, and I think we must give this up."

My sister, who is a woman of immense spirit, replied, "No, John, don't give it up. Don't be afraid. We shall get used to it."

"And what is that?" said I.

"John," returned my sister, "if we are not to be driven out of the house, and that for no reason whatever, that is apparent to you or me, we must positively resolve to take the house wholly and solely into our own hands."

"But, the servants," said I.

"Have no servants," said my sister, boldly.

Like most people in any grade of life, I had never thought of the possibility of living in a house without faithful obstructions. The notion was so new to me when suggested that I looked very doubtful.

"We know what we have to be afraid of," said my sister, "and we know they are frightful. We know what we have to be afraid of, and we can therefore meet and defeat one another, and we know they are frightful and do injure one another." And my sister—

"With the exception of Bottles," I observed, in a meditative tone.

"The deaf stable-man. I kept him in my service, and still keep him, as a phenomenon of nonresonance not to be matched for [illegible]

"To be sure, John," assented my sister; "except Bottles. And what does that go to prove? Bottles is imperturbable, and hears nobody when he is absolutely roused at, and what alarm has Bottles ever given me or mine? None."

This was perfectly true; the individual in question having retired, every night at ten o'clock, to his bed over the coach-house, and "not" to hear any thing less than a pitchfork and a pail of water. That the pail of water would have to be drawn from the pitchfork through me, if I had put myself without announcement in Bottles's way after that retirement, I had no doubt; but it was not worth remembering. Neither had Bottles ever taken the least notice of any of our many uproars. In impenetrable and speechless man, he had sat at his supper at Streaker present in a swoon, and the Odd Girl mantle, and had only put another potato in his cheek, or pushed by the general misery to help himself to cat-sick pie.

"And so," continued my sister, "I except Bottles. And considering, John, that the house is to our use, and I shall spend our lonely, to it kept well in hand by Bottles, yes, and me, I propose that we cast about among our friends for a certain selected number of the most reliable and willing—such a Society here for three months—wait upon ourselves and one another—live cheerfully and socially—and see what happens."

I was so charmed with my sister, that I engaged her directly to me as my wife, and went into her plan with the greatest ardor.

We were then in the third week of November; and, we took our measures so vigorously, and with so well seconded by the friends in whom we consulted, that three days before the first of December we expired, when our party all came down together merrily, and mustered in the haunted house.

I will mention here, in the first place, two small changes that I made while my sister and I were yet alone. I arranged for me as not improbable that Turk bowled in the house at night, partly because he wanted to get out of it, I stationed him in his kennel outside, where, indeed, I and I certainly believed the village that any man who came in his way would not escape with less without a zip in his own throat. I then casually asked Dicey if he were a judge of a gun? On his saying, "Yes, sir, I have been used to them from a boy," I took a favor of his stepping up to the house and looking at mine.

"She's a true one, sir," said Dicey, after inspecting a double-barrelled rifle that I bought in New York "a fire years ago." "Do mistake about it, sir."

"Dicey," said I, "don't mention it; I have seen something in this house."

"No, sir?" he whispered, gredibly opening his eyes. "Real, sir? Ghost, sir?"

"Don't be frightened," said I. "It was a figure—something like you."

"Lord, sir?"

"Dicey" said I, shaking hands with him warmly, "I am not a superstitious man; I'll throw the truth in these ghost-stories, the greatest service I can do my fellow-creatures is to expose them. Let me see you, by Heaven and earth, I will do it with this gun if I see it again!"

The young man pondered me, and took his leave with some little precipitation, after declining a glass of brandy. I imparted my secret to him, because I had never quite forgotten his throwing his cap at the bell; because I had, on another occasion, observed something in him that I liked; because, far from the bell, one night when it had burst out ringing, and I had mounted to the top of the house at our gloomiest whenever he came up in the evening to comfort the servants. Let me do Dicey no injustice. He was fond of the house, and believed in its being haunted; and yet he would play Jack on the ringing bell, so surely as he got an opportunity. The Odd Girl's case was exactly similar. She went about the house in a state of vivid terror, and was constantly and audibly frightened, and invented many of the alarms she spread, and yet she was the most determined of the set. I see my eye on the two, and I know it. It is not necessary for me, here, to account for this preposterous state of things. It is enough for me to record that it is familiarly known to every intelligent observer in every walk of medical, legal, and watchful experience; that it is as well established and as common a state of mind as any with which observers are acquainted; and that it is one of the first elements, above all others, rationally to be suspected in, and carefully looked for, and separated from, any question of this kind.

To return to our party. The first thing we did when we were established was to draw to close the bedrooms. That done, and every bedroom, and, indeed, the whole house, having been minutely examined by the whole body, we proceeded to our household duties, as if we had been on a gipsy party, or a yachting party, or a hunting party, or were shipwrecked. I then recounted the floating rumors concerning the haunted lady, the owl, and Master B., which, still more fleecy, I had floated, had floated about during our occupation, relative to some wholesome mystery in the neighborhood who went up and down, carrying the ghost of a round table; and also to an inexplicable Jackass, whom nobody ever was able to catch. Some of these ideas I really believe our people below had communicated to one another in some incredible way, without conveying them in words. We then gravely called one another to witness, that we were not there to be imposed on by deceivers—that we considered pretty much the same thing—and that, with a solemn sense of our responsibility, we would strictly true to one another, and would strictly follow out the truth. The understanding was established, that every one should unusual noises in the night, and who wished to trace them, should knock at my door: lastly, that on Twelfth Night, the last night of holy Christmas, all our individual experiences since that then present hour of our meeting together in the haunted house, should be brought to light for the good of all; and that we should hold no keeps on anything till then, nor less on some remarkable provocation to break silence.

We were, in number and in character, as follows:

First—to get my sister and myself out of the way of others—me to [illegible] the drawing of lots, my sister drew her own room, and I drew Master B.'s. Next, there was our first cousin, John Herschel, to whom I had offer the Astronomer; this when I suppose a letter man at a telescope does not breathe. With him, we had invited a certain creature to whom he had been married in the previous spring. I thought it (under the circumstances) rather inexpedient to bring her, because there is no knowing what even a false alarm may do at such a time; but I suppose he knew his own business best, and I must say that if she had been my wife, I never could have left her endearing and bright face behind. They drew the Clock Room. Alfred Burbler, an uncommonly agreeable young fellow of eight-and-twenty for whom I have the greatest liking, was in the Double Room: mine, usually, and designated by that name from having a dressing-room within it, with two large and comfortable windows, which no wedges I was ever able to make, would keep from shaking. In any weather, wind or no wind. Alfred is a young fellow who pretends to be "fast" (another word for bose, as I understand the term), but who is much too good and sensible for that nonsense, and who would have distinguished himself before now, if his father had not unfortunately left him a small independence of two hundred a year, on the strength of which his only occupation in life has been to spend nine. Of this hopeful youth, Mr. Jarndyce Bankcr may break, or that he may enter into some speculation promised to pay twenty per cent, for; I am convinced that if he could only be ruined, his fortune is made. Belinda Bates, "dearest friend of my sister, and most intellectual young lady, and delightful girl, got the Picture Room. She has a most charming face, combined with the most business earnestness, and "goes in"—to use an expression of Alfred's—for Woman's mission. Woman's rights, Woman's wrongs, Woman's anything that is Woman's with a capital W, or is not and ought to be, or is and ought not to be. "Mere praiseworthy, my dear, and Heaven prosper you!" I whispered to her on the first night of my taking care of her at the Picture Room, and I don't think I overdo it. And in respect of the great necessity there is, by-the-by, for bracing her moral system daily within the reach of Woman than our civilization has as yet assigned to her, don't fly at the unfortunate man, whoever he was who ate of the wild in your way, as if they were the natural oppressors of your sex; for, trust me, Belinda, they sometimes spend their wages among wives and daughters, sisters, mothers, aunts, and grandmothers; and the pity is, really, that you and Bell Bolind-Heed, but each other parts in it." How-ever, I digress.

Belinda, as I have mentioned, occupied the Picture Room. We had but three other chambers: the Corner Room, the Cupboard Room, and the Garden Room. My old friend, Jack Governor, "clerk in the counting-house," as he calls it, the Corner Room. I have always regarded Jack as the finest-looking sailor that ever sailed. He is gray now, but in appearance he was a sportsman of a century ago—say, huntsman. A portly, cheery, rubicund figure of a human being, strong, with a frank smile, a brilliant dark eye, and a rich dark eyebrow. I remember those under darker hair, and they look to be better under the silver covering. He has been wherever his Union mansion-flag has flown, and I have met old shipmates of his, away in the Mediterranean and on the other side of the Atlantic, who have beamed and brightened at the casual mention of his name, and have cried, "You know Jack Governor? Then you know a trump!" That he is a trump I and no unmistakably a naval officer, that if you were to meet him coming out of an Esquimaux snowhut in coals of fire, you would say he had descended he was in full naval uniform.

Jack's one but that bright clear eye of his on my sister; but, it fell out that he married another lady and took her to South America, where she died. Jack was left a dozen years a widower. He brought down with him to our haunted house a little cask of rare Old Tom, which we conceived that all salt beef not of his own picking, is mere carrion, and invariably, when he goes to London, he puts a pint in his portmanteau. He had also volunteered to bring with him one "Nat Beaver," an old comrade of his, captain of a merchantman, Mr. Beaver, with a thick-set figure, a square face, and apparently as hard as a block all over, proved to be a most intelligent man of a world of watery experiences in him, and great practical knowledge. At times, there was a curious nervousness about him, apparently the lingering result of some old illness; but it seldom lasted many minutes. He got the Cupboard Room, and lay there next to Mr. Undery, my friend and solicitor: who came down, in an amateur capacity, "to see through the thing," he said, and to be plays whist better than the whole Law List put together, and cover at the beginning to the last verse at the end.

I was two happier in my life, and I believe that was the universal feeling among us. Jack Governor, always a man of wonderful resources, was Chief Cook, and he and Nat Beaver, and others if ever ate, including unapproachable curries. My sister was pastry-cook and confectioner. Starting that news Double Room, two small tables and, and on special occasions the chief cook "pressed" Mr. Beaver. We had a great deal of exercise, great and exercise, but nothing was neglected within, and there was no ill-humor or misunderstanding among us, but our evenings were delightful that we had at least one good reason for being reluctant to go to bed.

We had a few night alarms in the beginning. On the first night, I was knocked up by Jack with the most tremendous sailor's hammering, that, like the gills of some monster of the deep, who informed me that he was "going down for the third time," to have the weathercock down. It was a stormy night and I remonstrated; but Jack called my attention to its making a sound like a ship's bell—and said somebody would be "hailing a ghost" presently, if we knew any thing. Mr. Beaver then, swarmed up to the top of a cupola, some two dozen feet above the chimneys, and rose upon something particular, coolly knocking the weathercock off, until they both got into good spirits with the wind and the fun delight, that I thought they would never come down. Another night, they turned out again, and had a chimney-sweep. Another night, they cut a sobbing and gulping water-pipe away. Another night, they found out something else. On several occasions, they both, in the coolest manner, simultaneously dropped out of their respective bedroom windows, hand over hand by their counterpane, to "overhaul" something mysterious in the garden.

The engagement among us was faithfully kept,

and nobody revealed any thing. All we knew, was, if any one's room was haunted, no one looked the worse for it. Christmas came, and we had no Sole Christmas fare ("all hands" had been prepared for the pudding), and Twelfth Night came, and our store of mince-meat was empire to hold out to the last day of our time, and our cake was quite a gloomy sight. It was then, as we all sat round the table and the fire, that I recited the terms of our compact, and called, first, for

THE GHOST IN THE CLOCK ROOM.

BY MISS HESBA STRETTON.

My cousin, John Herschel, turned rather red, and turned rather white, and said that he supposed that his room had been haunted. The Spirit of a woman had appeared in it. On being asked by several voices whether the Spirit had taken any terrible or ugly shape, my cousin drew his wife's arm through his own, and said shortly, "No." To the question, had his wife been aware of the Spirit? he answered, "Yes." Had it spoken? "Oh dear, yes!" As to the question, "What did it say?" he replied apologetically, that he could have wished he had not; that he would have undertaken to meet any one should have executed it much better than he. However, he had not the promise to be the mouth-piece of the Spirit, and was not aware that he should withhold nothing; so, he would do his best, always to her correction. "The message of the Spirit," added my cousin, as he finally prepared himself for beginning, "to be my wife here, sitting among us!"

I was an orphan from my infancy, with six elder half-sisters. A long and persistent course of training (some people call it by a harsher name) had diverse natures, and I grew up as much the child of my eldest sister, Barbara, as I was the daughter of my deceased parents.

Barbara, in all her private plans, as in all her domestic decrees, invariably decided that her sisters must be married; and, no powerful but sisters be single but inflexible will, that each of them had been advantageously settled, except myself, for upon whom she built her highest hopes.

Most people knew Barbara by words as I had grown—a mindless, flirting girl, whose acknowledged vocation was taunting and catching of an eligible match; rather pretty, lively, and with sentimental enough to make as a very pleasant companion for an idle hour or two, as I existed and enjoyed the slight attentions my sisters thought it pleased to offer. There was scarcely a young man in the neighborhood with whom I had not quoted. I had served my seven years' apprenticeship to my profession, and had passed my twentyfifth birthday without having achieved my purpose when Barbara's patience was wearied, and she spoke to me with a decision and explicitness not at all always avoided; for, on some subjects, it is better to have a silent understanding than an expressed opinion.

"Stella," she said, solemnly, "you are now five and twenty, and you are one of your sisters even to the wans, and, unless you exert yourself, one plain must fail. I have observed and noted with pain you have fallen, and which I have not mentioned before. Besides your very open and indiscriminate flirtations—which young men regard only as an amusing pastime—you have a way with you of relaying and laughing at any one who has proposed to you really serious. Now your opportunity rests upon the moment when they begin to be earnest in their manner. Then you should seem astonished and silenced; you ought to lose your vivacity, and half avoid them; seeming alarmed and agitated and quite bewildered by the change. A little melancholy goes a deal further than the utmost cheerfulness for, if a man believes you live with a broken heart, he will not give you a second thought. I could name half a dozen unexceptionable gentlemen who have lost by laughing at the wrong minute. Mortify a man's self-love, Stella, and you can never heal the wound."

I passed with a murmur of two better resources for the original suppressed nature that I had inherited from my unknown mother, and Barbara was wounted feeling in my heart.

"Barbara," I answered, with timidity, "among all the people I have known, I never saw one whom I could reverence and look up to; nor, I am half ashamed to say the word, whom I could love."

"I do not wonder you are ashamed," said Barbara, severely. "At your age, you can not expect to fall in love like a girl of seventeen. And if you, deliberately and distinctly, it is necessary that you should marry; or not love at all, which is a concert now. So, if you will decide upon any one, I will give every assistance in my power, and, if you will only encourage your rashest and oldest, you may succeed. Propriety is all you require, if you once make up your mind."

"I do not like any one I know," I replied, modestly; "and I have no chance with those who have known me, so I decide upon besieging Martin Fraser."

Barbara received this announcement with a sort of derisive anger.

The neighborhood in which we lived was a populous one district, where, though there were few families of ancient birth or high standing, there were a great many of our own, inhabiting a pleasant, hospitable, social class. Our residence were commodious modern houses, built at convenient distances from each other. Some of these, including our own, were the property of an infirm old man, who dwelt in his family mansion, the last of the many gabled, half-timbered Elizabethan houses which had stood upon the undiscovered land and coal fields. The last relics of the rural aristocracy of the district. Mr. Fraser and his son held a strictly exclusive life, evading all communication with their neighbors, whose cards and hospitality they could not reciprocate. No one intruded upon their privacy, excepting for the most necessary business transactions. The elder man was almost bedridden, and the younger was said to be entirely absorbed in scientific pursuits. No wonder that Barbara laughed; but her ridicule only excited and confirmed my determination; and the very difficulty of the enterprise gave it the interest that all my other efforts had lacked. I agreed alternately with Barbara till I won her consent.

"You must speak to old Mr. Fraser," I said. "Do not mention the young one, and say your youngest sister is studying astronomy, and, as he possesses the largest telescope in the county, he will be greatly indebted to him if he would let her look at it."

"There is one thing in your favor," Barbara remarked, as she prepared to write, "the old gentleman was once engaged to your mother."

Oh! I am humbled to think how slavishly we must bend ourselves and entreat a favor from the tion from Mr. Fraser to the "daughter of his old friend, Maria Linton."

It was an evening in February when, accompanied only by an old servant—for Barbara was not included in my plan—I was ushered across the threshold of Martin Fraser's home.

An air of profound repose pervaded the dwelling. I entered it with a vague, uneasy consciousness of smiliness and treachery. My attendant remained in the hall, unannounced, and, as I passed through to the library, a feeling of shyness stole over me, which was strangely unlike my usual self-reliance, a recollection that I was becomingly dressed, I regained my confidence, and advanced smilingly into the room. It was a low, oblong apartment, dimly lumber, with massive antique furniture that threw into still gloomier shadows against the dull, uncertain light of a fire, by which stood, instead of the recluse, Martin Fraser whom I expected to meet, a tall, stout, handsome man, with a florid complexion and with a woman's self-possession and ease of manner.

"I am very glad to see you. You are welcome," she said, advancing to meet me, and extending her hand. I looked down on it, and placed my hand with a firm and peculiar grasp: a chap of exclusive and peculiar habits could not endure many timidity or inertness of a child's manner, and, placing me in a chair before the fire, she seated herself opposite me.

I made a few embarrassed remarks, to which she replied, and, then, there was a pause, which I did not desire. A huge black retriever lay motionless at her feet, which rested upon him, covered with the fine, glossy hair. Beside them on the hearth-rug was an expression of placidity, slightly pensive, upon her lofty features, heightened by the peculiar habit of closing the eyes, which is rarely seen in children, and always gives them a statuesque appearance. Her dress was of black velvet, which drawn herself into a solitary self-consuming, of which they could not be ashamed, and which, as I saw on looks. I grew afraid of the silent, weird-like creature, sitting without apparent breath or motion in the dim firelight, and, as I did not wish to be her opened, and the object of my pursuit entered. I looked on him with curiosity. He was the first dog from my sense of treachery, and it amused me to think how unconscious he was of our dubious plan concerning him. He was a noble animal, and I must had a fear of being caught, greater than my desire to outwit him. He looked up at me with an open and equal one; but Martin Fraser knew nothing of the wiles of women. I remembered that I was a woman, and felt sure I could not be a match for that my dark-blue eyes were considered expressive, that I looked my best in that dress, and when he accosted me with an air of grave preoccupation and of courteous indifference that would not permit me to suppose that he noticed my beauty, I wished to think that all I knew of astronomy was what I had learned at schools, and I was ashamed.

The grave, austere man said at once:

"My father, Mr. Fraser, is altogether confined to his room, and he has very few visitors. I will ask from you. Upon me devolves the honor of showing you the telescope, and I am ready when you like."

He rose, and, while I adjust it, will you oblige him by conversing with him for a few minutes? Lucy will be down immediately."

The child rose, and, taking my hand again in her firm hold, led me to the old man's sitting-room.

"You are like your mother, child," he said, after looking at me long: "you have her face and her voice, but not her eyes."

"I have not seen her since I was a child," I answered, for the first time giving the simple description of my mother.

"Just like him," laughed the old man: "I remember that he was always blind to her beauty as well as I do my son Martin. You have seen my son, young lady? Yes, I thought so; and this is my grandchild, Lucy. Lucy, you will be the light of the old clock; for my son is not a marrying man, and he will never have a child of his own. He has no ways to keep her name, and be the founder of another line of Frasers."

The child stood with pensive, downcast eyes, as though already bowed down by her weight of cares and responsibilities, while the deep, harsh old, till the deep tones of an organ resounded through the house.

My uncle is ready for us," she said to me.

We passed at the library door, for I held my hand reluctantly—as I do to this day—to every object listening to the wonderful music the organ poured forth. It was such as I had never heard before; roaring and swelling like the resolved engine of the sea; and, here and there, a single swelling note which seemed to pierce me with an unspeakable pain. When it had ended, I stood before Martin Fraser silent and subdued.

The telescope had been carried out to the end of the terrace, where the house could not intercept our views; and neither Lucy Fraser and Pfeiffer the astronomer. We stood upon the highest point of an imperceptibly rising table-land, the horizon of which was from twenty to forty miles distant. An infinite dome of sky was expanded above us, an ocean of firmament of which the dwellers among houses and mountains can have but little conception. The troops of glittering stars, the dark, brooding night, the unaccustomed voices of my companions, deepened the awe that oppressed me, and, as I took my place at them, I became as earnest and occupied as themselves. I forgot every thing but the tremendous wonders of the universe revealed to me, and the majestic sweep of the planets across the field of the telescope. What a profound science and delight it can cause ever me! What floods of thought came, wave upon wave, across my mind! And how insignificant I felt before this wilderness of worlds!

I asked, with the humility of a child—for all effrontcries had been left behind—"Are they all the same again soon?

Martin Fraser met my uplifted eyes with a keen and penetrating look. I did not quail under it, for I was thinking only of the stars. As he looked, his mouth relaxed into a pleased and genial smile.

"We shall always be glad to see you," he repeated.

Barbara was sitting up for me when I returned, and was about to address me with some worldly speculation, when, with a sudden impulse, I stopped her. "Not one word, Barbara, not one question, or I shall never go to Mr. Holmes again."

I can not dwell upon details. I went often to the house. Into the dull routine of Mr. Fraser's and Lucy's life, I (I suppose) like a sunbeam, or sunshine, lighting up the cloud that had been weeping over it for years. To the thought which, some excitement and merriment, and so I became almost necessary to them. But over myself there came a power of restraint incredible then and now. I had been frivolous, self-seeking, soulless; but I had begun with the child, and the spell which began that came in its train, awoke me from my inanity, to a life of mental activity. I studied solidly for my purpose; for I had at once perceived that Martin Fraser was as distant and as self-poised as the planet Saturn, that he was a man of keenly alligent and insatiable pupil, and he was to me only a grave and exacting master, to be propitiated by my most profound reverence. Each time I crossed the threshold of his quiet home, all the worldliness and frivolity of previous life from my soul like a foul and sullied garment, and I entered as into a temple, simple, holy, and unassuming.

The happy summer passed away, the autumn crept on, and for eight months I had visited the Frasers continually—twice in a week, by week, or, at least, intentionally deceived them.

Martin Fraser's life had long looked forward to an eclipse of the moon, which was to occur early in October. I left my home alone in the twilight of that evening, my thoughts dwelling upon the coming pleasure, when, just as I drew near The Elms, I heard Barbara's voice, in the long room with whom I had flirted in former times.

"Good-evening, Stella," he exclaimed, familiarly. "I have not seen you for a long time. Ah! I see you are pursuing other game I suppose; but are you not aiming rather too high this time? There is an ore in luck just now, for if Martin Fraser does not cease forward, there is George Yorke, just home from Australia with an income, a handsome home, and he is longing to remind you of some trifling passages between you and myself, when he was showing us a look of your hair after dinner at the Crown yesterday."

I uttered a few words in reply with no outward demonstration; but the reality and mortification of my degradation were agonizing me; and, hastening forward to my sanctuary, I sought the presence of my little Lucy Fraser.

"I have come to my evening to-day," she said. "I have been deceitful. I think I ought to tell you, that you may not be deceived in me. I do not wish you to love me as much as ever. I have not told a story, but I have acted one."

Lucy Fraser's little head lay very low upon her tiny fingers, and her eyes closed in silent self-reading.

"My uncle came," she continued, looking for a moment, and blushing like a woman, "that woman are, perhaps, less truthful than men. Because we are weak, we are happy to strength, they do not by cunning. They live falsely. They deceive their own souls, and sometimes others, only for amusement. He has taught me some words which I shall understand better some day."

Lucy Fraser's voice ceased, and I heard the words:

And it will follow as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

I stood like one who is troubled and speechless, listening with burning cheeks.

"Grandpapa showed me a verse in the Bible which I will learn by heart. It is in Proverbs, I believe than death the woman whose heart is snares and nets, and her hands as bands: whoso pleaseth God shall escape from her, but the sinner shall be taken by her."

I hid my face in my hands though no eye was on me; for Lucy Fraser had veiled hers with their tremulous lids; and, as I stood confounded and ashamed, a hand was laid upon my arm, and Martin Fraser's voice said,

"Stella, I love you."

I started at this first utterance of my name, which he had never spoken before. I was completely answered, when I found that Lucy Fraser was not to accompany us on the terrace. As Martin Fraser assisted me to the telescope, my feelings adjusted for my use, I shrank from him.

"What is the meaning of this, Stella?" he exclaimed, as I burst into tears. "Shall I speak to you now, Stella?" he said, "while there is yet time, before you leave us. Does your heart cling to us as our hearts cling to you, till we dare not think of the cold world left to its or home when you are gone? We did not live before we knew you. You are our health and our life. I have loved you as I never watched a woman before, and I feel no fault in you, my pearl, my jewel, my star. Hitherto, woman and deceit have been inseparably conjoined in my mind; your truest heart is the home of truth. I know you have had no thought of this, and my wholeness alarms you; but tell me plainly if you can love me?"

He had taken me in his arms, and my head rested against his strongly throbbing heart. His sternness and austerity were gone, and he offered me his undiminished wealth of a love that had not been wasted in fickle likings. My success was perfect, and how gladly would I have remained there till my whole life was grown obscure! But Barbara rose to my memory, and Lucy Fraser's words still lingered in my ears. The black shadow eating away the heart of the moon seemed to pause in its measured motion. All heaven looked down upon us through the solemn stars. The rustling leaves were hushed, and the neuted autumn breeze ceased to moan. I was a cloud of cruel treachery, whereas echoed the cry of my awakened conscience. I withdrew myself from him, and shame-stricken,

"Martin Fraser," I said, "I am under constrain me to be true. I am the falsest woman you ever met. I came here with the black shadow resting after the manner of a child, and if you had ever gone and sets our minds, you would have heard of me only as a flirt, a heartless coquette. I have all my being debased to your dreams, and the bitterness of death to your heart. Do not look upon me; you have patience, and I will write to you!"

He would have detained me, but I sprang away, and, running swiftly down the avenue, I passed out of my Eden, with the sentence of perpetual banishment in my heart. The moon was at the full, and a horror of darkness and dismay engulfed me, as I stood shivering and sobbing under the restless poplars.

Barbara met me as I hastened to hide myself in my own room, and, with her cold, unswerving eyes fixed inquiringly on me, said,

"Well, what is the matter with you?"

"Nothing," I answered, "only I am tired of astronomy, and I shall not go to Tim Holmes again. I am ill, I think."

"I always said so," she replied. "However, to-day intelligence to a crisis. I perceive that your notice we should leave at Christmas. Then you are satisfied that it would be a waste of time to continue any longer."

"Quite," I said, and passed on to my room, to lonely, dismal hours, the worst of that night, what desolation and hopelessness meant.

The next day I wrote to Martin Fraser, in every truth and sorrow, accepting the full responsibility, and with a false pride even in my utter humiliation, I told him that I had not loved, and did not love him.

The first object upon which my eyes rested every joyless morning, were the tall poplar trees, waving round his house, and beckoning maidenly to me. I had lost that night all my pride, all the steady light in his library, shining like a star from the low-lands. But him I could never see; for my letter had been an explicit avowal, a hope; and I could not, for shame, attempt to melt his heart by tears. All that remained for me was to return to my former life, if I could by my means and my thoughtfulness, and blotting out with the husks that had once satisfied me.

George Yorke renewed his addresses to me, offering me wealth and a home in Australia. I was a mere temptation; for before me lay a monotonous road, dotted like with Barbara, and the hard-cared-for old age. Why could not I live as thousands of other women, who were not unhappy in their lot? I remembered a story that I had read in one of Martin's books: "It is not always our best wisdom to marry; but we should be led astray by right; not to purchase happiness by loss of honor; not to avoid unwelcomeness by untruthfulness." I looked at my own face steadily to meet the bleakness and barrenness of my lot, I rejected the proposals.

Barbara was terribly exasperated; and very miserable we both were, until she accepted an invitation to spend the Christmas with one of her sisters, while I was left, with my old nurse, to superintend the empty house. Barbara had no desire to linger in our old home till the last moment; and I was glad to be alone on Christmas-day in the neighborhood of The Elms, and to think and make my mental record of all its associations and remembrances. Many times the place knew me more, but, on Christmas-eve, I wandered through the empty rooms, not more empty than my heart, which was being divested of its old memories, and never but deeper tenderness, until I passed mechanically under the door, where I had often looked across to The Holmes.

The air had been dense and murky all day, with thickly falling snow; and the moon was over, and the meadows sky bright with stars: while the glistening snow-flakes, through my mind picture after picture, dream within dream, visions of the happiness that might have been mine.

As I stood thus, with tears stealing through the clasped hands that covered my eyes, my nurse came in to close the shutters. She started suddenly when she saw me.

"I thought you were your mother," she exclaimed. "I have seen her stand just so, hundreds of times."

"Seem, how was it that my mother did not marry Mr. Fraser?"

"They were like other people—didn't understand one another, much as they were in love," she answered. "Mr. Fraser's first marriage had been for money, and was not a happy one, so he had grown something stern. They quarrelled, not

your mother was provoked to marry Mr. Gretton, your father. Well! Mr. Fraser became an old man all at once, did scarcely ever left his own house; so that she never saw him again, near as he lived; though I have often seen her, when your father was off to hills or races or public meetings, standing here just as you stood now. Only the last time you were in her room, she was leaning against this window when I brought you in to say good night, and she whispered softly, looking up to Heaven, "I have tried to do my duty to my husband and to my little child!"

"Nurse," I said, "I know you; do not shut the window yet." It was no longer a selish emotion that possessed me. I had been answering their there was no sorrow like my sorrow; but my mother's error had been graver, and her trials more than mine. Those burden-like words had weighed her down into an early grave; but it had not passed away from earth with her. Its results were heavily committed by her death, upon the heart of the aged man, who, doubtless, in the quiet of pitiless time, was revolving the events of his past life with, I fear, bitterness, because it was the saddest of them all. I longed to ask him once again—to enter into the frosty night.

Yet, the window was uncertained. I could tell that at the open gate; and I should see him, whom my mother loved, lying alone and unchevered upon his couch, as he would be when I was gone to years through till Lucy Fraser was old enough to be a daughter to him. And then I remembered the rumor that Lucy, my grandchild was dying, which Susan had told me sorrowfully an hour or two ago; and my grandchild, I knew, was not really until I stood before the window.

It was no longer an invalid's room; the couch was gone and the sheltering screen, and Lucy's little chair within it. Neither were there any splendiums of modern luxury or wealth; no gorgeous nor coloring, nor gorgeousness: it was simplicity in library and workroom of a busy student, who was forgetful and careless of comfort. Yet, such as it was, my heart recognized it as home. There Martin sat, now, as was his wont, with pen and pencil calculations, and frequent reference to the books that were strewn about.

Could I be mistaken that yonder shoulder man had once spoken passionately to me of love, and now he was there, so calm, so earnest, apparently almost within reach of my hand, while I, like an outcast, stood in cold, and darkness, and misery? Was there, with the sole of my footstep lingering about the threshold, and no shadowy memory of my face entering between him and the pages which had forfeited the right to sit beside him, reading the observations of which he had noted down, so long ago? the pilgrim that was deepening on his nature; and I had not the hope, which would have been sufficient to keep a combatant from fear, that some other woman, more true and more worthy, would by-and-by earn my forfeited place?

I heard a bell within, and Martin rose and left the room. I wondered if I should have time to creep in, and steal out all but near enough to hear, which had been drawn aside carelessly; but, as I tremblingly laid my hands of the glass door, and it turned, searing in his arms the emaciated form of little Lucy Fraser. He had wrapped her carefully in a large shawl, and now, as he stood so near to the fire and placed her in it, every rigid lineament of his countenance was softened into tenderness. I stretched out my arms toward him with an instinctive yearning to be gathered again to his noble heart, and knew that child and darkness disregarded. I turned away, with this last tender image of his greatness in my memory, to retrace my steps to my desolate home.

There was a sudden twittering in the ivy overhead, and a little bird, rushed out of its nest into the cold night air, came fluttering down, and then against the lighted panes. It was a robin's nest, by which had been uneasy at my vicinity before, stood buzying at the window, and I had only time to engage and hide myself among the shrubs when he opened it, and stepped out upon the terrace. The day tracked down the path by which I had come, barking joyfully as he caressed along the open fields; and, as Martin looked round, I covered more closely with my dripper shoulders. I know he must find me; for my footmarks were plain upon the newly-fallen snow, and an overwhelming sensation of shame and gladness overpowered me. He saw him less the footprints once or twice, but at last he was upon the right track, and, with a few bounds beneath which I had hidden, he found me among the trees. I was crouching, and he stooped down curiously.

"It is Stella," I said faintly.

"Stella!" he echoed.

He lifted me from the ground like a trunk child, whom he had expected home every evening, carried me across the terrace into the library, and set me down in the light and warmth of his own presence. Not little kiss to the child, whose eyes beamed with a strange light upon us; and then, taking both my hands in his, he bent down and looked in my face. I met his gaze unshrinkingly, eye to eye. We sounded the depths of each other's heart in that long, unwavering look. Never more could there be doubt or mistrust; never again deception or misconstruction, between us.

Our star had arisen, and full orbed, rounded into perfection, shed a soft and brilliant light upon the years to come. Chime after chime, like the marriage peal of our souls, came the sound of distant bells across the snow, and roused us from our reverie.

"I must go," I said, and sprang back, but Martin to me. "I believed you would come back to me, somehow, at some time; but this evening I heard that you were gone, and I was telling Lucy Fraser so, not long since. She has been pining to see you."

Now, he suffered me to take the child upon my lap, and she nestled closely to me, with a weary sigh, resting her head upon my bosom. Just then, we heard the carol singers coming up the avenue, and Martin drew the curtains over the window, before which they stationed themselves to sing the carol of the morning—"Hark the herald."

When the singers ended and raised their cry of "Be wish you a merry Christmas," I rose to open the door. Martin came out into the porch to speak to them, and I hid my face in the child's curls, and thanked God who had so changed me.

"But what is this, Martin?" I cried in terror, as I raised my head, on his return.

The child's eyelids were closed, and her little arm hand had grown less and nerveless.

Immediately he was by my side, and his arms like a withering flower.

"It is only fainting," said Martin; "she has been drooping ever since you left us, Stella; and my only hope of her recovery rests in your ministrations now."

All that night, I sat with the little child resting on my bosom; revived from time to time by tears, and sleeping quietly in my arms because she was already beginning to share in the life and joy and brightness of my own. There was no sudden sleep and tranquility inclosing us in a blissful coma, interrupted only once by a messenger from Martin, who had been called by Martin in a state of the utmost perplexity and alarm.

The hopeful Christmas morning dawned. I asked my nurse to arrange my hair in the style in which my mother used to wear it, and I dressed myself in a dress which Susan, Mr. Fraser received me as his daughter with great emotion and affection. Never could I forget, other than Stella, I was satisfied to be identified with my mother. Then in the course of the morning, I had a scene of trembling and weeping recited me, which could only be soothed by their fondest assurances. After which I had a long talk with songs, with nothing in them but their simple melody; and Mr. Fraser sitting by, listening to every word of the hymns he came; and Lucy's eyes almost laughed.

Then Martin took me home along the familiar path, which I had so often traversed alone and loneless; but the excess of happiness overcame me, and at every turn I paused and I crept closer to him, with a sweet sense of being protected.

One sunset day in January, still blithe Lucy and triumphant dictatress Barbara for my bridesmaids, I accepted, hanging on the arm of my father, the hand of Martin Fraser's wife. And even in the scenes of the empty-handed folly of my girlhood, I thenceforward found time and to do my duty in love, gratitude, and devotion. Only at first, Martin preached to me, and I used to say at night I had come to have a last glimpse, not of him, but of his father: I knowing nothing of the change that had transformed Mr. Fraser's sitting-room into his own study.

THE GHOST IN THE DOUBLE ROOM.

BY G. AUGUSTUS SALA.

Was the next Ghost on my list. I had noted the rooms down in the order in which they were drawn, and this was the next in order. Therefore, I invoked the Spectre of the Double Room, with the usual result, and, when we all observed John Herschel's wife to be much affected, and we all refrained, as if by common consent, from glancing at one another. Alfred Rayling, with his usual good feeling which are never wanting in him, whispered, "Don't you know?" and, "Haunted the Double Room to be haunted by the Ghost of the Ague.

"What is the Ghost of the Ague like?" asked every one, when there had been a laugh.

"Like?" echoed Alfred, with his usual air. "What is the Ague like?" asked somebody.

"Don't you know?" said Alfred. "Tell me you."

We had both, Tilly—by which affectionate diminutive I mean my adored Matilda—and your humble servant agreed that it was not only inexpedient, but, in fact, a positive impertinence if in duty we owed to the community at large, to wait any longer for Alfred's explanation, and we put forward against the baleful effects of long engagements; and Tilly began to quote poetry of a nocturnal character, and I to make certain entertained different opinions. My uncle Boone wrote to me, and to my father, to the Guardian-ensurance Uuk Something or Other Company, in which undertaking I was vicariously interested, were at a premium—that is to say, they were dropping down for years. Tilly's papa and mamma called Tilly a girl and myself a boy, when we observed their annoyance. As, however, our parents and guardians were not used to be contradicted, Matilda and I were not permitted to add another couple to the catalogue of historically unfortunate lovers. Uncle Boone, who was in the Uuk Something Sandfish (my Tilly's papa and mamma) at last relented. Much was elicited during this delicate communication by my arguments against celibacy, contained in eight pages foolscap, and of which I made copies in triplicate for the benefit of our hunhearted relatives. More was done by Tilly threatening to poison herself. Most, however, was accomplished by our both making up our minds to tell a piece thereof to our parents and guardians, and telling them that if they did not acquiesce in our views we would run away and get married at the very first opportunity. There was no just cause or impediment. We were young, healthy, and had plenty of money between us. Loads of money—as we thought then. As to personal appearance, Tilly was simply lovely, and my whiskers had not been ill spoken of in the best society in Dover. So it was all arranged, and on the twenty seventh of December, eighteen fifty dash, being the morrow of Boxing-day, Alfred Starling, gent., was to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony to Matilda, only daughter of Captain Rockleigh Standfast, R.N., of Smargatestime Villa, Dover.

I had been left an orphan at a very early age, and the guardian to my moderate property (including the shares in the Caerlyon-upon-Usk Something or Other concern), and guardian of my person, was my uncle Boone. He sent me to Merchant Taylors, and afterward for a couple of years to college in Bonn, on which, He afterwards—I keep me out of mischief, I believe—paid a handsome premium for my admission into the counting-house of Messrs. Baum, Brimm, and Boompiers, German merchants of Finsbury Circus, under whose tuition I did a little business in the corresponding department, and was much envied by my brother salaried clerks. My uncle Boone resided chiefly at Dover, where he was making large sums of money by government contracts, whose objects apparently consisted in boring holes in the chalk and then filling them up again. My uncle was, perhaps, the most respectable man in Europe, and was well known in the city of London as "Respectable Boone." He was one of those men who are confidently said to be good for any amount. He had a waistcoat—worn winter and summer—a waistcoat that, in the days of my youth, was a single bell and a story drab, which looked so infinitely respectable that I am certain if it had been presented at the Queen's levee or the lord in Lobelia street the clerks would have cashed it at once for any amount of gold demanded. My uncle Boone entertained himself behind this astonishing garment as behind a fortification, and dispensed hospitality from it. That waistcoat had carried resolutions, assuaged the ire of indignant shareholders, and, by means of a waverting schemes, and brought in thumping subscriptions for burned-out Coffees and destitute Foreigners. I was a safe speculation, and I knew it as well as mine. He was mixed up with a good many companies, but whenever I was pressed for information as to their with a plan, my responsible uncle would confer with his waistcoat, and within five minutes would either tell me the number or promoter to walk out of his counting-house, or put his name down for a thousand pounds. He was a director of the noble Man Responsible Bonser put his name down for.

It was arranged that I was to go down to Dover on Christmas-eve, staying at my uncle's, and that we were to dine all together at Captain Standfast Smargatestime Villa. Boxing-day we to be elected to bonnets on the part of my beloved, and to the signing and sealing of certain releases, deeds, covenants, and other documents connected with law and money, on the part of self, my uncle, and my prospective father-in-law on the twenty-seventh we were to be MARRIED.

Of course my connexion with Messrs. Baum, Brimm, and Boompiers was a sacred one, and not a basket eighty-seven times, a unanimous cheval acceptance, on the part of the firm, of my duties. It was "golly good fellow." I was unwillingly compelled to leave Tilly on the night of Christmas-eve. The express mail on Christmas-eve, being engaged to a farewell dinner at four, at the mansion of our Right Most Honorable and dinner-giving friend Alderman in the firm, in Finsbury Circus. A capital dinner it was, and very merry. I left the gentlemen over their wine, and had just time to pop into a cab and catch the mail train at London Bridge.

You know that the train passes on a railway journey when one has dined comfortably before starting. And when I began, about seven o'clock, to have no Dover, to rapidly were the eighty odd miles skimmed over. But it now becomes my duty to impart to you the knowledge of my Terrible Misfortune. In my youth, a little boy at a preparatory school, I was afflicted, I had presumption ever

the carriage drove away, Captain Standfast, R.N., looking at me as savagely as though he would have risked to have me up at the gangway, and give me nine dozen on the instant, said,

"There goes poor Tilly's diamond bracelet. The odd screw won't give it her now. I saw the cuss on the cushion of the fly."

Was it my fault? could I help my lamentable age?

At dinner I went from bad to worse. Item: I spilled one bottle of mock turtle soup over a new damask tablecloth. Item: I upset a glass of Madeira over Mary Ann's blue moire dress. Item, in a convulsive fit of shaking, I nearly stabbed Lieutenant Lush, of the Fifty-fourth Regiment, stationed on the Heights, with a silver fork; and, finally, in a maniacal attempt to carve a turkey, I sent its carcass right of the Christmas bird, with a garland of sausages clinging to it, full into the responsible waistcoat of my uncle Bonsor.

He grew quite purple somehow; I am sure I don't know in what manner, but half an hour afterward we were all very pleasant and talkative over our dessert. When I say all, I of course except my unhappy self. There had been no solution of continuity in my shaking. Somebody, I think, proposed my health. In returning thanks, I hit the pyramid of preserves below under the left eye with my elbow. Endeavoring to regain my equilibrium, I sent a full glass of claret into the embroidered cambric bosom of that unhappy lieutenant Lush. In desperation, I caught hold of the tablecloth with both hands. I saw how it would be, and, by a dexterous jerk, the whole concern would be over the dessert. When I say all, I of course except my unhappy self. There had been no solution of continuity in my shaking. Somebody, I think, proposed my health. In returning thanks, I hit the pyramid of preserves below under the left eye with my elbow. Endeavoring to regain my equilibrium, I sent a full glass of claret into the embroidered cambric bosom of that unhappy lieutenant Lush. In desperation, I caught hold of the tablecloth with both hands. I saw how it would be, and, by a dexterous jerk, the whole concern would be over the dessert. When I say all, I of course except my unhappy self. There had been no solution of continuity in my shaking. Somebody, I think, proposed my health. In returning thanks, I hit the pyramid of preserves below under the left eye with my elbow. Endeavoring to regain my equilibrium, I sent a full glass of claret into the embroidered cambric bosom of that unhappy lieutenant Lush. In desperation, I caught hold of the tablecloth with both hands. I saw how it would be, and, by a dexterous jerk, the whole concern would be over the dessert.

I turned my foot frantically round the leg of the table nearest me, and with a great crash over went dining-table, cut-glass decanters, and dessert. Lieutenant Lush was lucky at starting, for the top of the nose with a pair of silver nut-crackers, and my uncle Bonsor's head was crowned, in spite a plaster, and bows, red tape, the Army List, looking-cap paper, and parchment; and my uncle Bonsor was many respectable than ever. Captain Standfast was a paper to sign at last, whispering much among themselves as they did so; and I protest that I should not wanting had a larger pen, digging about in a field of green table-cloth, while on the paper at last, and crabbed characters meant to sing up and down in a crazed and furious manner. I endeavored to serve myself for the task of signing. I lit on a pencil, I clenched my left hand, I tried to screw my wagging head on to my neck, I cramped my toes up as tight as they could be screwed, but was it my fault, when I clutched the pen and tried to write my name, that the abominable goosequill began to dance, and shake, and leap, and caper, and dig its nibs into the paper; that when, in despair, I used the blotting-pad, to blot the name to be open, I shook its sable contents, in horrid, horned, lassoed blots, all over a grave legal document? I finished my autograph unfinished, and made my mark on my uncle's sacred waistcoat, and hitting Captain Standfast under the third rib with my elbow,

"That will do," my pegs-in-law cried, collaring me. "Leave the house, scoundrel!"

But I loved him, this grasp, and I fled to the drawing-room, knowing that my Tilly would be there with her indefatigable and her mamma.

"Tilly—my adored Matilda." I cried.

"No further explanation is needed, sir," broke in my beloved, in an inexorable tone. "Leave mean and heart quite enough. Alfred Starling, I would sooner veil the maimed than wed with a pamphlet on you cliff than become the bride of a profligate nut drunkard. Go, sir; repent if you can; be ashamed if you can. Henceforth we are strangers. Slave of self-indulgence, adieu forever!" And she swept out of the room, and tore off her shoe bonnet and pretty heart out in the boudoir beyond.

I was discarded and expelled forever from Snargatestons Villa; my uncle Bonsor repudiated me, and disinherited me from any share in the family cost; I hurried myself into the next train at the station, and shook all the way back to town. At about this time, old Arnold Bonsor died, I believe, by myself wandering and joking about the parlours of Soho.

From Soho-square—the southwest side, I think —branches a shabby, dingy little court, called Batman's buildings. I was standing moodily idle at the corner of this ill-favored place, when I stumbled against a gentleman, who, habited about seven-eighths soldier and one-eighth civilian.

He was a little, dapper, clean-limbed, youngfaced, old man, with a rubicund nose, and white hair and whiskers. Soldiers, save in the cavalry, didn't wear mustachios. He wore a blue surtout coat, rather white at the seams, and a silver medal with a faded ribbon on his breast. He had a bunch of particoloured ribbons in his waistcoat-up; he carried a bamboo-cane under his arm; on each sleeve he wore golden stripes, much tarnished; and his scarlet collar was embroidered a golden lion; and on his shoulders he had a pair of little, light, golden epaulets, that very much resembled the sets of teeth from a dentist's glass-case, covered with bullion.

"And how are you, my hearty?" said the military gentleman, cheerily.

I answered that I was the most miserable wretch in the world; upon which the military gentleman, slapping me on the back and calling me his gallant comrade, asked me to have a pint of beer, warmed with a little spice, and a dash of Old Tom in it, for the sake of Christmas.

"You're a roving buck," observed my new friend, "I'm a roving buck. You never happened to have a twin-brother named Sph, did you?"

"No," I answered, meekly.

"He was as like you as two peas," continued the military gentleman, who had by this time taken my arm, and was leading me all shaking and clattering toward a mouldy little tavern, on whose door-jambs were displayed a couple of colored cartoons, framed and glazed and much fly-blown, and displaying, the one, the presentment of an officer in full-dress uniform much injured with wine, and the other a bombshell with an enormous shako clamping the latter into a cannon: the whole surmounted by a placard setting forth that many young seen were required for the Honorable East India Company's infantry, and that they would, and earnestly exhorting all smart young men, as aforesaid, to apply forthwith at the Bombshell and Chutney, who was always to be heard of at the bar of the "Highland Laddie," or at the office in Baker street, Portman square.

"The last time I saw him," went on the man with the silver face and the golden epaulets, after he had tilted me into the "Highland Laddie," pinned me, shaking, against the bar-counter, and ordered me a glass of sophisticated rum, "was in the service, and was a field-marshal in the army of the Shah of Oude. I was a captain then. I've seen him with his cocked-hat and diwnod epaulets riding on a white elephant, with fire-and-twenty tiled turbaned footmen after him on foot, all in red, and draw the soda-water corks. Such lovely hot lives with a field-marshal's commission and generous cousins in this very police!"

It is useless to recall the narrative of my conversation with the military gentleman; suffice it to say, that within an hour I had taken the fatal shilling, and enlisted in the service of the Honorable East India Company. I was not a beggar. I possessed property which would have made Bonsor had no control. I had not committed any crime, but I felt lost, ruined, and desperate, and I enlisted. I am a coward, when I look back upon the magistrate to be attested, and before a surgeon to be examined as to my capability of undergoing the service, my agony seemed entirely to have left me. I stood firm and upright in the witness-box, and under the examining physician I was as much distressed by shame and anguish at the mixed-measure, and by my cowardice in Dover from negotiating for my discharge.

I had scarcely reached the East India recruiting depot at Chatham, when I was seized with an attack of ague returned with redoubled severity. At first, on my arrival, that I had come to the depot, and begun to train me for a bandsman, but I could not keep a wind instrument in my hands, and struck those that I have played from my shaking mouth. Then I was put into the awkward squad among the raw recruits, and endeavored to learn, but I could never get beyond the preliminary drill of the goose-step, and I kept my own time, and not the regulation one. Then I was put into some woeful place the slightest crookery in my ague, and the sergeant-major, with a fearful oath, reported, that I was a shilking, "malingering" impostor. Among my comrades, who despised, without pity, my woe, I got the nickname of "Mary Ann Shivery-Shakery." And the most wonderful thing is, that although I could not keep a musical instrument in, from time, the thought of purchasing my discharge never entered my poor, shaking, jarring head.

How long I remained in the recruiting, infirm creature as a soldier to India, I can't make out; but what I was, by no means, a step-boy, with seven or eight hundred more recruits. My military career in the East came to a very speedy and inglorious termination. I had scarcely arrived at Bombay when the battalion of the European regiment to which I was finally consigned set up-country to the banks of the Sutlej, where the Sikh war was then raging. It was the cantonments of Allahabad, however, I went very little that I saw of that glorious epoch in our military annals. In consequence of exposure to my nervous disorder, I was only permitted to form part of the baggage-guard, and one night, after perhaps ten days' march, I was missed. I had been shaken more awfully, an attack was made on our force for some reason or other, and I was carefully undshaken or thieves. Nothing was easier than to put them pokey scoundrels to the rest. I had been brave enough as a boy, and as a young man. I declare that on the present occasion I should have stood my ground, and perished sword in the mastery of me. I shook my musket out of my hands, my shako off my head, and my knapsack off my back, and then, shaking my heels and jolted me, as it seemed, over miles of arid country. There was some fighting the next day afterward, and some of flogging me; but corporeal punishment did not exist in the Company's regiments. I was sent to a vile place of incorporation called a "congee house," where I was fed principally on rice-water, and left. Then I was conveyed to Bombay, tried by court-martial, sentenced, and publicly drummed out of my regiment. Yes, I, the son of a gentleman, and the possessor of acquired private property, had the privilege of all that. I was one of the "scum of the Rogues' March," was dismissed from the service of the Honorable East India Company with ignominy left disgrace.

I can scarcely tell how I reached England again; whether I went over in a ship, or swam it, or flew it, or whether I worked my passage home. I can only remember that the ship in which I was a passenger broke her back in Algoa Bay, close to the Cape, and became a total wreck. There was not the slightest danger: we were within sounding, and small craft, and every soul on board was saved; but I shook so terribly and incessantly while the boats were leaving the vessel, that the whole ship's company hooted and groaned at me when I was shoved over the side, and I was not allowed to go in the long-boat, but was towed alone and aft in the long-boat.

I took passage in another ship, which did nothing but shake all the way from the Cape to Plymouth, and at last I reached England. I wrote innumerable letters to my friends and relatives, to Tilly, and to my uncle Bonsor; but the only response I received was a few formal lines from my uncle's lawyer, telling me that my illegible scrawls had driven the hands of the persons for whom they were designed; but that no further notice could be taken of my communications. I was put into the possession of my property to the last penny, but it seems to me that I must have shaken it away in either set dice or laughing in gambling-hells. And I remember that I never made a mark in the latter game without hitting my adversary with the cue in the cheek, temple, or even the marker, sending the balls scudding through the window, shattering the cocoa-nut pyramid-bules in the cloth, for which I had to pay guineas afterward, to the proprietor of the rooms.

I remember one day going into a jeweler's shop in Regent Street to purchase a watch-key, I had only a short time to stay, my cold repeater had been shaken away in some unaccountable manner. It was windy weather, and I was arrayed in a pea-jacket, loose sleeves. While the shop-keeper was adjusting a key to my watch, my ague fit came upon me with phenomenal ferocity, and I fell to stamping and clumsy, in catching hold of the counter to save myself, I lifted a couple of drawers right over. Some fell on the floor; but some, O horror and anguish! fell into the sleeves of my overcoat. I shook them out, and I seemed to have shaken diamond rings into my hands, my pockets, my very boots. By some unaccountable impulse I dropped them all, but was seized at the very shop door, and carried, shaking, to the police-station.

I was before the police-magistrate, and committed, still shaking, in a van, to jail. I shook for something like a whole month in jail, when I was brought up, shaking, to the Central Criminal Court, and placed, shaking, on my trial for an attempted robbery of seven hundred pounds' worth of property. The evidence was clear against me. My counsel, in a fit of eloquence, something about "kleptomania," but in vain. My uncle Bonsor, who had come expressly up from the country, spoke strongly against my character. I was found guilty; yes, I, the most innocent and unfortunate young man breathing, was found guilty of seven years' transportation! I can recall the awful scene vividly to memory now. The jury sat on my left, shaking their heads at me. So was the judge, on whom I spilled the water, and the spectators in the gallery; and I was bobbing my head to the spikes on the helps of the railing, shaking from right to left like ten thousand million aspen leaves. My skull was splitting, my brain was bursting, when—

I WOKE AGAIN

I was lying in a very uncomfortable position in a first-class carriage of the Dover mail-train; every time the train stopped, or started, or went jogging to and fro in the lumping; my cramped limbs were swaying to and fro, and the sticks and umbrellas which were lashing in the net-work of the train was "at speed," and my frightful dream was simply due to the violent motion and concussion of the train. Then, sitting up, and rubbing my eyes, immensely relieved, but blushing on by the consideration near me (so violently did the carriages shake from side to side), I began to reason for what I had dreamed or heard of during those hours before: while at on, or while somebody was knocking loudly at the door; and of the odd connection between unusual sound and vision as the thoughts of our innermost souls. And again with still deeper thankfulness, that at one period of my distempered vision, namely, when I was attested and examined as a recruit, I had resisted the temptation still and steady. The temporary freedom from ague I was fain to ascribe to the cushioned seat of the first-class carriage in which I was at Tunbridge Wells. But, thank Heaven, all that was but a dream.

"I mean to shake one's head off!" exclaimed the testy old lady opposite, alluding to the oscillation of the train, as the guard appeared at the window with a sheet of "De—von."

Well, man, it have tin a shaking most unusual all the way down," replied that functionary.

"Thought we should have tin off the line more than once. Beware will be ladled to-morrow morning. 'Night, sir!"—this was to me: I knew the man well. "Merry Christmas and a happy New Year! You'll be wanting a fly to Snargatestons Villa, won't you, sir? Now, por—ryu!"

I did want a fly, and I got one. I knew the driver liberally, and did not scatter his money over the pavement. Mr. Jukes insisted upon my accompanying him to the dining-room of the nearest I arrived. The weather was so "wowsly cold," he said. I joined the merry party at supper, and was received by my Tilly with open arms, and by my uncle Bonsor with an open waistcoat. A portrait in cheerful moderation of the misjudgment fortitudes of Christmas-eve. We all dined together on Christmas-day, and I helped the soup and carved a turkey, beautifully; and on the morrow, Boxing-day, we complimented by our uncle's lawyer on my remarkably neat calligraphy, as displayed in the signatures to the necessary legal documents. On the twenty-seventh of December, eighteen forty-six, I was married to my darling Tilly, and was going to live happy ever afterward, when

I WOKE AGAIN

—really did wake in bed in this Haunted House—and found that I had been very much shaken on the railway coming down, and that there was no marriage, no Tilly, no Mary Seaton, no Van Phael, no any thing but myself and the Ghost of the Agon, and the two inner windows of the Double Room rattling like the ghosts of two departed watchmen who wanted spiritual assistance to carry me to the dead and gone old Watch-house.

THE GHOST IN THE PICTURE ROOM.

BY MISS A PROCTER.

DELINDA, with a modest self-accusation quite her own, promptly answered for this Spectre in a low, clear voice:

The lights extinguished; by the hearth I knelt, Watching with a dreamer's fancies,
The flickering ghost shadows, gathering near, Clothed in mysterious forms, and dimly seen;
And still, all dark; save when the leaping flame, Gaunting, lit up The Picture's ancient frame,
Above the hearth it hung. Perhaps the night,
My foolish fancies, or the gleaming light,
Lent Power to that Portrait dark and quaint—
A Portrait such as Rembrandt loved to paint—
The Picture of a Nun. I seemed to trace
A world of sorrow in the patient face,
The folded hands, the meek, down-bent breast—
Around the room's shadow hid the rest.
And, as I gazed, I thought the lips grew pale,
And half forgot that I was kneeling there,
Came back to me, linked to the present hour,
The memory of the past, with all its power to pain.

In the far South, where clustering vines are hung
Where first the old chivalric days were sung;
Where Spanish Beauty, queenly, stately, still Trance,
Angel and Knight and Deity, called Romance,
Lived out her day. The warm sun shone on me,
Upon the castle; there was one my orchard,
Where, 'neath the trees, I wandered with my love,
Without a thought of sorrow, fear, or grief,
All still, all silent, save the rolling rush
Of the fierce bounding flood, that from our hush
Upon the beach; where, glittering toward the strand,
In the sun's splendor, sparkled the white sand:

All still, all peaceful; when a convent chime
Broke on the mid-day silence for a time,
Then ceased, and left the quiet, serene, as ever,
In deeper silence and more utter peace.
Then I was called to gaze, with many others,
On the dark mystery that from nuns' spirits
Veiled their true beauty, or, at least, to judge
Before their choice of ancient rule and creed,
Who knew the story of each vow and bill,
And every haunting fancy of the cell.
Within the hall, spoke close to me, and told
The mystic legend of the picture, and said:

Long years ago, a dense and flowering wood,
Still more concealed where the white convent stood,
Rose on the promised valley of the vine,
"Our lady of the Hawthorne" it is name.
Within the wild, which all the year was fair
With the first country rite, or out, or prior,
Before the convent's gate, a young knight
Before that shrine, in prayer, his vigil kept.
For humbler cottage stalls, or village hood,
Or pilgrim's cockle-shell, or scallop shell,
Young hearts that came, weighed down by love or wrong,
To that fair shrine, and left their burden there.
Each passing pilgrim, and each beggar's sight
Well knew, and rest, and welcome, and delight.
But, more than this, the nuns could well impart
Of holy lore, for many a learned clerk
Had taught their lessons, and had left their mark
Of knowledge in their books, and on their walls.
And ladies of high birth, and lowly maids,
Had learned their needle-work, and evil fate,
Found help and blessing at the convent gate.

Of all the nuns, no heart was half so light,
As cymbal-calling gipsies of the night.
No step that glided with such noiseless feet,
As hers, that now the convent's rule must meet.
No voice that rose in choir or pause, so clear,
As hers! but all the others loved her here.
On merely touched by others' pain or woe,
Or sorrow, whether it was known or not known).
Her soft hand laid on sufferer's side or head,
As Mother Angela, the Abbess, said,
Had power to heal. Her voice, like the bird known
No house, no love, no kindred save their own—
Her step, her look, her smile, her every word,
Child, plaything, pupil, rose the bride of Heaven.
And all felt it was Heaven's gain and not its right
That young before the altar, day and night,
Should kneel the fair young novice whose pale brow
The flower beauty, wave the curliest lace:
Because of all, her fond and gentle face
The office she would never miss or share,
Of tending the sick nuns, and soothing them,
To quiet whom the Abbess could not trust
Nature to luminous to that rugher duty.
Her hands were also best for making wreaths
Their Angels loved to count each fruit the bust,
And best for twining round the altar rail
Those garlands which the Abbess would not forbid
To hang on the Madonna's shrine, and hid
Upon the altar steps always at Christmas-tide.
Most keen this time of her own handiness bent,
Her every thought, her every power, intent,
She placed her flowers; then kneeling down in prayer,
As their faint perfume rose before the altar,
So rose her thoughts, as pure and as diverse.
For hours and hours the smoke grew the stiffest,
Till one by one the altar lights shone out,
Till one by one the nuns, with solemn chime,
Gathered around to chant their vesper hymn;
Till one by one the tapers were extinguished,
And "Ave, Maria Stella" filled the night.

But one more longer on those days of grace?
When storms drive near, then quiet haven most cease.
Who, cries of wind, and rain, and hail,
So near the convent wills its breath of flame,
Each sinking shelter, frightened pressed beside,
Sobbing out tales of coming fate and dread.
Then, when the storm was loudest, and the wind
One night came struggling soldiers, with their lead
Of wounded, dying comrades, from the field.
Half pleading, yet as if they could command,
Implored admittance at the convent's care.
There rest, sorry, and left all to needful thirst.
Then, when the storm was loudest, and the wind
Was blowing every shutter and door open,
Some pregnant shingles, heeling silver, or Lombe,
The oldest nun, the Abbess, ordered that
To deem the wounds needing most skillful care;
Even as the youngest nun, with her charm,
And thus to Angels, whose ready will
Was to be found in the convent's care.
The charge of a young wounded knight must fall,
Who knew the wound, the bandage, and all.
Day after day she watched beside his bed,
Till fever left him, and he raised his head,
And spoke to her, and thanked her for her care,
Or her soft voice, uttering more pious word.
And the time came left him, and he rose,
The hours, no longer silent, passed away,
Filled with the sound of his voice, and with his plaints.
She told him legends of the martyr's deaths;
Described the pomps, where, through God's pleasure
Knelt.
Had gained their souls to high and bright a place.
This pious soldier soon and more and more,
Sought her alone, and more and more
And more he felt the power of her sweet voice
Which the chapel stone on Easter Day,
Described the sacraments, gold, and silver bright,
Crossed how many tapers gave their light;
How in solemn detail went on the day,
How the high altar looked on Christmas-day:
How knight and squire, and lord and serf, vied,
And a large star of jewels gleaming bright.
Then told the sign by which they all took seat
How even natural loved to greet her Queen.
How from the Virgin's throne, upon the floor
Down to the long garden, every bead was bent,
And prayer in hand each elder prayed:
At the long dusting heavens were displayed,
They struck the hawthorn boughs, and showed all
therein

Of beds and blossoms stirred her way with flowers.
The knight marvelled (indeed), till all he
He too described the glories of his port;
Gateway, and drawbridge, and portcullis, and hall,
And all the lovely ladies who were there.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

But half inexcusable she heard. Could she—
This be the worst? this piece of love and blisse
Where, then, was hid the strangest horror?
That never failed to bring the gentle sleep
She seemed breath'd, sanctified with all his skill,
And still the kindly influence of joy,
The glorified in the golden mine of love.
Then opened your wings, ye angel guardians bright,
And shield them darkling thunderous from and fear;
But no; days passed, nights and vespers rang,
And still the quiet smiled, and, prayed, and sang,
And never groaned the fatal, coiling net
That every day for years had waited near,
Around their darling; for she went and came
About her duties, ordered, calm and free.
The same? ah, no! even when she knelt to pray.
Some cheated dream had power to waken her.
By day went on, and night, but never
Was she unconscious. While dumb grief so feels as take?
Reverently we must, with sensitive tread,
Pass silent, shrouded figures passed and fled.
And all was silent, save the sounding sea,
That sobbed and plashed, and a wailing breeze
That sighed among the gentle-waving trees.

What need to tell that drove so bright and brief,
Of joy unchecked by a dread of grief?
What need to tell how the years of peace must fade,
Before the slow foreboding, clouded mind,
That flushed wearily, with sleepless eyes,
Pleasure and wealth, were nothing to her side,
Of all the world can enjoy hours forget.
And silence drew in the whispers of regret,
Still Angela strove to dream, and strove in vain;
Awakened once, she could not sleep again.
At last a yearning seemed to fill her soul,
A longing that no one could ever know;
Even more, just once again, to see the place
That knew her young and innocent heart's treasure.
The long and weary southern path; to gaze
Upon the haven of first love's delight.
Once more beneath the convent roof to lie,
Once more to look upon the sweet, quiet sunset
Weary and worn—and then, the silence fierce
Within her breast, yet a strange silent force
Within her heart, bade her hope and be sure.
Onward she crawled, and lagged from door to door,
Weighed down with sorrow's load, and strength
Grew less each hour, till one day's dawn at length,
As in the fullness of the world with light,
Showed the broad waters, glittering blue and bright,
And where, amid the harbor's throng,
Just as of old the white convent stood.
Would it know her? Yes, it knew her. Her face
Had lost all trace of youth, of joy, of grace,
Of the pure happy soul that was there.
The nurses Angela met, and asked for
Sister Agnes—almost left. The well-known sound
Startled her, but she could not bear to be found.
And she, who had not wept for long dry years,
Felt the strange relief of remembrance and tears.
Terror and anguish aroused to check her breath,
And she fled back. O God! could this be death?
Crouching against the iron gate, she held
Her every breath against that, and prayed.
But nearer footsteps drew, then seemed to wait;
And then a voice she knew, calling the name
And saw the withered face, on which awoke
Joy at the sight of her, and then she spoke.
And asked the strangest question, "Sister Jo,"
She faltered, "Sister Monica, from sin,
Is she released?" And still she will not come;
Oh take us in, and let me die in peace!"
With scarcely words the tried sister met said,
Until she brought the key to unbar the gate.
The beggar tried to thank her as she knelt
And heard the echoing footsteps die away.
But what felt, when the cool cell was entered near,
And stirred strange trouble in her heart to hear
The voice that was to be her companion now?
A face that came from long, long years ago;
Yet, oh! how sad, how worn, how old!
The young and blooming, fleeting, fair, gone,
But a grave woman, gentle and serene.
The sweet sister lived—but she would have been.
But as she gazed and gazed, a sadness bright
Filled all the place with strangely mingled light;
The sun was there no longer, but instead,
A form with a circle round its head,
A ring of glory; and a face, so meek,
So soft, so tender, . . . Angela began to speak.
And stretched her hands out, crying, "Mary mild,
Mother of sorrows, and of God's own child,
And Mary sent . . . " But the sister's face
Showed how child's, witnesse home at last!
I filled the place. The light that was there,
For all thy daily duties I have done;
Thou knowest I have prayed, and sang, and slept;
Didst then not know, poor child, thy place was kept?
Kind hearts are here, yet were I not the tenderest one
Have hasten to its nurse? God has none.
And early forgiveness may be thy sad meed,
But yet he stoops to give it. More complete
Is love that has forgiveness for its need,
And pleads with thee to raise it. Only Heavven
Can pardon—only sympathy, then, to say
For—
Rose hurried Sister Monica, but where
Was the poor beggar she left there? She was
Gone; and she searched in vain, and sought the place
Where she had knelt, but all was bare.
But only Angela at the gateway stood,
Laden with heavenly blessings, and with food.

And never did a day past by again,
But the old portress, with a sigh of pain,
Would murmur for her blessing: only a prayer
That the poor beggar, in her wild despair,
Might find her way back. "Oh, that I could find
Her, and bring her home!" she would then add.
But Angela bore her head, and said no more.
How pitiful her heart! And what was it
Something that directed the brightness of her face
After that day, and made her more than ever
But trouble—but a shadow—nothing more.

Years passed away. Then, one dark day of dread,
Saw all the convent bowing round a bed
Where Angela lay dying; every breath
Struggling beneath the heavy mark of death.
But suddenly a flush lit up her cheek,
Her raised hand was held, and she strove to speak.
So surprising was they listened; not a sound
Was heard, but Angela's voice, so sweet and clear.
The very tapers flames seemed newly stirred,
In such hushed awe the listeners heard.
And then they knew that Angela knelt in prayer.
Her sin, her flight; the sorrow and the strife,
And the return; and, then, the peace and calm,
"Praise God for me, my sisters!" and the pause
Rang up to heaven, far, and clear, and wild,
Again and yet again, then sank and died.
While her white face had such a smile of peace,
They saw not one need bend the music cease;
Then weeping sisters took her to her bench.
Crowned with a wreath of perfumed heather a bloom.

And thus the legend ended. It says
Something is hidden in the mystery
Besides the home, grief's proper place,
Never enough suffered, or asked, or known.
Have we not all, amid life's petty strife,

Some pure ideal of a noble life
That once seemed possible? But we not hear
The flutter of its wings, and feel it near,
And just within our reach I to see. And yet
We lost it in this daily jar and fret.
And now love idle to its goal, and it will wait,
But still our place is kept, and it will wait,
Ready for us, in our home or isle.
No one is ever lost we have once seen,
We always may be what we might have been.
Since all that is beautiful remains, and in their breath,
Gaffs life—can always be redeemed from death;
And evil, in its nature, is decay.
And any hour can hit it all away.
The hopes that lie dead long, the distance seem,
May be the truer life, and this the dream.

THE GHOST IN THE CUPBOARD ROOM.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

MR. BEARDY, or, as his friends gayly (as his friend and ally, Jack Governor, called it), turned out of an imaginary hamnock with the greatest promptitude, and very sleepily on duty. "At it's Sir Beaver's watch," said he, "there shall be no skulking." Jack looked at his watch and laughed, and admiring turn of his eye on Mr. Beaver, full of complimentary implications. I noticed, by the way, that Jack, in a moment of haste, put on that which he is greatly troubled at times, had his arm round my sister's waist. Perhaps that was a natural requirement of having buttons in the old nautical requirement of having something to hold on by.

Then were the terms of Mr. Beaver's revelation to us:

What I have got to put forward, will not take very long; and I shall beg leave to begin by going back to last night, when I left the time when we all parted from one another to go to bed.

The members of the convivial party did a very necessary and customary thing, last night—they each took a bedroom candlestick, and let the candle before they went to bed. I am not sure whether any one of them noticed that I left my candlestick untouched, and my candle unlighted; and went to bed, in a fashion of my own, of all the places in the world, in the dark? I don't think any one of them did.

That is, perhaps, rather curious to begin with. It is likewise curious, and at once, that I left the candle and the candlestick in the hands of this good company set me in a tremble, and most I bet might, and would, have thought it a night's good sleep. The fact of the matter is —and I give you leave, such as you please—that the ghost which haunted me last night, which has haunted me off and on, ever since, and which will which will go on haunting me till I am a ghost of him. And I am not a superstitious man, by myself (and consequently second to check her breath. And why not here. At first I could think to death? Grouting against the iron gate, she held
Her every breath against that, and prayed.
But nearer footsteps drew, then seemed to wait;
And then a voice she knew, calling the name
And saw the withered face, on which awoke
Joy at the sight of her, and then she spoke.
And asked the strangest question, "Sister Jo,"
She faltered, "Sister Monica, from sin,
Is she released?" And still she will not come;
Oh take us in, and let me die in peace!"
With scarcely words the tried sister met said,
Until she brought the key to unbar the gate.
The beggar tried to thank her as she knelt
And heard the echoing footsteps die away.
But what felt, when the cool cell was entered near,
And stirred strange trouble in her heart to hear
The voice that was to be her companion now?
A face that came from long, long years ago;
Yet, oh! how sad, how worn, how old!
The young and blooming, fleeting, fair, gone,
But a grave woman, gentle and serene.
The sweet sister lived—but she would have been.
But as she gazed and gazed, a radiance bright
Filled all the place with strangely mingled light;
The sun was there no longer, but instead,
A form with a circle round its head,
A ring of glory; and a face, so meek,
So soft, so tender, . . . Angela began to speak.
And stretched her hands out, crying, "Mary mild,
Mother of sorrows, and of God's own child,
And Mary sent . . . " But the sister's face
Showed how child's, witnesse home at last!
I filled the place. The light that was there,
For all thy daily duties I have done;
Thou knowest I have prayed, and sang, and slept;
Didst then not know, poor child, thy place was kept?
Kind hearts are here, yet were I not the tenderest one
Have hasten to its nurse? God has none.
And early forgiveness may be thy sad meed,
But yet he stoops to give it. More complete
Is love that has forgiveness for its need,
And pleads with thee to raise it. Only Heavven
Can pardon—only sympathy, then, to say For—
Rose hurried Sister Monica, but where
Was the poor beggar she left there? She was
Gone; and she searched in vain, and sought the place
Where she had knelt, but all was bare.
But only Angela at the gateway stood,
Laden with heavenly blessings, and with food.

And never did a day past by again,
But the old portress, with a sigh of pain,
Would murmur for her blessing: only a prayer
That the poor beggar, in her wild despair,
Might find her way back. "Oh, that I could find
Her, and bring her home!" she would then add.
But Angela bore her head, and said no more.
How pitiful her heart! And what was it
Something that directed the brightness of her face
After that day, and made her more than ever
But trouble—but a shadow—nothing more.

Years passed away. Then, one dark day of dread,
Saw all the convent bowing round a bed
Where Angela lay dying; every breath
Struggling beneath the heavy mark of death.
But suddenly a flush lit up her cheek,
Her raised hand was held, and she strove to speak.
So surprising was they listened; not a sound
Was heard, but Angela's voice, so sweet and clear.
The very tapers flames seemed newly stirred,
In such hushed awe the listeners heard.
And then they knew that Angela knelt in prayer.
Her sin, her flight; the sorrow and the strife,
And the return; and, then, the peace and calm,
"Praise God for me, my sisters!" and the pause
Rang up to heaven, far, and clear, and wild,
Again and yet again, then sank and died.
While her white face had such a smile of peace,
They saw not one need bend the music cease;
Then weeping sisters took her to her bench.
Crowned with a wreath of perfumed heather a bloom.

And thus the legend ended. It says
Something is hidden in the mystery
Besides the home, grief's proper place,
Never enough suffered, or asked, or known.
Have we not all, amid life's petty strife,

Among the Englishmen who were concerned in this Spanish-American business, I, your humble servant, happened, in a small way, to be one. It was then mute of a brig belonging to a certain firm in the City, which drove a sort of general trade, mostly in queer out-of-the-way places, as far from home as possible; and which freighted the brig, in the year I am speaking of, with a cargo of gunpowder for General Lopez and his volunteers. Nobody knew any thing about our instructions, when we sailed, except the captain; and he knew half more than he knew. I can't rightly say how many barrels of powder we had on board, or how much cash there was in it, only know we had no other cargo. The name of the brig was The Good Intent—a queer name for a craft that had to go to a vessel laden with gunpowder, and sent to help revolution. And as far as this particular voyage was concerned, it was a good deal more than for a joke, ladies and gentlemen, and I'm sorry to find you don't laugh at it.

The Good Intent was the craziest old tub of a vessel I ever went to sea in, and the worst found in all respects. She was a miserable and thirsty, or two hundred and eighty tons burden, I forget which; and she had a crew of eight men, all told, including every as we ought by rights to have had to work the brig. However, we were well and honestly manned, I believe; and we had to set that against the chance of foundering at sea, and on this occasion, indeed, the chance of being blown up on the bargain. In consideration of the nature of our cargo, we were harassed with very regulations as to what's at all like. We were to smoking our pipes and lighting our luncheons; and, as usual in such cases, the people who made the regulations preached what he didn't practice. Not a man of us was allowed to have a bit of lighted candle about when he went below at night—except the skipper; and he used his light, when he turned in, or when he had to look at the chart in his cabin, just as usual. This light was a common kitchen candle or "dip," of the sort that goes eight or nine to the pound, and it stood in an old battered flat candlestick, with all the japan worn and melted off it, in the fore part of the cabin. It would have been more seamanlike and suitable in every respect if he had had a lamp or a lantern; but such is his old-country fashion, and that same old candlestick, ladies and gentlemen, has ever afterward such to me. I hope, for the sake of the owners; and I'm much obliged to Miss Belinda in the corner for being good enough to laugh at it.

Well (I said "well" before, but it's a word that helps a man on like), we sailed in the brig, and had a fair wind and fine, for the Virgin Islands, in the West Indies; and, after sighting them, we had a fair wind to back to Cuba again, and then stood on due south, till the look-out at the masthead hailed the deck, and said he saw land. Then we knew we were off the coast of Venezuela. We had had a wonderful voyage so far. We had lost none of our crew by sickness, and a man of us had never harassed to death at the pumps. It wasn't often The Good Intent made such a voyage as that, I can tell you.

I was sent aloft to make sure about the land, and I did make sure about it. The skipper came up, came to the skipper, he went below, and had a look at his letter of instructions and the chart. Then he came on deck again. He ordered, of course a trifle to the eastward—I forget the point of the compass—and I don't matter. Enough for me to remember is, that it was dark before we closed in with the land. We kept the lead going, and we had to stand off from four to five leagues, or, or it might be six—I can't say for certain. I was off duty by-and-by with the watch, instead of as knowing how the currents ran on that coast. We all wondered why the skipper didn't anchor; but he didn't. He was on deck a night or two, or forecastle-mast-head, and wait for an answering light to shore. We saw no light, and nothing else appeared. It was starlight and calm. What little wind there was came in puffs off the land. I suppose we were drifting a little to the west ward, as I made it out, best part of an hour before the light appeared. It was a blue light, and seeing the light as shore, we saw a boat coming toward us, rowed by two men only.

We hailed them, and they answered, "Friends!" and hailed us by our name. They came on board. One of them was a Spaniard, and the other was a coffee-colored native pilot, who jabbered a little English. The Irishman handed a note to our skipper, who looked at it, and then, by candle-light on that part of the coast we were off then was not very fine by any means, and then he went on the spies of the enemy (that is to say, of the old governor) had been taken aboard the vessel, and he considered he was safe. We might trust the brig to the native pilot; and he had his instructions to go on to another part of the coast. The note was signed by the proper parties; so we let the Irishman go back alone in the boat, and allowed the native pilot to take lawful charge over the brig. He kept us stretching off from the land till noon the next day on different tacks, and then ordering him to keep us well out of sight of the shore. We only altered our course in the afternoon, so as to keep well out to sea during the night. The native pilot was given us by our instructions, we were bound to make the best of him. Near nightfall, however, with the best will in the world to avoid it, I was unlucky enough to quarrel with him. He wanted to go below with his pipe, and I stopped him, of course, because it was contrary to orders. Upon that, he tried to bustle by me, and I put him away with my hand. I never meant to push him down; but, somehow, I did. He picked himself up quick as lightning, and pulled out his knife. I snatched it out of his hand, slapped his murderous face for him, and threw his weapon overboard. He gave me one ugly look, and walked off. I didn't think much of the look then; but I remembered it a little too well afterward.

We were close in with the land again, just as the wind failed us, between eleven and twelve that night; and dropped our anchor in about three fathoms. It was pitch dark, and a dead, sirloes calm. The skipper was on deck with two of our best men for watch. The rest were taken below. The pilot, who coiled himself up, more like a snake than a man, was comfortable. He was provided with his four in the morning. But I didn't like the look of the night, or the pilot, or the state of things generally. I and I shook myself down in my hammock to get my nap there, and be ready for any thing at a moment's notice. I had a presentiment that the skipper whispering to me that he didn't like the look of things either, and that he would go below and consult his instructions and the chart. It is the last I remember, before the slow, heavy, regular roll of the old brig on the ground-swell rocked me off to sleep.

I was woke, ladies and gentlemen, by a scuffle and the forecastle, and a loud cry of murder. There was a man on my breast and a man on my legs; and I was thrown down on my back in the manner. The brig was in the hands of the Spaniards. They were swarming all over her. I heard six heavy splashes in the water, one after another—after the captain stabbed to the heart as he came running up with the companion—and I heard no more of the skipper. Except myself, every soul of us on board had been murdered and thrown into the sea. Yes, I'm sorry to tell it, but I couldn't help it. The pilot stoop over me with a lantern, and look, to make sure of me, and I shut my eyes and shut my head in his face, and he nodded his head at me, as much as to say, You were the man who hustled me and I'll remember you. Then he went off to play the game of cut and mouse with you in return for it!

I could neither move nor speak; but I could see the Spaniards take off the main hatch and begin to throw the powder on deck. It was a quarter of an hour afterward, I heard the sweeps of a schooner, or some small vessel, and the Spaniards and the pilot ceased their work. I heard a voice hail from the schooner, and the pilot answer. Then I heard the splash of the sweeps again, and the schooner came alongside. She was a long, low, black, frightful slow-match to the lightest candle alongside my face, and to fix it, in several folds, round the tallow dip, about a third of the distance down, measuring from the flame of the wick to the lip of the candlestick. He did that; he looked to see that my lashings were all safe; and then he put his face down close to mine, and whispered in my ear, "How up with the brig?"

He was so dark again the moment after; and he saw the two shoes shaved the hatch on over me. At the farthest end from where I lay, they had not fitted it down quite true, and I saw a blade of daylight glimmering in when I looked in that direction. I heard the sweeps of the schooner fall into the water—splash! splash! faster and faster; as they swept the vessel out in the broad calm, to be ready for the wind in the offing. Faster and faster, splash! splash! for a quarter of an hour or more.

While those sounds were in my ears, my eyes were fixed on the candle. It had been freshly lit —if left to itself it would burn for between six and seven hours—the slow-match was twisted round it about a third of the way down, and therefore the flame would be about two hours reaching it. There I lay gagged, bound, lashed to the floor; seeing my own life burning down with the candle by my side—doomed by slow fire, and doomed to be blown to atoms, and to see that doom coming on, sooner and sooner every moment fresh second of time, through sigh on two hours to come; powerless to help myself, and speechless to call for help to others. The wonder is now, that I don't chest the flame, the slow-match, and the powder, and die of the terror of it, in that crisis before my first half-hour was out in the hold of the brig.

I can't exactly say how long I kept the command of my senses after I had ceased to hear the splash of the schooner's sweeps in the water. I can trace back every thing I did and every thing I thought, up to a certain point; but, once past that, I get all abroad, and lose myself in confusion the moment when I lost myself in my own feelings at the time.

The moment the hatch was covered over me, I began, as every other man would have begun, in my place, with a fresh effort to free my right arm. In the mad panic I was in, I cut my flesh with the lashing—as if they had been knife-cuttings but I never stirred them. There was less chance still of freeing my legs, or of tearing myself from the fastenings that held me to the floor. As for me, when I was all but suffocated for want of breath. The gag, very small in the mouth, was a terrible enemy to me; I could only breathe freely through my nose—and that is but a poor vent when a man is straining his utmost as far as ever it will go.

I gave it up, and lay quiet, and got my breath again; my eyes glaring and straining at the candle all the time. While I was staring at it, the notion struck me of trying to blow out the flame by pumping a long breath at it suddenly through my nostrils. It was but a little chance, for the air blew from me, to be reached in that fashion. I tried, and tried, and tried—and then I gave in again and kept quiet again: always with my eyes glaring at the candle and the candle glaring at me. The system of the schemer's ways was very faint by this time. I could only just think them in the morning stillness. Splash! splash! —faster and faster—splash! splash!

Without exactly feeling my mind going, I became at last fully aware, as early as this, that the smell of the candle was growing taller and taller, and the length of tallow between the flame and the slow-match, which was the length of my life, was getting shorter and shorter. I calculated that I had rather less than an hour and a half to live. I was sure and sensible that I had a chance, in that time, of a boat pulling off to the help of the brig. Whether the vessel from which the vessel was anchored was in possession of our side, or in possession of the enemy's side, I made no sure that they must, somehow, have sent to hail the brig, merely because she was a stranger in those parts. Two questions—Who was, how song? The sun had not risen yet, as I could tell by looking through the chink in the hatch. The sun was the most welcome thing to me all knew, before the brig was seized, by seeing no lights on shore. There was no sun yet. I could tell by listening, to bring any strange vessel near. If I had had six hours to live, there might have been a chance for me, if vessels came from sunrise to noon. But with an hour and a half, which had dwindled to an hour and a quarter by this time—or, in other words, with the swiftness of the morning, the uninhabited coast, and the dead calm all against me—what chance for the ghost of a chance. As I felt that, I had another thought—my last—still more horrible; and only cut myself the deeper for my pains.

I gave in once more, and lay quiet, and listened for the splash of the sweeps. Splash! splash! A sound could I hear but the blowing of a fish, now and then, on the surface of the water, and I croak of the brig's crazy old spars, as she rolled gently from side to side with the little swell there was on the quiet water.

An hour and a quarter. The wick grew terribly, as the quarter slipped away, and the charred top of it began to thicken and spread out mushroom-shape. It would fall of soon. A coal would be reached, and would drop on one of the brig cast it over the side of the candle and let it down on the slow-match? I do not think I had about me a knife to live instead of an hour. This discovery set my mind for a minute on a new track altogether. I began speculating on myself what sort of a death blowing-up might be. Painful? Well, it would be, surely, too sudden for that. Perhaps one crash, inside me, or outside me, or both, and nothing more? Perhaps, and even a result that might catch and hold scattering of this living body of mine into millions of fiery sparks, might all happen in the same instant? I couldn't make it out; I couldn't settle how it would be. The minute of calmness in my mind left it, before I had half done thinking; and I got all abroad again.

When I came back to my thoughts, or when they came back to me (I can't say which), the wick was awfully tall, the flame was burning with a smoke above it, the charred top was broad and red, and heavily spreading out to its fall. My despair and horror at seeing it, took me in a new way, which was good and right, at any rate, for some part of the time. I said, in my own heart, you will understand, for the gag put all lip-praying out of my power, I tried, but the candle seemed to burn it up in me, struggled hard to force my eyes from the slow, murdering flame, and to look up through the chink in the hatch at the blessed daylight. I could only look down at it, look up. I fixed next only to shut my eyes, and keep them shut —one—two—and the second time I did it, I had God before me, and had the sense and the coolness to cut the match in two with his knife, before the flame had yet been burnt, before my eyes opened again, in spite of me, and the flame of the candle flew into them, flew all over me, and burnt up the rest of my thoughts in an instant.

I couldn't hear the fish blowing now; I couldn't hear the creak of the spars; I couldn't think; I couldn't feel the sweat of my own death agony in my face and body; I felt only the heavy, charred top of the wick. It swelled, tottered, bent over to one side, dropped—and in the moment of its fall—black and harmless, even before the swing of the brig had carried it over into the bottom of the hold—I was landlocked.

I caught myself laughing. Yes! laughing at the safe fall of the wick. But for the gag I should have screamed with laughing. As it was, I shook with it inside me—shook till the blood ran in my head, and I was all but suffocated for want of breath. I had just sense enough left to feel that my senses were going, and, after a fearful moment, was a sign of my brain going at last.

I had just sense enough left to make another struggle before my head broke loose with a frightened house, and ran away with me.

One continued effort to get a look of daylight through the hatch was what I tried for once more. I got it, and kept it, and made it do for me all else and to get that one look at daylight, was the hardest I had had yet; and I lost the fight. The flame had got to the match, and the lashings had hold of my hands. I couldn't look up from it. I couldn't even shut my eyes, when I tried that next, for the match followed. There was the wick, growing tall once more. There was the spark—no, not a spark between the light and the slow-match shortened to an inch, at last. Where was the use of trying to leave me? Three quarters of an hour? Half an hour? Fifty minutes? Twenty minutes? Already! an inch of slow-match could not last longer than twenty minutes. An inch of tallow! the notion of a man's body and soul being kept together by an inch of tallow! Ridiculous! Why, the greatest king that sits on a throne can't keep a grip on his power for twenty years; and here's an inch of tallow that can do what the king can't. There's something to tell mother, when I get home, which will surprise her more than all the rest of my voyages put together. Shipwreck! storm! fire! the loss of my chest! and shook and swelled and suffocated myself, till the light of the candle leaped in through my eyes, and licked up my thoughts—and burnt it out of me, and made me all empty, and cold, and quiet once more.

Mother and Lizzie. I don't know when they came back; but they did come back—not, as it seemed to me, into my head, but into my eyes, down bodily before me, in the hold of the brig.

Yes: into my eyes. There they were, in the light-hearted as usual, laughing at me. Laughing! Well, why not? Who is to blame Lizzie for thinking I'm lying on my bed-room floor, idle, with the best barrels all round me? Nobody's to blame, my sweetheart, round and round in a fiery mist, wringing her hands, screeching out for help—faster and faster, like the splash of the sweeps—splash! splash! burst up in the fiery mist. Mist? fire? no: Lizzie and mother, laughing, and standing on the light—mother knitting, with ten flaming points at the ends of her fingers and thumbs, and slow-match instead of wool; Lizzie with her face instead of her own gray hair. Mother in her old dress, grey—Lizzie in her old dress, hands hanging over the back of the chair, dripping with gunpowder. No! no gunpowder, no flame, no match—only a fiery mist, and a fiery, shining red-hot, like a sun, in the fiery mist; turning upside down in the fiery mist, backward and forward along the slow-match, in the fiery mist; spinning millions of miles in a minute, in the fiery mist—splash! splash! faster and smaller into one tiny point, and that point lighting on a fiery mist—splash! splash! and then, all fire and splash—no hearing, no seeing, no thinking, no feeling—the brig, the sea, my own self, the whole world, all gone together!

After what I've just told you, I know nothing. I shall remember pretty much what I've told you, if I seemed to me in a comfortable bed, with two rough and ready men like myself sitting on each side of my pillow, and my two messengers, Lizzie watching me at the foot of the bed. It was about seven in the morning. My sleep (or what seemed like my sleep to me) had lasted better than eight months—I was smong my own countrymen in the old world, all going well—and each side of my pillow were my keepers, torn and ragged, and dressed in the roughest rags, at the foot of the bed was the doctor. What I said and did in those eight months, I never have known and never shall know. All I can tell is, that it had been one long sleep—that's all I know.

It was another two months or more before the doctor thought it safe to answer the questions I asked him.

The brig had been anchored, just as I had supposed, off a part of the coast which was lonely enough to make the Spaniards pretty sure of no interruption, so long as they managed their murderous work quietly under cover of night. My life had not been saved from the wreck, but from the sea. An American vessel, becalmed in the offing, had made out the brig as the sun rose; and the captain, having his time on his hands in consequence of the calm, had sent in my own heart, you will understand, for the gag put all lip-praying out of my power. I tried, but the candle seemed to burn it up in me, struggled hard to force my eyes from the slow, murdering flame, and to look up through the chink in the hatch at the blessed daylight. I could only look down at it, look up. I fixed next only to shut my eyes, and keep them shut —one—two—and the second time I did it, I had God before me, and had the sense and the coolness to cut the match in two with his knife, before the flame had yet been burnt, before my eyes opened again, in spite of me, and the flame of the candle flew into them, flew all over me, and burnt up the rest of my thoughts in an instant.

I couldn't hear the fish blowing now; I couldn't hear the creak of the spars; I couldn't think; I couldn't feel the sweat of my own death agony in my face and body; I felt only the heavy, charred top of the wick. It swelled, tottered, bent over to one side, dropped—and in the moment of its fall—black and harmless, even before the swing of the brig had carried it over into the bottom of the hold—I was landlocked.

I caught myself laughing. Yes! laughing at the safe fall of the wick. But for the gag I should have screamed with laughing. As it was, I shook with it inside me—shook till the blood ran in my head, and I was all but suffocated for want of breath. I had just sense enough left to feel that my senses were going, and, after a fearful moment, was a sign of my brain going at last.

I had just sense enough left to make another struggle before my head broke loose with a frightened house, and ran away with me.

One continued effort to get a look of daylight through the hatch was what I tried for once more. I got it, and kept it, and made it do for me all else and to get that one look at daylight, was the hardest I had had yet; and I lost the fight. The flame had got to the match, and the lashings had hold of my hands. I couldn't look up from it. I couldn't even shut my eyes, when I tried that next, for the match followed. There was the wick, growing tall once more. There was the spark—no, not a spark between the light and the slow-match shortened to an inch, at last. Where was the use of trying to leave me? Three quarters of an hour? Half an hour? Fifty minutes? Twenty minutes? Already! an inch of slow-match could not last longer than twenty minutes. An inch of tallow! the notion of a man's body and soul being kept together by an inch of tallow! Ridiculous! Why, the greatest king that sits on a throne can't keep a grip on his power for twenty years; and here's an inch of tallow that can do what the king can't. There's something to tell mother, when I get home, which will surprise her more than all the rest of my voyages put together. Shipwreck! storm! fire! the loss of my chest! and shook and swelled and suffocated myself, till the light of the candle leaped in through my eyes, and licked up my thoughts—and burnt it out of me, and made me all empty, and cold, and quiet once more.

Mother and Lizzie. I don't know when they came back; but they did come back—not, as it seemed to me, into my head, but into my eyes, down bodily before me, in the hold of the brig.

Yes: into my eyes. There they were, in the light-hearted as usual, laughing at me. Laughing! Well, why not? Who is to blame Lizzie for thinking I'm lying on my bed-room floor, idle, with the best barrels all round me? Nobody's to blame, my sweetheart, round and round in a fiery mist, wringing her hands, screeching out for help—faster and faster, like the splash of the sweeps—splash! splash! burst up in the fiery mist. Mist? fire? no: Lizzie and mother, laughing, and standing on the light—mother knitting, with ten flaming points at the ends of her fingers and thumbs, and slow-match instead of wool; Lizzie with her face instead of her own gray hair. Mother in her old dress, grey—Lizzie in her old dress, hands hanging over the back of the chair, dripping with gunpowder. No! no gunpowder, no flame, no match—only a fiery mist, and a fiery, shining red-hot, like a sun, in the fiery mist; turning upside down in the fiery mist, backward and forward along the slow-match, in the fiery mist; spinning millions of miles in a minute, in the fiery mist—splash! splash! faster and smaller into one tiny point, and that point lighting on a fiery mist—splash! splash! and then, all fire and splash—no hearing, no seeing, no thinking, no feeling—the brig, the sea, my own self, the whole world, all gone together!

After what I've just told you, I know nothing. I shall remember pretty much what I've told you, if I seemed to me in a comfortable bed, with two rough and ready men like myself sitting on each side of my pillow, and my two messengers, Lizzie watching me at the foot of the bed. It was about seven in the morning. My sleep (or what seemed like my sleep to me) had lasted better than eight months—I was smong my own countrymen in the old world, all going well—and each side of my pillow were my keepers, torn and ragged, and dressed in the roughest rags, at the foot of the bed was the doctor. What I said and did in those eight months, I never have known and never shall know. All I can tell is, that it had been one long sleep—that's all I know.

It was another two months or more before the doctor thought it safe to answer the questions I asked him.

The brig had been anchored, just as I had supposed, off a part of the coast which was lonely enough to make the Spaniards pretty sure of no interruption, so long as they managed their murderous work quietly under cover of night. My life had not been saved from the wreck, but from the sea. An American vessel, becalmed in the offing, had made out the brig as the sun rose; and the captain, having his time on his hands in consequence of the calm, had sent in a vessel anchored where no vessel had any reason to be, had manned one of his boats and sent his mate with it, and a little closer into the matter, and bring back a report of what he saw. What he saw was, by and his men found the brig deserted and boarded her, was a gleam of hope enough for the chink in the hatchway. The flame was within about a thread's length of the slow-match, when he lowered himself into the hold, and cut me and the sweeps and cordages

we perceived it must be kept a secret from Miss Griffin. It was because we knew Miss Griffin to be bereft of human sympathies, and incapable of appreciating the greatness of the great Harmon. Mystery impenetrably shrouded from Miss Griffin, then, let us intrust it to Miss Bule.

We were ten in Miss Griffin's establishment by Hampstead Ponds—eight ladies and two gentlemen. Miss Bule, whom I judge to have attained the ripe age of eight or nine, took the shine in society. I opened the subject to her in the course of the day, and proposed that she should become the Favorite.

Miss Bule, after struggling with the diffidence so natural to, and charming in, her adorable sex, expressed herself as flattered by the idea, but wished to know how it was proposed to provide for Miss Fipson? Mr. Bule, I may as well mention, had never vowed toward that young lady a friendship, halves, and no secrets, and sought at the Church Service and Lonzone complete in two volumes with ease and lock.—Miss Bule said she could not, as the friend of Fipson, slaughter from herself, or me, that Fipson was not one of the common.

Now, Miss Fipson, having early light hair and blue eyes (which was my idea of any thing moral and luminous that was called Fairy), I promptly replied that I regarded Miss Fipson in the light of a Fair Circassian.

"And what then?" Miss Bule pensively asked.

I replied that she must be inveigled by a Mechanic, brought to me veiled, and proclaimed as a slave.

The other creature had already fallen into the second row of chairs in the State, and was apart for Grand Vizier. He afterward resisted this dispersion of events, but had to yield pulsely until he yielded.

"Shall I not be jealous?" Miss Bule inquired, setting down her eyes.

"Zdeicide, no," I replied; "you will ever be the favorite Sultana in the State of my heart, and on my throne, will be ever yours."

Miss Bule, upon that assurance, consented to propound the idea to her sister Sultanas, slaughter pansions. It occurring to me, in the course of the same day, that we were about to erect a graining and good-natured soul called Tabby, who was the serving drudge of the house, and had no more figure than one of the beds, and upon whose face there was always more or less black lead, I slyly, into Miss Bule's ear, let her operate a little note to that effect: dwelling on the black lead as being in a manner deposited by the forges of Pyrrhus in painting Tabby out for Mezenos, the celebrated chief of the Blacks of the Haram.

There were difficulties in the formation of the desired institution, as there are in all combinations. The other creatures showed himself of a low character, and, when I declined to appeal to the throne, pretended to have conscientious scruples about granting Fipson the title of the Calif; wouldn't call him Commander of the Faithful; spoke of him slightingly; and became virtually as a body, "Jane" said he, the other creature, "wouldn't play." Play!—and was otherwise coarse and unfeminine. The most violent of disposition was, however, put down by the general indignation of a united Seraglio, and I became blessed in the smiles of sight of the fairest of the daughter of men.

The smiles could only be bestowed when Miss Griffin was looking another way, and only then in a very wary manner, for the spirit of the Blue followed the footsteps of the Prophet that the saw with a little round ornament in the middle of the pattern on the back of her head. But, every day after dinner, for an hour, we were all together, and then the Favorite and the rest of the Royal Harem encompassed who should most beguile the leisure of the Serene Haroun repassing from the scenes of business and pleasure generally, as in most affairs of State, of an ambitious character, the Commander of the Faithful being a fearful boggler at a love-tale.

On these occasions, the devoted Mesrour, chief of the Blacks of the Haram, was present in attendance (Miss Griffin usually ringing for that office, at the same time, with great vehemence), but never acquitted himself in a manner worthy of his historical reputation. In the first place, his bringing a broom into the Divan at the end of it, even when Haroun wore on his shoulders the red robe of anger (Miss Pipson's pelisse), though it might be got over for the moment, was felt to be quite satisfactorily accounted for. In the second place, his bawling out "Bismillah!" and exclamations of "Look you pretties!" was neither Eastern nor respectful. In the third place, when specially instructed to say "Bismillah!" he always said "Hallelujah!" This officer, unlike his kin clan, was too good-humored altogether, and his mouth open far too wide, expressed approbation to an incongruous extent, and every one—as it was the business of the parties—of the Fair Circassian for five hundred thousand purses of gold, and cheap, accumulated the love of the Favorite, and the Calif, all round. (Parenthetically let me say Gold Mines, Incorporated, and there have been mines and daughters on that tender bosom, softening many a hard day since!)

Miss Griffin was a model of propriety, and I am at a loss to imagine what the feelings of the virtuous woman would have been, had she known, when she paraded us down the Hampstead-road two and two, that she was walking with a traitor on the head of Mesrour and Mohammedanism. I believe that a mysterious and terrible joy with which the contemplation of Miss Griffin, in this unconscious state, inspired us, and a grim sense prevalent among us that there was a dreadful power in our knowledge of what Miss Griffin (who knew all things that could be learnt out of book) didn't know, were the mainspring of the preservation of our secret. It was wonderfully kept, but was once upon the verge of self-betrayal, by the flight and escape occurred upon a Sunday. We were all ten ranged in a conspicuous part of the gallery at church, with Miss Griffin at our head walked me back to the palace in a sort of state; but not at all (as I couldn't help feeling with discontinent) in culprit state.

When we got there, we went into a room by ourselves, and Miss Griffin called in to her assistance Mesrour, chief of the dusky guards of the Haram, who, however, in this instance, began to shed tears.

"Bless you, my precious!" said that officer, turning to Miss Pipson's cat, "your Pa's took bitter bad!"

I asked, with a fluttered heart, "Is he very ill?"

"Lord temper the wind to you, my lamb!" said the good Mesrour, kneeling down, that I might look a comforting shoulder for my head to rest on, "your Pa's dead!"

Miss Griffin's cat took to flight at the words; the Seraglio vanished; from that moment I never again saw one of the eight of the fairest of the daughter of men.

I was taken home, and there was Debt at home as well as Death, and we had a sale directly. My own little bed was so superciliously looked upon by a Power unknown to me, hardly called upon by a Power, that a brass coal-scuttle, a rocking-jack, and a bird-cage, were obliged to be put into it to make a Lot of it, and then it went for a song. So I heard mentioned, and I wondered what song, and thought what a dismal song it must be to sell for so little.

Then, I was sent to a great, cold, bare school of Dr. Birch's, where every thing to eat and drink was thick and clumpy, without being enough; where every body, large and small, was cruel to every body, and all about the sale before I got there, and asked me what I had fetched, and who had fetched it, and looked at me, and said, "Going, going, gone!" I never whispered in that wretched place that I had been Haroun, and the Favorite, and Mesrour, for that if I mentioned my reverses, I should be so worried, that I should be glad to throw myself into the deepest pool in the playground, which looked like the best.

Ah me! ah me! No other ghost has haunted the boy's room, my friends, since I have occupied it, than the ghost of my own childhood, the ghost of my own innocence, the ghost of my own airy belief. Many a time have I pursued my phantom since—at this man's stride at mine to come up with it, never with these man's hands of mine to grasp it, never more to touch a heart of mine to hold it in its purity. And here you see me working out, as cheerfully and thankfully as I can, my doom of toiling at the glass a constant change of customers, and of lying down and rising with the skeleton substitute for my marital companion.

THE GHOST IN THE GARDEN ROOM.

BY MRS. GASKELL.

My friend and solicitor rubbed his bony forehead—which, with Shakespeare—with his hand, after a manner he has when I consult him professionally, and took a very large pinch of snuff. "Indeed, Sir," said he, "has been haunted by the Ghost of a Judge."

"Of a Judge?" echoed the company.

"Of a Judge. In his wig and robes as he sits upon the Bench, at Assize-time. At his table, in the Grand Jury-room chair at the side of my fire, when we have all retired for the night to our respective rooms, and have gone to bed. I never shall forget the description he gave me, and I never have forgotten it since I first heard it.

"Then you have seen and heard him before, Mr. Underby?" said my sister.

"Often."

"Consequently, he is not peculiar to one locality?"

"By no means. He returns to me in many intervals of quiet leisure, and his story haunts me."

We one and all called for the story, that it might haunt us likewise.

"It fell within the range of his judicial experience," said my friend and solicitor, "and was the Judge's manner of summing it up."

Those words did not apply, of course, to the actual pinch of snuff he mentioned then, but to the words that followed the great pinch of snuff.

They were these:

Not many years after the beginning of this century, a worthy couple of the name of Gurnard occupied a small farm in the North Riding of Yorkshire. They had married late in life, and although they were not young when their only son Benjamin, who was perfection in their eyes, was a boy of about seven years old, they naturally people have a child of uncommon beauty; but it is sometimes, and Benjamin Honeyrod was one of those exceptional children. A sturdy-working, labor and care-marked farmer, and the mother, who could never have been more than active girl; a daily comfort to her uncle and aunt. She was so much a darling in the household that there was no hunting-field for their only son Benjamin, who was perfection in their eyes. Yes, it was difficult to account for Benjamin's having

process of time, might bring other dear ones to share their love.

But Benjamin took it all very coolly. He had been sent to a day-school in the neighboring town—a grammar-school, in the high state of neglect in which the majority of such schools were thirty years ago. Neither his father nor his mother knew much of learning. All that they knew (and that limited their choice of a school) was, that they could not, by any possibility, teach their darling to a knowledge-school: that some schooling he must have, and that Squire Pollexfen's son went to Highminster Grammar School, to Squire Pollexfen's son many another son destined to make his parents' hearts ache, were to this end school. If he had been so utterly bad a piece of education, the simple farmer and his wife might have found it out sooner. But not only did the pupils thrive learn vice, they also learned deceit. Benjamin was naturally not clever to many degrees below else, if he had chosen so to be, there was nothing in Highminster Grammar School to hinder his being a dunce of the first water. But in all appearance he grew clever and gentlemanlike. His father and mother were very proud of his airs and graces when he came home for the holidays; taking them for proofs of his refinement, although the practised effect of such refinement was to make him express his contempt for his parents' homely ways and simple pleasures. By the time he was eighteen—an articled clerk in an attorney's office at Highminster, for he had quite declined succeeding to mere cloddishness," that is to say, a hard-working, honest farmer like his father—Benjamin Rose could persuade no less to his pretty cousin Bessy Rose. He cared just enough for her to make this work of necessity not disagreeable at the time he was making love to her. But he found it tiresome to remember her little claims upon him when she was no longer present. The letters he had promised her during his weekly absences at Highminster, the trifling commissions she had asked him to do for her were all considered in the light of troubles; and even when he was with her he remembered not the quiries she made as to his mode of passing his time, or what female acquaintances he had in Highminster.

When his apprenticeship was ended, nothing would serve him but that he must go up to London for a year or two. Poor Farmer Hautroy was beginning to repent of his ambition of making his son Benjamin a gentleman. He was too late to repine now. Both father and mother felt this, and, however sorrowful they might be, they were silent, neither demurring nor assenting to Benjamin's proposition when first he made it. But Bessy, though her mother noticed that both her uncle and aunt seemed unusually tired that night, and had hardly anything to say, rattled about among the supper things as she put them away after Benjamin's departure, and made more noise than—as if noise and bustle was what she needed to keep her from bursting out crying—and, lastly, as one hope after another, taken in the position and looks of Nathan and Hester, she avoided looking at them altogether, for fear the sight of their wistful faces should make her own tears overflow.

"Sit down, boy—sit down!" said Hester. Bring the creepie-stool to the fireside, and let's have a bit of talk over the lad's plans," said Nathan, at last, compelled to speak. Bessy came and sat down in front of the fire, and threw her apron over her face, as she rested her elbows on both hands. Nathan felt as if it was a chance which of the two women bore out most his grief. So he thought to watch the words spoken, in hopes of keeping off the infliction of tears.

"Didst ever hear of this mad plan afore, Bessy?"

"No, never!" Her voice came muffled, and changed from under her apron. Hester felt that if the tone, both of question and answer, implied blame, and this she could not bear.

"We should ha' looked to it when we bound him, for of necessity it must ha' come to this. Times's economical, and catechisms, and I dunno what all for him to be put through in London. It's not his line."

"Which one us said it were?" asked Nathan, rather put out. "That, for that matter, it wreck would carry him over the sea, and make him as good a lawyer as any judge among 'em. God Lawzon, the attorney, told me same. I'll talk I had wi' him a bit sin. Na, na! it's the lad's own hankering after London that makes him want for to stay there for a year, let alone two."

Nathan shook his head.

"And if it be his own hankering," said Bessy, putting down her apron, her face all aflame, and her eyes swollen up, "I dunnos see why he should n't. Lads aren't like lasses, to be tied to their own fireside like th' crook yonder. It's fitting for a young man to go abroad, and see the world afore he settles down."

Hester's hand sought Bessy's, and the two women sat in sympathetic defiance of any blame that should be thrown on the beloved absent. Nathan only said:

"Nay, wench, dunna wax up so; whatten's done, 's done; and wowse, it's my doing. I mun ha' needs made my bairn a gentleman; and we mun pay for it."

"Dear uncle! he wunna spend much, I'll answer for it; and I'll scrimp and save i' th' house to make it good."

"Wench!" said Nathan, solemnly, "it were not paying in coult I were speaking on: it were paying in heart's care, and heaviness of soul. Lonnun is a place where the devil keeps court as well as King George; and my poor chap has more nor once welly fallen into his clutches here. I dunno what he'll do when he's left to his own sniff of him."

"Don't let him go, father!" said Hester, for the first time taking this view. Hitherto she had only thought of her own grief at parting with him. "Don't let him think so, keep him here, safe under our own eye."

"Nay!" said Nathan, "it's a bit past time o' life for that. Why, there's not one on us knows where he is at this present time, and it's too late to repine now. Both father and mother, as I'm town like, wi' a wife that's mean to me for the last twenty minute. And, we coud folk, as we get into years, must gi' up farm, and tak a bit on a house; and we'll be nigher him."

And so the good Nathan, his own heart heavy enough, tried to comfort his womenkind. That, of the three, his eyes were longest in closing, his apprehensions the deepest founded.

"I misdoubt me he's mixed up wi' th' lads! I misdoubt me sore," was the thought that kept him awake half the night long. "Benjamin's wrong about him, or folk would an look at us wi' such piteous-like ons when they speak on him. I can read 'em, I can read 'em. I'll no proud to let on. And Lawzon, too, he holds his tongue more than he's wont for a man as has his say, my lad's getting on, and whatten sort of a lawyer he'll mak. Good he mun clod to Hester or me, if he's minded to see th' Lord Mayor full! But methy it's this lying waking a' the night through that makes me so fanciful. Why, when I were his age, I dare be bound I should ha' spent money fast enough, if I could ha' come by it. But I'm getting old, I'm sure I'm grow differ'. Well! it were hard to thwart th' child of our old age, and we waiten so long for to have it!"

Next morning Nathan rode to Bessy the carrier's house, Benjamin's ex-nurse. Mrs. Lawson. Any body who saw him ride out of his own yard would have been struck by the change in his appearance since he returned; a change which more than a day's unusual exercise should have made in a man of his years. He seemed to have aged all at once. Our jerk of Moggy's head would have plunged her into a gallop; but Nathan, as he went forward, his eyes looking on some unseen thing, with long nawnking gaze. But as he drew near Bessy's door, he pulled up as he afore to recover himself.

"No need to trouble them," he said; "Isds will be lads. But I didna think he had it in him to be so shootless, young as he is. Well, well! Spoilt people mose vexatious. Eh! they're crazy ways, it's best to cut him off fra such evil lads as Will Hawker, and such-like. He'll be glad enough to be let astray. He were a good chap till he knowed them—a good chap till he knowed them."

But he put all his cares in the back-ground when he came into Bessy's house. Mrs. Lawson, Bessy's mother, his wife met him at the door, and both would fain lend a hand to take off his great-coat.

"Theer, wench, theer! ye might let a man alone for to get out on's leather. Eh, Mrs. Lingate [she was a widow], how's yourself? and how's all ways, it's best to cut him off fra such evil lads as Will Hawker, and such-like. He'll be glad enough to be let astray. He were a good chap till he knowed them—a good chap till he knowed them."

But he put all his cares in the back-ground when he came into Bessy's house. Mrs. Lawson, Bessy's mother, his wife met him at the door, and both would fain lend a hand to take off his great-coat.

"Theer, wench, theer! ye might let a man alone for to get out on's leather. Eh, Mrs. Lingate [she was a widow], how's yourself? and how's all the folk? Ye mayn't be a-going to undress, I hope, for I'm but a bit on my road. Nay, I'll step into the house, and see Bessy myself."

"Nay!" said Mrs. Lawson, "it's but time o' life for that. Why, there's not one on us knows where he is at this present time, and it's too late to repine now. Both father and mother, as I'm town like, wi' a wife that's mean to me for the last twenty minute. And, we coud folk, as we get into years, must gi' up farm, and tak a bit on a house; and we'll be nigher him."

And so the good Nathan, his own heart heavy enough, tried to comfort his womenkind. That, of the three, his eyes were longest in closing, his apprehensions the deepest founded.

"I misdoubt me he's mixed up wi' th' lads! I misdoubt me sore," was the thought that kept him awake half the night long. "Benjamin's wrong about him, or folk would an look at us wi' such piteous-like ons when they speak on him. I can read 'em, I can read 'em. I'll no proud to let on. And Lawzon, too, he holds his tongue more than he's wont for a man as has his say, my lad's getting on, and whatten sort of a lawyer he'll mak. Good he mun clod to Hester or me, if he's minded to see th' Lord Mayor full! But methy it's this lying waking a' the night through that makes me so fanciful. Why, when I were his age, I dare be bound I should ha' spent money fast enough, if I could ha' come by it. But I'm getting old, I'm sure I'm grow differ'. Well! it were hard to thwart th' child of our old age, and we waiten so long for to have it!"

Next morning Nathan rode Moggy the carrier's beast into Highminster, to see Mr. Lawzon. Any body who saw him ride out of his own yard would have been struck by the change in his appearance since he returned; a change which more than a day's unusual exercise should have made in a man of his years. He seemed to have aged all at once. Our jerk of Moggy's head would have plunged her into a gallop; but Nathan, as he went forward, his eyes looking on some unseen thing, with long nawnking gaze. But as he drew near Bessy's door, he pulled up as he afore to recover himself.

"No need to trouble them," he said; "Isds will be lads. But I didna think he had it in him to be so shootless, young as he is. Well, well! Spoilt people mose vexatious. Eh! they're crazy ways, it's best to cut him off fra such evil lads as Will Hawker, and such-like. He'll be glad enough to be let astray. He were a good chap till he knowed them—a good chap till he knowed them."

But he put all his cares in the back-ground when he came into Bessy's house. Mrs. Lawson, Bessy's mother, his wife met him at the door, and both would fain lend a hand to take off his great-coat.

"Theer, wench, theer! ye might let a man alone for to get out on's leather. Eh, Mrs. Lingate [she was a widow], how's yourself? and how's all the folk? Ye mayn't be a-going to undress, I hope, for I'm but a bit on my road. Nay, I'll step into the house, and see Bessy myself."

"How's my eyes changed sin last thou sawst them," she asked, "that thou mont be telling me about 'em i' that fashion? I'll rayther by a dusk see thee helping the mother when she's dropped her knitting-needle and canna see i' th' dark to pick it up."

But Bessy thought of his pretty speech about her eyes long after he had forgotten making it, and would have been puzzled to tell the color of them. Many a day, after he was gone, did she look earnestly in the little oblong looking-glass, which hung up against the wall of her little sloping-roofed room, and she used to take down in order to examine the eyes he had praised, murmuring to herself, "Pretty soft grey eyes I 've got, they 're!" until she would hang up the glass again with a sudden laugh and a blush.

In the days when he had gone away to the vacue distance and vapper place—the city called London—Benjamin had forgot all that had gone against her feeling of the affection and duty that is on every side his portion, and she had many things to forget of this kind that would keep surging up into her mind. For instance, she wished that he had not objected to her, in the spare, home-made shirts which his mother and she had had such pleasure in getting ready for him. He might not know, it was true—and so her love urged—how carefully and evenly the stitches had been taken, how, content with blessing the yarn in the sunniest meadow, the linen, in its return home, had been gently spread out afresh on the sweet summer grass, and watched carefully night after night when there was no dew to protect it from kindly effect. He did not know—for no one but Bessy herself did—how many times the stitches were taken out and false by her aunt's failing eyes (why if not to do the choicest part of the stitching all by her self), Bessy hiding them away in her own room, and with dainty fingers but restitching the wrong parts in the night. All this he did not know, or he could never have complained of the coarse texture of the linen, and the clumsy make; and urged on his mother to give him part of her little store of egg and butter money to buy him a few handkerchiefs and linen in Highminster.

When once that little precious store of his mother's was appropriated, it was well for Bessy's peace of mind that she did not know how long, and how anxiously she spun the coins, counting guineas for shillings, or just the other way, so that the amount was seldom the same at any two successive countings; and urged on his mother to give him part of her little store of egg and butter money to buy him a few handkerchiefs and linen in Highminster.

When once that little precious store of his mother's was appropriated, it was well for Bessy's peace of mind that she did not know how long, and how anxiously she spun the coins, counting guineas for shillings, or just the other way, so that the amount was seldom the same at any two successive countings; and urged on his mother to give him part of her little store of egg and butter money to buy him a few handkerchiefs and linen in Highminster.

When once that little precious store of his mother's was appropriated, it was well for Bessy's peace of mind that she did not know how long, and how anxiously she spun the coins, counting guineas for shillings, or just the other way, so that the amount was seldom the same at any two successive countings; and urged on his mother to give him part of her little store of egg and butter money to buy him a few handkerchiefs and linen in Highminster.

Yet this son, this hope, this love, had yet a strange power of fascination over the homeward heart. The evening before he left, he sat between his parents, a hand in theirs on either side, and Bessy sat on the carpet at his feet, with her lap on his aunt's knee, and looking up at him from time to time, as if to learn his face by heart, with his glances, meeting which made her drop her eyes, and only sigh.

He supped on that night with his father, long after the women had gone to bed. But not to sleep; for I will answer for it the grey dawn found them sitting a while till the first dawn of the autumn day, and Bessy heard her uncle come up stairs to his wife's room, and then, as if resolved to crown his gift with liberality. Another long parley ensued, which she could not distinctly hear continued words, it might have been advice, it might be a prayer, for it was in the tone of voice in which Hester and son ended up to bed. Bessy's room was but parted from her cousin's by a thin wall, and sometimes she thought she had distinctly heard, before her eyes, tired out with crying, closed themselves in sleep, words she guessed to be coming down upon Hester in regular intervals, as if Benjamin were playing an opera air on his aunt's father's pocket-comb.

After he was gone, Bessy wished he had asked her to walk part of the way with him into Highminster. But when he had risen first and soon after in the bed, but she could not accompany him without invitation.

The whole household tried to close over the gap as best they might. They seemed to get through more work with less apparent energy; but somehow when evening came, there had been a blank in the day, what with omitted and half work, and there was no telling how much care and anxiety each had had to bear in secret for the rest. Nathan wheel, or in the shed. Formerly he was looked for every Saturday, looked for by Bessy, every one looked for, if he were, there were things to be spoken about, that made his visit any thing but a pleasure: still he was come, and those things might go right, and then what sunshine, what gladness to those humble people, when he was away! Even the winter was come on; old folks' sight fails, and the evenings were long, and sad, to any one of them could do or say. But he did not write so often as he might—so every one thought, though every one was afraid of his ready to defend him from either of the others who had expressed such a thought aloud. Bessy, "and it's by herself, when the first primroses peeped out in a sheltered and sunny bank, or the first cuckoo-flower threw a delicate lilac from afternoon church—"surely there never will be such a dreary miserable winter again as last year." There had been a great change in Nathan and Bessy Hautroy during this last year. The spring before, when Benjamin was yet the subject of more hopes than fears, his father and mother looked what I may call an elderly middle-aged couple: people who had a good deal of hearty work in them yet. Now—it was not his absence alone that caused the change—they looked frail and old, as if each day's natural trouble was a burden more than they could bear. For Nathan had heard sad reports about his only child, and had told them solemnly to his wife, as things too bad to be believed, and yet, "God help us if indeed he is such a bad as this!" Their eyes were become too dry and hollow for many tears; they sat together, hand in hand; and shivered, and sighed, and did not speak many words, or dare to look at each other; and then Hester had said,

"We mauna tell th' lass. Young folks' hearts break wi' a little, and she'd be apt to fancy it were true." Here the old woman's voice broke into a kind of singing cry, but it subsided, and her next words were all slight: "We mauna tell her! he's bound to be frank wi' his mother, if he thinks well on him, and loves him, it will bring him straight."

"God grant it!" said Nathan.

"God shall grant it," said Hester, passionately, beginning to use words: and then suppressing them, also! with a vain repetition.

But a fresh piece for lying, in Highminster, it said she, at length, as if impatient of the silence. "I never knowed such a place for getting up cracks. Bad people know known one another, and nother you nor nobe's on: that's one blessing."

For, all that was said in their hearts before them, how came they to look so sad, and worn, beyond what mere age could do?

Another month passed away, another winter, yet more miserable than the last. This year, with the prisoners, and the hospitals, and bad, ripped young man, with yet enough of specious manners and handsome countenance to make his appearance striking in the house to whom the aspect of a London fest young man in the lowest grade of society was new. He sat at first, as he sauntered in with a swagger and an air of indifference, which was partly assumed, and partly real, and all queried from a certain kind of awe of him, as if he were not their son, but a real gentleman; but they soon felt that this instinct in their homely natures not to know, after a very few minutes had passed, that this was not the case.

"Whatten ever does he mean," said Hester to her husband, after the first visit, "coming for a' them meals and wenchoke? And he minces his words as if his tongue were clipped short, for all he's so magnific." "Whatten ever is he bad as a bot day'r August for spoiling good victual?" said Nathan, as a cloud came on his wont up; and now, look at him, with his skin gone into lines and flourishes, just like first page in a printed book.

"I think he looks a deal better, aunt, for them new-fashioned clothes," said Bessy, trying—trying still at the remembrance of the kiss he had given her on first seeing her—a pledge, she thought, for the future, that in spite of his change for better-writing, he still looked upon her as his playfellow still. There was a certain fashion which none of them liked, although they never spoke about them, yet there was also something that was admired in it, and that is to be remarked quiet at Nob-end, instead of seeking society, as he had been wont to do, in the ever-healing off to the neighboring town. His father had paid all the debts that he had left behind him, and Benjamin had gone up to London; so there were no dues that his pursuits knew of to alarm him, and he was left in peace. But Nathan used out in the morning with the old man, his father, and lounged by his side. Nathan wondered to see the old man's life pass away in such a manner, and stood patiently by his side, while he hewed down the small oaklings with the great short-sworn looming over his neighbor's hedge.

"Thou mayst as well say, thou, what's all being th' milk: folk don't care whether it's good or not, so that they get their price from the grocer wench! I sometimes think that's be for giving up th' law, and taking to th' coal trade, and look at them lads, that's a connection; and the farm, and the stock, and the clean wife, too, were ready to his hand; and Nathan could stick to it up on himself nerves. And, after unguarded moments, to reproach his son with the handsomely handsome that had been given to his education. So the old man listened with painful interest to the answer which his son returned, and which seemed to make coughing a little and blowing his nose before he spoke.

"I'm not clear," said he, "as a precarious livelihood; a man, as I may express myself, his own master in the profession unless he is content to submit to the judges, and tiptop barristers, and that sort of thing. Now you see my mother and me have been considering that you had as well exactly in that line. But luckily I have met with a man, a friend as I may say, who is really a first-rate fellow, knowing every body, from the Lord Chancellor downward: and he has offered me a share in his business—a partnership at there—" He hesitated a little.

"I'm sure that's uncommon kind of the gentleman," said Nathan. "I should like for to thank him myself; for it's not many as would pick up a young chap out o' th' dirt as it were, and say, 'Here's hand my good fortune for you, sir, and your very good health.' Most on 'em,

when they're gettin' a bit o' luck, run off wi' it to keep it a to themselves, and gobble it down in a corner. What may be his name, pr'aps, I should like for to know it?

"You don't quite apprehend me, father. A great deal of what you've said is true to the letter. People don't like to share their good luck, as you say."

"The more credit to them as does," broke in Nathan.

"Ay, but you see even such a fine fellow as my friend Cavendish does not like to give away half his good things for nothing. He expects an equivalent."

"An equivalent," said Nathan: his voice had dropped down an octave. "And what may that be? There's always some meaning in grand words, I take it, though I'm not book-learned enough to find it out."

"Why, in this case the equivalent he demands for taking me into partnership, and afterward relinquishing the whole business to me, is three hundred pounds down."

Benjamin looked sideways from under his eyes to see how his father took the proposition. His father struck his stick deep down in the ground, and leaning one hand upon it, faced round at him.

Then thy fine friend may go and be hanged. Three hundred pound! I'd not give three and a-penny for, if I know where to get 'em, e'en if I'd be making a fool o' thee an' mysen too."

He was out of breath by this time. His son took his father's first words in dogged silence; it was not the burst of temper he had to steel himself to expect, and did not daunt him for long.

"I should think, sir—"

"I should think, sir dost thou 'sir' me? Is them's your manners? I'm plain Nathan Huntsyod, wim ever took on to be a gentleman; but I have paid my way up to this time, which I shunned do much longer if I'm to have a son coming an' asking for three hundred pound just as if I were a cow, and had nothing to do but let down my milk to the first person as comes near me."

"Well, father," said Benjamin, with an affectation of patience, "then there's nothing for me but to do as I have often planned before—go and emigrate."

"And what for" said his father, looking sharply and steadily at him.

"Emigrate. Go to America, or India, or some colony where there would be an opening for a young man like me."

Benjamin had reserved this proposition for his trump card, expecting by means of it to carry all before him. But in his surprise his father plucked his stick out of the hole he had made, when he was vehemently driving it into the ground, and walked on four or five steps in advance; there he stood still again, and there was a dead silence for a few minutes.

"It 'ud, melby, be the best thing down coddle do," the old man said. Benjamin put his tenth hard to keep in cancer. It was well for poor Nathan he did not look round then, and see the look his son gave him. "But it would cause hard like upon us, upon Hester and me, for, whether there's a good or not, it's better on your flesh and blood, our only bairn, and if thou'rt not all as a man could wish it's melby been the fault on your right, I think. It 'ull kill the mistress if he went off to Amerikey, and Bess too, the lass as thinks a deal on him." The arguments originally addressed to his son, had wandered off into a monologue—as keenly listened to by Benjamin, however, as if it had all been spoken to him. After a pause of consideration his father turned round. "I see thou—I mean as old him a friend o' yours, to think of asking you for such a mint o' money—is not th' only one, I'll be bound, as could give ye a start in th' law? Other folks 'ud, melby, do it for less?"

"Well, I've been to give me good advantages," said Benjamin, thinking he perceived signs of relenting.

"Well, then, thou mayst tell him that it's neither he nor thee as 'll see th' sight o' three hunder pound o' my money. All these days as I've a bit laid up again a rainy day; it's not so much as thatten though, and a part on it is for Besey, as has been like a daughter to us."

"But Besey is to be your real daughter some day, when I've been to take her to wife," said Benjamin; for he played very fast and loose, even in his own mind, with his engagement with Besey. Doubtless with her, when she was looking her brightest and best, he behaved to her as if they were engaged lovers: more often he was indeed upon her rather as a good wedge, to be driven into his parent's favor on his behalf. Now, however, he was not exactly insincere in speaking as if he meant to make her his wife: for the thought was in his mind, though he made use of it to work upon his father.

"It 'ull be a dree day for us, then," said the old man. "But th' Lord will have to ha' nothing, and 'll melby be taking more care on us i' heaven by that time than Bess, poor lass as she is, has had on us at Nab-end. Her heart is set on thee, too. Ben, lad, I hanna gotten the three hunder; I hanna, 'cods! th' blessing o' this, nowt, till it reaches fifty pound, and then I takes it to Ripon Bank. Now the last scratch they're given me, made it just two hunder, and I hanna but on to fifteen pound yet: t'the stockin' 'ud I meant on Monday, an' the cow's calf to be for Bess, she's ta'en such pleasure like i' rearing it."

Benjamin gave a sharp glance at his father to see if he was telling the truth; and, that a suspicion of the old man, his father, had entered into the son's head, tells enough of his own character.

"I canna do it—I canna do it, for sure—although I shall like to think as I had helped on the wedding. There's the black heifer to be sold yet, and she'll fetch a matter of ten pound; but a deal on'll be needed for seed-corn, for the arable land by the hall-house is mainly what I would try—'ll tell thee what, lad! I'll make it as though Bess lent thee her hunder, and thou must give her a writ o' hand for it, and thou shalt have a' the money i' Ripon Bank, and nee if the lawyer wannot let thee have a share of what he offered thee for three hunder, for two, I dunnot mean for to wrong him, but thou must get a fair share for the hunder." At times I think that'd done by folk; now, I wadna have to borrow a penny o' Mr. Cavendish' sums time I wadna have thee so soft as to be cheated."

To explain this, it should be told that some of the bills which Benjamin had received money from his father to pay, had been made so to include other and less creditable expenses which the young man had incurred; and the simple old farmer, with a great faith left in him for his boy, was acute enough to perceive that he had given the law much grander sums than articles he had purchased.

After some hesitation, Benjamin agreed to receive this money, and promised to employ it to the best advantage in setting himself up in business. He felt, nevertheless, some misgiving after the additional fifteen pounds that was left to accumulate in the stocking. It was but, he thought, a bit to his father; and he soon lost some of his mental complaisance for Besey in assuming, as he always did, that all their own was money being laid by for her, and grudged it to her even in imagination. He thought more of this fifteen pound than he ought to have, than of all the hardly-earned and humbly-saved two hundred pounds, with its large concessions of. Meanwhile Nathan was in unusual spirits that evening. He was so generous and effectionate as Benjamin. His self-congratulatory satisfaction in having helped two people on the road to happiness was the source of the greater part of his property. The very fact of having trusted his son so largely, seemed to make Benjamin more worthy of all that his liberality entailed. The sole idea he tried to banish was, that, if it came to pass that Benjamin's future faces than Besey would be settled far away from Nab-end: but then he had a child-like reliance that "God would take care of that," and, therefore, why bow or anxodier. It wur o' no use looking too far ahead."

Besey had to hear many unintelligible jokes from her uncle that night; for he made no doubt but Benjamin would be off to Ripon at daybreak, whereas the truth was, his son had said never a word about going there at all.

When the old couple were in bed, Nathan told his wife of the promise he had made to his son, and the sum he had fixed on as advances of the two hundred was to promote. Four Hester was a little startled at the sudden change in the destination of the sum, which she had long thought of with secret pride as "money i' th. bank." But Nathan had been ready to part with it, if necessary, for Benjamin. Only how much more would be required? Why, purple. But even this perplexity was jostled out of her mind by the overwhelming idea, not only of "our Ben" having left them, but of Besey facing there too as his wife. This great trouble swallowed up all care about money, and, getting the fire in an unusual manner for one of her active habits, said:—

"I'm sure wo mun go to th' shop for our bread, an' that's a thing I never thought to come to so long as I lived."

Besey looked up from her kneading surprised.

"I'm sure I'm noan going to eat their nasty stuff. Why! it's worse than Baker's bread, aunt? This dough will rise as high as a kite in a south wind."

"I'm not up to kneading as I could do once; it really breaks my back; and when thou'rt off in a month, Besey, I'll just do as I've done, and time in my life."

"I'm not a going to London," said Besey, kneading away with fresh resolution, and growing very red, either with the idea or the exertion.

"But our Ben is going partner wi' a great London lawyer, and there won't be'll not tarry long but what he'll fetch thee."

Now, aunt," said Besey, stripping her arms of the dough, but still pulling away, "if that's all, don't fret yourself. He knows that very much as he is to leave; only cruties, either to business or in wedlock. I sometimes wonder," she said, with increasing vehemence, "why I go on thinking of him at all, for I don't like to think on me when I'm out o' sight. I've a month's mind to put him into this time when he leaves us—that I have!"

"For shame, wench! and he to be planning and pondering all this while, and saying nowt," yesterday as he was talking to the uncle, and many a long a one to-day; only cruties, either to business or in wedlock. I sometimes wonder," she said, with increasing vehemence, "why I go on thinking of him at all, for I don't like to think on me when I'm out o' sight. I've a month's mind to put him into this time when he leaves us—that I have!"

"For shame, wench! and he to be planning and pondering all this while, and saying nowt

his return home with Bessy (for she would not let him go on with his day's work), that his wife made sure he had taken cold, and was angry and indifferent to life, was glad to subside into bed and the rest from exertion which his real bodily illness gave him. Neither Bessy nor he spoke of the letter again, even to each other, for many days; and Bessy feared more to stop Mark Benson's tongue, and satisfy his kindly curiosity by giving him the true side of her own view of the case.

Nathan got up again an older man in looks and constitution by a few years for that one shock. His wife gave him many a scolding on his imprudence for sitting down in the wet field, I ever so tired. But now she, too, was beginning to be uneasy at Benjamin's long-continued silence. She could not write herself, but she urged her husband many a time to send a letter to ask for news of her lad. At last, Nathan went off by himself to the sea-shore, and, having left the horse-and-gig at the inn-door, walked to the post-office. "Thou'lt put that on Sunday but, wilt 'oa, lass? It'll be a bit on a comfort to me; for I know a deal better what's going on when I hear't speak on it for fear o' grieving th' old woman and ye."

"I'll put it on, uncle, if— But he's noan dead."—Bessy was sobbing.

"I know't, lass, I know't. I dunna wish other folk to look my opinion; but I'd like to wear a bit o' crape, and I expect to my turn. But I'll have them see good for to have ordered a black coat, but she'st see if I had na on my weddingnot Sunday but Easter Sunday after Christmas, so far as to ask him for whom he wore it.

But after a while, when they never heard a word from or about Benjamin, they abandoned wonder as to what had become of him grew so painful and strange, that Nathan at last put it by on his tides to himself. Poor Hester, however, rejected it with her whole will, heart, and soul. She could not and would not believe otherwise than should make her believe—that her only child Benjamin had died without some token or word of farewell to her. No arguments could shake her in this. She believed that if all natural means of communication between her and him had been cut off at the last supreme moment—if death had come upon him in an unconscious state, unexpected—her intense love would, she believed, have been supernaturally made conscious of the blank. Nathan at times tried to find out from her she could still hope to see the lad again; but as other members he wound her opinion to be a mere grief, his self-reproach, his weary wonder as to how and when they had done wrong in the treatment of their son, that he had been such a cause and sorrow to his parents. Bessy was convinced, first by her aunt, and then by her brother-in-law, only convinced on both sides of the argument; and so, for the time, able to sympathize with each. But she lost her youth in the next few months; she looked set and middle aged long before she ought to have done, and rarely smiled and never sang again.

All sorts of new arrangements were required by the time which old age necessitates in the energies of all the household at Nab-end. Nathan could no longer go about and direct his two-hoeing

"I'm loth to leave yo' with him alone," said John, "though I'm thinking his leg is broken for sartain, and he can't stir, even if he comes for mischief, to do yo' any harm. But we'll just take off this chap, and make sure of him, and then one on us 'll come back to yo', and we can methy find a gate or so for yo' to get shut on him out o' th' house. This folly's made safe enough, I'll be bound," said he, looking at the bargiar, who stood, bloody black, with fell hatred on his swollen face. His eye caught Betsy's as hers fell on him with dread so evident that it made him smile, and he made one smile more than ever terrible by words from being spoken which were wanted to be spoken from Betsy's lips. She dared not tell, before him, that an slide-bolted accomplice still remained in the house, lest, somehow, the door which kept him a prisoner should be broken open, and he be fight renewed. So she only said to John, as he was leaving the house,

"Then I'm safe for long away, for I'm afeard of being left wi' this man."

"He'll warn do them harm," said John.

"No! but I'm feared lest he should die. And there's uncle and aunt. Come back soon, John!"

"Ay, ay!" said he, half pleased; "I'll be back, never fear me."

So Betsy shut the door after them, but did not look it for fear of mischances in the house, and went over to her uncle, groaning and sighing, by this time, was easier than when she had first returned into the house, after sending off for the doctor. By the light of the fire, too, she could now see that he had received a blow "on the head which could probably be answerable of the stupor. Round this wound, which was now bleeding pretty freely, Betsy set cloths dipped in cold water, and then, leaving him for a time, she lighted a candle, and was about to go up stairs to her aunt, just as the sight of the corpse, the bound and disabled robber, she heard her name softly, urgently called.

"Betsy, Betsy!" At first the voice sounded so close that she thought it must be the unconscious words at her feet. But another and a voice thrilled through her:

"Betsy, Betsy! for God's sake, let me out!"

She went to the stair-closet door, and tried to speak, but could not, her heart beat so terribly. Again, quite close, it said:

"Betsy, Betsy! they'll be back directly; let me out, I say! For God's sake, let me out!"

And he began to kick violently against the panels.

"Hush, hush!" she said, sick with a terrible dread, yet with a will strongly resisting her conviction. "Who are you?" But she knew—knew quite well.

"Benjamin. An end! "Let me out, I say, and I'll be off, and out of England by tomorrow night, never to come back, and you'll have all our fortunes, mine."

"D'ye think I care for that," said Betsy, vehemently, feeling with trembling hands for the lock; "I wish there was none of it—a thing no money i' the world, afore yo'd come to this. There, you're free, and I charge yo' never let me see your face again. I'd ne'e ha' let yo' loose but for fear o' breaking their hearts, if yo' human kindness' friendly." But, when the door had ended her speech, he was gone—off into the black darkness, into the fog, the open world. With a new terror in her mind Betsy shut it afresh—shut it and bolted it this time. Then she sat down on the first chair, and leaned her head out by giving a great and exceeding bitter cry. But she knew it was no time for that, however, and, lifting herself up with as much effort as if each of her limbs was a heavy weight, she went into the back kitchen, and took a drink of cold water. To her surprise, she heard her uncle's voice saying feebly,

"Carry me up, and lay me by her."

But Betsy could not carry him; she could only help his faint exertions to walk up stairs; and, by the time he was there, sitting panting on the first chair she could find, John Kirby and Jem Jetson returned. John came up now to her aid. Her aunt lay across the bed in a fainting fit, and her mouth was so utterly locked that it was a state that Betsy feared immediate death for both. But John cleared her with a few drops of water into his bed again, and, while Betsy tried to compose poor Hester's limbs into a position of rest, John went down to hunt about for the best store of gin which was always kept in a corner cupboard against emergencies.

"They've had a sore fright," said he, shaking his head, as he poured a little gin and hot water into their mother's with a teaspoon, "and I'm shathed their cold feet; "and it and the cold have been welly too much for him, poor chap! folk!"

He looked tenderly at them, and Betsy blessed him in her heart—blessed him unaware, for that look.

"I mun be off. I sent Atkinson up to th' farm for to bring down Bob, and Jack came wi' him back to th' shippon for to look after other man. He began blockguarding as th' constables and Bob and Jack were gagging him wi' bridles when I left."

"Ne'er give heed to what he says," cried poor Betsy, now pale beseeching her. "Folks o' his sort are alleys for dragging other folks into their mischief. I'm right glad he were well gagged."

"Well! but what I were saying were this. Atkinson and me will take t'other chap, who seems quiet enough, to th' shippon, and it 'll be one piece o' work for to mind them and the cow; and I'll saddle old bay mare, and ride for constables and doctor fra Highmainster. I'll bring Dr. Preston up to see Nathan and Hester first, and then I reckon the broken-legged chap down below must have his turn, for all as he's but wi' his misfortunes in a wrong line o' life."

"Ay!" said Betsy. "We mun ha' the doctor sure enough, for look at them how they lie! like two stone statues on a church monument, so sad and solemn."

"There's a look o' sense come back into their faces, though, sin' they supped that gin-and-hot. I'd keep on a bathing his head and giving them a sup on's fra time to time, if I was you, Betsy."

Betsy followed him down stairs, and lighted the men out of the house. She dared not light them carrying their burden even until they passed round the corner of the house, so strong was her fearful suspicion that Benjamin was lurking near, seeking again to enter. She rushed back into the kitchen, bolted and barred the door, and pushed the end of the dresser against it, shutting her eyes as she passed the unscreened window for fear of catching a glimpse of a white face pressed against the glass, and guessed at her. Then she sat down, and began to speechless, although Hester's position had slightly altered: she had turned a little on her side, and her left hand, which had been under shriveled arm around his neck. But he was just as Betsy had left him, save the new cloths round his head, his eyes not wanting in a certain intelligence, but solemn, and unconscious to all that was passing around as the eyes of death.

His wife spoke a little from time to time—said a word of thanks, perhaps, or lay in fear of more. All the rest of that terrible night Betsy tended the poor old couple with constant care, her own heart so stunned with grief that it felt feeling that she went about her pious duties almost like one in a dream. But another sensation was gradually coming; nor did she perceive any change either for the worse or the better before the doctor came, shortly after daylight. Then Betsy thought him, and was full of the capture of the bargiar.

As far as Betsy could make out, the capture, in spite of that unnatural Third was unknown; it was a relief, almost a pleasure, to the doctor to leave her from her terrible fear, which now she felt she had banned and harbored a monster in the house, and had, in fact, paralyzed her from thinking. Now she felt—and thought with acute and intensely vivid sensation—that she was safe, and the sleepless night she had passed. She felt almost sure that the bargiar (Benjamin was too) had recognized Benjamin; but there was a faint chance that they had not done so, and that Betsy remained safe from his vengeance, her, nor should any insolvent word betray the fact that there had been a third person present at all. As to Nathan, he had never uttered a word. It was her aunt's silence that made Betsy fear that Hester knew, and was afraid to speak on concerned.

The doctor examined them both closely; looked hard at the wound on Nathan's head; asked questions which Hester answered shortly and unwillingly, and then left them. Betsy watched his eyes as it even the sight of a stranger was pain to him. Betsy could not tell whether or not that she could answer respecting their state, and followed the doctor down stairs with a beating heart. When he was about to leave the house, they found that John had opened the outer door to let in some of the fresh air, and the bargiar, and made up the fire, and put the chairs and table in their right places. He reddened a little at Betsy's eye as she stood in the doorway to pass him, but tried to smile it off in a dry kind of way.

"Yo' see I'm an old bachelor, and I just thought as I'd redd up things a bit. How dun you find you, doctor?"

"Well, the poor old couple have had a terrible shock. I shall send them some composing medicine to bring down the pulse, and a lotion for the man's head. It is very well it bled so much; there might have been a fever from the effusion of blood." And so he went on, giving directions to Betsy, and keeping them quietly in bed through the day. Then Dr. Preston came again to say that they were not, as she had feared all night long, near to death. The doctor expected them to recover, though they would require care. She almost wished it had been otherwise, and that they, and she too, might die, and be laid out in their rest in the church-yard—so cruel did life seem to her; so desolate the desolation of that subdued voice of the hidden robber, smiting her with recognition.

All this time John was getting things ready for breakfast with something of the handiness of a woman. Betsy felt grateful and efficiency in pressing Dr. Preston to have a cup of tea, she did so want him to be gone and leave her alone with her thoughts. She did not know that all was done for love of her; that the hardhearted, almost cruel man was thinking at the time how ill and miserable she looked, and trying with tender artifices to make it incumbent upon the sense of hospitality in him to feed Betsy into a meal.

"I'll soon as the cows is milked," said he, "yourn and all; and Atkinson's brought ours round fine. Whatten a mercy it were as she were sick just when I got to th' house, and as he made short work on't! yo' hadna fetched us in, and as it were he had a sore time on't, for on 'em 'll bear the marks on't to his dying day, wunnot he, doctor?"

"He'll barely have his leg well enough to stand his trial at York assizes; they're coming on in a fortnight from now."

"Ay, and that reminds me, Bessy, you'll have to go witness before Justice Roydes. Constables bade me tell yo', and give yo' this summons. Dunnot be feared; it will not be a long job, though I'm not saying as it 'll be a pleasant one. You'll have to answer questions as to how, and all about it; and Jane" (his sister) "will come and stop wi' th' cud folks; and I'll drive yo' in the shandry."

No one knew why Betsy's color blenched and her eyes fell. Jem knew how she appre-

hended her she should have to say that Benjamin had been of the gang, if, indeed, in some way the law had not followed on his heels quick enough to catch him.

But that trial was spared her; she was warned by John to answer questions, and say no more than was necessary, for fear of making her story less clear; and as she was known, by character, at least, to Justice Royds and his clerk, they made the examination as little formidable as possible.

When all was over, and John was driving her back again, he expressed his rejoicing that there would be evidence enough to convict the men without summoning Nathan and Hester to identify them. Betsy was so tired that she hardly understood such an escape from fear, far greater than even her companion understood.

Jane Kirby staid with her for a week or more, and was a most comfortable comfort. Otherwise she sometimes thought she should have gone mad, with the fear of her uncle always preventing her, in its stony expression of agony, of that fearful night. Her aunt was softer in her sorrow; she became not the mere clothes and house maker; but it was easy to see how her heart bled inwardly. Her constitutional strength sooner than her husband; but as she recovered, the doctor perceived the rapid approach of total blindness. Every day, every hour of the day, that Betsy dared, without fear of exciting their suspicion, she took them out into the fields, that they might had anxiously told them at first, that only two men, and those perfect strangers, had been disturbed on the night recorded in the bargiar's. Her uncle would never have asked a question about it, even if she had withheld all information about the affair; but she noticed the quick, watching, waiting glance of His eye whenever she returned from any journey, and knew she might have been supposed to gain intelligence if Benjamin were suspected or caught, and she hastened to relieve the old man's anxiety by always telling all that she had heard, thankful that as the days passed on her power she sickened to speak or to grow less and less.

At last Betsy had ground for thinking that her aunt knew more than she had apprehended at first. There was something so very humble and contrite in Hester's blind way of feeling about for her husband—stern, woe-begone Nathan—and hastily striving to console him, that Betsy was sure of which Benjamin had been the loving, piteous manner, that her aunt was consoling. And one day, when Betsy, sitting near his, tears slowly running down from her sightless eyes, while from time to time, when she thought herself unobserved, she wiped them on the bed-post such texts as she had heard at church in younger days, and which she thought, in her true, simple piety, might tend to console him. Yet day by day her aunt grew more and more old.

Three or four days before assizes, two summonses to attend the trial at York were sent on to the old people. Neither Betsy, nor Aunt Jane, could understand this; for their own notices had come long before, and they had been told that their evidence was not necessary to convict.

But also that the fact was the lawyer employed to defend the prisoners had heard from them that there was a third person engaged, and had heard who that third person was; and it was his advocate's business to diminish, if possible, the guilt of his clients, by showing that they were entirely in the hands of one who had, from his superior knowledge of the premises and the daily customs of the inhabitants, been the originator and planner of the whole affair. To do this, it was necessary that he should call the parties, who, as the prisoners had said, must have recognized the voice of the young man, their son. For no one knew that any of the family had been witness to his having been present, and, as it was supposed that Benjamin had escaped out of the house, there was no exact betrayal of him on the part of his accomplices.

Wondering, perplexed, and weary, the old couple reached York, in company with John and Betsy, on the eve of the day of trial. Nathan was still so much confused that Betsy could never guess what had been passing in his mind. He was almost passive, except when his trembling caresses; he seemed hardly conscious of them, so rigid was his demeanor.

She, like Jane at times, was becoming childish; for she had evidently so great and anxious love for her husband, that she never seemed going in her endeavors to melt the stoniness of his aspect and manners; she appeared accustomed to it. She did not know why he was so changed, in her piteous little attempts to bring him back to the world of love.

"They'll for sure never torture them when they see what old folks they are?" cried Betsy, for the moment at the trial, a dim fear looming over her mind. "They'll never be so cruel, no, John?"

But "for sure" it was so. The barrister looked up at the judge, almost apologetically, as he rose how honorableand and woeful an old man was put into the witness-box when the defense broke in, and Nathan Huntroyd was called on for his evidence.

"It is necessary, on behalf of my clients, my lord, that I should receive a counsel which, for all other reasons, I deplore."

"Go on!" said the judge. "What is right and legal must be done." But, an old man himself, he covered his quivering mouth with his hand as Nathan, with gray, unmoved face, and solemn, hollow eyes, placing his two hands on each side of the witness-box, prepared to give his answers to questions, the nature of which he was beginning to foresee, but would not shrink from replying to truthfully; "the very atoms" (as he said to himself, with a kind of dulled sense of the Eternal Justice) "rise up against such a prisoner."

"Your name is Nathan Huntroyd, I believe?"

"It is."

"You live at Nab-end Farm?"

"I do."

"Did you remember the night of November the twelfth?"

"Yes."

"You were awakened that night by some noise, I believe. What was it?"

"I and those with me were awakened by a loud noise, which I took of a creature brought to bay. That the prisoner at the barrister never forgets. I will haunt him till his dying day.

"It was a throwing up of stones against our window."

"Did you hear it at first?"

"Yes."

"What awakened you, then?"

"She did."

"And then you both heard the stones. Did you hear nothing else?"

"Nothing. Then a low, clear "Yes."

"What?"

"Our Benjamin asking us for to let him in. She said as he were here, beseeching us."

"And you thought it was him, did you not?"

"I took her" (this time in a louder voice) "for to get to sleep, and not to be thinking that every drunken chap as passed by were our Benjamin, for that he were dead and gone."

"And she?"

"She said as though she'd heard our Benjamin afore she were welly awake, axing for to be let in. But I bode her no'er heed her dreams, but put her to sleep again, and got to sleep again."

"And did she?"

A long pause—judge, jury, bar, audience, all held their breath. At length Nathan said,

"No."

"What did you do then? (My lord, I am compelled to ask these painful questions.)"

"I too went to sleep, for quite a while had allby thought he would come back to us, like the Prodigal i' th' Gospels. (His voice choked a little, but he managed to make it steady, and went on.) "She said if I wadna get up she would; and I did not, then I dare say I did. I'm not quite myself, gentlemen—I've been ill and I fear an it makes me trembling-like. Some one said, further, whether I'm here, starving i' the cold, —wunnot yo' get up and let me in?"

"And what did you answer?"

"It were like our Benjamin's. I see whatten yo're driving at, sir, and I'll tell yo' truth, though it kills me to do it. I thought I owned a voice our Benjamin as spoke, mind yo'—I only say it were like—"

"That's all I want, my good fellow. And on the strength of that entreaty, spoken in your own voice, you, who want days and days of rest to these two prisoners at the bar, and to a third man?"

Nathan nodded assent, and even that counsel was too merciful to force him to put more into words.

"Call Hester Huntroyd."

An old woman, with a face of which the eyes were crushed out, with a wan, bleeding, sightless worn face, came into the witness-box, and meekly questioned as to the presence of those who had been taught to respect—a presence she could not see.

There was something in her humble, blind aspect, as she stood waiting to have something done to her—what, she knew not, because they would not know—that touched all who saw her inexpressibly. Again the counsel apologized, but the judge could not spare her. Her face was quivering all over, and the jury looked uneasily at the prisoners' counsel. That gentleman saw that he might go too far, and soon felt sympathies off on the other side; but one or two questions he must ask, as hardly overstepping much that he had learned from Nathan, he said, "You believed it was your son's voice asking to be let in?"

"Ay! our Benjamin came home, I'm sure; please when he is gone."

She turned her head about, as if listening for the voice of her child in the hushed silence of the court.

"Yes; he came home that night—and your husband went down to let him in?"

"Well! I believe he did. There was a great noise of folk down stair."

"And you heard your son Benjamin's voice among the others?"

"Is it a sin to him harm, sir?" asked she, her face growing more intelligent and intent on the business in hand;

"And you—did you tell them?"

"Nay, sir, I'm sure Nathan wouldn't like me to."

"What did you do then?"

A shade of reluctance came over her face, as if she began to perceive causes and consequences.

"I just screamed on Bessy—that's my niece, sir."

"And you heard some one shout out from the bottom of the stairs?"

Hester looked pleased at him, but did not answer.

"Gentlemen of the jury, I wish to call your particular attention to this fact: she acknowledges she heard some one shout—some third person, you observe—shout out to the two above. What did he say? That is the last question I shall trouble you with. What did the third person, left behind down stairs, say?"

Her face worked—her mouth opened two or three times as if to speak—she stretched out her arms imploringly; but no word came, and she fell back into the arms of those nearest to her. Nathan forced himself forward into the witness-box:

"My Lord Judge, a woman bore ye, as I reckon; it's a cruel shame to serve a mother so. It was my son, my only child, as called out for us t' open door, and who shouted out for to hold th' old woman's throat if she did n't stop her noise, when hoo'd fain ha' cried for her nieces to help. And now ye've truth, and a'th' truth, and I'll leave yo' to th' Judgment o' God for the way yo've gotten at it."

Before night the mother was stricken with paralysis, and lay on her death-bed. But the broken-hearted go Home, to be comforted of God.

THE GHOST IN THE CORNER ROOM.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

I HAD observed Mr. Governor growing fidgety as his turn—his "spell," he called it—approached, and he now surprised us all by rising with a serious countenance, and requesting permission to "come off" and have speech with his brother he span his yarn. His great popularity led to a gracious concession of this indulgence, and we went out together into the hall.

"Old shipmate," said Mr. Governor to me, "every word I have been about of this old hulk, I have been haunted, day and night."

"By what, Jack?"

Mr. Governor, clapping his hand on my shoulder and keeping it there, said,

"By something in the likeness of a Woman."

"Ah! Your old affliction. You'll never get over *that*, Jack, if you live to be a hundred."

"No, don't talk so, because I am very nervous. All night long, I have been haunted by one figure. At last the same figure has now followed me in the kitchen, that I wonder I haven't poisoned the whole ship's company. Now there's no fancy here. Would you like to see the figure?"

"I should like to see it very much."

"Then here it is!" said Jack. Thereupon he presented my sister, who had stolen out quietly after us.

"Oh, indeed?" said I. "Then, I suppose, Patsy, my love, I have no occasion to ask whether you have been haunted?"

"Constantly, Joe," she replied.

The effect of our going back again, all three together, and of my presenting my sister as the Ghost from the Corner Room, and of her as the Ghost from my Sister's Room, was triumphant—the crowning hit of the night. Mr. Beaver was so particularly delighted, that he bravely declared "a very little would make him dance a hornpipe." Mr. Governor immediately supplied the very little, by offering to make it a double hornpipe; and there ensued such toe-and-heeling, and buckle-covering, and double-shuffling, and heel-sliding, and execution of all sorts of slippery manœuvres with sixteen legs as none of us ever saw before or will ever see again. When we had all laughed and applauded till we were faint, Starling, not to be outdone, favored us with a more modern salutary entertainment in the Lancashire clog manner—to the best of my belief, the longest dance ever performed: in which the sound of his feet became a locomotive going through cuttings, tunnels, and embankment, and became a vast number of other things we should never have suspected, unless he had kindly told us what they were.

It was resolved, before we separated that night, that our three months' guests in the Marshal House should be wound up with the marriage of my sister and Mr. Governor. Failing the nominated bridesmaid, and Starling was engaged for bridegroom's man.

In a word, we lived our term out, most happily, and were never for a moment haunted by any thing more disagreeable than our own imaginations and remembrances. My cousin's wife, on her great love for her husband, and in her gratitude to him for the change he had wrought in her, had told us, through his lips, her own story; and I am sure there was not one of us who did not like her the better for it, and pity her for the more.

So, at last, before the shortest month in the year was quite out, we all walked forth one morning to the church with the spire as if nothing uncommon were going to happen; and there Jack and my sister were married, as sensibly as could be. It comes into me now that that day I served Belinda and Alfred Starling to be rather sentimental and low on the occasion, and that they are since engaged to be married in the same church. I regard it as an excellent thing for both, and a kind of union very wholesome for the times in which we live. He wants a little poetry, and she wants a little prose, and the marriage of the two things is the happiest marriage I know for all mankind.

Finally, I unveil this Christmas Greeting from the Haunted House, which I affectionately address with all my heart to all my readers: Let us use the great virtue, Faith, but not the abuse it; and let us put it to its best use, by having faith in the great Christmas book of the New Testament, and in one another.

HARPER & BROTHERS,

FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK,

Have lately Published:

THE DIARY OF A SAMARITAN. By a Member of the Howard Association of New Orleans. 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

PICTORIAL BIBLE. Harper's Illuminated and New Pictorial Bible. Embellished with Sixteen Hundred Historical Engravings, exclusive of an Initial Letter to each Chapter, by J. A. ADAMS, more than Fourteen Hundred of which are from Original Designs, by J. G. CHAPMAN.

Morocco, gilt edges, beveled and paneled sides . $25 00
Morocco extra, gilt edges 22 50
Full Calf embossed, gilt edges 20 00
Full Calf, marbled edges, blank stamped . . . 18 00
Full Roan, marbled edges 16 00

Cloud and forwarded by Express, on receipt of the Money.

HOWITT'S HISTORY OF AMERICA. A Popular History of the United States of America: from the Discovery of the American Continent to the Present Time. By MARY HOWITT. Illustrated by numerous Engravings. 2 vols. 12mo, Muslin, $3 00.

HANDIE. Being the first volume of STORIES OF RAINBOW AND LUCKY. By JACOB ABBOTT. Beautifully Illustrated. 16mo, Muslin, 50 cents. (Uniform with ABBOTT'S FRANCONIA Stories.)

PREACHERS AND PREACHING. By EDWARD, Author of "Letters to Bishop Hughes," "Romanism at Home," "Man and Things in Europe," &c., &c. 12mo, Muslin, 75 cents.

HARRY LEE; or, Hope for the Poor. With Illustrations. 12mo, Muslin, 75 cents.

THE PRAIRIE TRAVELLER. A Hand-Book for Overland Emigrants. With Maps, Illustrations, and Itineraries of the Principal Routes between the Mississippi and the Pacific. By RANDOLPH B. MARCY, Captain U. S. Army. Published by Authority of the War Department. Small 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

FISHER'S RIVER (North Carolina), Scenes and Characters. By "SETTE." "Who was Raised Thar." Illustrated by JOHN MCLENAN. 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

WOMEN ARTISTS IN ALL AGES AND COUNTRIES. By MRS. ELLET, Author of "Women of the American Revolution," &c. 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

THE QUEEN OF HEARTS. 'A Novel. By WILKIE COLLINS, Author of "Antonina; or, The Fall of Rome." 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

MY THIRD BOOK. A Collection of Tales. By LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON. 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

THE WARS OF THE ROSES; or, Stories of the Struggle of York and Lancaster. By J. G. EDGAR, Author of "The Boyhood of Great Men," "The Forgeries of Famous Men," "History for Boys," &c. Illustrations. 16mo, Muslin, 60 cents.

THE VIRGINIANS. A Tale of the Last Century. By W. M. THACKERAY, Author of "The Newcomes," "Vanity Fair," "Pendennis," "Henry Esmond," "The Great Hoggarty Diamond," "Lectures on English Humorists," &c., &c. With Illustrations by the Author. 8vo, Paper, $1 75; Muslin, $2 00.

LIFE AND LIBERTY IN AMERICA; or, Sketches of a Tour in the United States and Canada in 1857-8. By CHARLES MACKAY, LL.D., F.S.A. With Ten Illustrations. 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

A GOOD FIGHT, and Other Tales. By CHARLES READE, Author of "Love me Little, Love me Long," &c. Embracing: I.—"A Good Fight." II.—"Jack of all Trades." III. "Autobiography of a Thief." Illustrations. 12mo, Muslin, 75 cents.

SWORD AND GOWN. A Novel. By the Author of "Guy Livingstone." 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

A LIFE FOR A LIFE. By the Author of "John Halifax," "The Ogilvies," "The Head of the Family," &c., &c. Cheap Edition, 8vo, Paper, 50 cents. The Library Edition conforms with the Library Edition of "John Halifax"), 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

HENRY ST. JOHN, GENTLEMAN, of Flower of Hundreds, in the County of Prince George, Virginia. A Tale of 1774, 1775. By JOHN ESTEN COOKE, Author of "Leather Stocking and Silk," "The Virginia Comedians," &c., &c. 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

MISS STRICKLAND'S QUEENS OF SCOTLAND. Lives of the Queens of Scotland and English Princesses connected with the Royal Succession of Great Britain. By AGNES STRICKLAND. Vol. VIII. completing the Work. 12mo, Muslin, $1 00. Complete Sets in Muslin, $9 00; Half Calf, $14 50.

THE LIFE OF JABEZ BUNTING, D.D., with Notices of Contemporary Persons and Events. By his Son, THOMAS PERCIVAL BUNTING. Vol. I., with a Portrait. 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

ABBOTT'S FRENCH REVOLUTION. The French Revolution of 1789, as viewed in the light of Republican Institutions. By JOHN S. C. ABBOTT, Author of "The History of Napoleon Bonaparte," "Napoleon at St. Helena," &c. With numerous Engravings. 8vo, Muslin, $2 00.

GERALD FITZGERALD, "THE CHEVALIER." A Novel. By CHARLES LEVER, Author of "Charles O'Malley," "Glencore," "The Dodd Family Abroad," "Sir Jasper Carew," "Maurice Tiernay," &c. Complete. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR. Illustrated by J. MCLENAN. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

WALTER THORNLEY; or, A Peep at the Past. By the Author of "Adam Graeme" and "Alida" (Mrs. SEDGWICK). 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN. By the Author of "Olive," "The Ogilvies," "Agatha's Husband," "Avillion," "The Head of the Family," "A Hero," &c., &c.—Library Edition, with Four Illustrations by AUGUSTUS HOPPIN, Esq. 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG. A Novel. By CHARLES READE, Author of "A Good Fight," "Christie Johnstone," "Peg Woffington," &c. 12mo, Muslin, 75 cents; Paper, 50 cents.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT? By PISISTRATUS CAXTON. A Novel. By Sir E. BULWER LYTTON, Bart., Author of "My Novel; or, Varieties in English Life," "The Caxtons," "Pelham," "Night and Morning," &c., &c. 8vo, Muslin, 75 cents; Paper, 50 cents.

THE ROMANCE AND ITS HERO. By the Author of "Magdalen Stafford." 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

THE LAIRD OF NORLAW. A Scottish Story. By the Author of "Margaret Maitland," "The Days of My Life," &c. 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

THE OLD PLANTATION, and What I Gathered There in an Autumn Month. By JAMES HUNGERFORD, of Maryland. 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

MY LADY LUDLOW. A Novel. By MRS. GASKELL, Author of "Mary Barton," "North and South," "Cranford," "The Moorland Cottage," &c. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

THE DIVIDING LINE BETWEEN FEDERAL AND LOCAL AUTHORITY. By STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS. 8vo, Paper, five cents.

TRUMPS. A Novel. By GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS. In course of publication in HARPER'S WEEKLY. Illustrated by HOPPIN. Five Cents a Number.

THE STUDENT'S HOME. A History of England, from the Earliest Times to the Revolution in 1688. By DAVID HUME. Abridged. Incorporating the Researches of recent Historians, and continued down to the Year 1858. Illustrated by numerous Engravings on Wood. Uniform with Smith's "History of Greece," Liddell's "History of Rome," and "The Student's Gibbon." Large 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

THE STUDENT'S HISTORY OF GREECE. A History of Greece, from the Earliest Times to the Roman Conquest, with Supplementary Chapters on the History of Literature and Art. By WILLIAM SMITH, LL.D., Editor of the "Classical Dictionary" and the "Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities." For Schools and Students. Revised, with an Appendix, by GEORGE W. GREENE, A.M. Illustrated with 100 Wood-cuts. Large 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

THE STUDENT'S HISTORY OF ROME. A School History of Rome, from the Earliest Times to the Establishment of the Empire. With Chapters on the History of Literature and Art. By HENRY G. LIDDELL, D.D., Dean of Christ Church, Oxford. Illustrated by Numerous Wood-cuts. Large 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

THE STUDENT'S GIBBON. The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. By EDWARD GIBBON. Abridged. Incorporating the Researches of Recent Commentators. By WILLIAM SMITH, LL.D. Illustrated by 100 Engravings on Wood. Large 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

A DICTIONARY OF PRACTICAL MEDICINE; comprising General Pathology, the Nature and Treatment of Diseases, Morbid Structures, and the Disorders especially incidental to Climates, to the Sea, and to the different Epochs of Life; with numerous Prescriptions for the Medicines recommended. A Classification of Diseases; a copious Bibliography; an Appendix of approved Formulæ, &c., &c. By JAMES COPLAND, M.D., F.R.S. Edited by CHARLES A. LEE, A.M., M.D. Complete in 3 large 8vo Volumes. Muslin, $5 00 per Volume; Sheep extra, $5 50 per Volume.

FOWLER'S ELEMENTARY GRAMMAR. Elementary Grammar, Etymology and Syntax. Abridged from the Octavo Edition of "The English Language in its Elements and Forms." Designed for General Use in Common Schools. By WILLIAM C. FOWLER, late Professor of Rhetoric in Amherst College. 12mo, Muslin, 50 cents.

ANTHON'S CICERO DE OFFICIIS. M. T. Ciceronis de Officiis Libri Tres. With Marginal Analysis and an English Commentary. Edited for the Syndics of the University Press. By the Rev. CHARLES ANTHON, LL.D., Professor of Greek in Columbia College. 12mo, Sheep extra, 75 cents.

HUMBOLDT'S COSMOS. Cosmos. A Sketch of a Physical Description of the Universe. By ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT. Translated from the German by E. C. OTTE and W. S. DALLAS, F.L.S. Vol. V. 12mo, Muslin, 65 cents. Complete in 5 vols., $4 25.

ALFORD'S GREEK TESTAMENT. The Greek Testament: with a Critically Revised Text; a Digest of Various Readings; Marginal References to Verbal and Idiomatic Usage; Prolegomena; and a Critical and Exegetical Commentary. For the Use of Theological Students and Ministers. By HENRY ALFORD, B.D., Minister of Quebec Chapel, London, and late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Vol. I., containing the Four Gospels. 8vo, Muslin, $5 00; Sheep extra, $5 50; Half Calf extra, $6 00.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS will send either of the above Works by Mail, postage paid (or any thing else in the United States under 3000 miles), on receipt of the Money.

Miss Edgeworth's Novels.
With Engravings.

10 vols. 12mo, Muslin, 75 cents per Volume.

The Volumes are sold separately or in Sets. Sets in Half Calf, $10 00.

Vol. I. Castle Rackrent; Essay on Irish Bulls: Essay on Self-Justification; The Prussian Vase; The Good Aunt.

Vol. II. Angelina; The Good French Governess: Mademoiselle Panache: The Knapsack: Lame Jervis: The Will: Out of Debt, Out of Danger: The Limerick Glover: The Lottery: Rosanna.

Vol. III. Manufacturers, Arkwright and the Manufacturers; Ennui; The Contrast: The Grateful Negro; To-morrow: The Dun.

Vol. IV. Manœuvering: Almeria: Virtue.

Vol. V. The Absentee; Madame de Fleury: Emily de Coulanges: The Modern Griselda.

Vol. VI. Harry and Lucy.

Vol. VII. Leonora: Letters on Female Education; Patronage.

Vol. VIII. Patronage: Comic Dramas.

Vol. IX. Harrington; Thoughts on Bores; Ormond.

Vol. X. Helen.

It is unnecessary at this late day to eulogize the works of Miss Edgeworth—they have taken an enduring position in English literature. Her Walter Scott, with his characteristic frankness, has acknowledged that his original idea when he commenced his career as a novelist, was to be a second Miss Edgeworth; and that to Ireland—to portray the peculiarity of manners belonging rather to the generation passing away than to that which is now existing, and to give life to the natural scenery, and permanence to the national characteristics of his countrymen. In depicting the strange varieties of Irish character, whether grave or gay, Miss Edgeworth is confessedly without an equal. Her comic and playful satire marks her high in the dominions of humor, while it is combined with a sterling common sense, and a power of picturesque description which seldom fails to the lot of the wit or the satirist. Her story-telling powers are admirable.

The whole of the works, as published in this edition, have undergone a careful revision and correction by the author herself.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, New York.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS will send the above by mail, postage pre-paid (for any distance in the United States under 3000 miles), on receipt of the Money.

Standard Library Works

SUITABLE FOR GIFT-BOOKS,

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS will send either of the following Works by Mail, postage paid (for any distance in the United States under 3000 miles), on receipt of the Money.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS' NEW DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE of their PUBLICATIONS may be obtained gratuitously, on application at the Publishers' personally, or by letter inclosing SIX CENTS in postage stamps.

Abbott's History of the French Revolution. The French Revolution of 1789, as viewed in the Light of Republican Institutions. By JOHN S. C. ABBOTT. With 240 Engravings. 2 vols. 12mo, Muslin, $3 00; Half Calf, $5 00.

Abbott's History of Napoleon Bonaparte. With Maps, Wood-cuts, and Portraits on Steel. 2 vols. 8vo, Muslin, $5 00; Sheep, $6 00; Half Calf, $7 00; Turkey Morocco, $10 00.

Abbott's Napoleon at St. Helena. Interesting Anecdotes and Remarkable Conversations of the Emperor during Six Years and a Half Years of his Captivity. From the Memorials of Las Cases, O'Meara, Montholon, &c. By JOHN S. C. ABBOTT. 1 vol. 12mo, Muslin, $1 50; Sheep, $1 875; Half Calf, $3 00.

Addison's Complete Works, including the Contributions of the Spectator. Complete in 3 vols. 8vo, Sheep extra, $6 00; Half Calf, $9 00.

Alford's Greek Testament. The Greek Testament, with a Critically Revised Text; a Digest of Various Readings; Marginal References to Verbal and Idiomatic Usage; Prolegomena; and a Critical and Exegetical Commentary. By the late HENRY ALFORD, Dean of Canterbury. By HENRY ALFORD. Revised Edition. Quebec Chapel, London, and late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Vol. I., containing the Four Gospels. 944 pages, 8vo, Muslin, $6 00; Sheep extra, $7 50; Half Calf, $9 00.

Alison's History of Europe.

FIRST SERIES.—From the Commencement of the French Revolution in 1789, to the Restoration of the Bourbons in 1815. 20 vols. 12mo, Muslin, $20 00; Half Calf, $40 00. Which convert the Livres of the Original Work into Dollars and United States Currency. A Useful Index has been appended to this American Edition. 4 vols. 8vo, Muslin, $6 00; Sheep extra, $8 00; Half Calf, $12 00.

SECOND SERIES.—From the Fall of Napoleon in 1815, to the Accession of Louis Napoleon, in 1852. 8 vols. 8vo, Muslin, $12 00; Sheep extra, $16 00; Half Calf, $24 00. The 4th and concluding volume, with copious Analytical Index, will be ready in a few days.

Alison's Military Life of John, Duke of Marlborough. With Maps and Plans. 2 vols. 8vo, Half Calf, $3 50.

Atkinson on Oriental and Western Siberia. A Narrative of Seven Years' Explorations and Adventures in Siberia, Mongolia, the Kirghis Steppes, Chinese Tartary, and Part of Central Asia. By JOHN ATKINSON. Illustrated by Engravings on Wood, and Maps. 1 vol. 8vo, Muslin, $5 00; Half Calf, $4 00.

Barth's Travels and Discoveries in North and Central Africa. Embodying the Results of Illustrated. This only complete American Edition. 3 vols. 8vo, Muslin, $6 00; Half Calf, $9 00.

Bancroft's Literary and Historical Miscellanies. 8vo, Muslin, $2 50; Half Calf, $4 00.

Barnes's Notes on the New Testament. For Bible Classes and Sunday-Schools. Maps and Engravings. 11 vols. 12mo, Muslin, $11 00; Half Calf, $17 00 per Set. The Volumes are separately.

Blackstone's Commentaries on the Laws of England. With Notes Explaining the Text, Work to the American Student. By JOHN L. WARREN, late Chief Justice of New York. 4 vols. 8vo, Law Sheep, $7 00.

Boswell's Life of Dr. Johnson. Portrait of Boswell. 2 vols. 8vo, Sheep extra, $3 00; Half Calf, $4 00.

Brodhead's History of the State of New York. First Period, 1609-1664. 8vo, Muslin, $3 00; Half Calf, $4 00.

Bunting's (Rev. Dr. Jabez) Life. With Notices of Contemporary Persons and Events. By his Son, THOMAS PERCIVAL BUNTING. Vol. 4., with Portrait. 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

Burke's Complete Works. With a Memoir. Portrait. 8 vols. 8vo, Sheep extra, $6 00; Half Calf, $9 00.

Burton's Life and Works. Edited by ROSSITER THAXTER. 4 vols. 12mo, Muslin, $3 00; Half Calf, $6 00.

Burr's Memoirs, with Miscellaneous Correspondence, Notes by M. L. DAVIS. Portrait. 2 vols. 8vo, Muslin, $3 00; Half Calf, $5 00.

Burr's Private Journal, during his Residence in Europe; with Selections from his Correspondence. By M. L. DAVIS. 2 vols. 8vo, Muslin, $3 00; Half Calf, $5 00.

Burke's Complete Works. With a Memoir. Portrait. 8 vols. 8vo, Sheep extra, $6 00; Half Calf, $9 00.

Burton's Life and Works. Edited by ROSSITER THAXTER. 4 vols. 12mo, Muslin, $3 00; Half Calf, $6 00.

Burr's Memoirs, with Miscellaneous Correspondence, Notes by M. L. DAVIS. Portrait. 2 vols. 8vo, Muslin, $3 00; Half Calf, $5 00.

Burr's Private Journal, during his Residence in Europe; with Selections from his Correspondence. By M. L. DAVIS. 2 vols. 8vo, Muslin, $3 00; Half Calf, $5 00.

Carlyle's History of Frederick the Great. 4 vols. 12mo, Muslin, $1 75 each; Half Calf, $3 00 each. Vols. I. and II., with Portraits and Maps, now ready.

Carlyle's French Revolution. 2 vols. 12mo, Muslin, $1 00; Half Calf, $2 00.

Carlyle's Oliver Cromwell. 2 vols. 12mo, Muslin, $2 00; Half Calf, $3 00.

Carlyle's Past and Present. Chartism and Hero-Worship. 12mo, Muslin, $1 00; Half Calf, $1 50.

Chalmers's Life and Writings. 4 vols. 12mo, Muslin, $1 75 vol.; Half Calf, $3 00 per Set.

Chalmers's Posthumous Works. Edited by his Son-in-law, Dr. WILLIAM HANNA, LL.D. Complete in 9 vols. 12mo, Muslin, $1 00 each; Sheep extra, $1 25 each; Half Calf, $2 00 per Set.

PRICE REDUCED.—From the Fall of Napoleon in 1815, to the Accession of Louis Napoleon, in 1852. 8 vols. 8vo, Muslin, $6 00; Sheep extra, $8 00; Half Calf, $12 00. The 4th and concluding volume, with copious Analytical Index, will be ready in a few days.

Alison's Military Life of John, Duke of Marlborough. With Maps and Plans. 2 vols. 8vo, Half Calf, $3 50.

Atkinson on Oriental and Western Siberia. A Narrative of Seven Years' Explorations and Adventures in Siberia, Mongolia, the Kirghis Steppes, Chinese Tartary, and Part of Central Asia. By JOHN ATKINSON. Illustrated by Engravings on Wood, and Maps. 1 vol. 8vo, Muslin, $5 00; Half Calf, $4 00.

Barth's Travels and Discoveries in North and Central Africa. Embodying the Results of Illustrated. This only complete American Edition. 3 vols. 8vo, Muslin, $6 00; Half Calf, $9 00.

Bancroft's Literary and Historical Miscellanies. 8vo, Muslin, $2 50; Half Calf, $4 00.

Barnes's Notes on the New Testament. For Bible Classes and Sunday-Schools. Maps and Engravings. 11 vols. 12mo, Muslin, $11 00; Half Calf, $17 00 per Set. The Volumes are separately.

Blackstone's Commentaries on the Laws of England. With Notes Explaining the Text, Work to the American Student. By JOHN L. WARREN, late Chief Justice of New York. 4 vols. 8vo, Law Sheep, $7 00.

Boswell's Life of Dr. Johnson. Portrait of Boswell. 2 vols. 8vo, Sheep extra, $3 00; Half Calf, $4 00.

Brodhead's History of the State of New York. First Period, 1609-1664. 8vo, Muslin, $3 00; Half Calf, $4 00.

Bunting's (Rev. Dr. Jabez) Life. With Notices of Contemporary Persons and Events. By his Son, THOMAS PERCIVAL BUNTING. Vol. 4., with Portrait. 12mo, Muslin, $1 00.

Burke's Complete Works. With a Memoir. Portrait. 8 vols. 8vo, Sheep extra, $6 00; Half Calf, $9 00.

Burton's Life and Works. Edited by ROSSITER THAXTER. 4 vols. 12mo, Muslin, $3 00; Half Calf, $6 00.

Burr's Memoirs, with Miscellaneous Correspondence, Notes by M. L. DAVIS. Portrait. 2 vols. 8vo, Muslin, $3 00; Half Calf, $5 00.

Burr's Private Journal, during his Residence in Europe; with Selections from his Correspondence. By M. L. DAVIS. 2 vols. 8vo, Muslin, $3 00; Half Calf, $5 00.

Carlyle's History of Frederick the Great. 4 vols. 12mo, Muslin, $1 75 each; Half Calf, $3 00 each. Vols. I. and II., with Portraits and Maps, now ready.

Carlyle's French Revolution. 2 vols. 12mo, Muslin, $2 00; Half Calf, $3 00.

Carlyle's Oliver Cromwell. 2 vols. 12mo, Muslin, $2 00; Half Calf, $3 00.

Carlyle's Past and Present. Chartism and Hero-Worship. 12mo, Muslin, $1 00; Half Calf, $1 50.

Chalmers's Life and Writings. 4 vols. 12mo, Muslin, $1 75 vol.; Half Calf, $3 00 per Set.

Chalmers's Posthumous Works. Edited by his Son-in-law, Dr. WILLIAM HANNA, LL.D. Complete in 9 vols. 12mo, Muslin, $1 00 each; Sheep extra, $1 25 each; Half Calf, $2 00 per Set.

PRIZE SERIES.—From the Beginning of the Reign of George III. to the Battle of Waterloo. 2 vols. 8vo, Muslin, $3 00; Sheep, $3 75; Half Calf, $5 00.

Coleridge's Complete Works. With an Introductory Essay upon his Philosophical and Theological Opinions. Edited by Professor SHEDD. Portrait in 7 Vols. Portrait. Small 8vo, Muslin, $7 00; Half Calf, $12 50. The 7th vol. now ready.

Vol. I. Aids to Reflection.—Subsidium Theologiæ.—II. The Friend.—III. Biographia Literaria.—IV. Lectures on Shakspeare and other Dramatists.—V. Literary Remains.—VI. Special Lay Sermons and Table Talk.—VII. Poetical and Dramatic Works.

Crabb's English Synonyms. 8vo, Sheep extra, $2 00; Half Calf, $3 00.

Creasy's Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World: from Marathon to Waterloo. 12mo, Muslin, $1 00; Half Calf, $1 50.

Curran and his Contemporaries. By STERLING COYNEY. 12mo, Muslin, $1 00; Half Calf, $1 50.

Geo. Wm. Curtis's Works.

THE POTIPHAR PAPERS. Illustrated from Drawings by Hoppin. 12mo, Muslin, $1 00; Half Calf, $1 50.

PROUE AND I. 12mo, Muslin, $1 00; Half Calf, $1 50.

LOTUS-EATING. A Summer-Book. Beautifully Illustrated from Designs by Hoppin. 12mo, Muslin, 75 cents; Half Calf, $1 00.

THE HOWADJI IN SYRIA. 12mo, Muslin, $1 00; Half Calf, $1 50.

NILE NOTES OF A HOWADJI. 12mo, Muslin, $1 00; Half Calf, $1 50.

De Tocqueville's Old Regime and the French Revolution. Translated by JOHN BONNER. 1 vol. 12mo, Muslin, $1 00; Half Calf, $1 50.

D'Israeli's Amenities of Literature. 2 vols. 12mo, Muslin, $2 00; Half Calf, $3 00.

Dante's Inferno. A Literal Prose Translation. By JOHN A. CARLYLE, M.D. 12mo, Muslin, $1 00; Half Calf, $1 50.

Draper's Human Physiology, Statical and Dynamical; or, The Conditions and Course of the Life of Man. Illustrated by Engravings on Wood. From Photographs. New Edition, 8vo, 600 pages, Muslin, $5 00; Sheep extra, $6 00; Half Calf, $7 00.

Dryden's Complete Works. With Life by SCOTT. Portrait. 8 vols. 8vo, Sheep extra, $6 00; Half Calf, $9 00.

Dr. Turnbull's Theology, in a Series of Sermons. With Memoir of the Author. Portrait. 4 vols. 8vo, Muslin, $6 00; Sheep extra, $8 00; Half Calf, $12 00.

Miss Edgeworth's Tales and Novels. Complete in 10 vols. 12mo, Muslin, $10 00; Half Calf, $20 00. Vol. I. Harry and Lucy.

Ellis's Madagascar. Three Visits to Madagascar during 1853-1854-1856. Including a Journey to the Capital, with Notices of the Natural History, Productions, and Resources of the Country, and Observations on the Manners, Customs, Habits, and Superstitions of the People. By the Rev. WILLIAM ELLIS. With Maps and numerous Illustrations on Wood and Photographs. Complete and Revised Edition. 1 vol. 8vo, Muslin, $3 00; Half Calf, $4 00.

Forster's Lives of Eminent British Statesmen. 4 vols. 8vo, Sheep extra, $5 00; Half Calf, $7 50.

Fowler's English Language. Its Origin and History, Principles of Grammar, Authority in Use, Development, and a Full Grammar. New Edition, Revised and Improved. 12mo, Muslin, $1 00; Half Calf, $1 50.

Franklin's Life, Illustrated. With numerous exquisite Designs by DARLEY, and Portrait. 12mo, Muslin, $1 00; Sheep, $1 25; Half Calf, $2 00.

Gibbon's History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. With Notes, by Dr. H. H. MILMAN and M. GUIZOT. A New Edition, with Portraits and Maps. 6 vols. 8vo, Muslin, $9 00; Sheep extra, $12 00; Half Calf, $18 00. Containing all the Notes of Dr. Hues (uniform with Hume and Macaulay), Muslin, $1 00; Sheep extra, $1 25; Half Calf, $2 00.

Giesler's Church History. Translated, Main, and Enlarged by SAMUEL DAVIDSON, LL.D., and HENRY B. SMITH, D.D., Professor in the Union Theological Seminary, New York. Vol. I. Two Parts. 8vo, Muslin, $3 00; Sheep, $3 75; Half Calf, $5 00.

Gleig's Campaigns of the Duke of Wellington. Muslin, $2 00; Half Calf, $3 00 per Set.

Mrs. Hall's Child's History of the World; or, Biographical Sketches of all Distinguished Women, from the Earliest Ages to the Present Time. Edited by Two Ladies, with Selections from Female Writers of each Age. Illustrated by Engravings on Wood, from Designs by BECKER, J. CASSIDY. 8vo, Muslin, $2 50; Sheep extra, $3 00; Half Calf, $4 00.

Hallam's Historical Works. 4 vols. 8vo, Sheep extra, $5 00; Half Calf, $7 50. Or, 6 vols. 12mo, Muslin, $3 00; Half Calf, $6 00.

Hallam's (Rev. Robt.) Complete Works, Memoir by Dr. GRISCOM and Observations on his Character by Bishop POTTER. Portrait. Crown 8vo, Muslin, 4 vols. 12mo, Sheep extra, $6 00; Half Calf, $9 00.

Haven's Mental Philosophy including the Philosophy, Literature, and University Reform. Chief Text-Book in Colleges. Crowded, Voluminous, Enlarged, in Notes and Appendices. 8vo, Muslin, $2 50; Half Calf, $4 00.

Harper's Cyclopædia of Commerce and Commercial Navigation. By HUGH MCCULLOCH, M. P., SAMUEL HOWARD, Jr., ROYAL R. ORVIS, 1000 pages, double columns, Muslin, Sheep extra, $4 00; Half Calf, $5 00.

Harper's Dictionary of Classical Literature and Antiquities. Edited by WILLIAM SMITH, LL.D. 8vo, Muslin, $5 00; Sheep extra, $6 00; Half Calf, $8 00.

Harper's Dictionary of Classical Literature and Antiquities. Edited by WILLIAM SMITH, LL.D. Complete in 2 vols. 8vo, Muslin, $10 00; Sheep extra, $12 00; Half Calf, $18 00.

Harper's Dictionary of Classical Literature and Antiquities. Edited by WILLIAM SMITH, LL.D. Abridged from the Larger Work by the Author. 1 vol. 12mo, Muslin, $1 00; Half Calf, $1 50

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A FIRST-CLASS ILLUSTRATED PAPER.

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST

FAMILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD.

FIVE CENTS A NUMBER; $2 50 A YEAR.

The First Number of the Fourth Volume of HARPER'S WEEKLY will appear on the 4th January, 1860. This year over 4,500,000 Numbers of HARPER'S WEEKLY will have been sold, nearly half of which will be found for reference. In commencing the new volume, the proprietors desire to state that it has been their aim to render HARPER'S WEEKLY, in the first place, a thoroughly reliable and impartial NEWS BEARER—a pictorial history of current events, equal to the daily press in fullness of intelligence, and superior to the daily press as containing illustrations with text. How far they have attained their aim, the three volumes now published will show. The illustrations in the Third Volume will scarcely need to be referred to, which every important event of the past year has been related and illustrated in the pages of HARPER'S WEEKLY. They would refer especially, in this connection, to The Indian War, the Great Eastern Steamship, the Harper's Ferry Outbreak, the Utah Expedition, the Paraguay Expedition, China, etc. etc. The value of the paper can be best realized by supposing that it did not exist, and by trying to conceive how little people would really know of passing events if they had to rely on weekly publications alone. In this respect, the arrangements for the coming year are more complete than they have been heretofore. HARPER'S WEEKLY has regular artist correspondents in almost every quarter of the globe, and commands the pencil of the first artists at home. It will moreover, in order to present itself as a complete illustrated history of our age, continue to transfer to its pages the best and most personally interesting portraits from foreign illustrated journals. In a word, the subscriber to HARPER'S WEEKLY—and it is increasing in its pages next year as accessible, well-driven, well-engraved, and well-printed picture of every memorable event which occurs, and a portrait of every man who attracts the general attention of the people of the United States.

HARPER'S WEEKLY will continue, as heretofore, to publish the best tales that are written by the best living American authors. It has already published *A Tale of Two Cities*, by CHARLES DICKENS—the most brilliant production of that brilliant writer's brilliant career; *What will he do with it?* by BULWER LYTTON; *The Small Secret*, by WILKIE COLLINS; *Lady Lee's Widowhood*, by MRS. GASKELL; *A Good Fight*, by CHARLES READE: it is now publishing *Trevlyn Hold*, by CHARLES GARVICE, and *The Woman in White*, by WILKIE COLLINS. Or, to before the conclusion of these tales, will commence, and will be concommenced, it being the intention of the publishers to secure every work of merit that appears in the best reviews here or abroad. It is hardly necessary to add, that the foreign serials which appear in HARPER'S WEEKLY are produced from their authors by the proprietors of HARPER'S WEEKLY, and, in many instances, give for a series a period of priority what amounts to a handsome copyright to the author.

In addition to serials, each number of HARPER'S WEEKLY will contain a short complete tale by some well-known author. In respect to these tales, as with the serials, the publishers will publish the best that they can obtain, without regard to their origin.

The other departments of HARPER'S WEEKLY will continue to receive careful attention at the hands of the publishers.

TERMS OF HARPER'S WEEKLY.

One Copy for Twenty Years $10 00
One Copy for One Year. 2 50
One Copy for Six Months 1 00
Five Copies for One Year 9 00
Twelve Copies for One Year 20 00
Twenty-five Copies for One Year 40 00

An Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of TWENTY *or* TWENTY-FIVE SUBSCRIBERS.

Harper's Magazine and Harper's Weekly, together, one year, $4 00.

TERMS FOR ADVERTISING.—*Fifty Cents a Line.*

A LIBERAL DISCOUNT will be made to those wishing to Advertise for three Months or more.

☞ Persons living in the City of New York wishing "Harper's Weekly" left at their houses, will please send their names and residences, with the subscription money, to the Office of Publication.

Persons residing in the British Provinces will remit Twenty-five Cents in addition to their subscription, for the American Postage.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
Franklin Square, New York.

☞ Every Number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE contains from 136 to 144 pages—and from 160 to 176 in the half-more-reading than any other in the country.

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

NUMBER CXVI.] CONTENTS. [JANUARY, 1860.

HOLIDAYS IN CASTA DIVA.—II. SAN JOSE. By THOMAS FRANCIS MADDEN.
Illustrated by Fourteen Engravings.

A LAY OF THE DANUBE.

RURAL PICTURES. Poem. By POETE CRAYON.
Illustrated by Twenty Engravings.

A PIPE OF TOBACCO.
Illustrated by Seventeen Engravings.

MRS. ANTHONY'S NEW YEAR'S PRESENT.

THE POET'S RECITAL.

THE ATOMS OF CUPIDO. By "HARRY GIBBON."

CARELESS LOVE-LETTERS. By "HARRY GIBBON."

THE CHRONICLES OF FALLAHASSEE.
BRIGANDS OF THE ADRIATIC.
HOW THE SNOW MELTED ON MOUNT WASHINGTON.
THE THREE GREAT VOYAGES.
THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS.—A BALLAD OF LOUISIANA.
TUDY ON THREE STORIES IN ONE.
A CHRISTMAS HYMN.
MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.
LITERARY NOTICES.
EDITOR'S TABLE.
EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.
EDITOR'S DRAWER.
EDITOR'S DRAWER.
SHADOWS OVER THE WAY.
THE DERELICT.
FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Bad Costume.—Under-Sleeve.—Collar.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year $2 00
Two Copies for One Year 3 00
Three or more Copies for One Year (each) . 2 00
And an Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of TEN *Subscribers.*

HARPER'S WEEKLY and HARPER'S MAGAZINE, together, one year, $4 00.

The Postage upon "HARPER'S MAGAZINE" must be paid at the office where it is received. The Postage is *Twenty-four Cents a year.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

Beautiful and Useful Books for the Holidays.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, New York.

Stories of Rainbow and Lucky.
By JACOB ABBOTT. Beautifully Illustrated with Engravings on Wood. 4 vols. 16mo, Muslin, 60 cents per Volume. Uniform with the Ascensia Stories.
The Volumes may be obtained separately.
Just Ready.—HANDIE.—RAINBOW'S JOURNEY.

Abbott's Illustrated Histories.
The Volumes of this series are printed and bound uniformly, and are adorned with richly illuminated Title-pages and numerous Engravings. 16mo. Muslin, 60 cents per Volume. Muslin, gilt edges, 75 cents per Volume. The Volumes may be obtained separately.

CYRUS.
DARIUS.
XERXES.
ALEXANDER.
HANNIBAL.
JULIUS CÆSAR.
PYRRHUS.
JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN.
CLEOPATRA.
NERO.
HERNANDO CORTEZ.
ALFRED.
WALLACE THE CONQUEROR.
PETER THE GREAT.

The Young Christian Series.
By JACOB ABBOTT. Very greatly Improved and Enlarged. With numerous Engravings. Complete in 4 vols. 16mo, Muslin, $3 00; Half Calf, $5 83 each. The Volumes may be obtained separately.
THE YOUNG CHRISTIAN.—THE WAY TO DO GOOD.—THE CORNER-STONE.—HOARSEBAND AND MCDONALD.

Marco Paul's Voyages and Travels
In the Footsteps of his Father. By JACOB ABBOTT. Beautifully Illustrated. Complete in 6 vols. 16mo, Muslin, 60 cents each. The Volumes may be obtained separately.

IN NEW YORK.
ON THE CANAL.
IN THE FORESTS OF MAINE.
IN VERMONT.
IN BOSTON.
AT THE SPRINGFIELD ARMORY.

Franconia Stories.
By JACOB ABBOTT. Beautifully bound, engraved Title-pages, and numerous Illustrations. Complete in 10 vols. 16mo, Muslin, $6 00 per set. The Volumes may be obtained separately.

MARGUERITE.—STORYTELLER.
MARY BELL.—AGNES.
JEANIE DEANS.—ROSE ELMORE.
WALLACE.—HOUGHTON.
LAFAYETTE.—CAROLINE.

Kings and Queens.
Or, Life in the Palace. By JOHN S. C. ABBOTT. With numerous Illustrations. 12mo, Muslin, $1 00; Muslin, gilt edges, $1 25.

Pictorial Bible.
Harper's Illustrated and Non-Pictorial Bible. Embellished with Sixteen Hundred Historical Engravings, exclusive of Illuminated Borders, Maps, etc. Edited by J. A. ADDISS, more than Fourteen Hundred of which were designed expressly for it. 2 vols. 4to, Morocco, gilt edges, beveled and panneled sides, $20 00
Morocco Extra, gilt edges, full gilt back . . . 22 00
Full Calf embossed, gilt edges 20 00
Full Calf, Antique style, blank stamped . . . 18 00
Full Roan, marbled edges 12 00
Bound and Forwarded, carriage free, on receipt of the Money.

The Land and the Book.
Or, Biblical Illustrations drawn from the Manners and Customs, Scenes and Scenery of the Holy Land. By W. M. THOMSON, D.D. Twenty-five Years a Missionary of the A.B.C.F.M. in Syria and Palestine. With two elaborate Maps of Palestine, an accurate Plan of Jerusalem, and numerous Wood-cut Engravings, representing the Scenery, Topography, and Productions of the Holy Land, and the Costumes, Manners, and Habits of the People. Two Superb Large 12mo Volumes, Muslin, $3 50; Half Calf, $6 00; Half Calf extra, $8 50; Half Morocco extra, $9 00.

Self-made Men
By CHAS. C. B. SEWARD. Many Portraits. 12mo, Muslin, $1 25; Muslin, gilt edges, $1 37; Half Morocco, gilt edges, $2 50.

The Poets of the Nineteenth Century.
Selected and Edited by the Rev. ROBERT ARIS WILLMOTT. With Portraits on Steel, engraved by ROBERT J. DUTCHER, Editor of "Cyclopædia of Literature," Illustrated with upwards 120 Engravings, drawn by eminent Artists, including Birket Foster, W. Harvey, Harrison Weir, J. E. Millais, D. Maclise, W. Mulready, C. Stanfield, J. Gilbert, F. R. Pickersgill, J. Tenniel, T. Dalziel, J. H. Hill, F. W. Fairholt, F. O. C. Darley, and others. In elegant small 4to form, printed on Superfine Toned Paper, cloth bevel sides, cloth extra, gilt edges, Three Dollars; Full Turkey Morocco, $5 50.

Franklin's Life, Illustrated.
Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin. With a Sketch of his Public Services, by Rev. H. H. WEBB. With numerous engraving Designs. By JOHN GILBERT. 12mo, Muslin, $2 00; Sheep extra, $2 25; Muslin, gilt edges, $2 25; Half Calf, $3 00; Full Turkey Morocco, $4 00.

Goldsmith's Poetical Works.
Illustrated by Wood Engravings, from the Designs of W. C. T. DOBSON, R.A., and F. TAYLER, J. C. HORSLEY, R. REDGRAVE, A.R.A., and Frederick Taylor. With Memoir of the Author, by JOHN FORSTER, Biographical Memoir, and Notes on the Poems. Edited by Rossiter Cleveland. 8vo, Muslin, gilt edges, $2 50; Turkey Morocco, gilt edges, $4 50.

Harry's Summer in Ashcroft.
Illustrated. 16mo, Muslin. Square 40s, Muslin, 60 cents.

Woman's Record;
Or, Biographical Sketches of all Distinguished Women, from the Creation to the Present Time. Arranged in Four Eras, with Selections from Female Writers of each Era. By MRS. SARAH JOSEPHA HALE. Illustrated with more than 200 Portraits, engraved by ROBERT J. LOBDELL. 8vo, Muslin, $3 50; Sheep extra, $4 00; Muslin, gilt edges, $4 00; Half Calf extra, $5 00; Half Morocco, gilt edges, $5 00; Full Turkey Morocco, $7 00.

Virginia Illustrated:
Containing a Visit to the Virginian Canaan, and the Adventures of Poete Crayon and his Cousins. Illustrated from Drawings by POETE CRAYON. 8vo, Muslin, $2 50; Half Calf antique, $3 50; Half Calf extra gilt, $4 00.

Old Whitley's Christmas Tree.
A Christmas Tale. By A. CASEY HALL. Beautifully Illustrated. Square 4to, Muslin gilt, 50 cents; Muslin, gilt edges, 60 cents.

Howitt's Homes of the British Poets.
Homes and Haunts of the British Poets. Illustrations. 2 vols. 12mo, Muslin, $2 00; Muslin, gilt edges, $2 50; Half Calf, $4 00; Full Turkey Morocco, $6 00.

Evenings at Home;
Or, The Juvenile Budget Opened. By Dr. AIKEN and Mrs. BARBAULD. With 54 Engravings by ADAMS. 12mo, Muslin, 75 cents; Muslin gilt edges, $1 00.

The Arabian Nights Entertainments.
Translated and Arranged for Family Reading, with Explanatory Notes. By E. W. LANE. Illustrated by 600 Engravings by HARVEY. 2 vols. 12mo, Muslin, $2 75; Muslin, gilt edges, $3 00; Half Calf, $4 45; Full Calf, $5 00.

Pilgrim's Progress.
By JOHN BUNYAN. With a Life of the Author, by ROBERT SOUTHEY, LL.D. Illustrated with 99 Engravings by ADAMS. 12mo, Muslin, 75 cents; Muslin, gilt edges, $1 00.

Fairy Book;
Containing Twelve new Stories, expressly Translated for this Work. With 31 fine Engravings, by ADAMS. 12mo, Muslin, 75 cents; Muslin, gilt edges, $1 00.

Flowers of Fable.
From Northcote, Æsop, Croxall, Gellert, Dodsley, Gay, La Fontaine, Lessing, Kniskel, Herder, Berquin, Gleditsch, etc. With numerous Engravings. 18mo, Muslin, 75 cents; Muslin, gilt edges, 21 00.

The Rose and the Ring;
Or, The History of Prince Giglio and Prince Bulbo. A Fireside Pantomime for Grand and Small Children. By Mr. M. A. TITMARSH (W. M. THACKERAY). Numerous Illustrations. Small 4to, Muslin, 50 cents.

Harry's Ladder to Learning.
With 250 Illustrations. Square 40, Muslin, 50 cents; Muslin, gilt edges, 60 cents.

Reading without Tears;
Or, A Pleasant Mode of Learning to Read. By the Author of "Peter Parley's Tales." &c. &c. Beautifully Illustrated. Small 4to, Muslin, 50 cents.

Harper's Story Books.
A Series of Narrative, Biographies, and Tales, for the Instruction and Amusement of the Young. By JACOB ABBOTT. Embellished with more than 1000 Beautiful Engravings.
Some of the Story Books are written particularly for Girls, and others for Boys, and the different Volumes are adapted to various ages, so that the work forms a complete Library of Entertaining for all the Children of the Family and the Sunday-School.
THESE "HARPER'S STORY BOOKS" can be obtained complete in Twelve Volumes, bound in blue, each one containing Four Tales, at the price of Two Dollars, or in Thirty-six Tilt Volumes, bound in red, each containing One Story, at the price of Fourteen Dollars and Forty Cents.

Harper's Fireside Library.
A choice collection of books, chiefly American, expressly adapted to the Domestic Circle, Sabbath-Schools, etc. 300 Books; 375 cents each; Muslin, gilt edges, 45 cents each.
AIDEN'S ALICE GORDON; or, Uses of Orphanage.
AIDEN'S LIFE OF MARTIN LUTHER.
AIDEN'S YOUNG SCHOOLMISTRESS.
ALEXANDER'S (Mrs.) Lessons of Life.—The Mother's Trials.
ALEXANDER'S (Mrs.) Wife.
MATHEW'S GOOD GENIUS THAT TURNED EVERYTHING TO GOLD.
ELLIS HENRIETT; or, Family Changes.
WILLIAM AND MARY.
THE MAGIC OF KINDNESS. By the BROTHERS MATHEW.

Dickens and Bonner's Child's Histories.
A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND. By CHARLES DICKENS. 2 vols. 16mo, Muslin, 60 cents.
A CHILD'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. By ROBERT BONNER. With Illustrations. 16mo, Muslin, $1 00.
A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ROME. By JOHN BONNER. With Illustrations. 2 vols. 16mo, Muslin, $1 00.
A CHILD'S HISTORY OF GREECE. By JOHN BONNER. With Illustrations. 2 vols. 16mo, Muslin, $1 00.

Life of Christ,
In the Words of the Evangelists. A Complete Harmony of the Gospel History of our Saviour. For the use of Young People. Illustrated with 39 Fine Engravings by ADAMS, from Designs by CHAPMAN and Others. 16mo, Muslin, gilt, 75 cents; Muslin, gilt edges, $1 00.

Robinson Crusoe.
The Life and Surprising Adventures of Robinson Crusoe, of York, Mariner; with a Biographical Account of the Author. Illustrated by Engravings by ADAMS. Complete Edition. 12mo, Muslin, 75 cents; Muslin, gilt edges, $1 00.

Footprints of Famous Men.
By JOHN G. EDGAR. With Illustrations. 16mo, Muslin, 60 cents; Muslin, gilt edges, 75 cents.

Boyhood of Great Men.
By JOHN G. EDGAR. With Illustrations. 16mo, Muslin, 60 cents; Muslin, gilt edges, 75 cents.

History for Boys;
Or, Annals of the Nations of Modern Europe. By JOHN G. EDGAR. With Illustrations. 16mo, Muslin, 60 cents; Muslin, gilt edges, 75 cents.

The Wars of the Roses;
Or, Stories of the Struggle of York and Lancaster. By J. G. EDGAR. Illustrations. 16mo, Muslin, 60 cents.

** HARPER & BROTHERS will send either of the above Works prepaid by the Mail, postage paid, for any distance in the United States under 3000 miles on receipt of the Money. The Bible cased and is rendered by express.

HARPER & BROTHERS,
327 to 335 Pearl Street (Franklin Square), New York.
Publish this Day:

RAINBOW'S JOURNEY.

Being the Second Volume of

Stories of Rainbow and Lucky.

By JACOB ABBOTT.

BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED.

16mo, Muslin, 60 cents.

"HANDIE" and "RAINBOW'S JOURNEY" now ready.

II.

HARRY'S SUMMER IN ASHCROFT.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Square 40s, Muslin, 60 cents.

Children are always pleased with the healthy freedom of country life; but they do not always know how to employ the long summer days, and parents have not always leisure to guide them in their amusements. The Publishers believe that in "HARRY'S SUMMER IN ASHCROFT" parents will find a book which they will be glad to put into the hands of their children as a help and incentive in such cases. The story of the employments and amusements of Harry and his sister Emma, during a spring and summer passed on a farm on the Hudson—of their planting, sowing, and cultivating flowers and garden vegetables, and their boating, fishing, and other country amusements, will, it is thought, be alike pleasant and instructive to young readers, and will not only suggest the order and employment of the garden and farm labors as children delight to, but also help them to an intelligent appreciation of the processes of nature which go on before their eyes.

The author has endeavored to unite amusement with instruction. He has aimed to show his young readers how to observe and what to observe, and thus to give them a combined and genuine interest in, and understanding of, the wise and wonderful works of God.

Believing that he has accomplished this purpose, the Publishers confidently recommend the book to parents as a pleasant companion to guide their children in the acquisition of valuable lessons.

III.

The Completion of Alison's History of Europe.

HARPER & BROTHERS, FRANKLIN SQUARE, N. Y.,
Publish this Day:

The 8th and Concluding Volume of

ALISON'S
History of Europe.

FIRST SERIES: From the Commencement of the French Revolution of 1789 to the Restoration of the Bourbons in 1815. 8 vols. 8vo, Muslin, $8 00; Sheep extra, $7 00; Half Calf, $10 00.

SECOND SERIES: From the Fall of Napoleon in 1815 to the Accession of Louis Napoleon in 1852. 4 vols. 8vo, Muslin, $8 00; Sheep extra, $7 00; Half Calf, $10 00.

☞ **The Work Complete in 8 vols.,**
Muslin, $13 00; Sheep extra, $14 00; Half Calf, $20 00.

☞ The Volumes sold separately.

"The merits of Dr. Archibald Alison as a historian need not be commented on in order to call attention to this important work. He brings industry, high culture indefatigable perseverance, an active and elegant mind, and rare powers of description, to the accomplishment of a task in which he evidently takes a cordial delight. Entering his work as an elaborate defense of the events of the age, accompanied with frequent vivid and expressive portraitures of conspicuous scenes, it must be regarded as a welcome contribution to our resources on European history, and as an indispensable aid to the studies of every intelligent reader."

☞ Sent by Mail, postage prepaid, on receipt of price.

Harper's
Holiday Pictorial
Now Ready.

The most beautiful Pictorial Sheet ever issued.

PRICE SIX CENTS.

Sent by mail anywhere in the United States on receipt of the price.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.

Agents Wanted

To obtain Subscribers for

LOSSING'S
PICTORIAL FIELD-BOOK OF THE REVOLUTION.

In Two Volumes Royal Octavo, containing upward of

1500 Pages and

1100 Beautiful Illustrations.

This work will be SOLD EXCLUSIVELY BY AGENTS, to each of whom a liberal District will be given. Those Subscribing Early will be supplied with Specimen Numbers, and Circulars, containing full particulars, free of charge. For full particulars address, if in the United States, HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

A Christmas Surprise Party.

1. Messrs. Jones and Smith, and their wives, think it would be a capital idea to give old Mrs. Jinks a surprise party.

2. They present themselves accordingly at the Jinks domicile with a strong brass band, just as Mrs. Jinks has tied her night-cap strings.

3. Dancing is at once commenced with vigor, and hilarity is the order of the night.

4. Which so startles the neighbors that they begin to ring bells and fire pistols, to frighten away the supposed burglars.

5. Signor Rorotini volunteers a song.

6. And amiable Mrs. Sneak avails herself of the opportunity to inspect the Jinks domestic arrangements very minutely.

7. Supper hour having arrived, that meal is dispatched with alacrity and appetite.

8. Stout Miss Jones retires with a glass of Champagne to a cool little entry room, and seats herself on what looks like a comfortable ottoman.

9. As for the gentlemen, they retreat into Mrs. Jinks's dressing-room, to smoke a quiet cigar.

10. The wine and the excitement lead to some trifling accidents, which cause a good deal of merriment.

11. While a little practical business is transacted by a vigilant burglar who has been watching the scene.

12. The appearance of the Jinks' drawing-room next day is admirably calculated to console Mrs. Jinks for the surprise of the previous night.

The New Fashions for 1860.

"HOOPS, AS IS KNOWN, ARE GOING OUT, AND LARGE HATS, HIDING THE FACE, ARE COMING IN. I SUPPOSE THE HORRID MEN WILL GET ON THEIR KNEES TO STARE AT US."

"LARGE NECK-TIES ARE COMING IN AGAIN, AND IT WILL BE SO DELIGHTFUL TO DANCE WITH A MAN DRESSED IN THE HEIGHT OF THE FASHION."

[*From our Young Lady Chronicler of Fashion.*]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. III.—NO. 157.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1859. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

"A HAPPY NEW YEAR!"

NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

BY CHARLES STEWART.

Our merry wings Hope's rapid heights display,
Proclaim the advent of the glad New Year,
And from afar the Old Year, pale and dying,
Flags his white sword and totters to his bier.
Then hurrah! hurrah! for the glad New Year,
With warm his throne with a shout;
Who welcomes Hope with a hearty cheer
And shuts out Sorrow out.

Bells are ring'd, and gay, very gay singing
Pleiades fast and free;
Joy sparkleth, wine dogling
New Year's Jubilee!

Behold the broad river in joyous array,
Like shadows the shores their stiff array:
Bright faces uplifted
Bloom every where,
As angels had alited
The sunshine there.
All light and music, and all life and motion;
Enchanting spell of beauty and of bliss,
Oh! it, layered vision
Oh! what a glad hour day is this!
Old winter flies from her happy heart
Feels as from a prison from cowhid must—
A power of youth,
And a will to do!
From the laughing bay at the border's blaze;
And also old dogs,
With his face so sage,
Will star with linos 'n an ancient pace,
Grown crafty as pools in the sunny rays.
And the voices in the sky,
How are we not one with them?
But, high or low, are happy as the day is long!
Little tongues are still,
With a glad "My New-Year's gift!"
And "A happy, happy New Year!" is the burden of his song.

May this year, as bright in youth,
Bright and lovely!
And that many vanquish Might let us always hope
and pray.
Thus God bless you, reader dear,
May you find the ending year
Ever bright, and always happy as this first auspicious day.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1859.

1859.

THE year one thousand eight hundred and fifty-nine, which will close before another number of *Harper's Weekly* is issued, has been in some respects more memorable than many previous years for the last quarter of a century. It will figure conspicuously in history, not only from the intrinsic importance of the events it witnessed, but from the dramatic completeness of several of the movements which took place between its January and its December.

It will be remembered, in this country, as the year which inaugurated the final resettlement of the Kansas dispute, and the general acquiescence of all moderate men in the Douglas doctrine that Territory, like States, have a right to prescribe their own domestic institutions. It left for future Congresses to determine at what period an unformed mass of people in a Territory in the sense implied in the above statement of doctrine is but the principle more admitted, such matters of detail can involve but little difficulty. At the very earliest indication of any considerable population, for instance, as the inhabitants of a Territory can elect a delegate to Congress—the privilege of designating their institutions may be safely and obviously accrue. It was hoped by many that this settlement would for a time calm the violence of the slavery controversy, and that if John Brown raid into Virginia, and the reluctance of the South to submit to the legislative predominance of the more populous North, seem, at the last hour of the dying year, to have revived the controversy in its most bitter shape, still we take leave of 1859 with angry threats of dissension singing in our ears, and fierce menaces of civil war disturbing the composure which the rest of the country, in the year 1860 will witness a calmer and more practical frame of mind among our statesmen. Meanwhile let no pugnacious menaces look there has been tangible progress in this Slavery conflict since 1858.

In Europe, 1859 will be chiefly remembered as the year of the Italian war. It was on New-Year's Day, 1859, that Napoleon first intimated his purpose of attempting to solve the Italian problem, if need be, with the sword. Austria would not yield to fair, and accordingly, as soon as the weather permitted, the armies took the field. The result was the total overthrow of Austrian power in the Italian peninsula. With a sagacity peculiarly his own, Napoleon made peace as soon as his moral object was gained. After Solferino the result in the affairs in Italy was gone forever, and Napoleon laid down the sword—pan-bing Venice, not unjustly, for the selfish and narrow-minded manner in which she had held aloof from Lombardy and Piedmont in 1848. Ever since then Italy has been in a transition state. Lombardy and the Duchies have proved their capacity for self-government at their intelligent patriotism by a policy so enlightened, so resolute, and yet so forbearing, that it is without parallel in the history of suddenly enfranchised nations. Their future is safe. The Pope still remains—an unsolved, almost hopeless puzzle. Without foreign troops to protect him the old man's throat would not be safe ten minutes among his own people; and yet he never was so absolutely set on by a power as this old gouvernment, never blinder to his true position among nations. Holding power and life at the will of foreign armies, and actually late Louis Napoleon in France, suffers crazy Irishmen to quicken his British by eulogies of his lawful dynasty—and exasperated his unfortunate people by the Mordara outrage—a villainy so infamous that it could hardly have been endorsed in the dark ages. His standing right of Italy is gone, this inveterate stability should presage the end of papal dominion. No venerable old institution has ever so willingly see it trampled in the dust. But Pius the Ninth seems bent on his doom; and well may he be called the Destroyer of the Papacy in the nineteenth century of Italy. If he will destroy himself, if he will not permit the Emperor to save him, why, let him perish by his own.

Of the rest of Europe the history of 1859 will say little. France is unchanged; more loved than ever, and more feared by every other nation; but with a government so thorough and so well administered, so just as between man and man, so considerate of the interests of all, Germany has recovered from the convulsions of terror into which it was plunged by the war; except in the husbandry of Austria and Prussia—a story—it attracts no outside attention. Russia, peaceful and active, builds railroads and emancipates serfs—a splendid example on every side. Spain closes the year with a declaration of war against African neighbors, whom it will crush out, and whom, on account of their historical antecedents, the world will not pity. With regard to Great Britain, it will take the year to have buried in the tear of the Great Terror about a French Invasion. The course of the English during the Indian or political questions of the day has somehow attracted the ill-will of both or all parties, and ever since then have been alternately quailing and insulting before the enemies from France—the very last thing any sane Frenchman would contemplate. Meanwhile Ireland has continued to improve, and to be more and more to the English people than foreign politics) has remained stationary.

The year 1859 will be memorable for important changes in Asia. The Indian mutiny has been outwardly quelled. A change in the form—but no change in the substance—of the British Government in India has taken place, and a chronic financial crisis has succeed to the wars. Fresh alleged, but wrong annexations have given enormous expensive now thrown on the Government, are imperative. China has again thrown down the gauntlet to the West, and war in the new war is commencing, with no great prospect of present results. Experience shows that our intercourse with China is not likely to be of the trusted beyond the range of British or American cannon. Nothing short of the armed occupation of Pekin can enforce it. This is not likely to be soon effected, and is likely to become a safe intercourse with the people of that empire.

In Japan, however, is, as usual, a prey to revolution. Paraguay has made nominal amends for her outrages on our citizens, and a treaty for her future conduct is on the point of signature. War and revolution rage at Buenos Ayes, in Chili, in Venezuela, New Granada, and Bolivia. Brazil alone pursues a tranquil course of prosperous commerce. Mexico continues to be the prey of the priesthood and the Church of the Church, now under that of the Liberals; several United States citizens have been murdered with impunity, and we have not yet received a final solution of the difficulty as to our statement as ever. Nicaragua sinks into insignificance, and keeps clear of revolutions. Peru, on the contrary, pursues a peaceful career, increasing yearly in population and wealth.

In the United States 1859, has slowly recovered from the crisis of 1857. The year 1858 was one of liquidation; 1859 witnessed the beginning of many of our forties. But for the crisis, which checked all mercantile operations, the work would have now been far advanced as it is, much within a few years of completion. The financial money has been cheap at all the financial centres, and very few new enterprises have been undertaken. As a general rule, the industries of trade have been dull both in England and in the United States. Over-importations deprived many of our foreign merchants of their usual profits on their dealings last fall; the prospect is fair for still more serious losses from the same cause next spring. Should the mercantile world enjoy another year of tranquility, and no check to remunerative gains from financial embarrassments on the part of banks and other connected institutions, 1860 will leave us well prepared for a period of great commercial activity. Thank Providence, the crops of 1859, both North and South, were unusually bountiful; both cotton and breadstuffs are abundant, and command prices which counteracts the growers handsomely. With this basis to go upon, our commercial future would be sure were the banks and the importers kept within the bounds of moderation.

THE LATE HON. THEODORE SEDGWICK.

We were in hopes that we should have been able to present our readers with a portrait of the late Hon. Theodore Sedgwick, who was for a long period a co-laborer of ours in this journal. But neither Mr. Sedgwick's family nor his friends possess any likeness of the deceased; to the last of our belief no authentic portrait of him is in existence. Many years ago, when he actually held office, Mr. Sedgwick to have his likeness taken for our use. His laughing refusal, declaring that we should not publish him with his consent. His modesty prevented other friends from obtaining the same favor.

Mr. Sedgwick was at this late day the last, literally, that the late Theodore Sedgwick was born in the year 1780. He was, in the very of eminence; his grandfather was the famous Chief Justice Sedgwick of Massachusetts, who was at one time Speaker of the House of Representatives, and subsequently a Judge of the United States Supreme Court. He was a lawyer of the old school—learned, quick-minded, and gifted with natural eloquence.

The late Mr. Sedgwick had attained his majority he went to Paris as Secretary of Legation under Mr. Livingston. There he enjoyed the society of many of the best men of the day, and contracted many friendships which lasted throughout his life. The late Daniel De Tocqueville, among others, he was closely intimate; they corresponded regularly until his death. De Tocqueville had come into office, Mr. Sedgwick was one of the few persons to whom he confided his melancholy foreboding of the fate of the future of France. His illness welcomed into the last society in England—Lord Macaulay, Hallam, Grote, Milman, and other leaders of the British bar he was on terms of delightful intimacy. No American was ever more welcome in London than he found that Mr. Sedgwick.

On his return to this country he commenced the practice of the law, in which he soon attained a large and lucrative practice. In the midst of it, he indulged his literary aptitudes by writing for the "North American Review" and by editing two legal works "On the Measure of Damages" and on "Constitutional Law," both of which are valuable. These latter were eminently successful, and are now text-books, not only in this country but in England and France. On the political questions of the day he wrote copiously, and with his usual force in the columns of the *New-York Evening Post*. Politically he was in politics a conservative, or National Democrat, but with none of the party bitterness so often connected with Politicians. He carried among his intimate friends many members of the Republican party, and all of the political documents made by Mr. Buchanan in this section now was more popular with all parties than that of Mr. Sedgwick in the Cabinet. Before District Attorneyship, he took a lively interest in every movement which had for its object the development of civilization; he was, as is known, President of the New York Crystal Palace, and took a prominent part in many other similar undertakings.

If we were to seek to characterize his political life, we should say that he was a man of *true principles*. He was a practical man—trained and bred in the practical school, and always ready to sacrifice theories to the rule of practicability results. He believed that all human governments were based on certain principles and certain maxims; and that an attempt to build up a society or a nation on an abstract ineffable doctrinal basis was the height of folly, despotism and revolution. Hence his course on the great controversy which raged in the country from 1850 to 1856. He opposed him to the malignant abuse of extremists, was as fair golden opinions from conservatives on all sides. He never received him more than the senseless abuse of political opponents which used to be poured out upon Washington, Jefferson and the Pierce Administration. "Such a paper," he used to say, "is a nuisance and a disgrace to the country."

He was decorously attached to his profession, which he loved for its own sake, and in which, from the election of judges filled him with disgust, and he labored faithfully and energetically to have the system changed. He was a rivalist of the bar in his ways spoke with appreciative kindness; no one more popular than the late Charles O'Conor, Van Buren, Field, Brady, or Noves more heartily than he. His own legal abilities were good, though, latterly, ill-health had prevented him from a love of business, denied him more inefficient to practice than he had been at an early age.

He was emphatically a gentleman, in the old sense of the term. He loved the society of the finest, the elegant, the polished. The virtues and frauds of politics he shrank from with horror. No party convention ever saw him lose his temper, or conceal his sentiments, or adopt a subterfuge, or hide his loathing of rufflanism and profligacy. He was a man to be loved, to be honored, to command race or faith; but, as might have been expected in Sedgwick, he chose his own society, and chose it well.

For many months he may have foreseen his impending death. The death of his wife, which was taken from him a couple of years since, affected him very severely. He was subject to attacks of that most terrible disease—neuralgia—and soon months before he died was incapacited from attending to business. Not many weeks since he called on us, and laughingly observed that he came to make a contract to correspond for *Harper's Weekly* in Europe, as he must go abroad if he wanted to save his life. His last composition for the public era appeared in this journal. We have lost in him a most gifted and conscientious colaborer, and a powerful and vigorous writer.

Mr. Sedgwick died at Stockbridge, Massachusetts, at the old seat of his family, on 8th December, 1859. His decease has been noticed by all the courts in the city; his memory will be cherished as long as honesty, gentleness, and manhood are esteemed among the members of the bar.

THE LOUNGER.

NEW YEAR.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR! A happy New Year! And certainly the newest year ought to be the happiest of all years. And why? Because certainly, reckoning by the number of years, the world ought by this time to be a pretty happy old world. It has lived so long, and seen so much, and suffered so much! Truly, if there be any virtue in life, if it be not altogether sometimes and a vexation of spirit, the world ought by this time to have discovered a secret of happiness.

The world, what is it? Only you and me and a billion more. The world, of which we talk so lightly, as if it were a distinct something outside of us, is only something of which we are the constituent parts. When we are all, the world is all. When we are all happy, the world is happy. So if it is not a happy old world, whose fault is it? If it have fallen short of the secret of happiness, who is to blame?

A happy New Year! Yes, and it falls on Sunday this time—a double holiday. And in the next where, perhaps, you last love to sit; from the window, to which, perhaps, you love to look, there you will hear the golden words, that it is you who carry the secret of happiness in your own consciences.

The world is never to blame; it is only ourselves. If we fail, it is because we mistook success. If we do not succeed, it is because we looked for something outside instead of in us. The world is not what we externally get, but what we internally gain.

Let every man mend himself and the world will be mended. That will be a happy New Year all round!

FREE SPEECH.

In a country without an army of any importance the influence of public opinion must be upon the sense of law. And it fortunately happens that, as a people, we have a stronger feeling a surer instinct for law than any other. For this reason public opinion in danger only for some very different reason. Of course when they are excited there is no reason at all; but even then a firm, armed opposition in the interest of order and law is extremely calming.

In many a foreign city a mob is dangerous, because the intelligent classes who compose it as a mob, or rather more, to gain by social subversion or confusion than they have by letting things stay as they are. They are fighting for a change that really concerns their own welfare. But nobody fights very hard for a thing attracting, and the very few choice heroes in history. Nobody fights very hard because he is hired to do it by other people, who feel that their interests are attacked in some way.

Free speech of things provides a safety-valve of popular indignation in free speech. The right of the people peaceably to assemble and discuss their grievances is the right claimed on the practical good sense, as well as by political sagacity. If there were no such right, the people, in a wrongful pipe is always relieved by squirting.

And of course the first effort of despotism is the suppression of free speech. The British and Government of Virginia used to try it; and in doing it they lighted the matches of the flames of the Revolution. Grand old Patrick Henry used to thunder and lighten, down in Virginia, until the very air was charged with fire and sword in the sun. You remember the famous scene in the House of Burgesses. The orator was swinging about him the great sources of his eloquence, reminding the members and the King's Majesty of Cæsar, of Cromwell, and of the fate. "And George the Third—" said he. "Treason! treason! Mr. Speaker," cried a hundred voices. The orator waited until they had done. "And George the Third may profit by their example. If that be treason, make the most of it!" cried the triumphant orator.

It is a very old story, but a very good one, for it was just the spirit in which the speech of Vane, and James Otis in New England—of the Sons of Liberty in New York—of the Mecklenburg Convention in North Carolina—and of the Boston Committee in Georgia, that inspired the Revolution. And all these assemblies have been what the Revolution would have been incalculably delayed.

With our general intelligence, and the universal habit of reasoning and debating every great question, the right of free speech is unavoidably conceded. And, usually, fanatical, foolish, and a madman—but let him speak. It is a great deal better to know what he thinks and means, by his saying it, than by his acting it. The men who talk are only indirectly dangerous. It is the men who do who are the ones to be immediately feared.

Moreover the men who talk are they who believe unanly in moral, and not in material, influences. They are the conductors of popular public opinion, prevent a recourse to violence. Always of speech, as of the press—theoretically, fallacious will be, of course, becomes men are men. But an abuse of speech can be so bad as its repression. Look at Austria, Lombardy, Spain!

RAILROAD MANNERS.

ZOROASTER wishes to know whether it is not the duty of a conductor of a railroad train to keep order among the passengers—and whether he ought to allow a party of men to sit playing cards and shouting and screaming with laughter, when invalid women and children may be sitting in the same car.

Certainly the conductor ought to have that power, and he ought to exercise it. There seems to be no objection to a party of people playing cards in the car if they want to. But their loud laughing and shouting is an undoubted nuisance. If people are not allowed to smoke tobacco in the car,

they certainly should not be suffered to be uproarious.

Perhaps all these little inconveniences and differences of sense of what is fair in a public carriage will gradually lead railroad companies to allow the passengers' money to buy the same choice which it buys in every thing else; so that if a party of friends or relatives wish to sit together and travel by themselves, without trailing their garments in good neighbor Bridget's saliva, or losing their seats when they step out for a drink of water, they may do so without being necessarily considered purse-proud aristocrats.

PARTING.

Oh! was I born in some wild year,
Whieh gives prophetic power,
That I no long should feel and fear
The coming of this hour?

I know such joy would flow to me
As never might be again:
I know this Love's intensity
Would bring me deadly pain.

All night the sea with weary roar
Told of its yearning duty:
All night I saw him pace the shore,
He could not rest or sleep.

My heart prayed all the holy night,
Although my lips were dumb:
I feared to greet the morning light,
I knew my hour was come.

In the broad day we calmly met,
Was with our sight and
Their solemn spell oppressed us yet,
Where all was gay and glad.

We could not part with idle jest,
With manner light and frank,
When life within our wild unrest,
And His without, a blank.

We gave one moment, and the last,
A silent prayer to pray—
To consecrate the sacred past,
That sighed to fly away.

One glance those features to entrance
Those smiles which once it wore,
Then covered up the sweet, dead face
With reverence sore more.

C. O. SIKESTRALLA.

NIGHTINGALE HOUSE, Nov., 1859.

WOMEN AND WORK.

A SUBJECT which has excited a great deal of discussion, and which has taken the various shapes are constantly recognizing more and more, has just received most thoughtful treatment, and therefore a treatment full of practical results, in a small hand-some volume of only 184 pages, by Mrs. Dall, published by Walker, Wise, & Co., Boston.

The question is not treated by her in the manner of the Woman's Rights Conventions, that is by declamation and appeals; but in a calm presentation of copious facts, lasted upon very careful study and observation. She is more a writer of books than that of thought. She is willing to allow for the pressure of habit and adverse taste. But starting from the fact, which is practical, that most of woman in the world have to support themselves, and that at least half of the hard work is done by them, she insists that the real problem is not so much money to help the needy—whether men or women—but to help them to help themselves. She shows from Dr. Sanger's terrible book of New York misery, and Mayhew's Statistics in London, and Duchatelet, and other eminent authorities, that the few avenues of employment open to women force upon her the fatal problem of Death or Dishonor: and then meeting the question boldly whether women are not poorly paid because they are poor workers, she shows that it is not so the difficulty lies in a want of respect for women as workers, based upon other considerations than their individual ability—and then a jealousy of them as the part of other laborers.

By showing what women have done, and what they are now doing, she reminds us how many spheres might be filled by them, and with great bravely into enumeration and detail: nor does she forget to allude to the moral amelioration of efforts that would accrue upon a more general application of women in the higher work of the world. The book concludes with some practical hints by which the young women of a happier fortune in life, and who are constantly asking what they can do in the matter, may find something to do. The whole work is prepared in the most earnest, practical, intelligent spirit. She does not forget that in the order of nature there are peculiar cares that fall upon women. But she does not also forget—what is so universally forgotten—that not merely women, whether mothers or not, the necessity of labor is nearly half. "EVERY employments are open to them," she says, "but all are underpaid." And she believes that they will always be underpaid until women of the higher classes, by engaging in some kind of work, create a respect for women's labor: and remember she is higher classes never will do this until "American men feel what all American men profess—a proper respect for labor as God's own demand upon every human soul."

The spirit of this little book is so candid, its tone is so earnest, and it is so thoroughly based on actual facts and comparisons, that it properly challenges the consideration of all thoughtful men and women. Whether you agree, or whether you differ, you will hardly deny, when you have read it, that this is the way in which the question is to be discussed.

MOB-LAW.

THIS is dangerous law because it is double-edged. It is a sword that can cut both ways. When people are much interested in a question, and divided into two parties, they will naturally be impatient of each other; but whichever throws the first brick is responsible for all the bricks thrown. A's hand is weaken to-day, but B's turn comes to-morrow.

If there are not two parties but only one man against a crowd, then the crowd carry it, of course. They break a head, but they build a party. For, say what you will, there is an instinct of fair play. If a big dog picks on a little one, every honest fellow helps the little one all he can; and if a man gets his head broken for saying what he honestly thinks, the same honest fellow instinctively says, "The man's a fool, but he has as good a right to think his thoughts and say them as any body else."

But, you ask, will a wise, patriotic man preach a mob?

Not if he can honestly help it. But to retire before the threat of a mob, what is that but to surrender the right of free speech, which in no particular case may be of no importance at all, but which as a principle is inestimable. What Mr. Jones thinks of any subject is probably indifferent to every body but Mrs. Jones and his family. But Jones is a citizen, and the first right of all citizens is to discuss all public matters; and if a mob say to Jones, "We don't care any thing about you, but we won't let you say what you think," then they do not threaten Jones, who is nobody, as much as the whole community, which is every body. Because if little Jones shall not say what he thinks, the mob will say, to-morrow, to that great man, Smith, that he shan't say what he thinks. And then where are you?

Where?

In a reign of terror.

Read Dickens's "Tale of Two Cities," and you will see precisely where you are. Instead of a tyrant, who is a serpent with one head, you have a tyrant who is a hydra—a serpent of many heads. And it is only a question of time when those heads shall be cut off. The French reign of terror was only a mob on permanence, and ruled until a beneficent cause put the finishing touch to the system of tyranny.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—E. M. S. The tribute to Irving is affectionate, but not suited for the Lounger.

—OBITUAL. Washington Irving was never married. Both Mr. Everett and Mr. Bancroft, in their remarks upon occasion of his death, allude to an early disappointment. Irving was engaged to be married, and the lady died. In his "Sweetest Abbey" he speaks of Byron and Mary Chaworth, and says that not only the unfortunate attachment, however grievous it may be to the heart, is of inestimable advantage to the poet. It is the unfailing well of sweet and bitter fountains.

—"A woman in White" is not the "Queen of Hearts." They are both by White Collins, who is also the author of "Antonina," "Armadale," and "The Dead Secret."

—EUCHRE DANTER begs us to add a "marble column" to the Weekly on the grounds following: to which Bath is to say:

"*First.* It is an active and healthy amusement.

"*Second.* It gives to the player, in different degrees of success, a greater perception and intuitive knowledge of human nature, cleanness, and rapidity in the operations of the mind, (for instance), which one strikes the other with greater or less velocity, that they may be ready at a call's in any pulmer manner.

"*Third.* When playing for *keeps*, it gives an artificial existence of loss and gain to boys who never learned it in any other way.

"*Fourth.* In case of disappointment in love or study, it has a tendency to remove timidity in oratorical powers, and enlarge the lungs."

—EUCHRE is a dilemma. He loved—perhaps loves—a lady. She loved him, and was to have his daguerreotype. He promised it, but was too occupied to do it, keep his promise? Eugene, say to her, with the L—— in your hand, and a smile on your lip, that you will be satisfied when I promised it, the picture and the original are at your feet. If not, say to her nothing, but write words; but you will find that the two little nots at the end will undo the great knot of the difficulty.

—T. N. P. Many thanks for your thanks for the verses but they are not quite the thing.

—WIDGLESWORTH asks what is the meaning of the verses of "Widgleswort to Nature" in the poem "Timothy Dobson, who drove a job-wagon between Cambridge, in England, and London, was born in 1756. He was a shrewd, honest man who made money: and seeing that students were fond of riding and driving he invested money in horses, and in time became the owner of the first man in England who ever let out hackney horses. He had forty horses, and it was there was no rival he did not do as close; and it was the rule of the stable that whenever cattle must take the horses into the door. Hence "this or none." Wigglesworth will find an interesting account of Dobson in Nichols's Anecdotes of Bibliography." Dobson was an old man of eighty when Milton went to Cambridge.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

TRUMPS

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS

CHAPTER XC.

WRITING A HAND.

ARDE NEWT'S black eyes glared as he ran his fingers through his hair. Wayne Wyvern was now nothing, he heard nothing in the street: he was conscious of one very powerful sense of vengeance. Upon whom? For what?

He had been busy enough during the night hours of Lawrence Newt's absence in writing upon his skill. The first lesson he had given himself in exercise abolished him as a model of success. Business, society, dissipation, had wearied while they amused and occupied. There was a sense of latent rust all the time; a feeling that his real capacity was immured. He was vaguely conscious that his talent was a steam-engine turning a child's wind mill. As yet it was power without an adequate purpose.

Disaster conspired with ennui, disappointment, suspicion, and consequent hatred, to give him an object. From this night when he sat shrouded in absolute privacy, writing his uncle's name, he had plunged down a more precipitous descent of dissipation and desperation.

Hope Wayne had been impressed with this, not knowing how or why. Through her heart there swept sometimes a keen yearning of pity, like a half-muffled cry of despair across a bright placid day. She remembered that in all his career, so far as she knew it, there had seemed to be no holds for him as he dashed along. Like a victim slipping off a cliff, who can clutch no shrub, nor even seize the ground; like a man swept along a fresher, who can touch nothing but the raging stream, so he seemed to her wildly drifting from the beginning: no friendly hand, or heart, or voice unstretched to him, like a green bough, to grasp and swing himself to shore.

Why he more than another? What had Gabriel more than Abel? What had Lawrence? She answered her own question as she asked them; for she knew the Bennet home, and now she knew that Lawrence Newt had always exercised in his heart a keen image and memory, like a heaven-lighted lamp burning in a shrine. In her chamber at his thought and prayed, so she wept for Abel Newt. With her old friend Mrs. Spence she talked and wondered and planned and despaired to help him. Her old friend stimulated every effort; for she said to herself that Hope's order for Abel was only the invention of her own deep disappointment; and that she conquered her own grief by invently relieving the tragedy of another. "I will divert her mind, poor child. It will keep her heart from breaking."

At length Abel was satisfied with his own skill. He had succeeded in writing his Uncle Lawrence's name so perfectly that even his uncle himself might be deceived. It was the night after the dinner party, and he sat and bit excitingly and fiercely covering sheet after sheet of paper with the exact signature of Lawrence Newt.

"There is the key to my fortune," he muttered, as he rose and walked in his room. "That little line of ink opens your strong coffers, Lawrence Newt. That charm makes me your master. Now your insolent morality and domineering goodness shall be paid off. I am your master, Sir; your master, and through you the master of the woman whose pride scorns and tramples me. 'Men like you are not hard to fall,' he said, remembering Belch's note.

"And, after all, it is only a game," he resumed, still moving about his room, and opening and shutting his hand rapidly. "Every body plays; and the devil take the hindmost. If I can't overreach others they will overreach me, and they with their dependents, and so on to the man who grows the stuff from which the goods are made. Father was right enough at bottom. It's all one whether a man is cheated one way or another. Lawrence Newt's money is not mine. But, good Heaven! is a customer's money mine, any more, to whom I sell poor goods? It's only another turn of the cards; another trick in the game. The knave is trumps."

Still his hand played, the fingers worked, he seated himself, and the argument went silently on.

The night deepened and darkened without. The clouds hung heavily, blotting out the stars. The wind that stole along the streets and round the corners of the city began to moan, and whisper, and wail, and rise and die in long, hollow murmurs. Still the minutes passed, and it began to swell and beat as if it had substance like a sea, and were submerging the earth. It shook the windows and shook the casements and the blinds with rattling fury, and roared down the chimney, so that the smoke burst into the room affrighted, and hovered in tremulous clouds along the ceiling, shrinking from the blast. The night was in loud uproar, while the storm dashed and whirled and piled and drifted the snow that seethed, like foam, against the window, and completed the feeling of the sea.

With the sound of the snow came a sense of profound retirement—of deserted streets—of blinded, beleaguered travelers—of the whole world of life crouching and cowering away into its various lairs and homes, and at last a thought of utter solitude; as if life had ceased outside, and the very eye of eyes were forgetful and closed.

Abel Newt sat in grim apathy; partly conscious of the storm and of his own impression, but carefully following some argument in his mind of which he was a little actively aware.

Yet he rose, and going to the writing-table seated himself again, and with a perfectly firm hand covered another sheet of paper—after upon the back he wrote the name of Lawrence Newt—so that Hope Wayne herself would have been deceived, and thought it his own signature. Then he went quietly to bed.

CHAPTER XCI.

THE LOST IS FOUND.

THE guests arrived early at Lawrence Newt's dinner. They were not many, and they knew

A LOST LOVE.

So fair, and yet so desolate;
So weak, and yet so young;
Oh, there is grief too deep for tears,
Too wail'd for tell-tale tongue!
With a faded flower in her hair,
Poor little head, so white!
And dim blue eye, from her casement high
She looks upon the night.

Only a little rosebud—
Only a simple flower—
But it brought to me a sweet'ning
Through many a lone, lone hour.
As they float from her fever'd touch away,
The petals wither'd and brown,
All the hopes she deem'd too bright to be dream'd
Sink trembling and fluttering down.

It needs no bush of the Present
To call back the sweet calm Past;
The lightest summer murmuring
May be heard through the wintry blast;
And the wind is rough with sob and with sough
To-night upon gable and tree,
Till the note-less aloes wail like spectres pale,
And the pines like a passionate sea.

But she thinks of a dreamy twilight
On the garden walk below,
Of the laurels whispering in their sleep,
And the white rose in full blow.

The early moon had sunk away
Like some pale queen, to die
In the crisply thread of an opal cloud
To the June air's tremulous sigh.

All, all too frankly real;
The soft subdued eclipse,
Hand in hand, and heart in heart,
And the thrill of the wedded lips;
Those tender memories, how they Rich
Pale cheek and brow again,
Though time be changed, and lip estranged,
That swore such loving thou!

'Tis but the old, old story
Sung so often in vain:
For man all the freedom of passion,
For woman the calm and the pain.
Tell it the soul whose grief is rend
In the rear, pale sufferer fate,
It will still cling on to a love that is gone
With the warmth of its first embrace.

Oh, 'tis well for the careless spirit
To weave in the web of rhyme,
And prison the idle memories
That float on the breath of time;
But better for many an aching heart,
If ever it might to so,
To forget, for ever the light that has set,
And the dreams of long ago.

"MARTHA! YOU DID NOT COME TO ME!"

and loved each other. It was a whim of Lawrence's to give dinners; to have them good, and to ask only the people he wanted, and who he thought would enjoy themselves together.

"I was a long time in society," he said to Mrs. Bennet as they stood by the fire, "before I discovered that it was not society. There are a good many people who have not yet found it out."

Mrs. Bennet looked round the room and saw all that were dear to her. But as her eyes fell upon Edward Wynne talking earnestly to Ellen, the curious likeness of his face to that of her lost sister struck her so forcibly that she turned suddenly to her companion as if to ask a question.

His eyes were following hers; his mind was wondering how to effect what he was resolved to do.

The party was not large, Mr. and Mrs. Bennet, Gabriel, and May Newt; Edward and Ellen; Amy Waring, Hope Wayne, and Arthur Merlin.

In reply to Mrs. Bennet's glance Lawrence Newt looked so inquiringly that his companion, checking herself with equal suddenness, replied:

"No, I didn't say any thing."

At the same moment Hope Wayne was called out of the room. Amy Waring was busy with her, and looked very much perplexed when she heard the servant say that a lady wished to see Miss Wayne. But she looked much more perplexed, when, in a few moments, Hope returned with Fanny Newt. The murmur of the room was instantly hushed. May had told Gabriel; and her tender fingers had dressed Fanny and prepared her for a scene to which she was so long unaccustomed.

As Fanny entered there was the look of defiance in her eyes, as if she had put it on outside as an armor. But it melted and fell off when Lawrence came to her and shook her hand kindly and spoke a few words. Still she was silent and stiff, and looked on as if she were trying an experiment.

"I am glad Fanny is here," said Mrs. Bennet. "I do like to see families united."

"Yes," replied Lawrence, with his eyes fixed upon Edward—this time Mrs. Bennet followed his; "so often in the chances of life those who are separated and scattered, who are, indeed, as if dead are alive again, and are lost are found."

As he spoke he turned his eyes suddenly from Edward Wynne to Mrs. Bennet. They were evidently both thinking of the same thing.

"You," continued Lawrence Newt, answering a question which had not been asked, "I have often observed it. It is a mistake to believe."

They still looked at each other. Mrs. Bennet's lip trembled.

"Does it seem to you so very long ago that we used to play together, Lucia Darro?" he asked.

"No, and yet I have lived a life since then," she answered, and stopped as if something were left unsaid.

"So have we all," he replied; and involuntarily his eyes wandered away to Amy Waring.

And here were fastened upon him, and could not turn away as his met them, but gazed at him with a frank calmness that brought the tears into his, for he remembered Aunt Martha's words which had never been silent in his mind since she spoke them, but forever repeated themselves in ceaseless music, "Amy Waring loves you."

"How much," he said, quietly, as he turned to Mrs. Bennet, "Edward Wynne looks like your sister Martha!"

It was the first time Mrs. Bennet had heard her sister's name mentioned by any stranger for years. But Lawrence spoke so calmly and naturally as if Martha Darro had been the subject of their conversation.

"Poor Martha!" said Mrs. Bennet, sadly, "How mysterious it was!"

Her husband saw her as she spoke, and he was so struck by the mournfulness of her face that he asked quietly over.

"What is it?" he said, gently.

"For my son who was dead is alive again. He was lost and is found," replied Lawrence Newt, solemnly.

Mrs. Bennet looked troubled, startled, almost frightened. The words were full of significance, the tone was not in the melody. She looked at Lawrence Newt with incredulous eagerness. He shook his head assentingly.

"Alive?" she gasped rather than uttered.

"And well," he continued.

Mrs. Bennet closed her eyes in a silent prayer. A little sob or sweet stole over her matronly face that Lawrence Newt did not fear to say.

"And now you come with me!"

They left the room together; and Amy Waring, who had had not secret for the day as well as Hope Wayne, rose, to Hope's surprise, and followed her aunt from the room.

The three stopped at the door of Lawrence Newt's study.

"Your sister is here," said he, and Amy and he remained outside while Mrs. Bennet entered the room.

It was more than twenty years since they had met, and they clasped each other silently and wept for a long time.

"Martha!"

"Lucy!"

It was all they said; and wept again quietly.

Aunt Martha was dressed in sober black. Her face was very composed; it was a handsome that came with morbid zeal was mellowed, and the sadness of experience softened it.

"I have lived not far from you, Lucia, all these long years."

"Martha! and you did not come to me?"

"I did not dare. Listen, Lucia. If a woman has done a great deal of wrong, and has committed and gloried in the power of gratifying it—who conquered men and loved to conquer them—who was a woman of subtlety and of indomitable pride, should encounter—as how often they do!—a man who is her superior—and have been—believing that I had committed the unpardonable sin, and that no punishment could be painful enough?"

Mrs. Bennet looked alarmed.

"No, no; there is no remorse," said her sister, observing it.

"The sun came. I could not resist him. There was a form of marriage. I believed that it was I who had conquered. He left me; my child was born. I appealed to Lawrence Newt, our old friend and playmate. He promised me faithful secrecy, and through him I heard of the tent where Gabriel was at school. Then I withdrew from both. I thought it was the will of God. I felt myself commissioned to a living death. —Send to every friend and kinsman—dead to every thing but my stupendous sin and punishment; and yet consciously close to you, near to all old haunts and familiar faces—lost to them all—lost to my child." Her voice failed, and the tears gushed from her eyes. "But I persevered. The old passionate pride was changed to a kind of religious frenzy. Lawrence Newt went and came to and from India. I was utterly lost. I knew that my child would never know me, for Lawrence had promised that he would not betray me, and he disappeared from his view, gradually came to consider me dead. Then Amy discovered me among the poor souls she visited, and through Amy, Lawrence Newt; and by them I have been led out of the valley of the shadow of death, and set the blessed light of love once more."

She was entirely overcome, and bowed her head in uncontrollable emotion.

"And your son?" said her sister, half-smiling through her sympathetic tears.

"Will he yours also, May tells me," said Aunt Martha. "Thank God! thank God!"

"And Amy, who gave him his name?" asked Mrs. Bennet.

Aunt Martha paused for a little while. Then she said:

"You never knew why my—my—husband was?"

"Never."

"I remember—he never came to the house. Well, I gave my child almost his father's name. I called him Wynne; his father's name was Wayne."

Mrs. Bennet clasped her hands in her lap.

"And how wonderful! how wonderful!" was all she said.

Lawrence Newt knocked at the door, and Amy and he came in. There was so sweet and strange a light upon Amy's face that Mrs. Bennet looked at her in surprise. Then she looked at Lawrence Newt; and he cheerfully returned her glance with that smiling, musing expression in his eyes that was utterly bewildering to Mrs. Bennet. She could only look at each of the persons before her, and repeat her last words:

"How wonderful! how wonderful!"

Amy Waring, who had not heard the previous conversation, blushed as she heard her aunt speak, as if she had been alluding to something in which Amy was particularly interested.

"Amy," said Mrs. Bennet.

Amy could scarcely raise her eyes. There was an exquisite maidenly shyness overspreading her whole person. At length she looked the response she could not speak.

"How could you?" asked her aunt.

Poor Amy was utterly unable to reply.

"Coming and going in my house, my dearest child, and yet hugging such a secret, and holding your tongue. Oh Amy, Amy!"

These were the words of reproach, but the tone and look and impression of entire love and sympathy. Lawrence Newt looked calmly on.

"Aunt Lucia, what could I do?" was all that Amy could say.

"Well, well, I do not reproach you; I blame nobody. I am too glad and happy. It is too wonderful, wonderful!"

There was a fullness and intensity of emphasis in what she said that apparently made Amy suspect that she had not correctly understood her aunt's meaning.

"Oh, you mean about Aunt Martha!" said Amy, with the air of relief and surprise.

Lawrence Newt smiled. Mrs. Bennet turned to Amy with a fresh look of inquiry.

"About Gabriel and I. Of course about Aunt Martha. Why, Amy, what on earth did you suppose it was about?"

Again the overwhelming impossibility to reply. Mrs. Bennet was very curious. She looked at her niece and Martha, who was smiling intelligently. Then at Lawrence Newt, who did not cease smiling. If he were in no perplexity whatsoever. Then at Amy, who sat smiling at her through the tears that had gathered in the thoughtful depths of her brown eyes.

"Let me speak," said Lawrence Newt, quietly. "Why should it still be glad and happy with you? You have found a sister, Aunt Martha has found herself and a son, I have found a wife, and Amy a husband."

Before any body could speak there was another knock at the door. Lawrence opened it, and Edward Wynne and Ellen Bennet came in, with wondering eyes and smiles. The secret had been told to Edward some little time before by the eager Ellen, who had obtained an express dispensation from Aunt Martha, Amy and Lawrence Newt.

They saw at a glance that every thing was explained.

"Come," said Edward, "do you mean to leave us without any dinner except our own curiosity? There is a hungry and an curious people as you ever saw in the dining-room. Won't you come, and relieve them, Mr. Newt?"

"Wonderful! wonderful!" ejaculated Mrs. Bennet again, as the entrance of the blooming Ellen reminded her afresh of her happiness.

They went into the room where they had left the guests, and the story was quietly told to Hope Wayne and the others.

Hope and Edward looked at each other.

Ernest Malcom, who was said, in a low tone, putting out her hand.

Sister Edward the young man, blushing, and his large eyes filling with tenderness.

"And my sister, too," whispered Ellen Bennet, as she took Hope's other hand.

CHAPTER XCII.

REST.

HOPE WAYNE retired to her own room after the eventful dinner. Mrs. Simcoe was sitting up waiting, and greeted her kindly. But she saw some trouble in Hope's eye. She thought the evening-gle had been too much for her. But Hope was musing upon the strange chance which now called her aunt, indeceive her old friend as tenderly as she herself had been misled-ceived by her.

She threw off her cloak and stood by the side of Mrs. Simcoe, holding her hand.

"Aunty, let me see my father's miniature."

It was the first time she had asked for it, and the older woman carefully produced it.

Hope Wayne took it in her hands, while it still hung around her companion's neck. She looked for a long time at the handsome, heartless face, while all she knew of him passed slowly and vividly through her mind.

THE MINIATURE.

"And you believed him?" she asked at length, without raising her eyes.

"Hope, it is your father."

"Yes, but I am my *mother's* daughter," she whispered, almost inaudibly, but with a meaning that Mrs. Simcoe instantly felt. She meant to say she had but one parent.

"Let us be charitable, darling," whispered Mrs. Simcoe, in return, with a trembling, appealing pathos in her voice; "and I think," she added, slowly, almost inaudibly, and with a supplicating deference—"Yes, God help me, I think that he loved me."

Hope Wayne was silent. Must she, of all the world, say what must be said? Yet, if it must be said, how much better that loving lips should say it.

"Aunty, we are all so weak, whom can we trust but one?"

There was something holy in her aspect as she said the words. Her foreshadowing meaning seemed to trickle into the very soul of her companion, who replied with bowed head and piteous voice:

"What is it, Hope—what is it?"

Had Hope Wayne told her what she had learned about Aunt Martha and Edward Wynne. She told it as tenderly as a child consoles her stricken mother. The very tone of her words was balm to the wounds they made. And there was no resistance in the hearer. She sat still with the bowed head, and listened. And, as she listened, she wondered if it were necessary to her perfect trial that the last hope and dream of life should be torn away, and that the faith kept through long, silent years of martyrdom should be proved to be a delusion.

Motionless, bent, and as if breathless, she sat while Hope spoke, and after she was still. Hope Wayne thought of the handsome, heartless face that had been the secret of so many lives, and in the whirl of so many revelations she had scarcely time to remember her own disappointments and griefs.

After a long silence Mrs. Simcoe raised her head, and said, in a calm, untroubled voice:

"'Lord, I believe a rest remains!'"

and repeated the whole of the familiar hymn.

While she was saying it Hope watched her with some apprehension. But it was needless. Mrs. Simcoe gently disengaged the locket from her neck, and held it while she was yet repeating the words, and when she had said the last she looked tranquilly at Hope.

"Every flux of every soul must be severed. I fear now as I look at this miniature, Hope, that I have worn it almost as a talisman. I have clung passionately—perhaps partly unconscious how strongly—to the image of a poor, weak man. I loved him while he lived. Since he died my life has been but a memory of him. I was divorced—" She stopped. The mutual sadness of the tone brought the hot tears to Hope Wayne's eyes. "Yes, I was divorced. But oh, Hope," she said, "be your own Goal!"

She bowed her head upon Hope's shoulder, and it seemed as if her frame would be rent by the convulsive sobs which burst from her. Hope soothed her as well as she was able; but the great torrent, the accumulated feelers of years must have its way, and it was long before she was tranquil. Then she said, placing the miniature in Hope's hand,

"It is yours now, darling. You are his child. And I—dearly, dearly loved him."

There was no more sobbing, and her eyes were dry.

"Come, Hope, dear, it is very late; let us go up."

They kissed each other and went up stairs.

"Those wings are his tender promise. That rest is the peace of heaven," whispered Hope, as Mrs. Simcoe stopped at the door of her room.

"I remember, darling—and I believe."

With these words Mrs. Simcoe closed her door.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, 19th December, in the Senate, the Vice-President being absent, Senator Fitzpatrick was elected President pro tempore by 33 votes, 19 being cast for Senator Hamlin. A resolution was granted to Senator Seward's Investigating Committee. Speeches on the slavery question were made by Senators Pugh, Davis, Lane, and Seward. On Tuesday, Senator Seward concluded his speech. He was succeeded by Senator Wilson, who spoke against Slavery. Hamlin and Logan, Republicans, voted for Senator Crittenden, as follows: For Sherman, 102; Brown, 30; Bingham, 31; Stallworth, 12. Mr. Brooks then, after declaring thanks to his friends, withdrew his name, and another vote was taken, resulting: For Sherman, 109; Bocock, 29; Barksdale, 19; Miles Taylor, 11; Phelps, 16; Stallworth, 6. A third vote was had for Speaker, 110; Bocock, 31; Barksdale, 32; Bocock, 13; Miles Taylor, 11; Phelps, 16; Stallworth, 6. Necessary to a choice, 113.

On Tuesday 20th, in the Senate, the Homestead Bill was introduced by Senator Simmons, and referred to the Committee. Senator Harlan moved that the rules be made the order of the day for the next session, which was agreed to. Mr. Wilson of Massachusetts introduced a bill to repeal the 12th Amendment, on motion of Senator Seward.——In the House, Mr. Whitney introduced a resolution to pay for his colleague, Mr. Lovejoy, detained at home by illness. Mr. Hickman granted the adoption of the plurality rule. Speeches on the slavery question were made by Messrs. Hickman and Quitman, after which a vote for Speaker was had with this result: For Mr. Sherman, 111; Mr. Bocock, 31; Mr. Barksdale, 31; Mr. Barksdale, 15; Scattering, 41. Another vote showed: For Mr. Sherman, 116; Mr. Barksdale, 31; Mr. Bocock, 31; Mr. Barksdale, 19; Scattering, 33. The third vote was: For Mr. Sherman, 117; Mr. Bocock, 31; Mr. Barksdale, 31; Scattering, 42. Necessary to a choice, 113. The House then adjourned.

On Wednesday, the 21st, Senator Grimes presented some notice of a bill to amend the Court of Claims Act, and of another to prevent the mode of conveyance in Point Coates. The standing committees were announced in executive session. Mr. Hunter introduced a bill for appropriating money to facilitate the acquisition of Cuba, Senator Iverson was followed by Senator Bigler. Senators then went into executive session, and adjourned. ——In the House, the debate on the Speakership was resumed by Mr. Davidson, Cobb, Etheridge, Clark, and Quitman, when the House adjourned without a vote. In the session on Thursday, 22d, the debate was resumed by Mr. Millson, a vote for Speaker was had, giving Mr. Sherman, 109; Mr. Millson, 30; Mr. Clingman, 31; Mr. Etheridge, 7; Mr. Davis, 6; Indiana, 4; Scattering, 7. Necessary to a choice, 113. The House then adjourned.

On Thursday, 22d, in the Senate, Senator Iverson presented a bill to relinquish Oregon for the excesses of the Indian wars; Mr. Davis brought up the Pacific Railroad Bill of last session; Mr. Clay, his bill of last session to abrogate Bills being inserted; Mr. Davis, that relative to the Territory of Arizona. Other measures of minor importance were introduced, and the Senate adjourned. In the House, the debate on the Speakership was resumed, and on Tuesday, and that when it does separate, it shall be to the following Friday, and that this shall be done from day to day, January 3. The resolution, notwithstanding certain modifications, was agreed to by 116 to 71. Others were adopted.——In the House, after a desultory discussion between the South Americans and the Republicans, a vote by yeas and nays was had. The eighteenth ballot stood: For Sherman, 115; for Millson, 79; for Gilmer, 1; for Speaker of Indiana, 4; for Adrian, 5; scattering, 6. Necessary to a choice, 113. The nineteenth effort gave for Sherman, 117; for Millson, 69; Gilmer, 31; scattering, 18. The House then adjourned.

WHY THE REPUBLICANS ARE SILENT.

On Thursday, 22d, in reply to a motion that the adjournment over the holidays, Mr. Grow said:

"Before any practical effort was made to organize the House, the discussion of the whole slavery question was forced upon us by the gentlemen on the other side of slavery. They have continued the discussion from its first day to this, and gentlemen from each side of the House have sat with closed lips under the grossest perversions of their intentions ever uttered by any people who claim to be fair-minded. We sit in the House should gross silly misrepresentations of the Republican party and its principles be tolerated. We are ready to propose to go into organization and leave those men to be heard, because the government will not keep its doors open. We are ready to do the plighted faith of the government shall be observed to all men, but above all to the just creditors, who have performed service under written contracts with it.

* * * * * * *

"My friends have seen fit, in which I think they act wisely, to refrain from discussing questions of this character, and to ask that the House make a serious effort to organize by going to business in a grave manner, and not by voting for a Speaker, or receiving propositions for the purpose of debate. I am ready to vote for any man for Speaker, or for special adjustments to be reported after the House has been organized, and you have a quorum here to do the business of the government, but to day stand on the very threshold of bankruptcy.

* * * * * * *

"Now, I ask the friends with whom I co-operate, and I am sure, gentlemen, in that which is right, I shall not attempt; that as to join in discharging those duties we owe here to our constituents under the law of necessity, as we unite in facilitating the adjustments of the oath we are under in the whole country, and to the same extent as that of men whom the faith of your government is pledged to protect and preserve from violence, and who have faithfully performed their part of the contract. I have no authority for making that proposition, but I believe I can be intimated that when the first day of January comes, if you put your shoulders to the wheel, and organize the business of the contracts exacted to you by law for the transaction of the business of the country, and the appropriations of dollars for you on the contracts, they will receive your most earnest support. I say to you, this, if you choose, let the next session of Congress pass away, stand on record as one under the law of Congress and organize the House. Then take the responsibility upon your own shoulders that we have none of it with you. The country looks to you alone, and why not end the correspondence? I am willing to part; we have all along discharged our duty, and my part in this conflict, has been always to secure and to keep the organization of the House. We will consent to no adjustment except as before the House is organized, and the assessment of members, while the business of the country is dragging, and the most important duties and performances of the public service are left unperformed for."

GROW ON THE HELPER BOOK.

"Now, if gentlemen are satisfied with attempting breadcast through the land this pamphlet, which they say is so destructive to their peace and happiness, and they are satisfied to give a circulation to that pamphlet which they say is so destructive to the peace and happiness, than you have pending before this House the report of the select committee of New York would thank you, and did indeed thank you, for the circulation of that report. I have more than a year to get up a circulation for that pamphlet, and they failed to do it. Yet, gentlemen, they failed to do, have attempted and circulated it throughout the length and breadth of the land; and if it be so destructive as you say it is, and if it be so extended to disturb your peace of mind—as, almost to the destruction of your peculiar institutions and so destructive in the region of the Union—then I tell you emphatically that we yourselves are responsible for it, nor for all this has no effect. We have not circulated it to any considerable extent. We have not extended its circulation to the country to be disturbed, in this great and glorious Union to be convulsed; for the purpose of a war, if we have it not in our power to prevent it, as you say it is, as I suppose it was. It can not be, if it is so destructive and treasonable a book and twelve pages of printed matter can disturb the tranquility."

NEW TERRITORY WITH JESUITS.

The United States ship *Savannah* arrived at New Orleans last week from Vera Cruz, with Minister McLane and family, and the Hon. Benito Juarez, President of Mexico, which was ratified on the 14th inst. This treaty guarantees to the United States the right of transit over the Tehuantepec route, the Gulf of Mexico, the free transit of merchandise, free and without duties, and the right to protect the transit routes by force. The United States pays to Mexico for the grant four million dollars, in compensation for the release of duties.

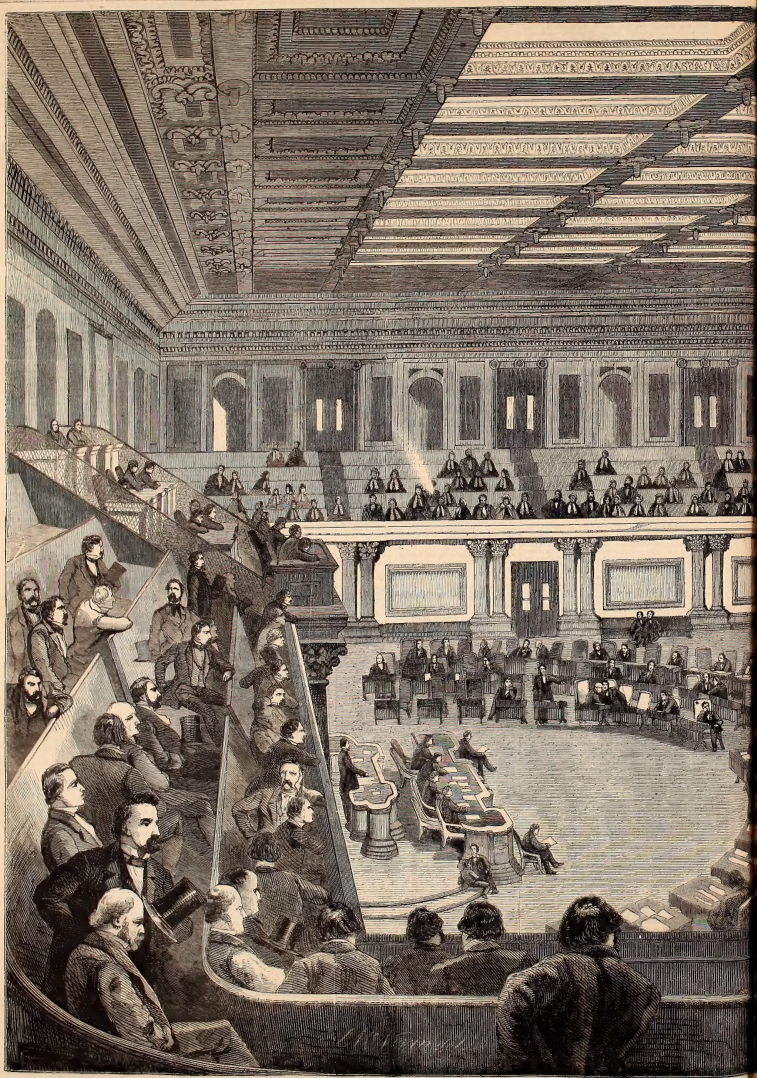
THE CONGRESS TODAY AT BROWNSVILLE.

Our Rome Correspondent, under date December 21, says: "The military are daily having a fete for the military, and the ecclesiastics are daily having a fete for the latter. The military government will cease on the 1st of January, when the civil power will resume its part. The restoration of the civil government and civil rights will be a great boon to the people, especially to the Liberals.

President Buchanan has addressed a note to Andrew Hunter, asking whether Slemons will be tried in the United States Court, or in the State Courts, and what reasonable is give my definite answer, on account of the state of my health, which is very much impaired.

UNION MEETING AT NEW YORK.

The Union meeting at the Academy of Music on Monday night was an immense demonstration of the conservative sentiment of the country. The Hall was filled to overflowing, and the streets in the vicinity were crowded. Resolutions pledging complete Union, but in the subjoining of the Constitution and the enforcement of the laws in all its manner, the rear of artillery, brilliant fire-works and bonfires in the streets. Speeches were made by distinguished men to the effect. Speeches were made by Charles O'Conor, Judge Edmonds, Mr. Ketchum, Mr. Brady, Mr. Cutting, Mr. Bryant, Mr. Cozzens, Mr. Ogden Hoffman



THE UNITED STATES SENATE IN SESS

THEIR NEW CHAMBER.—[See preceding Page.]

LITTLE FRECKLES.

I WAS a most unattractive child, as memory now recalls my little form. Short and fat, with waddling motion, freckled skin, hair red and frizzly, round, bloated cheeks, pug nose, and half-shut eyes. Nature had not been kind to me, nor was I permitted to live unconscious of the fact.

My brothers—gay, thoughtless lads—knew not the injury they were inflicting when they made my personal defects the subject of derision; and those who should have taught them kindly consideration for their little homely sister gave the matter but indolent attention. I was generally known amongst them by the name of "Little Freckles." Had my mind been differently constituted, a lack of ideality would have caused me no concern; but with keen sensibility and much self-esteem my spirit winced under the lightest shaft of ridicule, and in my impotence to redress myself, my heart beat for vengeance. My pride was wounded to the most sensitive point. I knew not whether originally there was any good in my nature—whether I ever possessed any gentle impulses. If I did, they never appeared; they had no room to develop: for as far as my memory can run back, my mind was engrossed between painful rovings over my ill-favored appearance and implacable anger against those by whom my self-love was perpetually wounded.

My sister was a pretty child, with slender form and soft brown hair and eyes. She had "no freckles;" nor of her beauty—that I admired—but of her happiness in possessing the admiration of my parents, from the first, I thought my ugliness declared me. This feeling made me shy and moody; and shrinking from the light of love which I imagined my presence a nuisance, I added to my other ill graces the appearance of sullenness and guile. I loved—but I believed no one loved me. I regarded all as friends of beauty, and consequent enemies of me; and I became misanthropic—misanthropist.

I had reached my tenth year; the bright summer-time had come, and all was gay enjoyment around our rural home, when my mother's sister, with her husband, another of my uncles, and a cousin, paid us a visit. My aunt had no family, though married many years; and it was said she had shed a share of pride that my parents introduced their seven fine children—one all but one, and that one my sister—to her childless home. I was shade, feeling that I had been brought in but to swell the number.

"Well, Ellen," said my father, in his hearty, unique way, "what do you think of the group? Don't you want one of both?"

"Oh yes," replied my aunt, smiling pleasantly, "if you and Fanny can spare us; and it would only have a little girl called after me. Which is she?"

"That's you, Little Freckles," cried brother Bob.

"Here," said my father, drawing me forward; "this is your namesake; but I can not say she very much resembles you."

My quick ear caught a suppressed giggle from the junior circle, which, in addition to my own self-depreciating remark, brought the hot blood to my cheek and a scowl to my brow; but the next moment sensation suddenly stole over me, for my aunt had encircled me with her gentle arm, while with the soft hand of the other she gently put the matted curls from my forehead, and looking kindly in my face, observed—

"Resemble me? Well, she may when she grows up. I can recollect having once been a fat, rosy child, with curls, too. But what is your name, dear?" And bending down, she pressed her warm lips to mine. "Do you think could pa and ma spare you to me?"

"Spare me? Oh yes!" I eagerly exclaimed. "They don't want me at all!" My tone, overcome with the first happy emotions of my life, I dropped my face on her lap and burst into tears.

My mother made no difficulty in giving me up, though she seemed hurt at my willingness to leave her, and painfully recounted upon the many little trials of children, who could turn their backs upon the best of parents in the pursuit of their own ends where. A richer home! I knew nothing about my aunt's wealth. It was the tender embrace, the gentle voice, that drew like loud music to me.

In Washington city, which now became my residence, my person made no more impression upon me than it had done in my Maryland home; but the kind guardianship of my new friends saved me from open rudeness, while they cultivated in me a hope which started no energies, excited my spirit, and made life seem desirable.

The great aim set before me was self-improvement, mentally and bodily. In this my aunt took the tenderest interest. She was not content to bestow upon her attention, she gave herself to my cause, and I gratefully and meekly accepted the sacrifice; her, the scheme gave every promise of success.

Unlike industry, unassuming care gradually produced the desired effect. My mental acquirements began to develop, my outward appearance to improve. I could contemplate myself, not as an increased exertion; no trouble, no difficulty stayed my progress; no lobest of conning art was sealed.

Six years of earnest endeavor and my undeviating project was achieved: the clumsy, stupid child had given place to the graceful and well-polished girl, of whom society would be proud. Not content that I was the same in every house, differing only by improvement. The figure was still short and round, but so exquisitely rounded, so perfectly proportioned in every outline, and the movements, withal, so buoyant, so full of graceful animation, that the admiring eye forgot the claims of slender airiness; the rough, red mop was now a profusion of auburn ringlets, whose silky clusters shaded my face and clustered on my neck; the skin, once lumpy and freckled, was now bleached to ivory whiteness, and smooth and soft as satin; while the darker brow, enriched by intellect, the blue eyes sparkling with mirth, the small mouth, indicating affection and refinement, were well accompanied by full, rosy cheeks, a dimpled chin, and a nose whose slight tendency to a saucy turn just saved the countenance from a haughty expression. Now without the assistance of vanity or coquetry, these personal charms would have been comparatively harmless; but trained in all the arts of coquetry, well versed in the subtle articles of fascination, while skilled in the most showy accomplishments of my sex, I went forth into the world, dazzling with me, well concealed in my bosom, the sin passion, rooted and nourished in my triumphant self-adoration.

And now none saw in my smiling face, my light step, or my varied powers of vows, and the sweet confidence of mutual attachment soothe the pangs of separation, but the secret was interrupted by a servant; a note was put into my hand, and I was again alone. I knew the writing, raised the ensealed paper to my lips, and gently cut the envelope. But what were the words which met my view—which seemed to blind me for the moment, and then call paralyzed my whole being? The note was brief but explicit; the sentences were few but weighty; and even I was an air of cold deliberation. It was instructed by no hasty impulse, no sudden determination, but without the decision of well-arranged plot carefully executed. It was headed, *Four-pennies cough*, and, addressing me by name, proceeded, in the most formal style, to relate, to announce the writer's projected departure. In the next paragraph he informed me that he had heard of me before he had had the pleasure of seeing me; had understood me from the beginning of our acquaintance, and having noticed his tenure against my fascinations, all my coquettish arts had fallen harmlessly around him. He was now leaving me with heart unhurt, feelings untouched, hopes unclouded; and he would be glad to learn that I had been equally triumphant. I sighed that my flirtation should be cause of regret to neither. He concluded by informing me that his engagement with my uncle would prevent his expected to be united in marriage to a beautiful daughter of the South, and engage its services as my domestic servant, with signature in full.

I had been to town two hours that I sat without moving, the note open in my rigid grasp, my eyes glaring on vacancy, while the sensations I underwent were nearly bordering on madness.

Suddenly I started; some street noise aroused me. I sprang to my feet; a sensation the most terrible ever man can crush me. Pride shouted to my mental ear—my blighted heart and shattered hopes must be concealed within my own bosom; the vile wrong must be unknown to all; I must arise alone to, and be avenged. A voyage to Jamaica for me—the property of Mr. Lefevre, and the sum of my life rushed back with headstrong fury. All beautiful visions, all whole luminous rays to pursue, with unrelenting sin, the man who had sported with my love, trampled on my best feelings, and made me the victim of one of my remaining existence.

It was a powerful struggle which I now had to maintain to hide my sufferings from observation, and naught but my own proud, indomitable will could have enabled me to succeed. But success I did; and none who saw my flashing eye and heard my stern voice, during the gayety of the ensuing summer, had the faintest suspicion that my meat was ashes, my drink urine, and my rest the wretchedness of delirium.

Mr. Lefevre's marriage, an account of which appeared in the papers, created no little excitement and surprise. "Miss Dalton has dismissed him," said those who knew me, "and he has run home and married some other flame." My aunt's family visit did disappointed, and said that she had hoped I had been a welcome guest at least. I laughed and kissed her, promised to take a "serious notion" some time—and so the matter ended.

Mr. Lefevre went to Europe on his wedding tour, not returning until it was time to take his seat in the next session of Congress, when the usual sands of miles from home, enjoying that bliss which I was never to know, the measure of his happiness alone could accurately be under my terrible agony; were put into my turning hands.

My countenance of mind and body were strong: yet the fearful strain upon my nervous system, caused by the concealing of intense sufferings beneath a gay demeanor, could not be continued without injury arising; and despite my resolution to bear up, I soon perceived my equanimity waver, my physical vigor abate.

My aunt questioned me in vain; but I laughed at her fears. "The season was good, I said; I was only suffering from ennui.

The crowd was great, in amaze. "I thought you enjoyed life, Celia."

"So I do!" I exclaimed, "but I love variety. I've been but a few annual round of pleasures for the last ten years—city amusements in winter, fashionable watering-places in summer; and now, as the round has been, I am satiated with it; it has become monotonous; I want a change."

"And what is the change you long for?"

"I should like to go South," I promptly replied. The crowd shouted. "Orange-groves and myrtle bowers, smiling skies and balmy breezes, with all the charming things we read of in romance, would be a most delightful change to me in my dear aunt—would they not?"

My aunt could see in this only a child, ridiculed my taste for romance; but she concluded by fondly kissing me, saying she would speak to uncle about it, and if possible the matter was good as settled.

And so in the bright month of September we steamed through the beautiful Ohio, down the lovely Mississippi, and, without halting in New Orleans—whose hot and dusty thoroughfares were empty and silent—we spent on in search of those inviting scenes which antare, assisted by art, had spread along the shores of Lake Pontchartrain.

The remainder I must write rapidly, for the gnawing of remorse upon my passing heart while memory dwells upon this portion of my life causes excruciating pain.

Frederic Lefevre was entirely dependent on a rich bachelor uncle, to whose estates he was sole heir. He left an orphan in childhood, he had been adopted by the wealthy relative, and brought up in ease and idleness, with no more education than enough to fit him for a politician and a gentleman of fortune; and, unacquainted with professional knowledge, unused to enterprise or industrial pursuits, the love of his uncle's favor, and the expectations accruing therefrom, would completely ruin him. This it was not my aim to effect; hence my desire to travel South, to find him whose acquaintance I most desired to make—Frederic Lefevre.

Without entering into details, it is enough to say I found the old man, taught him to love me, and—to the astonishment of all who knew him—never has to this day been able to account for my choice—I married him.

My scheme had prospered, and the punishment of him who had wronged me had commenced. Fifth cousins and third I dropped from the husband's sure hints which shook the old man's confidence in his adopted heir, and I pursued my advantage with unceasing skill, but almost even sufferings in certain dupe to suspect that I had any personal interest in the matter. Sometimes my better angel would stir up tender memories within me, and my passionate heart would years toward the object of its contemplated ruin; but, determined that no kindly feeling should gain sway, I would immediately recur forth that fatal letter of Frederic's, which I kept in a convenient place for such occasions. The reading of these cold, insulting lines always produced a recurrence of the terrible sensations which I had experienced at their first perusal, and with the stinging feelings resting in my soul I would fly to my husband's arms, and, employing those pretty arts which no one could resist, work out my purpose.

It was done! The pampered son of fortune was stripped of his wealth, from prospects, of social supplies, and stood among his proud compers a pauper!

It was in vain he strove to reverse his doom by writing letter after letter of earnest and piteous pleading to his uncle. I watched for every the eloquent distress, but the hand to which the letters were addressed never received them.

Meanwhile I was the apparently fond guest of the gay; and my husband, flattered and delighted with my well-simulated love, was the subject of mess. In New Orleans, where he had an elegant mansion prepared for me, we spent the winter months; and when the return of the fourth of summer seemed the Crescent City to bore me away to his old Alabama home, amidst the flourishing plantations of his wide domain.

I fear the remaining lines will be scarcely legible, for the tears will flow so fast and blind me by my pen, and frightened memory can not find coherent language in which to depict the last dark scene.

I was sitting on the piazza alone; my husband came and sat down by my side. He sighed—laughed. dwelt upon his former love for him, regretted the estrangement that had come between them, expressed a wish for a reconciliation, and, finally, asked me if I would not receive the young man and his wife and family of members of my family. I inquired what had suggested this amiable train of thought, and learned that my ci-devant lover was on the wing for home, and had had an interview with his uncle. Then my brain took fire, my blood boiled, and with a wild, piercing scream at the mystery of my scathed heart burst forth. I know not what I said in those insane moments. I only knew my astonished husband bore all—all I poured on his adopted son—and started, with frenzy in my heart, and a sword in tauntingly hand.

"Now, Sir, bring the gentleman here, if you dare!"

As I sunk back in my seat the old man moved away, but blind excitement prevented my observing the terrible effect of my disclosures upon him. Alas! his more than life had been wrapped up in the fond delusion of his young wife's love!

I am not aware how long had I sat, but the fierce tumult of my soul was wasting when—was I dreaming? Did my eyes, my very eyes, play tricks, seated familiarly, his gaze fixed upon my countenance, was he shorn of all the world I should have there now.

What was he saying? Something about friendship, and kindness, and regrets—and what I heard him not—my senses were bewildered, my heart was aglow, emotions not but undefined filled my breast

"I was to blame in every way," he said; "I was selfish rather than a vigor springs upon his prey the dead sea dove—and, forgetful of my duty to my husband's genius and, struck the young man's head, and Frederic Lefevre was a corpse at my feet.

Of what followed I had but a confused perception; there was running, and a crowd of servants gathered about the murdered and murderer; and, I know, they did it, for he was well-beloved by them all. One fled for a physician, who soon came; the dead was not dead, but his skill, alas! availed no medicine could cure.

The record is painful; while folk came in troops, I only desired to sit on the floor and gaze on that pale, sleeping face; but some ladies, who thought I knew them, led me away from it.

Then there was an inquest and a funeral, a delayed widow and an injured child; and while the owner of the proud estate was a raving prisoner, held down in the house where he had reigned.

And Little Freckles—she lived still. The madness and the murder were my doing; though no one knew it, and conventional sorrow sympathy and tenderness were lavished unsparingly upon me. My aunt and uncle hastened to me in their affection and brought me to go home with them; but what have I to do with peace, or kindness, or any earthly good? here, by the side of him whose reason I destroyed, on the spot where he fell whose blood is on my hands, let me, in tears and penitence and prayer, finish out my bitter cup. I have not seen thirty years; yet I am bowed, and withering, and gray, and have not lived one half my days; and if mercy is not extended to me—

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "AFTER DARK," ETC. ETC.

[Printed from advance proof-sheets purchased from the author exclusively for "Harper's Weekly."]

HARTRIGHT'S NARRATIVE—*Continued.*

XII.

THE exposed situation of the church-yard had obliged me to be cautious in choosing the position that I was to occupy.

The main entrance to the church was on the side next to the burial-ground; and the door was screened by a porch walled in on either side. After some little hesitation, caused by a natural reluctance to reveal myself, independently also of the concealment was to the object in view, I had resolved on entering the porch. A loophole window has been pierced in each of its side walls. Through one of these windows I could see Mrs. Fairlie's grave. The other looked toward the stone quarry in which the sexton's cottage was built. Before me, fronting the porch entrance, was a patch of bare burial-ground, a line of low stone wall, and a strip of lonely brown hill, with the same cloud-shadow hurrying over it before the strong, steady wind. No living creature was visible or audible—and but few by me; no dog barked from the sexton's cottage. The pauses in the dull beating of the surf were filled up by the dreary rustling of the desert trees near the grave, and the cold, faint bubble of the brook over its stony bed. A dreary scene and a dreary hour. My spirits sank fast as I counted on the minutes of the evening in my hiding-place under the church porch.

It was not twilight yet—the light of the setting sun still lingered in the heavens, and little more than the first half hour of my solitary watch had elapsed—when I heard footsteps and a voice. The footsteps were approaching from the other side of the church; and the voice was a woman's.

"Don't you fret, my dear, about the letter," said the voice. "I'll save it to the last quite safe, and the lad he took it from can wait a week. He went his way and I went mine; and not a living soul followed me, afterward—that I'll warrant."

These words strung up my attention to a pitch of expectation that was almost painful. There was a pause of silence, but the footsteps still advanced. In another moment two persons, both women, passed within my range of view from the porch window. They were walking straight toward the grave; and therefore they and their backs turned toward me.

One of the women was dressed in a bonnet and shawl. The other wore a long traveling cloak of a dark blue color, with the hood drawn over her head. At either of the two figures were visible below the cloak. My heart beat fast as I noted the color—it was white.

After advancing about half-way between the church and the grave they stopped; and the woman in the cloak turned her head toward her companion. But her side face, which a bonnet might now have allowed me to see, was hidden by the heavy projecting edge of the hood.

"Mind you keep that comfortable warm cloak on," said the same voice which I had already heard—the voice of the woman in the shawl. "Mrs. Fairlie is right about your looking too particular, yesterday, all in white. I'll walk about a little, while you're here; church-yards bring not at all in my way, whatever they may be in yours. Finish what you want to do before I come back; and let us be sure and get home again before night."

With those words she turned about, and, retracing her steps, advanced with her face toward me. It was the face of an elderly woman, brown, rugged, and healthy, with nothing dishonest or suspicious in the look of it. Close to the church she stopped to pail her shawl closer round her.

"Queer," she said to herself, "always queer, with her whims and her ways, ever since I can remember her. Harmless, though—as harmless, poor soul, as a little child."

She sighed; looked about the burial-ground nervously; shook her head as if the dreary prospect by no means pleased her; and disappeared round the corner of the church.

I doubted for a moment whether I ought to follow and speak to her, or not. My intense anxiety to find myself face to face with her companion helped me to decide in the negative. I could insure seeing the woman in the shawl by waiting near the church-yard until she came back—although it seemed more than doubtful whether she could give me the information for which I was in search. The person who had delivered the letter was of little consequence. The person who had written it was the one centre of interest, and the one source of information; and that person I was fully convinced was before me in the church-yard.

While these ideas were passing through my mind, I saw the woman in the cloak approach close to the grave, and stand looking at it for a little while. She then glanced all round her, and, taking a white linen cloth or handkerchief from under her cloak, turned aside toward the brook. The little stream ran into the church-yard under a tiny arch-way in the bottom of the wall, and ran out again, after a winding course of a few dozen yards, under a similar opening. She dipped the cloth in the water, and returned to the grave. I saw her kiss the white cross; then kneel down before the inscription, and spread her cloth to the cleansing of it.

After considering how I could show myself with the least possible chance of frightening her, I resolved to cross the wall before me, to skirt round it outside, and to enter the church-yard again by the side near the grave, in order that she might see me as I approached. She was so absorbed over her employment that she did not hear me coming until I had stepped over the stile. Then she looked up, started to her feet with a cry, and stood facing me in speechless and motionless terror.

"Don't be frightened," I said. "Surely you remember me?"

I stopped while I spoke—then advanced a few steps gently—then stopped again—and so approached by little and little, till I was close to her. If there had been any doubt still left in my mind it must have been now set at rest. There, speaking affrightedly for itself—there was the same dark complexion as that of Mrs. Fairlie's grave, which had first looked into mine on the high road by night.

"Don't you remember?" I said. "We met very late, and I helped you to find the way to London. Surely you remember that night?"

Her features relaxed, and she drew a heavy breath of relief. I saw the new life of recognition stirring slowly across the deathlike stillness in which fear had set on her face.

"Don't speak to me, for mercy, so me just yet," went on. "Take time to recover yourself—take time to feel quite certain that I am a friend."

"I know you are very kind to me," she murmured. "As kind now as you were then."

She stopped, and looked about on my side. I was not granting time for composure to her only, I was gaining time also for myself. Slowly, I was gaining time also for myself. Slowly, with a strange, wild, strained light, that woman and I were met together again; a grave between us, the dead and the innocent silent and closing us round on every side. The time, the place, the circumstances under which we now stood inch of the progress I might yet make now depended. I tried hard, as I felt this, to possess myself of all my resources; I did succeed in the turn the few moments for reflection to the best account.

"Are you calmer, now?" I said, as soon as I thought it time to speak again. "Can you talk to me without feeling frightened, and without forgetting that I am a friend?"

"How did you come here?" she asked, without noticing what I had just said to her.

"Don't you remember my telling you, when we last met, that I was going to Cumberland? I have been in Cumberland ever since; I have been staying all the time at Limmeridge House."

"At Limmeridge House!" Her pale face brightened as she repeated the words; her wandering eyes fixed on me with a sudden interest. "Ah, how happy you must have been!" she said, looking at me eagerly, without a shadow of the former distrust left in her expression.

I took advantage of her newly-aroused confidence in me, to observe her face, with an attention and a curiosity which I had hitherto restrained myself from showing, for caution's sake. I looked at her, with my mind full of that other lovely face which had so ominously recalled her to my memory on the previous moonlight. I had seen Anne Catherick's likeness in Miss Fairlie. I now saw Miss Fairlie's likeness in Anne Catherick—saw it all the more clearly because the points of dissimilarity between the two were presented to me as well as the points of resemblance. In the general outline of the countenance and general proportion of the features; in the color of the hair and in the little nervous uncertainty about the lips; in the height and size of the figure, and the carriage of the head and body, the likeness appeared even more startling than I had ever felt it to be yet. But there-the resemblance ended, and the dissimilarity, in details, began. The delicate beauty of Miss Fairlie's complexion, the transparent clearness of her eyes, the smooth purity of her skin, the tender bloom of color on her lips, were all missing from the worn, weary face that was now turned toward mine. Although I hated myself even for thinking such a thing, still, while I looked at the woman before me, the idea would force itself into my mind that one and change, in the future, was all that was wanting to make the likeness complete, which I now saw to be so imperfect in detail. If ever sorrow and suffering set their profaning marks on the youth and beauty of Miss Fairlie's face, then, and then only, Anne Catherick and she would be the two sisters—if chance-resemblance, the living reflections of one another.

I shuddered at the thought. There was something horrible in the blind, unreasoning distrust of the future which the mere passage of it through my mind seemed to imply. It was a welcome interruption to be roused by feeling Anne Catherick's hand laid on my shoulder. The touch was as startling and as sudden as that other touch, which had petrified me from head to foot on the night when we first met.

"You are looking at me; and you are thinking of something," she said, with her strange, breathless rapidity of utterance. "What is it?"

"Nothing extraordinary," I answered. "I was only wondering how you came here."

"I came with a friend who is very good to me. I have only been here two days."

"And you found your way to this place yesterday?"

"How do you know that?"

"I only guessed it."

She turned from me, and knelt down before the inscription once more.

"Where should I go, if not here?" she said. "The friend who was better than a mother to me, is the only friend I have to visit at Limmeridge. Oh, it makes my heart ache to see a stain on her name! It ought to be kept white as snow, for her sake. I was tempted to begin cleaning it yesterday; and I can't help coming back to go on with it to-day. Is there any thing wrong in that? I hope not. Surely nothing can be wrong that I do for Mrs. Fairlie's sake?"

The old grateful sense of her beneficence's kindness was evidently the ruling idea still in the poor creature's mind—the narrow mind which had not too plainly opened to no other lasting impression since that first impression of her younger and happier days. I saw that my best chance of winning her confidence by is encouraging her to proceed with the artless employment which she had come to the burial-ground to pursue. She resumed it at once, on my telling her she might do so; touching the hard marble as tenderly as if it had been a sentient thing, and whispering the words of the inscription to herself, over and over again, as if the lost days of her girlhood had returned, and she was patiently learning her lesson once more at Mrs. Fairlie's knees.

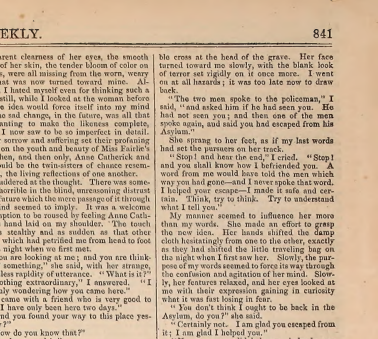
"Should you wonder very much," I said, preparing the way as cautiously as I could for the questions that were to come, "if I owned that it is a satisfaction to me, as well as a surprise, to see you here? I felt very uneasy about you after you left me in the cab."

She looked up quickly and suspiciously.

"Uneasy," she repeated. "Why?"

"A strange thing happened, after we parted, that night. Two men overtook me in a chaise. They did not see where I was standing; but they stopped near me, and spoke to a policeman, on the other side of the way."

She instantly suspended her employment. The hand holding the damp cloth with which she had been cleaning the inscription dropped to her side: the other hand grasped the mar-



"THE HAND HOLDING THE DAMP CLOTH WITH WHICH SHE HAD BEEN CLEANING THE INSCRIPTION DROPPED TO HER SIDE; THE OTHER HAND GRASPED THE MARBLE CROSS," ETC.

ble cross at the head of the grave. Her face turned toward me slowly, with the blank look of terror set rigidly on it once more. I went on at all hazards; it was too late now to draw back.

"The two men spoke to the policeman," I said, "and asked him if he had seen you. He had not seen you; and then one of the men spoke again, and said you had escaped from his Asylum."

She sprang to her feet, as if my last words had set fire mortine on her train.

"Stop! and hear the end," I cried. "Stop! and you shall know how I behaved to you. A word from me would have told the men which way you had gone—and I never spoke that word. I helped your escape—I made a safe and certain. Think, try to think. Try to understand what I tell you.

My manner seemed to influence her more than my words. She made an effort to grasp the new idea. Her hands shifted the damp cloth hesitatingly from one to the other, exactly as they had shifted the little traveling bag on the night when I first saw her. Slowly, the purpose of my words seemed to force its way through the confusion and agitation of her mind. Slowly, her features relaxed, and her eyes looked at me with their expression gaining in curiosity what it was fast losing in fear.

"You don't think I ought to be back in the Asylum, do you?" she said.

"Certainly not. I am glad you escaped from it; I am glad I helped you."

"Yes, yes; you did help me, indeed; you helped me at the hard part," she went on, a little to herself. "It was easy to escape, or I should not have got away. They never suspected me as they suspected the others. I was so quiet, and so obedient, and so easily frightened. The finding London was the hard part; and there you helped me. Did I thank you at the time?

I thank you now, very kindly."

"Were the Asylum for from where you met me? Come! show that you believe me to be your friend, and tell me where it was."

She mentioned the place—a private Asylum, as its situation informed me; a private Asylum not very far from the spot where I had seen her —and then, with evident suspicion of the use to which I might put her answer, anxiously repeated her former inquiry: "You don't think I ought to be taken back, do you?"

"Once again, I am glad you escaped; I am glad you prospered well, after you left me," I answered. "You said you had a friend in London to go to. Did you find the friend?"

"Yes. It was very late; but there was a girl at a needle-work in the house, and she helped me to some Mrs. Clements. Mrs. Clements is my friend. A good, kind woman, but not like Mrs. Fairlie. Ah, no, nobody is like Mrs. Fairlie."

"Is Mrs. Clements an old friend of yours? Have you known her a long time?"

"Yes; she was a neighbor of ours once, at home, in Hampshire; and liked me, and took care of me when I was a little girl. Years ago, when she went away from us, she wrote down in my prayer-book for me, where she was going to live in London, and she said, 'If you are ever in trouble, Anne, come to me. I have no husband alive to say me nay, and no children to look after; and I will take care of you.' Kind words, were they not? I suppose I remember them because they were kind. It's little enough I remember besides—little enough, little enough!"

"Had you no father or mother to take care of you?"

"Father? I never saw him: I never heard

mother speak of him. Father? Ah, dear! he is dead, I suppose."

"And your mother?"

"I don't get on well with her. We are a trouble and a fear to each other."

A trouble and a fear to each other! As those words the suspicion crushed my mind for the first time that her mother might be the person who had placed her under restraint.

"Don't ask me about mother," she went on. "I'd rather talk of Mrs. Clements. Mrs. Clements is like you, and doesn't think that I ought to be back in the Asylum; and she is as glad as you are that I escaped from it. She cried over my wedding-ring, and said it must be kept away from every body."

Her "misfortune"! In what sense was she using that word? In a sense which might explain her motive in writing the anonymous letter? In a sense which might show it to be the too common and too customary motive that has led many a man to interpose unnecessary hindrances to the marriage of the man who has ruined her? I resolved to attempt the clearing up of this doubt, before more words passed between us on either side.

"What misfortune?" I asked.

"The misfortune of my being shut up," she answered, with every appearance of feeling surprised at my question. "What other misfortune could there be?"

I persisted in pursuit, as delicately and forbearingly as possible. It was of very great importance that I should be absolutely sure on every step in the investigation that I was going on grounded in advance.

"There is another misfortune," I said, "to which a woman may be liable, and by which she may suffer life-long sorrow and shame."

"What is it?" she asked, eagerly.

"The misfortune of believing too innocently in her own virtue, and in the faith and honor of the man she loves," I answered.

She looked up at me, with the artless bewilderment of a child. Not the slightest confusion or change of color; not the faintest trace of any secret consciousness of shame struggled to the surface, appeared in her face—that face which betrayed every other emotion with such transparent clearness. No action that crying guilt could have assumed me, as her look and manner now assumed me, when the motive which I had assigned for her writing the letter and sending it to Miss Fairlie was plainly and distinctly the wrong one. That doubt, at any rate, was now set at rest; but the very removal of it opened a new prospect of uncertainty. Had the letter, I knew from positive testimony, pointed at Sir Percival Glyde, though it did not name him. She must have had some strong motive for consenting in some deep sense of injury, for secretly denouncing him to Miss Fairlie, as a man whom as she had employed—and that motive was unquestionably not to be traced to the ties of her innocence and her trust. Whatever wrong he might have inflicted on her was not of that nature. Of what nature could it be?

"I don't understand you," she said, after evidently trying hard, and trying in vain, to discover the meaning of the words that I had said to her.

"Never mind," I answered. "Let us go on with what we were talking about. Tell me how long you staid with Mrs. Clements in London, and how you came here."

"How long?" she repeated. "I staid with Mrs. Clements till we both came to the Asylum two days ago."

"You are living in the village, then?" I said. "It is strange I should not have heard of you, though you have only been there two days."

"No, not in the village. Two miles away at a farm. Do you know the farm? They call it Todd's Corner."

I remembered the place perfectly; we had often passed by it in our drives. It was one of the oldest farms in the neighborhood, situated in a solitary, sheltered spot, inland, at the junction of two hills.

"They are relations of Mrs. Clements at Todd's Corner," she went on, "and they had often asked her to go and see them. She said she would go, and take me with her, for the quiet and the fresh air. It was very kind, was it not? I should have gone any where to be quiet, and safe, and out of the way. But when I heard that Todd's Corner was near Limmeridge—oh! I was so happy I would have walked all the way there to get there, and see the schools and the village and Limmeridge House again. They are very good people at Todd's Corner. I hope I shall stay there a long time. There is only one thing I don't like about them, and don't like about Mrs. Clements—"

"What is it?"

"They will tease me about dressing all in white—they say it looks so particular. How do they know? Mrs. Fairlie knew best. Mrs. Fairlie would never have made me wear such ugly blue cloak. Ah! she was fond of white in her lifetime; and here is white stone about her grave—and I am making it white for her now. She often wore white herself; and she always dressed her little daughter in white. Is Miss Fairlie well and happy? Does she wear white now, as she used when she was a girl?"

Her voice sank when she put the questions about Miss Fairlie; and she turned her head farther and farther away from me, as though I detected, in the alteration in her manner, an uneasy consciousness of the risk she had run in sending the anonymous letter; and I instantly determined so to frame my answer as to surprise her into owning it.

"Miss Fairlie is not very well or very happy this morning," I said.

She murmured a few words; but they were spoken so confusedly, and in such a low tone, that I could not even guess at what they meant.

"Did you ask me why Miss Fairlie was neither well nor happy this morning?" I continued.

"No," she said, quickly and eagerly—"oh, no, I never asked that."

"I will tell you without your asking," I went on. "Miss Fairlie has received your letter."

She had been down on her knees for some little time past, carefully removing the last weather-stains left about the inscription, while we were speaking together. The first sentence of the words I had just written made her pause in her occupation, and turn slowly, without rising from her knees, on the grass. The second sentence literally petrified her. The cloth she had been holding dropped from her hands; and she looked at the little colored thread she was naturally in her face left it in an instant.

"How do you know?" she said, faintly. "Who showed it to you?" The blood rushed back into her face, and overwhelmingly, as the sense rushed upon her mind that her own words had betrayed her. She clasped her hands together in despair. "I never wrote it," she gasped, affrightedly; "I know nothing about it!"

"Yes," I said, "you wrote it, and you know it. Her mother and I have seen and read a letter: it was wrong to frighten Miss Fairlie. If you had any thing to say that it was right and necessary for her to hear, you should have gone yourself to Limmeridge House; you should have come to me openly with your errand. Why—"

She crouched down over the flat stone of the grave, till her face was hidden on it; and made no reply.

"Miss Fairlie will be as good and kind to you as her mother was, if you send such a letter," I went on. "Miss Fairlie will keep your secret, and not let you come to any harm. Will you ever have so-too-more kindness? Will you meet her in the garden at Limmeridge House?"

"Oh, if I could, if I could!" she panted out at rest with you?" Her lips murmured the words close on the grave-stone; murmured them in a manner which betrayed that she had not dismissed hope.

"You know how I love you," I said, "for Laura Fairlie's sake. You know how Miss Fairlie I tell me how to save her. To my dwelling and my mother once more, and tell me what to do for the best."

I heard her lips kissing the stone: I saw her hands clasped in passionate joy. The sound and the sight deeply affected me. I stooped down, and took the poor helpless hands tenderly in mine, and raised her from the earth.

It was useless. She snatched her hands from me, and covered her face with them the stone. Seeing the urgent necessity of quieting her at any hazard and by any means, I appealed to the only remaining interest she seemed to feel, in connection with me and with my opinions—the interest which I had roused by her fitness to be mistress of her own actions.

"Come, come," I said, gently. "Try to compose yourself, and make me alter my opinion of you. Don't let me think that the person you put in the Asylum might have had some excuse—"

The next words died away on my lips. The effect of the most ordinary references to the person who had put her in the Asylum, she sprang up in a frenzy of passionate animosity and startling change passed over her. Her face, at all ordinary times so touching to look at, in its memory and sorrow, sweet, and uncertainty, became suddenly darkened by an expression of unmistakable intense hatred and fear, which communicated a wild, unnatural force to every feature. Her eyes dilated in the dim evening light, like the eyes of a wild animal. She caught up the cloth that had fallen at her side, as if it had been a living creature that she could kill, and crushed it in both her hands with such convulsive strength that the fine drops of moisture from the cold dew fell down on the stone beneath her.

"Talk of Count Fosco," she said, whisper-ing through her teeth. "I shall lose myself if you talk of that."

Every struggle of the gentler thoughts which had filled her mind hardly a minute since seemed to be swept from it. I saw, to evident that the impression left by Mrs. Fairlie's kindness was not, as I had supposed, the only strong impression left on her mind. With the grateful remembrance of her school-days at Limmeridge there existed the vindictive remembrance of the wrong inflicted on her by her confinement in the Asylum. Who had done that wrong? I was soon to know the name.

It was hard to give up pursuing the inquiry to that fatal point; but I was forced to abandon all idea of continuing it. Seeing her as I saw her now, it would have been cruel to think of any thing but the necessity and the humanity of restoring her composure.

I said talk of nothing to distress you," I said, soothingly.

"You want something," she answered, sharply and suspiciously, looking back at me like that. Speak to me; tell me what you want."

"I only want you to quiet yourself, and, when you are calmer, to think over what I have said."

"Said!" She paused; twisted the cloth in her hands backward and forward; and whispered to herself, "What is it he said?" She looked again at me, and shook her head impatiently. "Why don't you help me?" she asked, with angry suddenness.

"Yes, yes," I said; "I will help you; and you will soon remember. I asked you to see Miss Fairlie to-morrow, and to tell her the truth about the letter."

"Ah! Miss Fairlie—Fairlie—Fairlie—"

The mere utterance of the loved, familiar name seemed to quiet her. Her face softened and grew like itself again.

"You need have no fear of Miss Fairlie," I continued; "and no fear of getting into trouble through the letter. She knows so much about it already, that she will have no difficulty in telling her all. There can be little necessity for concealment where there is hardly any thing left to conceal. You mention no names in the letter; but Miss Fairlie knows that the person you refer to is Sir Percival Glyde—"

The instant I pronounced that name she started to her feet; and a scream burst from her that rang through the church-yard and made my heart leap in me with the terror of it. The dead silence of the expression which had just left her face, lowered on it once more, with doubled and trebled intensity. The sketch of the name, the reiterated look of hatred and fear that instantly followed, told all. Not even a last doubt now remained. Her mother—the guiltless of imprisoning her in the Asylum. A man had set her up—and that man was Sir Percival Glyde.

The scream had reached other ears than mine. In one side of the distant the door of the sexton's cottage open; on the other, I heard the voice of her companion, the woman in the farm's they woman whom she had spoken of as Mrs. Clements.

"I'm coming! I'm coming!" cried the voice from behind the clump of dwarf trees.

In a moment more Mrs. Clements hurried into view.

"Who are you?" she cried, facing me, resolutely, on the first sight of my face. "How dare you frighten a poor helpless woman like that?"

She was at Anne Catherick's side, and had put one arm around her, before I could answer.

"What is it, my dear?" she said. "What has he done to you?"

"Nothing," the poor creature answered. Nothing. I'm only frightened.

Mrs. Clements turned on me with a fearless indignation that I could not but respect.

"I should be heartily ashamed of myself if I deserved what you have said," I replied. "But I do not deserve it. I have unfortunately startled her without intending it. This is not the first time she has seen me. Ask her yourself, and she will tell you that I am incapable of willfully harming her or any woman."

I spoke distinctly, so that Anne Catherick might hear and understand me: and I saw that the words had the meaning that reached her.

"Yes, yes," she said; "she was good to me once; he frightened me—" She whispered the rest into her friend's ear.

"Strange, indeed!" said Mrs. Clements, with a look of perplexity. "It makes all the difference, though. I'm sorry I spoke so rough to you, Sir; but you must own that appearances were against you as a stranger. It's more my fault than yours, for honoring her whom, and caring for her as much as I do, makes us this. Come, my dear—come home now—"

The strength of the woman looked a little uneasy at the prospect of the walk back, and I offered to go with them until they were both within sight of home. Mrs. Clements thanked me civilly, and declined. She said they were sure to meet some of the farm laborers as soon as they got to the moor.

"Try to forgive me," I said, when Anne Catherick allowed me to turn my arm to go away. Innocent as I had been of any intention to terrify and agitate her, my heart smote me as I looked at her gentle, frightened face.

"I will try," she answered. "But you know too much. I'm afraid you will always frighten me now."

Mrs. Clements glanced at me, and shook her head, pityingly.

"Good-night, Sir," she said. "You couldn't help it, I dare say; but I wish you had not frightened, and not her."

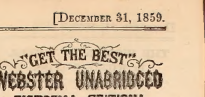
They moved away a few steps. I thought they had left me, and Anne suddenly stopped and separated herself from her friend.

"Wait a little," she said. "I must say good-by."

She returned to the grave, rested both hands tenderly on the marble cross, and kissed it.

"I'm better now," she sighed, looking up at me quietly. "Good-by, Sir."

She joined her companion again, and they left the burial-ground. I saw them stop near the church, and speak to the sexton's wife, who had come from the cottage, and had waited, watching at a distance. Then they went on again up the path that led to the moor. I looked after Anne Catherick as she disappeared till all trace of her had faded in the twilight—looked as anxiously and sorrowfully as if that was the last time I was to see in this weary world of the woman in white.



1500 Pictorial Illustrations.

Webster's Unabridged Dictionary.

New Pictorial Edition.

1500 *Pictorial Illustrations.*

9,000 to 10,000 NEW WORDS in the Vocabulary.

Table of SYNONYMS by Prof. Goodrich.

TABLE GIVING PRONUNCIATION OF NAMES OF 9000 DIFFERENT PERSONS AND PLACES.

PECULIAR USE OF WORDS AND TERMS IN THE BIBLE, with other new features. Together with all the matter of previous editions. In one volume of **1750** pages, of small size, with 1500 Illustrations, making it a famous to those of book notes, are worth the price of the book.—*Ch. Herald.*

Price **$6 50**. Sold by all Booksellers.

CF Also a fine edition of the above in various bindings, on sized paper, with ample margin, making it convenient to those who desire to write notes.

G. & C. MERRIAM, Springfield, Mass.

STILL ANOTHER PROOF.

Paulson's Coal Oil

To Dress your Hair and

REMOVE DANDRUFF.

MESSRS. PAULSON & BRO., PHILADELPHIA, Nov 7, 1859.

Gentlemen: For some time I have been using your COAL OIL as Hair Dressing, and in removing the *Dandruff* from my head.

I must candidly say that I have never used any article that has given me so speedy removal of Dandruff as COAL OIL, and at the same time stopping a constant irritation of the skin.

As a preparation for Hair Dressing, I have never found any article that would keep my hair in its place for so long a time, and give it such a smooth and brilliant appearance.

As your COAL has been so beneficial to me, you are at liberty to use this letter if it is of any use to you.

Respectfully yours,

CASIMIR H. HUGHES.

The above letter will satisfy all that it is the best preparation made to remove Dandruff and cure the Itch. Sold by all Druggists. Virginia oil bottles, at 50 cents a bottle, and by the manufacturers,

PEALSON & SON, NEW YORK.

Bronchitis.

From Mr. C. H. Gardner, Principal of the Ranger's Academy, Fishkill, N. Y.:—"I have been afflicted with Bronchitis during the past winter, and found no relief until I found BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. Obtained, by Congh Lozenges, are for sale throughout the country."

Over Five Thousand Bottles Sold of

PHALON'S SNOW WHITE ORIENTAL CREAM,

FOR WHITENING AND BEAUTIFYING THE COMPLEXION,

And removing Tan, Freckles, and all Roughness of the Skin. As it contains no lead or arsenic it is the preference over Lily Whites, Cosmetics, &c., which are so injurious to the skin.

It is the most perfect article ever manufactured, and is certain to be in the only preparation in the world who can it once will be perfectly satisfied of this. It is put up in small and large bottles, at 50 Cents and One Dollar.

Prepared and originated by

PEALSON & SON, NEW YORK.

COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS and BRONCHITIS, INFLUENZA, CROUPS, or any affection of the THROAT CURED, BY BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES, or BROWN'S BRONCHIAL SYRUP. Obtained, by Congh Lozenges, are for sale throughout the country.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES,

"A simple and elegant combination for COUGHS, &c."—Boston Medical and Surgical Journal.

"Have proved extremely serviceable for HOARSENESS."—Rev. E. H. CHAPIN, New York.

"I recommend their use to PUBLIC SPEAKERS."—Rev. E. H. GRIFFIN, D.D., Williamstown, Mass.

"Most salutary relief in BRONCHITIS."—Rev. ALONZO POTTER, Bishop of Pennsylvania.

"Beneficial when compelled to speak suffering from COLD."—Rev. S. H. TYNG, Jr., New York.

"Especially in remaining Hoarseness and Irritation of the Throat, so common with SPEAKERS and SINGERS."—Prof. M. STACY JOHNSON, LaGrange, Ga.

Principal of Music, Southern Female College.

"Great benefit when taken before and after preaching, relieving Hoarseness and the most PAINFUL *of throat affections, I think they will be of permanent advantage to me."*—Rev. DUNCAN A. M., President Athens College, Tenn.

Sold by all Druggists, at **25** cents a box.

PERRY DAVIS'

VEGETABLE PAIN KILLER.

The Great Family Medicine of the Age.

Taken Internally Cures

SUDDEN COLDS, COUGHS, &c.
WEAK STOMACH,
NERVOUS DEBILITY,
NURSING SORE MOUTH, CANKER,
SOUR STOMACH,
DYSPEPSIA OR INDIGESTION,
PAIN AND PAIN IN THE STOMACH,
BOWEL COMPLAINT,
PAINTERS' COLIC, ASIATIC CHOLERA,
DIARRHEA AND DYSENTERY.

Used externally Cures

FELONS, BOILS AND CARBUNCLES,
SEVERE BURNS AND SCALDS,
CUTS, BRUISES AND SPRAINS,
SWELLING OF THE JOINTS,
RHEUMATISM AND LUMBAGO,
BROKEN BREASTS,
TERRIFIC FEET AND CHILBLAINS,
TOOTHACHE,
PAIN IN THE FACE,
NEURALGIA AND RHEUMATISM.

The PAIN KILLER is by universal consent allowed to have won for itself a reputation unsurpassed in the history of medical preparations. Its tremendous effect on the entire eradication and extinction of PAIN in all its various forms instituted in the human family, and the unsolicited written and verbal testimony of the masses in its favor, have been, and are in our last days, astonishing.

The ingredients of which the PAIN KILLER being PURELY VEGETABLE, render it a PERFECTLY SAFE and efficacious remedy taken internally, as well as for external applications, when used according to the directions. The slight stain upon linen from its use no external applications, is readily removed by washing with a little alcohol. For sale by all Dealers in Medicines.

The Good Man's Christmas Song.

BY NAPOLEON B. GOULD.

WHEN Winter comes with frost and snows,
Give to the poor your last year's clothes;
Make others warm, and warm your heart
By charity's exalted part.
So may you thrive from year to year,
And Christmas still bring many cheers!

And think not you will lose by this—
Man only *lose* who *do* amiss;
And charity, as sages say,
Compensates all it takes away.
Smith Brothers sell nice clothes so *cheap*
That for your old you m'n'e need reap.

"Twin Temples of Fashion."

ONE PRICE—NO DEVIATION.

The Price is marked on all the Goods in Plain Figures.

SMITH BROTHERS,

The Marble Stores,

122, 138, and 140 Fulton Street,

Between Broadway and William St.,

THOMAS SMITH, Jr.,
ROBERT L. SMITH, } NEW YORK.
J. SMITH RICE.

DR. J. B. MARCHISI'S
Celebrated Uterine Catholicon,
For the Initial and Cure of Suffering Females.

Climate and the normal habits of female life unproduce a variety of diseases which this Catholicon will counteract and cure. It can be relied upon in any form of Falsified, Suppressed, or Irregular Menstruation, Fluor Albus, Sterility, Pain in the Back and Loins, Womb, Falsenes, Lassitude, &c. Where every thing else has failed, this article is never taken without benefit. No suffering female should trifle with her health, as prompt, with full symptoms, treatment, letters, &c., sent gratis by mail, or delivered by any agent. It is mild in its operation, or sent by express. Be cautious of an imitation, somewhat similar in name, with my certificates altered, &c. Address BARNES & PARK, No. 13 PARK ROW, P. O. Box 1,224, Cincinnati, Ohio. Sold by METCALF & POTTER, Boston; or CALLENDER & CO., Philad.

J. B. MARCHISI, M.D., Cincinnati, O.

Great Reduction in Prices at Genin's Bazar.
Prices Reduced.

IN LADIES AND EMBROIDERIES — IN BOYS' AND YOUTHS' CLOTHING — IN GENTS' HOSIERY — IN GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS — IN LADIES' GAITERS AND SLIPPERS — IN CHILDREN'S CLOTHING — IN WORKS' DRESSES — IN SMALL BOYS' SUITS — IN INFANTS' WARDROBES — IN INFANTS' CLOAKS — IN LADIES' HOSE OR CHEMISE — IN LADIES' UNDERLINEN — IN BRIDAL OUTFITS — IN LADIES' HOSIERY — IN CHILDREN'S DRESSES — IN CHILDREN'S FANCY HATS — IN LADIES' HEAD-DRESSES — IN LADIES' FURS — IN CHILDREN'S FURS — IN SILVER HOSIERY — IN GENTS' FURS — IN LADIES' SILK CLOAKS — IN GENTS' FUR CAPS — IN LADIES' OR MISSES' VELVET HATS — IN VELVET CAPS — IN BOYS' FANCY HATS — IN GENTS' OR LADIES' HATS — AT GENIN'S BAZAR, Nos. 597 and 513 Broadway.

Mother Goose For Grown Folks.
A NEW CHRISTMAS BOOK.

One volume, with Frontispiece by Billings, elegantly printed on tinted paper. Price, bound in Cloth, 75 cents.

"," Sold everywhere, and sent by mail, postage *free*, on receipt of the price, by HURD & CARLETON, 129 Grand Street, New York.

Sleepless, Crying, Teething Children.

All know how unpleasant are these accompaniments of babyhood, and most intelligent persons know, also, the sad consequences to health, and often life, from the use of anodynes, cordials, and similar baby dons and is quite thine. HUMPHREYS' SPECIFIC HOMŒOPATHIC BABY PILLS, (a pleasant sugar pill,) which you may drop into the mouth at any time, give you every thing to be desired from medicine. Sold by all DRUGGISTS, AT 25 CENTS PER VIAL, or sent by mail, postage paid, on receipt of price. Address HUMPHREYS' HOMŒOPATHIC MEDICINE CO., No. 562 Broadway, New York.

PIANO FORTES.

RAVEN, BACON & CO., Piano Forte Manufacturers, Warerooms No. 125 Grand Street, near Broadway, where a full assortment of Instruments may be found, exclusively of our own manufacture. Warranted in every respect.

(GET A COPY)
Memorial of Washington Irving.
A Splendid Steel Plate Engraving.

SUNNYSIDE. *Illustrated.* By T. Addison Richards. FAC-SIMILE of a three-paged Christmas Letter by Mr. Irving—a perfect autograph in lithograph.

Together with many Anecdotes, a number of ORIGINAL LETTERS, Reminiscences, SKETCHES, &c., of Mr. Irving: Reminiscences, by Lewis Gaylord Clark and James O. Noyes; the Letters by Mrs. Wells and Charles Dickens; and the Anecdotes of Dr. Francis and Hon. George Bancroft, all in this

January Knickerbocker,

In addition to Original Articles by Bayard, Tuckerman, Miss Prescott, Dr. A. K. Gardner, &c., &c.

For sale everywhere, 25 cents per copy.

To every $3 Subscriber to the Knickerbocker for 1860, including 12 cents extra to prepay, to be sent, free of postage, a copy of his new and splendid engraving of

Mercy-Making in the Olden Time.

[] Six copies of each for five subscriptions ($15 00); ten copies for eight subscriptions ($20 00).

See Knickerbocker Advertisement in "Harper's Weekly" for December 31.

JOHN A. GRAY, Publisher,
16 and 18 Jacob Street, N. Y.

REMOVAL.
JAMES BOGARDUS,
Architect in Iron, Originator, Constructor, and Patentee of IRON BUILDINGS,
Patentee and Manufacturer of
BOGARDUS'S ECCENTRIC UNIVERSAL MILL.
Warehouses corner of White and Elm Streets,
In Harlem Railroad Depot.
Office No. 327 Canal Street, over Centre, New York.
Iron Building corner Centre and Duane Sts., formerly occupied, has been removed to abutting Duane Street.

MUSICAL BOXES,

Playing 2, 3, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 15, 24, and 36 tunes.
PALLARD & MARTIN, Importers,
Musical Boxes repaired, 21 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

Piano Fortes,

Of the newest style, finest tone, and lowest rates.
HAZLETON BRO'S, Manufacturers,
Warerooms No. 59 Prince, near Broadway.

Boudoir Sewing Machine.
Harris' Patent.

The best and only reliable double-thread Machine making the celebrated GROVER & BAKER STITCH by authority, at

$40.

Every Machine warranted for one year.

L. A. BIGELOW, Agent,
43 TREMONT STREET, Boston,
and 504 Broadway, New York.

Singer's Sewing Machines.

SINGER'S No. 2 Sewing Machine, $100.
SINGER'S No. 1 Sewing Machine, $80.
HEMMING GAUGES REDUCED TO $4.

Singer's Family Sewing Machine at $80 and $75 are capable of performing, in the best style, all the sewing of a private family.

Send for a copy of I. M. Singer & Co.'s Gazette, which includes full and reliable information of every kind, sizes, etc., of Sewing Machines, and will be supplied gratis.

I. M. SINGER & CO.,
No. 458 Broadway, New York.

ROSSITER & MIGNOT'S PAINTING,
"The Home of Washington after the War."

On Exhibition at the ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 10th Street, near Broadway, from 9 A.M. to 5 P.M., and from 7 to 9 Evenings. Admission 50 cents.

SECURE.

Beautiful! Elegant! Delightful!

A new Discovery!
Soft Brown Hair
For Beautifying, Puling, Curling,
Dressing, Invigorating, Cleansing, Glossing,
Laying and Setting the Hair.
Imparts a Rich Gloss and Delightful
And at same time a stiffness
As you may desire the Hair so it remains
Keeps the Hair in posit on.
Makes the Hair beautiful.
It is the best ideal of the Toilet.
It is the best Hair Dressing ever used
By Ladies and Children of any
The so plan silva of the day.
For the Dressing, Packing, and Respectability.
Makes glossy Curls
It's a Beautiful Article
FOR FIRST-CLASS USERS.
Delightful—Delightful—Delightful!
It should be in every family.
It's the best article
For the Hair—For the Hair
In the World
In the World
In the World
Address ROBERT SCIPLE,
Depot, 58 Ann Street, N. Y., near Astor House.
Price 50 cents per box. Sold everywhere.

FRENCH MINK CAPE, Muff, and Cuffs, only $15. WILLIAMS, 251 Fulton St., Brooklyn.

JUST PUBLISHED.—On Single and Married Life; or, The Institutes of Marriage. By the Rev. WILLIAM ALCOTT. Price 50 cents, in paper cover. For sale by H. DEXTER & CO., 121 Nassau Street, N. Y., and all Booksellers.

HIGHLY IMPORTANT TO BOTH SEXES. Married or single, in health or disease.—MEDICAL ADVISER AND MARRIAGE GUIDE, 200d edition, over 400 pages, 12mo, cloth, and above 100 illustrative Engravings. Price $1. By a celebrated Paris and London Physician and Surgeon, now of New York City. The most popular work ever published in the hands of every adult person, as it imparts knowledge all have sought for in vain in any other work. Sold by E. LAVERENCE, No. 1 Tryon Street, Astor House.

Spalding's Prepared Glue!
A Stitch in Time Saves Nine.
ECONOMY!
Dispatch!
Save the Pieces!
Useful in every house for mending Furniture, Toys, Crockery, Glass-ware, &c.
Wholesale Depot, No. 59 Plain Street, New York.
Address HENRY C. SPALDING & CO.,
Box No. 3,000 New York.

Put up for Dealers in Cases containing four, eight, and twelve dozen—a beautiful Lithograph Show-Card accompanying each package.

The Gift Book of the Season.
Mr. King's Elegant Work.

The White Hills:

THEIR LEGEND, LANDSCAPE, AND POETRY.

By Rev. T. STARR KING.

Illustrated by Sixty fine Engravings on Wood by
JOHN FOLEY,
From Original Designs by WHEELOCK.

One vol. Small quarto. Elegantly printed on Tinted Paper.

A work, the most creditable to American Art, of any ever issued.

Expressly designed for the Holidays, and one of the most attractive and valuable works of the season. Author and Artist have combined to make this a work of permanent interest and worth.

CROSBY, NICHOLS & CO., Publishers,
117 Washington Street, Boston.

New Holiday Books,

Just Published by
CROSBY, NICHOLS & CO.,
And for sale by the principal Booksellers in the United States.

FRANK WILDHAIR'S ADVENTURES IN LAND AND WATER. By Frederick Gerstaecker. Translated and Revised by Lascelles Wraxall. With Eight Illustrations, printed in oil colors. 16mo. Price $1.

A most interesting and attractive book for the young, equal in every respect to the popular works by Mayne Reid, and much cheaper in mechanical execution.

MANY A LITTLE MAKE A MICKLE. Tales Translated from the German. By Trauermantel. With Six Illustrations printed in oil colors. 16mo. Price 75 cents.

HOLLY AND BIRTHTIDE. Tales Translated from the German of Rosalie Koch. By Trauermantel. With Six Illustrations printed in oil colors. 16mo. Price 75 cents.

These two juveniles are a continuation of the Series of German stories so deservedly popular. They contain stories of the most delightful stories published for the young, and are fully illustrated with colored engravings.

THE LIFE OF LAFAYETTE. Written for Children. By E. Cecil, author of "The Life of Washington." Illustrated with Six Colored Engravings. 16mo. Price 75 cents.

The second of the series of Lives of the Generals of the Revolution, by a new and popular author. This series is prepared expressly for the instruction and entertainment of American children and youth.

THE LIFE OF WASHINGTON. Written for Children. By E. Cecil. Illustrated with Six Colored Engravings. 16mo. Price 75 cents.

An invaluable little book. Every boy and girl in the United States should own a copy of the Memoir of the "*Father of his country*" by E. CECIL.

A MOTHER'S HYMNS FOR YOUNG CHILDREN. A beautiful little volume, entirely original, filled with such hymns as every mother would wish her child to learn.

CROSBY, NICHOLS & CO.,
PUBLISHERS,
117 Washington Street, Boston.

CLOVE ANODYNE

TOOTHACHE DROPS.

Complain no more of Aching Teeth.

This will cure you in One Minute!!!

Price 25 cents per Vial.

Will be sent free, per Mail, to any part of the United States, on receipt of 25 cents to prepay stamps.

Prepared by A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists, 100 Fulton Street, corner of William, New York.

WHAT IS BEAUTY?

A beautiful complexion, unmarred by freckles or pimples, and to obtain this complexion, use PRALEY'S SNOW WHITE CRYSTAL CREAM. Every Lady can make herself beautiful by using it. One trial will satisfy any lady that it is the most wonderful preparation ever made, and it is warranted perfectly harmless.

CANVASSERS WANTED TO SELL LARGE FINE STEEL ENGRAVINGS. Apply to HOLBROOK, 16 Park Row, New York.

Mercantile Record.

Patent Champion Safes.

S. C. Herring & Co., 251 Broadway.

H. B. Dodwell,—Music Store, 6 Astor Place.—Publisher and Dealer in Music and Instruments.

Direction Labels and Tags.

Manger, Victor & Co., 115 Chambers Street.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S HOLIDAY PRESENTS,
At E. A. CROSBY'S, 323 Broadway, cor. 4th Street.
GIFT-BOOKS, Illustrated and Plain.
STANDARD WORKS in Fine Bindings.
ILLUMINATED INVITATIONS and BOOKS.
Splendid assortment of BIBLES, and the BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER, bound in Velvet, Turkey, and Calf, ornamented.
AMUSING GAMES.
CHOICE VARIETY OF FANCY ARTICLES.
T. J. CROWEN, No. 609 Broadway, cor. 4th Street.

Helper's Impending Crisis.

A LIVE BOOK.

55,000 COPIES HAVE BEEN SOLD.

Now is the time.

This is the Work that is creating so much excitement IN CONGRESS.

Large 12mo Vol., 450 pages. Price $1.

Cotton Edition, Paper Covers, 50 cents.

ACTIVE AGENTS WANTED

to sell these Works in the country towns. Terms liberal. Single copies sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of price. Address A. BURDICK, Publisher,
No. 148 Nassau Street, New York.

ON THURSDAY, DECEMBER 22D,

THE SECOND PART

—OF—

TOM BROWN AT OXFORD

WILL BE PUBLISHED BY

TICKNOR & FIELDS.

$10,000 Warranted to be made yearly by from a Cash Capital of only $5. For particulars address, with return postage,
R. WILSON, Biltmore, Buncombe Co., N. Y.

Holiday Presents.

J. & C. Berrian,

No. 601 Broadway.

Fancy Goods, Cutlery, Silver Plated Ware, Skates and Sleighs, Tool-Chests, Games, &c.

THE SANCTUS: A Collection of Church Music, Ancient and Modern, arranged, selected, and to the Worship of all protestant Christian Denominations. The best Hymns and Tunes in general use to learn and sing to sing, being carefully revised and corrected. Also, a Collection of Anthems, selected by a natural Ear of Melody, combined with Harmony and Music without weakness, and rich without redundancy. Price in boards, $1 25. In cloth, $1 50. Published by CLYDE DITSON & CO., 277 Washington Street, Boston.

Thimbles versus Scissors.

Steirly's Patent Thread-Cutting Thimbles,

Can be obtained at any fancy retail store.

By the use of this Thimble the operator can dispense with scissors, and the very injurious practice of biting off the thread, thereby saving time and labor, as well as science and annoyance may be saved. Try it, and you will be astonished.

Wholesale Depot, 18 Wall Street, N. Y.
W. HYDE WILLINGTON, Agent.

FINKLE & LYON'S SEWING MACHINES Have received the Highest Medal at the FAIR OF THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE, the Highest premium for FINE SEWING MACHINE WORK. Also, the Highest premium at the FAIR OF THE FRANKLIN INSTITUTE, THE NEW JERSEY STATE FAIR, and so generally wherever exhibited.

OFFICE 853 BROADWAY.

Jules Hauel's Rose Tooth Paste is one of the most valuable articles ever offered to the public to the tooth a pearly whiteness, and removing all extraneous matter from the teeth, and leaving the gums in a fine state of health. It imparts a delightful fragrance to the breath. Sold by all Druggists, and by JULES HAUEL & CO., No. 764 Canal street, New York.

LONGFELLOW'S EVANGELINE.

A most brilliant and charming Piano Forte piece under the above title, composed by WM. MASON, just been published by the undersigned. Price 50 cents. Copies sent by mail, post paid.

FIRTH, POND & CO., 547 Broadway, N. Y.

American Guano.

TO FARMERS AND DEALERS

In Guano. This Guano is now manufactured in Peabody, Mass., and has been proved to be the most valuable fertilizer ever discovered, selling at less than half the price, and at less than two thirds the price of Peruvian. For particulars address U. S. MANUFACTURING CO., 60 William Street, New York.

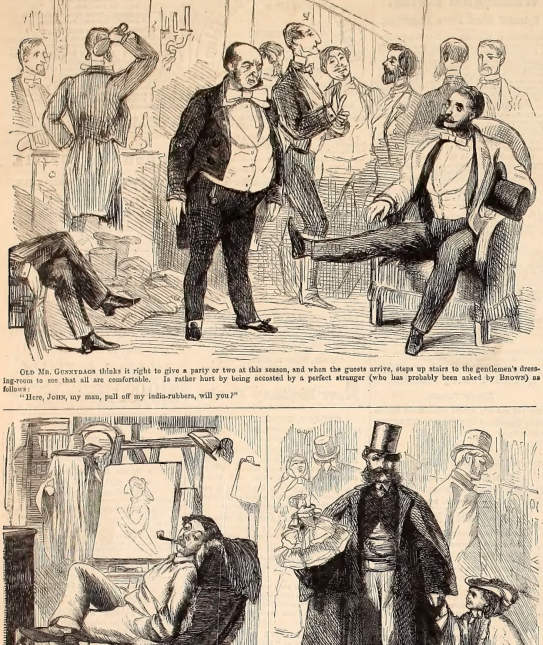
Two Works Valuable to the Sick or Well.

Each by mail, no pay expected until received, read, and approved.

Address Dr. S. S. FITCH, 714 Broadway, New York.

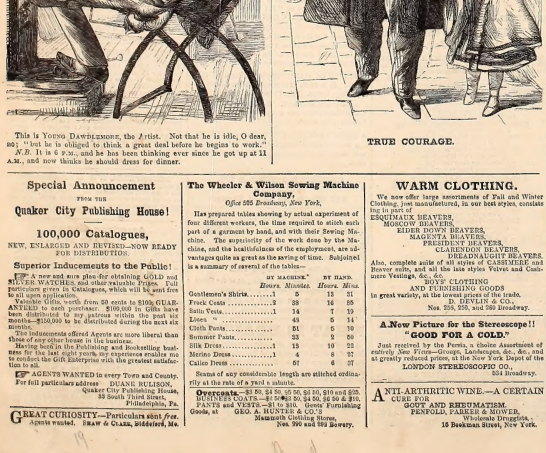
Vol. SIX LECTURES on the causes, prevention, and cure of Lung Tissue, and Skin diseases; Rheumatism, and Male and Female complaints. On the mode of Preserving Health to 100 years. 413 pages, 16 Engravings. —Price $1 cents, in silver or P. O. stamps.

Vol. A work on the Cause and Cure of Diseases of the Heart, Stomach, Liver, Bowels, and Kidneys; on Apoplexy, Palsy, and Dropsy; why we grow old and what causes diseases. 116 pages, 5 engravings. Price 25 cents. Say which book you wish, giving name, state, county, town, and post office.



OLD MR. GUNNYBAGS thinks it right to give a party or two at this season, and when the guests arrive, steps up stairs to the gentlemen's dressing-room to see that all are comfortable. Is rather hurt by being accosted by a perfect stranger (who has probably been asked by Brown) as follows:

"Here, JOHN, my man, pull off my india-rubbers, will you?"



This is YOUNG DANDLEMONT, the Artist. Not that he is idle, O dear, no! but he is obliged to think a great deal before he begins to work. *N.B.* It is 6 P.M., and he has been thinking ever since he got up at 11 A.M., and now thinks he should dress for dinner.

TRUE COURAGE.

HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

Fine London Watches.

For Scientific Purposes,
Or for Pocket Time-Pieces.
RICH DIAMOND JEWELRY,
Bracelets—Earrings,
Brooches—Studs, &c., &c.
— SOLID GOLD CHAINS. —

At the Factory Prices,
25 per cent. below
Retail Store Prices.

D. C. PEACOCK, LONDON,
Represented by

DAVID RAIT,
405 Broadway,
UP STAIRS.

More Popular than ever! Its Sale Unprecedented!

LYON'S KATHAIRON
FOR THE HAIR

is, beyond question, the finest and most popular article ever made. Nothing has ever given such universal satisfaction. It restores the Hair, preserves and beautifies it, and removes all Dandruff, &c. If you do not use it, try it. Sold everywhere for 25 cents per bottle.

Queru's Cod-Liver Oil Jelly,
The only certain cure for Consumption, Asthma, and all kinds of Coughs, is taken without nausea.
Also,
Queru's Patent Jellified Castor-Oil—The greasy sensation of the oil is obviated, and it does not cause any constipation after use. It is the best purgative for children. To be had at the Inventor's Office, No. 125 Fourth Avenue, and at all respectable druggists. PEN-FOLD, PARKER & MOWER, Wholesale Agents, No. 25 Beekman Street.

The Guardian Life Insurance Company,
OF NEW YORK,
Continental Bank Building, No. 7 Nassau Street.

DIRECTORS:

JAMES T. SOUTTER, DOUGLAS ROBINSON, THOMAS HUSSEY, JOS. T. ASKEW, W. H. PECHMAN, JNO. J. CRANE, JOS. B. VARNUM, WM. T. HOBBIE, GEORGE OPDYKE, JNO. H. SHERROOK, WILLIAM ALLEN,
E. V. HAUGHWOUT, ROBERT SOUTTER, JAMES W. HALSTED, WM. M. VERMILYE, FRANCIS W. TAPPAN, EBENEZER W. MASON, R. H. WARD, JAMES F. LUCE, WM. TAYLOR HALL, *Bell.* WILLIAM WILKENS,

JAMES W. HALSTED, President.
HENRY V. GARAGAN, Secretary.
J. SMITH HOMANS, Jr., Actuary.
G. W. FAHLER, Attorney and Counsellor.
R. P. HALSTED, M.D., } Medical Examiners.
W. E. VERMILYE, M.D., }

Issues Policies as follows, viz.:

Policies in Favor of and Payable to the Wife,
Free from the claims of Creditors.

Policies Payable on Attaining a Certain Age,
Or payable in case of death before attaining such age.

Policies Granted to Creditors,
On the Lives of their Debtors.

Policies Granted for any Number of Years,
Premiums payable in Cash, Quarterly, Semi-Annually, or Annually, in advance.

Dividends Declared every Three Years,
And the surplus belonging to the Policy Holders returned to them in scrip.

This Scrip bears 6 per cent. per annum interest, payable in cash, and on a reduction thereof is commuted when the aggregate issue shall have amounted to $1,000,000.

At the same time the Company is empowered by its charter to purchase the scrip for the benefit of the Policy Holders before that time.

This scrip is not affected by the forfeiture or sale of the policy, which is a great advantage over the system adopted by some Companies of subjecting the dividend to the same terms of forfeiture and sale as the policy, by endorsing it thereon. This is clearly unjust, as the dividend is a surplus fund, not in rightly the property of the insured, irrespective of the policy.

The interest on the scrip gradually reduces the premium.

Special Announcement
FROM THE
Quaker City Publishing House!

100,000 Catalogues,
NEW, ENLARGED AND REVISED—NOW READY FOR DISTRIBUTION.

Superior Inducements to the Public!

☞ A new and sure plan for obtaining GOLD and SILVER WATCHES, and other valuable Prizes. Full particulars given in Catalogues, which will be sent free to all upon application.

Valuable Gifts, worth from 50 cents to $100, GUARANTEED to each purchaser. $100,000 in Gifts have been distributed to my patrons within the past six months—$150,000 to be distributed during the next six months.

The inducements offered Agents are more liberal than those of any other house in the business.

Having been in the Publishing and Bookselling business for the last eight years, my experience enables me to conduct the Gift Enterprise with the greatest satisfaction to all.

☞ AGENTS WANTED in every Town and County. For full particulars address DIXANY BULSTON,
Quaker City Publishing House,
23 South Third Street,
Philadelphia, Pa.

GREAT CURIOSITY—Particulars sent *free*. Agents wanted. ISAAC & CHASE, Biddeford, Me.

The Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine Company,
Office 505 Broadway, New York,

Has prepared tables showing by actual experiment of four different workers, the time required to stitch each part of a garment by hand, and with their Sewing Machine. The superiority of the work done by the Machine, and the healthfulness of the employment, are advantages quite as great as the saving of time. Subjoined is a summary of several of the tables—

BY MACHINE.		BY HAND.	
	Hours. Minutes.	*Hours.*	*Min.*
Gentlemen's Shirts.....	9	13	51
Frock Coats.....	2	38	14	55
Satin Vests.....	1	14	7	19
Linen "		43	5	14
Cloth Pants.....		51	6	10
Summer Pants.....		33	2	50
Silk Dress.....	1	13	10	23
Merino Dress.....	1	4	8	27
Calico Dress.....		57	6	37

Seams of any considerable length are stitched ordinarily at the rate of a yard a minute.

Overcoats—$3 50, $4 50, $5 50, $6 50, $10 and $25.
BUSINESS COATS—$2 50, $3 50, $4 50, $5 50 & $10.
PANTS and VESTS—$1 to $10.
Goods, at GEO. A. HUNTER & CO.'S
Mammoth Clothing Store,
Nos. 590 and 592 Bowery.

WARM CLOTHING.

We now offer large assortments of Fall and Winter Clothing, just manufactured, in our best styles, contains fur in part of
ESQUIMAUX BEAVERS,
MOSCOW BEAVERS,
ELDER DOWN BEAVERS,
MAGELLAN BEAVERS,
PRESIDENT BEAVERS,
CLARENDON BEAVERS,
DEADNAUGHT BEAVERS.
Also, complete suits of all styles of CASSIMERE and Beaver cloths, and all the late styles Velvet and Cashmere Vestings, &c., &c.
BOYS' CLOTHING
AND FURNISHING GOODS
in great variety, at the lowest prices of the trade.
D. DEVLIN & CO.,
Nos. 258, 259, and 260 Broadway.

A New Picture for the Stereoscope!!
"GOOD FOR A COLD."
Just received by the Persia, a choice Assortment of entirely New Views—Groups, Landscapes, &c., &c., and at greatly reduced prices, at the New York Depot of the LONDON STEREOSCOPIC CO.,
534 Broadway.

ANTI-ARTHRITIC WINE.—A CERTAIN CURE FOR GOUT AND RHEUMATISM.
PENFOLD, PARKER & MOWER,
Wholesale Druggists,
25 Beekman Street, New York.

71-2009.084.08084

71.2009.084.06084